

The Last Word™

Issue #599

September 2024

Our Annual Back-to-School Issue!

It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood

The past month was dominated by my fact-finding mission in Pittsburgh of August 12-13. We focused largely on nearby McKeesport. America still lives, and it's called McKeesport, Pennsylvania!

That was only my fourth time in Pittsburgh—ever. I never got there until 1991, when I was going on 18. Let's talk about my 1991 adventure—which I call the "Coke can trip."

On our 1991 road trip to Pittsburgh, I think we had a motel near the main airport. What transpired there is why I call it the "Coke can trip." In the middle of the night, a Coca-Cola can kept crinkling and keeping us awake. I had discarded it under a bed after imbibing it. In addition, a few loud-and-proud bunker blasts were heard.

It was as hilarious as you might imagine!

That was also around the time as the popular expression, "I'm gonna crush Ronald Reagan like a Coke can!" Here's how it worked: After finishing a can of soda, you'd emit those words. Then you'd crush the can with your hand and make a big production out of it. If possible, you'd crush the can right in a person's face. In my first semester of college, we had a project about the 1992 election. We were invited to write down who we were voting for, so the professor could read these comments anonymously in front of the class. I wrote that I was voting for Bill Clinton because his running mate Al Gore would "crush the psychiatric industry like a Coke can." I

meant that in a good way. Gore had made some mild rumblings to that effect. The professor read my comment anonymously for the class. That was before the propellerhead realignment of 2020, obviously.

Crushing the soft drink can was like how you'd make the salt shaker dance when someone asked you to pass the salt.

On my recent trip to Pittsburgh, I noticed the TV news there had this same weird fixation on downplaying floods as in Cincinnati. The weather reporter noted the city was finally



getting a break from the flooding rains there, but 5 minutes later, there was a story about how the area was in a “drought.”

Thankfully, McKeesport seems to be less in lockstep with media misconceptions and doublethink than just about anywhere else in America. Communities with little economic wealth tend to rank high in terms of human ingenuity and other real markers of civilization. As gentrification takes over cities in our area, our quality of life has suffered, with gratuitous noise and gaping holes in our streets and sidewalks. But in McKeesport—which has had little or no recent gentrification—roads at least are passable, and residents get to enjoy a reasonable level of quiet.

School flushes away restroom breaks over “behavior events”

Since this is our yearly back-to-school ish, it is worthy to inspect the plopping situation.

Not long after the new school year began (though the last one had barely ended), Henry Clay High School in Lexington enacted a new rule: All restrooms would be closed during the 5 minutes between each class.

The school says this is in response to “behavior events” in restrooms. But it wasn’t specified what these “behavior events” were.

Might they be...ploppings?

Here’s the funniest part. The Kentucky Department of Education put out a report claiming that Kentucky schools have experienced a 216% increase in “behavior events” in restrooms. In other words, the Kentucky Department of Education actually *keeps track* of all the times that people put things in the toilets at school.

I don’t know if they keep track of exactly *what* items were put in toilets though. It could be scissors. It could be bowling pins. Maybe a sewing machine or two, or perhaps a *Josie And The Pussycats* beach ball.

The 216% increase is actually misleading. The numbers are really just reverting to their norm. The main reason this figure went up so much is that it was artificially low when schools were closed for 2 years. Most folks aren’t going to break into school just to plop stuff. A few people might, but not most. Would you actually break into a prison?

You would??? Must be a Tim Walz supporter!



The plot thickens and America loses

If you want to attend West Point, one of few ways to be admitted is for your congressperson to nominate you by writing a letter. Even then, there’s a good chance you won’t get in. West Point is an academy with very high standards. Plus, each congressperson may nominate only 5 cadets in a 4-year period.

But did you know public officials also write letters recommending teenagers to abusive teen residential programs? And it’s almost certain you *will* get into those. There’s no limit on how many can be nominated. As soon as a room goes empty at one of these places, it gets filled right away, because they recruit.

Illegal imprisonment of young people is an issue that was central to the founding of this zine, and as we continue to investigate it, new revelations still emerge. It’s not only letters by public officials. The intelligence community was directly participating in a similar racket. The Reagan regime and then-Gov. Bob Martinez of Florida helped cover up these crimes after the CIA demanded a halt to the investigation.

After this cover-up, George H.W. Bush did of course appoint Martinez as drug czar.

It’s dangerous to give so much authority to people whose brains don’t work.

Serious investigative journalism is not always as fun as writing humorous articles about people trapping Pepsi in bubble gum. This is especially true when you don't have the funding or "mainstream" approval to get people to take your findings seriously. It's like how everyone insisted I made up Planet P Project—even after I found the 45. Proof—no matter how solid—isn't enough for some.

For example, even several years after this zine started, I tried exposing yet another racket, and I was brushed off—completely. Think of what a setback that was for morale. I spent some of my own meager resources to uncover criminal activity, and that was the response I got. In 25 years, we haven't recovered, because we know what sort of response looms.

If you don't understand why this was wrong, ask an adult.

It was frustrating enough that I was already forced to put up with things in life that few others had to. Then my work got run down like that.

If I had gobs of money to flash around, I wouldn't have been snubbed like that. This was right after I worked at the library, and just running errands like grocery shopping was starting to take all day because of limited transit, declining health, and exhaustion, so I wasn't getting any richer. That's in addition to being forced to relitigate old battles, which contributed to the exhaustion. I was already working as hard as I could, so I wasn't going to see much more money unless I could somehow make it magically appear.

Whistleblowing was costly, difficult, and not always fun. But I had to do it, because I'm a hawk for accountability. It's my job. Sadly, because I didn't have the money or clout that bigger outlets had, I was given the cold shoulder. I lose. Accordingly, America loses too.

I hope the bias against my work has subsided after my finding that the Tea Party was selling drugs was backed up by a series of more well-publicized scandals in Campbell County involving public figures and activists in the late 2010s.

The CIA's earlier racket still has influence over mass media, and it was recently revealed that under George H.W. Bush, the resources allocated to investigating similar enterprises declined precipitously.

This racket also had a Kentucky connection, sending children to Kentucky from elsewhere.

Not everything that has been alleged by others has completely panned out—*yet*. I believe these claims, but I need to be sure before repeating them. I'm as much of a hawk for accuracy as I am for accountability and tolerance.

All of the above findings are connected to America's political "leadership" of today. Where there's smoke, there's fire. They elevate public figures and entertainers who openly endorse child abuse. Pink was invited to sing at the recent Democratic National Convention after she declared, "I think parents need to beat the crap out of their kids." Lisa Whelchel—actress who played Blair Warner on *The Facts Of Life*—was given a slot by CBS on *Survivor: Philippines* after she kept boasting about putting hot sauce on her children's tongues as a disciplinary method. Whelchel even authored a book encouraging it. In the past few years, physically abusing children has become essentially mandated as public policy. NBC's *Today* has condoned this abuse.

We've faced a steep decline in standards and mores over the past few years.

The things I've discovered lately won't be the last things I find out about this topic. This does not mean that all parties involved have been in contact with each other, but it does represent a *pattern* of bad conduct. And it has the full backing of the media and society's elites.

A congressional investigation is in order.



Stop! In the name of phantom stop signs!

Dayton, Kentucky, is the home of a phantom stop sign that was confirmed to still exist as of only a few weeks ago. And it's as ridiculous as the rest.

What we're talking about here is a stop sign that stands despite the lack of an intersection. The problem is that travelers may be unfairly ticketed for failing to stop—even though there is no intersection or even a significant curve in the road.

Let's trudge uphill on Maple Avenue. The street reaches a dead end. But if you turn around and go back down, there's some weird shit in store as you reenter the 900 block. There's a stop sign on the *left*. Yet there is no intersection. What looks like an intersection is actually the point where the street gets slightly wider. There's a gravel patch where nearby residents park cars, but I'm not sure it's even a driveway—and it's definitely not a real intersection.

This stop sign also has a "Let's Go Brandon" sticker on it, but that's a whole other matter entirely.

Like the other poorly placed stop signs we've covered, this one is posted where there *used to be* an intersection. It's right where 10th Avenue *used to* cross. On the left going down, 10th was where the gravel patch is. On the right, 10th was where the gate is.

Tenth is shown as coming off on the left—but not the right—on a 1953 USGS map. But that stretch appears to be gone in a 1955 aerial photo. A 1988 news photo of a house fire at that spot gives us another kloo...



<https://facesandplaces.kentonlibrary.org/viewimage.php?i=di41003>

That photo shows what is presumably a yellow stop sign—or at least light with dark letters—where the current stop sign is now. Stop signs were switched from yellow to red around the time that stretch of 10th was apparently closed. The angle of the stop sign in that photo indicates it was intended for traffic coming off 10th but had been jostled around so much that it looked like it was for Maple. That sign had been there for 35 years with no intersection. That the stop sign was for 10th explains why it's on the *left* side of Maple.

The stop sign that's there now is obviously newer. They replaced that old stop sign thinking it was meant for Maple—not a stretch of 10th that's been gone since the 1950s. I also remember reading that a guy tried to set a stop sign on fire in Dayton, and it might have been that one.

If you get ticketed for running this stop sign, remember that it's for a street that was torn down 70 years ago.

Park! In the name of stupid parking signs!

You know about Bellevue allowing the Kent Lofts luxury apartments—which already gets a tax handout—to enjoy exclusive use of a city-owned parking lot. Recently, I was informed of a similar gimme to the rich and privileged in Covington. Now I've investigated, and I've learned it's true, it's true, it's all true!

In the gentrified Licking Riverside neighborhood, Covington has deeded out parking spaces on public streets for exclusive use by residents. Nobody from the rest of the city can park there—even though they pay taxes for it.

There is no similar program for other neighborhoods, many of which are more working-class. This is a privilege given only to a relatively affluent part of the city.

The city has also farmed out enforcement of this rule to a private company—so there's less accountability to the public.

The set of signs pictured below suggests that violators will be towed.

This is like if they said the river or parks could only be used by residents of certain neighborhoods.

The day that I investigated in person was a tragedy of errors. I had to battle my way through Bellevue, Newport, and Covington – cities heavily influenced by greedy developers behind harmful gentrification projects. Each city was rife with blocked sidewalks, closed bridges, or giant holes in streets. As a general rule, the more gentrification a city allows, the less capable it is at maintaining even basic infrastructure. Basic services are no longer a priority. The only parts of the city that see proper maintenance are the parts being gentrified. The rest of the city is left to rot.

In each city discussed in this piece, the working class pays more municipal taxes per person than the rich do – yet don't get the privileges that the rich get.

Also, Covington officials are taking an increasingly antagonistic attitude toward the homeless and services they use. Officials have become combative bullies who try to shut whistleblowers up.

More Facebook fascism (imagine that!)

Because it was a day ending in *y*, another Facebook post got deleted.

Facebook head honcho Mark Zuckerberg *just sent* a letter – on August 26 – to Congress admitting that someone in the Biden administration pressured Facebook to censor content. This letter acknowledges that in 2021, the White House coerced Facebook into deleting COVID-related content for wrongthink.

Yet – only about a week before that letter – Facebook deleted one of my COVID-themed posts.

Someone made a post making a big issue of COVID “circulating” in the Bellevue schools. Between about 1984 and 2020, I don't remember schools ever caring about viruses spreading. In fact, they enjoyed it. So I'm not inclined to worry if COVID is “circulating” now. Our rulers don't get to restructure society around avoiding COVID after they spent 35 years brushing off every other virus. Our schools dashed from one extreme to the other to prop up their agenda.

I ridiculed that post by replying: “So I guess we're gonna close everything down for 2 years again.”

Facebook deleted that.

The only thing I'm 100% sure of is that Facebook deleted it. I'm only 99% sure that the White House was still pressuring Facebook to delete COVID wrongthink.

Also, if COVID is “circulating” in schools, why isn't a stink being made about school going back too early now? Gotcha on that! It's amazing how people on Facebook complain about every single damn thing on the planet – except they haven't said a word against that. Our school district isn't year-round yet, but it gets closer all the time.

Vice-President Harris is obsessed with Venn diagrams. “I love Venn diagrams,” she once declared in a bizarre speech. If there was a Venn diagram showing a circle for those who support prolonged COVID school closures, and a circle for those who support year-round school, the circles would overlap almost completely – even though these ideas contradict each other. George Orwell warned us about doublethink. This is one of the reasons why.

Seasons are nature's way of telling us what's intended, and what isn't.

Also, Harris has hired Robert Flaherty as her deputy campaign manager. Flaherty reportedly led the effort to pressure Facebook into deleting COVID-related posts. The Democrats have built their identity so thoroughly around COVID catastrophism that it affects almost every hiring decision. A political science professor in Minnesota said that was *the* factor in Tim Walz becoming Harris's running mate. What a disgrace of a party. A vote for the Democrats today is a vote for COVID totalitarianism – and little else.

Someone on Reddit absurdly criticized those who defend free speech: “If America finds itself in a nuclear war, and the government is required to reinstate wartime powers...are these morons going to



cry about the first amendment? National emergencies are a thing that require extraordinary actions.” Wrong. We have free speech and freedom of assembly precisely *because* things can get difficult. If free expression can be suspended because there’s a pandemic or a war, we don’t really have free expression. Facebook allowed the government to violate free speech when it mattered most. Facebook’s admission that it participated in the White House censorship program didn’t come until *after* much of the damage was done. Even then, Facebook only admitted it because Congress obligated it to turn in documents about it. Facebook’s delay in admitting it makes the company complicit.

Plus, not only did this right-wing government censorship stifle legitimate information. It also negatively impacted the credibility of those who posted this data—even though their data was accurate.

And that’s why we call it fascism.

Two words describe it...



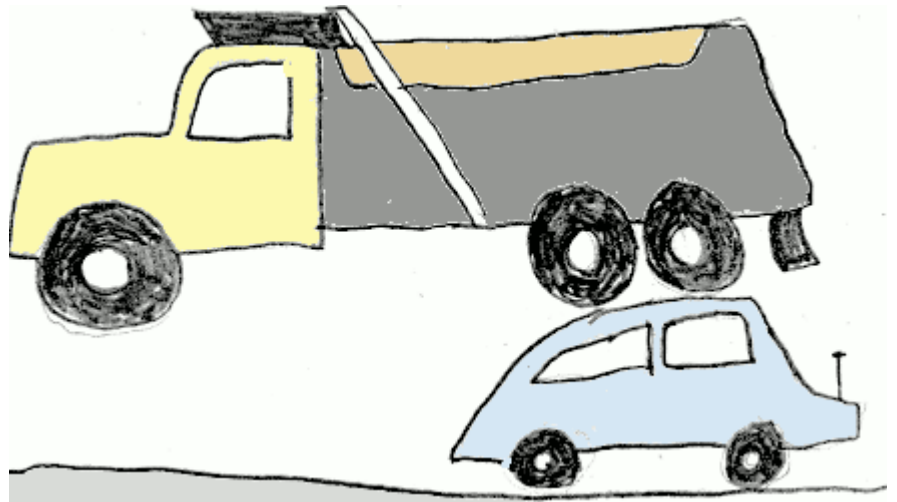
Dump trucks still dumping on Dayton

The gentrification totalitarianism continues in Dayton, as recent weeks have yielded yet more reports of the unchecked destruction by the many construction trucks that speed through town.

On 4th Avenue, there was a hit-and-run by one of these trucks. A dump truck plowed into a parked car and zipped away – like a big baby.

The owner of this car hoped that there was a camera in the neighborhood that caught the incident, but—strangely—the cameras always seem to be off whenever an incident takes place. The owner had to pay the \$500 deductible to cover the damage.

The city won’t do a damn thing. Expecting the city to do anything about the trucks has gotten to be about as productive as expecting a magazine publisher to refund you for an unfulfilled subscription you ordered in 2002, or expecting family vlogs on YouTube to get any less stupid.



There’s no wrong way to chew bubble gum

Bubble gum has spent many years being funny. If you don’t laugh every time bubble gum is mentioned, your laughter must be broken.

How did all this poo-poo about bubble gum get started? I think it started when I was about 5 when someone mentioned inflation—as in the increase of prices—and said that it’s “what bubble gum does.”

But people didn’t start constantly talking about bubble gum at school until 2nd grade. One day, we were lining up in the hall to be whisked off to gym class. One of my classmates—the same one who

later gave a speech about bubble gum at a neighborhood intersection—opted to bolster the day’s mischief rating a bit. He whipped out a bag of Reese’s Pieces and began eating them as we stood in line.

This was in stark violation of school rules, of course. The gym teacher was gravely displeased. He approached the student and demanded that he hand over the candy.

I burst out laughing about how my schoolmate actually had bubble gum rather than Reese’s Pieces. I knew that wasn’t really the case. I was just trying to be funny (and succeeded). I built a whole myth on the incident that said it was “peanut butter bubble gum” —not expecting to be believed, as everyone knew Reese’s had nothing to do with bubble gum.

People believed me anyway. People didn’t believe me when I told the truth about important stuff, but they believed this silly myth I made up as a joke. For the rest of the school year, everyone kept going around singing, “Reese’s...peanut bubble gum,” to the tune of the Reese’s jingle. I had a blast that year!

The episode also prompted everyone at school to discuss bubble gum almost 100% of the time. But the teachers eventually became fed up with it—or at least they claimed to be. One day, we were filing into the lunchroom, when someone blurted out something about bubble gum. Our teacher admonished, “I’m getting tired of all this bubble gum business!” The target of this lecture was visibly holding in laughter. It looked like the teacher might have been about to burst out laughing too—like the teacher in the YouTube video where a kid farts really loud.

All of this was because some kid ate Reese’s Pieces in line at school when he wasn’t supposed to. A simple violation of school decorum has brung us 44 years of hilarity!



A person bunkeroed and shit their pants at school

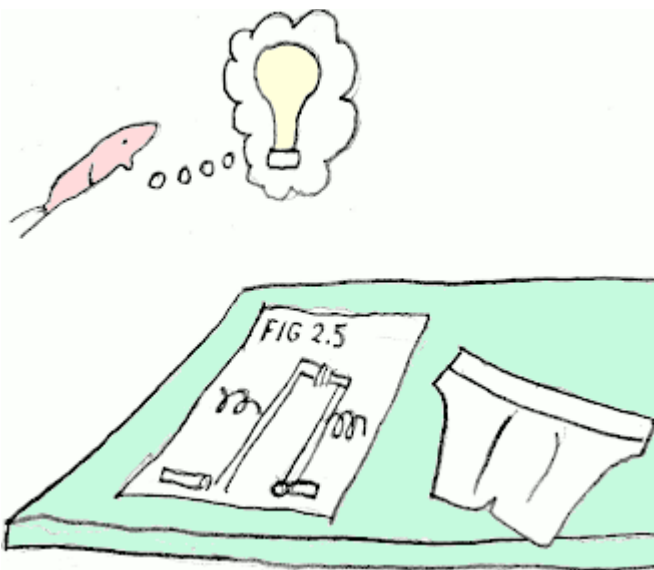
Did you know that someone once passed gas at school and shit their pants in the process? I don’t just mean the time someone did this at Brossart. There’s a Yahoo Answers page still hanging around where someone described doing exactly that.

Someone made a post on Yahoo Answers titled “I farted at school and a turd popped out of my shorts. What do I do?”

According to this post, “I farted at school before Christmas break started and I was talking to a friend in the hall. I farted and a turd popped out of my shorts and landed on the floor. A few people saw and my friend put his hand over his mouth and walked away.”

Somebody replied, “Well your anus has a very good suction so sit on the floor and get your anus to suck the crap up back into your anus.” Another suggested inventing a pair of pants with a “release mechanism” and said to “wear your new turd-dropping underpants mechanism to school and start dropping turds around school on purpose, as a joke. People will think you are hilarious, and your friends will assume that the first turd was part of your poopy prank spree.”

At least we found this thread before Yahoo flushed its answers feature down the memory hole, just like it did with its clubs, chat rooms, personals, and GeoCities. Seriously, is there anything remaining of Yahoo? After Yahoo ratted out journalists to the Chinese government in the mid-2000s—a scandal that itself has gone down the memory hole, like Simon Leis’s BBS raids of the ’90s—few would miss Yahoo.



Hot dog! A plopping!

Just before summer break, things got damn near uncontrollable at a high school in Bend, Oregon.

The school faced a vandalism spree that included a plopping. The doors to the school were blocked by a washing machine and an ice cooler that had been filled with concrete. I'm not sure why a high school had a washing machine. Maybe kids shit their pants a lot like they did at Brossart. Desks were overturned, and newspapers were dismembered and strewn all over the floor of the classroom.

Equipment in one classroom was smashed to pieces, and garbage was emptied all over the floor.

And there was a plopping. Hot dogs were thrown into a toilet – thereby wasting them.

A senior told the press that it was “a monolithic amount of stupidity” and said “it ruined the last day of high school for so many people.” The magic word! Another senior said, “I think it's funny.”

This vandalism supposedly forced the school to cancel a class picnic. I'm not sure why – unless the picnic was supposed to be held inside the school building. Maybe the hot dogs that were plopped were supposed to be for the picnic.

School officials said about 20 students were involved in this vandalism spree, and some were barred from the graduation ceremony.

I guess they didn't have a “de-escalatory conversation” like we were supposed to do when politically motivated vandals trashed our Occupy equipment.

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