

**No guts.  
No story.**

# The Whistleblower

Or "Some of the News They Seem to Lose" ©

Edition # 50

May 14, 1991

## This Week's Really Big Story

### Mickey's defense

Not since the French Revolution has the public been so worked up over a trial. **Madame Defarge** already has a front row seat.

The long-awaited moment of truth for **Mickey Esposito** is scheduled to begin May 20 for knowingly undervaluing properties in granting tax breaks.

The former Deputy Hamilton County Auditor was indicted Feb. 20 on 220 counts of dereliction of duty and false listing of property values, but in the interest of expediency, Esposito will only be tried on 10 counts.

No matter on how many counts he is convicted, there is a maximum sentence that he could receive.

Special Prosecutor **Thomas R. Smith** has spent more than \$500,000 in his part of the DeCourcygate investigation. He plans to call everybody and his father-in-law to make sure Esposito winds up in the slammer.

Not even **Pete Rose** would bet that Mickey gets off.

You've heard it a million times. A man who acts as his own attorney has a fool for a client. Which is why Esposito still plans to represent himself.

There's no question what the prosecution witnesses will say. The only question is, what possible defense can the defendant claim.

He can't say he did it to impress **Jodie Foster**. **Bob Taft** already used that excuse.

Esposito plans to call 14 current and former Auditor's office employees to testify in his behalf.

Esposito's former secretary **Stephanie Frank** will probably say, "Mickey was a conscientious county employee, a loving husband, a loyal member of the GOP, and an all-round good guy."

**Judith Gilday DeLaney**, former secretary to Esposito's father-in-law **Joe DeCourcy**, probably plans to say, "Mickey was a conscientious county employee, a loving husband, a loyal member of the GOP, and an all-round good guy."

And friend and former Madeira Mayor **Jeff Corcoran**, an employee of the Auditor's Office, formerly an aide to then County Commissioner **Norman Murdock** when the pair ran the Reagan campaign out of the courthouse in 1979, will probably say, "Mickey was a conscientious county employee, a loving husband, a loyal member of the GOP, and an all-round good guy."

Should the testimony of his friends not be convincing, the former Las Vegas lounge singer has only one viable defense remaining.

He can always appeal that it was impossible to get a fair trial because of all the negative publicity in *The Whistleblower*.



## Top Ten List

This week, it's the top ten excuses **Mickey Esposito** plans to use in his defense next week:

10. I forgot
9. The dog ate it
8. I shot her 'cause I loved her
7. I did it to help the homeless
6. The Devil made me do it
5. I just wanted to be loved—is there anything wrong with that?
4. I'm Italian
3. I was framed
2. This whole thing is just one big terrible mistake

And the number one excuse Mickey Esposito plans to use in his defense next week is...the guys at GOP headquarters said nobody would ever find out.



## The Whistleblower hotline—call 749-1055

The Whistleblower has installed a special hotline for people wishing to give us more of the news the others seem to lose.

To make your report, call 749-1055 and listen carefully to the instructions.

To our knowledge, *The Whistleblower* is the only publication in this area to offer a readers' call-in line.



## Queen's visit a hoax, competitor claims

Reports on 55 WKRC Radio that Britain's **Queen Elizabeth** will be dropping by next week were discounted as "just another publicity stunt" by **WLW Radio**.

"KRC lied about Schwarzkopf's coming to Opening Day. If the Queen shows up within 100 miles of here any time soon, we'll buy dinner at **Gary Burbank's** restaurant for anyone who calls," said a **WLW** spokesman.

## Inside this Issue

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**Real Editorials**  
By the Publisher  
**Charles Foster Kane**

**Help Wanted**

Formerly important political party in prestigious western "superpower" seeks articulate, intelligent, popular, wealthy, charismatic white male senior citizen, preferably with Ivy League credentials, corporate contacts, and government experience for an exciting position as Presidential Candidate. Must be over 6' tall and look good in a blue suit.

The timing couldn't have been better when the mugwumps of the Democratic Leadership Council convened their first-ever convention in Cleveland last week.

President Bush's heartbeat was as erratic as his domestic policies; causing the nation to fibrillate at the prospect of Dan Quayle in the Oval Office. Meanwhile perennial Democratic Party animal Ted Kennedy kept his family's nasty habits in the news, fueling the anti-liberal fires in America's heartland. The DLC couldn't have picked a better time to unveil their neo-conservative platform.

A parade of the New Generation of happy warriors bleated endlessly about how the Democratic Party was not the private domain of the bleeding heart, polysexual, unionized big spenders. Guys like Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton and Tennessee Senator Al Gore tried to distance themselves from the likes of Jesse Jackson, Gary Hart, and Michael Dukakis.

Their platform was pseudo-Republican, but without the expense of joining a restricted country club. They were finally able to create a document that clearly states the political creed ascribed to, for years, by fence straddlers like former Congressman Tom Luken. We suspect that Tom and his offspring successor Landslide Charlie will open a local DLC chapter any day now.

Most political pot watchers are touting the DLC stew as the last ditch hope of middle-class white males to salvage the Democratic Party from the clutches of the radical androgynous rainbow freaks who have crashed the party.

This new wave is just the latest self-help method for fortysomething yuppies trying to retain the drug-induced idealism of their youth without having to give up their BMWs. Now they won't have to feel guilty about wearing designer label clothes, as long as they give them to the homeless as soon as they're out of fashion.

If the Democratic Leadership Council accomplished nothing else, it ought to at least make next year's Democratic National Convention more interesting.

As it now stands, that gathering will be nothing more than a drawing of lots to see who gets the hapless chore of getting trounced by the Bush/Quayle/Desert Storm ticket.



**Real Facts**  
"More of the News  
They Seem to Lose"

**Something's rotten on Central Parkway**

When initial reports came out about the big stink at the Alms & Doepke Building, most people thought Channel 9's "I-Team" was still fouling the air.

Commissioners Steve Chabot, Sandra Beckwith, and John Dowlin were, of course, outraged. And everybody in town was making jokes:

"Isn't that where Norman Murdock's office is?" one person asked.

"We didn't have that problem till Dusty Rhodes took office," another added.

"For certain, it's not perspiration odor from county employees working too hard," another said.

"Maybe it's one of those buried bodies you always hear about," someone else added.

Which, by the way, is almost exactly what happened.

The Whistleblower has learned that the rancid smell which sent several people to the hospital last week was caused by the decomposing remains of a county building inspector who was hiding out to

work on his bogus mileage report and was mistakenly sealed inside a wall during building renovations.

The building has yet to be inspected by any of his fellow building inspectors, who are all sitting around complaining that they haven't gotten their mileage reimbursement checks.

The employee had fallen asleep in an abandoned mop closet and didn't stir when contractors drywalled over the locked door.

As directed by the Sensitivity Committee, we are withholding the identity of the employee until litigation in the case is resolved.

County administrators confirm that the man has been drawing a paycheck even though nobody has seen him on the job for at least three years.

"What's so unusual about that?" replied Commissioner Chabot. "We thought he was playing golf or something."



**Sleaze Card Show**

**1991 Cincinnati Spring Spectacular**  
at the Off-Court Lounge, 1005 Walnut  
Friday, Saturday, and Sunday  
10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

**Reduced Admission**  
**\$ 2.00**  
**daily**



**Dealers**  
**from 20**  
**states and**  
**Canada**

featuring **Former Hamilton County Deputy Auditor Mickey Esposito**  
appearing **Saturday, May 17, Noon to 2:30 p.m.**  
**Autographs \$ 1.90 (a penny per indictment)**  
**Proceeds to benefit**  
**the Mickey Esposito Legal Defense Fund**



## Cheap Shots

### JKB—don't call home

Last week *Enquirer* editorial page columnist Bob Clerc called for J. Kenneth Blackwell's return to Hamilton County to rescue the local GOP.

Clerc, who seems to have been spending too much time watching "I-Team" reports, thinks Blackwell, as an appointed commissioner, could clean up the courthouse and demonstrate the local GOP's concern for reform.



But the GOP didn't really support JKB when he ran against Landslide Charlie Luken. Ralph Kohnen and his cohorts don't actually believe they'll lose the courthouse in '92. So don't look for Blackwell's return, until the local GOP gets really desperate.

### Living a glass house

One person who seems to have taken that *Enquirer* editorial to heart is Roxanne Qualls. The politically correct Democrat running for Cincinnati City Council says there's been no leadership on council since JKB left, taking an obvious swipe at Dave Mann and Landslide Charlie.



One city hall insider recently asked, "Exactly how many people have been discovered stealing at the CMHA since she took over?"

### A targeted response

Appointed Councilmen Dwight Tillery and Tyrone Yates were indeed outraged when City Manager Gerald Newfarmer blamed police training for the excessive force that led to a Corryville citizen's shooting Dec. 28.

But if you think they're outraged today, imagine their theatrics if they had been elected by districts.

Unfortunately for them, in this fall's elections, they still need all the voters.



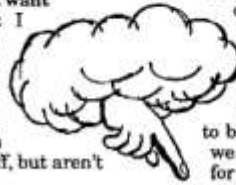
Listen to Charles Foster Kane increase the ratings on Jerry Thomas' Show, Thursday mornings at 9:05.

# 55WKRC



## Another Real Guest Editorial by Bunky Tadwell

To quote Al Michaels, "Do you believe in miracles?" Miracles take many forms. A flower, to many, is a miracle. Finding a high school graduate who can tie a shoe or count change from a purchase of a package of condoms is a miracle. Most of us are familiar with, or at least have heard something about, miracles and strange things happening or being reported in the Bible. Most folks would, if questioned, say they go along with the Biblical stories. But deep down, they might have some doubts they wouldn't want to talk about. But I have read, within the last week, of at least two miracles worthy of those stories in the Good Book. The figures might be a wee bit off, but aren't we all?



It seems a couple of people wrote a column for the *Enquirer* to advise Senator John Glenn what to do about oil or something. As most of us know, oil was not exactly his main problem. Anyway, the articles threw around some figures. It seems that figures, once seen in print, become fact whether they resemble truth or not. Maybe the figures are correct. And therein lies the miracle. According to the two experts writing about oil and stuff, one gallon of gasoline, when burned in a car's engine, produces 13 pounds of carbon something. Now if we put the weight of a gallon of gasoline in the same neighborhood as a gallon of water, the gasoline should weigh less than nine pounds. Yet, when it is reduced to its various elements through rapid oxidation, it produces 13 pounds of carbon whatever. We are left to marvel at how much the other waste

products weigh. Perhaps we should concentrate on finding more uses for carbon something since we seem to be able to magically create it from thin air and gasoline. This news certainly lends credence to the story of the loaves and fishes.

Next we had the story of some 37 lady sailors turning up pregnant aboard ship. According to Navy officials, the ship had been at sea for six months, but none of the pregnancies were

caused by fraternization among crew mates.

Nine of the sailorettes were said to have come aboard pregnant, but that leaves quite a few to be explained. Once again we must turn to the Bible for a precedent, for it would seem that we have, indeed,

witnessed a miracle. Or, in this case, a multitude of miracles. If the Navy sticks to its story of no shipboard kanoodling, we must surely expect a whole gang of wisemen to come journeying from the East. Now that we know miracles do, indeed, happen, maybe there's a chance the Cincinnati City Council will figure out what to do with Fountain Square West.

The views and opinions in this column do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of the author.

They do, however, reflect the philosophy of *The Whistleblower*, its staff, its management, and most importantly—its advertisers.

### Deputy Duke

The local hero of the moment, to be sure, is Duke—the drug sniffing dog, who discovered cocaine in an inmate's cell at the Hamilton County Justice Center last week.

The courageous canine was to have received a commendation from the Hamilton County Commissioners last week, but the ceremony

was disrupted when Duke formed a romantic attachment to Commissioner Steve Chabot's left leg.



Sheriff Simon Leis, in an uncharacteristic moment of indecision, was unsure whether to call off the dog or frisk Chabot.

"I just figured it was puppy love and let it go at that," said Leis.



## Real Letters from Real Readers

Sirs:  
What a marvelous gift! Of all the editorial cartoons drawn, yours is absolutely my favorite. You can be assured that I will have it framed and prominently displayed in my home.

**Stormin' Norman Schwarzkopf**

Sirs:  
I always buy good quality cigars at the Cincinnati Tobacco shop on Vine Street so I can give the butts to homeless bums panhandling in front of The Enquirer Building.

**Jerry Springer**

Sirs:  
There are two reasons I continue with my campaign to bring David Letterman to Cincinnati to pitch for the Reds. First, if Letterman comes, I can take credit. Second, it helps fill my column every day.

**John Kiesewetter**

Sirs:  
Please don't worry if your readers miss a scoop in *The Whistleblower*. They can always wait 3-4 weeks and we'll run it as if it were one of ours.

**The Cincinnati Post**

Sirs:  
Aunt Marge says she doesn't want you to make any jokes about what Judge Ruehlman might say after her settlement.

**Stevie Schott**

Sirs:  
If the hags and fags take over the local Democratic Party, where does that leave us?

**Don Driehaus and Bill Mallory**

Sirs:  
Sure, council was angry when we were informed that yet another employee of a city agency had been caught stealing.

Then again, if someone interrupted us every time one of the people for whom we're responsible got caught dipping into the till, important work—like downtown development—would never get done.

**Pete Strauss**

Sirs:  
Who's idea was it to give out my address so people could send me all those Mothers Day cards?

**Marvin Warner**

Sirs:  
Here's something to add to our discipline plan. Students should be required to wait till class is over to have sex.

**Tom Mooney**

Sirs:  
Does anyone know all the words to "Stand by Your Man?"

**Pauline Louise Esposito and Leslie A. DeCourcy**

Sirs:  
Actually, the way the Reds have been playing, we're doing you a favor by not offering the Sports Channel.

**Warner Cable**



## Another Exclusive Whistleblower Report

### Fouling the air

Once again Channel 9's "I-Team" has grabbed our interest during Sweeps Month. Their heavily promoted mini-series "Why Can't Kids Talk" warmed the cockles of our hearts. The "I-Team" showed us several kids living in pollution infested lower Price Hill that couldn't talk well enough to "ask for a cookie."

Thank goodness the "I-Team" is around to discover the cause for these poor kids' disabilities when even medical experts can't.

But let's look deeper into this so-called expose. Can you really blame pollution for these kids problems? If so, then wouldn't all kids in the area be learning disabled?

What Channel 9's "I-Team" failed to tell us is that many kids in the area can speak just fine. In fact,

many kids from that area are above average intelligence.

Remember Vice President Dan Quayle's visit to Washburn Elementary School?

That school in the West End earned national honors for academic excellence. Unlike most Cincinnati schools, their test scores have risen. Washburn is in the predominantly black West End, but is a partner school with Whittier Elementary in—you guessed it—Price Hill.

The white children at Washburn are bussed in from Price Hill.

So if pollution is responsible for kids' problems in Price Hill, what do the Washburn students do for air while they're home in Price Hill? Buy oxygen tanks?

The moral of the story is this: apparently TV Sweeps taught the "I-Team" to get the facts. But not all the facts.



## Sleaze Cards

2 cards from the Mickey Esposito Trial series of 24. Collect 'em all

**Dick Weiland**  
Property Tax  
Reduction Specialist




Got tax breaks for clients!




16 *The Whistleblower*  
Sleaze Card Series

**Joe DeCourcy**  
Former Hamilton  
County Auditor



Gave tax breaks to friends!



23 *The Whistleblower*  
Sleaze Card Series

Order now and receive as a free bonus: *The Illustrated Facial History of Courthouse Crooks* with over 2000 mug shots of Hamilton County public officials—past, present, and future.





## Bluegrass Holler

by Ken Camboo

### Boat people

Negotiations between Ben Bernstein and Nick Clooney for the sale and relocation of The Mike Fink are heating up, according to our big-eared friends in the hospitality industry. Seems like the deal is being prodded along by Covington City Commissioner Jim Eggemeier, who has made no secret of his desire to run Bernstein out of town.

The city owns the riverbank and has Ben over the barrel in their discussions of the lease renewal for the Mike Fink. Unless Ben is willing to fork over a sizable share of his profits, Covington is willing to forfeit the prestige (and payroll taxes) the historic steamboat has garnered the city over the past fifteen years.

Insiders offer various speculations about Eggemeier's motivation; but all agree that he will bend over backwards to please his political mentor Bernie Moorman and the rest of the self-righteous kooks in the Licking Riverside neighborhood, who have made a career out of Ben bashing.

### No nudes is good news

Kenton County Attorney John Eifers and the city of Covington have filed suit to close La Madame's, calling the girlie bar a public nuisance. The litigation claims the club is a house of ill repute, seeking to relocate in downtown Covington after losing its license in Newport.

La Madame's Newport operation was ordered closed in April by a Campbell County judge after a prostitution conviction. The suit contends the bar is violating Covington's zoning code by featuring go-go dancers without a permit. The city also says the club is using B-girls to hustle drinks, which is illegal. A Covington detective says he bought three \$10 beers for the girls. And they didn't even offer to rub his groin. What a rip-off!

Bar owner Billy Ray Manning vows to fight the closing. He denies that the scantily clad beauties prancing around his place are go-go dancers. "We're just offering a bathing suit contest, which is open to the public," said Manning. "It's not much different than the Calendeer Girl contest at The Conservatory."

Except the girls at La Madames have tattoos.

### That's why they call it jail

Campbell County jailer Earl Ping opened his new \$4.65 million jail in Newport last week and inmates are already bitching about the service.

Guests at the hoosegow are crabby about insufficient hot water, poor air conditioning, and get this—skimpy portions of jailhouse chow! Ping responds to the short rations



## J. R. Hatfield

Northern Kentucky  
Bureau Chief

### Frankfort follies on tour

The Northern Kentucky Chamber of Commerce sponsored gubernatorial candidates forum on May 6 was even more boring than expected because of the noticeable absence of the two most colorful entries in the race.

First Lady Martha Wilkinson boycotted the event to protest

with an attack on GOP opponent Larry Hopkins. Forgy missed the ground rules when he made his grand entrance after the other candidates had been introduced and seated.

It was the first time in years that anybody paid attention to anything Nick had to say.

Brereton Jones' continued refusal to release his tax returns for public scrutiny.

Brereton backers cattily remarked that the real reason Martha didn't show was because the affair started at 7:30 a.m. "She has bags under her eyes till high noon," a woman wearing a Jones sticker said. "Can you imagine how bad she must look at this hour of the morning?" By week's end Martha had folded her tent and called off the race.

Pro-hemp advocate Gatewood Galbraith wasn't even invited to the shindig. It seems his marijuana platform is too strong for the Chamber's sensibilities.

Program organizer Lori Gadberry told reporters, "We only invited the major candidates." It seems having your name appear on the ballot doesn't qualify a candidate as "major."

The highlight of the entire event came when moderator Nick Clooney put the brakes on Republican Larry Forgy's attempt to bolster an answer

### Martha calls it quits

Martha Wilkinson pulled the plug last Friday on her dismal, but well-endowed campaign to succeed her husband as Governor of Kentucky. Recent polls showed that Mrs. Wilkinson was trailing all candidates in the Democratic primary except Gatewood Galbraith,



whose reefer madness crusade has placed him in permanent last place.

Pundits and newspaper hacks across the Commonwealth are so busy writing deep pronouncements on the demise of the Wilkinson Dynasty that they, once again, have missed the point entirely.

Nobody ever gave Martha a shadow of a chance to beat well-seasoned politicians like Brereton Jones, Scotty Baesler, and Dr. Floyd Poore. It was apparent from the start that Martha's run for the roses was a well-oiled extension of Governor Wallace Wilkinson's enormous ego. He was going to buy another election no matter what it took. As of April 26, the campaign had raised \$3.5 million. Unfortunately, for the Wilkinsons, this time they got caught. A grand jury has already indicted three contributors to Martha's cookie jar as part of a rigged bid scandal at Northern Kentucky University. Inside sources tell us that the federal grand jury is still looking at the list of Martha's backers and we have been told to expect more indictments to be forthcoming.

Why hasn't anybody but *The Whistleblower* turned over a couple of slimy rocks to look for better reasons to quit a race just 18 days before the election?

charge by saying, "We're giving the same amount of food as we did in the old jail, but now we're using bigger trays." He also pointed out that the new slammer has TVs and showers for each cell, not to mention the great basketball court.

Maybe somebody should remind these birds that jail isn't supposed to be a vacation. No wonder the incarcerated population keeps growing.

For most of these characters, getting arrested is a move up towards better housing, without the hassle of holding down a job to pay the bills.





## Real Business News

By Hank Dorkman

For some time *The Whistleblower* has been looking for a columnist to write about business news, and this week I'd like to thank the publication for the opportunity to audition my column.

Here's some of the funny business going on in town:

■ I was listening to **Marty and Joe** on the radio last week and I thought I heard a commercial for **Jewish Hospital** that made it sound like they'd moved the place to Clifton. I know they want to clean up their image, but give me a break. The hospital is still in Avondale.

■ And speaking of the Reds on Radio, **WLW's** broadcasting contract must be up soon. Why else would they put **Schottzie's** face on a billboard on the Norwood Lateral. Maybe for the same reason that **Andy Furman** now only has nice things to say about **Marge Schott** on the air.

■ And did you read about the business editor at the *Enquirer* being reassigned? **Linda Dono Reeves** is now a metro reporter. That rag has more turnover than a than the House of Pancakes.

■ And how about the **Queen City Metro**? They stole *The Whistleblower's* "Top Ten List" format for their ad in the *Downtown Council Newsletter*. Who wrote that list, anyway—one of their drivers?

■ Finally, there is absolutely no truth to the rumor that there is any financial problem whatsoever at the *Greater Cincinnati Business Record*.

It's just a vicious lie being spread by the folks at the *Business Courier*.

The *Courier* is still mad because a couple of their employees defected to the *Record*.

When you hear rumors like that, you should always consider the source.

What else can you expect from a jealous competitor who'll probably be out of business in six months?



A.H. Peppermolt



## Real Gossip

by Linda Libel

The Greater Cincinnati Restaurant Association's annual "Best of Taste" competition was held last Monday in the Oak Room at Piatt Park Center, formerly called the Cincinnati Club.

Participating restaurants had to bring their own serving dishes and silverware, since **Davis Catering**, the current food operator at 30 Garfield Place, has been unsuccessful getting the **Phoenix**, located next door, to return all of the items which mysteriously disappeared when the Cincinnati Club went bankrupt.

13 judges stuffed their faces for two solid hours to determine the most appetizing entre, dessert, soup, salad, and appetizer for participating restaurants in this year's Taste of Cincinnati, to be held Memorial Day weekend along Central Parkway between Elm and Walnut Streets.

Five judges were chefs at non-competing restaurants—the **Cable House's Tim Brader**, **Cactus Pear's Elliott Jablonsky**, the **Hyatt's Marion Roper**, the **Vernon Manor's Kevin James**, and **Suzanne Adrien** from "La Petite Pierre."

We asked **Suzanne** what "La Petite Pierre" meant in English, and declined her generous invitation to eat at her little place in Madeira. God only knows with a name like that what the specialty of the house would be.

Then, of course, there were the "celebrity judges." *The Enquirer's Jim Knippenberg* hasn't missed a celebrity opening in years because hosts and hostesses hope he'll mention their party in his "Tip-Off" column. *The Enquirer's* former restaurant reviewer **Sara Pearce**, now *Tempo* editor, likewise knows which spoon to use. **Larry Nager** was the *Post's* designated celebrity judge. 55 **WKRC Radio** sent their glutton-

ous gourmet **Richard Hunt**. **WMLX's** epicurean expert **Jim Stitt** managed to keep his peas from rolling off his knife. **WRRM's Ted Morrow** kept pouring catsup all over his escargot. "Entertainer Magazine" publisher **Dennis O'Conner** kept asking for a doggie bag. And **WKRC-TV's Angelique Proctor** astounded everyone with her culinary expertise by naming all of the 11 herbs and spices.

And what "Best of Taste" competition would be complete without

its cadre of celebrity free-loaders. Most were media weasels who knew that this was a meal not to be missed. City officials were in attendance too:

Chief of Police **Larry Whalen** kept looking around to see if anyone had brought a video camera.

**John Mirlisena** had his plate loaded up with food when a large piece of spinach fell on the wooden floor. Instead of picking it up, the corpulent councilman kicked it three times until it was safely out of sight under a serving table.

Councilman **Dwight Tillery** didn't get too much to eat. He was busy holding a neighborhood caucus with two of his constituents.

Councilman **Jim Cissell** said that if downtown restaurants gave away food like this all the time, people wouldn't be moving to the suburbs.

The "Best of Taste" is a Class A event. *The Whistleblower's* esteemed publisher **Charles Foster Kane** even put in one of his rare public appearances.

He asked us to check and see if "appetizer" was spelled "appetiser" like the trophy maker had put on the plaques.

Our publisher's favorite dish was **Lori Rosenkrans**, the *Downtown Council's* new Special Events Manager. "Too bad she wasn't on the menu," Mr. Kane said.



Coming in two weeks

The Whistleblower Centicentennial Edition



