

Featuring many
unauthorized
biographies

The Whistleblower

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

Edition # 46

April 16, 1991

This Week's Really Big Story

Whistleblower contributor wins Pulitzer Prize

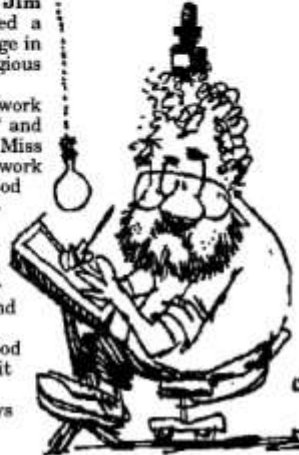
Cincinnati editorial cartoonist **Jim Borgman**, who has been awarded a Pulitzer for 1991, credits his coverage in *The Whistleblower* for his prestigious prize.

"*The Enquirer* has submitted my work for 15 years," Borgman explained, "and the best I could do was to be named Miss Congeniality. But it wasn't till my work started showing up in a really good publication that the judges sat up and took notice."

The Whistleblower is indeed pleased that one of its contributors has been singularly recognized for his contribution to truth, right, and the American way.

Borgman's award proves that good work can be recognized, even if it comes from Cincinnati.

Congratulations, Jim. It's always good to salute one of our own.



Top Ten List

This week, it's the top ten **Jim Borgman** cartoon captions that won him the Pulitzer Prize:

10. CAC's **Dennis Barrie** asking, "How about trying it with a bullwhip, Mr. Mapplethorpe?"

9. **Ken Blackwell** saying, "I'm not Buckwheat."

8. **Nell Surber** saying, "You won't have me to kick around anymore."

7. **Landslide Charlie Luken** saying, "Thanks, Dad."

6. Former Auditor **Joe DeCourcy** saying, "Just tell them you're a friend of mine."

5. Former Commissioner **Joe DeCourcy** asking, "Is it time for my miraculous recovery yet?"

4. **Marge Schott** wildly panting, "Take me, Mandingo!"

3. **Pete Rose** saying, "You'll never take me alive, Copper!"

2. **Sam Wyche** saying, "So then I told her the one about the Patriot missile."

And the number one **Jim Borgman** cartoon caption that won him the Pulitzer Prize is... **Jerry Springer** asking, "So how old are you, little girl?"



Ben-Gal cheerleader tryouts

Preliminary auditions for Cincinnati Ben-Gal cheerleaders will be held at the Cincinnati Sports Mall on the next two Sundays.

To be eligible, ladies must be at least 20 years old; be high school graduates; have enormous breasts; and enjoy hearty partying with athletes, guys they meet at La Boom, and local TV anchor-men.

Candidates must register for the auditions by calling Ben-

Gal coordinator **Shirley Bird** at 621-3550. Babes with really enormous hooters should call *The Whistleblower* hotline.

Furman plans to enter

WLW Radio's **Andy Furman** plans to try out for the Ben-Gals, but the outlandish sportstalker denies that this is "just another publicity stunt."

"I plan to shave my legs and underarms before Sunday," he said, "And if they don't let me try out I'm going to sue the bastards for sex discrimination."



Rhodes rewards cronies

Hamilton County Auditor **W. Emerson "Dusty" Rhodes** has given hefty raises to two employees that he brought with him when he took office a month ago.

Personnel Director **Kevin Pyle's** pay jumped from \$44,000 to \$50,000 and Administrative assistant **Susan Silver Burgmann's** pay has leaped from \$38,000 to \$44,000.

Rhodes defended his actions by saying that the increases were offset by recent personnel cost-savings in other areas.

Democrat Rhodes recently fired two veteran Republicans—**Robert Grauvogel** and **Kenneth Dietz**—who were being paid a combined \$115,000.



Blue
Chip
Express

Distribution of this week's *Whistleblower* to subscribers of record in the downtown area is provided by Blue Chip Express.

(513)
421-3232

Inside this Issue

Gays in space.....	69
The Dibble-Tyson Bout.....	72
Kennedy Sex-Scandal Update.....	78
George Ballou's tax return.....	1040



Real Editorials By the Publisher Charles Foster Kane

Questionable rhetoric

Everybody always seems to have the answers, but nobody's quite sure which questions to ask:

- Isn't it interesting that the only employee at the *Enquirer* allowed to do his job won the Pulitzer Prize?
- When Cincinnati city council reviewed City Manager **Gerald Newfarmer's** performance after six months and gave him a passing grade, was that on the curve?
- And wasn't the purpose of their review to make it look like they were doing their jobs?
- Wouldn't the city improve its cash flow if they sold all those confiscated items every week instead of waiting for an annual auction?
- Won't watching **Nell Surber** and **Virginia Rhodes** campaign for city council be a lot like watching female mud-wrestling?
- And aren't city council elections just something to keep the Board of Elections busy on odd-numbered years?
- Is the purpose of **George Bush's** New World Order to protect sheiks and emirs while starving millions are ignored?
- Did David have to fight Goliath because peace talks did not include the Palestinian question?
- When you see pictures of Sen. **John Tower** and they call him a womanizer, do you ever wonder *what* women?
- Will the Cincinnati School Board ask for a refund when **Lee Etta Powell** leaves?
- Are things now so bad for the Democrats that **Lloyd Bentsen** won't admit he ever knew John Kennedy?
- Would a better name for the "Crisis at the Compound" be "Willie and Ted's Excellent Adventure?"
- Why is it that whenever people like the Kennedys get in trouble they insist on keeping their personal lives private when it was making their private parts public that got them in trouble in the first place?
- And sometimes don't you think **Rose Kennedy** should have practiced birth control?
- Were these the same Cincinnati Reds that were in first place all last year?
- If **Stan Aronoff** is such a big shot in the Ohio Senate, why do they have to put his chair on a box whenever they take his picture.
- And when you let a pretty girl get in front of you in the checkout line at Kroger's, why doesn't she offer to have sex with you?



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

Testicle donor program cut off

The Cincinnati Board of Health has cancelled its federally-funded testicle donation drive.

The drive was ended after failing to secure its projected goal of 500,000 testicles. The testicles were to be transplanted to infertile men who wanted to have children.



"To be honest," explained Program Director **Dr. Hakiz Balzoff**, "we only got three donations that were stolen by some fanatical feminists on a treasure hunt."

The unused funds will be transferred to the Over-the-Rhine Sperm Bank, where a night depository will be built.

Weekend warriors return

Three members of the U.S. Army Reserve's 169th Underground Mess Kit Repair Group returned last weekend to their unit in Norwood, but unlike most of the returning heroes who preceded them, these soldiers were virtually ignored by the news media.

The "Fighting 169th" spent the last six months in the Saudi Arabian desert preparing to repair mess

kits for the troops, but the 100-hour ground war ended before they could replace a single hinge.

"So where's the damn parade?" asked PFC **Eldon P. Spurlock**, the angry spokesman for the unit, whose wife had left him while he was overseas.

The least they expected was a hug from that Orange Ribbon lady.



Whistleblower Wisdom

Last week's endorsements of candidates by the local Republican, Democratic, and Charter Parties along with the Democrats' decision not to join in a coalition with the Charterites has produced an interesting alignment of candidates for this fall's city council elections.



- ▲ **Nell Surber:** Considering her short time in politics, her GOP endorsement is the biggest one she's ever seen.
- ▲ **Virginia Rhodes:** Her Democratic endorsement has the appointed councilmen very nervous.
- ▼ **Democrats:** Lost by not going with the coalition, making more likely their continued embarrassment of not being able to elect or keep blacks. This has produced a slate so far to the left that **Dave Mann** and **Pete Strauss** look like conservatives, and **John Mirlisena** looks like a New Dealer.
- ▲ **Republicans:** Won by default. Democrats' decision will hurt **Sterne**, **Yates**, **Qualls**, and **Tillery**. Incumbents **Vehr** and **Cissell** will come out ahead.
- ▼ **Charterites:** Biggest losers of all. They're already looking for pallbearers.
- ▲ **Shirley Rosser:** Her Democratic endorsement makes her a modest winner, along with fanatical feminists and the NOW Crowd.
- ▲ **Independent Republican Guy Guckenberger:** Decision against coalition gives him an outside chance of a Charter endorsement.



Cheap Shots

Man on the run

How can you tell when a public official is running for a higher office?

Well, when a busy U.S. Congressman like Sixth District Rep. **Bob McEwen** travels all the way from Hillsboro to Western Hills to speak to the Cheviot Kiwanis, you can bet his campaign for the U.S. Senate against **John Glenn** is already in full swing.



Staying power

Tom Mooney has been re-elected president of the Cincinnati Federation of Teachers by an overwhelming margin, dispelling the school board's assertions that he was the only one in town who disagreed with management's bargaining position in the on-going contract dispute.



Mooney has been president of the CFT since 1979, when the current dispute began. He hopes to be re-elected until it's settled.

Press box pariahs

Enquirer sports columnist **Tim Sullivan** was banned from the Cincinnati Reds lunch room last week. It must have been something he wrote.

Sullivan joins *Post* sports columnists **Mike Bass** and **Paul Daugherty** on the list of those who don't eat because they have too often written the truth about Reds' owner **Marge Schott**.

But why should they complain? They can still get in to cover the games.

Reds media weasel **Joe Kelly** has not even responded to *The Whistleblower's* many faxed requests for media credentials all year.



Newfarmer's worst nightmare

She's back—*Nell from Hell*. And this time she's running for Cincinnati City Council.

"I'm not vindictive," denied former City Development Director **Nell Surber**, when asked if she plans to get even with City Manager **Gerald Newfarmer**, the man who fired her.



"But I will say they may have shut down the federally funded testicle donor program too soon."



Another Real Guest Editorial by Bunky Tadwell

There was a staff meeting of sorts, and the publisher of *The Whistleblower*, a John Foster Dulles or some such name, was droning on about an award or prize someone had won. It was apparently an important honor because he was making light of it. Having heard so much of the same before, it was a fairly simple matter to simply drift off to sleep.

Awakening, it occurred that the publisher, a Kevin Costner Dullass or some such name, was expecting the staff to write something about awards. But which award? Nap time was nice, but it left me short of much needed information.

Could it have been something about the local advertising awards? These were highly prized by the recipients, but mean little outside the ad community. Sadly, the work of the local advertising is much like the act of the roller-skating bear. It is applauded not because the bear skates well, but because, given his limitations, he can skate at all.

If not the advertising awards, could the reference have been to the continuous series of country music awards? These weekly handouts to men in large hats and women in tacky dresses seem to go on and on for no particular reason. Most of the time the award goes to a very rich musician singing about how it is to be poor. Research has shown there has never been an award given to a very poor musician singing about how it would be to be rich.

Then, there are the Grammys. We're not sure what ever happened here. The affair was apparently taken over some time ago by the Society for the Advancement of the Brain Dead. Language impaired young people who, fortunately, have no sense of embarrassment, get up before a crowd of people in eccentric dress and give graphic demonstrations of the failure of the American educational system. I was convinced this was not the same award re-

ferred to by our publisher, a Charges Roster McFane or some such name.

The various cable awards and video awards are a bit too bizarre even for *The Whistleblower*, so I deduced there must be something in the award game we were overlooking.

When in doubt, which is often, go to the reference books and look up the awards. Simply run down the list until something goes boink—wrong word there. Well, there is some kind of little brain sputter that tells you that you have found something. And there is was. "Pulitzer."

It all began to fall into place. Some lucky rascal had won the Pulitzer Prize. Now those of you who follow such things remember the name Pulitzer. She was the attractive, if a bit wild, lady down in Florida who had a very nasty divorce from some guy named Pulitzer. My gracious, the stories. It seems one of them, I can't recall which, would blow a bugle during the heated moments of kanoodling. She collected a lot of money, took off her clothes, and posed naked for various publications. Now she is definitely a prize. So what if hundreds have won her in the past? If it's clean and reasonably disease-free, that's good enough in today's society.

Let us offer our congratulations to whomever.

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.



Coming next week:
Virginia Rhodes answers her critics



Real Letters from Real Readers

Sirs:

They used to say "don't do the crime, if you can't do the time." But these days in Hamilton County, it's "If you're going to do the crime, now's the best time."

Aaron Pryor

Sirs:

Congratulations to The Cincinnati Enquirer on its 150th anniversary. Things have certainly changed a lot since I read the first edition.

WCKY Curmudgeon Don Herman

Sirs:

A lot of people have asked why we only had two pages of news and 86 pages of ads in the Enquirer's special sesquicentennial issue.

The reason is—that's all news we could find in 150 years.

George Blake

Sirs:

Will you please tell this girl I know that nothing is "sick" if you're really in love?

Jerry Springer

Sirs:

Would somebody please send us a dollar. It's April 16, and we need it to pay our taxes today.

Channel 9's "I-Team"

Sirs:

We re-designed the Post's editorial page so to have a 90's look to match the IQ's of our more intelligent readers.

Paul Knue

Sirs:

So Judge Painter complained that a man he sent to jail for his seventh drunk driving offense was released early. What's the difference? The previous six times the judges sentenced him didn't seem to work.

MADD

Sirs:

It was really great to appear on Action Auction with my boyhood idol Jerry Thomas.

Jim Scott

Sirs:

It sure is harder to find volunteers for the Action Auction since Joe DeCourcy resigned.

WCET

Sirs:

Who is this guy John Kiesewetter and why is he sending me all these silly letters?

David Letterman

Sirs:

A man who acts as his own attorney has a fool for a client.

Mickey Esposito

Sirs:

Don't tell me I'm not doing a great job in Congress. You don't see any military bases closed in the First District.

Landslide Charlie Luken

Sirs:

Why is it so hard to get my husband on the phone?

Mrs. Charles Foster Kane



Another Exclusive Whistleblower Report

A newcomer's first impressions

Claudia Lamb, the precocious child-star who once played Heather Hartman on the TV cult classic "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" series, grew up to be a model prisoner and now lives in Cincinnati.



Now she can be heard as the "bitchy white chick" mid-days on 55 WKRC Radio.

We asked her for her initial observations of Cincinnati and this is what she submitted.

Amazing fact: The closer it gets to deadline, the funnier things are. So, in deference to my new status as a Cincinnati native (or, out of sheer desperation) I've compiled a list of observations about the Queen City.

- Why the Queen City? I don't see that many gays. Still and all, it's great to see such a liberal-minded attitude. After the Mapplethorpe Broo-ha-ha I'd expect it to be called "Uptight Homophobia Town."

- When I was first approached about a three-way, I said, "Hey, I'm not that kind of a girl, unless my job is at stake." But then I found out it was Chili. Boy did I feel better. Until I ate some.

- The Ohio River. Isn't it good to know Perrier doesn't have the market cornered on Benzene?

- And you don't have to pay those expensive bottled-water prices.

- The Color Red. It's a pleasure to live in a big city where you can wear red, and not instantly become a walking bulls-eye.

- Fernald. Where else can you catch a 40 lb. catfish that cooks itself.

- Riverfront Stadium. There's an elephant and dog named Schottzie there. Incredibly, there's also a pachyderm and a St. Bernard with the same names.

- Simon Leis. Just in case you wondered, even a newcomer can see that there's more to this man than meets the eye—like the women's lingerie he must be wearing.

- Maybe by next week I'll figure out if there's anything to the rumor that your I.Q. drops as you cross the bridge into Kentucky.

Baseball expressions anchorwomen just don't understand

It's baseball season again, and time for viewers of local TV newscasts to be treated to watching the likes of Norma, Debra, Kit,



Betsy, Carol, and Felicia embarrassing themselves trying to be just one of the guys whenever they comment about the game.

Their frustration is caused, no doubt, by the fact that they have the wrong idea about some of the more colloquial baseball expressions in this male-dominated sport.

Too often anchorbroadbards become flustered because they think the guys are really talking dirty:

- A "frozen rope" is simply a hard-hit line drive

- A "high hard one" is an errant pitch that comes too close to the batter

- "Putting on a glove" does not

mean practicing safe sex

- "Getting to first base" does not mean letting a guy kiss you on the first date

- "Hardball" is not a sexually transmitted disease

- A "double play" is not the same thing as a "double header," and neither is a "menage a trois"

- When the umpire "rubs up the pitcher's balls," there's nothing wrong with that

- When the batter "chokes up on his bat," he's not adjusting his cup

- And when a player "dives in head first," it's not the answer to all your prayers.



Bluegrass Holler
by Ken Camboo

No dancing on the bus

The Transit Authority of Northern Kentucky (TANK) entered the realm of the ridiculed last week when they introduced their latest marketing scam-TANKMAN.

The cartoon-like mascot is supposed to look like a bus and encourage more people to ride public transportation. The only problem is that TANKMAN has been late for both public appearances he was invited to attend, and when he did show up he was covered with spray-painted graffiti.

He claimed he had been roughed up by some punks lurking in the bowels of Dixie Terminal. TANK General Manager **Mark Donaghy** denies that he was forced to wear the costume as part of his latest contract negotiations.



As if anyone cares

Kenton County Commissioner **Dick Combs**, who never misses a funeral or a free meal, is taking bids on the cheap plastic combs he hands out as a campaign gimmick.

Ad hacks wishing to submit a bid should call (606) 491-2800. The product should be American made and suitable for imprinting. Special attention will be given to Republican Party contributors.

Many happy returns

Spotted filling out tax returns at the H&R Block offices at the Newport Shopping Center was former Campbell County Clerk **Robert Kling**. He's the last person we'd want doing something with our money. With his reputation for disappearing without warning for months on end...our return would never get filed.

Trixie's Bed 'n Breakfast



a new concept in Northern Kentucky hospitality, where we Ken Tuck you in

(606) 261-8844

All major credit cards accepted



J. R. Hatfield
Northern Kentucky Bureau Chief

Behind closed doors

For years, the *Kentucky Post* has waged a losing battle with the City of Covington over the paper's access to information discussed in the city commissioners' "executive sessions."

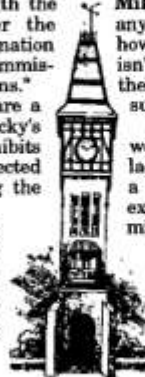
These secret sessions are a legal end-around Kentucky's sunshine law, which prohibits closed-door meetings of elected officials without inviting the press.

In theory, these sessions are to be confined to subjects like real estate deals and disciplinary hearings for city employees, or anything else the city could get sued for.

Kentucky Post Managing Editor **Mike Farrell** has whined to anyone who will listen about how unfair it is that the press isn't allowed to root around in the city's dirty laundry in pursuit of headlines.

As a professional courtesy, we want Mike and his boss lady **Judy Clabes** to know that a standing agenda item at all executive sessions is a ten-minute discussion of the latest issue of *The Whistleblower*.

The commissioners have even started a five-dollar pool trying to correctly identify our Whistleblower inside city hall.



Say a Rosary and sin no more

Thomas More College is in hot water because they have an illegal alien nun teaching German at the Crestview Hills school for rich white Catholics.

"It's nobody's fault. It's the law, not the people. The people are nice," said **Sister Bernarde Derichweiler**, a native of Dusseldorf, who has taught, without pay, at the college since August.

The good sister, who slipped into the country on a visitor's visa, faces deportation April 22 unless TMC legal weasel **Mark "The Shark" Guilfoyle** can cut a deal with the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

INS officials in Louisville said a visitor's visa does not permit a foreigner to work in this country.

Guilfoyle thought the school was exempt since they weren't giving the nun a paycheck. INS says it doesn't matter; work is work.

The college may be slapped with a \$3000 fine for their goof.

Sister Bernarde expects to be rapped on the knuckles with a ruler.

No word yet on when the Labor Department will get into the act to recoup uncompensated wages and withholding taxes.

The boys are back in town

Hopping on the Orange Ribbon bandwagon to show her support for returning GIs, Newport hostess **Trixie DeLite** announced that she is providing a "free night's lodging" at Trixie's Bed 'n Breakfast for any Desert Stormtrooper with his discharge in hand.

As a goodwill gesture, Newport mayor **Steve Goetz** has suspended the city's new ban on nude dancing for participating servicemen. Participat-

ing couch dancers and streetwalkers will be wearing discreetly placed "Support the Troops" stickers.

Local sand-jockey PFC **Billy Bob Puckett** was the first to take Trixie up on her offer. "Just thinking about this for eight months in the desert was pretty hard to beat, but this is beyond my wettest dreams." For the girls, entertaining the returning troops is a double bonus. "They feel good about the money," Trixie said. "And it's patriotic."





Boobs on the Tube

by John Quichewarmer

Have you been wondering whatever happened to Doc Rusk? I didn't think so, but the thought crossed my mind the other day when I was hoeing down the air-conditioner filter.

So I rang up the old guy at 431-4040 (night or day) to see if he really has fallen off the planet. It turns out that Doc is so busy these days giving speeches to senior citizens groups about his manic depression, he has turned over the heating business to his identical nephew **Jim Morrison** (the furnace guy, not the dead guy who sang with The Doors).

The old *Schnozmeister* told is that he misses being in the public eye, but he's working up a routine with **The Kwik Brothers**, **Marian Spellman**, **Ruby Wright**, **Bonnie Lou**, and **The Cool Ghoul** to work the mall circuit doing nostalgic commercials for local products and services. **Captain Wendy** will be making Barq's "Black Cows" for the kiddies and **Uncle Al** will still offer airplane rides to their moms.

The garrulous goazers have an offer from **Dick Murgatroyd**, the former **Bob Braun** Show producer, to become a standing gag on the fabulously successful "1180 Club" program on WMLX Radio.

The group has been negotiating with **Nick Clooney**, whom they plan to use as the interlocutor. But Slick Nick is holding out for a package deal that would include a spot for sister **Rosemary Clooney** singing about toilet paper. Stay tuned.



Now you can rent my Nancy Reagan inflatable doll



For details, call J.

Springer (513) 352-5011



Real Gossip

by Linda Libel

With all the hoopla over **Kitty Kelley's** unauthorized biography of **Nancy Reagan**, the time is ripe to voice our quarrel with the former "Queen of America."

Nasty Nancy and our sanctimonious employer, *Whistleblower* Publisher **Charles Foster Kane**, have been driving us crazy by carrying on like a couple of ban-shees in heat.

We always know The Wicked Witch of Washington is sneaking into town when Mr. Kane gets that lecherous look in his eyes.

She arrives via the back door and is whisked into the Executive Suite where he has the lights turned down low and some romantic **Leslie Isalah Gaines** ballads playing softly in the background. Sometimes local astrologer **Daniel Burns** is invited in to read their charts. Staff members have learned not to disturb Mr. Kane when Nancy is visiting, because there would be hell to pay. He wants all calls held, especially those from **Mrs. Kane**. It's affecting our morale.

This is *The Whistleblower*, for heaven's sake, not the Hamilton County Courthouse.

Rumor has it Ms. Kelley's success has inspired several local unauthorized biographies.

Here are a few examples:

• "Cruise Director on the Titanic—the Unauthorized Biography of **Henry Dorfman**."

• "I've Got a Good Job Now...Don't I, Hope?—The Unauthorized Biography of **Bob Taft**."

• "Women I'd Really, Really Like to Boink—The Unauthorized Autobiography of **Jerry Springer**."

• "The Diary of **Stephanie Frank**—The Unauthorized Biography of **Mickey Esposito**."

• "Who Needs Talent—The Unauthorized Biography of **Pat Barry**."

• "Slum is a Four Letter Word—The Unauthorized Biography of **Stan Solomon**."

• "Exorcism—*Cincinnati Style* Ever since "ABC's 20/20" showed that exorcism last week, Archbishop **Daniel E. Pilarczyk's** office has been deluged with requests for the same. Particularly desperate to reach

the Archbishop are the folks at WLW Radio who see the ritual as the last real hope to cure **Bill Cunningham**.

Spotted "Rib King" **Ted Gregory** laughing it up in the clubhouse with Turfway owner **Jerry Carroll** recently.



It seems **Jerry** asked **Ted** what the secret ingredient in **Montgomery Inn's** barbecue sauce was. **Ted** said it wasn't anything all that special...**Ted's** son-in-law **Evan Andrews** just spits in every batch.

Wonder what all the guests at **Bob Hope's** house for the "Orange Ribbon TV Special" that **Montgomery Inn** catered would say if they knew?

One couple we're getting tired of is **Totes** President **Bradford Phillips** and **Shirlee Fonda**. Rumor has it that between them they've had more plastic surgery than **Michael Jackson**. Guess that explains the terminally surprised look on their faces. Been pulled too tight.

We understand that the former stewardess who bewitched movie

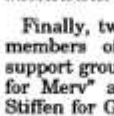


star **Henry Fonda** when he was too senile to resist is still not on the best of terms with middle-aged stepchildren **Jane** and **Peter**.

We spotted **Arn Bortz** waiting for an elevator in the **Carew Tower Arcade**. He looked like he just rolled off the tanning bed.

The older he gets the more he looks like nude-jogger **Teddy Kennedy**. Another 50 pounds of bloot and they could pass for twins.

We had to laugh when a couple of women saw him and we heard one laugh. "There's **Arn Bortz**...ooooooww!"



Finally, two bumper stickers for members of the **Merv Griffin** support group. One says "I Swerve for **Merv**" and the other says "I Stiffen for **Griffin**."

