

**More than
a sound
bite!**

The Whistleblower

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

Edition # 58

July 9, 1991

This Week's Really Big Story

Goofy-looking people on TV: Exposure, but no power

by John Quichewarmer

Strictly by the numbers, goofy-looking TV journalists have made great strides in Cincinnati.

With a dozen goofy-looking people on the air—seven as anchors—Cincinnati has more goofy-looking faces beamed into Tristate homes than the comparable Midwest cities of Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis.

But local goofy-looking TV journalists are quick to point out that while their on-air presence has increased, only a few goofy-looking people have critical management positions which control newscast content and newsroom personnel.

"In terms of the visibility that we have . . . it's about a mile wide and an inch deep," said WKRC-TV's

Ken Broo, only one of three goofy-looking weeknight sports anchors in Cincinnati, the nation's 29th largest television market.

Broo's comment—and the frank views of other local goofy-looking broadcasters—came in a lively round-table discussion and follow-up interviews on goofy-looking journalists in the Cincinnati TV market. That discussion, and profiles of those goofy-looking people who participated, are in today's Arts & Leisure section.



Top Ten List

This week, it's the top ten reasons that the Grand Jury didn't find the building inspectors guilty, even after seeing the Channel 9 "I-Team" tapes:

10. Only building inspectors are allowed to be on grand juries
9. Grand jury foreman watched only PBS
8. Liked the tape about the homeless anchorman better
7. Thought station should have hired Tom Selleck to play part of the building inspector
6. Noticed how building inspectors' lips were out of sync with their words
5. Thought laugh track was a just little too loud
4. Said watching golf on TV is really a waste of time
3. Not enough butter on the popcorn
2. Thought everything shown on TV news during ratings periods is just a bunch of hype
1. And the number one reason that the Grand Jury didn't find the building inspectors guilty, even after seeing the Channel 9 "I-Team" tapes is...they were mad because they'd been promised they'd be watching X-rated videos.



Sleaze card update

Pete Marino
Hamilton County
Veterans Relief
Commission



Bilked funds from county!

18 The Whistleblower Sleaze Card Series

Pete Marino's sleaze card became a collectors item after the \$48,366-per-year administrator of the Hamilton County Veteran's Relief Commission resigned. A former salesman for WCPO-TV, he had bilked taxpayers out of \$24,000, according to a state audit. According to his listing in the legal directory, had been running his private law practice out of the courthouse until his law license got yanked.

Marino's son, Pete Jr, who resigned along with fellow building inspector David Brokamp, were so new to the sleaze game that they did their sleaze cards were never printed.

Norman Murdock's sleaze card is currently being re-ordered, after the judge's controversial decision to re-instate Aiken football coach Denny Holthaus, who had been suspended for uttering a racial slur.

Prosecutor Art Ney's sleaze card doubled in value after the recent Grand Jury episode. And sleaze cards for both Joe DeCourcys, as well as Mickey Esposito's sleaze card are now in plentiful supply. We anticipate a great demand when their cases finally come to trial.

World waits for secret transcript

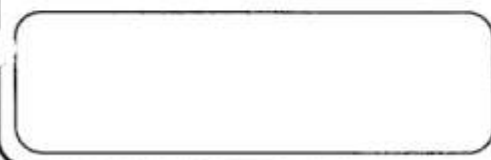
As of Friday, Art Ney's staff had still not prepared the paperwork so the Hamilton County Prosecutor could ask Judge Thomas Crush to release the transcript of the grand-jury proceedings in the county building inspector's probe.

"The reason it's taking so long is that we've never done anything like this before," said our source in the proecutor's office.

Ney seeks release of the secret testimony to embarrass the Channel 9 "I-Team" who implied that their videotapes were never shown to the grand jury.



The Whistleblower hotline—call 749-1055



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Real Editorials By the Publisher Charles Foster Kane

Campaign financing

Debate over a proposed Cincinnati ordinance making inspections mandatory on sales of multi-unit homes turned over a rock and brought the subject of campaign financing to light last week.

Amid intense lobbying by the **Board of Realtors**, council voted to refer the issue to committee for further study. This followed last Tuesday's 4-3 vote by the community development committee to kill the issue, and charges by some members of council that it was more than a mere coincidence that the PAC money arrived in brown paper bags the day the committee had been scheduled to discuss the matter earlier in June.

One city hall reporter quipped that it seemed curious that those who had voted to kill the ordinance had received the most from the Realtors. It would not be surprising if this insight had been gained from one of those who had been short-changed by the Realtors.

It was pointed out that **Nick Vehr**, **Jim Cissell**, and **John Mirlisena**, who had voted to kill the ordinance, had each received \$2500 from the Realtors, and that **Dwight Tillery**, who also voted to kill the ordinance, had settled for less and had gotten only \$1500.

But let's face it—Vehr and Mirlisena would take money from Satan himself. Tillery needs the money big time. And Cissell will probably be forced to return the uncashed check—that is if three other members of council call his bluff and agree to his motion on Wednesday that each member of council accept campaign contributions of no more than \$100 from any source, including individuals, PACs, organizations, or political parties.

Dream on, Cissell. Fat chance you'll ever see anybody else agree to that idea. Such a plan, of course, would put a crimp in **Tyrone Yates'** much publicized shell game of appearing to accept only \$100 from anyone, when it is suggested to prospective contributors that big bucks be given to the Charter Committee, which would then give the money to a deserving candidate.

And **Tom Luken** would be out of a job too. You've got to hand it to **Guy Guckenberger**. He got \$300 from the Realtors and returned it to avoid the appearance of impropriety.

But appealing as Cissell's idea is to limit campaign contributions to \$100 maximum, no matter the source, it doesn't go far enough.

We say, instead, they should do away with campaign contributions altogether. Giving money to politicians only encourages them.

Instead, they should give each candidate one of those leftover soap boxes **David Mann** used for his educational promotion a few weeks ago and send them out to talk to anyone who'll listen.



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

Someone must have tipped them off

"Operation Firecracker" in Butler County netted \$181,000 in marijuana, \$6,000 cash, a vehicle, a prostitute with hepatitis, and 22 other arrests. Sheriff "Clean Dick" Holzberger, however, was said

to be disappointed with the results.

The operation followed three months of investigation by undercover officers and included a helicopter provided by the Ohio Attorney General's Office.

"The sheriff is not pleased," said a spokesman for the department. "Not a single **Traci Lords** X-rated videotape was found."



Just another political parade

The most political Fourth of July parade was the one held in Northside last Thursday. In fact, if all the Cincinnati city council hopefuls hadn't shown up, all that Northside residents would have seen is three guys playing kazoos.

Desert Storm Queen **Ellen Lambing** was there to welcome home the troops in her orange sweatshirt.

Mayor **David Mann** was there too, riding in a snazzy MG Replicar he probably inherited from one of **Landslide Charlie Luken's** big-business buddies. **Pete Strauss** couldn't find a ride, so he walked. Maybe he was waiting for a trolley. **John Mirlisena** projected that caring, liberal image in a white Corvette. **Jim Cissell** showed his solid, working-class image in a white Mustang. Wearing shorts, **Tyrone Yates** showed his knees. **Bobbie Sterne** was in a car sold

old, it looked like the one she got for her high school graduation. Hecklers in the crowd wanted to know when she was going to fix the Ludlow Viaduct. **Dwight Tillery** sent a mixed message to this community, walking beside a white LeBaron. **Nick Vehr** had to skip the parade while homosexual rights activist **Richard Buchanan** was seen skipping in the parade.

But the biggest hit of all was made by **Jay Andress**, pulling his daughter in a wagon.

Another Republican newcomer, **Mary Ann Brown**, took her campaign to the people and waved royally from a Volvo.

But heads really turned when People's Party candidate **Virginia Rhodes**, wearing a bright pink dress, showed up in longest super-stretch limo that Northside residents had ever seen.



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We're looking for a politically correct local person with all the answers, willing to work cheap, make the school board look good enough to get re-elected, be supported by the teachers union, convince voters to pass a whopping-big tax levy, and be gracious enough to step aside when a permanent superintendent from somewhere else is brought in at twice the salary.

Call (513) 369-4000 (Night or Day)



Cheap Shots

Fresh meat

Quentin E. Davis has been named as the new \$ 80,000-per-year director of Cincinnati's economic development department, inheriting the hot seat vacated by Nell Surber, who got the ax when City Manager Gerald Newfarmer took over last year.

Soundly criticized by city council for taking too long to fill the position, Newfarmer said he didn't want to settle for mediocrity.

"An assistant city manager from Peoria doesn't come along every day," Newfarmer said.

Another newcomer is Dennis Hicks, named last week as executive director of Cincinnati's dynamic Charter Committee.

His annual salary is reported as considerably less than Davis'.

Following a psychiatric examination, Hicks, who gave up a great job as an associate manager for Prudential Insurance in Akron, will mastermind this year's council campaigns for Bobbie Sterne, Val Sena, and Tyrone Yates.



From soup to Julie

Marathon runner Julie Isphording's latest publicity gimmick is her \$6.95 children's recipe coloring book called "Fun Food for Kids."

Characters in her book include Tasty Tomato, Potbelly Pear, and Bronco Broccoli.

Said long-time cross-country critic Andy Furman, "Julie should quit running around, get a life, and find a guy. She's been out of the sun too long."

The only way she'll get to the next Olympics will be on the cooking team.



Listen to Charles Foster Kane recite dirty limericks on Jerry Thomas' Show, Thursday morning at 9:05.

55 WKRC



Another Real Guest Editorial by Banky Tadwell

It was, perhaps, a decade ago. Sammy Davis, Jr., was performing at Music Hall. He sang, danced, laughed, and talked with people. In the course of the performance, some folks in the audience snapped pictures. Little sparks of lights from plastic boxes with, most likely, fixed lenses.

Now, popping bulbs and flash cubes in a darkened theatre or hall can be a bit distracting to a performer. It had probably happened a thousand times to Davis. There are many ways to handle a situation like that. Davis chose to stop the performance, invite all camera bugs down front, and pose for photos with them. He told them from where they were sitting, he'd come off looking like a Tootsie Roll. The photos wouldn't come out because there was simply not enough light from the flash to fill the room. So, everyone got their pictures, had fun, and Davis went on with the performance.

Class. A nice, civilized way to give everyone what he or she wanted. Those who wanted pictures got them. The audience spent the rest of the evening without popping flash cubes. Davis was free to concentrate on giving one of his sensational performances.

Fast forward to the other night. A group of cretins called Guns and Roses was noisily pandering to the most basic instincts of group of seriously brain damaged mouth breathers. A member of the audience, apparently with enough motor skills to push a button, activated a camera. There was a flash of light. Such things startle primitive people and wild animals. One of the performers who, apparently, had learned to walk upright, became enraged at the flash of light and attacked. According to witnesses, this holdover

from the latter part of the Mesozoic Period hurled himself (itself?) some three rows into the audience, snarling and fighting to get at the source of the flash of light.

Given the sounds the group makes, such behavior is not unexpected. In fact, from what can be determined, the nattering Neanderthals who gather for these tribal events encourage it. Apparently, the audience was so delighted with the performance of the attacker that it responded by tearing up the building in which the group was performing. Some \$200,000 or so in damages resulted.

Now isn't that special.

Young America at play. We're being overwhelmed by the culturally slow. By the basest, most vulgar, truly obscene, overly-pampered and economically subsidized generation in recent history. The belching, nose-picking filthy wretches of the Dark Ages had an excuse. Today's self-indulgent barbarians have none.

Our only hope is that through inbreeding, which they apparently do by instinct, they'll mutate and produce down-sized brains and an inability to hear. Then maybe they can be herded into enclosed areas where they will be free to hurt themselves but not others.

On second thought, we'll never be that lucky.

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.



Randy's Rug-O-Rama featuring wigs that won't come off, even when reading the news hanging upside down from a trapeze.





Real Letters from Real Readers

Sirs:
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many children her uterus fell out. Owwww!

Andrew Dice Clay

Sirs:
It's not the heat. It's the humidity.

Bob Alan

Sirs:
Every time I miss seeing my name in the papers, I call *The Post's* Sharon Moloney and Ganett's Anne Willette and I deny that I'm running for office. This time, I'm denying that I'm running against John Glenn for the Senate.

Ken Blackwell

Sirs:
How do you expect me to fix up my property during a heat alert?

Dr. Slumlord

Sirs:
Cincinnati city council will be on vacation for the next three weeks, not that anybody will notice the improvement.

David Mann

Sirs:
Let's do lunch, babe.

Pete Rose

Sirs:
Please tell your readers that I'm not really lost. I had a sex-change operation, changed my name to Eddie Fingers, and I'm now working at WEBN.

Amelia Earheart

Sirs:
Please don't report that Cincinnati, the 29th largest market in the country, has no Afro-American radio TV editors at any daily newspaper.

John Kieseewetter

Sirs:
Please don't report that Cincinnati, the 29th largest market in the country, has no minorities holding the post of Editor, Vice President, at any daily newspaper.

George Blake

Sirs:
Thanks to that big story in *The Enquirer* with all the sidebars, there's no way our stations would dare fire us now—no matter how bad we screw up or goof off.

Clyde Gray, Courtis Fuller, Bill Price, Eileen Houston, Chris Wright, Aungelique Proctor, Tracy Townsend

Sirs:
BFD! So you caught us talking dirty on the Reds radio network when we thought our microphone was off. At least you didn't hear us making our usual Schottzie jokes.

Marty and Joe

Sirs:
There are still a few thousand good tickets available for my cable talk show scheduled to begin August 1.

Stan Solomon



Another Exclusive Whistleblower Report

Ribs King to invest city pension funds

Ted Gregory, the self-anointed Ribs King, has been approached by City Councilman Pete Strauss about the possibility of Ted's investing city employee pension funds.

Pete got the idea after seeing the Rib King's "Picks" in *The Enquirer*. Ted has a deal with the paper and River Downs, who have jointly put up \$5,000, of which, the King can bet up to \$150 a day. Everything he wins goes to Community Mutual's Caring Program for Children.

"I figure if the State of Ohio can make money on a lottery, why can't the city play the ponies?" said

Strauss. "And all the winnings could go toward financing Fountain Square West or other downtown parking lot projects."

Somebody should have told Pete that as of last weekend, Gregory had already lost almost half of the kids' grubstake.

We asked a railbird at the track how he rates the Ribs King as a handicapper. "You've gotta be kidding!", was his reply, "That guy couldn't even pick his mother out of a line up."



Chabot recommends "tax-force"

In a rare and refreshing moment of candor, Hamilton County Commissioner Steve Chabot announced the formation of a blue-ribbon "tax force" to recommend the best way to sell a sales tax increase to the voters while making it look as if the commissioners are not responsible.

"It's got to look as if we inherited the problem," Chabot explained. "Or else there's no way we're going to get re-elected."

The plan is for "tax force" to accuse previous administrations for their bad fiscal planning, allow the predecessors to avoid responsibility by denying it, then recommend a tax increase during the next 60 days.

"That way we'll have more than a year to lay the blame on someone else before the '92 election," Chabot said.

Buckpassing!



Chabot '92

Springer slammed in limerick contest

Last week, 1132 entries for the Whistleblower Limerick Contest were received on the Whistleblower Hotline.

Surprisingly, although the limerick was to begin with the line "There once was a pervert named Jerry...", almost every entry was clearly written about NewsChannel 5 newsreader Jerry Springer. Three limericks were about Channel 9 commentator Jerry Galvin, two were about City Manager Gerald Newfarmer, and one heralded the sexual perversions of Jerry Lewis. The remaining 1126 limericks were all about Springer. Most contained the words "boink" and "Bentley."

The winner was Judy Steelman of Globe Insurance, who will receive many valuable prizes.

Her winning entry was:

*There once was a pervert named Jerry,
Who picked up a trollop named Mary.
From the Bentley came out,
The most horrible shout,
When the boinke turned out to be Pat Barry.*

The first line of this week's limerick contest is: "There once was A silly commissioner named Chabot..."





Bluegrass Holler
by Ken Camboo

10-4 and out

It looks like the tax paying grunts in Kenton County may not be getting an improved Central Dispatch Center. The system was supposed to combine Covington's fire and police dispatching equipment with that of the county to create a more efficient and cost effective operation. After a lot of hoopla and chest pounding by all parties, it looks like the project will be abandoned because of a dispute between Kenton County Judge Executive Clyde Middleton and Covington City Manager Greg Jarvis over who will control the board set up to oversee the works. The city police and fire departments insist on getting top dog positions on the board. Middleton has a problem with that. So for now, if you have a fire or need a cop, call 911 and hope to hell somebody picks up the phone. Just to be safe you might buy some extra hose.

My Old Kentucky Home

You probably didn't notice, but Saturday June 29 was Durward Kirby Day in Covington. No parades or fireworks. No brass bands. Durward was never that



kind of guy. But just the same, the former sidekick to Garry Moore (look it up) was heralded by city officials with a proclamation and a tour of his boyhood home on Greenup Street. The honor was the brain child of Covington Commissioner Irvin "Butch" Callery, who

has been the driving force behind the city's efforts to promote other native born, but little known, "stars" like songwriter Haven Gillespie and movie nobody Una Merkel. Callery has long claimed Kirby as a role model. "Durward Kirby is the only guy in the world duller than me, but I strive to follow his example," he said.

Club Shed

Skin vendors in Newport think they have found yet another way to out-manuever attempts by City Hall to put them out of business. David Steinburg, the manager of the Mouse Trap Lounge (not the comedian), told city commissioners last week that he is considering making his nightspot a private club, thereby exempting it from recent ordinances banning nude dancing in establishments open to the public. Steinburg expects a battle and possible litigation. "If they take us to court, it would keep us open," he said. "We could use the publicity." Membership dues at the Mouse Trap are \$5 per night. Couch dances and back rubs are extra.



J. R. Hatfield
Northern Kentucky
Bureau Chief

You booze, you lose

Kentucky folks have always been sensitive about accusations of hypocrisy stemming from the fact that the Commonwealth prides itself on being a churchy bunch of fundamentalists while at the same time making money on the production of tobacco, whiskey and race horses. Well, it looks like the state's lawmakers have taken a step in the direction of repentance by passing a tough DUI law, which went into effect July 1.

Under the new law, drivers are drunk "per se" if they blow 0.10 or higher in a blood alcohol test. Cops and prosecutors no longer have to prove that the driver was impaired by booze or drugs. License suspension is for 90 days with hardship permits allowed after the first 30 days pass.

All first time offenders will have to attend a 90 day treatment program. Existing penalties of jail terms up to 30 days or fines as high as \$500 are still in place for

the first three infractions. The fourth offense is a felony.

Police are allowed to ask a suspected drunk driver to take multiple tests to determine alcohol and/or drug abuse. Refusal to submit to testing yields an automatic six month suspension of driving privileges.

Defense attorneys are crying foul, saying that the new law gives more credence to mechanical testing devices than it does to the facts and evidence of each case. Breath-alyzers have been disputed in the past as faulty and subject to error.

The jury is still out as to what effect the new law will have on reducing the state's drunk driving problem. A prominent Covington lawyer told us, "The real test of this legislation will come when a certain state senator gets pulled over, as he has been in the past, and is told he can't B.S. his way out of it anymore." Time will tell.



The unkindest cut in the hill

Looks like the Kentucky Transportation Cabinet has found yet another unique way to irritate Northern Kentuckians and those Scumbags from Ohio who hog the left lane of the expressway. The cheap blackout the state boys used on Death Hill buckled in the 97 degree heat last week, causing a traffic backup from Ft. Wright to

Norwood. Southbound I-75 looked like the road out of Baghdad last Tuesday, as dozens of overheated cars littered the berm. WLW helicopter smart-ass John Phillips only made things worse with his auto care tips.



Thanks for keeping the rumor alive

Look for our Grand Opening soon

Nick & Rosemary's



On the Maysville Shore



Hotline Hang-ups

Here are some of the anonymous calls we received last week on the Whistleblower Hotline.

What do you mean Downtown Cincinnati is dead? You have to wait three hours to find a parking place on Hamer Street.

Here's a great idea. Why don't you print a list of men arrested for soliciting prostitutes each week. Your circulation would triple overnight.

Maybe you can answer this for me. Is Marge Schott paying for Schottzie's cancer treatments personally, or is the Reds organization picking up the tab as a business expense?

Who says the city and county employees don't get along. I understand that Nick Vehr's administrative assistant is living with a guy who runs errands for the county commissioners.

Here's a question for you. When a rich guy lends his big fancy convertible or limousine to a politician to ride around in for a parade, is that a campaign contribution? Does it have to be reported?

I just read where WCKY-AM news director Mark Neeley resigned so he could go to work for Hamilton County Treasurer Robert Goering. What I want to know is, how much is he being paid and why does the county treasurer need a news director?

Over here at the Cincinnati Zoo, they've been promising volunteers an arm and a leg to feed grapes to Iccc, that polar bear from Hell that just returned after a 13-month exile at the Columbus Zoo.

There are 2634 comedy clubs worldwide, and not one of them is going to be located at 30 Garfield Place.

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 still the only publication in this area to offer a readers' call-in line.



This publication is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead without satirical intent is purely coincidental, especially Prosecutor Art Ney.



Real Gossip by Linda Libel

The big news on the local entertainment scene this week is that the Hitler of humor, Andrew Dice Clay, was not arrested at his performance in Riverfront Coliseum.

Insulting blacks, whites, women, midgets, Jews, homosexuals, and old people, The Diceman used the "f-word" 69 times during his 49-minute performance.

The only people who enjoyed it were WEBN listeners, Enquirer critic Cliff Radel, 55WKRC's Claudia Lamb, and the Blue Chip Young Republicans.

Actually, it wasn't anything you couldn't hear listening in on somebody's car phone.

Strangely enough, I didn't recognize that many people there—just that Angelo guy who does the car commercials and that

Squirrel character from Q-102 I didn't get close enough to either of them to ask them to introduce me to their dates.

Come to think of it, what kind of scumbag would take a girl to see Andrew Dice Clay? Then again, what self-respecting girl would agree. Except me, of course. Since my publisher sent me to cover the event.

From the sublime to the ridiculous—we attended our high-school class reunion Friday night. Talk about panic! We just knew that everybody would be thinner, richer, tanner, and lots more successful than us.

So we spent a bloody fortune on our outfit, borrowed Mommy's "big diamonds," and daddy's expensive car with the car phone so we could really impress the country club's valet staff.

Turns out we were the only single woman in the crowd, unless, of course, you count the Prom Queen and the President of the Future Homemakers of America who turned queer after graduation and live together in

their little love nest in San Francisco. Funny, the Prom Queen and I used to be best friends. She would spend the night at my house. With me. Alone. Snuggled up next to me my canopy bed. Eeeeeieeuuu!

Happy 30th birthday to the Princess of Wales. She's become so fancy the only thing we could think to send her as a present was strawberry flavored douche.

So Michael Landon's dead. It took long enough. Not since Hamlet have we seen anyone having so

much fun playing a death scene. What kills us is how everyone says what a saint he is, like Jonathan on "Highway to Heaven."

Yeah, right. He cheated like a cheetah on his first two wives and tossed them over for "newer models." Oh yeah. A really wholesome family man he was.

Our source in the TV-12 newsroom reports that before

leaving, former co-anchor Deborah Silberstein was overheard telling Rob Braun, "Doing a good job here is like working in a warehouse. The better I performed, the more often I got screwed."

Methinks he doth protest too much:

Nick Clooney isn't even a convincing liar. He used his entire Cincinnati Post column last Friday to hotly deny rumors that he's buying the Mike Fink from Ben and Shirley Bernstein and moving it down to Maysville.

Nick said he's known the Bernsteins since they opened their first restaurant, El Greco, on Dixie Highway years ago.

Well, Nick, we've got news for you. El Greco is still in the same place it's always been. It's on Alexandria Pike in Southgate.

Yes, Nick, it sounds like you've been there a lot.

Guess who?



Which hard-hearted broadcasting executive who had a hard day at the office got in a little trouble when he stopped on his way home for some cool refreshment?

Seems when he was told he couldn't get change for a twenty, the broadcasting big-shot kicked over the the little girl's lemonade stand.

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