

**Sinking to
new levels of
hypocrisy
and greed!**

The Whistleblower

Or "Some of the News They Seem to Lose" ©
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This Week's Really Big Story

Mickey's insanity defense

If ever a defendant wanted to prove he had a General Custer Complex, Mickey Esposito is surely going about it the right way.

Esposito goes on trial this week on charges of improperly lowering property taxes.

Indicted Feb. 20 on 220 counts of dereliction of duty and listing false values on property tax records, he faces trial on only 20 counts. Judge Thomas Crush felt that even a prosecutor still wet behind the ears should be able to nail the former Las Vegas lounge lizard.

Esposito said "No problem." No need for a lawyer. He could handle the case himself.

Esposito had a chance to let his father-in-law Joe DeCourcy be tried first, but he declined the offer. DeCourcy has a high-priced lawyer. At least he has the benefit of counsel.

Still, Esposito continued to represent himself.

Then less than a week before trial, Esposito admitted to Judge Crush that he had lowered taxes on Leslie Bennet McNeil's property at 3045 Erie Ave.—proving the prosecution's case on that count even before the opening gavel.

Ms. McNeil, unfortunately, will not be able to testify at Esposito's trial, because she will be on vacation. What gratitude.

Then there's Neil Bortz, a partner in Towne Properties, who owns two of the other properties in question. Bortz, we understand, also owns the property at 700 Walnut Street in which the Hamilton County Republican Party headquarters is located.

Bortz, too, will be unable to



testify at Esposito's trial. He also will be out of town. What a coincidence.

This week, Esposito stands alone and unarmed, against all odds. The entire weight of the criminal justice system will soon come crashing down like part of Fountain Square West on the head on a pedestrian.

Insane you say? Perhaps Esposito is crazy—like a fox.

Based on his actions, the judge should order Esposito held for observation. Because there is no way that as this scenario plays out he can be found anything but guilty. Even Pete Rose would know how to bet on this one.

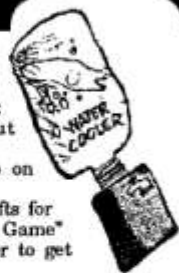
But Esposito is certainly going to make a jury feel sorry for him. How can they help it? In the conduct of his defense to date if he has hoped to show that he's more to be pitied than punished, he's certainly succeeded.

And the delicious irony of it all is that, no matter what his punishment might be, Esposito has certainly made things a great deal more difficult for his father-in-law Joe DeCourcy.

Top Ten List

This week, it's the top ten reasons the Cincinnati Reds are having so many problems this year:

10. Worried about Schottzie
9. Getting a bad rap on radio sports-talk shows
8. Not enough good gifts for appearing on "Star of the Game"
7. Waiting for weather to get really hot
6. Steamed about taxes on luxury cars
5. Protesting Pete Rose's banishment from baseball
4. Tired of being treated like entertainers, instead of professional athletes
3. Don't want to make it look easy two years in a row
2. Sign in locker room: "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game"
- And the number one reason the Cincinnati Reds are having so many problems this year is...how hard do you expect a guy to play for a lousy \$3 million dollars a year?



MIA mystery photo

WASHINGTON: Intelligence analysts say they cannot conclude whether a grainy photo of three men and a woman purported to be American prisoners in Southeast Asia is authentic, even after months of analysis.

Relatives, however, say they have no doubt it's real. "It must be them," a relative explained. "There's no other explanation for why nobody's seen them. Especially the woman."

The Whistleblower hotline—call 749-1055



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Real Editorials By the Publisher Charles Foster Kane

Go ahead, raise my pay

Like thieves in the night, last week the U.S. Senate stayed up late and voted themselves a \$23,200 pay raise in a pre-midnight raid on the taxpayers.

The vote was 53-45. Ohio Senator **John Glenn** opposed the raise, saying that "at a time when government continues to cut programs for average people and at a time when families are out of work because of the recession, I simply do not believe a pay raise for senators can be justified." Glenn faces a tough fight for re-election in '92, and the GOP is already raising big bucks to defeat him.

Senator **Howard Metzenbaum**, who does not face re-election in '92, feels that the pay raise is "fair and sensible."

As the Churchlady says, "Now isn't that special."

Certainly a workman is worthy of his hire, but when is the last time you saw a senator working? These guys have fouled up the country so badly that it would take a lifetime of good government to straighten out the mess.

The senators say that they "deserve" the pay raise because they'd be giving up being paid for making speeches to special interest groups. They say their pay raise is a difference of three inches—getting the money above the table rather than under the table.

But that's like saying they know they were doing wrong, but the taxpayers should pay them to stop it.

Following that logic, **Mickey Esposito** and **Joe DeCourcy** should not be facing trial—they should have been given pay raises.

Are senators worth \$125,000 a year? At the time, **Charlie Keating** thought so.

But it's the same for anyone being paid to do a job. Good people are always underpaid, and bad ones accept the money under false pretenses.

How will this affect their re-elections? It probably won't. Remember all the screaming when members of the U.S. House voted to increase their pay? Quick, name one incumbent who was defeated because of it.

Sure their vote will only lower the public's esteem for congressmen, already considered a little less savory than used car salesmen.

But it's one of those ageless mysteries how the public always thinks that all U.S. Senate is a bunch of burglars, except theirs.

Last week the Senate passed a bill making it mandatory for doctors to be tested for AIDS.

What they should have passed was a law requiring the voters to take a mental exam for returning them to office time after time.



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

Cinemanania rules

Every time Cincinnati City Councilman **Nick Vehr** goes to the movies he comes up with an idea for a new ordinance.

Last week when he saw "New Jack City" and "Boyz in the Hood," Vehr proposed an ordinance to make it illegal for any individual to become a member of a street gang. *The Cincinnati Herald* was not amused. Their headline read: "VEHR DECLARES WAR ON GANGS/BLACK YOUTH."

When he saw "Terminator 2," Vehr thought it said "term-limitator too," and the Young Republican irregulars were dispatched to get signatures to place the issue on

the ballot. When he saw "Goodfellas," Vehr proposed an ordinance against using the "f-word" more than three times in the same sentence. When he saw "Naked Gun 2 1/2," he wanted to make the summer COP program permanent.

This week at city hall, everyone is holding his breath. Vehr returned from a screening of "Bill and Ted's Bogus Adventure" and explained that a "dude" was a non-babe personage of the human species.



"The lure of pornography—How I overcame my addiction"

by **Phil Burress**

I was only 14 years old when I found a pornographic magazine on the side of the road while walking to school one morning. It was my first experience with anything like it, and by the time I was 16, I was addicted.

...I put pornography ahead of everything else—it was my god.

It progressed through a maze of perversions that were devastating. My first marriage ended in divorce; my present wife, Fran, almost left me too.

When I look back at the years when I put pornography ahead of everything and everyone, I become angry. I vent that anger by fight-

ing pornography, working to get local obscenity laws enforced.

...I tell Christians who are "pornoholics" that no matter how hard we try to separate ourselves from it, the temptation is with us. Our minds are polluted with obscene imagines, and we just can't clean out our minds.

Phil Burress is President of Citizens for Community Values.

The material is taken directly from his 1988 book.



Marge maimed in limerick contest

Last week, 862 entries for the Whistleblower Limerick Contest were received on the Whistleblower Hotline. The winners were **Marty Brenneman** and **Joe Nuxhall**, who will share many valuable prizes.



Their winning entry was:

There once was a woman named Marge;
Both her mouth and her dog were quite large.
When her team hit the skids,
Marge said to the kids,
My autograph now comes with a charge

The first line of this week's limerick contest is: "A cocky defendant named Mickey.."

Coming next issue
The Whistleblower's all-purpose
citizens committee for every occasion



Cheap Shots

Wolf in sheep's clothing

Beneath this boyish, innocent exterior, beats the heart of the biggest troublemaker Butler County has seen in a long time.



Nicolas Martin, founder of Stop Censorship in Butler County, is spending all week at the county fair in the Maze of Perversion Building. He'll be ranting and raving about censorship and the rights to rent Traci Lords X-rated videos as granted by the First Amendment.

Out of the frying pan

When Starvin Marvin Warner's lawyers succeeded at making sure that Judge Robert Ruehlman wouldn't hear his request for an early release, they were desperately seeking a more sympathetic judge. Instead they wound up with Judge Fred Cartolano.

"Actually, we were really hoping for Nick Nadel, Norman Murdock, or Gilbert Bettman," a Warner spokesman said.

The good news for the Fraudmeister is that Cartolano didn't sentence him in the first place.



What, me worry?

John Glenn isn't worried about the fact that the National Republican Senatorial Committee is already screening potential challengers to run against him in 1992.



The Ohio Senator doesn't seem to be impressed with the fact that the GOP will be spending a lot of money to defeat him.

"Raising money no big deal," said a member of Glenn's staff. "Glenn borrowed millions both times he ran for president, some of which he even repaid."

Listen to Charles Foster Kane make fun of Jeff Ruby on Jerry Thomas' Show, Thursday morning at 9:05.

55 WKRC



Another Real Guest Editorial by Bunky Tadwell

Once upon a time, in a land that looked a whole lot like the one we're in today—only without Alaska and Hawaii—people used to go to the movies. Especially kids. Kids loved to go to the movies.

Now you have to understand that these kids didn't have a whole lot more to do than go to the movies. Oh, there was plenty of work for them to do. No one could afford to hire anything done, so they either did it themselves, got the kids to do it, or didn't get it done at all.

Going to the movies meant finding some money. A nickel or maybe a dime. Pop and beer bottles were a good source of money. A couple of days walking the roads and catching someone cleaning out their basement could net enough to go to the movies.

Most folks didn't have jobs, at least not jobs that paid enough to splash around on amusements. There was what was called a Depression. Not the kind one experiences today when the dealer calls up and says there will be a delay in delivering one's new BMW. This one was world wide and things had just sort of shut down. But, there were the movies.

We favored Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, and shoot 'em ups. Cowboys and Indians—now there was an event worth finding bottles for. I guess today it would be cowpersons and native Americans, but that doesn't have quite the same ring to it.

We saw Tarzan. Another no-no. Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon. So far, I know of no organization working to bring Political Correctness for space monsters. Then there was Dick Tracy in the serials. Cagney. Raft. Tough guys and gangsters. King Kong tore up the town. Quasimodo scared the snot out of us scampering around on those bells. It was either knocking off the bad guys or hiding your eyes at the scary parts.

Now, we did see a lot of violence. Let's face it, Tom Mix just didn't miss. And Tarzan? Wow. Elephants stomping on bad guys. Lions gnaw-

ing on their butts. One little gem I recall was when some natives caught some poor devils, bent over tough, green trees, tied the guys to the crossed trees, then cut the rope and the dudes just ripped in half. Great stuff.

Out in space, zap! Ray guns and wiggled out bombs that blew up planets—Clay People who

came right out of the cave wall and did weird things with the hero's girl friend. Ming the Merciless wiping out everything in his path.

When you figure we'd go on Saturday for a double or triple feature, with a chapter of a serial and a comedy of the Stooges or Andy Clyde or

Laurel and Hardy whapping each other with ladders, paint buckets, and model T trucks, a lot of people got knocked around in the afternoon.

Funny thing, though. We would go week after week and when we left the theatre, no one ever shot anyone. No one got an elephant to step on even his worst enemy. We didn't tie anyone to springy trees and pull them apart. Kids with hand-me-down clothes that didn't fit. Holes in the underwear as well as the shoe soles. No one fired a shot or even punched anyone real hard.

Funny how today a movie opens and 20 or 30 people are gunned down by kids with gold chains and gym shoes with a price tag that would have fed a neighborhood for a week. There's a lesson in there somewhere, but too many people are too busy making lame excuses and blaming society to find it.

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.



The film will not be shown tonight. However, the theatre will remain open for drive-by shootings.



Real Letters from Real Readers

Sirs:
I was wrong. It is the heat.

Bob Alan

Sirs:
It's about time those animal-loving Bernsteins stopped serving veal at their restaurants. Now, how about some of the other animals who die horribly at their hands all in the name of haute cuisine?

Larry the Lobster

Sirs:
Recently I proposed a tax on out-of town ballplayers because they make so much money as entertainers. This tax would not apply to the Reds, simply because they're not all that entertaining.

David Mann

Sirs:
Actually, we think our new logo is a kinder, gentler satanic symbol.

P&G

Sirs:
Those who can, do...Those who can't, teach. That's why I'll be teaching a course at George Washington University on how to train school administrators.

Lee Etta Powell

Sirs:
I walked in my office and there was a guy lying on a table. He wasn't moving or anything. He looked like he was dead.

Dr. Frank Cleveland

Sirs:
How about if we called our investigative reports "bogus adventures?"

Channel 9's "I-Team"

Sirs:
So what if the Ohio GOP didn't exceed campaign limits when it spent \$115,000 on mailings for Ken Blackwell? Pat lot of good it did him.

Landslide Charlie Luken

Sirs:
On behalf of the Scottish Gay Marching Band, we must protest the continuation of your homophobic attitude.

Ben Doon and Phil McKrevis

Sirs:
Do you want to know how we stay on top? We keep stealing other stations' stories and claiming we reported on them first.

NewsChannel 5

Sirs:
Falcon Construction is doing a wonderful job demolishing the building at Fifth and Vine. Too bad it's ours.

Steve Stein, Belvedere Corp

Sirs:
Please add the our name to your list of oxymorons.

The Downtown Progress Committee

Sirs:
Did you notice that every time one of my men makes a surprise visit to a trailer park there's a TV cameraman along with him?

Dusty Rhodes



Another Exclusive Whistleblower Report

"Tax Force" ready to strike

As predicted, the Hamilton County Commissioners have selected their blue-ribbon "Tax Force" to go through the motions of studying the county's financial problems and recommend a sales-tax increase while providing political cover for the commissioners who are running for re-election.

The "Tax Force" is headed by **Powell McHenry**, not McHenry Powell as *The Post's* Molly Kavanaugh reported. McHenry is a retired P&G executive just like **John Smale**, whose commission recommended a city tax increase when Steve Chabot was on Cincinnati City Council. It's the same game plan.

Former *Post* associate editor and reporter **James Adams** is expected to curry favor with the ink-stained press.

Bob Bedinghaus manages Gateway Federal's corporate real estate. But politically, he's the Delhi Township Clerk—a Republican on the make, struggling desperately for credibility. He's labored for years in the shadow of the Colossus of Rhodes.

Bedinghaus wanted to be appointed county treasurer, but **Robert Goering** had the job all sewed up. Now Chabot throws him a bone by putting him on the committee.

Big-time GOP contributor **Jay Buchert** is president of the American Heritage Construction and Development Corp. He'll soon be president of the National Home Builders Association. Maybe he can find jobs for those out-of-work county building inspectors.

Kim Burke is an attorney with Taft Stettinius & Hollister—all the credentials anyone needs.

George Castrucci was picked because he is president of Great American Communications.

Attorney **Christopher Finney** worked as an unpaid gopher on Chabot's campaign. Chabot got elected in spite of his help. Finney provides comic relief by telling everyone he meets how much influence he has with Chabot.

Choosing **William LaWarre**, president of Northlich Stolley LaWarre advertising agency, was the commissioners' way of getting even with city councilman **Nick**

Vehr for his term limitation proposal that would encourage Democratic heavyweights **Dave Mann**, **John Mirlisena**, and **Pete Strauss** to run for county office. Vehr, as most people know, works for Hogan Nolan & Stites, the ad agency which until now has had a lock on local GOP advertising dollars.

AFL-CIO labor boss **Dan Radford**, a token Democrat, is being paid back for endorsing Commissioner **Sandy Beekwith** during her last campaign.

The Community Action Agency's **Bailey Turner** was chosen because the commissioners needed at least one **Clarence Thomas** type Republican.

They didn't need him, but they called him anyway. Attorney **Leslie Isaiah Gaines** is a closet Republican whose wife **Deborah** is a Democratic judge.

The Neighborhood Support Program's **Gloria Morgan** was chosen to help her political comeback after being hit in the face with a pie by an angry realtor at a East Price Hill Civic meeting.

Why pick Chamber of Commerce president **John Williams**? They needed a guy who was balder than Chabot, and **Randy Little** wasn't available.

The lone Republican in Forest Park, Mayor **Joe Ragase**, needs more recognition with the boys downtown. Commissioner **John Dowlin** probably got him the assignment, since they're old Municipal League cronies.

Twisted sister **Francis Marie Thraitkill** is president of the College of Mt. St. Joseph. She's seeking absolution for selling out Delhi and caving in to the airport board. Let's hope she can pray for divine guidance for this star-crossed group. But the real reason she was selected was to piss off Auditor **Dusty Rhodes**.

And where will the county's chief financial officer be during all the financial planning? U.C. Police Chief **Ed Bridgeman** has orders to shoot him on sight. They won't let Rhodes within a mile of this group. Which could very well be a mistake, because the mercurial Mr. Rhodes may already be planning a way to upstage them.





Bluegrass Holler
by Ken Cambo

Radio active restaurants

It was bad enough that WLW Radio bigmouth Bill Cunningham bought the old Glass Menagerie and converted it into Willie's Sports Cafe. Now they tell us that other inflated blowhard from The Big One, Gary Burbank, is coming to Ft. Mitchell with one of his Burbank's Real Bar-B-Que joints.



What's next? Jim Scott's Invisible Hair Store? Marty & Joe's Counterfeit Reds Souvenir Shop? Andy Furman's Sports Steroids? Give us a break, please!

Wax job

Entrepreneur Reed Dworski didn't score any points with the prudes in Covington, but he got a lot of attention last Wednesday for his car wash on Greenup Street.

Dworski had two scantily clad spokesmodels waving at drivers and offering them a Protouch hand job and body buff.

We know for certain that a local accountant had his Beamer buffed repeatedly. The car is so clean now, his wife wonders what he's trying to cover up.

Legal Briefs

U.S. Attorney Louis DeFalaise will be moving up the legal ladder when he starts his new job at the Executive Office of the U.S. Attorneys in Washington.

He says he'll stick around Northern Kentucky until his replacement is hired, but that shouldn't take too long.

Considering that, President Bush has already nominated Karen Caldwell to replace DeFalaise. Caldwell's nomination must be reviewed by the Senate Judiciary Committee and confirmed by the full Senate.

Her previous experience includes working in an insurance office and being love goddess to Senator Mitch McConnell.

Florence squall

Out in Florence, councilman Byron Mohr is still getting on everybody's nerves. Mohr's latest gaffe was his four-page letter criticizing his council compatriots for everything from their poor grasp of planning to their smoking during meetings. He really honked them off by sending the diatribe to the press and anyone else he thought might be vaguely interested in his opinion.

Councilman William "Doc" Hudson claims Mohr got his feelings hurt when he didn't get appointed to the mayor's seat after Roger Rolfes quit to become City Coordinator, which pays better. "He's not a team player," Doc said.



J. R. Hatfield
Northern Kentucky
Bureau Chief

Flop of the week

Looks like Corporex honcho Bill Butler has done it again. For the second time this year (and it's only July) the real estate developer is facing foreclosure. Travelers Insurance is calling in their note on Bill's Circleport Service Center out near the airport.

Never one to accept blame for a sour deal, Butler explained away his problems by saying, "These are extraordinary times in the real estate field." Hoping to put a good face on a bad situation, Butler was quick to point out how wonderful

the view is from atop the RiverCenter tower. "And the Metropolitan Club here is an overwhelming success," Bill told us. "We expect to have the interior finished in October, or maybe November...if there are still any bankers who will take our calls."



The trouble is not in your set

When Storer G.M. Wayne Rankin quit his job last week, a lot of people were wondering if he jumped or if he was pushed. The company has been embroiled in a costly legal war with the Kenton-Boone Cable Board for a couple of years. But the recent failure to buy sole competitor Telsat from Jacor probably cinched Rankin's demise.

Cable Board dominatrix Jayne

Gerdeman was cackling with glee over the departure. "That Rankin was a real wimp!" Jayne was overhead telling one of her board members. "But then you expect that from a guy who used to be Mr. Rogers' floor manager." Jayne is reportedly greasing her whip for new Storer boss Joe Wyant.

Same old same old

Meanwhile in Newport, City Manager Jim Parsons and the city commissioners are being sued by three nightclubs who claim the touch new laws regulating adult entertainment are unconstitutional.

A spokesperson for the Mouse-trap Burlesque and Artistic Dance Preservation Society said his group is also a plaintiff in the suit seeking unspecified damages, legal fees, and court costs.

Mayor Steve Goetz called the suits a stalling motion. "It's the

same old bump and grind," said His Honor. "They sue us and get a lot of press, which helps their business for a while. I'm tired of giving these sluts free advertising."

We tried to get a response from several dancers, but were told they were still busy being interviewed by *The Enquirer's* Jim Knippenberg and would call is back whenever he leaves.

We're still on hold.

New item on menu at Bernsteins' restaurants

After finally getting the message about how baby calves suffer to produce veal, animal-lover Ben Bernstein and his wife Shirley agreed to drop the meat from their restaurant menus.

The problem, however, is choosing an item to replace veal.

Bernstein, shown at right, prepares to take a big bite out of his newest Oriental delicacy—Peking Pooch.





Hotline Hang-ups

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

Why can't our doctors find a cure for cancer? They've found a way to cut off a man's genitals, grow him breasts, and turn him into a woman? Where are our medical priorities?

I think it was really low that Auditor **Dusty Rhodes** sent his man out to our trailer park to collect taxes. Living in a trailer should be punishment enough. We shouldn't have to pay taxes too.

Is **Arn Bortz**, the guy who's getting all that city money to build those expensive apartments on Garfield Place related to **Neil Bortz**, the guy who got a tax break from **Mickey Esposito**?

Does **Michael Brandt**, the man chosen to take over as interim superintendent of the Cincinnati Public Schools, really have a chance to turn things around? Or is he just a fall guy for the school board to blame when the tax levy fails again?

How much does it cost the taxpayers to release those pigeon-killing falcons downtown?

Maybe the Episcopal church should ordain homosexual priests. They couldn't be any worse than the Catholic priests who molest children.

All this talk about district elections for city council has me confused. Shouldn't the voters be told how it's working in other places before we have to decide? I understand that in other cities it had the opposite effect of what was intended.

Why is it that the news media they are the only business in the United States with its own constitutional amendment?

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 Mickey Esposito.



Real Gossip by Linda Libel

Can you believe it? WLW Radio loudmouth **Andy Furman** has a fan club. At least that's what *The Post's* **Greg Paeth** reports.

"I'm really surprised that a perfect stranger would do such a nice thing for me," Furman said.



Included in the next Official Andy Furman Fan Club newsletter is a story about Andy's recent wrestling match with a bear at a local saloon. "Sure, the bear clobbered me," Furman admitted. "Not even **Anthony Munoz** could have stayed on his feet. It was like trying to take down **Marge Schott**."

The only problem is, the guy who organized Furman's fan club is no stranger. He's been Furman's unpaid helper on his Sunday morning sports talk show for years. They didn't have a mailing list, so they sent newsletters to people who had written death threats to **Bob Trumpy**.

Well, at least it's nice to see that *The Enquirer's* **John Keisewetter** isn't the only radio-TV critic who's a real sucker for a good scam. Still—Furman does have a fan club, even if it is bogus. But how about some of our other local celebrities?

Bankrupt **Stan Solomon**, whose creditors can hardly wait for his talk show on City Cable to begin Aug 1, doesn't have a fan club.

CAC director **Dennis Barrie**, who refuses to pose nude for a "Vanity Fair" cover, doesn't have a fan club.

Toria Tolley, whose bid to replace **Debra Silberstein** hit a snag when the new WKRC-TV executive producer **Miles Silverberg** said they were looking for a real blonde, doesn't have a fan club.

Sheriff **Simon Leis**, who says "what good is it to have the best dressed deputies in the country if we don't have enough jails full of prisoners to appreciate it," doesn't have a fan club.

Comedian **Ray Combs**, whose new comedy club in the Carew Tower will be the only thing worth coming downtown for after dark, doesn't have a fan club.

Ousted Auditor **Mike Maloney**, who says there's no way he'll ever run for office again unless *The Whistleblower* promises not to make fun of him, doesn't have a fan club.



Guess Who?

Which very proper and respectable local business leader has a butterfly tattooed on his buttocks?

Dwight Tillery, a guy with more positions than one of **Jerry Springer's** back-seat boinking partners, doesn't have a fan club.

Dr. Slumlord, who says condemned buildings should not be worked on during a pollution alert, doesn't have a fan club.

Pat Barry, for reasons too numerous to mention, doesn't have a fan club.

Jeff Ruby, who could never find anyone to love him half as much as he loves himself, doesn't have a fan club.

Finally, **Jim Cissell**, who keeps bitching about how he was the first person to propose the idea of a fan club, will never have a fan club.



Visit Downtown Cincinnati

We've had fewer murders this year.