

A sure cure for uncontrollable, hysterical laughter

The Whistleblower

Or "Some of the News They Seem to Lose" ©
Edition # 64 August 20, 1991

This Week's Really Big Story

A tribute to a Greater Cincinnati

When a local legend leaves our midst, it is only natural that a ground swell of enthusiasm is mounted to pay homage to greatness gone by. Recently, such a pillar of the community spirit left us, and we at The Whistleblower are joining the throngs of devoted fans who are calling for an appropriate symbol of adoration to be erected in a public place.

We, therefore, go on record to beseech the city fathers, Chamber of Commerce, Downtown Council, Platform Republicans, and all similar community do-gooders to start passing the hat to raise the necessary funds for an Eternal Tribute to Schottzie.

That's right, Schottzie, our dearly departed national treasure.

Sure, Paul Brown did a lot for Cincinnati and the Bengals will probably do something sincere like wearing his initials on their helmets this season.

Pete Rose left town a few weeks ago with little more than a case of frozen chili and a bunch of IOU's.

It's time we do the right thing for once. Who can name a more honorable mascot of all that is good and just about Cincinnati than Schottzie? Unlike hometown white-collar criminals like Charlie Keating and Marvin Warner, Schottzie never stole a dime from anybody. She never bet on baseball like Pete Rose, and unlike the dearly departed Mr. Brown, Schottzie did, indeed, have a World Championship ring.

Schottzie never gave tax breaks to her friends like former auditor

Joe DeCourcy or his lounge lizard son-in-law Mickey Esposito.

Schottzie never got drunk and wrecked a county car like the other Joe DeCourcy.

Schottzie never forged a priest's name, swindled the FreeStore, and sold junk P&G merchandise at a flea market like Lou Torok.

Schottzie never wore a wig like Randy Little.

Schottzie was never investigated by Channel 9's "I-Team."

Schottzie never threatened to buy the Mike Pink and move it to Maysville like Nick Clooney.

Schottzie never boinked a bag lady in the back of a Bentley like Jerry Springer.

Schottzie has never done anything to embarrass Cincinnati, unless you count that time she sniffed David Letterman's crotch on national television.

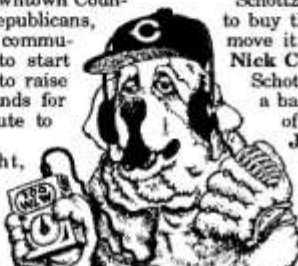
And Marge Schott was a bigger embarrassment that night when she talked about how big the dog's nipples were getting.

We propose that the City of Cincinnati gets things started by changing the name of Second Street from Pete Rose Way to Schottzie Boulevard.

A gigantic gold fire hydrant should be erected on Fountain Square and the ban on dogs should be lifted at Bicentennial Commons.

When you think of all the joy that Schottzie brought to this community, that really isn't too much to ask.

So come on, all you owners of deceased pets, what are you waiting for?



Top Ten List

This week it's the top ten things P&G chairman Ed Artst found out when he checked his employees' long-distance phone records:



10. People who leak company secrets don't use their office phones

9. Art Ney knows how to get results from a grand jury when he really wants to

8. Long-distance customers don't really save that much with MCI

7. It really is cheaper when you call after 5

6. People in Delhi rarely call Pittsburgh to have a pizza delivered

5. Very few calls are made from Norwood to Saskatchewan

4. Phone sex is one more way to reach out and touch someone you love

3. Nobody really cares when a P&G executive is planning to resign

2. Cincinnati Bell will always roll over and cooperate when it's in their own interest And the number one thing P&G chairman Ed Artst found out when he checked his employees' long-distance phone records is...when you're as big as P&G, you can terrorize your employees any time you want.

Esposito verdict

Judge Thomas Crush decided to irritate The Post and The Whistleblower by announcing his verdict in the Mickey Esposito trial at 2 p.m. Monday.

Announcing a verdict at that time would cause both publications to miss their deadlines.

The Post and The Whistleblower had given the most attention to courthouse corruption during the previous year, and it was Crush's hope that The Enquirer would somehow manage to overlook the story.

The Whistleblower, however, was able to obtain the verdict at the last moment. An analysis of Crush's decision appears in its entirety.

Please see Mickey, Page 28



The Whistleblower hotline—call 749-1055



Inside this Issue

Schottzie's death a hoax.....	12
dog sighted at K-Mart.....	14
Gorby seeking asylum in U.S.....	22
Kissing tips from Delhi.....	28
Why Tower Place will fail.....	28



Real Editorials By the Publisher Charles Foster Kane

Terms of endangerment

"Be careful what you wish for," a wise man once said. "Because someday your wish may come true."

Take all the recent discussion about term limitation for Cincinnati City Council. Councilman Nick Vehr went out and got more than 8500 signatures to put the issue on the ballot. Democrats are dragging their feet, hoping the issue will magically disappear before the Sept. 6 deadline to vote to put it on the ballot.

They've scraped the bottom of the barrel, trying to come up with all these off-the-wall excuses why voters should not be allowed to decide if council members' terms should be limited.

Instead, they should be painting a picture to show voters what city council would look like, if Nick Vehr's wish came true.

Because as bad as the voters sometimes think the current crop of council members is, the alternative could be even worse.

Imagine, if you will, that term limitations are presently in effect.

Imagine that experienced council members are instantly eliminated from serving on council. No more David Mann. No more Pete Strauss. No more John Mirlisena and Guy Guckenberger. And for good measure, no more Bobbie Sterne either.

Incumbents sure to be re-elected would include Nick Vehr, Jim Cissell, Dwight Tillery, and Tyrone Yates.

And if that thought isn't frightening enough for you, pick five more from the rest of the pack. We could imagine that Virginia Rhodes, Nell Surber, and Roxanne Qualls would get in, but the other two newcomers would be anybody's guess. It doesn't really matter who they'd be. Because the brand new Gang of Nine would be so busy squabbling with each other over who'd get the biggest office, nothing would get done for months. Even years.

And with all the problems the city faces, we need all the experience we can get. Nick Vehr would certainly be the new mayor, because in the land of the blind, a one-eyed man would be king.

Attention P&G Employees

It's still OK to call the
Whistleblower Hotline
at 749-1055

Your confidentiality will
be positively maintained.



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

And the Big One belongs to the Reds

Radio row was stunned last week with the unexpected announcement that the Cincinnati Reds had quietly negotiated and signed a new three contact with WLW Radio to broadcast the ball games.

Over the past year, several local stations had cut expenses and trimmed staff, building war chests in hopes of upping the stakes when the Reds radio rights came up for bid. They never did.

Rather than the eagerly anticipated open auction, WLW took all the marbles without even giving the other stations a chance to make their pitch.

Here's how it happened. Besides the annual \$3 million for the rights, WLW also handed over to the Reds all the proceeds from the sales of commercials for the beer, the soft drink, the bank, and the sausage-maker who advertise on the games. It figures to something between \$4.5 and \$5 million annually to the Reds from the radio station.

The Reds may be a little light when it comes to negotiating for players who can hit, pitch, and run; but credit Marge Schott with real savvy in all but actually taking over WLW without

spending a cent. Nothing less than a 50 percent increase to the Reds and WLW will pay it without whimper.

Look for the games to carry sponsorships of each at-bat next season. Listen for Marty to announce: "This plate appearance by Bill Doran is sponsored by J.T.M., the only burger that comes with its own floss." Considering the station is now barely breaking even at \$3 million a year, you can just guess what they'll have to do to cover the nut next season.

There's even more to the deal. Besides the free commercials for

Marge Schott's auto dealerships, and the station's promise that loudmouths Andy Furman and Bill Cunningham will say only nice things about Marge, word has it that Jacor CEO Terry Jacobs used to own a dog that died from cancer. Along with starting a support group for owners of deceased pets, WLW has also pledged to pay for the "eternal flame" over Schottzie's grave.

While the deal makes WLW as big a loser as the Reds this season, station General Manager Dave Martin managed to feather his own nest.

His bonus to sign the pact with the Reds was \$50,000. Not too bad for pulling the smelly cigar out of his chops long enough to kiss Marge's ass.

Schottzie slammed in limerick contest

Last week, 1492 former Cincinnati Reds fans called the Whistleblower Hotline to enter the Whistleblower Limerick Contest. The winner was Stevie Schott, who will each receive many valuable prizes.

His winning entry was:
Schottzie, our true national treasure,
Gave up life slowly, measure by measure.
But when she finally died,
Marge buried her hide;
Saying, "Doing business with you was a pleasure."

The first line of this week's limerick contest is:
"Procter & Gamble was worried about leaks..."





Cheap Shots

Rhoads to ruin

Opponents of the Cincinnati Public School tax levy celebrated last Friday when it was announced that **Brewster Rhoads** was being paid a lot of money to manage the tax levy campaign.

After all, they said, Rhoads got his brains beat out when he ran for county commissioner. However, Rhoads is pretty good at taking liberal candidates like Spenser, Celeste, Metzenbaum, Qualls, and Fisher and making them acceptable (most of them winners) to a broader audience in Hamilton County. He's excellent at building coalitions. Does he stand even a slim chance to succeed? It depends on (1) how much money he will have to spend, and (2) how effective his TV commercials will be.



Celluloid solution

Recently Vice Mayor **Pete Strauss** denied that the city's policy is largely to blame for turning the Over-The Rhine area into a permanent ghetto.

"Every time they make a movie in Cincinnati, the film producers do a great job fixing up the front of the buildings," Strauss said. "Our only problem is not supporting the Film Commission."



Stan the man

"You shouldn't think of it as a junket, you should think of it as an investment," said State Senator **Stanley Aronoff** when asked to defend the state's spending \$80,000 to send freeloading legislators to a meaningless conference in Florida.

"Just think how much more expensive it would have been if we'd gone during the winter," he added.



Listen to Charles Foster Kane discuss recent local AM radio station format changes on Jerry Thomas' Show, Thursday morning at 9:05.

55 WKRC



Another Real Guest Editorial by Bunky Tadwell

I know why, but I am moved to say a few words in defense of Procter & Gamble. Not that P&G needs it. They have done rather well without my support for some time.

It's not that P&G is without sin. Those ads over the years have, I'm sure, rotted the minds of millions of people. And those towers—while they were building them I thought it was the new jail. Working in the office, I have been told, is like serving a sentence. But the benefits are good.

The brand managers have been known to keep art salesmen at bay in the hallway for years. Little kings making their subjects sit for days, peeing their pants and starving trying to hold their place in line. More than one art studio has gone belly up after getting work from P&G and tooling up to handle it, only to have the projects cancelled or given to another shop. Power plays. Nothing but power plays.

But hey—this is a defense. No question. P&G has done a lot of good things and praise be to the giant. What ticks me off is this business about 666. Maybe you've read about it. Somewhere in the curls of the beard of the man in the moon that P&G has used for years, there was said to be the numbers 666. 666 is supposed to have something to do with the devil (who doesn't?) and so P&G was into working with 01' Scratch or some such crap. The loonies came out in force from time to time to hassle P&G about 666. 666? It was the name of a cold remedy. Power? Influence? 666 has about as much power and influence over anything as my resume. Which, I have proven many times, is zip.

They should take all the nuts who have been bugging P&G about 666 and put them in a cage with voodoo priests. They could spend their days and nights casting spells on each other. P&G caved in and redesigned the logo. This probably took millions of dollars because they have been known to spend months just adding the word "New" to a box of soap. What they should have done is make

the 666 plainer and bigger. Or, come out with a new product called "666." That would keep the snake handlers busy for years.

And another thing—P&G had an orange juice on the market that had the word "Fresh" in the name. Imagine you are shopping. You go to the cooler. You see juice in cartons, milk, maybe some yogurt and cottage cheese. All this stuff is packaged. You know it has been there at least since morning. Prior to that, it was somewhere else. Would you, in your wildest dreams, assume that a carton of orange juice that had the word "Fresh" as part of the name, was fresh squeezed? If someone were standing there handing out samples, with fresh oranges about, a juicer, and peels and gunk on the floor and the sign said try our fresh orange juice then yes, you would have a right to assume the juice was fresh and you'd have a beef if it weren't. But in cartons?

Come on. Yet, the ninnies in Washington claim that the word "Fresh" on the carton misleads people. Do they think we are that stupid? Yes, they do. Are we that stupid? If we don't start complaining about all this silliness then you bet, we are that stupid.

So come on P&G. Put out an orange juice called Fresh 666. I'll buy it. And maybe some others who are filled to the brim with patronizing poobahs protecting us from their own silly fears.

666. How about a hunch bet on the Pick 3 in the lottery? Put the devil and gambling together and how can you miss?

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.

Watch for Mr. Tadwell's latest book, "Never Trust a Naked Loan Officer" an explosive expose of sexual perversion in the banking business.



Real Letters from Real Readers

Sirs:
I don't believe in negotiating with terrorists. I let the U.N. and the Israelis do that.
George Bush

Sirs:
The devil made us do it.

P&G

Sirs:
It's not bad enough that I got run out of town on a rail, but now the school board won't even pay for the rail.

Lee Etta Powell

Sirs:
All right, we're showing all your crappy corporate art. Now can we have some money?
Dennis Barrie

Sirs:
I'm getting a lot of help from Larry Whalen, Art Ney, and Simon Leis to develop my new discipline plan. Will that help my tax levy?

Michael Brandt

Sirs:
Please tell your readers that I was not part of the homosexual demonstration outside city hall on "David Mann Tolerance Day" last week like *The Post's* Sharon Moloney reported.

Richard Buchanan

Sirs:
If you thought those Platform Republicans were asleep at the switch when pro-choice Sandra Beckwith got nominated to the federal bench, they must be brain dead to stand by and let me be pushed as her replacement.

Guy Guckenberger

Sirs:
Please tell your readers that they can clean up on savings at the August furniture sale from Buckeye Home Furnishings.

Lou and Anita Pinella

Sirs:
The "Secrets of Slime" presentation at Sharon Woods Sunday afternoon was not about my political career.

Norman Murdock

Sirs:
Even though I didn't hear the case of the two battling hot dog vendors, I did give them two weeks to get married.

Judge William Mathews

Sirs:
I've seen my career slip through my fingers.

Pee-Wee Herman

Sirs:
As soon as he gets the hostages returned, we asked U.N. President Javier Perez de Cuellar to negotiate the release of my term limitation issue?

Nick Vehr

Sirs:
How about a family reunion for white people to be held in Anderson Township?

Stan Solomon



Another Exclusive Whistleblower Report

Censorship in Butler County

It was high noon—time for the long-awaited shootout between Sheriff "Clean Dick" Holzberger and the anti-censorship gang. When the smoke cleared the sheriff lay mortally wounded. The agreement with the video stores reached last week was a tremendous—but unreported—victory for smut lovers of Butler County.



Less than half the video stores agreed not to rent six tapes that had been found obscene elsewhere in Ohio. BFD! That still leaves X-rated inventories 99% intact.

Why did Holzberger cave in? Had he suddenly turned over a new, libertarian leaf?

No, Holzberger lost an intensely fought political battle in which he was dogged and defeated at every turn. Volunteers distributed thousands of leaflets and worked many hours to protect the Bill of Rights. It was a unique watershed event.

It was enough to drive a man to drink. Or if rumors about Holzberger are to be believed, it was enough to drive him home after he had had too much to drink.

For the second time in two years the Citizens for Community Values (CCV) lost a colossal battle. This time, though, their defeat was even more important. They were beaten not by 12 jurors, a la Mapplethorpe, they were defeated by ordinary citizens of a community whose values the group purported to represent. Behind all that pompous bluster and sports celebrity endorsements, the CCV was no more than a paper tiger. They had to cancel their video store picketing due to a lack of participants. They wouldn't even debate on live radio. They were run unceremoniously out of town.

Three months ago Holzberger said he would get Hamilton to pass a law making the possession of adult video tapes illegal. He said numerous times that he wanted all adult tapes gone and that busts would commence soon. Prosecutor John Holcomb told the White Ribbon Day anti-pornography rally

that he wanted similar state legislation. And Mayor Adolph Olivas accused stores of renting kiddie porn, an accusation which was not substantiated in a single media outlet.

Olivas recanted his accusations before Hamilton Council. "I was just talking off the top of my head," Olivas said, and was never heard from again on the matter of censorship. Prosecutor Holcomb also disappeared, except to mumble a few inanities about the kooks at the ACLU.

Only Holzberger took time to catch on. By the time the Butler County Fair arrived last month, "Clean Dick" had become a laughing stock. Mention of his name brought sneers and laughter.

Holzberger now says video stores can keep adult tapes, so long as they rent only to adults (which they were doing anyway). "Do it Debbie's Way" is safe.

But the reason Holzberger backed down has gone unreported, especially by the *Hamilton Journal News*, which appears to be bending over backwards to shield the sheriff from public embarrassment. He was beaten by rare organized community opposition to censorship, the sort which the Cincinnati area has never witnessed before.

CCV has retreated like Iraq's elite Republican Guard, pausing only to issue occasional press releases from the sanctuary of Hamilton County.

CCV president Phil Burress complains about the credibility of anti-censorship leaders. But coming from an admitted former porn addict, most people are no longer impressed.

"We busted the myth of supremacy of the bluenoses," said Nicolas Martin, founder of Stop Censorship in Butler County.

His organization takes credit for Sheriff Holzberger's stunning defeat.

"Our only question is how the news media missed the story," Martin added.





Bluegrass Holler

by Ken Camboo

Slap happy

State representative **Lawson Walker**, of Villa Hills, was charged in Orlando, Florida, for misdemeanor battery when he became irate and shouted obscenities at a Gray Line tour clerk over some misplaced reservations.

Walker, who was attending a convention of state legislators, is alleged to have grabbed 19 year old **Betty Rosario's** shoulder in the course of the dispute.

A convention official said Walker also threatened him by saying, "I'd like to smash your face."

Walker denies any wrong doing and explaining, "This whole thing is a terrible misunderstanding."



Torok crime wave spreads

Noted ex-con **Lou Torok**, recently indicted in Hamilton County for forging a priest's signature, stealing from the Free Store, and selling unsalable P&G beauty products at a flea market has added Northern Kentucky to his itinerary of criminal activity.

Torok was arrested by a Campbell County detective who charged him with sexual molestation of a 10-year-old boy in Bellevue.

Torok has pleaded not guilty and claims, "This whole thing is a terrible misunderstanding."



Quayle season

Republican **Larry Hopkins** oalled out the big dogs in his race for the governor's mansion last week. Vice President **Dan Quayle** visited Kentucky and raised about \$100,000 for the GOP cause.

"I feel at home in Kentucky," said the VP. "The values I have are the values Kentucky has."

Earlier in the week Hopkins got some help from **Nancy Sununu**, wife of White House Chief of Staff **John Sununu**, who is till grounded. She, too, claimed, "It the whole thing was just a terrible misunderstanding."



J. R. Hatfield

Northern Kentucky Bureau Chief

Is spit deadly?

Alexandria Police Chief **Ed Stein** filed charges of attempted murder against Norwood native **Houston Haynes** last week after he spit on the chief in transit to jail. Haynes claimed that he had AIDS and was going to take some people with him when he died from the disease.

Legal eagles in the Campbell County prosecutor's office were scrambling to determine if spit is a deadly weapon. If you have ever been the target of a good ole boy letting fly with a wad of chaw on a windy day, you probably would agree with the chief on this one.

But aren't the lawyers missing a point here? Is spitting on a Northern Kentucky cop the act of a rational mind? These guys have racked up more brutality points in the past couple months than **Rob Dibble** and **Mike Tyson** com-

bined. Spitting on these guys is grounds for an insanity plea. Or maybe the guy was attempting suicide the hard way.

Haynes later denied that he had AIDS and said he made up the story just to make the Cops nervous. Another brilliant move on his part. Now when they beat him up

in the cell they might use rubber gloves, but they will probably not resist the urge to teach him how it's not cool to be a wise guy.

Chief Stein is still not taking any chances. He insists that Haynes be tested for HIV virus. Stein has also installed a plexiglass spit guard between the seats in his cruiser. "It's just like the snot shields at the better salad bars at Frisch's," said the chief.



Punch drunk

The boxing metaphor seems to be in vogue among Kentucky politicians this year.

Democratic gubernatorial candidate **Brereton Jones** made several pugilistic references last week when he described his plan to counter negative campaigning by his opponent **Larry Hopkins**.

"He came out swinging with negative statements," Jones said of Fighting Larry, "Hitting below the belt."

Making a sweep through North-

ern Kentucky last week, Jones remarked, "From time to time we'll throw hard punch, but no cheap shots."

At a campaign rally in Owensboro, Jones compared Hopkins to a school yard bully.

Recalling a time when he was forced to punch such a bully the mouth, Battling Brereton said, "The time will come in this campaign when I'm going to have to stand up and hit Larry Hopkins in the mouth."

Coming next issue
Ten easy ways to get yourself appointed to the airport board



Hotline Hang-ups

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

I read where loving ex-wife **Leslie De-Courcy** sold her house for \$250,000. Does that mean the county can stop paying for former commissioner **Joe DeCourcy's** medical expenses? On the other hand, how should we look at the fact that **Marvin Warner's** wife **Jody** has hung in there? Some of the other convicted white-collar criminals' wives (**Ewton, Bongard**, have already divorced, or in the process of divorcing them.

Those nice young girls working their way through college by offering their sexual favors at the FOP Hall are back at work. **Larissa McComas** and **Missy South** have learned some new tricks and are available for private parties—night or day. Too bad the videotape of their performance was sealed as evidence. It would have looked great on "Hard Copy."

Have you been to the Cincinnati Natural History Museum at Union Terminal lately? I bet at least one-third, if not more, of the "hands-on exhibits" didn't work and many others have been defaced. I think it's outrageous that there isn't better security. Someone should look into how the damage occurred and put a stop to it.

You should have published a picture of the three city honchos watching city workers install flower pots along with the caption—*"How many city officials does it take..."*

Up in Clifton there's a sign outside the **Ulysses Whole World Foods** store on Ludlow proudly displaying all the famous people who were vegetarians. But hey forgot the most famous vegetarian of them all—**Adolph Hitler**.

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 **Procter & Gamble**.



Real Gossip by Linda Libel

Last week we named **55WKRC's** flying stud **Bobby Leach** as our "Hunk of the Month" and two days later Channel 12 said the ladies in their newsroom rur **Romeo** and voted him the sexiest man in Cincinnati. Channel 12 producer **Miles Silverberg** called it a "co-incidence." Yeah, right.

Steve Gabennesch, owner of the Midway Cafe in Ft. Thomas is telling all his customers that he will soon be taking over **Grammer's Restaurant**. I wonder if **Grammer's** owner **Jim Tarbell** knows about it?

Here's to **Comisar/la Normandie/Maisonette Inc.** CEO **Michael J. Comisar** who's in the process of throwing over "trophy wife" **Rosalie**. Like what's the problem, Mike? You're too old to be going through a middle-age crisis. **Rosalie** will always be younger than your children. His version of the breakup for public consumption is she got religion and started running around with a fast crowd. Friends and foes alike believe it is because of all those pounds she put on at the church basement potluck dinners. You should see the pre-pubescent looking women he's been squiring all over town. You'd think they'd had their clothes sewn on. Then been lowered into a vat of hot water to shrink them even further. All we want to know is will **Rosie** get to keep the Range Rover.

WAAAAAAA! That was a welcome sound to the ears of **WCPO's** anchorbimbo **Carol Williams** who violated terms of her contract by failing to give birth during sweeps week.

"Jesus, God...and to think I had to sweat through the last trimester in the hottest summer of the century!" she complained to a friend. "Our station manager said to me that he wanted the 'I-Team' to tape me digging a hole in **Platt Park**, give birth, and return for the 5:30 report. If you want to keep your job, forget the maternity leave, we'll equip the anchor chair with a donut ring."



Guess Who?

Which wife of a prominent real estate developer wears great big fancy custom-designed diamond jewelry that she bought from the Home Shopping Network?

I understand that **Joel Hyatt**—that lawyer guy you see on TV all the time—is coming to Cincinnati for a political fund-raiser in September. Hyatt is **Howard Metzbaum's** son-in-law, and is building a coalition to take over his father-in-law's seat in the Senate.

So who's Hyatt coming in to help? Is it Mayor **David Mann**?

Is it to help **Dusty Rhodes** retire his campaign debt?

Is it **Tom Luken's** all-new-and-improved local Democratic Party?

It's none of the above. The beneficiary of Hyatt's name and influence is none other than gay rights Democrat **Richard Buchanan**.

But then again, that shouldn't be too surprising. The State Democratic Party only brings in its big guns on hopeless local races.

Finally, **Pee-Wee Herman's** two favorite baseball teams—The Expos and the Yanks. His new part on **Captain Kangaroo**—Mr. Open Jeans.

Classified Advertising

SEXUAL SURROGATE

Will perform at your place or mine. Ask for Dave. 352-2000.

TESTICLE DONOR

Needed for county commissioner who can't make decision. Call **Steve Chabot**. 632-8222

TICKETS

Good seats still available for **Jerry Springer's** new TV talk show. All performances. Call 352-5011.

WORLD'S GREATEST SCAM

Learn how to cheat somebody out of \$10. Send \$10 to Whistleblower, Box 3688.

