



**Your on the
Street Reporter**



Uyless Black

Heard off the Street (I – V)

**Your on the Street Reporter
Heard off the Street**

Report

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Your on the Street Reporter Heard off the Street (I)

March 29, 2008

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter. Enough of my arm-chair reporting about events that took place many years ago. Back to the Streets to find a newspaper vending machine! The local paper gives me the inside track to investigate an alleged attempted murder case in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The following is extracted from police reports and a secret source identified in footnote one.¹

(Quotations are taken from the sources. Comments in italics are mine.)

Report One: Dog Shoots Itself While Looking for a Water Dish Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

“A Coeur d'Alene man claims his dog accidentally discharged his handgun while trying to get a drink of water off his nightstand.”

The water was in a water glass, and not a water dish, which created confusion on the part of the dog.

“Lee Rudkin said the pistol discharged eight times, including one round that struck Zeus, a 3-year-old Rottweiler, in the right side.”

According to your Reporter's sources, the rapid succession of shots occurred because Zeus's wagging tail had become entangled with the gun's trigger. Immediately after Zeus shot himself, the dog---logically enough---stopped wagging his tail, and the gun stopped firing.

“ ‘It was a one in a million shot,’ Rudkin said. ‘He's never gotten up on the nightstand before.’ ”

*Not to mention his getting up on the nightstand **and** firing a pistol. Anyway, police are not buying this story, because the nightstand had no paw-prints on it. (Note: The nightstand's dust had not been disturbed, so lifting paw-prints was not necessary).²*

“One of the bullets struck the bed before continuing on to the nearby wall. Investigators concluded that the bullet on the bed didn't line with any of the holes in the wall and that the trajectory angles didn't match.”

The happenstance trajectories make sense because the dog was not an experienced shooter. Not once did Rudkin take Zeus to the local shooting range to hone his skills. What is more, Zeus has no thumbs, which placed him at a distinct disadvantage for properly aiming the pistol.

“Police have charged Rudkin with unlawful discharge of a firearm in the city and cruelty to animals. Rudkin said he doesn't understand why the police didn't test his hands for gunpowder residue and says it would have proved his innocence.”

¹ See Marc Stewart, “Police Believe Man Shot His Dog,” *Coeur d'Alene Press*, March 15, 2008, p A1.

² No joke, the police checked for Zeus's prints on the nightstand.

The police deliberated about testing for gunpowder on the paws, tail, and tongue of Zeus, but the local budget did not allow such extensive forensics. (Note: The police explained they perform a gunpowder test only in the event of a fatality. If Zeus had shot himself in the head, his fatality would have brought forth a gunpowder test, thus freeing the alleged dog lover from his alleged crime.)

Report Two: Pro Golfer Shoots a Birdie without Reaching the Green!³

Orlando, Florida.

“Pro golfer Tripp Isenhour apologized for killing a hawk that was making noise while he tried to film a TV show. The Humane Society wants the PGA Tour to take action. PGA golfer Tripp Isenhour is charged Wednesday after he killed a hawk on purpose with a golf shot.”

The hawk had not yet been indoctrinated into the protocols of watching pro golf players, wherein the audience stands in silent awe, watching the semi-action. Squawks and other bird-like utterances are forbidden.

“Isenhour quickly apologized Thursday.”

According to sources, the apology came for two reasons. First, the golfer did not have a Florida hunting license. Second, he killed the hawk with a weapon advertised in Golf Digest but not in Field and Stream.

“ ‘As soon as this happened, I was mortified and extremely upset and continue to be upset,’ Isenhour said in a statement issued through his management company, SFX Golf. ‘ I want to let everyone know there was neither any malice nor deliberate intent whatsoever to hit or harm the hawk. I was trying to simply scare it into flying away.’ ”

Bystanders offered a different account as they explained that the golfer seemed intent on actually striking the bird. But then, we should not discount the claims of Mr. Isenhour, as he is not a particularly accurate striker of the golf ball. Could be he knew if he aimed at the hawk, he would miss it.

“The 39-year-old player, whose real name is John Henry Isenhour III, became angry while filming ‘Shoot Like A Pro’ on Dec. 12 at the Grand Cypress Golf Club when a squawking red-shouldered hawk roughly 300 yards away forced another take.”

Some pundits writing on the Web accused Mr. Isenhour of faint-heartedness. He settled for a birdie. But why not? After all, there were no eagles in the vicinity.

³ AOL News from the week of March 1, 2008.

Your on the Street Reporter Heard off the Street (II)

April 15, 2008

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter. Due to the overwhelming response to “Heard off the Street (I)” (note the singular use of *response*), here is report II.

(Non-italics are taken from the sources. Comments in italics are mine.)

Report One: Frustrated Woman Fries Husband¹

Salvador, Brazil.

A Brazilian housewife was convicted and sentenced to 19 years in prison for killing her husband, chopping his body into small pieces and frying it.

Being on a diet, the housewife used low-calorie cooking oil. Thus, the relatively lite sentence for a capital crime.

Two years ago in Salvador, Rosanita Nery dos Santos drugged her husband in his sleep, then stabbed him to death said policeperson Idmar Bonfim. She hacked Jose Raimundo Soares dos Santos' body into more than 100 pieces, which she boiled and fried.

Senora dos Santos was smitten with Wendy's Chicken Fingers, but on this occasion, she could fry-up only ten of them. (We are counting his two thumbs, which technically speaking, are not really fingers.) However, she was also fond of McDonald's McNuggets. So senior dos Santos' other body parts did not go to waste.

(Note: The senora did not fry the senior for food. Being an inveterate collector, she placed the 100 pieces of her former husband in plastic bags and stored them beneath a staircase in their...uh, her home.)

Bonfim said police discovered the body parts after receiving an anonymous phone call.

From an unidentified source yes, but background sources reveal several neighbors called the police to complain about the inordinate amount of deep-frying smells wafting from the dos Santos' house, plus the fact that senior dos Santos was no longer seen outdoors kicking the neighborhood dogs.

Senior Detective Bonfim, a fan of TV's Detective Monk---who makes associations comparable only to those uttered by Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, and Dr. Phil---immediately associated the cooking with a killing.

¹ http://news.aol.com/topnews/articles/_a/housewife-convicted-of-frying-husband/n20070323224309990019?ncid=NWS00010000000001. Filed by Stan Lehman, AP.

Bonfim said the killing was either part of a black magic ritual or an attempt by the wife to collect life insurance worth about \$34,000.

Successfully collecting on any insurance claim is unto itself, black magic.

Citing testimony from the woman's relatives, Bonfim said she may also have committed the crime "to avenge many years of humiliation from her husband." He did not provide further details.

We can say with confidence that the wife evened the humiliation score.

But to each their own. Personally, I would prefer my body to be grilled (blackened, of course).

Bonfim said Santos denied killing her husband but said she chopped up his body, "She claims masked assailants entered her house, killed her husband and then forced her to cut up the body and fry it because that would prevent the stench of a decomposing body from alerting neighbors."

Hm. Bonfim was suspicious of this claim, as the supposed masked assailants would have cared less about stinking up a house in which they were not residents. Even more, Detective Bonfim visited the local deep-fry fast food eateries. He discovered senora dos Santos had a keen appetite for Chicken Fingers. One Burger King manager described her as, "A Chicken Finger gourmet."

During the reverse engineering operations on senor dos Santos---in which forensics experts somewhat put him back together---Bonfim discovered eight of dos Santos' precious bodily parts were missing. (Not ten mind you, only eight; the thumbs were intact.) With Monk-like brilliance, he knew the senora could not resist those delicious deep-fried Chicken Fingers. But the senora was a gourmet. Bonfim also knew she would never have lowered herself to eat Chicken Thumbs.

Case solved.

Report Two: Armed Robber Leaves His Call-back Number²

Location...see footnote 2.

A television news program had this to say about a daring daylight robbery of an automobile parts store. On an early morning, a young man walked into an automobile parts store, pulled-out a gun and demanded money.

The employees informed the robber he had come into the store too early, as the money was still locked-up in the safe. Only the store manager had the combination to the safe, and being the boss, he was still at home, expecting his minions to sell mufflers while he and his wife dined on muffins.

The robber---having been introduced to his trade through video games, Harry Potter movies, and Hanna Montana TV shows---was not quite sure what to make of this turn of events. From his view, *nothing ever goes wrong!*

Thus reinforced with society's contributions to unhinged mentalities, the wannabe personality gave the employees his telephone number and asked them to call him back when the manager arrived. Instead, he received a call from the police, which led to a nifty video game called "Get Out of Jail."

² From a TV news report of March 26, 2008. Sorry, I did not write-down the station, as I was too smitten with the brilliance of the crime.

Your on the Street Reporter Heard off the Street (III)

April 20, 2008

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter. Thanks for responses to the first two “Heard off the Street” reports. You’ve encouraged me to do another in this series, which might be more aptly titled, “Truth is Stranger than Fiction.”

(Non-italics are taken from sources. Comments in italics represent my comments.)

Report One: The Spoils of Kiddie Litter¹

Waycross, Georgia.

Police said a group of third-graders plotted to attack their teacher. They brought-in a knife, handcuffs, a crystal paperweight, duct tape, and other items for the job. They assigned themselves tasks, including covering the windows and cleaning up afterwards. See Figure 1 for an illustration of their tools of trade.

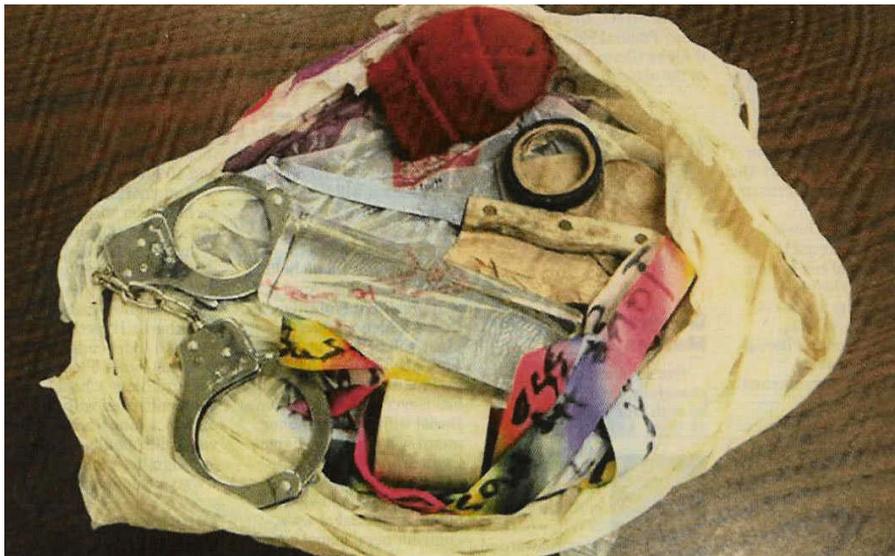


Figure 1. Exercise gear for Tiny Tots’ Phys. Ed. class.

School officials alerted police after a pupil tipped off a teacher that a classmate had brought a weapon to school. Police Chief Tanner said the students planned to knock the teacher unconscious with a crystal paperweight, bind her with the handcuffs, and then stab her with the knife.”

After decades of government-funded studies, it has been discovered, (as stated by a child psychologist in this article): “Children are people.”

¹ “Ga. 3rd-graders plot to attack teacher,” *The Coeur d’Alene Press*, April, 2, 2008, p. A3.

Damn! And all along, we thought children did not become people until they passed through teen-age purgatory.

The children, ages 8 to 10, were mad at the teacher because she had admonished one of them for standing on a chair.

Kiddie Alpha, "I stood on a chair, and the teacher scolded me."

Kiddie Bravo, "What?! Scolding is a job for parents."

Kiddie Charlie, "What parents?"

The authorities claim the children would not have harmed the teacher. After all, what's a little duct tape, a knife, a crystal knock-out rock, and a pair of handcuffs among kiddies?

Look at that "Kiddie Litter" in figure 1. Pretty funny, eh? Then why are you not laughing?

Report Two: Psychologists Claim Having Choices in Life Is Life-Threatening² America.

Background: During the early stages of the Cold War, a group of Russian athletes, competing in America, paid a call to a grocery store. Afterwards, they were interviewed by the *New York Times*, whose reporter was hoping to obtain a scoop on the Bolshevik view of the evils of capitalism. The result of the interview was anti-climatic. The Russians emerged from the store without making a purchase. The *NY Times* reporter wrote that the Russians could not deal with the many choices for sodas on the shelves. The reporter then excoriated America for its penchant for creating too many choices for the consumer. Later discussions revealed the Russians were confused because they had never seen a bottle of soda.

Cut to the present: On a TV show, a commentator interviewed two psychologists---who specialize in choiceology---about the life threatening issue of choice in modern America.

(Comments are paraphrased. Comments in italics represent editorial biases.)

Commentator, "You claim there is too much choice in our lives?"

Choice expert 1, "Yes! I have patients who come to me each week, traumatized because of the choices they must make each day. One patient, a housewife with two children, has trouble with her daily shopping. She goes to the grocery store and can't decide the brand of cereal she should buy. It's become a big problem for her. She naturally becomes upset"

Cut to Darfur and a house wife of two children... OK, the term housewife is not accurate, as she has no house and her husband is dead--killed by a rival tribe.

Anyway, this cardboard shack wife is fretting about having to choose between feeding her children and feeding herself. As she has no psychologist to help her, she naturally becomes upset.

² Sourced from a TV talk show," April 24, 2008.

Choice expert 2, “I counsel my patients to never enter a store unless they have written-out a shopping list.”

Cut to Darfur: No choice problems here! Our shack wife has no store to enter, no paper on which to write, or for that matter, a pencil. Just as well, she can't write anyway.

Commentator, “Is there a cure for this illness?”

Choice expert 1, “Not that we know of (*and they don't want to know, because The Too Many Choices Syndrome keeps them in business*), but I advise my patients to cut-down on their choices in their daily activities.”

Cut to Darfur: No choice problems here.

Commentator, “Such as?”

Choice expert 1, “One patient complains about having too many TVs. He leaves all of them on, and as he goes from one room to another, he becomes confused about which program he wants to watch. I've recommended he get rid of all but one television set.”

Cut to Darfur: No choice problems here.

Choice expert 2, “One of my patients can't decide what to cook her family for dinner. Just too many choices. So, each day, I have her make a list with five---but not more than five---possibilities.

Cut to Darfur: No choice problems here.

Commentator, “*That's it for our show today. Stay tuned for a follow-up program with our psychologists called, 'Get a Life.'* ”

Cut to Darfur: Which is what the Darfur mother is trying to do: Get a life. Not in the psychological sense of the term, in the physical sense.

I am blessed to be living in America, the land of the free and the land of free-choice. I revel in choices. Even more, I revel in Americans' freedom to make choices and our well-heeled ability to experience them.

And may the God of Cornucopia pull his horn away from the affluent misfits interviewed on this TV show.

Your on the Street Reporter Heard off the Street (IV)

June 8, 2008

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter. Back by popular demand, here are more “Heard on the Street” reports.

(Non-italics are taken from sources. Comments in italics represent my comments.)

Report One: People Prefer Flowers to Snakes¹

University of Virginia.

An in-depth research project at the University of Virginia, conducted by two “researchers”---who have not ventured out of academia since puberty---concluded humans don’t like snakes.

This startling discovery came after the researchers showed photographs of snakes to children and their parents, and asked for their reactions. Before looking at the pictures, the subjects of the test (not the snakes, the people) had ☺ faces. After seeing the shots of the snakes, they had ☹ faces.

Furthermore, the project revealed the humans in the study (120 pre-school children and their parents) were more afraid of snakes than flowers. (!!)...Sorry for the exclamation points readers. I just can’t avoid them in this report.

The scientists showed the children and adults color photographs of two images: A snake and a flower, and asked them which photo was more “threat-relevant.”

Only an academician could come up with the phrase, “threat-relevant.” It begs derision. And it is rumored all the children and most of the adults responded with, “Uh?”

After clarifying that “threat-relevant meant “scary,” the poll revealed these folks believed a snake was scarier than a flower.

Recovering from the heady success that comes from such a revolutionary discovery, the researchers substituted the flower with frogs, caterpillars, and other images. Sure enough, the subjects stuck with the snake as being the snake among the pictures.

After all, a snake is so-named for a good reason.

Rumor has it a picture of Michael Jackson was shown, which dramatically altered the respondents’ rankings of scary flora and fauna. But with the issue of political correctness foremost among important topics in America’s Ivy Halls, this part of the study was not made public.

The researchers made the point that the children had never seen a snake.

They did not mention if the children had seen a snake on TV. Nor did they mention if the children had ever seen a flower.

¹ “The Agenda,” *The Atlantic Monthly*, July/August 2008, p. 26.

From this seminal research, the UVA folks tell us, humans, "...have an evolved tendency to rapidly detect" a snake.

But we have not evolved sufficiently to rapidly detect snake oil.

As for your reporter, I prefer the old days when the universities of America were underfunded and had to restrict their professors' activities to teaching.

Report Two: My Drinking is Your Problem

Various locales.

This report is distilled, so to speak, from a variety of news sources and personal experiences.

Experience One: Aboard an airplane above New Mexico. I recently flew into and out of the state of New Mexico. To celebrate my arrival, I ordered a glass of wine from the flight attendant (conversations in this report are paraphrased, taken from my excelsior and sober memory):

Flight attendant, "Sorry sir, we are flying into New Mexico and cannot serve alcoholic beverages while in this air space."

After an in-depth investigation, your reporter discovered an airline passenger de-planed at the Albuquerque International Airport (international, because some Albuquerque planes fly into and out of Texas), got into his car, and caused an accident--with his inebriation cited as the reason for the crash. Further investigation revealed the man had consumed alcohol during this flight.

Further analysis revealed this act of irresponsibility was the fault of the airlines. After all, a flight attendant is trained to serve booze and simultaneously administer alcohol-blood-level tests to hundreds of passengers.

The airlines' customers, conditioned to be irresponsible citizens by America's blameless society, are not deemed sufficiently equipped to say, "Enough! I'm my own designated driver." Nope, it is not the responsibility of us citizens to control ourselves. It is the responsibility of someone else--increasingly Uncle Sam. And companies---such as airlines---are increasingly restricting their services, because these very services are resulting in more lawsuits.

This logic is backwards. The airlines should not be held culpable for *servicing* too many drinks. The drinker should be held culpable for *drinking* too many drinks. But our culture, sodden with lawsuits filed at the drop of a hat, must continue to protect its collective ass. Meanwhile, yet more laws are passed to make our country even more inclined toward suing...resulting in our taking measures to further protect our asses and pocketbooks....resulting in more laws. On-and-on, staggering stumbles (albeit sober ones) toward yet more laws to wrap cocoons of safety and security around us, and perpetuate an already wasteful and extravagant legal system.

Experience Two. Sitting at a Bar in the Phoenix Airport. Having left the dry air (ha) of New Mexico, your reporter found himself at a bar in the Phoenix International Airport (international, because some Phoenix planes fly into and out of New Mexico). While waiting for a flight to Palms Springs, I placed my order:

- Reporter, "I'll have a club soda with lemon."
- Bartender, "Could I see your ID please?"
- "Oh? I'm flattered. I'm also over three times the legal age for drinking, and I'm not really 'drinking.' "
- "Sorry, that's the rule here."
- "OK, here's my driver's license. Just curious, why do you card a sixty-eight year old man for a non-alcoholic drink?"
- "Company doesn't want to get sued."
- "For serving club soda to a Medicare recipient?"
- "Had a problem a few weeks ago. Served a drink to a minor at this bar. He ended up getting in trouble, and we got in a jam, lawsuits and all. The owners now make us card all bar customers for anything they order."
- "To protect you from lawsuits?"
- "Not myself, the owners. I don't make enough money for anyone to want to sue me."

I leave it to you to unravel these "Heard off the Street" pearls of wisdom, and what it reveals about where America is headed. Seems to me we increasingly blame others for our failings and then try to sue them for our responsibilities.

I like this idea, modestly proposed by Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Let every man shovel out his own snow and the whole city will be passable."²

² Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Journal*, summer, 1840, in Leonard Roy Frank, editor, *Quotationary* (New York: Random House, 2001), p. 724.

Your on the Street Reporter Heard off the Street (V)

September 08, 2008

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter. I've been out-of-pocket, and off-the-streets while writing reports about a trip to Europe. Thus far, I've filed columns on London and the Senior British Open, with reports still to come on several others. But as the international stage changes, as dramatic events take place around the globe, these travelogue reports must be interleaved with scoops of even greater importance.

(Comments in italics are my observations.)

Report One: 7-Eleven Store Robbed of 10 Boxes of Condoms by Man in a Wheelchair¹ Dallas, Texas.

A robber rolled into a Dallas convenience store armed with a bat and a knife. He left with a lot of condoms and an energy drink.

Detectives deduced the robber decided to take the energy drink after he made his selection of a huge number of condoms.

Dallas police Cpl. Kevin Janse said a man in a wheelchair entered a Dallas 7-Eleven Wednesday afternoon, rolled straight to a cash register and beat it with a baseball bat until it opened. But he didn't grab any cash. Instead, police say he stole 10 boxes of condoms and an energy drink.

Which prompted the store manager to ask the rubber robber as he made his exit, "Hey man, looks like you're spending the night. You might need more than just one of those energy drinks!"

A follow up investigation will try to answer why the robber attacked the cash register for the condoms and not the drug counter. Upon the thief grabbing 10 boxes of condoms, and opting for an energy drink instead of Viagra, they suspect he probably wasn't thinking straight.

Janse says the suspect may have been homeless and was likely intoxicated at the time of the robbery.

The man's intoxicated condition, as well as his ambulatory residence, led the police to question the usefulness of his recently acquired booty. But to each their own.

Report Two: Close the Ports! London, England.

A report in *The Times* (London)² states the pride of England's Henry VIII's navy, the *Mary Rose*, sank because the crew did not understand English, and not because of a battle with a French frigate.

¹ Dallas (AP), "Man in wheelchair robs Texas 7-Eleven of Condoms," *The Press*, September 6, 2008.

With permission of the Mary Rose Trust, skulls of 18 crew members were examined to determine where they had lived. It was discovered over 60 per cent were of southern European origin (and thus, did not speak the exalted Mother Tongue).

How did the scientists know the skulls did not belong to the ship's officers? I suspect the researchers assumed a "low-life" Spanish or Italian could never attain the lofty rank of a British Navy Officer.

Back in those inspiring navy days, ordinary crew members had more cavities than teeth and the aristocratic officers had more teeth than cavities. The reason: The crew ate more gruel than limes; whereas, the officers ate more limes than gruel. The photos of the 18 skull samples clearly show a high ratio of no-teeth to teeth. So, one can conclude these guys took orders but did not give them.

During the preparation for battle with the French ship, the gun ports to the British guns were open. As maneuvering commenced, history tells us the sharp turns of the ship caused water to flood into the open ports on the side that was keeling-over. According to this study, "...foreign crewmen could not understand quickly enough the command to close them."

- Captain, "Mr.Houser, 40 degrees to the starboard. Now!"
- Mr. Houser, "40 degrees to the starboard. Aye, sir!"
- The order is relayed to the helmsman, the sailors, then trickles down to the lower forms of life in the lower decks of the ship, "Men, close the gun ports. Now!"
- From this forensic fantasy, the scientists have concluded 40 percent of the men who likely spoke English, simply ignored the orders, not knowing they were risking their lives. The other men likely responded:
- Men, "No comprendo."
- Deck officer, "God Damn it, cerrado el doors!"
- As water begins to flow onto the ship's decks, a crew members asks, "Que pasa?"
- To which one of his shipmates respond, "Agua pasa." ...As the Mary Rose begins her trip to Davy Jones' Locker.

I remain amazed by the scope and breadth of the studies we humans do about our past. I'm a history buff, so I benefit and gain pleasure from them. But sometimes, they seem over the top? How much did this study project cost? Who paid for it?

More to the point, what is its point? If any of our readers can successfully explain the point of this study to your reporter (and I promise to keep a semi-open mind about the matter), I will reward you with untold numbers of dollar bills. (Please note the word "untold" in the preceding announcement.)

OK, I suppose the report was fun to read, and we did have some fun with it. But if you think this one was fun. Read the next one.

² Ben Quinn, "Que? Spanish Crew's Lack of English Sank Mary Rose," *The Times*, August 1, 2008.

Report Three: Fat People Got Every Reason to Dance!³

London, England.

A report in *The Times* (London)⁴ starts: “A nightclub (the Havana Club) that barred fat women has backed down after international protests and claims that it was guilty of discrimination.” The photo in Figure 1 accompanies this article.



Figure 1. The object of the disbarment.

There were many protests from women. One said to a reporter, “The bouncers told us we were not allowed because we were too big.”

Miss Mason, a bank worker said, “I told them not to be ridiculous and asked to speak to the manager.” (*Reporter’s note: the manager had recently flunked-out of the nearby Fletcher School of Diplomacy*).

Miss Mason continued, “He would not look at me directly but said that they had received many complaints about fat people, and he told me, ‘Go and lose some weight before you can come in---fat people are bad for business.’ “

Hm. That depends on how many bottles and meals the fat people are drinking and eating. If most of the customers sport large waist-lines, then the manager (Martin Sayers) is missing a big marketing opportunity. No casting of aspersions, but if you ran a club making its income on selling food and drink,

³ As before, non-italics are taken from the sources. Comments in italics are deductions and associated exaggerations from your reporter. Also, the title of this report is an alteration of a Randy Newman song.

⁴ David Brown, “Club Backs Down over Ban on Fat Women,” *The Times*, July 30, 2008.

- Hacker Bravo, “Sorry, ace, Ms. Kim doesn’t speak English. I found out she was our pro partner and tried to opt out of the tournament, but no deal.”
- Hacker Alpha, “Doesn’t speak English! What’s the point of me forking out \$4,000 to play 18 holes of golf with a foreigner who can’t talk to me? For our foursome, that’s \$16,000!”
- Hacker Bravo, “Eh, not speaking English would be one definition of a foreigner. Anyway, I was told Ms. Kim knows a few words of English. She can say, ‘Thanks for the check’ pretty well.”
- Thus, Hacker Alpha, Hacker Bravo, Hacker Charlie, and Hacker Delta spend over \$200 per hole (not including golf cart rentals, and the loss of ½ gross of golf balls). Hitting an average of 110 shots per player, our golfers heard Ms. Kim utter “Nice Shot!” 440 times, including the putts.

I will wager an untold sum of dollars against your told sum of dollars that at least 90% of the foreign golfers, *given losing the LPGA to that of learning English*, will opt for learning English.

OK, maybe not. So to get to the bottom of things, here is a solution: The LPGA moves all its operations to Korea. Here, the KLPGA takes over the helm, including finding sponsors, golf courses for each week’s TV coverage, sponsor tents, overhead dirigibles, sycophantic commentators, and willing amateur players for the PRO-AM.

The only requirement of the participants: All Pro players must speak Korean.

I wager we would see a spike of American enrollments at the Berlitz School for Korean Language.

The old adage, “This bird chirps for seed!” is *apropos*. Be it English chirps or Korean chirps, it is in the long-term interests of all participating birds to chirp to the same seed. And that is all the LPGA is trying to do.