

everybody to go to the dentist, it's probably good for you. There isn't a reason in the world for this law so I thought it might fit nicely into either party's political platform.

Oh, I know all this is silly but when the candidates are silly enough to propose *legislating* "family values" and advocate such idiocies as a "one percent decrease in income tax," or telling us they plan to balance the budget with "undisclosed cuts in spending" well ... it's an idiot's field day, so I thought I'd might as well jump in.

You ever in our little town, stop by. We may not answer the door but you'll enjoy the trip.

END

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#107 - THERE OUGHTA
BE A LAW

by Ken Bradbury

Roscoe Peabody lives in our little town. He went loony during the last Presidential Election and committed murder. The victim was his 17-inch Zenith television. The entire nightly news was devoted to one candidate bashin' another candidate without one dribble of substance from *either* candidate, so Roscoe salvaged what bit of satisfaction he could by blastin' both candidates through his north wall. It was a 12-gauge political statement that did little damage to the house's structure but left him without any way of watchin' "Wheel of Fortune."

Political promises have been the butt of jokes ever since we demanded that King George of England give us the vote but it seems to me that the recent political seasons are getting worse. Everybody's promising new bills, laws and statutes and I'm reminded that Will Rogers said, "The trouble with Congress is that every time it tells a joke it becomes a law, and every time it passes a law it becomes a joke."

I haven't seen anybody with a lick of sense promise anything with a lick of hope, so as long as the Gates of Promises are wide open, I might as well jump right in with a few of my own. You want promises ... how about these?

I propose **HOUSE BILL 583**: This makes it a misdemeanor to wear certain garments out on the porch of a morning' to fetch your paper. I don't know about your neighborhood but once the paperboy flings the morning rag onto the stoop, we get a fashion show that ought to be

illegal. Mirna Floyd has a housecoat that was given to her back when her shape was considerable different, and she hasn't bothered to alter-the size of the thing since she's reached her current queenly proportions. When you add to this the fact that Mirna's got to bend over to get the paper, you've got a potential crime of neighborhood proportions. Then there's Alvin Johnstone, who puts on whatever is handy to come out and fetch the news. His taste in clothes isn't very good when he tries hard but his *random* outfits are breaking the laws of good taste.

I'm in favor of **THE LONG MEETINGS ACT**: So far we've got Open Meetings Acts, Public Meetings Acts and Municipal Meetings Acts. I'm personally in favor of a Long Meetings Act. Any church, civic or other meeting which goes over 90 minutes should be immediately raided just like prohibition days and the long-winded perpetrators locked away in a cell without microphones or access to Robert's Rules of Order.

There should be a **NOISE TAX**: I propose to do away completely with any sort of sales tax and start levying taxes solely on the amount of noise an item produces. I'd start with car HORNS. They were invented to shoo errant horses off the road or warn other Model T's of your approach. I can't see a single useful purpose they have any more, other than to keep the neighborhood awake. Same goes for that obnoxious little "ting" when the microwave shuts off. Gosh, I can see it's off ... it doesn't need to "ting" at me. I'm not a complete idiot. Tax that "ting." Tax car stereos ... lawnmowers which only run during your Sunday sleeping time ... most 12-year-olds ... loud phones ... super-mega-car-stereos that circle the high school ... Tax 'em all and do society a service while you're at it.

The companion to the Noise Tax is **THE BUMPER STICKER BILL**: This is a small but important bit of legislation. It's intended to stamp out bumper stickers that encourage people to honk for any reason. Only allowed bumper stickers will be those that don't advocate some kind of racket.

The **SPELLING WORK-BOOK LAW!** OK, this one isn't really my idea. My neighbor girl, Mindy Parsons, came over while I was writing this list and asked that I suggest a bill banning spelling workbooks. So there.

Another one of mine is **THE CALENDAR STATUTE**: Anybody who can't read the calendar shall be severely fined. This includes anybody who runs a political ad before August, or a Christmas sale before December.

THE CONGRESSIONAL SALARY ACT shall be hereby enacted. The salary of a congressman shall be the same as the average salary of a wage earner in his or her district. Talk about economic reform in a hurry ...

A very important law is **THE NAPKIN ACT**: Any employee of a fast-food restaurant caught stuffing over 42 napkins in your sack shall be arrested for "waste and gross stupidity." If they manage to turn the fries upside-down it's another two years onto their sentence.

I'm for **THE COMPLETE STOP BILL**: This is for those infuriating motorists who think they've got to come to a complete stop before making a right-hand turn off the highway. If you're that afraid of making a turn, take the bus.

I'm a supporter of **THE BURGOO ACT**. I don't know if you're familiar with Burgoo. It's kind-of a down-home-cooked-outdoor stew with all kinds of creatures and vegetables in it. I think every citizen shall be required to eat one bowl of burgoo a year ... Just like requiring