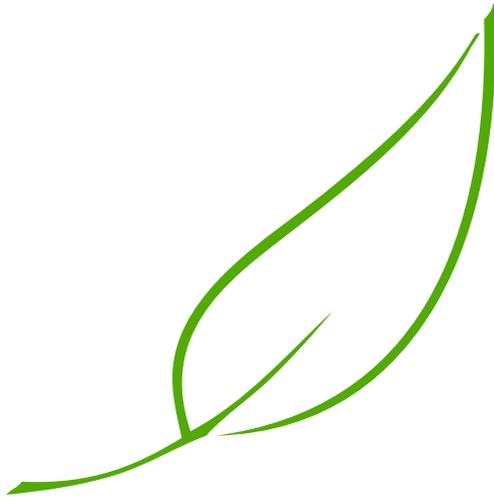


# THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW

by Ken Bradbury



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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

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*by Ken Bradbury.*

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