

Teletrouble

Nobody asked but ...

Maybe it's because I got my driver's license renewed last week, but my phone is ringing off the wall with calls that usually start like this, "hello, this is Bob (or Chuck or Wayne or some other *macho* moniker) on behalf of the Police Fund for [whatever]."

Firstly, yes, that's correct, we here in Kentucky must seek the permission of the state to engage in human action, and pay for it, and get placed on all kinds of lists, official, semi-official, quasi-official, and pseudo-official. I mutter under my breath, Robert A. Heinlein's admonishment,

I am free, no matter what rules surround me. If I find them tolerable, I tolerate them; if I find them too obnoxious, I break them. I am free because I know that I alone am morally responsible for everything I do.

I do not tolerate police fund drives, much less those that are conducted by mercenaries (paid fundraisers). In particular, I don't tolerate fund drives that purport to be for the benefit of some underprivileged set. I can just see the wretches held *incommunicado* someplace for a week, listening to and watching 24/7 propaganda.

— Kilgore Forelle