

# Democracy the butt of joke in water vote

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I only know one joke.

I heard it while driving through New York City when a radio DJ punched up the number for Dial-A-Dirty-Joke. The voice of Henry Youngman came on the line and told this story.

A farmer was looking for a little action one night and headed down to the local red-light district. As he walked down the street, he came to a corner. And who was standing there but one of his chickens.

He looked down and said, "How's it going, chicken?"

The startled chicken turned and said back: "Not with my wife, you don't!"

Get it?

Neither do I and I've told it a thousand times since then.

I can usually get someone to laugh if I laugh hard enough myself. It works even better if some of the other people in the room are in on it.

Maybe that's what four of the Nipomo Community Services District directors were thinking last week. If they laughed hard enough at democracy, everyone else in the room would laugh along with them.

As I'm sure you know by now, the

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board revoked its promise last week to abide by the results of the November election on state water. If a majority tells us they don't want it, we won't ask for it, the board promised.

But on election day, state water was rejected. Turnout was low and the vote was close, but so what? Most elections are that way.

But in this case, lots of money is at stake. Without water, builders can't build. Real estate investors can't get rich. Nipomo will never have eight golf courses and become North Palm Springs as a few dreamers had hoped.

So the four board members said to hell with the vote and turned state water back on.

Unbelievable. The ultimate chicken joke.