

Fundraising Permits: I'm the #\$\$%^& Constitution around here!

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The quote, “It’s sometimes easier to ask forgiveness than permission.” comes to mind.

I led a two-man team that fundraised small towns throughout the Midwest and made a serious attempt to follow their fundraising rules. While trying to play by the rules, I encountered such things as: a small Iowa town mayor shouting at me, “I’m the #\$\$%^& Constitution around here! You’re not getting a *\$\$%^* fundraising permit.” (or #\$\$%^&. I can’t remember.) “Come back in two weeks to attend our Town Council Meeting and make a presentation.

Then we’ll vote on giving you a permit.” (For a town of less than 1,000 people.) and a Town Clerk giving me a list of items, which included Christmas trees and wooden fence posts, that were allowed to be sold door to door.

“They’re things the Mayor’s son sells.” The clerk whispered. Out of frustration, my fellow partner in crime and I became fundraising outlaws.

“Permits? Permits? We don’t need no stinking permits!” Was our cry.