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the hell box

ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB
SANTA RITA HOTEL ∙ TUCSON, ARIZONA
NUMBER 6 ∙ MAY 1960

free press,
the tpc bulletin

This Book respectfully dedicated to those who take
Payola . . . and get away with it . . .
whoever you may be . . .

Miss Hell Box of 1960 - Pat Barnes

Editor - BERNIE SEDLEY
Art Director - DICK CALKINS
Advertising - GEORGE McLEOD
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A Good Neighbor Helping to Build a Better Arizona
The Art Of Cafe-Sitting

By WALLY BEENE, T.P.C. Foreign Correspondent

TRAVEL BOOKS seem to leave the really important questions unanswered, and the ones written about France are no exception.

Not one of these supposedly authoritative publications offers the newly arrived, drip-dried tourist accurate information on the fine art of cafe-sitting.

To compensate for this oversight, I decided to check on another art—Art Buchwald, columnist for the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune and dean of the displaced American cafe-sitters.

When informed of my mission, Buchwald smiled with anticipation and reached into a nearby desk for a copy of his latest book. "It so happens I have devoted an entire chapter to this matter. Unfortunately, my contract with the publisher prevents me from offering you a complimentary copy, but if you would care to buy . . . ."

My hasty interruption punched the No Sale key on this trend of the conversation, so we repaired to the Champs Elysees for a short course in the proper observation of la vie Parisienne.

"Where do you suggest we homestead?" I asked.

"Fouquet's is considered by the professionals as best. The Cafe de la Paix has been ruined by tourists. Worst thing that can happen to a cafe is for it to get publicity. Soon as your copy appears, I'm changing cafes.

"Tell me," I said, "how many hours are required a day for serious cafe-sitting?"

(Continued on Page 4)
“There’s no time limit, but the absolute minimum pace is one drink per hour. You can kill the entire afternoon by going to sleep at your table, but this is considered bad form.”

“And what about the proper uniform? Are dark glasses and a beret required?”

“Only by tourists. You should wear the same clothes you would use when going to visit a sick relative excepted to leave you money.”

“I suppose they are more strict on the Left Bank. I’ve been told they won’t serve you at Les Deux Magots if you’re not wearing a dirty turtleneck sweater and a beard.”

“The beard is no problem—they’ll rent you one. But blue jeans and a raunchy sweater are a must. Girls must have long, straight hair, no lipstick, and the ‘Have you read Marcel Proust’ look in their eyes.”

“What should I order? Something exotic, such as Pernod, or should I go along with the Frenchmen and have a Coca-Cola—with a twist of lemon?”

“If you’re broke, order a vin blanc sifon. That’s a glass of white wine and a bottle of soda water. The glass of wine will get weaker as the afternoon progresses, but the waiter can’t take it away. It’s the law. I held out a year that way.”

“Now that we’ve established, what do we watch for? Blondes? Brunets? Redheads?”

“Any combination of the three. This is known as French Roulette. The man on the left watches the girls coming from the right and vice-versa. You score three points if she’s a girl you would like to date, two points if you would pass her along to your brother, and one point if you would tout her to one of your friends. Disputes over point evaluations are always settled by the maître d’ hotet.”

“But how do you tell the working girls from the girls who are working?”

“In Paris, the girls who are working usually walk a dog.”
"Do the ground rules permit pickups on the premises—say with an opener of 'Pardon me, but didn't we meet at last week's demonstration for/against De Gaulle?'"

"The chances of picking up a nice girl at a cafe are very slight. Those of us who take cafe-sitting seriously consider it a mistake to pick up anything at a cafe, particularly the check."

"THESE NEW short skirts have really brought knees back after the dark ages of the new look. Have you noticed what trouble the girls have when they sit down?"

"Yes."

"And what about these hair colors? The gals have more different shades than the American automobile manufacturers. I notice quite a few favor the eggbeater Brigitte Bardot hair style, and speaking of the fair Brigitte, how is her popularity in Paris these days?"

"The local movie fans are in a state of shock. She just completed a picture called 'Babette Goes to War' and didn't take her clothes off in a single scene. It's a turning point in cinema history."

"To get back to cafe-sitting, what is the most important thing for the neophyte to learn first?"

"How to select the right table. Stay away from the first row—you'll get the cigarette beggars, rug salesmen and careless dogs. Don't get back farther than the third row or you might as well be inside."

"So this leaves...?"

"The second row. Cars drive up and down the sidewalk along the Champs and it can get pretty dangerous, but I bet you've never heard of a man getting run over if he was sitting in the second row of a cafe."

Realizing that I received the final word, I reluctantly called for the check.
"You're right, Barney. The Mafia's gittin' into everything."
Es Verdad?

Dave Wiener, huckster says . . .
In a cigarette it's mildness.
In liquor it's age.
But, in a sports car it's impossible.

Jim Cooper knew a girl with her breasts in back.
He says, she might look flat in front when she wears a sweater, but she's something to latch onto during a cha cha cha.

There was the hard working husband who returned home from the office early one day and found his wife in bed with his best friend.
"And what the hell do you think you're doing?" he roared.
Without so much as breaking apart the wife snapped to the friend, "See I told you Jack was stupid."

Marriage is a good deal like taking a bath—not so hot once you get used to it.

There are a group of us who are getting on in years, but we can console ourselves with the thought that when we start getting too old to set bad examples we can always start giving good advice.

With the world of Paris passing by their outdoor cafe, Gaston was explaining to Pierre the plot of Lolita, which he had just finished reading.
"It's an amazing book," Gaston said to his worldly friend.
"It tells of a love affair between a middle-aged man and a twelve year old."
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ARIZONA'S LEADING NEWS SERVICE

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BUREAUS
TUCSON — PHOENIX
Dear Milly:

My husband is a socially prominent, financially prominent and belly prominent member of this Tucson community. And I'm not speaking with a Chinese accent when I say "belly prominent"—he is!

His beans and beef blister is both abominable and abdominal.

It's raised a barrier to romance as far as I'm concerned.

What can I do to make him see his shoes again and see my argument in favor of a more waspish waist?

Help.

Signed: Slim Min

DEAR SLIM MIN:

SEEING THE SHOES IS NO PROBLEM, BUT THAT ROMANCE BARRIER HAS TO GO. TELL COL. BLIMP YOU LOVE HIM AND THEN BUY HIM A PLAIN BOARD BED TO BUMP HIS FRONT HUMP ON. WHEN HE CAN'T GET HIS HEAD DOWN TO THE PILLOW, HE MIGHT SEE THE LIGHT DIET ARGUMENT. OR ... TRY A KNIFE AND CUT OFF A PIECE EVERY NIGHT UNTIL HE'S SLIM AGAIN.

GOOD LUCK, MILLY

Dear Milly:

My husband is a newspaperman and he's always drinking to considerable excess. This has always been going on—even before I married him—but I thought I could reform him. Please help me.

Signed: Worried

DEAR WORRIED:

REFORM A NEWSPAPERMAN? HA!
JUST KEEP WORKING, WORRIED.

YOU POOR JERK, MILLY

Dear Milly:

Most of the time you are addressed by women who seem to have trouble with their husbands.
But, I'm a husband and I need help with my wife.
I need lots of help.
It's that kind of a problem. This thing is bigger than both of us and I'm a shadow of my bridegroom self.

Signed: Wearied

DEAR WEARIED:

WHY ASK ME?
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY CLOSE BUDDIES IN TUCSON?
JUST KEEP WEARING, WEARIED.

YOU POOR JERK, MILLY

(Continued on Page 11)
SO NICE TO COME HOME TO
A P.A.T. HOME

(That's why more Tucson families buy P.A.T. Homes than any other.)

Tucson's Biggest
Home Builder
Dearest Milly,

I am a girl of 16 and men find me attractive. My father says that I can't stay out past 3 a.m. and he is spoiling all my chances with the boys and fellows who are really serious about me.

My dad is the (deleted) at the (deleted) Co. here in Tucson and he says he knew you in college.

Name Withheld

DEAR NAMELESS:

I KNEW YOUR DAD ALL RIGHT.
HE SHOULD KNOW BEST, THE BUM.
SHOW HIM THIS LETTER AND HE'LL LET YOU
STAY OUT ALL NIGHT.

GO SLOW, MILLY

Dear Milly:

Although the police don't know it yet, my son has been blowing up safes all over town.

His room is full of dynamite and nitroglycerine and it makes me nervous to clean up his quarters. The half dollars, too. They're all over the place.

Signed: Loving Mom

DEAR LOVING MOM:

WHY, OH WHY, DIDN'T YOU BUY HIM A
HORN IN TIME AND GET HIM IN THE BOYS' BAND?

NOW ALL YOU CAN DO IS KEEP ICE ON THAT
NITRO.

BE CAREFUL, MILLY

Dear Milly:

While on a business trip to Nogales, my husband had a bad heart attack, a hernia and a ruptured ulcer in his hotel room.

What can I do?

Signed, Lonely

DEAR LONELY:

THOSE BUSINESS TRIPS CAN BE HARD ON
PEOPLE, EVEN THOSE WHO WAIT AT HOME.
TUCK HIM CAREFULLY INTO BED AND . . .
AWAY YOU GOOOOOO!

GO SLOW, MILLY

Dear Milly:

We up here on Kitt Peak get a wonderful view of Tucson and with our new telescope we can see the dimples on the moon.

As director of the observatory, however, I have a problem. My staff won't focus on the moon.

These warm nights and the lights below coming out of windows all over town seem to lure my male staff members to train the scope on Tucson.

Could I use your column to ask the ladies of Tucson to cooperate in getting our scientific program back to the moon by pulling their shades at least—or putting out their lights at night?

Sincerely, Egghead

DEAR EGGHEAD:

WHY DON'T YOU DREAMERS GET BACK TO
EARTH AND PUT KITT PEAK ON A PAYING BASIS?
SELL TICKETS, MAN, SELL TICKETS.

A TAXPAYER, TOO,
MILLY

Dear Milly:

As a member of the Arizona bar and a respectable attorney, I appeal to you to help do something about pornographic, obscene, lascivious, lewd, provoking, extra-stimulating and lewd and pornographic and obscene literature on our newsstands.

I have stood at a newsstand for as long as four hours—once six hours—and never got through all the pornographic, lewd and obscene material.

Will you help?

Signed, Indignant

DEAR INDIGNANT:

SURE I'LL HELP. I'LL SEND YOU SOME ARCH
SUPPORTS.

STAND STEADY, MILLY
Mother Knows Best

Mrs. White pulled Mrs. Jones out of earshot of the porch, where Mrs. Jones’ lovely young daughter Betty sat.

"It's really none of my business," whispered Mrs. White, "but have you noticed what your daughter is doing?"

"Betty?" Mrs. Jones responded apprehensively. "Why, no. What's she up to?"

Mrs. White leaned closer. "She's knitting tiny garments," she hissed.

Mrs. Jones' troubled brow cleared. "Well, thank goodness," she said, smiling. "I'm glad to see she's taken an interest in something besides running around with boys?"

A Word of Advice from the Red Queen

"It isn’t etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to."

And you've been introduced to

Congressman Stewart L. Udall

Represented in the Gridiron Show by his Secretary for Vocal Affairs, R. Olson

congratulations from GRANT WEINSHENKER Candidate For SUPERVISOR District One
ABOMINABLE....

by

Fredric Brown

Sir Chauncey Atherton waved a farewell to the Sherpa guides who were to set up camp here and let him proceed alone. This was the point beyond which they would not accompany him. This was Abominable Snowman country, a few hundred miles north of Mt. Everest, in the Himalayas. Abominable Snowmen were seen occasionally on Everest, on other Tibetan or Nepalese mountains, but Mt. Oblimov, at the foot of which he was now leaving his native guides was so thick with them that not even the Sherpas would climb it, but would here await his return, if any. It took a brave man to pass this point. Sir Chauncey was a brave man.

Also, he was a connoisseur of women, which was why he was here and about to attempt, alone, not only a dangerous ascent but an even more dangerous rescue. If Lola Gabraldi was still alive, an Abominable Snowman had her.

Sir Chauncey had never seen Lola Gabraldi, in the flesh. He had, in fact, learned of her existence less than a month ago, when he had seen the one motion picture in which she had starred — and through which she had become suddenly fabulous, the most beautiful woman on Earth, the most pulchritudinous movie star Italy had ever produced, and Sir Chauncey could not understand how even Italy had produced her. In one picture she had replaced Bardot, Lolebrigida and Ekberg as the image of feminine perfection in the minds of connoisseurs of women everywhere, and Sir Chauncey was the top connoisseur anywhere. The moment he had seen her on the screen he had known that he must know her in the flesh, or die trying.

But by that time Lola Gabraldi had vanished. As a vacation after her first picture she had taken a trip to India and had joined a group of climbers about to make an assault on Mt. Oblimov. The others of the party had returned, she had not. One of them had testified that he had seen her, at a distance too great for him to reach her in time, abducted, carried off screaming by a nine-foot-high hairy more-or-less manlike creature. An Abominable Snowman. The party had searched for her for days, before giving up and returning to civilization. Everyone agreed that there was no possible chance, now, of finding her alive.

Everyone except Sir Chauncey, who had immediately flown from England to India.

He struggled on, now high into the eternal snows. And in addition to mountain climbing equipment he carried the heavy rifle with which he had, only last year, shot tigers in Bengal. If it could kill tigers, he reasoned, it could kill Snowman.

Snow swirled about him as he neared the cloud line. Suddenly, a

(Continued on Page 14)
Abominable . . .

(Continued from Page 13)

dozen yards ahead of him, which was as far as he could see, he caught a glimpse of a monstrous not-quite-human figure. He raised his rifle and fired. The figure fell, and kept on falling, it had been on a ledge over thousands of feet of nothingness.

And at the moment of the shot arms closed around Sir Chauncey from behind him. Thick, hairy arms. And then, as one hand held him easily, the other took the rifle from him and bent it into an L-shape as easily as though it had been a toothpick and then tossed it away.

A voice spoke from a point about two feet above his head. "Be quiet, you will not be harmed." Sir Chauncey was a brave man, but a sort of squeak was all the answer he could make, despite the seeming assurance of the words. He was held so tightly against the creature behind him that he could not look upward and backward to see what its face was like.

"Let me explain," said the voice above and behind him. "We, whom you call Abominable Snowmen, are human, but transmuted. A great many centuries ago we were a tribe like the Sherpas. We chanced to discover a drug that let us change physically, let us adapt by increased size, heininess and other physiological changes to extreme cold and altitude, let us move up into the mountains, into country in which others cannot survive, except for the duration of brief climbing expeditions. Do you understand?"

"Y-y-yes," Sir Chauncey managed to say. He was beginning to
By Brown

feel a faint return of hope. Why would this creature be explaining these things to him, if it intended to kill him?

"Then I shall explain further. Our number is small, and is diminishing. For that reason we occasionally capture, as I have captured you, a mountain climber. We give him the transmuting drug; he undergoes the physiological changes and becomes one of us. By that means we keep our number, such as it is, relatively constant."

"B-but," Sir Chauncey stammered, "is that what happened to the woman I'm looking for, Lola Gabraldi? She is now—eight feet tall and hairy and—"

"She was. You just killed her. One of our tribe had taken her as his mate. We will take no revenge for your having killed her, but you must now, as it were, take her place."

"Take her place? But— I'm a man."

"Thank God for that," said the voice above and behind him. He found himself turned around, held against a huge hairy body, his face at the right level to be buried between mountainous hairy breasts. "Thank God for that—because I am an Abominable Snowwoman."

Sir Chauncey fainted and was picked up and, as lightly as though he were a toy dog, was carried away by his mate.

THE END
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29TH AND CRAYCROFT

The Copa
It Could Happen To You

She was, without question, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life. He guipid down the last of his martini and, without hesitation, walked to where she sat at the end of the bar.

"You must forgive my rudeness," he said, "but when I beheld you sitting here, all wrapped 'round in white fur, the lights dancing in your hair like stars, I had to speak to you. I've never gazed upon such beauty before. I want to lay the Old Pueblo at your feet, buy you jewels, exotic perfumes, and many other wondrous things. If you bid me welcome, we will fly this very night to Paris.

The young lady was utterly taken with this handsome stranger who stood before her, with bronzed face, hair prematurely graying at the temples, dark suit cut exactly so. She was quite literally speechless and could manage only a breathless "Yes, yes . . . ."

"Then go prepare yourself, my Juliet, my Venus, my Helen ol Troy. When you are ready, call me at the number on this card. My Rolls Royce will come for you and take you to my plane."

"Is this your private number at your town house or mountain hideaway?" she sighed.

"Well," he said, "it's actually the delicatessen downstairs, but they'll call me."

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SHOW MUST
GO ON

Gridiron Show
In
Rehearsal

Lines by Will Shakespeare
(Mutilated by M. Clingerman)

"What shall I do?"
"Be quiet."
"Let us sing."
"That's not the tune."
"Give me a drink."
"'Where is our usual manager of mirth? What, Hal, how now mad wag?"
"Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts . . ."
"This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard."
"... odorous . . . odorous ..."
"Give me a drink."
"Lights, lights, lights!"
"What shall I do? Must I speak now?"
"First rehearse your song."
"O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile."
"Give me a drink."
"Well . . . here are your parts; and and I entreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by tomorrow night . . . till me net."

"Me thinks I see these things with parted eye, when everything seems double."
"O weary night! O long and tedious night."

"There are things in this comedy . . . that will never please. If he that writ it . . . hanged himself . . . it would have been a fine tragedy."
"Give me a drink."
"How shall we find the concord of this disord?"
"'We will meet and . . . rehearse more obscenely and courageously."
"O piteous spectacle . . . Give me a drink . . ."

(Exeunt, Alarums, fighting, flourishes, Groans.)

Gridiron Show
From The
Audience Side

Reporter: Will Shakespeare
This Year's Victim:
"I see their knavery, this is to make an ass of me. These words are razors to my wounded heart."

Last Year's Victim:
"Well said: that was laid on with a towel."

Politician:
"Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

Philosopher:
"They that stand high have many biases to shake them."

Critic:
". . . mark the musical confusion . . . The gods sent not corn for the rich men only."

"goodnight . . . goodnight!"
The Bank of Douglas

The Bank of Tucson

First National Bank of Arizona

Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company

Valley National Bank
Trivia Maximo. He's a reporter.

And on occasion he gets off some good ones. Sometimes he lets off some good ones, too, as some of the fellows jokingly say.

But take yesterday.

He said he wouldn't let the Tucson Fine Arts Assn. tour of fine homes into his place this year.

"They steal the light bulbs," he said, and everybody laughed because he hasn't got such a hot place and they all knew the Fine Arts bunch wouldn't go there.

But, it was funny because we knew he was joking and he knew that we knew that the Fine Arts people wouldn't come to his house anyway. But, it was funny.

Or take when they put in the new legislative buildings in Phoenix and the legislature got those new-fangled electric tally counting boards. Each legislator has a pair of buttons on his desk marked "Yes" and "No." He can vote quickly and all can vote at once without like having to count everybody by name.

Well, old Triv, he said (and everybody was laughing already when he read the wire story because they knew he was going to make a crack and he knew they knew).

"And so, why don't they just wire down all the 'No' buttons and go home. They don't do anything anyway," he said.

Everybody laughed and then he followed up with one about the state senate not having the electric system.

"They don't need a choice. Everybody knows they vote 'No' as soon as they take the oath of office," said Triv.

(Continued on Page 23)
BEST WISHES!

LEE ACKERMAN

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

FOR GOVERNOR
Trivia Maximo . . . .

(Continued from Page 21)

Everybody was a little weak from laughing after that one. He’s funny they all agree.

Or when the Tidelands handed out those double martinis with miniature Japanese parasols with olives stuck on the parasol handles.

Trivia, he said, laughing:

“These are so you can float down from the bar stool after a couple of these.”

The bartender even laughed.

Or when the new stacked-up so-society page girl came out into the newsroom and stopped all the typewriters by wearing a tight dress with little tassels on it. When she had left, Old Triv took the floor:

“That tassel tassel is a fringed benefit,” he roared and we damned near didn’t get the paper out that day.

How about the time a certain news publisher got all scrambled with whether the regents should have meetings open to the press or not?

Triv said:

“That old coot is trying to build the nothing he says into something by not letting anybody have nothing.”

Giggles of glee filled the newsroom, but everybody looked over their shoulder. Humor can be dangerous when Triv is loading the gun or loaded himself.

And he does get loaded.

Drank a whole bottle of tequila the first time he went to a party with the other news boys and went sound asleep under a running shower.

The boys called his wife and told her they were bringing him home stiff.

“But, he doesn’t drink,” she said. She must be a joker, too, we said. We all thought that was a funny one until she threw him into an old storage room when we brought him home.

He bounces back though.

Like the time they wanted to know what he had done with the story about the guy who had full plans to raise cotton on the moon. He said something to the bosses and they all jumped. “What did you say?” they said.

Old Triv, real cagey, said:

“I said I didn’t think you would want a story from that bloated far-out farmer.”

But, see, it’s the way he slurred the word far-out that had them all disturbed. We laughed to ourselves on that one because we knew that Old Triv had managed a sneaky one. He made far-out sound like a four-letter word and those words can nearly always get a laugh out of the guys.

All the time he was here he kept us just about in stitches.

I wonder where he’s working?
Positive I.D.

She stood at the teller’s window at the Bank of Douglas, a vision of desirable femininity marred only by the fact that the light in her baby-blue eyes was more than somewhat vacant. The teller examined her and the check she wished to cash with equal concentration. Then he asked her if she could identify herself.

For a moment, her lovely brow was corrugated by puzzlement; then, her expression brightening, she pulled a small mirror from her handbag, glanced in it, and, with relief, said, "Yes. It’s me all right."

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After . . .
or during the Show

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Scott St. . . . . . . . at Broadway
The MAN and the BOOK

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS follows THE BOOK ... WORD FOR WORD ... BUT NEVER WINS A POLITICAL ARGUMENT.

THE BOOK: In a political discussion, always be polite.

"Pardon me, sir, but you don't know what you're talking about."

THE BOOK: Use facts to back your opinion.

"In my opinion your man is a good-for-nothing SOB. And that's a fact."


"I'm positive that all of your party's candidates are a bunch of crooks."

THE BOOK: Whenever possible, dramatize points in your argument with a bit of good-natured humor or an appropriate anecdote.

"Your political logic, my misguided friend, reminds me about the mackerel that dies and gets up to the pearly gates. It smells to high heaven."

THE BOOK: Concede a minor point in order to win a major issue.

"I'll admit your candidate is open-minded. He's got holes in his head."

THE BOOK: Don't get excited; be calm and reasonable.

"I refuse to get excited over this election. I just want to say calmly and reasonably, that if your man wins I'm moving to Mexico."
Ellsworth the Emu says:

Thanks for telling Tucson about the
RESORT
LIVING
RIGHT
DOWN
TOWN
AT
THE
COLORFUL
NEW

Tidelands
MOTOR
INN
•
919
NORTH
STONE

"I know, John, but our hands are tied. He was the lowest bidder.

* * *
Racing Is Fun

When
You Bet
Within
Your
Budget

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and
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On your annual
Gridiron Show

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“Your Westinghouse Dealer”
Help Me, Doctor

The door of the Psychiatrist's office burst open and a man rushed in. He was obviously in an advanced stage of agitation.

"Doctor," he cried, "you've got to help me. I'm sure I'm losing my mind. I can't remember anything... not what happened a year ago, or even what happened yesterday! I must be going crazy!"

"Hmmm," said the psychiatrist thoughtfully. "Just when did you first become aware of this problem?"

The man looked puzzled. "What problem?"

The perfect choice for a wife, says Dick Alexander, is a deaf mute nymphomaniac whose father owns a liquor store.

Friend of ours recently made a sizable contribution to the Hom for Unwed Mothers. But he says next time he intends to give money.

Ads We Finished Reading...

Advertisement

Too Tired To Love?

Many marriages are wrecked or blighted because of a single, hidden cause. In April Reader's Digest a well-known woman doctor, Marion Hilliard, M.D., frankly discusses this intimate problem... and tells what to do about it. Page 69.

P.S. IT DIDN'T WORK

Promoter Monty La Due Presents...

Professional Wrestling

Every Tuesday Night

TUCSON GARDEN

"Make Tuesday night your wrestling night!"

It's Kold* In

TUCSON

KOLD-TV

(That is)

CBS

Tucson's First Television Station
Veiled Payola

It was the cocktail hour at the Skyroom. Andre, a lingerie manufacturer, recognized the man imbibing next to him as Bud Smiley, well-known TV m.c. Sensing a business opportunity, he introduced himself and his company to the star.

“Listen,” he said conspiratorially, “how would you like to plug my product on your show?”

Bud lifted an eyebrow. “That all depends on what’s in it for me,” he said.

“Tell you what,” Andre replied. “I’ll send you one of our finest and filmiest negligees. How’s that?”

Bud smiled indolently. “That all depends,” he repeated, “on what’s in it for me.”

SPORTS ACTION AT ITS FINEST

Sprint Cars - Stocks - Jalopies - Midgets

TUCSON AUTO RACING & CYCLE ASSN.

6025 North Casa Grande Highway
# Tucson Press Club

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Even A Cub Can
Afford The Best

LUNCHES, BRUNCHES, BREAKFASTS

At

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Mon. thru Thurs., 7 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri. 7 a.m.-7 p.m.
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BUGSY'S

Favorite Hangout
of the Working Press

CHARLIE & JULIE KAZY

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Mr. Smith? Joe. At last I confirm your suspicions about your...

INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE SERVICE

JOE P. BERUME
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DAY—MA 3-2742
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Tucson, Arizona
192 N. Court
THE PIMA COUNTY

DEMOCRATIC CENTRAL

COMMITTEE

Extends to the

TUCSON PRESS CLUB

its

BEST WISHES

•

“This is a Democratic year!”

FRANK S. MINARIK, Chairman
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Texas Wrestling?

The Alaskan miners were whooping it up in a Fairbanks bar and kidding a visiting Texan about his state now being the second biggest in the Union.

"Texas may no longer be the biggest state," said the Lone Star oilman, "but it's still the toughest!"

"Toughest?" cried one of the miners, almost beside himself with laughter. "Why, up here in Alaska we don't consider a man a man unless he can down a fifth of whiskey in one pull at the bottle, wrestle a grizzly bear with his bare hands, and rape an Eskimo woman, all in one night!"

"There's nothing to that," said the oilman. "Any Texan worthy of the name could do that!" Whereupon a wager was made on whether or not this particular Texan could prove himself by these prescribed Alaskan standards. He took a full fifth of whiskey and downed it without considerable trouble.

"All right," he said, "where do I find me a grizzly bear?"

The miners explained that the mountains surrounding the town were full of bears and that he would have no trouble finding one, so the Texan stalked out into the night, and the Alaskans returned to their drinking and merrymaking, convinced they had seen the last of their new acquaintance. But two hours later, lo and behold, the Texan came staggering back into the bar. His clothes were in shreds and his body a mass of bloody cuts and bruises. For a moment no one spoke, then the Texan said: "All right, now where's the Eskimo woman you want me to wrestle?"

---

Howard Selby says, new orders for our used car salesmen read: "In the future do not use the old line about this car only being driven by a little old lady from South Tucson who goes back and forth to the Carnegie Library. Please tell prospective customers it was owned by a nympho and only the back seat has been used."

---

Nobody gave the bride away, but several young men at the wedding could have.
Compliments of
Romanoski's
Glass and Mirror
"Everything in Glass"
4055 E. Speedway  TEL. EA 6-2459

“OUR
BEST WISHES”

HOWARD & STOFFT
40 E. Pennington  and  75 N. Park
—including the "sweetheart" of
every office—the "Royal typewriter!"
Complete Office Outfitters

Come
Visit Us
at the

the Sands Hotel
On the Freeway at Congress
In Downtown Tucson

Home of Fine
Motor Cars

LINCOLN  FORD  CONTINENTAL

Mercury  

COMET  Taurus (German Ford)

SELBY MOTORS
2200 East Broadway

There was a young couple named Stroud
Bought a house with their heads in a cloud
It was lost in a year
The title not clear
They first hadn't checked with O'Dowd.

TUCSON TITLE
Insurance Co.

Jack B. O'Dowd
President

Don Clark—Mel King
Public Relations Dept.
CAT
BURGLAR

by Fredric Brown

The chief of police of Midland City owned two dachshunds, one of which was named Little Note and the other Long Remember. But this fact has nothing at all to do with cats or cat burglars, and this story concerns the concern of the said chief of police over a seemingly inexplicable series of burglaries—a one-man crime wave.

The burglar had broken and entered nineteen houses or apartments within a period of a few weeks. Apparently he ceased his jobs carefully, since it could not have been coincidence that in each and every house he burglarized there was a cat.

He stole only the cat.

Sometimes there had been money lying loose in sight, sometimes jewelry; he ignored them. Returning householders would find a window or door forced, and their cat missing; nothing else was ever stolen or disturbed.

It was for this reason that (if we wish to belabor the obvious, and we do so wish) the newspapers and the public came to call him The Cat Burglar.

Not until his twentieth—and first unsuccessful—burglary attempt was he caught. With the help of the newspapers, the police had set a trap by publicizing the fact that the owners of a prizewinning Siamese cat had just returned with it from a cat show in a nearby city, where it won not only the best-of-breed prize, but the much more prized prize for the best of show.

(Continued On Page 49)
CONGRATULATIONS and BEST WISHES

TUCSON PRESS CLUB

A Well Informed and Alert Electorate
is Our Best Guaranty of the
Preservation of Freedom.

PIMA COUNTY REPUBLICANS
THE WOLF THAT FED US

by

June Caldwell

and

Barbara Campbell

And They Banned The Kitty Kat

The November 13, 1959, issue of the Arizona Wildcat arrived in our hands carrying some broken type in the lead story which then read as follows: "Pledges Re-run Pajama Race. A re-run of the annual Pajama Race, sponsored by the Inter-raternity Pledge Council, was held yesterday because the tart on Tuesday was made before all the runners had taken their places."

Canonized

There is a women's study group in Phoenix whose membership by some quirk of chance is made up almost altogether of Episcopalian. Each year it publishes a club directory which consists of the member's names, the study program and the by-laws, and this last year as they had added The Lord's Prayer to their proceedings it was reprinted in full on the flyleaf of the directory with, according to the lone Methodist member, the identification at the top, "The Lord's Prayer" and, at the bottom, "from the St. James version of the Bible."

Colossal Easter

A large, local cave had a big promotion over Easter, a customary time for big promotions as the restraints of winter and Lent drop

(Continued On Page 39)
Going To Paris?
(WE CAN "JET" YOU THERE)

New York?

Chicago?

Hollywood?

Well, OK then, how about Phoenix?

WHEN YOUR TRIP GETS BEYOND THE DREAM STAGE

CALL TWA AIRLINES

201 N. Stone

MA 4-8131

---

A1 premium beer
LITTLE BROWN JUG

Get the handy 6-Pack
No Deposit—No Return

It's the WESTERN WAY to say WELCOME

A-1 DISTRIBUTORS

850 E. 16th St.
The Wolf . . . .

(Continued From Page 37)

away and people are gay once again. A part of the promotion was aimed at children who can absorb anything, really, and therefore were not the least surprised when a kindly old Bandit came around and gave them a gift, which he did. Parents who accompanied their children to the cave over the weekend apparently found nothing startling in this either and the whole thing was reported to be such a success that we are offering a few little suggestions so that the program can be continued all through the year. First, we're just sorry they didn't speak to us beforehand because we would have saved the Bandit for some Bank Holiday (with policemen jumping out at the children from the darker corners of the spectacular caverns). However, with Mother's Day coming up somebody can surely impersonate Lizzie Borden, who will undoubtedly embody the new spirit in occasions so well that she can stay over for Father's Day too. Further, we suggest impersonation of Adolph Hitler for Memorial Day, Benedict Arnold for the Fourth of July, John Wilkes Booth for Lincoln's Birthday, Queen Victoria for St. Patrick's Day and Al Capone for Valentine's Day. Mussolini might be on hand to pass out gifts for Columbus Day, for Labor Day there is Barry Goldwater (who might be available in person), for Thanksgiving, Geronimo, for Inter-Faith Week anyone from the Spanish Inquisition and for Christmas, how about old Jack the Ripper, the man who never got caught?

ROTC

One of the ways we sustain ourselves spiritually as we journey through this vale of tears is to save and pore over quips and cartoons which we carefully clip from magazines and store in a small cedar chest. The ones we like the best and which stay with us the longest are the ones with the deepest messages, and we would like to share with you this one, which really hit us where we live and which we feel will strike a responsive chord in many women. It was a full page color spread in the March issue of Playboy magazine drawn by "Sokol" and depicted two ripe, young women sitting at a bar in attitudes of bored dejection. One speaks, "Sometimes I think I'd like to move to another town and start all over as a virgin."
WE ARE PROUD
TO SERVE ARIZONA
EL PASO NATURAL GAS COMPANY

GOOD LUCK,
All Ways!
Busby & Carroll
CONSTRUCTION CO.
Builders of 18 Home Subdivisions
in Tucson
and Southern Arizona

Moving Experts
SINCE 1892
TUCSON
WAREHOUSE and
TRANSFER CO.
Home Owned Since 1892
110 EAST SIXTH ST.  4500 EAST BROADWAY
... But Mr. Hughes, don't you EVER take off your sneakers?

"But, Chief, there ain't no Mafia. Any hood in town can tell you that."
TO POOPED
TO POP?
... Buy
HORSE POWER
ARIZONA
FLOUR MILLS
177 East Toole Ave.
Tucson

Jack Ellis
Sporting Goods

45 E. Broadway
MA 2-2372

All Studs aren't
on the Ranch . . .

Why not
let our graded
studs go to work for you?

970
S. Cherry
MAin
4-4451

Del Webb's
Hiway House
SLEEP IS OUR BUSINESS

Where the Gentlemen of the Press and guests are
always welcome.

1601 N. Oracle Road
Hernia Pyles, veteran Arizona newsmen, was telling about covering the legislature in Phoenix:

"I was under this table in a legislature-lobbied tavern and happened to slip under the table as was my wont earlier when conversations became dull.

"Whilst under, keeping my eye open for news, I was nearly clubbed to death by fifties of Old Granned exchanging handshands under the table.

"It is said that some legislators can be bought for a quarter or a good fifth.

"Well, many good laws failed to pass that next day because of the fifties I intercepted beneath that table.

"And many more bigger laws failed to be killed in committee because I had my quota of liquor and slid beneath the neighboring table.

"There I was bruised in the face by the bundles of hundred-dollor bills being banged about from hand to hand.

"Many surprised faces must have looked at each other in consterna-tion—little knowing that I, as an honest citizen, had grabbed that long green to prevent it from falling into the wrong hands.

"And all under the table, so to speak.

"Hurrying to safety beneath the next table I was not so alarmed at what I saw as what I heard. Trying not to look at silk-clad legs (legis-lators don't wear silk stockings, but not all at the table wore silk stockings) I was forced to take evidence that all is not cash that is laid on the beds for legislators.

"I'm being subtle now," Pyles said.

(Continued On Page 45)
VISIT OLD TUCSON
a rootin', tootin' Wild Western town with lots of FUN for EVERYONE.
Take a ride on the Old Tucson Railroad, or the Butterfield Stage Coach.
Buck Sharp's Burro Ride provides a lot of excitement for all the kids...
and there are shops, refreshments... and gunfights in the streets.
Watch out for flying lead when in the territory.

OPEN DAILY 'til 6 P.M.
Admission 25c

Grunewald & Adams
60 E. Congress
JEWELERS
All the best to the best
Press Club in the West--

GET A LOT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG...
or
A home for a little down...
from
JOHN GRUVER, Realtor
EA 7-6518 Anytime 3202 E Speedway

CONGRATULATIONS TO
TUCSON PRESS CLUB MEMBERS ON THEIR
ANNUAL GRIDIRON SHOW

SEN. BARRY GOLDFWATER
TPC MEMBER
God Bless . . .

(Continued from Page 43)

"I left right after a story about a field representative for a virgin wool factory who got lost in a Papago reservation.

"The men staggered out to safety claiming he had been hooked and left bleeding by the jumping cholla."

"Then a Papago girl followed him out of the wasteland. Her name was Jumping Cholla and she smiled. She had been busying herself knocking prickly pears with a stick and jerking venison she said.

"Beneath the next table I was filled in on plans for the next legislature. All about how a grinder would be put on the bottom of the traditional ‘hopper’ so that all proposed legislation could be instantly ground into an instant nothing.

"Considering that suggestion as naive and not necessary, I made for the next table near the exit.

"Here a group of drunken legislators were congratulating themselves on killing out the governor’s request for stiffer driver violation penalties.

"It seems that all at that table would have instantly lost their licenses if the bill had passed.

"Disgusted, I made it to the door with my bottles and cash.

"Then I spent an awful two hours in my hotel room trying to think about something I could write for my paper that would be printed.

"I settled for a bit taken from a state senator’s speech the day before — all about our great and growing state and how things would get much better in our glorious future. A sort of ‘God Bless America’ theme."

Nothing Much

The single-minded dedication required of those who apply themselves to the great advertising game is illustrated by the story of Scott Henderson and Elk Harwood, who met for lunch for the first time in months.

"Where,” queried Scott, lifting his lunch and sipping it, "has Barney Stevens been hanging out?"

"Great guns! Haven’t you heard Barney went to the Great Agency in the Sky."

"You’re kidding!"

"Nope. He died last month."

"Good Lord. What did he have?"

"Nothing much,” Elk said, reflectively. "A small race track account, and a couple of department stores, but nothing worth going after.”

NOW

Diane Doyle
Acrobatic Dance Stylist

Texas Todd Duncan
The Cowboy Comedian

Bagdad
101 W. Drachman
Magnificent?

Hell

It's

Colossal!

Colossal Caves

Vail, Ariz.
One Of The Greatest...

The following cartoon is reprinted from the Hell Box of Feb. 12, 1939. It is reprinted again for the 22nd time, because it shows so plainly how a cartoon we consider to be one of the greatest cartoons of all times depicted life and thoughts amid one of the greatest human convulsions of all times.

—William R. Mathews
Feb. 12, 1960

"We must have missed Malibu Beach, but what the hell, a party's a party!"

Dick Calkins

— 47 —
Second Best

The bearded Cuban was describing his country to a U.S. women's club.

"Our most popular sport is bull-fighting," he declared.

One matron, obviously upset at the thought of so bloody a spectacle, asked, "But isn't it revolting?"

"No," said the Cuban, smiling, "that is our second most popular sport."

DAMSKY'S
SINCE 1914

Everything
for the Smoker

131 N. Stone

 Wise Investors Aren't
All On Wall Street . . .

Save for a sound future . . .
in a profitable Pima account.

PIMA
SAVINGS
AND LOAN
ASSOCIATION

STONE at ALAMEDA

KERR
MORTUARY
NEW LOCATION

4601 East 1st St.

EA 7-6611

—ROSCOE KERR
Cat Burglar

(Continued from Page 35)

Once this story, accompanied by a beautiful picture of the animal, had appeared in the newspapers, the police staked out the house and had the owners of it leave, and in an obvious manner.

Only two hours later the burglar appeared, broke into the house and entered it. They caught him cold on his way out, with the champion Siamese under his arm.

Downtown at the station, they questioned him. They were curious, and so were the listening reporters.

To their surprise, he was able to give a perfectly logical and understandable explanation of the unusual and specialized nature of his theft. They didn't release him, of course, and eventually he was tried, but he received an exceedingly light sentence since even the judge agreed that, although his method of acquiring cats had been illegal, his purpose in acquiring them had been laudable.

He was an amateur scientist. For research in his field, he needed cats. The stolen cats he had taken home and put mercifully into eternal rest. Then he had cremated the cats in a small crematory which he had built for the purpose.

He had put their ashes in jars and was experimenting with them, pulverizing them to various degrees of fineness, treating different batches in different ways, and then pouring hot water over them. He had been trying to discover the formula for instant . . . .

THE END

---

Best Wishes

to

TUCSON PRESS CLUB

A FRIEND

and

MEMBER
WADE CHURCH
YOUR
DEMOCRATIC
ATTORNEY GENERAL

Wishes T.P.C.
Success in its
1960
GRIDIRON SHOW

Ruth Wallis
and her original songs

SADDLE & SIRLOIN
2130 N. Oracle

Courtesy
of

CASAS ADOBES ESTATES
"I want a sort of combination ad, mostly display, a tiny bit classified, and enough legal to keep me out of trouble."
President's Message

We're in such excellent shape,
we can afford to be eccentric . . .
and drink MILK.

—Bernie Sedley
imagination has no beginning... no end...

Today's astonishing progress in electronics is no accident—for the field has attracted the kind of imaginative people who have always set the bench marks for man's progress. Hughes was built by people like these. They are prepared to cut away old restraints; to plunge ahead to new discovery; to build and prove the "impossible." In just ten years they have made Hughes one of America's leading producers of advanced electronics.

 Hughes Aircraft Company
Culver City, El Segundo, Fullerton, Newport Beach,
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to the

TUCSON PRESS CLUB