the 10th Anniversary Gridiron Show presented by the tucson press club hellbox 1963
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Tucson Press Club
Tucson, Arizona

Gridiron Show
March, 1963
Theme: "The Half-Vast Wasteland"

COVER: Dick Calkins
Qualified to Play
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During the early stages of World War II, then Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain described the efforts of his people with the now famous phrase — “blood, sweat and tears.”

Taking a cue from good old Winnie, we would like to use his words, twist them around a bit and use them to describe the ingredients of the Tucson Press Club Gridiron Show — “mud, sweat and beers.”

The “mud,” of course, is not mud in the political sense. We prefer to call it a “soil and water salve” of the community and the people who make up and govern this wonderful town.

The “sweat” is by members of TPC during the many hours of putting this thing together.

The “beers” (yes, and martinis, whiskey and boilermakers) are the plasma that injects life into the show.

So, how does the Gridiron Show come about? Someone says, “Hey, it’s about that time of the year, ain’t it?” (We don’t speak good English — we just write it — with the help of the copy desk.) And somebody else, after deep and studied thought, answer, “Yup.”

The next step is to call a meeting of the gridiron
president's message, con't.

committee down at TPC where the transfusions are handy. We kick around a lot of ideas for a theme for the show and come up with — "nothing." Then, silent, thoughtful old Peter Starrett managers to get a word in sideways, like the Chinese.

"Say, fellers," says STOPS, "remember a couple of years ago when Newton Minow described television as a 'vast wasteland'?"

"Yes," we all chorused, and with that we had our chorus.

"Well," STOPS continued, "TV has improved at least 50 per cent, so why not call the show, 'The Half Vast Wasteland'?

We thought the idea so good we unanimously adopted it for a theme and decided to write our skits around TV shows.

Of course, there's always a council skit, crime skit, chorus skit and so on. But, we of the news media also decided to lampoon ourselves a bit this year and came up with a newsroom skit. And, twin brothers as Superior Court judges provided us with material for another.

A lot of ideas we had in the beginning fell by the wayside, and, as rehearsals went along, dialogue was changed as new ideas came up.

Our director for the past several years, Hal Landon, has returned to Hollywood to try the motion picture business again. Fortunately, we were able to persuade Molly Starr to take over the directing chores, and through her talent and efforts, the show takes on a new look this year.

I wouldn't attempt to list all the people here who have worked to make the Gridiron Show a success. I would forget someone and then be in trouble. But special note should be made of the work of Molly Starr; our "den mother," Ann Dalton, who has worked almost 24 hours a day taking care of so many details; Judy Williams, who put together the Hell Box again; and Mildred Clingerman and Jay Simpson, who spent many hours at the Press Club taking reservations.

And, most especially, I would like to praise "you, the people," the source of material for our show — the personalities, officials, governing bodies and law enforcement agencies, politicians — all who made news the past year.

Let's all pull together. I'm sure you will supply us with the material to make next year's show even better than ever.

DICK ALEXANDER
President
Tucson Press Club
There was a happy man, anonymous
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— A Friend and TPC Member
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"STILL KICKING"
Ace Bushnell, was a prime mover of the initial Gridiron Show, "Hot Copy" in 1954, and general chairman of No. 2. Here he recalls some of the high spots of those shows.

ah, yes

I Remember It Well

by ACE BUSHNELL

- One-night stands in the overcrowded El Con auditorium, when we changed costumes in the bushes, and that "old" Pioneer ballroom, where there really isn't any.
- Mo Udall, then a pea-Green county attorney, "and all that he hungers for."
- Bob Stirling (now in Rio), Dick Olson (in D. C.), Max Henkel (in Detroit), Jim Cooper (now a soloist), Elk Hardwood (too busy), Tony Tselepis (lost his voice and Clyde Lowery (lost his nerve) as fellow chorus copy "boys."
- When "Mayor" Bernie Sedley (to be or not to be?) hadn't reached his present, elevated position and was down amongst us in the guise of "Titanic" Thomas.
- Our impersonations of Pete Licavoli and his untouchables in "Strangers Wid Pairs A Dice"—on second thought, no I don't.
- Hal Landon as Porque Patten, Julian Tuthill as Howard Pyle, Roger O'Mara as Don Hummel, Dusty Warman as J. Luther Davis (and Walter Bimson), Art Kuehlthau as Richard Harwill and Jim Sullivan as Al Buchanan.
- We actually thought then-Attorney, now Judge Raul Castro might be "a Spanish fly-by night."
- "Pore Ed is Daed," a none-too-sweet lament in memory of Ed Goyette, once big wheel of our stuck-in-the-mud Chamber, recently re-incarnated as Pioneer bigwig.
- "This Ole House," and those broad-beamed, broad-humored diggers therein, Bill Smith and Thelma McQuade.
- Ed Morgan's voice, booming in Ethel Merman fashion from the stage just as it booms melodically in the courtroom.
- Enthusiastic (but escapist) Al Le Ance subbing for frightened Frank Murphy and using both cuffs as idiot sheets.
- Program planner Bob Campbell, who thought a 25% commission was the least we could do for ourselves.
- April—in the spring. Ah, yes—I remember it well.

Ace Bushnell, once a sportswriter and city editor of the Tucson Daily Citizen, is on his third Tucson stint as the evening paper's day police reporter.
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FEATURING TUCSON'S TOP HAIR STYLISTS
Let's Move  
Out of the Kitchen

by VIVIEN KEATLEY

While I was looking the other way the American kitchen became a rendezvous room.

Converted into the hospitality center of the home, its walls are decorated with gleaming copper-bottomed pans and colored enamel-ware. Often a chromium and glass rotisserie adorns a counter. This is a device guaranteed to revolve chickens so slowly you can serve them burned outside and raw inside.

A long shelf is colorful with unusual cookbooks, strangely unmarked with floury finger prints. Other shelves are laden with little known (and little used) herbs in charming matched jars. An assortment of cooking wines is often used, but not always for cooking.

It’s all very cozy.

But a kitchen overflowing with charm and guests is not my idea of a dinner party.

It’s only after three double martinis that I begin to agree it’s a fine idea for the host to crowd the salad bar with gin, vermouth, onions and olives, while his simple cooking on the built-in top-of-the-stove cook-wine stirs, tastes and smiles over ‘something really very interesting area. I’m prepared by then for a one-dish dinner.

I develop nostalgia remembering my mother’s idea of hospitality. She set a dinner table with snow white linen damask, carefully ironed on the wrong side. Cut-glass gleamed after being scrubbed with a brush until it sparkled as well as sang to the touch of a fork tine. The gold-band Haviland came down from the glass-front china closet and was washed carefully before the table was set. Cut flowers from her garden were meticulously arranged in the center of the table.

Long before her first guest arrived the table was set, salads were in the ice box (no refrigerators in those days); the ice cream was frozen and covered with canvas. Dinner was in the warming oven. Mother was dressed and ready to greet guests with father. My sisters and I had been fed and sent upstairs. We were not considered brilliant dinner conversationalists.

Today you’re lucky if there are daily colored plastic place mats instead of a bare table. Aluminum glasses and colored pottery or plastic dishes are more dramatic than china; besides, they’re easier to stack in the dish washer.

(Continued on next page)
Let's Move Out—con't.

Sometimes the whole kitchen apparatus, including guests, is bodily removed to the backyard. Now called a patio, this is where you dine with night-blooming insects at an event called a barbecue.

Barbecues in Texas when I was a button were big public feasts. You were served from boards on carpenter's horses. Tremendous quantities of coleslaw, frijoles and barbecued beef were heaped on an enamel plate which you carried off somewhere, to eat your meal with gusto from a Texas chair — the ground. Barbecued beef meant a steer roasted in its own seasoned juices in a pit in the ground. It cooked for 24 hours or more.

Today a barbecue may be a hot dog, hamburger, or a filet mignon, grilled over an open fire. It's a rare house chew who will wait for coals before he goes into his act.

The chef is the man of the house wearing an oversized chef's apron and an amusing hat. One hand will be encased in a cute quilted mitten with a small tinkling bell attached. This rings Merrily and frequently, for he cannot let well enough alone. Well armed with instruments, he guarantees that all juices escape from whatever he is cooking. Unless you hand him another drink,

but fast, he'll not only serve your meat scorched by flames but pierced to death.

This matters little, for whatever he serves will be drowned with the house specialty, a home-made barbecue sauce. This is especially designed to disguise the quality and taste of meat.

Sometimes those who take their outdoor cooking seriously enough to invest in a metal contraption on wheels, presumably designed by Rube Goldberg. It produces real 'smoked' foods. Long before cooking begins good, decent spare ribs are marinated for hours in tomato sauce, wine vinegar, herbs, and plenty of garlic and onion.

One advantage of this ingenious cooking device is that it takes a long, long time for the smoke to be just right. This means that before you're served ribs burned at a crisp, and while the smoke keeps mosquitoes at a safe distance and brings tears to your eyes, you can reach the point of inebriation where you don't really give a damn if the marinating sauce, having already spoiled the ribs, is spooned liberally over them after they're cooked.

I, for one, think we've carried this informal 'togetherness' too far. If you're for preparing food together in the kitchen or backyard, please count me out.

I'm dining in a dining room again.
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Prejudice

by STEVE EMERINE

It was quiet enough to hear the proverbial pin drop.

"What did you say?" asked Mayor Jefferson.

"I said that Convair sent a man down here last week to see about building a missile plant here," said Councilman Green.

"That means industry for our town," said young Councilman Jenkins. "More jobs, more money for the community."

"We don't need 'em," said the mayor, glancing sharply at the freshman councilman. "We been gettin' along jest fine without industry for a hundred years in this town."

"And we don't want it now," said Councilman Green. "Jenkins, do you know what industry — industry tied up with a federal contract — means?"

"No, you don't," Green continued, answering his own question. "You don't know what it'll do to this town. Well, I'll tell you.

"First off, it'll bring in some people like us — and some of them. They're the ones I'm worried about."

"They'll wanna live next door to us," injected the mayor. "If we don't build 'em their own schools, their kids'll be going to school with your kids."

"And they smell different," said Green. "Phew!"

"And if enough of 'em comes down here," said the mayor, "they'll take over the town. Pretty soon one of 'em will be on the council — or even the mayor himself."

"And what about intermarriage? If they go to school with our kids, pretty soon something will happen and finally we'll see a lot of little tan-skinned young'uns around here," added Green. "Now, Jenkins, do you see why we don't want no industry and no outsiders?"

"I think I understand your reasoning, gentlemen," the young councilman said. "But this is 1963. We're in the 20th century. When I was away at college I learned to live with these people — and you're going to have to learn, too."

"Gentlemen, whether you like it or not, Boonville is going to have to change. We can't remain America's only all-Negro town."
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Enchanted Hills—Lawrence Liss, Developer
Something On His Mind

by MARX LOEB

Recently, in both the newspapers and on television, there was a story about a group who had banded together in a movement to require animals to wear clothing. Yes, you heard me. Dogs, cats, horses, cows, elephants, etc. I am glad about one aspect of the movement... I am glad they have banded together. They need each other! I never knew that there were that many poor souls with such sick, obscene minds... for mind you, they don’t advocate clothing for animals because they fear our four-footed friends might be chilly... No sir! These dirty-minded citizens believe that it is indecent for animals to go about naked. They were demonstrating in front of the White House the other day, hoping to enlist the First Lady in their ranks... Their leader spoke on television to a newsmen and said that they were hoping that Mrs. Kennedy would see the light, and set the fashion by clothing her hunters and her little daughter’s pony in (and I quote) some sort of boxer shorts! I’m not kidding... this is exactly what he said... he said many other things but the mind reels... the imagination staggers and one finds it hard to remember every pearl of wisdom he dropped. I presume that he plans king-size brassieres for cows; bloomers of the large, economy size for elephants, small trousers for dogs and cats. I do not know and hesitate to think what he has in mind for birds and fowl. Just imagine, for a moment, what a cesspool the mind of such a man must be! I should like to report that he, himself, was very properly dressed... even to wearing a scarf tied high up under his chin. I couldn’t help thinking that he may, by his television appearance, trigger off another movement of outraged viewers who think he should be legally restrained from exposing his face. It was a pretty indecent one. But to get back to the other animals... can you imagine what the laundry on a good-sized farm would be like? The hired man could throw away his shovel and arm himself with a box of detergent! It is also possible that it would get rather hard to hire a hired man. The good, rich life on a farm might begin to pall after the first few diaper changes!

It has slowly crept into my mind that conformity has gotten to be a dirty word. Do you know what I mean? Someone is often saying nowadays something like, “Oh, sure, poor old Charlie... must conform... never step out of line... heh, heh... what a square!” Well, the strange thing is that the so-called non-conformists now conform so much to a pattern that I (and I’m sure anyone) can, upon being introduced to one of them, make a very accurate guess as to what he tastes, opinion, home, wife and pursuits will be. Let me introduce you to a non-conformist. His home is inadequately furnished, but completely outfitted with the most expensive hi-fi, stereophonic gadgets available... his car is undoubtedly one of the few remaining models of a discontinued foreign make and he has great difficulties in finding mechanics skillful and dedicated enough to work on her... he calls it “her.” He has learned how to make some foreign dish such as suki yaki, and will do so if you are stupid enough to dine with him. This job he approaches like a priest at an altar and if often sadly unaware that the dish he cooks with such reverence, is despised by the poorest peasant of whatever country originated it. It takes hours and while he and his wife are making their messy and elaborate preparations, you listen to their tapes of a human heart beat or frogs croaking around a pond, or cheese aging, or whatever glorious sounds they have captured for their many electronic devices. While absorbing all this culture, you are invariably served some unusual native drink to complement the goop they are cooking. Its name is unfamiliar and as far as you’re concerned, it’s going to stay that way. His wife is almost always very thin, completely without make-up, and has long, dirty-looking hair. She is inclined to hold a coffee or tea cup with both hands around it as if it were a bowl. This is very “in.” They see only foreign films... preferably old ones... if they have a pet (and they mostly do) it has a Greek or Latin name which they hope will need explanation... well, you get the pattern and I’m sure you also get the message; which is: “Who’s a conformist around here, Mac?”

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Fredric Brown, a former TPC member, is the "first master of fantasy" now writing regularly for Twilight Zone. He has had eight pocket books published by Bantam Books, including "Nightmares & Gezenlacks," a collection of 47 outrageous stories of improbable beings and essences. With his permission, we reprint this excerpt.

Bear Possibility

by FREDRIC BROWN

If you've ever seen an expectant father pacing the waiting room of a hospital lighting cigarette after cigarette—usually at the wrong end if it's a filter-tip—you know how worried he acts.

But if you think that that is worry, take a look at Jonathan Quinby, pacing the room outside a delivery room. Quinby is not only lighting the wrong ends of his filter-tips but is actually smoking them that way, without tasting the difference.

He's really got something to worry about. It had started when they had last visited a zoo one evening. "Last visited" is true in both senses of the phrase; Quinby would never go within miles of one again, ever, nor would his wife. She had fallen, you see, into—

But there is something that must be explained, so you may understand what happened that evening. In his younger days Quinby had been an ardent student of magic—real magic, not the slight-of-hand variety. Unfortunately charms and incantations did not work for him, however effective they might be for others.

Except for one incantation, one that let him change a human being into any animal he chose and (by saying the same incantation backward) back into a human being. A vicious or vengeful man would have found this ability useful, but Quinby was neither vicious nor vengeful and after a few experiments—with subjects who had volunteered out of curiosity—he had never made use of it.

When, ten years ago at the age of thirty, he had fallen in love and married, he had used it once more, simply to satisfy his wife's curiosity. When he had told her about it, she had doubted him and challenged him to prove it, and he had changed her briefly into a Siamese cat. She had then made him promise never to use his supernormal ability again, and he had kept that promise ever since.

Except once, the evening of their visit to the zoo. They had been walking along the path, with no one in sight but themselves, that led past the sunken bear pits. They'd looked for bears but all of them had retired into the cave portion of their quarters for the night. Then—well, his wife had leaned a little too far over the railing; she lost her balance and fell into a pit. Miraculously she landed unhurt.

She was getting to her feet and looking up at him; she put her finger to her lips and then pointed to the entrance to the den. He understood; she wanted him to get help but quietly, lest any sound might waken the sleeping bear in its den. He nodded and was turning away when a gasp from his wife made him look down again—and see that it would be too late to get help.

A young grizzly bear was already coming out of the den entrance. Growling ominously and heading toward her, ready to kill.

There was only one thing that could possibly be done in time to save his wife's life, and Jonathan Quinby did it. Male grizzly bears do not kill female grizzly bears.

They have other ideas, though. Quinby stood wringing his hands in helpless anguish as he was forced to witness what was happening to his wife in the bear pit. But after a while the grizzly went back into his den and—ready to change her back on a second's notice if the male should again emerge—Quinby said the incantation backward and brought his wife back to her proper form. He told her that if she could find footholds in the rocks and climb part way up, he could reach down and pull her the rest of the way. In a few minutes she was safely out of the pit. While and shaken, they had taken a taxi home. Once there, they agreed never to discuss the matter again; there was nothing else he could have done but watch her be killed.

Nor had they discussed it again, for a few weeks. But then—well, they'd been married ten years and had wanted children but no children had come. Now three weeks after her horrible experience in the pit she was—with child?

Have you ever seen an expectant father pacing a hospital waiting room, looking like the most worried man on Earth? Then consider Quinby, who's right now pacing and waiting. For what?
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Almost Music

by CECIL JAMES

And that was the latest, and perhaps the greatest, platter ever spun on DUMB-DUMB — eh, guys?

Yes, Radio DUMB scores again. This is Kid Frills' penguin pops. Hope you are having a screaming good listening to good ole DUMB-DUMB, Tucson's No. 1 station.

"Bali High with the South Tucson Twist," is a real corner. No other station in Tucson is playing this great exclusive disc.

In a moment we will hear today's classical hit — the oldie from bygones days. But first the news.

And that was the news, folks. "If you don't want it read over DUMB-DUMB then don't let it appear in the Tucson newspapers."

Today's oldie hit the wax in 1959. I hope all of you remember that far back to the great days of rock and roll. Golly, they were great, weren't they. Actually a lot of us twist fans still love the great rock.

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"Well, if so, you should use the Golden Barnacle remover — made at the sea shores in the South Pacific."

"Golden Barnacle remover is made specially for the hot, humid and wet Tucson weather. Accept no substitute — ask for Golden Barnacle."

Now, here's Tucson's 987th ranking tune. I am sure it will hit DUMB-DUMB's top 400. It's got a catchy name and a rolling twist rhythm.

"When You Have the Bengal Tiger by the Tail — Be Sure JFK Is There."

Just because it sounds like head hunters before the battle, don't be alarmed. This is the latest sound in good music. If you can understand the words, it won't sell.

Wow! Wasn't that a gasser? It should sell at least 4,000 spinners! Man, you seldom hear music like that — except on Radio DUMB!

Golly! Here are three old dusty records I found in this desk.

Well, I shouldn't bother with them. They are written in some foreign tongue and you wouldn't enjoy them anyway. Us critics have to loo kafter your interests.

But for kicks, I will give their names, just in case some of you are the intellectual type.

They are — "White Christmas," "Night and Day," and "Star Dust." Boy, they must be square.

The old clock on the wall says that Frills' penguin pops should quit the air for today. If you enjoyed my program, then I know you will love tonight's show.

By the way, our popularity in Elver is climbing. So long, guys. We'll see you on good old Radio DUMB.

Cecil James is a reporter, covering the business beat, with the Tucson Daily Citizen. He formerly was with The Arizona Daily Star.
Shamrock Dairy

Best of Luck
on this year's show

Sheriff
WALDON V. BURR
"Don't stop with the head . . . dah-r-ling . . . go all the way!"

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6025 North Casa Grande Highway
Emphasis On Public Relations

by JAY MILLER

This is Jay Miller, Emphasis World Beat.
Dateline: Cairo.

A LITTLE more than 32 centuries ago, one of the world’s greatest public relations men lived. His name was User Maat re Setep en ra, or more simply, Pharaoh Ramses the Second. For 66 years Ramses was one of Egypt’s more ambitious kings; he brought Egypt to its political peak, built some of its most magnificent temples and in off-moments found time to father 110 sons and 59 daughters. Although a public relations firm today might shudder about explaining the size of his family, there would be no other problems in handling Ramses’s account. One would be the fact that the king was known by 88 different names which means difficulty in creating a single public image. The other was Ramses’ hard-sell policy on his military career. For example, in 1293 B.C., the Pharaoh got involved in a battle called Kadesh with the Hittites which was something less than an overwhelming victory for Ramses. Yet to read about it from hieroglyphs carved on temple walls today, it was a smashing Egyptian triumph.

But it is in the field of early employee relationships and fringe benefits that Ramses brought Public Relations to a flowering. Recently I took the pains to copy an inscription from a stone tablet in the Egyptian museum in Cairo. It was a pitch by Ramses from what surely must be one of history’s earliest company magazines. This was addressed to laborers who were working for the Pharaoh. It reads in part: Oh good and skilful men who are cutting for me monuments in every quantity, Oh ye unwearied ones, I have supplied the necessities in every proper way so that you may work for me with loving hearts. I am always the protector of your concerns. Heavier are your provisions than the work itself. He who works may always rejoice when the belly is satisfied. The granaries are full of corn for you. I have filled the storerooms with bread, meat, cakes, clothes and ointment for annointment your hands every week; and sandals that the soles of your feet may always be solid. There is none of you passing the night who sighs because of poverty. Then Ramses went on in this 3200-year-old pep talk to list the equivalent of the company cafeteria staff he provided . . . he itemized fishermen, men to make wine, and even men to make early water coolers. Ramses concludes — I have done all this that you may prosper as you work for me with one heart.

Only once did Ramses’ public relations instinct seem to have failed him. Ironically, it was in the labor relations field in the construction trades area. Some brickmakers wanted three days off for religious purposes. Ramses refused. An argument followed, and Ramses, supposedly the model employer, withheld the raw materials needed for production of the bricks but demanded that the output be maintained. Finally, after more dissension, the brickmakers went out on strike, quit, and in fact left the country. You’ve probably heard of them . . . their leader was a fellow called Moses. Jay Miller, NBC News.
A is Alexander
Our new president,
We've been breaking him in —
Color him bent.

B is for Bernie
Destined for fame,
Color him running,
An "x" by his name.

C is for Calkins
Still painting a wall,
Color it summer,
Spring, winter and fall

D is a ditty
Cooper yearly unlimbers,
Color it smashing
And shiver-our-timbers.

H is for hangovers
Known but to a few
Hardly any at all —
Color untrue.

I is indubitably
What Rito sneaks in
To Prior Pray's drinks —
Color it gin.

J is for jokes —
Bob Ganz likes them rare
Color them bruised
(Blue, purple and bare).

K is our club key
That costs just a dollar
Color it lost —
Press the buzzer and holler.

L is our lawyers,
Haunting courtrooms and clinks
All knowing and noble —
Color them sphinx.

M is our menu
That lists Swanky-Franky
Color it weenie —
And no hanky-panky.

N is for newsman
Covering cellar or pinnacle,
Barstools and backrooms —
Color them cynical.
O is for Orville
Who in times that were fateful
Worked hard for the Press Club —
Color us grateful.

P is the pill
That is drawn every noon
Color it hopeful —
And pull-my-name soon.

Q is a querulous voice
On the phone
Tracking a husband —
Color him flown.

R is for Rito
Our fine, winsome host
Discreetly discreet —
Color the most.

S is for Starrett
Both friendly and formal
Judiciously jolly
Color him normal.

T is the third drink
On Mondays a dime
Color it often
Have a big time.

U is ubiquity
Of our ad-men-and-lasses
Color them cunning
At swaying us masses.

V is for virgins
Who don't crave any fun
Scarce here and elsewhere
Color them none.

W's a waitress
Mary Lou at your table
Serves curves with your drinks
Color her able.

X is for X-rays
The all-seeing eye
Color it male
When Chic Fannin walks by.

Y is for year-long
Efforts unhaltin'
When efficiency's called for
Color Ann Dalton.

Z is the zing
Judy puts into song
You can't miss her message
Color it BONG!

Mildred Clingerman has written many science fiction short stories which have been published in top magazines and in anthologies. Her most recent work is "A Cupful of Space," 16 stories collected in a pocket book edition by Ballantine Books.
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REPUBLICAN

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FAVORITE
POINT
OF
VIEW

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4
TUCSON

Look, you ingrate!
What do you call this?
Stereo do-it-yourself kits I know about. But
Niles does not sell a

'MAKE HER YOURSELF KIT!'

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"Hot Copy" — 1954

“HOT COPY”—Bob French, Ace Bushnell, Tony Tsolantis, Max Henkel, Dick Olson, Elk Hardwood as Citizen and Star newsboys in agile action. (1954)
HOT COPY
—Opening Chorus—
(Original music by John Leonard)

Hot copy! Hot copy! Hot copy!
We sell hot copy
We peddle the Fourth Estate!
Hot copy! It’s late! It’s great!
The year behind us has zoomed on by,
We’ve boomed out headlines that will not die,
We’ve screamed of murder, of sex and sin—
We’re not sure where, but we know we’ve been!
A war has ended, a queen’s been crowned,
The dean of jet flight has two-toned sound,
Some guys named Joseph have stole the show—
McCarthy, Stelio, DiMaggio!
’Twas Kinsey who evened the score,
The Yankees who came back for more,
’Twas Rita who grabbed number four—
How ‘bout Jimmy Roosevelt?
Toujours l’amour?
TV had Lucy, she’s on the Ball,
Two blokes climbed Everest, made it look small,

We got Jane Russell in DEEP three-D—
We got golf, we got bangs with the GOP!
We shout, “Hot copy!”
We cater to naughty news,
We shout, “Hot copy!”
Hot copy! It tells who’s whose!
The year behind us was bad and good,
Both sad and happy from where we stood,
We stuck with Woodson, saw Temple fall,
But we kept our distance from city hall!
The fans liked football with one-platoon,
A one-man jury was Mo’s harpoon,
The one-way street plan made Tucson glad—
A one-wife limit left Short Creek sad!
’Twas Mathews who wrote righteous prose,
All secrets of state he’d expose!
He’d never let school meetings close—
Would he open the regents door?
In a pig’s nose!
The sun kept shining, the year was dry,
No rain or pie came into our sky,
Hughes and Grand Central could go to hell—
We had Ft. Huachuca and San Manuel!

Hot copy! Hot copy! Hot copy!
"We Dig Ya" — 1955

WHAT'S COOKIN'?  
(Tune: "There's No Business Like Show Business")

Are you lookin' for what's cookin'?  
Or what's cookin' with who?  
We know all the news in half a flicker,  
Quicker almost than a TV screen,  
We knew first why Joe had lost his snicker,  
'Cause Gen'rel Zwicker kept his nose clean!

What gay people, risque people,  
We met a-long the way  
Hemingway broke records with his Nobel prize  
And broke some bones falling from the skies,  
Willie Mays scalped Indians by catching flies —  
Say, hey, that's what we say!

Chou En-Lai, Mendes-France,  
John Dulles, Dior,  
Doc Bannister who won the big mile run,  
Grace Kelly, La DaETrich,  
Liz Taylor, Gabor,  
And Garlard right where Gaynor had begun —  
First, Papa loved Mambo, then Sh-Boom,  
And Liberace jokes came in a-bloom,

Some bad stories, some sad stories,  
Some glad stories, we had —  
Democrats from everywhere were winning,  
Everywhere but Dienbienphu,

DiMaggio — more sinned against than sinning,  
Yet he kept grinnin' — and so would you!

Both dear people and queer people,  
We smeared through the past year —  
Brando found an Oscar "On the Waterfront,"  
And Churchill's candles took just one grunt,  
U.C.L.A.'s punter never had to punt—  
Let's hear more of last year!

McFarland, McKinney,  
Jacome, Steinfield — FELD,  
Seth Bailey's TV films that none will see,  
Kay Carson, Dick Jordan,  
Gonzales, Mansfield — FELD,  
Frank Eyman's cry, "To Be Or Not To Be?"  
Sam Sheppard killed his mate, and all went well,  
But sloppy was the work of Perle Mendel.

Some more mem'ries were yore mem'ries  
In Nineteen Fifty-Four —  
Paulos watched the Flame room flame to rubble,  
"T.S.," said we, when Tempe sought T.U.,  
Kautenberger must have caught eye trouble  
'Cause he saw double when dough was due!

From two Udalls, there grew Udalls,  
who brewed up a new Stew —  
An elbow struck Lupino and he gained renown,  
Then Woodson showed that his nose ain't brown,  
No iceberg hit Titanic when he went down —  
It's true, all of it's true —  
The past year in review!
MR. CON MAN
(Tune: “Mr. Sandman”)

Mr. Con Man — we like your style —
We’re facing LIFE now, wearing a smile,
Now that you’ve joined us how to cheat others,
And how it’s smart to boglarize our mothers!
Con Man — you are the most —
“Greasy Thumb” Guzik don’t even come close,
There’s no one you can’t defraud —
Through dese bars den — slip us a “broad”!

Mr. Con Man — please don’t demand that
We understand Demand’s slight-of-hand,
We ain’t cold-blooded like poil-handed Perlie,
Nor do we overheat like Ti wid a girlie!
Con Man — we’re simple guys,
We’re only askin’ that you set us wise —
If oranges represent dough,
Mr. Bailey — orchards we’ll grow!

Mr. Con Man — is Eynan mad
’Cause by the Demos he thinks he’s been had?
Old Ernie gave him a job without care — IF
They hadn’t promised to make twelve gays sheriff!
Con Man — crooks sometimes win —
How else could Morrison ever get in?
For us, there’ll be better days —
One of us may replace Don Hays!

Please, Mr. Con Man, won’t you tell us the score,
Ain’t Pima county worth working no more?
We got the wood — if true, it will kill us —
We hold that someone finally “took” Duke Dillas!
Con Man — could it be right
That Castro ain’t no Spanish-fly-by-night?
If he ain’t gonna play ball,
Mr. Con Man bring back — please, please bring back Udall!

THIS OLDE HOUSE
(Tune: “This Ole House”)

This olde house has been so crazy,
This olde house has been so cute,
This olde house was dug for laughter,
And we got kicks from the loot!
This olde house will soon be covered
By an asphalt parking lot —
We must hurry with our digging,
Lest there’s something we forgot —

Ain’t a-gonna dig this house much longer,
Ain’t a-gonna dig this house much more —
Look what we found in the closet,
Did Don Hays live here before?
This is charred — tell me, what was it?
I dunno — it’s Greek to me,
It says polygraph by Paulos —
It’s gonna stay a mystery!

This olde house has got more roots here
Than the Drachman family tree,
And it represents more culture
Than the University!

This olde house is unpretentious,
Like Kal Rubin on TV,
But the furniture is mortgaged
‘Cause it came from Flaherty!

Lookie here, we found some real clear whiskey,
Maybe Club LaJolla’s special brand —
Too bad Harvill’s Florida offer
Can’t be found there in the sand —
How about our fav’rite author,
Have you dug up David Dare?
No — just a few OLD Democrats —
The Republicans have their share!
This olde house has lasted longer
Than Montgomery-Ward did here,
And it’s sure in better shape now
Than the Ft. Huachuca deer!
This olde house has aged forever,
Like the food you ate tonight —
It withstood D-M’s explosions
And the Cactus dynamite!
"Get The Lead Out" — 1956

"Stop The Presley" — 1957

"EVERYTHING'S UP TO DATE AT ASU"—Jim Cooper as P.R. Man; chorus members: Clyde Lowery, Bob Stirling, Ann Dallen behind Stirling, Fritz Kessinger, Jan Deg; Judy Williams, Dick Olson, Dorothy Kull; on floor: Bernie Roth as Dr. Gammage. (1957)
More from STOP THE PRESLEY—1957

THE GREAT FLATFOOT MUTINY—Julian Tuthill as Capt. McNeil; Norm Harrington, Capt. Weinsapfle; Wally Beene, Porter Homer; Bill Pegler, Capt.; Reeds; Hal Landon, Chief Hays. (1957)

NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER—Bernie Sedley as Bernie Barnsmell (above), Wally Beene as Chris Cade, Bob Stirling as Paul Plumhob and . . . Bill Hopkins (right) as the waiter. (1957)
SECOND COMING
OF J. C.
You're breaking my heart cause
I'm Levy
You've all moved away from me;
Even the Bloom-boys are nervous,
So I am in trouble, you see . . .
Now, even my wife is deserting,
She's doing her shopping on Stone,
The women are after the bargains,
And leaving my junk all alone . . .
So leave us do something for Levy,
Remember your buddy, A. L. . . .
Best you stop trying to break me,
For Levy will see you in hell . . .

SECOND COMING
OF J. C.
(Tune: Pennies From Heaven)
Everytime the city grows,
I make more money;
Each and every lot I own,
Brings in the honey.
Now I have taken care-of,
Old Zechendorff;
So why not knock-off Jaycee,
For he's my sort . . .
Yes I am here to tell you friend,
You can never leave me;
Long as you stay in this-here town,
You're gonna be the leasee . . .
So if you wanna stay in business,
You better agree with me;
That Penny's from heaven,
For you, and me . . .

WIDE, WIDE WILDERNESS
(Sugar in the Morning)
Money in the mornin' 
Money in the evenin'
Money at supper time;
When I'm makin' money
I'm happy all the time.
Medals in the mornin'
Ribbons in the evenin'
Tea at supper time;
I am really livin'
Queen Liz had me to dine.
Demos in the mornin'
Donkeys in the evenin'
Ike at voting time;
I'm a Democrat you see . . .
Who votes for the GOP . . .
More from AROUND TUCSON IN A BOURBON DAZE—1958

REPORTERS — Eleanor Rice and Barbara Sears, (1958)


MODEL — Jerry O'Brien, (1958)

SACKS APPEAL
"I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT"

I could have stripped all night
While the squares got tight
But Skip had a date with me.
We went out to his car
Parked behind the bar
But a spook pulled a gun on me...
And then we drove all night
In one helluva fright
Before he put his hand on my knee
Then I turned on the ice
And said no dice
But his gun was cocked, you see...

"MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY"

A cat whose tail
Might make me fall
If he really has a caddy.
I always go
For the dough you know
So my heart belongs to Daddy-O.
He said let's go
And see you show
He wanted to see my patio
But that's all right
He was there last night
Now my patio belongs to Daddy-O.
Yes, my patio belongs to Daddy-O.
And he certainly treats it swell,
So if he is there again tonight
Well-well-well, well-well-well,
well-well-well...

Well, I'll make Daddy-O yell Daddy
And you can take this from me,
When that Daddy-O yells Daddy
He'll really be yelling to me.
CLARK AND GRANDE
(To tune of Fine and Dandy)
Everyone's for Clark and Grande
When they're handy
Then we're for them
But just let them, step outside the door
You will find we, love them no more
Even Grande
Ain't so friendly
Without Clark he would like to do
Everything'll be fine and dandy
When he gets rid of Jimmy too
We mean Jim Ciaaakark
When he gets rid of Jimmy, too.

CLARKE AND GRANDE
(To tune of Love and Marriage)
Clark and Grande,
Clark and Grande,
We go together like
A kid and candy
No matter who should win it
You can't have me without my twin, yet.
Try, try, try to separate us,
It's an illusion
Try, try, try to separate us,
It's an illusion
Try, try, try and you can only
Come to this conclusion
Clark and Grande,
Clark and Grande,
We go together like
A sniper and brandy
No matter who should win it
You can't have me without my twin, yet.
You can't have me, you can't have me,
You can't have me without my twin, yet.

LONG BURN THE KING
We're off to burn the Hule,
The beautiful Hula Hut;
Come along, watch it burn
And you will get a cut.
We won't be home till morning,
Dad!
The joint will blaze, it can be had
Since fires are really in demand,
Let's make the Hule hot!
So—if you have insurance,
Then Matty's the man to see
He's got the gas and matches
And he's ready to earn his fee.
We're off to burn the Hula,
The beautiful Hula Hut,
We're off to burn the Hula,
The beautiful Hula Hut.

3 WILL GET YA 5
We three, that's all we need
That's the way it ought to be
Just Thomas and Dennis and Me
(speaked aside: and we really don't need Dennis)
We three, we're all alone
Running Pima County now
And Lambert is telling us how.
We work on rezoning
And everyone's groaning
But who cares for old P & Z.
"Way Out There" — 1959

"THE HUMMEL SONG"

("Bridge on the River Kwai")

Hummel, you are an S. O. B.
Hummel, you cannot annex me
Hummel, you are a bummel
Your end will cummel
And we'll all stay free.
"That Ole Black Finger"—1960

OPENING CHORUS

We are the Mafia
The rootin', tootin', shootin' Mafia,
We knew the rackets
We sell dope and sex
And broken necks
And raise the homicide rate;
but here in Tucson
We found a new one
We make big money
in real estate.
We are the Mafia
We're pretty crooked
We're the Mafia
Just for example
You all paid big dough
to see this show
Youse was suckered in good
Now that we got your fin
We might as well begin
We are the Mafia.

SECOND OPENER

We are the Mafia
It's great in Tucson
For the Mafia
The folks all like us
You may think that's funny
But we brought money
to put in everyone's hand
Burr's deputies
are easy to please
And Barney Garmire's
been simply grand.
We are the Mafia
The rootin', tootin', shootin' Mafia.
The gags we're planning
Will amaze and chilla
we hope to kill ya
So let's get on with the show.
Got lots of built-in bumps
For all you lousy chumps
We are the Mafia.

MAFIA

I'm a new black hand,
From Old Pueblo Land
And I'll go with Joe
For Twenty Grand.
Garmire: You can count me in
When it comes to loot.
Ackerman: And good old "Tigeh"
won't prosecute.
Perry: And the BBB doesn't
give a—hoot.
All: Yippee Yi Oh
Bang Bang!
Ohhhhhh
Yippee Yi Oh,
Bang, Bang.

MAFIA — Cecil James as Garmire.
Dave Felman as Bonanno. (1960)
SMALL AND MATHEWS

Sweet old Bill, sweet old Bill,
Have you noticed how much
money's in the till?
Yes, I stacked it up last night
And it was a lovely sight.
Absolutely, Mr. Mathews
Positively, Mr. Small.
Oh, Mr. Small, Oh, Mr. Small.
Those requests for raises always
make me pall.
We won't give them any dough
They can be replaced, you know.
Absolutely, Mr. Mathews?
Positively, Mr. Small.
Oh, William R, Oh, William R.
Though our advertising rates are
over par
If an advertiser stalls
We both have him by the . . . .
Absolutely, Mr. Mathews
Positively, Mr. Small.

ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY TNI — Jim Hart as Mathews and Hal Landon as Small. (1966)

(HIGH HOPES)

FIRST OPENER

In the first hundred days
We have figured out 100
To get back on the track
Jack,
Everything's coming up William
We're a team full of steam Tucson?
We'll put everything back can't
beam
Pretty soon . . . Maybe Judy's
That's when everyone's con
from Harvard e sky
Balanced budgets are impo
us his dough
To serve the nation, we'll t
up with inflation
Spend your dough, live it her
While the dollar's still wor
her a buck
Give a cheer for the new fr
Shed no tear in your beer
Those promises we made we
forget
We'll have everything con
Harvard in
Washington yet.

Soon as he gets the paper to press
He'll find our boys have made it
e mess
We'll be saying with pride, OH
They're on the other side,
'Cause we get high hopes
He's got those dopes
We've got high, TNI in the sky
hopes
We know
Our boys will fix things good
Better than we could
We'll wind up with the cry
Whoops, there goes another
newspaper . . .
Whoops, there goes another
newspaper . . .
WHOOPS, THERE GOES ANOTHER
NEWSPAPER TRY.
MRS. GEEFAW
He's just a boy
An ordinary child
I can't tell ya why it is
But this kid drives me wild.

He's juvenile
He's got no style
He may look short
But he's long . . .
Been my idol.
And I can't explain
It's surely not his BRAIN
That makes me his toy.

But I need him
Oh, what he does to me
Because
He's just all boy.

Climb upon my lap, Sonny Boy
You won't get the rap, Sonny Boy.
There's no way of knowing to
which motel we're going
But don't forget the cat, Sonny Boy.

Rock-a-by, Lover,
Snug in your wagon
Look out, Little Darling,
Your lollypop's draggin'.

HOSPITAL SKIT
(No BEDS at ALL)
Oh, come all Tucsanians and listen
to us,
We'll tell you a story that's freighted
with disgust.
They've taken our money and
thrown it away
We've gotten a shafting but no
place to lay.

CHORUS: No beds at all, no beds
at all
They've built a hospital with no
beds at all.
The equipment you tell us is best
in the nation
IT EVEN PROVIDES FOR ARTIFICIAL
INSEMINATION!
We have to admit it's a fine place
to show
But an accident victim has no place
to go.

CHORUS: No beds at all, no beds
at all
They've built a hospital with no
beds at all.

You bastards were clever, you got
our last dime,
But we'll make you pay for this
dastardly crime.
We'll join the faith healers and
head for the hills
And you quacks can shoo all those
MEDICAL BILLS.

CHORUS: No beds at all, no beds
at all
They've built a hospital with no
beds at all.

THEY KNOW
Beat Kautenburger
We're gonna lick him this year.
Beat Kautenburger
We'll throw him out on his ear.
Lambert has had it
We hope you all will agree
So if you want to beat old
Lambert
You'll vote for ME.
"The First 100 Days Of JFK"

1961

FIRST OPENER

In the first hundred days
We have figured out 100 ways
To get back on the track
Jack,
Everything's coming up Harvard
We're a team full of steam
We'll put everything back on the beam
Pretty soon... Maybe June
That's when, everyone's coming from Harvard
Balanced budgets are important to us
To serve the nation, we'll make it up with inflation
Spent your dough, live it up
While the dollar's still worth half a buck
Give a cheer for the new frontier
Shed no tear in your beer
Those promises we made we'll soon forget
We'll have everything coming up Harvard in Washington yet.

SECOND OPENER

Here we go, one more time
Though you may think this show is a crime
You get stuck, rats of ruck
Because everything's coming up Press Club,
Federal aid, controls too
We've got Goldwater all in a stew
Welfare state, think it's great
Because, everything's coming up handouts
Minimum wages, we're determined to raise
Because the facts is, then you can pay higher taxes
JFK took the day
Tricky Dicky was not far away
Now it's here, that new frontier
Best get up—off your rear
The nation's troubles soon will be all gone
Because everything's coming up Harvard round
Here from now on.
SMASH FLOPS

Nixon Song

Congratulations, Dick Nixon
You're in the White House today
Through thick and through thin
We knew you would win
Who'd have thought Jack Kennedy
could ever get in
Congratulations Dick Nixon
Your Republican dreams have come true
We will all come alive
For President number thirty five
The White House was waiting for you
You really showed them
The White House was waiting for you

Arizona Journal Song

Oh, the paper we read is the Arizona Journal
The Arizona Journal is great
There are features and news scattered all through it
Hurrah for you Bob Morrison
We knew you could do it
Oh, the paper we read is the Arizona Journal
The Arizona Journal is best
It's a wonder to see
It's the paper for me
It's the very biggest sheet in the West
And we're not kidding
The very biggest sheet in the West.

End of the World Song

There'll be a real hot time in Benson, Arizona
When the end of the world comes today
We'll go underground
We'll leave this dear old town
When the end of the world comes today
We'll go down in the shelter, without any cash
While you poor slobs . . . will be cut on your ash
There'll be a real hot time in Benson, Arizona
When the end of the world comes today.

Lambert Song

We're depending on you
To win District Two
We know you'll come through
Good old Lambert
And each county crew
Will be working for you
Like they always do
Good old Lambert.
Oh, the Highway Department has everything in hand
This will be known as Pete Rubi's last stand
We're depending on you
To win District Two
Like you always do
Good old Lambert.

Ackerman Song

A C K Y A T E R M A N spells
Ackerman
Some say he was crazy to begin it
But we knew all along that he would win it.
A C K Y A T E R M A N you see
He's the man with a plan
He's the state's greatest governor
Ackerman, that's Lee.
FASHIONABLE SHOPPERS — Isa Crino (commentator), Joan Gibson, Jeanine Starrett, Chic Fasani, Rusty Brown, Lee Keppel, Kathy Ballard, Betty Buddlesten. (1961)

FASHIONABLE SHOPPERS

Heigh ho, heigh ho, it's off to shop we go.
Our halters droop as we stoop for soup.
Heigh ho, heigh ho, heigho ho.

Our feet are bare, we've curlers in our hair.
The shorts we sport are much too short.
Heigh ho, heigh ho.

COOL, CLEAR SAN PEDRO — Jess Riggle as Jim Kirk and Dick Calkins as Don Hummel. (1961)
COOPER RIDES AGAIN

When somebody else's name I
happened to sign
To bring some amigos across the
line,
Who said, "Why Pancho did just
fine?"

Nobody,
Just because I helped a friend or
so
Fill out some papers for a
little dough,
Who said, "Frank, you
gotta go?"

(standard bridge)
When at the polls I sang my song
usf to help the voters along
Who said, "Frank, you didn't mean
no wrong?"

Nobody,
When a little too close to the
polling place
The voters spirits I tried to raise
Who said, "Frank, you'll do
ten days?"

That cabren Judge Royalston,
that's who
(standard bridge)
When my newspaper was a
friend to man
Before Judge Forley tied on the can
Who liked those stories that I ran?
Nobody.
When I get out from behind this
wall
Don't you think I'll show them all
Will I get those bastards Mathews
and Small?
You bet your Burro, I will.

TITANS, ALL'S WELL

Oh, shelters are cheaper
And shelters are deeper
Now's the time to buy a Lusk home.
The tear gas is stronger
The barricades longer
Now's the time to buy a Lusk home.
The gas, we admit, is abusive,
But it sure keeps our tract exclusive.
If fallout excites you
And A-bombs delight you
Now's the time to buy a Lusk home.
OUR HEROES — Jim Hart as Mathews, Mike Pryor as Small Jr., and Hal Landon as Small Sr. (1961)
"I'd Rather Be Far Right" - 1962

"CASTRO-ROBLES RIDES TONIGHT" — Jim Cooper as Fanché. (1962)

FIRST OPENER
("Hey, Look Me Over")

Hey, look us over.
Ain't we a sight?
We're all Republicans,
We hardly ever fight.
We like the peace,
And we like the calm.
A piece of this
And a piece of that
Right here in the palm.
And we can solve all your
problems,
Don't have a fear.
We'll get the streets paved,
Maybe late next year.
We're a lovable gang down at
city hall,
As everyone should know.
So, look out, there.
Here we go!

SECOND OPENER
("Hey, Look Me Over")

Hey, look us over
Ain't we a fright?
We can't do wrong
We're so far to the right
We win elections
It's just a fling
We promise 'em this
And promise 'em that
And never do a thing.
And we may run the whole city
Dead in a jam
That might bug you
But we don't give a damn
We're the very best bunch of
councilmen
The city ever had
So we just can't be all bad.
"On the Street Where You Live"

I have often walked
Through these rooms before
Putting objects on display
Of Arizona lore
I see artifacts
That are mine and Jack's
When I walk through the rooms
where we live
Here's a Christmas card from the
D.A.R.
That's from the Tucson Airport
Left by William R.
There's a history
To everything you see
When you walk through the house
where I live
Ohh, that huge open pit there
Is a gift from Stewart Udall
It looks just like the Grand Canyon
But it's just a Speedway chuckhole
from last fall
Now that jug of rum
2,000 miles it's come
It was sent to us in payment for
a juicy plum
It's from Ackerman
Now Alarza's chum
As he strolls down the beach of
Mazatlan
Yes, there's a history
To everything you see
When you walk through the house
where I live

"ARIZONA ARITY-FACTS OR 'BOY, ALL JACKIE AND NO WORK MAKES
A DULL PLAY'"—Dominic Crolla as Caroline; Judy Williams as Jackie.
(1962)
IN BIZ WITH LIZ

("Sheik of Araby")
I'm the clerk of South Tucson,
I'm up each day at dawn.
And when it's time to sleep,
Into this pile I creep.
Grand juries, I abhor.
Judge Krucker is a bore.
But folks here think I'm swell.
So he can go to hell.

("Avalon")
The world's in love with Ackerman,
It's true, it's true.
The world's in love with Ackerman.
I am, aren't you?
Harry thinks he's wonderful.
Vivian says so, too.
Harry's All-American.
He's real, true blue.

("My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")
Oh, Liz will make loans to the people.
And Harry will write about sin.
What an Alliance for Progress.
And, oh, how the money rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in
My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in.

"IN BIZ WITH LIZ"—Steve Emerine as Harry; Jack Sheafer as Liz. (1962)
"UP YOUR BUILDING"—Harry Morrison as Orley; Tony Rogers, Wiseman; Joe Wilcox, Millstone; behind Wilcox, Carle Hodge as Lusi; Frank Cate, Mover, Mike Pryor, Lyle; Joyce Berman, mother; Tom Duddleston, building editor. Not pictured: Charlie Guadaitis as Cecil; Jess Biggle as Blockhead.

("I've Got The Whole World In My Hands")

We've got the whole world by the bonds.
We've got the whole, wide world by the bonds.
We've got the whole world by the bonds.
We've got the Bank of England by the bonds.
We've got Khrushchev's strongbox by the bonds.
We've got offshore oilfields by the bonds.
We've got the whole world by the bonds.
We can raise circulation by the bonds.
We can build an empire by the bonds.
We can blackmail Puliam by the bonds.
We've got the whole world by the bonds.

"PARANOIA 99"—Joe Crystall as Grift Gritter. (1962)
STEEL
("Bali Hi")

Selling steel, you'll find me,
Just tell me how many feet.
I've got bars, rods and angles,
And a whole lot of sheet.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES
("Mutual Admiration Society")

We belong to the National Indigestion Society,
My Barry and me.
We belong to the National Indigestion Society,
I say that Kenedy is red,
And he says so is brother Ted.
We're gonna raise an awful stink,
Because the army's turning pink.
And anyone who joins our cause,
Must disavow old Santa Claus.
His suit is red,
And that's enough for us.
My Barry and me.
For we belong to the National Indigestion Society,
My Barry and me.
We belong to the National Indigestion Society.
"So There It Is,
Our Gridiron Show"

So there it is,
Our gridiron show
That's all there is folks,
There ain't no more.
We got your money,
At least that's funny
So now you've had it.

We shoved it to you,
Hope you're not mad.
But if you are folks,
That's too damn bad.
But now we're thinkin'
It's time for drinkin'
The bar is open.
Photographs of Tucson Press Club officers and board of directors appear on the following pages:

PRESIDENT Dick Alexander page 18 • VICE PRESIDENT Joe Wilcox page 16 • SECRETARY Eleanor Rice page 7 • TREASURER Bob Thomas page 41 • DIRECTORS — Dominic Crolla page 18 • Joe Crystall page 38 • Ann Dalton page 32 • Tom Diddelston page 30 • Duane Langeliers page 17 • Jack Lamver page 42 • Bernie Sedley page 54 • Prior Pray page 45 • PAST PRESIDENT Peter Starrett page 38.
I WAS OFFERED A BRIBE -- BUT I REFUSE TO CALL IT THE GRID COPPER SHOW...
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