SPIKE DOWN THE FACTS!


Southern Pacific
Tucson Press Club
Tucson, Arizona

Gridiron Show
April 8-9-10-11, 1964

Theme: Those Were
The Weeks
That Was

MISS HELLBOX
1964
Lois Harper

Program: Pages 28-29
Song Lyrics: Pages 49-55
“Listen, Tiger,

you play four winners when you

Play the BIG

TUCSON GREYHOUND PARK
36th STREET & THIRD AVENUE

POST TIME: 8 P.M. EVERY WEDNESDAY thru SUNDOAY
"GIRLS, GIRLS! Have you heard the news? The PROWLER'S in OUR neighborhood!"

Congratulations
and
Best Wishes
to the
TUCSON PRESS CLUB
Members and Guests

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TPC 1964
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Sleep Is OUR Business . . .

It's your own business if you don't

Tucson
HIWAY HOUSE
1601 Miracle Mile
MA 4-8541

FOR A SHAKEY GOVERNMENT VOTE IN THE "PIZZA PARTY"

SHAKEY'S PIZZA PARLOR
1060 North Craycroft

ONLY A BANK CAN OFFER COMPLETE FINANCIAL SERVICE

The Arizona Bank
The Bank of Tucson
First National Bank of Arizona
Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company
Union Bank
Valley National Bank
In and Out

I was reading a magazine article the other day telling what is "in" and what is "out" in Washington.

You know. Like everyone goes around yawning because President Johnson only gets six hours sleep a night.

All the ladies have yellow wardrobes because yellow is Lady Bird's favorite color. You get the idea.

Millie Clingerman and I were sitting around the Press Club the other day and started talking about what is "in" and what is "out" in Tucson.

In the first place, education is out. The one-room school house with the pot-bellied stove is in.

Anyone speaking to Bob Morrow, Herb Cooper, Hugh Summers or John Fahr is out.

Anyone caught alongside Norval Jasper is out. Jasper was once a school board member and the present school board proposed a bond—oh well, you know.

I'm not sure whether ambulance sirens are in or out. The Star hasn't mentioned them lately.

Williams is the most common last name in the United States. And brother, if your name is Williams, you are out in Tucson. It goes double if your first name happens to be Judy.

If you haven't robbed a Circle K store you're out.

School girls who have trouble with mathematics are in if they carry along a piece of chalk.

If your name is Corbett, Garmire is out.

If your name is Burg, you're out.

It is in for Republicans named James L. Kirk to be nice to Mayor Lew Davis.

It is in to run for sheriff.

It is also in to talk about running against Supervisor Dennis Weaver.

If you haven't been visited by a night prowler, you're nobody.

Beat your kid. That's in.

Nobody has run over a parking lot attendant in a long time so that's out.

It is in to wear an eye patch and shout at the county supervisors.

Someone on the corporation commission caught the flower fund custodian buying flowers. She's out.

If you like beer in seven-ounce cans, you're out.

Bribe a commissioner. That's in.
CLUB ABOGADO

We welcome young barristers
    Before our bar;
Where Kito's the judge
    And June is the star.
Your heated discussions
    We will not mitigate
As long as you're solely
    Members affiliate.

Down With the
Frog Leash Law!

-- Jerry Stowe

MOVING
BY
EXPERTS

TUCSON WAREHOUSE
and TRANSFER Co.
Think I have a chance against Margaret Chase Smith?
CONGRATULATIONS
TUCSON PRESS CLUB
ON YOUR GRIDIRON
SHOW FOR 1964

ARIZONA INN
2200 East Elm

DESERT INN MOTOR HOTEL
1 North Freeway

DESERT WILLOW RANCH
Rt. 2, Tanque Verde Road

DOUBLE U RANCH
North Sabino Canyon Road

EL CONQUISTADOR HOTEL
3601 East Broadway

FLAMINGO HOTEL
1300 North Stone

HIWAY HOUSE
1601 Miracle Mile

HOLIDAY INN
1010 South Freeway

LANAI APARTMENTS
3727 East Fifth Street

LODGE ON THE DESERT
306 North Alvernon Way

MONTCLAIR APARTMENT HOTEL
811 North Alvernon Way

PIONEER INTERNATIONAL
80 North Stone

RAMADA INN
404 North Freeway

SADDLE & SURREY RANCH
4110 Sweetwater Drive

SANDS MOTOR HOTEL
222 South Freeway

SANTA RITA HOTEL
Scott at Broadway

SANTA RITA LODGE
Amado, Arizona

TUCSON BILTMORE MOTOR HOTEL
2775 Miracle Mile

TUCSON INN
127 West Drachman

TUCSON NATIONAL GOLF CLUB
8300 North Club Drive

TANQUE VERDE RANCH
Rt. 2 East Speedway

WESTWARD LOOK RANCH INN
245 East Ina Road

WHITE STALLION RANCH
Silverbell Road

THE ABOVE ARE ALSO MEMBERS OF THE ARIZONA STATE & AMERICAN HOTEL-MOTEL ASSOCIATION
Instant Novellas
by FREDRIC BROWN

Standish gave himself up to the police. "I killed a man," he said. "I thought it was a perfect crime, but I made a mistake." They asked what his mistake had been. "I killed a man," he said.

At thirty, a woman who had never had a proposal decided to learn what was wrong and went through analysis. She learned that she had no complexes or problems; she was just naturally unpopular.

Ferdinand, because he had been abandoned as an infant by a woman whose identity was never discovered, was popularly assumed to be a bastard. He did his best to live up to the reputation.

A certain Nazarine got the idea that meekness is a virtue. Everyone knows what they did to Him for that. And in the most hip and modern meaning of the phrase He's still there, hung up.
Little Red Riding Hood was shocked when the wolf, after revealing that he was not really her grandmother, made an indecent suggestion. She insisted that they follow the script.

Padre Martinez converted a tribe of cannibals. Unfortunately, when he introduced them to the sacrament of holy communion, they failed to understand its symbolism, and ate him.

Howard thought the perfect crime would be the murder of a perfect stranger. He tried it, but was caught. The police learned the stranger had not been perfect; he had been Howard's wife's lover.

In Czarist Russia, a student once became so curious about the question of oblivion versus immortality that he killed himself to learn the answer. If he learned it, he never reported back.

Gretchen took home and to bed a handsome young man who told her he was Prince of the Frogs in disguise. Next morning, finding a frog in the girl's bed, her mother never did believe her story.

The body of an unidentified man was not found at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street. This is not strange, for he had been the last man alive.

When, after a long and utterly vicious life, Bertram died a painless, peaceful death, he confidently expected oblivion. He was quite horrified to wake in Hell.

Enraged by the failure of a second shoe to drop in the room above, Ferdinand rushed upstairs. He was chagrined to find himself about to attack a one-legged man.
Awaiting electrocution, Clyde was given the last meal of his choice. He beat the tap, eating so much of such rich food that he died of acute gastritis before they could get him to the chair.

In a dream Robert talked with his father but suddenly remembered: "Dad," he gasped, "you're dead!" "Be glad this is only a dream, son," his father snorted, "or I'd have to say, 'So are you!'"

The once popular wishing well at Ventuval was shunned by the public for a long time after Lucien’s visit to it. He had wished to die, and the well had granted him his wish.

A duke, jostled on the sidewalk by a serf, beat the man severely, then demanded apology. "Forgive me, master," said the serf, "for I am blind."

Madeleine woke in the night and found a ghost in her room. "Get out of here," she said firmly. "I don't believe in ghosts." "Neither did I," said the ghost, "until I became one."

When he married the sweet and demure Marie, Pierre didn't know how lucky he was until, on the night of their wedding, she called in her brother.

The tall homely man looked out over the crowd. "Eighty-seven years ago," he said, "our papipes started this Goddam country, on a freedom kick. Now we're messed up with a lousy civil war."

Padriac jumped from a skyscraper, was not surprised to be caught by his heels by an Angel—until, singing sweetly to him that suicide is sinful, she bashed out his brains against a ledge.
"FUTURE 20-STORY HOME OF
TUCSON FEDERAL SAVINGS"

SPANISH LESSON
A language where "v" sounds like "b"
Is certainly a meanie;
So when I say "de veras"
I think "sin bikini."

Sol Ahee
your state senator
with
sincerity o honesty
integrity o trustworthiness

Best Wishes to the
TUCSON PRESS CLUB
on its
Annual Gridiron Show

More Power To You!
Serving Rural Pima, Pinal and
Santa Cruz Counties Electrically . . .
WHO:  TPC and GOP
WHAT:  The Wining Touch
WHEN:  April 8 - 11 and July 13 - 18
WHERE:  Pioneer Hotel and Cow Palace
WHY:  Those Are The Weeks That Will Be!

—Barry Goldwater
U.S. Senator

—Paul Fannin
Governor

—Keith Brown
State Republican Chairman

—John Leonard
County Republican Chairman

'T'll get the front end Irving! You check her tail . . . light!'

— 15 —
Thirst
And
Love

BY MILDRED CLINGERMAN

In the days when I was knobly-kneed and grap-toothed and sat on the front row at the Orpheum Motion Picture Palace, Teddy Briscoe was my stepfather.

Drunk as a lord, Teddy would step his way dainty-footed and clean through the mud in Mexican town where he went often to buy tequila. Mexican town was set apart from the rest of the mining camp residences, and the adults of my world went there only for tamales and illegal liquor (for these were the prohibition years) or perhaps to harass a laundress who had lost somebody's best white shirt. Looking back, I realize that Teddy delighted in the people of Mexican town. Obviously, if they'd had any say about it, there'd have been none of this nonsense of prohibition, for instance. Anglo-saxon or heathen Chinee, a man could be starving for food or freezing for want of a coat, and Teddy wouldn't care. But if he ran across somebody, anybody, who needed a drink the worst way he'd bring that person home. Or if a man or woman suffered from unrequited love, Teddy would listen and weep and bring all these people home to drink beer.

He made the beer himself under the steps that led to our front porch. There were one hundred and ten steps that led from the canyon bottom to our door. The whole mining camp clung precariously to the hillsides.
and looked as if it were about to slide into the open pits at its feet. Under the steps Teddy had hollowed a little cellar, and I was sometimes allowed to cap the bottles he filled there, or astride a stick horse, with my heels dug in to keep from sliding downhill, set to watch vigilantly for the prohibition officers, whom we called "pro-lys." My little sister, Phyllis, I sometimes allowed to watch with me. Whenever he had time, Teddy taught Phyllis and me. The things he taught were wide, useless, lovely things. Everytime Phyllis watched for pro-lys she sang "My Little Heart is Every Minute Sighing," which was Teddy's favorite song. If we saw the prohibition officers coming, Teddy said, she was to sing it in French ... *Mon petit coeur a chaque instant soupir*... or, alternatively, the hymn, "Flee as a bird to your mountain, thou who art weary of sin."

Teddy was not always able to go to work after capping the new beer, but nobody expected him to work all the time. His father, an important Man Back East, had bought him the job here, because of a *terrible last scandal* (the whispers said), and so that he could drink himself to death out of sight of his mother and sisters. The old man, we heard, was afraid that this marriage with its ready-made family might reform his son, and had sent frantic messages to the superintendent of the mine to see what could be done to hasten Teddy's demise. The superintendent had wired back "We are mining copper here not killing errant sons give him time with luck I foresee D.T.'s by Christmas."

But when Christmas came Teddy was still working a day or two each week, and he had bought presents for everybody. For my mother he bought a portable phonograph that I enjoyed winding up, and a stack of records. While we unwrapped our gifts on Christmas morning Teddy played something called *The Mouzon Stomp*. His gift to Phyllis was a bottle of perfume shaped like a lion with a crown on its head. I had a white fur muff with ears on it, and Teddy taught us the names and dates of the four Witchcraft Sabbaths.

On Christmas afternoon with the snow thin and blowy, Teddy drove us in his roadster to the Orpheum and left us there, having paid the girl at the window with two dimes and a short lecture on Byzantine art, which he loathed. The minute Phyllis and I were settled on the front row we rolled our long stockings down around our ankles and our long underwear up above our knees and lowered the belts of our dresses. This made us feel flapperish and put us in the right mood for Ramon Navarro. Phyllis' reading was im-proving, I saw. This time I had only to read half the titles aloud.

We walked home, which meant we climbed steadily from the moment we left the theatre. Down in the pits they were blasting even on Christmas Day, and when we heard the seven hoots of the warning whistle we ran for one of the pathside shelters while large rocks rained around us. At home the house was full of suffering friends, and we were very busy carrying empty bottles to the cellar. In the kitchen we ate head cheese with vinegar and tamales made with the meat of succulent young, wild burros, or so the tamale man had told us. Afterwards Phyllis had to sit on the knee of the old Swiss yodeler and practice vocalizing. It made no difference how often Phyllis asserted she did not want to learn to yodel, almost every evening she was forced to practice. The old Swiss suffered from both the states Teddy thought important—thirst and love. The old man was in love with the postmistress, a handsome woman with gold teeth. She despised the old Swiss, and she was even unkind to Phyllis because Phyllis was forced to learn to yodel.

The post office was at one end of the company drugstore, where Phyllis and I liked to go because of all the stacks of candy boxes with pictures of pretty girls on the lids. The company confectionary sold better sodas, but its candy boxes were not so spectacular. The twisted white wire chairs, the smell of ice cream dippers soaking in water, the flash of the postmistress' teeth in the gloom—these are all a part of that time, and oddly, associated forever with Christmas. If I had one wild dream, I had a thousand. I walked about with them, containing them mostly, or else they concentrated and burned out through my eyes. Phyllis knew some of my dreams. She knew about the giant box of Miss Saylor's chocolates. It weighed ten pounds, and I coveted it with enough power and feverishness to pull the roof down on my head, I feared. Sometimes, sitting there in that white wire chair I actually thought that any minute the Baptist Sunday School (that met upstairs) would fall through the floor and destroy me. Because I promised somebody anything for that box of candy. But the days passed and nothing happened. I grew thinner and taller and came to know that my knees were knobbly, and sometimes I sensed the adults' amusement at the dreams that marked me. Phyllis, too, was a great nuisance.

The private language we'd made up was going from us, so that we had difficulty communicating in it,
but Phyllis tiresomely insisted we keep on trying to use it during every second that the grown-ups could not quite hear. Even so, I was sure that Teddy's eyebrows had raised, and I knew his hearing was acute. On this Christmas night when Phyllis came chattering it into the kitchen after practicing her scales, I would not answer her. I was sitting uncomfortably on top of the wood in the woodbox, with a book and an apple. Phyllis began to cry, and after a moment, I cried with her. The door opened, and a dark and desperate looking young man looked in at us. Teddy had found him in the tailor's shop that afternoon. (The tailor's shop was where you went for whisky when you tired of tequila.) He was an Easterner, Teddy said, who knew Teddy's family.

"Of course," Teddy pointed out to us right in front of the young man, "that does not mean for an instant that my family knows him." Then Teddy apparently forgot him and began to teach me how to snub gently all Easterners and young journalists with big feet.

Now the young man spoke to Phyllis and me in the kitchen.

"When a private language is forgotten, let it be forgotten. You'll find a better one soon. I promise. Please don't cry," he said in our own tongue; I swear it. Phyllis and I in our excitement and joy spoke freely before him (but in the plainest English), and it was easy that night to say anything. All the dreams tumbled out; how Phyllis loved the Baptist Preacher's twin sons and dropped love notes to them in saved-up aspirin boxes all the way home from church, but they never picked them up; how Teddy had promised to teach us Beginning Magic and Phyllis had bragged her way into disgrace when she failed to produce frogs in the girls' drinking fountain at school; how, yes, how I had offered to sell my soul for the purple box of candy at the drugstore, and the devil hadn't even bothered to listen. I believe I even spoke of doll's cool celluloid kisses, and blue wings flashing in the cedar, of smiles that grazed the flesh and fell somewhere past your shoulder, of nickel notebooks and clean, clean paper, and my fear of the piths that hoisted all night, calling for little girls to feed on.

Long before I had finished I found myself coated and capped, and I was alone with the young man in Teddy's roadster, and we were roaring around the curves to the company drugstore. Lights blazed red and green, and there was a merry smile and a heavy load. In my arms I held the ten pound box of Miss Saylor's chocolates. The purple ribbon would have whipped in the cold wind if I hadn't bent over to save it. On the crest of one of the hills we had just driven up the dark man parked the car.

"I'm glad I found," he said. "So early, I mean."

"Yes," I said, and I tried to remember a song that would be good to sing at such a time. But my mind was a wide, navy blue expanse with silver waves like scallops.

"The last time around," he said angrily, "finding you was a bit too difficult. How long are you going to keep this up?"

"How long?"

"Yes. You can break the spell at any time, at any time you please. You know that, don't you? You remember, of course?"

"Remember?"

"How you cursed our lives, so that we endlessly search, life after life, and find each other, and I'm impossibly old, or you're impossibly young, or else I'm a cat and you're the bird, the blue wing flickering in the cedar..."

"And the spell... how can I break it?"

"Can you love what is ugly and old and ill? Can you love the cat that kills; can you eat the little round hard lies and no idee of them? Can you love the young one that whines and frets and smells? Can you love the callow, pimply youth who intones his own poems with a bray like an ass? Can you, in short, love me as I am, not as you would have me be?"

"Oh," I said, "I love you because you are dark and desperate-looking."

"Oh, God," he sighed. "The time is not yet. I'd better take you home."

My mother dragged me forward into the light of the kitchen with gray-sagging face.

"Have you hurt her? Are you all right?" she yelled at me in a strange, tight voice. "You had no right... What do you think, Missy, running off like that with God knows who..."

She grabbed the box of candy from me and whirled and confronted the dark young man with it as if it held unspeakable things. "You took the car," she said. "You went without asking, without telling... What do you think... she's only a baby. Do you think you can get away with acting like this..."

Suddenly Teddy was in the kitchen with us. He looked at all the faces. For the first time I noticed that Phyllis had moved most of the wood out of the woodbox and was sitting in it, eating an apple, reading my book. The copycat. Teddy reached out very carefully and slapped my mother.

"Baby," he said, "Relax. It's okay. I tell you this. I know. Please go to bed."

My mother smiled very stiffly and tearfully at everybody and left the room. In the living room I could hear the old Swiss talking wildly and sweetly of the post-risstress. On the scarred kitchen table the box of candy looked scarcely ruffled at all. Here, all by itself, it looked even larger than it had in the drugstore. There was no reason on earth for my heart to feel smothered and heavy. The dark, desperate-looking young man stood pale and ill under the kitchen light staring at the worn linoleum. Teddy snapped his fingers.

"Sing, sing, Phyllis, sing the watching song, and I am going to teach these sad, ignorant people the correct sneer for a licentious duchess in a crowded duck blind."

Snap, snap went Teddy's fingers, and waveingly Phyllis sang, "My little heart is every minute sighing..." and that was the end of Christmas.
Look, Lew! Here's a Helluva location for the Convention Center!
Bienvenidas Amigos

Specializing in home-cooked MEXICAN FOOD

Two Convenient Locations
3602 E. Grant. . . . . Phone 327-3473
4245 E. 22nd. . . . . Phone 327-3473

Compliments of the
LAND TITLE ASSOCIATION OF ARIZONA

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Thank God for the right-to-work law!
"God Bless You All . . ."
— Tiny Tim
KAL RUBIN CITY

Jack Ellis
Sporting Goods

45 E. Broadway
MA 2-2372
Best Wishes

Chez Josef Salon of Beauty

COUTURE & HAIR FASHIONS

1927 E. Speedway EA 7-5711

‘Theatre for Young People’

SHIRLEY POLIAKOFF, Director

Graduate
Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London

Enroll Your Boy or Girl In
For Information:
One of Our Acting Classes
EA 5-9494, 624-0741

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LA FUENTE
BAR & RESTAURANT
the best in Mexican food
Joe L. Huerta
1749 MIRACLE MILE STRIP

WE LOVE EVERYBODY!
The Pima County Attorney’s Office

*Norman E. Green, county attorney, and 11 other deputies who are still wondering if this ad is worth $1.66 per man.

ARIZONA LAND TITLE BUILDING

STONE & ALAMEDA

Skyroom
OF TUCSON

High atop one of Tucsons finest office buildings you’ll find Tucson’s finest restaurant—the Skyroom—featuring quality food—attentive service—and a beautiful view of the city lights.

* NO COVER CHARGE *

Fashion shows and music for dancing.
It’s Tucson’s biggest restaurant bargain with luncheons from $1.00—Dinners from $2.75—Try it!

TED FIO RITO AND HIS ORCHESTRA
FOR RESERVATIONS — JUST PHONE

622 - 7404

Enjoy an evening at the Skyroom with family or friends — Valet parking after 5:30
O.K. NOW do I get the beer?
All the best to the best
Press Club in the West
GRUNEWALD & ADAMS
JEWELERS
60 E. Congress & El Con Shopping Center

Best of luck
on this year's show
Sheriff
WALDON V. BURR
Discovery of New Planet

by JAY MILLER

This is Jay Miller, Emphasis World Beat. Dateline: Tucson. Nearly six trillion miles from the earth, deep in cold glittering space, a new planet has just been discovered. Certain facts are known of the planet; it's 500 times the size of the earth, it is outside our solar system, the planet is inhospitably cold — about 300 degrees below zero — and it is there but as yet no astronomer has actually seen it.

Its discovery was as fine a piece of scientific detective work as anyone could ask for and astronomers assembled here in Tucson for the annual convention of the American Astronomical Association were properly impressed by its announcement.

The story of this new planet belongs to Dr. Peter van de Kamp, a professor of astronomy at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. Some 47 years ago, van de Kamp's predecessors at Swarthmore began photographing the sky in the area of a constellation called Serpent Hoeler. They were interested in a modest little visible star called Barnard's Star — about one-sixth the size of the sun and our second closest star neighbor.

Twenty-five years ago, van de Kamp began picture taking in earnest of the region, with some photographs taken every year until on a total of 619 nights some 2413 pictures were made of Barnard's Star and especially of a very peculiar movement that it had.

Astronomers have long known that a single star moves across the sky in a straight line. But if it has a travelling companion, such as a planet, the star will wobble because of the gravitational pull of its neighbor. The mass of an unseen neighbor can even be computed by the amount of wobble of the visible star.

And so, Dr. van de Kamp set out to look over his 2413 photographs, measuring Barnard's Star's wobble and found that it measured one-twenty-thousandth of an inch on his photographic plates. After 3600 hours of study, he found that Barnard's Star did indeed have a definite and regular wobble that took 24 years to make a complete cycle and that it had, tagging along with it, an unseen planet that was 500 times the size of the earth.

He called his find Barnard's Star B — the capital letter B. The planet was figured to be a black dwarf which could only be seen by the light it reflects — like the earth. No earthbound telescope could see its light for it was far too faint.

In terms of distance, Barnard's Star B is six light years from us, which means that even if we could get spacemen to travel at the speed of light — nearly seven million miles a minute — it would take six years for them to reach our most recently discovered planet.

To a layman, if nothing else, the discovery might produce a note of humility. If a planet 300 times the size of the earth and relatively near us is this hard to find, who knows what else is out there?

Is This
Bobby Baker?
NO, IT'S
MO UDALL
Member of
TUCSON PRESS CLUB
and U. S. CONGRESS
Nieve! Neige! Schnee! Snow!

Snowfall Stuns, Delights

A CITY IN WHICH
Snow Puts Crimp In Air Travel

Crematoriums Insist
On Rigid Containers

ACTION: PLEASE INVESTIGATION
Casket Not Required By Law When Body To Be Cremated

By Adl. Baynes

Snowfall continues this morning in Tucson, with temperatures in the high 30's, causing widespread closures of businesses and schools. The city has issued a snow emergency, with roads becomingtreacherous for motorists and pedestrians. Police are urging drivers to slow down and exercise caution.

Snowfall is expected to continue throughout the day, with accumulations reaching up to 6 inches in some areas. The National Weather Service has issued a winter weather advisory for the region.

Snowplows are working overtime to clear the roads, but the heavy snowfall has made it a challenging task. Residents are urged to stay indoors if possible, and to be prepared for power outages and other disruptions.

Despite the freezing temperatures, many are enjoying the snowfall, with children playing in the snow and families hosting snowball fights. Outdoor activities have been curtailed, but the snow has brought a sense of wonder and joy to Tucson.

Other stories and pictures can be found on Page 20. A full page of photos of the Tucson snowfall can be seen on Page 20.
Best Wishes
to the
Tucson Press Club
from
HOPE'S
BEAUTY SALON
2404 Miracle Mile Strip
MA 4-4802 or MA 4-5840

Paid for by
Goldwater for President
Committee

Need An Analyst?

Bring Your Problems To
Baum & Adamson
EXPERT SERVICE
Serving Tucson Over 39 Years
296 N. Stone
Those Were the Weeks...

That Was

Act 1

Opening Chorus:
JaCk LauVeR,
Pete TayLor,
FraNk RiCHarDsOn,
Ralph Hamilton,
AcE BushNeLL,
DiCK CaSeY,
Dick Alexander,
MiKE BroWn

WHENEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Robert Raylton.....Dick Calkins
Martin Rogers.....Jack Sheaffer
Star...............Judy Williams

Davis..............Joan Gibson
Tom Jay............Pete Taylor
Low Davis..........Rudy Sudigala

PRAISE THE ALMIGHTY BUCK

Oral Roberts.....Ralph Hamilton
Billy James
Hangis.............Steve Emerine
Jack Armstrong.....Dick Calkins

It's A DOG's Life

Will The Real BARRY GOLDWATER

ALL Stand Up?
Barry Goldwater.....Pete Taylor
Dallas Reporter.....Dick Calkins
Detroit Reporter.....June Sedley

New Orleans Reporter..Mildred Clingerman
Tucson Reporter.....Jack Lauver

Wither CANAL STREET

EAST Of The SUBWAY

Hollywood Director...Pete Taylor
Steady Eddie........Tony Rogers
Ruby Pete...........Jo Sudigala
Wicked Witch Of
The Wizerson.....Rudy Sudigala
Prince Pederson.....Gerry Alch

Act 2

BACK EAST IN
HAYDEN, D.C.

Stew Udall........Dan Pavillard
No Udall...........Pete Taylor
Carl Hayden.........Jay Abbey
Paul Fussell.....Bernie Rabinovitch
Bob Allen..........Bob Thomas
Mike Morris.....Rudy Sudigala
San Goddard.....Bill Hopkins
Miss Arizona.....Rusty Brown

Jack Sullivan
and
Ed Parr
BeRniE SeDley
and
PeTe StaRReTT

$ $
THE SHOWS
of Kill-A-Man Morrow
(Or, BONDS AWAY!)

Sweet Judy
William...Jackie Rogers

Daddy Delbert
Sesit...Tony Rogers

Uncle
Bob Morrow...Steve Emerine

John Q. Pigeon...Dave Pakula

Dangerous Dan
McKinney...Dan Pavillard

PANNED

Parenthood

Junior Kildoff...Ace Bushnell

Gerry Geronimo...Gerry Alch

Wyatt Earp...Dick Casey

Father Higgins...Dominic Crolla

Clifford Beatty...Kathy Thomas

and Shirley Poliakoff

Mama Beatty...Kay Getzweiller

Barrie Ackerman...Jeanine Starrett

(4)

Manny, Moe

& Nanny

Dick Alexander, Mike Brown,
Ralph Hamilton, Pete Taylor

(5)

HOW
DRY
THE DESERT
ISN'T

Teenage Tipplers...Ace Bushnell,
Jack Lauver, Mike Brown

Dave Brinegar...Pete Taylor

Sheriff
Walden Burns...Julian Tuthill

Sexy Coeds...Rusty Brown,
Chic Fannin

Cool Cats...Dick Alexander,
Steve Emerine

Policeman...Bill Hopkins

Deputies...Ralph Hamilton,
Frank Richardson

TRY...

TUCSON
FOIST
(or, Cosa Nostra At
The Salad Bowl)

Bernie Roth...Dick Casey
Jim Corbett...Jim Johnson
John Breghla...Bob Thomas
Joe Valachi...Gerry Alch
Henchman...Bernie Rabinovitz
Hood...Tony Rogers

THE

Truth

About The
Corporation
Commission

Cast to be announced,

CREDITS

GENERAL DIRECTOR
Robert Keyworth

Coordinating Director
Peter Macaroni

GENERAL CHAIRMAN
Steve Emerine

Script and Song Writers
Steve Emerine, Jay Hall,
Jim Coover, Ace Bushnell,
Dick Casey, Joe Crystall,
Bernie Seeley, Pete Starrett,
Dick Alexander, Jess Riggle

Pianist
Don Macy

Drummer
Paul Humphrey

Production Chairman
Ann Dalton

Lights
Judi Schultz, Bonay Scott

Costumes
Page Sanchez, Libby Kittle,
La Greca Archer, Peggy Hopkins

Make-up
Flo Harratty, Thelma Cates,
Judy Mascioni

Props
Francis Harratty, Howard Brown

Ushers
Carolyn Emerine, Pat Casey,
Betty Bushnell, Nancy Lauver,
Gloria Preston, Mary Gerdan,
Ginny Schumacher,
Mariea Berry, Betty Callins,
Scotty Dobeme, Binky Manning

Billboards
Eller Outdoor
Why I Work

by MARGARET NICHOLS

Recently serious surgery has given me more time on my hands than I can cope with. Physical exertion out, my mind has become over-burdened by self-analysis. One troubling question has been answered. "Just why the hell do I work?" The answer is so simple, it's academic. "It's to get out of the G—D—- house, of course."

Next to my bed is a pretty blue telephone. That's not what I call it. It is a cursed instrument of torture. When it rings I answer expectantly hoping some friend or relative is calling to break the monotony. A cheerful voice inquires, "Are you and your husband adequately insured? Are your funerals provided for?" I answer honestly, "Yes, we are worth more dead than alive."

The next call is challenging. A zealous voice asks, "Are you saved?" My reply, "Hell no, are you?" satisfies her. The phone is quiet for five blessed minutes. A sweet voice queries, "Can you feed your family of four on $19.00 a week?" Not to be taken in by that teaser, I retort, "We sure as Hell can't, if you can be our guest."

Well-meaning neighbors like to keep you informed on what's going on in the neighborhood, not that you care less. It's difficult to ignore them, though, when they call to tell you that your definitely pregnant short-haired cat is chasing ground squirrels into the high-class psychiatric hospital across the road. Your answer, "Hell, she knows who's nuts," isn't classic but the informer does hang up.

There is another type of call which is a plea for help. It makes one feel mean, nasty and useless to refuse to take up the cancer collection in the block or to say

Con't on next page
"no" to baking one hundred frosted cupcakes for the church bake sale.

The doorbell isn't a cheerful little bellful, it's a damn nuisance. I walk slowly and almost painlessly to the front door and should know that a friend would not buzz but would come right in. I am a sucker for surprises, though. Boy, am I surprised when the usher is only a water softener salesman inquiring, "Is your water soft enough?" Remembering the hospital vividly I startle him into a hasty exit by answering, "No, hard as Hell, and yours?"

The next time the doorbell rings I try not to hear it but it rings and rings and rings. Finally in desperation I pull the door open abruptly, am about to scream "What the hell do you want?" when an angelic little voice begs, "May I, please, come in to watch your bird?"

"Of course, honey, come right in."

If I were at work I would not have to speculate on how long it will take our long-haired, unpregnant calico female cat to eat the saucy, blue parakeet. Long, patiently and wistfully she gazes with glazed, greedy green eyes at the restless bird. I watch tiredly but closely until she springs with studied grace at the wire cage then I swat her soundly on the fanny with a long, folded magazine. I know she will try again and again until victory is achieved.

My husband, the dear, does call. His pleasant, "Well, darling, have you had a quiet, restful day in bed?" doesn't soothe my jangled nerves. Even the cheerful Doctor's call, "Well, kiddo, how are you doing?" doesn't unruffle me.

Daytime TV shows are an insult to morons. Who 'Backroads of Life?' My twelve-year-old daughter has wants to view "Every Gal's a Queen Sometime" or thoughtfully left her record player complete with her favorite tune. I switch it on hopefully. Loud, raucous music blasts forth. The words sound like "Yeh, Yeh, Oh Yeah, I Want Your Hand." Off with the record player and on with the tiny transistor tucked under my pillow. It must have been connected to the player because the same sound blares out of it. Just who was the joker who said, "There's no place like home?" He was right.

On a corner table are the books I so carefully selected to read during my long leisure. Their titles scare the Hell out of me, "Murder in the Stacks," "Death on the Operating able," "The Incompetent Physician," "Funerals Are Cheaper Now," "Death by Boredom" and "You Can't Leave Here Alive."

"Please, please, I shout, "Let me get well quickly so I can get the Hell back to work. If I don't I'm going to stumble across the road and follow my cat."
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Pima County Assessor

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ill's nag ye,
It's time to switch to
Knagge!

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DEMOCRAT
FOR SHERIFF
PIMA COUNTY

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TRY —

Remember —
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Frog Leash Law!

-- Frank Kalil

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FOR LESS?

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AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
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$10,000
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MOST POWERFUL
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Shamrock Dairy
She was a looker ... damn pretty too.
... bedroom eyes that kinda made you think life was worth living again ... 

And she didn't think I was the worst tramp in that old two-bit town ... or that my soul already was resting in hell. I lived on the other side of the tracks and didn't know what new shoes were until I was 12.
... clackety, clackety, clack ... the rhythm of the rails were singing a forlorn tune ...

It will be good to get home. Eight years of useless roaming came to an end recently when a dilapidated letter finally reached me in the depths of the Venezuelan oil country ... I was supposed to be met in Dallas.
... clackety, clackety, clack ... the whistle was shrill.

It seems like 800 years ago that I left the stomping grounds of Rainbow Bend ... located in the desert country of southwest Texas.

God, she was a looker ... 

My real name is Joaquin, but throughout the world I am known as Mike — the damnest two-fisted fighter from the jungles of Brazil to the desert of the Nile ... 

I always fought for a reason — maybe because of that good looking gal back home ... maybe I hated myself for leaving her in the Bend country.
... the poverty of Hong Kong, the native battles of the Gobi and the near riots in Calcutta were right up my alley. The Taj Mahal would do her justice.

But always the hungry mouths and desolate eyes of the children who needed food and affection ... how wonderful were their dirty faces ... They made you feel life was worth while.

Still, I never could forget that gal — blonde hair, slightly blue eyes and a kind smile that melted you into submission ...

I have seen thousands of broads around the world,

... clackety, clackety, clack ... the tracks were well worn.

"Mike," the beat-up letter read. "Mike, really I never meant to hurt you none ... I never liked that Jones character before or after we were married ... he thought he could buy my soul and forever needle you ... please, Mike, come home."

It was long ago that I left — full of brandy and hate, which were all mixed with love.

"No damn woman could ever make a fool of me," I screamed. What a true statement. You can't make a fool of one who's a fool already.

My mind's fuzzy. I should be arriving in Dallas and then heading for Rainbow Bend ...

But that noise — clackety, clack — is rattling my banged up brain. Malaria contacted in the Pacific is giving me a fever. Where is my gal?

I haven't ridden the rails since Naples. Hell, that was in World War II while going to the front ... the train never made it — the Germans shot it to hell.
The rhythm of steel against steel was slowing down ...

A soft white elbow nudged my ribs slightly. I opened my eyes and a husky drooling voice said, "Wake up, Mike. We are nearing home.

"Here's a picture of the twins — Billy and Mike Jr. They look like you. Both have red hair and freckles. They just turned seven a couple of months ago ... they're tougher than nails, Mike, and are waiting for you ... ."

From our pullman window, I could see the coyotes waiting and moon setting in the west as the iron horse streamed into town.

"Hi, sweetheart," I murmured. "You're still a looker — prettier than ever. In time ... maybe you will love me again . . ."
A girl doesn’t have a chance . . . now I have to worry about lung cancer!
On Voting

By STEVE EMERINE

Do ME a favor this year — don't vote.
Stay at home on both the primary and general election days.

From a newspaperman, that may sound strange. I'd venture to say that virtually every newspaper you read between now and November will urge you at one time or another to get out and vote this fall.

Not me. I'd just as soon you didn't.

There are many people in Tucson, Arizona, and the nation who either know pretty well now how we'll vote later this year or else we intend to know well in advance of the elections. We know that if we vote in a block, we'll be reasonably assured of electing our candidates.

We know, for instance, that even in the 1960 presidential election, less than two-thirds of the people who were eligible bothered to vote. And the winner of that election got only a few more votes than the loser. That means that President Kennedy was elected by only about a third of the eligible voters. If Nixon had won, he, too, would have been president of all the people because of the votes of a third of the people.

In state and local elections, even fewer people vote. Last year, for example, Mayor Davis was re-elected by 19,000 of the 37,000 people who voted. Yet nearly 70,000 were eligible. Without detracting from him, it boils down to the fact that he's mayor today because of little more than a fourth of the Tucsonians eligible to vote.

That's why I don't want you to vote this year. The people who share my political beliefs feel that we can get out a hard core of between 25 and 35 per cent of the registered voters to vote our way. We figure this will elect our candidates.

Of course, you might vote along with us if you vote. But we'd rather not take the chance. The odds are good that you would vote for a good conservative for one house of congress and for a good liberal for the other. In our view, this messes things up. One offsets the other. We'd rather have you stay at home so we can risk all or nothing.

If you insist on voting despite my urgings, at least follow these tips:

1—Avoid reading anything about the candidates or hearing them on radio or television.

2—Don't discuss politics with your friends, particularly those who might know more about the candidates than you do.

3—Most important, avoid meeting or personally seeing any of the candidates. This leaves your mind in a virgin state.

The reason we want your mind in a virgin state is that we've worked on a pretty good program to handle those of you who are too stubborn to follow our advice and are going to vote anyway.

We intend to bombard you, no matter what you do, with our campaign slogans and promises. If you follow the three points outlined above, you're a cinch to be unable to tell whether or not we're telling the truth.

Therefore, you'll have to vote for our candidates — if we're successful in planting their names in your mind. In a big election, we find, some of you who insist on voting can't remember all of our candidates' names. This is another reason why we'd rather have you not vote at all.

Maybe by now you're getting mad at me and my co-workers. Maybe you don't like our way of doing things. Maybe you even think that we're subverting the traditional ideals of how a Democracy should work.

Well, that's too bad. That's the way we're going to handle it again this year.

Why don't you do something about it?
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Mountain Meadows Incident

by JAY MILLER

This is Jay Miller, Emphasis World Beat. Dateline: Mountain Meadows, Utah. Here in a lonely, wind-swept valley in southwestern Utah, marked by a pile of rocks, one of the West's least known tragedies occurred a little more than a century ago—the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Although its full story has never been told, and probably never will be, a new book, published by Arthur H. Clark, has appeared concerning a principal figure. The book is written by a Mormon, Juanita Brooks, and is called John Doyle Lee.

To understand John Doyle Lee and the massacre, it's first essential to know something of the violence and persecution that the Mormon Church endured after it was created in 1830. Founded in western New York State by Joseph Smith, who received a vision at the age of 14, the Mormon Church swiftly attracted converts and controversy, persecution and ultimately bloodshed. Driven ever westward as their farms and settlements were burned and their leader killed, the clannish Mormons finally moved to Utah in 1848 under the command of Brigham Young.

John Doyle Lee was a Mormon convert, who had been a mail clerk, a Mississippi riverboat fireman, a gambler and a bartender. He was a strong and colorful man. With his 19 wives and 74 children he helped colonize a remote section of southern Utah. But even here the Mormons found no peace. Their rebellious Utah territory was in constant trouble with the Federal government in Washington. In 1857 troops were ordered to Utah by President Buchanan and in the midst of this a wagon train of gentiles, as Mormons call non-believers, blundered on the scene at the worst possible time. It was rumored that members of this wagon train had been early tormentors of the Mormons back east, that they had poisoned Mormon waterholes, had named their oxen Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, and finally in an explosion of tensions on a bloody Thursday in 1857 the wagon train was attacked by Indians and Mormon white men who directed the Indians.

Later, John Doyle Lee admitted being there among many others while 120 of the settlers were slaughtered and buried in Mountain Meadows. But for years only occasional hints leaked out of the tragedy. Then, 18 years later, a trial was held for nine Mormons, including Lee, who were accused of directing the massacre of 120 people, but a local jury could not agree on a verdict. The next year, in 1876, John Doyle Lee, alone and conveniently excommunicated by his Church, was tried as a sole defendant. He admitted his participation but said he was acting under orders from the Church. In a Federal Court, Lee was found guilty of murder, and in 1877, nearly 20 years after the massacre, he faced a firing squad in Mountain Meadows.

For more than 80 years after his execution, Lee's Mormon relatives tried to clear their excommunicated ancestor of the total guilt for the massacre, and then, two years ago, to close this bloody chapter of the West, the Mormon Church reinstated John Dorle Lee to full Church membership. Jay Miller. NBC News, Mountain Meadows, Utah.
Creative Photography by

Hal Greene

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- 42 -
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Of course, this all takes a great deal of money — for instance the Pioneer International purchased well over a half million dollars in supplies in Tucson alone last year — we always try Tucson first!

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Pancho Robles Studies . . .

the Other View
The American Southwest

by JAY MILLER

DATELINE: The American Southwest.

For an Eastern motorist, a drive through the principal tourist highways of the southwest offers a magnificent study in contrasts. Perhaps nowhere else in the nation is there such great new country, as well as depressing examples of what we're doing to it.

Recently on an assignment, this reporter, who normally flies a light plane to cover his beat, had a ground-level fresh look at portions of three states, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.

The highways themselves were well constructed, the people basically friendly, and just off the main tourist roads, the real west is still there. But along the main routes, there was example after example of small town greediness. It is not too many years ago that some Arizonans operated privately-owned toll roads and, as elsewhere in the nation, these commercial instincts are still strong.

Douglas, Arizona, for example, sends strangers on a curving, prolonged and unnecessary detour through the business section, while a direct shortcut route lies unmarked along the railroad tracks.

Once inside many of these western highway towns, the driver is assaulted by a jumble of signs, cheapness, power and phone poles and high tension wires. If anyone has any doubts about how ugly some brand new parts of America are becoming, let him just try to take an attractive snapshot of these streets. He'll have to be an acrobat to avoid photographing a lacework of wires.

Many of these small western towns are now violently protesting being by-passed by proposed new federal interstate highways. In Arizona, full-page ads have appeared claiming the towns 15-and-25-mile-an-hour speed zones are promoting safety, and predicting economic doom if the main road is located a mile out of town.

Such is the pressure for "getting-my-money-now," as one Tombstone, Arizona, bar-owner told me, that she didn't mind if a new four-lane road through the historic old town would cut off part of her own front porch. In fact, she petitioned for it; the highway will also cover part of the exact area where the famous gunbattle at the OK Corral took place and will install a brilliantly lit modern traffic interchange in a town whose only hope is tourism and nostalgia.

On the highways themselves, with gorgeous blue-shadowed mountains in the background, glaring ugly signs lure the motorist to visit so-called zoos and to buy Indian bead-work. In Tucumcari, New Mexico, some of the Indian beadwork had been made in Hong Kong.

Along beer-can littered roads, we seem to be creating long thin dumps. "It's a wonder," one old-timer said, "that the Grand Canyon isn't filled with picnic bags."

He said he felt that in the name of progress — and indifference — we had done more to scar a virgin land with ugliness than all the Indian attacks had, added together.

"You really can't blame folks for trying to make a living," he said, "but I wish they'd use a little taste on The Trail of The Lonesome Duck."
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BROADWAY

and

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Is solely ablutional,
Must it invariably be
So wonderfully acoustical?

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TUCSON SPEEDWAY

6025 North Casa Grande Highway
Whatever happened to Urban Renewal?
Act 1

OPENING CHORUS

(HALLELUJAH)

Hallelujah! Tucson Press Club!
Hallelujah! Gridiron Show!
Hallelujah! Tucson Press Club!
Hallelujah! Gridiron Show!
Hallelujah! Gridiron Show!
Male fears raise female cheers,
This is Leap Year — Sixty-Four!
Hallelujah! Tucson Press Club!
Hallelujah! Gridiron Show!
Hallelujah! Tucson Press Club!
Hallelujah! Gridiron Show!

(Move into “He’s Got The Whole World In His Hands”)

We’ve got the whole year in our show,
We’ve got fifty-two weeks in our show,
We’ve got Feb Two Nine in our show,
We’ve got the whole year in our show!

We’ve got repeal of car inspection in our show,
We’ve got the feel of fall election in our show,
We’ve got the squeal for vivisection in our show,
We’ve got a wild collection in our show!

We’ve got that Valley known as Green,
We’ve got County Attorney Norman Green,
We’ve got Prowler-Rapist Robert Green,
We’ve got all the Greens in our show!

We’ve got that little bitty school bond — nineteen mill,
We’ve got those Twenty-Second blueprints — what a thrill,
We’ve got a quarterback-less ball team — always will,
We’ve got facts and figures in our show!

We’ve got the ever-rising morning Star,
We’ve got Billy Mathews, star of Star,
We’ve got that royal rover, bow-wow Star,
We’ve got all the Stars in our show!

We’ve got the whole year — yeah, yeah,
We’ve got fifty-two weeks — yeah, yeah,
We’ve got Feb Two Nine — crazy day!
Act I, Skit I

WHENEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET
(YOU'RE THE CREAM IN MY COFFEE)
You're the pound in my leash law
We split Faure and his crew,
You will always be
My necessity.
I'd be lost without you.
A library you will build us
We get water from you
You will always be
My necessity.
I'd be lost without you.
I like to work with you
Nobody else seems to
I think you are true blue
I am great and so are you
Oh, I'm your buddy from Ajo
You can just call me Lew
You will always be
My necessity.
I'd be lost without you.

Act I, Skit II

PRAISE THE ALMIGHTY
-- BUCK
(BIG "D")
You're Billy Hargis,
Ain't that swell?
You preach that Democrats
Will all go to hell
You're Billy Hargis,
My, oh yes!
Billy James — bigotry is your feature
Bee Jay — you were Bob Welch's teacher
Bee Jay — you're a helluva preacher — Yay-ay-y-y-y!
And you are Oral,
Goodness me!
With those healing hands
Anyone could see
You're Oral Roberts!
My, oh yes?
I mean Oral — what a helluva healer
Oral — you're not much of a kneeler
Oral — you're the world's greatest stealer—Yay-ay-y-y-y!

(These are a few of my favorite things)
Revival tents and faith healers galore,
I made more loot than a Goldwater's store
I treated cancer and even blood clots
Tucson is one of my favorite spots
Del Myers, Hurst, Amyx and Royden LeBrecht
Hunting in vain for something to protect
McKinney and Bowler and all of those clowns
Tucson is one of my favorite towns
Yes, Tucson is our favorite town!

Act I, Skit III

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE
(McNAMARA'S BAND)
Oh, my name is Martin Rogers,
Slickest lawyer in the land
I live it up and never work
For I have found a plan
Just find a wealthy heiress,
Even though she is a bitch
And life will be a life of ease
Without a single hitch
Fing always in your nog
You get air conditioned cadillacs
You spend and spend and spend and spend
And charge it to the dog

(SWINGING ON A STAR)
I would rather be just a star
Than a lawyer such as you
I would rather be a dog
Now a dog's life is not so bad
Not if you're rich
They don't even dare call me a bitch
And in show business I know I'll go far
Just like the Beatles and their Ringo Star
End upon Sullivan or Paar
And I will prove that I'm a star
All the talent I have's for sale
Producers will lead me by the tail
So though you may end up in jail
I could care less just where you are
I'll be a ringin', swingin' star!

(SUMMERTIME)
Better live it up
While Star is still kickin'
Cause when she's gone
So is your meal ticket . . .

(BOGGIE IN THE WINDOW)
How much is that residue a-sippin'?
How much has gone down the drain?
Martin Rogers, we'll give you a whippin'
It, in the end, there is none.

(I BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD)
I am going to live forever
Every dog must have his day
I am going to live forever
Just to throw the dough away
Can't you hear residuals howling
For a chunk of all that kale?
While my every wish is granted
Every time I wag my tail.
Act I, Skit IV

WILL THE REAL
BARRY GOLDWATER
ALL STAND UP?
(TRULY, TRULY FAIR)

Oh, I am for the working man,
And I am for the boss
I'm for total victory
With never any loss
I'm Barry Goldwater
Barry Goldwater
Everybody's candidate
Each bill in the Senate
I am ag'in it
That's what really made me great
Oh, I can say one thing today,
Tomorrow something else
With inconsistencies like that,
Who needs debate with Nelsen?
I'm Barry Goldwater
Barry Goldwater
Enemy of federal aid,
My tip to the pone;
Inherit a store
That's why I have got it made

(MR. WONDERFUL)

I get headlines
I make news
I predict that
I'll never lose
I am clearly on both sides, you see
Mr. Changeable, that's me!

Act I, Skit V

WITHER CANAL (STREET)?
(YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS)

Oh, I have cut your taxes
My name is LBJ
Remember in November
And be sure you vote my way
That Bobby Baker scandal
And my new stereo
Will never be an issue
At least in El Paso
I've a personal solution
It's a war on poverty
Let Bobby sell commercials
On Ladybird's TV
I've turned lights out in the White House
To save electricity
So I could put your taxes
And buy your vote for me

(AROUND THE WORLD)

Around the world, as you should know
In Africa and Viet Nam and in Guantanamo
Prestige is what we haven't got
In fact our foreign policy has really gone to pot
Each day we keep on losing face
In Nicosia, Gay Paree and almost every place
It seems they hate us all around the world
And possibly in outer space

(A-YOU'RE ADORABLE)

There's animosity
In Panama City
'Cause we don't wanna fly their flag
We haven't got a pal
Along the whole canal
Our Alliance for Progress hit a snag
We built that great big ditch
Now all they do is bitch
Though we have nearly kissed their rear
Tell them to go to hell
We'll build our own canal
I have the plans for it right here
We'll start in Mexico
Ships can sail to El Paso
Then we will excavate
From there to Goldwater's lake
Right here near Tucson
We'll just dig our way
To Puerto Penasco Bay
And our new canal is done!

(I'M A LONE COWHAND)

Vote for Goldwater
For the presidency
Then he'll have to stay
In Washington, D.C.
I'll let Tucson return to the sticks
I'll have stores in Scottsdale and in Phoenix
With Barry gone, I'll get in my kicks
I'll make more every day
Let Barry be Jefe

Act I, Skit VI

EAST OF THE SUBWAY

I'm going to tell the wizard
The only wizard we've got
We think he is a fizzle as a wiz
But there's always a chance that he's not
If ever a wizard I tell about you,
That wizard's the terrible tempered old Lou
I'm going to tell the wizard... the only old wizard we've got

(OVER THE RAINBOW)

Somewhere east of the subway
Not too far,
There's a land that you'll learn of
Where you can park your car
Somewhere east of the subway
Parking is free
There's no minimum purchase,
And you can take your key
Some day we'll get into our car
And go out shopping not too far
From El Con
Where Sears and Ward's and Levy's, too,
And Jacome's all wait for you
That's where you're welcome
Somewhere east of the subway
Smart folks shop
Smart folks never get tickets
They never see a cop
And you can park right by the door
For FREE!
It costs no more at an eastside store
Act II, Skit II

SECOND ACT CHORUS
(HALLELUJAH)

Hallelujah! Tucson Press Club!
Hallelujah! Gridiron Show!
Hallelujah! Tucson Press Club!
Hallelujah! Gridiron Show!

(Move into "He's Got The World World In His Hands")

We've got the whole year in our show,
We've got fifty-two weeks in our show,
We've got Feb Two Nine in our show,
We've got the whole year in our show!

We've got the Dodger Bums' Rush flavor in our show,
We've got Scott Rush's bum behavior in our show,
We've got bum-bearded Russian neighbors in our show,
We've got some bum-dingers in our show!

We've got those city-county planners planning peace,
We've got those shopping centers granting downtown peace,
We've got those Tucson youngsters seeking homemade peace,
We've got all the pieces in our show!

We've got Barry's charm, the Goldwater wave,
We've got Haydon in an old water stew,
We've got beer busts folding at Waterloo,
We've got H 2 Omens in our show!

We've got memories of Tucson on TV,
We've got "Today" Show, football, Hootenanny,
We've got Yalachs' praise of Mr. L and Mr. B,
We've got the whole gang in our show!

We've got the whole year — yeah! yeah!
We've got fifty-two weeks — yeah! yeah!
We've got Feb Two Nine — crazy day!
We've got the whole year in our show!

Act II, Skit III

PANNED PARENTHOOD
(I CAN DO ANYTHING BETTER THAN YOU)

She could do anything better than I can
Hall-Nelson, judo or snack in the pan
Yes I can!
No, you can't!
Yes I can!
I told her Higgins was fixin' my riggin's,
And I'd no longer be diggin' her riggin's
Yes you will!
No I won't!
Yes you will!
I'm a whole lot tougher than this little bluffer
I'm buildin' muscles for our daily tussies
You'll not get the best of me
Wanna bet? Just wait and see!
Now I can do anything better than you can
Not even Frank Eyman is tougher than I am
Are you sure?
And I'll come a cropper before Pima cotton
Yes I'm sure
If Higgins has done what I think, he's damned rotten
You're so right!
I'm in fight!
You're so right!
I'm a Tucson teenager who has gotten mannered!
I'm a Tucson matier goin' to her Creator!
I'm a rebel with a cause
I'm a pigeon without claws!

(BUCKLE DOWN, WINSOCKI)

Self-Defense is our school, Self-Defense!
We are ages from the Age of Innocence!
Our buddies at Ft. Grant
Know we're adamant
And they know our chant
Man, like it's never say you can't!
We have learned to bend the Golden Rule,
And to use each neighbor as a tool
Self-Defense is our school, Self-Defense!
We are imp's out pimpin' for our impudence!
Our buddies at Ft. Grant
Know we're adamant
And they know our chant
Man, like it's never say you can't!
Act II, Skit IV

MANNY, MOE, HOOT & NANNY

THIS TOWN IS YOUR TOWN

This town is your town
This town is my town
From the Catalinas
To the sheriff’s Dog Pound
From the Santa Cruz...er
To the El Encanto river
This town was made by you and me.
We’ve got South Park and McCormick and Meyer
I guess those landlords didn’t have a site
What this place needs is a Chicago fire.
This town was made by you and me
With politics lying
Bond issues dying
The governments buying
And the taxpayers crying
Well, just remember
Come next November
This town is run by you and me
This town is run by you and me

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD,
CHICK FANNIN

Hang down your head Chick Fannin
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Chick Fannin
For what you did you ought to die
Went to a lawyer’s office
Paid him a big fat fee.
Went to a lawyer’s office
Just to be mean to Judge
(Repeat Chorus)
This time next year
Reckon where she’ll be
Hadn’t been for the School Board
She’d have lots more money
(Repeat Chorus)

HAVA TEQUILA

Hava Tequila
Hava Tequila
Hava Tequila, we’re from U. of A.
Hava Tequila
Hava Tequila
Hava Tequila, we went Guayanal way.
We went to Guayanal town,
We knocked a policeman down.
Now we rot in a Mexican bastille.
We’re sorry as can be,
Won’t someone set us free,
We’d stay home Easter, if we could make a deal,
Oh woe,
Woe is me,
We’ll stay home, come next Easter,
Won’t even go to see our seester;
We’ll stay good, at least till next year.
Then we’ll go,
Then we’ll go,
Down to Acapulco.

IT TAKES A WORRIED MAN

Rocky’s in the living room, Nixon’s in there too.
Barry’s in that big front door, but to come on through.
While Lyndon’s in the White House, oh, Lord, what shall he do?
He’s worried now, but he won’t be worried long.
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
I’m worried now, but I won’t be worried long.

Oh, Lazarow. I long to hire you
Away, you swingin’ lawyer.
Oh, Lazarow. I long to hire you
Away, I found a way.
I’ll even bribe the jury.

In a canyon, Sabino Canyon.
Excavatin’ for some wine.
Lived Dave Wiener, sixty-nine.
And his daughter, Rubenstein.

He had a dark a roving eye and his bums hung down in ribbets.
He was a nice guy, a proper guy, not one of the Harvill kind.

Can you make a jury cry, Judge Molloy, Judge Molloy.
Can you make a jury, charming Johnny.
You can make a jury cry quick as a witness tells a lie.
She’s a young thing and cannot plea to murder.

Jimmy Kirk’s boring and I don’t care.
Jimmy Kirk’s boring and I don’t care.
Gimme Kirk Storch, he’s just a square.
Their mayor’s gone away.
Corbett’s on a crusade, he’s not a fool.
Corbett’s on a crusade, he’s not a fool.
Corbett’s on a crusade, he’s not a fool, he’s.
Hip to Mayor Lew and Garmire.

Each morn we rise up with the sun.
We wash and light the fire.
We read the editorials from
William R., the Star Messiah.
Messiah, Messiah.
They call old Bill—Messiah.

All day I’ve faced the Rifkind case without a taste of water.
Gold, Gold Water.
Don’t you listen to him, Stu.
We don’t need you.
We’ll go to Moe for water.
V. O. and water.
Water.
Act II, Skit V

HOW DRY THE DESERT ISN'T

(IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING)

It's a grand night for drinking!
"Hi," high school gang, "Get high!"
To Mother and Dad, our performance is bad,
They wish that their offspring ran dry!
It's a grand night for wooing!
A beer bust is a must!
The beer isn't near,
We're "way out" with our cheer —
And each bust must be a REAL bust!
Three cheers, three cheers for lust!

(AIN'T SHE SWEET)

Ain't Pete sweet?
Even if he's indiscreet —
He's our hero — we don't want no heroin!
Ain't Pete sweet?

(ROLL OUT THE BARREL)

All hail our sheriff
Here's to our Sheriff Waldon!
He's our protector —
He keeps the Deputies' Fund!
He collects each pay day,
We hand out just a small sum —
Our Fund must be good insurance —
Or pay day would never come!
All hail our sheriff,
Here's to our Sheriff Waldon!
He's our Big Daddy —
Working for him is great fun!
He hits us for kickbacks,
You may be wondering what for —
Cause when Waldon's re-elected —
We'll be kicked back in FOUR more!
We'll be kicked back in FOUR more!

Act II, Skit VI

TRY TUCSON FOIST . . . (or,
COSA NOSTRA AT THE SALAD BOWL)

(IT'S A LOVELY DAY TODAY)

Oh, the sunshine's gonna glow
And the moonshine's gonna flow
It's a such a lovely day
For livin' in Tucson!

(CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME)

Cosa Nostra, what a clan!
Cut-rate killin' — family plan!
Hey, Tucson! Hey, Tucson! Bloody good town!
Hey, Tucson! Hey, Tucson! We're forsakin' Apalachin!
Cosa Nostra, gang's all here!
Spread the good words — hate and fear!
Open up the Salad Bowl
Cosa Nostra's gonna roll!

(VOLARE)

Valachi
Greatest since Bing!
Valachi
Man, can he "sing!"
I made my teetee debut,
I sang a new tune or two,
Everytime that I squealed some
I shot up my Nielsen
Scored high on each FBI cue!
I'm a hit with the sponsor
'Til hit by a bomb, sir
Pizza me!

Valachi
Don't be so sad!
Valachi
You ain't all bad!
I blew the whistle on Joe,
He's still a top Bonanno,
Though I may be his godson
I may join the rod, son
And it's hard to breathe down below
And by all that's unholy
There's Pete Licavoli
Spaghetti! That'll be me!
Spaghetti?
Pizza pie?
Mixed up — that'll be me!

(ON WISCONSIN)

Cosa Nostra, Cosa Nostra
Right here in Tucson
With Licavoli and Bonnano
We will carry on
Cosa Nostra, we are with you
With you every way
You've showed us in Tucson
That crime can pay!
THOSE WERE THE WEEKS
THAT WAS

Those were the weeks that was
Bob Boker was a cut
Davis and Corbett fight
Poor Hogan the cop, he got a little tight

Those were the weeks that was
Dick Burton got his her
Martin Rogers got his Star
Now he goes before the Arizona State Bar

Those were the weeks that was
Full of flying fur
Funerals are too high
It's so expensive, who can afford to die?

Those were the weeks that was
They started quite a stir
Buddhists take gas in Viet Nam
U. S. has trouble with Viet Cong
Those were the weeks that was

"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.
HELLBOX EDITOR . . .

Judith Williams

(Disguised as star of the well-known soap opera, "The Second Mrs. Burton," when not on stage or at a school board meeting, she operates her own public relations company.)

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One of the more famous writers who belong to the Tucson Press Club . . . author of eight Bantam Books primarily in science fiction and fantasy . . . some Alfred Hitchcock television scripts . . . and many, many magazine fiction pieces . . . including these ditties reprinted here from ROGUE magazine.

One of the most successful writers in the Tucson Press Club . . . she sells what she writes! HELLBOX has the privilege of printing "Thirst & Love" prior to publication . . . it is now in agent's hands . . . this is a slightly different style for Mildred, who specializes in science fiction.

Several years a Tucsanan and reporter for the Tucson Daily Citizen, Steve covers the City Hall beat. He has sold numerous articles on crime to leading magazines and now and then tosses off some fiction . . . to-wil, "On Voting."

Business reporter for the Tucson Daily Citizen, Cecil was at one time a reporter for the morning Star. He's a perennial contributor to the HELLBOX, this year with "Clickeyy-Clacky."

Southwest correspondent for NBC's MONITOR and EMPHASIS programs, Jay covers everything and anything on land and sea. This year HELLBOX has three contributions, originally heard on EMPHASIS. Jay's spouse, by the way, is Ann Miller, writer and bull fight aficionado.

Way back when, in the early '40's, Margaret wrote diligently for U of A Wildcat and had great plans as an authoress. Instead she married and had two children . . . didn't take pen in hand again until a few weeks ago to set forth this HELLBOX piece, "Why I Work." Margaret can be found most days working in the children's room at the downtown library.

Ace Bushnell, Chic Fannin, Joan Gibson, Tom Riste, Harry Solario and the HELLBOX Editor.

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Dick Calkins

*Kennecott Copper Corporation
Ray Mines Division

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