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)“
"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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Sleep Is OUR Business . . .

It's your own business if you don't

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HIWAY HOUSE

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VOTE IN THE
"PIZZA PARTY"

SHAKEY'S PIZZA PARLOR
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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 Rito'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
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DEsert INN Motor Hotel
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DeSERT willoW RANCH
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DOUblE U Ranch
North Sabino Canyon Road

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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
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RAMADA Inn
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SaDDle & SuReY Ranch
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SaNdS Motor Hotel
222 South Freeway

SAntA RITA Hotel
Scott at Broadway

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TuCSON Biltmore Motor Hotel
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8300 North Club Drive

TanQuE VeRDe Ranch
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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, hanged 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.
Madeline 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 pappies started this Goddum country, on a freedom kick. Now we're messed up with a lousy civil war."

Awaiting electrocution, Clyde was given the last meal of his choice. He beat the rap, 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 Ventiel 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."

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.
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

"I'll get the front end Irving! You check her tail ... light!"

— 15 —
Thirst
And
Love

By MILDRED CLINGERMAN

In the days when I was knobby-kneed and gravel-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 daintily-footed and clear 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, they'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-hys." 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 wise, useless, lovely things. Everyday Phyllis watched for pro-hys 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 Moulton 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 improving, 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 booms 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 knobby, 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.

*Please turn page*
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 spoke 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 pits that boiled all night, calling for little girls to feed on.

Long before I had finished I found myself coated and copped, 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 boomy 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 before we got back home the dark young 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 thickening 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 tide of them? Can you love the young one that whines and frets and smells? Can you love the callow, pimply youth who inores 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 postmistress. 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 libidinous duchess in a crowded duck blind.”

Snap, snap went Teddy’s fingers, and warblingly 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!
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Specializing in home-cooked MEXICAN FOOD

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"God Bless You All . . .\"
— Tiny Tim
KAL RUBIN CITY

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Enjoy an evening at the Skyroom with family or friends — Valet parking after 5:30

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.
O.K. NOW do I get the beer?
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 Holder. 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 5600 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 500 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

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

Snow Plows Crimp In Air Travel

Crematoriums Insist On Rigid Containers
Best Wishes

to the

Tucson Press Club

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ORISATE
Kai Kalin
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— Thomas J. Rallis

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Bring Your Problems To

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Act 1

Opening Chorus:
JACK LAUVER,
PETE TAYLOR,
FRANK RICHARDSON,
RALPH HAMILTON,
ACE BUSHEILL,
DICK CASEY,
DICK ALEXANDER,
MIKE BROWN

WhenEVER THExe TWAIN SHAll MEET

DAVY..................JOAN GIBSON
TOM JAY..............PETE TAYLOR
LOU DAVIS...........RUDY SUDIGALA

PRAISE ThE ALMIGHTY - BUCK

Oval Roberts...........Ralph Hamilton
BILLY JONES
HART...................STEVE ENISTIC
JACK ARMSTRONG...........DICK CALKINS

It's a Dog's Life

Robert Roylston........DICK CALKINS
MARION ROGERS........JACK SHEAFFER
STAR....................JUDY WILLIAMS

Will the Real BARRY GOLDWATER

ALL Stand up?

BARRY GOLDWATER........PETE TAYLOR
DALLAS REPORTER........DICK CALKINS
DETROIT REPORTER........JUNE SUDIGALA
NEW ORLEANS REPORTER........MILDRED CLINGERMAN
TUCSON REPORTER........JACK LAUVER

Wither CANAL STREET

LBF..................FRANK RICHARDSON
DEAN RANK...........BOB THOMAS
HAROLD STEINFELD....DAVE WIEHER

EAST Of the SUBWAY

HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR........Pete Taylor
STEADY EDDIE............Tony Rogers
Rudy Pete.................Jo Sudigala
WICKED WITCH OF THE WIZARD..........RUDY SUDIGALA
PRINCE PEDERSEN........GERRY ALCH

Act 2

BACK EAST IN HAYDEN, D.C.

STEW UDDAL.....Dan Pavillard
MO UDDL................PETE TAYLOR
CARL HAYDEN............JAY ABBEY
PAUL FANNIN.........BERNIE RABINOVITZ
BOB ALLEN............BOB THOMAS
MIKE MARRIOTT........RUDY SUDIGALA
SAM GODDARD...........BILL HOPKINS
MISS ARIZONA...........RUSTY BROWN
THE SNOBS
Of Kill-A-Man Morrow
(Or, BONDS AWAY!)

Sweet Judy Williams...........Jackie Rogers

Daddy Delbert
Sezinz.............Tony Rogers

Uncle Bob Morrow........Steve Emerine

John Q. Pigeon........Dave Pokula

Dangerous Dan McKinney........Dan Pavillard

(2)

Manny, Moe
& Nanny

Dick Alexander, Mike Brown,
Ralph Hamilton, Pete Taylor

(4)

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

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

(6)

PANNED

Parenthood

Junior Karloff.........Ace Bushnell
Gerry Garemboso........Gerry Alch
W'att Earp...........Dick Casey

Father Higgins........Dominic Crolla

Clifford Beatty........Kathy Thomas
and Shirley Polaskeff

Momma Beatty........Kay Getzweiler

Barrie Ackerman Jeanine Starrett

(3)

HOW
DRY
THE DESERT
ISN'T

Teenage Tipplers, Ace Bushnell,
Jack Lauber, Mike Brown

Dave Binney........Pete Taylor
Sheriff
Waldon Barr........Julian Tathill

Sexy Cops........Rusty Brown,
Chic Fannin

Cool Cats........Dick Alexander,
Steve Emerine

Policeman........Bill Hopkins

Deputies........Ralph Hamilton,
Frank Richardson

(5)

THE TRUTH
About the Corporation
Commission
Cost to be announced.

(7)

CREDITS

GENERAL DIRECTOR
Robert Keystroth

Coordinating Director
Peter Marrone

GENERAL CHAIRMAN
Steve Emerine

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

Pianist
Don Macy

Drummer
Paul Humphrey

Production Chairman
Ann Dalton

Lights
Jad Schultz, Bonny Scott

Costumes
Page Sancet, Libby Kettle,
La Grecia Archer, Peggy Hopkins

Make-up
Flo Harratty, Thelma Bates,
Judy Marchioni

Props
Francis Harratty, Howard Brown

Umbrella
Carolyn Emerine, Pat Casey,
Betty Bushnell, Nancy Lauber,
Gloria Preston, Mary Gerdan,
Giany Schumacher,
Marie Berry, Betty Calkins,
Scotty Dobne, 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 overburdened 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 shorthaired 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

Cont'd 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 ringer 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 fancy 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 unravel me.

Daytime TV shows are an insult to morons. Who "Backroads of Life?" My twelve-year-old daughter has wants to view "Every Girl'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 Table," "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."
CONGRATULATIONS!

The Tucson Press Club Gridiron Show has just been assessed at full cash value!

(And it's worth every penny of it!)

A. E. 'Jack' Bade
Pima County Assessor

As sure as law enforcement ills nag ye,
It's time to switch to Knagge!

MIKE KNAGGE
DEMO GRAT
FOR SHERIFF
PIMA COUNTY

If You Haven't Been Made Lately,
TRY —

Dave Bloom & Sons

Remember —
Clothes Make The Man!

TPC Showboats:
A Toast To You And Yours from

Coors
AMERICA'S FINE LIGHT BEER

Support the Frog Leash Law!

-- Frank Kalil

WHY SETTLE FOR LESS?

PIMA SAVINGS
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
151 North Stone • 3777 East Broadway
All they do anymore at night
is gripe, gripe, gripe!
The Peoples Choice
KXEW, 1600 KC; 1000 Watts
TUCSON's NEWEST
and
MOST POWERFUL
Spanish Language
RADIO STATION

RadioFiesta
KXEW
La Voz Panamericana
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RAYMOND G. NEELY
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Win with Neely!

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TV and RADIO is on . . .

KOLD-TV . . . Channel 13
KOLD RADIO . . . 1450

THE PYRAMID TO
HEALTH

Shamrock Dairy

REWARD:
Tucson's Great
Spanish-Speaking Market
Clackety, Clack

By CECIL JAMES

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

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,

have bedded down a few ... none could compare.

... 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

hanged up brain. Malaria contracted 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 drawling 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

wailing and moon setting in the west as the iron horse

steamed 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 53,000 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?
Society for the Advancement of the Roadrunner as the Official State Bird

chief bird watcher S. Goddard

Compliments of
CEMENT TRANSPORTERS, Inc.
Rillito

NO LION...
We’re a Roarin’ Group
Red Lion Restaurant & Cocktails
PHOENIX TITLE BUILDING

Best Wishes and Congratulations to the TUCSON PRESS CLUB on its ANNUAL GRIDIRON SHOW
MAXON CONSTRUCTION COMPANY Community Developers of TUCSON Green Valley

“Arizona’s 100-million dollar retirement community”
19 miles south of Tucson on U.S. Highway 89
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Best Entertainment The Sands Has Ever Had
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AX. 4-2611 201 N. STONE AVE.
Mountain Meadows Incident

by JAY MILLER

This is Jay Miller, Emphasis World Beat. Dateline: Mountain Meadows, Utah. Here in a lonely, windswept 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 Danish 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 54 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 real guilt for the massacre; and then, two years ago, to close this bloody chapter of the West, the Mormon Church reinstated John Doyle Lee to full Church membership. Jay Miller. NBC News, Mountain Meadows, Utah.
Creative Photography by

Hal Greene

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★ Glamour Portraits
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Suite 206-B Tucson

Only Tucson home that outsells P.A.T.!
It Takes More Than
Travelers To Make A Hotel

First it takes rooms. Sleeping rooms, meeting rooms, luncheon rooms, banquet rooms, reception rooms, sample rooms, tap rooms, laundry rooms, large rooms, small rooms — even in between rooms.

Then it takes people. People to park your car, carry your luggage, prepare your meals, mix your cocktails, cater your parties, cut your hair, answer your calls, arrange your travel plans — even open the door for you.

Now add the hundreds upon hundreds of important details all the way from swimming pools to swizzle sticks and you begin to resemble a hotel.

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!

This is the Pioneer today . . . but it’s not enough. Tucson needs more and we are now completing plans to give it more. More rooms, more people, more service, to not only the traveler but the community.

Pioneer International Hotel

80 NO. STONE AVE.

Which airline now flies you to Chicago and New York aboard the Astrojet, America’s leading plane?

American Airlines.

For reservations, see your travel agent or call American Airlines at AX 4-4411.

Astrojet is a Service Mark of American Airlines, Inc.
Pancho Robles Studies . . .

the Other View
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 jungle of signs, cheapness, power and phone poles and high tension lines. 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 tangle 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 that 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 gun battle 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."
WILMOT PLAZA
SHOPPING CENTER

BROADWAY
and
WILMOT

BATHROOMS
Why, when its purpose
Is solely ablutional,
Must it invariably be
So wonderfully acoustical?

after the show tonight
visit the
TRAILROOM
AT THE
SPANISH TRAIL MOTEL
305 E. BENSON HIGHWAY
exclusive dining and entertainment
JOLINE and GEORGE SARAFIS

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Every Friday and Saturday Night

TUCSON AUTO RACING & CYCLE ASSN.
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!
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 Faurce 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-yy-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-yy-yy!

(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 Amux and Royden LeBrech
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,
Sickest 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's a bitch
And life will be a life of ease
Without a single bitch

Fgg 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 are
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 Beetles 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 . . .

(DOGGIE 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'
If, 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 GOLDBLATT
ALL STAND UP?
(TRLY, TRLY FAIR)

Oh, I am 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 hill in the Senate.
I am 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 me?
I'm Barry Goldwater.
Barry Goldwater.
Enemy of federal aid.
My tip to the poor.
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 LB.
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 Nami 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 that flag.
We haven't got a pal.
Along the whole canal.
Our Alliance for Progress hit a snag.
We built that great 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 licks.
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 wizard.
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 Wards and Levy's, too.
And Jerome'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

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 Burns' 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-country 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 woo,
We've got Hayden 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 Valachi's praise of Mr. L and Mr. B,
We've got the whole gang on 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 I

WAY BACK IN HAYDEN, D. C.
(OLD SOFT SHOE)

Hello from Washington
Where we have lots of fun
I'm Stew
I'm Mo
Hello, hello, hello,
In the November noise
Vote for the Udall boys
Take care of us
And we'll take care of you
And please send money
Stick with us
And we'll stick it to you

Act II, Skit II

THE SNOWS OF KILL-A-MAN MORROW
(or, BONDS AWAY!)
(SOME OF THESE DAYS)

Some of these days, we're gonna pass a bond vote.
Some of these days, we're gonna get one through.
We'll build new high schools and central kitchens
Gold-plated tennis courts, with carpets too
There's only one way, it's gonna work
Call it a red school and convert that jerk
With Mr. Mathews, we'll get some good news
We'll get that SOB on our side, some of these days
Maybe tomorrow, we'll lose Bob Morrow
But we're gonna pass a big, fat bond vote
Some of these days

Act II, Skit III

PANNED PARENTHOOD
(I CAN DO ANYTHING BETTER THAN YOU)

She could do anything better than I can
Half-Nelson, judo or smack in the pan
Yes I can!
No, you can't!
Yes I can!
I told her Higgins was axin' 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 am buildin' muscles for our daily toskes
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 Fryman is tougher than I-um
Are you sure?
And I'll come a copping before Pina cotton
Yes I'm sure
If Higgins has done what I think, he's damned rotten
You're so right!
I'm in flight!
You're so right!
I'm a Tucson teenager who has gotten meaner!
I'm a Tucson mater 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 sages 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 imps out pumpin' 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 lier
This town was made by you and me.
We’ve got South Park and McCormick and Meyer
I guess these 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
Haven’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 Guaymas way.
We went to Guaymas town
We knocked a policeman down
Now we not in a Mexican casilla
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, bout to come on through
While London’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-inner
And his daughter, Rubenstein

He had a dark a roving eye and his bumps hung down in tributes.
He was a nice guy, a proper guy, not one of the Hartville 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
Gunnie 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
Hip, Hip, Hip to Mayor Lew
Hip, Hip, Hip to Mayor Lew
Hip, Hip, Hip to Mayor Lew
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

— 53 —
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 NOSTA 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 tekee 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 Bonnano,
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!
THOSES WERE THE WEEKS THAT WAS

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

Those were the weeks that was
Dick Burton got his ber
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. Button," When not on stage or at a school board meeting, she operates her own public relations company.)

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Advertising Salesmen . .

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 scrips . . . 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-wit, "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 "Clickety-Clack."

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.
Now ... for adults only ... the Biography* of

Dick Calkins

*Kennecott Copper Corporation
Ray Mines Division

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