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Tucson Press Club
Tucson, Arizona

Gridiron Show
May 5-6-7-8, 1965

Theme:
War On Everything

Program: Pages 28-29
Song Lyrics: Pages 50-55

-1-
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The President's Message

Newspaper, radio and television reporters often are criticized for reporting only the gloomy news—crime, international crises, riots and so forth. The criticism quite often comes from the "Gloomy Gus" segment of our population which specializes in looking at everything through black-clouded glasses.

Actually, if you think a second time about most of the news you read or hear, it's pretty amusing. Most of the time, you don't even have to stretch your imagination to turn a serious and bitter debate over presidential elections, garbage can lids, coroner's findings, Confederate flags or vending machines into ridiculous situations.

For this reason, we ask you to do this if you like our show: Write Lyndon Johnson, Barry Goldwater, Sam Goddard, Lew Davis, Waldon Burr, William R. Mathews, Norman Green, Dean Burch, the Drachman family, the City Council and Board of Supervisors. Tell 'em you liked it.

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This is the crew that is trying to make the Tucson Press Club a paying private club . . . we laughed when we said that line—Directors and Officers are:

front row: Jim Cooper, regular director; Steve Emerine, president.

middle row: Prior Pray, associate director; Vic Thornton, treasurer; Mildred Clingerman, secretary; Val Green, executive-secretary; Mike Brown, associate director; Dick Calkins, immediate past president.

back row: Jess Riggle, allied director; Hal Marshall, regular; Jay Hall, regular; Dick Casey, vice president; Rito Garcia, bar manager; Judith Williams Scott, publications editor; Bernie Sedley, regular; not present, Paul Humphrey.
Tropics of Tucson

THERE are offshoots that sometimes are wondrous to consider, for many who live in Tucson consider it "social" to be "cultural." They mean that one is not it "social" to be "cultural." They mean that one is not a little implausible, it can perhaps be explained in another way: before each major cultural event, there are parties, of course. There are various "bailes" (balls) and fiesta dances to raise money for this and that, the symphony, the festival or what have you. Therefore, there are those who really do think that paid attendance at these functions automatically raises them into the haute monde of Tucson, but there really is no "400" of Tucson, no Social Register or any of that. Never the less, the self-designation persists, as it most certainly does elsewhere, but in a community that was fighting Apaches 75 years ago, it sometimes appears downright silly.

On the serious side, before one cultural event annually, a bevy of high school girls is chosen to be dressed up and "presented" at the ball. It is said that a sizeable contribution from papa to the cultural event in the form of a check, is not an unwelcome asset to the young ladies' selection. So the young ladies are presented. Some, if you talk to them, say it's silly; others say it's a great honor; still others are guardedly neutral, for the procedure may be a sort of weigh-in for Junior League. So money could or could not be a factor in this budding of future "society" matrons, depending on how one looks at it.

As in any effort to dissect or discuss any social structure, generalizations are as dangerous as they are likely to be fallacious.

Now, at the top of the "high Society" scale are those matrons who know they are there. No one else knows this, but the matrons are sufficient unto themselves in private knowledge. They are dowager types, usually from Nebraska or some such place 'back east' and pay great attention to the forms of manners and etiquette. They are groomed to an eyelash, punctual at bridge luncheons and drive slowly into other people's driveways. They are considerate, benign, secure, terribly conscious of propriety and gossip and would die of shock if anyone mentioned false teeth. They wield no power, particularly, because they neither have nor seek any. They can and do close their hand-carved front doors on those they don't choose as preeesses, but, what the heck, who doesn't? These ladies all belong to the country club, but they don't always play their bridge there. They usually play at each other's houses and even serve tea. Where they are passing the crumpets today is where they would have been passing into the Happy Hunting Grounds eighty years ago because it is not far outside the walls of the fort built against the Apaches. Of such incredibly speedy metamorphoses is the structure of Tucson.

The Gusty Set

But hold on, my hearties, for the Old Frontier ain't dead yet. High Society or No High Society. In an almost exactly parallel structure to the "Grand Dames" is a complement of ladies who really are the top echelon and don't know it. They don't care, or couldn't care, or wouldn't care. It is not at all out of the ordinary for a friend to be greeted by one of these ladies with a loud, "How in hell are you, you old hoss thief," and a whack across the shoulder blades that might have felled a small mesquite tree. These great old girls are not always Tucson Pioneers; they, too, may have removed here from Ashlobula, but they fear neither man, beast or devil. They have a terrible power, mainly because they talk all the time on the telephone, and if you cross one of them why, brother, you're dead in the town and will never know it. They are absolutely, incredibly wonderful. It's no act. It's just the way they are.

For example, a man friend of one of these great ladies, newly married for the second time, was invited to bring his bride to dinner. Well, the edgy part was that the hostess, the old gal, had known and liked wife No. 1. The new bride also was aware of this. The pre-dinner cocktail hour in the patio was a bit on the nervous side until the young bride, pressed beyond all control by who knows what nervous pressure, emitted what is sometimes alluded to as a vulgar noise. The silence lasted perhaps two seconds until:

"Migawd, honey, I'm glad you're letting us know you're one of us," whooped the hostess, "now let's go inside and see if the grub's on."

But let the newcomer beware: he can't "crack" either of these circles. They will either somehow find him, take him in or reject him, or quite probably, hell live and die without knowing one of either.

It really doesn't matter, for Tucson is quite small-townish in its social interplay. The homogeneity of its personality is just as consistent during leisure as during work.
Yes, Club Clubmen, Too

In a way, perhaps, it might be called a clubman's town, but there again any positive stratification depends on what is a clubman and what is a club.

The so-called luncheon service clubs abound, their meeting signs decking the halls of just about every first class street restaurant club in town. The meetings are well attended, lasting the precise hour from 12 to 1 when the whole town, including the university, is closed up tighter than a saddle flask. It is impossible to reach anyone at all in Tucson between the mystic hours of noon and unless the caller already knows where his quarry eats and hies himself there, too. The man's secretary will be out to lunch too, so there's no help there. No phone will be answered anywhere in Tucson during the noon hour except in the men's clubs where discreet bartenders will "see if he's here."

This state of affairs is not at all maddening to the wives of the town, because they know very well where Jim is lunching and that he won't come to the phone anyway, but at least he's not out cavorting.

More or less superimposed on the luncheon club, with almost entirely duplicating memberships all along the line are two different and quite posh gentlemen's clubs. One is the Old Pueblo Club, a separate building in the center of town and beloved by physicians, bankers, lawyers, the sleeker breed of politician and some whose firms pay their membership fees. It has a comfortable men's grill (shirtsleeves), reading rooms, and upstairs private dining rooms where the ladies occasionally have luncheons. On the evenings of football games, which are spectacular social events in Tucson, being at night because of the temperature, the Old Pueblo will really jump. Everyone is giving a party, everyone has to get through the buffet line with handfuls of viands and booze and everyone has to get on to one of the big buses hired by the club for the occasion. Some really do get to the football games. The O. P. is as much of an institution of Tucson as certain clubs are to Washington.

No Houdy Pardners Here

A block or so away, catty-corner across parking lots, is the other of the prominent gentlemen's clubs. This is defiantly named the Mountain Oyster Club and if you don't know what a mountain oyster is in the West, son, why they'll tell you right off. The Mountain Oyster Club, or "M. O.," as it is referred to, has quarters in one of the oldest hostels in town and that in itself is part of its charm. Its charcoal and mesquite wood grill is running full blast for steaks, chops, during the noon hour in August when it's 110 degrees on the street. Remarkable air-conditioning they have in the Mountain Oyster Club. Also a remarkable membership, for here are the real cattle barons of legend, history and reality. They own cattle, they graze cattle, they make money off cattle, they complain eternally about the government and whatever it is or is not doing at the moment to protect the cattle industry of the West, and they have absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to what an easterner thinks a cattleman looks like. One, for instance, has a degree from Oxford, and once taught English in a British "Public School" in Singapore. His clothes may be rough, but his syntax is pressed to a fine crease. These are quiet men, courteous men, slow-moving; they do not "belly up" to the bar. They treat any lady guests with Chesterfieldian deference and old world charm.

It is only when you meet them, feel the iron callouses in their handclasp and look into far-off-seeing, squinty blue eyes that you realize that these characters really are the cattle barons of today. Television never seems quite the same after that. But don't get the idea that they're so gentlemanly they're not real. Be assured they are as tough and as earthy as their business. No, they don't carry pistols on the street, though there's no law that says they couldn't, so long as they were not concealed.

Work Is the Curse . . .

A third club in town, one that is perhaps the best illustration of how the old, the new and the medium live in perfect harmony, is the Tucson Press Club. This assemblage of highbinders was started by newspapermen who had neither the money nor the status to be invited to join the clubs of their employers. So they started a little club room of their own. Newspapermen being the salt of the earth wherever they are and probably the most ingenious breed of promoter known, the club soon attracted visiting celebrities from all over. The divas simply would rather get drunk with a bunch of newspapermen than with all the clubmen and cattle barons in the world. So the club prospered, cut its bar prices with the addition of new dues-paying members, chosen among the newspaper and allied professions, stuck a group of self-seekers with "Allied (sic) Memberships" at large fees, and has gone a-hellin' over the years. It is the jumpingest club in town beyond peradventure, and "regular" memberships are sought after with the assiduousness of a ward heeler trying to get on a presidential train.

Without even trying, the Press Club has become also an intellectual center, for there isn't a celebrity in any field who doesn't seek a press interview, or forum appearance or some means of getting into the press club. The club obliquely accommodates almost all seekers and some wondrous goings-on have ensued thereby. Once, by golly, the president of the Press Club almost won the primary election for mayor. A shift of 150 votes would have done it, and political reporters in town are still trying to track down the 150 traitors.

The Press Club has, therefore, not only filled a certain vacuum, but it has also left other elements rather wistfully on the outside looking in. Once a year, however, everybody gets to join the fun. For it stages a "Gridiron Club" that takes the hide off everyone in town, newspaper publishers not excluded, and makes money for a journalism scholarship fund at the university. It's usually a lulu of a show conducted in the best tradition "without fear or favor."

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Winter on the Desert

By JAY MILLER

TUCSON—(November)—This is Jay Miller, Emphasis World Beat, with some notes on a desert winter.

We are now coming to the time of year when most people who live in the desert Southwest start becoming obnoxious to friends who live elsewhere in the country. This season is called wintertime, a period when our newspapers gleefully report snowstorms elsewhere in the nation and 70 degree temperatures here. Outside my study where I'm working right now, there are desert wildflowers still blooming; a pair of scarlet cardinals are scolding each other for something; and the green trees of a nine thousand foot high mountain range are etched sharply against a bright blue skyline. Now, lest anyone think this piece will become a Chamber of Commerce handout, let me assure you it won't. For very shortly that same mountain range will be blanketed with snow and the rest of us down here in the valley probably getting a few very cold days indeed.

Of course, what makes a desert dweller insufferable in wintertime is the heat of hell he endures in the summer. We veterans of a steady diet of 104 degrees or worse tend to get very smug along about the end of November. Despite air conditioning, our guest rooms are empty from April till autumn. Now, they are filled with eastern friends you couldn't drag here at other times. Our cities suddenly develop a cultural season. Symphony orchestras begin playing, dramas are given, and for a while all sorts of important people manage to make important speeches here. Hotel and motel rates go up, as they do in Florida, and wintering in the Southwest becomes a status symbol. Yet for all this, those who see us only in the winter miss a great deal. They miss summer's spectacular sunsets which wind up days with towering white thunderheads billowing over a valley floor. And these sunsets introduce nights when multicolored lightning lights up the sky.

Summertime is when the desert is most alive and the never ending rhythm of life and death, of who eats whom, reaches its crescendo. Summertime is the period when people can genuinely enjoy a steak supper in the patio. Now they fry and bluff it out with sweaters for the women and tweed jackets on the men. Summer is the time when the houses of the very rich lay deserted, hot and empty behind silent shutters.

In wintertime, the tempo of desert wildlife slows, mysterious small holes in the ground near cactus plants give no clue as to who is hibernating there, a desert mouse, or what. But there are winter's compensations... the stars flicker with incredible brilliance, the smell of burning lemonwood and mesquite smoke delights the nose.

And on the edge of town in the clear air at night-time, you can hear the knife-sharp call of the coyotes.

So for the rest of you who are now struggling with snowshovels, and fuel oil heaters which burn up money as if it were going out of style, this is a Southwestern plea for tolerance. For the wintertime ahead, until we start burning up again in the summer heat, bear our boastsings. For us, wintertime, like the time of the coyotes, is our time to howl. Jay Miller, NBC News, Tucson.
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A Gondolier In Exile

By DOROTHY GALLAGHER

FOR thirty-two years he had been Pietro so how, in less than half a year, could he be expected to answer to the sound of "Pedro"? To his new employer, Carlos Contreras, when he stammering explained his complaint, it was laughable.

"Be glad you are not yet in los Estados Unidos, mi amigo," guffawed the multi-lingual travel-tour organizer. "I despair you would never like to be called 'Pecho.'"

"A little thing, then, and I shall forget it," Pietro di Corvallo responded stiffly.

Although it was still early in the morning, the street was busy with movement, with the traffic of the residents of the city. The business in their little office would know little activity before mid-morning for tourists slept in later, and breakfasted longer, than the natives. And when the natives retired to cool solace at mid-day, they left their northern visitors to expend their energies in the feverish heat of afternoon.

"One turista comes early," Pietro observed as an American woman approached the door of the travel agency, and the little alien retired obsequiously to a corner of the one-room office so that his employer might not be distracted in his sales talk.

La turista was a rotund little woman, with a sparrows-like darting of her gaze and a birdlike-chipping voice. Her problem, it seemed, was her niece Blanche Borden, a willful and spoiled and impossible girl, the daughter of the bird-woman's doting brother. Maude Borden parroted and preened as she spoke of her niece, and chattered and fluttered as she spoke of their problem: an unwelcome suitor who with immense temerity, had followed them into Mexico and was seriously frustrating Maude Borden's efforts to heal her niece's broken heart.

In the corner, Pietro di Corvallo questioned that the niece's heart would be broken by a suitor who continued to pursue. And at the desk, facing the sparrow who seemed to be seeking some sort of services, Carlos Contreras questioned that the unseen Blanche Borden was as willful and spoiled as the aunt insisted, for there was no doubt of the elder woman's willfulness and he pondered on two strong-willed persons enjoying a vacation together.

Although she did not make it immediately apparent, the woman actually did desire services of a travel bureau rather than aid for her love-lorn niece. Or as she insisted, judiciously programmed touring could be the ideal prescription for the ailing Blanche.

Prosperity was beckoning to Carlos Contreras. Pondering how many days he might draw out this account, and the influence he would realize from it, the entrepreneur beamed delightedly at the bird-woman. There rolled from his lips a verbal list of the matchless attractions of Mexico City and its environs.

She scowled, shaking her head, not in refusal of his suggestions but rather because they had all been made too fast. "No romantic rendezvous, no secluded spots," Maude Borden inquired, "Otherwise I leave the plans to you. Don't tell us where we're going, do not even tell us the names when we're there. I won't understand you, and Blanche won't be paying any attention."

They settled it, then, that Pietro-now-Pietro would call at their hotel after siesta for, reasoned Carlos Contreras, if his expert discourses on the sites were not to be heeded by these two women, why should be bother. The rate would be the same anyway, even for the lesser services of Pedro-Pietro.

Little was accomplished that afternoon. The younger woman's eyes were unseeing, and the older woman directed her gaze not where their guide pointed, but searchingly at the faces of the people who passed near to them, as if their identities should be subject to her scrutiny.

The little guide rejoiced that his party returned early to their hotel, and when the bird-woman suggested an earlier start the next morning he prayed silently that their humors would be better.

It was a heaven-sent morning, clean but with a fragrant freshness. "No Buena Chupinopa tec nos go, Senora," the guide announced enthusiastically. In buoyant tones, he continued as they traveled west on the Paseo de la Reforma, toward that park, "This is Mexico City's largest park, a forest of beauty that has been used and beloved by the Mexican people since the days of the Aztec monarchs." Their silence could not still the little Italian's enthusiasm, as they traversed the well-tended drives. They wound lazily through only the outskirts of the zoo; with set faces, they nodded to one another at the featured exhibits of the cactus garden; and when their guide deposited them that they might make closer scrutiny of the large flower gardens, they set out determinedly.

Their walk took them along paths shaded by centuries old pine-buxus trees; and one such path ended, rather abruptly, at a small lake which was rather well filled by people, a young couple or two and many turistas from los Estados Unidos.

"You norteamericanos, you like los lagos, the
lakes?" queried their guide, the expatriat Italian, who had caught up with them.

"Yes! Very much so!" exclaimed the younger woman in the first opinion she had voiced that day. "But it is so crowded . . ."

"There are others, Senorita," the guide became voluble. "Not so easily found as this one. This way, if you please . . ."

Back to the shaded paths, past fragrant foliage and brilliant tropical blooms, they walked more rapidly than before: with more haste, indeed, than the bird-woman care to flutter, so that when they emerged at the next pool of water she sank onto a bench like an exhausted canary onto its perch.

"A few boats only are here, for this is a deeper lake and smaller, so it attracts few young lovers," the guide explained their solitude.

"Well I like this peace and quiet," Maude Borden stated emphatically, "and I'm staying put until I get my second wind."

"Rest awhile, Aunt Maude," Blanche Borden spoke calmly. "I'll soothe myself out on the lake in one of these cute little boats.

"It's too dangerous! I forbid it!" the older woman snapped.

"Not dangerous, if you please, Senora," the guide interrupted. "The boats do not rock, though they are very light to row. Some do not think it a ladylike shore, though," and he looked thoughtfully at Blanche Borden, "so if you would like me to propel it for you . . ."

The girl laughed. "It will require far less effort than a decent tennis match! No, don't come along. Let Aunt Maude relax on the hard bench, I'll take that sparkling little lake for my tranquilizer!"

She moved purposefully to the shore, and neither of them she had left behind either moved or spoke to detain her. In but a few minutes, Blanche Borden had thrust the small boat out to the center of the lake. There, her actions assumed such a methodical slowness as to hypnotize the watchers she had just left: she stood up in the boat, removed her watch, and a ring from a chain around her neck. She stepped out of her shoes and in so doing, rocked the boat ever so slightly but just enough to break the spell holding her aunt immobile.

"No, No, Blanche, no!" the bird woman screamed shrilly, pathetically. As if in direct response, Blanche dove head first into the lake. The thin splash was followed by silence on the shore, and then by "Blanche, come back here at once, you're upsetting me!" the woman shrilled at the barely-rippled water.

"Please, Senorita!" sobbed the guide. "O, Senora, I cannot swim! I cannot swim!"

The spot where Blanche had dove under was actually closer to their shoreline than to the other sides, yet to the woman and the guide it could have been many miles away. They stood unmoving.

The brush across the lake burst apart, and a lean, lithe young man, obviously one of those brash, bionde noriaamericai — stood there. "Gerald! What gall that rascal has," gasped the elder Miss Borden. The young man savagely waved a fist at the immobile pair facing him, then ran the last remaining steps, and dove into the water.

But Pietro had not seen that last act, for the appearance of the threatening young man had driven him into action: he jumped, feet first and eyes closed and fingers in his ears, into the lake. He sank to the bottom, was buoyed to the surface, and squinting his eyes to make certain he was aimed toward the empty boat, he dogged out into the center of the lake. He hated the wetness penetrating to his skin, he hated the awkwardness of trying to move through this evil watery waste. And although his entrance into the pond was at its closest point to where Blanche Borden had resolutely sought its depths, his progress was so agonizingly slow that he reached there only a minute before the tall blonde rescuer. But by then Pietro had sunk to the bottom, and was gripping for the girl. He found her unexpectedly: almost unconscious, she sent her fist smashing at his chest, knocking the slight store of wind out of him. Instinctively, one hand had gripped her wrist and as he rose to the surface she was being pulled upward with him. Then his other hand touched the side of the boat and he felt he had reached safety when she slipped out of his hand. He could not hold her, and he began sobbing uncontrollably.

Then across the bow of the small boat, the young man's voice commanded him: "Hold this damned thing steady, won't you, while I get her into it."

Blanche was not conscious of their arrival at the shore, nor of her own journey to the hospital, nor of anything else until quite late that evening. She awoke, dazed and greggy, to see them facing her: the aunt so determined that her niece not suffer, and the man whose love had been both solace and suffering; and in the corner, the little guide who seemed still to be weeping, but whether for her ordeal or his, even he could not say.

"Thank you, Pietro, for giving me your courage," the tired girl said softly. "I hadn't wanted to live any longer . . ."

"O Senorita, sometimes I too, have not wanted to stay alive, but how glad I am now that I did! My quota is here, I move to the United States next month!"

Maude Borden sniffed a little in sympathy with the man's happiness as well as her own relief, then turned to the girl in the bed: "You'll be released tomorrow, Blanche, and . . . ."

she paused, aware of the price she was paying to be able to make this statement, "and . . . I'll let you tell me then what you want to do."

The meaning was so obvious to the young couple that they were silent until the nurse entered and led the visitors away. Maude Borden left first, looking straight ahead and walking with back erect.

Gerald and Pietro, the ex-guide, paused in the lobby.

"You are from Italy?"

"From Venice," the older man amplified.

"Would it not have been a dangerous life for you in Venice—you, who can swim no better than the doves of the desert? Or did you live away from the canals?"

"I was a gondolier."

Gerald silently studied his fingertips while the first breeze of night began stirring and a chill touched his neck and stabbed at him with its cold breath of discovery of fear, his own fear. "Isn't it true that a Venetian infant must learn to dog paddle as he learns to toddle, and to swim as he learns to walk?"

"Yes," said Pietro simply: "That is true."
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By CECIL JAMES

"Hello, you wild fans out there in basketball land."

"This is old round-ball McKane—known throughout Arizona as the score-keeper's friend. KBUM-TV is giving you the game of the year. Now we will pause for your favorite commercial."

For men over 40. The husband's knowledge of these pep pills not only keeps the wife happy, but many other wives too. But here is McKane and his side-kick, odd-ball Bob Shane.

"The starting lineup shows the following men for old Upstate Normal—our home team. Pete (Stringbean) Jones, who is only 7 feet 1 inch tall and still growing, is everybody's nominee for everybody's All-American.

"For the past 21 games, Pete has averaged 69 points a game, has hit 92.88 per cent of his free throws, caught 211 passes, rebounded 912 times and received two skull fractures. His head hit the backboard twice.

"Oh yes, his field goal percentage from far out is only 11 per cent, but under the bucket this guy is dynamite. Just think, a 92 per cent average.

"But there goes the whistle and Upstate gets the ball. Man this will be a ball game to end all ball games. Old round-ball McKane used to dribble too. How about that Bob-Baby. That's a joke."

"Yes, round ball, Lower State U is now leading by a tally of 11-5."

"Are you sure that is right, odd-ball?"

"Yep, that's what the scoreboard says, round-ball."

"Well, we have a time out Bob-Baby. As you fans can see Lower State's ace—Ace McSweney—6 feet and 10 inches tall when he leans—just suffered a dis-located elbow when it became caught in the basket for the fifth time this year. McSweney, as everyone knows, held the caught-the-elbow-in-the-basket record last year with 15 mighty catches. However, he is trailing Pete Jones this year. Pete is seeking all records. And what would basketball be without records."

'As a sidelight, Jones suffered broken shoestrings on his left shoe 14 times in his first 21 games."

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"Odd-ball that bell sounded for the halftime. Will you please check my figures for the score. You say the scoreboard says, 88-87 Lower State. Man, what a ball game."

"Well, the second half started with Upper State's midget (he's only 5 foot 10 inches) and he is setting a tremendous pace. Oh, Oh Jones stepped on him, but there are no hard feelings—being teammates and all of that."

"Odd-ball, will you look at that. Lower State is substituting a whole team. It will take us 10 minutes just to give the fans a brief rundown on their statistics. At our next TV sports announcers meeting, I will demand that the coaches substitute no more than two men at a time in a game."

"Tragic, is what I call it, round-ball."

"Get aholt of your self odd-ball, we just got 8 seconds to go and the pace is furious. There goes the final gun and the score is—Odd-ball, get aholt of yourself and tell me the score.

"I'm sorry, round-ball but the electric scoreboard just broke. I think that either Upper or Lower State won. Can't be too sure TV fans."

"Oh, well, this is round-ball McKane and his side-kick saying goodnight to all of you fans who enjoyed this titanic struggle on KBUM-TV. We will be back next Saturday to give you the same type of play-by-play that you enjoyed tonight. And continue to take those pep pills, sports fans."
You’re Right, Newsom. Downtown draws a Helluva crowd!
"I'm over a barrel"
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—DARRELL F. SMITH

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MOTHER GOOSE, 1965

By MILDRED CLINGERMAN

I.

Selma cowards
Come out to play,
The moon does shine
As bright as day.
Come with gun, rope, knife, and all,
Come at the wizard's klucking call.
Blood on the highway,
Blood in the wood
To feed the death's head
Under the hood.

II.

Rub-a-dub-dub
Two men in a tub
And who do you think they be?
'Tis YOUNG and 'tis GRISSOM
Our astronauts lissome
And both of them
Sick of the sea.

III.

A diller, a dollar,
Double-sessions scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
"I have to come at six o'clock
So some can start at noon."
IV.
Lana, every woman's friend,
To me thy goodness condescend
Let me this night in visions see
How deep thy powdered crust may be.

All hail the moon, all hail to thee,
I prithee, moon, declare to me
Where it is safe our ship to land,
In the crater, or in the band
Of mountains high with jagged peak—
Or where the RUSSIANS CAMPED LAST WEEK.

V.
Tucson is a bonny town
And lies all in a valley
Ringed with pretty silos
And trash piles in the alley.

VI.
A ticket? Tax it!
(My green and yellow basket...
I put a pretty penny in,
But now the assessor’s men
Have been).

VII.
Here come I
A rabid Birchler
And should we
Disagree
I’ll smirch yer.

VIII.
How many miles to Montgomery?
Two score miles and ten.
Can I get there through pain and rain?
Yes, and back again.

(But only if your heels be nimble
And your numbers hundred strong,
A woman and one scared boy, though,
Don’t last long.)
Barry, Barry, quite contrary,
Did you learn how the mainstream flows?

Voters take heed; I did indeed,
And this is the way that it goes:
Curse the left and shun the right
Steer for the middle with all your might.
(but twenty-seven million people . . .)

Barry, Barry, quite contrary,
What did the election show?
'Twas like a bad dream—me paddling up-stream

Astride a Burch log, all awash in a fog . . .
(Twenty-seven million people!)

Barry, Barry, quite contrary
Sing us your favorite song.

Twenty-seven million people . . .
Twenty-seven MILLION people!
TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION PEOPLE
CAN'T BE WRONG!

IX.
The girl in the lane that couldn't speak plain
Cried Gobble, Gobble, Gobble;
The man on the hill that couldn't stand still
Went Hobble, Hobble, Hobble.

Their starving old neighbor crept to her bed,
Rousing only as a doctor poked his head
 Barely around the door of the icy room
Trying to find her in the gloom.

"Humph, dying!" he said, "And on my after-
noon off . . .
This is the day I always play golf.
Well, you can thank your stars and the
A. M. A.

My good old woman, that today
You're dying without that trickster's snare,
That patient-coddling Medicare!"

XI.
Calico Pie, the minutes fly
Like birds a-wing in the blue,
Starlight and dawn, and then they're gone;
They'll never come back to you.

Calico Pie, the years pace by
Under the Calico Tree,
Seasons of sun, and now all's done;
They'll never come back to me.

Calico Pie, the little birds fly
Down to the Calico Tree;
Their wings were blue, and they sang
Tirra-loo
Till away they all flew
And they never came back to me,
They never came back, they never came back
They never came back to me.
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Santa Rita Hotel
222 South Freeway

Santa Rita Hotel
Scott at Broadway

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Manuelico

By MORT ROSENBLUM

ARACAIBO, VENEZUELA . . . Manuelico woke late, sweating like a pig and itching from his armpits to his crotch. A fly lit on his lip, crawling into a nostril, and the boy screamed in frustrated discomfort.

"Como de la madre de esta mosca jodida! Caca!" he shrieked, stamping his feet on the dirt floor.

"Manuelico, you filthy pig!" hissed the mother at her 13-year-old son. "Your mouth is like a latrine."

"Everything is like that here. I hate it! Joda todo!" he shouted, storming out of the shack into the muggy sunlight. He had slept late because there was no reason to get up. There was no work—nor was there any room for him in the city's already overcrowded schools.

"Schools," he snorted to himself. "As if I'd go anyway with those rich bastards."

A shiny blue bus marked "escolar" drove rapidly through his mind. It was filled with joking and singing . . . and young sons of Families, wearing new shoes and holding books in their laps. Manuelico's mind blurred, then focused on one face in his imaginary bus. It was a delicate face with no defined nose, chin, or forehead, but soft and well-scrubbed flesh. A lower lip protruded slightly in a silent whine. It was topped with highly-polished hair—every strand neatly placed by soft mother hands.

Manuelico saw the hands almost as if he knew them. As a hint of moisture touched his eyes, the boy spat.

"A goddamn marshmallow," he scowled, throwing a broken beer bottle at a skeleton of a dog nosing through garbage.

The sweat was making the scarlet sores that covered his body itch even more. He knew if he scratched them they would spread, but he was past the point of caring. He thought of the itching, the sweat, and the slopping sheets he had just left. He lifted his eyes and looked over the hillside covered with homes like his.

Many of the buildings were hardly larger than a packing crate—some appeared to be exactly that. Walls were made of signs that once advised "Tome Pepsi," showing dark-skinned men and women, poorly drawn but obviously exuding a love of leisure, roasting a side of beef. Roofs were made of tin, rusty and bent. Windows were ragged holes cut in walls, freely admitting flies, mosquitos, and foul smells.

The smells . . . and the insects . . . came from pools of stagnant water, collected from recent rains and open sewers that served as toilets. They came also from pits of garbage—food too rotten to be eaten by animals, bottles that were broken and could not even be used by local artisans, cardboard and paper too shredded to be utilized for wall-patching.

Weeds and occasional bush poked up through the piled trash and grew among the shacks among the shacks on the hill, nearly masking some entirely.
Manuelico slowly walked to where the dog had been, idly wondering what had interested the animal. He bent down, found nothing, and straightened. His eyes surveyed the hillside, then the nagging sores on his body.

"Cagada," he shrieked again, kicking wildly and blindly at nothing with his bare foot.

A sudden pain—more nauseating than painful—shot up through his leg. He knew without looking what had happened, and the realization scared andickened him.

By the time he could reach his foot blood was gushing from a long gash in his instep. He held the torn flesh tightly, screaming for help.

Neighbors, curious at the tearful yelling, gathered around staring at Manuelico as he gripped his foot, blood flowing between his fingers.

Sobbing, he looked at the dumbstruck faces for help.

A woman, whose grime blouse barely covered a huge, sagging bosom, stood watching as though she were seeing a ballusting after a young cow; she absently scratched her thigh and looked.

A little girl, picking her nose, looked first at the boy, then her mother, then back again.

Two men just stood.

A girl put her hand to her mouth and lowered her eyelids.

One man stepped forward and looked closely. "Very bad," he repeated slowly, gazing intently at the open slash and watching the widening red puddle.

"Do something," begged the boy, still trying to stop the gushing blood. A severed artery escaped his pressure and steadily pumped more blood into the scarlet pool.

The man who had stepped toward Manuelico, still murmuring "Very bad," tore his shirt into pieces and wrapped the wound. He knew medicine. "The blood stops when the wound is wrapped," he assured the boy, who was already lying quietly on his back.

Red began to show on the yellowish-white cloth that bound the gash. Then the color deepened until the whole bandage was scarlet, and the liquid again dripped onto the red dirt. People had gathered now and were pushing and shoving to get a view of the boy and his attendant.

Manuelico's mother was called by a neighbor who happened to think of it. She ran through the crowd of curious neighbors until she reached the center. Her eyes shot from her boy, flat on his back in the dirt, to a huge pool of red beneath his foot, to a man staring fixedly at a bloody bandage muttering "Very bad," now almost silently.

The woman quickly crossed herself and ran to her son. His eyes were closed in what may have been shock several moments earlier.

And her itching had stopped.

... and his Mouseketeers

— 25 —
Success To The Gridiron Show ’65

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Best Wishes, and please take it easy on us elder statesmen!

MO UDALL
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THE WAR ON EVERYTHING

Presented by the Tucson Press Club in cooperation with leading citizens of Tucson, The State of Arizona, the United States, Latin America, United Kingdom, Union of South Africa, Non-Union of South Africa, USSR and all points north, south, east and west.

May 5, 6, 7, 8, in the year 1965
Saddle & Sirloin Restaurant
located just a little off Broadway

Music by Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein, Michael Arlen, CBS, NBC, ABC, Rudolph Friml, Victor Herbert, Peter Iliad Chaikovsky, otherwise known as Tschaikowsky... and friends.

Book and Lyrics by Michael J. Brown, James F. Cooper, Steve Emerine, John Fahr, Larry Ferguson, Jay Hall, Jay Miller, Jess Riggle, Mort Rosenblum, Bernie Sedley and Peter Starrett.

Directed by Jess Riggle
Produced by Dick Casey
Orchestra George Zack, piano
Paul Humphrey, drums

Act 1
The Bobbsey Twins... Bernie Sedley & Peter Starrett
Special characterizations... Jerry Sanders, Bill Hopkins

OPENING CHORUS
Mike Brown, Dick Casey, Steve Emerine, Mike Goldberg, Ralph Hamilton, Pete Taylor, and Rudy Sudigala.

CAPITOL HILLBILLIES
or
Strictly for the Birds
Stew Udall... Rudy Sudigala
Lyndon B.... Frank Richardson
Lady Bird J.... Jo Sudigala
Linda B. J.... Chic Fannin
Lucy Baines J.... Dorothy Gallagher

CAMEO PORTRAIT
by Dick Calkins

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER
Betty Willburn... Chic Fannin
Bill Willburn, Too... Mike Brown

TUCSON,
MIRACLE IN THE DESERT
Photographed and narrated by Jay Miller

ANOTHER CAMEO PORTRAIT
by Dick Calkins

THREE LEMONS AND A BANANA
Supervisor Jay... Pete Taylor
Supervisor Weaver... Jay Abbey
Supervisor Rubi... Fred Heiden
Chiquita... Judith (Williams) Scott
Mac (James Bond) Marshall... Will Scott

NOBODY
or
Hometown Boy Makes Good
Dean Burch... Jim Cooper
Senior Leaguer
(or All American Girl)... Martha Cooper
CAPTAIN ANGRY LEW
AND HIS MOUSKETEERS
TV Girl...........................Mary Purcell
Captain Angry Lew..............Steve Emerine
Jimmy Kirk......................Jess Riggle
Jimmy Corbett...................Mike Brown
Jimmy Southard................Pete Taylor
Tommy Rallis....................Tony Rogers
G. Freemanny Woods.............Mike Goldberg
Kirky Storch....................Dick Casey
Marshall K-Keane..............Ralph Hamilton

* * *

Intermission
* * *

Act 2

Second OPENING CHORUS
* * *
GREENFINGER
or
WEATHER STORMY
a tragedy in three scenes

Body..................................Bill Barton
Man with Sign......................Gordon Barker
First Assistant....................Fred Heiden
Second Assistant..................Rudy Sudigala
Greenfinger.........................Bernie Rabinowitz
Sheriff Burr.........................Will Scott
Justice of the Peace...............Larry Dadisman
Joycey Baby.........................Jo Sudigala
Pathologist.........................Jay Abbey

* * *

STILL ANOTHER
CAMEO PORTRAIT
by Dick Calkins
* * *

SAM GODDARD, SAY IT AGAIN
or
Nearer thy Goddard to Thee
* * *

ORIGINAL
TUUCSON BOYS CHORUS
directed by
Miguel Eduardo Caso Brown

SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE
* * *
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
SMALL LOSS

Daddy Small......................Steve Emerine
Billy Jr..........................Pete Taylor
William R. Mathews............Scott Henderson
Madame..........................Jeanine Starrett
Girls.............................Kay Cutchull, Jane Sedley,
                             Mary Purcell
Jack Weadock.....................Larry Dadisman

* * *

STILL ANOTHER,
ANOTHER CAMEO PORTRAIT
by Dick Calkins
* * *

DRACULA FAMILY

Kookie Rosemary
Dracula Taylor..................Kay Getzwiler
Frank Dracula....................Jack Sheaffer
Roy Dracula......................John Fahr
Thing.............................Bill Barton

FINALE

Cast of thousands in a grand Climax
* * *

CREDITS

Stage Manager.....................Ann Dalton
Lights.............................Jud Schultz
Props & Costumes................Kay Cutchull, chairman
Makeup...........................Thelma Cates and Flo Hanraity
Stage Hands.......................Steve Kearns and Jim Johnson
Sound Effects....................Helen Millier
provided by Wally Lindberg-KTAN radio
Thing Box.........................Bill Barton
Slides.............................Robert Ripley, KGUN-TV
Radio and TV publicity...........Eden Hart
Tickets and Reservations......Lishby Kittle
Wigs..............................The Wiggery
Costumes........................Schulta's Costume Shop,
                             University of Arizona Drama Department,
                             Sheriff's Department, Brad McCoy, Playbox Theater
Dracula Chair.....................Kon Tiki
Knight Decanters on
Cover Design.....................Steinfeld's Men's Department
Bwana McKalip Arrives
At Local Library
To Conduct Editorial Research
Love
Your
Chickens

By MARX LOER

I HEARD a news item recently that intrigued me so
that I can't get it out of my mind.

There is a gentleman, named Babcock, who is an
authority on chickens and this suitably-named expert
has come out with the statement that chickens need
love and affection ... Indeed, that they thrive on it,
and hens who feel loved will lay more eggs than those
belonging to a cold-hearted and indifferent poultry-man.
He went on to say that you must make them know you
love them.

Now this bit of information really staggered the
mind.

Just to begin with, I find that chickens without bene-
fit of gravy and dumplings are not very loveable.

True, they are harmless and inoffensive, but they
lack a certain something ... perhaps the quality miss-
ing is personality.

I can't help feeling, as the saying goes, 'You see
one chicken; you've seen them all.'

Now, the really difficult part of Mr. Babcock's state-
ment is that you must make them know you love them.

How?

How do you get the message across to a hen that she
is the one for you? Few poultrymen have the time or
patience to sit in a corner of their coop fondling one
chicken after another and whispering sweet nothings
into her feathers. It would be time-consuming, messy
and might cause all sorts of jealous little fiends among
the flock. Just imagine one hen saying to another: "I no-
tice you, my dear, were the only one Humphrey had
eyes for today. He held you on his lap twice as long
as any of the rest of us. Well, just let him try to get an
egg out of me. If he wants eggs, let him go to his little
sweetheart!"

I suppose the alternative to this method of showing
the hens you're mad about them is to open the hen-
house door every time you pass it and shout into it,
'I love you. I love you. You're beautiful!"

This might work ... but it would make a man
feel awfully foolish to turn around after one of these
loud declarations of love and find the feed salesman
standing behind him, looking thoughtful. Might start
some nasty gossip around the Grange Hall.

And, Mr. Babcock, what effect will this have on the
rooster? Might he not take a dim view of all this ro-
mane in the hen-house? Is it not possible that he
would say to himself: "If old Jonesy is going to start
muscling in on my territory ... maybe I'll just sked-
daddle up to the farmhouse and see what his wife is
doing. She's not a bad looking chick. Two can play
that game, Jonesy!"

How could something like this happen
to a fine, clean-cut, outstanding, moral,
wonderful American boy like me?

—31—
A GE ROBS US of so much that is beautiful, as the
juices of youth dry up and muscles and bones
corrode.

There comes, then, a pitiful flight to the few com-
penations of age—and most prominent is that new
status of an authentic Old Timer. One uses the trite
phrases, "Now, when I was a boy . . ." and "Well,
I remember back when . . . ."

Backtracking in memory 40 years, I remember those
delicious cub days, fresh out of journalism school and
on my first daily newspaper job, back in Milwaukee.

The Milwaukee Leader was a Socialist newspaper
in that grand old German city where the Socialist-Labor
party won all municipal elections. The publisher was
Victor L. Berger, one of the six Congressmen barred
from seats in Congress because of their opposition to
our entry into World War I. It was the day of At-
torney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, and of chimeric
red raids which would put a Joe McCarthy to shame.

Biggest national topic, when I went to the paper,
was the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Our volubly liberal paper
took a strong stand. It was a period when the little UP
room had not only the bureau editor but also a brass
pounder, sending and receiving news with his little
Morse outfit. Copy came to the desk as "flimsy," a
paper lighter than onionskin, evasive to handle.

Everyone on the staff was a character. There was
Big Chris, a mighty blond Dane who covered the federal
building and some of the courts. He was getting skooked
right and left for a month or two, and in that same
period grew ghostly pale and lost weight rapidly. M r.
Berger himself sat in on that conference which probed
the problem of Big Chris. The managing editor insisted
that Chris had consumption—tuberculosis. The city
director thought there was some mental illness causing
Chris to miss assignments, skip off his beat, evidence
of an alarming listlessness.

The police reporter got the answer. Big Chris had
started moonlighting—but during working hours. He
had taken on the door-to-door selling of ladies' under-
garments, beautiful diamantes of silk and rayon. The
trouble was that his sales route was down West Water
Street, in the red light zone. (Remember Ma Garrity's
Riding Academy?) It happened that the prospective
customers usually were short of cash—and Chris was
willing to do business on the barter system, taking it
out in trade, so to speak. Well, half a dozen sales a
day like that and any man, after a few weeks, will get
wan and lose a few pounds.

Barney, the sports editor, was a simple soul. We
all accused him of editing his sports pages with scissors,
stealing from the local morning Sentinel and the Chi-
icago Tribune. I remember when Barney was to go on
vacation and George was to take over the sports page for
two weeks.

In an elaborate jest, one noon, we stripped George
to the waist, laid him out on the rim of the copy desk,
and as Barney came back from lunch I was vigorously
applying linterent to George's right arm and shoulder.

Barney stopped and gazed. "What's matter with
George? He sprain an arm or something?"

I looked up, but kept on massaging: "No, nothing
wrong. Only you know, Barney, he's taking over sports
next week."

"Yah, I know. What's that gotta do with his arm?"

He had fallen right into it, and the whole office was
ready to guaff at the riposte: "You see, Barney, this
is George's scissors arm, and if he has to do your job
. . ." Barney's answer was not printable, but expressive.

When the Brewers weren't playing in town, Barney
almost daily would take advantage of his free pass to
the burlesque houses. One day, fresh from an afternoon
at the Gaiety, he tried to act out what probably is the
oldest joke in either burlesque or minstrel:

"Listen, Burnham, when I ask you something—
now you stand over there, see, like we just met on the
street—you answer 'That wasn't no lady, that was my
wife.' O.K. ?"

So Barney approached me: "Say, who was that lady
I seen you walking down the street with last night?"

"That," and I winked at the others in the city room,
"That wasn't no street. That was an alley."

Barney shook his head: "No, no! You got it wrong.
You say, 'That was your wife,' see? Try it again."

So Barney went into that 'Who was that lady I seen
you walking . . . routine and this time, to vary it a
bit, I answered, 'That wasn't no lady, that was your
wife.'"

"Not your wife," protested Barney. 'I mean, you say
'Your wife.'"

"That's what I thought you meant, 'Your wife'," but
by this time everyone was laughing and a puzzled
Barney had slumped at his desk and picked up his scis-
sors and the opposition paper.

We all loved Janie, the society editor, and were
strongly devoted to her. She was a great big, easy-going
gal who liked to stay up nights and hated to get up in
morn. There evolved a scheme: Whoever was hand-
ling the early wire would phone Janie about 7:30
a.m., so she could get waked up, dressed and to the
office one time. She had long ago proven a deafness to
the ordinary alarm clock.

So each morning someone would phone her from
the office, get a responsive but sleepy "O.K." and
hang up.

Until one time when Janie roused from sleep to
answer the jangling phone with an "O.K., darling.
I'll be fleecing to your arms in a few minutes," then proceeded to get up. When her eyes were open she focused them on her desk clock—which read exactly 12 midnight. She never did find out who had called.

Marty, the little Irish photographer—our sole photographer, darkroom technician and photo editor—drove Milwaukee streets daily and recklessly in his $40 Model T Ford coupe. It was one of those high, short jobs which could tip over if you let a wheel drop into a streetcar track.

Milwaukee was suffering a minor crime wave—major for law-abiding Milwaukee and for those peaceful days. About once a week a gasoline station attendant would be held up and robbed. Sometimes a recalcitrant station attendant would be tapped on the noggin, but usually the threat of a pointed finger in the robber's coat pocket—suggesting a ready revolver—was enough to divest the employee of the station's cash.

Whenever these holdups occurred, Marty would get a call from a precinct police captain—be knew all the cops and they loved him—and he'd get a picture of the robbed attendant posed at the gas pump where he had been robbed. Often I'd go with him, to grab the name, time, particular characteristics of the heist, whatever would make a cutline.

One warm July afternoon Marty and I were the only two left in the city room. It was my job to hold for the last few innings of the Brewer-Kansas City ball game, then in progress. Marty was just sitting around, reading the paper.

When the phone jangled it was the chief of police himself on the line, and he asked for Marty. I gave the call to the photographer, but he motioned for me to hold on, on the other phone, ready to take notes.

"Marty, this is Chief Staudmeyer. We just had another of those gas station holdups."

Marty motioned to me to grab a pencil and take notes: "O.K., chief. Tell me where it was, and I'll be right over."

"But Marty, this time we caught the guy."

"Fine, chief. Where ya holding him? I'll go out and get a mug shot of 'thi bastard. Maybe we can still make the street...."

"Marty, hold on a minute, while I explain."

"Go ahead, chief, I'm all ears."

"Well, Marty, you see, the guy we caught—it's your brother."

It was just a drab little happening, really. Marty's brother had lost his job. The wife had hunted her back alighting from a street car—and you can't get anywhere suing the transit company for damages. No accident insurance, of course. Also, one of the kids had been sick for months, leaving the family strapped.

Marty's brother, desperate for grocery money, about once a week would bolster his courage with medication from a bottle of moon, then go out and pick himself a likely gas station.

We didn't use the name in our one-paragraph story of the stick-up. I called the morning paper, The Sentinel, and they agreed to fumble the story, somehow not get the name of the holdup man.

In fact, it never was disclosed until now—and that was 40 years ago, and Marty's name, of course, really wasn't Marty.
CONGRATULATIONS!!
— from friends of
Pete San Angelo

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TUCSON, ARIZONA
*In truth, we do not have an employee named Virginia. But, it wouldn't read well to say "Yes, Xanippe, we are the other agency in Tucson."

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—34—
It Was A Great Fire

By PETER STARRETT

WATCHED a thing on the wonder tube the other night about a newspaper reporter.

Handsome dog that he was, he solved crimes, cured epidemics, mixed martinis and drove several lush broads crazy without hardly mussing his trench coat.

The best part of this best of all lives is that he never did seem to find it necessary to make contact with a typewriter.

A great many people don’t seem to understand how we in the trade are able to do all these things . . . in fact, I’ve met a few dullards who express doubt that we even live this kind of life, or in fact, ever inject ourselves so wholly into our work.

It’s because of these doubts that I would like to cite, in passing, the story of my first big fire, as a typical example of the adventurous reporter at work.

Actually, I wrote this piece for the Tucson Daily Citizen, but they somehow rejected it and after I found out there was no such magazine as True Fireman, I passed it on to the Hellbox—it shouldn’t be a total loss.

This all took place in Belfast, Maine, where I was the just-out-of-college news editor (and complete news staff) of a modest (circulation had been dropping for 45 years) weekly newspaper.

There was this big forest fire going on down the coast. That happens pretty often in a dry summer. So the first team of the local volunteer fire department had taken their best pumpers and gone off to help out in the woods.

We had just finished off a third canister of a native mixture of gin and olive juice and were debating the relative merits of having dinner as compared to another canister, when the town fire whistle blew.

That settled it, of course. We mixed another canister and took it with us to the fire. Or that is, my brother Ted and I did. Less hearty family members decided on dinner.

We found the fire all right and joined up with a growing knot of spectators eagerly waiting for the fire trucks to show up.

We waited quite a while and the house got burning pretty good. About the time we finished off the gin somebody had finally figured out what had happened. It seems the first team of our fire department was the only team and there wasn’t anybody left to put out the fire.

Well, Jake Holmes and some other fellas went up to the first station and cranked up an old hard-wheeled La France that hadn’t seen action for a long time and—nobody had any notion of how things worked—we all pitched in to put out the fire.

Oh Boy!

First, it seems this woman is trapped upstairs, so she climbs out onto the porch roof and asks for a ladder.

A teenager runs out of the crowd and scrambles right up the front screen door to the roof. He apparently figures the place is about to collapse in flames, so he grabs the woman under the arms and—she is kicking and screaming pretty good by now—makes like he is going to throw her off the roof . . . for her own good.

We finally talked him out of that one and after some trouble—she was awfully fat is what she was—got her down the ladder. The boy then went into the house and walked calmly down the front stairs which were hardly even smoky.

It seemed like the best thing to do was put water on the fire, so we grabbed the ends of the hoses off the truck and after a little trouble got them screwed onto the hydrant down the block.

Then we turned on the water and that’s probably what we shouldn’t have done. The hose sort of puffed out and then exploded. It seems we had both ends of the same hose hooked up.

After awhile they got one hose hooked up right and we all grabbed on and started into the house. Some-
body said it was in the attic so we wound, all in a line, up the front stairs and up the steep flight to the attic where sure enough there was a fire burning.

As we went the people in front somehow kept peeling off to take care of this and that and about the time we got to the fire there was me and Ted right up there at the nozzle.

Then they turned on the water.

It wasn’t one of those new-fangled nozzles you could turn off and nobody had told us to brace against the pressure and . . . well, the hose made about three wild circles of the attic, not hurting the fire a bit, but raining water and charred debris all over us.

It then picked us up bodily and threw us backwards down the attic stairs.

Our leader decided maybe we had better spray it from the outside.

He detailed Ted and me to take a ladder around back and climb up on the roof of the ell (that’s a lower part that is always on the back of a New England house). We were to break out the attic windows so the house could be sprayed through.

We got up okay and were skillfully breaking windows with a fire ax when somebody decided it would be better to shoot the water through the front windows.

That would have been okay if they had had another ladder, but they didn’t.

We kind of yelled for awhile and said how we would like to get down off the very steep roof of that burning house, but nobody seemed to pay much attention.

I guess they got the front windows knocked out okay because pretty soon they turned on the hose again.

The fellows on the ground weren’t much better hose holders than Ted and me had been and they had a lot of trouble hitting the front window with the stream.

In fact, most of the time the water was arcing over the house and hitting the roof of the ell, which is just where we were.

As I said, it was a pretty steep roof and it got slippery and pretty soon I found myself doing a kind of slow-motion ski act toward the edge. It was more of a drop than I cared about, so I sat down but that didn’t seem to help. I just kept sliding.

As my feet went over the edge my heels hit the storm gutter below and I came to a comforting stop.

Pretty soon Ted put his legs down and pulled me back up to the ridgepole and we kind of sat there with our backs to the hosing, discussing places we would rather be.

After a bit they got the fire out and somebody finally remembered us and brought back the ladder.

We were pretty wet and cold by then, so we went right home and slipped into a dry martini.

The next day, as luck would have it, was press day at the weekly and I arrived bright and bushy-tailed to write the big fire story.

It was then that I discovered I didn’t have the street address of the house . . . or the owner’s name . . . or the amount of damage . . . or the details on how it started . . . or how many men fought it . . . or . . . well, you get the picture. I hadn’t covered the story, nor had I remembered to call the local photographer to get a picture of it.

So that’s my story as I lived it and more or less wrote it . . . after checking for details with the fire chief, who hadn’t been there.

This ad is to serve as a public offer to Jess Riggle to extend his eight-year Gridiron contract for four more years.

—JIM KIRK

senior councilman

Don’t you just hate P-U-S-H-Y WIG Salesmen?

SO DO WE!

AT THE WIGGERY, our job is serve you, please you, and glamorize you. We DON’T push you.

However, your husband might, when he finds out how convenient, beautiful, and time saving your wig can be.

BEWITCHERY BEGINS AT

The Wiggery

4325 E. BROADWAY 327-5913
4.5% annual rate
COMPounded DAILY

Greater Arizona Savings
AND LOAN ASSN.

62 SOUTH STONE AVENUE

5455 EAST BROADWAY

FOR A SHAKEY GOVERNMENT VOTE IN THE "PIZZA PARTY"

SHAKEY'S PIZZA PARLOR
1060 North Craycroft

Best of luck on this year's show

Sheriff WALDON V. BURR
Rito & Bob Man the Club
KANCHANABURI, Thailand . . . If bridges could dream, a nine-span railroad structure in western Thailand would have nightmares.

This is the celebrated Bridge on the River Kwai which today still stands as part of the infamous "Death" railroad that cost over 100,000 lives.

Built by Allied prisoners of war to link Japanese-occupied Thailand and Burma in 1943, the 263 mile railroad was carved by hand in 4 frenzied months through the steaming jungle to supply Japanese forces in Burma. The death toll was between 80,000 and 100,000 impressed Burmese and Malay laborers plus 16,000 Allied POW's who died from sickness, malnutrition and exhaustion.

The narrow gauge bridge is now used by pedestrians, bicycles, and one daily train. Each afternoon a shrill locomotive whistle cuts through the warm silence as a steam engine slowly clanks across the iron bridge. Its route lies between Kanchanaburi and a western terminal short of the Pass of the Three Pagodas on the Burmese border.

A pilgrimage to the black steel structure which shimmers in the tropic heat is both a haunting experience and an object lesson in reality.

In contrast to the imposing wooden Hollywood version which actually was built and filmed in Ceylon, the real-life Kwai bridge seems undramatic as an Iowa branchline trestle. Framed by low jungle trees it spans a quietly flowing, broad, brown river.

Yet the Bridge on the River Kwai yields an emotional sledge hammer on those who make the 75-mile journey from Bangkok and visit its nearby cemeteries. Here the horror of the "Death Railway" is ironically evoked to life by row after row of bronze headstones and the typically British understatement in the cemetery guidebooks.

These tell of maggory rice, epidemics, and work quotas even for sick men. Moreover, the Japanese would not allow the prisoners to construct the triangular international aerial signals indicating the presence of POW's after Allied bombing of the line began. "In one raid alone on the Nong Pladuk area where the prisoners' camp was located, amongst sidings holding petrol, ammunition and store trains—and prisoners were not allowed to leave their bamboo huts—93 were killed and 300 wounded."

There are three cemeteries near the Bridge today. One of them marked by a stone pylon houses the ashes of Japanese who died in the region. The other two are British cemeteries which contain over 8700 Dutch, British, and Australian graves. These are magnificently maintained with neatly trimmed lawns and flowers, plus remembrance plaques. Many of the epitaphs provided by the families back home are direct and poignant. An Australian artilleryman lies under "Goodnight sweetheart, all my prayers are for you." A 24-year-old private from an English regiment is promised, "Gone, my darling, but never forgotten."

Today only 33 miles of the original Death Railway line remain. Most of the old right-of-way which was constructed at such an appalling cost was later found to be unsafe and abandoned to the waiting jungle.

(Copley News Service)
Guaranteed to Fit...

Lusk
America's Most Honored Home Builder

I've Just Seen Selby's New Lincoln-Merces Comets and Meteors!

No, no, no, sir!
I'm Jack Weadock

Selby Motors
2200 East Broadway
Make A Million

By MARX LOEB

Today I have some splendid advice for you. How would you like to make lots of money with little or no work, with no preparation, no education beyond the first three or four grades of elementary school, no equipment other than a second-hand typewriter or a pencil and the back of some old paper bag?

Doesn’t this sound like the ideal career? Are you curious about how you can be rich yet indolent and illiterate? Become a lyric writer for rock and roll hits. I say hits, because they are all hits . . . They all sound so much the same that there is no danger of writing an unsuccessful rock and roll number . . . Just make it sound like all the rest and it will hit the top forty within two weeks.

The one bit of labor connected with writing rock and roll lyrics is to find a title . . . This is not too bad as anything will do and once you get it, everything else falls into place . . . You just keep repeating the title and punctuate it with the same old English word, “Yeah.”

To illustrate: I will make up a title . . . or two . . . or ten. Let’s see . . . “My Baby’s Got Bunions” . . . There’s a world better of a title . . . Now, for the lyrics: you just write down the back of that paper bag, “My baby’s got bunions, yeah, yeah, my baby’s got bunions, yeah, yeah, oh yeah, my poor little baby’s got nasty, old bunions, yeah, yeah, but I love her just the same.”

Then repeat “My baby’s got bunions and yeah, yeah for the rest of the number. For a flashy finish you can end with the one word, “Bunions.”

Now for other titles . . . I’ll give you some. Write this down. “Crab Grass Blues,” “The Drag Race Drag,” “Silk Socks,” “‘Caressin’ In The Cactus,” “Dandruff, Acne and You,” “It Was Only A Teenage Diverge,” “Cornflakes and Cream,” “Bubble Gum Dreams,” etc., etc., ad nauseam.

Now, of course, like all enterprises, lyric writing for rock and roll has a few don’ts and you must know them. Don’t use any three or more syllable words. Don’t try to inject any thought that will tix the dullest of minds. Don’t make any lines rhyme. Don’t try to achieve any decent meter . . . it’s not necessary because you can always make the meter come out right by elongating a word . . . such as, “Bi-A-Bee,” or “Guh-un.”

And, above all, try to wipe out of your mind such lyric writers as Ira Gershwin, Johnny Mercer, or Cole Porter . . . It will only make you sob uncontrollably and wet the paper bag you are writing on.

Come to think of it, I think it might make them sob uncontrollably and wet their royalty checks from ASCAP.

So, I say to you: “Sharpen Your Pencils, Dull Your Minds and Go To It!” Good Luck!
We're really awfully jolly ... the Dracula Family ...
Egyptian Solar Boat

By JAY MILLER

CAIRO—This is Jay Miller, Emphasis World Beat. In Egypt today a 4500-year-old boat that never was launched is about to get a new home.

In the very shadow of the great pyramid, a new museum is being built for one of the most remarkable boats ever made. This boat is 4500 years old, it hasn’t a piece of metal in it, and it’s nearly 130 feet long.

Although this story really begins 2700 years before Christ, in the time of a pharaoh with a monumental ego, a good place to pick up the tale is only ten years ago with an obscure Egyptian highway engineer. In 1954, the Egyptian government after much soul-searching, had decided to build a road all the way around the base of the giant pyramid of Sheep. You’ve seen its picture a number of times—a vast 13-acre giant that for the ancients was one of the seven wonders of the world.

The government wanted the road for tourists, but knowing the area was loaded with tombs and tunnels, wanted the job done carefully. And so it was in the spring of 1954 that Kamel el Mallakh in putting in his road came across 41 huge limestone slabs under the sand on the pyramid’s southern side. Each stone was about 13 feet long and weighed nearly 3 tons. Carefully a hole was drilled in one of the slabs, a flashlight aimed inside and the warm sweet smell of fragrant wood, imprisoned for nearly 4,500 years, drifted upwards.

For archaeology this was a major find, probably the most significant of the past 35 years. What Kamel el Mallakh had found was a disassembled royal boat for the eternal use of the Pharaoh Cheops who had built the pyramid. The ancient Egyptians thought the sky was like an ocean and each morning the souls of departed Pharaohs had to cross the heavens in a boat like the radiant sun.

Gingerly, the archaeologists took more than 600 pieces out of the pit—together with rope that looked like new—and moved them into a laboratory. When they were finished with their jigsaw puzzle, they had assembled a magnificent vessel 130 feet long, that rose 22 feet above its waterline and had 12 oars each 27 feet long. The wood was Lebanese cedar; and now a fact collected from the carvings of a tomb wall dropped into place. King Oras, the father of Cheops, had said he had brought 40 shiploads of cedar from Lebanon and the scientists were now certain what had happened to some of that ancient timber.

The boat was stitched together entirely with rope—without the use of a nail or any piece of metal. Archaeologists today marvel at its workmanship. There was even a cabin with air-conditioning of a sort—woven mats upon which water was poured to provide cooling by evaporation.

Today, there’s a new museum building being built along the pyramids south side. And soon tourists will be able to see what the ancients thought to be an eternal space-craft for the soul of their kind.

Jay Miller NBC News, Cairo.
But Normy, it's suicide . . .
Horizontal Rain

By CECIL JAMES

A rickety juke box was pounding out a mournful tune when she walked through the swinging doors.

"Hi, bud," she said to the bartender. "How about a highball?"

"Sure," he replied.

She swung a pair of trim hips over a bar stool and gave the place, plus myself, the once over.

"You're a stranger," she smiled, "Where'd you come from?"

State-side, I mused, and heading for "the land of horizontal rain." The Navy's building a radar station.

"Adak?" she questioned.

Yep.

Why was I going back? One tour nearly rattled my brain. Uneducated and barbaric men, horrible weather, earth trembles and near-ice water surrounding the whole darn island does not lend to happy working conditions. Plus the Ruskies who were only 600 miles away.

The trim one—about 30, blonde with fine features. She was any man's goal, but I doubted a conquest by many. What was she doing here in Kodiak, I thought. Maybe she was down from the land of the midnight sun. A school teach, perhaps.

"You sad," she said as the leather jacket came off. The blouse was tight and the curves were there.

"Kinda," I answered. "Need money. But damn, I dread the long wet winter. The winds are so wild that airplanes can't even land at times, and I leave at dawn."

Your last touch of civilization comes when you bid goodbye to the stewardess on board the Military Air Transport plane. The only other dolls around are wives of high-chelon brass and a few office gals who charge $50 for their favors. Things were so bad I even organized a bowling team so we could compete with the gals' bowling group.

"My tribe's having a brawl tonight," she explained. "I am without date. Would you mind taking me? I sotta feel like a fifth wheel at these parties."

Yeah, I mumbled. Sure I am available. I would like to have her as a companion on that g-d island. But the only animals I will see are men, bums, professional gamblers and queers. Although dogs run wild, they still have a kind heart for a friend.

Some of the men—those who travel the earth working on government jobs, at oil fields and mines—are tough. Many are from the skid rows of Seattle, San Francisco and New York City. They range from 18-year-olds to 60-year-old men.

Hell, one night outside of the beer hall a man was kicked to death. The winner was fined $20 in Anchorage. Owed a gambling debt, I guess.

"Another bourbon, barkeep. The beer on Adak is terrible. Our home brew, although raw, is still better."

I looked up at those beautiful, but wondering blue eyes.

"Your boy friend gone?" I asked.

She paused, broke the small plastic rod which stirred the highball and murmured:

"Go to hell!"

"No, No mister, I'm sorry. Really I am. But he went down two months ago. A bush pilot and one of the best. The ice and quiet fog finally caught up with him. Said he would never marry until he had a steady job on the ground."

The party was roaring when we arrived. They welcomed Toni with open arms. Soon I was accepted when they discovered I wasn't a tenderfoot from state-side.

The hootch warned my belly. I flowed like the water in the Yukon River after the ice breaks. By 11 p.m., I had no pain and was about 10 feet tall. I felt I knew.
Toni all my life. She was solid and tough as the Klondike itself.

At 2 p.m. we broke away.

"Jimmy," she said softly, "spend the night with me."

Frankly, I had intended to do the same. But I was happy it was made easy. I was kinda shy with gals who I really have a hankerin' for.

Loving Toni was something in another world and by 3 a.m. we were both ready for a long sleep. Rain was dropping easily on the window.

No, Toni, I whispered, let's not get up yet.

"I'm sorry redhead," said a voice, "but we are landing in 10 minutes. Adak is straight ahead."

I opened my eyes and the slender stewardess was smiling.

"Your Toni must be quite a gal," she said. "I envy her. Here is a note she gave me before we left."

"Jimmy," it said, "don't let the weather get you. I expect a return engagement when you get back—one about 40 years long."

The land of the northern lights was still barren, except for the knee-deep tundra and small streams.

Trudging through the mud to my Quonset hut, I winced at the sting of the horizontal rain. Still, I smiled slightly. At the end of this tour my gal with the trim hips would be waiting.
A Writer I Once Knew

By JOHN BURNHAM

The young man—I just assumed he was a young man—across the hall was typing erratically. Like an author, or as I presumed an author might.

What I mean, a stenographer or secretary knows her keyboard, so she just looks at her notebook and types right along, rapidly. Doesn’t have to stop and think. No hesitating for the right thought or the proper word.

But that typing across the hall sounded like an author, probably a young man trying to plough through chapter seventeen of the great American novel. Well, I had news for him. I had already written chapter seventeen of the great American novel, and my present concern was chapter eighteen.

The typing went on, sporadically. It would start early in the morning, then the room would be quiet much of the day. At night it would start again, that same sporadic typing. There would be a rapid clack-clack of hurry, then a pause, as if for inspiration or a proper adjective. Then rapid typing for an entire minute or so, then a pause. For a drink? To light a cigarette? A shifting of a chair, and he sat down again, then the quick sprinting typing again.

Across the hall I could visualize it so well, a hungry young author who had come down here, as I had, for the solitude needed for accomplishment. Because you can’t write at home. I’ve tried it.

At the office there are too many interruptions, too much surveillance. At home it was worse: “Now, if you want to write, I won’t disturb you. Just set up your typewriter, close the door, and I promise I won’t interrupt.”

The first time you took that literally. Five minutes after you rolled a piece of paper into the typewriter, the door opened in that intrusive unobtrusiveness of which women are past masters: “I know I promised not to bother you, but I’m sending the drapes out, and you’re so much taller; it will take you only a minute . . .”

So you take down the damn drapes. And turn back to the typewriter. For exactly seven minutes, then: “Is Kitty in here? I’ve lost him somewhere, and he has that habit of hiding in closets. He hasn’t felt well lately, and . . . well, I just wouldn’t want him to get into your closet and be sick all over. No? He must have slipped outside when the mailman came.”

That elusive muse, for once sitting on your shoulder, has now departed, is far away. In orbit.

Perhaps it is because there is a social stigma to writing. It never is taken seriously by most people. Often it is given unkind names. You remember that newspaper you worked on, years ago in the Dakotas. The handsome newspaper place had been built on property previously used as a stable by Wells Fargo.

Old Bill Langer and a dozen other politicians of the state garnered much mileage from the prairie humor of a remark known by now to every human in the territory: “So this newspaper, built on a manure pile and operated on the same principle ever since . . .”

Those days were long gone when you first went to the paper, as a reporter, but that story was part of the newspaper folklore, the mouth-to-mouth heritage which actually gained aroma in time, like a rare old wine.

Poor writing, in fact most writing, is frequently conned with manure. The expressions: “A bunch of horse manure,” or “A lot of crap,” are part of the American patois, as Mencken pointed out years ago. Newspaper features or novels—the U. S. public is rough as a cob in its appraisal.

In any case you learned two things about writing—that it is something slightly irregular, somewhere between a club foot and a sexual aberration. And the other thing, that there’s no place in the domestic scene where one can write, neither home nor office.

So here in this hotel room in Mexico you seek out the muse, and all you have is that oddly punctuated typing from across the hall, that and the residual ache from too many tequila dobles the night before. You had two or three ideas, or thought you had, but the muse hasn’t yet touched them with the wand of life.

And now that infuriating typing, that sporadic stops and starts of a typewriter, comes again from across the
hall. The young man must be making progress. There
was an hour of typing this morning, then we went out
and now he is at it again. I wonder where he went. To
a cathedral? To the park to watch the pretty girls stroll
by? To the mercado to watch the bargaining? To his
favorite cantina for a cooling surfer of good Mexican
beer?

In any case, he is at it again. The typing stops, the
chair is shoved back—he must be reaching for a ciga-
ette. You picture it all. All except the story line. It is
written to depict Mexico? Or New York? Or maybe
Hollywood? Already, in your mind, you have identi-
fied to some degree this driving prolific author. He is
American. Young. Not wealthy—let’s say hungry, but
not starving. The typing definitely is fiction. You don’t
write letters day after day like that. A novel. Or at
least a novelette.

Your own typewriter stares glumly at you, with an
implacable snarl on its lettered face. It is shaming you
—and there isn’t a damn thing you can do about it. You
could have a drink. Maybe just to break the spell, go
down for a short one, then return and really get to
work. The idea appeals.

You button your open shirt, slip on a bolo tie in case
there are effete turistas at the bar, check to see if you
have pesos, then open the door. As if he were waiting
for you, the man from across the hall shoves back his
chair and opens his door. You meet face-to-face in the
narrow hallway.

He is a young Mexican, a slightly-built young man,
as embarrassed by the head-on encounter as you are. To
save him embarrassment, but quite without thinking,
you immediately mention that you have heard his type-
writer, for three days now, and you are wondering about
the subject matter which earns such effort. You are
proud of your Spanish, as you use the proper words for
inspiration, for typewriter, for effort, and for often
lately.

The young man is smilingly understanding. He leads
you over to his typewriter and proudly rolls out the
sheet of paper which was in it. You note that it is a bill-
head, or order blank or something. The heading iden-
tifies it as a form used by Fertilizantes Noroeste, S.A.,
which could be interpreted as Northwestern Fertilizers,
Inc.

The typing is on the lines below. So many toneledas
of 45-0-0. That would be a high nitrogen fertilizer.
So many toneledas of ammonium sulphate; so many
toneledas of 12-16-0—apparently a nitrogen-phosphate
combination useful for growing commercial vegetables
and sugar cane. So many hundred sacks of urea, and you
figure you know what that means.

The young man stands by, smiling in his gracious
Latin manner. He is proud of his typing, prouder of
those productive hours of daytime away from his room
when he was securing the orders this typing represents.

As you thank him and ease away, mind confused,
you go back in memory to all the scoffing things you’ve
heard about writing, and about the newspaper built on
a Wells Fargo manure pile.

Well, this is it. Literally. The whole round. Manure
refined—into commercial fertilizers. Writing that pays
off in ammonia and urea to enrich the earth.

Luis, at the bar, is smiling as you give your order:
"Tequila doble, Luis, y pronto."
Act 1

OPENING CHORUS
To “Stout Hearted Men”

We're starting a war, on the rich and poor
Cause they both make us sore than hell.

Shoulder to shoulder, our tempers they smolder,
For we think our country's not well.

We're bold and we're brave, and our country we'll save,
If it means killing everyone here.

We shall fight the kooks and spooks
They all will feel our sting.
We shall fight them all
We're starting war on everything.

We'll fight taxation and all annexation
We staunchly believe it's a crime.
We'll fight the mayor, though he's cross as a bear,
'Cause he bugs us a lot of the time.

Goddard's tax mess and the prejudiced press,
down with TV and radio, too.

We're declaring war on teenage punks and skunks and drunk
Peace on earth we'll bring.
We've started war on everything!

CAPITOL HILLBILLIES
To “Rose of San Antone”

Well, I'll start my own Great Society,
Where all of us will share the wealth.
We'll drink beer while driving our Cadillacs.
And everyone will have good health.

And then overseas, we will keep the peace
By waging war on Viet Cong.
We'll negotiate, not defoliate,
'Cause in your heart, you know he's wrong.

To “Across the Alley from the Alamo”

We finally got to where we like this place,
And Daddy, honey, we think you're an ace.
We can frug and watusi and it's no disgrace
To the people passing by.

We've been in movies and on teavee, too
And magazine covers—we're adored a few.
Had fun despite the Secret Service crew
And their ever-present eye.

Some day we will get married,
We're never coming back,
But for the present, it's pleasant,
Don't want no Texas shack!

With rock 'n roll, the swim, the jerk and crawl,
Daddy dead, we're havin' us a ball,
And we don't want this ball to end it all,
Or we would be high and dry!

To “Yellow Rose of Texas”

I thought I'd better call you,
It's really only fair.
There's not much time for talkin'
You all get out of there!

Oh, the missiles are a-comin'
They'll be overhead.
I hope you won't be angry
When you all wind up dead!

To “What do the Simple Folk Do?”

What do the privileged folk do? . . . in Tucson
What do the privileged folk do?

They throw some cocktail pourings
Their glasses gaily drain.
And some of us were chosen
For Barry's campaign.

What did we chosen few do—with Barry?
What did we chosen few do?

Well Betty had a job
That every woman loves
I spent most of my time
Washing Peggy's white gloves

Then what did we privileged folk do?
What did we privileged folk do?

Well, after we were hired
We suddenly were fired
And then we were rehired
And finally were fired
And . . .

Oh Shaddap!
And that's what we privileged folk do
So we say
So we say

What did the voters all do—in Tucson?
What did the voters all do?
They voted Democrats instead of GOP
I'm back on editorials
I write society
That's what we simple folk do

What did the other folks do—in Tucson
What did the other folks do?
We thought on Bill and Betty
They'd surely throw confetti
But that's not what the folks threw—
Sad to say, sad to say.
THREE LEMONS AND A BANANA

To “Chiquita Banana”

I'm Chiquita Bonanno
And I've come to say,
My uncle isn't here
'Cause he's been snatched away.
He was headed for a jury,
But he got kidnapped,
And we're afraid he'd come
Back in a box, gift-wrapped.

They have looked for him in New York,
They have looked in Mexico O
Sicily, the Appalachins,
There is no place else to go.

So I'm the niece of Joe Bonanno
And I've come to say,
You must use our machines
And you are gonna pay.
Don't buy from Automatic,
Or Falcon, too.
Bonanno's are the best
You know what's good for you.

You can play them in the restroom,
You can play them in the halls
Anyway you try to cheat them,
It's impossible to beat them.

But remember, Bonannos always seem to leave your jails
Maybe sooner, maybe later
So you should never put Bonannos—in the refrigerator,
No, no, no, no.

To “Chloe”

Joey!
Joey!
Through the black of night,
I tried to find where you are,
Though you're out of sight,
You oughta be behind bars.
I roamed the whole damned country
Sicily, too.
Found Charlie, Bill and Sal,
Where the hell are you?

I'm through searching now,
I'll find me a well-stacked blonde,
Or my name is not James Bond . .

A concrete box may bind him
Some other jerk can find him.
Love is calling us
We gotta go go go go!

DEAN BURCH

To “Nobody”

Verse:
When I was called to Washington
The G.O.P. campaign to run,
Who said, “It ain't gonna be no fun!”
—Nobody—

Here I was—a Tucson lad.
Who would ever guess it would be so bad!
Now who treats me like a cad?
—Everybody—

Chorus:
I ain't never done nothin' to nobody,
And I ain't never got nothin' from nobody, no time,
And until I get something from somebody sometime—I
ain't a-gonna do nothin' for nobody, no time.

Verse:
I spent the money—I treated the press
And when the campaign ended a mess,
Who said, “We had a lousy candidate—confess!”
—Almost everybody—

They tied a can to my epiderm—
Now Johnson's gonna get a second term,
And Bliss will be the “squirming worm.”
—And Goddard and Ackerman ain't doin' so good, either—

Chorus:
I ain't never done nothin' to nobody,
And I ain't never got nothin' from nobody, no time.
And until I get something from somebody sometime—I
ain't a-gonna do nothin' for nobody, no time.

Single Verse:
So here I am, a boy named Burch,
Left all alone—waitin' at the church.
I've got a lot of time my soul to search.
—And I ain't never gonna do THAT again.

Chorus:
I ain't never done nothin' to nobody,
And I ain't never got nothin', from nobody, no time.
And until I get something from somebody sometime—I
ain't a-gonna do nothin' for nobody, no time.

MAYOR AND COUNCIL

To “Tannenbaum”

I'm telling you out there, my fans,
You just get kids upon your cars.
For if there's no top on your paint,
Then you will surely go to jail.
And all the waste your dog has dropped,
Must be very carefully wrapped.

We'll check infractions with a tape,
So ladies, get your cars in shape.
To "Limehouse Blues"

Urban renewal,
What’s happened to you?
Started by Hummel
And then killed by Lew!
Now you are back
And you look like a honey.

Urban renewal
Is coming to town.
We're gonna start
Knockin' everything down!
When we are finished,
Then that will be that:
The whole goddamned town
Will be flat!

To "Married I Had Better Get"

Election time comes around
Every four years, it seems,
And if I'm to achieve all my dreams
And my schemes,
My image I must improve!
And to save my political life,
I had better take a wife.

Last time around,
They nearly cooked my political goose,
'Cause they said that I was footloose
And obtuse!
The handwriting is on the wall!
I'd best stop being a jerk
And find myself a Mrs. Kirk!

To "Mr. Clean"

Mr. Keane
Won't take no back talk
For even just a minute.
Mr. Keane
Runs the council
And everyone that's in it.
Mr. Keane, Mr. Keane, Mr. Keane!

To "Everything's Comin' Up Roses"

Sound the gongs,
Ring the bells,
We won't stop till we're taken in Sells!
Red Rock's next!
Here's the text;
Everything's gonna
Be annexed!

Rocky Point,
Yuma, too!
Don't forget
Old Lake Havasu!
We want land
hough it's sand
Everything's gonna
Be annexed!
Tombstone, San Simon,
Bowie and Wilcox, too.
Douglas, Bisbee,
Don't forget Christopher City!

Taxes, yes!
Service, no!
We don't care if
We take Mexico!
We want cash—
Not your trash!
Bodies, too—
We'll take you!
We'll never, never never, never, stop!
In the seventy census, Tucson will be right at the top!

To "America the Beautiful"

There's one damned flag I really hate
To see up overhead.
The stars and bars unnerve me so
I cannot stay in bed.
Confederates, Confederates, your flag
Shall not fly here.
For I deplore the Civil War
When election time is near.

To "Pop Goes the Weasel"

Folks been payin' sewer fees
Although our law is funny.
After Jack Marks
 Goes to court,
They'll get their money!

To "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

We take money for our sewers
And get cash for all our streets.
We get dough for Fort Huachuca
And unplanted sugar beets.
We get money for our Injuns,
And some bills for welfare cheats,
But we hate federal aid!

Glory, Glory, Federal Aid!
We have really got it made!
Without it, Tucson sure would fade,
It's our big industry!
We get money for Kitt Peak
And some cash for D-M, too.
We take money for our schools,
And for Arizona U.
Central Arizona Project
And our airport that is new,
But we hate federal aid!

Glory, Glory, Federal Aid!
We have really got it made!
Without it, Tucson sure would fade!
It's our big industry,
We've been taking federal money
And it really isn't wrong.
Barry screwed up in November
With LBJ we'll go along.
Our gold has been watered
And our copper ain't so strong,
So we now love federal aid!

Glory, glory, federal aid!
We have really got it made!
Without it, Tucson sure would fade!
It's our big industry!
Act 2
SECOND CHORUS

To “Stout Hearted Men”

We’re starting a war, on the rich and the poor
C’cause they both make us sorer than hell.
Shoulder to shoulder, our tempers they smoulder,
For we think our country’s not well.
We’re bold and we’re brave, and our country we’ll save,
If it means killing everyone here.
We shall fight the looks and the spooks
They all will feel our sting.
We shall fight them all
We’re starting war on everything.
We’ll fight the quacks and the doctors and hacks,
And all those we suspect might be pink.
They’re up to no good with their planned parenthood,
And the fluoride they sneak in our drink.
We’ll fight abortion. We won’t reapportion
We’ll fight with the might we possess.
We’re prepared to meet the blood and sweat and tears
And strife.
We’ll preserve our dear Casas Adobes way of life.

WEATHER STORMY

To “Baby, It’s Cold Outside”

I’ve got me a case,
But, Normy, it’s suicide.
They’ll call me an ace,
But, Normy, it’s suicide.
I’ll win my next race,
Ah, but it’s sui-cide.

To “I Got My Love To Keep Me Warm”

It looks bad for me, no one killed Stormy,
But I need a homicide
What do I care just how the guy died,
Headlines will give me a landslide.

BIGGEST SMALL LOSS

To “Hey, Daddy”

Hey, Daddy,
I want to buy the Star
Wendock and William R.
Hey, Daddy,
You oughta get the Star for mo-c-e-c!

No, Billy,
Don’t be a silly ass,
Sit back and let things pass.
No, Billy,
We ought give it to Brush-Moore!

Daddy, trust me just this far.
Let me boss that Brinegar.
McKulip’s been no caper.
Please give me my own paper!
Daddy, don’t sweat that anti-trust—
They can’t do that to us!
Oh, Daddy, you gotta buy the Star for me!

To the Beatles’ “Do I Love Her”

We’ll give ya money,
Ya, Ya, Ya.
Now take our pics,
Ya, Ya, Ya.
Anything to help the William R. Med School!
We hate disease,
Ya, Ya, Ya!
It cuts our fees,
Ya, Ya, Ya.
That’s why we gave to the William R. Med School!

We wanted fame,
Ya, Ya, Ya.
And a good name,
Ya, Ya, Ya.
So we gave our all for the William R. Med School!
Ya, Ya, Ya.
So we gave our all for the William R. Med School!

“When I Was A Lad”
from HMS PINAFORE

When I was a lad,
I went to a school
That didn’t even have
A fancy swimming pool.

No cafeteria,
No fancy gym,
No separate johns
For her and him.

And you can see
It didn’t hurt me,
For I have ruled
Tucson for eternity.

So vote down the bonds
Except for med schools
And raise a generation
Of retarded fools!

“Such a Lot of Living to Do”

We got Bill
And Dave, Vic and Jack
We got Abe
And Frank and the rest
What we got
Are lots of troubles
And William R.,
He got the best.

We got suits
In federal court.
We got hirelings
We can’t even boss.
We pay bills
But have no control,
This has to be
The biggest Small loss!
THE TUCSON BOYS CHORUS

To "Home On The Range"
Oh, give me a pad
Where the fallout ain't bad
Where the blast and the fireball are small . . .
Where Civil Defense
Doesn't sit on the fence
And the walls of my shelter are tall.

Oh, give me a missile
That is quick as a whistle
So I will know when I'm dead
That tho they got us
We painted the Russ
A bright radio-active red.

As we sift thru the trees
On the late evening breeze
We can all remember so well
How only the dense
Practiced Civil Defense
Us smart guys were blown all to hell.

To "Control Yourself"
Control yourself
Says Margar-ct
Control yourself
That's your best bet
Cause those damn pills will never be foolproof

Control yourself
That's Sanger's plea
Control yourself
Says Mrs. Sle
Cause that's the only way to avoid a goof!

To "Slow Boat to China"
We'd like to ship you
On a slow boat to Russia
NOT by yourself alone.
Take Harold Steinfeld
And Roy Drachman, too.
Take Jimmy Kirk
And don't forget old mayor Lew!

Mathews and Small
A McKalip named Paul
And Dan McKinney, too.
We'd like to ship them
On a slow boat to Russia
Newsom, baby, with you.

To "Mairze Doats"
Jacobson has sued Norman Green
And Green is in a fizzy
Toby's unhappy, too
Aren't you?

Johnson isn't on de bench
They say he's very sick
We'd say he's not alone
 Wouldn't you?

To "Mona Lisa"
Legislators, legislators
Whatcha doin'?
Have you started
Reapportioning the state?

Legislators, legislators
Whatcha doin'?
Where's the tax relief you promised us of late?

Legislators, legislators
Whatcha doin'?
Where's the industry you promised would be great?

Many dreams we have laid at your doorstep
They just lie there—and they die there.
Oh, legislators, won't you tell us why you ran?
Was it just to pass the seven-ounce beer can?
Legislators. Legislators.

To "On Wisconsin"
Steve Ochoa, Steve Ochoa
Professional Pioneer —
You have just been named Tucson's
Slumlord of the year.

Down on Convent you own lots of
Hovels for the poor —
If renewal takes them all away
You've hundreds more!

You'll wonder where your hovels went
When the bulldozer gets to Convent . . .
To “That Old Black Magic”

That old black Muslim
Has me in his spell
That old black Muslim
Has me raising hell
Machine gun bullets
Up and down my spine
Those same old fire bombs
At your mosque and mine.

For you’re the motha’
I have waited for
The extremist
I’ll be cremated for
And everytime
Your gang meets mine
Baby down your house will go
In a fiery glow
And we’ll go on
Even with Malcolm gone
Lorin’ that old black Muslim
Called X

To “Wonderful Copenhagen”

Welcome, Welcome
Welcome to Selma
Southland City of Fun!

Welcome to Selma, Alabama
Friendliest town in the South
You will get our goat
If you try to vote.
We will club you in the mouth!

Women and children and cripples, too,
We’ll shoot with our tear gas gun.
Then we’ll whip the backs
Of those pushy blacks — And cry —

Welcome, welcome
Welcome to Selma,
Southland City of Fun!

To “Girl From Ipanema”

Tall and tan and suave and handsome,
The Tucson Chief of Police goes walking,
And when he passes, each one he passes goes — FUZZ!

Big and brave and tall and rangey,
The Pima County Sheriff goes walking,
And when he passes, each one he passes goes — BINGO!

Oh, what a grand bunch of leaders.
See how they fight over meters,
Out of the trough they are feeders.
And they smile as they walk down the street.
Shake hands with each voter they meet.

Short and squat and sly and greasy,
The Pima County Attorney goes walking,
And when he passes, he smiles.
We couldn’t care less,
Cause he’s such a mess.
He’s just such a mess.

THE DRACULA FAMILY

TV “Adams Family” Theme Song

Oh we head each committee
On bonds for schools and city.
We’re really sitting pretty.
The Dracula family.

(Whisper snapping)

We’re Kookie, Frank and Ollie,
And I’m Roy, by golly,
We’re really awfuly jolly,
The Dracula family.

(Whisper snapping)

We are a motley crew,
But we’re Tucson’s Who’s Who.
We’ll tell you what to do.
The Dracula family.

(Whisper snapping)

“The Downtown”

Downtown, things will get lousier there,
Downtown, merchants are tearing their hair.
Tourists — that’s what we’ve got to shun, now.
Downtown, we should be planting trees.
Who needs dirty old industries?
Smog makes our winter visitors sneeze.
Broadway has a new underpass.
Congress Street is still sprouting grass.
Store owners are all out on their —

To “Bear Down, Arizona”

Please head our committee!
Drachmans, we want you.
Please head our committee,
‘Cause we know that you will come through.

Oh Frank, Roy or Ollie,
Anyone will do.

Head! Our! Koo! Kic! Groups!
‘Cause you’ll fit in, too!

FINALE

To “Makin’ Whoopee”

So there it is,
Our Gridiron Show.
That’s all there is,
‘There ain’t no mo’.
We got your money
At least that’s funny,
So now you’ve had it!

We shoved it to ya,
Hope you’re not mad.
But if you are, folk,
That’s too damned bad!
And now we’re thinkin’,
‘It’s time for drinkin’,
The bar is open

... At the Tucson Press Club!
HELLBOX EDITOR . . .  
Mrs. William C. Scott  
DBA—Judith Williams Public Relations  

All editing, layout, production and art work was tackled this year by one member and great office staff—Nancy Schader and Chuck Winter. Free plug: JWPR, Suite 203—Arizona Land Title Bldg.

PHOTOGRAPHY . . .  
Majority by Jon Kamman, official photog for TPC and Tucson Daily Citizen staff flash man.

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Spend his days at the UA Aggie Publications Dept., spare time writing, politicking and organizing journalists (Sigma Delta Chi was his effort locally.) Travels.

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TPC's own specialist in science fiction, that sells. Mildred is also an accomplished limerick thinker-upper.

Dorothy Gallagher . . . .  
Dottie used to spin news stories for KMOP, now classified's for people and their trades for Tucson Newspapers, Inc. Need a contract? See Gallagher.

Cecil James . . . . .  
Prolific short story writer for THE HELLBOX, Cecil spends his spare time writing business news at Tucson Daily Citizen.

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Ex-exec-producer for NBC's Monitor, Marx now tells tales about Tucson each morning on KCEE radio, courtesy Tucson Park West.

Ann Miller . . . . .  
Leading female authority on bull-fighting, Ann writes travel pieces for Arizona Daily Star; shares her by-line with husband Jay (see below) on overseas features for Copley News Service syndicate.

Jay Miller . . . . .  
See wife listing above. Jay is also reporter-correspondent for NBC television and radio . . . specializes in U.S. Olympics . . . also did enclosed selections for NBC Emphasis.

Sherman Miller . . . .  
Head of journalism department at University of Arizona, Sherman turned real-life author last year with best selling Tropics of Tucson . . . enclosed is one chapter excerpt.

Mort Rosenblum . . . .  
 Writes tongue-in-cheek or "very serious" news for Arizona Daily Star . . . enclosed selection is of latter school . . . Mort's school was UA before he turned pro.

Peter Starrett . . . .  
Our Man in Europe, the Tucson Daily Citizen calls him . . . Starrett and spouse spent last five months of '64 abroad . . . now he's doing "depth research" articles for evening paper.
LOOKS LIKE THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB'S 1965 GRIDIRON SHOW'LL BE A REAL BARN-BURNIN' LOLLA PALOOZA

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT, STRANGER!
I hear there's lots of activity in the Twin Buttes area!