LOOK-OUT BELOW!

TUCSON PRESS CLUB
GRIDIRON SHOW
1968
BEST WISHES
to the
TPC
on the 15th
Annual
Gridiron Show

Steinfield's

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A Diner's Club Card, or a Carte Blanche, or
American Express, or Bancamericard, or
good credit or even "Money."

and fly TWA

199 N. STONE  AX 4-2611
Almost a quarter of a century ago — in 1944, to be exact — a couple of newsmen decided that Tucson really ought to have a press club. It didn't matter that there were few active newspapermen available and that none had any money.

This led to a gathering one night at El Charro Restaurant, itself an historical establishment soon to be forced from its present site by urban renewal, of a group of active and former writers. They reached a firm decision to proceed.

Officers subsequently were elected and a “clubroom” rented for the Tucson Press Club.

Would you believe it — after looking at this beautiful new club — that the first location was the living room of an adobe row house at North Meyer and Washington Streets?

The occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Mike Mendoza and the rent was $10 per month — furnished. The club had no liquor license, so kept a supply of beer in Mrs. Mendoza's refrigerator. Her blind husband, who died a few years later, operated a refreshment stand in the old city hall.

Mrs. Mendoza, incidentally, provided snacks for the members and on occasion cooked up batches of the best Mexican food this writer ever tasted.

Times changed, though, and as the membership started rising it was decided that new quarters were in order. This required a city liquor license because the state did not at that time license private clubs. The Mayor and Council came through, and with trepidation the club moved to the northeast corner of Alameda and Church. Food was served and the number of both regular and associate members increased.

Things went fine for a couple of years and then the axe fell. Ownership of the building changed and the new owner wanted more rent. The club didn't have the money so moved out.

Then, ever optimistic, it rented the spacious former home of the Jacome family on North Stone Avenue. It was indeed a nice club and it prospered until the night that the late sheriff Jerry Martin decided to raid all of the private clubs in town because much of their income came from slot machines.

One very good cook-manager was lost, another didn't pan out and, after a few years, the club went inactive.

It finally resumed operations in the old Pink Adobe Patio on Council Street but the accommodations were small and that too was abandoned. The building, owned by Mr. and Mrs. James Aspell, since has been demolished.

Once again the club became inactive but refused to fold so rented new quarters in the historic El Conquistador Hotel on Broadway. This wasn't too successful, because it was too far out.

Then came the move to the Santa Rita Hotel and an operation so successful that larger quarters became necessary.

Most of you are acquainted with the just vacated quarters on the lower level of the Transamerica Building.

So here we are. This item is printed in the Hellbox but any resemblance of the name to the luxury of your present surroundings is purely coincidental.

May it be ever so.
HORIZON OF OPPORTUNITY

...Tucson Builds for a Brighter Tomorrow.....

Horizon Corporation is proud to be a part of Tucson ... to help in building the city's economy ... to help in bringing both visitors and permanent residents to our growing area.

We publicize and advertise Tucson in national magazines and in our sales program. Our 120 headquarters employees represent an annual payroll of $1,265,000. Tucson is our tomorrow, too!

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ASSETS: 50 MILLION
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CONGRATULATIONS

on Your 15th

TUCSON DRIVE-IN THEATRES, INC.

CACTUS - COPA - LUCKY STRIKE

Bowling Alleys

The BISTRO RESTAURANT
The President's Message

The year is yet young, — although some of us Tucson Press Club members don't feel that way anymore, — and already The Club has enjoyed many great events. — The New Year’s Eve and Chinese New Year parties at the Skyroom; a TPC Day at the Races (not in the Skyroom) — at the Tucson Turf Club; a St. Patrick's Day party; outstanding forums with celebrities; THE MOVE to our new quarters atop the Arizona Land Title Building, across the alley from the TNI Alamo; the Grand Opening, and now the 1968 Gridiron Show! — Lots more planned during the rest of the year.

We are sure we have the best Press Club quarters and location in the nation. Various members have seen many of the press clubs in other cities, and visitors tell us the same, — That's how we know.

For all this, the hard-working TPC Board of Directors, officers and committees of both 1967 and 1968 deserve a big hand.

We expect everyone to LIVE, LOVE and LAUGH IT UP on the 9th floor, — except maybe acrophobics.

John Fahr
Up, Up and Away . . . The Board of Directors of Tucson Skyroom Press Club goes up in the world. The hard-working, hard-drinking board members treat themselves to one on the house (one at a time, that is) and plan new ways to upset Tucson economy, Tucson politics and Tucson stagnation.

Left to right, in the first row, the plotters are: Natalie Watson, Paul Humphrey, Barbara Sears, Lester N. Inskeep, Joe Crystall.

SRO are: Rito Garcia, Bill Cely, Bob Moore, George Morse, Dick Alexander, Jim Cooper, Mike Goldberg, Bernie Sedley and John Fahr.
BET: WISHES
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

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STATE SENATOR DISTRICT 7F

KEN CARDELLA
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W. A. "TONY" BUEHL
STATE REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT 7F

THOMAS N. GOODWIN
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THOMAS C. WEBSTER
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

RICHARD E. BAILEY
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

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Donation

to

Cerebral Palsey
Foundation

Commissions for the Gridiron program signature pages have, for seven years, gone to aid the Educational Fund of the Cerebral Palsey Foundation of Southern Arizona. This fund is used for additional professional training for the therapists who work with the handicapped children.

My wholeheated thanks to the many friends who have made possible the continued success of this project.

Chick Fannin
GREETINGS
from your friends at
Pioneer International Hotel

Thanks to our lawyer friends
for all their legal notices
in the
Green Valley NEWS
P.O. Box 95 Green Valley, Ariz. 85614
STEVE EMERINE and TED TURPIN
(The only TPC members who own a legal newspaper in Pima County)

The Modern Bank of the West

Southern Arizona Bank

... with offices in
Tucson · Phoenix · Nogales

Southern Arizona Bank and Trust company
"And remember that, kid! Next time I tell you to do something, I mean NOW!

Mother Goose 1968

By MILDRED CLINGERMAN

I.
In and out the freeways will criss and cross our town Chewing up the landscape mowing houses down.

II.
Here is the church Here is the steeple Open the door Look at the people But where's the parson to lead his sheep? Down in the jail house fast asleep What, pray tell, is the cause of that? He clobbered a cop with a baseball bat.

III.
Donkey, donkey, do not bray Mend your pace and trot away Indeed, Romney's race is run Like butter melting in the sun.

IV.
Bonnie Ronnie Reagan Irate and prim Denied up and down that "he" loved "him" He swore that his staff was pure as snow (He did it better on the late late show)

V.
Does Georgy Porgy Wallace A Suth'n Gentleman bred Say "Please, dear Gov, move over" When he shares the governor's bed?

VI.
Congressmen . . . Fat Cats We are troubled with rats Will you drive them out of the house? Ha, ha! Let them stay And keep nibbling away What harm is a little brown mouse?
VII.
Charlie de Gaulle will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

VIII.
Diddle-dy, Diddle-dy, the sheriff's store
Selling goodies for a little more,
What will they do with all the money?
Where do the bees store all their honey?
When shall we hear of the sums laid by?
When pigs grow wings and billy goats fly.

IX.
Good Romney came tapping at Destiny's window
Thumpaty, Thumpaty, Thump
He begged for admittance, she answered him No,
Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump
My Darling, my dear, your true love is here,
Stumpaty, Stumpaty, Stump
No, No, Romney, NO, as you came you must go,
Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.

X.
Saucer-man, saucer-man,
Up in the sky,
Where are you going to
Flying so high?
I'm quitting this planet
As quick as I can
Fleeing this creature
That calls itself man,
He's polluting the air
And fouling the sea!
Saucer-man, saucer-man,
Can't you take me?
Blow, wind, blow:
Springtime's near,
Blah, blah, blah:
Election year.

XII.
Old Mother Taxpayer jumped out of bed,
Dashed to the window and popped out her head,
Crying to the council, crying to the town,
"I'm sick of surveys, they're getting me down!
And better know the truth, ere it's too late,
I'm sick of the Chamber and sick of DATE.
I'm tired of watching you spin your wheels,
I'm tired of watching the Big Boys' deals.
Yet another survey! Can you beat it?
One more survey ... I'll make you eat it!"

XIII.
Yankee Doodle in Saigon —
How do you think they use him?
They cheat him here and bomb him there
And everywhere abuse him.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Fight for them, go die for them,
And keep your wallet handy.

XIV.
Eartha Kitt had a fit,
Rude as hell, headlines tell,
Leaves me tired, uninspired:
Eartha Kitt, in a snit.

XV.
Press Conference: LBJ
"I would, if I could,
If I couldn't how could I,
I couldn't, without I could, could I?
Could you, without you could, could you?
Could you, could you?
Could you, without you could, could you?"

YOUR CANDIDATE AND MINE
Slant-a-little, twist-a-little
Knock at the door
Take-a-hand, shake-a-hand
Promise 'em more.
Pat-a-baby, kiss-a-baby
Hall and farewell
Make-a-fist, shake-a-fist
Give 'em all hell.
Scorn-a-little, sneer-a-little
Point out the mess
Take-a-stand, fake-a-stand
Joke with the press.
Budge-a-little, fudge-a-little
And compromise
Ache-a-lot, wake-a-lot
Forget your lies.
Bend-a-little, mend-a-little
In the back rooms
Make-a-deal, break-a-deal
Election looms.
Weep-a-little, wave-a-little
We've got it nailed
Stake-a-lot, rake-a-lot
Truth has prevailed!
Want to see the raciest show in town?

COME TO GREYHOUND PARK
"Stop the goddam presses; somebody just gave the medical school $27.50"
Congratulations to the

TUCSON PRESS CLUB

You Are Moving
in the Right Direction

Senator Paul Fannin

Best of Luck
from your
friendly Innkeeper

We Always Have
Room For You

Sheriff
Waldon V. Burr
A NEED FOR A CHANGE

By JIM COOPER

BULLETIN

Steve Emerine, Bernie Sealey and other Tucson Press Club members responsible for the annual Orchid and Onions Ball were urged today to change its name out of respect for the honorees.

I should explain. At this annual affair, you know, orchids are presented to outstanding and cooperative news sources (as well as to the ladies attending) while onions are presented to the slobs who believe that they have some special, private ownership of the news.

While browsing in Webster's Third International Dictionary this morning I came across the word orchid. It derives from the Greek orchis, which means testicle and was applied to the flower because of the shape of its tubers.

I know that Steve and Bernie and the others do not want to festoon the cooperative news sources and the ladies at the ball with tubers and so something must be done immediately.

I pressed back through the foot-thick dictionary to the word onion. This word comes from the Latin unio meaning large pearl and the Latin unus meaning one. Certainly we do not want to decorate the slobs with large pearls and we must not go so far as to designate them as ones, unless of course we are sure. This name, then, also must be scrapped.

I want to help. I have come forth with one suggestion for a substitute, although there may be others more worthy.

I suggest the name “Dandelion and Dung Beetle Ball” as being more delicate and appropriate. Dandelion is from the French dent de lion which means lion's tooth and surely the tooth of the lion is much more proper to award the cooperative news sources than a posterior part or parts of the lion.

The dung beetle is appropriate for the slobs who heretofore have received the onion award. The dung beetle in its work rolls balls of manure in which eggs are laid.

I can think of nothing more fitting.

— 17 —
SUBJECT JACK AND SUBJECT JILL
By TOM TURNER

What a charming nursery rhyme is "Jack and Jill." Remember? It's the one about the two clumsy kids trying to get a bucket of water.

But, in the light of reality and recent Supreme Court decisions it seems only fair to today's children to present the story in a more responsible fashion.

This simple rhyme can, indeed, become a marvelous learning experience if one but removes its inane rhythm and utilizes its details more effectively.

In modern times, kiddies, such an incident would first be reported in the cold, hard facts of a precisely worded, precisely grammatical police report. To wit:

"At 1430 hours this officer was dispatched to scene of moderate size hill approximately 320 feet north, northeast from the intersection of Whatziz Road and Whoziz Avenue. Small well located on top of moderate hill. At base of above-described hill this officer found two small children lying in prone position.

"Subject identified as Jack (NMI) Smith, 4444 Mother Goose Lane, appeared to be suffering from head injury, extent unknown. Immediately called for dispatch of A & A ambulance to scene. Subject Jill (NMI) Jones, 3333 Ding Dong Bell Rd., appeared uninjured. Both subjects taken to Gooseland Medical Center and admitted for observation.

"Subject Smith told this officer he stumbled over object unknown at site of small well and fell downhill approximately 65 feet, striking head on unknown object. Subject Jones said she tripped over subject Smith and likewise fell down same downhill.

"NFI at this time."

Then, children, some enterprising young reporter would doubtless pick up the item for his journal. Because there may be foul play involved, because no one has been arrested, because it might prejudice his trial when he is arrested — and because the reporter is a conscientious sort, anyway, he would make it read thus:

"Police reported today that two small children were found lying at the foot of a steep hill in the northeast section of the city.

"One of the children was reported to have been injured seriously. Officers surmised that the children had been standing at a well at the top of the hill minutes before they were found.

"The injured child was taken to Gooseland Medical Center where he was listed in guarded condition.

"An investigation is underway.

"Police Chief Bernard Garmire said, however, that there was "absolutely no connection" between this incident and the alleged extortion ring being conducted by reputed Mafia types."

Note that the conscientious reporter did not name the children for fear of blotting their young reputations. Nor did he make reference to the fact that one of the children was a female. No point in reading sexual implications into the thing. There might not be any, after all.

Finally: Injuries can be expensive. And, even if they aren't someone should profit — right? And so the parents of our heroes would probably file a lawsuit against the owner of the hill and well. The suit might read, in part:

"At all times hereinafter plaintiffs Walla-Walla Smith, parent and guardian of minor child Jack Smith, and Chicken Licken Jones, parent and guardian of minor child Jill Jones, were and are residents of the County of Pima, State of Arizona. At all times hereinafter, defendant Pussy Cat was and is sole owner of a portion of property identified as Range 14, Township 38, Section 11, Lot 15 in the County of Pima, State of Arizona. That on July 5, 1968, a device for drawing water from beneath the surface of the earth known by the common term "well" was located atop said hill and that said well was in the control, custody and ownership of said defendant Pussy Cat.

"That on July 5, 1968, said well was not being maintained in a proper manner so that it was unsafe and dangerous and not to the well-being of the public at large. And that said defendant had failed to warn the general public of the danger inherent in said well and had failed to block ingress and egress to said object of danger which would and did pose an attractive nuisance to plaintiff minor children.

"That, as a result of the negligence of said defendant, plaintiff minors Jack Smith and Jill Jones suffered grievous and lasting injury including, but not limited to, bruises, contusions, bumps, abrasions and lacerations about their bodies. That they were forced to suffer great mental and physical anguish as a result of said injuries, the future extent of which is not known. That plaintiff parents were forced to expend great sums of money for the care and treatment of said minor children.

"WHEREFORE, Plaintiff prays for compensatory damages in the amount of ten thousand dollars ($10,000) and for punitive damages in the sum of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000) as well as attorney and other legal fees resultant from this action."

Notice the clarity, the attention to detail that is sheer beauty to behold.

And there you have it, kids. Not just a nonsensical nursery rhyme but documented proof that living life is as easy as falling over a rock.
El Pueblo Viejo

By ART EHRENSTROM

It was comfortably cool in the lobby of the Santa Rita but outside it was so hot you could have baked a tortilla on the sidewalk — in the shade. A few retired rancher types were lounging around palavering about the heat.

"How high did the temperature get today?" someone asked. The date was June 24, 1967.

"It was so hot," drawled one old-timer, whose boots were worn outside his Levi's, "that it broke up the ice pack in the Santa Cruz."

It's what traditionalists are supposed to say about the year's first official 100-degree reading — that magic point in time and temperature when you can expect to hear, if you listen closely, the first faint rumblings of great glacial ice masses beginning to weaken.

A thunderous roar follows as the heaving surface of the Santa Cruz River is forced into motion by the current underneath, then is split asunder in a titanic crescendo.

For a tense moment or two the townspeople watch fearfully as the swelling river creeps upward toward its banks, but in time the rampaging subsides into a steady flow like . . .

"the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yannek
In the ultimate climes of the pole —
That groan as they roll down Mount Yannek
In the realms of the boreal pole."

Thus begins the long, sluggish journey northward toward the Gila and Colorado Rivers. (The Santa Rita flows from the San Rafael Valley south down into Mexico, makes a U-turn to the north after a 40-mile jaunt, goes through Tucson, finally joins the Gila and Colorado, then meanders back into Mexico again south of Yuma.)

The next morning a grievous and glaring omission appeared in the Arizona Daily Star, an "Independent NEWSpapper Printing The News Impartially." For the first time possibly in its history it failed to report this perennial act of God. A new breed of editors had vetoed any further allusions to it.

One reason given — in fact, the only advanced to inquiring traditionalists — was that Tucson is a big town now and should act like one, a veritable cosmopolis much too sophisticated for such folksy fare with breakfast. To their way of thinking, it was a custom more honored in the breach, etc.

When I returned to Tucson a year and a half ago after a seven-year sojourn in the effete East I was grieved to find my colleagues of the cynical Fourth Estate had grown even more jaded in my absence. I had left for literally greener pastures but always carried with me an impression — perhaps it was more of a wistful hope — that of all places the Old Pueblo was the one refuge on earth from big city clamour, a place jaded easterners would stay way from.
"Wal, they wern’t so bad."

if word ever got out that Tucson could no longer evoke for them, except artificially through tourist gimmicks, the flavor and spirit of frontier days.

But there’s hope for the Old Pueblo yet. For shortly after the Star’s departure from tradition there appeared a belated story on the breaking up of the Santa Cruz ice pack no doubt ordered by the newspaper’s policy-makers. In Dawson City’s heyday, would the Klondike Nugget have neglected to mention the dramatic break-up of ice in the Yukon?

I noticed, too, with equal gratitude, that on July 27, 1967, the Star revived the legend of Elmira Doakes, for whom Tucson’s only downtown lake was named.

Written by Don Thornton, it told how little Elmira first made Star headlines July 22, 1937, as the first bather to swim the flooded Stone Ave. underpass, subsequently dubbed “Lake Elmira” each flood season.

The legend was created by one Howard Welpy, now assistant managing editor of the San Diego Tribune, who wrote that Elmira, daughter of the late Joseph Doakes, “gained widespread fame by swimming unassisted from the Toole Ave. landing to the lake’s northern’s shore.”

He also reported a popular movement to seek federal aid and development of Lake Elmira as a downtown summer recreation area.

But because of new drains this never came to pass and Lake Elmira is now just a memory, like Levin’s Park and Elysian Grove.

Gone — but not forgotten.

Thus there is hopeful evidence that what I at first took for signs of burgeoning pseudosophistication were merely indications of growing pains, and that the Old Pueblo hasn’t really changed as much as I had feared.
A strong fight has been staged to save La Placita.

a. La Placita is a pretty little piece in the midst of Philistine plenty, or
b. La Placita is worth saving because the odd-balls gather there, thus staying away from the better parts of town, or
c. La Placita saved might mean nearby property values boosted.

At a meeting of Sigma Delta Chi recently one of the more prominent members tried to throw his pin out the window when he found Ted Turpin also was a member.

Love and the world loves with you, unless you are too old or prefer to love alone, in which case watch out.

President Harvill runs the University of Arizona the way he wants to. It is like
a. A Southern plantation, or
b. Someone's house in distress, or
c. Kindergarten on a day when all the tots are wet.
"... they really believed Tucson is the Gateway to the Olympics, Jim ..."
Creating a new world with electronics

Isn’t that a pretty big claim?

Hughes designed and built the first successful stationary satellites, including the Syncoms and Early Bird. We’ve put up more ground stations for satellite communications than any other company. We developed the first operational laser. We built all the famous Surveyors that soft-landed successfully on the moon. And we produce advanced missiles for the Army, Navy and Air Force. Today over 550 activities are all going on at once at Hughes. Creating a new world with electronics? We’re making a good try.
BITCHES TO THE FORE

or

HAVE YOUR PUPS ON THE NEWSROOM FLOOR

By MERRILL MARDEN

The outdoors editor was out hunting one day and got a javelin, which he approached after his successful shot and began butchering on the spot. It turned out that another hunter claimed the same animal and when the outdoors editor explained his marked-up nose and his blacked eyes to the sports editor a few days later he said, "It depends on whose pig is being stuck."

Since the paper's editorial policy had its foundation on the fact that "it depends on whose ox is being gored," the sports editor nodded sagely.

There was a time when the sports editor was as dashing as Katherine Brush's "Young Man of Manhattan." Now he was as portly as a porker in paradise. For good reason, for he had been consuming garbage, digesting it, and letting it out to his readers for a quarter of a century.

About that time the military reminiscences editor (everyone on the paper was an editor) came up and told the outdoors editor that his appearance reminded him of one night in a maison des dames in Marfa.

"You mean a menage des mademoiselles, don't you?" the outdoors editor, who once had tended bar, asked.

"I don't know," the military reminiscences editor said. "I never was very good at French. Enjoyable, though."

The sports editor thought all this silly and went back to reading "Catch-22" and dreaming about someday going around the world.

Helen Wronger Horoscope For 1968
(Occult prophecies)

By MERRILL MARDEN

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY IS IN 1968: You are going to take yourself too seriously, especially if you work for KHHT, KCEE, KAIR. You will resist most of the suggested adjustments of attitude if you are a reporter on either the Star or Citizen. This year's natives tend to want to get into communications, but often have to settle for being policemen. Nevertheless, occasionally one is lucky, and becomes a city manager.

TAURUS (April 20—May 19) You Press Clubbers have put so much time into preparations that now it's here, you have had it. Remember the Chinese mother.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20) Relax, be a little easier on yourself. Baird Thiessen isn't on the Citizen desk any more.

CANCER (June 21—July 20) Who's got cancer? See Len Davis and he will give you a guided tour of Nogales, for a quick cure; but be careful, you may pick up something else in the places he'll show you.

LEO (July 21—August 20) This is the dominant sign for the Star news desk. Another tough year with the tapes.

VIRGO (August 21—September 20) "He who looketh on a woman to lust after her hath com-

mitted adultery with her in his heart," (Matthew 5:28). If thoughts were words, there'd be very few Virgos, in the sky or on the ground.

LIBRA (Sept. 21—Oct. 20) Dignity and justice are for others. Remember, you're in the communications racket. Mind the mass media.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21—November 20) There will be many practical details for you to solve this year, including explaining that person at lunch the other day to your mate.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21—Dec. 20) Sagittarius is the water bearer, and this sign is only for those TPC members who can't take it neat.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—January 20) Tropic of Capricorn to you, unless you're too senile. In which case consult some swinger like Sue, and let Milburn.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 20) You may be pleasantly surprised this year. You may not have to work Washington's Birthday.

PISCES (Feb. 21—March 20) The sign of the Fish, and if that's plural it covers the profession.

ARIES (March 21—April 19) You are tempted to bicker over money. Don't. The boss is looking for a way to economize.
HYMN TO MIGHTY MORROW,
OUR LEGISLATURE’S BANE AND SORROW.

— OR —

WHEN YOU’VE GOT HIM ON THE SHELF,
WHOM CAN YOU BLAME EXCEPT
YOURSELF?

* By LILLIAN F. DEON

I.
There once was a guy named Cardella,
A Legislative type fella,
In passing the buck
He had all the luck,
And Morrow got all of the hella.

Refrain: How lucky that a letter
Just seven pages long
Absolves a legislator
Of legislating wrong!

II.
Goodfellow Garfield’s not vicious,
Vindictive, or even malicious.
But there’s a grave doubt
If the dear man can count.
He likes facts and figures fictitious!

III.
A man of good taste is our Goodman,
“The proof,” he said, “lies in the puddin’.
I’m free from all blame.
In the six percent game,
And Morrow’s the ‘fall guy’ — no foolin’.”

IV.
Bailey and Jacquin and Buehl
Did their “fair share” for the school.
They’ll do it again.
They’re good mining men!
And cattle and industry’s tool.

V.
Scott Alexander cried, “Muffer,
You mean and distasteful old duffer.
You’ve dug a deep hole,
And now, bless my soul.
We’ll just have to let the kids suffer.”

VI.
Morrow did thoughtful men fether,
When he wrote that frank, “open” letter.
It’s clearer, by far.
Editing by the Star
Confuses the issues much better.

Refrain: How lucky that a letter
Just seven pages long.
Can be cut to just a line or two
So voters won’t vote wrong!

Note to innocent readers (if any) of
this obscene and scurrilous sheet:

Under Public Law
90-206 you may have your name re-
moved from this mailing list or de-
mand that the Press Club’s mailing per-
mit be revoked.

Address Postmaster
General Marvin
Watson, Washing-
ton, D.C.

MO
UDALL

Member of
TUCSON
PRESS CLUB
and
U.S. CONGRESS
AND LEAVE THE DECORATING TO US

Members of the Tucson Press Club decorating committee pause to refresh themselves and survey the result of their efforts after they transferred furniture and potables from the basement of the Transamerica Building to the former site of the Sky Room atop the Arizona Land Title Building.

(Cutlines by Hugh Hefner)
Item of the Year

By TOM TURNER

The police department has just raided the Chicken Little Kindergarten and confiscated 2,300 pounds of marijuana.

The employment committee of the Tucson Committee for Economic Opportunity has voted to fire Sargent Shriver. CBS has decided to move Television City here to take advantage of Tucson's star-studded business community.

A jet tanker has crash-landed at Freeway Airport, and the flames are visible for fifty miles.

Mayor Corbett has just declared James Southard Day, and the federal grand jury has indicted Chicken Little.

It's a typical newsday in Tucson.

With six telephones ringing simultaneously, the reporter begins to wonder whether he'll be able to elicit enough facts from sources to complete any of the stories. He punches a telephone button at random and answers.

"Are you a reporter?" a female voice asks.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You have a paper and pencil handy?"

"It's a habit of mine, yes, ma'am."

"Don't be smart with me. I know how you people operate. One has to guide you every step of the way in something as important as this."

"Yes, ma'am."

"My name is Rose Rosestein. R-O-S-E . . ."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Don't interrupt. I know you people can't spell. R-O-S-E-T-E-I-N. I want you to use my name at the first of your story. You may use my photograph, too, if you wish."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Don't mention it. Now listen and -- do you take careful notes?"

"I try, ma'am."

Someone hands the reporter a message. The Air Force headquarters far away has issued its first release on the jet. "An aircraft of unknown origin has had an accident somewhere in Arizona," it reads.


A secretary is seen to prevent a nasty incident in agriculture. Tucson's congenial, cooperative assistant federal prosecutor has been reached by telephone.

"I have nothing to say about anything, and I'm much too busy to talk to you," she says pleasantly and hangs up.

"Sorry for the interruption," the reporter apologizes to Rose.

"You ought to be," she snaps. "I don't think you understand the importance of this."

"I'm trying," he replies.

"All right. I'll take your word for it. Well -- you have your pencil ready? We are having a meeting on Wednesday the fifteenth of this month. That's W-E-D-N-E-S-D-A-Y . . . ."

"I'll borrow a dictionary to check the spellings, Mrs. Rosestein."

"Well, all right. But I want you to bring your story to my home for proofreading before you turn it in . . . ."

Another written message:

Robert L. Horn has filed application for Shriver's job and an advance protest to President Johnson for his use of discrimination in filling the job. Maclovio Barraza is also applying.

"Did you get all that?" Rose chirps, breaking up the reporter's train of thought. "Read it back!"

"You're having a meeting next Wednesday," he says.

"That is NOT the way I dictated it to you! Now. Let's begin again."

The reporter puts down the receiver to listen to the police reporter who says that fire from the crash has consumed five square blocks and that Father Bowler has advised the turned-on kindergartners to keep their mouths shut.

There is also another Air Force release: "The Air Force reports that an aircraft has made a difficult landing in Pima County, Arizona."

Back to Rose. There is silence on the other end of the line.

"Hello?" he asks.

"O-oh, have you finished your social hour? I hope I'm not keeping you from your hourly drinks at the Press Club," Rose quips. "You're paid good money, GOOD MONEY . . . ."

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"And THIS is the kind of service you give? Well, you can read it in your competition's paper. Hear me?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Maybe NEXT time you'll be a bit more conscientious."

"Yes, ma'am, and thank you. That's THANK . . . ."
Any day now, a big new airline will be getting off the ground. Somehow.
gifts' of love from n. Pfeffers' make pulses quicken

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TUCCSON PRESS CLUB GRIDIRON SHOW
1968

ACT I

COCKTAIL PARTY
CAST OF THOUSANDS

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO BED

LBJ ...................... JOHN FAHR
Lady Bird .................. EVIE JARVIN
Lynda Bird ................. JUNE SEDLEY
Bobby Kennedy ............... STEVE KRANT
Gene McCarthy ............... CECIL JAMES
Gene Adelstein .............. DAVE PAKULA
Dick Nixon .................. RICHARD JACOME
Yuki ........................ HIMSELF

SHARE A LITTLE TEA
WITH GOLDIE

Goldie ..................... JO SUDIGALA
Rev. Bill Bowler .............. BOB MOORE
Mo Udall .................... DON THORNTON
Al McGinnis ................ RUDY SUDIGALA
Oliver Pierce ................ RICHARD JACOME
Bowler Biddies .......... EDIE MOORE, KAY CUTCHELL, RENATA BASSETT, BARBARA GUY, EDIE SAGE, GERRY SCHEINKMANN

THE WAR ON EVERYBODY

Rev. Fowler .................. KEN BURTON
Rev. Bass ..................... DAVE WEINER
Sgt. Shriver ................ GORDON DAVIS
Laos ........................ ROBB DAHMER
Horn ........................ FRED HEIDEN
Minnie Turnkey .............. CHIC FANNIN
Littlefield .................. RICHARD JACOME

THE DATING GAME

TV Master of Ceremonies ........ STEVE KRANT
Miss Fullbody ................ KAY CUTCHELL
William A Small Jr. .......... JOHN CARRUTH
Luther Davis ................ CLIFF BLEICH
Joe Douglas .................. RICHARD JACOME

TV Commercials:
Noxema Shaving Cream Takeoff .. MARGE HILTS
and JACK SHEAFFER
"The Wig" ..................... HELEN LIPSKI

"THE JUDGES"
CHORUS

MIKE GOLDBERG — Leader

JOHN FISHER .................. GORDON DAVIS
ROBB DAHMER ................ BOB SNEDEGER
FRED ZIMMERMAN .............. BILL SAGE
DAVE STEGER ................ GIL ZIMMERMAN
MIKE ELBERT ................ BOB EDWARDS

Little Shirley Temple Black .... MARGE HILTS

COCKTAIL PARTY
Mildred Clingerman, Joanne Vinik, Betty Fahr, Y. Z. Painter, Mayor Corbett, Martha Cooper, Assorted Guests.

THE VISIT OF
DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

Dr. Leary ..................... FRED HEIDEN
Sidekick ....................... SKY HILTS
First Girl Hippie ............. PAT ZIMMERMAN
Second Girl Hippie ............ BUNNY BLEICH

— INTERMISSION —
ACT II

COCKTAIL PARTY
CAST OF THOUSANDS

THE GREAT
NIGHT CLUB BLAST
First Cop .................... RUDY SUDIGALA
Second Cop .................. BILL SAGE

DR. WILLIAM R. WONDERFUL
Dr. Wonderful ................... DAVE WIENER
Bill Small Sr. .................. BERNI RABINOWITZ
Paul McKalip .................... FRED ZIMMERMAN
Janitor ......................... PRIOR PRAY
Nurses ....................... JAN BACUS, KATHY SCHRAMM,
CHIC FANNIN, RENATA BASSETT

BARNEY AND CLOD
Bonnie ....................... KAY GETZWILLER
Clyde ......................... CECIL JAMES
Barney ....................... KEN SABE
Cloyd ......................... KEN SABE
Mayor Corbett ................. JIM COOPER
Adelstein ..................... DAVE PAKULA

SMASH FLOPS OF '68 – Chorus

VALLEY OF THE SMALLS
William A. Little ................ JOHN CARRUTH
McHamid Ali .................... SOL AHEE
Rosenberg .................... FRED ZIMMERMAN
Ready Betty ................... BARBARA GUY

THE NEWSPAPER DROPOUT
Mr. Star-Citizen Reader ........ CARLE HODGE

WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING
WITH THAT DAMNED
ANNEXATION!

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Secretary .................. MARTHA COOPER
Adelstein ..................... DAVE PAKULA
Ivan the Terrible – Anti-Annexation Leader ..... RALPH HAMILTON
City Council Members ............... CHORUS

FINALE – (Cast of Thousands)

Credits

Director ...................... MARGE HILTS
Assistant .................... ANN DALTON
Producer ..................... RUDY SUDIGALA
Piano ......................... JOE MARCO
Drums ......................... PAUL HUMPHREY
Props ......................... JANE GILLESPIE, FRAN SHINGLER
Advertising .................. JoANN COX
Set ......................... BILL CELY, STU CLINGERMAN
Art ....................... DICK CALKINS
Tickets ......................... PHYLLIS CIMMIYATTI, HELEN LIPSKI
Printing ...................... BOYD DONE
Script Chairman .......... JOHN FAHR
Script ......................... Dave Wiener, Mildred Clingerman,
Ken Burton, Tom Turner, Jay Hall,
Steve Emerine, Jess Riggle, Joanne Vinik,
Ann Dalton, Bernie Sedley, Dick
Alexander, Marge Hiltz, George Spelvin

Hellbox Editors ............ MARILYN and RICK DRAGO
Refreshments ................ RITO GARCIA
Costumes ..................... KAY CUTCHALL
Lighting ..................... STEVE KERNS
Sound ......................... JOHN FISHER
Publicity ...................... KEN SABE

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Bernie Sedley
Dick Alexander
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State of the Union

By JERRY FEW

Tempers were slightly drawn in the War Room, where President Weingartner was discussing the Vietnam Situation with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and General Robb, the area Marine commandant. General Robb had opened the meeting with a request for 200,000 more men, to which the President responded with a slurring allusion to the "Westmoreland syndrome." The strained silence that followed was broken by the secretary of state, who put his head through the door and beckoned to the President.

"Mr. President," Secretary Hamilton hissed, noticing General Robb and frowning slightly. The two were still not on speaking terms.

President Weingartner excused himself and joined Hamilton in the other room.

"What is it, George?" he asked impatiently.

"Sorry to interrupt you, Bucky," Hamilton said, "but it's urgent. We just received another peace feeler from Marshal Ky."

Bucky frowned. He had received so many feelers from Ky (had been felt up so much, as one journalistic wag had put it) that he was immediately on his guard. "Do you think he's sincere this time, George?" he asked. "What do your antennae say?"

There was no way of being certain, Hamilton admitted, but they couldn't very well ignore the message, which had been sent through official channels: the Mexican consulate at Laredo. The substance of it was that if the U.S. agreed to an unconditional halt in the bombing of Saigon, Ky would stop the terrorist attacks on Seattle.

"Goddamnit, George," Bucky said irritably, "Seattle isn't the issue. We've gone all through this with Ky. The point is North Vietnam's right to self-determination. We have to be consistent. We can't go back on our word."

"I realize that, Bucky," Hamilton said, "but it's a start." Lamely: "We have to start somewhere."

"Besides," he added after Bucky had stared for a long moment out the window, "we can't let them keep the World's Fair Pavilion. People will talk.

"The Pavilion is just a symbol," Bucky said testily. "It doesn't mean a thing. We still have control of the city."

"Well, most of it, Bucky. That's true."

"Anyway, I won't have those damned little yellow-bellies dictating terms to me," Bucky said, beginning to get enraged. "We have to negotiate from a position of strength. We can't let Hanoi down. I mean, hell, resulted from the first — and last — serious attempt at whoever he was, did will have been in vain, George."

(The Ho Chi Minh question was still a sore spot with Bucky and most American-statesmen. Recently, the CIA had discovered that there was no Ho Chi Minh; in fact, never had been: that he was really Mai Van Bo. This information was withheld from the public, of course, as being purely academic, but privately it rankled Bucky.)

"That's true, Bucky," Hamilton said, chastened.

"Besides, I don't know about these talks. Remember what happened to old what's his name — Landon . . . ?"

"Lyndon," Hamilton corrected.

"Yes, well, remember what happened to him."

"That's true, Bucky, but you've got to remember that Lyndon was negotiating with the North. We won't have the same problems with the South. They aren't nearly as insurmountable."

What they were referring to, of course, was the infamous Selma Convention of 1968, which had resulted from the first and last — serious attempt at solving the Vietnam Situation diplomatically and had led indirectly to the realignment of Southeast Asian allies.

A good deal of hope had been stirred in late March of that year when then-President Lyndon B. Johnson announced his intention of coming to the negotiating table. Johnson, a Texan, had repeatedly assured Hanoi that he would talk "any time, any place." Taking him at his word, in their insurmountable Oriental way, the North Vietnamese immediately selected Panmunjom as the site for talks. Johnson, through then-Secretary of Defense Clark W. Clifford, rejected that and proposed Johnson City, Texas, which was equally unacceptable to Ho Chi Minh (or rather, Mai Van Bo), and the serious pre-talk bickering began. Finally, when it appeared that the arguments over a peace site threatened world security more than the war did, the two sides settled on Selma, Alabama, as the only place sufficiently friendly to Johnson and still acceptable to Hanoi.

It was never clear what disrupted the talks so quickly, since later statements by both sides were couched in party-line terminology, each accusing the other of "Communist aggression" or "Marxist-Leninist revisionism," etc. Lacking an official account, the American public had to content itself with a New York Times dispatch attributed to "usually reliable sources" — which seemed to imply that sometimes they were not reliable. In any case, this was the account printed under a Max Frankel byline:

— The two negotiating teams had barely seated themselves when Prong Trang Van Thong, the chief Hanoi delegate, complained offhandedly about President Johnson's "chicken" attitude about the site. (At least this was the way the interpreter rendered it, Frankel said he was informed.)

Johnson was reliably reported to have bellowed, Frankel said in the inimitable Times style, "What do you mean calling the leader of the Western World a
chickenshit!" and was said to have thrown a jug of branch water at Prong (or Thong, whichever his surname was; it was never really decided).

This, Frankel observed, constituted a poor enough beginning for peace talks. But he pointed out (and James Reston amplified on it at length in an accompanying news analysis) that what made the breach irreparable was that Prong, in his wily Oriental way, had ducked and the jug had struck George Wallace. At that point the negotiations took a more serious turn: Johnson was forced to deal with the state of Alabama.

This was never confirmed, either, since Wallace wouldn't comment officially, but it was a matter of record that Prong Thong and the Hanoi delegation had walked out and that the Alabama National Guard was subsequently called up. Wallace later denied that he had arrested Johnson and the American negotiating team. However, it was known that the delegates were incommunicado for 36 hours and during this time, Frankel said he was informed, Johnson made serious concessions to Wallace to effect the release of the American delegates. This, too, was denied, of course, but it was a fact that most federal programs were subsequently abandoned in Alabama and certain federal judges left the state precipitously.

So the upshot of the Selma Convention was that the civil rights movement was set back at least 40 years in Alabama and the Vietnam War was again escalated. Johnson, safely back on American soil and livid because he couldn't attack Alabama, took out his spite on North Vietnam. He called up another 75,000 Reservists. Hanoi countered by sending three more North Vietnamese soldiers down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, and the war reached another stalemate.

(Later, when enough time had passed for diplomatic treachery, both sides cited the Selma Accords as precedent for whatever skullduggery they had perpetrated. Neither side had been signatory to the accords, unless you counted the Wallace-Johnson pact, so they felt free to abuse them as much as they liked.)

But the war was largely forgotten in the sensational events of the 1968 election. Johnson, having announced his intention of withdrawing from the campaign, re-entered in the eleventh hour with Vice President Humphrey as a Third Party ticket and pulled enough electoral votes in Texas, the South and certain midwestern states to throw the race into the House of Representatives. There, after a closed session whose minutes were never released to the press, Johnson emerged triumphant. Former Vice President Nixon again snatching defeat from the jaws of victory, withdrew once more from politics at a sulky last press conference.

The strategy, though it gained Johnson another term as leader of the Western World, did not particularly endear him in some quarters — notably, the Republican Party, the Kennedy family and the state of Alabama, where George Wallace had been deprived of the opportunity to pull off the same scurrilous coup himself. Consequently, it was a difficult term for Johnson and was later referred to by historians as the "holding action" presidency. The Kennedy-Wallace faction did not succeed in their impeachment attempt but they managed to distract Johnson enough to prevent his avowed and massive escalation in Vietnam.

There, the war remained stalemated — 627,000 American troops (with 842,000 South Vietnamese in reserve) pitted against 265,000 North Vietnamese (the Viet Cong were not counted since they were not acknowledged by either side). It was during this lull that both the Viet Cong and Vice President Ky became increasingly disaffected with their respective allies. Late in 1971 the New York Times printed an exclusive story, attributed to unimpeachable sources, that Ky and the Viet Cong were sending out peace feelers to each other. But this was obscured by the sensational events of the 1972 election in which Robert Mitchum was accidentally elected President in the George Wallace-Bobby Kennedy backlash.

It was this political upheaval that led directly to the realignment of the Asian power structure, though it was clear that the groundwork had been laid in the last months of the Johnson administration.

Mitchum and his free-wheeling Piece Party rollicked into the White House and promptly forgot the war (indeed, if they had ever known about it to begin with). The effects in the long run were far reaching. General Robb, irritated because his communiques and requests for more men and supplies were returned unopened by the White House (once with a Playboy rejection slip inserted), ordered his troops to stack arms. The bombing of the North trickled out and stopped, for want of jet fuel. Hanoi accepted these two gestures as bona fide peace feelers, and, according to the terms of the long-forgotten San Antonio Formula, stopped supplying the Viet Cong and began withdrawing its divisions. Piqued, the guerrillas formed an open coalition with Marshal Ky, who overthrew Thieu and proclaimed himself chancellor of a provisional government.

It was at this time that the nation began to reassess its evaluation of the Mitchum regime. James Reston pointed out that Mitchum had achieved something no other President had been able to. He had got the U.S. disengaged from a land war in Asia, achieved a viable cease-fire and brought about a coalition government between South Vietnam and the Viet Cong.

"In one easy stroke," Reston wrote, "President Mitchum has resolved a problem that sounded the death knell of so many Presidents and diplomats before him. Clearly it is time to re-evaluate Mr. Mitchum and his so-called Hollywood Round Table. Beneath the surface of the present White House revelry there obviously lies a sane and ordered administration which has relighted the lamp of American diplomacy."

The nation rejoiced, only slightly uneasy that Reichsmarshall Ky was showing decidedly fascist leanings, and moved over to make room for 627,000 returning veterans. The Mitchum administration provided a generous GI Bill (a girl of easy virtue or a sugar cube of LSD for each, depending on rank, length of service, etc.), and the economy began to absorb them. Mitchum and Vice President Weingartner seemed shoo-ins for a second term.

It was at this moment that Ky chose to strike
across the DMZ with 50 divisions of combat-hardened Viet Cong and South Vietnamese regulars, equipped with American and French arms and schooled by military advisers from South Africa. North Vietnam, which had demobilized and spent the intervening time repairing the devastation wrought by American bombing strikes, was caught completely off guard by the attack. An alarmed world watched as Ky's juggernaut rolled forward.

The U.N. immediately censured Ky, and Mitchell's secretary of defense, Jackie Gleason, sent a token force of American military advisers to North Vietnam to assist Ho (or rather Bo, as the CIA later ascertained).

Except for one of those eccentric quirks that occasionally occur in warfare, Ky would have succeeded in overrunning the North while the matter was being haggled over in the Security Council. What happened was this: an isolated regiment of North Vietnamese and Loyalist Viet Cong cut their way through to the North, arriving about the same time as the first contingent of American Special Forces. Confused by the presence of the Americans, the battle-weary troops attacked them and, as a kind of mad afterthought, launched a terrorist raid on Haiphong. Ky's advance guard reached the area while these two actions were taking place. All three contingents were basically uniformed by the Americans and, as military historians pointed out later, the resulting confusion was understandable. After a few days of mingling chaos, a moratorium was declared while officials of the International Control Commission issued distinguishing tags to the opposing forces.

This inadvertent lull saved the day for Hanoi because Gleason was able to get American troops (veterans of the fighting in the South who had not yet been mustered out) airlifted in to plug the gap. Ky's legions were subsequently pushed back to the DMZ and a stalemate was achieved.

However, the Haiphong incident did serve to establish a guerrilla precedent in the North, and Ky began supplying the linchpin regiment via the Ho Chi Minh Trail. GI wags promptly renamed it the Madame Nhu Trail, and it became a symbol of infamy in American campaign oratory.

The guerrillas continued to be referred to as the Viet Cong by the American press, a politically advantageous coincidence. America's political-military alliance had been reversed somewhat, it was true, but analysts observed that the actual enemy had remained the same. This was reassuring.

"After all," Secretary Hamilton said in a televised address, "the Viet Cong were the enemy all along. Ho and his deputies were merely dupes. The situation has at last stabilized. I think we've turned the corner."

At this inopportune moment President Mitchell died in office, of sclerosis of the liver. Weingartner, the shadowy figure who had been Mitchell's press agent before the election (and who had been given the vice president's post because some campaign aide had discovered in the nick of time that one was necessary to complete the ticket) ascended to the presidency. This caused some consternation in political circles and in the public eye. To begin with, he was the first Jew to hold the office. This was not a telling factor but, as Everett McKinley Dirksen pointed out ringingly on the Senate floor, it was no time to be fooling around with civil rights experiments. Second-ly, and most important, Weingartner was an unknown, without the least experience in public affairs. Not many had even known that he was vice president.

"Who the hell is Bucky Weingartner?" the major newspapers asked rhetorically, when a decent time had elapsed after President Mitchell's state funeral. Then, in a body, they all gasped when it was discovered that Weingartner had been Mitchell's press agent.

In Texas, hoary old LBJ (who insisted on being called President Emeritus — and was, around Johnson City and Austin) cackled with delight about the "political circus" going on in Washington. "Told 'em in '64 not to send American boys to fight for Asian boys!" he cackled.

In Phoenix, hoary old Barry Goldwater shook his shaggy head and foresaw an appalling doom for the nation. "Defoliate!" he croaked. "Defoliate!"

But everyone relaxed when Bucky quipped, as he entered the Oval Room for the first time as President: "The Buck stops here."

The allusion did not go unnoticed, and Bucky was immediately recognized as a man with historical perspective. By association with HST, he came to be considered "crusty." "Crusty Bucky" they called him, and he responded by launching an austerity program.

His first public act was to sack the entire Mitchell Cabinet, except for Hamilton — generally regarded as the best secretary of state since Tony Trabert — and Maurice Chevalier, who was an invaluable adviser on the French situation.

("Pass the Buck" was Weingartner's campaign slogan the following year, and he and Chevalier defeated the Adam Clayton Powell-William Buckley ticket by the largest plurality in history.)

If any fault could be found with Weingartner, it lay in his handling of the Vietnam crisis. Bucky complained that it was an inherited problem, but publicly he could say nothing against Mitchell, who had become a kind of superpatriot. ("He got the boys home," they cried. "Who else stopped the bombing?" they asked. It was also observed that the Ky situation developed while Mitchell lay on his death bed. Many articles were written discussing what would have happened if the great political marty had lived. It was generally forgotten that Mitchell had died of sclerosis of the liver.

After the election, Weingartner turned his full attention to the Vietnam problem. Knowing little about war, he trusted himself to military advisers, who suggested moderate escalation and a pacification program to cope with the guerrillas (by the end of the election campaign, they were in control of an alarming percentage of North Vietnam). Eventually the number of American troops swelled to 525,000 and the bombing of the South was initiated on the grounds that it would bring Ky to his knees.

The immediate effect of the air strikes was to gain support for Ky from students at Berkeley and complaints from American business interests in Saigon,
but the policy was continued. Bucky became increasing-ly unpopular — and increasingly perplexed.

Of course it must be remembered that he was not the only statesman to be confused by the Vietnam Situation. Generally speaking, it caused an agonizing reappraisal throughout the western world.

Russia, for instance, which had traditionally supported the North, found itself aligned with its traditional enemy, the United States. This caused a good deal of ideological confusion at first. When Ky struck across the DMZ, Ambassador Gromyko rose to issue a ringing denunciation in the U.N. But through force of habit, he denounced the United States instead of Ky and threw the Security Council debate into chaos. The North Vietnamese terrorists attack on their own city of Haiphong did not help matters any.

But gradually the diplomatic Gordian knot unraveled itself and a new balance of power became evident. On the one side was the Neo-Axis Bloc consisting of France, South Vietnam, Rhodesia, Alabama, South Africa, the UAR, Cuba and — unaccountably — Zambia. Aligned against them were the Allies, or Free World, its two bulwarks being the United States and Soviet Russia — the latter now somewhat debilitated by the excesses of Premier Evtushenko.

(Red China and Albania, confused and disgusted by the diplomatic vagaries, denounced everyone and withdrew into themselves.)

That the Neo-Axis nations possessed little in the way of material wealth was inconsequential, because a new and more terrifying type of brushfire war had evolved: the so-called wars of cheek and gall. France, of course, being a master of this tactic, emerged as a superpower, still led (though by this time he was kept alive largely by intravenous feeding) by General Charles de Gaulle or Monsieur le Grand Charlot, as he was officially called.

(One incident, shortly after the Vietnam stalemate had been achieved, seriously marred the new balance of power. Stanford finally lured Dr. Christiana Barnard away from South Africa at a salary reputed to be $20,000 a year. Cape Town, to everyone’s surprise, lodged no official protest. Then Stanford discovered that Dr. Barnard’s arthritis had become so advanced that he could no longer operate. Stanford quietly pawed him off on Moscow, and the ensuing rift seriously endangered the Allied coalition. After Evtushenko threatened to become neutral, Bucky sent troops into Stanford and began discussing economic sanctions. Stanford took Barnard back, and the crisis eased — though Bucky wound up paying for the whole business, including Barnard’s salary, out of his contingency fund.)

Of course, in real politik, it is ideology that counts, and here Secretary Hamilton was generally credited with the final articulation of American policy (so much so that the period came to be regarded as the “Hamiltonian Era of diplomacy”).

In a landmark television address, Hamilton pointed out to the nation that the new coalition was a natural one, even historic. Ky was by his own admission and political alignment a fascist, Hamilton declared. America’s opposition to fascism dated as far back as the 1920s. How many American boys had died on the beaches of Anzio and in the hedgerows of Normandy, he demanded rhetorically, to rid the world of fascism? By some spasatic diplomacy, he cried, the United States had been diverted from its historic purpose in the early 1950s. “Hoodwinked,” he declaimed, “yes, hoodwinked by France and its puppet, Reichsmarshal Ky.” Naturally he blamed previous administrations for this folly. And he was quick to point out that the Weingartner administration had been the first to recognize the true enemy, the one who lay behind the guns and planes of South Vietnam.

“After all,” he concluded ringingly, “France is the real enemy. Make no mistake about it.” He pointed a finger dramatically. “Cherchez le Grand Charlot!”

Another important question that had been resolved, and which was discussed widely by leading journalists, was that the U.S. had finally gained Free World support for its military posture in Vietnam.

“The thing is, Bucky,” Hamilton said excitedly in private, “we’ve finally got a clear-cut aggression. Everybody agrees that Ky crossed an international boundary. We’ve got U.N. support. Really, it’s Korea all over again!”

These facts, though they did much to soothe the nation’s mind, did not solve Bucky’s problems. He was still faced with unrest at Berkeley and other non-universities, an increasing defense budget (which balloononed continually in his effort to match the massive supplies of cheek and gall that France was sending Ky), and an unstable dollar.

So Bucky was understandably touchy as he stood in the War Room antechamber with Hamilton, mulling over Ky’s latest feeler — and he began complaining once again about the mess that he had inherited from Mitchum.

Hamilton defended Mitchum during these private tirades, owing probably to the natural enmity of actors and press agents. “Don’t be too hard on Bob,” he told Bucky. “After all, it’s hard to think straight when you’ve got sclerosis of the liver.”

“Well, you can stop boozing,” Bucky cried.

“He did, Bucky,” Hamilton said. “That’s why he switched to pot at the last. Really, it showed a great deal of intestinal fortitude.”

“Anyway,” he said, after Bucky had glovered sulkily for a long moment, “maybe something will come of this Ky message.”

“I’m not going to knuckle down to him, George,” Bucky said.

“I wasn’t suggesting anything ignominous,” Hamilton said quickly. “Just that maybe we can get him to the table this time and work out something honorable. Anyway, we have to make some response to his message. It wouldn’t look right to ignore it, check and gall-wise.”

“Respond!” Bucky growled. “I’ll respond that old sonofabitch right into the ground.” He slammed a fist into an open palm. “George, I’ll bring Ky to the table if it kills me.”

“That’s the spirit, Bucky,” Hamilton said. “I’ll get a statement out right away.” He pressed a button marked “Press Secretary” on a nearby intercom and said:

“Say, Hubert, would you come in for a second?”

(Copyright 1968 by Jerry Few)
"... These? Oh, just letters from the editor..."
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[Image of a sign]

**Best Wishes**

TPC

On Your 15th Annual Gridiron Show AND on Your New “Home”

To All the “In” People:

Remember the “in” place is here at the Tidelands. Live Main Lobster — Nightly Entertainment. Now on stage, JENIE JACKSON, Jimmy Durante’s Famous Sidekick—the Most Beautiful Large Gal in America: Weight 303, Height 6 ft., Bust 58 in., Temperature 212°. Watch for innovations and great summer policies. Don’t hesitate to call me should you need rooms for out-of-town guests.

Your host,

Joe Kaufman
Executive Director

P.S.: May I suggest you start worrying about who’s going to pay for this space . . .

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**BUILT FOR COMFORT**

[Image of a sign]

**TUCSON PARK WEST**

drive West on Ankium Road past St. Mary’s Hospital.
SWEET SIXTEEN

By JOHN FAHR

When I was a lad, (has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?) — one of my duties at the Arizona Daily Star was writing a Radio-TV column.

The other duties included turning out the lights in the newsroom during the daytime — after all, we had lots of windows — covering such exciting events as the Tombstone Hellorado, the All-Indian Rodeo at Sells, the annual Dog Show, parades, police beat, schools, the UA, conventions, weather, obituaries, movies, County Fair, Sanitary District meetings, South Tucson, Davis-Monthan, (sometimes all at the same time) turning on the AP wire and even Girls' State, when Dorothy Kalil, the only girl Star reporter, went on vacation early one year.

Anyhow, to get back to TV in 1952, when KOPO-TV (now KOJ in Tucson) became Tucson's first channel, a TV columnist's pickings were pretty slim. There was wrestling, Lucy Belle White singing ballads with Sid Appelman at the piano, Bernie Perlin announcing Sports, more wrestling, and once a week, everyone's favorite drama series (the only one) — "Schlitz Playhouse of Stars," with Adolph Menjou as host. A little later on, KOPO-TV viewers could "Visit With Virginia Mittendorf" all afternoon. Nowadays, lonely housewives have TV's "Girl Talk," or soap operas and Gypsy Rose Lee to visit.

It's strange to look back on those days of 1952 and think that now one can select from FOUR commercial channels and KUAT-TV educational channel, — and almost everything in color yet. It's enough to make you weep with gratitude.

Yes sir, — those early days of TV in Tucson were really something else. About the only "original" left is Sam Levitz and his furniture commercials. Look what you have now in 1968 on TV! — Well, go ahead and look.

Anyone for "Gone With the Wind" at the movie theater?

Write Me a Joke

(A play in One Act)

By DAVID DARE

The scene is the office of the editor of the editorial page on the town's leading daily newspaper. (Ha, that'll stop you!) Up to the door walks Marilyn Drago and she reads on the glass, "PRIVATE," and with such assurance that the EPE never was commissioned to any important task she walks right in.

DRAGO: I'm looking for jokes for the Hell Box. Could you write me a few?

EPE: Me write jokes? You must be kidding!

DRAGO: You're the one who's kidding. You write them all the time. At least, I saw some people laughing fit to kill over something you wrote last Wednesday.

EPE: You have the wrong paper. Try another floor. (Musing). But I did write jokes when I was in college, and get good grades on some of them. What sort of jokes do you want?

DRAGO: Dirty.

EPE: Not for the Hell Box?

DRAGO: Well, since it's for the Hell Box, not too dirty. After all, children read it.

EPE: Do you mind if I crib a few from college days?

DRAGO: I think you're too old to do anything in a crib, but if you can recall your college days, go ahead.

EPE: Mind if I don't type them?

DRAGO: Knowing what type you're likely to write, I'd prefer they not be your type of jokes.

EPE: You're pretty cheeky, talking to me like that.

DRAGO: (Looking just beyond foot on desk) You're pretty cheeky, too.

EPE: (Not cognizant of being verbally stabbed — if he were capable of understanding such things, he wouldn't be writing editorials) I mean, it takes lots of courage.

DRAGO: I agree. Thank heaven I'm not married to you.

EPE: A person'd have to be pretty stupid not to be able to write jokes for the Hell Box.

DRAGO: I know, but I don't doubt you'll try. By the way, are you dyeing your hair?

EPE: You've got me confused with Sheaffer. He's got his so glossy that it's like one of his prints.

DRAGO: It's not as contrasty as it was. No lights and shadows. No greys in with the blacks.

EPE: I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll try some jokes for you.

DRAGO: I'll get you the staff list. Tell me how you come out. Or maybe you'd better tell me how you plan to get in.
LYRICS

GOVERNOR WILLIAMS
Governor Williams — (General Custer tune)
Oh we're counting on you
We know you'll come through
Like you always do
Governor Williams
The clergy you please
And budgets you squeeze
You'll win in a breeze
Good old Williams
Though the Indians are starving
And buried under snow
You fly overhead
And see nothing below
Working men all love you
Though boozing they do
And smokers do too
Governor Williams

EGYPTIAN VICTORY SONG
—Bear Down Arizona
All hail to you Arabs,
Your dreams have come true,
You beat the Israelis,
And killed off every single Jew.
You're tougher than Nazis.
Though they killed a few,
E-G-Y-P-T good old Egypt
That's you.

UP UP AND AWAY
—my beautiful balloon
Up Up in the air
The pavilion we have built
Rises on the park
Though some folks want it kilt.
Standing there between the courthouse and the city hall
So big and tall.
We had a big committee of dropouts
And financiers in Tucson had big doubts.
But up up in the air
Goes the Mexican-American snafu — oo0000000.
It cost a hundred grand just to do it.
The mayor and council sweated all through it.
One city park was missing
When the bulldozer was through
But what a joy it is
Our Mexican-American snafu — oo0000000000.

POT GETS IN YOUR EYES
They asked me how I knew
Who was my guru.
I of course replied
Something here inside
Can not be denied.
They asked me how I knew
Is my guru true.
When your pad's gets hot
And your smoking pot,
Pot gets in your eyes.

Now I laughed
For guru dodged the draft.
To think they could doubt guru.
Yesterday old guru flew away
I am without my love.

Now hippie friends deride
What I can not hide.
So I smile and say
When your guru's away,
Scuru you guru.

ADEL "STEIN SONG"
—Rudy Vallee's Stein Song, "Drink a Toast to Dear Old Maine"
Drink a toast to our boy Gene,
Shout till the rafters ring.
Stand and roll your pants to your knees,
Let mayor and councilmen all sing.
Adelstein's our P.I.O.
That fills our hearts with glee.
Watch for all the latest info.
And see us all on your TV.

ANNEXATION SONG
—March from "Bridge on the River Kwai"
Corbett, you are a little fink,
That's what we county folks all think.
Corbett — stay in your orbit.
Try to annex us
And we'll raise a stink.
Corbett, you are on S.O.B.
Corbett, you can not annex me.
Corbett, you must be morbit.
We shall escape you,
And we'll all be free.
JEWEL JORDAN SONG

Don’t take my job away,
Don’t listen to those fools,
You’ll be like the man who’s lost
One of his big family jewels.

LYRICS

LBJ SONG

Here we are, almost at the end,
Holding hands and yawning.
Two sleepy critters with nothing to say.
With Yuki — my best friend.
I guess that it’s time to hit the hay.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Three little guys,
Jay, Weaver, Rubi,
Just three little guys.
(They run things)
Three little guys,
That’s all we’ve got,
But the number may rise.

DR. WILLIAM R. WONDERFUL

As an editor you were great.
You ran the city, county and state.
You’ve a new career now, it’s true.
Dr. Wonderful — that’s you.
As a surgeon, you’re supreme.
We’re so proud to be on your team.
No one operates like you do.

PSYCHEDELIC CIRCUS

Teeny-boppers are glad
Nobody’s sad
Nobody’s mad,
I’m tellin you Dad.
Psychedelic Circus is here.
They’re blowing it up
And tying it down,
Better put on your mini-skirt gown
Psychedelic Circus is here.
The Animals are coming
And maybe Beatles too
And everyone is happy with
Joe Soble and his crew.
So everyone’s glad,
Leavin’ their pad,
It’s the best thing
Tucson ever had.
Psychedelic Circus is here.

SIXTEEN GRAMS

(To tune of “Sixteen Tons”)

Sixteen grams, and what do you get
Another day older, another bad trip
I was raised by a guru and now I’m flyin’
Baby it’s there .. without even tryin’
You load 16 grams, and what do you get
Another day older, another bad trip
Every time I fly, I land real hard...
And I can’t get there on a Credit Card ...
You load 16 grams, and what do you get
Another day older, another bad trip
My daddy was a cop, my mother a narc
Now I’m ready to do my part...
You load 16 grams, and what do you get
Another day older, another bad trip
We’d like to drop out, but not too far
‘Cause we buy our acid at the corner bar...
(Very slowly)
You load 16 grams . . . and what do you get
Another day older . . . another bad trip
We wanta blow our minds
But we have to go slow . . .
‘Cause we owe . . . our soul . . .
to the pusher next door!
SONG OF THE HAWKS —
tune — In My Merry Oldsmobile
Come along with me and be
On the road to World War Three
Oh how happy we will be
Bombers old China, you and me.
Come along with me and he
On the road to World War Three
Gene McCarthy and his ilk
They should have poison in their milk.
Come along with me and be
Anti-Bobby Kennedy
We're the Hawks
And war suits us to a tee
On the road to World War Three.

FREEWAY SONG

tune — What the World Needs Now
What Tucson needs now
Is freeways galore,
That's the only thing that there's just too
little of,
Run them east and west
And north and south,
Run them on land and through businesses,
Lord we don't need those subdivisions,
We've got houses enough for the lot of us.
We've got motels and hotels and little homes
Running out our ears.
What Tucson needs now
Is freeways galore
We have paid TATPA
To tell us so
What the world needs now is freeways
galore etc

28TH LEGISLATURE —
tune — When the Saints Go Marching In.
Oh when you started in the fall,
You had your backs up to the wall,
28th Legislature
You're the fairest of them all.
You undertook to reassess
The Democrats had left a mess
GOP Legislature
No one else could have done less.
It really took a lot of guts
To get up off your big fat buttocks,
28th Legislature
You are not a bunch of nuts.

MUDRA

tune — All Hail Arizona
All hail, Darrell Mudra
Should your team ever fail
You'd be much safer,
Sleeping in the jail.
The Towncats are waiting
And if the season's great
You might be elected
To serve on DATE.
Your '63 Season
Should be the best of all
Since Indiana
Stays away next fall
All hail Darrell Mudra
We worship at your feet,
Your powerful Wildcats
Just can't be beat.

HIGH SCHOOL NAMES

tune — Rio Rita
Santa Rita
It is sweet, neat as Tucson High
Chollas High School
There's a name that a jumps
And sticks in your mind.
All the Citizen asks
Is some day they'll learn to spell Sahuaroch
Though they get panned,
High school names are really just grand.
Not one's named for Morrow,
But Amphitheater has its Canyon del Oro
Though they get panned,
High school names are really just grand.

BOWLER SONG
	(tune—We're Just Wild About Harry)
We're just wild about Bowler,
'Cause he's for Country and God.
Like Billy Hargis and his colleagues,
We know he's not a fraud.
Though GOP doesn't know it,
He's ready and all set to run.
Oh, we're just wild about Bowler,
In Congress he would be,
Ooh but he would be,
Gee but he would be — fun.
LYRICS

TUCSON DAILY AMERICAN
Oh the paper we read
Is the Daily American
The greatest little paper in town
It has features and news
Scattered all through it
Hurrah for you, Ev Mecham,
We all knew you could do it.
Oh the paper we read
Is the Daily American
Its circulation's up, never down.
TNA is in a snit,
They don't like this kind of shit.
At last we're a two-paper town.

WATCHING ALL THE CLUBS GO BY
(Tune: “Standing On The Corner”)
Standing on the corner,
watching all the clubs go by...
Standing on the corner,
giving all the hoards the eye
Oh, brother, they can't go to jail
for what they're doing
But then again... neither can we!
Just standing on the corner,
watching all the clubs,
watching all the clubs,
Go byyyyyyyyyy...

CONGRATULATIONS — JIM SOUTHARD
Congratulations, —Jim Southard,
You won by a landslide today
The Citizen's choice
With ventriloquist's voice,
Voters all knew that you must be okay.
Congratulations, —Jim Southard,
Your Republican dreams have come true,
You have swept your party in
And have rid Tucson of sin,
The city was ready for you.

WE ENJOY ROBBING A BANK
(Tune: “I Enjoy Being a Girl”)
Oh, we are a fine example,
All the parents of youths should thank.
We'll give you a little sample, —
We enjoy robbing a bank.
The girls all wear clothes like Bonnie's,
And the boys steal the cars like Clyde.
The whole nation imitates us.
In our work, we can take pride.
When bank presidents and stupid tellers
Protest, — Well, that always makes us frown.
We aim all our guns right at them fellers,
And rat-a-tat-tat-tat, — we shoot 'em down.
We're glad to be here in Tucson,
For there's banks everywhere one looks,
And we know we'll fit in well
'Cause Tucson's one hell of a town
Loaded with lots of crooks.

THANKS FOR THE INQUIRY
(Tune: “Thanks for the Memory”)
Thanks... for the inquiry...
The guys we thought were hot
Have been put into a pot...
And thank you, for the inquiry...
The guys who had the rank
May end up in the tank
So thank you, for the inquiry...
The probe that checked us out
Turned into quite a bout

(Talking) And thank you Judge Howard...
And Atty. Gen. Smith...
and the Tucson Daily Citizen for not sensationalizing any stories...
and the Liquor Agents...
and the Phoenix Gazette...
Thanks... for the inquiry...

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"To Hell With It All!"
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THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT, or
"It Takes Two," says the
Tucson Chamber of Commerce

One day Randy Randall, Jack New-
man, and Ed Erickson got together to
figure out how to increase the mem-
bership of the Tucson Chamber of
Commerce.

There was an obvious way but Plan-
ned Parenthood was putting that one
on the shelf, and besides, it took too
long a time.

"We need a slogan," Ed said.

"One that conveys all our meaning,"
Newman added.

"I'll think of one. It's my business
to serve you gentlemen," Randy re-
plied.

"Then serve us a Scotch," Newman
ordered.

They went through slogan after
slogan.

"It's good business for Tucson."

"Make Tucson better."

"Make a tiger out of Tucson."

There were forty-one others, and
they all fell flat.

Just then a young woman who was
hitchhiking from Peoria, Ill., to Pad-
ucrh, Ky., by way of San Francisco,
Nogales and Tucson, came in for ad-
vise. The slogan was obvious:

"It takes two," the committee said
in unison after one look.

With that, the committee adjorned,
to go home or wherever they were
going.

'TIS TRUE
The World Is in a Wretched Mess!
But Your Kitchen Needn't Be!
RELY ON
Ford's
BAR & KITCHEN SUPPLY, INC.
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CHAPARRAL
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PRODUCED BY THE MOST MODERN MEANS
FROM
BAUM & ADAMSON
TOES
by Alex Comfort, M.D.
London

Babies' and lovers' toes express
Ecstasies of wantonness.
That's a language which we lose
With the trick of wearing shoes.

Reprinted with permission of the author.
"Looking forward to dropping by your new club to get my tail feathers singed again!"

Sam Goddard
Government of the people, by the people and for the people didn't mean much in Tucsonapolis. One polis official had privately called it a theory conceived by tuned-in oracle.

Tucsonopolans, not accustomed to seeing it as it is, actually believed they had a choice — not an echo — when they went to the polls.

The people who lived outside the city walls, on the other hand, didn't care whether there was a choice. After all, they WERE outside the city walls.

One day, the outsiders were forced to care. The newly-elected regime of Tucsonapolis cast covetous eyes at the potential revenue adjacent to the city's walls.

"As long as we're overextended," reasoned one of the elders, "why not overextend ourselves some more? We'll increase our tax base and be eligible for a larger dole from the Arizona treasury."

So the surveyors went into the lands of the outsiders to determine where the new city walls would be built. And the outsiders saw the writings on the walls: "Sections 31 thru 37 to be torn down in order to dovetail the new wall sections into place."

Immediately pockets of resistance formed to oppose the annexation. "Don't be taken in," cried the outsiders, no Trojan Horse-builders they.

Emissaries were sent to seduce the outsiders into docility — nay, gratefully — accepting this boon proffered by the Tucsonapolis leaders.

Dripping milk of human charity with every line, the emissaries crooned, "You'll enjoy having polis protection."

"What police protection?" asked one of the outsiders' leaders. "Outside of issuing tickets for overparking and harassing citizens who happen to be out late at night what do they protect? Livery stable operators have to scare off burglars by themselves and private citizens
have to break up fights because the police are never around."

"You misunderstand," cried the emissaries, "we're talking about Polis protection, not police protection . . . Er, well, we do offer police protection, too. Well, sort of, we're a little short right now.

"And fire protection. Just think, you'll have fire protection (as soon as we figure out what to use for fire hydrants) and your insurance rates will drop. We'll macadam your roads (just don't remind us of the muddy, pot-holed roads we have in the polis)."

"How about street lanterns," asked one of the outsiders "Will you give us street lanterns?"

"Ah," explained the emissaries.

"Well?"

"Well . . . You have to form an improvement district."

"Okay, so who needs you?"

One of the emissaries was the latest addition to the long list of "assistant polis managers" in Tucsonapolis. His addition rounded out the assistants at 127. Pioneer Tucsonapolians could remember when the city had only one polis manager aided by the heads of individual departments.

The latest assistant polis manager had been a news director for a local apparition station, channel pi.

Tears streamed down his cheeks as he rhapsodized on the advantages of living inside the city walls. "We've found it a good polisy," he opined.

"Well, we've found it a better polisy to live outside the walls," replied one of the outsiders' leaders, Leocatus. "Tucsonapolis has such bad fiscal responsibility, that we don't want to be paying taxes into it.

"And here you are as a shining example. Tucsonapolis is already overextended, but you're pushing for the Outer Limits?"

"There's nothing wrong with Tucsonopolis' financial structure," replied the emissary.

"Then why do you charge merchants for trash collection?" asked Leocatus.

"Well, that's because we have such a large area to serve."

"Are you familiar with DATE?"

"Oh, yes. We make an excellent wine out of it. And fruit cakes and bread, too."

"Hmmm. When you get through playing the Dating game, I hope you'll tell me what you know about the Development Authority for Tucsonapolis' Economy."

"Oh! That date. Heh-heh. Yes, wonderful group, wonderful group. They've b o u g h t — o o p s — brought us a lot of wonderful publicity."

"Bought is right. It was less than a year ago that they spent 10,000 drachmas — notice there's no 'n' in there — to promote an appari-

tion program that hasn't made it into the top 40 yet," Leocatus pointed out.

"In fact," he continued, "I understand the program is so bad, that apparition viewers have considered going out as an alternative to changing channels."

"That's not exactly true retorted the emissary," Robert Shellomemon watches it avidly. He even enjoys it."

"I would hardly call that justification for trying to get a 10,000-draconia outlay through without giving the taxpayers of Tucsonapolis a say in the matter."

"It would have undoubtedly escaped the attention of Tucsonapolians had it not been for a reporter from the Morning Pied Type stumbling into the story."

"I'd like to point out that the story was erroneous," said the emissary. "The DATE committee was only trying to promote a venture that would bring money into Tucsonapolis."

"The story was not criticizing the efforts of DATE," Leocatus countered. "The Morning Pied Type was only emphasizing the danger of secret expenditures of taxpayers' money.

"So that's another reason we will not allow ourselves to be taken in."

The emissary assured Leocatus that there were no more fiscal shenanigans being conducted since a new Icon had been elected.

"Would you explain then," said Leocatus, "why Tucsonapolis is trying to put up 50,000 drachmas for a temporary pavilion."

"Ah," replied the emissary. "That's a misunderstood thing. You've heard, of course, that they've planned some kind of international games at Mt. Olympus. Well, we're sure our pavilion will attract tourists on their way to the games."

"How so," inquired Leocatus. "If the citizens of Tucsonapolis haven't heard about the pavilion, how can it be that citizens from other states have?"

"The citizens of Tucsonapolis know about the pavilion," replied the emissary.

"Then why haven't they protested the large expenditure for an edifice that may not stand for more than six months?" Leocatus rejoined. "Can Tucsonapolians be so stupid that they would sit mutely while their tax monies were squandered?"

"They aren't stupid," replied the emissary. "They know the city is the natural gateway to the games. The tourists will have to pass through the city to the games."

"Answer me this, sir," requested Leocatus. "When you travel to Indianapolis, do you go by way of Annapolis? If tourists can take a direct route to the games, why would they detour by way of Tucsonapolis for an exhibit only a little larger than a creche? You may just as well tell me they'll detour through Tucsonapolis to see the wishing shrine."
One day when Bill Mathews was a member of the Board of Regents he and the other regents went out to look over the Phoenix Zoo to see whether it would be appropriate to house married students at Arizona State at Tempe. While they were examining the cages a keeper ran excitedly up to President Harvill of the University of Arizona and said, “Help! Bill Mathews has fallen into the Bengal tiger’s cage.”

“What do I care what happens to a Bengal tiger?” Dick Harvill replied.
HOW TO WRITE EDITORIALS, or
Is The Security System Really Good Enough?

By MERRILL MARDEN

The librarian was poring over a batch of clippings, the city editor was poring over the day's assignments, the newest reporter was poring over the measurements of the prettiest staff member and the chief editorial writer was just pouring.

His ideas had run out days before but fortunately his whiskey, which he brought into the office in a paper sack and which he hid in the center lefthand drawer of his desk, had not.

His tunnel eyes given new focus by proof —86.4 proof—that he was a reasonable human being, he turned to his Old Bar Steward's Almanac for a topic, any topic, to do an editorial on.

The editorial could not say anything because, of course, editorials don't say anything.

This was in April and there was the entry, "April 21, Quail saved the Israelites."

What kind of quail? Gambler's quail or Florence quail?

Since quail read the paper and quail weren't supposed to understand all the things wolves might write, he dropped that topic.

"April 29, Real unlucky day," the Old Bas... Bar Steward's Almanac said.

They were all unlucky lately, and he adeptly poured a plastic coffee cup half full of Old Crock and then quickly slipped his desk drawer shut and the cup to his kisser. Or what had been his kisser in the days when anyone was willing to kiss him; that was before the girls in Society started referring to him behind his back as a lecherous old man.

He picked another date: "April 15, Sardines running." It amazed him. He had no idea that sardines could acquire the Aztec toothache.

Then at last he had a topic he felt he could write about. He saw that the Old Bar Steward's Almanac had the Tucson Press Club Gridiron Show scheduled for May.

Into his typewriter the chief editorial writer put some copy paper.

The Almanac had words for it:

"Nothing is certain except the unexpected."

One day a Casanova started looking for a Bird so he could do things up Brown. This Casanova liked to keep up with the Joneses. He got himself into Circulation out by the Ludlow. Things went along with Dispatch and Casanova thought he was a pretty good Hunter until a real Lauver came along and made him look like a Dummy. The general opinion was that it was Devine and worthy of the trademark, "Made in Parris." There was considerable Maintenance but very little Proof that Larkin like that could Turner into anything worth Promotion.

Definition of an executive editor: A fellow who skim's a little of the cream off the salary of everyone else in the plant so he can "work" with his feet on his desk.

Jim Kirk: Why are there so many Democrats?

Jim Corbett: Did you ever hear of a good piece of elephant?

Show me the home where the buffalo roam and I'll show you a family in the chips.

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For reservations, see your travel agent or call American Airlines at 294-4411.
Things are looking up in Pima County...
Frank Drachman was talking with Cele Peterson at a Tucson Ad Club luncheon and Cele said she thought it would be good if reporting on the Star and Citizen could be better standardized and that the beats should be covered by persons "like Don Robinson or his equivalent."

"By equivalent you mean half a James Reston or seven Charley Turbeyvilles?" Drachman answered.

The hippie's hair gets longer — and the beat goes on!

Star executive offices have sofas in them, except for the office of J. F. Weadock.

a. Mr. Weadock, an ex-Cavalryman, prefers riding to laying, or

b. They don't make them long enough for him, or

c. Nobody loves him enough to make a sofa worth while. Which raises the point, what the hell are those other guys doing with sofas?

---

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The Way To Promotion And Pay

By DAVID DARE

Once I worked for the Deep River Gimmick, an enterprising paper published in the South (south of Salt Lake City, that is). It never failed to promote its writers. Once one of them ate his way through a bushel of soft-shell crabs, and he was put in a lineup with seven other reporters and a picture of all of them was run across Page One, just as though any of the other seven could compete at eating soft-shell crabs.

The staff consisted of the editor, the editor’s wife, and me; and when I was hired the editor said, “Don’t you think you can ever come between me and my wife.”

I found out I couldn’t because there were too many other guys already there.

The reason the editor didn’t notice it was that he was involved with a warehouse girl a block down the street. She worked for a photographic company and had a big enough collection of personal prints, taken off customers’ film, so that everyone in town was willing to deal with her.

It should be said in her defense that she had enough other things so the dealings were mostly pleasant.

It is obvious the Gimmick wasn’t a very large paper. It would have been smaller had it not been that its circulation manager figured out a way whereby it could be sold on Sundays in combination with the morning paper, a really fine sheet.

One day the editor called the photo supply place and asked for Daisy.

“What are you doing, Daisy?” he asked.

“I’m as busy as any warehouse girl with lots of customers is bound to be,” she said. “Call me back in twenty minutes.”

If she was so popular, he thought, he would go see her himself, and so in twenty minutes he was at the photo supply place’s door.

“Who do you want to see?” the proprietor’s wife, whom everyone called Madam, asked.

“I’d like to see Daisy if she’s not busy.”

“All you men want to see Daisy. She’s the most popular warehouse girl we have. Why not let me call out the other warehouse girls so you can see one of them, since Daisy is occupied?”

“Maybe Daisy has something the others don’t,” he protested.

“I don’t think so, but I’m only a woman.”

She called out, “Come on, girls.”

And out they came, from the back rooms of the warehouse.

The editor had never known that a well-run warehouse could have so many attractive girls. He tried to adapt to the situation, but he was too old, something his wife could have told him, and dropped dead.

That was why I left the Deep River Gimmick and came west. I saw immediately that the job was a killer, and I didn’t want to die young even if I died happy.

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Tales of Trivia for Bone-Weary Pickle Vendors
on a Thursday

By Percy B. Shelley

In our Quest For A Pome Of The Eon, Sidney Gratch, a sewer pipe welder who lives on Our Fair City’s South End, submitted this Ditty. It’s a real winner:

Roses Are Red
Violets Are Blue
I hate your column.
Who the hell are you?
Many thanx, Sid.

* * * * *

Marvin Dustcover, a great-great-grandson of Cavalry Gen. Dirty Dismount, who helped defend Tucson from bands of fierce Apaches in the late 1800s, found one of his Army ancestor’s old logs recently. He gave it to us, and since it tells what life was really like in the Old Pueblo back then, we decided to print it. “Life here is grand,” writes General Dismount. “In Tucson, there are many fine things. Someday, this settlement may grow into a bigger settlement.”

* * * * *

John Scissorshaver, a barber for the past 90 years at Ed’s Barber Shop down on Ole 5th Avenue, passed on to us yeest’dy the answer to the oft-asked Question: “Whatever happened to the good ol days?” Soft-spoken Scissorshaver intoned croakily: “They are gone forever.”

* * * * *

From the Citizen desk came this plaintive cry the other morn: “Who the hell stole my Star?” Ho, ho, ho and a tip of The Hat to our desk. You guys sure are funny.
Dear Boss;

I learned what MAFIA means.

As you know, I married Joe Tamatas this year, and Large George was the best man. We got some great pictures of the ceremony.

There was me, with Large George, drinking much champagne. There was Joe Tamatas with Mrs. Large George, very cuddly indeed. There isn't any picture of Joe Tamatas and me together both, except one blurry one of me hollering at the kids. Which is kind of a funny wedding picture.

Right away we had company. We had company before but its different after you get married, you know?

An Irishman, by name of Tim Leary, dropped by and stayed a few days. Very interesting. Everyplace we went a plain marked car went to but nobody ever got out of it. (I've noticed lately tho that the fuzz take a considerable interest in me, which I don't think is entirely because I am so good looking.)

The fuzz make Joe Tamatas nervous. They make Tim Leary laugh a lot. He laughs a lot all the time, come to think of it.

Some people went crazy trying to find Tim Leary, which caused me some happiness. They said he wasn't reel, and other things, so our paper was off the press I invited some nice TV types to come over and take a picture. Which they did.

I was surprised to learn from Joe Tamatas that Tim Leary is pretty well known in some circles. He used to be a teacher but decided to take a trip, he told me. He wears a silver medal that says LSD which is the short name of the Lads for Spirits Disclosures. I wanted my spirit disclosed but this annoyed Joe Tamatas who has a very hot Italian temper. (I am probably not supposed to say I......, but I get punched out if I say those other words, so here I...... anti-defaming league will just have to get mad at me.)

Like I said Tim Leary laughs a lot. In fact all the time. Which got me to thinkin'.

So I decided to learn about this laughin. As Tim Leary says Baby he says do your own thing. My problem is finding out if my thing is okay in public. Joe Tamatas says it ain't.

I went to some after-school schools that told all about poi, grass, maryjane and like that. (They are three different laugh-making things.) About all I learned from all them doctors and all them judges and (god forbid) all them cops is "don't do it."

So why not I said? The doctors and the judges said very nice we don't know why not but don't. One head doctor said its against the law of the land and that is a good reason. The cop said I'll catch you if you do.

So to buy some grass or pot or mary j (not marijuana — it's too strong) I decided to get into a disguise, which isn't easy. But I did.

Then I hung out near the campus where the cop said all the kids couldn't buy stuff. I hung out a long time with no action.

Finally a guy came up to me and said "make it, fuzz." Which distressed me, because that's about the only thing I'm not is fuzz.

"Werner baby" the guy said "we'd know you anywhere. Now take off that wig and those falsies."

Well.

So I blew that one. Since then I listen to people tell me and I keep my own secret. Which is if you smoke a filter cigarette wrong end to it sends you all the way out, like man it does, reely.

Since I got married I am tryin very hard to forget I was a waitress and improve my image. Joe Tamatas is trying too. He got his sideburns cut and stopped wearing his white tie and black shirt. But still, he gets funny looks when he comes into a room, just before the people hide behind the bar.

Joe Tamatas calls it "wearing the protective coloration of the establishment," which he learned from a doctor friend of ours. The doctor, who is far out (very far out indeed lots of times) said he is a crypto-liberal, which means, I guess, boaring from within.

By the way, if they've pulled up all your poppies you can grow very nice things in your closet. All you need is a sunlamp. Or use tons of nutmeg in your cooking and grow lots of morning glories. Now, who said THAT'S against the law of the land? Nobody. Yet.

Oh yes. About MAFIA.

It means Mothers And Fathers Italian Association.

Yrs rsptfly,
Emily Brunt Tamatas
THE SPLEEN VENTERS

LESTER N. INSKEEP ............... 3
MILDRED CLINGERMAN ............. 12
LARRY FERGUSON ................. 15
JIM COOPER ..................... 17
TOM TURNER ..................... 19 and 29
ART EHRENSTROM ................. 20
RICK DRAGO ..................... 23
MERRILL MARDEN .................. 25 and 56

JERRY FEW ....................... 35
JOHN FAHR ...................... 45
DAVID DARE ..................... 45 and 59
ALEX COMFORT, MD. ............. 51
ED GALLARDO ................... 53
FRANK JOHNSON ................. 57
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY .......... 59
MARILYN DRAGO ................. 63

Photography by Jack Sheaffer, Harry Lewis, John Fahr and Anon.
The following fragment (c. 1968) was among the Salt River Scrolls recently unearthed by Royal Archaeologists of the Second Ho Ho Ho Kam Dynasty. It apparently describes a mid-twentieth century kingdom known alternately as "Kennecott" or, less frequently, "Arizona."

... that once there was a sun-wrapt state of glory that was known as

**Kennecott**

The capital bespots a copper dome here,
One’s never asked for "something for the pot;"
And flower funds are virtuously unknown here
In Kennecott.

Politicos must never roll a log here,
A lobby’s something architects have wrought,
And there’s a legal limit to the smog here
In Kennecott.

(Although it sounds bizarre, that’s how conditions are
In Kennecott.)

Nor ore nor legislature need refining,
The back that’s scratched need not reciprocate.
In short, there’s simply not
A more refugent lot
Of unremitting civic pride
Than here in Kennecott.

---

Public Relations
Jim Maize, Norman Harrington
George Pittman, Hope Barnett

*Apologies to
Lerner & Lowe
Arthur & Malory.*

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**Kennecott Copper Corporation**

**Ray Mines Division**

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