we build on any contour...

D. F. Fraker
Design & Building Corp.
General Building Contractor

keep abreast of the times
put your curves in our hands...
"Massage my WHAT ...?"
Our
Mad, Comical
Board

Bernie Rabinovitz, Duane Johnson, John Rawlinson,
Pete Cowgill.

Tom Turner, Art Lingle, Barbara Guy, Sue Dye.

Dennis Schultz, Bob Sidney, Jim Cooper, Bob Thomas,
Jess Riggle, Betsy Eaton, and the center of
attraction Doe Torgerson.
What... Me Worry?

...or 125 days into the abyss

What you see is what you get!
And baby, we aim to GET IT TO YA!

Yes, nature lovers, once again we find ourselves merrily plunging into that eighth wonder of the world, the Tucson Press Club’s Annual Gridiron Show.

Barbs, taunts, cheers and jeers are in store tonight for many of our friends and others.

If you happen to be one of those selected to be so honored, don’t take it in the wrong vein—the only thing it’s costing you is a little skin off your hide, and with taxes the way they are, that’s cheap!

Tonight is a time to relax, have some drinks and laughs and really enjoy yourself. That’s what the club is all about.

This year’s production, as always, is the result of a mammoth effort by many, many people, all dedicated to the ideal that hard work, self-sacrifice and dedication towards one goal—the production of the show—can really be a lot of fun.

The spirit and friendship that goes into the show’s production is the type that holds the club together. If we can keep these same ideals in mind throughout the year, we can come out smelling like a rose.

Otherwise we’ll need a few clothespins.

The voyage of the Good Ship TPC this year has been rocky at times, but your Board of Directors, club manager and employees, and many friends, have kept it afloat.

Our battles thus far have ranged from burglars to the ever-present Snidely Whiplash with out-stretched hand.

But if you’re as happy as we are about the show, it’s well worth the battle.

The proceeds of this show go to college scholarships for our Tucson youth.

So ease your brain, forget the pain, and laugh in the friendly skies of the Tucson Press Club.

A ring-a-ling-ling.

—JOHN RAWLINSON

Our Leader Goes To Pot

PHOENIX (AP)—Rescue workers picked through the rubble of the State Capitol press room today in a search for the body of John F. Rawlinson, a reporter who fell through the floor Thursday.

R. W. (Dick) Casey, D-Tucson, longtime associate and enemy of Rawlinson, said the overweight newsmen walked into the press room and the floor suddenly gave way.

"It just buckled," said a tearful Casey, finding his zipper. "Then 'Fatty' fell and the floor went with him."

Rawlinson, known in his youth as the Slender Flash, suddenly bolted from a trim 18 pounds to 1800 tons while the legislature was in session.

Amid protests from former friends, Rawlinson insisted he would "lose it all when I get back."

In recent days, Rawlinson required a Bekins van to carry him to and from work. His modest motel room was exchanged for a Sky Harbor Airport hangar that once housed two Goodyear blimps.

Newsman Blows Up In State Senate

PHOENIX (AP)—A newsmen’s stomach exploded, killing him and injuring three other persons today in the press room of the Arizona Senate.

R. W. (Dick) Casey, D-Tucson, said John F. Rawlinson began gently patting his abdomen at about 4:30 p.m., when the drum-tight skin burst.

"There was a shower of debris," said Casey, "I counted 15 hamburgers, a pork loin, three steaks and about 876 rounds of drinks."

Rawlinson, who began covering the legislature weighing a trim 100 pounds, was known jokingly among lawmakers as "Balloon Boy." Rawlinson’s most recent true weight has never been made public.

It was known, however, that Rawlinson traded in his rented Bekins van for a tractor-type vehicle, originally designed to move Saturn V rockets to their pad at Cape Kennedy.
Electronics makes the world grow smaller.

During the past two decades, our electronics capability has contributed greatly to the defense of America and the Free World.

But at the same time we've been pioneering the peaceful uses of electronics—notably in communications. Early in the 60s we built the first synchronous communications satellites. And in January 1971 our Intelsat IV was put into orbit. This giant satellite can relay 6,000 two-way telephone calls, or 12 color television programs, or tens of thousands of teletype circuits—or any combination of these.

It is our hope that as electronics makes the world grow smaller, improved communications will help its peoples to live in amity.

Hughes Aircraft Company
An Assemblage Of Highbinders

By LESTER N. INSKEEP
First, Second and Fourth President of the Tucson Press Club

It has been more than a quarter of a century—November 5, 1945, to be exact—since the Tucson Press Club presented its first gridiron show. It was titled the "Frying Pan," it attracted some very prominent people, it raised some needed funds for furnishings, and it was the biggest mass drunk in the history of the city.

The reason it was a mass drunk is that the price of tickets included an unlimited number of drinks, and the bartenders were so anxious to get rid of the stuff and watch the show that they poured more liquor than water.

And, would you believe it, not one of the 300 persons in attendance got a ticket or was involved in an accident going home. There was a good reason for that, too, Walden V. Burr, president Pima County sheriff, was a captain in the Arizona Highway Patrol and saw to it that the more inebriated were given transportation home. Their cars were retrieved the next day, complete with overtime parking tickets.

That first show was patterned—and I use the word loosely—after the National Press Club’s annual Gridiron Show, except for the free booze. And it took only that one party to cure the Tucson Press Club of giving anything away, especially if it contains alcohol.

I well remember that tickets sold like hotcakes. After all, it was a stag show and the leading male citizens of the community didn’t get out without their wives very often. We thought it was naughty, but by today’s standards our wives would have died of boredom. As it was, everyone just laughed and laughed. After all, anything can seem funny if washed down with the right mixture—or no mixture at all.

The principal guest of honor was Gov. Sidney P. Osborn, one of the state’s most distinguished chief executives. He died in office less than three years later.

Other guests included Dr. Alfred Atkinson, then president of the University of Arizona; members of the Tucson City Council and Pima County Board of Supervisors, John D. Lyons and Evo De Concini, the then two members of the Pima County Superior Court (there now are 11); and many others. Lyons went on to become dean of the Law School at the University of Arizona, and De Concini to become a member of the Arizona Supreme Court.

Then, too, there was J. Mercer Johnson, county attorney, who also eventually became a member of the Supreme Court.

I remember that fact very well because I played—very ineptly—the part of J. Mianslaughter Johnson, whose murder cases frequently resulted in verdicts of manslaughter.

Lyons, De Concini and Johnson are still around and still active. Come to think of it, why shouldn’t they be? I am.

To the best of my memory, William R. Mathews, the late editor and publisher of the Star, never attended a Tucson Gridiron Show, although he was panned in everyone of them laughed heartily when told of the skits involving him.

It also should be noted that William R. Mathews was a founding member of the Tucson Press Club and remained a dues-paying member until his death in October of 1968.

When the Press Club was organized in 1944 the publisher of the Citizen was the late William H. Johnson, who wouldn’t let any members of his staff belong to it. Citizen staffers joined later and have been active in the club’s operations.

The original club was an all-male affair but went coed much sooner than did a lot of other organizations that thought they could exclude the weaker (hah) sex.

Location of the club in 1945 was 61 W. Alameda St., northeast corner of Alameda and Church Ave. It has moved many times since then, but still is only a short block away.
Stop the presses!!
FORDS
COST LESS
HERE

HOLMES TUTTLE FORD
800 E. Broadway • 5350 E. Speedway

WAY OUT FRONT

KOLD NEWS Television 13
NOGALES, Son. (AP)—Arnold (El Tocito) Morales, popular bullfighter, is reported recovering in a hospital here of severe injuries suffered after his weekend appearance at the Nogales Bullring.

El Tocito dispatched two bulls in quick succession without a brush but was injured some two hours after leaving the ring when he was forced to make a hasty exit through a window in the home of a Nogales woman whose husband returned home unexpectedly.

Morales, reputed to be a high lieutenant in the Tucson chapter of the Mexican Mafia, has managed to build a solid reputation as a matador in 800 appearances, including dozens of corridas in Nogales, while continuing his employment in Tucson, where he misplaces lines of type for Tucson Newspapers Inc.

Hospital spokesmen said today his condition was improved after receiving several stitches in his legs and buttocks. They said he could be out of bed for brief periods but that he will remain in the hospital for at least another week and will eat in a standing position for some time.

He has suffered numerous serious gorings and scores of minor injuries in his career, which reportedly has earned him in excess of 18 cents.

The woman in whose house he was injured is in an adjoining room at the hospital recovering from a severe beating about the head and ears administered by her irate husband.
Dear Reader,

Hello, there.

It's me again, old lovable, affable, rambling, humbly Raul A. McHiccup with another of my many erudite letters to me that I thought you might enjoy taking a peek at.

Just between you and me, what's all this talk about smog, anyhow?

Did you ever stop to consider just how much all this attention to a little dust, meaningless old tin cans and smelly garbage does to divert attention from the thing that will kill us all someday—the communists among us?

But you didn't.

But I have. I'm always watching out for your interests, because if you weren't there I wouldn't have anybody to write letters to. I'd be very lonely.

Better polluted than red, I say, borrowing for a moment from a bold, brave and true-blue quotation of a few years ago. I can remember when the word "polluted" merely meant that one was soused.

What ever became of those better days, anyhow?

I want them back again.

Damn the tin cans!—to borrow from still another Great American quotation. I do find old quotations particularly meaty in this business of communication.

I say let's be done with this pollution sham, a sham that shares an equal place with old chestnuts like poverty and—pardon my language—sensitivity training.

I hope you'll join with me and heed the wisdom of my years.

I need you.

And so does America!

JOIN THESE HAPPY, SATISFIED, P.A.T. HOMEOWNERS TODAY!

MEL RITTER
Getting To The Seat
Of The Problem

By MARY LYNN DARIGOLD
Star Staff Ailments Editor

NASSAU, The Bahamas—Physicians meeting in this
breeze-swept, balmy vacation center of the world agreed
today that sex, cancer, venereal disease and vinyl are
unalterably linked.

That stunning disclosure came at the end of the first
half-day workshop during the 11th Finger, Thumb and
Earlobe Surgical Association convention, which will be
meeting here for a month.

Dr. Hardly Shunk, the physician who captured the
public’s eye by removing it 4,567 times, said three years
of research indicated the link between the three diseases
and plastic.

“In the last three years, of all my patients, each of
whom were afflicted with VD, sexual problems or cancer
had to sit in my waiting room for up to a week.

“My waiting room is equipped with vinyl chairs,
ashtrays, a December, 1958, Newsweek and a sign saying
‘CASH ONLY, Accepted.’”

“It seems apparent that sitting in the vinyl chairs had
something to do with the whole Goddamn mess,” Shunk
concluded, collapsing in a seizure of delirium tremors.

The 9,876 physicians attending the convention voted
by voice vote to extend workshop sessions for the
remainder of the meeting. Many, clad in bright boxer
shorts, moved poolside and said they planned to hear the
recorded lectures later.

Dr. Smedly Gummerick moved his Workshop on
Arterial Great Toe Transplants to the posh
Do-Wah-Ditty nightclub. It quickly adjourned as
delegates were unable to hear over the din of Angel
&
Gabriel’s Horns, a local rock band.

The conference was to resume next year at the
Waldorf-Astoria, when the delegates plan to delve into
Hangnail Surgery, Transplanting Mouse Organs to the
Adult Pachyderm and Open Heart Surgery At Home.

One physician said he would deliver the last paper of
the conference—“Aureola Movements Minus Confinement,” dealing with cancer in drug-addicted
bra-less college coeds.
JURY MAY HEAR FINAL TESTIMONY TODAY IN $25,000 DAMAGE SUIT

REPRINTED WITH NOBODY'S PERMISSION

A 2nd District Court jury trial involving an $85,000 suit for alleged malpractice against St. Benedict's Hospital is expected to conclude today before Judge Ronald O. Hyde.

Sterling Gatti claims that a hospital orderly caused him permanent injury and great pain while attempting to remove a catheter inserted by a physician following an accident in the Gatti home at 1969 Raymond, South Ogden.

SPILLED PONDER

In testimony Wednesday, Mr. Gatti said he had taken a bath in his home on March 27, 1966, and, prior to dressing, he had attempted to vacum up some spilled talcum powder in the bathroom.

When the electric broom wouldn't operate properly, he removed the suction nozzle and, in an attempt to clear a blockage in the suction fan blades, he attempted to use a kitchen knife and the help of the vacuum motor.

Mr. Gatti said that when the blades were freed, the vacuum suction pulled his lower extremity into the electric broom where the blades severely damaged his end of it.

Testimony during Wednesday's trial indicated that over 60 stitches were taken by Dr. C.W. Zabriskie in repairing the injury.

REPAIRED DAMAGE

Dr. Zabriskie repaired the damage in St. Benedict's Hospital and installed a catheter to allow disposal of body waste.

On April 6, 1966, Mr. Gatti said he developed some trouble with the catheter and, through a telephone conversation with Dr. Zabriskie's nurse, was directed to the emergency room at the hospital.

There the orderly attempted to remove the catheter by pulling on the end of it, but it didn't come out, according to Mr. Gatti's testimony.

CALM DOWN

He said the orderly pulled on it for about five minutes at a time for five or six times, stopping in the intervals to allow Mr. Gatti to rest and calm down from the pain.

According to Mr. Gatti, the process became too painful and he told the orderly to stop. He then said when he got home and sat down he could feel a ball-like tumor subside which had been causing pain in the injured extremity.

Following a sleepless night, Mr. Gatti said he had the catheter removed and replaced by Dr. Zabriskie.

Mr. Gatti said he has a permanent injury in the area where the ball was stuck which causes repeated problems with waste disposal. He testified to seeing other doctors in San Francisco, Calif., and Seattle, Wash., and having a number of operations.

Dr. John Schmier of Seattle testified earlier in support of Mr. Gatti.

BEHALF OF HOSPITAL

Dr. Zabriskie, testifying on behalf of the hospital, said that with injury similar to that originally suffered by Mr. Gatti there is always danger of infection.

He gave as his medical opinion that the pulling of the catheter would not cause the problem claimed by Mr. Gatti but that infection from the original injury could be very serious.

Attorneys for Mr. Gatti are Robert V. Phillips and Findley P. Gridley of Ogden and Robert P. Fry of Los Angeles, Calif.

Representing the hospital is John H. Snow of Salt Lake City.
How'd ya do, Spiro Agnew?

by JIM COOPER

I wasn’t in the first Tucson Press Club Gridiron show, but I was at it and around it and believe me, the fun is a lot more in giving than receiving it.

What I mean is, the performers have times of their lives. The spectators may like it—and most of them do—but it is a real blast to those who participate.

For the second Gridiron Show, I was in the chorus, chiefly because they didn’t want anyone who could sing. Underlining that was the fact that Elk Harwood was the choral director and if any of you have heard him try to sing—you know what I mean.

In those days we had a girls’ and boys’ glee club in the show and I soon found out what the word “glee” meant. We had a lot of fun. It was the premise in those days that good liquor and a lot of good companionship somehow led to good Gridiron Shows and for some reason the premise seemed to work. I’m not the type to kiss and tell, but I will say that many great and lasting friendships were made in those Gridiron Show practices and for the few of us that are left, they still exist. A few marriages as well as a few divorces have been laid to Gridiron Shows.

The first show was given at the extinct El Conquistador Hotel out on Broadway and then it was moved to the Santa Rita Hotel. It was at the Santa Rita that we decided to have a little audience participation.

In the first show we furnished the people food but for some years after that we decided to hell with that mess. We seated our audience in the Santa Rita ballroom, next to the tiny Press Club.

About that time the director, Peter Marroney, decided that he needed a solo singing act. I was selected because I could not sing and they had to do something with me. There was a character about town then called Frank (Pancho) Robles who had been a State Legislator and now was an enemy of all, publishing a tantalizing sheet called “El Prensa.” I was to do Frank Robles, in a takeoff, and in doing so I was to sing an old song, “Nobody.”

Believe me, I stayed with “Nobody” for years.

After a year or two of “Nobody”—Frank Robles just wouldn’t quit—I had another good act on him and the work got so easy that they assigned me another job. I was to take care of the seating arrangements in the old Santa Rita.

To my delight, I discovered on my list of ticket-buyers that Mayor Don Hummel and Councilman Jim Kirk and purchased tickets for themselves and their spouse and girlfriend the same night. What I mean is, Don was bringing his wife and Jim had a good-looking broad in tow. This is where the audience participation came in.

Everyone who has been in Tucson for a while knows of the Don Hummel—Jim Kirk feud and of the picture that was used on the front page of the Citizen one time, Kirk was shucking his coat, facing an irate Hummel, and an imminent fight was being quelled.

Audience participation. I charted the seats placing Jim Kirk and Don Hummel alongside one another and alerted the cast to stand around and watch. We also had a couple of camera-men handy.

The audience really participated. Hummel refused to sit down and Kirk was hoping that he would because Kirk would like to be part of the show—improvise a new act, you know. Finally, the late Jack Speiden solved the thing and sat between them and that night the audience watched old scowling Don Hummel and laughing Jim Kirk throughout the show.

That was the night I had to fall off the stage to attract attention.

I never could memorize words and I still can’t. The “Nobody” act was with a guitar and I used to type the words to the song on a small piece of paper and paste it on the upper rim of the guitar so I could read it as I strummed. One night some wag stripped off the usual words and pasted on some new ones. That night “Nobody” was “Everybody” pornography indeed.

As I intimated, there used to be a lot of good boozing going on by cast members. This was our thing. Some of us even took a week’s vacation from work, just to concentrate on what the Gridiron Show demanded.

One year, there was an especially convivial crew. A key reporter from the Citizen played Sheriff Walden Burr in an act and a prominent housewife played Judge Alice Truman in the same ski.

There were a lot of drinks on opening night and they continued until closing night when the nicest thing you could say about the cast was that everyone was bashed. The housewife who played Judge Alice Truman teetered along Broadway toward home and entered a divider and destroyed city property.

When the officers arrived, she, very indignantly, said, “You can’t arrest me. I’m Judge Alice Truman.” They didn’t believe her.

As they booked this charming housewife at the old police headquarters, in came two officers bringing the key reporter from the Citizen who had played the sheriff’s role.

Cute housewife who still insisted she was Alice Truman, turned toward the scene and exclaimed, “Why, Sheriff Burr, What are you doing here?”

I haven’t seen the casting for tonight’s show, but certainly there is a Spiro Agnew in the cast. Will the booking sheet show his name?
With the warm, gold glimmering light of noon comes the thing that makes Mondays for me. The odes to things both old and new, tattered or broken or bold or blue or agleam or ashen or askance or askew, the exercises in synonyms, adjectives and adverbs that grace the pages of Tucson's finest afternoon daily.

There's hardly a thing left untouched. I say hardly because in its own modest way that great, fine paper has passed over the one thing that fits every adjective ever compounded, that greatest of all institutions, The reporter... on Monday.

With bleary eyes and sickened stomach he sits and stares at the bubbles of grease floating on his morning coffee. They're green. And all the weight of the world falls on his shoulders, the reporter. On Monday.

He braces for the day with just one more cigarette, a glance at a worn and well-used desktop calendar. There's a feature on bold wielders he must accomplish and a rewrite on a meeting of North Dakotans. Oh, when does it ever end this awesome burden, the reporter. On Monday.

A trip to the john and a cold splash of water, a careful perusal of the morning periodical, a few cordial words with the chap 'cross the aisle. And the nagging agony in his craw reflects in his gnarled, nicotine-tined fingers, the reporter. On Monday.

A test of the typewriter is a necessity now. "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy red dog," a familiar phrase to this professional giant in his trade. Yep, old faithful works. Her clackety-clackety-ding is music to the reporter on Monday.

A telephone call from a lady who wants to know why the crossword puzzle answer is wrong. Oh, the stress, the strain, the crush of it all. A glance at the clock. "My God, it's noon!" The reporter's first call. The lunch table beckons. The work? What the hell!

There's always the afternoon for the reporter, or Tuesday.

With the warm, gold glimmering light of noon comes the thing that makes Mondays for me. The odes to things both old and new, tattered or broken or bold or blue or agleam or ashen or askance or askew, the exercises in synonyms, adjectives and adverbs that grace the pages of Tucson's finest afternoon daily.

There's hardly a thing left untouched. I say hardly because in its own modest way that great, fine paper has passed over the one thing that fits every adjective ever compounded, that greatest of all institutions, The reporter... on Monday.

With bleary eyes and sickened stomach he sits and stares at the bubbles of grease floating on his morning coffee. They're green. And all the weight of the world falls on his shoulders, the reporter. On Monday.

He braces for the day with just one more cigarette, a glance at a worn and well-used desktop calendar. There's a feature on bold wielders he must accomplish and a rewrite on a meeting of North Dakotans. Oh, when does it ever end this awesome burden, the reporter. On Monday.

A trip to the john and a cold splash of water, a careful perusal of the morning periodical, a few cordial words with the chap 'cross the aisle. And the nagging agony in his craw reflects in his gnarled, nicotine-tined fingers, the reporter. On Monday.

A test of the typewriter is a necessity now. "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy red dog," a familiar phrase to this professional giant in his trade. Yep, old faithful works. Her clackety-clackety-ding is music to the reporter on Monday.

A telephone call from a lady who wants to know why the crossword puzzle answer is wrong. Oh, the stress, the strain, the crush of it all. A glance at the clock. "My God, it's noon!" The reporter's first call. The lunch table beckons. The work? What the hell!

There's always the afternoon for the reporter, or Tuesday.

With the warm, gold glimmering light of noon comes the thing that makes Mondays for me. The odes to things both old and new, tattered or broken or bold or blue or agleam or ashen or askance or askew, the exercises in synonyms, adjectives and adverbs that grace the pages of Tucson's finest afternoon daily.

There's hardly a thing left untouched. I say hardly because in its own modest way that great, fine paper has passed over the one thing that fits every adjective ever compounded, that greatest of all institutions, The reporter... on Monday.

With bleary eyes and sickened stomach he sits and stares at the bubbles of grease floating on his morning coffee. They're green. And all the weight of the world falls on his shoulders, the reporter. On Monday.

He braces for the day with just one more cigarette, a glance at a worn and well-used desktop calendar. There's a feature on bold wielders he must accomplish and a rewrite on a meeting of North Dakotans. Oh, when does it ever end this awesome burden, the reporter. On Monday.

A trip to the john and a cold splash of water, a careful perusal of the morning periodical, a few cordial words with the chap 'cross the aisle. And the nagging agony in his craw reflects in his gnarled, nicotine-tined fingers, the reporter. On Monday.

A test of the typewriter is a necessity now. "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy red dog," a familiar phrase to this professional giant in his trade. Yep, old faithful works. Her clackety-clackety-ding is music to the reporter on Monday.

A telephone call from a lady who wants to know why the crossword puzzle answer is wrong. Oh, the stress, the strain, the crush of it all. A glance at the clock. "My God, it's noon!" The reporter's first call. The lunch table beckons. The work? What the hell!

There's always the afternoon for the reporter, or Tuesday.

—A. Ghazi and A. Gog
Directed by Marge Hilts

Producer: Liz Maggio

Music: Joe Marco, piano — Tom Lommell, drums


Call Girls: Liz Maggio, Ursula Palmer

Costumes: Dodie Leifheit, Toby Wilging, Patti Zimmerman, Marge Hilts

Make-Up: Patti Zimmerman

Props: Sally McCoy, Mac McCoy, June Sedley

Sound: John Fischer

Lights: Jim Olmstead, Dave Strohmeyer, Spence Leifheit, Howie Weiss

Cover and scenic artist: Dick Calkins

Set Construction: Jess Riggle, Maury Hickey

Hellbox: Editor Tom Rippey, Dave Kellogg, Jess Riggle, Jane Klanderman, Woody Shryock

Advertising: Joanne Cox

Signature Page: Chic Fannin

Tickets: Polly Bryers

Photos: Jack Shaeffer, Jeff Smith, Walt Moody

... and thanks to: U.A. Drama Department, Playbox, Randall’s Men Store, Steinfields, Stan Nevins, Nik Krevitsky, Niles Radio & TV, Century Papers, Post Litho Printing, Hi-Color Lithographers

... without whom there would be no show
THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB 18th ANNUAL GRIDIRON SHOW

Let Us Massage Your Mind

(A PULLET SURPRISE)

IN THE BOX
Bernie Sedley    Marge Hilts

Act I

THE MIND MANIPULATORS

CHORUS

"HEY LOOK ME OVER"

We'll rub you over, give you a treat
And we're here to tell you we won't be discreet
Massage your mind while we turn on the heat.
The gridiron show will not be Sesame Street
There's Motorola, T.G.&E.
But in spite of anything we may do
The university jocks are there
We hope that you will stay
With bribes for you and me
Though we rub you the wrong way.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

(A Boozer's Surprise)
ENOUGH OF YOUR LIB

Al Crapp ......................... Ken Burton
Dr. Whither McGoiter ............ Walt Moody
Moron Nailer ..................... Max Palmer

David Pussykind .................. Jess Riggle
Henery Dillery ................... Charlie Blenman
Kate Pillet ....................... Gwen Townsend

"AS TIME GOES BY"

You must remember this
A kiss is not a kiss
Unless it’s do or die.
If you can’t leave a girl with child
Your time’s gone by.
Diligent Unwed Dads
Just healthy, virile lads
Play handball at the "Y".
We have to lay the lass to prove
That we’re a guy.
If she gets pregnant, that’s her own tough luck
Put her on welfare, teach her not to muck
Around with men who don’t like to get stuck
With girls who like to screw.
We’ll fight against abortion.
It’s a female-type extortion
That sends our seed away.
We’ll populate the world with bastards
For masculini-tie.

"I HATE MEN" (FROM KISS ME KATE)

I hate DUDS
That club we dub male chauvinistic studs
With pen in hand they think that they’re
The gods of creativity.
But understanding female minds
Is not their great proclivity.
As Mary said—a man is not required for a Nativity
Oh, I hate duds.
All you DUDS
You’re just a bunch of stick-it-in-the-muds
Your pens are mightier than your swords
We’ll tell you where to head in
Superior attitudes for generations
Have been bred in
You claim you’re procreative
But your pencils have no lead in.
Oh, I hate DUDS.

DANGEROUS DAMN OIL POOL

Prospector .................... Bill Waters

THE ACADEMIC LIFE

(An Athletic Supporters Surprise)

First Jock ................ Fred Zimmermann
Swede .......................... Sky Hilt

Second Jock ................ Dave Strohmeyer

"I CALL MY SUGAR CANDY"

Candy, we’re selling lots of candy
And everything’s just dandy
We’re making lots of dough.
We’ve got projectors
And we pay our protectors
With cigarettes and Snickers
Dear U, we love you so.

"HOME ON THE RANGE"

Oh, give us a place
With free housing space
Where tuition costs not a dime,
And nobody gets sore
If we break in a door
‘Cause we’re students, so it’s not a crime!
Home, home on the U . . .
Where the beer and broads are free too,
And no fuddy-duddy
Can get us to study
And it’s only the U. that we screw.
SOMETHING FISHY
(A Pollution Surprise)

Mermaid ....................... Pat Zimmerman

"JEALOUSY"

Mercury—it comes to you from the sea,
It makes your bowels clean,
And it makes you pea green.

Iiiiiif youuuuu eat tuna fish
Or swordfish is your dish
Then you will feel great
While you irradiate.

Scientists are testy and now they do deplore
Industry’s waste sinking to the ocean floor,
Let’s purify,
Let’s do or die,
Mercury...
Phosphates...
S. O. Two.

Contaminants you can’t avoid.
Your food chains are being destroyed.
So all you neurotics
Eat macrobiotics
Then you won’t ingest D. D. T.

PULTIZER’S PRIZE
(Which Was No Surprise)

Vinegar .......................... Jess Riggle

"AMERICA"

Oh beautiful for gracious lies
That keep our peper great
We’re sold at last, you bet your ass
Now watch us circulate
Oh, Pulitzer! Oh, Pulitzer!
Oh, please don’t fire me
We’ll dump old Sweed
And all that breed
But democratically

Pulitzer .......................... Dave Weiner

"YOU’VE COME A LONG WAY
FROM ST. LOUIS"

I’ve come a long way from St. Louis
I bought the Star as you all know
The price is now fifteen centavos
And Baby, we’ve still got a long way to go.

THE BLACK PANTERS
(A Panter Surprise)

CHORUS

Director: Pat Zimmermann ... Bob Braun, Dave Dalton, Joe Macnow, Art Ehrenstrom, Mort Tuller, Tony Tobone, Fred Zimmermann, Spence Leifheit, Dave Kellogg, Bob Snediger, Wade Cavanaugh, Dave Strohmeyer, Gordo Davis Ed Valeski.

"SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN"

Phil Whitmore’s old shanty in Old Pueblo Town
Is put in Saran wrap to keep it around
Not a thing can pass through
Rain or snow, sleet or sleet.
The Heritage Foundation will save it for you.

Old Governor Fremont, he used to live there,
But since he has moved out it has had no care.

Ann Eve Johnson did look
Her foundation was shook
Rain water is melting it down
(It’s all adobe)
So the neighborhood’s all turning brown
(While it’s eroding)
Urban Renewal is puddling around.
“ON WISCONSIN”
Motorola, Motorola
We’re all for you hear.
We live out in Indian Ridge
So you will not be near!

“SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI”
Cigarettes I enjoy are no longer shown
On the medium of T.V.
No one walks a mile
It’s gone out of style
It’s now an obscenity.
The Marlboro Man, tatooed and strong
And the Tarryton eye so black
Have gone down the drain
So it’s quite a strain
For each advertising hack.

“POP GOES THE WEASEL”
Round and round the Fox-Tucson
The negroes chased the anglos
They weren’t watching the picture show
Who was??? The fuzz was.

“WHO”
Hughes is alive and well
As far as we can tell,
From Las Vegas, Howard has split,
This shook up the sheriff a bit.
Into his pad they crashed,
Where was Hughes’ body stached?
Where was our billionaire?
Down in the Bahamas — that’s where.
Mayhea’s attorneys say
He must appear or pay
Fifty million dollars or so
If he chickens out and won’t show.
They’ll think that he’s corrupt
If he can’t get it up
Jean Peters may agree
“That’s the way that it’s been for me.”

“SOUTH OF THE BORDER”
West of the freeway,
Out El Rio way.
That’s where the free-for-alls,
Made us lose our balls,
When we went out to play.
Someone should have told us,
To stay away,
From angry Chicanos,
Out El Rio way.
Sal Baldenegro,
Said shouting’s the way,
To win the fairways and greens,
And eat tacos and beans,
Where duffers once strayed.
The city’s milita,
Told Sal ain’t no way,
You’re gonna win for LaRaza,
Out El Rio way.

“LA CUCURACHA”
Long ago in Arizona
From a trunk was heard a moana-a
Sticking out they saw a bone-a
It was one of Winnie’s friends.
Winnie Ruth Judd
Your name was mud
Now they’re gonna set you free
Now you’re through hacking
They’ll send you packing
Should they release you? — don’t axe me.

“CHEVY SONG”
In an old Rolls Royce
You’ll retain your poise,
’Cause no new ones are coming off the line.
Lockheed is upset
’Cause they’re now in debt.
They thought that everything was going fine
The Tri-Star airplane will now be passe
So when you’ve had enough
Of Britain’s nose in the trough
Then let those Limeys be kissed off!
THE MAKING OF A PRESIDENT
(A Poor Loser Prize)

Regent .................. Tom Turner
Vinegar .................. Jess Riggle
Zumberge ................ Ernie Heftsley
Joyner .................. Bill Baron
Duval .................. Fred Heiden
Johnson ................ Sky Hiltz

"THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM"

To find... a new pres-i dent
A smooth, and charming man
To find... that smile of Pepsi dent
A great, non-alarming him.

This is our quest
To replace Dickie Har- vill with someone less hopeless!
In spite of the Star!!!

For this is our glorious task
To find a new president
And hope that Dave Brinegar likes him
With PhD or without
And then... to-o kick him out!

"HELLO EVERYBODY"

Hello, everybody, we're here
Not one of us a doctor
But ready to be proctor
Hello, everybody, we're here.

We've all read the Star
On how we can go far.
Hello, everybody, we're here
Hello, hello... to youuuuuuuuu!

"CHARLEY MY BOY"

Marvin, my boy
Oh, Marvin my boy!
You thrill me, you chill me
You fill me with joy.
But when I sit and gaze upon your wall
I see no real degree that stands very tall.

"A B C SONG"

A.B.C.D.E.F.G
Colleges give degrees for free
Now I've learned my A.B.C
I have got my Pee Aitch Dee.

"BEAR DOWN ARIZONA"

Kneel down, Arizona
You're saved we can see
Not by erudition
But by an un-earned degree

Kneel down, Arizona
Johnson is our man
Old Dave really digs him
So let's give him a hand.

A SCHMUCKER SURPRISE

Forrest Schmucker ............ Wally Beene
THE ROYAL SCREW PRIZE

Singers .................. Art Ehrenstrom, Maury Hickey
Royal ...................... Dave Kellogg
Delongmouth ............. Joe Macnow
Lew Murphy .................. Charlie Blenman

O'Mara ........................ Mac Mac Coy
Joyner ........................ Bill Baron
Corbett ...................... Jim Cooper

"OLD GOAT ROPER ODE"

In days bygone in Old Tucson they had their troubles, too,
(Wild Indians and renegades to mention just a few)
The civic kind were hard pressed to find a method that would do:
They met the test, best in the west, 'twas called the "Royla Screw."

As time went by 'neath sunny sky and settlers came to stay,
To sell and toil and work the soil, they tried to have their say,
But City Hall had seen it all and they knew what to do.
For ding-a-ling who said those things they had the "Royal Screw."

Today the game is much the same, for little has been done
'Cept line the nest and screw the rest and try to sell the sun.
Don't buck the tide or thumb a ride (they have a thing for you),
You ding-a-ling, you'll get that thing they call the "Royal Screw."

Oh, Conrad Joyner, how could you fall prey to such a game?
Must teachers be the last to learn there's something in a name?
You played it fair, you naive square, now don't know what to do.
You ding-a-ling, you've had that thing they call the "Royal Screw."

And Jimmy boy, why play it coy? By now you should have learned
That politics is full of tricks and somethings you get burned.
Your tricks and kicks have put the nix on what you planned to do.
You ding-a-ling, you've had your fling, now try the "Royal Screw."

And now good friends, it's not the end, you haven't seen it all.
So raise the pay, extend the terms, and enlarge City Hall.
Then go along and if you're strong you'll get a laugh or two.
They say it's fine to stand in line and get that "Royal Screw."

"THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"

The last time I saw Jimmy
His heart was young and gay
I heard his laughter and his voice
In every low cafe.

The last time I saw Jimmy
Was at the He and She
No matter what Bill Small may think
All innocence was he.

He didn't dodge the question then
He said, "I do declare
That if you'll give me one more chance
I'll run again for mayor."

Though Jimmy is a big mouth
I think we all agree
He bit off more than he could chew
Though he bit, he missed the knee.

"ANYTHING GOES"

Of olden days it has been spoken
Tucson was run by Hohokams
Now history shows
The same thing goes.
Those unknown Indians have been gone a while
But hokum's still in style
Now each voter knows,
Anything goes.

The town has gone mad today
Streets are bad today
We're all sad today
The council does delay.
You've all fallen prey
To our Bureaucracy
And you'll all pay through the nose

Councilmen should all remember
Election comes in November
For all we know
We all may go.
"JESUS LOVES ME"

Lewis Murphy is my name
Running for Mayor is my game
THE committee made me one
E-lect me quick just for fun.

Yes, I'm Lew Murphy
Yes, I'm Lew Murphy
Yes, I'm Lew Murphy
The G.O.P. loves me.

Corbett hates my guts, I know,
From my head to my tippy toe,
I hate Corbett the same way,
But I think he's really gay.

Yes, I hate Corbett,
Yes, I hate Corbett,
Yes, I hate Corbett,
The Committee told me so.

I'm Lew Murphy, I'm the one
Elect me fast, elect me, son.
I'll be Mayor as I should
I'm Lew Murphy and I'll be good.

You'll vote for Murphy,
You'll vote for Murphy,
You'll vote for Murphy
The Committee tells you so.

THAT'S THE TRUTH
(A Laughin' Surprise)

Katy Maude ............... Kay Getzwiller

CHAVEZ UP YOUR ANTEL
A BOYCOTT BALLET
(The Green Bourree)
(Lettuce Entertain You)

Romaine .................. Fred Heiden
Iceberg .................... Sky Hiltz
Wilted ..................... Jess Riggle

Butter ..................... Joe Burchell
Head ....................... Jack Sheaffer

INTERMISSION ... head fer the head...
Act II

THE MIND MANIPULATORS AGAIN

CHORUS

Director: Pat Zimmermann ... Bob Braun, Dave Dalton, Joe Macnow, Art Ehrenstrom, Mort Tuller, Tony Tobone, Fred Zimmermann, Spence Leifheit, Dave Kellogg, Bob Snediger, Wade Cavanaugh, Dave Strohmeyer, Gordo Davis Ed Valeski.

"HEY LOOK ME OVER"

We'll pique your curiosity and titillate your mind.  
Here's food for thought. Don't think that we'll be kind. 
There's Tricia's wedding
And also Waldon Burr 
For William Small there's a Pulitzer Prize
His wrath we might incur.

But we're here to tell you
We won't be refined
The gridiron show will sure massage your mind
And in spite of anything we may do
We hope that you will stay
Though we rub you the wrong way.

MORE BOOZER BUSINESS
(Those Same Drunks Back For An Encore)

TRY BURRMASSEAGE
(A Parlors Surprise)

General A. Hole .................. Joe Macnow
Mmm. Cherry-Tet ............. Mornin Glory Coleman
Weldone ..................... Bernie Rabinovitz
Burrmassueses .................. June Sedley,
Sue Dye, Barbara Schuler,
Lois Hoskins

"NOTHING LIKE A DAME"

We've got gambling in the barracks
We've got hustlers in the mess
We've got Carling in the beer taps
And you buy your pot for less

We give green stamps with a purchase
and we honor Mastercharge
What ain't I got?
A good massage.

"WHEN I WAS A LAD"

When I was at home I put them on
as Sheriff in the city of old Tucson.
My deputies paid me
And what is more
We all got profits from the jailhouse store
(They all got profits from the jailhouse store)

We all made profits
which I thought was swell

Till the Citizen began to give me hell
(They all made profits which they thought were swell
Until the Citizen began to give them hell)
But then I decided to expand and take prostitution in my own two hands,
They gave me money for protect-i-on
They couldn't help me with my next elect-i-on
(They couldn't help him with his next elect-i-on)

"JESUS CHRIST, SUPER STAR"

Weldone Burr, Superstar
Come what may
You'll go far
Weldone Burr, Superstar
FLOWING WILES
(A Sinister Prize)

Witch ............... Renata Bassett

"THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"

I taught them witchcraft out at Flowing Wells
I'm that Stewart woman who casts her spells
The students think that I'm really swell
The school board feels that I'm straight from Hell.
But if Ed Morgan has his own sweet way
I'll be on salary 'til Judgement Day
Demonology
And astrology
At that school do not set well.
They said "go away," and I said "screw you."
My contract they will not renew.

With voodoo dolls and boxes of pins
I'll make them suffer for all their sins.
My civil liberties they have infringed
Administrators have become unhinged.
Rose Silver wouldn't let it be.
I said your curriculum
Is ridiculous.
With my hex
I will make you rejects.
Using this old black magic of mine.

A FESTIVAL OF ROCKS
(Abuser's Surprise)

Hippies ............. Max Palmer, Larry Roesch,
Ursula Palmer, Linda Roesch,
Dodie Leifheit, Joe Burchell

Cops ............. Spence Leifheit, Dave Dalton,
Fred Zimmermann

Reporter ............. Dave Weiner

"HUMORESQUE"

Every night just after dark
They're congregating down at Park
Just where it crosses University.
Webb's Drugstore is having fits
'Cause Harold thinks they're all . . . misfits,
The drugs they're using were not sold by he.

Demonstrators are boycotting.
Harold wishes they were rotting.
In the county lock-up with no bail.
While the loiterers are shouting
A.C.L.U. types are pouting,
Joyner says "put all of them in jail."

"SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN"

You'd better not walk
You'd better not stop
You'd better not talk
In front of a cop
Since they passed the loitering law.
The street people are
A terrible threat
They're going too far
We'll bust them all yet
Since they passed the loitering law.

We'll bust you when you're sleeping
And you'll wake up in jail
In Waldon Burr's safekeeping
Till you raise two grand for bail.

So, . . . you'd better stay hid
And button your lip
We're warning you kid
We shoot from the hip.
Since they passed the loitering law.
"STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK"

While strolling along Park one day,
On a balmy January day.
I was hit with a flying rock,
And while reeling with the shock,
I was grabbed by the hair and slowly pulled away.

The sun is all we came here for,
Do ta do ta do ta diddley, diddley, doo.
Some change, some grass, a drug store,
do ta do ta do ta diddley, doo.

I was doing my job and taking gas,
When Ginkinson revoked my pass.
You have seen enough, he said,
Now go home and go to bed.
When it's over, I'll tell you just what to say.

Order is all we're working for,
Dumb, ti, dumb, ti dumb ti diddley, tiddley doo.
So Mr. Webb can open up his store,
Dumb, ti dumb ti dumb ti dumb ti diddley, doo.

Street people, police and the press,
One thing we can acquiesce.
We're all searching for one thing.
Hmmm Hmmm Hmm
Winter, Summer, Fall, and Spring,
Hmmm Hmm Mmm
And that's our very own special kind of peace.

KATY MAUDE

Katy Maude ....... Kay Getzwiller

ANY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES
(A Public Surprise)

Dirty Old Man ............... Nik Krevitsky
Girls ............... Barbara Schuler, Renata Bassett, Darby Getzwiller, Barbara Guy

"I LIKE NEW YORK IN JUNE!"

I like a dirty flick, how about you?
Ann Margret makes me sick how about you?
I like the films at Mel's, and the Eros, too.
I like to take a peek
At Empress or Erotique
How about you?
I like sadistic streaks
Can't get my fill,
And masochistic freaks
Give me a thrill.
To hold your own in a movie show
When all the lights are low
May not be new...
But... I like it
How about you?
FEARLESS FUZZY DICK
(A President’s Surprise)

Nixon ................... Tom Turner

“I WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE”

Whenever I feel afraid
I hold my head erect
And give ‘em that famous grin
So no one will suspect I’m afraid

The result of this deception
Is very plain to tell
For when I fool the people I fear
I fool myself as well.

While shivering in my shoes
I strike a careless pose
And give ‘em that famous grin
And no one even knows I’m afraid.

With Kissinger by my side
And Martha Mitchell, too
J. Edgar and Melvin Laird
No wonder that we are all so scared.

THE SECOND PANTERS DIVISION

CHORUS


“STREETS OF LAREDO”

As I walked out on the main street of Tucson
I almost got trampled by a horse drawn parade.
Los Vaqueros were fiesta-ing, and turistas y turistas
In their western finery were all arrayed.

The Chamber of Commerce, including Chris Helms
And Irma Halper created a stir,
Because Robert Shelton, who comes from Old Tucson,
Said “To my celebrities you will defer.”

“The defunct old F-Troop
Includes Forrest Tucker
And he is now working for Diamond Bell.
If unemployed actors you will not give succor,
Your Chamber of Commerce can go straight to hell.”

“RUDOLPH, THE RED NOSED REINDEER”

Sabu, the dumbo jumbo
Stepped on all his trainer’s toes
So that old zoo commission
Said send him to his last repose.
Then all the wide eyed school kids
Took their little pens in hand
And wrote to city fathers
Saying they must take a stand
“Sabu is a friend of ours
He’s never stepped on us
Do not kill this pachyderm
Or every grade school we will burn.”
Then all the city fathers
Seeing what would lie in store
Said “We will build a new zoo
Where Sabu can live for evermore.”

“LITTLE GEEEN APPELES”

Sometimes he calls me up and asks me for a game of golf
And he can never figure why I’m always begging off.
And he goes out to meet me - but I’m always late
Since every course he plays on must be out of state

Spiro’s got a game with which he grapples
But he can’t play in Indianapolis
For a hole in one,
And when he drives the people scatter

But Spiro says, “Oh that don’t matter”
Cause it’s so much fun”.
He can’t play for your apples
‘Cause he hits people in the lapels
Or else in the ass
But he can play in the Tucson open
At least the conquistadors are hopin’
‘Cause he’s top brass.
"BOOLA BOOLA"

Richard Nixon, he felt fickle
So he fired Walter Hickel.
As interior, he’s inferior,
So said Nixon with a smile.

"PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000"

If you think you’re phone call will get through
Just try to dial Seven Nine Two
The signal is busy to spite you.
Mountain Bill Service really stinks.
You’ll find that their automation
Leads you to total frustration
Then when you call Information,
All you ever get is bzz, bzz, bzz.
If you’re confused by buttons, lights, and things
To use it they will show you how.
You may not get an answering ring,
’Cause we’re a great big city now.
Service Representatives are nice
They give you all kinds of advice.
Each bill you get shows the high price
Of telephone service in Tucson now.

"FORTY SECOND STREET"

Listen to jackhammers beat,
It’s the sound we love
The melody of
Torn up Tucson streets.
Winter visitors we greet
With a lot of cuts
Mud up to their butts,
In torn up Tucson streets.
When the town is full of people,
That’s the time they pick
To break up all the good old pavement
It sure makes us sick.
It is one of Tucson’s greatest feats
For this raucous sound
Tucson is renowned
Tearing up the streets!

"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN"

Wonder why they’re transferring
Penney’s from downtown.
Could it be statistics show
Money’s not downtown.
They’ll find their fortunes growing
At El Con now.
Suburban charge accounts
Will show them how.
Levys has shown them the way.
They’ve made a pile of
Everything that counts today
Look at their smile of
Joy when they see those greenbacks
Rolling into the till.
Here comes Penneys from
Downtown for you and me.

T. G. & ME

(A Pole Is Your Surprise)

Poor Loser Davis ................. Al Bradshaw
Reporters ......................... Bill Waters

"THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE"

This little light of mine
I’m gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine
I’m gonna let it shine
Hide it under a stock report—no
I’m gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, let it shine,
let it shine.

"IF I WERE A RICH MAN"

If we were a rich firm
Viddy viddy viddy viddy viddy viddy viddy voom
We could sa-y turn on all the lights
and buurn, baby, burn all night.
But we’re not a rich firm
viddy viddy viddy viddy viddy viddy viddy voom.
So we need much higher rates
To pay for all our ads—big ads.

"OLD LUTHERAN HYMN"

Burn, bum, bum, bum
We’re the corporation commission
And we’re gonna give ya permission
To screw, screw, screw the public one more time.
We’re the corporation commission
And we’re gonna give ya permission
To screw, screw, screw the public one more time.
Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo.
A SEAT OF GOVERNMENT  
(A Public Surprise)

Governor Jack .................. Maury Hickey

A WEDDING OF SORTS  
(A Polite Surprise)

Nixon .......................... Tom Turner  
Pat .............................. Kay Getzwiler  
Tricia .......................... Barbara Guy  
Cox ............................. Larry Dadisman  
Agnew .......................... Earl Callaway

Aide ............................ Bill Waters  
Honor Guard ..................... Spence Lieheit, Fred Zimmermann, Dave Dalton  
Bridesmaids ............... Liz Maggio, Dodie Lieheit, Renata Bassett

“GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME”

They’re getting married in the White House  
Nixon is giving her away  
He’s not losing a daughter  
Though we think he oughter  
We’re tired of watching over her each day.  
They’re getting married in the White House  
Even Eddie’s parents will attend  
They used to snub us  
But now they love us  
We got the Cox’s in the end.

Though Secret Service has cast a pall  
Now those two kids can really have a ball.  
They’re getting married in the White House  
Rose garden’s looking in its prime  
Tricia and Eddie  
They both are ready  
If Spiro will get her  
If Spiro will get here  
If dear old Spiro will get here in time.

“BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC”

Glory, Glory, Trish and Eddie  
For many years you have gone steady  
Now at last you’ll get to beddy  
Without the F. B. I.

Glory, Glory Ed and Tricia  
Though the S. D. S. may hiss ya  
If they do, call the militia  
That’s the American way.

So there it is,  
Our gridiron show  
That’s all there is folks,  
There ain’t no more  
We got your money,  
At least that’s funny  
So now you’ve had it.  
We shoved it to you,  
Hope you’re not mad.  
But if you are folks,  
That’s too damn bad.  
But now we’re thinkin’  
It’s time for drinkin’

THE BAR IS OPEN...
SET YOUR SIGHTS ON
OLD TUCSON!

VISIT
ARIZONA'S FAMOUS
MOTION PICTURE
AND TELEVISION
STUDIO

FAMILY FUN WHERE THE
WILD WEST LIVES AGAIN!

201 SOUTH KINNEY ROAD  TUCSON, ARIZONA, 85705

EL CON CENTER  TUCSON, ARIZONA

Dave Bloom & Sons
Men's Fashion Leaders in Tucson since 1906

(IT ALL BEGAN WITH FIG LEAVES)

...talk about change,
man, we don't even have
a hellbox anymore.

POST LITHO Printing

Member and Supporter Tucson Press Club

WOODY SHRYOCK
PHONE 823-9428

"Tell the guys at Greyhound Park
it's gonna take at least a month
to pick the right girl for the
'Lady Luck' campaign!"
...and you thought we didn’t rehearse
You don't hear much locally about virgins any more. The bottom seems to have dropped out of the demand for maidenheads.

Not so elsewhere where virgins remain in big demand and have to be able to say on their wedding night, "See, I told you I was pure as the driven snow. Now are you satisfied?"

In Italy a few weeks ago a newlywed returned his bride to her family claiming they'd passed off used goods on him. "Not so," screamed poppa. "She must have been riding a bicycle." Finally the girl conceded that the bicycle hadn't been to blame. The marriage was annulled.

And this year three men died battling for Peruvian virgins.

At the crack of a whip, the male villagers rush each other across a bleak mesa in the remote Andes of Southern Peru. Some straddle tough mountain horses. Others are afoot.

Wielding whips, cudgels, stones and slingshots, they clash for hours in an annual battle which is centuries old for the peasants of 15 villages in the province of Cuzco, ancient seat of the fabled Inca civilization.

The stake in the fighting is the fate of the village virgins.

The men of the winning villages "kidnap" and carry away the prettiest maids of the losers. At the end of a week, winners and losers join in a fiesta at which marriages of some victorious villagers and captured maidens are announced.

Maids who somehow failed to please their captors are returned to their native village which must pay a ransom—usually some product or animal—to the conquerors. Presumably the girls can be captured only once.

This year the traditional combat occurred in two encounters, eight villages meeting in a battle royal one day and the seven others squaring off two days later.

While the men fought, the virgins danced on nearby hilltops, singing, cheering on their men, and providing draughts of "chicha"—the local moonshine—to battling pausing briefly for rest.

About 2,000 men battled this year. Three died and at least a score suffered critical injuries. Families and friends of the fallen warriors do not mourn the dead and injured, but praise them in hymns of joy for their bravery. They believe the blood of the victims will enrich the barren earth, making the region more fruitful and prosperous.

Considering the rewards, this seems like a worthwhile cause to do battle.

Actually they may be placing too high a price on virginity. John Cardinal Heenan, primate of the Roman Catholic Church in Britain, says that in truth virginity is no proof of virtue. "And that goes for the clergy, too," he declared.

The cardinal seems like a very shrewd, observing guy. Some men and women are virgins "simply because no one will have them," he says.

"They may have tried time and time again to get married. You cannot say that because this person is a virgin he is a better man or more virtuous than a married man."

And a Toronto doctor says that today a lot of girls are not sure their virginity is worth saving.

Dr. Ted Cross asked a lot of student nurses, 523 to be exact, about their sexual habits. Thirty-six per cent said they were not virgins, which does not seem very high. Half said they approved of sex before marriage. A similar group in 1968 showed only 24 per cent had had intercourse.

Eighty-five per cent of the girls said their parents expected them to remain virgins until marriage.

Cross said if the trend continues, 70 per cent of the girls who enter nursing this year will not be virgins at age 21, but of course he was talking about Toronto, not Tucson.

Today's young people are more concerned about the morality of racial prejudice, cheating on income tax and laws that permit rich and poor to be treated differently than they are about virginity, Cross said.

Don't think ALL British, Canadian and American girls aren't particularly concerned about maidenheads.

In London there was a lass about to be wed. The bloom had been taken from the rose, although perhaps only once. Her husband, she reasoned, would never know.

Then her in-laws-to-be and even her own parents, of all things, said that they wanted proof of a previously virginal life on the morning after the wedding night. No excuses.

So she went to her doctor. The doctor took up her plight with the British Medical Union. They were most sympathetic and decided to do something about it.

So a plastic surgeon repaired the broken hymen and restored technical virginity. The wife was elated. So was her husband. And particularly delighted were the in-laws and the parents.

The surgeon said he didn't expect to be called upon to perform many such operations. Similarly, not many Tucson doctors are likely to have the opportunity to make hymen transplants.
TOP COP'S PRAYER

By Wade Cavanaugh

Now I lay me down to sleep
but before the night is over,
Please, Big Chief, grant one request;
Let our Mayor come home sober!

You see, old boss; away up there
in your palace in the sky.
We guard our good, Ol' Jim real well,
except when he spies a thigh.

From then on in there's hell to pay,
if you'll pardon the expression.
For all the news snoops hop on me
in an inquisition session.

"Is it true," they snap, "The reports we get
from the city in the east,
that the Mayor's time was mostly spent
in a munchy, lunchy feast?"

"In that fun-filled pad where our city dad
was rollicking, frolicking at,
and won lasting fame and a national name
as that swinging Democrat."

"Who came from the West and Tucson town
and brought with him a thirst,
that a lovely wench could only quench
with a leg of loverwurst!"

Now I can handle Tucson's crime
when it's running in the street.
And that riotous hell where the hippies dwell
is stuff that I can beat.

But what really makes me climb the wall
and sends my men in orbit,
is trying to cope when there is no hope,
with our Mayor, Ol' Jim Corbett.
The U of A Numbers Racket

BY DENNIS ESKOW

Dr. Richard A. Harvill, University of Arizona president, issued a five-page statement today answering questions from the press regarding enrollment at the UA.

The enrollment issue had been kept under wraps by Harvill's staff for nearly a month.

"The university, in the interest of fulfilling its public trust, and with the intent of discovering either approximately or exactly how many students are in attendance is shocked and dismayed at the number of the students we have," his carefully worded statement began.

"It is the role of the university to teach, and not to take a census, I should point out, but since so much public furor has been raised over a seemingly simple issue, and since so many students have begun spreading wild rumors and these aforesaid rumors are getting out of hand, a report may now be in order," his statement went on (and on).

Harvill's statement contended that the university generally leaves counting the number of students to the federal bureau of census, but conceded that the UA "should certainly keep some records."

One reason for the lack of information regarding the student enrollment, Harvill wrote, was "there is a shortage of paper, and the registrar has been tied up making daily bitumoral compendium reports."

Earlier, Robert L. Houston, vice president in charge of the physical plant, called a student head-count "a complete waste of time."

"Sure, we can tell you how many students we have from time to time," explained Houston. "But if we were to show an enrollment of 30,000 on Monday, it might be 29,999 on Tuesday, and how the hell do you think we'd explain that?"

Conrad Goeringer, leader of the Student Libertarian Action Movement (SLAM) said a demonstration was planned for next Tuesday in front of Old Main to "free the Tucson 30,000."

Hal Marshall, news bureau manager at UA said: "Nobody's told me anything about anything."

TUCSON

I am the city—throbbing meca of the West,
Tall majestic mountains cloaked in a mantle
of sulphur dioxide,
Student, worker, sheriff's deputy,
All are one in my parlors of massage.

—Karl Sandlfea
Announcing:

The 1971 Tucson Daily Citizen

JOHN BIRCH DAY FESTIVAL

FEATURING THE FIRST ANNUAL MISS RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE PAGEANT.

Contestants will be judged on the basis of patriotism, American flag modeling, combat fatigue modeling, and ability with an M-14 rifle. Entry limited to white Protestants of northern European descent.*

Plus:

- A marathon John Wayne Film Festival.
- Ramsey Clark dartboards.
- Actual torture of live hippies.
- Minuets and gavottes.
- A dramatic pageant of Important Events in American History, from Valley Forge through the Reichstag Fire.
- Plenty of Southern Fried Chicken and Coca Cola.
- An old-time Blackface Minstrel Show, with J. Edgar Hoover, Martha Raye, S/Sgt. Barry Sadler, Sam Steiger, George Wallace and William Small Jr. in the chorus line and starring:

*** JACK WILLIAMS ***

as

Mr. Bones

COME ONE, COME ALL! COME ONE, COME ALL! COME ONE, COME ALL!

*Except: kikes, jigs, wops, gooks, spicks, micks, catholics and other undesirable races.
The Rise And Fall Of Handyman Turner

By TOM TURNER

I felt I deserved the Suburban Handyman of the Year Award that Sunday as I stood back and admired the repair work I'd done on my cooler.

Legitimate pride it was, I think, for one whose mechanical abilities normally rival those of a chimpanzee wearing mittens.

It had taken a couple of years' experience doing little things one at a time, but this year marked the apex. Not only had I cleaned the thing, sealed it, adjusted its float, oiled its motor, soaped its fanbelt, replaced its pads and cleaned its hose and pipes, I had even put in a new pump.

And the total cost, I calculated mentally, came to about $10. I felt like a true Arizonan at last, standing triumphantly there on the roof in the hot spring sun. I even managed not to trip over the TV antenna guy-wire as I made my way to the edge to go turn on the water for the season.

I sat down on the hot gravel and puddle of water as I had so carefully trained myself to do over the years and scouted forward, dangling my legs over the edge until my feet touched the top of the aluminum stepladder below.

Only the ladder wasn't ready for me.

As my posterior left the roof, my feet suddenly stood on air rather than aluminum. The ladder had taken its leave to lean against the side of the house, and I saw my new concrete patio coming toward me with incredible speed. I can even remember my single thought on the way down:

"My God, I'm going to break every bone in my clumsy bod..."

Eight feet doesn't provide enough time for a complete thought.

I lay there very still and took inventory. Nothing hurt, although the big toe on my right foot felt numb. Half an hour later I was in a hospital emergency room having the toe put back in place and splinted, getting six stitches in my leg where something had punctured it and being fitted with a sling for my cracked right arm.

So now there's a new calculation for the self-servicing of my cooler: $10 for parts, $142.50 medical expenses, a week away from work, three nights sitting upright in the living chair.

Oh, yes, and $10 for the serviceman who climbed up on my roof a week later and plugged the damned thing in.
We went out of our way, etc.

Fall in love with your home again.

Fall in love with your home again. Enlarge it . . . modernize it . . . refrigerate it . . . whatever. You can get the loan and several years to pay it back at Southern Arizona Bank.

People who help people.
"not to influence your decision, but if you're NOT interested in buying at Rio Rico ...."
... depends on where you read it!

(News Item, Tucson, Ariz.)

TUCSON, Ariz. (AP) — Sidney X. Fern, 83-year-old diamond smuggler whose 1953 marriage to Cynthia Sensuous set off a global furor, died here today.

Fern was known to intimate associates as “Sparkles.”

His posh suburban estate, which he named “Hot Rocks,” covers 384 acres of desert. It is dotted by native vegetation and serves as a wildlife refuge of sorts for small game.

Fern was divorced by his 18-year-old wife in 1954 after she complained that her husband insisted on deepening in a full bathtub, submerged, with one toe inserted in an electrical outlet.

(It wasn’t long before other agencies picked up the story. This is the way each played it.)

True Confessions

TUCSON, Ariz. — “He forced me to live in shame.”

Sobbing, that’s how the beautiful widow of jewel thief Sidney X. Fern described the love-hate relationship that she carried on with her onetime husband for a year.

As she spoke, a tender white thigh showed through a narrow slit in her fire-engine red mini dress. Her bosom, heaving as she sobbed, stained against too-tight straps.

“God, how I loved him.” Sensuous lips formed the words, and they hung in the air, hungrily, invitingly, passionately.

Now Fern is dead, and Cynthia, 19, is wondering what she will do.

“They buried him just last week,” she continued, her curvaceous body thundering in shadows, played across the office by a sudden lightning storm.

I moved toward her, comforting, tenderly...

Tucson Daily Citizen

Mafia chieftain Sidney X. Fern, 83, was discovered dead in his apartment here today. Police declined to speculate as to the exact cause of the gangster’s death.

Fern, a convicted jewel smuggler, who since 1962 had lived at 8765 E. Calle Hysterical Road, was linked in 1928 to the third cousin of Al (Scarface) Capone, the Prohibition racketeer.

In 1931, Fern was seen talking to Roscoe (Eggs) Benedict, a Mafia triggerman who served eight months at Ft. Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary after he was convicted on a loitering charge.

Police said they want to question Fern’s 19-year-old ex-wife, Cynthia, since divorced from the hoodlum.
Pioneer Tucsonan Sidney X. Fern, whose family's colorful history is tied closely to Tucson's future, died today following a long illness. He was 83.

Fern, once a patron of the Bal De Arts, a strong supporter of the Tucson Festival, a contributor to the Save The Historic Rodriguez Mansion Fund and a close friend of David F. Brinegar, was found in his home.

Fern's wife, Cynthia, a Star subscriber, is believed out of town, the Star learned. The Star further learned that it's clip file was lost in the morgue.

Sidney X. Fern, 83-year-old imperialist tool of Wall Street, Madison Avenue, the U. S. Department of "Justice" and Dr. Harrill, died today.

Good riddance, son of a bitch.

Like all decadent tools of Amerika, Fern was a rip-off artist who preyed on the poor, the black, the red, the yellow, the green, the white and others.

With his goddamn money, he built a big-ass house in the Rip-Off Foothills, where he and the other fat cats counted their money, shit on the poor and pissed on everything.
WOULD AN ARIZONA JOURNALIST BUY A USED CAR FROM...?

The correct answer is B. Yes, this year Mo Udall sold a used car. And to whom? An antique collector or a masochist? Perhaps one of his employees? No... now listen... an Arizona journalist!

"Amazing...” — Sen. Barry Goldwater

"The coup of the year...” — Rep. John Rhodes

"Now there's a man proven worthy of your trust!” — Sen. Paul Fannin

1965 Mustang and satisfied new owner, Charlie Turbyville, a former CITIZEN reporter.

Congressman MO UDALL and Staff
VISIT THE STEWART GRANGER RANCH TODAY!

You can still see traces of Granger in this beautiful land — the hilltop ramada he built, the island in the lake that was his daughter’s private retreat, the rambling ranch house. Today his 5,000-acre ranch . . . Kino Springs . . . is being developed by Kincoa Corporation, as ARIZONA’S FINEST YEAR-ROUND RESORT COMMUNITY.

Kino Springs will include residential lots, golf course, hotel and shopping center. Horseback riding, fishing and recreational facilities are available now. Homelots in Kino Springs now can be purchased for IMMEDIATE BUILDING.

You’re cordially invited to drop by Kino Springs for a guided tour of Stewart Granger’s ranch today.

Come be our guests.

Kino Springs

Tours daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.
Write 5315 E. Broadway, Tucson, Ariz. 85711 • Phone 795-1835
Hellbox Labor Farce

Editor, tom rippey
Printing, woody shyrock
Asst' Ed., dave kellogg

plus contributors too many to mention and anyhow some of them couldn't possibly be identified. They'd be fired!

Editor Tom Rippey, Editor Emeritus Bob Moore, Printer Woody Shyrock and Helper Dave Kellogg at a typical meeting. (We had one.) The liquor and dirty pictures are in the lower right-hand drawer. Brinegar was around.
RESOURCEFUL KENNECOTT OFFICIAL NEGOTIATING NEW OUTLET FOR SULPHUR OXIDES "JUST IN CASE"

PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER ADAMANT, CLAIMS HE IS OVERSTOCKED, TOO

NEGOTIATIONS CONTINUE

HAYDEN KEEPS IN TOUCH VIA DIRECT HOT LINE TO
Jim Maize  Norm Harrington  DeWane Mansager  Hope Barnett

Kennecott Copper Corporation
Ray Mines Division
Catalina Savings Bldg.
201 North Stone Avenue

2901 North Campbell Ave.
22nd Street & Kolb Rd.
Swan and Grant Rds.

"EARN THE HIGHEST SAVE ME RATES IN ARIZONA!"