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ATTORNEY AT LAW

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NATIONAL
On behalf of the Board of Directors and members of Headline Productions, Inc., I would like to thank you for being here for the 41st Annual Gridiron Show.

This year marks the 25th Anniversary of the Ballet. Let us hope that it doesn’t take another 25 years to get it right!

Clark Roushey, President
John Wareing, Vice President
Jaci Gerard, Secretary
Steve Edelman, Treasurer
Board Members: Keith Barber, John Bort, Willie Brown, Dave Bukunus, Gary Caret, Terry Dakin, Marvin Diogenes, Dan Niccolini, Carol Nowotny-Young, Jeas Figgie, Carolyn Robinson, Tom Turner
Arline Bateman, Archivist

---

George Miller
Mayor

Welcome,
Theatre-goers!

Headline Productions Inc. was founded as a non-profit Arizona corporation by Clark Roushey, an all-volunteer, unpaid member of the cast and crew of the Gridiron Show to insure the continuation of this hallowed and hilarious tradition. We wish to absolve the Tucson Press Club of any responsibility in connection with this year’s show, and to thank the TPC Board of Directors for its gracious permission to continue use of the Tucson Press Club name in perpetuating this perilous performance.

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George Miller
Mayor

Welcome,
Theatre-goers!
"I've had it up to here with this Whitewater shit!"

---

**Other Dramatic Doings**

You won't see Hector Ayala on our stage tonight, because he's in *Southern Arizona Light Opera Company's* production of *Singing In The Rain*

TCC Music Hall

now through May 22

Watch for "Guys and Dolls" opening September 15 for reservations and ticket information, call 326-5155

"Lips Together, Teeth Apart"

now through May 91 at *Arizona Theater Company*

Temple of Music and Art

for ticket information and reservations, call 622-2623 and don't miss next season's opening production

"Dancing At Luthansa"

by Brian Friel

winner of 3 Tony Awards

and London's Oliver Award

October 1 through 22

**Gaslight Theater**

7010 E. Broadway

presents "A Confederate Yankee"

through June 11

"Sebastian Red, Super Sleuth"

June 16 through August 20

for ticket information and reservations, call 885-9498

**Invisible Theater**

1400 N. 1st Ave

presents Susan Clausen in "The Search For Intelligent Life In The Universe"

May 25 through June 12

for ticket information and reservations, call 882-9721

---

**10 Fun Things for Tucsonans To Do**

*Based on number of yucks*

1. Receiving a cellular phone call from Steve Leal
2. Signing any recall petition
3. Remembering your bank's new name
4. Wearing red pumps to City Court
5. Lunching with Greg Hansen and Lute Olson
6. Arguing about the spelling of "Boom Pa" (or Boom-Pa, or is it Boom Pah or maybe even Bommpa?)
7. Double-dating with Alan Lang and his squeeze of the day
8. Letting the air out of Biosphere 2
9. Cruising through construction on misnamed Speedway
10. Protesting the millions to save fish, not humans, from CAP
For those unfamiliar with the name, "the hellbox" is a printing term dating back to the old days of letterpress and hot metal type. After the type had been used for printing an edition, it was thrown in the hellbox to be remelted and recast in new type.

When the Tucson Press Club's Gridiron Shows began more than 41 years ago, Hellbox seemed an appropriate name for the program — and the tradition continues for no good reason that anyone can think of except that we have other things to do than come up with a new one.

Post Litho Printing

History of the Tucson Press Club (now in our third year)

... it's really coming (but, after the Gridiron Show). Brilliantly researched and authored by Jim Cooper, the book is scheduled for publication this year. Replete with a plethora of Jack Sheffer (and other) photos, former Press Clubbers will kill for a copy. Pass the word.

Publisher
HEADLINE PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Editor
JESS RIGGLE

Advertising Sales
JESS RIGGLE, MARY-JEAN WALLACE, CAROL BORGES

Cover Design
SUSAN SHRYOCK

Cast Caricatures
DAVE FITZSIMMONS

Guttersnipes
DICK FELMAN'S FRIENDS

Typos
VICKY STEIN, SUSAN SHRYOCK, THOMAS GREEN

Advisor to the Publisher
WOODY SHRYOCK

If you want your news without a song and dance, read

The Arizona Daily Star
HEADLINE PRODUCTIONS, INC.
presents
more unkind cuts

THE 41st ANNUAL
TUCSON PRESS CLUB GRIDIRON SHOW

TUCSON CONVENTION CENTER
MAY 12, 13, 14, 15, 1994

Director          Producer          Technical Director          Musical Director
MARGE HILTS        JESS RIGGLE        JOHN WAREING          TOM GOODRICH

Music
Tom Goodrich (Piano)
Tom Patrick (Percussion)
Geoff Hamilton (Bass)

Writers
John Anthony, Jr., Arline Bateeman, Gary Caret, Terry Dakan, Marvin Diogenes,
Jim Edelman, Joan Halper, Marge Hils, Tom Kelly, Jim Klingensfur,
Kathryn Lance, Carol Nowotny-Young, Jess Riggle, Andy Ryan, Dr. Victoria Stein,
Jim Turner, Tom Turner, John Wareing

Grammar 'n' Speling

Stage and Lighting Setup
Jim Turner, Emil Lamanda, Ron Snellstrom, Gary Caret, Nick Lantz, Mark Reedy,
John Wareing, John Stevenson, John Chambers and Dave

Light Board Operator
Jim Turner and Trish Gorospe

Follow Spot Operators
Emil Lamanda

Sound Operator
Barbara Lee, Marge Hils, Jim Jerkins, Cerri Borges

Costumes and Props
Sue Reed

Make-up, Hair and Wigs
George Spelvin

Assistant Stage Manager
Dave Bukunus

House Manager
John Burt

Tickets
Jim Klingensfur, Chris Damon, Tom Turner, Kevin Turner
Produced at Sound Decisions

Parody Commercials

Acknowledgements
The Arizona Daily Star, Tucson Citizen, The Weekly Territorial, Tucson Weekly,
Green Valley News, Arizona Daily Wildcat, The Aztec Press, KGNU-TV, KIM,
KMSB-TV, KOLD-TV, KITU-TV, KVQA-TV, KNST/WRQ Radio, KGVY Radio, Tucson
Community Cable Corporation, Tucson Cablevision, Arizona Theatre Company,
Invisible Theater, AKA Theatre, and all the little people

This year marks the 25th Anniversary of the beloved ballet. Pictured in the '69 debut performance:
Sky Hils, Joe Burchell,
Fred Heiden, Jack Sheaffer,
Will Scott and Jess Riggle.
Bob Hirsch (not pictured)
sang "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Tomatoe" as an accompaniment.
Act One

All The Ooze That Fits To Print

Members of the Filth Estate ... Sheryl Spicak, Sandy Ryan, Carol Nowotny-Young

WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT

Oh, the evening newscast
From the first to the last
You'll find naught but fluff.
Newsmen go for the kill
So that we'll get a thrill
From the tawdry stuff

We don't get facts,
Just unnat'ral acts
Because ratings dictate what they choose to relate.

[Chorus]
Oh, oh, oh
What's news got to do, got to do with it?
What's news when there's raunchy situations?
What's news got to do, got to do with it?
Who needs hard news when you've got titillation?

If you want real info,
Not just innuendo,
You won't find much there.
'Stead of issues complex
You'll get murder or sex
Or a dick's repair.

Who needs heads of state
When there's hell on skates?
Or the gloved one's perverse
Or the royals are cursed?

[Chorus]
We don't even get a compilation
Of the day's events.
All we ever get is speculation
Hearsay and irrelevance.

Fees Ability Study
(or I Ain't Guilty, Try My Brother)

Mouthpiece Abramson ... Terry Dakan

DON'T RAIN ON MY PARADE

My client's a strange case;
He killed his parents.
Blew off his mother's face
For the inher'tance.
It's not my place to judge,
As long as I get paid.
I'm reaching for new heights of exculpation.
Lyle used his rights, forget premeditation.
He's an orphan now.
My chutzpah's on parade.

I'm so conniving,
Just like Bob Hirsch.
Jury's arriving,
I sit quite smugly.
Made out the parents as butt-ugly.
Just need one to believe me.

This case made my career.
It's clear I'm brilliant.
Deserve a big fee here,
At least a million.
I'll keep that jury hung.
But how can I get paid?
**Net Loss**

Double Dribblers ... Ralph Freeman, Darion Hutchinson
Jeerleaders ... Jaci Gerard, Hannah Schroeder, Angela Sota, Kristen Cook, Carolyn Robinson

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

You better not miss,
You better not be.
You'll be on his list.
I'm telling you who.
That's Coach Olsen slamming Tucson.

He stifled his rage
At Hansen's abuse.
A rational stage,
It's time to let loose.
That's Coach Olsen slamming Tucson.

He knows if you've been cheering,
He knows if you've felt doubt,
He knows if you loved him, win or lose.
And if not, he wants you out.

His income is up,
A millionaire now.
But he won't shut up
Until you kowtow,
That's Coach Olsen slamming Tucson.

---

**Lute ... Tom Turner**

I'M TIRED

I'm tired, tired of taking the blame,
Tired of the press taking aim,
Tired of choking and shame.
Bitter, bitter, that fans criticize,
Bitter Greg Hansen's alive.
Can't take it, I'm so bitter.
I'm tired, tired of grudging a claim,
Tired of looking so lame,
I'm so tired.

BEAR DOWN

Nice try, Arizona.
Don't cry, Red and Blue.
The Four was your Final.
Deja vu, you can't follow through

Don't sulk, Stoudemire.
Don't hang up your suit.
Don't grieve, Khalid Reeves
We'll just blame it on Lute.

---

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No Fair Funding
(or Nuclear Engineering is Over Reacting)
(or No News Is Good News)

Provost Paul ... Andy Ryan Dean Holly ... Carol Nowotny -Young

RAIN IN SPAIN

Journalism must be eliminated.
I think we’ll cut it, I think we’ll cut it.
Communications must be terminated.
They can’t “yes-but” it; they can’t “yes-but” it.
And to what major should they switch?
Don’t know! Don’t know!
What if alumni bitch?
Lay low! Lay low!
Journalism can’t place its graduates.
They can’t rebut it, they can’t rebut it.

With our mission no ink-stained wretches fit.
No choice but cut it, no choice but cut it.
And should the Daily Wildcat fold?
Don’t know! Don’t know!
Minorities out in the cold?
Paso tristo.
Journalism must be eliminated.
Damn right, we’ll cut it, damn right, we’ll cut it!
Communication must be terminated!

Administrator ... Clark Roushey

I’VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE

They seem to want to wreak this place.
They want to expand ASU.
They keep on giving them more perks,
a med school in the works.
Our funds
Are down;
They’re Tempe Bound.

We’re second-stringers in this state.
Our rank will soon be second rate.
We were supremely egocentric and
content before this mess
Surely we can resurrect our reputation,
yet
They won’t give funding to our branch.
Don’t want to keep us first.
They want to wreck this place.

El Presidente ... Lyle Marcks

GUANTANAMERA

Oh, mi escuela
Pobre escuela
Dinero para mi escuela.
Yo soy un buen presidenté.
Un hombre muy eminenté.
Mi casa encantamenté,
Fiestas muy excénticas.

Y antes del año nuevo
Algo para mis empleados.
Oh, mi escuela.
Solo vivo para mi escuela.
Pobre escuela,
Dinero para mi escuela

Professor ... John Wareing

GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME

I’m not required to teach classes.
Don’t waste my time on callow minds.
Don’t have to lecture,
My work’s pure conjecture,
As long as my research fund climbs.

I’m theorizing.
Don’t ask for more.
Or I’ll pack my brain up
Knock on Berkeley’s door.

I’m here to add to human knowledge.
Ding! Dong! Don’t hear the school bells chime.
Teaching may be swell;
Won’t get me a Nobel.
So I’ll do my research.
Leave students in the lurch,
For my sake, make sure my research fund climbs

skit continues...
SHOW ME

Don’t talk of plans,
More committees.
Educate, please.
Teach me.
I need much more
Than pieties.
More sections, please.
Teach me.

I pay high tuition, it grows higher every year.
I pay your ass, get it in here.
Isn’t the school’s mission to provide me a career?
I’m not some pain in the rear!

Now read my lips;
You’re out of touch.
Excuses suck.
Teach me.
Teach me.
Don’t make more plans;
There’s no more time.
Don’t have debates about how.
Teach me now!

West University Neighborhood Resident ... Dan Nicolini

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

I have often walked down Eighth Street before,
But I never had to worry ‘bout Elite Escort.
The police are sure
Student amateurs
Are the pimps on the street where I live.

I know part-time jobs help the students’ cause,
But arranging trysts must violate the zoning laws.
Lots of local guys
Rent or lease, don’t buy
From the pimps on the street where I live.

And, oh, how homeowners are feeling
Just to know a brothel is near.
Oh, how home values are reeling
‘Cause any second prostitutes may be right here
Unmarked cars cruise by, that’s what bothers me.
To invite a stakeout, well, it’s just not neighborly.
Hope detectives can
Stop this business, man.
Don’t want pimps on the street where I live.

Parodies Regained

Luther ... Burney Starks

OH PRETTY WOMAN

Pretty ruling,
Kind we like to see.
Pretty ruling
Protects our parody.
Pretty ruling--
You sued our ass and now you lose
Any old song we’re fee to use.

Pretty ruling from on high.
Justice Souter’s a funny guy.
Ridiculin’ makes our use legit.
Pretty ruling, court came through.
Vindicating Two Live Crew.
And Gridiron Shows can do their...stuff.

Congratulations Gridiron!
WE DO IT WEEKLY – ON CABLE – LIVE! ...and get awards for it!

Sue Sandberg — de la Familia
TBC La Familia Productions
Tuesday, 8:30 pm, TCCC, Ch 49
Sick Humor

Im-Patients ... Carolyn Robinson, Tony Robinson, Tom Kelly, Bill Pedersen, Hope Reynolds

I'VE STILL GOT MY HEALTH

The cost of pills and stones of gall and casts of plaster
Could push a fam'ly to the brink of grave disaster.
While cost of care goes out of sight,
The medical industry does all right.
Now it’s time to give those barons royal
Oil
Castor.

Oh, if you get sick, you had better beware
‘Cause it’s just your health, so what do they care.

The hospitals charge you an arm and a spare
‘Cause it’s just your health, so what do they care.

We thought that the Clintons could set them all straight
But Congress is hintin’ they’ll stall it all in debate.

Bipartisan posturing’s just too much to bear.
But it’s just your health, so what do they care.

Big business is taking a line doctrinaire.
But it’s just your health, so what do they care.

If we don’t do something
The system will break.
So why does Bob Dole say
That change would be a mistake?

The vote is still out so we grin while we bear.
And we’ll take our vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H.
We’ll still pay out.
We got no coverage, got no wealth.
We got no clout, but we got our health.

A Few Minutes Wasted

Andy Rooney ... Jim Turner

Stars Get In Your Thighs

Heidi ... Carol Nowotny-Young

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

They used to say I was fulfilling their dreams
That’s how I serviced the stars.
When there were girls to boff and lust to sate,
I was never late.
There in my boudoir.

Once I had the big names
In my black book:
Billy, Charlie and Jack.
If they make some claims that I did
hook,
Brother, how I’ll get them back!

In my Halston suit,
Strolling to court,
Wasn’t I sexy and cute?
Half a million viewers watched me
cavort.
Hey, I’m no cheap prostitute.

Say don’t you forget me;
I’m Heidi Fleiss.
I still got cards to play.
Money I will net me
With my new vice.
Say, Buddy, want some lingerie?
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The Jackson Family Feud
(or You asked for it, but you didn’t get it -- La Toya!)

Ped ... Clark Roushey  Oaf ... Tony Robinson  Elia ... Gary Caret
Viti ... Bill Pedersen  Ligo ... Marvin Diogenes
Referee ... Jess Riggle

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

It’s flowin’ down from Colorado, straight to old Tucson.
Won’t have a worry ‘bout the wells, just turn the faucet on.
It cost a billion dollars.
The canal is clean and straight,
Just a little behind schedule.
Let’s switch over, celebrate.
Oh, CAP, (Oh, CAP),
Wash over me (Wash over me).
Dosed water in disguise.

Tucsonans turned the water on with pure and trusting hearts.
But, damn, it wasn’t treated right, blew old plumbing apart.
The city offered rebates
To those who could prove ruin.
They called off the switchover.
They’ll try again real soon.
Oh, CAP, (Oh, CAP),
Catastrophe (Catastrophe).
Dosed water in disguise.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

Loch Ness monster was a hoax
That wasn’t what they seen.
To the consternation of folks,
’Twas a toy submarine.

WUNDERBAR

Wonderbra, Wonderbra,
Now your cleavage shows above.
Won’t care how small you are
With a shove from Wonderbra.

BLUE SUEDE SHOES

Well, you see that honey
Dressed like a bo’.
You think you’re funny,
But no, Lex, no,
Now don’t you
Diss on those bright red shoes.
You can think what you like,
But lay off of those bright red shoes.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Packwood had trouble with his diaries,
They’re vile, vile, vile.
Ethics committee made inquiries
Into his lifestyle.
Though they doubt his probity,
He’s drowning in denial.
Now their subpoena’s brought him to his knees
And he’s de-filed.

M*A*S*H THEME SONG

North Korea’s shameless
The world will call us blameless
If we take out their nukes before they blow.
Our side’ll have to bridle
Their progress suicidal
But Hawkeye says he sure as hell won’t go.

I CAN’T SAY NO

We’re just a town that can’t say no.
We’re in a terrible bind.
We’d like to make the billboards go.
We’d like to look more refined,
But the legislature up the pike
Says local matters you can’t regulate.
What the billboard industry would like
Shall be the law throughout this sovereign state.
Even our Carmen Cajero
Voted with all of those cocks.
On them we’ll bring down a p ox.
Just watch the next ballot box.
When we’ll say NO!

skit continues…
"I thought Ed Bass told you to keep everybody out of the Biosphere's miniature ocean!"
I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS
Tucson is buying rainbows
Full-time arcs, ain't that sweet?
Six gorgeous colors o'er the town,
Right down Congress Street.

Some cities fret about the crime rate;
We'd rather make a giant prism.
We seem more interested in prime rate,
And how to multiply tourism (how tacky!)
Tucson is buying rainbows,
Hoping McDonald's pays for the arch...next
March

EVERYTHING'S UP TO DATE IN KANSAS CITY
Everything's second-rate in Christopher City,
They've gone about as low as they can go.
The place is full of cockroaches crawling up the walls.
You fumigate and they scurry down below.

Phew!
Everything really stinks in Christopher City.
With sewage seeping through the bedroom rugs.
But the U of A says, "Don't blame us, oh fiddle-dee-dee, come-come,
You students live so dirty, it's your fault if it's a slam
'Cause you don't clean up your garbage...ookee there, a cracker crumb!
That moldy cheese is feeding all them bugs.
EEEYUCK
Don't call the press again, we'll pull the plug."

---

Prose Act
(or Better Living Through Chemistry)
Altered Statesperson ... Marge Hilts

I CONCENTRATE ON YOU
Whenever skys look gray to me
And troubles begin to brew
Whenever I'm feeling like I don't belong
My Prozac pulls me through
When fortune cries nay, nay to me
And life's a big I.O.U.
Whenever the blues becomes my only song
My Prozac pulls me through.

When my peace of mind is waning
Forty milligrams help me cope
My serotonin level needs maintaining
And it's much more legal than dope
Since learned doctors say to me
That with my mind this stuff won't screw
For life enhancement I will join the throng
And let Prozac pull me through.

---

Alphabet Stupe
Sagging Grade Schoolers ... Jim Klingensfur, Daphne Desser, Grant Machan

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD THIS COULD BE
Don't know much about history.
Don't know much biology.
Doin' seat time was my best shot,
Now I got to show the brains I got.
No, they won't give that diploma to me
Till I demonstrate my competency,
I'll be here till two thousand and three!

It was okay to be a D student
Like, at TUSD.
But now the state's gettin' rough with D students, baby.
Please endow a chair for me.

Don't know much about the class I took.
Got twenty credits, never cracked a book.
Schools are crowded, more kids on the way;
Till I pass that test, I'm here to stay.
No they won't give that diploma to me
Till I demonstrate my competency.
I'll be here till the next century.

---

News Upchuck
John Wareing
**Engendering Confusion**  
(or Switched After Birth)

Barbie ... Jaci Gerard  
G.I. Joe ... Willie Brown  
Barbie's Voice ... Dan Nicolini  
G.I. Joe's Voice ... Sheryl Spicak

---

**MY FAVORITE THINGS**

Gunpowder's perfume and contraband  
Slingers,  
Bandoleers, khakis, blood red trigger fingers,  
Black submachine guns, reconnaissance flings,  
These are my favorite testosterone things.

Long slumber parties and giggling for hours,  
Sunny June weddings and amulets of flowers,  
Shiny blond tresses and lacy pink frills,  
These are a few of my estrogen thrills.

Any Uzi  
Will amuse me,  
And when missiles scream,  
I love to dismember some enemy pigs.  
I'm macho in the extreme.

When the girl talk  
And the gossip  
Have lost their appeal,  
I go to the mall for a big shopping spree  
And dainty is how I feel.

---

**Internetz**

Lovers at First Byte ... Terry Dakan, Marvin Diogenes

---

**EMBRACEABLE YOU**

Download me,  
Sweet interfaceable you.  
Encode me,  
Sweet databaseable you.  
Just one line of you — my cursor's leap betrays me.  
Your sign-on alone — that fevered beep waylays me.  
I love all  
The luminescence of you.  
Above all  
The safe tumescence of you.  
You are my on-line baby;  
Give me data, give me data, do,  
Sweet interfaceable you.

Address me  
My sweet typefaceable you.  
Obsess me  
My sweet untraceable you.  
On the screen I find love so retractable, dear.  
No deadly fleshly passions are enactable here.  
It's safe sex  
Come on let's sanitize love.  
No latex.  
Don't have to put on no glove.  
Yes, you're my on-line baby  
Give me data, give me data, do,  
Sweet interfaceable you.

---

**Hackers, Slackers and Keyboard Whackers** ... Daphne Desser, Angela Soto, Kristen Cook, Bill Pedersen, Jim Klinghenius

---

**AT THE HOP**

Oh, you can log on, you can log off,  
Stay up all night, get your rocks off on the net. (Don't be perplexed!)  
When the hotheads start a-flamin'  
You can throw a dirty name in on the net. (A new context!)  
Since there's no central control here  
You can vent some vitriol here on the net. (It's hypertext!)  

Let's get on the net (Oh, baby!)  
Well, you can coo there, pitch some woo there,  
Let's all be high tech (Oh, baby!)  
No restraints on what you do there on the net. (No one suspects!)  
Al Gore says connect (Oh, baby!)  
Do some cruisin' and some rustin'  
Said so on the set (Oh, baby!)  
Lonely hearts can take a cruisin' on the net. (Libido's flexed!)  
Ah! Ah! Let's get on the net!  
Cyberspacin' gigolos making out like Romano's on the net! (They're oversexed!)
Reynold's Rap
(or Curses, Foiled Again)

Burt .... Jack Sheaffer

A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE
I'm only a Burt who is disengaged,
A centerfold in decline.
I was happy with Loni and Evening Shade
'Til we both played the libertine.
As Barbie and Ken, we gave tit for tat.
Now my vitriol I'll uncage.
Though her polygraph's mute,
Loni gave the boot
To this Burt in a guilty rage.

Udder Chaos
(or Milking the Public)

Cowed Consumers ... Carol Enevoldsen, Glendora Mosley, Carolyn Robinson, Kathi Barber, Vicky Stein

RESPECT

(Moo-oo)
Kids need milk;
(Moo-oo)
You have to buy it.
(Moo-oo)
Farmers put
(Moo-oo)
Hormones inside it.
(Moo-oo)
What you're getting
(Moo-oo)
Is just a lot of bad dreck.
(Yes, they diddle it....)
Baby, just a lotta bad dreck.

You've been spending
Your hard-earned money
And all you're getting
In return, sonny,
Is some crap with
All this chemical dreck.
Yeah, baby, all this chemical dreck.

You think milk is
Good and wholesome.
But it's been nuked
And filled with foul scum.
The guys who sell it
Don't deserve our respect.
(Suck it, suck it, suck it, suck it...)

RBST screws with genes.
Find out what it do to teens.
RBST's bad for you.
What we oughtta do is sue.
Sock it to 'em....

HiYo, Silver!
(or Silver Treads Among the Galled)
marking the twenty-fifth appearance of Gridiron ballerinos

Our Coruscating Corps de Ballet ... Clark Roushey, Dan Nicolini, Willie Brown, Tony Robinson, Gary Caret

Anniversary Song by Al Jolson and Saul Chaplin
and Spring Song by Felix Mendelssohn

Intermission
The Cast and Crew drawn

Kathi Barber
Willie Brown
Gary Caret
Daphne Desser
Marvin Diogenes
Carol Enevoldsen
Ralph Freeman
Jim Klingensfus
Grant Machan
Lyle Marcks
Glendora Mosley
Jess Riggle
Carolyn Robinson
Tony Robinson
Clark Roushey
Sheryl Spicak
Burney Starks
Vicky Stein
Jim Turner
and quartered by Fitz

Mike Chapman  
Susan Coleman  
Kristen Cook  
Terry Dakan  
Jacq Gerard  
Marge Hilts  
Darion Hutchinson  
Tom Kelly  
Dan Nicolini  
Carol Nowotny-Young  
Bill Pedersen  
Hope Reynolds  
Andy Ryan  
Hannah Schroeder  
Jack Sheaffer  
Angela Soto  
Kevin Turner  
Tom Turner  
Erich vonGlahn  
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Act Two

Guys and Dulls?
(or Should Old Assessors Be Forgot, and Alan Lang Resign?)
(or Lang, Lang, Lang's Off His Trolley)

NOW Representative ... Marge Hils  Huckleberry ... John Waring  Kromko ... Tom Turner

A FUGUE FOR TINHORNS

Recall petition here!
The course of action's clear!
The man is nothing but a crass profiteer
Recall, recall, the guy's gotta face recall
If you sign, he'll face recall, recall, recall,
Recall, recall, if you sign, he'll face recall
Say no to Romeo!
Revise the quid pro quo.
To make the county safe, the sleaze has to go
Harass, harass, this guy will harass your ass.
Got to go! I got the recall here!

For action clear, please sign.
He's been away out of line.
He was drunk on TV, claiming he was fine.
Denial, denial, he just can't get past denial.
If he can't get past denial, let's file, let's file.
And look at Tom Naifeh!
He can't assess ably.
There is a question 'bout his ability.
Lackey, lackey.
The guy's just a Lang lackey
If he's just a Lang lackey
He's fricassee.

Recall petition here!
Let's end his sad career.
Ed Moore's psycho enough for the county here.
Recall, recall, if you sign, he'll face recall.
If you sign, he'll face recall, recall, recall.
It's so clear. I got recall here!
It's an assessor's dream
To have a hand-picked team.
He really got together a schemer's dream.
Great scheme, great scheme,
If he wants a hand-picked team--
Great scheme, great scheme.

Think's he's a Romeo!
Believes in quid pro quo.
Move in with him, no telling how far up you'll go.
Harass, harass, this guy will harass your ass.
If you don't accept his pass, harass your ass.
So let's remove Naifeh;
He can't assess ably.
There is the question of his integrity.
What a scheme.
I got the recall here.

This sleazy Romeo
Gives you a raise, although
Half goes to up the level of his cash flow.
Kickback, kickback, he wants to attract kickback.
Your raise is just his kickback, kickback, kickback

Grijalva ... Gary Caret

SIT DOWN

I could not consent to those Kangaroo proceedings,
Although the Board wanted me to play along.
I stood by my ground and I wondered, is this legal?
But Boyd, Marsh and Moore don't know right from wrong.
Yes, they told me to come around.
Hell, no, I'm not gonna vote.
I stubbornly held my ground.
This hearing I'd not promote
'Cause this thing is a stupid blunder.
Let Steve Neely do all the dirty work.
Hell, no. Hell, no. Hell no. Hell, no!
Hell, no, I'm not gonna vote!

skit continues...
(Lisa)
It's always like this,
The same violent crap.
Just look around here and see what you've done.
You broke our armistice, now you're breaking my lamp.
So I dial nine-one-one again,
And once more the police come by...

(Alan)
Accident! Accident!

(Lisa)
And they ask how I blacked my eye

(Alan)
So I tell them a lie.

Call my lawyer and bail me, bail me
Don't fail me, baby, I own you.
Don't you let them arraign me, detain me.
That jumpsuit's ungainly.
I own you.

(Lisa)
These years of my career I was a fool to give you.

(Alan)
Enough already, I'm a fine public servant.
Enough already, promoted you, so now?
You need me, heed me,
Don't dare impede me.
I own you.

(Mike Boyd:)
You give raises here,
Take kickbacks from there,
Lay off those employees who don't toe your line,
And your property values are wrong by design.
You have even made Ed Moore look sane.
We have dozens to testify...

(Alan)
I'm the best! I'm the man!

(Boyd)
What a dramatic personae.

(Alan)
It's just envy.

(Boyd)
You had better comply!

(Alan)
Call the Star and shrapnel me, shell me.
You can't expel me, I'll linger.
Have a hearing, debase me, mace me
Go ahead, disgrace me...my finger!

(Boyd)
We would put you in jail but we'll make bond your bail, you lout!

(Alan)
All right, I've got it, the budget's collateral.
All right, I've got it, I came through, so now?
I'll sue you, sue you!
That should subdue you.
I'll sue you.

(Stanton Bloom)
They blew it again.
No due process here.
I'm sick of them cutting off my cross-exam.
Don't they know that the law protects fools,
And I'm sworn to protect even this vile man.

When they line up to vilify...

(Alan)
That-a-way! Make them pay!

(Bloom)
And there's no corpus delicti...

(Alan)
That's foul play!

(Bloom)
Then their finding's won't fly.

(Alan)
Sue them, sue them.
Let's put it to them.
I'll sue them.

shit continues...
LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT

Muck will not make me take flight.
Muck will not win you this fight.
You can’t prove one damn thing, you just rely on
hearsay.
Muck cost you big bucks, no bite.

Don’t fear the EEOC.
Complaints just roll right off of me.
Everyone knows that women have no sense of humor.
Law can’t suppress crudity.

They say I terrorized my employees.
Say I coerced, bullied and plied.
But no one can produce even one smoking check.
Just losers and broads testified.

So, muck just made you a sad sight.
County won’t even indict.
I’m still secure, the duly elected assessor.
Muck didn’t slay me.
Muck can’t lay me.
Muck you, you picked the wrong fight.

That Summer Wheeze

Old Blue Eyes ... Erich von Glahn

THE LADY IS A TRAMP

Big teleprompters from ceiling to floor,
My fans don’t care I can’t sing anymore,
Cause some excitement, fall dead to the floor.
Come see the chairman while you can.

Lifetime achievement, they tell me I’m great.
Who’s that guy Bono, some scuzzball I hate.
Cut off my thank-you’s, make me look second-rate.
I threw the Grammy in the can.

I like the freedom to stay on the stage,
Not act my age.
I’m old,
Still gold.

Will not go gentle, can’t change what I am.
That’s why the chairman’s still a champ.

Mano A Meno-Pause

Hot Flashers ... Terry Dakan, Carol Nowotny-Young, Vicky Stein

BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY

I was a woman summa cumma down at Harvard B.
High up the corporate ladder was the place for me.
I was the top girl in my class.
I thought that having a kid
Would be a pain in the ass.
I feared the time would come
When I’d face pregnancy,
And have an itty bitty girl or boy to burden down me.

The day came I was fifty and way at the top
And also found my biologic clock had stopped.
I knew that I’d had it all wrong.
Because I wanted a kid; I may be old but I’m strong.
To hell with menopause.
I want fertility
To have an itty bitty girl or boy in seniority.

To go a-goo a-goo
A-gooliata coo
To have somebody say “Mom.”
(To give me stretch marks!)
I want Luvus and Fisher Price, a kid to play with, perk
up my dotage.
To hell with menopause.
I want fertility
To have an itty bitty girl or boy in seniority.

And when I have an itty bitty baby,
I’ll be happy as a fish at sea.

And I’ll proclaim
So long to corporate life
And working all night.
I’ll have an itty bitty girl or boy in seniority.

A-gooliata goooliata coo coo
To serve food from a jar
At movies and restaurants, both of us will get in for half
price.
So goodbye menopause.
I want fertility
I’ll have an itty bitty boy or girl in seniority.

I went to see the doc to see what he could do.
He said I gotta batch of hormones just for you.
He said with new technology,
That I could still have a kid up to my late seventies.
So good bye menopause.
I got fertility
I’ll have an itty bitty girl or boy in seniority.

To go goooliata, goooliata, coo coo
To have my very own kid
To share my life with.
It’ll wear Pampers and I’ll have on my Depends
So we can stay dry.
When senility comes, it’ll reach majority
And then my itty bitty girl or boy will take care of me.
"P.R. is changing, but I'm not."

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Virginia Scam
(or Call for Ollie)

Asspiring Senatori ... Dan Nicollini

IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG
I salute the flag.
It's my thing, it's my bag.
No one loves this old flag more than I.
And I look so cute when I salute,
And it was my duty to lie.
I'm a patriot.
I'm a pain in the butt
As my campaign I carry forth.
When Ol' 'Virginny' goes to vote
Mark your ballots for Ollie North.

Ice Follies
(or The Skater's Welts)

Tonya ... Sheryl Spicak

CRAZY
Guilty,
Guilty of undermining justice.
I'm guilty
Of not telling all that I knew.
I knew the perps that the FBI wanted,
But skated until the Olympics were through

Thifty,
Why should I have to be thrifty?
Probation
Can't stop me from telling the truth.

Guilty
Of being a blue-collar princess.
Verdicts are all in,
I made a plea bargain.
I'm not guilty of being a fool.

ski continues...

The Egg

You're right—they need
classier yaks in the
Gridiron Show!

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THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

Da plan was to get Kerrigan.
It'd be great when the broad couldn't skate.
We were bold to get Tonya the gold.
What an arrangement.

In Detroit, we were very adroit.
Made the hit, got away for a bit.
Shawn confessed to some priest back out west:
Next thing, arraignment.

Tonya called the shots.
She's the brains of the crew.

She hatched the whole plot.
We don't have the I.Q.
Free as a bird, she came through.
So dial one-nine-hundred
To hear how we blundered.

We're jerks, wanted in on some perks.
We made bail, but we'll end up in jail.
We'll write books by the world's dumbest crooks.
We're caught and we'll pay.
You'll pay 'cause you want
Your entertainment.

Nancy ... Carol Enevoldsen

DOMINIQUE

In the knee cap, knee cap, knee cap,
That's where the baton hit me
And brought such sympathy.

Now Gillooly takes the stand,
And I'm off to Disneyland,
Selling Reeboks and soup in cans.

Olympic Fans ... Lyle Marcks, Tom Kelly, Susan Coleman, Kathi Barber, Glendora Mosley

LADY MADONNA

You're no lady, Tonya.
Media at your heels.
Tell it all to Connie Chung, make network deals.
Big piles of money
For your soft lament.
Inside Edition gonna pay your rent.

Lillehammer's just another showcase.
You're the bad girl; Nancy plays the nun.
 Doesn't really matter who took first place.
You're on the run.

You're no lady, Tonya.
Gillooly woos the press.
Exposed the double axle underneath your dress.

You're no lady, Tonya.
But you have your rights.
Hope they keep your feet warm on those winter nights.

Wrestling with the feds is never-ending.
USOC scared to pull your plug.
Olympic rules are clearly made for bending.
Are you a thug?

HARRIGAN

When I skated I was second-rated,
Almost had my knee decapitated.
S-N-double O-T, you see, it's me.
On TV, golly gee,
I can be a real S.O.B.
With a lot of teeth.

MARY IS A GRAND OLD NAME

My name is Tonya, Tonya.
People think that I'm a nut.
There was that little scheme,
And my big dream
Was undercut.
My life is on ice, not nice
Since a lot of doors slammed shut.
They say I got no class.
I'm just an ass
With a great big butt.
Giving You Fitz
(or Never On A Thursday)

Dave Fitzsimmons

Legislative Cover-Up
(or No Butts)

Les(lie) Johnson and the House Nays and Meanies Committee...Glendora Mosley, Jaci Gerard, Hannah Schroeder, Darion Hutchinson

ITSY BITSY TEENIE WEENIE YELLOW POLKA DOT BIKINI!

We’re not afraid to parade family values.
We’re not afraid to be staid Philistines.
We’re not afraid to blockade nasty values.
Senate Bill Ten Twenty-Six is what we mean.
(So beware, we’ll tell people what to wear!)

We’ll outlaw itsy bitsy string bikinis,
Teeny thongs that are obscene-ie.
We abhor all the flesh shown today.
Those blue movies on silver screen-ies,
Even films we haven’t seen-ie.
Nipples and assholes must be put away.
(Live, let live? No way, we’re conservative!)

We’re not afraid to stockade naked buttocks.
We’re not afraid to keep bare breasts at bay.
We’re not afraid to deflate turgid hard cocks.
Senate Bill Ten Twenty-Six will save the day.
(We’ll ban skin, skin is not Republican!)

We’re not afraid to ban trade of dirty movies
We’re not afraid to ban books we haven’t read
We’re not afraid to hand-aid our social worries
Senate Bill Ten Twenty-Six will calm our dread
(For kids’ sake, our thinking must be opaque!)

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(or You asked for it, but you didn't get it -- La Toyal)

Ped ... Clark Roushey  Oaf ... Tony Robinson  Elia ... Gary Caret
Viti ... Bill Pedersen  Ligo ... Marvin Diogenes  Referee ... Jess Riggle

DANCING IN THE DARK
Glowing in the dark,
Now I know why I'm
Glowing in the dark.
As years go by
The tests they did in secret
have left me
Glowing in the dark.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR
Hubble, Hubble Telescope,
You are NASA's final hope.
Now that they've improved your sight,
Aimed you at eternal night,
Send us pictures, send us faxes.
Make us proud we paid our taxes.

I'M FLYING
They're dying!
They're dying!
Toads and frogs, polliwogs;
Ozone thins, burning skins --
They're flying!

RAGTIME COWBOY JOE
He raised the price
On the public land for cattle.
That ain't nice,
So we ranchers will do battle
'Gainst the boss (Babbit's the boss),
He's a traitor, fee-inflater.
Oh, it really is amaz'in' what he's chargin' us for grazin'.
We'll go broke (that ain't no joke) when he takes away our
freebies,
And he's dealing us a deuce.
He's an unpolluted, three-piece suited son-of-a-bitch from
Arizona,
No-perks cowboy, never was a cowboy, that jerk cowboy
Bruce!

DANCE OF THE HOURS
Rostenkowski of the House, he
Proved that he was quite a louse. He
Showed a lack of circumspection.
Won the Democratic primary election.

RAMONA
Carmona, now T.M.C. has said you're through.
Carmona, the trauma's ended now for you.
They hissed you, dismissed you.
You're pissed that they were so doctrinaire,
Though Fiona does voted you
Best physician during that year.
Carmona, abrasive center of discord.
On your own-a, because you thought you were the
Lord.
They cast a pall.
You need not heed the siren's call.
Carmona, now you're gonna sue.

ALL SHOOK UP
Well-a, save my soul.
What's tumblin' me?
The ceiling's where the floor is s'posed to be
The walls are a-crackin' and the lights are out
It's L.A.
It's all shook up.

THE BRADY BUNCH THEME
Here's the story of a bill named Brady
Which lay languishing in Congress for some years.
All the congressmen would not vote for it
'Cause NRA caused fears.
All those gun nuts love to grab their gun butts,
Automatics, assault rifles, hollow lead.
There is nothing that's quite like an Uzi
For shooting Bambi dead.
'Til the one day when the Congress hit the target,
And they saw the NRA were men of straw,
And they all should take a shot at passage.
That's the way the bill became the Brady Law.
The Brady Law, the Brady Law.
Though Mack attacks, it is the Brady Law.

SIXTEEN TONS
Some people say it's great to work for U.P.
A neat brown van and a quick delivery.
Drive around town, make your rounds.
You don't have to lift more than seventy pounds.
You load seventy pounds and whaddaya get?
A cushy little job without breakin' a sweat.
But, double that load, that's a hefty hike.
Screw YOU-P-S, I'm a-goin' on strike!

SEE THE USA, IN YOUR CHEVROLET
See my hearse today, it's a Chevrolet
O'Reilly's got a limo for us all.
Feel like hell today, in this Chevrolet;
And now I've had my final curtain call.
Do Barrs Shit In The Woods?

Roseanne ... Marge Hilts  Tom ... Jack Sheaffer

SIDE BY SIDE

That weird three-way mock marriage,
Our tabloid menage a trois,
'Twas just a stunt with that Silva runt.
It rubbed me feelings raw.
Irreconcilable we were.
So I started headin' for France.
After she cut off my credit,
But not this thing in my pants.

Though we're both shaped like barrels, we're funny,
And I make most of the money,
We are marital jokes, offending folks,
Snide by snide,
Since we're show business aristocrats, youse
All wanna peek at our tattooos.
Critics all look askance when we pull down our pants,
Wide by wide

The network he's not wowing
Because his talent's small
If he'll just resume kowtowing,
I'll see his ratings don't fall.

You know we had our troubles and parted
After we belched, scratched and farted.
Though I filed for divorce,
We've resumed intercourse,
Side by side.

Caveat Emporium

Weary Wary Watchers ... Grant Machan, Kevin Turner, Vicky Stein

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

If you watch those infomercials
All night long on your TV,
You will see the weirdest seams
That you will ever want to see.
A Ginsu knife will change your life.
A vacuum cut your hair.
A magic cream will rub off fat.
It's a buyer's worst nightmare.

Jane Fonda sells cheap workout stuff.
Joan Rivers sells you paste.
Susan Powier screams at you
And tells you lies straightfaced.
Juiceman Jay's a fitness freak
Who sells strained rabbit food.
Susanne Sommer's thigh machine
Looks silly and plain lewd.

You can fill your bald spot with
A can of weird spray paint,
Or learn to dodge the tax codes,
Sacrificing your restraint.
Please don't make us watch this stuff,
We've had all we can take,
Because every single one of them's
A conman and a fake.

A Giant Sucking Sound

John Wareing

AFTER YOU'VE GONE

Nafta is on,
And now we're cryin'.
Nafta is on,
There's no denyin'.
We've been screwed.
We've been had.
We got the NAFTA shafta
Really bad.

There'll come a time
We're gonna get it.
Jobs will decline,
We'll all regret it.

You'll see. Perot was no phony,
We'll get the sack instead of Mexican money.
Nafta is on.
Wish it had gone away.
Cock Tales
or No Time For Privates
(A Slice of Life)

John Wayne Bobbed-It ... Darion Hutchinson

**BIBBIDY BOBBIDY BOO**

She said I was cruel,
Cut off my tool.
What an unkind cut, it's true.
I sure am glad that they found what I lost.
I'm John Wayne Bobbitt, Boo-boo.

I married a ghoul,
Feel like a fool,
And just a little bit blue.
All my shortcomings were shown on T.V.
And in the tabloids, too.

Wiener Dude ... Gary Caret

**OSCAR MAYER**

Oh, I wish I were that John Wayne Bobbitt's wiener
That is what I'd truly like to be
For if I were that John Wayne Bobbitt's wiener
I'd be up and coming on T.V.

Lorena ... Hope Reynolds

**I WRITE THE SONGS**

I'll be around forever,
A symbol of feminist rage.
I put the impulse and the action together.
He abused me and I sliced his dong.

I sliced his dong, I made John Wayne's groin sting.
I sliced his chlong, now he can no longer
"schwing."
I spliced his prong to voice the victim's cry.
He did me wrong, I sliced his dong.

I'm not the girl next door,
Some hot stuff from Ecuador.
Let's just say machismo can cut both ways.
You bruised and broke my heart,
So I took your private part.

You got me, I got you,
I hit you, you hit me.
It's a sex war symphony.

I'm feeling strong, I made John Wayne's groin sting.
If I did wrong, I can't recall anything.
I sliced his dong to voice the victim's cry.
Call me headstrong, I sliced his dong.
Please excuse me, though I sliced his dong.

**BANANA BOAT SONG**

Uh-oh
Oh, no
Daylight come and me missin' my bone
Uh-oh
Oh, no
Daylight come and me feel all alone

I'm sowin' me the wild oats all night long
Daylight come and me missin' my bone
May have hit her once or twice but that's how I'm hung
Daylight come and me feel all alone
Uh, oh
Oh, no
Daylight come and me missing my bone
Uh-oh
Oh, no
Daylight come and me feel all alone

**ARMOUR HOT DOGS**

Hot dogs, Armored hot dogs
What kind of guys need armored hot dogs?
Big guys, little guys, guys whom you deplore,
Fat guys, skinny guys, guys with wives from Ecuador
Need hot dogs, Armored hot dogs--
The dogs wives cannot slice.
Hanging Judges ... Jess Riggle, Carol Enevoldsen, Tom Turner

MACK THE KNIFE
When Lorena
Hacked his weinah
With a big, sharp
Butcher knife,
She de-pricked him.
Who's the victim?
Is it husband?
Is it wife?
Courtroom files
Of their trials
Show the jury was dead-locked.
On inspection,
No erection,
Poor John Wayne went off half-cocked.

ALMOND JOY
Sometimes she'll cut off your nuts,
Sometimes she won't....

A Classical Act
Opera Man ... Marvin Diogenes

"Hollywood Penitential"
by Artie Pelcula Blanco y Negro
HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE
Hail! Hail! To Spielbergh!
Make-a block-a-bust-a
'Bout da Holocaust-a.
Dio! Mio! Big-a dinosaur!
Jurassic mega hit-sa,
Oscars like Bar Mistzvah!

"The Seamstresses' Lament"
by Hoosegow Coautourier
EDELWEISS
Heidi Fleiss, Heidi Fleiss,
She design-a pajama.
Peddle fleisch, pay da price,
At least not inna da slamma.
Amy make-a her line of clothes,
See Joey go.
She sew-a.
Heidi Fleiss, Heidi Fleiss,
Black-a book make-a sleaze docadrama.

"And the Time's Wrong, Too"
by Divestitura
BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH
Look uppa dere!
Guy in da air!
Protest-a Graham!
Big scope-a scam!
He must-a scam!
Protest-a sprout!
Project-a doubt!
Pittsburgh pull-a out!
Get cherry picker!
Sniper be quicker!
Don't make-a martyr, Damn!
Look uppa dere!
Guy in da air!

"Good Golly, It's Shally"
by Necesitamos Alguen Apres-Schwarzkopf
HAVA NAGILAH
Shalikashvili
Shalikashvili
Shalikashvili
Sing-a afta me
Shalikashvili
Shalikashvili
Shalikashvili
Shalikashvili
Head-a da joint chiefs
Save-a Somalia
No make-a Viet Nam
Shali, Shalikashvili
Shalikashvili, not Boutros-Ghali
Shalikashvili, better than-a Ollie
Shalikashvili, look-a good in khaki
Shalikashvili, deny-a past-a Nazi
Shalikashvili, Shalikashvili
Sing-a afta me

"Never on Monday"
by Charlotte Egress Antes del Ultimo Partido
ODE TO JOY
Lord-a de basketball,
Molto grazi por da season.
Reach-a da Final Four-a,
Feel-a joy beyond-a reason.
Damon, Khalid, Reggie, J.B.,
Ray, Flannie, Dylan, Corey, Joe.
Lord-a de basketball.
With-a Lute dere ain't ao plassin'.

"Donde esta la boca elongata"
by Advard Munch-Heist
IL PAGLIACCI
Oh, dia infamia!
Ladrones take-a The Scream-a.
Museo must-a restore
MacCauley Culkin pose-a, por favor.
Passing Glass
(or Open The Door, Wretched)

Abigail Alling ... Sheryl Spicak
People who Live In Glass Houses ... Lyle Marcks, Ralph Freeman, Daphne Desser, Susan Coleman

ACH TU LIEBER
Ach tu lieber, Augustine!
What's it mean,
This whole scene?
Your demise was unforeseen
And pretty wierd.
You vent your spleen,
Please come clean,
Quarantine,
Intervene.
Ach tu lieber, Augustine.
You've been cashiered.

THROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE
Biosphere's financier
Has destroyed my career.
My world has gone to rack and to ruin.
As a scientist, I'm pissed and unconsolable.
Bass forced me to actions uncontrollable,
'Cause the fact is
Everything today is thoroughly screwed up
Out there in the Biosphere.
And their research I would love to abort.
She has made that very clear.
With Bass's vanity, insanity reigns.
Now my litigation looms
Over Biosphere's domains.
We all think she's deranged.
Mom's suspicion that this mission is cultish
Isn't based on fact at all.
New age pseudo-science they all pursue.
Bass has never slacked at gall.
It's just a tourist trap with press ballyhoo.
I ran amuck 'cause things suck out at the
Big glass Number Two.

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WILKOMMEN
Whitewater! Really cool! Scandal!
Liberal! Ethical! Failures!
Gingrich, D’Amato will have a field day,
Happy to speak out, make some partisan hay.
Whitewater! Really cool! Scandal!
Whitewater’s great! Like Watergate! Whitewater, Yay!

Whitewater! Momentous! Outrage!
Clintonites! Mishandlers! Bunglers!
Nussbaum, McDougal know all about grease.
Even Vince Foster, he won’t rest in peace.
Whitewater! Momentous! Outrage!
Whitewater’s great! Like Watergate! Whitewater’s great!

Steppin-off-alois ... Kevin Turner

CABARET
It’s been upsetting, they lowered the boom.
Underlings get the blame.
White House defied fair play, so dumb!
Where did we go astray?
Hillary regretting that Rose lost its bloom.
Friends of Bill all in shame.
White House can just say nay, oh crumb!
Now I’m the right wing’s prey.
I dropped the ball.
I crossed the line.

When Treasury investigated,
Waltzed right in, I should have waited.
White House bloodletting, I’m not fame’s bridegroom,
No longer on list “A.”
White House in disarray, so glum,
C-Span auto da fe.
Glad I’m subletting those cool Georgetown rooms.
Soon I’ll be on my way.
White House was my heyday, oh crumb!
Please read my resume.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY
Money makes the scandal sell, the scandal sell, the scandal sell.
Money makes the scandal swell, it makes the scandal swell.
Some land, some loans, a failed S&L, a failed S&L, a failed S&L. Is all we need to make their life hell. That seeping, creeping smell Will make their life a hell.

Funny money, funny money, funny money, funny money.....
They don’t happen to be rich, But they made a rich family’s investment. Now they’ll pay for the way that they played. They don’t happen to be rich, But the loans and the suspect assessments. Did they think that the ink would just fade?

They don’t happen to be rich, But they make such a fuss about ethics. How they huffed and they puffed to the top. Now they’ll take it on the chin, suck it in, And not be so self-righteous. It’s a good thing they got caught. Ha!
Some land, some loans, a failed S&L, a failed S&L, a failed S&L. Some land, some loans, a failed S&L, Of this we are damn sure: They’re not so pure.

Hillary ... Terry Dakan

MAYBE THIS TIME
Maybe this time,
Not so plucky.
Maybe this time,
Dismay.
Maybe this time,
My remiss time.
Doubts can’t be swept away.
Who would know the past
Would come back so fast?

I let Tyson play my hand.
 Didn’t really earn that hundred grand.
Now our staffers
Are subpoenaed.
Loose lips at Treasury.
Just discussion.
Not illegal.
But they resign speedily.

I thought ethics were in our favor.
Hillary’s pillared,
What the crime here?
There’s been no crime.
Maybe this time we sinned.

skit continues...
IF YOU COULD SEE HER

I know what you’re thinking, you blame her for
Whitewater.
The deal seems too shady, that’s absurd.
That’s just a first impression, Bob Dole’s
rehearsed impression.
If you knew her like I do,
You would know her story’s true

If you could see her through my eyes,
There’d be no questions at all.
Commodities were just a sideline.
She had her own crystal ball (named Tyson).
Went with full public disclosure,
Still all the critics take aim.
If they could see her through my eyes,
They’d know she’s one hell of a dame.

She’s a collection of virtues,
Knows everything ’bout health care.
She’s clever, she’s neat, she bakes cookies.
She’s even forgiven affairs (that I had).
We made a future together,
Developed a sound fiscal plan.
Politics ought to have meaning,
Made money like Republicans

I understand the commotion.
She’s perfect, the perfect must fall.
But if you could see her through my eyes,
She wouldn’t look shrewish at all.

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.
So thanks for slumming,
Enjoyed your coming.
We’ll see you next year
at the Gridiron Show...

Congratulations to the cast and crew of “More Unkind Cats,” and to the Tucson Press Club’s Gridiron Show for 41 years of sharp-edged satire and service to our community.

Tucson Lifestyle
THE MAGAZINE TUCSON LIVES BY
There's good reason for this vulgarity

Proceeds from this year's Gridiron Show and the Hellbox will benefit the Tucson Area Literacy Coalition.

By your attendance tonight, you have already helped in TAP's humanitarian efforts.

If you wish to make an additional contribution, send your check (payable to Tucson Area Literacy Coalition) to 1602 S. Third Ave., Tucson, AZ 85713.

This message sponsored by Sundt Corp.

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Longtime devotees of the Gridiron Show will fondly remember Prior Pray's appearances on our stage (once with a push broom to clean up somebody's act) — and all who knew him will miss his gentle wit and unfailing friendship.

Gordon Davis sang in Sixties chorus numbers and contributed to the conviviality and gregariousness of those halcyon years.

Carle Hodge, a former president of the Tucson Press Club, stylishly turned simple walk-on parts into highlights of hilarity — once by dropping all the advertising inserts from his newspaper, to be left with only a single sheet of newsprint.

Don Kottle provided deadpan style in countless skits and songs for many years — and added his voice and unique presence to chorus numbers.

While Rosemarie Mancini's lively voice and lovely presence graced our stage, her unfailing good humor, warmth and caring personality graced our lives.

The laughter they provided will echo in our memories as their smiles still sing in our hearts.

---

you thought we didn't rehearse — but we did

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