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"WORK IS THE CURSE..."

By SHERMAN MILLER

An excerpt from "Tropics of Tucson"

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

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

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

In the homely, wholesome atmosphere of the TPC pool room (the board room on alternate Thursdays) members of the governing body spend many a pleasant evening. Refreshments are served. Often.

Mugging around the pool table are:

Jim Cooper, regular director; Don Robinson, vice president; Dick Calkins, boy artist; Charlie Turveyville, regular; Bernie the Sedley, president (again); Natalie Watson, executive secretary; Joe Crystall, regular; Rudy Sudigala, associate.

Disdainful onlookers: Michael Brown, associate; Gene Adelstein, treasurer; Paul Humphrey, allied; Rito Garcia, club manager; Jess Riggle, allied.

Behind the eight-ball, centerfold, is Emily Brunt, secretary of the bored.
Like I said, good for most anything!

MEMBER FEDERAL BUREAUCRACIES BY NECESSITY
"Bernie Sedley! After All These Years!"

THE PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

... After all these years I get to give another president's message.

Fellow members and all the rest of you S.L.O.B.'s (that stands for Sweet Lovable Old Buyers-of-tickets), your friendly old booze oasis, the Tucson Press Club, is on the move, economic-wise, thanks to a great many (paid up?) members who have pitched in to help an old decrepit character try to keep the TPC head above water. I am happy to report we are coming along drowningly but we are beginning to tread water and with the help of that big publisher in the sky and that big bull shipper that's in Washington all of our problems will be over by this time next year (would you believe ... bankruptcy?)

I leave you with this thought: The economy of Tucson and the Press Club is very EFFLUENT.

To my successor, better luck next year.
I.
Rum, Rum, Nogales Rum
Naught but a quart, they say,
A dastardly deed
When some in great need
Can drink more than that
In a day.

II.
Ufo light, Ufo bright,
First saucer I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Tell the Air Force of your flight.

But if I should dare to brave their jeers
Their glib evasions and their sneers
Soon or late, 'twould come to pass
They'd tell the world we're full of gas.

III.
Roly, Poly, peaches and flab,
Beefing up the viewing
When the program in drab
On every channel
Stomachs are seen
We're all belly full of the TV screen.

IV.
Hark, hark, the dogs did bark
When Life came into town,
Making hay of old Speedway
And kicking our pride around.

Some folks called it shameful
Some folks cried it down
And some demanded horse whips
For to lash 'em out of town.

V.
Lady bird, Lady Bird,
Listen to The Boss:
I hate fancy chefs
And Frenchified sauce.

Lady Bird, Lady Bird,
What's cookin', please?
Cornpone, barbecue,
And black-eye peas.
VI.
Green, Green, on the political scene,
Some swear he has a mission,
Others say in an outraged way
That he’s only gone a-fishin’.

VII.
Oh, in Ioway, in Ioway,
Sad to say in Ioway
“Intellectual stimulation”
Is likened unto Degradation.

VIII.
“Haugh!” said a man
With a campaign plan.

“Naw!” said the Demos
In a flurry of memos.

“Faugh!” said a Pima mouse,
“Whatever did he in the House?”

“Jaw!” The opposition cried.
“Rah, Rah!” his partisans replied.
(Can’t you guess the donkey’s snickers
On a rash of bumper stickers?)

IX.
Mother, may I Go-Go swim?
Yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your bra on a hick’ry limb
And barely breast the water.

X.
I see a speck.
The speck sees me.
I see something in my gin
I didn’t ‘spect to see.

With microphones in olives,
All privacy is banned,
Bugs are bugging us’ns
With ears on every hand.
Can you imagine ANYTHING more exciting than eight racing Greyhounds?

TUCSON - AMADO
GREYHOUND PARK
Decline and Fall of the Hodan Empire

By STEVE EMERINE

"Nonsense!" roared the king of Hodan. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said, Your Majesty," said the young man. "Several of us have been worried about Hodan. We have contemplated the city's future for a long time. We have talked to the smartest men we could find."

"Yes, yes," the king cut in. "Get to the point!"

"And we have come up with a plan for Hodan's future. It's something we think the people will like and will want to follow. It's something, Your Majesty, that even you could profit from by following."

"Plan! Who needs a plan, you young pup! Hodan is fine just the way it is. In the last 20 years I have doubled the number of subjects under my rule. I have built roads and canals. I have erected several high towers. I have increased the number of chariots which travel on our streets. My friend, the large storekeeper, has tripled his business. Hodan needs no plan as long as I am here!"

"Your Majesty, I cannot agree. It is true that Hodan now has more people than 20 years ago. It is true that it has some new roads and canals. It is true about the high towers and the chariots. And I'm sure it's true, Your Majesty, about your merchant friends."

"Then you agree. Good! We won't talk about this silly plan of yours anymore."

"No, Your Highness. Please let me finish. I was about to say that the roads now aren't wide enough and there aren't enough of them to handle the increased number of chariots. And the canals aren't sufficient to carry water to all who need it. And while your friend may be doing well in business, there are many people who are not. Hodan is crowded. Hodan is dirty. The people of Hodan — many of them, at least — are poor. Your Majesty, we need to plan now to correct these things."

"You should be flogged for your insolence, my young friend. Now listen to me: Hodan is being run just as my father ran it and as his father and his father's father ran it. There is no need to change! And I don't need help or suggestions from you or your friends!"

"It's true that for awhile some of the people did not have jobs and were poor, but none of my friends were, and now my friends report that the people — most of them, anyway — have money to spend. As for the rest, well, the poor are always with us. Hmm. I like the sound of that."

"And one more thing, young man: Hodan was a small town for many years. I don't want it to become a big town. If it gets too big, some other king may covet it and decide to make war to try to capture it. Just don't rock the boat, young man. Leave things as they are."

"But, Your Majesty, you can't leave things as they are, because things aren't as they were years ago. Whether you or I like it, Hodan is a big city. It will grow bigger. Someday it will — or it could be — the finest city in all the land. But unless we plan..."

Continued, 14
now, the problems of our city will be the biggest in the land, Your Majesty."

"Young man, you are foolish. First, as I told you, my merchant friends and I don't want anything to do with your plan for the future. We control things the way things are now, and we'll continue to do so — and remain rich — as long as Hoda keeps the status quo.

"And secondly, my idealistic young friend, your ignorance of politics and the people is astounding. All the things you say about Hoda now and in the future, may be true. For the sake of argument, let's say they are. I'll tell you what: I'll give you a chance to speak on the corners and in the parks about your plan. Your friends may speak, too. Do anything you can to attract audiences to hear your plan.

"But at the end of six months, young man, we will go out together and talk to the people and see if they want — or care about — your plan."

The young man agreed to the king's offer. For six months, he and his friends went to the taverns, the street corners, the parks, the forums — everywhere that meetings were held — and explained their plan.

But only a few people turned out to hear them. And most of the people didn't care. And no one rushed to join their crusade.

And at the end of six months, the king took note of this and decreed that the plan should be forgotten. And it was.

And Hoda soon was plagued by poverty, and disease, overrun by hostile tribes and destroyed.

It was forgotten as the rest of the world moved on.

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

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

CHIC FANNIN
BACK TO THE TYPEWRITER

By JIM COOPER

I’ve been telling everyone who will listen that I’ve been doing great since enrolling at the University of Arizona last fall in search of a Master’s degree in English. What I have been telling has been a lie. It has been awful.

My trouble, one English Literature PHD Professor told me, was that I did not take the scholastic approach when writing my essay questions on exams.

“Did you understand what I wrote and did it make some sense?” I asked.

He said that he did and that it did—with some sarcasm in his voice—but the writing itself was a newspaperman’s style and, of course, that wouldn’t do for the graduate level.

Jee-Hee-Zus!

I had other troubles. I always thought that Gulliver’s Travels was a novel about a physician, English of course, who somehow managed to become stranded by shipwreck in strange lands peopled by tiny folk, giants, mad scientists or horses that talk like people. I thought that it was fantasy and I rather enjoyed the re-reading that I was required to do in my re-education.

The PHD Professor asked on a test what all this was about and when I mentioned tiny folk, giants, etc., he sprung the university trap on me. The book wasn’t about those things at all. What it was about was a man wrestling with himself in an environment he finds utterly strange to his character. The environment happened to be England and not Lilliput or anywhere else. Travels was a deep commentary on the times in which it was written. It was not meant for kids nor was it escape reading at all.

I had the notion that Moby Dick was a whale but he wasn’t. I thought that Captain Ahab was a somewhat nutty whaler captain who wanted to spear the whale because it had eaten his leg and didn’t even use a toothpick. But Ahab, I found, wasn’t that at all.

To really understand this book, you’ve got to choose between the whale being “death” and Ahab trying to kill death—or the whale being “mankind” and trying to kill the “devil” Ahab, and I did miserably on this test too.

One of my PHD Professors was a nut on diagramming. He drew a triangle on the blackboard with little arrows emerging here and there and explained to the class that this was what Joseph Conrad’s Nigger of the Narcissus (excuse me, folks, but that is the title) was all about. He said that on the next exam, we were not to “parrot” him on this diagram of the story but to offer our own ideas.

I drew an oval that looked something like the little professor and stuck pins into it all around until he looked like a porcupine.

I learned later that the students who drew top grades formed designs showing triangles with arrows emerging here and there. I will not reveal my grade.

This same PHD Professor started on the west side of the blackboard one day to draw a picture of Faulkner’s Sound And The Fury and the last I saw of him he was still drawing crazy triangles and trapazoids and edging too close to the east end of the blackboard where a screenless window was open. I suddenly quit the class without notice, not wanting my breathless anticipation to have any influence on an impending tragedy.

Gradually, I learned how to cope with higher education. I began to tell myself that Henry James really didn’t have a fifth row of commas on his typewriter at all. It was merely his inner self coming out and all those phrases correlated by the commas in a single sentence actually made sense. James Joyce became wonderfully clear to me—and I even imagined that I could make out a sentence or two in Finnegans Wake.

I began to love D. H. Lawrence (who also wrote of horses doing things like people) because one of my PHD Professors wrote a book about a book written by Lawrence, and I bought a copy and asked the PHD to autograph it. If you don’t think I headed myself right on that point, you have forgotten your college, friend.

But I met my downfall. I forgot the system. It slipped my mind. I wrote on an exam that Huckleberry Finn was nothing more than a story about a semi-delinquent boy who rode down the Mississippi on a raft trying to help an escaped slave, “Nigger Jim” (pardon me, folks, again). I discovered that I was terribly wrong. The story was about a symbolic lad who yearned for his lost mother and found her in a symbolic river of mother’s milk.

Kee-Hee-Aitch-Riste!
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294-9101
Caution: Reading May Be Hazardous

By DICK CALKINS

I was beginning to feel neglected because my brand of cigarettes was among the last to warn me that cigarette smoking may be hazardous to my health. So what else is new? I'm now smoking twice as much and I don't feel any worse than I did before. Of course, I've felt terrible for years.

This little reminder on the modern cigarette package suggests many interesting possibilities for the future. Our public protectors may soon discover that driving an automobile "may be hazardous to your health." They may instruct manufacturers to place a sign on the dashboard of each new car advising you of this fact. So, what I'm wondering is, am I going to drive twice as fast?

If this line of reasoning continues there's no telling where it will end because there are few things in life that are not hazardous to your health. We may find ourselves taking twice as many baths, shoveling twice as much snow, swimming twice as much and taking twice as many airplane rides.

It's conceivable that in the future we will find a little reminder on almost everything we touch. Skateboards, electrical appliances, food, drugs, ladders, you name it. And, of course, we can expect newspapers to insert under their help wanted columns these same words of advice: "Caution, work may be hazardous to your health."

Well, anyway, I'm certainly glad they told me about the hazards of cigarette smoking. I just may quit. After all, it's easy to do. I've done it hundreds of times.

So live cautiously, be careful, avoid danger and you may live longer. Unless, that is, you get sick or have an accident.

(I'm A Hazard, Too!)
BEST WISHES
TO THE
TPC
on the 13th
Annual
Gridiron Show

Steinfeld's
DOWNTOWN TUCSON

Best Wishes . . .
to the
Press Club
on their 13th Annual
GRIDIRON SHOW
KEN and DURICE FENSTER

"Take Off What?"
A BUMPY ROAD TO GRIND

By KEN BURTON

Political wags in the nation's capitol have privately expressed fears about a major gap in the Administration's antipoverty program that GOP leaders may use as fuel for a campaign fire.

It is surprising that no Democrat noticed the obvious imbalance created by the Economic Opportunity Act's serious loophole.

In a dramatic announcement on the floor of the Senate, Everett Dirksen pronounced, in emotion-charged tones: "Gentlemen...this nation at this hour...faces a crisis. If our efforts, so graciously authored by my opponents, to rid this Republic of 'pockets of poverty' throughout the land, fails to include that class of people known as eccyisisats."

Sen. Dirksen's announcement touched off a chain reaction that could be heard from secluded California resort areas to MCA and United Artists.

Many of the nation's leading nudists, among them Barney (Fag Leaf) Newton, proprietor of the largest nudist colony in the world at Horseshoe Flats, Okla., have charged the proposal to subsidize eccyisisats is "discriminatory and violates the principles upon which this nation was founded—equality for all—and then some."

The White House so far has remained aloof with a flat "no comment" on the entire situation. Sources close to the President, however, have indicated the chief executive's disdain for what he has described as "very poor planning" on the part of the Poverty Bill's authors.

In New York, 78-year-old Tassels (Boom Boom) LaVerne, often referred to as "queen of the strippers," said she is "delighted" that someone has "finally recognized" the vital role eccyisisats play in American society.

Republican leaders, however, have expressed misgivings about the wisdom of such a plan. "While I haven't studied all the issues, you understand," former President Eisenhower said at his Gettysburg farm only yesterday, "it would seem apparent to me—that is to say, that these, uh, people—these 'eccyisisats' constitute what on the surface, seems to be a very small percentage of the country. Or, of the population. I certainly can't speak for my party. But I can say this: In all probability, and most emphatically, I can say...I think so."

In New York, former Vice President Richard M. Nixon said, "I'm sure glad you asked Pat and myself to comment on that issue. Now, there's nothing I enjoy more than a good burlesque show. I've often made this clear in my many speeches and appearances across this wonderful land of ours. I agree with President Johnson, but only part way. But then, I agree with my own party, too. I'm ready to do anything for this wonderful country that you wonderful people want me to do."

What has failed to come to light is just exactly how the Federal government proposes to subsidize the eccyisisats. Will it be for each article removed, or per each performance, or only when total nudity is attained?

Planners say they have in mind a Department of Eccyisiat Control, under which would be a Bureau of Disrobing, an Office of Nudity and varied special sub-offices and sub-bureaus handling everything from "pasty" subsidies to subsidization of entire nudist colonies.

Former Arizona Sen. Barry Goldwater said the entire program sounded to him "like another liberal idea," contended "to undermine the principles of our Constitution." When asked what he thought about the fact that many John Birch Society members are eccyisisats—"or nudists—Goldwater said, "There are a lot of good people in the John Birch Society. No eccyisiat needs my support."

While capitol cloakrooms are abuzz with the most sensational plan to ever come out of the Johnson Administration, city streets are likewise. Conservative eccyisisats disrobed in front of the White House a week ago and set fire to their money, bumping and grinding all the while to a transistor radio playing David Rose's "The Stripper."

A group of pacifist eccyisisats denounced the idea as "crude." Many burned their Union cards.

About 50,000 eccyisisats, meeting at a San Francisco convention of their national organization, NAKED (National Academy involved in Kinetic Energy, Dutifully) preached militant action and ripped the clothes from onlookers on the balcony of the Cow Palace.

This issue represents one of the major tests of the Johnson Administration.

How the elbow-bending tactics of LBJ stand up in this domestic explosion remain to be seen.

Something is bound to come off.
"... Equality For All — And Then Some!"
"I Almost Got Left In Los Angeles"

By TED TURPIN

She was just a little bit of a woman — fiftyish, maybe — with dark red hair and a rougish face.

I had thought she seemed a little out of place with the royal party.

And now she was wagging a naughty finger at me from her seat in the Pima County Sheriff’s courtesy car, while Princess Margaret’s attendants and Davis-Monthan airmen loaded the trunk with luggage.

Curious, I went closer, and her grin faded. “Oh, I thought you were someone else,” she said, “but you’re PRESS.”

I pleaded guilty, and asked her name. “Oh, I’m just Princess Margaret’s maid,” she said. “They call me Mattie.” She laughed, “but I don’t really think I like it very much.” She wouldn’t give her last name.

Was she the maid they almost left in Los Angeles, I asked — “the one they had to hold the plane for?”

“Oh, I was,” she said, putting a white-gloved hand to her mouth. “But how did you know?”

I explained that Continental Airlines had received word they might have to bring the Princess’s maid, along with additional luggage, on a flight from Los Angeles. The original message, later amended, was that the maid had inadvertently been left behind.

“Well, it wasn’t my fault, really wasn’t,” protested Mattie. “They just ran off and forgot me, you know, really they did. And then they had to come back and get me to the airport, of course.”

She laughed and looked to the handsome young British Embassy attache, who had just climbed into the car, for verification. He didn’t comment. He didn’t laugh, either.

I became aware of a very large British Royal Air Force uniform standing beside me. “Are we quite ready?” said the pilot (Group-Captain Peter E. Vaughan-Fowler, I presumed), in a tone indicating I’d jolly well better be ready.

A Pima County deputy sheriff was at the wheel, ready to go, but I leaned in through the window just once more to thank Mattie for her conversation. I never got the chance.

“Are you PRESS?” demanded an attractive, imperious woman standing beside the Royal Air Force officer — apparently a person of some authority in the royal party. Her tone would have fried an egg.

“Yes, ma’am,” I said meekly, retreating. As I ducked away from the retinue, I noticed her lean in to say something very emphatically to Mattie.

I hope Mattie isn’t going to get into trouble.

She’s just a little bit of a woman, but I’m glad they didn’t leave her in Los Angeles.
"The Old Pueblo Is Wonderfully Colorful!"
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"Margaret Meets The Effluent Society"  

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Book and Lyrics by Gene Adelstein, Ray Best,  
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John Fahr, Dorothy Gallagher, Jay Hall, Bert  
Haberman, Marge Hilts, Jay Miller, Jess Riggle,  
Barbara Sears, Bernie Sedley, Charlie Turbeyville, and Vicky Williams.  

DIRECTED BY ...........................................JESS RIGGLE  
Produced by......................................Rudy Sudigala  
Orchestra........................................Don Macey, piano  
.............................................................................John Hruby, drums  
Chorus Directed by.................................Mike Brown  

The Curt Jesters........................................Bernie Sedley  
and Richard Alexander  
Special Characterizations..........................Joe Crystall  

** ** **  

UP RILLITO CREEK  
WITHOUT A PADDLE  

Princess..............................................Jo Sudigala  
Maids..............................................June Sedley, Helen Lipski,  
.............................................................................Mary Purcell, Kay Cutchall  
Sir Lewis Douglas, Ambassador  
to the Court of St. James's.............John Fahr  

Sheriff's Posse..............................Mike Brown, Anna Brown,  
Ralph Hamilton, Dick Casey,  
Mike Goldberg, Fred Zimmerman, Dave Pakula, Jay  
Abbey, Rudy Sudigala.  
Antony Armstrong Jones.................Jack Sheaffer  

** ** **  

THE THREE MESQUITEERS  
D'Artagnan (James Corbett)...........Al Bradshaw  
1st Mesquiteer (Kirk Storch).........Fred Zimmerman  
2nd Mesquiteer (Hector Morales)...Fred Heiden  
3rd Mesquiteer (James Murphy).......Ruben Sabin  
Cardinal Rich Lew............................Dick Casey  
The Dictator (James Southard)........Charles Turbeyville  

1st Henchman....................................(James Southard)  
2nd Henchman....................................(G. Freeman Woods)  

** ** **  

IN AND ABOUT IN  
Star Society Staff..............................Marge Hilts  
Citizen Society Staff........................Chic Fannin  

** ** **  

SING OUT SIXTY-SEX  
(Our Morally Re-armed Youth)  
Mike Brown, Anne Brown, Ralph Hamilton,  
Dick Casey, Fred Zimmerman, Mike Goldberg,  
Rudy Sudigala, Dave Pakula, Jay Abbey.  

** ** **  

YOUNG AND AMUSING  
Capering Carl.................................Nik Krevitsky  
Show Girls..............................Lynda Cabrera, Mary Purcell,  
Kaye Cutchall  

** ** **  

STREET OF DREAMS  
Tourists............................................June Sedley, Helen Lipski,  
John Putney, Norma Putney,  
Kay Getzwiller, Ellen Bernard,  
Carol Heatley, Ruben Sabin,  
Teenagers..........................................Judy Scott  
Ellen Adelstein
DESERT TRAILS
Filmed and Narrated by Jay Miller

SMART'S IN SOUTH TUCSON
Robert Bare ........................................... Mike Brown

RATMAN (Part 1)
Announcer ........................................... Mike Brown
Sam Goddard, The Roadrunner .................. George Morse
Sol Ahee, The Joker .................................. Dave Pakula
John Haugh, Mr. Tallow ............................. Rudy Sudigala
Ratman .................................................. Bernie Rabinovitz
Stoolie Pigeon ........................................... Jay Abbey

INTERMISSION

ACT 2
SECOND OPENING CHORUS

RATMAN (Part 2)

THREE TO TANGLE
Richard Roylston .................................. Dick Calkins
Robert Roylston .................................. Paul Humphrey
Mary Anne Richey ................................. Kay Getzwiller

LAWS 'A MERCY
Film Edited by Gene Adelstein,
Narrated by Rich Heatley

NOBODY
Commissioner Duncan .............................. Jim Cooper
Fanlou .................................................. Martha Cooper

SECOND CHORUS SKIT
A HOPLESS SITUATION
William R. Mathews .............................. Dave Wiener
Mary Jeffries Burt, The Sunday Evening Form .............................................. Joan Williamson
Vietnamese ............................................. Fred Heiden
William Small ........................................ Will Scott

YOU GET SMART AGAIN

SING OUT SIXTY-SEX
(Our Re-Moralized Singers Reappear)

A FETE WORSE THAN DEATH
Luci .................................................. Ellen Adelstein
Pat Nugent .......................................... Larry Dadesman
Lynda .................................................. Mary Purcell
George Hamilton ................................. Bob Hirsch
Secret Service ...................................... Ruben Sabin

FINALE
a cast of thousands in a grand climax

CREDITS
Assistant to the Director .......................... Ann Dalton
Technical Crew ..................................... Jim Olmstead, Steve Kearns,
Rich Heatley, Helen Miller
Construction .......................................... Stu Clingerman
Props and Costumes ............................... Kay Cutchall, Jane Gillespie,
Ann Dalton, Mary Purcell
Art ..................................................... Dick Calkins, Jerry Schiemann
Swords ................................................ Jack Schwanke
Makeup .............................................. Pat Shreve, Tess Kenna
Wigs .................................................... The Wiggery
Publicity ............................................. Gene Adelstein, Gladys Sarlat,
Jess Riggle
Tickets ................................................ Natalie Watson
Ushers ............................................... Caroline Emerine

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Tucson.

— 29 —
Sorry About That, Chollie!

Would You Believe ... Bob Ganz?
THE IMAGE MAKER

By FRANK JOHNSON

A dust devil spun its way across the desert whipping the flap of the sutler's tent as the bugler spat out a mouthful of sand and got ready to blow "Re-call."

Another day was ended for the 313th Mess Kit Repair Battalion in what a soldier was writing in his diary as "an idyllic setting in the Golden West."

"What are you writing that crap down for, George?" queried a moth-eaten corporal as he dipped a tin cup in the sutler's whiskey barrel.

"For posterity, Mac, for posterity."

"Posterity, my posterior, Ain't nobody gonna give a damn about us ever chousing around in this hellhole."

"That's all you know about it, Mac my friend. Draw me about six fingers of that rotgut and I'll edify you."

"Here's your damn booze, but don't make any more nasty suggestions."

"Well, son, it's like this... there'll be a time when the folks who come after us will think we were real go-to-hell glamorous heroes and, by damn, I don't want to disappoint them."

"But, George baby, you keep writing down stuff like knocking off injuns by the dozen... hell, we been out here two years and ain't seen a hostile redskin... and that crap about chasing women for chrissake. You blushed for two days after working up enough courage to pinch that Sonora barmaid on the butt. And another thing, George, you keep bleedin' about how beautiful it is out here. Man, you're screwy enough to be a whole orchard on the funny farm."

"Mac, you gotta be commercial. Someday history buffs will cry tears as big as horse droppings over how we won the West. And with the buildup I'm giving myself even a 'No Entry' will read like the 'Charge of the Light Brigade."

"Yeah, but you keep writing about drinking, fighting and fooling around with women. Ain't nobody gonna put that in a family newspaper."

"Don't bet on it, Mac. That stuff's gonna get me in print."

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, son, after I get out of this Union suit I aim to be a butcher, maybe later open a saloon, gamble away all my money and wind up as janitor of the Pima County Courthouse — a fallen hero."

"Then after I croak some editor will find my diary and print it over and over and over because I was such a hellion."

"I still don't get it, George. You write your old grandmother Hand every day and are first in line at church call on Sunday morning."

"That's right, Mac, but you should be with me on Saturday nights."

"That's when I hang around the Press Club and pick up all my ideas."
Help stamp out poverty!

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STATE SENATOR
DISTRICT 7A
"A Party? Sounds Great!  
Where's Golf Links Road?"
"... Autographed Picture of Mario Savio?"
We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special message from the President:

"Mah fella Americans. Ah have been beginin' increasingly alarmed over the discontent of some of our people with their government in these United States of America—especially on our college campuses.

"It is increasingly impotent that these young people know care about what they think—and encourage their independence of mind and opinion.

"Ah have therefore ordered the creation of a new department to handle this grave problem. We’re goin' to call it the Agency for Pep and Encouragement, and ah have appointed Mr. Maxwell Smart, renowned for his work with the State Department, to its head . . ."

The President’s word sends the government-organizing machinery into immediate motion, and, no more than six months later, the telephone rings for the first time in the richly walnut-panelled offices of the new agency.

A young, attractive woman dressed in neatly-attired red, white and blue uniform crosses the vast sea of thick white carpeting to her giant, ornate teakwood desk and squelks sedately as friction sends a tiny shock from the telephone cradle to her finger-tip.

"Ooo! Good morning, APE, the agency designed with the younger generation in mind, may I help you? Oh, good heavens, red alert . . . Berkeley? I'll ring condition emergency and summon Mr. Smart immediately . . ."

Within a twinkling, APE Director Smart stands facing a bearded defender of civil liberties. On the ground between them is a small pile of ashes. Smart stares intensely businesslike into the eyes of the student as he speaks:

"These ashes . . . you smoke a pipe? A very dear, v-e-r-y tiny friend of yours has just incinerated himself in the name of Buddha . . ."

There is no answer.

"How about you just conducted a small bonfire rally for the game with USC tonight?" Smart tries.

"That, sibling of bureaucracy, is my draft card," the student finally answers.

"I don't think I like your tone of voice. Suppose we talk about this like two adults—man to man," Smart proposes. "Let me tell you. You burned your draft card on the premise that man need not carry tokens to prove his faith in his land and his willingness to stand up for it . . ."

No answer.

". . . Would you believe you burned it because man is other directed more often than God or self-directed and the tie that binds man unto humanity is his belief that good grows when bombs die . . ."

"I burned it because I don't like the draft," the student says, straightening.

"Oh, c'mon, you can do better than that," Smart chides. "You ought to try one of my reasons. Better press, you know. Our office has a complete file of reasons for civil disobedience that'll wow 'em every time. Let me send you those and a couple of signs to carry. Draft card burning is really losing its punch, you know. It's also against the law, but we can overlook that."

"I burned it because I don't like the draft," the student repeats without changing expression. Smart turns to his faithful aide.

"Time to try Tact Two, APE 99. Hand me one of those draft cards." She does.

"To show you your government is behind you every step of the way . . ." Smart says as he flips a lighter that plays "Hail to the Chief" and ignites the draft card. "We want you to be happy, feel free, have every advantage over the cross majority who would criticize you." He sneaks a side wink at APE 99.

Suddenly, the student takes a purposeful step forward, glaring at Smart. A group of other students form a ring around the pair.

"Are you a member of the Brotherhood of Minorities, Local 498?" the student asks gruffly.

"Why—no—I—OUCH!!" Smart drops the draft card that has just burned his fingers and sticks the injured appendages in his mouth.

"Do you have membership in the Student Peace Union then? An autographed picture of Mario Savio? A pair of leather-seat official sit-in trousers autographed by Fearless Leader?" The student's voice grows louder as Smart shakes his head negatively, backing into the arms of those behind him.

"Then you, sibling, are in violation of Section 88 of the Brotherhood code—non-union protesting. Take him away, men," the student orders.

"Oh, no, not again," Smart moans as the students pick him up and carry him off.

"Oh, dear," APE 99 sighs to the stunned dean at her side. "When will people ever learn. We're here to help them."
"QUE LINDA!"
Somethings (Twice) On My Mind

By MARX LOEB

Yesterday, May 1, launched what is surely the strangest week in our entire calendar. As of yesterday and all through this week you are supposed to stop kicking the cat and refrain from trying beer cans to old Rover’s tail. . . . for this week is “Be Kind To Animals Week.” Oddly enough, this year “Be Kind To Animals Week” starts with May Day, when all the Commis- ments march, carrying huge signs saying “Be UNKIND to Capitalists” and they in turn are beaten with clubs by mounted policemen (that is if the Commies get too unkind to Capitalists and start showing their well-heel’d enemies a bit too hard). So you find the policeman’s horses being unkind to Communists by leaving many of them with bruised insteps.

Then the week settles down a bit, with fishermen taking advantage of the lovely weather and taking a day off from their business so they can get out the old rod and reel and spend a lazy day out-wattiong fish by sending down fake meals with a hook concealed in goodies.

Other and more vigorous types spend these lovely days hunting quail, rabbits or Javelina. Of course, there are some workers who disdain to take a holiday at this time, because this is their busy season . . . and I refer, of course, to the exterminators. These poor fellows cannot take time off for fishing or hunting because it is a very busy season and they are needed by householders more than ever to kill bugs, snakes and rodents. Poor fellows!

Now this wonderfully humane week ends with a flourish with “Mothers’ Day.” Isn’t that sweet? It does seem to be very odd programming to me. I should think that complaints could be received from both camps. Mothers might possibly object to being included in “Be Kind To Animals Week” even if, technically speaking, mothers, like all other humans, are animals. While on the other hand, animals might resent sharing their one week with mothers, feeling perhaps that mothers do not have enough fur to qualify for this week. Of course, it must be admitted that some mothers are fur-bearers . . . what with fur coats in the winter and mink stoles or capes on the cool summer evenings. Then there is that group of older mothers, many of whom sport quite thick mustach- taches. But the animals probably will not reason this way.

I do not think we are being fair to either group by lumping them together this way. Mothers and animals both deserve their own period of kindness even if it is true that we are kind to animals for a week and to mothers for only a day! In the meantime though, remember, don’t kick either dogs, cats or mothers for another week now!

. . . AND . . .

I had a cheery thought about television the other day. Do you remember back in the early days of T.V. that many gloomy fellows were predicting that the public would become a lot of mindless staring . . . eschewing books, theatre, conversation, etc.?

Well, there was a time there when we all had to agree that the old tube was indeed having a dampen- ing effect on the home life all over America . . . it was still a novelty . . . and the producers of the T.V. shows were experimenting and trying all sorts of new ideas in this new medium.

It had a kind of fascination for even the most strong-minded among us . . . we became addicts . . . we contracted the rare disease called “Televisionitus” and the symptoms of this dread disease were bulging eyeballs, slackness of jaw, inability to converse for more than two or three minutes at a time, and a definite dread of leaving the house during so-called leisure hours.

Of course the scientists tried everything to combat this awful scourge . . . the Hollywood scientists kept telling us “that movies were better than ever!” . . . the publishing scientists were publicizing their books on T.V. in the forlorn hope that some of the sufferers would break their fever with a look or two. And, of course, in print there were all manner of cures and preventives suggested.

For a while it seemed hopeless. But Nature . . . dear old Mother Nature . . . came to the rescue in the usual way. You know, I’m sure, that when there are toxins or foreign bodies in the system causing disease, Nature provides anti-odies to fight the toxins, and if the system in question is strong enough the disease producing toxins are vanquished.

So it has been with “Televisionitus!” I realized recently that this dread disease is producing her own anti-bodies in the form of such incredibly bad T.V. shows that only the most desperately addicted T.V. watchers are now incurable. Isn’t it wonderful? With such strong anti-bodies as “The Beverly Hillbillies”, “Batman”, “I Dream of Genie”, “Peyton Place”, “Please Don’t Eat the Daisies”, “The Double Life”, oh, so many other assinine offerings, it has become not only easy, but a positive pleasure to turn off our sets and return to reading, conversing and catching up with our hobbies. Yes, like small pox and measles, the disease is supplying the cure. All over America, eyeballs are sinking back into their normal sockets, mouths are closing, with the jaws tightest up again, and we are once more free to come and go from our houses, visit with each other and return to the normal life. The fever is broken. Aren’t Nature and Madison Avenue wonderful?
HERESY TRIAL OPENS TODAY blared the headlines of the Daily Escusado.

Street sales might have been brisker with those headlines a few days earlier. But today, July 31, 1751, the headlines didn’t attract many readers.

The trial had been in session for nearly a week. The paper’s value today was only in its name.

Guillermo Matos, editor and publisher of the Daily Escusado, glumly watched the ragged newsboys vainly barking the passé headlines.

The dateline on the Escusado read “July 25, 1751.” Production had fallen behind again. It would be two more days before the July 26 edition rolled off.

That’s the way things were in the Daily Escusado. Just a constant straining to keep things moving.

“I must find some way to get those printers off their stools!” fumed Matos.

Printing of the Daily Escusado was done only by the most skilled manipulators of quill and ink from the nearby monastery. But between allowing for the drying of ink and waiting for devotional breaks, it was a losing battle against deadlines.

Nearly a year ago, Matos had been approached by a German salesman (“How in the world had he cut through the Spanish red tape to travel through the New World?” Matos had wondered at the time) who was taking orders for a revolutionary new printing process.

Showing samples and foreseeing printing production that staggered the imagination (200 sheets per hour possible!), the salesman tantalized Matos with the story of the movable type press.

Matos had then met with the monks in the chapel and told them he was considering purchasing such a press. He even offered to send the quill and ink monks to school where they’d learn to work with the press. But the monks voted overwhelmingly against Matos’ proposal to automate.

It went against Church doctrine. The scriptures were very specific on the subject of man earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. A movable letter press would leave many brows dry.

Matos was a practical man. He wasn’t afraid to press the printers, but he didn’t dare press the Church and risk going before the Inquisition on an anti-ecclesiastical charge.

He knew the movable type press was the coming thing, but he couldn’t risk voicing his opinion publicly.

Julio Viernes, a local novelist, had dared to make his beliefs known in public and that’s why he was now on trial for heresy.

Matos shuddered as he thought of Viernes on trial. Charges had been filed by the Inquisition judge, Typekabal Hixzaybik Tykeelaquervo, a convert to the faith who had acquired great pseudo-ecclesiastical power.

Tykeelaquervo, a direct descendant of Aztec rulers who spread fear throughout their domains, spread fear wherever he went as an agent of the Inquisition.

Known fearfully as the Big Az, Tykeelaquervo had arrived in the Primeria Alta of the Arizconia district only six months ago and the population had, in that time, decreased by 175 heretics.

Among them had been some of the biggest users of the Escusado. Matos wondered how the Big Az had flushed so many out. He had always figured Viernes would someday get wiped out, but the others!!!?

Viernes had practically sent the Inquisition an engraved invitation to try him with his books.

Matos now looked out toward the walls that protected San Augustin del Tuquison from the marauding Apache Indians. As his eyes lingered on the guards patrolling the walls, Matos was inclined to agree with the Big Az that Viernes was possessed of devils.

Matos had read nearly all of Vierne’s books and had concluded that the man was daft, though he gave the impression of being brilliant.

In his works, Vierne had predicted that some day in that wilderness to the northeast of the walled pueblo there would stand a great desert university (“If this man isn’t a heretic, he’s at least a druid.”). And it would educate women as well as men.

“Preposterous!” Matos burst out when he read that. “Just because we sleep with them doesn’t mean we have to go to school with them.”

Matos had also chuckled over Vierne’s prediction that a losing football team (“What in the world is football?”) at the great desert university would create more concern in San Augustin del Tuquison than the lack of industry (“What in the world is industry?”).

In his book, Journey Through the Center of the Great Desert, Viernes had visualized travel in vehicles moving over roads harder than caliche; in trains of coaches gliding over rails; and (“Heresy of heresies!”) traversal of the desert in huge flying machines made of metals too heavy to float on water, let alone lift off the ground. And all of these instruments of the Devil self-propelled!

Viernes had written of pueblos sprawling across miles of desert accented by high rise buildings made of materials other than adobe.

Matos had weighed the problems of such buildings and decided that inhabitants of such buildings would freeze in winter or suffocate in summer. And he felt tired to think of climbing ladders to the loftiest floors of these buildings.

Once, Matos thought he had found a flaw in the prescient writings of Viernes. Considering that all of these “things to come” would transpire outside the safety of the walls, Matos had asked Viernes, “What will you do about the Indians?”

Vierne’s reply had left Matos more perplexed than ever. Without butting an eye, Viernes had said:

“Invite them to hold spring training here. It’ll increase the tourist industry.”
"... Among Them Had Been Some Of The Biggest Users Of The Escusado"
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Our Man In Tucson
In The Time Of Pharoah

By PAUL SWETZER

(Note: History is filled with "ifs." The most constant question a student asks himself in pursuing a study of the subject is, "What if...?" What follows is the result of a slight change in history as it is known today.)

THE TIME: The Reign of Ramses the Great.

THE PLACE: Ancient Egypt.

THE SCENE: The Royal Palace in Memphis, Egypt.

* * * * *

PHAROAH: Oh, for God's sake! Is that bunch of mealy-mouths back again? I thought that after the Nile turned to blood and the plague came, they'd be convinced that I wasn't going to let them go! All right, let that old fool with the beard in again. And get me some aspirin, I've got a splitting headache.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD: Yes, your majesty. Hey! Let that guy Moses and his pals into the throne room!

PHAROAH: For God's sake! Don't shout! The queen kept at me all last night about our oldest son's dying and I'm exhausted!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD: Yes, your majesty. (ENTER MOSES AND SEVERAL COMPANIONS. ONE OF THESE DOES NOT MOVE INTO THE ROYAL VIEW, BUT REMAINS SHELTERED BEHIND THE LEADER.)

MOSES: Let my people go!

PHAROAH: No!

MOSES: I can visit yet a worse fate on you than any you have seen so far.

PHAROAH: Look, I've seen enough of your damned silly tricks, you old faker. There's nothing you can do that you haven't already tried and I won't let your people go!

MOSES: There is one thing worse, I warn you, Pharaoh.

PHAROAH: The hell you say! Try it! I dare you!

(MOSES REACHES BEHIND HIM AND DRAGS INTO VIEW THE YOUTH — WHO HAS AN IMPISH GRIN, BRIGHT EYES, AND A SCRAZZLY MUSTACHE.)

PHAROAH: This is the worst one you can find? Brother! Captain, take this skinny kid out and feed him to my pet lions. No! Better yet! Let the Ethiopian archers practice on him! If they can see him.

(THE GUARDS MOVE IN AND SURROUND THE YOUTH, WHO NEVER CHANGES EXPRESSION AND WHO LOOKS AT PHAROAH IN A GAZE THAT COMBINES INNOCENCE AND AMAZEMENT.)

THE YOUTH: Whatcha doin' up there, Pharaoh?

PHAROAH: What did he say?

THE YOUTH: You wear that funny looking thing on your head all the time, huh, Pharaoh?

PHAROAH: My God!

THE YOUTH: Zat gal next to you your wife, huh, Pharaoh? She doesn't look very happy, does she, huh, Pharaoh? What's her name, huh?

PHAROAH: I don't believe it!

THE YOUTH: Hey, Pharaoh, you always stand up on that platform? Why, huh? Is it 'cause you're shorter than most people, huh? How's the air up there, huh?

PHAROAH: (To the Captain): Get them out of here!

MOSES: Can we...?

PHAROAH: For God's sake, yes! Let them go! Help them pack! Do whatever they need! Only get them out of here!

THE CAPTAIN: Well, sir, there's the problem of the Red Sea. You see they want to cross it and they have no...

PHAROAH: Don't we have a Navy? For God's sake, get them a ship! Get them a whole damned fleet, but get them OUT OF MY SIGHT! And get me that aspirin, I'm surrounded by idiots.

(He lapses into an incoherent babble and the guards begin moving Moses and his companions out of the throne room.)

THE YOUTH: Hey, Pharaoh, why ya' kickin' us out, huh? Don'tcha like us, huh? You always hang around in this place, huh? Why don'tcha get a new chair up there, huh? Betcha I could find you a real good...!

PHAROAH: Get him out! Even the Queen is better! For God's sakes! Let them go! LET THEM GO!

THE YOUTH: 'Bye All!
SHOULDN'T A BACHELOR
HAVE PETUNIAS ON HIS COUCH?

It is not unusual for bachelors to argue about matters of sex, but when an argument draws into question the sexuality of flowers, colors, and even tradition, that's a serious matter. When my own virility is at stake, that is positively grave.

My mother started the whole flap when she presented me with a couch, nine feet long (plus) with at least a hundred cushions across the back. It was my sole furnishing for a barren apartment I rented when I came to Tucson.

And I couldn't refuse it, because I had bought the monster for my parents' home three years previously when I had been impressed with the Playboy-pad concept of interior design that made Danish modern mandatory. After a valiant attempt to live with the new wrinkles, dear old mom reverted to Early American — and I got an over-sized sofa.

I liked it, except that the fuzzy brown ticking on it depressed me. The stuffings were sticking out all over it — not badly, you understand — just a frayed slit here and a popping bulge there.

So, I decided to have it reupholstered.

That's when the trouble began.

"What's this?" a tennis-playing marital reject asked one day as he fingered the decorator's sample laying across the back of the sofa.

Simple explanation.

"In this pad?" he shouted. "It's too feminine."

Suiting up for tennis in the other room, I blushed. It had never occurred to me before that minute that flowers had sex, other than the biological kind one studies in school.

"A kid picks a flower and takes it to his Dad, right?" I said, "and he doesn't know sex from airplanes."

"So you'd put flowers in a boy's room, I suppose," Dirty Sneakers shot back.

"Certainly."

"But a blue bedspread, at least," he asserted confidentially.

"Hell, no, any old primary color in a kid's room," I said. "With great big flowers in red, yellow and green painted smack on the wall."

And the rest of that day's emotional outbursts dealt with flowers being feminine in the history of the Western World, traditional blue for boys and pink for girls, some mumbling about burlap wall coverings, pictures of ropes, branding irons and sailors on the walls. I forget what else.

Smarting from the unexpected embarrassment of having to defend flowers, of all things, I did research.

Do you know where the word petunia comes from? The French "petun" for tobacco. It was apparently derived from the sound made when one is spitting the juice thereof. How's that for feminine? Pe-TU-nia. Try it.

Gladiolus? From the Latin for gladiator, the diminutive of "gladius" meaning sword.

Lupine? Latin for wolf, "lupus."

The tulip? From Turkish "tubend" meaning turban.

And nasturtium comes from two Latin words meaning to twist the nose. If you've ever smelled that pungent little nosegay, you know why.

Flipping page after page of seed catalog and dictionary, I found practically no common household flower that doesn't trace its word origin to a masculine root. Some, however, appear to be rootless; I couldn't trace them. But their names alone suggest their "sexuality": red hot poker, Indian pipe, bull thistle, Dutchman's breeches, and, alas, Bachelor's button.

Then there's the cock's comb, so named because the bloom is shaped like a rooster's — not a hen's — topknot.

The forget-me-not turns out to be the emblem of friendship and fidelity, two particularly un-lady-like characteristics, I might suggest.

If the name isn't masculine, the developer of the strain usually is. Dahlia for A. Dahl; Zinnia after J. G. Zinn; and Wisteria for Caspar Wistar. Not a woman in the lot.
To rebut one low challenge — the pansy comes from the Latin "pensare," meaning to weigh, to ponder; not what my blooming illiterate friend tried to imply.

Even armed with these facts, I failed to convert my opponent to my view at our next encounter.

We raged at one another, and, I must confess that I fear I became somewhat overwrought. In a rash moment, I threatened to get married, and to have four children (two boys and two girls). Control groups.

My idea was to have "traditional" bedrooms for one pair of kids and two unconventional bedrooms for the others. The latter would have primary colors liberally splashed about, flowers on the wall, flowers sprouting from window boxes, and at least one floral covered couch.

Of course, it will be a while before I know how the experiment turns out. Meanwhile, I'm going to sit on this bright flowery davenport, and entertain prospective brides. One day, when the time is right, the loveliest prospect and I will get on with it.
"Tucson Police Department on the job ma'am . . . Did the burglar take anything of value from your drawers?"
C. O. P. E.

By ELEANOR RICE

There is no end to it—this initial business is one of the most frustrating developments of modern life. It is a creeping disease of the alphabet that makes groppers of us all—groping for the words for which the letters stand.

In reading a newspaper, which a lot of us do just for the laughs, one is forced to race this growing army of initials, a good part of which is now grouped in divisions of acronyms. Those, of course, are the coy arrangements of initials which spell words—COPE, CORE, VISTA, YES, TIDE, HUD, CARE and so forth.

Headlines can mean absolutely nothing to you until you get into the story and find out just what all those capital letters represent. Or, if you did recognize the abbreviated form, you may get fooled and discover it stands for an organization other than the one you thought you were reading about.

Because nowadays, friend, there are so many programs, associations, foundations, societies, councils, congresses and what have you that duplications of initializations are cropping up frequently and you just can’t be triumphant because you know one group by those letters. You should know at least two to be in the running at all.

For example, in Arizona especially, a reader has to go beyond most headlines to know whether the story is concerned with Civil Air Patrol or Central Arizona Project. Then there’s AID, which might stand for American Institute of Interior Designers, or Agency for Interdependent Development, according to where you sit.

A couple that don’t spell words but have some variety in meaning are SRO which could be School Resource Officer, a gent rather well discussed of late, or the oldie, Standing Room Only. Another is AMA which easily might represent more organizations than these: American Medical Assn., Arizona Medical Assn. and American Manufacturers Assn.

If you’re old enough, you’ll remember the days when life was simpler and there were just a few of these capital letter arrangements that everyone knew—such as FBI, WPA, CCC and PDO.

Anyone who has ever slapped a dog probably has heard about the ASPCA, and Sing Along types undoubtedly have mastered the long SPBQSA. These are old standbys along with AFL and CIO. (If you don’t know those two you’ve obviously been living in another world where union means suit.)

Then there are the tricky combinations using parts of some words along with just the first letters of others, Take, for one, NORAD, North American Air Defense Command. Makes a nice word, NORAD. But it does take some figuring.

For an acronym that has nothing to do with what the letters stand for, try HEW. That’s the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare. (Anybody in the know says H-E-W, letter by letter. Not the word, Clyde). The government no doubt has a monopoly on this whole initializing bit. And it has one beaut that must cause a few chuckles—SOB. Senate Office Building, what else?

SAC is a nice sounding one. Perhaps because it sounds just like “sack” and find me the Strategic Air Command guy or anyone else who doesn’t like to “sack out.”

And then there’s SAM, which is not as you may have thought, an exalted reference to our good governor. Believe you’ll find that it’s actually an abbreviated reference to a surface-to-air missile. O.K., so you got that one. How about BIA? As an Arizonan (presumably) you should crack out a quick answer: Bureau of Indian Affairs.

If you enjoy those long ones that spell a word, the tedious acronyms that show so much effort to create a word that the name probably got longer and longer just for this purpose, here are a couple of fine examples: REACH, Referral to Employment, Academic and Community Service Organizations for Housewives; and SCORE, Service Corps of Retired Executives. Yessireebob!

Well, they do look dandy in headlines and that is where you see most of them these days. For what head writer could COPE with those long REACHing names without this kind of AID, anyway?

Initially, there were a few witty beginnings to all this, like ABC’s and the three R’s. Now, initially you’d better get with this alphabet craze or you’ll be lost man, gone.

Tried any LSD lately?

And that’s about enough for now. So GNP, which normally stands for Gross National Product. But sometimes it would be handy for “Go Nap on a Precipice” or, right now, “Good Night, Pussyfoot.”
Our Director, Jess Riggle

TUCSON INNKEEPER, RANCH & RESORT ASSOCIATION

Tucson’s Finest Salutes the 1966 Gridiron Show

ARIZONA INN
BARRA NADA RANCH LODGE
CLIFF MANOR MOTOR HOTEL
COCHISE LODGE
CORONA RANCH
DESERT INN MOTOR HOTEL
DESERT WILLOW RANCH
DOUBLE U RANCH
EL ENCANTO APARTMENTS
FLAMINGO HOTEL
49ers RANCH RESORT
GHOST RANCH LODGE
IMPERIAL 400 MOTEL
LAZY K BAR RANCH LODGE ON THE DESERT
MONTCLAIR APARTMENTS
PICTURE ROCK RANCH
PIONEER INTERNATIONAL
RAMADA INN
SADDLE & SURREY RANCH
SADDLEBACK RANCH
SANDS MOTOR HOTEL
SANTA RITA HOTEL
SKYLINE COUNTRY CLUB
TANQUE VERDE RANCH
TUCSON BILTMORE INN
WESTERNER HOTEL
WHITE STALLION RANCH
WILD HORSE RANCH

Members of Arizona State and American Hotel & Motel Association
"Not Now, Sergeant . . .
I'll Meet You At The Body Shop At 8!"
"DEAR BOSS..."

By EMILY BRUNT

Dear Boss;

Like you said I need to absorb some local color. After all, Chicago is a big city and you know that it took me most of my twenty-three years to find out all about it. (Big Chi, I mean.)

After you give me the word about local color I disguised it with my friend, Bob Gatts the mixologist. (Wot a class word.) Emilybaby says Bob I know just the place. Wait til I get off work and we'll take a little drive he says.

So we did.

We drove a long time. It was dark. Bob was sure happy, and was singing even. After almost an hour comes some lights and then some more. So we parked the car and started walkin'. I dint like that.

The walkin' was gettin' to me because natchly I wore my spike-heel, transparent, see-through genuine plastic shoes with the diamond (sort of) ankle straps. You know, the ones you liked so much you said that you couldn't believe they was for real. Or me either you said for that matter. You sure are a great kidder.

All this time I am lookin' for local color, hoping I know it when I see it. Which is 50-50 the way I call it.

By the way, I thought I could wear my purple slacks and scoop-necked green sweater because Bob says we are going where nobody will know us. And he laughed some more. Sealin' that he was so happy I figured you would say ok.

First we walked to a big hotel the Fry Markus. We had a nice drink with salt on it which made us thirstier. Bob says Emilybaby drink up because it has lots of vitamin C. So I did to be a good guest. Then I was thirstier so I did it again. Once or twice.

We went to a place that was a big hole in the wall. It was nothin' but a cave but I dint want to hurt Bob's feelins. Bob got some more salt things but I dint. I got something in a little tiny glass dark brown. I had only a few of them. But it was local color I figured. Or maybe the color was getting more local. Yes.

Bob ate soup with turtles in it. I got more delicat feelins than him so I just ate the ah dervs. Which I was not hungry by then anyways.

After he ate Bob says lets take a little taxi ride.

Bob told the driver we wanted to see some action. So I get in thinkin' I'm gonna see Joe Tamatas nice tobacco farm which is nearby I hear and which has a lot of action indeed.

But no.

We went to a street called Kyyay Kennel. There was lots of night clubs on it. There was nice men who opened doors and helped you walk in. Which I kind of needed.

They had music. They had floor shows. Which was okay except Chicago has got lots better if you like to look at girls. Which I don't. That's the whole thing, Boss. The places were full of girls. They were very friendly. To Bob.

I had another salty thing to drink. Bob says Emilybaby lets make it out of this establishmint, but first I have got to discuss a matter with a young lady. He was talkin' very sincere so I thought I'd walk around a minute while he was discussin'. In the back of the club near the refreshmint stand a nice man spoke to me.

He said was my hair reel? I said as reel as I can make it. He said would I like a job? Doin' what? I said. He got to laughin' and he dint speak so hot anyways so I figured out it had to do with waitress work.

Nothin' doin' I says. I am a reporter. I said it kind of loud because my ears were ringing from that salt.

It was very suprisin' the amount of action that happened then.

All the people who were visiting the establishmint hear me. Also Bob. All them people ran, Boss, like I mean they split—right out the door.

Bob looked at me kind of funny. Emilybaby he says are you for reel? Which seems to be a common remark to me. Bob I says I want to go home. I says I got my deadline to meet in only three days.

Bob that darlin' man says home it is. And so we went.

While I think of it there is a thing you got to know.

So many people were speakin' a foreign language you'd think you was in Italy or someplace.

You want I should study up? On somethin? Italian, maybe?

Yrs. rsptly,
Your trop,
Emily Brunt (Miss)
"I Got My Dedline To Meet In Only Three Days!"
ACT 1 — SONGS

To "Bear Down Arizona"
Get up, Princess Margaret
Get out of the sack,
Just wear a tiara
We don't care if it is gawk
Our city is waiting
It is time to go!
Up, Your Royal Highness—
We're starting the show.
On a Clear Day.

To "On A Clear Day"
On a clear day
rise and look about you
and you'll see where you are
Where am I?
You're in Tucson
Tucson, Arizona
and the whole town is waiting
to fall at your feet
Oh Sir Lewie
'Ere you should go
and get some rum for dear old mum
instead of putting on a show
Oh there's so much here
Comin' with me, dear
and we'll see Tucson as it's never been
seen before

(To "Hello, Dolly")
Hello Maggie, well hello Maggie
It's so nice to have you here in Tucson Town.
We think its swell, Maggie.
Give 'em hell, Maggie.
Be alluring
While your touring
In your stylish gown.
The many things you see here
Make you glad to be here
Industries and culture wait your royalty
So—Thanks to you Margaret
You are our target.
Hope you enjoy the show you're going to see.

UP RILLITO CREEK

WITHOUT A PADDLE

To "Up the Lazy River"
Up Rillito River, where the sewage flows
I'll have to warn your Highness you should
hold your nose.
I'm not sure that I can stand this awful
stench.
Up Rillito River where the pipes are broke
The water's nice and clear here but it's
killing folk.
Boiling is such fun
In Sanitary One
Up Rillito River, how infectious it will be
Up Rillito River with we three
We're boiling all the water—so it's safe to
drink.
If he offers me a drink
I'll pour it down the sink.

Blue skies up above
I am sure you'll love it
Up Rillito River
How happy we will be
Up Rillito River
We three—
Without a paddle
Up Rillito River
We three.

THREE MESQUITEERS

To "One Alone"

One alone, I'm on my own
Democrats are what we are lacking

To "Pomp and Circumstance"

I'm Storch and I'm pompous
My shirt is well stuffed
Lew Davis can't tromp us
Or we'll walk out in a huff

To "Three Caballeros"

I'm Hector Morales
I'm not from Nogales
I represent numero cinco
So don't worry fellas
No need to get jealous
I took care of that
Young Republican gringo

To "Ta Ra Ra Boom Te Ay"

We are the Musketeers
Democrat profiteers
Our faithful volunteers
Secured our fine careers

We are the Musketeers
We've overcome the smear
By editorial seers
and jealous G.O.P.'ers
Elected by our peers
We're here for four long years
We're in up to their ears
We are the Musketeers.

Tax payers are gonna get a royal (censored)
Come, Jim, stop your confession
And let's all go into executive session
That's where we're goin'
We are not goin' away.

To "Great Day"

When we're down and out
Lift up our heads and shout.
What ever happened to Kirk?
Voters in great throngs
Decided he was wrong
What ever happened to Kirk?
Ransom Powell will haunt you
Paul Rees will taunt you
Nobody wants you
Jim Baby
Now, please go to hell
Back to your old motel
We're glad it happened to Kirk!
To "Ta Ra Ra Boom Te Ay"
We'd sell out for two beers
And shove it up your ears
We'll not shed any tears
Till re-election nears
We are the Musketeers
We are the Mus-Ke-Teers!

IN AND ABOUT IN
"Drop That Name"

STAR EDITOR: Our job is to write the stuff that is true.
Round the world tours and terrible boors
Of indoor sport and skirt so short
Parties and teas and balls—if you please.
George and Paul and William Small
and all of the rest.

CITIZEN EDITOR: —and Ten Best Dressed!
Eating their grub at the O. P. Club
We find that's where the socialites gather.
Plump and pink and clad in mink
Lapping up booze and gossiping blather.
Dining at the country clubs and M. O. Club, too.

STAR EDITOR: Tucson's Who's Who
All the O'Dowd's are part of the crowds.
Abby and Art, their parties are smart.
Beauty tips for flabby hips, getting in shape,
Elizabeth Arden's Junior League and Little League
and weddings in June.

CITIZEN EDITOR: —and Richard Boone
What does one make of a car in a lake?
We are told 'twas driven by Speiden.
Innovators had their day and classified ads made interesting readin'.
When things get tame, we drop a name, for that is our job.

STAR EDITOR: —and Inez Robb
BOTH: Janie and Bill and Jessie Hill
Sally and Kell are doing quite well
Emily and John H.—Who?—
Polly and Dick and Unkie
and Woo Woo
Women's clubs and recipes, engagements galore
Oh, what a bore!

SING OUT SIXTY-SEX
To "Hello, Dolly"
You're a Grand Judy
You're a Grand Judy
But we wish you'd go back home where you belong
Cause you're still indicting,
You've got Sam fighting,
You're still going
You're still growing
You'll involve us all!
After testifying,
Then you claim we're lying
Every Friday you're still issuing "true bills".
So take a rest, Norman
Before you indict the rest, Norman
The Legislature's Green around the gills.

To "The Best Things In Life Are Free"
The news belongs to everyone
The press must be strong and free
The dirt we scoop from every beat
Must be there for all to see
When rumors are rife: we'll ruin your life
We won't make retractions: without legal actions
We'll print the news when Royston's gone
To toss up on your front lawn
The news belongs to everyone
In Tucson the press is free
And the Tucson American
Is proof that it has to be
The typo's we've seen, are sometimes obscene
You'd have to be dense, to pay thirty cents
So just join our Cookie Crusade
We'll throw up on your front yard

To "Nothing Like A Dame"
We haul trucks and brand new cars,
We haul great big iron cars,
We haul gas and oil and coal,
Making money is our goal,
We haul lots of freight and stuff
And we feel that that's enough
What don't we haul
We don't haul folks,
We don't care if the ACC gets nervous
We ain't about to start providing service
So-o-o There is nothing like SP
Nothing at all like it
There is nothing like SP
Cause it really don't give a damn.

To "You're Nobody's Sweetheart"
You're nobody's sweetheart now,
You never fit in somehow
With your many girls, prowlin' round
You made a graveyard of your own hometown
When you walked down Speedway,
We didn't know what to say
Painted lips? Painted eyes?
Tin cans in your boots to increase your size
It all seems right somehow
That your nobodys' sweetheart now
To “Humoresque”
Please refrain from immolation
Leave your gas cans at the station
If you wait, there’ll surely be a coup
Draft Card burnings even worse
I guess you’d better bring a nurse
The crowds are tougher than Dien Bien Phu

To “Gee, Officer Krupke”
The Reverend Clinton Fowler
Has taken up his stand
He’s afraid the program will soon get out of hand
Says we’ll tattle on our parents
But we all know darn well
He’s afraid it’s him on whom we’ll tell
A School Resource Officer
He’s your best pal
Working day and night
Just to raise your morale
He listens to us and all things he knows
Father Confessor in plain clothes
Superintendent Morrow
Allows them in our schools
Not fearing a police state
Will use us as its tools
We squeal on all the junkies
We squeal on all the drunks
Barney Garmire loves us little punks

School Resource Officers
Our instant fuzz
Things in our schools
Just ain’t like they was
All us delinquents
Are chums with a cop
This kind of crap has gotta stop

YOUNG AND AMUSING
To “Young and Foolish”
Young and amusing,
That’s what they’ve got to be
Young and amusing
To rate our company
Laughing in the sunshine
Laughing in the rain
Don’t you wish that you were young and amusing again

STREET OF DREAMS
To “Lullaby of Broadway”
Come on along and listen for
The lullaby of Speedwav
El Rancho and a Walgreen Store
You find them all on Speedwav
Musicland, El Dorado Lodge
And several kinds of churches
Precision Motors, Bill Breck Dodge
With used cars you can purchase
See a school for the deaf and blind
And Wesleyan Foundation
There is nothing you can’t find
Along the Strip
Capin’s Carwash
Wash Well, swingin’ every day
Sid’s Appliance
With his big balloons in gray
Come on along and join the fun

It’s all here on Speedwav
You’ll see that we have not begun
To name the spots on Speedwav
Kittle’s Key and Cycle Shop
And Eichenberg’s big nursery
Although Surf City had to stop
They’re going at Palm’s hearse-ery
Baskin-Robbins on the way
With more than thirty favors
Chez Josef and Circle K
And there is more
Wally Sievits, Eastgate
And Vaughn’s Monterey
A. J. Bayless
Adamson and Baum
These ain’t the things they wrote about
So let’s go home

To “Give My Regards To Broadway”
Give my regards to Speedwav
Its purple barns and garish lights
Tell all the staffers at Life Magazine
That we have seen the sights
Farewell to Oshrin’s Indian’s
And service stations every place
Please give our regards to old Speedwav
And say we can’t keep up the pace

To “C’Est So Bon”
Look at me
Tell me what do you see
I’m not bad, golly gee
I’m just a real nice teen
It’s not true
What they say that we do
It is only a few
Who make that kookie scene
A pied piper is not what we’re after
We’re just searching for innocent laughter
It’s not right
Now we’re in the limelight
We’re considered a blight
We should put up a fight!
C’est la vie
On each newstand you’ll see
What is now hugging me
Oh, well, I guess that’s Life.

RATMAN (Part 1)
To “Old Black Magic”
That damned old Ratman’s
Really raising hell.
That damned old Ratman
Has us in his spell
Those damned subpoenas
Coming every night
Those big indictments
Really give us fright
For we’re the ones
That he is gunning for
’Cause we know what
It is he’s running for.
And every time we testify,
Ba-v, more of us will go
Say it isn’t so
We’ll strike back
At that greasy little hack
We’ll get that old Ratman we
call Green!

To “Love and Marriage”

Caped Crusader
And Boy Wonder
We won’t let those villains
Steal our thunder!
We are out to get ‘em.
We’re on their trail,
We’ll never quit ‘em.
Caped Crusader
And Boy Wonder
We will rip those villains
All a-sunder!
This we tell you, brother,
To get headlines
We’d jail our mother!

To “I’ve Got Rhythm”

We’ve got Ratman!
We’ve got Pigeon!
We’ve got both Rats!
Who could ask for anything more?
We’ll erase them,
Won’t replace them,
Never face them,
Who could ask for anything more?
Old Grand jury,
We’ll dismiss it.
We won’t have it
Round our door.
We’ve got Ratman!
We’ve got Pigeon!
We’ve got both Rats!
Who could ask for anything more?
We’ve finally settled the score!

ACT 2 OPENER

We’ve got Urban Renewal, Effluent Society
and Tucson’s conservative Old Clan

We’ve got Duncan and Goddard and Ahee
We’ve got Watts and the Buddhists in too
To the Chamber of Commerce we’re snotty
And we hope we offend some of you.

We’ve got Garmire and Old Dennis Weaver,
Haugh and Sam and a lady obscene,
Luci Baines, Linda Bird and the Boyfriends,
Norman Green with his dream of the Governor scene.

We’re the Urban Renewal, Effluent Society
and Tucson’s conservative Old Clan.

RATMAN (Part 2)

To “Who Wants To Be A Millionaire”

Who wants to rub the Ratman out?
I do!
Who wants to kill that other lout?
I do!

Ratman and Pigeon never have been our friend,
This is the end,
We’ll stay unpeppered.
Who wants to take care of this job?
We do!
Who wants to kill that little slob?
We do!
Who wants to have a millionaire’s job?
We do!
With them gone,
The whole damned state we’ll rob!

To “King of the Road”

License for sale or rent.
Graft for sale—fifty cents.
I’ll bet you place a bet,
I ain’t got no rival yet!
I’ll run this state my way
The people will pay and pay
I’ll be king
And I’ll have my fling
King of the state!

Well, now I’ve got my headlines
And what is more
I’m gonna repossess me a liquor store
If the party doesn’t back me
I should care
All I need’s a license to wave in the air.

IT TAKES THREE TO TANGLE

To “Jealousy”

Furniture
We all need new furniture
That chintzy board says no
They’ll really have to go
Right out and get us our new
Desks and chairs
And carpets and drapes in pairs
But we must have our pick,
Or we’ll make proper sick.

I want Swedish Modern
Because it fits my frame.

Give us overstuffed,
Our reasons are the same.

Weaver, Rubi and Jay,
What the hell do you say?

Desks and chair,
Drapes in pairs.

—Now!
It’s only tax money that’s spent
And who cares where that money went
You know we’ll be pleased
If we are appeased
So buy or be held in contempt.
NOBODY

Way back in nineteen-thirty-three
"You're the booze boss," they said to me.
—Who'd ever known how healthy I'd be?

NOBODY

And now something called Green investigates
My license issues—the mileage rates.
—Who's going to win those courtroom debates?

NOBODY

Chorus

I ain't never done nothin for nobody,
And I ain't never got nothin from nobody—no time.
And until I get something from somebody some time,
I ain't agonna do nothin for nobody, no time.

Verse 2:

Green says legislators are friendly with me,
My day at the office commences at three (3:00)—
Now which legislator at that hour could you see?

NOBODY

My office is run right—according to rules.
We check all locations—watch out for the schools.
Need necessity and convenience are our only tools.
Who do we favor? NOBODY

Chorus

Verse 3:

Payoffs, Green says, there have been quite a few.
He's checked the records—and through and through.
But who knows this secret I'll now share with you?

NOBODY

On the back of each license in letters quite small
Is a statement unseen as it hangs on the wall.
And who do you think owns the licenses, all?

ME—SWEET OLE JOHN—that's who.

Chorus:

A HOPELESS SITUATION
To "Thanks for the Memory"

I'm here in Viet Nam
To sing a song or two
And tell them what to do
I'm sure to please
Vietnamese
The way that I please you
I think I'm so much
Hello again. This is Bill How-you-gonna-keep-em-down-on-the-farm-after-they've-seen-Saigon

Mathews.

To "Let Me Entertain you"

Let me entertain you
With my Sunday Form
We charge no admission
But I'll get my commission
If we just have a quar'm
Though we have just a movie
It will behoove ye
To cough up more than a dime
Then I will entertain you
and we'll have a real good time—yessir
We'll have a real good time.

To "England Swings"

I'm North Vietnam's Czar.
Viet Nam swings like a pendulum do
Vietnamese and the VC, too.
They've got no papers
But we will fix that
Mathews and Small, boys
We'll both get fat
Viet Nam swings like a pendulum do
No anti-trust suits to bother you.

To "We're in the Money"

No need to worry
We'll be big winners
Just use the dough you get
From testimonial dinners.

SING OUT SIXTY-SEX RETURNS

Oh, his name is McNamara
Secretary of Defense
All send up squawks
The doves and hawks
The situation's tense
Let German firms buy up our bombs
He'll buy them back again
A spending spree to keep us free
That's McNamara's plan!

To "Love and Marriage"

Contraception, contraception
Worthy of congressional attention
Pope and priests concurring
To decide what is behaving
Sociologists are wary
They're afraid that our kids won't marry
Pills and plastic coils
Require for college goers
Try, try, try some contraception
It's the solution
To the ancient bug-a-boo of
Kids—in mass profusion
Populations are exploding
Birth rates on the rise and they're not holding
Still Pope Paul tells mothers
You can't have one
You can't have none
You must have some plus lots of others

To "In the Evening by the Moonlight"

In the evening by the searchlights
National Guard troops opened fire
In the evening by the searchlights
Watts became a funeral Pyre
Now the whiteys that don't care
They just lay all night and bled there
As we riot in the evening lit by searchlight.

In the evening by the searchlights
You can see the stores a burning
In the evening by the searchlights
Cars and buses overturning
Our demonstration with ammunition
Showed the world Watts' sad contrition
As we looted in the evening, lit by searchlight.
To “We’re Having A Heat Wave”
We’re burning a Buddha
A Vietnam Buddhist
His own immolation
Doesn’t take cerebration
Just a guy that’s not cool
With fuel

To “Home on the Range”
Oh we’ve got a home
Where the unemployed roam
And Industry stays away
Where never is heard
An encouraging word
And we have to work for less pay

Oh we’ve got a home
Where Bruns’ and Schmitts’ roam
And the teenagers really act gay
Where sex clubs abound
And seldom is found
Employment for more than a day.

Ruin, rot and decay
Hundreds leaving each day
And the cause of it all
Steinfeld, Drachman and Small
And the Chamber of Commerce, we say.

To “Downtown”
When you feel sad
and you think things are badly
Then you ought to go
Downtown
When you are famished
and your income has vanished
then you ought to go
Downtown
We have a bitchin’ chamber here
that’s really on its toes
One day a business opens
and then forty others close
Happiness there
The store are much barer there
You can forget all your hunger
forget all your cares
and go
Downtown
That’s where there’s vacancies
Downtown
Dotted with bankruptcies
Downtown
That’s where the action is NOT!

A FETE WORSE THAN DEATH
To “We Could Have Danced All Night”
We had to dance all night
We’re always kept in sight
Those G-Men are on my tail
We can’t go near a bar
Though I’m a movie star
My virtue’s locked by Yale
You’re really sick if you think this exciting
But I admit it does beat fighting
I wish I’d never heard
Of this damn Lynda Bird
We have to dance, dance, dance all night

To “Field Artillery Song”
War is hell
War is hell
‘Less you date a Texas Belle
And Old Lyndon can keep you at home
Uniforms I don’t wear
and I never cut my hair
‘Cause Old Lyndon can keep me at home
For it’s fun, fun, fun
Back there in Washington
Don’t want to see the Viet Cong
It’s right there I’ll stay
Collect on each pay day
And with Luci it won’t seem so long.

To “I’m Getting Married in the Morning”
I’m getting married in the White House
Daddy is giving me away.
Who is my Daddy?
I’ll tell you, laddie
My Daddy is old LBJ

I’m getting married in the White House
This one will be the very best.
Stop all the presses—
I’m changing addresses,
And getting out of this bird’s nest.

All Texas will be in Washington
Without my yelling, ‘Daddy, get your gun.”

Lynda will be my maid of honor.
You think you’ve heard of fancy frills?
Nothing is lacking.
We’ve got the backing.
Guess Who’s footing all the bills!

(Would you believe taxpayers?)
Yes that’s who’s footing all the bills.

FINALE
To “Bear Down Arizona”
Farewell, Princess Margaret, you set us agog.
Remember our sunshine, when you’re back in the London Fog.
We showed you our city and the Speedway Strip.
Goodbye Princess Meg. Have a jolly old trip.
Pay up, Princess Margaret. You’ve been on a spree.
Those boots you got Tony we weren’t selling to you for free.
Pay up, Royal Highness. Pay up every cent.
Pay up, Princess Meg, or we’ll sue Parliament.

So there it is, our Gridiron Show.
That’s all there is folks, there ain’t no more.
We got our 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 too damn bad.
But now we’re thinkin’ it’s time for drinkin’
The bar is open.

THIRTY
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TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE—

—ESPECIALLY WHEN BOTH ARE SEDLEYS! *

Kennecott Copper Corporation
Ray Mines Division

* He'll do a slow Bernie when he sees this!
(Congratulations to our Presidents.)