Just Color Me Beautiful, Baby
Parents Are Unfair
Down With Sex
PROTEST ANYTHING
CITY COUNCIL UNFAIR TO THE MAYOR
MAYOR UNFAIR TO CITY COUNCIL
MAYOR UNFAIR TO CITY
RATZ
Unfair To Mice!!!!
HELLBOX 1967
ISD
Better Things For Bitter Living Thru Chemistry
TUCSON PRESS CLUB
GRAND JURY UNFAIR TO UNORGANIZED CRIME
This is Hughes

Stationary satellites for communications and space exploration, including the Syncoms, Early Bird, ATS 1, and Intelsats.

Surveyor, soft-landing spacecraft that sent over 11,000 sharp pictures of the moon to earth in 1966.

Communications equipment ranging from this portable, 10,000-channel combat radio to gigantic radio transmitters.

Air defense. Complete systems (radars, computers, display devices) for a naval fleet or an entire nation.

The Laser. Developed at Hughes Research Laboratories in 1960, it has led to breakthroughs in metallurgy, communications, photography.

Missiles. Hughes, builder of the famous Falcons, today is developing even more advanced missiles for the U.S. Army, Navy, and Air Force, and many Free World nations.

Creating a new world with electronics
GRIDIRON SHOW

UNFAIR TO

HELLBOX ARTISTS,
WRITERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS,
EDITOR

PROTEST 1967

HELLBOX UNFAIR TO EVERYONE

NO REFUNDS
Bienvenidas Amigos

Specializing in home-cooked MEXICAN FOOD

- Three Convenient Locations -
  3602 E. Grant Phone 327-3473
  4245 E. 22nd Phone 327-3473
  7321 E. Broadway Phone 296-5612

BEST WISHES to the TPC on the 14th Annual Gridiron Show

Steinfeld's

Want To Join The "JET SET"?

(IT'S EASY)

All you need is . . .

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

and fly TWA

199 N. STONE AX 4-2611
“Without Fear or Favor...”

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 jumpingest club in town beyond preadventure, 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.”
"NOW HERE'S MY PLAN..."

Open an account today at Greater Arizona Savings and be guaranteed 5.25% for another full year... not for 3 months or 6 months — but for a full year.

You earn 5.25% on 12 months premium rate certificates in $1000 multiples, and your savings are insured to $15000 by F.S.L.I.C. If you have to withdraw early you still receive the high current annual passbook rate of 4.75%.

Compliments of the
LAND TITLE ASSOCIATION
OF ARIZONA

ARIZONA LAND TITLE AND TRUST CO.
STEWART TITLE AND TRUST CO.
TRANS AMERICA TITLE INSURANCE CO.
TUCSON TITLE INSURANCE CO.

Peak Earnings With Availability

5% Per Annum
Paid Quarterly

2758 North Campbell
7111 E. 22nd St.
Catalina Savings Bldg.
210 North Stone
It's not by coincidence that we surround ourselves with flags of country and state. (We're for motherhood too). Otherwise, our traps would have been a barstool, a bottle of booze and a burnt burger, which wouldn't reflect our pride of office. The tpc membership now totals more than 600, our pool table is level and paid for, our indoor plumbing works (speak for yourself, Joe) and our club's new piano is sweetly in tune—at least with our club's singers. Barring any unforeseen decrease of business at the bar, fire, famine or flood, we can all look forward to a successful year of press-clubbing. Our cup runneth over . . . which is a sloppy condition for a president. — JOE CRYSTALL.
GREYHOUND RACING IS TERRIBLY EXCITING AROUND THE CURVES!

GREYHOUND PARK

TUCSON – AMADO
From six o'clock, around the piano: Bill Cely, Joe Crystall, Gene Adelstein, John Fahr, Paul Humphrey, George Morse, Natalie Watson, Bernie Sedley, Rito Garcia, Jim Cooper, Dick Calkins. At the piano: Mike Brown and Rudy Sudigala.

...and the gal who missed a fun board meeting, Gladys Sarlat.
A Friendly Hello
from
South Tucson

"The Pueblo Within a City"

PAUL LAOS
Town Manager

Donation
to
Cerebral Palsey
Foundation

Commissions for the Gridiron program signature pages have, for six 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

"But Mr. Brown, French Girls Are Lots More Fun Than German Girls!"
TWICE A WEEK... IT'S
'Dinner for 2' Night

Boost Prime Ribs
of Leg Beef at just
$5.15 For Two
Solton Fried Chicken In
The Skillet, potatoes,
gravy, vegetables.
$1.45 For Two
Benedict New York
Olive Sauce Sirloin
Steak (8 oz.),
$5.75 for Two
Golden Fried Nibbles
White Shrimp
Patties, sauce
$1.35 For Two

All dinners include
selected insalads,
choice of dressing,
rolls or vegetable,
assorted
desserts
beverages.

Every Monday & Tuesday
from 5:30 to 10:00 P.M., enjoy
our special "Dinner For 2"
selections. The prices tell you: it's
the biggest dining value in town!

SKY CHEF'S
LA GRAMADY
TUCSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
294-3477
FREE PARKING

VISIT OLD TUCSON
FAMOUS MOVIE LOCATION
Where The Press Is
Always Welcome

- Gunfights & Bank Holdups and
re-enactments of the Old West
occur periodically throughout the day
- Thrilling Rides • Historical Museums
- Antique Shops • Delicious Food
OPEN EVERY DAY

TUCSON FEDERAL SAVINGS
FERGUSON ... on Poverty

By LARRY FERGUSON

My youngsters were studying the Great Depression in school recently, and one of them asked how things were with me in those days.

"Poverty stricken," I replied.

On second thought I exaggerated the situation, but here's the way it was:

My father became ill in 1932, spent three months in the hospital, and came out to find he had no job. The mortgage foreclosure was as slick a one as you'll ever see—only a matter of minutes.

We found a sort of sharecropper house in the country, and we promised to pay the owner $8 a month rent. The place was alive with bed bugs, cockroaches, mice and assorted vermin which upset my mother more than somewhat. She darn near burned the place down when she started dousing them with gasoline. This frightened them badly but didn't discourage them altogether.

My father borrowed a bony old cow which I ended up milking when he wrenched his back and spent another three months in bed. The cow gave milk so non-rich that it was blue. She hated me and I her.

We planted a crop and bought several hundred baby chickens. The crows ate the corn, and all the chicks died from some disease left over in the chicken house.

During a make-work project, the county board of health inspected the well and condemned it right away. It was full of snakes and frogs, but with all our other troubles they hadn't bothered us much. What the Hell! they had to live, too.

We heard about a charity that was giving away fatback, and my dad and I walked about eight miles to town. A sweet young thing told us that poor folks had to register by February 1 to be eligible for the giveaway, and it was then half past March. There was no gas money—that's why we were walking.

When everything looked as if it might turn out pretty bad, the sheriff and several of his deputies called to arrest my father on a charge of bootlegging. He wasn't, but a kind neighbor said he was, and the officers searched half the county before they went away.

These are the highlights, and as I said, I was exaggerating when I said "poverty stricken."

But we knew some people who were.
Best Wishes
and
Keep the Faith
Baby!

MO UDALL

Member of
TUCSON PRESS CLUB
and
U.S. CONGRESS

Mercury unleashes
Cougar!

See your Mercury Man, where
man-size adventure begins!

Selby Motors

2200 East Broadway

Only Tucson home that
outsells P.A.T.!
(TN9) TUCSON, Jan. 10—CHAMPION CLUB FIGHTER—Don Robinson, sometime reporter who started his ring career at city hall, has been named fighter of the month, fighter of the year and fighter of the decade by CRINGE magazine. Robinson's most recent triumph was over Tucson bad boy Ed Little at the Tucson Press Club. Donsie Boy came out of the match virtually unmarked. The victory may mean the return of club fighting.

(AP Wirephoto) (See AP Wire Story)
It Takes More Than Travelers To Make A Hotel
First it takes rooms. Sleeping rooms, meeting rooms, luncheon rooms, banquet rooms, reception rooms, sample rooms, tap rooms, laundry rooms, large rooms, small rooms—even between rooms.
Then it takes people. People to park your car, carry your luggage, prepare your meals, mix your cocktails, cater your parties, cut your hair, answer your calls, arrange your travel plans—even open the door for you.
Now add the hundreds upon hundreds of important details all the way from swimming pools to swizzle sticks and you begin to resemble a hotel.
And, we have completed redecoration, remodeling and modernizing so that Tucson can point with pride to its Pioneer International Hotel—first class in every respect. We poured a lot of money into this job—money spent in Tucson to make us competitive and equal to any hotel anywhere. You can send your friends and business associates to the Pioneer and be assured of the very best in food and service and accommodations.

Pioneer International HOTEL
80 North Stone Avenue
TUCSON'S FINEST

Best Wishes to the TUCSON PRESS CLUB on its Annual Gridiron Show

More Power To You!
Serving Rural Pima, Pinal and Santa Cruz Counties Electrically...

EVERYTHING IN BANKING UNDER THE SUN...

The Symbol of Quality Service
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM /
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
"As your Security Chief, Mr. Small, I thought you'd like to see what happens to reporters who forget their little orange cards."
The Index

TPC'S BOOK LIST FOR 1967
(Not Recommended)

By MILDRED CLINGERMAN

TRAVEL
"The Jetset Tours Hanoi"
Backpacking Into South Viet Nam
by U.S.A.F.
by Stealth and Canning

WESTERN
"The Shoot-out at Credibility Gap"
by Gen. Press Corps

SUSPENSE AND MYSTERY
"At the Drop of a Hat, Hat, Hat"
Who Shot Sam?
by Richard Nixon
by S. Goddard

GENERAL FICTION
"Our Love Is Bigger Than Both of Us"
Our Privacy: How We Fight for It
by Hertz and Avis
by The Kennedy Clan
(includes 1,000 pages of intimate color photos)

EDUCATION
"Gift Horses Bite"
by Senator Dodd

ANCIENT HISTORY
"An Expansion for Modern Germany"
by Neo Nazi

RELIGION
"God Is NOT Dead; Lo I Am With You Always"
by J. Edgar Hoover
God Is NOT Dead; Lo I Am With You Always
by Gen. Chas de Gaulle
(The editors regret the similarity of the above titles, but neither writer would step down.)

JUVENILE
"How the CIA Funneled LSD to Mao's Red Guards"
by David Dare

FANTASY
"The Damn Dams"
A Union for Shut-ins
by the Sierra Club
by Jimmy Hoffa
How to Become a Vice President of General Motors
by Ralph Nader
There Is No Such Thing as Poverty
by Paul Getty
Sex in the Seventies: Emphasis on Theory
by Septuaginarian
Them Booms, You Bums, Ain't Sonic
by Davis-Monathan Officials
Winning Teams and How to Coach Them
by W. R. Mathews

FACT
"Everybody Down There Hates Us"
by L. R. Service

POLITICS
"MediKerr for University Faculties"
by Ronald Reagan
Dear Colleagues: Cool It or Rue It
by Adam Payton Clowell
(Startling expose of Jostling at the Hog Trough)

SOCIOLGY
"Work: The Crushing Surfeit and Satiety of It All"
by TPC Members
Bourbon Renewal
by Arizona Liquor Dealers
"Boss, You Have Bad Breath . . . Bad Breath!
by Vul Garity
(The author is a constant contributor to NAU-SEA, the Bible of the advertising world.)

PERSONAL HISTORY
". . . Or My Name Will Be Mud"
The Loneliness of the Long Distance Roadrunner
by Coach Mudra
by Joe Soble

WILDLIFE
"The Dude and the Nude: Raw Nature Studies"
by Len Lease
A Lyndon Bird in the Hand Is Worth Ten Bobbys On the Stump
by LBJ
"TPC's: A Hair-Raising Handbook of Their Habits, Haunts, and Hobbies"
by Rito Garcia

POETRY
"I Feel a Draft"
by Cassius Clayfoot

MISCELLANY
"The Bluebook of Quips and Jests"
by Bob Gantz
End in Sight (a brief look at fashion)
by Mini S. Kirt

ARCHAEOLOGY
"Deathwatch on the Santa Cruz"
by the U. of A. Medical School
(Starkly appealing, stiffly documented—
Laid out with dispatch and deadly aim.)

CURRENT AFFAIRS
None
(Your editors sincerely regret that entries
for this category are too numerous for the available space.)
"... Hit City Fathers Hard For Trying To Cover Up Disaster..."
In this city of prizewinning newspapers and prizewinning reporters people have often asked:

“What's the secret of a prizewinning newsstory?”

they ask.

The secret is that the big stories—the re-ee-cally big stories—are made, not born. It takes hard work, enterprise and dig, dig, dig.

Take the case of Ivor Schmalt—hard-working, enterprising, dig, dig, digging young local reporter. All it took was an alert copy desk, high level communications and a little imagination and there was Ivor's biggest story of the year—ready-made.

It all started with a note in Ivor's typewriter:

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/4
Kook called to say sky falling. Check it out.

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/4
Kook's name is Dr. C. Little. Bought me a couple drinks to explain it. Not a bad yarn, maybe . . .

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/5
Find out from Dr. Little when sky to fall.

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/5
Prof. Little says sky to fall Tuesday but officials keeping mum.

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/6
Get city fathers to admit they know but aren't saying. Art on Prof. Emeritus Little ordered.

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/6
Public officials say they don't know sky to fall Tuesday. They call Dr. Little "a kook."

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/7
Hit it big. "Bumbling city fathers doubt word of unimpeachable expert, etc., etc." Will accompany with editorial on uncounsel of public officials for safety of populace, etc., etc.,

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/8
City fathers say will call Little in for consultation. Get advice on measures to be taken for public safety, etc., etc., etc., . . . good foil, what?

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/8
Make sure to give us credit for saving the populace . . .

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/9
Little scared off by city fathers. Won't admit he went beyond eighth grade, let alone holds a doctorate in astronomic physics. Must be astronomic physics. Sez he's trained in sky.

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/9
Hit city fathers hard for trying to cover up disaster and scaring off learned man who knows. This serious business . . .

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/10
Had couple more drinks with Little. Real card. Sez he really didn't go beyond 8th grade . . . ho, ho, ho, ho. Sez he's a professional rainmaker and can offer city good deal . . . ho, ho, ho.

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/11
A professional what???

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/11
Had couple more drinks with Little. Hell of a sincere guy. Sez his first name's Chicken . . . ho, ho, ho. Sure not stuffy for a prof. Had to cut it off due to evacuation of city . . .

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/12
Today's the day of "Operation Skyfall," right? Brave the rains and watch that sky. Want first pix. We're playing it big, national wire service pick-up, etc., etc., etc.,

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/12
Little must have been couple days off on estimate, but can't find him for confirmation . . .

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/13
City manager called to say got rainmaking bill from Little. What gives?

MEMO FROM SCHMALT TO DESK: 5/13
Guess maybe Little is con man. Found a few people say they can prove it.

MEMO FROM DESK TO SCHMALT: 5/14
Play it big!!! "Con man flirt-flats city fathers. Causes panic, etc., etc., . . ."
There is a common fallacy about Town that newspapermen (and women) know everything.

Or if they don't, they should. And there are many people who don't waste any time in letting you know that.

Actually, newsroom components (human-type) are normal...well, almost normal. And there are some things that escape our knowledge. We live in houses just like anyone else, and nothing really extraordinary happens to us.

For instance, I watch my husband's tube of hair cream very carefully, and no beautiful women ever come out of it. At least not when I'm around.

Of course, there are some people who think we don't live in houses at all, but in little holes in the wall. And those people accuse us of having long tails and eating lots of cheese. But there are a lot of other people who eat cheese who don't work in newsrooms, and nobody thinks there is something special about them.

Back to the normal life bit.

I can't think of one newspaper-type (person) who has a giant in their washing machine or a dove in their kitchen cabinet.

Maybe we are supposed to be know-it-all prudes. But I've heard rumors of some after-hours (that's working hours) drinking going on until the wee hours of the morning. And that's normal, and not prudish.

Maybe it's not that our lives are so ordinary. It could have something to do with the Town we live in. Never have I heard of the Man from Glad flashing in to stop a family fight around Our Town.

Our police reporter says the official word from fuzzquarters is that the family fight bit is handled by the men in blue. Maybe we should try the Man from Glad. It has been learned here today from a reliable source that the police department is short of men.

They aren't the only ones feeling the pinch.

Actually it is everyone else that's kooky, not the newspaper press corps type people.

Inebriates (that's a fancy press word for drunks) call us up all the time and want us to settle a bet between bar-room pals. They ask fun things like "Who won the baseball game in 1930?" When we ask what game they are talking about they don't remember and get mad.

Another thing they ask a lot is "What ever happened to Norman the Red?"

And you tell them and they get mad and say you're dumb because they bet on the other guy. That's how the whole fallacy got started. Because some drunk got mad and pretty soon the whole Town thinks newspaper people aren't normal.

But we are. For instance, all the newspaper women I know do just what other women do in the Jet-Set age. They don't wrap it, they bag it. All the women on television do that.

People on television do a lot of funny things. They scintillate across kitchen floors on floating plastic things, and women march down the street in Army helmets, and a pure white knight on a horse charges around making things clean.

Then people call the newsroom to find out about all these funny things, and when we don't know they think we're not normal.

But we are. Call up and ask us why...we know everything.

And even if they get all the other guys, they won't take me away...cause I'm nor...in a...
"What do you mean, FALLOUT?"
WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER, DOLL.
Dial Double-O — Anything

BY ED GALLARDO

While the defenders of public morality argue against the evils of gambling, America becomes more and more conditioned to playing the numbers game.

Look around you. You’re surrounded by numbers.

No longer does anybody sell an uncomplicated product as they used to not too many years ago.

Tried to buy a razor lately?

“Yes, sir. A safety razor? Well, we have this very latest in wet shave comfort, the Schtick 252.”

“The Schtick 252, eh? It doesn’t look any different from the model I bought two years ago when it was just the plain Schtick.”

“Well, let me explain the difference, sir. The old Schick gave you no comfort settings and rusted quite easily. Now old rusty becomes old trusty... heh-heh. . . with its stainless steel construction.

“And with this nifty dial here, you can pick the blade angle that gives you the greatest comfort.”

“I thought the original design of this razor was to permit complete comfort for any type of face.”

“Oh, no sir. That was Madison Avenue propaganda.”

“Then why didn’t the manufacturer redesign the shape of the razor?”

“He did, sir. You just can’t tell the difference. It’s like the Verboten 1493. Same shape nearly, but different styling... heh-heh. I’m sure you’ll like the Schtick 252 much better, sir.”

So two weeks after you buy the furschlaggaier Schtick 252, it sits rusting in your medicine cabinet and you’ve got just as many nicks as you’ve ever had.

Makes you wonder what they’ve done to the good, old reliable VB. (Or why they’re called “medicine cabinets.”) You’re already wondering what’s happened to the auto industry.

You don’t know what you’re shopping for anymore. It used to be you went out to look at Fords, Chryslers, Chevrolets, etc.

Not anymore. Now you go looking for 300’s (with or without letters), GTO’s, LTD’s, XL’s (with or without numbers).

As an example of the dilemma facing today’s auto buyer, there’s this model (cool it, buddy — we’re talking about cars) running around our streets which has “Galaxie” on its front fenders, “LTD” on the rear side panels of the hard top and “F O R D” on the trunk lid.

So you go to the dealer and he tells you, “... And with this sweet little machine we give you a 3/50.”

“Well, now listen, I’m not sure I’ll have any use for that James Bond or Green Hornet arsenal...”

“Ha-ha, Mac. You’re a card. I’m talking about the guarantee — five years and 50,000 miles. Can’t beat it.”

Ever try to collect on a guarantee?

The whole system is built on numbers: credit cards, checking accounts, brokers’ accounts, income tax, social security, telephones, licenses, utility meters and even zips.

Names don’t mean a thing anymore. The age of the computer lies so heavily upon us that we find ordinary names without numbers not computing.

And the hucksters make the most of this digital reaction. Slap a number on a product and it’s bound to sell.

Any day now, start looking for home builders to come up with something like “The Territorial 45G.” A modest 45 G’s.

Look for enterprising neurosurgeons to come up with the latest scalpel technique, the Frontal Lobotomy 68, or how about a Cranietomy X2?

Go to a baseball game and hear the hawkers call: “Get your peanuts 220, hot dogs 35Z and pop corn 1020 right here, folks.”

Actually, the sports fan is already pretty much conditioned to identifying refreshments with numbers at ball games. The next time you’re at a game, watch for the signs that read, “Soft Drinks 25.”

And if you think that isn’t progress, remember it was only a few years (it was a few years wasn’t it) ago that those same signs read: “Soft Drinks 5.”

We’re not ready for a national lottery? Daddy, we play the numbers game all day and every day.
Lo, The Red Card

The pickets Saturday saw several people approach the guard at the side door to the Tucson Newspapers Inc. building and saw them turned away. They did not have the red card of membership. Those who went into the building produced a bright red card as they approached the uniformed guard.

In this day and age it is hard to believe that people would not only be required to sleep beside their machines but in order to get into a building producing newspapers they must produce a red card. Is there any significance to the police state activities and the necessity for a red card? Surely this must be nothing more than a coincidence in the choice of colors.

...from The Tucson Free Press
February 16, 1967

A Note
From The Editor

In the interest of truth the Hellbox must reveal that vivid green cards were issued to a selected group of Star-Citizen employees. One of the management’s best kept secrets, it is nevertheless known that green card holders are members of the Irish Republican Army.

IRA troops plan to destroy Tucson by blowing up mailboxes.

Their rallying cry is: “Up Your Faugh Aush Beolach!”

Ed.

HORIZON OF OPPORTUNITY

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

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

We publicize and advertise Tucson in national magazines and in our sales program. Our 97 headquarters employees represent an annual payroll of $1,265,000. Tucson is our tomorrow, too!

HORIZON LAND CORPORATION
ASSETS OVER 40 MILLION
200 WEST HORIZON ROAD, TUCSON, ARIZONA

—24—
A Bang-Up Job

By Harvey Kitchel

Love is blind.

This adage was proved beyond a doubt last night when attendants at two Tucson department stores called police to complain that a man had entered their stores and was molesting the plaster and wooden mannequins.

Sales clerks at Kresge's and Sears, in Oxford Plaza, said the man disrobed several mannequins and made improper advances.

The mannequin molester was chased from both stores as patrons stood by in disbelief.

Official sources said they were continuing their search for a middle-aged man believed to have splinters in his fingers . . . and elsewhere.
left to right:
Barbara Guy
Marge Morse
Cliff Smith
Jo Sudigala

Mrs. Ching
Mrs. Leber
Phyllis Diller Skits

"Joanie Phonie"

Rudy Sudigala  Chic Fannin  George Morse
Left to right:

Dave Weiner
Jack Lauver
John Fisher
Fred Zimmerman
Rob Roy Moore
Francis Shingler
Kay Cutchall
Pat Zimmerman
Marge Morse

"Nudist Colony"

Left to right:

Lynda Cabrera
Dave Weiner
John Fahr

"It's About Time"

Left to right:

Prior Pray
(Romney)
Tom Turner
(Nixon)
John Fahr
(Johnson)
John Fisher
(Reagan)
Helen Lipski
(Lurleen)
Casey Jones
(Announcer)

"Pick A President"
CHORUS - UP HERE FOR THE CHORUS NUMBER!

HEY - STICK TO THE SCRIPT!

GRIDIRON SHOW REHEARSAL
WHERE'S THE PIANO PLAYER?

AWRITE - LET'S TAKE SKIT 1-11 IS 3RD SECTION, 1ST HALF

OF COURSE, THIS IS MY COSTUME

QUIET!

WHAT! NO MORE FREE BEER?
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Company

10 EAST SIXTH STREET  PHONE 329-3291

Pamper Them

With Shamrock
serving ARIZONA since 1922

NATURAL GAS

BEST ENERGY

EL PASO NATURAL GAS COMPANY
Emily Brunt Gets A Letter

from Bob Gatts

Dere Miss Brunt — Baby —

It is my Ernest wish that you do not take a fence by my usin' of the familiar turn of Baby, but on a count of u is so close to my hart and having such a strong a-fact-shun on you so that because of when I herd you got an ill, I was much war eed over your hellth I fingered it was time, I required a bout your condition.

I was allful hirt to here you is not down to purr because of your infect-shun. I do love you because I no you is a good gurl and pretty, and nice, an Consiterate and I miss all of you what I kno of you.

Wen it comes time for wat efer you culd kneed I want you shud ask me. I wil get for you wat you kneed or wat you want. And iff you luv me lick I luv you. I wil bring you the mun, or the son or the stirs.

It ain't goin to re cur to many time that I write a letter of luv to sum body wat I loves — but you is an accept shun cause you is sum one what has sum like for me — I think.

So many time I hav thunk I wood lik to do so much for you. Pleze gimmie the chans.

Wood knot it b nice if you wood let me help you. If you promis to get butter I wood fele butter.

Much luv,

Bob Gatts, Mixologist

"I'M REEL!"
Yes, Oh Yes, Oh Hell Yes

The Youth stood tall in the ME's lair,
   And a comely Youth was he:
His eye was bright and his face was fair
   And he chortled childishly
As the editor said in his fatherly way
   (Disguising the sin in his heart)
"My boy, it isn't our practice to pay
   A beginner much at the start.
But when you've learned the tricks of the trade
   And gotten the hang of the game,
Your future is just as good as made;
   You're in for fortune and fame.

And the editor's clock on its dusty shelf,
Softly, cynically ticked to itself:
"Yes, Oh yes, Oh hell yes."

In their steady way the months passed by
   While the Youth worked night and day;
And, as the end of the year drew nigh,
   He received a raise in pay.
A raise of two bucks in the weekly wage,
   That much of a lordly increase.
But the boy was still at the innocent age,
   And it filled his young heart with peace,
For he told himself that fortune had
   Bestowed on him a caress
And marked him out as a likely lad
   For the laurels of success.

And his Underwood, as he banged the keys,
Sang to itself in an all-knowing wheeze,
"Yes, Oh yes, Oh hell yes."

Yet one by one, as the years rolled around,
   The Youth kept plugging away,
Till he looked one day in the glass and found
   That his hair was turning gray.
No longer, he knew, was he a boy;
   That his youth had swiftly fled;
That he could not look with the same high joy
   To the years that lay ahead.
But he kept on saying in his hopeful vein,
   As he plodded the same old beat,
"I'm surely not far from the turn in the lane
   That will put me on Easy Street."

He trudged along through snow and rain,
And his cheap shoes squeaked in a minor refrain,
"Yes, Oh yes, Oh hell yes."

Yet the turn in the lane was nowhere near,
   And he waited and hoped in vain,
While his shoulders stooped and his eyes grew blear
   And his old joints grated in pain.
Till there came a morn, as the subtitles say,
   When he failed to show on his run.
And the word went around the office that day
   That the old war horse was done.
He lay in a hospital close to death,
   And the doctor shook his head,
But the old boy gasped with failing breath,
   "I'm still a long way from dead."

And the spring on the cot as he tossed about
Derisively chorused a lusty shout,
"Yes, Oh yes, Oh hell yes."

The funeral was, in its modest way,
   Quite a successful affair.
The boys chipped in for a floral spray
   And the Boss Himself was there.
A sorrowful song or two by the choir
   Was sadly and sweetly trilled,
And the weeping was all that one could desire,
   And the church was nicely filled.
The minister said, "Our all-wise Lord,
   Who dwelleth up in the skies,
Hath taken the soul to its just reward,
   To the Joys of Paradise."

And the wheels of the hearse, as they rolled along,
Intoned to themselves a mocking song,
"Yes, Oh yes, Oh hell yes."

L'Envoi

* * *
Friend, if this simple song of mine
Has touched no chord of your heart,
Kindled no spark of pity divine,
Then, lo, I have failed in my part.
Still as I end my modest lay,
It seems to me not amiss
That you, my friend, should hear me say
The moral is simply this:

In newspaper work no fortunes are made,
No glory won, nor riches.
Reporters are sadly underpaid,
All editors sons of bitches.

Discovered in 1948 on the bulletin board of the
State Capitol pressroom. Discoverer: Dave Brinegar
Limerick

There was a Southwestern meester
Who found a fair maid and he keeves her.
To skip all the strife
Of taking a wife,
He didn’t marry, he leased her.

—Arnold Jeffers

Compliments

of

THE COPA
LUCKY STRIKE BOWL
CACTUS BOWL

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For reservations, see your travel agent or call American Airlines at 294-4411.
"... IN THE FIRST PLACE THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS VIET CONG."
Dear Chief:

Just talked to a good friend of mine who has a friend who has a friend who know the real picture on this Vietnam thing.

I think it's time I called a spade a spade, an ace an ace, a Commie a Commie and so on and so forth and let the public know the uncontroversial truth.

In the first place there are no such things as Viet Cong. Those folks our men keep shooting down in the rice paddies are just long-suffering families of long-suffering Vietnamese workers trying to regain their security.

They mean no harm at all. They just sort of stand around in the rice paddies with machine guns to show their support of their struggling husbands. When shot at they just naturally shoot back. I would, too, wouldn't you?

There isn't a touch of violence in their little bodies.

Obviously, our administration is over there making a big deal out of nothing just to make themselves look like heroes. It's politics, boss. Just plain, ordinary politics.

And those alleged barracks bombing incidents. Well . . .

My source saw with his own eyes how those things happen. He has a friend who has a friend who was in one of those barracks, and he says it all happened when a clumsy soldier tripped over a bomb that was laying quietly on the dayroom floor. Well, naturally it went off. The bomb had been placed there merely as a symbol of support for the working man, but one clodfoot soldier, and there go all the wild stories again.

Our generals just follow orders, of course, but even they have been hoodwinked by the politicians whose tearings I question.

Our men have just been working like hell over there against what they think is an enemy. My sombrero is, of course, off to them.

But the whole thing smells of plot to me.

It's simple. Stir up a fuss. Make the American people think we're fighting Communists, then turn Vietnam over to a pinko puppet government everybody thinks must naturally be anti-Commie.

The whole thing should be investigated. Anybody who doubts the words of this column should be investigated. I am, after all, infallible.

No one is telling the truth these days but my friends . . . obviously. Doves, hawks, anti-war demonstrators — all of them need checking into.

I ducked in and out of an anti-war meeting recently. It only took me three minutes to determine its aim. As you know, I can spot a Commie a hundred miles away. I can see through facade instantly.

Thank God for my friends, that's all I can say.

And incidentally, boss, You've been running a lot of this government-managed story business lately. Could it be I'm losing one of my loyal American friends . . . ?

Yours for America,

Your faithful WAC correspondent
Like I said, good for most anything!

MEMBER FEDERAL BUREAUCRACIES BY NECESSITY
JACK SHEAFFER
Star Photographer

FEBRUARY 4, 1967 - 8:50 A.M.
FERGUSON... on Toads

By LARRY FERGUSON

There are so few ideals left in the world that the destruction of one leaves a vacuum that can be filled only with sadness and shock. I lost all respect for an insect the other night.

When a great ball of a praying mantis landed in a swarm of insects near my reading lamp, I knew I was in for a rare treat. For here, just inches away, was the scourge of the insect world, a highly-touted boon to mankind.

I called my wife in an excited stage whisper heard for blocks. "Just watch this character now. He'll really clean house on these bugs."

"Something should," she said, "the only things these screens keep out are the birds."

Very calmly (for fear of disturbing the mantis) I explained: "The mantis is no ordinary insect. He's a friend of man. His life work is devouring bugs." Now everyone believes this, but they are so busy telling each other what a marvel he is that nobody watches him to see what he really does.

The first praise I ever heard of the mantis came from my mother when I was a small boy. I had been bitten by a bumble bee, a yellow jacket and a wasp, all within a few days. When a mantis winged its way toward me I fled screaming. Judging by its size here was a killer bug come to finish me off.

My mother, who waged a constant battle against insects, amazed me. "Never hurt a mantis," she cautioned. "They're good bugs, son, and we never hurt good bugs. They eat the bad bugs, and that's why God put them on earth."

I figured God had mis-matched the contestants when he pitted the mantis against the monsters which had attacked me recently, but I let it pass.

Occasionally, as the years passed, someone would point out a mantis with the remark, "Good insect... eats all kinds of bugs." As I grew, so grew the image of the mantis, until I am certain I would have testified under oath that the praying mantis was the terror of the bug kingdom — the greediest, gobbliest devourer of insects imaginable.

The thought never occurred to me that of those I had seen not one had been eating an insect. So mantis minded had I become, though, that my subconscious mind reasoned that they were just stuffed so full they momentarily could do no more.

With the moment of truth at hand at last, I was elated. He was a monster, all right, with enormous black eyes and a rich green body. Noble was his bearing, for he looked to be the stud of the herd.

"Wait 'til he settles down and goes to work," I said, "and you'll really see wholesale bug destruction."

What we saw was about as lackadaisical a performance as that of an umpire dusting off home plate when he knows the television camera is trained on him.

The mantis pranced around awhile on his green stick legs and swiveled his head in a half circle. Just getting set for mass murder, I thought.

Then it happened. Quick as lightning he had a tiny insect caught between his front pincer. He studied it for a long time, then decided to bite its head off. He began to chew, making a terrible crunching noise not unlike listening to a rude child chomping celery. My wife, declaring it more than she could bear, fled.

Finally he wiped his mouth with his free foot and licked his chops. When his mouth and paw were
quite clean he turned the bug around and bit a tiny piece from its tail section.

By now two or three hundred more bugs had arrived on the scene quite unaware of the predator—or perhaps they knew him for a humbug, and that the chance of a natural bug death was no worse than being caught by the mantis.

"You fake!" I screamed. "You hoax, you dandy, you damned connoisseur of tiny insects; if you think I'm furnishing a pool of light as a stage for your silly performance, you're crazy!"

I don't often rave at insects, even the good ones sent special by Providence, but my dream was shattered. My mother's story about the mantis didn't hold water, either, and this didn't set too well, even at the age of forty.

I threw the imposter out of the house, catch and all.

As I got rid of the hated mantis I happened to see a enormous, fat toad sitting on the step darting his tongue out at bugs. He was going a mile-a-minute. The toad's public image is lousy, of course. He's said to be dirty and cause warts. Children are told never to pick one up. Secretly they admire them, but grownups sneer at toads.

This one was a marvel of efficiency. He worked as if his life depended on eating every bug and insect in Arizona single-handed and getting the job done that very night. Without doubt he was ugly. He was warty looking and clumsy as all get-out. Frequently he fell off the step as he tried to reel in an insect flying just out of his range. It took him quite a while to get back into position.

My wife screamed bloody murder when I put the toad in the roasting pan and placed him in the pool of light where the mantis had disgraced himself. But when she saw the critter pack away insects she stared in fascination.

When we placed a black beetle in the pan it didn't faze that toad a minute. He didn't miss a lick, although the recoil was terrific. A workman he was and dedicated, too.

The bugs gave out about the same time the toad did. I carried him outside and placed him in a safe, damp place to sleep off his orgy.

Don't tell me about the mantis. He's not praying and certainly not preying. He's loafing. Furthermore, I'll sic my toad on him.
Gov. Jack Williams peered at Tom Kelland, sighed, and said:

"Now, Tom, don't be like that. Just because your father was Clarence Budington Kelland—Mr. Republican himself—is no reason to sneer at the Tucson Press Club's Gridiron show. Besides, you are my public relations man and it's up to you to see that those guys down there don't do me dirt."

"And besides," he added, "if Sam Goddard can stand it so can we."

"Who's Sam Goddard?" Kelland inquired.

"Ah, you know. He's the character we had to put out by main strength and awkwardness just to get into this crummy place."

"Oh, him. Where'd he go anyway?"

"Damned if I know, but I expect to find out by late this year or early next year."

Well, anyway, you've got to admire the guts of the public officials who brave the missiles of this or any other gridiron show, especially if it's really put together with malice aforethought.

Of course, we do have some thick skinned people in public life. You know, like Sam, Mayor Lew Davis and former Mayor Don Hummel. They can really take it, especially if bound, gagged, and blindfolded.

Actually, their goats have been gotten so many times there's a thriving herd out in the Tucson Mountains. It seems there is an inexhaustible supply and there would be more if the voters would just send Jim Kirk back to the City Council.

So, if you've got a goat to get maybe you'd better stay out of politics. Or keep your goat under your coat. Or, even better, grow a thicker skin.

On the other hand, government would be even less entertaining if the politicians with goats kept them penned. This seems unlikely on the face of it, because who ever heard of a fence high enough to hold a goat, be he actual or metaphorical.

Let's get back to governors. (At my age, I'd be glad to get back to anything.)

Take former Gov. Howard Pyle, for instance. "Aristo" and filled with non-worldly wisdom, which he projected to audiences of adoring old ladies in his best ministerial voice, he once sagely remarked that:

"There's work to be done, but it seems that some of us are doing less than others of us, and I'm afraid that applies to all of us."

Well, that didn't take long, so let's try the Arizona House of Representatives. Circa 1952.

Rep. Hal Warner, a Wickenburg Democrat, was making a deadly serious presentation of one of his bills in committee of the whole.

"This bill," he declared, "is for the benefit of the average person... and there are more average people than any other kind."

And then, there's the case of the late Wes Timmernans, a retired Phoenix railroad man who once was warned by the speaker not to use profanity on the floor, and answered: "But, Mr. Speaker, I can't talk without cussin'."

Well, Wes had some pretty colorful descriptions which he used in debate. Such as the time he was speaking in opposition to a bill:

"Mr. Speaker, before I came to Arizona I worked on a railroad in Indiana and one night I went to a poker party at a friend's house."

"Please get to the point, Mr. Timmernans."

Oh, I'm going to, Mr. Speaker."

"Proceed."

"Well, sir, they had some mighty good eats there that night. One of the things was limburger cheese. I never ate any before, but when I got it past my nose I liked it so well I took some home with me and put it on the dining room table."

"I wasn't goin' to leave it there, but my old lady started jawin' at me for comin' home so late that I went upstairs and got in bed."

The next thing I heard was my old lady's voice the next morning.

"'Wes Timmernans, you get out of bed and come down here.'"

"I did, and you know what had happened?"

"Our old tom cat had dug a hole two inches deep in the table tryin' to bury that cheese."

"And that's what's wrong with this bill. It stinks."
EMILY BRUNT AND JOE TAMATAS
CO-EDITORS
They Don't Play Any Better Than Last Year's UA Squad, But At Last We Hope To Fill Up Varsity Stadium.

WAY OUT FRONT

KOLD NEWS  Radio 1450 Television 13
The Day The News Stood Still

By ED GALLARDO

Tomorrow would be Christmas.

If you didn’t have your shopping done by now, forget it.

Although the local merchants had heavily laced their campaign to repeal the inventory tax with promises of well-supplied shelves, most stores were down to the sales dregs.

Harry Hustlemoney paid scant attention to the Christmas music emanating from the radio. He had turned the instrument on only to hear the news report while he got ready to put in half a day at the office.

Suddenly, the music was interrupted by sounds that are found only on sound tracks of grade D science fiction movies.

“A Kay Are Aye Pea news bulletin,” cried an excited voice from the radio.

Harry perked up. “Hey, we finally dropped the bomb on Hanoi,” Harry thought.

As was to be expected, there was nothing of that magnitude forthcoming. In fact, what came forth could have come last or not at all.

Harry could have stopped it with a flick of the dial or the off-on switch. But he had the charity of Christmas coursing through his veins (and besides he was across the room), so he listened.

“Last night Tucson’s finest prevented a burglary at the Easy Mark Hardware Store on South Tule Road,” the saccharine voice related.

“Joy to the world,” thought Harry.

Undaunted by Harry’s sarcasm, the voice droned on:

“However, a silent alarm brought a security service watchman and a policeman quickly to the scene to prevent the burglary.

“In the effort to stop the burglar, the burglar, identified as Jerry Betchjob of 19½ Ogallala Straw, was shot and seriously wounded by police officer Benny Badge.

“You will now hear an exclusive tape-recorded interview with Perry Pseudofuzz of the Carman Security Agency.”

“Hah!” declared Harry, “it’s exclusive because no self-respecting newsmen would treat the story other than as a routine job.”

The tape-recorded interview with a voice, tinged with just a bit of country, was in progress:

“...When ah ahrahved own thee scene, there was this hyar fella standing with a gun in his ha-und. Ah noticed that was some tools ‘n’ stuff on thee counter.

“About this tahm, Officer Badge ahrahved and shined his flash-light own this fella and sed: ‘Now hold it raight thar.’

“Thee other fella waved his gu-un and replahed: ‘You-all hold it wheah you ace.’ Wal, ah was plenty scared and ah wasn’t about to not hold it and it got just a little messy for awhile...”

“That’s enough,” declared Harry as he flicked off the sound. “There’s only so much of this crap a man can take or should be expected to take.”

He grabbed his attache case, put on his hat and kissed the vicinity of his wife as he dashed out of the house.

Harry thought about the party he and his wife were invited to that evening and relaxed a little as he drove to work.

“Guess I’ll turn on the radio and see if I can find some relaxing music,” he thought. So he flicked the switch and heard:

“You’ve just heard an exclusive news interview brought to you by Kay Are Aye Pea news director Great Scott.”

Some electronic fibberty-gibberty filled the air followed by a screaming “Copyright!” and what sounded like a crackfire rifle’s ka-ping, then “Kay Are Aye Pea news. No portion of the preceding news bulletin may be used without the written consent of Kay Are Aye Pea.”
Harry began searching for another station.

"Who in hell would want to use any part of that?" he wondered as he searched.

Now the radio was picking up a Latin American number which was soon interrupted by the pronouncement that Harry was listening to "interesting radio."

"Hmmm," thought Harry, "this is the station that mixes smoothed-over be-bop with classics, jazz with Latin and pop with light opera.

"This being Christmas eve, maybe it'll even give us a warm reading by Bearass Carhop of a Christmas Carol condensed for the Reader's Digest or a book review of the Gospel according to St. Luke."

Harry finally switched off the radio resolving not to listen to it again until tomorrow morning while he shaved and tuned in on the morning news reports.

His resolution lasted until the appointed time when his ears were assaulted by Kay-Rap's futuristic introduction to its "copyrighted" news.

"Tucson's finest prevented a burglary Saturday night," the saccharine voice declared, "at the Easy Mark Hardware Store on South Tule Road.

"A silent alarm brought a security service watchman and a policeman quickly to the scene to prevent the burglary.

"In an effort to stop the burglary, the burglar, identified as Jerry Batchjob of 19½ Ogallala Stav, was shot and seriously wounded by police officer Benny Badge.

"You will now hear an exclusive tape-recorded interview with Perry Pseudofuzz of the Catnap Security Agency."

"Oh, no," moaned Harry. "What happened during the past 24 hours? Did the news stand still?"
GRIDIRON SHOW CHAIRMAN...

RUDY SUDIGALA
Puppet Master

"What Am I Doing Here?"

PATTY ZIMMERMAN
Make-Up Director
RUDY SUDIGALA
The Big Jerk

KAY CUTCHALL
Costumes

JANE GILLESPIE
Props
"Hello, Sir. Could I interest you in an ad in our circus program?"

TUCSON'S

ONLY

CHEVY

DEALER

(With a hyphenated name)

Murray-Bryant

CHEVROLET COMPANY

AH EM!

Best Wishes

from

PIMA COUNTY DEMOCRATS
JOHN FAHR
Scripts
"I Am Not Responsible..."
"Why would those reporters want ME at a Press Club Forum?"
Dear Boss;

It's been a long time.
Emilybaby you said, Emilybaby, how is the old reportin' carer coming?
Matter of fact, Boss, you sure asked a good question. Like when you asked Emilybaby are you for reel? I'm still trying to figger that one out.

This year I learned more about veedee than I reely cared to learn, being a lady like I am. Also we had a litlil problems at the newspaper. Lots of the reporters grew beards which is okay when you like reporters and beards. Which I do. Both.

But I am a reporter (honesttogo) and I dint grow a beard. Which just goes to show.

I foud cut I am not too fond of in some quarters in the city, or the county for that matter, maybe the state?

I have endeavored to correct that impression. I did like you told me and dressed more conservative. Like you said, somethin about me had better be conservative. That's another thing I am figurin out.

I stopped wearing them purple slacks. Just at home when Joe Tamatas comes over. (That sentence sounds funny, don't it?) Anyways, Joe can't get used to me not being a waitress anymore. Joe I said Joebaby a girl has to go up in the world.

Joe says Emilybaby I could reely send you places. But I been to Nogales last year and Kyyay Kennel and it showed me very little. Like nothin. Besides Joe says the climate here lately is gettin warm and maybe he'll go to an island someplace where it is cool.

I dint think that Haydee was cooler than Tucson but then you never know. Joe Tamatas is very sensitive to heat.

Instead of my purple slacks I wear meeny-skirts which are better for various purposes than slacks anyways. Besides you can wear sweaters on top which is what I really think I should.

When I was learning about veedee (venrual disease) I thought I should find out personal. So I did. I asked a née man to tell me about his sickness.

Lady, I got the clap, he said.

Well!

I'm sure you do I said, embarrassed, and quickly tried to change the subject. Then he said I sure do like the ladies.

I'm sure you do I said. Then I left.

So I thought I would interview a lady, which after all, I figured, I could understand that.

People who got veedee shouldn't do it to people, she said.

I understood that okay so I got the hell out if you should excuse the expression.

The little problem or so at the newspaper was mostly figuring out the best beard. I voted for the Lord (not that one, geez!) and Steverino. Steverino once said I wrote good for a woman. That made me mad until I figured out he meant for a lady.

About these people who are not too fond of me in some quarters.

They think I am a dumb broad. Back in Big Chi is this a bad word? Yes it is a bad word to a respecting working girl. (I mean at my kind of working lately.) Some kinds its what you figger is exactly what it is.

The people who dont like me figger I wont remember what they said. And I do remember. Then they get cross.

For instance, Mr. Tom Bluebird who does something to the county. Maybe govern it? I asked him where the money was and he said Dam if I know. So I wrote it. He got cross.

At a Tuscon Press Club Form he said I wrote mistakes. I said Sir what mistakes? And he said I dont talk to editors.

I am still tryin to figger that one out too because everybody knows I am not an editor.

The Form seems to get me in the most trouble. One lady being interviewed named some people who were Communists to the feds. What happened I said?

Oh she said the Supreme Court highnesses threw the case out.

Oh I said then they were found not guilty of being Communists?

No she said the Supreme Court lets Communists hide and they meddle with the Constitution. Which surprised me because she was a Negro lady and I figured she wouldn't like the Constitution 40 years ago before they meddled. She likes it fine now. She dint like me though.

Then there was the recent presidential candidate who said at a Form that he wouldn't go to Vietnam because there were too many civilians there already.

Then he went to Vietnam and I remembered what he said. So he got cross.

I got in trouble another time when I asked a worldly famous anthropologist a question. She said there should be two kinds of marriage. One kind for people who shouldn't have babies and the other kind for people the government said it was okay to have babies.

So I said How will it work? Will the feds drop by every morning and say take your pill lady?

The famous lady (I dont reely know what her job means) got cross also and said I dint understand. Which I dint.

About the only person who dint get mad at me was the sheriff.

He got mad at somebody else this year.

Yrs resptly,

Emily Brunt
“This Year I Learned More About Veedee Than I Really Cared To Know.”
IT’S ABOUT TIME
Matthews ........................................ Dave Wieser
Small ............................................. John Fahr
Dave Vinegar ................................. Fred Zimmermann
Chiseler #1 ............................... Rudy Sudigala
Chiseler #2 .................................. Bill Hopkins
Girl #1 ........................................... Joanne Vinik
Girl #2 ........................................ Pat Zimmerman
Girl #3 .......................................... June M. Sedley

JAKE THE FREUCHTENDLER
Jake .............................................. Bernie Robinovitz
Crazy ............................................. Dave Pakula

CHORUS
Joanie Phonie ................................. Chic Fannin

Burr-Garmire
Garmire .......................................... George Morse
Burr ............................................ Rudy Sudigala

THE BOLO TIE MURDERS
Jacquin ........................................ Tom Turner
Holclaw ........................................ John Fahr
Garfield ....................................... Fred Zimmermann
Ma Hutch ..................................... Jack Sheaffer
Scott Alexander ............................. Ken Burton
Buehl ............................................ Casey Jones
Goodwin ...................................... Fred Heiden
Extra Senator ............................... Dave Wiener
Merry Payson ................................. Bob Hirsh

FINALE—THE ENTIRE CAST

Production Staff
Producer ....................................... Rudy Sudigala
Director ........................................ Marge Hils
Assts. to the Director .................... Joanne Vinik
Call Girl; Mary Ellen Thompson
Set .................. Stu Clingerman, Frank Cely, Jim Fennessey,
SIGMA DELTA CHI FRATERNITY
Lighting ....................................... Jim Olmstead
Props ................. Jane Gillespie, Fran Shingler, Vicki Williams
SIGMA DELTA CHI FRATERNITY
Costumes ............... Kay Cutchall, Phyllis Ciminiyot, Nell Groff
Art Director .................. Dick Calkins
Set Director ......................... Bill Cely
Photographer ................ Jack “The Lip” Sheaffer
Make-Up ......................... Pat Zimmermann, Gert Moore
Accompanists ................. John Hruby,
SIGMA DELTA CHI FRATERNITY
Sound ........................................ John Fisher, Jack Lauver
Refreshments ...................... Rito Garcia
Script Chairman .................. John Fahr
Script .................. Joe Crystall, Dave Wiener, Joanne Vinik,
Marge Hils, Bernie Sedley, Bernie Robinovitz,
Dave Pakula, Jess Riggle, Molly Starr, George Spelvne
Publicity ................................ Gladys Sarlot
Tickets ................................ Natalie Watson
Seating ................................ Marge Morse
Hell Box Editor .................... Marilyn Johnson and Rick Drago
Printing ................................. Maurice Hickey

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Transamerica Title .................. U of A Drama Dept.
Fred Bair ......................... Tucson Police Dept.

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Rudy Sudigala ....................... Natalie Watson
Bill Cely ...................................... Chic Fannin

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Donna Loas ............................... Peggy Hopkins
Audrey Lock ............... Connie Fisher
Betty Calkins ............... Carol Burton

IN THE BOX
Bernie Sedley
Dick Alexander

TUCSON PRINTING
Ballad of LSD
(Tune—"Spanish Flea")

With just a little LSD
You can take a trip with me
It's a great Psychedelic
Even Tucson's idyllic
You'll see
With just a little LSD.

Turn on with Dr. O'Leary
For an expanded sex-orgy
You can walk on the water
And bunches of broads are
For free
With just a little LSD.

Cubes of sugar, a little Peyote
Or mushrooms puréeified
Try some and be a bonafide
Psychotic or suicide

Lysergic Acid is the key
To a new world for you and me
We won't learn or do labor
Just love all our neighbors
Whoe'er
With just a little LSD.

University of Arizona
(Tune—"I Can't Say No")

We're just a bunch who can't say Yes.
We run this here U. of A.
To any request that's made of us,
We will be sure to say Nay.

When the Green Bay Packers want to play
An exhibition game upon our grass,
For the benefit of U. of A.,
We send the Packers packing on their ass.

Don't want no competition here,
This goes for restaurants too,
Bookstores that sell what we do,
We'll make a hullabaloo,
We can't say Yes.

Jack
(Tune—"Mame")

You set Sam Goddard back on his heels—Jack.
Next time you may find out how that feels—Jack.
You promised us good government
So lots of Arizona voters bit
Now that you've been in office,
We think you're full of --- good intentions.

Reporters find you friendly and warm—Jack
You know that sure won't do you no harm—Jack
Old Dan McKinney boosted you,
So we all knew that you must be O.K.
We trust old Dan implicitly,
(That will be the day)

If things should ever start to look black—Jack
We'll count on you to always fight back—Jack
You've made an even bigger hit
Than Governor Ronnie Reagan in his state
The folks in Arizona don't think
You are THAT cheap a skunk.

We know you're intellectually deep—Jack
Though Democrats say you are a creep—Jack
You sent tear gas to Mexico
And made the student rioters all weep.
You wrecked our international ties!
Canal Street has cut off our guys!
Why don't you—apologize—Jack?

THE NUDIST LOVE CALL

Mrs. Leber ........................................... Marge Morse
Mr. Leber ........................................... Bob Hirsh
Brown .................................................... Bob Moore
Ball Player .................................... Fred Zimmermann
Girl Ball Player ................................. June M. Sedley
Dream Leber Singer  ....................... Pat Zimmermann
Dream Brown Singer  .................. John Fisher
Dream Leber Dancer  .................... Lynda Cabrera
Dream Brown Dancer  ............... Nik Krovitsky

THE HEAT'S ON IN SOUTH TUCSON

Diller .................................................. Jo Sudigala
MC ...................................................... Bernie Sedley

I'VE BEEN Clobbered
BY THE PICKETS

Jack the Photographer ............................... Marge Hiits
Carlos McCormick

(Tune—"Cielito Lindo")

Amigo of Bobby Kennedy,
We all thought that he was a honey,
But he ran off with our money,
And we didn't think that was funny.

—chorus—

Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye,
Carlos McCormick,
Porque you embezzle our hundred grand?
Your Bonanza
Was Alianza.

Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye,
Where is our Carlos?
Judge Frey said that he was a naughty boy.
His Bonanza
Was Alianza.

Go Home Darrell Mudra

(Tune—"Bear Down, Arizona")

Go home Darrell Mudra,
Go back whence you came,
You've been here many weeks now,
And you haven't won a game.

We might as well warn you,—
On you he'll always pick.
Your coaching is making
Abe Chanin sick.

Joanie Phonie

Chorus:

(Tune—"Bloody Mary")

Joanie Phonie is the gal we love.
Her folk singing is a cut above
The protest singing that we often hear,—
To Joanie let's raise our beer.

Joanie:

(Tune—"Where Have All the Flowers Gone")

Where have all professors gone?
Long time passing
Where have all professors gone
Long time ago.
Where have all the professors gone
They're not hiding in the john.
They've left the U of A.
They all refused to stay.

Dr. Harvill warned the press.
Long time passing
Dr. Harvill warned the press,
Long time ago.
Dr. Harvill warned the press,
Said we're headin' for a mess,
If we don't raise their pay
They will all go away.

Legislators who are nuts
Long time passing
Legislators who are nuts,
Long time ago.
Legislators who are nuts
Gave the budget many cuts
They just don't give a damn.
When will they ever learn?
“Zora Foley Victory Song”
("Casey Would Waltz With a Strawberry Blonde")
When Foley and Ali got into the ring
We knew Foley'd win
A jab with the right
Gave that Cassius a fright
With his poor weak chin
We all saw the gore
When he hit the floor
Now Zora is champ of the world
We all won our bet
And so now we will let
Them draft Cassius Clay.

“Good Old Norman”
We were counting on you
We knew you'd come through
Like you always do—Good old Norman.
You're never a ham
You don't give a damn
You want to help Sam—Good old Norman.
On the radio commercials you really made a pitch,
When you called Jack Williams a son of a gun.
Democrats honor you
Because you came through
Like you always do.—Good old Norman.

Recall Election
We'll have a real hot time in Tucson, Arizona
When the recall election goes through
The councilmen were bad
So we will all be glad
When the recall election goes through.
A disgruntled candidate
Named Watson was great
And with Paul McKalip's help
We stirred up some hate.
There'll be a real hot time in Tucson, Arizona
When the recall election goes through.
Oh jubilation!
When the recall election goes through.
What celebration!
When the recall election goes through.

Daylight Savings Time
Sure as all politicians are honest,
Just as sure as we'll soon stamp out crime,
The State of Arizona
Will remain on standard time.
Sure as doctors are not over-charging
Sure as Tom Ralls' food is so great,
The Arizona Senate
Will exempt our state.
Just as sure as Tucson Federal Savings
Never changes its set interest rate,
We'll never have daylight savings
In our dear old state.
Sure as Drachman will always help Tucson,
Sure as coffee will still be a dime
Ma Hutch will still be running
On her Mountain Standard Time.

“We're Proud of You,
Coach Jim LaRue”
Good job, well done, Coach Jim LaRue
An undefeated season again
Good show, we know, Coach Jim LaRue
Your high hopes certainly were not in vain.
The Towncans stood behind you
And sports page editors too
And every fighting wildcat on your team
The football fans adore you
As everybody knows.
We're so proud we're bustin' at the seams.
So good job, well done, Coach Jim LaRue
It looks like you're all set for next year.
Good show, we know, Coach Jim LaRue
You'll always be the head coach here.

“Manchester, You Wrote It”
Time—Winchester Cathedral
Manchester, you wrote it
That dirty old book
Was printed in German
But never in Look.
Jackie Kennedy stopped you,
It never saw print
The public won't know
You won't make a mint.
Manchester, you wrote it,
But Texans, relax
Nobody will ever
Read all of the facts.
You libeled the Johnsons
The Kennedy Clan
You shouldn't have wrote it
You dirty old man.

PRESIDENT PANEL
Announcer ........................................ Casey Jones
Mrs. Martinez ................................... Kcy Cutchall
Mrs. Ching ..................................... June M. Sedley
Schultz .......................................... Jess Riggle
Lurleen Wallace ................................. Helen Lipski
Reagan .......................................... John Fisher
Johnson ......................................... John Fehr
Romney ......................................... Prior Pray
Kennedy ........................................ Al Bradshaw, Jr.
Nixon ............................................ Tom Turner, Jr.
Powell .......................................... Bob Hirsh
Act One

DETOUR TO THE OLYMPICS

Pilot .................................. Bernie Sedley
Co-Pilot ................................ Dick Alexander
Stewardess .............................. Marge Hiits
Chorus: Mike Goldberg, Pete Neumann, Mike Elbert,
Fred Zimmermann, Peter Taylor, George
Morse, Tony Coco, John Fisher

Opening Chorus

(Tune— "Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder")

Off we go through the Olympic's Gateway,
Then we go to Mexico.
Tucson seems better than Lower Slobbovia
Nice to get out of the snow.
Off we go into this place called Tucson,
Heading for Jacono's Store,
If our show's obscene
Tell Norman Green
That nothing can stop the Tucson Press Corps!

Off we go through the Olympic Gateway
Headin' North into the town
On the way, we may meet Mrs. Leber
And her friend, Old William Brown.
When we see what Tucson has to offer,
Maybe we'll want to stay,
And plight our troth to Bernie Roth
For no place can top the climate and pay!
(Right here in Tucson)
No place can top the climate and pay!
(Except for Eloy)
No place can top the climate and pay!

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

Terminal Officer ........................ Bernie Sedley
Japanese ................................ Dave Wiener
Jim ........................................ Al Bradshaw, Jr.
John ...................................... Sky Hiits
Tour Director ............................. Fred Heiden
Man in Wheelchair ........................ Ken Burton
Clyde ..................................... Jess Riggie
Man with Camera ........................ Tom Turner
Girl with Emphysema ..................... Lynda Cabrera
Guitar .................................... Pete Neumann

TWIGGY FAN CLUB

Twiggy .................................... Kay Getzwiller
Commentator .............................. Jack Sheaffer
Models ............................... Jody Schrantz, Mildred Clingerman,
Gerry Scheinman, Chic Fannin
Boy ....................................... Bill Hopkins

HOW TUCSON ALMOST GOT ITS CATV

Jack Bent Hook ........................... Sol Ahee
Councilman ............................... Peter Taylor
Girl 1 .................................... Kay Getzwiller
Girl 2 .................................... Jody Schrantz
Girl 3 .................................... Kay Cutchall

AT THE DEMOCRAT
COUNCILMEN'S CAUCUS

Corbett ................................. Dave Bischoff
Murphy ................................. Tom Turner
Mocrates ................................. Fred Heiden
Storch ................................... Peter Taylor
Sarver ................................... Matthew Matison

THE KRAPP FAMILY
SLINGERS

Helen Younge ............................. Marge Hiits
Mike Keating ............................ Charlotte Matison
Edna Copins ............................. Joanne Vinik
Geraldine Salzberg ........................ Vicki Williams

CHORUS — SMASH FLOPS

"Congratulations, McGinnis"

Congratulations, —McGinnis
You won by a landslide today
We knew who would fall,
"Twas old Mo Udall
When you go to Washington,
You'll have a ball.

Congratulations, —McGinnis
Your Republican dreams have come true.
You're the fighting Irish type,
And we know you're really ripe.
The Congress is waiting for you.
Marge Hilts – Our Director

1967 Gridiron Show
I keep trying to listen to my crystal radio but all I get is a lot of static about low grade ore.

Kennecott Copper Corporation
Ray Mines Division

*Is Jim Maize back already?
"Okay, Call Me A Rat... But My Tail Does NOT Show!"