PRESIDENT RICHARD MILLHOUSE NIXON

PRESENTS

THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB'S
19th ANNUAL GRIDIRON SHOW

"NEW PHASES OF 1972"

HELLBOX

MOVE OVER COSMO - JACK SHEAFFER BARES ALL!

MAY 1972

Our Price
One Buck
Cheap

(See Nude Centerfold Flop-out)
"Darling, if this isn't a FRAKER home you have no assets!.."

What could be more natural than to curl up in a Fraker home with the most beautiful surroundings in the world?

D.F. FRAKER design & bldg. corp.

In Memoriam

BERNIE SEDLEY
1922 - 1972

The death of Bernie Sedley on April 28 was a deep personal loss for those of us at the Tucson Press Club, as well as for the members of the cast and crew of the Gridiron Show.

Bernie worked long and hard for the club. He was the only president to serve three terms, and a friend and confidant to other officers and members over the years.

Beyond that, Bernie was known affectionately as "Mr. Press Club." He was the only member ever to have been so honored by that unofficial title.

For just about anything involving the club, Bernie was there, either with advice, suggestions or an offer of help. He became an institution as moderator of dozens of club forums and as a traditional emcee at the Gridiron Show.

Bernie helped create this show, as he had many of the others in the 19 years of its existence.

His sense of humor, his contributions, will be impossible to replace.

Our Gridiron Show each year has donated what profits were available to the Tucson Press Club Scholarship Fund. The money is given to a young person who is planning a career in journalism.

Beginning this year, the fund will be known as the Bernie Sedley Memorial Journalism Scholarship Fund.

We think that's the least we can do, because, as someone else said, it will never be the same press club without Bernie Sedley.

He was a rare, gentle and very special kind of person.
"Oh, my God — thou shalt not WHAT?"
USED RANCH FOR SALE!

Stewary Granger used it for 12 years!

Kino Springs

You Gotta Go!
Thy Board And Thy Staff

Hi, gang,

See the $1 price on the cover. See the $1 price. It is nice. It brings us money.

See the nice people who paid for tickets. Their Hellbox is included in the cost of their tickets. See the tickets.

See the people who can't steal extra copies of the Hellbox anymore. See the people. Now, they have to pay $1. See the $1.

See the funny Hellbox. See it.

See you next year.

Ken Burton
Editor

Popular President Tom Rippey (nearest railing) is caught in a typical pose while the Tucson Press Club Board of Directors hands him another unanimous vote on a controversial issue. "I am calm," Rippey quipped, "because these people are my friends and will not hurt me." Not all board meetings are this serious. And often, the directors meet later for a discussion of Aristotle, Plato and the Fremont House. Except for John F. Rawlinson, who keeps falling through the floor.
"I Am The President"

Welcome,

We've got a new face this year for our show. And I'm not talking about the face staring at you from the Hellbox... or the leering mugs of your dedicated board members.

This is the first time in several years that our beloved Grillroom Show isn't being held at the club. We decided on Tucson's beautiful new Community Center for many reasons—not the least among them being a new and 'professional' look... more room and more fun for everyone.

Our show is always a lot of fun (and MUCHO work!) for us and we hope you'll enjoy our efforts tonight. If you don't—thanks for your money.

And, about the money: anything beyond the cast bar bill goes to journalism scholarships for the young, dedicated and starry-eyed, who eventually will become old, dedicated and bleary-eyed.

Keep in mind that the jokes you'll hear and the skits you'll see are all in the spirit of fun—if you're the target of one of the barbs, feel honored—the Fourth Estate doesn't make fun of its enemies.

There are many, many people to thank for tonight's show... Marge Hills, God bless her, our faithful director; Jess Riggle and Wally Beene, sweating our scripts and busting their brains for new ideas; Kay Getzwiller, Wade Cavanaugh, Sue Dye, Ace Bushnell, Spiro Agnew, John Rawlinson, Charlie St. Cyr and many others on scripts; Ken Burton, who worked to get the Hellbox together and has done a fantastic job; Woody Shryock, who helped put our magazine together; and Board of Directors, who sometimes wondered if we would have a show; Bob Thompson, director of the Community Center, without whose help much of this wouldn't have been possible; Norman Flint at KHYT radio for his help, and many, many others who have put in long hours by the time you read this... if your name wasn't mentioned, please excuse me—but your efforts are appreciated.

It's almost show time. Settle back in your chairs, have a couple of cool ones and get ready to enjoy yourself. We think this show is the best ever.

Salud!

Tom Rippey, President
Tucson Press Club
SMASH FLOP HEADLINES

Headlines written in anticipation of stories about to happen, that didn’t exactly make it.

Howard Hughes Accepts TPC Membership; Sends Gift Check For $50 Million

Retainer Returned To Billionaire by Board of Directors
CAN'T ACCEPT MONEY, SAYS PRESIDENT RIPPEY

TPC CHANGES STANCE, NOW WILL KEEP HUGHES CHECK

Hughes Check Missing; Gilkinson Flees To Monaco
HUGHES SAYS CANCELLED CHECK TO TPC SIGNED BY 'H.R. FATMAN'

'LAUGHING FORREST TUCKER DECLARES, I'LL BE LIVIN' HERE BY OCTOBER'

Longhairs Decry Fascism on Campus;
Hurl Rocks At Crew-Cut Faculty

John C. Scott Gives Mayor Three Suede Jackets as Gift

Birchers Decry Commies on Campus;
Hurl Rocks At Longhair Students

Kirk, Sporting $7,000 Italian Suit, $85 Shoes, Denies Embezzlement Report

Dave Green Quits Ministry To Assume Gallo Family Command

CORBETT VOTED BACK INTO OFFICE, SAYS BITING MANNER DID IT ALL

Fascists Decry Commies, Students;
Hurl Crew-Cuts At Faculty Longhairs

Socialists Decry Commies, Fascists,
Longhairs, Faculty, Campus, Rocks

Anglos Protest Spanish Name For Onetime Home of Fremont

$11 Million For Stadium Renovation Is Channeled To New Home For UA Prez
Satellite communications today are bringing scores of nations closer together. Spanning oceans. Shrinking distances.

Hughes has been deeply involved all the way. Almost a decade ago, we built the first synchronous communications satellite.

In 1971, our first Intelsat IV went to work for COMSAT and the International Telecommunications Consortium. It can handle 5,000 transocean telephone conversations at once. Or 12 color TV programs. Or tens of thousands of teletype circuits. The Intelsat network links 39 countries with service through 64 earth stations.

Super satellites like this are not just for the affluent nations. Hughes is developing low-cost earth stations to make satellite communications affordable to virtually all peoples.

Hughes is also pioneering in other technologies to advance mankind's lot.

For the world's needs are many. And all of us must do all we can.
MANAGUA, Nicaragua (AP)—An informed source revealed today that recluse billionaire Howard Hughes owns Los Angeles.

When asked to confirm the report, a Hughes captain replied, "Oh, really? That, too, eh?"

Using several thousand aliases, numbered trusts and freelance authors, the source said, Hughes has succeeded in purchasing every square inch of the smoggy California metropolis.

"Angelinos may think they own their homes," the source sneered, "but Hughes just lets them play at buying and selling. Actually, they don't own a thing."

The source promised to reveal all the details of the colossal land deal in a forthcoming book but declined to be any more specific until he could get clearance from Harper and Row Publishing Co.

Contacted in New York, a Harper and Row spokesman said, "Well, we have to recoup from the Irving fiasco somehow, don't we?"

When asked what Hughes plans to do with Los Angeles, the source replied, "You wouldn't believe it."

When pressed further, he said:

"Oh, all right, pushy. He plans to suspend the entire city on five billion aluminum wires hooked to giant helicopters. Then," he added, "when the smog gets too thick in one place the city can be moved—lot, stock and San Andreas Fault—to somewhere where the air is cleaner."

"It'll be a tremendous short-term boon to places like Cochise County," the source continued. "Such areas of sagging economy and underemployment can employ thousands to build connections to LA's freeways. Afterward, the freeway links will make groovy landing strips for dope smugglers."

"Nonsense," commented a more conservative Hughes associate. "How would all the LA suburbs make a living without the Mother City? And besides," he said, "it would screw up Airwest schedules even more than they are."

Hughes unfathomable love for the City of Los Angeles is well-known. He is quoted in a new Hughes biography by Eise Schloch, head waitress at the Dine-A-While Cafe in Shreveport, as saying, "L.A. is a helluva town but I wouldn't want to breathe there."

Lester Algovski, a machinist at Hughes Tool Co. in Clovis City, Calif., and a devoted student of Hughes mysteries, had a different theory on his boss' L.A. purchase.

"Now, he ain't gonna move it," Agloski snorted. "Are you kiddin' me? He's gonna put it in a plastic bubble, see. Then he's gonna pipe in fresh air from all that land he owns in Vegas and Tucson, see."

"I've never heard of Marilyn Drago OR her newspaper."

Another Hughes Speculator, who preferred to remain anonymous, speculated that the elusive Mr. Hughes will shut down all L.A. industry (except Hughes plants) and dump all the city's motor vehicles into the Arctic Ocean.

"See, he has this plywood plane that he built during World War II in storage there," the anonymous speculator reminded, "and the rotten air is warping it something awful. Well," he continued, "it's just damned expensive replacing that plywood every second year or so."

"I'm certain that Mr. Hughes has only the best interests of this great city at heart," said L.A. Mayor Sam Yorty from his Riviera villa. "And we'll certainly treat the gentleman better than those slobs in Nevada have."

And, from Caborca, Clifford Irving commented:

"You smart asses will never know now, will you?"
Fairness!
Justice!
Follow Through!

Dennis De Concini
Democrat

Pima County Attorney

HELP ELECT
Don Thornton

To the Pima County
BOARD OF
SUPERVISORS

Put in government a man who will be responsive to the people.
“This IS the new Army, Mr. Jones...”
WE TRY TO BE A BETTER BANG.

VALLEY BANG.

(We're not perfect yet, but we're trying.)
"Of course I'm for Nixon... I endorsed Muskie and I endorsed Corbett. And look where they are."

Mo Udall

Your Friendly Neighborhood Congressman

.. without whom there would be no show

Directed by Marge Hilts
Music: Don Macey, piano — Rod Plimley, drums
Call Girl: Kay Getzwiller (appointments only)
Costumes: Dodie Leifheit, Pat Wareing, Rosemary Mancini
Make-Up: Patti Zimmermann
Props: Sue Dye, Charlotte Bruni, Lois Hoskins, Fred Zimmermann
Lights: Dare Strohmeyer, Jim Olmstead, Howie Weiss
Choreographer: Marge Hilts
Scenic Artist: Dick Calkins
Photos: Jack Shaeffer
Ushers: U. of A. Journalism Students
Book and Lyrics by numerous Press Clubbers (names withheld to protect the innocent — and the guilty)

... and thanks to: Kapin's, Saxon's, Glover Cleaners, Sandy's, Elcon Merchants Assoc., Food Giant, Tucson radio broadcasters, Tucson television broadcasters, Playbox, Post Litho Printing

THESE TPC REPORTERS ARE REALLY A BUNCH OF NICE GUYS — BUT I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO CHANGE MY OPINION

MARTIN BEDFORD
Candidate for REPRESENTATIVE Distict 12
Phase I

THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB TROUBADORS

directed by Pat Zimmermann
Art Ehrenstrom, Wade Cavanaugh, Gordon Davis, Tony Tabone, Spence Leifheit,
Fred Zimmermann, Bob Snedigar, Mort Tuller, John Rawlinson, Dave Strohmeyer

"COMEDY TONIGHT"

Something that’s horny
Something that’s porny
Something for Jesus freaks, it’s
Gridiron show tonight!

We’ve got some memos
Some are for demos
Dita Beard is roasted on the
Frying pan, tonight.

Something with tricks
Talks of a fix
Something with Bingo Games
Rape in the sticks

Something with laugh in
Something with chalk in
To show the mayor and council ain’t too bright
Anything for boffs, its
Frying pan tonight,

Something for zealots
Bullets or Ballots
Something for everyone, it’s Gridiron Show tonight.
Something of nudies
Of eastern dudes
Wild Horsey Miller’s on the frying pan tonight!
Something of grafis, out George-ing Raft
Something to keep us all from going daft,

Something exclusive
Something abusive
If somethings wrong, we’ll make it right
Tragedy tomorrow
Frying pan
Frying pan
Frying pan
Frying pan, tonight!

New Fiascos of 1972

F YOUR 102

General Bull Moose ................. Sky HiItz
Roger O’Mara ......................... John Fahr
George Babbleson ..................... Jess Riggle

Rincon Rotarian ..................... Tom Turner
Public Works Expert ................ Bill Waters
Gene Bleed .......................... John Wareing

"STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK"

While strolling Randolph Park one day
I wandered off to Old Broadway
I was taken by surprise
By this jet with tail sky-wise
While strolling through the park one day.

Now if Babbleson had had his way
We’d have given the bird to T.A.A.
Instead of lying on my grass
Showing off its classy empanage
Just another bill for Johnny Q to pay.
“EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME”

I may work for Tucson, but I'm non-political
I refuse to be a party to the fights at City Hall
But when fur coats are handed out
Just guess who gives his all?
Everything gets blamed on me.

The Council asks me, "Roger, where should this old plane repose?"
It set it up in Randolph and it crashes on its nose.
If City Hall caught fire, guess who couldn't find a hose?
Everything gets blamed on me.

I used to think when working for old William R.
I'd rather play piano in a bar.
But since I have been Tucson's City Manager
I wish I'd never left the good old Star.

I've had to work for Corbett and for Mayor Davis too.
I've had a lousy time of it, I'm just the guy they screw.
I hoped for some improvement but it's still the same with Lew Murphy keeps picking on me, yeah,
Everything gets blamed on me.

---

Mao Faces of 1972

PANDA - MOAN - IUM

Ping .......................... Marge Hilts  Pong .......................... Jack Shaeffer

“PRETTY BABY”

Everybody loves a panda that's why Mao gave us to you
We are pandas
Chinese pandas
But we had to stay in China just to find out what to do
To make pandas......... baby pandas
So we both remained in Peking for a few extra weeks
Just so we could take some peaks (we were peeping)
At how giant panda panderers teach pandas how to mate
We can hardly wait
To get to Tucson
So we can propagate.

Though you'll have to pay admission it will well be worth the price
Though we're uggeley
We are snuggley
If you're staring at our nuptials just keep throwing Chinese rice
I won't be stand-off...... out at Randolph
Although we don't have flush toilets like the cathouses at
The famous Desert Museum,
Oh our faces will be flushed
As to our beddy-bye we're rushed
At the Randolph Zoo (We're Chinese pandas)
We'll be waiting for you (And we'll be mating)
At the Randolph Park Zoo.
New Witches of 1972

A TRIAL POSITION

Cotton Mother .................................... Louise Wolf
Boob Stirling ...................................... Pat Stevens
Pom Pom Girl ...................................... Linda Clark
Pom Pom Girl ...................................... Barbara Guy
Pom Pom Girl ...................................... Peg Gieske
Pom Pom Girl ...................................... Nancy Nordenson

New Fuzz of 1972

KEYSTONE KAPERS

Cop .................................................. Jess Riggle
Red Bandana ........................................ Dave Strohmeyer
Hood .................................................. Ernie Heitsley
Rapist ............................................... Fred Heiden

New Fizzles of 1972

UP YOU PEOPLE

"PUT ON A HAPPY FACE"

When you’ve screwed up our nation
Coin us another phrase
Make a new proclamation
Announce another phase
When things go wrong with the economy
It’s not your fault
Before unemployment gets to Republicans
You’ll call a halt,
Laugh while the prices go up
Smile when our rent comes due
We can’t afford to throw up
While we all face phase two
If you can believe every poll
You’ve got it all under control.

Happier days are dawning
That’s what you say’s in store
We’ll all just keep on yawning,
Show us that you’ve got more
You said that prices would be going down
You make us sick,
We’ve had enough of promises, we can’t
Swallow that... Dick.
Just wait ’til fall elections
We’ll show you what we think
Those G.O.P. defections
Have brought us to the brink.
From Tricky Dicky we’ll finally be free
We won’t have to face Phase Three.

"I’M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDEE"

In Europe’s common marketplace
America is losing face.
Our currency was riding high–
Now what will a dollar buy?

Marks and francs and lira
Have nothing to fear-a
Foreigners all cheer and
Devaluate the Yankee dollah.

But Sony TV’s in a bind
Hong Kong sweatshops also find
As Nixon’s import taxes swell
They wish he would go to hell.

Yens and pounds and pesos
All will have their say-so’s
Those countries now say go
Devaluate the Yankee dollah.

"CAMPBELL SOUP SONG"

Mmm-mmm good, mmm-mmm good
Filled with Botulism
Mmm-mmm good!
"LEAVING THE STRAIGHT LIFE BEHIND"

Chief Barney Garmire if you will remember
He has changed forces right in midstream
Now he's appearing on network TV.
He's making news since he left you and me
Leaving Old Pueblo behind!

Our former police chief
Is now in Miami
Where he had troubles with a couple of twins
Though they have both blabbed, still nobody knows
Our former police chief
He wears panty hose
Leavin' the straight life behind.

"SKATER'S WALTZ"

He's on thin ice, freezing the price
But not the profits, that would not be nice.
Teachers are mad...They have been had.
But American Motors is not feeling bad.
Dicky's the one...like Attila the Hun
He rapes you peasants while the rich have fun.

"DING DONG THE WICKED WITCH IS DEAD"

Ping, Pong, the Chinks are here
Gonna beat those guys this year
Ping, Pong, we're gonna knock 'em dead!
Ping Pong We'll give our all
They'll be left without a ball
Ping, Pong, who cares if they are red!

"ROSE LOVEJOY OF PARADISE ALLEY"

Nogales down there on the border
Is getting itself into order
Municipal planning means now they are banning
The things for which we all adored her.

We young and lusty fellows
For Canal Street used to race
But now all those bordellos
A school will soon replace
Making scholars now not dollars
And so those kids won't learn
The same things we did, from which we still burn
Education we got on Canal Street
Will far surpass theirs.

"OVER THERE"

Over there, over there
Nixon's winding it down over there.
All the Yanks are leaving
And who's left grieving?
Those Saigon politicians over there.

So Handi...say a prayer
All you gooks and you ginks now beware
We'll be over
We'll still come over
With our bombs, we'll still fly over, over there.

New Fidos of 1972
DOG DAZE

Announcer .................. Jeff Nordensson
Dog ............................... Jess Riggle
Old Faces of 1872

SOZA, YOUR OLD MAN

Pat Nixon ..................... Kay Getzwiller
Ann-Eve Johnson ................ Dodie Leifheit
Morris Herring ................ Ernie Helsley
Governor Fremont .............. Bob Snidigar
Goldwater Perez ................ Dave Wiener
Eddie Jacobson ................. Joe Burchell
Sid Brinkerhoff ............... John Warenig
Indian .......................... Larry Dadesman
Lady of the Evening ........... Lois Hoskins
Lady of the Evening ........... Charlotte Bruni
Lady of the Evening ........... Sue Dye
Lady of the Evening ........... Linda Clark

"SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN"

It's just an adobe in old Tucson town
But thanks to Pat Nixon, it will gain renown
Just an overnight bore for an ex-governor
Though Sid Brinkerhoff's battle has made it seem more.

Carrillo's and Sozas have all been forgot.
The gringos have chingered the whole bloody lot.
But a ghost's hangin' round, with a Chicano brown
In this 'dobe in old Tucson town.

"MEXICAN HAT DANCE"

Oh, we're naming it after a gringo
Though we Mexicans think it's a crime:
But we're naming it after old Fremont
Who slept here once on a time.

Yes, we're naming it after a gringo
A remarkable gringo, that is,
An absentee tenant named Fremont
Who took off and left us all flat.

Oh, we're done with Carrillos and Sozas
Chicanos of little renown
So we're naming it after a vagrant
Who happened to pass through our town.

Yes, we're naming it after a gringo
We Chicanos all do not like that!
But we namint after old Fremont
And you greasers can crap in your hat!

New Fashions of 1972

FRUITS OF THE BLOOM

Herb ............................ Dave Strohmeyer
Dave ............................ John Fahr
Ted ............................... Spance Leifheit

"AIN'T SHE SWEET"

Ain't she sweet?
From the shoulders to the seat
We ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?

Don't this fit nice?
You can wrap it round you twice!
When you wear the fly up where the tie should be
It fits nice!

New Hazes of 1972

UP THOSE STACKS

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

New Fuzzies of 1972

THE AGE OF THE QUEERIEST

Flopsy Cottontail ................ Joe Burchell
Mopsy Cottontail ................ Jess Riggle
Topsy Cottontail ................ Sky Hiltz
Peter Cottontail ................ Jack Shaffer
Short Hare ........................ Fred Heiden

TEN MINUTE INTERMISSION . . . head for the head
the hellbox presents
an historic first

remember Marilyn Monroe in 1949?
remember Ignatz Schwartz in 1913?
remember Burt Reynolds in 1972?
remember Rodney Sten in 1956?

NOW...MOVE OVER COSMOPOLITAN

JACK SHEAFFER
BARES ALL!

Our Swinging Chingadero...

(who better for a centerfold than a guy with all those folds of his own?)

PERFECT FOR MOUNTING
The trim young thing had racked up her Vespa the night before and now she was ready again.

Squeezing into her $40 bells and her Hugh Hefner Memorial Tee Shirt, the dimpled femme ran to her friend's apartment, hung on the door and rushed inside.

Breathless, she threw off her $40 bells, her Memorial Tee Shirt and stood naked, her voluptuous body gleaming against the first rays of sunlight.

She moved slowly toward the bed, tapped him on the shoulder and kissed his neck. "I love you, Harold," she said softly.

Harold, having died the night before, could not respond.

Our unabashed dictionary defines a Liberated Man as one who went to bed with an autographed portrait of Gloria Steinem and wound up glossy eyed.

And the sensuous young thing who tried aluminum hot pants and found out they really were.

"Sergeant," asked the military young thing in the WAF uniform, "how many men in a platoon?"

"Lieutenant," came the reply, "in your case, the answer is yes."

The educated coed propped her degree in nuclear physics up against the headboard, poured two glasses of Pinot de Fleur 1916, seared the Chauenteubriand and readied the flaming ox tails with asparagus stuffing.

"Honey, it's just for you," she mouthed.

"Sweetheart..." he began breathlessly.

"Sweetheart, I was wondering if you have... if you have a fruit jar."

Then there was the one about the Liberated Woman.

The sexy young thing in the skin tight bikini plunged off the board and the hip guys around the pool watched in a trance.

Slowly, the curvy little thing popped off her bikini top. Then her bikini bottom, then she swam through the pool drain and disappeared.

Then there was the one about the impotent attorney who became an Inferior Court Judge.

The haughty young thing in the micro miniskirt batted her long eyelashes and plopped herself in the surprised friend's lap.

"Honey," she purred, "are you ready?"

"No," came the surprised reply.

The sweet young thing, having been a virgin all of her 26 years, decided to ditch that gig and so, set out to swing.

Her first encounter was a 24-year-old sophomore at Yale, a major in political economics whom she had met at a macrobiotic commune.

"I'm a virgin," she cooed, "And I don't want to be."

The Yale looked her up and down, placed one hand firmly on her shoulder and swept her off her feet.

"Have you ever been to Houston?" he asked, setting fire to his left foot.

The nubile young thing was bristle and her woman hood fairly jostled in her super translucent blouse. Having been the house guest of a friend the night before, she was somewhat concerned about becoming pregnant.

"Doctor," she purred, "Will I get pregnant?"

"My dear," said the pleasant physician, "do you support President Nixon's economic controls?"

The tipsy, little young thing was sitting at the Tucson Press Club bar and began to cry.

"Why, little girl," said a friendly reporter, "why are you crying?"

"No one loves me," she said.

"Now, now," he comforted. "Dry your eyes, drink your drink and I'll take care of you."

She did and then they went to his 900NKE Nitro SB with inverted camshaft, fake and roll gas tank and Columbia rear end with a Schwinn engine.

Boy, thought the reporter. Have I got it made tonight.

He roared up to the newspaper building, screeched to a stop and began breathing hard.

"There..." he pointed, by now his breathing at a fever pitch, "have you ever seen the presses run?"

(Heard one as good as these lately? Don't tell us about it. Send it to Playboy. They pay for them.)
...and you thought we didn't rehearse!
Phase II

THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB TROUBADORS
directed by Pat Zimmermann
Art Ehrenstrom, Wade Cavanaugh, Gordon Davis, Tony Tabone, Spence Leifheit,
Fred Zimmermann, Bob Snedigar, Nort Tuller, John Rawlinson, Dave Strohmeyer

"CABARET"

Give up your cop-outs, start to begin...
Come on, let's all make hay
Bad mouth your mothers; cheer for sin
This is the Press Club's day...

Scratch if it itches, yawn if you're bored,
Say what you want to say,
Make with four-letter words, old chum...
This is the Press Club's Day...

We'll pan the schools, and Congress too
Let's hear it from a mighty nation
That's hung up on segregation.

Something for each one
Including your kid,
Tucson's a family lark,
Roger O'Mara has lifted the lid
War planes in every park!!!

So drink your drink, strike up the band
Don't worry, there's no celebrating
Right this way, there's trouble waiting
Nothing is sacred, anything goes
Pulitzer and Bill Small
We've got a beaut for you, old chums
Something real cute for you, old chums
A real rooty-toot for you old chums
This is the Press Club's Day !!!!

New Presses of 1972

THE DRACHMAN AND CLARK EXPEDITION

Drachman ....................... Bob Snedigar
Tom Clark ...................... Jeff Nordenson
Michael Pulitzer .............. Dave Wiener
Bill Small, Jr. .................. John Wareing
Pulitzer, Jr. ................... Jack Sheaffer
Small Jr., Jr. .................. Fred Haiden

"MY BLUE HEAVEN"

We're moving to our new building,
We'll take all our bums...down south to the slums
We're moving to our new building
The color scheme will be a dream to match our news
We'll paint up every wall and beam in yellows
A higher ad rate, a monopoly state
Is paying for our new building.

"LUCKY OLD SUN"

I own the morning
and I own the night
Between us we own the whole town
We're those lucky old soons...with plenty of dough
From papers our dads handed down.

I'm Michael P.
And I'm William S.
We don't know a thing about news
But thanks to the law that congress has passed
There's no way that we'll ever lose.

Oh dad's, oh dad's, can't you see we're grateful
Tears are in our eyes
Oh dad's, oh dad's, the readers all are hateful
They say we're telling lies,

I've got my Dave
And I've got my Paul
And dozens of teen-aged reserves
They're not very much on judgement and such
But they're all that Tucson deserves.
New Feces of 1972

IN THE CAN

Mrs. A. J. Bayless ......................... Marge Hiltz

"MY FAVORITE THINGS"

The foodstuffs we've sold you have made us quite wealthy
Though additives in them may make you unhealthy
Here's what we're selling to you ding-a-ling
List to this list of these chemical things
Sorbitol, Guar gum, and artificial flavor
These are some things that you shoppers all savor
Cyclamates, benzoates, sodium chloride
These are the chemicals you're paying for
Polysorbate, propylgallate, pyridoxamine
Fine print on your label read it if you're able
The Feds don't find them... obscene.

FDA tells us what foods can have in 'em,
Anything's okay well go ahead and tin 'em,
Adding food value to all that we eat
Lots of additions that are not our meat.
Such things as dead bugs and some still a squirming
Rat hairs and cat hairs and droppings from vermin
They're all in weiners and sausages, too
Along with the stuff to preserve that do-do
When the rat craps—in the bakery
Like he never should
I simply remember what's in what I ate
And then I don't feel too good.

New Places of 1972

AROUND THE WORLD

Dick Nixon ......................... Tom Turner
Pat Nixon ......................... Kay Getzwiler

"SLOW BOAT TO CHINA"

I left them reeling,
On my Cook's tour of China,
Not by myself, alone,
Kissinger was with me,
And home minding store,
I left Uncle Spiro,
Weeping a faraway shore,

Mao was waiting,
On that wall there in China,
And a successor or three
Oh, I loved that Mao Tai,
On my giddy trip to China
Good-by old Chiang Kai-Shek

"OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD"

I'm off to see Kosygin—The Russians are waiting for me.
Kissinger went to pave the way, he runs the show you see.
I'm arming myself with platitudes and practicing my attitudes.
So I can show the Russians as the Chinks
What a genuine wasp American thinks!

I hope I am successful in making things perfectly clear
For I've been told my dialect is strictly Russian queer.
When I think of the vodka I must swell, the price is high for their good will.
The Chinese really roared all our drinks
I'm off to visit Moscow
I'm glad it isn't Hanoi!
New Asses of 1972

A CAPITAL IDEA

Geography Instructor ............... Maury Hickey

"HOBO BILL"

We love our Arizona, our ever sunny land
It's mountains, forests, copper mines,
And desert views so grand.

Our hallowed halls of ivy
Teach us it's history,
But it's better said
To know instead--your geography.

In Phoenix, Arizona--which no one understands,
We mean the seat of government--
Big brother's grabbing hand.

Up there in Maricopa,
They call the shots with glee,
You'll pass the test—if you just guess,
It's your geography.

Now, you may live in Flagstaff,
Or all the state around
Say, like Nogales Junction—
Our own Old Pueblo Town.

Wind up in the legislature,
But still, you won't be free,
For, big brother's grabbing hand
Guards your geography.

Our noble, native red man's
Got his feet right on the ground,
He doesn't need big brother—
But he's still pollution bound!

With smog from Maricopa—
Surplus commodity,
You can guess what made our leadership
Share his geography!

New Fascists of 1972

SCHEAFFER'S FOURTH REICH

John Scheaffer .................... Dick Calkins
Swede Johnson .................... Sky Hitzs
Max Palmer I ...................... Spence Leifheit
Max Palmer II ...................... Fred Heiden
Max Palmer III .................... John Rawlinson
Max Palmer IV ..................... Jeff Nordensson
First Bundle of Twiggies .......... Joe Burchell
Second Bundle of Twiggies .......... Jack Sheafer
Third Bundle of Twiggies .......... Bob Snedigar

"THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND"

Oh, parking uber alles
The stadium shall grow
And when we plan to build again
We'll never let you know

The fees will soon go higher
The students they will scream
But parking is what they will get
No matter who we ream

"BEAR DOWN, ARIZONA"

Burn down, Arizona
Burn down the old Main
Burn down all the buildings
If the fees go up again
Come back Dickie Harvill
John has got to go
Burn! Burn! Burn—Burn—Burn!!!
Build garages.....Hell, no!!!
No Passes of 1972
THEY'RE JUST OUR BILLS
Taxpayer .................. Patti Zimmermann

"HABANERA"

Legislators, make up your mind
Can kids drink beer or can they drink wine?
Legislators, why are you confused?
If they can vote, why can't they get boozed?

Legislators, you're so obtuse
We sometimes wonder what is your use
You vote pay raises for all your milk,
And our state coffers you really milk'

Tam Kincaid, Goodwin, Doug Holtsclaw
Gave all of us a deal that's really raw
Scott Alexander and lesser lights
All join in foolish legislative fights.

Bill Jacquin, Gibbins, and old Ma Hutch
Have really got the voters in their clutch
Sam Lena, Buehl, and Maynard, too
They all have done it to me and you.

More New Fizzes of 1972
MORE UP YOU PEOPLE

"DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE"

I love those dear hearts and gentle people
At Tucson Country Club
Now all those old farts and gentle creepies
Have really gone and flubbed their dub
Discrimination they've practiced for years
Now Jews they'll let in, or so it appears
We'll have to mingle with all those people
Who swing and love in country clubs.
Shalom Shalom.

"WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL"

At Christopher city
You've let us all do-own
Wives of U. of A. students
Are all getting round

Those birth control counselors
Have got to leave now
If we're going to do it
We'll never know how

Those media's new techniques are being withdrawn
Now U. of A. wives and coeds can't do nothin' but
Spawn and spawn and spawn,
Oh

Oh rhythm won't do it
We've got no control
The regents have made a
Premature withdrawal

Oh birth control pills
Oh birth control pills
Oh birth control pills
We need you!

"HERNANDO'S HIDEAWAY"

We know a dark and lifeless place
So murky no one sees your face
A glass of beer, a fast embrace
It's called, the good old T.P.C. - Ole'!

All you see are silhouettes
And all you hear are poker bets
And no one cares how late it gets
Not at the goo' ol' T.P.C., ooooh-lay!

Now at the O.P. Club or at the P.T.R.,
You'll meet McKalip or some broad who's in P.R.
But if you come... to our favorite spot... and take the Ninth
Oh, nothing rash... we'll just get smashed -- All by ourselves

So use your card, if dough you've got
If not just say that you forgot
Or that you have to use the pot
And really have to Tee-Pee, See? Oh.....Lay.

"I WANT TO BE HAPPY"

We want to play Bingo
But we can't play Bingo
'Til we can play legally.

Rose says that it's lawful
Gilkinson says "awful"
Oh what a spoil sport is he!

How can we make money
To pay our priests
And hold those holy day feasts

We want to play Bingo
But we can't play Bingo
'Til we can play legally.
 Won't play basketball in your town
Wouldn't play there if we could
Thought that Tucson was a cowtown
You don't kow tow like you should.

Here we went to all this trouble
Brought in "C" teams from the road
Then you went and pricked the bubble
Hardly anybody showed.

So we'll find another cowtown
Sympathizing with our need
We don't wanna play in your town
You don't understand our greed.

There's a lesson we have learned here
Just as "A" does follow "B"
Don't turn over your promotion
To a guy who's on TV

And a final word in parting
Please permit this little boast
We don't care a fig for money
It's Tucson who'll suffer most.

Oh-h-h-h, the Butterfield Express way is a
Comin' down the street
Please don't build that thing at our front door.
Oh-ho, the Butterfield Espresso way is a
Comin' this-a-way
Then headin' that-a-way just like before.
To make a road they're tearin' down a mission
They're jedin' for Jacome's gen'ral store
Then veering left, they knock off an addition
To the city hall
And that ain't all
Oh-ho the Butterfield Expressway is a
Comin' now
We've just got time to save the Barrio
They go right and they go left, bull-dozing and up-rootin'
And it could mean---more smog descends
On us

You gotta have ITT....l-T-T-T-T-T
Miles and miles and miles of ITT....l-T-T-T-T-T
Anything you've done before is for naught
If you haven't bought some ITT.
You gotta have ITT....l-T-T-T-T
Sell your heart and soul for ITT....l-T-T-T-T-T
Ask your Congressman, 'cause he oughta know
Cause he got his dough from ITT.
ITT will never drop to zero....HEE HEE HEE
ITT will always keep its pan....Oui! Oui! Oui!
Every Latin is a hero....Si! Si! Si!
Glad to fight ITT's little war
(They're top bananas in Havana)
You gotta have ITT....l-T-T-T-T
Ever-lovin' crock of ITT....l-T-T-T-T-T
And if you think that our sentiment's weird
Ask Dia Beard about ITT.
They gave her plenty of ITT.
Take a notion, pick a nation....Eeny-mo!
Call upon the C.L.A. ....off we go!
To create a situation....Ho! Ho! Ho!
With Marines to save the day
There's nothin' to it, ITT can do it,
Have you had it with ITT? l-T-T-T-T-T
Up your flippin' ears with ITT....l-T-T-T-T-T
Are you finding that the scandals they tell
On I, Tel and Tel
Just pull a bit?
Then to Hell with ITT....To Hell with ITT....To Hell with ITT.
New Press Agents of 1972

FLACK 'EM ALL

Lew Murphy ....................... John Fahr
Bill Cobbledick ..................... Tony Tabone

"MACNAMARA'S BAND"

My name is Lewis Murphy,
I'm your mayor, -you all know,
In order to communicate,
I need a P.I.O.

Burton and Weiss and Addelstein
Those Democrats did pick,
Would you believe I found a guy
Whose name is Cobbledick?

"THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

I'm gonna change the Mayor's image,
And if that ain't enough,
Whitewash the councilmen,
But that'll be tough.

I'll make them all brilliant,
Not dull and gray,
Papers will quote them right
Each word that they say.

This job requires a guy
Who has a lot of brass,
I'll bet I make it,
Or I'll kiss your foot.

If they don't like me with a beard, -Okay,
I'll take the beard away today
I'll really earn my pay.

New Crazes of 1972

HUGHES IS NEWS

Howard Hughes ................. Bill Waters
Dancing Girl ................. Peg Gieske
Dancing Girl .................. Barbara Schuler

Dancing Girl .................. Darby Getzwiller
Dancing Girl .................. Barbara Guy

"HEY DADDY"

Hey Howard, stop all of this confusion, come out from seclusion
Howard, we wanna see you, Howard Hughes..............
Hey Howard, gee, we have a penthouse free
Atop the VNB
Howard-------we wanna get the best for youse
Clifford drove us to distraction
'Til he made his big retraction
Now you're the main attraction
We'll join you in the action
Howard, now you have trimmed your nails
You can set your sails
Howie, Howie
We're gonna do our best for you
Oh, yeah.
Hughes......stole your land away
Hughes......won't come out and play
This guy's cool man, never around
He's no fool man, rumors abound about
Hughes......what a cagey gent
Hughes......such a sly dog
Youse......if you need a lent, call
Hughes, Hughes, no one but Hughes.

I am alive and well
As far as I can tell
But my history I won't reveal
'Cause for broads I still have appeal
Like Frazier I've got my pride
I have not lost my drive
Into a miss I'll dive
Hughes tool is still alive.

"ME AND MY SHADOW"
Me and my shadow.....And that so-called biography
Me and my shadow.....I don't know him and he sure don't know me
That no good dirty crook, he wrote that book
Then sold a bill to McGraw and Hill
Who paid with such pleasure, three quarter of a million gees.

Me and my shadow.....And that includes old Bob Maheu
Who screwed up Las Vegas, and all my hotels and casinos, too.
Each night I go to bed, then wake in fear
That I'll be forced, to come out and appear
Than I'll take my shadow to Tucson
And hide out on my properties
(With Sam Nanini)
My Casa 'Dohe properties.

New Races of 1972

A CONVENTIONAL GATHERING

Mo Udall ......................... Jess Riggle
Shirley Chisolm .................. Patti Zimmermann
George Wallace ................... Mornin Glory Coleman
Edwin Muskie .................... Mort Tuller
McGovern ....................... Sky Hiits
Hubert Humphrey ................ Wade Cavanaugh
Spiro Agnew .................... Earl Calloway

"COCK-EYED OPTIMIST"
As I look at this Democratic Party
I forget every trouble that we've had
So they call me a cock-eyed optimist
As I eye it—it doesn't look bad,

Though our party may not be hale and hearty
We're in debt and Dick Nixon things we're dead
I am still just a cock-eyed optimist
No matter what pollsters have said,

We're going to win the race
We won't fall on our face
Though we have got a way to go.
Eventually we will
Catch up on our phone bill,
If we get some I Tel & Tel dough,

If we let Life expose that other party
We'll appear incorruptible good Joes
We'll hoist Nixon's palace guards
By their own petards
And no matter which way the wind blows
We'll keep them on...their...toes.
"BOO HOO"

Boo, hoo.
I am primarily blue
And as I sit here and cry, oh my
I can't believe I'm through

Boo, hoo.
The voters failed to woo
And as I sit here and choke, I'm broke
I can't believe it's true.

You left me in the lurch
And you have knocked me off my perch

I'm teed
McGovern's now in the lead
And as I sit here and bleed, I plead
It's sympathy I need—

"THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"

My new black magic can now cast a spell
My new black magic gets me votes as well
On busing, segregation, women's rights
In politics I've had some bitter fights
But since we've been beneath Dick Nixon's spell
The U.S.A. has really gone to hell
And down and down we'll go
Round and round we'll go
In a spin, hating that spin we're in
'til that Chisolm magic takes hold.

"DIXIE"

Oh, I won my campaign in the land of cotton
But Wisconsin's not forgotten
Vote for me, vote for me, vote for me, good old George

In Alabama where I was born in
They won't let no Yankee horn in
I'm their man, I'm their man, they love me, good old George

Oh, I'll win the vote in Dixie, just wait and holler
If rednecks speak out in this land along with those blue collars
I'll win, I'll win, I'll suck in lots of voters
Give me your vote you watermelon toters.

"HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN"

Hubert Humphrey's here again
I'm here for you to cheer again
And when I appear, don't sneer again
Hubert Humphrey's here again.

"THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN"

We've had a gathering of the clan in many sundry states
And after all the votes are in, now I'm the one who rates
Singin' I'll win it this year, I'll beat that Dick
The lad who tried it last time couldn't make it stick
I'll run, I'll run.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

We're the Democratic Party
Independent to a fault
We've ascended from the old New Deal
Am-urr-i-can as chocolate malt...
We've a strange erratic notion
That in spite of all our plights
Kissing legs of babies who are eighteen years and over
We'll soar to Democratic heights...
Join the Democratic Party
We are for the working slob
It's a rear guard action that we must maintain
And we've got the rears for the job...
Join with us in our endeavor
He's a habit we must break
That's why we're meeting here tonight and holding his convention
That Dick is more than we can take.
"OF THEE I SING"

Of me I sing, Demos
I am such a wondrous thing, Demos,
I played second fiddle
To old Tricky Dick
No longer can he diddle
With this canny Grik

I'm your new thing, Demos
I can give this party zing, Demos
I deserve your adulation
I can lead this mighty nation
Of me I sing.

"Hallelujah Chorus"

Hail to Spiro
Hail to Spiro
Hail to Spiro
He's our next president.

"Battle Hymn of the Republic"

The democrats are marching to the best of Spiro's drums
We are heading for the White House now to throw out all the bums
Phase one and two will see us through till Nixon's day is done
And are all overcome.

Glory, glory, Spiro Agnew
From now on the press won't nag you
You're the man we'll wave the flag to
As you go stumbling on.

Jack Anderson will back you up and so will Dita Beard
The Wallace throng will join your song so don't you be afraid
So promulgate your background, show them how the Greeks are reared
We're all behind you now.

Glory, glory Spiro Agnew
Don't you ever let them gag you
Keep on passing out your do-do
As you go stumbling on.

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

THE CLUB IS OPEN . . .
A Good Choice

With the announcement of the discovery of a new planet orbiting inside Mercury, it seems only a matter of time before the Disaster Lobby—The Sierra Club, Ralph Nader and their friends—use this as a pretext for halting progress on the plan to recover water from Mars.

The full development of Mars' resources is vital to Arizona's continued progress, expansion and growth. It has been estimated that a ring of hydroelectric dams around the Martian polar caps could produce as much as 3,000,000 acre feet of water annually, to be shared among the Lower Colorado Basin states on a pro rated basis.

Even as this is written, Arizona negotiators, led by talented dynamic University of Arizona administrator Dr. Marvin D. Johnson, PhD, are in California to make sure we are not cheated out of our fair share of the Mars water.

Furthermore, the proposed 110,000,000-mile aqueduct to bring the water back to its rightful owners provides endless possibilities for industrial development here in the "Old Pueblo," as it is known affectionately to the Chamber of Commerce.

Picture if you will a thriving, dynamic pipe manufacturing industry, possibly based in the hitherto wasted Casas Adobes area. Combined with supportive industries, this would provide employment for some 200,000 persons, including an estimated 50 from the chronically underemployed Mexican American community.

The quarrying of the Catalina Mountains to provide materials for the pipe industry would, of course, remove the largest stumbling block in the way of Tucson's northward expansion. Indeed, GAC Properties has already asked the Planning and Zoning Commission for permission to develop a 100,000 acre trailer park complex in that area.

Removal of the mountains would also give our lovely city an uninterrupted vista of the huge man made slag heaps of San Manuel, which—thanks to the untiring efforts of our dear friends at Kennecott—will someday draw millions of tourists, who will view them with the same reverence as the pyramids of Egypt, monuments to the human spirit, to the irrepressible desire to leave our world bigger and better and newer and shinier than we found it.

Let us move forward.

---

A Good Choice

Scientists, many of them working right here at the good old University of Arizona under the capable administrative talents of Dr. Marvin D. Johnson, PhD, are making miraculous advances in every field, and particularly in the biological sciences.

It is now possible, they tell us, to create human lives in test tubes from frozen sperm. Naturally, this presents a tremendous vista of growth and progress for Tucson.

The possibility of great men's children being conceived long after their deaths is one that should stir the minds and loins of all Tucsonans.

Under Dr. "Swede" Johnson's leadership, local community leaders are spearheading a drive to have America's (and perhaps the world's) first comprehensive sperm bank located at the U of A. Such an institute would fit in well with the University's progressive programs in astronomy and typing.

The Star has learned that one of these leaders has even started a private sperm bank, storing his own semen in his refrigerator until a larger facility can be constructed. He is to be commended for his positive, forward-looking, dynamic approach to the issue.

We know that pop-offs like Ralph Nader and the Sierra Club oppose such efforts as part of their overall scheme for destroying America's dynamism. On this subject, one need only remember the response of veteran Pima County Democratic legislator Etta Mae Hutcheson, who said, "That's a crock."

Well met, Mr. Hutcheson.

---

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Tucson Press Club

PLEASE ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS:

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Bus. Phone

Include Zip Code Number

Home Phone

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If Regular, Related or Allied membership is requested, please outline your qualifications on the reverse side of this application.

Applicant

Proposed by

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* According to a privately-commissioned poll, the average Tucson Press Club member has a chronological age of 56 and a mental attitude of a 15-year-old. He (or she) drives an automobile to work and frequently must take a cab home. The average member has class: 98.9 per cent

last year saw a stag movie; 83.4 per cent read

"Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee" and 13 per cent know what the word opera means. The average member has a sense of humor, a sparkling personality, driving ambition and unbridled compassion. And passion. Not just anyone may qualify for membership in the exclusive Tucson Press Club. The requirements for membership are stringent: you must be alive and have money. Clip the card today, mail it in with your check. Ask another member about your classification.

the tucson press club
(reciprocity in 38 cities)
The Arizona Press Club, at another convenient meeting

Daily-Daily Interest

Now you can get daily interest on any Southern Arizona Bank savings account. So you earn two interests every day. Interest on your savings. And interest on your interest. It really adds up.
Back in the days of the Old West, the “bad guys” were immortalized by songs that turned them into legends.

Now, in the New West, the bad guys are still around, but they haven’t been immortalized by song.

The favorite hangout of the old bad guys, when they weren’t rustling cattle or shooting up the stagecoach, was the old saloon with its songs and dance hall cuties.

With the gangster today, it would more likely be a dark, seedy bar with a front man owner for the Mafia.

Tucson is reputed to have a few.

Fity the poor Mafia bad guy of our era. No songs to record his legends and deeds. No hardy, haunting melody to recognize his existence. No bawdy tune to flow from the lips of future man recognizing the past dering-do of today’s Mafia hoodlums.

Just thousands of words in the nation’s press, most of them unfavorable, about their activities.

The Old West may be the New West, but the principal characters are still the same.

The bad guy in the black hat and blazing six-shooter robbing Wells Fargo has been replaced by the business-suit appearance of today’s bad man who still robs, but does it by twisting the laws to suit himself.

Perhaps one of the most well-known Old West songs about the badmen is “Ragtime Cowboy Joe”—a ragtime classic which was a favorite with barbershop quartets after it was written in 1912.

Grant Clarke wrote the lyrics about the Arizona badman “Joe”, and Maurice Abrahams and Lewis E. Muir collaborated to do the music. Ragtime Cowboy Joe was revived twice in the musicals of 1940 and was sung by Alice Faye in the 1943 movie “Hello, Frisco, Hello.”

Two years later, Betty Hutton sang it in “Incendiary Blonde,” a biography of Texas Guinan.

So with this in mind, two reporters decided to honor one of Tucson’s own bad guys of today. Everyone knows good old Joe—he wouldn’t hurt a flea. But you know Joe.

With apologies to Clarke, Abrahams and Muir, here are the reporter’s version of Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

We call our version “Ragtime Mafia Joe.”

Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
And the only friend to help you is a Mafia bar:
The roughest, toughest man by far,
Is Ragtime Mafia Joe.

Got his name from blasting cops and crooks,
Every night they say he sings over his books,
Grooving soft and low.

He always sings raggedy threats to his victims,
As he swings through his many systems,
On a racket that is syncopated gaited,
And there’s such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater,
How they run when they hear that fellow’s gun,
Because the Arizona folk all know,
He’s a high-faluting, scooting, shooting sun-of-a-gun from Arizona.
Dressed up every Sunday in his Sunday clothes,
He beats it for the ranch that everybody knows,
And every racket in town is Joe’s
’Cause he’s a ragtime Mafia.
No one but a lunatic would start a war,
Wise men know his forty-four
Makes men dance for fear.
BACK! BACK! Or I give you to Gene Reid!

Greetings From

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PRINCE - RODEO - APACHE
DRIVE-IN THEATRES
ENEMA MAN ASSAULTS THREE

Three K-State women were assaulted by an unidentified man early Wednesday morning and given enemas at gunpoint.

Police said the man entered the coeds' apartment through an unlocked window and stayed there for more than two hours, working "slowly and deliberately."

THIS IS the fourth such incident on police records, although the man boasted to the victims that he has given 16 enemas to women in another town. Manhattan police said there have been no reports of such incidents elsewhere.

The man is described as being a white male, approximately 25 years old, 5'7" to 5'8", with a medium to stocky build. The coeds said the man wore a brown ski mask with orange circles around the eyes and mouth and a design on the cheeks. He wore a navy or black pocketed sweatshirt with dark green cuffed slacks, gloves and desert boots.

In all of the reported cases, the man has entered apartments through an unlocked door or window. Although he is armed with a gun, believed to be a small derringer, he is described as being very polite and gentle. All of his victims have been college-age women.

POLICE SAID after entering the apartment, he warned the coeds not to scream or look at him. He tied up all three women with new pre-cut hemp rope and assured them he was not going to rape them.

He made preparations for the enemas in another room and took the girls into the room one-by-one where he told them what he was going to do. After the incident, he raped each girl.

Afterwards, the man took his time searching dresser drawers and reportedly stole approximately $13.75 from three wallets.

Police said the man is dangerous and advised all women to keep doors and windows locked at night. Anyone having information concerning the identity of this man should notify the Manhattan police.

---

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It was a real-life rags to riches story for Arizona Daily Star Political writer John F. Rawlinson, who at 28 found himself among Tucson’s wealthy. Sporting a $1,500-hand-tailored Hong Kong silk suit, $85 Italian shoes and a $22 hand-crushed velvet sport shirt, Rawlinson ducked newsmen as he climbed in his custom-made Rolls-Royce and apologized for the Tucson Press Club’s financial woes. Rawlinson promised a full investigation of the disappearance of $600,000 in club dues as soon as he and his wife return from a month-long jaunt to Argentina. “Will I be back?” smiled the Alfred Neuman look alike. “Am I ready?” Only Rawlinson knew what he meant.

Set designers have been kept busy at KOLD-TV for two years now, changing the news backdrop almost once each week. The reason? “It’s obvious,” said News director Ed Havens. “Cronkite is pulling down our local ratings.” Last week, the designers set a record: the 85th set change in a single month. Newsmen will sport beards, hot pink blazers, and each will be given the name of a bird. Havens will be Johnny Sparrow, John C. Scott will become Fred Eagle. Cocktails will be featured for a live studio audience. What of news content? “What the hell is that?” snapped Havens.

John C. Scott’s distinctive radio voice has landed him in more trouble than the original radio Lone Ranger without Tonto. Now Scott, 81, told why. “The reason I sound this way,” Scott said, sounding as if he were racing at chin ups while undergoing a pelvic transplant, “is my business.” And Mr. News tells it like it should be.

Diminutive Weathergirl Pat Stevens added a new twist to her weather show a week ago and it was nothing compared to the FCC’s Show In Reply. Director Dean Burch showed up to personally criticize Miss Stevens’ interpretation of the weather, saying she always went out of her way to say things were gloomy in Agnus, Kansas. “Oh, hell,” whispered Pat. “Oh, help,” whispered Burch, who left with his head in a wastebasket.

Harry L. Marshall, who runs the News Bureau for the University of Arizona, was visibly moved when Tucson newsmen paid him tribute, but also visibly shaken. Reason: Marshall accidentally let a newsworthy story slip through, which made Page One in both papers. “I don’t know how it happened,” said Marshall. “But next week, we have a woodwind recital.” Reaction: “That’s no prize,” said Michael Pultizer.

Former Mayor James N. Corbett is fond of professing admiration for Tucson’s Little People and last week, it finally happened: He asked Mayor Lewis C. Murphy to proclaim Tucson Dwarf Day. Topping the occasion: Gentleman Jim gently nibbled on the knee of a 3-foot dwarf woman. “Nothing like a little pleasure,” said Beau James with a crooked eyebrow.

It was William Randolph Hearst who was credited with separating news from editorials and now David F. Brinegar has made his own mark: he has separated editorials from journalism. “The responsibility is entirely mine,” quipped the affable Executive Editor. “And the reverse would apply, even if the Star were a magazine. Which, of course, it isn’t.” The staff laughed and City Editor Bill Waters jumped out the window.

Sarcastic David N. Mitchell had contented himself with using barbed wire whips and cattle prods on Tucson Daily Citizen reporters, but his latest encourager came on strongest of all: an electrically charged water fountain filled with sulfuric acid. “I order them to drink,” Mitchell smiled.

The Randolph Park Zoo continues to cut back on animal acquisition. Today, director Gene Reid announced the arrival of 500 mice, 16 bison, 58 antelope, a partridge without its pear tree and 7,000 talking Mynah birds who only shout obscenities. “This represents a cutback,” said Reid. “And for once, I hope the press gets it straight.” As Reid spoke, he announced the 89th completion date for Sabu’s new enclosure. Sabu died a year ago.

Phelps-Dodge spokesmen said a year ago they will shut down Arizona if they can’t pollute the air and now the company has gone one further. “We are being forced to cut our profits from $99 billion to $98.9 billion. And you know what that means.” But no one did. Gov. Jack Williams said he is not retreating on pollution controls, while signing a new law permitting the use of atomic bombs for strip mining.
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