"HO-HO, SILVER"
25TH ANNIVERSARY GRIDIRON ROAST

THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB PRESENTS
WE HANG TOGETHER FOR YOU!

TUCSON'S DEMOCRATIC LEGISLATORS

LEGISLATORS DO IT IN COMMITTEE
HO-HO, HELL . . . WHOA YOU SOMBITCH!!!
Heartburn Anyone?

When you deposit $1,000 or more in a certificate account at any of the 12 Catalina Savings offices, we donate money, in your name, to your favorite charity. Which is one of the reasons we grew 61% last year alone!

Move your money to the mountains... the Catalina Savings mountains.

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Catalina Savings

Main Office: 160 N. Stone; 792-2222
12 convenient Tucson locations plus Patagonia, Sonolita and Green Valley! Locally owned and managed.
MOTHER GOOSE
by
Mildred Clingermon

1.

High, Ho! The Gridiron Show!
For five and twenty year
Goosing politicians
With rollicking good cheer.

Pecking peccadillos
On the state and local scene,
Fingering the gummy spots
On every Mister Clean.

Nosing out absurdities
And puncturing with glee
All the pumped-up posturing
Of three, and thee—and me.

2.

Why, why, Sue Dye
Trouble thy pretty head
Over the safety
Or the danger
Of my water bed?
Has thou nothing
else to do?
Sue, Sue, nosey Sue.

3.

There was a crooked man,
And he walked a crooked mile,
They put him in the jailhouse;
For a little crooked while.

He was given food and leisure
For the little time it took
To cook himself a million
With a little crooked book.

Meanwhile ANOTHER crook
(The Master-over-all)
Leered and hated far away
In his luxurious Hall,
Where twenty hapless scribes
(Having lasheled themselves to chairs)
Listened palely, daily
While the Master splatted hairs
And weaved his book with tape-gaps
And tattered old clichés... (Make no mistake, my hearties) CROOKERY-BOOKERY PAYS!

5.

In the Year of the Horse
How daunting to see
That all the best nags
Are sick with V.D.

6.

To market, to Market, a-galloping a-gallop to buy some meat to put in the pot,
But bacon is deadly if fried up too hard.
And steak is a no-no when it is charred;
Liver, they say, with bad stuff is rife,
While chickens taste nasty—
They spend their short lives
High up in the air in a cage that's a mess;
And beef roasts, we're told,
Are bleated with DES.
(Bon appetit!)

7.

A is for Arizona, its prisons a disgrace,
B is for Babbit who inherited his place,
C is the cost to clean up the mess,
D is delay, a constant, we guess,
E is the effort to shake loose the cash,
F is the future at something so rash.
G is the going-in every voter's heart,
H is the hurry to make a good start.
I is for ideas—some are even bright,
J is for the jails (part of the flight),
K is for the killings, they end the rhyme,
While we wait for solutions—long past time.

8.

Beer belly Billy
So gross and so silly
But the White House's burden
Is that spittin' Jordan.

9.

Here's a Washington rumor that I can tell:
Old Chicken Little is alive and well.
And as of today at this very minute
He is Carter's man in the U.S. Senate;
He's leading the pack against our Dennis,
Talking and squawking: "That lad's a menace!
"The attention he's getting is far too mealy—
"Let's scrap the amendments and kill the treaty!"

10.

April brought the poppies sweet,
Scattered daisies at our feet,
Urged the coq's doves to mate,
And gave us Tucson's Watergate.

11.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
What shall we do?
Vasa's boring us all;
Her speech is too long
And most of it wrong.
Why didn't she hire a hall?

12.

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
I know the army will save the town
The night their neutron bombs pour down.
How good to know—How great my joy—
That it's only the living they'll destroy.

the end
..."As you can see, our Arizona copper industry is enjoying a particularly auspicious year."

Eyes strained deciphering EPA encyclical Vols. XXVI-XXXIX.

MSHA reject.

Dizzy attempting to reconcile Federal and State air quality standards.

Saged further with every drop in domestic copper prices.

Singed by legislative sniping.

Ulcier flares each time supplier prices go up.

Phlebitis Taxitus.

Hobbled by public land restrictions.

Government red tape (recycled).

 Crushed by foreign copper dumping.

ARIZONA MINING ASSOCIATION
SO THIS FELLER SAYS TO ME......

"You mean to tell me you’re still president of the TPC? What did they do, elect you for life?"

"No, George," I said. "It's not still...it's again! I was elected again! There were 11 intervening years when the club had other presidents."

"Well, I should hope so. On the other hand, I hope this doesn't mean we have to put up with you every 11 years. You could become a bad habit. Seems to me back then you were smaller and the Press Club was larger."

"You're right. In those days we had about 900 members. That's about three times what we have now."

"Don't tell me all those drinkers went dry!"

"I don't really know, George. Maybe people's habits changed. Haven't your habits changed through the years?"

"Not even my brand. Better broadcast the word, Joe... 'Work is the curse of the drinking class.' Gotta get going now. See you in 11 more years. Happy TPC!"

"So long, George!"

Joe Capstall
1974 — John Wareing, Bill Waters, Marge Hiltz

1962 — Kay Getzwiller, Shirley Phillips, Isa Crino,
Kathy Ballard, Joan Gibson, Charlotte Kilpis, Rusty Brown,
Joyce Berman, Chic Fannin, Marge Hiltz

Ralph Hamilton
Stanley Katcher

YOUR FRIENDLY
SONS O' BACHE

Bache
Bache Halsey Stuart Shields Incorporated
5151 East Broadway—Suite 810
Tucson, Arizona 85711 747-8383

1910
was a very fine year

— Tucson Citizen starts first regular comic strip,
"Mutt and Jeff"
— Boy Scouts of America Incorporated
— First continuous long distance flight made from
Albany to New York City
— Construction began on Theodore Roosevelt Dam
— Magma Copper Company founded in Superior

Welcome, Newcomers!

MAGMA
Magma Copper Company
A Subsidiary of Newmont Mining Corporation
San Manuel Superior
I made three predictions for this year:
Bruce Babbitt would not run for Governor.
Dino DeConcini would not run for Attorney General.
The Tucson Press Club Gridiron Roast would not last 25 years.
I now predict that Jimmy Carter will overwhelmingly win renomination.

— Congressman Mo Udall
1977 – Bob Snedigar, Sky Hiltz, Mike Morse, Pete Cowgill, Jack Sheaffler

1973 – John Rawlinson, Art Ehrenstrom, Tony Tabone, Mort Tuller, Spence Leifheit, Fred Zimmermann, Dave Strommeyer, Bob Snediger, Wade Cavenaugh, Patti Zimmermann

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HOLMES TUTTLE FORD

Keep an ex-TPC President employed!

STEVE EMERINE
County Assessor

The Baron’s...
where it’s at!

2401 SOUTH WILMOT ROAD
I don't mean to be feces-cious but we are up to our ears in this because the city and county can't agree.
1976 — Tom Turner

1959 — Duke Levermore, Jim Cooper, Pete Starrett

De ANZA

DRIVE-IN THEATRES INC.

TUCSON, ARIZONA

DE ANZA — APACHE — RODEO

Estrella/Cannon and Associates

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PRESIDENT

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*Special rates for TPC Board Members

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE TUCSON PRESS CLUB ON YOUR 25th ANNUAL GRIDIRON SHOW

ASARCO INCORPORATED
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... Twelve miles and a hundred years away from town
THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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THE HELTERBOX
and
THE SPLINTER

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JACK, RALPH, MIKE, KEN, TOM, BARBARA, TAM, DAN
Sorry there's no cake left from our 40th birthday for your crumby 25th anniversary!

Congratulations, anyway,

HOME FEDERAL SAVINGS
TUCSON PRESS CLUB
presents its
25th ANNUAL GRIDIRON ROAST
"HO-HO, SILVER"
MAY 11, 12, 13, 1978
TUCSON COMMUNITY CENTER

Director
MARGE HILTS
Producer
JESS RIGGLE
Technical Director
JOHN WAREING
Choreography
MARGE HILTS
Assistant Producers
FRED HEIDEN, DICK FELMAN
Musical Director
JOHN FOREMAN
Music
JOHN FOREMAN, TOM PATRICK, DON DUDLEY
Piano, Percussion, Bass
Chorus Director
PATI ZIMMERMANN
Stage Manager
TOM PATTERSON
Cartoons
DICK CALKINS
Light Operator
K. SANDY CAMPBELL
Follow Spot Operators
MARSHA TURNER, JIM TURNER
Costumes
DODIE LIEFHEIT, KAY CUTCHALL, VIRGINIA POSUS
Make-Up & Wigs
PATTI ZIMMERMANN
Sound Operator
JOHN EVANS
Props
JAN HATUNEN
Set-Up
JEFF WARBURTON, JOHN MURPHY, BRIAN GOETZ
Parody Commercials
CHRIS HELMS, DONNA HELMS, TOM TURNER, Produced at KTUC Radio
Acknowledgements
Act One

25th Animosity
John Wareing, Marge Hills

TUNE: RAZZLE DAZZLE

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle
Razz and dazzle 'em.
Actors and writers have been boozin' it
To give you a show with lots of news in it
Shove it to those politicians
Screw and skewer them
All of those turkeys we'll cut down to size.
What if those liberal laws we're bashing
What if, in fact, we're just disgusting
Razz and dazzle 'em.
And they'll never catch wise

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle
Razz and dazzle 'em.
Back since the days of old Carl Hayden
Our show with smut's been overlaiden
Give 'em the old gridiron roasting
Stun and stagger 'em.
If you don't like it
Stick it in your ears.
You set the limits, we'll go furder
We always get away with murder
We've been razzin' you now for twenty-five years.

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle
Razz and dazzle 'em.
Give 'em an act that's indefensible
Those who leave early are the sensible
Give 'em the old double entendre
Cunning linguists we
You are the biggest suckers that we know
Long as we keep you out of balance
You'll never spot—we got no talents.
We'll be razzin' you
We'll be jazzyin' you
Razz and jazzyin' you
In our twenty-fifth show.

Park Your Caucus

Iongsun ........................................ Dave Hatunen
Tandy ............................................. Kay Cutchall
Congressman ................................. Morgan Maxwell

TUNE: I CALL MY SUGAR CANDY

Tandy—she was my front, sweet
Tandy—she gave those parties dandy
At my new Georgetown Club
That rice they'd savor
While we Korea-ed their favor.
Allegiances did waver
Creating a hubbub.

I made friends with those congressmen
And turned them into my yes men.
They all took old Iongsun Park's part
Now upset is this loan shark's cart

Tandy—she served them our best brandy
And then they all got randy
Then they were mine all mine.

Congressman ................................. Mort Tulier
Senator ......................................... Mike Morse
Senator ......................................... Fred Zimmermann

TUNE: PICK A LITTLE

Pick on little Park a little
Pick on little Park a little
Pick on Park, on Park pick a little bit
Pick on little Park a little
Pick on little Park a little
Pick on Park, on Park pick a little bit
Pick on little Park a little
Pick on little Park a little
Pick on Park, on Park pick a little bit
Pick on little Park a little
Pick on little Park a little
Pick on Park, pick, pick on Park!

Hello, Iongsun
Hello, Iongsun
Hello, Iongsun
Why don't you zip your lip?

TUNE: MARIA (WEST SIDE STORY)

Korea
I just took some cash from Korea
And suddenly my name is heavily defamed and smeared.
Korea!
I'm getting the shaft 'bout Korea
'Cause nothin' Iongsun Park re-appeared
Korea
It was great when my favor they'd curry
But it's hot here before the grand jury
Korea—I'm sick... and sic transit gloria!

Mutiny in the County
[or POWER FAILURE]

Louise Wolf, Lyle Marks

TUNE: FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Some think the government should be together
Consolidate, consolidate
Some think it well to keep looser tether
And separate
And separate
The Board of Supervisors is agin it
Together's wrong, that is their song.
But City Council members hope they'll win it,
We all belong, one unit strong.

Pima County should be all one thing,
Tam Kincaid's committee all doin' sing
Consolidate
Concede your fate
No mitigate
Conform
We didn't steal your papers
We still say consolidate.

Some think the government should be together
Consolidate, consolidate
Some think it well to keep looser tether
And separate
And separate
The Board of Supervisors is agin it
Together's wrong, that is their song.
But City Council members hope they'll win it,
We all belong, one unit strong.

Conrad Joyner and Dick Jaskiewicz
State that they don't want to suck blind this
That's just the pits
You dumb nitwits
You're all misfits
Let's call it quits!
We're for separation
We will not consolidate.
Copper Daze
[or WE DON'T DIG NO MO]

Minor Miner ............................................ Pete Cowgill
Minor Miner ............................................ Jess Riggle
Minor Miner ............................................ Morgan Maxwell
Minor Miner ............................................ Bill Waters
Mo ........................................................... Sky Hills

TUNE: SHORT PEOPLE

UDALL:
Small miners got no reason
Small miners got no reason
to stake their claims
To recall me was playin' games
They got lotta bucks, and nothin' to do,
I wish they'd find someone else to screw,
Well, don't want no small miners
Don't want no small miners round me.

CHORUS:
Small miners are just the same as you and I
Fools such as I
We'll be stickin' it to ya 'til the day we die
It's a wonderful world...

UDALL:
Small miners got nobody
Small miners got nobody
Small miners got nobody to blame.
They got so much greed
They got so mad.
They lied about the signatures they said they had.
They ran big ads... went bitch, bitch, bitch,
They sit on their burros gettin' rich, rich, rich...
They're lookin' at your property, to take it away
Just stick with me, I'll keep 'em at bay.
Well... don't want no small miners,
Don't want no small miners
Don't want no small miners round me.

Botchmakers, Botchmakers

Dave Hatunen, Sue Bach, Carol Borges
TUNE: MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER

Powell, Brzezinski, Ham Jordan and Young
Jody's the pen, Andy's the tongue
Put them together and what have you got?
A far cry from Camelot
Powell, Brzezinski, Ham Jordan and Young
This sorry group, the critics have stung
They cover for Jimmy each time that he flops
They're Washington's keystone cops

Brzezinski's a nightmare for printers
They can't spell his name worth a damn
Ham Jordan is one of those squinters
He peeked down some cleavage for Aswan Dam
Now that they're famous and off of the farm
Jimmy and co., are cause for alarm
Each day they blunder into a new mess
We dread when we hear of peanuts and beer
Of Amy's new dress, of Rosalyn's "God bless"
We'll strike come election year!

Goober Pleas

Prez. ....................................................... Mike Morse

TUNE: CALL ME IRRESPONSIBLE

Call me irresponsible
Call me unreliable
Throw in undependable, too.
Does my energy program exploit you
You clods on the Hill think I'm maladroit—You
Call me argumentative
Tell me I'm insensitive
To bills that you try to push through.
I'm your lovin' president
I'm the White House resident,
And it's undeniably true
I'm independently ignorant, too.

Lord, you're weird people!
Taylor/Harwood Advertising
Zion of the Times
[or SANDSCRIPT]

Begin ........................................... Dick Felman  Sadat .................. Bill Waters

TUNE: THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN

SADAT: I flew here from Egypt with love in my soul
       We must get together with peace as our goal
       So please, My dear brother, I'll toast you with wine
       Just give me the Sinai and all Palestine.

BEGIN: We've licked you and whipped you each time that we fought
       Our strength is a secret that cannot be bought
       But being you came here I'll give you the scoop
       The power we have comes from Mom's chicken soup
       So now that you know why we win all the fights
       I'll give you the Sinai, the Gaza, the Heights
       But one thing I must get, my sly desert fox,
       For the next thousand years you send bagels and lox.

I'm sick and I'm tired of your beating us
So give me your secret without any fuss.

BEGIN: So you flew here from Cairo, so what's the big deal?
       You make like a gyro but I'm no schlemiel
       You kibbitz with Barbara and Cronkite's your boy
       But you're such a dummy, my well meaning goy.

BEGIN: We've licked you and whipped you each time that we fought
       Our strength is a secret that cannot be bought
       But being you came here I'll give you the scoop
       The power we have comes from Mom's chicken soup
       So now that you know why we win all the fights
       I'll give you the Sinai, the Gaza, the Heights
       But one thing I must get, my sly desert fox,
       For the next thousand years you send bagels and lox.

SADAT: Now listen here, Begin, I'll tell you no more
       If we don't get Gaza then we go to war

Hot Copy

Newsboys...Pete Cowgill, Fred Zimmermann, Morgan Maxwell, Mort Tuller, Bob Snedigar

TUNE: OLD GREY MARE
The old age fund, it ain't what it used to be
Social Security's close to obscurity.
At these tax rates now 80's maturity
The pension's come unstrung:
The pension's come unstrung
The old and grey get sting
Our old age fund has no fiscal surety—
Why not tax the young?
The old age fund it ain't what it used to be
Grampa's annuity's just a gratuity
There's no retirement till perpetuity
Many long years to go, many long years to go!
Pensions are touch and go.
Why our old folks may try promiscuity
Just to save some dough!

TUNE: OH, TANNENBAUM
Conglomerates, conglomerates
Are buying all the papers
Conglomerates, conglomerates
Those dirty media rapers
Pulitzer and Gannet are
Destroying Citizen and Star
Conglomerates, conglomerates
Have killed the family papers

TUNE: LITTLE LOVIN' SPOONFULS
Little lovin' spoonful
Numby, numb, numb, numb
Little lovin' spoonfuls
Numby, numb, numb, numb
I love to sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff
That good old coke, coke, coke, coke, coke
It makes me high, high, high, high, higher
Than a smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke

TUNE: A YOU'RE ADORABLE
There's animosity
In Panama City
And in the U.S. Congress Hall
The treaty is not passable
Teddy'd be irascible
Over the Panama Canal

TUNE: EASTER BONNET
In your Nazi bennett
With swastikas upon it
You'll be oh, so offensive
In the Skokie parade!
You are so emetic
'Cause you're anti-semitic,
But liberals will help you
Stage that Skokie parade.
And now every Jew
Left A.C.L.U.
We'll no longer support it
'Cause storm troopers here
Are the thing that we fear!
We will cream them boys
In Skokie, Illinois.
We will cook their goose steps
In that Skokie parade!

TUNE: PUT A NICKEL ON THE DRUM
No more pay toilets
No more pay toilets
No more dime put in the slot
Everytime you hit the pot
No more pay toilets
No more pay toilets
Now that Sue Dye's bill has passed
You pee for free.
Animal Crapcup
[or DESERT TRIALS]

Olivia de Havalina ............... Marge Hilts
Gregory Peccary ................. Jack Sheaffer

TUNE: ANIMAL CRACKERS IN MY SOUP

Museum curators
Are in the soup
One by one they leave the coop
Gosh, oh, gee, what have they done
To be resigning one by one
Holt Bodinson would seem to be
Causing some trouble recently
He makes them jump right through his hoop
And now they are leaving in a group.

That happy museum family
Is now scattered near and far
No longer is there that harmony
So say Larson, Woodin and Carr.
McFadden, Ducote, Dyson, McClain
Ready, Schibler, Stanley and Moe complain
It is them Holt wants to cream
Out at the now deserted museum.

Ham on Wry

Ham .................................. Tom Turner

TUNE: LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT LOVE

Let's drink as some bozo, and find us some broads
Let's have a big debate about Washington clods
Let's toast the elise, let's talk about sham
And try to solve the riddle why I'm in a jam.
Let's check on the veracity of my well known audacity
And why my drink capacity should get so much publicity.
Let's even have a close look at my Good Ole Boy tenacity,
But let's not talk about me.

Let's talk of Kitt's peaks, that Eartha so fair
And of the time she gave the Johnson White House the air.
You know that new brew, it's called Billy's beer.
How could a jerk like that make so much money last year?
Let's heap some hot profanities on Idi's inhumanities
Let's argue if insanity's the cause of his insanities
Let's talk about Torrijos, and of Fidel's consummate vitrioles.
But let's not talk about me.

Let's talk about drugs, let's talk about dope
Let's try to picture congressmen able to cope.
Let's start a new dance, invent a new step.
Or investigate the source of dear Mz. Lilyan's pep.
Why not discuss inflation and federal regulation.
Or bring a jibber jam on and write a drunken poem on
Technology, psychology, and Camelot mythology.
Astrology, phrenology, and Larry Flint's theology.
Apology, cryptology and Begin's Egyptology.
But let's not talk about me.

Let's toast to Sadat, Egyptian urbane
And to how Jimmy vowed 'em up in old Bangor, Maine.
Let's toast Jody Powell, our favorite flak.
To keep the media happy is his own special knack.
Let's talk of how agronomy how cripples our economy.
Of Andy Young's autonomy and Georgia's fine gastronomy.
Ask Sister Jean's opinion of the Book of Deuteronomy.
But let's not talk about me.

Let's talk about Midge—Con stanza so rare
And how she's a bonanza for the ladies out there.
Of Amy so cute and her violin.
Of Rosalyne who sticks by Jimmy through thick and thin.
Let's talk of satiety and last in our society.
Of Jimmy's contrariety with congressmen's anxiety.
How selling planes to both sides seems to speak of impropriety.
But let's not talk about me.

Let's talk about Bella Abzug's defeat
And how we're selling Russia tons of our wheat.
Let's talk about coal, let's talk about shale.
And of how Japanese fishermen endanger the whale.
Let's drink an Amoreto to more work in the ghetto.
And now that you have heard me out perhaps you'd like to talk about
Solidity, lucidity, Republican stupidity.
Lividity, timidity, Bert Lance's great cupidity.
Frugality, morality, and Marston's terminality.
Legality, neutrality, and southern hospitality.
Pompousness, verbosuity, and Safire's animosity.
But let's not talk about me.

Pampas Ass

Pat .................................... Patty Borden
Raul ................................. Bill Waters
Gaucho ............................. J B. Borden
Newsmann ....................... John Warling
State Department Man ........... Larry Dadisman

TUNE: TANGERINE

Argentine—I don't like that manse.
I want Raul to get back to some work that pays.
The Begaine's not my favorite dance.
Those senior so suave don't set my soul ablaze.
Raul says it's keen.
I say, "You has been
You can't earn a $ce with consular demean.",
I know Raul is taking a chance.
His greater Spanish will not entrance.
These fellas who live in Buenos Aires.

TUNE: CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothin' could be finer than to be in Argentina in the manana.
Life is really great a on the Rio de la Plata, it grows on ya.
Nuts to Arizona, nuts to the Okiev there.
In the land of Pemon-a,
I'm free to flake anywhere.
Diplomatic pouches bring me goodies that ain't sloches and I love it.
Butlers, maids and doormen, not so bad for this once poor man.
Rose above it.
Beef and wine and cocktail parties all-a-the time;
Posh receptions, no elections, that is why I'm
As happy as a lark in Buenos Aires after dark
In Argenti-na!
A Sour Lemon
Anita .................. Henrietta Terrazas
TUNE: I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER
The moment I wake up, before I put on my make-up
I say a little prayer for you
And if you are gay dear, I think of you every day, dear
And say a little prayer for you.
Forever and ever I'll hate the sin and love the sinner
With Bobby and me, he's in like Flynn
And God's the winner.
A male and a female, that's how it must be
To do it funny.
Just would not be kosher to me.
And if you are Jewish
For you there is no hope at all.

Heavenly Discourse
Ruth Carter Stapleton ........ Patti Zimmermann
TUNE: JEALOUSY
Born again
Great God he's been born again.
He'll keep it sexual
But more resurrectual
Ob-scenity
'S no longer his cup of tea
Since his conversion
He no longer thinks smut.

Woman as meat
'S no longer neat
Lechery
'S treachery
On his new beat.
He pandered to wierdo and creep
That put him on top of the heap
But since he's converted
He's no longer perverted
In heaven with Jesus he'll sleep.

Anniversary Schmaltz
[or SILVER THREATS AMONG THE OLD]
Grand Dame ............ Dodie Leifheit
TUNE: IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME
Our Gridiron shows have come and gone
For 25 long years.
It's been a long, long time.
We have featured Pat and Dick
And Spiro, that old crook,
And even songs that rhyme.
We had our years of Lady Bird
And Lyndon Johnson
Hubert Humphrey, even Charlie Bronson
Spoofed Mathews, Small and Mo Udall
And Barry and the rest
It's been a long, long time
We packed 'em into hotels Santa Rita
And El Con, Ramada, Pioneer
Then our Skyroom and the Elks
The Saddle and Sirloin
And Finally settled here.
When we had Jackie, Ari and Maria Callas
They said that act
Should really play the Palace
We made a jerk of Jimmy Kirk
And polar bears and mayors
And City council hacks
And even token blacks
Legislators have come in
For many unkind cuts
Governors we've rosted, too
As they have served their terms
For each one was a klutz
One year, we shoved it to
Her highness, Princess Margaret
She came to Tucson
And she was our target
We are the hosts of many roasts
No longer in our prime
It's been a long, long time.
We've had a damned good time.

Hi-Ho Silver Jubilee
[or WILL WILLIAM TELL ABOUT HIS OVERTURE TO QUEEN ELIZABETH]
Jubilees ... Sky Hills, Bob Snedigar, Mike Morse, Jack Sheafer, Pete Cowgill

INTERMISSION
Children Rehearsal Montage by Sheatter

Recent Forums and Activities at TPC
Act Two

Son of 25th Animosity

John Wareing, Marge Hilts

TUNE: RAZZLE DAZZLE

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle
Razz and dazzle 'em.
If the wrong way we have been rubbing 'em
It's just our cute way of press-clabbing 'em.
Give it to the hokey pokey
Star and Citizen—
They can be bought if you will advertise.
Names from their headlines we're abusing
We try to keep it all amusing
Razz and dazzle 'em
Though our skit may draw flies.

Here comes the Babbitt, Babbitt, Babbitt

Brucie ........................................ Jess Riggle

TUNE: OH LOOK AT ME NOW

I was a kid, just one of the Babbitts
Then I became attorney for all of the state
I thought that was great
But look at me now,
I made a deal with those deConcini
Said I wouldn't run
So they could elect their dear son
But God's will was done.
Oh, look at me now.
(I'm your new governor)

A Sari Looking Lot

[or GHEE IT'S ALL FINE AND GHANDI]

Moranji .................. Don Eckerstrom
Devotees .................. Barbara Guy, Henrietta Terrazas,
Renata Basselt, Sue Bach

TUNE: CAPTAIN OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY

What is the secret of his youthful vim
It's surely not the cup of Mr. Pim
Each morning just before he takes his tea
He drinks an eight ounce cup of his own pea.
He's eighty-one and full of vigor
'Cause he drinks the output of his little jigger
And somehow when you're eighty-one
Just finding yours can make your morning lots of fun.

He eats raw garlic, honey, nuts, and dates.
O—occasionally he pontificates.
Anita Bryant is really pissed
'Cause the Tang he gets at breakfast sure is not Sun-Kist
('Cause the Tang he gets for breakfast sure is not Sun-Kist)
He quaffs the product of his micturition.
Now he's Prime Minister of India's great nation.
If good health is the goal you seek
Just save it every morning when you take a leak.

Sky's the Limit

[or A VULGAR VOTEMAN]

Wally ....................................... J.B. Borden
Sky ........................................... Sky Hilts

TUNE: WALLY SEVITT'S SONG

Call for Wally
Call for Wally
For mudslinging free
Dose commercially
Call Wally immediately

TUNE: SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

Volgy won—ugh
Volgy won—ugh
That hungarian emigrant
Volgy won—ugh.
I'm undone—oh-h-h-h-h
Politically undone—oh-h-h-h
I can't run for mayor now that
Volgy won.

I bought radio and TV time
On each vacant lot I put a sign
Republican defection
Cost me the election
I spent money like mad—but
Volgy won.
Ron Rico

IBM Executive ...................... John Fahr
TUNE: YOU'RE JUST IN LOVE
With IBM I'm moving to Tucson,
Someone told me I should look up Ron,
Said this cat was really lots of fun,
I said I'd try,
I don't know why.
I want a nice home with a lovely view,
Swimming pool and room for horses, too,
My wife thinks Ron has an honest face,
Our trust in him we'll place,
Before we buy.

Ron Asta

Just as I sure was wishin',
For a nice, fat commission,
This old guy drops right in my lap.
Who says Asta can't hack it
In this real estate racket?
You know that's just a bunch of crap.
Let me be more emphatic,
I am so charismatic,
That I don't need a lot of gall.
When it comes to selling land,
River beds and desert sand,
Asta's gonna top them all.

Miracle Mile Lament

Newsmakers . . . . . Bill Waters, Larry Dadisman, J.B. Borden, Dick Felman, Jess Riggle
TUNE: ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

We have walked on Miracle Mile before
And we never even stopped in the Adult Bookstore,
Or saw dirty flics or on stage, live chicks
But we'll never go there anymore.

We were strolling there on our way to shop,
When a lady passes by, and we asked her to stop.
Now we hear the shame
Newsmen print our name,
'Cause it turns out this dame is a cop.

Voila, Fifty!

Puny Poor ......................... Renata Bassett
TUNE: WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR

Though you wish for Medicaid
So doctor bills will all be paid
Legislators in this state refuse to pass it.
Akers named a house committee
To discuss this problem gritty
But we fear they'll not come near agreement tacit.

Skelly's crew
Will be at work once more
To keep the puny poor from getting health care.
Though our taxes that we paid
Support forty-nine states' Medicaid,
Republicans won't take that cash.
They're still half-assed.

More Hot Copy

Newsboys . . . . . Pete Cowgill, Fred Zimmermann, Morgan Maxwell, Mort Tuller, Bob Snedigar
TUNE: ROLL OUT THE BARREL
Rolo of has got us
He's not a barrel of fun.
Rolo has caught us,
Us kids have no place to run.
Goodbye to Tucson
Collins is tearing his hair,
Off we go to Corpus Christi
'Cause the gang's all there.

TUNE: THE HEATHER ON THE HILL
There's new pollution in the Ganges
East Indians will not hold still
For nuclear devices we lost
On that Himalayan hill.

TUNE: OVER THERE
Son of Sam
Son of Sam
Though you did not take it on the lam
Breslin made you famous
'Cause you did maim us
We know you're crazy Son of Sam
If you're tried
You'll be tried
But 'til then all the law's hands are tied
You have chilled 'em
By how you killed 'em
But you won't fry 'cause you're
Crazy Son of Sam.
TUNE: MOON OVER MIAMI
Jews moan in Miami
Carter is a schlemiel
He's not their man
With his big plan
For an Arab deal.

Jews moan in Miami
Jimmy is not their man
He's such a kvetch
This little wretch
With his Georgia clan.

TUNE: MARCH FROM BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI
Lewis,—you are an S.O.B.
Lewis, please listen to our plea,
Lewis, you're cut to screw us,
You're even worse than old Thomas L. Lee.

Lewis, we want a salary hike.
Lewis, your actions we don't like,
Lewis, don't do this to us,
Give ten per cent or we'll all go on strike.

TUNE: FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
The workmen on the roof
Are fixing up Gene's house
Those guys from city parks
Are working free for Laos

TUNE: OH, CHRISTMAS TREE
Recycle it, recycle it
Before we're inundated
With glass and tin our countryside's
Already inundated
Recycling's what we have to do
Save bottles for the revenue
So if you want your money back
Just put your can in a plastic sack.

TUNE: JUICY FRUIT COMMERCIAL
Let's buy a key so we can have fun
Let's find a stash from a guy who is rash
'Cause results are so good, we gotta get some
Just buy a lid and you'll see.
Colombian—what a happy feelin'
Panama—what a happy feelin'
Mexican pot contains paraquat
Smoke a few joints and you die!!

Call a Spate a Spate
(or EBB TIDE)

Drowned Rat ..................... Marge Hilts

TUNE: HERE'S THAT RAINY DAY

Maybe we should have read those federal reports
Funny, but here's that rainy day.
Here's that hundred year flood they told us about
And I cursed and cried as it washed my house away.

Estes and Chastain said it can't happen here
So their rezoning seemed to pass.
Funny, when those big floods just couldn't appear
I'm here in mud up to my ass.

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Mr. Scharman may I ask you a question
It's amazing is it not
That the county pays you slightly more than
Forty thousand bucks
Yet you can't buy a parking spot.

I am positive your honor must be joking
Any county manager with any soul
Would give up his job security for poking
Into how you magistrates have such control

You're just a little tin god
A little tin god
And you ride over us rough-shod
We've appealed to your honor not to
Act like a little tin god
Act like a little tin god
Act like a little tin god
Such a little tin god
A little tin god
Who rides over us rough-shod.
Though you have the ability

There's no nobility
In a little tin god.

Mr. County Attorney you've mentioned
That your office is real neat
With no parking space below
To get no tickets on the street.

You're implying that I bribe and I'm a lapdog sir
There is nothing about me I care to hide
I wear jockey shorts and show them in the paper
And I took no money when I showed my pride

TUNE: LITTLE TIN BOX

You're just a little tin god
A little tin god
And you ride over us rough-shod
We've appealed to your honor not to
Act like a little tin god
Act like a little tin god
Act like a little tin god
Such a little tin god
A little tin god
Who turns out to be such a clod
It's highway robbery
We find there's snobbery
In a little tin god.

Mrs. Dusenberry it's new official
As political you're smart
And you have saved lots of money
Though for parking you must pay
You've upset Harry's apple-cart.

I assure your honor I was not conniving
To save money was my idea I admit
And for one whole week I walked instead of driving
And it mounted up to honor bit by bit

You're just a little tin god
A little tin god
And you ride over us rough-shod
We've appealed to your honor not to
Act like a little tin god
Act like a little tin god
Act like a little tin god
A little tin god
Such a little tin god.
We remain totally unwed.
You cause us anxiety
There's impropriety
In a little tin god.

A Brief Case

A Brief Case

Legal Eagle ...................... Dick Felman

TUNE: I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TIME IT WAS

I didn't know what crime's about
I faked it through
I never knew what law books spout
All I knew was to sue.

I never read the criminal code
It made me blue
I took the soft and easy road
And I learned how to sue.

TUNE: I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TIME IT WAS

Sue—if it was right, or was wrong
Just so long as I got my fee
Sue—that was the name of the game
What cared I 'bout a guilty plea?

I never knew 'bout sodomy
I slept in class
I lost a case on sodomy
And he reamed my ass
I'm wise, 'cause I know what sodomy's now.
Pair O'Medics

Medic 1 .............................................. Carol Borges  Medic II .............................................. Ron Asta

TUNE: STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Sirens in the night will not be sighing
Those in dire plight will be left dying
County residents—can simply go to hell.
If your chest has stopped—a knife or dagger
You will surely drop—before you stagger.
To the city line—where paramedics dwell.
Supervisors say—you don’t deserve that life.
Support unless you pay, they won't preserve it if

Dave Yetman has his way
His attorneys say, though
Life is just a gasp away—
You are now a cast-away.
If budgets are up tight—you can't reproach Dave
Red and amber lights—will not approach, save
Money for the hearse.
You’ll die there in the night.

A Tall Tale

Chanteuse ........................................... Patti Zimmermann

TUNE: MOON RIVER

Skyscraper, slaunchwise there on Stone
Like Topsy you have grown to be
An eyesore, there,
Your top floor there’s
Now higher than Home Federal’s Loan company.

Promoters simply can’t go straight
So this bank plaza’s on the bias,
When you’re blinded by that reflection
Regard it with affection
For it’s the last erection
Of Allan Elias.

Cselling Your Soul

Tom Turner, Dodie Leifheit, Patty Borden, Mike Morse

TUNE: BE A CLOWN

Make a clone, make a clone
Now the world loves a clone
Make a frog, make a fish
Put a cell in that Petri dish
Make ’em huge, make ’em small
U.S. researchers will love ’em all
When Eve was made from Adam’s rib
As clone she was first
From Eden they were then exiled
 ’Cause they were accursed
God screwed up clones, since then we took a turn for the worst
Make a clone, make a clone, make a clone.

Make a clone, make a clone
Now the world loves a clone
If procedure you screw
You create a Murphy named Lew
Berenson and John Scott
More of them would be misbegot
That’s exactly right, Hank, Jim Click says on T.V.
When Lonomac hosts ancient films on KZAZ
Don’t need no more of them on that we all can agree
Make a clone, make a clone, make a clone.

Make a clone, make a clone
Now the world loves a clone
Use an egg without sperm
Or a cell from your epiderm
We’ll create something great
We’ll all do it on the first date
Asexual reproduction is the name of the game
A sterile introduction to the womb is the aim
But without wine and candles it just won’t be the same
Make a clone, make a clone, make a clone.
All in de Family
[or HANDEL WITH CARE]

Patti Zimmermann, Renata Bassett, Marge Hilts, Henrietta Terrazas,
Fred Zimmermann, Bob Snedigar, Muri Tuller, Sky Hilts

TUNE: ALLELUIAH CHORUS
DeConcini, DeConcini
DeConcini, DeConcini
You're up there on the hill.
DeConcini, DeConcini,
DeConcini, DeConcini,
Of you they've had their fill.
Dennis the menace is what you're known as
Soon they will have you by the gonads,
De-Con-Ci-ni!

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'

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