

Even The Uniformed Knows It's An Election Year

By Joel Saperstein

Funny Side Up



Even the uninformed knows that this is an election year. Every corner is plastered with posters... vote for him...or her...or them... great buys all...they shower... what more reason do you need? Stakes are driven deep into the ground and silk screened signs are fastened to each stake. They spring up faster than weeds, on every street corner, in every lot, in every vacant space...up and down every block in every neighborhood.

This should not be called "ELECTION TIME"... "THE YEAR OF THE PRINTER", would be more fitting. While every volunteer is busy spending money trying to get his candidate elected, the printer is busy collecting the candidates contributions. I believe that a politician should own a print shop...or a printer should run for something...a vertical operation would save the taxpayers a small fortune.

In addition to the signs and posters, let's not forget the banners, bumper stickers, buttons and the straw hats...each carrying that all important message...VOTE FOR OUR CANDIDATE...WHY? BECAUSE HE IS OUR CANDIDATE. We love him...he will stop inflation...he will lower taxes...he will increase the hourly wage...he will get you a job, or better yet, he will guarantee you \$20,000 per year whether you work or not. MY KIND OF POLITICIAN.

I think that cheap corner advertising should stop. Signs, buttons, bumper stickers and the like should also cease. The eye absorbing, brainwashing shower of politicking should stop once and for all. If the candidate is so insecure as to only plaster his name about, I suggest that he carry on his shoulders...at all times, an A-frame billboard. This board can be imprinted to his specifications...it could show his name 1,000 times if he so desires...but our neighborhoods would be saved from the

blight of sorely misplaced decoration.

HAVEN FOR LEFTOVERS

As a public service, there should be some kind of seminar for the general care and maintenance of food leftovers.

At the conclusion of the main meal of the day, whatever isn't neatly stashed away. The refrigerator is a haven for leftovers... without any place to go. Odds and ends are neatly wrapped in Saran Wrap or foil. Each square package have hospital corners and stacked in the rear of each shelf...unlabelled...one on top of another.

Plastic bowls and glass jars are also used on the lay away plan. There are deep ones...shallow ones...square ones...round ones...one in every color and description...each one begging to be used as an intermediate storage depot.

The ultimate kitchen challenge is to use the stored leftovers before World War III, of course, if we wait, each stored package may be used as a secret weapon. If dropped from a high altitude the impact would surely be devastating for all within the radius of one mile.

The great chefs could perform a humanitarian function...all crapes aside...and devote at least one portion of their expertise in order to accumulate 101 ways to use your leftovers within a sixty day period...transcribed into braille and simple enough to be understood by the mentally handicapped.

Petrified meat, after laying dormant for six months...leaves much to be desired. We can camouflage it...cover it with gravy or tomato sauce...or bury it in a stew or casserole...but ultimately the truth will be known by way of a stomach pump.

For the future, I strongly recommend that the manufacturers of storage containers, foil and the like, provide a sign and timing device on each of their respective products. THIS PACKAGE CONTAINS.....(BLANK).....IT MUST BE USED BEFORE.....(DATE) ...OR THE PACKAGE WILL DISINTEGRATE, LEAVING NO TRACE.

Sailing With Aspiration

If you have never gone sailing in a small, one-man, single masted shell, you have missed the scare of your life.

On the beautiful Isle of St. Martin, my 5'5", 250-pound friend decided

that sailing was his aspiration...especially since it was part of a complimentary pass given by the hotel.

The morning was warm...weather clear and sailboats very inviting. Unfortunately neither of us had prior sailing experience. Other than seeing Pursuit of the Graf Spe five times, all floating vessels were completely foreign.

The boat tender demonstrated his sure fire sailing method in a capsulated two-minute lesson. It all seemed simple enough.

My slightly obese pal just didn't wait a moment longer. He just had to get his chubby hands on that

tiller. He climbed into the first boat, inserted the stabilizer, hoisted the mast...and it caught the wind and off he went.

The sleek, multi-colored vessel knifed across the calm inlet...hardly rippling the water. It zipped across the water as if Captain Bligh himself were at the helm. For a non-uniformed swabby, he was doing pretty well...until he had to return.

Turn the sail...tilt the tiller...and the little craft listed at a very nervous 45 degree angle...he almost went into the drink...and 250 pounds of him. The boat righted and carried its cargo even further away.

Lauch Henry helped find the missing ingredient to educate minority engineers. Money.

Lauchland Henry is a teacher. And a scientist. And an engineer. He's genuinely concerned about other people. And he has expressed some of that concern in his participation with the National Fund for Minority Engineering Students.

The fund is a non-profit organization attempting to increase the number of Blacks, Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, Mexican-Americans and American Indians enrolled in engineering schools. These under-represented minorities constitute a rich untapped resource to help fill the growing need for engineers, a need that is expected to continue through the mid-1980's.

IBM's social leave program enabled Dr. Henry to take a year's leave to assist the fund. And IBM continued to pay him his full salary.

The National Fund for Minority Engineering Students is a very worthwhile program. We think so. Lauchland Henry thinks so. But most important of all, lots of minority engineering students enrolled at colleges and universities all over the country think so.

IBM.



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