

Joe Bob

Eyeranian terrorists and take over a university in Indianapolis to make the public real mad so the Congress would approve nuking a few Third World countries. Sounds like a pretty good plan, but — whoops! — one of the soldiers gets his mask ripped off and so — darn! — the troops have to machine-gun 10 innocent people to death for "national security reasons."

Fortunately, Linda Purl has survived her divorce from Desi Arnaz Jr. and has the deep-seated resentment and knowledge of small-caliber weapons to prove it. She feels kind of upset when her husband turns the ignition in his car and gets exploded into bacon bits while her 6-year-old daughter is waving bye-bye to him. So she spends the rest of the flick trying to figure out why he was so dangerous to the government, and, even more important, driving the family station wagon through 14 high-speed motor vehicle chases as she Ramboes the G-men one by one.

Call it "Rambimbo." No breasts, though. (Shame on you, Linda.) Twenty-eight dead bodies. Three motor vehicle chases, with seven fireballs. Exploding house. Exploding barn. Exploding soap opera actor. Molotov cocktail fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Ken Foree, as Harley Trueblood, for taking Linda deep into the woods, showing her how to fire an M-16, and saying, "Damn, woman, we're not duck-hunting here!"; and Linda Purl, for gunning down burglars, leaping through plate-glass windows, spitting in the colonel's face, driving like a bat out of hell, and, in the movie's most tender moment, saying "Thanks for not killing me."

Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

what I thought was my ex-wife. Send me any stuff you got lying around that might help my sanity.

Thanks,
James Sloan
Columbus, Kan.

Dear Jim:

I remember how it happened. You got lonely and remembered how many dates you used to NOT get and started using the phrase "for old time's sake." You were a goner from that moment.

Dear Joe Bob,

Everybody here in the department thinks that you and your column are great. We rented a tape a while back called "Mutant Hunt" about a group of Mercenaries hunting down some "Drug-crazed renegade Mutant cyborg robots with violent Pre-programmed sexual response." Honest! Check it out. It was a classic, despite having no breasts.

Your fan 4-ever,
Joel David Stiffler
Physics Department
University of Mississippi
University, Miss.

Dear Joel:

Sorry, but I'm sick of all these "Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity" ripoffs.

Dear Joe Bob,

We're sittin here watchin your flick on Drive-In Theater in which you say there are 39 "nekid" breasts. We don't get the mathematics involved here. I say we because my friends counted them and only came up with 37. We are all senior high school instructors and wondered if the reason for our calculations might be due to the fact that we got this here nuclear power plant in Perry,

Ohio, that has been shut down some 25 times in the last year for valve malfunctions.

We all live (if you can call it that) in this little county in Ohio called Ashtabula which is Indian talk for River of Many Fishes. The only problem is the fishes are so full of PCBs and other assorted initials and heavy metals that you can't get the little suckers off the bottom.

This brings us back to the topic of the "nekid" breasts. Do you think we are all teacher candidates for "Nuke 'Em High," or is our count of 37 as opposed to yours of 39 a simple miscalculation on our part?

By the way, one of our female type teachers with 2 and 2/3rds breasts says that she likes the nuke plant because she can now afford another mouth to feed. Only problem is, the little sucker has 3 mouths.

We all enjoy your show as the last of our three drive-in theaters was closed and purchased by the Anti-American League (a local industry, but I don't want to get sued).

Drive In Theater Wise,
Bill Moroski
Ashtabula, Ohio

Dear Bill:

Let me get this straight:
1) You are a fully-accredited teacher of high school students.

2) There is a mal-functioning nuke plant in your town.

3) You wrote the above letter.

My advice would be to go to Disneyland sometime within the next six months.

Dear Joe Bob,

Have you ever thought of doing a drive-in movie soundtrack review and how bout adding a category to the Grammys where they choose the Best Drive-In Movie Soundtrack

Album.

Later hoss,
Chris Cody
SHEA ROXI Radio
Concord, Calif.

Dear Chris:

There's only three kinds of drive-in music: 1) Alfred Hitchcock slasher violin screamer stuff, 2) El Lay bands that couldn't get their songs in a REAL movie and 3) moaning water buffaloes. I ask you, how could we improve on THAT?

Dear Joe Bob,

Your mind and wit are fantastic, and I admire the seemingly endless stream of sarcastic humor. We need more of it.

Just know that if you are ever in El Paso, desperately in need of a good chiropractor, you got one. Of course, this letter could be a dangerous opening from the Joe Bob "Tear you a new one" to take on chiropractic. Oh well, you wouldn't be the first!

Kathy Keith, D.C.
Mesa Hills Chiropractic
El Paso, Texas

Dear Kathy,:

I have nothing against chiropractors and I defend the God-given right of every American to have strangers tap-dance on his bones and snap his spinal column like a pretzel any times he FEELS like it.

Dear Joe Bob,

A few weeks ago a sad thing happened and it's just now I'm emotionally stable enough to talk about it much less write about it — JOHN HOLMES died! At 43 he boasted of thousands of sexual conquests. He had to be one of the happiest men in America with prob-

ably one of the best jobs I could think of! I was just wondering why a man of your stature didn't mention anything about this momentous occasion. Was it overwhelming grief or what? I think we were all green with envy over this remarkable man's talents. A true genius in his own right — John Holmes will live in our memory forever AMEN!

Sincerely,
Cary Tyson
Jacksonville, Ark.

Dear Cary:

It was probly overlooked because all his fans are blind.

Joe Bob:

I have been writing David Letterman, on occasion, masking my letters, written in crayon or No. 2 pencil on Big Chief tablet, using my worst calligraphy and spelling (or mis-spelt);

"howdy. my handill's Green Teeth."

At any rate, he thinks all Texans are trailer house trash, toting guns and driving Fords. So, I've been upholding our tradition with him, having friends drop my letters from Huntsville, Parker County, etc., saying neat stuff like "RODEO — AMERICAN'S NO. 1 SPURT." "ID RUTHER BE A ROPER THAN A DOPER." "ABOLISH CAPITOL PUNISHMENT." Joe Bob, you need to get on Letterman's show and let the rest of 'Merkuns see that we ain't all illiterate bumpkins out here in Tejas.

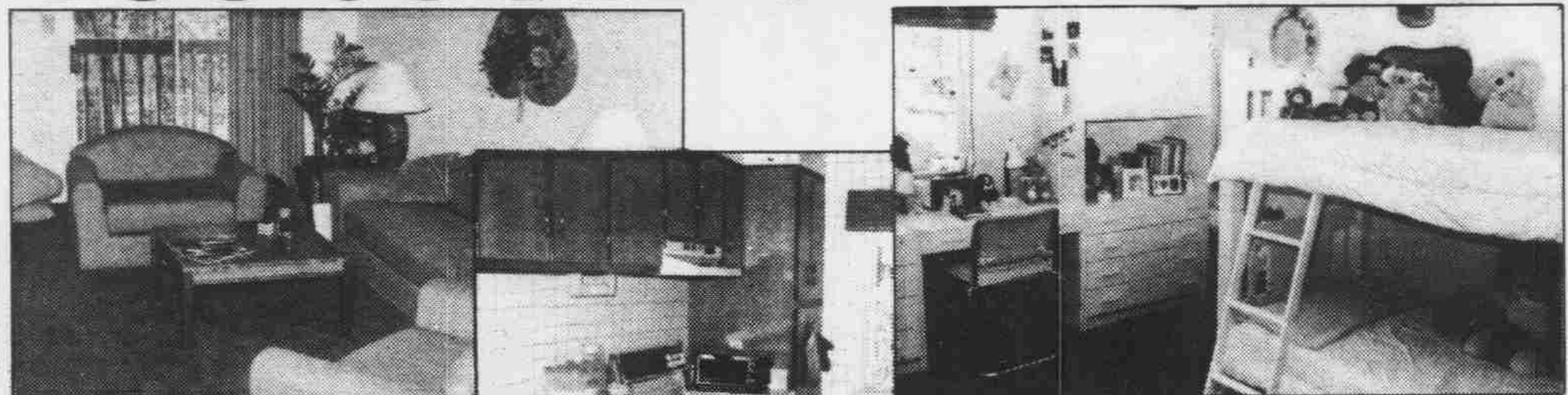
Bill Clement
a/k/a P.W. Tee ("Poor White Trash")
Lubbock, Tex.

Joe Bob's Mailbag

Dear Joe Bob,

I don't remember how it happened but I'm stuck here in Kansas with

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