

April

The Tri-County Sampler

"Serving the Pline, Philbin and Hotnut Manor Counties since 1906"

Inside:

What to do!

Where to go!

How to get there!

How much it costs!

What time it closes!

Ample parking?

Cost of parking?

Is food served?

Utensils provided?

Places to sit?

Animals allowed? Etc?

Plus:

Who's doing what?

Why are they doing it?

What happens now?

Who cares?

How are you?

I am fine!

It's all here (and more)
in the Tri-County Area's
leading lifestyle,
news and arts
magazine!

Springtime is here!

ADVERTISEMENT

The Instruction Factory

The Tri-County Area's leading extended education center and favorite place to meet, mingle and learn!
We're proud to announce our new lineup of classes for spring! *C'mon!*

Open That Jar of Olives!

A five-week practical, "hands-on" guide to solving this ageless kitchen dilemma. Students should have jars opened by fourth week, and will be enjoying the olives by the fifth. Tue. 5:30-7:30. Fee \$75. Students bring: Butter knife, clean dish towel, smock, jar of olives.

Understanding Aerobics: A Theoretical Introduction

A non-exercise class for the exercise-minded but time-hindered. A no-impact discussion of various types of workout routines, their benefits and drawbacks, and how they could theoretically be implemented into the daily lives of those in attendance, if they only had the time and inclination. 12 weeks. Wed. 8:30-11:00 PM. Fee \$125. Students bring: Comfortable shoes (for wear during three "Observation Sessions" where an actual aerobics class is quietly witnessed), magazines, desserts, pillow and blanket.

Urban Salad: An Introduction to Edible Yard and Alley Foliage

A 9-week study of the abundant edible plant life that surrounds us. Each session will find the students investigating (often secretly!) and obtaining such delectable species as Turdroot, Skanque Weed, Danne de Léon, Thatch, and Mosscake. Sun. 10 PM-Mid. Fee \$50. Students bring: Dark clothing, flashlight, scissors/knife, burlap satchel, seasoning or dressing of choice, Pepto-Bismal or comparable stomach aid.

When Animals Learn To Talk and Take Over The World

Are you prepared for the invasion of the giant turtle people of Tromulon? What about the reign of the fierce dolphin king, Heiremus? Do you think you'll survive the onslaught and devilish cackle of the flying white lemurs from the Forest of Ørn? Either way, you're bound to enjoy discussing these tantalizing and entirely legitimate theories, for sci-fi/fantasy enthusiasts. 8 weekly sessions, pending invasion. Fri. 7:00-Mid. Fee \$300. Class meets at H.R. Chuckleby's, 321 Shalit. Students bring: Costume of choice, related articles, half-completed manuscripts written in an unreadable scrawl, medication, sack lunch.

Marketing Your Business and/or Business and/or Marketing Agency To Other Business Agencies and/or Marketers of Business and/or Agency In Today's Fickle Business and/or Marketing Climate

A class for interested parties that involves business and/or marketing of some sort. A must! 4 weeks. Mon. 6:30-7:00 PM. Fee \$1200. Students bring: Notebook, checkbook, pens.

Auto-interna-aqua-ingesta Therapy

Did you know that the human body requires eight 8-oz. tumblers of water per day? In this intense 14-week seminar/study, students will learn groundbreaking new methods of internal hydration via their own mouths. A second semester follow-up class devoted entirely to counting up to 64 (8x8) is highly recommended. Wed. 6:30-9:00 PM. Fee \$2450. Students bring: 8 oz. tumbler, 64 oz. bottled water.

Slide! A Panoramic Experience in Sight and Sound

A four-week slide show and cassette tape tribute to area sledding hills. Nice. Mon. 11:00 PM-Mid. Fee \$8. Students bring: Family photographs, clothing of sentimental value, long-winded sledding remembrances.

Plus, don't forget about these other exciting classes available all year long at The Instruction Factory!

- C'mon! Clean Out That Wallet!
- Choosing A Travel Mug
- Gotcha! Tic-Tac-Toe Strategies
- Slim To Baggy: Knowing And Understanding The Full Line of Blue Jean Styles at the Gap
- Paper Folding Hints
- Frame by Frame, Smile by Smile: An In-Depth Study of the film career of Steve Guettenberg. (\$50 supply fee includes scissors, tape, notebook, smock, straight razor, cyanide caplets)
- Discovering the Tri-County Area's Great Curbside Tire Repair Shops
- What Your Pee Smell Says About You
- 101 Delicious Grain Alcohol Punches for Summer
- 12 Easy Steps to A Successful Wake
- C'mon! Name Those Pets!
- Hold It, Already! A Fascinating Look At Pushpin Mogul, Myron Elder.
- Night Hunt! Tracking The Elusive Rodents of the Tri-County Area's Night Time World
- Making The Ostrich Meat Craze Work For You On The World Wide Web
- C'mon! Tighten Those Hockey Skates
- Terrible Twos: Short Cuts for Telling Twins Apart
- Heli-Pad! Heli-Pad Building Tips For The First Time Heli-Pad Builder
- Choosing a Favorite Beatle
- Increasing The Size of Your Gut And Ass In Time For Football Season
- Pastafarian! A White Person's Guide To Growing Dreadlocks
- Little Shaver, High Roller: How To Instill a Love of Gambling in Your 8-12 Year-Old.
- C'mon! Order Steaks Through the Mail
- Taco Shop! Building The Ultimate Taco!
- C'mon! You Can Be A Monk!
- A Guide To Area Six-Way Intersections
- Guest Lecture Series: A Carnival Barker Remembers
- 21st Century Grapefruit Farming Predictions
- A Mysterious Journey Through The Primary Colors
- Mini-Bike! Making Your Childhood Mini-Bike Dreams Come True By Buying A Mini-Bike!
- The Automat: A Hot Business Prospect That's Ripe For Revival In The Coming Decade
- Where, When and Why To Buy The Sunday Paper
- Uvula Maintenance
- Changing Your General Demeanor

C'mon![®]

The Instruction Factory
On Scenic Rte. 9 at the Pickle Road Bypass
Plenty of Parking!

The Tri-County Sampler

"Serving the Pline, Philbin and Hotnut Manor Counties since 1906"

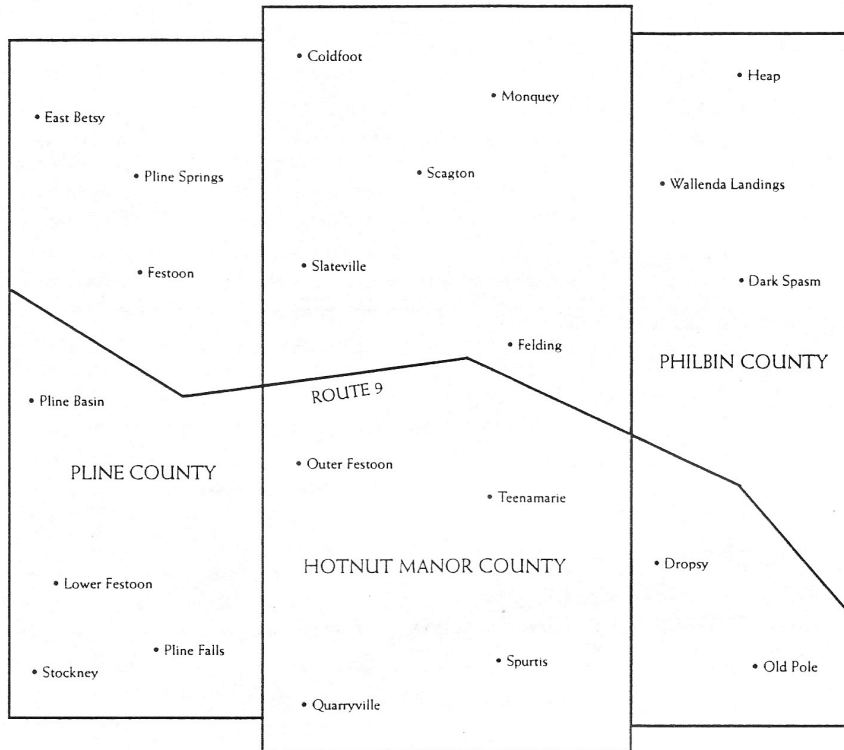


Table of contents

FEATURES

- Felding has survived all this time without a Lucille Ball Museum. Now there are plans to open *two*. And each one maintains that the other's got to go. Who had the idea first? Who's got the family's permission? Will cooler (red)heads prevail? *Monte Novella* dodged the bullets in an attempt to find out. (page 9)
- For years, the rule was always 'he who smelt it, dealt it.' But with the millennium, change is in the air. *Dennis Hinckle* reports. (page 14)
- Ever wonder about those, uh, *interesting* looking people asking for money outside the bus station? Neither does *Brian Pansea*. (page 18)
- Go behind the scenes at the Kenley Brothers Sausage Plant and Rendering Facility on scenic Route 9. *Kelly Meager* takes a deep breath and heads in, so you don't have to. (page 20)
- It's all fun and games until someone loses an eye. Or is it? *Sten Lager* takes a good look. (page 25)

COLUMNS

- Recent Arrests (page 12)
- Not For Plumbers Only (page 13)
- What The Neighbor Saw (page 17)
- Overdue Library Books This Week (page 22)
- Local Residents' Bank Balances (page 28)
- Noteworthy Barroom Fisticuffs (page 30)
- Recent Failures (page 30)
- Gardening (page 32)
- Local Illnesses (page 33)
- Recipes (page 35)
- Recently Revoked Licenses (page 37)
- Kidstuff! (page 38)

The Tri-County Sampler

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The offices of the *Tri-County Sampler* are located in downtown Felding, 119 SE Huxley Parkway, 4th floor. Our office hours are 9AM-4PM, Monday-Friday. Our phone number is available through information.

From our publisher:

Welcome to springtime in the Tri-County Area! A time of year when our already lovely neck of the woods begins to take on even lovelier tones. Greenish grasses push up from the heavy earth to provide a patchwork of contrasting tones against the sturdy browns and grays of our many rugged yet comely quarries, sandpiles, gravel heaps and muddy masses. Bold smokestacks belch out poetic puffs of white that remind us that our men are hard at work while they (the puffs) stretch glacially across the brooding, slate-gray springtime sky. Our rushing creeks and canals hiss and bubble with fragrant life, and sparkle with all the colors of the rainbow, while providing a scenic backdrop where we may bring our families, our bikes, our half-eaten sandwiches, our beer bottles, our used condoms, our thoughts.

From all of us at the Tri-County Sampler, get out and enjoy yourselves and our area's lovely natural scenery!

Jed Dangler,
Publisher & Editor

Letters to the editor

Dear Sirs,

As a lifelong resident of East Betsy, I was disturbed by a slight in your most recent issue. In his article "*Living The Lush Life in East Betsy*," Don Arcliffe pointed out that our town's 412 taverns equal one for every 25.5 citizens. Why treat this as a 'troubling' statistic? Why not celebrate this for the entrepreneurial spirit of industry that it really is? Mr. Arcliffe, in his hurry to put down us proud East Betsyans, also failed to point out that we are the Tri-County Area's leading gravel supplier, something which has kept our thirsty men steadily employed since the beginning of this century.

Mrs. Harlan Buella

(The Tri-County Sampler stands by Mr. Arcliffe and his story-Ed.)

Dear Sirs,

I was very flattered to be profiled ("*The Perennial Bleeder*") in your most recent edition. However, for the sake of clarity I need to point out a few errors made by the (I'm sure) well-meaning Dean Bridle, a friendly and courteous interviewer.

1. It is my *left* eye that is missing, not my right.
2. My neck is *not* covered with "a very disturbing fungus," rather, a series of ordinary, bulging heat lesions.
3. My middle name is spelled '*Jeffrey*' not '*Geoffrey*'.

Other than that, AOK! Thanks again,

William Jeffrey Carlisle-Nougat

(The Tri-County Sampler regrets the errors -Ed.)

Letters to the editor are carefully welcomed and read.

The Old Man Shop

Hats • Checked Shirts • Sturdy Shoes
Sock Garters • Handkerchiefs • Chest Pants

Open at 5AM daily
455-4322 Rte. 9 at County JJ
10% discount for Pirate's Cove residents
"We speak loudly"

Hitting the boards or walking the plank?

The footlights have gone up at Pirate's Cove. Our *Jim Schnatz* takes a look inside, where high concept floats tenuously out on the high seas.

"I think today went well," sighs a tired yet happy Marc Arnell. He pulls on a long, slender menthol cigarette and removes an eye patch that's been in place for over 12 hours. "We really had it together out there. *We nailed it.*"

Arnell and his four equally exhausted partners mill about a cramped dressing room, reviewing their performances, helping each other out of complex costumes and removing generous layers of make-up. Tonight there is a sense of success in the air, and you get the feeling that this hungry troupe of actors is hitting its stride as a whole. They continue to peel off layers of pirate's clothing: bandannas and huge felt hats, striped t-shirts, large-buckled belts, billowy shirts and black knickers.

Their talk becomes more animated as the post-performance adrenaline rush kicks in, and soft laughter gives way to thunderous cackling. Arnell quickly 'sssh'-es the troupe and reminds them that tonight's audience is finally asleep. Welcome to Pirate's Cove Senior Care Center.

For nearly nine months, Pirate's Cove has been operating as a fully staffed nursing home (county certification pending) fueled primarily by Arnell's passionate vision for alternative yet attentive care for the aged and his irrepressible acting bug.

Yet, the idea of a nursing home run by flamboyant pirates is, in the very least, an interesting one. A recent visit to the center revealed an acting troupe that made up for its lack of medical credentials with eager showmanship and dedication to character authenticity.

By 6AM, Arnell is in costume as Cavendish McDougal, a "lighthearted pirate, free-spirited and in love with the romance of the open sea. Not much of a fighter, really. Unless he's pushed. Kind of the hero of the story."

The day begins with a reading of the previous night's notes. Arnell holds nothing back from his actors. He reprimands the Barnacle Brothers (the pranksters of the ship, played by actual twins, Denny and Britt Oleander) for hiding a woman's teeth; he reminds Cooky, the Pirate's Cove chef, that he is making the soups far too spicy, a notion to which a member of the bathroom clean-up staff agrees. Voices are raised and the chef's ego is slightly bruised, but Arnell steps in, reminding the pirates they must work together. "There's no 'I' in 'team', people! But there is an 'irate' in 'pirate', if you catch my drift. Now come on! Teamwork ahoy!"

By 6:30 the actors are in their places, and the show is ready to begin. Today, the troupe will have to alter its performance

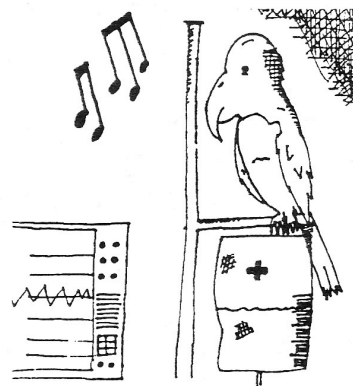
slightly, as the 'ship's captain', One-Eyed John has overslept and is nursing a terrible hangover and today is the understudy's full day of classes at the local junior college. Short-handed but undaunted, the troupe shoves off for another full day.

"These people shouldn't be just plopped down in front of a bowl of porridge and then — *whoosh!* — wheeled into some overlit TV room for the rest of the day. We're trying to incorporate a floor show type feel here, with a dash of fantasy to keep these people, I don't know, interested, interesting...*alive!*"

The show itself is still finding its feet. "Some of the early reviews were, quite frankly, a little harsh. There were a couple of people in from the county medical commission on opening night. They left us with a 12-page review that was not kind at all. It was a lot of legal mumbo jumbo, which really has no place in a theater critique. I haven't even read the whole thing yet. Besides, I honestly don't care about the reviews, good or bad. I really don't. I just try to do the best show I can."

Another problem for Arnell has been a disappointingly high amount of turnover among the actors. "I had to let some people go. They didn't realize what was involved. A lot of them tended to overplay the whole pirate thing."

(cont. next page)



Pirate's Cove (cont.)

"They went overboard?" I ask. "Sorry?" Arnell counters, with a slight tilt to his head, his brow furrowed in confusion.

He continues. "Anyway, some of the more sensitive patients weren't quite sure why they were all of a sudden being surrounded by pirates."

Some of the more withdrawn patients became even more so, Arnell notes. "That's not the point of this whole thing. That's not why we do what we do. We are trying to cull the sense fun from inside of these people, not bury it even deeper! Plus, a lot of the actors objected to having to clean up the bathroom messes and serve food."

That Arnell should wind up as a swashbuckling caregiver comes as no surprise after hearing him race through his life story (pausing only for a long drag on the ever-present cigarette or the occasional heavy sigh). Born in northern Wisconsin ("not exactly a hotbed of thespians"); weaned on Ed Sullivan, televised ballroom dancing and variety shows; day-dreamed about showbiz ("I wanted to be Juliet Prowse"); and a failed stab at acting in the Big Apple ("I got exactly *one* job during the entire eighteen months I was there. I dressed up as Ben Turpin and handed out free potato skins for H.R. Chuckleby's. I got beaten up twice."). Arnell eventually wound up in Key West, Florida working as an airline ticket agent and enjoying the city's nightlife. "Acting, travel. It's all about *escape*, isn't it?"

Arnell was brought out of his 'self-inflicted haze of partying' by a message from home—his mother, after a series of absent-minded spells, which included the microwaving of the family parakeet (the animal did not survive) and the trading of the family car for a medium-sized rump roast—would need constant medical care. In other words, a nursing home.

Arnell immediately flew home, practically free of charge, to be at his mother's side. When the family admitted her to the nursing home, Arnell was appalled at the conditions. "Lazy, surly helpers, drab decor and *that smell*. Do you know the one I mean? It's somewhere between a disinfectant and pork gristle. We will *never* have that smell at Pirate's Cove! If I have to alter my diet to fart Lysol we will *not* have that smell!"

Arnell wheeled his mother around the facility, eventually happening upon the activity room. "A snowy TV, a card table and a piano that hadn't been tuned since Herman (sic) Hoover was president. I thought to myself, *inactivity* room is more like it. These people need some fun!" He turned off the television with a dramatic slap, much to the chagrin of some of the 'Golden Girls' fans in the room, and wheeled the old folks into a semicircle. There, he launched into an improvised comedy monologue that touched on dating, Hollywood gossip, disco dancing (another Arnell passion) and his experiences with grouchy airline ticket buyers. The laughs were few ("the lighting was all wrong and I believe many of them were hard of hearing," claims Arnell) but he knew within seconds that he had stumbled upon something.

With the help of his then roommate, male nurse Jon Farina, Arnell began tweaking the idea of high-concept health care. "Jon and I had a lot of wild ideas at the beginning. I had originally thought of an old German-style cabaret, you know, very Weill and Brecht, dramatic makeup, lots of underground *angst*—but we thought the music might be a little *plodding* for the kind of upbeat show we were trying to put together. Plus, the smoke would probably bother the asthmatics."

Farina and Arnell discard-

ed several more ideas, including a "zany, Stalag 17-style prison camp," and his personal favorite at the time, an all-out tribute to the classic cult film, 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show'. "I still want to mount that show someday. It's just a generational thing, I guess. When the first wave of Rocky Horror fans start getting older, we'll give it a shot. Can't you just see the old dears, doing the "Time Warp" for their daily exercises? We're *definitely* going to do that show someday. I don't see it in the Midwest, though. That one's got New York written all over it."

An early prototype of Pirate's Cove featured a common area done up as an actual rocking ship, which proved, needless to say, disastrous. "The patients were vomiting immediately. And wheelchairs were rolling all about the place," Arnell remembers with a short laugh and a mild shudder. "It was authentic as hell—good, *vibrant* theater—but more trouble than it was worth. Plus, our peg-legged characters were taking a lot of tumbles."

The immediate future of Pirate's Cove seems assured. "We're at about 70% capacity every night, which is good enough to keep us open and pay the staff. It's not Broadway money, but we're getting paid to act."

When asked about the county medical commission, Arnell springs to attention. "I hope they come back. I *welcome* them back. I think they'll see we've tightened up the show considerably—changed the running order a little bit, toned down some of the torture scenes, found a more reliable sedative for the parrot. We've stopped forcing the seniors to walk the plank for spills and things. I think the commission will really respond to this show. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones."

Scaling for work

Felding thrillseeker and *Sampler* sportsman-at-large *Bobjack Nettle* braves the wind, the ice, the yaks and the Admiral, and sets his sights on Everest.

Of all the questions I have ever been asked, surely the shortest has been, 'Why?'

And of all the questions I have ever been asked, surely the most difficult to answer was, 'Why? Why would a man climb Everest?' And why was this question so difficult to answer? A simple reason: I was sleeping at the time it was asked.

But when I finally came to, the answer was easier. Why would I take part in an expedition that would find me some 29,028 feet into the thorax of the sky, where I could practically reach up and tickle the great and holy feet of the creator? Why would I stretch the fibers of my body and spirit to such punishing limits, risking amputation, death and embarrassing lapses in hygiene? Why would I crawl, in some cases literally, inch by grueling inch, up icy walls, snowy cornices and tediously monotonous landscapes, all to share the awe-inspiring gaze that only dozens of men and assorted yaks before me have? The answer was

two-fold: the airfares were too good to pass up, and, despite my advancing years, I still look great in fleece.

When I decided to take part in this journey, I made myself two promises. The first one: I was going to bring a scarf. I mean a really good one. The second: I was going to write everything down. Well, I forgot my scarf. I put it right next to my keys on my front-room table so I *wouldn't* forget it, but I did in fact forget it. That's just the way I am, I guess. But I did find time to write down every last thrilling, freezing detail. So, dear reader, I say lace up your boots, grab your pointy ice stick thing and join me as we make our way to the top of the world — to Everest!

Day 1: At precisely 8:05 AM, I have zipped the last zipper on my pack, and after a tortuous two weeks of packing — whittling, folding, cramming, rejecting, downsizing, upgrading, stapling, gluing, ironing and stomping around the room in frustration, I have finally achieved "*the pack*". Deciding what to bring on a

journey like this takes an unfathomable amount of preparation. I consulted any number of packing guide books, among them Harry Von Bhodrian's essential "Stow and Go!", as well as Roderick Fern's classic, though perhaps overly poetic tome, "Feed the Gaping Mouth of the Hungry Empty Bag", before finally compiling my list of necessities — the all-important provisions that were going to see me to the top of the world, the penthouse of the planet — Everest!

My pack, as of 8:05 contained the following items:

- 1 Thurolite Slumberplex sleeping bag, with built-in back support pad, good to -80 degrees, weighing 12 ounces, and folding to a 6 x 16 roll, waterproof, windproof, snowproof, yakproof. With Spiderman motif.
- 3 pair Hexalite long underwear in current colors.
- 5 pair Omnilite™ socks with over-the-calf comfort and patented 'Moist-B-Gone®' water protection
- 4 pair of goggles in current colors, to match mood of the day.
- 6 cans mentholated shaving cream
- 24 cans assorted Campbell's soups
- 8 cans Reddi-whip non-dairy dessert topping
- 1 "World's Greatest Mountain Climber" wooden plaque from friends at office
- 3 assorted photo scrapbooks of family, friends, corporate golf outings, pets, graduations of nephews, nieces, etc.

(Cont. next page)

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a women's facial hair
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Mt. Everest (cont.)

1 12-volume, first edition hardcover set, Mark Twain Short Story Anthology

1 copy latest Abercrombie & Fitch catalog, containing an excellent article, 'The Ten Best Hidden Spring Break Spots in Florida'.

1 latch hook rug, recently started, for night hooking in tent. Features proposed Spiderman motif.

1 hand-held electronic organizer, broken. Probably just needs a new battery, can get one at airport.

1 CD copy, 'Yourself or Someone Like You', by Matchbox 20.

1 CD copy 'A Night Without Armor: Poems by Jewel' by Jewel.

1 Hardcover copy 'A Night Without Armor: Poems by Jewel' by Jewel.

1 VHS copy, "Mannequin 2" rented from local Blockbuster on specially arranged 'Onward To Everest' four-week loan.

1 pair barbecue tongs for base camp cookouts.

Ingredients for s'mores

12 tubes Pringles potato crisps,

regular flavor

8 liters Hires Diet Root Beer

'Operation' board game

Mentos

1 pointy spiked ice stick thing

At last I am ready. I've spent weeks gazing all googly-eyed at the brochures sent to me from ClimbNet, the full-service base-to-peak operation that's chartering the expedition. Now I am finally standing at my door, head to toe in warm, comfortable and deceptively lightweight fleece, perhaps science's greatest gift to climbers. That and lip balm. And those pointy spiked ice stick things that hook into the side of the mountain and stop you from falling to your death.

Finally the ClimbNet caravan (a dishearteningly battered Ford Econoline van from perhaps 1971) arrives, and for the first time ever, I think to myself, *At last I can meet my fellow climbers face to face!* The very ones who shall hold my life in their hands, and I theirs. After paying the remaining \$5800 dollars up front, I am allowed to board the van. My check is immediately cashed at my local bank and we are on the way to the airport.

My fellow climbers are a

curious, ragtag bunch of dreamers who seem as eager and suddenly short on cash as I do. First, there's Mickey, the youngest of the group. A generation X-er and self-proclaimed 'thrill chaser' who seems to be under the impression that we're setting out on a parasailing trip to Cozumel. Thusly his tie-dye motif cloth overnight bag, wraparound shades, short pants and sandals. He appears to be stoned within an inch of his life.

Then, there's Audrey. A hairstylist and part time model, who's just come off a bad break-up with an overbearing boyfriend called Rocco. Next to her is Rocco. They booked this trip months ago.

Next to Rocco is a ruddy faced, cheerful man with a slightly wild look in his eyes. He has a nose like a piece of pumice, and insists we call him 'The Admiral'. He wears a ship captain's hat, a blue boating blazer and waves a flask of gin around under everyone's nose. It is 8:45 AM.

We all decline, except for Mickey, who says, "I'm way up for it, dude." He tells the spellbound Admiral barely intelligible, slang-filled parasailing stories. The Admiral keeps the liquor flowing and calls Mickey his 'firm young Icarus.' The Admiral raises the flask and toasts: "To adventure — To Everest!"

H.R. Chuckleby's

Olde tyme saloon and proprietor of bountiful spirits, ciders & exceptional foodstuffs

is proud to declare April:
"Ben Turpin Month"

Come in for one free (non-alcoholic) sarsaparilla refill with purchase of 2 jumbo sarsaparillas and souvenir Ben Turpin mugs and 2 large sandwiches with side orders of potato skins and desserts! No shared desserts! One refill only! Before 5PM only!

Also: Free child's portion of potato skins to any gentleman sporting a Ben Turpin-like mustache during non-peak times only!

Mustache must be real and have manager's approval! Offer not valid if manager on duty is on break!

Come on!! Come all!!

Olde tyme movies! Friendly service! Full bar! Sing-a-longs! Peanuts in the shell! Throw the shells on the floor! It's okay!

9 Tri-County Area locations

Must have reasonable I. D. to purchase liquor

Open nightly till 5AM

Mt. Everest *(cont.)*

Driving the van is a short, fast-talking character named Phil. He weaves the van in and out of traffic with dangerous nonchalance, speaking in a low voice to his silent, brooding partner who seems to be called 'The Turk'. The Turk chews on a toothpick and acknowledges no one. He seems to have a permanent headache and an itch to kill.

We arrive at the airport and head to the terminal, where Phil informs us that there is a mandatory \$50 insurance policy, payable to him, in cash. When any of us looks put-out by this, The Turk steps up and stares us down. Everyone pays. Phil puts the money in his pocket and goes nowhere near the insurance desk. Though I have never heard of Titanic Air, the terminal looks neat and the attendants' uniforms seem pressed, which I take as a good sign.

We take our seats on the plane. I am at the window, with Audrey and Rocco right next to me. She has not removed her huge sunglasses and seems to be pouting. Rocco keeps slowly shaking his head and exhaling impatiently through his nose.

The takeoff is normal, the seats are suitably small and uncomfortable, but nerves have kept my sleep to a minimum over

the past few weeks and I am ready to settle in for a good long nap. I notice the admiral adoringly plying Mickey with cans of Budweiser two at a time. Phil speaks in hushed tones in the sky-phone, while The Turk sleeps like a rock, though I suspect he would spring to life in no time in an emergency. To my left Rocco's resistance is wearing away and he keeps apologizing to Audrey, who gives him the cold shoulder, having him right where she wants him. I fade off to sleep as we arch ever higher, over the clouds, higher than Everest.

Several hours later I am awakened by a friendly stewardess who says that the inflight movie is about to begin and hands me some headphones. What a great way to wake up, I think—relaxed, somewhat comfy, and with a movie about to begin right in front of me.

"What's the movie?" I ask her with a smile, a little shudder and a short yawn.

She smiles and says, "Mannequin 2! It's really funny!"

Oh perfect, I was saving that for base camp. Trying to refrain from sneaking the odd peek at the screen, I force myself back to sleep, to dream, hopefully -- of Everest!

(To be continued!)

Transformations

A unique service for
unique people.

Have you ever felt possessed
by the soul of someone else?

Someone entirely
different from you?

Perhaps a kindly old
Norwegian whaler?

Or maybe a charming
little schoolgirl from
Central America?

Or perhaps a burly
Bronx fireman?

If you've ever felt this way,
it's time to call

Transformations

A unique service for
unique people.

At Transformations, we have
the advanced computer
technology and astrological
knowhow to match the exact
date and time you were born
with the exact time of death
of another person, whose
departed soul may have
entered yours at that very
moment. If you've ever told
someone that you "haven't
been feeling yourself lately,"

or need this kind of
information as part of your
defense in a criminal lawsuit,
you owe it to yourself to call:

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unique people.

Free phone consultation
455-8818

April is Loss of Limb Prevention Month!

Photo
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avail-
able

Hello, I'm Don Lacy of Mayflower Insurance. All month, we're offering 1/2 off premiums when you add Loss of Limb insurance to any existing policy. Why don't you come on down to our new facility on scenic Route 9, just outside of town but before the gas station, and we can discuss you, your policy and your limbs. We have coffee and usually donuts too. Many restrictions apply. Call 455-7878 ext.1 and ask for Don Lacy.

Street Scoops

Some of the most important news stories of the day slip through the cracks. But not when there's *Sampler* correspondent *Carl Prattle* around. Direct from the streets (and shrubs) of Felding, here are some items you may have missed.

Train Overcrowding Hits New Levels: Local Man Outlines Plan

Speaking in the frosty morning air from the train station at Pennworth Avenue and Crane Crossing, an unnamed local commuter outlined his plan for a revised rail schedule that would accommodate the rising number of rush hour train riders. Public Transportation officials had recently released documents that verified a 12% increase in rush hour train passengers over a 16-month period.

According to the man, the trains simply aren't keeping up with the demand. "This is %*#@# ridiculous," he stated this morning, the steam of his breath dancing in the sub-zero morning air. "I've been here fifteen %*#@# minutes and there's been only one %*#@# inbound train, and that was too %*#@# full to get into." The man stepped to the edge of the open-air platform, shaking his head in disgust as he checked for a train. There was no train in sight.

"It's %*#@# freezing out here, and they're sending %*#@# trains like it's %*#@# late at night (when trains traditionally run every 30 minutes or so)," the man lamented. "They've got to keep these %*#@# things running! One every %*#@# five minutes."

Other commuters gave the man plenty of room while he paced back and forth to keep warm, angrily grumbling to himself as he detailed his plan to keep trains coming one after another. "Just %*#@# keep sending them out. Don't keep these %*#@# people

waiting for a %*#@# train", the man said, occasionally questioning the Public Transportation System's tendency to raise fares while decreasing service.

Since the man's largely ad-libbed speech was not part of any formal demonstration, he found himself alone in his protestations. Frigid morning temperatures also contributed to a lack of vocal support for the commuter's bold new plan. After being denied access to yet another train due to overcrowding, the man was finally able to board a train that followed shortly, grumbling, sources say, that he would now be "at least 20 %*#@# minutes late for %*#@# work."

Local Beauty Continues Silent Treatment: Unrequited Love Haunts Sensitive Local Man

Despite a persistent, yet tasteful six-month wooing effort that has included the selfless showing of gifts (several of them bordering on the expensive), the submission of original poetry and non-obtrusive surveillance, breathtaking local redhead Lucy Shales continues to shun a lovestruck local man, a popular, handsome and successful "on the street" journalist from Felding's leading biweekly news and lifestyle magazine.

Shales, a stunning goddess for whom the local man would crawl across a flaming desert of broken glass in order to watch read a magazine, has flatly refused to respond to any of the extremely heartfelt gift items presented to her

on an almost weekly basis.

The local journalist, who requested anonymity, remains puzzled by the steadfast disinterest of Miss Shales, an awe-inspiring tower of raw passion. "She must know how I feel by now. Why she continues to date older men who drive expensive cars and bring her home at ungodly hours, especially when she has a big presentation at work the next day, is beyond me," the obviously sensitive and skilled newshound forlornly mused aloud from his mother's dining room, where most of his dinners are eaten in crippling loneliness, accompanied only by the persistent mewl of the television set.

The reporter will continue his "Quiet Vigil of Love and Dedication" until Miss Shales, a radiant beam of full-bosomed pulchritude and source of a thousand sleepless nights, finally learns that sensitive types well-versed in local events, have far more to offer than the false charms of cocky men with dark mustaches and bright red sports cars, sources say.

The local man has even decided to make his feelings for Miss Shales public by offering this poem exclusively to *The Sampler* in the hopes of convincing her:

Who Is He?

*Late again, it must be three.
Sitting silent behind a tree,
Crouching in the shrubbery,
Patiently, I wait for thee.
Who is he? Who is he?
The sports car finally does appear,
In the dome light it becomes quite clear.
He holds your face and draws you near.
Who is he? Who is he?
This swarthy stranger with car so bright
Whose white teeth sparkle in the night
With pants a little bit too tight
Who is he? Who is he?
And did you get the pen and pencil set
I sent you, my love?
Or would you rather I exchange it
For a foot massager?*

The somewhat handsome reporter also informed *Sampler* sources of a plan to visit the West Town Shop-O-Dome to purchase a reading light for Miss Shales when funds are available.