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AH, POGO, THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREST PRIMEVAL GETS ME IN THE HEART.

IT GETS ME IN THE FEET, PORKYPINE.

EARTH DAY 1971

IT IS HARD WALKIN' ON THIS STUFF.

YEP, SON, WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND HE IS US.
More On Transit Plans

Port Authority Transit (PAT) will hold an early hearing tomorrow in Chatham Center on its Early Action transit plan. The new plan may be useful in answering doubts and questions which have been raised since the plan was undertaken.

PAT held hearings for three days in August, before committing itself to the Early Action program. But apparently many interest-
dizes weren’t listening at the time. The hearing should cast more light on the subject.

Essentially, the Early Action program involves the first operational stretch of Skybus connecting Downtown with the South plus PATways, which are roadways to be used only for transit vehicles.

There have been spirited exchanges between supporters of the Skybus mode of mass transportation and critics who prefer a more conventional steel-wheel-and-rail system. Also, there have been raised about how the ways would work and how much the opening of such facilities might cost.

Federal law requires such hearings as the one scheduled for tomorrow. And PAT has the possibility to support its applications for federal and State grants.

In matters now stand, PAT has received $100 million from three levels of government — settle differences at the bargaining on the picket line. reduce the transit deficits. Recent fares will help reduce the deficit, but are expected to wipe it out entirely.

Planning for a truly rapid mass transportation system is a lengthy process, and PAT has settled on its Early Action plan. There should be no real deviation from the objective. A decision had to be made toward the eventual goal plotted. The decision was made on the hearings of 1969.

Hopefully, the new hearings will clarify any lingering doubts that may remain. Authority has invited any interested to participate in the hearings or to submit their thoughts. If the amount of discussion is anything to go by, there should be a good turn-out.

Which is as it should be. We are all taxpayers at the county, state and local levels. We should know what we are spending our money.

Unbiased Voters

A Japanese-American who sells in...
“I’m surprised, Marty. I thought you were one of us.”
she is a bitter piece. She is always frustrated, because of our struggle to make a living. A few steps from us there is another store like ours, and it teems with customers. The owners are drowning in money. The truth is that Salka’s anger drives away the customers. In our business those who come to buy do a lot of haggling. No matter how cheap a price we ask, the customer always tries to bargain us down to a half. Who comes to buy remnants and secondhand material? Only those who like to get something for nothing. My competitor has a shrewd wife. She always wears a sweet smile and knows her business inside out. If I tell my wife to act friendlier to the customers she attacks me violently. Her eyes are as sharp as knives. Sometimes I think that the Angel made a mistake. She should have been born a man. One way or another, things go badly.”

“Peace brings success,” my father said. “If you two could live more peacefully, then...”

*I wasn’t eager to hear what could happen if the couple lived in peace, and made my way into the kitchen. I stood in a corner, hoping my mother would not notice me in the dim light of the little kerosene lamp. I had left a storybook there on a stool, and pretended to be reading as I cocked my ears. I was interested in people’s talk—their expressions, their excuses for wrong deeds, and how they twisted things to suit themselves. I heard the woman say, “Rebbetzin, he is a fool, and there is no remedy for that from the apothecary. It is written somewhere that when the Messiah comes all the sick will be cured but the fools will remain fools. Why is this so, my good lady?”

“It is very simple,” my mother replied. “The sick know that they are sick and they pray to God to be healed. But since a fool thinks that he is clever he never prays for help, and therefore he is doomed to remain what he is.”

“Golden words. It is really as my
One day I just looked into these forty LACONIC, STUPIFIED faces and said to myself GOOD GRIEF, I'M GONNA GO NUTS!

Next day I wore a CLOWN SUIT and rode into class on a rented ELEPHANT! Then I sprayed 'em with my Seltzer BOTTLE and hit the switch on the 200 volt line I'd wired to their METAL DESKS! They just SAT there, but several of 'em NODDED openly!

Friday, I wore RIDING BOOTS, a BREECH CLOTH and my PITH HELMET! I let off a dozen SMOKE BOMBS and unleashed a herd of KANGAROOS! I was loading my CANNON with ROCK SALT when one of 'em actually put up his HAND!

So just for the HELL of it, I told 'em to read chapter SIX, and when everything was QUIT, I set off four SKYROCKETs in my WASTEPAPER basket! They just SAT there, but I'm SURE a couple of 'em BLINDED!

That AFTERNOON the six ACTORS I'd hired to portray MAFIA HONORS burst into the class, lined 'em all up against the wall and MACHINE GUNned 'em with RUBBER BULLETS! They just SAT there but a few of 'em looked QUIET attentive!

Seems they wanted to know if this stuff was gonna be on the EXAM!
To Marty:
Thinking of you always,
Love, Preus
Peanuts

I'm awake!!
I'm awake!!
No, I'm not...
Z
Performance Desired

* Bargain Shows

- Tues. Feb. 25 - 7:30 pm
- Wed. Feb. 26 - 7:30 pm
- Thurs. Feb. 27 - 7:30 pm
- Fri. Feb. 28 - 7:30 pm
- Sat. Mar. 1 - 2:30 pm
- Sun. Mar. 2 - 2:30 pm
- Sun. Mar. 2 - 6:30 pm

JO JO STARBUCK

ICE CAPADES
Judy Lawrence:

Please see whether Hans Dieter Betz can lunch at Q Club June 1 or June 10; let me know his choice.

Would you call Victor Rodriguez (see my appt sheets for phone #) and tell him I have a clash: an exam or hearing at the hour he signed up. Would he phone me for a new time?

Marty
Bald is Beautiful
The Miller, his Son and their Ass

A Miller and his Son were driving their Ass to a neighbouring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of girls returning from the town, talking and laughing. "Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such fools, to be trudging along the road on foot, when they might be riding!" The old Man, hearing this, quietly got on the Ass, his Son walking by the side of him.

In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women proceeding in the opposite direction. "Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several at once, "how can you ride upon the beast, while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?" The good-natured Miller immediately took up his Son behind him. They had now almost reached the town which was their destination. "Pray, honest friend," said a townsman, "is that Ass your own?" "Yes," said the old Man. "Oh! One would not have thought so," said the other, "by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!" "We can but try," said the old Man. So they tied the Ass's legs together, and endeavoured to carry him over a bridge that led to the town.

This was so entertaining a sight that people ran out in crowds to laugh at it; till the Ass, not liking the noise nor his situation, kicked asunder the cords that bound him and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this the old Man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again—convinced that by endeavouring to please everybody he had succeeded in pleasing nobody, and had lost his Ass into the bargain.
One day I just looked into those forty LACONIC STUPID faces and said to myself GOSH GRIEF I'M GONNA GO NUTS!

Next day I wore a CLOWN SUIT and rode into class on a rented ELEPHANT! Then I sprayed 'em with my SELTZER BOTTLE and hit the switch on the 200 volt line I'd wired to their METAL DESKS! They just SAT there, but several of 'em NODDED openly!

Friday, I wore RIDING BOOTS, a BREECH CLOTH and my PITH HELMET! I let off a dozen SMOKE BOMBS and unleashed a herd of KANGAROOS! I was loading my CANNON with RICK SALT when one of 'em actually put up his HAND!

So just for the HELL of it, I told 'em to read chapter SIX, and when everything was QUIET I set off four GRENADES in my WASTEPAPER basket! They just SAT there, but I'm SURE a couple of 'em BLINKED!

That AFTERNOON the six ACTORS I'd hired to portray MAFIA MOBSTERS burst into the class, lined 'em all up against the wall and MACHINES GUNNED 'em with RUBBER BULLETS! They just SAT there but a few of 'em looked CRICK attentive!

They really wanted to know if this stuff was gonna be on the EXAM!
One day I just looked into those forty LATONIC, STUPORIZED faces and said to myself GOOD GRIEF I'M GONNA GO NUTS!

Next day I wore a CLOWN SUIT and rode into class on a rented ELEPHANT! Then I sprayed 'em with my SELTZER BOTTLE and hit the switch on the 100 volt line I'd wired to their METAL DESKS! They just SAT there, but several of 'em NODDED openly!

Friday, I wore RIDING BOOTS, a BREECH CLOTH and my PITH HELMET! I let off a dozen SMOKE BOMBS and unleashed a herd of KANGAROOS! I was loading my CANNON with ROCK SALT when one of 'em actually put up his HAND!

So just for the HELL of it, I told 'em to read chapter SIX, and when everything was QUILT I set off four SMOKE BOMBS in my WASTE PAPER basket! They just SAT there, but I'm SURE a couple of 'em BLINDED!

That AFTERNOON the six ACTORS I'd hired to portray MARIA HOMOS burst into the class, lined 'em all up against the wall and MACHINE GUNNED 'em with RIBBER BULLET! They just SAT there but a few of 'em looked QUITE attentive!

Seems they wanted to know if his stuff was gonna be on the TEAM!