



THE **PROGRESSIVE**

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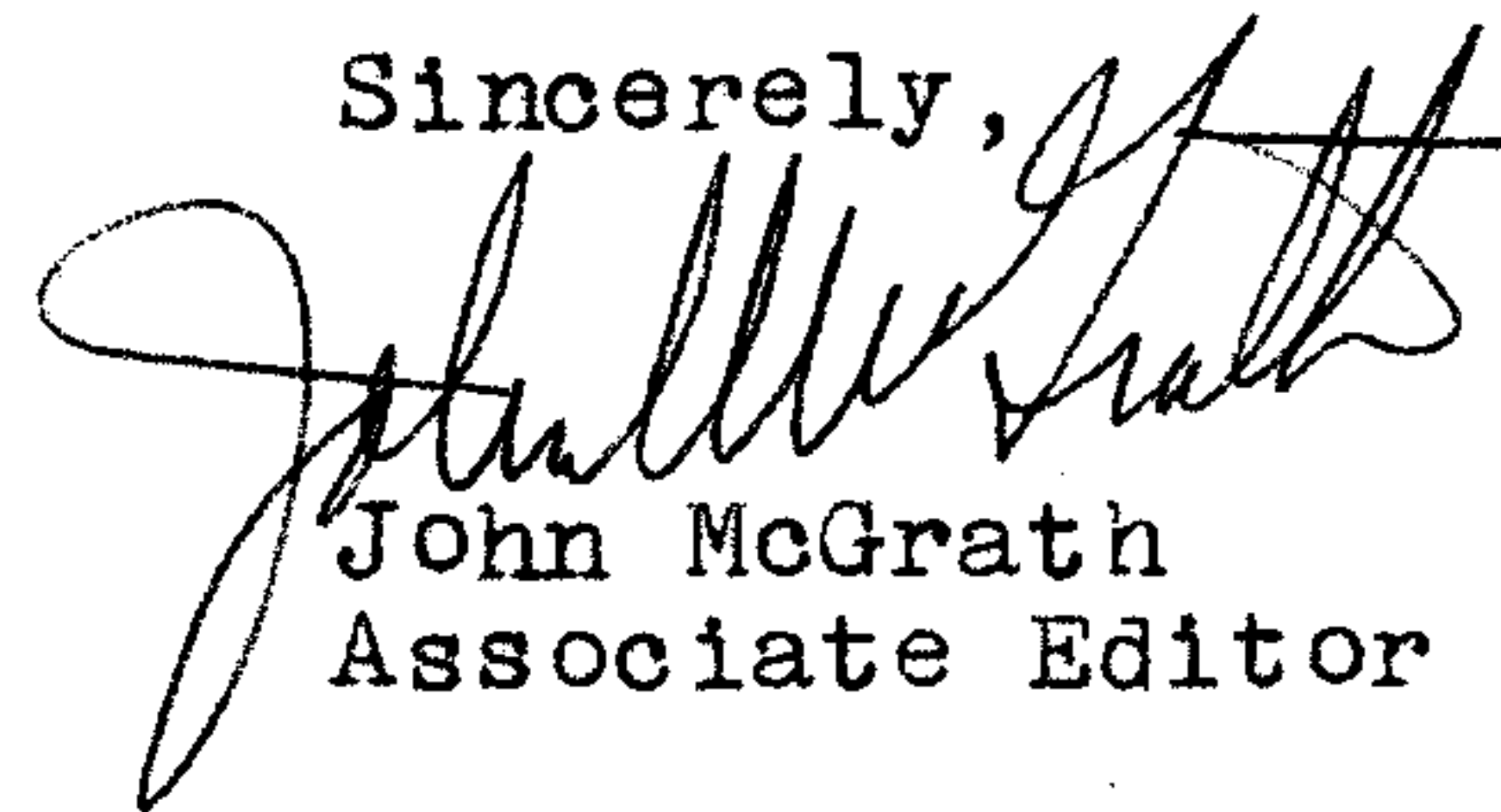
July 25, 1962

Mr. Harvey Manning
Route 2, Box 6652
Issaquah, Washington

Dear Mr. Manning:

Thank you for sending us the enclosed manuscripts for consideration by our editors. We appreciate the opportunity of reading them, but are unable to accept them for publication in The Progressive.

Sincerely,



John McGrath
Associate Editor

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Enclosures



UNK IS COMING BACK

a story

by

Harvey Manning

UNK IS COMING BACK

If you ask me to pick the Number One I'd have to give it to Unk. That's what I really think and not just because he's family either. He sure never gave me any time of day unless I smeared Charley's snotty face and the crybaby ran to Unk. Old GP always saw the funny side of the picture and that made Charley madder, me not getting smeared, Unk just taking it. Naturally you'd expect Unk would give Charley the best of it but that time Charley made some kind of speech at college you'd think Unk would stay over for the game but he didn't. Then if anybody ever ended up in blazing glory it was me but Unk never said a thing about the Rose Bowl and stuck me in an office where I never saw anybody but janitors.

I didn't quit though, I never would have made All-American if I was a quitter. There in prep coach tried to get me into weight lifting, I could have told him it was all the wise guy quarterback, after he quit the squad nobody ever fouled up signals on me. Coach was sure glad I stuck because he got a better job out of it when I busted up the

league and they put my picture in all the papers. Charley sure never had his picture in all the papers so that's how much good it does you squealing and quitting, I never believed in it.

I stuck there in my office learning the game because Unk needed help and there was no use telling him Charley wasn't it. Charley was like an apple in his mouth, he couldn't do anything wrong. Charley graduated and wouldn't come to work, he told Unk he was going to kick the ball around Europe before he picked it up and ran home and Unk tried to act like it was a great idea. Then Charley told me to keep on taking the big picture apart, when he got home he would put the pieces together. He was always trying to get me acting like a goat but it was like that pansy in the fairy story who wasn't man enough to get at the grapes so he said he didn't like grapes. Like when he quit the frat because they ran me for class president and I won, even the eggbrains didn't like him trying to split the Creeks up, if it was anybody else I would have felt sorry for a guy getting only that many votes.

Even a kid like Charley you'd think would stick with his own father when everybody else was walking on him. It isn't like Unk was my Father who was a real idiot or would have been if he ever got his head out of the bottle. That was what GP said when Father knocked down the Christmas tree. Charley had a load himself, he said maybe Father was scared

if he ever saw straight he might get a look at Mother sometime when she didn't have her face in a baked Alaskan or a coconut pie with ice cream. GP said "fat chance, fat chance!" and really doubled over. Then Charley said I had Father's brains and Mother's build and that's how I got All-American. Which is a crock because one thing about me I keep in shape and I could have played pro ball but I didn't even wait for the Senior Bowl, I came straight out of the Rose Bowl, all I ever wanted was getting in the agency with GP and Unk. Anyway GP was having cats and asked Charley what he had and Charley said one fifth to get him on the plane and another one to get him in the house because it looked like GP was planning to live forever and one more Christmas would finish him, meaning Charley, but of course that was the laugh that racked up GP. He was saying he never should worry just because he had a drunk and a dope for sons, and after that everybody was busy calling doctors and so forth, the terrible thing was Charley going out of his nut when he saw what he did and chasing around the woods singing Christmas carols.

I never thought it was right everybody acting like Unk was a dope just because he wasn't GP. Like the profs said, there was only room for one GP, if there were two like him in the world one would have to get out. The way the profs talked you'd think GP invented the ad game and actually there's a lot of truth in that. One of the famous things

he did was practically smear Florida. He had these two babes and one was really knocked out and she was eating an apple. The one eating the orange was the kind of pig a sorority pledges when the roof is leaking and no money in the bank. This doctor was saying "reach for an apple instead of an orange." They were starving like flies in Florida until they signed with GP and right away he changed all the billboards. The orange babe was pushed around and they fixed her pimples and curled her hair, she was real machinery like the apple babe. There was this other bunch eating bananas and if a sorority had to pledge them it would move into a tent first and the doctor was saying "reach for an apple and also an orange" so everybody was happy. Except the banana people but that was before the Marines landed, it wasn't safe to eat bananas those days anyway because of the tarantellas. There's a famous story how some bleeding hearts told GP little Spicks were starving all over the banana belts and GP said "no corpses no maggots." GP had a saying for everything, he had a famous rep for that. What he meant there was business is like football, somebody has to get smeared if you want All-Americans like me.

Another time GP bought a mountain nobody was using and strung it with lights so it looked like a bottle of beer at night with bubbles that spelled out Drummerboy. You could see it all over the city and Drummerboy smeared the other beers. Not just in the city either, the temperance

outfits and mountainclimbers and all that mob of nuts handed GP millions of free space. Also the Indians, they used to bury dead Indians there. Heck, nobody could say the name the Indians had for it and anyway the Drummerboy people sure had a right to call their own mountain what they wanted. The nuts sure didn't push the city over, not the way everybody was coining a mint with tourists, there were lots of mountains in the country but only one beer bottle that big. Like GP said, "when everybody's selling roses, give me a sack of garbage." Not that GP ever sold garbage, and that wasn't the word he used actually, it was just one of his famous sayings. Lots of his sayings you don't get without thinking about, what he meant there was you have to make your pitch different if you want people to listen. Everybody says it's too bad GP never got time to write an almanac or something, he didn't have a bone in his body that wasn't funny.

I did great in ad courses just writing about GP. One prof pulled a sourmouth about me not writing my own papers but I came back how he cribbed GP stories from me and put them in magazines and that's how he made prof. That shut him out. Anyway I told my frat brothers what to say, all they did was write it down. Ideas are what count in the ad game, you can pick up copy men cheap at any price, only you have to watch them or they write poems, most of them are pansies. Ideas are what make an agency go, that's my ambition, getting ideas. That was the great thing about GP, when he couldn't buy a

hot idea he made one up himself.

Well, I don't want to knock down GP but they were way over the base nailing Unk's skin on the wall about TV. Sure, he was media man but GP was boss clear up until Christmas. I guess it won't hurt spilling it all over now, all the insiders in the game knew it anyway. GP didn't believe in TV. What I mean, it isn't he didn't believe it was a good media, he didn't believe there was such a thing.

There was this fireball making everybody jumpy at the network, they gave him a run at GP and didn't wise him up. GP started in on how Roosevelt was wrecking New York and the fireball thought he meant Eleanor and made a dirty crack about Roosevelt and Rockefeller getting together. Naturally GP wasn't thinking about Eleanor and the Rockefeller he was thinking about was old John, they used to sit in the park matching to see who gave away the dime. They had a great laugh at the network, the fireball ended up in a teapot in the deep woods and his biggest account was some kind of Baptist preacher.

Then right up to the end GP wanted Myrt and Marge and the guy he had on the job kept making stories and then one day it just slid out, he said they were tied up in a package with the A & P Gypsies and Rudy Vallee and GP yelled "take it you sap!" and that's when the guy jumped, he didn't even open the window.

But the ad game is like football, go down and they all

pile on, only not me they didn't. Anyway they said Unk just didn't have the shark eye for media like GP. All they remembered was GP went in radio up to his feet when nobody thought it was good for anything but long haired music and shipwrecks. Also the time he had a zeppelin drop so many fliers on the city it cost fifty thousand to sweep them up and that was when dollars were full of pennies. Then the zeppelin smeared those tenements when it crashed and got headlines all over the world, especially after GP planted the story around these were the same Krauts that blew up Black Tom in the war. The whole package cost only a couple thousand, which wasn't much billings but was sure worth it from the rep angle. That was another famous saying GP had, "why marry the babe when you can rape her?" Not that GP was that sort, he was a family man, what he meant there was PR is just as good as media and a lot cheaper, he was way ahead of his days in that.

Nobody could look good after GP even if he was clear off his rocks since Landon got edged out, especially him being the greatest client man the game ever saw. Most accounts once they went by the casket and made sure GP was dead they switched agencies. All Unk had left were some that waited around to see if GP was coming back. The GP men in the agency were sure no help, mostly they died, they were scared to before, GP raised heck if he buzzed and nothing happened. Unk had to can the rest, they were all nuts like

the old guy that handled the art for GP's famous campaign that started ladies buying underwear instead of flour sacks. He got the rep of being real horny but actually if a babe came in his office he ran in the closet. GP thought it was so funny he made the old guy handle the art for his famous toilet paper campaign, I don't know what people did before that.

That's why Unk takes Number One over GP, Unk had to start with scratch and even GP gave GGP what he had coming. The profs said his barn package for Mother Magrew's Golden Elixir really smeared the country, he got his pal General Grant to speak up for it in the north and General Lee needed the money and went over great on southern barns and also there was the famous preacher who had TB and said it helped him cough, so many old ladies died with it's the temperance outfits were practically wiped out. GP said it himself the agency hit the big time "pouring dirty water in empty old stomachs," only he used all different words, but what he meant there was if people are thirsty they got to drink something. Which being in the game I go along with, I'm no bluebelly but personally I never touch the stuff and I racked up plenty of so-called quarterbacks who did.

You sure can't blame Unk for looking like a dog that lost his best friend. Right up to the end billings were higher than kites, we had more radio and skywriters than all the others and fifty crews out painting barns. It just

didn't seem like the agency could be on top so long and then hit the drain so fast. I didn't believe it until I got there after the Rose Bowl and the babes all sat around pulling out their eyebrows and so forth. Unk just stared at GP and GGP like he was waiting for them to climb off the wall and do something about it.

Well, I got busy right away. There were these lessons I let them use my name on with a bunch of other famous stars and generals, they gave me a free set and they sure made more sense than the so-called profs. It was a school called Think Inc. and these lessons were a course called Think Big, it was how to have ideas. I practically racked up my brain but it was worth it. I wrote Unk a memo how one hot idea would put us right back on top of the ball but maybe he didn't get it. I took the test at the start all by myself and it showed I could think big so I kept my nose on the grinding wheel, I could hardly wait to get a hot idea.

There was how I was different than Charley. He finally comes home from Europe and Unk shows some life and says now the team will get back in the old ball game. Which was a laugh, Charley wouldn't know what to do with a football if you stuck it in his throat. Charley says he was batting it back and forth with the Pope and is wrapping up a deal where the nuns will all wear sandwich boards and Unk looked like a quarterback trying to eat the ball before I smeared him.

That's what they teach you in college, being a smart guy,

even guys on the squad fell for it. We had a quarterback when I was frosh, they said he was cinch All-American and I never would make varsity playing guys my own size. It made you sick the so-called reporters watching him, naturally a showboat looks good in warmups tossing the ball. So we were playing the varsity, just practice but it was a real game, keeping score and all, and here it was fourth quarter and us way behind, they wouldn't give me the ball. So we're on our ten yard strip and the hot dog calls a fancy pass run or lateral that gives him a chance to get over by the cameras. I beef and he says, "what the heck, it isn't the Rose Bowl, let's have some fun." Well I just happened to get in the way of a lateral and he just happened to get in my way, I went right up the middle ninety yards straight as a stream. I wish it was that easy to get all the Reds out of college, for my dough that's what he was, or anyway he would have turned into one if he kept his scholarship.

Maybe Charley won medals for brains but just like football there's more in the ad game than that. Just because I quit after the Rose Bowl Charley made out coach had a deal with the profs for me to go away when he finished building my character. As far as I'm concerned All-American is important but the rest of college is wasting time, except you can always count on your frat brothers, that's what they make you swear. Charley can have his so-called medals, it isn't what a shark you look like in the warmups, it's who is still

in there in the fourth quarter cracking the old line for yards, that's what I always say.

The thing is, I'm just learning the game and it was Unk picked up the ball and ran, but the way he calls me a "real All-American" makes me feel great because that's how he tells what he thinks of me, and of course I did open the hole for him.

You could say it was Charley, he buzzed me one day and said he had the biggest thing in his office since they blew up breakfast food. I didn't exactly sprain my legs getting there, Charley never buzzed me except for some gag, but here was this creepy guy, right away I figured him for a science prof. I never got what those guys had on their brain but like coach said the little bit of scribbling my subs did on exams was only what a sixty minute man like myself had coming. Naturally I never trusted any science prof but this guy was different, he said he came to us because he knew GP always hated Reds, which was right, ever since that buddy of his named President McKinley got shot he never could stand foreigners. Anyway this creepy prof, his name was Jones, got a raw deal from the Reds that ran the college he was at. That's why Charley buzzed me, he told Jones I hated Reds like GP did. Jones started telling me about this machine in his suitcase and Charley busted in and said the Thunderbolt Machine was the greatest thing since Ivory floated. Jones acted sore and said it wasn't a Thunderbolt Machine.

Charley said that was too bad, we sure could use a Thunderbolt Machine to fix accounts the way Jones did students, that's the only way they'd listen to our pitch. Jones looked like he was boiling lobsters, he shut up his suitcase, but Charley said this was too big for us vice presidents, it had to go straight to Unk. Only he asked me to take Jones in, he had a date to check off a market.

I told Unk how Jones got a raw deal from the Reds and had a machine in his suitcase that was too big for vice presidents. Unk looked like he had oysters for lunch and kept on staring at GP and GGP. Jones started handing out the same old junk, it was way over my brain. Finally Unk asked if this was a Thunderbolt Machine and Jones started dancing around and said it was not a Thunderbolt Machine, it was a Happiness Machine. Unk started acting crazy and saying something about everything else was down the drain, he might just as well flush the toilet with his head inside. I was going to smear Jones but Unk told me to go sit on my buzzer, he couldn't even talk right he was so wild. I didn't want to go but he told me to go write some memos, he'd buzz me when he wanted me.

You have to hand it over to Unk, having the guts to take a chance on a crackpot like Jones. It was like some of those quarterbacks trying sneaks when I was linebacker. They never tried it twice but I always liked playing with guys that had guts. I used to send them flowers and candy, all soft centers, and something cheerful on the card like

"better luck next time." The thing is, I looked up this Thunderbolt Machine, which was the name the reporters hung on it, and it did burn down some students and prof's and maybe also some janitors, they didn't show up for work afterwards. Jones says the Reds got in one night and switched wires around, they were always after him. Anyway it shows Unk really does take off after GP, when GP jumped in radio everybody said he was crazy but it wasn't until Hoover got edged out he actually went loose upstairs. Only Unk didn't let the Reds rack him up, he kept up the old knee and elbow and stayed on top of the ball.

What Jones had in his suitcase wasn't all new. Way back in prep you'd see this truck with a deejay and then you heard music in your head and the deejay making pitches. It was only a novelty, soundtrucks did the same thing except they use your ears to get inside your head, but lots of people got in it that couldn't buy a radio station from the FCC. It darn near racked up your brain sometimes, trucks all over the street pitching you. Finally some famous bankers set up the Mentamess System and got the FCC to keep pirates off the streets and even big agencies tried braineo. The trouble was Mentamess never fixed their braineo so it would go very far, you could hit people with a rock farther than you could with braineo. Also things like brick walls stopped it cold and people jumped in buildings when they got the pitch. Sometimes I wonder how people think the country can get ahead if they

won't even listen, you sure can't expect companies to keep making products if they just stack up in the warehouse. Reds tried to get laws against braineo trucks except for worthy causes like raising money, they claimed it gave you a headache, that was just a smoke cloud. Mentamess had a lot of lawyers and judges and they showed how the Declaration of Independence gives everybody a right to talk.

The braineo story was darn good when they got a truck in a traffic jam or a subdivision when people were sleeping. What wrecked them was somebody found out if you whistled braineo couldn't get through. You couldn't pitch traffic jams anymore, everybody whistled, and it got so any subdivision that put in sewers had loudspeakers that played whistling records or else yodels or sopranos, which worked even better. About all Mentamess had left was cough syrup in the slums and pitching corn flakes around grade schools and how to clean up pimples in high schools, good billings all right but they couldn't beat out radio and TV for that business. Finally snarkshooters took over Mentamess and had the cough syrup and pimple cream right on the truck or else some kind of Baptist preacher instead of a deejay.

Ufor came about the same time. It would only go a couple feet but some agencies went in big, they wanted to be on the basement floor if it turned into another TV. They tried it for groceries, they'd hide the transmitter in the canned beans or something and people would drop dead in their

shoes and get a big smile. Naturally once you stop people in a supermarket you've got them in your pockets, they buy what's in front of them. Only you can do the same thing with a sexy babe handing out free samples, men stop for the babe and ladies for free beans, and sexy babes come a lot cheaper than Ufor rigs, what with all the patents. Also with a sexy babe you don't have people soaking it up and jamming traffic so nobody else can get at the beans, and drunks and dopes sneaking in. Actually it turned out to be sort of habit-making and with clerks always around the Ufor you couldn't sell enough beans to make up the stuff that got lifted.

It worked better where you had a big ticket item. All the car dealers had Ufors in the demonstrators and nobody would open a model home without Ufors in the furniture. Ufor did a lot of good, there are plenty of grouches who just need some product, but some of those houses were put together with cheap glue, rain really smeared them. Then there were used car scandals and it got so when you were really stuck you said you were "ufored." The company changed its name so they sounded like they were the Red Cross and spent tons telling how they only sold to hospitals and everybody should go see a doctor. They also went heavy in doctor's magazines but that didn't help either, there were true stories how young babes went someplace for a glass of root beer and turned into white slaves. If you felt happy

when you were looking at a deep freeze or a preacher was passing the hat you got out fast, there was something wrong with the product for sure.

It was a terrific chance Unk was taking, nobody else in the game would have the guts to fool with Jones even if he didn't burn down all those students. Braineo and Ufor were dirty language in the ad game.

Of course I didn't know right away Unk was taking any chance or what Jones had in his suitcase. I waited for Unk to buzz me and was pretty excited all week waiting to get buzzed. But I didn't get buzzed and everything looked the same except Jones was here and there and Charley started hitting bottles. One day Unk and Charley went by me on the street with both their jaws going a mile an hour and it was great seeing Unk show off so much life, it was about time he wised up to Charley.

I was darn busy just then what with finals coming in the mail any day. I was really cracking the books because I had a chance at a gold star on my Think Big diploma which would get me in the Think Sharp course where you actually start making up ideas. People actually get good jobs before they even finish Think Sharp and naturally I had a good job but I wanted to help Unk.

So one day I was doing pushups, I spent all morning thinking and was way out of shape, my brain was just about

racked up. I was looking ahead, how great it was going to be sending memos to Unk and him sending memos back and then buzzing me to come brainstorm. All of a sudden there goes the buzzer! I thought I was loose upstairs but it buzzed again and by golly it was Unk, it was my first buzz from Unk. I wondered if he found out somehow about my lessons. Maybe he did, he never said. What he wanted was for me to go down the street to the supermarket and wait there. Boy, I had to laugh how the mobs jumped off the sidewalk, it was like those pansies in the prep league before they cut us off their schedule and we played teams from the Army and jail.

Unk didn't show up right away so I studied the groceries, Think Big taught that the more you know about something the more ideas you can have about it.

All of a sudden I felt happy as heck, like the East-West game after my soph year. The so-called reporters said it was all our league having a weak season so this smart coach didn't let me in the first half, the so-called fans came to watch these two hot dog quarterbacks play basketball. He put me in for the second half kickoff and I knew it was only for that, the way he talked you'd think football was all filling up your brain with signals. Well, I just happened to get the ball, our quarterback was trying for it but he sprained his leg or something, I went a hundred yards straight as a stream except for one little jog, their hot dog woke up next Wednesday.

Anyway it was back in prep since I was ufoed and it was so great that when I got the pitch I didn't even wonder how a brainedo truck got in, I went for the grapefruit. I had a real load on and was going for a cart but people were crowding around, all smiling, and I got edged off in the lemons and the funny thing was I didn't feel like giving the old knee and elbow. Then Jones signed out and I never liked grapefruit but had to buy them naturally, and there was Unk jumping up and down like the Ufor was still on, I never saw Unk laugh in my whole life before. The guys with him had billings all over their face but even they had a hard time keeping the old sourmouth going. Charley was the only one made it, he was stone sober which explains it. Unk banged a grapefruit on my head and said "here is a real All-American", I was never so happy before in my whole life put together.

The terrific thing was Jones wasn't in the supermarket with a truck at all, he wasn't even in the street, he was clear up in the agency with just a suitcase.

By golly, those were great times, one day we're down in the city dumps and next day we're so high they couldn't touch us with a ten foot ladder. Jones was chasing around building big Happiness transmitters and Unk was signing blue chits as fast as let them in, the biggest billings in the country were practically tearing their hair inside out trying to get on Happiness. The rest of the agencies were about as busy as my subs, three years varsity and two Rose Bowls and they

never got in a game, coach wanted to let them in at first but I chased them off the field, finally he told them they were around in case I got hit by a truck and put in jail for wrecking it.

Things were just perfect, only one Happiness network and that was us. Why fool with cowboys and sexy babes when you can hit people without a gang of pansies on your payroll? That was our pitch and we really smeared them with it. All TV had was news and Spanish lessons and that junk, nobody watched it, they soaked up Happiness and didn't have to worry about the picture tube blowing up.

They tried to make out Jones wasn't much, all he did was put Ufor and braineo together, that's like saying all Henry Ford did was put oil companies and wheels together. Unk bought Mentamess and Ufor but only so he wouldn't have to monkeyshine with lawyers, Jones never needed any patents. The ad game sure saw Jones was a great science prof, right up there with Thomas A. Edison and Alexander Graham Bell. They were all turning over in their own gravy trying to find Jones and buy him but only Charley and Unk and me knew where he was, up in the country with all the scientific junk he wanted. They also looked up profs and students that were around the Thunderbolt Machine, because that was how he hopped up Ufor and braineo, but the ones that were left were so jumpy you couldn't get them to change a light bulb.

The picture was my idea. I was too busy for Think Smart

but I was getting ideas right along anyway. Unk was having me put them on memos so he could study them when things got quiet. Only I didn't put the picture on a memo, it was too big, I buzzed Unk and asked if I could come brainstorm, I never buzzed Unk before and was sort of scared but he was soaking up Happiness like the rest of us and he let me. Well, he sort of jumped and looked at GP and GGP like they might climb off the wall. But I told him we were never this big even when GP was on top and always in the papers wearing funny hats with his buddy named President Coolidge. So he finally had his picture painted by some famous pansy but sticking it under GP and GGP was the wrong place, taking a chance on a nut like Jones was only the first way Unk showed he was a real shark.

Naturally Happiness was just the best media there ever was. The Thunderbolt scattered Ufor all over, low gain mostly just to keep everybody always feeling good. When the gain kicked up they stopped what they were doing to soak it in and then came the pitch on the braineo, and the Thunderbolt shot it through anything, even sopranos. Accounts could take high gain spots which were great for new cars and special introductory offers or they could spread the budget with a lot of low gainers for ladies underwear and hairpins. There was a real bargain where you had a couple words practically whispered, maybe the announcer coughed like he had TB and swallowed some cough syrup and stopped coughing, or asked if

you smelled bad at dances and gave you the name of a good soap. You could get the thousand a month package for what a half hour of TV used to cost and for a little extra the Ufor would shut down long enough so people really worried about having TB and smelling bad.

You can't make everybody happy though, not even with Thunderbolt Ufor. You'd think they'd give Unk what he had coming for not getting like a hog, he had the country by the tail and accounts would pay with their nose if they had to but Unk didn't make them. Even with dirt bottom rates we were coining a mint, all Happiness cost was a little juice, Jones ran the network from his lab and all we had on the payroll were some cheap announcers and a gang of babes typing out billings. But just because they cost more and were going bust all the other media^s blamed Unk. Also there were accounts Unk didn't have room for and the FCC talked like it might be hearing them sometime. Then doctors claimed they were losing shirts and also lawyers and then the so-called temperance outfits chimed up, for gosh sake, even if Happiness was a little habit-making it was sure no worse than cigarettes and didn't break your wind besides. Then like always there was the mob of radicals that don't like anything new.

Congress got up a committee and Unk said it was full of lobbyists, so he put the Washington transmitter on almost straight Ufor, pretty high gain too, and then some brained at

night, not much because the senators were sleeping and he didn't want to wake them up. He just told how he wasn't running straight messages like radio used to, mostly just public service Ufor, and wouldn't sell anything that could hurt kids, and the rest of his Code of Happimess Ethics, which were all his own ideas, nobody made him have Ethics.

They should have left Unk alone, nobody but Reds would say any different about that now. Business was great and got even better once the weak little sisters sold out. Reds blew up a transmitter because Unk was telling strikers the company side of the picture but Jones rigged the other ones with Thunderbolts and unions were no more trouble. Also with taxes spread out companies could make a profit for a change, it never was fair making them pay for handoffs to people that didn't save their money when they were working. I don't think the country was better off when GGP and General Grant were opening it up with their buddies or even when GP and Coolidge had it on ice.

What makes me sick is the Kwyhat spots running on Happimess, that was a dirty pool. It was the first billings Charley brought in so Unk didn't even look at the spots, he even had the contract framed up. The thing is, ever since Happimess Charley was stewing away like my Father and Unk always was like a chicken with just one son about Charley. Unk got him up at Jones' lab to dry up and he came back the old wise guy and then he brought in Kwyhat, Unk was pleased

punchy.

I sure didn't see any hands on the wall, I bought a Kwyhat right off like I bought everything else and it was just a plain hat except sort of heavy and had a little wire on top. I sure never wore it, just that once. It was awful, I put it on and all of a sudden felt sad and it got so quiet in my head I could hear my brain thinking. It was just one of Charley's so-called jokes, that's what I thought, people would have to be a nut to wear the things.

Well, Unk pulled out the spots but everyplace you went people had what looked like regular hats except this little wire stuck out, maybe in a feather. Then papers ran pictures how you could make your own, lots of people just wore pieces of tinfoil like a beany. Unk should have smeared Charley but he acted sorry as heck, he said he was ufoed and didn't look at the spots, it was a frat brother so he thought it was okay. I told him it would have been if he didn't go and break the oath, it was his fault. Only I sure never broke the oath and I wanted to know which brother it was, so I could rack him up a little. Charley said he only knew him from the grip and naturally the name on the contract wasn't him, it was a fake, the only Thomas Jefferson in the phone books it turned out they were all darkies or something.

Unk hopped up the Washington transmitter but it didn't help much, Congress came at us loaded with bears, all the bleeding hearts yapping about people losing houses and cars

and nobody keeping up payments, the so-called little business man was breaking up. For gosh sake, that goes on all the time, people never have good sense with money, that's what you have collection agencies for. And what I say is, those farmers that couldn't sell their wheat, why didn't they eat it like a man instead of crybaby talk how they were hungry?

It's sure lucky Unk had a lot of friends in Congress, what he called his Happimessers, them and the people that voted for them, it wasn't like Unk played with his favorites in the election, all he did was say who he thought should get in, like editors always used to. Anyway Congress was running around the circle talking about taking over Happiness. Finally one Happimesser made a great speech how you start taking what belongs to Unk and where do you stop? You don't, that's what, next you take over the oil wells and steel factories and everybody lives in government boarding houses drinking cold coffee and tractors break down because nobody feels like fixing them^{up}.

Unk's buddies saw Congress left us alone but they couldn't stop TV stations from starting up again and the bad part was they were digging up accounts someplace and even listeners if you believed the ratings, which actually you have to take with a dose of salts naturally. Kwyhat bought tons, where they got the money was hard to figure, especially them running programs how to make your own Kwyhats, like they were in business just to keep in shape.

Well, all I can say is they got what they asked for. GP used to yell about Roosevelt, the depression he gave the country was sure nothing to brag about, not after Kwyhats. And if you want to know what nuts we have for people in this country, they blamed the crash on Unk! Can you beat that? I wasn't always sure the soldiers were going to keep the mobs out of the agency, shoot the ones in front and their wives kept coming. What made them act so wild was it was like they were chainsmokers and gave up cigarettes, all that about no jobs was just a smoke cloud. If it was cigarettes I could feel sorry for them, especially the kids, people should take care of their wind, but heck, all they had to do was pull off those fool Kwyhats, Happiness wouldn't hurt them.

I thought everybody would blow over it but here came a bunch of tanks through the mob and it was a whole gang of famous bankers and other great American leaders and they had that grouchy Kwyhat look. Well, I always had respect for people like that, they had all different kinds of money, but they treated Unk like you would a butler spilling your gravy. They said the Happinessers were all busted and the Kwyhatters weren't buying anything, only what they needed, and Unk better do something or those soldiers might go fight wars someplace any minute.

I was sore, by golly, Ufor and all. One look from Unk and I would have showed those famous bankers how I used to fix wagons for quarterbacks. But good old Unk, he was sure

Number One that day. He let them shout off steam and when they ran out he told them to get those Kwyhats off or go flying in kites. By golly, it was like GP except he had a big Ufor smile. Unk laid it out cold, take it or leave us alone, from now on we weren't going to worry what kind of soap people bought just so they bought plenty, we weren't going to have any more brands, just products, and they were going to put all their companies together in big ones. The bankers said that was great, they were always trying to do that, how about the government? Unk talked just like GP, he said "you pick up the eggs and I'll take care of the chicken." They got what he meant there right away, the President was only supposed to carry away Vermont and Arizona and maybe Maine until Unk said he was the best man. Nobody needed Ufor then, they were all clapping and cheering, especially after Unk said they wouldn't mind rates going up, which was only right because there weren't many accounts left, because with what he had coming they could make it all back cutting corners off products, he could sell manure and dirty water if they didn't feel like making products, only those weren't the words he used, and naturally he wouldn't sell those things he said, he just meant this new media was really tops.

Unk wasn't just racing his wheels either, the country jumped out of the depression and I hardly brainstormed a minute and he moved his picture up with GP and GGP. There was one little accident at first, Jones is a great science

prof but loose upstairs like they all are, actually he was the first guy I ever saw wearing a Kwyhat, only that was before they were called that, it was a plain tinfoil beany. I don't think the old nut ever did know what Happiness was like.

The test with the suitcase was as much fun as ^a picnic full of monkeys, me laughing my head off and grabbing sardines and the Kwyhatters jumping up and down and yelling and smearing each other and loading up with anything they could get their hands around, not just sardines. I saw some Happinessers on the floor and figured they passed out laughing, nobody worth telling Unk about because they had pretty rugged clothes. Naturally he was in a big sweat and it took Jones a couple days chasing around the country even though all he did was hook on a new gadget that stepped the power way up. So Unk told him to turn it on and not everybody has my head, I never bothered with a stiff arm if I could reach a guy with my head. Unk had Jones drop the power right away, that was sure some gadget, the only thing saved Unk was that little room fixed up with lead.

What counts is the depression fell apart the minute Jones switched on the Gladmess. If you had a Kwyhat you didn't feel happy or get the message but it made a buzzing in your brain and you had to go buy something right away. They didn't have fistfights except on that first jolt, they just went out spending money. Unk was sort of worried about the people

that died laughing in that first jolt, but I told him to look at the bright side of the picture, they were all Happimessers and didn't have any money left and the Reds sure couldn't go around anymore claiming people were out of work. I was right, too, and also Gladmess made people so jumpy most of them took off their Kwyhats and after that they were like kids in a funnyhouse, Congress especially, the Washington transmitter always gave a little bigger kick, sometimes it blew a fuse and gave out a sort of sour Ufor that made you throw up if you talked too much.

I have to say I was sure surprised when the new President showed off in public wearing a Kwyhat. Unk didn't like it either, he never did trust the guy and only put him in because the old President said it would make the eggbrains feel better and of course they were the ones Ufor didn't help much. The thing is, if he wasn't wearing a Kwyhat that first jolt would have got him too, it sure looked like a fish to me.

I have to give the devils what they have coming, that Kwyhat bunch was fast on its toes, they had the new models with two little wires all over the country in no time flat. I gave up figuring people, it isn't like Unk had them laughing all the time, you only got a jolt of Gladmess every ten or fifteen minutes, a high gain jolt anyway, and it was just another Red smoke cloud all the talk about making

people punchy, except maybe in Washington and who could tell the difference there? Gladness made your head tinkle like one of those machines barbers use after they cut off your hair, and personally I could think better after a jolt, it stirred things up I didn't even know were there. I think it made your hair grow and told Unk he should try it but he was too busy even though his hair was getting pretty bald.

The reason for that was here we just come out of a depression and right away we jump in another one that makes the first one look like ^a mouldy hill. The mobs were outside again and the soldiers shooting them which didn't help, where the Reds dug up all those mobs is hard to figure, a lot of those kids were too little to be out on the street without their folks. Then the tanks came back and one didn't get through, the Reds poured gas all over it and lit a match. That really burned up the famous bankers and great American leaders and they used terrible language, it's lucky the mob was making so much noise the office babes didn't hear them. Unk just sat there and took it too, no GP scraps in him at all, and he couldn't hardly tell them should set up good examples of Americans, he was wearing a SuperKwyhat himself. Charley and me were the only ones laughing when the jolts hit, I asked how he got jolts through a SuperKwyhat and he said he just got back from Washington and needed new wires.

Unk said they'd get action and they sure did. He was really sourmouth about it though. Jones didn't have to work

over the transmitters, it was some little gadget he hooked up right at the lab. He was hot to go a long time but Unk wouldn't let him. It was the bankers pushed him. They got action okay, right there in the agency, and I had to laugh afterwards remembering how Charley jumped like a goose and the bankers yelling "turn it off!" and Unk dancing around yelling "you can't have hamburger without hurting the cow a little" and somebody said "the heck with the cows, what about us?" and Unk turned it off then and told them the blood would wash off, which was just his way of saying they'd get over it because it didn't make them bleed, except that one banker cut his hands when he broke the window. I didn't even brainstorm, Unk looked at me and I looked back and he finally moved his picture up on top of GP and GGP where it belonged, just one jolt and happy times were here again.

I say happy times but I don't mean people were happy, which was why Unk worried, but like I told him, for gosh sake they had their chance and wouldn't take it, so why blame himself, a person shouldn't go around holding up the whole world with his back. I didn't like the way he was acting though, I tried to get him to go in his lead room during the jolts, but he was changing, I never noticed until he lost all his hair how much he looked like GP.

I have to say Totalness was no fun, it was like shocks of electricity in your feet that went up through your bones and made them all rattle and also your brain and you just

had to get rid of your money, if you couldn't buy anything handy you threw it away, people could have coined a mint in the streets ^{that first jolt} if they weren't all throwing away what they had too. But heck, it isn't like it was on all the time, only when the American leaders said the warehouses were jamming up, mostly Jones put out Happiness. It was all for their own good, like that famous general said, ruin business and you ruin the country, and after all people are part of the country too, at least the ones that are working. Anyway all they had to do was keep spending and they'd never get a jolt of Totalmess. Personally when a jolt was over I felt like I'd been out smearing quarterbacks and then had a good pounding from the trainers, it was like having a million bucks. The Reds claimed people died from it but they were all crippled up with arthritis and better off anyway. One thing wrong with the high living America has, people don't keep in shape.

Well, thank gosh for Unk, I've got lots to learn about the game yet, I didn't see a cloud in the air. The Washington transmitter was so hopped up Congress was getting real stingers, especially when the fuses blew, a lot of senators had to have their appendicitis taken out. That darn double threat President, that's who it must have been, him and his eggbrain science profs. That gang of Reds probably were cheering under their breath after Kalmschoes started everybody nosediving. I sure saw rats in the woods when it turned out Kalmschoes

were made by the Kwyhat Company. Especially since they sold the things at a price you couldn't buy the foam rubber and lead with, and all that copper wire you ran up your back with to your SuperKwyhat wires. Also everyplace you looked some so-called charity was giving them away free to bums and their wives and kids.

Well, here came the famous bankers with blood in their faces but by golly if they were all GP himself they would have run up the flagpole and saluted Unk this time.

Which actually I didn't like, I mean how Unk was acting since Totalmess, wouldn't go in his lead room and wouldn't even put on Kalms shoes like Charley. GP went loose just from Roosevelt and Unk was taking worse than that. When the mobs came back in their Kalms shoes we went up to Jones' lab, and all the way Charley was trying to give him some laughs, it was the first time he ever acted like a son should. Like he told Unk we could always take a Thunderbolt and go hunting big games in Africa, or else take a suitcase Totalmess down on one of those islands where the babes don't wear shirts, Charley could be a nice guy when he put his brain on it, and funny as a guy on crutches. But then we got up to the lab and Jones gave out a bunch of his old junk, he was all hot about something. Well, I wasn't feeling like a shark in there myself, off the Ufor and so darn quiet in my head. Unk was jumpy as heck, he asked Charley if he thought it was safe Jones having all that uranium. I didn't know why the

lead walls bothered ^{Charley} so much except maybe he was worried about Unk too. But he said he didn't see how it could hurt, maybe kill a few million people or so if Jones wasn't a shark on arithmetic, but the first Gladmess jolt got more than that and the agency was still on top of the ball. That made Unk feel better but he was still jumpy until the rocket was way out of sight and Jones said he was ready. Unk acted almost scared and told Jones to try just a little tiny one and all of a sudden I did a somersault, I didn't know why, I thought it was from standing around hearing my brain think. But Unk laughed so hard I didn't mind looking silly.

But he did something else, it was really a jolt, he told Jones from now on he was a partner. Naturally one share isn't much, I had a thousand even before Father and Mother went to pieces in that first Gladmess jolt, but the agency was always in the family, the whole thing. Flying back in the helicopter I told Unk it didn't seem right, after all Jones was getting paid. Unk sounded like GP, he said "cheaper to throw the dog a bone than buy a new pair of pants." Which didn't sound like any answer to me, if Jones ever looked like he was going to have teeth I could sure bust them out easy enough.

Well, the American leaders didn't have blood in their faces long and they didn't open up a single trap and I can't blame them. It was Unk all alone on the wall that did it. It sure scared me looking up and seeing no more GP and GGP.

Then the Happiness went off and it was really jumpy in there. You could hear Feds outside handing the mob the old junk about getting rid of bosses, I always used to think what a laugh it would be on them if they woke up some day and all the companies moved out of the country, it's like that chicken in the fairy story with the gold eggs, people would ring out its neck if they were man enough.

Finally Unk says it's time to go and by golly nobody asked where, we just went. I have to say when Unk walked into that mob I thought it was all our curtains. It was a goshdarn miracle, by golly, the whole mob was yelling their lungs inside out and singing "he's a jolly good fellow"! There were skinny ladies passing over but they kept on singing until they hit the bricks. I was singing too and so were all the famous bankers and great American leaders and Charley and Unk, you couldn't help it, you had to sing just like I had to take that somersault.

That was sure some swell party. When the jolt hit everybody just had to mob Unk and tell what a terrific guy he was. I always did think so but here were all the great Americans saying it and the mobs cheering outside. What gave me a kick was how Charley went in a corner and practically tore his hair inside out. I asked what was wrong and he said he was so happy he was going loose upstairs and he sure looked it. Unk was laughing and yelling things like "if the A Bomb won't do it give them H!" Only he made sure it wouldn't hurt

anybody that much before he let Jones turn the satellite all the way on. Unk said nobody had compasses anymore except Boy Scouts and Canada had no squawk coming their way, Jones wasn't taking the north pole out of the country, just moving it around a little which it always did anyway. It was news for me and also that we had two different kinds of north pole but that's what Jones said and of course that's what you pay science profs for.

You couldn't stop Mustness. It went through anything right inside your head. I guess it sort of scrambled your brain a little but it didn't hurt, I couldn't even feel it. It was way better than Happiness, it didn't make you just think about buying grapefruit, a jolt of Mustness and you had to buy grapefruit. Also it was better than Gladness and Totalness, it didn't send Kwyhatters off sweating to spend money or throw it away, it sent everybody off telling them just what to buy and how much and you kept looking until you did. Which is why we had to take the stuff up to Jones, he couldn't even keep it out of his own lab.

How you could beat around a setup like that I can't figure, only one agency and only one media and us it, all the Kwyhats and SuperKwyhats and Palmshoes in the ashpile, happiness on all the time and mostly straight Ufor except some brained speeches by famous patriots, Mustness on mornings telling ladies what groceries to get and afternoons telling men what to pick out on the way home and then the big ticket

Mustmess Friday nights. Nothing Jones ever did was wasted, it turned out a real quick jolt of high gain Gladmess only made people twitch but it smeared mosquitoes and birds and things like that if you hit them when they were laying eggs. The Army was after Unk for Totalmess and even the old Thunderbolts but he kept putting them out, it was one thing got him thinking, really.

Because actually I see how he felt. I was still learning the game so it didn't bother me, but with Unk, it was like being All-American and showing up in the Rose Bowl and all the parades and sexy babes and thousands of fans and there isn't any team there for you to smear. Then another thing, Mustmess kept Unk running around buying stuff like the rest of us until he put a tag on the sells saying "except Unk." The announcer said it real fast so nobody but us knew what it meant but it sort of got him, always hearing how he was different than anybody. Charley asked why he couldn't tag on Jones and save us some trips but Unk acted like he didn't hear him, he got so he went around looking up in the air over our heads.

Maybe it was the American leaders handing over all their companies, he just asked them, he didn't use Mustmess, he told them they could keep their jobs if they did. Partly it was the mob singing "he's a jolly good fellow" I guess. I don't think Unk ever thought about people that way before. There were a bunch of new pictures, General Grant and Coolidge and

some I didn't know, Charley said they were all turning their graves upside down so I guess they were all dead. They were all underneath Unk.

It sure happened fast, I asked Charley if it was all okay according to the Declaration of Independence, he took classes in that at college, he said as far as he could see there was only one thing could stop it and that wasn't even in the Bible, so naturally I thought he meant the Devil and sure wasn't bothered by him, Unk always went to church when he wasn't too busy. It only took a couple days, somebody quit Congress so Unk could go in and they put him in charge of speaking up for everybody in the house and then the President quit, it was about time, and there we were in Washington, everybody jumping up and down and this judge swearing with Unk and Unk telling the country we were all riding in the gravy from now on.

I thought it was the Happiness going sour from Jones always pushing the Washington transmitter so hard. It wasn't that though. The Ufor was way up but not as far as Gladness and the brainedo kept on with the band music just the same. Unk stopped talking and I felt sort of punchy and then Unk got all excited and yelled how we weren't mad at anybody, everybody in the world was a good guy and we liked them like buddies and never were fighting any more wars no matter what.

Well, Unk doesn't call me a real All-American for nothing.

Sure, I soaked up Happiness and couldn't hardly live without it and Gladness and Totalness made me feel good and just one little shot of Mustness and I did a somersault, and Unk and Charley didn't, but Jones couldn't build a machine that would make me swallow that stuff Unk was dishing out.

There wasn't a lot I could do what with people hugging the paratroopers and cheering them, even Unk was trying to get away from me. They weren't all Russians either, that's what made me sick. Personally I never did think our so-called allies were real democracies, maybe some like Spain aren't all bad but here they make a fuss about England and a prof said how they had a government once that came right out and said they were Reds. All that talk about Gladness and Totalness leaking in, if they were real democracies they would have rolled up their shirts like a man and got to work for a change instead of waiting for a handoff from us. So what if they didn't have all the things Mustness told them to buy, that was no reason for running around like chickens with their neck cut off, it should make them want to be like America, give them somebody to shoot at.

Well, maybe we lost the war and except for me didn't even put out a scrap but the Russians can't take the blame for it, they never would have had a chance if they fought square. It's for darn sure they never could have come out with happiness and Gladness and Totalness and Mustness, that's where democracy really has it over the Reds, it gives you a

reason to try and get a head on your shoulders, even a nut like Jones is good for something with a guy like Unk on top of the ball. What we did wrong was not smearing Russia before they stole our bombs like they do all their so-called ideas.

It was sort of my fault, maybe I should have kept up with Think Sharp. It sure wasn't like Charley, saying he'd take Jones his Mustness stuff when it was my turn. I should have smelled a fish when he wasn't on the platform with us but I just thought he got stuck with traffic or something. Actually if I kept my eyes on top of the ball I would have seen it coming back in college like with the hot dog quarterback. Like that girl he brought to the formal and the guys hauled him over the carpet afterward, it was sure tough for me, Charley standing there in front of the whole chapter claiming she was only an Italian, as if that wasn't bad enough but she sure wasn't. Anyway he didn't turn out looking much like a shark, I guess he figured he'd get medals but they didn't even tell what a traitor he was, they gave him a trial and shot him.

Well, like I always say it's who is still in there cracking for yards in the fourth quarter that's your real All-American, and if I didn't grab Unk and bust that Russian line where would we be now, I ask you? They already had Jones and I hate to say it about the guy, but after all he is a science prof, he was all smiles and I had to cool him.

You wouldn't think a real patriot would care what a bunch of Swedes handed him, our billings were ^{bigger} in a week than all the dollars you'd find in their whole so-called country. I wish there was time to smear Charley and save bullets but all I could do was spill some Red brains with my head, Unk and Jones made an armfull, it was no cinch getting to the rocket.

They think they're pretty smart right now, winning so easy and naturally the Happiness network and the Mustmess satellite handed them the whole world. But just everybody sit tight where they are. Mustmess can't get at us on this side of the moon and even though it's kind of cramping and hard to keep in shape, and also I sure miss Happiness, I can wait. That little test run, it scared my pants off, *I don't know how my hands were but before I knew it I felt* I felt really awful until Unk started laughing and then I saw how great it was. I can wait, that's for sure. Unk has a couple years left as President so it's all perfectly American and Jones is all hot to go pick up his prize, he's just looking for the next big spot on the sun. I sure wish I could be down there watching the fun when those hot dog Russians and all those quarterbacks in the Kwyhat Company with Charley get a joit from Jones' new machine. One thing is for darn sure, maybe we aren't real sharks on billings right now but we're still the best goshdarn agency in the game.

