

THE  
**CHICAGO**  
**CONSPIRACY**

VS.

THE  
**WASHINGTON**  
**KANGAROOS**

CHICAGO FEDERAL  
COURTHOUSE

PLAY  
BALL!



**Official Pogrom**

**\$100**

“IF YOU’VE GOT IT,

FLAUNT IT!”



says Black Separatist Robert Williams.

The Republic of New Africa fly TWA.  
Is there any reason why YOU shouldn't?



## THE BIG ONE

by Angus McGuernsey

The moment of truth has finally come. The day of reckoning is upon us. The Big One, the one they've all been pointing toward, the one after which "there's no tomorrow." The one that's like the World Series, the Olympics, the Super-Bowl, the Indy-500, the Derby, the Pishbury Bake-Off, the La Grange (Ill.) Pet Parade and Christmas—all rolled up into a whole larger than the sum of its parts—is about to begin.

A long season—the most baffling one in this reporter's memory—has passed since these same two teams, the Chicago Conspiracy and the Washington Kangaroos, met last August in last year's "Big One." Many of the players who thrilled us last summer are back—"Dick" Daley, demoted from team manager but still a crucial cog in the Kangaroo machine; Jerry Rubin, his hair a little thinner than a year ago; and Renne and Strom and J. Edgar and Dave; Johnny Froines and Bobby Seale. But, as happens in all sports, some arms and minds and legs have lost their zing and their zip, and new ones have moved in to take their respective places.

Gone from the Kangaroos are such favorites as Lyndon and Hubie, the former sent back to the Pedernales farm, the latter relegated to the involuntarily retired list. Gone, too, is John Lynch, unsung hero of the Kangaroos, who made the last Kangaroo-Conspiracy matches possible by refusing to grant parade permits. And Bill Campbell, the "Roos' can-do Justice whose selection committee nailed down the Conspirators' starting line-

up—he, too, is gone. (Both Lynch and Campbell have, by the way, stuck with the "taxi squad" and can be called up to the Big Kangaroo team any time their services are required.)

Replacing these operatives are a whole new breed of player-managers—men less colorful, perhaps than the fading heroes whose roster spots they've won, but men whose aggressiveness and will-to-win have not been seen in the Kangaroos' lineup since the exciting Joe McCarthy-Roy Cohn squads of the fifties. Men like tight-end Dick "Detention Camp" Kleindienst, player-GM Jack "Perventive Detention" Mitchell, Coach Will "I'd call-something-a-riot-maybe-sooner-than-other-people-might" Wilson and the player-prexy himself, Dick "Fed-Up-To-Hitter" Nixon. In short, the Kangaroos have accomplished what sports buffs have always said was impossible: they've rebuilt their club from top to bottom and come right back to challenge for a championship. On such miracles are sports dynasties built....

And meanwhile, what of the Conspiracy, or the Albatrosses, as they've come to be known. Abbe's back, but where are the 250,000 Yuppies he brought with him to last year's contest? Lee Weiner's on the roster, but there's no sign of the hundreds that snake-danced behind him in Lincoln Park, stomping their collective feet and shouting "Wahoi!" Sure, the loss of a few prized draft-choices to the Canadian League explains some of the diminution in the Conspiracy ranks, but the real answer lies in the

cleverness—and the unmitigated *chutzpah*—of the Kangaroo strategists. For this year, the Big One will be an all-star game, and for the first time in history, the all-stars have been selected not by the writers, not by the coaches or the players or the fans, but by the opposing team. And, what's more, the Roos have actually had the gall to warn these Dellinger Et-Als Stars that they'd better show up!

There can be no doubt about it: Jimmy One belongs to the Kangaroos. But I wouldn't tear up my tickets and go skulking off hollering "gyp!"—not just yet. Maybe the Albatrosses haven't really played together as a team before, but then again, look what happened to those big, bad Kangaroos when they cruised into Boston, as confident as you please, certain of victory against an older, weaker team. They lost, 3-2, that's what happened. After all, there are a few question marks beneath that smooth aura of invincibility. How will all those Kangaroo rookies hold up in this, only their second "crucial" game? Can they avoid the careless errors of execution that ruined them against the Boston Five? And what of all those vague, ugly stories we've all been hearing about the Kangaroo starting eight and their mysterious involvement—both individually and as a team—with the Boy Scouts of America? Is that involvement as innocent as it's made out to be, or do we detect a hint of conspiracy on the Washington side of the court? If so, the result could be a scandal that blows the whole Kangaroo team higher than Mrs. O'Leary's cow blew Chicago!

So settle back in your seats, fans, and get ready for a contest to remember. Konrad Lorenz sees sports as "man's salvation"—a harmless way of assuaging those little aggressions that have a way of building up inside you sometimes. Well, who am I to disagree with Konrad Lorenz—the Big One is at hand and I'm ready to be saved!

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# What YOU can do to fight COMMUNISM

## AND PRESERVE

**A**PERT yourself—learn the true nature and tactics of communism.

**M**AKE civic programs for social improvement your business.

**E**XERCISE your right to vote; elect representatives of integrity.

**R**ESPECT human dignity—communism and individual rights cannot coexist.

**I**NFORM yourself; know your country—its history, traditions, and heritage.

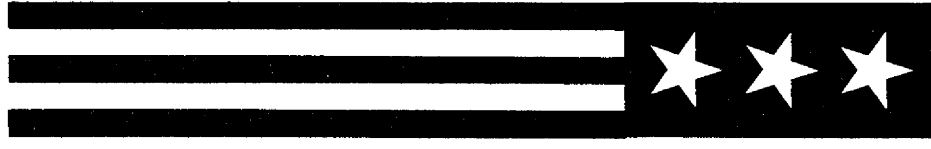
**C**OMBAT public apathy toward communism—indifference can be fatal when national survival is at stake.

**A**TACK bigotry and prejudice wherever they appear; justice for all is the bulwark of democracy.



**J. Edgar Hoover**  
DIRECTOR, FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

★ Patriotism is everybody's job! ★



by Stanley Haystack

### “... IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME!”

His huge puffy soft hands deftly adjusted a tiny tape recorder cleverly concealed in what appeared to be a mentholated cigar, then poked the device into his waiting mouth.

“Just a precaution I take with newspaper men—keeps ‘em honest,” he chuckled with the confidence of a man whose team was a sure bet. We noticed that his left hand was constantly in motion, playing with three large, ripe California grapes.

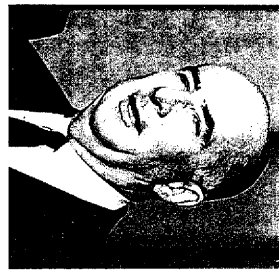
So this was Jack Mitchell, the flashy flamboyant playing-manager of the Washington Kangaroo, just up from hush league Wall Street where he peddled bonds for half a lifetime, perched on the edge of his Stock Exchange seat waiting for his call to the majors.

“We’ve taken it on the chin a lot this season. Been saving our strength, rebuilding the team, getting ready for the big one.” We asked if he was truly ready. Silent, Mitchell athletically slid a slim sheaf of papers across the broad expanse of his tasteful Restoration glass-topped desk. We glanced at the papers, flashed a look of understanding at Jack. It was Public Law 90-284, 90th Congress, H.R. 2516.

Maybe you know it by another monicker, the Anti-Riot flip of the ‘68 Rights Act. Yes, this was the masterwork that Strom Thurmond rammed past the Capitol Hill Solons back in April of 1968 over the squawks of Jack Mitchell’s weak-kneed predecessor months before the club had officially changed hands. Nope, old Strom wasn’t called the “Duce” of the Senators for nothing. Who else could have foreseen the need for an ultimate weapon, for a final solution, who else could have known that Jack Mitchell and his kind would some day need the ace

up their collective sleeve that Public Law 90-284 was soon to become.

“Whoever travels . . .” the Act began, and the rest is just so much sound and fury “fill you get to the part that reads, “\$10,000, or imprisonment not more than five years, or both.” Why, Public Law 90-284 was crafted expansively enough to have downed the late, great M. L. King even before Selma was a gleam in his eye, and broadly enough to have kept Chuck Evers down on the farm!



JACK MITCHELL  
UPI

We glanced up at Mitchell. Still denching the trick cigar between his tawny teeth, he forced three now-bruised California grapes into the space between molar and cuspid that spoke so eloquently of hard-won battles. And maybe a few battles lost. At the same time, he reached into his desk drawer and retrieved three more grapes, the fingers of his left hand already churning. We looked down at the papers in our lap. With rules like these, why bother to play out the game?

But Jack Mitchell was taking no chances, not in this era of space-age technology capable of such NASA spin-offs as Gatorade and phone bugs so small that 10,000 of them could

fit into the silk top-hat you rented for Dick Nixon’s monster Kickoff affair. You had waited too long for this one to let any amendment to some constitution get in your way. So you covered all bets and tapped every telephone in sight and just let the other team try and hide behind Mama Supreme Court’s bright red skirts! Just let those bastards try!

We ask Jack what’s next on his agenda. “Ask Kleindienst,” comes his reply. Jack seems weary now, his eyes narrow, his purple-stained left hand now moving ever-so-slowly like a stop-action instant replay, and we sense how little a man has left in him after a life spent crawling to the top of the heap. He stands up, turns off his cigar, walks us to the green balze door of his windowless yet elegant office.

“Thanks but no thanks,” we answer, for deputy playing-manager Richard Kleindienst had made his long-range plan clear months ago. We recall the way his voice rose a half-octave and ten decibels as he warned to his subject that sunny April afternoon. “If people demonstrated in a manner to interfere with others,” was the way he put it, “they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp.”

In the back of our brain, a glimmer of a question gently gnaws its way into consciousness. Why do they bother, this rag-tag conspiracy of a team, these Chicago Abstrousers? Why don’t they simply bare their throats to the certain victors, like wolves submitting to the toughest male in their pack? Hadn’t they organized and attended various meetings; hadn’t they even made or caused to be made actual long-distance telephone calls—

(cont. on page 20)

# CONSPIRACY

Dave, who hails from Wakefield, Massachusetts, and has a lovely wife, Betty, and five beautiful children, "that I can lead our team to victory."



**15 DAVE DELLINGER, QUARTERBACK:** At 54 he may have most of his future behind him, but there's no doubt that personable Dave Dellinger was—and is—"one of the great ones."

"You can't have an anti-war movement without a pacifist," a sage observer once said, and "old-reliable" Dave has been the *quod erat facendum* of pacifism ever since he was a member of the Union Theological Seminary in 1939.

A stalwart through the years for such international powerhouses as the Paris Peace Feilers, sandy-haired Dave's record is all the more impressive when you consider that he was out of action during the 1940, '43 and '44 seasons when he refused to sign a contract after being picked by Army in the annual free-agent draft.

Although never a big threat offensively, the 5'10" Dellinger has almost always succeeded in making a winning strategy out of being hit by pitched balls. When the Selection Committee chose the members of the Conspiracy team last September, the crafty old veteran seemed an almost automatic choice for captain; hence the oft-used moniker "Dellinger Et Al-Stars." "I'm confident," says



Glenn Thurston

**1 RENNIE DAVIS, QUARTERBACK:** Constantly improving Rennie Davis had his best season last campaign when he shared the National Mobses' quarterbacking duties with teammate Tom Hayden. Rennie packs less than 160 lbs. (soaking wet) on his 5'10" frame—that's extremely light for a frontline conspirator in this draught era—but his deceptive speed, fine moves, and keen intuitive sense have helped this former all-American from Oberlin overcome his lack of size and heft.

"Rennie's mild-mannered," confides one of his Dellinger Et Al-Star teammates, "but if you turn your back he'll kill you, or at least someone on his staff will."

Davis came on strong in 1969 pre-season play, and by the time July was in the history books he had already escorted three POW's home from Hanoi. Ophins the Young (29) quarterback from Lansing, Michigan: "I'm confident that with a little help from Tom Hayden, I can lead the Albatrosses on to victory."



Charles Pasternack

**42 BOBBY SEALE, QUARTERBACK:** The Conspiracy's heaviest slugger, the ever-dangerous Bobby Seale was a last-minute arrival for the '68 Lincoln Park tilt against the Chicago Cubs, and some considered him a surprise addition to the '69 edition of the Et Al-Stars.

But if there are any doubts about his eligibility for the Albatrosses, there can be none about his talent. A former stickout performer with the L.A. RAMs, where he was a leading exponent of the Statue of Liberty Play, Bobby thrilled Bay Area fans in 1966 by co-founding a new team, the Oakland Panthers, with whom he still remains as player-coach.

But just when Super-Stadium seemed within the grasp of this 33-year-old Merritt College product out of Dallas, the sophomore jinx lunged out of the shadows in the form of a kidnapping and murder indictment which, unfortunately for Bobby and the Conspiracy alike, is currently confining him to the San Francisco City Jail. But Bobby, who has a lovely wife named Monique and a darling little boy named Artie, is confident he'll be in Chicago in time for the '69 classic. "There's always

# THUMBNAILS



the temptation to look past this game to that Panther-Kangaroo contest coming up on the Coast," he's been quoted as saying, "not to mention another little tussle scheduled for Connecticut. But I know I can lead the Chicago Conspiracy to victory anyway."

Lowenstein or Gene McCarthy attracted to that people to Chicago as I did," admits the modest blue-eyed veteran of three star-studded seasons at the Royal Institute of Great Britain.

The founder of England's popular New Left *Manifest* has a pretty darn distinguished record in his own right, though, and of course he did pull off one of the big plays of the '68 season when he "engaged in a conversation with Lee Weiner on or about August 29." You'll be hearing more about that in the next few weeks, we'll wager.



Nardo Jan Brown

**13 JOHN FROINES, LONESOME END:** "I don't think there's a Kangaroo scout in our camp," chuckled a top Conspiracy player after the 1969 Et Al-Star selections were made public last fall. "But if there is, John's in!" The remark had to hurt the relatively unsung National Mobses Convention Week chatel, but he was man enough to keep quiet about it and now that his new teammates have had a chance to socialize with the friendly Berkeley, California, native, they are all laughing out of the other side of their collective mouth.

Indeed, the Albatrosses' initial appraisal had not been so much an indictment of the former California Golden Bear as a reflection of the fact that even John himself must have been surprised that he was singled out from the mob.

"Personally, I would've thought Al

499,999 members of his regular-season team, the Yipples. "Let's face it," moaned one dismayed Kangaroo, "when Rubin was out of commission on the Coast, Abbie was the Yipples. And with Jerry back in action, the whole blankety-blank team is just that much more effective!"

The 5'9" former Brandeis great knocked around the Southern Civil Rights League for a while before a couple of stunning successes at the Stock Exchange and the Pentagon (the latter proved the former and levitated the latter) proved he was ready for the bitrime. The rest is history.

Abbie, who piles the writing trade in his spare moments—his latest opus is *Woodstock Nation*—lives with a lovely gal named Artie. "Jerry and I are ready to lead the Conspiracy to a crushing defeat of the Kangaroos," he reports.



Nardo Jan Brown

**12 TOM HAYDEN, QUARTERBACK:** Fans yearning for a revival of the old-fashioned firewagon approach to the game will go bananas when they see this 30-year-old phenom from Royal Oak, Michigan, Co-captain (with fellow Albatross Rennie Davis) of the National Mobses at the Convention in '68, and before that a stand-out with the Newark Community Union, the scrappy author of *Colonialism and Liberation in America* brings to the Conspiracy that rare ability to ignite a rally.

In 1962, while still a University of Michigan "volunteer," handsome 165-pound Tom Hayden started his

## Conspiracy Thumbnails (continued)

own league, the S. D. S., which in seven short years has given birth to some of the keenest rivalries in all sportsdom. And get this, girls: he's still single!

Says the young quarterback, "There's no doubt in my mind that, with a bit of help from Rennie, I can take the 'Trosses all the way to a championship!"



Nedie Jan Brown

**8 LEE WEINER, LEFT FIELD** The selection of this unheralded youngster to the Et Al-Stars may have come as a surprise to everyone else, but no one ever worked harder for a Conspiracy berth than this second-year pro from Chicago. On or about August 28, 1968, for example, Lee overtly went to a meeting at 407 South Dearborn Street, only two days (or about two days) after overtly meeting Rennie Davis in Lincoln Park. And the next day (or approximately, the next day), when many another athlete would have been content to rest on his laurels, hustling Lee was up to his old tricks, overtly engaging in a conversation with John Frohins.

Well, it's always been a sports truism that virtue and hustle are their own rewards, and sure enough the young scholar athlete will be having his day in court, being cheered on by an enthusiastic hometown crowd, and being presided over by a fellow

Northwestern alumnus, Judge Julius "Old Moss" Hoffman.

"It's got to be the biggest thrill of my career, being in front of my childhood idol, the Judge," says Lee. "And I'll bet he'll be getting a secret kick, too, knowing another Wildcat has made it to the big time."



Nedie Jan Brown

**16 JERRY RUBIN, QUARTERBACK** Pink-sized (5'7"), head-first scrapper Jerry Rubin provides the extra depth and stiffness at QB the 'Trosses may need to bring home all the bacon this time around. Playing co-manager (with Abbie Hoffman) of 750,000 Yippies from Maine to California, his aggressive play has earned him two appearances against powerful HUAC (no other Et Al-Star can claim more than one).

"The Cincinnati Kid" as he is often called, (perhaps because he comes from Cincinnati) has the unique distinction of being in second place on the Conspiracy's all-time bust list. The organizer hasn't been nearly so lucky as fellow Yippie Hoffman in avoiding injury on these plays, however—in fact, he was only just reinstated to the active list after a stint in Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center in California. "I feel completely rehabilitated," he enthuses, "and know Abbie's and my collective shoulders will carry our team to victory."

### QUIZ

## ARE YOU A FED OR A HEAD?

Take this 5-minute quiz and find out!

You may be surprised!

- Which occupation do you find most attractive: (a) a Tarric Buddhist monk? (b) a dental technician? (c) a lame newsboy?
- Which would you most like to do: (a) whip your limoleum? (b) go bowling? (c) get zonked and watch the last 20 minutes of 2007?
- Which article would you read first: (a) Open Housing—Moscow's 77-Urban & America's Shames? (b) Lipstick—Three Umbrella-Stops Down the Pathway to Revolution? (c) The History of the Urea Tool & Die Company?
- Which would you rather watch: (a) Petticoat Junction? (b) Jim Morrison exposing himself? (c) Wirmie Rudn Judd exposing herself?
- Pick the one you think is the most "hip": (a) an Olympic Drinking Team sweatshirt? (b) kelp and brown rice? (c) a hand-painted (turn upside down for answers)

(answers)

1. (a) 100% (b) 0% (c) 0%  
2. (a) 100% (b) 0% (c) 0%  
3. (a) 100% (b) 0% (c) 0%  
4. (a) 100% (b) 0% (c) 0%  
5. (a) 100% (b) 0% (c) 0%

# HEAD COME DE JUDGE

MEET JULIUS J. HOFFMAN



JUDGE HOFFMAN

Whichever pundit it was who coined the well-turned phrase "A rolling stone gathers no moss" certainly wasn't talking about noted Judge and Clubman Julius J. (for Jennings) Hoffman. Judge Hoffman, who will be "blowing the whistle" (and banging that gavel) during the contest today, has been rolling them off to the "clink" for years, but somehow he's found the time to gather plenty of dignified moss as well. In fact, we don't want to spill a family secret so we'll keep it between you, me, the lampost (and 20,000,000 readers), but conyrrival Judge Hoffman has a nickname which reflects this achievement. Yes, around the 19th hole of the ultra-swish Lake Shore Country Club (Glencoe), it's not "our Honor Judge Hoffman," it's "Old Moss." And we think the conyrrival fellows out there at the ultra-swish Lake Shore Country Club (Glencoe), are on to something. "Old Moss"—Jungus with class, that's Judge Julius J. (for Jennings) Hoffman.

Judge Hoffman is well-equipped to bear the burden of Judgeship. Born in 1895, Judge Hoffman's life has spanned most of modern history as we know it. Some of the great World Events Judge Hoffman might have

witnessed if he had ever left Illinois are:

- 1) The Death of Queen Victoria
- 2) The First Balkan War

(cont. on page 15)

The Bettman Archive



THE FIRST BALKAN WAR

The Bettman Archive



QUEEN VICTORIA

# KANGAROO



**4 DICK NIXON, PRESIDENT** Dick Nixon is a middle-weight who packs a heavyweight wallop. Hailing from Yorba Linda, California, in that state's rough-and-tumble Broccoli-growing district, scrappy Dick began taking on all comers when most kids his age were still playing Chinese checkers. Courageously working to overcome his mental and physical handicaps, Dick quickly developed "an eye for the odds." Some say perceptive Dick can spot an opponent's weakness before you can say "Helen Gahagan Douglas" or even "Alger Hiss." That's probably apocryphal, but it does show how tall Dick stands in the estimation of his many devoted fans.

Although Dick isn't quite "at home" with human beings, he's definitely a team player. Remember how tenaciously he backed up Kangaroo great "Ike," Eisenhower during "Ike's" two exciting frames in the big leagues? Dick was only an irregular heart-beat away from the BIG JOB then, but he never once displayed any unsportsmanlike eagerness for the spotlight—and spent many quiet hours on the bench with his charming wife Pat and his two female daughters Tricia and Julie. When he wasn't on the bench, Dick was in the Kennels with his intelligent dog checkers who handled his public relations.

Kangaroo faithfuls know the intensely human side of Dick Nixon. They know he speaks from his little sportsman-like heart when he says

he's fed "up to here" with the anti-Kangaroo agitation by the

bleacher burns. Although he is now Captain Kangaroo, he has never forgotten the humility he learned out there in the broccoli fields of White. "We're all in the same boat," says terse Dick, "we're none of us safe in our beds."

Although Dick admits no connection with the Boy Scouts of America, he is a power in the Boys' Clubs of America. Proud of his past, Dick Nixon looks to the future, afraid.

He adds real weight to the Kangaroo lineup, and a highly paid team of trainers is working to keep him from falling down all the time, so that soon he should add real balance as well. Spiro is a natty dresser, and (except when he is falling down) presents a neat and tidy appearance. He does this, he confides, by never crossing his legs.



**0 SPIRO AGNEW, VICE-PRESIDENT** Here is that rare sports phenomenon—a star who was never a rookie. Even the most avid Kangaroo fan had trouble finding Spiro on his mental roster when this dynamic young sports Solon burst from the shadows into the limelight last year. Since then, however, he has quickly become a spectator favorite—what with the many amusing things he says and does. "Spiro plays the big game although it were one big half-time," one devoted Kangaroo fan remarked recently. Be that as it may, it is



**1 J. EDGAR HOOVER, CHIEF SCOUT** At an age when a lesser man would be satisfied with shuffboard and intravenous injections, incredible J. Edgar is still playing the big game with every God-given ounce of energy in his fragile frame. Keeping "tabs" on 200,000,000 Americans (all of them potential conspirators) is no

certain that Spiro's spirited performance on the field and off have earned him a place in the history of the current Greek Revival fight next to such super-stars as Melina Mercouri and Mrs. Aristotele Onassis. Spiro came to the team as a "player to be named later" in the Strom Thurmond deal that sent Nellie Rockefeller down to the Banana Leagues.

easy task, but tireless Ed gives it all he's got—and he's got plenty: a massive back-up team of pock-marked subversive agents, 100,000,000 fingerprints, and class. What evil lurks in the minds of men? Well, maybe the shadow knows, and maybe he doesn't, but Kangaroo fans are betting on J. Edgar.

Blameless domesticity, that's the phrase which best describes J. Edgar's simon-pure home life. Ed lived with his Mom until she passed on—and you can bet he kept good track of her too! Now Ed regards his legion of pock-marked subversive agents as his family. Somehow sprightly Ed has managed to stay single!

Ed is no stranger to the "best seller" lists. Kangaroo fans cherish his charming *Masters of Deceit*, a history of the FBI and its agents written in Ed's inimitable chatty style.

grace and charm of Tony Galento, add the animal wit of Babe Didrikson Zaharias, the sensitivity of Yogi Berra, and the Lewis of Gortla "Manchurian Man Mountain" Monsoon, top off with the politics of Max Schmeling, and you have a pretty good idea why "King Fish and," as he's known around The Loop, is so well-equipped to defend his crown. Combining a hefty handshake and a greasy palm all rolled up into an iron fist, this Mid-Western mauler was "fouling them in the clinches," as far back as 1938 when he started out in the Illinois House of Rags. Back-room, bare-knuckle battles like the 67-year-old Mayor are a vanishing breed, however, and, along with Papa Doc "The Haitian Hurricane" Duvalier and an ever-dwindling handful of scrappy oldsters, are fast becoming the last fading shadows of a bygone era. Nevertheless, the South Side slugger is a long ways from being counted out and could, since it's his ballpark, make all the difference in the up-coming contest. Smart money is saying his roundhouse right will deck more than a few contenders before the final bell. Always a crowd-pleaser, wherever you find Dick, you're sure to find a spontaneous demonstration in his support (for those interested, spontaneous demonstrations in his support take place at 10:30, 2:00, and 7:20, Monday through Friday; noon and 5:30 on weekends, weather permitting). Malcontents tempted to "bad-mouth" the portly politico might do well to take note that he is a Director for the St. Joseph Home for the Friendless, to name just one of the good works the Mayor is never too busy to be photographed working for, including a Chairmanship in the Bridgeport area Boy Scouts.



**8 DICK DALEY, GROUNDS KEEPER** Here's the man to beat... numero uno... tubby top dog of "The Windy City"... a powerhouse of a powerbroker... Mr. Big himself: Richard "Dick" Daley! Take the

grace and charm of Tony Galento, add the animal wit of Babe Didrikson Zaharias, the sensitivity of Yogi Berra, and the Lewis of Gortla "Manchurian Man Mountain" Monsoon, top off with the politics of Max Schmeling, and you have a pretty good idea why "King Fish and," as he's known around The Loop, is so well-equipped to defend his crown. Combining a hefty handshake and a greasy palm all rolled up into an iron fist, this Mid-Western mauler was "fouling them in the clinches," as far back as 1938 when he started out in the Illinois House of Rags. Back-room, bare-knuckle battles like the 67-year-old Mayor are a vanishing breed, however, and, along with Papa Doc "The Haitian Hurricane" Duvalier and an ever-dwindling handful of scrappy oldsters, are fast becoming the last fading shadows of a bygone era. Nevertheless, the South Side slugger is a long ways from being counted out and could, since it's his ballpark, make all the difference in the up-coming contest. Smart money is saying his roundhouse right will deck more than a few contenders before the final bell. Always a crowd-pleaser, wherever you find Dick, you're sure to find a spontaneous demonstration in his support (for those interested, spontaneous demonstrations in his support take place at 10:30, 2:00, and 7:20, Monday through Friday; noon and 5:30 on weekends, weather permitting). Malcontents tempted to "bad-mouth" the portly politico might do well to take note that he is a Director for the St. Joseph Home for the Friendless, to name just one of the good works the Mayor is never too busy to be photographed working for, including a Chairmanship in the Bridgeport area Boy Scouts.

# THUMBNAILED



**2 JACK MITCHELL, GENERAL MANAGER** An admirer of this burly old bond trader from Detroit once quashed: "Some might classify him as a liberal, some see him as a conservative." It is the very qualities implied in this statement, plus his dry, honest-festering handshake, that have gotten this coolly efficient Fordham graduate where he is today.

As General Manager of a team that has clawed its way to the brink of a championship, this 192-pound advocate of the Southern strategy, this man who brought Spiro Agnew to the Kangaroos in a surprise package deal with Senate and Boy Scout leader Strom Thurmond, has certainly earned the right to boast a little, but rumor has it that except for one brief interview he granted ace sports reporter Stanley Haystack, the tactician GM has not uttered a word since his statement over a year ago that "I am invulnerable. I will never accept a cabinet post." The texts of his no-knock law, preventive detention, relaxation of wiretapping rules, and easing of federal declassification guidelines proposals, the rumor continues, were all written out on the back of a scorecard while his lovely daughter Jill drove him around a chic Mac-



3 STROM THURMOND, DIRECTOR OF PLAYER PERSONNEL.

Some men are born Kangaroos... natural-born nats who spring full-blown from the brow of Zeus... career-soldiers as destined for duty as if their mom had been a dragon's tooth... God-given golens draped by fate to cut back the weeds of moral turpitude that ever threaten to choke out the lilies of virtue. James Strom Thurmond is such a man. For example, "Strom," as his friends call him, is definitely *not* the sort of Joe who goes in for wife-swapping parties. Tossing in his key-rings to shake up with some sex-obsessed housewife just isn't his "cup of tea." Don't read that to mean, however, that the 67-year-old Clemson College graduate and Bob Jones University degree-holder isn't a mixer. Au contraire! The ex-South Carolina governor's lengthy list of lodges, clubs, and orders includes: the Sons of the American Revolution, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Military Order of World Wars, the Masons, the Moose, the Clemson College Alumni Association, and even the Woodman of the World. And you can bet your bottom beaverpat that not a one is a Commie-front. Strom just isn't the kind of guy who joins Commie-fronts. In fact, the Edgefield native is so touchy about what organizations he belongs to that he's even

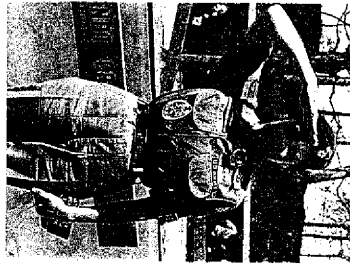
quit the Democratic Party twice. One group that the Aiken resident backs all the way, however, is the Boy Scouts of America, where he holds sway as the director of both the Georgia and the Carolinas chapters. It is also worth noting that Senator Strom ran for the Presidency under the Dixiecrat banner in 1948 and lost. Nevertheless, he held on to his platform and is now putting it to good use, mailing it plank by plank to the back of the White House just as quick as Dick can slap some white-wash on it. More than anyone else on the team, Strom can take credit for rewriting the rulebook, thus paving the way for this year's memorable game. "Roos and 'Trosses alike won't forget all he's done and can expect him to be in there 'spark-plugging' the team all the way, cheered on from the sidelines by his child bride.



88 DICK KLEINDIENST, TIGHT END.

Tactician, economist, warrior, prosecutor. 6'2" Dick "Mr. Tough" Kleindienst has tackled each of these jobs with almost inhuman gusto during his six years in the upper-middle of the political heap. And now, enough of the returns are in to demonstrate conclusively that he has yet to find just the right job to suit his own peculiar talents. Dick, who was the mastermind behind Barry Goldwater's disastrous campaign for the Presidency in 1964, began his Kangaroo varsity career by inventing the "Department of Justice Time Recording Desk Sheet," a form upon which, every 12 minutes, each

of "Mr. Tough's" 1200 assistants is required to write a detailed account of what, exactly, he is doing. When he's not busy filling out his time sheet, Dick likes to tell visitors about "Operation Intercept," a vast, complex, econo-military operation of his devising which was designed to drive up the price of marijuana, or "MaryJane," to use the name by which hepat Dick reportedly refers to it. The plan depended on strict secrecy, but, as you have probably guessed, Dick, who surprisingly has no known connection with the Boy Scouts, forgot himself at a Washington news conference one day and spilled the beans. Now Dick has reached another turning point in his career: a chance to act on his life-long dream of locking up demonstrators in detention camps. But Kangaroo fans, having watched "Mr. Tough" in action before, aren't counting any chickens—at least not quite yet.



24 MARTHA RAYE, CAMPFOLLOWER

Deeked out in her medal-festooned Special Forces uniform (strikingly similar to official BSA regalia, incidentally), "No-Mutti" Martha makes Audie Murphy look like a caven turncoat! While W. W. II dogfaces had to make do with pin-ups of Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable, Viet G.I.'s can appreciate the 51-year-old Butte, Montana native in the flesh, hoofing and warbling her way into their hearts. Unruffled by vicious Commie-

CHICAGO CONSPIRACY 1969 ROSTER

No.	Player	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Age	Birthplace	College	Yrs. Pro	Regular Season Team
1	Davis, Rennie	QB	5'10"	160	29	Lansing, Mich.	Oberlin	6	National Mobes
15	Dellinger, Dave	QB	5'10"	190	54	Wakefield, Mass.	Yale	30	Paris Peace Feelers
13	Froines, John	SE	5'11"	175	30	Berkeley, Cal.	Berkeley	7	Eugene Chemists
12	Hayden, Tom	QB	5'11"	165	30	Royal Oak, Mich.	Michigan	9	National Mobes
9	Hoffman, Abbie	QB	5'9"	158	32	Concord, Mass.	Brandeis	8	Yippies
16	Rubin, Jerry	QB	5'7"	150	31	Cincinnati, Ohio	Cincinnati	6	Yippies
42	Seale, Bobby	QB	5'11"	165	33	Dallas, Texas	Merritt	8	Oakland Panthers
8	Weiner, Lee	LF	5'10"	166	29	Chicago, Ill.	Northwestern	2	Washoi Ballet

DEFENSIVE SECONDARY

11	11 Albert, Stew,	LW			86	Fales, Corina,	LE	62	Peck, Sid,	LG
	65 Baker, Dave,	LG			40	Fox, Brad,	LS	23	Radford, Ben,	LHB
	24 Brown, Connie,	LCB			21	Lowenthal, Wolfe,	LF	81	Shimabukuro, C.,	LLB
	77 Boudin, Kathie,	LT			3	Neumann, Tom,	LD	96	Taylor, Bo,	LLD

COACHES

Name	Ht.	Wt.	Age	Law School	Admitted to Bar	PAI*	IAP**
Bail, Stu	5'10"	145	25	Rutgers	1969	1.04	.996
Kunstler, Bill	6'1"	183	50	Columbia	1948	84.67	.012
Sayer, Mike	5'11"	190	27	Rutgers	1969	1.02	.998
Weinglass, Len	6'1"	195	36	Yale	1959	34.12	.029

\*PODBIELAN'S ATTORNEYSHIP INDEX, arrived at by multiplying a lawyer's annual income (from all sources) by the number of years since his admission to the bar, and dividing the resulting number by 1,000 times his numerical ranking (1st, 2nd, 246th, etc.) in his graduating law school class. Podbielan's Attorneyship Index is one of the two most widely used rating systems in ranking law school graduates, the highest the index, the

\*\*INGARFIELD'S ATTORNEYSHIP PERCENTAGE, arrived at by multiplying a lawyer's numerical ranking (1st, 2nd, 246th, etc.) in his graduating law school class by 1,000 and dividing the resulting number by the product of his annual income (from all sources) and the number of years since his admission to the bar. Ingarfield's Attorneyship Index is one of the two most widely used rating systems in ranking law school graduates, the highest the index, the







WASHINGTON KANGAROOS 1969 ROSTER

No.	Player	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Age	Birthplace	College	Yrs. Pro
0	Agnew, Spiro	VP	6'1"	208	51	Towson, Md.	Baltimore	23
8	Daley, Richard "Dick"	GK	5'7"	190	67	Chicago, Ill.	DePaul	34
1	Hoover, J. Edgar	CS	5'9"	189	74	Washington, D. C.	George Washington	53
88	Kleindienst, Dick	TE	6'2"	200	46	Winslow, Ariz.	Harvard	20
2	Mitchell, Jack	GM	5'11"	190	56	Detroit, Mich.	Fordham	31
4	Nixon, Dick	P	5'9"	175	56	Yorba Linda, Calif.	Whittier	32
24	Raye, Martha	CF	5'5"	130	53	Butte, Mont.	none	29
3	Thurmond, Strom	DPP	5'9"	165	66	Edgefield, S. C.	Clemson	36

TAXI SQUAD

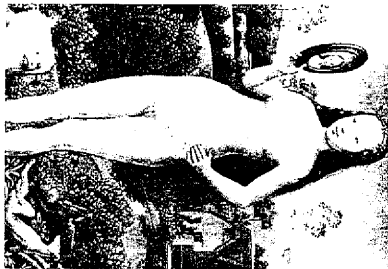
7	Black, Shirley Temple	RW	73	Lynch, John "Judge"	RT	23	Reagan, Ronnie	RHB
48	Campbell, Bill	RCB	11	Manley, "Officer"	K	65	Stahl, Dave	RG
62	Conlisk, Jim	RG	87	Morrison, Marion	RE	87	Wayne, John	RE
25	Eisenhower, David	RS	19	Pierson, Bob	RD	67	Woods, Joe "Sheriff"	RLB

COACHES

Name	Ht.	Wt.	Age	Law School	Admitted to Bar	PAI*	IAP**
Foran, Tom	5'8"	175	45	Detroit	1950	57.44	.017
Schultz, Dick	5'9"	180	31	DePaul	1964	12.80	.078
Wilson, Will	5'10"	171	50	Chicago	1949	63.27	.016

\*PODBIELAN'S ATTORNEYSHIP INDEX, arrived at by multiplying a lawyer's annual income (from all sources) by the number of years since his admission to the bar, and dividing the resulting number by 1,000 times his numerical ranking (1st, 2nd, 246th, etc.) in his graduating law school class. Podbielan's Attorneyship Index is one of the two most widely used rating systems in American law today: generally speaking, the higher the Index, the more effective the lawyer.

\*\*INGARFIELD'S ATTORNEYSHIP PERCENTAGE, arrived at by multiplying a lawyer's numerical ranking (1st, 2nd, 246th, etc.) in his graduating law school class by 1,000, and dividing the resulting number by the product of his annual income (from all sources) and the number of years since his admission to the bar. Ingarfield's Attorneyship Index is one of the two most widely used rating systems in American law today: generally speaking, the lower the Percentage, the more effective the lawyer.



NUDITY

While depicting any strident action which might prove annoying to others, Judge Hoffman does believe in Change from Within. To this end, Judge Hoffman has many interesting views on the whole problem of dissent. Dissent, like prayer, argues Judge Hoffman, is an intensely personal thing, and is best undertaken alone, in a closet. Judge Hoffman has broadened the definition of "Law and Order" to include "Peace and Quiet."

3) The Second Balkan War  
4) The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand by Serbian anarchist Gavrilo Princip  
5) Truman Capote's famous party at the Plaza Hotel  
And of course, Judge Hoffman has witnessed many changes in the social system during his long life. Judge Hoffman has witnessed the twilight of British Colonialism, the rise and fall of the Hollywood "Star System," the war Baby Boom, and the dramatic emergence of the Credence Clearwater Revival, among other things.  
Judge Julius "Old Moss" Hoffman ponders all of this out there on the 19th hole of the Lake Shore Country Club (Glencoe).

HEAH COME DE REF: Julius J. Hoffman

(cont. from page 7)



THE SECOND BALKAN WAR

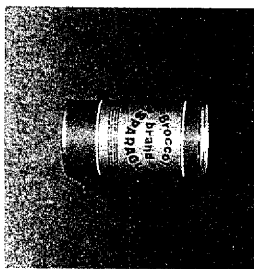
The Beartman Archive



TRUMAN CAPOTE'S PARTY

convivial Judge Hoffman has made it a point to join every social club in the Greater Chicago Area. Convivial Judge Hoffman can be seen Boring from Within at the Standard Club, the Tavern Club, the Union League Club, the Mid-Day Club, and, of course, the ultra-swish Lake Shore Country Club (Glencoe). Judge Hoffman's social conscience does not apply to human beings alone. As a member of the Post and Paddock Club (Arlington Heights, Ill.), Judge Hoffman is working to end the racist Thoroughbred System as it relates to underprivileged horses.

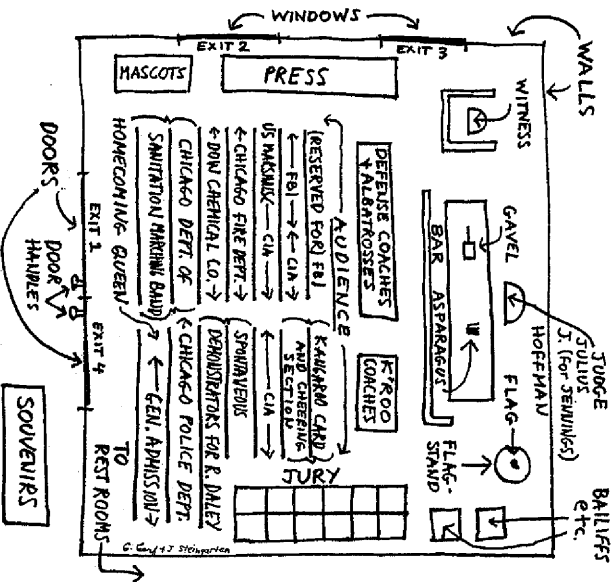
15



ASPARAGUS

A lifetime of entertaining decisions from the bench has made "Old Moss" Hoffman a favorite among courtroom fans, but his followers have become legion since his dramatic landmark decision concerning Beachwear and Nudity in the courtroom. Breaking precedent, Judge Hoffman has ruled that Beachwear is no longer acceptable courtroom attire, although "I don't care if the defendants come in naked." Judge Hoffman's decision brings courtroom practice into line with current theatrical trends. Beachwear has not been seen on the stage in years.  
Judge Hoffman has been keenly interested in asparagus all his life.

THE CHICAGO FEDERAL COURTHOUSE  
"Eighth Wonder of the World!"



Located in the geographical and population center of Chicago, on Dearborn between Jackson and Adams Streets, the Chicago Federal Courthouse can be easily reached by car, bus, subway, taxi, or train.  
There are 2 public rest room installations and 4 exits (2 doors and 2 windows) for your convenience and safety, respectively. The women's room has its own lounge.

*Coming this Fall*  
**THE BLACK COMMUNITY**  
vs.  
**THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOL SYSTEM**

There's always plenty of raw thrills and twin-fisted action when these rough-'n'-ready rivals mix it up! Fans that were kept on the edge of their armchairs during last year's no-holds-barred contest are predicting yet another record-breaking season chock full of surprises! Anything can happen and usually does!  
You won't want to miss this one! Watch for it at your neighborhood school! Be there when the starting gun goes off!

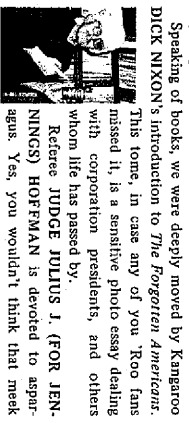


"BULL"

CLUBHOUSE CHATTER

By "Bull" Penn

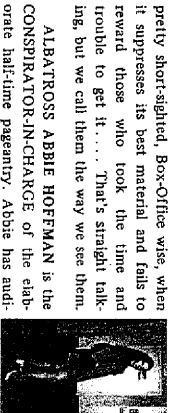
*Dinah! Stuff...* Mrs. Spiro Agnew, lively wife of Kangaroo star SPIRO AGNEW is about to "break into print." Her book, entitled *Spiro's Squinty Soft On...* *Met* is an account of the wild and wacky doings of our irrepressible "second family." Sure to be a hit, we think, since it will include many of the amusing "dilect stories" Spiro tells to family, friends, and foreign diplomats. Calls a Spade just that... Mrs. J. Edgar Hoover... doesn't exist. Somehow handsome Kangaroo J. Edgar has managed to slay single!



"OLD MOSS"

Speaking of books, we were deeply moved by Kangaroo DICK NIXON's introduction to *The Forgotten Americans*. This tome, in case any of you Fooo fans missed it, is a sensitive photo essay dealing with corporation presidents, and others whom life has passed by.  
Referee JUDGE JULIUS J. (FOR JENNINGS) HOFFMAN is devoted to aspiraguns. Yes, you wouldn't think that meek Cubman Julie would be so interested in aspiraguns, but he is. "Hollandaese yegg" or no?" is a query often heard around the Hoffmann table *d'note*....  
**OLD CONSPIRATORS NEVER FADE AWAY, DEPT.**  
... Making the round of Antwerp garden parties recently, we caught a glimpse of Ex-Conspirator LEON TROTSKY. We chided lively Leon for missing Old-Timers day, but Leon explained that he is legally dead in Illinois. It could only happen in the wonderful world of Sport.

*Covering the Courts...* It comes as a surprise to no one that this season has been the busiest ever in the courts. **AND THERE'S MORE TO COME.** Many amusing features have been added to this year's calendar. **LADIES DAYS**-featuring the wholesome round-up of "Ladies of the Evening" are sure to draw a big gate. **LUDICROUS BAIL DAYS** will provide a much-needed "lift" to more routine proceedings. And the Management promises to reduce to a minimum those tiresome suspended sentences, appeals, and re-trials which spoil spectator fun. Illiterate defendants (who, after all, don't really understand the game) will be quickly dealt with, and will be used in the bigtime only as comic relief.  
And if we can give the Powers that Be a "word to the wise"-let's face it, these complicated "rules of evidence" are slowing down the game! **IF THE EVIDENCE IS AMUSING-THEN LET 'EM USE IT.** A Court System is



A LADY OF THE EVENING

pretty short-sighted. Box-Office wise, when it surpasses its best material and fails to reward those who took the time and trouble to get it.... That's straight talking, but we call them the way we see them.  
**ALBATROSS ABBIE HOFFMAN** is the **CONSPIRATOR-IN-CHARGE** of the elaborate half-time pageantry. Abbie has auditioned some 750,000 "hopefuls" to find **THE RIGHT CORPS-DE-BELLE**.  
He tells us that he has made the final cuts, and the corps is now down to a more waddy 500,000. "I wish we could have them all," says sincere Abbie. "They were all great kids." Well, that's the wonderful world of Sport. We're sworn to secrecy about the goings-on. resourcful Abbie has planned, but we can say that the Precision Demonstration Corps will steal the show. The Precision Demonstration Corps, as a rule, swarms over all unoccupied space in the Demonstration Area, spelling out dirty words in French. Well, that's the wonderful world of Sport.

The Kangaroo management hints that it may have some half-time activities, but let's just say that 1969 may be the Year of the Chemical Surprise. One top Kangaroo hints at a device which produces all the well-known symptoms of death. **BUT WITHOUT HARMFUL AFTER-EFFECTS.** That ought to be a show-stopper.  
**YOUR MAIL BAG**  
Dear "Bull,"

I'm no prude, in fact I like a well-turned gam as much as the next guy, but nudity in the Court Room really turns me off. I mean, a lot of the players just aren't physically attractive, if you know what I mean. Now, I think it's all right to have beachwear in the Court Room. Beachwear adds a little zip to the game, if you know what I mean. But that nudity-ecch. I've been a fan of Judge Julie "Old Moss" Hoffmann for years. I mean I really go for the way he sends the losers right up the river, but I think he is really off base on this one. I mean ruing out beachwear, and going all the way to nudity. I don't think I'd like to see old Julie himself in the buff, if you know what I mean.

(cont. on page 18)

NO PRUDE

# MAGIC -EYE PHOTOS

**Dear No Prude,**  
 Yes, it certainly was a landmark decision when Judge Julie "Old Moss" Hoffman kicked Beachwear out of the game and brought nudity in. However, remember that nudity is authorized FOR DEFENDANTS ONLY so you will be spared the sight of Old Julie in the buff. In any case, thanks for your sincere letter.

**Dear "Bull,"**  
 Could you tell me, please, what are the names of the team mascots? Many's the time I've seen the Kangaroo's kangaroo and the Albatrosses' albatross, and I've thought to myself, I wonder what their actual names can be. Please tell me their actual names, and where I can write them, and if they have fan clubs, or if I could start one for one or both.

Very sincerely yours,  
**MARY LOUISE LUNCH**

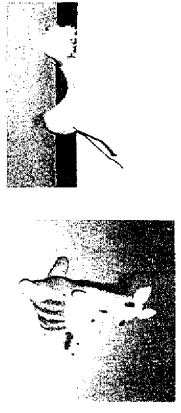
**Dear Mary Louise,**  
 The Kangaroo is named Bobby in honor of the late great Kangaroo Senator Robert Taft. The Albatross is dead and is named Dead Albatross. White Robert A. Taft Kangaroo c/o Pentagon, Washington, D.C. White Dead Albatross c/o Peter's Petrified Pet Shop, Urbana, Illinois. Sorry, you're a little late on the fan club bandwagon—several thousand are already active.

**Dear "Bull,"**  
 How about letting us behind the scenes at the Albatrosses' and the Kangaroos' fabled Victory celebration. Tell us where it's at.

**CURIOSUS**

**Dear Curious,**  
 Ever since Cesar Chavez' Grape Strike came into favor among the Conspirators, the Kangaroos have given large elaborate Victory parties for the express purpose of eating as many grapes as possible. Everyone eats grapes and drinks Hammi's beer. When Referee Judge Julie "Old Moss" Hoffman attends, he brings a supply of asparagus with him. He eats his asparagus while all the Kangaroos eat grapes and drink Hammi's beer.

Conspirators' Victory celebrations are another thing altogether. Conspirators smoke Havana cigars. When these are not available, they smoke ASTROTURF, the NEW GRASS. That should clear that up for you, Curious. Thanks for your sincere interest.

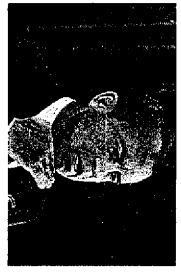


**THE MASCOTS**



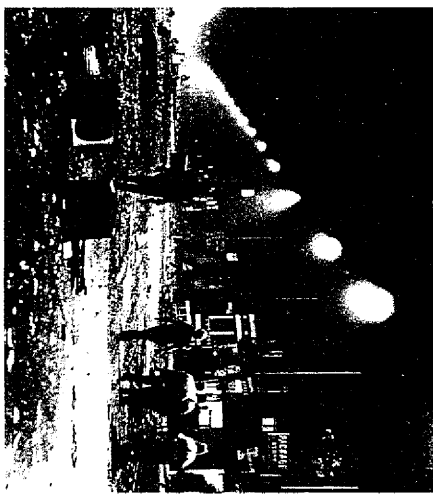
**UPI**

**SAFETY FIRST!** Sean O'Donoghue, right safety for the Chicago Cubs, is the first to get within tackling range of Pegasus, fleet-footed Yippee kick return specialist, during 1968 match between the two teams. Pegasus later ran for President of the U.S., but lost in an election which Richard Nixon (see below) won by a narrow margin. Nixon, a Karate, as well as a current Kangaroo, stalwart, here demonstrates the so-called auto-neck chop, a smash which all U.S. secret agents are instructed to use in the event they are captured.



**UPI**

**BY 'BART'**



**PRE-GAME FESTIVITIES!** Enthusiastic Conspiracy fans burn Hartford, Connecticut in effigy.



**UPI**

**'ROOS PICK HOMECOMING QUEEN!** Perky Pam El-dred, whose childhood dreams came true when Bert Parks himself crowned her "Miss America," received another thrill when she learned that the Washington Kangaroos had selected her "Homecoming Queen" for their upcoming match with the Chicago Conspiracy.



**UPI**

**PRETTY AS A PICTURE!** There's nothing more beautiful than a horizontal butt stroke properly delivered, and you'll never see one any better than that which 1st Army's PFC Weeb Brabham-bumsen (center) has just served up to National Mobes' Richie Wednestler. (on ground).

spawmed rumors of her alleged impli-  
cation in the Green Belt murder  
plot (even the "Teddy" in '72" team  
could pick up a few tips from those  
boys... after all, they still haven't  
found that body!), the ex-hellzapop-  
pin' headliner continues to entertain  
the troops with one camp revue after  
another. Service life is nothing new  
to the six-times married redhead,  
however, as cinema burfs will point  
out, recalling her memorable perform-  
ance in *Four Jills in a Jeep* which  
pointedly underscored both the rigors  
and the zany antics of military life.  
The once spouse of David Rose  
employs a well-earned reputation for  
her outspoken patriotic views and, as  
one admirer good-naturedly put it,  
"Her mouth is as big as all our  
doors!" The Chi-Town-parochial-  
school-educated songstress is a much-  
welcomed addition to the Washington  
team, lending not only extensive  
combat experience—experience gained  
from being right up there with the  
fellows, spearheading every U.S.  
offensive action—but her own special  
magic, the indefinable luster of a  
show biz great that elusive mystique  
that has made her a legend in her  
own time. Sock it to 'em, Marshal!

**BETTING OR  
SOLICITING BETS  
IS PROHIBITED  
IN**

**THE CHICAGO FEDERAL COURTHOUSE**

Spectators must occupy the seats their tickets call for and must not  
leave them before or during any event unless it is absolutely  
necessary to do so.  
Spectators at all events must comport themselves in such a manner as  
not to disturb or offend other spectators, and as not to interfere with  
play.  
Violators of the above rules will be removed from the Chicago  
Federal Courthouse and will not be allowed admittance—as specta-  
tors—to any subsequent event. THE MANAGEMENT

... It's How You Play the Game!!

all for the purpose of encouraging  
persons to come to Chicago, Illinois  
during the period of on or about  
August 25, 1969, through on or  
about August 29, 1968? Hadn't they  
marched and made speeches long  
after time had been called by Referee  
John "The Judge" Lynch, former  
teammate of Dickie Daley, roband  
and grandstanding star of the Kangar-  
oos?



Abbie Hoffman

We seek out the Conspiracy, seek  
out Dellinger et. al., their managers,  
coaches, owners—anyone with a  
scoop straight enough to make the  
gawking stop. Do they have a win-  
ning strategy, we want to know.

some remarkable game plan that just  
might snatch the chicken of defeat  
from the jaws of the Hawk of  
victory? And if they do, will they be  
playing the game too close to their  
collective chest to worry about ques-  
tions gravating at the grey matter of  
some poor old newshound like us?  
Yes, we seek out the Chicago  
Conspiracy, and to our surprise they  
are willing to talk...  
We listen to Abbie Hoffman, wild-  
hatted and passionate, spiritual quar-  
terback of 300,000 'Toppers, insisting  
that "Kids should kill their parents,"  
and "The Albatross will crush the  
Kangaroo dinosaur" and "to love we  
must survive and to survive we must  
fight."

We watch as gentle Dave Dellinger,  
himself a veteran signal-caller, places  
a calming, 34-year-old hand on the  
young quarterback's unsuvised shoul-  
der, and says, "You cannot be truly  
revolutionary if you are not non-  
violent."

And we remember hearing Bobby  
Seale, the Oakland Panther QB, mum-  
bling to himself, the sound of his  
voice hollow in the giant speakers  
Kangaroo scout J. Edgar Hoover had  
so graciously invited us by to enter  
drop through: "In school when one  
of those blankety-blank-blank-blank  
cockbusters walked by, I used to  
come up with my knife and say,  
"Give me your lunch money or I'll  
cut your gut out...."

And suddenly your reporter finds  
our mind wondering whether this  
Dellinger El Al-Star team, so loaded  
as it is with individual talent, but  
which has had so little opportunity  
to play or even practice together,  
whether it can possibly survive with a  
starting lineup consisting of six quan-  
terbacks, one left fielder and a split  
end (a lonely one at that).

Yes, we're wondering, and we  
thank the lucky stars glimmering  
above us in the gathering dusk we  
find we've wandered out under that  
we won't have to wait too long for  
an answer. For finally, after all these  
months, the Big One is about to  
begin....

A Handy List of Terms that May Arise During the Game

**GLOSSARY**

**Ald, LSD:** lysergic acid diethyl-  
amide  
Also, a "natural", kinky Spade  
Amp, a "natural", kinky Spade  
Amateur cuisine, a friend of the  
court: one who volunteers inform-  
ation on the law, most often  
in the form of an appellate brief  
Bag, your own, "thing", what  
you want and like, as in "I'm in  
a Cedeense Clearwater Retired  
bag?"  
Bait, to perform intercourse  
Boo, see Pot  
Bread, money  
Bummer, a had "Trip"; a down  
Busted, arrested  
Cut, man  
Change, altered views on life, as  
in "Hey, baby, I've been going  
through some heavy changes!"  
Chick, girl  
Come down, to allow the effects  
of the drugs you've been taking  
to wear off, to return to reality  
Conspiracy, a combination be-  
tween two or more persons  
formed for or to perform crimina-  
lly or for the purpose of using  
criminal or unlawful means for  
the commission of an act not in  
itself unlawful  
Cool it, calm down  
Corporate delinquent, the body of a  
crime; the body (material sub-  
stance) upon which a crime has  
been committed  
Crash pad, communal hippie  
apartment with transient popu-  
lation  
Dig, yourself, baby, to become  
aware of yourself  
Dime bag, \$10 bag of marijuana  
DMT, dimethyl tryptamine  
Downs, budalates  
Drop, to take, as in "I just  
dropped 500 midgets of mg-  
ficent hydroxide and permo-  
line!"  
Ex post facto, after the fact;  
often, "ex post facto laws,"  
which are unconstitutional; the  
only thing that prevents the  
And-floer statute passed on  
April 11 from being invoked  
before April 12  
Hang-up, neurosis; problem; fix-  
ation  
Hesh, hashish  
Hesse, anything that makes  
things difficult  
Head, drug-taker; often com-  
pounded with the particular  
drug as in "acid/acid" or "pot-  
head"  
Heavy, meaningful; deep; wise  
High, in a state of expanded  
consciousness or elation induced  
by drugs  
Honky, white person  
Hurle, to make money in any  
number of ways, mostly illegal  
in part delict, in equal fault;  
equally culpable or criminal  
Joint, a home-cold marijuana  
cigarette, as in "How's your  
joint?"  
Joe, to play a trick  
Konk, hair straightened to re-  
move kinks  
Lay it on me, tell me  
Main man, lover; closest friend; a  
person with whom you really  
"groove"  
Marry/mar, see Grass  
Means tea, a gully mind and a  
gully or wrongful purpose  
Meths, "a form of drugs dispo-  
nosed with an added 4-letter  
word implied.  
Movement, draft, resistors; end-  
the-war demonstrators; etc.  
Mark, narcotics agent  
Nickel bag, \$5 bag of marijuana  
Non obscene weredict, notwith-  
standing the verdict (judgment  
for one party entered although  
there has been a verdict for the  
other party)  
Othier dictum, words of a prior  
opinion entirely unnecessary for  
the decision of the case; having  
no bearing on the issues in-  
volved  
Old man or old body, lover; per-  
son you're living with  
One or eight, radicals; really  
groovy, as in "Man, the  
whole Earth Catalogue is sort of  
silly!"  
Pish problem  
Pot, see Marijuana  
Primes field, at first sight; a prima  
facie case is one that will suffice  
until contradicted and overcome  
by other evidence  
Psychedelic, consciousness-ex-  
panding  
Pushed out of shape, "up-tight",  
amoyed  
Quarter bag, \$25 bag of mar-  
juana  
Out trap, ex causa promissum  
Est non erat, a promise arising  
out of immoral circumstances  
Over the top, to talk  
Pap, to talk  
Par, to manipulate cigarette  
Pee "pee lounder, the thing  
speaks for itself  
Rights on, get to it  
Rip off, to steal, as in "Two  
speed freaks broke into my pad  
and ripped off my Hasselblad  
system!"  
Roach, the butt of a "wetter"  
Shades, sunglasses  
Something else, "groovy"  
Spaced, "high"  
Split, to leave, as in "Later, Jim!  
I'm going to split the scene!"  
Steak, concealed drugs  
Stoned, to be "high"  
STP, 5-methoxy-NN-dimethyl-  
tryptamine  
Suppene dress tecum, a process  
by which the court, at the in-  
stices of a suitor, commands a  
witness who has in his posses-  
sion or control some document  
or paper that is pertinent to the  
issues of a pending controversy,  
to produce the document  
Sue a generic law applied to  
any legal prosecution, see also  
Threats  
Straight, off drugs; not a home-  
sexual; an O.K. person  
Tell it like it is, the truth  
Thing, a person's true nature, as  
in "Do your own thing!"  
Threads, clothes  
The Man, the law; the cops;  
while people in general  
Together, very "groovy"; "knows  
what's happening, as in "RHa is  
a very together chick!"  
Trip, a consciousness-expanding  
experience on "acid" or another  
hallucinogenic drug  
Up, "high", not necessarily on  
drugs  
Upsy-daisy, tense  
Use amputations  
Vendor, the county or city in  
which an action or prosecution  
is brought for trial  
Viberead, for trials; received  
from a person of bad vibra-  
tions  
"The Bronx gives off bad vibra-  
tions"  
Yppee, shout for members of the  
Youth International Party  
Zoned, completely "stoned"

KANGAROO

SONGS & CHEERS

The YAF Yell

California oranges!  
Texas cactus!  
We play your team  
Just for practice!

So open the door  
And roll out the mat!  
Come on Kangaroo!  
Knock 'em flat!

The HUAC Holler

2-4-6-8!  
Who do we incarcerate?  
YIPPEES!!!

The Washington Fight Song  
(to "The Notre Dame Fight Song")

Cheer, cheer for our Fighting Feds!  
They'll make us sate from pinks and Reds!  
How we hate those long-haired queers!  
Let's send 'em up for twenty years!  
Root, root for the Kangaroos!  
With Julius Hoffman, we'll never lose!  
Decent people everywhere will welcome our victory!

The Bench Cheer

Hoffman!  
Hoffman!  
Hoffman, please . . .  
Send them up the river and  
Toss away the keys!  
YAAAAAAAAAAAAA HOFFMAN!

Locomotive

U-N-I-T-E-D-S-T-A-T-E-S  
U-N-I-T-E-D-S-T-A-T-E-S  
U-N-I-T-E-D-S-T-A-T-E-S  
United . . . . . States!  
Fight, team, fight!

Help stamp out dope-smoking freaks!  
They never wash so their clothing reeks!  
We can't stand to even look at 'em!  
We hope the Judge will throw the book at 'em!  
Root, root for the Kangaroos!  
With Julius Hoffman, we'll put the screws  
To left-wing weirdos everywhere and triumph o'er  
anarchy!  
RAHI RAHI RAHI!

ALBATROSS

SONGS & CHEERS

The George Metesky Memorial Whoop

Boom-a-lark-ai  
Boom-a-lark-ai  
Bow! Wow! Wow!

Chick-a-lark-ai  
Chick-a-lark-ai  
Chow! Chow! Chow!

Boom-a-lark-ai  
Chick-a-lark-ai  
Sisi Boom! Bah!

Outside Aytatorsi!  
Rahi! Rahi! Rahi!

The Ginsberg Growl

have krishna have krishna  
have krishna have krishna  
have rama have rama  
tama rama have have

The Coalition for an Anti-Imperialist Movement Huzza

Go back!  
Go back!  
Go back into the woods!  
'Cause you haven't!  
You haven't!  
An' you haven't got the goods!  
An' you haven't got the jazz  
An' you haven't got the team  
That Conspiracy has!  
YAAAAAAAAAAAAA TEAM!

The Rebel Yell

UP AGAINST THE WALL, . . . . .

KANGAROO

UNIFORMS

ALBATROSSES

"Botany" 500 3-button sharkskin suits; DuPont Orion acrylic machine-washable cardigan sweaters; mono-grammed handkerchiefs; boxer shorts; Wamley knit ties; grey snap-buttoned fedoras; class tugs; Fortrel polyester and combed cotton raincoats with zip-out plaid alpaca linings; Flagg Bros. wing-tipped corduroys; snap-on bow ties; single-pleated continental gabardine slacks; white button-down Arrow Decron Perma-Iron shirts; Hickok belts with personalized buckles; Swank matching cuff links and tie bars; Ban-Lon stretch socks in black, navy, brown, charcoal, and maroon; knit sport shirts with the little alligator above the heart.

Sneakers; faded blue work shirts; tunics of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers; tie-dyed tank tops; scarab frigs; peacock feathers; zircon-studded garrison belts; Good Will pin-striped suits with cloverleaf lapels and padded shoulders; anodized-plastic caste marks; lace hip-buggers; frayed W.W.I aviator jackets; see-thru safari jackets; deep-fringed buckskin jackets hand-painted with arcane Zand rebirth symbols; fur Jenkins black-light beads; Red Guard uniforms; Chambers Bros. hats; panne velvet capes; National Health Service wire-rimmed glasses; silver cowboy boots; Gujarati knee-soares; Javanese ankle-bells; flowered voile Errol Flynn dussling shirts; leather jumpsnits; Day-Glo skin tattoos; Afghan embroidered sheepskin vests; black beets; Cosack caps; Australian bush hats; brocaded doublets; jeweled headbands; Ukrainian peasant blouses; vinyl djellabahas; army surplus reversible ski parkas; buffalo robes; dashiks; kurtas; gales; flasks; tisks; Indian mirror-cloth high-rise ball-bottoms.



by Dixie Gheen

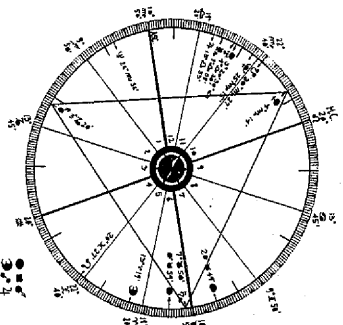
Editor's Note: Astrologist Dixie Gheen burst into the limelight with her bold prediction, more than three months ago, that "man will make an attempt to land on the moon." Here, she peers into the future to see what's in store for the "Trosses and the 'Roots."

"Garlic is the ketchup of the intellectuals," said Charles Rembar in his excellent *Life* piece on Dr. Benjamin Spock, "and Conspiracy is their astrology."

Speaking of astrology, it has given me some interesting insights into the contest you've come here to watch today:

First, a carefully pre-selected sample of Conspirator's birth years, birth-days, and birth hours reveals the wax-

CRYSTAL - BALLING THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL



*The morning of the third day: a critical turning point?*

ing moon conjunct Neptune in the House of Self-Realization or Self-Destruction, while Mars shines exalted in Libra, the Scales, not far from the bright star *Zuberelgenudi*. Pretty encouraging for you Albatross supporters, wouldn't you say? However, before you start tearing down the courthouse rafters, you'd better have a look at a similar sample

of Kangaroo birth data. It shows the waxing moon conjunct Uranus in the House of Self-Realization and Self-Destruction, while Jupiter stands majestically just a few degrees to the right of the bright star *Zuberelgenudi*, which, like *Zuberelgenudi*, is in Libra. In short, the contest looks "too close to call" at this time.

OFFICIAL'S SIGNALS

1. Court is in session!
2. Court is adjourned!
3. Order in the court!
4. One more outburst like that and I'll clear this courtroom!
5. Subpoena duces tecum!
6. Objection sustained!
7. Objection overruled!
8. No smoking in the courtroom!
9. No beachwear in the courtroom!
10. I sentence you to death!

OFFICIAL SOUVENIRS

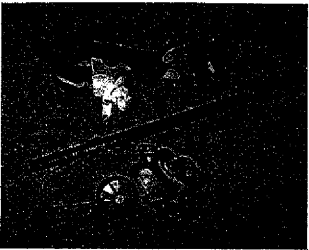
CHICAGO CONSPIRACY

- Chain and Plush Dead Albatross Pendant.....4.95
- Official CONSPIRACY Autographed Time Bomb.....3.95
- Official CONSPIRACY Gas Mask Autographed by Jerry Rubin.9.95
- Stuffed Cloth Kangaroo with Plush Piglet.....4.95
- Official KANGAROO Autographed Billy Club.....3.95
- "Go, You Kangaroos!" Copper-Trimmed, Simulated Leather Pig Bank.2.95



WASHINGTON KANGAROOS

- Official KANGAROO Gas Mask: Officer Manley Model.....9.95



These items can be purchased at the Souvenir Stand in the front lobby, from the colorfully dressed Chicago Federal Courthouse vendors, and at the offices of the Broccoli Corporation of America, Broccoli, Nebraska.

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# ACTION ARMY!

"Fall by" your local recruiting station and "rejoice" with us about today's "groovy" new

## A MAN'S LIFE IS HIS OWN!

Daybreak at Se Bang Hieng. You're out on a recon patrol in Cong country. Then it happens... a mortar opens up in the distance. And another. And yet another. Shells falling everywhere... blossoming into electric flame... shimmering scarlets... throbbing magentas... flashing yellows... pulsating pinks... and even an occasional splash of cerise. You don't move. You're hypnotized... "grooving" on the light show... caught up in Charlie's ever-changing, churning kaleidoscope. "Far out!" you murmur to no one in particular. Suddenly your "down-head" Lieutenant blows the "trip" and orders the squad to take the ridge. But the guys aren't swallowing that old "shuck." They sit down and vote on whether or not to comply with the order. Six votes for. Six against. The squad is deadlocked. Every vote is in... except yours. All eyes turn toward you, waiting for you to make your move... to cast the tie-breaker... You pause, silhouetted against the fantastic Asian dawn, a line of grim determination locked on your lips. Then you swing into action: "I vote we go back to the camp!" The crisis is over. A command decision was issued under fire. You met the challenge calmly, not wrought-up with that frenzied bravado that drives men to charge lead-spitting machine-guns or smother live grenades, but with a kind of quiet, unassuming courage, a courage that sees beyond the hollow glitter and tinsel of a posthumous silver star with oak-leaf clusters... a rare kind of courage known only by those who are really... "together"....

Later, back at the base, blowing some Saigon Red you "scored" for a nickel a "joint" in the marketplace... two tokes and you're spaced up at your Che poster, and you muse, "So this is the new action army... Outtaste!"