
FLASH FROM CHEESEVILLE . . . Great excitement at the National Press Club, Earwigs. Here comes Wisconsin Night, on the 26th, sponsored by the Wisconsin State Society. It will be the glittery social debut of freshman Wisconsin Republican Rep. Tobias Roth and his jolly wife Barbara. The beer will flow like wine. The Snap-On Tool Company will make sure that absolutely everybody who rolls in gets a free screwdriver. "Close, but no cigar," grunts Uncle Oscar. Pay no attention, please. He's been in Washington *far* too long.

FLYING SPARKS FROM THE MILL . . . Robert Schrum, once Washington man for recently-deceased wee *New Times* maggie, has now moved to even weenier *Politics Today*. Serves him right . . . Rumbles

Star
1/15/79

around New York of a planned *coup d'etat* at the *New Yorker* maggie, have the Old Guard fuming: Seventyish editor William Shawn refuses to dub a successor. They say, the owners are getting fidgety. Ear does not really like this item, but is trying to run a class column.

AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO MR. BOYD
. . . You probably haven't noticed much, Earwigs, but peregrine falcons have been

Ear

having a dreadful time mating recently. The dear little Peregrine Fund Newsletter, dished by the Ornithology department of Cornell U., reports mournfully that many of them actually "attempt to mate in inappropriate, non-functional ways." Well. This means we're running out of falcons. But, thank heavens, a man called Lester Boyd has leapt to the rescue. He's invented a special "mating hat" with a foam rubber brim and a gutter. He puts it

on his head. Enter the falcon. Somehow, the falcon confuses Mr. Boyd's hat with a lady falcon. (It's hard to see why, darlings. In the pic, the hat looks like a hat, the bird looks like a bird, and the man looks like a man in a hat with a *very* serious bird on top.) Anyhow. Bingo, the hat becomes a sort of halfway house in an artificial insemination program. Ear will not buy such a hat. But takes heart that Science marches on.

A DIFFERENT HAT, FROM CORNELL?
. . . Ear hears that G. Robert Blakey, chief counsel of the House Assassinations Committee and Cornell law professor, now hankers to hunker right here in Washington with a D.C. law firm. Ear would salute, but does not wish to disturb its hat.