

ART HOPPE



Jed Garoover, Crime Fighter!

HI, THERE, tee-vee fans. Hold on to your hats 'cause off we go on a brand new adventure serial — Jed Garoover, Crime Fighter!

It's the exciting, thrilling story of how Jed Garoover carries on his one-man crusade against America's enemies with unrelenting vigor — even though he's 104 years old.

As we join Jed today he's in his humble 20-room suite of offices atop the Washington Monument conferring with his young secretary, Lotus Lane. She's only 96.

★ ★ ★

Jed: All right, Miss Lane, let me have your daily report on the evil doings of America's greatest enemies.

Miss Lane (reading from a list): Well, Chief, first of all, one of your agents stubbed his toe while pursuing a bank robber and in his pain exclaimed, according to sworn affidavits by three fellow agents, "Good Garoover!"

Jed (shocked): That's a clear case of taking my name in vain. To Boise with him! Will these young whippersnappers in my Bureau never learn the discipline required to preserve our cherished American freedoms? What else, Miss Lane?

Miss Lane: There's Congress, Chief. It seems . . .

Jed (thoughtfully): Ah, yes, it's budget time again. Issue routine orders to all agents to discover a conspiracy so that our friends in Congress will unanimously increase our appropriations as usual. Let's see, in recent years we've discovered the Old Red Conspiracy, the New Black Conspiracy and the Young White Conspiracy. Hmmm. What about a Yellow Conspiracy this year to brighten things up? Check our files on Oriental-Americans, Miss Lane.

Miss Lane: Yes, Chief. But there's something else a few Congressman want from you.

Jed (complacently): Anything for my dear friends

in Congress. What is it?

Miss Lane (hesitantly): Your resignation, Chief.

Jed (stunned): You mean there are actually enemies of America in Congress? This is the worse conspiracy I ever heard of!

Miss Lane: They say, Chief — forgive them, they know not what they do — that you're too old.

Jed: Too old? Why, I don't feel a day over a hundred. I can still batter down a door with my shoulder, just as always. Watch! (He totters across the room, misses the door and hits the window which, fortunately, doesn't break.) Don't stand there, Miss Lane, pick me up!

Miss Lane (picking him up): Oh, Chief, I'm worried!

Jed (grimly): Don't worry, Miss Lane. I can still shoot as straight as ever. I'll gun down these dirty rats who would destroy America by getting me to retire. Toss me my trusty pistol, Miss Lane. I'll show them I'm as young as ever.

Miss Lane (happily): Oh, Chief, I just know you will. (She tosses him his pistol which catches him in the breadbasket.)

Jed (testily): Well, don't just stand there, Miss Lane, pick me up again!

★ ★ ★

WILL Jed Garoover retire while still in the prime of his second century? Will the Good Lord quit making green apples? Be sure to tune in again next time, folks, for the further thrilling adventures of our popular 104-year-old Crime Fighter.

And, now, a word from Geritol . . .