



# Short Hair and Other Handicaps



**Arthur Hoppe**

THE TIMES they certainly are a-changing. Take the case of young Fred Frisbee, who has been job hunting.

The first thing Frisbee did, of course, was to get his hair cut, his shoes shined and his blue suit and subduedly-patterned tie pressed. Clear-eyed, sun-tanned and articulate, he was the very model of the young executive.

So, tucking his resumes in his briefcase, he marched confidently off to call on the major corporations.

Yet, oddly enough, every interview went much the same. Typical was his testimony before Ervin Baker, personnel director of Pintel & Gudgeon, Inc.

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"SEE by your resume here, Mr. Frisbee," began Baker, "that you attended USC. Tell me about your extracurricular activities."

"Yes, sir," said Frisbee. "At that point in time I successfully programmed an interface between my scholastic and social game plans and was thus fortunate to be elected president of the Thanatopsis Debating & Whist Club."

"Did you say, 'At that point in time,' Mr. Frisbee?" asked Baker, arching an eyebrow. "Do you mean 'then'?"

"Yes, sir. But at this point in time, I want to emphasize that I am a team player and I am willing to follow to the letter any game plan conceived by my superiors to further the cause of the president of this corporation."

"Cigarette, Mr. Frisbee?"

"At no point in time have I ever smoked, sir," replied Frisbee proudly. "Nor at any point in time do I take drink, unless the social occasion demands it."

"I thought as much," said Baker, nodding grimly. "And I suppose you have an attractive wife?"

"Oh, yes, sir. And she's always standing behind me smiling, no matter what."

"Tell me, Frisbee," said Baker leaning forward, "have you ever been subpoenaed, indicted or offered immunity?"

Frisbee nervously took a sip of water. "At this point in time, I have no recollection . . ."

"That means you don't think we can prove it!"

"I should have said I have no knowledge of ever having been, sir. And, honestly, that statement is operative."

"Operative, eh?" cried Baker, aiming a finger. "Let's get down to brass tacks. Are you now or have you ever been employed by The Committee to Re-Elect the President or as a White House aide?"

"I respectfully decline to answer, sir," said Frisbee, without thinking, "on the grounds that anything I say may tend to incriminate or degrade me."

"I knew it by the look of you, Frisbee," said Baker triumphantly. "Out! We run an honest business here."

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ACTUALLY, the only job offer Frisbee had was from a swarthy man in a snap-brimmed fedora who stopped him on the street and whispered: "Psst, Mac, I can tell by your style you're the type we want. The Family needs a new consigliere and the Don . . ."

But Frisbee saw the light. He bought a khaki jacket, denim pants and sandals, grew shoulder-length hair and a Zapata moustache, and ambled into the offices of General Conglomerate, mumbling, "Hey, man, I wanna rap about a job that pays good bread."

He was hired on the spot by a delighted personnel director who said he could see at a glance that Frisbee was the kind of decent, honest young American every corporation was looking for these days.