

# Meanwhile...

questions answers and non-responses

Winter '92

Issue #3

\$Call For Price

## Functional Literacy

If Reading Magazines is your Job,  
What do you do to Goof Off?

Not too recently I had the pleasure of meeting Arthur Knepper, national sales manager for Luce Press Clippings. Luce provides a valuable service to American business by reading every article in every major newspaper and magazine in the country, searching for names and words its clients feel are important. To each organization that hires Luce to perform such a service, it mails a weekly or monthly envelope full of articles containing the chosen search-words. For example, a banana-growers association hired Luce to track down all articles containing references to bananas. Actually, not *all* articles.

"They want us to follow certain guidelines...for instance, to omit recipes," Knepper explained. "We don't want to send them just any mention of bananas."

Luce reads all of its publications at a central office in Topeka, Kansas. It also monitors TV newscasts, at a site in Mesa, Arizona. National newscasts are videotaped in Mesa, while correspondents around the country videotape local news programs and express-ship them to Mesa every night. Luce has about 400 employees whose jobs are to read the

### INSIDE: THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS...AND BACK

- *Reviews*.....3  
    Glade's Plug-in Air Freshener
- *Literary Special*.....4
- *MediaNoche: media & entertainment*.....5  
    Charting the Oldies
- *GeigerCounterCulture: science & technology*.....6  
    This is Your Brain on Nintendo
- *EconoMix: business & marketing*.....7  
    Imploding the Rumpel Minze Myth
- *New Section:*  
    *Giving 110 Percent: sports & gambling*.....8
- *Featuring: Inane-Phrase Tournament II*  
    *Steve's Hot Stove: Baseball Anecdotes*  
    *FINAL EXIT for Aquatic Species*

newspaper and watch TV. This is a harder job than you may surmise. Readers train for as long as 10 weeks and are monitored closely on the job. Each is on a quota, required to read a certain number of pages -- and produce a specified number of clips -- each day (clients are charged per clip).

"During the training period we lose about half of the readers," Knepper said. "They find they can't hack it."

Who are the workers?

"It used to be mostly housewives. But now you have men readers, younger people coming out of school," Knepper told me. Then he admitted, it still is mostly housewives. "All these middle-aged to elderly women who have gone back into the workforce after their children have grown up and got married. It's very tedious work. Women have more patience."

One woman's entire job, he said, is to read the *New York Times*. There are no part-time workers, and no part of the job may be done at home.

"It's gotta be something where this is their livelihood," Knepper explained.

Luce was founded in 1881 by Robert Luce, no relation to the Luce family of magazine-publishing fame. The family that now owns the private company decided to keep the Luce name because "it's a good name to have in the publishing field." Since then, the company has consistently established itself as the clipping-industry leader in the "clip-offs" it

(continued on page 5)



# From The Editors

## Unfinished Business from the *Meanwhile...* Notebooks

Next on Oprah: Words that Rhyme with their Own Anagrams

Customer #1: I didn't know they put pumpkin in some dishes at Thai restaurants.

Customer #2: Sure they do. Haven't you noticed you never see any pumpkins in this neighborhood?

Letters remaining as possible titles for magazines: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, X, Y.

Cartoon Idea: An off-duty clown is relaxing at home when the doorbell rings. He is reluctant to answer it. He yells to his wife: "Could you get it, honey? I'm in my pajamas."

To someone who only has a hammer, everything looks like a nail. To someone who only has a hammer and a cattle-prod, everything looks like either a nail, or a cow.

The weather has filed a \$10 million slander suit against Milwaukee TV meteorologist Matt Conway, who allegedly called the weather "damp, dismal and depressing" on a day that turned out to be nice. "Everyone's always talking about the weather," explained attorney Charles Lukas. "We're finally going to do something about it."

I watched TV constantly as a kid. My wife says she never did. She used to "play outside." With the other snobs.

The worst part of a Japanese baseball game is when everybody in the crowd does the "tsunami."

A short guy walks into a clothing store especially for "big and tall" men. He discovers that the store actually sells suits in his size. But...the racks are way too high to reach.

Idea for a movie: What if the old lady didn't die when she tried to eat the horse? It could be "I Know An Old Lady II: She's Back and She's Hungry." She could terrorize a small town by eating the residents. After every disappearance, the sheriff could scratch his head and say, "I don't know why she swallowed (victim's name)."

*The Editors*

**Meanwhile...** is the quarterly, in-house newsletter of the Red Rocket Packing Co., a leading producer of caffeine-free carcinogens. It is not available at 6.2 APR financing and does not suggest you "see reverse side for important information."

Subscriptions are *still* available for free until things get out of control (i.e. some guy named Gene asks for a pile of issues, supposedly for his "sister," then says: "Could you sign them, 'To My Friend Gene --'?" It hasn't happened yet).

All original art and text (that appears mostly in Garamond type like this) is copyright (c) 1992 by the following contributors: Steve Steinberg (Literary Special, Steve's Hot Stove, tsunami & "Old Lady II"), Kevin Sartoris (*Plug Ins* illustration), Gary Thompson & Jonathan Takiff (some *Final Exits*), Becky Batcha (signed "The Editors"), Don Steinberg (the rest). Body copy in other type-styles is obviously snipped from well-known publications and butchered beyond recognition.

Please address correspondence to:  
55 North Third Street, Apt. 41, Philadelphia, PA 19106.

This issue's phone-in survey: Should a list of your most embarrassing nicknames be available to any business that has a computer and a modem? Voice your opinion by calling 1-(900)-BILL-ME-LATER.

## the PAPER TRAIL Letters to Other People

BAKER & HOSTETLER  
MCCUTCHEEN BLACK  
COUNSELLORS AT LAW

7/115387

900 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90007 • (213) 624-2490  
FAX (213) 625-1900 • THREE EASY LANE, BERKELEY, MACTAG 15A

1 SANDWICH STREET, SUITE 2000 • SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94104 • (415) 951-4705 • FAX (415) 951-4500

November 16, 1990

Commissioner of Patents and Trademarks  
Registration Division  
Washington, D.C. 20231

Re: Applications for Trademark Registration  
for Lewis Galoob Toys, Inc.

Dear Sir/Madam:

Enclosed please find ten Applications for Trademark Registration for the following marks as trademarks on the Principal Register pursuant to section 1(b): CLASSY CHROMERS, MACRO MACHINES, BLAZE & ROAR, CRUSHERS, REVERSIBLES, SPEN CREW, 60 SECONDS, SUZY SHAPSHOT, GOLDEN STAR, and OPERATION DESERT SHIELD.

Attached to each application is a drawing of the mark, and a check in the amount of \$1750.00 is enclosed to cover the filing fee.

Please file the applications and return the acknowledgment cards with the filing date and serial numbers. Any correspondence or notifications should be directed to:

AT (Anthony M. Keats, Esq.)  
CA (Baker & Hostetler, McCutchen Black  
600 Wilshire Boulevard  
Los Angeles, California 90017)

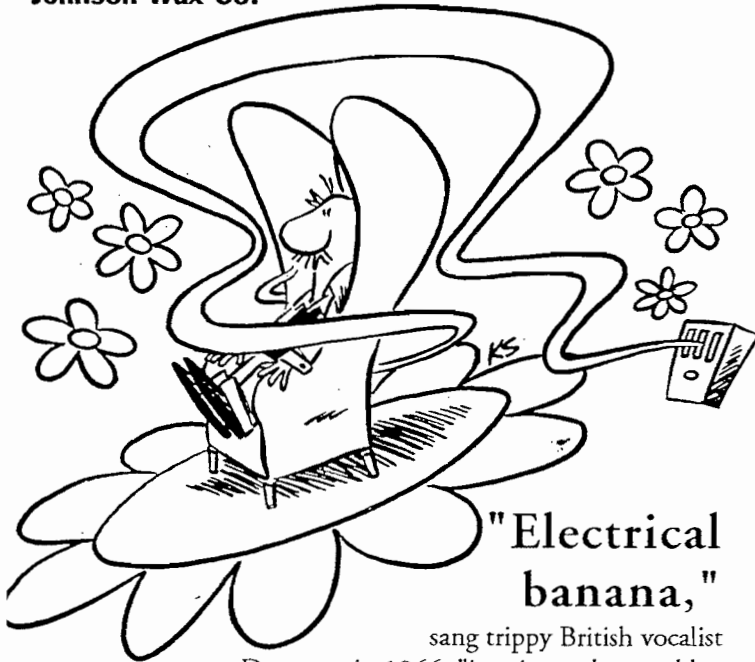
Very truly yours,  
*Susan P. Bernal*  
Susan P. Bernal  
BAKER & HOSTETLER, MCCUTCHEEN BLACK

SPB:td  
Enclosures  
SPB/CAL/911600PAT.L

Quincy, Ohio (513) 423-0300    Oakland, Calif (909) 214-2011    Irvine, California (714) 441-0000    Houston, Texas (713) 224-0000    Los Angeles, California (213) 432-2400    Phoenix, Arizona (602) 444-0000    Washington, D.C. (202) 462-0000

# Reviews

**Glade Plug Ins**  
Johnson Wax Co.



"Electrical  
banana,"

sang trippy British vocalist Donovan in 1966, "is going to be a sudden craze. Electrical banana is bound to be the very next phase."

It can now be revealed that Donovan was completely wrong. Phase after phase has passed, and still no electrical bananas. But the Mellow Yellow fellow did succeed in achieving what many artists were doing at the time: using their art to juxtapose the natural elements of life (the banana) with the man-made (the electricity). The Sixties were the decade that also gave us the Strawberry Alarm Clock, The Electric Prunes, *A Clockwork Orange* and (I'm pretty sure) The Automated Cranshaw Melon. In those days, you just needed a working knowledge of the produce section, and you had a potential hit single on your hands.

Some fruit-referencing artists of the time sought to illuminate the absurdity of man's contrivances as viewed against the simplicity of nature. Such revelations -- for example: time-clocks are bad -- may have been inspired by the mind-altering drugs popularized at the time. If you were grooving on your own magic carpet ride, it was easy to convince yourself that the boss (waiting for you to punch-in for your job in the produce section) was totally ludicrous.

Yet at the same time another group of wigged-out thinkers emerged with a contrasting idea. They believed there might be a connection between the functions of nature and the electronics of the modern age. Psychedelic guru Timothy Leary hoped to "develop electronic communication methods so people could decipher and translate the post-industrial,

post-Newtonian realities stored by the billion in their brains." And media oracle Marshall McLuhan wrote in his 1967 book *The Medium is the Massage*: "The wheel is an extension of the foot. The book, an extension of the eye. Electric circuitry, an extension of the central nervous system."

Electronic media, McLuhan insisted, allowed people across the globe to share an immediate, common sensory encounter of sight and sound. The world thus had entered a new phase. But even he didn't anticipate the level of electrically transmitted sensory experience that would emerge in the '90s.

"Plug Into Freshness," is the way the Johnson Wax Co. introduced *Glade Plug Ins*. *Plug Ins* are the only consumer air fresheners to run on electricity. Insert one into a standard electrical outlet, and it wafts 110 volts worth of fragrance at you for a month. I currently have one sucking juice out of an AC outlet near my desk.

The product has two parts. The "Warmer Unit" is a small, plastic cage that contains the electronics. Then there are "Fragrance Refills." These are small containers that resemble Howard Johnson's jelly packets, retaining a porous membrane over the gel. When slipped into the Warmer Unit, they are gently heated, and the aroma-jelly permeates the membrane at a controlled rate for 30 days.

I've been doing a scent called Country Garden for 10 days now. It's getting to be intense. This is the kind of smell it's nice to *walk by*, not have jacked into the power source where you're sitting. And it's hard to tell what effect Country Garden is going for. *Plug Ins* come in five scents: Country Garden, Mountain Meadow, Honeysuckle, Powder Fresh and Country Breeze. I admit I can't tell the difference. The only way I can tell them apart is their colors. Despite what marketeers would have us believe, it seems that smell is not an adequate medium for the communication of complex ideas like Gentle Rain (as attempted by competitor Renuzit *Roommate*) or Sunshine Delight (Glade's *CrystalAire*).

So perhaps the extension of McLuhan's global village to smell isn't going to work after all. Maybe it was the fruit-referencing musicians of the Sixties who were correct in contrasting electronics against nature. Maybe we don't need our fragrances to be UL listed. Nature once was nature. Now I'm thinking about the poor sap who travels to Europe. He brings his *Glade Plug Ins*. But the outlets there run at 220 volts. So he has to go to Radio Shack and buy one of those \$33 dual-wattage AC converters just to get a whiff of Honeysuckle. It's a world gone mad.

When you think about it, Plug In Honeysuckle would have been a fine name for a 1960s psychedelic rock band. But, then again, maybe the "electrical banana" Donovan sang about was another thing entirely. ♦

# \* LITERARY SPECIAL \*

Sure, there's plenty of speculation about what it might be like if the trademarked, brand-name characters of supermarket shelves popped up in the classic works of world literature. Talk, sure...but talk is cheap. Finally, someone has done something about it.  
by *Steve Steinberg*

## NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

by **Fyodor Dostoevsky**

I am a sick rabbit...I am a spiteful rabbit. I think my stomach hurts, but I don't know a damn thing about medicine or doctors. I respect both the science and its practitioners, but I refuse to see one of our so called "specialists." I know that the only one that I'm hurting by this is myself; so be it. I am not so daft as to think that my actions, or inactions, will in any way affect some fine doctor. If I don't seek a cure, it is only from spite. I wish my stomach would hurt more!

Our "specialists" have views about everything. The drama specialist will bore you to tears with stories of the stage. The military specialist will give you the coordinates of the exact point from which to attack. And the dietary specialist, the most special of all specialists, will tell you that I should eat carrots. I have nothing against the carrot, but I will not eat one. And why? Spite.

That same educated and enlightened dietary specialist will then turn and tell you that "Trix are for kids." And while I have no appetite for these loathsome overly-sweetened corn puffs, I gnash my teeth and suffer months of insomnia at the mere thought of going without them. Holed up here in the wretched underground, sheer spite drives me to fantasies of a multi-colored breakfast cereal, knowing full well that fulfillment of this dream would lead to nothing more than angry fits and convulsions of self-hatred. "Trix are for kids," I would tell them, "And sometimes for spiteful rabbits!" \*

## THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

by **Mark Twain**

I reckon it was long past noon when I finally woke. The sun was fixing to head back down past the trees and the bugs was starting to take a real shining to my face. I decided it warn't no good to jes set there on the raft and be eaten live, so's I figured I'd go wake our newest travelin companion and see if he knew bout something bout some food. He was a queer looking sort, and I got mighty nervous and fidgety before shaking him. Y'see, I done my share of getting around, but I jes never seen nothing like this one. He didn't have what me and you might call a head and then a neck and then a chest and then a belly, like most folks. What he done had was jes a big peanut for a body; a big old peanut-man body and skinny little arms and legs.

Truth be, I's the one din't want him on the raft when he swam by round midnight. Jim's the one to start talkin bout all of us being God's creatures and other Sunday school rot and pretty soon my conscience got me to agree. We's both powerful scared, though, when he began atalkin.

"My name is Mister Peanut." He warn't from these parts I could tell by his talking. He sounded like acting folk, only I knew he couldn't be no actor looking like that. I spose I woulda laughed if I wasn't so afeared. Jim jes set there like he was lookin at the devil's ghost inna flesh.

"You see, my fine lads," Peanut said rightin his one eye-glass and tall hat, "the south is just no place for a sophisticated legume."

Jim was whiter than the bottom of a plucked hen, jes mumblin "fisticated lay-goan" over and over at hisself.

Even though I was dog tired, sleep dint come too powerful easy. I reckon I was busy decidin in my mind ifs or not I should roll our sleepin peanut goblin off the raft. Also, I's busy figurin what I'd look like in that fancy society-folk hat a his. \*

## THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA

by **Yukio Mishima**

Crunch stared off the bow of the ship at the Yokahama skyline. His blue eyes squinted from the chaotic reflections thrown up from the sea. While his future lay in the steel and cement city spread out before him, his past remained a thousand miles away. To the outside world he was the brave and courageous Cap'n, the ultimate symbol of man's ability to overcome and conquer the dismantling forces of the ocean. In his own mind, he was nothing more than a suckling infant, groping blindly for the security that would come from the milk and warmth of a nursing mother's breast.

It was such a woman that he had left behind. He closed his eyes against the harsh sting of the harbor air; its saltiness mingling with his own sweat in the forest of his great white moustache. He thought of her as he'd seen her last, dressed in a kimono, her face shyly hidden behind a fan. It was to be a brief pleasure only, for the memories of her solid white albacore, fancy pink salmon, and minced and chopped baby clams soon returned him to the present. The present which he despised with very fiber of his being.

In his grand dream the two of them would be together forever, eating bowl after bowl of his golden cereal. Eating until the roofs of their mouths were ripped raw by the crunchy nuggets. Their pain radiating with the vitality of their love. It was just a dream, though. He knew they were from two different worlds. She came from the cold, metal world of canned meat and fish: the land of King Oscar, Dinty Moore, and the Underwood Devil. He was from a simpler place. To Snap, Crackle, Pop, and Sonny the Cuckoo Bird maybe he was a hero, but even in his polished uniform with its golden epaulets, he knew better. \*

**MediaNoche**  
media and entertainment



**LADIES  
BEAT**

Classic Hits as Reviewed by  
Today's Top Economic Researchers!<sup>tm</sup>

**Journal of Consumer Research:**

On the basis of pretest results, four songs were selected to operationalize the four fit and indexicality conditions. "You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman" was used to create the high-indexicality, high-fit condition ( $\bar{X}$  = 5.95,  $\bar{X}$  = 4.79). "Stop in the Name of Love" was used to create the high-indexicality, low-fit condition ( $\bar{X}$  = 5.61,  $\bar{X}$  = 1.13). The likability ratings were 6.08 and 5.85, respectively.

**Journal of Economic Psychology:**

Pessimistic rumination in popular songs and newsmagazines predict economic recession via decreased consumer optimism

*Rumination ratings*

Rumination was content-analysed according to a system outlined in a manual (Zullo 1985) which follows the logic of the Kuhl (1981) questionnaire. For each sentence, raters decided if it contained a rumination - a negative description or evaluation of an event. For songs, the event had to be bad from the perspective of the singer (or the story's protagonist if the singer was a narrator) to rate as a rumination.

Table 1  
An example of rumination rated in a song: 'Bad Moon Rising' (1969).

Sentence	Rumination (present or absent?)
1. I see a bad moon a-rising.	Present
2. I see trouble on the way.	Present
3. I see earthquakes and lightning.	Present
4. I see bad times today.	Present
(Chorus)	
5. Don't go around tonight.	Absent
6. Well, it's bound to take your life.	Present
7. There's a bad moon on the rise.	Present
(Verse)	
8. I hear hurricanes a-blowing.	Present
9. I know the end is coming soon.	Present
10. I fear rivers overflowing.	Present
11. I hear the voice of rage and ruin.	Present
(Repeat chorus)	
(Verse)	
15. Hope you got your things together.	Absent
16. Hope you are quite prepared to die.	Present
17. Looks like we're in for nasty weather.	Present
18. One eye is taken for an eye.	Present
(Repeat chorus twice)	

Note: 19/24 sentences contain rumination, hence rumination score = 79.2%.

When you NBC-it, You'll Believe it...

**It's  
TERRORIZED  
WOMEN**   
**Week on NBC!**



"In the Arms of a Killer":  
Jaclyn Smith

**SUNDAY**

**Thursday**

Movie: Jaclyn Smith might be "In the Arms of a Killer" when she teams up with Michael Nouri for this 1992 TV-movie with Danielle Steel-styled echoes and surprising twists. The ★★ melodrama casts Smith as a cop and Nouri as her lover. He may also be a killer. —9 PM **3 40 4**

**3 40 4** L.A. LAW (CC); 60 min. 8915/726286/6557  
Mullaney (John Spencer) is pitted against ex-wife Zoey (Cecil Hoffmann) in his defense of an accused serial killer and rapist

**Tuesday**

**Sunday**

**3 40 4** LAW & ORDER (CC); 60 min. 8113/762484/6755  
An obsessive fan (Bradley White) is charged with attempting to murder a soap-opera actress (Blanche Baker), and his lawyer enters a plea of temporary insanity.

Movie: The reliable Lindsay Wagner stars in 1989's "From the Dead of Night," a ★★ Grand Guignol about a fashion designer who is being pursued by creatures who have "crossed the line between life and death and want to reclaim her as one of their own." Part 1 of two. Directed by Paul Wendkos. —9 PM **3 40 4**

**CLIPPED OFF (cont.)**

regularly conducts against its competitors.

Luce now serves nearly 4,000 clients, ranging from major corporations to individuals. Some customers receive five clips a month, others may get twenty thousand, he said.

"Virtually every article written has a chance of being clipped for some reason," Knepper said. "We have clients who ask us to clip for human interest stories, because they have a [human interest] publication they publish. Things about animals, cats and dogs. We even have one reader who clips for everything written on press-clipping services."

But Luce refuses to search for ordinary individuals' names. It does have "recording artists and entertainers" as clients (Knepper mentioned only Bianca Jagger by name). "But those are different from looking up the everyday person. If we had to start checking for every individual we saw, the readers would never get through the publications."

On the job, readers are assigned areas of specialty, but "a reader who's reading a sporting magazine, if she sees something about a computer company, she's gonna punch-in the keyword [into Luce's computer database] and check if it's a client. Any time she sees a good clip, she underlines it very lightly with a blue pencil." It next goes to Clipping and Captioning, where it is cut out (unless it first needs to be photocopied for multiple clients) and prepared for mailing.

I asked Knepper whether he thought any workers ever went home at the end of the day to curl up with a good book.

"I think," he said, "most of them probably want to rest their eyes."

## GeigerCounterCulture science & technology

### FINAL EXIT for aquatic species

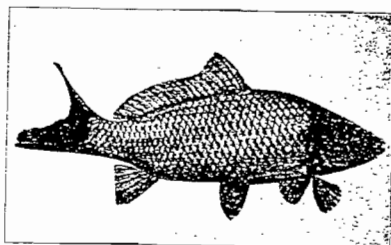
(arranged in approximate order of funniness)



THE ELECTRIC EEL.

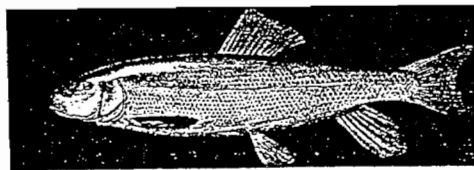
OCTOPUS - slit  
wrists  
FLYING FISH -  
jump onto  
bridge  
SWORDFISH -  
hara kiri

BLUEFISH -  
tranquilizer  
overdose  
ELECTRIC EEL -  
pull the plug  
12-POUND BASS -  
public hanging  
STINGRAY -  
carbon monoxide



GERMAN SCALED CARP.

PUFFER - self-asphyxiation  
BLOWFISH - cocaine OD  
RAINBOW TROUT - bad acid  
BONEFISH - calcium deficiency  
SHARK - hunger strike  
HERMIT CRAB - exposure  
ANGEL FISH - martyrdom  
PERCH - knock self off  
SEAHORSE - break leg  
HAMMERHEAD SHARK - blunt instrument  
TRIGGER FISH - shoot self after sniping spree  
SOCKEYE SALMON - concussion  
KISSING GOURAMI - herpes  
SNAPPER - lose all control



THE COMMON SUCKER.

SUN FISH -  
immolation  
LOBSTER -  
cholesterol  
STARFISH -  
career suicide

## THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON NINTENDO. ANY QUESTIONS?

Below are messages left on the video-games bulletin-board of the Prodigy computer service, during a week in late December:

SUBJECT: NINTENDO 3 CLUB HELP

I NEED HELP ON THE SIMPSONS BART VS. THE SPACE MUTANTS. I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IF YOU NEED TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE TRASH CANS. I ALSO DON'T KNOW IF YOU NEED TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE FOUNTAINS, IF YOU NEED TO HIDE OR COLOR THESE THEN HOW. I AM ON THE FIRST LEVEL  
P.S. PLEASE REPLY PRIVATLY

SUBJECT: NINTENDO 3 CLUB HELP

I PLAYED BART AT MY FRIENDS HOUSE. IF SOMETHING IS RED YOU PAINT IT PURPLE. I THINK.

SUBJECT: NINTENDO 3 CLUB HELP

IN CHRYSALIS, WHERE IS THE LOVE NECKLACE?  
PLEASE RESPOND IN 24HRS, PLEASE.

SUBJECT: NINTENDO ANSWERS

has anyone out there beat the Immortal? I'm at the very end (the dragon) and I cant get past him! SOMEONE PLEASE HELP! I'VE BEEN STUCK HERE 4-EVER!!!

SUBJECT: SUPER MARIO HELP

I found out how to get to the star road from the vanilla dome. You must have the cape. Go to the red dot before the pipe. Go to the first jumping board. Fly to the left. There should be a tube you can go in and finish the area.

SUBJECT: SUPER MARIO HELP

How do you get out of the forest of illusion? I need help from anyone. Thanx.

SUBJECT: SUPER MARIO HELP

I found a quick way to get to Bowsers castle without having to beat all the koopa kids. If you go to a star road fight your way to a lower right point of the star (there are two ways out of the red dots).

SUBJECT: NINTENDO:NEED HELP?

On Super mario Brothers 3, in the third world, 6th part, there appears a green block. At times it appears whole, or in part. What does it mean and what can i do with it. I've also seen it in the 4th part of the same world. It used to be a bush but changes once I complete a sequence of moves with a turtle at the beginning. Any ideas?

SUBJECT: NINTENDO:NEED HELP?

1) Do you know how to get unlimited money on BASEBALL STARS?  
2) Do you know any tricks in TOP GUN or how to get free guys? please write soon!

SUBJECT: MEGA MAN II (HELP!!!)

In Mega Man II, how do you defeat the Blobs in Dr. Wiley's castle? I really need to know.

SUBJECT: MEGA MAN II (HELP!!!)

Are you talking about the boss of the section right before the 1st skull? If so, here's help! Recharge your Crash Bombs and charge in, destroy all the walls, then get killed. Then come back, recharge your Crash Bombs again. Run in, the walls are still gone! Now, destroy each one, making sure each hit counts!

SUBJECT: METROID TIPS

OK. EXACTLY HOW MANY MISSILES DOES IT TAKE TO DESTROY MOTHER BRAIN?

## EconoMix the business page

### HEADS OF INDUSTRY Inside the Men Who Built America THIS MONTH: RICE KRISPIES PIONEER W.K. KELLOGG

Throughout his life, Mr. Kellogg had almost the fervency of a numerologist in attaching significance to being the "seventh son of a seventh child" and, whenever possible, he secured rooms on the seventh floors of hotels and with room numbers ending in the "magic seven." For a number of years, Mr. Kellogg applied for his automobile licenses by specifying that the numbers should end in "seven" such as 7, 17 and 27.

This whimsy was one of the few indulgences permitted himself by the industrialist-philanthropist even in later years when he had the money and the time for leisure. He explained this by recalling that "as a boy I never learned to play."

## THE ETHICAL CONSIDERATIONS OF LAW-FIRM ADVERTISING...

The Law Offices of POWELL, HANES & MINEHART announce the opening of their NORTHEAST OFFICE and are pleased to offer readers of this ad:

### A FREE WILL

The firm offers a full range of services including expertise in:

- WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION • PERSONAL INJURY
- CRIMINAL LAW • ESTATES

7600 Castor Avenue • 972-8200

EVENING AND SATURDAY HOURS AVAILABLE

Kenneth J. Powell, Jr., Esquire • Jeffrey P. Minehart, Esquire  
D. Bruce Hanes, Esquire

## OUR CONTEST ENTRY



## CREATE YOUR OWN Rumple Minze<sup>®</sup> MYTH

### AND YOU COULD WIN A SONY CD PLAYER!

Who is she?? The blond, sword-wielding warrior with the Rumple Minze shield? Use your imagination and the space below to create your own Rumple Minze myth based on the well-known illustration on the facing page. You could be the winner of a Sony CD Player or the Rumple Minze Primal T-Shirt or Poster. Go ahead—MYTH-DEFY US!

The sword-wielding warrior with the Rumple Minze shield has secret and mystical origins. She sprung to life late one night when the line manager for Rumple Minze peppermint schnapps was wandering through the halls of Paddington Corp. in Fort Lee, New Jersey, wondering why no one was buying booze that tasted like Halls' Mentho-lyptus lozenges. He bumped into the marketing manager and they started making wisecracks about the attractiveness of the temp who was working as a receptionist. Then they talked about weightlifting for a while and decided to go over to a nearby bar. Soon they were seated, ordered a couple bottles of schnapps, took a few swigs and were just laughing a lot. The line manager opened his briefcase and took out some Playboys and started passing them around, and he ordered a round of schnapps for everybody in the place. That's when they started thinking about the temp again and the idea for a Rumple Minze blonde warrior. It would look just like the temp but with more of a uniform. Leather underpants, the large silver bra that such a warrior would wear, and an incredible body. And she would be riding on a polar bear, they decided. Why not. And an eye patch. How did she get the eye patch? I'll tell you how she got the eye patch...one or the other of them drawled before they both lay their heads on the table and fell asleep.

### OFFICIAL RULES

No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Open to residents of the U.S. Contest runs from October 11, 1991 to November 30, 1991. Approximate total retail value of prizes: 1 grand prize or a Sony CD Player: \$225.00, 100 first prizes of a Rumple Minze T-shirt: \$7.50 each, and 250 second prizes of a Rumple Minze poster: \$4.00 each. This contest is sponsored by Paddington Corp. Employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its subsidiaries and affiliates, wholesalers, distributors and retailers are not eligible to win. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of prizes. Prizes will be sent directly to winners. All entries must be received by November 30, 1991.

### ENTRY FORM

Fill in the information below & send it in with your myth by 11/30/91

Name: Meanwhile

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Send entry to: Rumple Minze<sup>®</sup> Myrn  
P.O. Box 250-P  
Orange, N.J. 07051

**Giving 110 Percent  
sports & gambling section**

THE HOTTEST PLAYOFF PICKS ANYWHERE!!!  
Beautiful Gals On Their Private Home Phones  
SPECIALIZING in the NFL PLAYOFFS & SUPERBOWL

**SPORTS  
KING**

COME PARTY  
WITH ME



**CALL 1-900-903- SCORE**

Dear Sports Fan,  
Saturday is my next **TEN STAR PLAY**.  
Call right now and receive the winners  
of this week's basketball games, plus  
**UNCENSORED SEDUCTIVE WOMEN**  
**PISTONS vs BULLS**

**ST JOHNS vs SYRACUSE**

**Sexual Confessions**

TO QUOTE THE  
SPORTSKING HIMSELF:  
"Before you play a game with  
your hard-earned money...  
demand a written guarantee!"

**We Guarantee that  
you will have a date  
by Saturday Night!**

**Only \$10 per call**  
**SUPER BOWL \$25.00**

**18 years or older**

**STEVE'S  
HOT  
STOVE**



BASEBALL ANECDOTES

Who'll ever forget the time a circus midget  
came up to bat for the Cardinals....

It was 1947, and Bill Veeck, then president of the Cards, decided it was time to poke a little fun at his favorite game. (It was Veeck who in 1944 thought up the name "Lou Gehrig's Disease.")

By September, the Cards were hopelessly out of the pennant race, attendance was slipping, and the entire midwest was in the midst of one heck of a late-summer heatwave. An afternoon game against the Cubs would be the perfect stage for Veeck's prank. With two on in the bottom of the sixth of a scoreless game, Veeck had Manager Artie Bates pull Enos Slaughter from the game as Slaughter was making his way to the plate.

Confused and angry, Slaughter stormed back to the dugout, barely noticing the little man that passed him on the way. Jaws dropped as Bill Magliocci stepped into the batter's box -- all three-foot eleven inches of him!

Umpire Dale Kennedy could only scratch his head. How could he call balls and strikes on a man who had virtually no strike zone? His job was made easy, though, as Magliocci swung and missed on three straight "slowballs," none of which reached the plate on the fly.

Veeck's characteristic good humor was nowhere to be found after the game. He lifted Magliocci by the collar and continually slammed the bearded midget against a row of lockers, while addressing the press: "Fucking troll! Christ, he's an automatic walk!" ○

If the round sticker  
at the left is RED,  
You may already  
be a winner!  
If it's BLUE, sorry...  
you're most  
certainly a loser.

This Game For Amusement Only

**The Inane Phrase Tournament  
Winter 1991-1992**

"Button Your Fly" (defending champ)

