of the office, which problem every
is nothing, to the best of my
objectively as possible, providing
organized information on the

... in association with The Kenyon Collegian
celebrates
Nearly Everybody's All-America City
MOUNT VERNON, OHIO

MOUNT VERNON
ALL-AMERICA CITY

Vernon Equinox, Founder of Mt. Vernon, Blesses A Harvest of All-America Youth
He has been an MP.

"I heard a girl giggle," he says. "Don't you know better than that?" he asks the couple.
All-American Town –
All-America Conscience:

A Word from the Editors

Greetings! Or perhaps we should instead offer a hearty “Congratulations!” to the citizens of Mt. Vernon. It is you, after all, who have made your town the All-America City.

A town is no bigger than the heart of her citizens, no more outstanding than her most outstanding inhabitant, no more pious than her most devoted church-goer, no more fun-loving than her most carefree teenager, no more “American” than her most loyal veteran. We feel that spending some time in Mt. Vernon has helped us to understand these whole United States a little better. Yours, Mt. Vernon, are the incredible strengths of this whole nation. Yours are the tree-shaded streets and smiling young faces from Kalamazoo to Slippery Rock, Hibbing to Holcomb. From Foster’s Pharmacy to the First Knox Federal, the Big Bear to the Hut, this, we say to you with a hobust and heartfelt clap on the back is America!

So in a very real sense we are not giving this award to you, but to the United States of America. You are the mirror of the face of a nation, a country’s very heartbeat. You are the excitement of the young, the determination of the mature, the serenity of the old. You do not shirk tradition; indeed, you are proud of it. But you look also to the future, wish on the stars, and know that tomorrow will be brighter. Each day is another victory for you, a simultaneous new challenge and new conquest. You, Mt. Vernon, are our future.

So the editors of LUCK, the second best picture news magazine in the United States, say to you: we are proud, Mt. Vernon, to trust our future to your wise hands. We shall grow with you; we shall all of us, in all the fifty states, grow with you. For you will abide. And you will endure.

God bless you, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, the All-America City.

— Harold Hubris
Senior Editor
Luck Magazine
A Few Inspirational Words from General Curtis LeMay

(B. Mount Vernon, Ohio 1906)

General LeMay, who ascribes his most notable character attributes to his active youth in Mount Vernon, is one of the nation’s leading experts on the perpetuation of warfare. His autobiography, That Was Your Lives, a sequel to his memoirs I Remember Bomber, will be published by Armageddon Press on the next escalation of the Vietnamese War.

My entire world view belongs to Mount Vernon. At one time, I leaned toward the academic side of life. But the day I was hired by the Mount Vernon Chamber of Commerce to fly a crop-duster loaded with napalm over a local men’s college, I knew that I was cut out to be a friend of man. It was patriotically satisfying to see all those pasty-faced, pansified peace-creeps bombed back into the Stone Age. Anyway, I think it’s an insult to all good citizens to name a Bolshevik-founded college after Steve Canyon.

Yes, All-American is more than an adequate definition for Mount Vernon. Even though the town was named after the ancestral home of a general from a rival service, I believe that its citizens capture the flavor of Americanism. I was honored to learn, for example, that the town plans to name its first missile base after yours truly. That shows an essential characteristic of the American Way — a will to fight, even when its un-called for. In return, I hope to show my appreciation by turning over to the archives of my native town my prize possession: a cuspidor made from the first bomb dropped on Warsaw and used by the entire General Staff of the second (and not the last, I hope) World War.
To the Chairman of the Mount Vernon Chamber of Commerce:

MY FELLOW AMERICANS, WE ARE ENGAGED IN A GREAT WAR FOR PEACE. WE WILL MARCH FORWARD WITH OUR BANNERS UNFURLED AND OUR SWORDS PUT AWAY, BUT BY THE SAME TOKEN, AT OUR SIDE, OR SIDES.

WE'VE GOT A FINE COUNTRY. AND NOT ONLY DO WE HAVE A FINE COUNTRY, BUT WE'VE GOT A FINE BUNCH OF FOLKS. SURE WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS, BUT WE CAN SOLVE THOSE. CAN'T WE GANG? I WANT YOU FOLKS FROM THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DOWN TO YOU IN MOUNT VERNON HIGH TO JOIN WITH ME AND CONTINYA IN THE FINE AMERICAN WAY.

IT IS DUE TO YOUR FINE ACHIEVEMENT THAT I SPEAK FOR MY OFFICE AS WELL AS THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN CONGRATULATING YOU AS THE AMERICAN IDEAL. THIS IDEAL IS SOMETHIN WE ALL MUST CHERISH. IT WAS STARTED BY OUR FOUNDING FATHERS AND HAS BEEN CONTINYAD BY THOMAS JEFFERSON, JAMES K. POLK, AND MAHSELF, NOT TO MENTION YOU FINE FOLKS. AND THESE TRUTHS ARE NOT THOSE WHICH AH WORK OUT WITH MY CABINET IN CABINET MEETINGS. NO, THESE TRUTHS THAT I SHARE WITH YOU TODAY ARE THOSE THAT I SHARE WITH LADY BIRD IN THE PRIVACY OF OUR BEDROOM. AH THANK YA. AND MAH WIFE THANKS YAH. SHE'S CHAIRMAN OF OUR BEAUTIFICATION DRIVE. YA KNOW, AND SHE'S PLEASED AT THE WAY YOU FOLKS HAVE BEAUTIFIED YOUR TOWN. IT IS IN THAT VEIN OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GENERATION OF OUR HISTORY THAT I CAN SPEAK AS ITS LEADER AND SAY CONGRATULATIONS.

BEST TO YOU FOLKS,

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON
Oldest Female Bartender Speaks Her Mind

MAUDE FRICKERT

On the Southwest side of Mount Vernon works the phenomenal Maude Frickert. As the world’s oldest (female) bartender she cuts a legendary figure.

At 92 she gives one a picture of Mount Vernon through the years. For she, too, has fallen on hard times. She now works in one of Mount Vernon’s teeny bars to the delight of all Kenyon students and All-Americans alike. We have asked Maude to comment on the most recent accolade given her town and how she feels about Mount Vernon in general.

"Call me Maudie. The young boy from Kenyon with the camera calls me Maudie, and he’s a nice young buck. Jay’s his name, the one with the long hair—oh yes. He’s really a swinger. You know what I mean by that, don’t you? Just invite one of those Kenyon boys over for cake and cookies and you’ll find out. They may be a little green but they come on like gangbusters—oh my yes!!

"All-American City? You’re puttin’ me on. Why, an old lady can’t have a little fun here any more. Those Go-Go girls have got to go. Everybody just settin’ there, gawkin at those giggly girls on the platform. What’s the matter with those boys anyway? Doesn’t anyone like action anymore? I could teach them a thing or two. You call this place the American Ideal? Why I heard ya had more fun in the Middle Ages than ya do here.

"When I was a little girl, my mother worked in the old Curtis Hotel. That was in the old days after the Civil War. A lot of folks ask me what things were like before the New Deal. Everybody was hurt bad by the depression of ’29. And welfare didn’t help much. Why you can’t feed sparrows on that cash. Everyone was poor then. Not long after, though, the Chamber of Commerce decided to go in for Big Business. You can see that today when the executives come in to Antonie’s. We’ve had the same regulars for twenty years now. Many a time they’ve breathed new life into this old gal. But ever since my steady, LeMar Jean LeMay, died I haven’t seen any spirit in this town. What we need is some money sent to us regularly. Federal funds. I live down on River Road and there aren’t any parades or American flags down there—you’d better believe it. They don’t fool me. That section hasn’t changed for thirty years. They’re just waitin’ for us to turn in. You talk about guns and butter. Our President is a little to the right of Louis the XIV.

"And another thing, I don’t always want to go to Bangs for a weekend, ‘specially in July. My nephew always sends me down there, puts me in one of those cheap motels out in a camp chair. I always sorta wanted to go to Shanghaied. And skip through the streets, ride in one of those rickshaws with a copy of National Geographic and hope for the best. All-American city, why . . . ."

(continued on page 25)
Lost Lyrics of Dan Emmett

PRETTY WOMAN

Pretty woman:
Walking to the Keg,
showing lots of
Hairy leg.
(See the girl in the red bluejeans?
She's the woman that's queen of mah dreams.)

Pretty woman
In response,
Hand gripping a flagon
Of Wild Irish Rose.
(See the girl all dressed in grey?
She chews sacks of Workman's Day.)

Pretty woman —
Don't walk away.
I want to watch
Your teeth decay.
(See the girl wearing green silk hankies?
She plays third base for the New York Yankees.)

THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE"

Oh, I was born in Old Mount Vernon
And I'm not yearnin' for returnin'.
Keep me away! Far away! From Old Vernon town,
Oh I don't care much for Big Bear.
Oh no! Oh no!
For Big Bear's where I got a scare,
When I was jumped by six big hairy apes. Right there! Near the square!
Oh, Lawdy don't send me back there!

KNOX COUNTY RHUMBA
(To the tune of "Birth of the Blues")

They took some rocks
Lead-filled socks,
Several dozen thick-skulled cops,
And they called it... the county of Knox.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE RAG

First you figure whom to please,
Fiddle with your city's fees;
Take up all your budget's slack,
And Kick it back!
Kick it back!
Kick it back!
Kick it back!

Go to all those stupid meetings;
Send the PTA your greetings.
For the man who's first to pounce'll
Soon be on the city council.

Don't miss a trick or skip a group:
Cover the Sewing Circle loop.
Let the people know you're tryin' —
Suck up every Elk and Lion.

Give the city folks the notion
You head the Jaycees' promotion.
Then you will be sitting pretty
In your All-American City.

Sweep the streets, replace the lights,
Stop all of the larger fights,
Keep the town small, white, and sleepy;
Then we won't see the NAACP.

Pledge your allegiance, wave your flag.
Do the Chamber of Commerce Rag.

Daniel Emmett, born in the halcyon days of Mount Vernon's existence, became one of America's most beloved ditty constructors with his immortal song enjoyed by all Americans, regardless of their origin. DIXIE. LUCK, through the merest of chances, uncovered some original lyrics penned by Emmett, in the foundation of one of the go-go cages at the Moonlight Club. Here are some of the verses put down by Mount Vernon's contribution to the world of literature.
DIGNITARIES SEND SALUTATIONS

To the Editor of LUCK:

Speaking for Mr. New Yorker, I extend my heartiest congratulations to the citizenry of Mount Vernon on their selection as an All-America city. From what I know of your city, you seem to embody all the finest characteristics of America. All that is, except one.

I notice, from a brief examination of the latest census figures on Mount Vernon, that you have only a scattering of the minority groups that compose the richness of America. Therefore, as a gesture of salutation and assistance to my fellow Americans, I am sending you the entire Puerto Rican population of New York. And, also something extra. In order to integrate these fine people into the All-American fabric of Mount Vernon, you will need an expert administrator. You should therefore be thankful that I am sending you in addition a man who has assisted my efforts on behalf of New York — Robert Moses. He comes equipped with a plan to build a much-needed bridge over your great river, the Kokosing — lengthwise.

Sincerely,
John V. Lindsay
Mayor, New York City

To the Mayor of Mount Vernon, Its Citizens, and the Editors of LUCK magazine:

Sirs:

I was indeed happy and overjoyed to learn that the neighboring borough of Cape Vernon was named an All-America City. It is with true sincerity that I write of my pleasure at hearing of this citation. Vernon Hill is a good town, not one of those places like New York where you have to put a padlock on the soap and towels. No Sir, Vermontown is a clean street, you don't have any silly zooks who go around wanting to build hothed dormitories.

My wife Poesy (she's Chairman of our local beautification drive, you know) wants all you people to come up here some weekend for our free distribution of Burpee seed packets. These will help you grow and beautify yourselves in this, the Large, I mean Big, I mean Great Society.

So once again, keep a door ajar to All-Americanism. At this time of the Tibetan crisis, we shouldn't be patting King George on the back.

Best Wishes
F. Edward Lint

The Mount Vernon Police Department is always at your service we don't try as hard as we should, but we'd get in trouble if we tried harder.
THE VERMIN

Vermin, Vermin, burning bright
In the dump-fires of the night;
What mighty arm, so strong and fair,
Dropped that statue on your square?

From what distant sinks and pits
Come your countless streams of grizis?
Who caused th' Immortal Hand to stay
And form the awesome FFA?

Vermin, Vermin, burning bright;
Cut off from the urban blight.
What immortal hand and eye
Aimed at you that custard pie?

THE TOWN

Little town, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee business — bade thee feed
On the rich commercial seed;
Gave thee houses, pretty, white;
Fine new houses, dustproof, tight;
Gave thy hills a mighty voice,
M V O, the farmers' choice;
Little town, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little town, I'll tell thee.
Little town, I'll tell thee:
They are called by thy name,
For they think they are the town;
Merchants, barbers, desk-clerks too;
Joined in the promotion, Who
Doubts the wisdom, of their pick.
These men who make this small town tick?
Little town, God bless thee!
Don't let those lousy ratfink nogood
Pinko radicals, mess thee.

AT A MT. VERNON CAB STAND

The apparition of these faces on the street;
Toilet paper on a wet garbage heap.

POOH'S ODE

How sweet to be a town
Lack Magazine's renowned!
Every townie's proud:
With banners bright they shroud
The storefronts of their town —
A red-white-and-blue gown.

How good to be the burg
Whose name cannot be slurred?
All-American as Doris Day,
As apple pie, as new-mown hay;
As genuine as Kresse's pearls —
As cultural as Go-Go girls.

HOW TO BECOME AN ALL-AMERICAN CITY

New trashcans keep
The sidewalks neat.
Forget the snow
Piled in the street —
We don't have to
Be that complete.

POET'S CORNER: Five Poets
And One Critic Hail Mt. Vernon

by Gewit Rolloff

It is appropriate that the community should be gathered here today on a Fresh Spring Morning when the Sun returns to the Land and bringing forth Life out of Death, Light out of Darkness, Warmth out of Cold, in order to celebrate the award which we so richly deserve. As surely as the Cycle of the Seasons, as surely as Spring follows Winter and brings New Life, so too will Mount Vernon Progress; out of the Winter of Civic Apathy we have brought the Spring of Civic pride, the Spring of the Sense of Community which will one day make us a Spring after the Winter death.

It is a Grand and Wonderful Achievement. Realizing what you were, and contrasting it to what you would be, you exerted all your Human Powers (diminished though they might have been by the Fall) and wrought your own Redemption. You came to grips with the problems of living in the Created World (taarnished as it is by the Fall) and by dint of Marvelous Fortitude and Endurance made this proud day possible. What though the world's timeliness will one day bring us all to the winter of our days and return us to the primordial oozes from whence we sprang, the achievements which we commemorate today will be timeless. Although the great chain of being is such that some must be higher and closer to the light of the Creator, and others lower and closer to the world of Fallen man, the citizens of MV were faithful to their heritage and raised themselves to as high a link on the chain as it is possible for Fallen Man to climb.

In the Totality of Human Experience there is no more noble a tale. Beowulf had his Grendel, a Fierce and Terrible Embodiment of the Evils which the Tribe of Mankind as a whole must overcome as they journey to Jerusalem the Golden, and Mount Vernon had its problems too. Just as Beowulf overcame Grendel by dint of tireless battle, so you tirelessly fought to make your city the exrempl of what is fine in America. Indeed, Mount Vernon approaches Jerusalem the Golden in this proud achievement. You have contributed no small share to the harmony and order of the universe. In the face of worldly uncertainty, you, like the faithful shepherd who tends his flock in the face of the perils of the world, you have made yourself the embodiment of the American Ideal.
WINNING ALL-AMERICAN CIVIC PROJECT

— An Acrostic Performed by the Mt. Vernon One Hundred and Tambourine Quartet

M is for the Mud this town was built on
T. is for da Teamwork dat it took
V is for the Vigor of our young folk
E is for Everytime they're booked
R is for the Restaurants that feed us
N is for the Nausea that they cause
O is for Orphans, here they prosper
N is for our love of Natural Laws

Put it all together it spells MT. VERNON, the city wrapped in patriotic gauze.

Best-Selling Books in Mount Vernon

The following are the books most in demand by Mt. Vernon's reading public, as determined by sales lists compiled from the reading racks of renowned dentists' offices, Hickler's Drug Store, Ringworm's, and the space underneath the benches in the bus station:

Non-Fiction:
1. *How to Repair Your Power Lawnmower and Barbeque Pit*.
4. *English for Beginners*.
5. *The Rendering of Bacon Fat into Beautiful and Useful Home Decorations*.

Fiction:
IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?
Join the Party Generation

The All-American Cola

Party drink
people
These

Shouldn't you?