

# HAM ON RYON

## Let's Avoid Subject of Pools . .

BY ART RYON

They said there'd be dry days. And this is one of them.

Oh, I could tell you about the pool, which is supposed to be sparkling blue, but which has suddenly turned a sickening green.

But, I hate pool drop-pers.

So, we'll skip that.

★

Or there's the rather funny thing that happened to Bob Dietrich.

Every day, he goes into an 8th St. bar and has a vodka martini.

When he went in the other day, the bartender said, "Hello, Mr. Dietrich. The usual?"

Mr. Dietrich said yes.

The bartender screwed up his eyebrows and asked:

"What is it?"

★

Headline in the Legal Journal: "Wide Range of Views in Assembly Obscenity Study."

That figures.

★

Gift Suggestion:

The Ah Men Shop for Men's annex, The Amendment, is offering "Star Stones."

These, it says here, are cement blocks (perfect for around or in your pool, foyer, gazebo, or solarium) and are guaranteed to impress your most jaded friends. They contain the signature of your favorite star, plus his-her foot and



Ryon

hand prints. You know, like Grauman's Chinese.

They are only \$1,000 each, two for \$1,950. Academy Award winners —\$1,250 each.

Add \$85.37 for shipping.

And how could you possibly get along without all this exciting information?

★

Two cops (pardon me, Chief, I meant two officers) stopped at a Northridge residence about 10 o'clock the other night on

the complaint of neighbors to ask the occupants to please turn down their record player. They paused to listen a few minutes, however and then said, "Wait a minute. That's a great album. Do you mind playing it over again for us? We'll just report that we didn't get here until 11." So they listened to two sides of Champ Butler's "Heartaches by the Dozen" and left an hour later, saying, "Now, turn it off."

What the two officers supposedly didn't know is that the house they were in was—Champ Butler's.

And don't you wish his press agent would.

Turn it off, I mean.

★

Peggy Stadie is a new bride, see? And she's from the Midwest, see? Where they usually roast corn.

Her husband came home the other night and found her cooking corn in a pot of water on the stove. This was fine. Except the husks were still on.

There, there, Honey. Stop crying . . .

★

Alterations Free.