

**Anything
For A Gag**



OCEAN 6/84

FOREWORD

In honor of his 2500th show at this station, 610 KFRC is pleased and proud to present—in his own words—the Dr. Don Rose story. For more than ten years Dr. Don has been the King of Morning Comedy at KFRC. He is the mainstay for hundreds of thousands of listeners who start each day with a booster-shot in the funny bone from the infamous Doctor. His outrageous sense of humor spares no one... not himself, nor the people he loves most, like Kae and the kids... because as Dr. Don prescribes, "laughter is the best medicine."

On the following pages Dr. Don fans will find an unusual treat. The book is a zany roundup of some of the Doctor's favorite one-liners. Woven throughout is a close-up look at the man, his triumphs, his tragedies, and most of all, his ability to laugh through it all. So turn the page and meet the man who, for 2500 shows, has kept more people awake than caffeine and who is more addicting! It's Dr. Don Rose.... his jokes... his words... his story.

Twenty five hundred shows in morning drive at the same station!?!?!?
Dr. Don will do ANYTHING FOR A GAG!



Patrick W. Norman
KFRC Vice President General Manager

ANYTHING FOR A GAG, June 8, 1984

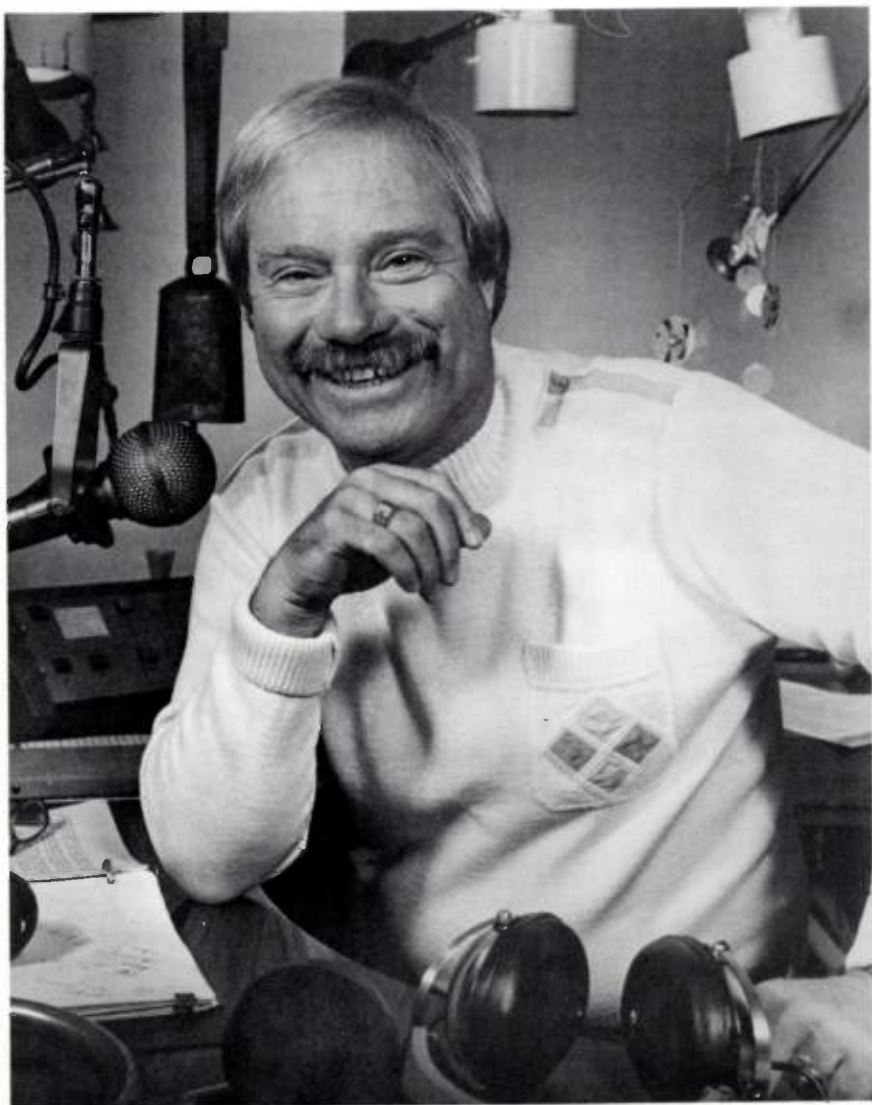
Written by: Dr. Don Rose

Published by: KFRC • 610 415 Bush Street, San Francisco, CA 94108

Illustrated by: Bobby Ocean

All rights reserved.

KFRC RADIO
A DIVISION OF KRON-2, INC.



DR. DON ROSE
“The King of Morning Comedy”

Weekdays 6 AM - 9 AM
on KFRC•610

JUNE 8, 1984: My 2500th Program on KFRC! First, let me thank you for being the greatest listeners in the world. I should know . . . I've been doing all the talking!

Talking all the way through 2500 programs! Nearly 11 years on the very same radio station in San Francisco! It's an honor seldom given to any disc jockey. Somebody figured out during that time that I played 84,619 records, I've given the weather forecast 31,217 times, and presented the traffic 22,914 times. Then there are the thousands of birthday announcements . . . and wedding anniversaries . . . and the innumerable class reunions.



One day we even gave Dave McQueen's famous Texas Chili Recipe. I did 62 of these 2500 programs flat on my back, completely encased in a body cast, waiting for a broken femur to heal. I did 16 unforgettable broadcasts from my sail boat, The Firz Claz, on my way to Hawaii!


Some of the programs were terribly sad: no gags, just groping for the right words to comfort us in our grief. We've gone through assassinations, wars, unemployment, kidnappings, murders, terrorist attacks. When I think of all those vexations of the spirit, I have to tell you about one more thing I've put into the program that's more important than the 84,619 records or the 31,217 weather forecasts or even the 22,914 traffic reports: would you believe 422,500 gags? Honest!

I'll be the first to tell you they weren't all masterpieces. I mean, some of 'em were real groaners — and some horrible puns. I can't think of any group I haven't picked on and poked a little fun at, but it's been in good fun. No malice intended. In fact, come to

think of it, I guess I've poked more fun at myself than anybody else and at those I love the most, like Kae, and the kids — Dave, Kelly, Danny, Jay, and John. And my home town. And my native state. And those beautiful and tolerant people I work with at KFRG. Even Pacifica! But if you take it in the right spirit, it's medicine for the soul. If I just hear you laugh, somehow I know we're going to be okay.

Imagine! I've done this program 2500 times! Now would somebody please stop me before I hurt someone?

This book is dedicated to those individuals who have been big enough and brave enough to stand this verbal barrage, knowing that part of the growing process consists of laughing at ourselves. It's healthy. It can even heal aches and hurts. Science tells us it can make us live longer. Did you know that laughter causes the production of chemicals in your brain that are nature's own painkillers: endorphins. So increase your laughter, and you can banish aches and pains. Go ahead and laugh . . . it's good for you! Here's a big dose of medicine! Because, these are my all time favorite gags which I selected for that very special radio program: Number 2500!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Dr. Don". The signature is stylized with a large, looped "D" and a cursive "Don".

Love,
Dr. Don

WHERE I CAME FROM

I was born in Hastings, Nebraska, on July 5, 1934 — under the sign, “Slippery When Wet.” My real name is Donald D. Rosenberg . . . just in case you have a subpoena.

At an early age our family of six moved to North Platte, Nebraska, where I grew up, got my high school education, and discovered girls. We lived in a small one-bedroom house, so I didn’t get to sleep alone until I got married. Actually, Mom and Dad were married, but my two brothers, sister, and I just lived together.

North Platte is a small town in Western Nebraska that’s only open on weekends.

They used to have a curfew in North Platte, but they had to discontinue it. The siren going off at nine every night woke everybody up.

Weird. You’d turn on your electric shaver and lights all over town would dim.

But North Platte was one tough town. We used to go down to the river and fish for friends.

We’re talking tough. I had a dentist who could pull your teeth whether or not you had your mouth open.

I had a rather nondescript childhood. The high point was the time I caught mononucleosis from kissing my Aunt.

My Dad wanted me to be a boxer — which is why he bought me a Cinderella lunchbox.

I remember when we used to play Cowboys and Indians. I got to be the hitching post.

When I was growing up, I had no friends. Like on the playground, there I’d be on the seesaw . . . running from one end to the other.

Thinking back to my school days in North Platte, words fail me. Of course so did half my teachers.

But North Platte High School was a very traditional school. We got the day off on the anniversary of the discovery of horn-rimmed glasses.

Then I discovered sports. I went out for baseball one year, and I almost made the team. I could hit, catch, run, and throw, but unfortunately chewing tobacco made me throw up.

I played left field and watched the girls a lot. In fact, I'll never forget the time I caught a line drive with my left ear.



DON'T JUST STAND THERE.
THROW IT TO THIRD.

I was forward on our basketball team, but I was backwards in everything else.

And we had a great football coach named Roscoe Tolly. He always used to tell us that cream always rises to the top, and he was right! We used to get creamed.

And you had to be ready to fight all the time. I was 14 before I discovered that I had fingers.

The only mittens kids in our neighborhood wore were made by Everlast and weighed 10 pounds.

We had a poor but proud family. One time Mom sent me to the store for some roach powder . . . but she told me not to tell anyone what we wanted it for.

And you talk about embarrassing — as a kid I had acne real bad. One time they had to take me to the dermatologist on a stretcher. But I got over it.

By then I was ready for high school. North Platte High School was a tough school. All the pictures in our high school yearbook were profile shots with numbers across the bottom.

And all the photos of social events had black bars across the student's eyes.

If someone held up his hand in school, you just figured it was a holdup.

And about that time I discovered girls. Before then, I just assumed they were soft boys. My first girl was Mona Louder. I told her that I loved her for her body and not her mind. She said, "No thanks. I don't want to break up the set."

Then I really fell in love. It was just like Star Wars: long, long ago . . . far, far away . . . in a Ford Galaxie.



I told Dad that I wanted to go to the same college as my girlfriend, Gretchen, so we could matriculate together. Dad said, "No way. Next thing you'll want is to examine her thesis."

I'm really proud of my early days in Nebraska. They prepared me for my life's work. The way I see it, disc jockeys and farmers are about the same: A disc jockey brings his work home in a briefcase. The farmer brings his home on his shoes.



HOW I GOT HERE

I'll never forget the day we all piled into Ernie Stutheit's Jeep Station Wagon, eager to start college. How do you think I learned to make a pyramid out of beer cans? The University of Nebraska has turned out some of the finest scholars in the country. (I should know. They turned me out in 1956.) I got my degree, but it was a struggle. The Dean kept his window locked. I wasn't in the top half of my class, but I made that half possible. And I already had a job: working for KLMS Radio in Lincoln, Nebraska for \$65 a week. Then the big time beckoned. KOIL in Omaha was calling, so I went to the city with stars in my eyes. Four weeks later I had a "can tied to my tail." Don Burdon, my boss, said, "How long have you been here, not counting today?"

But fate intervened, and I quickly found work in San Antonio, Texas — KTSA and the "Old Scotsman," Gordon MacLendon. I really got a warm reception in Texas. That's when I got branded. Then one day Gordon came to town and said, "That jock called 'San Antonio Rose,' the one with the bad gags, fire him!" Then he gave me a raise so I could be fired from a better job.

With a badly bruised ego, I sought refuge back home at a little station in Kearney, Nebraska, population 9,000. Where the guys always turned up the sides of their cowboy hats so they could get four in the front seats of their pickups. I was the program director and was on middays at KRNY, telling gags and being dumb on the radio — for about six months — until I got into a dispute with Smilin' Jack Lewis, who did the morning program and was the station manager. He didn't like the records I picked for the station. So he told me "I'd like to help you out. Which way did you come in?"



And he wasn't smilin' when he said it, either. I knew I was right. The songs I was picking in those days I still play . . . as golden oldies! But I also found out who was boss.

This time getting a job was a little tougher. My folks gave me a room back home, and I ended up driving spikes for the railroad for a while and waiting for the telephone to ring. It finally did, and I ended up in Fort Dodge, Iowa, working for KWMT — a station sooo poor, I did the morning show . . . and the afternoon show . . . and was program director, music director, and supervised the commercials, which I wrote myself. And, oh yes, I also met Kae. My life had turned around, and I was the only guy that didn't realize it! Because, in Kae, I found a partner for life. And in doing the two radio programs, I found out what I could do: A morning radio program. I'd never done a morning show before, and I fought it. I detested it. Most of all, I hated getting up in the morning.



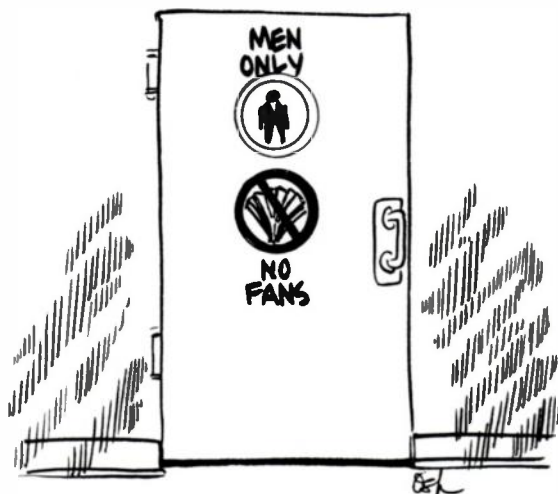
But everybody in Fort Dodge was talking about that wild man that was on in the morning.

For the first time since I had been in radio they were talking about me, the doctor: Doctor of humor — specializing in comedy bypass.

My program was very big with guys who wouldn't notice if their bicycle seats fell off.

One morning I got an emergency phone call. The lady said, "Doctor, doctor, my baby just swallowed six aspirin. What should I do?" I said, "That's an easy one. Administer rock 'n roll, and try to give him a headache."

Being the top disc jockey in Fort Dodge was tough. One day somebody actually followed me into the men's room and asked for an autograph. I said, "Listen lady, you gotta get out of here."



I loved to give advice like,

"If you want to achieve privacy, stick a pimento up your nose."

Or, "It is not a good idea to open an umbrella under the bed. Especially if that's where you're hiding."

In Fort Dodge, if it hadn't been for my microphone, I could have been arrested for loitering.

I WANT YOU TO MEET THE WHOLE FAMILY



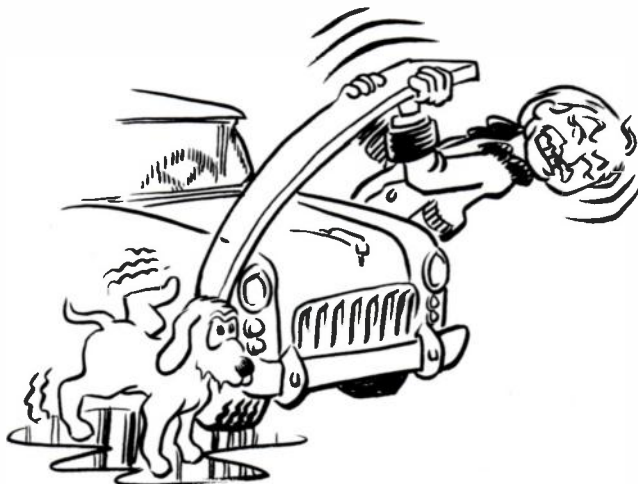
I really do. They're a part of the show! In fact, I think the one thing that makes me different is that I've always talked about those closest to me. While a lot of disc jockeys like to keep their marital status a secret and never talk about their kids, if any, my audience always knows everything about me. For instance, I remember telling about how I proposed to Kae in front of the fireplace. It was horrible. I got third degree burns. Kae said, "Your pants are on fire," and I said, "Yes, but I really do love you."

You see, Fort Dodge, Iowa, was the turning point of my career. When I left town, I had a new act and a new wife, Kae. I didn't realize it at the time, but between the two of 'em I had just about everything in the world! Except Dave. Our oldest son came on a hot spring day in 1959 when Kae and I were sweltering in a mobile home we had bought in Fort Dodge and then moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma (where I was the program director and afternoon disk jockey at KTUL. See? I was still fighting the morning program). I know what you're thinking, and no, I didn't exactly get fired, because I had the presence of mind to yell, "I quit!" while Jim Schoonover was complaining about me playing Fats Domino and telling gags. But it was a nice feeling to know that I was welcome back in Fort Dodge. But only if I would do the morning show! They loved that crazy guy doing that weird radio program before breakfast. And I found out that Kae could be pretty funny too. Like the morning she called while I was doing my program to tell me that we were going to have twins! Honest. And then, a month

later, our neighbor Elsie called to tell me to meet Kae at the hospital. That was the first time I ever left before the show was over. But I was rewarded with Kelly, our only girl and Danny, who looked like President Eisenhower, with his bald head, big grin and huge blue eyes. I was stunned. I mean, I'd only been married two years and already we had three kids! Oh well. Disc jockeys are supposed to be creative and what boss could fire a guy with such a beautiful family.

Jay came on the scene while we were all shivering together in Duluth, Minnesota. If I discovered my act in Fort Dodge, Iowa, it was a gem in the rough. A great gentleman broadcaster named Burns Nugent allowed me to polish the act at WEBC in Duluth.

It's hard to be funny when it's 40 below and you look out your window and there's a dog frozen to the front tire on your car.



When the winos fell asleep in the doorways in Duluth, they didn't wake up. If you were unfortunate enough to die in Duluth in the wintertime, they couldn't bury you until the ground thawed out in the spring! Really. We were in Duluth for five long cold winters — no summers, just five winters. Actually, they had two seasons in Duluth —winter and poor sledding. Every morning I had to use an ice scraper, chains, and jumper cables, and that was just to get out of bed. In Duluth, the muggers used to beat up on each other to stay warm.

But there I was laughing and scratching every morning on the radio. I got to be number one by telling Finlander Gags. Have you ever heard a Finlander gag? Here's a free sample:

A Finlander sort of reminds you of a bottle of chablis in a diaper pail. Finlanders get so lonesome they've been known to fill their under-wear with ground beef and run thru a neighborhood of large dogs. You can always recognize a Finlander by the mushrooms forming on his pants.

And their underwear — yellow stains in front, brown stains in back. One time this Finlander was picked up by the cops on a rape charge. When they put him in the police line-up, he stepped forward and said, “Yep, that’s her all right.”

Among Finlanders, a lady is any female person who doesn’t smoke, doesn’t drink, and only swears when it slips out.

To give you an idea, being a Finlander in Duluth is like being a beauty mark on Redd Foxx.

We were thawing out in Atlanta, Georgia, when John came in 1966. I worked for Paul Drew, who hated any kind of gag that alluded to any dog . . . and any fire hydrant. . . and I had a million of ’em.



Like in Duluth, the firemen always had a dog in the front seat on the way to fires. The snow was so deep their job was to find the fire hydrants.

I also had Roscoe who isn’t exactly a gentleman’s dog. I mean, his hobby is “pants-leg dancing.”

I made a big mistake training Roscoe to bring me the morning paper. . . like the time he got loose, followed the paper boy on his route, and brought me all the papers.

I finally taught Roscoe to read. Every morning there he’d be, pouring over the paper. Paul Drew wanted to fire me, but his boss was Kent Burkhart, and he liked dog/fire hydrant gags.

But we weren’t to be in our second favorite city for long: Philadelphia was on the phone, and here was a new opportunity — and a new audience for what, by now, was getting to be my sizable library of gags. Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love. I wonder if they know there’s another franchise here in San Francisco?

I spent some of my finest days in Philadelphia: Vacations, weekends . . . sick leave.

Philadelphia wasn’t all wine and roses: in 1972, the doctors told me that I needed open heart surgery. I may have needed the surgery, but I didn’t need the complications that followed. After about three weeks, an

undetected problem brought me down, clear down . . . code blue and everything . . . last rites . . . died on the table. God intervened; life anew. But ah ha, with a small price to pay. After eleven trips to the operating room, they couldn't save my left knee. It had turned to mush by an infection that I couldn't even pronounce. Sadly, the knee had to go—but I had to stay . . . in the hospital for almost a year, while Kae and the kids were bravely carrying on without me. But the show did gain something—sensitivity and compassion. It's the other side of the gags.

When I got out of the hospital, there was Paul Drew, the guy who hated dog gags, with the fire hydrants. I guess he decided he liked 'em after all, because he had an offer I couldn't refuse: to go to San Francisco and work for Pat Norman at KFRC. The offer was sooo good, I had to fly here with Kae to find out what was wrong with the deal. Eleven years later I can tell you that there was nothing wrong with the deal, and everything came together like a singles club at the hot tub party. So I have to keep two fingers crossed and give a sly wink when I talk about KFRC, the people who work here, and the city itself. If you look closely at my picture, you'll see my "tongue in cheek." And especially about Pat Norman. He's the man who said yes and brought me back from the edge of extinction. I didn't find out until many years later that for the first six months at the station, the mail was running 90% against me. Pat was running around town apologizing for me . . . and he never gave up on me.

WELCOME TO THE BIG 610!

The first time I ever put on my headset and opened my microphone I could sense something special about KFRC. The signal was huge. Listening to myself on the radio I felt about 7 feet tall. There's an awesome feeling I get at this station that I'd never experienced before... an energy... a very positive electrical flow. The sound the engineering staff gets out of our facility is incredible. Turn it up and it'll jar the fillings right out of your teeth. Solid, very solid. I was on crutches from my ill-fated surgery when I hit town, and everybody made it so easy for me. Bob Kanner, the chief engineer made a pedestal for me to prop up my leg. And, after all these years, I still have never had a serious disagreement with anyone at KFRC from Pat Norman on down! Is it possible that I've forgotten how to get fired? Let me tell you about some of the people that make KFRC the greatest radio station in America:

I really have to start with the big guy (and believe me I am NOT going to tell you this is Pat Norman). Anyway, let's get down on all fours and look at it from the boss's point of view:

The only time the boss is cheery is on Monday mornings, when everybody else is groaning, grumbling, and dragging themselves around. He says the comparison makes him feel so young.

I've noticed the guy is looking a little old. If it wasn't for his liver spots, he wouldn't have any complexion at all.

The boss was a little miffed the other day. His doctor asked him for a specimen and then handed him a dustpan.

Then he asked the boss if he minded if he called in a taxidermist for a consultation.

And the boss's approach to women is rather unique. It's called begging. In fact, foreplay to the boss is about 45 minutes of begging.

But you have to give him credit: the boss is always trying. Like the other night at the singles bar he said to the lady next to him, "I'm not really this tall. I'm sitting on my wallet."

One time the boss bought his wife a subscription to Better Homes and Gardens, and she ran off with a guy who had a better home and garden.

The boss has a way with women. It's expensive, but it's a way.

I don't know. The boss says you can still enjoy sex in your later years, but did you ever try blowing into someone's hearing aid?

The other night his wife said, "Hey, why are you taking so long?" And he said, "I can't think of anybody."

The boss says his favorite sign is in his proctologist's office: "It's Not Exactly A Picnic For Me, Either."

The boss works hard and he plays hard. The other morning he must have really been hung over. I could tell. He drove his lawn mower to work.

The boss believes in hard work with long hours and no extra pay for overtime. Not for himself... for his employees.

But if you want to know the truth, it isn't easy being the boss at the big 610. And you can tell. When the boss gets home at night, he sets down his attache case and yells, "Where's the Beefeaters?"

We've won some awards at KFRC, and I've never kidded myself. It's because we've got a team — a great team, and it's the team that makes it happen. And we all hang together in the morning. For instance, I've never gotten the kind of help that I get from George Zema. He's my engineer, producer, and confidant. I did my first radio program at KFRC with George, but we didn't get together on a permanent basis until 1978. George is responsible for all of those horrible sound effects on the show. He does many of them live, although sometimes he has to close his eyes and strain.

George took a course in radio through a correspondence school on an athletic scholarship. They would only give him his diploma after he beat the mailman in arm wrestling.

The other day George really freaked out. He found a crack in his mirror and thought his nose job had grown back.

George gets up even earlier than I do so it's understandable when he does something weird. Like the other day when he came in with his underwear hung around his neck. I was afraid to ask him where he'd hung his tie.



The only other thing I can tell you about George is that he has a "How-To" book in his bathroom.

I'm also very fortunate to work with one of the finest newsmen in the country, Dave McQueen. When Dave came to KFRC he had a beard so the boss wouldn't know that he was making faces at him. Dave still has his beard, but now he keeps it shaved off.

I was always jealous of Dave's voice until I found out he wears resonant underwear.

One of Dave's first news assignments was to count the spaces between the planks at Pier 39, and that's when he fell into San Francisco Bay. Dave says when you're out of slits you're out of pier.

Dave used to work at the Wax Museum, but he left the day he turned the thermostat up too high.

In his spare time, Dave is working on a book about the candidates for the next election, but he says the best title has already been taken: Truly Tasteless Jokes.

One of the certified "crazies" on our staff is Jane Dornacker. Jane does traffic every morning on the program, and she's sooo tall, if you want to kiss her goodnight, you have to establish a base camp and hire guides.



Jane always wears dark glasses and tight pants. She says she likes to hide her liabilities and show off her assets.

Jane's great to be around because she has a beautiful attitude. She says that you should "enjoy yourself. And if you can't enjoy yourself, enjoy somebody else."

I don't think Jane could ever pass through a revolving door without wiping the glass.

Jane believes that you cannot "judge a man by his looks. You have to read his bumper sticker."

But wait till you hear what Jane's bumper sticker says, "Yes I Do. But Not With You."

Next time you're stuck in traffic, you might remember Jane's happy thought, "What if the automobile had never been invented and everybody still had to ride a horse? Just think how bad the freeway would smell right now."

Lisa Larsen is my secretary. She's also a very beautiful woman. I got excited the other day. I thought she was flirting with me, but it was only a fly that had flown up her nose.

Lisa answers all the phone calls for me in the morning. She got an obscene phone call the other morning and told the guy she was very busy, and could he please hurry up. He said, "I'm breathing as fast as I can."

Lisa is very much into physical fitness. Like the other day she put on her new running outfit: jogging suit, running bra, complete with racing stripe, pedometer, doggie stick, electronic metronome attached to earphones, and digital stopwatch. But after she got it all on, she couldn't move.

As you can see, we all work together like a team. You know. The Giants, the A's, the Invaders.

On KFRC, right after me at 9 o'clock, it's the man who knows all the golden oldies, the trivia expert, the music authority, and Lassie's former dialogue coach, Dave Sholin. Your Dave, Duke Sholin. Or is it, "Your Duke, Dave Sholin?" I never seem able to remember. Oh well. What I wanted to tell you is that the guy's cheap. I learned this the hard way during a Billboard Convention In 1974. There was a group of disc jockeys sitting in the lounge at the St. Francis Hotel. Guys were coming and going, and nobody was paying. But Dave said, "It's okay. I can put it on my expense account." I went to the restroom, and when I came back, everybody was gone . . . except the cocktail waitress who told me that Sholin told her to get the money from me.

This guy is sooo cheap. The other day Dave's wife Debbie told Dave that she wanted to look at some furs — so he took her to the Zoo.

And Dave finally found out what's been making him wheeze and gasp for breath, his eyes water, his heart pound . . . he's allergic to doctor bills.

Go ahead. Ask Sholin's doctor how cheap he is. One time Dave called his doctor at four in the morning and said, "How much is an office call?" The doc said, "\$25." And Dave said, "how much is a house call?" And the doc said, "\$50." And Dave said, "I'll meet you at your office in 10 minutes."

The other thing about Dave is that he's a little short. He's the exact height of Too Tall Jones' bathtub.

In fact, I thought Dave looked even shorter the other day. But it turned out that he had his tie caught in his zipper.



I mean Dave really isn't very tall. One time Dave told me he wanted to buy a membership in a nudist colony, and they told him the same thing: that he was a little short.

Through the years I've never picked on anyone more than Marvelous Mark McKay. Mark recently left KFRC to go to Minneapolis, Minnesota. I miss him.

Mark was never lucky at love. One time he tried calling the number that a lady at the singles bar gave him. He got a recording that said, "I'm sorry. That little number is not interested at this time."

I told Mark that it's understandable for a man to blurt out someone else's name while making love, but Lassie?

And what can you say about a guy who, when he makes love, thinks of a swan?

I remember the day that Mark was late. He bought a new suit, and they had to spend an hour explaining how the zipper worked.

In case you're wondering whatever happened to Marvelous Mark, he was last seen picking a fight at a Karate School.

Thank heavens for Harry Nelson! After Marvelous Mark left, there really wasn't anybody to pick on. But then Harry came back and filled the void! Harry's been at KFRC three or four times, and no one is more enthusiastic and dedicated. When he came back, Harry negotiated his own contract: he gets a vacation in every month ending with the letter "c."

Harry says that if there is anything to reincarnation, he wants to come back as Dolly Parton's guitar.

The thing about Harry is that he's a wimp. I mean, who else do you know that wears safety glasses when he makes a grilled cheese sandwich?

You should have seen Harry at Christmas time . . . He went to a tree farm and cut down a fencepost.

Harry's New Year's resolution was to do something about his appearance. For starters, he sent his hair to obedience school.

I've got to speak to Harry — either he is pregnant, or he spends his spare time at one of those all-you-can-eat buffets.

Harry certainly is living proof that the clip-on tie is not dead.

He's the only guy I know who spells relief B-E-L-C-H.

Harry Nelson doesn't know much about sex. For years he's been trying to get girls to spread their toes.

I'll tell you the problem with Harry: he doesn't function well under pressure. He chokes up when he dials "0" and the operator answers.

You know, Harry's the only guy I know who looks better than his driver's license picture.

In fact, Harry's whole family is ugly. In their photo album, all they have are negatives.

As a kid, Harry had acne so bad he looked like the target at a rifle range.

Would somebody please explain this to Harry? The other day he asked me, "if Lassie is a boy, how come they dress him up like a dog?"

Another guy you hear on the program is that old Wino who sleeps in a dumpster in the alley. But Waldo's got a huge following in San Francisco.

I tried to tell Waldo that liquor kills more people than bullets, but he said, personally, he'd rather be full of liquor than bullets.

Terrible thing happened to Waldo the other night. He was leaving a bar when a table got in his way and he stubbed his nose.

That was the same day that somebody gave him a hot foot, and it's still burning.

Waldo doesn't jog. He gets all the exercise he needs just falling down.

Waldo was really depressed yesterday. I tried to cheer him up by telling him that if he's broke and has to live in his car, he won't have to water the lawn . . . and he can walk the dog in low gear.

One thing for sure: Waldo's no politician. He says if nominated, he will not run, if elected he will not serve; however, if he is served, he will drink.

One thing about the guy: he has never lost his pride. When he sleeps on his park bench at night, he covers himself with the society pages.

Waldo told me he tried to join Alcoholics Anonymous one time, but it was hard to get to know them.



You know the worst thing? Waldo's wife doesn't even know he drinks. She thinks he's going to art school because every time he phones home she hears someone in the background say, "Draw one, and put a head on it."

But at least Waldo's eating better now. Last night for dinner, he had shrimp cocktail, baked lasagna, and chocolate cream pie. No, he didn't tell me. I figured it out by looking at the front of his shirt.

Waldo's a real fun guy, because it's a real kick to see insects bite him and then fly into the wall.

Waldo's probably the best reason I can think of for raising the legal drinking age to 65.

Rob Conrad has been kicking around San Francisco for many years, and we're proud to have him on KFRC from noon until 4. Rob used to be the hat designer for The Three Stooges. He was also the former dialogue coach for the Incredible Hulk.

I don't know about Rob... for instance, he says he reads Playboy for the articles. Sure. He also eats Twinkies for the vitamins.

Rob's the kind of guy who parks in a handicapped parking space and then limps off.

Actually Rob does suffer from an old football injury — he fell out of the bleachers during a game.

A big weekend for Rob is when his Dad lets him sit in the car while it goes through the car wash.

My favorite story about Rob was the time he wore a shirt and tie to a rock concert and sat there quietly listening through the whole thing... he got arrested for orderly conduct.

When I went to Philadelphia in 1968, the morning man I replaced was Chuck Browning, and now, 16 years later, we finally met and are working together. He's on in the afternoons from 4 to 7. The Chucker is a real nature lover. I say this because he does strange things in the woods. And Chuck goes in for unusual sports, like nude pillow fighting. Don't laugh, it isn't all that dangerous, and Chuck says the rest periods are terrific.

I hate to mention this but yesterday I saw him in the jock office eating the pages of a Masters and Johnson text book.

Chuck went on a ski weekend recently... and injured five people at the ski resort. He forgot to take off his skis before jumping into the hot tub.

The boss told Chuck to spend two hours every day with the morning paper, which he does... but he's still not housebroken.

Chuck's getting up there. Nowadays he watches Dolly Parton for her singing and acting.

He has to settle for the older class of groupies, the kind that do kinky things with Polident.

He says it seems like he went from whipped cream to Ben-Gay overnight.

Another great guy I've worked with for over 10 years is Don Ste. Johnn. He's worked just about every shift on the station, and you can hear him now from 10 PM to 1 AM.

Don is as much a part of San Francisco as the Astrodome.

Don tried to enhance his sex life by installing a mirror over his bed. Unfortunately, when he was putting it up, he dropped it and has had seven years of impotency.

I told Don that impotency is nothing to get excited about.

He has a telephone in his car, but he hates it. He says you can't imagine what it's like going out to the garage at 2 in the morning to answer the phone.

Don's pet peeve is those new TV programs about co-ed muscle building. He says he can think of more enjoyable ways to work up a sweat with a woman partner.

One time, Don tried to beat a freight train to the crossing — he hit the 43rd car.

My "morning man" is Willy Sancho. He wakes me up every morning bright and early at 4:28 AM... well, early anyway.

Willy is a bilingual disc jockey, so he can put both feet in his mouth.

When Willy was a kid, they made him share his sandbox with the neighborhood cats.

The boss told Willy that he has a vase that's over 2000 years old. Willy said, "Don't try to tell me that. It's only 1984 now."

It's tough doing the all-night show. For instance, it wrecks your love life. In fact, Willy's inflatable woman recently ran away with his spare tire.

Willy doesn't even go to bed after his program: he doesn't want to miss any cartoons.

Willy's a ton of laughs: the other morning he told me that a fool and his money are soon parted. Five minutes later I realized that he'd picked my pocket.

Our newest disc jockey is "The Slim One." She comes to us from WLS in Chicago. Before that, Slim worked as a desk clerk at a hotel — until she was fired for making obscene wake-up calls.

Sure The Slim One is "one of the guys," but she's a knockout when she dresses up . . . except she never knows whether to wear her tire gauge on the inside or the outside of her dress.

Slim went to a party the other night where she started off with a zombie — but she says she ditched him in a hurry.

Slim says she's not going to ride Muni anymore, not since the other night when she got to work and found something in her pantyhose . . . a glove. (Just kidding, Slim!)

Slim's all settled in now, and she worked things out with her landlord — she doesn't have to pay any more rent, but the landlord took away one of her rooms.

I'VE KNOWN THE BIGGEST STARS

I've had a chance to rub shoulders with some of the biggest names in the business — legends like Elvis, the Beatles, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, plus a lot of names that most of you won't even remember. This has also helped me with my hobby — collecting used chewing gum from famous people.



For instance, I've got one nice big wad from Michael Jackson. I've known him ever since he wore only one mitten.

People still marvel how the doctors were able to operate on Michael Jackson so quickly after his accident, but you have to remember that they had Pryor experience.

Sure Michael has only one glove, but that's okay — Willie Nelson has only one headband.

By the way, now that we have Michael Jackson for Pepsi, how 'bout Boy George for Cover Girl eye shadow?

Michael Jackson's Summer Victory Tour is expected to play before 2.5 million fans, and tickets will be sold by a mail-order lottery — winners can buy up to six tickets. You think you could use one or two and sell the rest to the scalpers? Just be careful: never say "scalp" in Michael's presence.

By the way, I've got a great picture of Michael Jackson and his brother Jermaine — Michael's the one with the fire extinguisher.

Not a lot of people know this, but I once starred in a movie with John Wayne. John played the part of a sheriff who makes love to a bunch of women on the beach. It's called True Grit In Strange Places. I don't believe it's been released yet.

Then there was the time I had Sammy Davis, Jr. on my program to sing, "Don't It Make My Brown Eye Blue."

And who could forget the time Dolly Parton came on to sing "Just The Two Of Us."

Mary Poppins, former Nanny, is a close personal friend. She settled here on the West Coast and took up telling people's fortunes based on the odors on their breath. You can find her any time by her shingle out front, "Super California Mystic, Expert-Halitosis."

Don't forget the morning I had Richard Pryor on the show. I had a bad cold so I took one of his pills . . . Ever go 24 hours without blinking?

And that unforgettable morning I had Dr. Thomas Noguchi, the former L.A. County Coroner, on the program. He has a new book out . . . Celebrity Deaths . . . my program is chapter six.

Oh, I'm happy to tell you we finally got a fan in the disc jockey lounge. She sits in there all day and tells us how great we are.

Other than that, I've thought about writing a book, but I don't exercise, I hate cats, and I never knew John Lennon.

KOPING WITH KALIFORNIA

The first thing that struck me about San Francisco was a cab. I think that a lot of people are just like me: I came to California seeking a new start. I figure you either meet a real, honest-to-goodness Prince Charming, or you'll eat a poisoned apple, fall asleep for a long time, and awaken to discover you've given birth to seven dwarfs.

The first day I was in town, I couldn't help but notice in downtown San Francisco that there are some pretty expensive things in the windows... and in the doorways.

By the way, if you're new in the area, and you see a sign that says, "Come in for an hour of power," you'll soon learn that it's not necessarily a church.

Around San Francisco, you often find a motherly person who'll offer you excellent advice — but beware if she has a beeper on her lamp post.

Of course it's well-known San Francisco lore that certain Indian Tribes believe The Happy Hunting Ground is a Singles Bar in the Marina.

One of the first places I visited was my boss's house up in Marin. I still remember the address: 1369 North Gomorrah. Marin is the hippest place in the hippest state — in Marin, the speed limit signs don't say 55 MPH, they say 3500 RPM.

The boss's kid goes to a weird school up in Marin — at half-time the band forms a giant quiche.

Another thing you notice about California is our love of cars. Where else could you find video game arcades with a drive-in window?

Of course when you first get to California, you have to brace yourself for a cultural shock! For instance, how do you say, "Goodbye, good riddance, and I never want to see you again?" Here in California, it's "Let's get together for lunch sometime."

And, in San Francisco, beware if the bell-boy tells you he is wearing mascara only for medical reasons.

Where else would you find a sex change clinic called, "Boy's 'R Us?"

In California, it's considered a bad sign if you get a judge who's wearing leather robes.

There was even one report about a gay San Francisco Indian who only scalped ballet tickets.

And a word of advice: never go to a doctor who puts you at ease during an exam by taking off his clothes, too.

One time I even saw a gay Hell's Angel . . . honest. On his arm he had tattooed "Born To Be Impolite."

In many neighborhoods in California, there's a problem. If you're mooned by the woman across the street, you don't know if she's insulting you or inviting you over.

I should explain to you: San Francisco is like a huge bowl of cereal — take away the fruits and the nuts, and all you have left is a bunch of flakes.

So, if you're filling out any kind of application in San Francisco, beware when you get to the question where it says SEX: M or F. That means moderate or frequent.

I wrote down "infrequent," and the interviewer said, "Is that one word or two?"

And a word of caution for you ladies when you're visiting a singles bar: tell him to buzz off if he's carrying a strobe light and a stun-gun.

You know what California guys call a woman who can suck a golf ball thru a straw, don't you? "Darling."

But watch it . . . you could catch "it" from someone in your building. If you do, it's called, "Herpes Duplex."

Everybody in California has his own fad diet. My favorite is the escargot diet — you lose weight, but when you jog you leave behind a trail of slime.

Be careful: there's always someone trying to con you around here. For instance, I was walking by this restaurant and the sign said, "Lobster Tails One Dollar." So I gave the waitress a dollar and she said, "Once upon a time there were these three lobsters . . ."

Of course, the Bay Area is renowned for its great restaurants. But forget it if the waitress keeps saying "Oh yech" after everything you order.

And never patronize a restaurant where the center piece at the table is a spittoon.

I guess if you're going to make California your home, you'd better remember what the commander of a battalion of giraffes said. He said, "Charge! But keep your heads down!"

I'M BIG IN PACIFICA



When I came to the Bay Area, I realized that it would be tough to pick on San Francisco — it's the greatest city in America! But how 'bout some of the lesser known suburbs . . . I needed a patsy. Then one day, I was looking at our news wire and read, "200 illegal immigrants have been caught trying to sneak across the U.S. Mexican border, but authorities sent them back to their homes in Pacifica." Immediately, I knew these were my kind of people. Besides, my engineer George Zema and Dave Sholin both come from Pacifica!

It is said that God created the heavens and earth in six days . . . well, he could have done it in five, but he kept putting off Pacifica.

Let me tell you a few trivia bits about Pacifica:

In Pacifica the car wash is a designated cultural landmark.

Pacifica's airport has 80 departures a day . . . but no arrivals.

Pacifica is so small it's 15 miles to the nearest traffic signal.

There was a little confusion in Pacifica recently — the civil defense siren accidentally went off, and the whole town suffered from premature evacuation.

I did a little research and found out some interesting things about Pacifica: it's so small they don't even have a USFL team.

And Pacifica is a little tough: their motel's bridal suite is a '57 Chevy. They do have a stripper in the Lounge . . . the last thing she takes off is her bowling shoes.

This town is loaded with laughs!

In Pacifica, the automated teller machine is a coin changer at the laundromat.

Not many people know this, but Pacifica is the Polident capital of the world.

In Pacifica, every day is Memorial Day.

Pacifica is one tough town: one sign says, "\$500 reward for the arrest of anyone."

In Pacifica, they say, "What stays around eight months, changes colors, and falls off in October?" Answer: "Underwear."

Pacifica is a little rough: under contractual services in the yellow pages, they list "Hit Men."

In Pacifica, kitty litter means dead cats in the gutter.

Of course in Pacifica it's easy to trace your family's roots — just check the police files.

And you know how lots of cars have those waving hands in the back window? Well, in Pacifica, they only have one finger.

They don't call it "rush hour" in Pacifica mainly because they don't have anything worth rushing to in Pacifica.

Hold it! Do these gags sound a little like the Finlander gags I used to tell in Duluth, Minnesota? A coincidence, only a coincidence.

But it's a strange thing — the Finlanders loved it in Duluth, and I swear they love it in Pacifica, too. For instance, one morning I did my morning program from our mobile studio in Pacifica, and the newspaper came by and wrote a great story. People came by with food, school kids came by for autographs. Not only that, but the Pacifica Chamber of Commerce made me a lifetime member! I've got a certificate to prove it hanging in my studio.

Love that town!

I like to think of Pacifica as just a rest stop on the road to perpetual care.

And of course Pacifica has given me a lot: In fact, I'm still taking shots for it.

A FEW HINTS FROM THE DOCTOR



Any self-respecting morning radio program has to dispense a certain amount of knowledge, like when Daylight Saving Time starts and what the alternate routes are when the Nimitz is shut down.

And counseling like:

Avoid doctors like Homer Cidal and Dr. Paul Bearer.

Do not patronize a doctor whose nickname is Shakey.

And, for heaven's sake, stay away from proctologists who have stained glass monacles.

Seek counseling if your doctor wants you to be the first to try out his new thermometer.

Also beware of gynecologists who hide joy buzzers in their rubber gloves.

Of course, if you have a headache, you should take aspirin. If you want to write a song, you should take Compoz.

Naturally, I am renowned for my advice for the lovelorn: "Dear Dr. Don Rose: I don't want to wind up an old maid. Can you help me? I don't know what to do!" Sure, bring her down here, and I'll wind her up.

Learning about love is like poker: it costs you a lot of money to learn the game.

Just remember that a wife is like a car: if you find her missing, it might be because she's not getting enough spark.

And ladies: if he calls you an old bag, try to contain yourself. Of course, equal opportunity is on the increase, but you still don't see "Persons And Children First" on lifeboats.

Remember that male vanity is as old as Adam himself who once said in the Garden of Eden, "I don't think this fig leaf is going to be big enough."

And, by the way, how come you never hear two guys arguing over who has the larger bald spot?

Even a jack-of-all-trades can be handy around the house, like, "Be a little suspicious of your plumber if you tell him your sink is clogged, and he tells you he'll have to take it to the shop."

When you get dressed tomorrow morning remember: you can add years to your life by wearing your pants backwards.

By the way, remember during National Thrift Week not to take anybody to lunch.

Oh, you want to have a little fun at school today? Tell your teacher you already know what you want to do for your science project, and ask if she knows where you can get some low-grade plutonium.

Everybody gets so upset these days. I swear the reason a lot of people tune me in is just to make sure that the world is still here and it's still "business as usual." I've decided not to worry until K-Mart has an "End-Of-The-World Sale."

And please remember that we all have bad days, like on this very day a million and a half years ago, Fark, a nearsighted cave man entered the cave of a sleeping bear and announced, "Honey, I'm home!" And those were his last words...

THINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED THAT MUCH FOR THE DOCTOR

So now we live in Danville, in a nice home on the outskirts of our income. Of course you know that the cost of living is still the same — whatever you make, right?

And Kae's still as beautiful as ever. . . only now it takes her a little longer.

At least I finally figured out what Kae means when she says, "Gimme five." She's not talking about shaking hands.

I asked Kae if she'd rather have a fur coat or go to Europe; Kae said, "Let's go to Europe. Fur coats are cheaper there."

Kae has one rule: if it doesn't move, wrap it in aluminum foil.

And I know Kae's doing her best to cut down . . . The other night she made dinner with Tuna Helper and Hamburger Helper and passed it off as Surf and Turf.

Even Kae has discovered Women's Lib. For instance, at dinner time she rings a little bell and yells, "Come aaand fix it."

Kae even has her own car . . . I guess I should have gotten personalized license plates for her, because now she wants to change her name to 1 GAJ 492.

One thing for sure, my bank is not too impressed with my financial situation: the new scenic checks they sent me show a picture of a toxic waste dump.

But I've got it all figured out — I think we can make it through the month if we don't eat or turn anything on.

Why is it that I've worked all my life to make some money, and now that I have a little, I can't afford to buy half the things we had when we were poor?

I'd like to get in better shape: I get winded watching Dynasty. As a matter of fact, it's a little embarrassing. I read that vertical stripes are supposed to make you look taller and thinner, but I'll tell you . . . They sure don't work on my swimsuit. I was going to take up tennis, but my body still hasn't forgiven me for jogging.

I do play a little golf nowadays, and I've improved my swing since I started keeping my head down. It's amazing . . . prayer really works. The guys all say that you have to keep your head down in love and golf.

My golf game is definitely improving: nowadays I come back with almost as many clubs as I start out with.

I played 18 holes just the other day at Diablo Country Club. Well, actually I played nine and dug nine.

I play golf to take my mind off financial problems: I usually forget that I'm up to my neck in debt when I'm up to my knees in sand.

Sometime you'll have to ask me about the time I made a five footer on the fifth hole at the Olympic Golf Course.

And last year I played in my favorite: a nude golf tournament . . . where no man can lie about his handicap.

And my health is a little better nowadays. In fact, my doctor told me I had a good strong heart-beat; he said he's not sure my rib cage can take it.

The other day he handed me a specimen bottle with a rose in it.

What do you call that thing my doctor uses to check your blood pressure? Oh yeah, the bill.

Last year, he went to the New Year's Parade in Pasadena dressed as a six-foot rubber glove . . . They busted him for trying to examine the Minnie Mouse float.

To be truthful, I'm very proud of my body. It may not be beautiful, and it could stand to lose a few pounds, but it is functional. Every morning it gets me out of bed, dresses itself, pours itself a cup of coffee, gets itself to the station, and sometime around 8:30, it nudges me and says, "Hey, time to wake up."

Of course I never talk about sex during my program. Sex doesn't belong on the radio, just like it doesn't belong on the hood of a moving car.

I still enjoy making personal appearances. The other day, I was supposed to be the Grand Marshall for the Sacramento Annual Parade of Virgins, but it had to be called off. One was found stuck in her bathtub and the other refused to march alone.

And I enjoy getting out and meeting people. Last week I attended a luncheon of colostomy patients. I was doing great until I mentioned the brown bag special.

But the high point of my life these days is my radio program! It really is the most fun I can have without lying down. If I've had a good program, I've had a good day. I figure if I can bring a smile to your face and a lump to your lips, then I've done my job.

That's not to say that it's easy. Do you want to know what radio is like? Once a week I make it a point to turn on my television and watch The A-Team just so I won't lose touch with civilized behavior.

But things are going well: the new ratings are in, and I'm happy to report the program has a whole number instead of a fraction. In fact, I don't want to brag, but my program was just voted #2 behind a documentary on the cotton swab.

It's kind of weird . . . When I was just a young kid, I wanted to be a priest, but I was afraid it would be too difficult to live a life of poverty with no sex. So I got married and went into the radio business — it hasn't been that difficult!

Maybe I should have listened to my father — by now I could have had my own parish.

Oh, one final word: if I've offended you by anything I've said so far on the radio, I apologize.

If not, cheer up, there's always tomorrow.

Yes, I'll be back tomorrow on good old 610, so leave your radios on!





**Weekdays 6 AM - 9 AM
on KFRC.610**

