

# Station attendant makes Brenda's party a gasser

Dear Diary: I'm absolutely furious with Bill. Do you know what he said to me at breakfast? He said, "Poodles, why can't you throw parties like Brenda Du Monde?" And what makes me absolutely furious is that he's absolutely right.

I mean last night she absolutely outdid herself again. The invitations were very mysterious: "The pleasure of your company is requested to meet Mr. Albert Houlihan." Absolutely nobody knew who he was. But, of course, absolutely everybody went. Absolutely everybody always goes to Brenda's parties.

I mean she was the very first to have a Viet Cong guerrilla as guest of honor. And then there were those fascinating Weatherpeople and those interesting Mafioso and those two absolutely charming Palestinian terrorists at the last one.

arthur  
hoppe  
**innocent  
bystander**

Bill guessed Houlihan was an IRA (Irish Republican Army) bomber. I doubted it. I mean who talks about them any more?

Well, we arrived a wee bit late and Brenda and I exchanged the usual greetings these days. "Do you have any gas?" I asked.

"A full tank, dear," she said with that superior smile of hers.

Well, I got into a long discussion with Brenda's hairdresser about how long we'd each waited in line. But Brenda's psychiatrist changed the subject to whether it was better to be an odd or an even. And I was half listening

to her lawyer and her doctor arguing over whether they'd rather have cars with good gas mileage or cars with big gas tanks. That's when Houlihan arrived.

"May I present," said Brenda, absolutely crowing with triumph, "my gas station attendant!"

Well! He was smoking this fascinating cigar and wearing these charming greasy coveralls. I mean you could tell he was the real thing, all right. And you should have seen the way everybody flocked around him.

Brenda's stockbroker was offering him tips on the market. Her veterinarian was wondering if he played golf. And her banker was hinting outrageously that his wonderful daughter would make some man a wonderful wife.

"Mr. Houlihan," said Brenda, "do tell us about the Middle East situation."

"All I know, lady," he growled, "is I only got 60% of my quota this month." And everybody sort of applauded. I mean he was so authentic, you know.

And Brenda does have talent for ethnic foods. I mean she had french fries for hors d'oeuvres and a choice of beer or milkshakes. And over the entre (hamburgers with everything), Houlihan relaxed a bit and told us some absolutely marvelous stories about fistfights and rammings and how he had to club one old lady with his gun butt.

He had to leave early, though. "Look, lady," he told Brenda, "I got three more parties to go to."

So I'm absolutely furious. I mean I'm having a party tonight for this very nice senator on the Watergate committee. And he's promised to tell absolutely everybody all the inside tidbits about the whole sordid affair. But absolutely nobody's coming.

Bill's absolutely right. Why can't I throw parties like Brenda Du Monde?

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