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**From:** paul krassner <[REDACTED]>  
**Sent:** Saturday, August 25, 2018 12:26 AM  
**To:** jeffrey E.  
**Subject:** 3 things for an old friend

1. the Ultimate Survival =ackpack:

click =ere

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2. =ery very long article, but don't feel obligated:

=br class="">

3. memories:

As kids, my brother George and I =erformed on our violins a few times on a Saturday morning radio =how, The Horn & Hardart Children's =our. Horn & Hardart ran the Automat restaurant =hain. The older kids called it Horn & Hard-on. We all had to sing =heir theme song: "Less work for mother, just give her a hand. =ess work for mother, and she'll understand. She's your =reatest treasure, just make her life a pleasure, less work for mother, =ear." But they never even gave us a free lunch. Ralph Edwards =as the regular host of the show, but this was Ed Herlihy's =ebut. He called me "deadpan" on the air when I finished =laying. I asked him what that meant.

&nbs="It's because you didn't smile," he =aid.

=E2◆◆◆This is radio," I reminded him. "They can'= see me."

=\* \* \*

George and I did =everything together. We practiced "cross-fire" -- =imultaneously emptied our bladders with careful aim so that the two =streams of urine would meet in the air and spray before reaching the =oilet. We played paddle tennis in the park, and the loser would have to =hine the winner's shoes. He beat me every time. On the subway, =hen the train stalled between stops and there was silence, we would =tand up like a pair of vaudevillians and recite jokes.

&nbs="Give me a pound of kidlies, please," I'd =ay.

&nbs="You mean kidneys, don't =ou?"

&nbs="I said kidlies, did'I =?"

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