

Philatelic *Inquirer*

Feb. 2, 1996

Revealed!
**Nixon '74 Fall
Sparked By
Jennings Dirty
Tricks...see p. 4**



What Th' Hell Is This?

See p. 4



**80-Year Old Lecher,
Disguised As Philatelist,
Still Digs Chippies**

See p. 2



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...absolutely insists that it had nothing to do with this. However, if you wish to register a complaint, call Ken Lawrence. Randy Neil has moved to Barbados.

"Stamp Show Judging, Hell! If You Only Knew What I'm Really Good At," Says Jacksonville Stud

Clive Jennings Uses Occasion of Sarasota Bash To Reveal Proclivities Known To All But The Least Aware For Years.

SARASOTA, FLA. (AP), Feb. 2, 1996. America's most ridiculous philatelist and longtime latent sex maniac Clive Jennings pulled off one of the major coups in stamp collecting history when he talked Jack Harwood into staging a major roast in the former's honor at the Hyatt Regency Hotel here this week.

"This kind of thing is unheard of," remarked Lowell Newman, renowned auctioneer and good friend of Jennings. "Even though I love the SOB, there's got to be some kind of hidden motive."

Philatelic Inquirer has obtained an audio tape (retrieved from a wastebasket in Sun City West, Ariz.) that, after voice analysis, shows Jennings in his true colors. Among the unusual tidbits picked up were: "When I bitched about that gold medal I didn't get at Westpex, it was really a put-on. I used my tantrum as a diversion to get a cute chick in the Cathedral Hotel bar to notice me when I dropped my drawers."

"Yes, I do have an audio cassette of Cunliffe telling me that my exhibit at Stampshow '83 was 'frivolous'. Who did he think he was?"

"For four years I went to a national cheerleading contest to see if any of 'em dug older men."

"I will always wear a tie when dining out in Detroit."

"I always wanted to know what I'd look like dressed as a woman and I finally found out at Aripex in '94. I was better looking than Bud Sellers, I can tell you that."

"Yes, I really do collect U.S. half-cent stamps. *Realllllly!*"

"Ken Lawrence and I once had a drink together in a bar. You think I'm kidding? I have the tab hanging in a frame in my bathroom."



On the hunt again: Jennings apparently paid big money to Betsy Towle to bribe her into letting him strut his stuff on stage at Aripex in 1994. The lovely thing at left has just remarked, "Is that a frog in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"

Obviously, It Works.



Unable to keep from continuing to demonstrate the affects of our new "Toot Fruit" chewing gum, Clive Jennings exhibits his pleasure in giving his official approval to our market research team.

Clear The Room Quick!

Having received endorsement from worldwide flatulence authority C. Jennings, **TOOT FRUIT** will make you the envy of your friends when you blow them out of even the largest auditorium full of boring philatelists.

TootFruit By the makers of
Feen•A•Mint

USPS Revives Wash-Franks. Will Now Be Jennings-Franks



Show here: unusual photo essay (stolen by Bob Lamb during late-night tour of BEP facility) of soon-to-be stamp coming from USPS at first day ceremony at National Bordello Association convention at Mustang Ranch outside Sparks, Nevada. The largest room at the ranch is replica of Jennings bedroom at 319 W. 70th St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Strange Coot Attempts To Schmooze Wife of APS Prez



Photographer catches Florida stud Clodus Jennings wrapping his chubby, greasy fingers around shoulders of Denise Fouquet-Neil, wife of R. Neil, president of the venerable American Philatelic Society. Later, Jennings tried to lure her into his kitchen to help him make fig soup. He also offered her an autographed figleaf. She (naturally) turned him down flat, but not before he offered her his cherished die proof of the 1/2-cent Nathan Hale issue.



Photo of man with tie at Detroit restaurant.



"Jennings tol' me to get this thing outta my exhibit. I told him to go to hell."

Below right: Clod Jennings claims this is an actual photo of his first wife. We know better. It is actually photograph of Glenn Ford's girlfriend. However, Clyde keeps it on his bathroom wall.

Philatelic
Inquirer
Foto Section



(Paid Advertisement)

Hairball For Sale.



See us at our booth at WESTPEX. We have a complete selection of older collections squeezed from little old widows shortly after funerals. We have a Tuvalu holding that even includes a waxed hairball claimed to have been produced by a collector who used to lick his chin after hinging stamps.

**JENNINGS
& HOTCHNER**

Specialists in Hitting Up
On Philatelic Widows
Box 8, Gotcha, FL 32208



Up to their old tricks again: Bernard "Hit 'em where it hurts" Hennig and Cleve "My Title Page Is Better 'N Yours" Jennings shown at ButtpeX chortling, as usual, over the third vermeil medal they had given George Kramer's Wells, Fargo exhibit. Where are the judging police when you need 'em?

Flash! Jennings Continues Determination To Make Up For '72 All- Niter With R. Nixon

WASHINGTON, D.C. (AP), Feb. 2, 1996. The *Philatelic Inquirer* has received unusual tapes from the son of the late wife of a U.S. Attorney General that reveal that Claude Jennings was, indeed, behind the entire Watergate debacle that caused the downfall of Richard Milhous Nixon, esteemed President of these hyar United States.

Late on the night of June 2, 1972, Jennings—an old friend of many questionable politicians—called Nixon to invite himself and couple of delightful philatelic phemale friends to the White House for a late-night party. Nixon, weary from listening to old records of George McGovern speeches, consented...and thereby, the downfall of a president began.

Jennings, Nixon and the two lovelies partied on into the night...until Nixon received a phone call. The Prez, much more inebriated than one would ever expect, picked up the phone and began muttering into the receiver. The tapes reveal the following one side of the conversation...Nixon saying:

"Yeah?

"No s---?"

"Yeah, well, look...I can't be bothered right now. I'm in a very important conference.

"They wanna what!!?"

"Yeah, well we gotta get in there somehow, don't we?"

"Ok...I don't care. If you guys think you can have some fun in there, go ahead."

A few days later, Jennings picked up his morning paper in Jacksonville, Fla., only to see the following headline appearing in banner across the front page:



Most recent play by Jennings to repay fallen President for '72 mix-up: bribe paid to USPS printing contractor to produce what will perhaps be one of greatest modern rarities.



Partying again: Jennings shown here with one of the lovely young philatelists who, for some weird reason, continue to pursue him. Is it because he is the chief judge at so many shows? Cheryl Ganz could not be reached for comment.

BURGLARS ARE CAUGHT IN NIGHTTIME BREAK-IN AT DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL HQ IN WATERGATE COMPLEX.

"Gosh," thought Jennings. "Could I have been the cause of all that? I mean...would the old fella have had that conversation had we not been partyin'?"

It's weighed on his mind for all these years. In '74, Nixon went down the tubies, and ol' Claude began thinking how he would someday make it up to the old sport.

Then a bright idea struck: "That Nixon stamp," he thought. "Perhaps I can turn it into a major classic. I'll just bribe my old friend down at the Bureau of Engraving & Printing with a bottle of cheap wine..."

Secret of Gene Scott's Two "Champion of Champions" Awards Uncovered At Last

SARASOTA, FLA. (AP) Feb. 2, 1996. Documents obtained from hidden APS archives, and brought to this Sunshine State spa on the occasion of a major roast for a specious longtime philatelic turkey, have revealed a secret vacation taken in 1986 by important philatelic leaders to the California mountain hideaway of famed evangelist Dr. Eugene Scott. Along with the documents are six audio tapes recorded during the adventure.

Strangely, within two years of this unusual visit, the good doctor's exhibits rose to chop off all other comers in the annual American

Philatelic Society's World Series of Philately competition. Scott went on to win not one, but two, Champion of Champions honors.

Part of the tapes reveal the following conversation:

Scott: "What will it take?"

Jennings: "How much you got?"

Scott: "I got horses, paintings, a wine stock, young sweet things, etc."

Jennings: "Gimme one of them young sweet things."

Scott: "Okay."

Jennings: "You won't regret this."



Yuk. Yuk. During conspiratorial meeting after which Clove Jennings returned home with bevy of young sweet things, major philatelists gather to cheer up the fortunes of renowned philatelic expert and exhibitor Gene Scott. At top: B. Hennig, K. Weyna, S. Schumann. Bottom: Jennings, Scott and J. Hotchner. Who did they think they were kidding?

How Come The Roast? "I Got A Lot of People In My Pocket," says Jennings

In a late-night phone call to his latest paramour (recorded by this paper), Clide Jennings revealed that he had arranged his Sarasota Roast all by his lonesome.

"You see, honey," said CJ, "It's not who I know, but how much they owe me. For instance, you know the APS and CCNY? Well, not only do I know their head guys, but they both owe me for dozens of gold medals I've arranged for them. A roast was the least they could do."



Shown here giggling into Jennings' camera lens are the top tunas of both APS and CCNY. Photo was taken by CJ for later use as blackmail, and was recovered from trash bin behind Tom Mazza's house.