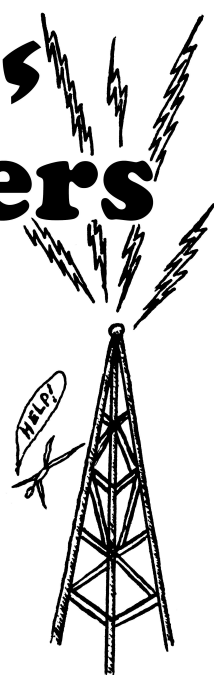


Radio Peking presents The Luchs Brothers in

THIS EP
PROVIDES
14 MIN. 38 SEC.
OF GOOD
CLEAN FUN
PLUS
TOP SECRET
PRIZES!

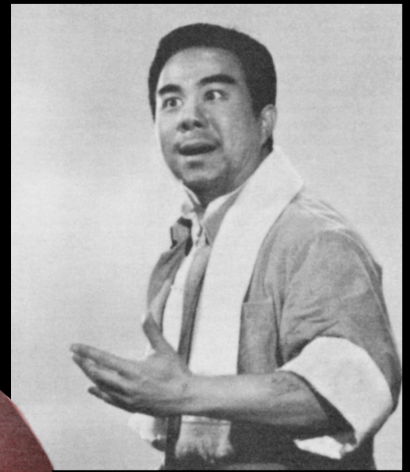


**WE ARE FARMERS
AND COMEDIANS TOO!**



KURT

STARRING



MURPH



GOOD-TIME CHARLIE



HELMUT



JIM

THE BIG TIME!

Written, Performed and Produced by The Luchs Brothers:
Kurt, Murph and Helmut
Original Music Composed, Arranged and Produced by Jim Youker
Song Lyrics Written and Sung by The Luchs Brothers
("Bacon County Jail" Vocal by Kurt Luchs)
Package Concept and Execution by The Luchs Brothers
Photo Reworking by Mark Kasiewicz
Engineered by Jim "Sam" Youker
Mastered at Diskwerks by Kevin Vogts
Equipment: Paul Bergetz, BSC, Inc.

"Bacon County Jail"

"The Beer Belly Polka"

Drums: Gary "Rhythm King" Maier
Banjo: Rob "Happy Hands" Curtis
Guitars: Marv "Moonman" Anderson
Bass: Jimmy "Joyboy" Youker

Drums: Gary Maier
Tuba: Tinkerbelle Scandora
1st Trombone: Tony "The Great"
Scandora

"Phone Calls to God"

2nd Trombone: Gustav
Shostakovich Scandora
Double-Belled Euphonium: Vito
Scandora

Yamaha Organ: Mad Dog Youker

Fluglehorn: Adolph Scandora
Bass Trumpet: Tony "Superlips"
Scandora

Immoral Support: Don and Gail Dumper

Thanks to: Bill Knight and The Prairie Sun; Cary "Fiction" Baker;
JEM Records; Bomp Records; Don, Sue and Claire at Johnny B.

Goode Records; Rita Jacobs; Wally and Tom at the Fox; Trevor
Faull; Mr. Leonetti (your check is in the mail)...and Special
Thanks to all those who stood in our way until we knocked them
over like socks full of rotten custard.

Dedicated to all Good Farmers everywhere

May this record bring us a big green crop at harvest time

Spoken Word Material © 1979 The Luchs Brothers

Songs © 1979 The Luchs Brothers and Jim Youker

© 1979 Retread Records, Inc.

E-Z MONEY

TRUST US

3

Murph

PRESIDENT



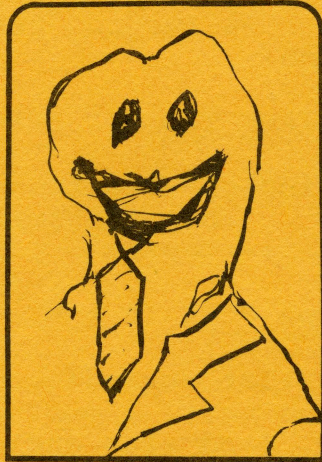
Retread Records, Inc.

Kurt

SECRETARY

3

M Y



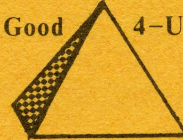
O H

G O D

Helmut

VICE PRESIDENT

Good 4-U



Pyramid Power

Jim

TREASURER

3

MANIACS MAKE BETTER LOVERS!!!

ONE SUCKER

Dear Luchs Brothers--

Yes, I love you. I want to marry you but I know that isn't possible, since I'm a human and you're--well, I just don't think it would work. I'm sorry. Please, don't cry. And don't ask me again. I could only refuse you. If it's any consolation I'd like a small part of you in memory of what we've shared together--a record, perhaps, or a smart-looking poster. Like these:

	Qty
<u>WE ARE FARMERS AND COMEDIANS TOO</u> (7" EP)--More of the same.	
	\$3.00 _____
<u>KILL ME I'M ROTTEN</u> (7" single)--The Luchs Brothers' first big international hit.	\$2.00 _____
<u>KILL ME I'M ROTTEN</u> (poster)--Two-color, heavy stock. Very pretty.	\$2.00 _____
<u>Snappy 8 x 10 Photo of the Boys</u> (B & W)--To cherish.	.50 _____

Of course I realize that regardless of what we've meant to each other in the past, I must add 50¢ per order for postage and handling. I am also enclosing some extra money in the form of check, cash or money order, since I don't really need it and I know you will spend it more wisely than I ever could. Until we meet again...

BACON COUNTY JAIL

Well I was weaned on a bottle of booze
At the age of two I filled my daddy's shoes
Had a smoker's cough by the time I was ten
And a voice as deep as the mud in a pig pen.

At the age of twelve I killed my first cop
Pushed him right off of Dead Man's Drop
When they found him at the bottom his face hadn't changed
But his beaver cap had caught the mange.

Well I laughed so hard thought I'd do it again
What's the point of Hell if there ain't no sin?
So I found me a fuzzbball cruisin' for speeders
Screamed by so fast I nearly broke his meter.

Yeah I was doin' 'bout a hundred and eighty
When I crashed five kids and a little old lady
Yeah I killed her dead but don't you knock it
'Cause I got the boy scout who was pickin' her pocket.

But that egg suckin' piss-muffin nailed my ass
When I slowed down to ninety to get some gas
Hopped out of his squad a'hobblin' on crutches
When he started to talk he talked just like a duchess:

"It seems you been mean and acting pretty awful
And I'm afraid what you done is just a trifle unlawful
Did a hit-and-run job on that old baby-sitter
And you know there's a fine for leavin' litter
So for that and a hundred other things I can't list
There's no doubt about it--I'm gonna slap your wrist!"

I said Eat Magnum Force you blue-eyed scum
And blew that mother to Kingdom Come
Crashed that barricade, splintered wood
Little blue cap embedded in the hood.

I was watchin' my mirror when I hit that pole
The next thing I know they throw me in the hole
And lock me up with a fish-eyed faggot
With a baby face and the mind of a maggot.

So now I'm stuck in Bacon County Jail
Scratchin' time on the wall with a nail
Drinkin' spit instead of beers
And makin' license plates...with queers!

THE BEER BELLY POLKA

Our shirts are brown just like our noses
We wear the armbands too
Salute the moustache that's the closest
It doesn't matter whose!
'Cause late at night we light the torches
And march the goosestep, Jah!
We scare the people from their porches
With our oom-pah-pah.

Chorus: We stink like Hell, mein Gott! we smell
We're dirty rotten bums
We stuff our snouts with sauerkraut
And pumpernickel crumbs
Now some is strange and some is queer
All of us is nuts
One thing is clear by drinkin' beer
All of us have guts.

The books we burn are no concern
We cannot read or write
We blow our minds with turpentine
We're really out of sight!
In the human race we can't keep pace
We always come in last
We swear we change our underwear
But cannot change the past. (Repeat Chorus)

WE ARE FARMERS AND COMEDIANS TOO

a play of the Proletariat

CHARACTERS

GOOD-TIME CHARLIE.....Most likely to succeed
KURT, MURPH & HELMUT.....The Luchs Brothers, people's funny-men
YUNG MAN.....Young man
OLD SMELLY DEAD MAN.....A farmer
UG LEE.....Good-hearted peasant girl
JUDAS.....A goat

(In a communist rice field; very big; bigger than all other rice fields, with more nylons and refrigerators)

YUNG MAN (collapsing on the ground) Pulling this outdated-but-useful threshing machine is hard labor. If I were not so happy I would be angry with the Luchs Brothers. They do not work like grasshoppers. Where could they be?

UG LEE (putting down her tractor) Oh, Yung Man!

YUNG MAN Aaaaaiieeee! Oh, it is you, Ug Lee. You startle me. Before you speaking I think you to be a rotten log.

UG LEE To be sure, Yung Man. But these Luchs Brothers--have I not seen them behind the collective storage bins assisting a female comrade?

YUNG MAN How so?

UG LEE I could not be seeing. They cover her like flies.

OLD SMELLY DEAD MAN (coughing up worms) I am liking the Luchs Brothers, now more than ever. When it comes to work, they are smart.

YUNG MAN (with respect) What matters your opinion, stinking one? You would be of more use dead than alive.

OLD SMELLY DEAD MAN But I am dead.

YUNG MAN (chopping off his head with a rusty hoe) Oh shut up, you old piece of wrong-thinking fertilizer!

(Enter the Luchs Brothers, like bee-keepers into an angry hive.)

MURPH How's it hanging, Yung Man?

YUNG MAN What?

MURPH Never mind. Where's the action?

YUNG MAN I be asking the questions here. Should you not be attending the cattle?

KURT It is said, "A watched boil never pops."

YUNG MAN Ha ha ha, that very funny. Have you heard the one about the three reactionary stooges?

HELMUT (chopping off his head with a rusty hoe) I believe so,

yes.

MURPH That rice wine has made me silly. In this dim light Ug Lee almost looks sexually desirable.

OLD SMELLY DEAD MAN She is not only a good wife but a fine tractor wheel, too.

HELMUT But she eats like a goat.

OLD SMELLY DEAD MAN That is a goat you are looking at. Ug Lee is over there by that moldering tree stump. She is the one wearing the ribbon.

UG LEE You boys always are making with the jokes, and correct comedy is OK for revolutionary self-criticism, but now won't you be vanguards in helping me mix up this vat of Red Dye number two?

KURT We have humored you long enough. Now we'll catch some more Z's.

OLD SMELLY DEAD MAN All yesterday you were catching those.

HELMUT Yes, but they got away. C'mon.

MURPH Wait! I'm not sleepy. Suddenly I feel like a pinhead-- a smart pinhead. Let's run away and join the circus instead.

KURT & HELMUT OK!

(Exit the Luchs Brothers, to become very rich and famous, you bet.)

THE END!



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originally appeared.
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THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITES....

SIDE ONE:

BACON COUNTY JAIL (2:01)

THE LUCHS BROTHERS

ON PARADE (5:02)

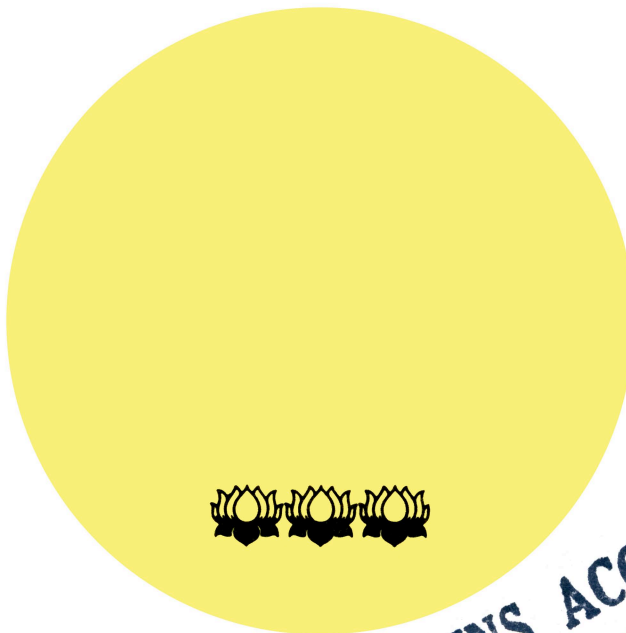
SIDE 1½:

THE BEER BELLY POLKA (2:33)

THIS IS A TEST (1:11)

PHONE CALLS TO GOD (3:18)

RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STAR (?)



CONTAINS ACCEPTABLE
LEVELS OF RADIATION



RETREAD RECORDS, INC. BOX 282 WHEATON IL 60187 USA



RETREAD RECORDS, INC.
Produced by the Luchs Bros.
and Jim Youker

Side 1
©1979 Retread
Records, Inc.

STEREO
RREP-0002
33 1/3 RPM

1. **BACON COUNTY JAIL (2:01)**
(Youker-Luchs Bros.)
2. **LUCHS BROS. ON PARADE (5:02)**
(Luchs Brothers)

THE LUCHS BROTHERS

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RETREAD RECORDS, INC.
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and Jim Youker

Side 1 1/2
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Records, Inc.

STEREO
RREP-0002
33 1/3 RPM

1. **THE BEER BELLY POLKA (2:33)**
(Youker-Luchs Bros.)
2. **THIS IS A TEST (1:11)**
3. **PHONE CALLS TO GOD (3:18)**
4. **RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STAR (:33)**
(Luchs Bros., except as noted)

THE LUCHS BROTHERS

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