At this very moment, Government computers are busily compiling burgeoning banks of personal data on you and me and our fellow citizens.

This revolution by Senate investigators has created widespread alarm. Typical is the reaction of my milkman, Mrs. O’Hanrahan (cq) Mrs. O’Hanrahan is alarmed that she may not be on any Government list. "No one," she says nervously, "likes to be left out these days!"

To reassure Mrs. O’Hanrahan and other panicked Americans that their Government is indeed aware of them, we present herewith the unique life story of Grosbert Grommet.

Grosbert had the good fortune to be born in the carriage of a gas ballon somewhere over Perth Amboy, N.J. (cq) His father, Gridwell, a noted balloonist and anarchist, decided on landing not to register Grosbert’s birth. In fact, he decided never to register Grosbert for anything.

"I want you to devote your life to me," he told the growing lad, "to keep the Government ignorant of your existence. True, the Government will never do anything for you. But you’ll never have to do anything for the Government. Believe me, you’ll come out way ahead."

So Gridwell didn’t register the boy for school, but tutored him at home instead. Nor did he sign him up for the Boy Scouts, enroll him in YMCA camp or even list him as a tax deduction. In fact, Grosbert’s name never appeared on a scrap of paper anywhere.

Once, young Grosbert rebelled, decided to run away to Zambouanga and went down to get a passport. When the clerk demanded proof of birth, Grosbert pounded himself on the chest and pointed out he existed. The clerk naturally replied that wasn’t good enough.

"The Government doesn’t even know I’m alive," Grosbert complained to his father.

"Exactly," said his father, rubbing his hands. "Therefore you needn’t register for the draft."

This convinced Grosbert from then on be devoted every waking moment to preventing the Government from learning of his existence.

It wasn’t easy. He went to a free university that didn’t keep records. To avoid registering for Social Security, he joined a hippie community and traded love beads for a living.

Spear’s Veto

(Continued from pg. 1)

Sen. Jennings submitted an amendment to the overriding bill placing the nomination of class officers in the fall. She was unable to amend the legislation because the Senate had voted it into law. Spear’s spoke to the Senate a second time during the meeting and said, "I vetoed a bill you gave me setting the nominations on March 8. By the time you get the vetoed bill back, that date had passed. As a former vice president, I must say the attempt to change the date should have been made before you voted. You must now write another bill. There can be nothing done to this bill.

You can submit a new bill to the chair and start debate, but there is nothing I can do with this bill. The bill is passed and is history," Spear said.

He couldn’t, of course, own a house, a boat, a car, a telephone, a checking account or any shares in General Motors. Nor could he take out a driver’s license, apply for welfare or open a charge account. And when he fell in love with Irma, they had to live in sin.

On the other hand, as he was fond of telling Irma, he never paid a nickel in taxes, served a day in the Army or spent an hour on jury duty.

"All in all," he said happily, "I don’t feel bad!"

Unfortunately, this started an argument. Grosbert lost his temper and strangled Irma with a $3.98 set of love beads. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to death.

"But you can’t execute me," Grosbert confidently told the judge, "because I don’t exist."

This caused a nationwide furor. Grosbert was taken before the Great Central Computer in Washington. It clicked, whirled and issued a tape which read: "THERE IS NO GOSBERT GROMMET."

"See!" cried Grosbert triumphantly. "I told you...

But of course, at that very instant, he vanished in a puff of acid smoke.

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