

\$500

THE TRAVELING CIRCUS

THAT TIME FORGOT INC.



OFFICIAL
SOUVENIR PROGRAM

How the incredibly backward vision and superlative genius of one man set into constant motion The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

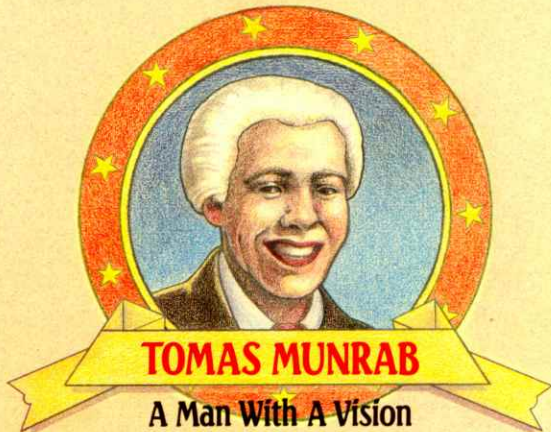
Put yourself in the man's oxford for a moment. A graduate magna cum laude from one of the world's most prominent business schools. Yet at the same time, a maverick at heart, independent of mind—reluctant to follow his blue-suited classmates lockstep into the boardrooms of Corporate America. A man with a vision—a vision as yet undefined, like a cloud, anticipating the release of its own charge, the lightning bolt of an idea.

So what do you do if you're an out-of-work Harvard Business School grad with a dream? You go out and buy yourself a circus, of course.

The idea, brilliant in its simplicity: to resurrect the classic traveling circus of old—blending innocence, flamboyance, and nostalgia—and send it off to crisscross the highways and byways of this promised land of ours, visiting upon the masses thirsty for good clean fun.

Sounds so simple, yet it is hard to imagine the tremendous quantum of resistance and awesome challenge that would confront this would-be modern day P. T. Barnum. Immediately you would hear the voice of the nay-sayers, their prickly criticism intended to burst your balloon, deriding such "pipe dreams" as low tech and low brow, logistically impossible, financially unfeasible. And imagine the embarrassment of getting laughed out of the Harvard Club!

Now, if you ever met Tomas Munrab, you'd know one



thing for certain: the word "impossible" is unknown to him. Not through any lack of education, certainly, but by willful, steadfast determination to overcome all obstacles in his life's path. A couple of years ago, it was this personal drive coupled with this vision that compelled Mr. Munrab to invest in a small circus and to completely transform it, thus embarking on the odyssey of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

As President, Producer, and Chief Entertainment Officer of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. (a wholly owned subsidiary of Munrab Enterprises, Inc.), Mr. Munrab himself has overseen whole hog the acquisition of the capital, talent, and marketing savvy necessary for transforming his circus into the growing concern you see today.

"It takes some doing to maintain an exciting family

show with a genuine, turn-of-the-century feel, while at the same time funding additions, improvements, and the necessary attentions to investors," says Munrab, obviously proud of his mastery over his dual role as showman and businessman. "You could say I've had to deal with quite a few clowns over the past couple of years."

Despite such good-natured banter from the Boss, it's clear from their much-practiced performances and their dogged dedication that the circus folk hold Mr. Munrab in high esteem, even reverence.

And indeed who could help but have a great reservoir of admiration for the top talent of them all: Tomas Munrab, the man whose golden touch single-handedly put into motion what is well on its way to becoming the entertainment miracle of the century. The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

GLORIOUS GLORIA Queen of the Air

Not since the days of Lillian Leitzel have circus-goers been so entranced by a trapeze artiste. With her sequined tutu and halo of blonde hair, Glorious Gloria Golotov embodies the glamour and daring of the big top. Gloria dazzles audiences with an extraordinary repertoire of aerial splits, somersaults, and pirouettes, culminating in the stunning death-whirl made famous by Leitzel in the 1920's.

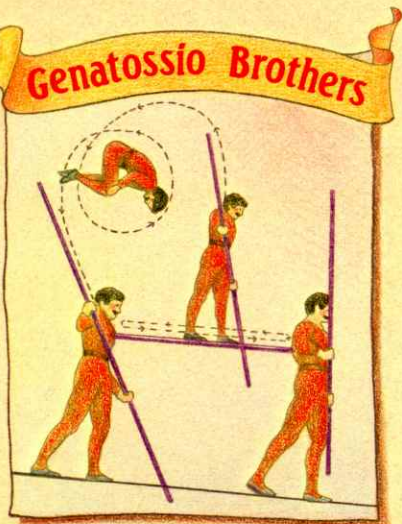
Glorious Gloria, Queen of the Air
... Captivates Crowds with her Courage
and Flair... Weaving her Wondrous
Aerial Spell ... Glorious Gloria ... Artiste
Nonpareil!



THE AMAZING GENATOSSIO BROTHERS

In a daring display of high wire skill and reckless abandon, the famed Genatossio Brothers thrill spectators with an array of death-defying feats. Balanced on a thin steel cable 50 feet overhead, Carlo, Giuseppe, Antonio, and Stefano Genatossio play a heart-stopping game of leapfrog, ride tandem bicycles, jump rope forward and backward, and perform a stupendous break-dance finale.

The 28-year-old Genatossio quadruplets, natives of Bologna, Italy, were spotted by Tomas Munrab at a county fair in Upstate New York. After seeing their incredible performance, he asked the young men to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. "Senza dubbio," says Carlo, "we accept without hesitation."







THE WILD KINGDOM

In 1815, Hackaliah Bailey toured New England with his elephant "Old Bet," thereby creating the traveling menagerie. His show was so successful that imitations soon appeared, offering an array of exotic animals drawn from the four corners of the globe. Massive elephants from India stood side by side with savage lions from the Tanzanian plains and quick-witted apes from the jungles of the Congo.

Eventually menageries combined with circuses to produce the touring extravaganzas of the late 19th century. This has remained their place to the present day.

Crucial to the success of the menagerie is the animal trainer, who earns the respect of even the most ferocious tiger and arranges for the care and feeding of all. The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. is proud to present world-renowned trainer Gottfried Wilhelm von Katzenjammer.

In one of the most breathtaking moments of the show, Gottfried strides bare-chested into a cage of ferocious, snarling lions. Using only a bullwhip and chair, the fearless trainer masters the savage beasts, commanding them to perform a series of dramatic stunts.

Born in Hanover, Germany, in 1952, Gottfried is the son of famed pachyderm trainers Wilma and Werner von Katzenjammer. After honing his skills in the family act, Gottfried rose to prominence in the acclaimed Cirque Martinique. He was persuaded to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. in 1983, during Tomas Munrab's annual world-wide talent search.

Blond and muscular, Gottfried draws as much attention as the animals he commands. From the stunning lion act to the magnificent elephant parade, the skills of Gottfried Wilhelm von Katzenjammer and his wild animals contribute immeasurably to the excitement and pageantry of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

CLOWN ALLEY

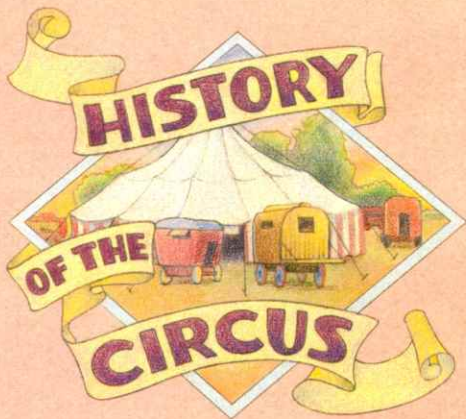


The great showman P. T. Barnum once remarked that clowns are the pegs on which circuses are hung. When the atmosphere of suspense and tension in the arena approaches unbearable limits, the clowns arrive to lighten the mood of the spectators in preparation for the next death-defying stunt.

Foremost in our Clown Alley is the celebrated Comrade Constantine Thumb. Only 28 inches in height, Thumb proudly bears the title of the smallest man in the world. Born of normal-sized parents in the West Siberian Plain, Thumb was educated at the famed Surgut Acrobatics Institute. He defected in 1984, at the behest of Tomas Munrab, to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. Whether cavorting with his miniature dachshund, displaying his considerable acrobatic skills, or warbling in his native Russian, our merry midget delights audiences from Dallas to Dayton.

Comic companions to Comrade Thumb are the other members of our clown troupe, from Chuckles, the buffoon tramp, to Mystic Malcom, the stumblebum magician.

All in all, the clown's profession is a noble one. The world is full of tears, and it is far more difficult to send us into gales of laughter than it is to make us cry.



Glittering Extravanzas

It has been said that the circus is the only really mysterious thing left in civilization. Here in Spangleland, performers from around the globe astound audiences with a star-dusted repertoire of seemingly impossible feats. Clowns in comical makeup leap out of unexpected places, and magnificent beasts respond as if by magic to the trainer's command.

The circus can be traced back to the Roman amphitheater, although these ancient spectacles featured mostly chariot races and gladiator fights. In the Middle Ages, wandering tumblers, jugglers, acrobats, and animal trainers performed wherever people gathered.

The circus as we know it did not appear until 1768, when a trick rider found that if he galloped in a circle while

standing on his horse's back, centrifugal force helped him keep his balance. From then on, organized circus performances were held in rings, usually in permanent or semi-permanent buildings.

The big top originated in the 1820's. At first, circus tents were very small, housing a single ring and several hundred portable seats. A few decades later, big tops rivaled the ancient hippodromes in magnitude, covering up to two acres with 11 tons of canvas.

By the 1870's, American circuses were glittering extravanzas, carried from town to town by dozens of railroad cars. Generations of families made the circus their life and livelihood. A special language evolved, mingling foreign tongues, thieves' argot, and

terms used to describe objects and locations peculiar to the circus.

In circus lingo, a *sucker* is a circus-goer, an *Annie Oakley* is a ticket, and a *Bible* is a program or magazine. *Lot loafers* or *lotlice* are townspeople who hang around the lot. The *back yard* is the space between the big top and the dressing rooms, where wardrobes and props are stored. The *white wagon* is the main office on the circus lot. The *blues* are the cheapest seats in the big top. *Side-walling*—crawling in under the canvas wall—is the last resource of local urchins who can't even afford the blues.

Illegal gambling is called *grift*. "*Hey Rubel!*" is the rallying cry for help in a fight between circus people and toughs or irate townspeople. A *Monday Man* was permitted to steal from village clotheslines. A *Johnny Tin Plate* is a small town marshal or constable, a *First of May* is a novice performer, and a *roustabout* is a common laborer. Extra work is called *cherry pie*. A *keister* is a trunk or wardrobe box. A clown is a *Joey*. And *clown alley* is a dressing tent or trailer reserved exclusively for clowns.

As the circus parade with its gaudy wagons, proud tigers, and whistling calliope rolls through town, who among us does not feel a thrill of excitement? For we know that when the great tent is erected and the Joeyes leave clown alley for the performance ring, we can all join in on the magic and mystery of the circus.

