

Postwar/ LIFE Parody Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living

# NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND 34490

SEPT. 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

Let's Laugh Them Off the Map...

OUR GREATEST WEAPON: THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR



M. Gross

They Can't Take a Joke!

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# GRAND FUNK



**We're An American Band**



**Produced by Todd Rundgren  
On Capitol Records & Tapes**

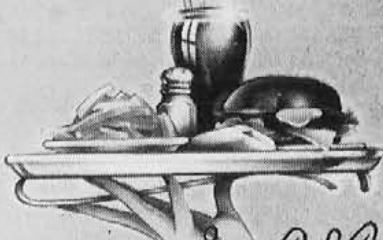
How they make a drink called tequila  
from a natural, living cactus plant.

First it takes about 10 years to  
grow this cactus called the agave  
tequilana or blue mescal.  
Then they steam it to bring  
out the juice, then press it in  
giant rollers and squeeze the juice out  
which tastes kind of like a sweet  
potato with a funny smell. Then  
it's distilled and aged. Jose  
Cuervo first made it in 1795. And  
it's really the best there is.

Patti Patterson

This is the part  
they make it from.  
Even the extra fancy,  
aged, Gold Cuervo  
Special.





# American Graffiti

**American Graffiti is a new film about the beginning of the future, when everyone was cruising, kicking ass, and having a blast. The soundtrack for the film is a soundtrack of the times. With occasional introductions by the howling, prowling Wolfman Jack.**

**The songs are:**

- Rock Around The Clock/Bill Haley
- Sixteen Candles/The Crests
- Fanny Mae/Buster Brown
- Runaway/Del Shannon
- At The Hop/Flash Cadillac
- She's So Fine/Flash Cadillac
- The Stroll/The Diamonds
- Surfin' Safari/The Beach Boys
- Almost Grown/Chuck Berry
- Book Of Love/The Monotones
- Love Potion No. 9/The Clovers
- Heart And Soul/The Cleftones
- Chantilly Lace/The Big Bopper
- The Great Pretender/The Platters
- To The Aisle/The Five Satins
- Little Darlin'/The Diamonds
- Barbara Anne/The Regents
- Get A Job/The Silhouettes
- Maybe Baby/Buddy Holly
- Teen Angel/Mark Dinning
- Only You/The Platters
- YaYa/Lee Dorsey
- Party Doll/Buddy Knox
- Peppermint Twist/Joey Dee & The Starlighters
- Why Do Fools Fall In Love/Frankie Lymon
- A Thousand Miles Away/The Heartbeats
- He's The Great One/The Fleetwoods
- I Only Have Eyes For You/The Drifters
- Smoke Gets In Your Eyes/The Drifters
- Do You Wanna Dance/Bobby Darin
- Since I Don't Have You/The Skyliners
- See You In September/The Tempos
- You're Sixteen—You're Beautiful (And You're Mine)/Johnny Burnette
- All Summer Long/The Beach Boys
- Ain't That A Shame/Fats Domino
- That'll Be The Day/Buddy Holly
- Johnny B. Goode/Chuck Berry
- Goodnight, Well It's Time To Go/The Spaniels
- Green Onions/Booker T. & The MG's
- Crying In The Chapel/Sonny Till & The Orioles
- Come Go With Me/The Del Vikings



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Slick Earth • Rare Byrd • Lemmings Sisters • American  
Stevens • Cat Pointer • Graffiti Van

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**GRAND FUNK**  
We're An American Band

**GRAND FUNK**  
ON CAPITOL  
WE'RE AN AMERICAN BAND



NATIONAL LAMPOON  
**LEMMINGS**

**LEMMINGS**  
ON BANANA/BLUE THUMB  
RECORDED DEAD



Ma  
Rare Earth R546L

**RARE EARTH**  
ON MOTOWN



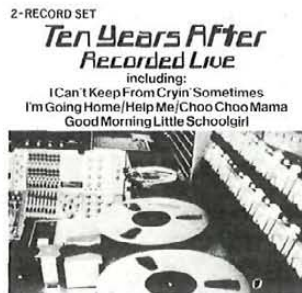
**BLACK BYRD**  
DONALD BYRD

**DONALD BYRD**  
ON BLUE NOTE  
BLACK BYRD



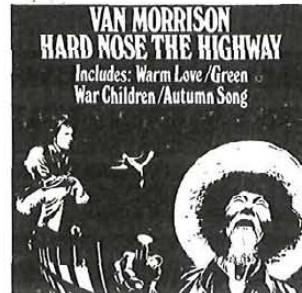
**WAR**  
*Deliver  
The  
Word*

**WAR**  
ON UNITED ARTISTS  
DELIVER THE WORD



2-RECORD SET  
*Ten Years After*  
**Recorded Live**  
including:  
I Can't Keep From Cryin' Sometimes  
I'm Going Home/Help Me/Choo Choo Mama  
Good Morning Little Schoolgirl

**TEN YEARS AFTER**  
ON COLUMBIA  
RECORDED LIVE



**VAN MORRISON**  
**HARD NOSE THE HIGHWAY**  
Includes: Warm Love/Green  
War Children/Autumn Song

**VAN MORRISON**  
ON WARNER BROS.  
HARD NOSE THE HIGHWAY



**American Graffiti**

2-RECORD SET

**AMERICAN GRAFFITI**  
ON MCA  
SOUNDTRACK



**CAT STEVENS**  
FOREIGNER

**CAT STEVENS**  
ON A & M  
FOREIGNER



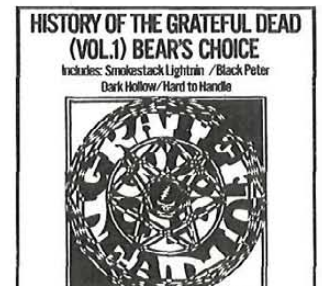
*The Pointer Sisters*

**THE POINTER SISTERS**  
ON BLUE THUMB



**Paul Kantner, Grace Slick  
& David Freiberg**  
Baron von Tollbooth  
& The Chrome Nun

**KANTNER/SLICK/ FREIBERG**  
ON GRUNT  
BARON VON TOLLBOOTH  
& THE CHROME NUN



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(VOL.1) BEAR'S CHOICE

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HISTORY OF THE  
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# CONTENTS

September, 1, No. 42

**Whitedove Comics, 21**  
By Henry Beard

**Military Trading Cards, 48**  
By Bill Effros

**Flowers from the Front: An Anthology of War Poems, 39**  
By Sean Kelly

**Guerre, 41**  
By George Trow, Brian McConnachie, and Henry Beard

**Midcast Appeal, 37**

**Heroin Rationing Stamps, 50**

**Marshal Mirth, 51**  
By Brian McConnachie and Henry Beard

**Armageddon Book Club, 52**  
By Bruce McCall

**Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, 55**  
By Bruce McCall

**Rendezvous with Discomfort—One P.O.W.'s Story, 61**  
By Doug Kenney

**Vichy Supplement, 67**  
By George Trow

**Life, September 28, 1943, 71**  
By George Trow, Bruce McCall, and Henry Beard

**Editorial, 6**

**News on the March, 9**

**True Facts, 12**

**Letters, 18**

**Mrs. Agnew's Diary, 34**

**Funny Pages, 85**

**Coming Next Month, 92**

SPORTS



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# Are you playing your records or ruining them?

If you're like most music listeners, you never think about your records after putting them on your record player.

You just sit back and enjoy the music.

Chances are you'd be less relaxed, if you knew that your records might be losing something with every play.

Like the high notes.

It's something to think about.

Especially when you consider how many hundreds or even thousands of dollars you have invested in your record collection. And will be investing in the future.

## What happens during play.

Even the cheapest record changer can bring its tonearm to the record and lift it off again. But what happens during the twenty minutes or so of playing time is something else.

The stylus is responding with incredible speed to the roller-coaster contours of the stereo grooves. This action recreates all the music you hear, whether it's the driving energy of a rock band or the richness of a symphony orchestra.

The higher the frequency of the music, the more rapidly the contours

change, and the sharper the peaks the stylus has to trace. If the tonearm bears down too heavily, the diamond-tipped stylus won't go around those soft-vinyl peaks. Instead, it will lop them off.



High frequency peaks can be lopped off as in A right. Less fragile low frequency contours are shown in B.

The record will look unchanged, but your piccolos will never sound quite the same again. Nor will Jascha Heifetz.

## It's all up to the tonearm.

What does it take for the stylus to travel the obstacle course of the stereo groove without a trace that it's been there? It takes a precision tonearm. One that can allow today's finest cartridges to track optimally at low pressures of one gram or less. For flawless tracking, the tonearm should be perfectly balanced with the weight of the cartridge, and must maintain the stylus pressure equally on each side wall of the stereo groove. And in order to maintain this equal pressure during play the tonearm must not introduce

any drag. This requires extremely low friction pivot bearings.

There is much more to the design and engineering of tonearms and turntables. But this should be sufficient to give you the idea.

## Dual: the music lovers' preference.

By now you probably understand why serious music lovers won't play their precious records on anything but a precision turntable. And the most serious of these people, the readers of the leading music magazines, buy more Duals than any other make of quality turntable.

If you would like to know more about Dual turntables, we'll send you lots of interesting literature, including an article on how to buy a turntable, and reports by independent test labs. Or better yet, just visit your franchised United Audio dealer and ask for a Dual demonstration. You will never have to worry about your records again.

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# EDITORIAL PAGE



Did anything ever stop being funny to you? Well, let me tell you about World War II. Time was when all you had to say was "Anzio" and yours truly rolled around on the floor. Not any more. You know what's funnier than World War II? My toaster. My toaster has a great personality, and makes a friendly little noise. What more do you want?

I think Mama Cass is funnier than World War II.

The Port Huron Statement was funnier than World War II.

Frank Sinatra Jr. is so funny he makes World War II look like a wake.

Erasable paper is pretty funny.

Some things are less funny than World War II. The only thing I can think of off hand is "Pinball Wizard." That's enough of *that*; now let's get to the dirt.

I had a *terrible heart-breaking* fight with Michael O'Donoghue for awhile but it got patched up beautifully. Now we *like* and *respect* each other even more than before and have begun to learn the meaning of the words *restraint* and *adult responsibility*. Michael has a fabulous new apartment on West Sixteenth Street. He's chucked out a *lot of the old shit* and has bought a fabulous new Chinese rug from Doug Kesten who is *my neighbor*. Who says that living with

stylish Ann doesn't make a big difference. Henry is in a *foul mood*, but he won't admit it. Spends as *little time as possible* at the office, fields all his phone calls. Pep level at drink time is *way down*. . . . Sean says it's a secret life that's the problem; I say it's *no secret life* that's the problem. . . . What Lampoon editor *didn't ask me to his party?*

Ann's hurt that Sean doesn't call her more. Ann cooks *fabulous chili* by the way . . . will she have to *shave her head* to compete with a certain Miss? . . . Henry and Brian and I went to Beautiful Belmont, lost a bundle on Poof. Not everyone gets to stay over at P.J.'s house. . . . Brian's *down in the dumps* because he bought a sprinkler system he doesn't really need from Lars. Luckily, storage is no problem, it's safely lodged in Lars's warehouse.

Not everyone will get to join P.J.'s motorcycle gang. . . . Brian really *stood out* at reception for new Japanese Hotel. . . . Michael got Toshiro Mifune's autograph. . . . Ann *didn't*

get those two play-for-pay girls to come to dinner. . . . Sean Kelly is smarter than anyone and a *good listener*. Michael gave P.J. an Art Deco display case for his collection of *dinky toys*. Some of us can hardly wait for the Rugby Team to leave town. *Flash Flash Flash*. As I type at this moment, Michael O'Donoghue is dictating a *Lampoon Flash Superscoop*. . . . "She had red platform shoes . . . *nude in red platform shoes* and she was studying air safety and nutrition, and by air safety I mean she could predict through astrological charts air disasters. She discovered this when her parents left her alone for two weeks. Her name is Jandola. . . . Who is she? Why, a runner-up in the Miss Nude Metro contest at the Circle H Nude Ranch in New Jersey, where MICHAEL was a judge!

Cover: This month's cover is by Michael Gross. Frankly, when it came in I thought it was a stiff, but Michael redid the guy's head, put a hat on him, and now it's better. A little *Balkan* if you know what I mean, but better. Michael Gross, by the way, didn't invite me to his party. □

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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

SEPTEMBER, 1973

VOLUME I, NO. XLII

## *Fr\*\*d\*m \*f t\*e Pr\*\*s?* **FIRST AMENDMENT RATED "X"**



YOU MAY GET RID OF NIXON,  
BUT I'M GOING TO BE HERE UNTIL 1990.

THE LAW IS  
AN A\*S

The recent decision by the Civil Aeronautics Board to end airline youth fare discounts on the grounds that they represented a form of discrimination based on age has led to a number of similar actions by other industries anxious to avoid possible legal action in the event that the principle is recognized by the Supreme Court. The American Restaurant Association has announced that most of its member establishments will end the practice of offering so called "children's portions" because they improperly offer "a wider dish choice" to young people and are, in any case "insulting to Juveno-Americans." High chairs and other seat raising devices may also be done away with since they "unfairly single out the less mature individual and subject him to opprobrium, ridicule, and discomfort solely because of his age." Clothing manufacturers are considering phasing out terms like "junior size," "togs for the tot," and "baby clothes" and at least one large department store chain may close its "children's store" and incorporate it into the rest of its apparel section with goods being offered in categories ranging from "the smaller individual" to "the larger individual."

Although the Food and Drug Administration has yet to make a ruling on age discrimination, the pharmaceutical industry is preparing for the possibility that "children's dosages"; medicines made specifically for children, such as St. Joseph's Aspirin; and safety warnings which urge the

purchaser to keep a variety of drugs "out of reach of children," will all be ruled impermissible. In all likelihood, the drug companies will, if forced, end up adopting a system developed by Merck, Sharp, and Dome, in which all medicines will be prepared in extremely minute doses and a chart, based only on some neutral measurement, such as body weight, will indicate how many pills any given individual should take. Under such a system, an average adult would have to take 145 aspirins for a headache, and fifty to sixty cold pills every four hours for the flu.

There is some question as to whether laws that restrict the sale of liquor to minors may be invalidated, and one distillery already had a major marketing plan prepared for the sale of miniature bottles to minors under the slogan "a nip for the nipper" until their legal department pointed out the possible discriminatory implication of the smaller volumes of liquid. Rules permitting lower price attendance for children at movies, zoos, museums, and on public transit are also likely to fall, and in an interesting sidelight, ordinances which favor pregnant women may also have to go, under the logic that they really favor the unborn child merely because of his extreme youth.

In what appears to be a major shift of strategy in the White House position on the Watergate affair, Special Counsel J. "Fred" Buzhardt has re-

leased a lengthy memo which states that the President knew about the Watergate break-in, the campaign activities of espionage and sabotage, and the subsequent cover-up, but that he didn't know that he knew. "The President is not one of those people who goes around talking to himself," said Buzhardt. "Frankly, he has an extremely busy schedule, what with international affairs and ending the war and the rest of it, and he just doesn't get time to sit down and mull things over like you and I do." Buzhardt also pointed out that under the staff system that was in operation before the departure of H. R. "Bob" Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, all of the President's recollections, conscious thoughts, and even dreams, had to be cleared through Haldeman or Ehrlichman. "Knowledge of something that happened six or eight months previously just wouldn't have that kind of priority," insisted Buzhardt. "All of that would fall into the category of boyhood recollections, memories—the pleasant ones were handled by Ehrlichman, the unpleasant ones by Haldeman—and trivia. When thoughts like that came up, the President would just give Haldeman or Ehrlichman a ring, and they'd handle it. For example, if the President saw an old friend one day and he reminded the President of, say, a golf game at Pebble Beach in '62, he'd have Haldeman prepare a rundown on it; who won, what the weather was like, whether he was having trouble with his mid-irons, that sort of thing, and file it under Memories, Pleasant; Sports, Golf." Buzhardt said further it was critical to make the distinction between items which were cleared for inclusion in the President's official memory, like the capital of Delaware, the pass-completion average of Johnny Unitas, and his telephone number, and "raw, unscreened, recollective data such as might exist following a conversation with John Dean and which had not been properly evaluated as to its retention priority."

In an article for the *Brigham Young University Law Review*, Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren E. Burger has expanded upon the legal reasoning behind the high court's landmark pornography decision. Repeating his assertion that "to equate the free and robust exchange of ideas and political debate with commercial exploitation of obscene material demeans the grand conception of the First Amendment and its high purpose in the historic struggle for freedom," Burger went on to state, along the same line of argument, that "to equate the sound



SARATOGA, NEW YORK. After winning the mile-and-a-half Donnally handicap in the unbelievable record time of one minute flat, Sheer Greek is helped back to his stable by his trainers. When they were asked to explain the odd condition of the horse, one of the men stated, "Sheer Greek's quite a high strung animal and gets very nervous after a race when he's in the winner's circle. Nothing to worry about and don't take any pictures. That makes him even more nervous than he already is."

# HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

## Discover *exactly* how to pick up beautiful women.

Here, for the first time ever, is a manual completely devoted to "The Pick Up." Now you can get the kind of girls you've always wanted. Not ugly girls. Or fat girls. Or girls with dumpy legs. To the contrary. NOW you can pick up *beautiful* girls! Girls with luxurious golden hair and soft rounded breasts. Girls with long sexy legs and pretty eyes and sensuous lips. Yes, now you can get the kind of gorgeous, delicious creatures you've always seen, always wanted, but never quite knew how to meet.

## Interviews with 25 beautiful girls.

What's the secret behind this amazing new book? How come it's been called "The first How To book that really and truly works?" The answer is simple. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you — *in their very own words* — exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And most important of all, how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick them up. The only problem is, you've probably never known it before.

## Pick up girls *anywhere*.

It's easy to handle women once you've been introduced to them. But what if there's no one around to introduce you? If the girls of your dreams is a gorgeous stranger you see walking down the street? What do you do then? You read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, that's what you do. You read it because this fabulous new book contains *everything* you need to know about picking up girls. You'll learn how to pick up girls *anywhere*. In bars, restaurants, on planes, trains, and, yes, even on the street!



## This amazing new book contains **OVER ONE HUNDRED FOOL-PROOF TECHNIQUES**

for picking up girls.

Here are just a few of the ones you will learn and master:

- How to be Sexy
- Best places to pick up girls
- How to make shyness work for you
- Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking
- How to talk dirty seductively
- Why girls get horny
- Magic confidence builders
- How fear can actually help you
- 50 great opening lines
- The greatest pick up technique in the world
- Why women are dying to get picked up
- How to get women to pick you up

"Changed my whole damn life!"

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is already working miracles for men all across the country. Here are just a few of the fabulous letters we've received:

Your book, HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, changed my whole damn life! The girls are calling me up if I don't call them.

From an accountant in Ohio

I want you to know that you have written one of the best books of all time. One that was long overdue.

From a California swinger

It works! I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said WOW! when he saw her.

From a prep school student in Massachusetts

I was at a pet shop and I saw this cute girl. So, following the advice in your book, I said something to her. We got small-talking about the dog she was going to buy. Then I said may I call you sometime. Her eyes lit up with pleasure and surprise. She said, "Sure!" and gave me her name and number. To make a long story even longer, we've been going out the past couple of weeks and have a groovy relationship going. She's a stewardess and a great woman.

From a 30 year old bachelor in Seattle

Start picking up girls today.

As you can see, HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS really and truly works. Over 200,000 copies have already been sold. So don't delay. Order your copy this minute. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, you'll be the one who knows how to move into action.

The cost of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is only \$7.95. That's less than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much more of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful women, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

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I enclose \$7.95, plus 75¢ for postage and handling. Rush me HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away so I can start picking up beautiful girls.

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• Luxembourg, being a small country and not wishing to foot the bill for sending a full delegation, asked the Dutch representative to the Soviet-sponsored European Security Conference to look after Luxembourg's interests at the talks.

During the vote following a debate on how the conference should be financed, the Dutch representative was obliged to run to the seat reserved for Luxembourg at the conference table and deliver an impassioned speech (in French) calling on the United Nations to assume all the costs. He then ran back to his seat in the section reserved for the Netherlands and delivered an equally impassioned speech (in English) calling upon each participating nation to make a separate contribution. *The Manchester Guardian* (via *Private Eye*)

• *Time* magazine had intended to send a reporter to cover a solo campaign appearance by Mrs. Spiro Agnew but reportedly gave up the idea when they discovered that the biggest event on her schedule was cutting the ribbon at a ceremony marking the opening of a hair-dressing salon in Annapolis, Maryland. *Boston Globe* (M. Spurge)

• In an attempt to boost morale, the Army Materiel Command held a contest to name its new national headquarters building.

More than five hundred names were sent in and duly considered by the AMC's official Contest Committee to Name the New Building.

The winning name, submitted by Francis Sikorski, a civilian employee, was "The AMC Building."

Mr. Sikorski received \$100 for his suggestion. *Daily Iowan* (T. Dougherty)

• Mr. James Baer, thirty, of Chicago, is the plaintiff in a \$250,000 damage suit currently pending in Cook

County court, in which he claims he was "permanently disabled" when he was hit in the groin by a golf ball in 1970.

Presumably, Mr. Baer is hoping that the presiding judge will not come across a recent news item reporting that Mrs. Baer gave birth to quintuplets. *Toronto Sun* (R. Forrest)

• In a serious security leak, a man urinated on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, putting out the eternal flame. The incident took place only hours after Chancellor Willy Brandt of West Germany laid a wreath at the spot. French police said the man, a thirty-two-year-old Algerian, was apparently mentally unstable and did not seem to be protesting the visit of the German leader. *University of Michigan Daily* (R. Ankli)

• A new American word has found its way into the Vietnamese language to join "TV" and "Apollo"—"gate," as in Watergate.

Possibly reflecting some confusion about bewildering Occidental customs, Vietnamese newspapers have taken to reporting local scandals under headlines using some variation of the word.

The involvement of a civil servant in a Saigon car theft ring has been called "the autogate"; a scandal arising out of the misuse of funds by the president of the Vietnam Confederation of Labor has been labeled "the laborgate affair"; and an incidence of corruption in South Vietnam's Internal Revenue Service has been dubbed "the taxgate." *Chicago Daily News*

• An ad in a Kansas paper for an X-rated movie called *Husbands, Wives, Lovers & Strangers* mentions that the star of the film, who appears under the stage name of Ken Osmond, is none other than John Holms, who formerly played Eddie Haskell on the TV series, "Leave it to Beaver." *Kansas City Star* (R. L. Mullins)

• The tiny African republic of Sierra Leone has honored the malaria-carrying mosquito for making the country "the white man's grave" in past years and preventing Europeans from settling in the pestilential land and making it "another Rhodesia."

In addition, an Order of the Mosquito has been created to reward acts of military or civil gallantry. *New York Times* (S. Marino)

• New York City Fire Department regulations prohibit firemen from giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to animals. *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* (M. Klempner) □

and incontestable tenets of Christianity with the foreign dogmas of Judaism demeans the grand conception of the free exercise of religion language in the same amendment"; that "to equate attendance at a relaxing, enjoyable football game with marching in disobedient peace demonstrations demeans the freedom of assembly"; that "to equate the uplifting patriotism of John Wayne with noisy and strident rock and roll music demeans freedom of expression"; that "to equate the work of honest prosecutors and policemen with the obstructionist tactics of liberal defense attorneys demeans the right to a fair trial"; and that "to equate white people, with their centuries of civilization, culture, and respect for order with unruly Negroes demeans the right of due process."



CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA. Mrs. Alex Tweedy displays the disadvantages of dressing in the dark and on the run. "There's so much to do and so little time to do it in," explains the blue-blooded socialite, "I'm always changing clothes and going here and going there. I guess it was bound to happen. But venetian blinds? I didn't think I even had venetian blinds in our house. Up until a year ago I didn't know what they were. I thought they were people who rented seeing-eye gondolas. Dear, dear, I must run and change."

Although the warm, clowning, comedy-loving side of Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev came as a surprise to many Americans whose image of Russian political figures has been largely shaped by dour, blintz-faced

# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



**MARCH, 1971/CULTURE:** With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.

**APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE:** With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

**MAY, 1971/FUTURE:** With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual, Toilets of the Extraterrestrials, Printout, the computer magazine, and The 1906 National Lampoon.

**JUNE, 1971/RELIGION:** With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

**JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY:** With The Breast Game, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?), Are You a Homo?, and Nancy Reagan's dating guide.

**AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE:** With Defeat Comics, the Canadian Supplement, Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?, As the Monk Burns, Welfare Monopoly, and the CIA newsletter.

**SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS:** With Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is and How to Cook Your Daughter, and My Weekly Reader.

**OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL:** With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

**NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR:** With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

**DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS:** With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

**JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED?** With Son-o'-God Comics, The Vietnamese Baby Book, and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

**FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME!** With Groin Larcony, Ralph Nader, Public Eye, Angola and Rocky Tako You on a Tour of the Big House, Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.

**MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE!** With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

**APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY:** With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

**MAY, 1972/MEN!** With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Taft.

**JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION:** With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine, a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story, Sextraterrestrials, The Last TV Show, Dodosaurus, and Gahan Wilson's Klirk.

**JULY, 1972/SURPRISE!** With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

**AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY:** With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

**SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM:** With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

**OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-

suppressed Rolling Stones album.

**NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE:** With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

**DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

**JANUARY, 1973/DEATH:** With The Adventures of Deadman, Playdead magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

**FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION:** With Piddle, the Catholic Sex Manual, Porno for Women, the Palma Sutra, and Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin.

**MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT:** With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoela, and Nice Things About Nixon.

**APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE:** With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.

**MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Course of the Mandarin.

**JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE:** With the seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, Gun Lust Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

**JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY:** With Popular Workbench, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

**AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS:** With Psychology Today parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

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robots like Gromyko, Kosygin, and Dobrynin, stories from people who have had dealings with Brezhnev indicate that his winning, fun loving ways, far from being put on for the occasion to disarm possible critics, are very much a part of his character. For example, when Alexander Dubcek, then still in power in Czechoslovakia, met with Brezhnev in Bratislava to assure the Soviet leader of his country's loyalty to the Socialist bloc in spite of the liberalizing policies he had instituted and to win from him an assurance of non-interference in Czech affairs, the zany Russian is reported to have gotten up from the table half way through the talks, borrowed a pistol from a nearby guard, and emptied it into the ceiling. As the dumbfounded Dubcek sat frozen in horror, Brezhnev burst into peals of uncontrollable laughter. "You Czechs are so jumpy," he quipped.

On another occasion, a handful of dissident writers, poets, and artists sent Brezhnev a personal appeal for freedom to pursue their work. In reply, the waggish leader sent each one of the signers of the letter to the Kalabaraskov forced labor camp for twenty years. "All they ever want to do is write prison camp novels," he is said to have remarked to an aide. "The least we can do is help them in their research."

On yet another occasion, shortly before he left for his meetings with President Nixon, Brezhnev came up with his own, wacky solution concerning the problem of Jews who wanted to leave the Soviet Union for Israel. He had been brooding over the matter for several weeks, because opposition to restrictions on immigration in the United States Senate threatened to ruin the progress on Russian-American trade he had achieved. Then, just before he left for the U.S., he ordered the repeal of the hated "education tax" and several thousand disbelieving Jews who had waited for as long as two years for exit visas were suddenly ordered to report to the Moscow railroad station to leave the Soviet Union.

After travelling on the train for two days, the passengers became suspicious, and then, when the stormy weather which had accompanied them from Moscow cleared, the more observant individuals on the train noticed that the sun was in the wrong place and that they were travelling east, not west. After another day of travel, the train stopped and the Jews on board were ordered off. On the station platform, the name Irkutsk had been crudely crossed out and Israel written in above it. The fear and anger of the train's passengers turned to

pure astonishment when they saw Leonid Brezhnev himself standing on the platform, beaming. One of the more courageous passengers shouted at him, "This isn't Israel!" Brezhnev ambled over to him, surrounded by bodyguards, and good naturedly asked him for his exit visa. The man produced it. "No wonder," cried Brezhnev, barely able to suppress his mirth, "because this isn't a valid exit visa!" With that, he tore up the documents into tiny pieces, threw them in the air, and ambled off, chortling to himself, and the Jews were trucked to a concentration camp, to serve out fifteen-year terms for travelling without proper authority.

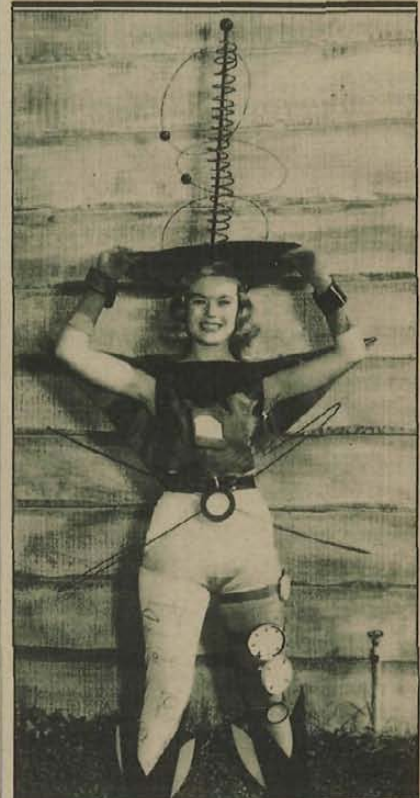
A number of additional expenditures of public money made in connection with the security of the President and that of his California and Florida residences have come to light. They include:

- \$47,500 for orthodontal work for David Eisenhower, Julie Nixon, and Tricia Nixon to insure that a would-be assassin could not secrete tiny, but deadly, explosives in their unfilled cavities.
- \$11,000 for a seal coat for Pat to make sure that a thread in one of her cloth coats did not come loose and threaten to strangle the President.
- \$500,000 for the removal of two hazardous mortgages, one on the San Clemente House, one on the Key Biscayne house, which, according to White House spokesmen, "hung threateningly over the President's head like a financial sword of Damocles."
- \$850,000 worth of securities, bonds, shares of stock, and treasury bills to stuff the President's safe deposit box at the Morgan Guarantee Trust in New York, thus insuring that in the event he dropped it on his foot while inspecting its contents, the huge wad of negotiable paper would immediately fall out, cushioning his extremities from the impact.
- \$750,000 in one hundred dollar bills to fill his mattresses in Florida, California, Washington, and Camp David to prevent recurrence of the back problems he has suffered from time to time.
- \$4,900,000 for the purchase of a number of pieces of prime real estate in the vicinity of his Key Biscayne and San Clemente homesites which the Secret Service is said to have classified as "prime sites for the launching of a sustained mortar attack."
- \$325,000 for the replacement of Pat's "hazardous" costume jewelry with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires to eliminate the possibility that

she might, in an intimate moment, accidentally slash the President with a chipped or broken gem.

- \$1,000,000 for replacement of a "dangerously depleted bank account" which, Secret Service records show, "provided little or no long-term financial protection against the threat of 'rainy days'."

It has been learned that in addition to the notorious "enemies list," the White House also maintained a complete and exhaustive list of all of its supporters. The entire so-called "friends list" was recently destroyed to protect the individuals included in it, according to a White House insider who was actually present when the single 3 x 5 card containing the politically sensitive names was placed in the paper shredder. □



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, The American Medical Association has decided to go on the offense in combating the public's turn to acupuncture. They call the new procedure Gyrosurgicantology, and feel confident that it will bring back the crowds that they have been losing daily to the popular oriental treatment. The young lady pictured here is currently suffering from a broken leg and stomach cramps but thanks to Gyrosurgicantology, she's up and around and smiling about her progress. A spokesman for the association stated that the principle behind this breakthrough "was much too technical and complicated to be understood by anyone who wasn't a special doctor. But the important thing is, it works and it isn't that expensive."



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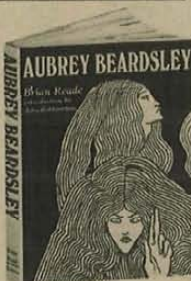
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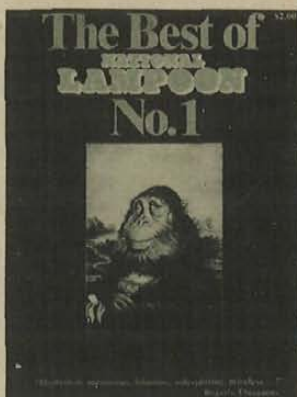
**G**O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are a kind of sheep. Retain your taste. Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be tasky; know what to kiss and when. Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Whenever possible, put people on hold. Be confident that in the face of all evildoing & dishonourment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. Remember the Pachelbel. Strive at all times to look, feel, smell, & sound like a man. Know your self if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lesson on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fall not in love; thus far we will stick to your lane. Carefully monitor the things of youth, heroic clean air, taste. Taverns and let not the needs of love get in your lunch. Have people with hooks. For a good time, call 606-4311 ask for Ken. Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough kisses and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. You are a flake of the universe; you love, no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. Therefore make peace with your God whenever you recognize Him to be Harry Thunders or Coonie Muffin. With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up.

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# 15 Examples of Psychology Today



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## CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate. Few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile.



## HOW GROUPTHINK LED TO VIETNAM

In terms of group dynamics, the presidential advisors on Vietnam and other foreign policy disasters were victims of what the author calls "groupthink"—and he describes eight symptoms to watch out for in decision-making.



## UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN'S ART

An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of children's art over the past 20 years has made some startling discoveries. Children's scribbles and drawings, she says, contain a voluminous written message which has not yet been completely deciphered.



## WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Controlled experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to have anxieties about the possibility of successful achievement. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity."



## THE WIZARD OF OZ AS THERAPIST

The amazing parallels between the story of Oz and the experience of individual therapy. Dorothy is the patient. The Wizard is the therapist who appears first as a monster, then as a fraud, then simply as a good and helpful person.

## LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

Psychological secrets of teaching thousands of small Japanese children to play the violin—so beautifully that it moved Pablo Casals to tears.



## SUPPOSE YOU WERE HITLER'S ANALYST?

He comes to you because he is troubled by guilt feelings over his ruthless, grandiose plans and asks you to help him get rid of these disturbing feelings. What should you do?



## GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an important part too.



## HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying effectiveness of different techniques, including having smoke blown back into your face, doubling your smoking and then stopping, electric shock, and role playing.



## WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious assumptions about a woman's "natural" talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women as among men. Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors.



## THE MOBICENTRIC EXECUTIVE

Today's job-hopping executive values motion not because it leads to change but because it IS change. More and more, however, he is the one who reaches the top rather than the plodding insider.



## IS THE CROWD REALLY MADDING?

To find out, a researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions. The results were not what you might expect.



## EMOTIONS IN YOUR FINGERTIPS

The language of emotions leaps all cultural barriers. In every society tested, each person expressed the same emotions with the same movements of finger muscles.



## THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When, why, and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons learned in behavioral lab studies can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations.



You don't have to be a professional psychologist, counselor, or social worker (although many of our readers are) to enjoy Psychology Today. If the examples above turn you on, you are invited to tune in.

Psychological discoveries have progressed as far from Freud's id and Pavlov's salivating dogs as rockets have from kites and balloons. But until now it has been difficult for the well-read layman to keep up.

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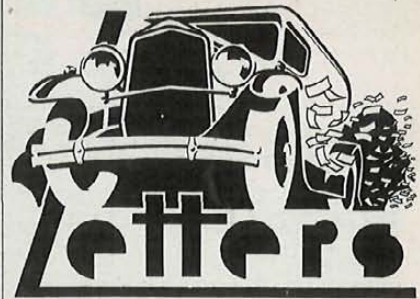
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**vario  
matrix:  
the  
magic  
matrix  
by  
Sansui**



Sirs:

**YUCK BLUCK GUCK** and that doesn't say the half of it. Every morning, day after day, year in and year out, for over three . . . four hundred years, this country has been getting up to breathe vile, stagnant, fetid air. And it has nothing to do with industry I might add. It's brought to our shores every dawn by the miracle of earth rotation. I am speaking, of course, of the foul, used, ex-air of France! For too long Americans have believed that the day begins here. It doesn't. It begins in Europe someplace. The French have a good eight hour start rotting it up for us. If they're not cleaning their bottoms in it, they're peeing in it, and if they're not peeing in it, they're sitting in it without their clothes on. And, as if that isn't depressing enough, consider the fact that the French get it AFTER the Greeks have run riot with it! Rubbing it under their arms, swallowing it, shooting it out their bums, and smearing their butt jam against it. It's disgusting! And we have to live with it. I say, let's make them pay! At least for the air fresheners anyway.

Shena of the Jungle  
Fort Lee, N.J.

Sirs:

Pack up your trunk with troubles and dump it on the doorstep of doom. Chortle your chin for comic relief and visit your mom real soon. Waddle around in sunshine and tickle the soles of your feet. Eat all the jams and jellies you want and lift up your leg at defeat. Push sad time down three flights of stairs and poke mayhem right in the throat. Grab hardship's liver and spin it around and keep kicking it and kicking it and keep screaming at the top of your little lungs about how if adversity ever shows its cranny you'll take grief and unhappiness, crush them together, and bash adversity's head in with them!

Norman Vincent Peale  
New York City, N.Y.

Sirs:

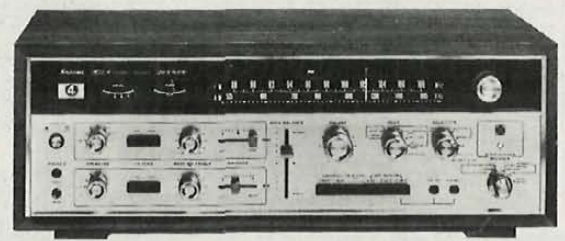
I am from the Planet Elm. (It's easy to find — everything's alphabetized. The next planet towards our

*continued on page 28*

The heart of the new Sansui QRX6500 is a unique electronic circuit called the vario matrix. There are other receivers with matrix decoding circuitry, and there probably will be receivers that claim to handle many different four-channel systems. But the Sansui vario matrix does more than just about any component available. For instance, it:

- decodes records, tapes and broadcasts made with the superior Sansui QS matrix encoding process;
- decodes SQ program material (and does it superbly);
- creates magnificent four-channel sound from regular two-channel sources (instead of offering you two two-channel amplifier sections strapped together for "double stereo" which doesn't sound half as good as synthesized four-channel);
- can position sound anywhere you choose, with a "Mode" switch that rotates the sound field 90°, 180° or 270° to create a totally-variable four-channel environment;
- accepts the output of a discrete four-channel demodulator via its "discrete" input position;
- can take auxiliary two- and four-channel inputs, as well as monitor one four-channel and two two-channel tape decks.

The vario matrix, coupled with a low distortion (less than 0.5%) four-section amplifier that delivers a whopping 280 watts (IHF) of power, makes this receiver a standout in its field. See it at your nearest franchised Sansui dealer soon.



**SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.**

Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247  
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# AKAI's best...in black & white (you should see and hear them in color!)

You're in for a surprise if you thought that AKAI only makes tape recorders.

Fact is, AKAI makes a *full line* of audio and tape equipment. And we want to acquaint you with the ultimate model in each product category.

Introducing from left to right . . .

A. AKAI's GXC-46D stereo cassette deck. Near distortion-free recordings are possible thanks to the combination of a Dolby® Noise Reduction System with AKAI's unique ADRS (Automatic Distortion Reduction System) and AKAI's exclusive GX head . . . virtually wear-free and dust-free.

B. AKAI's GX-280D-SS discrete 4-channel tape deck. Magnificent musical clarity and unique sound quality are the results of AKAI innovations. 4 separate heads—including 2 AKAI exclusive GX heads—and 3 outstanding motors make this unit *the* professional 4-channel deck.

C. AKAI's AS-980 4-channel stereo amplifier/tuner. Loaded with sophisticated

features for unparalleled performance. Sensitive and powerful, the AS-980 provides a continuous output of 120W (30 x4). Plus 4 separate 4-channel modes . . . Discrete, SQ, RM, and CD-4 with individual separation controls. AKAI's *ultimate* receiver.

D. AKAI's CR-80D-SS discrete 4-channel cartridge tape deck. A fantastic host of features include Automatic Stop . . . Continuous Play . . . Fast-Forward . . . and Public Address System Convertibility.

All surrounded by:

E. AKAI's SW-175 (5-way) speaker systems. Each cabinet encloses 6 separate speakers. They'll take up to 80W of input power and provide excellent frequency response from 20 to 23,000 Hz.

Introduce yourself to the *rest* of our family. In person at your nearest AKAI Dealer. You'll find that AKAI products speak for themselves.

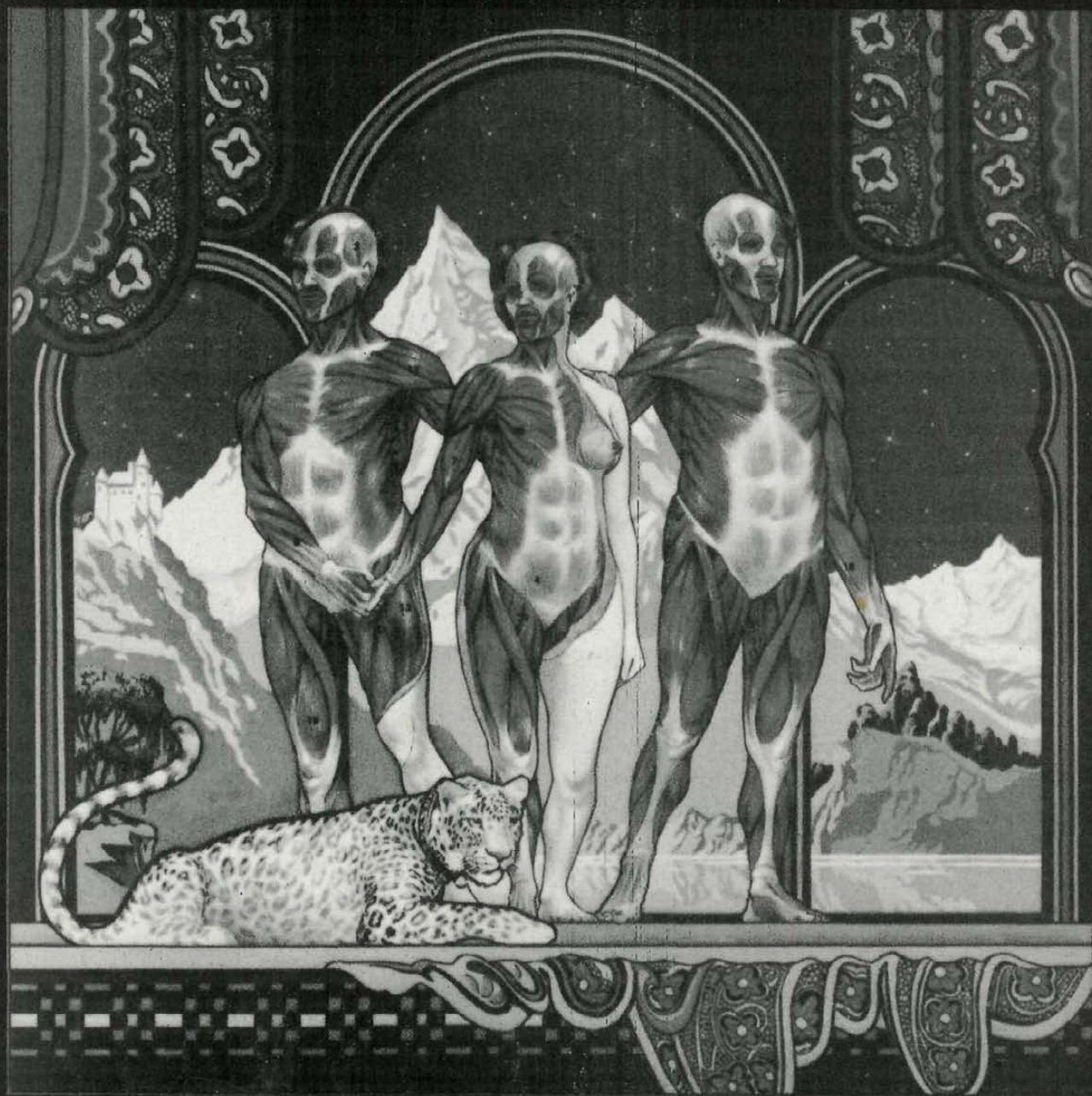
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**Paul Kantner, Grace Slick & David Freiberg.**

With a little help from their San Francisco friends.

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RECORDS

Manufactured and distributed by RCA Records



SEPT. No.44

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PLOWSHARE

10c

# WHITEDOVE



## THE REGRETTABLE INCIDENT

THIS GRAVE VIOLATION WILL NOT GO UNREPORTED!



BY HENRY BEARD + FRANCIS HULLIDGE

**AS SEEN ON YOUR TV SCREEN!**



**I'M T.G.I.F. JOE!®**  
 ACTION ASSISTANT SALES SUPERVISOR™...  
 GREATEST TOY BACHELOR A BOY EVER OWNED!...  
 I'M OVER TEN INCHES TALL AND HAVE 25 MOVING  
 PARTS... SO YOU CAN PUT ME INTO HUNDREDS  
 OF DIFFERENT EXCITING POSITIONS OF DUTY  
 AND RESPONSIBILITY -- SITTING BEHIND MY  
 T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION DESK™... SEARCHING  
 FOR THINGS IN THE T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION  
 FILE CABINET™... OR RIDING ON THE  
 T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION COMMUTER BUST™!

"I CAN  
 BE YOUR ACTION  
 ACCOUNTANT™!"



"I CAN  
 BRAINSTORM  
 AS AN ACTION  
 ADMAN™!"



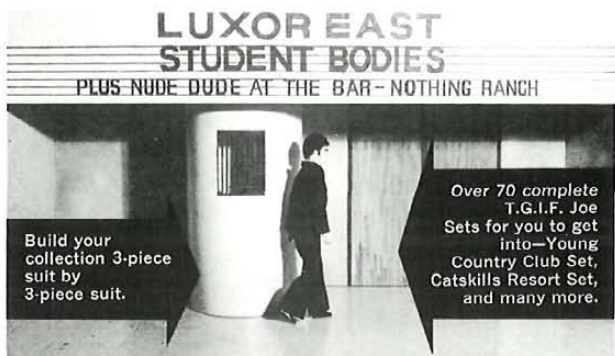
"I'M ALSO AN  
 ACTION OFFICE  
 MANAGER™!"



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 Start with any of the basic packages. Get an Action Sales Supervisor™, Action Adman™, or Action Office Manager™ complete with a semi-private partitioned cubicle—then add—wonderful, realistic, authentic material possessions!



Yes, T.G.I.F. Joe® is sure swell! . . . And every bit as realistic as you'll be in twelve or fifteen years! With moving parts galore—head nods, hand shakes, chair swivels, and pen clips. And just wait till you see all the T.G.I.F. Joe Action Accessories™ available at all toy and department stores! Everything from a Swingline Stapler to a Swinging 2-door Opel Kadet with Rallye Trim. Plus waterbeds, blacklite posters, "Jr. 3" apartment in Queens . . . Everything you need to build a T.G.I.F. Joe identity crisis or life-like life-style.



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 REALITEE®  
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You'll be amazed at the wardrobe and office supplies illustrated in true colors—shows how to put together terrific conference rooms and singles bars . . . Enclose 25¢ to cover cost of handling.

Don't wait . . . Mail today:

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 Please send me the Official T.G.I.F. Joe® Action Accessory Catalogue packed with action pix of authentic looking desk organizers and quadraphonic car stereos.

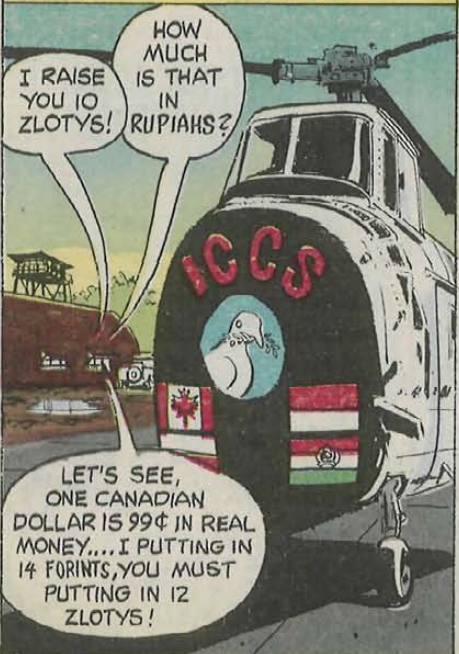
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**F**ROM NICOSIA TO THE RANN OF KUTCH, WHEREVER MEN TAKE REASONABLE RISKS TO MAINTAIN THE PEACE, THERE YOU'LL FIND THE **WHITEDOVES**.... A TINY BAND OF SOLDIERS FROM THE ARMIES OF A HANDFUL OF NATIONS WHOSE REMOTENESS FROM THE CENTERS OF INTERNATIONAL POWER AND WHOSE LONG HISTORIES OF PLACID NON-AGGRESSION HAVE MADE THEM RELUCTANT GUARDIANS OF A HUNDRED CEASEFIRES. PATIENT MEN, TORN BY CONFLICTING IDEOLOGIES, BUT BOUND TOGETHER BY THE RELATIVE HARDSHIPS THEY OCCASIONALLY MUST ENDURE.... EYESTRAIN FROM THEIR POWERFUL BINOCULARS, CRAMPS FROM WRITING OF ENDLESS REPORTS, INDIGESTION FROM THE UNFAMILIAR FOODS OF DISTANT COUNTRIES FOR IN THE OMINOUS QUIET OF NO MAN'S LANDS AND BUFFER ZONES FROM SINAI TO SAIGON, THEY HAVE LEARNED THE HARD LESSON THAT **PEACE IS HELL!**



AT AN ABANDONED AMERICAN AIRFIELD NEAR SAIGON, THE WHITEDOVES WHILE AWAY THE HOURS, AWAITING THE FATEFUL CALL TO ACTION THAT MAY COME AT ANY MOMENT, SENDING THEM WITHIN OBSERVATION RANGE OF DEATH!



**S**UDDENLY, THE WAITING IS OVER...

IT IS VILLAGE CHIEF OF QUANG NGAI! HE SAY MANY SOLDIERS, BEAUCCOUP TANKS ATTACK CAPITAL! HE WANT YOU COME MAKE SEE DAMN QUICK!

ASK HIM IF HE REPRESENTS THE COMMAND AUTHORITY IN FACT AND/OR IS SERVING AS COMMANDING OFFICER OF AN INDIGENOUS COMBAT UNIT IN PLACE IN A REGION, PROVINCE, SUBDIVISION, HAMLET, OR TOWN UNDER ACTUAL CONTROL ON OR BEFORE 12:00 NOON GREENWICH MEAN TIME ON 27 JANUARY 1973 AS EVIDENCED BY THE UNCHALLENGED DISPLAY OF SYMBOLS OF GOVERNMENT AND THE UNIMPEDED EXERCISE OF ADMINISTRATIVE CONTROL THROUGH AN ACTUALLY FUNCTIONING INFRASTRUCTURE, AS DEFINED IN ARTICLE 5, PARAGRAPH A OF THE ACCORDS.

DEALER TAKES TWO.



NUMBER 10! MUCH BANG-BANG, NO CAN HEAR!

ASKING HIM PLEASE, IF HE IS MEMBER OF FREEDOM LOVING FORCES OF NLF OR SAIGON PUPPET ARMY?

WHO ATTACK? COMMUNIST AGRESSOR TERRORISTS OR ARMY OF LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT?

NO, MOMENT, RUBLE IS WORTH 20 ZLOTYS, ZLOTY WORTH 5 KOPEKS, FORINT IS WORTH 3 KOPEKS.



LINE GO DEAD!

WELL, I GUESS THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE WHITEDOVES. DOES EVERYONE HERE CONSENT TO WAIVE FOR THE PRESENT OBJECTIONS TO FORMAL INTERVENTION IN THE ABSENCE OF A PRIOR DETERMINATION OF THE STATUSES OF FORCES AND I.C.C.S. OPERATIONAL AUTHORITY?

IT'S UP TO US TO MAKE IT ABUNDANTLY CLEAR TO ALL PARTIES THAT WE WILL TOLERATE NOTHING LESS THAN A STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE SPIRIT AND LETTER OF THE PARIS ACCORDS!

CAPTAIN, WE WANT TO GO TO QUANG NGAI, AND GIVE HER THE GAS, EH?

ONCE AGAIN, I WISH TO LODGE A PROTEST AGAINST USE OF AIRCRAFT OF IMPERIALIST AMERICAN AIR FORCE AND WAR CRIMINAL AMERICAN PILOT.



I COULD HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN, BEEN A POW, COME HOME A HERO! I'D BE GETTING LAID RIGHT NOW!



WE'RE FROM LANDS  
FAMED FOR RUBBER,  
SAUSAGE, GOULASH, AND  
GEESE. WE'D BE LAST IN  
ANY WAR, BUT WE'RE  
FIRST IN PEACE.  
WE'RE WHITEDOVES!



A CHINESE MACHINE  
GUN! I KNOW  
SOUND FROM FIGHT-  
ING GUERRILLAS IN  
JAVA. MUST BE  
GODDAM  
V.C.

LAT-T-TAT-TAT!  
LAT-A-TAT-TAT!



I VOTE WE  
MAKE ZIG-  
ZAG AND  
GO HIGHER.

NO! I VETO! WE  
MUST GO LOWER!  
PERHAPS THEY  
HAVE NOT SEEN  
OUR MARKINGS!

I FULLY CONCUR WITH  
THE POLISH REPRESENTA-  
TIVE!

MAYBE IF WE  
REMINDED THEM OF THE  
SERIOUSNESS OF THE  
SITUATION, EH?

WILL YOU  
GREASEBALLS  
MAKE UP YOUR  
FUCKING  
MINDS?



ATTENTION! YOUR OPENING FIRE ON US CONSTITUTES A MAJOR BREACH OF THE PARIS ACCORDS OF 27 JANUARY AND ATTENDANT PROTOCOLS! I REFER YOU TO ARTICLE 9, PARAGRAPH B: "ANY PARTY TO THIS AGREEMENT WHICH KNOWINGLY FIRES UPON OR CAUSES TO BE MADE SUBJECT TO HOSTILE ACTION AN AIRCRAFT, WHEELED VEHICLE, BOAT OR OTHER SPECIFIED AND CLEARLY DESIGNATED CONVEYANCE OF THE I.C.C.S MAY, BY UNANIMOUS VOTE OF THE COMMISSION, BE FOUND TO HAVE COMMITTED A CLASS II VIOLATION!"



THEY  
NO SHOOT  
NOW!

WELL, I GUESS THEY CONSULTED THEIR  
COPY OF THE AGREEMENT AND DISCOVERED  
THEY WERE IN THE WRONG, EH?

IF IT'S O.K. WITH ALL  
YOU DAGOGES, WE'LL  
FLY STRAIGHT FOR  
A WHILE!

I SICK! I  
GOING TO  
MAZURKA!

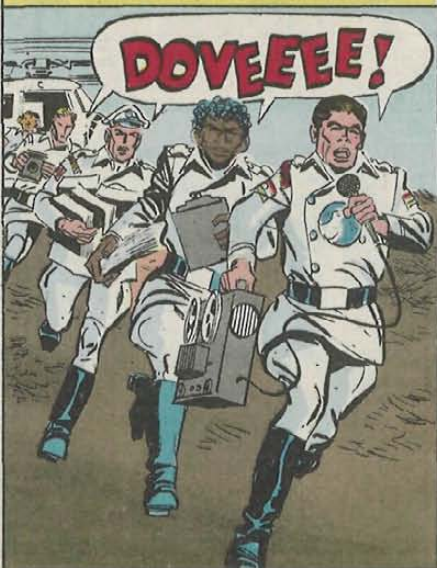
NO, STOP! YOUR  
REGURGITATION  
COULD BE CONSTRUED  
AS AERIAL  
BOMBARDMENT.

AN HOUR LATER, THE WHITE-  
DOVES HOVER OVER THE SMOL-  
DERING REMAINS OF A ONCE  
PROSPEROUS VILLAGE...



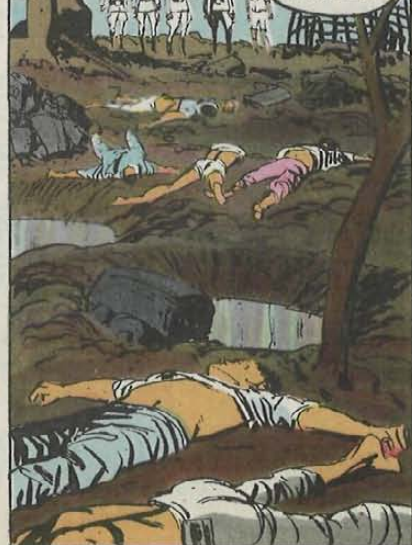
ALTHOUGH I WOULD HAVE TO  
ASCERTAIN ITS PRIOR CONDITION  
BEFORE MAKING A BINDING DETER-  
MINATION, I MUST SAY THAT THE  
VILLAGE OF QUANG NGAI APPEARS  
TO HAVE BEEN THE SUBJECT VERY  
RECENTLY OF BELLIGERENT ACTIVI-  
TY. IS IT THE UNANIMOUS POSITION  
OF THE COMMISSION THAT WE  
PROCEED WITH AN INVESTIGATION?

SWIFTLY, THE GALLANT WHITEDOVES  
SWING INTO ACTION, GATHERING VITAL  
EVIDENCE OF A POSSIBLE VIOLATION  
FOR INCLUSION IN A SHARPLY WORDED  
NOTE TO BE SENT TO THE SIGNATORY  
PARTY FOUND TO BE RESPONSIBLE!



DOVEEEE!

I SUGGEST THAT WE SPLIT UP AND  
CONDUCT INDIVIDUAL EXAMINATIONS  
SUBJECT TO A LATER REVIEW AND  
AUTHENTICATION BY THE ENTIRE  
COMMISSION ACTING AS A COMMIT-  
TEE OF THE  
WHOLE!

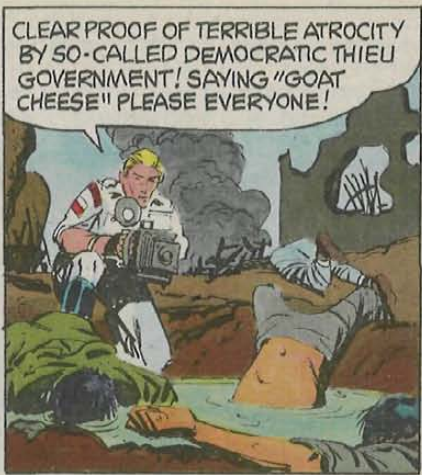




IS TRUE YOU WERE ATTACKED BY FASCIST THUG STORM TROOPS OF ILLEGAL SAIGON REGIME, YES?

ALLGH!

SO! IS AS I THOUGHT!



CLEAR PROOF OF TERRIBLE ATROCITY BY SO-CALLED DEMOCRATIC THIEU GOVERNMENT! SAYING "GOAT CHEESE" PLEASE EVERYONE!



YOU SIGN AFFADAVEE WHAT SAY YOU ATTACK BY EVIL SOLDIERS OF NORTH VIETNAM, YES?

URGH!



HMMM. THIS APPEARS TO FALL UNDER ARTICLE 8, UNLESS THERE ARE INDICATIONS OF DISPUTED AUTHORITY IN WHICH CASE ARTICLE 4, AS REFORMULATED IN THE FOUR-PARTY COMMUNIQUE OF 15 JUNE 1973 WOULD, OF COURSE, TAKE PRECEDENCE.



IS OPENING AND SHUTTING CASE OF AGGRESSION BY MERCENARY LACKEYS OF AMERICAN IMPERIALISTS!

PAH! YOU ARE BREWING TEA IN YOUR SHOE! YOU ARE MAKING A SHAWL OUT OF AN OLD SOCK!

EVEN MUNGUNG BIRD, WHO SAY BACK WHAT YOU SAY TO HIM, NO REPEAT SUCH NONSENSE! HELPLESS VILLAGERS KILLED BY COMEEE PIG-DOGS!

FOR MY PART, I WOULD TEND TO SUPPORT THE POSITION TAKEN BY THE INDONESIAN MEMBER, BUT WE CAN AGREE TO DISAGREE, EH?



I MOVE WE ADOPT THE USUAL FORMULA AND JOINTLY SUBMIT SEPARATE REPORTS, WITH THE PROVISIO THAT THE I.C.C.S. AS A WHOLE TAKE NO POSITION REGARDING THIS INCIDENT, OTHER THAN TO PLACE THE RELEVANT DOCUMENTS UNDER "DISPUTED INQUIRY" IN THE COMMISSION DAILY ACTION FILE.

I SECOND MOTION.

YES, I FOURING IT.

THIRDING IT.



AGAIN PROTESTING USE OF WARMONGERING AMERICAN HELICOPTER AND PILOT!

RIGHT, I'LL ENTER THOSE AS NUMBERS 645 AND 646.



ALTHOUGH OUR ACHIEVEMENTS TO DATE HAVE BEEN MEAGRE IN THE PURSUIT OF PEACE, WE'RE CERTAINLY EAGER WE'RE WHITEDOVES!

The End!

# This mother rocks.

RARE EARTH



Rare Earth's latest album, "Ma," is not just anybody's mother. It's a rocker. The only kind of album Rare Earth makes. And it's a mother. Produced by Norman Whitfield. The only kind of album he produces. So listen. And rock on.



sun—a star you call Bootes (that isn't dirty is it?)—is Dorchester, then Charles, and so on. Incidentally, if you're coming in the plane of the ecliptic, look out for the moons around Haverford—they're poorly marked.)

Just a little information: our planetary bird is the mach finch; our planetary flag is an alpha whorl on a field of subgreen; our seal shows liberty grasping tyranny in one of her lateral pincers; and our motto is "Neeb Frabbit Zleek Xeeb Frabb Zleeeep" (that's ancient Xiq; it means when the going gets tough, the tough get going).

Why I am writing is, would your earth be interested in being our sister planet? We have quite an active program of socializing with nearby planets, for example, just last week we had a softcomet game with some Jaycees from Aldebaran—and we'd like to sort of say, "Glad to have you as neighbors!" (Yes, your earliest radio transmissions just reached us last month—congratulations on your technological progress and keep up the good work.)

One of our Welcome Saucers is on the way with the usual stuff—mostly sample kits put together by our local merchants, a couple of packets of immortality gum, a box of timeslow tablets, a bottle of Old Syzygy, you know the kind of thing—and I hope

you'll give him the big hello. By the way, he's a member of the Gnats, so he'd get a big kick out of being given the old Gnat clawshake (grasp just behind the chiten and squeeze three times).

Looking forward to seeing you at one of our get-togethers real soon!

Chester 5Nork  
Atomville, Elm

Sirs:

The Devil appeared to me last night. It took him a long time to wake me up because I was in a deep sleep. Anyway, he wakes me up with this deal. He wants my soul, some ice tea mix, and a flashbulb for his Instamatic. I ask him what I get out of it and he tells me I get to go back to sleep. I tell him I think the deal stinks and he says he *knows* the deal stinks but before I can say, "Is that really you behind those Foster Grants?" he's kneeling over me choking me and at the same time begging me to accept the deal. The guy's crazy. I wave him off and tell him I accept the deal. We shake on it. As he's climbing out of the window, he asks me if I think he drives a hard bargain. The guy's serious. I tell him his bargain is so hard he could drive golf balls with it. And the bastard starts giggling. Giggling like some goddamn school kid. He really got a kick out of it when he

started covering his mouth like I'm not supposed to see him laughing and giggling. Strange guy, but he does drive a hard bargain.

Hanson Baldwin  
Rock Creek Park, D.C.

Sirs:

His teeth glistened in the glass next to the bed. As he edged closer he moistened his jaws with the tip of his taunting tongue. My thighs ached with the memory of his gorgeous gums.

"Oh, Ari," I whispered softly. "I'm so-o-o-o thankful that all the wealth in the world can't save a rotten tooth."

With Love,  
Jacqueline Susann

Sirs:

I am sure that you have spotted by now the uncanny resemblance between the Skylab space station and a windmill. Even as I write, three astroonaujts are circling the earth in their sinister craft, flashing the sun in our eyes with giant mirrors to blind us to Nederlander perfidy, peering at us through their Dutch hatches and mapping likely spots for daring drainage raids.

I am also sure that it has occurred to you that watergates are a vital part of the elaborate Dutch dike system, and that *the* Watergate plays the key role in their plan to drain America of

continued

# DSD

## Tune In, Turn On with KENWOOD's Exclusive Double-Switching Demodulator

DSD in the MPX Stage is a new breakthrough in FM tuner performance. It's the only circuit presently in use that completely cancels all unwanted signals to provide excellent stereo separation throughout the audio range. KENWOOD utilizes DSD in its receivers and tuners for new brilliance and dimension in FM-stereo reception.

Other Advanced Engineering Features include: FET front end ■ IC IF stage with 3-element filter ■ PNP can-sealed transistors ■ Direct coupling in the power amp ■ Linear FM Dial ■ Sophisticated control center for a full stereo system.

For complete specifications, write . . .



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KR-7200 . . . 55 watts/channel  
RMS continuous power (8 ohms,  
20-20k Hz) ■ FM Sensitivity 1.6  $\mu$ V  
■ Selectivity 75 dB ■ Capture  
Ratio 1.5 dB ■ \$499.95

KR-6200 . . . 45 watts/  
channel RMS continu-  
ous power (8 ohms,  
20-20k Hz) ■ FM Sensi-  
tivity 1.7  $\mu$ V ■ Selectivity  
65 dB ■ Capture  
Ratio 1.5 dB ■ \$419.95

KR-5200 . . . 30 watts/  
channel RMS continous  
power (8 ohms, 20-20k Hz)  
■ FM Sensitivity 1.8  $\mu$ V ■  
Selectivity 60 dB ■ Capture  
Ratio 2.0 dB ■ \$359.95

# MEMPHIS IS IN HEAT.

The city that gave birth to the blues... that is the source of soul... is taking care of business again. And, for the third time, we'll rock the world. But this time we're doin' it with rock. Hot from the home of the Memphis Sound... guaranteed to warm up your summer...

**Staple Singers/Be What You Are** STS-3015. Forget every grey day you've ever had. Because down days and the Staple Singers just can't happen at the same time. Their new album "Be What You Are" is sunshine at 33 1/3. Spirited. Smiling. The Staple Singers at their swingin' best.

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Louis Paul; Vocals and Back-Up—Louis Paul. All material written and arranged by Louis Paul. If anyone thinks they can beat Louis Paul, come on!

**Don Nix/Hobos, Heroes and Street Corner Clowns** ENS-1032. If you don't know who Don Nix is, you ought to. Nix has appeared in concert and session with such heavyweights as George Harrison, Leon Russell, and Jeff Beck. This album was cut in part at London's Apple Studios. Written, arranged, and produced by Don Nix. Don says his albums aren't released, they escape. This one is off and running. Listen.

**Albert King/Years Gone By** STS-2010. Blues is a five-letter word for the roots of rock. And when you get to the roots, you get to Albert King. With a weird guitar and a gut-bucket style,

"Years Gone By," by Albert King, is blues. Roots, greens, and all.

**Skin Alley/Two Quid Deal** STS-3013. Trafalgar Square, Carnaby Street, King's Row; Beale Street, Stax, McLemore Avenue, Memphis. Skin Alley was a long time comin'. But come they did with English alley rock. "Two Quid Deal" by Skin Alley is right up yours.

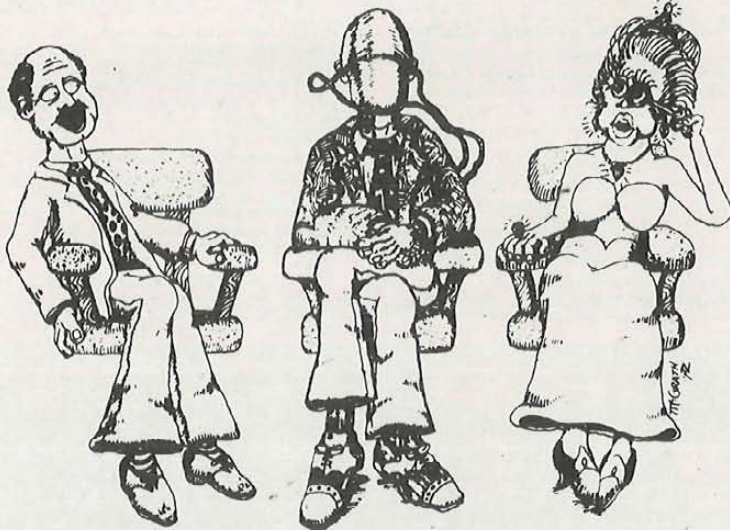
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Raymond Petri  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Her is a jok I thot you are allway making uthor poeple laff wy not som one shuold tell you a jok. A farmer cam up to his pig and well no wate first of all this farmer wunted to no who was smartist on his farm so he thot he wuld giv a appel py to the smartist one (aminal.) Anyway he gose up to his hors and says Dobbin (that was the hores name Dobbin) if I had an unkle Id also no darnit I meen if I had an Aunt not me the farmer if i wuld also have an —. Wups it wasnt his hoers it was a cow anyway he says (the cow) moo. Nope sed the farmer. Then sir he says he molly I think that was the cows nam um Molly um let me see oh ya um Molly a car horn gose —. moo? nope he sed and by now hes thenking the cow is pretty dum but he aks him any way Molly who won the 1972 world series and she sais moo and he sed no so *now* he gose to the hors and well you no sam thre kwetsions and the hoers gose nay thre tims ones after eech kwetsion. did I tell you the hors name Dobbin So now he gose to the pig and says Ferdenand or somtheng onnist that was his nam Ferdenad um oh ya if I hav a Aunt? no unkle no *aunt* if I hav a aunt i also hav a now get this *OINKel!* YEP! sed the farmer luks lik you got that py won oh ya I fergot to tell you befor he aks eech aminal the kwetsion he says who evir the aminels nam is and then he says I hav a py for you if you can anser thees kwetsion rite so any wey he got the ferst one rite and then the farmer say now if I blow or no I mean a car horn goes —. HOINK! Get it? and so yup says the farmer thats rite I ges you got that py soewd up. Now he aks him who won the 1972 world seerys and the pig says OINKLand? Well Ill be darned the farmer sed that rite it was . . . , so now he gose and gets the py and the cow cums over to the pig and say well may be so but watch out for the mets this yeer get it? get it? watch out for the mets see how wuld dum old aminels no about basball and any way who ever heard of a pig namd Ferdenad huh isnt that somtheng ha ha.

Dick Van Dyke  
Arizona



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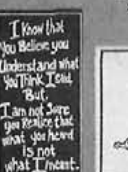
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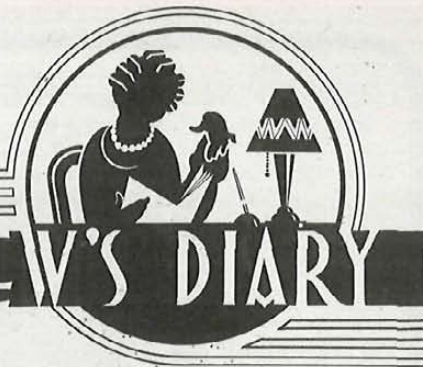
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# MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY

Dear Diary,

Alone in the house again. Spiggy is over at the Silver Slipper Theater to check out some sort of "happening" for the Supreme Court with "Super-fly"—which is what everybody's been calling Hank Kissinger since Tricia had to have that lobotomy with a coat-hanger all over Pat's new kitchen table—and I'm here just puttering around watering little Kim's marijuanagolds and cleaning up after the CIA exterminator. He was here all morning getting rid of the bedbugs, which we didn't notice until last night when Spiggy and I were spooning and right in the middle Spiggy spilled his Ovaltine and shorted out one of those little buttons on our Sealy Posturepedic giving me a nasty shock and Spiggy a nastier booboo when I accidentally stuck him with a knitting needle. (The latest *McCall's* says put those idle minutes to use.)

Unfortunately, Spiggy was already in a bad mood when I stuck him because I burnt the supper roast (Spiggy said it would take Julia Child as defense attorney just to get me off on a manslaughter rap) and forgot to tell him that Barry Goldwater was coming over tonight with the films he and Howard Hughes and Spiggy and Martha Mitchell stole when they broke into Dick's psychiatrist's office.

I suppose this last bit of news may come as somewhat of a surprise, but it has been no secret that Dick has been acting in a somewhat peculiar fashion lately, almost as if he doesn't trust anybody. For example, when somebody shakes hands with him he first has you searched for handbuzzers and squirting lapel flags, and he has his Secret Servicemen walk ten steps ahead of him now on walks to look out for land mines and trapdoors. Spiggy says when Dick asks you the time you have to put it in writing to be checked later against the big clock at the Greenwich Observatory, which makes what you put down hours off anyway and only adds to Dick's suspicions and problems getting places on time.

Well, the doorbell rang as Spiggy was trying to get the needle out of his neck and I went down to answer it

and in walked Martha, Mr. Goldwater, and Mr. Hughes, who I recognized only because I had heard he was very persnickity about neatness and the man who walked in with the film was wrapped head to foot in a giant Baggie.

Barry and Mr. Hughes set up the projector while I called Spiggy and set up Martha against the corner—she was stiff as a board from her lower lip down. Spiggy came in fiddling with some Band-aids and said hello folks you got the goods? Barry said yup and Mr. Hughes shrank back like they do in those horror movies when somebody holds a cross in front of an umpire until Spiggy showed him it wasn't a camera but only a box of Curads and Martha yelled Hah heah Speggy howah yoo? and fell over.

I guess I should explain that Spiggy and Martha and Barry and Mr. Hughes have formed this little fan club for Dick in order to collect any little souvenirs that might be useful in case Dick doesn't want to let Spiggy have his promotion or decides to get Mr. Hughes in trouble by telling where all those extra H-bombs went.

Tonight, Spiggy said when he called the meeting to order and I came back with Martha's coffee, we're in for a special treat. Spiggy went on to say that this movie was going to be the winner of the Watergate Film Festival and we were going to get a special sneak preview in case the Republican Party committed suicide like that poor Congressman Mills was told to and there was no one left to accept Dick's resignation but Dick, which would make it sort of confusing.

Mr. Hughes killed the lights and started the projector and there on the screen we saw a doctor's office with a picture of Sidney Freud on the wall and a man who looked a lot like Jack Anderson put on a false beard and said come in Mr. President.

The door opened and Dick came in and lay down on the couch (first looking underneath to check for trapdoors).

The doctor asked Dick how he was feeling and Dick said the same as ever and the doctor said uh-oh and scrib-

bled something in his notebook, which made Dick a little nervous. Then the doctor said that so far he had figured out that Dick's problems stemmed from repressed home satchel drives and an anal-repulsive personality which combined with his tendencies toward megalorama made him a textbook paregoric with an extreme Edible Complex which I gather is either one of those new vitamins the Squib Company is always mailing sample bottles of out to everybody in Washington wrapped in hundred dollar bills or something Dick's peenie wanted to do to his mommy although I hope not considering what Pat has to put up with already, the poor woman.

Right there Dick got mad and sat up on the couch saying the doctor should have his mouth washed out with ketchup but the Doctor said just relax, Mr. President and tell me what these ink blots remind you of. Dick said the first one reminded him of a boogeyman with radlib affiliations and the next one looked like a peacenik cookie monster and the third one looked like a wise old magical football that everybody liked to kick around because they were jealous that it could make more touchdowns than they could and the last one looked like a bunch of Atomic Mole People, of course.

Atomic Mole People? asked the Doctor. What are Atomic Mole People? Dick explained that they were the secret emissaries of the interplanetary invasion fleet that had taken over the bodies of Haldeman, Erlichman, Magruder, Dean, and whole goddam bunch of them, and were the same ones who were responsible for all those handbuzzers and trapdoors, that's who the Atomic Mole People were.

Oh, said the Doctor, scribbling some more, I see. Tell me, do you ever get the feeling that you are being persecu—? The Doctor didn't get to finish because Dick's eyes bugged out and he screamed *look out he's right behind you* and the doctor jumped and Dick ran over to the venetian blinds, yanked out every third strip, stuffed them in the wastebasket, pulled the casters off the couch, and drank the water out of the flower vase on the doctor's desk. There, said Dick, we're safe for now. Whew, close one. He was right behind you.

*Close one?* said the doctor, dialing the phone under his desk. *Who* was right behind me? Well, Dick explained that it was Bruce, the invisible Atomic Mole Person with the duckfeet and the Reynold's Wrap spacesuit with green spaghetti growing out of where his head should be that almost broke through the fifth di-

mension and if Dick hadn't reversed the electrocosmic polarities they'd both have been goners for sure. Dick told the doctor that Bruce and his people want to steal the earth's extension cords and that was why he had Colson draw up that "enemies" list so they could keep track of how many human beings the A.M.P. had taken over.

Then the doctor tapped his pencil on his pad and asked Dick to say the first word that came into his mind when he said the following words—like *Mother?*

"Peenie," said Dick.  
 "Father?" said the Doctor.  
 "Tke," said Dick.  
 "Brother?"  
 "Bebe."  
 "Daughter?"  
 "Coat hanger."

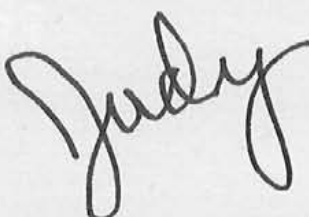
This went on for awhile until the Doctor said "extension cord" and had to stop Dick before he completely stripped the venetian blinds. Dick's time was up by then and the Doctor said see you tomorrow and Dick said if They don't get to me first and the doctor closed the door and under his breath said Christ I'd wish they'd hurry it up and went back to his desk to read a magazine with a lot of pictures in it of animals in leather bikinis.

That was when the film ran out and everybody applauded and Spiggy told me to have 1500 copies made and send them to every local TV station in the country.

Well, I told Spiggy that I had an appointment at the Beauty Parlor that morning (the same one that sandblasts and varnishes Mrs. Dean's face until it shines like girls' bottoms in *PLAYBOY* magazine) but I'd drop the film off at the Dart Drug on the way back and Spiggy said fine but hey where's Martha?

Sure enough Martha was gone even though we searched and searched and the doorman said no one had gone through the exits. I thought she might have been playing one of her little pranks, but the liquor closet was untouched and not a single bottle was missing, but—and this sort of gave everybody the willies—all our extension cords were.

All for now,



(not an A.M.P.)

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**ON BLUE NOTE  
RECORDS AND TAPES**



# I'm a sheik.



My primitive oil-rich desert domain produces enough income to support my vulgar palaces, flabby wives, redundant Cadillacs, and unnecessary airports, with some left over for ridiculous building plans, and stupid social programs. Believe me, it's not all roses. I know just how tough it can be to run a country full of paranoid remnants of a decayed civilization, and that's why, once again this year, I'm giving every penny I can to the Middle East Appeal. I know that without the Middle East Appeal there wouldn't be money for the inflammatory rhetoric, ludicrous weapons purchases, and pathetic bluffs that characterize our particular stage of mental development.

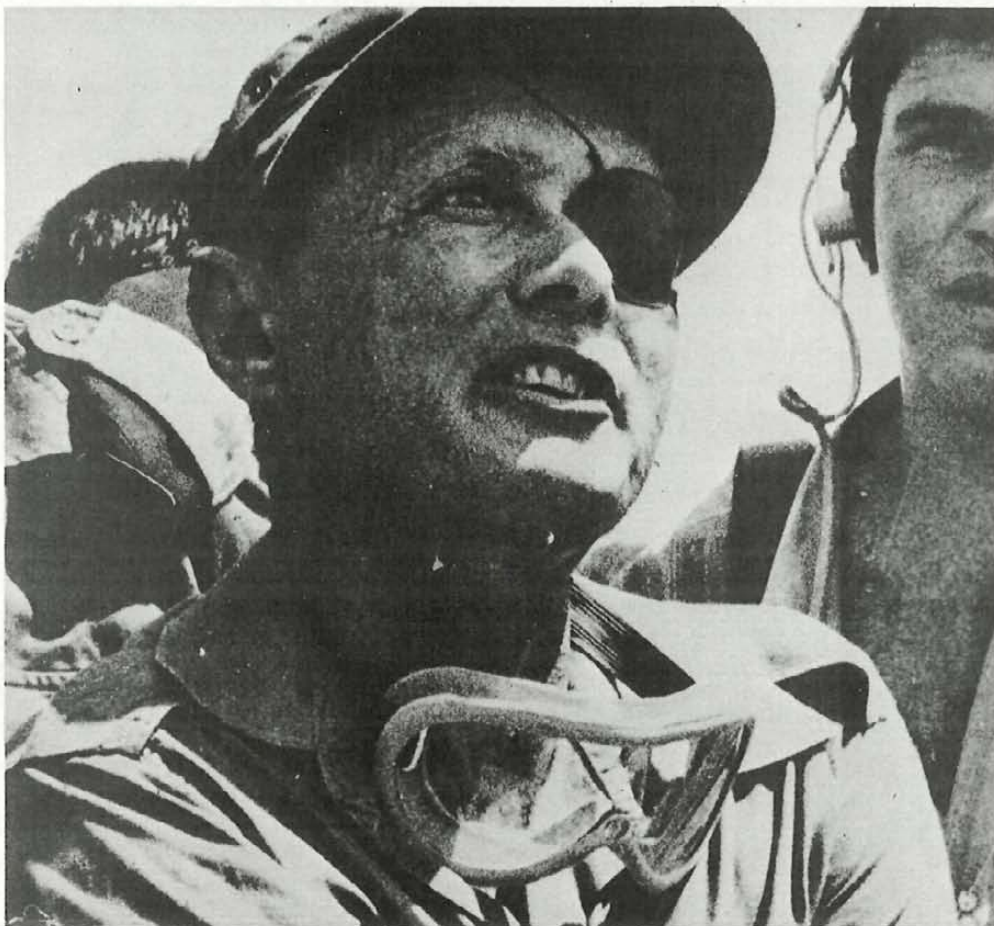
Keep The Peculiar Promise

Give to the

# Middle East Appeal

**mea**

# I'm a defense minister.



My salary is tiny for the job I do. Do you have any idea how hard it is to push people around for twenty years and still come off as the underdog? Sometimes I wonder how I do it. And this year the crucial raw material I need to create the webs of self-justification people expect is just about to run out. Even with careful hoarding of World War II guilt, even taking advantage of the stupidity of our neighbors, this year self-righteous fervor may not be enough. What happens when people begin to take a hard look at my questionable real estate deals? I don't know, but this year, more than ever, I'm relying on the Middle East Appeal. Time and time again the Middle East Appeal has been able to supply the distorted vision, false loyalty, and meretricious morality we need to get the job done!

Keep The Peculiar Promise

Give to the  
**Middle East Appeal**  
**mea**



# Flowers from the Front: An Anthology of War Poems

by Sean Kelly

We are  
Whores Fraulein: poets Fraulein are persons of  
Known vocation following troops . . .  
Archibald MacLeish

*War has always been the poet's second favorite theme; in times of Supreme Court decisions affecting the only other area of legitimate poetic concern, war rises to favorite status.*

*We know that stone-age man must have sung war songs, for people still living in the stone age—the natives of non-white countries—continue to do so. The following example is from Franz Boas' Sing, Savage!, translated by the author:*

aiee! aiee! aroogha!  
when I throw my sharp stick  
when I throw my big round rock  
when I swing my heavy club  
aiee! aiee! aroogha!  
what a *boonagaroon* [literally, destroyed bird's nest]  
shall be the face of my enemy!

*Professor Mark Van Doren has written, "The best war poets I know are Homer, Shakespeare, and Thomas Hardy." Here, then, are those bards in praise of the bellicose. First, Homer, from The Iliad, Book XII, lines 999-1021:*

Swift as the buzzard, sacred to white armed Pallas,  
Down from the topless walls of Troy was hurled  
With heavy shaft of oak, the tree beloved  
Of Zeus, with metal head, the speeding spear.  
God-guided, the airborne missile found its mark  
Between the ribs of impious Achilles.  
Down in the dust, sacred to Pan, he fell,  
Geysers of blood like Arathusra's fount  
Crimsoned at sunset stained the Boetian sod,  
And like Medusa's serpent-writhing locks,  
His spilled intestines twitched before his eyes.  
Yet even as his hero-sinewed hands  
Strained to remove the true-thrown shaft, his head  
Beneath the wheels of ox-greaved Ajax' car  
Gold-studded, many shielded, axles forged  
By Phrygian smiths who sacrifice to Pluto,  
Heedless to battle sped and crushed his skull  
Which, like the melon, sacred gourd of Hera,  
Split and the brains ran out like pulp and juice.  
So died high-born Achilles. In the clouds

Athene laughed her laughter full of doves.

*Examples of Shakespeare's war poetry abound; yet perhaps his finest description of battle occurs in an otherwise little performed historical drama on which the Bard of Avon is said to have collaborated with Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, among others. Scholars dispute which scenes are wholly his, but surely the speech in which the aged Cumberland explains the meaning of the sprig of furze worn in his doublet each Saint Dropsy's day smacks of vintage Shakespeare:*

Nightlong in silence stood both lines of War,  
Like to two rivers straining at their reins,  
Until Old Sol plated the hills with gilt;  
Then did proud Percy with his lion's horn  
Let slip the flames of battle. Fulsome raged  
The war-like combat on both sides. The French  
Shaking like schoolgirls fired the foul mouthed gun  
While England's King rallied a Nation's flowers.  
Black ran the stream with dear bought pity's blood.  
There fell in one day Ham of Worthington,  
Sir Groan, and Nigel, Dimpstead's gallant Lord,  
The Duke of Earl, the son of Corningware,  
And several hundred thousand vassals fond.  
That field we honor on Saint Dropsy's Day,  
Where thus a slight on England was avenged.

*A single stanza from Thomas Hardy establishes both the pessimism and compassion with which the author was wont to view all subjects, including war:—*

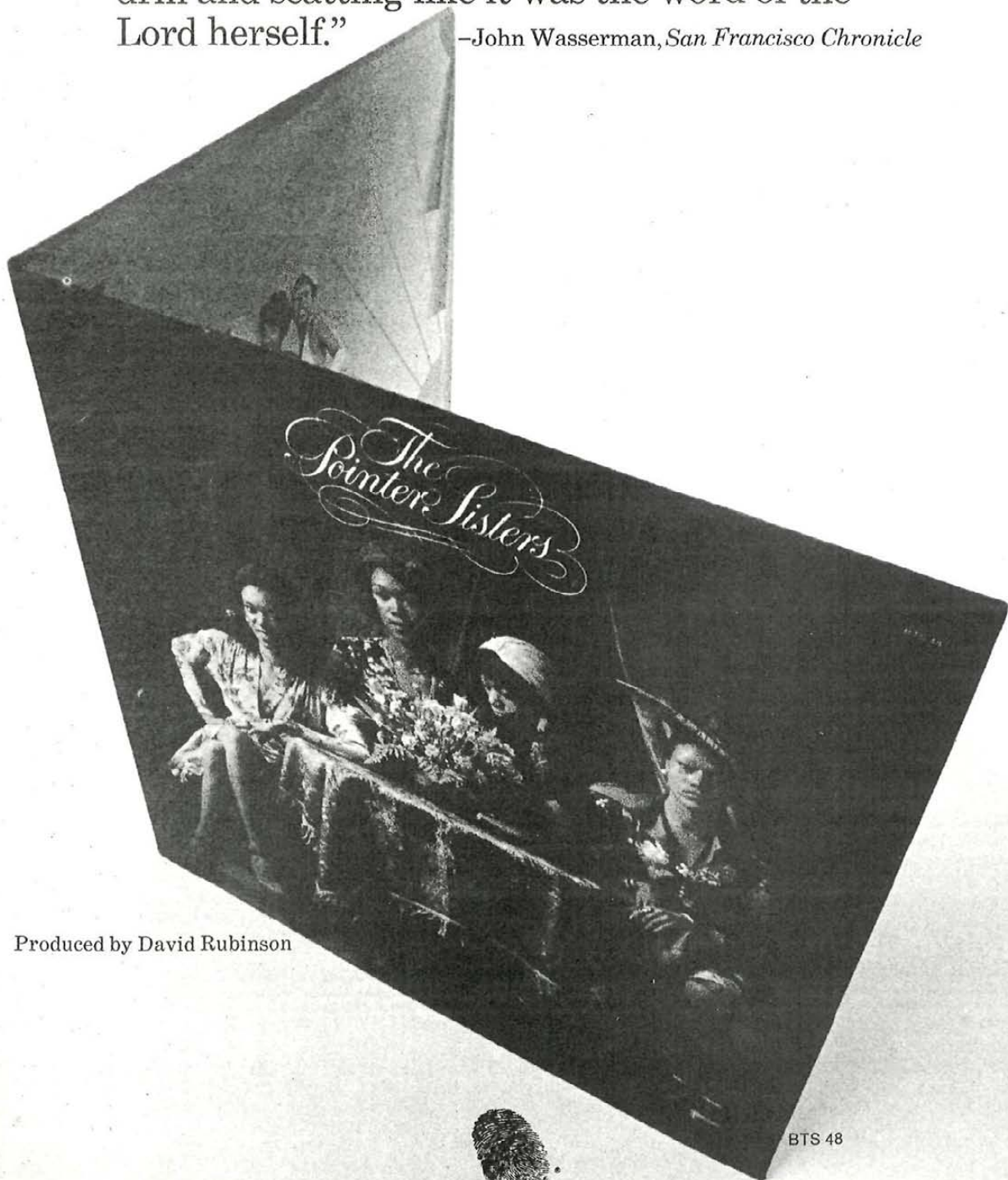
We might have met on Ramsgate Strand  
Or waved from passing trains;  
Instead, we met in Flanders, and  
Blew out each other's brains.

*World War I was a bloody and senseless slaughter which destroyed much of European civilization. It also killed off a generation of budding Georgian poets, so it's an ill wind. . . . Among those taken from us young was Wilfred Owen, who in 1915 found himself at the front, under constant gas and artillery attack, and without his rhyming dictionary. The "slant" or "off" rhyme form he improvised is exemplified in these touching lines:*

*continued on page 54*

"The girls strolled out in 1940's Billie Holiday marcelled-hair, flower-print floor-length dresses, decorously hung their coats on a convenient hat rack... They shimmied, grinned, bounced, flounced and sang, handling the extremely difficult vocal passages with ease, harmonizing in close-order drill and scatting like it was the word of the Lord herself."

—John Wasserman, *San Francisco Chronicle*



Produced by David Rubinson

BTS 48



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# GUERRE

September, 1973

The New Magazine for the New Army

how to mold  
your facial terrain:

**the fabulous  
new  
glama-flage**

**coming:**

war between  
people of  
different heights

**fashion**

the new fall fatigues

trousers:

to blouse  
or not to blouse

**also:**

the three count  
push-up

20 vital chaplains

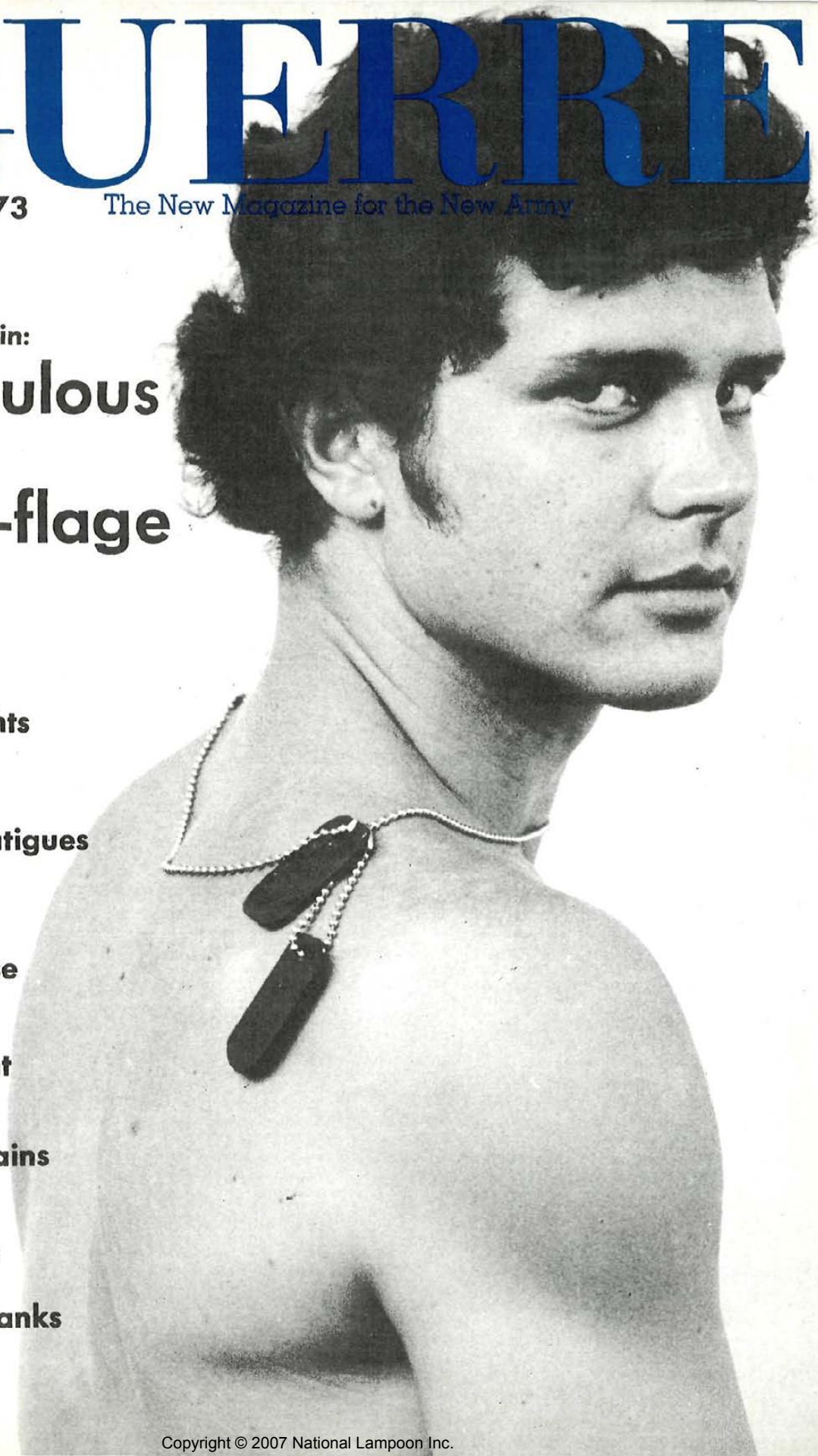
new issue

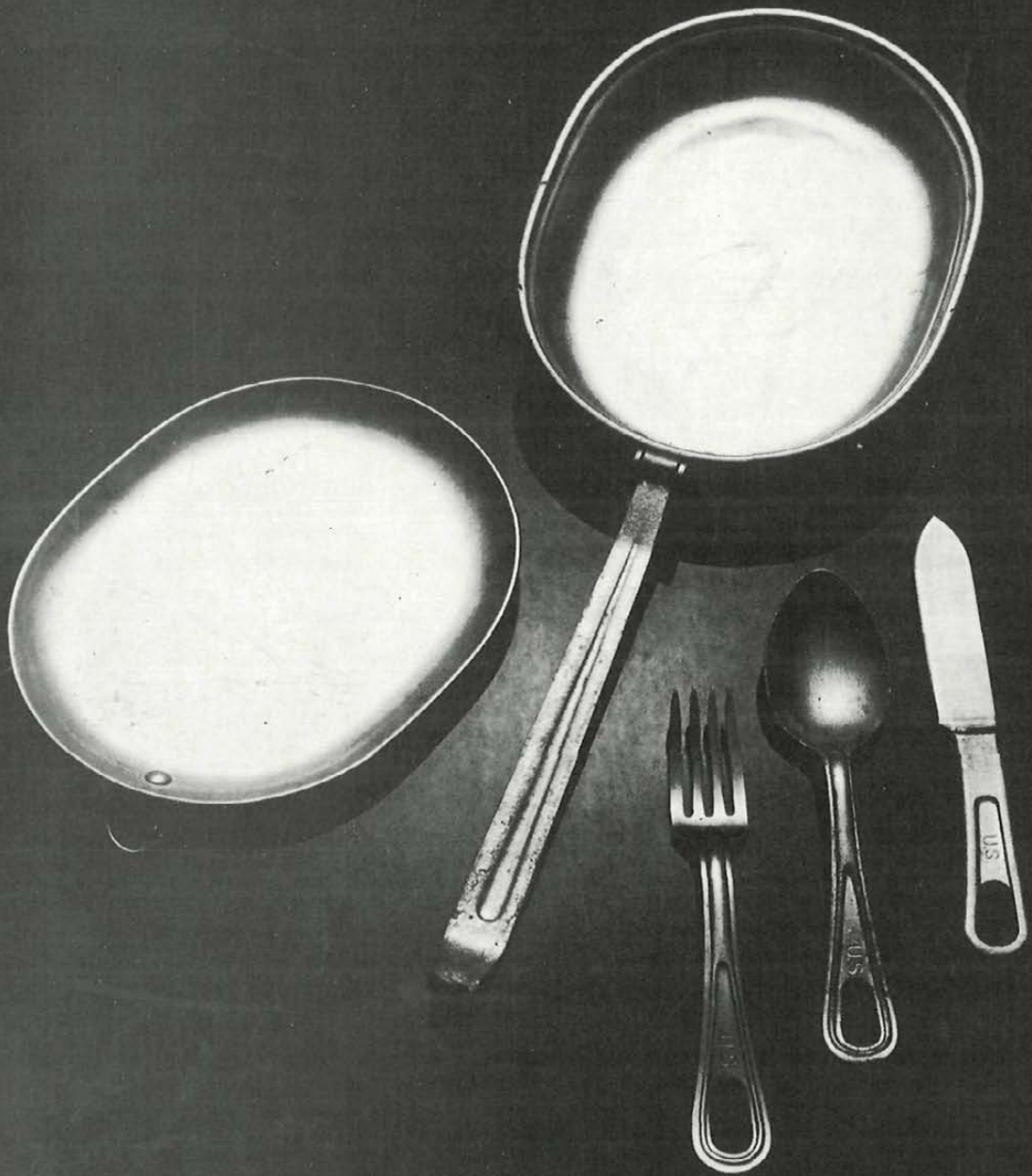
savings bonds

the new left flanks

the college

educated Sp4





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The classic mess kit. In an edition limited to twenty million units. Three dollars and sixty five cents. At selected Supply Rooms where you serve.

The Supply Room Fort Lauderdale Fort Worth Fort Bragg Fort Dix Fort Benning, etc.

# FROM THE EDITOR

This is *Guerre*, the New Magazine for today's New Army. Like any magazine, we have our loves and our hates. What does *Guerre* love? *Guerre* loves VOLAR—a word made up of odd pieces of two other words, a word that means nothing, but which *might* mean *everything* to YOU. *Guerre* loves beer in the barracks, the fabulous new short hair, sergeants who have been trained to speak English—everything that is a part of our new, sleek, collapsible, fits-in-your-purse army. . . . And *Guerre* loves the VOLAR look for fall . . . the floppy casual pajama-style outfits in fabulous shades of dreamy subtle green . . . and starch. *Guerre* loves pants with that my-pants-could-cut-your-finger feel (if you can get into your clothes without a pair of wire cutters, *Guerre* says, you're not using enough starch!) What does *Guerre* hate? *Guerre* hates the whole drab, dopey *old army number*. *Guerre* hates sloppy "citizen-soldiers," . . . *Guerre* hates sucking chest wounds. . . . Get the idea?

The accent is on *you* in today's new army. From the moment you arrive at one of the many vast forts the army maintains (most of them in the surprising South), you know you're part of something special, and everything special around you will be reflected in the pages of *Guerre*. No matter which VOLAR personality group you belong to: fat, black, retarded, troublemaker, or normal—you'll find your world in *Guerre*. *Guerre* will help you create a coherent design scheme for your bunk area (a recent article demonstrated sixty-seven things to do with metal and scarred wood), and take you behind the scenes at a famous mess hall. *Guerre* will tell you about the new VOLAR mattress that is stuffed with tiny nodules of pulp by-products and tell you why this sleeping system is considered superior to sleeping on the floor.

La *Guerre* yes sir! *Guerre* will be an important aid to your all-important combat missions. *Guerre* will tell you *just how deep* latrines are being dug this year. *Guerre* will have the scoop on secret combat arts (a recent article on *Courtesy* showed how the VOLAR soldier can unnerve the enemy by constantly calling him "sir," saluting, and obeying all his commands; another on *Policing* showed



how important it is to pick up scraps of paper and other litter which could conceivably be used by the enemy).

And that's not all. *Guerre*'s nobody's tool. Month after month, with candor so sharp you could slash your wrists with it, *Guerre* takes a look at what's *really* happening. Dip into VOGUEWAR, an uncensored column written by a NonCom in the Know. Find out why "Indochina" is stifling out after ten years of promotion. VOGUEWAR will tell you why the heavy warmakers of yesterday have lost the power to dictate which conflicts will work in major markets, why people are demanding the right to express their aggressive tendencies in the way that suits them best. VOGUEWAR says: "Heavy rumors that 'Indochina' will be re-released are enough to make you sue for peace." Where is *Guerre*'s head? Right on your shoulders.

Are you beginning to feel that you'd like to become a part of the *Guerre* experience? We hope so. So many fashionable people are subscribing to *Guerre*—Norman Mailer, Joyce Kilmer (honorary), William Buckley, Prince Radziwill (in his native Poland). Won't you join us?

*George Trow*  
George Trow

*Henry Beard*  
Henry Beard

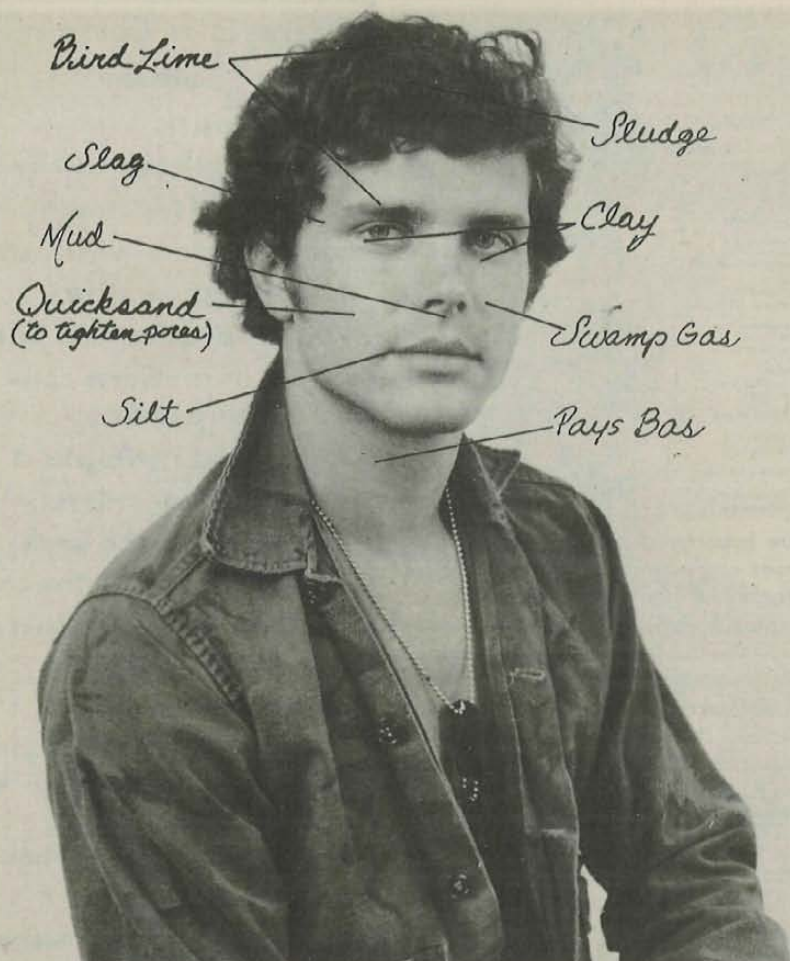
*Brian McConnachie*  
Brian McConnachie  
Editors

There Is a Certain Sort of Soldier . . . who wants to pay substantially less for his toothpaste—without sacrificing quality . . . who appreciates a full array of modern contraceptive aids . . . Who likes little plaid short-sleeve shirts And beer by the case And cigarettes by the carton (two to a customer) And a full array of contraceptive aids And Japanese cigarette lighters emblazoned with his base's crest And a full array of shoe care products

And beer mugs emblazoned with his base's crest And ugly little sportshirts in shoddy synthetic materials And Giant Japanese radios And a full array of pungent after-shave lotions And useless appliances And a complete line of embarrassing greeting cards And South Korean Shower Slippers And 89-piece dinner sets in graceless patterns And a complete array of key chains And Giant Japanese Stereos And deodorants at substantial savings And a tempting assortment of soap And playing cards emblazoned with his base's crest And an exhaustive display of contraceptive aids

For This Soldier There is the

**PX**  
The Post Exchange  
We Are  
Where You Are



## BRAD GRIFFIN

HOW WE SEE YOU—HOW THEY DON'T.

**S**uiting to dress the terrain. Suddenly, it's your squad's turn. Out there somewhere in the dark amid the night breezes and sleeping shrubs they gather . . . those other men . . . the enemy. You'll dress for them tonight—fit to kill—the sight unseen look.

### CHEEKBONE UNDERTONE

The briefing's completed, the mission's been assigned and the line of departure's set for your all-night sortie. You'll be coming home at all hours but you'll be just as transparent as when you left if you take Sgt. Brad Griffin's glama-flage hints. "Cheekbones have to go. And don't spare that silly nose," Brad says. Here Brad applies Danang Base Makeup all over, blacks out easy-to-spot cheekbones with Fort Benning Face Erase.

### RED LIPS CAN GET YOU SHOT IN THE HIPS

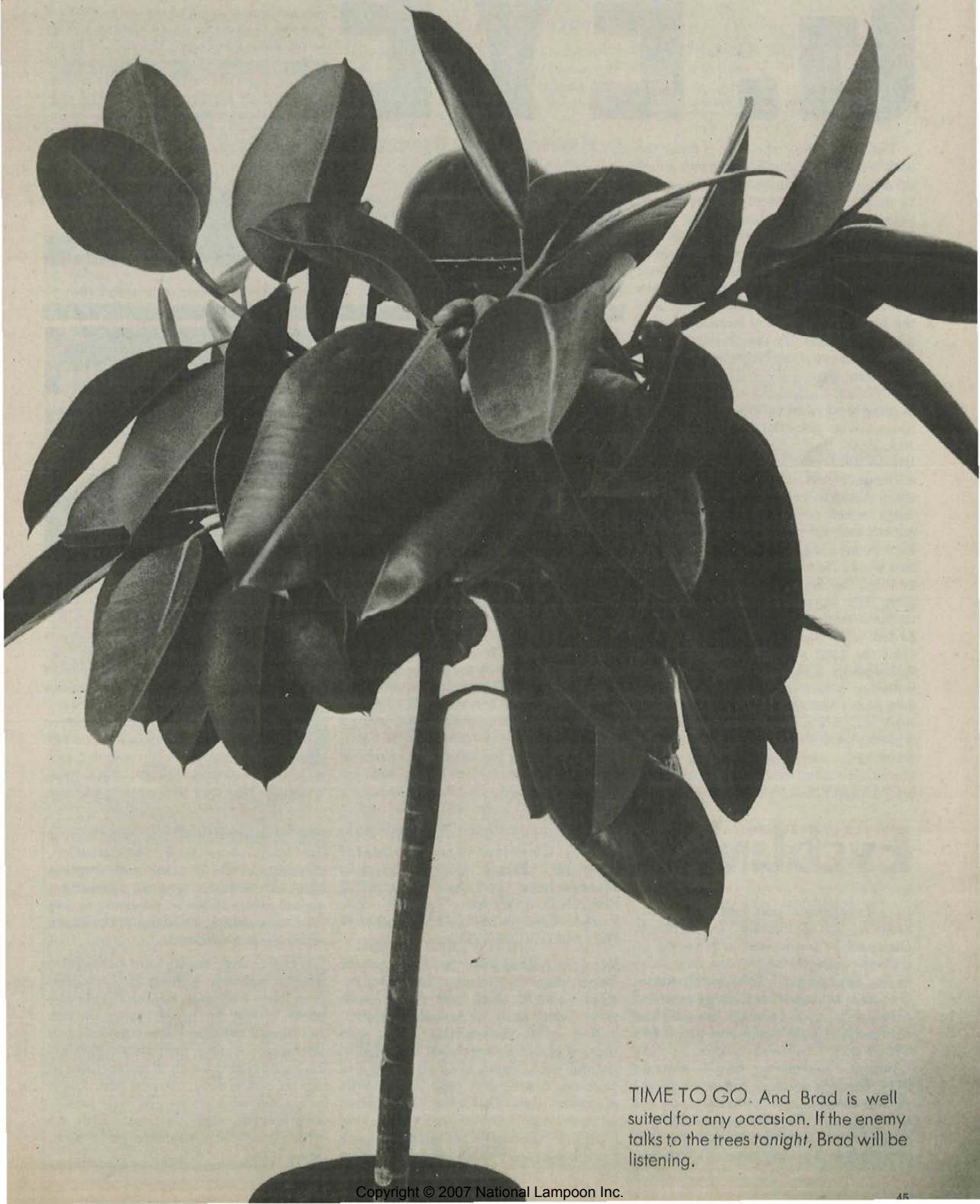
"I've given up on tubes and chalks," Brad says. "A plain old shoe polish dauber does the trick for my lips. And I dress to the teeth. I've had friends who've been shot down because they forgot to camouflage their toothy smile." Now, the hour nears, the unknown adventure quickens your pulse, the anticipation of mystery and conquest fill you as you're transferred into, yes, a whisper.

### THE MUSS THAT'S NO FUSS

Almost finished, Brad vigorously applies the final touches—Shadow Skin and Shadow Skin Sealer. Remember the name because you're sure to forget the face. Shadow Skin is Brad Griffin's own concoction—of beetle root and a tar base. "Don't forget the sealer," Brad reminds. "If it rains and you're without sealer, you'll be more than out to lunch—you'll be out to Arlington National you-know-what." The sealer Brad swears by is Pennzoil. Shadow Skin and sealer take scant seconds to apply, but, my, what a difference the dirt makes!

### I THINK THAT I SHALL NEVER SEE . . .

The final touch. Selecting the correct shrubbery can be a bother but our Private G. has the vegetation well in hand. Brad chooses from his favorites: rockweed, sea lentil, Japanese lawn grass, and rubber trees. Tonight, it's rubber trees. "I'm a real sucker for rubber trees. I just love going as rubber trees. But before I do, I always check to see what the other fellows are going as. Sometimes it can be a little embarrassing if we all go as the same thing."



TIME TO GO. And Brad is well suited for any occasion. If the enemy talks to the trees *tonight*, Brad will be listening.

# G. EYE

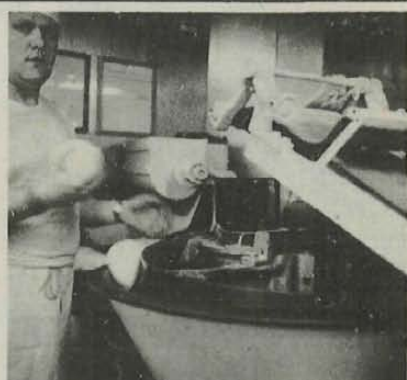
CATCHY, PEPPY, POINTLESS... super new things to shout while you're on the march, composed by Platoon (from Platoon, French for cinderblock) Sergeants at Fort Bragg... First prize to Sergeant Drek Boffert, a six-foot-two package of black hair, muscle, and VIM. Samples: "I Want To Go To Vietnam, I Want to Kill Some Viet Cong"; "I Want To Be An Airborne Ranger, I Want To Lead A Life of Danger." Special Favorite: "Get Off the Sidewalk, Get off the Grass (Any Platoon nickname) Is Coming Past"

The look is new, the look is *total*, the look is clean. Clean spaces without a *hint* of dirt—a touch austere, but *redeemed* by the *insistent charm* of the New Cleanliness... The Clean Look, a gift to the new Volunteer Army from the youth of America... exemplified to perfection by the spotless barracks area of *Private Stanley Jennings of Avon Old Farms, Connecticut*. Saucy, freckled, *devoted* to the New Army, Stanley Jennings almost despaired when he saw his individual barracks area for the first time. The place was definitely *old army*: filthy windows, heavy black scuff marks on the linoleum, sagging bunk, dust everywhere. But Jennings saw its potential. "In some ways it was ideal: just a short walk from the latrine, and nowhere near that awful Kilicowski person," Jennings confides. Determined to keep up his morale, Jennings tacked up a list of his area's *plus points*, and set to work to achieve the New Army look he had in mind. Within two weeks, he won a "white glove" unit citation, the first ever won by his company. His secret: For floors—fabulous *textured steel wool*, prickly and potent, paired with *basic yellow laundry soap* (just the kind you admire in France) followed by a *thin, thin* layer of wax, buffed to a fare-thee-well. For the sagging bunk: orange crate slatting from the mess hall. For windows—crunchy white *scouring powder*, oceans of clear cool water. For *everywhere*: lots of elbow grease. For *sure*, the quintessence of the NEW ARMY look....



CAREFREE CUISINE, light, informal, casual enough for a picnic, grand enough to win a coveted three stars in the Guide des Messes, the legendary hand of Mess Sergeant Thomas Jefferson Wilson (Third Battalion Consolidated Mess, Fort Dix) at work... He makes it seem effortless, yet behind his remarkable results is a precise blending of unexpected ingredients... A triumph: his boeuf chipstyle sur pain fumé:

Dampen bread (80 loaves) by running loaves through the dishwasher. (Use wonder bread or other loose bakery product. Make this test. If an entire loaf can't be compressed into a lump the size of a small egg with normal hand pressure, your bread is too solid.) Then brush on (generously) melted butter-like substance diluted with ordinary tap water. (A sink mop makes a good brush—you'll need about 5 gallons of the sauce.) Let prepared bread stand overnight on floor. The next morning, (about 4:00 A.M.) put 100 pounds of stale beef into the potato masher and set to Pulverize. Leave in masher for 4 hours. (Army menu calls for 200 pounds, but Chef Wilson prefers to sell half of the meat for cheap whiskey, which he drinks.) Remove the



meat residue and force through number 6 grater with common sledge or spread on rear loading dock and run over for 45 minutes with jeep or 1/4 ton truck. Place meat in reasonably clean garbage pail and baste with 10 pounds of raw lard. To prepare sauce, mix 50 pounds of flour with 10 pounds of powdered detergent and the stuffing of 4 mattresses. Add just 1.5 gallons of Louisiana hot sauce—not a titch more. Fold in 25 pounds of pummeled bran or other well-crushed dry cereal. (In a pinch, gravel will do.) Add 60 pounds of rock salt.

## Eyeblinks

... Everywhere you look... slinky *starch*, in absolutely *everything*. *Dumped* in washwater, *slathered* on delicate underthings... the new easy-to-find *tent peg*, all metal and *dreamy*. Goodbye to pup-tents that roll over and play dead... A fabulous new *rubber* canteen that *won't* clink and tip off the *other guy* to where you are... the fabulous "everything bag"—*shaped* like a friendly sausage, *made* of greasy duffel, with a classic four-flap close and room enough for all those things you can't seem to bivouac without... twice as fun when it's *starched*... the new

spinal meningitis kick... **FABULOUS FLICKS: Chemical Warfare, Dental Hygiene, Small Unit Tactics**—couldn't have liked them more. **BEST READING: OPFAM 7-8765R, DA Pamph 0345/8876/909 S, ORMAN 76Y, and C-VON 7654D-A.**

**IN:** shiny helmet liners (a little floorwax helps), marching in step, snapping cadence counts, clean butt plates, walkways lined with whitewashed stones, eating quick-quick-quick, talking with morons about automobiles, lots of silly, painful shots, mud, saluting (crisp and precise), green, dog tags (clever little aluminum plates that have YOU written all over them), doing what you're told (personal freedom is passé), digging six foot holes and filling them in again

(stupid—but why not?), standing in lines (for hours, even days), masturbation, dressing up like a plant and shooting blanks at perfect strangers, committing useless information to memory, saying "sir," discomfort, punishment, boredom, wishing you were dead.

**OUT:** Griping, sloppy butt-cans, rusty trigger housings, writing to Congressmen, loose web gear, backchat, splotchy boots, sitting on bunks, going on sick call (simply not done), late sign-ins, poor attitudes, sneering, dropping-out, thinking (so *uptight*), hands in pockets, sleeping on guard duty, moving too slowly, being out of uniform (the new look is SAMENESS), dirty latrines, lights on after 10:30 sharp, having a good time, going home.



When mixture blunts tip of sharp knife, it's ready. Drop meat shreds into sauce and place in 400 gallon tureen which has been coated thickly with paste wax. Cook for 3 1/2 hours at 6,500°. Place bread on pans and broil in oven for 1/2 hour or until smoke requires evacuation of kitchen area. Ladle beef sauce onto individual bread square. Serves 900.

**COOL BEVERAGES** . . . refreshing, liquid, *absolutely essential* . . . but still, perhaps, slightly puzzling. The rules are breaking down, and there is a new freer spirit, but you *won't* want to be one of those who drinks "anything with anything" out of sheer *ignorance*, especially since the basics are so easy to master. Just remember:

1. Chocolate milk: with grey, black, or multi-colored meats.
2. White milk: with stews, mixtures, *anything wet* or swimming in sauce.
3. Fruit drink: with dry, solid, caked, or lumpy dishes, or the fabulous new acrylics.
4. Off duty: beer! beer! beer! 3.2 of course, served warm and flat with just a trace of oily foam. *Second best*: a local soft drink (Never a national brand. Some favorites: Licorice Soda (Ft. Benning); Char Cola (Ft. Polk); Naptha Orange Mush (Ft. Sam Houston).



**DIRECT DIET**, please, for the sake of the new uniforms: Eat: nothing but unappetizing sludges, slurries, and slag, flung at you on battered plates of slimy metal by vicious looking kitchen personnel. Exercise: thousands of pushups, kneebends, strange—but exhausting—crawls, clamberings, and duckwalks. Run five miles a day, march (with the equivalent of a coat closet on your back) ten miles a day. Schedule: Up at 4:30 A.M., in bed at 10:30 P.M. sharp. (but first, a brisk shower with thirty individuals from portions of the United States where premeditated murder is a misdemeanor, followed by an hour handling "the buffer," a curious machine which removes all sensation from the arms for a period of one week).

# VOGUEWARVOGUEWARVOGUE

A Factual Guide to Conflict, Flare-ups, and Holocaust

by a NonCom in the Know

## THIS MONTH'S LEFT-FIELD TIP:

**Inundated Coastal Planes.** For years you couldn't give them away, but *people are fighting* over marshy littorals. Scrappy Nicaragua (looking for a follow-up to last stanza's earthquake), will be pressing little Costa Rica over just a few hundred acres of precious wetlands. Twenty years ago you could have had three hundred miles of the stuff for the price of a couple of marines.

## CROSSOVER SMASH CONFIRMED:

**Corporate Kidnappings**—first exploded in Argentina, now CONFIRMED CROSSOVER to International CONFLICT MARKET. My competitors, like blind dinosaurs looking at the sunset, fail to see that PERSONALIZED VIOLENCE (kidnapping, skyjacking, sniping at track stars) has enormous CROSSOVER POTENTIAL. Skyjackers, assassins, kidnapers, etc. are the ROBERT E. LEE's, the GEORGE PATTONS, THE MARSHAL FOCH'S OF OUR TIME. Anyone who fails to appreciate this might as well hang up his ghirka. . . . The entire industry suffers when "top brass" with earmuffs over their eyes try to push "divisions" and "truces" and other outmoded items that have no appeal in the marketplace. . . .

## IMMEDIATE MONSTER REACTION:

"Fishing Rights." Regional break-outs in Chile and U.S. immediately followed by TILTPOINT response in Iceland and Great Britain. Chile/U.S. conflict will benefit from nostalgic U.S. memories of RUSSIAN TRAWLER incidents, but seems likely to be resolved before FLASHPOINT. SNAPPY MONEY is betting that the Iceland/Great Britain dispute will be the one to break out. ADDED INTEREST involves speculation that ICELAND (which ranks below Toledo, Ohio, in military strength) will outclass Britain.

## FASHION-FLASH FASHION-FLASH FASHION-FLASH IT HAD TO HAPPEN.

We were on the story months ago. . . . SOME were sceptical, and they'll be sorry . . . especially if they're Tall. It's now confirmed: the most vicious, brutal conflict in the world today is the conflict between people of different heights. Pay attention to what happens in the key secondary market of Rwanda-Burundi in Africa. Africa is, as far as we're concerned a GIGANTIC SLEEPER conflict market. ITS POTENTIAL AS A CONFLICT PRODUCING AREA IS JUST BEGINNING TO BE UNDERSTOOD. Majors who have passed up their African CONFLICT OPTIONS will find themselves SITTING ON THEIR DUFFS or playing canasta with Switzerland on the Trusteeship Council. SOME "SHARP COOKIES" have gotten their chips into the African Pot, but by and large, they've been BETTING ON THE TALL PEOPLE. VOGUEWAR states here and now that these SMART COOKIES have been TAKEN IN by an enormous well-financed PUBLIC RELATIONS HYPE put out by TALL PEOPLE. . . . The enormous power and venomous determination of SHORT PEOPLE has ONLY BEGUN to be exploited. WATCH FOR SHORT PEOPLE to hack the TALL PEOPLE down to size. . . . The Tall Tutsi in Rwanda are already beaten and there is NO WAY they can long hold their position in BURUNDI against the superior numbers of BURUNDI'S SHORT PEOPLE. And keep in mind the crucial barometer quality of the Rwandi-Burundi market. VOGUEGUESS: SHORT-TALL confrontation will soon be COMMON in MAJOR MARKETS. Expect to see Welsh (short) versus English (tall), Sicilian (short) versus Florentine (tall), etc. OUR HAND ON A STACK OF BIBLES, SHORT-TALL CONFLICTS will make the whole BLACK-WHITE thing look like a Sunday School beatnik.

## FUTURE VOGUEWAR FUTURE VOGUEWAR FUTURE VOGUEWAR HEADLINE:

Look for *Parchesi Wars* that will make soccer wars look like *Bambi*. LEBANON, NORWAY, and THAILAND are three countries where Parchesi furor has already reached FLASHPOINT. Upcoming meet between Scandinavian Parchesi All-Stars and defending Yugoslavia could tell the story. Yugoslav's legendary aversion to being "sent home" could cause game at Belgrade's Stadium of Parchesi Heroes to trigger vast violence. . . . GOOD FUN.

## MIDEAST STILL A YAWN:

VOGUEWAR still wonders why so many are still taken in by the hype. SO MUCH ATTENTION FOR SO LITTLE ACTION. Let's face it. THE MIDEAST IS A STIFF. The issues are dated, and none of the people involved are pretty. The names tell the story. . . . Golan Heights, Gunar Jarring—all synonyms for YAWN. Can't we close this show for good?

## PLUGFLASH:

PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING OVER tables at Chez Sprax, the new Pre-Raphaelite restaurant where each guest has his own little easel right at table side. . . . Tiny, ridiculous, divine Tiffany snails complete the continental decor. . . . food, but it couldn't be chicer. . . . expensive and very crowded, so call way in advance.

# VOGUEWARVOGUEWARVOGUE

# Military Trading Cards

by Bill Effros

Collect New "Pride of the Pentagon"  
Military Trading Cards

Just out—in two terrific series

Incredible Weapons (featured below)

and

Incredible Soldiers (not illustrated)



**M-16 Combat Weapon**  
Colt Industries

M-16  
"The Black Rifle"

*If not for its jamming problem, the M-16 would have to be rated the third-best combat weapon in the world!*

Despite catcalls and heckling about its frequent jamming, Leatherneck generals laud the M-16 Black Rifle as the best combat weapon they've ever had. They note that the rifle itself almost never jams; it's the ammunition feed. And when it does, blame inexperienced rookie operators. The rifle can fire at 750 rounds per minute on automatic fire; since the magazine holds only 20 rounds, this means that a "grunt" can empty his Black Rifle in about two seconds. Here's hoping that whatever he was shooting at can't shoot at him while he reloads!



**F-111 Fighter-Bomber**  
General Dynamics

F-111  
"The Flying Edsel"

*Since introduction day, the entire fleet of F-111's has been grounded on seven different occasions for a total time of two years and five months!*

The F-111 "Flying Edsel," which was supposed to cost three million dollars per unit but actually came in at thirteen million dollars, twice fought in Vietnam. In 1968, six F-111's flew fifty-five missions before three were lost. In 1972, after four years of gruelling tests, six more planes winged into 'Nam. Three were defective and never got off the ground. On their first mission, two others bombed a military barracks—and missed. The third ship locked onto a computer-guided radar-dodging bomb run . . . and vanished! The F-111's were yanked from the Vietnam lineup. No more combat duty for these babies!



**C-5A Cargo Plane**  
Lockheed

C-5A Galaxy

*The C-5A must be flown very tenderly to keep it from falling apart!*

The Air Force has been plain bowled over by the giant C-5A Galaxy—despite the colorful publicity given to a few zany incidents. First, a wheel fell off the monster plane at the dedication ceremony. Then, in another incident, an engine dropped off. Cracks developed in the wings; the radar proved unreliable; the landing gear turned up troublesome. And each new C-5A ended up costing three times as much as it was supposed to!

Contract vs. Actual Specifications	Contract	Actual
Maximum load (lbs.)	265,000	190,000
Able to land on unprepared runways	Yes	No
Useful life (hours)	30,000	7,000
Operational readiness	75%	47%



**AH-56A Helicopter Gunship**  
Lockheed

AH-56A  
"Cheyenne"

*It took the Army six years and four hundred million dollars to realize that the AH-56A didn't fly very well!*

With its stubby wings and stabilized, vibrationless rotor, the AH-56A "Cheyenne" helicopter was destined to revolutionize whirlybird design. The secret: a small gyro atop the mast. The control stick is rigged to apply pressure on the left side of a swash plate in the rotor mast to make the blades change pitch! A pitch link is abutted to each of the four control gyro arms with a feathering mechanism processing the rotor at 90 degrees! The control stick therefore must impose pressure on the plate without mechanical movement, which precesses the rotor and abcesses the control gyro! Unfortunately for the Army, this revolutionary design never worked. The "Cheyenne" project was junked!

continued

Only "Pride of the Pentagon" offers a full line of military trading cards! Our team of ex-Pentagon lawyers signs exclusive contracts with every defense contractor; why, they're almost members of the same club! And each pack of cards comes complete with a FREE *Fightin' Jim Eastland* comic strip, PLUS that chewable fragmentation bubble gum—the anti-personnel type, shatters on impact—that's such a big hit with orphans in 'Nam! When you're finished collecting Incredible Weapons, start stockpiling Incredible Soldiers cards. Featuring men like former Sergeant Major William O. Woodridge, highest-ranking enlisted man ever convicted of accepting a bribe; and William Miller, the man who died establishing the record for most F-14's crashed by a single test pilot.

F-14 "Tomcat"

*The F-14 is the first plane in history to shoot itself down with a Sparrow air-to-air missile!*

The F-14 Tomcat, which will actually cost just about twice as much as it was originally supposed to, is the U.S. Navy's answer to the Soviet MIG 25 "Foxbat." And what an answer! The MIG, already operational, can fly faster, higher, and farther than the Tomcat. Does that make our Navy boys blue? Not on your overrun: the Navy still insists that the experimental F-14 is the superior plane!

Reasons for Test Plane Crashes:

- Crash 1: Supposedly Independent control systems fail.
- Crash 2: Unknown
- Crash 3: Downed by own Sparrow missile.



B-52 "Stratofortress"

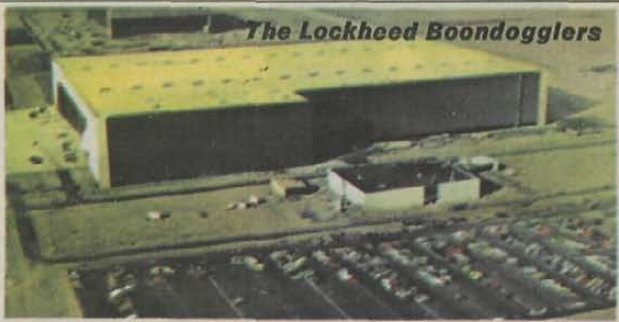
*The B-52 Stratofortress is a twenty-year-old bomber designed to drop nuclear bombs from high altitudes. It's easy prey to enemy air superiority fighters and modern anti-aircraft missiles—no wonder they've been calling it obsolete for fifteen of these past twenty years!*

The B-52's first wartime mission was dropping conventional bombloads on South Vietnamese farms. Not a bomber was lost in these raids. The big B-52's went on to stop virtually all movement of men and supplies along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. So precise was their saturation bombing that the only war supplies known to have slipped through were: 631 heavy tanks; 25 million tons of rice; 8,000 trucks; 1,800 pieces of heavy artillery; 3 million gallons of fuel; 547,000 men; and one 60-foot yacht with gold railings. Next, the B-52's took on North Vietnam itself and faced a rudimentary air defense system for the first time. In one 11-day period, over 20% of our flight-available B-52 fleet in Vietnam was destroyed!



Lockheed Boondogglers' Team Performance

The Lockheed Boondogglers boast an almost flawless record of developing unneeded, unworkable aircraft—on military and civilian fronts both! Staffed by over two hundred ex-military officers above colonel or Navy captain rank, the Boondogglers seem a shoo-in again for second spot among world military contractors. Lockheed's military-contract haul over the past 12 years: 15 billion dollars! The Boondogglers' milestones include the C-5A cargo transport, which self-destructed on delivery to the Air Force, and the Cheyenne, "the helicopter that didn't fly." Civilian-wise, Lockheed created the famed turbo-prop Electra—widely dubbed the wrong plane at the wrong time, with a knack for falling out of the sky. The Boondogglers almost went belly-up in 1970 but saved the franchise with a 250 million dollar loan guarantee from good old Uncle Sam. Hats off to an outfit that doesn't know the meaning of the word "excess"!



"The Pterodactyl"

The B-1 just might be the Biggest Bonus Baby of all time, winning her a niche in the holocaust Hall of Fame as the most expensive weapons system of all time! Trouble is, this rookie may never get to the field, 'cause there are some problems in making her operational! The B-1's got a big edge over existing strategic bombers because it can fly at supersonic speeds. Too bad it uses so much fuel on supersonic flights that it can't take any bombs on board!

Comparison Between the B-1 and the B-52

	B-1	B-52
Range (miles)	10,000	10,000
Cruise Speed (mph)	550	550
Bombing Speed (mph)	550	550
Available	1980	1957
Obsolescence date	1980	1980
Cost (per unit)	\$125,000,000	\$8,000,000





# Rendezvous with Discomfort One P.O.W.'s Story

*"Each night we fell asleep dreading the dawn and the living nightmares to follow . . . the blaring of the clock radio . . . the brutal hangovers . . . the savage rubdowns . . . the endless bridge parties. . ."*

—by Capt. D. L. Talbot, USAF,  
as told to Doug Kenney

(Of the many personal accounts of capture and imprisonment of Americans by the North Vietnamese, none presents a more graphic or chilling portrait of the unusual horrors of the Asian war than this startling narrative of Capt. Dwight L. Talbot, a C-5A pilot who spent over five years confined in North Vietnam. In its way, Capt. Talbot's story bears mute testimony to the caliber and, if the word has not fallen out of fashion, the raw "guts" of our fighting men in the recent police action. *D. C. Kenney, Ed.*)

The date was May 31, 1968. It was just after the Tet offensive, and we were on our twenty-third mission ferrying supplies from Da Nang Airfield to ground forces at Bhum Lung, just fifteen kilometers south of the DMZ.

Our cargo was a standard "drop"—2,000 kilos of Vietnamese Green, 55,000 grams of triple-A grade cocaine, 400 gallons of Wild Turkey, 1100 six-packs of Bud, 800 decks of playing cards, 700 pairs of dice, four roulette wheels and spare parts, 150 cases of Yoohoo, 22 bar hostesses, 1300 boxes of Trojans, 2400 ampules of penicillin, 26 pounds of the purest smack this side of 125th Street, and 46 cartons of Drakes Cakes—everything necessary to maintain an infantry battalion in the field for a long weekend.

At 0400 hours we were cruising at approximately 500 knots when a SAM tore up our starboard engines. A moment later, a second enemy missile exploded amidships, freezing the aerilerons, blowing out the stereo system and spilling my gin-and-tonic down the front of my flight jacket. I fought the controls, but the ship began to lurch from side to side. As I gave the order to bail out, the doomed "fighting pelican" began its last, dizzying spiral to the dawnlit paddies below.

Upon landing, I wrestled free of my chute harness and gathered my crew—Parkins, Pvt. Kerlew, Maj. Henderson, and Sgt. Alvarez.

I decided that we would hide in some low mud caves along the river. Kerlew, our resident "hippie" agreed to take the first watch, and swallowed an LSD-soaked pressure bandage to facilitate his night vision. The rest of us tried to sleep.

Lt. Parkins, who had patronized questionable bars decorated like mud caves back in the States, had a surprisingly easy time of it. For the rest of us, the night was an omen of the endless discomfort to come. I reminded the others that it was the duty of the men on the front lines to endure uncomfortable living accommodations so that loved ones might be secure and comfy at home. Thinking about that, none of us got any sleep at all.

We awoke the next morning and found ourselves staring down the worn handles of lethal-looking hoes and rice flails pointed at us by small yellow monkeys with sloping foreheads, high cheekbones, and slanted eyes. Some of our captors seemed little more than children. Indeed, they were children. A few hours of careful observation revealed several telltale signs of infantile tendencies (giggling, for instance) which led us to the inescapable conclusion that we were being held by a crack VC Day Care Center. Emboldened by our discovery, we began to consider alternative courses of action, and decided that the wisest thing to do in our weakened condition (which had been exacerbated by our fatiguing discussion) was to take a short nap. When we woke we found that all hope of escape had been dashed. While we slept, our young captors had turned us over to their mothers.

Soon afterwards, we were bound with jumpropes and Yo-Yo strings,

and roughly pushed toward a nearby hamlet. As we were led through the single narrow street, angry villagers scrutinized us from their hootches with open hostility, cursing, spitting, and pelting us with volleys of garbage, or, to call it by the name the peasants use themselves, "breakfast."

While we had slept, the gooks had confiscated our survival kits. It was depressing to watch them now—rifling through the provisions we needed so desperately—strewing our tinned anchovies and powdered absinthe on the ground—hurling and breaking the small vials of liquid we had been told to swallow if the going got rough. (The details of what was in those vials had been kept from us. We never knew the vintage and year—but we did know that the vials contained a powerful, swift-acting cognac blended to grim military specifications, and we were sorry for their loss.) But there was no time to regret the past—we needed every scrap of energy to face the uncertain future.

After weeks of being shunted from camp to camp on foot, riverboat, and rail, my crew and I were finally delivered to our destination—Hanoi. We were unceremoniously shoved into a small, windowless white room, bare of all furniture except a number of straw sleeping mats rolled in a corner. We were too exhausted from our journey to protest, and I fell to the floor next to Lt. Parkins, who appeared to be lost in thought.

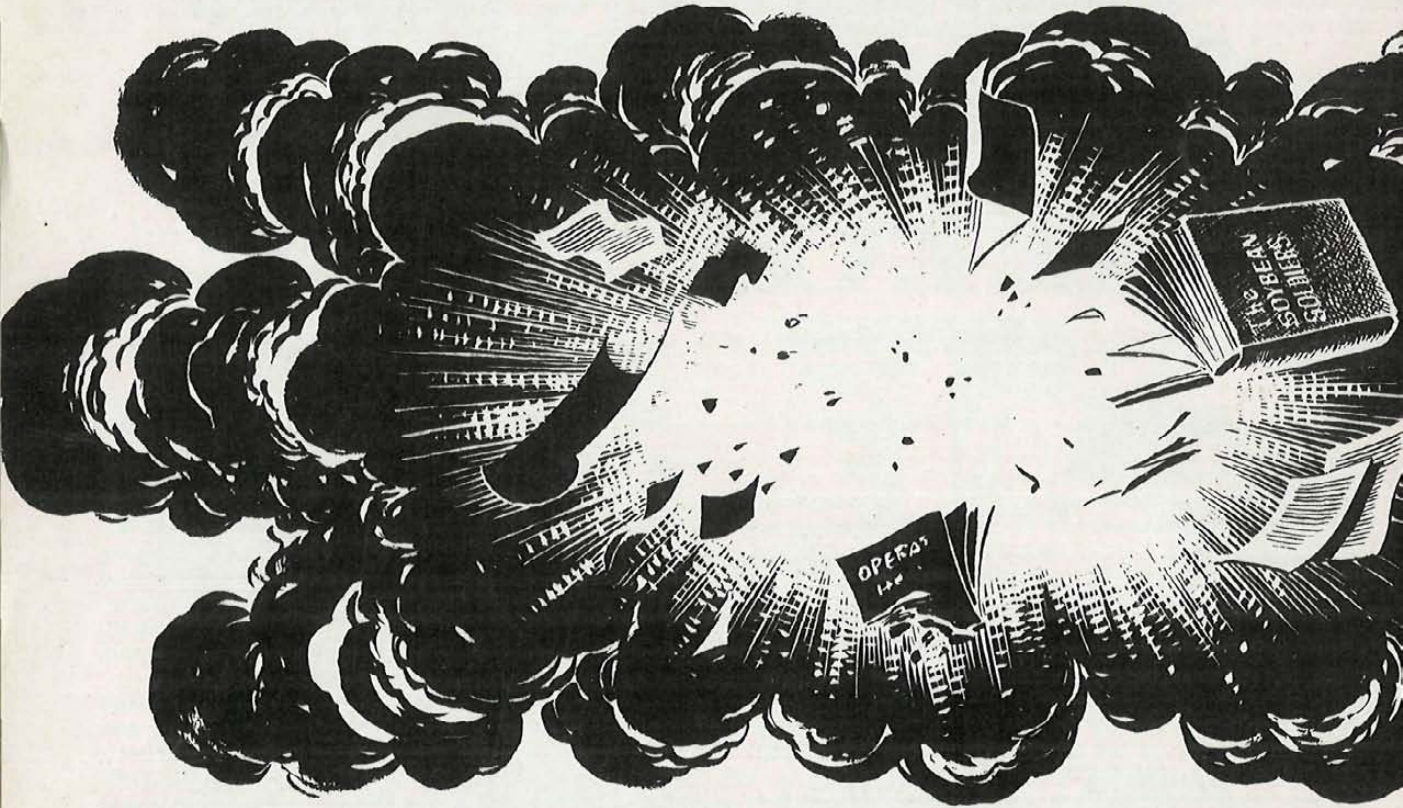
"What do you think our chances are, 'Princeton'?" I whispered after the guards had left.

"Bad. Very bad, Captain," sighed Parkins. "You *could* knock out that south wall . . . and perhaps add a skylight if you want plants to fill that bare centerspace as well . . . a few DR hangings and a bright Matisse print over in that dreary corner might

continued on page 61

NATIONAL LAMPOON 51

All the bloody horror, the senseless violence, the cruel



## SCAN THIS LIST OF ARMAGEDDON BOOK CLUB SELECTIONS

### (201C) OPERATION HEN'S TEETH—Nibby

Was Hitler Churchill's stooge in a Communist plot to grab Ethiopia that only foundered when Martin Bormann, disguised as Rudolf Hess, crash-landed in Scotland in 1941? The author does not claim to know but speculates with maps, charts, and secret ciphers found on Mussolini's mistress that add up to one of the most profusely written historical volumes of our or anybody else's time. (Pub. edition \$6.95)

### (204G) OGUZI!—Najakawawa

Autobiography of the sole surviving "Oguzi," or Japanese suicide bulldozer driver, who lived through countless head-on tank ramblings only because he suffered from myopia and inevitably plunged past his target. Rare photos show experimental midge-ers and two-man suicide bulldozers. Author describes moving postwar meeting with U.S. Army victims of kamikaze bulldozers. They beat him senseless. (Pub. edition \$7.95)

### (200B) BOOTS & SHOES OF THE THIRD REICH—Runciman

Complete, authoritative pictorial history of footwear used in the Nazi march to world conquest. What size shoes did Hitler wear? How did the dread jackboot almost become a tennis sneaker? Did Speer design the sinister "one-size-fits-all" Nazi sock? Was Goebbels' limp the result of sabotage by a British agent working as a cobbler for the Nazi hierarchy? These and other questions asked. (Pub. edition \$4.95)

### (242H) "KUZI-WA-WA?" ("What Day Is It?")

—Wanatabe

Unique war memoirs of a Japanese homefront postal supervisor recently discovered hiding out in a Tokyo hotel room where he had spent the last 29 years, afraid to show himself because his driving license had expired. The author survived almost three decades alone in the dark by playing a mental baseball game that went to 4,506,052 innings. Complete with line scores. (Pub. edition \$5.95)

### (209L) "GET McINERNEY!" —McInerney

The author, third in command of the huge U.S. Gov't Rubber Procurement Board office in Akron, Ohio, from 1941-42, charts his desperate fight to elude a Nazi plot to kidnap him that gradually exposed his bosses, wife, friends, and family doctor as links in the remorseless conspiracy. Close to baring the entire German spy network, McInerney was spirited off to a "rest home" run by the O.S.S. where he remains to this day. Bitter and incoherently eloquent. (Pub. edition \$9.95)

### (211C) TUGS O' WAR —Flotsam

How the glory guys of the U.S. tugboat brigade huffed and puffed their way into freedom's fight against Fascism. A rocking, rollicking saga that recounts how U.S. tugs sank tons of WWII shipping, some of it the enemy's, then came back for more, often directly contrary to official orders. Full of lore enough to swamp the hardest tugophile. With a foreword by Grand Admiral Doenitz. (Pub. edition \$4.95)

### (207H) THE SOYBEAN SOLDIERS—Hazy

How Yank ingenuity turned the soybean into the secret weapon in the Allied arsenal. Straight-from-the-lab story of crash program that produced war-winning substitutes one after another, from celluloid shoes to liquid rifles to caramel candy made from crushed Junebugs and lard. And at the bottom of it all—the humble soybean, once nominated by Harry Hopkins for the Nobel Prize. (Pub. edition \$2.95)

### (202J) L.S.T. 54—Arbuthnot

Four hundred and six L.S.T.'s full of Yank GI's loaded up and headed across the shell-clotted waters of Imita Bay in the South Pacific that day in August, 1944, headed for a massive landing on one of the last Jap-held strongholds of the war. But one L.S.T. headed the other way, out to open sea and a strange 6-month voyage that ended with a full-scale attack on the beaches near Washup, Oregon. WWII's bloodiest snafu retold in all its weird and wacky humor. (Pub. edition \$3.95)

### (202U) RED FEZ OVER VIENNA —Klumm

Ex-Austrian diplomat alleges Hitler went to war in 1939 only to curb Turkish takeover of Austria and rise of new Ottoman Empire—backed by Moscow, bankrolled by Wall St. Names names, dates dates, places places. Involves a lurid cast including King Farouk, the Duke of Windsor, Enrico Fermi, and movie star Turhan Bey. (Pub. edition \$5.95)

### (245K) THE WIT OF ADOLF HITLER—Schwarzlach

Adolf's seldom-seen other side reveals a born comic's gift for machine-gun delivery of hilarious one-liners ("Now, take the Jews—pulleez!") and a professional mastery of Bavarian dialect jokes ("Voss you dere, Hermann?"). Even the final fall had its lighter side: "Well, Hitler quipped as the bunker shook from Russian artillery barrages, 'We bombed in Berlin!' Funnies book yet on the Third Reich. Foreword by Harry Golden. (Pub. edition \$10.95)

### (200P) THE LOVE POEMS OF HEIDIKI TOJO—Omigali

The fanatical Jap warlord's gentler side is conveyed in this slim but light volume of hagu poetry with its haunting use of pastoral imagery mingled with spirited Shinto war cries—climaxed by Tojo's lengthy paean to gasoline. Irony proliferates, as in the nostalgic young Heidiki's ode to Nagasaki that begins: Hot ginger and dynamite/It really is worth the sight/Back in Nagasaki where the fellas chew tabacky and the women wicky-wacky-woo. (Pub. edition \$10.)

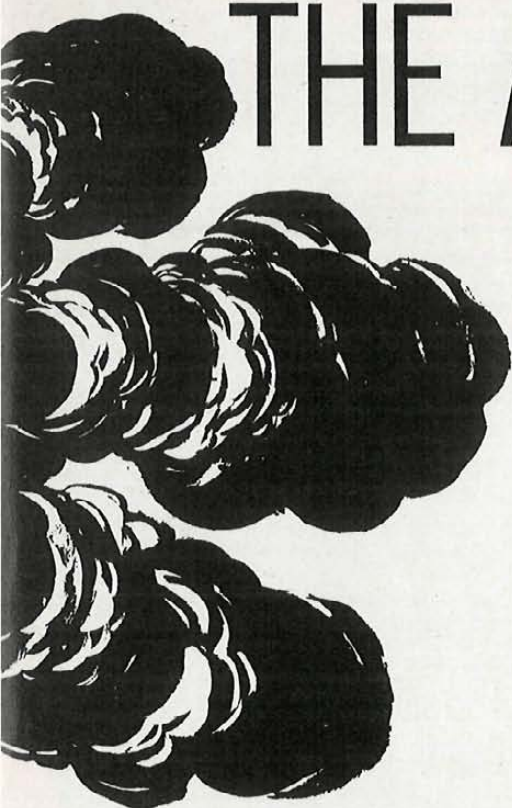
### (209M) SINK THE SCHNERZ! —Hackstiff

Here, retold for the umpteenth time, is a classic of WWII naval warfare that began with four British ships colliding in Portsmouth harbor and ended with the Admiralty's discovery that what they thought was a new German super-pocket battleship was actually a typographical error in a Sunday paper. All the tedium and endless waiting of the chase that led to nowhere—repeated here in vivid battleship greys. (Pub. edition \$9.95)

### (211) THIS END UP —Fufferdaw

Amazing escape yarn tells how a one-legged RAF pilot, prisoner in the infamous Stalag 12, sprayed himself with white paint and made his way to freedom disguised as a statue—how one false sneeze could bring the Gestapo running as Fit. Sgt. Nigel Fufferdaw inched his way across Nazi Germany, how a tiny bird became both his best friend . . . and his deadliest enemy. (Pub. edition, \$5.)

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**(211T) I WAS AN SS GLAZIER**  
—Furtwangler

The book that didn't have to be written—but was! Hauptmann Bruno Furtwangler recalls his WWII years in the elite SS Fensterputzer Brigade, cleaning and repairing the Reich's top windows. Flings open the shutters to reveal what Adolf and Eva really did with that big German shepherd, Frau Ribbentrop's curious "cookie trick," much more. Revealing inside story of Hitler's window-putty fetish, told first time. (Pub. edition \$6.95)

**(201B) FOREBEARANCE NOTWITHSTANDING**  
—Guffin-Buncombe

Candid memoirs of RAF visionary who urged giant nets held aloft by dirigibles to snare death-dealing V-2 rockets, who designed huge plexiglas wall to knock out Nazi bombers attacking England, who planned to flood Reich with hundreds of actors made up as Hitler to confuse and wreck Nazi war machine—and who was clapped in an insane asylum for his troubles. Provocatively cross-indexed. (Pub. edition \$10.)

**(215F) THE FLUMMOX PAPERS**  
—1938-45—Fudger

Who was Lord FlummoX of Prone? This scrupulously researched volume attempts to answer a question that 28 years and thousands of volumes of diaries, memoranda, and notes have served only to obscure. Was he the celebrated "mystery man" of Churchill's wartime cabinet? A bureaucratic meddler? Both? Neither? Something more, or less? A scholarly work that reads like a cheap detective thriller. (Pub. edition \$11.)

**(242B) CANAL ZONE CALLING, PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE!**  
—Phemba

Little-known history of the U.S. war effort in the Panama Canal Zone, 1941-49. Cut off from the U.S. by faulty phone lines and equipped with little more than binoculars and spunk, the Army kept close watch on "freedom's clothes closet" and sent thousands of postcards to Washington reporting ship movements, suspicious birds, and spreading malaria. (Pub. edition \$3.95)

**(212D) GRUMMET'S GOONS!**  
—Hicktown

True story of Maj. Otis "Bazooka" Grummet's daredevil division of WWII, only fighting unit the U.S. Army had orders to shoot on sight. Gets at the truth behind those rumors about the sack of the Belgian orphanage, that two-week "party" in a convent, Grummet's alleged assassination attempt on FDR after his recall from the field. Packed with wit, warmth, and irrepressible Army humor. (Pub. edition \$7.95)

**(202E) A YANK IN THE WEHRMACHT**—Bunce

How a kid from Brooklyn parlayed his high school German, four dollars, and a boundless zest for adventure into command of a Nazi battalion on the Russian front... brawling and boozing his way from Berlin to Stalingrad and back before deserting to the U.S. forces. Candid fare from the only Yank ever tried as a Nazi war criminal. A book for the squeamish. (Pub. edition \$4.95)

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A week of rain had turned our trench to mud.  
The wet earth ran with fresh spent English sanguinary  
fluid.

Clouds broke at evening, and the sun set red  
Flushing to rose the faces of the deceased.

*Documents of the Imperial Army of Japan which have  
only recently become de-classified establish Tojo, Com-  
mander in Chief of the Japanese forces, as beyond ques-  
tion the finest poet of the Second World War. Most  
westerners are aware that the Emperor of Japan must,  
every New Year, compose a poem in the ancient "haiku"  
form. The newly published War Office papers reveal that  
Tojo, too, was obliged to compose a seventeen-syllable  
lyric upon each important phase of the hostilities. The  
translations below can, of course, only suggest the beau-  
ties and nuances of the originals.*

*Pearl Harbor*  
december morning  
the summer sailors shiver  
a nip in the air

*Midway*  
bamboo jungle night  
watersound silence a cry  
hey Yank! fug Babe Ruth!

*Hiroshima*  
morning sky: fist cloud  
sail cloud: tiger cloud: wing cloud  
mushroom cloud: night sky

*Surrender*  
datsun hitachi  
tonka yamaha nikon  
sony suzuki

*The conflict in Vietnam produced a number of poems,  
but since most of them were not officially declared, they  
are not suitable for inclusion in this anthology.*

*One work, however, which an anonymous contributor  
claims is dictated from "beyond the veil" by e.e. cum-  
mings, is perhaps of passing interest:*

i sing of Olaf, Olaf's son

who like his dad was somewhat daft:  
whose neck was pained, caught in the draft

classified red brand meat A-1  
looked pissed off (scared) and quizzical;  
should he take off—a wife—a class—  
shove peanut butter up his ass  
wear panties to his physical  
his arm with dopey holes tattoo  
his soul he asked (his fathers ghost)  
who smiled and offered him a light  
so Olaf knew he would eschew  
the prayer of chaplains by the host  
at least a CO plea to cop;  
invited to his trousers drop  
by shrinks in patriotic drag  
passive-aggressive Olaf said  
while ID card he made ignite  
"go fuck your backside kissing flag"

(outraged the draft board buzzard head  
flapped home to coupons clip in bed)

his photo took and fingerprint  
Olaf was once more A-1 classed  
nor threats nor insults deigned to stint  
chums uncles barbers or police  
and even dates would broadly hint  
a man must learn to fight for peace  
or whats a leavenworth tee hee  
out raged guessed landish lawed and cast  
most wanted Olaf lived with fear  
whispering almost constantly  
to no one, who was always near  
"i've had this shit right up to here"

until he beat the heat at last  
crossed the cold border on the run  
by day intones the past is past  
by night he dreams of jefferson

friends (had we friends or sense) we might  
pray Olaf grant us amnesty

boots don't forgive the stepped on phiz;  
the battle ended, Olaf is  
more black than you: less blue than me □



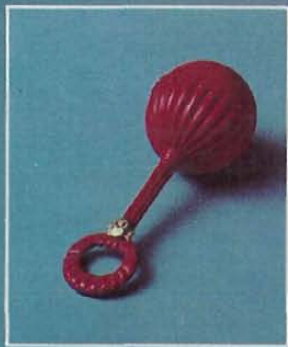


# Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living

by Bruce McCall

We're tickled red, white, and black to introduce our brand-new fall catalogue of up-to-the-minute Nazi regalia. Here's style that shouts "Sieg Heil!" Here's gracious living with the accent on the Aryan, in items large and small that you won't find *anywhere* else. All designed with one thing in mind: to enhance your Nazi lifestyle—a style created to last a thousand years. We've got lots to show you, proud possessions and ideal gifts for you, your loved ones, and your home. So don't delay! Start browsing! And *that's* an order!

—The Folks at Aryan Haus



SS Death's Head Rattle in red (shown), black or white feature authentic SS skull and crossbones insignia—and rattles up a storm so loud you'll think Junior's holding a Party Rally right there in his own tiny fist! Made of long-wearing Kruppware.



What Nazi nursery's complete without this deluxe baby crib? Sturdy as a Panzer, cozy as a Stuka cockpit—just the thing to help your little Adolf or Eva march off to dreamland! (Also available in SS Black and Munich Brown.)



An Aryan array designed for the Diaper Set! 1: Mother Goose is Out, goose-stepping's In when you surround Baby with a marching-Wehrmacht wallpaper motif like this! 2: "Adorable Adolf" teddy bear demands your love—unconditionally. 3: Colorful cap & shirt set turns any tot into The Littlest Stormtrooper; he'll take the sandbox without a fight! 4: Sturdy wood blocks come in Nazi colors; put 'em all together, they spell F-U-N with a Nazi accent! 5: "We have ways of making you eat!" What *nicer* way to get Junior to finish his sauerkraut than with this 4-section Swastika eating dish? 6: "Uncle Adolf" frowns at an unfinished plate, beams at a clean one; this Junior SS bib makes a colorful—and educational—Nazi accessory!

photographs by Dick Frank



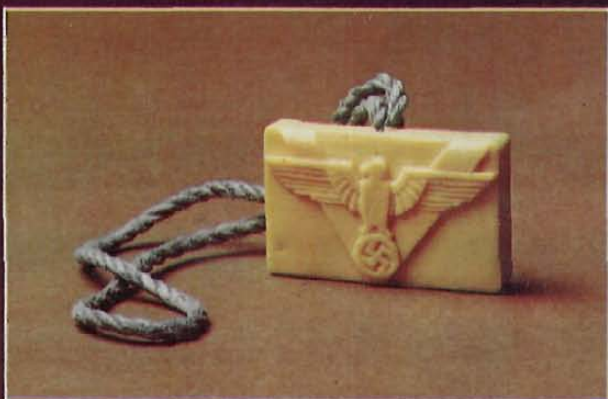
This National Socialist swizzle stick's bound to be a conversation piece at any social gathering. Order a set of 6 and really stir things up! While you're at it, why not get a set of Swastika-emblazoned crystal glasses? Scotch 'n' sodas, *los!*



Mouth-watering gifts from Nazi Dad to Nazi Grad and vice versa! 1: Nazi lunch bucket will make your lad a lunchroom Gauleiter, packs enough food inside to feed a platoon. 2: The Nurnberg Rally days will burn in your memory forever with this Deluxe Nurnberg Rally ashtray. Ideal conversation piece for office, den, or bunker! 3: No more teacher's dirty looks—not when Junior marches into class with this Nazi binder! Reinforced Bormannhide covering washes off faster than you can scream "Mach Schnell!" 4: Afrika Korps ice bucket can take a Blitzkrieg of punishment, keeps drinks cold as the Eastern Front—while you and your guests stay cool as Rommel. 5: Live it up like Hermann Goering with a corkscrew that's a perfect replica of "Karinhalle Fats'" favorite! 6: It's back to school with a vengeance when your lad totes his books in

products manufactured by Harry Fischman, Alan Rose, Celia Bau, and David Kaestle

Gestapo Leather soap-on-a-rope will get you into more of a lather than a Goebbels speech—makes you Aryan clean and as fresh-smelling as the Black Forest. Aren't you glad you use Gestapo Leather? Don't you wish all inferior races did?



this bag, so handsome it looks slave-labor made! Handy pouch marked "Cyanide Pills" holds small objects—and there's room inside to carry a dozen *Mein Kampts*. 7: Colorful plastic ruler lets students mark off coordinates with Nazi precision. 8: Nazi pencilbox and sharpener—the Final Solution to a pesky schoolroom problem. 9: Make *your* home or office as efficient as an Oberkommando H.Q. with a tape-dispenser, Nazi-style. Reloads faster than a Mauser. 10: You'll "go for the bomb" every time when the football is an Official Hitler Youth "Baldur von Schirach" model like this! 11: Official sneaker of the Hitler Jugend. If this doesn't put wings on your feet, you must belong to the Luftwaffe! 12: Plastic Nazi shirt-pocket pen caddy is practical as it is handsome. Perfect gift for the aspiring Albert Speer includes ballpoint pen & pencil.



Elegant Nazi wind chimes sing a gentle song of National Socialism night and day. A tasteful addition to backyard patio or lakeside Berchtesgaden, cast in weather-proof Nazite metal.

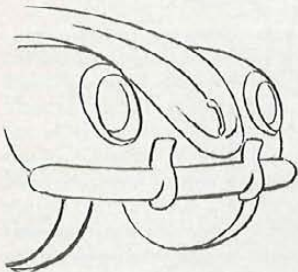
Unless your dog's a regular *Schweinhund*, you'll want to set him up in his very own official Nazi Pooch H.Q. in authentic Third Reich architectural style—and sturdy as the Reichstag itself. Heil to the Fuehrer Fido!



Achtung, home-lovers! Here's a heartwarming hodgepodge of Hitler-era goodies, guaranteed to turn that third little bungalow from the corner into a regular Third Reich! 1: You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows—not when there's a wrought-iron Nazi Eagle to do it for you! Here's a weathervane that looks like it means business! 2: Give your tweetie his very own Eagle's Lair with this Deluxe Nazi Birdhouse—and if you hear him warbling the Horst Wessel Song tomorrow morning, don't blame us! 3: Pass the Wehrmacht helmets, please! The dinner table becomes a parade-ground when the salt and pepper come in matching chromed Nazi headgear like this! 4: How to make the Good Book even better—jazz the cover up in Nazi style. "Gott Mit Uns"; talk about inspiration! 5: Paper Nazi placemats in attractive assortment of decorator colors make the simplest meal seem like a birthday blow-out in Hitler's bunker. 6: Got a date with destiny! It's a Nazi—now record it in your Official Nazi Calendar! 7: The toast will come hurtling up like a V-2 at Peenemunde if you load it into this semi-automatic 88mm official Nazi toaster. 8: Why not bake a Nazi cake? You can, with this clever swastika-shaped mold! Gives devil's food a whole new slant!

# Be A Fuehrer Of Fashion, Nazi Style

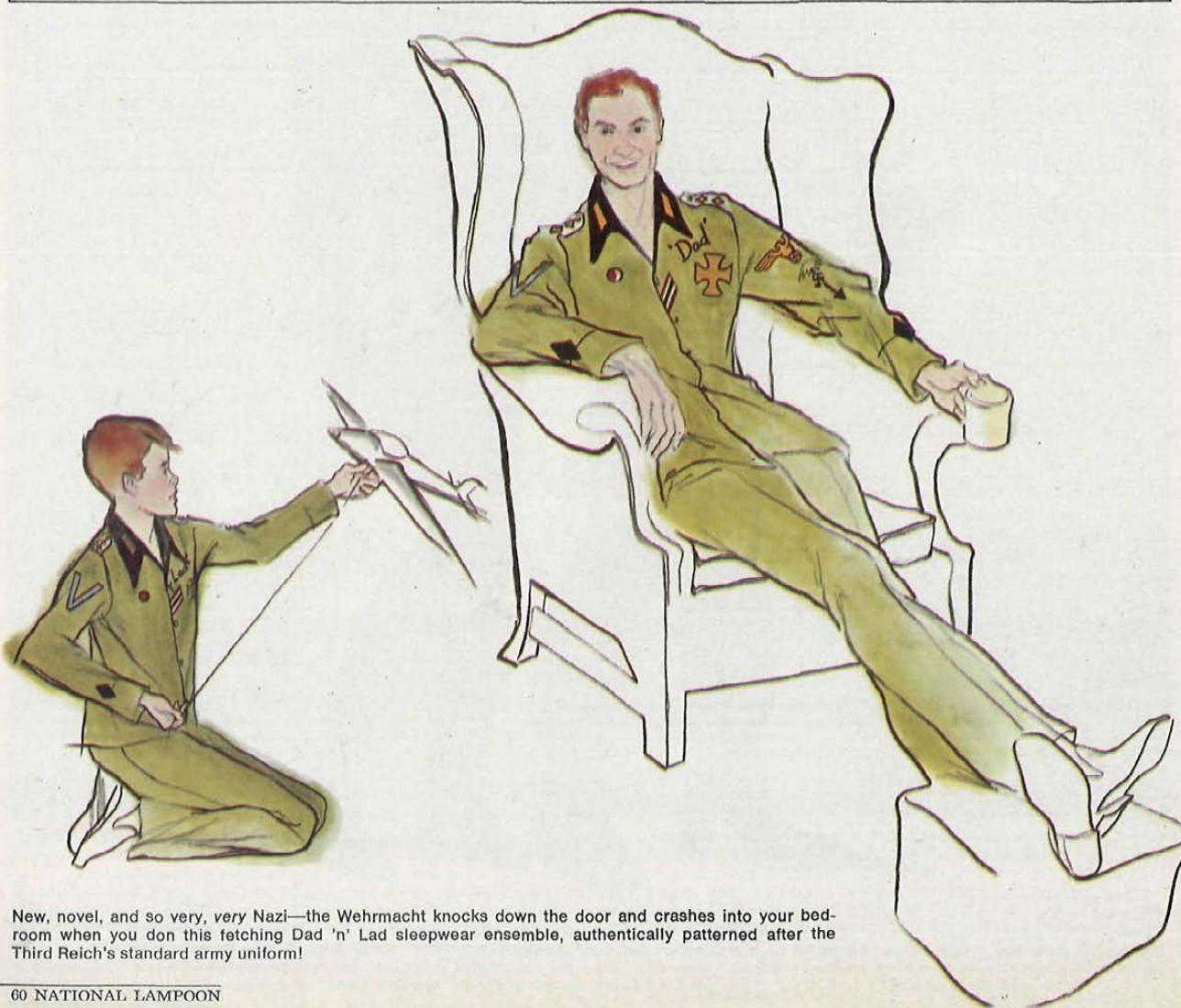
The Nazi Look: the song is over but the memory lingers on in a style, a cut, a mood, a fashion *point of view* that will not die. Even duffers will want to conquer the world in the elite golf togs displayed here. Elite, did we say? Elite-SS! All the fashion firepower to devastate the links—a new way to teach caddies to say "Jawohl!"



Dudes 'n' their dollies will put up an impregnable Western Front with these hi-style, swastika-spangled Nazi Cowboy & Cowgirl outfits tailored in durable Axison. Just Reich for that backyard book-burning or Saturday-afternoon browsing through your favorite Nazi souvenir shop!



It's Heil High Style when Dad 'n' Lad step out in matching SS Slimline sport togs like these (left). Also available in Ceremonial White. Woven in easy-to-care-for Himmlertex, these are leisure threads that almost shout, "Salute me!" Come winter, Dad, you'll feel like a regular Martin Bormann when you attack winter in the SS Greatcoat (right). Snug as a foxhole, warm as a flamethrower, stylish as a Reichschancellery reception. And get a Junior-size version for your favorite Lad; he'll feel like shoveling straight through to Stalingrad when you issue him this gear!



New, novel, and so very, very Nazi—the Wehrmacht knocks down the door and crashes into your bedroom when you don this fetching Dad 'n' Lad sleepwear ensemble, authentically patterned after the Third Reich's standard army uniform!

perk it up too, but frankly, it's stark stark *stark* and I think I'm going to be ill!"

I knew in my bones that the Lieutenant was right.

'Princeton' was still retching when the bolt on the door shot back and in strode a man who in the next five years of our confinement we would come to know as "Mr. Zip."

"What was your intent in invading air space of People's Republic of Vietnam?" he barked.

"D-don't tell them anything!" ordered a quavering voice. It was Major Henderson, our commanding officer, by now an object of pity because his worsening malaria led him to spout paragraphs of gibberish. "Remember the Code of Conduct, boys," the fever-stricken man raved. "Y-you don't have to tell them anything but name . . . rank . . . service number. . ."

The warden smiled and crossed his arms.

"I am familiar with this 'code,' " he said simply, "and you are free to observe it. If you do, however, I will have my men lash starving rats to your bellies in copper bowls and perform drum solos on them with chopsticks until—"

"As the major was saying," I interrupted as Alvarez stanchoned Henderson's profuse flow of words with a sock, "all you're going to get out of us is our name, rank, serial number, unit strength, secret codes, artillery deployments, bombing schedules and alternate targets, passwords, tactical timetables, combat readiness reports, detailed descriptions of all known armaments, and a thorough personality profile on every officer above field grade in the Eastern Hemisphere."

The commandant's reaction to my outburst was hard to read, his eyes veiled in those bizarre folds of flesh characteristic of his race.

At dawn the next day we were taken to the notorious "Hanoi Hilton," a place we would grimly call "home" for the next five years. As usual, the gooks had misled us. It was not the Hanoi Hilton, but the Hanoi Ritz—a three hundred-room chateaufort-styled resort hotel left by the French. Our captors were well aware of the psychological value of isolating their prisoners, and each of us was led to his six-room detention suite under strict orders to confine all "socializing" to the common terrace—a pitiful approximation of a typical Parisian café with tacky sun umbrellas, and baroque wrought iron furniture. Once again we had proof of the subtle cruelty of the VC—from this terrace there was just one view—an unsettling panorama of "the course," a grueling gauntlet of poison ivy-choked roughs,

yawning sandtraps, and bottomless water hazards. It was a fortunate man, the grapevine whispered, who could escape that "green hell" with less than eighty *strokes*, and it was before us, always. Sometimes when I close my eyes, I see it now.

The prison suites themselves were sparsely furnished with flimsy Danish modern furniture, garish Tiffany lamps, and Turkish carpets so worn that the squads of sullen ARVN houseboys who served us (badly, I might add) would often trip on the frayed edges, dropping our breakfast trays with a jaw-clenching clatter.

As we followed our muttering bell-boys into the cramped elevator that first day, "Mr. Zip" took obvious pleasure in reciting the prison rules, a long list of commie do's and don'ts designed to regulate every waking hour of our lives, calculated to make us into automatons with no real control over ourselves or our servants. We were shown *one* acceptable manner of folding our *New York Times*, *one* proper fork to use with oysters. And as the days went by the list grew like some sinister cancer. Shoes had to be left outside the door, *exactly parallel* to each other, or they would not be shined by morning. Small plastic tags were to be affixed to our outer doorknobs indicating our presence to the all-seeing maids. In the "exercise area," singles were forbidden if there were inmates waiting for a court. In the main mess hall, no man was to be seated without a reservation, no man was to be served without a tie.

Any infraction of these rules, we came to understand, would be severely punished. Room service might be withheld for days at a time, and prisoners who didn't "mind their manners" would be dealt with swiftly and mercilessly by the Membership Committee.

Despite these hardships, I knew the men had the stuff to take whatever our gook captors could dish out, whether it was Roast Peking Duck with some bland sauce or a humorless attempt to reproduce an American hamburger.

However, after a few weeks, I began to worry about Parkins. We had all been through a lot, but the guards seemed to have singled Parkins out for *special attention*. In recent days he had spent many hours in the dreaded "sweatbox," a tiny six-foot by eight-foot cubicle kept heated to a constant 240 degrees. We knew that it was the practice of Phong Ha, his omnipresent "valet," to beat him with a bundle of sticks, and then, without a twinge of conscience, plunge him into a tank of ice water, subject him to savage "deep massages" and tor-

ture him with painful "sunlamp treatments." Parkins, always the stoic, didn't say anything, but we knew what he was enduring.

One evening, as Kerlew and I were escorted back to our suites after an agonizing all-night interrogation with Jane Fonda on Radio Hanoi, we found Parkins in his suite, slumped over in his butterfly chair, his black lounging pajamas soaked in his own Courvoisier.

"My God," I gasped, trying to bring him to, "what did they do to you?"

"H-held wrists . . . scraped flesh," he managed to say, "p-put sharp things under . . . nails."

"The pigs! The fiends!" Kerlew screamed.

"I suppose it's all you can expect from these . . . animals," I spat, letting drop the mangled stump of what had been the poor devil's cuticle. "There probably hasn't been a decent manicurist in this dump since the frogs pulled out in forty-eight."

Communication with fellow prisoners, we soon learned, was of the utmost importance in maintaining our sanity and safety during our years of imprisonment, and we developed an elaborate code to tip off each other in cases of emergency. For example, one ring on the terrace extension meant a U-2 spy plane was snooping in the vicinity and it was time to don our silly conical hats. Two rings in the billiards room warned that it was almost time for Johnny Carson and three rings by the pool followed by "shave-and-a-haircut" on Parkins' antique ticker-tape planter signaled the approach of the most feared interloper of all—an International Red Cross Inspection Team.

This last form of harassment was hands down the most dreaded by the Americans. At any hour, day or night, gangs of rotund, boorish Swiss observers were liable to barge into the prison grounds wearing grotesque armbands, spouting guttural German oaths, and generally dunking their goddamn doughnuts in everybody's business by asking rude questions like *Warum in der gross Uberfurherhaus ist gehzitzen?* and *Vas sprechen sie 'vas Uberfurherhaus?* ("Hey, who lives in that ritzy-looking hotel over there? What do you mean 'what ritzy-looking hotel?'" )

Often in these emergencies there was barely enough time to jump out of our white flannels and blue 'POW'-monogrammed blazers, throw on the ragged pajamas (kept unpressed and filthy by our houseboys) and dash to the prison infirmary.

When the observers found us lying in the tin shack, they would be told we were suffering from an undiagnos-

continued

continued

able tropical disease whose symptoms included an unhealthy sleekness, unnatural obesity, and an inexplicable cocoa-butter tan. Kerlew received particular sympathy from the slow-witted busybodies because his eyes were so bloodshot from his daily dope rations that they resembled ping pong balls casually defaced with red Pentel.

As a final gesture, the prison doctor would lead the observers to Major Henderson's private room. Alas, the Major's malaria had steadily worsened, until by the third year of our living hell he began to look less and less like a Major and more and more like a bedful of vomit. That usually did the trick. When the doctor lifted the sheet, the Swiss would take one look, clap their pudgy hands over their mouths, and climb all over each other trying to hotfoot it to the exit.

On one occasion, just before the Swiss arrived, the Major unexpectedly regained consciousness. Mistaking me for a Swiss, he pulled me to him. "Treason . . . craven cowards," he babbled incoherently, "shot at sunrise . . . arrest those . . ."

"You've got us all wrong," I whispered to the stricken man, gently turning him over on his stomach. "Getting chummy with the gooks is just a charade . . . part of the Plan!"

"Plan? Plan?" he gurgled, now recognizing me. "Wha' plan?"

"All in good time, sir," I said, "but first we've got to take care of your health."

It was true. Alvarez had been neg-

lecting his duty rounds—the Major's room hadn't had a fresh change of mosquitoes in a week.

Despite our grudging obedience to the camp's rigidly enforced routine of dinner dances, brunches, backgammon, embassy lawn parties, and nerve-jangling heart-to-heart talks with Ramsey Clark, our warden was dissatisfied with our *attitude*. Although my seminar on standard B-52 evasive maneuvers had been a smashing success (six of my students scored "kills" within a month of graduation) our store of information was close to exhausted, and now we were being pressed to sign a fanciful confession of trumped-up war crimes against the Vietnamese people. Mr. Zip hinted that we might choose to confess the existence of strange chemicals capable of taking the leaves from the trees and of evil jellies capable of burning and maiming.

"Not on your life, buster," I snarled into those now-familiar drooping eyepouches peculiar to his race, "you'll never get us to tell dirty lies about Uncle Sam!"

The prison commander peered at us with a heavy-lidded gaze not uncommon to his countrymen.

"Not even if I stake you down to mound of insects, smear honey on genitals, and unleash giant anteater with electrified tongue?" he asked.

"Welllll," I countered, "... actually, now that you mention it, I did overhear some generals shooting the breeze over a couple of brews about

our massive deployment of nerve gas, 'dirty' tactical nuclear weapons, bacteriological warfare. . . ."

"Not forgetting," Parkins said, snapping to attention, "our ongoing policy of wholesale civilian enslavement, systematic defoliation of the seas, mass executions of suspected VC relatives . . ."

"Much less," added Alvarez, saluting smartly, "CIA-instigated meteor showers, our systematic defoliation of the seas, and the widespread use of witchcraft, black magic, dum-dum bullets, radioactive baby foods, robot rapists . . ."

"Hey," Kerlew sounded off, "come to think of it, I bet I could script a sixteen-part TV series on that far-out new Leprosy Bomb of ours alone!"

Watching our warden's eyes, I knew what his next question would be, and what answer I would give him.

"You sign confession?" he asked, "you put in writing?"

"Nuts," I grunted, helping myself to the bowl of fresh macadamias before picking up the pen, ". . . can't get enough of 'em."

Indeed, strange to say, we counted ourselves fortunate. We knew that we might have been sent to a camp where there was no dermatologist, where allergies went unchecked, and harsh shampoos were the rule. We *did* have it better than some. For a while, in fact, we were even allowed letters and packages—it was almost pathetic how we used to look forward to a simple bank statement.

But the American bombing of Hanoi in December of seventy-two (which gouged great craters in our makeshift polo field and rendered the improvised bridle path virtually impassable) marked a low in our treatment by the yellow thugs.

It wasn't until we lined up for chow that we understood the form their spiteful retaliation would take. The smudged water goblets and tarnished flatware lay strewn carelessly on a plastic tablecloth riddled with coffee stains . . . the "centerpiece" consisted of a haphazardly arranged clump of wilted tiger lilies thrust into a chipped umbrella stand. The *pois au beurre* were dry and horribly emaciated. The *Coquille St. Jacques* was cold as a corpse.

It was not a pretty sight, and that was when Parkins cracked.

"Oh God, oh God," he sobbed, throwing down his paper napkin and burying his head in his Campbell's cream of mushroom soup, "it's just too much!"

Suddenly, I saw red.

"How do you expect my men to eat this . . . *slop*?" I demanded, bursting into the kitchen and grabbing the

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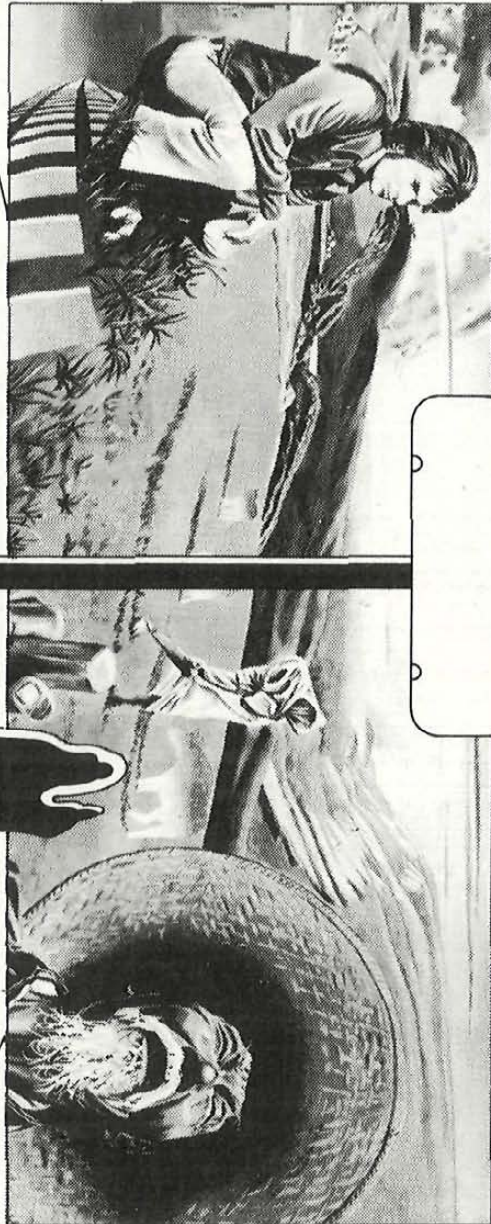
"I'm not hungry. I just want to look up her dress."

S. GROSS



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continued

prison chef by his Fu Manchu beard. "No can hep," the wizened yellow gnome squealed. "American bombers brow up gourmet shop. No can get good num-nuns. Why you complain? We eat rice and dog."

"Sure, sure," I said, edging toward the door, "tell it to the Geneva Convention."

I decided to play my last card. Wheeling around, I stuck my head into the dining room and took a deep breath.

"All right, Lieutenant," I shouted to Parkins, so that the entire gook kitchen could hear loud and clear, "call up the Golden Lotus and make a reservation for four. . . . We're eating out tonight!"

When we returned to our quarters that evening we were greeted with another example of *red hospitality*. My wine rack had been smashed, my tropical fish were left unfed, and there was an ugly gash across my priceless Deutsche-Gramophon recording of Bix Beiderbeck's "King Porter Stomp."

Parkins stumbled into my study white as a sheet, cradling in his arms the limp, broken form of his prize potted gladiolus, followed by Alvarez, whose dark eyes flashed with anger through helpless tears as he reported his bed was nothing but a rumpled mass of soiled sheets, still unmade since mid-morning. Kerlew said he suspected his stash had been cut with ground millet.

At long last, rumors of peace began to filter into the camp. Our first reaction to the news was, as might be imagined, one of shock. Kerlew immediately popped forty Tuinals, Alvarez cleaned out my wine cellar, and a hysterical Parkins slashed his wrists with a razor. Fortunately, he chose a Norelco Electric and suffered only some superficial chafing.

After the initial burst of depression, we sat down to take stock of the situation. The years of mental and physical deterioration had all too obviously taken their toll. All of us suffered from advanced prostate conditions, shot livers, and severe cases of tennis elbow. Kerlew's frequent medications had shorted out the left lobe of his brain and now he spent his days scuttling sideways on his hands and knees humming the bass run from "Sunshine of Your Love."

I, too, had changed dramatically from the five year ordeal. From my normal weight of 160, I was up to 340 and could not see my feet without a hand mirror.

The next two weeks proved to be the most agonizing period of our imprisonment. Daily calisthenics, starvation diets, and hourly steambaths

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left us weak and unsteady on our feet. But although we were in a very weakened condition, we did manage to throw a rather elaborate "goodbye" party for the ARVN houseboys who had served us so long. Our child-like attendants had become so excited at the prospect of their repatriation, so eager to *babble, babble, babble*, that we gave all of them a .38 slug behind the ears to calm their silly nerves.

That left Henderson.

"W-when we . . . get back," he confided to me the day before our release, "you get . . . electric chair. . . ."

"Major Henderson, sir," I began haltingly, "I think it's time for me to reveal the real reason for our admittedly unusual conduct. . . . It's time to reveal *the Plan*."

"T-the . . . plan?" the Major breathed, his eyes beginning to widen with understanding.

"Yes, Major, *the Plan*," I said, putting my hand on his trembling arm. "While I pin you to your cot, Alvarez here plans to put this plastic bag over your head and knot it around your neck. So long, Blabbermouth."

The planes began to arrive on St. Valentine's Day, 1973. We would be taken to Clark Air Force Base in the Phillipines—the first leg of our journey home. As we climbed up the ramp, I turned back for a last look at the prison compound and waved farewell to the warden, who returned the salute with a narrow-eyed wink.

"It sure is gonna be somethin' to be Stateside again," Kerlew said as we nibbled at our last *paté de maison* and watched the brilliant blue-white clouds pass beneath us.

"We have a lot to look forward to," said Alvarez, staring into the clouds, "income tax, mugging, McDonald's. . . ."

". . . shitty dope, LA pigs, Taco Bells. . . ." said Kerlew.

". . . a military band, weeks of surveillance, a tin medal. . . ." said Parkins.

". . . a plastic cup of New York State champagne and a sweaty handshake from the President," I added, as we strolled arm in arm toward the front of the plane.

"You boys better getcher seatbelts on," said the pilot as we entered the cockpit, "it's almost time for touchdown."

"Ah, yes, *touchdown*," I said, pressing my .38 to his temple, while Alvarez maneuvered the plane into a 180 degree turn.

"When you see a hotel that looks like a French Chateau, you'll notice a polo field behind it. You can touchdown there," I said. "Although, generally one doesn't make *touchdowns* on a polo field." □

Daddy, why did the chicken cross the road?

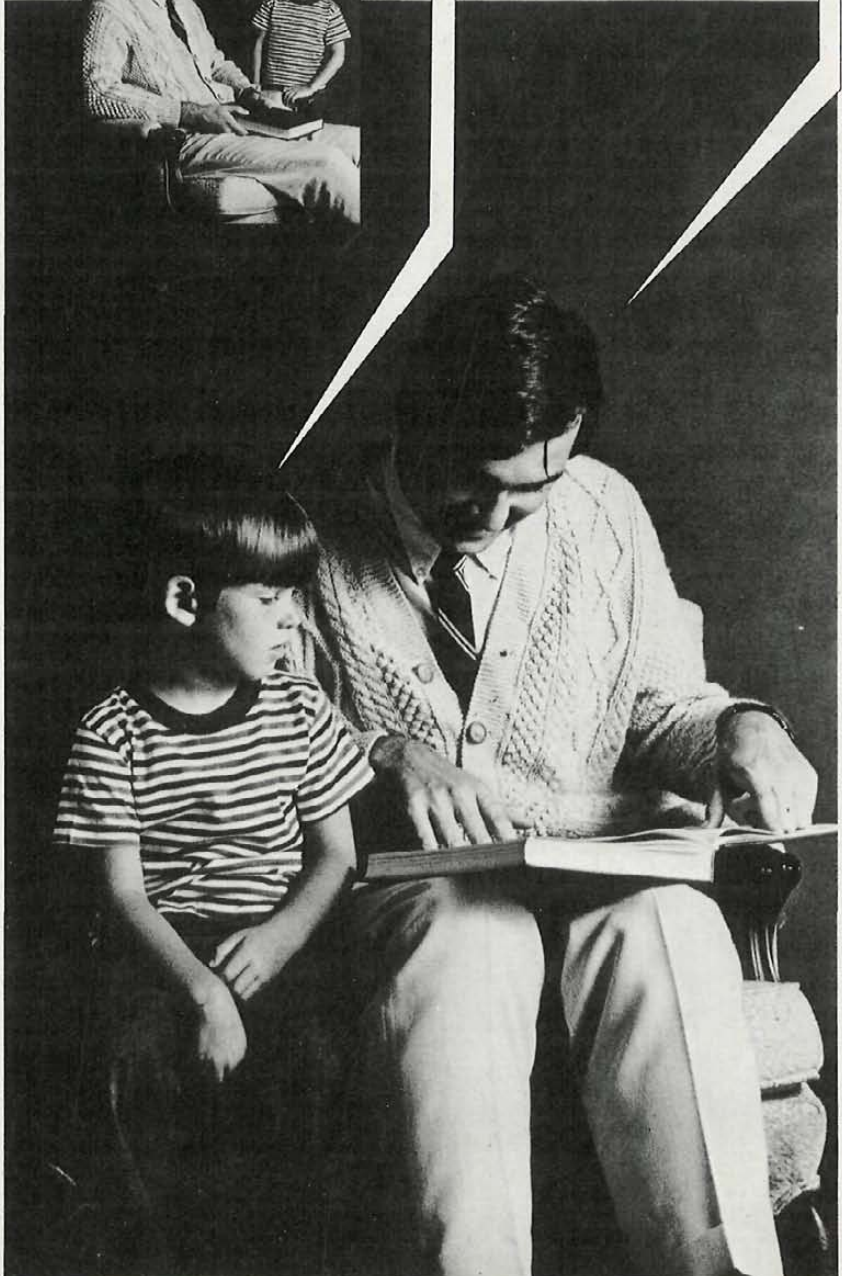
Well, Duane, let's just look that up in the *National Lampoon Illustrated Encyclopedia of Humor*. . . .

Hmmmmmm . . . *Bananas*, hearing impairment caused by insertion of same in aural area.

Black, white, and read all over: See *Discomfited Zebras*, *News Publications* (daily), Nuns—involvement of same in traffic accidents . . .

Canary, noted remarks of five hundred pound specimen. Aha, here it is, Chicken, motivation for highway transversal. Why, it says here they cross the road to get to the other side.

Gee, Dad, you must be the smartest man in the world!



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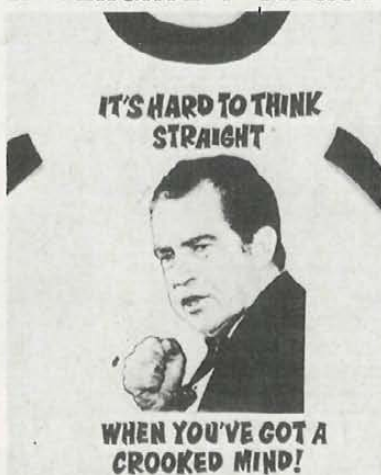
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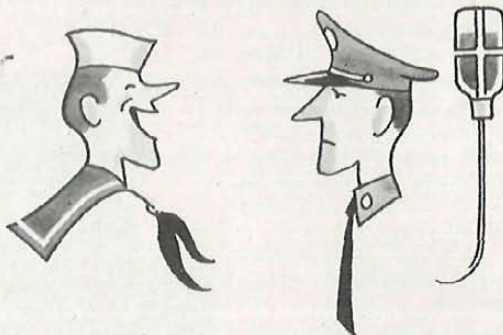


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# Marshal Mirth



While shopping at the Post Exchange, two army wives spotted the last stereo set, vacuum cleaner, blender, and electric carving knife that were on sale that day. Naturally, they got into an argument as to who saw the items first. One of the women was the wife of the base's commanding officer and assumed that she could put a quick end to the controversy by pulling rank. When she mentioned her husband's position and dropped the fact that he could, if he wished, have anyone he wanted sent back to Vietnam, the other woman replied, "That's fine with me but he'll need six people to help him because my husband's buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Now get your mitts off these appliances."

Sgt. Tom Ioconia  
(Fort Mammoth, N.J.)

A group of raw recruits arrived at basic training and were hastily rushed into formation. The first question the sergeant in charge asked them was: "I want any of you people who have been to college to raise your hands." Several boys raised their hands. "All right," the sergeant said, "you people who have been to college, I want you to fall out and go to the library. You'll be allowed to sleep an hour later every morning and you won't have to carry a pack or do any hard work."

"You other men, I want you to fall out and clean the toilets, paint all of the barracks, wax the floors, and pick up every scrap of paper within a square mile of this place," he said with a smile.

SP4 Ronald Woolworth

After we had completed all our barracks chores, my friends and I decided to go into town and have some fun.

First we had about eight beers with bourbon chasers then we had a gallon of red wine. After we finished that, we switched to rum and cokes and stayed with them until we all felt it was time for clams and spaghetti and chocolate layer cake. Since the night was still young, we all headed for a go-go bar and drank seven-and-sevens until the place closed. Then, we headed to a liquor store and picked up some Tequila and a half gallon of Port. We drank them in the vacant lot behind the cleaners and when we were finished, we headed back to the base and drank the sterno from the mess hall. Then, we all headed to bed. On the way there, something very funny happened, but to this day, I can't remember what it was. Considering how much I had to drink it's a wonder I can remember past the eight beers and bourbon chasers.

Bob Connally  
(Fort Benning, Ga.)

A young private who had quite a reputation as a wisecracker suddenly found himself charged with insubordination for a remark he made to his commanding officer. After spending six weeks in the stockade waiting for his case to come up, he was brought before a court martial. He was well-behaved throughout the proceeding and answered the questions courteously.

When the trial was over, the five members of the court adjourned to deliberate, and then returned a few minutes later.

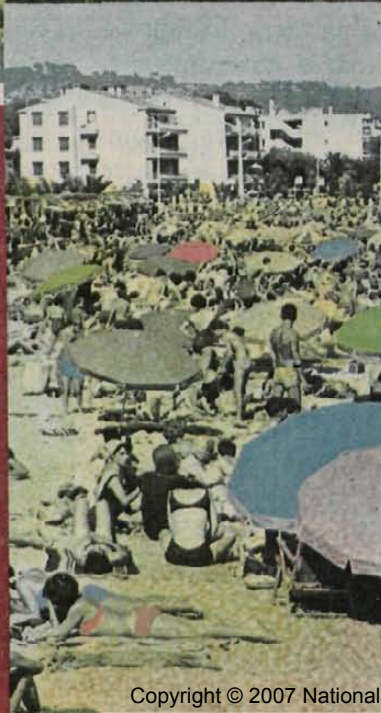
"We find you guilty as charged," intoned the chief judge, "and I hereby sentence you to ten years at hard labor at the Federal Detention Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas."

"Jesus Christ," quipped the plucky private, "what is this, Russia?"

Mary Brunner

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# A Message for You, Mr. Foreign Investor, from the Hero of Verdun...

Hi. I'm Otto Schultz, speaking for Marshal Petain, the hero of Verdun. Who are you? Whoever you are, you're probably looking at the Marshal's shoes. Hold the Marshal up so they can get a look at his shoes. I find that people look at the Marshal's shoes wherever we carry him. Would you be surprised to know that they were made *right here in Vichy France*? Yes, Vichy France is the one developing country in the world today that makes long-lasting high-style shoes like these. Four years ago, when a certain hysterical government was running the show, there was a terrible shortage of high-style shoes. People in some areas had to wear evening pumps to work because of the shortage. Naturally, they lost all confidence in their so-called "government." Marshal Petain quickly put that right. The Marshal remembered how important shoes

had been to the gallant fellows he commanded at Verdun, and immediately set out to insure a *steady flow of high-style shoes* to every Vichyite. Don't let his head droop like that. He did it, by *cleverly encouraging foreign investment*. He saw that a few simple changes in policy could bring untold benefits from foreign participation—hold that head up, damn it!

I wish I had space here to tell the whole story of foreign participation in Vichy as it has developed through the years, but even though my space is limited, I'd like to repeat here the *principles* which have guided all of us in the Ministry of Foreign Investment as we've worked with our foreign partners. I think we all agree that a government is true, only so long as it is true to its principles, and we can promise that Marshal Petain's three principles for foreign investors guide our every move! The Marshal has asked me to recite them again:

The Hero of Verdun's Three Principles for Foreign Investors

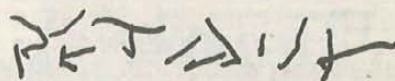
1. Take Only What You Really Want
2. Leave Us Some If You Can
3. Thank You

And now, as a special gesture to our friends abroad, I'm going to ask Marshal Petain to say a few words *himself*. If the Marshal wanders a bit or if he drools, I know you'll forgive. We've all been under a great strain trying to make the Vichy MIRACLE happen.

Mes Amis,

Trying times and shoelaces. Important to preserve traditional butter . . . time for my cookie? Nice new shoes. Have you seen my nice new shoes. . . . Time for my cookie?

Sincerely yours,



Marshal Petain,  
The Hero of Verdun



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to throw those old rules out and let the sunlight in! Look at that musty old map! Let's RIP IT UP AND THROW IT AWAY!

## Vichy—Land of Song

Vichyites, fond of the quiet moment, the social hearth, are no friends to the strident noise, the big boom-boom. No soapboxes will be found in the Vichy parlor. Yet, Vichyites are entertainers, every one. Public Recitation finds a happy place in the life of every Vichyite. Prod a Vichyite to song. He only takes a little urging. The

Vichyite, heir to the tradition of the roundelay, will sing about his friends, relations, even his most intimate family life. Pay attention to his deceptively simple song and you will find that it adheres to the classical song-form of the *Innuendo*, which found favor centuries ago in the court of Mazarin.

From the rubble of the Third Re-

public, Vichy is forging new musical links to traditional French greatness. "I Love Vichy In The Springtime," your greengrocer sings, matching his luxurient cadences to his radishes. The magic of "April in Vichy" finds its words—and its music. Join us now. There is a celebration "Under Vichy Skies"...

## Vichy in a Nutshell

### Location:

Unlike other developing countries—which tend to be located in out-of-the-way places—Vichy France is on a convenient axis with many influential nations. Vichy is, for instance, a short easy walk from Germany, and just "spitting distance" from her Italian neighbors, a fact cost-conscious businessmen from these developed nations keep in mind when considering investment abroad!

### Government:

Vichy France is proud of its sensible government, and rightly so! Efficiently streamlined, the modern Vichy government has eliminated the unwieldy snags and bottlenecks that hindered foreign

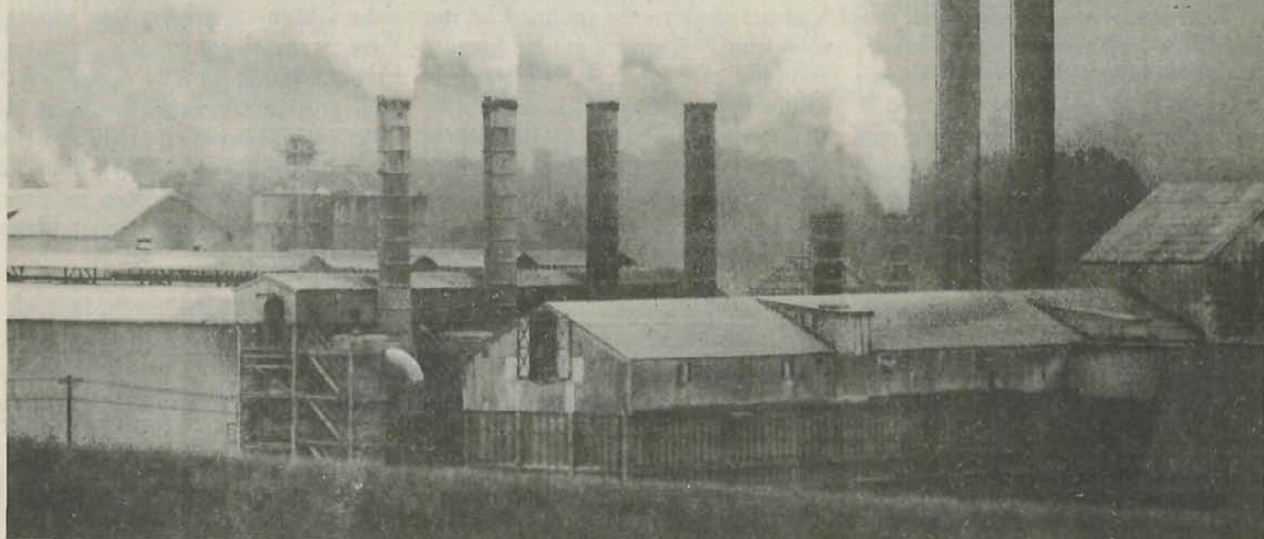
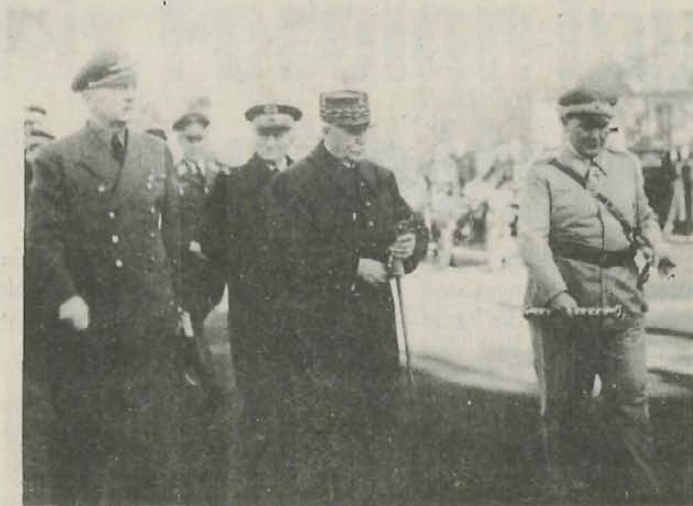
participation for so long! Today, a powerful executive, responsive to today's investment climate, stands ready to expedite approval of projects involving foreign investment and to guarantee, in alarmingly specific terms, their successful completion!

### Resources and Industry:

Vichy is a land of plenty. Butter and high-style shoes are produced under interesting conditions by willing hands. Vichy needs foreign help, however, to develop other resources. Right now, *German investing groups* are exploiting vast lodes of valuable cowardice which had gone almost untapped for centuries.

The Vichy government has now formed a joint venture company with her German partners and it is estimated that when this company is fully operational Vichy will have the capacity to supply up to 61 percent of the world's cowardice. Cowardice, as influential investors know, has proven an efficacious additive in *nearly every industrial situation where it has been tested*. Statistical projections by impartial analysts say that the demand for both individual and collective cowardice will grow at an annual rate of 56 percent per year in the decades ahead. Vichy France will be there to meet the need. Will you, Mr. Potential Investor, be there to share the profits?

# German Investors Group and G.I.G. Industries, S.A. Salute



## The Vichy Miracle

Frankly, we're fussy at G.I.G. and when it comes to foreign deals, we've been reluctant to settle for anything less than total ownership. But the cooperative men from Vichy showed us a way to collaborate which would eliminate many of the irksome problems of ownership, while retaining many of the benefits. We showed the

men from Vichy our problem—an unpleasant backlog of unusual by-products from some of our newer German industries—and they came up with the solution. Now, we ship by-products to Vichy France where they go into the making—of high-style shoes for the Vichy market. Both sides benefit. We are proud to be a part of the Vichy Miracle.



# LIFE



UNUSUAL  
WAR EFFORT

SEPTEMBER 28, 1943 **10** CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



**"Dear Mom—When this thing's over,  
I sure don't want to come back to a home  
without *Genuine DU-RITE KLEAROID KARPETGARDS.*"**

"I may not be the smartest fly-boy in this man's Air Force, Mom—but one thing I *have* learned. Cheap imitations are strictly for Axis stooges, saboteurs, and home front Quislings!

"You see, Mom, cheap imitations are just what Tojo and his little yellow monkeys stand for. And ersatz—why, that's a word coined by Hitler's goose-stepping hyenas!

"Remember, Mom. If it's anything less than a Genuine Du-Rite Klearoid

Karpetgard, it's a cheap imitation. Counterfeit, phony, ersatz... strictly for Axis stooges, saboteurs, and home front Quislings.

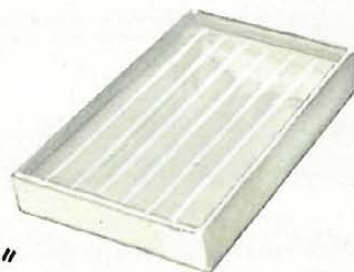
"Will you stab your boy in the back, Mom? Will you sell out America to save a few pennies?"

"Insist on Genuine Du-Rite Klearoid Karpetgards, Mom. Available at fine stores everywhere. Or don't write to me anymore—just write to your pal Adolf."

**DU-RITE KLEAROID KARPETGARDS**

DU-RITE CORP., Bagetelle, Pa.

***"We're Fighting the War on Your Living Room Floor"***





**STAMPS.** A Waterloo, Iowa lass, Verna Paterson, does her bit for Uncle Sam by wandering around in trains in a skimpy little bathing suit, letting strange men paste war bond stamps all over her. "It's better than some dumb factory job," Verna asserts.



**LONG AND THE SHORT** of it in Hummelstown, Illinois. Bobby and Tommy-Schwitzter (name is Swiss, not German) are little men, but they do a big job. Boys are able to crawl into water faucets and other small spaces to do delicate welding chores.



**CURSES HITLER.** Mrs. Esther McClean of Brooklyn, New York shows some of the wartime spirit of that famous borough by cursing Hitler while standing on a ledge.



Our heroine's aim: to win the war *and* romance, but alas, she meets her production quotas, but no fellas—all because she neglects the simple beauty ritual that would insure a bright blooming complexion. She doesn't despair, though, because her chums on the assembly line will tell her of the advantages of **ENERZOME FACIAL COCKTAIL**. **ENERZOME**, applied daily, rejuvenates war-weary facial pores, ridding them of noxious fluids and neutralizing the tiny food particles that can lodge in even the tiniest follicle—causing skin erosion and "that yellowish look." **ENERZOME** comes in three formulas to complement the three most common stages of facial decay. The first day you apply **ENERZOME** with the **ENERZOME APPLICATOR SLING** you'll notice an alarming tingly sensation. When it's time to remove **ENERZOME** with the **ENERZOME REMOVAL TROWEL**, you'll notice that layer upon layer of skin you thought was "permanent" has run off into the **ENERZOME DISPOSAL RESERVOIR** like so much putrefied lava. Next day, or next week, you'll notice the beginning buds of a refreshing new growth of healthy white skin!

### *Special double-your-money-back offer*

If, after following the **ENERZOME** regimen strictly for three months, you are not completely satisfied, simply return the unused portion with proof of damage, certificate of compliance, and Form 93GLQ to **ENERZOME Headquarters**, 3987 Alpine Avenue, Enerzoa, Indiana. And hold your breath.

### *Socialites Know the Value of Enerzome Facial Cocktail*

Lovely Helen Wrath, one of Detroit's prettiest post debutantes, is a leader of the smart young set. Helen thinks her war work at a local automobile showroom "couldn't be more gripping," and knows how important a complexion can be to "homefront" morale.



"I have an **ENERZOME** Facial Cocktail before lunch," lovely Helen avers, "and two before dinner. Moreover, like many members of Detroit's smart young set, I've found that **ENERZOME** is a great 'pick-me-up' when taken immediately upon rising. Frankly, I'd be afraid to read my mail before I had my **ENERZOME** Facial Cocktail!"

**ENERZOME**



*We took the beach-head at dawn.*  
Our cruisers stood out to sea, pulverizing the enemy's crumbling, powdery cement pillboxes with deadly salvos. Our destroyers darted in, firing high-velocity shells from point-blank range into their bunkers, which, being made of a shoddy amalgam of gypsum, slag, and other cheap composition materials, were instantly torn apart. Our landing boats churned over their puny concrete beach obstructions, grinding them into dust.

But everything didn't go according to plan. Our fighters were late arriving because heavy rains had buckled the brittle slabs of their jury-rig cement airstrip. And so the Jap machine guns kept firing, turning that strip of sand into a hundred yard stretch of instant death.

Still, we had to go in. Everyone was counting on us. We stormed ashore, and some of us fell, and I was one of them.

What did I think of as I breathed my last on that desolate Pacific Island (whose name wartime security forbids me to mention)? I thought of what I was fighting, yes, and, dying for.

For the buddies who fell beside me... for the flag we love... for our faith in our right to be free... for our kids' and your kids' future in a land of liberty, equality, and freedom of opportunity... and for asphalt.

It's all over for me. I'll never breeze along velvet smooth asphalt highways again, or see that black ribbon of safe, glare-free pavement unwinding in front of me as far as the eye can see.

So it's up to you now. The next time your Sunday drive is spoiled by cracked, bumpy, broken, eye-blinding concrete roads, remember—I had it rough out here, so you could have it smooth back home.

Don't let America fall victim to the tyranny of inferior paving substances.

**LET'S BEAT THE TAR OUT OF ADOLF AND TOJO! BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS.**

**The American Asphalt**  
Institute  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

*"Paving the Way to Victory"*

cover photo by Larry Couzens



**LIFE'S COVER**

We devote our cover this week to the pretty "Home Front" of Chicago model Marianne Morgan. Miss Morgan's war efforts have a special flair. She spearheaded a "Big Busts for Bonds" rally in Chicago and helped raise nearly \$4000 by tattooing a soldier and sailor on her chest. "I just wish I had three you-know-whats so I could tattoo a Marine on too," was her comment to our Lensman. Millions of Americans are involved in unusual war efforts. Below, we pay tribute to a few.



**WAR-TORN WARDROBE** of Hollywood's Kathleen Cupca shows her dedication to a clothing drive. Kathleen welcomes the chance to do worthwhile war work, shuns cheap publicity stunts.



**GOODBYE FIDO:** Marilyn Hylon humiliates German dogs. Here, she makes a Doberman "sit up and beg." Marilyn buys the dogs, trains them to obey, then runs them over with her car.



Bonita welcomes pert English refugee Dorcas Manx-Smith with a big hug. Girls took to each other immediately. Pert, democratic Dorcas refused to let anyone (but servants) call her "Lady Dorcas." Bonita listened rapt as Dorcas told stories about deteriorating amenities abroad, exclaimed with pleasure when Dorcas taught her to pronounce Marquess of Norwich (Markwiss of Nare-itch) as it would be pronounced in war torn England.

## A DEB DOES HER BIT

A New York girl opens her heart—and her home—to a refugee from war torn London—

Pretty deb-to-be Bonita Broach has a new mission in life. Three months ago at a subscription dance—one of the many functions she must attend to prepare for her role as a full-fledged New York debutante—Bonita took a turn around the floor with a young man, the brother of one of her chums, who was on leave from the Army. "He told me all about the war," pretty Bonita says, "during two foxtrots and a rumba. I couldn't have been more interested." Bonita says that as soon as she heard about the war she began to look for ways to help out. An early plan to turn the ballroom of her grandmother's Fifth Avenue house into an emergency landing field was squelched, but two weeks ago, Bonita found a way to do her bit. Hearing of the devastation that resulted from the Nazi's merciless bombing of the House of Lords in London, Bonita wrote a letter addressed with simple sincerity to "Your Lordships, War Torn London" offering to open her house to any girl of her own age who had been inconvenienced by the war. The following week Bonita received a reply, and the week after that, she had a houseguest—pert Dorcas Manx-Smith, eldest daughter of the Tenth Marquess of Norwich. On this and the following pages a *Life* camera catches the two girls on their first day together.



**Sightseeing:** At this watering spot, Bonita was interested to hear that one of her favorite beverages—a concoction called a "Blitz"—had been named for recent events in Dorcas's hometown, London. "Silly me," Bonita said. "I thought they made it up to rhyme with Ritz." Dorcas was charmed by Bonita's disarming frankness, resolved to tell her all about the war.



**Ballroom:** Bonita and Dorcas have a stagless foxtrot around the ballroom where Bonita will make her bow to society later this year. Ballroom is the Fifth Avenue home of Bonita's grandmother, Mrs. Atwater Number. Bonita volunteered to give up her party and turn ballroom into emergency landing field, but family pressure prevailed. During foxtrot, girls discussed the prewar diplomatic maneuvers of the Little Enter

**Bundle For a Briton:** Bonita adds to Dorcas's depleted wardrobe by raiding the servants' quarters. "It's unfair," Bonita said. "These maids have two or three uniforms while Dorcas has almost nothing."

**War Work:** Bonita thinks the war "couldn't be more important" and makes effort not to forget about it. She's developed a number of little tricks to jog her memory. Here, she and Dorcas arrange hors d'oeuvre





**Somber Moment:** While dressing for dinner, Bonita is horrified as Dorcas describes the situation abroad. "Toward the end we had to cook our own breakfast," Dorcas remembers.



**Make-Up:** Dorcas was amazed to see Bonita's array of nailpolish. "We haven't been able to get some of these shades for years!" she said. Girls finally selected "Persian Melon," had a jolly time painting each other's nails, toes, etc., while weighing arguments for a second front.

**Wartime Bruise:** Dorcas shows Bonita a war-related bruise on her arm. Dorcas got bruise after she bumped into a toast rack during a blackout. Bruise, happily, is almost gone now.





**"Well, Here's Moscow, Shirley—Hope The AirHotel Folks Speak Esperanto!"**

When the war clouds part, get ready to *take part* in the World Beyond Tomorrow . . . where the hopes and aspirations of millions of free men will be mirrored in a thousand new conveniences. You can look forward to *food* that will stay fresh for weeks—sealed by radio waves in bright glass jars . . . to lightning fast vulcanized *conveyorways* that will transport vast populations on the energy unlocked from a *single glass of water* . . . to unusual *deodorant pads* that will stay active for up to five days. . . . You'll speak an efficient new language that will put you in touch with peoples around the globe, fellow citizens in a new world community where Moscow and New York will be as close as Minneapolis and St. Paul. You'll travel in a sleek air bus and carry a week's supply of steak in your wallet. *Some* things will be the same, though, like Sangamo Laminated Nut Fasteners. You can bet that the men who are planning now for the new world tomorrow will specify Sangamo whenever plans call for a laminated nut fastener.

**Beat the Japs—Turn Off Those Unused Taps**



**SANGAMO**

Laminated Nut Fasteners, Inc.

"Nuts to the Nazis—from Sangamo"

**Remember: Every War Bond Buck  
Helps Make Hitler Duck—Buy Now!**





Rose Mary Fremp (right), explains use of giant Hitler pincushions to three young military men at the New York birthday "celebration" she planned. "Properly used, giant pincushions will do the work of two divisions," Miss Fremp told her young military friends.

## Life Goes to Hitler's Birthday Party

It may look like it's all in fun, and it's a fact that Hitler's real birthday was some months ago, but the shenanigans pictured on these pages are all part of an earnest effort on the part of President Roosevelt's elite new OSS (Office of Strategic Sarcasm) to hurt the Fuehrer's feelings. Rose Mary Fremp, of Garden City, Long Island, the distinguished looking lady on the right, above, has travelled from coast to coast for the OSS to encourage derisive behavior against major axis figures. "They can dish it out," Rose Mary says, "let's see if they can take it." Rose Mary's own schedule is crammed. Upon arising she laughs mercilessly at Mussolini's masculinity, rushes to bathroom to brush her teeth. "I've named my toothbrush Adolph,"

Rose Mary says, "so that Der Fuehrer can come into contact with the ill-smelling tartar on my teeth. I eat the most disgusting food and brush immediately afterwards. How Adolph hates it." Rose Mary has named other objects after Axis leaders, takes care to select those—like garter belts, and certain medical appliances, which have revolting connotations. A month ago, Rose Mary began to encourage local groups to "celebrate" Hitler's birthday by showing him the utmost disrespect, and found that there are many groups with a penchant for ridicule. Miss Fremp and her bosses at the OSS are so pleased with the "celebrations" that they expect to see results in the form of massive defections from Hitler's humor-shattered armies.



IN CHICAGO, Madeline LeGreauz and a soldier chum find that dancing on Hitler's big ugly mug adds to the fun of a lindy hop. "If people had done this from the beginning," noted perky Madeline, "France might be free today."

**She's Out To Get The Axis With Everything Including the Kitchen Sink!!**



**...and what a kitchen sink it is!**

*Sure, Sink-O-Lator is involved in crucial war work for Mrs. Jones' fighting son overseas, but we have forgotten that Mrs. Jones has a war of her own in her kitchen combat zone. So even while we're working on vital projects like the C45 Grumplet—the most advanced dust hatch ever used on any tank—we've given plenty of thought to our new Sink-O-Lators for 1943.*

### **Touch-Eez Taps!**



Once again this year, only Sink-O-Lators have "Touch-Eze" taps. "Touch-Eze" taps require only one-third the energy (measured in ergs) required by conventional taps. *Practical*, because you'll never be "tap-tired"; *patriotic* because you'll have more energy left for vital war work. . . . And that's not all. Unique "Flow-Ever" action insures uninterrupted flow of beneficial water—even during blackouts when some others we could mention "turn traitor."

### **Tru-Val Nick-lum Trim!**

Suddenly it's 1950! This year every Sink-O-Lator looks years ahead of its time thanks to Patented Porcelain and Tru-Val Trim! Try this test! Put your new Sink-O-Lator next to a streamlined locomotive. You'll be hard put to tell the difference!



### **Sludge-Foe Drain!**

Sink-O-Lator introduces the Sludge-Foe Drain. No need to shrink from germ warfare, because with the Sludge-Foe Drain, you have the upper hand. Tiny wire rims, inspired by the C45 Grumplet Dust Hatch, trap every suspicious particle.

**SINK-O-LATOR**  
**proudly! GOES TO WAR**

When the government put Sink-O-Lator to work on the C-45 Grumplet—the most advanced dust hatch on any tank—we were told that we had to work to tolerances of 1/1000 of an inch! Sink-O-Lator's team of engineers went to work and did those tough government specifications one better—developing a unique washer thread that eliminated the need for time-consuming "obliquing" maintenance in the field, and reduced freeze-error to an incredible .02%! From Sink-O-Lator to our fighting men, with pride!



ONE WAY to make Schikelgruber cry "uncle"! Socialite Myrna Hampt takes a wack at an unflattering cartoon of the German tyrant with a bottle of bubbly. Hours after Myrna's attack, two German submarines surrendered in mid-Atlantic without a fight.



A BLOW to Hitler's dignity was dealt by George Adveng, Cleveland industrialist. Adveng boosted Midwest morale by sitting for ten minutes with his foot on a bust of Hitler. Production in Cleveland tire factories rose after Adveng's feat.



**HAYMAKERS FOR HITLER-HIROHITO.** Punching bags were such a "hit" at the birthday party the Glencoe-Fraper Grommet Company gave Hitler that they are now a permanent feature at the Glencoe-Fraper plant in Havre-deGrace, Maryland. German high command is upset that German industry can not meet high standards now being achieved by American grommet industry.



**THIS ANGERED AXIS.** Most widely publicized local "celebration" of Hitler's birthday occurred in cold, remote Olcot, Oregon, where the family of Harvey Sidor thumbed their noses at a snowman made up to resemble Der Fuehrer. Echoes of the contempt expressed by the Sidor family reached Berlin.



**CLIMAX** of campaign came in New York's Times Square where thousands of humor-minded New Yorkers gathered to laugh as Hitler was hung in effigy. Popularity of the event showed that the public is squarely behind current attempts to use tools of invective and billingsgate in war effort. Day following Times Square event saw massive blanket shortage in Berlin.

*Alright, cupcake, if you think you're so smart....*

**When Johnny Comes Marching Home,  
will you be just another**

# **HOME FRONT FLOP!**



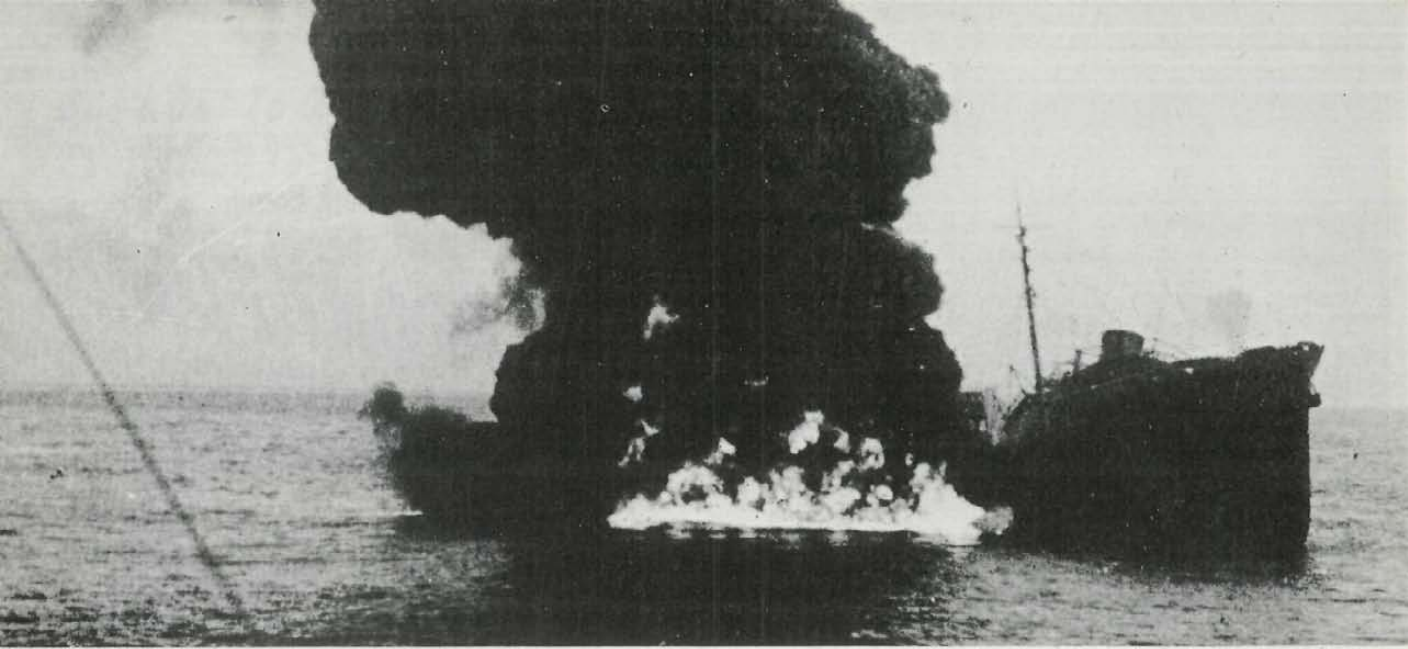
**Or will you be waiting with**

## **TRU-Style Mattress Covers**

*by Madeline McIntosh*

He wants to make it easy for you, so in those letters home he doesn't say much about his *uncomfortable sleeping accommodations*, but as he curls up in a muddy foxhole in Mussolini's Italy, he's thinking about another time, another place, and the better days ahead when he'll be able to enjoy what he's fought so hard for—the right to slumber wherever and whenever he wants, and the freedom to select quality slumber aids—like Madeline McIntosh Mattress Covers. He remembers that his Mom always thought enough of his precious nightly rest to choose Madeline McIntosh exclusively. If you think you can "pull a cheapie" on your mattress, forget it, sister, he'll remember Madeline McIntosh.

For 1½ generations, mattress covers by Madeline McIntosh have been made from 100% milk-fed cotton fibers *only*. No margarine goes into the making of Madeline McIntosh mattress covers, *ever*. No wonder that from coast to coast, Madeline McIntosh is synonymous with "inherited wealth" whenever meticulous mattress covers are mentioned.



Hitler would like to pin the Iron Cross on Mrs. Hunhelter's flapping lips. Uncle Sam wished she'd shot her head off instead of her mouth.



Mrs. Hunhelter's own son, Seaman Thomas J. Wincenciwicz, was among those needlessly killed by the lethal palavetz of a gabby mom.



In happier moments, Mrs. Hunhelter (not her real name) sorts bolts for war effort. Too bad she didn't bolt her stupid mouth shut.

## LOOSE LIP SINKS A SHIP

### In tragic true story, gossip sends hundreds to watery death

On April 18, convoy ZD-93 sailed from an East Coast port, laden with vital war materials for the European theater. On April 22, it was met by a wolf pack of Nazi U-boats in the middle of the North Atlantic, and seven ships were sunk—the S.S. *Lardbearer*, the S.S. *Dust Bowl*, the S.S. *Wisconsin Cheese*, the S.S. *Deep Sea Scallop*, the S.S. *Rodent*, the S.S. *Corrugated Carton*, and the S.S. *Gadsden Purchase*. Seven critically important ships and 324 irreplaceable lives were lost.

Was it just bad luck that the convoy was attacked? Accident? It seemed so, until a tearful Maryland woman reported to the F.B.I. that she had let slip the sailing date of her son's ship, the *Sea Rodent*, to a suspicious individual in a Baltimore coffee shop. Tragically, her son was among those lost in the U-boat attack. The woman, Mrs. Jane Hunhelter (not her real name—the authorities fear reprisals from the parents of boys killed by her deadly blab) recounted for our *Life* reporter how her unguarded chin music turned into "Taps" for so many young Americans.

"I was sitting at the counter in the EatRite Cafe on South Broadway. See, the shift was over at the Norden bombsight plant where I did my war work. That's right there on Dundalk Road. We make bombsights, sonar homing thingamajigs for torpedos, that fancy new altimeter that works on radar, and some funny little whatsits that glow in the dark, just like a wrist watch for that atomical bomb they're working on. Anyway, this nice old gentleman came in and sat down beside me.

"I mean, I'm not the sort of female person who talks to strange men, don't get me wrong. I haven't seen my husband Chester for nearly a year—he's stationed at that secret airbase just north of Dover where they've been bombing the V-1 launch pads from—but I don't go in for any of this funny business.

Mrs. Hunhelter later recalled that her conversational partner was wearing odd leathershorts, a hat with a whisk broom in it, and had what looked like the bottom of a soda pop bottle screwed into one eye.

"I should have been suspicious when he ordered kaffee-und-milch and apple strudel," admitted the distraught traitoress. "But he was such a sweet old man. His father invented penicillin and the Dewey Decimal System, which has proved such a boon to librarians, and he was the first man to fly around the globe in a blimp. I mean he was so interesting. Anyway, we got to talking about ships—his father invented the bilge pump and the barnacle—and I guess I just kind of let it slip out. Poor Tommy! Gosh, do I feel punk!"

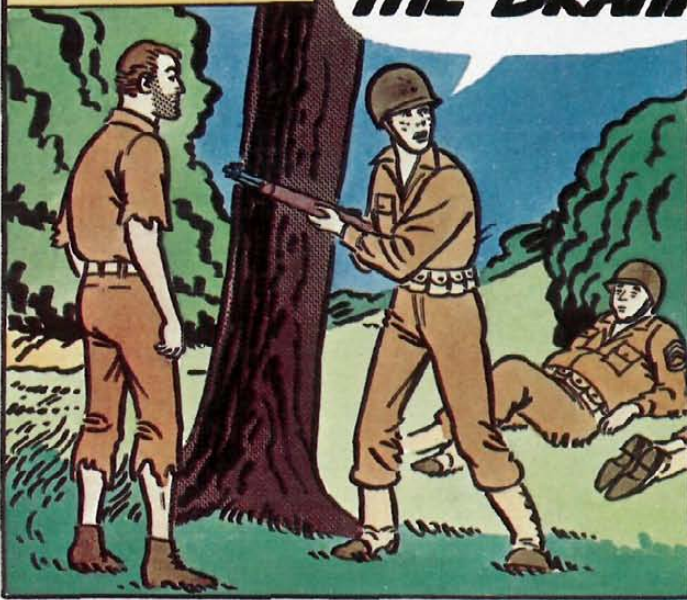
After her fatal chitchat with the Nazi spy—who is still at large—Mrs. Hunhelter remembers that the fiendish Hilterite agent went to a pay phone in the coffee shop and took out what she described as "about one hundred dollars in change. When he put the money for the call in, it sounded like the carillon in the Church of Our Lady of the Drydocks, you know, down by the submarine pens there at the foot of Fells Street," said Mrs. Hunhelter. FBI agents later traced the call to an unlisted number in Munich.

For Mrs. Hunhelter, whose tongue became a sinister torpedo, there is nothing left now but to reflect upon her carelessness as she serves out her 145 year sentence at the Women's Barracks of the Federal Military Prison at Fort Leavenworth. "I just look out the window and watch them testing those new experimental tanks—the ones with the noisy diesels that can do fifty miles an hour—and think how silly I've been," she moans. "Jeez, I wish I'd kept my fool trap shut!"

For the rest of us, a grim reminder that the "grapevine" can bear bitter fruit.

ANOTHER TRU-LIFE STORY OF BRAHMA SHAVE, THE SHAVING SECRET OF THE HINDUS, AT WAR...

# IT'S OKAY SARGE, HE KNOWS THE BRAHMA-SHAVE JINGLE!



THREE A.M...SOMEWHERE IN THE SOLOMONS... B COMPANY IS GRABBING A FEW HOURS SHUT-EYE... THE SKINNY KID THEY CALLED "KENTUCKY" IS STANDING A SLEEPY WATCH...SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE STEAMING NIGHT-JUNGLE, A STRANGER APPEARS...



...AND BLURTS OUT A FEVERISH STORY... SHAKING WITH RAGE, HE DESCRIBES HOW HIS COMPANY WAS AMBUSHED BY JAPS...HE IS THE ONLY ONE TO ESCAPE, HE SAYS! HE TELLS OF DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE UNDERBRUSH DISGUISED AS A RODENT...



TEARS FORM IN "KENTUCKY'S" EYES AS THE STRANGER'S STORY ENDS, BUT HE KEEPS A FIRM GRIP ON HIS RIFLE! THE STRANGER'S TALE SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH, BUT "KENTUCKY" KNOWS THAT TOJO HAS SPENT MILLIONS TO TRAIN RENEGADE CAUCASIANS TO INFILTRATE AMERICAN LINES. HOW CAN HE TEST THE STRANGER'S STORY?



ONE QUICK QUESTION AND "KENTUCKY" BREAKS INTO A GRIN AS WIDE AS THE PACIFIC OCEAN... HE POINTS THE STRANGER TOWARD A MUG OF JAVA, AND AS HIS PLATOON COMMANDER WAKES UP, HE SHOUTS THE HAPPY NEWS..."IT'S OKAY, SARGE, HE KNOWS THE BRAHMA-SHAVE JINGLE!"



**GI JOE** takes that catchy Brahma-Shave jingle with him—even when he's too busy to worry about whiskers! ... and we want to hear about it! Send your tru-life Brahma-Shave story to:

Brahma-Shave  
P.O. 1776  
Modesto, California



and win a fifty dollar war bond for your school or fraternal organization, and a handsome Brahma-Shave citation for yourself.

YES, EVEN IN HARROWING WAR TIME,  
IF YOU WANT TO PLEASE YOUR MAMA  
YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT BRAHMA,  
BRAHMA SHAVE!



## Bear's Choice

# History of the Grateful Dead, vol. I

Good Old Grateful Dead, recorded by Owsley Stanley on Friday the 13th and February the 14th, St. Valentine's Day, at the Fillmore East in New York.

Look for this distinctive red, white and blue package at your local record store. ➡





# SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW JUST WHEN YOU GOT A COAT OR PANTS OR SHOES NICE AND USED SO YOU DIDN'T NOTICE WEARING THEM, YOUR MOTHER KNEW RIGHT AWAY AND GOT YOU NEW STUFF?

I THINK THESE SHOES, HERE, ARE JUST WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR, MADAM, NOTICE THE HEALTHO ARCH, AND THE FINE DETAILING!



MY, THEY ARE NICE, AREN'T THEY, DEAR?

I DON'T REALLY LIKE THEM, MA.

THEY ARE VERY GOOD SHOES AND YOU WILL LIKE THEM, DEAR.

YOUR MOTHER'S RIGHT, YOUNG MAN - AND THEY ARE A REAL BARGAIN!



THERE - THAT'S A LITTLE BIT BETTER.

ONCE YOU GET THEM BROKEN IN YOU'LL LOVE THEM.



IT'S HIGH TIME YOU GOT THEM. THOSE ONES YOU HAD WERE A DISGRACE!

THIS HELPS.



I LIKE THEM BETTER, NOW, MA.

I SAID YOU WOULD, DEAR.





# IDYL



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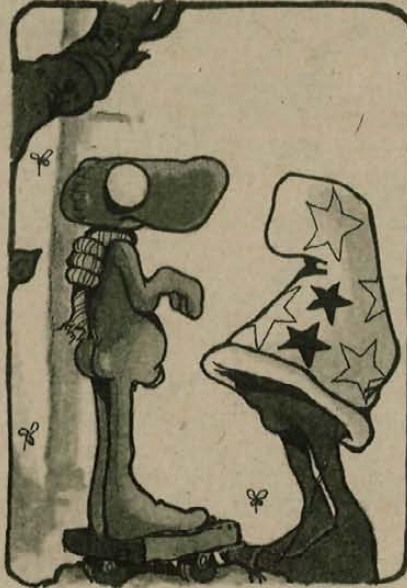
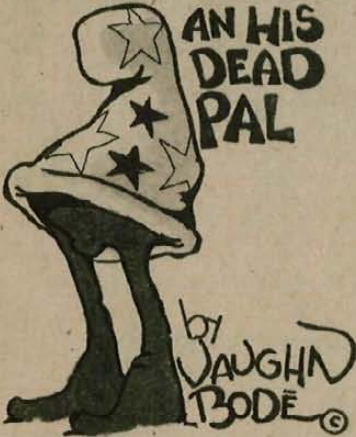
# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## GRESH WIZARD

WELL, TURDBALL, THA TAXIDERMIST DID A GREAT JOB ON YOU. YOU LOOK BETTER NOW THAN WHEN YOU WAS ALIVE... IF YOU EVER WAS ALIVE YOU STUFFED BURP.

SWEAT BUMP RYPLE

YOU WAS DA WORST APPRENTICE IN HISTORY, A ROTTEN, SPITEFUL, BACK-STABBIN, BADMOUTH SKULKER.

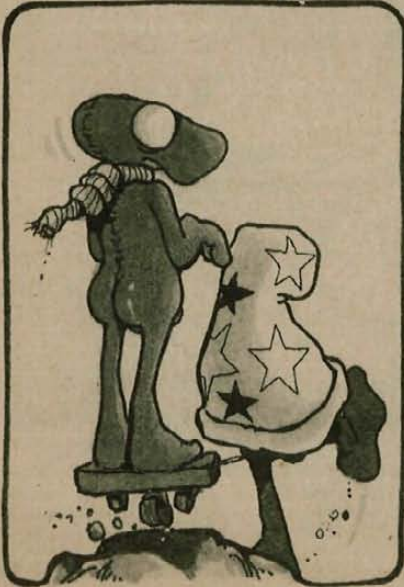


...YOU PISSED ON MY HAT, RAGGED ON ME IN PUBLIC, HIRED A GOOK TO GET ME, THEN FRAMED MY ASS... WHY?! I GAVE YOU DA BEST ALL DOWN THA LINE, AN DATS HOW YOU PAY ME.

HERE'S A KICK IN DA BALLS!

## GOOM PA!

I GOTTA WATCH DAT NOW THAT HE'S STUFFED. KICK THA SHIT IN DA BALLS AN HE BLOWS A STITCH.



# TROTS & BONNIE



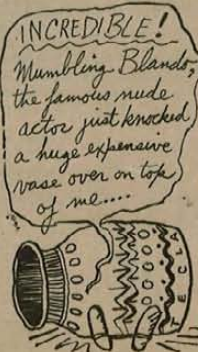
PLEASE READ THIS STRIP WITHOUT MOVING YOUR LIPS.  
—THE MANAGEMENT.

# Chicken GUTZ

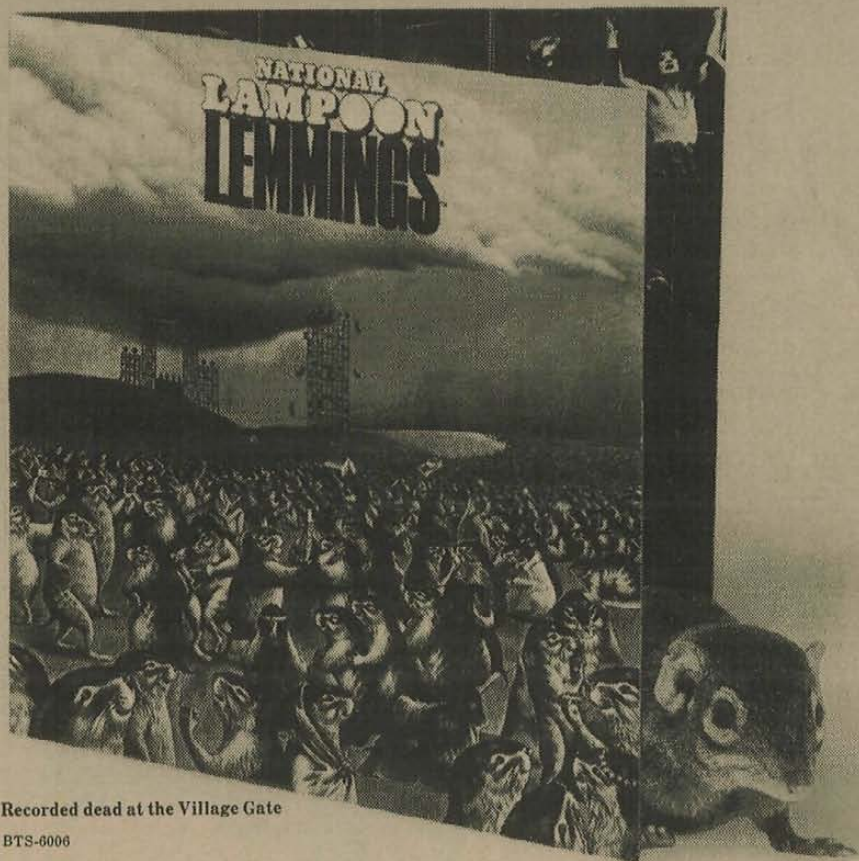
KATHRYN I STILL LOVE YOU

I'M SUKI. FRY ME.

I've been to the EAST. I've been to the WEST. I've seen this whole world around... and all I got to say is BULL SHIT!



# Power to the correct people.



Recorded dead at the Village Gate

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Our very deluxe Original Cast album of the National Lampoon's equally deluxe (and funny) off-Broadway rock revue. But why take our word for it? See what the experts say:

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— Douglas Watt, *Daily News*

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— Mel Gussow, *New York Times*

"Outrageously clever satiric revue . . . positively dazzling."

— Marilyn Stasio, *Cue*

So, as one lemming was heard to say to another, "March!" . . . to your nearest record store. It'll slay you.

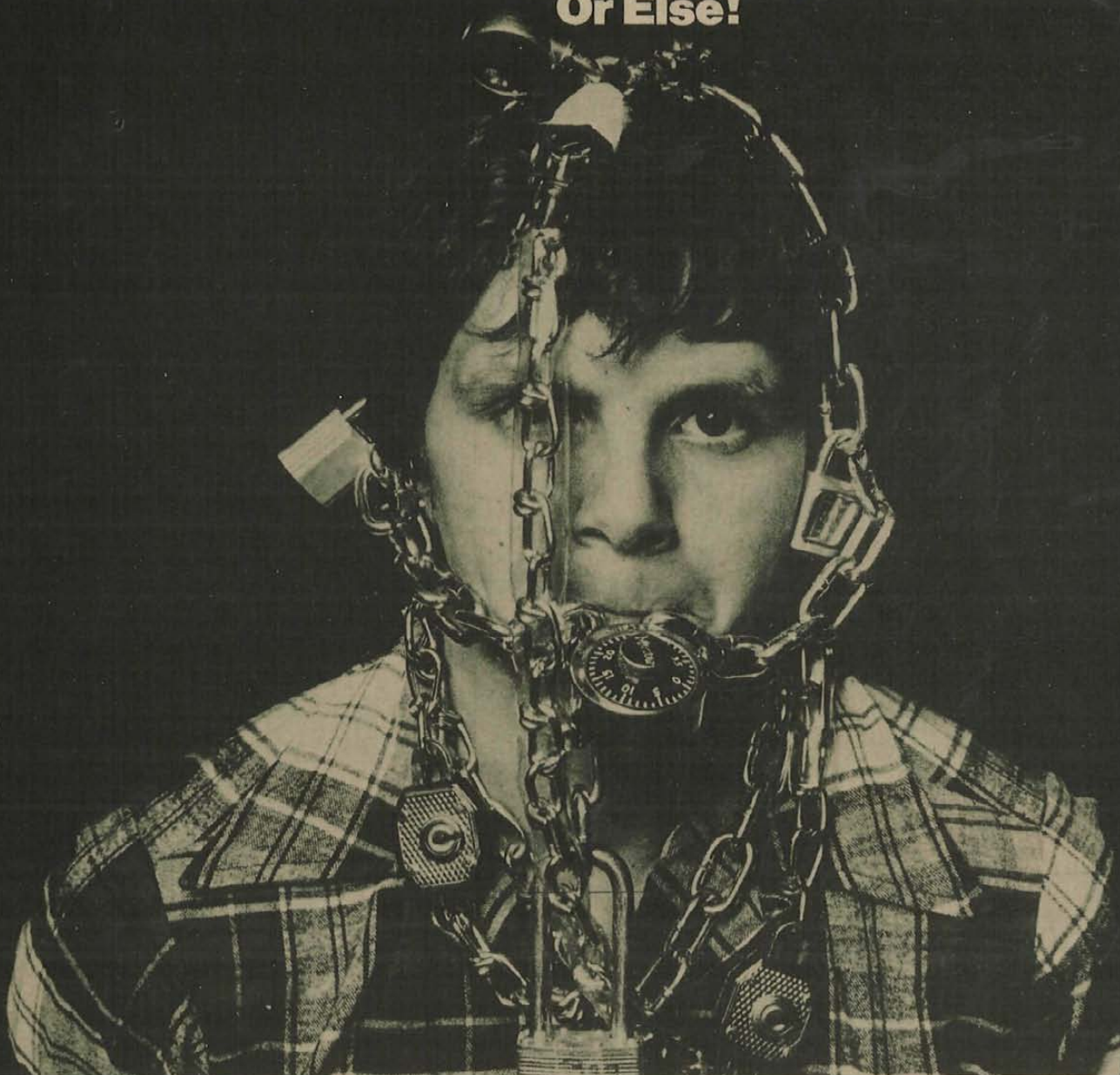
Blue Thumb Records, Inc.

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# Little Stefan Better Not Laugh Or Else!



Because of their controlled press and their dictatorial rulers, millions of people behind the Iron Curtain grow up thinking that firemen wear red suspenders to demonstrate their solidarity with world socialism and that the chicken crossed the road to escape capitalist exploitation and seek a "utopian" way of life in the "poultry paradise" of a communist egg commune.

The citizens of the captive nations of Eastern Europe live in constant terror of the knock-knock joke in the middle of the night and of the ruthless secret riddle police who interrogate them for hours on end, demanding to know the identity of an object which is black and white and red all over, the similarities between a nun and a girl in a bathtub, and under what circumstances a door is not a door. For every incorrect answer, they are punished with a massive jolt from their tormentors' dreaded hand buzzers which the communist tyrants have transformed from a source of innocent amusement into a brutal instrument of torture.

One hundred million people live in Soviet satellite countries where glasses that don't dribble are the novelty and their limericks are forbidden by law to rhyme. The only laughs they get are in shabby dayclubs where they can, for a month's salary, drink watered down water and listen to comedians tell jokes like, "Why did the American throw the clock out the window?—Because it was a constant reminder of the fast approaching doom of Imperialism" or "Who was that heroic socialist woman I saw you with last night?—That was no heroic socialist woman, that was a revisionist backslider parasite who persists in hewing to a splittist, anti-social viewpoint."

What can you do to help? Well, the *National Lampoon*, through Humor Free Europe and the Freedom to Laugh Foundation of Valley Forge, runs ads much like this in selected national publications to alert Americans to the important battle for the ribs and funny bones of mankind and promotes jokes at the expense of totalitarian regimes. Not only this, but every subscription dollar you send helps give the lie to the Soviet slavemasters of ceremonies and supports our way of

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Plus  
Penthouse will have to adjust

THE SWISS FAMILY LOUD  
Plus  
Lance opens a sandal shop in the top of a tree

IF YOU DON'T READ THIS LISTING  
Plus  
please let me know because I'm sick of writing it

**Panel 1 (Top Left):** A man in a suit is being pulled up by a mechanical device. **Text:** MADAM IS NOT TROUBLED. MADAM IS NOT ECCENTRIC. MADAM IS A GODDAM NUT!!!

**Panel 2 (Top Middle):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** SICK, SHE'S REALLY SICK! SOMEBODY OUGHT TO.....

**Panel 3 (Top Right):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** ER, YOU SPKKA DA ITALIAN?

**Panel 4 (Top Far Right):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** SHE'S ROMANCIN' THEIR HEADS! THAT CRAZY BITCH WANTS TO CLIMB UP ONTO THEIR HEADS! LOOK AT HER!

**Panel 5 (Second Row Left):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** UMBERTO AND PAULO, MY, THAT'S SO EUPHONIC, AND YOU ARE BOTH EYE-ITALIAN. OH DEAR, LATINIS ARE MY WEAKNESS. MAMMAM, WHAT A NOBLE BROW. SO, AS THE EYE-ITALIAN PEOPLE WOULD SAY, BELLA! OH MY, IT'S SO FIRM...

**Panel 6 (Second Row Middle):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** GODDAM HEAD!

**Panel 7 (Second Row Right):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** SIAMESE TWINS! JOINED AT THE GODDAM HEAD!

**Panel 8 (Third Row Left):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** LOOK, ALEX, SHE SURE WORKS FAST. SHE'S GOT TWO GUYS IN THERE.

**Panel 9 (Third Row Middle):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** GOOD LUCK, GENTLEMEN.

**Panel 10 (Third Row Right):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** GEE!

**Panel 11 (Bottom Left):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** WHY DOES NOT MADAM JUMP ALL OVER ME? I WAS MADAM'S FOURTH HUSBAND. I WAS ALSO HER DIRECTOR. IN 1938 WE WERE ON LOCATION IN LOWER CALIFORNIA FILMING A WESTERN. MADAM'S SECOND HUSBAND, A WRITER, WORKING ON THE SCRIPT CAME TO OUR TRAILER IN A DRUNKEN RAGE AND BEFORE MADAM'S EYES HE CASTRATED ME. SINCE THAT DAY SHE HAS BEEN TROUBLED, ECCENTRIC.

**Panel 12 (Bottom Middle):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** HEY, THAT'S WHITE OF YA. THAT OLD LADY IS A SEX MANIAC. SAY, HOW COME SHE DON'T JUMP ALL OVER YOU?

**Panel 13 (Bottom Right):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** THE STORY: AURORA BOREALIS, IT UPON MYSELF TO GENTLEMEN, I'M TAKING DOES NOT KNOW OF THIS. MOVIE STAR OF THE THIRTIES AND VICTIM OF NYPHOMANIA HAS THE ESP BROTHERS GAINED UP IN HER CELLAR. **Text:** THE ESP BROTHERS

**Panel 14 (Bottom Far Right):** A man in a suit is talking to a woman. **Text:** BOY, THAT'S AWFUL!

*The word is...*

**WFR**

*"Deliver the word"*

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