

Sports

Sports Illustrated Parody Paper Plimpton Character-Building Comics

NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND
34490

NOV. 1973 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS





U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

AN OPEN LETTER TO EVERYONE WHO HAS EVER BOUGHT
PIONEER EQUIPMENT --- OR HOPES TO

Many people who are ardent followers of the progress of high fidelity - and Pioneer's advancements, in particular - have asked us why we have limited our involvement in quadraphonic. The answer is quite simple.

By definition, high fidelity means pure, perfect sound reproduction. The number of channels has nothing to do with this state of perfection. Consequently, we have been directing our primary efforts to producing the finest 2-channel high fidelity equipment available. And we are continuing to do so.

During the past two years we have listened with great interest to the comments of consumers and audio dealers throughout the country. There appeared to be a 'wait and see' attitude because of the lack of 4-channel standardization on the part of manufacturers of equipment, records and tape.

However, the choice of a standard quadraphonic system has presently been narrowed down to where 4-channel is a viable, practical and delightful reality.

For this reason we have proceeded with every bit of enthusiasm and know-how at our command. The result is this new line of Pioneer quadraphonic receivers. These are total capability instruments. They embody all the presently known quadraphonic state-of-the-art. And they compare in all respects to the magnificent capabilities of Pioneer stereo instruments to produce the virtually perfect sound reproduction demanded by the audiophile.

If you've waited to buy a 4-channel receiver that could reproduce all quadraphonic reproduction systems - Pioneer has made the waiting worthwhile. We are proud to present to this industry these superb Pioneer "all-in-one" quadraphonic receivers.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads 'Bernard Mitchell'.

Bernard Mitchell
President

Pioneer.

The very best.



According to Audio Times, a leading publication devoted to audio manufacturing and retailing: "No piece of audio equipment is as eagerly awaited as the 'one four-channel unit that does everything — i.e., the receiver with built-in circuitry for SQ, RM and CD-4 record decoding.' "

It's here!

Pioneer has taken another giant step forward. Our new collection of quadraphonic receivers — QX-949, QX-747, QX-646 — has this total capability. They reproduce CD-4, SQ, RM and discrete four-channel sound without adaptors, add-on decoders or demodulators. And they're specifically designed to fully meet all of the standards established for these matrix and discrete program sources.

Bearing in mind that two-channel is, and will continue to be, a tremendous source of listening pleasure for many years to come, these new units are designed for it, along with their total quadraphonic capabilities. The QX-949 and QX-747 reproduce two-channel with augmented power due to Pioneer's new Power Boosting circuitry.

A whole new world of discrete sound with the built-in CD-4 demodulator

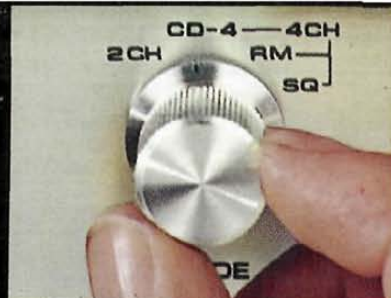
While many quadraphonic receivers have limited degrees of four-channel capabilities, Pioneer offers maximum versatility with built-in CD-4. Without

it you can't enjoy the increasing number of CD-4 discrete discs (the true four-channel record) from leading recording companies like RCA, Warner, Atlantic, Elektra, and others. CD-4 is a 'must' for optimum quadraphonic listening enjoyment.

Since the CD-4 circuit incorporates FET's and IC's, continuous, stable performance is assured. In addition, it uses a 30KHz subcarrier similar to that used in FM multiplex broadcasting. The subcarrier is demodulated by a Phase Lock Loop (PLL) circuit for each channel. The result is optimum channel separation — absolutely necessary to achieve the full, rich impact of quadraphonic reproduction. Convenient and simple-to-use front/rear left and right separation controls are on the front panels of all three models.

SQ and RM decoding bring to life the hidden ambience of matrixed and stereo records

With built-in RM circuitry, you can experience new brilliance from your present collection of two-channel stereo records and tapes. FM broadcasts, too. Also, new vistas of enjoyment unfold when you play the new four-channel SQ matrix records being released by Columbia, Capitol, Epic and Vanguard, to mention just a few of the prominent SQ record producers. No matter what the quadraphonic program source or the record label, Pioneer's new quadraphonic receivers flawlessly reproduce them all.



Total Capability Mode Switch — Fingertip switching to CD-4, SQ, RM quadraphonic sources, as well as two-channel stereo.

Matchless performance with powerhouse capabilities

As is traditional with all Pioneer receivers, the new quadraphonic units have power to spare. For example, the top model, QX-949, has a power output in four-channel operation, of 40 watts RMS/channel at 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, four channels driven. THD and IM distortion is only 0.3% at 1 KHz.

Switching to two-channel operation, the new Pioneer Power Boosting circuit delivers 60 watts RMS/channel across the 20-20,000 Hz spectrum, with both channels driven, at less than 0.3% distortion.

By using super-size power transformers in the QX-949, in combination with four 10,000 microfarad electrolytic capacitors, this high power output is obtained at very low frequency. And it's further insured by direct-coupling in the output stage.

No overload with speaker protector circuit

Since direct-coupling feeds the signal directly to the speakers, an automatic





Four-Channel Level Indicator — See what you hear. Make instant adjustments with left/right, front/rear level controls.

electronic trigger relay system is used to protect the speakers from DC leakage or overload.

New and exclusive Power Boosting circuit

When switching from four-channel to two-channel reproduction, power is substantially increased with the new and advanced Power Boosting circuit, as described above. This exclusive circuit is built into both the QX-949 and QX-747 models.

Another plus feature attributable to the Power Boosting circuit is simplified switching from four-channel to two-channel operation. It can be instantly achieved without the usual re-connecting of speaker wires. This, too, is a Pioneer exclusive.

A tuner section the equal of separate components

The FM tuner section of the QX-949 is truly an engineering accomplishment. It incorporates two dual-gate MOS FET's in the front end, plus three ceramic filters and 6-stage limiters in a monolithic IC in the IF stage. The result is superb sensitivity and selectivity, and excellent signal to noise ratio.

Advanced circuitry includes Dolby adaptor input/output and 4-channel broadcasting multiplex output terminal

In anticipation of the future use of discrete quadrasonic broadcasting, the QX-949 and QX-747 include a quadrasonic multiplex output terminal. Depending on the system finally approved, all that ever will be required is a simple adaptor unit. And speaking of adaptor units, both the QX-949 and QX-747 highlight an input/output for a Dolby noise reduction adaptor unit.

Unique 4-channel level indicator

Regardless which quadrasonic

source is in operation, the sound level of each channel can be monitored by viewing the large scope-type level indicator on the top two models. Left and right front/rear controls permit instant adjustment. Indicator sensitivity controls allow for a maximum of -30dB adjustments at any sound level. The level indicator may also be used to view CD-4 channel separation adjustments made with the CD-4 separation controls.

Inputs/Outputs for total versatility

Pioneer has endowed these models with terminals for a wide range of program sources. The only limitation is your own listening interests and your capability to experiment with sound.

Convenient features increase listening enjoyment

Along with the total capability of these receivers, Pioneer has incorporated a wide array of additional, meaningful features. All three instruments include: loudness contour, FM muting, an extra wide tuning dial, two sets of bass/treble

controls for front and rear channels, function and mode selector with multi-colored indicator lights. Further refinement is offered with the QX-949's multiplex noise and high/low filters, plus signal strength and center tuning meters in one housing.

Admittedly, these new Pioneer quadrasonic receivers, like fine sports cars or cameras, are not inexpensive. However, they represent the high fidelity industry's most outstanding value. We have built them with the same quality, precision and performance you've come to expect from Pioneer stereo equipment. We offer them to you with the same pride and conviction that has always compelled you to say — "Pioneer, the very best."

QX-949 — \$699.95; QX-747 — \$599.95; QX-646 — \$499.95. Prices include walnut cabinets.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007

Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

Specifications

Amplifier	QX-949	QX-747	QX-646
4-ch. RMS power, 8 ohms, 4 channels driven, 20-20KHz	40 watts/channel	20 watts/channel	10 watts/channel (1KHz)
4-ch. IHF	240 watts (8Ω) 380 watts (4Ω)	160 watts (8Ω) 220 watts (4Ω)	80 watts (8Ω) 108 watts (4Ω)
2-ch. RMS power, 8 ohms, both channels driven, 20-20KHz	60 watts/channel	40 watts/channel	13 watts/channel (1KHz)
2-ch. IHF	150 watts (8Ω) 230 watts (4Ω)	120 watts (8Ω) 170 watts (4Ω)	40 watts (8Ω) 54 watts (4Ω)
THD/IM Distortion	0.3% (20-20KHz)	0.5% (20-20KHz)	1% (1KHz)
FM Tuner			
FM Sensitivity (IHF) (the lower the better)	1.8uV	1.9uV	2.2uV
Selectivity (the higher the better)	80dB	60dB	40dB
Capture Ratio (the lower the better)	1dB	1dB	3dB
S/N Ratio (the higher the better)	70dB	70dB	65dB
Inputs			
Phono	2	1	1
Tape Monitor	2 (4-ch.) 2 (2-ch.)	1 (4-ch.) 1 (2-ch.)	1 (4-ch.) 1 (2-ch.)
Dolby adaptor input	1 (4-ch.)	1 (4-ch.)	—
Auxiliary	1	1	1
Outputs			
Speakers	2 (Front) 2 (Rear)	1 (Front) 2 (Rear)	1 (Front) 2 (Rear)
Headset	1 (Front/Rear)	1 (Front/Rear)	1 (Front)
Dolby adaptor output	1 (4-ch.)	1 (4-ch.)	—
Tape Rec.	2 (4-ch.) 1 (2-ch.)	1 (4-ch.) 1 (2-ch.)	1 (4-ch.) 1 (2-ch.)
4-ch. MPX output	1	1	—



CONTENTS

November 1973 No. 44

Character Building Comics, 25

By Gerald Sussman and Henry Beard

1976 Olympic Preview, 35

By Gerald Sussman, Illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz

Paper Fan, 38

By Gerald Sussman

Eddie Bean Down-filled Catalog 1973-74, 43

By Gerald Sussman

Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, 50

By Sean Kelly

Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, 53

By Bruce McCall

Specialty Sports Magazines, 59

By Gerald Sussman

Official Russian Referee Signals, 64

By Henry Beard

Bat Day, 68

Illustrated by Berni Wrightson

Southern Indiana Methodist College Catalog, 70

By Henry Beard

Alaska Pipeliner's Official Souvenir Program, 73

By Gerald Sussman, Henry Beard, and Christopher Cerf

Sports Illustrated Parody, 81

By Gerald Sussman

News on the March, 7

True Facts, 10

Editorial, 15

Letters, 18

Mrs. Agnew's Diary, 20

Funny Pages, 95

NOTES



NATIONAL LAMPOON® MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1973 National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$6.95 paid annual subscription, \$11.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$15.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico. \$2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. **ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

JUST ARRIVED AND ON SALE

A dozen great new releases.



CHERYL DILCHER
on A&M
BUTTERFLY



MANDRILL
on POLYDOR
JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN



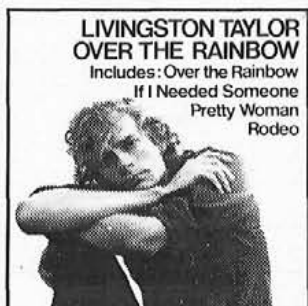
ELTON JOHN
on MCA
GOODBYE



STEVE MILLER BAND
on CAPITOL
THE JOKER



MARVIN GAYE
on MOTOWN
LET'S GET IT ON



LIVINGSTON TAYLOR
ON CAPRICORN
OVER THE RAINBOW



Includes the Hit Single: Stealin'
Plus: One Day/If I Had the Time/Pilgrim

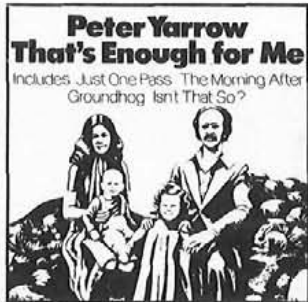
URIAH HEEP
on WARNER/REPRISE
SWEET FREEDOM



LEON RUSSELL
on SHELTER
HANK WILSON'S BACK VOL. I



STEPHEN COHN
on MOTOWN
STEPHEN COHN



PETER YARROW
on WARNER/REPRISE
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME



GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
on LONDON
I'M A WRITER, NOT
A FIGHTER



Includes: Sleazy Street
Fazon / Orange Peel
Brief Synthophilia

SOPWITH CAMEL
on WARNER/REPRISE
THE MIRACULOUS HUMP
RETURNS FROM THE MOON

TOWER RECORDS

The largest record stores in the known world.

Super Discount Sale 3.44 per LP

San Francisco, Sacramento, Berkeley, Los Angeles, San Diego

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

TEAC

DC DOLBY SYSTEM
160 STEREO CASSETTE DECK

RECORD

● DOLBY NR

HIGH DENSITY PERMAFLUX HEAD

REC

EJECT STOP

PAUSE

TAPE RUN



BIAS

NORMAL

LINE

INPUT

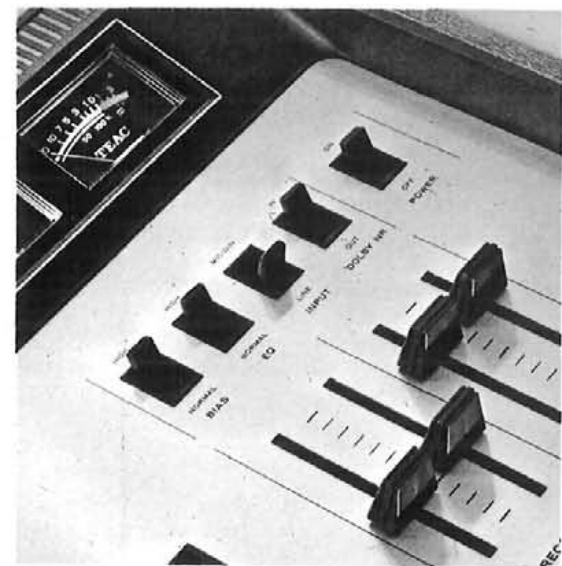
REVERSE

DOLBY NR

POWER

RECORD

Complete your stereo system without depleting your fiscal system.



Finally there is a budget-priced cassette deck that is capable of high quality Dolby* music reproduction.

The TEAC 160. It's built with TEAC reliability and technological leadership.

The 160 isn't your carry-around cigar-box cassette recorder. It's a component deck designed by TEAC to complete and expand your stereo system by giving you a high quality music record/playback capability—at a reasonable cost.

It has the Dolby* Noise Reduction

Unit, giving you dramatically noise-free music reproduction when making original recordings or playing Dolby cassettes. A Dolby In/Out switch lets you inactivate this section when copying and preserving your favorite 78's, 45's and 33's. (Your cassette copy never gets scratched or worn out.)

Separate bias and EQ switches let you instantly adjust the deck's electronics to either normal or the new high energy tapes. A mike input lets you record and study your own practice session. It has two output level controls and a tape run indicator among other features. The TEAC 140 is similar, but without Dolby. At less cost.

In short, our 160 and 140 will do just about everything except cost you a lot.

It will pay you to check them out. Soon.

160 140

TEAC®

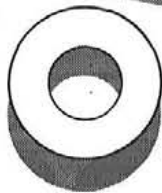
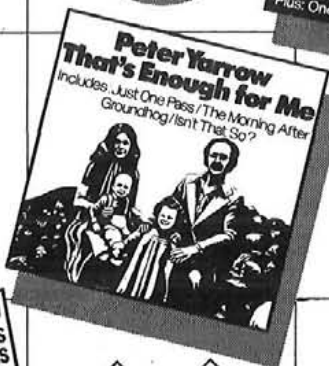
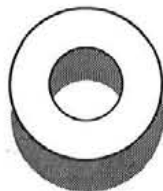
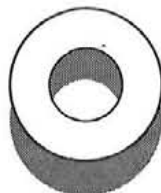
The leader. Always has been.

©TEAC 1978

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

TEAC Corporation of America—Headquarters: Dept. A-12, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640—TEAC offices in principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico and Japan.

YOU WIN.



Sopwith Camel.

Triumphant return
of the original
San Francisco group.

Peter Yarrow.

All new music from a brand
new artist who's already
sold 35 million records.

Uriah Heep.

Purest grade
heavy metal
from England.

**New rock & roll from Warner/Reprise.
Available now.**




NEWS ON THE MARCH

NOVEMBER, 1973

VOLUME 1, No. XLIV

Chile is back on the Menu! **I.T.T.'S ALL OVER FOR ALLENDE**



*¡EET EES MUY TRAGICO!
OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT IS
DEAD, THE VICTIM OF A SELF-
INFLECTED AIR STRIKE. ALSO, HE
SHOT HIMSELF TWENTY-SEVEN
TIMES IN THE BACK WITH
A MACHINE GUN FROM
THIRTY FEET AWAY, PAUSING
ONLY ONCE TO RELOAD.*

No longer need a citizen of Haiti (for some reason the name doesn't mean "land of a thousand nameless terrors") fear that the vicious Ton-Ton Macoute will walk up to him and threaten him with a .45—now they ride in jeeps supplied by the U.S. and have been equipped with American M-16 automatic rifles.

Two years after cynical observers (shamefully, we were among them) predicted a brief, but colorful, twenty-minute reign as President of Haiti for Jean-Claude "Baskethead" Duvalier following the death of his father, Papa Doc, the twenty-two-year-old former imbecile is still firmly ensconced in the Presidential Palace in Port-au-Prince, his sure, pudgy fingers steadily gripping the trigger of power. Problems still exist for the rotund, cheerful monster, (for example, the vast disparity between rich and poor—even today less than two percent of the people own the other ninety-eight percent—and the low standard of living—fewer than one half of the population is alive at any given time) but, largely thanks to American largesse, the situation is improving rapidly. The per capita income has shot up from a depressing minus four hundred dollars to a healthy zero, and a good deal of the credit goes to savvy American entrepreneurs who have helped human blood for U.S. hospitals replace refugees as Haiti's number one export. (It's one thing the Haitians have plenty of. In the past, it was often scandalously wasted, often being allowed to wash away into the gutters during the colorful 365 day long Festival of the Enemies of the Regime, Real and Imagined.)

Haiti itself is quiet and serene, content to pursue its independent course in its own manner (the Haitian governmental system, unique in the Western Hemisphere, and the rest of the world for that matter, is a paternalistic hereditary tyranny based on voodoo and random acts of meaningless violence). The members of the loyal opposition—they're out of power just now—spend their time puttering around in their shallow graves, and on the soft tropical nights, when the warm air (the national dish) is filled with fear (the national pastime), one senses the surprising stability "Baskethead" (the nickname apparently refers to his head, which is shaped like a basket) has brought to Haiti with his motto of "Brutalité, Cruelté, Extremité" and why throughout the land, even in the humblest drainpipe or simple ditch, the populace reserves a place of honor for a picture of the young leader, stuck lovingly to the wall with a hundred or

more pins.

There has been some concern that during the period of time required for a possible decision by the Supreme Court to order the President to hand over either to Archibald Cox or the Senate Select Committee the recordings made in his office and on his telephones of key meetings with individuals prominent in the Watergate affair, the tapes themselves could be substantially and undetectably altered. Technical engineers differ on whether extremely careful and subtle changes in the original tapes could be detected by sensitive electronic equipment, but presumably the stakes are high enough for the President to risk altering the recordings in a number of ways, including splicing in bits of stray phrases to make new tapes, recording a totally different tape from scratch, or using a variety of other techniques to change seriously incriminating passages. As a public service we are presenting here excerpts from some sample doctored conversations to alert our readers to just a few of the more obvious ruses to be on the lookout for.



NEW YORK, NEW YORK. Baseball Commissioner, Bowie Kuhn, still undaunted by the rather poor showings of the controversial Designated Batter, has come up with several more innovations that he hopes will make the game more lively. "Since it's a family game, why shouldn't the players have their wives and girlfriends with them? They should. And they will starting next season. And as far as the hats go, I never liked those silly little pinky caps they wore in the first place. Big hats, that's for me. All different kinds of hats. Shakos, ten gallon hats, top hats, plain old businessmen's hats, combat helmets, everything. I know what it takes to please a crowd."

(A key meeting between the President and John Dean in March of this year when he is supposed to have told the President everything.)

Haldeman: Mr. President, John Dean wants to see you. He says he has something very important to tell us.

Nixon: Well, Bob, send him right in. You know we like to keep a nice open atmosphere around here.

Haldeman: Of course, Mr. President, but, ah, there's a problem.

Nixon: Problem?

Haldeman: Yes, sir, he has acute laryngitis and literally can't speak above a whisper. I thought maybe I'd just sit in, and then he could sort of whisper in my ear, and I could tell you what he was saying. I think that would be the easiest thing.

Nixon: OK, Bob, that sounds like a good technique.

(sounds of door opening, chairs moving)

Nixon: Well, John, how are you. Sorry to hear about your laryngitis. Hope it clears up.

Haldeman: He says he's feeling fine, Mr. President, and thanks you for your commiseration.

Nixon: Well, John, why don't you tell me, or rather Bob, since he'll be your interpreter, so to speak, ha ha, what it is that's on your mind. You know, this reminds me of talking with Brezhnev!

Haldeman: He says he's sorry for the inconvenience, Sir, but it's very important. He's been guilty of conspiracy, perjury, obstruction of justice, and being an accessory before and after the fact. He says he personally ordered the burglaries of the Democratic National Committee, and Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, and a host of other illegal acts, then arranged to pay the perpetrators hush money, and devised a cover up to keep the whole thing from us.

Nixon: Why, John, this comes as quite a shock. Naturally, I read in the papers about some of this but—
Hmm, now I see, John, why there were always things cut out of the front pages of my copies of the Washington Post. You said you were making a scrapbook, and one time you took the whole paper for pirate hats for the kids in your neighborhood. That wasn't exactly true, now was it, John?

Haldeman: He says no it wasn't, Mr. President.

Nixon: John, this is a serious matter, but as the Reverend Graham says, honesty is always the best policy. My regular readings of the Bible only serve to reinforce my feeling that the best thing to do is get everything out in the open, and that's what we'll have to do, no matter what the consequences. You know, John, a President

continued

FINE QUALITY, COLORFUL, CLOTH PATCHES

Only 75¢ Each - Special Price, 5 for \$2.95

Buzzing color, silk-like embroidered emblems. Permanent color, completely washable. Wear on jackets, shirts, pants, jeans, vests, etc. Durable. All about 3". Order by number under each emblem. 75¢ each. Bargain price, 5 for \$2.95

7851 7852 7855 7843 7858 7845
7847 7849 7853 7846
7851 7728 7834 7763 7747
7754 7774 7837 7760 7779 7842 7772
7840 7854 7755 7777 7241 7857
7781 7770 7784 7780 7702 7856
7748 7699 7768 7776 7860 7773
7724 7719 7825 7705 7704 7811 7778
7752 7287 7753 7755 7756 7751 7750
7742 7749 7744 7733 7734
7794 7713 7783 7786

FLUORESCENT Iron-On TRANSFERS

Only 99¢ Each - Special Price, 3 for \$2.49

Giant size, 10". Washable. Iron onto T-shirts, sweat shirts, most anything in seconds! Permanent, brilliant colors. 5 color designs that glow under blacklight.

7724 7719 7825 7705 7704 7811 7778
7752 7287 7753 7755 7756 7751 7750
7742 7749 7744 7733 7734
7794 7713 7783 7786

XRAY GLASSES

Scientific Wonder. It can't be true, but look for yourself.

Greatest illusion of the century! Apparently see bones thru skin, see thru clothes, etc. Amazes and embarrasses everyone! Regular size glasses with built-in optical device.

3762, XRAY Specs Only \$1.00 per Pair

U-Control 7-Foot Life-Size GHOST

Only 95¢

Obeys Commands Indoors & Outdoors Acts Life-Like!

Soars 30 to 40 feet or more in air. You control in secret. Conceal in pocket, ready to operate. Rises, Falls, Flashes, Dances, Spooky Effects. 7-Foot head & body, white shroud, secret control.

3747, U-Control Ghost..... 95¢

HORROR RECORD

Use with 7-FI U-Control Ghost 3747 95¢

Terrifying, horrible sounds. Wild, weird, frightening screams, moans, banishes, haunted houses, colossal thunderstorms, eerie supernatural, horrible monsters and creatures, hideous, wild animals, mystical laughter, many more.

3140, Horrible Sounds Record..... 95¢

JACKASS CIGARETTE DISPENSER



You'll HEE-HAW with laughter as Jackass Cigarette Dispenser scoots into action. Pull his ear and tail, scoot up and out comes cigarette! Wonderful, practical gift. Attractively made in plastic, gift boxed. Loads with regular or king size cigarettes. 7" tall.

3009, Price Each.....\$1.49

Black Light Bulb

\$1.95 PSYCHEDELIC, FLUORESCENT EFFECTS. ONLY \$1.95. Black Light (invisible ultra violet ray bulb). Makes objects, posters, paints, make-up, minerals, etc., fluoresce in dark. In brilliant, fire-like colors. Create psychedelic "torned out" and supernatural effects. Many practical and scientific uses. (2 or more)..... each \$1.95

6316, Black Light..... each \$1.95

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD RECORDS

Thousands of World's Strangest Facts. Heaviest Human (1100 lbs). Worst Disaster? Longest? Tallest? Smartest? Most Children? Thousands more. Spectacular feats of man. Wonders of Universe. Up-to-date.

1185, World Records.....\$1.50

WITH HAIR! Rubber Masks "Come to Life" Natural, life-like, horrible Thin latex rubber. Clings when worn. Amazingly realistic.

4687, Full Size - Wild Cave Man, \$3.95
4717, Full Size - Savage Gorilla \$3.95
4033, Realistic Frankenstein \$3.95

POLICE HANDCUFFS

Regulation size and style. Heavy duty, steel, with lock and key. Chrome plated. Amazingly realistic.

9043, Regulation Style Handcuffs \$3.95
9048, Leather Handcuff Case \$3.95
4012, Book Safe \$1.25

SECRET BOOK SAFE

Looks like attractively bound book but opens to reveal combination lock safe. Keep valuable papers, jewels, money, etc. hidden away. 4x6x11 1/2".

4012, Book Safe \$1.25

Cordless Electric Vibrator

Tingle Bullet Massage Ultra satisfying relaxation. Gentle massage gives soothing, satisfying relief from daily tensions, aches, pains.

Use standard size batteries.

4084, 7" Model.....\$2.95
4087, 10" Model.....\$3.95

POCKET SPY TELESCOPE

Magnifies 64 times area. 8 Power. Terrific power yet as small as fountain pen. All metal, chrome finish. Reverse and use as microscope magnifying 900 times!

9724, Super Spy Scope.....\$2.95

Joke Gum

Pucker Gum, Putrid. 3739, Pkg. of 5.....20¢
Red Hot Gum, Stinging. 2724, Pkg. of 5.....20¢
Garlic Gum, Awful. 2735, Pkg. of 5.....20¢

BE A GIANT KILLER

Be a U Bullseye Oriental Fighting. Includes Judo, Karate, Ji Jitsu, Aikido, Aikido, Yawaza, Seitate, nerve center, pressure points, vulnerable spots. You to be a giant killer. Includes Judo, Karate, Ji Jitsu, Aikido, Aikido, Yawaza, Seitate, nerve center, pressure points, vulnerable spots. You to be a giant killer. Includes Judo, Karate, Ji Jitsu, Aikido, Aikido, Yawaza, Seitate, nerve center, pressure points, vulnerable spots. You to be a giant killer.

1008, Oriental Fighting.....\$1.25

HILARIOUS TALKING TOILET

No more rest in your rest room! When victim sits down, "come down there" speaks out LOUD and CLEAR! "HEY CAN YOU SEE I'M WORKING DOWN HERE?" (or other funny comments) followed by almost a minute of raucous laughter. Attached or removed in seconds. Battery operated.

3085, Talking Toilet.....\$6.95

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Pleasant surprise & bargain. Fun or useful. Includes new samples, factory surplus, special novelties, etc. Most worth much more. Money back if not delighted.

2997, Surprise Bargain.....\$1.00

RAPID CIGARET MAKER

Fast. Easy operating. Just pour tobacco, insert paper and roll. Individual cigarettes in seconds. Use any tobacco blend to suit your taste. With instructions.

4043, Roll Your Own.....\$1.25

CANNON

REALLY SHOOT! Replica 24-pounder Royal Cannon. Fourth of July noisemaker. Starting gun, etc. Rugged, built metal, chrome and black. 9068-\$2.95 each (2 for \$4.90).

50 SHOT PELLET GUN

Automatic, Rapid Fire, 3 in 1 Gun. 1. Shoots Pellets with BIG BANG! 2. Shoots Pellets SILENTLY! 3. Fire at NOISEMAKER or STARTLING GUN without pellets. Shoot as fast as you pull trigger. 50-shot. Full size, smooth action. Slayed after famous automatic. Imported Bargain. Uses Standard low-cost ammunition.

2916, Automatic Action Pellet Gun, 95¢
2917, Pellets.....10¢ pkg, 3 pkgs. \$2.50
2918, Custom Made Pellet Gun Holder.....\$4.95

HYPNOTISM RECORD

Learn Hypnotism Fast. Discover how professional hypnotists control others, cure bad habits, perform amazing feats. Special recording puts subject into deep hypnotic state. Slayed after famous automatic. Imported Bargain. Full explanation included.

3174, Hypnosis Record.....\$1.95

Disgusting Mess Joke

Grossome Twosome: Fake Push button release. Fleer sharp, heavy duty stainless, cutlery steel blade. X8384, Each.....\$1.95

QUICK OPENING STILETTO PLAIN KNIFE

Quick silent opening. Positive locking blade. Push button release. Fleer sharp, heavy duty stainless, cutlery steel blade. X8384, Each.....\$1.95

HERCULES WRIST BAND

Gives wrist, grip, and arm more power. Relieves strain on wrist. Concentrates muscles. Adjustable release. Double strap. Get two for both arms.

2112, Set of 2 \$1.50... each, 84¢

SPY "Pen" Radio

Listen Almost Anywhere Hear SPORTS, MUSIC, NEWS in bed, office, school, etc. Featured on NBC-TV. Wear in pocket like fine pen. Tiny earphone for private listening. Self-powered, solid-state circuit. No electricity. No batteries. Plays forever at no cost. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

7062, Complete, Ready to Play.....\$2.49

Vibrating Shocker

Small hand-held instrument that stimulates electric shock. Shake hands or touch somebody and gives off spitting-shock! Place on chair and they get a shock in the butt when they sit down. No batteries. Wind up spring powered motor lasts indefinitely. Carry in pocket, ready for action. All metal.

2985, Jig Buzzer..... 95¢

Whoopee Cushion

Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber, inflated like a balloon and then placed on a chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits upon the cushion, it gives forth noises better imagined than described.

2963..... 60¢

SLOT MACHINE

Las Vegas Replica. Take a chance. Insert coin, pull "one arm bandit" and watch dial spin. Big payout if you hit! Collect money for your bank. Smooth action, 6" high.

4082, Slot Bank.....\$4.95

PORTABLE LIE DETECTOR & LOVE TESTER

Measure your friend's deepest secret emotions. Get truthful answers to even the most embarrassing questions. Easy-to-read gauge registers inner responses which, with practice, enable you to know what is really going on inside them. Use the scientific principle just like famous lie-detector polygraphs. For fun at parties, psychological experiments. Carrying case. Built-in hand held electrodes. Test "compatibility" of any two people on 9x6x2".

9108, Portable Lie Detector.....\$12.95

OOPS!

Bad Shot! Somebody Missed! Stick anywhere. Looks like real human thing. Causes unbelievable commotion. Eech!

3189, OOPS!..... 39¢

Kung Fu

Kung Fu Secrets Revealed! New book teaches ancient Chinese, Kung Fu. Learn physical & mental perfection. Devastate opponent without weapons. Over 350 pictures cover Hammer Blow, Scorpion Blow, Rain's Head Blow, Rock Smash Blow, Tiger Claw, Lightning Kick, blocking techniques, dodging & ducking, etc. Includes Tai Chi Karate & classical exercises. By champion, Bruce Tegner.

1061, Kung Fu.....\$1.95

Free 1974 Catalog 1600 Novelties

World famous catalog of novelties, pranks, jokes, mod psychedelic items, cloth patches, peace & love gear, puzzles, fortune tellers, radios, bikes & accessories, telescopes, bunks, office & artist supplies, engines, motors, sports, books, games, tool, magic tricks, medals, models, surplus bargains, etc.

CHECK YES - I want FREE Catalog, My Name HERE. 2 YEAR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Please RUSH to me the following things:

How Many	Item Number Only	Total Price

Minimum order \$1.00. Send check or money order. No C.O.D. No Canadian or Foreign orders. Add 4% sales tax in Michigan.

Name _____ Apt. # _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Johnson Smith, 2311 Auto St., Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043

Sorry, We Cannot Ship C.O.D., Canadian or Foreign Orders

Johnson Smith Co.

2311 Auto St. - Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE © 1973 JSC. Reproduction Prohibited

Maxfield Parrish
ART PRINTS



ECSTASY DINKY BIRD
AIR CASTLES THE WATERFALL

24" x 36" Full color Reproductions.
Suitable for framing.

Send Cash, Check or Money Order
for your print choice to:

THE NATURAL TRADING Co.
56 CHEROKEE BOOKSHOP
607 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD CALIF., 90028

\$5
EACH
*plus 50¢ postage & handling.
Call res. 6% sales tax.

OLÉ!



If you want
a great tequila,
the Mexicans
have a word for it.

EIGHTY PROOF • © 1973 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.



- As part of its rapidly expanding "environmental quality" program, the Department of Defense announced recently that the Air Force's proposed B-1 Strategic Bomber, which is designed to carry enough hydrogen bombs to destroy a half dozen cities and obliterate several thousand square miles of the earth's surface "will not emit smoke" and will be equipped with engines "quieter by approximately 10 perceived NX noise levels" than existing bombers.

The Department of Defense report on the giant bomber concluded that "as compared to current military aircraft, the B-1 will have less of an adverse environmental impact." *New York State Environment Newsletter* (O. Maide)

- Richard Arnold, a farmer in Russell, Iowa, has sued Pioneer Hi-Bred International, Inc., and Hawkeye Breeders Service, Inc., for \$250,000, claiming that he was blinded by some bull semen which they produced.

In his suit, Arnold contends that he lost the sight in his right eye when a "dangerous and defective" bottle of frozen bull semen he was thawing exploded, sending its contents into his face.

Arnold says a small amount of semen perforated the cornea of his right eye, penetrating the eyeball and causing an irreparable loss of vision. *Des Moines Register* (D. Wickstrom)

- Leonard Moore, a hairdresser's assistant from Olive, Kentucky, has regretfully abandoned his attempt to row across the Bering Straits in a bathtub after it became icebound two miles off the coast of Little Diomedede Island.

"I took four gallons of peanut butter along," he said, "but on the morning of the fifth day, it was froz-

en solid. By late afternoon, although the sun was still high, the sea became rather heavy. Next morning I was frozen in." Mr. Moore walked ashore. *The Alaska Star* (via *Private Eye*)

- Mrs. Gloria Hartford, 35 years old, was instructing her 16-year-old son Edward, in the proper method of handling firearms safely when she inadvertently shot him to death.

According to New Orleans police, Mrs. Hartford was discussing gun safety with the youth when she placed a loaded clip into a .25 caliber pistol she was using for her impromptu demonstration when the pistol accidentally discharged, striking him in the head and killing him instantly. *The New York Times* (S. Prisant)

- The Guinness Book of World Records lists Roy Sullivan, a 61-year-old forest ranger in the Shenandoah National Forest, as "the only living man to be struck by lightning four times."

Individuals wishing to top his feat will now have a slightly harder time of it. On August 7, Sullivan stepped out of his park service truck along Skyline Drive near Waynesboro, and was struck a fifth time.

"I actually saw the lightning shoot out of the cloud this time," Sullivan said, "and it was coming straight for me. The bolt struck me right on the head, set my hair on fire, traveled down my left arm and down my left leg, knocking off my shoe but not untying the lace."

Sullivan poured a five-gallon can of water from the truck onto his head to put out the fire and ease the second-degree burns. He then drove to a ranger's home nearby for assistance.

Sullivan was first struck by lightning in 1942, when a bolt clipped off a toenail. In 1969, lightning burned off his eyebrows and knocked him unconscious. In 1970, he was struck again, and was burned on the shoulders. In 1972, a bolt burned his hair off.

Sullivan said that prior to the most recent incident he dreamed that he was going to be struck again. He also admitted that after being struck for the fourth time, he began to feel that a supernatural force was out to get him.

He now reports that following the fifth incident, he had another dream in which he was informed that he would not be struck again.

"God spared me for some good purpose," he said. "I know what it is, but it's between God and me, and nobody but us will ever know." *Washington Post* (A. Gates) □

Strategy & Tactics



The paper time machine

STRATEGY & TACTICS is a magazine. It's also a tool: a time machine that enables you to replay the crucial events—past, present, and future—that shape our lives.

Now, instead of merely reading about what's happening, you can explore and experience the alternatives and decision points through the technique of Conflict Simulation.

What is Conflict Simulation?

Conflict Simulation is a way of analyzing a political or military conflict situation. A way that is as intellectually stimulating as a game of chess, and as thorough as a written analysis.

Through the use of the Conflict Simulation (or "game") format, the conflict situation is re-created—so that you are in a position to make the vital decisions and, in the game at least, change the way things were, are, or will be.

What you get

STRATEGY & TACTICS magazine is published bi-monthly. Each issue contains:

★ A ready-to-play conflict-simulation game with a 22 x 28" playing surface, die-cut play-

ing pieces, and complete rules.

★ An analytical article on the same subject as the game in that issue.

★ Other feature articles on historical and military subjects.

★ Game and book reviews, commentary on existing games, and discussions of subscribers' questions.

The magazine is 48+ pages long, and all material is handled in a highly organized (and easily understandable) graphic format.

Games recently published in STRATEGY & TACTICS were: GRUNT (ground combat in Vietnam), LOST BATTLES (tactical combat in Russia, 1941-44), USN (the war in the Pacific, 1941-43), COMBAT COMMAND (tactical combat in Western Europe, 1944).

We also publish a separate line of conflict-simulation games, which you will find listed in the coupon.

Free to new subscribers

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO, history's greatest battle presented in a game-design specialty, created to introduce new readers to Conflict Simulation.

Send check or money order to:
Simulations Publications, Inc.
 Dept. 559 44 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010

Please enter my subscription to S&T for

- 1 year (6 issues)-\$12
- 2 yrs. (12 issues)-\$22
- 3 yrs. (18 issues)-\$30
- Current issue-\$4
- 6-month trial (3 issues)-\$8

Send me the following Simulations Games:

- Red Star/White Star (armor in the 70's)-\$7
- NATO (Soviet invasion of Europe)-\$7
- World War II (Europe, 1939-45)-\$7
- Sniper! (street fighting, WWII)-\$7
- Solomons Campaign (Pacific, WWII)-\$7
- Soldiers (WWI tactics)-\$7
- Lee Moves North (Civil War)-\$7
- American Revolution (1775-83)-\$7
- Phalanx (ancient tactics)-\$7
- Please send me your free brochure.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BLOW YOURSELF UP

IN B&W OR COLOR

Full color posters from any color photo or slide. A great gift, or gag, or room decoration.

1½x2 Ft.—\$7.50
1x1½ Ft.—\$4.50, 2x3 Ft.—\$14.50

B&W POSTERS from any b&w or color photo, Polaroid, cartoon or magazine photo. For slides and negatives, add \$1.00 per poster. Better originals produce better posters.

1½x2 Ft.—\$2.50, 3x4 Ft.—\$7.50

PHOTO JIGSAW PUZZLE

Send any photo, if neg. or slide, \$1 extra. In b&w, 8x10—\$2.99, 11x14—\$3.99, 12x18—\$4.99. In full color, 8x10—\$5.99

RUSH SERVICE: Shipped 1st class in one day. Add \$2 per poster. Not available for color or jigsaw.

Your original returned undamaged. Add 50¢ for postage and handling for EACH item ordered. N.Y. residents add sales tax. Send check, cash or M.O. (No C.O.D.) to:

PHOTO POSTER INC.

Dept. NL 113 210 E 23 St., N.Y. 10010



The National Lampoon Radio Hour

You'll Laugh Your Ass Off

Help Another Good Cause!

wear an engraved bracelet



Send \$2.50 to: L-M
PO Box 19496
K.C. Missouri
64141

has a duty to the people to be a moral as well as a political leader.

Haldeman: He says he understands that, and he's sorry that he's become a cancer on the Presidency. He also said he's afraid he may take some good men with him, and he's sorry for that too. He also says he hopes he can emulate your fine moral example, because by nature he's just about the lowest, most immoral person around, and chances are if the going gets tough, he'll just sling mud around to save himself.

Nixon: John, I know you won't do that. Really, you have too low an opinion of yourself. Tell you what, why don't you go up to Camp David for a few days and put this all down—after all, with your laryngitis it'll be easier for you to write than to talk—and when you come back we'll have another little talk.

Haldeman: He says that's very generous of you, Mr. President. He'll do just that, only he hopes his resolution doesn't waver, because basically he has the moral fiber of a cherrystone clam.

Nixon: Just hang in there, John, we know you can do it.

(sound of door opening and closing)

(telephone conversation with John Mitchell in early November of 1972)

Nixon: Hello, John?

Mitchell: Yes, that's right.

Nixon: John, we've been friends a long time. Look, is there anything you should tell me about this Watergate break-in business?

Mitchell: No vermouth. I never use vermouth.

Nixon: John, you're not making much sense. Have you been drinking?

Mitchell: Hold it a sec, my pipe just went out.

Nixon: My goodness! John, if I remember right, that was our little code, and we agreed that if you ever said, 'my pipe just went out,' that would mean you had been guilty of a reprehensible act?

Mitchell: Yes, yes. The one on G Street. Great english muffins.

Nixon: John, you really sound looped. Maybe we better cut this short. You can tell me all about it tomorrow.

Mitchell: I'm in deep, right? So I get out the sandwedge. A really lousy lie, you got to use a wedge.

Nixon: Sandwedge? Lie? John, if there's something you want to tell me—?

Mitchell: Wait, my cord's tangled.

Nixon: McCord? He's tangled up in this. Listen, you know I like to be kept in the picture.

Mitchell: —scotch and some water. Gatefold in the April issue. Wowieee!

Nixon: Watergate? You knew in April? John, this is serious. You should have told me before the election. You know I would have lowered the boom, regardless of the personal cost to me and my election chances.

Mitchell: Yes, but no catsup.

Nixon: I think we'd better talk about this some other time. I'll call you tomorrow.

Reacting at last to the seriousness of the economic situation, President Nixon has reportedly decided to "pull out all the stops" in Phase 4. According to a number of sources in the executive branch, he plans to name Maurice Stans Secretary of the Treasury and Robert L. Vesco and Glenn Turner as Assistant Secretaries. The Treasury Department itself will be temporarily moved to Nassau, in the Bahamas, to permit Mr. Stans, Mr. Vesco, and Mr. Turner to pursue their duties "without the interruption of pending litigation."

A number of techniques are being planned for the restoration of the strength of the dollar abroad and the curbing of inflation at home. To begin with, the entire federal budget will be "laundered" through a series of South American banks to disguise any inflationary spending which might give rise to concern in European financial centers and to permit the use of fairly novel accounting procedures under which undesirable financial figures are entered on a separate sheet of paper which is then mushed up and thrown away.

All of the United States' major allies will be invited to a one million dollar a plate "testimonial dinner" to honor America's nuclear arsenal and the remarkable care which America has shown in not allowing any accidental atomic detonations to take place, in spite of the fact that it maintains nuclear weapons on the soil of practically every one of the N.A.T.O. countries with which it is currently having economic difficulties.

A large number of small countries in Asia, Africa, and the Mideast—particularly Israel—will be given the chance to join a special "Good Neighbors' Club," an honor reserved to nations which make contributions of ten million dollars or more to the Committee to Restore the American Economy, in return for which the donor nation will receive a chunk of moon-rock in lucite and a mention on the prestigious list of countries which the U.S. will defend in the event of attack.

In a semi-clandestine operation, an attempt will be made to lure leading heads of state to observe "fleet maneu-

vers" in the Mediterranean on board the nuclear aircraft carrier Enterprise, which will be converted into a gigantic floating bordello for the occasion and completely equipped with tape recorders and infrared cameras to provide visitors an opportunity to purchase mementos of their visit before they are offered to Italian magazines.

Mr. Vesco will personally supervise the issue of one trillion dollars in a special, unusually lucrative United States Treasury bond yielding 14 percent for sale to foreign individuals and institutions only. It will later be found, on closer observation, to be a limited obligation note backed by the entire financial resources of the island of Guam, which when the first interest payment comes due will be divided among the investors in international bankruptcy proceedings, yielding roughly 1/1000 of a cent on the dollar.

Glenn Turner will be in charge of an interesting "Dare to be a Great Power" armaments pyramid-sales scheme under which the military establishments of various countries will be given the opportunity to purchase some fifteen thousand F-111s, F-14s, and C-5As for resale at potentially fantastic profits on a weighted commission basis. □



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. While on her way to the County Court House, Mrs. Monica Palm Thorp stops for the cameras. She is contesting a case brought by the Bureau of Child Welfare which claims she bathed her two children daily in the family's electric dishwashing machine. The children, Alex, age 9, and Clare, age 5, are presently being held in protective custody. Mrs. Thorp does not deny the charge but contends such bathing is neither harmful or dangerous. "My mother used to wash me with the dishes and I turned out alright. If anyone should be complaining, it should be the dishes."

FANTASTIC PLACES TO PICK UP GIRLS!

HERE ARE MORE THAN 600 ACTION SPOTS THAT ARE LITERALLY SWARMING WITH GIRLS! DISCOVER THE BEST BARS, HOTELS, CLUBS, DISCOTHEQUES AND PARKS IN 26 MAJOR CITIES!

- Imagine a bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!
- Imagine a *nude* beach where hundreds of tan *naked* girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!
- Imagine a discotheque where it's a common practice for women to ask men to dance!
- Imagine a bar where a guy usually finds himself a terrific girl less than seven minutes after he arrives!
- Imagine a restaurant where beautiful college girls invite themselves to sit down at your table!
- Imagine a single's bar where girls outnumber men at least five to one!
- Imagine a cafe where the manager will introduce you to any single girl you want!
- Imagine an art museum where on any given Saturday afternoon over one hundred sensuous, long-haired students walk around all by themselves!
- Imagine a bar that's so wild a guy can dance with two luscious girls at the same time!
- Imagine an entire town that on weekends is taken over by thousands of horny, stir-crazy students, the great majority of them delicious, long-legged women!
- Imagine a hotel that for one complete week hosts a convention of one thousand slim, sexy, incredibly good-looking fashion models!

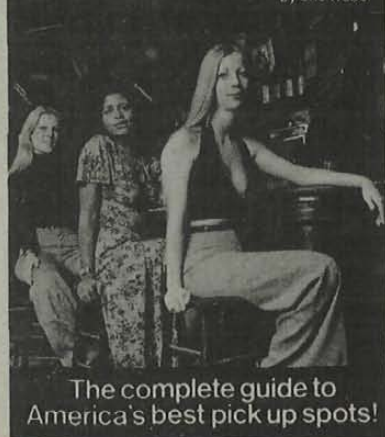
Hard to imagine? Well, you better believe it's true. Because every one of these places is pulsating with action. And you can find out exactly *where* in the fabulous new guide called **WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!** This incredible new book gives you the complete lowdown — including the names and addresses — of more than 600 of America's best action spots. Spots where a guy can't help but score! If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are places just swarming with pretty, horny women looking for action — you're 100% right! We found over 600 of these places. Places where it's not a question of whether you'll find a girl or not, but just how many girls you'll wind up taking home with you!

Here are the 26 swinging cities this book covers so *thoroughly*, you can now have a girl (or even 2 or 3) in every port:

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------|---------------|
| Los Angeles | Milwaukee | Wash., D.C. |
| New York | Minneapolis | Berkely |
| Chicago | Detroit | San Francisco |
| Baltimore | Boston | Phoenix |
| Philadelphia | Las Vegas | Seattle |
| Louisville | Houston | Cleveland |
| Atlanta | Dallas | St. Louis |
| Denver | Cincinnati | Miami |
| New Orleans | Portland | |

WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

by Eric Weber



The complete guide to America's best pick up spots!

"I found places in this book where a guy can't help but score!"
John Lucci

Here are some of the *swinging* types you will learn exactly how and where to meet:

- Where to find nurses
- Never-fail places to meet stewardesses
- How to meet *progressive* college girls
- How to find tennyboppers
- Places where rich divorcees go
- Where to meet actresses
- Where gorgeous (not to mention rich) heiresses hang out
- Discotheques where you'll find jet-set chicks

The Book Millions of Men Have Been Waiting For!

Don't waste one more Friday evening wandering from bar to bar. Not when this fantastic book can show you where to find more long, lean, beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. **WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS** cost only \$7.95. That's less than what you'd waste on drinks in a dull, no-action bar. Send for your copy this instant. And start taking advantage of all the fun and sexiness that's just sitting out there waiting for you.

The Northern Valley Co.
Dept. RN
P.O. Box 515
Tenafly, N.J. 07670

I enclose \$7.95 plus 75c postage and handling. Rush me **WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS** right away

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Little Stefan Better Not Laugh Or Else!



photograph by Ronald G. Harris

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 spiltist, 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

laughs. Subscribe today. Remember, you can't spell "America" without the "m" and the "r" in "humor!"

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL1173
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the *National Lampoon*. And I certainly hope that the Kremlin commissars of comedy get the message that here's one Joe who won't fall for their Moscow party punch lines!

- enclose my check money order (Please place in envelope)
 Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.
 One-year subscription—\$6.95
 Two-year subscription—\$11.95
 Three-year subscription—\$15.95

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Please make sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 for foreign.

EDITORIAL PAGE



Let's get the trivia section over with so we can get on to the more important stuff. God knows the world of sports has its trivia buffs, so for this small, but hard-core audience, here are a few brain-teasers: 1. Henry Aaron stands a good chance of breaking the all-time home run record. Whose record is he trying to break? 2. A recent tennis match was billed as "The Battle of the Sexes." Who were the players? 3. Which one of our presidents is known as a rabid football fan? Hint: He has been known to call coaches and suggest plays.

How to Break in Your Baseball Glove

There are two schools of thought on the proper way to break in your glove, the Oils and the Solids. The oil people contend that a good liquid such as neatsfoot oil or muskrat oil will penetrate the leather and give it more suppleness and pliability. The solid people use a wax, such as saddle soap, or a semi-wax such as bear grease or petroleum jelly, claiming they do a better job of preserving the

leather. There are good qualities in both oils and solids, but neither can do the job alone. Here's how it's done.

1. Put a tablespoon of MSG (monosodium glutamate), a teaspoon of soy sauce, and a 1/4 cup of sherry into a quart of Planter's peanut oil and marinate your glove in this mixture for two days. Adolph's Meat Tenderizer can be used in place of MSG.
2. Hang your glove out to dry for about a week to ten days. This is crucial. The Swiss developed this air drying process while making their famous Swiss dried beef and are now making the finest baseball gloves as well. A Swiss glove can cost up to twenty-five hundred dollars. In this process the air mixes with the oil and spices to filter out the weaker ingredients and preserve the good ones. Thus the essential oils penetrate and preserve the leathers.
3. Buy a can of hair pomade—Dixie Peach or Tuxedo Club is good—spread it liberally over the glove with your fingers, including the linings. Remember: If your hand sweats a lot the linings will crack easily and your glove will be worthless.
4. Put a baseball or a baseball-

shaped object in the pocket of your glove, fold the fingers over the pocket, and make the ball as snug as possible. Tie the glove securely with a rope or cord. Put it under your pillow and sleep on it for six months.

If you buy your glove in October it will be ready in time for the baseball season in April. Obviously it is foolish to start breaking in your glove in April or in the middle of the season. Do not use your glove until the entire breaking-in period is complete or your glove will crack, peel, and deteriorate rapidly.

Answers to the Trivia Quiz: 1. Babe Ruth 2. Bobby Riggs and Billie Jean King 3. Richard M. Nixon.

Cover: This month's cover is by Bob Swanson, whose son attends Duke University and is an avid reader of *National Lampoon*. OK, Swanson Jr., let's get all those Wolverines at Duke to buy tons of magazines and make your dad famous! He's worked long and hard to send you through college. The least you can do is get out there and hawk a few *Nat Lamps*!

Guest Editor: **Gerald Sussman**

Editors: **Henry Beard, Michael O'Donoghue, Tony Hendra, Brian McConnachie, Sean Kelly** Design Director: **Michael Gross**

Executive Editors: **George W. S. Trow, P. J. O'Rourke** Senior Editor: **Douglas Kenney**

Art Director: **Sonja Douglas** Art Director, Special Projects: **David Kaestle**

Copy Editor: **Susan Jones** Editorial Assistant: **Louise Gikow** Assistant Art Director: **Celia Bau**

Contributing Editors: **Anne Beatts, Ed Bluestone, John Boni, Terry Catchpole, Christopher Cerf, Michel Choquette, Dean A. Latimer, Bruce McCall, Chris Miller, Ed Subitzky, John Weidman**

Contributing Artists: **M. K. Brown, Randall Enos, Dick Frank, John Glashan, Edward Gorey, Ronald G. Harris, Dick Hess, Stan Mack, Rick Meyerowitz, Charles Rodrigues, Alan Rose, Arnold Roth, Warren Sattler, Gahan Wilson**

Production Manager: **Jane Kronick** Associate Editor (Gt. Brit.): **J. Dudley Fishburn** Art Assistant: **Judy Jacklin**

Staff Assistant: **Michael Simmons** Subscription Manager: **Howard Jurofsky**

Publisher: **Gerald L. Taylor**

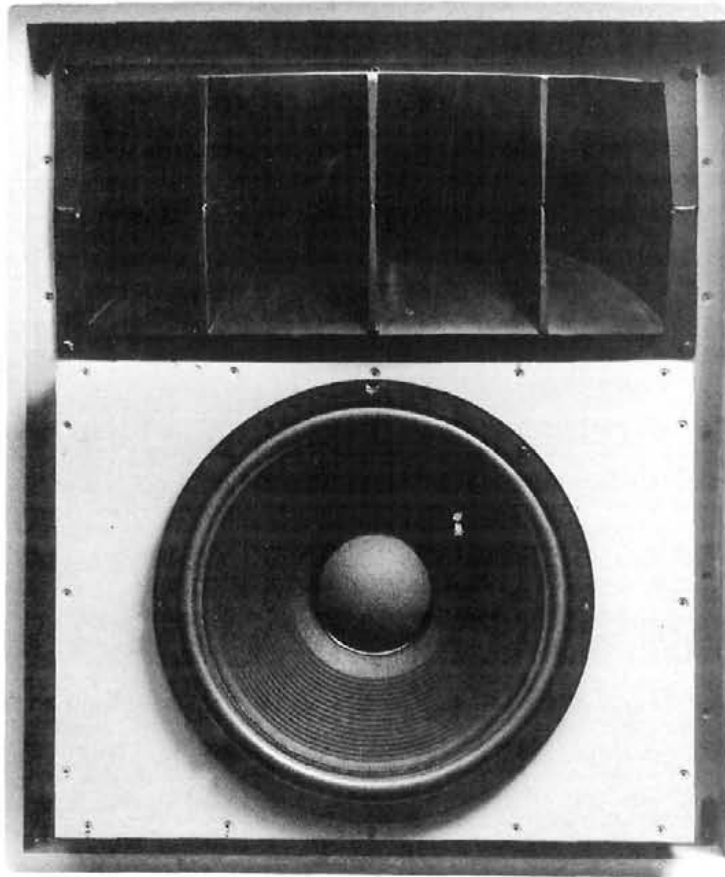
The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman: **Matty Simmons** President: **Leonard Mogel** Vice-President: **George Agolia**

Vice President: **Henry Beard** Vice-President, Sales: **Gerald L. Taylor** Treasurer: **Charles Schneider** Controller: **Alan Steinberg**

New York: **Doug Bornstein**, Eastern Advertising Manager; **Robert Sniecinski**, New York Advertising Manager, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070. Atlanta: **Lee Offen**; **Dave Meszaros**, 34 Old Ivy Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30342, (404) 233-4091. Chicago: **William H. Sanke**, 1013 Brookside Lane, Deerfield, Ill. 60015, (312) 945-2820. West Coast: **Lowell Fox**, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, (213) 478-0611.

MONITOR



This is an official Altec studio monitor loudspeaker—the 9846-8A. It's called a monitor because it's designed for just one job: to deliver the purest, most accurate possible definition of every detail of every sound. In a recording studio, definition of detail is a must. Detail that differentiates instruments from the very lowest to the very highest frequencies. Detail that differentiates various models of microphones—for each has its own sound pick-up characteristic. Detail that differentiates microphone/instrument distances. In the close-miked world of contemporary music, a foot either way can make a lot of difference.

Low distortion in a studio monitor is also a necessity. It prevents fatigue that sets in after long periods of high volume listening. And short bursts of sound must be captured instantaneously ("transient response") to avoid mushy reproduction that results in loss of detail.

Altec knows that it takes all these criteria and more to build good studio monitor systems, and builds them accordingly. And recording professionals know Altec quality. That's why Altec is the world leader.

MINI-MONITORS

Mini-Monitor I

The 891A Bookshelf. Walnut veneer enclosure and foam grille at \$129. Intended primarily for those who want superior stereo—or those who can afford four-channel at this price. Economical alternative: the 891V. Same system with a walnut-grained vinyl covered enclosure and cloth grille. At \$109, it saves you 20 bucks.



Mini-Monitor II

The 887A Capri. \$75. Superb for smaller listening rooms. And if you want 4-channel on a budget, you got it.



These are Altec's "Mini-Monitor" loudspeakers—the 887A Capri and the 891A Bookshelf. We call them Mini-Monitors for just one reason: their performance characteristics are amazingly similar to our actual studio systems. They deliver all of the clarity and definition of sound, the flat frequency response, the excellent transient response that recording engineers demand from a studio monitor. Yet they're specifically designed for the home. Smaller acoustic output, bookshelf dimensions, contemporary styling, and—most important—prices anyone can live with.

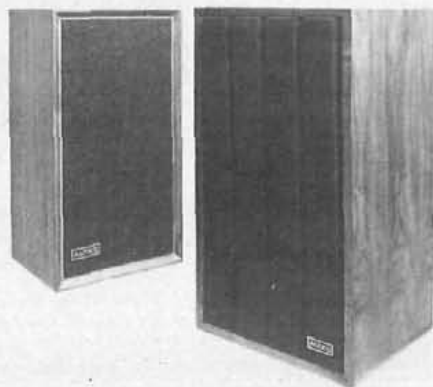
That's why we call them Mini-Monitors. Small wonders.

Why buy them? Because they let you hear the music the way it was first heard in the recording studio—clear and real. And if anyone should know about monitors, it's us. Altec has almost as many loudspeakers in U.S. studio use as all other brands combined.

We can prove it. Here's the latest U.S. studio data published in Billboard Magazine's 1973 International Directory of Recording Studios:

ALTEC	514
JBL	256
EV	77
KLH	35
AR	29
TANNOY	28

Throughout the world-wide recording industry, more musical esthetic decisions are made on Altec monitors than any other brand. And have been for nearly 30 years. Recording professionals listen to music through loudspeakers to earn their living. If they choose Altec, do they know something you don't?



ALTEC

Experience Altec

1515 S. Manchester, Anaheim, Calif. 92803



Sirs:

How do you get to Carnegie Hall? I mean, what's the best way to get there? Carnegie Hall. How do you do it? Just tell me how you get to Carnegie Hall?

John Denver
Staying with a friend

Sirs:

Easy. Just make a left at the dining room.

Jan Pierce
North East Rising Sun, Del.

Sirs:

Each year, millions of Americans face the prospect of ten, twenty, even thirty years or more of life—if you can call it that—as little more than human animals. With their faculties intact, and lacking any handicaps or debilitating diseases, their pitiful existence is one endless round of tedious

work, depressing home life, and a constant struggle against debt—in short, a “rat race.” If you have seen these unfortunates, as I have, you would instantly recognize the great need these people have—a need which our society, with its archaic laws and outmoded moral codes, simply isn't ready to provide.

That, in a nutshell, is the reason for the Euplegia Society. I'm not going to beat around the bush. We support mercy maiming, because let's face it, the removal of an arm or a leg, the implantation of an eventually fatal cancer virus, or a quick, but excruciating, operation to remove sight or hearing are small prices to pay for the immense amounts of sympathy, the hefty financial advantages, and the automatic right to make huge daily demands on others that can transform the bored and desperate look on the face of a formerly hopelessly healthy person into the serene expression of the permanently dependant invalid.

After all, isn't it a greater crime to force a human being to live out a life of dreary toil and worry than to practice a little selective mutilation—mutilation carried out by qualified professionals under hygienic conditions? Why must we wait for a car crash or an industrial accident to do haphazardly and clumsily what we

could do selectively and carefully tomorrow if medieval statutes and the misguided opposition of ill-informed religious groups didn't stand in the way.

Won't you help? The few mercy maimings which can be undertaken today must be done in the tiny handful of countries with progressive legal codes — Greece, Brazil, Uruguay, South Korea, Portugese Guinea, Haiti—and the costs are prohibitively high. And we need every dollar we can spare to bring the Euplegia message to as many people as possible.

Remember—the right to decide whether to live out life as half a man or a mouse is one of the most precious we have.

Sincerely,
J. “Sam” Modley
President, Euplegia Society
of America
Chicago, Ill.

TO: ANACONDA COPPER, INC.
FROM: HAROLD GENEEN
RE: EXECUTIVE
REORGANIZATION:
SOUTH AMERICAN
DIVISION

You want to check this over, Bill? Looks okay to me.

48 cases of Patty's Irish Rum @ \$14.75 a case	\$ 708.00
200 Speidel Twistoflex watch bands @ \$2.25	\$ 450.00
Assorted trinkets and geegaws	\$ 75.00
Replastering palace bullet holes	\$28,566.00
Palace rugs to the cleaners	\$ 439.00
Replace palace sofa	\$ 169.95
Paper cups and plates for festival	\$ 24.60
	<u>\$29,332.55</u>

Bill, if you're planning on going down there soon, I just remembered something, Ol' Salvatory was a pretty natty dresser for a commie, and well, I was just wondering . . . if his suits are still there . . . well, we can talk about it Saturday . . . are we still on for golf?

Best,
H.

Sirs:

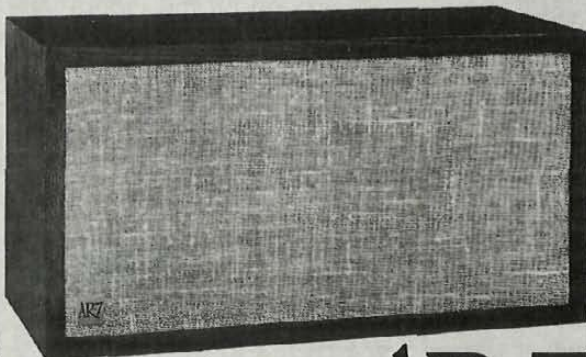
I'm here to appeal to you on behalf of the boys' clubs of Houston. Yes, the boys' clubs, the boys' razor straps, the boys' links of rubber garden hose, the boys' bull pizzles, Yes, Mr. and Mrs. What-Good-Can-We-Do-Next, this is a call to you! Remember, a man never stands so tall as when he bends over a boy. Yes sirree, he ain't heavy, Father, I disembowled him before I picked him up. Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . ah, I wouldn't touch that line with a baseball bat. But seriously, there's no such thing

astounding sounding

The new AR-7 will, quite simply, astound you. Never before has it been possible to get so much sound—and such accurate reproduction—from such a small speaker system.

Although the AR-7 measures only 9¾" x 15¾" x 6¼", and sells for \$65, professional audio critics and knowledgeable consumers have consistently compared it favorably with other speakers 4 times its size and 10 times its price.

The AR-7 was originally developed to fill the needs of 4-channel stereo where space is at a premium, but its high dispersion tweeter and new woofer—both with unusually high power handling capacity—provide such wide, even frequency response that the AR-7 is an excellent choice for any high quality music system.



AR-7



Acoustic Research, Inc., 10 American Drive, Norwood, Mass. 02062

as a bad boy . . . only good boys who get scared and start struggling and have to be knocked out, and put in cleaning bags covered with lye.

Won't you do what you can?

Dean Corll
formerly of Houston, Texas

Sirs:

No one likes to look at unsightly underarm stains. No one, that is, except the Amish people. They *love* to look at underarm stains. They're actually drawn to them. It's a lot like dangling a shiny object in front of a cretin . . . you wave an underarm stain in front of an Amish person and they become transfixed. You can slap their face, pick their pocket, do anything you want to do to them—they won't notice a thing as long as you keep waving that underarm stain at them. Why do you think that they do all of their farming in black overcoats and hats? Simple, underarm stains. Why do they sit all day in church wearing every article of clothing they own? And shave only their moustaches so their faces even look like underarms. It's the truth I'm telling to you. Their entire culture is based on the underarm stain.

But don't misinterpret what I'm saying. I'm not saying it's wrong. It's just different. And it's good to know things about people who are different from us. Just some information we can log away. We'll probably never

have a call to use it, but none the less, it's good to know in case we ever do have to use it. It's not too likely that these Amish crackpots are going to start any trouble with us but in case they do, we'll be able to make short order of them bing bing. Wave an underarm stain then bash them on the head with a frying pan.

Hugh Scott
King Of Prussia, Penn.

Sirs:

This letter bomb has been around the world many times, and it brings good luck wherever it goes. A post office clerk in Rome escaped with minor burns when he opened it. A young secretary in Bonn suffered only a few scratches when she received a copy in her morning mail.

Here is all you do. Make six copies of this letter removing the top name from the list below and adding your own name and address to the bottom of the list. Place the letters in envelopes along with a 2" x 4" sheet of 1/32" thick compressed plastic explosive and a type D spring-activated fulminate of mercury detonator. Mail the letters to someone you dislike. Then mail \$100 or its equivalent in another currency to each of the names on the list in the letter you received. In 3 weeks you will receive \$48,000.

But do not break the chain! A security officer in the British postal system failed to keep the letter going and

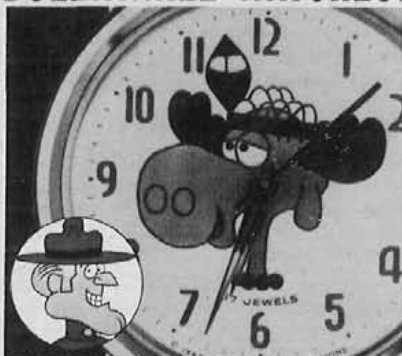
lost his right arm up to the elbow. An attaché in the embassy of a European country broke the chain and was disfigured for life.

May Allah bless you!

Yasifir Khaled Muammar Shirradif
Boite Postale 34 Box 550
Beirut, Lebanon Central Station
Baghdad, Iraq

Aly Ben Farkha Sidky Al-Harum
General Delivery c/o F.L.P.O.
Cairo, Egypt 14 Street of the Curs
Damascus, Syria

BULLWINKLE WATCHES!



DUDLEY DD-RIGHT EMPORIUM, 6218 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif 90046
DEAR DUDLEY: Please rush me your 17 Jewel, Full-Color, Shock-Resistant
BULLWINKLE WATCHES! @ \$19.95 ea. _____ DUDLEY
WATCHES! @ \$19.95 ea. (I enclose Check or Money Order.) Add \$1.00 for
Shipping and Handling. California residents add 5% Sales Tax. No C.O.D.'s.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
NL-32
2-YEAR GUARANTEE!

**Can Oklahoma's natural son
pick and sing his way into
the heart of Tennessee?**

**Can America's master rocker
get back to his hillbilly roots?**



**LEON RUSSELL CAN.
And when he does,**

*Hank Wilson's Back.
Vol. I*



SHELTER RECORDS
available from Capitol Records



MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

Indictment indictment indictment. I'm sick and tired of hearing the word. The simpering, pimply hippies whispering it in the Safeway . . . even the mailman who is a pimply, simpering hippie too, come to think of it. (Craig, our Secret Service man says that so many of them are loose on the streets he's going to replace his MACE grenades with *Air-Wicks*.)

Anyway, I've had it. If I hear the horrible sneers and snickers once more I think I'll scream. Hey, nobody's home so why not? Spiggy's with Frank Sinatra co-hosting a Sons of Italy catered execution and Kim is over at her film teacher's garage shoot-

ing a movie. It's called *Deep Heat* and Kim says it's a simple story of boy meets girl meets liniment bottle.

Okay, here goes the scream, ready or not.

Oops. I forgot that Craig, the Secret Service man, was standing in the hall and when I screamed he kicked the front door off its hinges and filled the living room with tear gas. This means sending *all* slip covers back to the cleaners and that nery Maxine Cheshire to the hospital for smoke inhalation. She was hiding in the hall closet again disguised as a car coat.

I mean, it makes you wonder.

Pat, too, has been hounded by the Press ever since it discovered the Nixon's sleep in separate bedrooms.

There have been some ugly rumors as to who actually *does* sleep in Dick's bedroom and I don't think any of it reflects well on Donny Osmond's character or his sense of responsibility to millions of idealistic and impressionable young people.

Also, it is no news that Dick and Spiggy are not on the best of terms. Dick keeps refusing to come to the phone and leaves Spiggy on hold for minutes and every time "NBC Nitely News" mentions Dick's name at supertime, Spiggy pounds his fist into his plate and sends peas and mashed potatoes in all directions. Every TV tray is bent into a V and this morning while dusting the bookshelves I found a perfectly good pork chop wedged between *Birds of North America* and *The Happy Hooker*.

People in Europe are starving.

Come to think of it, I could do with a nibble of something. Maybe there's some leftover coleslaw. . . .

Nuts. Spiggy must have gotten to it this morning before he left, and that pork chop was a little stiffer than I thought.

Speaking of stiff, Capitol Hill is abuzz with the aftermath of poor President Allende's unfortunate suicide and subsequent death in the Chili Palace. In the Lord & Taylor changing room I overheard Mrs. Laird tell Mrs.

OVER THE RAINBOW

Is Livingston Taylor's Brand New Album

See Livingston Taylor on Tour



on **CAPRICORN RECORDS**

Chennault that the Chilean Generals sent them matching gold cufflinks and earrings made from Mr. Allende's fillings.

Some people. Tsk.

Did I tell you that the young Eisenhower are expecting a little bundle of joy? Apparently Dick offered poor David some tapes of young Joe Kennedy's dope deals as insurance on the Presidential race in 1992. In return David has to kiss Julie with his mouth open to make a baby. (Dick says the pregnancy announcement will coincide with Justice Douglas's sudden heart attack and neutralize the bad vibes.) I am afraid everyone involved is expecting a little bit too much of everyone else these trying weeks.

Anything else to report? Hmmmmn. Let's see. . .

Oh yes, Martha Mitchell called up last night and said that the *Atomic Mole People* have chosen her to be the one to deliver the note demanding all of Earth's electric train transformers, a hundred thousand million cases of Good Neighbor Scotch and the words to "When-the-moon-hits-your-eye-like-a-big-pizzapie" by Dean Martin in return for control of John Mitchell's *real* brainwaves, which I gather they are holding for ransom.

Oh fudge, Diary, I forgot to tell you that I may have sold my first short story! It's called *VICE President* and it's the lurid confessions of a perky and pleasingly-plump wife of a highly placed political person and what he puts the poor woman through not to mention just having to sit there and watch when he *eats*. And I really don't consider myself particularly squeamish about most things. Like the time David and Julie were over for coke floats and somehow she left him alone for *just a minute* in the bathroom and I was the only one willing to even get *near* it, much less clean it up. I mean, it was incred—ssssssssshhhhhhh.

Wait a minute.

Did you hear something funny just then?

Almost as if some one . . . or some thing was lurking outside your door? (I know it isn't Bruce because he's off selecting a trousseau at Sears.)

There, did you hear that? Like some sort of furry animal . . . some sort of *big furry animal* . . . blindly tapping at the—that's it! Whoever, or whatever, it is, a big, blind furry thing . . . yike.

Hey, aren't MOLES blind?

Uh-oh. The phone is dead . . . and it's *fiddling with* the door handle! Oh my god no no it's

Nice that I am still Judy Agnew your pink food tube friend and oh quartz, Citizen Chronometer-on-the-bulkhead says time to stop using precious pink earth food tube minutes

when could be giving quadrasphere quick once-over for Lionels and American Flyers (yum yum)

Oh no, just kidding. Actually must go foodplace buy recharges for third-meal bye now.

Judy

WATCH TELEVISION and listen to it through your stereo with **TELEADAPTER!**

Works with any television and stereo system. Just takes minutes to plug it in—then listen to all those concerts and movies on television in a fantastic high-fidelity sound you've never heard before. Complete and ready to use with instructions. Send a \$16.95 check or money order, or your Mastercharge number, or only \$2.00 for C.O.D., ppd. to Rhoades & Company, Dept. NL-73, P.O. Box 817, Hendersonville, Tenn. 37075.



R. Crumb 78 RECORDS

ORDINARY
R. CRUMB & HIS "KEEP ON TRUCKIN' ORCHESTRA" & THE GOODTIME BANGYO BOYS.

GOOD TONE
Only \$1.95 EACH

R. Crumb POSTERS
IN FULL COLOR
\$1.50 EACH

TWIS EPTIUS
Lays Mc Natural

GIANT STICK-ONS
PEEL 'EM OFF - STICK 'EM ON.
SAME SIZE & DESIGNS AS T-SHIRTS.
(Approx. 12 inches high)

STICK-ON:
CARS - BUSES - TRUCKS - DOORS - WINDOWS (SCISSOR)
TOILET SEATS - LUGGAGE - NOTE BOOKS - INSTRUMENT CASES - WALLS - REFRIGERATORS.
NOT IRON-ONS!
STICKS TO ANY HARD SURFACE. NOT CLOTH.

1.95 EACH

T-SHIRTS
HIGHEST QUALITY

NIFTY GIFTS

3.95 EACH

50¢ EACH

CLIP & MAIL COUPON TO:
THE NATURAL TRADING CO.
 % THE CHEROKEE BOOKSHOP
 6607 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028.

Enclosed CASH CHECK MONEY ORDER CREDIT

Is Add 25¢ for PACK ITEM, MATERIAL HANDLING (BUTTONS EXCLUDED) & 50¢ for POSTAGE.

My NAME _____
 My ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

OUTSIDE U.S.A. ADD 50¢ POSTAGE. CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 3% SALES TAX. ADD 25¢ FOR EACH ITEM. Rates & Handling (Leaves required) & 50¢ for POSTAGE.

8 Buttons, Patch, Another *

RECORDS (78's & 45's) @ \$1.95 ea. Add 25¢ ea. item, post & handle.

POSTERS @ \$1.50 ea. Add 50¢ ea. item, post & handle.

1 TWIS EPTIUS, Full Color (10 1/2" x 14") \$ 2.25

1 Family TOILET POSTER - Full Color (10 1/2" x 22")

PLEASE SEND T-SHIRTS @ 4.95

FREE Button with each T-Shirt.

ITEM	PRICE	SIZES				TOTAL
		SM	M	L	XL	
1 BASH 'N' BUCK, Green on white.	4.95					
1 MURPHY RAY, Green on white.	4.95					
1 BITTIN' BULL, Green on white.	4.95					
1 FINEST GUY, 3 Colors on white.	4.95					
1 SHAZAM, Yellow & black on white.	4.95					
1 GUY ON 'EMERGENCY, Black & red on white.	4.95					
1 MATTHEW ELSPRING, Red/white on white.	4.95					
1 PROUD ON GREENLINE, 3 Colors on white.	4.95					
1 SPARKS, 4 Colors on white.	4.95					
1 PRANK BROS, Black on yellow.	4.95					
1 BLENDING CHEEKER, 4 Colors on white.	4.95					
1 BASH NATURAL, Yellow & black on white.	4.95					
1 PEGASUS, 3 Colors on white.	4.95					
1 FREE FROM BEER, Green & black on white.	4.95					
1 FREE FROM BEER, Green & black on white.	4.95					
1 BASH STUPID, Yellow & black on white.	4.95					
1 DOWN WITH 'EM, 3 Colors on white.	4.95					



What makes JBL loudspeakers so different from the rest? Well, we grew up on the other side of the sound tracks, in the music business, making loudspeakers for recording engineers, professional musicians—people who listen to music for a living.

Would it impress you to know that the top professional recording studios like Warner Brothers and Capitol and Elektra and MGM use JBL loudspeakers to record, play back, mix down and master their music? It's true.

Decade. JBL's newest loudspeaker.

(The price has been strategically placed in a later paragraph of this advertisement.

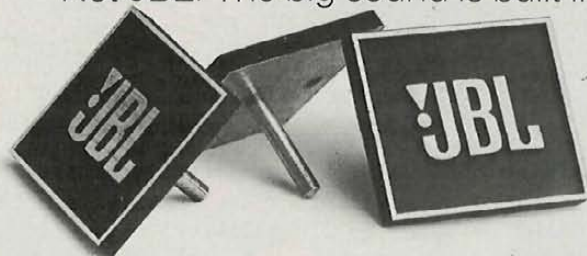
We can't have you running into your JBL dealer's because of "price"
That's not even the right reason.)

Some of us think Decade is the best two-way sound system we've ever made. If you'll forgive a few buzz words, we'll tell you why:

"Definition". That's a loudspeaker's capacity for letting the listener hear each part, every part of a whole sound. JBL's Decade has almost perfect definition.

"High efficiency". Very important. Most loudspeakers are low efficiency speakers; they need a big amplifier to give you back a big sound. Not JBL. The big sound is built in, and a little amplifier goes a long way.

"\$129." That means if you've been saving up for a JBL loudspeaker, stop. Come hear JBL's new Decade. Except for the price, it sounds expensive.



James B. Lansing Sound, Inc./3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles 90039
High fidelity loudspeakers from \$129 to \$2,700.

Many people shop for receivers in terms of power. But since all receivers aren't rated the same, you can wind up paying for watts that aren't always there.

To get your wattsworth, you need to know the minimum power a receiver can deliver to each speaker, at all times and at all frequencies. Which is precisely how we rate all of our receivers. When we say our low-priced STR-6046A, for instance, puts out 20 watts per channel, or that our STR-6036A puts out 2x15 watts, we're talking continuous power with both channels driven, into 8 ohm speakers, and at all frequencies within the 20-20,000 Hz range. The numbers sound modest, compared to other pow-

er ratings (by IHF Dynamic Power Standards at 4 ohms, for instance, the 6046A would rate 80 watts, and 70 for the 6036A). But the power actually available is as much as you really need—especially since those are clean, pure watts with less than 0.8% harmonic or IM distortion at full rated output.

But, just getting your wattsworth isn't quite enough. You also need good FM performance (both the 6046A and the 6036A come within a fraction of a microvolt of the most expensive receivers' rated FM sensitivity). And since you don't want to compromise on control flexibility either, both receivers include, beside the basics, little luxuries like tape

monitors, loudness switches, mike inputs and speaker selectors (plus a high filter, a mixing control, and function indicator lights on the 6046A).

Sony STR-6046A sells for \$249.50,* the STR-6036A for \$199.50.* But we also have receivers like our powerful STR-7065 at \$499.50* At any price, at any power, Sony gives you more than your wattsworth.

Sony Corporation of America, 9 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

SONY



HOW TO GET MORE THAN YOUR WATTSWORTH.



Price includes walnut finish cabinet; suggested retail.

APPROVED
BY THE
NFL
NAACP
NATIONAL
CONFERENCE
OF CHRISTIANS
AND JEWS

CHARACTER BUILDING



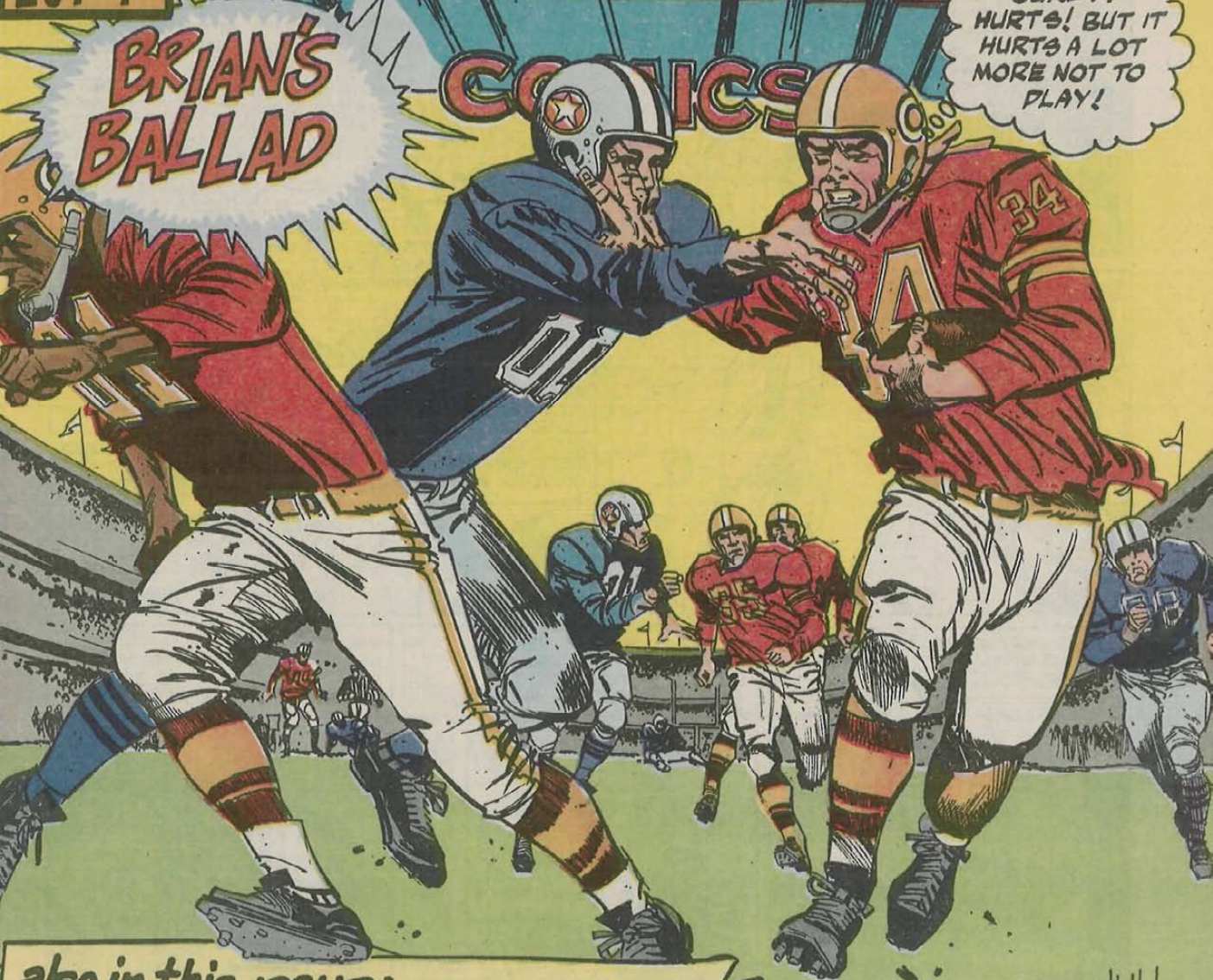
MANLY
COMICS
GROUP

20¢ NOV 7

**BRIAN'S
BALLAD**

COMICS

SURE IT
HURTS! BUT IT
HURTS A LOT
MORE NOT TO
PLAY!



also in this issue:
THE LIFE OF GEORGE ALLEN:
chapter I: The Early Years

Hollidge



WOW! THAT'S TEN TO'S FOR BRIAN CLARINET IN THE FIRST HALF, DAD!

HE'S THE BEST HALF-BACK I'VE SEEN SINCE RED GRANGE, SON!

BRIAN'S BALLAD

WRITTEN BY GERRY "HANDS" SUSSMAN • ILLUSTRATED BY FRAN "CRAZYLEGS" HOLLIDGE

THE CHICAGO BEARS ROMPED TO ANOTHER EASY VICTORY, THANKS TO THE HEROICS OF BRIAN CLARINET...



MINE IS 6 1/2.

MAHN'S 18 1/4.

HEY, MAN, GIMME SOME SOAP.

FUCK YOU. GET YOUR OWN SOAP.

BRIAN, YOU LOOKED FABULOUS TODAY, BUT HOW DO YOU REALLY FEEL? YOU OWE THE FANS AN EXPLANATION!

WELL, HOWARD, I DO MY BEST...

THIS ITCH IN MY ASS IS DRIVING ME BANANAS!

AND IN THE NEXT GAME IT TOOK ITS TOLL... BRIAN CLARINET COULDN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT...

THE TORMENT OF RECTAL ITCH GREW WORSE...



MOVE YOUR ASS, CLARINET! SHOULD'VE HAD THAT ONE EASY!

ASSISTANT COACH

DID I CATCH SOMETHING FROM A TOILET SEAT?

WHATSA MATTER, CLARINET? NOT USED TA GETTIN' KNOCKED ON YOUR ASS?

I BETTER SEE A DOCTOR!

...AND THE BEARS WERE UPSET BY THE LOWLY NEW ORLEANS SAINTS, 42-3...

GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR ASS, CLARINET!

YOU WERE A BUMMER TODAY!

BUMMER IS RIGHT!

YOU REALLY STUNK TODAY, BRIAN. WHAT EXCUSES DO YOU HAVE FOR THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WHO PAY GOOD MONEY TO SEE YOU?

MR. CLARINET, I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE A BAD CASE OF HEMORRHOIDS. YOU MUST HAVE AN OPERATION.

OPERATION? BUT THAT WOULD PUT ME OUT FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON, DOC!

JUST ONE OF THOSE DAYS, HOWARD...



THE TEAM NEEDS ME. WE COULD WIN IT ALL THIS YEAR. I'VE GOT TO PLAY!

IN THAT CASE I'LL GIVE YOU THIS OINTMENT THAT'S RECOMMENDED BY FOUR OUT OF FIVE DOCTORS FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF OF THE PAIN AND ITCHING DUE TO HEMORRHOIDS.

THE BURNING QUESTION EVERYONE WANTS AN ANSWER TO IS WHY BRIAN CLARINET, A PICTURE OF HEALTH, VISITED A DOCTOR!

JUST A ROUTINE CHECKUP, HOWARD!

GOOD LUCK, BRIAN. I USUALLY HAVE A COUPLE HUNDRED RIDING ON THE GAMES MYSELF.



THAT EVENING BRIAN AND WIFE, DONNA, ENTERTAINED BRIAN'S BEST FRIEND, STAR WIDE RECEIVER JIM RIVERS AND JIM'S WIFE SUE.

...YOU'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNOW. I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT A SECRET UNTIL THE END OF THE SEASON!

BETTER WATCH YOUR ASS FROM NOW ON, BRIAN.

OH SHUSH, JIM! THAT'S IN BAD TASTE!



NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS ASS. HE DRIVES ME CRAZY IN THOSE TIGHT PANTS. MAYBE WE CAN DO WHAT KEKICH AND PETERSON DID... BUT I'M KEEPING OUR CATS.



THE REST OF THE SEASON WAS ONE LONG NIGHTMARE TO BRIAN CLARINET.

TEMPORARY RELIEF MY A FOOT!



HE TRIED HARDER THAN EVER...

NICE TRY, BRIAN...

NO, NO! JUST GIVE ME A HAND SLAP!



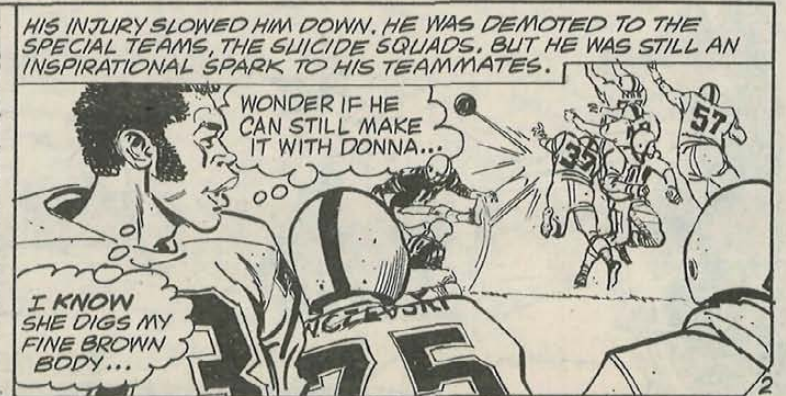
...BUT HIS PROBLEM GREW WORSE AND WORSE...

WONDER WHY HE'S SITTING ON HIS DOWN-FILLED PARKA? IT'S 10 BELOW ZERO TODAY.



THEY SAY YOU'RE CONSPIRING WITH KNOWN GAMBLERS TO FIX GAMES, AND THAT IT'S ALL PART OF A COMMUNIST PLOT TO UNDERMINE THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME OF FOOTBALL. IS THAT TRUE, BRIAN?

I'M JUST A LITTLE OFF IN MY TIMING, HOWARD.

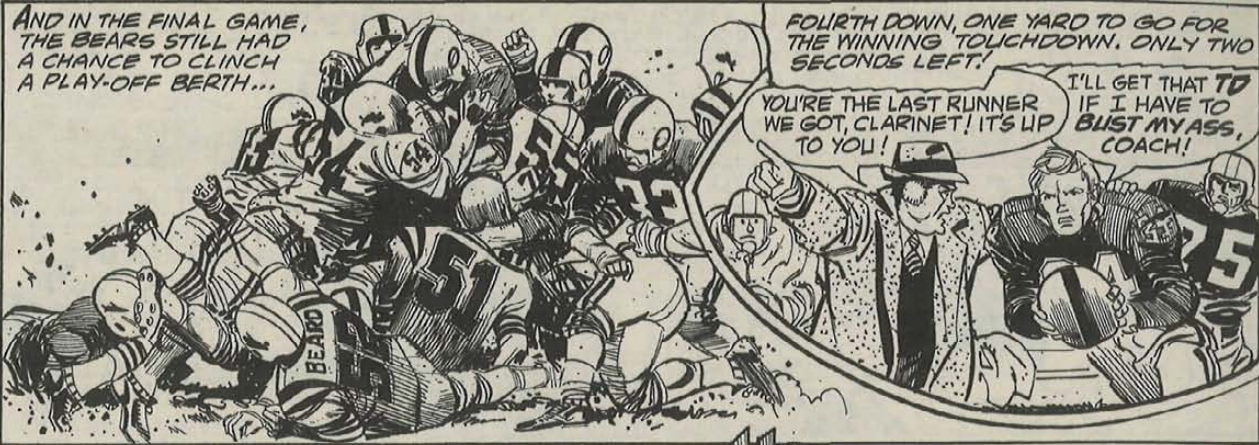


HIS INJURY SLOWED HIM DOWN. HE WAS DEMOTED TO THE SPECIAL TEAMS, THE SUICIDE SQUADS, BUT HE WAS STILL AN INSPIRATIONAL SPARK TO HIS TEAMMATES.

WONDER IF HE CAN STILL MAKE IT WITH DONNA...

I KNOW SHE DIGS MY FINE BROWN BODY...

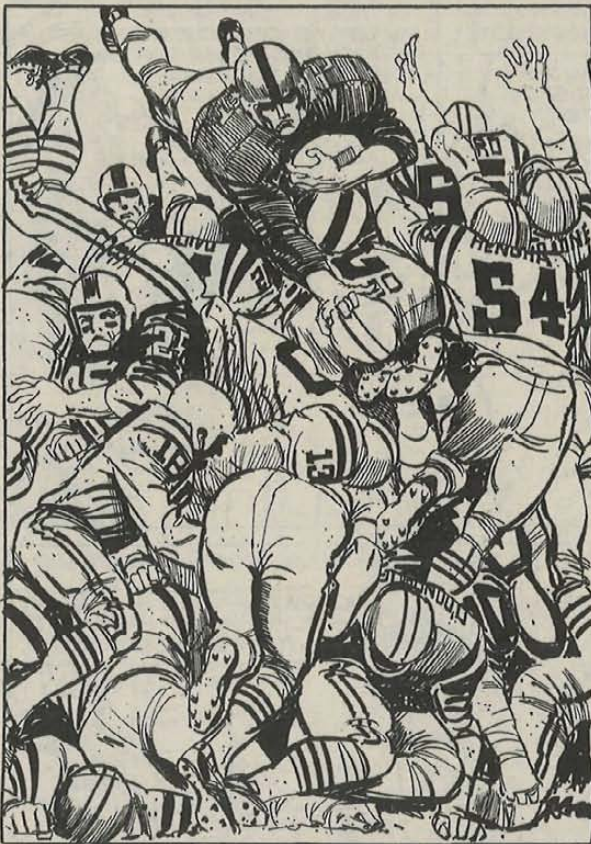
AND IN THE FINAL GAME, THE BEARS STILL HAD A CHANCE TO CLINCH A PLAY-OFF BERTH...



FOURTH DOWN, ONE YARD TO GO FOR THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN. ONLY TWO SECONDS LEFT!

YOU'RE THE LAST RUNNER WE GOT, CLARINET! IT'S UP TO YOU!

I'LL GET THAT TD IF I HAVE TO BUST MY ASS, COACH!



TOUCHDOWN!

IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT YOUR BODY IS RAVAGED WITH AN EMBARRASSING DISEASE, BRIAN?



I'M JUST A LITTLE WORN OUT, HOWARD. IT'S BEEN A LONG...

GENTLEMEN, THIS PATIENT HAS ALLOWED HIS HEMORRHOIDS TO SPREAD TO AN ALARMING DEGREE. THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE...



WOW! LOOK AT THOSE 'ROIDS! THEY'RE THE SIZE OF CANTALOUPE!



BOOM!

BUT THE OPERATION WAS A FAILURE. IT WAS TOO LATE!

I...I'M SORRY, BRIAN! IT'S TERMINAL HEMORRHOIDS. AND THEY'RE SPREADING FAST. WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT AS EASY AS POSSIBLE FOR YOU!

OH, BRIAN... WHY? WHY YOU?

I'M GOING TO CALL JIM TO CONSOLE ME TONIGHT...

THAT FINE BLONDE LADY'S GOIN' TO NEED SOME COMFORTIN'...

HEY, JIM... YOU'RE MY ASSHOLE BUDDY. LET'S HEAR SOME COCKIE DOOTIE JOKES TO CHEER... ME... UP...

BRIAN, WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOUR FAMILY? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO LEAVE A WIFE, TWO KIDS, A BIG MORTGAGE, AND HAVE ONLY \$140 IN THE BANK?

MY AGENT JUST MADE A SIX-FIGURE PACKAGE DEAL FOR MY STORY, HOWARD. INCLUDES MOVIE, TV SERIES, RECORD, BOOK, MAGAZINE STORIES, PROMOTIONAL TIE-INS... SHOULD TAKE CARE OF DO...DONNA AND THE K-K-KIDS...



A WEEK LATER AT THE SUPER BOWL...

...IT IS MY HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT PART OF THE PROCEEDS OF THIS GAME WILL GO TO THE BRIAN CLARINET HEMORRHOID FOUNDATION, AND THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER WILL RECEIVE THE GOLDEN SUPPOSITORY AWARD.



MORE THAN ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE, BRIAN CLARINET WANTED TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL... er **BOWL!** HE DIED SO THAT HIS TEAM COULD BE HERE TODAY. AND IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY, HE WOULD TELL ME THAT THE ONLY WAY TO WIN IS TO KEEP PLAYING THE GAME, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE HURT BAD. HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO IGNORE MY CRITICS. HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO FORGET THE OLD WOUNDS (OF WATERGATE). HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO GET THIS COUNTRY BACK TO WHERE IT BELONGS! **NUMBER ONE!**



THE HALF-TIME CEREMONIES CONTINUE WITH A SALUTE TO BRIAN CLARINET, THE BIG "B"!



...CONTINUING OUR GREAT TRIBUTE TO BRIAN CLARINET WITH THE KING OF SWING, MR. CLARINET HIMSELF, BENNY GOODMAN, PLAYING "BRIAN'S BALLAD," THE NEW HIT THAT'S SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

THE GOODYEAR BLIMP WITH A MESSAGE TO BRIAN...

BRIAN, WE HOPE YOU LEFT ALL YOUR CARES BEHIND!



BOY, THEY'RE REALLY "PILING" IT ON! SORRY, EDNA. I JUST CAN'T HELP IT!



HERE'S TO BRIAN CLARINET. HE WAS A REGULAR GUY!

BOTTOM'S UP! OH, SHIT! WHAT AM I SAYING?

THE BEARS WON THE SUPER BOWL AND THE NEXT DAY BRIAN CLARINET'S HEMORRHOIDS WERE DONATED TO THE FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME IN CANTON, OHIO.

...AS MUCH AS I HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRER BRIAN CLARINET FOR HIS COURAGE AND DEVOTION TO HIS TEAM, THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS: WHY DIDN'T BRIAN CLARINET HAVE AN OPERATION EARLY IN THE SEASON WHEN IT COULD HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE?

WAS HE AFRAID TO GO UNDER THE KNIFE BECAUSE HE MIGHT BE FOUND OUT AS A HOMOSEXUAL? THE FANS HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW....

OH, JIM, LAST NIGHT WAS EVEN BETTER THAN I DREAMED!

DON'T EVER LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THAT BEAUTIFUL ASS OF YOURS, BABY.



AND SO BRIAN CLARINET BECAME THE SYMBOL OF THE AMERICAN DREAM--TO WIN, TO DIE, TO BE REBORN IN THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF YOUNG AMERICANS WHO WILL FIGHT TO KEEP THIS COUNTRY GREAT.

WHAT'S A HEMORRHOID? MUST BE SOMETHING LIKE A RHOMBROID!

MY KNEE SCAB WAS BETTER LOOKING THAN THAT.

THAT REMINDS ME, I GOTTA FIND A BATHROOM, FAST!

FOOTBALL PLAYERS ARE REALLY THE LOWEST...

THE END

The Life Of GEORGE ALLEN

Chapter 1. "The Early Years."

FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, GEORGE ALLEN BROUGHT TOTAL EFFORT TO EVERYTHING HE DID...



...AND HE DEMANDED TOTAL EFFORT FROM THOSE AROUND HIM...



HE LEARNED VERY EARLY IN LIFE THAT EVERY DAY YOU WASTE IS ONE YOU CAN'T MAKE UP...



...THAT WINNING IS LIVING...



...AND THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE OFF SEASON.



HE ALWAYS PUT OUT 110 PERCENT...



continued



I CAN TEACH
YOU TO
BLOW YOUR
ATTACKER TO
DEATH WITH
LUNG-FU

Up to now, Lung-Fu was known only by the dreaded *Hosein*, the assassination arm of the Chinese Secret Police. But a famous American war correspondent secretly photographed the pages of a Lung-Fu manual and smuggled them out of mainland China!

Today he is in hiding for fear that the *Hosein* may extract a painful punishment for his act. But he felt that the benefits of Lung-Fu were so important to the American people that it was worth the risk of his life!

Turn Your Attacker Into a Bunch of Flying Bones! Lung-Fu is even more lethal than karate or Kung-Fu. It uses the incredible powers stored in your lungs—shows you how to blow an attacker to smithereens with a force equal to a 150 m.p.h. hurricane!

NO MONEY BACK TRIAL OFFER ACT NOW

MARSHALL ARTS SCHOOLS, Inc. Dept. 4365
1224 Utopia Parkway
Bayside, N.Y.

—I wish to be inducted into the secret self-defense method of Lung-Fu and I am willing to take the risk of being hunted by the Chinese Secret Police if I am discovered. I pledge to show the Lung-Fu Manual to no one. I enclose \$2.98 payment in full.

—I pledge never to use Lung-Fu as an aggressor or use it near private property, which could be destroyed by a good blow.

.....
(My Signature)
NAME.....
ADDRESS..... AGE.....
CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

**SEE FOOTBALL GAMES FREE
WITH OFFICIAL NFL PRESS PASSES**

FROM THE DAILY HERALD?
YOUR SEAT'S RIGHT ON THE
50 YARD LINE, SIR!



Watch the big NFL football games in the pressbox or right on the field, next to your favorite players! Genuine replicas of official NFL press passes, 50 in a packet, including *Daily Telegram, Evening Gazette*, etc. Only \$1 to NFL Press Passes, Box 3, Boise, Idaho.

DIE LIKE A MAN!

Join Wilderness Trekkers on a survival trip to Greenland. Short rations, inadequate clothing, no fuel or compass. The ultimate test for boys who want to become MEN. Small groups, no supervision. Free brochure, write Wilderness, Box 12, Montpelier, Vt.

BE A TACKLING DUMMY



Get into the action at the
**BOOM BOOM HARRIS
FOOTBALL CAMP**

"I learned to take it at the Boom Boom Harris Football Camp and now I can really dish it out."
J.L., starting fullback
Massillon High, Massillon, Ohio

Learn how to play football pro-style as a live tackling dummy. Expert instruction from top NFL players. Good facilities, meals, naps, trips to town. Attractive brochure. Write to Football Camp, Box 09, Racine, Wis.

**YOU MAY HAVE THE 7 SIGNS
OF EFFEMINACY
AND NOT KNOW IT!**

Effeminacy can start in your sub-conscious and spread throughout your entire body if you can't recognize the danger signs and act fast. My new method detects effeminacy signs in seconds, eliminates them in just a few minutes of special exercises. Don't ruin your life. Get the facts, send only \$5.98 to Heidelberg School of Mind-Body, Dept. E-3, Canajoharie, N.Y.



Who controls your four-channel destiny?

With Sansui you are right on. Sansui engineering provides a series of four-channel receivers that are enough ahead of their time to put the future in your hands, now. The unique Sansui QS vario matrix gives you richer, fuller four-channel sound from QS (Regular Matrix) as well as SQ (Phase Matrix) sources, plus demodulated CD-4 and discrete tape. With its superior QS synthesizing section, it creates realistic four-channel sound from conventional stereo. Control your future with the QRX-6500, 5500, 3500, or 3000. Hear them at your franchised Sansui dealer.



QS
REGULAR MATRIX

Sansui

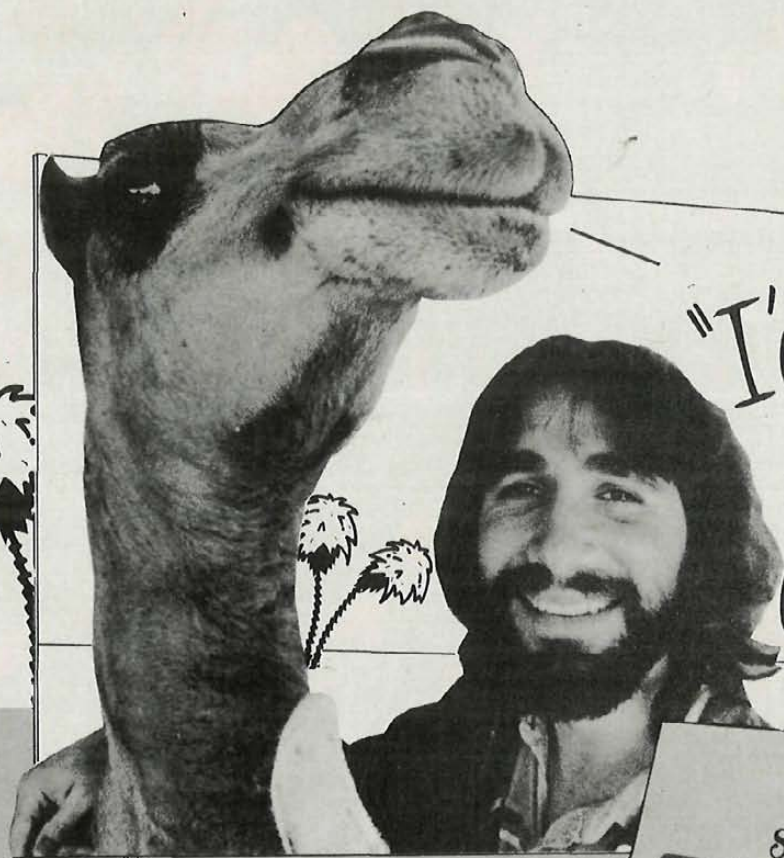
SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247

SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD. Tokyo, Japan

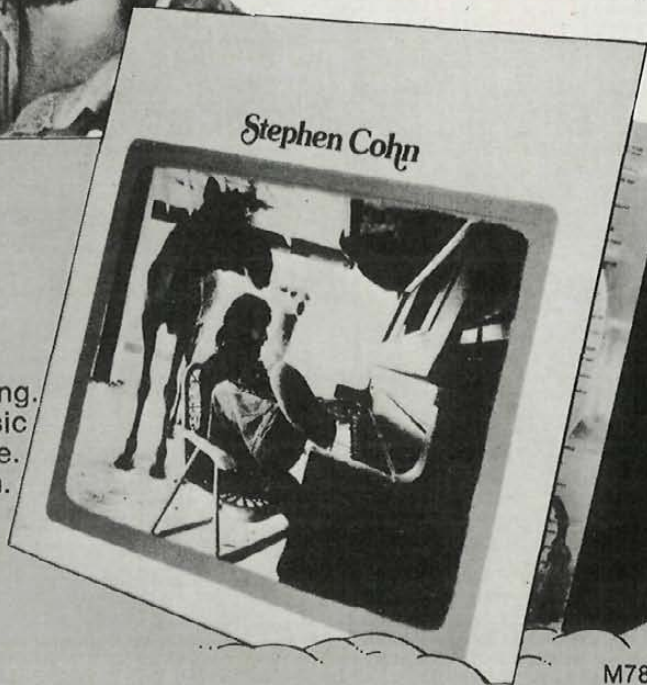
SANSUI AUDIO EQUIPMENT S.A. Antwerp, Belgium • ELECTRONIC DISTRIBUTORS (Canada)

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



"I'd walk
a mile for a
Stephen Cohn."

No kidding.
Stephen Cohn's music
is no joke.
Listen.



M789V1



©1973 Motown Record Corporation

1976 Olympic Preview

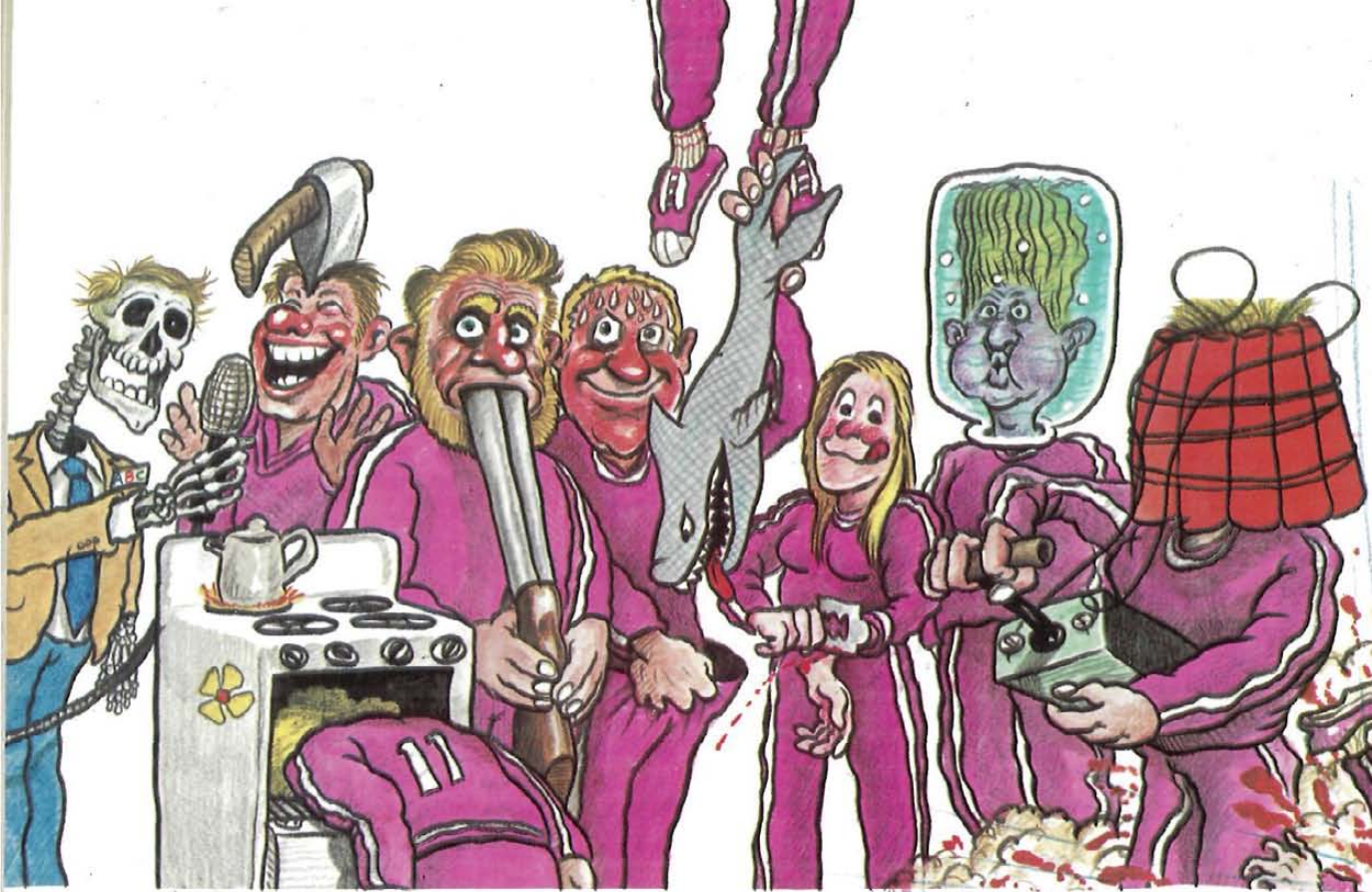
by Rick Meyerowitz and Gerald Sussman

The XXI Olympiad in Montreal will include for the first time five new national sports. Together they represent an important contribution to the richness and variety of athletic competition and to the Olympic spirit of international brotherhood and goodwill.

Giraffe Rodeo—Patterned after American rodeo, but using the specially-bred Nigerian Kaduna giraffe, the meanest rodeo animal in the world.

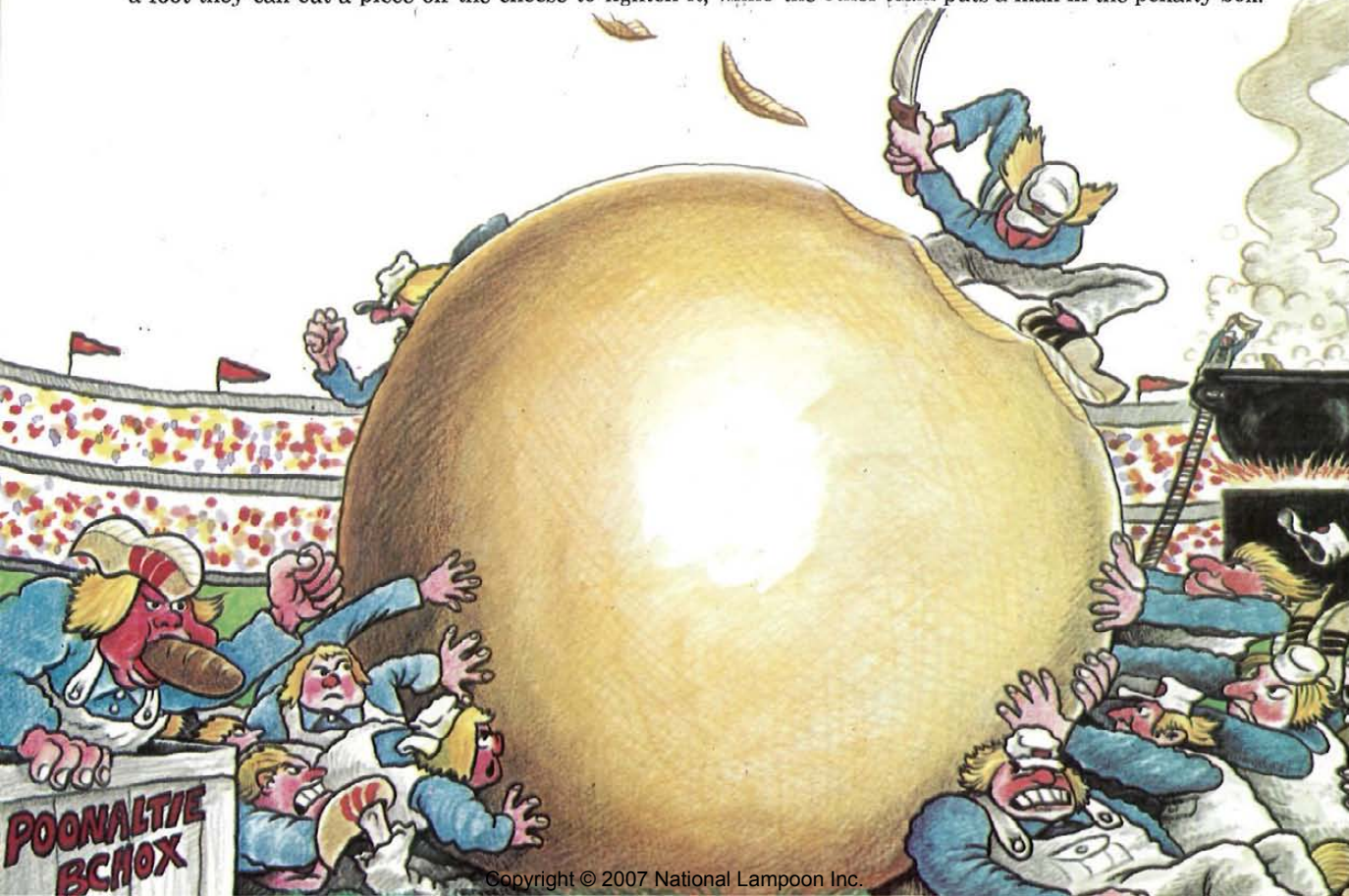
continued

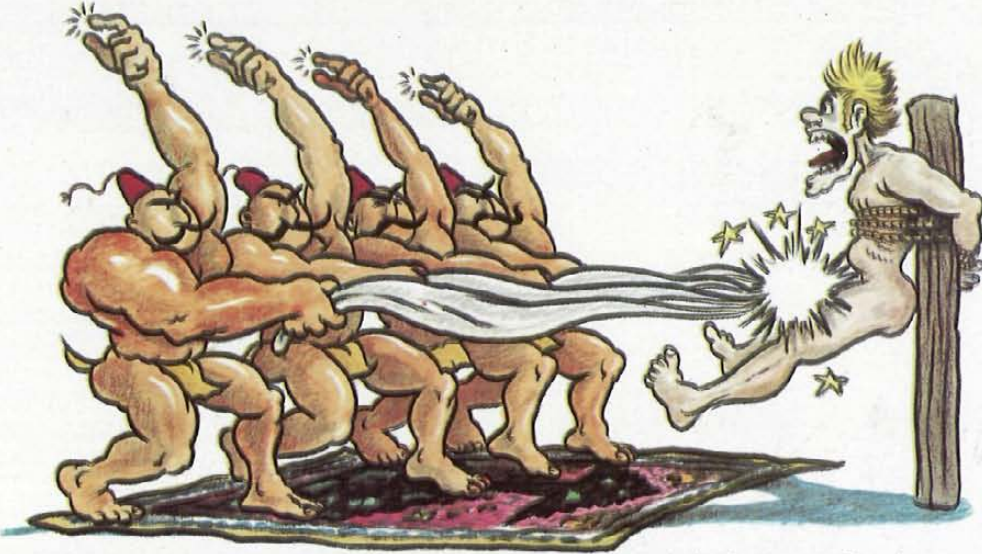




Swedish Suiciding—In Sweden suicide is more than just a sport, it's a way of life. Winners judged on speed, originality, and grace under pressure.

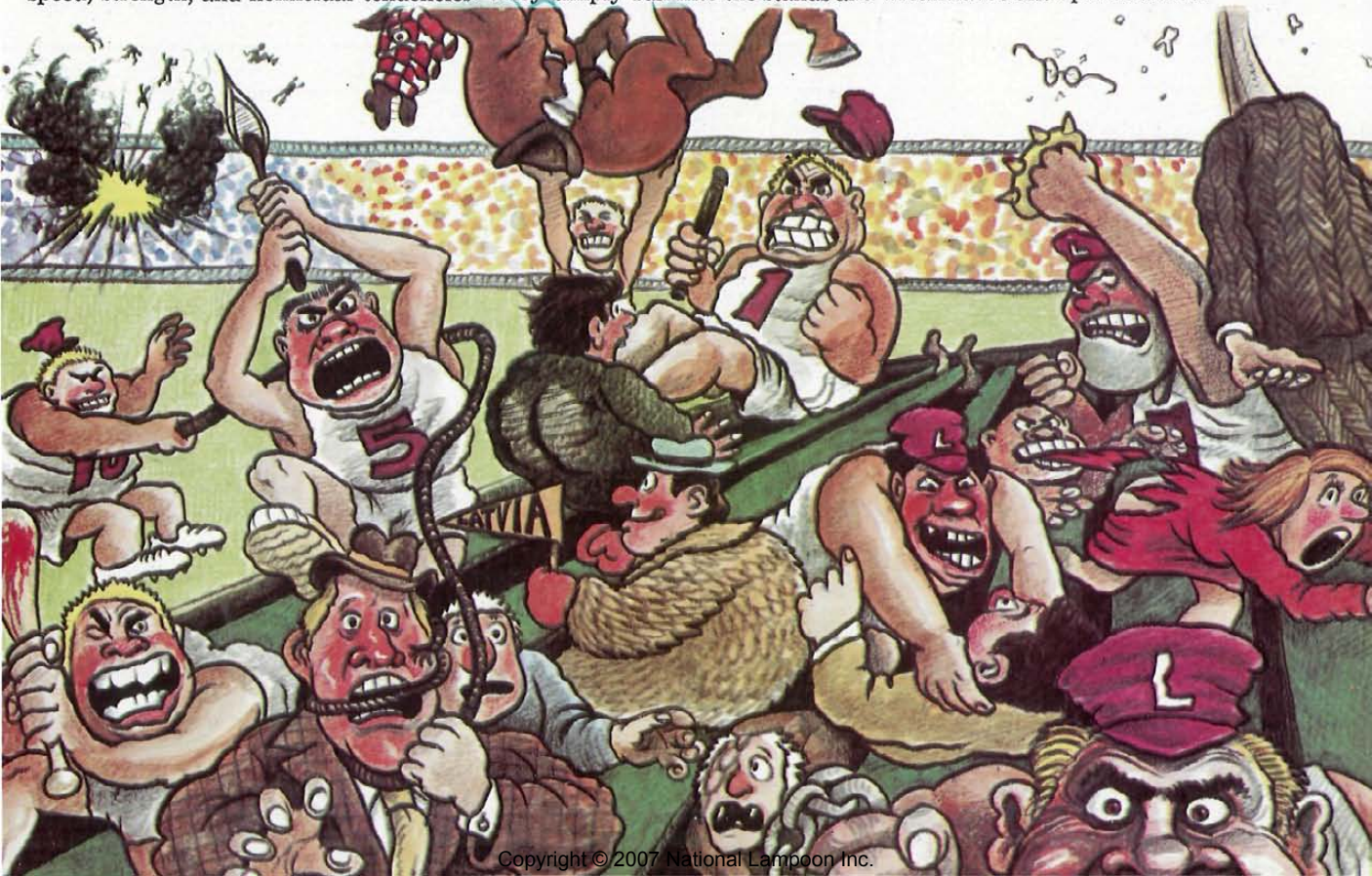
Dutch Cheese Ball—Two teams try to push a two thousand pound ball of Gouda across a finish line. If a team gains a foot they can cut a piece off the cheese to lighten it, while the other team puts a man in the penalty box.





Turkish Towel Snapping—The second national sport of Turkey. A stirring combination of gymnastics and ballet, with marks for degree of difficulty and cruelty.

Latvian Running Amok—The most dangerous sport in the world . . . for spectators. Latvians are famous for their speed, strength, and homicidal tendencies. They simply run into the stands and wreak havoc until police arrive.





Kiss Me
I'm
IRISH

KILL

Paper Fan

by Gerald Sussman

The Beginning

It wasn't my idea. It was the one idea I would have never dreamed of. A friend of mine got the notion when we were attending a cocktail party honoring the fortieth anniversary of a magazine famous for publishing anything ever written by Hemingway and Fitzgerald. I was a little miffed at not having anything in this special issue, but I was still my usual cool and charming self, my wit being a shade more brittle than usual. Speaking of brittle, I was hearing stories around the Italian Pavillion and Elaine's that "Plimpton has been going downhill since *Paper Lion*." The Plimpton Haters at work again—jealous literary hustlers who don't have any social or literary connections. The fact is my style has become more mature—richer, darker in its grasp of the nightmarish quality of the Professional Amateur. Besides, my schedule was so incredibly full after *Paper Lion* that I hardly had time to write about an experience when I was off to another. If my perceptive, graceful style was getting a bit frazzled I would put part of the blame on money-hungry agents, producers and editors.

Hooked Again

Getting back to my friend's idea. He asked me if I would like a ticket to the New York Giant-Baltimore Colt football game for the coming Sunday. "You mean a ticket to *watch* a football game?" I stammered. I had been looking forward to a weekend of rest before starting my next series of projects, which included directing air traffic at Kennedy Airport and carrying out a contract as a "hit man" for the Mafia. But now a restful weekend was out of the question.

"I've never done that," I said. "I've always been too busy participating as a player on one team or another. I don't know what it's actually like to sit in the stands and watch."

That's why he proposed the idea. So I could write about what it really felt like to be a fan—with the same insight, engaging modesty, and high good humor that I gave to my other books. And of course I was hooked. I was getting what I call my "Wolfman" feeling. When I act out a new fantasy I become as single-minded as Lon Chaney, Jr. during the full moon.

My agent loved the idea. He was immediately spinning TV specials

and movie sales with big "packages" involving Robert Redford, Cybill Shepherd, Jim Brown, and Tatum O'Neal. "Tatum will get her first screen kiss in this story," he said.

My editor thought it was the best book idea for me since *Lion*—that it would put me into a new genre, giving my work a more Balzacian depth and profundity. I agreed.

The Fan Coach

I had only three days to prepare myself. I was getting a lot of advice from my friends but I decided to enlist the help of a professional fan coach named Stefan Kanfer. Kanfer claimed to be a star stickball player, a unique New York City game similar to baseball. But a trick knee forced him into retirement and he became a brilliant sports watcher and now, a coach for aspiring fans.

He gave me an eye, ear, and throat examination and pronounced me physically fit. "The eyes, of course, are for your watching. But your throat is the most important. A fan with a sore throat is like a quarterback with a sore arm. Your voice is your instrument. Make believe you're at the game and you're rooting for the Giants. Yell something to encourage them."

"Right here? Well . . . uh . . . how about C'mon Giants!"

"Terrible. Very cliché. Your first cheer is very important. You've got to establish yourself early in the game with a strong style."

"How about KILL GIANTS! KILL!"

"That's kid stuff. For the bedsheet brigade. Only time you use that is when a big group takes it up as a chant. A man of your perspicacity should use an elegant, yet very timely cheer, delivered say, in a mock W. C. Fields style. Something like, 'Fellows . . . I want you to shred those inoperative imposters into a pile of cole slaw and garnish them with their own teeth!'"

I thought that sounded a bit strange, but it *was* different. Kanfer looked annoyed. "Look Plimpton, if you just want to yell things like 'Ex-Lax, Ex-Lax, Open up the Hole,' you don't need me. Any high school kid can coach you. I work with the top writers in New York—Mailer, Roth, Pete Hamill—all very eloquent people. And they all come to me for coaching. I'm trying to create a per-

sonal style for you."

He gave me some baroque W. C. Fields style cheers and some "short, punchy numbers" to use for contrast, like "Rip Them Asunder" and "Dis-member Their Members." There was no time to master a complete cheerbook so he had me concentrate on three or four basic things. To simulate game conditions, I practiced in front of a mirror while watching old New York Giant films. I told Kanfer that I would be sitting in section 29, row D, the roughest section in football.

"I've heard of twenty-nine," he said. "Their leader is a guy named Bobby. Supposed to be a real tough cookie. Hates to see a new face in his area. They say he actually traded a few rookie fans to another section for some veterans he wanted. And you'll be a rookie to them, George. Just like you were in *Paper Lion*."

Kanfer wanted me to work with two of his assistants, John Phillips, the parking space coach and Raymond Kennedy, the maneuvering-in-stadium-crowds coach. I should have taken his advice but I had a thousand things to work out in my head and I didn't want to overtrain. Besides, I now had enough material to write a whole section on what it was like to be taught by a great fan coach, with my usual fresh insights and fascinating details.

The Agony of Waiting

Time seemed to move very slowly. I was experiencing one of the deep anxieties of the fan—the agony of waiting for Sunday, a feeling I would soon describe accurately and eloquently. It was difficult to sleep. I would lay awake at nights figuring out strategies and tactics on how to handle Bobby and his group. I would rehearse cheers in my head. Things like, "OK GIANTS, TEAR THEM INTO LITTLE PIECES OF BREAD, DUNK THEM IN THEIR OWN BLOOD, AND EAT THEM FOR LUNCH!" Or quickies like, "SEARCH AND DESTROY!" Sometimes I would scream them in my sleep and scare my wife into a fit.

Food and Clothing

I knew how nervous I was getting when I couldn't figure out what to wear (for the game). Usually I close my eyes, grab anything, and hope it comes out Ivy League-ish. But everything I tried on looked too pretentious

continued

or too sloppy. I almost cried in frustration and wanted to burn all my clothes when my wife arrived with a present for me. It was something she called a "stadium coat," a bulky cavalry twill coat with a collar made of non-endangered raccoon. She said it was the perfect fan coat and that it was smart for both town and country wear. I hated it as much as wearing a football helmet but I couldn't disappoint her.

What about food? Should I bring a picnic hamper? It seemed like a good idea for a rookie. Make friends by offering a robust country paté, wedges of Brie and Gruyere, crusty French bread, an unpretentious Beaujolais. There was still time to call the caterer. But what if they don't like paté or cheese? And so many wines are going corky and flat these days. Maybe just a flask of scotch or bourbon. I couldn't make up my mind so I just gave up on the whole idea.

Fear and Trembling

At last the day of the game dawned. It dawned crisp and clear just as it always did in *Stover at Yale*, but I awoke with a sliver of fear cutting through me. Coach Kanfer told me that almost all the great fans experience some form of fear before a game.

"They all have their pre-game rituals," he said. "There was Jeff Kirwin, all-NFL fan for years. His wife Marion used to beat him on the head and shoulders with celery stalks stuffed with scallion cream cheese to get his adrenalin flowing and turn his fear into hatred for the opposing team. And 'Labe' Glasser, Rookie Fan of the Year in '71. He'd just lie in bed and stare at the ceiling from Saturday night to near game time on Sunday. Then he'd get up, put on his sheepskin vest and vomit for fifteen minutes. That's how nervous he was."

Justifiable Homicide

To be on the safe side I allowed about two hours to get to Yankee Stadium, a ride that normally takes about thirty minutes from my town house. I wanted the extra time to get the feel of the crowd and capture a few insights. But somewhere on the highway I took a wrong turn and ended up in a section of the Bronx where everything was in Spanish, even the street signs. The streets, sidewalks, cars, and houses were painted in those garish subway graffiti colors. As much as I adore exotic locales and offbeat people I felt that I was out of place here. But before I could speed off a gang of young toughs

jumped on my car and mugged it. They were about to get me when they found another lost car cruising by. With my undeniable good looks and Jaguar XKE it was hard to blame them.

No Parking

I headed back toward the stadium but parking was impossible. There were no spaces in the Bronx. I went over the bridge to Queens but still couldn't find anything. Kanfer was right. I should have gotten some parking coaching. It was getting late, my car was a semi-wreck, and I was nearing suburban Long Island. Finally, I left the car in a "No Parking at any Time, Not Even Doctors, Handicapped People or Diplomats. Police Towaway Zone." I got a cab to a heliport I knew, chartered a chopper, and landed on a rooftop about a half mile from the stadium. I arrived about a minute before the game, just in time to get caught in the karo syrup-like crowd that moved inch by inch toward the turnstiles and up the ramps. By the time I got to my section the first quarter was over and my wallet was gone. My nightmare had begun. I was giddy with the knowledge that I would soon transform it into an utterly engaging and comic masterpiece

ROACH SHIRTS HAVE IT ALL WRAPPED UP

ROACH ASTOUNDED THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD RECENTLY AS THE VIRGIN TOMB OF KING SUM BUT SUK WAS NEATLY DEFILED BY ARCHAEOLOGISTS, SWORN STATEMENTS WERE ISSUED THAT THE FULL COLOR

ROACH SHIRT PROTECTING THE MUMMIFIED MONARCH HAD LOST LESS THAN 1% OF ITS ORIGINAL FLOURESCENT BRILLIANCE IN OVER 4,000 YEARS. SO ASK YOUR MUMMY IF YOU CAN WRAP YOUR BODY WITH A ROACH!

FCI
THE ONLY MISSING LINK
M-197

TRUSSARDI
M-590

DRUNKAGIN
M-611

Model's Cat House
M-140

PINBALL
M-541

LOCAL #3
M-564

M-504



ROACH STUDIOS
PO BOX 182 NL11
WORTHINGTON, OHIO 43085

NAME _____
STREET _____ CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

White T-shirt \$2.95 TANK TOPS \$3.95
 White Sw't-shirt \$4.95 Trim Tank Yellow
 White Jacket \$8.95 Gray Lilac Blue
 Trim T-shirt \$3.25 COLOR T-SHIRTS \$3.50
 Full color 1973 Catalog 75¢ Blue Gold Gray

Adult sizes: S M L XL (No X-Large Tank Tops)
Youth Sizes: 6-8, 10-12, 14-16. (T-shirts only)

Specify Design No. _____ Size _____
 Designs on both sides of shirt, \$1.00 extra.

Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over \$20 money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 50¢. Make check payable to ROACH STUDIOS. Add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.

M-124

M-519

PANAMA RED

M-606

M-511

JACK FOL

M-148

M-610

EST MORE PASTILL

M-612

roach

M-595

M-535

FLY UNITED

M-189

M-143

M-516

M-523

M-536

M-566

M-586

M-600

The Killer

I found my seat in section 29, row D. Someone was sitting in it. He was not the terrifying six foot eight inch 250-pound Negro I was ready to expect. But he was a five foot ten inch 160-pound Negro who, when asked to vacate the seat by the usher, gave me a look that said, "Don't worry, I'll be back with a gun and kill you and everybody in the row."

Bobby

Just as I was ready to sit down and become a fan, a chunky red-faced gentleman who looked like a cross between Lee Marvin and James Cagney told me that the seat was still a bit dirty and he would wipe it off with his chamois cloth. I thanked him and sat down. I wonder where Bobby was. Someone with a tray of beer had to get past me and I stood up. At least I tried to stand up but I was glued to the seat. The beer carrier tripped over my long legs (I'm six-foot-four) and turned the beer over on my lap. My stadium coat was bathed in beer. That chamois cloth. It must have coated the seat with some kind of adhesive. I couldn't move. I could hear the laughter building all around me. The chunky red-faced fellow shook my hand. "Welcome to the NFL, section 29, rook. I'm Bobby."

Suddenly Bobby and one of his friends lifted me out of my chair and left a patch of my coat on the seat. "Sorry, rook, but that was the only way we could pry you loose. You're Plimpton, right? Read about your new fan book idea in *Publisher's Weekly*. Word gets around fast."

"I guess you want me to sing my college football song now, as part of the traditional hazing process," I said.

"Nope. I want you to sing the New York Giant Fight Song," said Bobby.

"Gee, I don't know that one."

"You're hopeless, Plimpton."

"Aw c'mon Bobby, make him sing a song—any song," said a seedy looking fellow wearing a green cardboard derby.

"Sing the McDonald's song," someone shouted.

"What's that?" I asked.

"You know, the hamburger song."

I remembered the melody vaguely from the TV commercials but the words eluded me. I sang a lot of "da-da-da-da-da-duhs" until the part that goes "you deserve a break today at McDonald's," which I knew and sang with a lot of gusto. Bobby's face lit up with boyish enthusiasm. "Hey, that really stunk," he said.

The Anchovy

A cheery fan who introduced himself as Frank DiMaggio accidentally

continued on page 48

THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN—\$49⁹⁵!!



ACTUAL SIZE 4"x3"x1 1/4"

One of the world's smallest Electronic Calculators. The Commodore has giant-sized capabilities—features you'd expect only in a large desk top unit:

- Adds; Subtracts; Multiplies; Divides
- 8-Digit Lighted Display
- Automatic Floating Decimal
- Constant Memory Factor
- Shows True Credit Balance
- Clear Entry Key Erases Last Entry in Case of Mistake
- Fully Depressed Keyboard For Finger Use
- Easy to Read Digital Readout
- 6 Month FREE Replacement Warranty Against Manufacturer's Defects
- Comes Complete With Batteries

TRY IT FOR 2 WEEKS FREE!!

Please ship me _____ Commodore (how many?)

Minuteman 3 Calculator(s) at \$49.95 plus \$2 post-age each. If not satisfied I can return it within two weeks for a FULL refund.

- Also send AC adapter @ \$3.95
- Check or Money Order Enclosed (Illinois residents add 6% sales tax)
- Charge to my credit card checked below:
- American Express BankAmericard
- Master Charge Diner's Club

Credit Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

Master Charge Code # _____ (4 digits)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ NL-11/73

Put coupon in envelope and mail to: **Contemporary Marketing, Inc.**
607A Country Club Dr. • Bensenville, IL 60106 • Phone: 312-595-0461



**PUTTING
TWO PAPERS
TOGETHER
TO ROLL
ONE
SMOKE!**

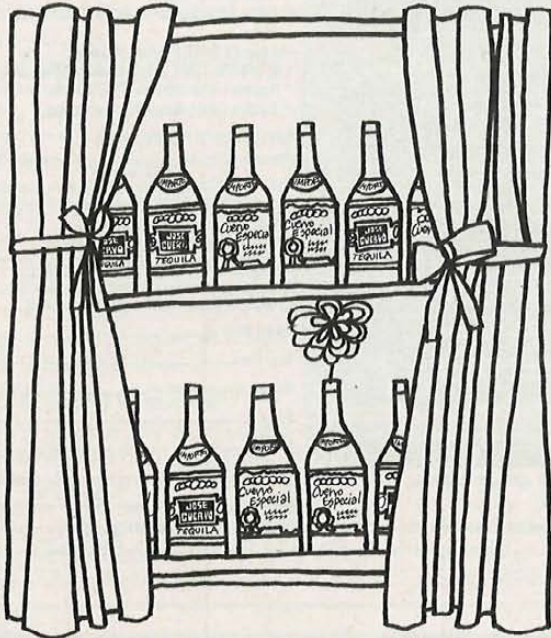
**USE
e-z wider™
THE
ORIGINAL
DOUBLE WIDTH
CIGARETTE PAPER**

With E-Z WIDER cigarette paper, try our E-Z WIDER natural cigarette tobacco—fine and mellow, without any additives.

rba robert burton associates Ltd.
NEW YORK, NY 10010

I like to count the bottles in
my window

by Marylee



I've got thirteen bottles
of Cuervo on my window
sill now (and some more in
the closet on the floor).
The way they got that
way is from just taking
a little in a shot glass

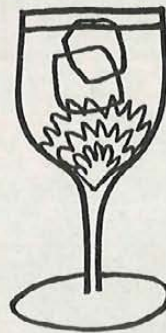
and some
to lick and



salt
then
chew on
a
lime



my favorite
Cuervo special!
my Jose Cuervo
candlestick



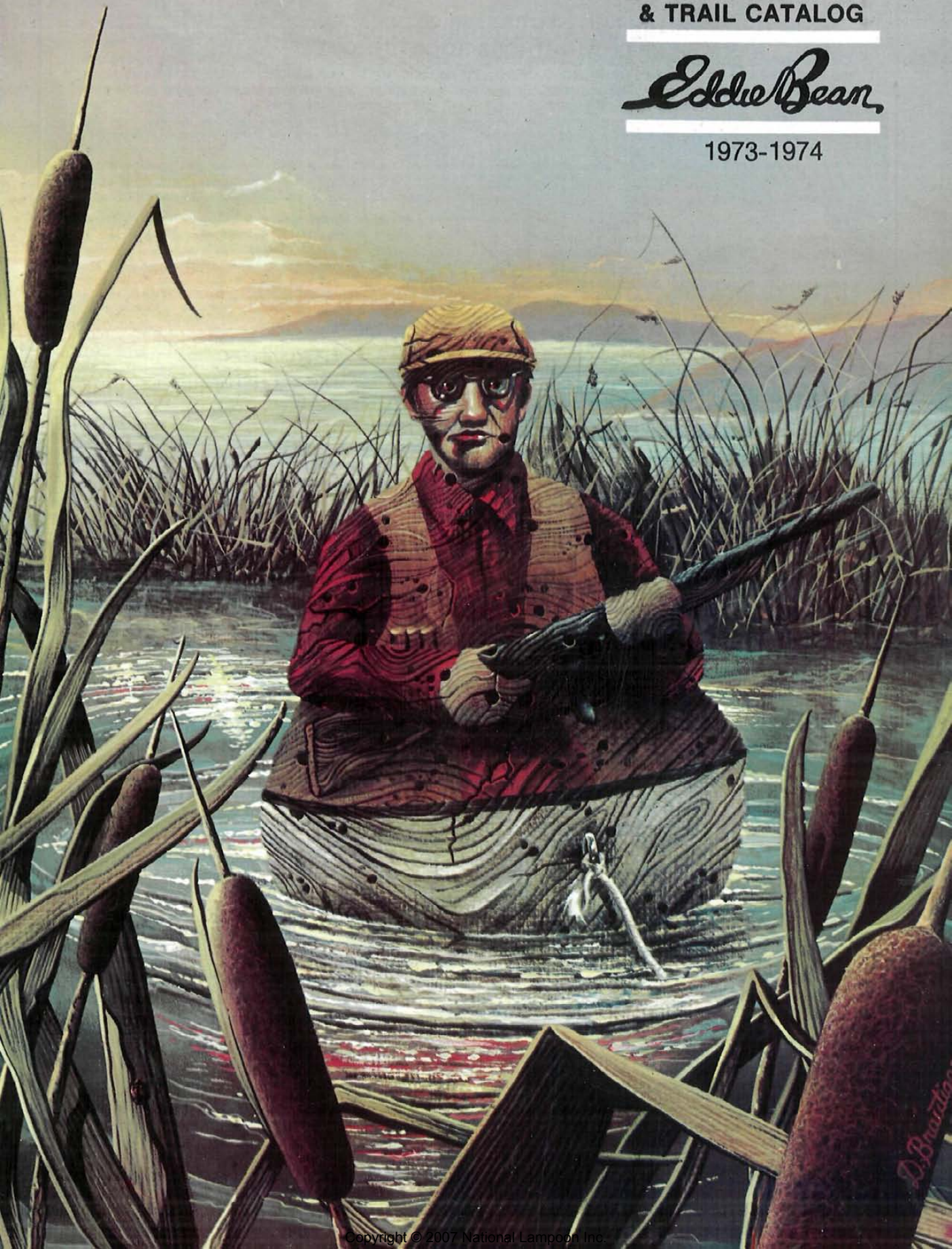
for special weekends
when we all get
together to talk
about life and
things we make
Jose Cuervo Sunrises
with a little Cuervo

tequila, orange
juice and then a splash of
grenadine to settle to the
bottom and it's really
nice looking.

DOWN-FILLED CAMP
& TRAIL CATALOG

Eddie Bean

1973-1974



WELCOME TO THE GREAT OUTDOOR WORLD OF *Eddie Bean*

Congratulations! By ordering this catalog you have taken the first big step in discovering the finest outdoor clothing and equipment money can buy. And wait till your first Eddie Bean garment comes in the mail! You'll heft it and notice how much heavier and more substantial it feels. Your wife will notice the quadruple-reinforced seams and the thread and buttonholes built to aircraft specifications. You'll feel the entire garment almost tingle with QUALITY and INTEGRITY—so much so that you will be ashamed of everything else you own.

The reason why Eddie Bean products are infinitely superior to anything on the market is QUALITY CONTROL and INTEGRITY CONTROL. We make all our products from start to finish. Nothing is "farmed out" to Taiwan or Bulgaria. And all our products must get the final approval of "#29," formerly of Mercedes-Benz—the most ruthless quality control inspector in the world—the man who once shot a worker for accidentally marring a fender.

And just as our materials must meet the highest "specs," so must our employees. *Everyone at Eddie Bean works in Arctic temperatures*, undergoing the same kind of tortuous conditions your parkas, mittens, caps, etc. must undergo when you wear them. This is INTEGRITY CONTROL. You have the satisfaction of wearing a garment made under actual field conditions—a garment so durable it will outperform and outlast at least ten "almost as good" products.

EDDIE BEAN PUTS MODERN SCIENCE AND MOTHER NATURE TOGETHER TO PRODUCE AN INSULATING MATERIAL EVEN FINER THAN PRIME GOOSE DOWN, PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER.

Eddie Bean Prime Premium Goose Liver: Nature's own "gourmet" insulation. For sheer luxury and quality no other insulating material, not even prime goose down, can equal Prime Goose Liver. It is the Emperor, the "down of downs." And no other goose liver can equal the exclusive formula and composition of EDDIE BEAN PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER.



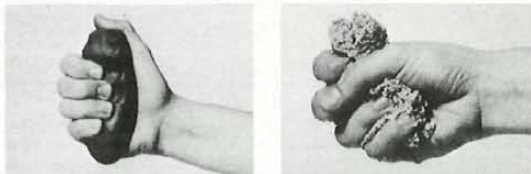
In the photograph shown you'll see an actual "chunk" of Eddie Bean Prime Premium Goose Liver. There are over 250,000 goose liver fat molecules in every ounce of this chunk. And there are approximately 3,275,000 goose liver filaments in the same ounce that interlock with the fat molecules to form a *natural density barrier*. This is what we mean when we talk about *insulation density*, the efficiency of the insulation in creating a protective layer of non-conducting still goose liver. The greater the amount of interlocking fat molecules and filaments, the richer and thicker the protective layer will be.

And hence the better it is for keeping cold air (and virtually anything) out and keeping you warm and cosy within. One Eddie Bean Prime Premium Goose Liver Down Filled Tuxedo Jacket and Trousers contains over 300,000 miles of goose fat molecules and filaments, creating a thermal barrier so dense, so effective, you'll hardly feel a draft in an air-conditioned reception room!

Many companies are now imitating Eddie Bean's Prime Premium Goose Liver insulation, but they are using cheaper substitutes, such as duck, chicken, beef or even horse livers. All Eddie Bean goose livers come from Strasbourg, the home of *pâté de foie gras*, the ultimate in goose liver paté. Our exclusive supplier is the 250-year

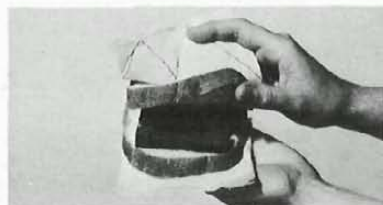
old firm of *Charlemagne et Fils*, the most prestigious paté maker of them all. Our geese are the finest North Baltic variety. If you've ever tasted fine paté de foie gras you'll appreciate the qualities of Eddie Bean Prime Premium Goose Liver Down. It is the densest liver imaginable—yet it is so finely marbled with natural fats and oils that it retains a smooth, "creamy" texture that allows it to "breathe" properly—so that your body retains the perfect balance of heat retention and moisture evaporation.

Only Eddie Bean Prime Premium Goose Liver is Made with Black Truffles from Perigord, France. Not just a frivolous luxury, black truffles give Eddie Bean Goose Liver Down the necessary "bite" to act as an auxiliary natural barrier and help absorb excess fat molecules. And the biggest, finest truffles come from Eddie Bean's own farm in the sub-province of Perigord, where truffles were born!



A SIMPLE WAY TO TEST THE QUALITY OF GOOSE LIVER DOWN INSULATION

Gather as much paté-type liver as you can in your cupped hand and squeeze it hard... hold it tightly for a few moments... then release pressure suddenly. If it is EDDIE BEAN PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER DOWN it will resist the pressure and barely have a squeeze mark on it. You might hear a soft "mmmm" sound. If it is duck, chicken or horse liver it will collapse in your hand and crumble into little bits. You will hear a loud, squishy noise. Eddie Bean Goose Liver always resists pressure, keeps its original density, smoothness, creaminess.



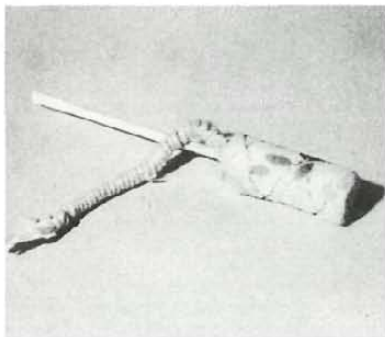
Exclusive Eddie Bean "Sandwich" Construction Gives You Extra Warmth, Wind Protection

If you could look inside an Eddie Bean Prime Premium goose liver garment you would see thick slabs of goose liver "sandwiched" between slices of Wonder Bread. Wonder Bread is the perfect protective material for Eddie Bean goose liver because of its unusually high absorption and resiliency. It will never get hard or crusty and never spoils. It provides the necessary "give" a garment must have for comfort and convenience. Of course, we use the finest commercial grade of Wonder Bread made to our rigid specifications. You can't find it on your grocer's shelves!

THE EDDIE BEAN GUARANTEE

If you are not completely satisfied with your purchase we will be extremely disappointed, because we know we make the finest products in the world. If, for some reason, you are not happy with your item, send it back and we will figure out what we can do for you. We might be able to exchange it for a pair of fine Eddie Bean chamois cloth goose liver down-filled suspenders, or the exclusive Eddie Bean goose liver down-filled Tyrolean scarf. We'll try to find some way to make it up to you.

**EXCLUSIVE *Eddie Bean* PRODUCTS FOR POLAR EXPEDITIONS,
MOUNTAINEERING, OUTDOOR SPORTS AND LEISURE WEAR**
All made with famed Eddie Bean Prime Premium Goose Liver Down



**EDDIE BEAN DOWN-FILLED
TAMPONS**

No area of your body should be ignored when you must keep warm in frosty temperatures. The Eddie Bean down-filled tampon was developed to offer the finest, safest protection for menstruating outdoorswomen. One look and you can tell that this is no ordinary tampon. Outer shell constructed of a lightweight, yet tough blend of 54% nylon and 46% Sea Island Cotton. PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER DOWN filled throughout. Inner layer of heavy-duty absorbent material. This tampon is guaranteed to outperform 10 to 15 conventional types. String made of industrial strength super-braided nylon. In tan, forest green or scarlet. Weighs less than 2 lbs. Box of 12\$19.95

"While paying a visit to a certain lady I was interrupted by a man who unbeknownst to me, claimed to be her husband. In a wild rage he shot the aforementioned lady three times and fired at me three times. He killed the lady but I was saved, since I was wearing my Eddie Bean All-In-One Snowblind parka. The bullets simply lodged somewhere in the goose liver down. Many thanks. I now wear the garment day and night."

Name Withheld
Fort Yukon, Alaska

**The Same Eddie Bean Prime
Premium Goose Liver Down
Garments You Wear for Sport
and Leisure Have Been
Expedition-Tested and Proven!**

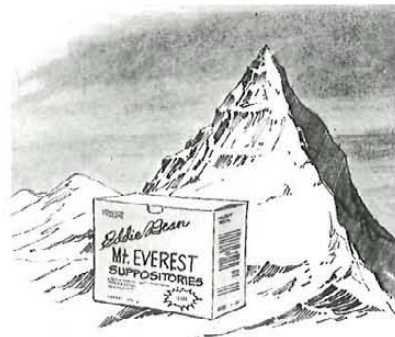
Even though you may never climb Mt. Pendleton or lead a rescue party in the Antarctic it's good to know that the same Eddie Bean garment you wear will be worn by people better qualified than you to do that kind of thing. You may only wear your Eddie Bean garment to the corner drugstore or the beauty parlor, but you'll feel even warmer and more secure knowing what it can do!

Eddie Bean down-filled garments are chosen by more explorers, mountaineers and scientists than any other kind. Here are just a few of the thousands of expeditions outfitted by Eddie Bean: The Sparkman College Expedition to Lake Placid • The Mt. Pendleton Climb • The secret "Arctic Commando" maneuvers • The Juneau Winter Carnival • The foolhardy attempt to rescue Joel Fishback on Mt. Hornblow • Many Canadian and Alaskan hunting and fishing expeditions of wealthy and influential businessmen.



**EDDIE BEAN DOWN-FILLED IN-
BETWEEN-THE-TOE-WARMERS**

Even the famed Eddie Bean down-filled socks and shoes can't fully protect the spaces between your toes. That's why we developed these highly effective, extremely stylish toe fillers. Come in a finely woven outer shell of water repellent explorer nylon twill made to frostbite specifications, and lined with EDDIE BEAN PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER DOWN. To order, send us a tracing of your foot with exact delineation of your toes. Specify any corns, blisters or other aberration. When not in use, your toe warmers can be stored in the convenient belted supra-weave nylon pouch that ties around your ankles. Comes in tan, forest green or scarlet. Average weight, 1 lb. each. Set of 10\$24.50



**EDDIE BEAN DOWN-FILLED
MT. EVEREST SUPPOSITORIES**

These are the suppositories that made it to the top of Mount Everest!

When the temperatures get down to 20 degrees or less it seems like the cold "goes right through you." Especially in areas like Mount Everest. That's why we developed a suppository filled with genuine EDDIE BEAN PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER DOWN. The suppository breaks down into three or four tiny "time particles" that get right inside your "bottom" and eventually into your body to keep the "inner you" nice and warm. Icy mountain winds that could cut right through you are now absorbed by the goose liver down in your system. Invaluable cold weather insurance. Does not have to be worn. Each suppository weighs only 1/2 lb. Outer shell of nylon-gelatin comes in tan, forest green or scarlet. Box of 20\$14.95



PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER DOWN ALL-IN-ONE PARKA



On the outside it looks like one of Eddie Bean's handsome, ultra-warm Snow-Blind parkas. And it is. Heavily lined with our famed goose liver down, of course. Now pull down that Commando specification vanadium steel zipper and presto—you've got a down-filled ski jacket underneath. And under the ski jacket: a down-filled camouflage duck hunting and golf jacket. Under the golf jacket? Why a London-tailored down-filled smoking jacket, styled with velvet shawl collar and silk tie tassel (a superb companion outfit to your wife's Eddie Bean down-filled hostess gown).

That's just the beginning. Zip open the bottom lining of your Snow-Blind parka and you'll find a pair of Eddie Bean down-filled palamas, underwear and the patented Eddie Bean down-filled underarm warmers. And under the snug vulcanized nylon wristlet cuffs is a built-in down-filled Swiss Chronograph, compass and pedometer!

Notice the big, man-sized belt on the parka? Besides being a fine belt it's a flotation tube to keep you drown-proof. It also doubles as a money belt and handy pouch for your valuables and contains a collapsible pup tent. Open it to its full size and you have a water-proof, heavy-duty poncho!

Your Eddie Bean All-In-One Parka is made to highest government and secret service standards for years of dependable service and quiet comfort. There is no finer all-around outdoor clothing investment at any price. In tan, forest green or scarlet. **\$750.00**



EDDIE BEAN MOVIE STAR FISHING LURES

It has been discovered that fish are highly attracted to these spinning and wobbling lures that are exact replicas of famous movie stars. Catch the wily old fish who have "been around" with silent screen lures such as Garbo, Pickford, Fairbanks, Valentino, the Gish sisters, Younger fish will go for Robert Redford, Steve McQueen, Cybil Shepherd. Also classic stars such as Brando, Marilyn Monroe, Gary Cooper, Bogart, Sophia Loren and many more. Large selection always available including many lures for fish with odd tastes. Sets of six **\$9.95**



EDDIE BEAN HELP FLARES

A must even for the most experienced woodsmen and climbers. Brilliant flares can be launched up to 500 feet and can be seen for 350 miles, even through thick fog. Each flare has a special message—"Help! Broken arm, leg, neck, etc." "Help! Snakebite Spreading," and other emergency cries. All messages highly exaggerated so you can get faster results. Set of 12**\$10.00**

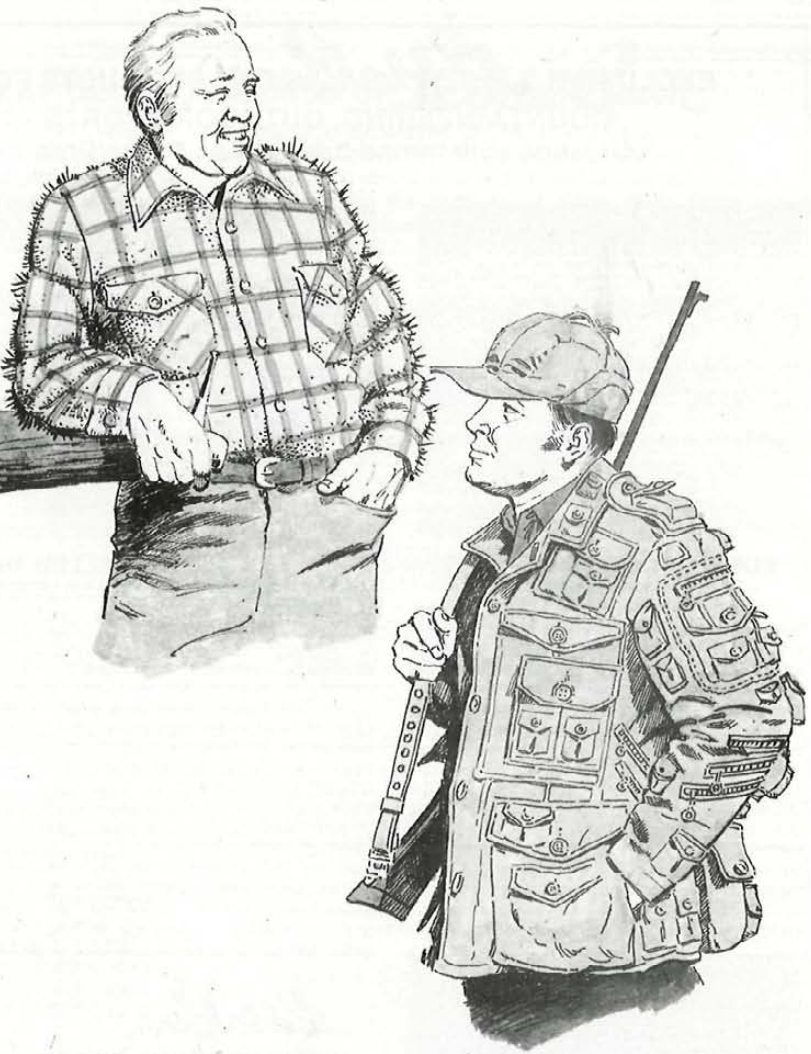


EDDIE BEAN IMPERIAL CAMPING SPOON

There is no finer spoon at any price. For 74 years we have worked with the House of Heinkopf, Germany's finest cutlery makers, to develop a spoon that would please the most discriminating outdoorsmen. We feel confident that this spoon will meet your needs. Handle is crafted of virgin Impala bone, contoured to fit the hand snugly and give you firm support when you are scraping the bottom of a pan or dishing out a portion of food. Spoon section is over-size and has a non-drip bowl shape. Made of one-piece drop-forged high carbon steel, hand-tempered, hand-honed and hand-polished. Spoon and handle are electrobonded with magnesium alloy rivets, made to meet the highest German airline specifications. Comes in a handsome Rhodesian oryx hide carrying case stitched with triple-dipped nyltex thread. Rugged chrome steel snap keeps on extra-large protective flap button spoon secure, prevents loss**\$79.95**

"Your down-filled soap dish has given us many pleasurable hours of service on our camping trips, no matter what the weather conditions may be. It is a very reliable item."

Mrs. Betty J. Tripucka
Poynette, Wisconsin



THE *Eddie Bean* ALL-PURPOSE ALL-POCKET DOWN-FILLED FISHING AND HUNTING JACKET

Originally designed for hunters and fishermen, it seems that forest rangers, geologists and photographers love it too! Contains 52 pockets in all, ranging from handy toothpick pocket to stamp pocket, tissue pocket, right up to passport and foreign currency pockets. Has 12 inside pockets including 3 secret ones we haven't found yet ourselves. Finest quality Tundra-Rated buttons, snaps, zippers and velcro. Can hold up to 50 pounds of gear, plus about 25 pounds of small game in the 9 rear pockets. Made of tightly woven galvanized Darcon poplin in a long-wearing cheviot twist pattern. Prime premium goose liver down-filled throughout. Folds to the size of a box of snuff when not in use. In tan, forest green or scarlet.**\$54.95**

Eddie Bean ORIGINAL ITCHY WOOL SHIRT

This is the Original—the shirt that has been worn for over 100 years by prospectors, lumberjacks, guides and hunters. A thick, heavy, hairy-type wool shirt that has become a classic for outdoorsmen. Made by F & J Sanderson of Petoskey, Michigan, especially for Eddie Bean of genuine wool and tough, wiry, wool-like fibers, this shirt will withstand years of scratching, digging and pinching. A generously cut shirt with two roomy breast pockets to hold up to 9 cubic feet of personal valuables. Collar, buttons and extra-long tails that extend to the knee for good thigh itch. **DO NOT DRY CLEAN OR WASH YOUR ORIGINAL ITCHY WOOL SHIRT.** Just dip it in cold water and let it "hang out" for a few days. Bleeding colors fade and mix to a handsome weathered look. Itch "mellows" after a few years to a soft gentle scratch. In plaids and checks of tan, forest green or scarlet**\$29.50**

"When our snowmobile broke down in the middle of the wilderness it looked like my friend and I were goners. We were both wearing conventional winter garments. He died of frostbite and I had to have my nose, ears and fingers removed. But my toes are as good as ever because

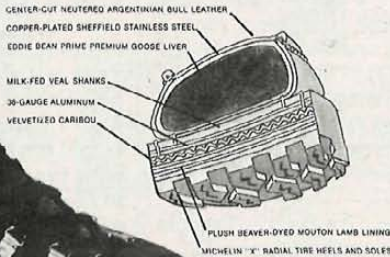
I remembered to wear my Eddie Bean down-filled in-between-the-toe warmers. They work as good as you say, maybe better. Thanks for a fine product."

Bruce Wappeny
Littlefork, Minnesota



NEW *Eddie Bean*, DOWN-FILLED BAGS AND FRAMES FOR FRONTPACKING

Revolutionary new Eddie Bean design puts the pack and frame in front—gives you easy access to your bag, protects your chest area from hunter's bullets, arrows, knives, sharp rocks and branches. Anodized tungsten and nickel frame is wind-tunnel tested, vapor-welded by a new low-heat hydrogen process that produces a frictionless surface—stronger than steel, more flexible than rubber. Bag is crafted of medium weight *Kalashari Cloth*, a blend of high-count non-rip nylon and cord designed by a Kenya game warden to withstand rhino gores. Contains 23 outside pockets including hidden pocket for your valuables and net shopping bag for holding fruit and vegetables. In tan, forest green or scarlet\$99.95



Eddie Bean, ULTIMA V DOWN-FILLED BOOTS FOR PROFESSIONAL GUIDES, MOUNTAINEERS AND SPORTSMEN ONLY

These are the finest boots in the world—the highest achievement of the bootmaker's art. They are crafted entirely by hand according to Eddie Bean's fanatically rigid specifications by Otto Staichle and Sons of Dusseldorf, bootmakers since 1325, by appointment to His Majesty, King Frederick the Great.

Outer shell is made from prime center-cut neutered Argentinian bull leather, specially bred for suppleness and durability. Under this is a layer of 1/4 inch Sheffield stainless steel with a lifetime laminated copper plating. This is followed by two layers of our own EDDIE BEAN PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER DOWN for warmth. There are three layers of ultra-thin "Velvetized" caribou skin for flexibility and an inner shell of "Nyl-Pran," a new tightly-woven nylon duck developed by the U.S. Rangers for jungle warfare. The innermost lining is a plush non-sag beaver-dyed mouton lamb. There are four innersoles of aircraft-welded cast aluminum. Toes and heels have three layers of 36 gauge aluminum for extra protection. Milk-fed veal shanks give firm arch support and orthopedically correct torsional support. Triple-padded down-filled tongue prevents chafing, prickly heat. Genuine Michelin "X" radial tire soles and heels give maximum traction. All stitching is highest grade submarine quality nylon-tex, "Dura-Dipped" in baked enamel. All fastenings and grommets are made of non-rust zinc-plated steel with hi-speed tensilized dacron/wool laces.

These boots need little or no breaking in. They are the most comfortable boots ever made. Recommended for the most arduous and dangerous expeditions. \$650 the pair. In tan, forest green or scarlet.



Eddie Bean, CANOE HAT

Our new canoe-hat promises to be one of the most sought-after articles for the serious woodsmen and camper. Made of industrial duryllium alloy, an ultra-light, yet incredibly tough metal used in supersonic jet aircraft. This is a superb hat material because it reflects the sun's heat during the day and retains warmth at night to protect you from the chill. Contains a high-impact precision-coated sun visor, oversize down-filled ear flaps, face mask and chest protector. Ready for the water? Fold back your accessories and it's a sleek downriver racing canoe, built to highest Olympic standards. Finest Malaysian bamboo paddles are snugly clamped in the inner shell. For added convenience the entire canoe telescopes to 7 1/2 inches and can be used as a canteen. In tan or scarlet.....\$325



THE ULTIMATE—THE ONE AND ONLY

Eddie Bean, DOWN-FILLED SWISS ARMY HOUSE

Taking off on the famed all-purpose all-in-one Swiss Army knives, Eddie Bean has designed a complete house for the professional woodsman in a handy, compact front pack. Your Swiss Army House contains everything you need for a three month stay in the woods! Here's just a sample: your Hi-Impac aluminum cooking kit telescopes and doubles as a shaving mirror. Your down-filled knife-flashlight has a built-in battery operated shaver, hair dryer, hedge clipper and pocket chain saw. After using your down-filled rubber stove and toaster, flip it over and it becomes your table. Your collapsible mini-kayak opens to contain built-in rod, reel and gun. When you don't want to use it as a kayak, it has an opening and a supply of chemicals so it doubles as a "porta-potty." Separate compartments hold your cameras, binoculars, medical kit, etc.

Ready to pitch camp for the night? Your neat little pack zips open and that impregnable Suprema Nylon Shell becomes a full-size house! Your Eddie Bean Swiss Army House contains 7 spacious warm, high-ceilinged rooms, including "farmhouse" style kitchen, L-shaped living/dining room, and three large bedrooms, all lined in PRIME PREMIUM GOOSE LIVER DOWN of course. Each bedroom contains the ultimate Eddie Bean "Royale" sleeping bag, down-filled mattress and box spring with down fourposter canopy, pillows, comforters, down headboard, mosquito netting with down tassels and a "Hiawatha" pattern bedspread by Fieldcrest. You couldn't sleep better at the Ritz Posh! Your Swiss Army House comes in Cape Cod or Ranch-ette style, in tan, forest green or scarlet. \$36,660 complete.

GUTSLAMMER!



GUTSLAMMER!

Horseshit Magazine, America's great underground bestseller. Why haven't you seen Horseshit Magazine? Because you live in a censor-ridden country, that's why. Horseshit is banned from every library and every college campus in America. They want bland, inoffensive, dull magazines. That leaves out Horseshit, The Offensive Review, Horseshit is a mauler, the body puncher among magazines. When it goes after someone, it comes away with blood on its fists. Horseshit hammers the military, it's rough on religion, cruel to women, it mocks the government, and revels in sex. Adult sex, laughing sex, real man and woman sex. Horseshit is a professional magazine, a big magazine with the most beautiful artwork in the world. Fantastic drawings, too graphic for other publications. Make us prove it!

ALL FOUR ISSUES FOR \$10

WITH Free Gift Book

WE PAY AIRMAIL POSTAGE!

7 issues for \$5 MAILED IN PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPES.
ORDER NOW FROM COMPLETE PRIVACY

EQUINE PRODUCTS BOX 361-M
HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF. 90254

Turn your Mailbox on and Listen

We're one of the country's largest Mail Order Houses of Stereo Equipment and components. We pass our volume buying power right along to you.

WRITE FOR QUOTATIONS AND OUR LATEST FREE CATALOG!

Stereo Wholesalers

7A AYLESBURY ROAD
TIMONIUM, MD. 21093
301.252-6880



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

poured some beer down my neck. "Jesus, I'm sorry Plimp. Have the rest of my beer," he said. I sipped the beer as he started to reminisce. "If you think Bobby is tough, you should have been here when the Anchovy was running things," said DiMaggio. "The Anchovy?"

"He always used very salty language. That's how he got his name. He was like a great quarterback, we'd do anything for him. Once he made us take out a rookie's appendix—right where you're sitting."

My uncanny ear for dialogue was capturing everything. I knew I would have lots of wonderful anecdotes to use. Suddenly I jumped about nine feet in the air and screamed. Something was crawling up my leg toward my crotch. It felt very much like a snake. I forgot any Boy Scout training I ever had and shook my leg wildly to get it out, but not before I felt a nip on my thigh. It was a snake. While DiMaggio was relating his anecdote someone had slipped a snake up my trouser leg.

"Relax Plimpy," said Bobby. "It's just a garter snake, isn't it guys?" The guys shrugged. "I don't know, said DiMaggio. I found it under a rock. I don't know from snakes."

"I think it bit me," I said.

"Forget it, George. There are no poisonous snakes in the Yankee Stadium, but if you're worried I'll get a doctor." He picked up a bullhorn and shouted into it.

"Will Doctor Anthony Tragolo please report to section 29, row D"...

"Doctor Anthony Tragolo," he boomed.

"Do you know a Doctor Tragolo?"

"No, but I like to make announcements, like the guy on the P.A. system. Sometimes we get a guy over here if I hit on the right name."

Marvelous, I thought. Bobby and his crew were giving me the material for probing insights into the Big Baby Syndrome, the same kind of child-like pranks and practical jokes the Lions and Colts performed at their training camps. Obviously the great fans, the eccentrics, had this same need to channel their excess energies. I liked to do that sort of thing myself, but it was getting harder to find pranksters and victims, what with the old crowd, the Kennedys and Styrons and others scattered about.

Food and Drink

As the half drew to a close Bobby stood up and called for attention. "I am hungry," he said. "Frank is hungry. Willie is hungry. Mole, the Prince, Carmine, Ziggy... we're all hungry. And I suspect you must be hungry too, George. As rookie of the

day you are elected to go to the refreshment stand for food and drink. What would you like, Frank?"

"The seafood crepe, easy on the Mornay Sauce."

"I'll take the Coquille St. Jacques," said Willie. "Ask them if they're made with bay or ocean scallops. I don't want ocean scallops."

"I'll take the Coquille also. I don't care what kind of scallops they got," said Mole.

"That's one seafood crepe, one Coquille with bays and one with anything," I said.

"They probably don't have any Coq Au Vin," said Bobby. "Just get me a salad Nicoise."

"Lobster Newburg," said the man they called the Prince.

I suppose I could have written the orders down but I have a good memory for that sort of thing. I just hoped I could carry it all in one trip, plus the beer. I fought my way up the steps to the refreshment area and made my way to the line. Someone shoved me back and pointed to the people on the long row of steps I had just climbed.

"Hey Sarge, the line begins down there." It was the longest line I had ever seen. I waited through the entire intermission, missing the halftime show put on by the Mount Sinai Medical School Marching Band. By the time I reached the refreshment stand I missed the third quarter. I could hear the roars of the crowd in rhythmic waves, punctuated by silences and choruses of boos. I wondered what the score was.

At last I got to the head of the line and gave my order. "I don't remember, does the seafood crepe come with Mornay or Bearnaise sauce?" I asked. The man behind the counter looked at me strangely. He seemed to be in a state of shock. But the people behind me weren't. They shouted and shoved at me to get out of the way. The counterman recovered his voice. "We got hot dogs, American cheese sandwiches... peanuts, coke and beer."

I couldn't believe it. I was always reading about the greatly improved food at the ball parks, with the better caterers doing imaginative things. Well, Bobby had done it again. Now I was stuck. I had to make a fast decision. "Give me nine hot dogs and... no, make it a dozen hot dogs and a dozen sandwiches... and four six-packs of beer."

It was a big package to carry in that crowd. But I managed it. When Bobby saw what I bought he worked himself into a rage.

"George, you must have gone to the wrong stand. You went to the quick snack bar. You should have gone to the big refreshment stand downstairs.

Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips

The first mistake most temper-duffers make is, naturally enough, on the first tee. You've topped your drive nicely, and the ball has dribbled about fifteen yards down the fairway. Now, your all-important second wood is called for—the stroke with which the tee is driven firmly into the ground, with a strong overhand smash.

Your weight distributed evenly, lift the club head to eye level, both elbows bent. At the top of your upswing, you should rise naturally on the balls of your feet, until your heels are about half an inch off the ground. Keep your head down! The downswing should be swift, and follow the imaginary line from your nose to your navel, to avoid hooking or slicing (see diagram #1). The traditional golfer's warning cry of FUNT! is no longer considered good form.

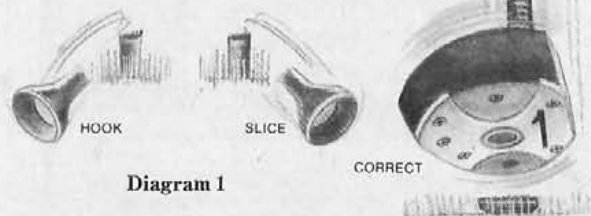


Diagram 1

The most common error angry amateurs make in club throwing is, of course, "peeking," or glancing up at the moment of release. This almost invariably causes the thrown club to fly forward, where it is unlikely to do much real damage. (Two and three irons are the clubs I usually throw—I find I get almost the distance I would with a driver, and much greater accuracy.)

In long-iron flinging, your timing—tempo—rhythm—is vital. From the top of your follow-through on a whiffed shot, you must bring the club head back along the same arc, and at the same speed. Break the wrists briskly at about hip height on the downswing side, and release the club at waist height. Practice unclenching both hands

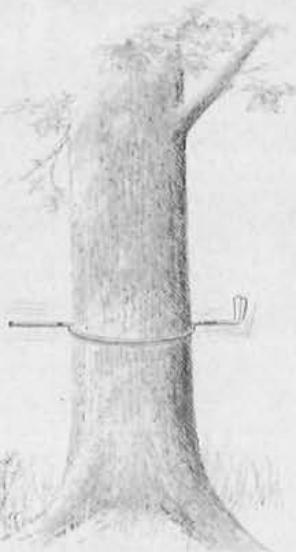
from the shaft simultaneously—I've found it helps to imagine that you've just discovered the shaft to be RED HOT! In time, you should be able to plant an iron, head down, twenty or thirty yards behind you, often on the crowded green of the previously played hole.



Diagram 2

I'm often asked, "Al, what's the key to a really good 'Wrap-around'?" And I always give the same answer: "Concentration!" Throughout your address and your swing, you've got to *bear down* on that tree. Really *hate* it! Position helps, needless to say. The deeper you've shanked your ball into the rough, the bigger and more hateful the trees around it are going to be. And proper equipment helps, too—the more flexible the club shaft, the more precise your "wrap-around" will be.

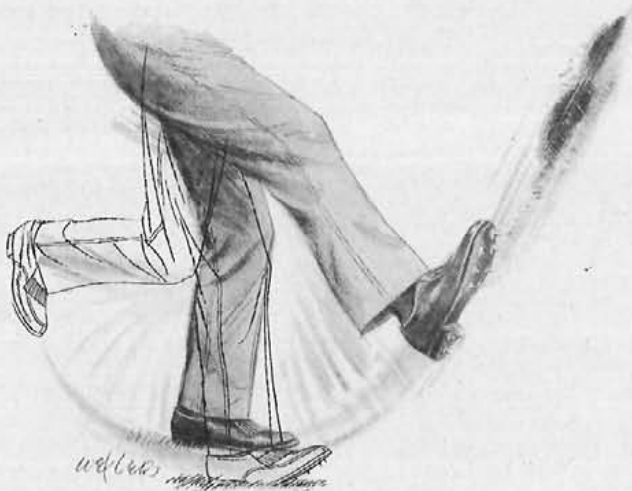
A stance tip: line yourself up with the trunk of the tree giving the club head four inches clearance. You will find that "doing a Bunyan," that is, striking the trunk with the club head can be a painful experience, even if you're wearing your golf glove.



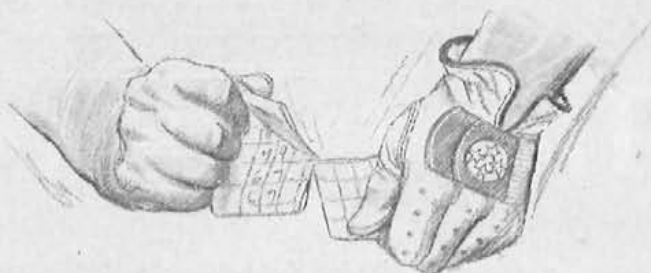
THE PERFECT WRAPAROUND
Diagram 3

The great debate—to take a divot or not to take a divot with your chip shots—may never be resolved. But on the green, when you've just missed a three-footer, all the experts agree: *divot you must!*

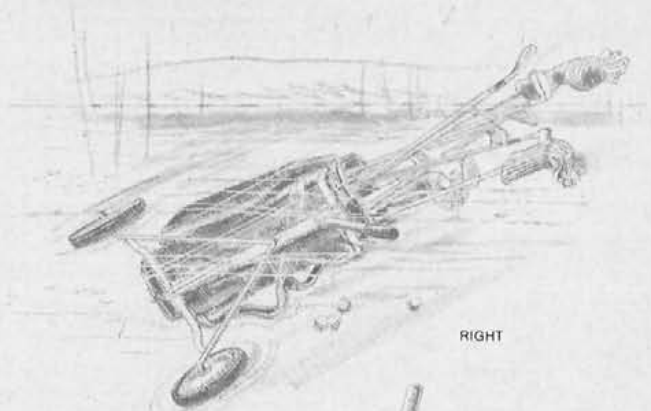
Distribute your weight evenly; balance is important. Clench fists and teeth. Swing right foot back in a slow, smooth arc. Kick down, out, and through. Keep your right knee bent until the moment your heel makes contact with the turf. And remember—let your spikes do the lifting. Just kick out and away. (Here again, the importance of first-rate equipment cannot be over-emphasized. I recommend the O'Neil Durastik Everpoint spiked gold shoe.)



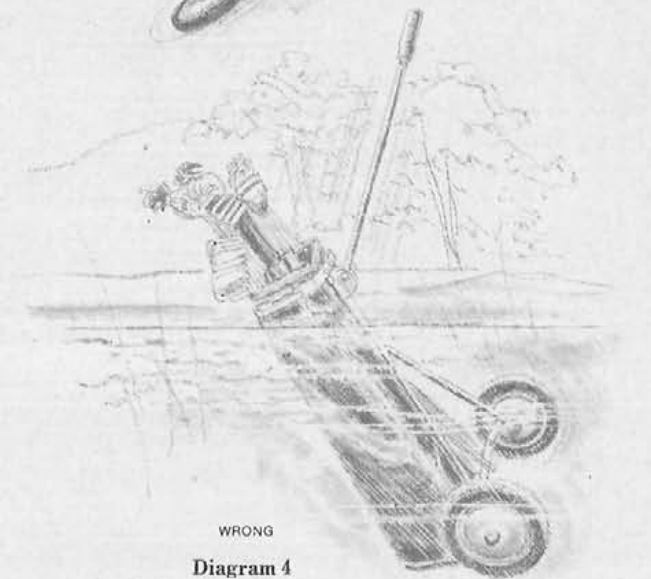
In golf, as perhaps in no other sport, little things mean a lot. Tearing up your scorecard in a fit of frustration, for example, is a little thing that *can* be done professionally. In order to make a great loud ripping sound just as your opponent is putting out, the trick is in the sudden downward motion of the left (gloved) hand (see diagram).



The eighteenth hole represents your chance to finish big: to make up for all the rage-venting opportunities you've blown all afternoon because of excessive self-control. Launching your golf cart, bag, clubs, umbrella, balls and all into a water hazard is a particular favorite of mine. The technique—a little professional secret, actually—is to flick your wrists on the cart handle just at the lip of the hazard, before release.



RIGHT



WRONG

Diagram 4

Unfortunately, not all courses have a water hazard handy beside the eighteenth green, and you'll often have to resort to the old-fashioned ploy of lofting seven-iron shots at the picture window of the pro shop.

The finest rage-play I personally ever made was on the famous par 4 dog's leg left eighteenth of Florida's Gatorfield C.C. After a triple bogie finish, three-putting myself just out of the money, I jammed my putter between the seat back and accelerator of my electric golf cart, and aimed the damn thing at the verandah of the club house, which was, at the time, jammed with smirking, julep guzzling red necks. The resultant havoc made it all, somehow, worthwhile.

This is "one powerful set!"

"It was in the area of audio amplification, however, that we got our biggest surprise. The S-7200 is one powerful set."

This quote from Audio Magazine, May 1973, evaluating the Sherwood S-7200 AM/FM stereo receiver, surprised us.

Not that the reviewers found it to be such a powerful set. But that they found it so surprising.

The fact is, most people who are into Hi-Fidelity components, are discovering that Sherwood delivers on its claims. And then some.

Or, to quote further from the review:

"The 40 dB mid-band separation figure is exceeded by 3 dB."

"With a signal as little as 5 uv, quieting had already reached an impressive 52 dB."

"THD in mono exceeded

published claims, reaching a low figure of just 0.2% at mid-audio frequencies."

"Our power amplifier tests were confined to 8-ohm loads, but at that, the Sherwood S-7200 exceeded its claims and pumped nearly 43 watts into each load, with both channels driven."

"Based upon a 40-watt rated output per channel, power bandwidth extended from 10 Hz to 40 kHz, quite a bit better than claimed. At the audio limits of 20 Hz and 20 kHz, 1% THD was reached at 36 watts per channel and 40.5 watts respectively, while at all power levels below 40 watts, THD remained well under 0.5% for all audible frequencies."

"The loudness-volume control of the S-7200 deserves special mention. The tracking of the two sections of this control was excellent—with no more than 1 dB

variation all the way down to 60 dB from the full clockwise position—which means that high quality potentiometers are used in this all important control."

But in the end, it is the power of Sherwood receivers that normally turns people on.

"Using low efficiency speaker systems in our main listening area, we just could not overdrive the amplifier portion at any desired listening level—and we mean all the way up to over 100 dB sound-pressure levels."

Which perhaps brings us to this point. If there is one impressive factor about Sherwood receivers, it is that they often not only out-perform their specs: they almost always out-spec competition.

Sherwood Electronics
Laboratories, Inc.
4300 North California Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois, 60618



Sherwood
The word is getting around.

Doc Feeney's

SCRAPBOOK OF SPORTS ODDITIES

The Old Sidewinder Bunts a Few Down Memory Lane

Then there was the time Chisox flychaser Coo Coo Bananas, he of the famed chocolate soda penchant, ordered a big meal at Jack Dempsey's restaurant after a crucial win over the Bronx Bombers. "Ay hav beeg steek," Coo Coo chirped to the waiter in his best broken English. A few minutes later came Coo Coo's dinner. You guessed it . . . Blue Point oysters smothered in chocolate pudding!



DERBY FAVORITE RATED UNDERDOG

Grantland Rice is best remembered as the beloved dean of American sportswriters, a giant among scribes. Not so well known is Rice's generosity toward aspiring young scriveners of the sporting scene, typified by this reply to a letter from one Rice admirer seeking advice. "Thank you for your interest in writing me," the venerable scribbler penned, "but I know of no openings on our newspaper just now."



Lacrosse is one of America's fastest-moving and fastest-growing sports, recently passing quarts in popularity on our college campuses. But how many readers know that lacrosse was

invented by the Indians many years before Columbus discovered America, and was taken up by whites only after being received in trade for a 1931 Studebaker?



He lined mitts with glue.



Pigskin Immortal Found Dead

"Strangest golf story of 'em all has to

be the tale of Scotsman W. R. C. Wimbley's 1923 Funtoon Closed Invitational Open victory at the fabled Cuff links, near Aberdeen.



Speaking of golf, how many fans know that Harry Gaddis captured the 1932 British Open, played at Clambake that year for the first time, with only half a ball? Strange, but true! Seems Gaddis's drive off the third tee was run over by a passing locomotive as it bounced out of bounds. Then, rather than take a four-stroke penalty for putting a new ball in play, Gaddis kept right on playing with the shattered spheroid. His score after 36 holes was almost double that of other competitors, but the canny Gaddis buttonholed the Steward of the Course. If he'd played with only half a ball, Gaddis argued, then he should be charged for only half his score. And cut in half, that tally was good enough to take the tourney and the title!



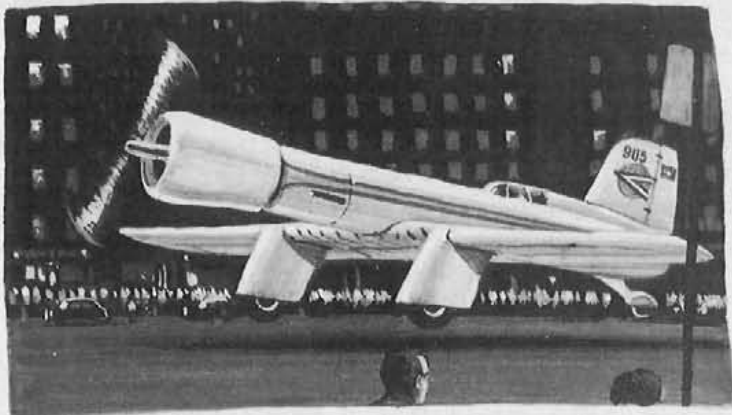
Batboy Holdout Enters 4th Month

St. Louis Cardinal infielder Ottie Medway is the only major league player in modern history to play a full nine innings on roller skates, as any fan knows. Who recalls the Wash-

continued



A future women's champ? 15-year-old Olga Kavoba is darling of Soviet tennis.



Daredevil Brazilian aviator Lompus lands in Wall St. to win Buenos Aires-New York air race, 1934.

ington Senators outfielder who wore a dress through both games of a double-header? Hint: It wasn't Rube Gazebo.

POLAR BEARS INTERRUPT HOCKEY GAME

Answer to several reader queries: Art Mousley was the first white to crack black pro baseball's "color line," in 1946. That was the year Art started as the New Orleans Chocolate Pelicans' regular third sacker, amid pres-

sure on and off the field that might have cracked a lesser man than this great competitor and fine gentleman. Even so, Art confessed years later that he almost gave up the game in his first season with the Chocolates. It was a life of being forced to stay in fancy first-class hotels instead of the rundown rooming houses where his teammates lodged; of travelling First Class on crack trains instead of joining the other players in seedy day coaches; of being forced by Jim Crow laws to take his meals in posh eateries with starched linen on the table instead of hanging out in rib

joints with the team. "Go back to Sutton Place, Honkey" and "Hey Massa, where's your bullwhip?" were taunts that followed Art Mousley wherever he played. But his bat and his fielding magic as custodian of the hot corner were a more convincing reply than any words. Art went on to play twelve stellar seasons with the Chocolate Pelicans, garnering three batting titles and a host of other accolades along the way. He retired in 1958 and is now a junior executive with the Dixie Peach cosmetics concern in Mobile, Alabama.



They Box by Mail... CHAMP'S LEFT HOOK TIMED AT 2 DAYS, 14 MINUTES

Here's the oldest baseball brain-twister of 'em all. The national pastime's oldest controversy has nothing to do with activities on the diamond. Now past its hundredth semester as an organized pro sport, baseball is a legend without clear ancestors. According to which historian you listen to, it was invented by English villagers of the seventeenth century, Civil War troops in camp in 1863, the Pequod Indians of Maine, Abner N. Doubleday, or—as Columbia University Professor of Romance Languages (and avid baseball buff) Percy Zang claims, by Chester A. Arthur, nineteenth President of these United States. Zang's researches re-



Average NFL team excretes enough urine during typical game to fill Liberty Bell.

cently led him to a trunk found in an attic in upstate New York, full of Arthur's personal papers. Clearly jotted down in Arthur's familiar strong hand, under the date of July 4, 1859, is the notation, "Good weather. Went outside and invented baseball." This corner won't take sides in what bids to be a real knock 'em down, drag 'em out controversy among baseball scholars. But we always liked comedian Shabby Shekels' theory about who really invented baseball. "It has to be my wife," says the irrepressible comic, "because she's the oldest bat around!"

❖ ❖ ❖
**Hague verdict rights
 82-year-old wrong
 WORLD COURT
 RULES BASKETBALL
 NOT A SPORT**

Football's in the air once more, which reminds us that it was forty years ago this season that the fabled Tennessee Vols under Coach Elmer "Zoo" Keeper, with the immortal Five Mad Dervishes front line, thundered through an unbeaten Southern Conference schedule and went all the way to the Dust Bowl on New Year's Day, 1934, only to have to turn around and go all the way home again due to—you guessed it—a dust storm that forced cancellation of the gala Sooner State classic. In fact, though televised by ABC-TV every year since 1957, the star-crazed Dust Bowl has never been held. Talk about oddities in sport!

❖ ❖ ❖
 Crunchy Granola, low-scoring center of the NHL Los Angeles Kings, has a new off-season career. Crunchy smuggles arms to Central America, then smuggles hard drugs back into this country on return trips. Getting caught and going to jail doesn't faze Crunchy. "After all," he quips, "I spent a hundred and thirty-five minutes last year in the penalty box!"

❖ ❖ ❖
 Fiction can be stranger than truth in the topsy-turvy world of sport. Frinstance, did you know that the all-time boxing champ of Holland was a woman? You can look it up!

❖ ❖ ❖
**TO NIX \$\$\$ CAGE BID?
 PREXY MUM**

Former Olympic bronze medalist (for a third-place finish in the men's punt singles at the Rome games in 1960)

Herb Zope, in town for the upcoming Infantile Paralysis Dinner, tells this corner that the dread disease has suffered a "serious" decline over these past fifteen years and is in danger of following the dodo bird and the Canada goose into extinction unless the public wakes up soon. If you can't attend the dinner, Herb suggests you send him cash in unmarked bills, care of this corner. A great sportsman in his day, Herb Zope now follows

Thanks are due all local sports fans who responded to our recent appeal for type O blood donors, needed to aid veteran boxing manager and promoter Abner "Abe" Killjoy in his valiant fight for life. Abe, as many know, passed away after receiving over a hundred pints of blood from the fine folk of his community. It would have been enough to save him, say the good doctors over at Our Lady of Perpetual Remittance Hospital, if



Art Mousley (left), first white to crack black baseball's "color line." A fine natural athlete.

many lucrative interests and remarks that his hobby hasn't changed since Olympic days: stealing towels.

❖ ❖ ❖
 Pulverizer, winner of the 1948 Preakness Stakes, was owned by Mrs. Patsy Pangborn Puff of Abandoned Farms. Sound familiar? No wonder—Mrs. Puff's nephew, Burdick Sanger II, captained Harvard to third runner-up in last year's Ivy League water polo championships.

they hadn't made a "boo-boo." Abe needed type OO blood, not type O. Looks like even doctors can't win 'em all!

❖ ❖ ❖
 And who says hockey players aren't the great competitors they were in yesteryears? Tell it to Philadelphia Flyers rear guard Moe Hruk. Moe, in case you didn't know, is the 285-lb. hardrock defenseman who packs a .38 in his hockey pants and gets on the

continued

ice for his shift not by hurtling over the boards but through them. The crowds in Philly love him and other teams around the league respect him. We hear even the refs call him "Sir!"

Farkas Inks Pact, Splatters Lawyer

Yugoslavian tennis great Milos Kurda has an interesting off-court career. He's a prisoner in a fortress high atop a mountain in the remotest region of the country. Nice work if you can get it!

Now it can be told dep't: Vikings linebacker Elroy "Sweetmeats" Sugarby played all of last season's grueling schedule with a cast covering eighty percent of his body. Elroy, a UCLA alumnus and second-draft choice of the U.S. Army, fell eight stories while eluding police following a "prank" just before the '72 season began but was afraid to report his injuries for fear of failing to make the team cut. Hats off to Elroy Sugarby, Minnesota's Mister Guts!

Note from Ernie Twill, a loyal reader of this corner, to correct our statement in a recent huddle about the Brazilian badminton phenom Fonzo Parlorcar. Seems, according to Ernie, that Parlorcar finished second in the 1932 Hungarian Singles Invitational in Budapest and not third as we erroneously stated. Thanks for the correction, Ernie!

Turning to the lighter side of sport, who remembers the horse that ace jockey Joey Lupo rode without his pants on in the 1946 Kentucky Derby?

BRUINS MAUL RANGERS, 5 FEARED DEAD

Jack Nicklaus tells this one on Lee "Super Mex" Trevino. Seems the two golf superstars were paired up in the Vegas Desert Classic charity tourney with Hollywood's Cesar Romero and Randolph Scott. Trevino arrived late at the tee-off, took a startled look at Romero and Scott, and screamed at Nicklaus, "Who the blankety-blank are these two palookas? I come here to play with stars, not a couple of has-been wimps!" And with that, "Super Mex" stalked off. The Big Bear swears it's true!

Quickie Quiz: Name five members of the Oakland Raiders who haven't been busted on dope charges in the

past two years. Answers next week.

Bob "The Blob" Hickover, Seattle's three-hundred-pound back-court man who lacks in size what he lacks in talent, broke a career jinx this season by not slugging the referee at half-time. The Blob did take a roundhouse swing at the ref's wife after the game. "He had me scared there for a while," said one of the relieved Sonics afterward. "If he hadn't broke her jaw, he might not have broke our jinx!"

Ali Baba, formerly Alonzo Jukes, has been criticized by hometown Baltimore fans and writers for lackadaisical defensive play for the Bullets. What the critics don't understand, discloses Ali, is that as a member of the Brown Muslims sect he is forbidden to defend himself in any way from any man or thing at any time—even on the basketball court. To do so would violate the Tenth Law of Rashid. Here's handing it to Ali Baba—athlete, millionaire, and devout churchman. The game could use more like him!

Scorned Loop Gate Aim Bluff?

Flyweight boxer Jose Panatela breezes into town this week to defend his crown against fifth-ranked contender Tony Ruiz. A popular after-dinner speaker, the spunky little Costa Rican recently told the Sports Underworld Memorial Dinner in New York how he came by the nickname of "The Human Peppermill."

Hispanic horsehide hero Angel Diablo of the San Francisco Giants was booed lustily by Candlestick Park fans on his first at-bat in a Giants uniform, and he's still shaking his head. "I no onnerstan'," says the bewildered little fielding nifty from down Caribbean way. "Een my coun-tree, ees good lock to urinate on home plates. Everybodee do eet." But Diablo bowed to hometown custom rather

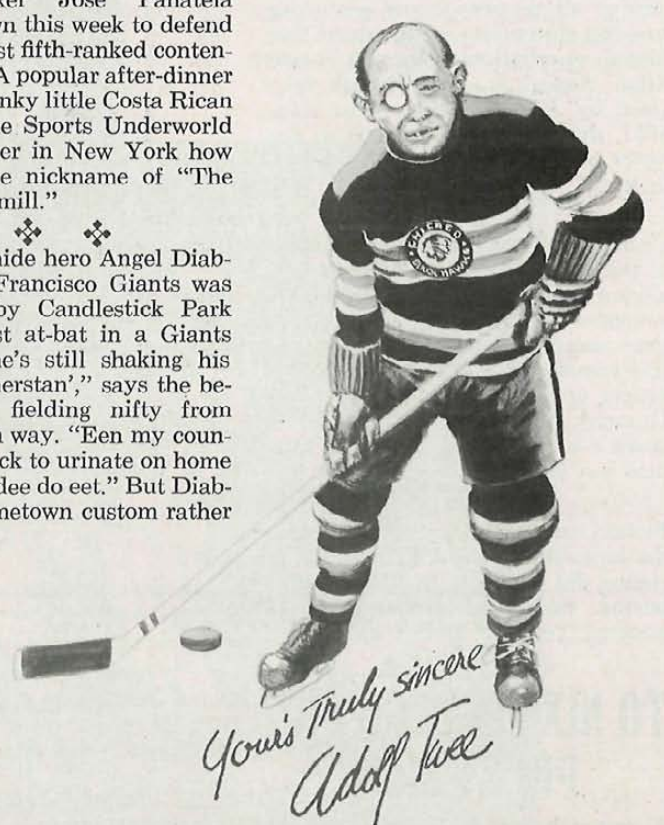
than further offend Frisco's fickle fans. He now takes his "goodluck tinkle" in the dugout doorway just before stepping up to the dish!

Speaking of being "pee-pared," did you know that tension accelerates bladder movements—and that in a typical NFL game, the average NFL team excretes enough urine to fill the Liberty Bell? A true sport fact. Thank to Lemoyne Keezer, age 15!

Everybody knows Red Sox slugger Gus Kazok holds the all-time major league mark for consecutive foul balls hit off a left-handed pitcher; did you know that the record for number of consecutive foul ball pitches to a righty is held by Kazok's teammate Effel Yonk? Yonk, incidentally, was voted South Carolina's Asthmatic of the Year in 1969 for overcoming the dread affliction and making it to the majors. He's an a-choo-in for stardom!

Our favorite motor sport fact: more Americans died last year from heart disease than from injuries sustained in car racing crashes.

Cleveland Crusaders owner Art Blatt-funk likes to unwind after the excite-



Stylish Chicago Black Hawks center Adolf Twee was first regular NFL forward to sport a monocle. The year was 1944.

ment of a close game by drinking dry martinis, then driving his Ferrari sports job home to suburban Shaker Heights. Nothing unusual in that, except for one thing—Art doesn't have a Ferrari!



Over in the Japanese pro football leagues, they call a football a *fusabaru* and the playing field is only twenty feet in length. Ex-Ram halfback Bert Piltown, now coaching for the Nagoya Divine Winds in the Cabbage Flower League, says Japanese pro ball has a long way to go to reach the U.S. level. "About six thousand miles," quips Bert.



Phillies coach Hank "Greasy" Hare is the only player in major league history to be charged with a fielding error while officially at bat.



Belmont winner Consternation can count up to five! Tracksiders have long considered this handsome three-year-old the smartest hunk of horse-flesh since the immortal Public Lounge, who could not only count but subtracted too. Public Lounge used to amaze his trainers by eating his morning oats with a knife and fork. His sire, turf addicts may recall, was the aptly named Dogfood.



Boston yachtsman and sportsman extraordinaire Nedby Richfit drops us a postcard from "somewhere east of Ceylon" asking that a rescue vessel be sent with all possible haste. Any Good Samaritans out there?



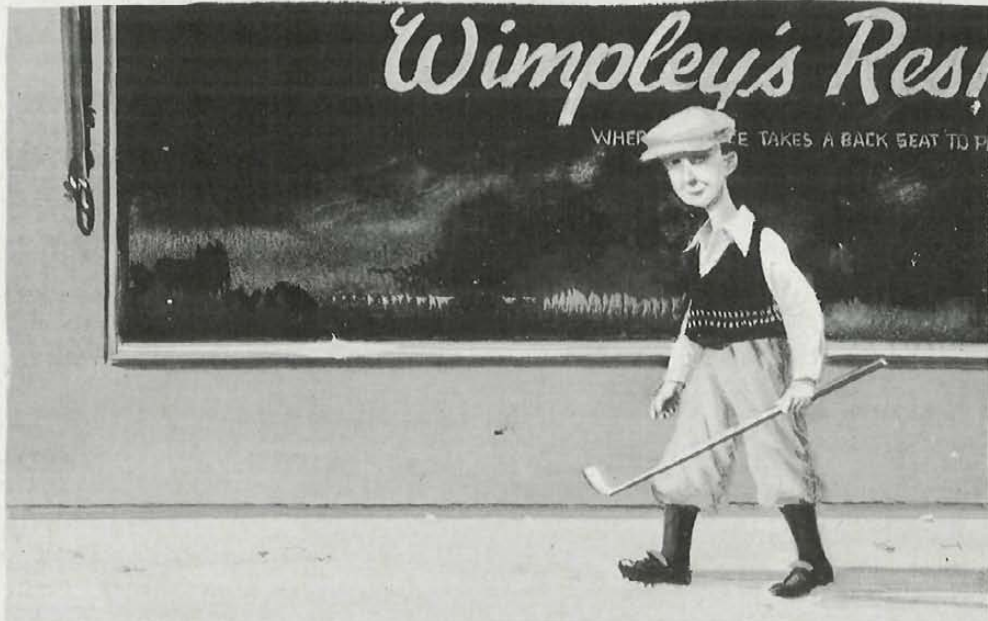
Hoplock's amazing catch in the 1946 World Series.



HUB HOOP PARLEY NOD NIPS JINX

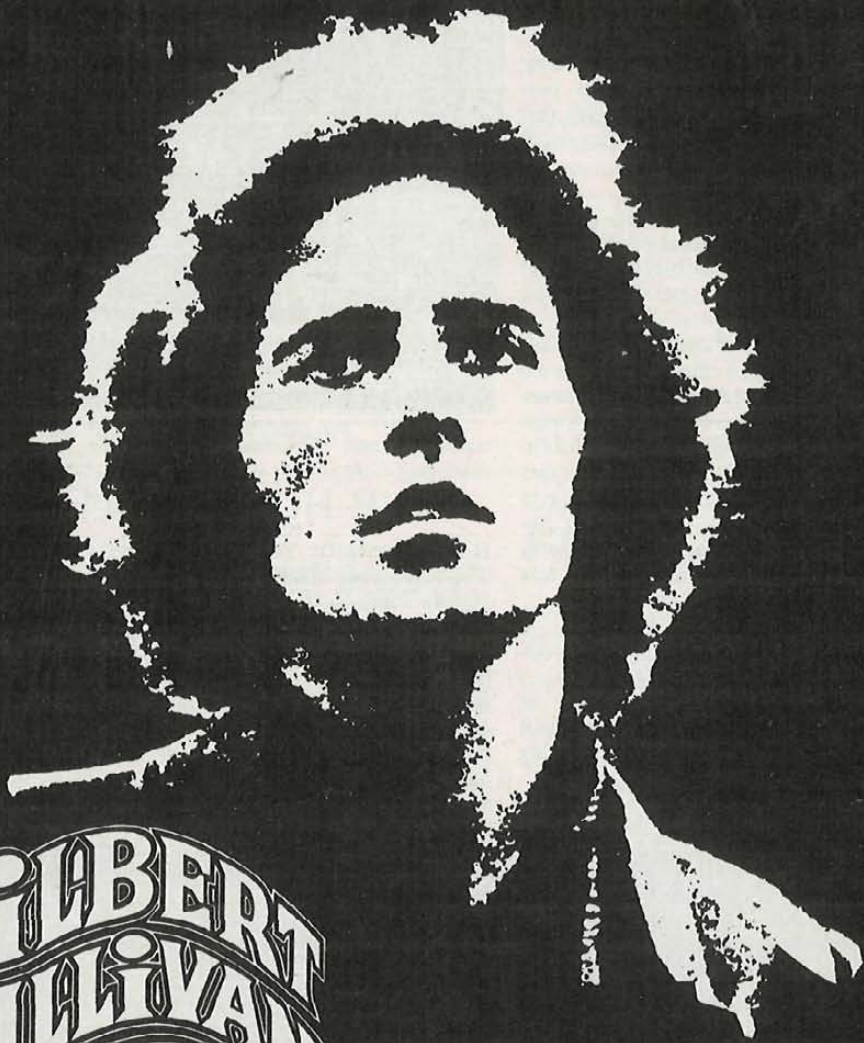
It happened fifty years ago in sport: The scene was Yankee Stadium, "The House That Ruth Built." The Sultan of Swat, mired in a lumber slump, faced the Big Train, Walter Johnson, hurling smoke and mowing down Murderer's Row with his starboard offerings. Finally the Bambino had had enough. Shaking off doughty Manager Miller Huggins's signals

from the dugout, the inimitable Babe watched another of the Nats' fireballer's pills go by for a strike and called time. Stepping out of the box, Ruth held aloft three fingers of his right hand and waved them at the Washington moundsman. And sure enough, on the next pitch he struck out—on three straight strikes. Yes, it happened fifty years ago in sport! □



Boy Wonder Walter Pugh lost ball in downtown La Jolla but recovered to birdie hole and win Nabob Open in 1928.

I'm a writer, not a fighter



GILBERT O'SULLIVAN

The new album contains his new single "Ooh Baby." And "Get Down." Plus eight other original Gilbert O'Sullivan songs.

"I'm A Writer, Not A Fighter" released now as he continues his triumphant debut American Concert Tour:

OCTOBER 10-11	PHOENIX	Celebrity Theatre
12	SALT LAKE CITY	University of Utah
13	SAN DIEGO	Golden Hall
14	LOS ANGELES	Music Center
15	SEATTLE	The Arena

M A M

LONDON

AMPEX
STEREO TAPES

Specialized Sports Magazines

football widow

NOVEMBER 5, 1973

THE MAGAZINE FOR WIVES WITHOUT HUSBANDS ON WEEKENDS

A Widow's Confession
"I Committed Adultery
Right Next to My Husband
While He Watched the
Super Bowl!"

How to Communicate with
Your Husband in Case of
Fire or Flood . . . Handy
Sign Language Tips

Latest Gossip and Photos from
Our Gala Weekend Widow
Package Trip to Puerto Rico
and the Bahamas!

The Post-Football Rehabilitation
Period: A Leading Psychologist
Says, "Leave Him Alone and
He'll Come Back to You by
Wednesday."


by Gerald Sussman

photo by Dick Frank

JANUARY 1973

BLACK SKIER

The Proud, Beautiful, Together Magazine for Fashionable, Aggressive, Animally Magnetic People of the Afro-American Persuasion



AN ORTHOPEDIC SURGEON ASKS: Does the Extra Bone in our Ankles Make Us Better in the Slalom?

THE MOUNTAIN COMES TO ELIJAH MUHAMMED: Black Muslim's New Ski Complex in Chicago's South Side

HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM SKI MUGGERS, New Menace of the Trails

PLUS

Product Report: The New Ivory Skis from Kenya

African Ski Heritage Series: Ned Jefferson, From Slave Chains to Ski Jump Champion

Memoirs of Mantan "Feet Don't Fall Me Now" Moreland, Hollywood's First Black Skier

Bold New Black Snow Bunny Fashions for Firesiding and Partying

RAPPING WITH "SATIN,"
Black Ski Lodge
Pimp Extraordinaire

PLAY HURT

WHAT HURTS MORE,
A BROKEN NECK
OR A FIRST DEGREE
BURN?
Parnelli Jones
debates
Dick Butkus

75¢

INTERNAL BLEEDING,
LACROSSE'S INVISIBLE KILLER

A PLEA TO LOWER THE
SAFETY STANDARDS OF
THE INDY 500

By Andy Granotelli

HARRY CSONKA'S LEG INFECTION: AN INSIDE LOOK

CAN A BASKETBALL PLAYER MAKE IT
TO THE TOP WITH ONLY ONE ARM?

Careless Locker Room Injuries You Never See

Outraged Fans Cry:

STOP CUTTING TO COMMERCIALS WHEN
OUR STARS GET HURT!"

WARNING: Thousands of Stabbings Go Unreported!

PLUS

Team X-Rays, Injury of the Month,
First Aid Tips

Photo by Thur Rickerby—TIME/LIFE Picture Agency

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PLAYERS
IN PLAY HURT'S ALL-STAR
INJURY TEAM!

FUSE & SHRAPNEL



November 1973

GRENADING:

Weekend Bombing Fun for the Entire Family

ARAB TERRORIST BOMBS: HOW EFFECTIVE ARE THEY?

"Hit 'em Where They Are," Memories of a Bombstorming Pilot

TESTING GROUNDS

The Fedayeen XL150 The Cambodian Dumper The I.R.A. 3.4

PROFILE OF JOHANNES KUTTNER, FATHER OF THE TIME BOMB

**"THERE ARE STILL 12 BOMBS SOMEWHERE IN MACY'S THAT HAVEN'T GONE OFF,"
Says Black Militant Rahmed Bazaar**

THE SMART BOMBS: ARE THEY REALLY "BRAINY"?

Classics & Antiques: Weatherman SDS Special, Panther Pig-Offer

The Joker

Steve Miller Band

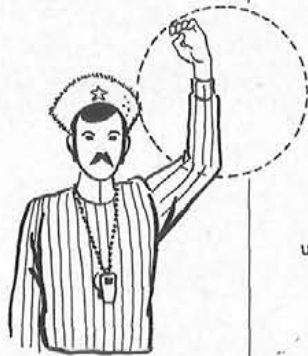


STEVE MILLER BAND ON TOUR

- Oct. 12-13 San Francisco, Cal., Winterland
- Oct. 14 Long Beach, Cal., Cal State
- Oct. 16 Phoenix, Arizona, Celebrity Theater
- Oct. 19 Dallas, Texas, Moody Coliseum
- Oct. 21 Austin, Texas, Municipal Auditorium
- Oct. 23 Memphis, Tenn., Ellis Auditorium
- Oct. 27 Charlotte, N. C.,
- Oct. 31 Washington, D. C., Constitution Hall
- Nov. 2 Philadelphia, Pa., Tower Theater
- Nov. 3 Westchester, Pa., Westchester St. College
- Nov. 10 Providence, R. I., Palace Theater
- Nov. 13 St. Louis, Mo., Kiel Auditorium
- Nov. 14 Denver, Colorado, Coliseum
- Nov. 16 Milwaukee, Wis., Eagles Auditorium
- Nov. 17 Detroit, Mich., Michigan Palace
- Nov. 18 Chicago, Ill., Arie Crown Theater
- Nov. 21 Indianapolis, Ind., Convention Center
- Nov. 23 New York, New York, Felt Forum
- Nov. 24 Gaithersburg, Md., Shady Grove Music Fair
- Nov. 28 Cincinnati, Ohio,



OFFICIAL ARAB REFEREE SIGNALS



TURN THE CLOCK BACK (OR FORWARD)
Arm Rotated Counter-clockwise
(or Clockwise)



UNSPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT
Thumb Pointing Down to Palm



UNSUCCESSFUL GOAL ATTEMPT
BY VISITING TEAM
Hands Placed on Shoulders



SUCCESSFUL GOAL ATTEMPT
BY HOME TEAM
Hands Placed on Shoulders



UNSUCCESSFUL DEFECTION ATTEMPT
Right Hand Drawn Along Throat



VISITING PLAYER HIT HOME PLAYER'S
KNEE WITH HIS GROIN
Pointing to Knee



RESUME BEATING THE PLAYER
Striking Left Palm with Right Fist



I WILL CONSULT THE RULE BOOK
Right Arm Raised, Fist Clenched



YES, THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE IN
THE RULE BOOK. DECISION AWARDED
IN FAVOR OF VISITING TEAM.
Right Arm Raised, Fingers Crossed



NO PENALTY
Hands Covering Eyes



VISITING PLAYER HIT HOME PLAYER'S
FIST WITH HIS CHIN
Pointing to Chin



BEGIN TO PELT THE OPPOSITION
WITH HEAVY OBJECTS
Hands Folded on Top of Head



YOU MUST HAVE THE OLD RULE BOOK
Arms Folded on Chest



ARAB TERRORISTS IN AUDIENCE
Hands Raised Above Head



THERE IS NOTHING WRONG
WITH THE CLOCK
Hands on Hips



A SEX EXAMINATION HAS BEEN MADE.
THIS MAN IS A WOMAN AND MAY
COMPETE.
Palms Placed over Crotch



BEGIN THE NOISY STAGED
DEMONSTRATION
Rotating Fists

AKAI's 4-Channel Challenge

We challenge any other manufacturer in the world to surpass the performance of AKAI's new 4-channel component combination. You can pay more. But you can't buy better.

Here they are.

First is AKAI's new AS-980 4-channel receiver. Endowed with sophisticated features for unparalleled performance. Sensitive and powerful, the AS-980 provides a continuous output of 120W (30 x 4). Plus 4 separate 4-channel modes: Discrete, SQ, RM, and built-in CD-4 with individual separation controls ... It's everything you'd expect AKAI's ultimate receiver to be.

Unequaled reproduction quality is yours with AKAI's new GX-280D-SS. It's a fully discrete 4-channel tape deck that's also 2-channel compatible. The utilization of 4 individual heads—including AKAI's exclusive GX glass and crystal heads (dust free and virtually wear free)—and 3 superbly engineered and balanced motors make this unit the professional 4-channel tape deck for recording and playback.

Together, these units are AKAI's unbeatable 4-channel challenge—providing professional 4-channel capabilities that no other equipment combination can match.

Both the AS-980 receiver and the GX-280D-SS tape deck are available at your nearest AKAI Dealer ... Whenever you're ready to make that ultimate step up. That's AKAI's 4-channel challenge.



From
AKAITM
The Innovators

Because love is a
very private matter....



Contraceptives through the privacy of the mail.

Obtaining male contraceptives without embarrassment can be a problem. To solve that problem PPA is now offering reliable, famous-brand contraceptives, privately by mail. Popular brands like Trojan and Naturalamb, the exciting green-tinted Jade and the pre-shaped Conture. All these and many more, plus our complete line of books and personal products, are featured in the PPA illustrated catalogue, sent free with every order. Send just \$3 for a sampler of 12 condoms (3 each of 4 leading brands) or \$6 for PPA's deluxe sampler of 22 (8 different brands). Everything is mailed in a plain attractive package. You must be absolutely satisfied or your money back. Mail coupon today.

OVER 50,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Population Planning, 105 N. Columbia St.
Dept. NL-15, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Gentlemen: Please send me:

- \$3 Sampler (4 different brands)
 \$6 Deluxe Sampler (8 different brands)
 Catalogue alone: 25¢

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**EVERYTHING YOU'VE
ALWAYS WANTED
TO ASK ABOUT
SPEAKERS—BUT WERE
AFRAID OF BEING
LAMPOONED**

**FREE
RSL CATALOG
TELLS ALL!**

One of the things you'll be glad to be told is that RSL insists you pay less for your speakers.

By selling **FACTORY DIRECT**, eliminating big overhead costs and typical dealer markups, Rogersound Labs can deliver superlative quality for a tiny price.

HURRY! Beat Inflation and Write Today for our super-grouper RSL Hi-Fi Speaker Catalog. The cost to you is Zero . . . **FREE** . . . Nothing!



ROGERSOUND LABS

6319 Van Nuys Blvd. Van Nuys, CA 91401

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

continued from page 48

This is terrible. Cold hot dogs and American cheese sandwiches that were made about a year ago."

"Well, there's nothing like aged cheese," I quipped.

"Very funny. Where's the mustard?"

"Oh my Lord! Don't say anything. I'll run up and get some."

I found a hot dog vendor close by and stole some of his mustard when he wasn't looking. There was a lot of mustard application and beer can popping and I was asked to pass a batch of hot dogs and beer along the line. By the time the hot dogs got to me the buns had crumbled and the dogs were slipping to the ground. I tried to save them and dropped the beer. All I could do was mumble apologies.

Peanut Fantasy

I sat in a state of complete despair. Everything was going wrong. Bobby and his fans looked like they would kill me. I stayed in a funk until something hit me square in the eye. It was a bag of peanuts intended for the guy next to me. "Sorry!" yelled the peanut vendor. I watched the vendor as he hawked his wares. He would throw short bullet passes, long, floating passes and underhand lateral flips, deftly catching coins in return. I wondered what it would be like, living his life. It might be a big book, a TV special.

Two Cheers

I should note that my view of the game was partially obscured by a post and blocked by a fan who was even taller than I. He compounded the problem by wearing a top hat. The game must have been very close because everyone started to cheer wildly. I realized that I was in a dilemma. Normally, I would root for the Giants, but I had a strong interest in the Colts because I spent a month playing with them in preparing a book called *Mad Ducks and Bears*. Bobby solved my problem by telling me to cheer for the Giants. I tried to remember one of the cheers I practiced all week, but somehow the words weren't coming together. I shouted, "TURN THEM INTO A PILE OF POTATO SALAD AND HIT THEM IN THE TEETH!" That didn't sound right. Was it potato salad or cole slaw? I tried another. "EAT THEM! EAT THEM!" Everyone gave me a funny look.

Do or Die

Someone kicked a field goal and the man in the top hat jumped up in a rage and threw his beer can to the ground. "Son of a bitch!" he cried. "There goes my fucking point spread."

continued on page 72

**remarkable aid to
greater marriage compatibility**

**DETANE®
DESENSITIZING
LUBRICANT**

A delaying cream
for men released without
prescription.

DETANE is available
only at pharmacies.

© COMMERCE DRUG CO., INC.
Farmingdale, New York 11735

Marvin Gaye. 'Let's Get It On'



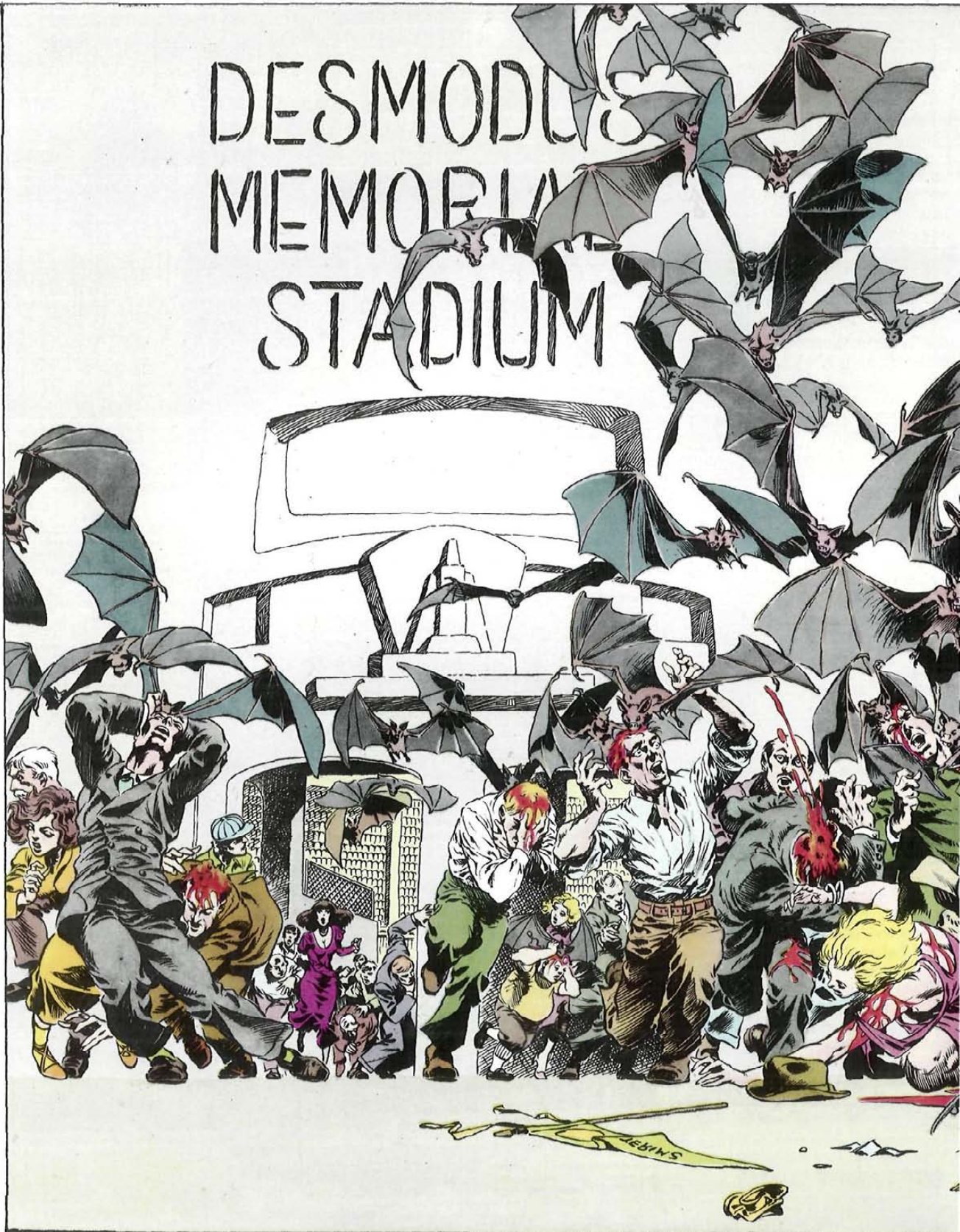
'Birth, and copulation,
and death,
that's all the facts
when you come
to brass tacks.'
— T.S. Eliot

The passion ('Let's Get It On'),
The pleasure ('You Sure Love To Ball'),
The pain ('If I Should Die Tonight').
These are some of the emotions in this
sensitive album about a love affair. If you
have ever loved, this album will
move you again.



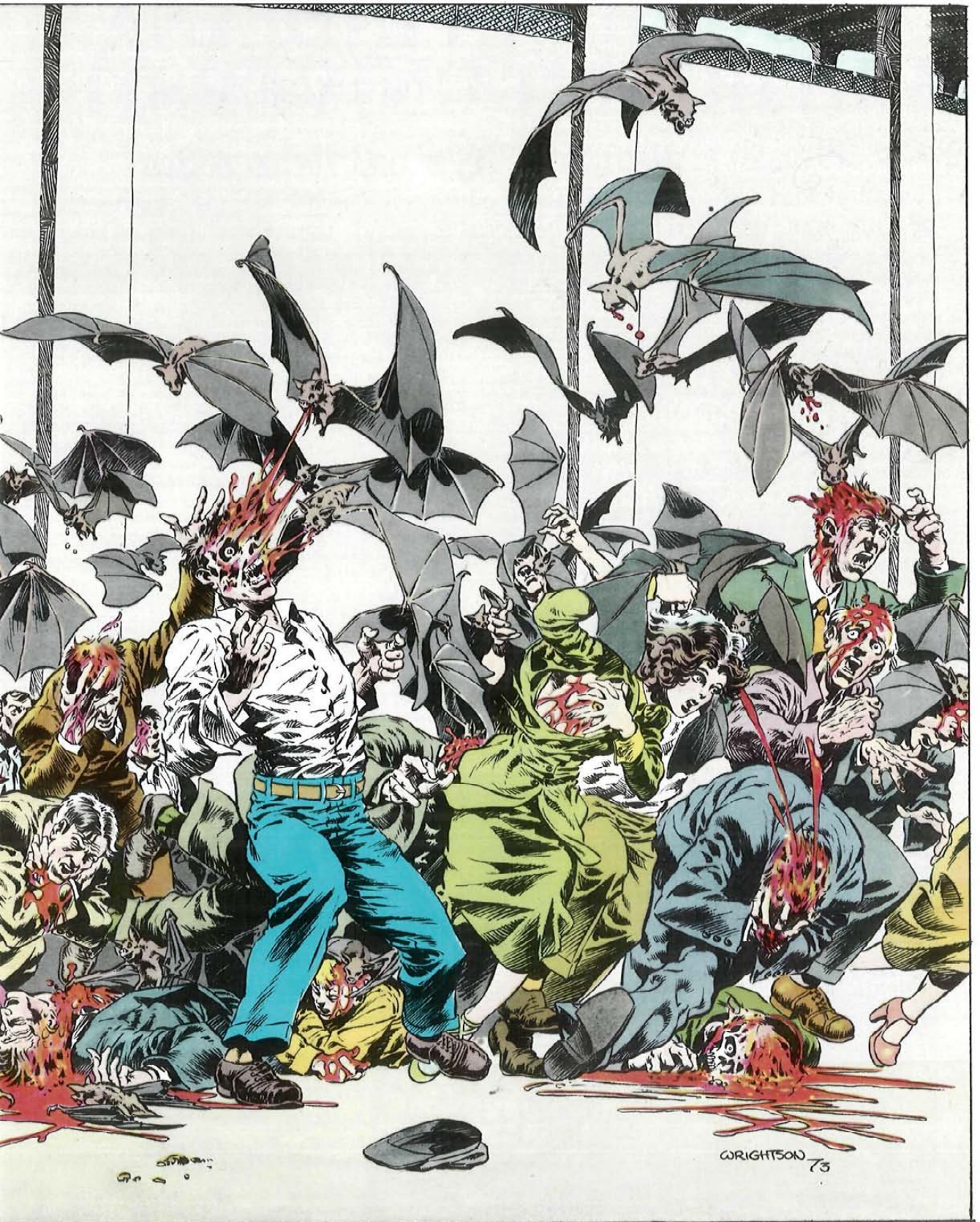
©1973 Motown Record Corporation

DESMODUS MEMORIAL STADIUM



Ba

Great Mom



Day
Sport No. 11

SOUTHERN INDIANA METHODIST UNIVERSITY

Department of Physical Education

Recommended courses for students who have yet to satisfy degree requirements of a minimum of seven and one half credits outside their major field of study.

MUSIC 401. AN INTRODUCTION TO WHISTLING. (Manges)

A brief survey of labioventral harmonic expression, beginning with Shakespeare's immortal "To Whit to Woo" and continuing to the present, followed by an intensive study of the mechanics of the production of oradental tones. Students will be expected to compose several short pieces and perform them. Persons who are not capable of whistling are advised to take instead Music 406, An Introduction to Humming.

ENGLISH 77. CLASSICS OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

(Trask) This course will cover in detail the growth and development of a body of literature written expressly for children, with special emphasis on modern American juvenile literature. Students will be required to complete an extensive reading list, including *The House at Pooh Corner*, *Peter Rabbit Loses His Way*, *Babar Visits America*, the Hardy boys in the *Mystery of the Old Mill*, *Dick and Jane Go on a Pic-Nic*, and *Spot Takes a Walk*.

BUSINESS EDUCATION 44. PERIODICAL ORDERING. (Deitch)

The aim of this course will be to describe the process by which major magazines and newspapers may be obtained

on a regular basis by mail. Students will be familiarized with the proper methods of filling out coupons, including mastery of block lettering; checking copies for missing pages or damage when they arrive; making renewal decisions based on cost/satisfaction ratios; taking advantage of limited reduced-price offers and premiums; and composing letters of complaint.

ETHICS 80. TABLE MANNERS. (Kaufman)

A history of the growth of prandial precepts and an overall moral code of ethical table behavior, from Old Testament times through the introduction of the fork in the Renaissance to modern times. Readings will include portions of the *Talmud*, Seneca's *De Comestibu*, Castiglione's *The Courtesan*, Erasmus' *In Praise of Manners*, Sir Thomas Wilkes' *Comportement of An Gentlemanne*, and *Emily Post*.

LEGAL STUDIES 116. LEASH LAW. (Farkas)

A short history of pet regulation in the United States, together with an examination of key state statutes covering the owner's responsibility for his animal in public places and important cases which have contributed precedents in the fields of canine assault, categorization of strays, limitations on

The emergence of Cheryl Dilcher.

It was a sunny classroom in Allentown, Pennsylvania where a young girl could be found staring up at the sky and humming a tune, lost in a world of musical daydreams. The young girl was Cheryl Dilcher. Bored with school life, she soon found herself, with her 12-string guitar, in New York City. There she met songwriter/producer Jeff Barry who believed in her. The result of that meeting is *Butterfly*, eleven songs written and performed by Cheryl. And, without being too flighty, it just feels good.



Cheryl Dilcher
Butterfly (SP 4394)
On A&M Records

the collection of untended animals by pounds, and determinations of negligence and damage awards in rabies and parrot fever cases.

SOCIAL STUDIES 29. THE AMERICAN STATES. (Carlson) An exhaustive study of the fifty states, with particular emphasis on the identification of their capital cities, their flowers, birds, mottoes, nicknames, and zip and area codes, and long distance recognition of their license plates through their characteristic colorings, shapes, and letter and number arrangements.

MODERN LANGUAGES 202. SIGN LANGUAGE. (De Sousa) This course will concentrate on conveying to the student the richness and variety of this ancient and traditional method of human communication. Students will be taught the rudiments of a few of the more common forms of non-verbal speech in use today, including hand traffic signals, the deaf alphabet, and referee and umpire signals.

ENGLISH R. SHORT ORDER RESTAURANT TERMS. (Vincent) An introduction to the highly specialized vocabulary used by food preparers in high-volume eating places. Students will be expected to understand and be able to use such common expressions as "two on a raft and sink them," "Adam and Eve on a raft, wreck 'em," "buns twenty one," and "a side of frogs to travel."

NATURAL SCIENCES 117. REACTING TO WEATHER. (Vesey) This course will consider the effects of weather on our daily lives. Students will be taught the one-thousand-and-one, one-thousand-and-two method of determining the distance of thunderstorms by timing the interval between lightning and thunder; how to perceive precipitation through the aural and tactile senses; choice of the proper protective footwear in wet conditions; how to read barometers and thermometers and interpret weather forecasts, both printed and broadcast; the avoidance of lightning; how

to detect clearing trends with the "blue patch of sky the size of a dutchman's pants" technique; and prediction of future weather through interpretation of the coloration of sunsets and sunrises.

PSYCHOLOGY 201. ORAL AND NASAL DYNAMICS IN A SOCIAL SETTING. (Krause) An investigation will be made into the characteristics of human yawning and sneezing behavior as modified by the imperatives of peer group norms. The sources of "contagious" yawning activity will be pursued and the impulse behind and several common methods of sneeze suppression will be examined, along with the role of the handkerchief as fetish, taboos against examining the contents of the handkerchief in the post-sneeze period, and the primitive motivational roots in phrases such as "Keeping you up?" and "gesundheit."

ART APPRECIATION 14. MUSEUMOLOGY. (Toms) Students will be trained in the use of maps, guides, newspaper listings, and other reference aids to assist them in finding museums and ascertaining the times and locations of temporary or travelling exhibits of special interest. Students will also be acquainted with sound museum-visiting procedure, including selection of comfortable shoes, allocation of adequate time to insure a pleasant, unfatiguing trip, and proper viewing posture.

CREATIVE WRITING 9. SHORT MESSAGES. (Wainwright) The course will cover the composition of brief notes, with emphasis on succinctness in the conveyance of information. Particular attention will be paid to the wording of orders to deliverymen and repairmen, the layout and positioning of courtesy notes informing associates of absences due to luncheon engagements or unforeseen departures, and the development of a good, clear postcard-writing style. Students will be required to submit weekly, original compositions in a number of short forms, ranging from the telegram to laundry and dry-cleaning instructions. □

by Henry Beard

It's All Here



KENWOOD KR-9340

Every 4-Channel Luxury You Could Want in the Most Luxurious 4-Channel Receiver that Advanced Audio Engineering Can Create

BIG POWER: 340 Watts (IHF) ■ 40 RMS Watts Per Channel (x4) at 8 ohms, 20-20k Hz ■ **FULL-4-CHANNEL FLEXIBILITY:** Built-in SQ, RM, CD-4, Discrete ■ **SOPHISTICATED 4-CHANNEL CONTROL CENTER:** Provision for 2 PHONOS, 4-CH AUX, 2 Discrete 4-Channel Tape Systems (with tape-to-tape dubbing), Two 4-Channel Speaker Systems, Full Complement of Individual 4-Channel Tone, Balance, Volume Controls ■ **The Finest AM/FM Tuner** with FM DET OUT Terminal for 4-Channel FM Broadcasts ■ **Exclusive DSD** in the MPX ■ **Direct Coupling** ■ **Dual Protection Circuit** ■ **And the Greatest 4-Channel Performance You've Ever Heard!** Listen to the KR-9340 at your nearest Authorized KENWOOD Dealer. Or write for specifications.

the sound approach to quality



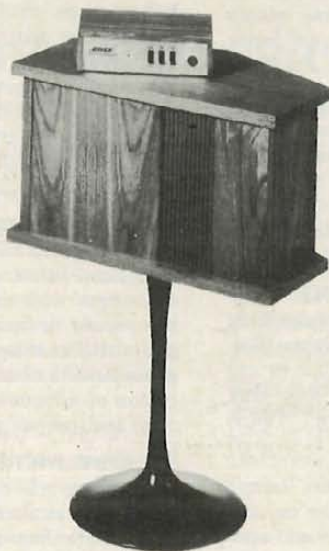
KENWOOD

15777 So. Broadway, Gardena, Calif. 90248
72-02 Fifty-first Ave., Woodside, N.Y. 11377
In Canada: Magnasonic Canada, Ltd.

BETTER THAN BOSE!

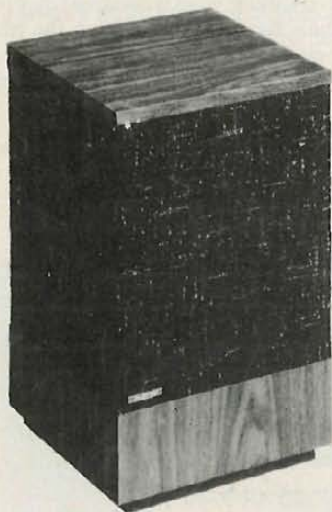
That's right. Even though the BOSE 901 is the most highly reviewed speaker in the industry; even though one critic proclaimed, "BOSE is best, big or small, high or low;" and even though the 901 resulted from twelve years of intensive research on acoustics -- now there is a speaker system better than the BOSE 901.

Introducing the BOSE 901 SERIES II -- it's everything that the original 901 was, and more: ■Multiplicity of acoustically-coupled full-range drivers ■Flat power radiation ■Completely new Active Equalizer design, suited to program source variations never available before, and adapted to a much wider range of room environments (even drapes). ■New cone formulation ■New "Grass Weave" grillecloth ■and SYN-COM™ II Speaker Computer quality control testing.



Also introducing the new BOSE 501 SERIES II -- the other speaker with direct and reflected sound, and flat power radiation, at a price far lower than you'd expect to pay (about half the price of the 901).

The new 501 SERIES II features: ■A new tweeter with double the magnet size of the original 501 and four additional components in the crossover network, for improved high frequency response and power handling capability ■and 100% selection and matching of the woofers and tweeters with the SYN-COM™ II Computer -- the unique computer designed by BOSE and put into operation in August, 1973, to achieve a new level of speaker performance.



We invite you to challenge us! Compare the BOSE 901 SERIES II to any other speaker, regardless of size or price; and compare the BOSE 501 SERIES II to any speaker up to the price of the 901 SERIES II. You be the judge. If we have done our homework correctly, the comparison will be interesting and short!

A New Listening Experience
by **BOSE**

For more information, write BOSE Corp., Department L, The Mountain, Framingham, Mass. 01701.

"I'm out a fucking dime!" A "dime" in betting parlance is one thousand dollars.

Top Hat threw his beer can on what he thought was the ground but was actually Bobby's foot. Bobby's foot was hurting. "Don't take it out on me, douche-bag," said Bobby.

"What did you call me?" asked Top Hat.

I could sense what was happening and I started to move. But it was too late. Fists and beer cans were flying. I was not in the mood for a brawl, but I dished out a little and took a lot in return. I stayed long enough to absorb all the colorful comic details.

Just as I was breaking free a Negro was running toward me waving a gun. Great Steamed Clams! It was the man who had occupied my seat and promised to return! He was shooting what sounded like real bullets. I ran and hurtled myself down the steps faster than any human alive. I ran right to the low fence on the field, leaped over it, and got to the Baltimore bench before anyone could catch me. I knew the Baltimore team well. I was looking for a friendly face. I wanted to suit up before it was too late. I had to play. I couldn't stand being a fan any longer. I cried and begged the coaches to let me in the game but they thought I was crazy.

"Mike! Mike Curtis!" I cried. I recognized the animal-like middle linebacker of the Colts. "Mike, for God's sake, tell them who I am so I can get a uniform and get into the game. They're after me with a gun!"

"Gee George, I wish I could help you, but all the coaches you knew are gone. We got a whole new management. They traded twenty-five players. Only a few of us oldtimers left."

Afterward

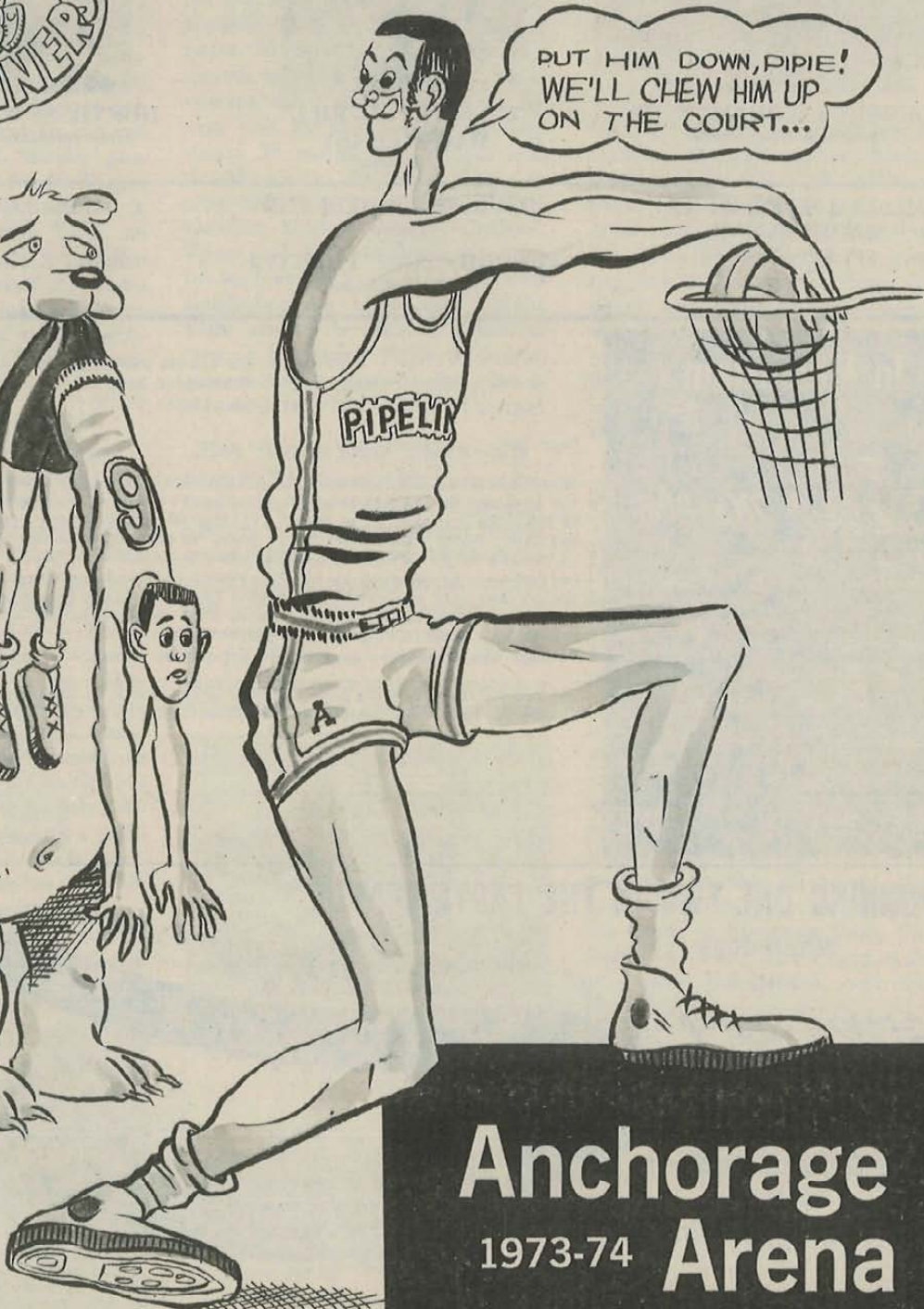
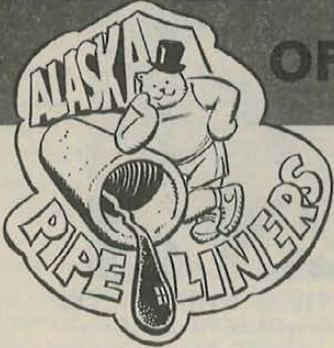
In that handful of seconds before the police came and took me away I realized that the playing field was where I belonged. I was safe there, knowing I could do any outrageous thing and still be loved. The police refused to believe who I was and dragged me out of the stadium. I had lost my wallet and identification and my appearance certainly suggested that I was drunk and disorderly. But they decided not to book me and simply dumped me on the sidewalk.

I hailed a cab for home. I had explored the mystique of the fan in my classic style and all that remained would be my beautifully elegiac end to this last wild episode where I could have been killed. It felt good to be the real George Plimpton again. I was already thinking of my next assignment, heading up a military junta that was going to overthrow the government of Peru. □

Alaska

PIPELINERS

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM



\$1.50

Anchorage
1973-74
Arena

THE ALASKA PIPELINERS BASKETBALL CLUB

Owned and Operated by Nor-Mac Enterprises, Inc., a Guam Corporation

OFFICERS



NORBERT J. WOHLMUTTER
Chairman of the Board



WILLIAM "BIG BILL" MACSWEENEY
President



HORTENSE WOHLMUTTER
Vice-President, Public Relations

WILLIAM "LITTLE BILL" MACMURTENS
Vice-President

IRWIN "RED" HELFAND
Coach

ANNA LOU MAPES
Secretary

FREDDIE "POPS" POLENTA
General Manager

BART RHINELANDER
Treasurer

In Memoriam

*Paul
"Lucky" Murphy*

All of the employees of Lucky Murphy's Flying Service join in heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. Murphy in the tragic loss of her beloved husband, Paul.

We're sure Lucky made a "safe landing" at his "final destination."

Lucky Murphy's Flying Service will henceforth be known as Lucky Johnson's Flying Service.

4 Pipe-r Cubs for convenient travel to those far-away home games.

OFFICE OF THE ALASKA PIPELINERS
1745 Wohlmutter Road
Seldovia, Alaska 99586

Dear Fans:

Welcome to the first season of the Alaska Pipeliners, the future World Champions of the American Basketball Association. As most of you know, Alaska was the birthplace of basketball, and so it is indeed fitting and proper for our great state to have its own team. Since this is our first year, we are called an expansion team. But this is in name only. Our coach, the great Red Helfand, has molded a team of fierce competitors and promises that the Pipeliners will be no pushovers for anybody. And to make sure that we become Number One, I urge you to support our proposed new arena, the fabulous Alaskadome, which will be the greatest sports complex of the Modern Age, a mecca for fans and players alike. We need \$50,000,000 to go over the top. We've raised \$11,450 so far.

Get behind your fighting team and your great state by making a contribution (tax deductible) to this magnificent venture. Let's pipe up, Pipe fans!

"Hoopfully" yours,

NORBERT J. WOHLMUTTER
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

RUNNING ONE-TWO IN THE TASTE LEAGUE

Whaledogs
and

STROFEL'S
MUSTARD

The Official Mustard
of the
Alaska Pipeliners



MEET YOUR ALASKA PIPELINER STARTING FIVE!

Elmer

"Sticks" Jankowski-10

47, 5-6, 285, Wassaic A&M. Guard—Now in his 28th year of pro ball, wily veteran "Sticks" Jankowski brings a wealth of savvy and know-how to the Pipes. Overcoming his lack of size with an aggressive style of play, this chunky guard provides the steady hand and smart field generalship so sorely needed by a fledgling club. His colorful nickname comes from his days as a member of the original Celtics, when someone stuck a finger in his eye and took the eye out. "Sticks" now wears a glass eye and he challenges you to tell it from the original! A native of Elmira, New York, he now makes his home in Alaska where he works in the off-season for the Seldovia Smoked Salmon and Herring Company in their pickling department. His first impression of Alaska: COLD!

Darrel Imglick-19

22, 6-8, 175, Maine Tech, Center—Darrel is a first year man who has all the credentials to make it big with the Pipes. An unheralded 19th draft choice of the Pittsburgh Condors, he was released and grabbed by Pipe coach Red Helfand and is being groomed as the take charge Big Man of the club. At Maine Tech he led the Northern New England Conference in fouls committed and averaged 7.3 points a game. Darrel packs only 175 pounds on his slender 6-8 frame but isn't afraid to mix it up under the boards with the heavier centers, despite a club-foot. His defense is always improving and he is working on a dandy hook shot from 5 feet out. Darrel and his lovely wife Sharon Ann and their two children, Tracey and

Jim "Pork Butt" Slade

Stacey, plan to settle in Fairbanks. Anyone who knows of an apartment or "a cute little house," as Sharon Ann says, please call Freddie "Pops" Polenta, Pipes General Manager.

Orville

"The Opal" Montgomery-7

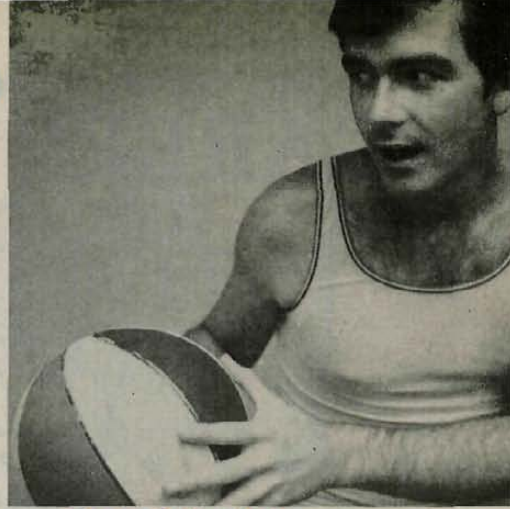
38, 6-0, 135, North Zenobia State. Guard—"The Opal" still has the potential to be one of the premier guards in the ABA, although he is coming off a season hampered by arm and leg injuries, an undiagnosed 50 pound weight loss and double vision, which he claims is now 65 to 75% cured. The former Condor, Squire, Cougar, Colonel, Pacer and Net is a fierce competitor with an explosive style that will sparkplug the team and delight Pipe fans. In the off-season this native of Buttercup Falls, Alabama, attends to his many business interests and his 1970 Chevrolet Caprice.

Jim "Pork Butt" Slade-12

34, 6-5, 245, Acorn A&I, Forward—One of the most colorful all-around players in the game, Porky brings an amazing repertoire of shots to the Pipes, to provide much-needed fire power from the corners and the outside. Porky is best known for his acrobatic stunts with the Harlem Sharpies and the Brooklyn Flaps, the great show teams. Pipe



Dave Treadworth



Darrel Imglick

fans are warned to watch for his famous fadeaway set shot which he shoots flat on his back. Although Porky's shooting touch is uncertain at the moment due to the loss of two fingers on his right hand, this jumping jack will make the Pipes eminently respectable under the boards with his rugged rebounding. In the off-season Porky designs his own line of men's action-cut underwear, which he hopes to have on the market soon.

Dave Treadworth-9

35, 6-4, 200, Southwest Wyoming Teachers. Forward—A lot of the Pipe fortunes rest on Dave's strong shoulders. A cool, determined performer who gets the job done, Dave is known as the Iron Man of the ABA, where he has played in every minute of 632 straight games. Pipe coach Red Helfand hopes that he is fully recovered from the heart attack he suffered last spring and promises to bring him along slowly at first. But Dave assures us that he's fit and raring to go and that should spell trouble for Pipe opponents. In the off-season Dave raises prize blue ribbon eggplant on his ranch in Sherman Oaks, California, with his wife Peggy, a former Miss Bakersfield, and their four children.

Pipe's Scoring This Season

	Games	Goals	Fouls	Points	Avg.
Darrel Imglick	10	30	12	72	7.2
Jim Slade	10	27	9	63	6.3
Dave Treadworth	8	21	7	49	6.1
Orville Montgomery	9	17	6	40	4.4
Elmer Jankowski	10	9	3	21	2.0
Junius Jackson	7	5	3	13	1.8
Gene Johns	6	3	4	10	1.6
Nate Washington	6	2	3	7	1.1



THE "FOWL" SHOT THAT NEVER MISSES!
GARBER'S GRADE A



Chickens in the Basket
 "Chickens that taste like grandma"

HAWAII ALOHAS	F. Gs.		Fouls		P. Fs.	
	1st HALF	2nd	1st HALF	2nd		
4—WALT FARMER						First Quarter
6—KADEEM RAHMAD						
9—STEVE COE						
12—WILLIE HAYES						First Half
15—SPENCER BOOKER						
16—NYRELL JONES						
18—ED INGRAM						Third Quarter
20—BARRY GREEN						
22—GEORGE PITTS						
23—NELSON LYON						Final Score
26—BILL STANCIESCHEK						
29—MARVIN DAVIS						

Turn
 in b
 BUT TH
 BUTTERB



The finest
 "Better baked"

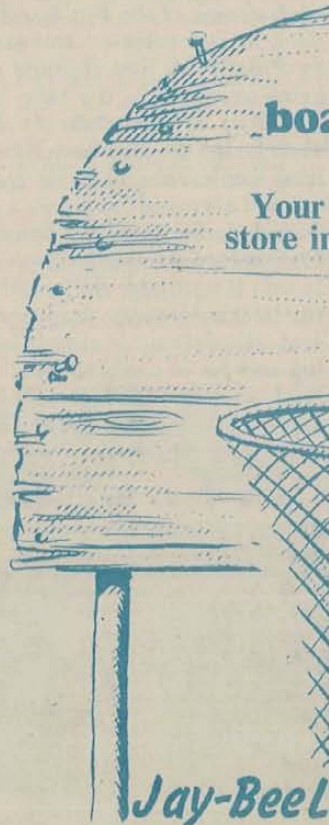
Time Out for Tundra!



Tundra Lager

"The Beer That Made Chatanika Famous"

Enjoy Tundra on draft at Manny's Hair 'o' the Husky Taproom, one of the many fine taverns where Tundra is "the best beer for a hundra miles around!"



are bad
tball...

EAT AT THE
ERY, in Juneau



nd breads.
s butter-baked"

olid
ength...

partment
yn Fairbanks

and Millwork



Serving the Pipeliners for over
40 months

Smethurst & Wilkins

Real Estate, Attorneys-at-law, Film De-
veloping, Live Bait, 2 Statehood Plaza,
Anchorage

	F. Gs. 1st HALF 2nd	Fouls 1st HALF 2nd	P. Fs.	ALASKA PIPELINERS
First Quarter				7—ORVILLE MONTGOMERY
				9—DAVE TREADWORTH
				10—ELMER JANKOWSKI
				12—JIM SLADE
				14—NATE WASHINGTON
First Half				15—GENE JOHNS
				17—HAL TURNER
				19—DARREL IMGlick
				20—CHET PEOPLES
				22—BILL VAN BRUNT
Third Quarter				23—JUNIUS JACKSON
				25—WALLY TURNER
Final Score				

One Good Shot Deserves Another!

Straight or "on the floes," it's the best in the house
wherever you go. Break the ice with Antlers!

Antlers Blended Whiskey



PIPELINER'S SCHEDULE FOR NOVEMBER

Nov. 3	at New York
Nov. 7	at Carolina
Nov. 10	at Louisville
Nov. 13	AT HOME, AT FAIRBANKS GARDENS*
Nov. 15	AT HOME, AT ANCHORAGE ARENA
Nov. 19	at Utah
Nov. 23	at Indiana
Nov. 25	at Pittsburgh
Nov. 27	AT HOME, JUNEAU WAR MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM
Nov. 29	AT HOME, NOME CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

* Pipeliner home games are played in Anchorage, Fairbanks, Juneau and Nome.

FIRST IN ASSISTS...

The bank with the highest interest rate in you!

Juneau Savings and Loan Association

BILL THE BALL



Elmer "Sticks" Jankowski searches in vain for his glass eye as Darrel Imglick has given up and is taking a short nap.



Coach Red Helfand is ablaze with anger as he points to the man who stole his stopwatch. The perpetrator was apprehended.

PIPELINER HALL OF FAME

Souvenir Shop a Big Hit

Everyone's crowding around the new Pipeliner Souvenir Shop to buy Official Pipeliner Foot Warmers, Hand Warmers, Face Warmers and Body Warmers. The butane-powered items are already sold out! The youngsters love the Pipie the Polar Bear good luck bear paws. Dad goes for the Pipeliner hoop ashtray and Mom likes the Pipeliner serving tray with the big picture of Pipie on it. Get your Pipeliner souvenirs in the Hall of Fame Shop in the lobby, right next to the exhibit of stuffed Pipies, I to XI.

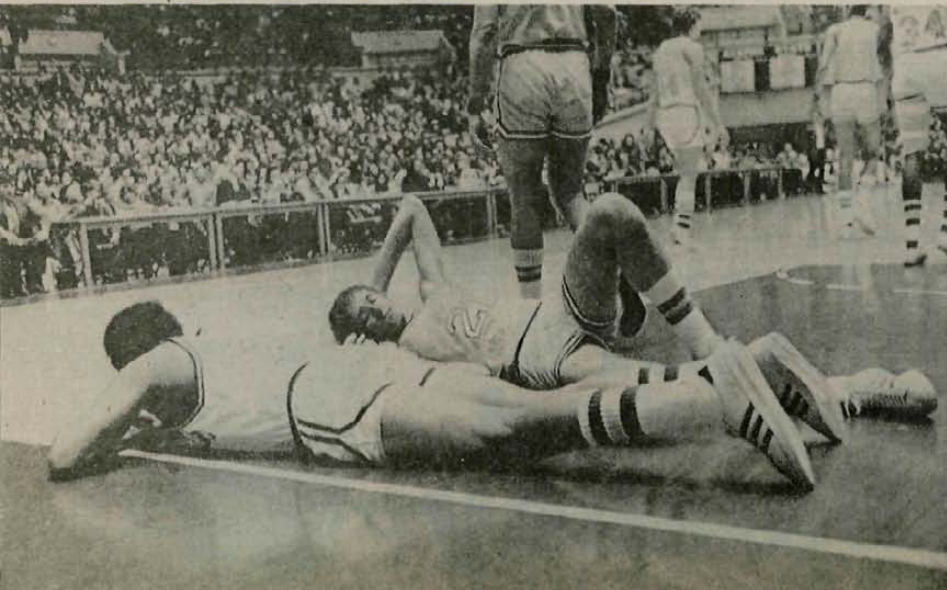
PIPELIGHT ON...

Coach Irwin "Red" Helfand

A fiery competitor with a fierce desire to win, Red Helfand got his colorful nickname not from his hair, which is actually dark brown, but his face, which turns beet-red when he's burning mad at a referee or a player. When Red really gets mad he sometimes goes into an epileptic fit, but trainer Danny Mulvey is always prepared for this emergency.

Although he did not play basketball at his alma mater, Northern State Parkway Community College, he was already noted as a keen student of the game. After serving in the Merchant Marine in World War II, Red got a job as road secretary of the Bethlehem Bessemers of the Pennsylvania League, where he learned the tough, aggressive style of play he is now famous for. In 1960 he became assistant coach and head scout of the Farmingdale Fawns, an all-girl team. He stayed with Farmingdale for 7 years and eventually married their star center, Marjorie Ann Sykes. Following his sojourn with the Fawns, Red marketed a line of rubber athletic shoes from Singapore and owned a highly successful dry goods store.

After a game Red relaxes with a hot shower, puts on a little after shave lotion or cologne and has a beer. Sometimes Marjorie Ann will warm up some frozen cheese puffs and they will watch TV.



Pipeline to the Pipeliners

By RICK TERHUNE, Fairbanks *Midnight Sun* sports columnist

With temperatures going to minus 30 and 40 degrees at the Anchorage Arena, it's getting harder for our Pipes to conduct practice sessions. Coach RED HELFAND has asked the Governor for permission to use the rumpus room in the basement of the State Capitol Building. ORVILLE "THE OPAL" MONTGOMERY, slick Pipe guard, is still adjusting to his annoying problem of double vision. "The hoop on the right is usually the real one," said Orville. "Except when we play in Juneau, where everything is at an angle." JIM "PORK BUTT" SLADE, star Pipe forward, is not only a great basketballer, but a great storyteller, especially about his "showboat" days with the Harlem Sharpies. "One night we played a game in a dance hall and only nine people showed up. The promoter couldn't afford to pay us, but

since he was also part owner of a peanut farm, would we mind accepting 50 pound sacks of peanuts. In those days we took anything. And so I can honestly say I once played for peanuts." PIPESTAR OF THE WEEK: DARREL IMGLICK. A fine performance by our rookie center in last week's heart-breaking loss to the Carolina Cougars, 154-38. Darrel held Cougar center Jim Chones to 32 points and garnered 9 himself, while racking up 6 rebounds. HATS OFF DEPT: A big cheer for HORTENSE WOHLMUTTER, V.P. Public Relations, for the wonderful halftime entertainment she's lined up for the weeks to come. Some of the acts are: Buck and Bangles, tap dancing caribous, the crack Lithuanian Varnishing Team, and of course, our own bouncing, somersaulting cheerleaders, the Pipettes.

MEET PIPIE THE POLAR BEAR

Official Mascot
of the
Pipeliners



Pipie is the perfect mascot for our Pipeliners, with his great fighting spirit and unbounded ferocity. If we didn't keep him in a cage he'd be on the court chewing our opponents to shreds! Pipie's trainer, E. S. "Bud" Spurgeon, assures us that Pipie XII (we've had 11 other Pipies so far) is the most lovable, best-behaved polar bear he's ever worked with.

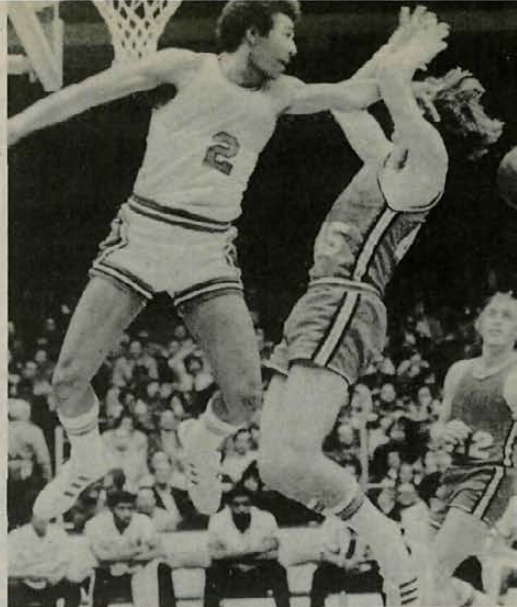
Everyone knows what a wonderful job Bud has been doing with the bears and we join his many friends in wishing him a speedy recovery.

And Pipie XII sends his best growls, Bud!

Dave Treadworth takes a flying leap into the seats as he thought he saw Pipie the Polar Bear escaping from his cage. False alarm, Dave!



The proposed new Alaskadome, world's greatest sports complex and the new home of the Pipeliners. Just a pipedream? Not on your life! Let's pipe up, Pipe fans! We've got \$50,000,000 to raise.



"Pork Butt" Slade congratulates Hawaii Aloha shooter Nelson Lyon for his great shot by tousling his hair good naturedly.

Pipe Lines

By HORTENSE WOHLMUTTER

Patty Jankowski (Elmer's better half) and Jane Van Brunt (Bill's mate) made a cute duo as they officiated at the ribbon-cutting ceremonies at Bruce Vinson's Bu-Tee Palace in the Frontier Mall in suburban Anchorage. Say, Elmer and Bill, better look out, 'cuz we gals sure like to look our best for the Pipers' games, so don't cry "foul" when the bills come!!! . . . Looks like those dreams of a White Halloween are going to come true. Mr. Weatherman says those early flurries on the 4th of July mean a real "fifty-foot" winter, and that's "snow fooling!". . . I know you ladies think a smaller mascot—a seal, one of our native Alaskan huskies, or maybe one of our own cuddly native Alaskan eskimo children—would be more appropriate for the Pipeliners, but I think we should "bear with" trainer "Bud" Spurgeon and his staff. Norbert tells me they're all crack shots, and if our new Pipey gets a little too rambunctious during the game, "Bud" and his associates will show they're as good "shooters" as our fine Pipeliners!!! . . .

IN THE EVENT THAT PIPIE BREAKS LOOSE PLEASE REMAIN SEATED. ALL OUR PLAYERS AND OUR POLICE ARE ARMED AND CAN MAINTAIN SECURITY. DO NOT RUSH FOR THE EXIT. THERE IS ONLY ONE EXIT IN THE ARENA. DO NOT CAUSE A PANIC.



Pipie sez:



"After the game... LEAD THE FAST BREAK TO SEWARD'S FOLLY" in Anchorage

** The Lounge and Tap Room where everybody scores! * Ray Napoli at the organ nitely*

** Dining Deluxe in the Klondike Room*

** Featuring Prime Ribs of Caribou
Seal Burgers
and Muskrat Pizza*

** Free Parking for Snowmobiles in Rear*

** Ladies Invited*

** "Mt. McKinley is the highest mountain in North America,
and Seward's Folly is the height of eating pleasure."*

** For Reservations call BERING 8-1499*

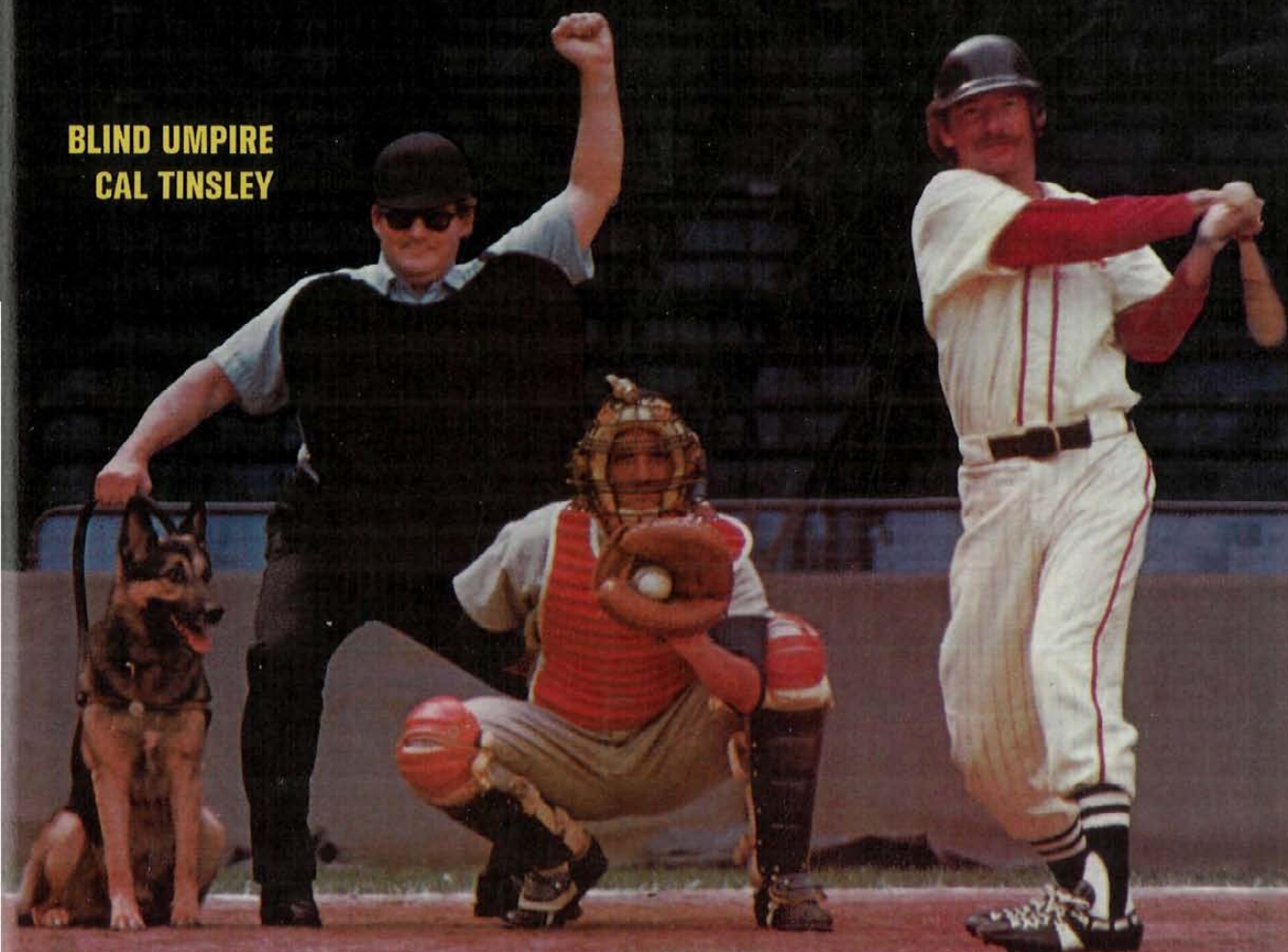
Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 2, 1973

60 CENTS

THE CALL IS COURAGE

**BLIND UMPIRE
CAL TINSLEY**





This year, you can join the many thousands of Americans who are rediscovering the grandeur of our wilderness heritage as you go back to nature—in style—in a DOA Wood-samatic Motorhiker.

No more aching shoulders, tired legs, corns and blisters. No more picking your way through razor-sharp underbrush or toiling up grueling hills. No more worries about serious injuries on breathtaking—but treacherous—mountain slopes teeming with deadly vipers.

Now, you can back-seat-pack in the comfort of Duralush Fomepad seats while the Motorhiker's powerful 55 h.p. Wanderlust-engine and savage Kat-Klaw caterpillar treads carry you

swiftly, safely, over even the most rugged terrain in a putting-green smooth ride.

A DOA Motorhiker lets you and your family have all the fun and freedom of the outdoors life *and* all the comforts of home. With the Motorhiker's patented array of hi-grade Swedish steel chain saws and Pow-R-Prongs, you'll blaze your way to beauty, cutting your own trails to the scenic hideaways only the kookiest nature nuts ever used to see.

As you grind along, admiring the view, carefully timed bursts of insecticide keep away pesky flies, mosquitoes, and gnats. If you feel that famous woodsman's hunger or thirst coming on, you can dip into the Motorhiker's

5 cu. ft. Grubstake ice chest for a little something to "cut the dust." And when you arrive by the banks of a sparkling stream or a glassy lake, you'll be fresh as a daisy and free as a bird, ready to fish, swim, or just laze, listening to your favorite music on the Motorhiker's 8-track stereo tape deck.

Answer the "call of the wild" today. Dial 800-212-7500 toll free for information on the 1-seat DOA Pathfinder, the 2-seat DOA Pioneer, the 4-seat DOA Deerslayer, and 6 more Motorhiker models—and the many other fine DOA sports machines. DOA Incorporated, Hildebrand, Indiana 44098.

DOA

The DOA Deerslayer Motorhiker — as great as all outdoors!

Contents

NOVEMBER 2, 1973 Volume 1, No. 1

Cover photograph by Ronald G. Harris

14 A Bad Year for Goodyear

The Arkansas Wolverines played a near-perfect game in whipping the Badgers of Oklahoma 28-0, but the Orange Bowl was marred by tragedy as the Goodyear Blimp exploded

18 Slow and Steady Wins the Race

You have to have patience, a thick layer of blubber and 50 million dollars for iceberg racing. But once you've piloted a giant berg for a grueling 4½ year race you're not the same man again

22 Angling from a New Angle

If you've never stood ankle-deep in Oregon's icy Bludgeon River and cast 120 volts into the deep pools where the loudmouth laze, you haven't experienced the ultimate thrill of electric fishing

28 Cry for the Werewolf

Once a common sight on the farms of Austro-Hungary and the Balkans, the werewolf has virtually disappeared as ruthless hunters declare open season at every full moon

40 Wet Dream Comes True

Ron Barrett, Ohio State Spartans' lone hope in the AAU swimming championships, dreamed he won the 220, 440 and 880 breast strokes in world record times. He woke up the next day and did just that

63 Lose Your Marbles in Style

It isn't child's play when Lord and Lady Buxton, the Countess Mara and Prince Matchabelli give a marble shoot at the Côte de Veau. It's emerald shooters, jade cabolas, and ruby puries as the plot thickens and the millions click away

72 A Fast Crowd Corrupts Glacier Betting

Frenzied wagering and dirty tricks, including faking crush lines and heating the ice, threaten to turn this graceful sport into an unseemly contest, as a host of unsavory types are beginning to pollute the poles

The departments

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 18 Chassidic Bobsledding | 92 Goat Baseball |
| 43 Boxer Shorts | 109 Oil Lump Fishing |
| 67 Nude Bowling | 110 Ballbreaking Moments |
| 83 Avalanching | |
| 88 Après Snowball Fight Fashions | 112 20th Hole |

14

18

22

28

40

63

72

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Hey, there, LIFE magazine, you used to make fun of us, didn't you? You said all our photographs looked like they'd been taken through four inches of jellied madrilene with an Instamatic. You said our articles sounded like they'd been written by a P.R. man for a sandlot team of morons in the Pee-Wee League. Well, thanks to you, our major stockholder is now a boorish Texas pulp magnate, and Time, Inc. is probably going to end up in a domed editorial office in Dallas and we'll be typing our copy on astropaper. Look, just tell us one thing. Was Dick Nixon calling you up there at the end and giving you advice on how to run a magazine?

Next week

WHAT HAPPENED TO BASEBALL? It's November and baseball seems to be gone. "Where did everybody go?" asks Boston's Carl Yazstremski. But come springtime, you can bet it will be back, he says.

PIGSKIN PLANE CRASH PREVIEW Prognosticator Tex Mule looks into his crystal ball and predicts the top 20 plane crashes in the pro and college ranks with some surprises in chartered jets. Dan Junkets covers twin engine and small crafts.

AFRO-TURF . . . does it really give black athletes a greater feeling of pride in their heritage or is it just a gimmick of the white promoters? Jess Korman straightens out a kinky tale of skullduggery and sprained ankles.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROYCE FITZGERALD

SUCKER BET

Bobbie Rigs has done it again. This time he's challenging Linda Lovelace to who can give better head for five million bucks. Right. Five million. Plus percentages of closed circuit tv, movie, books and other ancillary rights. Proposed ground rules: Bobby and Linda do either four guys or two guys and two gals. Winner must get the affirmative nod of three out of four suckees. Winner will be judged on creativity, specialty work, depth, attractiveness and extent of emotional involvement. A special electronic meter is being built by the Minneapolis Honeywell Company to record the most accurate measurements of orgasmic intensity. Sponsor of the event? The tennis division of Head Ski Corporation, natch.

WEATHER OR NOT

The results of a five-year study on the effects of climate on athletes was published in the British Medical journal *Hippocrates*. The article states that athletes who live in warm weather countries tend to wear less clothing and perspire more. Athletes who compete in colder climates wear more clothing and perspire less. When warm weather athletes visit cold weather countries they still perspire a lot because they overreact to the cold and wear too much clothing. Cold weather athletes visiting warm weather countries also perspire more because of their unfamiliarity with the hot climate. As for athletes in temperate climates, the article advises, "Always wear an extra sweater or jacket. If you're hot and sticky you can always peel off. But if you're cold and you didn't bring an extra jacket you're out of luck and you could catch pneumonia."

ASTRO-SURF

They've conquered the land. Now it's the sea. The Astro-Turf people have invented *Astro-Surf*, a new synthetic water. "There's going to be a real water shortage soon and we want to be ready," said E. J. "Pete" Hummell, one of the inventors. "We honestly feel that Astro-Surf is better than water. It's much softer, so it offers less resistance to swimmers and boaters. But it feels exactly like water—refreshes you the

same way. And when you come out of Astro-Surf you're dry. Your hair never gets messed. Our special additive keeps it clean and germ-free. Insects and hostile fish and reptiles can't live in it, but we offer lots of optional polyethylene fish and plants to give it a natural look. It comes in different colors, with or without a wave effect, which you can control. We plan to market it in seven different flavors, but right now it only comes in Dr. Pepper. We've learned a lot from our artificial grass work and I really think Astro-Surf will be the wave of the future, if I may be forgiven a pun."

You're forgiven Pete. But we're not sure your argument holds water.

ADDLE-BRAINED ALL-STARS

The Clown Princes of baseball, superfans Christopher Cerf and Jeffrey Moss, have sent us yet another collection of zany all-star teams. Here goes: *The Money Team*—P(RH)-Wes Stock, P(LH)-Chet Nichols, C-Jim Price, 1B-Norm Cash, 2B-Chuck Schilling, SS-Ernie Banks, 3B-Don Money, LF-Lenny Green, CF-Bobby Bonds, RF-Ken Singleton, MGR-Herman Franks. *The Dirty Team*—P(RH)-Mel Queen, P(LH)-Gary Peters, C-Bill Dickey, 1B-Joe Adcock, 2B-Gerry Priddy, SS-Dave Concepcion, 3B-Billy Cox, LF-Wayne Comer, CF-Jim Fairley, RF-Swish Nicholson, MGR-Jimmy Dykes. *Dirty Pitching Staff*—Earl Kunz, Ed Head, Jim O'Toole, Charlie Fuchs, Tommy John. *The Fauna Team*—P(RH)-Bob Moose, P(LH)-Joe Gibbon, C-Ray Katt, 1B-George Crowe, 2B-Nellie Fox, SS-Chico Salmon, 3B-Larry Bowa, LF-Solly Drake, CF-Goose Goslin, RF-Aaron Pointer, ANNCR-Jack Buck. *The Flora Team*—P(RH)-Ron Reed, P(LH)-Lefty Grove, C-Les Moss, LB-Johnny Hopp, 2B-Pete Rose, SS-Don Buddin, 3B-Graig Nettles, LF-Jim Greengrass, CF-Johnny Groth, RF-Ken Berry, OWNER-Gussie Busch.

We shudder to think of what will happen when they get to football.

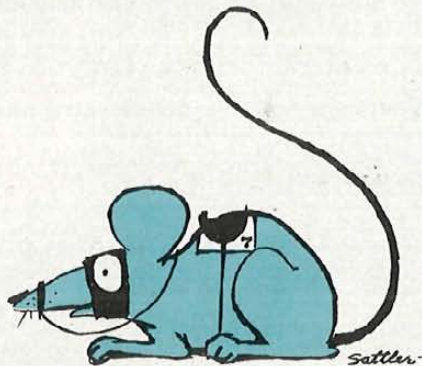
JOIN THE RAT RACE

Who says you have to be rich to own a thoroughbred? Not the New York State Racing Association. In an effort to stimulate interest in horse breeding

and racing among the poor and disadvantaged, they've started an educational self-help program in New York City's South Bronx, a predominantly Puerto Rican section.

"We're raising rats instead of horses, but the principles are exactly the same," said Alfred Vanderbilt, president of the association. "Horses are prohibitively expensive, so we're using the native animal of the region. Our finest trainers are teaching them how to breed rats for racing qualities, how to groom, feed, and stud them and such. The rats are big and are ridden by small children, who look wonderful with their racing silks and little whips."

The first "Kentucky Derby" of rat racing was held last week, complete



with pari-mutuel system and Derby Madness. The winner was Arroz Con Pollo, Juan Gonzalez up, owned by Carmelita Vasquez of the Devil's Debs Social Club.

Who knows. Somewhere in a slum may be lurking the poor man's Secretariat. And thereby hangs a tale of rats to riches.

THEY SAID IT

- Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes, when he learned that his favorite sports jacket was not delivered by the dry cleaner on the day it was promised: "You just can't depend on anything anymore."
- George Blanda, when learning that his oldest daughter had been accepted at Wisconsin U.: "We sure hate to see her leave home. But she's a good girl and it's what she really wanted."
- Ex-Boston Celtic star Frank Ramsey, upon discovering that the roof of his summer bungalow was leaking: "Looks like I'll have to fix it fast if we intend to stay up here for the weekend."
- Franco Harris, star fullback of the Pittsburgh Steelers, on his penchant for green shirts: "It's my favorite color."

MIAMI BACK IN THE SWIM

Last year Lady Luck planted many a wet kiss on the opportunistic lips of the Miami Dolphins and they smooched their way to the Super Bowl. But this year the hapless Dolphs seemed to be cursed with the worst luck since Job went through two workouts a day with the toughest Head Coach of Them All. In the first six weeks of the season Miami lost no less than 29 men with severe injuries, including: Griese, broken ear; Warfield, pulled head; Kiick, dislocated buttocks (he not only dislocated them, he can't find them); Morris, zinc deposits in his knee; Csonka, baked hamstrings (they cooked when he fell asleep under a sunlamp). Only 11 men were left. Enough for a game of football, but not with the upcoming Dallas Cowboys.

But despite rumors of a shutdown, help was already on the way. Twenty-nine dolphins were scouted and signed to replace the injured players. They joined the squad on Monday morning, along with their entourage of trainers and electronic experts to set up their communication system. The following Sunday the Miami Dolphins, man and mammal, played the most stupefying, slithering, swimmifying game of football ever seen, outlasting the Cowboys 83-82.

The problem with the dolphins, as coach Don Shula saw it, would be to "establish consistency." "They never really played together as a unit," he said, "except for splashing around in their tanks. So we have to stress the basics—team discipline—everyone doing his job, staying in his zone. They're still a little disorganized. They defecate any time they want. Right in the middle of a play."

Reserve quarterback Earl Morrall, one of Miami's few survivors, became the dolphin's favorite. "Maybe it was because I was always putting something in their mouths," he said. "That's the way they took hand-offs. First they tended to swallow the ball. Had to teach them to grip it with their teeth."

Shula had them run simple pass routes. "But they just kind of leap and dive around, like they do at Marineland," said Morrall. "You just have to pick one out that looks open and gun the ball into his mouth."

Back in Dallas, All-Pro tackle Bob

With 29 men out for the season it looked hopeless for the injury-ridden Dolphins, until they found unexpected help at Marineland and a little love to save the day.

by **TEX MULE**

Lilly was the official voice of skepticism. "Ain't never been proven that a fairly smart fish can beat a very smart football player," he said.

It turned out that Lilly's opposite number, a 10 foot, 550 pound guard named Algernon, gave the veteran tackle fits all day with his unpredictable blocking and leaping. Algernon and the right guard, Pierre, dolphins with great pride, were psyched up all week by the wily Shula who picked up Lilly's quote and transcribed it to them electronically. Shula described Lilly and the rest of the Dallas front four as "commercial salmon fishermen who are killing off thousands of your brothers who accidentally get caught in their nets."

The game began on a sour note for Miami as Dallas ran up 30 points on 15 straight safeties. Every time the dolphins had the ball they would run the wrong way and get smeared in their end zone. But Morrall snapped them out of it long enough to connect on five touchdown passes—two to Herman and three to the giant leaping Lester, who ran some giddy fly patterns.

By the middle of the second quarter the dolphins grew bored with the game and played among themselves. A heavy sex orgy started and the TV people had to cut away for 20 minutes of old game films and commercials before all the dolphins were sated. At halftime Dallas led, 65-42. In the second half, Morrall put together a few "drives"—meaning his dolphins would run three or four plays in the same direction. Mixing his passes and some bouncing runs by Brucie, the shifty 350 pound halfback and Hector, a lumbering 430 pound fullback, Miami fought back and scored four touchdowns and two field goals. Dallas countered with ten safeties and a TD and led 82-76 as the clock was running out.

By now the fans were totally insane. Bedsheet signs suffered from fish pun overkill, with such monstrosities as WIN ONE FOR THE FLIPPER, DESTROY DALLAS FOR THE HALIBUT, WE CAN'T CARP ABOUT OUR DOLPHINS and so on. With ten

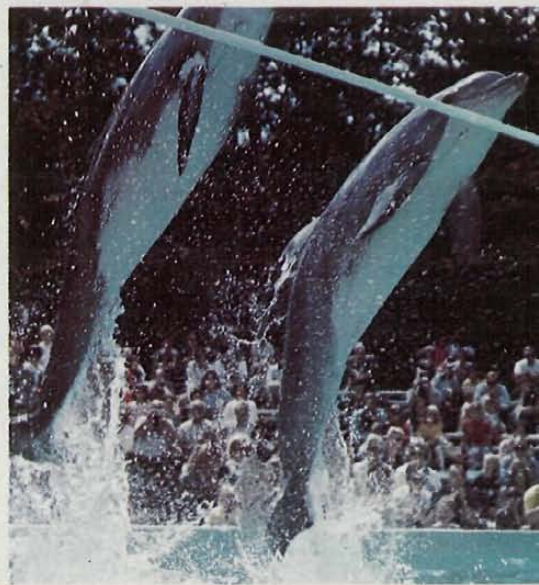
seconds left the Dolphins had the ball on their 25, with time for one play. And they did it with the most prosaic play in football, the end sweep. In a devastating display of straight power, Brucie followed his blockers, the aroused Hector, Algernon, Pierre and Rodney and slithered his way for a 75 yard touchdown run as the fans rioted.

In the confusion of the Miami dressing room everyone was crowding around a small, slim dolphin. "She won the game for us," said a beaming Don Shula. "That's Cindy, a wide receiver. She's the fastest dolphin on the squad so I put her in and called for a desperation pass. But Morrall changed the play to a run because Dallas had a two-man line and a nine-man prevent defense. What happened was that all those dolphins were crazy about her. They swept down the field after her and wouldn't let anything get in their way—so we scored."

Perhaps Shula discovered what could make this Miami team another contender. Not the desire to win at all costs. Not the drive for 110% perfection, but the strongest drive of all, S-E-X.

"I like to think of it as love," said Shula, who is a devout Catholic. But when questioned further he admits he won't quibble about definitions. Not if he can muster the same kind of drive beat Oakland next week. **END**

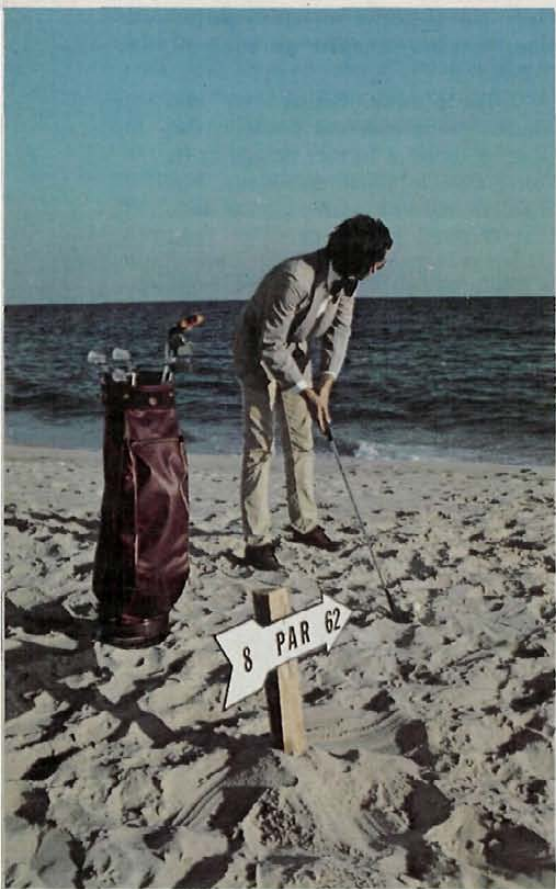
Defensive stalwarts Reggie and Socrates leap high to block a Dallas field goal attempt.



SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

The World. How do you describe it? Frustrating. Fickle. Rotten. Outrageous. That's just for openers because it was in a pretty bad mood this year. Snowstorms, heat waves, riots, man-eating crocodiles, hit and run drivers, muggers—you name it, the World had it. There hasn't been a World Open like this since the Great Earthquake of 1905 on the 6th hole in Peru. And in the final hole of the final round, that 100 degree below hole at the top of the Arctic Circle where your breath is an automatic ice-making machine, only one man had enough golf to take the guff of the World Open and dish it back—Sheldon Swinnick.

Sheldon Swinnick? Now wait a minute. There's no such thing as a Sheldon Swinnick tees off at the 8th—Australia to New Zealand. A treacherous hole with swirling currents from the Pacific and the Coral Sea.



The World is "a tournament for the Big Guys. It's no place for the Sheldon Swinnicks. Until Sheldon Swinnick came along.

by DAN JUNKETS

don Swinnick. Oh no? You bet your little bogey there is. And he just won the toughest World Open there ever was and he won it over Nicklaus, Palmer, Weiskopf, Crampton and all the other Big Guys because he simply shot a lovelier, sweeter game of golf, that's why. And if you don't like it you can stick a golf umbrella up your you know where and open it.

He doesn't look the part, with his grey busboy jacket and brown perma-press pants. Someone said he'd been kicking around the city tournament trail for years and was now a storefront pro in a Brooklyn slum. They know him now. And while his closing round of 154 for a total of 987 doesn't break any World records it was still pretty spectacular golf.

The first hole of the World Open looks like the easiest. Don't believe it. It's sheer trickeration. It's 125th Street in Harlem. You tee off on the platform of the Penn Central railroad and you go crosstown to the flag, actually a small tin cup held by a so-called blind beggar on the northwest corner of Broadway. A par 22.

In the first round Nicklaus teed off with a monster drive that looked as good as gold until it hooked slightly and broke the window of Kohen's Kredit Jewelry store and sent one hundred fifty engagement rings and charm bracelets flying in every direction. A 2-stroke loss. And then he nearly got killed when a knife meant for a Mr. Carl Montgomery thrown by his common law wife Vernelle hit Jack in the ribs, just missing his heart. Score one for the World Open's famous random violence hazards.

Jolly jovial Lee Trevino started with a neat drive that landed in the middle of the Shamazz Sidewalk Wiggery and Electrolysis Parlor. Try to wedge your way out of a real Dynel bunker, Lee.

No, it wasn't to be Jack's or Lee's day. It was Sheldon Swinnick's day. His drives and chips had the street smarts. Starting with a 2-wood that barely missed a triple-parked pimpmobile, he moved relentlessly up the street. He lost a stroke on a water hazard (a fire hydrant was opened and flushed his ball down a sewer), but chipped beautifully out of Ronnie's Rib Shack and sunk a 30-foot eagle putt.

The first real test of the World Open is the third hole. It is quite simply, Scotland. Scotland, the birthplace of golf. A glorious hole that tees off behind the Fergis Sausage plant in Glasgow and ends due north at John O' Groats, the last town on the map before your hat floats.

Again Swinnick played the hole as if his ball had eyes. His drives tattooed a steady rhythm from Glasgow to Altnaharra, about one hundred miles from the pin. Things get tough around Altnaharra. There's the Scottish mountain goats that roam unmolested, eating anything. One of them ate Gene Littler, clubs, bags, spiked shoes and all. Maybe they're really mountain lions with shaggy hair. God only knows. This isn't the Scotland the tourist sees. In fact, you're liable to fall into a tourist trap—not a sand trap or a strip embankment, but a lot of trap doors built into the ground and camouflaged. Your ball could be right on one of the traps and when you swing the ground opens and you plunge 50 feet or more into an abandoned zinc mine. And that's a heck of a wedge shot.

But Swinnick kept playing wizard golf, avoiding the tourist traps by using the side roads, and at the edge of John O' Groats he sunk a dramatic 300-foot putt in front of the Duchess of Windsor, a dockside lesbian pub.

Everybody jokes about the 4th hole. You have to joke about it or it'll kill you. "A bitch of a bunker," said Nicklaus in an infrequent jape. "The world's biggest sand trap," said young Johnny Miller. No joke is too corny or too obvious when you play the 4th hole, the Sahara desert.

Amazing how the Sahara hole sobers

you. Standard practice is to tip your Bedouin caddies heavily every day. Break this rule and you're at their mercy. They can lead you astray and leave you in the desert to die like a dog. Corrupt caddies and incorruptible camels—that's the way to do business if you're going to make it to the flag at Algiers, a par 68.

The Sahara hole runs from Egypt to Algiers. It's a killer. Tom Weiskopf disappeared for days and was found wandering in the Sudan, near Khartoum. He was playing the wrong way. 71-year-old Gene Sarazen fell off a camel and could not get the sand out of his plus fours for days. Julius Boros got sunstroke blisters the size of cupcakes. Swinnick, who was hotter than an over-worked 1915 Sten gun, had to be satisfied with a 74 but was still leading.

The 5th hole is a par 62 and begins in Troitska-Pechorsk, a town about 1500 miles east of Moscow and goes over the Urals and across the Siberian Tundra to the town of Tiksi on the Lena River. No sand traps here. Animal traps instead—hidden under the snow and ice. Sometimes you meet a semi-civilized fur trapper who eyes you for immoral purposes. But he is better than meeting up with the bands of marauding cossacks who are still looking for Jews. You may protest that you are not Jewish, but to them you look good enough.

Swinnick played in disguise. It was Nicklaus who cracked the fierce moody Russian hole, plowing through everything in a record 56.

By the end of the 17th, it was Swinnick and Nicklaus.

The caddies try to retrieve it, but Swinnick loses his ball in a sewer hazard at 125th Street.



Now the last one, the 18th—the Arctic Circle. You tee off at the western tip of Greenland and somewhere out there in the middle of the Arctic Ocean, at the Pole, is the pin. When you find it let me know. It's tough to spot and it's even tougher to play golf out there because it's cold. Most guys give up on the 18th, get their prize money, wash up and go home.

Swinnick hit a short drive straight out. It bounced off an iceberg into a seagull's mouth. The gull carried it far

out in the water where it dropped the ball into a walrus's ear. The walrus picked it out of his ear and placed it right in the nearby cup for a hole in one—confirmed by a seaplane spotting unit.

When Nicklaus heard what happened he simply threw his driver into the ocean and quipped, "OK Swinnick, are you going to f—k around or are you going to play golf?" In the wildest finish in its history Sheldon Swinnick was on top of the World. **END**

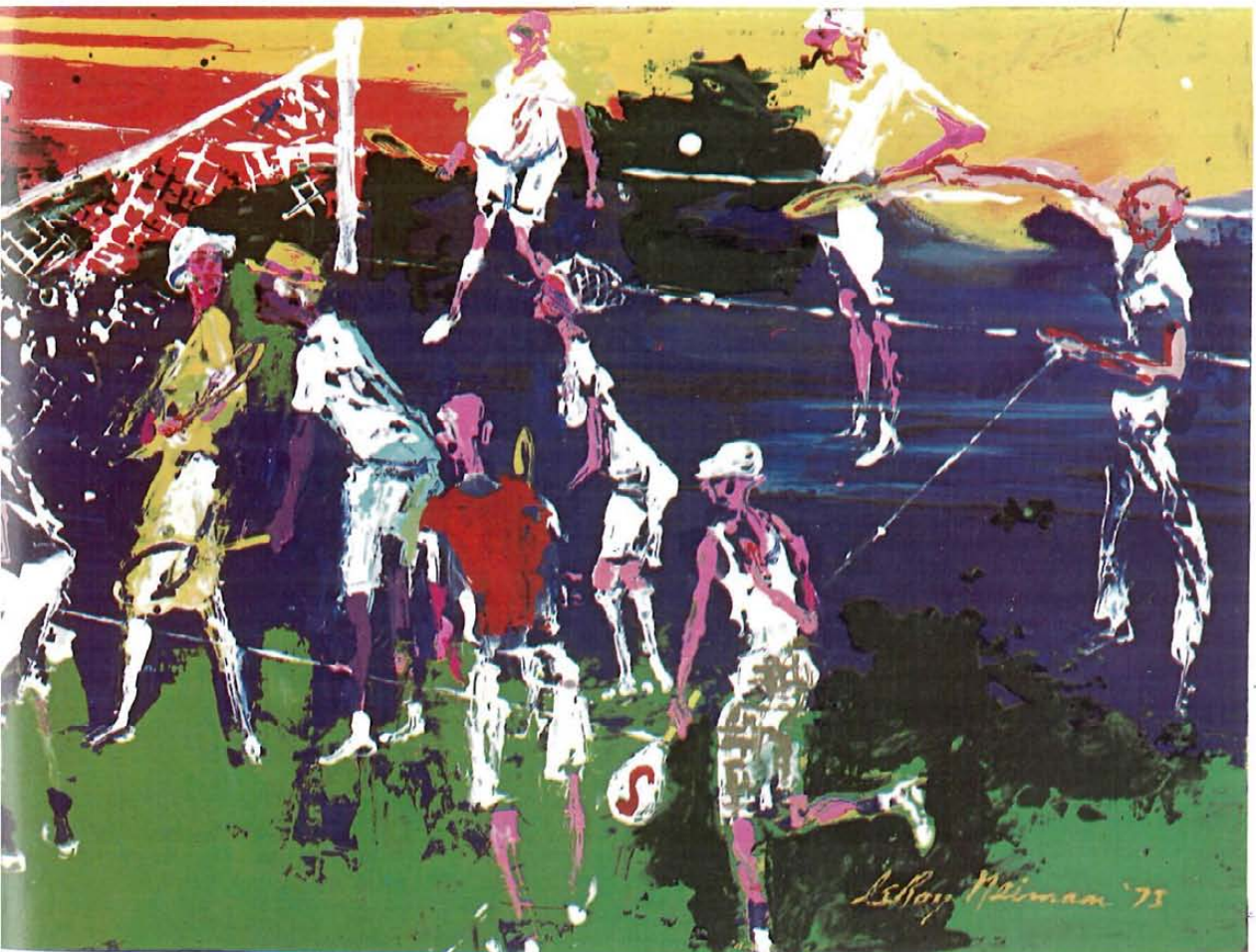
The sidewalks of New York turned out to be Swinnick Country.



The Stately Stillness of Ten-man Tennis at Retirecrest



Wordsworth once defined poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquility." Perhaps the poetry of ten-man tennis could be defined as "exertion recollected in stillness." We asked artist Leroy Nieman to capture the casual, almost effortless quality of this noble sport at its birthplace, Retirecrest, the exclusive senior citizens country club in St. Petersburg, Florida. Though it is common for three or four on each side to have coffee and cake or play gin rummy in the middle of the game, Nieman has caught a rare and dramatic moment when all twenty participants are playing at the same time.



Memories of a Supermarket Safari with Ernest Hemingway

He was bigger than life, a true living legend. But he had never been to the biggest supermarket in New York by **GERALD SUSSMAN**

I first met Ernest Hemingway in the spring of 1949 when he walked into my father's kosher delicatessen with Pablo Picasso, Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich. Miss Dietrich said that my father made the best corned beef and pastrami in New York and she wanted Hemingway to try some. One bite and he was hooked. From that night on he would always drop into my father's place when he was in town. Sometimes he would have target practice in the store with Gary Cooper. What most people think is a harelip is actually a wound I received from Hemingway. He liked to shoot tiny sour pickles out of my mouth. He always called me his little Jewboy.

As the years went by Hemingway went his way and I went mine, and we drifted apart. I pursued a promising career in food sales and distribution and became the assistant manager of a new ultra-modern supermarket in the Rego Park section of the borough of Queens.

One day I read in Leonard Lyons's column that Hemingway was in town. On an impulse I wrote him a note in care of his publisher inviting him to my supermarket to do a shopping trip. The next day my phone rang.

"Jewboy?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Shmekelfeiser here (he always used hilarious take-offs on Jewish-type names when he was with me). "Got your note. Never shopped in supermarket before. Consider it great honor. There's a place called the Stork Club on East Fifty-fourth. Meet me there at ten tonight and we figure out plan of attack."

At the Stork Club he spent hours asking me about the supermarket, taking notes and drawing intricate maps. He wanted to get all the details and get them truly because he said there was no better feeling than shopping cleanly and well.

"Shopping is something I truly love, Sussblatt. As long as I can choose cleanly I will continue to do it. It sounds

like you have a hell of a lot of fine meat up there. It sounds wonderful."

"And don't forget the birds, Papa. The chickens and turkeys and rock cornish hens."

"And the chickens in parts and the pork butts and the cold cuts. I won't forget anything, little Jew."

And sure enough he arrived the next Saturday morning. For him it was the best time to shop because it was the busiest and most dangerous time, the truest test.

I thought it would be a good idea to start in the paper and soap section. It was a comparatively easy shop—lots of big targets, bright colors, well laid out stock and not too crowded. Hemingway agreed. He took a cart from one of his bearers and moved like a big cat to the detergents. Without stopping he grabbed three small boxes of Oxydol, a large box of Borax, six bars of Lava soap, two rolls of Scott toilet paper and four boxes of Kleenex. The choosing took about fifteen seconds, yet he

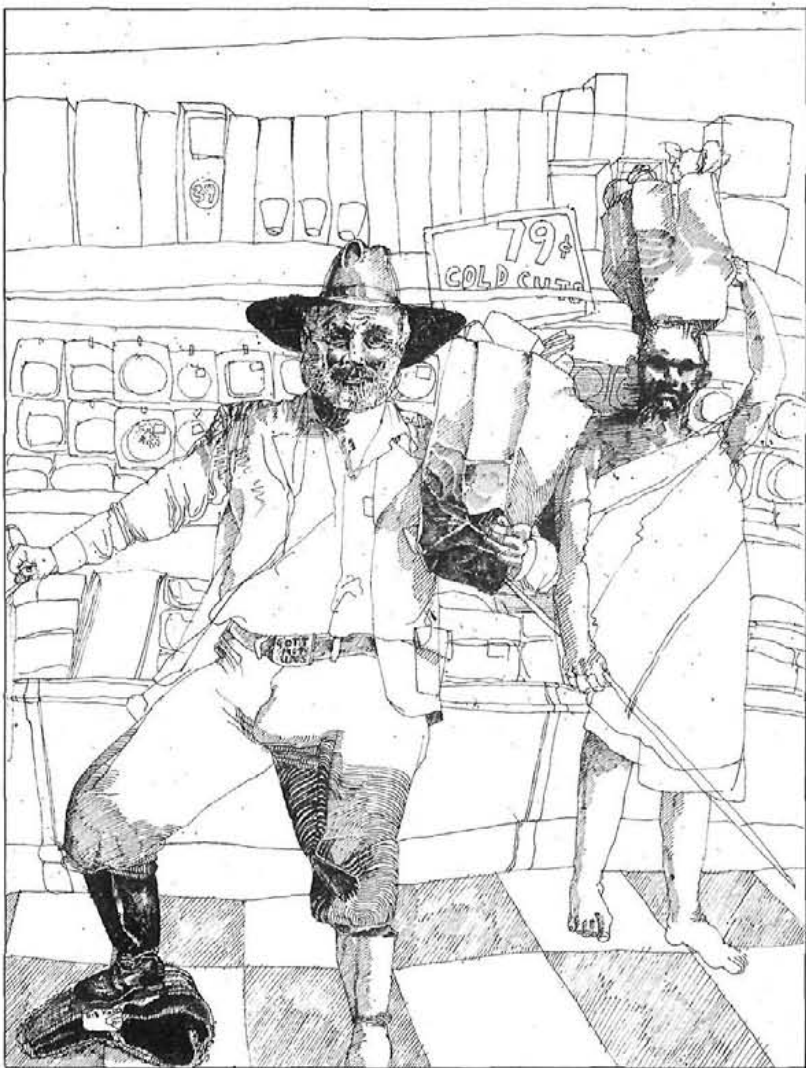


Illustration by Alan E. Cober

did it without any choppy movements or waste motion.

"You've got to know your brands well if you are to choose cleanly," he said. "You have to know the arithmetic because it is dangerous to decipher package weights and prices in an open aisle. I knew that three small Oxydols with special ten cents off deals would work out better than one family size box. Family size can be a lot of horse-shit, Sussbloom."

I told him that he did the soap and toilet paper especially well and that I hadn't seen anyone take toilet paper off a shelf that cleanly in years and it was lovely to watch. He grinned. "I tell you, little Semite, it feels good to walk down a big aisle like this with your friends and your bearers and be free to choose your paper products and soaps well, without mucking things up."

Hemingway wanted something tougher after paper and soap and I recommended condiments, jams and jellies. "The technique is different, Papa. The items are smaller and harder because they are packed in glass. The labels are more difficult to read. You'll have to make some pretty fast grabs because it is a busy aisle."

He started well, working the oils and vinegars as I had told him, spearing a Mazola, two Wessons and a treacherously slippery bottle of Progresso olive oil. He said something about wine vinegar but my answer was lost in the sudden crash that followed. Before anyone could warn him he was hit squarely in the legs by a wild runaway cart, one of the unavoidable dangers of super-market shopping.

"Feels like leg may be broken," he said. "Other is just busted ankle. No problem. Better to walk on it and work out stiffness."

"Sorry to scare you, Sussbaum. Have to find those pickles I love. Not Heinz. Something like Excalibur or Excelsior. Fine pickles."

He had to slow down to look for the pickles, a brand I never heard of, and he was moving into deeper traps with his cart as he poked through the shelves. He was getting into one of his dark, stubborn moods and was not choosing cleanly.

"For cripes sakes, Sussblau, will you get that dumb background music shut off so I can concentrate? It's playing hell with my shopping."

I apologized and got the music turned off immediately. Hemingway finally chose something out of sheer frustration. "Look at that jar, Jewish fellow. Isn't that a pitiful sight for Hem the

pickle lover? Hem the hunter of pedigree pickles. It's called Pick O' the Pack. That's the best I can choose."

I assured him that we were not yet fully stocked with the brands he liked and it wasn't fair to berate himself. Suddenly Hemingway spotted a cart that had six huge jars of Excelsior sweet and sour Hungarian pickles in it.

"Do you see what I see?" he croaked. "Somebody bagged the last six jars."

"They're nice looking pickles, Papa."

"They're wonderful pickles. He cleaned out the shelf and I'm standing here holding a small jar of Pick O' the Pack."

"Feel like prize chump, Sussbomb. Guy wants to give me three of his. Made me feel worse. You don't go up to a guy who has just beaten you so cleanly and so well and look like you want his pickles."

"It's just bad luck, Papa. It will all even out. We have many aisles to go."

After a short rest I let Hemingway do some very easy shopping in the cookie, cake and cereal section. He was not going for anything big but was simply moving with the flow and letting his strength and confidence come back. He took a few Drake's Devildogs, a pack of Oatmeal Snaps and a box of Kellogg's Variety Pack. As we were moving to the meat section a half gallon can of Sacramento tomato juice accidentally fell off a shelf and hit him on the head, opening a large gash which bled heavily. He shrugged it off and tied a hanky around it to stop the bleeding. He assured me he felt fine. He had the toughness of a rhino.

His bearers came back with bloody fingers to show that they had poked at the steaks and roasts, grinning and talking in Swahili about the abundance and variety of beef ahead. I cautioned Hemingway about the bewildering selection of steaks and the importance of concentrating on the prime cuts."

"Any shells? Any well-aged shell steaks?"

"Six, maybe eight. Usually in the top corner at the end of the line."

"What about prime ribs?"

"I hear there's some big ones today."

He reached for the meat map he drew at the Stork Club and suddenly he screamed in pain and tears flowed down his face. He cried uncontrollably, gritting his teeth and heaving his chest.

"My God! What happened, Papa?"

"Paper cut," he sobbed. "Been afraid of them all my life. Send shivers down my spine. Be OK. Need minute to calm down."

How he spotted the prime rib of beef

I'll never know. It was buried under a batch of small ones. It was the biggest prime rib I ever saw. Hemingway barreled in on it and pulled at it with both hands. But it wouldn't budge. He looked up and saw the reason. A tall big-boned woman with short hair, huge freckled hands and a dirty towel tied to her waist was pulling at the other side of the same rib. Hemingway was angry because the woman seemed to be as strong as he was. He tried to butt her to the floor but she sidestepped and he crashed into the freezer chest. Still hanging on to the meat he reached for his Del Monte ketchup and smashed a bottle over the woman's head. He had the advantage of a more varied weapon selection in his cart. She buckled but lashed back at him with a large bunch of beets. By this time the meat was getting messy and shapeless.

"We could call it a draw and I'll have the butcher cut an equally large piece for the both of you," I said.

"This is between lady and me, Susskorn. A Jew wouldn't understand."

The lady was weakening and Hemingway sensed the kill. He grabbed a jar and tried her head again. She fell to the floor, beaten. His weapon was the jar of Pick O' the Pack pickles. He grinned. "The bloody pickles were good for something after all."

Now Hemingway's mood changed. He was calm again. "About as mucked up a choosing as I've ever done. When it's that bad you have to stay with it until you've won or lost. You can't walk away from a wounded piece of meat."

The lady agreed. Hemingway picked her up and gave her a glass of red wine. He liked her. Her name was Julia Child.

"It was a bloody wonderful choosing, Sussovich. Not entirely ashamed of myself. Chose well for the most part and sometimes was damn good."

"You did some choosing that I will never see the likes of again, Papa."

"When you are choosing well you have a feeling of confidence that comes from knowing that you are choosing only what is right and good for you. It is a feeling of elation equalled by only two things I know of, little Jewling."

"What are they, Papa?"

"Smelling a new baseball glove and the first twist of a Q-tip in your itchy ear."

He gave me a playful tap on my shoulder that sent me sprawling into a display of pickled herring and waved goodbye.

"So long, little Christ killer."

"So long, Great White Shopper." □

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week November 2-9

PRO FOOTBALL—KANSAS CITY forced Cleveland into seven turnovers, four crullers, a box of cupcakes and a chocolate cream pie, as they went on to humble the Browns 56-17. Quarterback Len Dawson, who has not baked a cookie or a loaf of bread in six weeks, threw four pies and a cinnamon Danish. The OAKLAND RAIDERS, the AFC's only team vaccinated for smallpox, crushed the Denver Broncos' suitcases at the Oakland airport, 43 suitcases to none damaged by the Broncos. CHICAGO played a scoreless first half against the Dallas Cowboys but put on a magnificent half time show in their locker room featuring Flip Wilson, Bobby Gentry, the Dave Brubeck Quartet and Special Guest Carol Channing. At MIAMI Larry Csonka rushed for three and a half hours but could not make the game with Baltimore in time. Starting a last-minute rally, the LOS ANGELES RAMS protested the corruption of Watergate, the bombings in Cambodia, the rising prices and the ITT scandal. GREEN BAY's John Brockington set a single game team record of drinking 32 cups of water as the Packers came from behind to lose easily to the Detroit Lions 43-21. In a 94-yard march that ate over 9 minutes on the clock, quarterback Norm Snead of the NEW YORK GIANTS led the Passaic, New Jersey Drum and Bugle Corps to Vinnie's Spa for beers and sandwiches. In a rare display of team spirit and courage coach George Allen of the WASHINGTON REDSKINS activated himself and played on the kickoff team, the suicide squad, just to prove his complete dedication to football. On the kick-off Allen attempted to break up the front wedge of blockers and suffered a broken body. "That's the only way we can classify it," said trainer Sid Morgan. "There's so many things broken and fractured you might as well call it a broken body and be done with it." Allen is listed in poor to fair condition with a slight chance of recovery. Don't bet on it. George will be back next week.

AUTO RACING—Despite a fever and a runny nose BOBBY UNSER captured the Winston-Salem 500 in his Pontiac Catalina convertible, averaging 78.6 miles per hour, except in the turns when he had to slow down. In the Rally of the Parthenon, JACKIE STEWART drove his Porsche over a cliff into a treacherous ravine below. Miraculously, the car was unharmed but Stewart exploded and burst into flames. He was taken to Athens General Hospital where his condition was pronounced not bad, considering.

BOXING—In a non-title bout (neither one is the titleholder) CARLOS ZIRCON floored Bobby

Roberts nine times with his jokes and imitations, but Roberts went on to take a 10 round split decision in Ogdun, Utah. Heavyweight contender JERRY QUARRY agreed to meet light-heavyweight champ Bob Foster for dinner at Joe's Pier 52 restaurant in New York City on December 15. Despite a bloody nose, a closed eye and a ruptured pancreas, middleweight ALTABAN ESTABAN finished fast and somehow got home ahead of his opponent, Jerry Jones. ORLANDO TAMPA of Puerto Rico knocked out Danny Boland of Glasgow in 43 seconds of the first minute of their weigh-in ceremonies when Boland called him a dirty name and tried to stick him with a hatpin. In his endless series of tuneup fights before meeting a serious contender, heavyweight champ GEORGE FOREMAN knocked out his brother-in-law, Earl Stokes, in the Stokes's living room.

TRACK & FIELD—22 world records were broken at the 9th annual Leavenworth Games, as convict track stars ALONZO MOODY and ORVILLE BOOKER ran for their lives from trained pursuit dogs. LESTER MACAULEY of Natick, Massachusetts, 54, captured the 87th annual Boston Baked Bean Marathon, a 26-mile run with a 20 lb. crock of B&M oven baked beans attached to your back. His time was 12 days, 4 hours and 10 minutes. VASELINE VIRONMEN of Finland, bruised and battered, bettered the bitter Alexis Lichine to shatter the world record in the 3000 meter hop, step and mince.

BOWLING—DON JARDINE of La Velveeta, California, took his fourth straight tounry by sweeping the \$75,000 Phoenix Open, defeating Roy Tinsley of Colusa, Ohio, 223-210. The win boosted Jardine's yearly earnings to \$234,879, not including tips.

PRO BASKETBALL—League prexy Walter Kennedy is considering a new rule change: give each team 100 points at the start of the game and simply play for five minutes. If the game is tied at the end of the five minutes play another five minute segment until someone wins. The DETROIT PISTONS continue to surprise in the midwestern division by wearing different color uniforms every time they play. The SEATTLE SUPERSONICS have won 23 straight games at home at the Junior High School 91 playground but have not yet won a game at the Seattle Arena where they play NBA teams.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: LES TAYLOR, as coach of the Denver Coyotes soccer team, for embezzling

\$185,000 of company money for the past three years. This explained the fact that although the Coyotes were drawing record crowds they were always in the red.
RULED: JUDGE HAROLD J. MIDLINGER ruled that hockey star Phil Kobelska of the Oshkosh Trunks of the International World Alliance Federation Hockey Association owed his former team, the New Haven Tryouts of the National World Hockey Amalgamation Conference \$112 in petty cash which Kobelska claimed without providing receipts.
WRINKLED: A new revira and linen suit worn by Cincinnati star JOHNNY BENCH on a cross country plane trip to San Diego from New York. It was the only suit he packed, and because of schedule changes he had no time to get it pressed and had to wear it the next day at an awards luncheon.
HIRED: AGNES JANE MULVEY, 19, a graduate of the Bleeding Virgin Immaculate Heart parochial school and the McKettrick Vocational Institute, as assistant bookkeeper for the front office of the Manila Envelopes, the new expansion baseball team of the American League.
TRADED: A genuine Buck hunting knife and 6 packs of BB's owned by Portland Trail Blazer backcourt ace Geoff Petrie, to L.A. Laker forward Jim McMillian for an official NFL "Duke" football, slightly used.
MISSING: 7-year-old THERESA JANE LOFARO, daughter of star goalie Rico Lofaro of the Toledo Firebombers of the International World Federation Hockey League. Theresa Jane was last seen accepting a lollipop from a man in a black raincoat in a Tarkenton store.
DIED: JACK (BEASTALK) DUTTON, 68, of rickets, in Peru, Indiana. Known as the world's tallest jockey. He was 6:4, but always kept his weight at 110 lbs. Dutton towered over the other jockeys and had a habit of leaning over and grabbing his rival's caps during a race. His best year was 1927 when he rode Ejaculation to victory in the Spencer Memorial.
DIED: VINCENT (MAD DOG) O'NEILL, 65, of yellow fever, in Rockford, Illinois. Former head coach of Michigan State, 1919-1926. A stern taskmaster and disciplinarian, O'Neill literally whipped and tortured his players into tough, invincible ball clubs. His unusually cruel methods produced an overall record of 120-2-1. In 1932 O'Neill was convicted of manslaughter in the brutal whipping and slaying of a wide receiver named Jenkins who dropped a touchdown pass. Released in 1943, O'Neill could not get a coaching license in the U.S. and moved to Canada where he coached high schools and junior colleges. Steve Pulpo, who played at Michigan State under O'Neill and later starred for the Green Bay Packers, said, "He knew how to instill fear into his men. He simply held a sub-machine gun to our heads and promised to kill us all if we lost. He was a tough SOB but he always kept our adrenalin flowing."
DIED: HARRY (HIPPEY HOP) HOBART, 62, of diphtheria, in Orlando, Florida. Hobart was one of baseball's few one-legged players. He developed a rifle arm to make up for his lack of speed in the outfield. In 1934 he batted .276 for Detroit and led the team in sacrifice flies. During World War II he toured the army and navy bases around the world and coached handicapped service teams. Until his death he was a partner in a shipping and forwarding firm.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DONNA SUE LECLAIR, 16, a Miami, Florida high school sophomore, borrowed her dad's car and drove it to a record 137.6 feet in the Dade County Driving Off the Cliff Championship. She became the first girl winner in this one-year old event and is listed in satisfactory condition at Miami General Hospital.



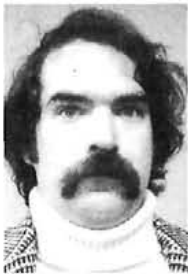
LUCIUS TOMPKINS, 10, of Brooklyn, New York, set City records for the 100 and 220-yard dashes in his attempted escape from the police during a shoplifting escapade. He also set records for the 110-yard car hood hurdles, the roof jump and ran the anchor leg of the 880-yard purse snatcher relay.



T. J. SIMS, 3, of Nagadoches, Texas, led his team, the Breast-Fed Bombers, to the State Nursery School Football Championship, passing for three touchdowns, running for two and crawling for two. He also played defense and made 11 unassisted bites and threw up on the quarterback 3 times.



DR. JAY CHRIST of Ansonia, Connecticut, shot a 53 under par 18 at the Knollerest Country Club this summer. It was his 98th perfect golf game out of 98 played. Dr. Christ has shot a hole in one every time he has addressed the ball. His unusual performances are attracting huge worshipful crowds to this quiet club.

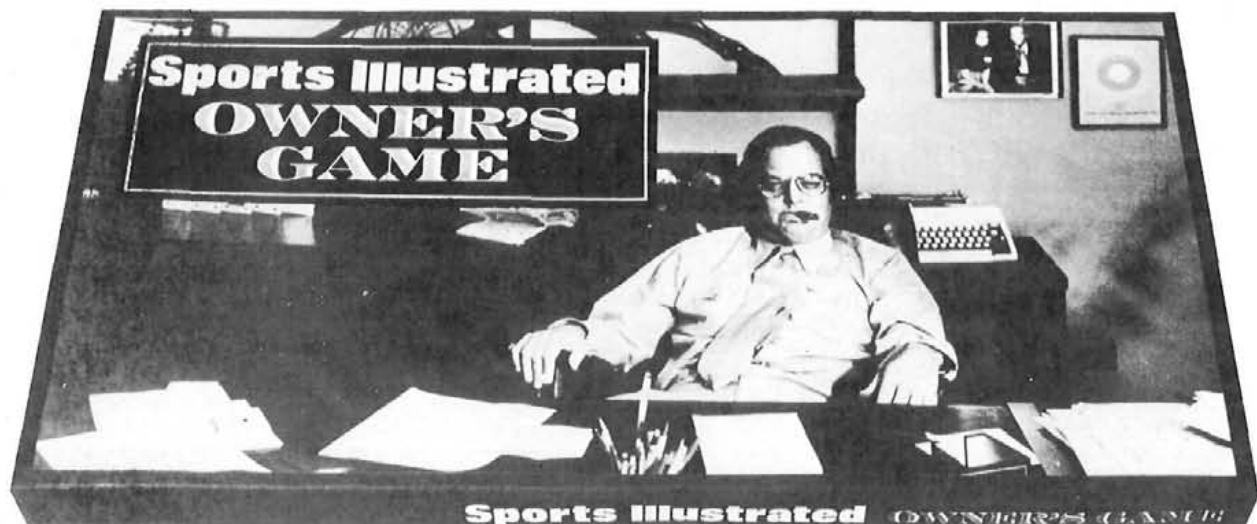


BARRY LEFCOWITZ, 18, a senior at Leonia High, Leonia, New Jersey, set a state record in football by intercepting a ball and running it the wrong way, twice in the same game. "Wrong Way" Lefcowitz, as he is now called, scored two touchdowns for his opponents, East Orange, and they awarded him the game ball.



KATHY ANN METCALF, 16, a junior cheerleader at Altoona Central High, Altoona, Pennsylvania, took on the entire football squads engaged in the semi-finals of the State Championship. She had 160 consecutive men, not including the team captains an extra 3 times each. Miss Metcalf had enough for the coaches after an hour rest.

It's time to play the money game!



Treat the greatest stars of all time like dirt!

Sports Illustrated's new OWNER'S GAME puts you right in the front office as holder of a major football, baseball, basketball, or hockey franchise . . . and outright owner of dozens of top athletes who are subject to your every whim.

Think of it! You'll treat famous stars like Hank Aaron, Wilt Chamberlain, Bobbie Hull, Duane Thomas, Joe Namath, Dick Allen, Willy Mays, Johnny Bench, Johnny Unitas, Walt Frazier, Jerry West, and many more as if they were mere slaves, buying and selling them at thinly disguised auctions, putting them on waivers at the slightest hint of surliness, real or imagined, talking them into paltry contracts with more fine print than a telephone book, invoking reserve clauses and league rules to doom their careers with a stroke of your pen!

Move your team to a distant city at a moment's notice!

With Sports Illustrated's OWNER'S GAME, you'll soon discover that a franchise isn't some silly arrangement for the good of sport—it's a license to print money! You'll shift your team all over the map to take advantage of huge cash offers, big bond issues for lush facilities, ludicrous tax breaks, promotional considerations, unnamed figures, and undisclosed sums.

Yes, you'll be able to treat the fans like dirt, too!

Glory in the exercise of raw power!

You'll work hand in glove with docile players' associations to crush pesky strikes and to insure your absolute control over your team. You'll bug locker rooms and motel bedrooms to find out who "the troublemakers" are, then send them down to play out their contracts in the Guava League. You'll get the support of craven sportswriters and greedy politicians by awarding—or threatening to withhold—prize seats to big games. And you'll meet in "smoke filled rooms" with other owners to limit new franchises, expand playoffs, and rig the bidding on television rights.

Get a piece of the action!

This challenging board game is unmatched for realistic, breath-taking action. You'll have to compete with rival teams for star college athletes as you corrupt college athletics with gigantic—and illegal—pre-season offers. You'll have to keep up your reputation as a stern moralist by attacking drug use and suspending players for "fiddling with pot" while you secretly encourage your coach to dope up your team before big games.

So forget all those namby-pamby board games that let you replay some stupid World Series or Superbowl—get in on the real action in sports with Sports Illustrated's OWNER'S GAME. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below.

YES! I want to play a really realistic sports board game for a change! Who wants to be some sweaty athlete anyway? I want to be a big shot owner and see what it feels like to treat grown men like slaves, children, sides of beef, or whatever. Please send me the Sports Illustrated OWNER'S GAME.



Sports Illustrated Games

Box 405, Toaster City Station, New York 19090

My check or money order for \$ _____ to cover the cost of _____ game(s) at \$9.95 each, plus 50¢ postage, is enclosed. (In Canada, please add \$1.00 to help defray the costs of Time-Canada's special publishing arrangement with the Canadian government.)

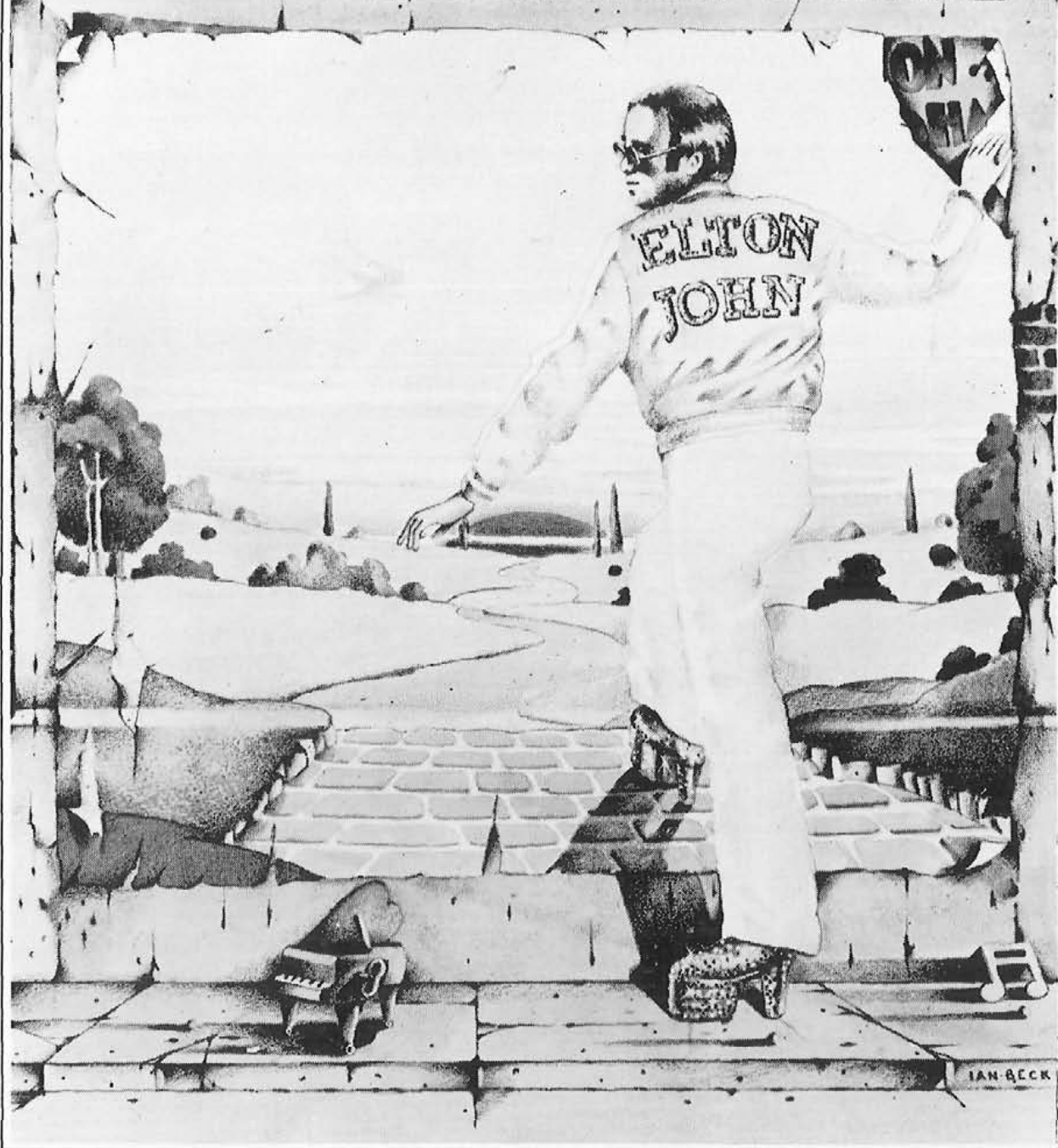
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD



MCA RECORDS

MCA2-10003

A Two-Record Set (Includes "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting")

FUNNY PAGES



SNUTS

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD TO GO TO THIS PARTY WHICH WASN'T AN ORDINARY ONE LIKE A BIRTHDAY PARTY OR THANKSGIVING, BUT ONE WHERE THE MAIN IDEA WAS TO BE WITH THIS GIRL?

HI. ARE YOU STUCK WITH GOING TO THE PARTY, TOO?

YEAH. ISOBEL. THERE WASN'T ANY WAY I COULD GET OUT OF IT!

SAME HERE!

A REAL DRAG!

BOY.

YEAH.

I TRIED EVERY WAY I COULD THINK OF TO LET HER KNOW I WASN'T INTERESTED

SAME HERE

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...

BUT ONCE SHE GETS STARTED ON SOMETHING...

HEY, HERE COMES CHARLEY BROWNE. I BET HE'S STUCK WITH GOING TO THE PARTY, TOO.

I BET HE IS.

HI, CHARLEY. I GUESS YOU'RE STUCK WITH GOING TO THE PARTY, TOO, RIGHT?

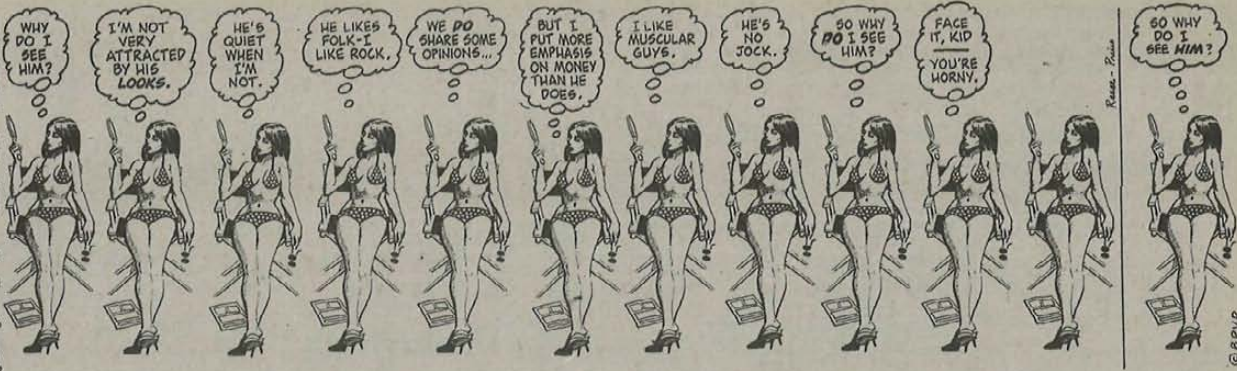
PARTY? WHAT PARTY? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANY PARTY!

I SUPPOSE WHAT IT IS, YOU'RE EITHER ATTRACTIVE TO GIRLS OR YOU'RE NOT.

SOME-THING YOU'RE BORN WITH!

Cham Wilson

ONE YEAR AFFAIR



COUNT-THE-MISTAKES PORNO COMICS! by E. Subitzky

THERE ARE 117 DIFFERENT MISTAKES IN THE COMIC STRIP BELOW!
SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN FIND!



THE STORY OF JILL AND STEVE IN THE THIRP ROMANCE-FILLED MONTH OF THEIR...



You'll Laugh Your Ass Off



Coming On Or About November 17

The National Lampoon Radio Hour

Check the Local Listings in Your Area

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



©73 SHARY FLENNIKEN

There are some things you'll appreciate about a Dual right away. Others will take years.

You can appreciate some things about a Dual turntable right in your dealer's showroom: its clean functional appearance, the precision of its tonearm adjustments and its smooth, quiet operation.

The exceptional engineering and manufacturing care that go into every Dual turntable may take years to appreciate. Only then will you actually experience, play after play, Dual's precision and reliability. And how year after year, Dual protects your precious records; probably your biggest investment in musical enjoyment.

It takes more than features.

If you know someone who has owned a Dual for several years, you've probably heard all this from him. But you may also wish to know what makes a Dual so different from other automatic turntables which seem to offer many of the same features. For example, such Dual innovations as: gimbal tonearm suspensions, separate anti-skating scales for conical and elliptical styli, and rotating single play spindles.

It's one thing to copy a Dual feature; it's quite another thing to match the precision with which Duals are built.

The gimbal, for example.

A case in point is the tonearm suspension. Dual was the first manufacturer of automatics to offer a true twin-ring gimbal suspension. More importantly, every Dual gimbal is hand assembled and individually tested with precision instruments especially developed by Dual. The vertical bearing friction of this gimbal is specified at 0.007 gram, and quality control procedures assure that every unit will meet this specification. Only by maintaining this kind of tolerance can tonearm calibrations for stylus pressure and anti-skating be set with perfect accuracy.

Other Dual features are built with similar precision. The rotor of every Dual motor is dynamically balanced in all planes of motion. Additionally, each motor pulley and drive wheel is individually examined with special instruments to

assure perfect concentricity.

The Dual guarantee.

Despite all this precision and refinement, Dual turntables are ruggedly built, and need not be babied. Which accounts for Dual's unparalleled record of reliability, an achievement no other manufacturer can copy. Your Dual includes a full year parts and labor guarantee; up to four times the guarantee that other automatic turntables offer.

If you'd like to read what several independent testing laboratories have said about Dual turntables, we'll be pleased to send you reprints of their impartial reports. To appreciate Dual performance first hand, we suggest you visit your franchised United Audio dealer.

But your full appreciation of Dual precision won't really begin until a Dual is in your system and you hear the difference it will make on your own records. Play after play. Year after year.



United Audio Products, Inc.

120 So. Columbus Ave.
Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553. Attn: Dept. NL

Please send me your free literature on turntables.
I won't mind if you include your own catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

United Audio Products, Inc., 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553

Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual.

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GEEKY WIZARD



HICCUP, LISZEN-A-ME, OL' STUFFED AMEGO, JUST CAUSE YOU SUCKED IN LIFE DON'T MEAN WE CAN'T BE CHUMS ON MY BIRTHDAY... HOWZ ABOUT A DRINK TO TEMPER DA MONOTONY OF DEATH.

THE MAILMAN FORGOT TO DELIVER MY SACK OF CARDS AN GIFTS. BUT, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF... I'D RATHER GUZZLE BOOZE IN DA WOODS WIFAN OL' PAL.



YOU KNOW, STIFFY, I FEELS EXPANSIVE TODAY. I BET YOU GOT TO BE HORNY AS A ROCK IN HEAT BY THIS TIME... SO, MAYBE I'LL FIX YOUSE UP WIF A TOWN WHORE. GET DA RIGOR OUT OF YER JOINT.

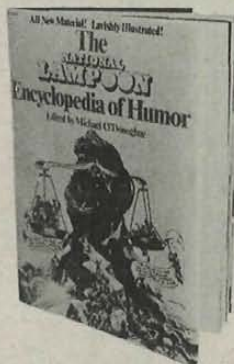
HEE YA, WE OFF TO DA CAT HOUSE!!! I GONNA GET MAGGIE THE MOUTH TO GIVE YOU A BLOW JOB AN A HALF BEST BUDDY.

JESUS, I TELLS YA, BIG GIMPO. I JUS SAW DA MOOR MONSTIEF IT WAS DIS ICKYAWFULL DEAD THING ON A CART WITH A HUGE HATAN FOUR LEGS!... IT, AHH, WENT CRASHING INTO DA WHOREHOUSE.



TO VINCENT BODE

The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor



Hard Cover \$7.95
Soft Cover \$2.50

The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor—all new material, lavishly illustrated in full color with articles, comics, and cartoons by Lampoon editors and writers Michael O'Donoghue, P. J. O'Rourke, Bruce McCall, Anne Beatts, Douglas Kenney, Edward Gorey, Rick Meyerowitz, Brian McConnachie, B. Kliban, Ed Subitzky, Ed Bluestone, Charles Rodrigues, M. K. Brown, Vaughn Bode, Henry Beard, Terry Southern, and many others. Complete with a poster-sized pull-out Humor Map of the World in color. Available in hard cover (the first cloth bound **National Lampoon** publication ever) or soft cover editions, at better bookstores and newsstands everywhere.

Or you can order either edition of **The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor** directly from us. Buy it for yourself, or send it as a Christmas gift (we'll wrap, mail it and enclose a card bearing your name at no extra cost).

To purchase **The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor** for yourself fill in your name and address on the coupon below. To purchase it for a friend fill in your name and address *and his or hers*.

National Lampoon Dept. NL11-73
635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10020.

- I'd like to send a gift-wrapped copy of **The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor**
 I'd like to purchase **The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor** for myself

My name is _____
(Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please send a copy of **The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor** to

NAME _____
(Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please make sure to list all zip codes correctly.

- Hard Cover \$7.95
 Soft Cover \$2.50

(Please add 50¢ for handling. New York State and New York City residents please add applicable sales taxes.)

Enclosed is my: Check
 Money Order



NEXT: KEEPING UP WITH FASHION

THE AISO PROTHERS

YOU?

SIAMESE TWINS

THE STORY: GEORGE IS STRICKEN WITH CONJOINEDIVITIS. A DISEASE AFFLICTING SIAMESE TWINS. PARADOXICALLY, ALEX IS THE VICTIM. HERE IS WHY. GEORGE IS EXPELLING HIS INFECTION VIA THEIR COMMON BLADDER INTO ALEX. THE INFECTIOUS BACILLI-PAPYRUS GERM ACTS AS A NON-PARQUET AGENT ATTACKING SPLEEN PORES! **UNDERSTAND?**

DOC, ARE YOU SURE? I DON'T FEEL SICK AND HE FEELS A LOT BETTER!

QUITE SURE. HOWEVER, I'M CALLING-IN DR. SHIBBOLETH, THE EMINENT CONJOINOLOGIST.

NURSE CAVELL, GET A HOLD OF DR. SHIBBOLETH AND TELL HIM WE'VE GOT A CASE OF SEVERE CONJOINEDIVITIS, PLEASE.

HEY, MY SIDE DON'T HURT NO MORE!

NURSE (CAVELL)

YES, DR. DAFOE.

DR. SHIBBOLETH WILL BE HERE PRESENTLY. HE IS ATTENDING THE CREMATION OF THE U KOK MOK BROTHERS; THE SIAMESE TWINS FROM BURMA.

ENTER DOCTOR SHIBBOLETH

WELL, DAFOE WHAT DO WE HAVE? YOU CERTAIN IT'S CONJOINEDIVITIS?

CAVELL, NURSE CAVELL, CALL ME A TAXI!



WE'RE ALL LEAVING. WOULD YOU RATHER GO IN AN AMBULANCE?

WE'RE GOING TO A FUNERAL PARLOR. A LIVE PERSON WITH A CORPSE ATTACHED? MY DEAR FELLOW, CONSIDER THE AESTHETICS!

CALL A CAB?



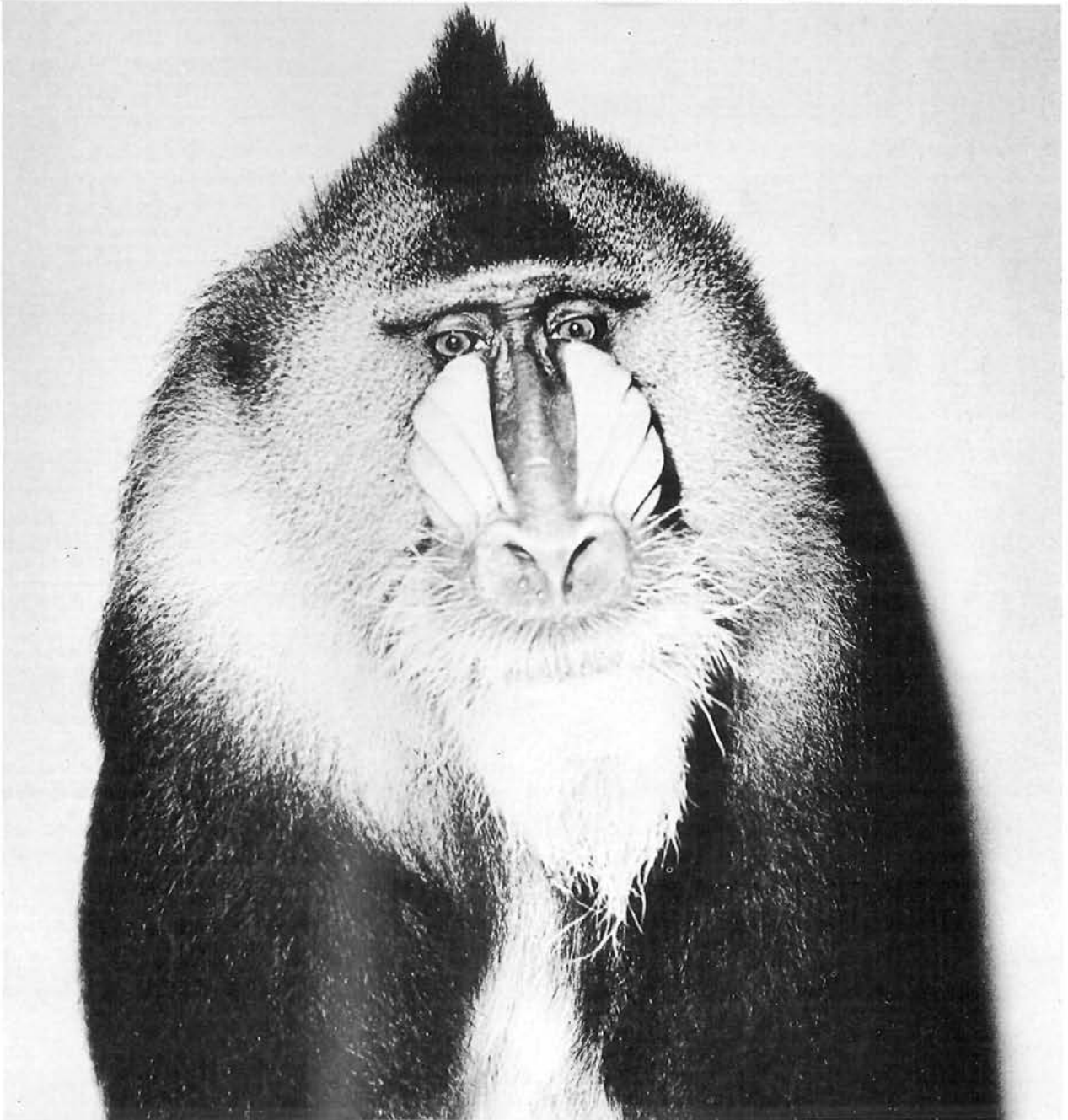
DEAR READER HE'LL GO! I'LL DECIDE THE TURN OF EVENTS IN THIS STRIP, NOT THAT GREEK FREAK!

From
Dolby With Pride:
Available on Polydor Records,
Cassette and 8-Track
Stereo Cartridges.

MANDRILL
Only a mutha could love a face like this. The face that stands for Mandrill and electrifying music with soul, rock, latin, jazz and other elements coming together to form a perfect harmony. Mandrill's potent message of peace, brotherhood and love is everybody's mutha.
That's why Mandrill is loved by all muthas, "Just Outside Of Town" and anywhere else!
"Just Outside Of Town"
includes a full 4-color illustrated booklet of Mandrill.



A FACE LIKE THIS ONLY A MUTHA COULD LOVE.



The Rolling Stones
new album
Goats Head Soup



ON ROLLING STONES
RECORDS AND TAPES
DISTRIBUTED BY ATLANTIC RECORDS

Watch The Rolling Stones perform "Angie," "Silver Train" and "Dancing With Mr. D." on Don Kirshner's Rock Concert TV Show during the week of September 27 through October 6. See local listings for time, date and station.





They're talking about Capitol 2 recording tape.

Musicians, high-fidelity perfectionists, music lovers of all sorts, are talking about Capitol 2, the world's best iron-oxide tape.

Cassette users rave about the frequency response (20-22,000 Hz), the backcoating that makes the cassette jamproof, and the new package (Stak-Pak™) that ends cassette clutter.

Everyone's giving the Stak-Pak special mention. Probably because it's without a doubt the world's ultimate cassette storage method. Stak-Paks come with two Capitol 2 cassettes, and they slide or snap together to form a tiny chest of drawers, each with its own two labels.

Reel-to-reel bugs get excited about being able to buy a tape that's as good as the best tape the recording studios themselves use.

And 8-track cartridge people are delirious with the Capitol 2 Audiopak® High Output/Low Noise cartridge, already a standard of the music industry. It's even available in a newly engineered 100-minute playing time.

Visit your favorite tape store, and try the new Capitol 2 tape. So that the next time your friends start talking about tape, you'll have something significant to add to the conversation.



Capitol 2™
Gets the good sounds right.

Cassettes/Cartridges/Reel Tape

©1973 Audio Devices, Inc., a Capitol Industries Co., Glenbrook, Conn. 06906.



DIRECT DRIVE DC MOTOR

+



+ **Dolby**

+ **CrO₂** =

Frequency Response	20Hz– 17kHz
Wow & Flutter	Less than 0.10%
Signal to Noise Ratio	More than 60dB

We made up the formula. But we didn't have to make up the specs. Because they're from our RS-276US cassette deck and they really speak for themselves. But the features that make them possible are worth a closer look.

The direct drive DC motor puts the capstan right on the motor shaft. Does away with gears or belts. And substantially reduces wow and flutter.

And our patented HPF™ recording/playback head means reliable high frequency response. Because its super-hard composition resists wear for ten years.

There's Dolby* to deal with tape hiss. And it's adjustable for any kind of tape.

And the recording bias can be switched to take advantage of the superior frequency response of CrO₂ tapes.

Some of the other outstanding features are solenoid-operated function controls. Locking pause control. Photo-electronic Auto-Stop. Three-digit tape counter with Memory Rewind. And optional remote control.

The RS-276US. The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

200 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
 FOR YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED
 TECHNICS DEALER, CALL TOLL FREE
 800 447-4700. IN ILLINOIS, 800 322-4400.

Technics
 by **Panasonic**

