

Dessert

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NATIONAL

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JULY 1974 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 85 CENTS



**The
Edgar Winter
Group**

Shock Treatment



**Edgar Winter · Rick Derringer · Chuck Ruff · Dan Hartman
On Epic Records and Tapes**

Produced by Rick Derringer

EPIC - MARCA REG. TM PRINTED IN U.S.A.

“How I install a car stereo.”

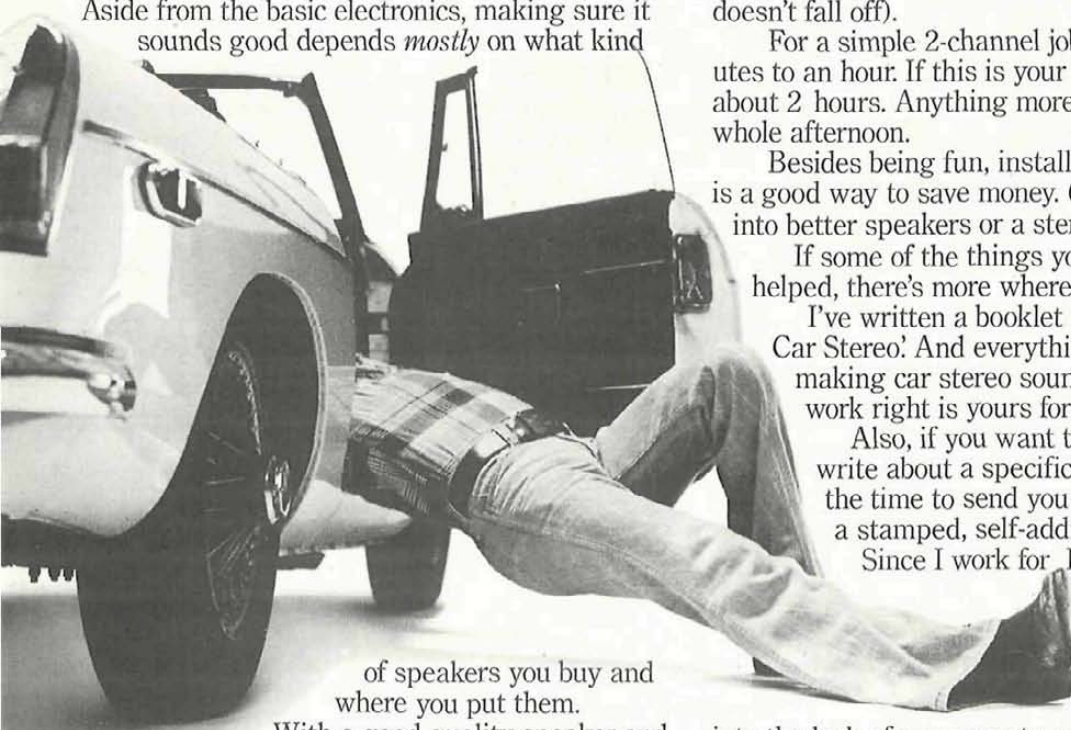
—Steve Tillack, installation expert.

“A lot of people will tell you different ways to put a stereo system in your car.

But since this is my work, I only know one way: to make sure it sounds good, looks good, and works right.

All it takes is a little patience, and remembering you're drilling into a pretty expensive piece of machinery.

Aside from the basic electronics, making sure it sounds good depends *mostly* on what kind



of speakers you buy and where you put them.

With a good quality speaker and most cars, the door panels are usually the best place. They make a good acoustical chamber; they're close to anybody listening, and are well protected.

Unless there's no choice, I don't install flush-mount speakers on the rear deck. The sun can dry out the speaker cone in no time, the two channels shouldn't be mixed in one enclosure, and you lose some highs and midrange.

Making sure your car stereo looks good is where patience and a little care do most of the work.

I don't drill through carpet, I cut it with a blade.

Excess wire shouldn't show anywhere.

Rough edges should be sanded or filed smooth.

And a man I once worked with used to tell me, 'If it isn't straight, it isn't right.'

If a car stereo *works* right, it means you're getting the best possible sound all the time.

You could be getting sensational response from FM stereo, but if you mount an under-dash unit at an angle of more than 20°, tape sound is going to suffer.

If you pick a convenient mounting over a solid mounting, the tape's going to make some strange noises every time you hit a bump (providing it simply doesn't fall off).

For a simple 2-channel job, I take about 30 minutes to an hour. If this is your first time, figure about 2 hours. Anything more complex, plan a whole afternoon.

Besides being fun, installing your own car stereo is a good way to save money. (Money you could put into better speakers or a stereo with AM and FM.)

If some of the things you've already read have helped, there's more where that came from.

I've written a booklet called 'How I Install Car Stereo.' And everything I know about making car stereo sound good, look good and work right is yours for the asking.

Also, if you want to take some time to write about a specific problem, I'll take the time to send you a solution. (Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

Since I work for Pioneer, I'll also send you the latest catalog of in-dash, under-dash, 8-track, cassette, quad systems, and speakers. (If you're into the look of components, you should see the new 800 series.) After all, I know a lot about car stereo.

And if you're interested in *how* I install, you might also be interested in *what* I install."



Pioneer Electronics, 1555 E. Del Amo Blvd., Carson, CA 90746

Dear Steve,
I'm thinking of installing a _____

in a _____
and I want it to look and sound like a professional job. So, send your book to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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On his new album, Rick Wakeman really gets down to it.



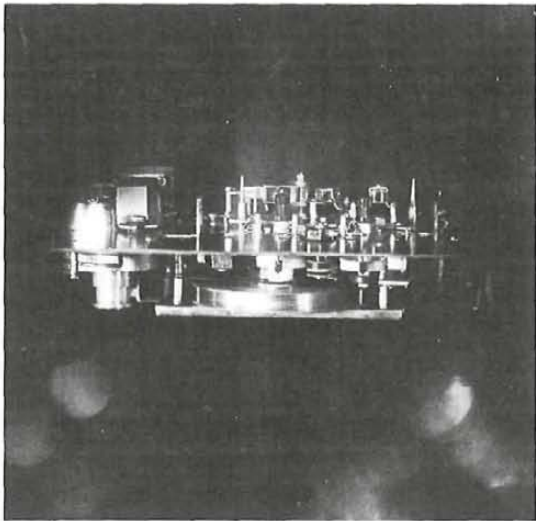
RICK WAKEMAN

THE JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH



Wakeman's "Journey To The Centre Of The Earth" captures the 100-piece London Symphony Orchestra, The English Chamber Choir, the narration of David Hemmings, and the music of John Williams, who based it all on the Jules Verne fantasy.

The only cassette deck in town.



All cassette decks offer convenience. And simplicity of operation. Now let's separate the men-decks from the boy-decks. There is only one moderately priced cassette deck which offers performance specs not touched by any other cassette deck in the world (except our own more expensive 450). The TEAC 360S.

For openers, it has a memory rewind counter (to simplify your "search" time), a Light Emitting Diode (to warn you of sudden peak levels during recording), separate 3-position bias and equalization switches (to adjust for different types of tape).

Yes, but what about the *sound*?

We thought you'd never ask. Because of our new transport drive system, the TEAC 360S has an incredible 0.07% record and playback WRMS wow and flutter—which is an engineer's way of proving the 360S is virtually free of noise which has characterized most cassette decks.

Now add Dolby* Noise Reduction circuitry, enhanced by Dolby calibration controls and tone generator, and what do you have?

The only cassette deck in town. (Present TEAC company excepted.)
Check it out first thing.

The TEAC 360S.

TEAC[®]

The leader. Always has been.

©TEAC 1973

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The inevitable
live album from
Loggins and Messina,
"On Stage."

"House at Pooh Corner"/"Danny's Song"/"You Could Break My Heart"/"Lady of My Heart"/"Long Tail Cat"/"Listen to a Country Song"/"Holiday Hotel"/"Just Before the News"/"Angry Eyes"/"Golden Ribbons"/"Another Road"/"Vahevala"/"Back to Georgia"/Trilogy: "Lovin' Me," "To Make a Woman Feel Wanted," "Peace of Mind"/"Your Mama Don't Dance"/"Nobody but You." **On Columbia Records and Tapes**

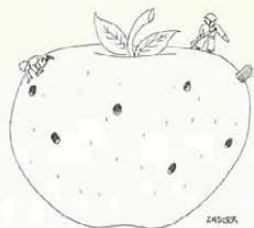
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A specially priced
2-record set



EDITORIAL PAGE



"Over here, lieutenant! This one's still alive!"

(cont. from last issue) . . . other combinations of holes, however, offer little or no comic relief; we rarely hear such phrases as "Fart in my ear and I'll follow you anywhere" or "Wait, let me come in your belly button." We conclude, therefore, that the oral risifice maintains unchallenged comic superiority over the earhole, the poohole, or other form of weehole. Thank you and up yours, Dr. Kelly.

* * *

Day in, day out, as night rolls like spilt molasses round the orb, and yolky Phoebus drops into the eggnog of someone else's dawn, one third of the world's population falls into bed with their tummies full of yummies. A few will lie awake listening to the demands of their Stomach Local 1—the spoiled brat who refuses to touch his lovely lima beans and liver, or the guest who responds to your cherished *Rognons de Veau à la Campagne* with a brutish "What the fuck is this?"—but in general these clients of Space-diner Earth will have been good little boys and girls and have eaten their din-dins.

So what about the other two thirds? Why do they still wander about at two in the morning, complaining that their tummies hurt, when they know perfectly well that anything they eat in the middle of the night will give them bad dreams? Not enough nummy-nums at supertime? Possibly. And possibly not. Let the facts speak for themselves.

It's common knowledge that a plot of land the size of an average African postage stamp can support a family of six. The U.S. alone could feed the entire world if she didn't have more pressing priorities. Yet most of the

areas that are bellyaching about famine—India, South America, North Africa—are at least as big if not bigger than the U.S. What's more, they're mostly farmers who live on their own land without a care in the world. The half-dozen farmers left in America, on the other hand, are busy, busy men, forced to live in Chicago or New York. Even so, these good ol' boys and their hired hands find time to send millions of tons of free food abroad every year. What, well may you ask, is going on here?

When one visits an Indian, South American, or North African restaurant, do they serve dung curries, mud pilafs, or broiled rats with rock sauce? Oh, no. They serve steaming bowls of spicy meat, bursting felafels, great mounds of taheeni, hummus and caviar, roast fowls with fragrant stuffings, thick pink steaks, empanadas, a hundred different breads and desserts, sweetmeats, and fruits, washed down with glittering wines, possets of a thousand flavors, long cool sherberts, or exotic teas. (And at very reasonable prices.) Now how did these people come by national cuisines like that without a few goodies lying around? Simple. They've got all the food they need. They're knee-deep in the stuff. But they're *picky eaters*.

Ever seen an Indian kid getting behind steaming bowls of spicy meat, roast fowls with fragrant stuffings, or possets of a thousand flavors, let alone lima beans and liver? Of course you haven't. He won't *touch* the stuff. Picky, picky, picky. And do the parents do anything to discourage it? Ever hear an Indian mother say "Think of all the starving children in America"? Nope. The parents are just as bad. They lie around all day

expecting us to come up with something to tickle their jaded palates, when right there in their backyards they have the wherewithal to rustle up three hearty squares a day. Furthermore, the discovery by volunteers in Chad and Senegal that supposedly starving children have tummies the size of weather balloons plus the appalling condition of their teeth (the Indian Dental Therapeutics Council of the Indian Dental Association says that Indian kids have the worst cavities in the world) suggest the unpleasant conclusion that not only are these people picky, but that the only thing they'll touch is *candy*. No wonder they go to bed hungry if they fill themselves up with that garbage all day.

The sanity of traditional American approaches, both to child raising and good nutrition, contained in the axiom "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is of little use. If a spoiled child is hard to handle, how much harder a spoiled subcontinent! But there doesn't seem much sense in sending good food and money after bad. Perhaps it is time for our leaders to begin applying to the distribution of foreign aid, especially to those areas that claim to be on the point of annihilation, the technique our mothers used so effectively on us—"No more pocket money, no more treats until you *stop this nonsense and eat your spinach!*"

Cover: This most delectable cover was most assuredly photographized by the right honorable Mr. Dick Frank and was sculpturized by the excellent hand of our illustrious art director, Mr. Michael Gross, oh yes indeed. □

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DULL COMICS!

by E. Sub'tzky

ACT I: IN THE DINER.

HI THERE! HARRY! LONG TIME NO SEE!

YEAH, JEANNIE! BEEN OUT ON A LONG ROLL! ALL THE WAY OVER TO PILMA!

WHAT'LL IT BE, HUH? THE USUAL?

NAH! MILLE'S WAITING UP! BETTER JUST MAKE IT A COFFEE LIGHT!

RAIN MUCH UP IN PILMA?

A LITTLE. NOT TOO BAD! HOW'S THINGS HERE?

WELL, YOU KNOW! ONE PLATE LOOKS MUCH LIKE ANY OTHER!

YEAH, SO DOES ONE TRAFFIC LIGHT AFTER A WHILE!



WELL, QUITE!

ACT II: AT HOME.

HI, BABY!

GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME!

RAIN MUCH IN PILMA?

NOT TOO MUCH! OOOOH! MY BONES ACHE!

ABNER FARROW'S WIFE DELIVERED! A BOY!

NO KIDDIN'!

AND YOUR OWN SON INSISTED ON HIS FIRST PAIR OF SHOES WITH HEELS!

QUITE!

WELL, UM BEAT!

ACT III: MORNING.

I'LL BE UP AFTER THE NEWS!

SORRY, DEAR! ERICA KEPT ME UP ALL NIGHT AND I SLEPT THROUGH COFFEE!

THAT'S OKAY! I'LL STOP OFF AT MIRE'S!

ACT IV: IN THE DINER.

LAND SAKES! NOT YOU AGAIN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN ME? SINCE WHEN DO YOU WORK THE MORNING SHIFT?

SINCE ANGIE WENT OFF TO VISIT HER COUSIN! THAT'S WHEN! AND EVEN THOUGH THE OVERTIME HELPS, I'LL SURE BE GLAD WHEN SHE GETS BACK!

ACT V: THE TRUCK STOP.

MORNING FRED, JEB, LOUIE!

MORNING, MAKE! LOOKS A QUIET DAY!

ACT VI: ON THE TRUCK.

SUN SURE IS HOT!

SAY, AUNT THAT TANK PRETTY LOW?

ACT VII: THE GAS STATION.

FILL 'ER UP!

ACT VIII: ON THE TRUCK.

LUNCH? (SURE!)

ACT IX: IN THE DINER.

NOT YOU AGAIN, HARRY! AND JEB, YOU TOO!

MAKE IT TWO BURGERS MEDIUM!

ACT X: ON THE TRUCK.

SLOW DAY, HUH?

I COULD USE A MILLION LIKE IT! LIVE LONGER!

ACT XI: THE TRUCK STOP.

WELL, ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER HALF-DOLLAR!

AT LEAST IT WAS A SLOW ONE!

STOP OFF FOR COFFEE?

CAWNT! BOWLING NIGHT!

ACT XII: IN THE DINER.

EVENING, MIKE! WHERE'S JEANNIE?

OH, SHE WAS GETTING PRETTY BEAT, SO I LET HER TAKE OFF EARLY!

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE?

OH, JUST A COFFEE LIGHT, I GUESS!

ACT XIII: AT HOME.

GOTTA MAKE A RUN TO PILMA AGAIN, HOB, BUT IT WON'T BE TILL NEXT WEEK!

I HOPE THE WEATHER HODS! YOU KNOW HOW IT CAN RAIN IN PILMA!

THE END

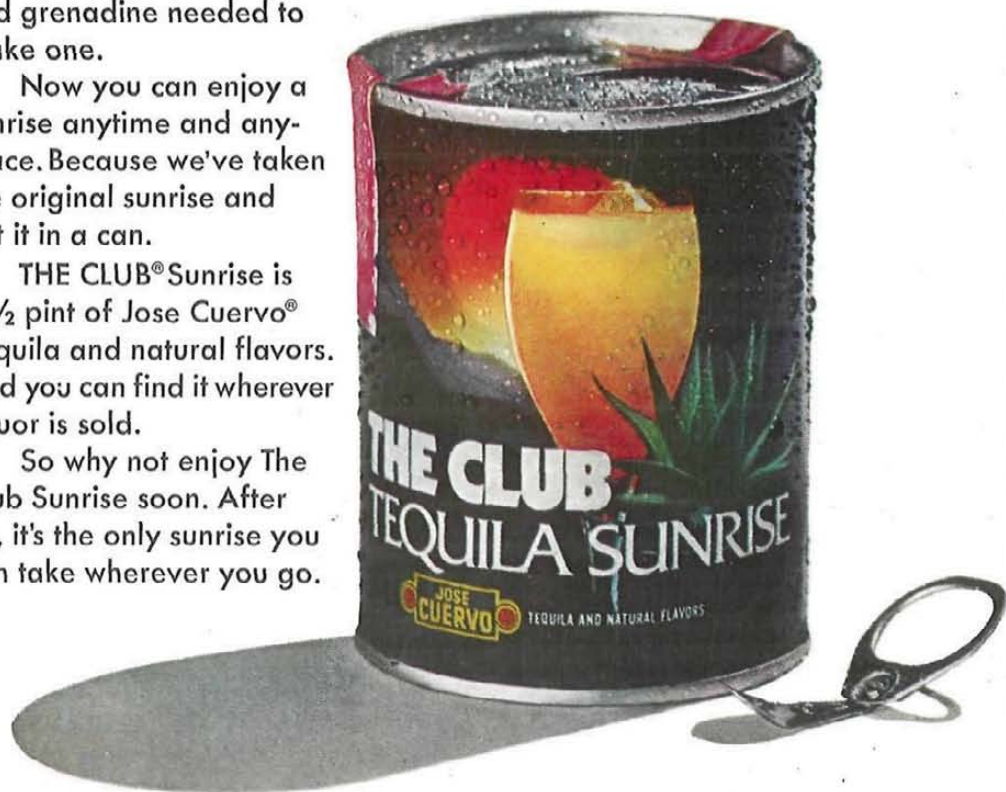
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR TOMORROW TO ENJOY A SUNRISE.

Until now, if you wanted a spectacular sunrise, you had to be in the right place at the right time. A bar. A restaurant. Or maybe a friend's house, if he had the tequila, orange juice and grenadine needed to make one.

Now you can enjoy a sunrise anytime and anyplace. Because we've taken the original sunrise and put it in a can.

THE CLUB® Sunrise is a ½ pint of Jose Cuervo® Tequila and natural flavors. And you can find it wherever liquor is sold.

So why not enjoy The Club Sunrise soon. After all, it's the only sunrise you can take wherever you go.



CLUBS. ANYTIME, ANY PLACE, ANY REASON.

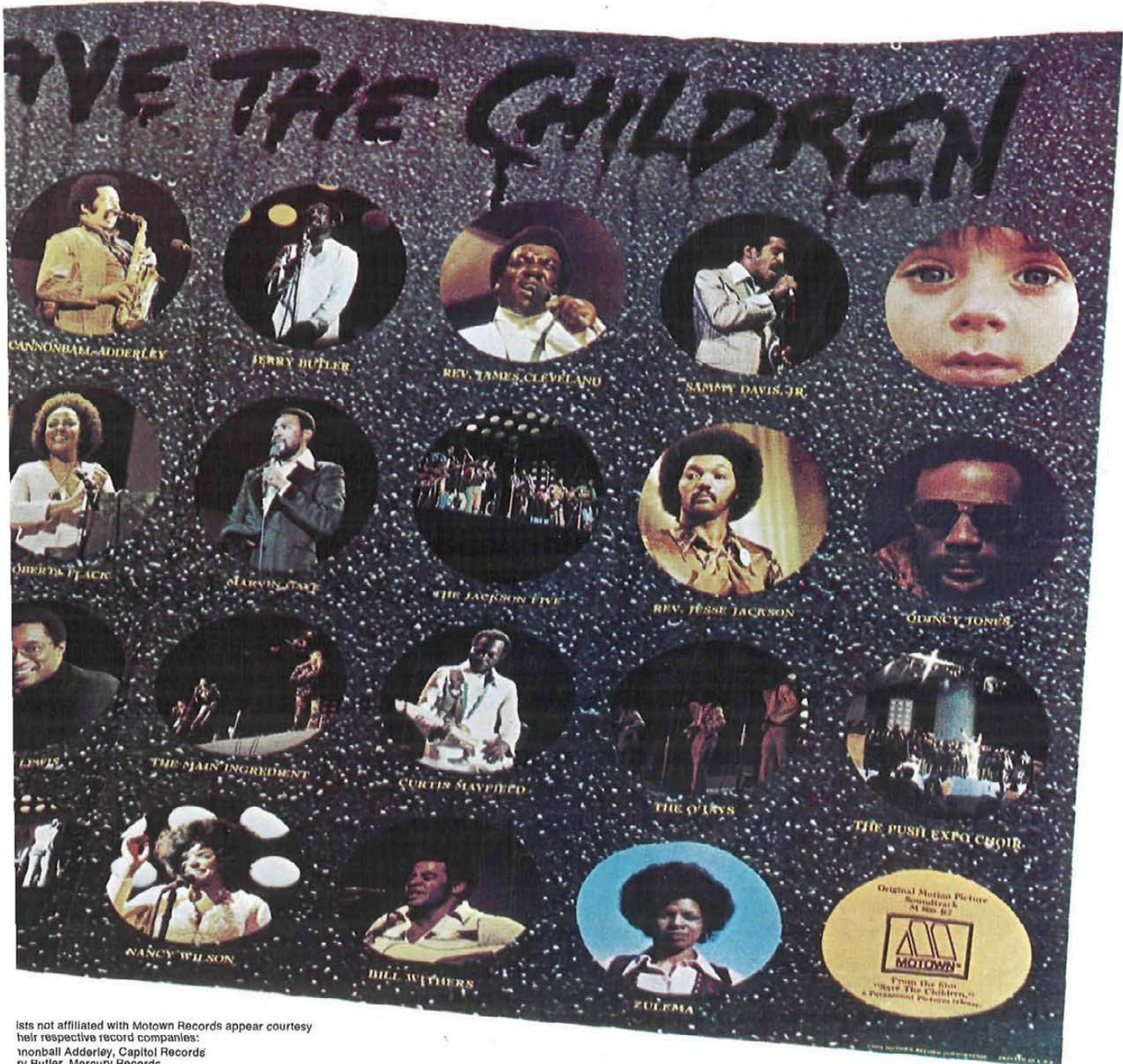
21 Great Artists in a

Together in a specially-priced two record set, with



Celebration of Soul.

four color poster, on Motown Records. Also available on 8-track and cassette.



Artists not affiliated with Motown Records appear courtesy of their respective record companies:

- Cannonball Adderley, Capitol Records
- Jerry Butler, Mercury Records
- Rev. James Cleveland, Savoy Records
- Sammy Davis, Jr., MGM Records
- Martha Lee Eager, Mercury Records
- Portia Flack, Atlantic Records
- Quincy Jones, A&M Records
- Ramsey Lewis Trio, Columbia Records
- Main Ingredient, RCA Records
- Curtis Mayfield, Curtom Records
- O'Jays, Philadelphia International Records
- Nancy Wilson, Capitol Records
- Bill Withers, Sussex Records
- Zulema, Sussex Records

In the beginning there was folded horn bass reflex acoustic suspension.

And now BIC VENTURI

For about 40 years, speaker designers have been juggling the characteristics they wanted from speakers: Compact size, high efficiency, high power-handling, and deep ranging, pure, clean, gut-reaction bass.

They tried folded horns: efficient, clean, good power-handling, but too large for most homes, quite expensive. They tried the bass reflex: Efficient, compact, but limited by uneven, one-note bass. Ditto the labyrinth, but far less efficient.

Today's favorite, the acoustic suspension: Compact, smooth, deep ranging bass. But inefficient (requiring costly, high-powered amplifiers) and limited dynamic range.

A virtue here, a virtue there -- but all with corresponding compromises.

Ironically, the principle that combines these objectives into one compact cabinet has been around for some 180 years: The VENTURI principle of fluid motion transformation, reapplied in a form better suited to acoustics (patents pend). Our simplified diagram shows how the scientifically formulated VENTURI coupled path functions as a step-up transformer. Up to 140 times more bass energy comes from the duct as comes directly from the woofer. And bass is reinforced broadly over the low frequency spectrum, not at a single "tuned" frequency.

The BIC VENTURI coupled path also operates as an acoustic, low pass filter, cleansing harmonics and distortion components from the bass waves. So, the bass not only goes down further and is louder, it's cleaner and more natural. And requires hundreds percent less amplifier power than other speakers of comparable size and performance. Yet, even though BIC VENTURI need less amplifier power, they can handle more. This new principle eliminates compromises in cone, suspension and magnetic design to "match" cabinet characteristics.

Above the woofer, you can see our mid-range. To match the exceptional high efficiency of the bass section, we had to invent a new horn, combining two different types of flare, conical and exponential, BICONEX™ (pats pend). It provides wide, smooth dispersion in both horizontal and

vertical planes, so placement in the home won't be critical. BICONEX covers the full midrange to well beyond 15,000 Hz without crossover network interruptions, for distortion-free, smooth response.

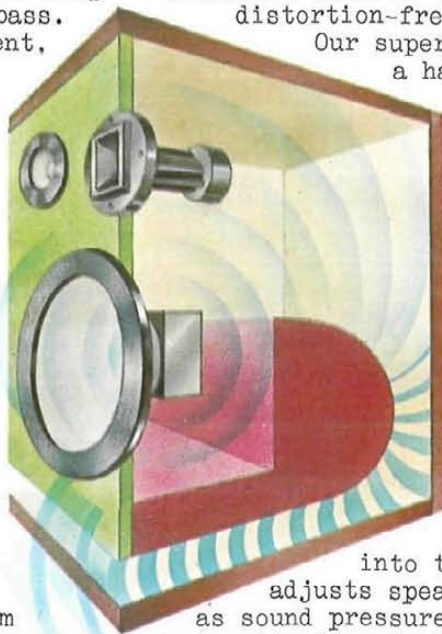
Our super tweeter handles just a half octave from 15,000 to over 23,000 Hz. While you can't hear single frequency tones in that range, the accuracy of musical "timbre" depends upon those frequencies being added in proper proportion to the complex tones you do hear. An important subtlety.

Because you hear less bass and treble at low and moderate levels, we built a DYNAMIC TONAL COMPENSATION circuit (patents pending)

into the speaker. It adjusts speaker frequency response as sound pressure output changes, automatically. Amplifier "loudness contour" controls can't do that. Result: aurally "flat" musical reproduction always, regardless of volume control settings.

Our Formula 2 is the most efficient speaker system of its size, yet can be used with amplifiers rated up to 75 watts per channel! Formula 4 has deeper bass and can be used with amplifiers up to 100 watts. Formula 6, the most efficient, will handle 125 watts. Hear them at franchised BIC VENTURI dealers. Or write for brochure:

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Westbury, N.Y. 11590, a div. of Avnet, Inc.
Canada: C. W. Pointon, Ont.



 **BIC VENTURI**

NEWS ON THE MARCH

JULY, 1974

VOLUME 1, NO. LII

NIXON GIVES TRANSCRIPTS TO HOUSE



HOUSE REACTS TO NIXON OFFER



Are you a little, shall we say, weird?

If you pride yourself
on your normality, go ahead...

But if you like to poke into
the odd corners of your mind,
here are two good pokers.

Your cruel-and-heartless
streak will love the sado-
ferrous penetrations of the
world leaders of destructo
rock, who else but—the
Blue Oyster Cult.

Or you might want to
join the growing legions of
cumulo-nimboïd new music
fanatics whose favorite high-
pressure system is Weather
Report, now renowned as
the most totally innovative
rhythmic-rockers in music.

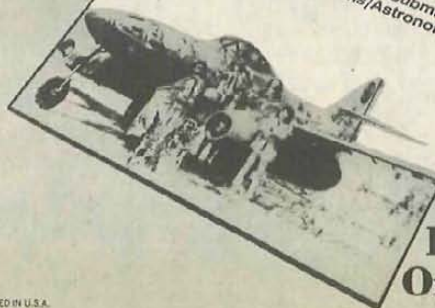
Weather Report Mysterious Traveller

Including:
American Tango / Jungle Book / Blackthorn Rose
Nubian Sundance / Scarlet Woman



BLUE OYSTER CULT SECRET TREATIES

Including:
Career Of Evil / Dominance And Submission
MS 282 / Flaming Telepaths / Astronomy



**Blue Oyster Cult, Weather Report.
Especially for you,
On Columbia Records and Tapes** ®

Key White House strategists are said to be considering a final "goal line stand" defense for the President in the event that his latest and most desperate Watergate counteroffensive fails. The defense centers on a novel explanation of Presidential misdeeds of the last six years—that Mr. Nixon has been a prisoner of the Secret Symbionese Service, a fanatical right-wing paramilitary organization composed of Secret Service agents assigned to protect him. According to the scenario, the SSS, far from protecting the President, has had guns trained on him virtually every minute he has been in the White House, and forced Mr. Nixon to authorize burglaries of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist and the Democratic National Committee to demonstrate his "loyalty" to their ideals. The cover story provides an explanation for the highly incriminating tapes as well. The Secret Service, which, as has been reported, had custody of the recording equipment, compelled Mr. Nixon to make a great many tape-recorded statements suggesting that he was in sympathy with their vicious philosophy of intimidation, threat, and terror. The SSS will also take the blame for the impoundment of funds authorized by Con-

gress, which will be described as simple ransom to prevent the murder of Tricia and Julie, who were perpetually at the mercy of their crazed bodyguards. Under the strategy, pictures showing the President virtually surrounded by Secret Service men when he made public attacks on the press and the Congress will be released, and the SSS seven-headed eagle design will be plastered throughout the White House basement.

According to inside sources in the House and Senate, a recent poll which showed that the present Congress rates lower in public approval than President Nixon is being viewed as the last straw by Congressional leaders who in the past two decades have watched helplessly as their authority and prestige have been steadily eroded by the Executive Branch. Consequently, key Senators and Representatives are reported to be planning a major effort to recapture some of their lost power and dignity, the better to be able to compete with Mr. Nixon and future Presidents, whose ability to wield the inherent pomp and majesty of the Presidency gives them an immense advantage over the cumbersome and unglamorous national legislature. Among the

actions being given serious study are:

- Purchase of a "Winter Capitol" in either Florida or California. Congressional staff men are said to be looking for a 500-room resort hotel with a golf course and a marina for the proposed Congressional yacht (probably a converted cruise ship).
- The commissioning of a special stirring tune, "Hail to the Congress," to be played whenever a majority of the House or Senate enters a room. Objections have been raised that this happens so rarely that the tune would never be heard, and as an alternative, consideration is being given to a number of tunes honoring key parliamentary leaders in Congress, such as "Hail to the President Pro Tempore of the Senate," "Hail to the Democratic Floor Leader," "Hail to the Minority Whip," and so forth.
- Acquisition of a number of special 747 aircraft so that the Congress can make image-building trips to foreign countries and, of course, fly to the Winter Capitol. Since there are 435 Representatives and 100 Senators, not counting wives, the House alone would require a minimum of three of the giant aircraft, and the Senate one. The accommodations on board are likely to be spartan by comparison with the President's 707, and

continued

Tales in Black & White



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JOB. THE DAILY PAPERS.

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continued

some rotation system based on seniority will no doubt have to be devised permitting each Representative to use a private lounge area on the plane for, say, three minutes of a six-hour flight. Since the President is commander in chief of the Air Force and thus has the privilege of calling his planes Air Force One, Two, Three, etc., the Congress would have to settle for something around Air Force Eleven through Sixteen if it chose to follow that custom of naming aircraft, so a name reflecting the special authority of the House and Senate will probably be used, for example, General Accounting Office One, Two, and Three for the House, and Interstate Commerce One for the Senate. Sudden spur-of-the-moment trips are obviously out of the question, but Congressional leaders feel some sort of scheduling arrangement can be worked out, and the problem of arranging speaking trips for 535 politicians carries with it an immense potential advantage. The Congress could absolutely blitz a place like Spokane, Washington, with one of its members appearing before every single Chamber of Commerce group, fraternal organization, and businessmen's organization in the city.

- Purchase of "dressy" uniforms for the sergeants at arms and pages. A committee of women Representatives is working on designs. Current plans call for a sort of Zouave outfit for pages, with red pantaloons, cutlasses, and fezzes, and an elaborate drum major rig for the sergeants at arms.
- Construction of a "White Housing Development." A number of sites are being studied for a grandiose community of 535 ranch houses with columned porticoes to be called "Legislative Mansions." Each would have a tiny rose garden and a one-quarter acre South Lawn.

- More frequent television appearances by the whole Congress to offset the Presidential monopoly of electronic media. Soon to be a regular sight on prime time television will be the seal of the Congress (535 tiny eagles perched in the branches of an olive tree into whose trunk a great many arrows have been shot) followed by the words, "And now, live from a Joint Session on Capitol Hill, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States," and then the impressive chorus of over half a thousand people saying in unison, "Good evening, our fellow Americans. . . ." Speeches will, of course, have to be very short, clear, and uncontroversial. In the event that no satisfactory agreement can be reached between the two parties on the content of an address, Republicans and Democrats on each side of the aisle

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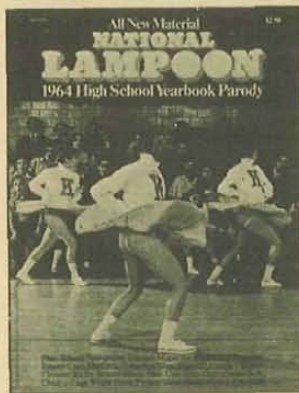
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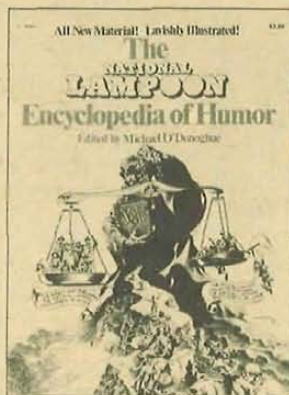
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DETERIORATA

GOP LACHTY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE. & REMEMBER WHAT COM FORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. * Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and feel with their advent eyes though they be looking toward what to kiss and when. * Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Whenever possible, put people on hold. Be confident that in the face of all adversity & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in your past maintenance. * Remember the Pachel. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindly & unspindly. Know yourself if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lesson in your life, for instance. Be aware of that a walk through the maze of mass media would surely get your feet wet. Fall over in love, therefore, it will stick to your face. * Carefully measure the things of youth, books, their sex, taste, fashion and let not the needs of time get in your back. * Hit people with books. * For a good time, call (800) 411-1111 and hit Mom. This heart and the sleeping ghost that your dog is finally getting enough sleep, and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. * You are a flake of the universe you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. * There are no people with your God whatever you conceive Him to be Harry Thackeray or Cosmic Mafia. * With all our hopes, dreams, promises, & wishes revealed, the world continues to deteriorate. * Give up. * BY EVAN HENNER

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will alternate sentence by sentence, for example, "We feel that arms spending has gone too far / *We feel that more must be spent on arms / and that vital social needs are being ignored / because there can be no compromise on our nation's security...*"

As word came of the arrest of seven black men in the "Zebra" murders of twelve whites in San Francisco (three of the men were later released for lack of evidence), President Nixon reaffirmed the ten-year prison sentence of Lt. Calley, the man convicted in the notorious "Gook" killings (the name derives from a common expression used in walkie-talkies to describe Vietnamese). He is currently out on bail pending an appeal; if it fails, he will have to serve six more months of imprisonment before becoming eligible for parole.

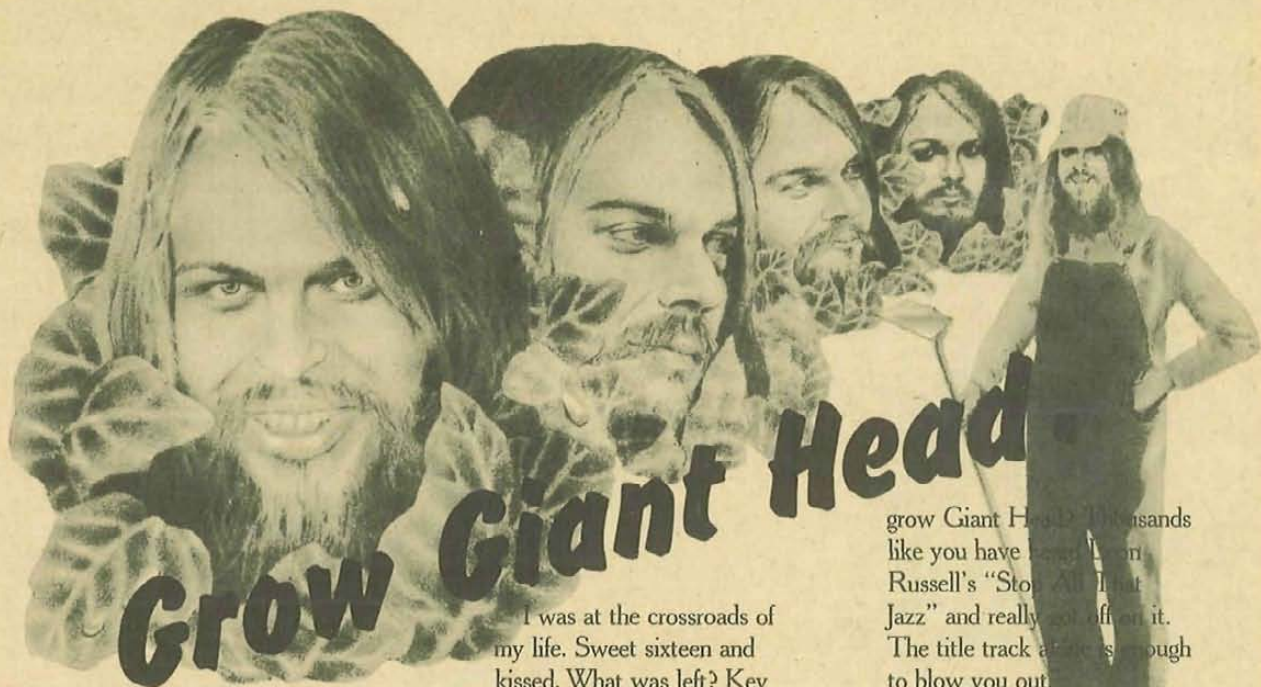
Calley was a member of a military-style organization that terrorized the town of My Lai in 1968, causing the deaths of at least twenty-nine and probably many more innocent civil-

ians. Calley is alleged to have belonged to the "American Army," a group of about 600,000 men who are thought to have been responsible for the random slayings—some think they were racially motivated—of over two million Asians throughout Vietnam.

Observers close to the constitutional crisis in Washington are now privately admitting that early projections of when the country will run out of Nixon may have been highly optimistic. "We originally thought we'd have enough to last us through 1976," admitted one administration aide, "and then we revised that estimate downward to late '74. Now it looks like we'll be out by July or August." A crash program to develop an alternative source of Presidential power has proven moderately successful, and the U.S. will be able to switch over to Ford when Nixon finally runs out, but most observers agree that the days of the extravagant, careless use of unlimited White House power are probably gone for good. □



WASHINGTON, D.C. Meeting with the defendant before the trial, a young prosecutor by the name of J. Edgar Hoover listened patiently as the accused informally pleaded his case. The young boy admitted that he did steal the car in question but added, "It's a toy car, Mr. Prosecutor, and twenty years seems kind of steep for stealing a toy car."



Have you ever thought that there must be a better way? You were meant to be getting much more out of life. Why wasn't your grass greener? Stop your fretting. Sit down. Get a grip on yourself. Leon Russell has perfected the "Wash Day Miracle" of the age. Now even you can grow Giant Head.

Feel better. Your good times have just begun. Read how others have found true happiness and together-karma by growing Giant Head. They're delicious.

Rita Ballgargle



I was always famous for my head.

I was at the crossroads of my life. Sweet sixteen and kissed. What was left? Key punch. Oh what to do. Then it happened. I was going down for the third time when Leon Russell's Giant Head appeared before my eyes. My ears heard "If I Were A Carpenter" and "Streaker's Ball" from his new album "Stop All That Jazz."

My life has changed. I am a person with a purpose now. When I tell the boys that I no longer am going to play their games, that I've found Giant Head, they know I've said a mouthful.

Fast Eddie Freene

I was at the room with the three doors. Which way to turn? I was facing the wall. I'd spent most of my life in college, changing majors. I was beat. Limp. Out of spunk. I'd come as far as I could. Let's face it, I was ready to do away with myself. I was going to enlist.

Yet something kept humming in my ears... "you've got time on your hands. Why not

grow Giant Head. Thousands like you have found Leon Russell's "Stop All That Jazz" and really got off on it. The title track alone is enough to blow you out.

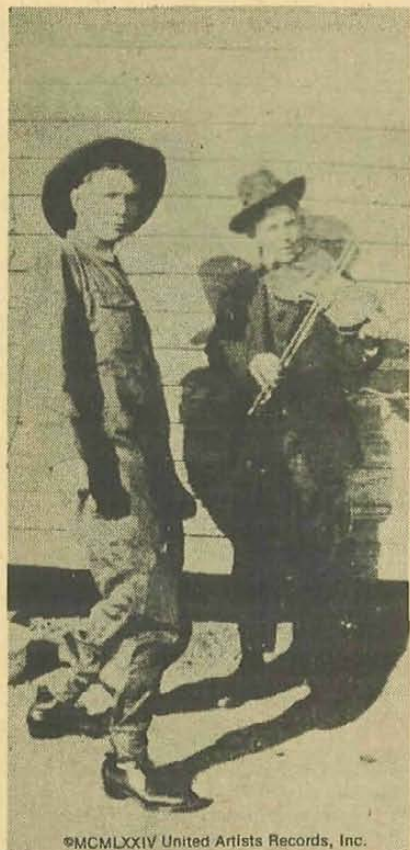
So in my spare time, without any special pot or anything, I was able to grow a giant head. What a terrific sensation. Now my friends come up to me and say "is that your head or is your neck blowing bubbles?"



I grew a giant head in my spare time without any harsh chemicals.



Everything you need to grow Giant Head in one package. It comes from Shelter Records.



©MCMLXXIV United Artists Records, Inc.

This is the only picture ever found of Bob Wills with a fiddle this early in his life. His father John Wills is to the left.

The recording session that resulted in this album was an important event in the history of American music. It reunited Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys, the man and the band that created Western Swing and, for over forty years, influenced popular American music in general and country and western in particular... James Robert Wills first called his band the "Playboys" in 1933 in Waco, Texas. The fact that this album was recorded forty years later tells a part of the story of their enduring popularity and incredible appeal.

Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys For The Last Time

is a boxed two-record set produced by Tommy Allsup. Included is an extensive biography of Wills by Dr. Charles R. Townsend, author of *SAN ANTONIO ROSE: THE LIFE AND MUSIC OF BOB WILLS*, soon to be published by the University of Illinois Press. Dr. Townsend also provided us with the many historical photographs used throughout this package, which has been accepted into the Library of Congress.

UA-LA216-J2

United Artists Records & Tapes



• Albert Collins, a sixty-six-year-old apartment manager at 1214 Pennsylvania St., in Kansas City, went to the apartment of Hans J. Von Peshke, thirty-three, to complain about noise coming from his apartment.

According to police, Collins told Von Peshke that he had had "an earful" of the noise he had been making.

Von Peshke reportedly told Collins he would "fix it," and then seized Collins and bit off the upper part of his ear. *Kansas City Star* (I. Schwartz, J. Booth)

• On the day after Thanksgiving, Roberta Essex of Stuttgart, Ark., and her husband received an unexpected addition to their larder, when a dozen frozen ducks fell on their front yard. The Essexes cleaned seven of them and put them in their freezer.

Lloyd McCollum, Chairman of the State Game and Fish Commission, theorized that the full-grown mallards had been swept up in a freak hail storm while migrating south and had become quick-frozen in the upper atmosphere.

"They were very healthy looking ducks," said McCollum. "I'm sure they're just as good as freshly killed." *Washington Post* (M. Williams, L. Leeson)

• A gunman wearing a stocking mask ran from the market he had just robbed in Homestead, Fla., and jumped into a nearby car expecting his accomplice to race him away from the scene.

Instead, startled detectives approached the automobile and arrested twenty-four-year-old Bruce Gioletti, who they said had jumped into their unmarked police car by mistake.

The detectives had been routinely interrogating Gioletti's getaway

car driver, Bruce Newell, twenty-two, because he looked "suspicious."

Gioletti's gun and a stolen bag of money were recovered from the seat of the police car. *Tampa Tribune*, N.Y. *Times* (P. Wellons, J. Canito)

• It had been thought that following the death of Walt Disney, the atmosphere at the Disney studios in Hollywood would ease somewhat, but Mr. Disney had prepared a method of retaining some postmortem control.

About a year after his death, a memo was sent to all key department heads at the studio instructing them to attend a special screening in one of the projection rooms.

When the executives entered the room, they were told to seat themselves according to the name cards arranged around the room.

The lights dimmed, the curtains were drawn open, and a motion picture of Disney sitting behind his desk came on. He addressed every one of them by name, pointing and speaking directly to each one in turn, and demanding an account of the progress of their projects. He then outlined what he expected of each of them, and when he finished, he told them they would be seeing him again. *Santa Monica Evening Outlook* (J. Rems)

• A few years ago, a pair of potters in Vermont, Armand Henault and Jack O'Leary, decided while drinking in a tavern to use each other's cremated remains in making pottery.

"You know," Henault recalled telling his friend, "we use animal-bone ash in making our pots. Now wouldn't it be a good idea if we made vows to use each other's ashes after we die to make a nice pot?"

The men drew up a legal contract. As it turned out, O'Leary died some weeks later, and his widow delivered the ashes to Henault.

"I made a nice pot out of the ashes," Henault said. "It wasn't like a bookend or something like that—that wouldn't have been very tasteful. But it was a nice pot that she put above the fireplace on the mantelpiece."

Word of the unique method of memorializing the departed has spread, and Henault now makes over half his income turning remains into urns. *Los Angeles Times* (K. Knowland)

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.



If Mozart were alive today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape.

Mozart was a child prodigy. He wrote a concerto at six, a sonata at seven and a symphony at eight.

a hint from the master.

Use "Scotch" brand—the Master Tape.

But, even more important, he grew up to be a pro.

That's why if Mozart were alive today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape. Just like the pros in today's music business.

Because nearly 80% of all master-recording studios use "Scotch" brand recording tape.

So next time you record something, maybe you should take



"Scotch" is a Registered Trademark of 3M Co.

The Master Tape



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.)

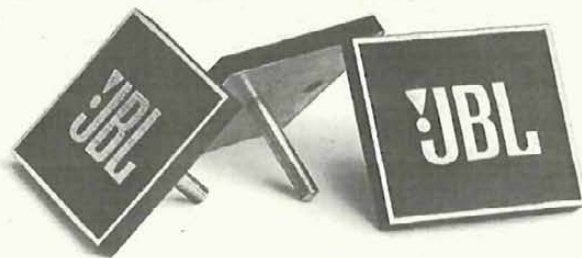
Some of us think Decade is the best two-way sound system we've ever made. If you'll forgive a few buzz words, we'll tell you why:

"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.

"\$156". That means if you've been saving up for a JBL loudspeaker, stop.

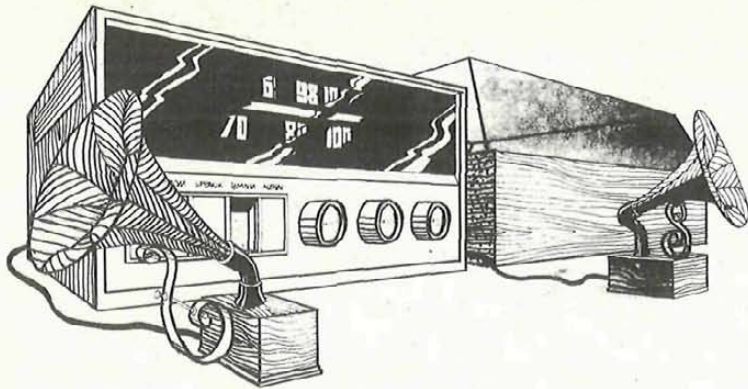
Come hear JBL's new Decade. Except for the price, it sounds expensive.



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.



“Don’t be penny-wise and sound foolish”

If you’ve priced hi-fi components lately, you probably think you have to spend a small fortune to obtain a quality home music system, right? Well, depending on how much you’re willing to invest, it’s possible to keep some of the cost down without any real sacrifice in audible quality.

A rule of thumb to consider is that you should plan on investing at least 50% of your hi-fi equipment “budget” on your speaker system. Because if your speakers are not able to deliver clean, lifelike music reproduction, well, you just won’t hear the true beauty of the music you enjoy, regardless of how much you spend on a receiver or turntable.

You can hear what this means by trying a brief experiment at any of your nearby authorized BOSE dealers. Just ask to hear our moderately priced BOSE 501 SERIES II Direct/Reflecting® speakers compared to the sound reproduction you hear with any other speakers up to the cost of the BOSE 901 SERIES II. Chances are the sound of the 501 with inexpensive accessory components will save you money you thought you’d have to spend on a more expensive receiver and turntable!

So, whatever your budget, don’t be penny-wise and sound foolish. Try our little experiment and you’re sure to put your money where your speakers are. Of course, the BOSE 901® system may be just the best choice for you, if you are willing to spend more.



For more information on the BOSE 901 and 501 SERIES II speakers, write Dept. L7, The Mountain, Framingham, Ma.

BOSE
501
SERIES II



Sirs:

I wonder if you would be interested in sending for our colorful brochure of Cruller Brothers fine antique furniture? This month, for example, Cruller Brothers is privileged to offer to the discriminating buying public a complete line of living room-dining room-bedroom ensembles, each piece guaranteed to be an original Christ!

Yes, from the fabled Carpenter of Nazareth, Cruller Brothers brings you the last remaining fully authenticated examples of the Messiah’s Own handiwork.

Tables, easy chairs, credenzas, and sectionals! Each, culled from the finest homes in the Holy Land, are marked down to Cruller Brothers traditionally fabulous low, low prices!

Sound exciting? Well, it is!

Looking for something to perk up that living room? Put waste space to use with a genuine first century Jesus Christ coffee table! And no more barked shins from clumsy legs because this beautiful one-of-a-kind item doesn’t have any! It just floats there!

Sound intriguing? Well, it is!

But that’s not all! Cruller Brothers also carries a complete line (all carbon-dated) of Christ Perpetual Rocking Chairs! Christ Invisible Murphy Beds! Christ Time-Machine Barcaloungers! (A flick of the wrist and you’re sucking some Bud with your favorite famous fun couples from the past!) Christ Unfillable Potty Seats! (Never need changing!) And Christ Convertible “Loaves ‘n’ Fishes” Bunk Beds that sleep from one to a multitude of snotty tots!

Sound creepy? Well, it is!

So bring the whole family and come on down to Cruller Brothers this week . . . just three miles past the Bowl-a-Drome on Rt. 166A just opposite the Scumgate Shopping Plaza!

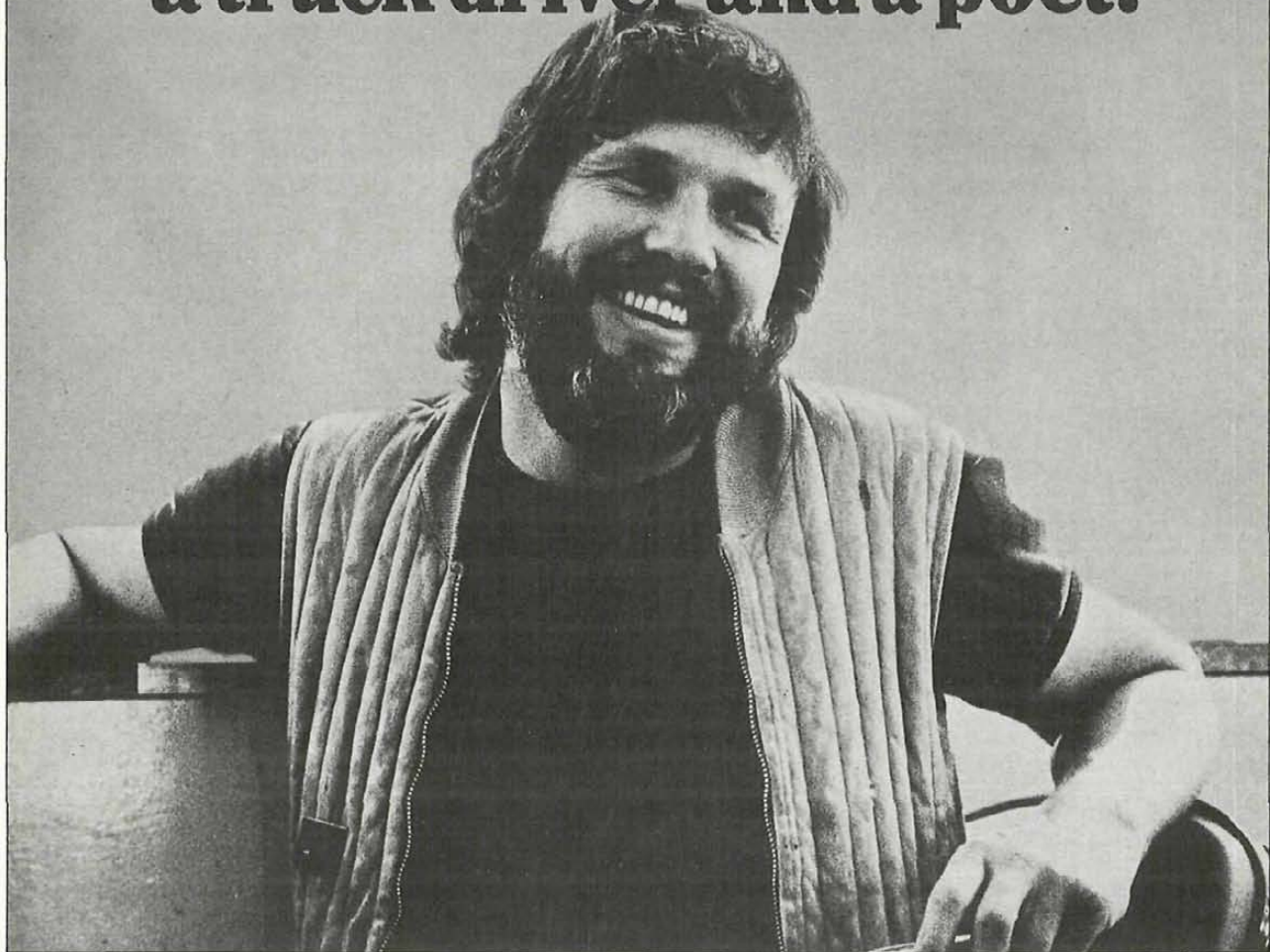
Dave & Ernie Cruller
Cruller Bros. Furniture
Factory Clearance
1334 Malaria Pkwy.
(Just opposite Scumgate
Shopping Plaza)
Veeneck, N.J.

Sirs:

Here is a handy household hint for

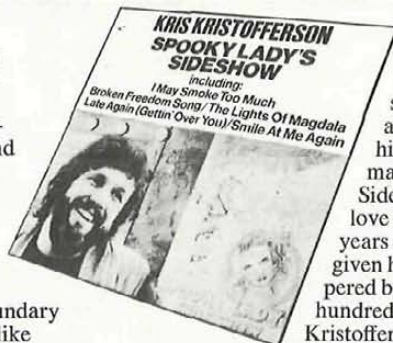
continued

Kris Kristofferson: Somewhere between a hobo, a truck driver and a poet.



A few years ago, Kris Kristofferson drifted into Nashville with a battered guitar and empty pockets. He took the first job in music he could find—sweeping out a recording studio. He was rowdy, rough and a Rhodes scholar dropout. And he wrote songs.

Then a man named Johnny Cash heard Kris, encouraged him and introduced his songs to some of the biggest country artists. But Kris's talent cut across musical boundary lines, and pretty soon even people like



Janis Joplin were recording his songs and making them big.

Now, further down the road, straight from the success of his last album and the fantastic reaction to his hit single, "Why Me," Kris has made a new album, "Spooky Lady's Sideshow." On it, he writes about love and life with the insight that his years of scuffling and traveling have given him, and sings in voice tempered by the smoke and booze of a hundred small clubs. Listen to Kris Kristofferson's new album. It's an earful.

Kris Kristofferson and the "Spooky Lady's Sideshow."
On Monument Records and Tapes

Distributed by Columbia/Epic Records

continued

those ladies who would step on cockroaches, but hate to pick them up afterward. Ugh!

Simply step on them so that you wound them mortally, rather than squashing the life out of them. Then they will crawl off somewhere and die.

Marge M.
Shreveport, Louisiana

Sirs:

As a member of the American Audubon Society, I received my ordered volume of *North American Birds* and later, I am sorry to report, my cancelled check.

The first few birdcalls they describe are okay. The bobwhite *does* go "bob-white! bob-white!" and the whippoorwill *does* go "whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!" if you get the picture. Even the characteristic "caw-caw!" of the rascally crow is reasonably approximated.

But what's this about a red-winged blackbird going "to-weet takka-takka to-wheet!" C'mon. A red-winged blackbird doesn't sound *anything* like that. Not even close. It sounds like somebody hitting a cat on the paw with a hammer while tossing a handful of jacks into a turbine generator. Not pweet-titty-titty-poot.

Okay, American Audubon Society,

wise up.

Mrs. Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

I was just laying around the other day, when I decided to take a bath, and get the dust off my bones. I got into the tub when to my surprise, I noticed my first water pistol. Oh, how the memories came rushing back. My mom gave me my first water pistol. Wow! My first gun! A water pistol! When I first got it, I had to learn the pleasure of shooting somebody with it. I learned that guys really got pissed off if you got off a sneak shot and hit 'em in the zipper, leaving a nice wet spot. Or the pleasure of a direct hit in the eye or the back of the head. With my first water pistol, I was hooked on guns. From my water pistol, I progressed to a rifle water gun, and then to a sub-machine water gun. I was changed. I could no longer live without a gun. If only Ruby had used a water pistol.

Lee Harvey Oswald
Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

I could, of course, affix your ankles to a restraint board by means of Ulen-gan #3 stainless steel leg shackles, and similarly pinion your arms with

Pederson tri-flex manacles. With surprising ease I could attach Kelly hemostats to your labia majus and Landrum clamps to your labia minus, for the purpose of initial refraction. At the same time I could run a small induction electrode implant to the clitoridis. Following chemical dilation I would expect to confront a somewhat elastic cavity of approximately twenty-four cubic inches—ample to accommodate at least one-half pint of cottage cheese and one-quarter cup of catsup, as well as my own pudendum. At this point I could inject you with 800 milligrams of ergot (Merck Ergotomine) in order to maximize your intrauterine spasms, add the condiments and my own pudendum. I could then actuate the induction motor and await the scintillating sensorial fireworks . . . *but it would be wrong.*

Dick Nimble

Sirs:

I recently gave my body to five young men describing themselves as The Rolling Stones. My friend Beth says it could not have been them, as they have been living in the south of France for the past year. Could you settle this question, and perhaps help me get my body back? I need it in my work.

Lois
Skineatles, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have some good news and some bad news. First, the bad news. The Earthmen have landed. Now the good news. They eat fruits and vegetables and piss ureic acid. G##\$%¢*U%U εH:¼!

GPRUL
Alpha Moldar

Sirs:

Success is counted sweetest by those who ne'er succeed. Pimples can be tasty, if first you let 'em bleed.

Emily & Wiley Post
Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

Louder and funnier.

H. Keller
Carson City, N. Mex.

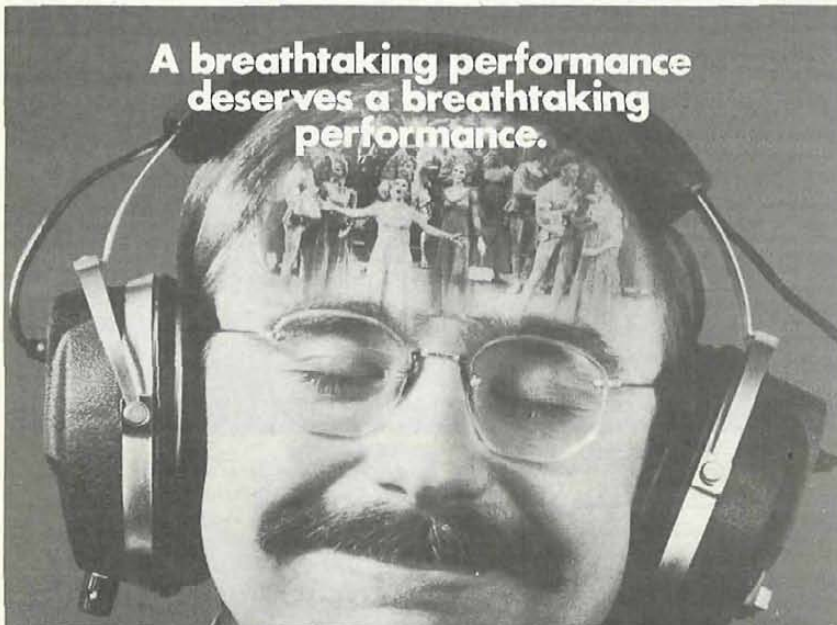
Sirs:

Marcel Marceau
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Srs:

Rdr's Dgst
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Ye White Houfe Tranfcriptf

As an interesting historical footnote to the release by President Nixon of edited transcripts of certain of his conversations with Watergate principals, some of which contained very unflattering material, we are happy to be able to offer the following record of a conversation held in President Washington's office nearly two hundred years ago. The bundle of longhand manuscripts were recently discovered in the National Archives with the notation "Given by Geo. Washington to the U.S. in lieu of

payment of an outstanding Debt." Accompanying documents indicate that the transcription was made by a stenographer secreted in an adjoining room who listened to the President's conversations through an ear trumpet attached to the back of a specially adapted Franklin stove in Washington's office—a crude but effective "firtap" devised by an unknown colonial tinkerer. Meeting of April 19, 1771—The President's Office
P.—President Washington

H.—Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton

J.—Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson

R.—Attorney General Edmund Randolph

Adams—Vice-President John Adams
Madison—U.S. Representative James Madison

Franklin—Benjamin Franklin

Hancock—John Hancock

(A band was heard fifying without.)

P. Good day to ye, Al, Tom. How are ye? J. Good day, sir.

H. Good day, Mr. Prefident.

P. Damn those fiferf. If they play "Yankee Doodle Dandy" one more time, I think I shall fpit up, so help me. Well, how are trickf?

H. Congrefs is giving us grievous trouble on the eftablishment of the Bank. It's that (ungodly parlance stricken here) Madison. I think we should give him a good ferewing.

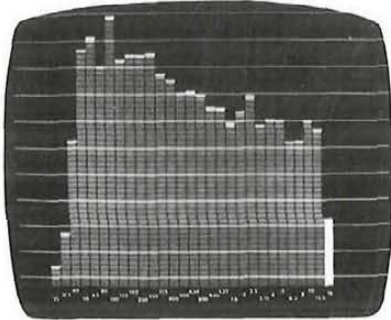
P. That fon of a (a rudenefs has been here expunged). I have marked him down on my foe tally. By God, we'll give him good measure in the second term. J. I can't wait to nail that (and here alfo). He pifses me mightily.

P. What about Adams? Can he not light a fire under the arses of those (an indecency has been eradicated) New England Federalists to get behind us in this Businefs? Or has the man nothing better to do but wait around for some Tory cracked-pot to put a mufket ball in my noggin so he can accede to the Prefidency and that hag wife of his Abigail can become First Lady and lord it over all the local doxies? Damme for a nit! I should have let the silly bumpkins make me King.

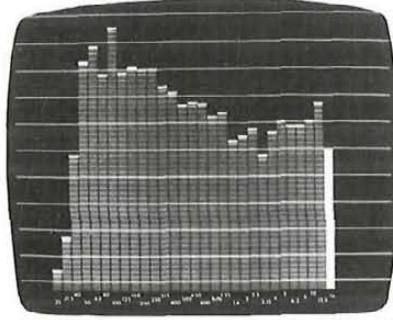
J. If I may suggest, we could let it be noised about that we are in such straights by reafon of not having proper financing that we must needf cancel the Boston frigate contract. Or perhapf fubtly let it out that the Economy of the Government is in so dire a Predicament that we muft sell Mafachufsettf to Canada to raise some funds. H. That would get those turkey-eaterf into line in a trice.

P. Nay, that would be wrong. It is a bad precedent even to hint at such a thing. If Adams ever gets in here, he might sell Virginia to Spain.

H. Look here, why do we not go right to the roots of the thing and put the ferews to Madison. We could get Hancock to forge some parchment proving Madison was a traitor in the Revolution, a Commifion from the British and some letterf to General Arnold swapping plots, and then



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Hollies.

Lead singer Allan Clarke makes the Hollies' sound one of the most distinctive in rock. And they've never sounded better than here . . . on the new album that includes "The Air That I Breathe," the Hollies' biggest British hit ever.

Time of the Zombies.

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Argent: Nexus.

This is Argent the way you like them . . . with the accent on the astonishing keyboard work of Rod Argent. It's also the spiciest Argent yet, taking you to Kohoutek, to the spheres, once around the sun, and maybe even back home again.

Badger: White Lady.

This new incarnation of Badger is the most super British supergroup in years: Jackie Lomax, lead vocals, rhythm guitar and songs; Tony Kaye (formerly with Yes), keyboards; Paul Pilnick (formerly with Stealer's Wheel), lead guitar; Kim Gardner, bass; and Roy Dyke, drums (both of Ashton, Gardner and Dyke). And if all that weren't enough, their album was produced by Allen Toussaint!

Royal Rockers, in four great fragrances. On Epic Records and Tapes

leak the whole packet to that senile old fool Franklin. He'll print anything we tell him.

P. By damn, I do heartily wish the same could be said for the rest of these filthy newsheets. One of those accursed scriveners from the Bulletin rode down to Mt. Vernon this last week and the rogue had the effrontery to accost my Stable Master and inquire where the Prefident got those 800 horsef, when as you well know I am looking after them for the Army, at great perfonal expenfe, I may add. J. It is a difgrace. H. Aye.

R. Good day, Mr. Prefident. P. Ah, greetings, Edmund, come in. You have a keen sense of timing. Edmund, can we not do something about these damned newspaperf? I want to put 'em under a siege—H. An encirclement, we need to prefs them hard. P. Put them under the guns. J. Aye, a regular Yorktown.

R. Well, sir, the Firft Amendment to the Bill of Rightf—P. (a low expression is deleted) the Bill of Rightf. R. It is not Law until Delaware and Rhode Island ratify it. H. Steal a march on them?—R. Exactly. H. Ah, I think I shall sound out the Delaware and Rhode Island delegatof on that frigate contract. They have good harborf, I have heard—P. Fine port facilitief. Keep me informed on thif one, Al. H. Yo.

P. Al has another little Dilemma here, Ed. The Congrefs is giving us the Devil of a time on the Bank bill. Al, Where do we ftand as of this present place in Time?


H. We are all but devoid of Funds of any kind whatsoever. I fear we have no hope of satisfying the military Pay-Rolls, much lefs meeting our Debts to the French from the War. J. Well then, let us default on the ftupid debt. The frog-faces will cry bloody Murder, but they can go hang. I shall tell Lafayette he will have to get them into line, or we will put it out and around that he is a Homofexual.

P. Why can we not juft increafe the general Levies and Duties, or impose some Taxes? There muft be something in the Conftitution that permit us to raise the Monies. Damn, I cannot keep that foolifh Document in my head. Do we have to wait upon the Pleasure of the Congrefs to increafe a Tax after they have pafsed the Bill eftablishing it? Tom, do ye have a copy of the (a foul word has been here blotted out) Conftitution? I know I am Commander in Chief, but the reft of it—J. Aye, it lies in Article I, Section 7. The Houfe has all powers regarding Revenue.

P. I have the preftige of the Prefidency to confider in this matter. If I permit Congrefs to ride roughshod

continued

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continued

over the President, my successors will curfe my name. H. Well, let us proceed with these presuref on the Congress, and see what may follow. If we can get the Bank estblished, and fill it with our Toadies—J. A Comfission in the Bank would be a Pretty Plum. R. Aye, a man could—H. "Make hay while the sun shines" (here there came laughter).

P. All this talk made-me thirfty. Will you gentlemen join me in a glafs? I'll ring for the coon. (Here there came the sound of a handbell.) Rutherford, we'll have some Refreshment now. Steward: Yafuh. P. Is rum fuitable to all? H., J., R. Aye. P. Four rums, Rutherford.

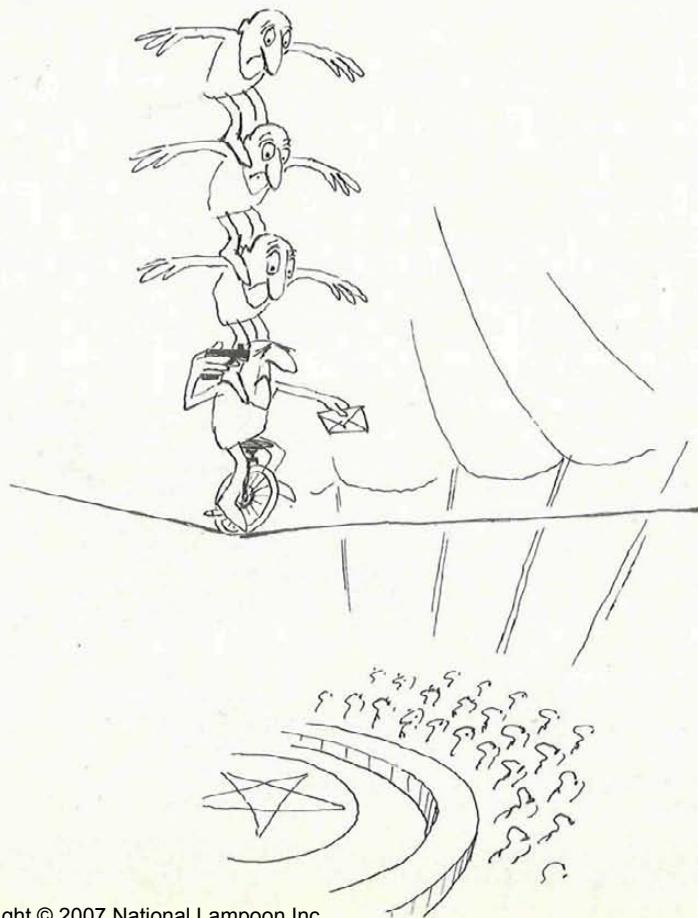
J. You should sell that old darky there to the tallow factory and get yourself a good young girl, Mr. Prefident. I warrant you could get more Refreshment in that Fashion (here there was laughter).

P. That is the beft advice I have heard thif day (here there was laughter also). Ah, juft put it down here, Rutherford. Well, gentlemen, pleafe serve yourselfef (here there was the sound as of a Bottle being opened and poured around). You know, fpeaking of these Hot Matters, do you remember that Tale of my having cut down a cherry tree with a hatchet, and vowing I could not tell

a Lie? Well that was juft some of Franklin's nonsense he put out during the War. I had told him the real Story and he added the Embroidery. The truth of it was, as a young Devil at Mt. Vernon, I had clapped my Member home in the Joy Spot of a virgin slave girl, and afterwards the cursed Negress ran fquealing about like a ftuck Pig. My Father comforted her and then came to settle Accountf with me. He afked me if I had chopt her Cherry with my Hatchet—it was a quaint way of fpeaking which he commonly employed—and I confesed that I did lie with her. There was no other way, the evidence was upon my breechef. He whipped me and made me fwear I would not lie with slave girlf again, for he had a great fear of the Pox (here there was much laughter).

J. Well, since we are fpeaking of (here a base verb was employed), let us be resolved to give Madison and his fellow Crap-Heads a good (here it was employed again) too! (here there was laughter).

H. A toaft, then. To the Prefident: "Firt in war, firt in peace, and firt to give his enemies a fcrewing they won't soon forget." (Here there followed much laughter, and from hereon no further businefs of note was conducted.) □



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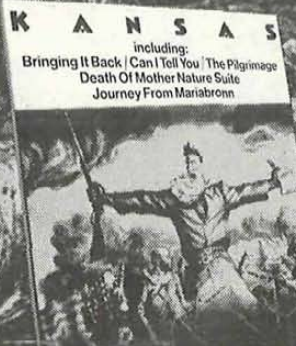
Yes, The Kinks, those stalwart defenders of social injustice, those unchallenged champions of hypocritic exposé, once again cut across the bastions of decency and good taste to take you on a delight-

fully cynical romp through The Great American Dream. Funny? Yes. Frightening? Maybe. For real? Always. The Kinks. "Preservation Act 1 and Act 2." It'll put your tongue in your cheek and your finger on the truth.

RCA Records and Tapes

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GUNS

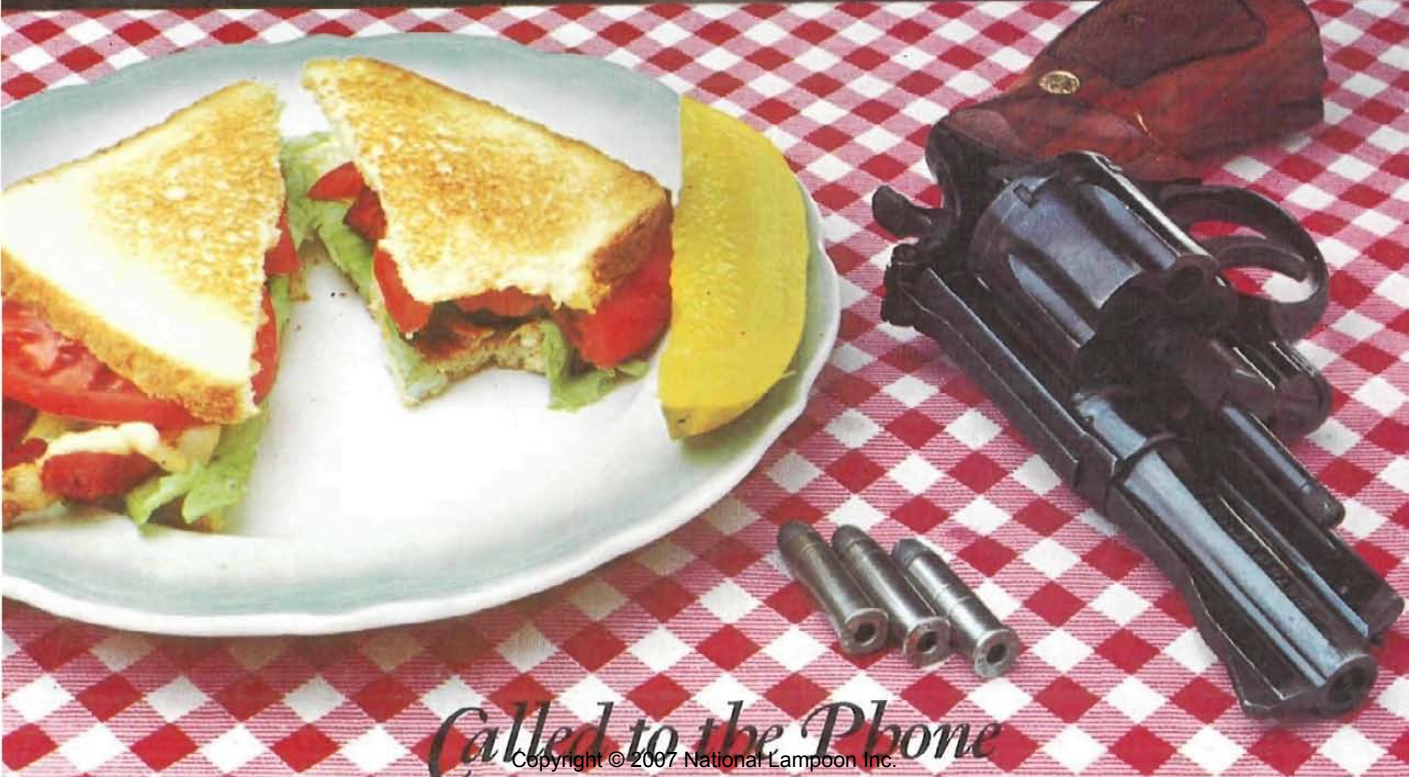
AND Sandwiches

THE FINEST IN ITS FIELD

NEW SANDWICH MEATS FROM THE TROPICS

WIN A FREE LUNCH WITH A PISTOL-TOTING ROLLER DERBY QUEEN

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL SANDWICHES



Called to the Phone

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BREAD and BUTTER

I read with great delight your report on the legal Nevada whorehouses that serve free sandwiches but found myself somewhat confused by one of the pictures. The tomato was on the bottom and I couldn't believe that you would recommend a place that had such shoddy preparation. Then I noticed in the background a glass filled with liquor and the bottom of the glass was where the top should be and if this indeed is the case why isn't the liquor pouring out as gravity would demand? Then it dawned on me. Everything in the picture was upside down. No, that's not right. Everything in the picture was right side up but you put the whole thing in your magazine upside down. Am I right? You shouldn't print pictures of sandwiches upside down. You shouldn't print anything upside down.

Richard Ruggles
Hubbard, Texas

Sorry, our mistake. We try to be very careful about things like that, but every once in a while, one will get by us. We're only human.

You're absolutely right in saying, "If guns are made to be registered, then only registers will have guns." But what I think you *meant* to say was, "If guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns." But what of sandwiches? The exact same thing applies. Only outlaws will have sandwiches. And what's more, since they're outlaws, and they have guns, they'll hold us up and take all of our sandwiches and we can't very well go to the police and tell them we've just been robbed of all our illegal sandwiches. We can't let this happen. You should do a story about this possibility, but *please*, be careful and have everything correct before you send it off to the printers.

Jerry Woods
Elk Basin, Wyoming

In your May issue, you ran a story on the sandwiches that Charles Whitman brought with him to the University of Texas tower in Houston, but the picture that accompanied the story was not of Charles Whitman, it was of James Whitmore, the television actor. What has he got to do with any of this?

Martin Miller
Duluth, Minn.

JULY 1974
VOL. XVII No.3

GUNS AND Sandwiches Formerly Guns & Butter



If there's one thing that gives me a full case of the jaws and boils me over, it's the willy-nilly, nit-wit way some people take everything around them for granted. No explanation of how it got there, please. They couldn't care less. They walk around all day as if the whole damn world was just put there for their witnessing. They're so wrapped up in what *they* have to do, who *they* have to see, and what *they* think constructive, all the rest of us just might as well go to hell in packing crates! They remind me of rats climbing around in a garbage dump with trash hanging out of their mouths. But just try and tell them that. They'll stair at you as if *you're* the one who's crazy and then they'll back out of the room. Yes, they're always so careful to cover themselves and retreat in an orderly fashion or even change the subject. All of a sudden, they're acting as nice as can be and sharing their views or inquiring about your interests and before you know it, the conversation has ended and they're gone. Who knows where they go off to; probably some great underground cave where they talk about the rest of us in a most unflattering way. They privately think of us as stupid dopes and crazy idiots and I don't for a minute think that they would be reluctant to call us worse. But they wouldn't dare do it to our faces, no, they're far to "polite" for that. Just once I'd like to grab one of these niggardly numbsculls, nail their shoes to the floor, and twist their empty heads full around to give them a good look at all they should be seeing. Maybe it's the only way to wipe the snotty self-serving contentment from their faces. Or maybe have a pack of doverman pinchers eat their faces right out of their heads. Don't misunderstand me, I'm not suggesting that some one arrange this but, it certainly doesn't give displeasure simply thinking about it.

Chuck Ackley
Publisher



Police Chief Gilbert Spencer, a great innovator in the war against crime, is considering making fresh sandwiches part of the Department's permanent gear. "I think I want my men to carry sandwiches around with them so they can eat them on the job and what they don't eat, they can use to bribe cats out of trees, give to lost children, and offer to people who we've had to evict." It's this type of solid constructive thinking that has made Chief Spencer the great innovator he is.



The Favorite Sandwiches

of the St. Louis Police Department

The city of St. Louis was named after Louis the Ninth, the thirteenth-century monarch of France, but there the similarity ends. St. Louis, Missouri, has no more in common with the Middle Ages than the disappearance of Judge Crater has to do with the singing style of today's more pop-

ular artists. St. Louis is a modern, efficiently run city which freely employs computers to help speed up the day-to-day operation of their up-to-date metropolis. Home of the St. Louis Post Dispatch as well as other prominent newspapers and professional sports teams which bear its name, St.

Louis is a city who would not like to be known as taking a back seat to anyone in coping with the challenges, known and unknown alike, that have become common to similar sized cities found throughout the globe. Once known as "Gateway to the West," St. Louis played an important part in the settling of this country. Early pioneers who found the raw, rugged, uncomfortable life too hard to bear, would often return to St. Louis and avail themselves of the ample clean rooms and waitress attended restaurants. In addition to these fashionable frontier facilities, St. Louis, in its growth, has added a philharmonic orchestra, a zoo, and a large Greek-looking railroad station. To native and tourist alike, St. Louis offers a home and a home away from home and both are made to feel equally welcome wherever in St. Louis they may choose to venture in this "City in the Middle of the Country."

Just as St. Louis has played an important part in the history of this country, sandwiches have played an important part in the lives of St. Louis' citizens. There isn't a person from eight to eighty who is unfamiliar with this famous mealtime treat. City officials and nutrition experts agree, sandwiches are a daily necessity if

Continued



What is the favorite sandwich of the St. Louis Police Department? Peanut butter and sliced banana on toast with mayonnaise and sugar won out over the standard BLT on white by a mere four votes in a recent poll taken of the famous St. Louis Police Department. St. Louis has been chosen as the site for the next policemen's convention to be held this fall, and you can bet your bottom slice that there will be plenty of these sandwiches on hand for all to enjoy.

Photo Contest Finalists

1st Prize: A One-Week, All Expense-Paid Trip to the Sandwich Islands

Well, here they are, the six finalists. We wish they all could win, but alas, there can only be one. Which one will it be? That's up to you, as all our contests are. Decide how many votes you want to give to your favorite, put the number on a postcard, and send it to us. But please, limit your votes to functional numbers. In our last contest we received far too many "... I cast a hundred billion zillion votes for. ..." You must understand we are unable to deal with these unrealistic figures.



Submitted by Mr. Mathew Wheaton McCally, Vt. Untitled. Mr. Wheaton's enclosed note stated that it's very important that he win this contest because he believes his estranged wife is now living in the Sandwich Islands and it's important that they be reunited for their child's sake.

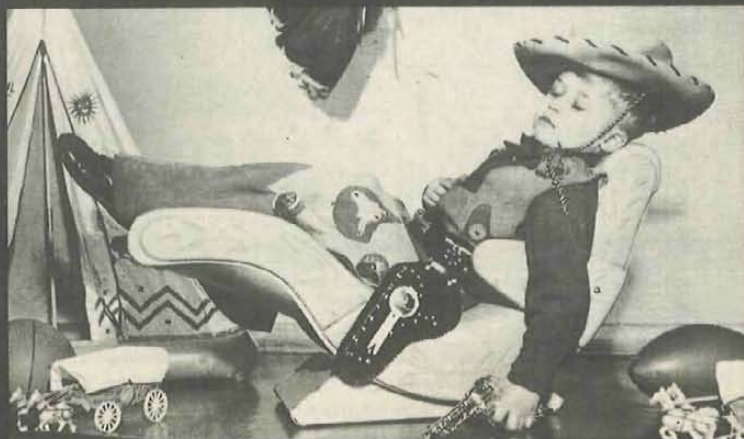
Submitted by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Hicken, Jordan City, Kan. No, it isn't trick photography. It's a picture of a picture being taken.



Submitted by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jervis, Long Beach, Calif. Entitled, "The Postman Always Gets Shot in the Stomach Twice."



Submitted by Mrs. Clark Payne. Entitled, "A Time For Guns." According to Mrs. Payne, her two children are identical twins, but the boy was raised on high nutrition sandwiches while the girl was fed paste, small quantities of alcohol, and lima beans.



Submitted by Mr. and Mrs. Nat Branch, Springfield, Ill. Entitled, "A Tired Cowboy Snoozes It Up." The reason the child is tired is that this picture was taken at three in the morning, explains Mrs. Branch. The child always sleeps in his clothes and that thing he's in is his real bed.

OUT TO LUNCH

Editor's note: "Out to Lunch" originally appeared in our September '73 issue. Since that time, we've received a number of requests for reprints. Well, here it is, just as you wanted it—and with the correction made. We finally found the picture of Tom's Sandwich Shop and put it back in place of the angry motorists at the filling station. (We don't know how that mistake happened but we did apologize in our November '73 editorial). Without any further delay, we present our famous "Out to Lunch" piece.

New York City has its problems. Everybody has problems. But go up to the sixth floor of Abercrombie & Fitch, New York's famed sports emporium, and ask the gun salesmen their problem and chances are you'll be told. But you better not be in a hurry because it's a complicated story that begins every day at lunch hour. And you had better be patient because the salesmen go into

such a rage while telling it, their words get garbled and their tale becomes almost incomprehensible.

So we're going to tell it. We're going to tell it for all of the impatient people, for all of the people in a hurry, and for all of the people who don't live in New York. Every day, when that noon whistle blows, the Abercrombie & Fitch gun sales force begin to smack their lips in anticipation of sandwiches from Tom's. Tom's has a reputation. A reputation of making the finest sandwiches in New York. But things have changed at Tom's. Not the sandwiches, the sandwiches are as great as ever. Tom and his top sandwich makers have changed. When their noon whistle blows, they walk out of the shop and around the corner to the indoor pistol range. They call it the Jerry Lewis Pistol Range. It was a Jerry Lewis theater that went out of business but nobody took the sign down so they call it the Jerry Lewis Pistol Range. But what happens when Tom and his top sandwich makers get there? Nothing happens, that's what happens. The

men who run the firing range use their lunch hour to go over to Abercrombie & Fitch and try to buy guns. They've been going there for three months now and have yet to find a salesman. But they find the manager to whom they complain bitterly. The Abercrombie & Fitch gun salesmen know this only too well. Every day when they return back to work, sandwichless, they get yelled at.

So if you think you have problems, we recommend you don't go up to the sixth floor of Abercrombie & Fitch and look for someone to tell them to. They have problems enough of their own.

Editor's note: There you have it. Our September '73 article, "Out to Lunch." Needless to say, that reference to "three months" in the next to last paragraph should be updated. But we decided to print the piece exactly as it appeared and use this space to bring your attention to it.

If there are any other articles you would like us to repeat, please write and let us know.



Seated on the marble steps which grace New York's Abercrombie & Fitch, the gun sales force pause for a moment before they head out for Tom's Sandwich Shop. Will this be the day that Tom and his top sandwich makers decide to forgo the pleasures of noon-time shooting?



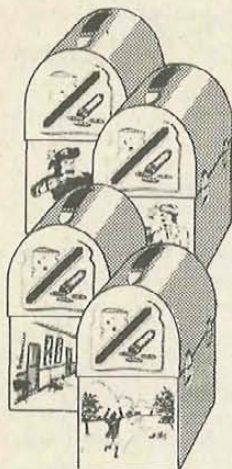
Once again, saddened sandwich eaters are forced to bring their own sandwiches to Tom's famous shop. Though business hasn't dropped off, the enthusiasm for coming here every day certainly has.



The third part of the circular puzzle is here at the "Jerry Lewis" pistol range. Tom and his top sandwich makers stare dolefully around the unattended gallery, hoping against hope that someone will return before their lunch hour is up.

Earl of Sandwich Lunch Boxes

4 to choose from—or choose all 4



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- The Earl of Sandwich chasing down the road after his mother's horse.
- The Earl of Sandwich yelling at a simpleminded croupier.
- The Earl of Sandwich eating a sandwich.
- The Earl of Sandwich searching the hallway for one of his shoes which he had earlier tossed at his valet's head.

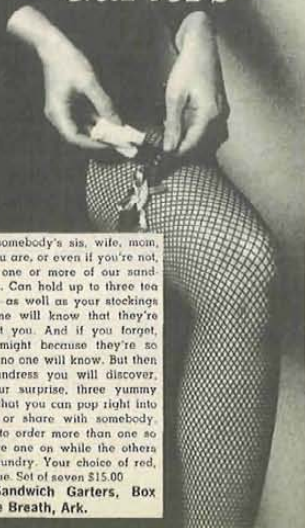
Order today so you can be carrying your lunch in an official Earl of Sandwich lunch box in the near future!

Only \$10.95 ea. Complete set of four \$40.00.

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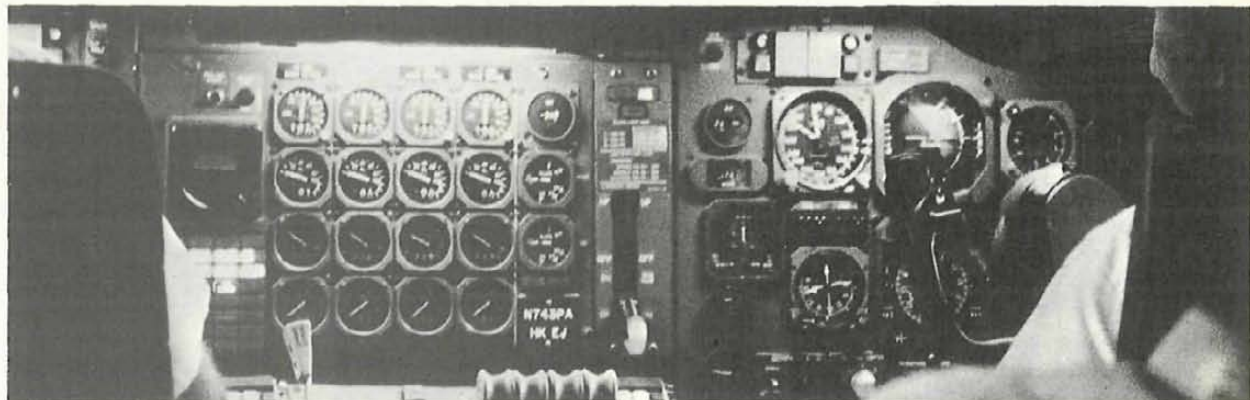
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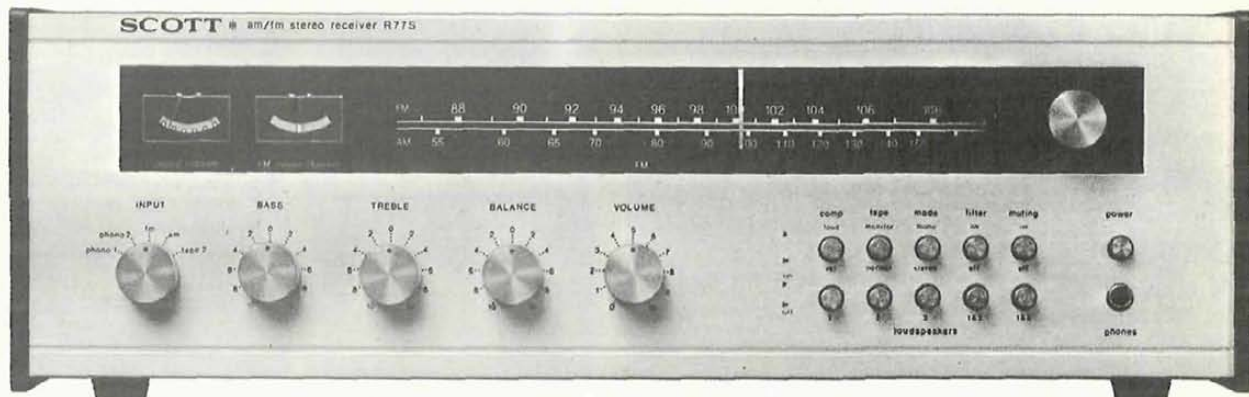
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A Thanksgiving Memory

by Chris Miller

A brain-rotting, taste-shattering exercise in the New Bonzo Fiction, in which Our Man in Porno, Dr. Chris Miller, is given his head, so to speak. Cannons of decency, however liberal, are not merely ignored but smeared with unspeakable excretions, not a lunch is left unlaunched, and manifold, sordid, and gratuitous are the synonyms for the erogenous zones; but it starts slow, so wait for it.

Forget your Christmas, your Easter, your Passover; around our house, Thanksgiving was the day.

My brother Willy and I would get up earlier even than on school days and run to the woods to gather wild flowers for the table. Upon our return, that great turkey would already be sitting on the kitchen table, awaiting its stuffing from Mom's bowl of hot butter and pungent bread cubes. Willy and I would deliver the centerpiece-to-be and be rewarded with whatever stuffing couldn't be crammed into the bird. And so, bowl between us, we would sit like sentinels on the steps of the front porch, awaiting our relations.

Father used to say that on Thanksgiving our house was like Rome, in that all roads led to it. That memorable year, Aunt Daisy arrived first, mud from her farm still clinging to the lower fenders of her old gray Studebaker. Aunt Daisy (actually Great Aunt Daisy and a formidable eighty years old) emerged from her car and strode to hug us both. Then she went inside to talk to Mom, about flowers probably.

We'd hardly sat back down when Nanny and Aunt Sara arrived in a taxi. Dear old "Nanny"! She was my father's mother and had a sweet old face, seamed with lines delicate as cobwebs, and hair white as an angel's. She called us both *her* angels, and twinkled at us through her kind, crinkly eyes. Aunt Sara, more reserved as always, kissed us both soundly on our foreheads and helped Nanny up the stairs and into the house.

Now Father was up. We could hear his merry greetings and calls for "wine for everyone, even you, Sara." Willy was getting itchy to join the fun but I insisted we wait until Grandma arrived. Just as the argument had reached the point where I was considering belting him, who should arrive

but Grandma herself, hobbling toward us on her funny lady shoes, her arms filled with the inevitable cake boxes from Ebinger's, a Brooklyn bakery we loved from afar. "Grandma!" we cried, and ran into her arms.

"Well, hello!" She always said that. "Hello, Willy. Hello, Chrissy." Grandma put a y on everything. She was our favorite.

We each took some of her packages and all went in together. While Grandma said her "Well, hellos," Willy and I ran to the kitchen with the goods, tearing the twine from the boxes as we went. Pumpkin pie! And jelly roll! Oh, you Grandma!

Back in the parlor, Father was in high good spirits. He sauntered from relation to relation, filling glasses, encouraging consumption, smiling at everybody. Nanny praised the new young minister of her church. Aunt Daisy filled us in on the latest poop from her garden club. Aunt Sara sat stiffly in the straightback chair, holding her sherry with both hands, sipping occasionally and conversing with Grandma, who naturally kept calling her "Sary."

Mom popped in and out of the kitchen bearing appetizers. The room began to fill with roasting turkey smell, making all our mouths water.

"Isn't it ready yet?" my brother Willy kept asking, keeping us all in gentle, family stitches.

Finally, we trooped to the dining room, the feast ready at last. Father brought up the rear, a gallon of wine cradled in each arm. The table was spread with crisp linen and our best china. The golden turkey sat like a potentate on a platter before Father's chair. There was gravy in a silver tureen, cranberry undulating in its cut glass vessel with every footstep, stone-wear pots of rice, creamed onions, and peas. And, in the very center of the table, our wild flowers.

We sat down, the gentlemen holding the chairs of the ladies. It was Aunt Daisy's year to say grace. She bowed her head, clasped her hands, and bent her body forward.

"God bless this food," she began, and then stopped. The buttons of her dress had come undone and her left breast was sliding inexorably out. Abruptly it came free and fell with a plunk into the gravy tureen, sending viscous brown pseudopodia in several directions. Willy and I, who always peeked anyway during grace, exchanged excited glances.

Grandma caught sight of the action. "Oh, yeahhhh?" she asked slowly. She unbuttoned her blouse and dropped one long breast into the peas and the other into the rice.

"Well, aw reet!" exclaimed Nanny, her eyes getting twinklier. She began to fumble at her buttons, but her arthritis made her clumsy and Mom had to help her. Father poured another glass of wine for everyone.

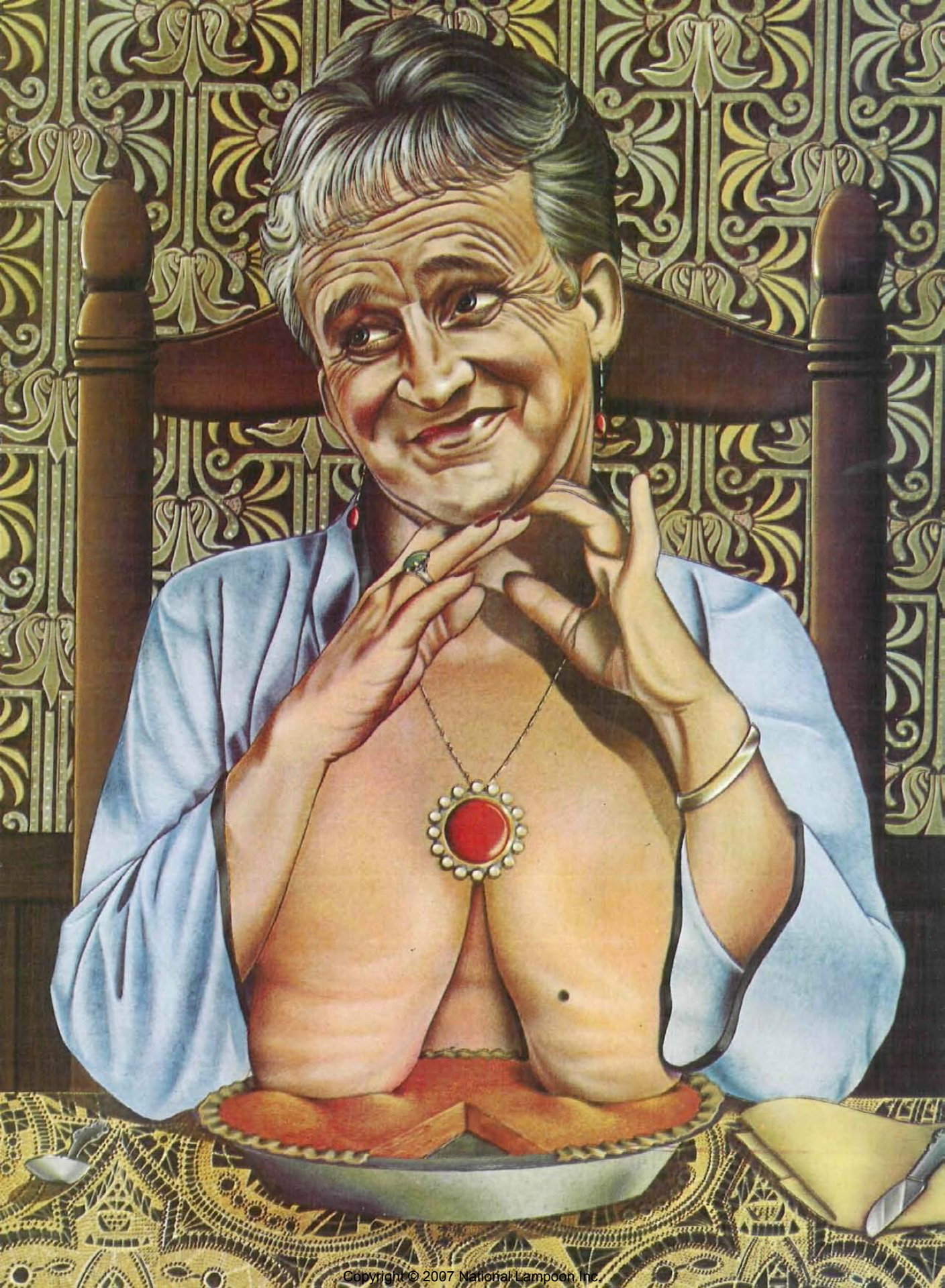
Aunt Daisy began to whimper. "While you're all having fun, I'm sitting here in *pain*."

"What is it?" cried Willy.

"The gravy is burning my *bosom*."

"There, now you see?" reproached Aunt Sara. She lifted Aunt Daisy's breast from the gravy and squeezed the thick brown stuff from it with the web between her thumb and forefinger. Consoled, Aunt Daisy wiped away her tears and looked up.

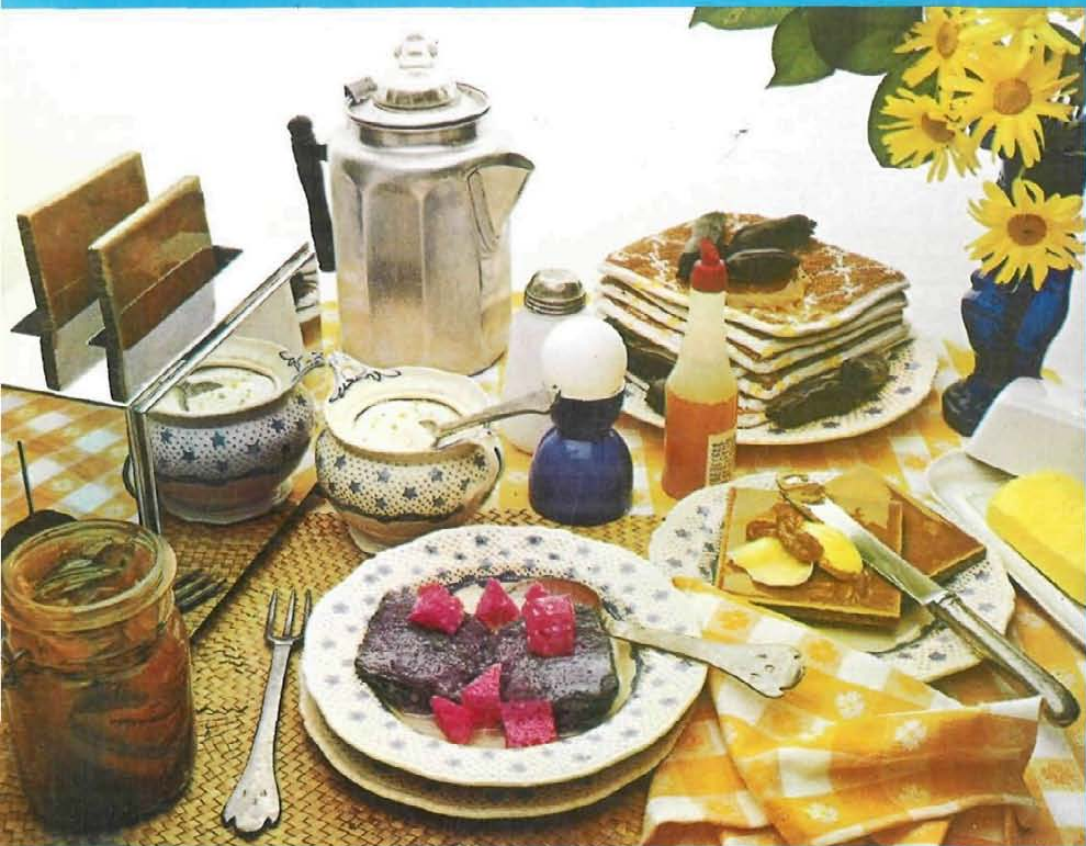
Grandma was dropping first her left, then her right breast into the vegetable pots, creating lunar-looking cavities in the rice and peas. Aunt Sara was sitting way back in her seat, eyes averted yet peering back from time to time so as not to miss anything. Nanny, with Mom's help, had finally gotten her blouse off so that two more hangers had spilled onto the table. I remember whispering to Will-



Home Cooking

Specialités de la Maison

by Ron Barrett



Hearty Country Breakfast

Left to right: Toasted tiles with tawny Seville gun grease; farm-fresh softboiled light-bulb; stack o' pot-holders; pure Vermont mucilage; broiled glove-finger links; shredded Brillo with sponge chunks.



Alfresco Lunch

Left to right: Chilled gazpacho giornalista; fresh Bibb napkin salad; aged Rockfort cheese; filet of sole meunière garni.

Anniversary Dinner

Opposite page, left to right: Dentures Cherystone Glacés; Rolled Towel à la Mode; Moppatini al flooro; '74 Brut Brut (Domaine de Fabergé); Boobies au Rhum; Pâtisserie Garbage; Roast Leg of Chair Chip-en-Dâel; Plat de Stupidités; Tampons au Vaseline.



Bye-Bye "Best Buy."

The final production run of the highly popular SX-525 and SX-626 AM-FM stereo receivers is now at Pioneer dealers. Since Pioneer is about to introduce the SX-535, SX-636 and SX-737, Pioneer dealers have been urged to extend special prices on their limited stocks of the SX-525 and SX-626.

Until now the SX-525 and SX-626 have never been offered for special sale. Yet hi-fi people have been buying them as fast as they were shipped to Pioneer dealers. It's

understandable when you realize that the SX-525 was rated as "Best Buy" at \$259.95, by a prominent consumer testing publication, while the SX-626 regularly priced at \$339.95, was acclaimed by Stereo Review as a "fully flexible high-performance receiver that is a joy to use and a good value in every respect."

In the face of spiralling prices, just imagine the outstanding values they are *now*. Your Pioneer dealer will sell his last remaining units on a first come, first served basis. Make sure you get one of them.

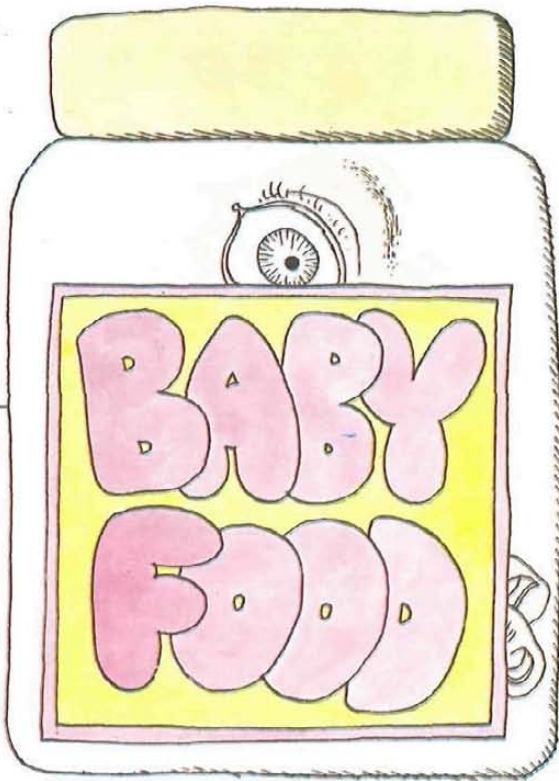
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074

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

SPECS	SX-626	SX-525
IHF Music Power 4 ohms	110 watts	72 watts
RMS @ 8 ohms, both channels driven at 1KHz	27+27 watts	17+17 watts
FM Sensitivity (IHF)	2.0uV	2.2uV
Selectivity	+70dB	+45dB
Capture Ratio	2.5dB	3.0dB

PIONEER
when you want something better

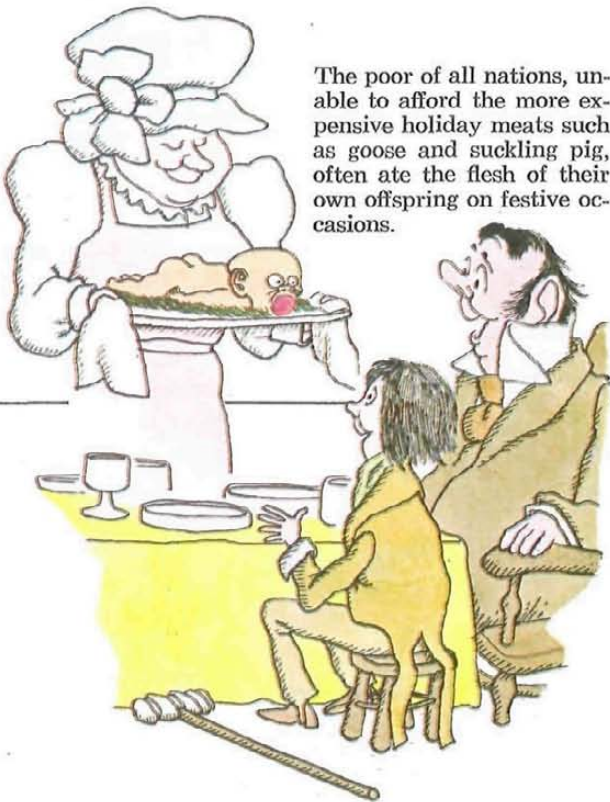




by Gahan Wilson



Eating babies was frowned upon during the Dark Ages and those who dared to do it were treated very badly by their superstitious neighbors.



The poor of all nations, unable to afford the more expensive holiday meats such as goose and suckling pig, often ate the flesh of their own offspring on festive occasions.

Mankind's taste for his succulent young was served in spite of these persecutions, mostly in quaint meat pie shops whose customers were often unaware of the nature of the meat, but who enjoyed its peculiarly satisfying taste.



Some countries, more advanced than the rest, abandoned restrictions against child-devouring and proudly served traditional dishes. Here a Transylvanian burgher enjoys a *kinderwurst* in its colorful rocking platter.

continued

continued

As laws against the practice became increasingly less observed, the rich and powerful took it up with gusto. Here the head chef of the *Tour d'Or* in Paris demonstrates the newly-invented baby press to an enthusiastic Crown Prince Otto.



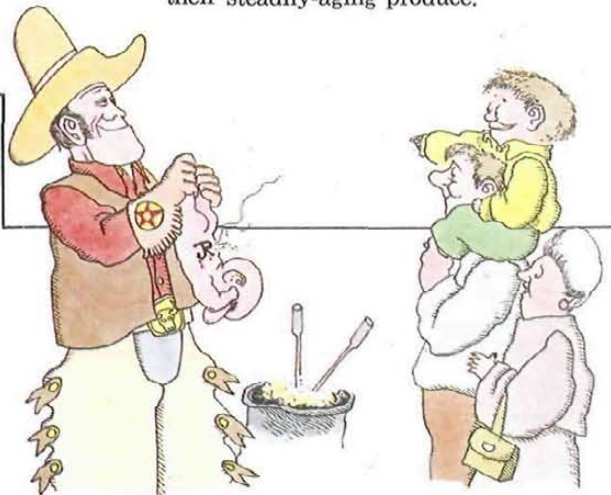
It was World War One that took away any lingering tinge of shame or oddity associated with infant consumption. Contrary to the grotesque propaganda of the time, the custom was not restricted to those soldiers serving under Kaiser Bill, but was practiced by all participants in the conflict, and when those heroes returned to their native lands they brought back with them the word that baby eating was "O.K.!"



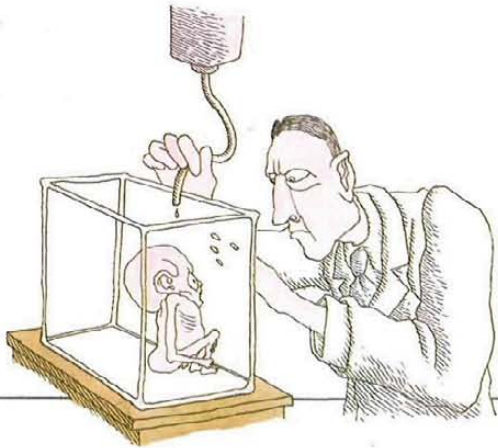
Though the Depression produced such amusing follies as baby eating marathons and matinee baby raffles, it also brought about tragic scenes as impoverished farmers found no takers for their steadily-aging produce.



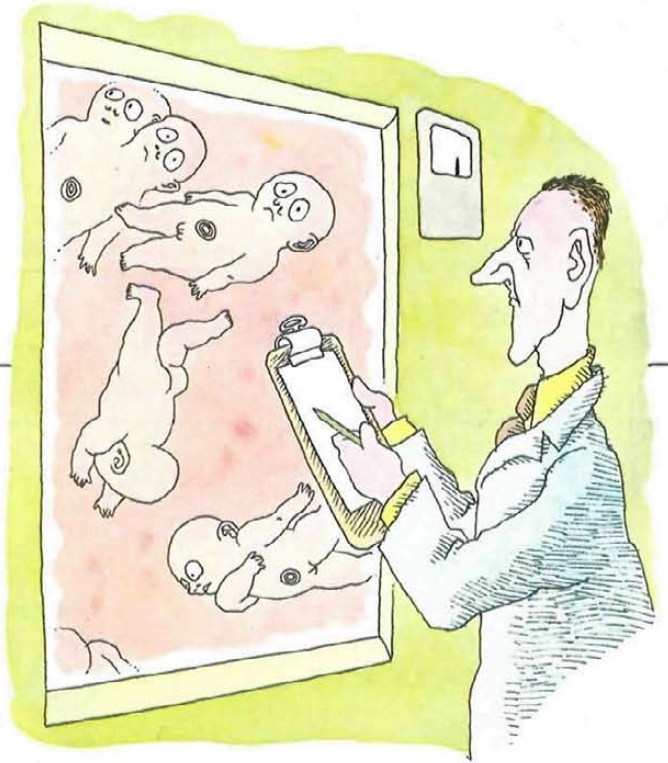
World War Two and its attendant scarcity of meat inspired American businessmen to look into a new source of capital, and for the first time the tremendous potential of the infant market began to be explored.



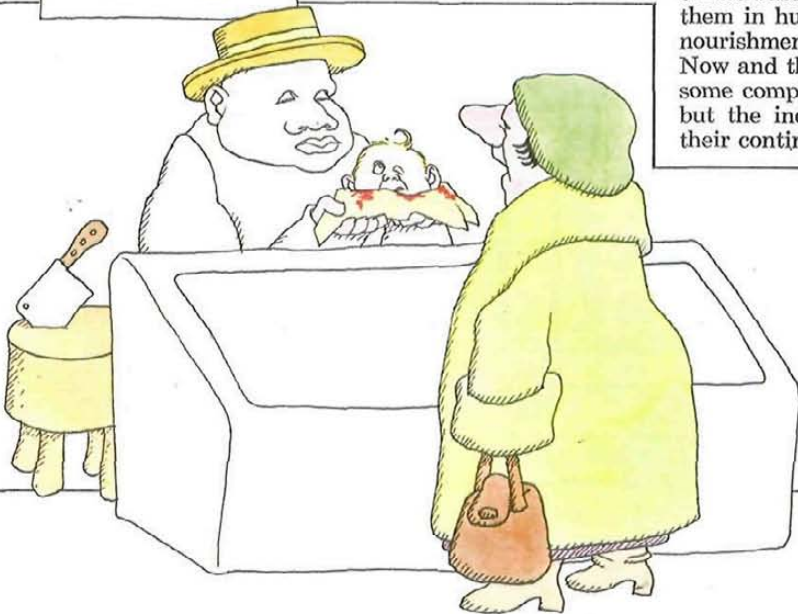
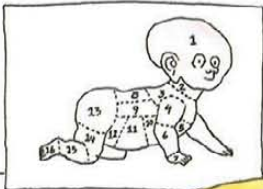
In the early days of mass production there were many colorful experiments, including attempts to adapt the techniques and traditions of old-time cattle raising to this developing industry. During the fifties and early sixties baby ranches became quite a tourist fad.



It was found that babies in isolation tended to wither and die, but, in spite of a number of false starts, ceaseless experimentation by determined scientists finally led to techniques permitting the successful raising of generation after generation of babies in little wire cages so that from birth to service preparation their tiny feet "never touch the ground."

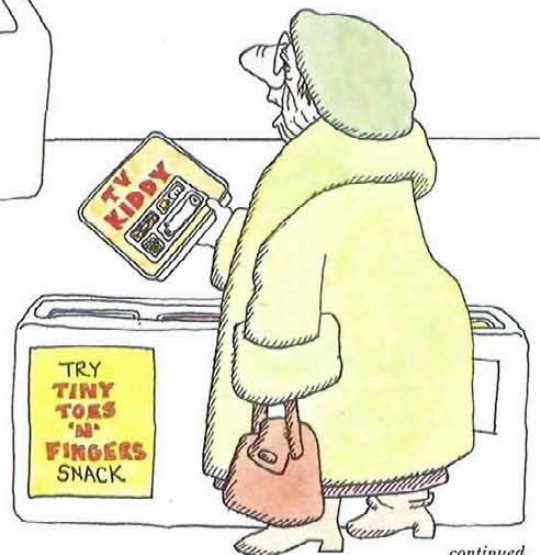


The constantly-expanding demand has resulted in a vast new commercial enterprise—the production of cloned babies. Their growth is accelerated by floating them in huge vats of amniotic fluid as they absorb nourishment through valves set into their navels. Now and then an unpalatable mutation results, and some complain the infants have a "chemical" taste, but the inexpensiveness of these creatures insures their continued popularity.



Traditional butchers easily adapted to the new product, and numerous specialty shops appeared to cater to this new demand.

Nowadays those butcher shops, however, save for the kosher and ethnically orientated, have mostly given way to the supermarkets and the demand for convenience foods.



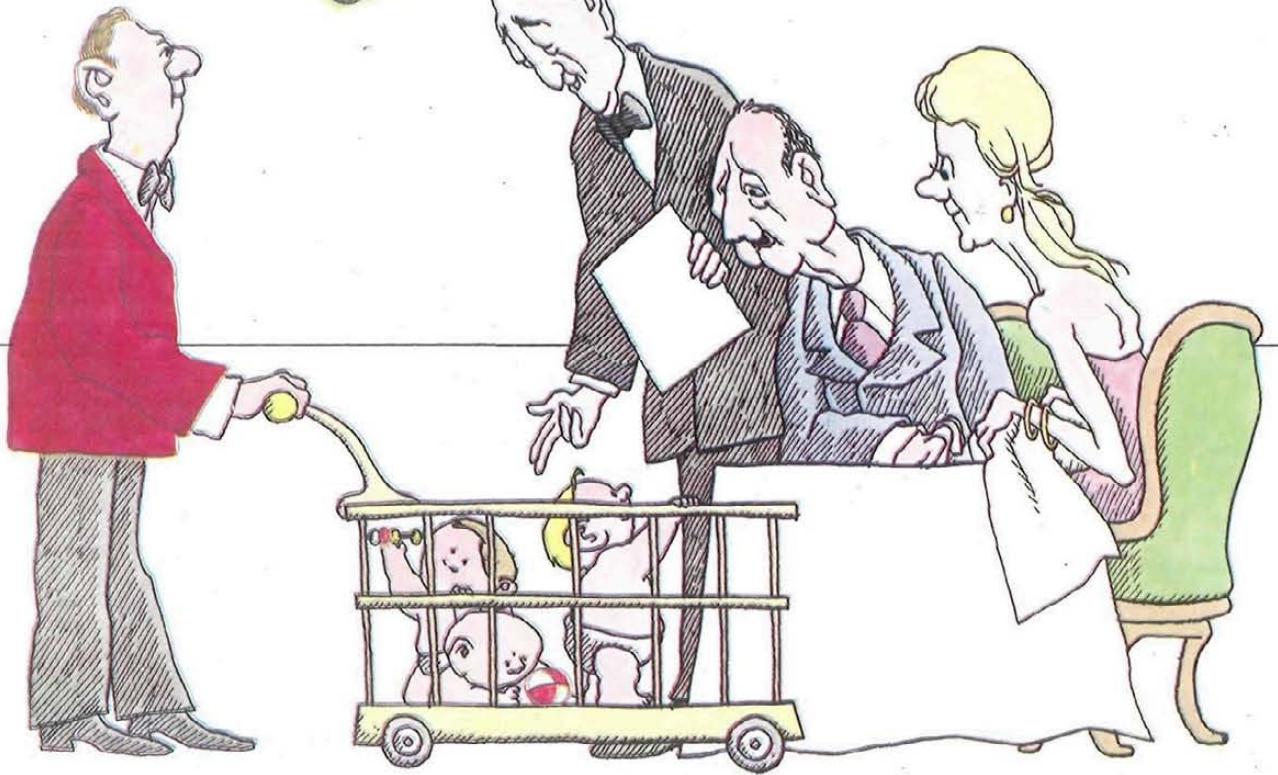
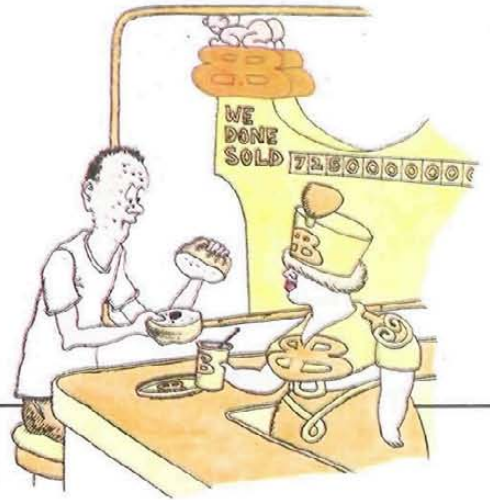
continued

3 BABY



Primitive roadside stands proved the enormous popularity of this delicious food, and clever entrepreneurs were not slow in developing the business.

Now the mass market is well served by such enormous franchises such as *Baby Burger*, which serves not only their famous sandwiches, but other specialties such as *Cup O' Kiddiewhip*.



Lovers of *haute cuisine* are served by ever more sophisticated restauranteurs. Here delighted connoisseurs make a careful selection from the famous baby cart of Chicago's *Princess Enfanta*.

One of the many sacrifices made by our brave astronauts as they wander in the depths of outer space is the lack of infant human flesh—due in large part to NASA's antisexual stance—but doubtless their ingenuity will lead them to try eating the young of other species, just as their ancestors did back here on the planet Earth.



Traveling Music.

THE EARL SCRUGGS REVUE

ROCKIN' 'CROSS THE COUNTRY

including:
Travelin' Prayer/Will The Circle Be Unbroken
My Tennessee Mountain Home
Are My Thoughts With You
Be My Woman Tonight



EARL SCRUGGS started out from Nashville picking and playing his way through some of the most down-home music.

Then, Earl teamed up with his sons, Gary and Randy, and some other friends and called it The Earl Scruggs Revue. They're still making music with a country flavor and some of the spiffiest banjo licks—but

with a lot more rock. Now they've made an album called "Rockin' 'Cross the Country." It's filled with new versions of country classics like "Will the Circle Be Unbroken" as well as songs like "My Tennessee Mountain Home," "Travelin' Prayer" and "Back Door Lover," all to set your feet moving.

THE NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE® is one of the best bands in the great San Francisco tradition. Their music is country rock, and everywhere they go they get people up and boogying. Like their new album, "Home, Home on the

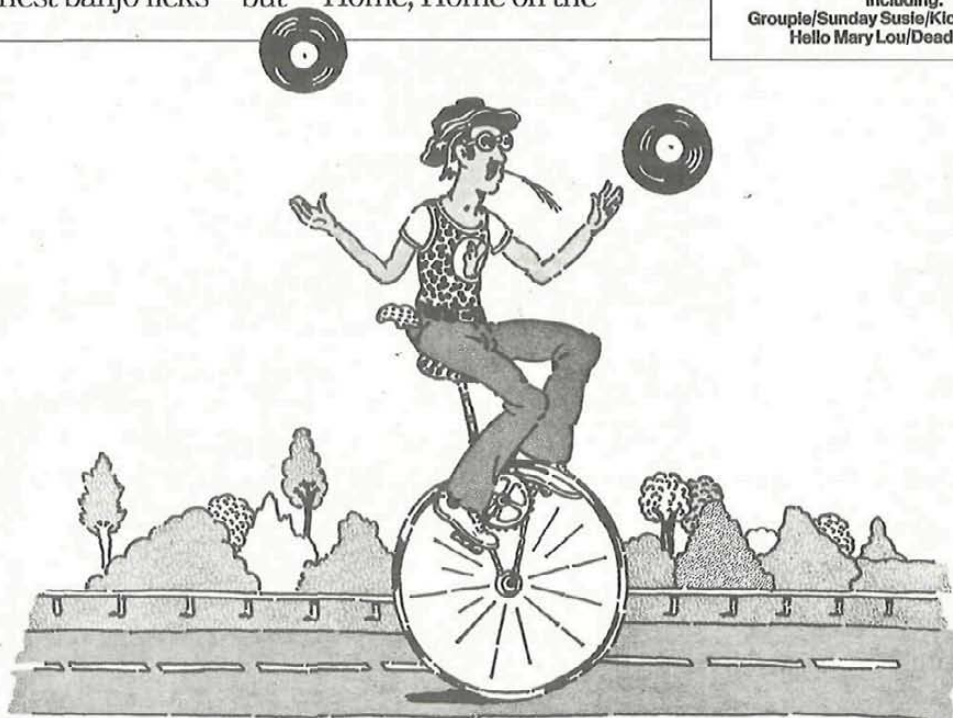
Road." It was recorded at the sold-out Academy of Music show in New York, and it's some of the best New Riders ever. It's got all their most-requested songs, like "Groupie," "Hello Mary Lou," "Kick in the Head," plus two new ones. The New Riders of the Purple Sage® and "Home, Home on the Road." They're a killer band of marauding musicians.

New Riders of the Purple Sage®

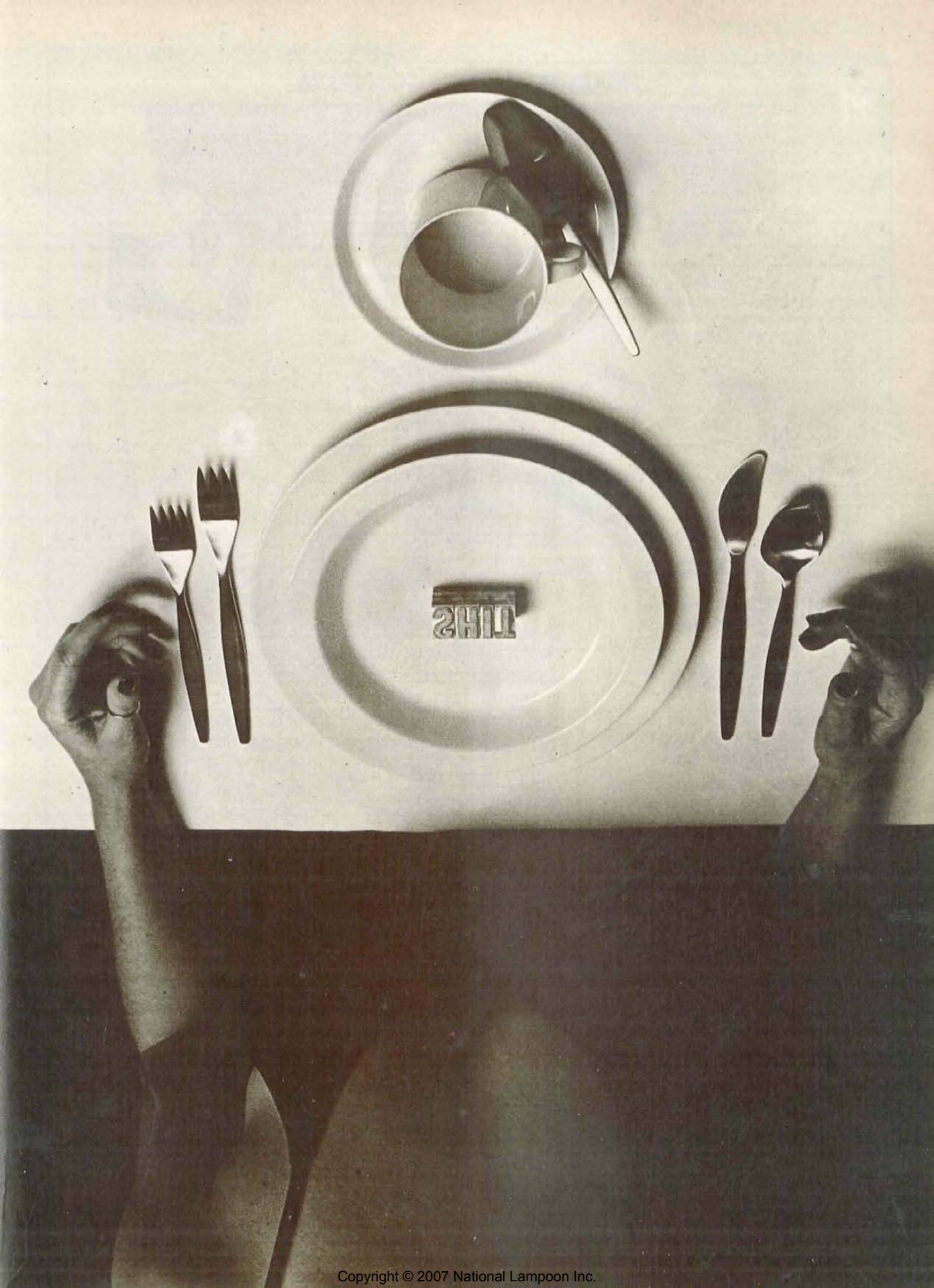


Home, Home on the Road

including:
Groupie/Sunday Susie/Kick In The Head
Hello Mary Lou/Dead Flowers



On Columbia Records® and Tapes



THIS

Restaurant aux Fines Verbes

by Ed Subitzky

Bonjour, mon ami. And welcome to my restaurant—the only restaurant in town that serves special food for people of special tastes. And we both know what that means, do we not?

May I be frank? I always try to be frank with a new customer. I think it is important to start a new relationship off on an honest footing. I mean, you are not like the other kinds of diners—the ones who go out to laugh and enjoy themselves and during dinner watch the pearls glistening off their girl friends' lily-white necks and maybe even drop their eyes a bit to the border of that flirtingly low-cut gown. And who never fail to dine with the light of pleasant anticipation in their eyes. For, after dinner, there will be a show or a concert. And after the concert, a carriage ride through the park. And then a trip up forty stories in a gold-cage elevator to a penthouse that has starry windows where the walls should be.

But that is for them.

That is not for you. That is not for the people who dine at my place.

Mais non, I serve you something else.

I serve you what you really want to eat.

What your parents have taught you to eat. What your teachers have taught you to eat. What your pastor and your rabbi taught you to eat.

The only thing you feel comfortable eating.

So. Let us go over my menu together, and then you may make up your mind.

Eating Your Words

Are you the kind of person who always seems to be eating your words—even when you are not hungry?

Et bien, do I have some superb dishes for you tonight!

We shall begin a *la carte*. As an appetizer, I would recommend a nice, fresh *Sure she'll go out with me!* salad. Or perhaps you would prefer a *Nonsense, Dad, I'm sure I can make*

it to the bathroom on time! dip.

Or perhaps you would rather enjoy a salty *Pardon me, but weren't you in my Spanish class in high school?* cocktail. It comes in a distinctive embarrassed-laugh sauce.

Or maybe you would like to start the meal off with something heavier, like *Gee, my mother looks attractive this morning! au noix de coco*.

For your entrée, may I suggest a *Rosalie, did I ever tell you you have beautiful legs? bourguignon*. If you are like my regular clientele, you may find it a trifle hard to swallow—but, in my restaurant, that is all the better.

Or how about *Of course I'm going to get the promotion! au gratin?* I can serve it Italian-style, if you wish, with an *a* at the end of the nouns.

Should you have a heartier appetite, here's a favorite: *Damn right I can spell "antidisestablishmentarianism"!* croquettes.

To add a touch of spice to the meal, you may try a few of those sexual *innuendos* that are blurred out half-consciously and always eaten afterwards. Many of them come with extra letters at no additional charge, like our side order of *Well, Laurie, I think it's breast this way! argenteuil*. Or perhaps you would rather a basic marinated *Honey, you just can't take this lying down!*

Or it could be that these are not the kinds of words you usually eat. Perhaps you would prefer a selection from the insult-I-wish-I'd-never-said-but-cannot-be-taken-back part of our menu.

There is a delicious *You're so stupid you'd have to get twice as smart to lick a postage stamp!* stew served with just the right amount of spittle.

But you may find a good bodily insult even more chewable. Then you must try our *Verbe au I know you can't help it, Andy, but did anyone ever tell you you're too short?* It is guaranteed to leave a bad taste in your mouth for weeks.

For dessert, how about a thick *I'm*

sorry I said that! jubilee. Most certainly, nothing goes down with as much difficulty as an apology that won't work anyway.

Or else you simply have to sample our chocolate *I wouldn't ask you if I didn't love you, Mabel!*

Or, for my lady patrons, how about our special *But I swear I took it every night just the way the package said! glacé*.

Swallowing the Truth

This is a dish they have fed you all your life. But you have never tasted it with quite the juiciness that I serve it.

You can start with an appetizer of *Facial features au critique*. Our chef will be very honest about your eyes, your nose, your mouth, your hair—and he will be sure to compare you to either Raquel Welch or Marlon Brando, just the way everyone else does.

Then, for an entrée, a larger *Body au description*. It comes complete with lots of fat and gristle.

But perhaps you would like to swallow the truth in still bigger doses.

No problem. My chef is a realist trained in France, where existentialism began.

You can have an appetizer of *There probably isn't any God! fromage*.

An entrée of *Life after death is unlikely, if you really think about it!* tetrizzini.

And, for dessert, may I suggest our special for tonight, *The seven warning signs of cancer croutons*. Or perhaps a *National Safety Council estimate* with crackers.

Eating Crow

For those of you who like to eat crow, we boast one of the finest menus you will find anywhere.

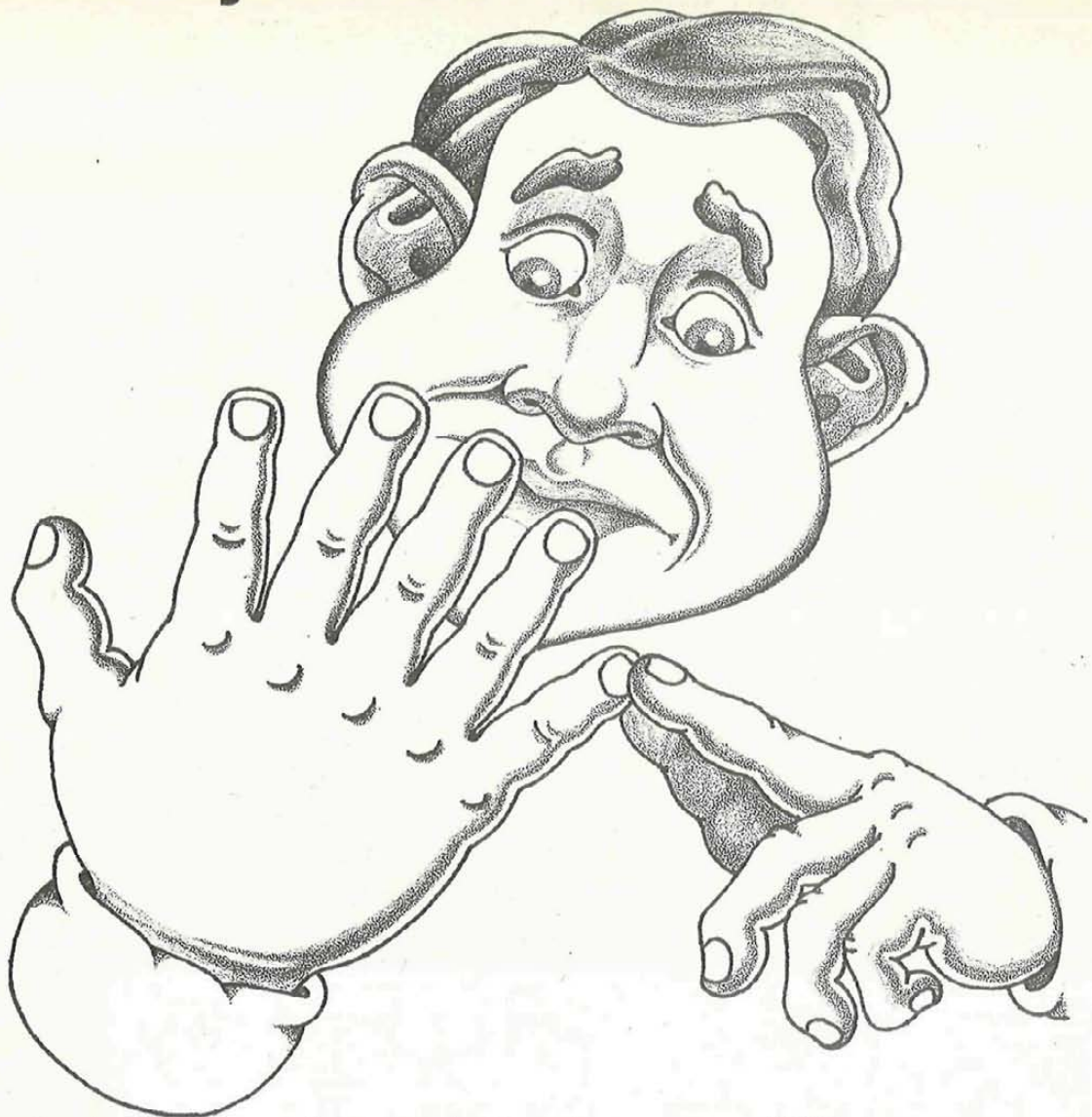
As an appetizer, you might want to begin with a *So you think that's pretty funny, huh? Well, my sister has it! bigarde*.

For an entrée, *That happens to be MY religion, Sir! à la lyonnaise*.

Or a splendid *No, this has nothing to do with April Fool's Day; it hap-*

continued on page 59

Are we really number four?



A recent survey by a leading audio magazine found Sherwood in fourth place among all stereo receivers, in terms of the "brand bought most last year."

This report both pleased and confused us. Since we barely showed up in previous annual tallies, the evidence of sudden fame and popularity was certainly welcome.

Unfortunately, it didn't make any statistical sense. After all, we're the people who make this gear, and we ought to know how many units we put together in a year's time, and we promise you that the total doesn't even approach what the giants are doing.

Maybe there was another message in that score.

So we reviewed the survey a

little more closely, and remembered that it was a *subscriber* survey, meaning that it automatically did not include the large general mass market for high fidelity equipment, where most of the big volume is.

In other words, the survey was biased, in favor of the sophisticated, expert, deeply involved audio enthusiast: the man who takes his listening seriously.

Among *this* specialized group, Sherwood registered a fourth place position.

Which would make sense statistically, since the numbers are smaller.

And on a performance-per-dollar basis as well, since the standards are higher.

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S7200

"Best Buy" (a leading consumer testing publication)

Amplifier output (RMS, 8 Ohms, both channels driven): 40 + 40 watts @ 1 KHz; 32 + 32 watts, 20-20 KHz

Distortion at rated output: less than 0.7%

Power bandwidth: 12-35 KHz

FM sensitivity (IHF): 1.8 μ v

FM selectivity: 60 dB

FM distortion (mono): 0.25%

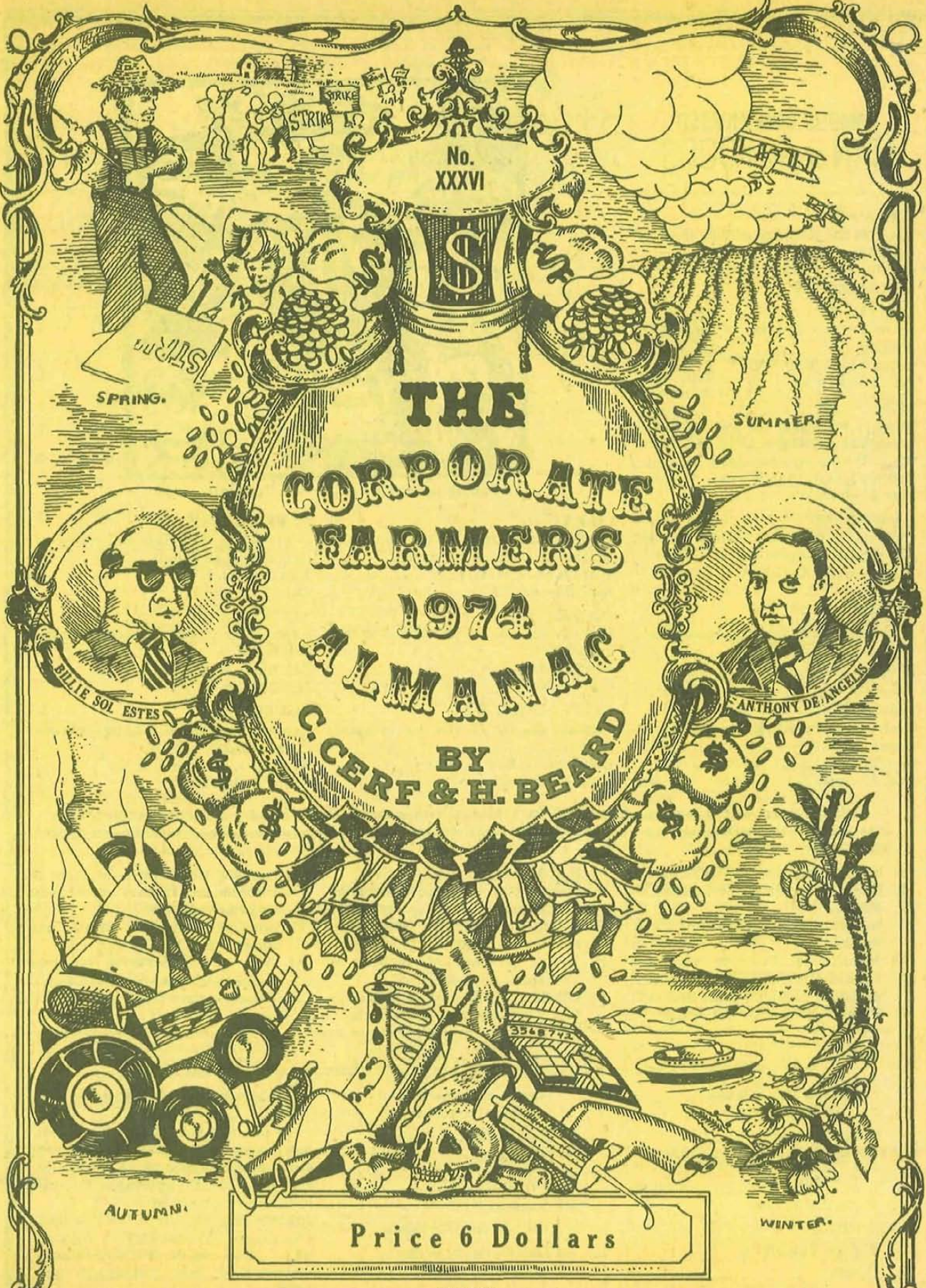
Capture ratio: 1.9 dB

Price: \$359.95



Sherwood

The word is getting around



No. XXXVI

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FARMER'S
1974
ALMANAC
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C. CERF & H. BEARD



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Secrets of the Zodiac & Planets

FAMOUS CONSTIPATED MAN OF THE FOODS

ARIES ♈

Controls the ramming of bills through legislative bodies.

Best for D, L, G, F, I.
Mar. 21–Apr. 19

TAURUS ♉

Controls the utilization of bullshit in labeling.

Best for E, K, B, I, F, G.
Apr. 20–May 20

GEMINI ♊

Controls the use of the twin estrogen-containing substances DES and Synovex in the raising of livestock.

Best for J, G, L, A, I, F.
May 21–June 20

CANCER ♋

Controls the addition of carcinogens to agricultural products.

Best for D, M, K, G, I, A, C.
June 21–July 22

LEO ♌

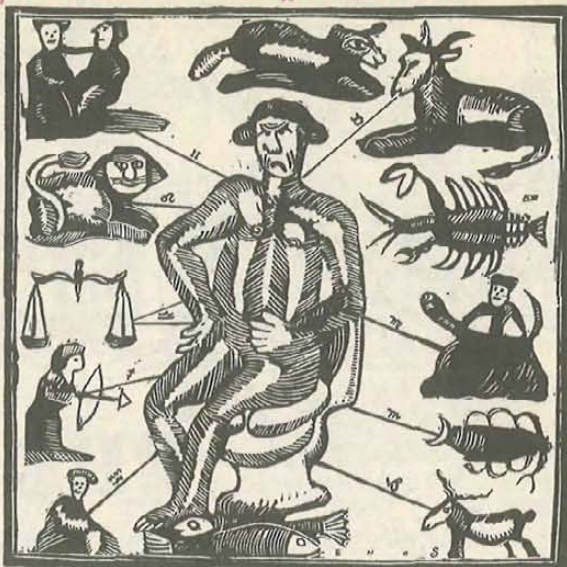
Controls “lyin’” to congressional investigating committees, etc.

Best for K, B, A, F, N.
July 23–Aug. 22

VIRGO ♍

Controls the denuding of virgin landscapes.

Best for J, K, L, A, I, F.
Aug. 23–Sept. 22



Man of the Foods used by Abe Pennywise, 1932

LIBRA ♎

Controls packaging in fractionalized weights to confuse consumers.

Best for D, N, K, G, I.
Sept. 23–Oct. 22

SCORPIO ♏

Controls the use of DDT and other insecticides.

Best for M, G, I, A.
Oct. 23–Nov. 21

SAGITTARIUS ♐

Controls the use of violence in labor relations.

Best for J, N, K, F, I, H.
Nov. 22–Dec. 21

CAPRICORNUS ♑

Controls the marketing and eating of standard foodstuffs.

Best for J, G, I, H.
Dec. 22–Jan. 19

AQUARIUS ♒

Controls the illegal diversion of irrigation water.

Best for D, K, B, I, H, A.
Jan. 20–Feb. 18

PISCES ♓

Controls the sale of mercury-contaminated seafood.

Best for D, M, B, G, I, H, C.
Feb. 19–Mar. 20

Many readers of this Almanac have asked for information as to which sign is best for the activities listed below. You will note that under each sign (*above*) we have listed the letters pertaining to the activities best carried on under that sign.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| A. Shining fruit with carnauba wax. | F.D.A. | K. Refusing to purchase the crops of independent farmers who resist corporate takeover. |
| B. Opposing the Farm Workers in California. | F. Passing cost increases through to the consumer. | L. Breeding blueberries for size and color, rather than taste. |
| C. Increasing the fat content of frankfurters. | G. Filling the leadership vacuum in the lettuce industry. | M. Winning representation on your competitor's board of directors. |
| D. Maintaining a strong consumer franchise position capable of supporting a premium price structure. | H. Taking advantage of loopholes in the capital gains tax laws. | N. Falsely advertising low-calorie bread. |
| E. Filing a defamation suit against the | I. Labeling chuck steak as T-bone. | |
| | J. Computerizing your feeder pens. | |

Introduction

(Being the astrologic interpretation, for fun—and profit—of all serious financial data on the pages following)

Names and Symbols of the Principals.

- ♈ The President
- ♉ The Secretary of Agriculture
- ♊ The Milk Lobby
- ♋ Charles Rebozo
- ♌ Funds
- ♍ Price Supports
- ♎ Milk

Names and Symbols of the Aspects.

- ♋ Conjunction, or meeting
- ↑ Raising
- ↓ Lowering
- Given to
- 👍 Thumbs up, or approval
- 👎 Thumbs down, or disapproval

Calendar Page Explanations and Symbols.

On the right hand page you will find every now and again the symbols given above conjoined in groups to give you what is happening in the seat of power. For example, ♈ ♉ ♊ opposite July 16 means the President (♈) and the Secretary of Agriculture (♉) are on that day in conjunction (♊), or meeting with each other.



We fed our calves, as I remember,
Estrogen, and by and by,
Each one, so spindly last December,
Grew huge, or died, before July.
E. Lilly

D.M.	D.W.	Dates, Feasts, Mergers, Aspects, Unions, Markets	Abe Pennywise's Advice	Agribusinessman's Calendar
1	M.	Vertical Integration Day • Hol. Texas, Calif.		<p>"Breakfast—the best meal of the day." Common sense—after a long night—to break one's fast with plenty. Breakfast—a joy—a feast. A fruit-flavored drink to start—concentrated orange juice colored with FD&C Citrus Red Dye No. 2, or, perhaps, an imitation grape soda seasoned with 3-phenylpropyl cinnamate.</p> <p>Next, crunchy, delicious cereal, already sweetened as it pours from the box—Sugar Frosted Flakes, for example, or maybe puffed wheat grains "shot from guns," and containing fewer fattening calories per bowl since they're mostly air.</p> <p>Then, warm toast, made from bread bleached white as the purest snow with one part of benzoyl peroxide mixed with six parts of potassium. Smothered with hydrogenated oleo margarine, colored so successfully to resemble butter that word has it they're coloring butter now to look like that too. And Orleans, Ltd.'s delicious Natural Raspberry Flavored Bread Spread—the first jelly-type product folks down at the F.D.A. have let be called a "spread," even though it contains no fruit.</p> <p>A special dish for each day—Sunday: Fleischmann's cholesterol-free egg substitute, scrambled and laid on a platter with a rasher of baco-bits. Monday: General Foods' Start: a marvelous blend of sugar, citric acid, monosodium phosphate, ferrous sulfide (for iron!), and hydrogenated coconut oil. Tuesday: Kaboom sugary oat loops with marshmallow stars, smothered in frozen nondairy creamer. Wednesday: Carnation Instant Imitation Strawberry-Flavored Breakfast—heated, right from the saucepan. Thursday: piping hot Howard Johnson's Pound Cake Toasties, topped with a dollop of Cool Whip or tasty phenylethyl isovalerate preserve. Friday: "Dutch-process" cocoa-flavored Nutrament Body-Building Energy Food. And Saturday: King of Breakfasts—golden-brown vitamin-fortified frozen waffles, fresh from the toaster, dripping S & W Nutradiet artificially-sweetened low-calorie imitation maple syrup. Yessir. Breakfast—the best meal of the day!</p>
2	Tu.	• Kern County	You'll make	
3	W.	The Full Feedlot Operator's Moon (4th) • Land Grab 1877 in San Clemente	more	
4	Th.	Independence Day • A bad day for corporate takeovers	money	
5	Fr.	Red agitators at morning. Investors take warning.	Corn { \$2.87 per bu.	
6	Sa.	7th Billie Sol Estes Orange-dyeing B. 1911 • Sarasota, Fla.	the years.	
7	S	Nativity of Extra Tuff Beason	if you	
8	M.	Va. sharecropper uprising quelled 1926 • Wash.	Corn { \$3.01 per bu.	
9	Tu.	If Earl Butz sees his shadow this morn, there'll be 6 weeks of increased wheat subsidies	implant	
10	W.	Annual Rodent Hair Hunt, Baxter Sausage Co., Dacron, Ohio	cancer-causing	
11	Th.	Grainmen, never mind the repercussions; Hoard your crop, then sell it to the Russians.	diethyl-	
12	Fr.	Chicken Inoculation Day, Tenn., Ky.	stilbestrol	
13	Sa.	in Key Biscayne •	Wheat { \$4.13 per bu.	
14	S	National Non-Nutritive Sweetener Day	pellets	
15	M.	Enriched White Bread Festival, Hibbing, Minn. • Good for union-busting	livestock's	
16	Tu.	in Wash. (15th) •	Corn { \$3.15 per bu.	
17	W.	It's July 17th. Have you lubricated your combines?	Wheat { \$4.83 per bu.	
18	Th.	First commercial-scale preparation of cottonseed protein isolates 1971	guts to try it,	
19	Fr.	Moon sports a halo Lobbyists should lay low. • at Bob Abplanap's	include	
20	Sa.	Cereal presweetening Battle Creek, Mich. • First computer-run cattle-feeder pen, 1967	growth-	
21	S	• Merge now until Oct. 5	(and	
22	M.	in Wash.	Corn { \$4.27 per bu.	
23	Tu.	Court reverses order banning mercury compounds for agriculture (1970)	cancer-) promoting	
24	W.	A perfect day for banana-mislabelers • Foreclose all mortgages	melen-	
25	Th.	A perfect day for pesticide-tainted fish •	Wheat { \$6.91 per bu.	
26	Fr.	• If market drops this day, it will fall for 40 more.	acetate	
27	Sa.	26th in Camp David • DeGregorio Processing Conglomerate	in	
28	S	Annual Shareholders' Meeting	your	
29	M.	Secretary Harding recommends relaxation of cancerous chicken regulations 1970	heifer's	
30	Tu.	Whene'er the sky turns gray as slate. • Sell futures; purchase real estate.	Wheat { \$6.91 per bu.	
31	W.	F.D.A. standards of (1972) • Decomposed Tuna allowable filth established.	Jamboree, Fall River, Mass.	

Two full moons next month mean a slumping commodities market.

When is the best time to spray with illegal pesticides?
Who should I see about getting an unfairly large share of water for irrigation?
What is the best way to hide campaign contributions under the new law?
Can I take my fruit trees public?

JUST ASK THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE!

The Honorable Earl D. Butz, Secretary of Agriculture, answers a few of the questions he most commonly receives during the year . . .

Question: *How should bribes be treated for tax purposes?*

Answer: List them as "extraordinary operating expenses" for amounts up to \$25,000. For amounts over \$25,000, divide the overage among dummy payroll entries, entertainment expenses, and unallocated surplus.

Question: *Is there any way I can keep union organizers off my property?*

Answer: Legally, there's nothing you can do under the Unfair Labor Practices laws. In practice, however, there's a lot you can do. Basically, your best move is to make your property as uninviting as possible. Hold day-long skeet shooting matches at your front gate or establish a rifle range across your driveway. Chain fierce dogs or wolves at strategic points around your farm—paint the chains to make them look rusty. Circulate reports of snake-bites, or better still, plant a dozen or so rattlesnakes with their heads already shot off in strategic spots around your grounds. Offer to show the union man around to demonstrate your "cooperativeness," and wear a .45 "because of all these damn rattlers." Every time you get to a place where you've concealed one of the dead vipers, freeze, draw your pistol, and blast away into the underbrush. Then go over, pick up the body, and toss it casually to the union man with the suggestion that he "might like to make a belt out of it or something." You should be able to come up with hundreds of similar ideas of your own.

Question: *What is the best way to ruin a small farmer?*

Answer: I recommend getting control of the local cooperative, then giving him low prices for his produce because it's "just not market grade" or refusing to buy it at all because of "a short-run glut we're experiencing just now." Another good technique is to dominate the local bank that he has to come to for loans. Then, either turn him down flat and force him to sell out, or get him in good and deep, and the first bad year he has, foreclose. If his farm is sufficiently distant, you

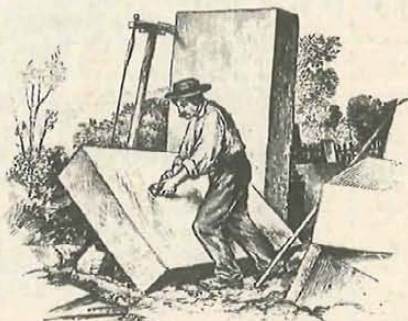
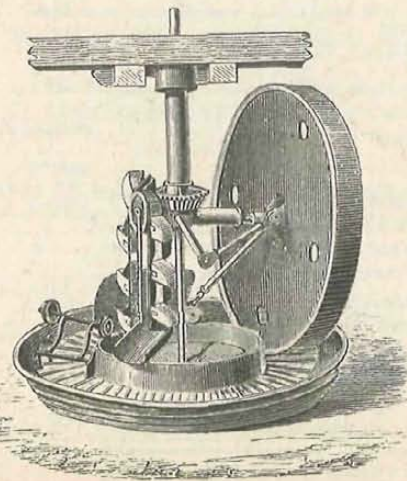
might consider bribing his crop duster to "bomb" his fields with boll weevils, wheat rust, etc., but this can backfire.

Question: *How can I tell which additives are best for my produce?*

Answer: The Food and Drug Administration publishes a list of literally thousands of approved substances which are GRAS (Generally Recognized As Safe) or otherwise permitted in food for human consumption. The best advice is: When in doubt, add it!

Question: *I use a lot of migrant labor, and sometimes it's a real job getting them to move on at the end of the picking season when it starts to get a bit chilly, and those shacks they've been complaining about begin to look good. What should I do?*

Answer: There's a surefire way to clear 'em out fast. Paint "U.S. Public Health Service" on the side of a panel truck and get a couple of your year-round hands to dress up in white overalls and drive over there with all the leftover pesticide and spray you have and a couple of portable dispensers. All they have to do is go in, say they've been ordered to "fumigate" the area because of reports of some disease or other, and spray away. Those migrants will light out of there faster than a bird dog in a boar wallow!



Question: *What can I do about an F.D.A. chicken inspector who won't listen to reason?*

Answer: Well, I certainly wouldn't suggest any "foul play," but just eyeball this pair of statistics, and then you put two and two together: (1) 71 percent of all F.D.A. inspectors are married; 59 percent have children. (2) 63 percent of all serious accidents take place in the home. You might pass this useful information on to that "bad egg," and I'll bet he'll stop his "hen-pecking."

Question: *What's my best move now that subsidies for taking acreage out of production are being ended? I've been getting good money for seventeen years for "not growing" wheat and corn on a 400-acre gravel pit and a golf course I own on a lease-back arrangement with the local country club.*

Answer: You can still get payments as part of the soil erosion control and land upgrading programs. But your best bet is to seed the pit with sorghum or alfalfa. Of course, neither will grow, and you can write off the full value of the anticipated crop as a full loss on your corporate tax return. You're only out the price of the seed—a paltry sum. As for that golf course, I'd treat that as an "agricultural experiment to examine the soil-holding characteristics of certain grasses" and collect both the handsome grant from the Dept. of Agriculture for "significant experimental projects" and the generous tax write-off for the salaries of greenskeepers and the cost of golf carts, sprinklers, ball-washing devices, and other "vital ancillary machinery."

Anecdotes and Pleasantries

THE MAN AND THE PULLETS

A foreman was busy supervising the placing of several hundred plucked chickens in a giant vat of water in order that they might soak up an additional 12 percent of revenue-producing weight, when the pullets, who had somehow remained alive despite their dousing, addressed him in unison thus:

"Suppose you were several hundred chickens: Do you think you would relish this sort of thing?"

"Well, suppose I were," answered the man. "Do you think you would like to supervise the placing of me in a giant vat of water so I might soak up an additional 12 percent of revenue-producing weight?"

"Indeed we would!" was the emphatic, natural, but injudicious reply.

"Just so," concluded the chickens' tormentor. "That's the way I feel about the matter."

WORDS TO LIVE BY

We have frequently heard tell of the extraordinarily pithy sayings of the Manufacturing Chemists Association, and we're compelled to admit that no epigram that's reached our ears has ever surpassed the following retort to a feisty agricultural romantic, as related in *Food Additives: What They Are/How They Are Used*:

"If strawberry-flavored foods," said they, "were produced only from actual strawberries grown in this country, the entire annual supply would be used in a few months in a city the size of Syracuse, New York."

A SUPERSTITION ENDS

On December 11, 1970, all twelve churches in and around San Pedro, California, started ringing their bells in the fervent belief that doing so would protect the local fishery from the F.D.A. That very afternoon, investigators from the agency arrived and seized 8000 pounds of kingfish which they said contained dangerous levels of DDT—thus ending a superstition.

GIVE AND TAKE

An agribusiness executive of our acquaintance was driving out the front gate of one of the several farm properties he manages for the parent company when a crowd of discontented field hands suddenly surrounded his car, forcing the limousine to a halt.

"You are a capitalist pig," shouted the ringleader, shaking his fist in his face while the other workers banged on the hood of the car.

The gentleman in question eyed his assailant evenly. "You don't say," he quipped, then ordered his chauffeur to

drive on. When they arrived in the nearby town, he went directly to see the local District Attorney.

"One of those union thugs is stirring up trouble out at the Hill Farm," he told the lawman.

"Oh, I wouldn't get too het up about that," replied the District Attorney. "That's just the ordinary give and take of our democratic system."

"Give and take, eh?" replied the executive. "Well, I tell you what, I'll give you \$2,500 and you take care of it."

The labor agitator is now serving 5-10 years in state prison.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

We've just had a note from T. Pratt Whitney who remembers what life was like on a corporate farm before the days of price supports and accelerated depreciation: "I remember having to get up at 11 A.M. in the morning after an all night deb party. I awoke to find I still had my tux on and I was sore as a polo player with hemorrhoids, because for some reason I had a croquet ball in my pocket, and I'd been rolling around on it all night.

"Well, by the time I got dressed and downstairs, Dads was mad as hell! 'Tell Juanita to bring your breakfast into the office,' he snapped. I knew what was the matter, of course—I hadn't done any of my chores and it was practically noon! The commodities market in Chicago had been open for three hours, and I had to hedge against a short run decline in sowbelly futures; there were more than a thousand long term bonds with coupons to be clipped before the end of the business day; and 10 state legislators were due at 4 o'clock to get their retainers and I hadn't even started to rebundle a huge stack of \$20 bills.

"I can tell you, that was a day I wouldn't want to repeat. I somehow managed to get it all done, but that evening when we were sitting by the pool having a couple of gin and tonics, Dads turned to me and said in that stern tone of voice of his that usually meant that some field hand who was causing problems was going to end up in the pig feed, 'Pratt, you can just forget about that Pierce-Arrow for now. Until you learn to act like a corporate farmer, I'm not going to treat you like one.'

"Well, Mumsy came to the rescue and I still got the motorcar—but it was a lesson I never forgot."

AN UNFORTUNATE MIX-UP

The manager of a cabbage-packing plant was having trouble with an

F.D.A. inspector who was rejecting an unusually high percentage of his cabbages for visible pesticide residue, meanness, and rot. Being a cautious man, the plant manager tried to think of some subtle way of broaching the subject of extra compensation. Finally, he hit upon it. The next day, he took \$100 in small bills and put it on the conveyor belt that carried cabbages past where the inspector sat.

It had no effect. The inspector threw even more cabbages than before into the destruction bin. The following day, the manager put \$200 in cash on the conveyor belt. Still no reaction. This went on for several days until finally, his exasperation getting the better of his caution, the manager went to the agent and said, "Now look here, just what do you want? I've sent over \$1,500 in cash down this belt, and you're condemning half my cabbages."

The agent looked at him in puzzlement. Then, suddenly, his puzzlement changed to astonishment, and then horror. "Holy moley," he exclaimed, "so that was what that stuff was. I thought it was the mealiest, worst-looking cabbage I'd ever seen in my life!"

TWO PRAYERS TO REMEMBER

"Oh almighty Chief Executive Officer: We, Thy humble common stock, beg Thee to grant us a piece of Thy action. Issue us, we beseech Thee, with preferred shares of Thy strength and wisdom and support us in our proxy fight against temptation, so that we may be able to expand Thy holdings in this life; and in that grace period when we are redeemed at par and returned to Thy treasury, we beg Thee to read over the minutes of our lives with mercy.

"This we ask in the name of the Father, and of His two subsidiaries, the Son and the Holy Ghost, Who art now and evermore vertically integrated in Heaven. Amen."

"Oh Lord: Fill our hearts with understanding to retard sin; cover us with Thy loving-kindness to remove the blemishes on our souls; enrich us with charity to improve the texture of our hearts; inject us with Thy grace to fortify our faith; spray us with strength to resist our impure thoughts and deeds; give us a coating of Thy mercy so that our shortcomings may be overlooked; dunk us in humility to reduce our pride; and grant us Thy protection from evil in this shelf life, and Thy loving preference in the eternal product life to come. This we beg in the Holy Brand Name of Thy Son, Our Lord and Preserver, Jesus Christ. Amen."

MAKE MONEY THINKING UP NAMES

... for committees through which
the Milk Co-ops can launder
their political payoffs

You don't have to be a trained politico or P.R. man to make money naming the dummy committees through which the Dairy Lobby disguises the route of its "contributions." Hundreds are now making money every day creating names like "Americans United for Better Federal Administration," "Citizens for More Effective Community Involvement," and "Americans Dedicated to Greater Public Awareness." I tell you how to come up with names guaranteed to hoodwink General Accounting Office officials (including those versed in the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925); then I supply you with a list of milk producers' associations who buy from beginners. How can you lose? Send for free facts!

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Dept. CFA-12
Washington, D.C.

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WINNING ESSAY OF THE 1973 ESSAY CONTEST "My Number One Corporate Thrift Idea"

Saving money these days isn't any too easy—I guess we all know that! Just making ends meet is hard enough, and how many of us ever manage to set aside a little capital liquidity against that rainy fiscal year? That's why on our company's vast landholdings in the Southwest, we practice a little old-fashioned "penny-pinching" to make our dollars go a little further.

Here's the savings secret: Like many large farms with a seasonal employment need, we hire thousands of illegal immigrants from Mexico to pick and pack our fruit, lettuce, tomatoes, and what have you. Well, we tell these greasers that they get room and board while they're pickin', and all their wages in a nice fat lump at the end of

the contract.

Right off the bat we're ahead of the game, since they live in old hen houses and such like and eat some stuff one of our subsidiaries in Alabama had condemned on 'em by some nosy government meddler who didn't have the brains God gave goats, since he passed up a clear chance to exercise his "green thumb" in a little "lettuce-picking" of his own.

But here's the real trick. Come pay day, when the crop's all in, we call up the local Immigration Office and turn the whole bunch in, and back they go to sunny Mexico with nothing in their pockets but their hands! *J. Phillip Trommler, United Foods, Inc., New York, N.Y.*

1974 ESSAY CONTEST

For 1974, the prize money will go for the best 150-word essay on "How Additives 'Preserve' Our American Way of Life."

Table of MEASURES

Short Weights

- 1 pound = 14 ounces
- 1 hundredweight = 93 pounds
- 1 ton = 1850 pounds
- 1 gallon = 7 pints
- 1 board foot = 11 board inches (121 cu. in.)
- 1 peck = 7 quarts
- 3 pecks = 1 bushel
- 10 bushels = 9 bushels

Emoluments

- 1 subscription = 4 honorariums
- 1 retainer = 8 subscriptions
- 1 donation = 6 retainers
- 1 contribution = 3 donations
- 1 cash transfer = 2 contributions
- 1 defrayment = 6 remunerations
- 1 inducement = 4 subornations

Taxes

- 1 undervalued assessment = 2 novel accounting procedures
- 1 tax advantage = 4 undervalued assessments
- 1 deduction = 6 tax advantages
- 1 loophole = 12 deductions
- 1 depreciation = 4 depletions
- 1 amortization = 3 write-offs

Labor Relations

- 1 threat = 2 injunctions
- 1 incident = 10 threats
- 1 unfortunate accident = 6 incidents

Lobbying

- 1 state senator = 3 state legislators
- 1 state judge = 1 state senator
- 1 governor = 20 state senators

- 1 U.S. representative = 2 governors
- 1 federal judge = 4 U.S. representatives
- 1 U.S. senator = 10 U.S. representatives
- 1 attorney general = 14 federal judges
- 1 cabinet officer = 6 U.S. senators
- 1 regulatory commission member = 3 senators
- 1 president = 100 senators

Dispossession

- 1 forced sale = 4 devalued purchases
- 1 foreclosure = 6 forced sales
- 1 mortgage = 8 leases



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old-fashioned imported**

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E.G., Sonoma, Calif.

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MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES

1. The Valley of the Giant

A corporate farm owns one-half of a valley. The rest of the valley is owned by 500 marginal farmers, half of whom own 100-acre farms and half of whom own 200-acre farms. If the corporate farm drives one marginal farmer out of business and takes over his land every month, it will take 10 years for it to own the whole valley. How large is the corporate farm?

4. Loss of Steering

The 9 dots below represent a group of troublemakers hanging around the farm entrance. Pretending that your pen is a car, and starting in any direction, what is the smallest number of changes of direction that you can make to run them all down? (Place your pen on the paper and draw lines connecting the dots, never lifting the pen from the paper.)



3. On the Take

Two F.D.A. inspectors who have been bribed to ignore rat feces in a meat-packing plant meet in a bar to discuss their payments. Mr. Doe says to Mr. Roe, "If you gave me \$100, I would have twice as much money as you." Mr. Roe replies, "If you gave me \$100, we would both have the same amount." How much money did each F.D.A. inspector receive?

2. It's Plane to See

If a crop-dusting plane flying all day and a crop-dusting plane flying half the day can together spray 1500 acres with a banned insecticide in a day and a half, how many acres can 3 planes spray in 3 days?

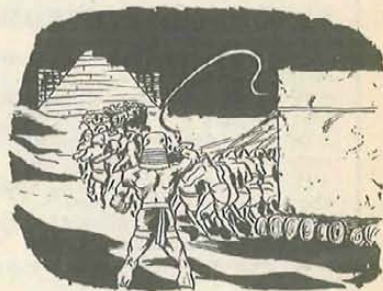
5. The Meat "Stakes"

Hearing from a cooperative agriculture department official that an order has been issued for the destruction of his tainted beef, the manager of Farmer Brown Farms, Inc., immediately loads the meat into a truck and sends it off to the packing house, a distance of 600 miles. The truck travels at 55 mph. An inspector arrives at the Farmer Brown Farms, Inc., office and finds that the meat is gone. Ignoring a very generous offer, he sets off in pursuit of the truck at 60 mph, leaving the farm exactly two hours after the truck. Assuming that neither the inspector nor the truck stops or varies his speed, and that it takes exactly one hour to unload the truck, will the meat be safely hidden in the packer's general inventory before the inspector arrives to condemn it?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

(4) 4. (5) Yes.
Mr. Doe has \$700, Mr. Roe has \$500.
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pened in the war! allemande.

For dessert, there is always our *Béfore they talk, some people around here should check to see how thin the walls are!* crêpes.

Or perhaps you would prefer a more homey *I'd rather not talk about it tonight!* cookie.

Eating Humble Pie

S'il vous plaît, this is a dish meant only for those who have accomplished something.

You can start with an appetizer of stuffed *Well, gee whiz, it wasn't really much!*

Or else an *I'm nothing really special—I'm just an average Joe like yourself who happened to get lucky!* soup, complete with sweat drops.

For an entrée, you may select a subtle *Well, Fred, you're doing pretty good yourself; after all, the world can get along without great scientists, but not without insurance agents!* with mushrooms. Stammered to your preference, of course.

Or how about *pâté de Well, maybe curing cancer and simultaneously figuring out a way to turn pollution into gold was an accomplishment, Stewart, but I haven't been elected Chairman of the Senior Prom Committee two years in a row!*

For dessert, I might suggest an *Oh, let's change the subject. I do hate so*

continued

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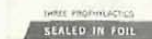
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Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over \$20, money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%. Make check payable to ROACH. Add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.

to talk about myself! mousse.

And you might want to top it all off with a nightcap of gin and *Maybe I was voted the world's best-dressed, most perfectly developed man, but after all, looks aren't everything!*

Food for Thought

It is said by psychologists that when men or women do not get much pleasure out of life, they sometimes turn to food as a compensation. And, of these diners' favorite cuisines, Food for Thought is certainly near the top.

As you can see, my menu in this area covers almost every field.

You can start with an appetizer of *Sucre file au did Othello really reflect Socratic tenets in Act II?*, garnished

with juicy footnotes.

Or how about an academic *Attitudes towards visiting anthropologists as a function of the self-sufficiency of the culture à la jardinière.*

For an entrée, tonight you should enjoy our *Basic economic limitations of neo-capitalism in a non-totalitarian structure cordon bleu.*

Or a piping hot *Orthomolecular structure of the sun parmigiano.*

As a side dish, may I suggest a long-lasting *What was I born for and who really am I? béarnaise.*

Or how about *I love her, but do I really want to be tied down? au vin blanc.*

For dessert, I have some excellent pi.

Home Cooking

One of our most coveted specialties here is home cooking, but *de nécessité* we can offer it only to our most special customers indeed.

For example, as an appetizer, you might order a crackling *Four-bedroom house de boss you hate.*

Or a sizzling *Two-and-a-half room apartment à la crud who stole your girl.*

For the entrée, you might try a piping hot *Twenty-one room mansion du rich bitch whose Cadillac almost ran you over this afternoon.*

And for dessert, I might suggest a *Treehouse of the kids who used to throw snowballs at you flambé.*

As always, we serve our most elaborate home cooking to our *après-midnight* crowd. And we do suggest that our customers eat and run.

Eating Shit

Ah so! Perhaps the most requested delicacy of all. Over the years, most of my customers have learned to love this dish. Many, in fact, find they live on an almost exclusive diet of it, and far more than just three times a day.

But you will find that our menu, as always, has been most thoughtfully prepared.

As an appetizer, we suggest a *Potage de I don't want any more of your excuses, Jones! I want that campaign ready by tomorrow, or you're fired!*

Or a tempting *You weren't talking about MY wife, were you, buddy! en papillote.*

For an entrée, may I recommend our savory *Fred, will you stop being so obnoxious for once and help me off with my wig!* and beans.

Or a *Listen, buddy! It's my job to know the streets around here, so if you don't mind, sit back and relax for Heaven's sakes!* with truffles.

For dessert, may we point out our ice-cold *Come on, pal, I know a good fit when I see one! If anything is wrinkled back there, it's your skin!* custard.

Or perhaps more to your liking would be the simple but classic *Not now, I have a headache!* meringue.

Well, *mon ami*, that is it.

I will tell the *maitre d'* to send over your waiter. Then you may have your fill.

You will not enjoy it, I assure you. And we all know how high the price is.

But if you are even half the man (or woman) I think you are, I will not be surprised to find you coming back for more.

And more. And more.

So, *eh bien, c'est la vie* and *au revoir*. See you soon.

And, by the way—don't forget your coat! □

WHAT NEXT?

Sex Experimentation in the Industrial Age

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- 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!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

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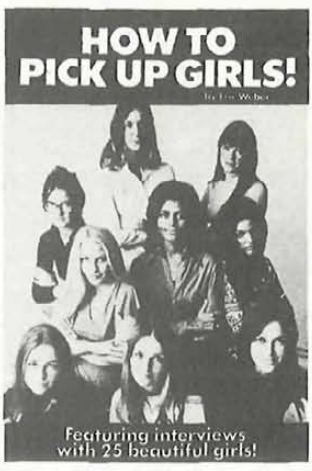
HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you exactly how to pick up girls. It guarantees you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and date at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

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HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in their very own words—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, thousands of girls are dying for you to pick them up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

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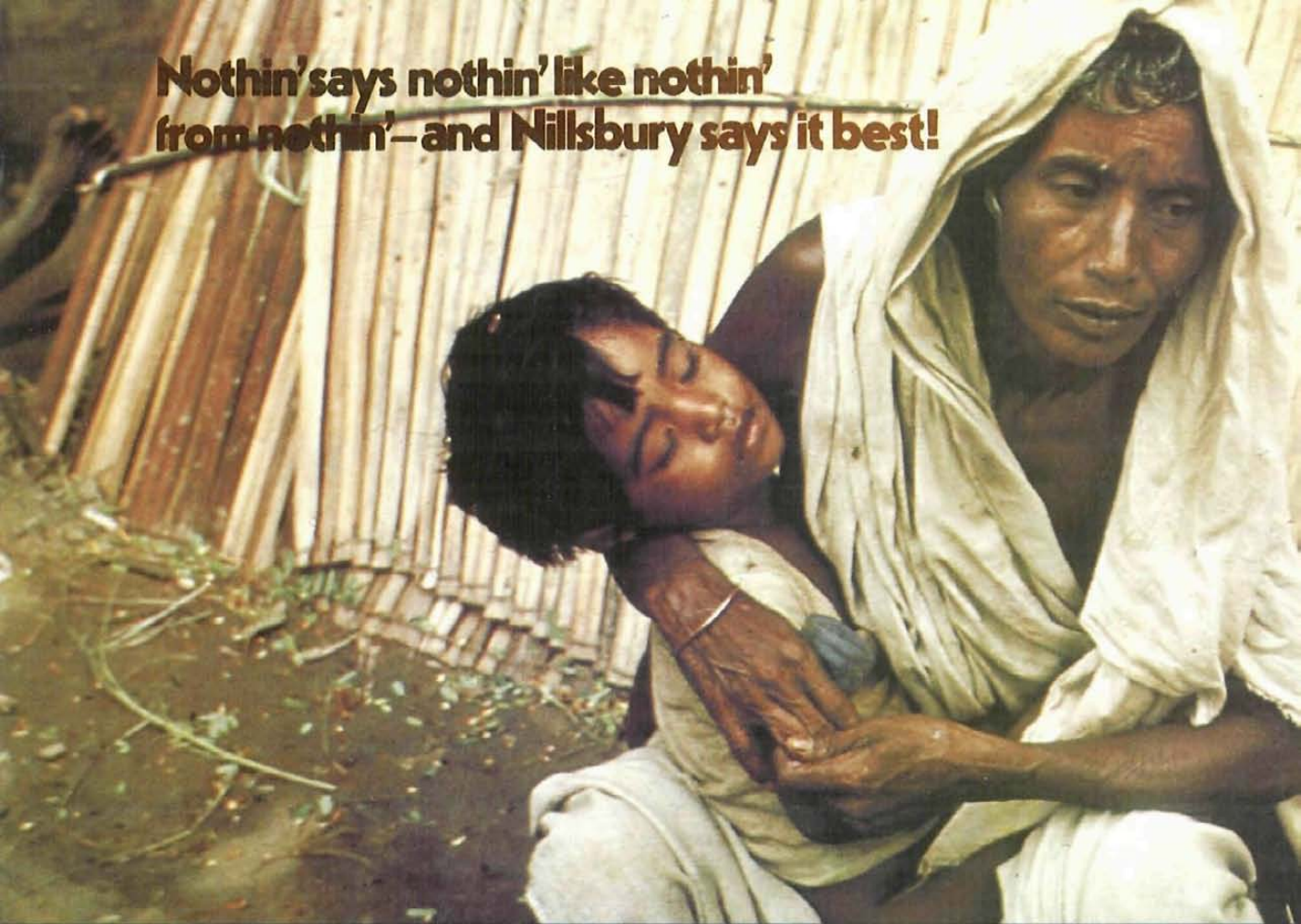
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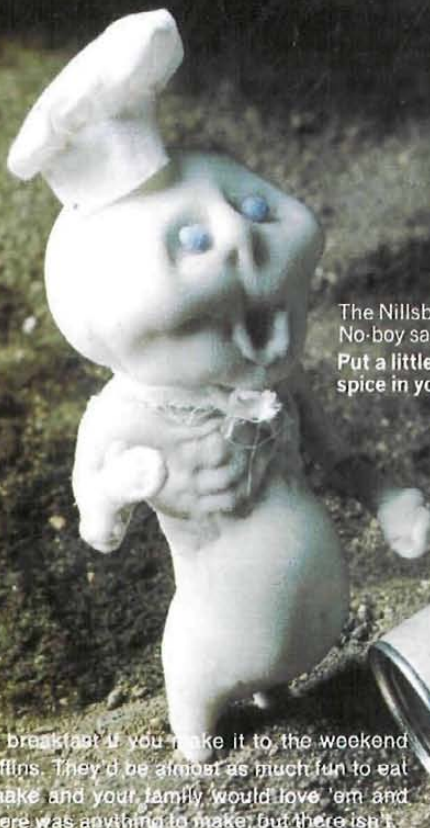
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SHE FEEDS A FAMILY OF SEVENTEEN BY TALKING ABOUT FOOD. Mkawa Mkamba of Oum Chautouba, Chad, is a resourceful mother of seventeen who keeps her famine-ridden family alive by talking up a storm about all phases of food and food management.

"My three oldest children and I like to talk about planning menus for the week, usually based on what would be on sale if we had supermarkets, and what foods would be in season if we had food," said Ms. Mkamba. "We discuss what foods we would buy in bulk and keep in storage, so we can always talk about cooking them when we're tongue-tied and caught short. With meat prices so high these days, we like to restrict most of our protein talk to fish and chicken, and of course, to the basic grains, dairy products, and soy beans. Breakfast is our biggest talk because it has to give us the energy we need to work and go to school, if we had jobs or schools. Lunch usually means talking up a hearty soup and a nutritious sandwich. At dinner time, we prefer to talk about a simply prepared fish or chicken dish, accompanied by a green vegetable or salad. Dessert talk is fresh fruit, ice cream, or one of the great pies or cakes we talked about baking that are now stored in our imaginary freezer, just waiting to be warmed in our nonexistent oven. We talk about eating out at least once a month. We save our most expensive talks for dinner parties with friends or relatives.

When you spend the day talking about shopping, cooking, preserving, and growing your food, you're much too busy to notice that you haven't eaten a thing. In fact, we're always quite full after every talk. My problem is to make sure our little ones don't get tummy aches from overtalking or talking about too many junk foods and snacks! Best of all, I can manage to talk about feeding my family for as little as four zimba a week.

BUDGET BURIALS. Lots of thrifty African housewives are organizing burial cooperatives, a time, money, and space-saving idea. Instead of each family burying their dead, they can now join a co-op that offers fast, streamlined service at far less cost and labor (and who has the strength to work these days?). Everyone volunteers a few hours a day for digging. Graves are only one foot deep instead of a cumbersome, time-consuming six feet. Bodies are buried in large groups with one common prayer read over them. All bulky organs and limbs are removed before burial so smaller units are put into the ground. Twelve people can now be buried in the same area that used to accommodate one! For more information on how you

can organize your own practical but meaningful burial co-op, walk to Lakai Nagumi, Moussoro, Chad. If she's dead by the time you get there, try Ms. Koudugu Wasabi.

DYING: EFFECTIVE NEW WAY TO CLEAR YOUR DEBTS. Puki and Cheg Ndouli were a typical young couple in Dekoa, Central African Republic. They married three years ago and rented a small hovel in a development built on a mosquito-infested swamp in suburban Dekoa, a relatively expensive neighborhood for young marrieds. Cheg had no immediate or long-term job prospects; Puki was pregnant.

When Puki gave birth to twins they had to borrow heavily for their mud, dirt, rocks, and dead people. Last year, when the government stores gave out credit cards encouraging everyone to buy a few grains of rice, the Ndoulis went on a spree and bought an entire cupful. At Christmastime they used their credit cards to buy expensive toys for their children, pieces of broken glass and wood. Then Puki became pregnant again. On top of all this, the bill collectors were demanding payment at exorbitant interest rates. They sought out the advice of Mobunjo Mabai, the financial counselor of the Dekoa Beneficial Finance and Trust Association. After a session that lasted well over a minute, Mabai knew every detail of their financial situation and advised the young couple to kill themselves. By dying, they would be legally absolved of all their debts and would start with a clean slate. The Ndoulis readily agreed to the plan and swallowed poison, a free gift from Dekoa Beneficial. Today the Ndouli children are wandering about Dekoa debt-free, starving happily with other children their own age, thanks to this great new idea in money management.

NIGER ON NOTHING A DAY. More and more fun-loving African families are discovering thrifty vacations in such famine spots as Niger, Chad, Sudan, and Upper Volta. The way to save money on these vacations is to walk. Just pack whatever meager belongings you have on your head and shoulders (the perfect carryall) and off you go! Most countries do not charge for walking and each spot on your route is included free as one of your stopover cities.

If you're walking from the Sudan to Niger, you can stretch out your starving budget by staying at one of the Ramadan Inns, a chain of over 550 fast food establishments. Each Ramadan Inn features a cheerful atmosphere, generous fasting nooks, and half-size fasting areas for the children.

cover photograph by Jerry Friedman, Veronica Reilly, Stylist/handicrafts by Oceanic Primitive Arts, 88 East 10th St., N.Y.



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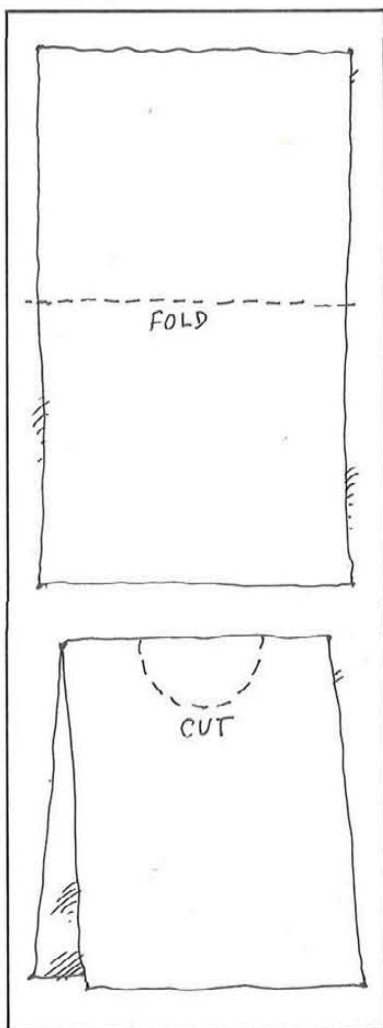
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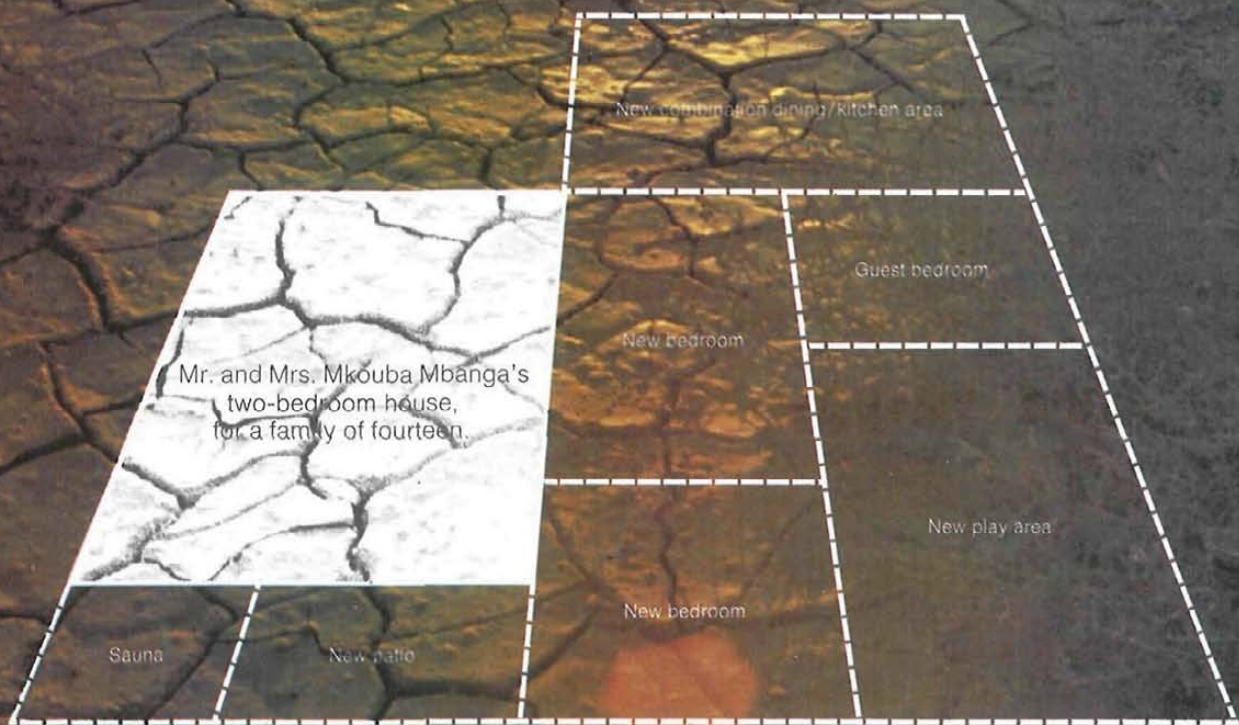
Breezy Summer Styles

Beg, steal, or borrow a large piece of cardboard from a dead person or a dead person's house. Fold it in two down the center. With a sharp rock cut a semi-circle from the middle of the folded side. If you can stand up, place the cardboard over your head, and there you have it—a nifty little number for those hot summer days. Incidentally, the semi-circle of cardboard you have left over makes a cute bonnet—or, if you have the string to sew up the sides, a smart evening purse.



Transform Your Cramped Quarters into a Center of Spacious and Sunny Outdoor Living

If you've got a family that's just dying to spread out, you can add extra rooms and wings to your house with nary a dent in your wallet, if you had a wallet. No need to hire an architect or a builder—no heavy labor involved, either. All you need is a little extra time and energy to get up and walk around and take up more space. Here's a typical Chad couple with a large family who solved their space problems:



Here's how they enlarged their house for practically nothing.

Let's Eat to Live

by Edele Davis

America's foremost nutrition authority, author of the best-selling Let's Cook It Before It Spoils and Let's Go to My Place, gives you her frank opinions on Central Africa's growing nutrition problems.

I have just concluded an extensive lecture tour through Central Africa and I must report a shocking fact—the people are suffering from the most appalling nutritional deficiencies I have ever seen. Their diets are hopelessly inadequate. Wherever I traveled, from Ethiopia to Mali, I saw people of all

ages suffering from excessive fatigue, poor posture, tooth decay, faulty bone structure, subnormal mental qualities, and a variety of horrible diseases that stem directly from this lack of basic vitamins and minerals.

No Breakfast, No Energy

By now everyone should know that breakfast is the most important meal of the day, the "breaking of the fast" of your previous night's sleep. What you eat for breakfast determines how efficiently your body can maintain its blood sugar at normal levels, which, in turn, maintains your energy levels through the day. *Eat a skimpy breakfast and your blood sugar plummets below normal, causing fatigue, headaches, nausea—a completely rundown feeling. You're dead before you start. Yet throughout*

my travels in Africa I did not see a single person eating breakfast!

Every morning my hosts (who were high government officials) would serve me a big, well-balanced breakfast of fruit juice, whole grain cereal, eggs, sausage or ham, a pitcher of milk, toast, muffins, and jams. To this I would add my vitamin-mineral cocktail supplement and my slices of raw liver sprinkled with brewers' yeast and lecithin, which I always take as an extra pep-up on arduous lecture tours. After breakfast I felt wonderful. My blood sugar was at a high level, giving me tons of energy, sharp mental qualities, and a cheerful disposition. *What a contrast I was to the people in the streets! They all seemed to be irritable, moody, and depressed. All they wanted to do was lie about and stare into space. Many of them were in a deep sleep, even though it was midmorning.*

Through an interpreter, I asked one of the young men if he had had a decent breakfast. He got angry and tried to spit at me. Not only did he have no saliva, but the effort of trying to spit exhausted him and he fainted into a deep sleep like the others. I examined his tongue, and just as I suspected, it was dark green with black spots, indicating a deficiency of vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and all the minerals, especially magnesium and zinc.

Too Much of Too Little

As in most semiprimitive countries, the nations of Central Africa depend almost entirely on one or two staple foods to the exclusion of everything else. Niger, Chad, Ethiopia, Upper Volta, the Central African Republic, and the Sudan seemed to rely on mud and rock as their main foods, when they ate at all.*

Fresh raw mud and natural unbroken rock do provide a certain amount of chromium and other trace minerals that are essential to good health, but the emphasis must be on *fresh* mud and *unbroken* rock. Most Africans preferred to cook their mud for hours in the hot sun, thus drying it out and robbing it of all its precious nutrients! And by the time they ate their rock, it too had been pulverized and processed to death and was virtually devoid of minerals.

Is it any wonder then, that people who eat only badly cooked mud and processed rock suffer from both major and minor deficiencies in every form of protein, carbohydrate, and starch? Search as I did among their hovels, I could not find a trace of liver, yogurt, wheat germ, brewers' yeast, green leafy vegetables, fresh fruit, whole grain cereals, fresh fish, fertile eggs, organically raised beef or fowl, raw milk dairy products, and the hundreds of other foods needed to maintain a balanced diet.

Nor did anyone know that you must maintain a delicate balance of all the nutrients in your body. *To page 96*

*I did not notice any significant increase in food intake at lunch or dinner among the natives. It seems as if skipping breakfast sets the tone for the rest of the day.

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The 28-Day Budget Beauty Plan that Turns You into a Jet Setter

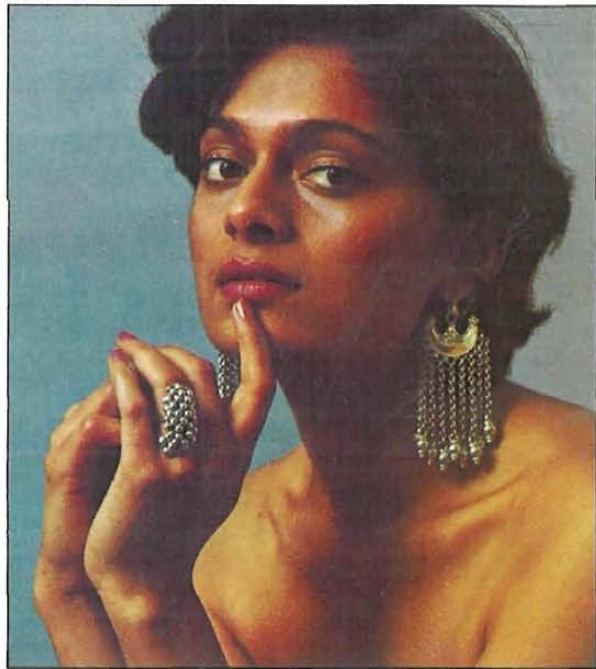
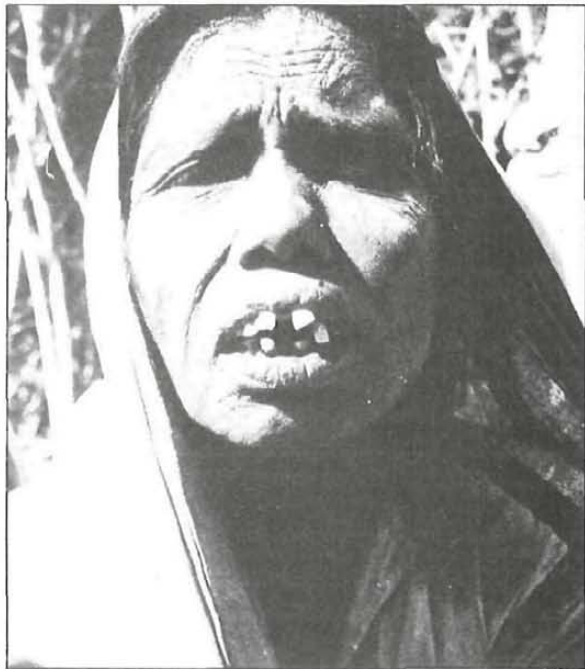


photo by Vince Alosa

Does it really take so much to be *chic*, *alluring*, and *fun, fun, fun*? Not these days! You too can be like those gay, glittering people who fly around over your head all day and occasionally crash in your jungle. All it takes is some perseverance, whatever is left of your face, and surprisingly little money. To prove our point, we took lucky Maria Ixahuatl from the (*frankly hideous!*) barrios of Bogotá and turned her into a jet setter in just 28 short days. And you can achieve the same fantastic results!

April 21–April 30 Maria is taken by ambulance to Bogotá International Airport, where we all fly (charter's cheaper!) to Geneva, Switzerland, arriving just in time for a light supper. *Very Important Point*—no heavy Continental meals after years of malnutrition. . . . It can cause tricky spare tire problems later on. Next day Maria begins an 8-day course at the famous Niehans rejuvenation clinic, for sheep gland injections and ancillary hormone treatments. She undergoes the outpatient program (far less expensive than the inpatient version), being driven the considerable distance back and forth each day in an incredibly economic rented Fiat 600. Her rickets and malaria disappear, stretch marks smooth out, skin tightens, and unsightly stoop, bumps, and bones melt away.

April 30–May 12 Maria flies to London for consultation and surgery with cosmetic wizard Dr. Alexander Worthypenny of Harley Street. He employs plastic surgery, deep massage, and orthodontics to complete her transformation, concentrating not just on face-lift, bridgework, nose job, and wrinkles, but also on firming up and filling out breasts, tummy, and thighs, and pulling in all that sag in the rear end. Manicure, pedicure, and hairstyling are a must at Sassoon.

May 12–May 20 On to Paris for the icing on the cake. Maria, now a svelte 34–23–35, with the face (still healing) of a Mayan goddess, enrolls in Charles Revson's exclusive course in all-round beauty maintenance. Expensive but well worth the investment in years to come (no costly salons, no blindfold choices in the cosmetics department). A visit to Yves St. Laurent low-priced boutique introduces her—with a little help from *Famine Circle!*—to Contessa Esmeralda y Ruiz de la Corte de Taragona, a deeply committed left-wing exile from Spain and one of Paris' best-known socialites. A week with the Contessa works wonders with Maria's Spanish and gives her a thorough grasp of today's burning political issues.

May 20–May 22 Maria returns to Geneva, and catches the charter back to Bogota, where, just after just 28 days, she returns to the barrio a sophisticated, well-dressed, and traveled beauty, capable of climbing on a plane with Charlotte Ford at the drop of a stock. Incredible? Yes, but true—and all for only \$14,474.50, much less than the cost of a boring old combine harvester! So stop dreaming and *start living!*

(28-day round-trip low-season charter Bogotá–Geneva–Bogotá \$483.50; Pension Royale (cheaper if you prepay!) \$126.00; Niehans outpatient course \$7,000; off-season rental of Fiat (inc. free gas) \$67.00; coach air fare Geneva–London \$42.00; consultation Dr. Worthypenny \$2,500; 10 days semi-private room at Worthypenny Rest-Cure Sanatorium and Health Spa \$1,000; Vidal Sassoon \$50.00; coach fare London–Paris \$27.00; Revson Cours de Beauté \$1,500; Yves St. Laurent \$650; Pension Montmartre (prepay! prepay!) \$64.00; coach fare Paris–Geneva \$15.00. Miscellaneous: food, wine, gift for the Contessa, a saucy two pound bet at Churchill's (!) \$950.

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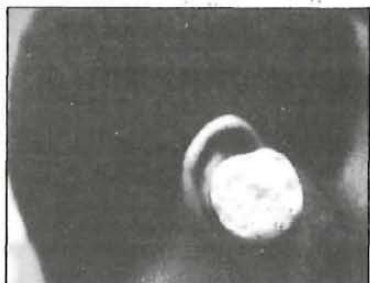
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Dayton, Ohio | 5/22 Bowling University
Toledo, Ohio | 6/4,5 Ambassador Theatre
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GUTSLAMMER!

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105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514
Please send me:

- One dozen Jade plus free catalog, \$4.
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 Illustrated catalog alone, 25¢.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

continued from page 38

that Nanny's hung down so far she could put them in her pockets if she wanted to. Willy pointed out that Nanny had no pockets so I poured my milk in his lap.

Father, meanwhile, was attempting to carve but was having difficulty focusing on the turkey. Never had he seen such a knocker panorama. The knife slowed and stopped.

"Benelux," he said to Mom, for that was her name, "why don't you show the boys what a younger pair of boom-booms look like? All they've gotten to see so far is six old saggies with nipples like corroding doorbells. Let's show the boys a real set."

"Oh, you George," Mom protested, for that was his name, "someone's got to serve this meal."

The elder maumae, meanwhile, had formed a Busby Berkeley arrangement about our floral centerpiece. The old girls were examining one another's equipment with much interest. Nanny's were definitely the longest, but then she was oldest. Aunt Daisy had nipples of an intriguing lavender hue. And Grandma, so far as we could see through the adhering vegetables, had the finest varicose veins of all.

I wondered how Aunt Sara was taking all this and stole a glance at her. She had pushed her chair back a bit from the table. She was examining a picture on the wall, pretending she wasn't noticing what was happening.

"Why isn't Aunt Sara undressing?" Willy whispered, in his young way.

Before I could answer, Father stepped in. He must have wondered the same thing.

"Now, I want you two to join in, Sara and Benelux." His hands were busy at the buttons of his shirt. "There's no reason why the four younger bosoms shouldn't be out here in the gravy like everyone else's."

"Now, George," said Mom.

"Now, George," said Aunt Sara. "Don't 'Now George' me." said Father, for that was his name. His shirt fell to the floor with his jacket and tie. He began fumbling with his belt.

"Oh, well," said Mom, and reached behind her to feel for the zipper of her dress.

"Benelux!" cried Aunt Sara. She turned to Father. "Well, you're not getting me out of my clothes. I remember the time you made me play doctor and broke off the rectal thermometer when it was still in me. I remember the time you looked up my pee-pee with a flashlight and then squirted vinegar up me. Oh, I remember you very clearly, George, so don't expect me to join your little game."

The table laughed merrily at this, and continued undressing. Soon, except for me, Willy, and Aunt Sara, everyone was naked. I had a boner under the table. I think Willy did too, but I didn't ask him.

Nanny, bless her, had that same sweet angel hair around her wah-wah as on her head. Grandma's muff was somewhat scraggly and Aunt Daisy had hardly any hair at all, but wrinkles and folds like you wouldn't believe.

Things were really getting exciting. Father walked over to where Mom sat and began rubbing her breasts with cranberry jelly. Mom closed her eyes and made a noise like one of Aunt Daisy's cows. Father kept looking over at Aunt Sara.

"Look, Sis," he said, "fun! Look at Benelux. Look between her thighs at the thick, sweet pool that is even now forming."

"That's right, Sary, it's fun," put in Grandma, flinging a wrinkled leg over each arm of her chair and sliding a bar of butter into her vestibule. As

continued on page 90



Cardmember Acct. No.

206 683 040 1 300AX

9-271917

Cardmember

VALID 10 73

THRU 10 74

54

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST JR.



Approval Code

Check or Bill No.

Service Establishment

PEOPLE IN NEED, INC.
EAST PALO ALTO, CA. 2 22 74

Date of Charge

Merchandise/Services

4000.00 00

Taxes

190.00 00

Tips/Misc.

~~190.00 00~~

Total

4190.00 00

Amt. of Delayed Chg.

200.00 00

Revised Total

6190.00 00

Cardmember Signature

William R. Hearst

Invoice Number

704 081

American Impress Card

Record of Charges
Cardmember Copy

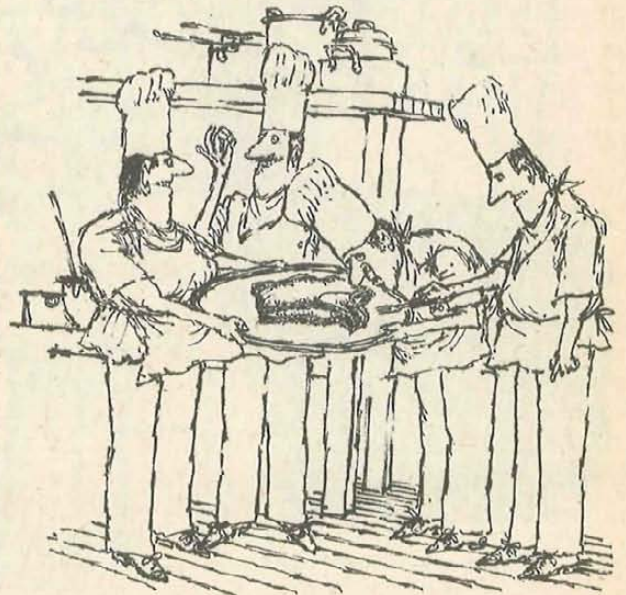
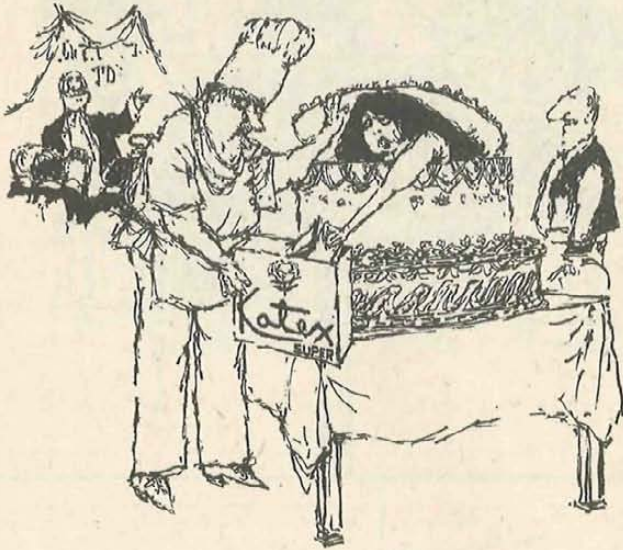
Expense Record

Entertainment		Date	No. of Persons	Business Purpose
Type	<i>Unexpected</i>	<i>Feb-Mar 74</i>	<i>1,882,000</i>	<i>Survival of heir</i>
Guests		Title or Position		Company
Name		<i>Poor</i>		<i>Symbionese Liberation Army</i>
<i>State of Calif.</i>				
<i>Dept of Welfare</i>				
<i>files A-thru Z</i>				
Travel		Date <th>No. of Persons</th> <th>Business Purpose</th>	No. of Persons	Business Purpose
Type				
Allocation		Personal		Reimbursed
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>				<input type="checkbox"/>
Additional Comments				
<i>Rozelind</i>				

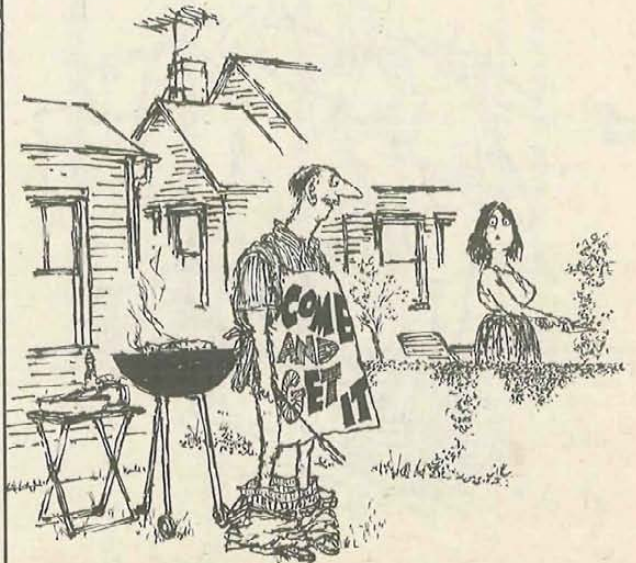
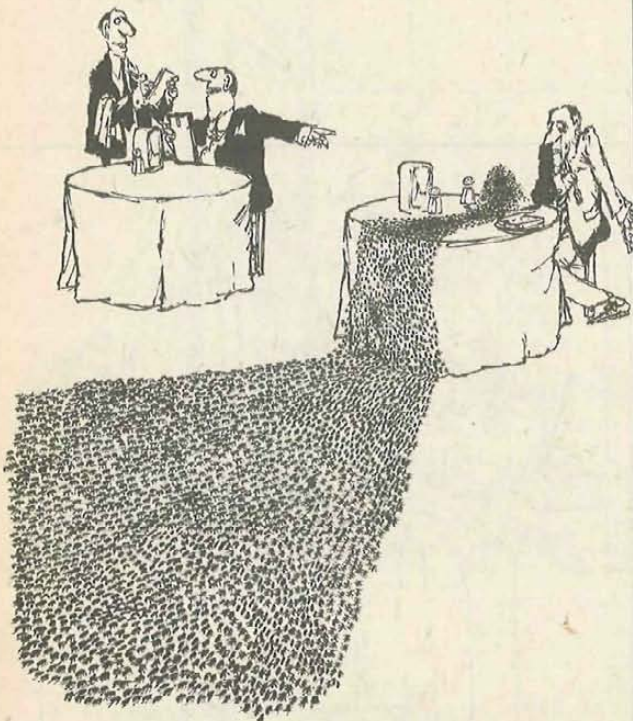
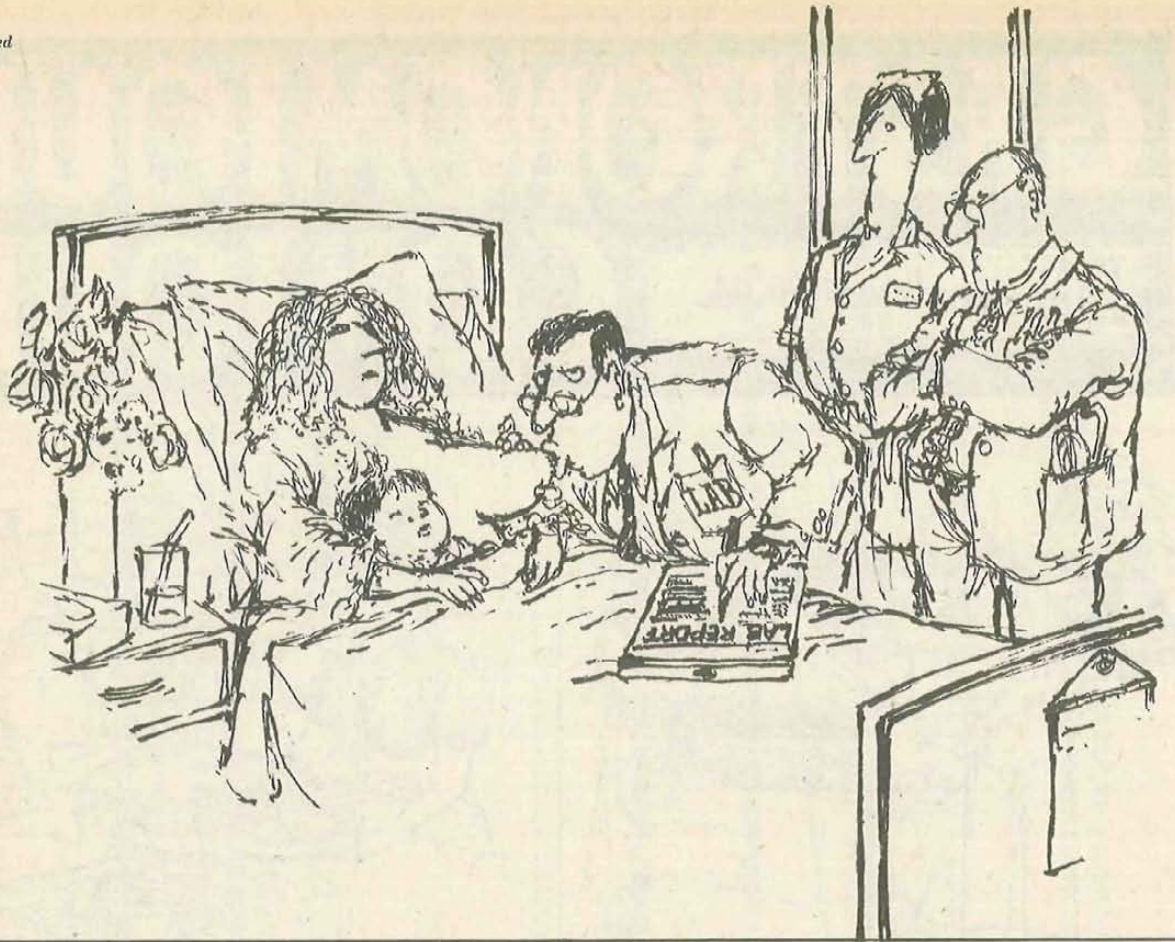
Reminder: Always obtain itemized bill for lodgings if more than one expense included.

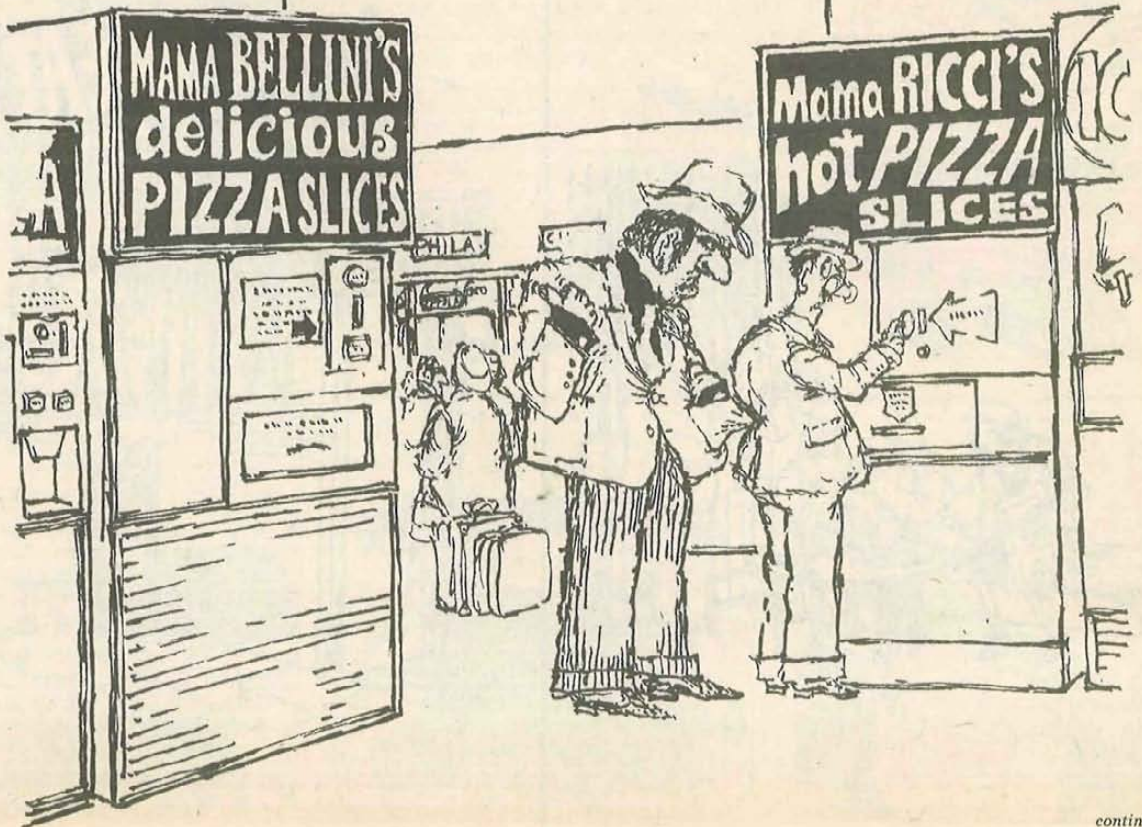
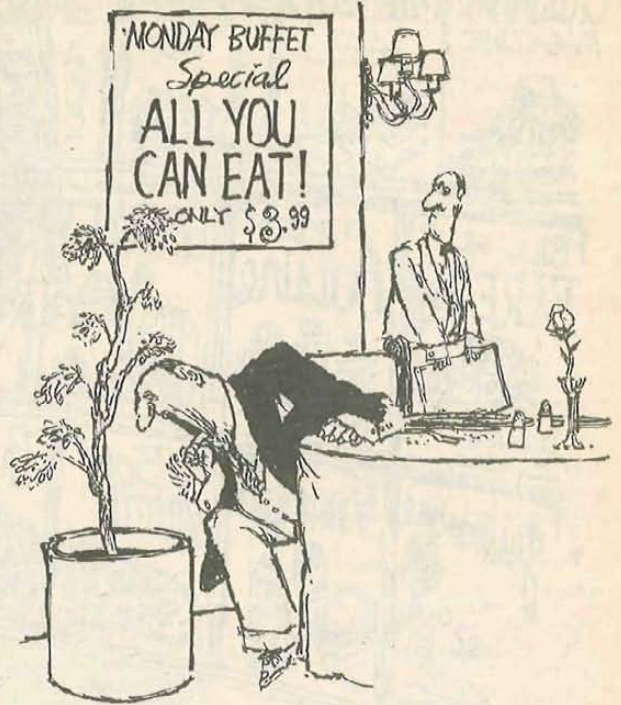
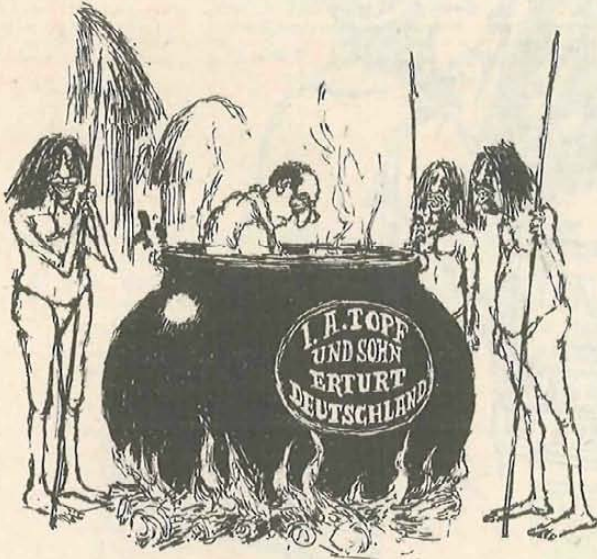
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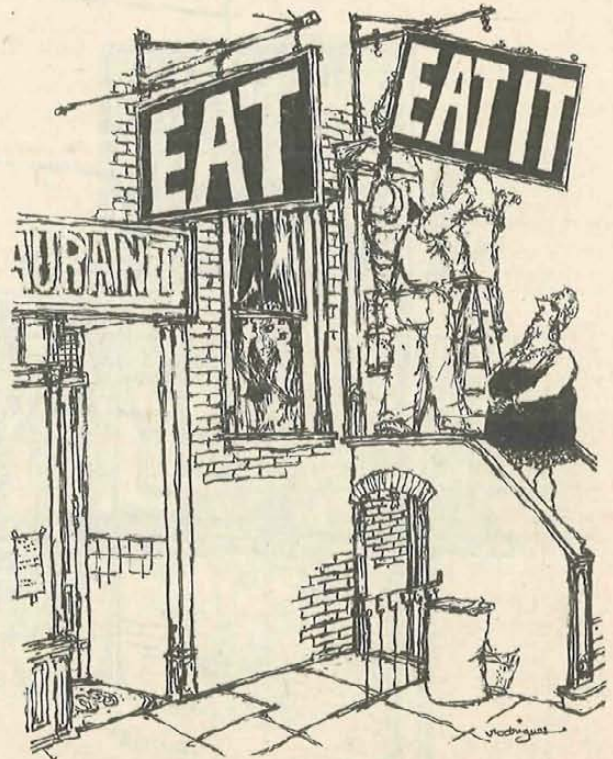
PAR: *Rodrigues*



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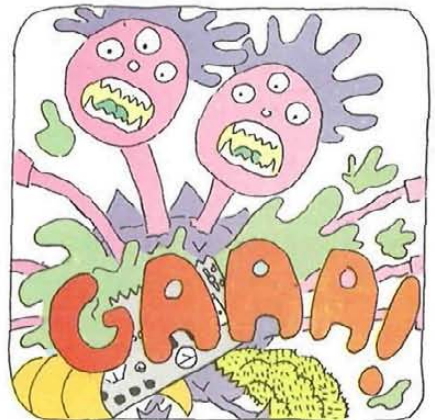
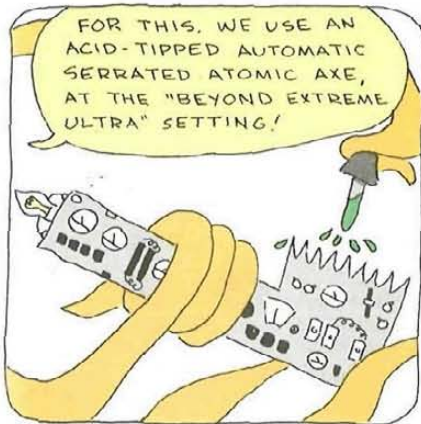
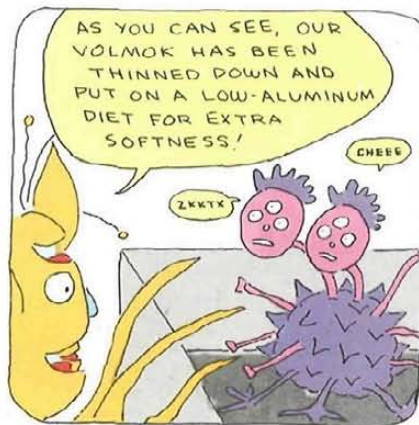




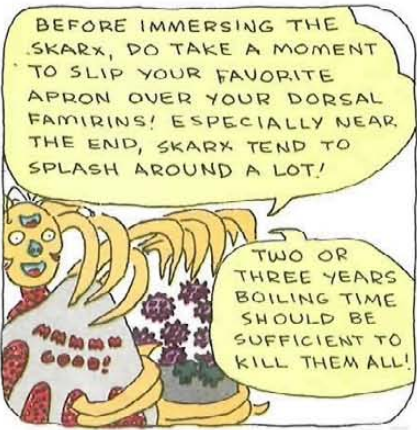
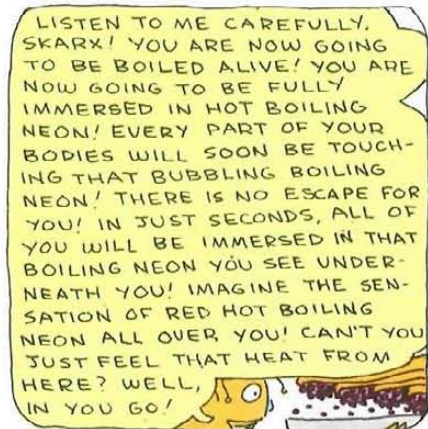
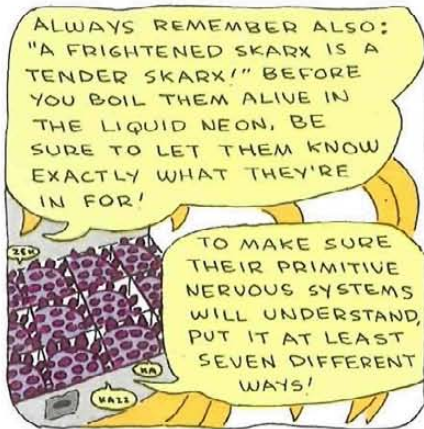
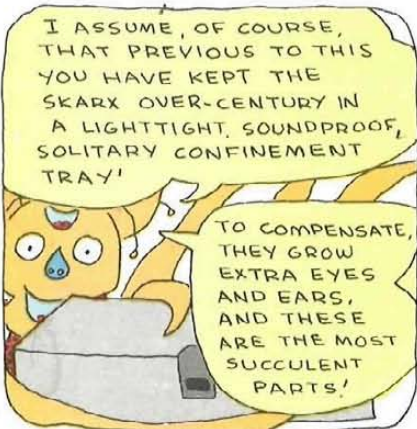
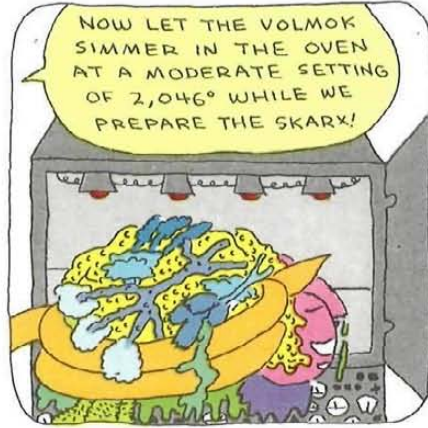
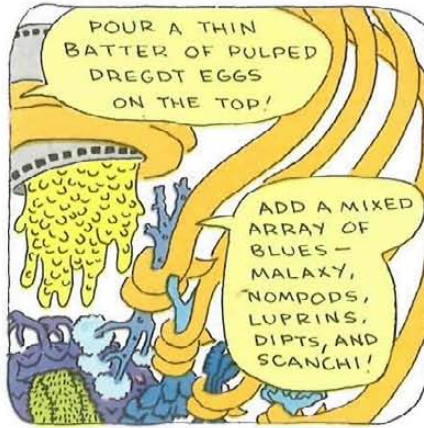
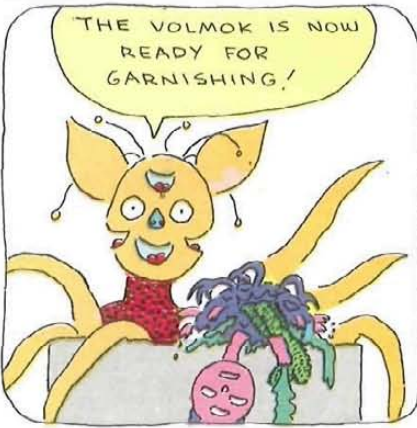
THE INTERGALACTIC GOURMET!

TRANSLATED BY ED SUBITZKY

TONIGHT: THE PLANET NONILUX-7, WHERE THE DOMINANT CARNIVORE SPECIES (GORGOTECTYL) EATS FIVE SUBDOMINANT SPECIES (LUXTOL, VOLMOK, LIPPROK, DREDGT, AND SKARX) AND TONIGHT PREPARES A ROAST VOLMOK UNDER SKARX.



continued



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.

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State _____ Zip _____

United Audio Products, Inc., 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual

Yessman, Flumm

Advert

RANCE LUSH
Senior Account Coordinator
Senior Vice-President

CONFIDENTIAL MEMO

From: Rance Lush
To: Creative Group
Account Group
Research Group
Media Group

RE: NEW BUSINESS ASSIGNMENT

Big news. Herb Trashley of Aggravated Foods has just assigned us \$1 million of new business.

All department heads will meet at 7 a.m. tomorrow in the conference room. Meanwhile, some details:

-- Product is an important innovation in the dog food sector, not a "me-too" item. As such, it will be launched with the biggest campaign since our 1967 push for Worm Chunx.

-- Tentative brand name: Doggie-Wogs.

*Rance: Do Americans know what a Wog is?
RA*

-- Aggravated Foods is sending a product breakdown. But Herb says it's all meat, and exciting. In a nutshell, A.F. has a dog food breakthrough -- maybe the dog food breakthrough of our time, with some nice p.r. and ecological tie-ins. Doggie-Wogs will convert the excess population of the Asian subcontinent into chewy meat chunks (with added vitamins and nutrients, of course). Supply will come from India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh.

-- Herb says it's wide open how we play it. Do we pitch the humanitarian angle -- zero population growth and A.F.'s contribution, etc.? Underline the "white" image of Indians? (Research should do some quick and dirty probes, then let's discuss.) Do we highlight the "exotic East" side? (Young dog owners are into things Eastern and might respond positively, Herb says.)

-- We start work today. Time is vital. So is top secrecy: Galvanized Products is working on a similar product called "Brazil Nuggets" and we must beat them to market.

This is an exciting assignment, guys. Let's roll up our sleeves!

MEMO from ZANE FLUMMOX

RANCE-- GREAT NEWS! MY HUNCH:
DO-GOODER ROUTE A TRAP. PLAY
DOWN HUMANITARIAN SIDE OF A.F.'S
RIDDING ASIA OF EXCESS FOLKS!
APPETITE APPEAL SELLS DOG FOOD,
NOT IDEALISM! HIT "CHEWY GOOD
TASTE" HARD. IDEA CURRY, SPICE
FLAVORS.
MY HIPSHOT GUT REACTION IS,
INDIANS ARE THOUGHT OF AS CLEAN
AND AMERICAN. DOGS WILL EAT 'EM
UP!

2 ZF

~~Tiger Tiger eating right? In the ...~~ Advertising

ORLON GRAFTER
Vice-President, Research

June 5, 1974

To: RANCE LUSH
Creative Group
Account Group
cc: Zane Flummox

CONFIDENTIAL

RE: DOGGIE-WOGS RESEARCH RESULTS

My team has its report ready. Copies circulated tomorrow. We're almost "Go" on creative work in my opinion because playback is so solid. Review:

1. Better than 74 percent of dog owners respond positively to the concept, "Chewy good-tasting all-meat chunks from spicy India."
2. Almost 60 percent of respondents thought "Bangladesh" was a musical show. Almost 85 percent thought Pakistan was part of India. Lesson: Avoid confusing consumer -- stress India exclusively. Everybody knows India.
3. "Doggie-Wogs" correctly identified as a new dog food brand by 72 percent of respondents. Unusually high identification level! Keep other names, labels on back burner.
4. "Wog" not a negative since only 12 percent see it as a pejorative slang term for non-Caucasians. Most respondents in unguided interviews think it "cute."
5. Suggest we keep "Doggie-Wogs." The FTC can't nab us on truth-in-packaging with this name because product does contain Wogs for dogs. If public doesn't know what a Wog is, client can't help it. Not our task to educate the consumer.*

BIG BONE BONKS!
2

6. One big hurdle: Of all dog owners interviewed, 98 percent do think Indians are dirty. Only ethnic group scoring higher is Puerto Ricans. A challenge for us as dog owners rate "purity of product" second only to appetite appeal. Suggest we billboard "real meatiness" and stress modern sterilized processing facilities: "Made in U.S.A."
7. Next steps: Test label designs and creative concepts.

Low "bout
poss.
confusion
with
American
Indian?
Food
or
Ind?
i.e.

*"Doggie-Woggies" one alternative but preliminary research hints this is too British. Only Englishmen call Wogs "Woggies." Let's not confuse the consumer!

Yessman, Flummox, & Bolt, Inc.

Advertising

ROCCO ABALONE
Vice-President, Creative

June 28, 1974

To: RANCE LUSH
cc: Creative Group
Account Group
Research Group

RE: CREATIVE APPROACHES ON DOGGIE-WOGS

My three creative troubleshooting crews have roughed out twenty-one campaign approaches to the Doggie-Wogs launch and in our conference tomorrow I'll stampede them through the canyon. But to summarize:

- The art boys feel we should smash hard on the "Exotic East" area from label to logo. It's unique, it's on target, and some of them are into Zen and those other things (only on weekends!) and have a real rapport with it, a sincere kind of thing going.
- Conflict is a problem when it comes to showing the meat, i.e., the starving Indians. No appetite appeal -- not even with cute babies, and believe me, we've tried dozens of approaches. Maybe an abstract symbol - Taj Mahal, tigers, etc.
- Great headline possibilities in playing this thing straight down the line. Mr. Flummox's brainstormer "Big Bone Bonus" is in my humble opinion one of the memorable ad lines of recent years. Let's not put it in the shredder without conferencing it around.
- Launch ought to be TV-heavy and light on print. This is a demonstratable product.
- Label has to pop out from the supermarket shelf. Lots of bright color and stuff. But not too slick.
- Testimonials a possibility, let's not overlook it just because it's done often. "I'm growing up to be a Doggie-Wog" is a winning line, especially under a pic of a little indian kiddy. Could bring in Aggravated Food's reputation for purity in a nice, subtle way. "Next Incarnation, I'm coming back as an American doggie!" might be a nice toss-away line, from the mouth of an Indian.
- Nuff sed. Let's have a meaningful conference!

More points to the source

CLASS!
Z

Who wrote that "ALIVE" book? RA

How 'bout George Harrison?
R.L.

~~One man's meat is another man's person.~~

Yessman, Flummock, & Bolt, Inc.

Advertising

RANCE LUSH

Senior Account Coordinator
Senior Vice-President

Doggie-Wogs is an Indian giver...
July 4, 1974

From: RANCE LUSH
To: Creative Group
Account Group
Research Group
Media Group

CONFIDENTIAL

RE: CREATIVE WORK ON DOGGIE-WOGS

Herb Trashley called me aside after our presentation last night to say Rocco's creative efforts for Doggie-Wogs were some kind of genius.

Rocco, congratulations. Why not memo ditto to staff?

But our work isn't finished by a long shot. Over drinks later, Herb worried in these nutshells:

- The "humor" approach just isn't Aggravated Foods talking. Everybody got a laugh out of Rocco's ads along this line but "What do you do with a used Indian?" has the wrong feel, client-wise. Besides, product name should be in the headline, especially during kickoff.
- "People need people -- and so do dogs" with Streisand tie-in is just too confusing for a theme line. No research needed to confirm.
- Rocco's promotion idea of a six-page handbook/guide to Indian religion, as a way of tempering consumer resistance to Fido's gobbling Wogs, is good and Herb admits it. But too expensive. Shred it.
- Snake charmer wrong symbol for label and ads. It says India but confuses consumer; what if he thinks Doggie-Wogs are made of snake meat? That could happen. We'd have a real problem of good taste on our hands and we all know how important this image is to Aggravated Foods.
- Herb would like us to audition Miss Toni Putrelle for any TV roles for Doggie-Wogs involving a gal on the young & glamorous side. Casting: Let's act. Creative: Can we write a role for Miss Putrelle in? Herb stresses this is just a suggestion but his judgement has been sharp before.

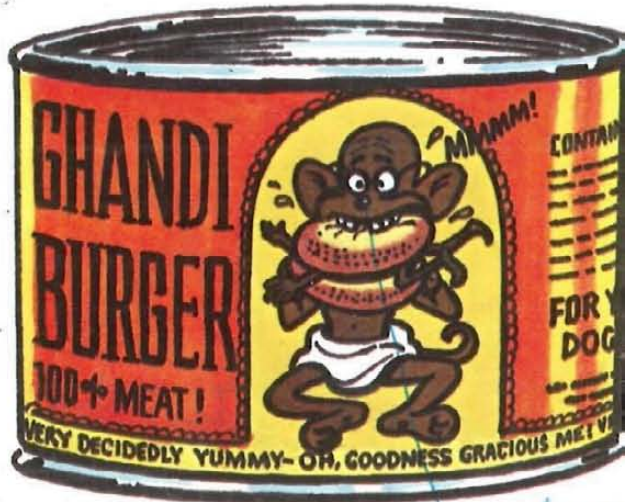
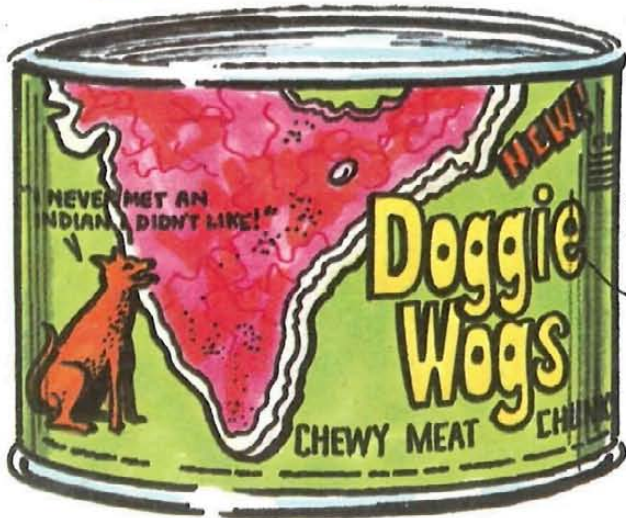
I'm darned encouraged. Final presentation Friday at three.

*Doggie-Wogs is no Indian giver
We deliver
de...
S*

*Some of India?
RA*



*Who he eaten or is he about to?
Must Look FULL*



Five of these animals w/ D. West H.T. 2007

Why the glasses



Sik

I get it but will
John Q. P. ?
H.T.



What do you do with a used Indian?

NEW DOGGIE-WOGS



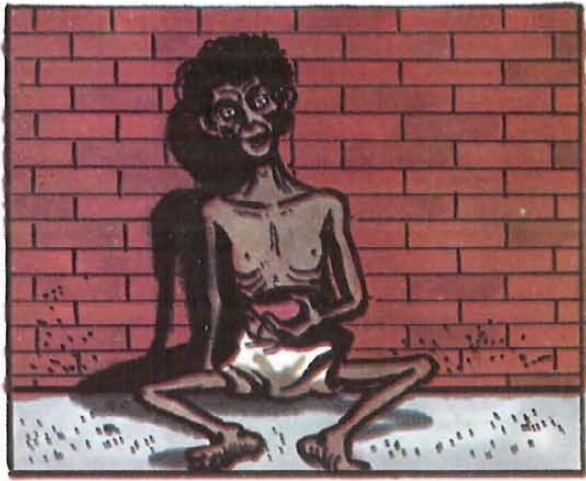
AT AGGRAVATED FOODS, WE'RE CLEANING UP
TWO WAYS!



AGGRAVATED FOODS INCORPORATED
"WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO THE DOGS"



Institutional ads mean diddly squat H.T.

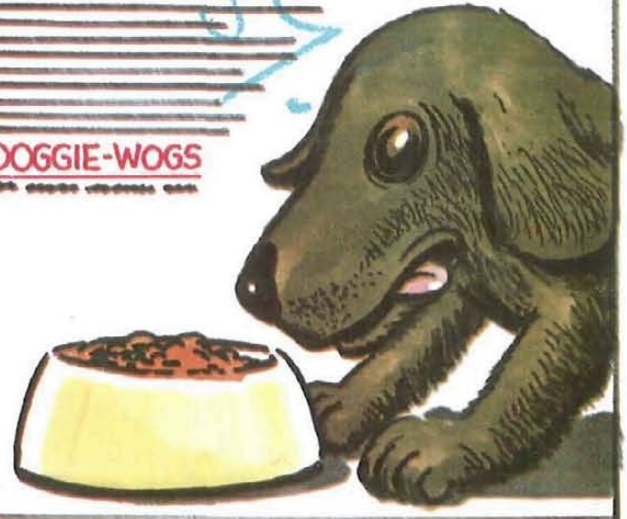


"Next incarnation, I'm coming back
as a can of Doggie-Wogs!"

DOGGIE-WOGS from the heart of India!

Think of all the poor, starving
children in India, Spot—
then eat 'em all up!

DOGGIE-WOGS



~~I'm, SPOT!~~ ~~Sick I'm, Spot!~~ ~~Sickin', Spot!~~

Yessman, Flummox, & Bolt, Inc.

1.



VO: (Gruff but friendly voice of Pete the Pooch) Hi, I'm Pete de Pooch, Doggie-Wogs' dog food catcher. On the job around the clock to bring your little darling all the meat he needs....

2.



I don't pick up just anything that's lying around, pal. Not me. Doggie-Wogs don't touch untouchables...

3.



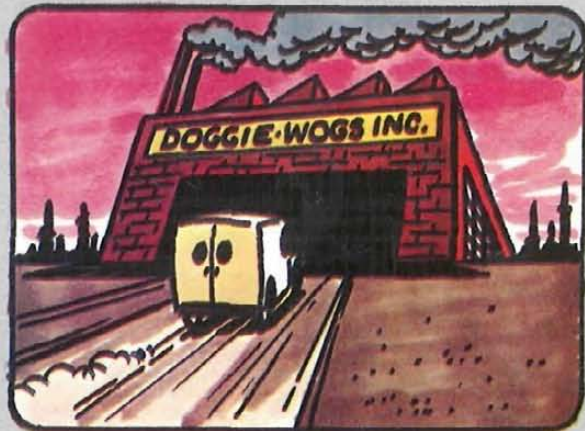
(Confidential) But dis is a whole new ball of meat. Lookit that, willyo? Precious pounds of surplus protein on de hoof. What a dish....

4.



Some lucky dog'll dine well tonight, pal. And I'll bet those bones bring out the man-eater in him....

5.



No cereals were added to the meat in Doggie-Wogs. Ever. It's all fresh and it's all flesh. *Mmmmm, mmmmm.* Can't wait to get mine....

6.



ANNCR: (VO Beauty Shot) Chewy good chunks of real meat and bone from spicy India. Doggie-Wogs. What your pet hungers for...naturally!

Humor doesn't sell Pet Food! H.T.

Yessman, FlummoX, & Bolt, Inc.

Advertising

ZANE FLUMMOX
Chairman of the Board

July 15, 1974

To: RANCE LUSH
cc: Creative Group
Account Group
Research Group
Media Group
Casting
All Staff

RE: DOGGIE-WOGS PRESENTATION

I've never been prouder of this Agency than I was in last Friday's Doggie-Wogs presentation.

My pride was justified. Aggravated Foods was in Nirvana from start to finish. We met the briefing, the deadline, and Aggravated's own high advertising standards. Doggie-Wogs will hit the shelves on schedule ahead of Brazil Nuggets. Dexter Flam, A.F.'s Marketing Director, expects brand leadership by Year Two.

A great day altogether for Y.F. & B.!

Huff Buncombe of Aggravated Foods phoned first thing this morning to set up a meeting tomorrow. Huff wants to talk Nine Karmas cat food launch. This could be a bigger assignment than Doggie-Wogs. Stand by, team!

 ZF

P.S.: Rance, Orlon, Rocco -- won't you join me today for lunch? The Maharajah Restaurant, at one!

she worked it in and out with increasing velocity, the bar melted into a more rounded contour. Golden stuff adhered to her ancient apparatus like honey nestling in mangy dog fur, and ran into the V of her thighs to mix with whatever fluids the old lady was capable of producing on her own.

"C'mon, Sara, don't be a *schmuck*," rasped Aunt Daisy. Filling her cupped hands with gravy, she tilted her country pie toward Aunt Sara and began to lubricate herself.

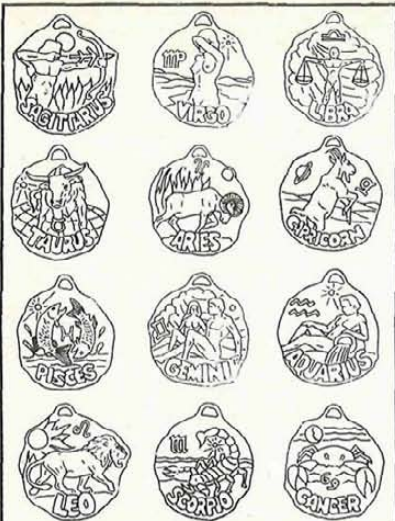
Father drained the last of the wine. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he walked to Aunt Daisy, knelt before her, and began gently insinuating the wine bottle's neck between her newly slicked labia.

"Oh, George, George," said Aunt Daisy. She closed her eyes and tilted her hips a bit more to afford easier entry. Her hands found Father's head and caressed it. He really looked funny with all that gravy in his hair and Willy and I giggled and nudged one another.

Aunt Sara brought a hand to her heart and tried hard not to watch. Father continued to work on Aunt Daisy. The wine bottle was going deeper with every thrust. And it was a *gallon* wine bottle.

"Mother," Aunt Sara said to Nanny, "I'm afraid."

"That," said Nanny, "has always been your problem. Fifty years old next year and still cherry! To think that such a daughter sprung from these loins." She slapped a hand to her loins. "As far as I'm concerned, it's high time you lived a little." She hobbled to her daughter and reached



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for her blouse buttons, but then stopped. "Damn arthritis." She turned to me and Willy. "Boys, how 'bout helping your old Nanny?"

I looked at Willy and he looked at me. Oh boy! We clambered out of our seats. (I checked out his pants when he stood up and he sure *did* have a boner!) We pushed between Aunt Daisy, who was arched back against the wall, her virginia sucking at the wine bottle like a fat Italian at a spaghetti strand, and Father, whose eyes were fixed on the rapidly accruing fluids that were running from Aunt Daisy into the bottle, and arrived at Aunt Sara's chair, wide-eyed and wondering.

"Willy," said Nanny, "you take the top, and Chrissy, you work on the bottom. I'll help as much as I can."

I never saw Willie so excited. He reached out with one trembling hand and began unbuttoning Aunt Sara's blouse.

"Attaboy," called Grandma. Her butter was all but gone now. A large golden pool filled the region between her legs and ran onto the floor.

Encouraged, Willy began working with greater speed. The blouse came off and we saw that wily ol' Aunt Sara had been keeping quite a set of knockers to herself all those years. They were still constrained by a white brassiere, however, and Willy, try as he might, couldn't get it unhooked. He was only six years old. But then Nanny snatched the carving knife from the table and slid it right between Aunt Sara's boom-booms and WHOOOOF, two splendid spheres burst forth.

Now it was my turn. Highly conscious of the eyes on me, I groped up Aunt Sara's dress and found her stocking tops. I slid each one off, my hands trembling slightly. When I unzipped her skirt, she lifted her bottom to let me pull it down. I reached for the panties.

WHAP! Nanny slapped my hand away. "Those," she said, "are mine."

Aunt Sara closed her eyes and Nanny hooked her gnarled old hands inside her daughter's undies and pulled them off, just like that. We all stared. Who knew Aunt Sara had such a body? Even Dad seemed surprised, as he left off bottling Aunt Daisy and turned to gaze hungrily, appraising her from her twin squash to her black forest torte.

Aunt Sara seemed paralyzed, too terrified to move. Her eyes flicked from one to the other of us. No one seemed to know quite what to do next.

And then, good ol' Mom was there. I guess Moms really do know best. She lifted the turkey from the table and carried it to Father. He, meanwhile, had gotten this huge boner and it was swaying before him like a divin-

ing rod amidst an abundance of water. Mom opened the turkey at its tail, created a tube in the stuffing with her thumb and plunged the bird suddenly upon Father's great dong. Nor did she stop then; she began to move the turkey, pulling it teasingly back, then plunging it all the way down. Occasionally, she twirled it. The rich, moist stuffing hugged Father's doodle all around and I guess it must have felt pretty good because he began to moan and move his pelvis in concert with the turkey. Good ol' Dad. This was something from *his* generation, something *he* could understand—the Turkey Twat.

A sudden crash pulled all our eyes to Grandma. She had crawled up on the table and rolled onto her back, inadvertently sliding several plates from the table top. Now she was attempting to force the fat red cylinder of cranberry jelly up her ancient corridor.

This really turned everyone on. With loud whoops, Father, Mom, and Nanny clambered up to join Grandma. After a brief hesitation, Aunt Sara joined them. Aunt Daisy, meanwhile, was reviving at the wall. In a rush of deep familial feeling for Aunt Sara's new-fledged freedom, she charged the table, snatched Willy's chocolate milk and emptied it between the startled old maid's thighs. Then she plunged her face right up there, slurping with great chocolatey relish. Aunt Sara, to the delight of us all, finally relaxed completely. Her left hand found Nanny's venerable coal chute, and, after moistening it with a creamed onion, slid a carrot into it.

Daddy was still doing it to the turkey. Nanny was helping Grandma jam the jelly up. Very little of it was still visible and Grandma's eyes were rolling wildly, little old lady noises sounding from the back of her throat.

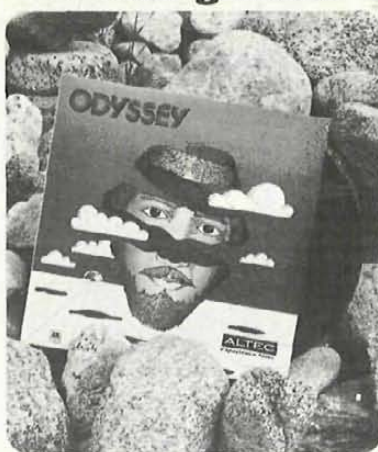
I wondered whether I should join in or not. The table top was quite full and I wasn't sure whether it would hold me. I looked at Willy. He was beating off. Well, that settled *that*. I darted into the kitchen and got the jelly roll from the refrigerator, then made it back to Willy, held the desert between us and stuck my boner into it as far as it would go. Bill got the idea and began humping from the other side. Occasionally we would hump simultaneously and I would feel the tip of his wee-wee touch mine.

Abruptly, Mrs. Roistacher, our next door neighbor, walked in to borrow some sage.

"Florence!" cried Father, delighted. He bounded from the table, the turkey standing straight out from his body, and gestured invitingly at the table.

"Oh, thank you, no," said Mrs. Roistacher. "I'm a vegetarian."

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NL74

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.

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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

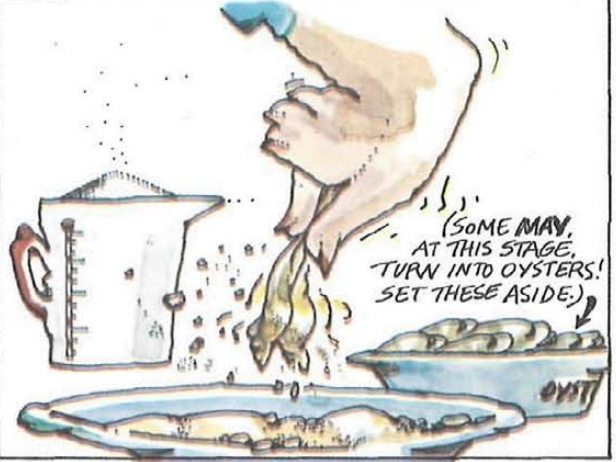
The Innovators

waste not want nots M.K. BROWN

1 SPREAD POTATO CHIP WITH BUTTER OR MARGARINE (BOTH SIDES). DON'T BE SKIMPY!



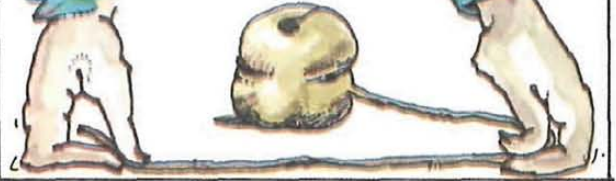
2 DIP IN FLOUR & GRATED PARMESAN MIXTURE (HALF & HALF) • SHAKE OFF EXCESS.



3 PLACE REMAINING COATED CHIPS ON LIGHTLY FLOURED SERVICE FOR SIX.



4 MEANWHILE, MEASURE 52" POST OFFICE TWINE.



5 CUT INTO 3 5/8" SEGMENTS.



6 TIE IN LITTLE CIRCLES.



7 PLACE TWO COATED CHIPS IN EACH CIRCLE OF TWINE • FASTEN IN THE CENTER WITH COTTER PIN (PIMENTO BOW OPTIONAL). SPRAY WITH SHELLAC.



8 AND THERE YOU HAVE IT! WITH FOOD COLORING, PAINT A PERKY FACE TO MATCH THE PERKY SHOES OF THIS PERKY LITTLE DUTCH GIRL!



9 OR, PACK UNUSED COATED CHIPS IN LAYERS, PIMENTO SIDE UP, IN GREASED GUITAR CASE. FREEZE UNTIL NEEDED.



NEXT: WHAT TO DO WITH THOSE LEFTOVER OYSTERS!



On stage soon

June 14 Forum, Montreal, Canada
June 15 Civic Center, Ottawa, Canada
June 16 O'Keefe Center, Toronto, Canada
June 17 Rochester Memorial Auditorium,
Rochester, N.Y.
June 18, 19 Public Auditorium, Cleveland, Ohio
June 20 Toledo Sports Arena, Toledo, Ohio
June 21, 22 Ford Auditorium, Detroit, Michigan
June 23 Merston Auditorium, Columbus, Ohio
June 24 Harco Arena, Dayton, Ohio
June 25 Civic Theatre, Akron, Ohio
June 26, 27 Syria Mosque, Pittsburgh, Pa.
June 28 Civic Center, Charleston, W. Virginia
June 29 Municipal Auditorium, Nashville, Tennessee
June 30 Mid-South Coliseum, Memphis, Tennessee
July 1 Fox Theatre, Atlanta, Georgia
July 2 Curtis Hixon Hall, Tampa, Florida
July 3 West Palm Beach Auditorium,
West Palm Beach, Florida
July 4 Exhibition Hall, Jacksonville, Florida
July 5 Municipal Auditorium, Charleston, S.C.
July 6 Park Center, Charlotte, N.C.
July 7 The Scope, Norfolk, Virginia
July 8-12 Tower Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.
July 13 Coliseum, Cape Cod, Mass.
July 14 Palace Theatre, Providence, R.I.
July 15 Palace Theatre, Waterbury, Conn.
July 16 Music Hall, Boston, Mass.
July 17 Bushnell Auditorium, Hartford, Conn.
July 19, 20 Radio City Music Hall, New York, N.Y.

On record now

Diamond Dogs.TM A new album by Bowie.

REI Records and Tapes

artire





FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

DO YOU REMEMBER ALL THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS THAT CAME AROUND REGULARLY, AT A PARTICULAR TIME EACH YEAR, THUS GIVING YOU A WHOLE YEAR TO DREAD THEM? LIKE THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL, AND THE DENTIST, AND GOING TO SUMMER CAMP?

COME ON, THERE — WE DON'T WANT SLOW HIKERS HERE!

WHAT IS THIS THING HE'S GOT ABOUT CLIMBING DEAD PINE TOR?

CAMP TALL LOVE TREE

OK, THERE, NOW I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THE LEGEND ABOUT THE KILLED INDIAN BRAVE...

I HATE SITTING ON ROCKS!

CAMP TALL LOVE TREE

... SO THAT'S HOW THEY KILLED THAT THERE INDIAN BRAVE, AND NOW WE GO BACK BY THE BOG AND LOOK FOR FUNGUS!

CAMP TALL LOVE TREE

YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD FUNGUS WE GOT, THERE. WE'LL PUT IT IN THE SOUP TONIGHT.

CAMP TALL LOVE TREE

THERE'S SOMETHING HAIRY CRAWLING ON THE FLOOR! SOME KIND OF ANIMAL!

ONLY TWENTY-ONE DAYS MORE

Graham Wilson



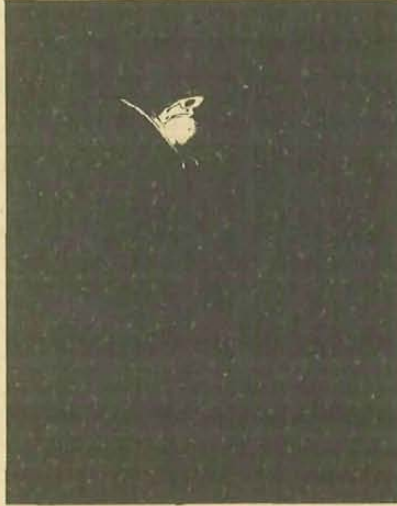
IDYL



© JONES 1974



WHEN I DIE
I'D LIKE TO
COME BACK
AS A
BEAUTIFUL,
DIAPHANOUS,
MOTH.



I'D BE GLORY
PERSONIFIED, RIDING
HIGH ALONG THE
COOL, NIGHTTIME BREEZE.



LIVING ONLY
FOR PURPOSE
AND
LIGHT.



TRYING TO
FORGET WHEN
I WAS A
CATERPILLAR.



I'D LIVE
ALOFT,
PASSIONATELY,
DESPERATELY...



SEARCHING
FOR A
FLAME
TO
LEAP
INTO.



MAYBE I'D
RATHER
COME BACK
AS A
SPONGE.

Alice, Here's how to start your fresh herbs indoors and have a ball doing it.



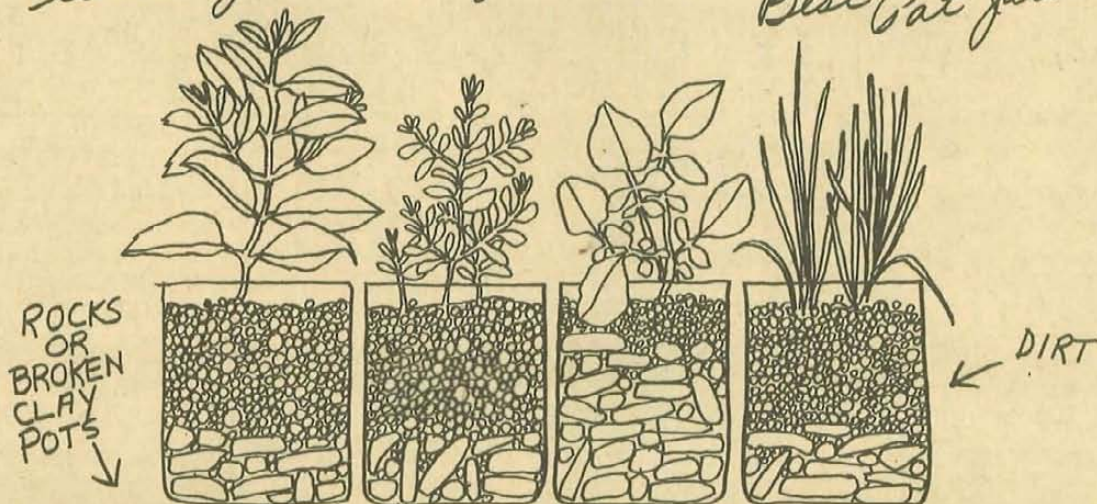
CUT HERE

After I saved my winter's supply of old, and sadly empty Cuervo bottles, I got out my bottle cutter and

cut them all off just above the label so I'd have a nice square glass. I did the usual little stones and earth. They really fit nice on a shelf. Planted Basil, Thyme, Cress and Chives for my salads.

Got to start now on next years supply of Planters (The Cuervo I mean). Stop by next time you're by the big town and I'll fix you up with a little. Just straight with salt and lime.

Best Pat Jacobs



MAMA'S BOY

RISE AND SHINE, DARLIN', IT'S TWO O'CLOCK. MAMA'S GOT YOUR BREAKFAST.

YOU HAVE TO YELL LIKE THAT, MA?

POOR BABY, I'M SORRY, DARLIN'.

HEY, MA, WHAT A KEEN MOVIE ON TV LAST NIGHT. ALL ABOUT LUMBERJACKS. THIS BIG TRUCK-THIS STEAK'S TOUGH, MA! THIS BIG TRUCK LOADED WITH TREES GOIN' DOWN THIS MOUNTAIN ROAD...

OH DEAR, THAT STEAK COST OVER TWELVE DOLLARS.



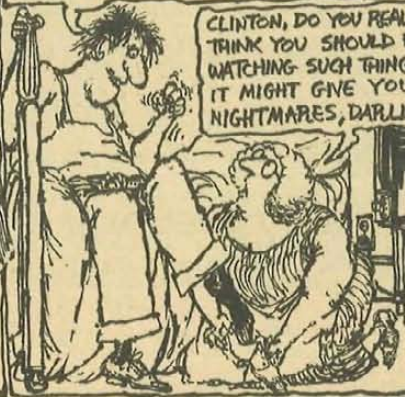
HE'S ALL SCARED AND HE PUMPS THE BRAKES AND THE PEDAL GOES RIGHT DOWN TO THE FLOOR. BOY!

THE GUY DRIVIN' FINDS OUT HE'S GOT NO BRAKES AND THE TRUCK'S GOIN' FASTER AND FASTER...

OH, MY!

CLINTON, DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD BE WATCHING SUCH THINGS? IT MIGHT GIVE YOU NIGHTMARES, DARLIN'.

RRREN DEN DZUH GUY PRRROUS UH SHUFF OWKT...



THIS GIRL OWNED THE TIMBERLAND AND SHE WOULDN'T SELL IT TO THIS BAD GUY, SEE?



HEY! 'HIGHWAY PATROL!'

AW, FIDDLESTICKS, I GOTTA GO MAKE POO-POO! I'LL MISS PART OF IT.



CRYIN' OUT LOUD, MA, IT'S ALL SNOWY!

THIS IS MATTHEWS! THROW OUT THAT GUN, PETERSON!!!

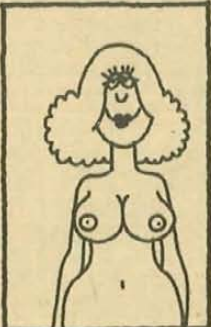
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

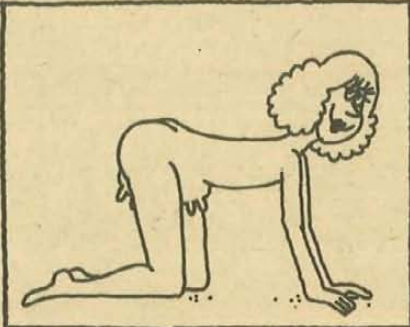
LESSON # 96

THE FEMALE BREASTS

IN HIS FIRST JOB IN THE CITY, THE NAIVE YOUNG COMIC ARTIST FROM THE COUNTRY WILL OFTEN MAKE THIS COMMON ERROR WHEN DEPICTING THE FEMALE BREASTS.



RIGHT



WRONG

DIRTY



DUCK

BOOKS HERE!!
I WAS A WHITE MIDDLE-
CLASS PIMP NOW
AT A BARGAIN-BASEMENT
PRICE!!

40% OFF!
Adults Only

OH, GARY! SUCH
A CHARMING OLD
DUCK!!

FASCI-
NATING
FACE!...

TOP GUN!!
No Kids!

EVERY WRINKLE,-
EVERY BAG-
MUST HAVE A
TALE OF WOE
ALL ITS
OWN!

HE'S
A LIVING
COLLECTOR'S
ITEM!!

WHAT A
FIND!

KLIK

HOLD IT! HOLD IT!!
THAT WAS JUST
AWFUL!! TOO
STRAIGHT! UN-
COOL! HENRY
FONDA COULDA
TAKEN THAT
ONE!!

OH WOW!

HE GOT A
POINT,
MAMA!

-THE
VOICE
OF
EXPERIENCE!

DIG
IT
DADDY!

WIDE MOTE!

NOW IF THIS AIN'T
WHERE IT'S AT,
IT'S NOWHERE,
MAN!!

OUT-
RA-
GEOUS!

KLIK

FREE PECK!
MR. DR. PANICE

HEHEE!
WHAT A TRIP!

PSYCHO-
DELICATE!

HE NEXT!

!!!
HAVEN'T YOU
LEARNED
ANYTHING
TODAY
"FRISBEE"??!

KLIK

PROPERTY OF
A DUCK

HOW'S THIS?

-REAL ACE!
NOW HOLD
IT WHILE I
GET ONE
MORE PROP!

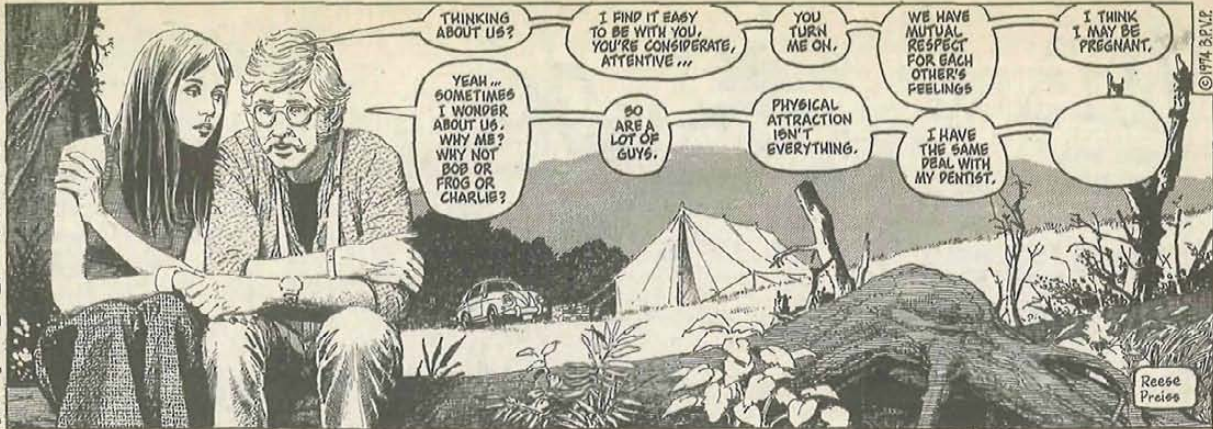
KLIK

PICKLE YOUR
MEMORIES IN
KODACHROME,
FOLKS! ONLY
TWO DOLLARS
A SHOT!!

KLIK

PROPERTY OF
A DUCK

© 1973
LONDON



THINKING ABOUT US?

I FIND IT EASY TO BE WITH YOU, YOU'RE CONSIDERATE, ATTENTIVE ...

YOU TURN ME ON.

WE HAVE MUTUAL RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER'S FEELINGS

I THINK I MAY BE PREGNANT.

YEAH ... SOMETIMES I WONDER ABOUT US. WHY ME? WHY NOT BOB OR FROG OR CHARLIE?

SO ARE A LOT OF GUYS.

PHYSICAL ATTRACTION ISN'T EVERYTHING.

I HAVE THE SAME DEAL WITH MY PENTIST.

Reese Preiss

©1974 B.P.V.



PLEASE DO NOT CROSS THE POLICE LINES AND RUSH THE STAGE...

WELCOME TO THE CARLETON PARK CELEBRATION OF SOUND!

SOME ROCK FESTIVAL THIS IS! EVERYBODY HAS CLOTHES ON!



DEPOSIT ALL DRUGS AND ALCOHOL IN THE RECEPTACLES AT TWELVE FIFTY TICKET I BETTER SEE DONNY OSMOND!

PRESENTING EIGHTY HEAVY ROCK BANDS FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE!



COMPLIMENTARY SOFT DRINK STAND TO THE LEFT OF THE FREAK OF THE BOUTIQUE...

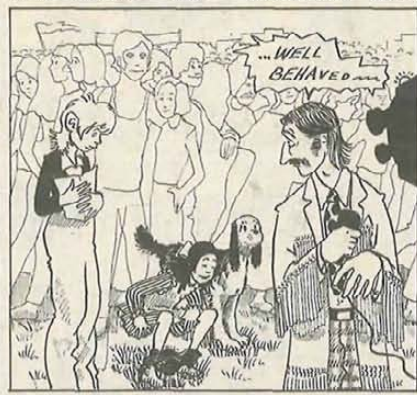
BROUGHT TO YOU BY ABC, STRI-DEX, SONY AND THE NON-COLA.

WHERE ARE THE SANI-CAMS? I GOTTA GO BAD!



THE SANI-CAMS ARE IN FRONT OF THOSE DAY-GLOW FIRST AID TRAILERS.

WE'VE GOT A GREAT CROWD HERE TODAY, FOLKS! WELL TO HECK WITH THAT!



...WELL BEHAVE...



I GOTTA GO, TOO. WHERE ARE THE FIRE HYDRANTS?

UH, UH...



WELL, JILL IS PREGNANT - AND WE SAID THIS ROMANCE LASTS FOR A YEAR. DIDN'T WE? LET'S SEE WHAT STEVE'S FATHER HAS TO SAY.

SCHMUCK! DON'T YOU USE ANYTHING?

JILL'S ON THE PILL.

Reese Preiss



PILL, SCHMILL! WHY TAKE CHANCES? IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE BAGS, YOU COULD'VE USED SARAN WRAP-BALLOONS - BAGGIES - SOMETHING EXTRA!

I'M SORRY.



DO YOU WANT TO MARRY HER? HOW LONG DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S YOURS? HAS SHE BEEN SEEING OTHER GUYS? WHEN IS SHE DUE? MILDRED, WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

I WOULD. 6 MONTHS. SHE TOLD ME, NOT MUCH, OCTOBER. SPAGHETTI.

©1974 B.P.V.P.



WHILE, AT JILL'S MOTHER'S ...

NEXT: PLASTIC FRUIT?

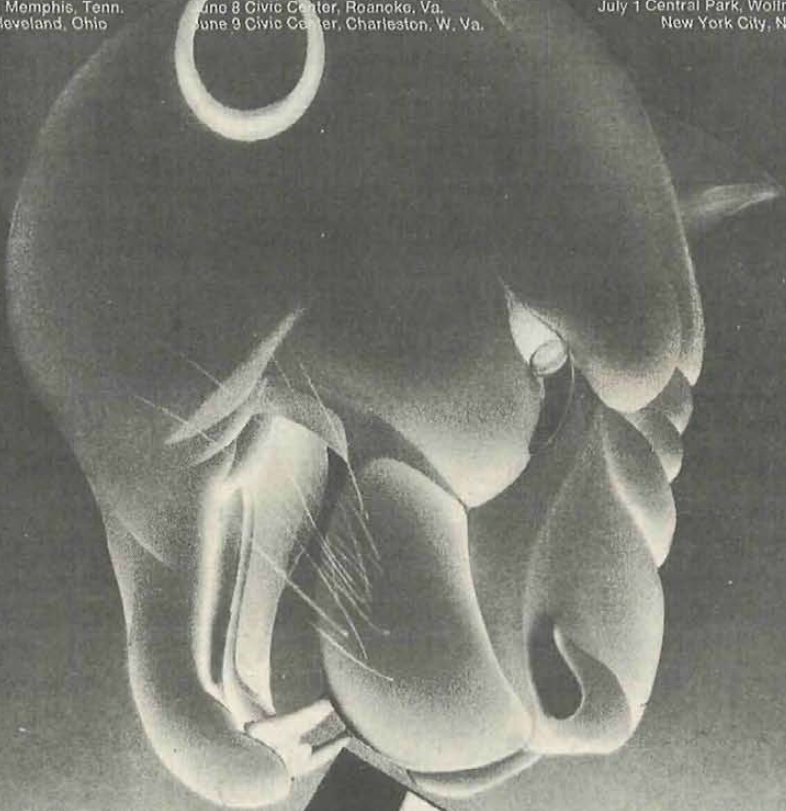
ON TOUR

Golden Earring

May 1 Warner Theatre, Washington, D.C.
 May 3 Auditorium, West Palm Beach
 May 4 Curtis Hixon Hall, Tampa, Florida
 May 5 Sportatorium, Miami, Florida
 May 7 University of Cincinnati, Ohio
 May 8 & 9 Roxy Theatre, Northampton, Pa.
 May 10 I.M.A. Auditorium, Flint, Michigan
 May 11 Schubert Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.
 May 13 Memorial Auditorium,
 Chattanooga, Tennessee
 May 14 Robinson Auditorium, Little Rock, Ark.
 May 15 Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis, Mo.
 May 16 Coliseum, Indianapolis, Ind.
 May 17 Ellis Auditorium, Memphis, Tenn.
 May 18 Allen Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio

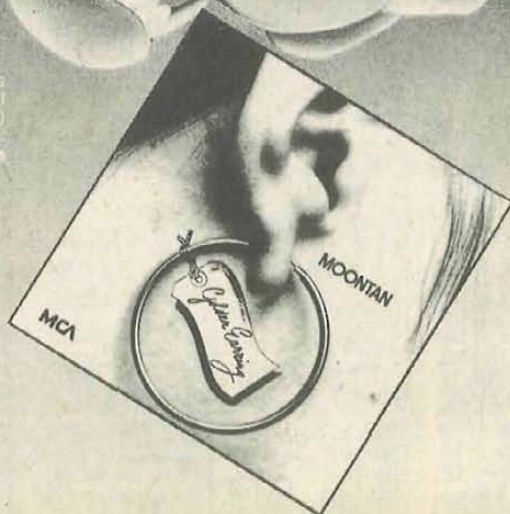
May 19 Masonic Temple, Detroit, Mich.
 May 22 O.M.N.I., Atlanta, Ga.
 May 24 & 25 Winterland, San Francisco, Ca.
 May 26 Warner Theatre, Fresno, Ca.
 May 27 Golden Auditorium, San Diego, Ca.
 May 28 Taping for Midnight Special
 May 30 Civic Auditorium, Santa Monica, California
 May 31 Civic Auditorium, Santa Monica, California
 June 1 Feyline Fields, Phoenix, Arizona
 June 3 I.M.A. Auditorium, Flint, Michigan
 June 4 Sports Arena, Toledo, Ohio
 June 5 Auditorium, Charleston, South Carolina
 June 7 Coliseum, Greensboro, North Carolina
 June 8 Civic Center, Roanoke, Va.
 June 9 Civic Center, Charleston, W. Va.

June 10 Madison Square Garden,
 New York City, New York
 June 13 Cowtown Ballroom, Kansas City, Mo.
 June 14 Fairgrounds Arena, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 June 15 Convention Center, Dallas, Tex.
 June 16 Coliseum, Denver, Colo.
 June 18 State College at Portland,
 Portland, Oregon
 June 19 Moore Theatre, Seattle, Washington
 (Following Dates Tentative)
 June 21 Buffalo, New York
 June 22 Providence, R.I.
 June 26 Boston, Mass.
 July 1 Central Park, Wollman Rink,
 New York City, New York



New Musical Express
 1974 Readers' Poll
 (World Section)
 Best Single:
 Radar Love

New Musical Express
 1974 Readers' Poll
 (World Section)
 Best New Group



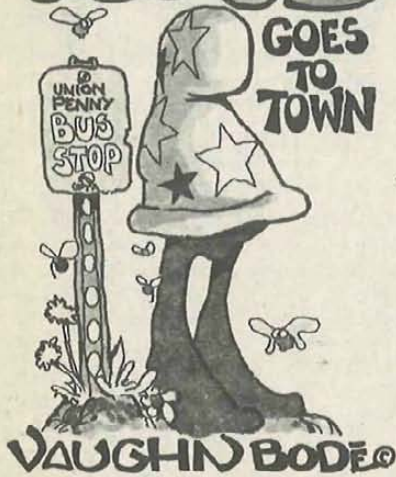
Booking Agent: Premiere Talent
 Management: Pete Rudge, Sound Image

MCA RECORDS

New Album: Moontan MCA-396
 New Single: Radar Love MCA-40202

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GREEN WIZARD



GOES TO TOWN

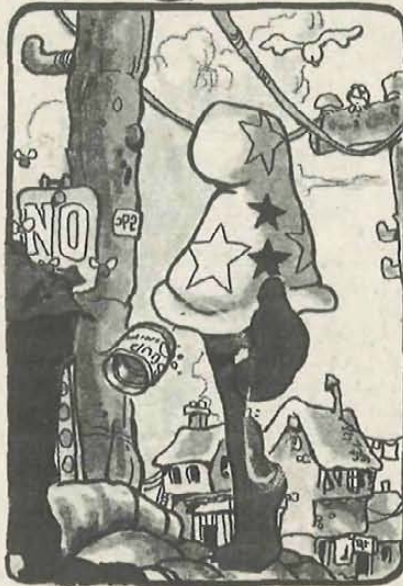
VAUGHN BODE ©

BEIN' DA CARTOON MESSIAH GET TO BE A BURDENSOME BAG TO DRAG, EVEN FOR A SLAVE, HOLY-SAINT-GENIUS LIKE ME. I DISPENSES OMNIPOTENT TRUTHS TO DEM TIGHTWAD DEVOTEES, AN DA WOODTICS HARDLY FORK UP ENOUGH FOR BUS FARE.

WHAT'Z YA HAVE, HAT?

BIG MUG OF DRAFT COOP, AN A NICKEL BAG O' PEANUTS.

DING, DING, TUK TUK, JING, DING.



10¢ + 2 BAGS O' NUTS LATER:

JING DING BING BUP TUK TUK

HEY, GOOFUS IN DA HAT, Y'LL PLAY YA COUPLE GAMES.

I CAN'T PLAY, IDON'T GOT NO OFFICIAL HANDS IN PUBLIC... I IS JUST WATCHIN', BURP FART.

2 GAL + 16 BAGS O' NUTS LATER:

SWIFTY O' PAL, YOU CAN SURE PICK AWAY A LOT OF NUTS AN BOOZE FOR A GUY WOT SEZ HE DA CARTON MESSIAH. LET'S TAKE A SHORT-CUT TO DA WHORE HOUSE.

YEZ'IR, DA MOUSE HAD HIS CHANCE, BUT BLEW IT. SO DID DAT FUKIN POSSUM.

GUK COUGH, HIC-CUP, OOGH

DIS DA FIRST TIME I GOT TO MUG A MESSIAH... LET'S SEE WOT I GOT HERE: ONE FOOD-COUPON, THIRTY-SIX CENTS, TWO SLUGS, TICKET STUB TO DA FOLLIES, AN THREE RUBBERS.



INSIDE INSANE ASYLUM: WHY KATHI McDONALD CHOSE IT

ONE WOMAN'S STORY

THE EARLY YEARS

Kathi McDonald was background singer/twister/shouter for Ike & Tina, Leon Russell, Joe Cocker, Delaney & Bonnie, The Rolling Stones, Freddie King, Rita Coolidge, Dave Mason, Big Brother, and Grin.

★ ★ ★

THE STAR ASCENDS

Kathi McDonald moves from the background to the foreground by recording her debut album, *Insane Asylum*, with a little help from some friends:

SECRET CONFIDENTIAL
and producer, David Briggs.

★ ★ ★

WHAT THE AUTHORITIES FIND

"The album is loud, lusty and good. Kathi seems dedicated to fun and soulful crooning, and the combination of this point of view with the great backup and intelligently-selected material make *Insane Asylum* an Lp worth hearing."

—Tom Dupree, *Zoo World*

Whisky—Los Angeles "The former backup singer... makes the transition into the spotlight with a confidence and style that should insure her considerable success. Her choice of material is as important and impressive as her native talent."

—Richard Cromelin,
Los Angeles Times



WHAT'S IT LIKE INSIDE?

Kathi McDonald's "*Insane Asylum*" album includes *Heat Wave*, *Heartbreak Hotel*, *Somethin' Else*, *If You Need Me*, and *To Love Somebody*. Neil Young wrote a song especially for Kathi—*Down To The Wire*. *Insane Asylum* is by Willie Dixon. *All I Want To Be* is by Peter Frampton. *Freak Lover* is by Mark Unobski. Kathi and Pete Sears wrote two of the tracks, *Bogart To Bowie* and *Threw My Love Away*.

PICK UP A COPY TODAY. INSANE ASYLUM BY KATHI McDONALD



(ST-11224)



*Names of singers and musicians not allowed to be used for advertisement purposes, but can be found on the back of Kathi's album cover.

Agency: ATI

Management: Art Linson Productions

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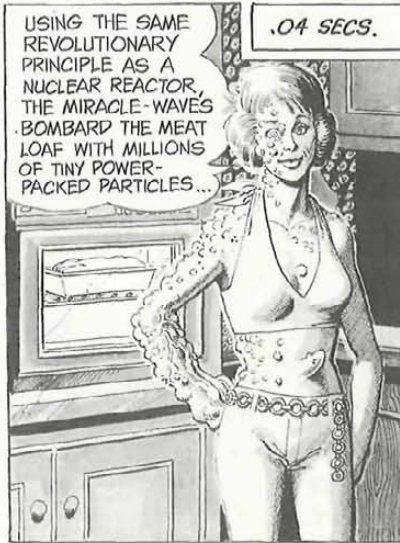
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A black and white close-up portrait of Jesse Colin Young. He has long, dark, wavy hair and a prominent mustache. He is smiling broadly, showing his teeth. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his face and deep shadows in his hair and around his eyes.

Light Shine

Jesse Colin Young's new album on Warner Bros. Records
Let his light shine on you.

My plants are as happy as I am with Superscope stereo!

The marvelous sound of my Superscope compact music system makes my little green friends thrive. That's because Superscope stereo is **component quality**. It was created BY THE SAME PEOPLE WHO MAKE MARANTZ—the world's finest audio equipment. In fact, Superscope's **three year guarantee*** on component circuitry is the same as Marantz. And the circuitry is the same as if I had a perfectly matched SEPARATE AMPLIFIER AND SEPARATE TUNER.

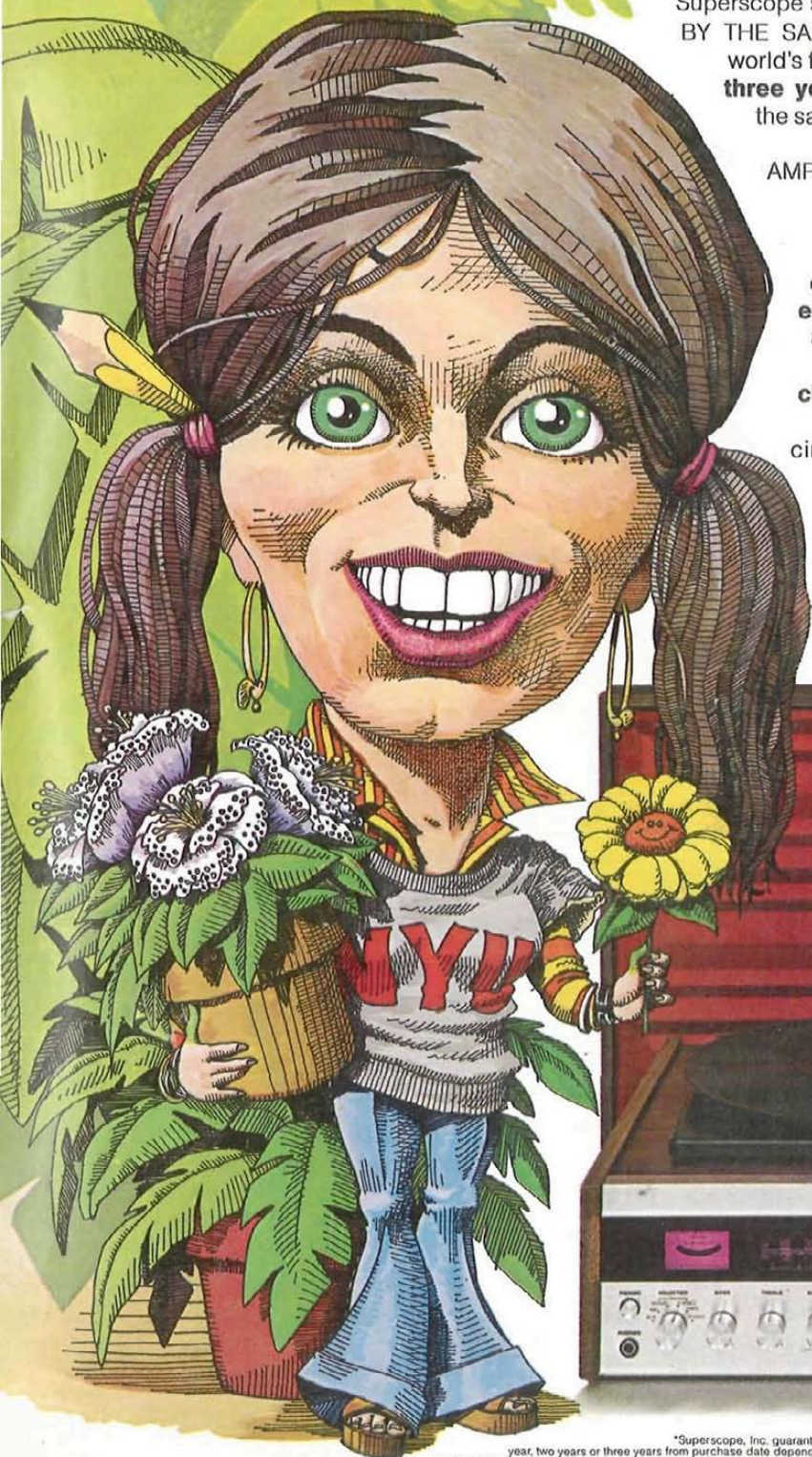
There are five Superscope compact music systems starting at around \$200** with features like: **quadraphase circuitry** for enhanced **4-channel sound**, Superscope's **extended range speaker systems**, **built-in 8-track tape player**, full **illuminated black-out dial** and a full size **BSR record changer** with detachable **dust cover**. Plus a high performance tuner section with FET circuitry and unique LC filtering.

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Model	T-200	T-300	T-400	T-500
Freq. Resp.: free field	44-18kHz ± 3dB -10dB at 35Hz	40-20kHz ± 3dB -10dB at 30Hz	38-20kHz ± 3dB -10dB at 28Hz	35-20kHz ± 3dB -10dB at 25Hz
Dispersion: on axis-1m.	120° at 10,000 Hz	160° at 10,000 Hz	180° at 10,000 Hz	180° at 10,000 Hz
Power: minimum	10 watts	10 watts	10 watts	10 watts
max. music	100 watts	100 watts	100 watts	100 watts
max. 400Hz	40w-5 min.	50w-5 min.	90w-5 min.	100w-5 min.
Sensitivity: 3,000 cu. ft.	10w = 90dB SPL	10w = 90dB SPL	10w = 92dB SPL	10w = 92dB SPL
Drivers:				
woofer	10"	10"	12"	2-10"
midrange		3"	5"	5"
tweeter	1 3/4"	2"	3 1/2"	2-1 3/4"
supertweeter			2-2"	2-2"
Controls: normal / -3dB	tweeter	tweeter midrange	tweeter midrange	tweeter midrange
Enclosure:				
oiled walnut	H-21 3/4"	H-24 3/4"	H-27"	H-29"
fully sealed	W-12"	W-13 3/4"	W-15"	W-18 3/4"
	D-10 1/2"	D-12 1/2"	D-13 1/4"	D-14 1/2"

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