

Pubescence

VD Comics Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst Masturbation Funnies
Toys Vice Magazine Tampon Period Piece Teenage Gay Dating Guide

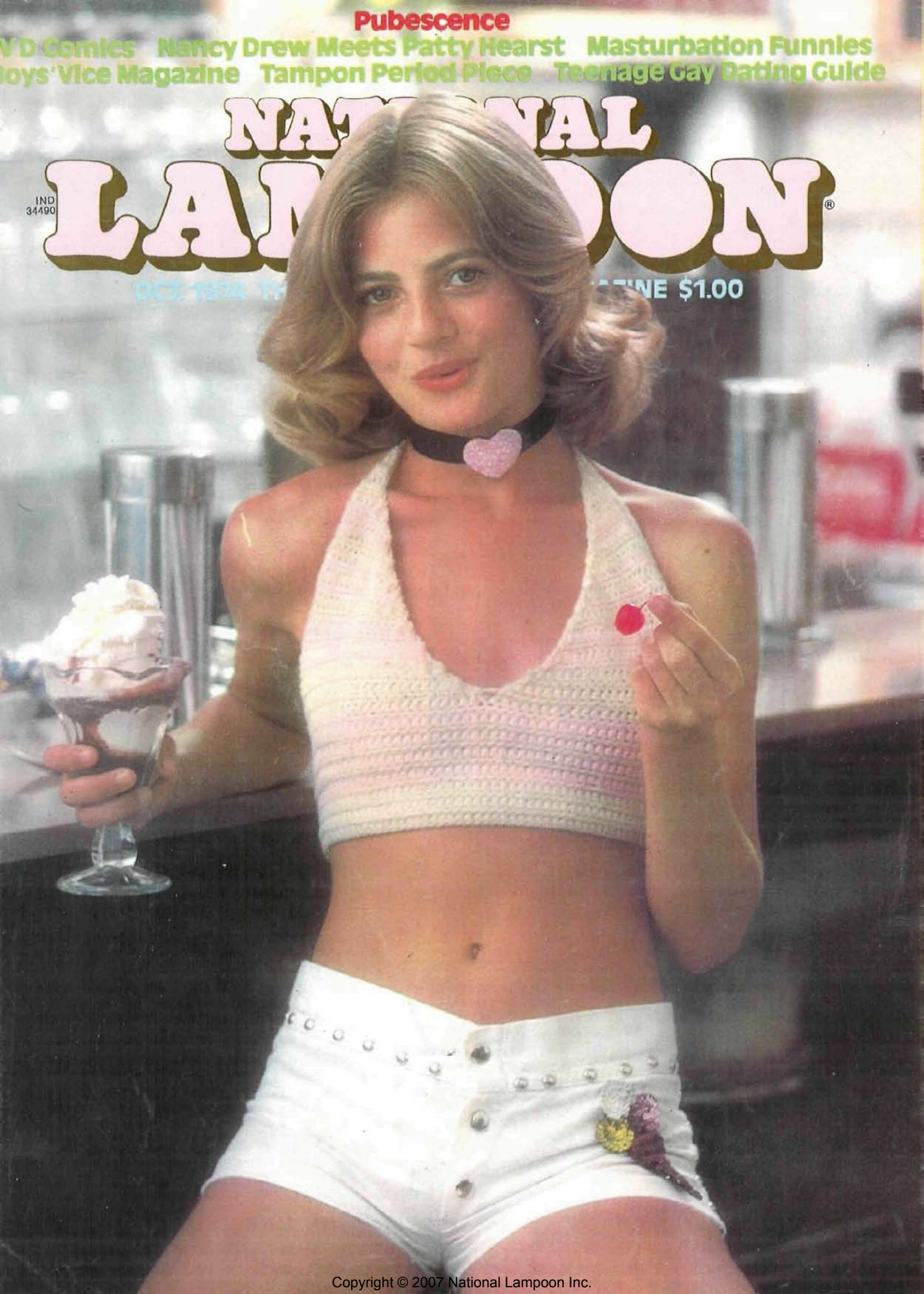
NATIONAL

LAMPLOON®

IND
34490

OCT 1974

TIME \$1.00



There can be only one best.



The finest stereo receiver has ever known.

Pioneer
comp
price
SX-93
recei
will o
outst

The
Pione
power
power
chan
acros



receivers the world

Pioneer believes that any objective comparison of quality/performance/price between our new SX-1010, SX-939 and SX-838 AM-FM stereo receivers and any other fine receivers will overwhelmingly indicate Pioneer's outstanding superiority and value.

The most powerful ever

Pioneer uses the most conservative power rating standard: continuous power output per channel, with both channels driven into 8 ohm loads, across the full audio spectrum from

20Hz to 20,000 Hz. Despite this conservatism, the SX-1010 far surpasses any unit ever produced with an unprecedented 100 + 100 watts RMS at incredibly low 0.1% distortion. Closely following are the SX-939 (70 + 70 watts RMS) and the SX-838 (50 + 50 watts RMS) both with less than 0.3% distortion. Dual power supplies driving direct-coupled circuitry maintain consistent high power output with positive stability. A fail-safe circuit protects speakers and circuitry against damage from overloading.

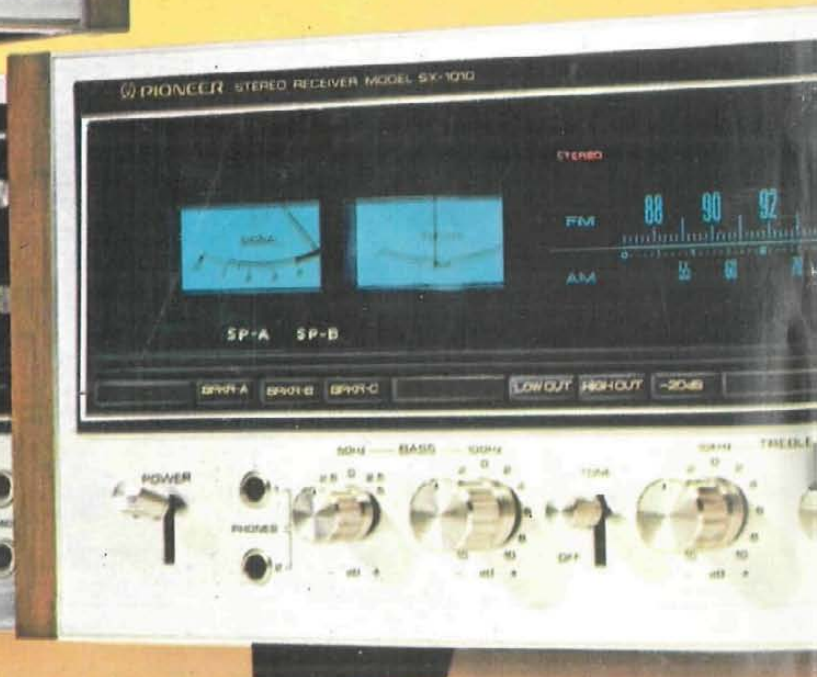
Outstanding specifications for flawless reception

FM reception poses no challenge to the exceptionally advanced circuitry of these fine instruments. Their FM tuner sections are designed with MOS FETs, ceramic filters and phase lock loop circuitry. The result is remarkable sensitivity, selectivity and capture ratio that brings in stations effortlessly, clearly and with maximum channel separation.

| | SX-1010 | SX-939 | SX-838 |
|--|---------|--------|--------|
| FM Sensitivity (IHF) (the lower the better) | 1.7uV | 1.8uV | 1.8uV |
| Selectivity (the higher the better) | 90dB | 80dB | 80dB |
| Capture Ratio (the lower the better) | 1dB | 1dB | 1dB |
| Signal/Noise Ratio (the higher the better) | 72dB | 70dB | 70dB |

Total versatility plus innovations

Only your listening interests limit the capabilities of these extraordinary receivers. They have terminals for every conceivable accommodation: records, tape, microphones, headsets — plus Dolby and 4-channel multiplex connectors. Completely unique on the SX-1010 and SX-939 is tape-to-tape duplication while listening simultaneously to another program source. The SX-838 innovates with its Recording





switched turnover bass and treble controls for more precise tonal compensation for room acoustics and other program source characteristics.

In their respective price ranges, these are unquestionably the finest values in stereo receivers the world has ever known. Audition their uniqueness at your Pioneer dealer. SX-1010 — \$699.95; SX-939 — \$599.95, SX-838 — \$499.95. Prices include walnut cabinets.

3,025 possible tonal compensations with unique twin stepped tone controls (SX-1010, SX-939)

Selector that permits FM recording while listening to records and vice versa. Up to three pairs of speakers may be connected to each model.

| INPUTS | SX-1010 | SX-939 | SX-838 |
|----------------------------|---------|--------|--------|
| Tape monitor/4-ch. adaptor | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Phono | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Microphone | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Auxiliary | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Noise reduction | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| OUTPUTS | | | |
| Speakers | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Tape Rec./4-ch. adaptor | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Headsets | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Noise reduction | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| 4-channel MPX | 1 | 1 | 1 |

Master control system capability

Pioneer's engineers have surpassed themselves with a combination of control features never before found in a single receiver. All three units include: pushbutton function selection with illuminated readouts on the ultra wide tuning dial, FM and audio muting, loudness contour, hi/low filters, dual tuning meters and a dial dimmer.

Never before used on a receiver are the twin stepped bass and treble tone controls found on the SX-1010 and SX-939. They offer over 3,000 tonal variations. A tone defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum. The SX-838 features

Also new and more moderately priced.

Pioneer's most complete and finest line of receivers ever, presents equally outstanding values starting at \$239.95. Shown here are the SX-535 — \$299.95, SX-636 — \$349.95, SX-737 — \$399.95. All with walnut cabinets.

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.

PIONEER
when you want something better



SX-535



SX-636



SX-737





October, 1974 Vol. 55

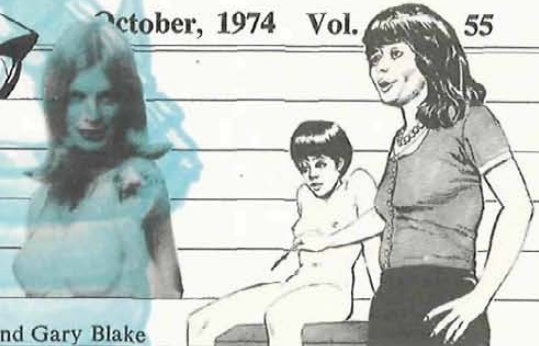
CONTENTS

VD Comics, 31
By Dean Latimer, Illustrated by Neal Adams

Teen Gay Dating Guide, 35
By Richard Helfer and Doug Kenney

The Girls' Room, 37
By Chris Miller, Illustrated by Tommy Soloski

Nancy Drew and the Case of the Missing Heiress, 40
By Doug Kenney



Masturbation Foto Funnies, 45
By Ed Subitzky

Pubescence Section, 51
By Doug Kenney, Emily Prager, Marc Rubin, Henry Beard, P. J. O'Rourke, and Gary Blake

First Car Model, 61
By Alan Rose, Marc Arceneaux, and P. J. O'Rourke



The Night of the Seven Fires, 68
By Chris Miller

Boys' Real Life, 71
By P. J. O'Rourke, Dean Latimer, Brian McConnachie, and David McClelland

Trots and Bonnie, 85
By Shary Flenniken

News on the March, 7

Tell Debby, 11

True Facts, 14

Editorial, 17

Baba Rum Raisin, 22

Funny Pages, 95

Drawn & Quoted, 102

NOTES



NATIONAL LAMPOON® MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1974, National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$6.95 paid annual subscription, \$11.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$15.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico. \$2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. **ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

The single-play turntables only a great changer company could have made.



Garrard Zero 100SB, \$209.95

Garrard's new single-play turntables are so advanced in their solution of basic engineering problems that only a leading manufacturer of automatic changers (yes, *changers*) could have produced them.

This may sound paradoxical to the partisans of single play, but it's a perfectly realistic view of the situation. The truth is that it's easier to make a single-play turntable that works (never mind outstanding performance for the moment) than a record changer that works.

The very qualities that make the single-play turntable the preferred choice of certain users — straightforwardness of design, lots of room for relatively few parts, fewer critical functions, etc. — also permit an unsophisticated maker to come up more easily with an acceptable model. Take a heavy platter and a strong motor, connect them with a belt... you get the picture.

As a result, there are quite a few nice, big, shiny and expensive single-play turntables of respectable performance in the stores today.

A thoroughbred single-play automatic is another matter.

We're talking about a turntable that gives you not only state-of-the-art performance in terms of rumble, wow, flutter, tracking and so on, but also the utmost in convenience, childproof and guest-proof automation, pleasant handling, efficient use of space, balanced good looks and, above all, value per dollar.

Here we're back on the home grounds of the changer maker. He alone knows how to coordinate a lot of different

turntable functions and niggling little design problems without wasted motions, space and expenditures. The kind of thing Garrard is the acknowledged master of.

No other proof of this argument is needed than a close look at the new Garrard Zero 100SB and 86SB.

Yes, they have heavy, die-cast, dynamically balanced platters. Yes, they have belt drive. Yes, they have -64dB rumble (DIN B Standard). And the Zero 100SB has Garrard's unique Zero Tracking Error Tonearm, the first and only arm to eliminate even the slightest amount of tracking error in an automatic turntable.

But that's not the whole story.

What gives these turntables the final edge over other single-play designs is the way they're automated.

Both are fully automatic in the strictest sense of the term. Your hand need never touch the tonearm. The arm indexes at the beginning of the record, returns to the arm rest at the end of the record and shuts off the motor, all by itself. The stylus can't flop around in the lead-out groove.

There are also other subtle little features like the ingeniously hinged dust cover (it can be lifted and removed even on a narrow shelf), the integrated low-profile teak base, the exclusive automatic record counter (in the Zero 100SB only) and the finger-tab control panel. Plus one very unsuitable feature.



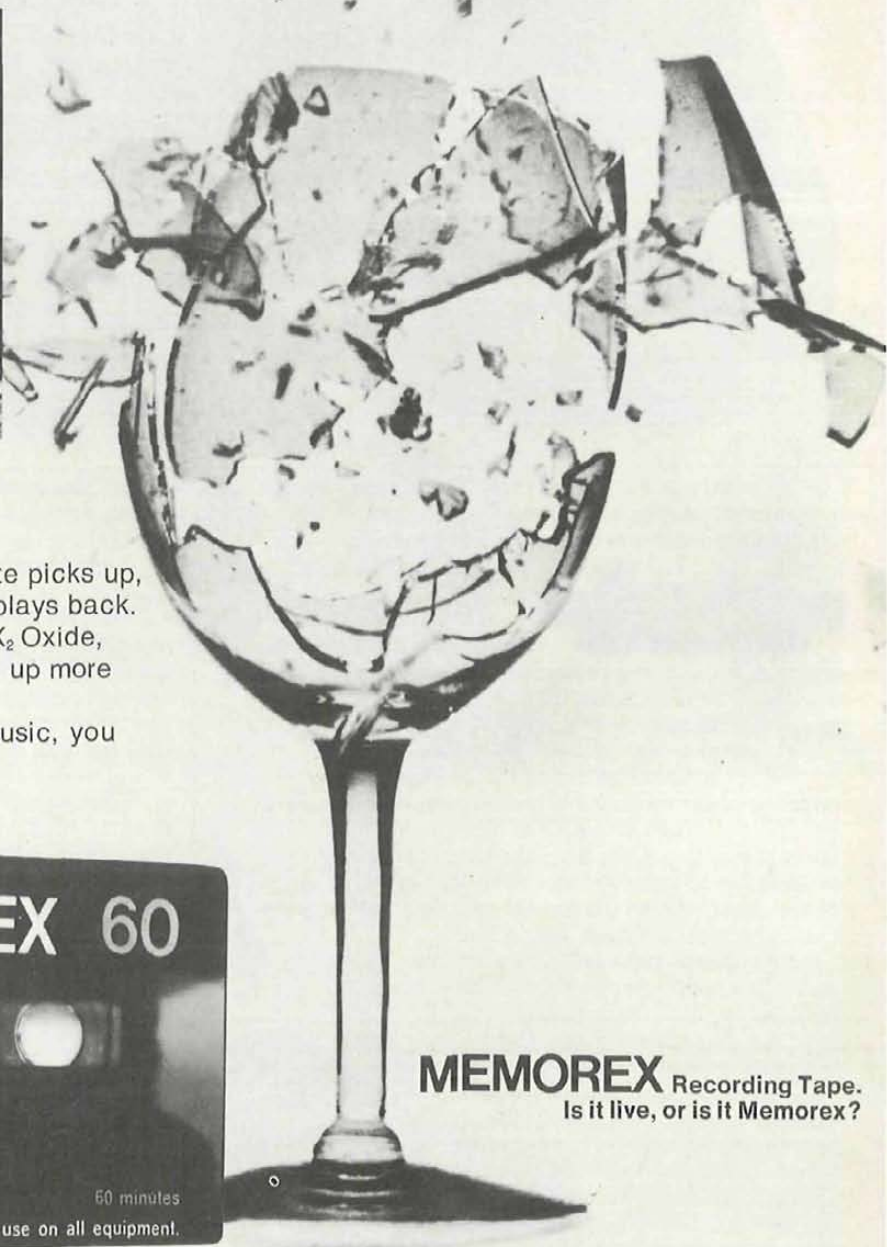
Garrard 86SB
\$159.95



For your free copy of The Garrard Guide, a 16-page full-color reference booklet, write to Garrard, Dept. NL-10, 100 Commercial Street, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

The price.
Garrard
Division of Plessey Consumer Products

Nobody's better than Ella...but we're just as good.



Simple fact:

The more sound a cassette picks up, the more sound a cassette plays back.

Since we introduced MRX₂ Oxide, the Memorex cassette picks up more sound than ever before.

If you record your own music, you should be using Memorex.

It's as simple as that.



MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?

MONTEZUMA'S OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE ANCIENT TEQUILA ARTS.

The Aztec Empire. It's long gone. However, modern man is rediscovering its secrets.

A key to the rediscovery is the Sun Stone, a sort of time-capsule that outlines the history of the Aztecs and, according to Montezuma® Tequila, what the Aztecs liked to drink and when they liked to drink it.

Within the inner ring of the Sun Stone are twenty symbols; one for each day of the Aztec week. Each symbol also suggests what kind of drink might be appropriate to serve on that day.

XOCHITL

Montezuma Margarita

The flower symbolizes the last day of the Aztec week, representing the ultimate in true beauty and pleasure. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; juice ½ lime; pinch of salt; stir in shaker over ice; rub rim of cocktail glass with lime peel and spin in salt; strain shaker into cocktail glass.



Tequila-Pineapple Liqueur. The 3rd day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a house, representing hospitality and at-home entertaining. The drink: fill a jar half way with chunks of ripe pineapple; pour Montezuma Tequila to the brim; add 1 teaspoon sugar (optional); cap jar and place in refrigerator for 24 hours; drain off liquid and serve as an after-dinner liqueur.



*Tonatiuh: Aztec god of the sun.

©1974, 80 Proof, Tequila, Barton Distillers Import Co., New York, New York.

Horny Bull™ Cocktail. A horned animal symbolizes the 7th day of the Aztec week, representing high-spirited and casual fun. The drink: 1 oz. Montezuma Tequila over ice in unusual glassware, mason jar, jelly jar, beer mug etc.; fill with fresh orange juice or orange breakfast drink.



Tequila Fizz. The rain symbolizes the 19th day of the Aztec week, representing cool refreshment. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; juice ½ lime; ½ teaspoon sugar; two dashes orange biters; stir in a tall glass over ice; fill with club soda; garnish with lime shell.



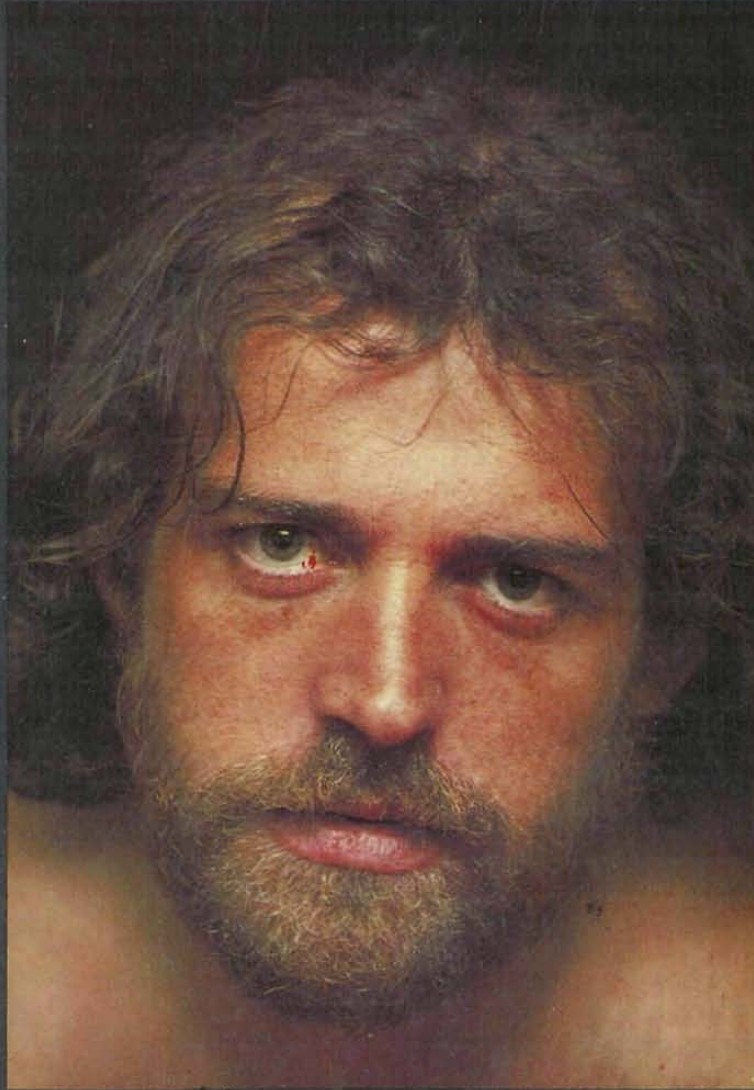
Tequila Straight. Water symbolizes the 9th day of the Aztec week, representing simple and uncomplicated pleasure. The drink: Pour 1½ oz. of Montezuma Gold Tequila in shot glass. Put salt on back of thumb; hold a wedge of lime between thumb and 1st finger; lick salt, drink Tequila, bite into lime in one flowing motion.



Montezuma Tequila. In White. In Gold. Made in the tradition of the finest ancient tequilas. For additional Tequila Arts recipes, write: Montezuma Tequila Arts, Barton Brands, 200 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60604. And may Tonatiuh* smile upon you.

Montezuma TEQUILA

Joe Cocker is one of the greatest artists of all time. Despite an uneven public appearance schedule in recent years, his unequalled vocal style along with his mystifying charisma still place him, uncategorized, among a very few.



“I Can Stand A Little Rain,” is an album of songs by Joe, Harry Nilsson, Randy Newman, Jimmy Webb, Billy Preston, Bruce Fisher, Daniel Moore, Henry McCullough, Allen Toussaint, Jim Price, and the magic of Joe Cocker.

Produced by Jim Price



NEWS ON THE MARCH

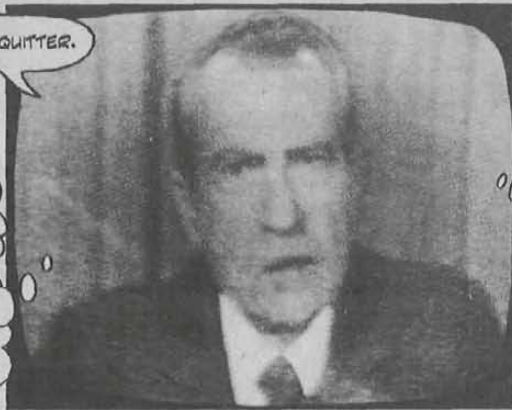
OCTOBER, 1974

VOLUME 1. NO. LV

They've Fired the Shit Heard Round the World **NIXON QUILTS**

I'M NO QUITTER.

LET'S SEE, FIRST I'LL GET FORD TO PARDON ME. I'LL GO BACK AND WRITE A BOOK, PIN IT ALL ON THE PRESS AND JOHN DEAN. I'LL GET A STAKE FROM HUGHES, HE'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR A FEW BUCKS, THEN I'LL START SMALL, WORK THE PARTY CIRCUIT, FUND RAISING DINNERS, REPUBLICAN WOMEN'S GROUPS, THE REST OF IT.



IN A COUPLE OF YEARS I'LL ALL DIE DOWN AND I'LL MOVE DOWN SOUTH SOMEWHERE, MISSISSIPPI, ARKANSAS, RUN FOR GOVERNOR, GO FOR THE PIE-HARD VOTE, PLAY UP THE GUTS ANGLE, HE STOOD UP TO THE LIBERALS, THE COMMUNISTS, THE LEFT WING PRESS. THEY GOT HIM, BUT NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. WITH ANY LUCK, I'LL BE I'LL BE BACK HERE BY '84.

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION! FORD ELECTED PRESIDENT BY SMALLEST LANDSLIDE IN HISTORY



DO YOU SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT YOU WILL FAITHFULLY EXECUTE THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THAT YOU WILL TO THE BEST OF YOUR OBVIOUSLY LIMITED ABILITY PRESERVE, PROTECT, AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES?

OH, UH, COULD YOU REPEAT THE QUESTION?

UNPRECEDENTED MANDATE: HE CARRIES NO STATES, GETS NO VOTES



Jim Capaldi

Whale Meat
Again



Produced by Jim Capaldi
ILPS 9254

Now Available
on Island Records & Tapes



Island records, inc.
los angeles, california 90046

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

by Irv Weber



First we show you how to pick up girls.

Pick up girls anywhere! On bars, buses, trains, even on the street! It's easier than you ever dreamed.

You will learn more than 100 surefire techniques:

- How to make shyness work for you
- Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking
- Why girls get horny
- 50 great opening lines
- World's greatest pick up technique
- How to get women to pick you up
- How to succeed in singles' bars.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you **exactly** what it takes to pick them up. Send for How to Pick Up Girls today and pick up any girl you want. Send only \$7.95 plus 75c postage and handling to: The Northern Valley Co., Dept. 88, PO Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670

(Both books only \$15.25 + 75c postage and handling.)

Then we show you where.

Discover great pick up spots within 5 miles of your own home! Maybe you never knew these places existed, but they're jam-packed with good-looking local women.

"Great on business trips!" *Steve Tuttle* Find out where hundreds of nurses, models, and stewardesses really hang out-in: Atlanta, Baltimore, Berkeley, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Las Vegas, LA, Louisville, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, NYC, New Orleans, Phila., Phoenix, Portland, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, DC.

"Over 900 Super Action Spots!" Book gives you name, address, and in-depth description of more than 900 SUPER ACTION SPOTS where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet. Send for AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS today. Send only \$7.95 plus 75c postage and handling to: The Northern Valley Co., Dept. 88, PO Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670

(Both books only \$15.25 + 75c postage and handling.)

AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS!



910 Fantastic Places to Pick Up Girls!

You'll go ape over the Sound of Koss.

The Sound of Koss Stereophones has always made music lovers go ape. So, for a limited time, we're offering a free "Go Ape Shirt" with the purchase of any Koss Stereophone. And for those who think it's possible to go ape without a Koss Stereophone, our "Go Ape Shirts" are available for only \$2.25 plus 25¢ handling. At that price, they may not blow your mind like a Koss Stereophone would, but they won't blow your budget either.

KOSS® stereophones
from the people who invented Stereophones

Mail to: Koss Corporation
P.O. Box 2399, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212
Please send me my "Go Ape Shirt", (s) in the following size (s).

| Size: | Small | Medium | Large | Ex. Large |
|-------|-------|--------|-------|-----------|
| | 34-36 | 38-40 | 42-44 | 46 |

Quantity:

Check appropriate box or boxes:

I get my shirt free and have enclosed my new Koss Stereophone Warranty Card as proof of purchase.

I have enclosed check or money order (payable to Koss Offer) to buy _____ shirts at \$2.25 each plus 25¢ each for handling. Total enclosed \$ _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

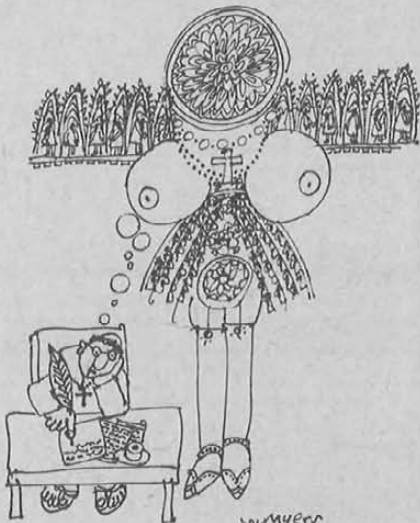
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Offer good in U.S. only, except where prohibited. Allow 5 to 6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires December 31, 1974.



adopt a wait-and-see attitude and give Jerry a chance to show whether he has the stuff before making any final decision."

In retrospect, the decision several months ago by the Irish Republic to withdraw its three thousand-man contingent from the United Nations force on Cyprus following an increase in tensions in Northern Ireland was doubly useless, since on the one hand it appears that the soldiers involved have nothing to do in southern Ireland and aren't about to be sent to intervene in Ulster, and on the other, it would seem from the events of the last year or so in Ireland and England that the Irish are uniquely equipped to enforce a cease-fire between Turkey and Greece. A relatively small U.N. peace-keeping commando unit composed of experienced Irishmen could bring hostilities to a close in record time by setting off a series of time bombs at government offices in Athens and Ankara and tourist spots like the Acropolis and the Hagia Sofia church in Istanbul; by creating neutral zones between invading Turkish troops and Greek Cypriote soldiers where trained I.R.A. thugs would lurk in ambush ready to shoot any violators in the back; and, as a last resort, by establishing a permanent Irish Quarter between the Greek and Turkish sections of the disputed city of Nicosia populated by a thousand or so citizens of Belfast which Cypriotes of either ethnic background would quickly learn not to enter. □



TELL



Debby

Dear Debby: I have been married for four years. Up until sixteen months ago, my husband and I had led very productive and fulfilling lives. That's when I gave birth to our daughter, Millicent. Naturally enough, raising a child is a full-time job, so I largely ended all of my outside activities. I gave up my committees, my tennis, my bridge games, my lunches with the girls, to devote my energies to caring for our beautiful baby. Griff began coming home earlier and we both willingly stopped going out three or four nights a week for dinner. Everything seemed well-ordered and normal. Then, for no reason that I could

explain, we began having these awful "accidents" with the baby. I would be cooking at the stove and Millicent would be in her high chair behind me. She would gurgle or goo and I would quickly turn around, still holding a big pot in my hand, to look at her and accidentally bang the pot right into her little head. I've done this more times than I care to recall. I've opened cabinets into her face, scalded her food, lost grip of her stroller on hills, but more than any one thing, I find myself absentmindedly dumping our dirty laundry on top of her when she's in her crib or in her carriage. Adding further to the problem, my husband

is equally careless and neglectful. He will walk around the room holding the baby in one arm while he reads the newspaper held in his free hand. Then he'll spot something that he thinks will interest me. Immediately putting the baby on the mantelpiece, he'll race away to find me, totally forgetting about the baby until we hear the thud and the cries.

You don't need to have a doctorate in psychology to fathom what this could possibly mean, but Debby, I've asked myself over and over again and my answer has always been the same: I *truly* love my baby. But it's absolutely tragic what we're doing to her. She's so little and helpless, it breaks my heart every time we knock her over or crush her against something. Even as I write to you, I realize for the past five months I've kept an open bottle of Clorox sitting under the kitchen sink.

Griff and I just don't know what to do.

Brokenhearted Mother
New York City

That's most dire.

Dear Debby: Some years ago a young girl wrote to you for help. Her parents had been killed in an automobile accident and she was left alone in the world with no family and hardly

continued



Vivid full color designs on your choice of T-shirt, Tank-top, or Sweatshirt. Fadeproof and machine washable.

ROACH P.O. BOX 182
WORTHINGTON, OHIO NLP 10
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Full color Catalog 75¢ TANK TOPS \$4.25
 White T-shirt \$3.25 Trim Tank Gray
 Trim T-shirt \$3.50 Orange Blue
 White Sweatshirt \$5.95 Yellow Lilac
 Adult sizes: S M L XL COLOR T-SHIRTS \$3.95
 Youth sizes: 6-8, 10-12, Blue Gold
 14-16 (T-shirts only) Lilac Orange
 Gray

Specify Design No. _____ Size _____
 Designs on both sides of shirt, \$1.00 extra.
 Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over \$20, money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%. Make check payable to ROACH. Add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.

Takin' off or puttin' on... Roach Shirts are a ball.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| M-506 | M-604 | M-259 | M-535 | M-304 | M-645 | M-564 | M-621 |
| M-683 | M-519 | M-529 | M-624 | M-254 | M-140 | M-605 | M-171 |
| M-603 | M-536 | M-664 | M-606 | M-870 | M-679 | M-187 | M-644 |
| M-563 | M-541 | M-590 | M-600 | M-523 | M-133 | M-609 | M-686 |
| M-199 | L-16 | M-160 | L-15 | M-663 | M-505 | M-143 | M-197 |

WHOLE MIRTH CATALOGUE

access to yocks



THE BEST OF NATIONAL LAMPOON, NO. 4 (B01006) 1974; 176 pp. \$2.50



THE NATIONAL LAMPOON 1964 HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK PARODY (B01007) \$2.50



THE NATIONAL LAMPOON ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HUMOR (B01004) Hard cover edition, \$7.95 (B01005) Soft cover edition, \$2.50



THE BEST OF NATIONAL LAMPOON, NO. 3 (B01003) 1973; 192 pp. \$2.50



National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS1019) \$3.95



National Lampoon's "Lemmings" T-shirt (TS1021) \$3.95



National Lampoon Radio Hour "Don't Touch that Dial" T-shirt (TS1020) \$3.95



National Lampoon Binder (B1014) \$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two, \$9.90 for three. National Lampoon Binder with all 12 issues from 1973 (B1013) \$10.95 each.

National Lampoon Posters



CHEECH WIZARD POSTER JIGSAW PUZZLE (CH1001) 15" by 21"; \$5.95

DETERIORATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A pair thereof. Avoid repeat of painful previous incidents you sit in need of sleep. Retain your toes. Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and avoid self-promotion unless you are in a position to do so. Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that this is do. Whenever possible, you people on hand. Be confident that in the face of all adversity & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always big fortune in company maintenance. Remember the Public. Strive at all times to work both openly & privately. Know your self, it can most help with the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily efforts, especially with those persons closest to you. That honor on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the maze of most roads would surely get you far west. Tell not in love, therefore, as well as to your face. Carefully remember the things of youth, both clean & dirty. Retain and let not the words of those go in your hand. Have people with hands. For good times, call 600-5111 ask for Ken. Take heart and the changing places that your dog is finally getting through clean and reflect that a better confidence may be your lot, it could only be worse in the market. You are a flock of the same, you have no right to be here, and whether you can bear it or not, the service is being behind your back. Therefore, make peace with your God whatever you can do. How to be Harry Thacker of Comed Media. With this begins, business, promotion, & when received, the world continues to deteriorate. Get up. *

DETERIORATA (from Radio Dinner, the National Lampoon comedy album) (P1005) \$1

Use this coupon for your order

Indicate the Whole Mirth products you would like, enclose check or money order, place in envelope and send to:

National Lampoon, Dept. NL1074
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

(B01003) (B01005) (B01006) (B01007) \$2.50 each
(B01004) \$7.95 each
(P1005) \$1 each (CH1001) \$5.95 each
(TS1019) \$3.95 each. Circle: small, medium, large
(TS1021) \$3.95 each. Circle: small, medium, large
(TS1020) \$3.95 each. Circle: small, medium, large
(B1013) \$10.95 each
(B1014) \$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two, \$9.90 for three
(Please enclose 50¢ for postage and handling.)

I have enclosed total of \$ _____
(New York City and New York State residents, please add applicable sales taxes.)

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(please be sure that your zip code is correct)

continued

a reason to go on. I remember the beautiful reply she got. I cut it out and kept it on the wall of my bedroom and looked at it every morning. And sometimes, when things were going bad and I felt as if I should give up and surrender to despair, I would sit down and read it over and its lovely calm would come back in my soul.

Last week I had my house painted, and, in the fuss, I found that your precious message had been lost. Would you please reprint it? Not only for me, but for the millions of soul-weary people who may have been unfortunate enough not to have seen it before?

Edna Balinnger
Menlo Park, Calif.

Dear Debby: I have just found out that the man to whom I have been married for the past fifteen years, the man who is the father of my seven children, has another family on the other side of town. I found out quite by accident and when I confronted him with what I knew, he confessed everything. But he added that he loves me more than ever. The other woman apparently makes him appreciate me more and he doesn't want to do anything that will threaten his renewed love for me. He is not married to this other woman but he has two children by her. He claims that it is very important that he continue to occasionally live with his other family for two reasons: so he can learn from his mistakes with them and become a better man to us, and secondly, he states, it would be too difficult to end his relationship with her when he considers all of the wonderful presents she has given him. She's given him to date: a speedboat, a motorcycle, a camper, and a number of power tools, all of which, I admit, he has shared with us. He argues that his leaving her would have such an adverse effect on her that he doubts that she would ever recover, and that there would be a very good chance she would attempt to take her own life, and, if I wanted the death of a mother of two on my hands, I'm not the person he thought he married.

I told him what a bunch of rubbish I thought this was, but Debby, if this other woman kills herself, I know he'll leave me and I really don't want him to leave me.

Mrs. Karen Davidson
Elkhart, Ind.

How very unfortunate.

Confidential to On the Ropes: You certainly have had more than your share of body blows.

Is something troubling you? Then don't hesitate to "Tell Debby" in care of this magazine. □



NIXON SAYS:
"I'm not a crook."

Watch his eyes... they actually shift back & forth 60 times a minute

\$19.95

2 YEAR GUARANTEE
LEATHER BAND


JEWELLED SWISS MOVEMENT


NOTE: THIS WATCH WILL NO DOUBT BECOME A COLLECTORS ITEM AND BECOME MORE VALUABLE IN YEARS TO COME.

ALL AMERICAN TIME CO. • 1081 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024

Please rush _____ watches. I've enclosed \$21.45 (which includes \$1.50 postage & handling). Calif. residents add 6% sales tax, for each watch.

I am enclosing (Check one) Check Money Order Cash... OR

 CARD NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____

 CARD NUMBER _____ INTER-BANK NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____

(Your Inter-Bank number is located directly above the first name on your card.)

Send to NAME _____


ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ORDERED BY _____
Your signature (if using BankAmericard or Master Charge)

MONSTER


SUPER COLOR T-SHIRTS



©1973 Monster Co.
LUCKY LADY 19




©1974 Monster Co.
CALIFORNIA 22




©1974 Monster Corp.
FLYING EYE 00




©1973 Monster Co.
ROLLING THUNDER 21




©1973 Monster Co.
FU*K 07



©1973 Monster Co.
P 38




©1974 Monster Co.
GYPSIE 08




©1973 Monster Co.
FORD 39



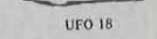
©1973 Monster Co.
SIT ON MY FACE



©1973 Monster Co.
SCARAB 20




©1973 Monster Co.
Bike Bag



©1973 Monster Co.
UFO 18

FULL COLOR AIRBRUSH ART BY MOUSE STUDIOS • HANDSCREENED ON HEAVY LONG OR SHORT SLEEVE T-SHIRTS.

Sew-on Patch

SEND TO:  **MONSTER**

Box 63, Mill Valley, CA 94941 DEPT L

Short Sleeve T-Shirt 4.95 Sew-on Patch 3.95 Design No. _____ Size: S-M-L-X

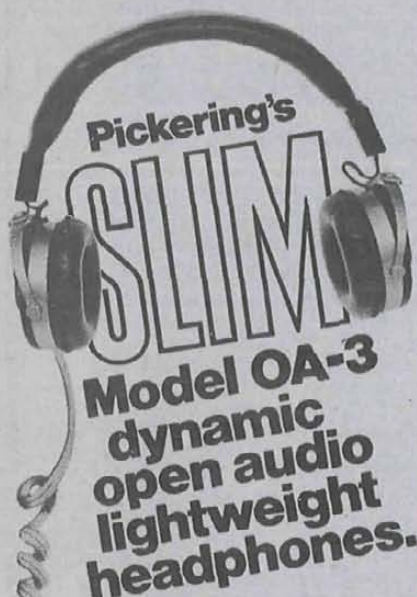
Long Sleeve T-Shirt 6.95 Bike Bag 4.95 00 _____ 07 _____

Full Color Catalog .50

INCLUDE NAME, ADDRESS AND ZIP CODE

Add 50¢ per item Postage & Handling Add 50¢ extra for Airmail per item

What is it that
feels good,
sounds good-
and will
go anywhere
with you?



Anywhere means just that! Just plug the special adapter into the earphone jack of any Mono Cassette Recorder, Portable Radio or TV Set and plug the OA-3 into the special adapter and enjoy total sound everywhere you go. Great at the beach, on a picnic, on your boat, or at the ball game.

Revolutionary. So slender. So light. So comfortable to use over long periods of time.

Sound Perfection. You have to listen to believe.

Open Audio. Enjoy the sound. Yet, be part of what's going on around you. That's the big thing about "open audio".

Prediction. The OA-3 will be your favorite "component" in your hi-fi stereo system.

\$39.95

PICKERING

"for those who can hear the difference"

For further information write to:
Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. N
101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview,
New York 11803



• Two policemen in Seattle were patrolling in the local skid row section of town when they heard faint cries of "Help! Anybody, help!"

"Where are you?" they called back.

"Down here, you dumb so-and-so," came the reply. They pointed their flashlights down a manhole at Madison and Western Streets and discovered a fifty-five-year-old man dangling almost upside down about fifteen feet below street level.

"He was just hanging there from an old pipe running along the wall near the bottom," said Patrolman James Geiser. "His left leg was wrapped around the pipe like a pretzel."

"He said he'd been down there about four hours, and it was none of our business how he got there," added his partner, Patrolman Tim Perry.

Two more policemen and a squad of firemen were required to extract the man from the hole. "He was ornery, cantankerous—but stone sober," said Mr. Geiser.

The unidentified man was taken to a hospital with leg fractures and a hip injury. He adamantly refused to explain how he ended up in the hole. *New York Times* (G. Dallago)

• Fred Finn Mazanek, a one-year-old guppy, died recently, leaving an estate of \$5,000.

Stan Mazanek, twenty-four, a student at the University of Arizona, had filled out an insurance form he received in his mail box marked "Occupant," entering the fish as the insured party. No fraud was involved in the policy. The guppy's age was listed as six months, his weight as thirty centigrams, and his height as three centimeters.

The Globe Life and Accident Insurance Co. apparently issued Policy No. 3261057 in Fred Finn's

name through a computer error. When Mazanek filed a claim following the guppy's demise, they sent a sales representative to see him to find out if he was the sort of person who would take advantage of a clerical error.

He was. The company settled out of court for \$650. *South Bend Tribune* (B. Becker)

• The town of Winchester, Indiana, has run into difficulties with its new antipornography ordinance. The only newspaper in Winchester decided the ordinance was too dirty to print. Under local law, the ordinance does not become effective until it has been published in a town newspaper. *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* (R. Palko)

• Security officers at the State University at Binghamton, N.Y., are still looking for a fingernail fetishist who has attacked six women. The man usually approaches a woman on campus and asks for directions or for the time. When the woman raises her hand, the man begins admiring her fingernails, then takes the hand and attempts to bend the nails. If the woman resists, the man grabs the hand and bites the nails off.

The Fingernail Man is described as being about five feet five inches tall, nineteen to twenty-two years old, weighing about 135 pounds, with dark brown or black collar-length hair and a beard. "He could be a student; he fits in well on campus," a security officer said. *Binghamton Evening Press* (J. Mory)

• Gary Moss ate 236 ants, one at a time, in three minutes, to win the second "World Freestyle Ant Eating Contest," held in Seattle, Washington, by a seven-ant margin. His performance broke the record of 102 ants set by Army Staff Sgt. Charles Chapman of Ft. Lewis during the Washington State annual Survival Symposium at Camp Murray last March.

"I wasn't tasting anything until it was all over," Moss said. "Then I swallowed for a final time and . . . wham! It was like I'd been drinking vinegar for three minutes."

Steve Ohlenkamp finished last in the field of six. He downed only four ants, losing valuable time by garnishing the tiny insects with salt, pepper, and catsup. *The Oregonian* (I. Tepper)

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.

Us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight than switch!



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why
Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

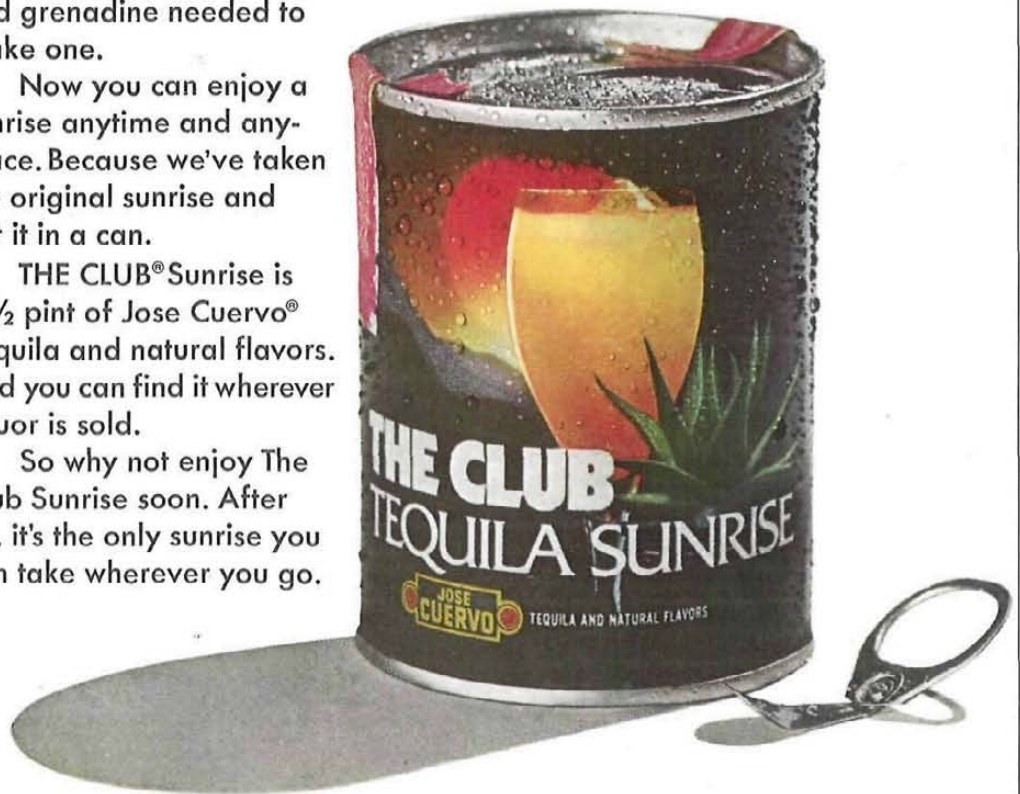
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR TOMORROW TO ENJOY A SUNRISE.

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.

EDITORIAL PAGE

When the *National Lampoon* first rolled off the presses a scant fourteen years ago, little did the Editors think they'd be King Turd on Youth Island, saleswise. Publisher Gerald "There's Nothing Funny about the Way It Sells" Taylor phones his ads in ship-to-shore from the *Punfun II*, and Hendra recently had his office redone in muralstone and blond oak with all these animal skulls mounted on breadboards. Double creepy.

Have we, as many people say, come too far too fast? Is it true, as Vince Aiosa—a photographer acquaintance of mine who snaps toddlersnatch for Dutch strokebooks—observed, as he clapped a moist pod on my shoulder, "You know, I've watched you grow old in this job." Gingerly removing his arm, by first working up the suckers with the blunt end of a spoon, I made a beeline for *The Green Man* (one of *Esquire's* Ten Most Depressing Midtown Bistros) along Manhattan Island City's colorful *Rue des Scags*, deeply troubled by this remark. After a couple of stiff blasts, my self-doubts were resolved.

And frankly, Vince, you chew the pink piccolo.

The TV informs me that nine million Americans have a drinking problem. Did you know that a large majority of these are *National Lampoon* contributors? Henry's the worst. He kicked a cat in the delicatessen, subsequently blew out Maude's TV tube with a shotgun, and practically blew lunch on me, Belushi, and Doyle-Murray before he nearly got eighty-sixed by the management.

Nevertheless, the *National Lampoon* never flinches from her relentless struggle to serve up the hottest swifities available in today's competitive on-the-go humor market, nor are we found wanting when asked about the 15-cent price hike (the second in twelve months). When asked about this, we can only point to the President's recent message on inflation, pertinent articles in the *Wall Street Journal*, and your sister's cunt.

This issue was originally to be called the "Young People's Issue," but Matty and a little imp I know whose name rhymes with O'Dork re-directed it more toward young mung. However, it is very dicey dealing with Vince's professional specialty state-side, we found, what with our arbitrary child labor laws and antiquated Mann Act. So we had to go easy on subde beaver. Twat you see is twat you get.

Cover: The usual fuck-ups. Hendra, Kelly, and McConnachie thought the original model looked too old, so we

continued on page 84

Editors: Henry Beard, Tony Hendra, Brian McConnachie, Sean Kelly

Executive Editor: P. J. O'Rourke Senior Editor: Douglas Kenney
Art Directors: Michael Gross, David Kaestle

Copy Editor: Louise Gikow Editorial Assistant: Karen Wegner
Assistant Art Directors: Celia Bau, Mark Hecker
Art Assistant: Laura Singer

Contributing Editors: John Boni, Christopher Cerf, Dean A. Latimer, Bruce McCall, Chris Miller, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, John Weidman

Contributing Artists: Vince Aiosa, M. K. Brown, Randall Enos, Dick Frank, Edward Gorey, Ronald G. Harris, Dick Hess, Stan Mack, Rick Meyerowitz, Charles Rodrigues, Warren Sattler, Gahan Wilson

Production Manager: Christine Chestis-Montanez

Staff Assistant: Michael Simmons
Subscription Manager: Howard Jurofsky

Publisher: Gerald L. Taylor

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

Chairman: Matty Simmons President: Leonard Mogel
Senior Vice-President, Administration: George Agoglia
Senior Vice-President, Sales: Gerald L. Taylor
Vice-President: Arnold E. Green

Treasurer: Charles Schneider Controller: Alan Steinberg

Advertising Offices: New York: William T. Lippe, Eastern Advertising Director, Herman Brown, Jr., Account Executive, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070.
Atlanta: Lee Offen; Dave Meszaros, 34 Old Ivy Road, N.K. Atlanta, Ga. 30342, (404) 233-4091.
Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601, (312) 346-7145.
West Coast: Lowell Fox, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, (213) 478-0611.



I, Dick Blake, sent off to the Warehouse Sound Co. and quickly received a full-color catalog of stereo components and complete music systems. I testify that they carry every major brand and offer super discounts! Furthermore, if you'll include \$1 for postage, those great people will also send either one of the following: their new 64-page catalog of professional products for musicians, or the 1975 edition of the Music Machine Almanac, which is a 185-page institutional guide to stereo equipment, complete with photos, prices, and specifications for over 40 brands! Sells on the newsstands for \$1.95 — so it's a good deal. Do it today!

WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.
BOX S SAN LUIS OBISPO
CA. 93405 (805) 543-2330

**WAREHOUSE
SOUND CO.**

Railroad Square, Box S
San Luis Obispo, CA. 93405
(805) 543-2330

name _____

address _____

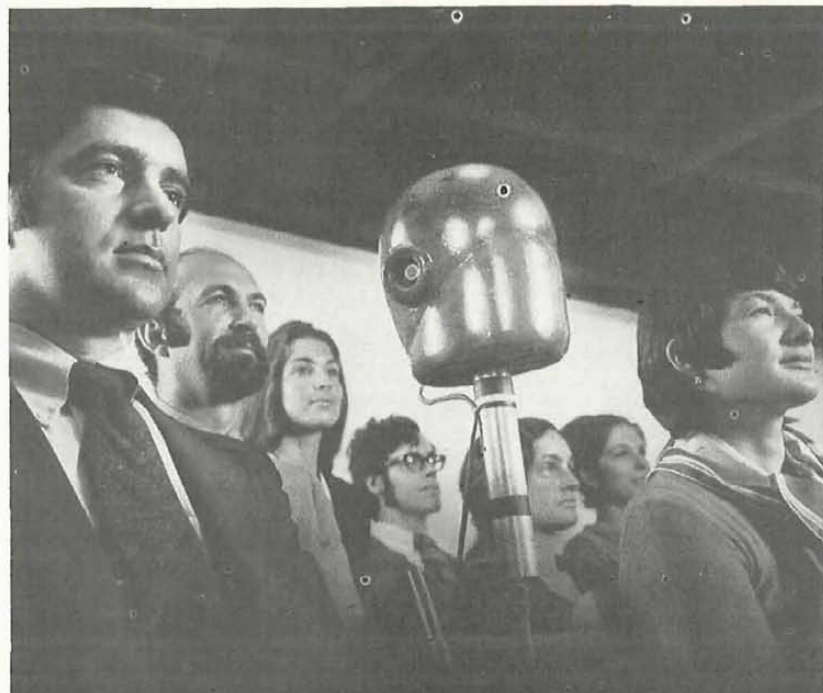
city/state _____

zip _____

Also enclosed is \$1.00 for:
(check one)

Professional Products Catalog

1975 Music Machine Almanac
NL 974



Fifth row center

Morgan—a dummy recording head in the best seat at the Boston Symphony's Tanglewood Music Festival—gave Bose a key answer acoustical engineers had sought for ten years. The shrill and harsh sounds characteristic of even the finest of conventional home music loudspeakers were apparently caused by beaming sound waves directly at a listener.

In a live performance, sound waves from musical instruments reflect from all surfaces of the hall and arrive at a listener's ears from all directions. The same sound comes to each separate ear milliseconds apart. Our mind pulls it together. Like a willow swept by rain, we are bathed in sound, and just as our two eyes unify an image, so do our ears cooperate.

As simple as this seems, Bose engineers spent years at exacting experimentation to discover that more precise electronics wouldn't close the gap between the experience of concert music and conventional hi-fi. The answer lay in how music travels to our ears.

So Bose created an unconventional speaker which grazes music off the walls of your listening room, forming a spatial environment of sound similar to that of a concert hall.

The precise illusion of sound spread through a room is uncanny . . . it comes from areas, not points. Sit anywhere in your room: your ears needn't focus; the sound is there . . . fifth row center. Bose owners know that the difference between a fine sound system and a great one is the speakers.

It all begins with the speakers.

Ask your franchised Bose dealer to A-B our 901® with any conventional speaker, regardless of size or price.

For information on Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers, write us at Dept. L

To locate your nearest Bose dealer, call toll free, 800-447-4700. In Illinois, call 800-322-4400

BOSE®
The Mountain, Framingham, Mass. 01701



Sirs:

I think that the *National Lampoon Radio Hour* (check your local FM listings for time and station) is really tops! All the cool guys 'n' gals on my block really dig your new radio season and will surely buy some of those spiffy Pioneer stereo outfits from your sponsor not to mention the many other reet *National Lampoon* humor products such as *The Job of Sex* paperback, the 1964 *High School Yearbook* parody (second big printing!), the albums, the forthcoming comic anthology, the T-shirts, posters, roadshows, lighters, key rings, love oil, waterbeds, and, if my folks have anything left in their savings, I'm gonna tell 'em to sink it all in a new *National Lampoonburger* fast-food franchise soon to be erected in my hometown on a plot of land originally zoned for a playground.

So keep up the bitchin' work, you weirdos! At least there's somebody who tells it like it is to us youth. I mean, if we can swallow that new wine column in *Rolling Stone*, we probably don't even feel pain the same way you big folks do, right?

Matty Simmons
21st Century Communications
National Lampoonburger
Food Sales, Inc.
635 Madison Ave.
Anytown, USA

Sirs:

Taken a good squint at the Dow Jones lately? Or the average annual temperature shifts around the globe in the last twenty years or so? And how 'bout those expanding polar ice-caps you read about in *Scientific American*, huh? Also, one of the guys here wants to know—how many dozen countries did the *New York Times* or some other twink predict would have an H-bomb in ten years?

Must run. Have fun 'n' c u soon!
Dave Dodo

L. Peter Passenger Pigeon
Ted Trilobite
Charlotte & Emily Brontosaurus
Terri Dactyl
Monty & Woolly Mammoth
The Diplodoci (Bobbo,
Angie, & all the kids)

continued



Well, if you remember those days as well as I do, you'll want to do everything you can to make sure they never happen again. You *know* what caused the Great Depression, don't you? Not spending enough money, that's what. Of course, spending too much money was what *started* the Great Depression, but not spending enough is what kept it around so long. Understand? Neither do I. But that's not important! What's important is that we save the American economy by spending lots of money to keep another Great Depression from overshadowing our grand republic, while not spending too much so as to keep this fair land free of costly and damaging inflation which we also had a bad case of before The Crash too and I forgot to mention. And do you know how we can do that? By purchasing subscriptions to the *National Lampoon*, that's how! A subscription to the *National Lampoon* costs plenty of money, thereby helping you to stave off another Great Depression, *plus* a subscription to the *National Lampoon* doesn't cost nearly as much money as it's going to soon, thereby helping you fight costly and dangerous inflation. Fellow Americans, pitch in and help; do it today, or our economy will be as dead as I am.

Thank you.

Herbert Hoover

Herbert Hoover
Former President of the United States



NATIONAL LAMPOON SUBSCRIPTION RATES ARE GOING UP IN JANUARY!
 THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE NATIONAL LAMPOON TO SAVE OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE AND
 \$5.05 ON A 1-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION
 \$12.05 " 2-YEAR "
 \$20.05 " 3-YEAR "
 OFF THE NEW \$1.00 NEWSSTAND PRICE (THE RESULT OF COSTLY INFLATION, HARBINGER OF ANOTHER GREAT DEPRESSION WHERE YOU'LL NEED THOSE SAVINGS BAD).

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1074
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

- Bill me: I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.
- One-year subscription—\$6.95
- Two-year subscription—\$11.95
- Three-year subscription—\$15.95

I enclose my check money order
(Please place in envelope)

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Please make sure to list your correct zip-code number.
For each year add \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 for foreign.

continued

Sirs:

Hey, wait a minute. You're right. There's no *cactus* in any desert that has *camels* in it.

M. Muldaur
Tommy's Lunch
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Just as my fingers on these keys make rent money, so the selfsame sounds bring pounding on my door and ceiling from the fellow who lives upstairs. What a douchenozzle.

P. Quince
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Regarding your article of November 13 concerning the wicked lies per-

petrated on us all by the owners of a palatial estate whose names I cannot bring myself to utter:

Whether or not they were keeping a hippo in the lily pond seems to me of little consequence. What harm is there in a few ravaged gardens? We have corn foisted upon us till it comes out of our ears, plus lettuce and tomatoes aplenty. Who among us would deny a hippo his humble tho' ample fare?

However, those of us who are close to the situation feel you should have paid stricter attention to the wild goings on of April last. The continued trumpet playing, the men dressed up like angels, the bonfires, the ballerina

and her aggressive dance to welcome Spring, all had our teeth chattering and our toes tapping. Sleep was impossible. When my eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was hit on her equine nose with an overly ripe nectarine, I swore revenge. I took several snapshots of them all gamboling on the yacht and mailed two or three of the best to the aforementioned owners of the estate. A few days later I received in the post seven or eight pictures even more breathtaking than my own. I studied them with a horrid countenance, thinking how I might use them to my own advantage. I came up blank and so turned to the larder for a few raspberry tarts to ease my pain.

Nevertheless, I only wanted you to know some of us were not exonerated by your otherwise comprehensive article. Indeed, we found ourselves suddenly truncated. If you could shed any light on the whole dreary affair, it would be appreciated.

Foiled in Kansas

Sirs:

Wild hickory nuts? Twaddle, he even says that *I* taste like wild hickory nuts.

Mrs. Euell Gibbons
Stolen Joke, Ariz.

Sirs:

Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village though. He will not see me stopping here. To sign my name in yellow snow.

Robert Frost
Pepperidge Farms, N.H.

Hi guys!

Well, we're all back here at the same old dorm for another year (including Groznic and Moonan—they were supposed to graduate last June but they copied each other's papers for Rem Eng and took a royal doucheroonie up the gee-gee. Dumb dorks.)

Anyway, we noticed your *National Lumpenis* issues are getting a little lame-o again, so we're sitting around here ripped outta our fucking squash on Colt 45 and Toledo Brown goofing on some wiggly headtrips to beef up your whipped rag.

But first, you dumb dorks, where the peter-fuck are our free subscriptions? We can't rip off the homo's upstairs anymore because one night Groznic snuck up to his room, wedged the door closed about 4:00 A.M., filled a dustpan full of lighter fluid, lit it, and poured it under the dumb flit's door while Moonan hit the fire alarm and the rest of us screamed bloody murder like we were burning to death. The Infirmary took him away and his asshole parents came the next day and cleaned out his books and his fucking opera records. What a douche.

Anyway, fartbreaths, if you're gonna keep printing our letters, you'd

continued on page 84

PROFESSIONAL SECRET

The Dokorder 7100 will never tell how little you paid for it!

What it will tell, loud and clear, are its exceptional features: Frequency response of 30-24k Hz at 7½ IPS ▪ Signal-to-Noise better than 58 dB ▪ Stereo separation

better than 45 dB at 1 kHz ▪ Electronic Echo ▪ Sound on Sound ▪ Pause ▪ Tape/Source Monitoring ▪ Tape Bias Selector ▪ Full Solenoid-Control Tape Transport ▪ 3 Heads/3 Motors ▪ Auto Shut-off ▪ Separate Input/Output Controls ▪ And more



So if you don't tell, we'll never let on that the price is under \$400. At your nearest Dokorder Dealer, of course.

NOW! For a Limited Time Only
FREE Dust Cover worth \$23, with Every Purchase of a 7100.

Dokorder Inc.®

5430 Rosecrans Avenue, Lawndale, California 90260

WE HAVE CHOSEN THIS UNORTHODOX WAY TO PRESENT THE NEW B·I·C™ TURNTABLES—BECAUSE THE NEW B·I·C TURNTABLES ARE UNORTHODOX.

Traditionally, new audio equipment (new anything for that matter) is introduced with orthodox "product shots".

In the case of the B·I·C 980 and 960 we're breaking that mold. We're taking you inside and underneath—because much of the real beauty of these instruments lies in the innovation and engineering that's there.

In the exploded view you see a combination of things not found in any other turntable—a belt drive system and a record

The 4 shock mounts at the edge of the unit plate form an acoustically damped interface between the unit plate and base. These hollow rubber, spherical cushions were designed specifically for B·I·C Programmed Turntables.

Conventional units use metal springs.

Other Intriguing Features

The B·I·C tone arm includes features you won't find on any other arm at any price.

The cartridge shell can be adjusted so that optimum 15° tracking can be achieved no matter how deep or shallow your cartridge body is.

Cueing time can be adjusted for from 1 to 3 seconds via a knob on top of the unit.

Seven other adjustments can be made from the top of the instrument which permit easy fine-tuning of the tone arm system, to a greater degree than has ever been possible before. The control tabs and linear scale for anti-skate and tracking force adjustment are unique. The cycle button which controls play is unique. Etc. Etc.

Dependability

B·I·C Programmed Turntables are made in the United States, in our own factories. We mention this because quality control is probably the most important factor in building this kind of equipment. The fact that the specifications for these turntables have been created and quality controlled by B·I·C is more important than you think.

Performance

We barely have space here to hint at the things you should know about these turntables and their performance.

Your audio dealer has a comprehensive 26-page booklet about them which includes performance figures, dimensions and details about the B·I·C 2-year warranty.

Get this booklet, or write for more information to Andrew Stephens, Dept. 10R, British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590. We think you ought to compare turntable features before you buy. If you compare ours with any and all others you're considering (price no object) we'll be happy. We think you will be too.



This is the 980 with solid state speed control and strobe. About \$200.

The 960 is identical except for these two features. About \$150.



support post. Never before has there been a belt drive turntable with automatic multiple play capabilities. Only B·I·C has this combination.

At right you see the B·I·C program panel. With it you can operate these turntables manually. Or you can elect to play a single disc automatically. Or you can repeat a single disc as many as 6 times. Or you can play from 2 to 6 discs in series.

For the first time one turntable combines the advantages of a manual unit with the convenience of perfect automatic record handling—without sacrificing playback performance.

The Worm's Eye View

The underside of the turntable is revealing. Compare it with the underside of any unit you choose and you'll be struck by the simple, clean appearance of the B·I·C.

Many moving parts found in turntables with automatic features have been eliminated. (We've sold and serviced millions of automatic record players over the past 37 years and one thing we've learned is that simpler is better and less is more.)

The motor is a 24-pole, 300 RPM unit. It has the torque to move the platter to playing speed in 1/3 a revolution. The 1800 RPM units used in automatic turntables are simply no match for its smoothness, silence, and durability.

Only B·I·C has a 300 RPM 24-pole motor.



My Devoted Ones,

As Brother Day creeps into the purpling changepurse of Mother Night, Baba at last may make his thumpa-thumpa on his battered but enduring Olivetti portable, transferring his meditations for the month onto this attractive and heavy deluxe Sands Hotel stationery, from thence to be mailed to Baba Rum Raisin Newsletter Headquarters in Main Ashram, P.O. Box 33, Aspen, Colo-

rado, for specing and proofing.

Baba's brief stopover for a three night engagement in the Turquoise Room in the very educational Las Vegas, Nevada, has inspired many new ideas for Baba's growing volume of soon-to-be-published-by-Quick Brown Fox Press *kuku*, or "wise foolishness," as we call them back in fly-bejeweled Gokarta.

Kuku, as the quick ones among you will recognize, is an ancient and very much venerated form of written meditations requiring a two-line ejaculation of appreciation to the gods and demiurges, followed by a verse pertaining to the karmic illusion specifically at hand, finally ending at last with an observation from nature and the calm of her changeless change, topped off with an oblique reference to a great leader's physical deformity. This last observation, or *bugulu* (in the tongue of the white eyes, "big finish"), must flow from the pen with a single rapid motion, straight from the author's index *chakra*—the modern day adaptation of this being Baba closing eyes and playing shave-and-a-haircut-two-rupees on brother Olivetti with two *Habana Montecristos* serving as rude drumming sticks.

As a special treat to those Baba Rum Rooters everywhere who

thoughtfully mailed their dues in early this month, your Baba will share with you a piping-hot *kuku*, cooked up but last evening after a stinging lesson from the quirkish fates concerning idlers at their games of chance.

Hail, blue-faced Krishna, Bringer of Good Fortune!

Best wishes to Kali, Puckish Destroyer!

Mirror-ball jumps.

Back.

Ak.

Pupu the Sparrow welcomes Guft the Cobra.

Is it a wonder to discover the nest-egg sucked off on the morrow?

Agony-schmagony.

Dick Nixon

Yet bites the blue-veined

Bag.

As can be telltold from the above meditation, Baba's eyes were clouded with transient concerns at this time. Knowing all too well the tigertrap of niggling, earthly preoccupation, Baba then calls upon the Lesser Rulers.

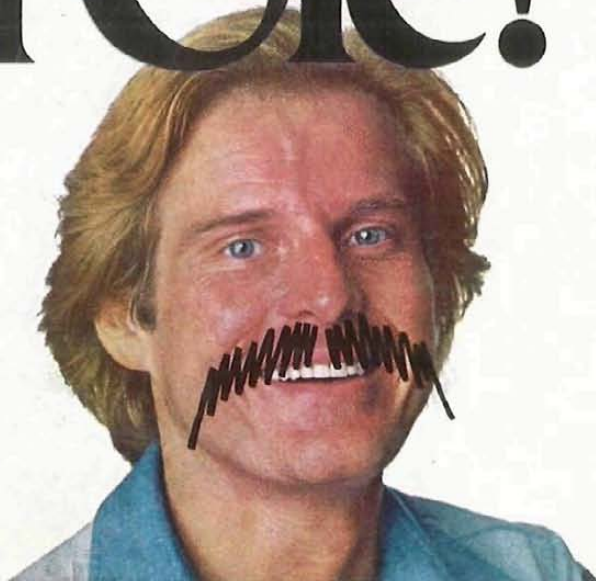
Greetings Arjuna, Guardian of the unwary!

Regards also to Mothra, Keeper of the Lucky Number!

Sixteen showing

continued on page 26

I Olé!



In a marvelous Margarita,
a super Sunrise
or maybe just daringly straight...
nothing compares with
Smooth Olé Tequila.
It's got that Mexican spirit.



EIGHTY PROOF. ©1974 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Remember. Before you say "Tequila," always say "Olé!"

OLÉ SUNRISE: 1½ ozs. Olé Tequila, 3 ozs. Orange Juice, ½ oz. Grenadine. Serve over ice in a large glass.

Miles Davis uses AR-3a speaker systems for home listening. Their accuracy and lack of coloration account for their choice by many professional musicians.



Miles Davis

One of America's most distinguished musicians, Miles Davis is enthusiastically heard by listeners in every part of the world, live during his tours, and recorded on Columbia Records. His most recent recording is "Big Fun".



Acoustic Research

10 American Drive,
Norwood, Mass. 02062

Please send a free copy of your illustrated catalog, as well as specifications of AR components, to

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



TEAC

TEAC 3340S

4 channel SIMUL-SYNC stereo



For the man with a 9-track mind.



The TEAC 3340S isn't a tape deck. It's an instrument of the orchestra. A partner in the creative process itself. Its function is to explore, expand and enhance your own creative imagination.

The 4-channel 3340S with its Simul-Sync® lets you overdub, sweeten, echo, cross-echo, ping-pong and stack tracks.

Any man with 9-track ingenuity will quickly discover that you can wind up with 4 discrete channels containing

9 tracks of no more than two generations.

The TEAC 3340S gives you a wealth of creative tools. You'll have 8 inputs (4 mic and 4 line) with individual level controls, and 4 output level controls.

You'll have a 15-7½ ips deck with 10½-inch reels. (Our similar 4-channel 2340R is a 7½-3¾ ips deck with 7-inch reels, but without Simul-Sync®.)

You'll have a 3-motor, 3-head function with touch-button logic circuitry and full remote capability.

With our accessory mixdown panel, you'll have stereo or mono mixdown capability.

In fact, the 3340S gives you almost every feature of a professional recording studio — except a huge bill after the session.

When you own a TEAC 3340S, about the only accessory you'll need is a pressing plant.

TEAC

The leader. Always has been.

©TEAC 1973

TEAC Corporation of America — Headquarters: Dept. A-25, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90040 — TEAC offices in principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico and Japan.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



sound as
clear as light

The ESS Heil air-motion transformer is the loudspeaker of the future with an entirely new principle of sound propagation. With five times the clarity and delineation of an electrostatic. With distortion as low as that found in modern electronics. With a moving system so weightless it accelerates instantly to recreate the first critical milliseconds of a sound. With no "cone", no "voice coil", no "forward backward" motion, and so simple and perfected in its design that it can carry a lifetime warranty.

The acclaimed performance of the ESS Heil air-motion transformer is available in a wide range of superbly engineered ESS amt speaker systems from the compact, convenient amt 5 reference bookshelf through the incomparable floor-standing amt 3 rock monitor. A full-color brochure describing in simple language the completely unique operation of the ESS Heil air-motion transformer, with full specifications for all ESS amt speaker systems is available, free, at your authorized ESS dealer. Call this toll free number for your nearest ESS dealer location.



Heil air-motion transformer loudspeaker systems

ESS inc. 9613 oates drive - sacramento, california 95827

800-447-4700

(In illinois call 800-332-4400)

continued from page 22

*Hit me.
Nuts. Blown.
Can the elephant fit into the
thimble?
May the bullock wear a junior
petite?
Fat Ted
Hears
Exit line of doomed Kopechne.
Respect me?*

From this *kuku*, those versed in close contextual analysis (a very fine method of reading once taught at the very fine Harvard State by the very entertaining Timothy Leary often while wearing a wastebasket on the head and by means of comic pantomime only), may quickly surmise that this beloved scribbler was untroubled, perhaps even at this point unable to cover his hotel bill (\$4,598.64 plus room services and calls), but this is idle speculation.

At the craps table this unnamed pilgrim gained renewed discipline of mind, and informing the cashier of his close acquaintance with the very famous Howard Hughes, proceeded to draw another five thousand American dollars in chips off the cuff, same as I have observed famous television tube stars Yance Derringer and Bert Maverick.

As the tale unwinds, our beloved wayfarer again is dealt with amiss by *Birata*, Lord of tasty flatbreads.

Good morrow, Birata, sly yeast-demon!

*You too, Ganja, Lord of Misrule!
Seven point.*

Bone cubes dance.

Uh-oh.

Does rain tickle the nodding mango leaf?

Is the tapping on my shoulder the hotel manager?

Nation weep!

A Ford

In your future, a Dick up

Your past.

The Sands Hotel manager had no sooner escorted your Baba to the back office (and my hippydippy entourage, including the very dedicated Ms. Bernadine Dohrn who takes some very informative positions on politics and laundry hampers, to the basement), when the door behind hissed shut as the serpent. I explained to the gentleman one call to good friend Howard Hughes will unravel this amusing misunderstanding.

"Come here often?" are the words reaching Baba's ears as he views an elderly man with a grey moustache, eyes wet and shiny as the cherrystone clam, and encased all in cellophane. "Well, if you do," the old man continues, "you'd better learn to reroute it because when my friend Bruno here gets through with your ding you'll have to pee through your ear. I'm

continued

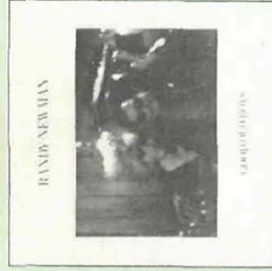
WARREN G. HARDING SCHOOL

CAFETERIA MENU
MONDAY

Sept. 2
Milk

Hamburger on Bun/Relish
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Sandwich Fixings
Creamy Vanilla Pudding

TUESDAY



Randy Newman
"Good Old Boys"

WEDNESDAY



James Montgomery Band
"High Roller"

THURSDAY

Sept. 5
Milk

Salisbury Steak
Fluffy Rice with Gravy
Coleslaw
Buttered Hot Bread
California Fruit Cup



Jay Dee
"Come On In Love"



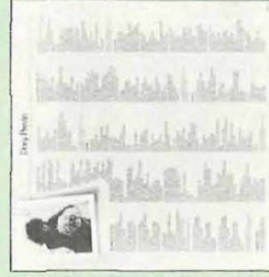
John Sebastian
"Tarzana Kid"



Graham Central Station
"Release Yourself"

Sept. 11
Milk

Oven Baked Fish Sticks
Tartar Sauce
Franconia Potatoes
Buttered Cornbread
Chilled Watermelon



Dory Previn

Sept. 16
Milk

Chicken Fried Steak
Buttered Whipped
Potatoes
Carrot Sticks
Buttered Bread
Cookie



Jimmy Cliff
"Music Maker"

Sept. 19
Milk

Grilled Cheese Sandwich
Crunchy Bean Salad
Apple Crisp



Zappa/Mothers
"Roxy & Elsewhere"



Bonnie Raitt
"Streetsights"



Fleetwood Mac
"Heroes Are Hard To Find"

September: Hot lunch month on Warner / Reprise

continued

I got it good!



I, John Viera, sent off to the Warehouse Sound Co. and quick as a hot riff, received a 64-page Professional Products Catalog complete with guitar amps, synthesizers, mikes, mixers, sound reinforcement . . . everything a full tilt musician needs to get his chops together. All major brands are at juicy discounts. Plus a steamin side order; for \$1 in postage those good folks will also send one of the following: their new 64-page full-color stereo components and music system catalog, or the 1975 edition of the *Music Machine Almanac*, a 185-page guide to stereo equipment which sells on the street for \$1.95! So clip or call, it's fast and tasty.

Warehouse Sound Co.
Professional Products Group
Box S, Railroad Square
San Luis Obispo, CA 93405
(805) 544-9020

**WAREHOUSE
SOUND CO.**

Professional Products Group

Yeah, do it. Slip me a catalog.

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip _____

Also enclosed is \$1 for: (check one)

- Stereo Components Catalog
- 1975 Music Machine Almanac

Railroad Square, Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA. 93405 (805) 544-9020

NLM 8'74

Howard Hughes."

Imagine Baba's surprise at having so unrecognized the old friend! As Baba commenced to undo this tangled skein of circumstance, a very bulky man in a silk sportshirt and as I have heard some call them fruitboots put two fingers in Baba's only two nose-holes and, lifting, dangled myself directly over a memo spike.

As *Ramar* the Monkey King of children and dead kittens whimmed, the door suddenly hissed again open and a youth, clad in white and sorely afflicted of complexion, strode in carrying a multitude of tasty McDonald's Big Macs, tripped over the disturbed carpet (a *Korvette's surouk* with the mark down tag still on it, this old eye noticed sadly) and dumped the totality of the burgers and a portion of his complexion into the fastidious Mr. Hughes' suit-lap. Fuss fuss!

Just then, the former President, that is to say the very Mr. Richard Nixon, walked through the door with the milkshakes and tripped over what later proved to be his own burgerless son-in-law David (the alligator on his shirt or the ears like airbrakes should have been the tip-off) and flung strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla drinking goop willy-nilly over the unfortunately presoiled Mr. Hughes.

In the confusion, Baba noticed that Mr. Richard Nixon was dressed not in his usual very spiffy suit of shiny lint but in a notopless miniskirt and black mesh pantyhose. Mr. Hughes, distracted from my ignominy momentarily, expressed his doubts concerning Mr. Nixon and his worthy son-in-law and the increasingly remote chance that they may be groomed for an executive position. Mr. Hughes suggested that Bruno help the two assume an alternative position not dissimilar from a number of those on Ms. Dohrn's Top Forty over a cellophane-wrapped Exercycle, is when all of a further suddenness there is a great *boum!*

It was at this time that the room began to fill to the brim with thick fat smoke. (As it later proved to be, the resourceful Ms. Dohrn had constructed a timely stink bomb of burning lox and plastic chips and placed it in Mr. Hughes' cellophane-covered Fedders air-conditioner.) Such a smell as has not there been since since *Bimbo* the goddess of fruits and vegetables was imprisoned for three thousand years by crafty *Amana*, god of untended defrosting refrigerators. As the coughing and hack-hacking continued, Mr. Hughes could dimly be spied wrapping himself in yet more cellophane made sticky and vexing by Big Mac condiments as to resemble flypaper (a rare delicacy in the hum-

ble village of Baba's most recent birth).

This was the moment, Baba decided, to wing it.

Now, Baba is for the moment at peace, tap-tapping this *Newsletter* from the relative security of a vacant rest room stall. It is thus and with haste I peck peck this letter to you, my naughties, and caution you fail not in mailing those dues dues dues. (*Yeshiva*, Goddess of Sardine Sandwiches and Deadbeats, may find it necessary to pay a visit to caulk your complexions with Mayo of Doom.)

Further details to follow in next *Newsletter* on Baba Rum Raisin soon-to-be-firmed-up worldwide tour with the very talented and charming Bee Gees (and a secret new supergroup led by the ever popular Pete Best, soon to be bigger than even the Monkees!). Also, do not forget Annual Membership Drive should be in top gear by now—if they don't want the magazine sell them a button, if they don't want the button give them the pamphlet, if they don't want *that*, get their name and phone number, and if they still refuse to cooperate have one of your group follow them home to see where they live and kill all housepets. Then try again.

Also, too, *ashrams* must obey all Baba Rum Raisin Rules of Hygiene! *Ashrams* in Venice, California, Shaker Heights and Berkeley have been repeatedly "busted" by locals in authority for extreme inattention to Rule #3 (Take Out Garbage Daily). A number of customers at the Baba Rum Raisin Exploding Buddha Coffeehouse in Provincetown, Massachusetts, were harrassed and allegedly bitten by playful rats. Muss fuss.

Must stop typing now. Outside this simple sanctuary Baba sees four feet, two of them in black mesh pantyhose and two fruitbooted.

Farewell, O Mighty Kava, Distributor of knicks, minor cuts, and abrasions!

Let's have lunch soon, Klatu, Eater of asteroids.

*Door knock,
Nobody here,
Just us chicken.*

*Does the bunny sniff the serpent?
Are wet track fillies unwed mudders?*

*Howard Hughes
Comes off better*

*In The Carpetbaggers.
(And, from the looks of his
companion in the black mesh
pantyhose)
More often.*

Kiss my ashram,

BABA

Keep on trackin'

© 1974 Empire Scientific Corp.

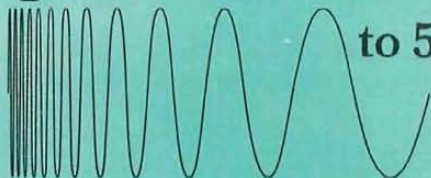
Empire's new wide response 4000D* series phono cartridge features our exclusive "4 Dimensional"TM diamond stylus tip.



ing prevents any discernible record wear. Every Empire long-playing cartridge is fully shielded with 4 poles, 4 coils and 3 magnets (more than any other brand).

This phenomenal cartridge will track any record below 1 gram and trace all the way

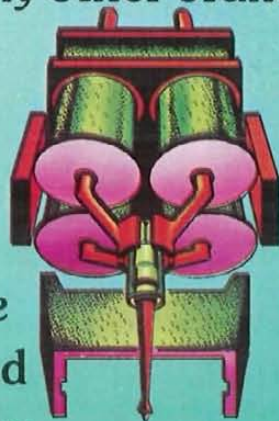
to 50,000 Hz.



Empire's "4 Dimensional"TM diamond has a 0.1 mil radius of engagement yet the very low force required for track-



For a free Guide to Sound Design write to:
EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP.
 Dept. J,
 Garden City,
 N.Y. 11530.



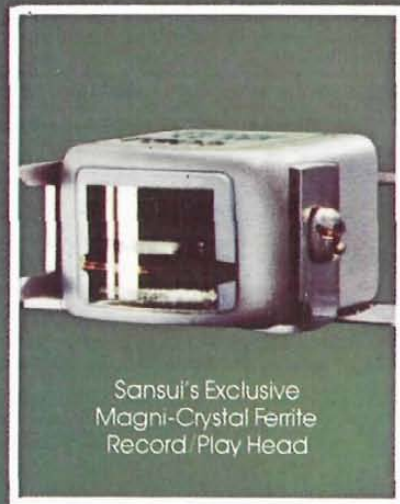
Mfd. U.S.A.

EMPIRE

* Plays any 4 channel system perfectly. Plays stereo even better than before.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Hardheaded. The new Sansui SC-737.



Sansui's Exclusive
Magni-Crystal Ferrite
Record / Play Head



For years Sansui has produced hard-headed and solid stereo components. Our latest hard-headed development is the SC-737 cassette deck, with new Magni-Crystal Ferrite heads. These super-hard heads are virtually impervious to wear, one of the major causes of tape deck quality erosion. Along with new heads, the SC-737 gives you Dolby* circuits for quiet record and playback, bias equalization for standard or chromium based tapes, peak reading VU meters and a "radarscope" tape travel indicator.

The SC-737's motor is something special, too. A 4-pole hysteresis synchronous type keeps speed constant regardless of voltage changes. Photoelectric shutoff and microphone mixing, including center channel input, make the SC-737 the cassette deck for even the most hardheaded audiophile. Hear it at your nearest franchised Sansui dealer.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247 • SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium • SANSUI ELECTRONICS (CANADA) VANCOUVER 9, B.C.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

TODD TUNES ON

TO NEW FACTS ON "VD"

WRITTEN AND DISTRIBUTED AS A FREE PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE U.S. INFORMATION AGENCY AND THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF SOCIAL SANITATION.



HEY HEY, TODD, YOU'RE A **48*%!** HERO! BROKE THE **44% & 8!** LEAGUE RECORD FOR BACK-COURT COMPLETIONS TONIGHT! HEY HEY, WHADPAYA SAY WE UNWIND AT BABS' DIGGS?

HER **44%&!** FOLKS ARE SPLITTO, I KNOW SOME **READY BIRDS**-WHADPAYA SAY, WHADPAYA SAY, HEY HEY?

SEE, MARY LOU AND I WERE GOING TO THE MYF YOUTH DANCE... BUT I AM A LITTLE TUCKERED OUT...

"WELL, DR. SPYROCH, I DID SORT OF-- UH-- HAVE CONTACT WITH A GIRL, JUST LAST WEEK... IT WAS AFTER THE CHS BEARS WON THE ALL-CONFERENCE SEMIFINALS, AND ROCKY ANACONDA DRAGGED ME TO A VICTORY PARTY!.."

"AND THERE WAS ALL THIS BOOZE THERE! GEE, DR. SPYROCH, I NEVER SCARFED MORE THAN ONE CAN AT A TIME BEFORE, AND I GUESS I GOT A LITTLE STONED, YOU MIGHT SAY...."

CMON, MARY LOU, THIS IS OUR FIRST CHANCE TO REALLY DO SOMETHING! I MEAN REALLY DO SOMETHING, ANYTHING!

TODD, STOP IT! STOP IT! IF THIS IS THE WAY YOU REALLY FEEL ABOUT US, I'M LEAVING!



GEE, BABS, WON'T YOUR FOLKS MISS ALL THIS BEER?

THE WAY THEY DRINK, THEY WON'T REMEMBER THEY LEFT ANY WHEN THEY FLEW TO SARASOTA!



GET OFF ME, TODD!

"BOY, DID I EVER BLOW IT WITH MARY LOU! SHE GAVE ME MY LETTER SWEATER BACK AND RAN RIGHT OUT OF THE HOUSE!"





I DON'T WANT TO "KOOK YOU OUT" TODD, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THIS MIGHT BE SERIOUS! I THINK WE OUGHT TO POKE AROUND A LITTLE, AND SEE IF ANYTHING COMES UP!

OH, NO...



WHOOOF, WAS THAT EVER GROSSY!

...BUT WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DR. SPYROCH? WHAT'S GOING ON?

WELL, TODD-- THIS GEMEN SPECIMEN INDICATES CONCLUSIVELY THAT YOU HAVE WHAT WE MEDICAL SCIENTISTS CALL--V D!



V D?! YUCCH! WHAT'S THAT?!

WELL, TODD, V D IS ANY OF A VARIETY OF PHYSICAL AILMENTS CONTRACTED THROUGH ILLICIT SEX CONDUCT! OBVIOUSLY, BABS HAD V D, AND GAVE YOU A POSE!

PREVIOUSLY, THE SIGNS OF V D WERE FAIRLY CLEAR-CUT, TODD! IF YOU HAD A PAINFUL DISCHARGE FROM YOUR ORGAN, OR A DISTENSION OF ONE OF YOUR GLANDS, OR A RUNNING SORE ON YOUR BODY, THAT MEANT YOU HAD V D!



THEN IN 1969, THE U.S. DEFENSE DEPARTMENT, TO SHORTEN THE WAR AND GET OUR BOYS HOME, INFECTED CERTAIN VIET CONG PROSTITUTES WITH SOME NEW LABORATORY-BRED STRAINS OF V D! THEIR SYMPTOMS IN THE ENEMY WERE SPECTACULAR, DEMORALIZING, AND VIRTUALLY INCURABLE! UNACCOUNTABLY, THOUGH, IT BACKFIRED: AGAINST ALL REGULATIONS, IT SEEMS THAT SOME OF OUR BOYS WERE INFECTED BY THESE WOMEN, AND BROUGHT THE STUFF HOME! SO HERE WE ARE!

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF V D, REALLY, TODD! TWO WEEKS OF ANTIBIOTIC TREATMENT, AWAY FROM WINE AND WOMEN, AND YOU PROBABLY EVEN COULD'VE RECOVERED YOUR FORM ON THE BASKETBALL COURT!



HEY C'MON, JOHNNY, MAKE SOP-SOP BOUM-BOUM! BETTY MAI, SHE MAIR SHOW YOU SOMETHING BY YOU CAN REMEMBER FOREVER OUR STUFF ONE GOD DAMN!



Todd's having a little, but not bitter!

SO WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW, DOCTOR SPYROCH?

WELL, SINCE WE FOUND IT SO EARLY, IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO BAD! IF WE'D ALLOWED THE DISEASE TO RUN ITS COURSE UNCHECKED, ANY NUMBER OF THINGS MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED!

THESE NEW V D STRAINS QUICKLY AFFECT THE SPINAL CORD AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM! WITHIN MONTHS YOU MAY HAVE GONE TOTALLY INSANE!



OF COURSE, WE'LL HAVE TO GET BABS IN HERE SHE COULD BE COMPLETELY GONE BY HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY!



AND IF, GOD FORBID, SHE'S INFECTED SOMEBODY WHO MIGHT NOT HAVE THE COURAGE TO SEEK QUICK PROFESSIONAL HELP... BUT IT'S BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT THAT!

BUT I CAN-- I CAN BE CURED?

YOU CAN BE TREATED, TODD! BELIEVE ME, THE BEST MINDS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO FIND A CURE FOR THESE POSTWAR DISEASES...

...JUST AS SOON AS AN AUGMENTED VETERANS BILL PASSES THE HOUSE APPROPRIATIONS SUBCOMMITTEE!

IN THE MEANTIME, WE HAVE TO FALL BACK ON OLD TRIED-AND-TRUE METHODS USED BEFORE PENICILLIN WAS DISCOVERED, NAMELY THE MERCURY TREATMENT: ONCE A WEEK I'LL INTRODUCE 200 CC'S OF MERCURY INTO YOUR URETHRA, MASSAGE YOUR PROSTATE, AND YOU'LL BE CLEAN!

AND ABOUT MY FOLKS, DR. SPYROCK... DO THEY HAVE TO KNOW?

SEND 'EM TO ME RIGHT AWAY, SON! THIS STUFF YOU CAN GET FROM TOILET SEATS! IN FACT, YOU MIGHT SEND YOUR TOILET SEATS...

...SO WHEN TODD TELLS HIS FOLKS THE NEWS...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, TODD?! YOUR FATHER'S FACE IS AS RED AS A BEET AND HE CAN'T TAKE A WHOLE BREATH! ARE YOU HAPPY YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR FATHER IN THE HOSPITAL AGAIN?!

...AND AT SCHOOL THE NEXT DAY...

...AND YOU'VE HAD ATHLETIC SCHOLARSHIP OFFERS FROM IYY LEAGUE COLLEGES! WITH ALL THIS GOING FOR YOU, TODD, I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE NO PROBLEM GETTING A CORRESPONDENCE-COURSE EQUIVALENCY! AND OF COURSE I'D TAKE A CHANCE AND KEEP YOU RIGHT HERE, BUT MY HANDS ARE TIED BY THE SCHOOL BOARD, YOU SEE...

HOLD HIM TIGHT, ERNIE! THIS IS THE DIRTY 8%\$#! THAT PUT HIS FILTHY, STINKING HANDS ON MY SISTER EMMY LOU WHEN HE HAD THE VD! WELL, NO LITTLE GIRL'S GONNA WANT A LOOK AT THIS 8%\$#!'S FACE EVER AGAIN!

IS THIS THE END FOR TODD? IT CERTAINLY LOOKS THAT WAY! LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, TODD SQUANDERED THE PURITY OF HIS IMMORTAL SOUL FOR MOMENTARY "KICKS"!

...AND NOW, EVEN THOUGH YOU AND I WOULD GLADLY FORGIVE HIM, HE HAS TO PAY THE PRICE! PERHAPS THE APPEARANCE OF THESE NEW V D STRAINS WAS MORE THAN A MERE MILITARY OVERSIGHT-- MAYBE IT WAS GOD REMINDING US OF THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT!! "THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY!" TALK IT OVER WITH YOUR CLERGYMAN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

HE'S GOT ALL THE ANSWERS IN HERE!

Calling All Guys

Your Personal Guidebook to the Ins and Outs of Teen Gay Dating

by David Howard

Introduction

For a young boy, adolescence is an exciting and tumultuous period in his life, often marked by rapid emotional highs and lows, his laughter and tears often following each other as quickly as the cuts on mom's old *Fantastiks* album. But to deny those urges within yourself, especially during your fleeting chicken years, is a shame and a waste—if Miss Agnes God had intended us to go to the men's room only when we actually had to go to the men's room, She wouldn't give us back so many dimes in change for a dollar.

I mean really, do you mind?

All Aboard, the Cruising's Fine

But first, let's get something straight between us—"cruising," as we call gay teen dating, is neither as easy as hair pie nor as simple as rolling off a dog. Cruising can be as effortless and natural as going to the bathroom—in fact, often synonymous with it—or as chancy as a homophiliac arranging a spray of cactus. In any case, the kind of cruising you are about to embark upon won't require pop's jealousy any more than your basket need be warped to get woofed.

Initially you may find yourself awkward, often tongue-tied—this latter difficulty often a knotty problem if someone is pounding on the stall door and your first mate lacks a knack for rope craft—but such emotional seesawing is quite normal. Well, pretty nor-

mal, under the circumstances, for as the straight inventor Thomas Alva Edison observed, "The fun a boy has playing ball with the fellows is subtly different from the fun a fellow has balling the boys."

If you follow.

You now stand on the threshold of an experience not found in any *Dick and John* reader—one that may determine in large part your future understanding and appreciation of the identical sex.

Boy Meets Boy

How can a fellow like me meet other fellows like me? is a question many fellows ask. Those of you who look well in butch haircuts and need only "hang" at your local meat rack may envy your more femme brothers (or sisters, if they insist) and their natural ability for camping, fly fishing, and other healthful indoor sports. *Both* have their freedoms and obligations which must be understood and accepted on *both* sides before two hearts can finally meet face to crotch.

If you are a personable, outgoing lad, nothing is easier. Even in strange surroundings, and you can bet some of your surroundings will be pretty strange, you'll find the right opening remark, that complementary turn of phrase. It's amazing how far a boy can go on a sincere smile and a

friendly, "Hi there, mister, mind if I make like a Hoover on your wing-wang there?"

Such simple icebreakers can go a long way toward breaking the ice.

Nobody Here but Just Us Chickens

The shy, inexperienced boy, and his name is legion, though quite often Roddy, may make mistakes at first, but remember—all things come to he who uses his head rather than his teeth.

What's the matter, honey, giving you a tongue-on or something?

Are you sure you're shipshape for your shakedown cruise? Well, unless you're bigger than that hunk of Canadian bacon lurking over there by the jukebox, you'd better be, and before it becomes so hard that you must come to grips with it yourself, don't forget that the teen gay dater's object is *not* so much having fun as *not getting beaten up*. At least by anyone you don't want to.

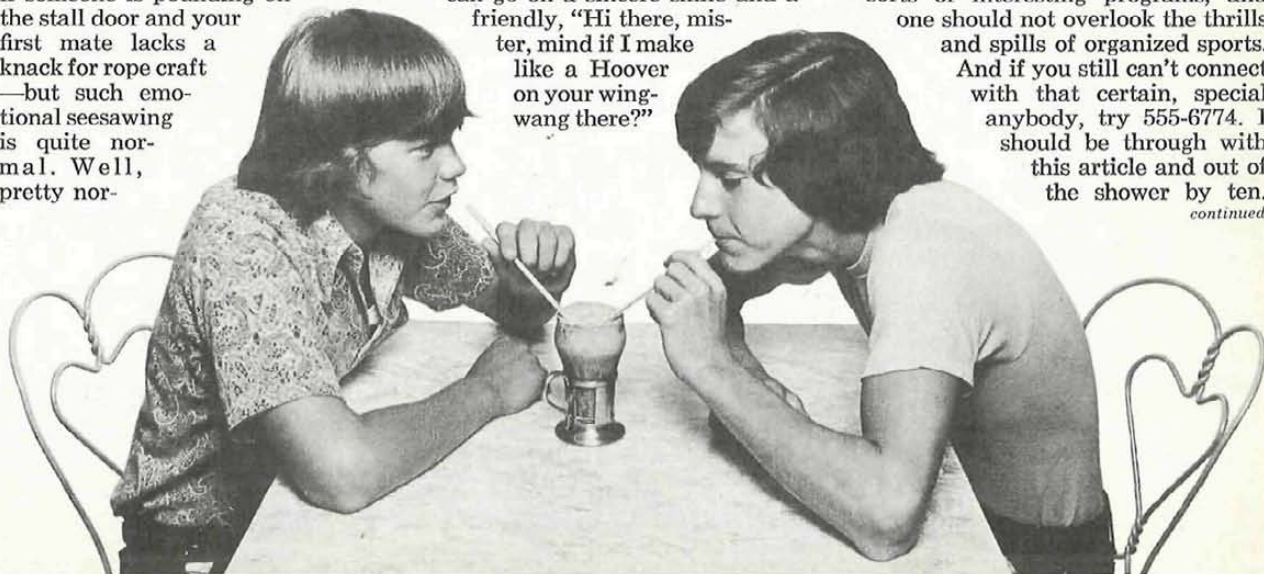
Where to Meat People

For a good place to meat people, turn toward the church of your choice. Talk to your pastor about your problems and you may get a more sympathetic response than you expect, especially if he's Episcopalian.

Community centers, YMCA show-ers, clubs, steam rooms, truck stops, Christian Science Reading Rooms, bus stations, and USOs provide all sorts of interesting programs, and one should not overlook the thrills and spills of organized sports.

And if you still can't connect with that certain, special anybody, try 555-6774. I should be through with this article and out of the shower by ten.

continued



No straights, Marines, or psychiatrists, please. I've got problems enough of my own.

Arse Gratia Artis

A love for culture (no pun intended) and the finer things can prove an added plus in meeting interesting, intelligent owners of those things. No pun intended. For example, standing room at the *Barber of Seville* can be your ticket to that hair stylist from Palermo, while the ballet is still a popular forum for all classical nancing, though lately it has been invaded by a loud and rather unpleasant heterosexual element.

If your tastes lean more to pop, then you'd better have your mom drop you off at rock concerts where you're likely to come on contact with members of your own age grope. One warning, though; stay away from David Bowie concerts—his fans are sick. (You may as well face it, there are some people who like David Bowie. The world is full of off-putting things to which one must get used, but that badge queen guarding Bowie's dressing room last night is one gomer pile who'll never live to be as old as he looks. The pits. Particularly the ones on the sides of his nose. Gah.)

Roger, Roger, Are You Receiving Me?

A teen queen need not be a raving beauty to get his head together. Too, there is a place for everybody and, if he's not careful, everybody's in his place. Ted, who is so dinky he's constantly mistaken in the gym shower for a girl, may well envy Bub, who needs a transfusion to complete an erection, but as young on-the-beamers know, "It's not how big it is, but what you are willing to let him do to it." Cynical? Maybe. Practical? You bet. Doctor?

Fetishism:

Getting Off on the Right Foot

Some enchanted evening you will meet a stranger. You will meet a stranger across a crowded room. And suddenly there, you'll know even then, that you will be badgered, abused, and publicly humiliated by that silly hysterical twathead again and again until you either have to change your phone number or your sex, whichever is less devastating to your social life.

But seriously, once you spot somebody you'd like to know better, just saunter over and say hello—perhaps tell him something of interest about yourself, such as—"Hi there, my name is Roddy and I'm a senior at Hillsdale High who enjoys swimming and sketching and hopes to major in

commercial design. Also, I have an eleven-inch dork." You can try a friendly question or two, like "Gosh, where can I get nipples pierced like that?" or "My place or yours?" or "My place or yours if-you-know-what-I-mean?" if you can get behind where I'm coming from. Please. (555-6774.)

If your fellow demures, don't press him. It may be his way of telling you he still thinks he's straight or perhaps just received an inopportune call from the Public Clinic.

Excuse me for a moment, I have to check with my answering service.

Clothes Make the Man Who Makes the Boys

Whew.

Rookie swish hitters may have trouble getting their head together about what to wear, when, and for how long. This can often be a real stumbling block for the inexperienced, particularly if the block you stumble over is the one you just got knocked off by some bull dyke as you traipsed in dressed as Toto's sidekick (or "kickpleat," as us homos say).

Keep it in your holster, Dale, this is an ugly job, but somebody's got to do it.

Fluffy cardigan sweaters, black socks with tennis shoes, clam diggers, tweed capris, and, unless St. Patrick's Day happens to fall on one, green on Thursdays are all still discreet semaphores to your fellow goop-gobblers that it's time to unpack those pink concertinas and crown the lord of the flies.

Other good tip-offs are carrying your schoolbooks across your chest, crossing your legs, or walking something small and cuddly on a leash—a ninth-grader in a green cardigan sweater, for instance.

The Riddle of the Sphinxter

Many popular nitespots (just ask your cab driver for the green light district in your town) have dress restrictions barring anyone not wearing leather, denim, tire chains, or recently killed animals interwoven with hammered motorcycle parts. Right dress is important, as any lad who sports one will testify, and for those of you with small allowances, all those leather U-trou, studded jocks, whips, spiked helmets, and pierced nipples can really blow a guy's wad.

Do you love it? Do you really love it?

You don't love it, do you.

Well, suck a biggie, sister, the Queen of Space is at the controls and can do anything she damn well wants. Check her service again, too.

No messages except from Roddy, who's out of Valium again.

An important point to remember in hanging one's key ring from one's belt or piercing one's ears, nostrils, or nipples is that the left side means "masochist" and the right side means "sadist." A little trick (no bun intended) to help you remember is that the letters are right next to each other—*L* for left and *M* for masochist. (Mary, I said it was a little trick.)

Too, a teen should never dress above his capabilities or he runs the risk of ruining his reputation and/or his colon.

Is It True What They Say about Jim Nabors?

Does the Queen Mother squat to pee?

But more importantly, what *does* a gay guy do for a good time? Homework's done, kitty's fed, Dad's jerking off at the lodge, and a young man who knows the score is on the lookout for someone to do that's different, fun, and not too expensive. You may develop rather Catholic tastes, particularly if you're Episcopalian, but make sure you find out first who is supposed to do what to who's you-know-which when and how long for how much. Otherwise you may find yourself with a painful misunderstanding on your hands or a not-so-inviting hemorrhage clashing with mom's new upholstery. Ick.

If you wish to double-date, and the date you're doubling up on doesn't mind, you may wish to invite others to the rumpus room for an impromptu coming-out party. (A word to the wise—as host you will be expected to furnish snacks, Vaseline, Johnny Mathis albums, poppers, and the entire rumpus room in French provincial.)

How Much Should My Date Cost?

Currently it seems to run from three to four dollars an inch plus handling and corkage fee, but this is subject to change without notice due to today's spiraling meat prices.*

Parents and Problems

When introducing a new fellow to your family, say something like, "Mother, this is Fred. He's in my typing class at school and is a real whiz at needlepoint."

This will give your mother something to talk about. And your pop. Later.

What Should I Know About Contraception?

(continued on page 237)

Indicates rimshot.

Indicates rimjob.

*Indicates some dorkbreath still reading this tiny type.



GIRLS

I'm not kidding, I really saw it.
Wally told me he'd kick my butt if I
didn't go all the way inside, so
I did. He must have run away at that
point, because when Mrs. Graves
snuck up behind and grabbed me,
he was nowhere to be seen.
"Wally told me to!"

"If Wally told you to jump off the
Brooklyn Bridge, would you?"

And she took me down to
Mr. Slapsky's office, where they
washed my eyes out with soap.
But before Mrs. Graves got me,
this is what I saw:

by Chris Miller

illustration by Tommy Soloski/Sketch Pad Studio

ERO 110

INDUSTRIAL
VENTILATOR





REMEMBER
TO REST
5 MINUTES

ACT+BP

SHARON
NMT GOT
No tits

KOTEX
MODESS
TAM PAX
SUPER
SONKY

Nancy Drew Mystery Stories

THE CASE OF THE MISSING HEIRESS



BY
DOUG KENNEY

Chapter I Strange Coincidences

"Missing Heiress Kidnapped; No Clues to Crooks' Whereabouts!"

Nancy Drew, a blonde, sparkling blue-eyed girl of sixteen, sat bolt upright at the breakfast table. She continued to read the *River Heights Gazette's* astonishing account to her father Carson Drew, the noted attorney, and Bess Marvin, her slightly plump though less attractive houseguest.

"San Francisco Police still baffled concerning the kidnapping last night of Patricia Hearst, daughter of Hearst Corporation newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst III and believed held captive by the radical Symbionese Liberation Army, led by a sullen, slovenly-dressed Negro and —"

"Newspaper magnet?" interrupted Bess, chipping the shell of her fourth boiled egg, "what's that?"

"In this case, something sure to attract public attention," Nancy replied. "Patty's father must be in a terrible state."

"He is," Mr. Drew confirmed as Hannah Gruen, the family housekeeper, replenished Bess and Nancy's plates with sensible portions of paprika-cheese sandwiches. "I received a desperate call from him early this morning. He asked me to go to San Francisco and run down some possible leads."

"He did?" Nancy exclaimed, almost splashing her cocoa on the clean white tablecloth. "Can I go with you?"

Carson Drew smiled indulgently upon his only daughter before delivering his kind but firm refusal. Nancy, left motherless as a child, had developed under his sole influence into a self-reliant, quick witted young detective with a knack for logical thinking uncommon in young girls twice her age.

In fact, Nancy's crucial role in the investigation of her mother's death, so dramatically told in *The Mystery of the New Will* and *The Clue of the Double Indemnity Policy*, nearly led to the culprit's arrest and conviction before her father wisely stepped in to clear up the matter with *The Secret of the Forged Death Certificate*.

"I wish I could go to San Francisco," said Bess as she fished a sandwich from Nancy's plate, "if only to help out that poor Steven Weed on the front page there. He looks sort of sweet and helpless—"

"Steven Weed!" exclaimed Hannah, rapping Bess' wrist with her spatula. "Why, wasn't that the name of the boy Ned Nickerson brought home to visit last month?"

"Of course!" cried Nancy, leaping

to her feet. "He was Ned's freshman adviser at Emerson College before Steven transferred to Berkeley! You remember, the nice, well-groomed boy who played all those up-to-date folk songs on his guitar! I only wish there was some way I—"

Just then the telephone rang in the library, and Nancy left to answer it.

"What a bit of luck!" chirruped Nancy as she returned to the table.

"That was Ned Nickerson. He just invited me to watch him play for Emerson College against Berkeley in their annual Big Football Game!"

"You *are* lucky," Bess murmured into her cocoa. "If only I could go and meet poor—"

Suddenly the doorbell chimed and Hannah emerged from the front hall with a yellow envelope on the cocoa tray.

"A telegram for me?" Nancy asked, neatly tearing the thin paper and extracting the message.

"DEAR NANCY DREW," it read, "YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER ME BUT I'M THE NICE WELL-GROOMED BOY WHO VISITED WITH NED NICKERSON LAST MONTH AND PLAYED ALL THE LATEST FOLK SONGS STOP NEED HELP TO FIND PATTY STOP ALSO DATE FOR BIG GAME STOP STEVE."

"It's from Steven Weed himself!" Nancy exclaimed to her father, who through long experience was used to the swift tide of events often attending Nancy's adventures.

"Oh, Dad," Nancy coaxed, "let Bess and me go to California too! Bess can be my companion and Steven's date. You and I can meet up there and kill two birds with one stone!"

"Sound reasoning," said Mr. Drew, rising from the table with a sigh of resignation. "But it's a long drive from River Heights to Berkeley. You'd better buy some new clothes with your own checking account and have your roadster checked out for the trip. Also, you'd better tell your personal secretary to reschedule that weekly symposium with the F.B.I. Remember, politeness pays."

Chapter II

An Unexpected Visitor

Nancy was about to hug her father with gratitude when there was a loud pounding at the back door. Opening it, she was confronted with a disreputable-looking Negro. He had a thick, coarse beard and was slovenly clothed with a loud necklace of bullets and animal fangs.

He held up a sheaf of dirty paper cards pierced by a menacing iron ring.

"I'se collectin' fo' de newspapuh," he snarled, rattling his cards. "Yo' owes de comp'ny fifty-eeben dollahs an' a bottle o' wine!"

"Newspaper?" Nancy asked sharply. "What newspaper?"

"Why, de *Samson Frisco Examiner*, natcherly," the rude Negro said gruffly. "Now pay up fo' I'se has t'gets rough!"

"Pay up indeed!" Nancy retorted. "We only take the *River Heights Gazette* and don't owe you any dollahs or wine!"

As the man made a grab for Nancy's purse on the hall table she slammed the door in his astonished face.

"Who was that?" Mr. Drew called from his study.

"Just some horrid ruffian," said Nancy as she glanced at the newspaper the rude man had dropped inside the door.

With a gasp, Nancy examined the front page.

"What's wrong?" asked Bess, running to her side.

Together they studied the *San Francisco Examiner's* headline. It read, "Nancy Drew on Hearst Case; Brings Date for Weed."

"I've got to get to the bottom of this," Nancy said, compressing her lips tightly, "if it's the next thing I do."

Chapter III

Double Date with Danger

The next day, Nancy purchased some sensible party frocks and picked up Ned and Bess in her sporty maroon roadster.

It was their plan to follow behind the team bus until they reached San Francisco, there to meet Steven, her father, and Mr. Hearst, joining up with the boys later for the Big Game.

The trip was generally pleasant despite the boisterous spirits of the Emerson team members, who made comical faces at them from the rear windows.

"California here we come!" whooped Ned Nickerson from the rumble seat. "Say, this is going to be grand!"

"Keep it down back there," Nancy laughed merrily, "I've got to keep my mind on the road."

As Bess and Ned chattered about the coming Big Game, Nancy expertly followed the bus of eager players through the flat, midwestern landscape, taking care not to be distracted by their antics as she wove through the lanes of traffic, effortlessly shifting gears.

"Look at that fat boy pressing his cheeks against the bus windows!" Bess giggled, pointing.

continued on page 44



Y466—The 1st FRANKENSTEIN Flock 30x 40 Dayglo \$3.98



Y-17 BLACK PANTHER Day-glow on velvet 23" x 29"



Z-6 ZONK Six foot by four foot day-glow poster. A Mind Blower. Only \$5.95. Shipped in four foot tube.



Y-104 Astrology Positions Dayglo. 23" x 31" \$2.50



TRICKY DICK'S EYES MOVE 60 TIMES A MINUTE

W-1. Watch tricky dick's eyes shift back and forth 60 times a minute. 2 years guarantee. Jeweled movement. Bound to increase in value. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Only \$19.95. A REAL WINNER FOR YEARS TO COME. Leatherette strap. TIC-TIC-TIC-TIC

\$19.95



Y-405 LIVING SKULL Flock Poster



Y-16 HIGH RIDER Day-glow on velvet 23" x 29"



Y-363 NIXON AGNEW Black & White Photo. Collectors Item 23" x 29". Only \$1.50



Y-403 TONGUE POWER thought provoking master piece 23x29. b/w photo \$1.98

ESCHER

All prints are suitable for framing. Each is printed on art stock. In this ad only all are available on T-Shirts. See upper right hand corner of ad for details.



E-8 SKY AND WATER. 23 1/2" x 31 1/2"



E-30 Night & Day 20" x 34"



Y-261 12TH COMMANDMENT. Red and Black on parchment, 15" x 11"



Y-374 COSMIC BUTTERFLY Printed on velvet. 30" x 40" \$3.98



Y-472— LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL Full color \$1.50



Y-368 MOZART: 30" x 40" \$1.50

NEW VELVET POSTERS
the finest flock posters available each printed in day-glow color on black velvet. Great with black lite! \$3.98 each, 22"x23"



Y-375 STEAMSHIP Printed on velvet. perfect for framing. 30"x40" \$3.98



Y-376 SHIP Printed on velvet. perfect for framing. 30"x40" \$3.98



Y455 BACH 30x40 B/W \$1.50 Y-367 BEETHOVEN 30" x 40" \$1.50



Y-18 COCA COLA IN THE BREW! Red and White 19" x 25" A Classic. Only 1.50



E-21 BALCONY Unusual Fisheye Effect



E-19 PUZZLE. 19" x 23 1/2". Black and white.



E-1 CYCLE. 18" x 24" B&W



E-15 WATERFALL Black & White



E-21 BALCONY.



E-2 RELATIVITY. By M.C. Escher. B/W on art stock.



Y-377 TIGER Printed on velvet. 23" x 35" \$3.98

Bumper Stickers that really BUMP! Each printed in day-glow 3 1/2" x 1 1/2". \$1.00 each. Any three for \$2.50. N-55 EAT BEANS—AMERICA NEEDS THE GAS. N-56 DON'T BE FUELISH. N-15 IMPEACHMENT WITH HONOR. N-12 IMPEACH THE COXSACKER.

Door

This is the unique red, blue, yellow, and black door graphic that is designed to fit all doors. Do it yourself with wheat paste. Hand-some design will brighten any room. Only \$9.95 each.

4 Color Door GRAPHIC

For complete full color catalogue of over 40-22 wall graphics and decorator settings list item C-50A and add 50c to your order. Rush order for fast delivery.



Y-469 FART ON A FRIEND. "Gross" full color 25x31 \$1.00.

NOSTALGIA



Y-457 HAROLD LLOYD "Hangin in there" b/w photo \$1.50.



Y-456 "THE BUSTER KEATON POSTER. 40 Giant b/w photo \$1.50



Y-320 BOGIE'S BACK! B/W. 30 x 40 \$1.50



Y-355 THE CLASSIC MONROE \$1.50



Y-506 Full Color 23"x29" \$1.50



Y-503 Full Color 22"x28" \$2.50



Y-505 B/W 23"x35" \$1.50



Y-507 B/W 23"x29" \$2.50



Y-444 Mussolini B/W Photo 16 x 24 \$1.00



Y-429 "YOU DO YOU THING" I. Peath's famous poem takes on new meaning as read by the Fabrics "17" x 22" B/W. Only \$1. Unit price for the 1/2 dozen of the month.



Y-175 (the classic) FUCK COMMUNISM. Red white and blue. Stand up and be counted! 17" x 22". Only \$1.00

QLORD help me to keep my big mouth shut until I know what I am talking about.

Y-462 Oh Lord Scroll in color 11 x 17 \$1.50



Y-464 THANKS FOR THE HAMMERIES. In full color 23x31. \$1.00.



Y-474 THE JOB ISN'T FINISHED UNTIL THE PAPER WORK IS DONE 25x31. \$1.98.



Eyes shift back and forth 60 times a minute. Full two year guarantee jeweled Swiss movement. A collector's item that will gain in value in years to come. Only \$21.95. Watch is item W-3.



Y-205—W.C. FIELDS The classic Fields! B&W 30x40 \$1.50



Y-364—3 STOOGES Real Stupid 30x40, B&W \$1.50



Z-14 THE CLASSIC LAUREL AND HARDY Giant 30x40 photo \$1.50

Each a Giant 30 x 40 B/W Photo \$1.50 each order by number

OUT OF ORDER

N-75 STRIKE BACK. Save a friend a dime! Use our own pressure sensitive OUT OF ORDER stickers on BUM PHONES, etc. A great weapon! Black on Yellow. Pad of 25, just 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed! Special: Three pads \$1.00.

"Holy crow!" exclaimed Ned from the back. "If our coach catches him with that big black cigar in his face, he'll *really* catch heck!"

"That's not his face," said Nancy, as she throttled down to stop for a hitchhiker, "and I have a hunch that's not a cigar, either."

The frantically signalling figure ran to the decelerating car carrying what appeared to be a bundle of newspapers.

"S'bout tahn yo' slowed down!" the stranger complained bitterly. "Ah ain't sold none o' these heah *Santa Crisco Exterminators* awl day an' I'se gots t'gets back t' Santa Crisco City in tahn fo' de Big Game!"

"The Big Game?" Bess cried happily. "Why, we're going to the Big Game too! Hop in!"

Before Nancy could intercede, the huge, slovenly-dressed Negro forced Ned to jump on the running board and plunked himself down with a rude grunt in the rumble seat. But not before Nancy noticed the headline on his scattering papers—"Girl Detective Heads West; Gives Lift to Huge Negro En Route."

"Come on roadstuh, do yo' stuff!" the new rider roared hoarsely.

Nancy gunned the motor and drove rapidly into a fiery sunset with a nagging suspicion in the back of her mind.

Despite the glorious sky and her companions' high spirits, Nancy found herself nervously glancing in the rearview mirror, unable to shake the feeling that they were being followed.

"Hey yo'," a voice rasped from the back as its owner propped his dirty boots on Nancy's clean white upholstery, "honky boy wid de crew-cut! Yo' got any wine?"

Chapter IV More Cigars

Through skillful driving, Nancy soon overtook the Emerson team bus and crossed the famous Golden Gate Bridge to San Francisco in a few short words.

Their mysterious traveling companion jumped out at a light, muttering something about having to "zoot up" for the Big Game, and the three young people excitedly pulled up to the impressive Fairmont Hotel.

To Nancy's relief, they were greeted by a nice, well-groomed boy hefting a guitar case, a distraught businessman smoking an expensive cigar, and a distinguished-looking, grey-haired gentleman whom Nancy immediately recognized as Carson Drew, the famous criminal lawyer.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hearst," Nancy said, offering a firm curtsy.

"I'd like to introduce my chums Ned Nickerson and Bess Marvin, Steve's date. She's plump, but nice nonetheless."

"Gosh, it sure is swell to see you all again," the troubled young man broke in. "We've been worried to bits."

"Yes, Miss Drew," agreed Mr. Hearst, extinguishing his cigar in the young man's moustache. "Your father and I are about to go to my family estate at San Simeon to work up some clues. But I must say I've wanted to meet the famous Nancy Drew ever since you cracked that Lindburg caper."

Nancy modestly brushed off further praise for her part in her most recent adventure, *The Clue of the Dead Baby*, and pressed the powerful newspaperman for leads.

"Nothing so far," he admitted, striking a light for his cigar off Steve's neck, "except for a strange, slovenly-dressed Negro named Cinque identified by the police as one of Patty's kidnappers. It's been reliably reported that he's been falsely representing himself as one of my paper boys to gain his victims' confidence."

"Nothing else?" asked Nancy. "Only that he's a member of the SLA," added Mr. Drew, "a radical gang of poorly-groomed revolutionaries that believe in everybody getting something for nothing."

"Something for nothing indeed!" Nancy stormed. "Why, the poor folks back in River Heights would rather starve!"

"Most of them already have," said Mr. Drew. "They know better than to try to pull something like this on my turf."

"Hmmm," said Nancy. "Perhaps I'll find out something at the Big Game this afternoon. Right now Bess and I will go to our room to freshen up beforehand. The drive was rather tiring."

"I bet it was," Steve observed sympathetically. "Covering two thousand miles in two hours is plenty tiring for anybody, much less girls."

Nancy overlooked Steve's unintentional insult, knowing the strain he had been under, and began to realize why he and Ned made such fine young companions for each other.

Saying their goodbyes to the boys, who planned to meet them at the Big Game later, Nancy beckoned a bellhop to help with their bags.

"Please take these to room 203," she directed the Negro, whose slovenly uniform and rude manner seemed oddly out of keeping with the impressive appearance of the hotel.

For the Hotel Fairmont had been constructed in the grand manner of

the last century, boasting huge Greek-styled marble pillars that reached almost to the distant ceiling and what seemed like acres of beautiful red plush wallpaper. The total effect was certainly stunning, recalling to Nancy the fine movie house interiors she had observed back in River Heights, only huger.

"I hope the boys have plenty of hot cocoa for the Big Game!" Bess squealed as they unpacked their new outfits, after tipping the strangely surly bellhop a shiny new dime.

"And I hope we dig up some clues to this mystery!" asserted Nancy as she absently fingered the complimentary packages of Midol which the bellhop had left in generous quantities.

"Hey, any idea what Midol stuff is?" Bess asked as she modeled her new fur-trimmed coat in the mirror.

"Search me," replied Nancy, "but I have a sneaking suspicion that we soon will."

Chapter V Kidnapped!

Promptly at two o'clock, a surly voice from the hotel desk rang up to inform them that Steve was waiting in the lobby. The girls, both looking fresh and fine in their new frocks, complimented Steve on his new crew-neck sweater and crowded into Nancy's smart blue coupé.

"Hurry or we'll be late!" Bess sang. "Better safe and sound than fast and soon!" Steve admonished, hoping to make amends for his earlier gaffe.

"There's the stadium now!" Bess cried. "Maybe we'll find Ned already on the field!"

"And a clue to Patty's whereabouts," Nancy wisely reminded the reader as they presented their tickets to the surly attendant and were gruffly directed to their seats high above the Berkeley fifty-yard line.

"Great seats!" marveled Steve as he gallantly brushed the chalked bull's-eyes from their bench, almost forgetting his worries amid the bustle of the well-groomed Emerson crowd.

"And an exciting game to come, I'll wager!" Nancy predicted with the foresight characteristic of her careful upbringing.

Indeed, the gay threesome yelled encouragement along with the crowd in the crisp clear air as tension mounted until the blue-uniformed Emerson eleven finally lined up against the pink-and-yellow clad Berkeley team.

"There's the kick!" shouted Bess, waving off a churlishly persistent Negro vending peanuts, Midol, and home delivery of a local newspaper.

"And there's Ned!" Steve yelled, "the one in the spotless jersey!"

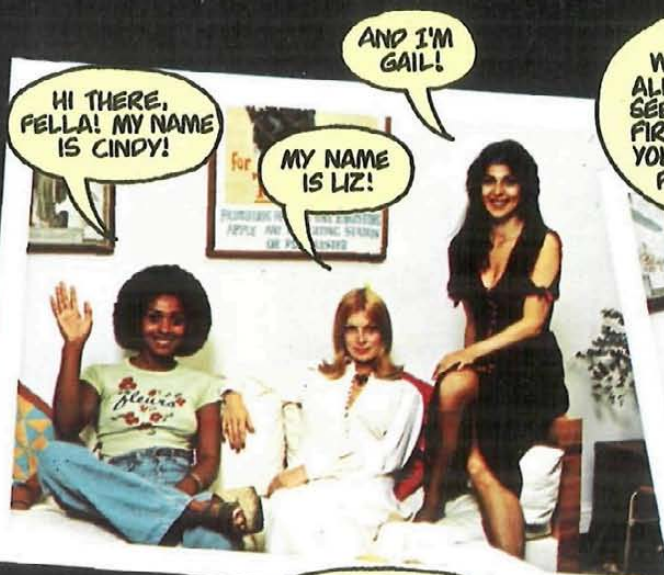
As the cheery threesome looked on,

continued on page 60

Every Red-Blooded American Boy's Dream

Three Pretty Girls Doing Just What You Want So You Can Masturbate!

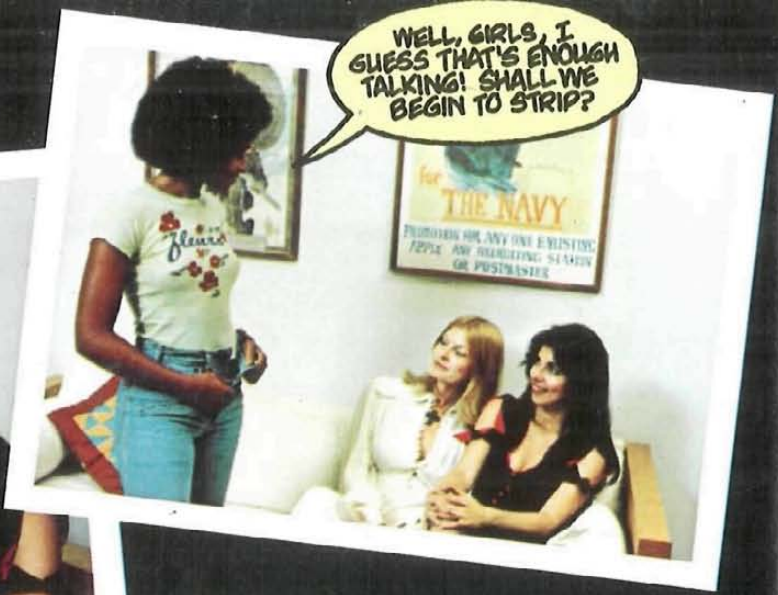
by Ed Subitzky



AND PLEASE, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T FEEL SILLY OR GUILTY! REMEMBER-- WE LIKE DOING THIS! WE THINK IT'S A WONDER AND A MIRACLE THAT OUR BODIES CAN GIVE PLEASURE TO A FELLOW HUMAN BEING, AND NOTHING GIVES US GREATER JOY!



WELL, GIRLS, I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH TALKING! SHALL WE BEGIN TO STRIP?



YES, BUT LET'S DO IT REAL SLOW!



LIKE ME IN A BRA? YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT MORE OF ME IN JUST A FEW PANELS, YOU LUCKY STIFF. HEH HEH!

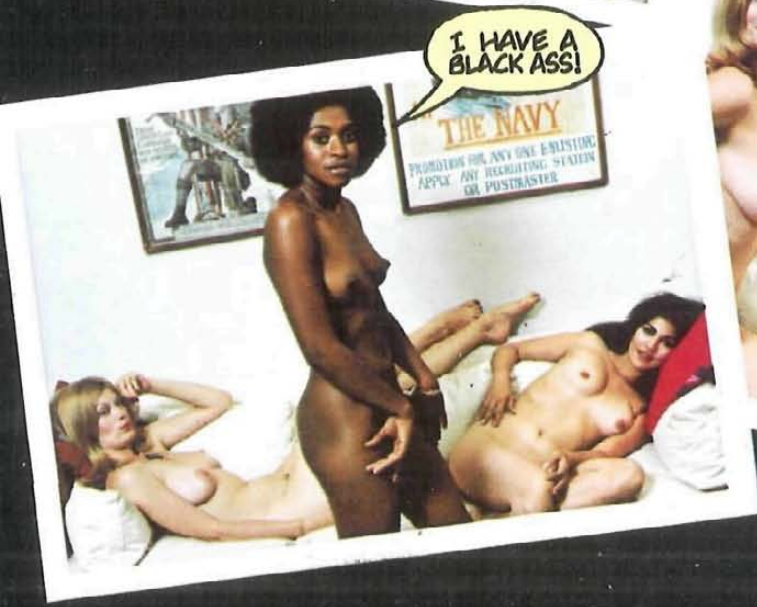
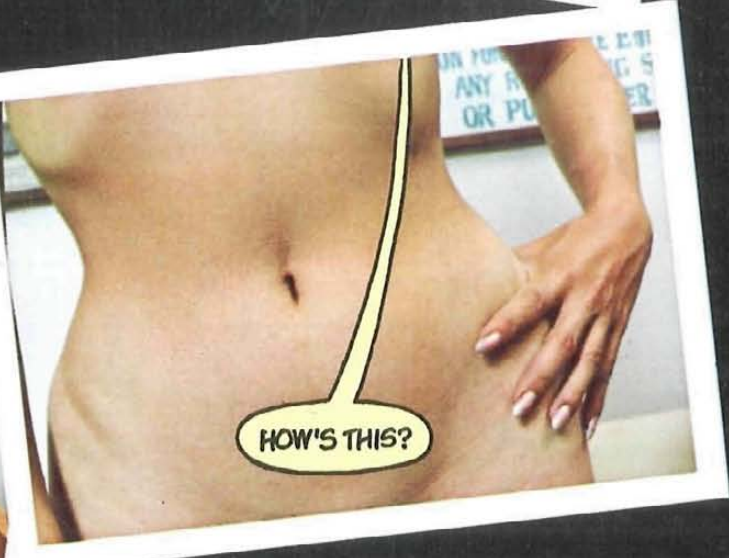
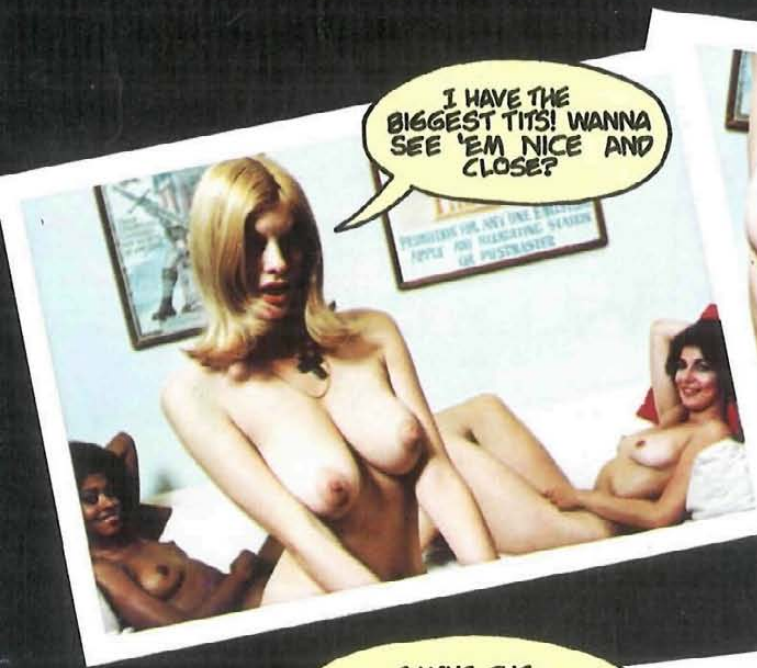


AND DON'T YOU GET A NICE TINGLE INSIDE WHEN YOU LOOK AT MY SMOOTH, TAPERED LEGS AND MILKY-WHITE, FIRM THIGHS!



THERE! NOW WE'RE ALL HERE IN OUR BIRTHDAY SUITS FOR YOU!

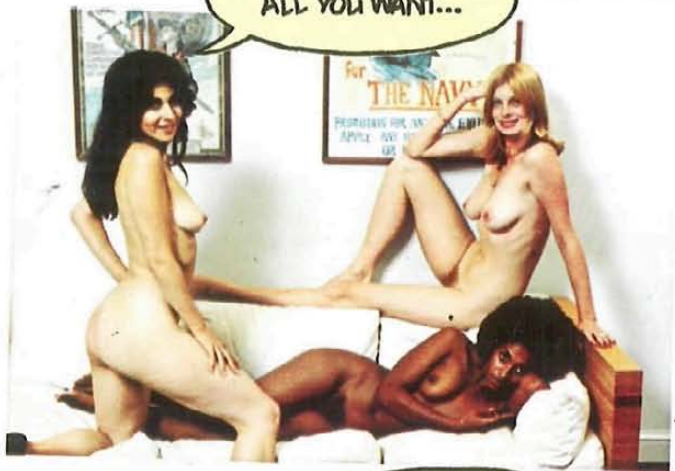




NOW WE'LL JUST STAND AROUND
HERE IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS...



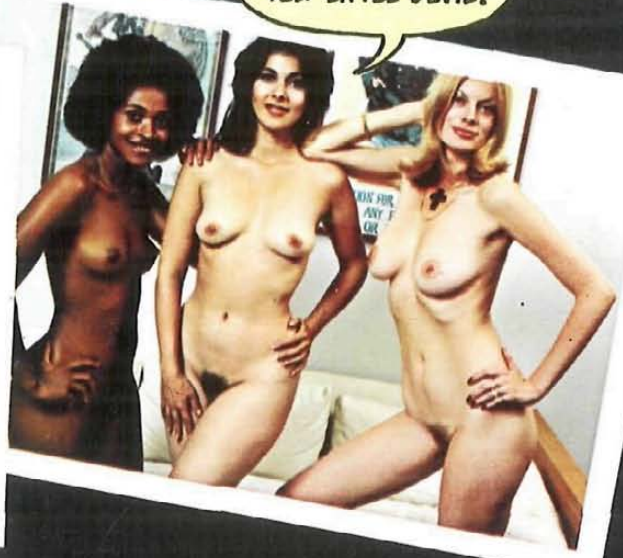
...AND LET YOU
KEEP LOOKING AT US
ALL YOU WANT...



...UNTIL YOU...



...YOU-KNOW-WHAT,
YOU LITTLE DEVIL!



OUR SPACE IS UP NOW!
BUT REMEMBER, BIG BOY...
WE'LL ALWAYS BE RIGHT HERE
WHEN YOU NEED US!



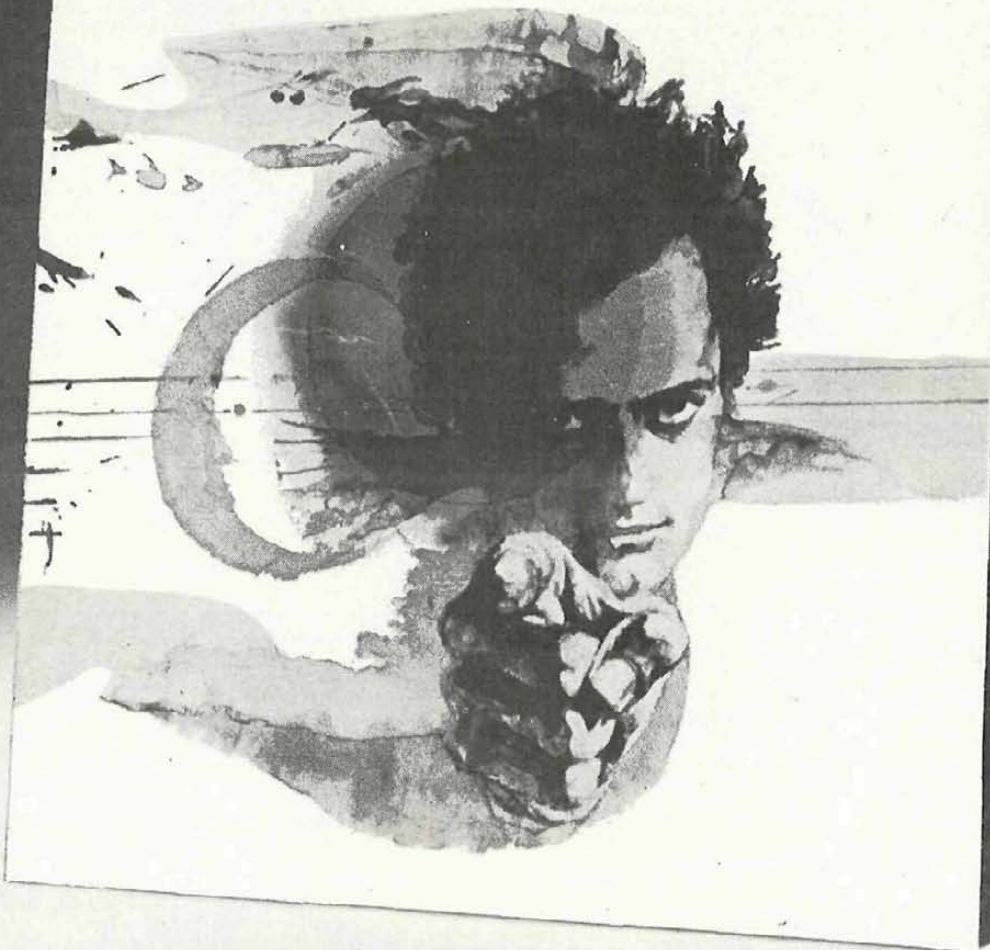
NOW, BEFORE YOU TURN
THE PAGE, DON'T FORGET TO
WASH UP!



TA TA!

BYE!

HARRY CHAPIN VERITIES & BALDERDASH



**VERITIES & BALDERDASH
AS ONLY HARRY CAN TELL IT**

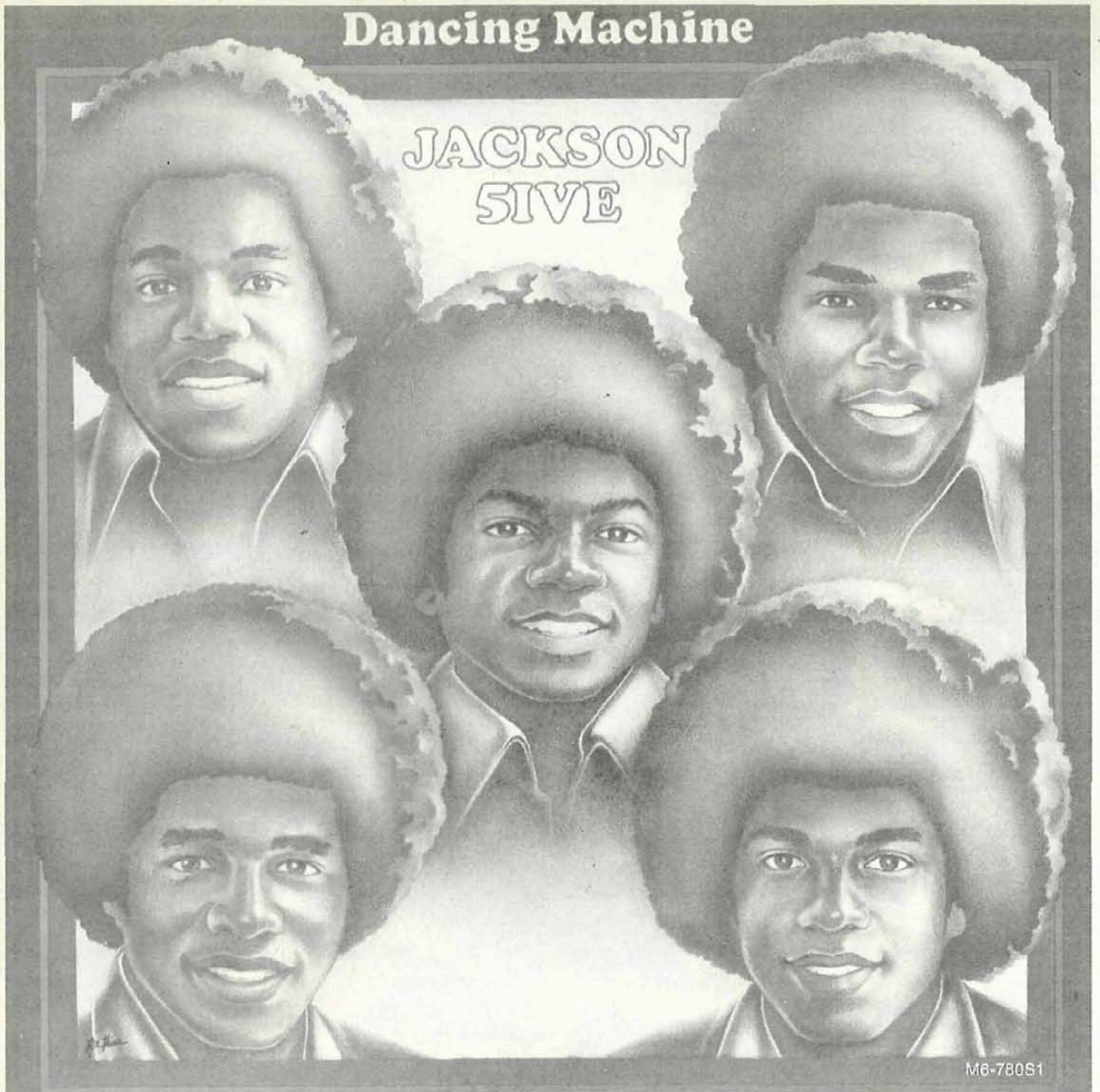


ARRANGED AND PRODUCED BY PAUL LEKA

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Dancing Machine

JACKSON
FIVE



Perpetual Motionⁿ Guaranteed.

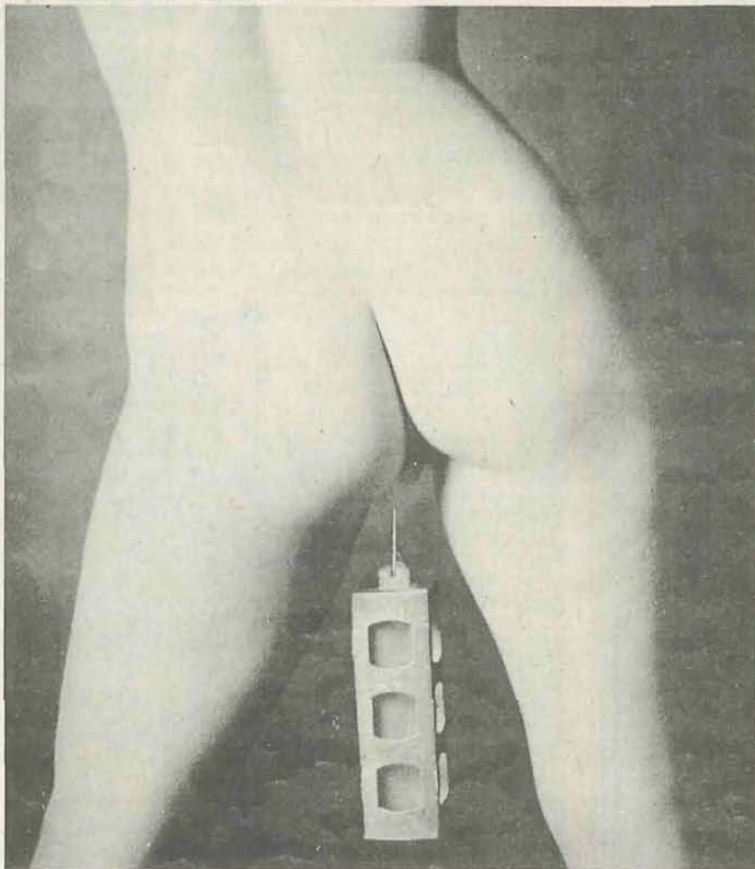
The J5's new album Dancing Machine is a perpetual motion machine. Guaranteed to keep you on your feet and moving for every minute. Guaranteed to excite you, ignite you, delight you.



©1974 Motown Record Corporation

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

What Is Wrong with This Picture?



Well, some of the Editors felt that flypaper might have been preferable to the No-Pest® Strip. Kaestle, whose idea this photograph was in the first place, doesn't see what this picture has to do with pubescence, i.e., the ostensible *leitmotif* of the following ribald squibs and bold diversions.

Suffice it to say that the ensuing portfolio represents *une petite collage du drollerie* culled from some of the hottest young humorists and social satirists alive and swinging today. At first glance, the following pages may seem a cynical throw-together, symptomatic of bored, indolent editing—but wait! Scrunch up your eyes as you feast upon the ensuing japes and *presto!* a subtle pattern will begin to emerge.

(What you missed in this section: Shary Flenniken's "How to Turn Your Report Card into a Letter Bomb," Gerry Sussman's "How to Predict Your Bust Size, Make Your Wet Dreams Come True, and Get Something Nice Under Your Pajamas from the Pubic Hair Fairy," Gary Blake's "Famous Term Paper Writer's School," and Tim Mayer's "A Subtle Pattern Begins to Emerge.")

Kaestle also says the Kotex pamphlet should run as two back-to-back spreads on a single page, but Kaestle also wears platform heels with felt appliqué bunnies on the toes and thinks Viet Cong are cool.

—The Management

SHERRY KRUMPKIN



VALLEY STREAM

Sherry Krumpkin
67 SHERRY KRUMPKIN

HT: 4'11 1/2"
 WT: 89 lbs.
 Born: 8/19/69

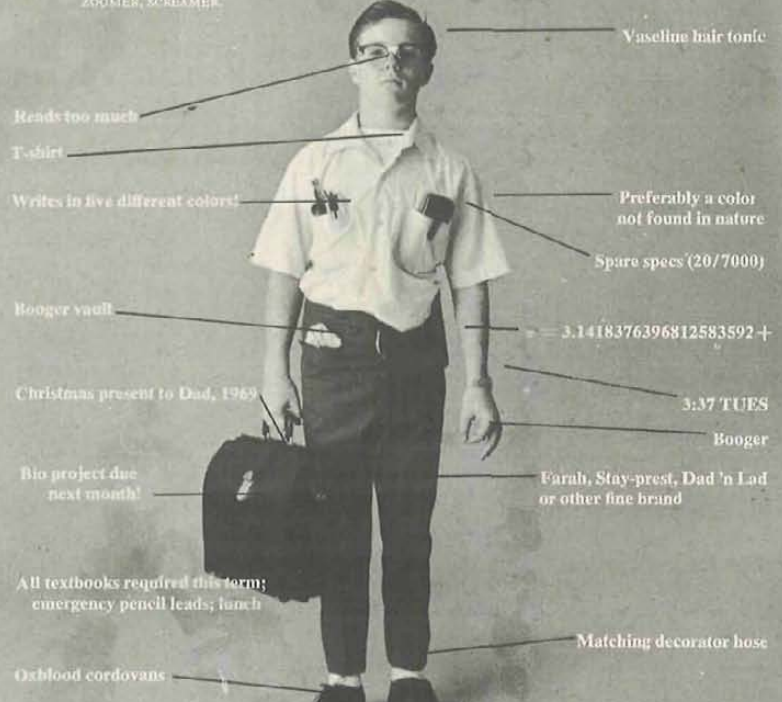
- Gave exhibitions in the shower in 1969.
- Set a record for assists as a minor in 29 convictions for statutory rape.
- Had 7 inside the park HR's in 1973.
- Voted Bush League Nookie of the Year.

THE SCORE

| | ATT. | 1B | 2B | 3B | HR |
|------|------|-----|-----|-----|----|
| 1969 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 1970 | 14 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| 1971 | 31 | 15 | 5 | 2 | 0 |
| 1972 | 139 | 103 | 47 | 9 | 3 |
| 1973 | 277 | 189 | 46 | 21 | 11 |
| 1974 | 365 | 355 | 129 | 221 | 52 |

© COPYRIGHT 1974 MAJOR LEAGUE SLUTS

nurd also nerd /nɜrd/ n [ME, fr. OE *neard*, perforated earthen jar or gourd] : an adolescent male possessing any of a number of socially objectionable characteristics, including passivity, disregard for personal appearance, obsessive neatness, introversion, undue respect for authority, sexual ignorance, disinterest in athletics, fidgeting, kookiness, anality, infantilism, orality, pusillanimity, obsequiousness, and using big words; spc: TWINK, WONK, FINK, TWIT, [zreedy], GRIND, FLAMER, WIMP, WEEBIE, DINK, CREEP, FLYER, GEEK, DOP, LEMUR, Q-BALL, SIMP, TWIRP, DRIP, WOMBAT, ZOOMER, SCREAMER.



Writes in five different colors!
 T-shirt
 Reads too much
 Bio project due next month!
 All textbooks required this term; emergency pencil leads; lunch
 Oxblood cordovans
 Matching decorator hose
 Vaseline hair tonic
 Preferably a color not found in nature
 Spare specs (20/7000)
 3.1418376396812583592 +
 3:37 TUES
 Booger
 Farah, Stay-prest, Dad 'n Lad or other fine brand
 Christmas present to Dad, 1969
 Booger vault

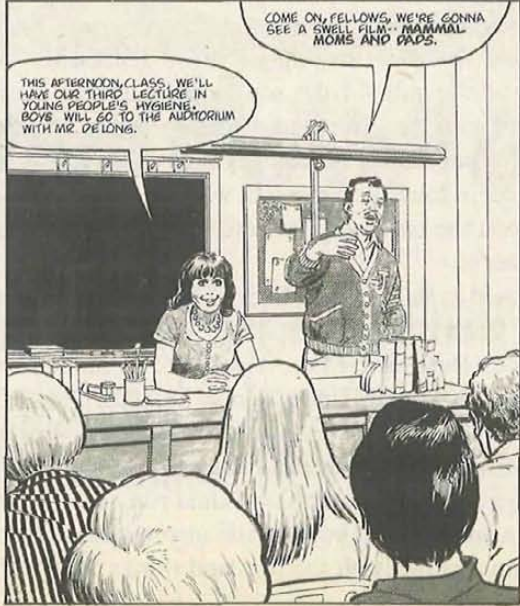
Are You a Nurd?

... Let's hope not. But just in case you've begun to notice telltale signs, such as a reawakened fascination with word problems or scratching mosquito bites until they bleed, take this simple test. If you have less than five (5) of these dead giveaways, you're probably a cool guy. If you have eight (8) or more, you're just kind of flakey. Ten (10) or more? Check for a leper colony near you.

photograph by Arky & Barrett

Sex Education Class

*Written by P.J. Korvick
 Drawn by Ralph Reese*



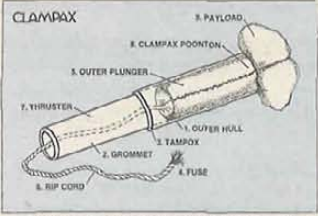
THIS AFTERNOON, CLASS, WE'LL HAVE OUR THIRD LECTURE IN YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYGIENE. BOYS WILL GO TO THE AUDITORIUM WITH MR. DELONG.

COME ON, FELLOWS, WE'RE GONNA SEE A SWELL FILM - MAMMAL MOMS AND DADS.



CYNTHIA, POROTHY, YOU CLOSE THE WINDOWS AND PULL DOWN THE SHADES.

For God's sake, if you have never before used a **CLAMPAX®** menstrual poonton



...WORLD'S FOREMOST MENSTRUAL POONTON

COMMIT THIS SIMPLE HANDBOOK TO MEMORY BEFORE YOU EVEN TRY

Like everything else you learned to do, from re-wiring your waffle iron to parallel parking a camper-trailer, doing it yourself with Clampax menstrual poontons is just as easy once you get the knack.

We suggest you get acquainted with your Clampax poonton and see how it works. Introduce yourself to it before you introduce it into yourself! First, remove the hermetically-sealed and discreetly designed paper wrapper by placing your fingers at both ends and pulling vigorously just as you would a birthday cracker. It will pop right open, revealing the highly absorbent poonton enclosed in its safety-tested outer immersion tube which encloses the inner pumper tube which encloses the decorative braided ejection string or rip cord (see diagram).

Stand up, grasp the poonton vertically, and pretend for the moment the room you are in is a huge vagina. Good. Now, with the thumb and index finger touching, make a bunny rabbit of your right hand. Gently slide the bunny's head over units 1, 8, 5, 4, and choke it until it fits slide piston snugly. Hook your pinky, just as in crocheting, around unit 6 and hold, resting your solitaire finger on main thrusters. Now, pointing the Clampax away from your eyes and keeping hold of 6, push plunger and 2 up through 3, 4, 5, and out 8, letting go of 6 just at the last moment. If you followed the directions properly, the poonton should now be lying on the carpet.

You'll be relieved to know that because the outer immersion tube and inner pumper tube are generously prelubricated, the poonton's business end will glide easily into yours, without your ever having to look at it, touch it, or anything.

Now you are ready to embark on a maiden voyage with your Clampax poonton. Turn the page and follow the explicit directions.

CLAMPAX is the registered trademark of Clampax Incorporated.

Welcome to the millions who delight in the companionship of Clampax menstrual poontons.



MONA DUMAS

CHICAGO

MONA DUMAS *Monna Dumas*

Hgt: 5'6"
Wgt: 139 lbs.
Born: 2/28/53

NO WOMEN ALLOWED TO ENTER HERE ANYWHERE IN 1974!

579

- Mona made a name for herself with her fast ball.
- Caught stealing for only the second time in 89 attempts in 1973.
- Accepted an offer to turn pro in '74.
- Became a switch hitter in '74 at the Women's House of Detention.

| | | THE SCORE | | HR | | |
|------|-----|-----------|----|----|-----|-----|
| ATT. | 1B | 2B | 3B | HR | 0 | 1 |
| 1869 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| 1970 | 7 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| 1971 | 245 | 201 | 21 | 16 | 17 | 17 |
| 1972 | 396 | 287 | 0 | 0 | 287 | 508 |
| 1973 | 598 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 598 |
| 1974 | 59 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 59 | 0 |

© COPYRIGHT 1974 MAJOR LEAGUE SLUTS



DEENA
KRAMINSKI



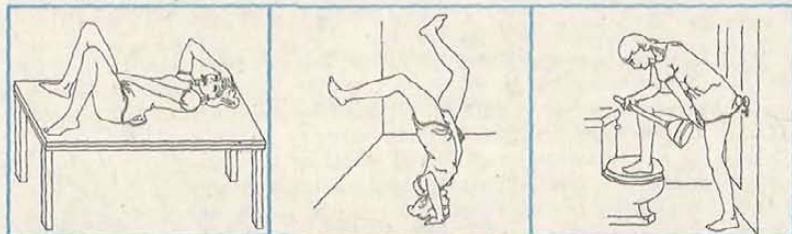
BROOKLYN

HOW TO USE CLAMPAX® POONTONS

Get hold of yourself . . .

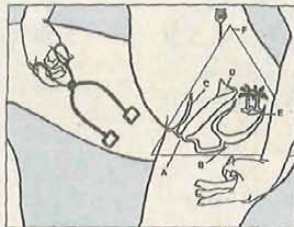
The clue to proper insertion is to *get hold of yourself*. Make sure you are calm and relaxed. If you are tense, the muscles of your vaginal opening will snap shut like the valves of a scared mollusk and insertion will be unnecessarily difficult. No need to worry, millions of girls just like you had their "first time" and most are already walking normally!

So pop open a fresh poonton . . . *get hold of yourself* . . . and follow these five easy steps.

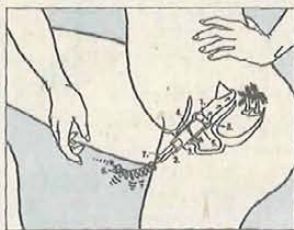


1. Lie flat on back on kitchen table. Bite **OR** Stand on head to avoid leakage **OR** Forget the whole thing, lock door, and think dirty things

. . . whichever seems most natural and comfortable for you.



2. Inserting your fist and giving the Girl Scout Salute, or, if you prefer not to touch it, using spaghetti tongs, spread the sides of your vaginal canal A (somewhere near the rectal canal B, the urinary canal C, the Bermuda Triangle D, the Islets of Langerhans E, and Interstate 90).



3. Set the poonton end 3, 4, 5, 8, and 1 into the vaginal opening. Now wrap the ejection string 6 around and around 7 and '2 as tautly and as rapidly as you can until you are holding only the tiniest end and then *yank!* The poonton will spin upward, inserting itself into your vagina, pleasantly but firmly coming to a stop only when it is satisfied it's properly placed and feels at home. NOTE: *The Clampax poonton must*

377 DEENA KRAMINSKI *Deena Kraminski*

- Led all girls at Madison High School in 1962 with 1,190 put-outs in 1,252 chances.
- Was at her best on long drives.
- Knocked out of her box in 1965 after a hard slide on the gear shift of a '64 'vette.

Ht: 5'3"
Wt: 109 lbs.
Born: 3/27/47



THE SCORE

| ATT. | 1B | 2B | 3B | HR |
|------|-------|-----|-----|-----|
| 1960 | 12 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| 1961 | 89 | 5 | 65 | 15 |
| 1962 | 1,252 | 557 | 279 | 148 |
| 1963 | 989 | 345 | 108 | 67 |
| 1964 | 877 | 21 | 0 | 823 |
| 1965 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

COPYRIGHT 1974 MAJOR LEAGUE SLUTS



ON THE SECOND DATE OR THIRD PERIOD OF CORPSE SECTION, DIGITAL ALLOWANCE CAN BE EXTENDED TO INCLUDE THE NECK, BACK, FACE, THE WAIST AT THE SIPIES, AND YOUR KNEES. IF LIP KISSING HAS BEEN INITIATED FIRST, UNTIL THE THIRD DATE OR SOCIAL EQUIVALENT, REFRAIN FROM ACTIVE CARESSES. RESISTING INSTEAD TO EMBRACES WITH THE ARMS, HOLDING HIS SHOULDERS OR BACK LIGHTLY WITH THE HANDS BUT SUPPLYING LITTLE PRESSURE AND NO STROKING.



FROM THAT POINT FORWARD, DEVELOPING PREMARITAL SEXUAL TENSION IS A MATTER OF CAREFULLY PACING YOUR AREA PERMISSIVENESS THROUGH ALL TWELVE BODY ZONES, EACH ZONE FURTHER STIMULATING YOUR MARITAL PROSPECT'S PHYSICAL DESIRE UNTIL ALL DEFENSIVE MOTIVATIONAL THRESHOLDS HAVE BEEN EXCEEDED AND A FIRM DATE HAS BEEN SET FOR THE WEDDING.

ANY QUESTIONS?



**WAREHOUSE
SOUND Co.**

**SPECIAL
OFFERS
FLYER**

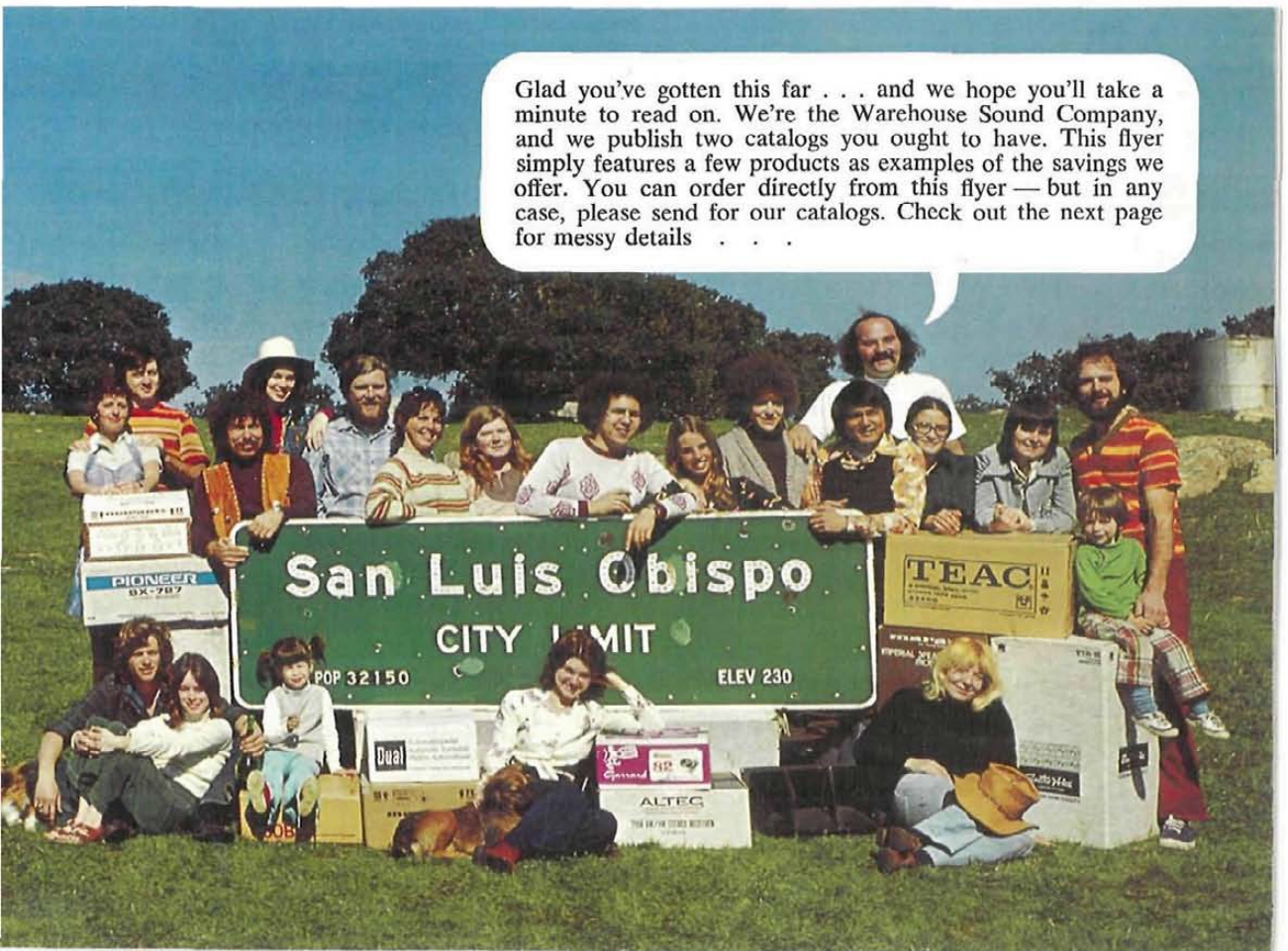


"Who was that Masked Man?"

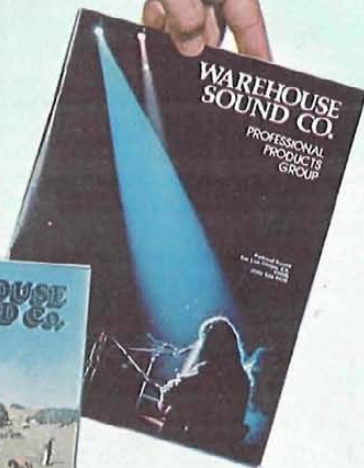
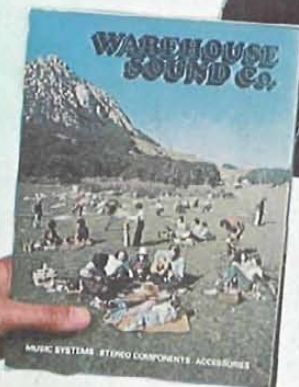
"Please send for our catalogs!"

Copyright: War-House Sound Co., 1974. All rights reserved.

Glad you've gotten this far . . . and we hope you'll take a minute to read on. We're the Warehouse Sound Company, and we publish two catalogs you ought to have. This flyer simply features a few products as examples of the savings we offer. You can order directly from this flyer — but in any case, please send for our catalogs. Check out the next page for messy details . . .



Send \$1.00
for any of
these catalogs



or get all three for only \$2.00

THE WAREHOUSE SOUND CO. CATALOG: A uni and colorful 64-page mail-order catalog of the best music systems and single components, with righteous prices on all major brands. Much useful information and huge discounts on receivers, tape decks, changers, speakers etc. Today's best non-BS guide to "what stereo components to buy" — even if you get them somewhere else. \$1.00 for postage and handling.

THE WAREHOUSE SOUND CO. PROFESSIONAL PRODUCTS CATALOG: A 64-page mail-order catalog of today's top professional sound equipment, primarily for musicians. All major brands of guitar amps, PA and sound reinforcement equipment, mixing boards, mikes, synthesizers, etc. Expert advice by mail or phone, righteous discounts and fast delivery. The only catalog of its kind! \$1.00 for postage and handling.

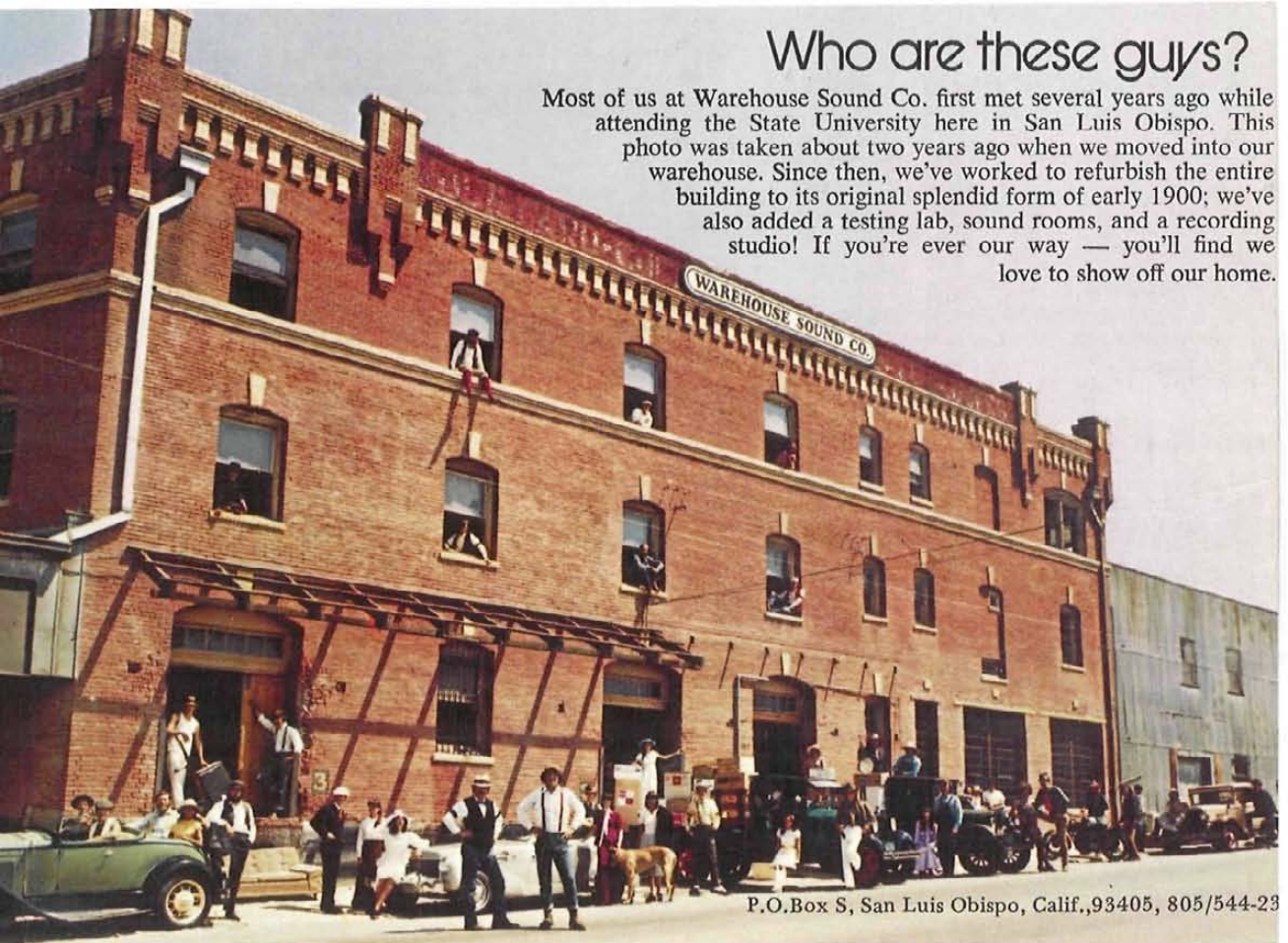
THE MUSIC MACHINE ALMANAC, 1975: 180-page full-color institutional guide listing all of today's stereo and quad components. Complete specifications, pictures and prices of over 40 different manufacturers! A must if you're thinking about buying stereo equipment this year. Published by Uniplan Publishing of San Francisco. \$1.00 for postage and handling; normally sells on newsstands for \$1.95.

MAILED FIRST CLASS THE DAY WE GET YOUR DOLLARS!

P.S. Sorry about having to charge for our catalogs, but postage rates are high, and we'd go broke trying to mail them free to every curious-Harry. Or worse, we'd have to raise our super-low prices . . .

Who are these guys?

Most of us at Warehouse Sound Co. first met several years ago while attending the State University here in San Luis Obispo. This photo was taken about two years ago when we moved into our warehouse. Since then, we've worked to refurbish the entire building to its original splendid form of early 1900; we've also added a testing lab, sound rooms, and a recording studio! If you're ever our way — you'll find we love to show off our home.



P.O.Box S, San Luis Obispo, Calif., 93405, 805/544-23

Save 35% on Stereophones

HEADPHONE EXTENSION CORD: Free yourself from sitting in one spot while listening: 25' coiled extension cord can be used with all normal stereophones . . . if you really want to get loose, buy two and boogie up to 50'! Best cord available, reg. \$5.95, our price \$4.

PIONEER SEL-40: The best open-air stereophone Pioneer makes. They not only sound super, but they're incredibly comfortable and light-weight. The SEL-40 incorporates an ultra-thin polyester high molecular film in the shape of cone paper for the diaphragm which results in superb linear frequency response and an excellent transient characteristic. Precise transducers with finely wound aluminum voice coils provide accurate bass response and tingling high frequencies. Impeccably detailed in black and gold anodized aluminum with adjustable soft leather headstrap. A righteous buy at Pioneer's normal price of \$39.95 . . . we'll zip it to you fast for only \$26.50

KOSS 727B: Listen loud, long and hassle-free with Koss's most popular professional stereophone. Comfortable, adjustable ear cushions seal around your ears (you'll miss your roommate's burps and babblings on the phone) and put you front-row center. Space out on pure sound up to 95dB (that's loud) without audible break-up or distortion — excellent bass and treble responses. Probably your local dealer's favorite stereophone at its normal price of \$34.95 — we sell it for \$23.90!



Pioneer SEL-40

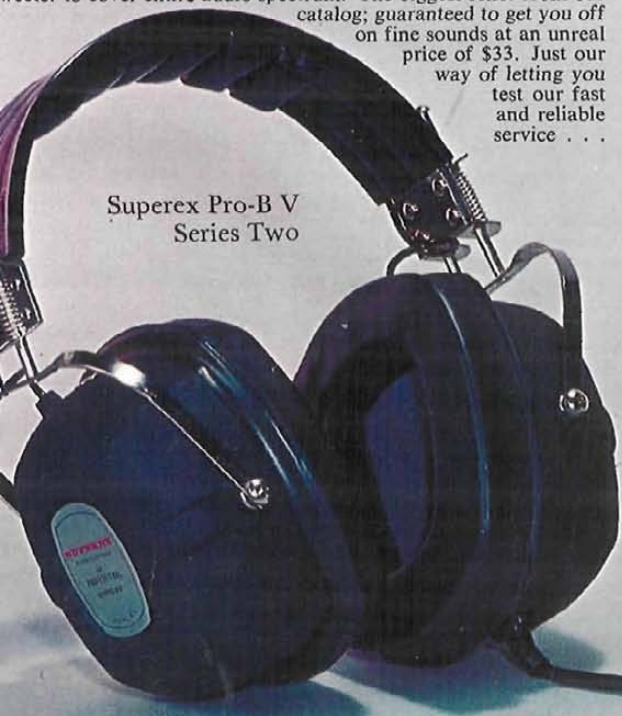


Koss 727B

Above prices include fast, free, and insured shipping to your door!

EREX PRO-B V. SERIES II: Smooth and mellow responses — coupled with the “balliest” bass you’ve ever heard from a \$55 headphone. The new Superex professional series II ‘can do it to ya’ — especially if you like to listen loud. Features separate woofer and tweeter to cover entire audio spectrum. The biggest seller from our catalog; guaranteed to get you off on fine sounds at an unreal price of \$33. Just our way of letting you test our fast and reliable service . . .

Superex Pro-B V
Series Two



See our 64-page catalog for complete component selection

Warehouse Sound Company carries the following audio lines:

| | | |
|--------|---------------|-----------------------|
| Advent | EPI | Phase Linear |
| Akai | Garrard | Pioneer |
| Altec | Harman Kardon | Rectilinear |
| AR | Infinity | Sansui |
| Bose | JBL | Sherwood |
| BSR | Kenwood | Shure |
| Dual | KLH | Sony |
| Dynaco | Marantz | Teac |
| | | and many more. |

Professional Products from:

| | | |
|----------------|---------------|-----------------------|
| Acoustic Altec | Electro-Voice | Sunn |
| Ampeg | JBL | Tandberg |
| ARP | Marshall | Tascam |
| Cerwin-Vega | Revox | Teac |
| Crown | Sennheiser | Traynor |
| | | and many more. |

COMPARABLE PRICES ON STEREOPHONES FROM ALL MAJOR BRANDS!

GARRARD 62

Does the best job of handling your records with good performance at a reasonable price: Our choice as "best buy" for a record changer under \$100. Damped viscous cueing, adjustable tracking, anti-skating and a reliable motor that never screws up, even when occasionally left turning all night. Normal discount price of Garrard 62 complete with base and Pickering V15/380E, \$90; our price only \$69.90! (Optional dustcover, add \$6.95.)

(shipped freight collect from our warehouse.)



ORDER FORM ON BACK

ALL ACCESSORY PRICES INCLUDE FAST, FREE, and INSURED SHIPPING TO YOUR DOOR!

Essential for the groove

If you've been thinking about getting a new "needle" — forget it. At these prices buy a whole new cartridge and get even better sound. Pickering's V15/380E magnetic elliptical is an outstanding replacement cartridge for medium-priced changers or turntables. Reg. \$44.95; our price a meager \$14! If you demand something even better, Pickering's V15/400E will do the trick; reg. \$54.95 — from us only \$23. Both models possess the super-clean Pickering sound, the functional Dustomatic brush, and they hold up extremely well; we prefer these two models over all others in their price ranges. Empire's model 999/KE2 also one of today's best; reg. \$69.95; a strictly limited offer from us for only \$28 — just to show you how fast we Air Mail! All cartridges come with hardware to fit any make or model. P.S. Want the incomparable V15/1200E or other cartridge? Write or call for embarrassingly low quotes . . .

DISCWASHER: Definitely the **very best** device we've found on the market and essential if you plan on keeping your records clean and dustfree — which is what you should be doing because dust and dirt **do** real nasties to your favorite tunes (snap, crackle, pop). Comes with superfine brush, bottle of special liquid cleaner and instructions; only \$12.95.

PICKERING STYLUS TIMER: A nifty and functional device to measure stylus wear on your cartridge. Accurately determines stylus wear time from 0-1000 hours and lets you know when to change your stylus. Works on any make or model. Will pay for itself by the records it saves from being screwed up from a worn stylus. Reg. \$14.95; our price, \$12.50.

Empire 999/KE2
\$28



Pickering V15/400E \$23



Pickering V15/380E
\$14



Discwasher
\$12.95



Stylus timer \$12.50

JBL at 30% off?

We're offering JBL's super-demanded model 88+ at an amazing 30% off its normal price of \$240; shipped out fast (while they last) for a titillating \$168! Optional mid-range expander kit also available which will make the 88+ identical to the famous L-100 studio monitor. The kit just plugs in. Regular price: \$80; Warehouse price, only \$58. Think of it: you'll be getting the JBL monitor for only \$226 — while the L-100's are strictly fair-traded at \$297! You say the tunes would be great, wouldn't you'd be starving? Well, we've also got the JBL L-25 more than \$50 off its regular price of \$159.95 — eye-popping \$108. The L-25 is identical to the JBL L-26, except it has a deluxe cabinet. Or how about Fisher's excellent bookshelf system (their largest 8" two-way system) for less than 1/2 price: model XP-56S, reg. \$89.95, only \$44! Many, many more; write or call for the whole story. Details on page 4 . . .

(Items shipped freight collect from our Warehouse.)

JBL 88+ \$168

JBL L-25 \$108

Fisher XP-56S \$44



TEAC



TEAC CASSETTE DECK: The model 210 and 250 are perhaps the most popular cassette decks today, and it's no wonder, as they feature Teac precision, reliability and outstanding performance at reasonable prices. Both units have solid push-button operation, pause control, large

for \$119?

VU meters, strobe tape-run indicator, headphone jack, mike jacks, three-digit counter, a 4-pole hysteresis synchronous motor, and many other features typical of Teac's best. The model 250 is the Dolby noise reduction version and has bias switching for low tape noise, and mike/line selection switch; it normally sells for \$279.95 — our price only \$198. The model 210's normal fair-trade tariff is \$179.95; our price an amazingly low of \$119. Both units are beautifully finished in walnut and stainless steel. NOTE: Model 250 is pictured; model 210 looks identical.

Sony delivers the sound. We deliver the price...



If the four walls and tuneless air are closing in, now is the time to grab this very-decent Sony system, because it's the **last time** you'll find **anything** comparable anywhere at this kind of price. We just thought we'd wander into the lives of our friends on tight budgets — and the good people Sony helped out with a truckload of this reliable and popular combination: a Sony AM/FM stereo receiver, BSR 310 record changer (description on third page following) complete with hinged dust cover and a pair of Sony two-way speaker systems. The receiver has controls for volume, bass and treble; switches for **two** sets of speakers, tape monitoring, stereo/mono, auto shut-off, headphone plug and input and outputs for any kind of tapedeck. The Sony HP-170A has a very pleasing overall sound, plays reasonably loud, and is still a best-seller for dorms and apartments at its regular price of \$219; we're offering it with the unreal price of \$158. Comes right to your door complete with good vibes and everything you need for instant hookup. Hassle

...would you
believe \$158

can afford a little more than
ony HP-170A, and you like
ea of separate components,
the way to go. In the year
been recommending it, we've
othing but positive feedback
hundreds of satisfied
ners! The BSR AM/FM
receiver is the heart of this
n, and it faithfully delivers 40
IHF (15 RMS) and has the
ols and performance that make
cent buy for \$179.95. The
310 AXE comes complete
base, dustcover and Shure M75
etic cartridge and sells
dually for \$79.95 (description

on page 13). BSR's own speaker
systems are what make this system
really come alive; they're perfectly
matched to the rest of the
components and will play
surprisingly loud without break-up
or distortion. Switching for two sets
of speakers, mono/stereo, tape
monitoring; inputs for headphones,
and any kind of tape deck. In all,
this component music system has a
total regular price of \$329.95, and
if you hurry, you'll probably find it
"on special, just this week" at
your local dealer for \$269.95.

Although this BSR system won't
exactly put you front-row-center at
the Fillmore, it's still a decent
seat; we'll stake our reputation
in saying it is the very
best you'll find today for
\$197

\$197
And it's
good stuff



ORDER FORM ON BACK

Your choice :



The world's greatest \$400 music system is not available in metropolitan retail stores across the nation

Without schucking and jiving about **just how good a value** your music system is, we can tell you this fact: You won't find a better performing/sounding music system at your local dealer for \$300. In fact, most stores this year don't seem to offer a true hi-fidelity system for this price . . . the high overhead of a retail store makes it damn difficult, no matter what they say. If you shop carefully, however, you'll quickly find that the Harman Kardon 330B is commonly known as today's best \$200 stereo receiver, as it offers remarkable performance and sophistication in relation to current competition. The amplifier section pumps out a total of 60 watts IHF (100 RMS) into 8 ohms with impressively low distortion. The tuner is head and shoulders above its competition; attention is paid to detail, quality control is excellent. Next, the BSR 310AXE is in a similar "best buy" class and features damped viscous cueing, three speeds, adjustable anti-skating and tracking, and lacks the mechanical screw-ups commonly found in many of the less expensive changers. The BSR comes complete with case, dustcover and a good ADC magnetic elliptical cartridge. Actually, your local dealer should well confirm most of the above; and if he has his act together, he'll have the identical components in his own equivalent music system. But what about the speakers? Well, here's where Warehouse Sound Co. is different and better. We've included one of today's very best (and expensive) 8" two-way systems, and they're built by a manufacturer who's had over 25 years experience in **really designing**

loudspeakers. The Electro-Voice ETR-14 is perhaps even **too** good for this system (they would work well in a \$400-\$500 system) but then they bring out the full performance of both amplifier and cartridge for a clean, well defined bass and crisp high frequencies. Turn up the Allman Brothers and feel the woofer pump out bass passages that send "equivalent" systems into buzzing connoption fits. Vocals are also super; Joni Mitchell on "Help Me" is **just right there**. In short, we prefer Electro-Voice's ETR-14 over the equivalent AR, Dynaco and KLH—and we know they'll blow the pants off all the "house-brand" junk we've seen so much of lately. Trust us: Satisfaction guaranteed. PS. If you order the system directly from this flyer—your choice of the Koss 727B or Pioneer SEL-40 stereophone, no extra charge. Happy trails.

SYSTEM BREAKDOWN

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Harman Kardon 330B AM/FM stereo receiver | \$199.95 |
| BSR 310AXE, base, dustcover, | |
| ADC K-8 cartridge | 86.80 |
| Electro-Voice ETR-14 speakers (pair) | 149.90 |
| * Koss KO-727B stereo headphones | 34.95 |
| Total Regular Price | \$471.60 |
| WAREHOUSE SOUND CO. PRICE .. | \$297.00 |
| *(Walnut cabinet for 330B (reg. \$21.50), add \$14.90) | |

... or from the Warehouse Sound Co. for \$297.

More than \$1000 worth of today's best audio components make up a music system we sell for...

This music system cooks. It's reliable, beautifully matched, and sounds good enough to write mom about. It's perhaps the most popular music system in our current catalog (**everyone here really likes it**), so we thought it would be appropriate for this special flyer. First off, Sherwood's new 7300 pumps out a magnificently clean and stable 100 watts RMS (both channels driven into 8 ohms) across the entire bandwidth of 20–20,000 Hz. The tuner section literally sucks in distant or weak stations, and the array of professional controls and amenities is no less than you'd expect to find on today's best \$400 receiver. To play your records, you'll find the Garrard Zero 92 to be the best professional changer available under \$200. Nearly identical to Garrard's top model, the Zero 100C, it possesses the identical unit plate, base mechanism, motor, cueing device and cartridge carrier. The tonearm is also essentially the same, and will provide flawless tracking so necessary with today's highly compliant cartridges. The Zero 92's two-point record support has been refined to a point where it just never screws up, and it handles records in a superb and gentle fashion. Even for those who prefer to play one record at a time — the Zero 92 functions perfectly as a manual turntable. Included with the Model 92 is a base, dustcover, and a Pickering V15/480E elliptical cartridge which is likewise exceptionally fine, as it provides a level of compliance, channel separation

and broad frequency responses that truly complement the super-speakers we've selected. Namely, Marantz best bookshelf system, the model VII: a classic 12" three-way system, incorporating a 12" woofer, 2 1/2" midrange driver, and a 1 1/2" tweeter, along with a matching three-way LCR crossover network. There are adjustable presence controls for both midrange and hi-frequencies, so that the response of the speaker may be adjusted to the acoustics of your listening environment and your particular tastes. **The sound may be described as pure, undistorted and "up front" across the entire range of instruments.** Even with the first listening evaluation, several key attributes become pleasingly apparent: First, the model VII has terrific off-axis hi-frequency response, and at nearly any point where you'd normally sit in the room the high notes come across with excellent clarity. The overall sound is very warm, and there's a remarkable lack of harshness which would cause listening fatigue. When you crank the model VII's up (we found they could handle nearly the full output of the Sherwood!) the sound pressure level obtainable in a normal living room would be unbearable to many; but if you're one of the people who thinks Elton John or the Eagles sound best **loud** — then the VII's are your style. Could this music system be what you need? Write or call if you have any questions or have something else in mind. Our help is yours for the asking.

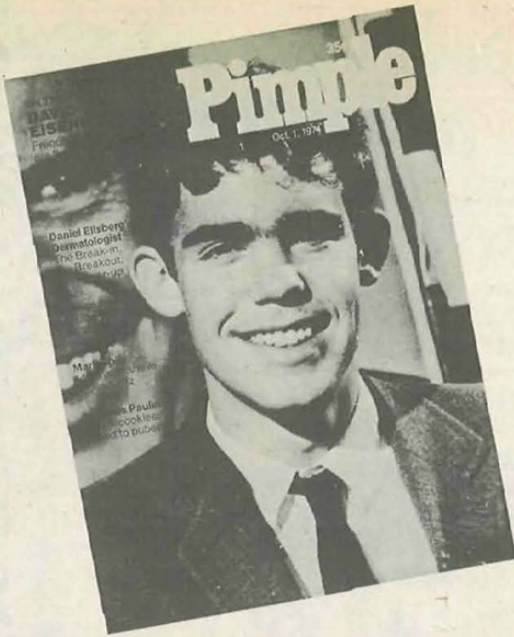
688



(Optional dustcover
reg. \$7.95
add \$6.00)

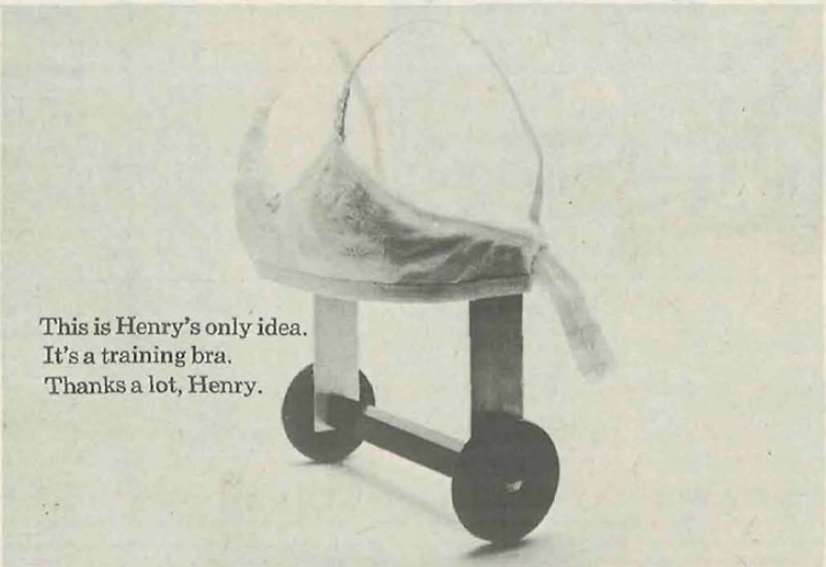
| | |
|---|-----------|
| Sherwood S-7300 AM/FM stereo receiver | \$418.95 |
| Garrard Zero-92, and Garrard deluxe base . . . | 184.90 |
| Pickering V15/480E elliptical cartridge | 59.95 |
| Marantz Imperial VII speakers (pair) | 398.00 |
| Total Regular Price | \$1062.80 |

**WAREHOUSE
SOUND CO.
PRICE
\$688.00**



ROSALIE CACCIATORE

THE BRONX



This is Henry's only idea.
It's a training bra.
Thanks a lot, Henry.

193 ROSALIE CACCIATORE

Hgt: 5'4 1/2"
Wgt: 187 lbs.
Born: 9/5/51

• Was batted around 73 times in her senior year.
• Set school record for foul balls in '69.
• Set school record for spitballs in '70.

| THE SCORE | | | | | |
|-----------|-----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | ATT. | 1B | 2B | 3B | HR |
| 1967 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 1968 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| 1969 | 237 | 237 | 237 | 237 | 237 |
| 1970 | (placed in a convent) | | | | |

COPYRIGHT 1974 MAJOR LEAGUE SLUTS

HOWEVER, WE'LL BE COVERING THESE TOPICS MORE FULLY IN THE WEEKS TO COME. NOW, LET ME GIVE YOU YOUR PETTING STUDY ASSIGNMENTS. READ CHAPTERS 5 AND 6 ON "CHORD FACTORS AND TENSILE STRENGTHS IN THE BENDER-HAUSSER FIBREPLY GRASSIERE HOOK MATRIX." IN THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION SECTION OF YOUR WORKBOOKS, DO THE "UNDERWEAR EXPOSURE THROUGH CASUAL CHAIR POSTURES" SKIRT EXERCISES. AND DON'T FORGET THAT YOUR REPORTS ON "PROSPECTS IN CORPORATE BOND INVESTORS DURING LONG-TERM CREDIT SHORTAGES" ARE DUE NEXT THURSDAY.

CYNTHIA, DOROTHY, TIME TO PULL UP THE SHAPES.

... AND THIS THE HONEYBEE CARRIES FERTILIZING POLLEN FROM THE FLOWER'S STAMEN TO...

OH! MR. DELONG, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK SO SOON. WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, GIRLS.

**"FRENCHY"
MARQUARD**



OAKLAND

Find You

"FRENCHY" MARQUARD

- A wild bitch, Frenchy was thrown out at home in 1970.
- Joined the San Diego Angels in 1971.
- Set a record for motorcycle gang bangs that same year.
- Traded to Oakland in 1974.



THE SCORE

| | ATT. | 1B | 2B | 3B | HR |
|------|-------|-----|-----|-------|-------|
| 1968 | 11 | 9 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| 1969 | 39 | 12 | 17 | 8 | 2 |
| 1970 | 137 | 101 | 97 | 35 | 21 |
| 1971 | 4,465 | 0 | 0 | 1,324 | 3,141 |
| 1972 | 867 | 0 | 27 | 164 | 711 |
| 1973 | 3,347 | 296 | 357 | 1,147 | 3,476 |

© COPYRIGHT 1974 MAJOR LEAGUE SLUTS

**ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS
NEW USERS OFTEN ASK**

"How old must I be to start using Clampax poontons?"
It is not true that your eyes are bigger than your vagina. The Clampax poonton is inserted into the same opening from which quarts of menstrual fluid and 11-pound screaming infants have been known to emerge. This opening is sufficiently large to accommodate a casaba melon, as field researchers in Tijuana have testified, and any normal girl should be able to use them with complete confidence. *If you are over 40, however, you're probably fooling yourself and may wish first to seek the advice of your family physician.*

"I can't get the poonton in. It feels dry. What should I do?"
Clampax poontons are, of course, prelubricated, but should insertion prove difficult, run out to your local bookstore, purchase a copy of Guillaume Apollinaire's *The Debauched Hospodar*, read pages 26 to 34, and try again. You should have no trouble whatsoever.

"May I swim and exercise during my menstrual period?"
Certainly. Clampax poontons are designed so that you can lead a normal life during menstruation. Most girls, however, find it easier to erect a small tent in the backyard for the duration.

"Can the poonton get lost or drop out?"
Not bloody likely, but *don't wear white.*

"How will I know when to change a poonton?"
A Clampax poonton should be changed at least as often as you change your mind. With a little experience, you'll know only too well when. There is no need to change for urination, tub, or shower, depending, of course, on what kind of girl you are.

"Will anyone be able to tell that I'm menstruating and wearing Clampax?"
In addition to you, only clairvoyants, bloodhounds, and most men and little brothers will know for sure. Don't be embarrassed. Threaten to make him eat one.

**IT'S AFTER YOUR PERIOD--
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR POONTON IS?**

A Clampax poonton feels so pleasant and fulfilling you may forget about it entirely. Please, always remove the last poonton you use each period. If you don't, *monilia, nonspecific urethritis, herpes simplex, yeasts, mastectomy, yaws, ectopic pregnancy, senile caritosis, stretch marks, plantar's warts, nymphomania, varicose veins, elephantiasis, cellulite jungle rot, or a trip to the Schlimm-Katze Clinic in Zermatt, Switzerland, at \$475 per day can result.*

CLAMPAX INCORPORATED • GOOSE BAY 00069 • ALASKA • U.S.A.



OH, YES! NUMBER ONE--"BASED MATE SELECTIONS MUST GENERATE NET REGENERATION EQUALING 4 TIMES PREFERRED YEARLY SHELTER DISBURSMENT PLUS AN ADDITIONAL 28 PERCENT OF THAT TOTAL DESIGNATED 1/4 FOR STRAIGHT TERM LIFE AND 1/4 IN DEMAND ACCOUNTS."

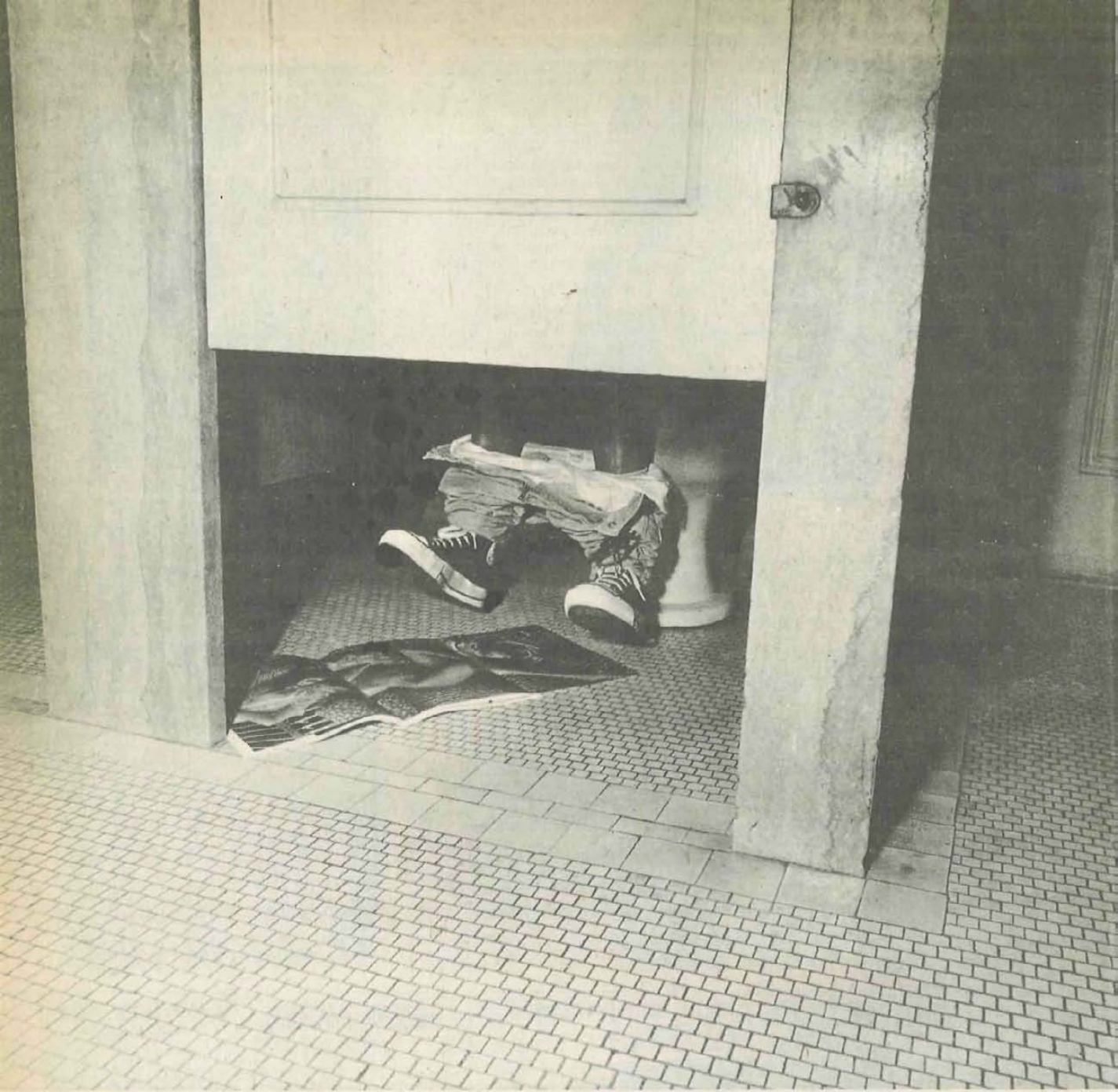
NUMBER TWO--"PRINCIPLE-BASED MATE SELECTIONS MUST EXHIBIT PORTFOLIO PERFORMANCE NOT FAILING TO EXCEED CURRENT PRIME RATE OR THE RETAIL INFLATION PERCENTAGE OF THE PREVIOUS FISCAL YEAR PLUS 3, WHICH EVER IS GREATER AFTER TAXES."

NUMBER THREE--"IN RESIDENTIAL STATES LACKING OPTIMUM STANDARDS OF LEGAL PROVISION FOR ALIMONIAL YIELD, A FORMAL MARRIAGE CONTRACT MUST BE DISCLOSED BEFORE SEMINAL EMISSION BY THE MALE AND SIGNED BEFORE VAGINAL PENETRATION."



VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN THE SITUATION STILL REMAINS IN DOUBT AND SEXUAL INTERCOURSE IS NECESSARY TO INSURE YOUR INTERIM BENEFITS, THERE ARE WAYS TO MAINTAIN ALL-IMPORTANT SEXUAL TENSION.

MOST OBVIOUS IS TO TEASINGLY REFUSE FELLATIO, CUNNILINGUS, ETC. MORE SUBTLY YOU CAN PICK SOME ARBITRARY SEXUAL ACTS, TECHNIQUES, OR POSITIONS SUCH AS SWALLOWING SEMEN, USE OF LUBRICANTS, OR POSTERIOR ENTRANCE, AND SUBMIT TO THEM ONLY UNDER GREAT DURESS WHILE YET APPEARING TO BE BEGINNING TO ENJOY THEM GREATLY...



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PL*YB*Y?

A young man in touch with himself and his own imagination. Self-reliant, and with an appreciation for his personal privacy, he keeps his hand close to his chest and an eye out for unexpected interruptions of his daily routines. With confidence in his ability to handle himself in tense situations, the PL*YB*Y reader wrings every last drop of satisfaction from his private pursuits. Helping him stand up to that challenge is his favorite magazine. Fact: PL*YB*Y is read by nearly half of all young men who eventually excell at tennis, handball, or arm wrestling, and spent at least \$12 on fine spurting goods last year alone. To reach that young man, put yourself in PL*YB*Y. He does. (Source: 1973 TGIF.)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Midville • Atlanta • London • Tokyo

Why you should select your turntable more carefully than any other component.

Every component is important to the total performance of an audio system, but the turntable is critical. It is the only component that physically handles your biggest investment in musical enjoyment: your record collection.

In time, your changing tastes can outgrow your present amplifier and speakers. But regardless of how these components affect the reproduction of music, they cannot do anything to harm your records.

Not so the turntable. A tonearm that does not allow the stylus to track the grooves lightly, accurately and with perfect balance can turn the stylus into a destructive instrument easily capable of lopping off the sharp contours which carry the high frequencies. When that happens, the clean high notes become fuzzy memories. Permanently. There's just no way to restore a damaged record. Even the best equipment can't replace notes once they're gone.

After considering what your records require for longevity, you

should consider what you require of operating convenience and flexibility. For example, if you don't relish risking your stylus and records by handling the tonearm each time you play a record, you will want an automatic turntable. And if you desire to play two or more records in sequence, you will want a turntable with record changing ability.

All Dual turntables easily fulfill every requirement for record playback and preservation—and every requirement for user convenience. Which is why the readers of the leading audio and music magazines own more Duals than any other turn-

table. It's also why so many audio professionals are quite satisfied with even the lowest-priced Dual.

Please write for our very informative brochures and complete reprints of independent test reports. The more carefully you read them, the more likely you are to select a Dual. Any Dual.

Dual[®]

United Audio Products, Dept. NL
120 So. Columbus Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Exclusive Distribution Agency for Dual

Please send me your free literature on turntables. I won't mind if you include your own catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



From front to rear: Dual 1229Q, \$259.95; Dual 1228, \$189.95; Dual 1226, \$159.95; Dual 1225, \$129.95.

the two teams played in earnest, each side hoping to wrest a victory for the college or university of their choice. As the hotly contested game wore on and Ned ran home run after home run against the bewildered opposing team, Nancy's eye was caught by a line of Berkeley cheerleaders who seemed less interested in boosting their compatriots than scanning the Emerson bleachers with powerful binoculars.

"Did you notice anything odd about those cheerleaders?" Nancy asked Bess as they made their way to the refreshment stand at half time.

"You mean the surly, slovenly-dressed ones that didn't seem to know any of the cheers?" Steve queried. "Not really, why?"

"Just jumpy, I guess," Nancy apologized. "But I didn't know Berkeley even had cheer—"

Without warning, Nancy found herself surrounded by a pink-and-yellow wall of slovenly cheerleading uniforms! As her chums look on in horror, a huge Negro jammed a megaphone over Nancy's head, plunging her into total darkness except for a little round hole at the top through which the young sleuth heard a grim exchange.

"I've got her ankle," a voice laughed mirthlessly.

"An' ah gots de othuh one!" cackled another.

"What are we waiting for?" a harsh woman's voice demanded. "Make a wish!"

Chapter VI

The Scent Grows Hotter

"Miss Drew! Miss Drew! Wake up!"

Nancy came to as if being shaken from a dream. She struggled to sit up, only to discover herself shackled hand and foot to an unmade waterbed. When the blindfold was removed, Nancy's blinking blue eyes met those of a moderately attractive brunette some four years Nancy's senior. The older girl touched one finger to her lips to signify "no loud talking."

"Where am I?" whispered Nancy. "In the kidnappers' secret hideout! Those 'cheerleaders' are the SLA and it appears that they've snatched you just as they me."

"They me?" asked Nancy.

"They kidnapped me," explained the obviously cultured though less attractive girl impatiently.

"Oh," said Nancy, "then you must be—"

"Yes, I am Patty Hearst," said the girl, "but these worthies call me Tania."

In the semidarkness of what Nancy saw to be a slovenly maintained "rum-

pus pad," the older girl quickly explained how she had been surprised in her apartment while singing popular folk songs with Steve, stuffed in a car trunk, and spirited away to this secret hideout on the outskirts of town. There, the frightened girl told her more attractive fellow prisoner, the SLA gang had forced her to make ridiculous demands for ransom and pose in front of the dreaded seven-headed cobra flag with an unloaded gun, as a grim warning from a "willing" accomplice!

"Then you don't really think your father is a fascist media pig?" Nancy asked in relief.

"Certainly not," sniffed Patty. "I mean, I may have been a little peeved at him in the beginning... Daddy was always so mean to Steve, calling him 'the Weed' and striking matches off him and things. B-but now with the r-robbery and all, I—"

"Robbery! When?"

"About an hour ago. We just came back from the Hibernia Bank in Sunset. They made me hold a gun and say horrid things and e-everything!"

As Nancy comforted the sobbing heiress, she was puzzled. Patty, she said to herself, while slightly willful in her manner and certainly somewhat spoiled, did not seem to be an easily influenced person.

"You don't seem to be an easily influenced person," Nancy said tactfully. "How did they make you do it?"

"Midol," Patty explained. "They gave me an overdose to make me cooperate. I'm all right now because they were so busy counting the money they forgot my last 'treatment.'"

"Those motherfudgers!" Nancy stormed. "Where are they now?"

"In the back room," Patty whispered. "They're dividing up the loot. They got ten thousand dollars."

Nancy gave a low whistle. Ten thousand dollars would buy a lot of trouble for Mr. Hearst, plus enough horrid Midol drug to keep both girls "cooperative" for a long time!

"Hush!" warned Patty, replacing Nancy's blindfold quickly. "Someone's coming!"

"Who's talking in there?" a harsh female voice demanded.

"J-just me... Tania, Mizmoon," Patty droned convincingly. "M-memorizing new h-horrid lies f-for SLA."

"Well, memorize them somewhere else, sister," the shadow in the doorway ordered.

"And leave Ms. Nancy Drew alone. I told you she's mine!"

Chapter VII

A Lucky Barrette

As the door closed, leaving her alone, Nancy struggled swiftly with

her bonds. Quickly working a loose barrette free from her golden curls and holding it between her clenched white teeth, the young detective deftly used the metal clasp to pick the locks on the manacles imprisoning her slim wrists and ankles, having remembered well the valuable lesson learned in *The Mystery of the Improbable Escape*.

Peeking through a small opening under the doorknob which from past adventures Nancy instantly recognized as a keyhole, she overheard a number of sullen, surly voices boasting in the next room.

"And I say we should demand a million thousand dollars, free food for the poor, and free color TVs!" one of the kidnappers whined churlishly.

"And a one-day work week!" said another.

"And a twenty-six-hour day!" added a third.

"Tickets to all Athletics home games!"

"An' a free two-toned Caddy-lak fo' de away wunses!"

"Cinque!"

"Yo' welcome!"

"Cut the comedy," a voice Nancy identified as the woman named Mizmoon said sharply. "We have to plot the next move in our plan to give everything to people who don't want to work for it, free all prisoners, castrate rapists, and achieve peace through violence! Any ideas, Coojo?"

"Peace through violence, indeed!" Nancy thought scornfully as she strained to hear Coojo's reply.

"First of all," a thin, snide voice answered, "we'd better do something about that Drew girl."

"Oh, no you don't—" Mizmoon began.

"I say Coojo is right," another interrupted. "We don't need another hostage. I vote that we should get rid of her right now!"

"Dat's sho' de troof!" a familiar voice agreed. "But fuss we oughtta—"

"Yes, we know, we know," Coojo said, cutting him off. "But Cinque has a point. If we cart her around, we'll also incur the wrath of Carson Drew!"

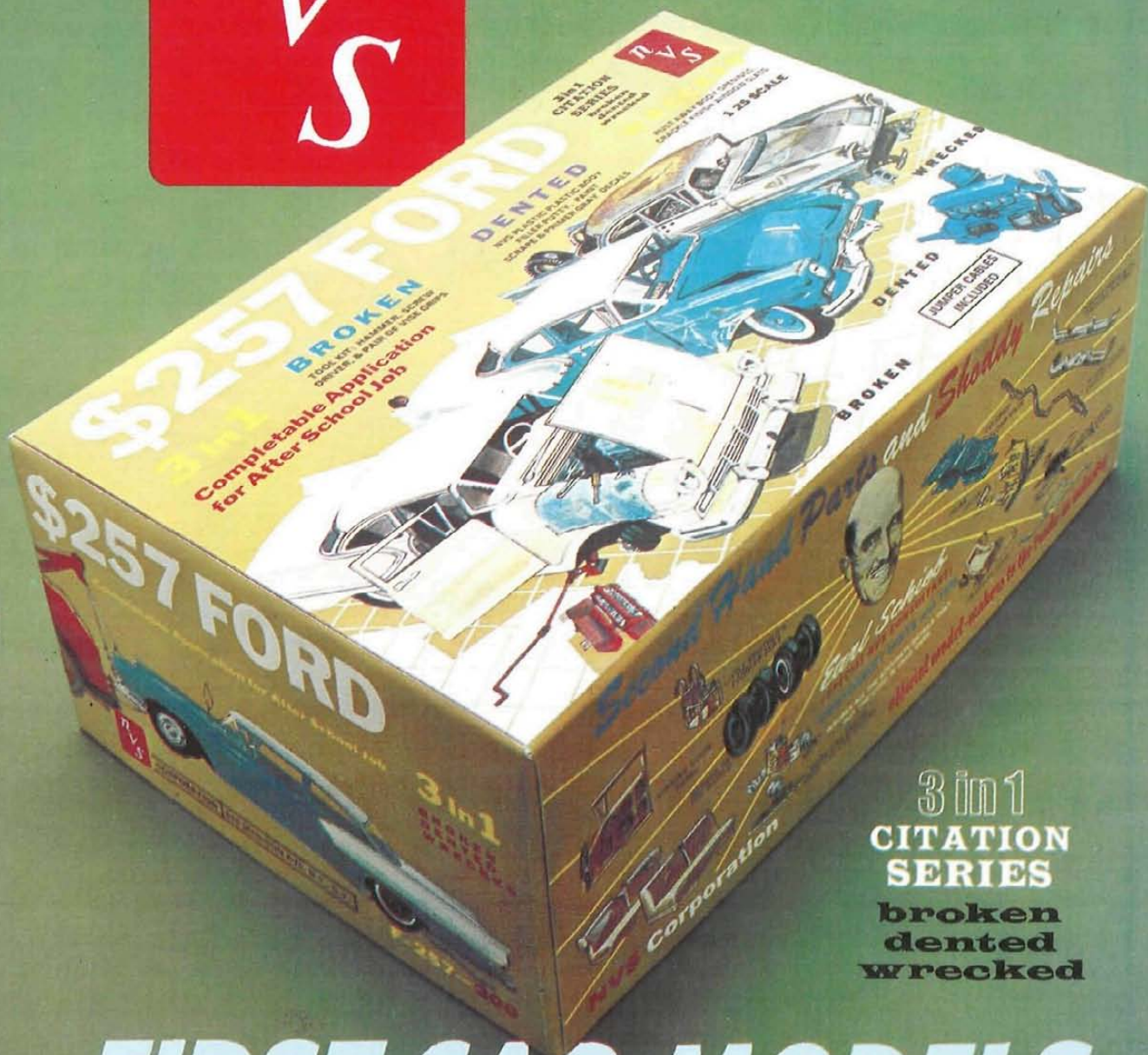
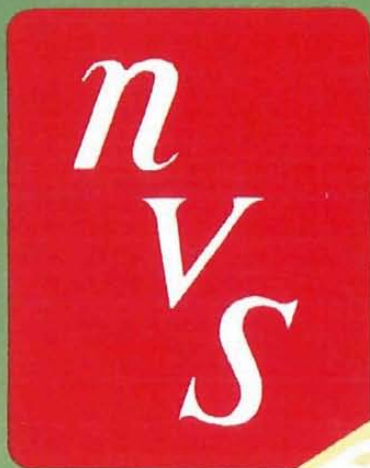
"Yo' mean de notable'd criminalist mowfpiece?"

"I mean the noted running-dog lickspittle-jackal of the oppressor class, is who I mean!" Coojo shot back.

"Not to mention that racist, sexist daughter of his and her gang of River Heights teen fascists!" Mizmoon spat. "Snoopists, too," Cinque added for good measure. "In fack, Ah'd bettuh go check huh room now so's we knows she's still on de ice."

As he spoke, the slovenly-dressed

NEW FROM



3 in 1
CITATION
SERIES
broken
dented
wrecked

FIRST CAR MODELS

by P. J. O'Rourke

illustrated and constructed by Alan Rose and Marc Arceneaux



Photo of actual model engine—paint not included



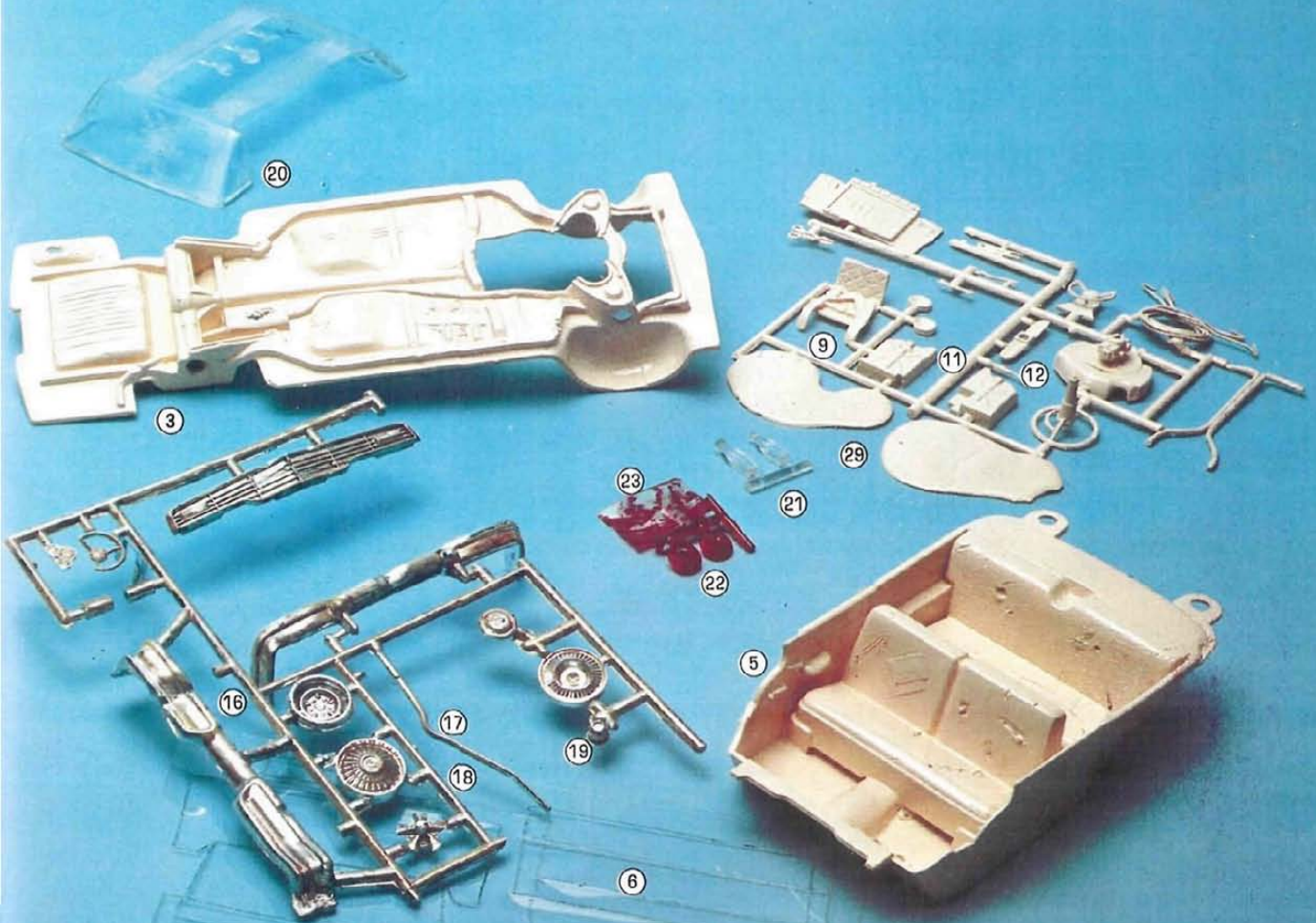
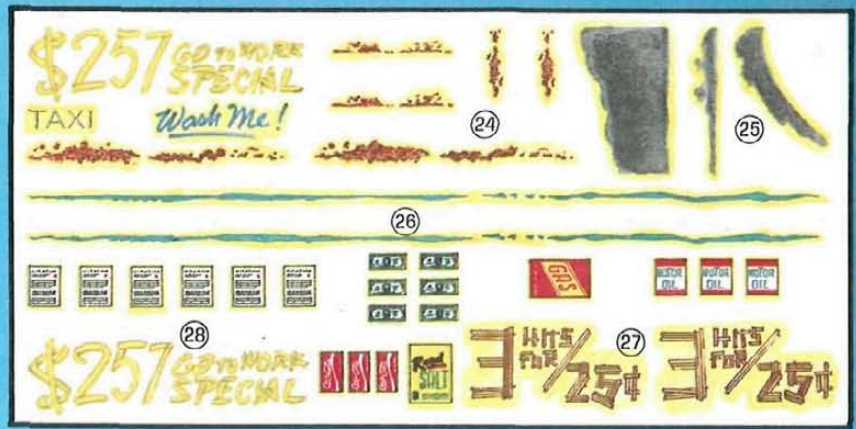
NVS Citation Series FIRST CAR MODELS are "3-in-1" style model kits. That means you can build your 1957 Ford Lunchline 200 three different ways—a first car for you, a second car for Mom, a meal ticket for your local garage mechanic.

Exclusive single piece body shell(1) has more than enough authentic detailing,with right door from an expensive Fairlane 500, fashionable "auto-sculpture" fenders, and oxidized ventilation from nigger louvers in rocker panels, doorposts, and headlight bezels. Plus you can create styling of your own with the NVS "Shape of Things to Come" bodywork kit (2) which gets the same results on your plastic model as a ball peen hammer and a can of Bondo® do on a real car.

Completely detailed chassis (3) shows exhaust "gut-outs" for all that glasspack sound with none of the expense and slots for custom wobble blocks (4) with three holes to let you select shimmy, drift, or dramatic pull to the right.

Interior (5) options include plastic seat covers (6) with the popular "colored" look and floor mats (7) to match plus back seat "coverings" (8), and performance accessories like baby brother's safety seat (9) and Mom's groceries (10), that measure your performance as a helpful child in a close-knit family.

Speaking of performance, what could make your Smoke-Thrower 6 "mill" (inset) run better than the addition of power-packed



gasoline (11)—just assemble lawnmower (12) before detaching spending money (13).

Maybe it's in your Dad's name but they're your "wheels" (14); at least you're responsible for their interesting shape *and* there's a different tire (15) for every rim, all specially molded for that "low-riding" look.

"Corroso-Fleck" metal plating gives chrome finish parts realistic scaling, realistic pitting, and realistic discoloration. You get a variety of bumper shapes (16)—something new every time you park. Plus pop-off chrome strip (17), several exciting hub caps (18), and bolt-on speed accessories like this "real boss" crankcase ventilator cap (19).

NVS kits also come complete with extensively tested safety glass windows (20) and bottles to go back to the store (21), plus taillight lens pieces (22) and plenty of extra red cellophane (23).

Put the finishing touches on your model with the NVS decal sheet, adding colorful rust (24), primer (25), and massive scrapes (26) to your paint job. Then place completed model in a show car setting—show it donated to the Senior Stunt Day Car Smash (27), for instance, or show it for sale (28), or just sitting in the garage over a big puddle of oil (29) while you take down the screens and wash the storm windows.

crook ambled to the door where Nancy had been listening and flung it open!

"Holy moley!" the huge Negro exclaimed. "Dat chile done flewed de coop!"

Chapter VIII In Disguise

Running through the deserted streets below, Nancy heard windows raised with a bang and confused babble above her.

Once back at the Fairmont Hotel, Nancy was informed by the surly desk clerk that Mr. Hearst and her father had gone to the police when she had failed to return after half time.

Opening the door to her room, Nancy cheerily greeted a frightened Bess Marvin, consoling herself with a room service tray piled high with paprika-cheese sandwiches.

"Nancy! Where have you been?"

"It's a long story," Nancy admitted truthfully. "Right now, help me find us suitable disguises! The kidnapers have probably moved their hideout by now, and I've a hunch we'll find the next clue back in Berkeley!"

Hurriedly, Nancy and Bess rummaged through their bags.

"It should be something avant-garde but still in good taste," Nancy reminded Bess.

Nancy selected a smock jacket with accents of cyclamen and deep ochre with matching overalls for Bess and, after a moment's hesitation, a cotton shantung blouse and rickrack trimmed pedal pushers for herself. Capped off with pert black berets, the girls studied the result in the mirror, nodded their assent, and sped for the hotel garage.

"There's nothing better than matching overalls!" Bess giggled appreciatively as Nancy guided her sporty yellow runabout along the sidewalk, backed cautiously up a one-way street, and carefully looked in both directions before making a judicious U-turn on a traffic island and gunning the compact auto through the first series of stoplights.

"I prefer matching wits myself," said Nancy, as they headed down the college town's notorious Telegraph Avenue.

Parking on a sidestreet, Bess was immediately distracted by several boys playing with a red frisbee and a nearby candy shop as Nancy spotted a likely-looking suspect loitering in a slovenly fashion by his pile of unsold papers.

"Spare change?" Nancy asked innocently as the unkempt newsboy eyed her with suspicion.

"Huh? Why, Ah ain't got no spare dahms fo' yo'!" he laughed scornfully.

"Anyways, Ah always figured yo' gets candy on Halloween, not no dahms!"

"Some spare information, then," Nancy persisted, unruffled. "Perhaps you could tell me the secret hideout of my chum on your front page here. She was supposed to meet me at the Top Dog stand an hour ago and—"

"Nancy! Duck!"

Whirling about at Bess' warning scream, Nancy saw too late the deadly scarlet frisbee hurtling directly toward her! The next moment Nancy was struck on her beret, and everything went pitch black for what seemed like months.

Chapter IX

The Secret Secret Hideout

"I think she's coming to!" an icy voice grunted.

"Dat makes sebben o' us!" a familiar one in the back of the room chortled evilly.

As Nancy's blindfold was removed this time she again found herself face to face with Patty, but a Patty whose faraway stare indicated she had been "hopped up" on a heavy overdose of Midol.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Nancy, already dreading the answer to her question.

"Well, sister," Mizmoon sniggered, her eyes flickering with malice, "I'm going to manacle those sweet thighs of yours above your head and—"

"Wait!" pleaded the drugged heiress weakly, "what about our SLA oath to use only peaceful violence?"

"Peaceful violence, indeed!" the plucky girl detective stormed. "Their 'oath,' Patty, is nothing but a lot of stupid mumbo jumbo!"

"We can't waste any more time," someone said coldly. "She must be liquidated at once!"

"I say we should keep her around a little longer," Mizmoon grinned unhealthily, "... for 'interrogation.'"

"An' Ah says we liquify dat gul raht now," Cinque hissed. "We gots t' scam befo' her daddy ketches up wid us!"

"Correct thinking!" Nancy replied, thinking fast. "But it's already too late! Before I departed the hotel, I made a call to the police, instructing them to follow me. Why, I bet they're outside this apartment in force right now!"

"Give her a triple overdose of Midol!" another shouted, grabbing her from behind.

Suddenly, as the gang watched as Nancy washed down the last deadly Midol tablet with cold watery cocoa, a loudspeaker bellowed outside!

"All right, you scoundrels!" it echoed. "This is Captain Reynolds

of the Los Angeles Police! We have you surrounded with five hundred men and Carson Drew, the noted attorney! Throw out your guns, release the girls, and come out with your hands high!"

In reply, Cinque viciously jammed a clip into his automatic weapon, smashed a windowpane, and fired off a burst, raking the street below and sending policemen scattering for cover.

In an instant, the cheap yellow stucco apartment resounded with the report of many guns and the impact of flying bullets.

"Everybody take cover in the secret secret hiding place under the floorboards!" a crook ordered.

"I'll sneak through the secret tunnel and take the Hearst girl to our secret secret secret hideout you-know-where!"

Once left alone, Nancy quickly freed herself with her one remaining barrette and began to search the besieged apartment for bits of wood and oily rags in the dark.

Drawing on her broad knowledge of camping lore, Nancy held a burning match between her clenched straight teeth for illumination as she vigorously rubbed two sticks together. Finally, a spark ignited the rags, which began to burn quickly, emitting thick, oily fumes.

"That ought to smoke them out!" Nancy told herself, as she planned her own escape, but suddenly she realized the shots and tear gas canisters were raining even faster. Coughing into a clean white handkerchief, Nancy froze with horror as she realized Captain Reynolds had not lied.

She was trapped as well!

Luckily recalling a similar fix in *The Case of the Hack Writer*, Nancy decided to play her last card.

It was a crazy idea, Nancy thought, but it just might work!

Chapter X A Clever Ruse

Once out of the burning building and safely reunited with her father, Nancy was immediately wrapped in a warm blanket and escorted by Captain Reynolds to her snappy green sportmobile, where she was joyfully greeted by Ned, Bess, and Steve.

"But Dad!" she reminded Mr. Drew after a gleeful exchange of hugs, "we've still got to find Patty!"

"We're going to do just that," Mr. Drew smiled as he started the motor and sped northward.

A short while later, Nancy's pink miniature landau swerved off the freeway, passed through a pair of enormous wrought-iron gates guarding a seemingly endless private drive, and

continued

continued

halted in front of a giant fairy-tale castle that made the Hotel Fairmont look like the River Heights Animal Shelter, only smaller.

"Last secret hideout dead ahead!" Carson Drew chuckled mysteriously. "End of the line! Everybody out!"

Nancy jumped from her jaunty red speedster to follow her father and Captain Reynolds up the beautiful expanse of marble steps, through the great oaken portal and into a gigantic medieval-style hall filled with old suits of armor, thick oriental carpets, finely-brocaded tapestries, and great quantities of famous paintings and priceless statuary.

There, sprawled in the expensive leather furniture, Nancy discovered the remaining thugs, idling contentedly in the soft glow of a huge, blazing fireplace.

Leaning on one arm by the elaborately-carved mantelpiece stood Patty herself, glumly hoisting a warm snifter of fine, one-hundred-year-old cocoa.

"Just as I thought," Nancy exclaimed triumphantly. "The last place anyone would expect to find you dirty kidnappers—Mr. Hearst's own San Simeon mansion!"

Nancy turned to the policeman at her side.

"Captain Reynolds, do your duty, and if they try to put up a fight, pepper them!"

Pistol at the ready, the Captain started for the smirking crew, only to be stopped by a loud metallic creaking from a corner of the great hall.

As Nancy looked on, wide-eyed, an ancient suit of armor which she had noticed earlier smoking an expensive panatela proceeded to climb stiffly off its pedestal and trudged menacingly toward the young crime busters.

"Look out for that walking soup can!" Steve shouted. "Shoot!"

Dropping on one knee, Captain Reynolds fired point blank. The bullet careened off the rusting helmet and ricocheted through the vast hall, echoing eerily. Reeling off balance, the metal apparition uttered a foul oath as it crashed resoundingly to the stone floor with a resounding crash.

"Knight has fallen," observed Ned wryly.

Nancy tugged at the dented visor, raising it with some difficulty to reveal a familiar face half-hidden behind a stale shroud of cigar smoke.

"Mr. Hearst!" Nancy cried in disbelief. "I-it was you all along!"

"Of course it was me!" the prone figure groaned as it struggled to its pointed metal feet. "Yes, I was the one who plotted all along to kidnap my own daughter, and it was I who covered for this slovenly band of unshaven draft-dodgers, coons, and kinko-pinkos from the very beginning!"

"But father!" Patty cried, dropping her cocoa in alarm. "Why?"

"Why?" Mr. Hearst snickered. "I'll tell you why! Because—"

"Wait! I know! I know!" piped Ned, waving his hand furiously. "You did it for the same reason your grandfather started the Spanish American war eighty years ago!"

"You mean . . ." chorused the girls.

"Yes, Nancy," explained Mr. Drew, brushing his hand lightly over her golden curls, "to sell newspapers, naturally."

"You mean the whole affair was only a hoax to sell newspapers?" said Nancy, slowly backing away.

"Don't be a dopist," Carson Drew observed dryly, "even some prominent magazines have been known to capitalize on the exact same dodge."

"This is all quite ingenious, Mr. Hearst," countered Nancy, "but you forgot one important thing—you're still under arrest!"

"True enough," admitted Mr. Hearst, casually trimming the end of a fresh panatela with his visor brim, "and that's why I'd like you fine young people to excuse us 'big folk' for a few minutes. I suspect my defense requires the talent of a noted criminal attorney, and I'd like to have a few words with your dad."

"Alone," Mr. Drew added pointedly.

"But—but," began Nancy.

"No 'buts' about it, my dear," Carson Drew insisted, as he shoved Nancy and her chums kindly but firmly out the door. "Where do you suppose those monthly roadster payments come from—the Easter Bunny?"

To Nancy's astonishment, the door closed in their faces.

Then it opened again.

"And by the way, if you think I'm going to keep forking over for all those paint jobs, you are crazy!"

And then it slammed shut once more.

Chapter XI

The Final Chapter

"There's still one thing I don't understand," Bess Marvin called from the rumble seat as they motored east for River Heights.

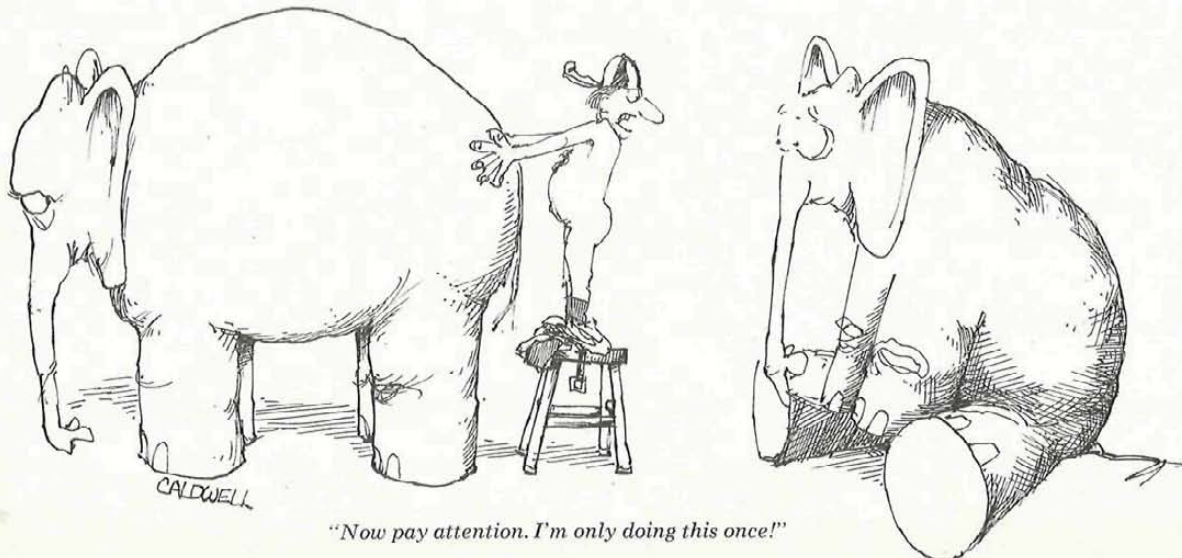
"What's that?" Nancy asked over her shoulder as the wind on the red convertible rippled her golden curls.

"Well, when the SLA gave you that fatal overdose of Midol, how come you still could set the fire and escape without being knocked out?"

"That's still a real puzzler," Nancy laughed pertly. "I still haven't been able to figure that out for myself!"

With a chorus of appreciative chuckles, Nancy and her chums sped merrily into the darkening landscape, little knowing that Nancy's next adventure, *The Secret of the Fatal Motoring Mishap*, would solve more than a few mysteries.

The End



"Now pay attention. I'm only doing this once!"

What's the best sound you can get in car stereo?
In its February 1974 issue, Road & Track Magazine gave the answer.
Of 20 units tested they said the Craig Model 3139 Powerplay delivered

“Easily the best sound of any tape unit tested.”

Road & Track reported it right—
an independent test of 20 tape
and radio-tape models from 16
leading manufacturers. Here's
what they said about the Craig.

“...with lots of power (more than
twice the nearest set among the
others) and the corresponding
ability to play loudly and clearly.
A rather theatrical red light
indicates high-volume sound. Tone
control linear and effective; full
treble doesn't eliminate bass but
just seems to let everything out.
Easily the best sound of any tape
unit tested. Controls are extensive
too, with radio pushbuttons,
repeat and fast-forward plus the
8-track controls taken for granted.”

For test results of all 20 units
write to Powerplay Test, Craig
Corporation, 921 W. Artesia Blvd.,
Compton, California 90220.



Hear the Light
CRAIG
POWERPLAY®
CAR STEREO

Craig Corporation, 921 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, California 90220
In Canada: Craig Sales Agent—Withers Evans, Ltd., 2736 S.E. Marine Dr., Vancouver 16, Canada.

The Night of the Seven Fires

by Chris Miller

The moment he woke up, Pinto discovered two terrible things. The first was that he had a hangover. Not one of his usual ones, though these were bad enough, but a veritable Hiroshima among hangovers. His stomach felt like a swamp; his tongue like a small dead animal, bloated and putresced; his forehead as if it had been struck by an ax. He made to bring a hand to his forehead, to see if perhaps it *had* been struck by an ax.

That was when he made the second discovery: His hand wouldn't move. In fact, his arm wouldn't move. Nor would his other arm. *He* couldn't move. Below the neck, he couldn't move a thing! A terrible sense of dread took him. What had he done last night?

He opened his eyes. Light speared them like hatpins, but he squinted, blinking away his tears, and . . . wait, this wasn't his dorm room! He was lying on a bed, a raggedy army blanket thrown over him, in what appeared to be one of the small bedrooms on the third floor of his fraternity house. . . .

And then he remembered: The Fires! Last night had finally been the Fires, his fraternity initiation . . . and now he was paralyzed from the neck down? Become one of those poor assholes you read about each year, maimed during hazing?

He repressed panic. He had to keep his wits, piece together his fragmented memories of last night, figure out what happened. He remembered pushing off from the house around ten o'clock, having been paired with Stu the Jew. . . .

By ten-thirty, the road north of Hanover was deserted. The civilized quaintness of Dartmouth College, with its green-shuttered dormitories and stately halls of academe, lay well behind them, and now, to both sides, deep pine forests loomed. New snow had fallen during the day and a fat, fluffy blanket of white covered everything, augmenting the winter's several previous snows to make drifts

that in places reached five feet. A full moon lit the scene with a strange iridescent cast. The New Hampshire night was muffled, crisp, and incredibly cold.

In his hand, Pinto carried a map. Identical mimeographed maps had been handed each pair of pledges that evening, as they'd stood about the pre-Fires keg back at the house earlier, hurling down beers for courage and against the cold. According to it, he and Stu had almost reached the turn-off that led to the first fire, and the start of their fraternity's legendary initiation rites.

There was much that was legendary about the Adelpian Lodge. For one thing, it was the only house among Dartmouth's twenty-four to which the freshman class each year at the nearby girls' schools were actually warned not to go. On the other hand, when a party weekend came along, everyone who was anyone had at least to make an appearance at the Adelpian, which was to Dartmouth social life what the Yankees had been to the American League pennant for the last fifteen years. The principles for which the Adelpian Lodge stood, and which had brought about its fame, were stated in their Credo, a large, hand-lettered sign that hung behind the bar: *Sickness is health, blackness is truth, drinking is strength*. And if there was a single event which embodied the entire Adelpian *zeitgeist*, it was the Night of the Seven Fires.

Pinto didn't know everything that would go on at the Fires, but he knew the main thing. It was booting, a process of drinking and throwing up, drinking and throwing up, until no one could stay on their feet anymore. In this fashion, they would be transformed from pledges into brothers. What was more, the pledge who threw the overall most colorful show of the night would be awarded the pledge prize.

Pinto was after that prize. He had been in training for it since October, when he pledged the Adelpian

Lodge, spending hours by the keg nightly, learning to quaff multiple beers and then accurately boot them into the concrete gutter that ran the perimeter of their basement barroom. After four months of this, he felt ready.

His only serious competition, he figured, would come from Mumbles, La Pic, or Bags. Certainly not from Stu the Jew, trudging along beside him. Ordinarily, competing with tall, muscular Stu—in anything—would have intimidated Pinto. But not tonight. Stu's training time had gone into sports and booking rather than booting and one look at the half-scared, half-defiant expression he now wore showed that he was looking forward to tonight's activities about as much as he would to a hernia operation. In fact, quite a few of the pledges had looked scared shitless back at the house earlier. But Pinto didn't feel that way. He whooped and slid giddily on the snow, hardly able to wait.

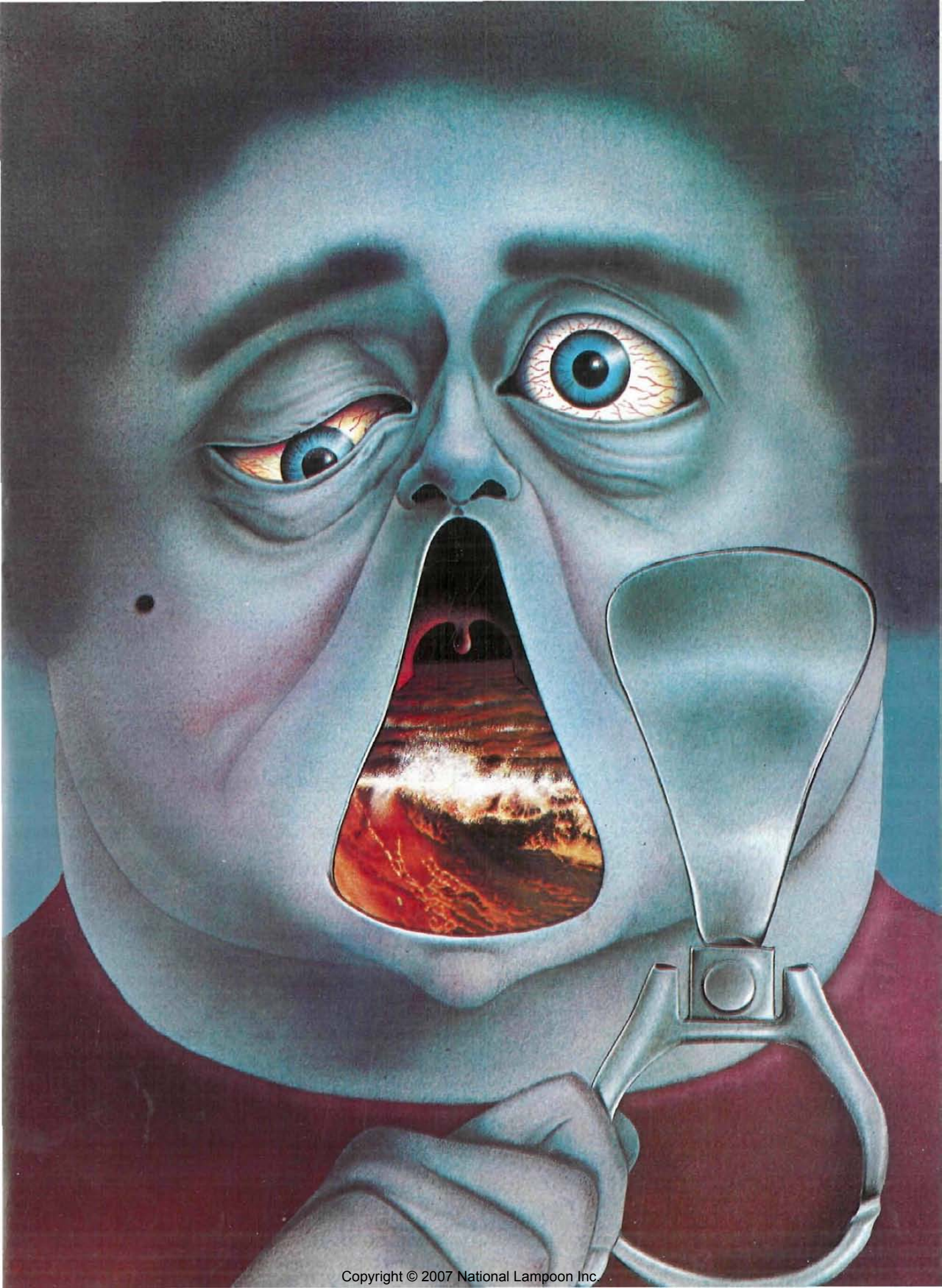
The turn-off appeared abruptly, only a very few tire tracks marking its existence. The narrow roadway, a dirt road actually, wound up the sloping sides of Balch Hill, into the very middle of the dark, ominous woods. During spring and fall, it led to several secluded parking places where Dartmouth men with cars were wont to take their dates. Tonight, however, it was a gauntlet, the route of the Seven Sacred Watchfires of the Adelpian Lodge, each fire with its contingent of brothers waiting poised to torment them with a variety of devices and stratagems. Looking up the roadway, Pinto could almost understand the fears of some of his pledge brothers.

At that moment, a low moan escaped the lips of Stu the Jew. Pinto glanced at him, surprised. He'd known Stu was unhappy, but not *that* unhappy.

"Stu, you okay?" His breath made white puffs of vapor against the night.

Stu didn't answer. He simply stared up at the woods, muscles bunching and knotting in his cheeks. Pinto, try-

continued



Stir up a Revolution!

Exciting new drink with Gavilan Tequila®.



Be independent. It's time for a change to Tequila. Have a fiesta tonight. Stir up some drinks bound to make your old standbys seem mighty old. Snap up a Margarita, dazzle up a Sunrise, with Gavilan Tequila, our smooth, amiable Mexican. Better yet, be really independent and stir up a Revolution Cocktail.

THE REVOLUTION COCKTAIL

2 oz. Gavilan Tequila.
 ¾ oz. Rose's Lime Juice.
 ½ oz. Grenadine.
 Shake with crushed ice, or serve on the Rocks.
 The Revolution is here! Thank Gavilan.

OUR SUNRISE COCKTAIL

1½ oz. Gavilan Tequila.
 4 oz. orange juice.
 ¾ oz. Grenadine.
 Mix Gavilan, O.J., and ice in tall glass. Add grenadine and let it settle. Then stir before sipping, and see your Sunrise.



80/86 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc.
 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 © 1974.

continued

ing to help, drew a flask of brandy from the pocket of his parka and held it out to him.

Stu recoiled incredulously, as if he were about to be keelhailed and Pinto had offered him a glass of water. "Are you shitting me? With all we're going to have to drink?"

Shrugging, Pinto put the flask away. The way he figured it, they'd be booting all night, so what the hell did it matter how much they had to drink? But let Stu do it his own way. "Ready?"

Stu nodded reluctantly. Stepping off into deeper snow, they started up the hill.

The first fire revealed itself to them in a shower of sparks rising from behind an upcoming ridge. As they moved closer, they heard voices, then laughter. Among the laughs was one that was unmistakable.

"Hey, that's Otter," Pinto told Stu. "Come on, this fire won't be bad at all."

Stu looked as if he doubted that, but resumed walking. The road hooked sharply around the ridge and there, primitive and terrific, was a great, crackling bonfire. Its flames leapt and danced, casting a broad circle of light that gradually gave way to crazily dancing tree shadows. Perched on a stump was a quarter-keg of beer,

gravity-tipped, and standing around the keg were several figures holding beer cups. Pinto recognized Otter, Mouse, Terry, and Pale Pete. Two other figures were obscure behind the flames.

"Hi, guys." Pinto headed excitedly toward them.

The brothers spun to confront them, their faces assuming looks of mock horror.

"What?" cried Mouse. "What did you say?"

Pinto halted uncertainly. "Uh, I said 'Hi, guys.'"

"Anh! Anh! That's what I thought he said!" Charlie Boing-Boing bounded from behind the fire, staring at Pinto as if what Pinto had said was "I eat farts."

"On your knees, pledges!" ordered Mouse, hands on hips.

Pinto and Stu exchanged looks.

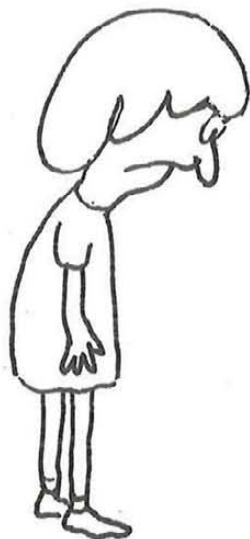
"You heard him!" yelled Charlie Boing-Boing. "On your knees and call in!"

Pinto and Stu fell rapidly to their knees and began to bellow: "Most unworthy neophyte . . ."

"Hold it, hold it, one at a time," directed Terry. "You first." He pointed to Stu the Jew.

"Most unworthy neophyte, Stuart Laurence Richman, begs to announce his most humble presence at the Adelpian Lodge!" shouted Stu.

continued on page 82



S. GROSS



"They're 'tits.'"

JUNE • 25¢

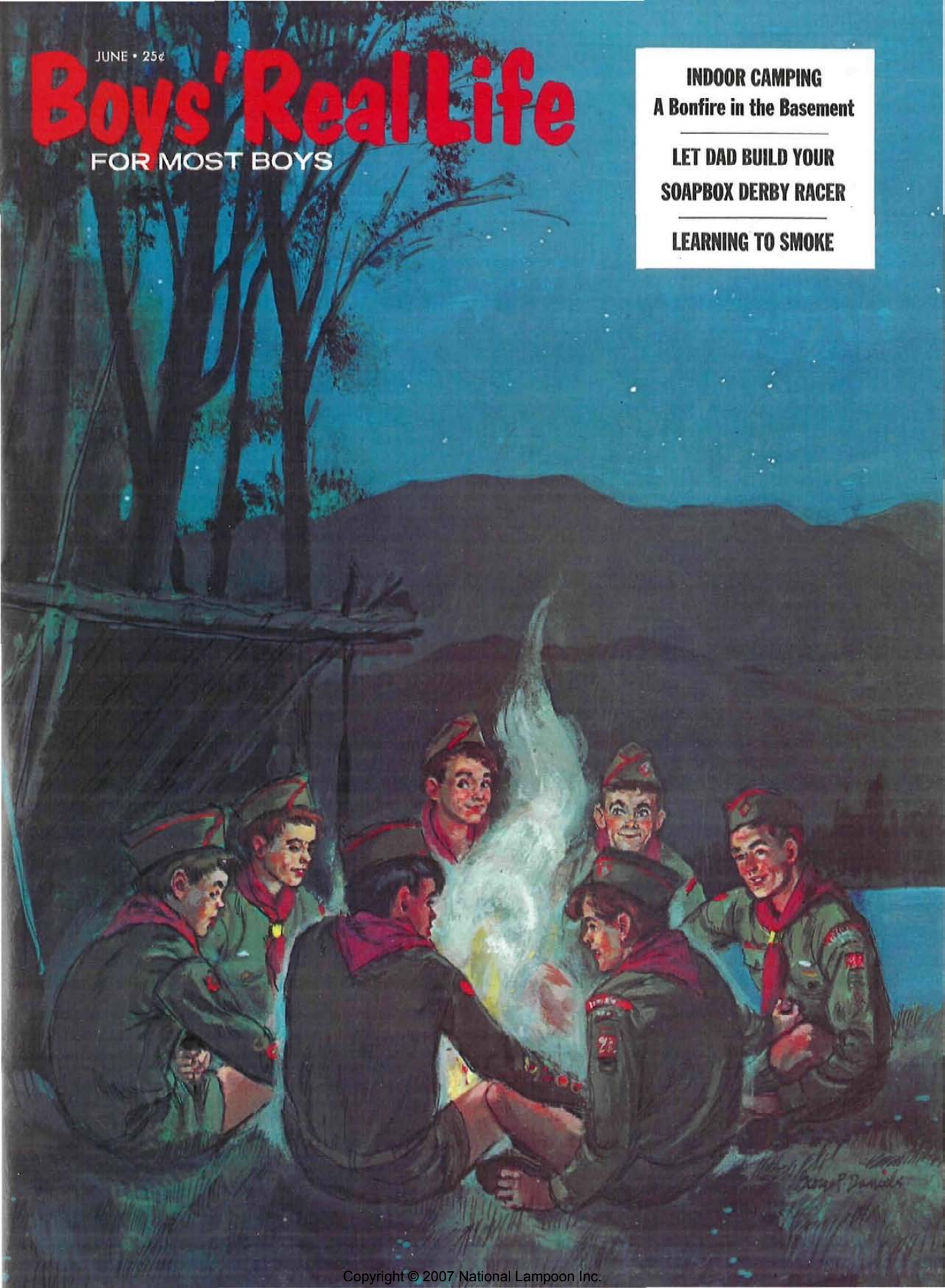
Boys' Real Life

FOR MOST BOYS

INDOOR CAMPING
A Bonfire in the Basement

LET DAD BUILD YOUR
SOAPBOX DERBY RACER

LEARNING TO SMOKE



FOR MOST BOYS

Boys' Real Life

JUNE

P. J. O'Rourke
Editor in ChiefDavid McClelland
Articles EditorDean Latimer
Color Section EditorBrian McConnachie
Fiction EditorHenry Beard and Doug Kenney
Research Assistants

FICTION

TWENTY MINUTES OVER THE MATINEE

When Tommy and his gang were in the balcony, it was a *real* horror show12

COURAGE HAS NO COLOR 'CAUSE IT'S WHITE

"They busted our block," Fats told us guys, "now let's bust some of theirs!" ..16

SILENT BUT DEADLY

All the fellows thought "Beans" was a real dip till he cleared the class in the middle of a Social Studies test22

ARTICLES

NUISANCE CALLING!

"Is your refrigerator running? Well, you'd better go catch it!"10

LOSE THOSE LAWN MOWING BLUES

Rock salt before a heavy rain—your gateway to more free time after school11

JUNE—OPEN SEASON ON GARDEN GNOMES

Gazing balls, birdbaths, lawn deer, and plaster flamingos15

CHERRY BOMB FISHING FOR THE SHALLOW CREEK CARP

Challenging sport that also makes a disgusting mess18

THE HALF-INCH BALL BEARING

New breakthrough in slingshot ammo24

HANDS OFF!

Playing with the Army Colt .4525

ROCK TENNIS

Testing your brother's sports equipment26

BICYCLE THEFT

Three-speed bikes—how do you peddle them?28

HOW FAST IS YOUR LOCAL FIRE DEPARTMENT?

Corner alarm boxes let you find out any time34

SUMMER'S ANSWER TO THE ICE BALL

Dirt fighting in half-built houses37

NO STONE LEFT UNTURNED

Two boys from Bay City, Queens, set a new national record in Calvary Cemetery38

REGULAR FEATURES

FIST FUN

This month: "Beat Your Lunch Meat"—Underwood deviled ham and household pets40

HOBBY HOWS

Collecting car antennas42

FIVE-FINGERED DISCOUNT STORE

Convex mirrors44

THE OLE SWIMMING HOLE

Solo blind diving after meals45

KITCHEN MUNITIONS

A simple poison gas bomb from ordinary household bleach46

YOU BET!

Sharpening Nickle-Pitch skills47



Use
High-Strength
BONEX

DRAW ME!



And win \$500!

in scholarships to the Bookpage School of Art. Learn to draw skulls, crossbones, daggers, cars, and naked women with our enjoyable, practical, and easy home correspondence course. If your sketch of a Nazi swastika shows promising talent we'll award you a free \$500 towards your tuition and immediately start you on your way to impressing your friends, embellishing your desk tops, and startling your local synagogue. Send sketch—in pencil, pen, paint, or crayon—today! To:

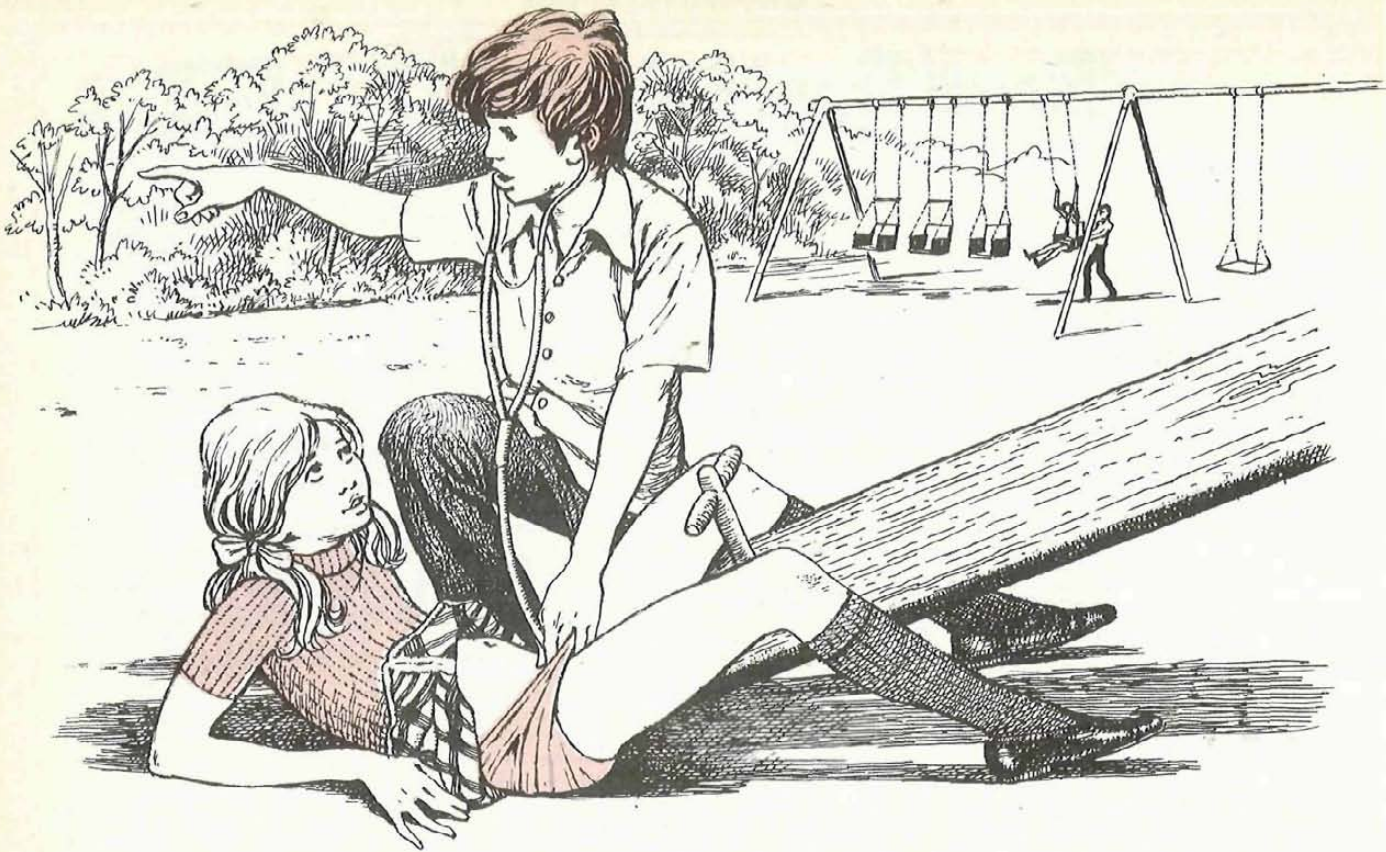
BOOKPAGE ART SCHOOL
BOX 67
Bookpage, Penn.

MAGNIFY

Your Ant Farm 100X

Yes, fellows, explore the exciting world of insects with a Tortex Ant Farm Magnifier Kit! You get: 1 fully transparent hi-impact Ant Farm, 1 3" 40-power hand magnifier, and 12 certified-living-when-mailed hi-impact big black carpenter ants!

Just set up your Ant Farm, hold your magnifier between the ants and the sun on an unclouded day, and watch the fun!



"This is more serious than I thought," shouted Dr. Pinky, Junior Medical Technician. "Prepare the garage."

Young "Dr." Pinky in NO BONES ABOUT IT

The doors of Madisonville Elementary School burst apart like a crumbling dam no longer able to contain the flood of fleeing children. As they poured down the front steps, their joyous shouts unmistakably marked the end of school. Another year of formal education was behind them, but to Pinky Fisher, the learning process was not about to take a vacation.

"Mary Beth, Mary Beth. Wait up. I have to talk to you. The tests are back from the lab," called Pinky.

Mary Beth spun around in anger. "You stay away from me, Pinky Fisher. My baby sister was spying on us last time, and now I have to take her everywhere or she'll tell my parents. . . ."

"Your baby sister, huh . . . how old is she?" asked Pinky.

"She's five and she's a real brat," answered Mary Beth.

". . . Ummmm . . . you mean she acts like a real brat. She's probably got ovarian cysts . . . makes kids act bratty. Better bring her around to my garage and I'll have a look at her," said Pinky.

"No. No more going to your laboratory," declared Mary Beth.

"Pleeeeeeaaaaasseeeee. You have no idea how serious these things are. I want to make the whole neighborhood safe from ovarian cysts. One kid gets them, then everyone catches them. You just gotta come to the garage. Pleeeaaaasseeeee."

"No. But I'll meet you by Donally's barn and we can peepee together."

"Okay."

As Pinky waited, leaning up against the barn, the thought of peepeeing with Mary Beth began to bore him. You had to put your head practically against the ground before you could see anything, he remembered. He was certain Louis Pasteur had more cooperative patients. The carefree shouts of Mary Beth and her little sister Cathy soon brought Pinky back to reality.

"Be quiet, you two. You must save your energy. You're both dying of ovarian cysts. Hurry, get your dresses and panties off," directed young Fisher.

"No. I don't gotta and I'm going to tell Mommy on you."

"Now Cathy, it's for your own good. We want to save you. Come on now, get your dress off and you'll be all better soon."

"Let go. Let go of me. Let go. Help. Owww. Let go," cried Cathy.

Reaching for a rock, Pinky lunged at Cathy. Mary Beth stumbled back in shock and horror as Pinky swung the rock against her baby sister's head.

"You killed her!" yelled Mary Beth.

"No I didn't. Just a local anesthetic. Shut up. Stop yelling and help me get her clothes off. You're in this as deep as I am. Do what I tell you."

Pinky reached for the skirt hem and began pulling it over Cathy's limp head as Mary Beth nervously drew down the panties along the firm stubby pink legs. Upon seeing the nakedness explode against the shaded green grass, Pinky dropped his end and began pressing his hands to the still

(continued on page 194)

PEE PEE HARRIS

BY
DAVID McLELLAND & SATTER

WOW! I NEVER SAW YOU WORKING SO HARD, PEE PEE...WHAT'S UP?



I HAVE TO MAKE A BIOLOGY NOTE-BOOK, WETSY. MRS. KIMBALL SAYS SHE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THOSE QUIZZES AND PASS ME IF I DO A REAL GOOD JOB.

GEE, THERE'S NOBODY HERE. I'LL JUST LEAVE IT ON MRS. KIMBALL'S DESK. SHE'LL FIND IT MONDAY MORNING.

MRS. KIMBALL BLOWS DEAD TOADS

REPORT

BIOLOGY TOADS LABORATORY

SATURDAY NIGHT...

I'D REALLY LIKE TO MESS UP THAT SCHOOL GOOD! Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

GEE, I DUNNO, PEE PEE...

BEER BEER BE

AH, WETSY, DON'T BE SUCH A HOMO!

I GOT A CASE OF SPRAY PAINT AT HOME!

I CAN GET MY DAD'S CHAIN SAW!

YEAH! WE GOT A LOT OF TAR DOWN IN THE BASEMENT!

EVERYBODY READY? FOLLOW ME!

TAR

THIS'LL GET 'EM!

EXIT BAM BAM

HA-HA-HA!

OH, GOD! LOOK AT THAT!

HEY PEE PEE...WHERE ARE YOU?

GOOD HEAVENS!

WHO COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING?

WOW!

I'M TAKING A SHIT IN THE LAB! ON THE FLOOR...HAW! NOW WHAT CAN I WIPE MYSELF ON?

HURRY UP! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

SINCE THE DESKS WERE ALL DESTROYED, YOU'LL HAVE TO SIT WHEREVER YOU CAN.

ARGGH! THE...THE... MONSTER'S WIPED SH...ER... RUINED THIS, TOO. I WONDER WHAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN?...

THE TARTAR TWINS PAT + MIKE

by O'ROURKE & SATTLER

HERE COMES ANOTHER JAP, MIKE! HIT HIM WITH A FLAME-THROWER!



NOW LET'S TEST HOW FAR THE CALICO CAN WALK ON THE EXPERIMENTAL SPARKLER STILTS!



OH-OH... IT'S GRAMPS! BURNIN' KITTENS, ARE YA?



YEP. REMINDS ME A' WHEN I WAS YOUNG. ME AND JEFF DAVIS AND PAUL BUNYAN AND THEM USED TA RIP THE SHIT OUTTA ALL KINDS A' CATS.



...COURSE THEY WAS MOSTLY MOUNTAIN LIONS AND COUGARS IN THEM DAYS, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET A CERTAIN RUBBER-HEADED TOM.



IT WAS WHEN THIS COUNTRY WAS YOUNG. LITTLE GENERAL CUSTER AND BENNY FRANKLIN AND MYSELF WERE PLAYING OUT IN FRONT OF BETSY ROSS' HOUSE WHEN HER OLD TOM-CAT GOT ITS HEAD STUCK IN THE WINDOW.



CHUCKY LINDBERGH AND I DECIDED TO HAVE SOME FUN AND STICK THE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE'S PUMP IN ITS EAR.



WELL, THAT CAT'S HEAD BEGAN TO SWELL UP, AND IT SWELLED AND SWELLED AND SWELLED!



WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...I GUESS IT WAS TED ROOSEVELT WHO FINALLY WENT INSIDE AND JAMMED A MUSKET UP ITS ASS.



WHEN HE PULLED THE TRIGGER, THAT TABBYS HEAD TOOK OFF LIKE A GIANT ROCKET AND BOUNCED AROUND ALL OVER NEW YORK STATE, BUSTIN' THE CRAP OUT OF EVERYTHING.



AND TO THIS VERY DAY, THE DAMAGE THAT HEAD DONE IS CALLED THE CAT-SKULL MOUNTAINS!



WHY, DAD!! YOU LET THAT CAT ALONE!



BIBLE story

THE HOLY BIBLE'S SONG OF SONGS WAS WRITTEN BY KING SOLOMON, AND MANY BIBLICAL SCHOLARS BELIEVE IT WAS ADDRESSED TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA. BUT WHO WAS THE MYSTERIOUS QUEEN OF SHEBA? ARCHEOLOGISTS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT ABOUT THE TIME OF SOLOMON'S REIGN (973-933 B.C.), A WEALTHY KINGDOM CALLED SABA (SHEBA) FLOURISHED IN THE FERTILE SOUTHWEST TIP OF ARABIA. ITS PEOPLE WERE AFRICANS FROM THE ETHIOPIAN EMPIRE OF AXUM, 20 MILES AWAY ACROSS THE RED SEA.



"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE YOUR FEET WITH SHOES O PRINCE'S DAUGHTER! THE JOINTS OF THY THIGHS ARE LIKE JEWELS..." 7:1

"THY TWO BREASTS ARE LIKE TWO YOUNG ROES THAT ARE TWINS." 7:3

"THY NAVEL IS LIKE A ROUND GOBLET WHICH WANTETH NOT LIQUOR; THY BELLY IS LIKE A HEAP OF WHEAT SET ABOUT WITH LILIES." 7:2

"MY BELOVED PUT IN HIS HAND BY THE HOLE OF THE DOOR AND MY BOWELS WERE MOVED FOR HIM." 5:2

TORTURES OF THE INDIANS



OUR STORY SO FAR: THE OBA-AH-NEE PEOPLE OF THE CHICKASAW NATION HAVE WELCOMED THE GREAT HERO CHATHAT. TO CELEBRATE HIS VISIT, THE SHAMAN CONDEMNS TWO CHOCTAW CAPTIVES TO SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATHS.

BEING THE INFERIOR SUBJECT, THE GIRL IS TORTURED FIRST. A CLAY HELMET IS PLACED ON HER HEAD TO PROTECT HER VALUED SCALP. THEN THE CHICKASAW WOMEN ATTACK HER FROM ALL SIDES WITH WHIPS AND TORCHES, WHILE CHATHAT AND THE BRAVES LOOK ON AND LAUGH.



LOUDER AND LOUDER GROWS THE MERRY-MAKING AS THE CHOCTAW MAIDEN'S SKIN BLISTERS AND PEELS AWAY. EACH TIME SHE FAINTS SHE IS SPLASHED WITH WATER AND REVIVED. CHATHAT HIMSELF HELPS HER UP, AND EVERYONE LAUGHS.



SOON THE GIRL HAS HAD HER ARMS AND LEGS PULLED OFF AND THE TORTURE OF THE BRAVE BEGINS. THIS IS THE MAIN EVENT OF THE CELEBRATION, FOR, NO MATTER HOW MUCH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TORTURE HIM, HE MUST PRESERVE THE GLIENCE AND DIGNITY OF A TRUE WARRIOR.



THE TORTURE OF THE BRAVE GOES ON INTO THE NIGHT. FINALLY, THE LAUGHING OF THE CHICKASAW WARRIORS DIES DOWN AND IS REPLACED WITH A RESPECTFUL FUNERAL DIRGE; FOR THE CHOCTAW BRAVE EXPIRED WITHOUT A SINGLE CRY.



IT HAS BEEN A LONG DAY. AT DAWN CHATHAT WILL BEGIN A JOURNEY TO VISIT THE CHOCTAW PEOPLES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GREAT MISHA SIPOKNI (MISSISSIPPI RIVER). THE SHAMAN ASSURES HIM THAT THE CHICKASAW CAPTIVES WILL BEHAVE WITH EQUAL VALOR. CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

Frog Baseball

By T. D. OLINSEN

If you're looking for something to keep your troop or gang of guys active and interested this summer—something that combines team sport skills with hiking and nature study—why not try some slow pitch frog ball?

It may look simple enough, but frog baseball is a real crack game the way Life Scouts Tom and Dean Latimer of Cary Mills, New York, play it. "First of all," Tom explains, "you can't use real baseball equipment of any kind. That's cheating, and anyway it'd look dumb to carry gloves and bats and chest protectors and all that junk out into the field where the frogs are. Why, Dean and I have been doing such a good job on the frogs around here that it's getting so you have to go all the way down to the creek a mile back of the barn to find any decent number of frogs."

Yes, there's a good deal of plain old hiking involved in frog baseball, not to mention chasing and pouncing—and that's just to get the frogs! "You have to be careful not to hurt them in any way, picking them up," Dean cautions. "For frog baseball you need whole frogs. Any kind of frog, or even toad, will do, and of course the bigger the better. But we don't pass up the little frogs either—that's a real challenge, the little ones!"

The only other equipment necessary for frog baseball is a bat of some sort, which by the rules must be procured from the



Tom Latimer winds up after brother Dean singled on a ground ball with a freak hop.

fields themselves—that is, you can't take a bat into the fields with you. "This way you get a real variety of equipment," Tom points out. "One game you'll be playing with a skinny little length of slat busted off a haywagon, the next game it'll be a whole fence post so long and thick you can hardly lift it. It keeps a fellow on his toes."

The object of the game, naturally, is to keep the frog in play for as long as possible, while hitting it as far as possible with the bat. The pitcher addresses the batter from a fixed spot about twenty feet from the "plate" (any particular stone or bush), tossing the frog in to him with an easy underhand delivery. The batter then must hit the frog over the pitcher's head to score a "run," which makes him eligible to hit again. If

the frog falls short of the pitcher, then the positions are reversed, pitcher becoming batter and vice versa. The one who scores more "runs" than the other before the frog is taken out of play is the winner of that "inning."

"The first batter has an obvious advantage," Dean notes, "so we flip a coin to see who's up first. If you have a good-sized frog, you can generally get three or four good runs out of him before he starts falling apart, so you have to be careful. The first couple of times, he'll just be kind of flattened out, with his tongue sticking out, one eye closed maybe, but still mean and kicking and solid enough for a good swat. After a couple more good clouts, though, he'll be kinda shredded, going all to flinders with the guts trailing out of his mouth and his legs twirling around loose, and this increases the wind resistance, giving him a real spitball effect—not only does the pitch shake and flop in the air, but there's no telling where he's gonna go when you hit him. And you don't want to hit him too hard when he's in that kind of shape, or the inning's over."

The end of the "inning" is signaled by the frog's losing of one or both legs. A real measure of artistry is required, after the third or fourth "run," to keep this from happening. Once the sides change after the first few runs, the pitcher, having started with an automatic disadvantage, has to exercise special skill and caution in playing catch-up ball.

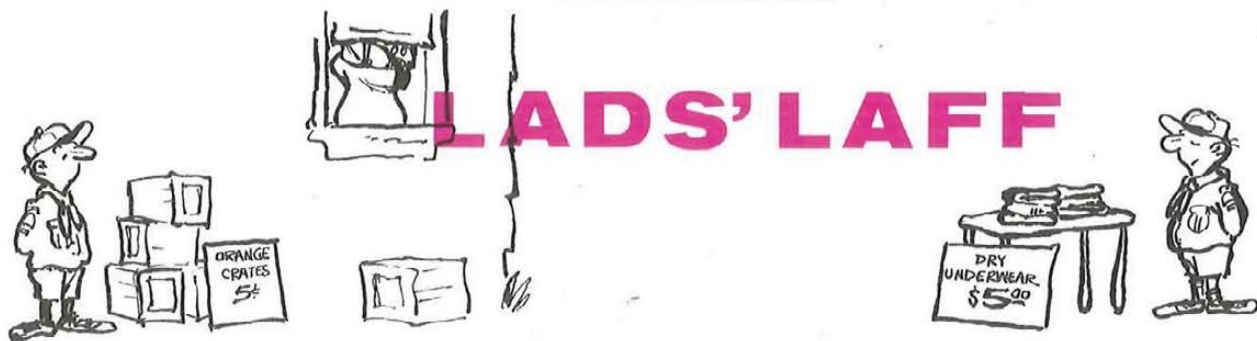
"That's where the thrill of the sport comes in" affirms Tom. "It takes a real surgical-type delicacy to come up from behind in frog baseball. But then frankly, when you get right down to it, who gives a fart? The real fun's whacking the living shit out of these goddamn frogs and watching the poor bastards go flying through the air all busted up. Christ, you can keep it up for hours, chasing frogs around and playing baseball!"



Dalton DEAD-EYE

DALTON BROS. TOY CO.
50 COMMERCE ST.
NEW YORK 14, N.Y.





A man hears that his wife is screwing the colored handyman. She denies it, but he tells her that if he ever hears that she does it again, he's going to pull out every one of her cunt hairs. People keep telling him that she's screwing the colored handyman and she keeps telling him that she isn't and one day he comes home and he's sure she has been, so he throws her down on the bad and starts pulling her cunt hairs out one by one. And he gets every one of them but one little black one which won't come out. He pulls on it and pulls on it and finally he yells, "Goddamn it, come out, you little black bastard!" And from up inside his wife's cunt, he hears this voice saying, "I'se comin', I'se comin', Boss!"—*David Standish, Oxford, Ohio*

He found the girl and then fell dead, For her corkscrew cunt had a left-hand thread. —*John Rothschild, Orlean, Va.*



Three boys hear about a contest that a widow is having where if you can climb the top of a greased flagpole you get to screw her. So they go over to her house and she shows them the greased flagpole and tells them that if they climb it all the way to the top she'll let them screw her but if they don't make it all the way to the top they'll have to pay the consequences. The first boy starts to climb the flagpole and he gets about halfway up before he slips down again. "What does your father do for a living?" the widow asks him.

"He's a butcher," says the first boy.

"Take out your dong," says the widow; and she chops it off with a meat cleaver. Then the second boy starts to climb the flagpole and he makes it three quarters of the way to the top before he slips back down again. "What's your father do for a living?" asks the widow. "He's a tailor," says the second boy. And she cuts it off with a pair of scissors. Then the third boy starts to climb the flagpole and he makes it almost all the way to the top before he slips down. "What's your father do for a living?" the widow asks him.

"He's a lollipop maker," says the third boy, "what are you going to do, lick it off?"—*Chuck Maypole, Wilmont, Wis.*

invited to go to a party, but he's scared to go because when he gets hard ons, his dork is so large that there's no place he can hide it. So a friend tells him that he should wrap it around his body. He wraps it around and around his chest but it's so long that the tip sticks out at the front of his shirt collar and he has to pretend that it's a tie. As soon as he gets to the party, a girl comes over and tells him how much she likes his necktie, and she's just picked it up to take a closer look when somebody across the room yells, "Hey, I didn't want cream in my coffee!"—*Bob Buckley, Montreal, Canada*

A boy named Johnny Fuck-erfaster is playing with a girl underneath the front porch of his house when his mother comes out to look for him. "Johnny Fuck-erfaster!" she

yells. "Johnny Fuck-erfaster!" And from under the porch, Johnny screams, "Jesus, Mom, I'm going as fast as I can!"—*Bill Hart, Concord, N. H.*



A man is screwing a woman with a hole so big that when he lets go of her tits for a second he slips and falls in. He stumbles around in the dark for a long time and finally he runs into a guy with a flashlight and asks him if he knows the way out. "No," says the guy with the flashlight, "but if you'll help me find my motorcycle, we can ride around until we see daylight!"—*Ray Shultz, Bronx, N.Y.*



A man who's got an eighteen-inch dong wants to join the Long Dick Club. He tells a friend of his who's already a member that his dong is eighteen inches long and asks him what he has to do to get in. "Eighteen inches!" says his friend. "Why, you see this flower in my buttonhole? Well, that's the tip of my dong, and I'm only the doorman!"—*Dan Riorden, King of Prussia, Pa.*

This is the ballad of Joe

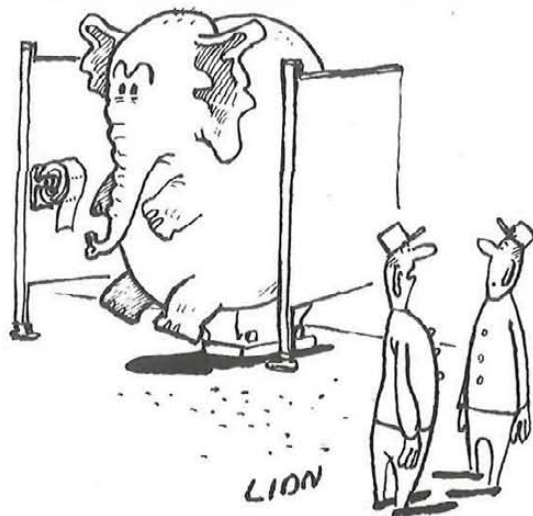
McClock,

A guy who was born with a corkscrew cock.

He spent all his life in a fatal hunt,

For the only girl with a corkscrew cunt.

MILDRED



"Sure she's mad. How would you like it if you had to wipe with your nose?"

A guy with a huge dork is

The Music Critic

We tell you what's good even if the record companies don't like it.



This mild-mannered man is music critic for Fusion Magazine, the monthly review of music and opinion.



Here at work he listens to hundreds of new albums every hour, separates the wheat from the Chex, and reports directly to you in the pages of Fusion.



Today's exciting new prospects include this hot British group from England...



and this gravel-throated sex bomb from Syosset, Long Island.



It's a hard job, but it's worth it.



as you'll find out when you pick up the latest issue of Fusion Magazine, the monthly review of music and opinion, wherever newsstands are sold.

fusion

the monthly review of music and opinion 909 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02215

Send \$1 for sample copy

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Protect your loved ones (and you)...




THREE HIGHLY EFFECTIVE
SEALED IN FOIL



... from the surprise of unwanted conception and the scourge of V.D. with Trojans brand prophylactics. They're safe, sensitive and of course have no after effects. For a Special Trojans Product Sampler including 3 TROJANS, 3 GUARDIAN and 3 NATURALAMB, send coupon below with \$3.00 check or money order to Youngs Drug Products Corporation. Then buy your future Trojans needs from your local pharmacist.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

Youngs Drug Products Corporation 
 Dept. NL J 865 Centennial Avenue
 Piscataway, New Jersey 08854



GUTSLAMMER!

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

ALL FOUR ISSUES FOR \$10
 WITH Free Gift Book

2 ISSUES FOR \$5 MAILED IN PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPES.
 ORDER NOW FROM COMPLETE PRIVACY

EQUINE PRODUCTS
 BOX 361-B, HERMOSA BEACH, CAL. 90254

continued from page 70

"What? What?" Mouse was aghast. "Did you hear that?"

"Tsk tsk," said Otter. "Appalling." Stu looked bewildered.

"This isn't the Adelphian Lodge!" screamed Charlie Boing-Boing. "You fucking asshole!"

"Oh, right, right. *Most unworthy neophyte, Stuart Lawrence Richman, begs to announce his most humble presence at the Adelphian Fires!*"

"At the first Adelphian Fire," corrected Otter.

"*Most unworthy neophyte, Stuart Lawrence Richman, begs to announce his most humble presence at the first Adelphian Fire!*"

"*Most unworthy neophyte . . .*" began Pinto.

"Oh, hush," said Otter. "That's enough of that."

"All right, pledges, on your feet!" directed Mouse.

Pinto and Stu stood up and Terry handed them each a beer. Stu looked at it as if he had never seen one before.

"Now, boys," said Otter, in his friendly, cool, California way, "before we start, I'd like yuh to say hello to muh girl."

"Hi," said a voice. Pinto squinted through the flames. There, dressed in a pert blue parka with a furred hood, was Joy Tabasco, Otter's girl friend. A girl . . . at the Fires? Otter was amazing.

"All right," said Otter, "now that both you gentlemen have a beer, why don't you chug them?"

Well, this was it. Pinto and Stu exchanged glances and brought their beer cups to their mouths. The frosty fluid made a ribbon of cold down Pinto's throat.

"Two more beers for the boys," said Otter agreeably.

Terry had them waiting. That they were in sixteen-ounce cups, twice the volume of the glasses with which he'd been training, wasn't bothering Pinto at all. He chugged his second beer rapidly down and a moment later Stu finished his. They were immediately handed two more. They chugged. This time Pinto overtilted a bit and twin rills of beer made icy lines on his cheeks.

"You're supposed to get it all in your mouth!" Mouse darted about making small jumps, like an angry cartoon character. "Asshole! Asshole!"

"Now, Mouse." Otter placed a hand on either side of Joy's hood, as if to cover her ears. There was general laughter.

"Well, time we got down to some serious booting," Otter said. "Hope yuh made it down to the Italian restaurant okay. I'd hate for yuh to be chokin' on lumps in front of muh girl."



THE BEST WRAP IN TOWN


DOUBLE-WIDE
 DOUBLE-GLUE

REEPER ROLLERS

HOLIDAY
 REEPER ROLLERS PERFORATED
 DOUBLE WIDE

Each paper is perforated with 1,000 tiny holes, which enables the reduction by 15 to 30% of the rate of tars and nicotine contained in the volume of smoke.

Imported from France by
 ADAMS APPLE
 Dist. Co.,
 Chicago, Ill.
 60657



The brothers had solicitously warned the pledges to eat nothing more solid than spaghetti that day. "Sure did," said Pinto, and Stu nodded.

"Good," said Otter. "Terry, give Pinto a fresh beer."

Dependable Terry appeared with a fresh beer.

"Now, chug!" ordered Charlie Boing-Boing.

Pinto swung the cup to his mouth and began swallowing deep draughts. He wished he could just open his throat and pour the stuff down, as he had once seen a fat hood he'd known in high school do. He really wanted to drink and boot well for these guys. Cold as he probably was, he felt warmed by a sense of imminent belonging. Otter was terrific. Terry was terrific. They were *all* ter . . .

Glorp! Something thick and gloopy slid into his throat and caught there, like a giant wad of phlegm. Pinto gagged . . . and booted! He booted everything he'd had to drink since seven that evening, a gallon at least, in a single great arc of roaring foam and twining pink spaghetti strands that narrowly missed Charlie Boing-Boing's left ear and splatted spectacularly against the trunk of a tree.

"Power boot!" exclaimed Mouse.

"Fantastic!" cried Charlie Boing-Boing.

"What form!" enthused Terry. "Did you see how it held together?" He shook his head in connoisseur-like respect.

"Uh heh heh heh heh heh." Otter laughed his peculiar steady laugh and looked at Joy, who managed a restrained giggle. She had gone quite pale.

Pinto spat several times, clearing his mouth. "What the hell was in that?"

"A raw egg," said Pale Pete, smiling shyly. He was the house nice guy, always ready to lend a hand or clear a confusion.

"Now—Stu the Jew!" announced Otter jovially. Everyone turned to face Stu.

Stu went paler than Joy. "Uh, an egg, huh?"

"That's right." Otter bobbed his head forward and back on his long neck, grinning his otter's grin. Everyone else nodded and smiled too.

"Well . . ." Stu took the proffered cup and began to sip it delicately.

"Drink!" yelled Mouse.

"Chug!" howled Charlie Boing-Boing.

Stu tried, but his mouth had made a tight, protective slot and beer began running down his cheeks.

"Open your mouth, asshole!"

Stu shuddered visibly, but opened his mouth. Instantly, he froze, drop-

ping his beer cup on the ground.

The brothers leaned forward expectantly. Stu's face wore a horrible expression, like a mask of tragedy, only with foam. He stayed that way for what seemed like a long time, then slowly closed his mouth . . . and swallowed.

There was a pause. The brothers held their breath. Joy peeked between her fingers. Gradually, Stu's body relaxed. He opened his eyes and managed a shaky smile.

"Anhhhhh!" Charlie Boing-Boing turned his back disgustedly and walked into the woods, where he could shortly be heard taking a leak.

"No boot?" said Terry. "Gee."

"Boooo." Everyone looked at Otter.

"Boooo," he repeated. "Bad show."

"Booooo," said the rest of the brothers. "Booooo, hissssss."

Stu looked halfway between crying and punching someone out.

"You were supposed to boot, Stu," explained Pale Pete helpfully. "Like Pinto."

"That's right," said Terry. "Here, Pinto, have a gentlemen's beer."

The brothers raised their own glasses in toast and Pinto, swelling with pride, took the cup and drained it easily. Terry beamed and slapped him on the back.

"Aw, well, shit," was Stu's comment.

"Wow, great fire, huh?" said Pinto, after they'd been walking for a time. He felt fantastic.

Stu said nothing.

Pinto persisted. "Wasn't that amazing, Joy being there?"

Stu stopped short. "I won't give them the satisfaction," he declared. "Fuck 'em!"

"Huh?"

"I won't boot for those guys. Why should I?"

Pinto regarded Stu curiously. He didn't understand. Why *not* boot for them? Shit, his only regret was that he hadn't gotten to boot *more*. Oh, his boot had been a five-star boot, he wasn't doubting that, but there would be many splendid boots that night and if he wanted the pledge prize he'd have to score on quantity as well as quality. So why was Stu so totally out of the spirit of things?

"Listen, Stu, I think you *better* boot. You're gonna get sicker than shit with all that stuff in you. What if you pass out in the snow? You're too big to carry."

Stu started to give Pinto a hard look, but then began to list to one side and had to grab a tree to stay upright. Abruptly, his angry expression collapsed, to be replaced with a look of utmost wretchedness. "I better level with you, man. I've never told this to anyone before, but I *can't* boot."

continued on page 90



"Someday, son, this awl will be yours."

WHAT NEXT?

Sex Experimentation in the Industrial Age

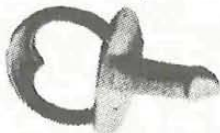
The most comprehensive catalogue of Marital Aids of the Western World is NOW offered for sale for the first time. This unique book has listings and photographs of over 250 incredible items that simply represent the AGE OF SEX AND SEX EXPERIMENTATION IN THE INDUSTRIAL AGE. Now see how the other half lives and make their own comment on SEX IN THE 20TH CENTURY. You will flip at the incredible substitutes available to men, women and everything in between—now possible through modern industrial technology. This book is sure to make you laugh at least once—(more likely 50 times)—it's going to shock you and it might even make you vomit! Most amazing is that almost every weird sex aid, marital aid, substitution, or whatever you want to call them—is for sale! For those who are simply curious (red white and blue) or curious yellow, we think it's a fantastic book, although it was not designed to be fantastic or interesting. It was designed for the underground wholesale market but now is reprinted for the common Joe. It's yours for \$2.98. If you do not laugh, cry or vomit after looking at this exclusive offering—your money refunded in ten days. We look at the book as a dictionary of all the stuff magazines like OUI, PENTHOUSE, PLAYBOY talk about, describe in their fantasy sections but never show. They show everything else but not the products themselves which frankly we never knew existed for sure until we were put on to this catalogue. We think that in this modern age of Watergate and world-wide rip-offs, anything that still has the ability to SHOCK is worth a twirl. The catalogue we have is just such a book. You even have to state you are 21 or over or we can't send it out to you. Once you get it you can say with authority YOU HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING.

For fast delivery, send check, cash or money order to:

YES ART NEWS • Dept. BK-1 • PO Box 58 • New York, N.Y. • 10014

Please send _____ books at \$2.98 and/or _____ pacifiers at 98¢.

Enclosed is \$ _____ add 50¢ postage on all orders.



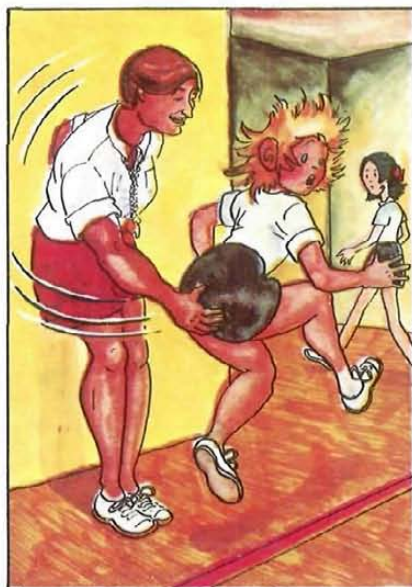
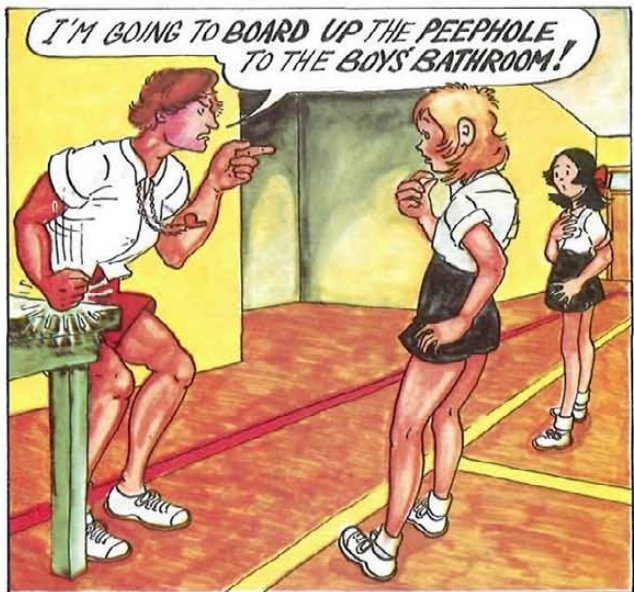
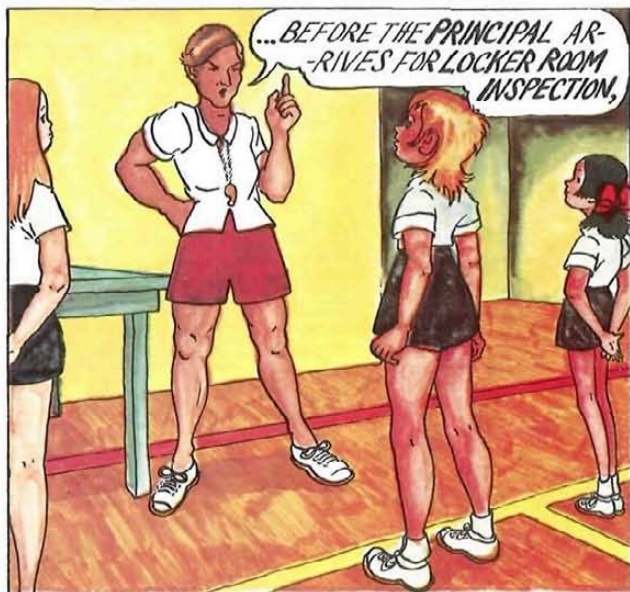
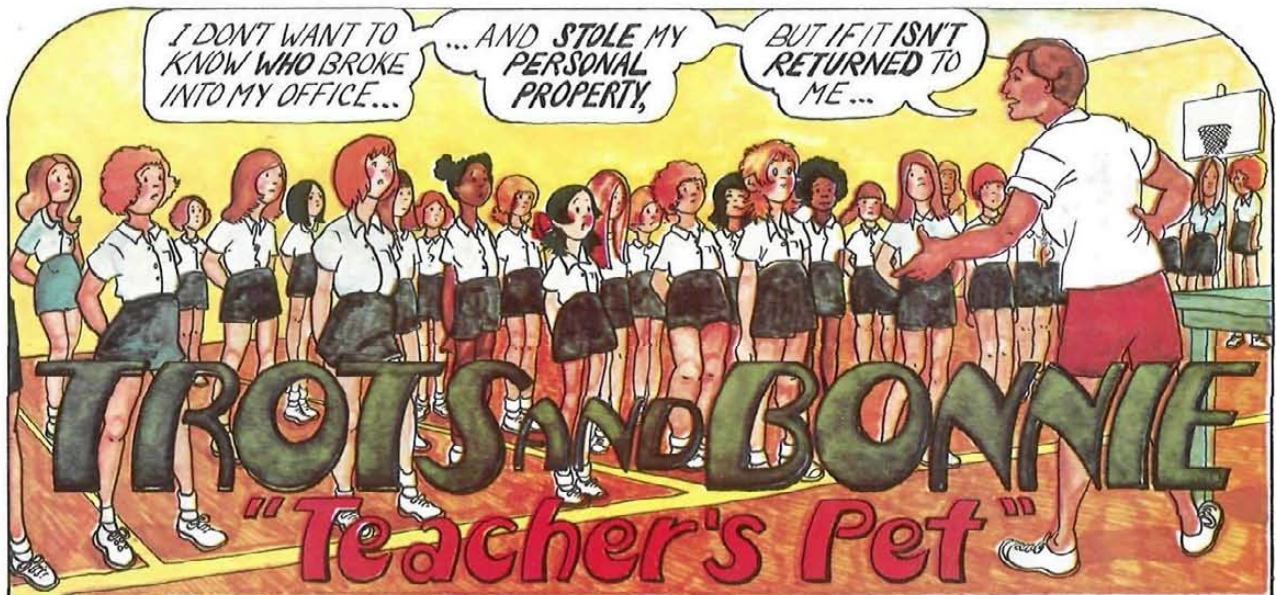
Signature _____

I am 21 years young.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ City _____ Zip _____





I THINK MS. GRANITE LIKES YOU.

SO DO I... SHE REALLY SHOULD'VE FLUNKED ME ON THAT TRAMPOLINE TEST.

MAYBE SHE LIKED THE WAY YOUR SHORTS FELL DOWN IN MIDAIR.



SHE'S AWFULLY WEIRD.

WELL, PERSONALLY, I DON'T CARE FOR HER AFTER SHAVE.



...SO HE PULLS IT OUT, AND SHE SAYS "THERE'S A KNOT IN IT!"

GREG USES HIS HAND... LIKE THIS.

JUST A LITTLE KISS, AND A FEEL HERE AND THERE.

ASST, BONNIE, I'M THE ONE WHO BROKE INTO MS. GRANITE'S OFFICE!

SHAME ON YOU! WHAD'JAGET?

SURE, I'M ONLY USING HIM FOR HIS BODY, BUT...

...IT WAS LIKE EATING A GIANT TOOTSIE ROLL!



THESE PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PLAY-HOUSE CENTER-FOLDS...



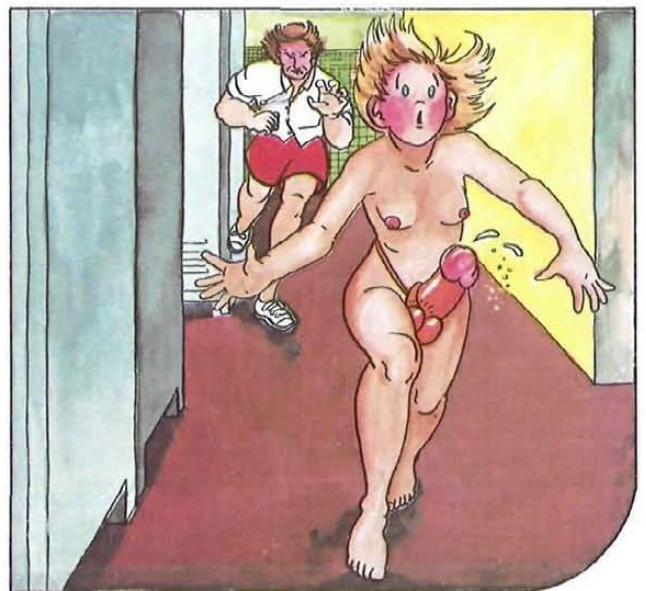
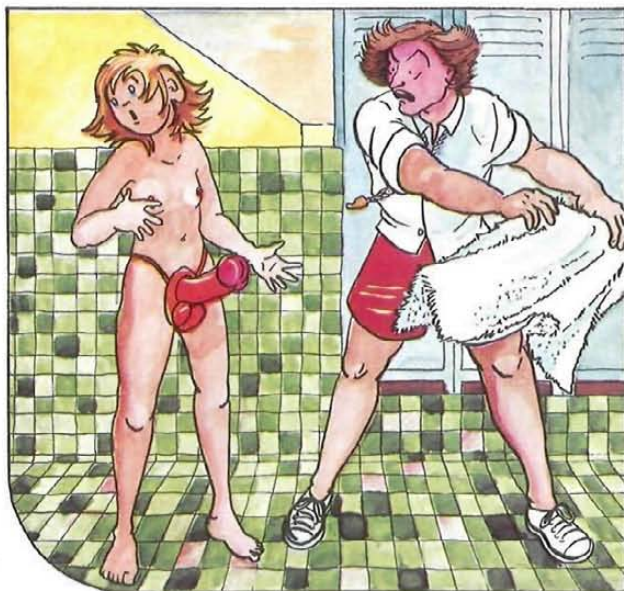
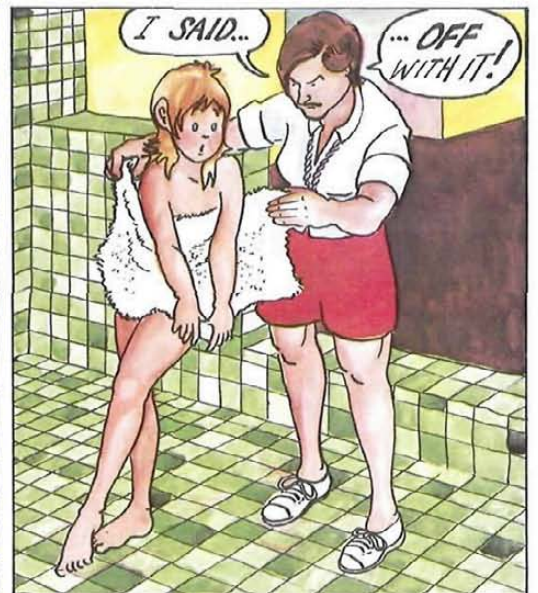
...AND MS. GRANITE'S DILDO!

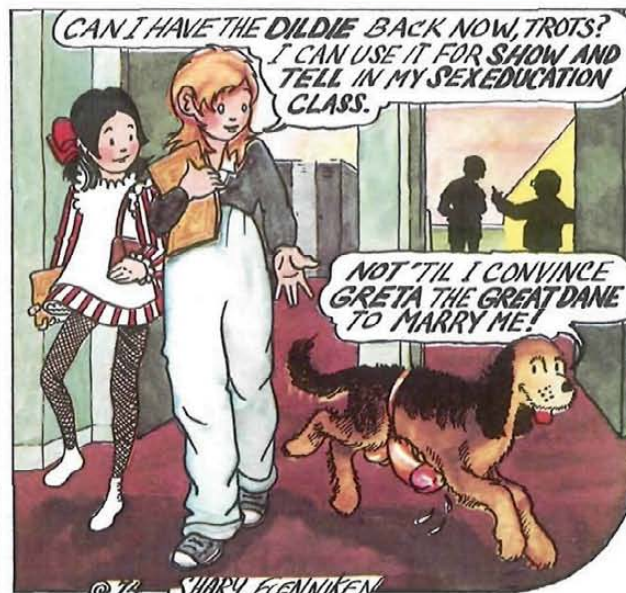
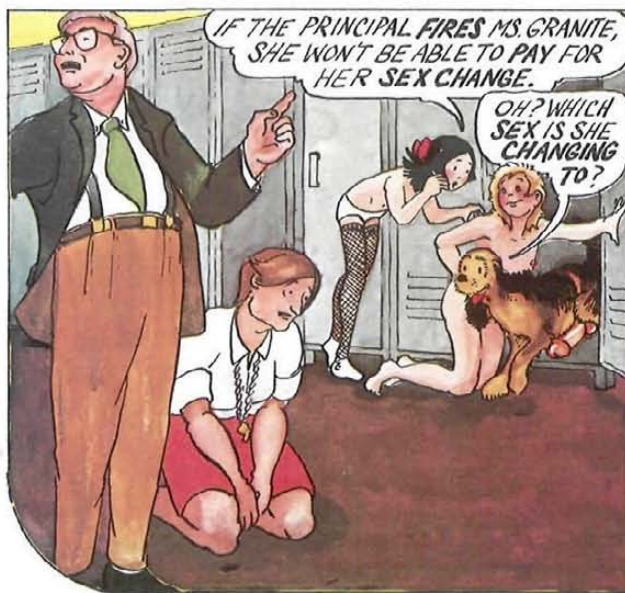
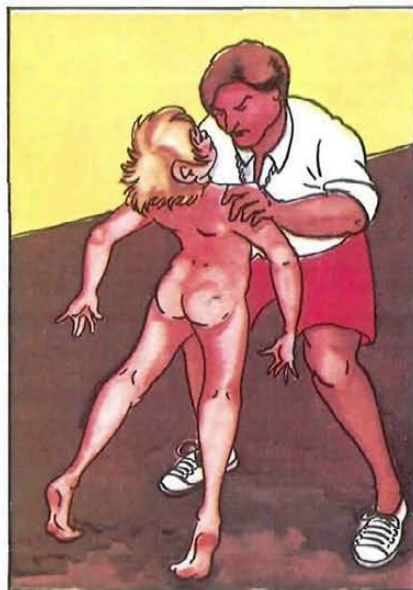
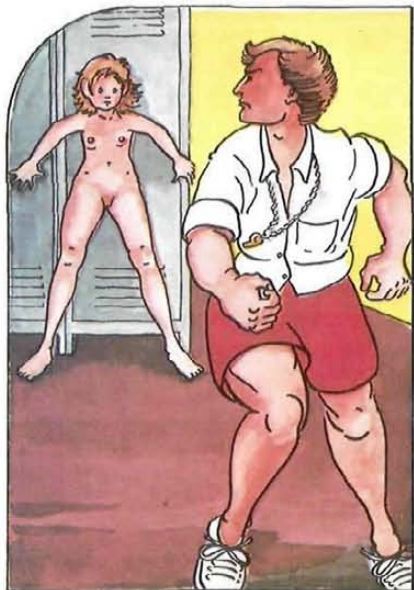
HOW CUTE! DOES SHE WATER HER PLANTS WITH IT?



SHE WEARS IT! LIKE THIS!

SO SHE CAN LIFT HER LEG TO WEE-WEE.





©74 SHIRY FENNIKEN

"AMAZING!"
-Photograph
Record Magazine

"INCREDIBLE!"
-New Ithaca Times

**"BRILLIANT
ROCK AND ROLL
BAND!"**
-Creem

**"ENERGY ... COMPLEX ...
EXTRAORDINARY."**
-Rolling Stone

**"LOWELL GEORGE
IS THE CLOSEST THING
TO DYLAN WE HAVE!"**

-Fusion



**"THE BEST ROCK BAND
IN AMERICA!"**

-Record Rag

Warner Bros. presents

LITTLE FEAT *in*

**FEATS DON'T FAIL ME NOW
THEIR FOURTH AND FINEST ALBUM**

**"ENORMOUS POWER...
TIGHT ... EXPLOSIVE!"**

-Billboard

**"THEY EXPAND THE
PERIMETERS OF ROCK."**

-Washington Post

BS-2784

**FEATS DON'T FAIL ME NOW
LITTLE FEAT**

Includes: Rock and Roll Doctor
Spanish Moon/Skin It Back/The Fan



PROFIL™

The Sensuous
Condom
From Sweden!



The Swedish seem to have a special flair for keeping contraception and sexuality in the right perspective. We're glad they aren't keeping it to themselves! Enjoy the Swedish experience with new PROFIL condoms—offered for the first time in the U.S. by Adam & Eve. Discover why this condom has become a European bestseller:

PRESHAPED to cling gently where sensitivity is greatest...

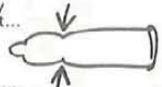
LUBRICATED with an exclusive formula to lend a soft, erotic quality...

RELIABLE as it is the only condom available in the U.S. tested to meet strict Swedish and American standards...

PACKAGED in an attractive modern wallet meant to be seen, not hidden away...

Rely on Profil, just as the Swedes do. Once you've tried them you'll order more!

Send today for a wallet package of 10 Profil. For your privacy, each order is mailed in an unmarked package with the Adam & Eve money back guarantee. Illustrated catalog of contraceptives and other fine personal products included.



Adam & Eve
105 N. Columbia, Dept. NLZ-5
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Gentlemen, please send me:

- PROFIL (package of 10 plus catalog), \$4.
- Premium Sampler (PROFIL 10-Pack plus assorted samples of six other brands), \$8.
- Illustrated catalog alone, 25¢.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Turn your Mailbox On and Listen

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

WRITE FOR QUOTATIONS AND OUR LATEST FREE CATALOG!

Stereo Wholesalers

7A AYLESBURY ROAD
TIMONIUM, MD. 21093
301-252-6880



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

"You can't boot?" Pinto didn't know what to say. It was as if Stu had suddenly announced he was blind or impotent.

"I've never been able to boot. Even when I was sick with the same virus that had everyone else booting their guts out, I couldn't boot, Pinto, what the fuck am I gonna do?"

So that was it. "Jesus, I don't know, man. Maybe if you just relaxed more, let it come."

"Oh, swell. Relax more. Thanks a shitload."

They resumed walking and moments later found the second fire in a clearing behind a stand of tall pines. "Good luck, man," whispered Pinto as they fell to their knees at the clearing's edge.

"Most unworthy neophyte . . ."
"Hey, knock off the yelling, you shitheads! Get over here!"

They stood up fast and got over there. Five brothers awaited, the presiding brother proving to be Willy Machine, a quiet senior of Buddha-like imperturbability whom Pinto had never particularly imagined to be a booting specialist. Nestling in the snow at their feet were numerous bottles of red wine.

"Pinto and Stu?" Willy looked surprised. "We thought you were Bags and Huck Doody."

Bags and Huck Doody hadn't been there yet? That was strange. They'd been first out tonight, the only ones to leave before him and Stu. He knew they'd preceded him through the first fire; he'd seen their boot craters. So where were they?

"Well, no matter." Willy inscribed a circle in an undisturbed patch of snow with a stick from the fire. "Pinto, you get to sit in the throne."

Pinto hadn't heard about any thrones. Still, with his B-9 Air Force parka and long underwear, he felt pretty well protected. He started to sit.

"And, oh yes, drop your pants first."

Oh, thought Pinto. Each fire, he was beginning to realize, took on the personality of its head brother. Whereas Otter's fire had been beneficent, casual, genial, Willy Machine's would be cool and efficient. Bracing himself, he dropped his pants and eased his ass into the snow. Twin flowers of cold blossomed on his buns.

"Stu, you take this,"—Willy handed Stu a huge mug of wine—"and stand right there between Pinto's legs. Pinto, get your legs open. Now, we're going to play a little game we just made up for you. What's it called, men?"

"BOOT IN BUSH," chanted the brothers.

They formed a wolfish semicircle

NIXON'S BURNING!



And you can watch as Dick slowly melts into oblivion. These long-burning candles provide hours of vindictive enjoyment. Great fun for Democrats, disenchanting Republicans, disgusted conservatives, members of the liberal press, mothers, apple pie bakers, and everyone else who's fed up with Richard Nixon. Also Available: Gerald Ford - looking stupid, Nelson Rockefeller - looking for votes, Plato - enlightened at last. Send 2.50 ea. plus .50 post. item to:

FREE WORLD ENTERPRISES
Box 3428, Pough., N.Y. 12603

"To err is human — to forgive is not company policy" and other epigrams suitable for bulletin boards. 12 signs for \$10.00.

SNAPPY SAYINGS
P. O. Box 22021
Houston, Texas 77027

WHILE HOLDING UP YOUR BRITCHES LET YOUR BUCKLE DO SOME TALKIN'

we've buckled THE MAN!



AN ORIGINAL BUCKLE \$6*

Genuine Leather Belts: \$5*
1 3/4" wide with loop & snaps even sizes only 30 thru 44 Specify black brown

Please enclose check or money order along with NAME ADDRESS and ZIP CODE Make sure to specify TYPE OF BUCKLE & or BELT SIZE and COLOUR

*Please add 50¢ each item postage and handling Satisfaction guaranteed

FRESH BUCKLES™
P.O. BOX 39
ARL. HTS., ILL 60006

Can You Shoulder a Breast and Be Well Dressed?

WITH A "DOUG'S PLACE" T-SHIRT YOU CAN! . . .

Excellent quality T-Shirts --- available in Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large.

1 for \$3.00 + 50¢ hding.
3 for \$7.50 + \$1. hding.

Wholesale Inquiries Invited / 4-5 Wks. for Delivery

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:

ROT GUT ENTERPRISES
P.O. BOX 243 • EASTWOOD STATION
SYRACUSE, N.Y. 13206

around Pinto and Stu. Pinto checked them out in turn: Coyote, with his feral eyes; King Embryo, nudging Coyote with cowboy-like good humor; Snot, short and intense, bouncing about in place like an excited basketball; Giraffe, lanky and laconic, grinning evilly. There were no girl friends.

"Okay, Stu, I want you to start chugging this wine," directed Willy Machine. "And when you boot, I want it to go square in Pinto's bush."

"Yeah, none of this turning your head away stuff," added Snot.

For the first time that night, Pinto felt a quease of repugnance. He repressed it brutally. He'd show these guys how cool he could be.

"When I boot, huh?" Stu flicked a helpless glance from brother to brother. He saw no mercy. Anywhere. He turned to Pinto. "Listen, man, I'm really sorry about..."

"Hurry up and boot in my bush!" yelled Pinto. "I'm freezing my ass off down here!"

Stu gulped, shut his eyes, and began chugging as fast as he could. The brothers leaned forward eagerly. Pinto fought hard to keep from flinging himself out of the way. Now that Stu was on wine, Pinto couldn't believe he'd be able to continue not booting. He could almost feel the steaming cascade blasting about his genitals.

"Yurch!" said Stu. "Blurg! Hurch!" Pinto shut his eyes and cringed, waiting for the splash. There were several more series of noises... but no splash. He opened his eyes. Stu was jackknifed over his groin, gagging like sixty, but all that was coming out were two long strands of saliva boot, dangling like pale, glistening worms from the corners of his mouth.

"Stu, come on already!" Pinto's ass had gone numb.

"BOOT, BOOT, BOOT," chanted the brothers.

Stu straightened in short jerks, as if he were being cranked. He resumed chugging, but more slowly now, taking several swallows, then stopping and weaving a bit, then swallowing again. Suddenly, he dropped the mug and bent violently from the waist. The brothers leaned forward. Pinto cringed. Stu made a terrible set of sounds... and nothing came out.

"ASSHOLE, ASSHOLE, ASSHOLE," chanted the brothers.

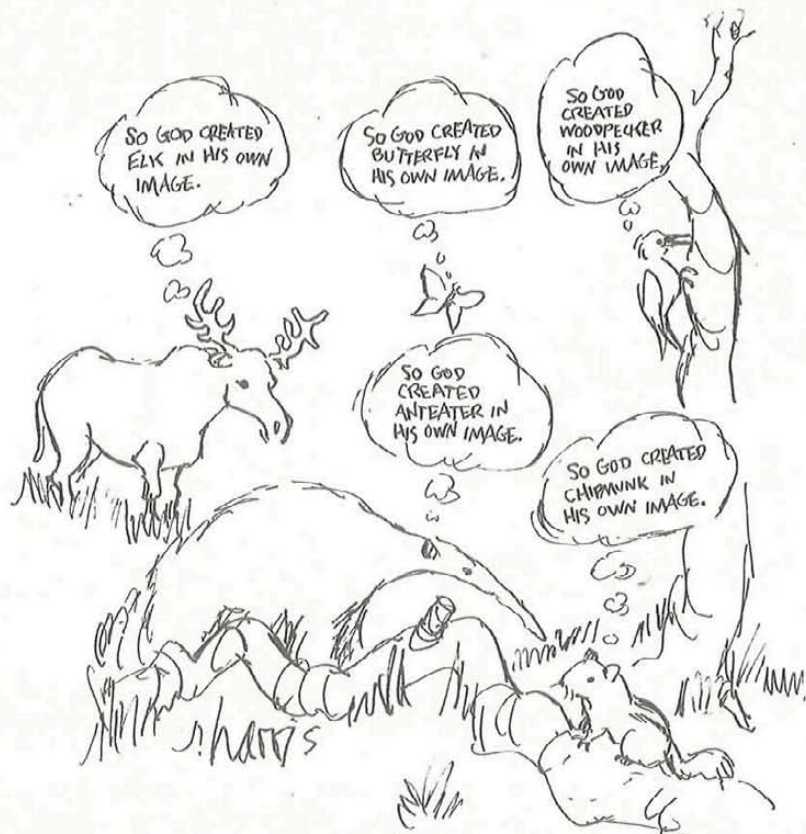
"I don't think you get the idea, Stu," said Willy Machine. "You're supposed to boot. In Pinto's bush."

"Pledge Adelpian, boot Adelpian," put in King Embryo.

"Yeah, yeah," muttered Stu. He wiped the stringy tusks from his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'm trying, I..."

Abruptly, in a double bellow from

continued



LOW COST!

BLOW YOURSELF UP®



FULL COLOR PHOTO POSTER

Brilliant, full color photographic posters from any color photo. Great room decoration, gift idea.

1 1/2 x 2 ft. 1 x 1 1/2 ft. 2 x 3 ft.
\$7.50 \$4.50 \$14.50

BLACK-AND-WHITE POSTERS From any b&w or color photo, Polaroid, or illustration.

2x3 ft. — \$3.50 1 1/2x2 ft. — \$2.50 3x4 ft. — \$7.50

\$2.00 SPECIAL! B&W duplicates — 1 1/2x2 or 2x3 ft. only \$2.00 ea. with original b&w or color order.

RUSH SERVICE! Shipped 1st class in 1 day. Addit. \$2 per poster. B&W only.

If ordering from slide or neg., add \$1.00 per poster. Your original returned. Add 50¢ post. & hdg. for EA ITEM ordered N.Y. res. add tax. Send check, cash or M.O. NO COD'S.

PHOTO POSTER, Dept. N.L. 104210 E. 23 St. NYC 10010

ROCK SHIRTS

| | | |
|---------|---------------|-------------|
| Beatles | Allman Bros. | Elton John |
| Slade | Pink Floyd | Grand Funk |
| Kinks | Alice Cooper | Wacky Weed |
| Dylan | Grateful Dead | Mick Jagger |
| T-Rex | Bette Midler | Cat Stevens |
| Elvis | Led Zeppelin | Marx Bros. |
| Cagney | Our Gang | The Who |

over 120 DESIGNS • CATALOG 25¢



\$2.98 + \$2 postage & handling — \$3.50 per shirt
4 SHIRTS for \$13.00; Men's T-Shirts sizes: S-M-L
Assorted Colors: N.Y.S. residents add 7% sales tax
Canadian residents add additional 50¢
Wholesale & Retail requests welcome

ON TOP Dept. N.L. 10
367 7th Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

THE PINK PUSSY CAT BOUTIQUE
Notions, Lotions, Latex and Leather
Send \$3.00 for Catalog
POB 421 L Rego Park, NY 11374

WANTED
Internationally known female singing star requires 2 or 3 male vocalists/instrumentalists. Required are acoustic and electric guitar, electric bass, and drums. Applicants must be in 20-30 age group with good appearance and professional experience. Send photo and background information along with tape to: Singer, 6565 Sunset, Suite 424N, Los Angeles 90028.

STIMULA® THE FANTASTIC
NEW CONDOM WITH SPECIALLY RIBBED SURFACE... TO SATISFY HER AS WELL AS YOURSELF.
The greater contact provided by "STIMULA" arouses the utmost in pleasure. It also protects you both. Over one million of these prophylactics already sold in Sweden and France. Made in U.S.A. to Federal Standards.
ORDER SAMPLER PACK IN PRIVACY BY MAIL

STAMFORD HYGIENICS INC. Dept. N.L. 3
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904
Gentlemen: Please send me: (Check box)
 \$3. sampler pack of 12 "Stimula"
 \$1. for sampler pack of 3 "Stimula"
Free catalog sent with either order. Describes new prophylactics, some in exciting colors.
(... check ... cash ... M.O. enclosed)
Name
Address
City, State, Zip

continued

the rim of the clearing: "Most unworthy neophyte, John Ellington Bagbaum/Edwin Charles Wylie, begs to announce his most humble presence at the second Adelpian Fire!"

Two figures parted from the darkness and headed toward them.

"Why, Bags and Huck Doody!" purred Willy Machine. "Stop off for a few drinks?"

"On your knees, pledges!" barked Snot. "You crawl in here! You're late!"

Bags and Huck Doody exchanged exasperated looks. Pinto guessed they weren't getting off so well on the degradation aspect of things.

"Stu and Pinto beat you here!" Willy told them. "Pinto, stand up and pull up your trou."

With a gasp of relief, Pinto jumped to his feet, drawing fabric rapidly over his poor frozen cheeks. Willy Machine found a fresh patch of snow and drew side-by-side circles in it with his stick. "Bags, Huck, you drop your pants and sit your asses down right here."

"What?" rumbled Bags.

"Jesus Christ!" complained Huck Doody, rolling his eyes.

"Hit it!" roared Willy, his stick pointed unwaveringly at the thrones.

Radiating indignity, Huck Doody dropped trou and sat. "Holy shit," he said as his ass met snow. Bags dropped his pants more slowly, with an expression that coolly told the brothers he was damned if they could dish out anything too sick for him.

Without comment, he settled himself into the throne next to Huck's. The snow pushed up his scrotum and his stub-like penis pointed at the stars.

"Snot, mugs of wine for Pinto and Stu," directed Willy Machine.

"DOUBLE BOOT IN BUSH," chanted the brothers happily.

Pinto was delighted at the turn of events. Now he'd show the brothers some real regurgitation. He took his wine eagerly and positioned himself next to Stu over the wide-open legs of Bags and Huck Doody. They began to chug.

"Hey, what is this?" said Huck Doody, with dawning comprehension.

"Stu," bellowed Bags, "if you boot in my bush, I'll kill you."

Pinto paid them no mind. He had almost drained his mug when the last of the wine caught in his throat, triggering a gag. A red parabola sailed from his mouth to Huck Doody's groin, where it splattered with great violence.

"Pinto!" howled Huck. "Jesus Christ!"

Stu was still chugging. Then, abruptly, his legs buckled and he simply sat down, the remainder of his wine spilling unnoticed into the snow. Bags, seeing himself safe, turned to

laugh heartily at Huck Doody's lapful of boot.

Pinto saw his chance. "Snot, gimme another mug! Quick!" Seconds later, another spout of wine left Pinto's exterior, a spray-boot this time, that drenched Bags from nipple to knee.

"Good Christ!" thundered Bags. "You son of a bitch!" He began rapidly wiping himself with handfuls of snow.

"YAYYYYYYY!" cheered the brothers, pounding Pinto happily on the back. Snot ran about making parade music noises, pretending to play a trombone.

"Hey, Stu," called Pinto. "Two down, five to go."

Stu put his head in his hands and groaned.

The next four fires passed in a surreal blur. Pinto, drunker than he'd ever been, was booting like never before. He remembered power boots and dribble boots; spray boots and tight-beam boots; spit boots and gusher boots; beer boots, wine boots, and even a warm-salt-water-with-cigarette-butts boot. He felt positive that no other pledge could possibly be putting on half the show he was.

For Stu, however, the night grew worse and worse. You had to give him credit for gameness. He kept drinking whatever was handed him, often gagging loud enough to wake the dead—yet still nothing came out. At the fifth fire, which had involved total nudity, Pinto had noticed that Stu's stomach was distended fearfully, as if he had swallowed a helmet. By the time they left the sixth fire, Stu was in as sorry a state as Pinto had ever seen a human being, colliding with trees, mouthing wild, meaningless strings of syllables, leaning heavily on Pinto to stay upright. He seemed to be continuing only by the most incredible exertion of will, like a badly-beaten fighter in the final rounds whose pride insists he finish on his feet.

Now the seventh fire wove into view. It seemed a smaller fire, with a smaller contingent of brothers, but they were the very sick heart of the junior class—Magpie, Whit, Scotty, and Dumptruck. He and Stu were just going to their knees when they were spotted.

"Hey, cool it, you guys," called Scotty. "None of that stuff here. You made it through this far, that's enough for us. Come on over and have a gentlemen's beer."

Pinto couldn't believe it.

"No, really," assured Dumptruck. "You guys've had enough. Come have a beer with us and then I'll drive you back to the house."

They sounded serious. A sense of letdown took Pinto. He'd been ready

Bite My Ass

SPECIALTY CARDS SAY IT SO WELL!

- Business Card Size (2 x 3½)
- Printed on various colors
- 100 cards minimum each design
- First 100 cards — \$3.95
- Each additional 100 (any design) — \$1.00
- GET THE COMPLETE SET NOW!
- CUT CORRESPONDENCE COSTS BY 90%!

Send cash, check or money order to:

SPECIALTY CARDS

P.O. BOX 921
LAWRENCE, KANSAS 66044

Quantity

- ___ BITE MY ASS
- ___ FUCK OFF
- ___ VOMIT
- ___ BULLSHIT
- ___ SHIT
- ___ EAT MY SHORTS
- ___ PISS IN THE WIND
- ___ EAT SHIT
- ___ JUMP UP MY ASS
- ___ FUCK YOU, FULLY
- ___ SAMPLER PACK
(10 of each design @ \$5.95)

I enclose \$_____ (\$3.95 for first 100, \$1.00 for each additional 100).

I enclose \$5.95 for a Sampler Pack (10 cards each design)

I enclose 25¢ — send catalog only.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Piss in the Wind

Illustration is Reduced
Actual card is 2" x 3½"

to go on all night. Well, if the Fires were over, they were over. He'd booted brilliantly throughout and if he hadn't won the pledge prize by now, he didn't know what else he could do. Slinging one of Stu's arms over his shoulders, Pinto pulled the two of them to their feet and staggered in an S-shaped path toward the brothers.

"Hey, how'd the other fires go?" asked Magpie, handing them each a beer.

Pinto propped Stu against a tree and began an animated account of the night's events, not forgetting his single-handed double-boot-in-bush at the second fire or the simultaneous boot and piss he had taken at the fourth, that had left an impression like a huge question mark in the snow. His report was greeted by much good-natured laughter from the juniors.

"Well, sounds like you've had quite a time," said Dumptruck at last. "But it's all over now. No drinking and booting at this fire."

"Right, right," said Whit. "In fact, we figured you guys'd probably be hungry after all that booting. So we brought you a midnight snack."

A midnight snack? What was this? He looked at their faces. Something had just changed in them. The smiles were still there, but they had suddenly become leers.

"Can' eat anythin'," managed Stu. "S'impossible."

"You'll eat, you fucking asshole pledge, or you won't leave this fire!" yelled Magpie. "Scotty, where's the hot dogs?"

Scotty handed a hot dog each to Pinto and Stu. "It's okay, Stu," he said. "They're kosher."

"You mean, all we're supposed to do is eat these and then we go back to the house?" Pinto didn't quite get it.

"That's all," said Scotty, but the gleam in his eye didn't match the innocence in his voice.

Shrugging, Pinto brought the hot dog to his mouth.

"Hey, pledge, that's frozen solid. You want to break your teeth?" Whit grabbed Pinto's arm and pulled the hot dog clear before his jaws could close. He smiled. "Before you eat it, you have to warm it up."

"Drop trou, Stu!" barked Magpie. "Spread your cheeks!"

Ah, thought Pinto. Hot dogs up the ass. Cute. But Stu . . . Pinto hadn't believed Stu could look any worse than he'd been looking, but his partner had just turned gray as death.

"Hey, don't look that way," counseled Whit in a kindly tone. "I'm sure you guys keep yourselves clean. And even if you don't, if you've ever tasted shit you know it's not so bad, anyway."

continued on page 104

stimula textured condoms



A new pleasure for both of you—STIMULA! An exciting new pre-shaped condom. Stimula's lightly textured surface adds a truly unique and erotic feature to lovemaking. And Population Planning lets you order with ease and privacy from your own home. Orders are mailed within 24 hours in unmarked, tasteful packages with a money-back guarantee. Send today for STIMULA, the condom designed for pleasure.

Population Planning, Dept. NLZ-7
120 E. 56th St., Suite 1520, New York, N.Y. 10022
Please rush in plain package:
 STIMULA—one dozen condoms, \$4.25
 Deluxe Sampler—22 assorted condoms, \$6.00
(Tahiti, Prime, Couture, Sultan, Koit-Pack and others.)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
America's Largest Retailer of Contraceptive Products

PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE



One of the most beautiful and practical books on physical love ever published. Over 195 photographs in color and black-and-white of a young nude couple in a variety of pre-coital and coital positions. Explores the whole field of physical love, including the building of sexual power, sexual stimulation, techniques for building up passion and much more. Over 225,000 hard-bound copies sold at \$15.00, now available in soft cover for just \$5.00. 320 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Send \$5.00 to: Population Planning
Dept. NLZ-6, 105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

NOW YOU CAN PROLONG SEXUAL RELATIONS AS LONG AS YOU WISH

A learned sexologist has discovered an easy to use, uniquely new sex miracle that instantly allows you to maintain the male erection as long as you want... while completely eliminating premature and untimely climax.

When you apply "ULTRA-STALONG" you are immediately ready to begin...and continue the sex act with any partner, the way you want—at any tempo you want...without ever losing control.

"ULTRA-STALONG" is completely non-detectable so she'll never know you're using it. It's also greaseless, odorless, non-toxic and 100% safe. No more "straining" or "holding back." "ULTRA-STALONG" will never let you down.

For your privacy, "ULTRA-STALONG" is mailed in a plain envelope, complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, simply return the label within 10 days for full refund. NOTE: NOT available in stores. Sold only through the mail. (No prescription needed.)

Do not accept imitations. "ULTRA-STALONG" is the only genuine potency product.

ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
SHORE PRODUCTS, Dept. NL1074
Box 427, Bronxville, New York 10708

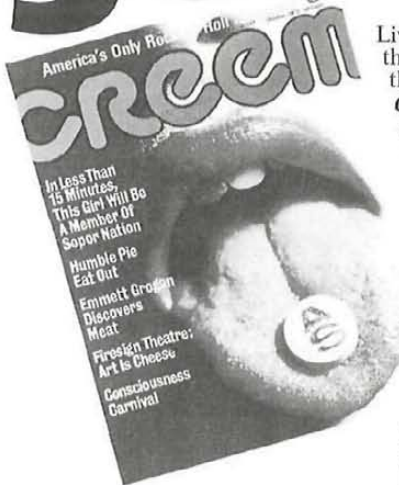
30-Day Supply Only \$5.95
60-Day Supply Only \$8.95 (SAVE \$2.95)
90-Day Supply Only \$10.95 (SAVE \$6.90)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

get off!



Living on this strife-torn globe, you know that each and every one of us needs one thing: a way to *Get off!*

Get off on the Lampoon

Get off your ass & strut yer stuff

Get off at Broadway & 42nd Street

Get off on parole

Get off on Rock And Roll!

Get off on CREEM®

America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine

Every month CREEM delivers pages exploding with all the color, craziness & 96 decibel contamination that rock dreams are made of. So whaddya waitin' for?

Send to: CREEM, Dept. 808,
P.O. Box P-1064, Birmingham, MI 48012

1st one's Free & Bill Me for 12 more
 \$7.00 Enclosed for 13 issues & Bonus

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

Get off for Free!

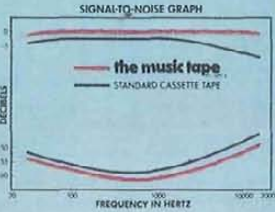
Just fill out the coupon: the first one's on us. If you get off, pay the bill and get 12 more issues. If not, simply return the bill marked "cancel." If you already know that we're what you've been looking for, send us seven bucks up front and we'll slide you a bonus album so that you can do the dirty boogie to the next 13 months of CREEM, the rock and roll magazine of your wildest dreams. *Get off to get you off!*

Introducing the premium blank tape especially attuned to music

Introducing the music tape BY CAPITOL. It's a new premium blank tape with an extra high output/low noise formula for full dimensional sound. Simply the best blank tape you can buy for recording music.

What's the most demanding sound for a tape to reproduce? It's music. Particularly the variety of pitch and sound levels found in symphonic music.

Ordinary tapes lose this range of sound. They round off an instrument's unique characteristics, its "color." They distort when the pitch (frequency) is high. Or create interference noise when the sound level (amplitude) is low.



Engineers can plot these performance limits on a SNR (signal-to-noise ratio) graph like the one below. The greater the distance between the top and bottom lines, the better the tape's SNR. The wider the area covered, the better the frequency response.

This SNR graph shows the superiority of the music tape BY CAPITOL over conventional tape. It's another reason we think the music tape BY CAPITOL—cassette, cartridge and open reel—is best for recording music.

You might say the music tape BY CAPITOL is the blank tape with an ear for music.

When you record ordinary things, use an ordinary tape. But when you record music, record on **the music tape** BY CAPITOL.



Thayer Hane

CAPITOL MAGNETIC PRODUCTS A DIVISION OF CAPITOL RECORDS, INC. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90028



SNUTS

REMEMBER WHEN YOU HAD BEEN EXPOSED TO THIS KID WITH THIS HORRIBLE DISEASE? ONE THAT PEOPLE COULD ACTUALLY DIE OF? ONE THAT COULD CRIPPLE YOU AND SCAR YOU? AND WAS VERY AWFUL AND REPULSIVE?

WELL, I COULD GET UP—THAT'S SOMETHING HERBIE MYERS COULDN'T GET DONE THE DAY HE CAUGHT IT. AND I DIDN'T THROW UP LAST NIGHT, AND NOTHING LEAKED ONTO THE PILLOW FROM MY EARS...

MY SHIT LOOKS ALRIGHT. BILL PEACH SHAT BLOOD AND GREEN STUFF WHEN HE GOT IT...

I ATE MY 'BREAKFAST' WITHOUT PUKING, AND THE COLD AIR HASN'T MADE ME PASS OUT. MY FEET DIDN'T SWELL SO I COULDN'T PUT ON MY SHOES...

I HAVEN'T BROKEN OUT IN RED SPOTS LIKE THE BAKER KID DID BEFORE THEY SENT HIM TO THE HOSPITAL...

WHAT'S GOT YOU IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD? NOTHING...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIS BEING IN A GOOD MOOD?

I'M ALIVE!!!

I'M ALIVE!!!

I'M ALIVE!!!

Graham Wilson

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitdove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy-Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neill's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*.

FEBRUARY 1974/STRANGE SEX: With *National Lampoon*, First Lay Comics, Marilyn Monroe Calendar, Split Beaver Section, Sex Pornographicum, Terry Southern and William Burroughs.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyrannic' Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheesburg.

MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and Batfart Comics.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

Dept. NL1074, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Send me the following:

| No. of copies | Issue | No. of copies | Issue | No. of copies | Issue |
|---------------|-------------|---------------|-------------|---------------|-------------|
| _____ | Mar., 1971 | _____ | July, 1972 | _____ | Aug., 1973 |
| _____ | Apr., 1971 | _____ | Aug., 1972 | _____ | Sept., 1973 |
| _____ | May, 1971 | _____ | Sept., 1972 | _____ | Oct., 1973 |
| _____ | June, 1971 | _____ | Oct., 1972 | _____ | Nov., 1973 |
| _____ | Sept., 1971 | _____ | Nov., 1972 | _____ | Dec., 1973 |
| _____ | Oct., 1971 | _____ | Dec., 1972 | _____ | Feb., 1974 |
| _____ | Nov., 1971 | _____ | Jan., 1973 | _____ | Mar., 1974 |
| _____ | Dec., 1971 | _____ | Jan., 1973 | _____ | Apr., 1974 |
| _____ | Jan., 1972 | _____ | Apr., 1973 | _____ | May, 1974 |
| _____ | Mar., 1972 | _____ | May, 1973 | _____ | June, 1974 |
| _____ | Apr., 1972 | _____ | June, 1973 | _____ | July, 1974 |
| _____ | May, 1972 | _____ | July, 1973 | _____ | Aug., 1974 |
| _____ | June, 1972 | _____ | | _____ | Sept., 1974 |

I enclose a total of \$_____ at \$1 for each copy requested. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

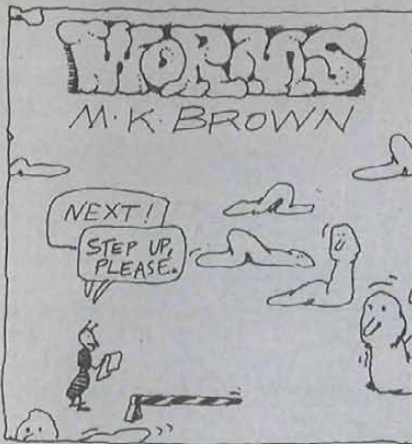
My name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

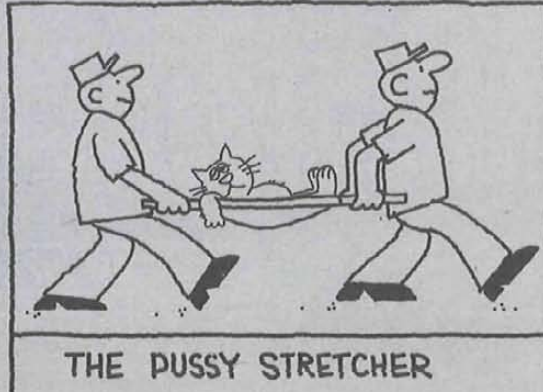


COMPACT COMICS! by E. Subitzky AN ENTIRE DETECTIVE STORY IN A 7" X 2 1/4" SPACE!



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

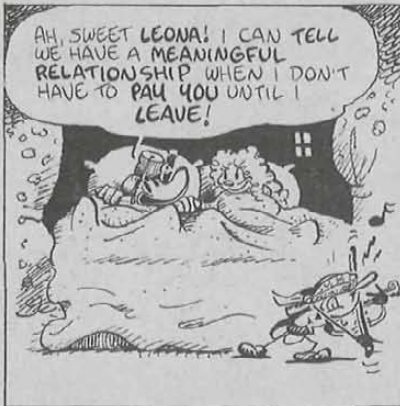
LESSON # VI
PUSSY STRETCHERS
"I'LL NEVER HAVE TO DRAW A PUSSY STRETCHER," YOU SAY? DON'T BET ON IT, ASSHOLE. THE SOUP LINES ARE FULL OF COMIC ARTISTS WHO COULDN'T DRAW PUSSY STRETCHERS!



DIRTY



DUCK



AH, SWEET LEONA! I CAN TELL WE HAVE A MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP WHEN I DON'T HAVE TO PAY YOU UNTIL I LEAVE!



BA - BA - BACIA MI BAMBINO...



OH, MY GOD! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT WITH CARDINAL KNOWLEDGE!



THIS IS RELIGIOUS DISCRIMINATION!

WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T - BESIDES A FORESKIN?



OH, MY GOODNESS! IF THAT PRIEST CATCHES ME HERE, HE WILL MAKE ME CONFESS!...

...AND THE LAST TIME I CONFESSED TO ANYONE, I WAS LYNCHED!



MAY THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN BE WITHIN YOU, TOOT'S.

OF COURSE, YOUR GRACE!



ALLOW ME TO CONSECRATE YOUR SHEETS!



MY CHILD, THIS IS TRULY A HOLY COMMUNION!



I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE! I CONFESS!! I WAS THE ONE WHO URINATED IN THE COLLECTION PLATE!!!



THUD

JEE-zus!



THE CARDINAL WAS HERE TO LISTEN TO A CONFESSION!

IS THAT TRUE?

NO, HE WAS WAITING FOR THE SECOND COMING!

SPECIAL BOOK AND RECORD BARGAINS

111. THE BOOK WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE. ROCK DREAMS: THE FANTASY-HISTORY OF ROCK AND ROLL. Do you know that special feeling when music paints pictures in your head? Well, noted artist Guy Peellaert has taken his years of rock and roll fantasies, combined them with his lifelong love of the rock experience, and recreated a "special" history of rock and roll in this amazing book, **Rock Dreams**.

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A BOOK LIKE ROCK DREAMS.

It's ALL here, in FANTASY SCENES, with SINATRA and JOHNNY RAY, to BIG JOE TURNER and THE DRIFTERS under the boardwalk, PRESLEY, PRESLEY, PRESLEY and PRESLEY, the roots, THE SIXTIES, Phil Spector and PHIL SPECTOR, England, THE BEATLES and THE STONES, Soul from SAM COOKE to Sly, TAMMY WYNETTE, LA, SF, JIM, JIMI, and JANIS, all the way to BOWIE, BOLAN, and REED, and SINATRA. AND YOU CAN GO BACK AGAIN TO FIND NEW FACES, NEW DETAILS, NEW MEANINGS. The more you look at ROCK DREAMS, the better it gets.

Rock Dreams, an all-color, large format (9" x 12") glossy paperback, includes 116 original paintings, the result of three years' work by noted Belgian artist Guy Peellaert, and features a painting-by-painting text by noted English rock writer, Nik Cohn. Only \$7.95



131293. MARILYN MONROE. Comp. and Ed. by John Kobal. Intro. by David Robinson. 288 Photos, 27 in Full Color. Candida, fashion, publicity, nudes, and modeling photos blend with excellent texts to convey that personality which was uniquely Marilyn's. Complete Filmography, Discography and Bibliography. Extra Value Import Only \$7.98



143313. HOW SEX CAN KEEP YOU SLIM. By A. I. Friedman, M.D. A doctor's surprising discovery of how increased sexual activity will help you lose weight and keep it off, incl. diet, case histories, anecdotes, more. Pub. at \$6.95. Only \$2.49

134861. EROTIC ART 2. Comp. by Drs. P. & E. Kronhausen. 381 black & white plates, 40 full color plates. Full of explicit illustrations & analyses by world famous sexologists, this extraordinary volume incl. the erotic art of China, Japan, and India, Renaissance Masters, and modern greats. For sale to adults over 21 only. Pub. at \$25.00. Only \$9.95

032120. BOYS WILL BE BOYS. Ed. by G. St. Martin & R. C. Nelson. Extraordinary pictorial presentation of the golden years of boyhood—over 400 beautiful photos depicting hundreds of boys delighting in themselves and the world around them as they participate in every youthful activity from frolicking nude in woods and beach—to fishing and eating hot dogs. Pub. at \$25.00. Only \$9.95

501481. THE JOY OF SEX. A Cordon Bleu Guide to Lovemaking. Ed. by Alex Comfort. Over 120 illus., 33 in full color. This is not a book for beginners! A fantastic collection of recipes for completely fulfilling sexual love: every technique, game and fact, orgasm, clothing and nudity, sexual stimuli, impotence, etc., revealed for mature lovers in delightfully personal, lighthearted text and unique illustrations. For sale to adults over 21 only. Deluxe illus. ed. Only \$12.95

13537X. THE KAMA SUTRA. Photo illustrated, 42 Photos. Classic, world-famous Eastern guide to sexual lovemaking, fully illustrated with lovely, sensitive, full-page photos of a beautiful young couple demonstrating the many positions described. For sale to adults over 21 only. Pub. at \$25.00. Only \$9.98



092271. THE BOY: A Photographic Essay. Ed. by G. St. Martin & R. C. Nelson. Over 400 photos, 52 in lifelike full color. Boys, of all ages, playing together, "skinky-dipping," sharing the delightful secrets of boyhood—a rich pictorial treatment that conjures up memories of innocent youth. 9 1/2 x 12 1/4. Pub. at \$25.00. Only \$9.95



132397. GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE. A Year in the Life of a Pimp. By S. Hall. 111 photos by Bob Adelman. The true story of the mysterious private world of a pimp; how a "square" girl becomes a prostitute; why she is willing to sell herself and turn the money over to her man; an evening at a party; an intimate visit with a girl and a trick, more. Pub. at \$12.95. Only \$4.95

L03558. Picture History of Homosexuality: THE OTHER FACE OF LOVE. By R. de Becker. Over 100 illus. Masculine and lesbian love from Babylon and Ancient Greece through the Middle Ages and incl. Gide, Genet and Gertrude Stein; an absorbing look at homosexual attitudes and practices with many beautiful examples of homosexual erotic art, some never before printed. Orig. Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$3.95



514028. THE MAXFIELD PARRISH POSTER BOOK. with an introduction by Maurice Sendak, contains 24 full color (11 1/2 x 16) posters covering every phase of Parrish's work from his very first poster to his *Life*, *Heart's*, and *Collier's* covers, including the illustrations from *The Knave of Hearts*. An extraordinary collection of romantic popular art. Softbound. Only \$5.95

006723. THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. Intro. by Dr. Albert Ellis. By L. R. O'Conner. A major breakthrough in sex education! Unlocks the treasures of sexual pleasure with aid of over 150 actual photos in full color and monochrome of a married couple engaged in sexual intercourse positions and extraordinary detailed text. The most sophisticated, modern and up-to-date marriage manual ever written. For sale to adults over 21 only. Softbound. Pub. at \$12.98. Only \$5.88



139464. TARZAN OF THE APES. A New Comic Strip Version in Full Color. Captions by Edgar Rice Burroughs. 122 Pages of Full Color by its most famous portrayer, Burne Hogarth, the "Michelangelo of the comic strip." A vivid, violent and suspenseful account of Tarzan's growth to manhood amongst the terrors of the jungle. 8 1/2 x 10 1/2. Pub. at \$12.50. Only \$5.98

105500. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LOVE AND SEX. With 265 vivid illus., 173 in full color. Incredibly comprehensive, pictorial guide to every aspect of lovemaking: 66 explicit chapters on positions for loving, oral sex in love play, group sex, fetishes, male and female orgasm, masturbation and fantasy, genital size, homosexuality, etc. 8 1/2 x 11 1/2. For sale to adults over 21 only. Only \$10.95

K01216. The French Picture Book of Sexual Love: L'AMOUR. France's magnificent portrayal of the varied positions of sexual love with 70 full pages, full-color graceful action photos of an extraordinarily handsome couple specially posed in the nude by one of France's most imaginative photographers, Piero Rinaldi, with poetic text by Colin Wilson. For sale to adults over 21 only. Only \$5.88

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

21ST CENTURY BOOKS, Dept. NL1074
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book and record bargains circled below. MINIMUM ORDER \$3.

On orders totalling \$3 to \$10, add 60¢ per title for shipping charges.

On orders over \$10, no charge for shipping. Add 60¢ per title for deliveries outside continental U.S.

Enclosed find \$_____. Send check or money order only. Payable to 21st Century Books.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

111 006723 032120 092271 105500
131293 132397 134861 13537X 139464
143313 501481 514028 K01216 L03558

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MACHINES

TOTAL WAR CAPERS IN THEIR: 0000-DAY322 · BODE ©

I AM ME.

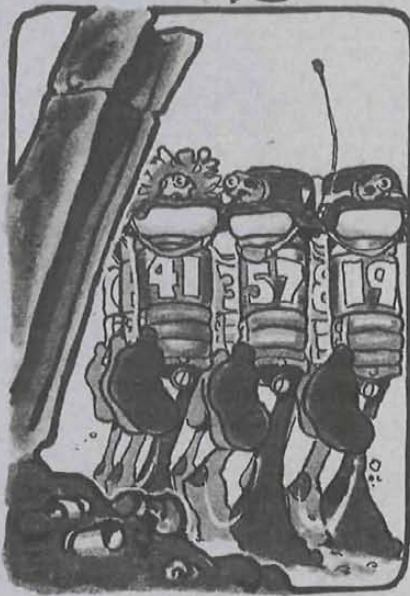


A SQUAD OF CRACK PUNKER PANS, BIF-POD MODEL 1927 MACHINES GOOSE-STEP THROUGH DER RUBBLE.

HURTWO, HURTWO WE GOING OUT TO SHOOT UND KILL, STOMP UND DIE. OURS IS NOT TO REASON WHY.

I LOVE TO ZEE DER TINYANTS DIDDEL OVER DE DIRT. SOMETIMES I SQUASH DEM A LITTLE.

LOOKIT, THERE'S CORPORAL Z. GOOFIN' OFF. ZAT QUEER GOT IT KNOCKED AS LONG AS HE BLOW DA C.O.

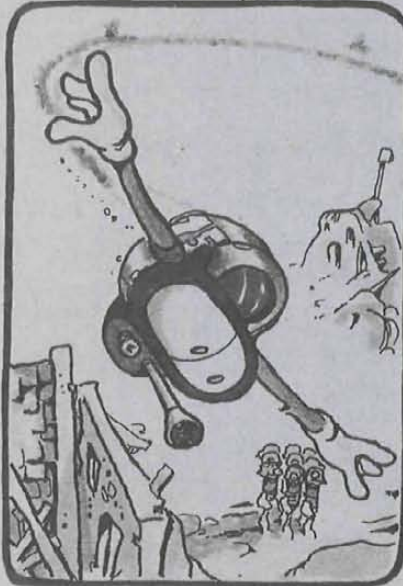


FFF
FFF

RAM DOVE 75, AM GOING IN TO DO A CANNON AN' VOOF MACHINE GUN RUN ON A CLUTCH OF PUNKER PANS.

VOOOOF!
PUNTUD, KORF.
WAR, WAR, KUD

SNIF, YOU GUYS HURT MY OWN FEELINGS. YOU PUT ME DOWN JUST CAUSE I LIKE BOY MACHINES. DON'T I GOT A RIGHT TO FIND LOVE IN ZIS RAVAGED SCENARIO TOO?.. HUH, DON'T I SARGE?



LAUGH BODE

TO BOB'S ARMY DASH!

AT THE LIVE SEX SHOW! by E. Subitzky



THE END

ONE YEAR AFFAIR

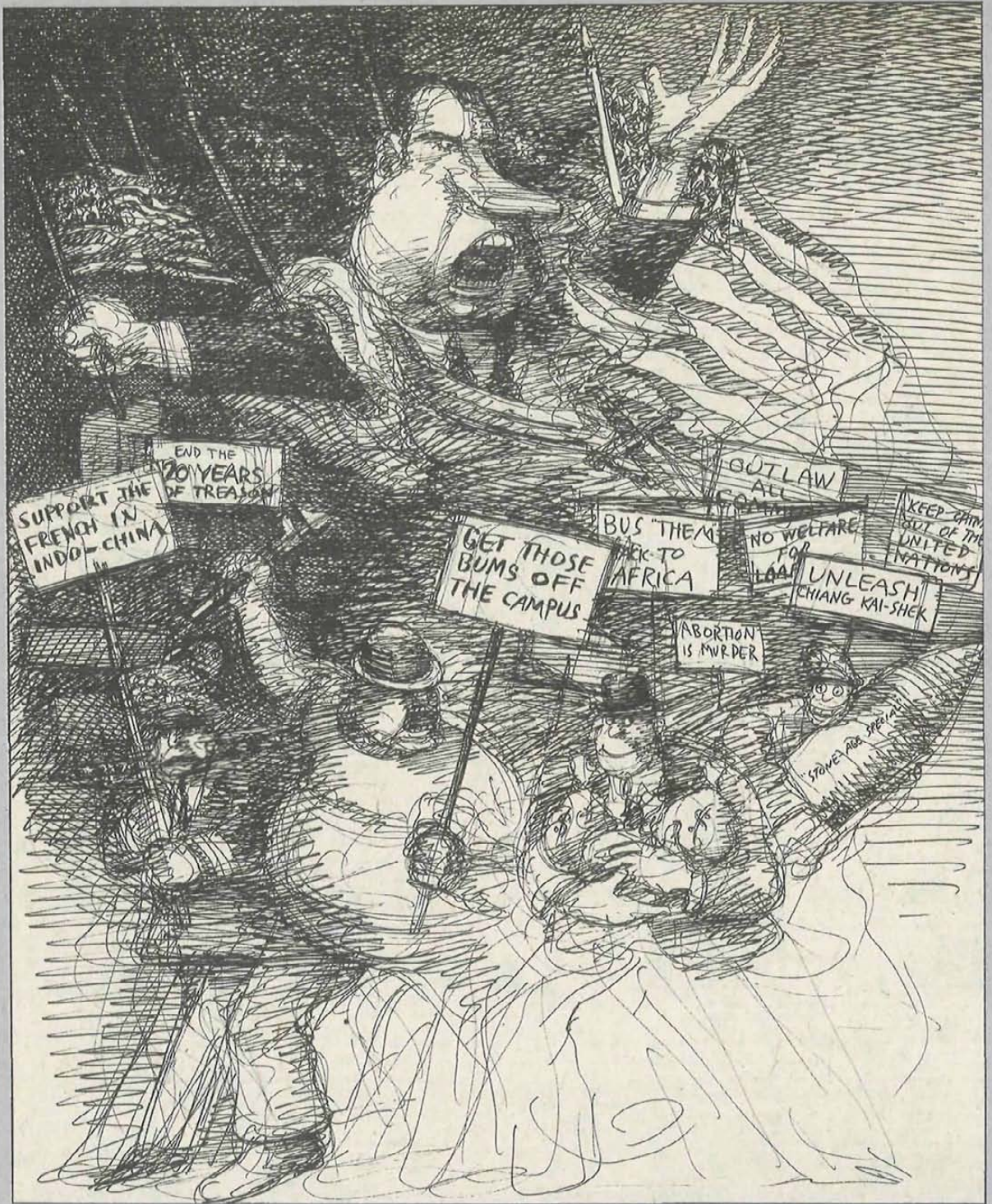


© 1974 BVP

NEXT: MORE BIG YOCKS

EATING OUT





Drawn & Quoted

Number 2 in a series by Edward Sorel

"I pledge to you tonight that as long as I have a breath of life in my body, I shall continue to work for the great causes to which I have been dedicated throughout my years as a Congressman, a Senator, Vice-President, and President."

—Richard Nixon

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY



The Ancients Called It COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

Must man die to release his *inner consciousness*? Can we experience *momentary flights* of the soul—that is, become *one with the universe* and receive an influx of great understanding?

The shackles of the body—its earthly limitations—can be thrown off and *man's mind can be attuned* to the Infinite Wisdom for a flash of a second. During this brief interval intuitive knowledge, great inspiration and a new vision of our life's mission are had. Some call this great experience a psychic phenomenon. But the ancients knew it and taught it as *Cosmic Consciousness*—the merging of man's mind with the Universal Intelligence.

Let This Free Book Explain

This is *not* a religious doctrine, but the application of *simple*, natural laws which give man an insight into the great Cosmic plan. They make possible a source of great joy, strength and a regeneration of man's personal powers. Write to the Rosicrucians, an age-old brotherhood of understanding, for a *free* copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." It will tell you how, in the privacy of your own home, you may indulge in these mysteries of life known to the ancients. Address: Scribe G.X.A.

The Rosicrucians

SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIF., 95114, U.S.A.
SEND THIS COUPON
Please Include Your Zip Code

Scribe G.X.A.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114

Please send me the free book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____

"S'not that," said Stu, darting imploring looks from brother to brother. "I gotta thing about things being put in my ass. Listen, you can't do it to me. I..."

"Drop trou!" screamed Magpie. "Bend over an' spread 'em!"

Stu rolled his eyes despairingly, too sick and semiconscious to protest further. With slow, heavy hands, he dropped his trou and spread his cheeks.

"Go ahead, Pinto," prompted Magpie. "And leave it up there until it's warm enough to eat."

Stu's cracked ass was not the most pleasant sight Pinto had ever beheld. Profuse hair ran its length, spilling over onto his buns, and his sphincter looked too tight and tiny to admit a knitting needle. Well... He began to make tentative thrusts at it with the hot dog.

"That's it, that's it!" cried Whit excitedly. "Slide it right in!"

"I... can't. It won't go. Hey, Stu, relax. Your muscles are all tight."

"I'm trying," moaned Stu. "I'm not doing it on purpose."

"I thought something like this might happen," said Scotty. "So you know what? I brought along some lube."

Lube? "Hey," said Pinto, "I'm not eating any Vaseline. Shit's bad enough."

"Now don't worry your head, Pinto. This is *edible* lubricant." He withdrew from within his coat a large jar of Miracle Whip.

Dumptruck shook his head in admiration. "Scotty, you think of everything."

"Oh, go on with you," said Scotty modestly. He dipped Pinto's hot dog into the jar a few times. When he handed it back, it was dripping creamy white stuff.

Stu glanced at it, shuddered and returned his eyes to the ground. Taking the wiener gingerly by its dry end, Pinto returned it to Stu's bum and began probing for entry. Abruptly, it slid in a little.

"Ga!" cried Stu. His sphincter closed even tighter, stopping all forward progress.

"Come on, man," Pinto pleaded. "Let me get it over with."

"I'm trying," gritted Stu. "Hey, we haven't got all night here," said Magpie. "Jam it in!"

"Okay, okay!" Holding it in place with one hand, Pinto swung his other hand in a long arc and smacked the hot dog hard as he could with the flat of his palm. The wiener slid into Stu's asshole like the greased plunger of a dynamite exploder. Stu began to rumble. "Gnorg!" he cried, then "Bluuuuuurrrrrrchhhhhh," but before Pinto could tell what was happening

something struck him a tremendous blow on the forehead and...

And that was all. He couldn't remember another thing. Lying now in the strange bed, drenched with sweat, he realized that he still had no idea where his paralysis had come from. So much for piecing together memories; his panic came uncorked and he bellowed for help until the door to his room flew open and Otter, Scotty, and Dumptruck burst in.

"Hey, you bastards, what'd you do to me? I can't move. I'm paralyzed!"

"Uh heh heh heh heh heh," laughed Otter. "He thinks he's paralyzed."

"Hey, man, don't worry." Dumptruck swept away Pinto's blanket. "Look."

Pinto raised his head. His arms and legs were tied securely to the mattress with sheets. "What... why...?"

"You don't remember?" Dumptruck was incredulous. "Pinto, when Stu finally booted, the hot dog shot out of his ass like a rocket and knocked you cold. We had to carry you back. You were thrashing around so much when we got you here, we decided to tie you into Otter's bed, so you wouldn't get hurt."

"Slept with muh girl last night," put in Otter.

Pinto brought his freed hand to his forehead and found a bump big as a golf ball. So *that* was what hit him. And he wasn't paralyzed! And... wait a minute. "Truck, when Stu finally booted?"

"You didn't see it?" cried Dumptruck. "It was the most incredible boot in the history of the Adelphian Lodge! It must have lasted a minute and a half! It was *this wide!*" He gestured with his hands to show just how wide.

"I got *drenched*," remembered Scotty dreamily. "It knocked three of us down, like one of those water cannons they use in East Germany. It must have gone fifty or sixty feet!"

"Pinto, it was *magnificent!*" Pinto was having a terrible sinking feeling. "The pledge prize...?"

"Went to Stu the Jew, of course! Pinto, he actually *put out the fire!* That's never been done before!" Dumptruck was hardly able to contain himself. "We've been calling alumni all morning! Black Mike and T Bear from the class of '55 are sending a wreath!"

Pinto felt crestfallen. He'd tried so hard.

"But, hey, Pinto, don't feel bad," said Otter. "You were terrific last night and just so you don't think we didn't notice, we brought you a consolation prize." He brought his hand from behind his back and held out Pinto's prize:

A glass of beer. □



Separation saved our marriage thanks to Marantz speakers.

"Where's the flute Henry?" my wife complained constantly. I was about ready to leave her. Then we saw a Marantz dealer. He told us that separation of sound is a true test of a speaker system. He suggested we put Marantz and other popular speakers to the test by listening to a familiar recording so we'd be able to hear for ourselves that it's the speaker and not the recording that makes the difference. Oh, what a difference Marantz made! What we thought were two oboes were clearly an oboe and a flute. And that barbershop quartet...well, they're really a quintet.

The proof is in the listening. And that's where Marantz design concepts come into play. The transducers in Marantz speaker systems are engineered to handle an abundance of continuous power, so you get distortion-free

sounds that are as pleasing as a nibble on the ear.

We bought the Marantz Imperial 5G Two Way Speaker for just \$99. Perfect for our budget and it delivers fine sound separation even with minimum power equipment. And there are five other quality Marantz speaker models starting as low as \$59 and all are available with the new Marantz acoustically transparent foam grill.

Whatever your power and budget requirements, keep this in mind. Marantz speaker systems are built by the people who make the most respected stereo and 4-channel equipment in the world.

To find out how much better they sound go to your nearest Marantz dealer and listen.

marantz
We sound better.



The Specification Guarantee.*

Perhaps someday everyone will have it.

You're looking at the new Technics 600 Series, two of the finest cassette decks we've ever made. But equally important, they're also our first examples of "the Specification Guarantee."

The only kind of a specification we feel is worth serious consideration.

That's because "the Specification Guarantee" isn't merely a collection of overly impressive numbers achieved under ideal conditions. It's five meaningful performance specifications that *every* Technics RS-676US and RS-610US cassette deck, including yours, is guaranteed to meet or surpass*. And if by some unlikely chance it doesn't, we will make sure it does. After all, that's what we feel a guarantee is all about.

But the guarantee isn't the only impressive thing about these specs. The numbers are equally impressive. Even when you compare

them with the "unguaranteed" performance figures you usually see. Yet our figures are conservative, understated. Figures that your unit is likely to surpass rather than just meet. And that makes them even more impressive.

The RS-676US. The RS-610US. And "the Specification Guarantee."

The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

| | RS-676US | RS-610US |
|--|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Wow & Flutter (JIS WRMS) | 0.08% or better | 0.15% or better |
| Frequency Response: Normal Tape Position | 40Hz - 12kHz (+2/-4dB) (+2/-3dB) | 50Hz - 10kHz ±3dB |
| CrO ₂ Tape Position | 40Hz - 13kHz (+2/-4dB) (+2/-3dB) | 50Hz - 12kHz ±3dB |
| S/N Ratio (Weighted, Signal level 250 pWb/mm, Without Dolby) | 50dB or better | 49dB or better |
| With Dolby (Above 5 kHz) | 58dB or better | 57dB or better |
| THD (0 VU at 1 kHz) Normal Tape Position | 2.0% or better | 2.3% or better |
| Speed Accuracy | Within ±1.5% | Within ±2.0% |

†Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

*Specification Guarantee will be honored for a period of ninety days from the date of original purchase. Void if the product is damaged, altered, or abused following original sale, or if repaired by other than authorized Panasonic personnel, or if the product is not purchased and retained within the U.S.A. or Puerto Rico. Test procedures are available in detailed description on request from Technics by Panasonic, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Specification Guarantee is in addition to the usual parts and labor warranty.

200 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. FOR YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED TECHNICS DEALER, CALL TOLL FREE 800 447-4700. IN ILLINOIS, 800 322-4400.

Technics

by Panasonic

