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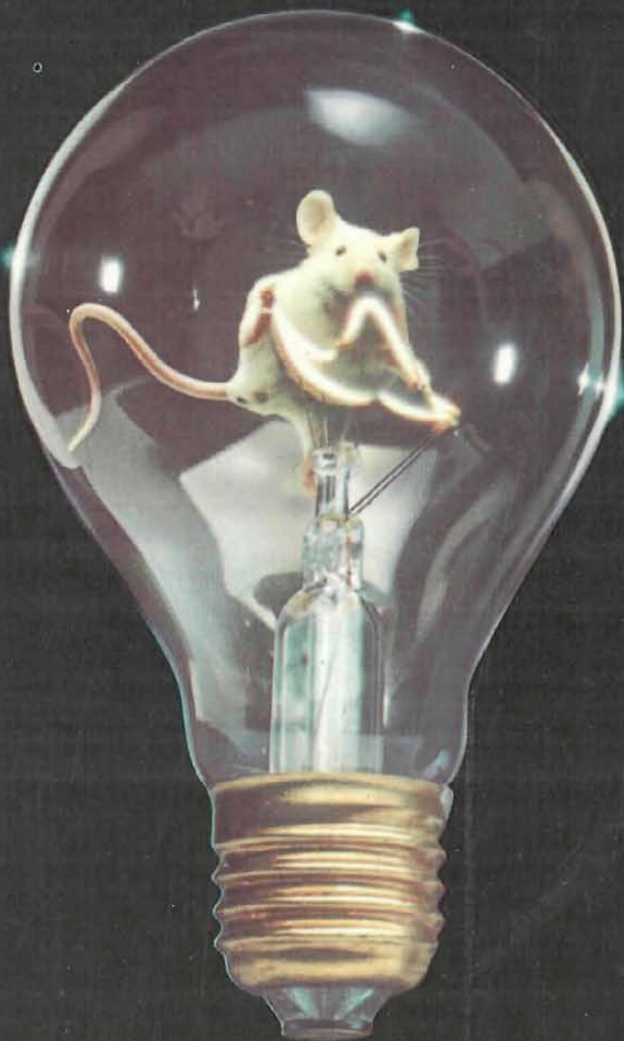
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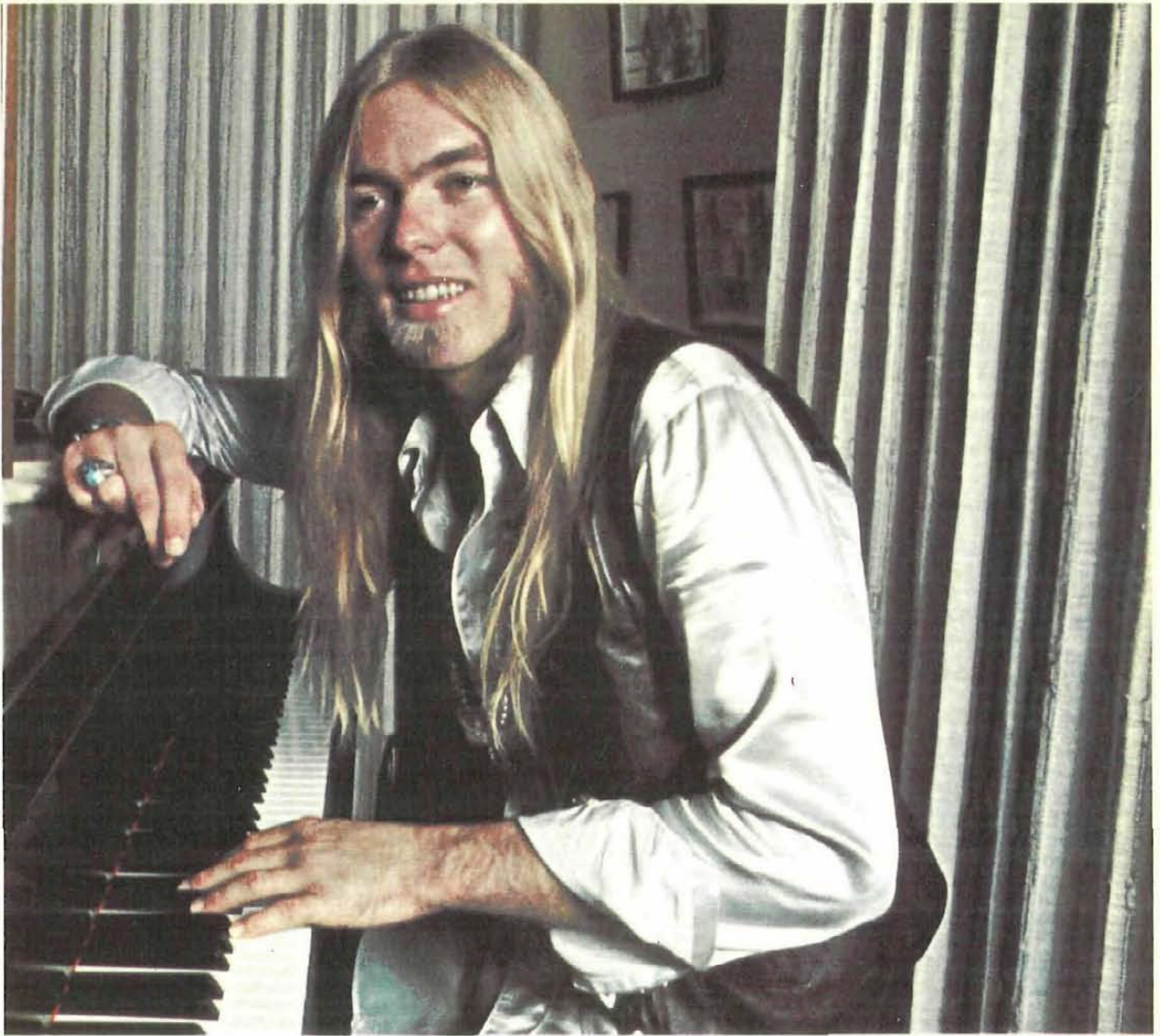
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# EDITORIAL

## The Pro Court Line

If you've been betting with our recommendations for the last year, congratulations. Based on a minimum \$50.00 bet, you're ahead \$135.00. Sorry about the call on *The People v. C. Arnholt Smith*. Based on our information, we thought he'd pull a two-year suspended sentence instead of the five he got. Bank fraud is tricky, especially when it's the biggest ever. You got widows and orphans wiped out on one side, but on the other, you got a pack of green U.S. Attorneys. We had to go with experience. What threw us was the judge. A Nixon man. And a good pal of Smith's. What kind of pals suspend a five-year sentence when they can suspend a two-year sentence? Judge Schnacke better not be hoping for a long career in this business.

*The People v. Robert Lopez*. A piece of cake. The people in this case are none other than John John Kennedy, whose bike is still missing, though he did get the tennis racquet back. You've got to be crazy to fuck with the Kennedys. Four years. We called it. Hope you bet a bundle on this one.

No tricks and a big treat for all of the smart money on the Big Drop

for Ronald O'Bryan. This is the good ol' U.S. of Texas here. You don't go a poison your kid's Halloween candy for the insurance money. Good Christ, what's happened to inventive foul play? O'Bryan couldn't have gotten less if he had a change of venue to a swinger's weekend in the Black Forest.

## Best Bets

*The United States v. John Mitchell*. U.S. looks strong in this one. Certainly a grudge match between the young attorneys and their ex-boss. Mitchell's broke and tiring, but watch for some fast outbursts in court. We have to go with youth. U.S. winning four years, two suspended, and Mitchell serving six months.

*Jessie T. Fowler v. North Carolina*. Pick 'em. This is the big one. Capital punishment. Even money. Cruel and unusual versus oh, it's frying time again. Maybe there's an argument here for all of the unemployed switch pullers. Your move.

*Commonwealth of Pennsylvania v. Joseph Kallinger*. The C of P in a walkaway. Father/son murder teams went out with the Napoleons. A sure bet. Definitely get life and then turned over to the grinny bin, so no hope for parole. So certain you might have trouble finding odds.

Good luck and so long for now.

B.Mc.

**Plug:** Whoever said there is nothing new under the sun ought to have the book (and a tree) thrown at them under provisions of the natural law! *cat* by B. Kliban is something new under the sun, and also under wraps. No one can seem to find a copy in the larger stores. Nonetheless, it's published by Workman Publishing Company (\$2.95). It's terrific and well worth the search. **And plug again:** For something new under the moon, two new books by Gahan Wilson, *The Weird World Of* and *I Paint What I See*, are available everywhere and should be purchased by anyone who has ever enjoyed the privileges of the First Amendment. They're published by Tempo Books (95¢) and Fireside Books (\$3.95), respectively. Gahan is the greatest, and since moving to New York three months ago, has only been arrested once. ■

Cover photograph by Arky & Barrett.

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Sirs:

Would you be around to pick up my nieces if somebody breaks my car?  
Mr. Bachegalupe  
c/o Sidney Fields  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I recently received some rather shocking medical news. My orthodontist informed me that my teeth were not of normal composition, but were predominantly composed of an uncommon variety of plagioclase feldspar. Although I can never get cavities, I was warned that if I didn't keep my mouth shut in the wind and rain, my teeth could erode into a worthless basalt. When I told my parents about my condition, they said I was crazy. I took them to see the orthodontist to prove it to them, but he

was on vacation, strip mining in West Virginia. Do you think I have rocks in my head, too?

Willie Wonka  
Anus de la Terre, Mo.

Sirs:

It's Tuesday, it's Tuesday. I'd like to think it's Tuesday. Tuesday's the news day. Let's all kick the blues day. It's Tuesday, it's Tuesday. Time to shine your shoes day. Bring peanuts to the zoos day. Tuesday, oh Tuesday, time to be kind to Jews day. What have you got to lose day. Tuesday, Tuesday, the day that paid its dues day. The day you can't refuse day.

Why can't every day be Tuesday?  
Tuesday Weld  
Iron City, Mich.

Sirs:

If you want to know why every nation is so impatient with one another and why there is so much unrest in the world, I will tell you. All you have to do is ask. Is that someone asking? Very well, I know the reason, and in a second, so will you. The answer, my friends, lies in the fact men handle all of the diplomatic relations between nations. When they sit down at a big conference table, more often

than not, they sit down right on their testicles. The pain is awful. But instead of saying, "Excuse me, I just sat down on my testicles and I'm in no mood for negotiating," they get this nasty look on their faces and start acting really hostile. It's a wonder we don't have more wars than we do. If you don't believe me, plop down on your testicles, then try to have a productive conversation with somebody. They'll be lucky if you don't wind up trying to choke them to death. Now that I've shared this fact with you, hopefully we can get on with the business of the whole world living in peace.

Gunther Mayerdahl  
Ibsonism, Sweedon

Sirs:

Conserve energy. Do what I do. Last night I discovered that I really get off by self-inflicting rectal hemorrhaging while looking at autopsy pictures from child-battering cases. Of course, it really helps if you work at the courthouse.

Judge Hardy

Sirs:

Alright, you guys, this is the last freebee you guys get from me! This is the last time. No more being funny

*continued on page 18*

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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

AUGUST, 1975

VOLUME 1, NO. LXV

The U S A



Eagle

## SPRING FEVER SWEEPS UNITED STATE!

**Leathernecks Raid Red Campus, Paddle Commies, Get Back Mascots**

**Coach Says Yankee Prank Makes Up For USA Defeat in Rice Bowl**



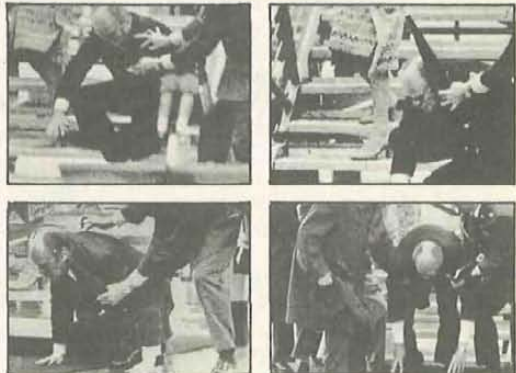
USA Student Body President Jerry Ford and other class officers in tuxes celebrating humbling of Reds after senior prom. Jerry hails from Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Administration Warns CIA Frat on High Jinks - Other Secret Societies Worried About Image**



Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller in gag hat he wore to class day exercises. We've heard Rocky is a CIA brother—pretty handy, considering he sat on the honor court that recommended the faculty go easy on the Cloak & Dagger house—and that his fellow spooks made him wear the goofy topper. But don't worry, Nels—we won't say "National Security," so you won't have to leave the room!

**Have a Nice Trip? See You Next Fall!**



President Jerry Ford's trick football knee acted up on him on his way to the Twenty-fifth Anniversary NATO banquet. Jerry got a chance to talk to Presidents from other North Atlantic conference schools and he heard some good news: USA is still rated #1, and the Bears of USSR, #2. Toughki you-know-whatki to our ursine friends and a word of advice: Don't plan to get your paws on any trophies next year! Jerry says a good time was had by all and sundry. All we can say is we sure hope you didn't put that bum foot in your mouth, Jerry!

*continued*

Now that the war in Vietnam is over, and South Vietnam has been unequivocally "lost" to the Communists, there has been considerable activity among top government officials attempting to fix the blame for the debacle. President Ford has pointedly implicated the Congress for its failure to give him authority to threaten the North Vietnamese, and others have been bringing up the Senate's speedy and almost unanimous acquiescence in approving the Gulf of Tonkin resolution. For their part, Congressional leaders have been complaining loudly about President Nixon's secret agreements with President Thieu and his erratic peace ventures, as well as deliberate deceptions practiced on them by President Johnson; Johnson loyalists have meanwhile been drawing heavily on David Halberstam's book, *The Best and the Brightest*, to lay responsibility for the original commitment of American forces on the Kennedy Administration's "bear any burden, pay any price" interventionist attitude. Kennedy partisans have cited the State Department under Dean Rusk and, earlier, under John Foster Dulles for its inflexible, anachronistic Asian policy. The State Department has, in turn, criticized the Defense Department, which, senior functionaries at *Foggy Bottom* insist, combined a gross underestimation of Communist capabilities with a totally outdated World War II era military tactics in its handling of the conflict. For its part, the Defense Department has been privately lambasting the Central Intelligence Agency, on whose generally inadequate and misleading assessments of the situation in Indochina top military planners based their strategy. The CIA has been reminding anyone who will listen that its real involvement began long after President Eisenhower sent the first military advisers to prop up the Diem regime. Ike's supporters have implicated President Truman, who backed French efforts to re-establish colonial rule in Indochina following the Japanese surrender in the Pacific.

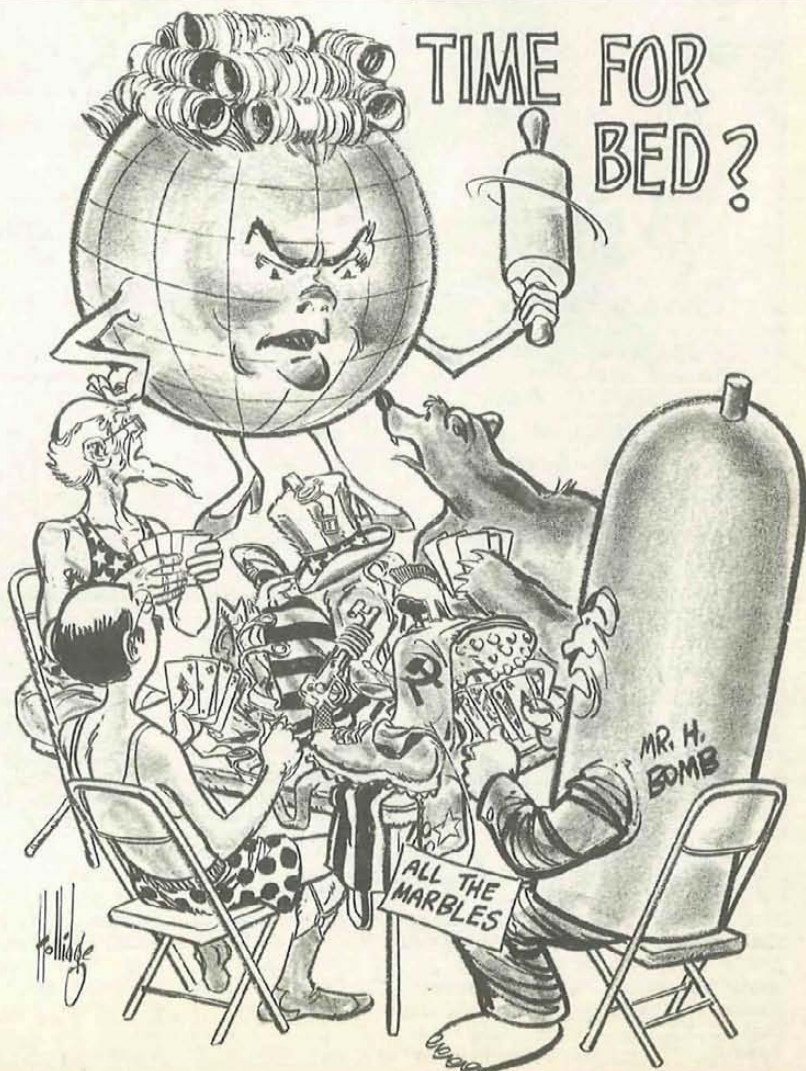
This chain of recrimination comes as no surprise, but it may be short-lived. We have learned that in order to forestall any possibility for a McCarthy-style "who lost Indochina?" witch-hunt, top government officials have been quietly meeting to select an official scapegoat. The most likely target at this time is the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose federal mandate to regulate the shipment of goods and services within the United States gave it an intimate and early involvement with the original

dispatch of arms and other forms of aid to Vietnam, and provided the original "green light" to the whole sorry enterprise.

Despite ever-growing censure by the medical community worldwide of the heart transplant operations he pioneered and continues to perform, Dr. Christian Barnard is reportedly preparing a new transplant program far more ambitious than the single-organ technique he perfected. Under a contract with the South African government, Dr. Barnard and a number of his assistants at the Groot Schur Hospital in Johannesburg are putting the finishing touches on a revolutionary procedure for whole body transplants. A pilot project to transplant 500 people—all of them black Africans—from their homes outside of Capetown to a tribal "Bantustan" in the north of South Africa is already underway. The South African government, which has been at some pains recently to project a

national image considerably more moderate than that of a racist state bent on preserving apartheid, insists that the "operation" is purely medical and is in the best interests of the patients, for whom death is said to be the only alternative, and that any intimation that this purely medical matter is a thinly veiled resettlement program is due to "a fundamental misconception of preventative medicine" or "hostile propaganda." For his part, Dr. Barnard, who has had to defend himself against accusations that in using the hearts of black donors to aid white patients, he has ghoulishly taken advantage of the officially inferior status of Negroes in South Africa to obtain their hearts far more speedily than propriety might dictate, has not made any official comment on his participation in the program, but he is known to be satisfied with the success of the total transplant methods he devised—basically, a government order is used to remove the body from its

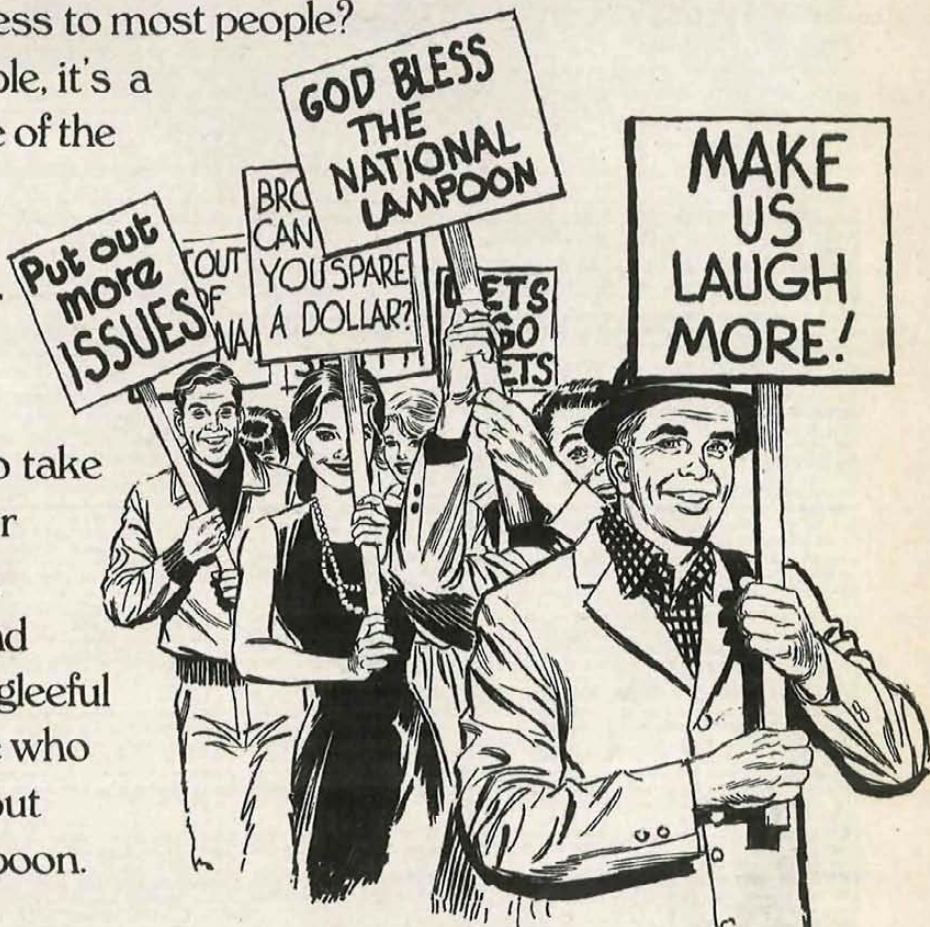
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# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



**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*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT:** With The National Inspirer, 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 Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

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

**SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitdove comic, 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 Nozzin 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*.

**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 "Tyranic" 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 Agnow's A Very Sizeable 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 Balfart Comics.

**OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE:** With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

**NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

**JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

**FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE:** With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, Historia de Amor, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

**MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT:** With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker Parody*.

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

**MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

**JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE:** With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worstest Monster, Parlourbook, Orgygami, and Cloo.

**JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT:** With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hoorary, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

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current home, then, after about twenty hours in a device much like a crowded train, it is "implanted" in a new one—and to feel that his new official association with the South African government will permit him more time to pursue his work.

Sources within the Defense Department report that a lone marine, apparently left behind on Tang Island during the *Mayaguez* raid, was somehow spotted during a routine aerial reconnaissance of the area last week, and has been subsequently taken off the tiny island by helicopter. The marine, said one senior Navy officer, "was one hell of a guy—the kind of soldier with good, old-fashioned loyalty and patriotism that America can really be proud of."

The young leatherneck, Private Bernard T. Frechette, of Houlet, Maine, hid out on the Cambodian island for nearly three months, managing to stay alive by eating part of the ton and a half of C-rations left behind during the military operation associated with the release of the *Mayaguez* and its crew. Frechette, who thought the war in Indochina was still going on (he reportedly "just couldn't believe that the U.S. would permit clear and continued violations of the letter and spirit of the Paris accords"), never lost faith in his country. "I was fighting to help preserve the inherent powers of the Presidency to react anywhere in the world where a clear threat to the national security of the United States existed," he explained shortly after his rescue. "I'd rather have been an unavoidable casualty than see excessive limitations placed on the ability of the President in his constitutionally mandated role as Commander in Chief to act swiftly in the defense of the vital interests of the United States, and have our traditional allies doubt America's willingness to come to their defense in the event of armed attack by a hostile power."

Frechette said he was prepared to make a last stand "on my little domino" in an effort to "enhance the credibility of the United States." The island, however, was abandoned by Cambodian troops shortly after the *Mayaguez* raid (probably, as it turned out, because they were needed to help defend another small Cambodian island against an attack by their erstwhile partners in aggression, the Vietnamese), and Frechette spent most of his time in the arduous task of training large sea turtles—just about the only "infrastructure" on Tang—to resist Communism by taping hand grenades to their shells and teaching

them to crawl into crude pasteboard dummies of red soldiers and trigger the bombs. He also rigged up a crude interrogation device and questioned three parrots, which refused to talk, and he attempted to arrange free elections in an enormous anthill near the spot where he was camped, but according to Private Frechette, when it was attacked by red ants from a neighboring hill who were seeking slaves, he was forced to destroy it with gasoline taken from the tanks of a downed helicopter.

Frechette has been recommended for the Navy Cross, and the Ford Administration is currently planning to give the "model soldier" wide publicity to demonstrate to allies and adversaries alike that America's fighting men are as willing as ever to "suffer the ultimate cost-overrun," as one Defense Department official put it, "in the defense of freedom."

Despite attempts by the Rockefeller Commission to portray the CIA as at least reasonably professional, if sometimes a bit high-handed, there is considerable evidence that in the controversial area of assassinations of foreign rulers, the Agency was somewhat less than competent. In this connection, we have learned of one particularly hair-brained CIA scheme (Operation Flying Dutchman), aimed at disposing of unfriendly heads of state, which the Commission has gone to considerable lengths to suppress.

In 1967, the CIA persuaded the Hughes Corporation to build a sister ship to the *Glomar Explorer* (the sea-going salvage vessel that picked up some odds and ends of an old Russian vinegar-and-baking-soda submarine which sank in the Pacific). Called the *Glomar Eliminator*, and, like the *Explorer*, disguised as a scientific research vessel, it was designed as a gigantic floating booby trap. It was fitted out with breakaway hatches, faulty loading cranes, dangerous wiring, sawed-through guardrails, slippery gangway stairs, malfunctioning boilers, and literally hundreds of other potentially lethal conditions. CIA plans called for the ship to make goodwill trips to nations whose leaders were marked for murder, at which point the doomed bigwigs would be invited on board for a "red carpet tour" (even the carpet was booby-trapped—it was electrically wired to build up a huge charge of static electricity in anyone who walked on it, and an open container of gasoline was to be left at the end of the carpet right by a solid copper rail which anyone boarding the ship would have

to touch). It was hoped—or rather, confidently expected—that an unfortunate mishap would occur at some point, following which profuse apologies would be offered, one of a rotating series of agent-captains would be sacked, and the death ship would sail off to claim the life of another unsuspecting leader.

After the assassination vessel was constructed—at a cost of over \$100 million—it was pointed out by someone in the CIA hierarchy that it was bound to get a reputation as a "jinxed ship," and after a few "tragic accidents," heads of state possessing reasonable intelligence would probably give it a wide berth. It also transpired that every foreign leader to whom the CIA wished to give the Davy Jones treatment, except for two, resided in a landlocked nation. Eventually, the ill-starred ship was mothballed, but earlier this year, it was decided to give it to Portugal (Operation Trojan Sea-Horse) in the hopes that the ruling leftwing military council would make a thorough inspection tour before taking possession; but on a shake-down cruise last month, the *Glomar Eliminator* foundered with all hands when both of the boilers exploded, the fuel tanks ruptured, the rudder jammed, and the stern fell off. Current CIA plans (Operation Hotfoot) call for leaking to the Russians phony data to convince them that the ship was jammed with the latest electronic gear to trick them into raising the "devil boat."

In response to continuing international criticism, the U.S. State Department has pointed out that the controversial American evacuation of orphans from war-torn Vietnam in April was not without historical precedent. "Many times in the past, humanitarians have come forth to aid the infant victims of international clashes and catastrophes," declared a State Department spokesman. He went on to note that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Portuguese ship captains rescued thousands of helpless children from the strife and political chaos then afflicting the continent of Africa, while during the Middle Ages, courageous bands of gypsies conducted a lonely campaign to free European babies from medieval towns threatened by the Dark Ages. And in 1284, Westphalian ambassador P. Piper responded to the alarming plight of youngsters in rat-endangered Hamelin town by organizing a massive footlift to the nearby secure insides of a mountain. □

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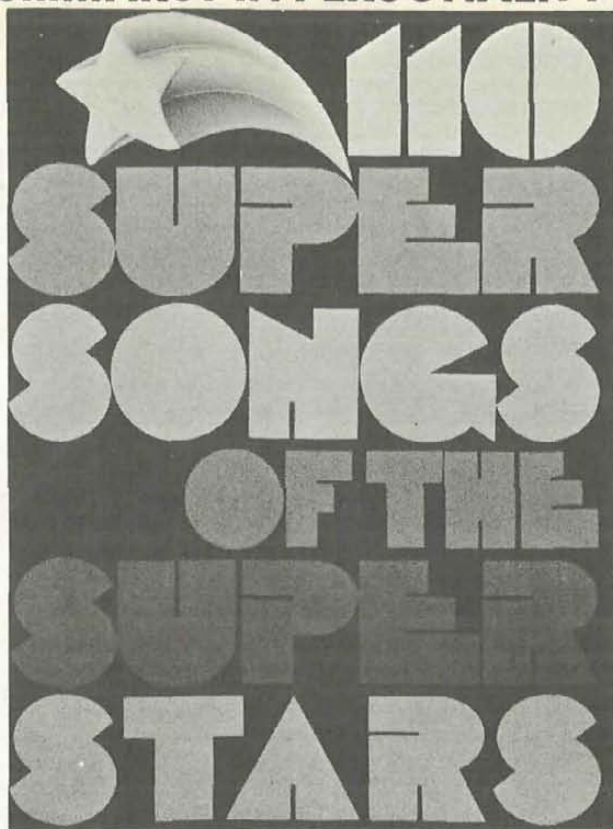
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# Canadian Corner



*Like Psychology Today, with its idiot special interest book club, or Playboy, with its nightclubs for snottosed liberal cluster fuckers, the National Lampoon has from time to time involved itself in the formation of loosely associated spin-offs designed to generate fun-producing cash. Unlike these other magazines, whose vulgar business ventures exist for the sole purpose of further exploiting the dogbrains who purchase their lost meanderings, the National Lampoon spares neither effort nor expense to insure that any product or service offered to the readership exists in the service of a higher end. Such is the case with the NLVA, or National Lampoon Volunteer Army. Take your hat off. Formed several issues ago, the goal of the NLVA was and is to invade and conquer Canada, and avenge the numerous wrongs done us by that bumpy, burger-shaped nation. No longer will frostbacks feel safe in taunting our President (rubber legs, stumble rummy, hey, Jerry-Pepper!) or searching our privates at their border outposts. For although it is true that America as a nation can not afford a war at this time, you and I can. What follows is the first address of the commander in chief of the NLVA, me, to the troops. If it seems as if I am talking down to you, remember this: Talking down to you is certainly talking up to someone like your uncle Bob.*

\* \* \*

## A Message to All Ranks from Your Commander in Chief

At ease, brave soldiers, but be sure your safeties are on. As you men know, we have not yet begun our attack on the land of the midnight sun. What you do not know is that yesterday, we received a most insulting and provocative postcard here at command headquarters. Bearing the signature of Canada's warlord, Pierre Elliot Illegible, it was similar in wording to Bismark's famous "Ems Dispatch," which the cunning Hun had correctly calculated to start a war. In it, the moose-jammers horde leader suggested that the reason we have not yet begun our attack was that we were "no more than a thimbleful of deranged cowards." As I mentioned, men, this grotesque insult to the valiant Americans who seek no more than

to serve their country honorably was calculated to provoke an immediate attack. This would have been extremely ill-advised, as the boxcarload of swords on order for the general staff was at that very moment stalled on a disused siding in Utah. I have since then discovered that a Democratic congressman (a partisan of native rights) was duped by a Canadian agent into ordering the highest priority for a trainload of left-wing periodicals bound for California (rather like taking syphilis to a warehouse). This resulted in the displacement of our urgently needed consignment. However, we have now received our swords, and just yesterday, I graduated a class of two hundred officers in a ceremony at Simmons Hall. (Scholarships available to anyone with \$200 or a conviction for robbery with violence.)

As you veterans know, the CIA had originally promised to match your contributions to the War with Canada fund. Doughty warriors, there is bad news from Virginia. Due to some unforeseen events in the Mideast, the CIA was forced to expend the entire year's budget hushing up stories of agency involvement in the assassination of some oily wog. These stories are completely unfounded, as we all know that the aforementioned derrick baron would have died of a malady doctors call insatiable pederasty within the year, and there was no need for the CIA to involve itself in the demise of this camel berry.

Be not deterred, gallant gladiators, for enlistment in the NLVA has been very good, and I am pleased to inform you that many wise Americans have seen the wisdom of purchasing a commission. For while a commission is by no means an inexpensive item, it entitles the holder to jeep rides, discounts on violent movies, a better class of uniform, and first crack at any looting (outside of the city of Montreal, P.Q., which I reserve for myself in its entirety). New commission rates are \$7.00: sergeant, \$15.00: lieutenant, \$50.00: Duke, \$75.00: Champignon, \$80.00: Dwarf, \$1,000.00: Dufus with Buttons. Other rank rates available on request from NLVA, 212-688-4070 (no fatties).

Many of you are probably wondering what weapons we are likely to encounter when we set boot on Canada. Well, Canada has several natural allies—her cold, her terrain, and her deer flies. The most dangerous of all, men, are her drunken drivers. These present a menace to every living thing. They do not know the meaning of the word fear, nor, in most cases, where they live. One of my officers suggested painting white lines up the sides of barns as a method of dealing

with this troublesome Canadian version of the National Guard. It is my belief, however, that we can conquer Canada without involving ourselves with a lot of ladders and paint, for as she has her natural allies, so she has her natural enemies, two of the most potent being night and sleep. Fellow Spartans, my plan is to enter the country at night while the people are asleep, and plug their breath holes with mud.

Most of you are aware that small quantities of plutonium have been disappearing from top secret research centers in the United States, where the country's top scientists are engaged in attempts to discover if all human beings can be killed, or only those who already have made up their minds to die. It has been suggested that several pounds of this missing plutonium has found its way to my desk drawer. If it has, the American people can be thankful that it did not wind up in the hands of a dangerous lunatic or an Italian. It is certainly a powerful weapon, and very shiny, and glows in the dark. It has also been suggested that even though my desk drawer might be an arsenal of democracy, the fact that I lack a means to deliver my introduction to Jesus renders it useless. All I can say is that I don't need a rocket or a plane. My means of deliverance is at hand. I refer to Captain Rufus Sayer, the first Negro officer (temporarily) of the NLVA. Captain Sayer is prepared to carry what he thinks is a box of NAACP pamphlets into the Canadian parliament. Brave man. We'll not see his like again. Bow your heads, America.

Alright, men, I've got an appointment with the paymaster, but before I dismiss you, I want you to pick up your pencils and fill out this form, unless you've already done so, in which case I want you to force someone else to fill it out. Thanks and, well, men . . . you're as fine a bunch of guys as ever enslaved a dinky little country.

### I want to join the NLVA!

Invalidate Canada this summer? Count me in, General, sir. I know you'll take care of my girl friend. Here's some money for bullets and flashlights and my woman's phone number for your records. Can I have Winnipeg?  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Wash much? \_\_\_\_\_  
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A Yankee b) a Gumbot c) a Jerk.  
d) no such thing.

T. Mann

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• John Strumolo, thirty-five, of Hazlet, New Jersey, was convicted of defrauding insurance companies by obtaining money under false pretenses and conspiracy. Strumolo had been under investigation for months by Hazlet police detectives and special agents of the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute, the national criminal investigative arm of the insurance industry.

The investigation revealed that on May 28, 1974, Strumolo staged a fake accident with a private automobile. After the staged accident, Strumolo removed two teeth from his mouth with pliers and loosened two others. He then sprayed his arm, face, and side with a commercial spray anesthetic and cut himself with broken glass, which he carried to the scene of the accident in a bag. After cutting himself up, he checked into the Bayshore Hospital for treatment. Subsequently, an insurance company paid a total of \$10,141 for alleged injuries and damages resulting from the accident.

The investigation went further into Strumolo's activities, discovering that on May 14, 1973, he was involved in an accident with a commercial vehicle. He claimed that a dog ran into the path of the vehicle, causing him to lose control and resulting in grave injuries. Again, Strumolo used a commercial spray anesthetic, localizing the feelings in the area of his head. He then hit his head continually with a grapefruit until it became enlarged and bruised. He further used a screwdriver to loosen additional teeth before checking himself into the hospital. The insurance company paid a total of \$9,750 for this accident.

Another incident occurred on September 27, 1974, when he

smashed the window of a car and put his arm through, extracting it in a bleeding condition. He again chipped his teeth with a screwdriver and feigned additional injuries. No settlement was made by the insurance company in that case.

James F. Ahern, director of the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute, credited the various police officers who brought Strumolo to justice. He further reported, "This bizarre set of circumstances shows the extremes to which a white collar criminal will extend his actions in order to defraud insurance companies. Actions like this and other more complicated schemes annually result in fraudulent payments by insurance companies to the amount of \$1.5 billion." *Point Pleasant N.J. Leader* (A. Birdsall)

• A twenty-year-old man attempting armed robbery in a Seventh Day Adventist church in Kingston, Jamaica, was beaten to death by the worshipers. The man interrupted a prayer service and wounded one of the churchgoers with his gun. He was then attacked by the congregation. A second holdup man, armed with a knife, fled. *Chicago Daily News* (D. Starr)

• A doctor in Toronto confessed at a coroner's inquest that a collapsed patient's bad breath prevented him from doing close mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Dr. See Wee Yeow said that he could not bring himself to place his lips on those of Mohammed Hassan Yasi, because the patient's breath was disagreeable. Dr. Yeow claimed that Yasi, thirty-three, a Guyanan visiting relatives in Toronto, collapsed in his office after suffering an allergic reaction to a penicillin shot for a venereal disease. Dr. Yeow testified that he kept his mouth about a finger's width from Yasi's.

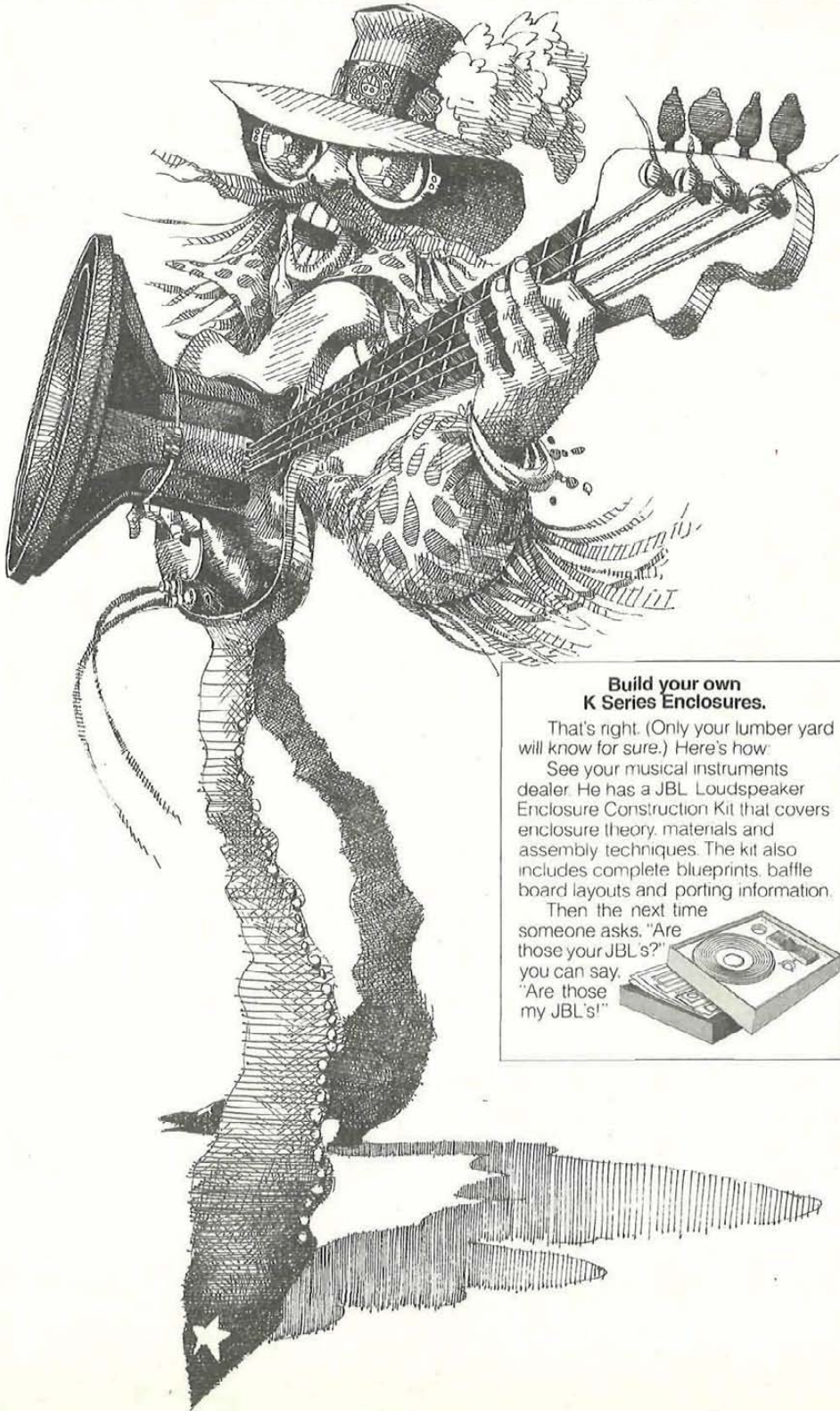
Another witness, Jorge Maldana, testified that he helped with the mouth-to-mouth treatment, but stopped after a few minutes because of the "awful smell."

George Atkinson, a driver-attendant with the Toronto department of ambulance services, told the inquest jury that resuscitation is almost impossible without mouth-to-mouth contact. *Victoria, B.C. Times* (A. Rabin)

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without getting money. Got it?! Okay. This is it. Now listen.

A man walks into an ice cream parlor and says, "I want a large chocolate sundae with a lot of 'jimmies' on it." And the attendant replies, "Well, that depends on what Jimmy's getting!"

That's it. I'm not gonna waste my gems on piss-offs like youse.

Morey

Sirs:

What am I going to do? I have a friend named Bernie, who has been my friend for the past few years, and everything was alright until recently. Every time I call him on the telephone and ask him to come over my house, fuckin' Bernie starts coming all over my house. Fuckin' shootin' his wad up and down our shingles!!!

How can I tell him to lay off without breakin' up a beautiful relationship? It's really got me pissed.

Reginald Dwight  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Sirs:

I've often heard people speak of muck baths and I never knew what they were, so I decided to look it up in the dictionary. But look what I wind up with: *Muckenbath*, Ezimial (1825-64): Celebrated half bird, half man from rural Tennessee who volun-

teered for service as a "flying scout" for invading Union forces in the spring of 1864 and flew many intelligence-gathering missions over Confederate lines before being downed by musket fire at the battle of Dewlap's Woodshed. Only Civil War casualty to be stuffed and mounted in a glass case. The bizarre trophy was destroyed in a fire at the Bean Station, Tennessee American Legion Hall in 1932.

Guess I'll never know what a muck bath is.

Esther Williams  
Memory, La.

Sirs:

The curious "Battle of Maraschino" in 1878 led directly to the unification of Italy and its republican form of government. Meeting near this tiny village in Umbria, pro- and anti-Royalist factions surrendered to each other on June 3, 1878; since both sides lost, both sides also could claim to have won, without a shot having been fired. The Italian military tradition of surrendering before the battle is joined, often mistaken as a lack of fighting will, stems from this honored historical precedent. *Footnote*: The retreating forces, as they passed through the village, were pelted with cherries by the womenfolk, an ancient Umbrian gesture indicating contempt for cowardice in war. The "Maraschi-

no Cherry" has survived down to the present as a token of derision for sissies, effeminates, and fraidy-cats.

Omar Bradley  
Wesley, Ohio

sirs:

i dreamed, no, dreamt/a man  
at his wits  
a parson, no, person/amen  
he now sits  
no one, no, no one/but the  
lady he hits  
will ever, no, why/he bit  
off her tits

e.e. cummings  
8453657894756

Sirs:

You wanna know why Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone? Because he could never remember his lines.

Lee Strasberg  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hey, everybody, let's all get bent, piss ourselves, and send our shorts to China. They'll be so busy doing laundry, we could probably sneak up on them and pull something really crazy. What do you say? C'mon. No one wants to do anything anymore. What do you say?

Paul Krassner  
1-2-3 Club, Brooklyn

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UA-LA441-G



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A FAR OUT PRODUCTION ON UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS & TAPES



# Just Desserts

## We Asked For It

- |                            |   |                              |
|----------------------------|---|------------------------------|
| Scooter Pie                | PDQ (milk flavoring)                    | Egg Beaters                  |
| Clamato Juice              | TNT (popcorn)                           | Dozy Oats                    |
| Marshmallow Pies           | Perx (frozen nondairy cream)            | Pringles Potato Chips        |
| Frost 'n Swirl             | King Sour                               | Sociables                    |
| Rich 'n Easy               | Skillet Stroganoff                      | Shake 'n Bake                |
| Chicken in a Biskit        | Skillet Lasagna                         | Stove Top Stuffing           |
| Skittle Chips              | Drumstick Rice Mix                      | Hamburger Helper             |
| Chips Ahoy                 | Beefamato                               | Yoohoo                       |
| Mystic Mint Cookies        | Pineapple Fingers                       | Cheerlaid                    |
| Fudgetown                  | Dog Yummies                             | Starlight Kisses (candy)     |
| Choco Cremes               | Nilla Wafers                            | Freakies                     |
| No Cal Tea                 | Eggo Waffles                            | Batter 'n Bake               |
| Yodels                     | Kwik Make (pancake batter mix)          | Crisp 'n Tender              |
| Ring Dings                 | Tam Tam Crackers                        | Vienna Fingers               |
| Pretzel Teenies            | Fruit Brute                             | Pitter Patter                |
| Nutzels                    | C.C. Biggs                              | Nutter Butter                |
| Dipsy Doodles              | Tip Top Grape Punch                     | Kluski Noodles               |
| Twinkies                   | Cheez Whiz                              | Bright Day (artificial mayo) |
| Kraft Chef Surprise        | The Hojo                                | Gravy Makins                 |
| Homespun Supper            | Eggs McMuffin                           | Bake-It-Easy                 |
| Colonial Supper            | Ground Beef Extender                    | Sir Grapefellow              |
| Ranchero                   | Count Chockula                          | King Vitamin                 |
| Meow Mix                   | Frankenberry                            | Soy Joys                     |
| Quaker 100% Natural Cereal | Morning Star Farm (vegetable meats)     | Figaro Cat Food              |
| Quisp                      | Baron Von Redberry                      | Lolly-pups                   |
| Fruity Pebbles             | Rice-A-Roni                             | People Crackers for dogs     |
| Uncle Sam Cereal           | Pigs In A Blanket                       | Mallopufts                   |
| (Natural Laxative)         | Snappies                                | Cheez-it                     |
| Twizzlers                  | Bread and Butter Pickles                | Cheez Nips                   |
| Switzers                   | Junket                                  | Kaboom                       |
| Tid Bits                   | Fried Pork Rinds                        | Tuna Helper                  |
| Hoo Dads                   | Pride Cookies                           | Open Pit (barbecue sauce)    |
| Krazy Glazy                | Corn Diggers                            | Make A Better Burger         |
| Crunchy Nuggets            | Cheese Doodles                          | Mixed Suits (crackers)       |
|                            | Moosh Mallows                           | Farmers Wife Cheese          |
|                            | Suzy Q's                                | Skim Milk Dry Curd           |
|                            | Snak Mate (pasteurized cheese spread)   | Cottage Cheese               |
|                            | Doggie Donuts                           | Cheez Kisses                 |
|                            | Lingonberries (in sugar)                | Chip-A-Roos                  |
|                            | Smuckers                                | Koogle                       |
|                            | Sweet Butter Chips Pickles              | (chocolate peanut butter)    |
|                            | Cap'n Crunch                            |                              |
|                            | Goober Peanut Butter and Jelly (in one) |                              |
|                            | Elbow Macaroni                          |                              |
|                            | Ford Hook Lima Beans                    |                              |

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# TIPS AND TALES



## MY METER IS RUNNING

Listen . . . don't complain to me about the high cost of gas, buddy. I know all about it. Who do you think started the whole thing? Me. Not that it was my fault. Just my luck that I happened to be the fall guy. I'm not shitting you. Listen, I can't move in this fucking traffic anyway, so I might as well tell you the story.

A few months before the whole shmeat about the oil crisis got into the papers, I was keeping steady company with a girl named Rachel . . . beautiful girl, looked like a Jewish Sophia Loren . . . dark, long hair . . . her nose was a little big, but she made up for it in all the other departments.

She was crazy in love with me and fucked like a dozen bunnies. Not only that, but she had plenty of money . . . wouldn't let me pay for anything. I couldn't believe my luck.

One day she gets into my cab and hits me with the news. She's pregnant. Pregnant? How the fuck can you be pregnant if you're using the Pill? She's not using the Pill, she says. She was never using anything. She lied to me about that. It's against her religion to use birth control. Who the fuck told you that? I said. If you're not Orthodox Jewish, you don't have to worry—you can use anything. She looked at me with those big brown eyes and said, "I'm not Jewish, I'm a Moslem. I'm the niece of King Faisal of Saudi Arabia."

That explained everything . . . all that money . . . the limousines . . . the fancy clothes. Called herself Rachel, but her real name was Izmira. She told me she was from Israel. What the hell, they all look alike, the Israelis and the Arabs. So I was fucking King Faisal's niece and I got her pregnant! You want to know something? I didn't give a shit. I was tickled pink to knock up a fucking Arab, even though I made out like I was sorry for her.

How about an abortion? I said. I know a guy who almost went through medical school . . . does a beautiful job for a couple of hundred bucks . . . which she could easily afford. No, no,

she says. She can't . . . it's against her religion. She is now officially in disgrace. She used some kind of funny Arab word to describe it like *mookla*. She was in a state of *mookla*, whatever the fuck that means. So she had to go back to Saudi Arabia and live in some nunnery or whatever they call their places where they keep pregnant women who aren't married. Unless the father identifies himself, the baby is considered unworthy to be born an Arab, she told me. So they bury the kid in the desert, as if the birth never happened. But she promised that she would never reveal my name, so I shouldn't worry . . . as if I really gave a shit. And she told me she didn't care about living alone or being in disgrace because what I gave her in the way of fucking would give her enough memories for a lifetime. Those Arab girls really know how to cater to a guy. So I couldn't let her go without giving her my best shot . . . eleven hours straight. I made sure she wouldn't be able to walk for a week.

Well, good-bye and good luck, I figured. Another notch on the belt. It was nice while it lasted. Now I'll go back to some of those horny society broads that are always hot for me. Everything is going along fine for about a month when I get this very official looking letter from the State Department asking me to appear at

*continued*

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*continued*

the office of Mr. So-and-So at a certain time and date. I had to get off from work and go to some office in the U.N. building, where this little guy in a dark blue suit fills me in on the story.

It seems like the American Embassy in Saudi Arabia was informed that a certain indiscretion had happened to a certain girl related to none other than King Faisal. This indiscretion was performed by a person known only as Bernard X. of New York City, a cabdriver by profession. I laughed and said good-bye and told this little snootnose homo that I didn't know what he was talking about and that he was costing me a half day's pay. He told me it was no use bluffing. The girl confessed. They tortured her pretty bad and she spilled all the beans. Then he read this official letter that was written by the Ambassador of Saudi Arabia in the name of the King. It went something like... "The indiscretion committed by Bernard X. on Izmirra, the niece of King Faisal and a member of the royal family, is considered a most terrible crime. It is both an insult to the King and a mortal sin in the eyes of Allah, and it must be avenged. In compensation, the kingdom of Saudi Arabia demands the testicles of this criminal be cut off and brought to King Faisal in a box made of cedar, whereupon they will be roasted over a fire and eaten by his victim, Izmirra, before she is put to death. And it will be seen on national television by the entire country. Only thusly can the honor of our country and Allah be satisfied"... or some shit like that.

I said, hold on there, chief... they're not going to get my balls. I'll start a fucking world war on my own before anybody touches me down there. That's private property. They're just jealous. Just because Arabs have tiny cocks, they got to take it out on me. Tell them to fuck their women with their noses. At least they're bigger than what they're using now.

But the guy at the State Department was way ahead of me. He tells me not to worry. They're going to give the Arabs a perfect copy of my balls and they'll never know the difference. Now it's very difficult to get a perfect copy of someone's balls. They're like fingerprints. They sent over a bunch of experts from the CIA. I didn't know they had ball specialists. Evidently I wasn't the only one in this kind of predicament. Well, these guys studied my nuts from every angle. They were very serious... no homo stuff going on. They took pictures, they took samples of my hair, a little bit of skin... they made trac-

*continued*

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*Phonograph Record*

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*syndicated*  
*rock journalist*

"...what comes through is consistently moving and often gorgeous... A large part of her gift is this ability to deal unashamedly with emotions. She's not afraid to let a whole lot of feeling just flow, channeled through that beautiful vocal instrument which favors simple phrasings that speak a true language of the heart." —*Tom Nolan*  
*Rolling Stone*

"'Diamonds & Rust' is a new Joan Baez. It is a brave leap for Baez both musically and emotionally. This is Baez the woman—exposed, vulnerable... You can almost hear her smiling. 'Diamonds & Rust' is Joan Baez's best album for so long, not just for its warmth and emotional contact, but also because she's opened up her music to the influences around her... It is a weird sensation for me, finally, after so long to be intoxicated by a Joan Baez album. An album to put on any time of the day." —*Penny Valentine*, *Sounds* (U.K.)

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continued

ings and what they called "rubbings" for getting the right texture. They even made little plaster models, although I shouldn't say little, because my balls are terrifically big. Then what they do is look over thousands of dead bodies in the hospital morgues until they find a nearly perfect match. When they get the right match they do the final touches, getting all the tiny details just right. Then they shoot the balls full of some kind of chemical so they don't look like they're fifty years old, and that's it . . . a perfect set. They showed them to me when they were finished and I swear, I couldn't tell them from my very own.

This time I figured I was in the clear and the case was closed. A week later the whole thing broke wide open. The balls were absolutely perfect. No problem with the balls. But some asshole shmuck in the CIA laboratory decided that sending over a set of balls wasn't enough. Why not enclose the cock that originally went with them? Somebody thought they were doing me a favor by completing the set, so he put the dead guy's original weewee in the box. The Arabs get the box and show the balls to Izmira. Izmira examines them closely, even gives them a tongue test, and says they're mine. Then they see the fucking dork in there and they ask her if that's mine, too. Of course, she takes one look at it and can't possibly say yes, no matter how much she still loves me and wants to protect me. The fucking dork wasn't even circumcised! Now the shit really hit the fan. The Arabs were good and mad.

Faisal got all the fucking Arab countries together to decide what the hell they could do to take it out on us. Finally they decided to do what they wanted to do for a long time anyway, jack up their fucking oil prices. The fake balls and cock were just the fucking straws that broke the camel's back.

If you followed the news, you know most of what happened after that. I don't have to go into any details. The whole thing got out of my hands. After the Arabs got theirs, the fucking oil companies got their greedy fingers into the pie and pretty soon the gas prices went up 100 percent. That's how the whole energy crisis got started. No shit. All because some Arabian bimbo couldn't get enough of my cock and didn't have enough sense to use a fucking pill or something.

Well, after the fucking gas prices shot up, I felt a little sorry about the whole thing and I called the guy at the State Department and offered to apologize to the Arabs . . . maybe if I did that they would cut back to their

regular prices. But the guy said it was too late. The machinery was already in motion and nothing I said would make any difference. I told him that I hoped nobody was putting the blame on me for this thing. All I did was throw somebody some good fucks. She never told me she was the King's niece. He told me not to lose any sleep over it. In fact, Vice-President Rockefeller is very happy about the whole thing.

I wasn't really worried, because I can take care of myself in those kinds of situations. But just for safety's sake, I packed a rod in my glove compartment and wore a bulletproof jock under my shorts. I also kept an eye out for funny-looking Arabs. You never know, I thought. They still might want my balls. Even though they got most of the money in the world, they never have enough.

Then I really stepped in horseshit, as they say. I finally got lucky. Remember that shmucko who shot King Faisal a few months ago . . . his nephew? It turned out that he shot his uncle because they never produced the real balls of Bernie X. to avenge the honor of his sister. Right. Izmira was the guy's sister. And to top it off, he confessed that he was yencing his sister, too. He was screaming about it all over the fucking palace and they had to put him away fast or there would have been a bigger scandal than mine. Incest in the royal family. So the Arabs decided to forget the whole thing and leave my balls alone for good.

Well, I wish I could say that the story ends right there, on a happy note. But the next day I get a letter from the New York City Taxi Commission. I had to report to a hearing. It seems that when the fucking Arabs made their original complaint to the State Department, some wise guy in their New York Embassy decided to file a complaint with the Taxi Commission, too. I had to go up there and answer the charge that I had "molested" a woman connected with the royal family, a woman with diplomatic immunity. The commission found me guilty and suspended me for thirty days. The cocksuckers on the commission always hated me anyway, because they know all about the broads I get who want to lay me. So this was their chance to nail me. I had to lose thirty days of work. And do you think my fucking union would help me out and fight for me? All they know how to do is sit back and take a chunk of money out of my paycheck every week. Hitler would have done better for me, believe me. □



Dear Debby: Our only son has just been married for the second time. His first wife is a perfectly delightful girl, and it is a complete mystery to us as to why he would ever leave her. But it is his life, and I suppose it is not for parents to interfere. When he came to us with the news, we were naturally heartbroken. He evaded giving us any reasons for his decision, but instead kept asking us to pay for the second marriage. It seems the parents of his second are all but destitute. We finally agreed, after much soul searching. Our boy is very sensitive, and we did not wish to alienate his affections. Although we were paying for the entire wedding, we only once met the prospective bride, whom we found to be cold and aloof. Without going into the details of preparing, suffice it to say they were, at best, unpleasant. Then the day of the wedding came. The wedding, which can be one of the most beautiful ceremonies, was turned into nothing more than a disgrace. The bride appeared at the altar with a two-month-old baby in her arms. That wasn't bad enough, oh, no. She then proceeds to take down the entire top of her dress and begins breast-feeding the child right in the middle of the ceremony. Not just one breast for the baby, mind you, not that we're debating degrees here, but totally naked to the waist. I couldn't believe my eyes. And *then*, with a baby, half naked, in the middle of the vows, she turns around to the congregation and starts waving to people she recognizes. I almost died. I had to be helped from the church.

It takes every ounce of self control I have to contain myself when I am around our new daughter-in-law. I truly don't know what to do. Unless I am nice to her and make her feel welcome, my son threatens not to visit us ever again. Debby, as much as I love my son, I hate this woman. I don't know what to do.

Totally Distressed

*How absolutely awful.*

Dear Debby: I sincerely hope you can help us. My husband and I find ourselves in a most uncomfortable and even desperate situation, and there is no one else I can think of to turn to for advice. Admittedly, it is our mis-

take, but we don't know what to do.

It began when my husband's boss offered us the rental of a lake cottage on his property. We accepted. It is located in an extremely isolated area, miles from anyone except from the house next door, which the boss and his family occupy. The first week passed uneventfully enough, though I suspect our new landlords were beginning to get the hint that we were there for quiet relaxation and privacy. This, for reasons completely unknown to us, seemed to annoy them. They wanted us to party with them all of the time. When we began declining their invitations, they started making up vulgar names to call us. We had

to live with it, we had no choice. They had the only car there (they drove us out) and they had the only telephone. We were trapped. Then things started to get really unpleasant. They would sneak into our cottage late at night and unplug our refrigerator so our food would spoil. They took all of the screens from our windows. But the final straw came when they dumped their trash into our bed. My husband was fed up and went over to have it out with them. The boss told him that if he didn't shut up, he'd be fired. Considering how difficult it is to get a job these days, my husband could do nothing. The following day, they did something so disgusting with their

*continued*

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*continued*

bodily wastes (which I can't bring myself to repeat), we made up our minds to leave. We packed and walked seventeen miles to the nearest public road. We were exhausted but very relieved.

But Debby, it hasn't stopped! They are still tormenting us. We don't know what we can do. Last week they drove past our house and threw rocks through our front window. God knows what these people are capable of or what they'll do next. I can't stand it anymore.

Mrs. Ken Andrews

*That's a dreadful shame.*

Dear Debby: Our next door neighbors went away on an extended vacation and left their children in the care of their maternal grandmother. She is a dear old lady and quite capable of handling the task. The children are four and five, and quite well behaved. Everything there is completely in order except for one thing. The kind, precious love got in her head to fix the children's teeth. When I realized what she was up to, I commented in passing that the children still had their baby teeth and the fine effort she was planning would all be for nothing. Then, most unexpectedly, she turned on me and told me to get the "hell out of" her life. What could I do? I watched her from my window. She started making braces from bent kitchenware and baker's cord. She trussed up the children's mouths so horribly they can neither eat or speak. Their lips and mouths are so gruesomely distorted with parts of colanders, spatulas, ladles, etc., that it's absolutely inhuman to look at. But, as I said, outside of this, she's perfectly wonderful to them. Now she feeds them through a funnel.

I really don't know if I should say anything. I certainly don't want her to turn on me as she did before, but at the same time, I feel very sorry for the poor children. It's a decision I'm having some difficulty with.



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BECOMES  
THE EXCITING  
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Big Bode Special

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1

2

3

4

5

Cheech Wizard and other famous Vaughn Bode characters direct from the pages of National Lampoon to your chest via these new, full color Bode tank tops & t-shirts. Made from 100% cotton in Small, Medium, and Large - \$5.95 each.

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# WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES

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**Know Your Rights:**

- 1 The right of government to the normal conduct of its affairs without interference or interruption.
- 2 The right of society to be protected from potential lawbreakers and from disruptive or violence-prone individuals.
- 3 The right of business to unhindered operation in the pursuit of profit and to free access to the marketplace for its products and services.
- 4 The right of every citizen to the unrestricted use of property in the furtherance of his own benefit.

JUSTICE



U.S. Department of Justice  
The path a way of life

# The new Sansui LM Loudspeakers that set the AES Convention on its ears.



LM 330  
CUT-A-WAY

At the Convention of the Audio Engineering Society in Los Angeles last May, Sansui demonstrated a new concept in loudspeaker design.

The reception from these experts—chief engineers of radio and TV stations, record producers, recording engineers and sales executives of audio companies—was even more sensational than we ourselves expected.

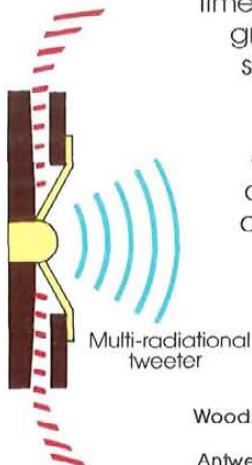
And these are the reasons:

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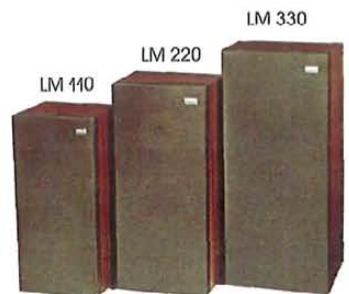
adds a breathtaking sense of ambience, and realism. The LM speakers also display extremely stable and well-defined stereo images. At the same

time, both the transient response and efficiency of the system are greatly increased. An extra large woofer assembly gives exceptionally strong bass response ordinarily available only in much larger and more expensive speakers.

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*The Mississippi*

AUGUST 1975

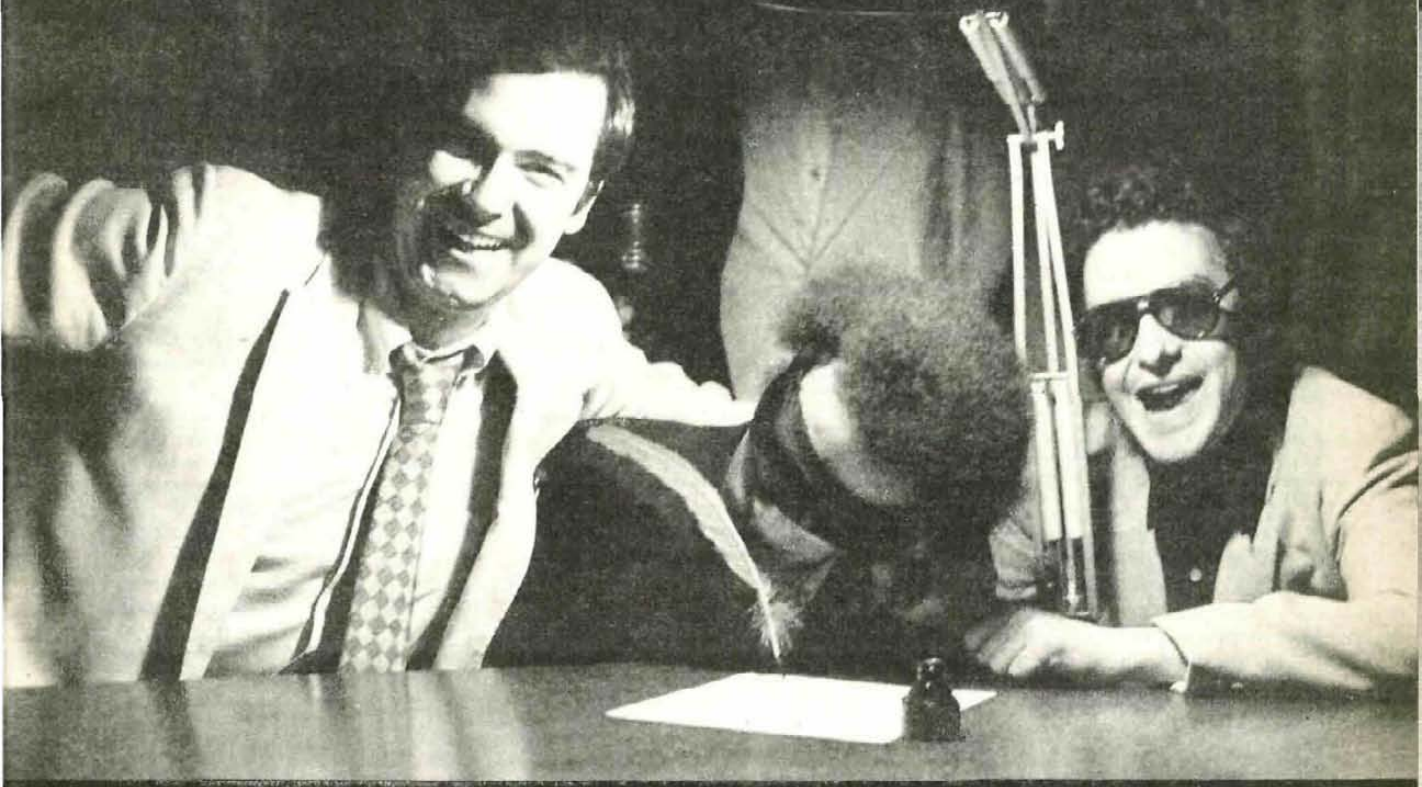
VOLUME 88

NUMBER 8

# BARTENDER

"Tending to the Business of the Mississippi Bar"

BAR EXAMINING COMMITTEE MEETS TO TEST 1975 APPLICANTS (P. 87)



## FEATURING

- **Constitutionality of Home Ownership by Persons with Lips More Than 3 Inches Wide**
- **Closing Those Loopholes in Mississippi Lynch Law**
- **Klan's Legal Kleagle Urges Klampdown on "Colored" Margarine**
- **Verbal Rape—New Concept to Protect Our Womenfolk**
- **Is Coon Hunting Coon Hunting or Coon Hunting?**
- **Revised Bar Exam Ensures Wrong People Never Give Right Answers**
- **No-Fault Rape—New Concept to Protect Our Menfolk**
- **Mississippi Tightens Arson Law to Exclude Synagogues**
- **Incest Laws: Uncle Sam's Slap at the South's Loving Fathers**
- **Is Castrating Unregistered Male Voters Drastic Enough?**

# THE MISSISSIPPI BARTENDER

THE JOURNAL OF THE MISSISSIPPI STATE BAR

Published Monthly by The Mississippi State Bar Organization

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NUMBER 8

RAY BOB CRUDDUP, JR., *Editor*  
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JOE BOB CRUDDUP, JR., *Associate*  
RAY JOE CRUDDUP, JR., *Executive Associate*

**"BAR-  
BARRETT-  
EEZ"**

by Huey B. Barrett, Jr., President  
MISSISSIPPI STATE BAR ORGANIZATION



One of the Dixie Bar & Grill "Kangaroo Court" Friday nite regulars tells the one about the burr-headed fella caught shinnying up the Statue of Liberty. Seems they caught him on a charge of "Statutory Rape"! . . . Now, all you good ol' country Mississippi lawyers out there, you listen up good, hear? Seems those matchbooks offering a Mississippi Law Degree got accidentally distributed around down in the Darkytown section. Now, that could get some of the boys in our Bar Organization itchier than a hound in heat on an ant-hill, excepting that D.A. Omer Twitty II come by the Dixie the other noon hour fit to be tied, he was laughin' so hard. Good ol' Omer reports he figured out a sure-fire fix. "Any of them boys tries for that law degree off the matchbook, he gets booked for possession of incendiary materials with intent to commit arson!" That there is our "matchless" District Attorney, boys! Omer would take right kindly, he wants to say, to any contributions to his upcoming reelection campaign. "Ain't runnin' on a White Supremacy platform," adds Omer, "I'm flat out stompin' on it!" Speakin' of stompin', ain't that just one cotton-pickin' shame what happened to that fuzz-headed boy on the courthouse lawn here in Jackson back on Martin Lu-

ther King Day? But like Chief Luther "Rattlesnake" Grimes said at the time, the sign did read "Keep off the grass!" . . . So I bellies up to the dumb little Italian lawyer down in the Cottonmouth County Courthouse just t'other week and I says to li'l ol' Luigi there, I says—on a point of law, understand—"Say, is that a ukase, boy?" Well, that there spaghetti-roller, he bugs out them big brown eyes an' he says, "Nosirree, at's-a-not-a-my-kase!" . . . Slipperier'n a possum up a gum tree, them Outside Agitators. But hats off to State Highway Militia Col. Alvin "Bullfrog" Groves, Jr., for his recent official report establishing that those two New York City Jew-boys found in the lime pit last fall down Neposha way was a pair of outside agitators with links to the Russian Communist Party who come here to raise Cain by committing suicide and burying themselves in a conspicuous place so as to create another "incident" and give the U.S. Marshals another pretext to come snooping around our fair State. . . . Sorghum County Sheriff Virgil Snopes, Jr., writes in with this here very fine joke. "What do you call the President of Africa?" Virgil answers back, "You call him 'boy'!" . . . Then there was the backcountry lawyer who thought torts were sumpin you buy in a bakery! . . . And, of course, how about the big buck from down Oscaloosa way. It was his wedding day, so Junior Jukes, Jr., tells it, and the reception was goin' along like a weevil in a cotton bale, until Junior and two Deputies busts in and collars the buck on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon. "But I ain't got no concealed weapon on me, an' dat's fo' sho'!" says the offender. So Junior unzips the buck's pants right then and there and says, "Well now, what you call

that, boy—a dew worm??" Congrats, Junior! . . . And while we're handin' out the kudos, how's about a big round of applause and a li'l ol' campaign donation to Judge Roy Bob Cadwallader, our own famous "Mississippi Hooded Judge"? Judge Cadwallader celebrates his eighty-third year on the bench next November and promises on his eighty-fifth we'll all get to see his face. And while the good Judge never got the hang of books and readin' and writin' and sums and such, a lot of folks got hung by him! Who needs fancy schoolin' anyways when you got the Judge's gift of telling if a man's guilty just by the look on his face! . . . And finally for this here month's column, let your President put in a good word for good ol' Deputy Suggs for the fine way young LeVon handled the mix-up over at the Swamprat County Justice of the Peace's place. Yours truly didn't want no whoop-up at his wedding, but li'l Ruby June's daddy, he called out the entire law force of Mississippi and they was more of a uproar in that there li'l ol' room than a mob o' catfish in a bathtub, what with Ruby June cryin' an' Ruby June's daddy wavin' that there gun and the Justice of the Peace and the police and yours truly all a-hollerin' at once. Turns out Ruby June thought she was fifteen at least and would of swore it on a stack of Bibles, and she always acted so ladylike she could pass for eighteen or nineteen. But then, that's a proud uncle talkin' as well as a blushin' bridegroom!! But LeVon sorted it all out real quick, so nobody can't hardly be surprised that Ruby June and yours truly decided on LeVon for our boy's name. Mama and the itty-bitty one doin' just fine, too!

X  
President

**Any dumb old mule knows the New York based news media that smears Mississippi is Israelite-controlled. Our peace officers report more trouble with the Israelite than any other type. The author discusses this conspiracy and, being a honorary Mississippi Lawyer since 1959, suggests how to bust it up.**

## COMMENTS ON FEINBERG V. STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

### AND THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF MISSISSIPPI STATE HIGHWAY LAW

by Brigadier Bo Milsap

Commandant, Mississippi Highway Patrol



**T**his Feinberg has brought suit in Federal Court against the great State of Mississippi, claiming false arrest, harassment, and violation of his civil rights.

Your Highway Patrol Commandant is glad for this opportunity to make some comments in a fine news media that will not distort the facts.

#### I.

The Patrol as a sworn defender of the sovereign State of Mississippi is always on guard against plots to ridicule our work by outside agitators. Ridicule is Step One by these agitators and their backers to undermine our laws with the idea of breaking down morale and "softening up" the folks in preparation for a takeover by a ruthless totalitarian social order of Israelite-Communist leanings which would exploit the ignorant Negro, fluoridate our drinking water, encourage racial mixing, and shut down our Churches, while using race music and narcotics to lure the young into farm collectives and turn them against Authority. This is what the Chinese did.<sup>1</sup>

#### II.

I have never personally met this Feinberg but it is significant that, like other Israelite-type lawbreakers, he lives in New York City and the surrounding area where the Israelite-controlled news media such as NBC<sup>2</sup> and *Family Circle* originate their propaganda and the Soviets as well as Chinese "coincidentally" have established large spy networks, or "consulates."<sup>3</sup>

#### III.

The Communists plan on an unarmed takeover of the U.S.,<sup>4</sup> and their spies know that the revenue earned from highway traffic violations in Mississippi help to pay for the latest modern weaponry and ammunition so that the Highway Patrol is in a position to defend itself against peace-hating forces. It is revealing to note how you always shoot first and ask questions later when being at-

tacked by a rampaging bear, and that the bear is the Soviet symbol.<sup>5</sup>

#### IV.

This Feinberg has retained no Mississippi-registered legal counsel. His lawyers are all fellow Israelites from a New York firm with ties to the Democrat Party of which Mr. Alger Hiss was a member until his conviction on a perjury charge.<sup>6</sup>

#### V.

In May of 1973 the Patrol arrested a Shapiro for violating the speed laws. In July of that same year a Davidoff was arrested, also for violating the speed laws. The arrest of Feinberg was made in September, 1973. What these Israelites—two from New York, one from New Jersey—were doing in Mississippi within the span of four months has been kept secret, and a subpoena issued in March, 1974 on Davidoff and Shapiro dismissed by a local Mississippi judge who was not recommended for reelection by the State Bar Organization and was arrested by the Highway Patrol three times, the last time for concealing the fact that he was not carrying a concealed weapon.

#### VI.

The well-known Cuban invasion of Mississippi planned for the summer of 1965<sup>7</sup> was led by a Feinberg or Feinstein identified as a double agent of the Soviet KGB posing as a linoleum flooring salesman. This fact has been suppressed by the Federal judge hearing evidence in the case of Feinberg v. Mississippi as "irrelevant and misleading." The judge, H. McNab, is known to be married to a female of old Israelite blood.

#### VII.

The NBC Nightly News<sup>8</sup> on TV has given the case of Feinberg v. Mississippi no publicity, and the *New York Times*, also Israelite-controlled, has not written it up.

#### VIII.

This Feinberg lists his occupation as "dentist." As is well known by law enforcement

agencies, dentists constitute a basic source of the drugs entering this country. The links between Negroes and drugs are also well known, especially in the New York area with its heavy concentration of Negro and Israelite-type persons.<sup>9</sup>

#### IX.

This Feinberg claims that he was driving through the State of Mississippi "on vacation." If so, why was he exceeding the speed limit? And why did he have on his possession at the time of arrest copies of a Communist-line publication?<sup>10</sup> These are only two unanswered questions in the case of Feinberg v. the State of Mississippi.

#### X.

The Israelite is a born arguer.<sup>11</sup> Highway Patrol personnel have reported numerous difficulties in arresting Israelite-type lawbreakers and in subduing them. Slowing down our patrol officers is a good tactic for agitators to use in their campaign to bring democratic government to a halt and speed the installation of a Communist totalitarian dictatorship.<sup>12</sup>

#### XI.

With "smart" Israelite lawyers arguing the case of their Israelite client before the pro-Israelite Federal judge in a court basically run by graduates of Israelite-leaning colleges,<sup>13</sup> the case of Feinberg v. the State of Mississippi may be lost. But if it helps to alert the Mississippi Bar, and through them all of Mississippi citizenry, to the creeping menace I have tried here to point out, it will have not been in vain. When confronted by agitators from outside, easily identified by their license plates and odd-type clothing and swarthy-type complexions, Mississippi citizenry will feel it only their duty to take the law into their own hands. "Extremism in the pursuit of liberty," a great statesman<sup>14</sup> once said, "is no vice."

1. See "Red Fog Over China," *Reader's Digest*, October, 1950, p. 83.

2. NBC, code name of National Broadcasting Company, is an arm of Radio Corporation of America, founded by Russian David Sarnoff.

3. See "Khrushchev's New York Welcome," *Life Magazine*, September 15, 1959, p. 25. See "Chinese U.N. Mission Shuns Contact With Americans," *New York Times*, December 12, 1973, p. 34, col. 5.

The Russian and Chinese "consulates" have been discussed by radio commentator Paul Harvey and described as both "Russky sabotage centers" and "Pinko Chinko peepholes and pipelines to Peking." (March, 1974.)

4. See "How Liberal Dupes in Congress Help Stalin Seal Our Doom" by J. Edgar Hoover, *Pagan Magazine*, October, 1948, p. 48.

5. See Cartoon, *New York Journal-American*, July 4, 1952, p. 16.

6. See *My Six Crises*, by Richard M. Nixon, pp. 22-57 incl.

7. See "Castro's Crazy Gamble—Fidel's Booze, Babes, and Burp-Guns Almost Conquered My Town," *Real True Man's Guts Magazine*, May, 1965, p. 30.

8. NBC Nightly News Anchorman John Chancellor is former commissar of the left-leaning United States Information Service.

9. See *The French Connection*

See *Across 110th Street*

See *Sheba Baby*

See *Super Fly*

See *The Pawnbroker*

See *Fiddler on the Roof*

See *Godfather I*

See *Godfather II*

10. Feinberg was carrying two issues of *The New York Review of Books* in his car. Contributors to *The New York Review of Books* include the pro-Israel propagandist Hannah Arendt, Communist party line follower Dwight Macdonald, and American critic Mary McCarthy, as well as pro-Vietcong sympathizers and Russian-speaking writers with an "interest" in Soviet affairs.

11. See the TV series "The Goldbergs" (1952).

12. See "When Will America Wake Up?," *Parade Magazine*, December 12, 1954, p. 3.

13. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Northwest, UCLA, Brown, Cornell, CUNY, and Columbia all have policies of unrestricted admittance for Israelites.

14. Barry Goldwater, U.S. Senator, in speech to the Republican Nominating Convention, San Francisco, August, 1964.

## Decisions of the Banking-Real Estate Committee

The following are digests of recent decisions of the Banking-Real Estate Committee which reviews complaints brought to its attention under provisions of the Accord adopted jointly in 1867 by the Mississippi League of Occidental Money-lenders, the Mississippi Caucasian Caucus, the Mississippi Real Estate Vigilante Association, the Mississippi State Bar Organization, and the Save Dixie Emergency Fund. The Accord grew out of the Butcher and Jefferson decision handed down by the Mississippi Supreme Court. Copies of the Accord may be obtained from Grand Dragon Luther Pimm.

### Docket No. 55-23

A banker was advised that it was within his rights to foreclose on a sharecropper's assets when that sharecropper had deserted the county for more than three consecutive days. The sharecropper's claim that he was "visiting a dying sister" was dismissed after coroner's records showed that the sister had died some hours before the sharecropper left the county and he could have phoned and saved the trouble. The sharecropper was advised that his lack of a phone was no excuse under the law, and that since the bank owned the phone company, he must have been fully aware of the low long-distance rates most weekdays after 7:00

P.M., and on Sundays and holidays.

### Docket No. 64-92

A bank was advised that it was exempt from the Equal Rights provisions of the Fair Employment Law in the case of hiring tellers. Colored tellers, with hands the same color as pennies, would only become confused and slow the bank's business, reducing profits.

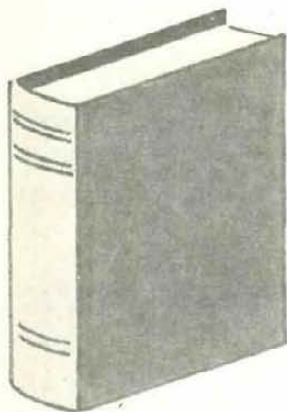
### Docket No. 67-13

A banker was advised that the shooting of a twelve-year-old boy on a golf course was permitted, inasmuch as the bank held the mortgage on the property and the banker was therefore a legal

tenant within his rights in deterring trespassers on said property, and also inasmuch as the boy was selling golf balls found in the course's water hazards, which legally therefore belonged not to the boy but to the bank. The boy's parents were reminded that had the boy lived he would have been liable to stiff penalties for trespassing and for dealing in stolen articles.

### Docket No. 72-38

A banker was advised that he could retroactively raise the rent on a domicile to a date no earlier than the tenant's birthdate plus the nine-month gestation period.



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Carnal Knowledge With ...

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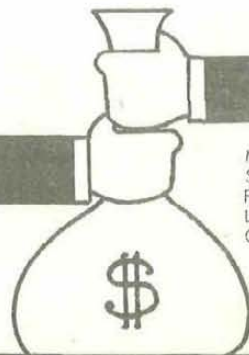
VOYEUR PUBLISHING CO., INC.  
Jackson, Mississippi

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Mississippi Second Federal Loan!

("FeLon," for short!!!)

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the Doubletalkers!



Fiduciary Trust & Escrow  
Title Savings Bank  
of Mississippi

STILL  
ANOTHER  
TRULY

# Western Romance

by  
M.K. BROWN



STARRING  
LOLLY & BILLY  
BARNES



THE BARRROWS FAMILY  
CECIL & MAY  
BABY AMANDO IS 'AWAY AT  
SCHOOL'



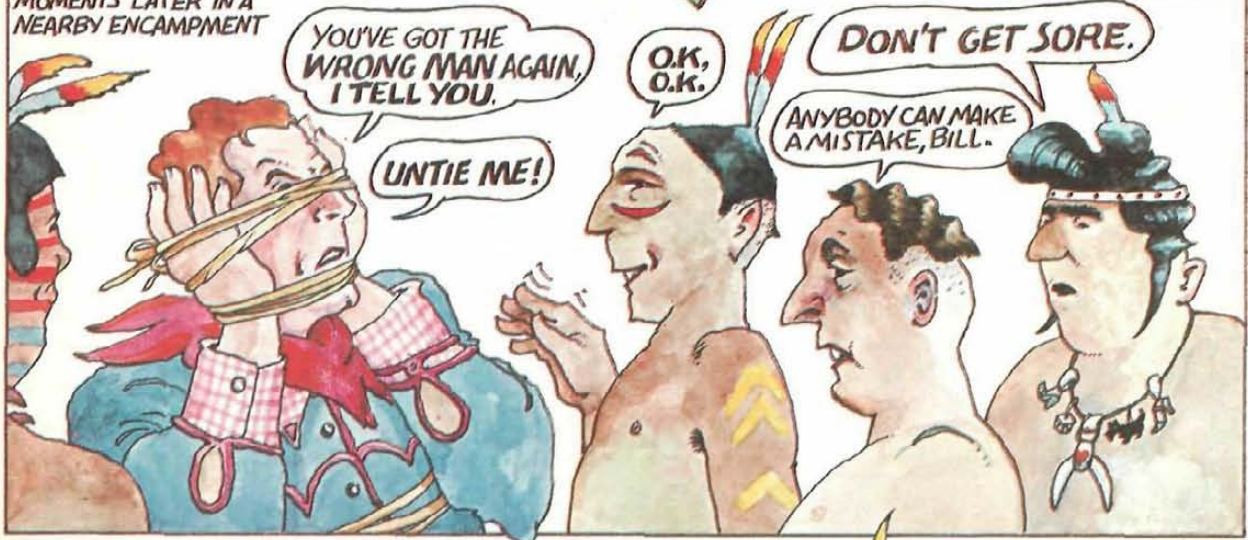
AND THE TRIPLETS ~~ARE~~ STILL UNNAMED

**I**N PARTS I & II, LOLLY BARRROWS (ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF CECIL & MAY) MARRIED YOUNG BILLY BARNES, FORMER SCOUT. WITH A HISTORY OF BEING CAPTURED BY INDIANS, IT WAS NO SURPRISE FOR YOUNG BILLY TO BE TAKEN ONCE AGAIN BY NEIGHBORING TRIBES ONLY MINUTES AFTER THE WEDDING. AS ALWAYS, HE WAS RETURNED EXHAUSTED YET UNHARMED. THE HAPPY COUPLE SETTLED DOWN NEAR CECIL & MAY AND BEGAN TO WORK THE LAND. FOUR YEARS PASSED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT WHEN SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT WARNING LOLLY FALLS 'ILL'. DR. OLSON IS SUMMONED. LOLLY GIVES BIRTH TO TRIPLETS, MINUTES LATER, BILLY IS CAPTURED BY INDIANS AND OUR STORY RESUMES...





MOMENTS LATER IN A NEARBY ENCAMPMENT



BILLY TRIES WITHOUT SUCCESS TO COME TO TERMS WITH HIS ABDUCTORS





WEEKS LATER, BILL STILL BEARS THE BRUNT OF SAVAGE WILLS.

HERE, BILL, TRY THIS!  
GO AHEAD, BILL.

No!  
I WON'T.

COME ON, BILLY,  
JUST A TASTE.

No NO

AND THE FARM, IN SPITE OF LOLLY'S EFFORTS,  
TURNS TO SEED.

WHEN ARE YOU  
GOING TO NAME  
THOSE CHILDREN,  
LOLLY?

SOON,  
MAMA,  
SOON.

How ABOUT  
LANA, DONNA  
AND MICKEY?

NOT NOW,  
MAMA—  
WHEN  
BILLY  
COMES  
HOME.

MONTHS PASS—THE CHILDREN GROW, NAMELESS AND UNRULY

How ABOUT  
INDIAN NAMES?

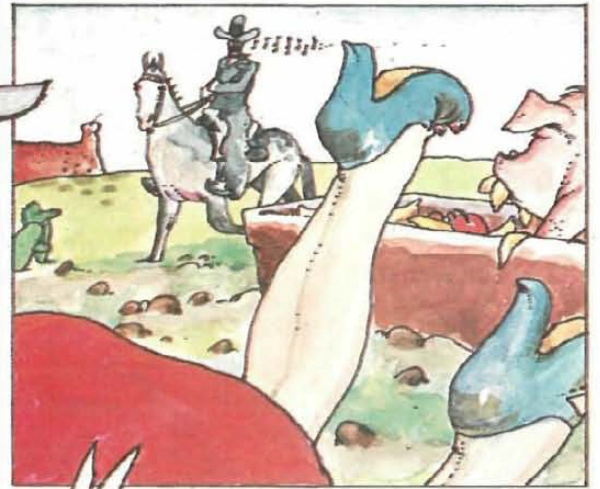
LITTLE  
ROBIN,  
LITTLE  
FOX,  
LITTLE

NOT NOW,  
MAMA.

ONE DAY IN EARLY SPRING, LOLLY READS THE STOCK FOR TESTING,  
OBLIVIOUS TO THE STRAINS OF A DISTANT HARMONICA.



continued



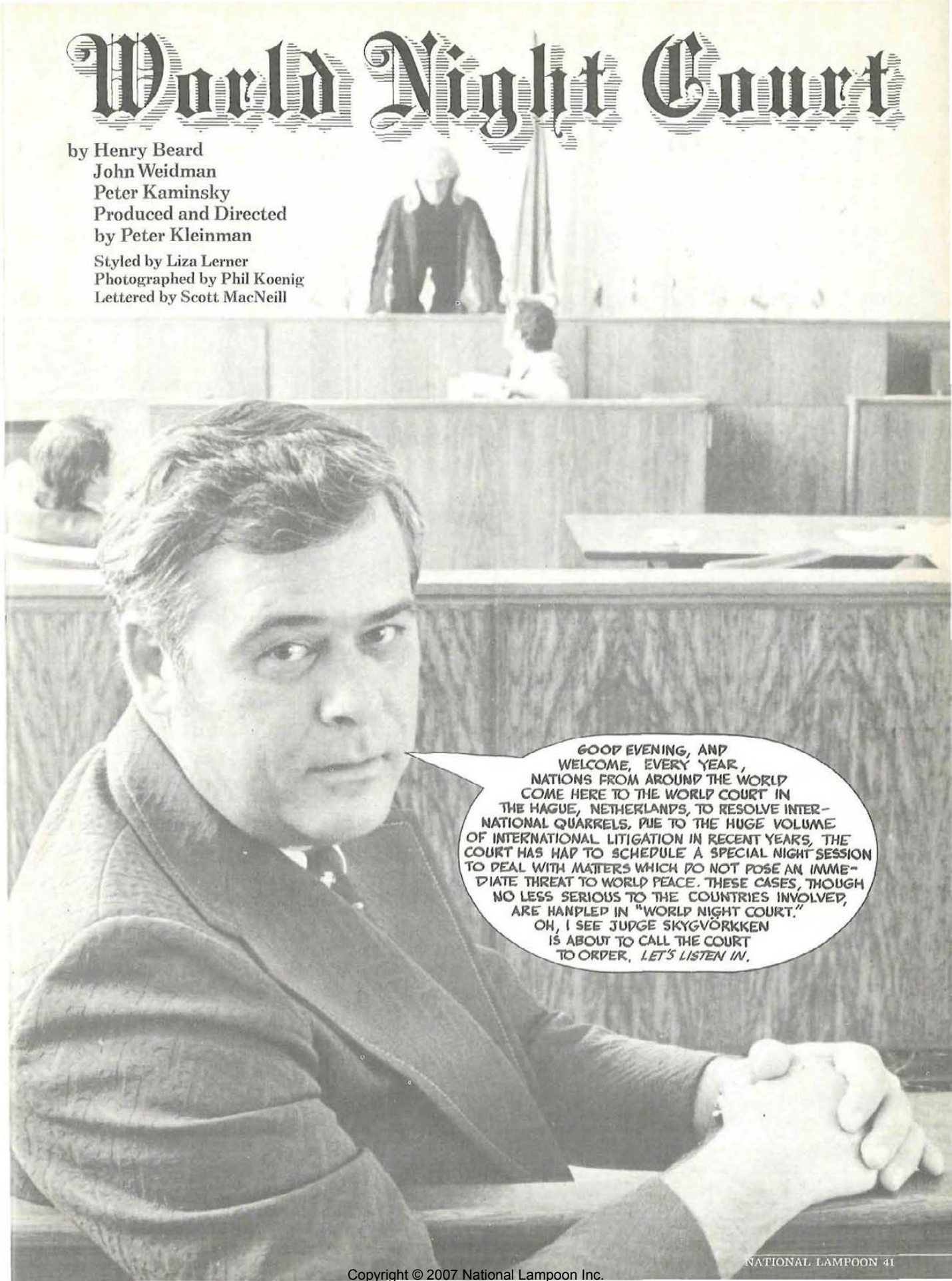
AT THAT VERY MOMENT YOUNG BILLY BARNES, DISHEVELED AND ENRAGED, BEGINS THE JOURNEY HOME UNMOLLIFIED BY OFFERINGS OF PEACE.



TO BE CONTINUED

# World Night Court

by Henry Beard  
John Weidman  
Peter Kaminsky  
Produced and Directed  
by Peter Kleinman  
Styled by Liza Lerner  
Photographed by Phil Koenig  
Lettered by Scott MacNeill



GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME, EVERY YEAR, NATIONS FROM AROUND THE WORLD COME HERE TO THE WORLD COURT IN THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS, TO RESOLVE INTERNATIONAL QUARRELS. PUE TO THE HUGE VOLUME OF INTERNATIONAL LITIGATION IN RECENT YEARS, THE COURT HAS HAD TO SCHEDULE A SPECIAL NIGHT SESSION TO DEAL WITH MATERS WHICH DO NOT POSE AN IMMEDIATE THREAT TO WORLD PEACE. THESE CASES, THOUGH NO LESS SERIOUS TO THE COUNTRIES INVOLVED, ARE HANDLED IN "WORLD NIGHT COURT."  
OH, I SEE JUDGE SKYGVÖRKKEN IS ABOUT TO CALL THE COURT TO ORDER. LET'S LISTEN IN.



WOULD THE CLERK CALL THE FIRST CASE, PLEASE.

WNC 368-24, LATVIA, LITHUANIA ET AL., V. UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS.



ARE THE PLAINTIFFS READY TO PROCEED?



MMMMHFFF MGGGGLLL LLNNNFFF NNRRRFFF MAMM-BBLL GMMMPF FFFF!



PLAINTIFF DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE PREPARED. ADVANCE THE CASE SIX MONTHS. NEXT CASE.

WNC 314-89. UNITED KINGDOM V. REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.



YOUR HONOR, I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE THAT MY CLIENT, THE DISTINGUISHED KINGDOM OF BRITAIN, BIRTHPLACE OF THE COMMON LAW, CRADLE OF THE MAGNA CARTA, IS SUING FRANCE HERE, HOME OF THE GUILLOTINE AND THE GARROTE, THE COUNTRY THAT INVENTED THE PRESUMPTION OF GUILT...

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT!

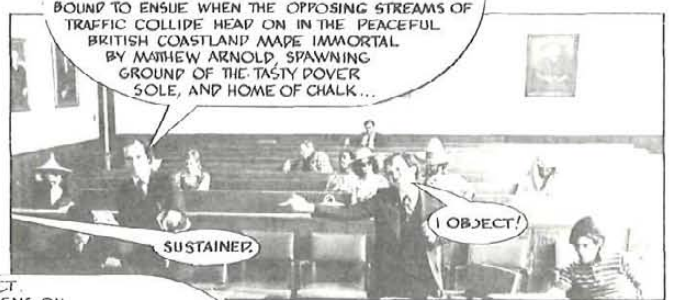
SUSTAINED.



YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENDENT HAS VIOLATED THE SPIRIT OF A CONTRACT IT ENTERED INTO WITH MY CLIENT FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TUNNEL UNDER THE CHANNEL, THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, I MIGHT ADD...

I OBJECT.

SUSTAINED.



DEFENDENT REFUSES TO CONSTRUCT THE NECESSARY HIGHWAY INTERCHANGE TO PROVIDE FOR THE CROSSOVER OF VEHICULAR TRAFFIC FROM RIGHT TO LEFT-HAND DRIVING ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE CHANNEL. YOUR HONOR, I ASK YOU TO IMAGINE THE CHAOS AND THE CARNAGE WHICH ARE BOUND TO ENSUE WHEN THE OPPOSING STREAMS OF TRAFFIC COLLIDE HEAD ON IN THE PEACEFUL BRITISH COASTLAND MADE IMMORTAL BY MATTHEW ARNOLD, SPAWNING GROUND OF THE TASTY DOVER SOLE, AND HOME OF CHALK...

I OBJECT!

SUSTAINED.

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT. MY CLIENT HAS NO EVIL DESIGNS ON PLAINTIFF'S FISH. INDEED, THAT OTHERWISE HUMBLE SOLE HAS ATTAINED THE ESTEEM IN WHICH IT IS NOW HELD THROUGH THE CULINARY WIZARDRY OF MY CLIENT'S CELEBRATED CHEFS. THE PLAINTIFF SEEKS TO PLACE THIS ENORMOUS INTERCHANGE, DICTATED BY HIS ANTIQUATED TRAFFIC CODE, IN THE BUCOLIC NORMANDY COUNTRYSIDE, CRADLE OF D-DAY AND CHEESE, THUS SHIFTING THE CRUSHING FINANCIAL BURDEN OF ITS CONSTRUCTION ONTO FRENCH SHOULDER, WHICH STILL BEAR THE BRUISES OF THE HEAVY YOKE OF NAZI OPPRESSION...



I OBJECT!

SUSTAINED. I'LL NEED FURTHER TIME TO STUDY THIS MATTER. CLERK, ADVANCE THIS CASE SIX MONTHS.

YOUR HONOR, GABON HERE, IN AN OBVIOUS ATTEMPT TO CASH IN ON THE HARD-EARNED GOODWILL AND FINE REPUTATION WHICH ATTACHES TO THE PHRASE "MADE IN JAPAN," HAS BEEN MANUFACTURING AND MARKETING MINATURE RADIOS WHICH DISPLAY THE DELIBERATELY CONFUSING IMPRINT "MADE IN GABON." THESE DOUBLE-PEELING SHVARTZERS...

I OBJECT, YOUR HONOR.

WNC 29-145 GABON V. JAPAN.

SUSTAINED.

WNC 29-167 PEOPLE OF THE WORLD V. THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND.

MR. GREENBAUM, I UNDERSTAND IRELAND WISHES TO ENTER A PLEA OF GUILTY TO THE CHARGE OF 112 COUNTS OF PEZUMKENNESS AND DISTURBING WORLD PEACE.

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HONOR.

H, A, DOUBLE-R AIIIGH!

SHUT UP, YOU PUMBE MICK!

ALTHOUGH MY CLIENT IS OF A DUSKY COMPLEXION, BETTER HIS UMBRIIDUE THAN THE SINISTER JAUNDICE HUE OF THE ZIPPER-OSCULATED GENTLEMAN WHO SITS, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY COWERS, AT THE HEELS OF MY HONORABLE COLLEAGUE, CONCOCTING GOD KNOWS WHAT PERFIPOUS DESIGNS AGAINST THE SWEET TRANQUILITY OF GABON, CRADLE OF COPRA, WHOSE PEARL-LIKE HARBORS...

YOUR HONOR, I HAVE SAT HERE PATIENTLY WHILE...

SUSTAINED THIS CASE REQUIRES FURTHER STUPEY CLERK, WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A SIX-MONTH ADVANCEMENT ON THIS.

YOUR HONOR, IF MY CLIENT HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN A BOTTLE OF SPIRITS FROM TIME TO TIME, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE OF HIS LONG HISTORY OF STARVATION, REPRESSION, AND FOG. YOUR HONOR, I CAN'T GO ON.

G, A, N SPELLS HARRIGAN!

TWO YEARS ON THE SINAI PEACE-KEEPING FORCE. CLERK, NEXT CASE.

YOUR HONOR, MY CLIENT, A TINY, HARD-WORKING COUNTRY—TULIPS, WINDMILLS, CHOCOLATES, I ASK YOU...

WNC 41-908 FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY V. KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

MY CLIENT, THE KRAUTS—FORGIVE ME, YOUR HONOR, GERMANY—IS THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S PROUDEST RIVER, THE MAJESTIC RHINE. EACH YEAR TONS UPON TONS OF FERTILE GERMAN SOIL ARE SWEEPED DOWN RIVER AND OUT TO SEA, WHERE THE STICKY-FINGERED DUTCH WRONGFULLY MISAPPROPRIATE SAID HUNNISH MUD IN ORDER TO EXTEND THEIR BORDERS ILLEGALLY INTO THE INTERNATIONAL WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA. YOUR HONOR, WE SEEK A SEARCH WARRANT TO ASCERTAIN JUST HOW MUCH OF THIS LOWEST OF THE LOW COUNTRIES IS MADE UP OF GERMAN SOIL AND HENCE IS, IN FACT, GERMANY.

OBJECTION, YOUR HONOR, COUNSEL IS NOT ADDRESSING HIMSELF TO THE ISSUE AT HAND.

YOUR HONOR, I WILL NOT BE INTERRUPTED BY A CHISELING TRUCE-TEAM CHASER WHO REPRESENTS THE JACK-BOOTED HORPES WHO—IF EVER THERE WAS A CASE OF UNCLEAN HANDS—LET'S SEE THOSE MITTS. TALK ABOUT MUD? LOOK AT THOSE SOILED PAWS, HANDS THAT SOUGHT TO STRANGLE THE VERY LIFE OF MY CLIENT AND FOZENS OF OTHER INNOCENT STATES...

YOU WANT TO SEE A PAIR OF HANDS? PUT UP YOUR DUKES, MURRAY! I'LL SHOW YOU HANDS!



YOU NICHT-GUTFA!  
I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A  
CHMALLYEH THAT WHEN  
YOU WAKE UP, YOUR  
CLOTHES'LL BE OUT  
OF STYLE.

YOU CHEAP  
SHYSTER! I'LL GIVE  
YOU A ZETZ. IN THAT  
UGLY PUNIM OF  
YOURS!

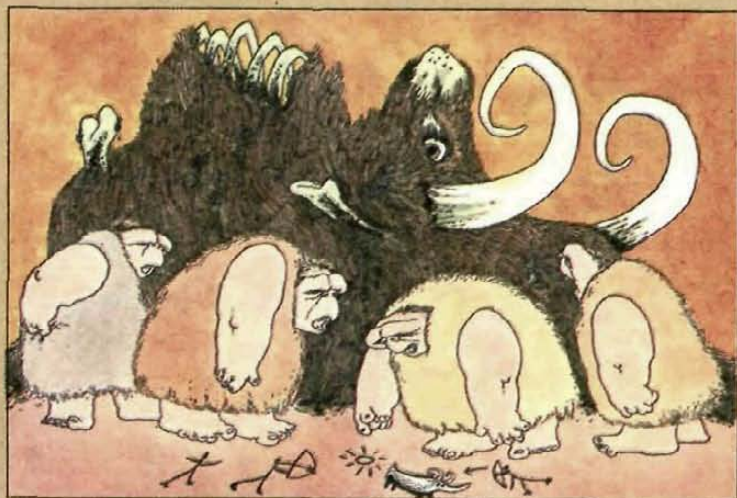
AND SO, ANOTHER  
SESSION OF "WORLD NIGHT  
COURT" COMES TO A CLOSE. TUNE  
IN NEXT WEEK WHEN FEATURED CASES  
WILL INCLUDE UPPER VOLTA VERSUS  
CHAD, DAHOMEY, ET AL., AND  
SURINAM VERSUS GUYANA.  
GOOD NIGHT, AND THANK  
YOU FOR JOINING US.



The End

# Great Moments in Justice

by Gahan Wilson



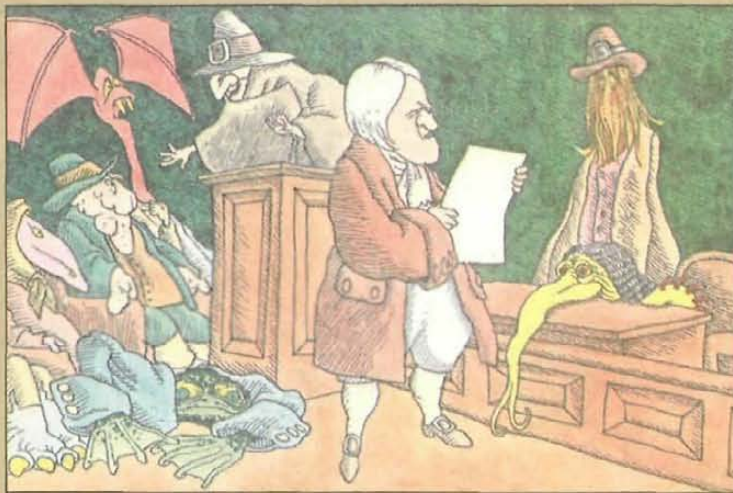
## Cavemen

The first recorded legal decision concerned a dispute between two cavemen as to which one had killed, and therefore owned, a certain woolly mammoth. Careful investigation revealed that both hunters' spears had missed the huge beast entirely, and that it had died of indigestion from eating a clump of wild gutta-percha. The animal's corpse was confiscated to defray costs, but had turned into slimy green stuff which was inedible even by the court.

## Man on Rack

Lawyers of the Dark Ages concerned themselves probably more than was good for them with man's immortal soul, and here two of them are arguing whether or not a statement made by the gentleman on the rack was heretical and punishable by God. After three nights of torture and discussion, it was determined that the poor fellow had only been making some kind of joke which, although in bad taste, was not sufficient grounds for his eternal damnation. Unfortunately, he died some hours before this encouraging decision was reached, and so never heard the happy news.





### Witch

At the peak of the Salem witchcraft trials, one Dame Goody Twoshoes was accused of souring a neighbor's clabber and causing infertility in his phlox by means of spells and doing something nasty with a goat. Her lawyer's argument that not only did his client not practice witchcraft, but that no such thing existed to be practiced, reads convincingly today; however, it was weakened at the time by Dame Two-shoes' turning the entire court into colorful monsters as he pleaded her case. The judge was never able to utter another word, just make burbling noises, but he did manage to hold a quill pen firmly enough with a tentacle to order the witch burned.

### Pirate

Though piracy has been consistently frowned upon, the laws concerning it have always been, though harsh enough, somewhat makeshift and unorganized. One problem is that the pirates themselves have been timid about being personally involved in the debate, and absented themselves from discussions of the matter whenever possible. Now and then, a pirate has found himself caught up in the dispute despite his best intentions, as when Bloody Davy Leeche, a buccaneer captain, inadvertently captured a ship containing a judge and his court bound for Barbados. Annoyed, the judge held an impromptu trial and, seconds before Leeche killed him, condemned the pirate to death, much to the amusement of those present.



### Handcuffs

The courts themselves are usually not affected by the outcome of a trial, but there are exceptions to this rule, as was demonstrated by the spectacular judgment in *Jennings v. the State of Rhode Island*, in which it was conclusively proven that Gordon Hewitt Jennings, a retired pipe fitter, had been unjustly accused of sexually abusing a popular man's magazine. Jennings was acquitted, and the State of Rhode Island was sentenced to three months in jail.



### Dictator

Unusual political regimes can produce unusual laws, and dictators are famous for getting funny little ideas. General Carlos Conheuvos took it into his head to make being a member of any African race a serious offense. Imagine his surprise when the members of the Court for Lineal Purity, which he himself had created, not only discovered the General was a "carrier," but were foolish enough, in their enthusiasm over this exciting discovery, to bring the matter to their leader's attention.



### World Court

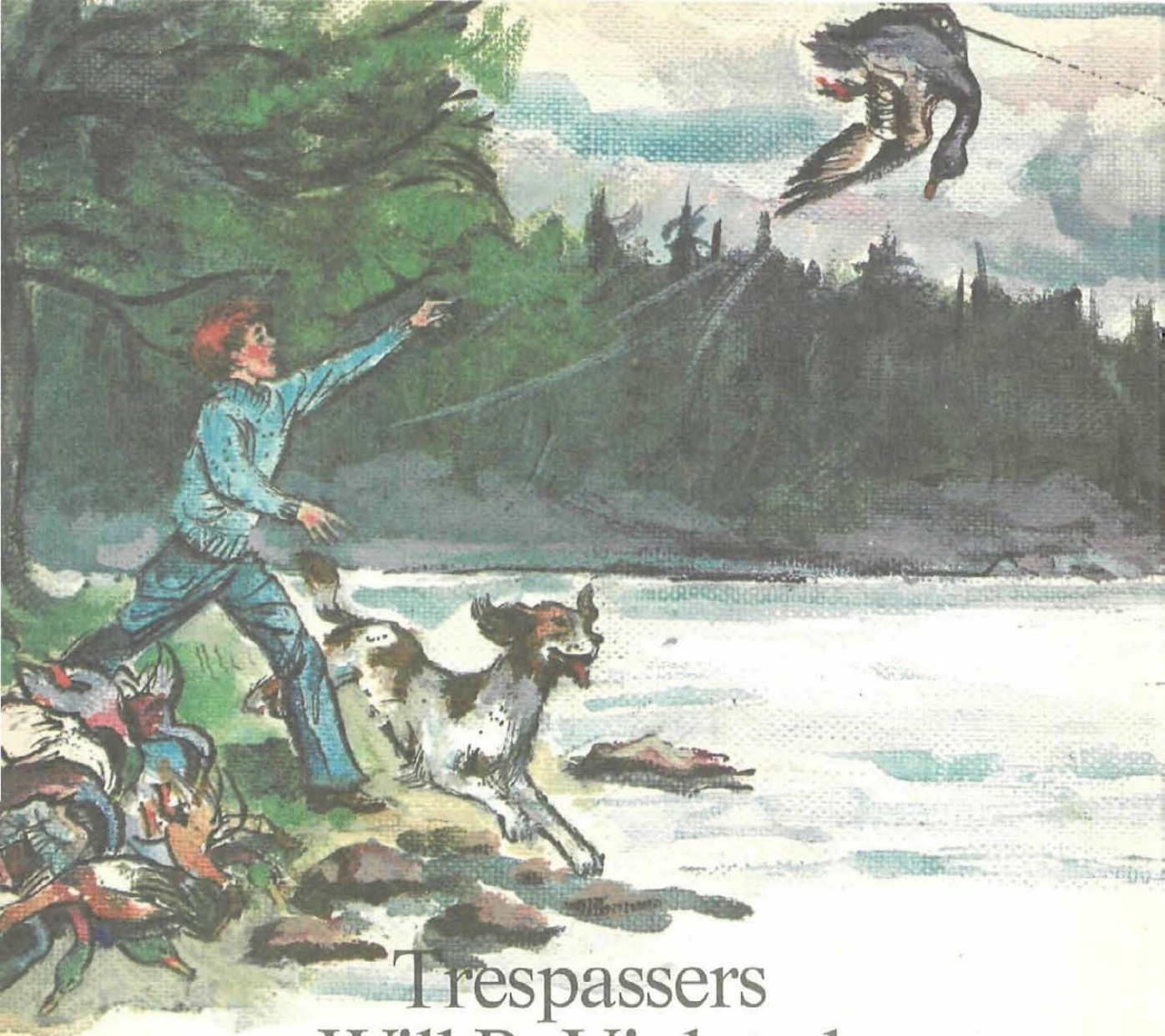
Ironically, the most important single legal decision in the entire history of civilization came minutes too late, for when the World Supreme Court decided to ratify the perfected version of the International Peace Treaty, the world war which made earth finally uninhabitable had begun.

### Space Court

But the law would not be stopped, nor simplified, nor made more wieldy by the destruction of its native planet, and its involutions would be carried to outer space by lawyers in order to determine the fine points of morality.

Here, in the pivotal N'yed Sth'ot decision, it was determined that the Venusians' complete indifference to organized sports proved conclusively that they were not human and could therefore be used freely as working animals and for food. □





# Trespassers Will Be Violated

by Doug Kenney

*Old longings nomadic leap,  
Chafing at custom's chain;  
Again from its brumal sleep  
Wakens the ferine strain.*

—Jack London

The cold October sun sank below the pine tops as Mr. Turner's station wagon rolled to a stop before a wide brown pond.

"Okay, son, this is where we hoof it."

Mr. Turner switched off the ignition and the headlamps died on the surface of the final unfordable puddle that lay between them and their

camping area for the night. Tod Turner, his twelve-year-old son, opened the door and permitted Dave, the Turners' retriever, to spring clear of the car. Immediately, the rushing sound of liquid on liquid was heard in the brush.

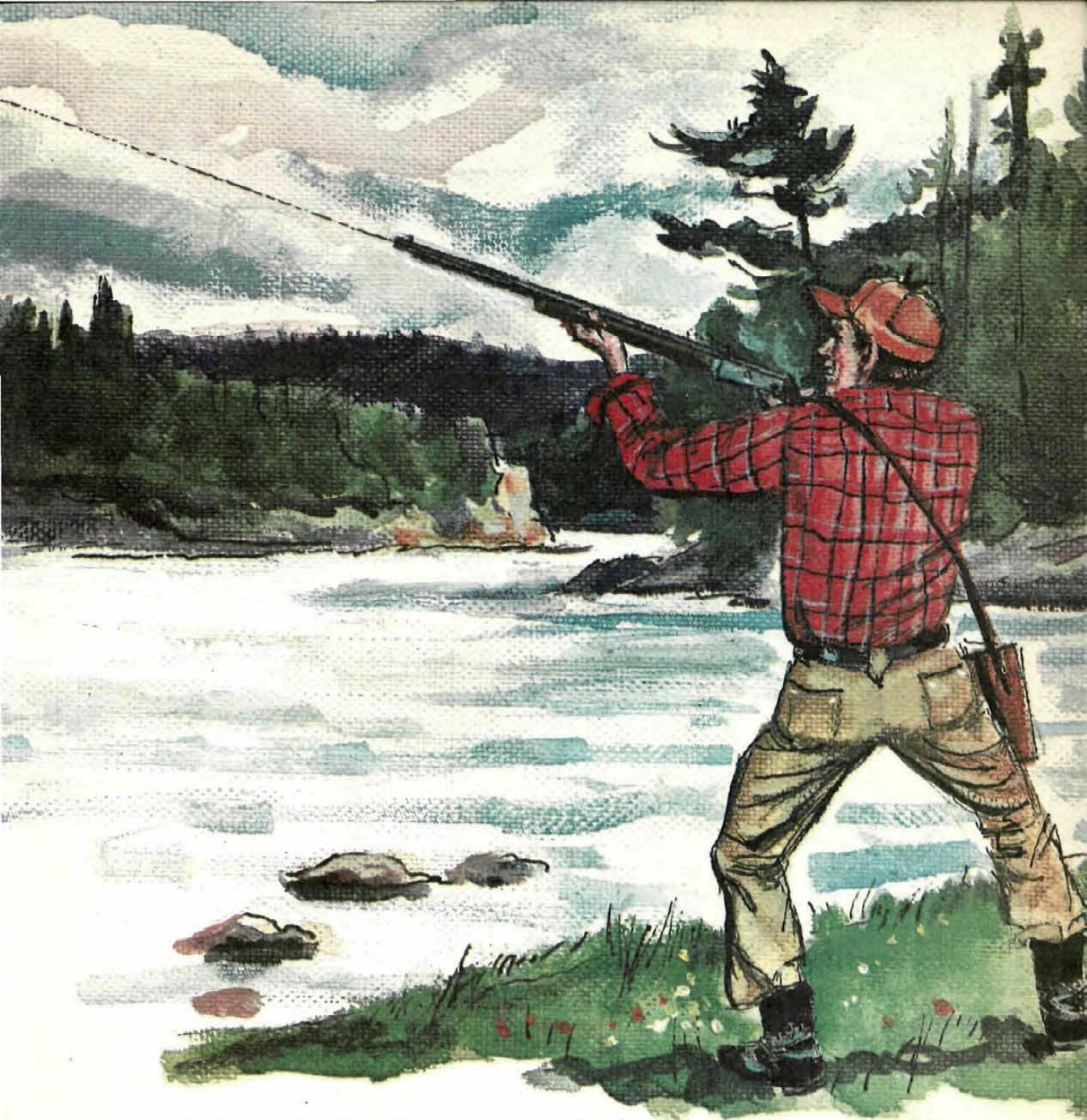
Mr. Turner lowered the back and handed out their packs, one of the shotguns, a tape recorder, and the bulky canvas cylinder containing the tent. A chilling drizzle began to fall among the gathering shadows, and Mr. Turner hurried to lock up the wagon.

"Swell weather," he grunted to

Tod, "for ducks."

Tod nodded to reply but instead suddenly sneezed; the light-headedness preceding a cold had crept upon him that afternoon in class. He shivered now, half from his rising fever and half at thought of his still unfinished weed book—due 8:30 sharp next Monday morning and still no more than four loose sheets of construction paper bearing dried specimens of "Dandyion," "Milkweed," "Crabgrass," and "Blow-type Dandyion."

"Look alive, son," said Mr. Turner, as he swept the beam of his flash-



light from a freshly-painted "Bird Sanctuary" sign to the scrub beyond. "As I recall, there's a high spot up the road on the left. Should be dry enough to hole up 'til morning."

Without a word, Tod hefted his pack and, calling Dave from his thrashings in the undergrowth, followed his father's dancing beacon deeper into the Wisconsin lakelands. The peepers began chirping, unbothered by the sloshing feet and occasional sneeze in the dark that punctuated their chorus.

An hour later, Mr. Turner halted to play the flashlight amid the dripping

thicket that hemmed them in on all sides, blocking all further progress.

"Well, this spot looks as good as any," he said firmly, and dropped his load with an audible squish into the mud. "Make camp here and I'll forage for some firewood."

"I wouldn't bother, Dad," said Tod, as he shaded his eyes from the direct glare of the light. "The radio said it's been raining here since Tuesday and everything's probably soaked through good. Also, I'll need the light and you might get lost without—*ah!*"

A sharp blow on the forehead sent Tod tripping backwards over the piled

gear into a wet mass of foliage that would later be correctly labeled in Tod's weedbook as "Poison Ivy."

"Better let me get those deerflies for you," chuckled Mr. Turner as he tramped off, "or the buggers'll eatcha alive."

"Deerflies?" Tod called after his father. "In October? In Wisconsin? With a *flashlight*?" Receiving no reply, Tod rubbed his forehead and struggled to his feet, sneezing. Holding the light between his jaws, the boy picked at the knots securing the tent-rope with one trembling hand, fighting off the luminous cloud of gnats,

*continued on page 58*

NATIONAL LAMPOON 49

# You're Nobody's Babies Now

We are a good and generous nation. In 1953, we did not like the idea of electrocuting a woman, Ethel Rosenberg. But we did what we had to do. It is now time again to do what we have to do. We have put it off long enough. The two remaining Rosenbergs, Michael and Robert, must be brought to justice! Our benevolent laws prevented us then from executing a nine-year-old and a five-year-old. *But they are no longer nine and five*, and cannot be allowed to hide, shrouded in foolish willingness to forgive and forget. *No*, justice must be done. *This case must be wrapped up once and for all*. No more doing nothing about it. That's just what the misguided Everyman wants. Well, he can just go to hell or Moscow, whichever is closest. *We won't stand for it*. As we stall and halt in this puddle of inaction,

## Europe laughs

up its sleeve at us and talks behind our back. As does the rest of the world. Are we to be known as the country that never finishes anything? Every day that these two treasonous villains stroll about, dangling their freedom in our faces, is yet another

day that we remain the laughingstock of the law-abiding world. Remember:

The Right Path + Punishing Evil = National Happiness  
DERELICTION OF DUTY + NEGLECTING EVERYTHING FOR THE SAKE OF WHO KNOWS WHAT =

## SHAME FOREVER

Has the statute of limitations run out on decency? *No!* These twin threats to our peaceful way of life must be rounded up and brought to speedy trial. Of course, a much

## calmer view

would be that if we failed to prosecute these two mercenary anarchists, the world we know would not perish; the seasons would still change with comforting regularity; trees would still give forth life-sustaining oxygen. But would we deserve to walk around in such an ordered universe if we fail to do what is clearly our duty? *No!* Better we should sit in caves and eat dinner with our hands.



The spies who are out with a cold? This photograph taken in 1953 with a special FBI camera shows the two Rosenberg culprits, Michael and Robert. They had both earlier been confined to their beds with a cold. Yet here we see them just after a visit to their parents at Sing Sing. What was so important that made them travel in the freezing winter air? For an answer, try: *transferring stolen top secrets*.

Today, the younger boy is taller than the older boy. Why? Because the children swapped names to throw us off their path. The younger boy is not taller than the older boy. Do honest people pull stunts like that? Answer that one for yourself!

*My Deared Children,  
I am so sorry that your father  
and I cannot be with you. This all  
must be very confusing to you both  
I can only state that this is an  
incredible and unfortunate mistake  
and your father and I are cooperating  
in every way we can to clear it up.  
We are confident that we will all  
be reunited very soon. Behave like  
the good boys we know you are, and  
don't forget to drink your milk,  
I am my love to my darling sons,  
Mother*

NOW  
READ  
THIS

A seemingly "innocent" letter from Mommy.

### Little Comrades:

Heil Stalin. Here are the new plans for an even better A-bomb. Don't lose them. Go to the Russian Consulate and ask for Dimitri, the head spy, and tell him you're ready to talk borscht. Tell him this thing has got a kick to it that'll light up the sky like the sunrise at Odessa. Tell him if they're really interested in world enslavement, this is the one they can't do without. It's new, it's light, it's sleek, it's the best. You can carry it around in a cello case. It's tomorrow's hope for treachery and a police state at today's price. Now, when you get down to talking kopecks, play a little hard to get. Tell him that they're not the only threat to the free enterprise system in town. Plus the price, tell him you want a percent every time this thing is dropped. Will slip you another secret coded message soon as I can. Be good little A-spys and don't drink your milk, drink big glasses of vodka.

Ethel

P.S. If they don't bite, try France, England, China, and India.

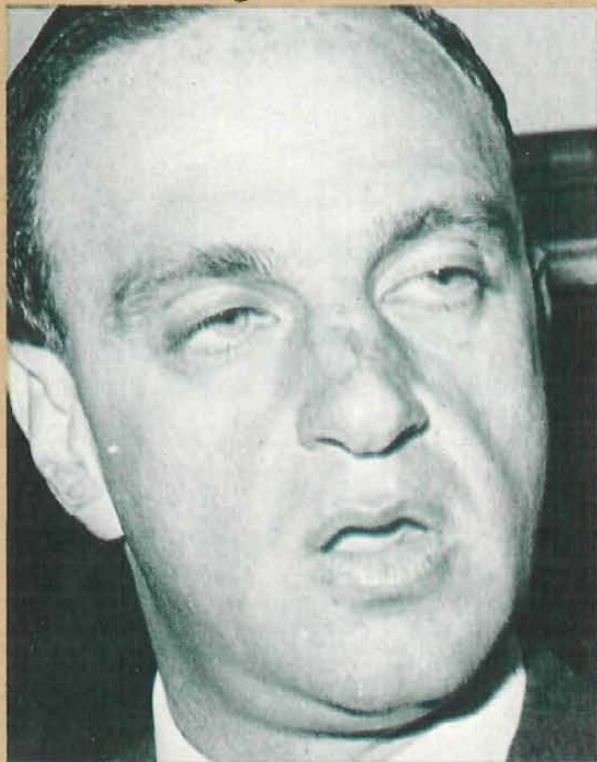
Special agents schooled in code breaking soon revealed the *real* message.

## WHAT DO THESE THINGS HAVE IN COMMON?

- Portugal's rush to go Socialist
- The defection of Svetlana Stalin
- The mysterious disappearance of Comet Kohoutek
- The assassination of Prime Minister Chung Hee Park's wife
- The strange disappearance of everyone crossing the Atlantic in a balloon
- The Cuban Missile Crisis
- And all the strange weather we've been having lately

**They all have the atomic bomb in common, if you haven't figured it out, the atomic bomb.**

# Roy Cohn: *Finish the Job You Started*



You saw justice done once when you helped pull the switch sending the volts of righteousness into the quivering bodies of our declared foes. Lawyer Cohn, we call on you again. We urge you to complete the courageous mission you undertook twenty-five years ago. Roll up your sleeves, Roy Cohn, it's time to do battle again.

Roy Cohn, the five times you were indicted by a grand jury was no doubt the sneaky handiwork of Michael and Robert (née) Rosenberg. You beat those charges as we knew you would. But imagine their maniacal laughter as they saw you, totally innocent, suffer through a system reserved for the guilty. Lick your chops, Roy Cohn, and remember what the Bible says: Vengeance is mine.

## MULL THIS OVER

- Michael and Robert Rosenberg changed their last name to Meeropol while they were still juveniles and moved to the midwest WHERE AMERICA KEEPS A LOT OF ITS TOP SECRET PAPERS.
- They wrote a book entitled We Are Your Sons, when everybody knows they're orphans AND KNOWS WHY!
- They freely admit to studying at not one but two of OUR universities.
- There they studied Economy and Anthropology, not Civics and Ethics, mind you. STEAL THE ECONOMY, THEN BURY IT; that's what Karl Marx said.
- Why are there no recent photographs of them contained in this appeal to all of America?

Because WE CAN'T FIND ANY!

### WHAT DO YOU THINK THE ATOMIC BOMB IS MADE OF...CHOPPED LIVER?

Hon. Jacob K. Javits, Sen., N.Y., President, Operation Wipe-up

Check One

- Though opposed to capital punishment, I think it should be reinstated just this once and then abolished again.
- No, I suggest we deport these "sons" to someplace where they have capital punishment like Russia, and tell the Russians that these two gave them defective secrets and let the Russians electrocute them so their blood will not be on our hands.
- I have a better idea. We wait for a really hot summer night and just turn them over to the Ku Klux Klan.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

#### VICE-PRESIDENTS

Rabbi Meir Kahane  
Irving R. Levine  
David Susskind  
Ralph Ginzburg  
Allen Ginsberg  
Theodore Bikel  
Hon. Abraham Beame  
Ron Blumberg  
Meyer Lansky

Hon. Edward Koch  
M. L. Rosenthal  
Sandy Koufax  
Norman Podhoretz  
Rabbi Bernard Bergman  
Murray Kempton  
Art Buchwald  
Bob Dylan  
Rabbi Baruch M. Korff  
Shelley Berman

Hon. Abraham Ribicoff  
Mel Brooks  
Dore Schary  
C. L. Sulzberger  
Hon. Elizabeth Holtzman  
Herbert Gold  
Woody Allen  
Noam Chomsky  
Sammy Davis, Jr.  
Philip Roth

Milton Berle  
A. Leventhal  
Eydie Gorme  
Norman Mailer  
Henny Youngman  
William S. Paley  
Eddie Fisher  
Abe Fortas  
Anwar Sadat  
William F. Buckley, Jr.



*Just remember, Mr. Jones, that the Fourth Amendment protects me  
against unreasonable search and seizure!*

Illustrated by Richard Rockwood



# REPORT OF THE ROCKEFELLER COMMISSION ON THE UPRISING AT THE ATTICA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

by Tony Hendra  
and John Weidman

## Conclusions

The preceding eleven sections of this Commission Report represent all available information and evidence relevant to the incidents of 13 September 1971 at Attica, which resulted in the demise of forty-three inmates and their hostages.

This information represents the testimony of all those party to the mishap, including prison guards, corrections officials, state troopers and their commanders, local police and their wives, state commissioners, including William T. Ronan, well-known world leaders, the voters of New York State, my brothers, and a Negro crook.

What follows is a summary of the various theories which have been advanced to explain the confused and confusing events in D-yard of the facility on the morning of 13 September 1971.

For purposes of clarification, each of these theories has been given a specific designation.

### 1. The wrong theory.

The substance of this theory can hardly be considered viable. Nonetheless, it is presented here as a courtesy to those who support it.

The wrong theory is as follows:

At 9:43 A.M., the prison's power circuit was turned off. A helicopter dropped CS gas on D-yard and marksmen began to fire on unarmed prisoners in D-yard and on the walkways. Assault units also moved out on the runways. The combined rifle fire killed nine inmates and two hostages on the walkways. At this point, the assault forces, composed of prison guards, state troopers, and local police officers, turned their fire on the inmates massed in D-yard itself, killing six more hostages and twenty more prisoners. The prisoners were armed only with knives, spears, and other types of home-made weapons. The assault forces, on the other hand, were armed with sophisticated firearms including shotguns, high-powered rifles with scopes, and handguns loaded with dum-dum bullets. Once D-yard

had been secured, troopers swept through the rest of the prison, shooting and beating the unarmed inmates who stood in their way. All told, ten hostages and twenty-nine inmates were killed by corrections officers and state troopers. Three hostages, eighty-five inmates, and one trooper were wounded.



The wrong theory.

1. Dressed to kill, Wyoming County's entire complement of state troopers leave Attica the morning of Saturday, the eleventh of September, for a St. Louis, Mo., brushup course in law enforcement.



2. A week later, tired but happy (and perhaps a little under the weather!), state troopers return to the facility to find it a shambles. "What's happened here?" one trooper was quoted as saying. "You can't leave these nuts alone for a minute!"

## Objections

- a. State troopers are not permitted to carry or use shotguns in the line of duty.
- b. "Dumdum" bullets are not permitted even in war, under the articles of the Geneva Convention.
- c. State troopers aren't like that.
- d. State troopers have sworn that at the time of the attack they were all attending a law enforcement refresher course in St. Louis, Mo., and that if they weren't, they didn't do it.
- e. Capital punishment under any circumstances had at the time been abolished in the State of New York.
- f. Hiya, feller!

## 2. The suicide theory.

This theory, propounded by the senior physician of Attica, Dr. Selden Williams, whose superlative preparation for the incident of Monday, 13 September, assured that all concerned had adequate supplies of aspirin and tongue depressors, is perhaps the most plausible of all the incorrect theories.

According to Dr. Williams, who had had constant and even monthly contact with the inmates prior to the scuffle, many of them had, for some time, appeared to be despondent. Several complained of feelings of inadequacy and a sense of having little to look forward to; still others would launch into rambling monologues about intolerable conditions, extraordinary punishments for minor infractions, and other fantasies. There was amongst the inmates, said Dr. Williams, a curious lack of self-confidence. In all, the physician can recall at least thirty-two inmates who exhibited definite suicidal tendencies, a number which not insignificantly happens to coincide with the number of deceased Negro people. A much larger number, adds Dr. Williams, appeared to suffer from feelings of overwhelming guilt, which might under pressure lead them if not to outright suicide, at least to attempt it.

The physician concludes from these observations, which he carried out for a period of several months, separated from his patients by only a heavy wire mesh, that the events in D-yard can be explained thus:

On the morning of the day in question, over a hundred inmates, melancholy from lack of food and sleep, conspired to do away with themselves by thrusting sharp pointed objects into their stomachs, backs, and heads. Thirty-two were successful; over eighty survived. Minutes later, the troopers who weren't there didn't storm the yard.



The suicide theory.

Some days before the fracas occurred, corrections officers and medical aides noticed a curious phenomenon in D-yard. Despondent prisoners lay down on the ground in a huge, lemming-like mass and crawled around the facility, looking, as one inmate described it, for "the nearest cliff." Despite the pleas of officials and assurances that they were "nice" and "useful" people, the curious assemblage continued to grope their way around the yard until it was time for supper.

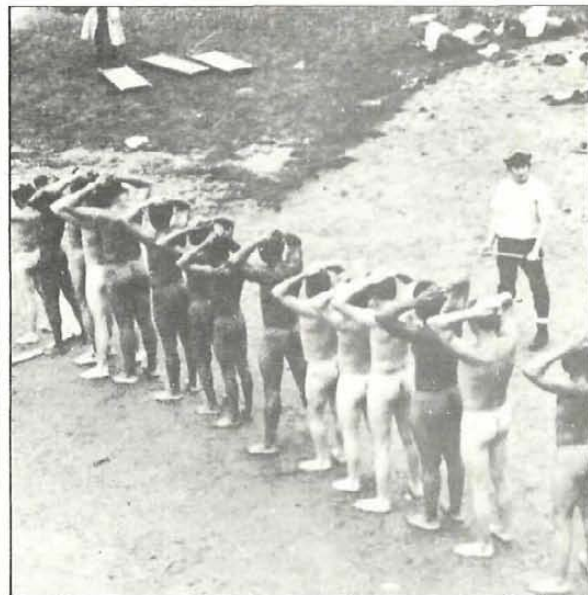
## Objections

- a. The other 900-odd inmates appeared to the legislators who inspected the facility later in the day to be "cheerful and chipper!"
- b. The eighty survivors of the alleged suicide were heard on several occasions to express a strong desire to live.
- c. No suicide notes were found.

## 3. Another wrong theory.

This highly plausible theory was advanced immediately after the incident on behalf of the Nixon Administration. The inmates had gathered in D-yard in response to a casting call, posted the previous day, for the annual prison revue, tentatively titled *The Attica Correctional Facility Show 1971* and including such numbers as "Guys and Guards," "Hey, Short-eyes, How's the Weather Down There," "Cheaper by the Yard," and "Sing-Sing, Sing-Song," and concluding with a huge musical version of the Black Bottom. To render the latter, a dance group was to be formed, called the "Atticats," who would then tour the show to the other yards.

For weeks, tensions had built as inmates worked on their routines in preparation for the auditions. When the day finally arrived, overanxious hoofers were already indulging in sporadic fighting even before the director, Corrections Officer Valone, arrived. On his arrival, Director Valone ordered the nervous auditioners into a chorus line, preparatory to going through their paces. Pushing and shoving ensued. Fistfights broke out. When the smoke had cleared, twenty-six hopefuls lay dead, along with the director, his assistant, the choreographer, three stage managers, and a backer.



Another wrong theory.

Although the Attica Facility has been criticized as a backward and brutal penal institution, it in fact led the way in many areas of prison reform. For instance, homosexual inmates, rather than indulge in the brutality of backroom sodomy, are encouraged to seek sexual release in the open under proper supervision. This photograph was mistakenly interpreted by Nixon Administration officials as an audition for the annual prison revue. While the confusion between homosexuality and theatrical production is understandable, this interpretation is otherwise ridiculous.



## Objection

This theory is preposterous. There never was a show at Attica nor will there ever be. Whoever heard of such a thing? Attica is a prison, not a girls' school. Absolutely typical of the Nixon people.

Hiya, feller!

## 4. The single bullet theory.



Single bullet theory.  
New York State Corrections Commissioner Russell G. Oswald, pistol in pocket, surveys D-yard minutes after he fired fatal

Of all the theories considered by the Commission, this one seems most correct. The prisoners had indeed gathered on the morning of the brouhaha in D-yard. Their reasons for doing so are uncertain, and are, in any case, outside the scope of this investigation. One thing is certain, however: Gunfire was responsible for the forty-three inmates and hostages being no longer with us. Yet, after the event, only one bullet was discovered in the yard. How could this be so? Clearly, the bullet had either been fired forty-three times from forty-three different guns, or was fired once from one gun and felled the unfortunate forty-three. Subsequent tests on the bullet showed that it had been fired only once; and further tests on other inmates showed that such a bullet could easily pass through up to fifty bodies without significant impairment of its velocity.

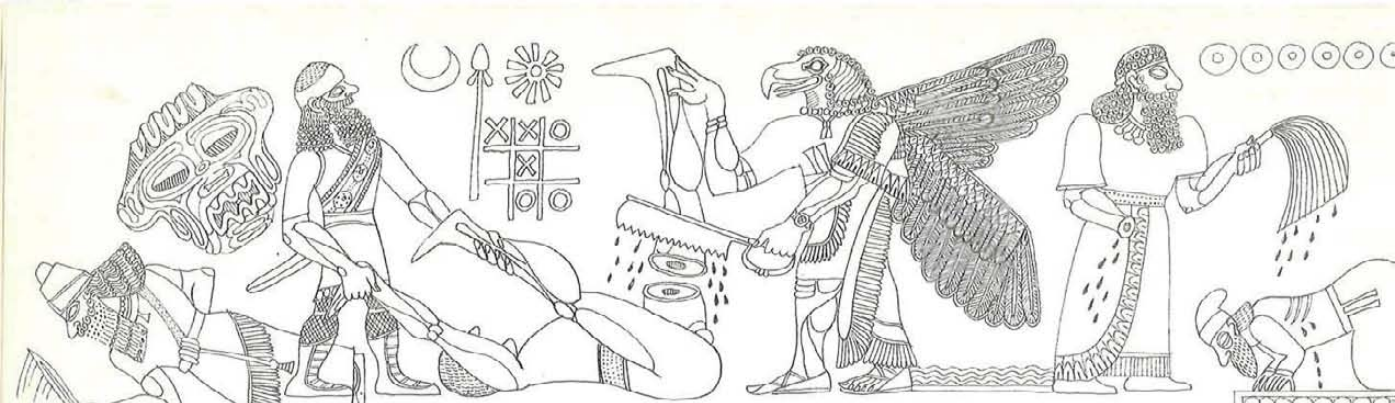
The question now arises: Who fired the bullet?

warning shot that killed forty-three. "Violence breeds violence," quipped Oswald to newsmen after the accident. The Commissioner weighs 240 pounds.

As previously noted, all available state troopers were at a convention in St. Louis, Mo. Prison guards are not permitted to carry guns. The only person in the institution who was carrying a firearm, aside from Tom Wicker, was Commissioner of Corrections Russel B. Oswald. Wicker was barricaded in the Stewards' Room. However, Oswald admits that he fired a warning shot at approximately 9:48 on the morning in question over the woolly heads of the denizens of D-yard. No other shots were fired in the facility at any time as far as anyone can remember.

## Conclusion

The dead in D-yard were killed by a single bullet. Oswald acted alone. □



# The Code of Hammurabi

translated by Doug Kenney

**I** Hammurabi the Just, true son of King Zestab-pez-necco and conqueror of the evil tyrant Ashur-du-smelbad, by this stela set in the marketplace do set down my Code. Let it be known throughout all Mesopotamia, both to Assyria and Babylonia, that these laws will make the flesh of the people glad, and are not to be leaned on.

\* \* \*

- If two oxcart meet at a crossroad, the oxcart on the right has the right-of-way.
- If an oxcart meets a war chariot at a crossroad, the vehicle equipped with bows, arrows, spears, slings, and scythe-blade hubs has the right-of-way.
- If traveling in congested cities, charioteers shall set melons on the points of their scythes.

\* \* \*

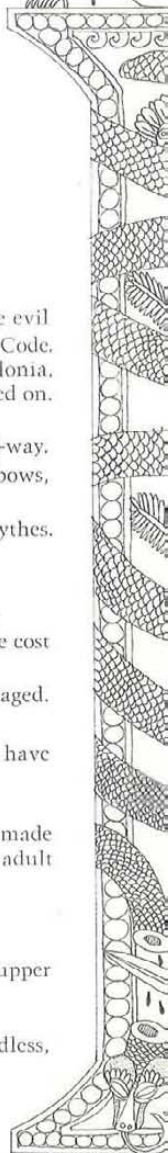
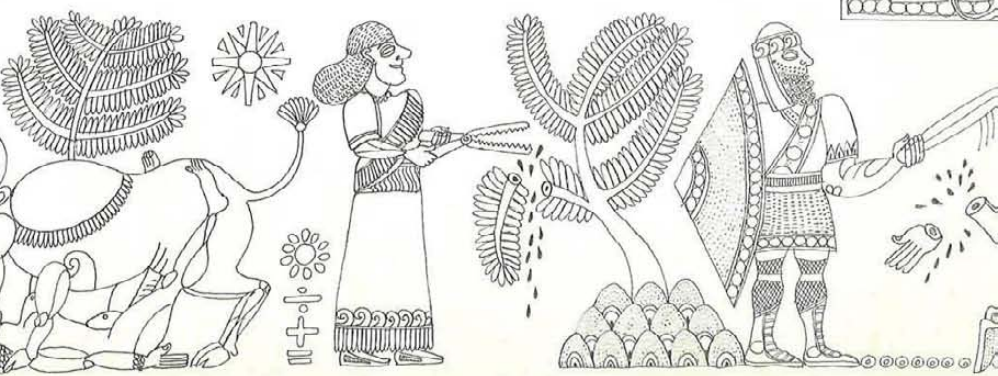
- If a man split the ear of his wife, the ear of his favorite dog shall be split.
- If a man split the ear of his slave girl, his first and second wife shall split the sewing.
- If a man deflower another's slave girl, he shall pay one-half mina of silver and the cost of new sheets.
- If a woman in a quarrel damages the testicles of a man, her testicles shall be damaged.
- If a man damages the testicles of a eunuch, he shall inform the eunuch.
- If a man flog his wife, pluck out her hair, or smite and damage her nose, she shall have been flogged, had her hair plucked out, been smote, and had her nose damaged.

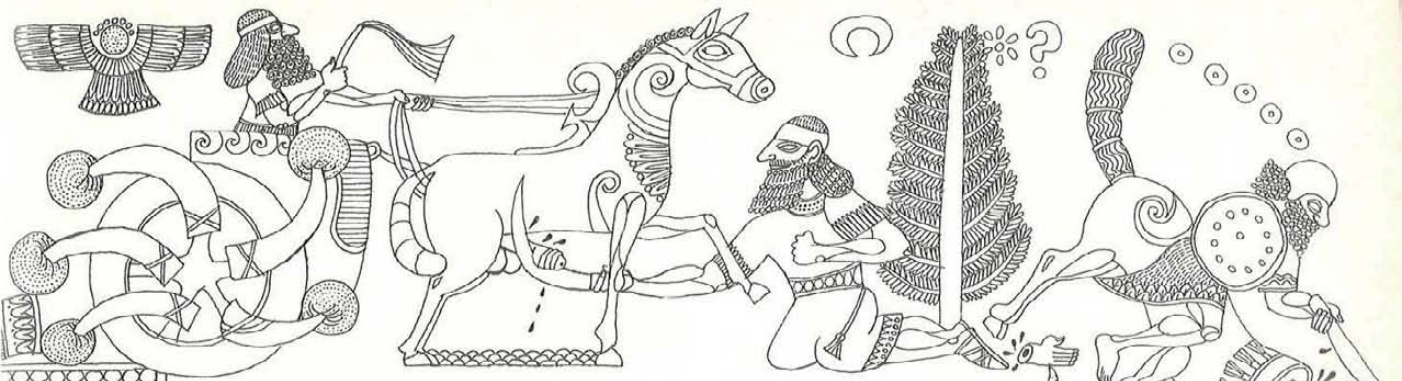
\* \* \*

- If a temple prostitute refuses the silver coin of an undiseased freeman, she shall be made to lie with his ox in the square, and miniature bas-reliefs of the event may be sold to adult males above the age of fourteen.
- If a slave strikes his master's son, the slave's hand shall be cut off.
- If a son kills his father's slave, his allowance shall be cut off.
- If a son says to his father, "You are not my father," he shall be sent upstairs without supper and smothered.

\* \* \*

- If a freeman kills a tax collector of the King, he shall be sent on in his place, swordless, to Palestine.





—If a house of mud brick collapses, killing the owner, the mason shall be pressed under every tablet relating to building codes.

—If a surgeon, using a bronze instrument, blinds, kills, or cripples a slave, his fee must be drastically reduced.

—If a royal physician prescribes to a King a strict regimen of diet and exercise, he shall be set on stakes.

—If a teacher kills a student for whispering, a note must be obtained from the parents.

—If, in the course of building a great ziggurat tall enough to reach Heaven, the workers suddenly lay down their tools claiming they no longer understand each other, the usual Jews shall be rounded up for questioning.

\* \* \*

—If a man copulates with an ape, the child must be exposed or apply for Egyptian citizenship.

—If a man's orchard bears fruit, but at harvest time the fruit is found on the neighbor's side of the wall, and the neighbor accounts for this with a tale of a great wind in the night, the windfall fruit belongs to the neighbor and the neighbor's testicles belong over the first man's fireplace.

—If a merchant measures with false weights in the market, his weight shall be guessed by his customers, and he shall before them consume ox droppings in this amount.

—If a man in the King's game reserve slays a spotted lion under ten spearpoints in length, he has slain a hyena.

—If a man unlawfully enters a ziggurat and defaces the walls with vile cuneiforms, he shall inscribe on a stone tablet, "I will not deface ziggurate" one thousand times with his nose and be put to death.

—If a man be overheard telling impure tales concerning the goddess Ishtar, his tongue shall be torn out and put to death.

—If I find out who keeps singing popular songs under my window, he shall be thrown in the Holy River.

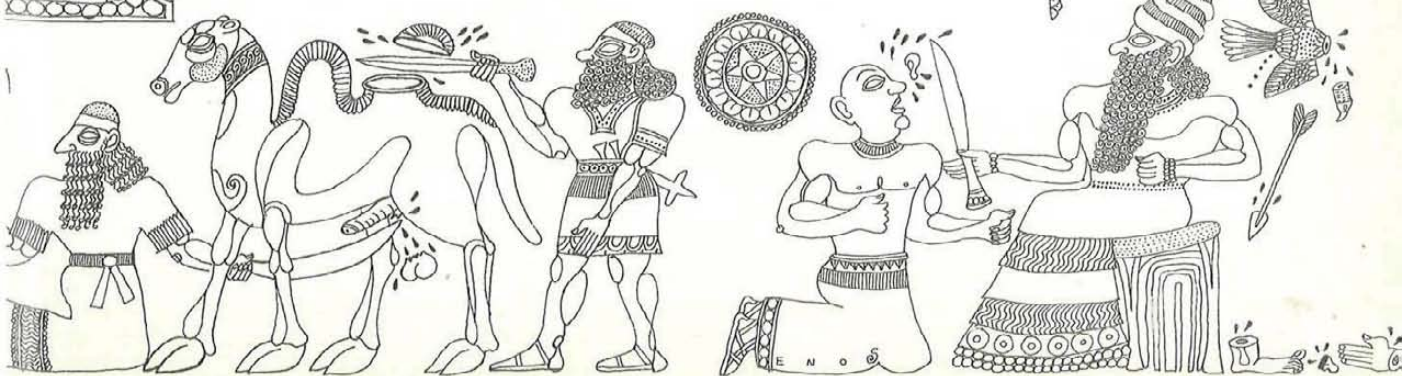
—If a man's brother-in-law lives under his roof, and does no work and stirs not, after four years he may be considered furniture and sold.

—If a man damage the eye of another man's horse, the first man shall be responsible for future moving violations.

\* \* \*

—If a wet nurse substitutes a changeling for a freeman's son, and the real son returns years later by accident as part of a traveling acrobatic troop and is immediately recognized by the father by means of a distinctive ring or birthmark, the rights to any resulting poem, song, or bas-relief shall belong to the King.

—If a scribe makes an error in the transcription of a royal edict, he shall be [text unintelligible].



moths, and mosquitoes the light attracted with another.

Opening the canvas and unrolling it, Tod raked the light across the ground, searching for a drier spot. Finding none, he began to peg down the corners as tightly as the soft earth permitted. A long while later, Tod had finally stowed the gear and successfully ignited the Coleman lamp when his father's footsteps returned. A mudcaked L.L. Bean boot probed the opening, followed immediately by a rush of wet fur as Dave bounded into the tent and proceeded to shake himself violently, soaking the interior and extinguishing the lamp. Tod shouted angrily and beat the retriever back out of the tent with blind kicks and punches. The dog in turn knocked out the tentpoles and Mr. Turner's other foot, bringing him down on top of the tent and Tod with a heavy crash.

It was 2:00 A.M. before Tod and his father had remade camp and settled into their sleeping bags for the night.

"Not a stick of dry wood anywhere," Mr. Turner muttered. "Must've been raining around here for two or three days. Not finding any dry firewood's one way you can always tell." Brooding, Mr. Turner fished a candy bar and his bottle of Jack Daniels from the pack.

Tod, his back turned to his father in case of deerflies, closed his eyes and tried to sleep. But the fever, growing worse, only made the voice drone larger in the cramped tent.

"That's why I'm always on your tail about keeping your marks up, boy. If you can't learn t'live off the land out here in the wild like your Dad, you'd darn well better be able to live off those *other* sorry folks back in Madison. Hell, most've 'em don't even know they're *alive*. Same ones who're always getting all weepy-eyed over dumb animals. *Same* ones who want to outlaw hunting and fishing and couldn't bait their own thumb for money. *Same* ones who talk up all this peace cee are and show up the next day at your bomb shelter with a cleaver when it finally hits the fan. *Same* dumb birdwatchers who scream bloody murder when somebody brings a buck home on his hood, and then they tippy-toe home to some A & P T-bone the size of a desktop, sawed off some sorry cow born and raised to kiss some dumb Polack's sledgehammer. Makes me mad."

In truth, Tod himself had never been unduly troubled about the morality of duck hunting or, for that matter, killing in general. Only the afternoon before, he had spent over an hour picking off the individual members of a sidewalk ant colony with a tack hammer. If Tod had felt

any unease, he might have attributed it to the sheer impossibility of killing them *all*. It was just this glimpse of the *enormity* of such a task that had made him finally stop banging at the cement, not Mrs. Wilkinson's puzzled, angry figure in the picture window across the street.

"D'you know why your Dad takes a drink now and then?" Mr. Turner asked thickly, suddenly poking at Tod's sleeping bag.

"Uh-uh, Dad," replied Tod drowsily.

"I drink, son," said Mr. Turner, "t'forget the pain of being a man."

"Oh. Goodnight, Dad."

"G'night, son."

*With a start, Tod woke in the darkness from a fevered dream of failing weedbooks and missed schoolbuses to a sharp bad pain. At first the pain seemed far away, as if he dreamed that too. But it returned, making him cry out. Cold, powerful hands were gripping his shoulders and Tod located the pain. The pain was in his anus, a pain that stretched and seemed to travel from his futilely clenching sphincter directly up along his spinal cord into the space between his eyes. There, it burst with a soundless explosion of white, searing light and was gone. All that remained was the odor of stale bourbon and the shrill song of the peepers.*

The next morning, Tod awoke early and alone into a coldness beyond his immediate powers of understanding. He was curled up outside his sleeping bag, and the tent pegs and poles had been disturbed, collapsing the tent about him, bringing the drumming rain-on-canvas directly against his ears.

Tod stirred, aware of a throbbing soreness boys usually associated with no clean underwear. And never had he been so cold.

Groggily, Tod refastened his drop-seat flannel longjohns and, emerging from the tent into a light rain, pulled on his thoroughly-soaked corduroys. Outside, the cold air was like a slap from an open palm, and the electrical zinging of a blackbird merged with a new, buzzing pain in his temples and sinuses. Tod sneezed twice and turned back to the tent to hunt for his sneakers.

"We'll backtrack to the car for the rest of the stuff," said Mr. Turner, handing Tod a rain-filled tin plate of B & W beans and Dinty Moore Beef Stew. Fascinated, Tod watched a piece of pork fat crawl slowly for the edge of the plate for a full minute before he realized it was a rain slug and gaged.

"No appetite?" asked Mr. Turner

as he scraped Tod's untouched plate into his own. "Used t'be the same way myself before a shoot. Buck fever, they call it. No use getting all queasy already—we'll probably spend the whole first day just settin' up."

Tod's eyes were almost all the way open by the time they had struck camp, rounded up Dave—found nearby proudly guarding a treed skunk—and returned to the station wagon. There, they discovered that the large puddle blocking their way had receded enough to drive around, and the station wagon proceeded along the bumpy dirt road to the lake.

As they drove, Mr. Turner hummed an occasional, disjointed melody above the rattle of the decoys in the back, casually studying Tod's mood out of the corner of his eye.

"Sleep okay last night, son? You look a little peaked this morning."

"Sure, fine, Dad," said Tod, avoiding his glance. For the moment he tried to divert himself by identifying weeds along the road, but excepting a skunk cabbage, some wild thistles, and a distinct itch gradually climbing the backs of both legs, recognized none. After a moment it occurred to him that poison ivy might not even be a weed. For that matter, a skunk cabbage might well be just some sort of cabbage.

At the lake, Tod's father unloaded all the equipment, laying it carefully on a dry tarp. Then, reminding Tod to keep an eye peeled for inquisitive sanctuary wardens, he parked the car off the road in a small depression camouflaged by waving cattails and well hidden from the casual observer.

Lake Minnewaskett, Mr. Turner's favorite duck-hunting spot, was a broad expanse of deep blue surrounded by green pine, broken only by a nearby outcropping of high rock cliffs fronting perhaps four hundred yards of shoreline. As Tod faced the stiff offshore breeze, the gray cloud cover began to dissipate, the light rain ceased, and a white autumn sun lent a million brilliant pinpoints to the wind-driven ripples. Tod had often heard his father speak of the lake, but until his last birthday had not been old enough to accompany him.

The lake was empty of ducks, but above him Tod now heard a whirring of powerful wings and watched a V of Canadian geese pass over and settle at the far side of the lake. Their landing itself was obscured by a thin peninsula of land that curved across Tod's line of sight and ended abruptly about seventy yards to the left, curving back directly in front of the steep stone cliffs.

It was somewhere at the end of this

continued on page 66

**BUXOM MOM OF 5 UNMASKED AS LAUNDROMAT OVERLOADER!**

# *Citizen's Arrest*

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICA'S 218,000,000 CRIME FIGHTERS WITHOUT GUNS

AUGUST 1975

50¢

**The Case of  
the Brazen Blonde:  
She Opened Her Boss' Mail—  
and Wound Up in Jail!**

Bee-line  
Biscuit Co.  
President  
Biscuit Co.

**"I'LL NEVER  
CATCH  
ME ALIVE!"  
CAN A CITIZEN  
ARREST HIMSELF?**

**HOW TO MAKE  
A "POST NO BILLS"  
PINCH STICK**

**"MY OWN  
MONGOLOID  
BABY  
—A LITTERBUG!"**



**"I'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!"**  
*The citizen who arrested himself—  
and escaped! p. 38*



**COLLARING FIDO & FRIENDS**  
*Alert citizen sends licenseless  
mutts to the doghouse! p. 39*



**THE CASE OF THE JAYWALKING  
GERIATRIC**  
*Our senior citizens aren't immune  
to Citizen's Arrest! p. 41*

# Citizen's Arrest

MAGAZINE

"Official Journal of America's 218,000,000 Crimefighters Without Guns"

AUGUST 1975

## THIS MONTH:

- 3 The Monopoly Game Dame Justice Won:  
"THANKS FOR THE \$500, BUT IT'S COUNTERFEIT, SON! HANDS UP!"
- 5 He Rides the Otis to Book His Quotas:  
"YOU'RE NOT GOING DOWN—YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!"
- 8 Nabbing Our Two-Wheeled Lawbreakers:  
"FOLLOW THAT SCHWINN—AND STEP ON IT!"
- 12 Cracking Down On Careless Cabbies:  
"U-TURN? MISTER, 'U'RE' IN FOR IT!"
- 14 Canadian Criminal Flouts Uncle Sam's Laws:  
"SMOKE A CUBAN CIGAR, WILL YOU? MADGE, CALL THE COPS!"
- 16 Busting Up a Septuagenarian Crime Ring:  
"YOU CALL IT SUNNING YOURSELVES, GRAMPS. I CALL IT LOITERING!"
- 18 Stalking the Hospital Zone Whistler:  
"I SAID THE SIGN ORDERED QUIET BUT HE KEPT WHISTLING 'GRANADA' "
- 21 The Brunch That Turned Into a Bust:  
"WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S MORE THAN 116 PERSONS IN THIS  
RESTAURANT! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!"
- 22 Your Best Friend—Crony or Culprit?  
"SO I THREW A BUTT OUT OF THE CAR—SO ARREST ME!"
- 23 A father of six sent up on a 1.9-bit rap.  
"A CANADIAN QUARTER TURNED ME INTO A SECRET SHORTCHANGER!"
- 24 Hubby nabbed her in phosphate-ban violation.  
"I WAS CAUGHT IN MY OWN HARD-WATERGATE WHITEWASH!"
- 25 Mom sent tot into "red-light" districts.  
A WOMAN OF THE STREETS GIVES HEARTRENDING CONFESSION:  
"MY MOTHER MADE ME A JAYWALKER!"
- 26 Guilt-wracked housewife escapes blame, but can she hide her shame?  
"I DISPOSED OF A PRESSURIZED CONTAINER IMPROPERLY!"
- 28 They added up to a recipe for trouble!  
A BLONDE, A GUY, AND A QUART OF UNDATED MILK

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# HE BEGGED HER TO SLEEP ON A CRIME!

*Her honeymoon suite was about to become a hotbed of evil—would Jody win her race against shame?*

## A True Case History from the Files of Citizen's Arrest Magazine

**"L**et's hit the hay!" Vinnie's suddenly husky voice jarred Jody's reverie as she perched demurely on

the edge of the bed in their little honeymoon cabin. He was already starting to loosen his white-on-white silk tie.

"Ship!" A curse escaped Vinnie's lips. "Dropped a mommafumpin' cufflink under the copstruckin' bed!" He bent to retrieve the ornament while Jody's nervous fingers fiddled with the latch of her cosmetic case. The hair on his naked back was like black tumbleweed, Jody thought, an unwelcome shiver of near repugnance passing through her. Love should be in her heart on this magic wedding night, Jody knew. But what she felt was more like panic. Panic—and fear. Maybe her girl friends back in Cannonsburg, Pa. had been right, whispering about Vinnie. Jody had laughed off their warnings as mere jealous carping at her catch. But now . . . well, maybe he was a "torpedo," maybe Italian boys from South Philadelphia were as rough as her girl friends hinted. And cruel. And insatiable.

A dull ripping sound startled Jody. Vinnie uncoiled from his crouch. Held aloft in triumph was the cufflink. But something in his other hand caught her eye.

"What's that?" she asked. Her level tone took Vinnie aback, forcing a sheepish smile in place of the usual leer. "Just this," he answered. He flipped a little square patch of fabric into her lap. "Stupid gobdan thingamajig you find on every mattress—you know, that dumb fuppin' thing that says—"

But Jody's voice was a hacksaw of rage ripping across his words.

"—That says 'Do Not Remove Under Penalty of Law.' You . . . you fool! You idiot! You just removed the tag from that mattress in direct disobedience of United States Government regulations! You destroyed legal proof that this article has been made in compliance with an act of the District of Columbia approved July 3, 1926; Kansas approved March, 1923; Minnesota approved April 24, 1929; New Jersey revised statutes 26:10, 60 to 18, Louisiana Act 467 of 1948 and Massachusetts General Law, Section 270, Chapter 941!"

"Huh?" Vinnie was half-listening,



Vinnie: He broke the law just for kicks.



Jody: Her horrified scream came too late.

picking his nose. "Mattress tag . . . Massachusetts . . . wadda funk you talkin', c'mon, hon, in the sack, in the sack, an' I mean *now!*"

"No, Vinnie." Jody's coolness surprised even herself. "Not now, not ever. I may have married a criminal—well, everyone makes mistakes. But I'm not going to sleep with one, and not on a bed that is in blatant violation of a Federal statute of United States law!"

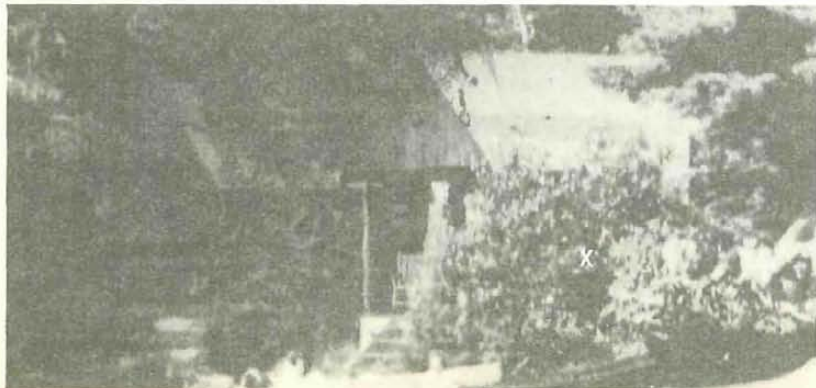
Vinnie slumped against the headboard, thunderstruck. "Aw, come on, hon, I know you're nervous on your weddin' night an' all, but let's not make a futtin' federal case outta some crappy piece of paper I tore off da bed!"

"That is just what I *am* making out of it, Vinnie—a federal case. Vincent Impagliaroni, I hereby make a Citizen's Arrest on a charge that you did willfully and unlawfully remove a mattress tag certifying that said mattress was made by the manufacturer in accordance with the law, and that the materials in said article were described thereon in accordance with the law! It's all over, Vinnie. Get your things."

There. She had mustered from somewhere the courage to bring it off. Relief flooded her being.

"No, no, Vinnie. Leave the jar of Vaseline. You won't need that where you're going. That reminds me. I'll call the officer in charge and ask if they have a honeymoon suite . . . at the Crowbar Hotel."

THE END



Crime struck this honeymoon cottage at 11:45 P.M. X marks location of bed.

# "It Was a Wonderful Evening You're Under Arrest."



*The next time you have some friends over, you may be inviting arrest unless you make sure a host of violations doesn't make you a party to crime!*

It's almost midnight, and the party's just about over. Everyone had a swell time, but you and your wife keep eyeing the clock as one by one you bid your guests good night. You're looking forward to a long night's sleep—cleaning up can wait till morning!

Then it happens. You reach out to shake the hand of an old friend as he leaves. "Good night, John, glad you could come," you say, and suddenly he slips a pair of handcuffs on your wrists.

"OK, Fred, get your things," he says, sternly. "I'm taking you in." His normally cheerful, friendly voice has a hard edge in it.

"What is this," you stammer, "some kind of joke or something?" But your friend is not in a humorous mood. "Sure, Fred," he barks, showing you his Social Security card, "and you'll

have plenty of time to laugh where you're going."

Out of the corner of your eye, you see his wife talking to yours, promising to go easy on her if she cooperates and voluntarily testifies against you. A helpful guest phones an orphanage to make arrangements for your children.

Sound farfetched? Don't count on it.

Scenes like this one take place every day. Poor Fred. He thought everyone was having a good time, and now he's doing a lot of bad time. What went wrong? Just this: He planned his "do" without considering the "don'ts." For starters, he didn't check out his premises for uncorrected violations and unsafe conditions. And he didn't take a few minutes to crack the old statute book and bone up on the codes and ordinances that cover

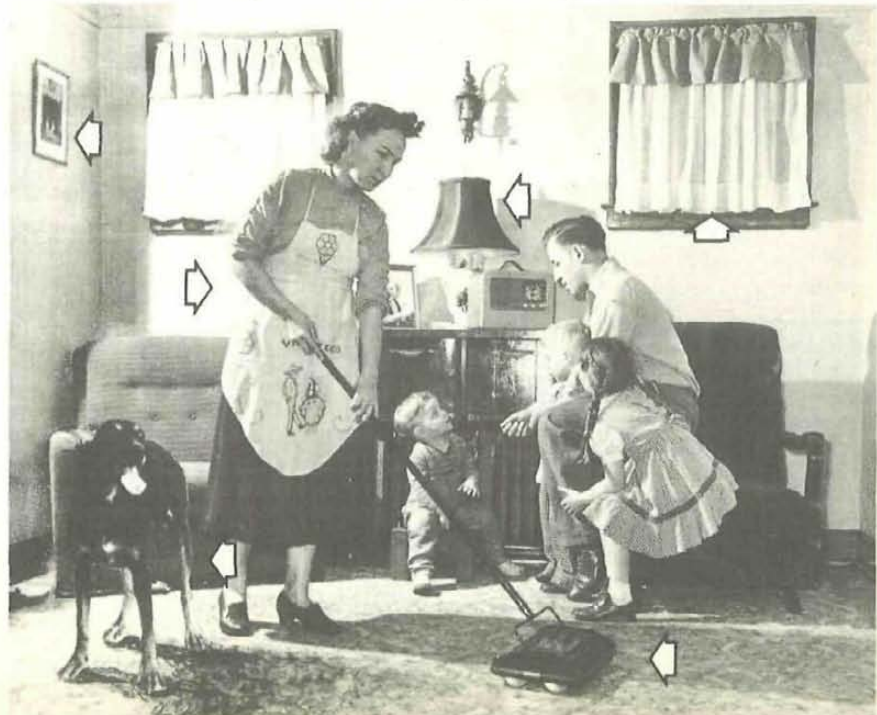
semiprivate entertainments in residential property.

How about you? Remember, 70 percent of all arrests take place in the home. It may be your castle, but you'll be trading it in for the big house if you aren't alert to your responsibilities and liabilities as a host.

For starters, you can forget all those trespass laws that usually put you on firm legal ground on your own property. An invitation—even if issued orally—is prima facie evidence of your consent to the entrance of your guests onto, through, and across your land and into your abode, residence, or domicile. So don't plan on bringing a countercharge of knocking and entering later on against someone who puts the collar on you. You've waived your rights. (continued on page 56)

**Chamber of Horrors:** An ordinary living room is transformed into a one-way ticket up the river during a party. Clockwise from top: painting affixed to wall with nonregulation hanging materials threatens lives and limbs of partygoers; failure to inspect identification of possible underage guest leaves host open to alcoholic beverage violation; bulbs of excess wattage over maximum ratings constitute negligent maintenance of a hazardous condition; overloaded ashtray, even without mishap, is in contravention of fire codes—spilling of ashtray subjects guests to civil endangerment, and as hostess rushes to kitchen for rag to clean up mess, she compounds the infraction by leaving the scene of an accident; host good-naturedly claps guest on back—gesture could be construed as 15th degree assault if recipient takes it amiss; host has prepared hors d'oeuvres and served same, but he lacks food service inspection certificate and washrooms do not have clearly posted signs instructing host and hostess to wash hands before leaving room; presence of unleashed pet in room is breach of sanitary regulation—if his shots and treatments aren't up-to-date, the offense is a great deal more serious. In addition, host, in giving directions to his house, indicated route which included legally closed road; front and back doors of house are not accredited egresses; and gasoline in cars of guests in driveway exceeds amount which may be stored in residential area without a permit.

## CHAMBER OF HORRORS:





## 1,245,698th MOST WANTED FUGITIVE STILL AT LARGE



**H**ave you seen this man? If so, report his whereabouts immediately to Citizen's Arrest Magazine, who will contact the proper authorities in order that a summons can be issued for his arrest.

This individual is believed to be white, middle-aged, partly bald and has been seen carrying a newspaper or small paper bag. He was last seen getting on a Number 12 bus on Sutter Street in San Francisco, November 11, 1974.

This individual was identified five times in one week as the person who spat while riding on a public bus in the City of San Francisco, and has been tentatively identified as the person who also spat on a cable car, in a movie theater, and in a public bar between October and November, 1974.

Do your part! Help apprehend The Mad Spitter before he expectorates in a public place again!

**have** to make a pinch for shoplifting!...Congrats to a C/A editorial bigshot on the birth of his first baby would be less muted if he hadn't clearly **exceeded the speed limit** driving his expectant Mrs. to the hospital – and if a civic-minded C/A colleague hadn't been waiting to **tail** him! All relevant data now in the hands of the police!...Speaking of tail – what Citizen's Arrest **secretary** and what Citizen's Arrest **advertiser** went to which nearby motel at lunchtime on August 7, 1974 and registered under what **false** name????...No names now, but C/A's **Executive Suite**, if you know just where to look, has a bookshelf with a **volume** on it that's **more than six months overdue** at the local library!...**It Makes You Wonder Dept.:** How come the local **fire department** has refused to visit the C/A offices to inspect the **fire extinguishers** for more than eight months?...**It Makes You Boil Dept.:** Watching employees of the Niagara Grill Restaurant, a favorite C/A luncheon spot, saunter in and out of the rest room without washing their hands – in direct and contemptuous violation of posted health ordinances!...**It Makes You Worry Dept.:** The inspection certificate in the office elevator, still unsigned by **any** municipal inspector long **past** the official **inspection** date! ...Well, that's the docket for now, fellow citizen-sleuths! Keep those cards and letters coming, we're just trying to do a citizenlike job, mighty glad you appreciate it. But remember to put a 10-cent stamp on your letters – or, fellow citizen, **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!**

# ISPY...

Notes from around the editorial offices of  
Citizen's Arrest Magazine.

By "A Public Spirited Citizen"

The **Editor** might have a hard time explaining things to the IRS if they ever audit his 1973 Federal **tax** return! Tip to the cheater-chasers: Ask how's come the Editor's **mother-in-law** showed up on that receipt he claimed as "Business Entertainment"!...What young Citizen's Arrest staffer is begging which co-worker not to snitch on him, after the co-worker identified a stolen "ONE WAY" sign on the **wall** of the young staffer's **apartment**?...Seen in the Citizen's Arrest cafeteria the other lunch hour: one C/A staffer **betting** another C/A staffer on the big football game. We don't know who won, but we **do** know the ultimate victor – our local **cop shop's** gambling and vice squad!...If a certain C/A secretary doesn't stop taking those **extra books of matches** off the counter when she buys cigarettes at the corner drugstore, it'll only be a matter of time until this corner will

*We don't mean to  
thump our tub, but ...*

Federal Bureau of Investigation  
J. Edgar Hoover Building  
111 Constitution Avenue, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20535

Office of Publications

Jan. 10, 1975

"Citizen Arrest" Magazine  
346-348 Floyd Ave., Suite G  
Muncie, Indiana 47302

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This will acknowledge receipt of the material you have  
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Yours,

*M. Hunker*  
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Supt. of Publications  
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**When They Say—  
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IS NO EXCUSE  
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**LEGAL REGISTER 1975**

Ace-Zenith Tip-Top Apex Publishing Co.  
Route 27, Carport, Md. 41356

**LETTERS**

Dear Sir:

I'm fed up to here (my right forefinger is resting on my adam's apple) with all this so-called "no-fault" nonsense. Everything is somebody's fault, and people who are at fault should be arrested, by vigilant U.S. citizens where necessary, and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Vernon T. Purtell  
Chaise Lounge, Mich.

*Vernon—You're right as rain! And for openers, how's about turning yourself over to the nearest citizen for violating Sec. 1156 of the Michigan Civil Code in that you did "counsel noncompliance to a valid statute of the State of Michigan," namely, their recently enacted no-fault law!—Managing Editor. (We regret that Editor Bill Gwathmey will be unable to answer this month's letters as he is currently under office arrest for creating an unsanitary condition in his wastebasket.)*

Dear Editor,

My pet collie has been intercepting my newspaper and transporting it across my property line for several years. It suddenly occurred to me that this might constitute harboring a felon or some sort of accessory charge on my part. Of course, the paper is delivered by hand and not mail, but I'm still worried.

Todd C. Bettner  
Cabstand, Ill.

*Todd—Sounds to me like you're mighty close to a minor infraction. The collie is clearly "seizing or causing to be seized a thing of value" and is wide open to literally hundreds of counts of "transporting stolen goods" to boot. Since he hasn't yet been charged, you're off the hook on "assisting a fugitive," but judging from your postmark you have "had reason to believe a misdemeanor had occurred" for nearly a week now, and if you're still feeding him and providing him with "an abode or other domicile, temporary or permanent," you're in hot water. While you're at it, trace back that chain of delivery. If it's the usual case of a kid on a bicycle, you probably have littering violations and numerous counts of operating a vehicle for a commercial purpose without a license right under your nose. It'll go easier with you if you do your duty pronto.—Managing Editor*

Dear Editor,

Congrats on "Loose Lips Get Pink Slips" (C/A, Dec. 1974) and plain talk on citizen apprehension of would-be hijackers in airport waiting rooms. I have Xeroxed this article and distributed it to the entire staff of my local laundry and drycleaning chain.

Milton C. Sweetfoot, Jr.

*Milton—Reproducing all or part of a copyrighted article without written consent is an offense. We only hope one of your laundry employees reads this and takes the step that will force you to "come clean."—Managing Editor*

**I SUE!**

**Secret Self-Defense Technique**



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nent's strength and turn it against him. He may win the fight, but you will have "your day in court." It's the "law of the jungle," the "law of the land," and you'll win every time!

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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**



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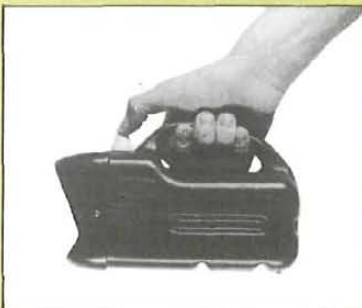
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peninsula that Mr. Turner had long ago built his duck blind. Tod was playing with the words *duck blind* in his head, wondering if there was a weed by that name, when Dave's yelps grew louder and his father returned to the equipment.

"See those honkers come over?" Mr. Turner laughed. "Come over every year about this time, an' I bet never *once* figure out how lucky they are not bein' ducks!"

Tod wiped his nose on a sleeve and looked at his father, guessing that he'd already been at the second bottle of Jack Daniels while hiding the car.

The rest of the morning was spent lugging their gear along the thin finger of land to the blind—really nothing more than a three-by-six hole lined with rotten boards and disguised by a removable roof topped with sods. With the false roof off, the blind appeared to be floored with spent shells, bourbon bottles, and candy wrappers in various stages of decomposition.

Mr. Turner began to set the decoys, wading out into the small, cliff-bordered inlet in high rubber hipboots to toss the heavy wooden ducks at random—many of them landing upside-down, a problem further complicated by Dave's insistence on returning them to shore as soon as they were set upright, once snagging several anchor lines to gleefully tow back six at once. Angrily, Mr. Turner put Dave in the blind with Tod sitting on the roof until the job was completed.

"No account mutt," Mr. Turner grumbled as he began unzipping his shotguns, "should've had 'im put away when he messed up that little girl at the playground."

As the boy ran a swab through the barrel of his own 410 High-Standard, he watched his father clean his guns. There were five of them, matched Ithaca model 51 Deerslayers. For a sizable amount of money, a gunsmith had equipped each of the gas-operated automatics with an aluminum bipod, a magazine modified to hold thirteen shells, and an ingenious full-choke that doubled as a first-rate silencer.

Loaded with 00 buckshot, Tod had seen, each could turn a solid steel Stop sign into something resembling a giant, crushed carrot grater. And this with a single shot from a station wagon idling at a distance of forty yards.

In some hunting circles, Tod knew, such guns were considered unsportsmanlike. But when the sportsman now in question clipped his Honorary State Trooper certificate to the back of his shooting jacket—a certificate that further identified its bearer, correctly, as a close personal friend of a

certain well-known Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, criticism along these lines usually disappeared.

Judge Harkness had been a war buddy of Tod's father, a friendship which subsequently ripened through their discovery of a shared fondness for off-season dynamite fishing.

The sun was already low in the sky and the mist was returning when Mr. Turner had finished cleaning and loading his weapons. A few ducks had flown over, but he had cautioned Tod not to fire until the whole flock arrived. In the interim, Tod helped his father hide the two portable speakers in the rushes and run their waterproof cords to the powerful battery tape machine. After a hasty meal of candy bars, they unrolled their sleeping bags, covered over the blind with the tent canvas, and made a small fire inside from the shell boxes and the wooden crate they came in.

That night, in the glow of the fire, Tod's father took a long pull on his fourth bottle and began to speak of the Indians that had once roamed the Wisconsin lakelands. Chippanack, Fondulacs, Ironduquoits—their names fell strangely on Tod's ears, already ringing with a 103-degree fever.

"Another reason some folks don't like hunting is because they say it says in the Bible, 'Thou shalt not kill,' even though what the Bible really says is, 'Thou shalt not murder'—which is, of course, a whole different ballgame entirely."

"You see, son," Mr. Turner explained to his son's quietly coughing form, "real hunting . . . well, it's kind of like a sort of . . . a prayer. For example, if one of these Indians hereabouts wanted to hunt up say a big moose for his family, he didn't just go off half cocked, screaming, 'Hey, moose, come and get it.' No, sir.

"So what does he do? Well, first he's got t'get in the mood for moose. He draws pictures of moose all over the walls of his teepee or cave or whatever the hell he's got for a house—you can see the drawings today in the National Parks except the ones for when they were hunting for pussy. Then, when he's got the kind of moose he wants down pat, he goes outside and gets into an actual moose suit—actually dresses up like a real moose—and dances around the campfire with his buddies until everybody can't do anything but act like a moose—butt each other on the head, pee on trees, and just generally go crazy. But crazy like a moose—that's the important thing.

"After a while they actually get to think they're mooses and even their women can't talk to them what with all the buttin' and bellowin' and stampedin' around—it's a little like

getting hopped up on pot—and when one of them starts thinking just like the particular kind of moose he's after, he ups and tears off into the woods until he meets a moose coming from the exact opposite direction who thinks it's an Indian, and lets 'em have it right between the antlers. By then maybe the moose's been so psyched out he doesn't even need the arrow—just runs over to the nearest tree and, *whammo*, commits suicide right there in front of him.

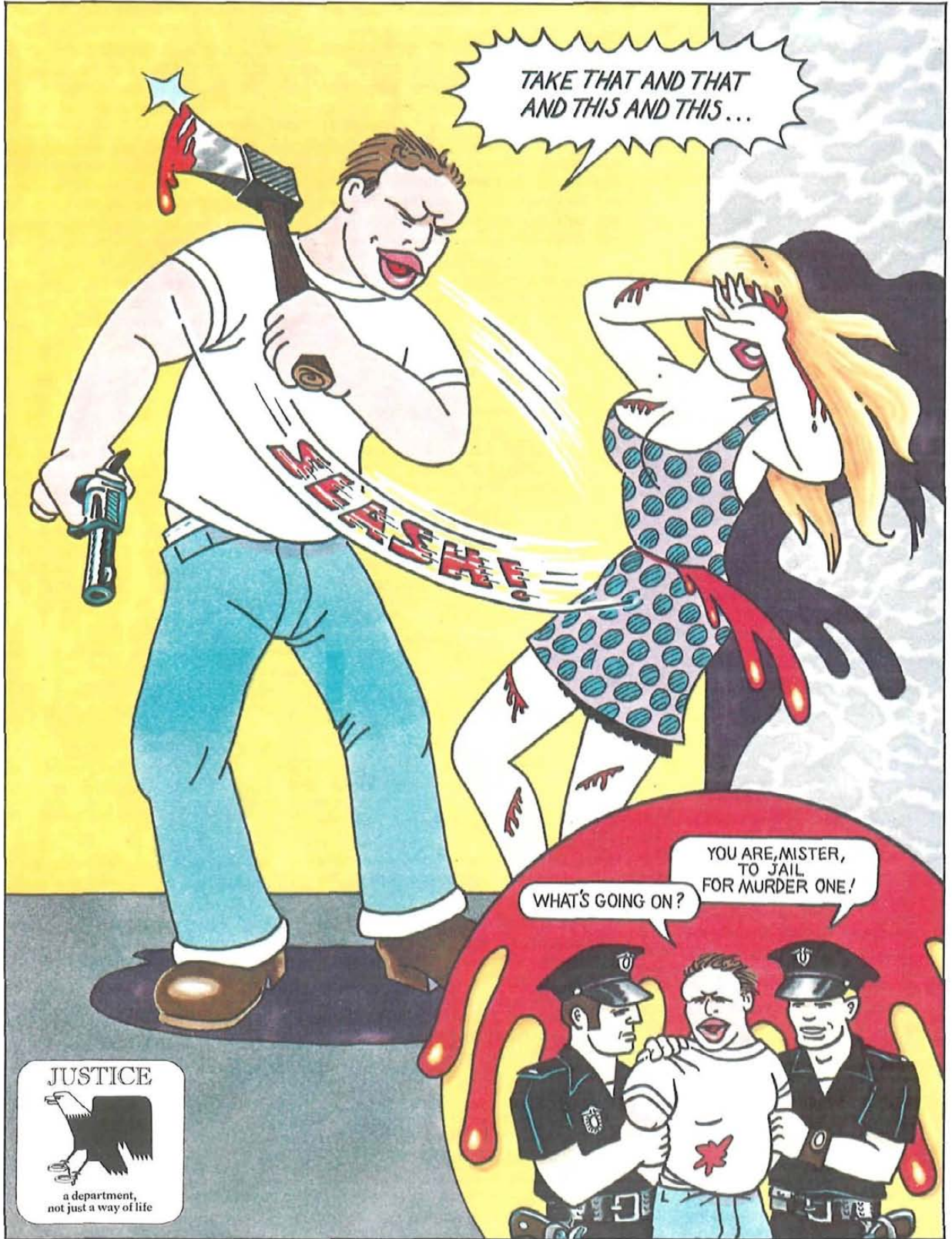
"Hell, it was the same thing in the army. When Judge Harkness and your old man were moppin' up after Anzio, we had to think like *wops*, if you can believe it—figure out where they were hiding and turn our flamethrowers on every wine cellar an' cat house just t'flush 'em out. Hell, how do you think my granddaddy whipped all those Indians in the first place? By making 'em fight on his own terms. You sashay up to an Indian pretending you're just another Indian—you're one dead chump. That's why you have to shoot 'em. All they had were bows and arrows and tomahawks. We had guns. Got it, boy?"

*Long into the night, Mr. Turner continued to talk. Tod, now growing slightly delirious, heard him speak of Darwin and the survival of the fittest, of the innate viciousness of women compared to men, and how, despite everything, the so-called "inferior" Negro had still managed to take over neighborhoods, one by one. Shaker Heights. South Orange. South Boston. Even Washington, D.C., the national capital. Of how the Jews, through America's ruinously expensive welfare system, had allowed the Negroes to reproduce unchecked and hold whites at bay while the Jews sacked the city treasuries with their ruinous welfare schemes. Of how they turned Christ into an obvious homosexual so people would believe it sinful to defend themselves against Negroes, much less Jews. How they were already going from house to house in Massachusetts collecting guns. How such people should be dealt with. How mercy was for women.*

*Then, as the cry of a loon was heard through the wind across the water, Tod's father crept from his own sleeping bag, pausing to dip two fingers into the emergency can of Sterno, crawled into Tod's sleeping bag, and, quoting from memory the appropriate passage from For Whom the Bell Tolls, repeatedly sodomized him, using the Sterno as a lubricant.*

The next day dawned grudgingly, gray and overcast. Tod woke from a fitful dream of giant, ugly weeds and

# Know Your Rights—But Don't Forget The Wrongs!



Illustrated by Neon Park

## Murder Is Cruel And Unusual...So Don't Do It

hideously low marks. He was conscious of being jostled roughly.

"Son, get your piece. It's time."

Rubbing his eyes, Tod peeked above the lip of the blind as the wind ruffled his hair across his damp forehead. There, in the muted dawn light, he heard a monstrous cacaphony, like the straining and splitting of a huge wooden board. Following his father's nod, he saw the great dark cloud approach downwind. It looked like three or four thousand birds.

Quickly, Mr. Turner inserted a cassette in the recorder and an answering din blasted from the concealed speakers. The cassette, a faithful if questionably obtained tape of a world champion duck-caller exhibiting his prowess on an Ort 77, drew the longbills, siren-like, to the smaller inlet. Wheeling simultaneously against the brightening sky, the great flock banked, flared slightly, and glided sidelong toward the beckoning promise of delicious water fronds and shelter from the constant autumn winds.

Tod raised his 410, but his father forced the barrel down with his hand.

"Wait up, boy," Mr. Turner whispered. "Why do you think they call 'em 'sitting ducks'?"

Mr. Turner was right. In another moment, the largest flock of canvasbacks Tod had ever seen was riding silently in the narrow inlet, not thirty yards from their blind. They had even begun to feed among the submerged roots.

"All right, boy," said Mr. Turner quietly as he sighted in the nearest Ithaca, "and remember, no prisoners." Then he began firing.

The rapid and astonishingly quiet *phut phut* of Mr. Turner's gun kicked up thirteen bloody geysers of water, feathers and fragmented bone amid the center mass of birds before they even sensed something was wrong. As Tod looked on, his father swiftly emptied a second and third gun into the thickly congested flock, each shot mowing a swath through the living brown-green carpet, literally blowing to bits twenty or more birds with every twitch of his finger, maiming twice that number.

Dutifully, Tod jammed fresh clips into his father's spent Ithacas. Mr. Turner had emptied five shotguns, sixty-five shells, in one minute. But in that long minute few of the ducks had yet managed their escape. Canvasbacks, deep-feeding divers, require long running starts before their three-pound bulks can gain the air. Now, backed up against a sheer stone cliff in a strong seasonal headwind, confused by downdrafts and a murderous volley issuing from their only flightline, the remainder of the ducks panicked; some dashed themselves

mindlessly along the rocky shoreline, others dove deep into the water only to be decapitated by 00 shot upon surfacing. A few of the stronger ones lofted themselves against the easterly gusts, only to be blown back against the cliffs and picked off by Tod's accurate 410.

The din was terrifying, and Dave, the retriever, no longer able to contain himself, leapt into the water directly in front of Mr. Turner's muzzle and took several pellets. With a shriek, the animal bounded straight up and out of the water, crashing through the reeds in a half-staggering, blood-spraying gallop.

In another minute it was over. Mr. Turner had bagged easily more than two-thirds of the flock—some of the survivors had actually crawled away through the marsh grass—and the surface was solidly packed with dead and drowning birds, perhaps two thousand of them, Tod's father estimated, over *three tons* of duck meat, floating in an area no larger than an Olympic-sized pool. The din from the crippled ones was unlike anything Tod had ever heard.

Dave, lying wounded somewhere in the brush, could not retrieve. However, Mr. Turner didn't mind, as no one in the Turner family really cared for duck meat. (Two years ago, Mrs. Turner had prepared several, but found them gamey-tasting. In addition, her youngest daughter's portion contained several bits of shot and resulted in a \$60 dentist bill.)

"Looks like we're limited out, boy," said Mr. Turner.

"What about the wounded ones, Dad?" asked Tod.

"Fuck 'em," replied Mr. Turner. "We've got a wounded retriever somewhere in those reeds, and we have to go in after him before he turns rogue. Might be circling around right now, hoping to surprise us before we make it to the wagon."

After a brief planning session, the father and son approached the red-spattered breach in the reeds into which the animal had disappeared. They approached single file, Tod in front, tossing handfuls of dog food before him from an open can. Halting, he glanced back at Mr. Turner, who made a small sign of assent with his free hand.

"Hey, Dave," Tod called softly, "C'mon, fella, it's okay, boy, c'mon."

Instantly there was a familiar yip and thrashing to the left. Tod's father turned and fired twice, a sound that seemed other than animal ripped the air and a bloodied mass exploded from the brush, somewhat like a dog, but lacking a jaw, tail, a leg and much

of its flesh. The thing skidded to a tumbling stop at the water's edge and fell over with a distinct *plop*. A few feet from shore, it floated, strings of half-shot-away muscle still writhing on open bone.

"Not bad shooting, if I do say so myself," said Mr. Turner as he inspected his kill. "Brain shot, heart shot, shoulder shot and the bugger still charged."

After gutting the kill and throwing away both the insides and the outsides, Mr. Turner again sexually assaulted Tod. Impatient to police the blind area for spent shells and incriminating candy wrappers, he hurried his shot, forgetting the Sterno.

"Look, Dad," said Tod after, between painful sneezes, "you've either got to cut that out or I'm going to have to tell Mom."

*That night, Tod awoke in the tent from a dream about giant empty Sterno cans and severely graded candy wrappers to find his father sitting in a corner of the tent with an Ithaca across his lap, staring intently at him. Yet Mr. Turner's eyes looked both far-away and immensely sad.*

*"I'm sorry about what happened today, son," he said quietly. "Perhaps when you are a man, and have fathered sons as I have, you will understand."*

*Slowly and purposefully, he hefted the long shotgun and flicked off the safety.*

*"There are many things I might have taught you about life," he said, "but there is really only one important thing. Remember, son, I love you."*

*Then, without expression, Mr. Turner lifted the muzzle to his own mouth and fired.*

The next day, coughing frequently (the shot had blown out the top of the tent and it had begun to rain heavily after midnight), Tod located the car keys in the station wagon's glove compartment, carefully wrapped in a penciled note. It read:

*Dear Tod,*

*I'm sorry about what happened last night. Something about the pain of being a man, perhaps. Spare your Mother this if you can, and remember to keep those marks up.*

*Fondly,  
Dad*

*P.S. And remember, I love you.*

Tod carefully refolded the note. Somewhere on the far shore, he caught the cry of a loon. □

# BAR ASSOCIATION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

## 1975



## EXAMINATION FOR ADMISSION TO THE BAR JULY 21, 1975

This examination is designed to test knowledge of the laws of the State of New York.

Time allotted: Eight hours. All questions must be answered.

**STOP!** Do not turn page until instructed to do so by the examiner. Your examination paper has been assigned the following code number. Do not write your name anywhere on this booklet.

A68045

Congratulations, John "Jake" Sussman, Esq. !!!!!!!

You have just passed the New York State Bar Exam. You are now privy to one of the best-kept secrets in the nation. You're in. You're it. You're one of us.

Do not look up. Do not cheer. Keep quiet and keep reading.

For the last three years, we have been following with satisfaction your progress at Yale Law School. You have shown yourself to be amply qualified to practice law in this, the best of all possible states. Needless to say, it would be superfluous to force you to take another examination now, *or at any time in your career.*

**Sssshhhhhh.**

Sixty-three percent of the people in this room are reading what you are reading. Thirty-seven percent are attempting to answer intricate questions covering points of law which, as we and now you know, are insoluble. Rest assured that the Negroes in this room are among that 37 percent (except for the tall buck in the corner, whose father was Commissioner of Sanitation under Governor Harriman. And you don't have to worry about him because he's slated for Legal Aid).

**Don't worry. Keep your head down. We will tell you when it is safe to look up.**

Perhaps you are wondering how we arrived at this percentage.

Each year, the Board of Examiners gathers at a small country club outside of Albany to determine the number of new lawyers the state can absorb without disturbing the economics of the prevailing attorney-client ratio. And, irrespective of qualification, *you made it!!* Perhaps you are also wondering, given all of the above, why this charade is necessary. As we and now you realize, this organization must preserve its public image of screening would-be entrants to the profession in order to ensure that the finest legal assistance is provided for the good people of the great state of New York.

**Don't laugh!**

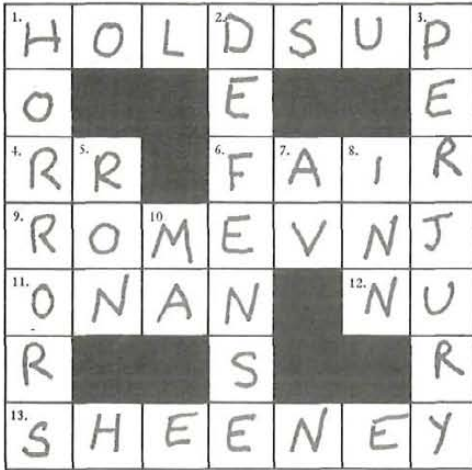
Now then. In order to maintain the fiction that you are, in fact, undergoing a grueling examination of your legal expertise, you must stay in the room for the next eight hours. During this time, you will have to display various forms of emotion: frustration, elation, anxiety, determination, fear, etc. We leave the delineation of these emotional pyrotechnics in your already capable hands, as a prospective courtroom lawyer.

**Go on, give it a try. Try frustration. How did it go?**

We and now you realize that this kind of silliness is not going to get you through the next eight hours. (You can fool the jury but you can't fool yourself.) So we've put together a few time-consuming tidbits to help you through. Remember one thing, however. You're in. You're it. You're one of us. Nothing you do on these diversions will make any difference in the way we feel about you.



Have fun.

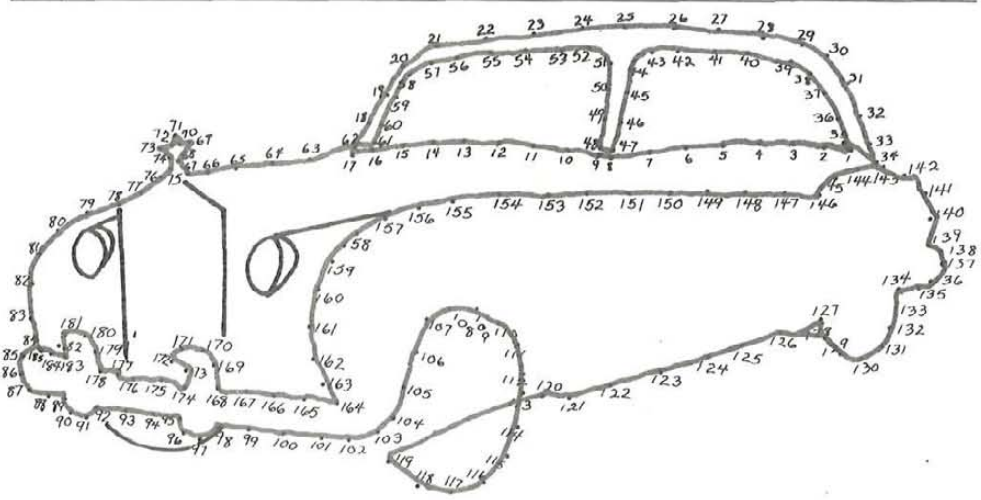
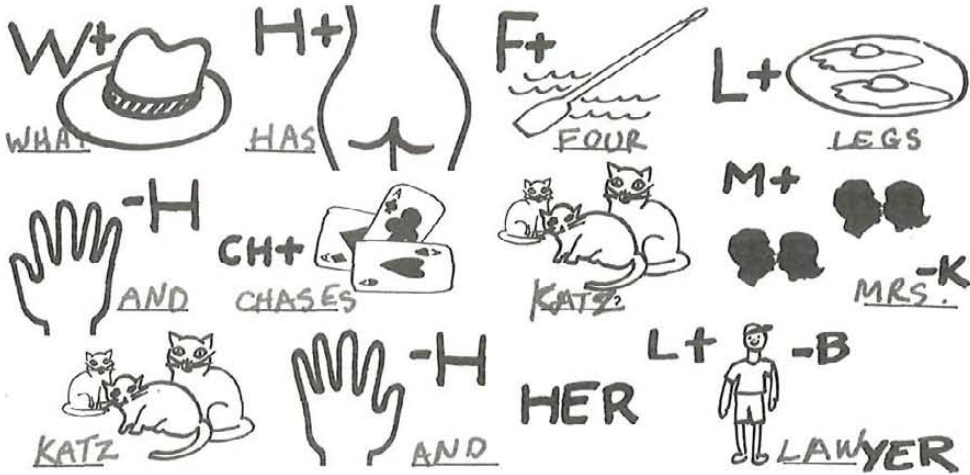


Across

1. What your client does to the corner candy store.
4. If you defend one of these, remember: The attorney gets paid before any of the creditors.
6. *My \_\_\_\_\_ Lawyer*: Harvard Law School Revue of 1966.
9. Little-known 1932 case upholding compulsory Hail Marys.
11. The first man to handle his own case.
12. What 13 across completed all his opinions with.
13. Mr. Justice \_\_\_\_\_: Brandeis, Frankfurter, Goldberg, Fortas, and probably a few others.

Down

1. What Daniel Webster got the morning after.
2. What you sit on if you're the prosecution.
3. Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it.
5. \_\_\_\_\_ Rico: Wasn't he the lawyer who defended Trujillo?
7. Association of Ventriloquists (abbr.)
8. Stupid American lawyers traveling in London try to book a room at Lincoln's
10. What you yell when you fry.



In order to get you started, here is a case for you to work on. We do not mean that you are being examined on this case. This is a real case. You can make money on this case—lots of it—the minute the exam is over.

*A*, a welfare mother who has just won the New York State Lottery, is on her way to the corner of a busy midtown intersection. When she reaches the corner, she calls across the street to her child *B*, who is begging on the opposite corner of the intersection, to inform him of this fact. *B* puts down his cup and crutch and runs across the street towards *A*. A car driven by *C* is approaching the intersection. Fearing that the car will strike *B*, *A* screams a warning. *C*, startled by the sudden noise, loses control of his automobile and mounts the sidewalk, striking *D*, President and Chairman of the Board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, in the ankle. Simultaneously, another car driven by *E*, a film star, strikes and kills *B*. *D* had been informed by his physician a week previously that he was slightly overweight, and had been advised to play polo at least three times a week, which he is unable to do due to his ankle injury. This results in an additional weight gain on *D*'s part, which in turn results in the appearance of an editorial cartoon depicting *D* and titled, "Inflated interest rates or what?" in a local newspaper. *D* alleges severe mental distress and professional anguish, and seeks to recover damages in the amount of \$250,000.

As you remember from your days in law school, *A*'s scream is clearly the "but-for" cause of the injury sustained by *D*. Coincidentally, the amount of money won by *A* on the day in question was \$250,000. *D* is looking for a lawyer. His number is 555-4070.

### Warning!

Although it has never yet happened, it is possible that you may be tempted to share this privileged information with unauthorized persons. Needless to say, this indiscretion would work a hardship on all past, present, and future members of the New York State Bar Association. If you shoot your mouth off:

1. Your estate will be immediately probated.
2. Your personal property will be attached, liens will be slapped on your real property, and you can kiss your chattels good-bye.
3. We will hound you to death.

**O.K., that's it. You can raise your head. Have a nice practice, and remember—one hand watches the other.**

This examination has been a service of the New York State Bar Association.

# Inherit Their Wind

or

*The Law is an Ass—and some people are deeply into it.*  
by Rick Meyerowitz and Brian McConnachie

Chief Justice Warren Burger (St. Paul College Law School, 1931). On Sept. 18, 1973, Warren Burger answered his front door with a loaded revolver in his hand. When the visitors identified themselves as reporters, he stated, "Isn't it always the case. You're in the basement shooting case and the doorbell rings, it happens every time (Never falls. So just keep your mouth shut about it."





Edward Bennett Williams (Georgetown Law School, 1945). Edward Bennett Williams is considered by many to be the best lawyer in the world. It is said he could have gotten Hitler off. "It might have cost Der Führer Poland or Hungary, but what



President Gerald Ford (Yale Law School, 1941). The first job that Gerald Ford held was that of bail bondsman. He had gone practically through an entire inheritance before someone told him that he should give the money to the court clerk, not to the prisoner, and only then if the accused failed to show up for trial.



good is Poland or Hungary if you're in jail and you can't use them?" In addition to his law practice, Williams teaches Evidence Suppression and Change of Venue at his alma mater.



Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller (did not attend law school). Nelson Rockefeller did receive an honorary law degree from the Henry Hudson School. The presentation read: "Anyone with as much income as Rocky here who doesn't have to pay his '71 taxes deserves to be a lawyer."



William Kunstler (Columbia Law School, 1948). William Kunstler began his career as an assistant in a district attorney's office, where he witnessed a convicted defendant swear that he would escape, return, and shoot the prosecutor in the head. Kunstler has been a defense attorney ever since.



F. Lee Bailey (Boston University Law School, 1956). F. Lee Bailey is currently under Federal indictment along with his business partner, Glen Turner. Bailey has written two books, *The Defense Never Rests* and *For the Defense*. He is planning a third, *Behind de Fence*.



John Ehrlichman (Stanford Law School, 1951). Pending his appeal to the Supreme Court, John Ehrlichman has been looking for work among the Indians of the Southwest. He has been turned down several times. His pitch is: "You'll never get your land back from the white man, but with a little help from me, you can get land from each other." □

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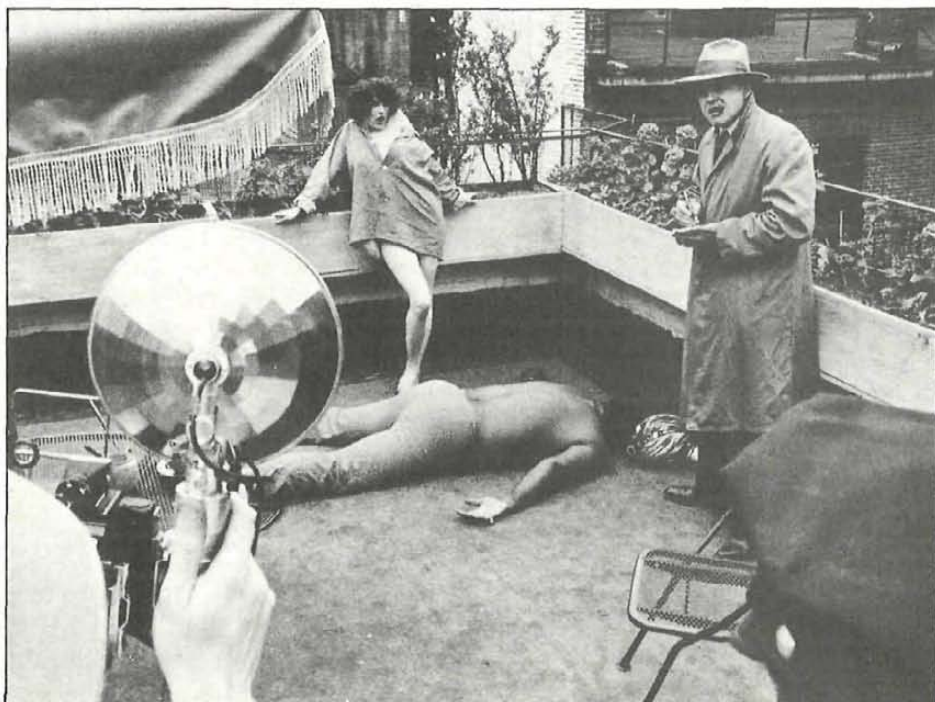
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# "A Shot in the Darky"

by Doug Kenney



**1.** Not all of Dallas, Texas is as pleased as its colored population when the famous Reverend Doctor Martin Luther Burbank arrives to support Negro sewer workers' demands for rubber boots and gas masks.



**2.** Thus, Inspector O'Hooligan is not surprised to receive an anonymous phone call tipping him off that a murder has occurred at the Lorraine Motel. Upon arrival, a tearful Miss Dixie Peach tells the Inspector that her employer had been eating some pussy when, pausing for a moment to catch a breath of fresh air on the terrace, he was shot dead.





**3.** Gathering his suspects, the Inspector begins to recreate the murder. "Dixie Peach, the Reverend's 'sister,' is an obvious phony!" he begins. "And her husband, the late George Lincoln Rockwell, stands before us now, equally guilty."

"Guilty?" exclaims Rockwell. "But I'm dead!"

"Yes," replies O'Hooligan, "I got you dead to rights for baby-buying—from these Leopold and Loeb boys here!"



**4.** "That's right!" O'Hooligan continues. "Those two twisted mocky punks sold you and your childless husband here the kidnapped Limburger Baby! You all had reason to get queasy when the big groid started to smell something cheesy!" Closing his casebook, Inspector O'Hooligan then identified the real murderer. How did he know they were all lying, and whom did he put the cuffs on? (Turn to page 92 to find out!)

# Poco Is Head Over Heels

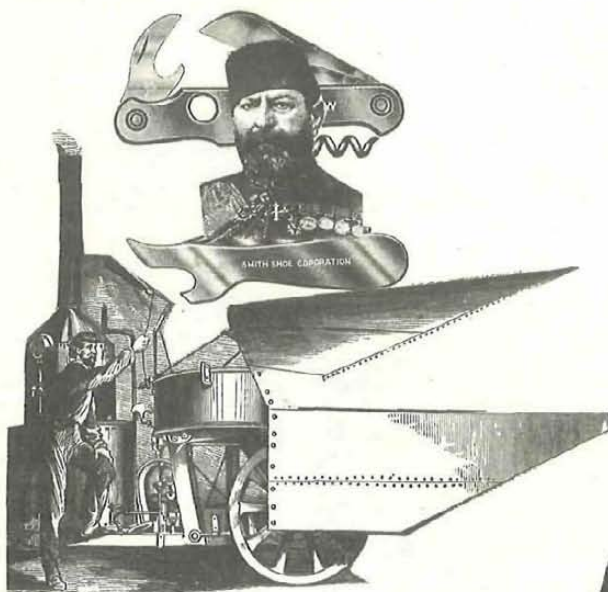


**POCO**

on  
abc Records

# Little-Known Instruments of Justice

By Akbar del Piombo  
Collages by Rubington

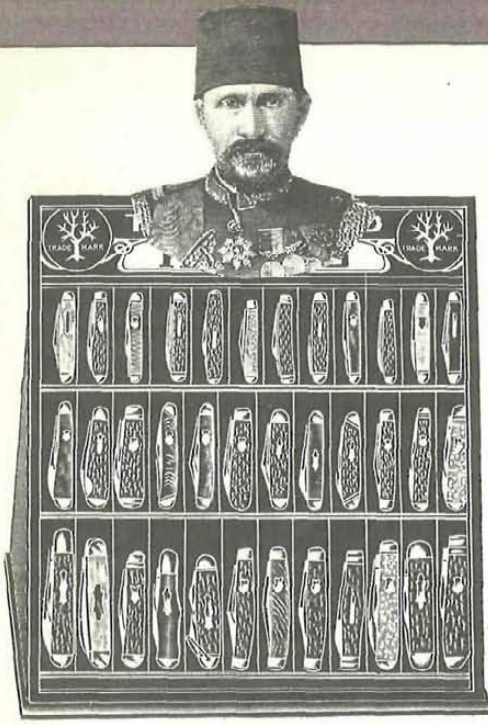


**THE STEAM-DRIVEN GUILLOTINE.** Invented by the Turkish jackknife manufacturer Sir Ahmed Bankasi, the "Mogul of Cutlery," 1892. Designed originally for a quick extermination program for unwanted minority groups, the rapid-fire head chopper blew its boiler on its maiden effort, consuming Sir Ahmed and a number of wives in the resulting fire.



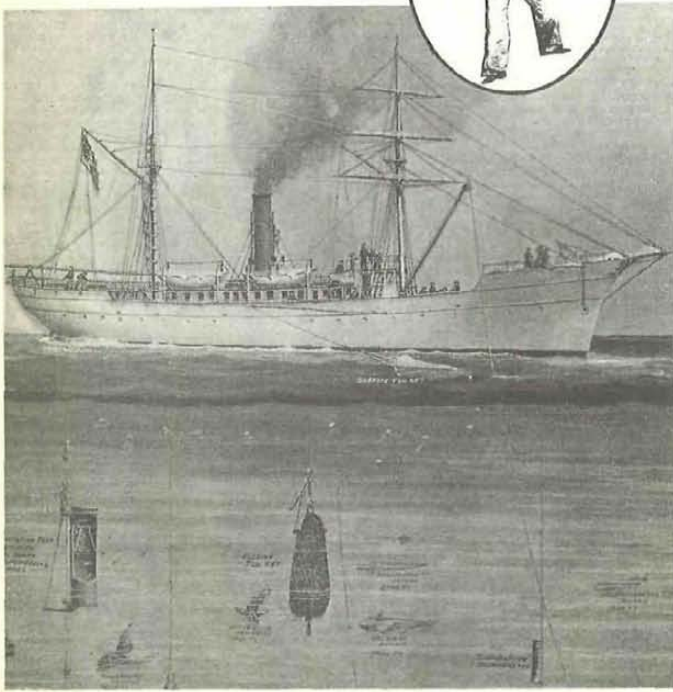
**THE CLEMENTINE.** The brain-child of Vicomte Albert Le Clement was an unsuccessful rival of the already institutionalized guillotine, despite Vicomet Clement's contention that his device was by far the thriftier of the two, its portability allowing for the saving of expensive duplication in numerous prisons.





**THE DUELER'S CHOICE.** The vogue for diminutive instruments reached its apogee with the so-called "Dueller's Choice," from the brother-in-law of the great knife mogul Ahmed Bankasi. This was later exposed as a wily advertising gimmick that boosted jackknife sales 200 percent throughout the territories under the banner of the Crescent.

**THE HANGING JUDGE.** The Hon. Winston Foresight, presiding over the lawless county of Elmer, Ohio, proposed legislation for summary execution following sentencing in his efforts to find swift-action justice. The bill was defeated on grounds of similarity to one man taking justice into his own hands.



**THE CAPITAL SHIP.** The last voyage of condemned prisoners sentenced to death by hanging and/or drowning. Idea of a demented bos'n in His Majesty's navy was supposed to provide execution and burial in one single operation. Illustration shows testing cruise with various systems, all rejected.

# FUNNY PAGES



**SNUTS**

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME IT SUDDENLY STRUCK YOU THAT YOU'D ACTUALLY BEEN AROUND FOR AWHILE--THAT YOU HAD REALLY PILED UP A PAST, AND THAT IT WOULD CONTINUE TO PILE UP?

THIS IS YOUR COUSIN RODNEY, DEAR. ISN'T HE SWEET? WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH HIM WHILE YOUR AUNT FLO AND I TALK?

HI.

HI, HI, HI, HI, HI!

I FORGET WHAT I USED TO DO WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE. DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT FOR A WALK?

HI, HOO, HA, HEE, HEH!

REALLY TAKES ME BACK!

JEEZ, I REMEMBER WHEN I HAD TO WEAR ALL THIS CRAP!

HOLD YOUR ARM STIFF!

HA DA HOO!

YOU BETTER STOP THAT. I DON'T THINK YOUR MOTHER'D LIKE YOU PLAYING WITH DOG SHIT.

I DID DUMB STUFF LIKE THAT!

HOKY OKY OKO

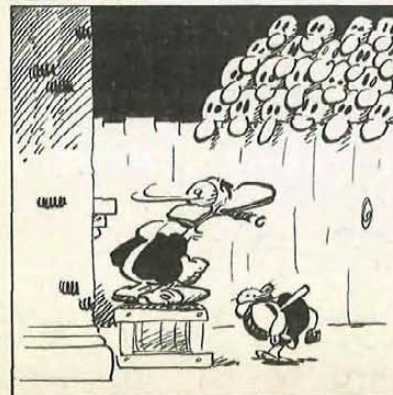
HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR COUSIN RODNEY, DEAR?

HE'S OK. BUT HE'S GOT A WAYS TO GO.

Quinn Wilson



# DIRTY DUCK





# IDYL



©J-JONES 1975

IDYL IS SOUGHT OUT BY A SMALL TREE TO TALK ABOUT IMPORTANT THINGS LIKE MATHEMATICS.



SO...

IDYL IS SOUGHT OUT BY A LARGE ROCK TO TALK ABOUT IMPORTANT THINGS LIKE ART.

IDYL IS SOUGHT OUT BY A VERY LARGE ROCK TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.



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**110881. JANIS: Janis Joplin's Words, Her Life, Her Songs.** By D. Dalton. 51 Photos. Interviews, photos of her in every mood, plus guitar and piano music and words to 14 of her songs incl. Ball and Chain, Me and Bobby McGee, etc., and 7" 33 1/2 RPM record of her talking and singing Nobody Knows You When You're Down & Out, others. Softbound. Pub. at \$4.95. Only \$1.00

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## PAUL KRASSNER LIES—SOMETIMES

When Paul Krassner told us what LBJ did to JFK that fateful day on Air Force One, he was lying. When he told us that he once necked with a nun in the middle of the L.A. airport, he was partially lying. And when he said he dropped acid with two members of the Manson family—well, who could say?

Krassner irregularly puts out a magazine called *The Realist*, which is funny, weird, outrageous, pornographic, scatological and often right on target. Oddly enough, this description also fits Krassner, as you'll see when you read



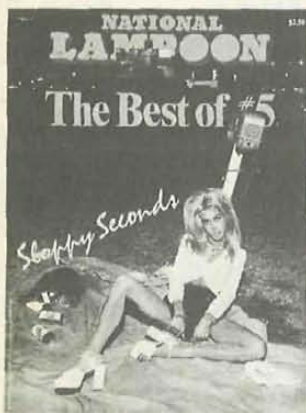
*A Conversation with Paul Krassner in the August issue of OUI magazine.*

In the same issue, OUI brings you up to date on the success of the new decriminalized marijuana laws in Oregon, fills you in on the late-night sex shows that air on Japanese television and introduces you to a well-educated, upper-middle-class, \$50 call girl. And it's all liberally spiced with the world's foxiest femmes in breath-taking living color.

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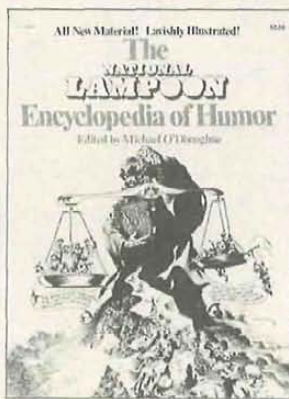
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## WHAT IS A GOD?

**WHAT IS A GOD?**  
od is our mighty fortress,  
our captain,  
our guide, judge,  
our refuge and ally.  
God followed us to the Pacific, the Blues, to the bathroom,  
the Pole, the moon.  
And wherever He went us, wherever He followed us,  
God was there waiting for us.  
God is a nice speaking man in the night,  
a convergence of events leading to a safe opportunity  
in a visible mass of support.  
He is the last word of dialogue in a movie about an old man,  
a kid and a dog, the author of the Golden Rule,  
and the hope of the future with the unknowns of His silence.  
He is yesterday's justification, today's improved radical fire,  
tomorrow's game show host when the fire is on.  
He comes in all colors, black, brown, yellow and red.  
And He's white all over.  
He knows when you're been sleeping. He knows when you're awake.  
He hid the Bombardier bomber into the second fat, and  
sometimes He kept John Wayne, just to keep you on your toes.  
God likes hamburgers, week ends, movies,  
Catholics, Protestants and the occasional Jew.  
Just work, good laughs, and Bill Eddowes is the fourth at Belmont.  
He is Omnipotent, Eternal, Omnipresent, and  
an honorary citizen of these United States, whatever the country of  
His birth. But after you've succumbed to cancer, or  
been crushed by a car, or expunged by sucking chest wound or  
heart failure, when you've killed yourself, or been killed,  
or just plain died. He can make everything right  
with those two little words:  
"Hello, baby!"

## DETERIORATA

**DETERIORATA**  
G O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE &  
WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COM-  
FORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A  
poor thermostat. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in  
need of sleep. Rotate your tires. Speak glowingly of those  
greater than yourself and hand-well their shovels even though  
they're turkeys know what to know and when. Consider  
that two wrongs never make a right but that three do.  
Wherever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that  
in the face of all anxiety & disillusionment and despite the  
changing fortunes of men, there is always a big fortune in  
computer maintenance. Remember the Public. Strive  
at all times to be fed, safe, & sane. Know your  
self; if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your  
daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you.  
That lesson on your left, far out there. Be amazed that a  
walk through the ocean of many words would surely get  
your feet wet. Fill me in love the day it will stick to your  
face. Graciously surrender the things of youth, birds, clean  
air, cars, tanks and let out the tanks of time get in your  
lungs. Hang people with books. For a good time, call  
Gibby and for Ken. Take heart amid the depressing gloom  
that your dog is finally getting enough cheese; and reflect that  
whatever confusion may be in your lot, could only be worse  
in Mideast. You are a flake of the universe you have  
no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the  
universe is laughing behind your back. Therefore, make  
peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Harry  
Thunderer or Cosmic Muffin. With all his hopes, dreams,  
promises, & when renewal the world continues to deteriorate.  
Give up.

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**ARIES**  
March 21-April 20  
FEARLESS



**TAURUS**  
April 21-May 20  
CREATIVE



**GEMINI**  
May 21-June 20  
SUPERIOR



**CANCER**  
June 21-July 20  
VERSATILE



**LEO**  
July 21-Aug. 21  
FRIENDLY



**VIRGO**  
Aug. 22-Sept. 22  
INGENIOUS

# Zodiac Love Pendants

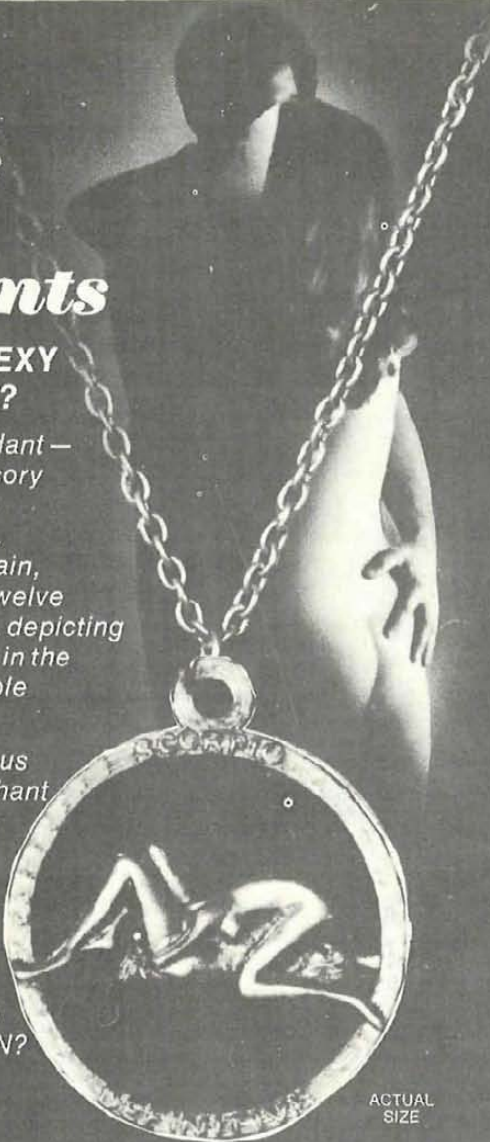
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*Designed by a famous voyeur, with a penchant for astrology, these Zodiac pendants are the result of a detailed study of heavenly bodies in close conjunction.*

*What is the position of YOUR LOVE SIGN?*

AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL



ACTUAL SIZE



**LIBRA**  
Sept. 23-Oct. 22  
PROFESSIONAL



**SCORPIO**  
Oct. 23-Nov. 21  
DEFINITIVE



**SAGITTARIUS**  
Nov. 23-Dec. 21  
ACTIVE



**CAPRICORN**  
Dec. 22-Jan. 19  
AWARE



**AQUARIUS**  
Jan. 20-Feb. 18  
HUMANITARIAN



**PISCES**  
Feb. 19-March 20  
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 GEMINI May 21-June 20  
 CANCER June 21-July 20  
 LEO July 21-Aug. 21  
 VIRGO Aug. 22-Sept. 22  
 LIBRA Sept. 23-Oct. 22  
 SCORPIO Oct. 23-Nov. 22  
 SAGITTARIUS Nov. 23-Dec. 21  
 CAPRICORN Dec. 22-Jan. 19  
 AQUARIUS Jan. 20-Feb. 18  
 PISCES Feb. 19-March 20

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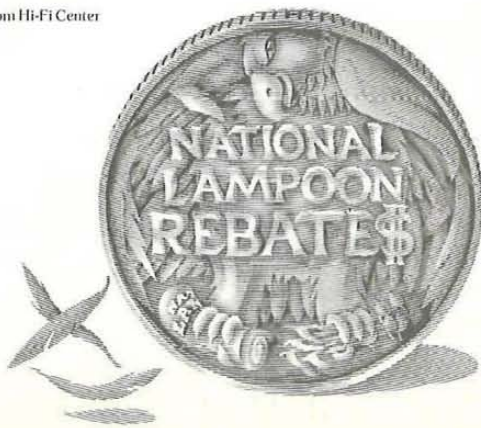


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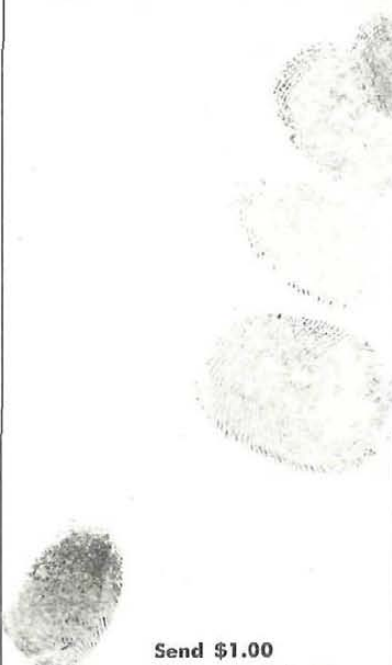
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**I'd BECOME  
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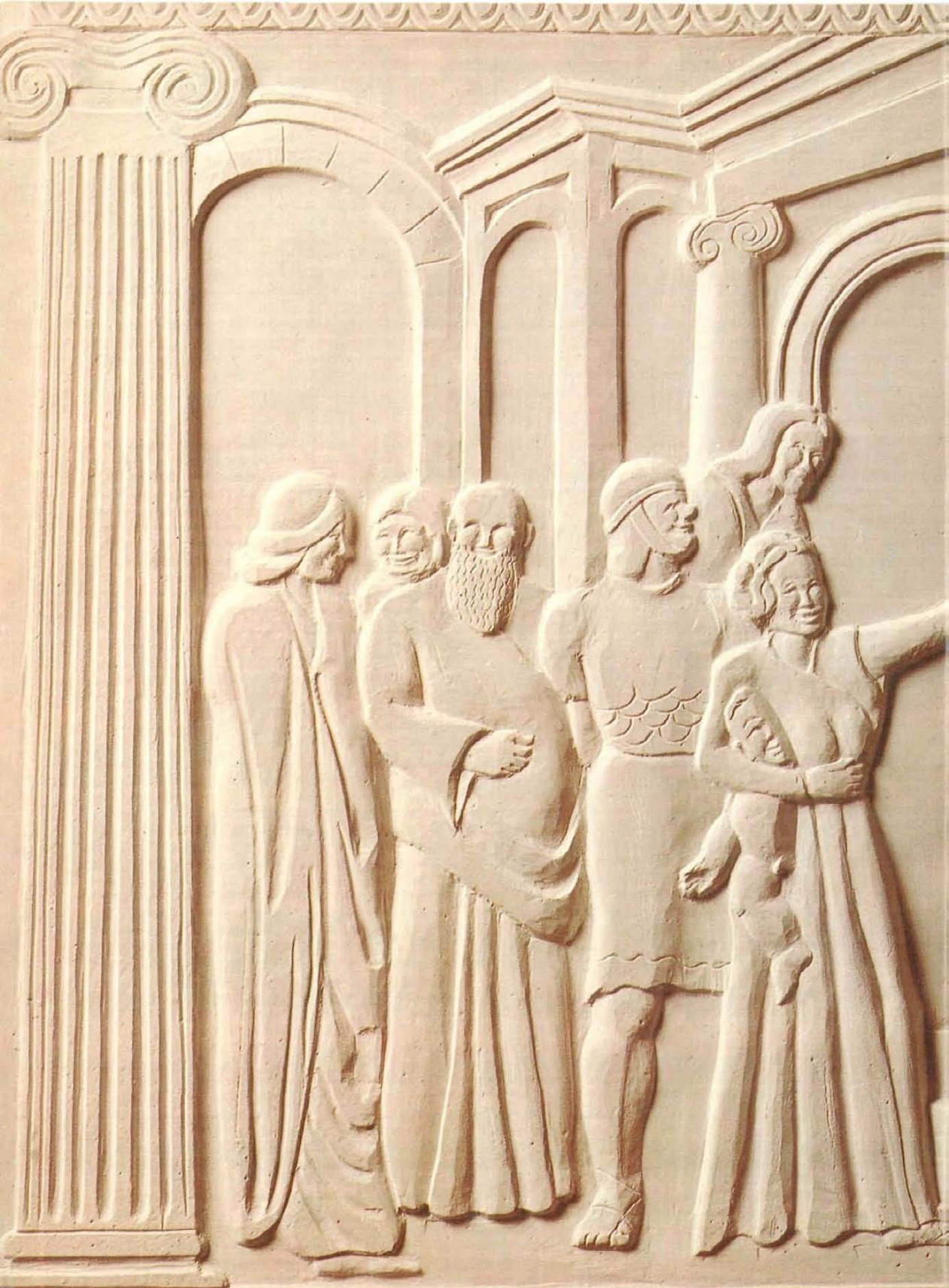
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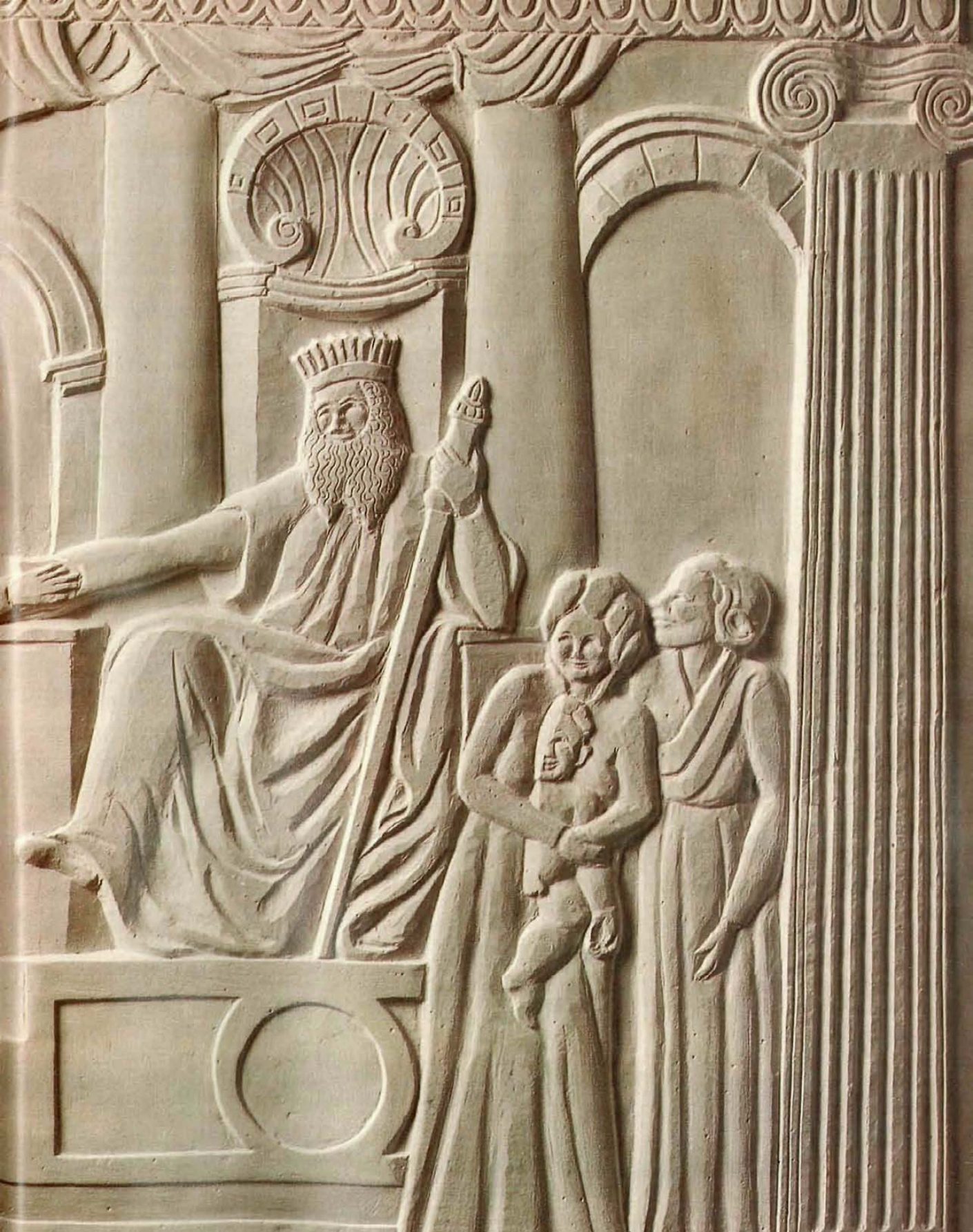


a department,  
not just a way of life

**\*AND OVER 4'11"**







URPRISE POSTER NUMBER XVII

MARIAN WEISBERG

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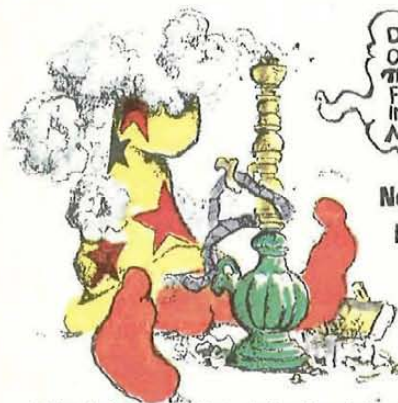
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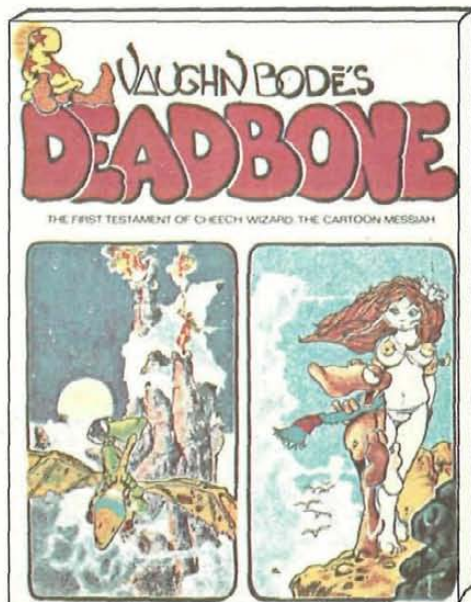
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