

THE LATEST ISSUE

NATIONAL

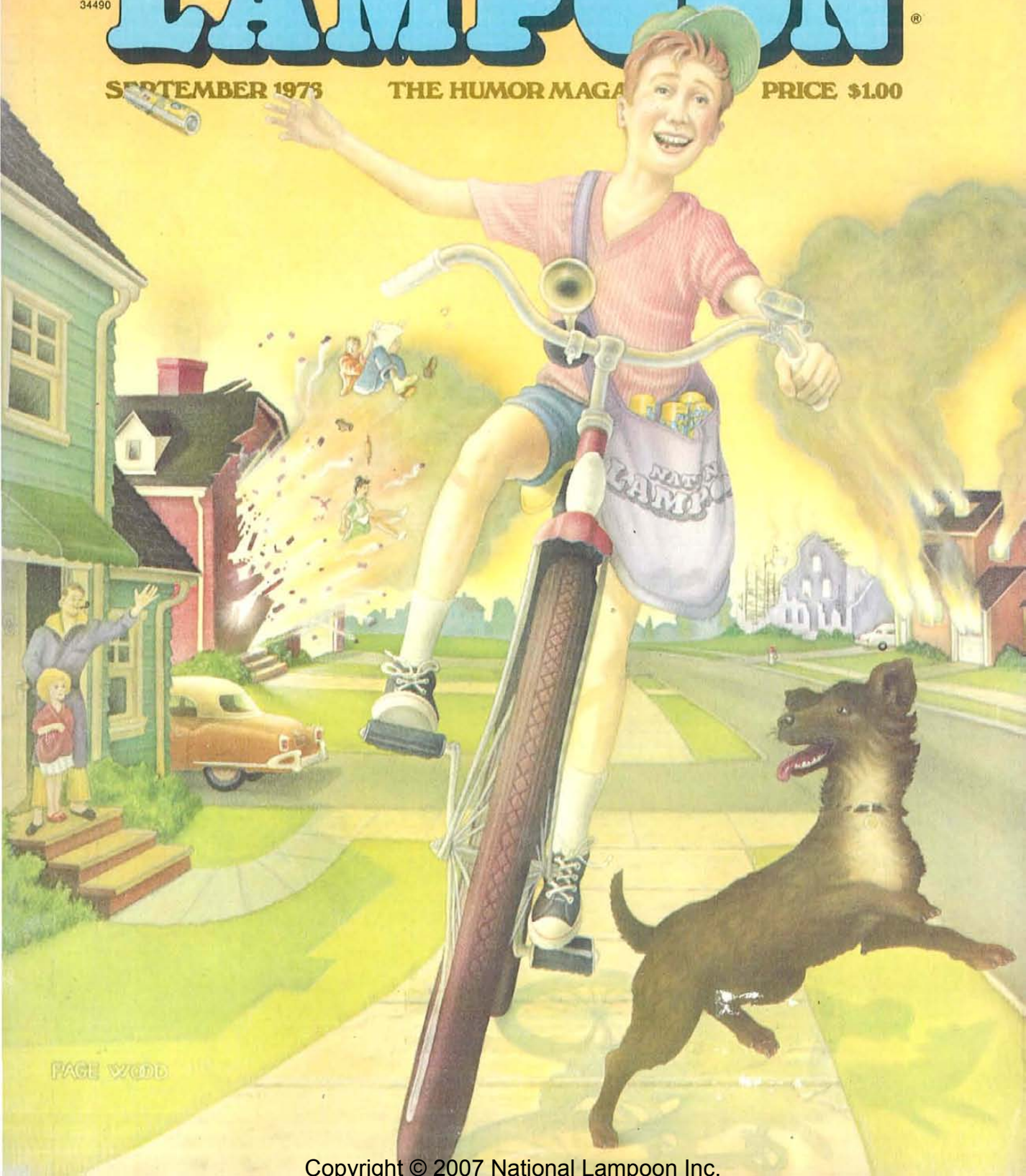
LAMPOON®

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SEPTEMBER 1973

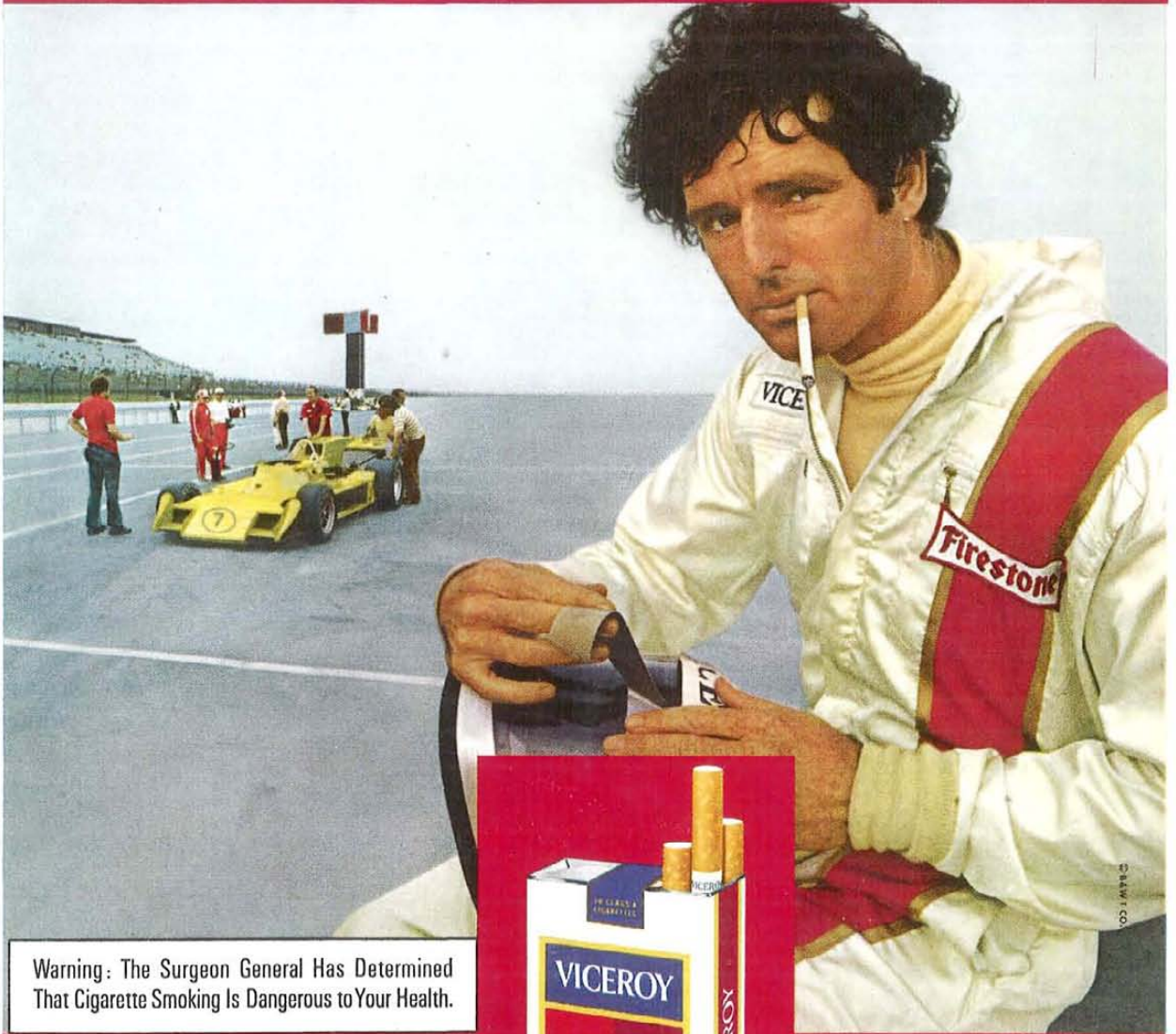
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

PRICE \$1.00



PAGE WOOD

**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



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

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. '78



Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Some speakers sound fantastic on part of the music.

One of today's best speakers is famous for its highs. Another has been said to deliver the best bass, and a third is loved for its mid-range performance.

Each "best" speaker is terrific in its own particular area because it's engineered that way. To please people who are hung up on a particular kind of sound.

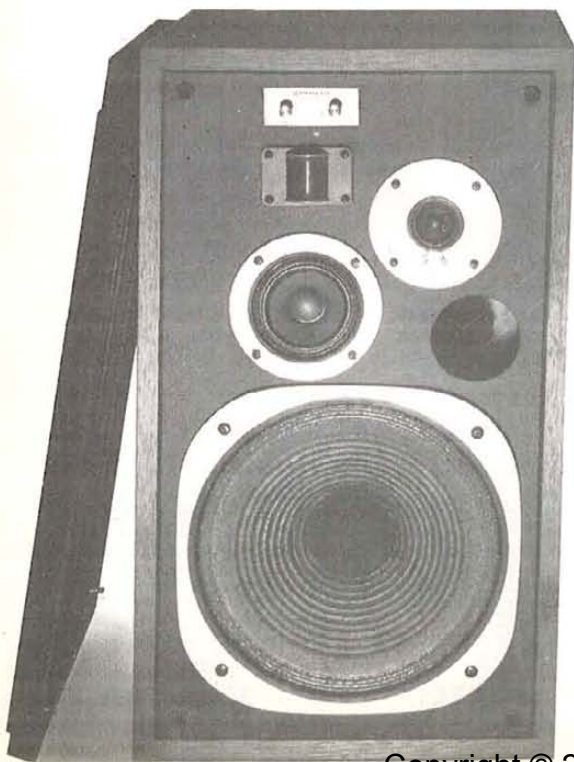
The new HPM-100 speaker system is different. It produces superlative sound across the whole spectrum.

That is not an accident.

Originally it was a challenge to our engineers: specialize in perfecting everything. Their response was to create a whole new universe of loudspeaker technology.

For the superhigh frequency range, to begin with, they gave the HPM-100 a

This one sounds fantastic on all of it.



radically new kind of supertweeter: made with a newly developed substance called High Polymer Molecular film. This HPM film is used to convert electrical energy into sound. It does so with a degree of accuracy that was previously only a theory.

That's a lot to claim, but these speakers really are that different from everything that has gone before. They work without any magnets, voice coils or domes. In fact, without any moving parts at all.

The tweeter, mid-range driver and woofer all depart just as radically from conventional speaker technology. The key innovation in all of them is a process that turns out speaker cones heavily impregnated with carbon fibers. They are rigid and tough, but still thin and light. As a result, each of them can move easily, like a well-oiled piston, to produce high and middle and low frequencies that are clearer, more natural and far more transparent than anything you'd expect to hear from a four-way speaker system.

Talk to your high-fidelity dealer about the HPM-100.

Take along a favorite recording and listen to it alternately through HPM-100's and some comparably priced speakers. Especially speakers that sound fantastic on the high frequencies, or the low ones, or the middle range.

If there's something you like about each of today's best speakers, this is the one that can give it all to you.

PIONEER

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

HPM-100

The all-around great speaker.

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The Sound Shaper. Because all rooms are not created equal.



You can own the finest component system
and still be getting inferior sound.

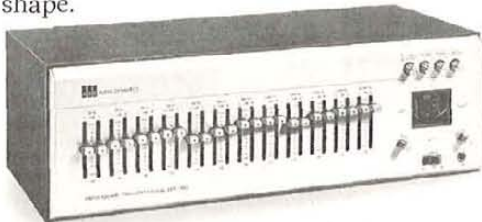
Because unless you happen to have an acoustically
perfect listening room, your system and space probably
don't match. Hard walls, soft carpets, glass tables, even the
size of a room can change sounds.

So ADC developed the new ADC 500 Sound Shaper
Frequency Equalizer.

By adjusting the twelve frequency levels you can actually
shape your sound to fit the shape of the room, and compensate
for spaces and textures that interfere with sound. You can even
tinker with the sound just for the fun of it: bring up a singer,
lose a violin, actually re-mix your recording.

The new ADC 500 Sound Shaper can get your system
into great shape.

ADC



The Sound Shaper

ADC Professional Products Group. A division of BSR (USA) Ltd., Route 303, Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913



Sirs:

We seem to be having a fairly
serious case of the sixties down here,
and wonder what you recommend to
cure it. We considered administering
a war in some small Asiatic country,
but Burma and Thailand are booked
up until 1990. Did you find dope and
loud, stupid music effective, or should
we shoot some college students?

John Vorster
Pretoria, South Africa

Sirs:

I must go down to the sea again,
To the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, some
midrange radar, a shortwave radio,
electronic navigational aids, and a
computerized astrolabe.

John Masfield
Operation Sail

Sirs:

Just thought I'd write and let you
know that not all right-wing Christian
Lebanese go around murdering
Moslems the whole day long.

Danny Thomas
Redundant Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Aswamp with strange omens in the
labyrinth of my dreams, I am beset
with mountebanks, highwaymen, jug-
glers, trolls, lag gauchos, a cloud of
dark imagoes in the most vertiginous
degree. They shriek and mutter in a
dozen obscure dialects. I attempt to
urinate and they catch it in cups and
drink it like maté. One uses a coarse
phrase in Latin and I tell him in a
dignified undertone to go spoon a
goose. One of them wedges his man-
hood in between the past and future
and uses it as a lever to pry open a
space through which the others look.
He grins at me and says, "And whose
nightmare are you?" Am I just plain
nuts or something?

Jorge Luis Borges
Blojabe, Argentina

Sirs:

I think that the coverage the press has given to the Connie Stevens rape trial has been rather uneven. In one report, I read she had been raped in a motel room by a man and a dog; in another, by just dogs in an alley, while six winos looked on and did *nothing*; and in another, that, well, she was raped in the wrong place.

What exactly is the true story?

John Agronsky
Pidgeon Park, N.J.

Sirs:

Mr. Agronsky is obviously a very confused man. The trial which he refers to was not a "rape trial," as the perpetrator was never captured, and the victim was not Connie Stevens but Connie Francis. Miss Francis is currently suing the No Tell Motel for alleged negligence on their part. It is her claim that it is the responsibility of the innkeeper under the Innkeepers Act to take all due precautions to keep Negroes out of the rooms of paying guests. I hope Mr. Agronsky will take *time out to check his facts in future* before writing hasty inquiries to busy magazine editors. Wise up, Agronsky, it only makes you look foolish.

Samuel Williams
Bronxview, N.Y.

Sirs:

People—people with rich parents—are the luckiest people in the world.

Yours, really,
Joe Kennedy, Jr.
Hiatus Port, Mass.

Sirs:

Nations are like men. There are rich nations, there are *poor* nations, and then there are nations that are bums. That's us. The whole goddamn country is drunk by 10 A.M. We don't care. One time we threw up all over Dahomey. Better give us a quarter or all 2,000,000 of us will pass out in the doorway of the U.N.

Republic of Togo
African Continent

Sirs:

I'll bet all you parlor pinks and bleeding-heart liberal types who've been pissing and moaning over the Supreme Court's recent decision as to homo queer laws are laughing out of the other side of your faces in regard to my getting shit-canned by the Senate now. Well, sit on your fists, pussy-pushers; I'm off to star in a new

Paul Morrissey film!

G. Harrold Carswell
Boca Cola, Fla.

Sirs:

Hey, where'd all the beatniks go? I went down to the City Lights Bookstore and it had been turned into a turquoise jewelry store for leather fetish piss freaks. Have I been stoned for twenty years?

Rip-off Van Winkle
Frisco, Cal.

Sirs:

Whoopee! Whoopee! I'm the wild boy of Aveyron! Who knows what I'll do next?!

Wild Boy
Aveyron, France

Sirs:

You know, you really gave it to me a few times over the past few months. I have to admit I found a few brown mini balls in my shorts after I read the last letter purportedly from myself. Two weeks ago, I happened to run into one of your editors at a party I had crashed, and I asked him if he didn't think there might be someone in this world more deserving

of vilification than me. He made a lot of remarks about how silly it would look to publish letters vilifying intestinal bacteria, but finally did admit that if I was a fishbowl full of pig piss, Tom Snyder was a fishbowl full of scorched pig piss. Then he did something really funny. He set fire to my tie, then pretended to get real excited so he would have an opportunity to push me into a ditch. I couldn't hang around with my clothes all muddy, so I left.

Yawn Wenner
Rolling Stone

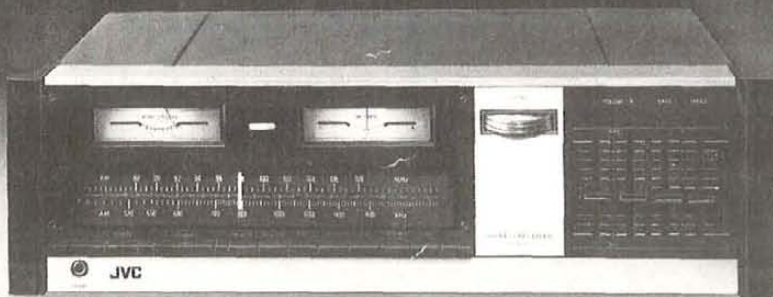
Sirs:

Tom Snyder! Tom Snyder???? You have to be out of your minds if this silver sprayed sphincter with fart-cracker teeth, if this amusing evolutionary cull, this living room gibbon, this global village idiot, can rank close enough to Wenner to smell his breath. Listen, let me put it to you this way. If Snyder and Wenner were placed on the stupid scale together, Snyder would bounce up and down, ringing the bell with his head until amoebas drove speedboats.

One Who Knows

continued on page 15

We pack more features and power into our \$200* receiver than anybody.



The new S100 is a JVC professional. Which means no other similarly priced AM/FM stereo receiver approaches its total combination of engineering, power and features.

The S100 has all the versatility you want in the control center of a fine music system: dual tuning meters, connections for turntable, tape deck, two pairs of speakers, auxiliary, and it operates

with pushbutton selectors and slide controls. The S100 has plenty of power, too. 20 watts per channel min. RMS, at 8 ohms, from 40 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion.

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JVC

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BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

'The Birth Of A Legend'

2 CAS-1240

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

The Birth Of A Legend



20 Selections, a definitive
2 RECORD SET on CALLA
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NATIONAL LAMPOON



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Introducing the world's most powerful receiver. 165 watts per channel.

With the world's least distortion. Only 0.08% THD.*

The Technics SA-5760. More power and less distortion than any other receiver in the world at rated power. And that's just for starters.

The SA-5760 also has the reserve power you need to float through complex musical passages without distortion, clipping or instability. Because we use single-packaged dual transistors in the differential amplifier stage of each channel. Along with high capacitance filtering and a bridged rectifier. There's also direct coupling and heavy power supply regulation. So transient bursts in one channel remain isolated from the other.

And you'll hear your records precisely the way they were recorded. Thanks to "current mirror loading"—a radically new circuit found in the SA-5760's phono pre-amp. The results are an unsurpassed S/N ratio of 78dB. And a frequency response that's accurate to within ± 0.2 dB of the ideal RIAA curve.

On FM, the signal being broadcast will be the signal you'll hear because we use flat group delay filters in the SA-5760's tuner section. As well as a Phase Locked Loop IC. So you'll also receive 38dB of stereo separation at 10kHz and 45dB at 1kHz. As well as inaudible distortion and a

frequency response that actually exceeds the response of FM broadcasts.

The SA-5760's controls are as sophisticated as its circuitry. Like a 26-step true attenuator click-stop volume control. Negative feedback tone controls with turnover selector. Two-way tape-to-tape dubbing. A truly linear signal-strength tuning meter for AM and FM that works the way other meters don't: accurately. And all the other refinements you'd expect from the world's most powerful receiver.

And to complement the SA-5760, Technics has five other new stereo receivers. All with excellent power. Outstanding performance. Sophisticated circuitry. And all at a good price. The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

* 165 watts per channel, minimum RMS, into 8 ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz with no more than 0.08% THD (total harmonic distortion).

Technics

by Panasonic



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QUALITY.

Quality in a small car. What does this mean to you? To Toyota it means an automobile that's inexpensive, not cheap. The new generation of Toyota Corollas are built with quality. The proof? 9 out of 10 Toyota cars sold in this country since 1958 are still on the road today. Quality. You asked for it. You got it. Toyota.

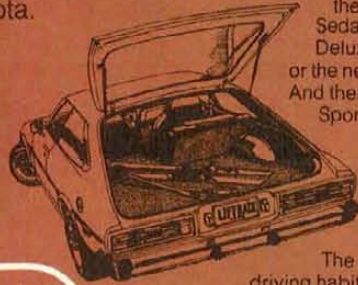
Quality is durability and how a car handles the road.

Power assisted front disc brakes help you maintain control. MacPherson strut front suspension helps keep the ride smooth and unit body welded construction helps keep the Corolla tight and virtually rattle free.



Toyota's quality is in a line, not one car. No matter what your space needs you'll find it in one of ten Corollas:

- the Hardtop, 2-Door Sedan, 2- or 4-Door Deluxe Sedan, 5-Door Wagon, the new Sport Coupe or the new Liftback™ with a split, fold down rear seat.
- And there's a sporty equipped SR-5 model of the Hardtop, Sport Coupe and Liftback.



A quality car can be economical. The Toyota Corolla gets great gas mileage. Note: 1976 EPA tests, with 5-speed overdrive transmission, 39 mpg on highway, 24 city. These EPA results are estimates.

The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California EPA ratings will differ. An automatic transmission is available on Deluxe models.

YOU ASKED FOR IT.

Quality You asked for it. You got it at nearly 1,000 authorized dealers across the U.S. These same dealers comprise a network of service departments with factory trained mechanics. The new generation of Toyota Corollas. If you can find a better built small car than a Toyota...buy it.



YOU GOT IT.



Corolla SR-5 Sport Coupe



Corolla SR-5 Liftback.

A NEW GENERATION OF TOYOTA COROLLAS

©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., Torrance, California

One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and
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18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

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

EDITORIAL

It has come to the attention of my desk at this last minute that an editorial is not yet written for the September issue.

Emergency, emergency, cries the magazine. I have a blank page. Every editor knows this cry. He has heard it a thousand times. It is a sort of whiney, strident voice that cannot be told to shut up and for God's sake behave like a decent human being. It is because this voice is so irritating, so insistent, so relentlessly tedious, that editorials take the shape they do. Some have a curt, rude edge, directed not at the reader but at the begging magazine itself. For example, this quote from an early *Philadelphia Drunken-Spectator*:

"This is a stupid paper. Really dumb. Everybody knows that. That's why we have so many cartoons and pictures. Why readers put up with us, I don't know."

Sometimes the response is somewhat eccentric. An irascible *Esquire* editor once wrote this editorial:

"Yaazzzzzoooo! Yazoo! Yazoo!

Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo!
Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo!
Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo!
Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo! Yazoo!
Yazoo! Yazoo!"

Humor magazines, like this one, often trot out an alarming series of confusing non sequiturs. For example, consider the cow. The cow is an animal fabricated almost entirely of food. If our creator had not played with food, we would not have a cow.

Political magazines like *The National Review* will usually advance intriguing new ideas that lend themselves to brief treatment, i.e.:

"It is to be hoped that Congress will direct some funds towards Father Liam O'Bottle, a loony Jesuit currently hard at work attempting to develop an anthracite heart that will enable landlords to live for 25,000 years."

Liberal publications must by law devote one half of every editorial to criticizing war in general and the last war in particular. Take this typical *Ramparts* editorial:

"But to the thousands of people

who were killed in the last war by the chemicals and bombs and flames, life will never be the same. Thousands died in the mistaken belief that it was too difficult and embarrassing to run away. And what of the wounded ones, who came home to find their wives had been dating? We feel sorry for them, don't we?"

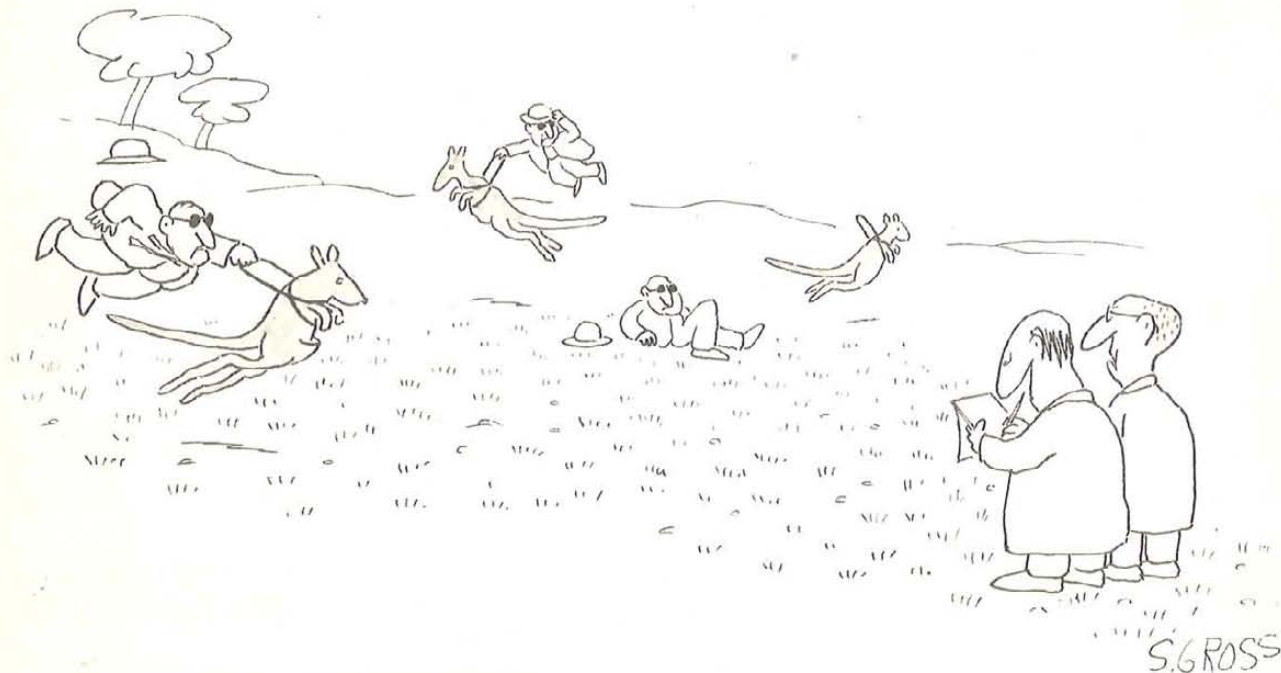
Pornographic publications like *Screw* often launch attacks on organized religion.

"Catholicism is very bad indeed. Judaism is just the same. All organized religions are repressive, except for some that sacrifice dogs on their driveways and walk around naked drinking swine blood out of fruit jars."

Well, you see what I mean. I would go on writing, but frankly, I'm a little unhappy with my salary and some of the other editors want to go out for a drink. You know how it is. See you again a few issues from now.

T.M.

Plug: *Brave Dog* magazine is very good.



"Well, I guess that proves it. Seeing Eye kangaroos are not the answer."



☛ **Oh, Reverend Sun Myung Moon**, were you rained out in June? Now, I wonder who could have done that. I know some people who have pipes in the ground in Pennsylvania,

and, by turning them this way and that, they have effectively kept hurricanes from the northeast corner of the United States for the past several years. Yes, they also do rain dances, and wear sweat shirts, and know how to cook on an open stove. Next time you have a shindig in New York, you just call me, and believe me, I'll make sure you won't be rained out. You'll be snowed out. Bye now.

☛ **Wayne Hays**, you old devil, you. Never mind, there are lots worse things. You could be a Senator from Alabama. You could be a Supreme

Court judge among those presently presiding. But I know it's no consolation. Because there's a lot better things you could be, too. For instance, you could be an ax murderer. So keep up the standards of the new morality, Wayne. Bring corruption to the masses. They'll meet you halfway. Really.

☛ **June Allyson** has swine flu in her right front trotter.

☛ **Pete Rose** has small balls.

☛ Just heartrending, the news of the death of **Martha Mitchell**. **God** would have kept her here, but he needed her to say rude things to the devil. The subject is still alimony, and the head grows heavy to think of it. But wake up now, don't you notice that there's hardly any evil abroad anymore? Some say it's because **Lucifer** has all he can do to handle her, but I think he's gone back to heaven to get shut of her. In fact I know it. God told me so. "She just wouldn't stop harping," He told me the other day, and then we quickly changed the subject.



IF YOU'RE GOING DOWN THE ROAD WITH ANYTHING BUT A CLARION YOU'RE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

Most car stereos do exactly what they're supposed to do—play back cassettes and cartridges with terrific fidelity.

On the other hand, a lot of them do things they're not supposed to—like fall apart after a few thousand miles on the road.

But then being a car stereo isn't easy. From the day it's installed to the day it retires, it's subjected to the constant shock and endless vibrations of bad roads and mean streets. Because whatever a car has to go through, a car stereo has to go through.

Clarion car stereos aren't built simply for short Sunday drives on perfect highways—they're made to take whatever the worst road or the meanest street can dish out. Which is why we back our entire line of car stereos with the best warranty in

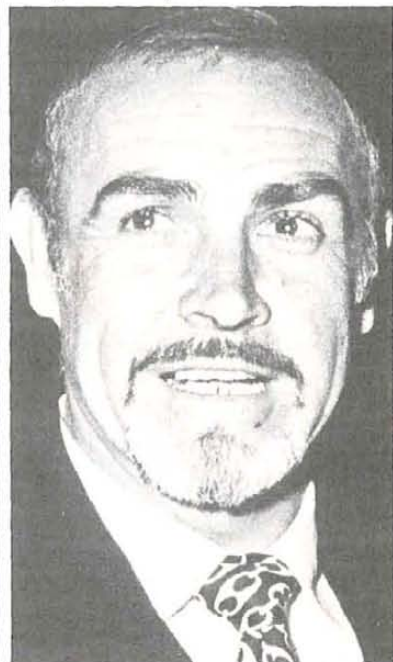
the industry. A warranty which guarantees that when you go down the road with a Clarion—you'll keep going for a long, long time.



Clarion. The toughest guts in car stereo.



Model 618A
in-dash AM/FM MPX radio with 8-track tape player.



Ageless **Audrey Hepburn**, mother of child star **Katie**.

☛ Golfers all have potbellies. **Ray Floyd**, for instance. **Jack Nicklaus**, **Ben Crenshaw**. Don't know whether it's the visors that cause it, or because golf is just a clod sport. Bad for the heart, you know. Very poor exercise. It's probably going to be

banned soon, like cigarette smoking. You won't be able to do it in elevators or show it on TV. And every golfball will have a reminder from the Surgeon General: "Collfers have fat asses and all look like they go to church. The Surgeon General has determined this to be dangerous to health, and suggests you play squash like he does. Sign up for courts on the list below."

Albert Finney bites his fingernails! Isn't it disgusting! That's why he doesn't get parts in movies anymore. Stop biting them, Al, and don't worry: even if you don't bite them, you won't get parts in movies anymore!

What president of the United States now domiciled in the White House picks his nose?

Poet/novelist Janet Burroway was seen fleeing the Tanzanian border? Not true. She rented the upstairs back to him, but he behaved like a perfect gentleman, paying a month's rent in advance and leaving before eleven on the morning of his departure, taking only one washcloth and a table lamp. Miss Burroway's neighbors are far

too overprotective of her; she does not need these ceaseless reports as to her virtue or velocity over short distances.

Truman Capote was arrested for sobriety in Sagaponack. It was his first offense, though. Nay. Rather put it this way. It was the first time he had ever been seen sober in his life, and the bulls knew this because he suddenly talked in a deep voice, very much like Clark Gable's, and was caught in the primal scene with four ecstatic black cheerleaders behind the bullpen. But it was 'count of the voice that they figured it out. Dear Truman, we're very fond of you at the *NatLamp*, recognizing your power as we do our own, but, really, isn't this sobriety an interference to your work? Do get a hold of yourself. We still have faith, and in earnest of it we're sending you a case.

Have you seen Audrey Hepburn in *Robin and Marian*? Isn't it awful! Still playing the hoyden at forty-seven. Has she in all her long and monotonous career as an actress ever played a mother? What must it be to be like her? — those pinched, murderous eyes,

continued on page 31



June Allyson, celebrated Joni Mitchell look-alike.

Stereo Artistry by KENWOOD.

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It's just the first
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The next thing is the smoother, more comfortable shave you get with our concentrated Power Foam® Shave Cream.

And the fact that our soap seems to last as long as its rope, because it's hard-milled.

You'll even begin to notice our Deodorant Stick lasts longer than a spray, yet gives you all the confidence you want.

And when you use English Leather® Shave Cream, Soap-on-a-Rope and Deodorant Stick all together, you can be sure there's one more thing that will be noticed. You.

One man. One scent.

MEM COMPANY, INC., Northvale, N.J. 07647 Available in Canada.

Shave Cream \$1.50 Deodorant Stick \$1.45
Cologne \$4.50 Soap-on-a-Rope \$2.50

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- Rose Mary Gilley had five children and a pain in her stomach for two years. She attributed her discomfort to the trials and tribulations of motherhood.

It wasn't until recently that she learned this was literally true. Her stomachache was caused by a pair of scissors she says doctors left in her body during a Caesarian section in 1973, when she gave birth to her daughter Kimberlee. *The Time Herald* (Michael Whiteside)

- A half-million dollar lawsuit has been filed by a Texas widow who claims that the lack of sanitary toilet facilities aboard a seagoing vessel caused the death of her husband.

Seaman Joseph J. Philson fell into the water and drowned last February 19, when, the lawsuit claims, "in response to a call of nature [he] was required to relieve himself by sitting on a railing of the vessel, which was the most sanitary method available since the toilet was not reasonably fit for its intended use and purpose." The owner of the ship, Saru, Inc., had also failed to provide suitable lifesaving equipment, and Philson could therefore not be rescued from his fall overboard. (Ellery J. Lacy)

- A man known as the "tomato juice terror" has been sneaking up behind women in Tampa, Florida, and dumping cans of tomato juice on their heads.

Three young women have so far been victimized by a man Lt. H.W. Martinez of the Tampa police calls "a squirrel—a real nut."

Martinez is worried that the man will move on to more violent forms of

aggression. "I've seen these types before," he said, "and they can be dangerous. He's not pouring a red liquid on their heads for no reason."

Up until now, however, the man has restricted his activities to stealing up quietly behind the women, dumping the juice on their heads, and running off. One of his victims, twenty-five-year-old Charlene Donaldson, saw him a second time, can in hand, and called police, but when they arrived, he had disappeared. *The Tampa Tribune* (Paul O. Bush)

- Stanley Codgall, twenty-two, wanted to wash his 1968 Chevelle. He backed the car into approximately twelve to eighteen inches of water in the Mississippi River at Hannibal, under the Mark Twain Memorial Bridge.

When he got out to clean the vehicle, it floated away.

Luckily, the car got caught by a small tree downstream, and police were able to tow it out of the river. The interior was soaked, and Codgall lost his wallet, which he had left on the front seat of the car.

State police took no action. "We can't ticket a guy for being silly," a spokesman said. *Quincy Herald-Whig* (Brian Dierking)

- Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Fortgang wanted to do something special for their son's bar mitzvah. They arranged for a "jungle reception" in the Safari park at New Jersey's Great Adventure. Their guests wore sun helmets, and their son sat on the back of a small elephant. They then placed a \$2,000 check in the elephant's trunk so that the animal could pass it up to the child.

The elephant ate the check. *Jewish Times* (Philadelphia) (Bradley Snyder)

- Forty-six-year-old Barbara Carter won a "Grant a Wish" charity contest in London recently. She asked for a kiss and a cuddle with a lion.

She was taken to the lion compound of the Safari Park at Bewdley to fulfill her wish. As she bent forward to stroke lioness Suki, the animal pounced and dragged her to the ground.

Ms. Carter was hospitalized for shock and throat wounds. *San Francisco Examiner* (Cynthia Kevin)

- A twenty-one-year-old Japanese student was arrested in Tokyo when he was found loitering in a residential

district with women's panties in his trouser pockets.

Toshihito Sakai told police that he couldn't resist stealing women's underwear. One thousand five hundred undergarments were subsequently found in his apartment. (J.M. Sitowski)

- A burglar in Houston, Texas, has apparently never heard the old adage, "Once bitten, twice shy." In three separate attempts to rob the home of Dr. and Mrs. James C. Johnson, he has been bitten, burned, shot, and tear-gassed.

The first time around, the burglar was lucky. When Mrs. Johnson returned home from a Thursday shopping trip, she heard a noise on the second floor. A man then came running down the stairs and escaped out the back door with a \$400 diamond ring.

Friday morning, the thief returned. Mrs. Johnson was home reading when she heard someone trying to get in the back entrance. Plugging in an iron near the door, she stood and waited. When the man broke a windowpane over the doorknob and reached in, she burned him with the iron, and added some tear gas for good measure. The man ran from the house, screaming and cursing.

The burglar was not through yet, however. The next Tuesday, while Mrs. Johnson was unloading groceries, he walked into the house and threatened her with a switchblade knife. The family dog jumped on the intruder. While he was dealing with the animal, Mrs. Johnson took out the pistol her husband had bought for her during the weekend and fired.

Johnson thinks she hit the man in the shoulder; he left a trail of blood behind him when he fled. The doctor was surprised that his wife actually used the gun. He had just taught her how to shoot it the day before the burglar returned for the third time.

Despite the burglar's bad luck, Johnson doesn't think he's through yet. "He was pretty unbalanced," said the homeowner. "I think he'll be back." *The South Middlesex News* (Ed Wane)

Ten dollars in cash will be given for items used. Send entries to True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.

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That's right. . . our tantalizing new hi-fi catalog is hot off the press! And more than ever, we offer earotic music systems and single components from all the best brands—at huge discounts. Call me, Brillo Bob, or any of the guys and you'll get friendly advice and low price-quotes right over the phone. . . 805 / 544-9700

Drop us the envelope at left and you'll quickly receive our 96-page color-wonder, free! Include \$1 for postage, and we'll also zip you the 1976 Music Machine Almanac: it's a full-color, 150-page reference guide to hi-fi equipment complete with photos and specs on over 37 different brands! PS. If the envelope's missing, just write me directly: Brillo Bob, P.O. Box "S", San Luis Obispo, CA 93405.

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When Rod moved into his new home, he wanted the best speakers he could get—and that meant hiring top audio consultant Rick Riccio to design and assemble them.

For years, Altec/Lansing's raw frame components have been the choice of people who listen for a living—and Rick knew that. So he got to work and created a system for Rod using Altec/Lansing amplifiers and speaker components.

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When you pick up Rod's new Warner Brothers album, "A Night On The Town," bring it to your authorized Altec/Lansing dealer. He'll be happy to audition any of our finished systems or help you in selecting the proper components, should you decide to build it yourself.

Altec/Lansing makes the best speaker components and finished speaker systems in the world—and that's the Rod's honest truth! But if this ad is the closest you can get for awhile—well, every picture tells a story... don't it?

If you've been sitting around thinking about how to build your own ultimate speaker system, you can stop sitting and start assembling. We'll even help. For brochure send one dollar (for postage and handling) to: Enclosure Brochure, Altec Sound Products Division, 1515 S. Manchester Ave., Anaheim, CA 92803.



Rod Stewart's custom installation designed by Advanced Sound Systems using Altec/Lansing amplifiers and speaker components.

Letters

continued from page 3

Sirs:

Tom Snyder, "satirized for your protection." Not bad, eh? I certainly do admire the way you guys go after difficult targets like Tom Snyder and Jann Whiner. By the way, what ever happened to Michael O'Donner?

Jack Cough ("jack-off"!!)
Tampa, Fla.

Sirs:

I have just inherited a million dollars. That's right, a million dollars. And do you know what? I'm going to give it all away to the poor people. But first you have to let me sing my song in your magazine. Otherwise I keep all the loot, and you get pretty unpopular with a lot of ghetto fighters, know what I mean?

O.K., here goes. Just a minute — I lost my guitar pick ...hey, wait a minute, can my girl friend be in the magazine with me?

O.K., good, here goes. *Wait a minute. Will you shut the fuck up for my song!* That's better.

I had a dog and his name was Blue,
Mighty fine dog and damn good screw.
I traded Blue for a case of gin,
Never saw that dog again.

Blue made the postman run for his life
Drank my liquor and fucked my wife,

Hey, let me finish, man, the song's not over, leave me alone...get your hands right off me, uncool, man, what a bunch of ass...

David Garling
Hot Water, Calif.

Sirs:

In response to your request for additional synonyms for the substantive *turkey*, we at Language Laboratories, Inc., have developed the following:

- 1) Dinner dove
- 2) Pantry partridge
- 3) Pilgrim picnic

Please remit my standard consult-

ing fee (\$1,500.00) during the current billing period.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. Arthur Stoa
Head, Substantive
Development Division
Language Laboratories, Inc.

Sirs:

Hi. Mike here again. I'm still working on the punch line here at Language Laboratories. They are still treating me bad and have cut my pay in half because they found out I lied when I said I went to high school. Well, I was wondering, those words I sent you that mean the same as *turkey*, you never paid for. They were

really pisses you off? You know how to really fix her wagon? I'll tell you what to fucking do, man. Go out and get one of them scum-suck sex papers with all the ads from crap-eaters and piss-freaks and assholes like that in the back, and write every goddamned one of them a big long letter where you claim to be the gash that shit on you and give all of them her address and phone number and where she works and parks her car and all sorts of personal information like that and if you got any pictures of her, send them, too. It'll ruin her fucking life for her. You fucking-A better bet it will. *That's* what to do if some cunt really pisses you off. Just thought you'd like to know.

Jack Anderson
Bed Springs, Maryland

Sirs:

I can lick any man in the House. Or the Senate.

Liz Ray
c/o Your Local Newspaper

Sirs:

While we're telling slightly out-of-date jokes, let me say that I've seen Tatum O'Neal without her clothes on, and believe me, she's bad news bare.

Walter Matthau
Debt Valley, Cal.

Sirs:

We're a couple of pinheads, out on the town
Living it up, before we live it down

We're the little people: pinheads, pinheads, oh yeah!

Those are a few lines from "The Pinhead Song" in *A Chorus Line*. I felt that since most of your readers will never get to see it, they might be of some interest. It won't be the first time I've been wrong.

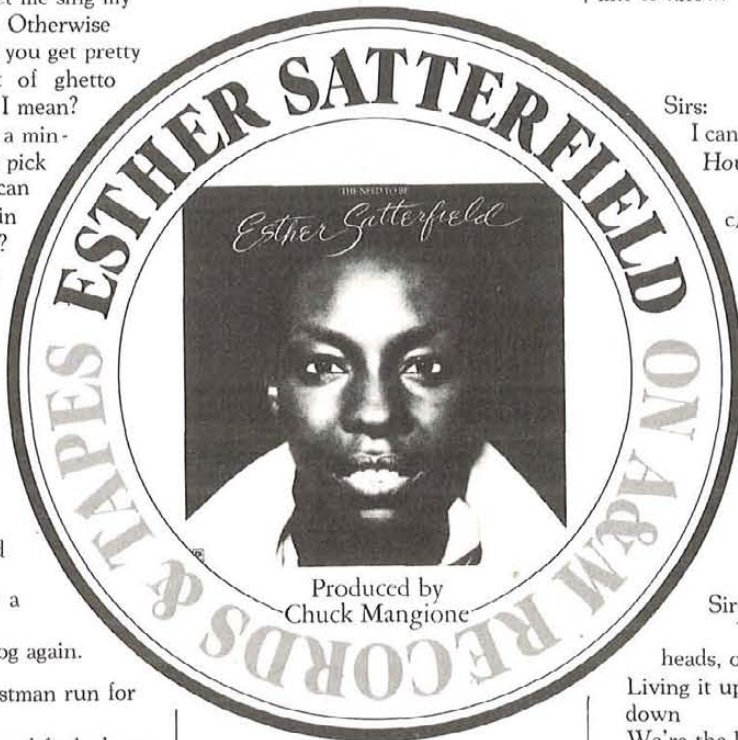
Rip up your hat
Stomp on your coat;
Throw your dog in the castle moat
—That's Broadway, Broadway to meeeeeeeeeee.

Yours sincerely,
Marcus Welby, Play Doctor
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It would sure be a cool idea to do a Broadway musical about play doctors.

continued on page 19



much better than Dr. Stoa's, and you printed them. You wouldn't rip me off just 'cause I can't afford lawyers and have no connections, would you? Anyway, here are some new words to describe people who are turkeys. *Sick man of Europe*. That guy *flies an icetray*, he's got a *pocket full of cranberries*, or, he *wouldn't want to get too close to a giant pile of mashed potatoes around Thanksgiving time*. Well, please don't rob me again.

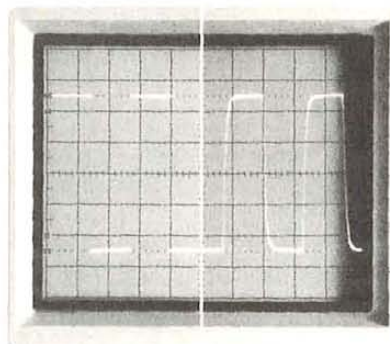
Mike K.
c/o The Punch Line Lunchroom
Language Laboratories, Inc.

Sirs:

You know what to do if some cunt

Fine amplifiers produce excellent square waves.

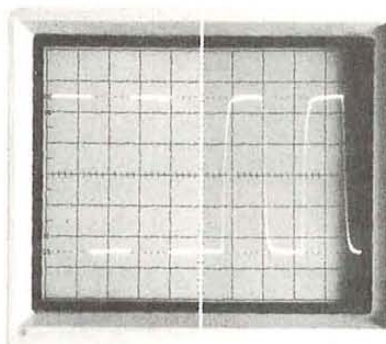
SAE Mark 3C



20 kHz

20 kHz

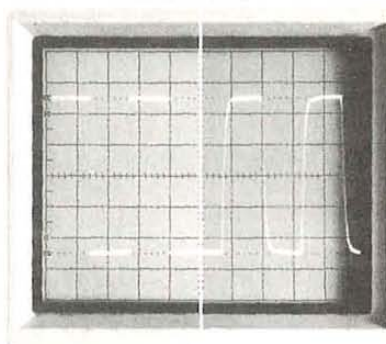
HARMAN KARDON CITATION 16



20 Hz

20 kHz

CROWN DC-300A



20 Hz

20 kHz

The finest separate power amplifiers produce excellent square waves. Quality oriented designers and engineers know that square wave response is profoundly useful because it is a precise projection of musical quality.

Not only does the square wave "mirror" the quality of

sound, but it is, in a unique way, sound itself. The square wave possesses the complexity of a musical wave form. Both have a fundamental and a series of harmonics that have a set relationship to one another. The square wave must be able to pass through the amplifier without damage

if the musical wave is to pass through undamaged.

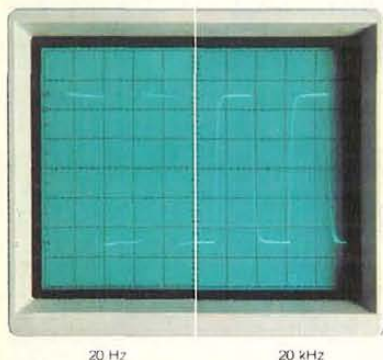
Square wave measurements do not replace conventional methods of testing components. Yet it can be said that an instrument which fails to produce excellent square waves is limited in musical authenticity.

All square wave measurements 10V peak to peak

harman/kardon

One receiver matches the square waves of fine amplifiers.

HARMAN KARDON 430



The new Harman Kardon 430 receiver displays square wave response that is indistinguishable from the finest power amplifiers. A listening test will reveal that the 430, in all but absolute power levels, is the sonic equivalent of any individual component system your dealer can demonstrate.

The implication of a comparison with conventional receivers is obvious.

The square wave reproduced here is not that of the 430 power amplifier section alone. Amazingly, it is the square wave achieved by the 430 amplifier and preamplifier operating together!

The 430 AM/FM tuner is consistent with the outstanding performance quality of the amplifier and preamplifier. It is sensitive, receiving even distant stations with ease and without distortion. The tuner is also characterized by excellent selectivity and signal-to-noise ratio.

The 430 functions with two separate power supplies,

one for each channel—the Harman Kardon "twin-power" concept. No matter how much energy is called for by dynamic music passages, performance of one channel is not affected by the other.

At Harman Kardon, technical advances are pursued not for their own sake, but as methods of predicting and improving music quality. It is in this context that we have prepared our literature on the 430 as well as our booklet: Square Wave Analysis of Audio Amplifier Performance. Your Harman Kardon specialist dealer can supply both. Or write to us directly at Harman Kardon, 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.



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grand funk railroad

good singin' good playin'

produced by frank zappa

MCA RECORDS

MCA-2216

Letters

continued from page 15

Call it: *Let's Play Doctors*. I especially like dancers. They have so much energy. Really alive, if you know what I mean.

Yours,
A Kicky Dancer
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I've been learning all about how to win by intimidation: *Give me all your fucking money or I'll kick your teeth out your asshole!!!* Did it work? Will I get a lot of money in the mail?
Pokey Gonzales
Lo-Cal, Mex.

Sirs:

I am writing personally from retirement here at the Greenwich Village rich people home to inform you that I will be judging a "guess Jann Wenner's nickname contest." I will judge all the entries. Please inform your readers of the three possible choices: Jann's wife calls him, (a) Do you have a light, (b) Pardon? or (c) "Checkers," because she thinks his ass looks like Chubby Checkers.

Please send all entires to me, Doug Kenney, 28 Bank Street, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

Miss you all so much,
D.C.K.

Sirs:

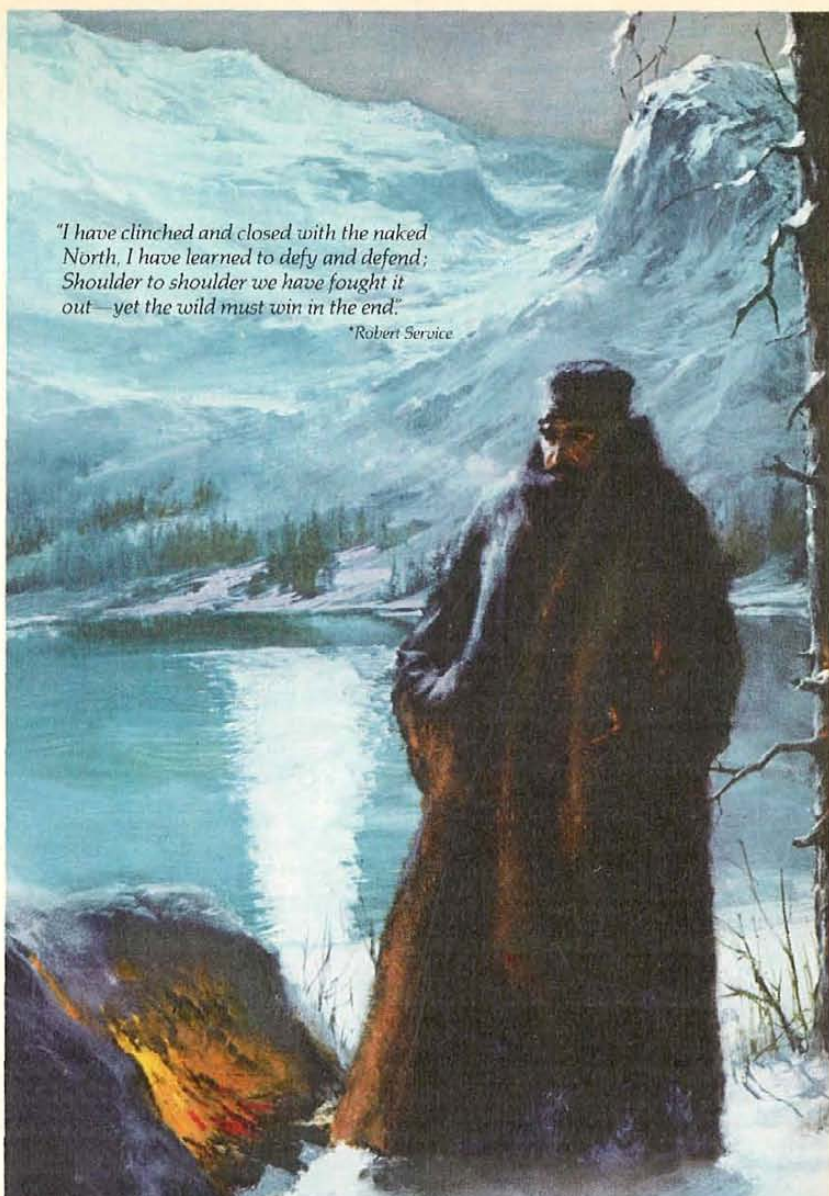
Hey, did you hear the terrible news? Ted Mann has done a really terrible thing! He made up a list of the names and addresses of the people who sent dirty filthy letters to this column and placed red stars by the ones who said they used dope, and sent the whole list over to this really heavy dude in the CIA that he met at the party for the Iranian ambassador Wednesday. He'll never work for another underground newspaper in this town. (Apparently, two of the people who sent in letters to the magazine have been *killed* already.) The publisher is really pissed, but he can't prove anything because of the guard dog Mann keeps in his filing cabinet. Whew. There's some heavy stuff coming down. We'll just have to take it as it breaks.

Pete
Over in the
Decent Part of the Office

continued on page 96

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end."

**Robert Service*



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fall short on taste?

Come all the way
up to the "extra"
extra coolness of
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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ISRAELI S.S. INVADES POLAND OF AFRICA

Details Inside from Our Special Correspondent

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The National

* * *

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume 1, No. LXXVIII

September, 1976

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TOP COURT UPHOLDS RIGHT TO DEATH

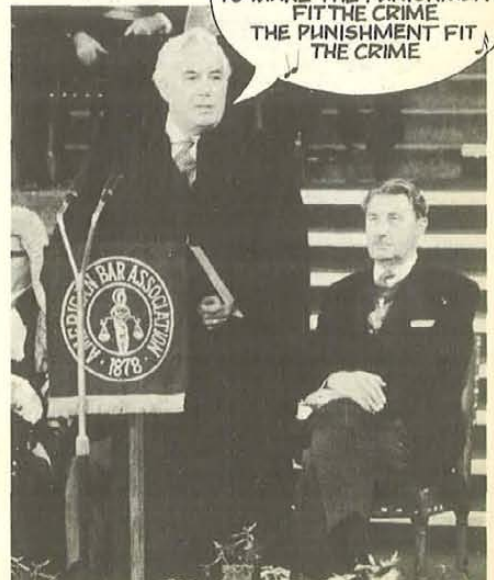
Right-to-life groups, which a couple of years ago were turned down by the Supreme Court in their bid to prevent abortion on demand from becoming the law of the land, won a victory today in the controversial right-to-death issue. The court, in its majority opinion, agreed with their argument that since convicted murderers were at no time fully formed, they could constitutionally be terminated.

"H-II," said one overjoyed right-to-death advocate after the ruling, "these things aren't human. Even at thirty-five or forty years of age they don't have proper hands or feet. More like paws. As for brains or souls, forget it."

Right-to-death groups now foresee a new approach to their

campaign for right-to-life. They intend to argue for the right-to-death being extended to all those who perform or undergo abortions. If the court upholds such an argument—and Justice Burger has privately described himself as sympathetic—the state would then be able to

kill anyone who interfered in the natural formation of a fetus. In a minority opinion, three justices disagreed with the majority, holding that termination was "cruel and unusual punishment" for those on Death Row, many of whom have been convicted of quartering small children with blunt chainsaws and driving forklifts through blind people. The minority held instead that convicted murderers, being free and equal citizens, should be given their immediate freedom, a well-paid federal job, an Eldorado, and, where requested, a white woman.



Chief Justice Warren "Big Mac" Burger at his induction into the International Order of Lord High Executioners.

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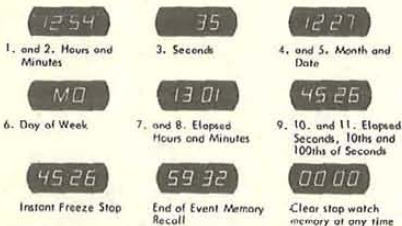
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Research Team Seeks Proof of "Paper Dinosaur"

Edinburgh (Reuters)—Scottish scientists, working in cooperation with American archeologists and the Loch Ness monster, will conduct a "concerted" research program aimed at conclusively affirming or disproving the existence of the so-called "New York Times," it was announced today.

The project will be a joint effort in which teams of anthropologists and archeologists from both Scotland and the U. S. will unite

with the famous giant reptile in an attempt to discover, as one researcher puts it, "whether this thing is what it's supposed to be, or isn't, or what,

whatever it is."

The subject of "Yorkie," as it is popularly called, has been a cause of international speculation and contention for decades. According to legend, it is a daily newspaper published somewhere along the northeastern seaboard of the U. S. But despite numerous "sightings," as well as photostatic reproductions purportedly of the newspaper, most professional scientists remain dubious about Yorkie's actual existence.

"Common wisdom holds that Yorkie is a newspaper, that it prints news reports, commentary, analysis, and the like," remarked Professor Angus Laird, chief archeologist of the University of Edinburgh team. "Clearly, this is what people want to believe. However, several disturbing eyewitness reports—reports from impeccably reliable individuals, I might add—indicate that in fact Yorkie may be nothing of the kind."

Meaningless Slogan

Accounts of the newspaper's size often vary widely, with the phenomenon seeming significantly larger on weekends than during weekdays. But, Professor Laird went on to explain, most reports concerning Yorkie are contradictory, muddled, or entirely fanciful. "Look here," he



Most widely-known photo offered as proof of the existence of the *New York Times*. Taken by a fifty-three-year old tourist, photo purportedly shows "front page," "logo," and several "news stories." Arrow indicates possible smaller logo, thought to be atop first page of "section two," also called "sports section." Dark circular spot is most likely either a manhole or a Frisbee; light area towards upper left is thought to be either sunlight or marsh gas.

said during the press conference at which the announcement of the venture was made. "One trustworthy person says that Yorkie advertises 'all the news that's fit to print.' What can possibly be the meaning of this non-sensical phrase? Furthermore, we all know that these are times of dire economic and social change all over the world. Yet I have in my files several reports from rational, reliable persons that this 'newspaper'—and I put the term in inverted commas—publishes slanted, incomplete, fragmentary, or outright false information. Or that it ignores important stories at the whim of an editor. Or that it responds to the most contemptible crimes and outrages perpetrated by political officials or corporate concerns in the most bland, feeble, ineffectual, toothless manner imaginable.

"Is this the behavior of a bona fide newspaper? Of course not."

Laird went on to caution that "obviously, we have a lot of sorting out to do. It may be months before all the data is examined and analyzed. Perhaps by then we'll be able to determine just what is going on over there [in America]."

Public Trusts Loch Ness Monster

The professor admitted that general sentiment is in favor of Yorkie's existence. "The public is easily fooled, and it believes what it wants to believe. No doubt thousands of people, especially in America, are willing to swear that they are reading an actual newspaper—this in the face of hard evidence to the contrary." Shrugging, the scientist summarized, "Our job

will be to find out if anything at all is over there, and if so, what it is."

When asked why the researchers have added the Loch Ness monster to their staff, Laird commented, "Frankly, it's to lend our reports some credibility. As I've said, if we find that Yorkie does not in fact exist, or that it is not an actual daily newspaper, a great body of the public will disavow our work and seek to dis-

credit our conclusions. At least so we fear. But people have believed in and trusted the Loch Ness monster for years. We are hoping that her endorsement of our findings will make it easier for the layman to swallow, as it were."

The monster herself was unavailable for comment, but sources close to her state that "she doesn't think there's a damn thing over there, and aims to prove it."

Incident at Antabae

SLOUCH HOOLIGAN

Overseas Correspondent of The National

In the sky, the planes were roaring. Deep in the jungle, a stricken dinosaur bawled a furious protest.

"Blawwa ngulluu pig-pig," said the air traffic controller, motioning at the gourd of manioc wine I clenched in my right hand. I took a long pull and shook my head. The dinner wine tasted like it was made of monkeys, but there was no point in sharing it with the gibbering controller. He looked scared enough to drain a ten gallon jerry can at a gulp, and I figured I'd need every drop before the fight was over.

Outside, Israeli commandos, their faces smeared with sweat, were shooting out the six-minute war. Flashes of light occasionally lit the room, and the shouts rising from the darkness outside reminded me of my childhood in New York's Hell's Kitchen, where I used to hang out with a snot-nosed little Irish kid named Moynihan, Pat Moynihan. I remember how the two of us used to carry his mother home every Friday night from Kelly's Bar. An explosion brought me back to the present. On the far side of the airfield, the constituent parts of a couple of MIGs were making their way heavenward. Jagged chunks of metal tore the air and anything else that happened to get in the way. A black arm bearing a Sergeant's insignia landed beside me with a dull thump and I jumped back in horror. It wasn't pretty. The Israelis were preparing to leave. A fuse sizzled towards a dump of jungle grade aviation gas and the last plane took off. A muffled explosion rocked the tower and flames shot far into the night sky, lighting the retreat of the Jews.

On the ground, a bunch of people were dying. It was three hours till the last rude mud bar in the local village closed. As I slipped out of the tower, thankful to escape with my story, soldiers ran about executing the wounded for failing their duty. I could use a drink. Make it a double. Mama Nugubba.

I'll be your Baby Doll.



... in my see-thru negligee from ADAM & EVE.

In sheer nylon, with lavish ruffling around the hem, I'll certainly appreciate this seductive gift. Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund. Sizes: S-M-L.

Rush \$7.95 to: ADAM & EVE, Dept. DNLZ 8
(We pay postage) 403 Jones Ferry Road,
P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

A joke is a terrible thing to waste.



Only you can help preserve our dwindling supply of precious irony.

Scientists tell us that if we keep burning up sarcasm at the present rate, there will be no punch lines left by 1990.

At the *National Lampoon*, we don't throw away valuable jokes after one use. We keep telling them until you get them.

Look for 100 percent recycled humor in *National Lampoon* Best of #6, full to the brim with nature's harvest of your very favorite articles, comics, and posters from the recent past.

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Enclosed is my check or money order for \$2.50
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The Best of National Lampoon, No. 6 (BO 1015) 1976 \$2.50
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The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3 (BO1003) 1973 \$2.50



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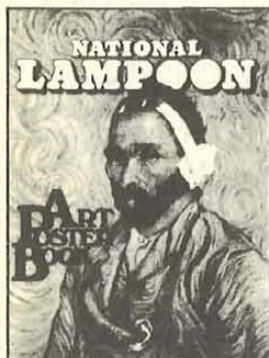
The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5 (BO1009) 1975 \$2.50



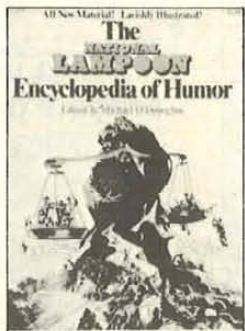
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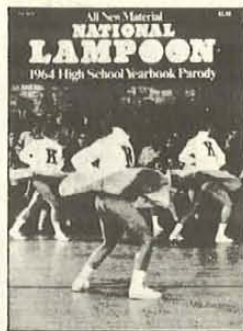
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National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS1019) \$3.95



"Voulez-vous Fuque" T-shirt (TS1024) \$3.95
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National Lampoon Binder (BN1001) \$3.85 each, \$7.10 for two, \$9.90 for three.

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Big Red Goof:

Lenin Not Dead

Pravda, the official Soviet newspaper, disclosed this morning that Lenin, the father of the Soviet Union, was the victim of a "slight medical oversight."

Lenin, presumed dead since 1924 and encased in a glass coffin in Red Square ever since, is in fact alive, according to *Pravda*. The discovery of this slipup was reported to

have taken place last Thursday, when a caretaker noticed that Lenin had shifted position during the night.

The Soviet government is drafting a formal apology to Mr. Lenin, and is also arranging for a downtown Moscow apartment to be made available to him. A spokesman said that the apartment will have a telephone. "He must have a lot of old friends to catch up with," declared the same source.

Toast to the Navy

The American Navy took a bold step into a bright future today when Annapolis accepted its first black lesbian toaster as a cadet.

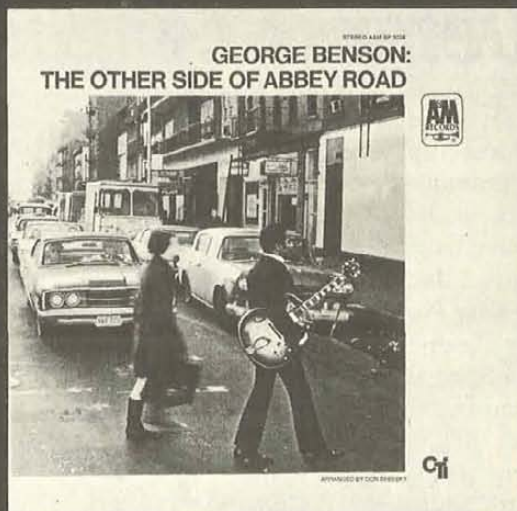
Will the black lesbo toaster shower with the other cadets? "Probably not," says the commander of the august

naval academy. "This is not because of its womanhood or darkitude or lesbiania, but simply because it violates a three-hundred-year-old navy safety regulation which prohibits showering with electrical appliances."

The navy is presently reviewing these regulations, and it is possible they will be dropped in the near future.

GREAT GEORGE BENSON VERSIONS OF ORIGINAL BEATLE CLASSICS

**I Want You (She's So Heavy)
Golden Slumbers
You Never Give Me Your Money
Because • Come Together
Oh! Darling
Here Comes The Sun
Something • Octopus's Garden
The End**



**GEORGE BENSON
"THE OTHER SIDE OF ABBEY ROAD"
ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES**

Produced by Creed Taylor

Political Debate of the Century



Men's Mags Organize Defense League

S.L.O.P., the Society of Libel, Obscenity and Pornography, has been organized by such prominent publishers of men's magazines as Bob Guccione of *Penthouse*, gutsy Larry Flynt of *Hustler*, and little known Jacqueline Coscarart of *Come on Your Foot Magazine*. Prominent publisher Hugh Hefner of *Playboy* and *Oui* has refused to join the newly formed group, stating, "Our magazines are published for the enlightenment and advancement of the American public. What we publish isn't dirty. It's art. So fuck 'em."

Flynt and Guccione will act as cochairmen of S.L.O.P., which will, in its first official move, protest the conviction of *Screw* magazine publisher Al Goldstein in a recent trial in

Kansas. "We'll go all the way to the Wichita Supreme Court with this one," Flynt said. "Goldstein may be a pornographer, a pervert, and an exhibitionist, but he's a human being—he's as

decent as any of us, although not quite as rich or successful as some of us."

Guccione said that the society will also fight the conviction of porno film star Harry Reems. "Harry was the first to go down in the Bible belt," said Guccione, "and we'll fight this one if it kills him. Reems could be the Scopes of the 1970s." Guccione said that the society was negotiating with former Nixon attorney general John Mitchell to represent both Goldstein and Reems. "What would be more fitting," said Guccione, "than a disbarred lawyer handling the case in an area

Flashlight on New Zealand Twin Islands of Plenty



by Brittanica Dimwiddy

New Zealand is considered to be the third most popular country in the world, trailing only Liberia and Ecuador. New Zealand is actually composed of two large islands, joined by a common bond and interest in the general welfare of the state.

The capital of New Zealand is Wellington, a city of contrasts. Wellington has been often called the "Edmunton of the South Pacific," a city that offers many cosmopolitan attractions but still retains much of its nineteenth century Victorian charm. The first all-glass subway trains are now being built in Wellington, and should be ready for visitors in 1983.

The history of New Zealand is both calm and stormy. It was discovered in 1642 by the English naval officer James Cook. For over a century, the English and the native Polynesian tribe called the Maori fought bloody battles over coconut rights and halibut fishing concessions. The arguments were finally settled during the Great Earthquake of 1896, when the entire population of New Zealand was destroyed.

Today, New Zealand boasts a growing economy, with schools, cars, agriculture, factories, shops, and mining. It has a moderate import-export flow and an expanding telecommunication system that will span both islands. Some of its major exports are powdered meat, maize, textile byproducts, potash, carbonated soda, bristle, and vats.

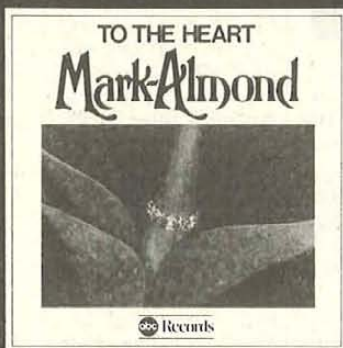
The New Zealanders are a hardy and healthy bunch who love to hunt and fish and also to have a good read in front of a roaring fire. Their hospitality is legendary. Ask a New Zealander for directions and he will often pull out a flask of *drear*, the national soft drink, and offer you a taste.

For those interested in a New Zealand vacation, this country offers hotels, parks, restaurants, trailer camps, and a highly interesting government-sponsored museum. Yes, New Zealand is indeed a vacation paradise for the adventurous—twin islands of plenty with plenty of fun for all!

that went 100 percent for the Nixon crowd every time they ran for office?" Guccione also said that the society planned on calling congressmen Mills and Hays as character witnesses for the two de-

fendants: "We might dig up the old Warren G. Harding stuff," added the *Penthouse* publisher. "We've even got a slogan. It goes, 'First Lawrence, then Joyce. Now Reems and Goldstein. Is Mailer next?'"

If you've been waiting to hear from Mark-Almond since the first few times you met, here's to your heart's content.



It's their first album together in two years and it's their finest work — an intense, lush, and totally absorbing journey from the city to the islands to the heart. Mark-Almond is back.

**To The Heart. From Mark-Almond.
On ABC Records and GRT Tapes**

Produced by Roy Holce

Also from Mark-Almond:



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Down the Tubes

By Harry Zontilokd

With the new season just a few station breaks away, the networks have knuckled under to pressure from the FCC to give equal time in the programming schedule to those groups who did not feel represented by the "family hour" this past season. The "black hour" will be seen from 10:00 to 11:00 P.M. Among the entries in this time slot, the most notable are a new situation comedy starring Roscoe Lee Browne, whose mother has died and comes back to earth as a purple and gold, custom-made

Cadillac Coupé de Ville, and a remake of "The Odd Couple" starring Roy Wilkins and H. Rap Brown. The "singles hour" will be from 11:00 to 12:00 midnight and includes widows, widowers, divorcees, unwed mothers, swinging singles and Masons. On tap for this hour are reruns of "Family Affair," "Phyllis," "Make Room for Daddy" (vintage after Jean Hagen and before Marjorie Lord), and "Mayberry RFD." The "gay hour" will be from midnight to 1:00 A.M., and will include

"The Jim Nabors Show," "The Kraft Homosexual Hour," starring Raymond Burr, and "Queen for a Day," with Jim Bailey. The "paraplegic hour" will be from 5:00 to 6:00 P.M. The reason for this early scheduling is to cooperate with local power companies, explained CBS prexy Arthur Taylor at the recent affiliates convention. "The 'paraplegic hour' will be earlier in the day so as not to interfere with peak electrical hours 7:00 to 11:00 P.M. By then, all artificial kidney machines, iron lungs, pacemakers, or what have you, will be in nighttime use, only using half their normal power intake, thus lessening the risk of brown-outs in our major cities." As for the "Jewish hour," there will be no changes in the current schedule, thus leaving the rest of the nineteen hours of programming for the Jews.

P'm'n't Ann'c's 5 Mid-S's'n Pilots

AP/DP, Hollywood—Paramount television announced that five pilots will go into production shortly aimed at TV's mid-season replacement market. A Paramount spokesman said that the shows will cover all facets of TV entertainment, including drama, comedy, and variety. Following is a listing of the shows:

Old Coder: (melodrama) Will Geer stars as a kindly old grandfather. In the pilot episode, he takes his grandchildren (played by Chastity Bono and Rodney Allen Rippey) to Freedomland, and when they get there it's torn down.

Storefront Liberal: Anthony Perkins plays Ernest, a young social worker. In the pilot, Ernest is beaten by Negroes.

The Trouble Twins: Judy Carne and Fred Gwynne play the Johnson twins, Judy and Jodie. In the pilot, the twins are victims of Dr. Doom (Jack Cassidy) and are thrown into a rock quarry.

Don't Forget to Flush: Micky Dolenz makes his long-awaited return to TV as Oscar, a urology lab technician. In the pilot, Oscar mistakes tomato juice for Mr. Healy's (Gale Gordon) urine specimen.

Durward Kirby and His New Faces of 1976: Variety show with guests including Garry Moore and "Buffalo" Bob Smith.

Movies:

The Big Bust

By Judith H. Christ

The latest disaster epic. This one is about a woman who is accidentally exposed to atomic radiation and turns into a two-thousand-foot giantess with the largest bust in the world. At first, she is kind and easily controlled by scientists, but she is lured into the world of show business by a Hollywood promoter (Jack Nicholson). Nicholson plans to match the giantess against both Muhammad Ali and Don King on Uranus.

Meanwhile, the giantess grows disillusioned with her fate, and sympathizes with other giantesses in the same exploited situa-

tion. In a rage, our heroine decides to destroy the entire country, city by city. To demonstrate her power, she annihilates the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul with her breasts, just swinging them back and forth, toppling buildings and killing everyone.

The two-thousand-foot woman with the five-hundred-pound breasts is done with mirrors. The role, however, is played by three women. Liza Minelli plays the complete woman. Joey Heatherton and Dolly Parton each play a breast. I think the picture has some nice things in it.

Highlights of the Month

Sept. 4

7:30 P.M. CBS. WASHINGTON WEEK: "The Ethics of Congress" Wayne Hays (D-Ohio) guest. (REPEAT)

Sept. 8

8:00 P.M. ABC. AUNT BLUEBELLE: The guests at the Fountainbleau mysteriously disappear and the police are stumped. Aunt Bluebelle thinks that it has something to do with those hard-to-get-out stains in the sink. Carmelita Pope, Jack Lescoulie.

Sept. 10

7:30 P.M. ABC. THAT'S MY POP: Pop refuses to give Buster and Sandy a raise in their allowances until they find his iron lung.

Sept. 18

3:30 P.M. NBC. CONSUMER REPORT: "The Television Industry—A Rip-off" (last show of the series).

Sept. 22

7:30 P.M. ABC. PHILOSOPHY PLAYHOUSE: ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET SCHOPENHAUER: Flimsy fluff for Socratic philosophy and slapstick comedy fans only; best scene—the chimp at the funeral.

Sept. 29

9:30 P.M. CBS. THOSE KENNEDY KIDS: The cousins put on a show to raise money for Teddy, Jr.'s new leg. Vaughn Meader.

Blueprint for Flat Frequency Response

In the graph below, frequency response was measured using the CBS 100 Test Record, which sweeps from 20-20,000 Hz. The vertical tracking force was set at one gram. Nominal system capacitance was calibrated to be 300 picofarads and the standard 47K ohm resistance was maintained throughout testing. The upper curves represent the frequency response of the right (red) and left (green) channels. The distance between the upper and lower curves represents separation between the channels in decibels. The inset oscilloscope photo exhibits the cartridge's response to a recorded 1000 Hz square wave indicating its resonant and transient response.

Smooth, flat response from 20-20,000 Hz is the most distinct advantage of Empire's new stereo cartridge, the 2000Z.

The extreme accuracy of its reproduction allows you the luxury of fine-tuning your audio system exactly the way you want it. With the 2000Z,

you can exaggerate highs, accentuate lows or leave it flat. You can make your own adjustments without being tied to the dips and peaks characteristic of most other cartridges.

For a great many people, this alone is reason for owning the Z. However, we engineered this cartridge to give you more. And it does. Tight channel balance, wide separation, low tracking force and excellent tracking ability combine to give you total performance.

See for yourself in the specifications below, then go to your audio dealer for a demonstration you won't soon forget.

The Empire 2000Z.

Already your system sounds better.

Frequency Response—20 to 20KHz \pm 1 db using CBS 100 test record

Recommended Tracking Force— $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ grams
(specification given using 1 gram VTF)

Separation—20 db 20 Hz to 500 Hz
30 db 500 Hz to 15K Hz
25 db 15K Hz to 20K Hz

I.M. Distortion—(RCA 12-5-105) less than .08% .2KHz to 20KHz @ 3.54 cm/sec

Stylus—0.2 x 0.7 mil diamond

Effective Tip Mass—0.2 mg

Compliance—lateral 30 X10⁻⁶ cm/dyne
vertical 30 X10⁻⁶ cm/dyne

Tracking Ability—0.9 grams for 38 cm per sec @ 1000 Hz
0.8 grams for 30 cm per sec @ 400 Hz

Channel Balance—within $\frac{3}{4}$ db @ 1 kHz

Tracking Angle—20°

Recommended Load—47 K Ohms

Nominal Total System Capacitance required 300 pF

Output—3mv @ 3.5 cm per sec using CBS 100 test record

D.C. Resistance—1100 Ohms

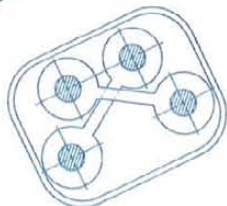
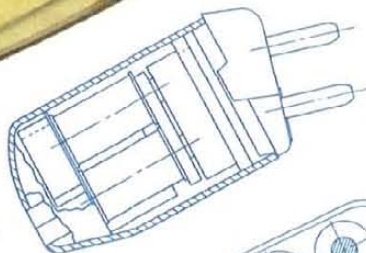
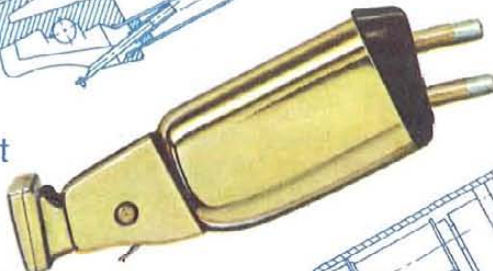
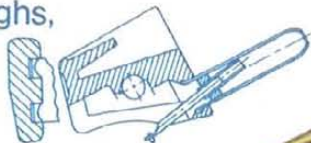
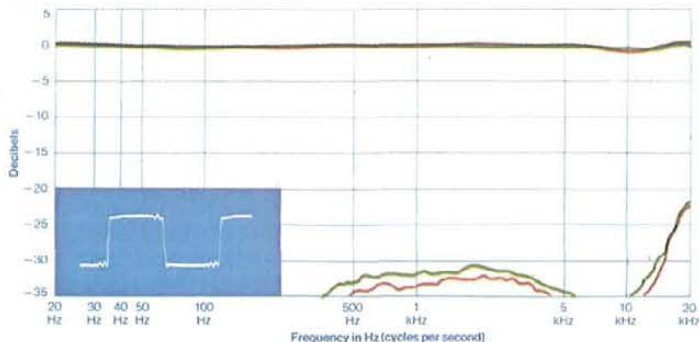
Inductance—675 mH

Number and Type of Poles—16 Laminations in a 4 pole configuration

Number of Coils—4 (1 pair/channel—hum cancelling)

Number of Magnets—3 positioned to eliminate microphonics

Type of Cartridge—Fully shielded, moving iron



"DON'T BUY JEANS ON FAITH. COMPARE YOUR PANTS OFF."

"My jeans are better than your jeans. And I can prove it:

"Mine are 100% natural cotton denim. And so are yours.

"There the similarity ends.

Because mine are Sedgefield Do-Nothing® denims.

"The first 14-ounce 100% natural cotton denim with the built-in edge: the amazing Sanfor-Set* process.

"So what? So this...

"SEDFIELD JEANS NEVER NEED IRONING.

"The jeans I have on have been washed and tumble dried 15 times and never ironed.

"You heard right.

"Never ironed.

"SEDFIELD JEANS CANNOT SHRINK OUT OF SIZE.

"It's true.

"Sanfor-Set's the reason.

"The reason the size you buy is the size they stay.

"SEDFIELD JEANS START OUT MUCH SOFTER.

"Brand new we're much, much softer than old-fashioned jeans without Sanfor-Set.

"And we keep getting softer so fast your old-fashioned jeans might even wear out before they can catch up.

"SEDFIELD JEANS DON'T COST A BUNDLE.

"Our biggest edge?

"We cost no more than the regular price of the biggest seller.

"IF I'M LYING YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

"It's one thing to make claims.

"We back ours with a one year unconditional warranty.

"None stronger in the business.

"Just send us back our jeans and we'll replace them.

"Or send you back your money.

"TO FIND OUR JEANS CALL 800 T-H-E E-D-G-E.

"If you want the jeans with the built-in edge, just dial this number (800 843-3343) toll free and we'll tell you where to get them.

"And start comparing your pants off."

Sedgefield
With the Built-in Edge.

*Trademark of
The Sanforized Company



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AKRON, OHIO O'Neil's
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DENVER, CO. K-G Men's Stores; Miller Stockman; Fashion Bar; Pants 'n Duds
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LUBBOCK, TEX. Dunlap's; Hemphill-Wells
MILWAUKEE, WISC. The Boston Stores; Marshall Field & Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Dayton's; Donaldson's; Lancer Stores
NASHVILLE, TENN. Harvey's
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Labiche's; Goudchaux
NEW YORK, N. Y. Lord & Taylor; Rogers Peet
OAKLAND, CAL. Grodin's
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. Shepler's
OMAHA, NEB. Phillips Stores
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PHILADELPHIA, PA. Strawbridge & Clothier
PHOENIX, ARIZ. Diamond's; Goldwater's; Jeans Galore; Lad T'Dad
PORTLAND, ME. A. H. Benoit; Porteous; Mitchell & Braune
PORTLAND, ORE. Meier & Frank
ST. LOUIS, MO. Boyd's
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH ZCMI
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Macy's; Hastings
SCHENECTADY, N.Y. The Carl Co.
SEATTLE, WASH. Frederick & Nelson; The Bon Marche; Lamont's
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Steiger's
TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. Maas Brothers
TUCSON, ARIZ. Goldwyn's; Diamond's
TULSA, OKLA. Vandever's
WICHITA, KAN. Shepler's; Henry's
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO Strouss'

Sedgefield[®]
 With the Built-in Edge.

Birdbath

continued from page 11

that voice of flat cologne. My gracious, she's gracious! But you can tell she doesn't say her prayers at night, hates pets, peonies, prepubescent girls—all indications of competition—the meridian sun hitting the piano in tall Swiss rooms, the noise of crystal being moved, hard sofas. She likes the noise of motorcycles, Waring Blenders chopping raw rhubarb, and the shattering of the conservatory roof glass two days ago gave her a curious thrill, although she pursued the scamp and had him quartered by the gamekeeper. Later she regretted this, but she takes no capsules, keeps her equilibrium by herself, by grit, by grip, by grimace. See her standing there, the tendons on her arms vulturous, and her mouth is growing into a giant beak which opens wide to decimate the worm dangling from heaven, as though to prevent it one day ever doing the same to her.

Now it can be told! The Fishroe Scandal, which has been causing so much furor in this column over the past few months, reveals itself to the world as one of the major conspiracies in sports. You will have noticed that

all the athletes named were of tawny hue. Well, of course this is the crux and very meat of the matter. The scandal encompasses almost all sports of rapid motion and focuses itself especially on Olympic track runners—Harvey Glance, Steve Williams, and their kidney, and all those black runners for Ethiopia with tom-tom sounds for names. But it extends to other athletes as well—Larry Holmes, the boxer. Arthur Ashe, the tennis player, to commence a list which would include all black athletes of any kind whatsoever. For it has been proved beyond an even unreasonable doubt that the cause for the success of these athletes arises because they, like so many members of their race, eat more fish than any other race of people—red snapper, particularly. Not ups, downs, ins, outs, pinkies, poppers—but fish! The World Athletic Association stands shocked! Amazed! At the first whisper, YMCAs all over the world have begun banning blacks from memberships. Country clubs across the nation are slamming the doors on the fingers of blacks, doors which they had graciously opened only fifteen minutes before. At first,

continued

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It should sound solid, whether you have a Marantz, Pioneer, Kenwood—or any other model. And it will sound its best when you listen to a pair of ULTRALINEAR Speakers. Ultralinear will deliver those clear, clean highs and full lows, as well as being smooth in the midrange. Ultralinear manufactures a complete line of efficient, full-range speakers. Speakers that will enhance your receiver. Listen to a pair of Ultralinear. Trust your ears. Then you'll trust us.

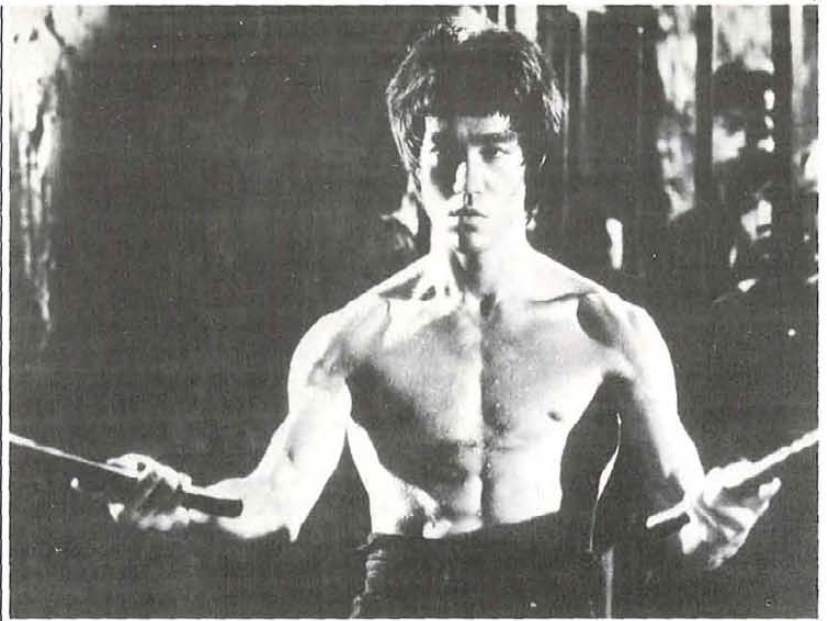
Ultralinear

HEAR WHAT YOUR RECEIVER SHOULD SOUND LIKE!

Birdbath

continued

these steps seemed precipitous, premature. But really, what alibi can there be? Guilt must be assigned and fingers pointed. **Birdbath** has single-handedly tracked the conspiracy to its source. Fish. Even as you read this, the International Olympic Committee is moving, therefore, to ban blacks from all events, or at least those blacks who cannot prove they have never in the course of their lives eaten fish, even so much as a tuna casserole, since seafood seems to produce an enlivening effect in the people of this dingy cast which whites, yellows, reds know nothing of and cannot benefit from except by eliminating blacks from all sport competition. Fish is black speed. And without it, they are nothing. You will notice, for instance, how few blacks there are in golf, bowling, pool—the sedentary sports. It's not that there is prejudice in these areas; blacks have always been welcome; shame on him who thinks otherwise. But in these sports, speed has no value—fish no force—and the blacks cunningly stayed clear of them, whereas the hype of a single



The Reverend Moon, *advocate of Seoul food diet.*

fishcake can send a **Kip Keino** shooting through the breast ribbon like a rocket.

Now, you may also note that there are precious few blacks in winter sports, as well. But don't jump to any

conclusions. This is not because skiing is a gravitational event merely, or because figure skating requires grace of movement rather than velocity, that blacks are not seen on the slopes or rinks (where against all that white

© Lorillard 1976

*Alive
with pleasure!*
Newport

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

their complexion would stand out most gruesomely, would it not, when you think of it?). It's more subtle. For, mark you, blacks don't appear in aquatic events, either. The reason that blacks do not appear in these events is that fish come from water. This has been affirmed by recent scientific investigation, a discovery ancillary to the scandal, proving there is hope yet, that God works in strange ways His wonders to perform, that we know good only from evil, and that benefit to humanity may still ascend from such mean means as these. Fish come from water. What follows? Evidently, the virtue of fish to produce black speed operates in reverse when the black athlete competes in close juxtaposition to water in any of its forms. (This is why black people smell so badly. But setting this aside....) Water slows the black athlete down, and even may actually kill him. Recall, if you will, then: snow is a substance which derives from water. Ice, too, is some form of water. So much for winter events. But water, too, comes from water, and water is what is put into swimming pools! Because it is, you

now know why you never see blacks winning the high dive or the butterfly. It's not because white Olympic swimmers refuse to enter the same water as blacks, although the thought is disgusting—no, this is not the reason. It's that blacks *know*—and they have always known!—that the fish in their diets would cause them to float on the surface limply and turn an unattractive pale gray. And—we repeat—the dreadful thing is that blacks have known this *all along*, and they have not told us, not one of them, all these years since Munich. God! To think of it! The injustice!

Well, when the shock wears off, when tempers cool, and the blacks are returned to the more appropriate lifting of cotton bales and baggage, we must shake our heads more in pity than in anger, and draw together in prayer of thanksgiving that we of the elite races were not duped permanently—thanks to the vigilance of **Birdbath**. Then we can take heart in the fact that now we know why those blacks on the Mississippi were always so lazy and shiftless, and remove the entire race to labor in the deserts and jungles from which they

should never have departed.

This has been a public service announcement, of course.

R. Bruce Moody



Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



Wow! I get this **awareness** that our **biorhythms** must really **jive** because I'm, **like**, really **getting off** on the way we **communicate!** I mean, the **vibes** are just **too much!**

Really! But that's because we're both so **sensitive.** That's what makes **meaningful relationships** so **mind-blowing**—the way two people can be so **together** in a really **trippy** way!

Wanna go over to my place and get **ripped** on some really **tasty weed?**

Sure. But I'd better tell you right away that my **head space** just isn't into, **like**, a sex **body trip** right now.

WOW

Bad

ds

I feel a presence...it's getting stronger...it's in the room! It's an asshole! A great, puckered asshole. How did I know? I'm no more psychic than you are, yet somehow I *knew*. I knew there was an asshole in the room. Well, you don't have to hold the rank of Moose in the Masons to figure it out. I listened to the person talk, and I recognized certain words which told me that whether or not the sun rose tomorrow, whether the sky turned green and volcanoes split the earth in half, that that person was an asshole. You can learn how to do it, too!

Here is a list of the words that can help you to spot assholes *almost the minute you meet them!* Good luck.

acid indigestion

aesthetics

aficionados

albeit

alpha wave

ambience

amorphous

angst

anything, man

a priori

apropos

archetypal

continued on page 89

NATIONAL LAMPOON 35

The Nikko receiver is more sensitive.

You have a sensitive front-end.

What do you think of Fellini?

Is he running for President, too?

The power amplifier delivers extended frequency response.

This capacitor keeps it happening with low distortion.

Nikko circuit breakers won't let me.

Don't blow your fuse.

How stable can you get with a phase lock loop MPX with an integrated circuit? Unbelievable.

Listening to my Nikko 9095 all night long.

What are you doing after the party?

Some receiver... superb selectivity. Lighted dial, well-built...

What everyone is talking about.

The Nikko 9095 stereo receiver.

NIKKO
Makes it Happen.

Teco Electronics—All Stores

Hi-fidelity House Philadelphia All Stores
Cal Hi Fi
 2461 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley
 2298 Fillmore St., San Francisco
 3581 Stevens Creek Blvd., Santa Clara
 521 E. 5th St., San Mateo
 620 Contra Costa Blvd., Pleasant Hills
 962 Blossom Hill Rd., San Jose

Sun Stereo
 2929 Arden Way, Sacramento
 1549 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz
 207 "G" St., Davis
 6239 Pacific Ave., Stockton

West Coast Stereo
 18050 Hesperian Blvd., San Lorenzo
 1855 Willow Pass Rd., Concord

Cal Stereo

2355 Torrance Blvd., Torrance
 17419 Bellflower Blvd., Bellflower
 12323 Harbor Blvd., Garden Grove
 11720 W. Pico, Los Angeles
 1199 "E" St., San Bernardino
 21418 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
 420 N. Azusa Ave., West Covina

Churchill Audio Centers—All Stores

Tech Hi Fi—All Stores
Hi Fi Fo Fum
 2436 Middle Country Rd., Centreach, N.Y.

Franklin Lakes Stores
 792 Franklin Ave., Franklin Lake, New Jersey

Ridgewood Stereo
 260 E. Ridgewood Ave., Ridgewood, New Jersey

Custom Music
 979 Pleasant Valley Way, W. Orange, New Jersey

TROTS & BONNIE



♫ RASPBERRIES, ♫
STRAWBERRIES.
PINEAPPLES AND
GRAPEFRUIT...

TANGERINES
AND EVEN
TOMATOES...

HOLD EVERYTHING!
TURN OFF THE
DRUM MACHINE!

AN ALL GIRL BAND IS
DUTY BOUND TO EXPLORE, IN
LYRICAL FORM, THE EMERGING
ROLE OF WOMEN IN TODAY'S SOCIETY!



THIS SONG YOU HAVE WRITTEN DOES
NOT EVEN EXPRESS THE PAIN AND
SUFFERING OF A MILLENNIUM OF
FEMALES SWEATING AND STRAINING
UNDER THE YOKE OF MALE
OPPRESSION!



IN OTHER WORDS, YOUR VITAMIN
C SONG IS A PISSY NUMBER
TO DO AT THE DANCE TONIGHT.



WE'RE GOING TO SING "DON'T LAY
YOUR MACHO TRIP ON ME"... AND...

"NEVER THINK ABOUT
WHAT'S BETWEEN
MY LEGS"...

...AND 'LOOKIN'
FOR A PASSIVE
MAN."



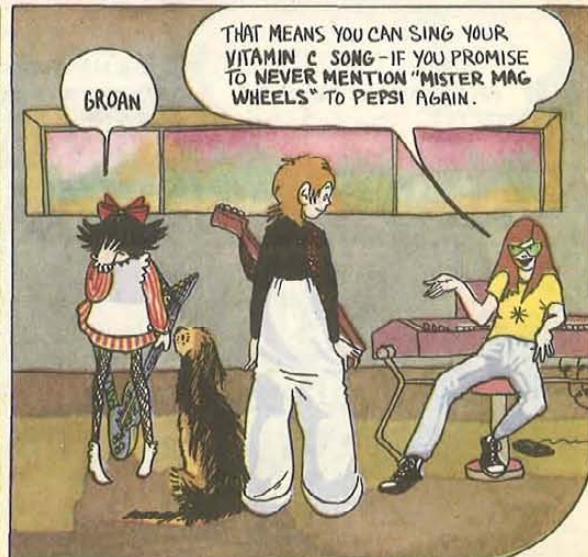
CAN'T WE DO JUST ONE OF MINE?

HOW ABOUT...
"SOLDIER BOY,
PLEASE COME
BACK"...

OR "I WANNA
BE AN
ASTRONAUT'S
LADY"... OR...

"MY OLD
MAN IS TOO
YOUNG TO
DRIVE"...

...OR
EVEN,
"MISTER
MAG
WHEELS"?



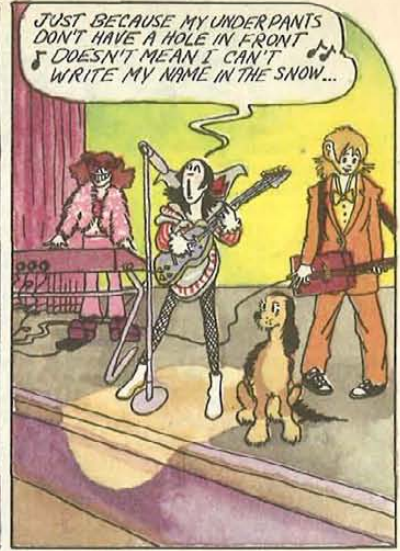
GROAN

THAT MEANS YOU CAN SING YOUR
VITAMIN C SONG - IF YOU PROMISE
TO NEVER MENTION "MISTER MAG
WHEELS" TO PEPSI AGAIN.



I HAVE HAIR ON MY LEGS, TOO.
 MY ARMPITS STINK,
 JUST LIKE YOU...

JUST BECAUSE I SIT DOWN TO PEE,
 DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T BE
 PRESIDENT...



JUST BECAUSE MY UNDER PANTS
 DON'T HAVE A HOLE IN FRONT
 DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T
 WRITE MY NAME IN THE SNOW...



LAST DANCE!

LADIES' CHOICE!



ORANGES AND CHERRIES,
 PLUMS AND PEARS...
 GRAPES, LEMONS, AND GREAT
 BIG JUICY BLUEBERRIES



KIWIS AND KUMQUATS ARE
 TERRIBLY CUTE
 THESE ARE A FEW OF MY
 FAVORITE FRUITS!



I LOVE IT!

IT SOUNDS VAGUELY
 CAUSTIC...YET NAIVE...

AMBIGUOUS, YET PRECISE!

TRADITIONAL,
 YET APROPOS...

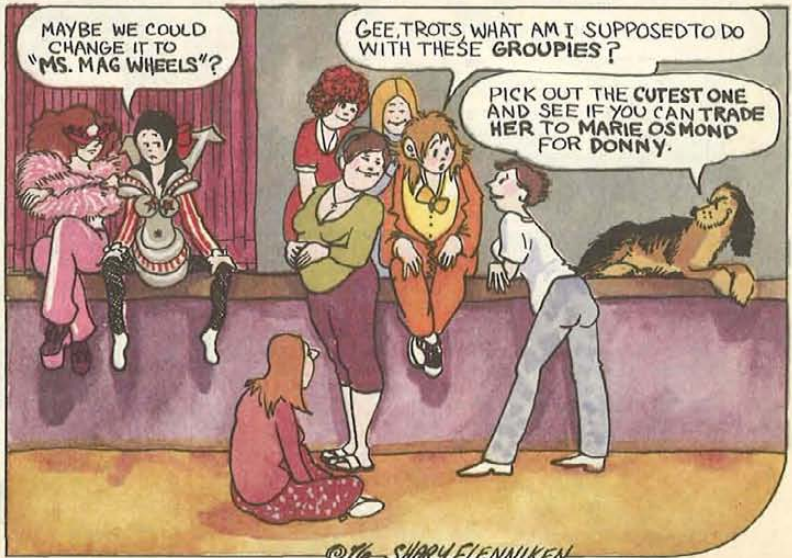
SO PURE!

BETTER LYRICS
 THAN LAURA NYRO!

MORE PERFECT
 THAN PHOEBE SNOW.

FANTASTIC!

DOES SHE HAVE
 AN ALBUM OUT YET?



MAYBE WE COULD
 CHANGE IT TO
 "MS. MAG WHEELS"?

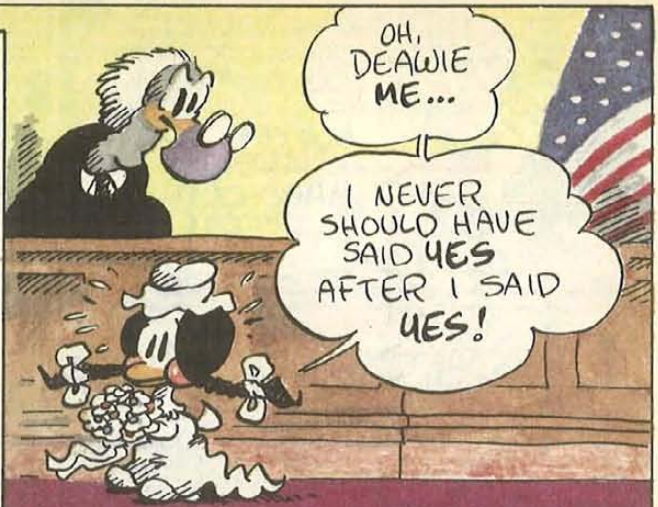
GEE, TROTS WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO
 WITH THESE GROUPIES?

PICK OUT THE CUTEST ONE
 AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRADE
 HER TO MARIE OSMOND
 FOR DONNY.

©76 SHARY FLENNIKEN

Dirty Duck

by
BOBBY
QUINN



OH, DEARIE ME...

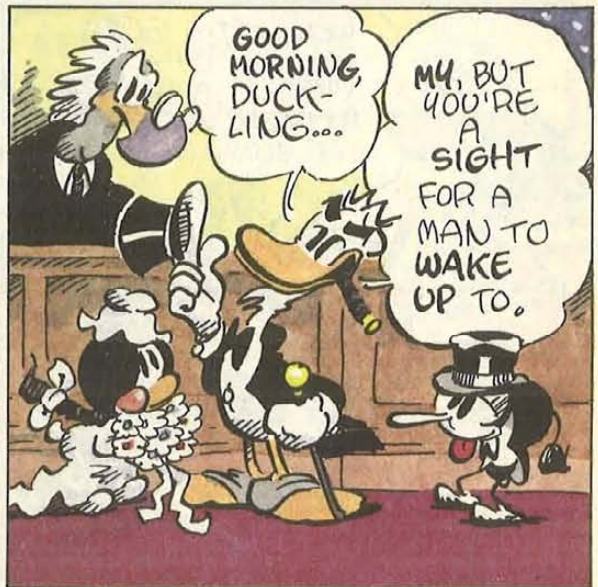
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE SAID YES AFTER I SAID YES!

MR. DUCK'S TASTE IN WOMEN HASN'T CHANGED IN 50 YEARS



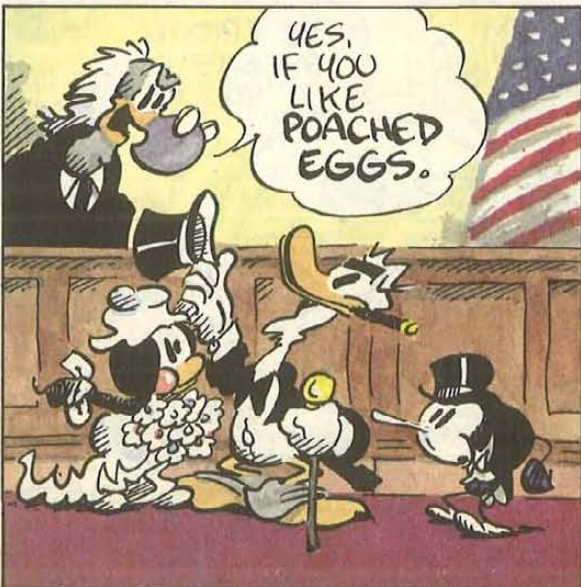
SHE WAS STANDING AT THE ALTAR DRESSED AS WHITE AS IVORY SNOW... ONE TENTH OF HER WAS

STILL IMPURE, ALTHO' IT DIDN'T SHOW!

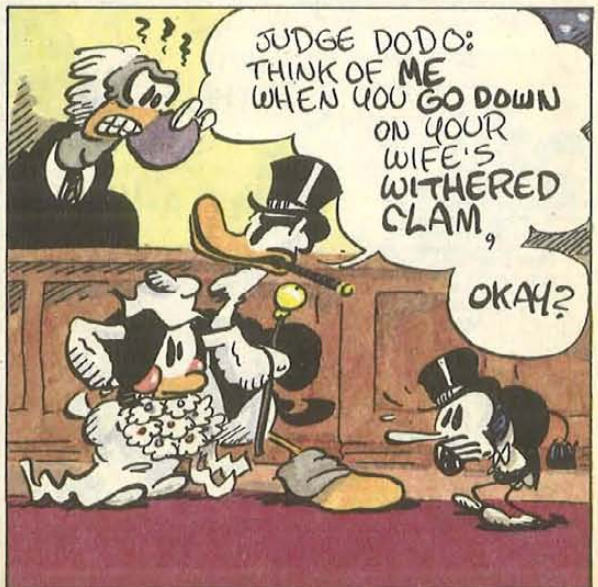


GOOD MORNING, DUCK-LING...

MY, BUT YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR A MAN TO WAKE UP TO.

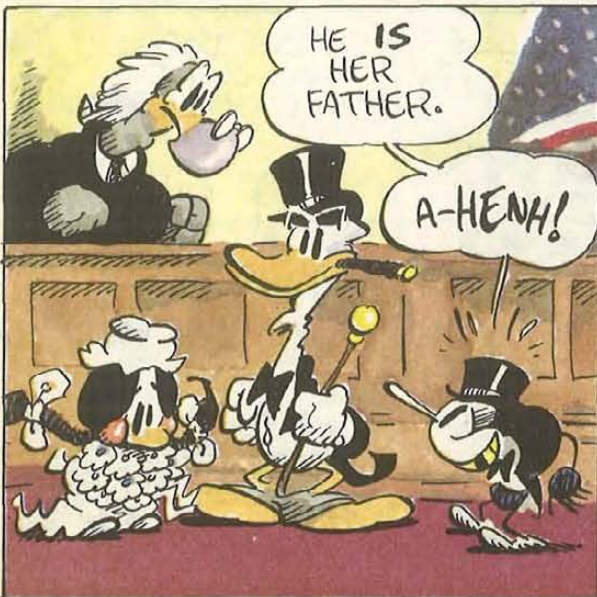
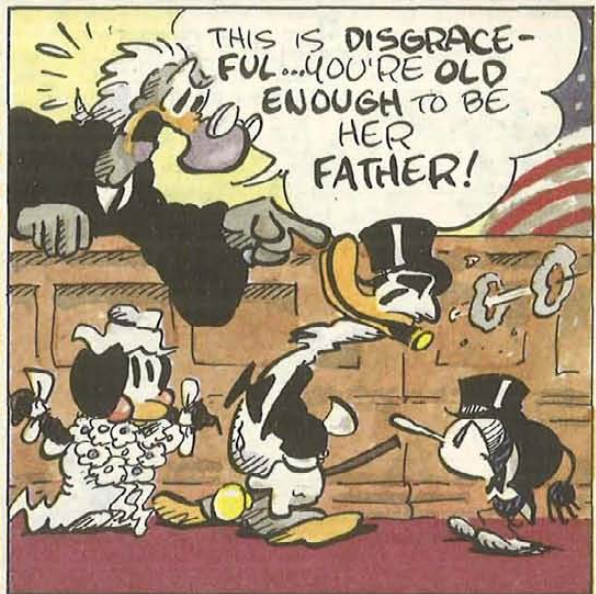
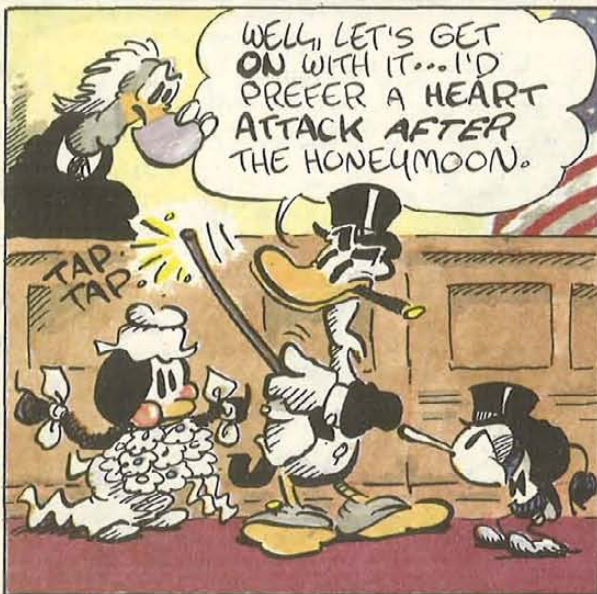
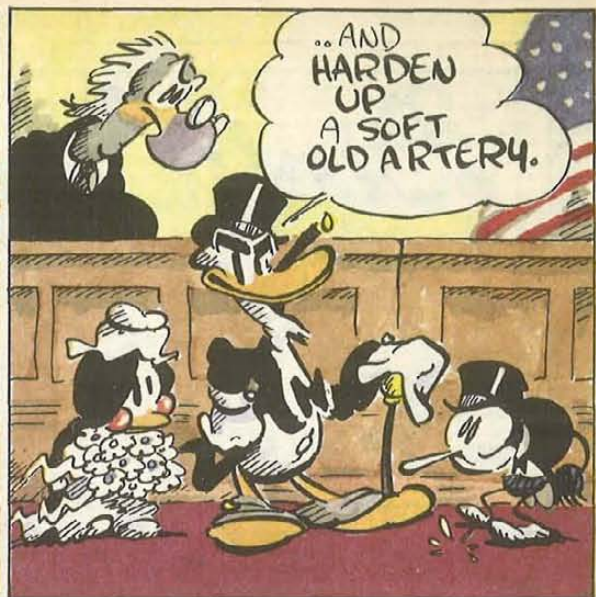
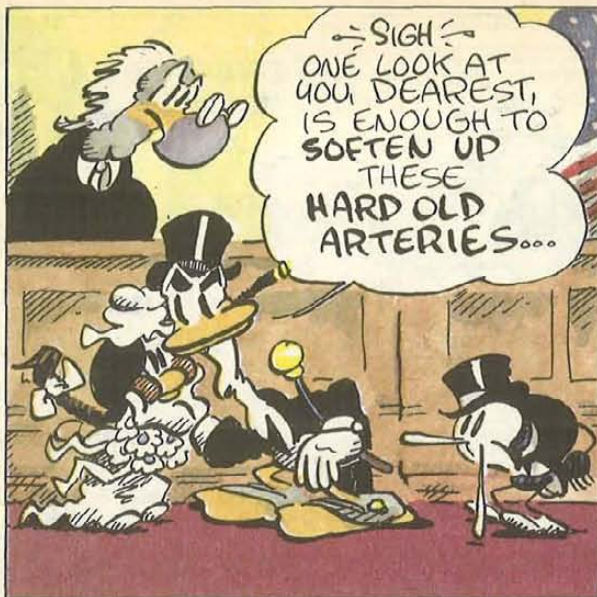


YES, IF YOU LIKE POACHED EGGS.



JUDGE DODO: THINK OF ME WHEN YOU GO DOWN ON YOUR WIFE'S WITHERED CLAM,

OKAY?



PORTAL TO THE UPPER EAST SIDE

CHRONICLES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEALTHY GENTILE IMMIGRATION TO AMERICA, 1920-1940.

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

INTRODUCTION:

From the end of World War I to the beginning of World War II, the Upper East Side of New York City was a haven for rich Europeans who had to flee their countries. They came to America in swarms of twos and threes—the English, French, Germans, Italians, Belgians, even a few Spaniards of royal blood. Some came to “make a killing” on the stock market. Some had to escape high taxes or troublesome litigation. Others were simply bored and wanted a change of scene. And the Upper East Side was their domain—bounded by Fifty-ninth Street on the south, Ninety-sixth Street on the north, Fifth Avenue on the west, and the East River on the east. Here they settled and began their struggle to adapt to a new way of life.

The experiences of the Upper East Side are particular to the European Gentile. However, they symbolize a pattern of American social evolution in which the rich immigrant could come to our country with just a modest fortune and then go on to improve his lot even further. Thus, the Upper East Side gave us an incredibly rich heritage of images, stories, personalities, and ideas, inspired by lives filled with unusual hardships, uncertainty, and alienation.

At the same time, the Upper East Side became the symbol of the great American tradition of aspiration and achievement. As the immigrants assumed their rightful places of power in the Establishment, they yearned for more money and property. The Upper East Side became, in a sense, a stopping-off point, as the immigrants and their children sought bigger apartments, houses in the country and the seashore,

and even went back to Europe for vacations. Eventually, the Upper East Side became a place where these immigrants lived in the fall, when the weather of New York City was at its best. Winters, springs, and summers were spent elsewhere, in more salubrious climates.

The New York society reporters and photographers were fascinated by these immigrants and recorded their way of life avidly and accurately. Sensitive, revealing accounts of Upper East Side life filled the feature sections and gossip columns of New York's papers and our national magazines. Along with the reportage were the studies made by the great society documentary photographers, such as Byron Stone, Lewis Cleveland, and Norbert Jens.

Jens came to New York in 1930 from Norway, where he was a nightclub photographer and cigarette boy (the nightclubs of Oslo used pretty men as well as women to sell cigarettes and take souvenir photographs). Jens used his nightclub experience to ingratiate himself with the immigrants and to photograph them in their most candid, private moments.

Lewis Cleveland came from a wealthy New York family himself, and was a self-confessed wastrel and dilettante until he witnessed the odd hardships and problems of the Upper East Side immigrants and decided to document them in pictures. He got into the habit of writing detailed, informative captions for his photographs and sending them off to the local newspapers, who were eager to print anything concerning the newly arrived millionaires. In a short time Cleveland became one of the first public relations men for the rich, and his photographic “press releases” were some of the earliest and finest examples of this documentary genre.

IMMIGRATION

HUMILIATION AND SHAME

"*Mon dieu*. I was never so embarrassed in my life," said the Comtesse de Gascoigne, as she alighted on our shores from Paris, France. The Comtesse was referring to the vulgar manners of New York's customs officials, who made her wait over fifteen minutes as they examined her baggage for precious jewelry she perhaps did not want to declare.

"They made me open my Vuitton trunks, all fifty of them, so they could feel among my lingerie, my most intimate clothing, for hidden gems. It was disgusting and degrading. If this is America, then I am truly disappointed. I foresee a life of shame and bitterness here," she said.

Because of this unnecessary delay, the Comtesse missed the taxicabs that had lined up to meet

the new arrivals from the *Normandie*. She had to wait another half hour before a cab could be found. There were no friends or relatives to greet her, no home for her to move to. She had made a reservation at the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, and was hoping that her late arrival would not mean a cancellation.

"My dear friends are out of town, as you say in American. I believe I am arriving in New York during the wrong season, *n'est-ce pas?* That is why there is no one to meet me. I feel *très malade* at this very moment and would like a warm bath and then a cold glass of champagne. My husband arrives next week and has made all the arrangements for our new living quarters on Park Avenue. I do not know where that is. I only hope I can stay alive in this strange land until he comes."

From Wally Webb's "Tittle-Tattle"
society column
N.Y. Journal-American
December 3, 1936



Norbert lens/Forced to buy spats off the peg, 1936/Newport Public Library

Truffle Blight Forces French to Emigrate

by MORRISON SAINTSBURY

Not since 1896 has France suffered such an agricultural disaster. The Great Truffle Blight, as it is infamously called, has resulted in virtually no truffle crop for this year and probably the next, thus reducing French haute cuisine to a shadow of its former self.

Agricultural scientists have found no reason for the absence of the black truffle. There have been no insect plagues and the weather in the truffle-producing regions has been generally good. The elite of French society are in a state of panic. Many wealthy Frenchmen are preparing to emigrate to America rather than face a year and maybe two years without this staple of gourmet cooking. They interpret the Truffle Blight as a sign of even worse things to come, and point to the ordinary, nay mediocre year in France for first and second growth Bordeaux wines as well.

"Lafite, Mouton, Latour, Margaux... you name them, they have all had a bad year," said Maurice Colombe, a banker and President of the *Sociétés de Culinaires Excellence*. "Those who have not stored away the vintage years must drink third growths, or even worse, the *vin ordinaire*. We have been careless and profligate and now we are suffering for it. I hear there is much better wine to be bought in America."

The New York Times
December 12, 1937

ADAPTATION

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

The problem is as old as civilization itself, and some say it will never be solved. We are referring to the Servant Problem, or, as it is usually subtitled, "They don't make them like they used to."

Nowhere is this more evident than in the plight of many of our most prestigious new emigrants from Europe, who have settled on the Upper East Side and find they cannot hire decent household help.

Countess Elaine Louie, a beauteous member of Peking society, now married to Count Bellissimo of Tuscany, complained of firing twenty-nine maids before she found one who could fluff her dress sleeves properly. "My dress sleeves were drooping like wilted poppies. I had nothing to wear for luncheons and cocktails," she said.

Cooks and butlers are even harder to obtain. Countess Louie normally had an executive *chêf de cuisine*, a saucier, a pastry chef, and three kitchen assistants. Today, she must make do with a staff of two, "unless my husband raids Maxim's and carries off dear Marcel, Raymonde and Fernande," said the Countess, half-seriously.

Lady Julia MacFarlane, a beautiful young heiress who recently arrived to these shores from London, has found the Servant Problem to be almost insurmountable. "I understand that America has cut off its supply of cheap labor from Europe. That accounts for the terrible shortage of good servants available," she said. "But I had no idea it would be so bad. No one knows how to draw a bath properly. Either I catch pneumonia or get scalded to death."

There are very few trained servants to choose from in New York City. Most of the good ones are employed by the established residents. The new emigrants, with their commendably high European standards, are appalled by the crudity and inexperience of our domestic help. "The first thing they ask is how much they are to be paid, how many hours they must work and how many days off they will have," said Lady MacFarlane. "In England, our servants worked for very little money and they worked long, hard hours. They had pride and dignity, and they were grateful to be working for genuine aristocracy. There was a tradition and continuity in the serving classes that went back many, many generations. Here in New York, I'm lucky to hold someone for a fortnight. Last week I was brought to my wits' end when the employment agency sent me a Negro. I can't imagine anything worse, unless it is those Boston Irish I've heard about."

From a feature article
New York Herald Tribune
March 9, 1936



Photographer unknown/Untrained domestic servants replace family retainers, c. 1938/The Gentile Museum

April 17, 1937

Dear Diary:

A very bad day for me. I cannot do nothing right. Because I think maybe it is my mistress who is making me do like this. I am very sorry for her because she suffer even more than me. I spill tea when I serve her the breakfast in bed. Then she come home in the evening very mad. Her hair looks a mess, she says. She cannot find a good place to get a permanent. She cannot find her favorite kind perfume in any store. She have not a thing to wear. Her gown to be put on for that evening is not pressed too good and she get terrible mad and take it out on me. She make me want to cry sometimes but myself I don't care about. My mistress though is not happy in this new country called New York. She miss her big flat in London. What is flat? Also her big house in country. Also many, many more servants than she has now in New York. In New York she only has me, Dora the housekeeper, Lars the butler, Simon the cook, and Ralph the chauffeur.

Her husband, though, he like me, I think. He always putting finger in my *****. Make me very surprise. I jump. I not hear him coming. He want me to do funny thing with him, to hit him with wet towel on his *****. I scared to do this. Maybe I do not understand rich people so good. Maybe next time I do what he says because maybe I lose my job. Sometimes my mistress also put her finger in my *****. I think it is her but I do not know for sure because I am asleep in my room. I feel sorry for them because they are having such bad time.

From *The Diary of a Chambermaid*
A New York servant girl's
recollection of living with an English
emigrant family in the thirties, by
Minna Novotny.

TRANSPORTATION PROBLEMS

"At first I thought it was a good idea, at least as a temporary solution to our problem. But now I am sick to my stomach of the whole thing. I cannot stand it any longer. I am going away to a spa, or I will soon go to pieces."

So spoke Baroness Thyssa Von Zhornhoffen, the handsome wife of Baron Franz Von Zhornhoffen, heir to the Von Zhornhoffen Hemp and Dyes fortune. The cause of the Baroness's travail is her limousine pool. "It was a foolish idea from the start. I knew it in my bones that it wouldn't work. I should have never gone through with it," said the Baroness.

Because most of their money is still tied up in Europe and will not be "thawed" for a month or so, the Baroness, her husband, and their child, Kiki,

could not afford their own limousine. Their close friends, the Schweinhorns, also immigrants, were in the same dilemma. "And so we came up with the idea of sharing one limousine until our moneys arrive," said the Baroness. "Then we could buy a dozen, if we wanted to. But until that time we could only afford one between us. It sounded like a reasonable solution, but you can guess what happened. We simply couldn't get our schedules together. Greta [Mrs. Schweinhorn] needed the car for her manicure appointment in one part of town at the same time I needed it for my gown fitting or my massage. And, of course, the men were constantly arguing about the car for their appointments.

"Yesterday was the final straw. We live in the same building and both families descended upon the limousine at the same time. Both families were



Norbert lens/Limousine pool, 1938/The Butterfield Collection

late for appointments and didn't bother checking with each other. We had a terrible fight over who should be dropped off first. Finally, my husband got so mad he insulted Herr Schweinhorn, who immediately countered by challenging him to a duel. Since it was an affair of honor, my husband could not refuse. Today they went to Central Park and fought their duel with pistols. My husband was killed. Now I must wait even longer for my moneys to arrive, what with the will and the estate. If I had known what would happen, we would have stayed in Germany. All my friends wrote me to say that the new dictator is a darling. Why did I leave? Now I am a widow. When will my woes end?"

Interview with the Baroness
Thyssa Von Zhornhotten
The New York Times
June 19, 1936



Lewis Cleveland/Bringing home the caviar. 1939/The Splendid Archives

BELGIANS BOO-HOO THE LACK OF GOOD BUTTER

Belgian diamond tycoons recently arrived in Gotham moan and groan about the lack of decent butter (and cream) in our town. No one is more in love with good dairy products than the Belgians, and believe you me, the Brusselians I've talked to are sprouting horns. They're madder than two wet hens.

Evidently, the Belgians eat butter in the place of bread, preferring large slices of butter with bits of bread crumbs sprinkled on them. Butter is their staple cooking fat and is used heavily on their meats, fish, fowl, and game. Little Belgian children are given sticks of butter to suck on instead of lollipops, and their favorite dessert is cold butter with lots of cream poured over it.

The butter available in New York's markets is much too low in fat content, much too "scrawny," according to choleric Belgian Marcel Brouchard. Many of his compatriots are suffering from severe withdrawal pains, not unlike the pain of drug addicts. A plan is now being considered to buy a refrigerated cargo plane and have it make weekly shipments from Belgium to New York. "It will cost us about \$100,000 a week, but it is worth it," said Brouchard. "We love money, but we love butter more."

From "Father Knickerbocker's
Knick-Knacks" society gossip column
New York Daily News
July 12, 1938



Byron Stone/Society life, crowded conditions, 1937/The Van Freelinghuysen Collection

ENTERTAINMENT

THE NIGHTCLUBS

The rooms are dimly lit, usually with small lamps at each table. The tables are also small. There is a wallpaper on the walls. Stripes or paintings of large birds such as flamingos or peacocks. On a small bandstand, a group of four or five musicians play the currently popular songs and many couples dance in a languorous manner. Waiters scurry about serving champagne or champagne cocktails.

The women seem to talk only about a "darling little dressmaker" they found or the new collection of evening gowns by Madame So and So or Monsieur Whatnot or who was seen at Kiki's or Bobo's party. The men are very bored and discuss business among themselves, except for a strange type called the "playboy," whose conversation has no memorability at all, though the words *jolly good horse*, *nine iron*, and *wing shot* are often heard.

But the main activity seems to be watching other people and stifling great yawns. Small talk is made and cigarettes are smoked continually. The men speak in hushed tones, periodically punctuated by loud shouts coming from someone who perhaps has drunk too much champagne. The women stare at each other to see what each is wearing, what is in fashion. The fashion at the moment is to wear furs.

Sometimes a celebrity, that is, a person who is well known, arrives and is greeted effusively by the host. The celebrity is given a "good table," though it is difficult to distinguish the good tables from the ordinary ones, since there is no show to watch. But table location is extremely important. In some places it is directly in the center of the room, in others it is the back or the corners.

At precisely twelve midnight there is a fight at one of the tables. A gentleman is punched in the jaw and topples over a table, and in a moment, two very big men in tight fitting tuxedos carry him off as if he were as light as a glass of champagne. Soon the noise level of the room grows higher. About ten minutes later, we hear the voice of a near-hysterical woman. She slaps her escort's face and leaves the table, only to fall to the floor in a stupor. Another gentleman in white tie and tails suddenly vomits on himself, and, as if this were a musical cue, another woman does the same thing on her Erté gown.

The place I have described is called a *nightclub*, and, in a sense, you could call it a club where people congregate at night. I cannot understand why these people flock to these clubs and exactly what they do for enjoyment, but it seems to be the custom of the rich immigrant to do so. This is their idea of a good time.

From *The Spirit of the Upper East Side*, by Harwood H. Breen.
Charles Scribner's Sons, 1939

BRAVE DOG

IND 284554

"THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY DOG MAGAZINE"

Featuring:

Dog Aviator
Rex

Sex Dog
Bravo

The Dogs
of War



BRAVE DOG MAGAZINE

For Connoisseurs
of Canine Valor



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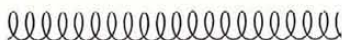
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BRAVE DOG 1

Canny Kennel



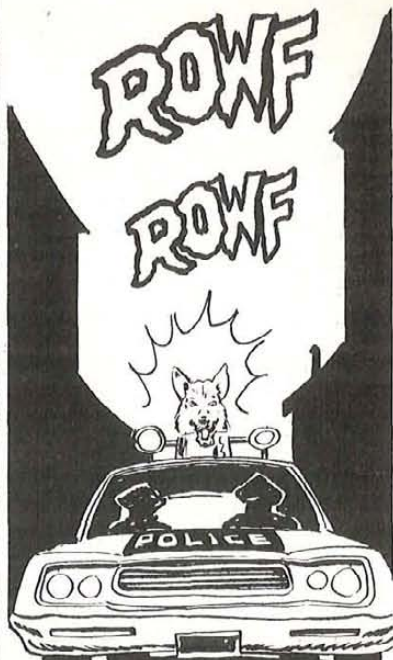
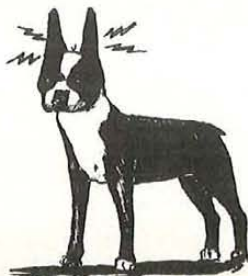
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DOG'S LIFE

Funny, isn't it? These people don't look anything like their dogs.



*Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II poses with **Smokey of Jet-Cin**, the brave dog who saved her from an overdose of sleeping pills many years ago.*



*Blurred action photo snapped by an alert bystander shows **brave dog Louie** pushing his young master out of the way of the plunging comet which crushed his hindquarters.*



*Running dog? You bet he is! That's **brave dog Dempster**, and he runs a lot faster than most of the Commies he hunts. He has 112 Commo-kills to his credit, and by the time you read this, he'll probably have a few more.*



*Says **Lassie**, "Bark bark"? No, "Nark! Nark!" Hollywood's famous celebrity discovered a sack of deadly marijuana leaves in an extra's dressing room and brought the deadly herb to the attention of police.*



*Photograph shows **brave dog Balto II** several weeks before he saved the city of New York from several dangerous cats. **Brave dog.***

Sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Pig pig pig pig pig pig pig

by Phil Epstein

"Ho, Champ," said Mr. Burns. Champ wheeled quickly, forcing the hog he was chasing slightly to the right into the small reaming pen where John Burns was able to pin and root the big male prairie hog. "Ho, boy," he said. "That's about the last of the hogs, I reckon. We'll start early tomorrow morning and head them out towards Boise over the Clangbird trail."

John Burns was one of the best swine men in Idaho. Pig ran in his blood and in his father's. The same was true of Champ. His sire had been all-state champion swine hound for three years running, and Champ himself was figured likely to take the prize sooner or later. Together they made a swine-handling team that was the best in the state.

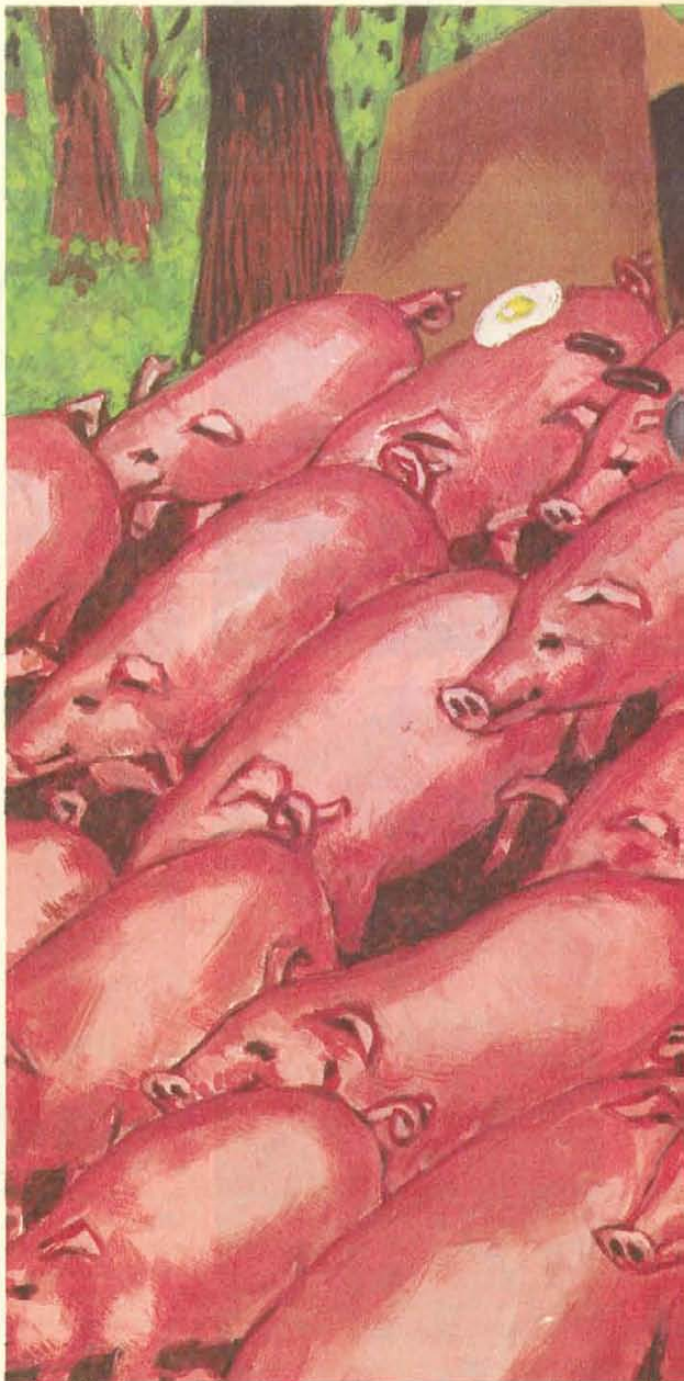
As Champ lay by the fire that night and listened to the night sounds of the prairie, owls hooting as they hunted and the regular grunting of the penned pigs, he felt at peace. He thought of the long hog drive ahead and of the adventures that might befall them on the trail. A coyote might try to make off with a stragglng pig, an older hog might stray onto the highway and be run over. Any of these things could happen if he grew careless.

The next morning, John Burns and Champ were up at the crack of dawn, and by the time the voles had stopped their nocturnal foraging, the three hundred head of swine were moving steadily over the Clangbird trail. They had twenty miles to go before they made camp for the night, and there was no time to waste. John Burns worked one side of the herd, swinging his stick and shouting to keep the hogs in motion, while Champ ran up and down the other side, barking sharply and occasionally nipping at a balky sow.

The day passed without adventure, and evening had begun to steal up upon their pitched camp when Champ sensed something was wrong. There was a tension in the air. The hogs could feel it, too, plunging and bucking in the makeshift trail pens. Champ looked at John Burns meaningfully as if to say, "Thunderstorm... can you feel it?" Burns nodded at the dog. "You're right," he said. "We're in for trouble tonight." He coughed badly for a minute and straightened up, his face as colorless as stream water.

"Darn it, boy," he wheezed, "what a time for me to get sick. Feels like another attack of trichinosis." He clutched at his stomach as a stab of pain twisted its way through his guts. "Have to make camp here," he gasped... "try to sweat it out."

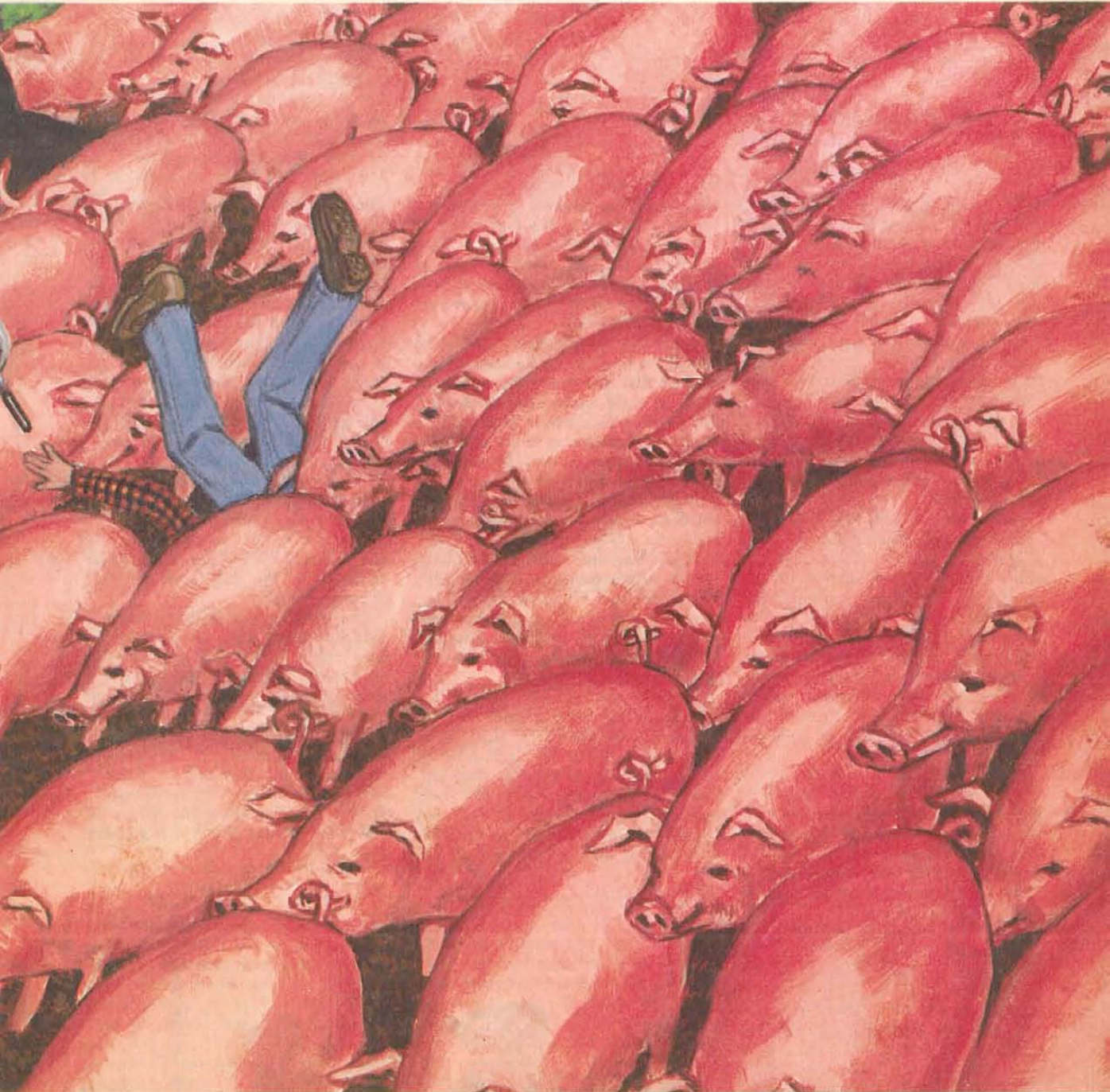
Painfully, slowly, Burns built a small fire and then lay beside it. He was too weak to cook, and lay, moaning softly, while the fire died. Champ pressed his muzzle against John's face. He was feverish... soon he would be delirious... Champ licked his face gently. Burns sat up with a start. "Worms in my guts!" he shouted. "I'll show 'em. I'll show the worms! I'll eat rocks and prickly bushes! I'll drink my hair oil! That'll fix 'em, they'll see! They'll not mess with a swine man again!" Burns stuffed a handful of pebbles in his mouth and washed them down with a long slug from a hair oil bottle in his bedroll. "Gimme a box of tacks!" he screamed. "Tacks will fix the sons of bitches!" Champ had no time to try and stop Burns. He had another problem. Right then, lightning struck the back of the hog corral, crisping a dozen swine and blowing a ten-foot crater in the soft mud of the wallow. Thunder broke at the same time, and as it died, the cries of the terrified herd grew in volume, and the pigs began to run. They were going to come



through the front of the pen, straight for the campsite!
The first bull hog hit the fence railing with a terrific crash that broke the weathered two-by-four as if it were a broomstick. The almost dead fire threw an eerie light on the plunging, bucking forms of the squealing herd. "Kreeeeeahggguh!" screamed the lead hog, and the stam-

ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooeee! Get Along

*The True Story of Champ and the
Two Hundred Mile Swine Drive*



pede was on.

Champ stood his ground against the charge, barking furiously and trying to turn the body of the herd away from the recumbent form of his master. He turned the first pig; but the herd was relentless. On they came, hog after hog, and Champ went down in the heaving melee.

Long after the pigs had passed, they found them. Champ and Burns's bodies were stomped and trampled to death. Champ's body lay across his master's, and his lips were pulled back in a snarl of defiance. When the men who found them had looked around a little, the taller of the two turned to his companion and said these spare words: "Brave dog."

Shame, Shame, Bravo

The True Story of How Wicked Masters Turn Bravo into a Sex Dog

by Lance Lenovitz

YOU can see a dog like Bravo in the window of almost any pet store. Frisky pups playfully rollick in the shreds of yesterday's papers. Good dogs. Dogs with the strength of the common dog, the stuff of which brave dogs are made.

Bravo (not his real name) was just another one of those dogs when he was purchased by a politician and his wife three years ago. At the time, the store owner remembered thinking that Bravo was a very fortunate pup indeed to have such a famous politician for a master and his attractive wife for a mistress.

Bravo was a year old when the trouble started. Master was out campaigning in the New Hampshire primary and he was left alone with the mistress. It was his job to protect her while the master was away, and he resolved to do his best. There was just one thing he couldn't protect her from. The bottle. He didn't understand the drinking. It made Mistress behave strangely. Oddly affectionate one minute; standoffish, almost cruel the next.

Bravo was asleep on his cushion by the fire. He was tired after his morning run. He wasn't worried about Mistress; she was keeping company with Jim Beam and seemed to be enjoying herself, giggling and pirouetting in front of the mirror wearing a silver gravy boat on her head.

Bravo was dreaming of a field full of streaking rabbits when he felt a warm, moist, pleasant sensation between his legs. It squeezed and pumped and tickled. Bravo (not his real name) gave a little yip of pleasure and woke up. The instant he saw what was going on, his limbs went rigid. The shocked dog's mistress had buried her pretty head between his furry flanks, and she was sniffing and grunting like a terrier with his nose in a rathole.

Bravo struggled briefly, trying to get up, but the pleasure was insistent,

and finally he relaxed, in acceptance of the inevitable. He had tried to escape, that was the important thing, and when the fine potential litter of doglets was released where it was never meant to be, Bravo dropped off into troubled sleep.

Assuming his mistress would leave him alone, he dreamed the strange dog dreams that had been his companions from as early as he could remember. He was surprised a short time later to again feel something moist and firm probing at the area where dogs usually sniff. His eyes blinked once or twice, then cleared. The first thing he saw was his mistress standing by the bar... then who...???

He swung his head around and yelped with astonishment to see that his master had returned. "Good dog, thazzza boy," mumbled the man who might one day be president, gripping the dog's hindquarters with fierce determination.

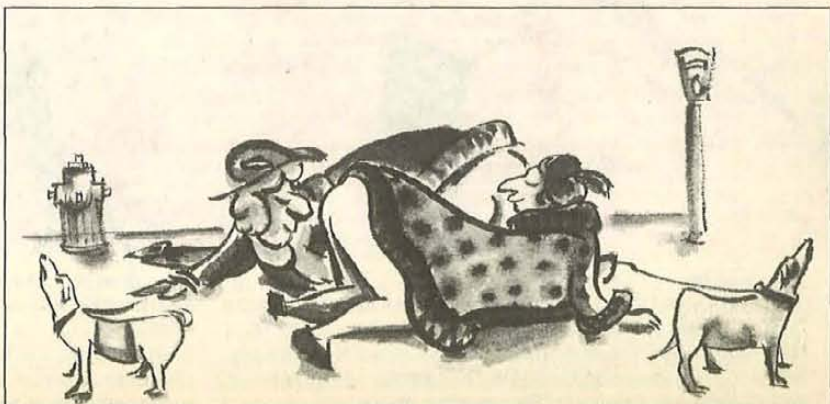
Mistress was leaning on the bar, manipulating herself and singing "Land of Hope and Glory" in an eerie, quavering falsetto, the high notes of which could only be heard by dogs and Puerto Ricans. Finishing the song with a misguided flourish of scale, she poured the remnants of the bourbon over herself and quickly crossed the

room to where the hapless Bravo (not his real name) endured the ministrations of her frenzied husband. She knelt down and pulled Bravo's forepaws over her shoulders, then, cooing and bleating like an attic full of pigeons, guided his glistening, rigid doghood to her rear entrance. A thrust of the husband behind saw him securely lodged. His mistress cried out, "I feel like a girl again!" It seemed like an eternity of dog years passed before it was over. He fell back, exhausted. The last thing he remembered seeing as he dropped off to sleep was his master fondling a sofa cushion and humming his campaign song.

When Bravo next awoke, his master and mistress were lying unconscious; he naked on the pool table, she half under the couch.

The window was open. It was his chance to break away. It is a terribly hard thing for a dog to leave his masters, but Bravo loped across the room and made a clean leap through the window.

Forty floors below, a group of citizens gathered around the dying form of Bravo. "Isn't that the —'s dog?" said one. "I wonder why he jumped?" They will never know the horror he ran from. We do. Bravo was a brave dog.



Scramble! Scramble! Scramble!

The True Story of Dog Aviator Rex

by Dan Feldman

The small airfield in the south of France slept peacefully in the gentle sunshine of a spring morning. Rex lay on a patch of green by the camouflaged hangar, his nose buried in a tuft of wild coriander, his left paw up over his right eye. One eye opened briefly at the sound of a supply column making its way towards the battle line along the lane at the end of runway two.

Rex was alone at the little airfield that morning. His commanding officer, Corporal A.C. Dowd had, left him in charge of the two fighter planes with strict orders to "stay and guard." Rex glanced toward the hangar. No one would get in there while he stood sentinel.

Suddenly, his sensitive ears stood upright. What was that faraway sound? It could be a bumblebee.... In seconds, he knew it wasn't. It was the sound of the high revving engines of a Heinkel fighter. Instinctively, he barked a warning to the corporal. But the corporal was not there... he had gone into town. Right now, Rex knew, the planes should be scrambling. They should be up there protecting the supply column. He stood on four legs, hesitating briefly, while every nerve in his body screamed Scramble! Scramble! Scramble!

Rex dashed across the field towards the P-38s which stood outside awaiting this very moment. He didn't have much time. The Hun fighters were closing quick, and if he didn't get up there fast, the supply column would be cut to pieces!

With a single leap, he was in the cockpit. He didn't bother trying to do up the tricky restraining belts with his teeth; there was no time. He knew he was breaking orders, but he couldn't stop. He would take his punishment later if he had to; right now there were Huns in the air and a supply column to protect.

Quickly, he ran through the motions he had seen Corporal Dowd perform so many times. Oil pressure, check; cowl-ing temp, check; mix a little lean; one paw twisted the fuel mix knob slightly. Rex realized it was going to be difficult; his rear paws could scarcely



reach the foot control and his tail was crushed painfully as he sat up in the unnatural human position. The stick, designed for human hands, tended to slip out of his valiant paws. The gun action checked out O.K., and Rex gave the throttle a preparatory goosing and swung the fighter's nose around to face the wind. The Hun planes were specks on the horizon as Rex began his takeoff run. The engines screamed madly as he shot down the runway. Flaps down, check. Rex's tongue streamed behind him in the wind which whipped past his face; he had been unable to close the canopy.

Ground speed eighty-five. The wind dragged mucus from his eyes and his nose was ram-charged with a thousand strange scents. Ground speed ninety-five... ease back on the stick, easy, easy... trim flaps! The plane bucked madly to the right, threatening to go into a spin only twelve feet off the ground! A lightning paw shot out and hit the control, and she steadied briefly before cannoning upwards as the stick slipped from Rex's

paws! The war bird stalled briefly at a hundred feet, and Rex fought frantically to avoid a tailspin. He jammed the stick forward; his only hope was to go into a power dive to correct the spin and try to pull out. The plane roared down and the ground careened up at him. Inch by inch, he eased up on the stick. There was quick shake as his landing gear tore into the shrubbery, but the plane miraculously began to right itself.

Rex began to climb. He wanted to get as much distance between himself and the ground as possible... with his poor control he needed all the altitude he could get. He climbed in a series of reversing banks, punctuated by frequent stalls and short corrective power dives to four thousand feet. Though managing the plane was almost more than he could handle, Rex somehow spotted the Hun a thousand feet below him. It was then he realized that in order to fire his guns, he would have to lose control of the stick! Both forepaws would be required to work the combination button-grip trigger.

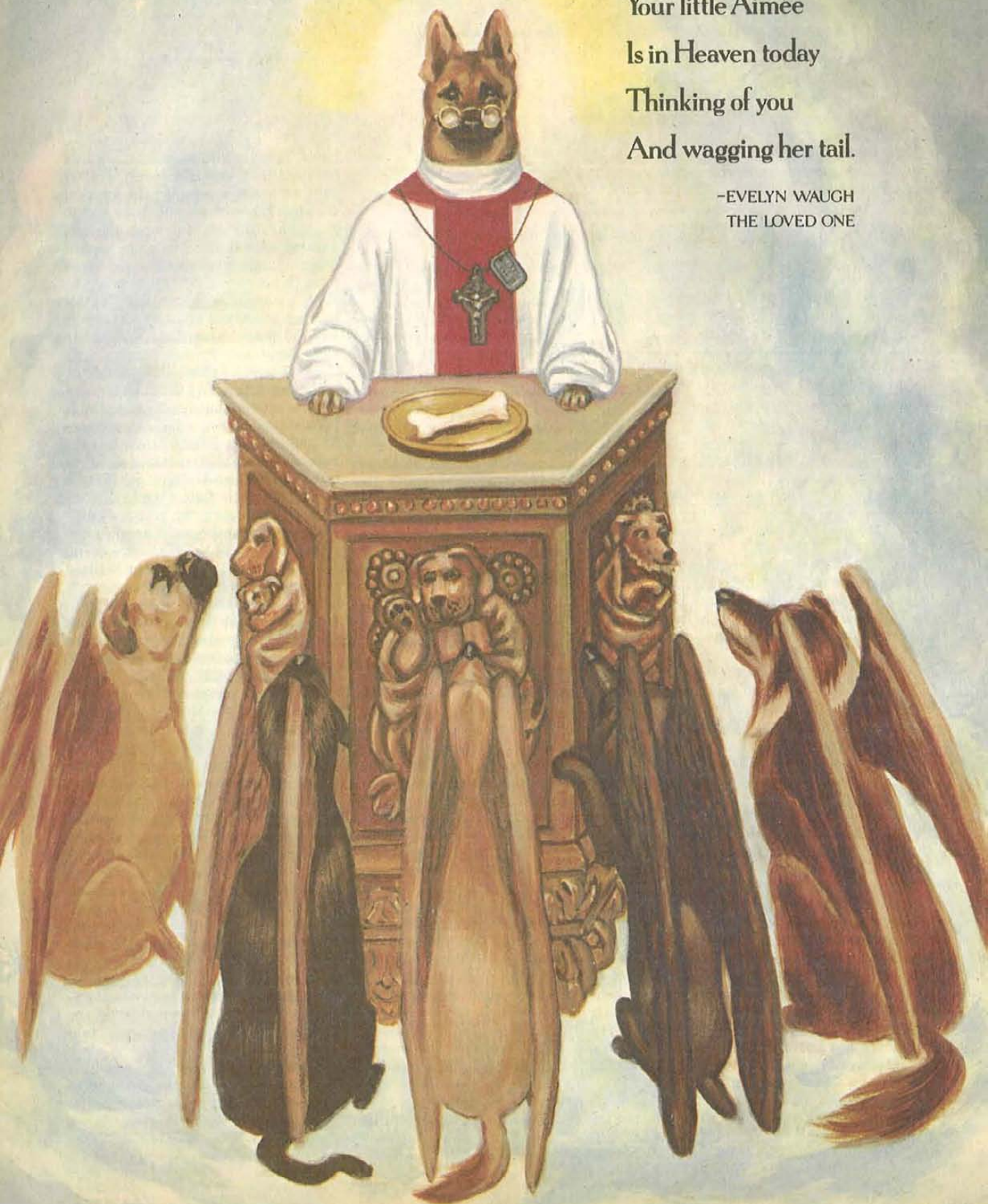
He banked down until he was in range; then, quickly releasing his grip on the stick, he placed his paws in readiness to fire. The plane began a slow, sickening spin downwards. Rex knew that shooting the Hun was important, as it would probably be the last thing he ever did. His rear paws were jammed under the instrument panel to prevent the force of the spin from throwing him clear. Suddenly, the Hun was in view, and he was firing! He saw a little fire blossom appear on the German's left wing and a puff of black smoke hung in the air behind. His own plane was spinning faster and faster as it plunged toward the French soil below... his hind-quarters were jolted upwards and his paws lost their grip on the instrument panel... Rex was thrown clear of the plane and was falling... falling... falling.

A sturdy French farmer saw Rex fall, and, picking up the dying dog, carried him towards his simple farmhouse. The last words Rex ever heard were, "*Chien coeur de lion,*" or, as we would say, **brave dog.**

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

Your little Aimée
Is in Heaven today
Thinking of you
And wagging her tail.

-EVELYN WAUGH
THE LOVED ONE



In Memoriam

Dr. Hy Fleischman

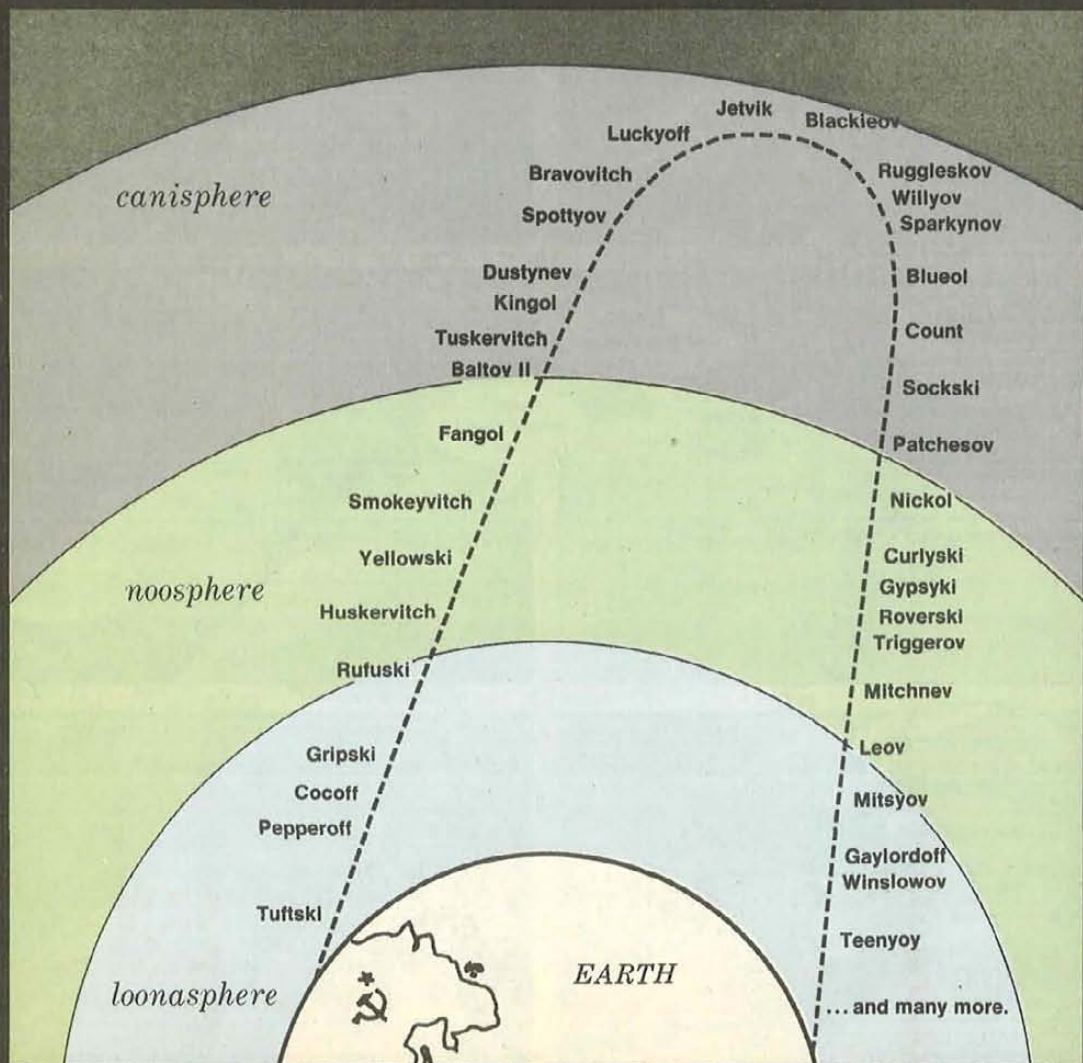
On a cloudy day in Siberia ten years ago, a rocket was launched. On it were 160 brave dogs. All of them lost their lives when the rocket exploded high in the stratosphere, in the greatest tragedy ever to strike the Russian space program.

To us in America, it seems incredible that the Russians would find it necessary to launch this many dogs at one time for purely scientific reasons. There have been ugly accusations that the dogs were put into orbit only to serve Soviet

national pride. As a scientist, I can say that it seems *incredible* to me, working in a country that has lost very, very few space dogs, that the Russians could lose this many at once.

We will probably never know if risking these canine lives was really necessary to the Russian space program, but we can only hope it was. Otherwise, these dogs, and many others, have given their lives in vain; and they were brave dogs.

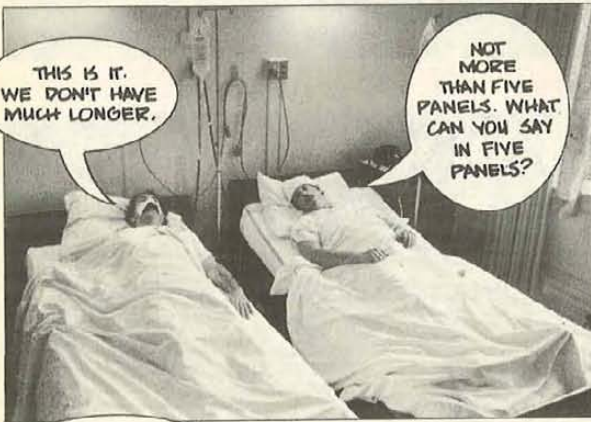
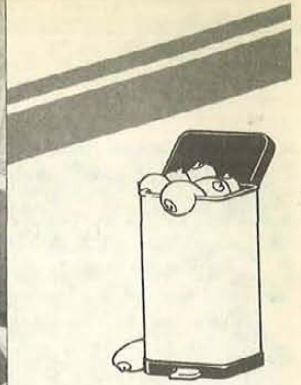
IN MEMORIAM



To those brave dogs who died in space

Cancer's World

by TED MANN



STILL ANOTHER TRULY

Western Bronco

M.K. BROWN

STARRING LOLLY & BILLY BARNES

WITH THE BARRONS FAMILY, CECIL & MAY

BABY AMANDO IS STILL AWAY AT "SCHOOL"



Plus THE TRIPLETS (STILL UNNAMED)

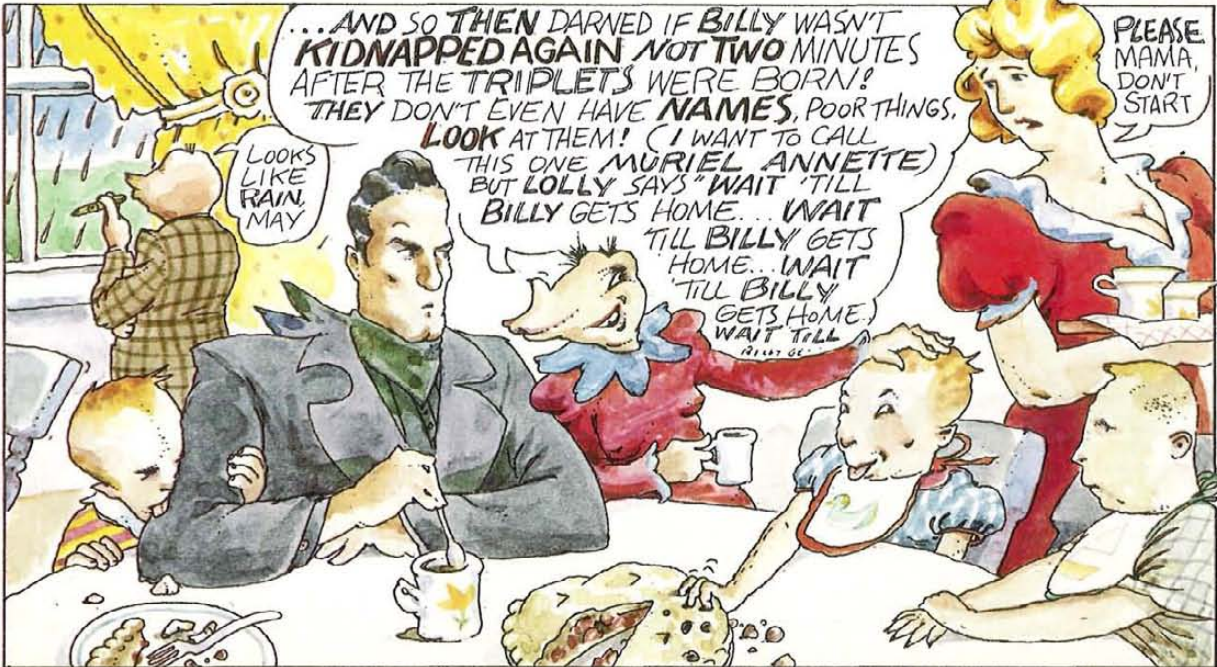
AND INTRODUCING T.R. COCKBURN

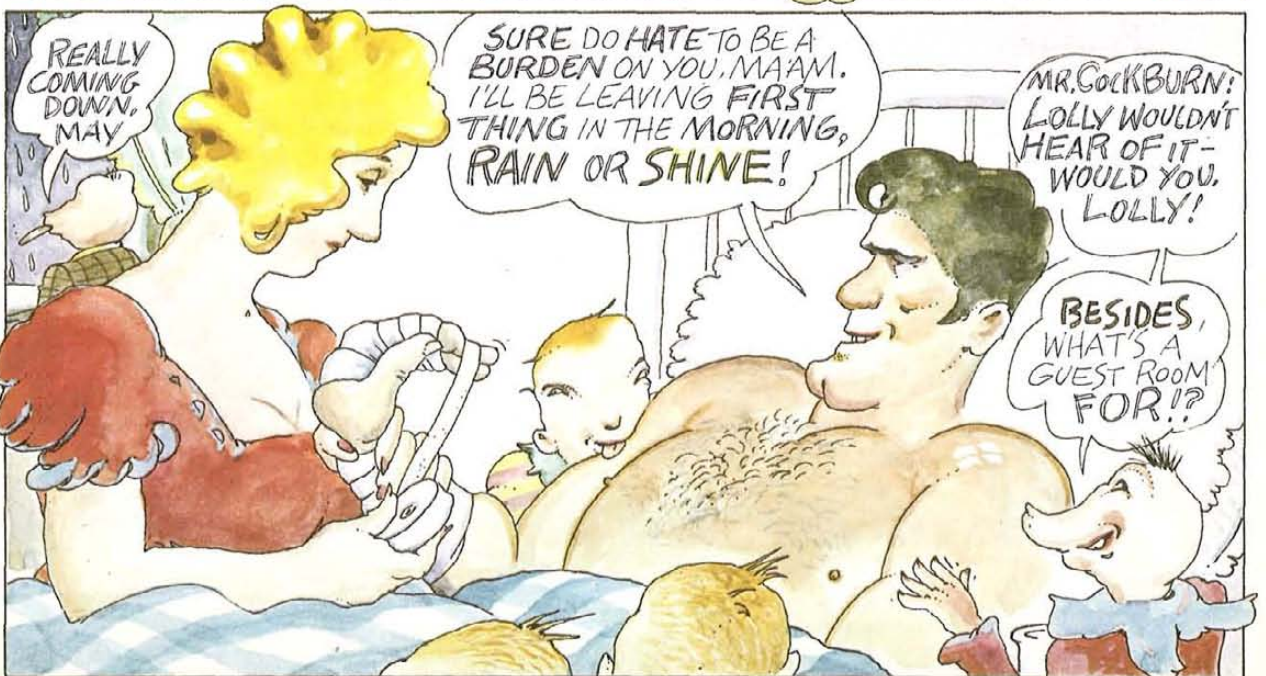
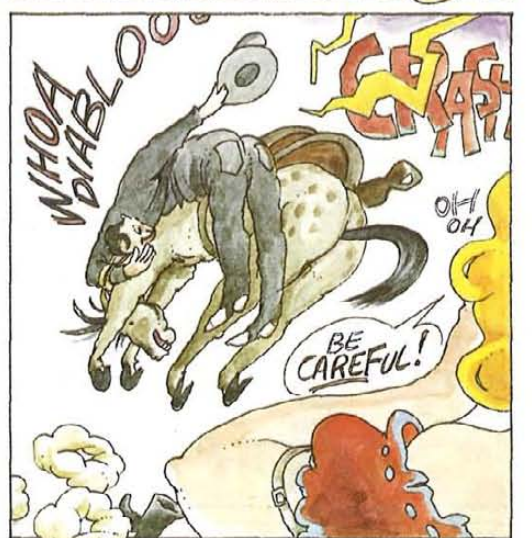
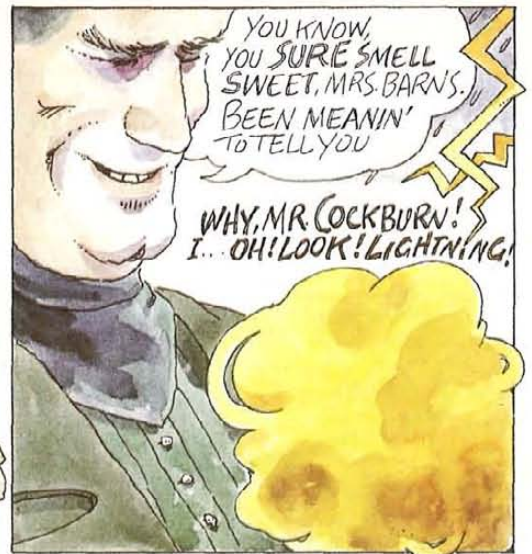
WITH HIS TRICK HORSE DIABLO



IN PART III BILLY BARNES HAS ONCE AGAIN BEEN TAKEN BY INDIANS (ONLY MINUTES AFTER LOLLY GIVES BIRTH TO TRIPLETS). THE FARM, IN BILLY'S ABSENCE AND IN SPITE OF LOLLY'S EFFORTS, FALLS TO RUIN. THE CHILDREN GROW, NAMELESS AND UNRULY. CECIL & MAY, LOLLY'S FOSTER PARENTS LIVING ON A NEARBY FARM, DO THEIR VERY BEST TO HELP WHEN, THAT AUTUMN, BILLY STILL HAS NOT RETURNED, LOLLY TACKLES ALONE THE MONSTROUS JOB OF "TESTING THE STOCK," A TASK WHICH NORMALLY REQUIRES THE STRENGTH OF MANY MEN. LUCKILY, A "PASSING COWPOKE" SEES HER PLIGHT AND STOPS TO OFFER HIS ASSISTANCE. AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MILES AWAY, YOUNG BILLY BARNES, DISHEVELED & ENRAGED, IS SET FREE AT LAST. LADEN WITH GIFTS FROM THE "INDIANS," HE EMBARKS ONCE MORE UPON THE GRUELING JOURNEY HOME.

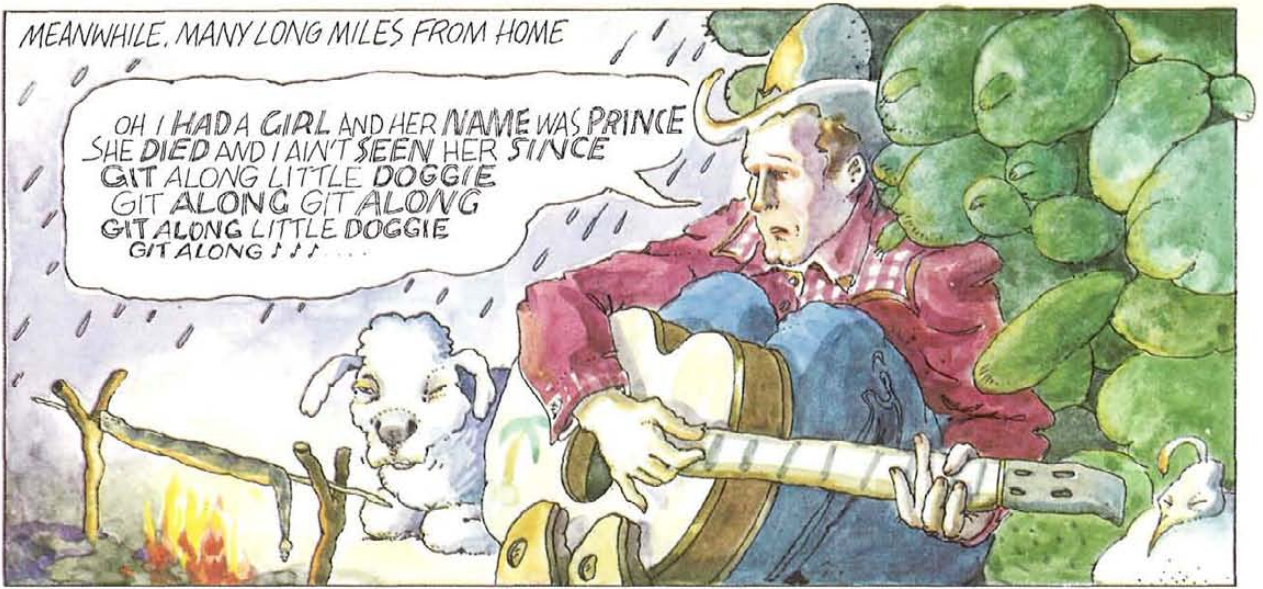






MEANWHILE, MANY LONG MILES FROM HOME

OH I HAD A GIRL AND HER NAME WAS PRINCE
SHE DIED AND I AIN'T SEEN HER SINCE
GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIE
GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIE
GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIE
GIT ALONG !!!

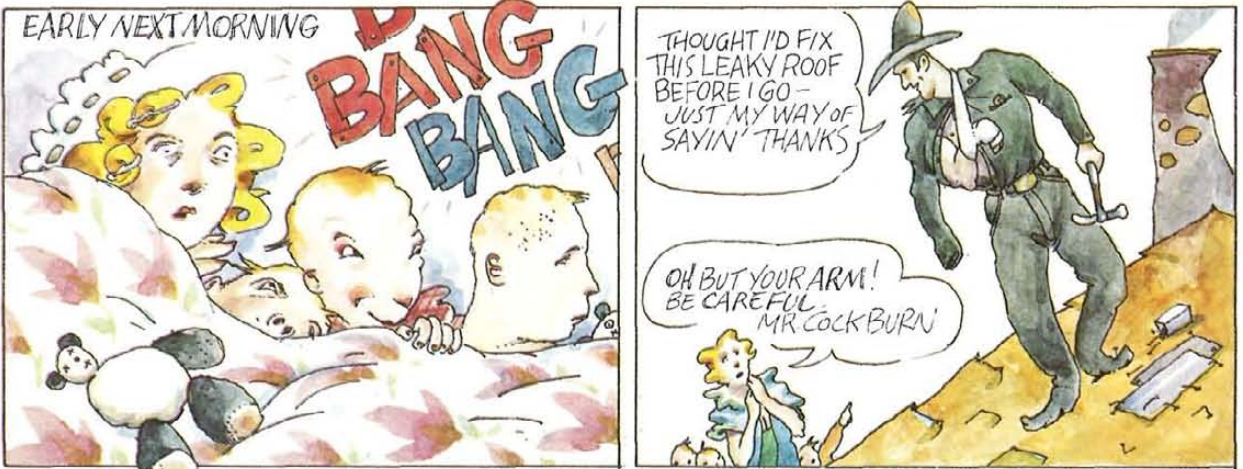


EARLY NEXT MORNING

BANG
BANG

THOUGHT I'D FIX
THIS LEAKY ROOF
BEFORE I GO -
JUST MY WAY OF
SAYIN' THANKS

OH BUT YOUR ARM!
BE CAREFUL
MR COCKBURN



LATER

HATE TO SEE YOU LOSE YOUR BEST STOCK, MISSUS.
WON'T TAKE BUT A MINUTE TO MEND
THIS FENCE THEN I'LL BE HEADIN' ON



LATER

CAN'T STAND TO SEE A DUMB ANIMAL SUFFER, MA'AM. I'LL BE LEAVING SOON AS I TRIM THESE TOES.

I HAD NO IDEA

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE A MAN AROUND THE HOUSE AGAIN, ISN'T IT LOLLY

STILL LATER

JUST TRYIN' TO SHOW MY THANKS, MRS. BARNES

OH BE CAREFUL!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT

HOME

AT LAST

SURE DO HATE TO BE A BURDEN ON YOU, MA'AM, GUESS I PLUMB OVERDID IT!

OOH LOLLY!! IF BILLY COULD SEE YOU NOW.

TO BE CONTINUED



BY NATLAMP SPORTS EDITOR
RED RUFFANSORE

AN OPEN LETTER TO AMERICANS:

Why Aren't You Gone, Joe DiMaggio?

Big League athletics, where grown men play little boys' games for gain, is the domain where, in our ideal-starved, idol-hungry days, paragons are made.

Every wide-eyed, tousle-haired kid in the land looks up to the vaunted swatters of balls, bouncers of balloons, haulers of pigskin, and drawers of blood as proof positive that the American dream can still become a truism.

So while it ill behooves a scribe to put the knock on any member of the pantheon of punters, pitchers, and punchers, it all the more ill behooves any paladin of the playing field to abuse his lofty prestige.

Which brings us to the sad but necessary subject of Joe DiMaggio, aka Joltin' Joe, aka Mr. Coffee.

For too long has the legend of this so-called demigod, the fable of this self-styled idol, gone unchallenged by the conspiracy of silence among the fawning Fifth Estate, the toadying press agents, and the season ticket-holding worthies of the working press.

DiMaggio, in the early days of the rabbit ball, ranged center field with the grace of a retarded giraffe, and with criminal thoughtlessness lashed a barrage of horsehide into stands full of cowering, unarmed fans. (The shameless cover-up of spectator deaths and injuries in those days is a subject Messrs. Woodstein and Bernwood might with profit investigate, if they ever get around to

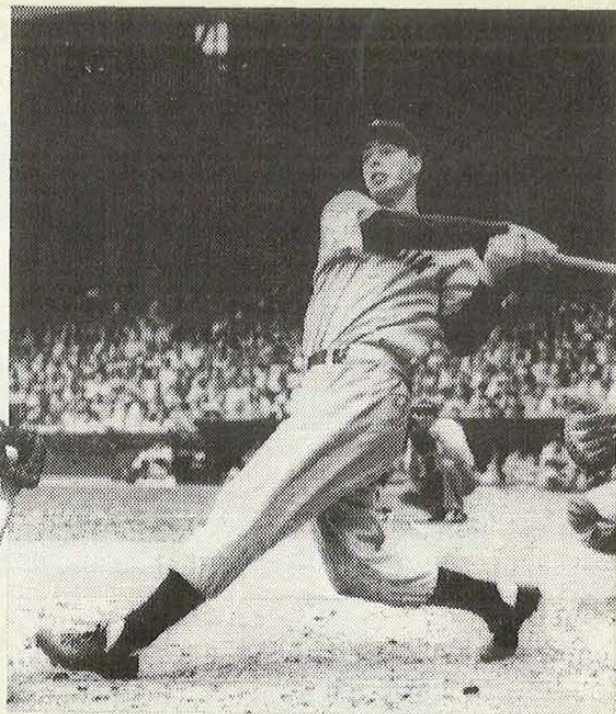


removing their fangs from the wattles of our late commander-in-chief.)

Do heroes overtip?

One of the few demands John Q. Sportsfan has the right to make of superstars is that they provide a good example to the youngsters. When Joltin' Joe was all the rage, he was written up, far and wide, as a "big tipper." That's it. That's the only virtue the flacks could find to tout to the gullible. And in response to it, preteens across the nation began leaving sawbucks with the Good Humor man, with a jaunty "keep the change." Kids blew a week's allowance on a Hershey Bar, in emulation of the great DiMaggio and his allegedly bountiful gratuities. Mom's pocketbook was ransacked by little playboys who only wanted to imitate their hero. Some hero.

When Joe came to marry, was it the calico-clad girl next door, the kind of wife the



Joe takes advantage of wartime pitching to knock out a typically cheap four-bagger.

average guy can hope for, a proxy mother to the nation's orphans who worshipped him, an ideal for American girlhood? Not a chance. Joe hitched his wagon to a starlet, a peroxide floozie, no better than she should be.

Whom he then proceeded to drag over skirt-wafting air vents in the presence of photographers. Did Joe know that the adolescents of the land would see those pictures, and be tempted to such thoughts and deeds as would surely drain the precious vital strength of potential pitchers? Lads became physical and moral wrecks. Boys who might have grown to major league hurlers and struck out Joe with unpolluted fast balls.

And while we're on the subject, what terrible secret about the ex-Yankee did poor Marilyn take to her grave? What did she know that may, for all we mortals ken, have caused her to be slain in her beauty, youth, and sleep? Perhaps she had become dangerous to the DiMaggio myth, having ascertained, in the very nuptial bed, the sordid facts behind the Underworld-Axis connection behind the famous consecutive hitting streak of '41.

The New York Yankee-Cosa Nostra connection is an

unspoken fact of Abner Doubleday's great game. (Murderer's Row, I ask you!) Joe, Dom, and Vince DiMaggio were "brothers" only in the sense that they shared a "Godfather." And during which precise years, I ask you, did that Italian-American threesome ply their trade in our national pastime? During the precise years when Il Duce was preparing a warm welcome for the GIs at Anzio, that's when.

A counterspy catcher, whose name I can't disclose, once told the Ol' Redhead that some CIA cypher-smasher had broken the code hidden in the line scores of every game the Sicilian trio played. With bat and glove, they were leaking war effort info to the enemy via the innocent-appearing sports pages of the daily papers!

Decency strikes out

To tip off his Fascist pals to the British Eighth Army's planned invasion at Salerno, it was necessary for Joe, in the summer of '41, to hit consecutively in fifty-six games. He did it, of course, and the Jerries were ready and waiting for the Limies, and the turncoat Yankees' system for doing the fell deed involved a web of treachery, deceit,



What did Joe do to America's sweetheart that made even Arthur Miller start to look good in her eyes?



Joltin' Joe's most famous catch.

Joltin' Joe DiMaggio, Whose Side Were You On?

bribery, and scandal that makes the Black Sox's World Series throwing peccadillo look Little League by comparison.

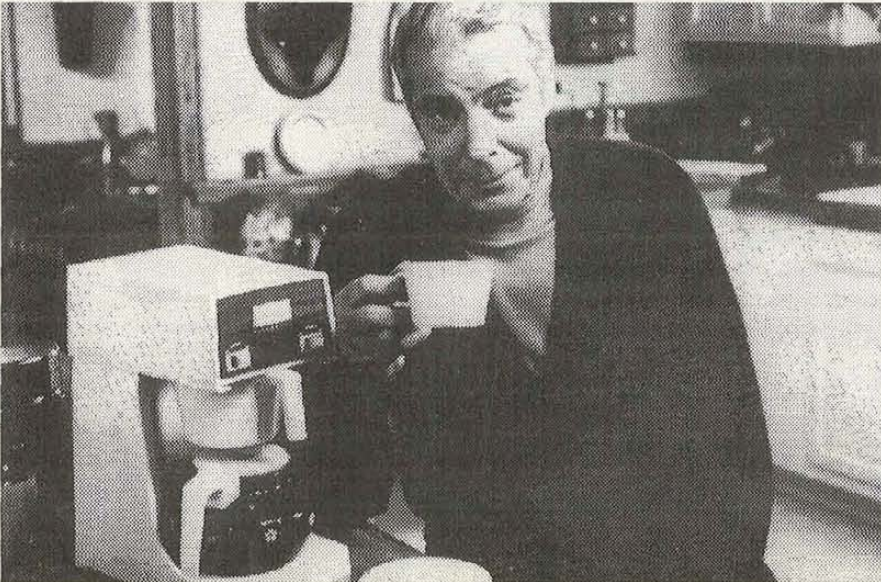
Remember, the bleachers and box seats were nearly empty that season. Red-blooded, clear-eyed Americans were marching, drilling, digging hunkers in backyards and village greens, preparing to repulse the Axis invader. Only the myopic and/or unpatriotic attended ball games. And there was no television. Down at the stadium, with DiMaggio at the plate, the paid-off pitcher would wind up empty-handed and mime the throwing of the ball. The blackmailed catcher would then gently toss the spheroid into the air in front of Joltin' Joe, who would smash it into the empty seats. Score one more for Joe, the Yankees, and Benito Mussolini.

This disgraceful technique was tabbed "Operation Fungo," and I need not tell my Italian-speaking readers of the meaning of that word. It describes exactly what America was getting, courtesy of Joe.

The shame of the Yankees

Why drag all this up now, Red? Because DiMaggio won't just disappear like an old soldier. Because night after night he appears on our television sets, urging us to save at the Bowery and drink Mr. Coffee and heaven knows what else. Because the service in his restaurant stinks. Because he could always remember some sportswriters by name, and not others. Because his favorite columnists got to see certain outtakes of the famous '49 calendar shooting, and some, equally deserving, didn't. Because he passes certain people on the street who have followed his career for years without so much as a "Howdedo?" right in front of their grandchildren, who happen to be going for a walk with them at the time, that's why.

Get lost, Joe DiMaggio! Walter Johnson, or for that matter, a certain spunky right-hander in the Newspaper League during the twenties, could have blown three high hard ones past you the best day you ever had at bat. □



Joe takes advantage of his name and fame to peddle South American drug apparatus to the youth of America.

Paddy Lyrically Announces Our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition

If there's poetry in your soul, Paddy will bring it out.

In Ireland it is customary for a gentleman to pursue manly adventure, good whiskey and poetic inspiration, all at the same time. In keeping with this great tradition, Paddy invites your participation in our First Annual Irish Whiskey Competition.

To enter, simply compose a verse that conveys your impression of Paddy Irish Whiskey — the noblest of the noble liquors fondly called "Irish." Your verse should be brief enough to write or type in the space provided in the Official Entry Blank below. Any poetic form is suitable: jingle, ballad, limerick, free verse, rondelet or dithyramb. If you're pretentious you may even submit macaronic verse (mixed languages). Or invent your own poetic form.

Truths To Inspire Your Poetry

Perhaps it will aid your muse to know that Irish was the original beverage of its kind, pre-dating all other whiskeys. It was being distilled by Irish monks in the 6th Century when savage tribes still roved the Scottish Highlands.

For loftier inspiration, we suggest you take a sip or two of The Official Subject Matter of the competition. You will find Paddy airy, fragrant and glowing, the same liquid essence that has prodded the imaginations of literary giants before you. Savor this liquid gold as you recite the roll call of lusty Irish wordsmiths: Sean O'Casey, James Joyce, Brendan Behan... Now take pen in hand and pay an immodest verbal tribute to Paddy.

A Dearth of Valuable Prizes

The makers of Paddy recog-



Portrait of an Irish poet: "One man with a dream at pleasure / Shall go forth and conquer a crown." A.O'Shaughnessy

nize that you are interested in fame and fortune. But we are prepared to entice you with only a modicum of the former. (Financial reward would be crass for you and expensive for us.) If you are among the nine finalists, your name and poetry will appear, with your consent, in a future Paddy advertisement. We'll also include your address in case the envious wish to write seeking guidance.

In the event that you reach the unspeakable eminence of First Annual Winner of the competition, your likeness as well as your name will be promulgated far and wide in one of our Paddy ads. And your name will be the first engraved on the Silver Loving Cup commemorating winners of the Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Think of the glory!

Become A Better Person

And even if you should win no recognition, we will see to it

that you become a better person for having entered. You and every entrant will receive a certificate designating the bearer as Honorary Irish Poet (regardless of race, religion, sex or nationality).

So expand your self-esteem along with your knowledge of one of the world's great whiskeys. Acquaint yourself with Paddy and inscribe the space below with Immortal Blarney.

PADDY

BLENDING IRISH WHISKEY

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Write entry in the space below, or on separate paper if you prefer. Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Nine finalists will be chosen at the rate of one per month until closing date of contest: September 30, 1976. Judges will be appointed by Austin, Nichols & Co. Decision of the judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Offer void where prohibited.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition
Austin, Nichols & Co., P.O. Box 5314
Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

NL9

© 1976 - Imported by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. - 80 Proof

The *National Lampoon* is pleased to present four pages of startling cartoons by John Walker, an Australian physician who came to cartooning late in life, and whose best seller about a journey to the edge of madness...*no*. That is a lie. The federal Truth in Introductions Act requires that we tell it.

Do you have a match? Never mind, I've got one.

Where do you suppose Walker is? Oh, here he comes now.

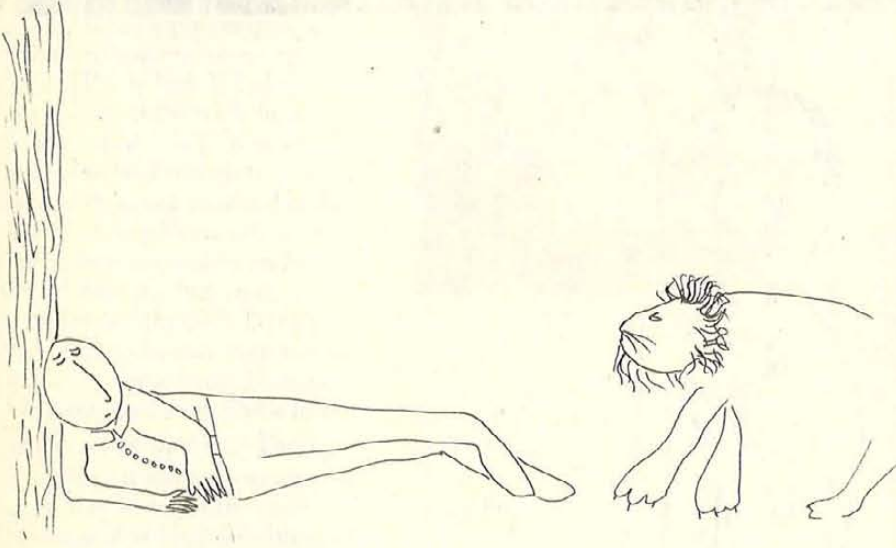
Ladies and gentlemen,

JOHN WALKER



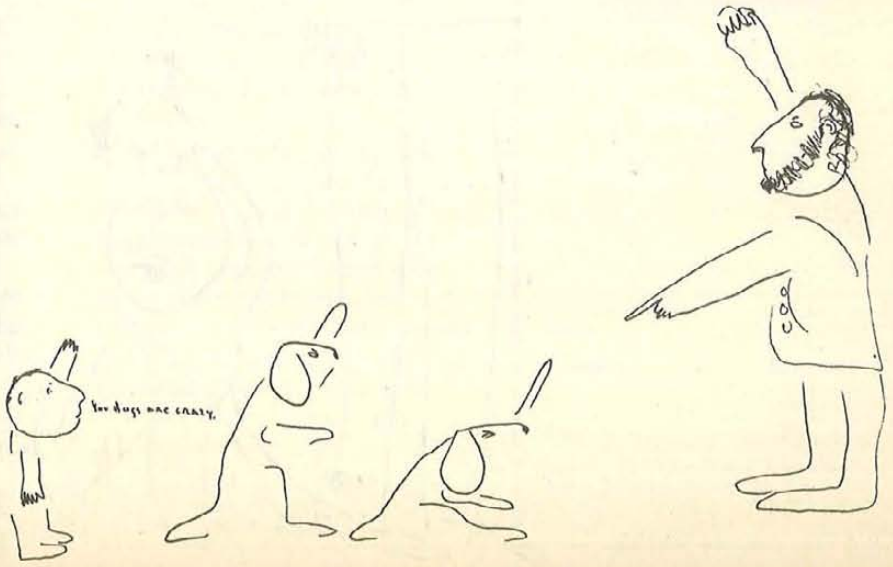
THE RETURN OF THE CAT HAMMERER.
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

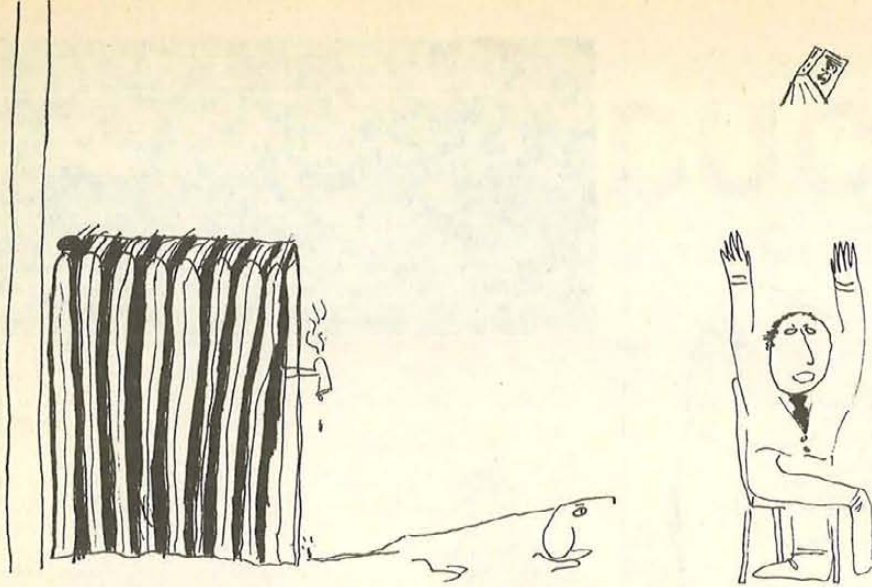
OFF-DUTY
TRANSIT WORKER
WHO PLAYS SHOE TREES
ANXIOUS FOR THE USE
OF RECORD BOOTH, AS
HE IS ONLY ON A
SHORT BREAK.



LESTER SHAPIRO
COLLAPSES FROM
EXHAUSTION AFTER
ARGUING WITH A
LION FOR THREE
HOURS.

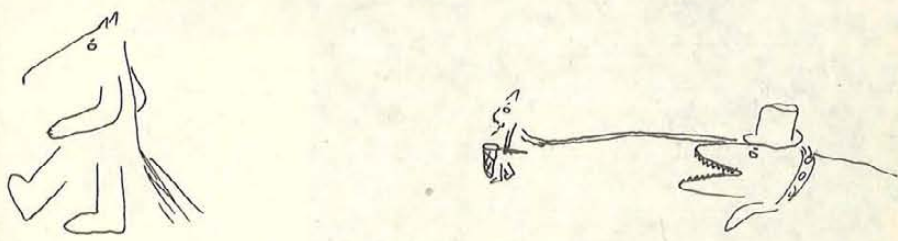
FANATIC
LEADING WHAT HE
HOPES WILL BE A
NATIONAL DOG
REVOLT.





CHARLES HOBSBURN
REACTS TO HIS DOG'S
SUDDEN OUTCRY.

FOX
MOMENTS
BEFORE HIS BOUT
WITH AN OVER-
ACHIEVING
ELF.

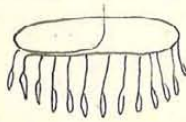


THE KING
CONTEMPLATES
ACCUSING THE LION OF
EATING HIS BREAKFAST
WITHOUT GOING
SO FAR AS TO
ANGER HIM.



RAYMOND FIELDING
DESCRIBING ONE OF HIS
GREATER MOMENTS
IN LIFE.

BRONSON DANIELS,
ORDERING TWO MORE,
BEING MOCKED BY HIS
DOG, LEONARD.



HARRY O'DELL
SLOWLY COMES TO
GRIPS WITH HIS LACK
OF DASH.

UNCLE BUCKLE

The Safety Buffalo visits Your School, U.S.A.

written by P.J. O'Rourke • produced and photographed by Pedar Ness

HEY, WE'VE BEEN WORKING HARD ALL WEEK GETTING READY FOR THE PRESIDENT'S PHYSICAL FITNESS TEST, SO TODAY, LET'S HAVE SOME *FUN!* WHAT DO YOU SAY WE PLAY A LITTLE *BATTLEBALL?* HUH? HOW ABOUT IT?!

BUT MY GLASSES WILL GET BROKEN...

I HAVE ADENOIDS. I'M EXCLUDED FROM BATTLEBALL.

BATTLEBALL? HOW AM I GOING TO GET INTO MEDICAL SCHOOL PLAYING BATTLEBALL?

I DON'T WANT PEOPLE THROWING STUFF AT *ME!*

MOM SAYS THIS IS EXACTLY HOW MY DIVORCED FATHER USED TO ACT.

JUST A MINUTE, COACH ROUGHOUSER! YOU WERE ABOUT TO LET THESE YOUNGSTERS PLAY BATTLEBALL WITHOUT REGULATION BATTLEBALL SAFETY FACE MASKS, KNEEPADS, DODGING HELMETS, EAR PROTECTORS, MOUTHPIECES, CLIP SUPPORTERS, HIP GUARDS, REFLECTIVE TAPE...

LET'S SAY THE "*HECK*" WITH DANGEROUS PURSUIITS AND GO WATCH SAFETY MOVIES IN THE AUDITORIUM.

OH MY GOD, IT'S A ZOO BREAK!! RUN, KIDS!! RUN!!

I BET WE GET OUT OF GYM!

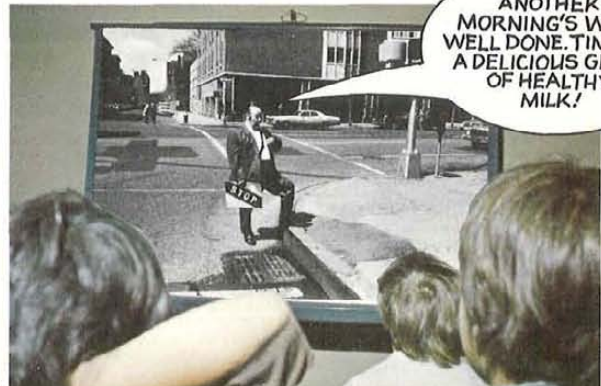
HOORAY! IT'S UNCLE BUCKLE!

YAH! MOVIES!



NOW, WHILE YOU'RE WATCHING THIS MOVIE, BE SURE TO REMEMBER THE "THREE DON'TS" OF SAFE SEATING:

DON'T SIT ON THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT.
DON'T LET YOUR FEET LEAVE THE FLOOR.
AND DON'T TURN YOUR CHAIR AROUND BACKWARDS OR YOU MIGHT STRAIN YOURSELF BY SPREADING YOUR LEGS TOO FAR APART.



ANOTHER MORNING'S WORK WELL DONE. TIME FOR A DELICIOUS GLASS OF HEALTHY MILK!

UH-OH!
THE SCHOOL'S
SAFETY PENNANT*
IS FLYING AT HALF-MAST.
I'D BETTER GET BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS
ON THE DOUBLE!

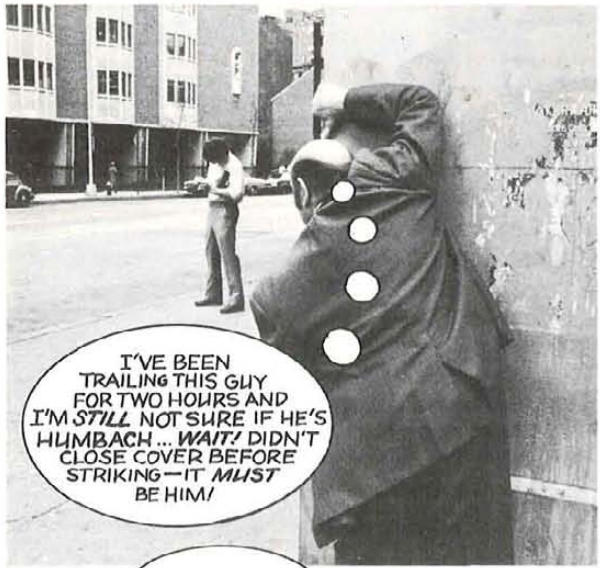


*The Safety Pennant flies from the American flagpole at any school that hasn't had someone run over yet that year. Fly the Safety Pennant at half-mast after accidents in the home, close calls, or rowdy behavior.

REPORTING
FOR DUTY, CAPTAIN
BILLY.



LT. CAREFUL,
WE'VE GOT A TIP
THAT A CERTAIN MR.
HUMBACH IS KEEPING
HARMFUL SUBSTANCES IN
UNLABELED JARS UNDER
THE KITCHEN
SINK....



I'VE BEEN
TRAILING THIS GUY
FOR TWO HOURS AND
I'M STILL NOT SURE IF HE'S
HUMBACH ... WAIT! DIDN'T
CLOSE COVER BEFORE
STRIKING—IT **MUST**
BE HIM!



WHAT
THE...?!

OK, BUDDY,
SAFETY PATROL
HERE—YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST FOR SUSPICION OF
LEAVING HARMFUL SUBSTANCES
WITHIN THE EASY REACH
OF TODDLERS.

HEY,
LET GO OF ME!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THIS IS MY HOUSE, YOU
CAN'T BARGE IN HERE!
WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY,
SOME KIND OF
JOKE?



BUT I DON'T
HAVE ANY KIDS!

IT'S
NO WONDER—
THE WAY YOU LEAVE
HARMFUL SUBSTANCES
WITHIN THEIR EASY
REACH.



HARMFUL
SUBSTANCES ARE
NO LAUGHING MATTER,
HUMBACH, AND ALMOST ANY
SUBSTANCE CAN BE HARMFUL
IF IT ISN'T USED ACCORDING
TO INSTRUCTIONS...



EVEN WATER!

BUBBLE
SPUTTER

GLUB
GLUB



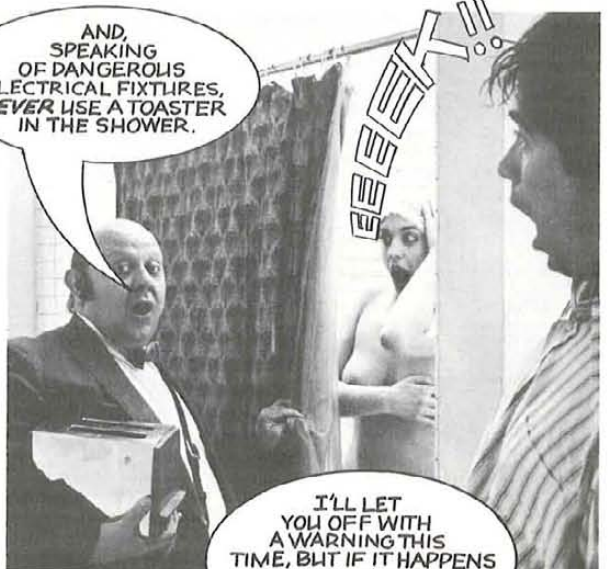
YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT HOUSEHOLD SAFETY. WHY, A CHILD COULD CRAWL IN HERE PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK AND STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE HIS MUFFLED CRIES FOR HELP ALERTED THE POLICE.



AND LOOK AT THE SHARP EDGES AND DANGEROUS ELECTRICAL FIXTURES ON THIS!

BUT THAT'S MY SABER SAW.

POWER TOOLS AREN'T TOYS, HUMBACH.



AND, SPEAKING OF DANGEROUS ELECTRICAL FIXTURES, NEVER USE A TOASTER IN THE SHOWER.

EEK!!

I'LL LET YOU OFF WITH A WARNING THIS TIME, BUT IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SEE THE PRINCIPAL.



YOU DIRTY BEAST! YOU DIRTY, DIRTY BEAST!!

WE CALL STAIRS "STEPS" BECAUSE WE SHOULD TAKE A CAREFUL STEP ON EVERY ONE OF THEM. RUNNING UP OR DOWN STAIRS CAUSES 32.5 PERCENT OF ALL PAINFUL INJURIES AT HOME.



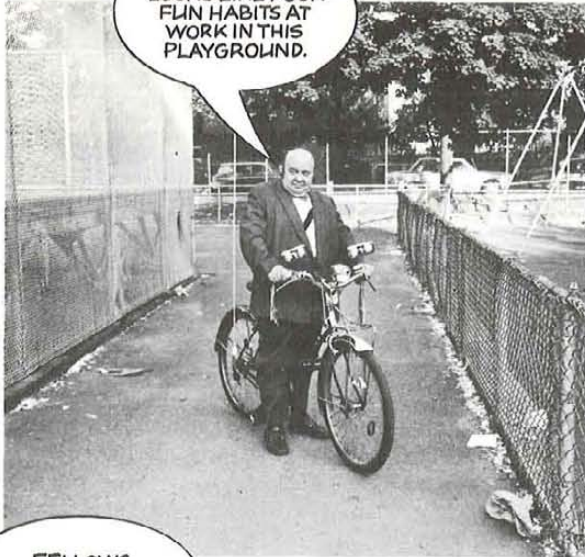
HARRY HUMBACH, IF YOU EVER BRING ANY OF YOUR FILTHY FRIENDS INTO THIS HOUSE AGAIN, I'LL KILL YOU!!! I SWEAR, I'LL KILL YOU!!!

THUMP

WHACK

BETTER MAKE A NOTE TO COME BACK NEXT WEEK AND CHECK FOR FIRE HAZARDS...

HMMM...
LOOKS LIKE POOR
FLIN HABITS AT
WORK IN THIS
PLAYGROUND.



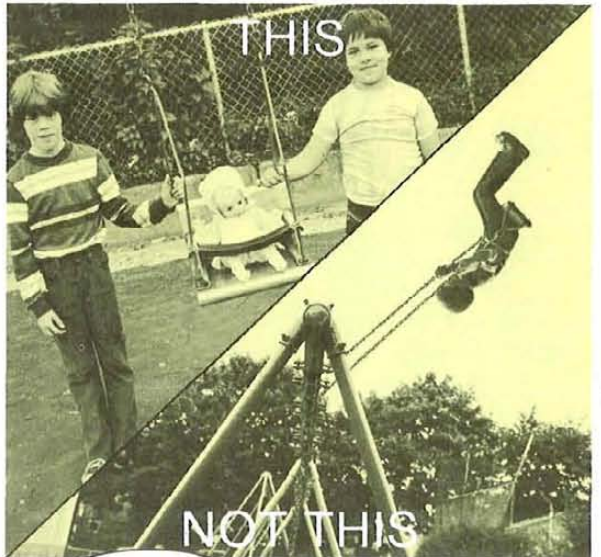
FELLOWS,
YOU SHOULD TAKE
A TIP FROM
THESE.



SLAM HIM
UP AND DOWN A
COUPLE OF TIMES ON
THIS THING AND
HE'LL TALK!

WAIT A
MINUTE! THAT'S
NOT HOW TO RELAX AND
ENJOY RECREATIONAL
EQUIPMENT.

COME ON,
YA BRAT, WHERE'D
YA HIDE THE
CATCHER'S MITT?



WHAT DO
YOU SAY WE GO
OVER TO THE SODA
SHOP AND MEMORIZE
THESE 200 RULES OF
SAFE PLAY:

1. DON'T HIT GIRLS IN THE CHEST WITH YOUR FISTS.
2. NO DUB WELLS.
3. DON'T DO ANYTHING IN YOUR SCHOOL CLOTHES.
4. STAY AWAY FROM BUILDINGS.
5. DON'T POKE YOUR EYE OUT.
6. ONE PERSON AT A TIME ON THE TEETER-TOTTER.
7. DON'T LOOK AT STRANGERS.
8. NO HORSEPLAY.
9. DON'T JUMP INTO A PUZZLE.
10. NEVER SAY ANYTHING YOU WOULDN'T SAY TO YOUR MOTHER.
11. DON'T PLAY WITH PLANTS OR DEADLEAVES.
12. KNOW YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.
13. REMEMBER THE LICENSE PLATE NUMBER OF ALL PASSING CARS.
14. DON'T CLIMB UP ON ANYTHING.
15. LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE YOU GO OUTDOORS.
16. DON'T LAY ON THE GROUND.
17. NO TRADING THINGS.
18. WASH YOUR HANDS EVERY CHANCE THAT YOU GET.
19. NO RUNNING OR JUMPING FOR ONE HOUR AFTER MEALS.

20. NEVER USE THE TOP TWO EYELETS WHEN LACING YOUR GYM SHOES.
21. AVOID OPEN HOLES.
22. DON'T TRICE YOUR BIKE IN THE STREET.
23. KEEP YOUR BIKE OFF THE SIDEWALK.
24. NO WHISPERING.
25. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING THAT'S DEAD.
26. NEVER CROSS A STREET.
27. STAY OFF LAWNS.
28. DON'T GO NEAR WATER OR ICE.
29. WEAR RUBBERS AND GALOSHES.
30. DON'T GO FOR RIDES.
31. TELL A POLICEMAN ABOUT ANY DOG THAT YOU SEE.
32. DON'T GO FAR AWAY.
33. DON'T LOOK AT THE SUN.
34. IF YOU DO ANYTHING WRONG, MAKE SURE THAT AN ADULT IS PRESENT.
35. WHEN WALKING ON RAILROAD TRACKS, ALWAYS FACE THE ONCOMING TRAINS.
36. DON'T BRING ANIMALS HOME.
37. AVOID STRANGE NEIGHBORS.
38. BE SURE TO...





THIS GUY'S NUTS!!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!!

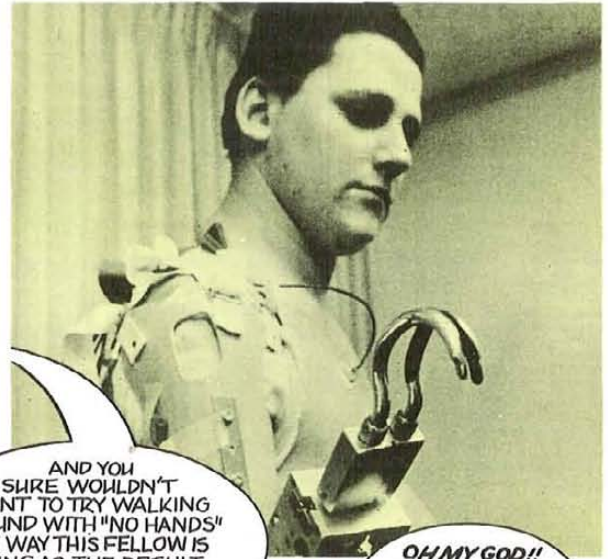
HOLD ON, FELLOWS, THOSE BICYCLES ARE A MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION — JUST LIKE YOUR SHOES ARE.



YOU WOULDN'T "RIDE DOUBLE" ON YOUR SHOES, WOULD YOU?...



YOU WOULDN'T GRAB THE BACK OF A TRUCK WHILE STANDING IN ORDINARY FOOTWEAR...



AND YOU SHRE WOULDN'T WANT TO TRY WALKING AROUND WITH "NO HANDS" THE WAY THIS FELLOW IS DOING AS THE RESULT OF A TERRIBLE BICYCLE ACCIDENT.

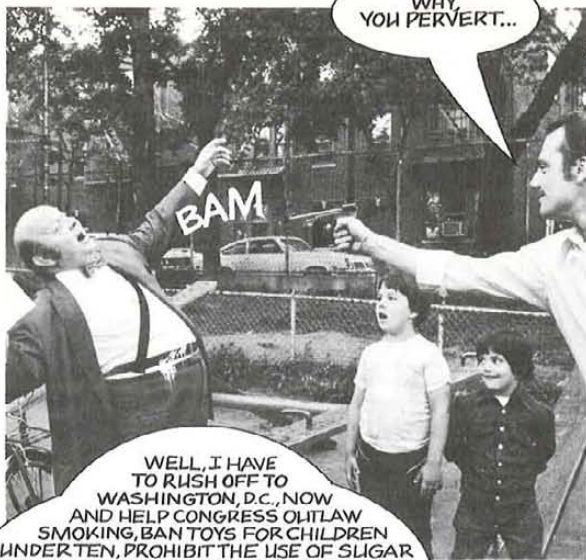
OH MY GOD!! HE'S TIED DOWN LITTLE TOMMY DOUGHERTY!!



MR. CULLEN! MR. CULLEN! WHISPER CRAZY STRANGER WHISPER CRAZY STRANGER WHISPER MUMBLE BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ WEIRD PICTURES MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE WANTS US TO DO NUTTY STUFF...

LEMME AT HIM!





WHY, YOU PERVERT...

BAM



I'M SORRY, FATHER BUFFALO, BUT IT'S TIME...

WITH A PROPER KNOWLEDGE OF FIREARM SAFETY, YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE TODAY.

ALWAYS REMEMBER—TREAT A FIREARM THE SAME WAY YOU WOULD TREAT A RAT:

DON'T TOUCH OR HANDLE IT. SEE A DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY IF BITTEN OR SHOT.

AND GET RID OF THINGS WHICH ATTRACT RATS AND FIREARMS, SUCH AS GARBAGE AND FAMILY ARGUMENTS.

AND SON, LET'S POISON FIREARMS FOREVER WITH EFFECTIVE GUN CONTROL LEGISLATION.



WELL, I HAVE TO RUSH OFF TO WASHINGTON, D.C., NOW AND HELP CONGRESS OUTLAW SMOKING, BAN TOYS FOR CHILDREN UNDER TEN, PROHIBIT THE USE OF SLUGAR IN CANDY BARS, AND MAKE SURE THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT DOESN'T SPEND ANY MONEY ON DANGEROUS WEAPONS. BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN SOON, AND IN THE MEANTIME, HAVE A SAFE WEEKNIGHT.

The End



PLUFF!

I JUST REMEMBERED THAT DAD'S AFTERSHAVE MAY NOT HAVE A CHILD-PROOF TOP.



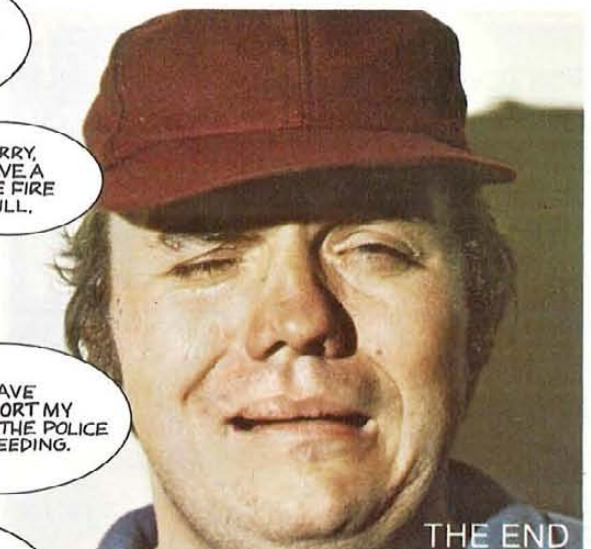
ANYBODY FOR A LITTLE AFTER-SCHOOL GAME OF B-BALL?... HALF-COURT?... THREE-TWO-ONE?... H-O-R-S-E?... LAY-UPS?

SORRY, I HAVE A HOME FIRE DRILL.

I HAVE TO REPORT MY FATHER TO THE POLICE FOR SPEEDING.

YOUR WHISTLE EXCEEDS FEDERAL NOISE POLLUTION STANDARDS.

I'VE GOT TO CHECK MY BABY SISTER'S DOLLS FOR SMALL REMOVABLE PARTS THAT COULD BE SWALLOWED OR BECOME LODGED IN HER WINDPIPE, EARS, OR NOSE.



THE END



The Unknown Giant.

If we asked, "Who's the biggest manufacturer of blank audio recording tape in the world?" chances are you'd answer Scotch or Memorex or BASF. And you know what? You'd be wrong! It's a company you've probably never heard of. AudioMagnetics. Even if you haven't heard our name, though, you've probably bought some of our tape. AudioMagnetics sells more than 6 million miles of tape a year... under 118 different brand names in 70 different countries. That's a lot of reels, cartridges and cassettes, trivia fans. And all of it has one thing in common — uncommon value. Quite simply, AudioMagnetics makes better tape for the price than anyone else around. You'll find this value in the tapes we pack for leading audio and retail chains as well as tape we sell under our own brands such as Tracs, AudioMagnetics and XHE. In an industry where big does mean better, isn't it nice to know who the giant is?

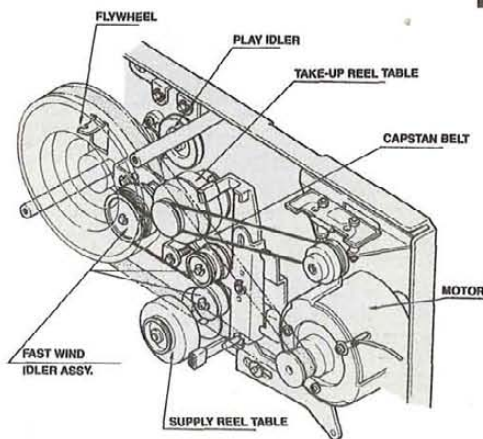
AudioMagnetics

World's largest producer of blank recording tape

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



The component look.

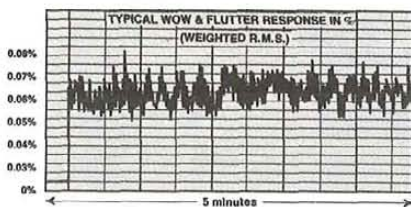


Rather than adapt one transport design to fit another need, we produced a completely new, highly streamlined mechanism. From the inside out. It's called the A-400.

Since the cassette loads vertically, the adverse effect of gravity on the cassette itself is eliminated. Thus tape jams are prevented and smooth, even tape

packs are predictable.

A completely new DC servo controlled motor has been designed to keep wow and flutter to a minimum. It operates



on a frequency generated feedback principle and is unaffected by line voltage fluctuations. The result is quiet, smooth and precise movement of tape.

Twin rotary levers control the transport functions with smooth, positive cam action. Which means unnecessary mechanical linkages have been eliminated. Fewer moving parts assure greater reliability and long term dependability.

If new design concepts, superbly executed, appeal to you, put an A-400 through its paces. Just call (800) 447-4700* toll free for the name and location of your nearest TEAC retailer. You'll find that the A-400 delivers definitive TEAC performance with the added convenience of a front load component. All by design.

*In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400.

By design.

A-400

TEAC. The leader. Always has been.

TEAC Corporation of America
7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, Calif. 90640
© TEAC 1976



FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

BY FAR THE MOST CONFUSING THING ABOUT THE RULES MADE BY THE GROWN-UPS WAS THAT WHILE THEY SUPPOSEDLY WERE FOR EVERYBODY, THEY WERE OBVIOUSLY JUST FOR KIDS AND NOT FOR GROWNUPS AT ALL.

THAT WASSA SWELL PARTY!! REALLY HADDA SWELL TIME, BESS AN' HARLAN!

GREAT HAVINU GUYS, HARRY!

YEAH!

YEAH!

I HATE IT WHEN THEY GET SO THEY TALK WEIRD!

WHERE'S THE KEYS? OH, YEAH, HERE THEY ARE. NOW WHERE'S THE LOCK? HA, HA, HA!

OH, OH...

YOU'RE SOBER ENOUGH TO DRIVE, AREN'T YOU, HARRY?

WHAYAMEAN, HON? COURSE I AM.

SIRENS

SHIT!

HARRY!!! FOR GOD'S SAKE!

DON'T WORRY, I MISSED IT!

Gahan Wilson

LATER...

KRAZINK

HARRY!!

JESUS!!!

LOOK MADGE, IT'S MY OWN DAMN' CURB! A MAN HAS A RIGHT TO DRIVE OVER HIS OWN GODDAMN' CURB!

WILL YOU COME AROUND HERE AND LOOK WHAT YOU DID!!!

THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO RIGHT TO PUT ME THROUGH THIS KIND OF CRAP!

WHAS... TO I... LET...

Gahan Wilson 1976

MULE'S • DINER by stan mack

MARTHA, IT'S TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE A CHILD TO LEAVE OUR MONEY TO, WHEN WE DIE.

WE HAVE OUR DEAR DOG, NED, BUT IT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA TO LEAVE YOUR MONEY TO A DOG.

IF WE COULD TEACH NED TO TALK, AND WEAR CLOTHES, MAYBE PEOPLE WOULD THINK HE WAS OUR SON.

MR. SMITH, WE'D PAY A LOT IF NED COULD BE TAUGHT TO TALK.

LET'S ASK REVEREND SMITH FOR HELP.

I'LL TEACH HIM. IT'LL COST YOU \$500 A WEEK FOR SUPPLIES. I'LL DO IT IN MY HOME.

ONE WEEK LATER NED'S MAKING GOOD PROGRESS. I'LL NEED ANOTHER \$500.

2ND WEEK NED CAN ALMOST SAY HELLO. ANOTHER \$500 WOULD HELP.

3RD WEEK I'LL BE HERE WITH NED IN ONE WEEK. YOU WON'T BELIEVE HOW WELL HE SPEAKS. JUST \$500 MORE SHOULD DO IT.

4TH WEEK HAS NED ARRIVED? I SENT HIM ON AHEAD. NO? OH, DEAR. I THINK HE'S RUN OFF.

ONE WEEK OF SADNESS LATER MR. AND MRS. SCHULTZ! I THINK I'VE FOUND YOUR DOG. HE'S LIVING AT 216 WALNUT AVENUE.

YES?

NED! IT'S US—YOUR LOVING FRIENDS.

HUH? OH, PLEASE, LET US ADOPT YOU. YOU CAN HAVE ALL OUR MONEY. YOU'LL MAKE AN OLD COUPLE VERY HAPPY.

OH, YEAH? WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?

NOTHING! JUST LET US VISIT YOU. ENJOY WHAT YOU ENJOY!

REMEMBER ALL OUR WALKS TOGETHER. YOU ALWAYS PEED ON OUR DOGWOOD TREE. AND DID YOUR DOODY AT OUR CURB.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT BIG, MUSHY ONE YOU MADE OUTSIDE THE GROCERY STORE.

...AND WHEN YOU WERE A PUPPY YOU PEED ON HENRY'S LEG... AND REMEMBER THE MAILMAN WHO STEPPED ON YOUR DOODY...

Collector's Items



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

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

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

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

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 Think*, *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' Homophunnies.

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, Whitelove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilbar'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'Neil'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 "Tyrannic" Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizeable Adventure, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster # 7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Homo Journal*, and Baffart 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 *Nagligent 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 Sora*, 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 Worsted Monster, Parlourbook, Orgygami, and Cloo.

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

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire* Parody.

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb: Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and THE INFAMOUS CUBAN HOMO FARM.

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handicapped.

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody.

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS: With *Simply . . . Picasso*, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ARTnews* parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts.

MARCH, 1976/IN LIKE A LION: Out with Blow Me, The Snuff Movie, Turtle Farms, and the Monty Python parody.

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and the Puck Stops Here.

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of Indira*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietstname, and the Culture Vultures section.

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kefauver High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weakly*, and another Bernie Xposé.

JULY, 1976/DOWN HOME: With E-Z Rider, Caturday on Wheels, southern literature, *Christian Crusader Weekly*, a map of the New South, and *Pickers 'n' Kickers* magazine.

AUGUST, 1976/COMPULSORY SUMMER SEX: With Marilyn Chambers, Life on Uranus, *The Hustler* parody, a portfolio of Sam Gross, and Early American Fucke Art.

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HI TO CARBADA! CHICK → + n = GUTZ. since this strip is so wordy... I will relinquish my usual comment in this space in the interest of BREVITY. I thank you. He says... PAT you'd say I'm very classed in the very green world of the OREGON! Well, I got dis here hobby... I keep BEES! Oh surely you do SOMETHING... everyone does something!

I'm reminded of the times PAT'S friend MIKE was on his deathbed. I bet you're a Cab driver, nope, a construction worker? nope, nope, a wrestler? nope, nope.

VALERIE

so MIKE calls PAT to his deathbed an' he says... Okay... I give up... what do you do? muttin'.

LAURA

POST POST- WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN? FILL THIS HAT IN BLACK. THANKS. Oh surely you do SOMETHING... everyone does something!

LEANN

how wonderful... a BEEKEEPER!

I'm dyin'! PAT, an' you're got to be dem' this one SURE says PAT! NAW... I ain't got none o' dat junk... it's da BUNK!

BETH

When they put me in the ground, PAT I want you to go out an' buy the best IRISH whiskey you can find. Well, how many bees do you have? I got about 10,000 bees.

ANN LAREAU

Then I want you to take the whiskey and pour it all over me grave! I don't keep 'em in no BEE FARM. I keep 'em in my apartment.

10,000 BEES!! I didn't know there were any BEE FARMS around here!

DOTTIE

You've got 10,000 bees in your apartment?! BIRD OVERBOARD! MIKE, sez PAT, I'll do it. I'll get the very best most expensive whiskey I can buy! aren't you afraid when you open the apartment door they'll get out?

BROOK

NOoooo... dere not flyin' aroun' loose in da apartment.. I keep 'em in da CLOSET! YOU GOT 10,000 BEES IN YOUR CLOSET?? aren't you afraid they'll get out when you OPEN the closet door?

POLICE STURGEON

GLEN

YOU DO NOT NEED YOUR 3-D GLASSES FOR THIS STRIP... IT'S BLURRY ON PURPOSE. I keep 'em in a CIGAR BOX on a shelf in da closet!

NAW- dere not flyin' aroun' loose in da closet for CRISSAKE!

JONI 'N' KITZI

YOU'VE GOT 10,000 BEES IN A CIGAR BOX... A LITTLE CIGAR BOX... LIKE WHAT YOU PUT GIGARS IN?

but MIKE, sez PAT- I'd just like to ask you ONE thing! dat's right, bub.

LYNN

THIS IS THE NEXT TO THE LAST PANEL.

I'd be glad to pour the WHISKEY all over your grave, but would ya be mindin' terribly if I passed it through me BLADDER first? AREN'T YOU AFRAID WHEN YOU CLOSE THE LID THAT YOU'LL CRUSH THEM?!!

YEAH- BUT FUCK 'EM!

THE WEASEL

THE LID'S OFF

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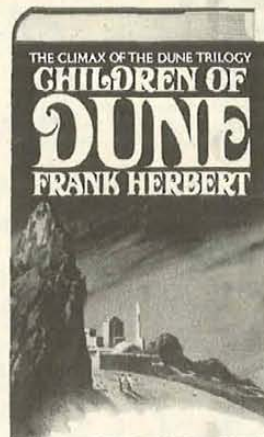
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IT WAS HARD KEEPING MY MIND ON MY WORK...

...BUT IF YOU MODIFY THE VERB SPASPEK DOESN'T THAT MEAN "LET'S FUCK"?



AT NIGHT, WHILE HE LAY PLUGGED INTO HIS MACHINE, I WATCHED HIM, MY HEAD WHIRLING.

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BUT HIS HUMOR WAS CONTAGIOUS, AND THE WEEKEND SPED BY...

SO THE GUY SAID, IF THAT'S YOUR GUY, WHAT AM I REPORTING?

OH BENTLEY—ER, MR. FLOOD, YOU'RE A CARD!



THEN CAME THE MOMENT I'D BEEN DREAMING!

OH,ON, BENTLEY! LESSONS ARE OVER, AND IT'S TIME TO TAKE OFF FOR CALLISTO!

HE'S GOING! AND I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!



I FLED SO HE WOULDN'T SEE MY TEARS...

WAIT!! ZANN!

GOODBYE, MY DARLING! SOBE GOODBYE!



STRONG HANDS CAUGHT ME...

MS. THROPE ANN—DON'T RUN AWAY!

I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE YOU STRAPPED ME INTO MY PRUISE I SPASPEK® HELMET!



MAKE ROOM FOR ONE MORE, GANG! LET ME PRESENT THE FUTURE MRS. FLOOD!

I'VE JUST WAIT TIL I GET YOUR GUY IN MY LITTO!

The end.

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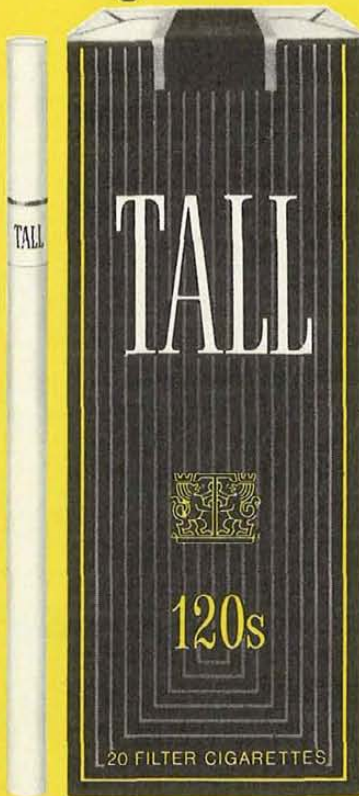
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Canadian Corner



Until a few months ago, Derek Madrigal didn't know the first thing about hockey. He did know a lot about ghosts. A slight, shy man, Derek is an investigator and troubleshooter for the Canadian Psychic Research Society. And, in the course of his recent work, he's learned a great deal about Canada's number one sport. What he's learned will be shocking news to even the most informed hockey fan.

"I was intrigued by a news report that 'Red' Kelly, coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs, claimed he was using pyramid power to increase his players' efficiency. He even stated that Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens functions as a giant pyramid, giving the Leafs a definite advantage in their home games." Derek smiled wistfully. "If pyramids can sharpen razor blades, why not ice skates? I wanted to know if more hockey teams were using psychic and occult methods as part of their training."

At first, Derek met with little success. "Red" Kelly merely referred him to his "consultant," a "chiropractic optometrist" who seems to be in the habit of answering his phone by saying he's not in.

"The only other lead I had was a rumor that someone was teaching Eddie Shack to read and write, using a combination of telepathy and levitation. But it wasn't working. The man was probably a fake." Derek sighed. "I was feeling rather downhearted about the whole business. Then I met Craig."

Craig Cochrane, a likable young man from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, was spotted by an NHL scout and signed up to attend a summer training camp. It was a summer he won't forget.

"I always wanted to play hockey," Craig told me. "Us guys would always be out in the street, slapping a puck around and high-sticking. I wanted to make it onto one of the League teams, but I never thought it would be anything like that. I mean, I'm a Baptist."

The camp was Craig's big break. At first, everything seemed normal. "A great bunch of guys. Then, one night they got a couple of us together. They said, 'Fellas, tonight you're going to meet one of hockey's all-time greats.' They had like a Monopoly board on the table, only with letters of the alphabet on it. They made me and another guy sit down and put our fingers on a puck on the board. It was weird. After a few minutes, the puck started to move, but we weren't pushing it. The next thing, it went from letter to letter. You know—*spelling*. It spelled the word *doughnut*. We didn't catch on. The coach said, 'When you put hockey and doughnuts together, what do you get?' Well, Tim Horton, of course. He was a great



"Lipshitz, go in for Kaplan!"

hockey player and he owned a chain of doughnut stores. Great doughnuts. But it didn't make sense. You see, Tim Horton was killed in a terrible car accident a few years ago. The puck started to move again. It said, 'Hi, fellas! Ever try the Maple Frosted?' Then I caught on. That was Tim Horton! It was his darn ghost! I almost you-know-what in my pants."

Craig's summer turned into a hell of occultism. Young players were forced to wear special medallions with strange writing on them. "They said it was Hebrew, but I don't think it was any language Our Saviour knew." In the locker room, sinister "knock, knock" jokes were exchanged. The boys' hair and fingernail clippings were gathered up by a man known to them only as "Balshazar." Practice on the ice consisted mainly of skating in the form of pentagrams and calling on invisible "familiar" to deliver "ectoplasmic blows" to opponents.

"Some of those ghosts could hit harder than a drunk Indian," Craig recalls with a shudder. "Sometimes there were so many spooks on the ice you could hardly get a decent shot in."

"This used to be an all-Canadian sport," Craig said angrily. "Then the Yanks got into the act, and now a lot of dead guys and heathens are muscling in. It doesn't seem like the same game anymore." Frightened and troubled, Craig's love of hockey still got him through the summer. "They told us this stuff was going to be legit in a few years, just like bashing guys' faces is now. They kept saying the Russians are way ahead of us, too, that's how come we keep losing games with them. In Russia they got a goalie who doesn't even need a stick anymore, just a little piece of copper under his tongue."

The training camp culminated in a grotesque ceremony. "They made us strip bare-naked and rub this oil on our bodies. It smelled like a Paki restaurant. They got us singing stuff like hymns, only with dirty words. Then the coach came in. He was wearing a billy goat mask and he had smelly brown stuff smeared all over him. You know what I mean. He bent over and told us we all had to...geez, I can't say it." Craig flushed, but then his eyes lit up with anger. "I told them, 'I'm not putting my whizzer in there, not for all the money in the NHL!'"

Now a washing machine salesman, Craig is understandably embittered.

His dreams of hockey greatness have been shattered. Shattered, too, is his belief in hockey as a truly Canadian sport. He wants to warn Canadians of the path hockey is taking, and yet has seen enough to be frightened of mysterious reprisals. "Craig Cochrane" is not his real name. Sad to say, even that disguise may not help him.

"The teams are trying their best to keep these practices secret," says Derek Madrigal. "But Canadians will soon start to suspect that something uncanny is going on. I suppose it's up to the public to decide."

His words rang true to me the other night, when I was taking a taxi to Toronto International Airport. Naturally, the driver and I talked about hockey. "It used to be a great sport," he said, "but now I don't know."

I asked him what he meant. "Well," he told me, "the last time I was in the Gardens, I took a look at the guy playing the organ at half-time. His hands were on the keys, but they weren't moving—that organ was playing 'The Maple Leaf Forever' by itself!"

I agree with that taxi driver. I just don't know. Ectoplasmic slap shots, telepathic passes—is this to be the future of Canada's favorite occasion for a twenty-four-pack of beer and a rousing free-for-all? Is the Tarot deck of history stacked against the sheer exuberance and clean competition of this great sport? Will our rinks turn into Ouija boards and our games into séances?

Derek Madrigal smiles thoughtfully but refuses to speculate. It's all in a day's work for him. He offers to take me to a Tim Horton's for coffee and a doughnut. Somehow, I just can't bring myself to accept. □



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A rock
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Casablanca

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Bad Words
continued from page 35

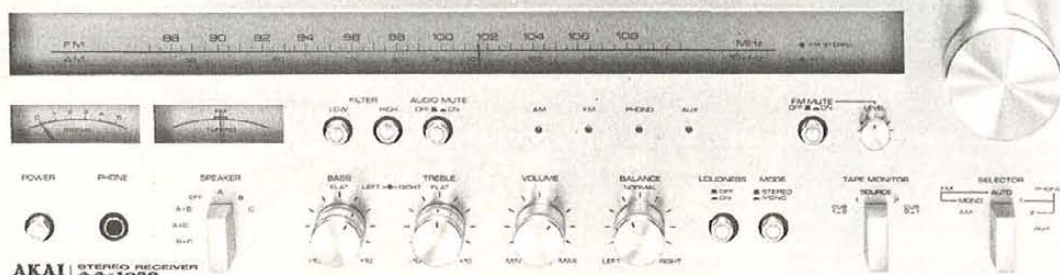
astral
astrology
audiovisual
au pair
awareness
ax (guitar)
back to land
balling
ball of wax
ballsy
belles lettres
bigot
biorhythms
Blakian
blue sky
BM
body trip
boogie
bon vivant
bottom line

bourgeois
bowser bag
braggadocio
brass tack
bringdown
brouhaha
bummer
candidly speaking
celebration of life
chairperson
check it out
cherchez la femme
chicks
ciao
clean art
cognoscenti
communicate
(When used to describe a conversation between two people. As in: "I really get the feeling we're communicating.")
concrete
(Except to describe the building material.)
conceptual



continued

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found another receiver that comes on, for the price, with better sound or better performance. Or better styling. If you think we look good in this ad, you ought to see us up close. Clean. Brushed aluminum. Beautiful.

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any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut® lotion by Fabergé.



Bad Words

continued

consciousness

(When used non-medically, especially when prefaced with expanded or contracted.)

conundrum

cooties

correct thinking

correlate

cosmic

coterie

crashing

creative

cruising

crypto-anything

cultural

dearth

debutante

decor

decriminalize

defensive

definitive

de gustibus

depressed

détente

dialectical

dichotomy

dope fiend

dude

(Except when applied to visitor on guest ranch.)

dy-no-mite

eclectic

eco-anything

ego trip

empathy

entre nous

entropy

(Use by physicists is permissible in some circumstances.)

ergo

erstwhile

Esalen

est

et cetera

fairy

fancier

far fucking out

fascist

Fellini

fey

fin de siècle

fine lady

firstly

fixated

flipping out

flow

foxy

freaking

Freudian

funky

game plan

gas

gay

genre

getting off

gimp

giving head

go go

going down on

gourmet

great unwashed

grok

grooving

grotesque

grow

(Perfectly acceptable way to describe physical changes in plants and animals. Not to be used to describe changing your mind, as in: "I grew into a new head.")

hallucinogenic

heads

head space

head trip

heavies

heeeey...

hep

hip

hoi polloi

honestly

horny

(May be used to describe the growths protruding from the heads of certain ungulates or the carapace of insects.)

hot to trot

howdy

humanistic

ideology

incestuous

(Except to describe a sexual relationship between blood relatives who are first cousins or closer.)

incredible

infrastructure

in lieu of

intense

interface

intro

introject

ipso facto

jive

joint

(May refer to elbow, knee, or the juncture of table leg and table.)

Judeo-Christian

Jungian

Kafkaesque

kike

kleptomaniac

(There are no Negro kleptomaniacs. This disease is found only in rich people. The proper word to describe a kleptomaniac is thief.)

lackey

lifestyle

, like,

continued

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Bad Words

continued

linear

lip service

listen,

literate

little girls' (boys') room

local

macho

major thrust

masochist

mastectomy

meaningful

media type

mellow

mesh

meshuggeneh

militate

mind-blowing

mind police

mingles

mistress

montage

moot

(Onomatopoeic moose fart.)

"my ex"

"my woman"

Nazi

neo-anything

nervous breakdown

nigger

anything-nik

1984

nitty gritty

nose candy

nosh

not bad

nouveau-anything

nutshelling

nymphomaniac

offbeat

officialdom

FALLING NED

EPISODE #6



"Like mem'ries and hometowns and Paddy on ice."

George E. Stebbins, Jr.
286 Highland Ave., Wollaston, Mass. 02170

Congratulations, George Stebbins. You're a finalist in Paddy's First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Your winning entry, with the above title, is printed here as promised in Rules Of The Competition:

*The spire, the steeple, the clock and the bell,
The courthouse, the tavern, the trough by the well,
The little red schoolhouse with clapboards all split
The bench on the green where the old men still sit—*

*The five and ten store where, as children, we'd meet,
And that highway to home, the town's one "Main Street,"
The colorful gardens installed in the square—
I know where my heart is, I'm sure it is there.*

*These mem'ries of home I hold close to my heart,
And the warmth of good friends is just as much part
Of the good things in life that no man can price
Like mem'ries and hometowns and Paddy on ice.*

New entries to our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition are still being gratefully received. Submit your poems about Paddy Irish Whiskey to Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin, Nichols & Co., P.O. Box 5314, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

If there's poetry in your soul, Paddy will bring it out.

Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Nine finalists will be chosen from entries submitted before closing date of contest: September 29, 1976. Poems of finalists will appear, with your consent, in a future Paddy advertisement. Every entrant will receive an "Honorary Irish Poet" certificate. Judges will be appointed by Austin, Nichols & Co. Decision of the judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Offer void where prohibited.

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off the wall
 anything-oid
 old man
(Elderly Homo sapiens, O.K.)
 ombudsperson
 ontology
 oral sex
 organic
 orgasmic
 orgone
 Orwellian
 osmosis
(Except when used to describe the process by which a cell maintains the balance of fluids within itself.)
 overview
 pantheistic
 para-anything
 parameters
 paranoid
 pay dirt
 pee pee
 peppery

per capita
 permutations
 pesky
 phallic
 philosophy of anything
 picaresque
 piles
 pinko
 pizzazz
 Platonic
 plethora
 politics of anything
 polyphonic
 praxis
 preception
 primal
 progressive
 prophylactic
 prototypical
 pseudo
 psycho

psych out
 pussy
 quasi
 quid pro quo
 rank out
 rapping
 really
 reggae
 Reichian
 relationship
 renaissance
 repartee
 resident old lady
 riffing
 right thinking
 ripped
 rites of passage
 roots
 Jerry Rubin
 running dog
(Except when used to describe a speeding canine.)
 sadist

continued

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5181



5190



5173



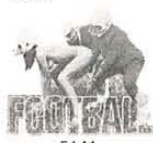
5187



5134



0013



5141



5191



5148



621°



529°



605°



563°



615°



682°

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ROACH

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 Worthington, Ohio 43085

Bad Words

continued

say it all
scene
schematic
schizie
scuttlebutt
second effort
semantic
sensitive
sex fiend
shit-kicking
shlep
shtik
significance
sincerely

singles
soi-disant
spaced out
spaces
spacey
split
straight
strung out
sum total
super
swinging
swingles
sybiotic
syndrome
tasty

tête-à-tête
the coast
the end
the fuzz
the heat
the john
the pigs
therapy
think tank
third world
thready
together
toking
too much
très
tripping
trippy
try guy
turkey
UFO
uh

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underprivileged
unisex
unreal
upbeat
uptight
value judgment
veritable
vibes
(All right as an abbreviation for vibraphone.)
vis-à-vis
wiped out
anything-wise
wise guy
with it
wow
yenta
you know,
your basic
zeitgeist
zen
zonked

THE RAINBOW GRILL

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Country Over Manhattan

STARRING

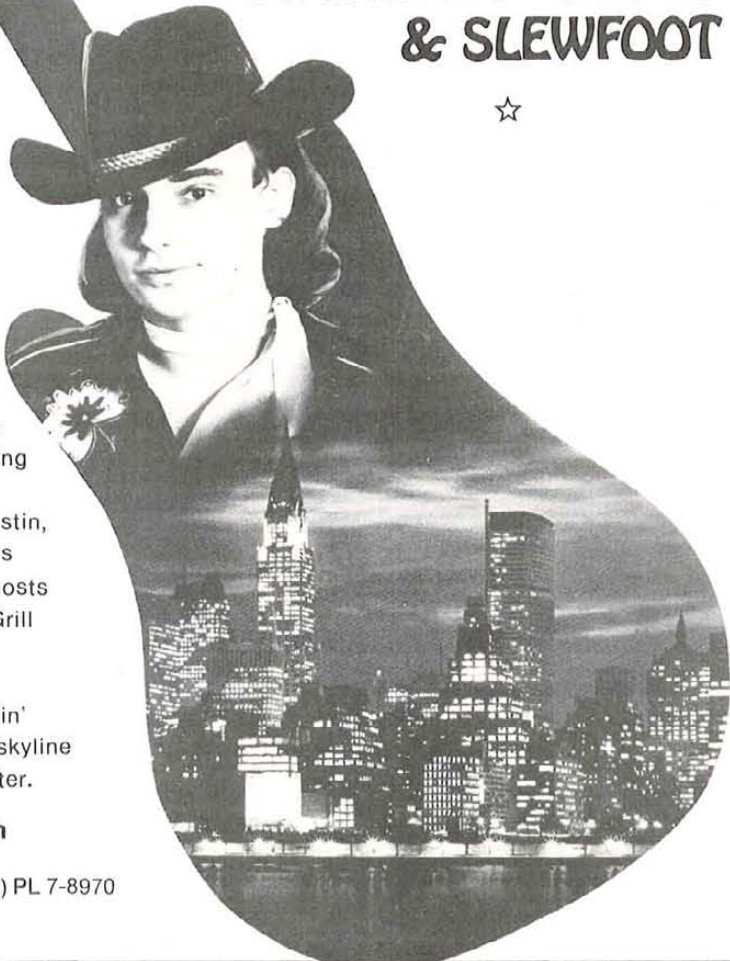
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& SLEWFOOT

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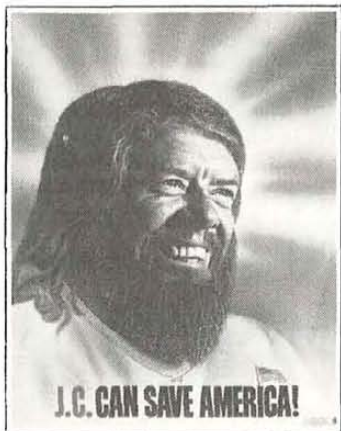
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Letters

continued from page 19

Sirs:

Nobody should be mad at the Marines. They were making a man out of me when they were kicking me into a coma. Gosh, I'd run away so many times they just had to whip me into shape. Seems like I couldn't learn nothing. Well, I'm happier here. Tell mom not to sue the government.

Lynn "Bubba" McClure
Camp Heaven

Sirs:

Please, may I get it out of my system here at last?! If I don't, I fear I'm going to have to kill somebody. The accumulated rage of all these miserable years, multiplied by what happened to me just this morning, raised to an exponential power by the bad weather we've been having lately—it's all become too much to bear!

Please don't misunderstand me. I am a moral person. I am a kind person. I do not want to kill people, hurt people, maim people, even crush them like ants, and I don't think those kinds of things are fun at all. I even close my eyes when they happen in the movies, especially in color. I know that after I go on my mad rampage, I'm going to regret it. I may even enter a monastery and give up cough drops.

There. I feel better already. Thank you. Your magazine has justified its existence by saving countless lives from my irrational wrath, and no one will ever know what I would have done without you.

Fred Bluebeard
An Inconspicuous Boarding House
in a Run-down Neighborhood

Sirs:

This is a condensed letter. We have been careful to retain the flavor and flow of the original. For more condensed letters, ideal for people too little time read letter columns, send name, etc., money lots money, to 5, Va.

E. B. T.

Sirs:

It is welling up inside me again. I need another safety valve. I'm not crazy. Please don't let them condense this letter! If I don't get every word out of my system, I don't know what I'll do!

Fred Bluebeard

"Paddy, Me Boys"

Patrick Sky
Charlestown, R.I.

Congratulations, Patrick Sky. You're a finalist in Paddy's First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Your winning entry, with the above title, is printed here as promised in Rules Of The Competition:

*Come guess me this riddle; what beats pipes and fiddle;
What's stronger than mustard and milder than cream?
What best wets your whistle; what's clearer than crystal;
What's sweeter than honey and stronger than steam?*

*What malt has the merit; to yield the true spirit?
What's the elixir of life and philosopher's stone?
If you stop and you think, you can name me this drink.
Why, it's Paddy, me boys from old Ireland's shone.*

*So hear what I say, sir, the best thing in nature
For curing your sorrows and raising your joys.
If you stop and you think, you can name me this drink.
Put your lips to the brink of some Paddy, me boys.*

New entries to our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition are still being gratefully received. Submit your poems about Paddy Irish Whiskey to Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin, Nichols & Co., P.O. Box 5314, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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THE
COLLECTED WORKS
OF
WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Compiled by
EDWARD MANN



NATIONAL LAMPOON HOUSE PRESS

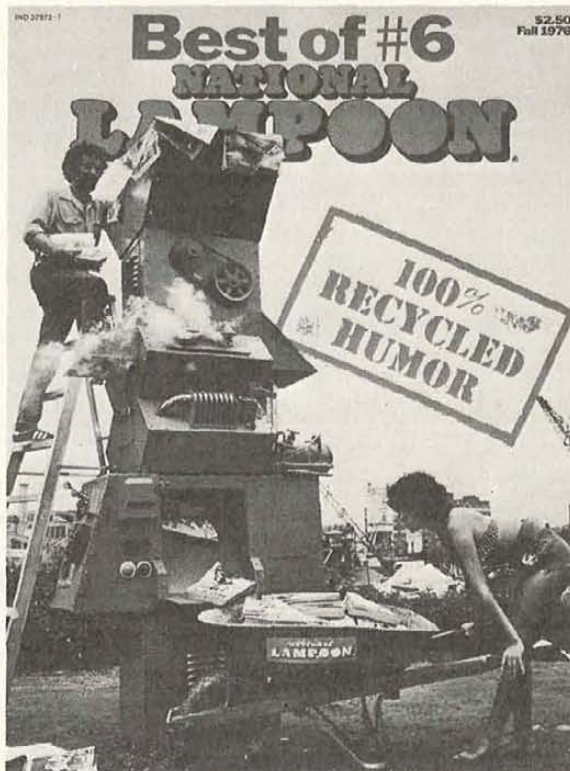
New York Marrakech Ciudad Juárez

1976





A joke is a terrible thing to waste.



Only you can help preserve our dwindling supply of precious irony.

Scientists tell us that if we keep burning up sarcasm at the present rate, there will be no punch lines left by 1990.

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BLOWN IN THE WIND



by Jean-Claude
"Hopalong" Craval

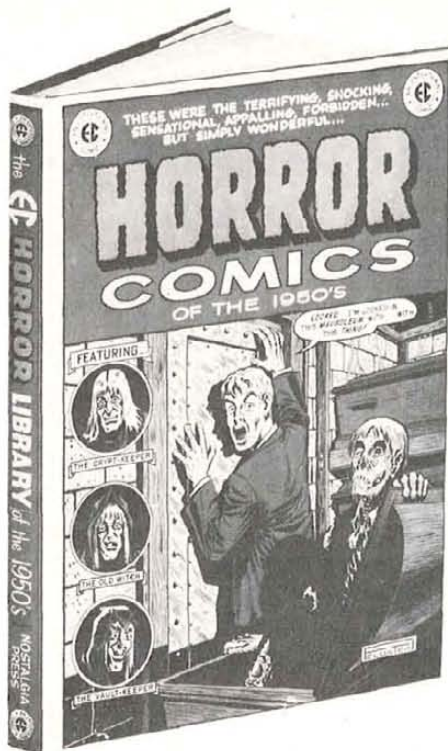
Kentucky Riverboat Pancakes

One day I am waking up sometime in the afternoon after seeing funky lady Emmy le Harris, L.A. harmony session cat kicking shit concert. I am turning to chick who is next to me in the bed (just some chick or maybe two, I don't know). All the meanwhile we are making trucking to have the breakfast and being the outrageous all the time I am whacked off on reefer. I am dunking the donut in the coffee. Zapow...it is comes back from childhood all America food that faggot Proust did not eat with his cocksucking *madeleines*...

Jean-Claude in the other incarnation was rich Southern Dude on big Kentucky riverboat and Mark Twain is dumping the Negroes over the side to find out how deep the Big Muddy. Many lumberjacks are square dancing and all the time Dinah in the kitchen making flapple jacks which are pizza of the past in the air like the Frisbee which is more free and more meaning than bullshit team sports, but maybe not because Jean-Claude loves football because they are saying, "On any given Saturday," and to me this is marvelous to think that the football days is *given* instead of capitalist aggressive *taken*. This is point Guy Peelaert is missing in the *Rock Dreams* because he is of the Europe and seeing the sports only as who wins, but football is on the *given* Saturday like the *grace* which is given so it is Church and religion because Durkheim, who was *juif très intelligent*, is finding same thing in Australia with black guy religion. So why is Jean-Claude saying this? Why not? Do not be so uptight. Let it be. If religion

continued

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Blown in the Wind

continued

is sports! Why is folk music only Don McLean? Which is why I am remembering the Kentucky riverboat pancake, because food is folk music even more than Poco, but not ZZ Top who are wearing fantastic giant hats. What kinds hats? Ten gallon hats and the pancake syrup is coming out of number ten cans. *Incredible!*

The pancake is the folk song *typique Américain*. Flat like prairies of Pennsylvania where Dorothy and Toto are chasing Hopalong Cassidy (*c'est moi!*). Big stacks of pancakes take flatness and make them tall exactly like *le skyscraper*, or Haystacks Calhoun. My mind is blowing itself! This idea is maybe more important than anything *ever!* You and me we have found the secret to unlock all of the key to America. The pancake is round, so are wheels of teenager hot rod carrying rubber in the wallet Sal Mineo juvenile delinquent zipper gun. The pancake is syrup on top from the trees get back to the land and fuck work. Make no forget to yourself that syrup is sweet just like Laura Nyro who writes of Ray Charles when she is say, "Oh, sweet blindness." Is this not Homer? Is this not Joyce? So what if it is not? I don't care if I am wrong because that is past. We are *anarchistes* who are building the future only with solar power and little domes in the woods. No more the exploitation that makes poor little baby "John Henry steamed driven man." The revolution is now. All mens and womens fuck everyone all the times and no one is wearing pants.

Mr. Cravat plans to use the money he receives for this article to purchase a multifunction digital watch.



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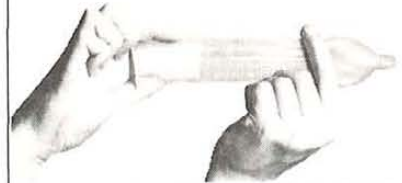
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Mr. Elborne Whippet, Junior, bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.

Rancho Los Vistas, Calif.—And so they will flock to Kansas City, these rock-ribbed, respectable Republicans, they of the Dacron sport shirts with multiple ballpoint pens secured in protective plastic breast pockets, they of the impenetrable foundation garments, the Valium and lithium, they of the Seagram's and Wonder Bread, there to confront the agonizing choice between he who beckons the head and he who speaks to the heart. The struggle between Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan is the struggle between the two legs of this shrinking yet somehow triumphant party. And where those two legs meet can truly be found the spirit of Republicanism.

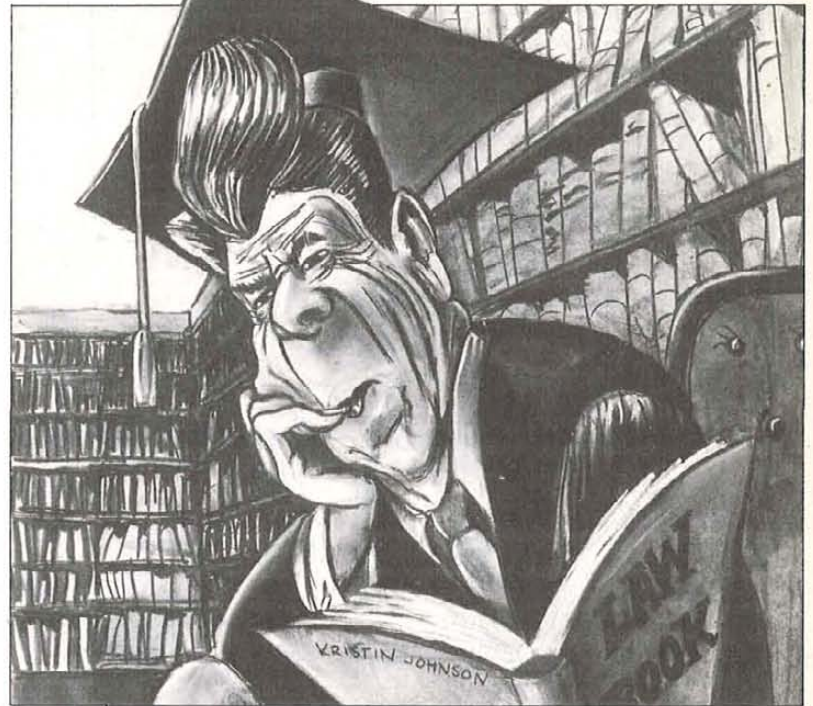
But what of this challenger, this Reagan, this rhetorical master who can tempt this stolid, solid gathering of burghers into abandoning an incumbent president of their own party? What governs the one-time governor who can with a wink, a quip, a challenge, summon the faithful to cheers heretofore reserved for the achievement of daily regularity?

To search for the answers, this correspondent left the poolside comfort of the Beverly Hills Hotel and ventured to the ranch of Ronald Reagan. To my surprise, I found the challenger in a book-lined, dimly-lit study. The hairpiece was gone, the teeth were resting casually in a tumbler full of twelve-year-old Scotch, the elevator cowboy boots were closeted away—and in place of the Ronald Reagan who fills the television screen, this scribe saw a four-foot ten-inch, bald, pipe-smoking gentleman buried in a mass of yellowing books, and muttering to himself.

"Ah," Governor Reagan said, "you surprised me. I was attempting to locate a more reliable translation of a particularly critical passage from Kant's *Fundamental Groundwork for a Metaphysics of Morals*. If you knew how these younger translators butcher the masters, you would..."

I expressed surprise at Governor Reagan's choice of leisure reading.

"Leisure?" he bellowed. "You call a man's life work *leisure*? Ahh, well, it is to be expected. You are from the



world of Washington; of power and alliances. The eternal verities are to you like some blur, while the fractious business of the moment is thrown into sharp angularity. You are no doubt familiar with Auguste Comte's trilateralization of the human mind? All politicians—and reporters as well—are in the positive state, while I still prefer the metaphysical.

"You wonder what a man who has spent every spare moment of his life in pursuit of philosophical questions is doing in the world of politics? Allow me to explain.

"All my life I have sought to resolve the Kantian contradiction between the noumenal and phenomenological worlds: to discover the eternal in the transient. All my life I have explored the phenomenological world; my broadcasts of sporting events was an attempt to immerse myself in the most transient of matters; my Hollywood career again a search for the most ephemeral of events—oh, yes, with a brief excursion into the absurd, as in *Bedtime for Bonzo*. That was where Camus first hit upon his own notion of the Absurd. The concept was mine, of course, but no matter.

"And now politics. Can you imagine a more perfect illustration of the epistemological dilemma? The tendency to assume knowledge derived from unreliable data? My enemies ask whether I dye my hair—not whether

I have any. They assume a character, a personality, based on words scribbled by Thorazine addicts I keep chained in my corral. I have demonstrated by my own life that the gap between perception and reality is a chasm of unbridgeable proportions."

It seemed out of place, but I asked Reagan to assess his future.

"I am, of course, yearning to be relieved of this burden," he said. "Each day my language, my policies become more deranged, so that I will be defeated and permitted to return here and finish my studies. And what happens? With each new excretion, my primary victories increase—my delegate count soars—my prospects for the nomination grow brighter.

"I sought to adopt a position so outrageous that even my strongest supporters would be repulsed. I determined to come out for slavery. I went to six state delegations with a black man in chains following me, and I told them that my position on slavery was identical to my position on the Panama Canal: 'I bought him; I paid for him; he's mine, and I'm going to keep him.'"

He sighed.

"The next day," Reagan said, "the Mississippi delegation unanimously endorsed my candidacy." He shook his head.

"Sartre was right, you know—there is no exit." □

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