

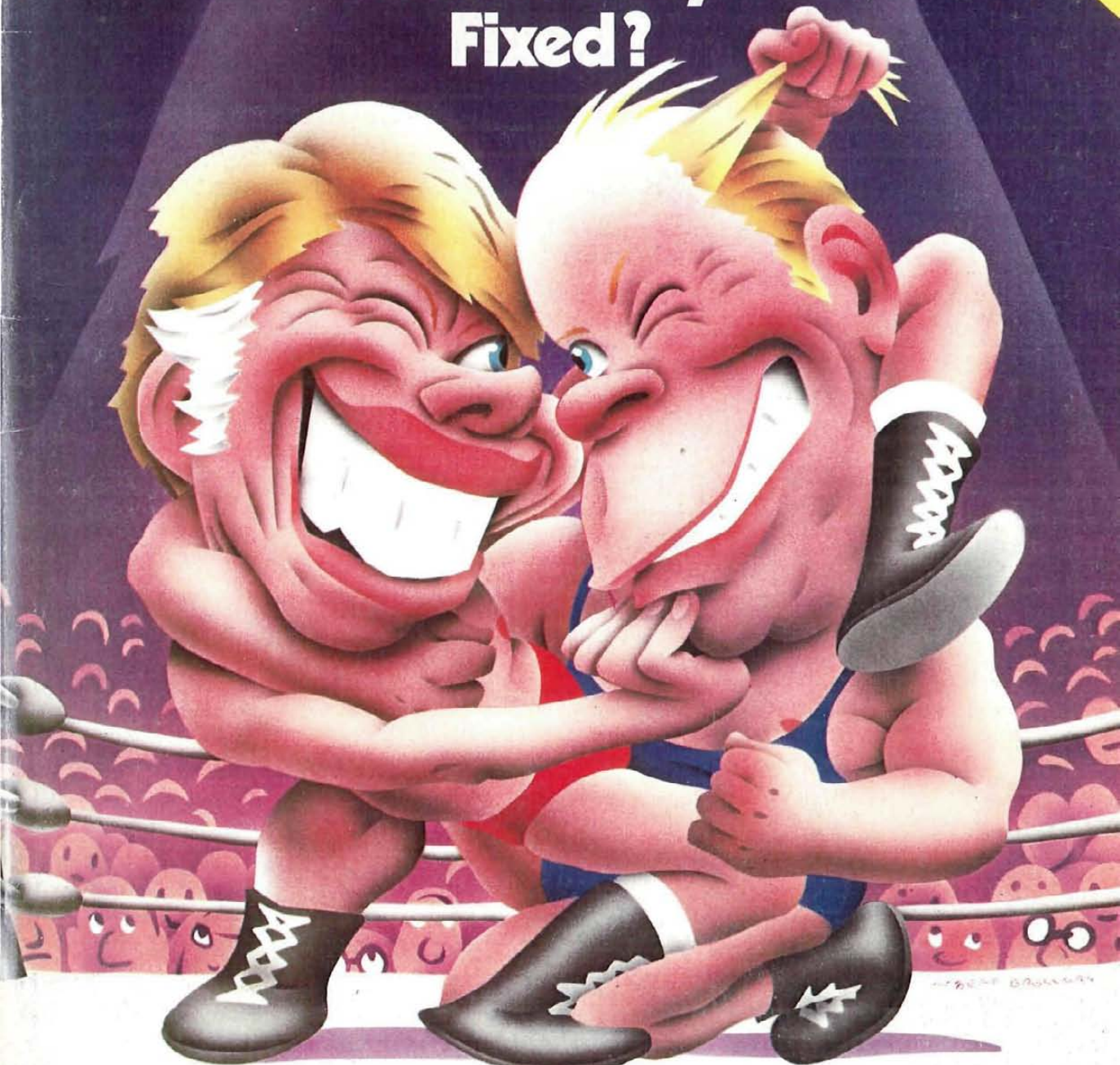
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34490

NATIONAL LAMP

November 1976 The Humor Magazine Price \$1.00

★Special★
Election Year Issue

Is
Democracy
Fixed?



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The new 2121. With

Ever since the cassette deck stepped into the spotlight with proven high fidelity performance, great advances in tape and cassette deck technology have been made. Despite this progress, most of the high fidelity industry was convinced that it was virtually impossible to build a really superior front-loading, front-control cassette deck equipped with Dolby — that could sell for less than two hundred dollars.

Pioneer thought it might be impossible, too. But we figured it was worth the try.

The engineers at Pioneer were given the 2121 project two years ago. They were asked to build a front-access, front-control cassette deck loaded with features. A deck that would outperform any unit in the two hundred dollar price range that had ever been built before.

The result is the no-compromise CT-F2121 — a cassette deck with enormous capability, performance, reliability and features. Pioneer believes the CT-F2121 has the greatest combination of value ever put into a cassette deck at such an extremely reasonable price.



Switch from one mode to another, bypassing the Stop lever.

Everything's up front for optimum operating convenience.

Pioneer's engineers have designed the CT-F2121 to give you the highest degree of flexibility in use. You can stack it easily with other components in your system because every control function, as well as cassette loading, is operable from the front panel. In addition, the illuminated cassette compartment permits rapid cassette loading at an easy-to-see 30° angle. An LED indicator lets you know when you're in the recording mode. And, as all Pioneer components, the controls are simple to use and logically arranged.

Improved sound reproduction with built-in Dolby B system.

The CT-F2121's selectable Dolby B provides as much as 10dB improvement in signal-to-noise ratio with standard low noise tapes. There's an even greater improvement with chromium dioxide tape. An indicator light tells you instantly when the Dolby system is in operation. And to insure better, interference-free recordings of FM stereo broadcasts, Pioneer has built in a multiplex filter.

Outstanding performance with every type of tape.

Separate bias and equalization switches permit you to use any kind of cassette tape: standard low noise, chromium dioxide — and even the newest ferrichrome formulations. The CT-F2121 brings out the fullest capabilities of each tape. And to produce the best performance, the operating manual of the CT-F2121 gives you a chart listing the most popular cassette tape brands with their recommended bias and equalization control settings. *There's never any guesswork.*



Separate bias & equalization switches for any type of cassette tape.

Versatile features increase listening enjoyment and simplify recording.

Pioneer has outdone itself on the CT-F2121 with a host of easy-to-use features. A long life permalloy-solid record and play head and a ferrite erase head insure excellent signal-to-noise ratio. The transport operating levers that permit, direct, jam-proof switching from one mode to another without having to operate the Stop lever, are a great advancement. And, like Pioneer's more expensive cassette decks, the CT-F2121 has a separate electronic servo-system and a solenoid that provides automatic stop at the end of tape travel in play, record, fast wind and rewind.

The most extraordinary cassette deck value ever offered.



Dolby* under \$200.†

Twin illuminated VU meters, plus separate input level controls for each channel help you set accurate recording levels. Stereo microphone inputs as well as the headphone output jack are all easily accessible on the front panel.

By any point of reference, compare the CT-F2121's combination of performance and features with cassette decks costing much more. You can come to only one conclusion — at under \$200†, this is the most extraordinary cassette deck value ever offered.

Frequency Response (Chrome Tape):

30-16,000 Hz

Wow & Flutter (WRMS): 0.12%

Signal-to-Noise Ratio (with Dolby): 58dB

Input Sensitivity: 0.3mV — 63mV (mic);

63mV — 12V (line)

Outputs: 450mV (line & DIN); 80mV 8 ohms (headphones)

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

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



The CT-F2121 comes ready for custom installation. Handsome, optional cabinet with walnut veneered top and sides also available.

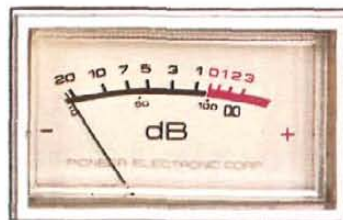
PIONEER
when you want something better



*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. †(Optional cabinet with walnut veneered top and sides. Approximate value, \$24.95.) Prices listed above are manufacturer's approximate.



REC



EJECT DOOR



PUSH CLOSE

TAPE DOLBY NR

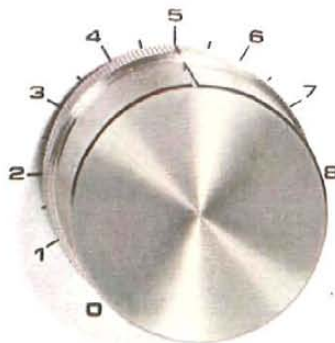
BIAS EQ

STD STD OFF

CrO₂ CrO₂/Fe-Cr ON

PHONES L—MIC—R

INPUT
LEFT → RIGHT



PIONEER STEREO CASSETTE TAPE DECK MODEL CT-F2121

to value only. Actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his own option.



Discover your own pleasure. Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.



White rum and soda

There comes a time when the things that used to please don't please you anymore. Your style becomes your own. You discover your own particular pleasures. And mixing your club soda with white rum is one of them.

White rum has a gentle taste and smoothness that sets it apart from gin and vodka. Because all white rum from Puerto Rico spends a year or more aging in white oak casks, maturing to a velvety perfection. That's the law.

Gin and vodka, on the other hand, are not given the benefit of aging—a fact to which people are fast waking up.

White rum lends its distinctive smoothness to club soda, tonic, orange juice; vermouth—all your favorite mixers.

It's natural to feel at home with the taste and smoothness of white rum. It's a pleasure that more and more drinkers are calling their own.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



For free "White Rum Classics" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019
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Only one
thing makes
you more
confident
than
the stick...
the scent.



Not smelling bad is not good enough. If you want real confidence you have to smell good. That's why the English Leather® Deodorant Stick is concentrated. So it not only works hard and long against odor, it also has that longlasting English Leather scent. And with that kind of double confidence you're sure to be a winner.

Whatever game you play.

One man. One scent.

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Deodorant Stick \$1.45
Available in Canada.

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NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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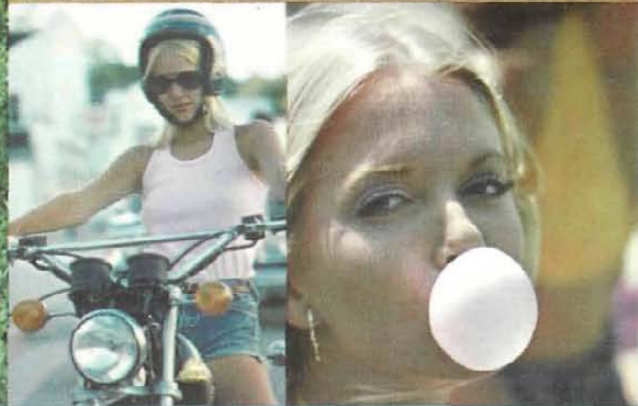
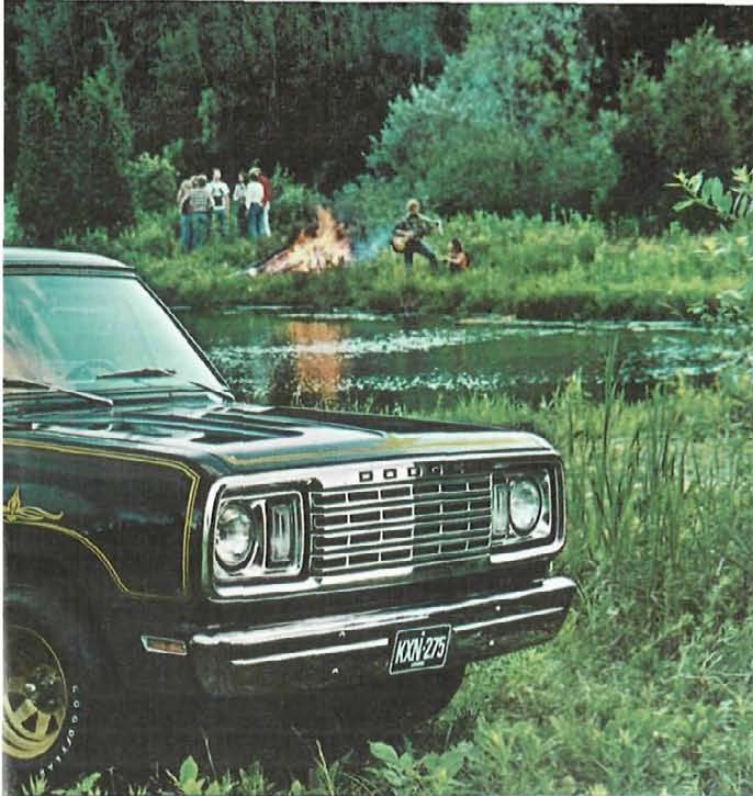
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THE ADULT TOYS FROM DODGE.



Just because you're grown up doesn't mean you can't have toys. And some of the toys you're going to like the best today come from your Dodge Dealer's store.

Feeling a little wicked? There's the new Warlock. It's a Dodge Utiline pickup with extra factory-added touches like spiffy wooden slats, gold-colored road wheels, bucket seats, chrome running boards, and special tape striping. In dark green metallic, bright red, or bad black.

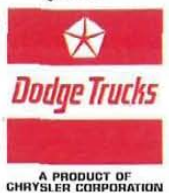
Remember when you used to play with trucks? You still can, with Dodge Ramcharger. It's roomy and comfortable—on or off the road. Get it with available full-time four-wheel drive to carry you up and over the hills of pleasure. And why not add available options like chrome wheels, knobby tires, or even an AM/FM radio?

And if you're old enough to play in the streets, get into a Dodge Street Van. High-back Command bucket seats,

carpeting up front, fat tires, road wheels, a customizing idea kit—and nonstop fun. Comes in two wheelbase sizes: 109-inch and 127-inch.

Come on. Play with an adult toy from Dodge. You'll find the entire collection at your Dodge Dealer's.

Street Van front spoiler, side pipes, roof vent, portholes, and paint design are B.Y.O. (Buy Your Own) at custom shops.



A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

EDITORIAL

Memo

To: Tony Hendra, Sean Kelly
From: Matty Simmons, Chairman of the Board

Date: Oct. 1, 1976

I shall be leaving shortly for my vacation. As you know, I have been on the Height Watchers program and am only three feet eleven inches. Seriously though, I will be on the 11:00 flight to sunny Puerto Vallarta next Tuesday, to attend the North American Publishers Mind-Leveling Congress there for the next three weeks. If you wish to reach me, I will be at the Hotel Spengler.

An idea came to me as I lay idly dreaming last night that might be the beginning of whole new era for our joint magazine, or might just be a crazy idea. What if the *National Lampoon* played a part, a *real* part, in electing the next president? I know, I know, humor is just the yeast in a democracy that helps it rise to the occasion, but this whole neoopathic thing could be just so damn big, you know, I mean, who would notice? Are you with me? Look—we've been through this countless times—we've had chances to endorse candidates, requests to come down on one side or another of an issue, threats that if we didn't go easy, we'd regret it, favors promised, suitcases full of bills snuck open, etc.; you guys and me *know* that whole ball of wax. We could have been rich men by now if we'd gone for it, but we didn't. Because I guess we always felt that the integrity of the press came first, that our freedoms weren't worth the millions we've been offered.

This time, it's different. This time we have a good shot at getting an inside line to the White House for the next four years, the next eight years, perhaps more. Can you imagine what that would mean? The jokes no one else gets to hear, the actual jokes of the actual president, the intimate gossip of the Oval Room and the Blue Wing, the preferential treatment when it comes to postal rates? I can't tell you what this could mean to me, to us.

O.K., I'm getting carried away. Here's my idea. I know it's a crazy one, but let me think aloud for a while. Why don't we come down real heavy on Ford? The guy is a schlub, let's face it, a dum-dum; I'll go all the way—he's a schmuck, a putz. So what does this

mean to a comedian? He's an easy target. Look at the Ford jokes. Look at Chevy Chase. (We gave that kid his start, for Christ's sake—you don't think he learned something from us?) I mean, it's so easy. Dumping on Ford is like taking a dump. Really, I know you're laughing, but it's true. And don't get me wrong, Tony, it's nothing to do with the Arab boycott. Ford's probably going along with the Arab boycott because he thinks we're boycotting Arabs! Seriously, I'd like you guys to think about this. Let's lay off Carter and lay on Ford. Thick. Let's lay off the Moy-nihans and hit the Buckleys. We've been hard enough on our own, hard enough on their good intentions and bad methods, vicious enough about their plans to keep Israel a free and viable state, for long enough. I say hit Ford and hit him where it doesn't hurt. In the head! Let me know your reactions. If by phone, from home.

Memo

To: Sean Kelly
From: Tony Hendra
Date: Oct. 2, 1976

Here's what I think. What I think is, Ford's a criminal. Criminals in office are funny. Look at Nixon. He kept us in business two years before '72, two years after Ford's been in since '74. I say four more years of Ford looks like lots of yox et bux. That's what I think. But then I'm drunk.

Memo

To: Tony Hendra
From: Sean Kelly
Date: Oct. 2, 1976

The proper study of mankind is man.

Memo

To: Tony Hendra, Pig Issue Editor, Sean Kelly, Chief of Mindpolice, Matty Simmons, Boss-Owner-Earthling-Worm
From: The Command Module of the NatLamp Writers and Riffers Starlight Collective
Date: Sometime in the Tenth Month of Bondage

Hear us, you fucks. No nondynamic san paku property-thieving terrestrial tells the Sacred Six where to dump and on who. Freedumb of Speech means freedumb of speech. Fuck you. Bo and Peep for interim king and queen or else!

Memo

To: Seany-poo, Chief of Nasty Old Mind Police
From: Tony-poo, Beastly Rotten Pig Issue Editor Supreme
Date: Awfully Close to Deadline

Hiya, toots. Listen, I'm in a bit of a bind. The man on the poop deck wants us to boost yummy Jim. Why not, sez I—I mean, I'm as easy as the next gal. However—the loonies have raised all manner of footling objections about the two-party system having caused a six-degree shift in the polar axis, and now they want to devote the entire "Politix" issue to proving that Gene McCarthy is the illegitimate son of Alistair Crowley. What to do, my dove? I'm at my wits' end.

Memo

To: Tony Hendra
From: Sean Kelly
Date: Oct. 10, 1976

Mu.

Memo

To: Tony Hendra, Senior Editor
From: Matty Simmons, Chairman of the Board
Date: Oct. 15, 1976

I am in receipt of your exchange of memos sent at great expense to myself by you. (Special delivery does not work in Mexico, folks!) I fail to see, frankly, what all the fuss is about. I certainly thought I could leave for a few weeks' well-earned R&R without you allowing a bunch of no-talent but very promising young punks that we dragged off, if not the street, certainly the elevator, to dictate to you what you should and should not do in your own (very late, I might add) issue. In some ways, I think their objections are valid; there has been a measurable shift in the polar axis, and perhaps we should reconsider our initial idea of dumping all over Ford, now that he has made it clear that he stands by unlimited military aid to our allies in the Mediterranean. I did hope, however, that by now—*twelve days from deadline*—you might have got some fix on the election. What the hell do I pay you in six figures for? An idea has occurred to me poolside (I am poolside right now). Why don't you talk to P.J. about this whole mess? He used to be in politics.

Memo

To: Tony Hendra, Editor
From: P.J. O'Rourke, Managing Editor
Date: Oct. 26, 1976

Got it. Clear as faggot's semen. Satisfy everyone. Make the whole thing up. Devote issue to election. But not national election. Down home election.

continued on page 42

How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?

It's got to be my cigarette. Salem gives me great taste. And enough fresh menthol to keep things interesting.

You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.

Salem.

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

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR, '76.



Sirs:

I have made up my mind. I have chosen the lamps. Lamps are more elegant, and they run on electricity, except during power failures, of course, but they're not so bad around here, what with the cooler-than-usual weather we've been having lately. The reason I've suddenly gone off the subject is that my wife came home with the groceries, and she's not much for parables, so I'll be back after we eat.

Plato

Disgusting Restaurant
Where Many Died, N.Y.

Sirs:

I never buy your magazine, but I use it to wipe my ass, hah-hah. You think you can make fun of a wonderful person like Elvis Presley, who gives a

lot to his fans even when he doesn't have to as he is a millionaire many times over. This wonderful man continues to play concerts even when he is in excruciating pain as his ass is blocked up by a golf ball. We love Elvis! Elvis forever! He would be a great star even if he weighed more than a Clydesdale. You are just showing how stupid you are by making fun of him and me.

Gloria Hips (Mrs.)
Home on the Radarange
Midwest

Sirs:

I have to hurry, but the mayonnaise got to her and she just ran into the bathroom. If she comes back in the middle, I'll stop where I am and then pick up later when she goes to the bathroom again. I'm straight, but, shit, do I hate to share a bathroom with a woman! It reminds me so much of how damn *human* they are. I guess, deep inside, we all prefer our mates on pedestals.

Anyway, there were these two lamps and one lamp found itself with a burned-out bulb, so it said to the other lamp, "Can I borrow

Plato

P.S. Turks out of Cyprus. You like chees pie?

Sirs:

Turns out those body counts from that Vietnam war over there were real accurate after all. This goddamned place is fulla gooks!

L.B.J.

Heavenly Ranchette

P.S. Did you hear the one about the South Carolinian who built a bridge over the desert? He decided to tear it down to stop the niggers from fishing off it.

Sirs:

They say I'm improv but Dick says he is and my right side h swim the stroke in Your good wishes ar

Pat Nixon

Sirs:

If you can't stand the fallout in the kitchen, keep away from the Radarange.

Harry S. Truman
Blast from the Past, Missouri

Sirs:

a switch?" and the other lamp says, "Not on your light!"

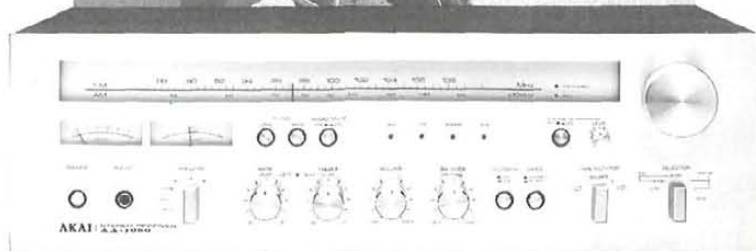
Plato

Where It Counts
continued on page 14



Akai receivers. Spread the word.

The word is Akai quality
in receivers. Stereo
receivers from \$200 to
\$900. Spread the word.



AKAI

Akai America, Ltd.
2139 East Del Amo Boulevard
Compton, California 90220

Sip into something
Comfort[™] able...



Very smooth. So easy to sip. And so delicious!
Unlike any other liquor, Comfort[™] tastes good
just poured over ice. That's why it makes
mixed drinks taste so much better, too.
Sip into something Comfort[™] able.

You just know it's got to be good... when it's made with—

Southern Comfort[®]



SPECIAL TOWNVILLE ELECTION YEAR ISSUE

Conceived and written by:

**Danny Abelson, Jeff Greenfield, Tony Hendra,
Peter Kaminsky, Sean Kelly, Peter Kleinman,
R. Bruce Moody, Ted Mann,
Pedar Ness, P.J. O'Rourke, Ellis Weiner**

Produced and directed by: Peter Kleinman
Second Unit Director: Pedar Ness

Production Manager: Skip Johnston

Gaffers: Diana Feldman and Lisa Lenovitz

Special Effects: Bob Rakita

Optics: Marc E. Greene

Continuity: Phyllis Epstein

Subtitles: Louise Gikow and Susan Devins

Dog Artist: Shary Flenniken

CAST

Bob Thud: Nathan Gottlieb

Bob Cooter: Bob Rich

Roland Bagel: R. Bruce Moody

Francis X. Byrne: Joshua Feigenbaum

Ben Fist: Terje Ness

The Dog: Kojak Kleinman (R.I.P.)

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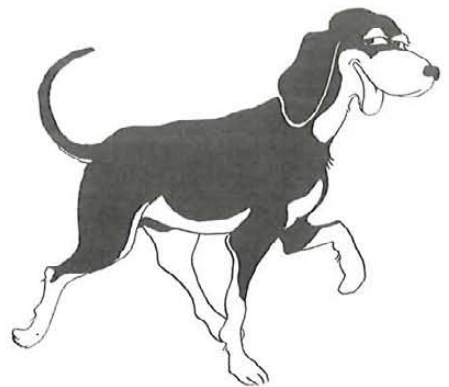
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By Jeff Greenfield



What you get on the Fiat 128 that you can't get on the Datsun B-210 and the Toyota Corolla at any price.



You probably already know that both the Datsun B-210 and the Toyota Corolla offer a lot of standard equipment for the money. What you may not know is that the Fiat 128 gives you standard equipment that isn't available on these Japanese cars no matter what you'd be willing to pay.

It is this standard equipment

(displayed above) that makes the Fiat 128 such a remarkable driving experience. The front-wheel drive makes it exceptional in the snow. And mounting the engine transversely creates more room for passengers and luggage in the 128 than in either of the Japanese models.

And there are other differ-

ences in the Fiat as well.

The only way to know exactly what you're buying is to drive all three cars. And check the prices of all three cars.

If we don't get you one way, we'll get you the other.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.

You know what you get

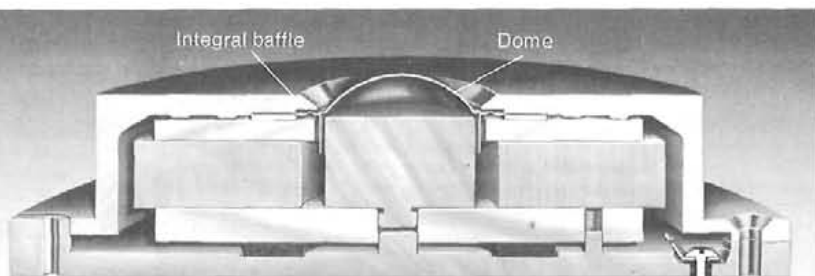
JBL's new L166 doesn't add anything to the music. It doesn't take anything away. That's what all the excitement's about.

It's the most accurate loud-speaker JBL has ever made, and that makes it pretty good. Half our

business is with recording studios and professional musicians who live in a hundred decibel, twenty kiloHertz, twenty-four track world where accuracy isn't a standard; it's an obsession.

There are four reasons to hear the L166:

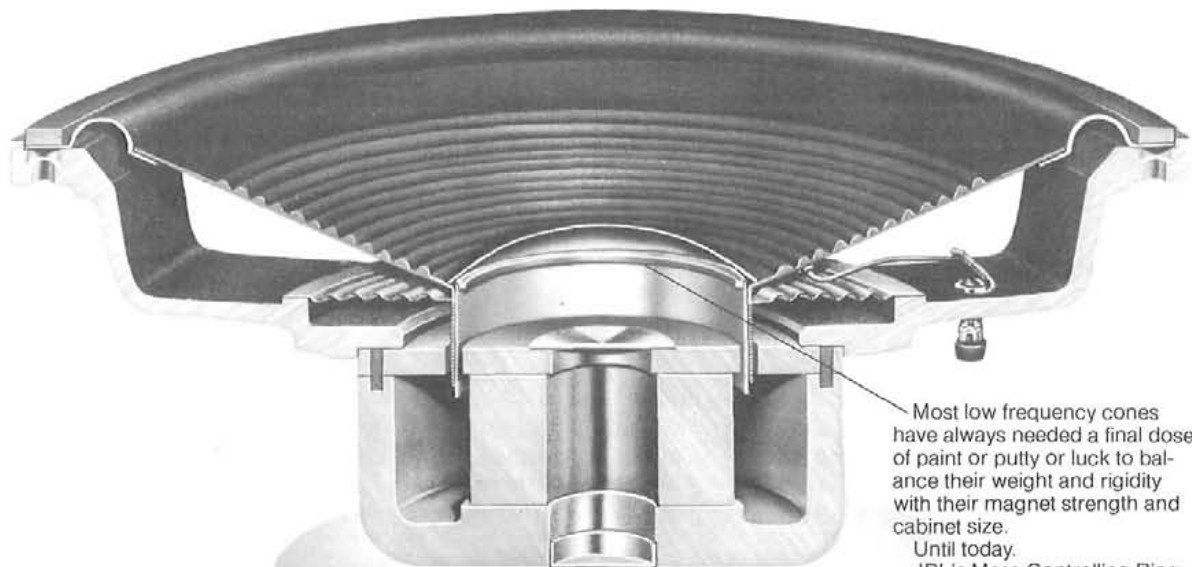
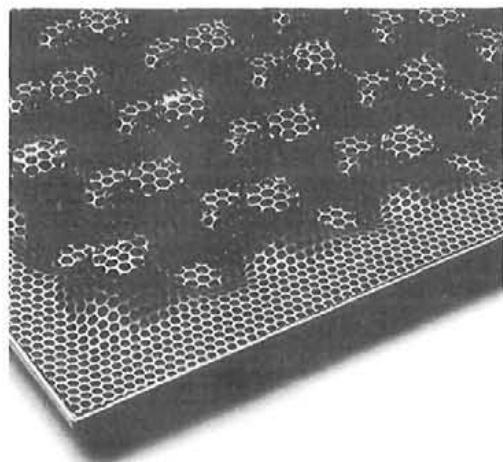
One, a new, one-of-a-kind dome tweeter. It can handle all the highs your amplifier can throw at it and deliver them to any corner of a room. Like a drumstick and a cymbal. Stand anywhere and witness the crash.
Two, an exclusive, new low fre-



JBL's 066 Hemispherical Radiator has an extremely hard dome surface that won't buckle or shatter when it's hit with a high, hard transient. And—as if that weren't enough—there's a unique integral baffle that:

- 1) restricts the radiating surface and
- 2) creates a natural damping, eliminating the resonant tones.

Result? Pure sound, dispersed 150° horizontal and vertical at 20 kiloHertz.



Most low frequency cones have always needed a final dose of paint or putty or luck to balance their weight and rigidity with their magnet strength and cabinet size.

Until today.
JBL's Mass Controlling Ring: Perfect balance. Perfect bass response. Every time.

for your \$800? Nothing.

quency transducer. It has the tightest, cleanest bass you've ever heard—all the way down down down to the lowest audible note. (Ask the L166 to play an amplified cello, an organ pedal, a kickdrum. Nice.)

Three, a new grille material.

It's not just another pretty face. Through it pass the purest highs ever heard. It's the most acoustically transparent grille ever created.

Let your JBL dealer explain the first three reasons. We'll explain the fourth. It's JBL.

JBL has been at this for more than thirty years, and one thing we've learned to make with the greatest care is a promise.

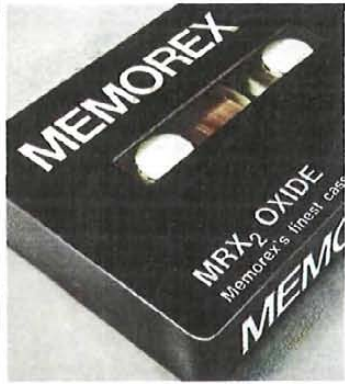
Promise: If you haven't heard JBL's L166, you haven't heard nothing.



JBL's new L166. \$400 each.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329

Is it live, or is it Memorex?



The amplified voice
of Ella Fitzgerald can shatter
a glass. And anything Ella
can do, Memorex cassette tape
with MRX₂ Oxide can do.

If you record your own music,
Memorex can make all
the difference in the world.

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

©1976, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95052

Letters

continued from page 8

Sirs:

My boyfriend (he's forty-two; I'm thirteen, but look fourteen) insists on balancing himself on a teeter-totter and simultaneously twirling a Duncan Yo-Yo (the kind that glows in the dark?) on each hand while I suck on his you-know-what. With the Yo-Yo on his left hand, he "walks the dog," and with the one on his right hand, he "rocks the cradle." When he gets really worked up into a frenzy, he makes both Yo-Yos (and me!) go "round the world."

To be perfectly honest, I don't think this is really normal behavior. Most of my friends, teachers, and clergymen agree (although they do admit getting off on it). Fabian (not his real name) says that these "Yo jobs" help him forget a horrible experience he had as a kamikaze pilot during World War II.

I was willing to accept this explanation until last night, when his best friend, Frankie Avalon (not his real name), told me that Fabian was *never* a kamikaze pilot (I've since learned that they were almost exclusively Japanese), and that he spent all of World War II playing mumblety-peg with blind hemophiliacs.

Should I confront him with the truth and perhaps lose him forever, or remain silent and endure the crashing of Yo-Yos against my skull while I give this basically kind and decent guy some head?

Now, sirs, I'm no prude and I love him very much, but I really want a relationship with "no strings attached."

Annette Funicello (not my real name)
Wan, Tibet

Sirs:

This letter is like an entire letters column in miniature. I know the only way to get you to print a real letter is to do it this way, so here it is.

Dear Sirs, me, I, the, Sincerely.

Dear Sirs, who, what, when, Sincerely.

Dear Sirs, then, yes, I agree, Sincerely.

Dear Sirs, mostly, I disagree, Sincerely.

Sincerely,
Love,
Regards,

continued on page 92



TC-800GL

HP-1

Form follows function.

At Yamaha, it's been that way since 1887, when we began making music by making the finest musical instruments in the world.

Today, the same advanced technology found in our musical instruments has made Yamaha a leader in state-of-the-art audio components.

For example, we engineered our innovative Orthodynamic HP-1 and HP-2 stereo headphones to give both the smooth, crisp highs of the best electrostatic headphones and the rich, clean bass of the best dynamic types at a surprisingly low price.

But it wasn't enough to make them the best sounding headphones ever heard. We consulted world-famous designer Mario Bellini to help us make them the most comfortable headphones ever worn. Because we knew if they were uncomfortable, you wouldn't put up with them.

That's why a soft strap distributes the featherlight weight of the HP-1 and HP-2 evenly over your head. Special foam ear pads form a supple, compliant seal. Height and angle are completely adjustable to your head.

Yamaha musical technology is also highlighted in our superlative TC-800GL and TC-800D stereo cassette decks, offering cassette convenience with performance rivaling that of some of the finest open reel decks.

To satisfy the most sophisticated recordist, both the TC-800GL and TC-800D offer incredibly low 0.06% wow-and-flutter, Dolby® Noise Reduction, and Variable Pitch Control. (The TC-800GL can even be used for remote recording.) But, if

you don't like to do a lot of fiddling around, both models offer automatic convenience features like Auto Timer Start, Auto Stop, Auto Memory Rewind, and Auto Switching for CrO₂ tape.

Also showing Mr. Bellini's touch, the functional wedge styling and stepped controls of these cassette decks give you easy control and visibility from any standing, sitting, or reclining position.

If you'd like a closer look at some other examples of form following function, send for our free catalog of stereo components. Or see your local Yamaha Audio Specialty Dealer. You'll get a lot more than just a demonstration.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Yamaha International Corporation 109
Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, Calif. 90622

Please send my free copy of the Yamaha stereo components catalog and a list of Yamaha Audio Specialty Dealers.

Name _____

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State _____ Zip _____



**The turntable
nobody had heard of
two years ago is
now Number One.
The most popular
turntable in America.
It's called a
"bee eye cee."
It's built five ways.
And it's imported.
From Michigan.**



Five ways means five models. And all five are belt drive turntables, with low speed (300 rpm) motor, program system, superior tone arm, and excellent performance characteristics. For more information pick up our "5 Turntables" folder at high-fidelity dealers or write to British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Model 920 about \$79—940 about \$109—960 about \$159—980 about \$199—1000 about \$279. Model 980 shown. ©1976 British Industries Co. A Division of Avnet Inc.

5 Turntables B I C

The Teachings of Jose Cuervo:
“How to get the
juices flowing.”



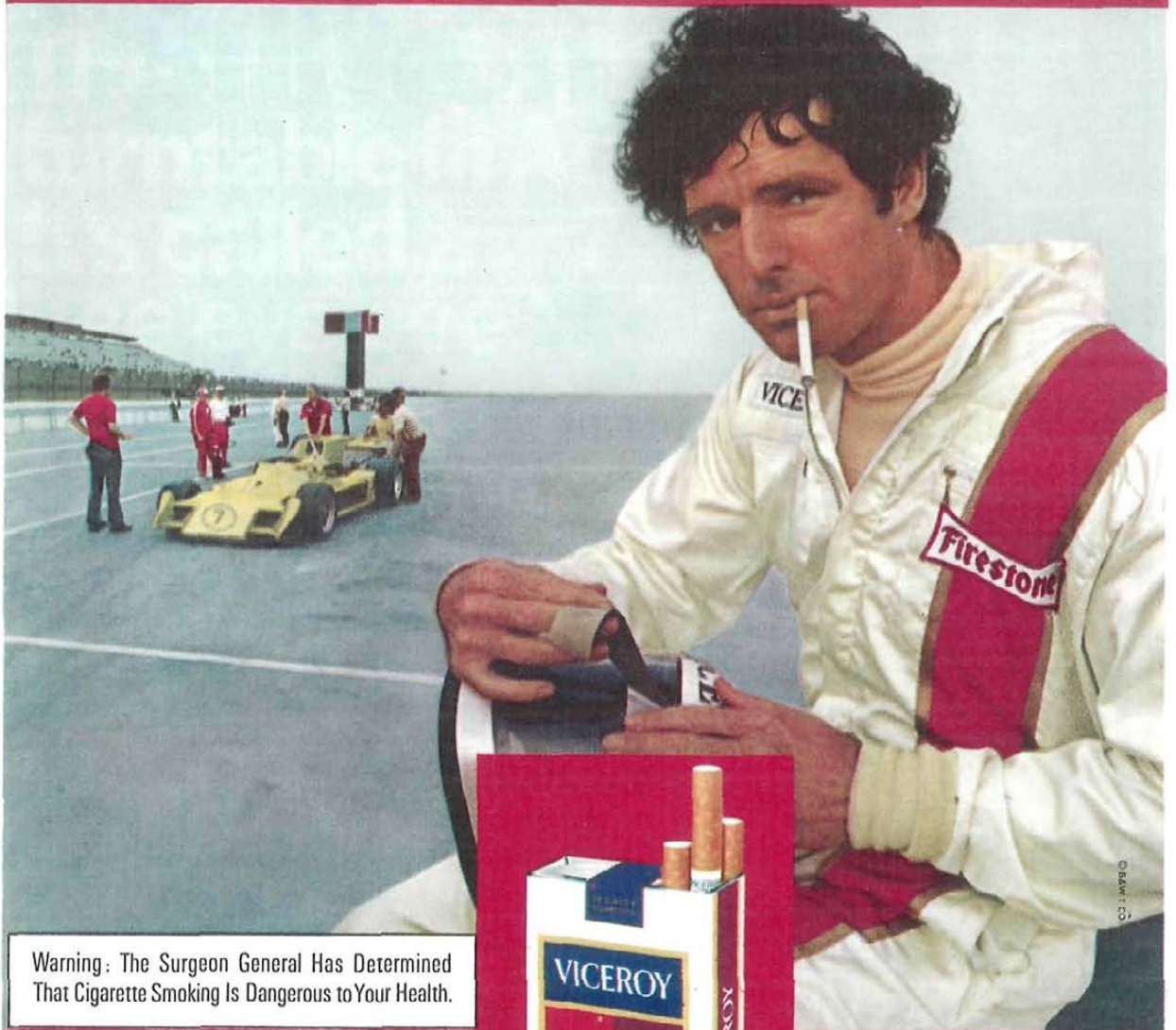
The best way to get the juices flowing is to get plugged into the best tequila. Jose Cuervo White.

Because Jose Cuervo is the premium white tequila. And it has been since the first day it was made in 1795.

Then the rest is simple. Just get plugged into the best juices. Take orange juice, for example. Or grapefruit, or pineapple. Or whatever.



**“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., '76



Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Jeane Dixon Predicts:

Cher Will Reveal Facts Behind Jackie's Budget UFO Sex Diet!

Details Inside

OUTLOOK:
Bleak
AIR QUALITY:
Acceptable



Vote as
you wish,
but vote
Republican.

IND
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The National * * *

SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

Volume 1, No. LXXX

November, 1976

Yellow Streak Edition

100cents

JACK FORD: DEVIATE OR WHAT?



A vicious whisper campaign of rumor, slander, and character assassination has been waged against the nation's

First Son. Washington is abuzz with tales of young Jack Ford's omni-sexual conquests.

The gossips say his fail-safe opening

line to prospects of all genders is, "How'd you like to do it in the White House, honey?" Cocktail chatter in the capital has Jerry's ambitious scion "swinging both ways" with cameramen, starlets, quarterbacks, and reindeer.

The National has established that there is little, if any, truth to these tales. Young Jack is too busy cultivating his political garden to sow any wild oats. The personable son of the president, whose many interests include mul-

tinationalism and ecology, often attends state functions with his lovely sister, Susan, with whom he is very close. But, according to White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen, the two are still "just good friends."



Mao Dead in Drunken Spree

Reports from China, a large, sparsely populated landmass off the coast of Taiwan, indicate that the ringleader of its ruling clique, Mao Tse-tung, was recently killed in a bizarre auto wreck.

The Chinese news agency Ding Dong, or Ping Pong, or some damn thing, said that Mao, eighty-two, and some cronies, accompanied by several "people's typists," had been drinking heavily all night and most of the preceding day in a saloon in downtown Peking, so-called capital of mainland Taiwan, when they decided to take a ride on the roller coaster in Resolutely Enjoy Ourselves Together Amusement Park, several miles out of town. The drunken party commandeered a private citizen's car, as is the custom amongst Red officials, and, despite their condition, set off, Mao driving.

After a wild journey,

during which several animals were killed and a teenage girl

raped, apparently with a bottle of imported sake, Mao brought the vehicle to a halt in order to urinate. What neither he nor the rest of the rowdies realized until it was too late was that he had pulled up on the main Peking to

Rabbi Bergman to Franchise Nursing Homes

New York—Rabbi Bernard Bergman, the convicted nursing home king, unveiled at a news conference today his plans for a nationwide string of nursing home franchises, which will be called Bergman Kings.

Bergman who pleaded guilty to charges of multimillion dollar Medicaid fraud and running his homes under subhuman conditions, was recently given a minimum four month jail sentence

under the condition that he promise "never to do it again, honest." Buoyed by his court victory, Bergman plans to begin franchise sales immediately because he's convinced "that the system still works."

Hangchow railroad line. The 4:30 A.M. express to Hangchow struck the parked car at approximately 5:01 A.M., killing all its occupants, and hurling the wreck several hundred meters or feet. Mao was found beside the tracks, dead, with his pants round his ankles, clutching a can of Michelob.

Tung, who had been in seclusion for several years, owing to an acute drinking problem, had ruled his backward nation for many years, after seizing power from the democratically elected Chiang Kai-shek in a bloody coup marked by mass murders and wild beer parties. He is survived by his widow, Ching Chong, or Chun King, or some god-damn name.

ing of disabled patients. The program is scientifically designed to insure a constant turnover, which saves on essential items like soap and clean sheets."

The skull-capped Bergman added that franchise owners will be instructed in the ins and outs of Medicaid, a system that Bergman described as "something so wonderful I could kiss it. It could only happen in a country free from socialism."

A frequent contributor to many causes, including the United Jewish Appeal and the New York State Legislature, the philanthropic Bergman was obviously quite excited over this new venture.

"Nursing homes are not a fad item, like hamburgers. Business is *always* good. There's a steady supply of old and infirmed people with children who have a desire to institutionalize them—and that's where we come in. We assuage their guilt while turning a potentially handsome profit, and isn't that what the free enterprise system is all about?"

The rabbi concluded his news conference by unveiling the Bergman King logo—a giant golden bedpan in the shape of a crown—while announcing that the company will soon be test marketing the advertising slogan, "It's the next best thing to being dead."

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Horse of a Different Persuasion

Owners of Kentucky Derby winner Secretariat have announced new plans for the stallion. Secretariat, who has been standing at stud unsuccessfully since his retirement, will be converted into a filly.

"What we have here," says owner Penny Tweedy, "is the mind of a filly trapped inside the body of a stallion."

Plans call for Secretariat to travel to an undisclosed destination, where he will undergo surgery to convert him into a filly. His owners hope to race the filly, whose name will likely be Stenographer, in her maiden stakes race at Belmont park next year.

Normally, says racing official Mickey Tambon, "a horse like this would simply race as a gelding. I understand, however, that Secretariat will be equipped with some kind of a strap-on snapper to qualify as a filly under commission rules. If the commissioners don't believe she's a real female horse, they will be invited to stick their arms in and feel for themselves."

Thirty Minutes at Burbank

Egyptian forces have failed to secure a motion picture contract for their "heroic rescue" at Luxor Airport in late August.

Every major American film studio and a number of independent producers have reported keen disinterest in the commando maneuver, in which seventy-five so-called hostages were purportedly saved and three other individuals apprehended.

Sources at Warner Brothers have expressed bewilderment over the matter. One official remarked, "I don't know what they were so excited about. This is no heroic rescue mission. It's ten guys in white suits hitting three lunatics in the face with monkey wrenches. We're sup-

posed to make a feature-length motion picture out of that? Where's the daring commando airlift into hostile territory? Where's the dozens of dead jigs bleeding all over the runway? Where's the old woman tragically left behind in the fracas? Where's the crazed dictator? For God's sake, this is a film studio, not 'What's My Line.'"

When asked what became of the Egyptians, the official denied any knowledge. "I never saw them," he said. "They just sat in the reception lounge for half an hour and then left."

THE MOST IMPORTANT DRUM IN YOUR BAND IS THE ONE IN YOUR EAR.

Protect your hearing and put an end to noise hangover.

Introducing Sonic II Noise Filters. A new kind of hearing protector that not only can save your hearing, but can actually eliminate noise hangover.

No more ringing ears, headache and other discomfort after a long night of high volume rock.

Sonic II Noise Filters take the sting out of really loud music. From an ear-splitting 115-125 dB's down to a comfortable level.

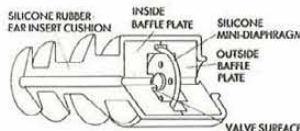
Yet Sonic II Noise Filters still let you hear all the music.

From lead guitar to bass to horns to drums. Right down to the most subtle tone variations. You can even hear normal voice communications.

Noise Filters are made with a special, internal diaphragm that absorbs and reduces the high-energy impact of rock music impulses.

If you want to reduce noise hangover and protect your hearing, yet still hear all the music, add a new instrument to the band. Sonic II Noise Filters.

See your music dealer, or send in the coupon below. Dealer inquiries invited.



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NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91601

Send me _____ pair(s) of Sonic II Noise Filters @ \$5.95/
pair (plus 50¢ postage and handling) California residents add
6% sales tax. Enclosed is my check or money order for
\$ _____.

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TEL-A-KIT

A handy item made out of durable vinyl. Pocket size so it can be carried with you at all times. Folded size 4½" x 7½", opens to 4½" x 29½".



Use at sporting events. Good for parties and fun.

Use for highway emergencies. Gets the message across quickly. "Next exit" etc.



- ★ Many uses
- ★ CB Radio Handle
- ★ Home Movie Titles
- ★ Fits in pocket, purse glove compartment

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Send cash, check, money order, or Master Charge to:

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- \$ 5.00 for 1
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Naughtical But Nice Department



A team of marine biologists conducts tests in Chesapeake Bay to determine kepone levels in local shellfish. "We'll lick this killer chemical yet!" vowed Professor Duke "Duke" O'Brien (second from left).

The Counterrevolution in Fashion

Look out, Ms. Peasant Look! The peon image is over, and the Serf Look is here. And who's behind the plot to make churls out of

les girls? Who has the smart set literally in thrall? None other than Paree's own Yves St. Agnes.

The BPs who caught St. Agnes's N.Y. show got an eyeful of fabulous feudal togs, inspired, says Yves, by a "dream of the Black Plague" he experienced after his swine flu shots and supper at Elaine's. His runway was a Dance Macabre of jerkins and kulaks hot off the rack, the last word in hair shirt *bas-couture*.

Sensation of the show was the Glad Rag ensemble of kinky oil-cloth and burlap dotted à la suisse with a casual spray of millet husks. Raw hemp accessories and canvas buskins complete the vassal look, which comes in mini, maxi, and mid-eval.

Already the mob-marketers are preparing their own versions of St. Agnes' high-ticket tatters. "We'll keep it filthy, but not dirt cheap," said the rep from Dark Satanic Mills, Inc. He prophesied millennial sales fig-

ures for his company's Stay-Oppressed fabrics for the look that is putting the sacks back in Fifth Avenue.

And the rush is on to produce the fragrances and cosmetics to complement the total villain image. Would you believe Chatel #5 or Eau de Cochon from Revlon? Max Factor is planning a whole new line of lip enhancers that will be authentic and expensive. Using the advertising line "It's not fake anything, just real dirt," the make-up mavins plan a plague of hot new colors including "Ash Black, Gang Green and Scarlet Fever." Also in the works are stick-on warts, carbuncles, rashes, smudges, welts, and a special hair deconditioner for that matted look.

So whether declassé debutantes are looking for a roll in the hay or the right thing to wear for that half share in a hedge row on Long Island, Yves St. Agnes has hit pay dirt with the wretched but oh-so-stylish of the earth.

Guild M-80CS.

The fastest neck you've ever grabbed!



Double cutaway solid body with a 24¾" scale and everything else you need in an efficient rock machine. Carved top. Wide frets. High-output humbucking pick-ups. Phase switch. Master volume. Schaller machines. Hand-selected woods. Try it. **Made in U.S.A.**

Guild

225 West Grand Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey 07202.

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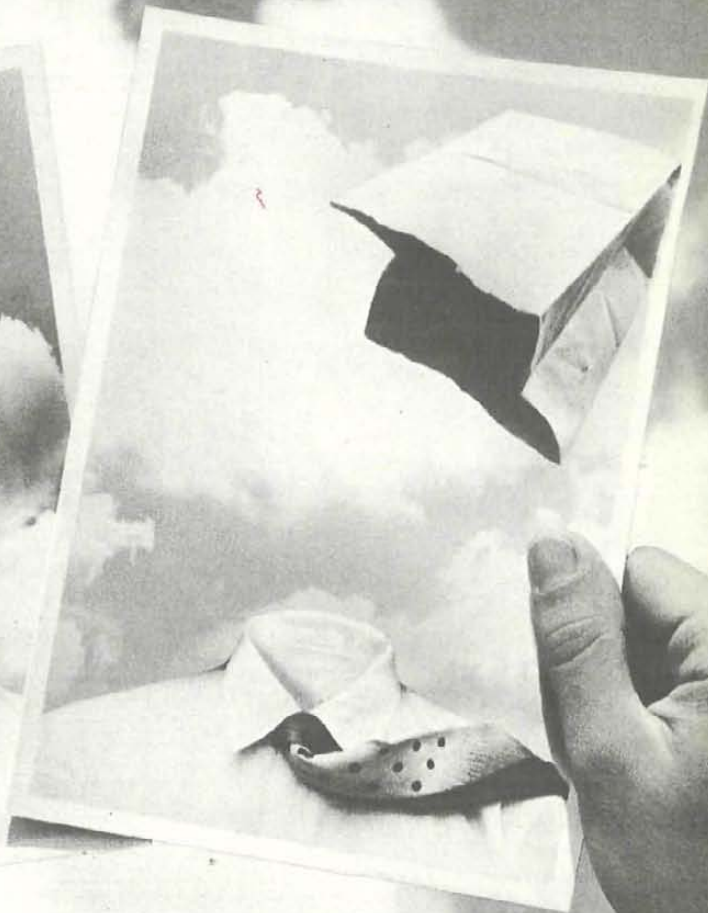
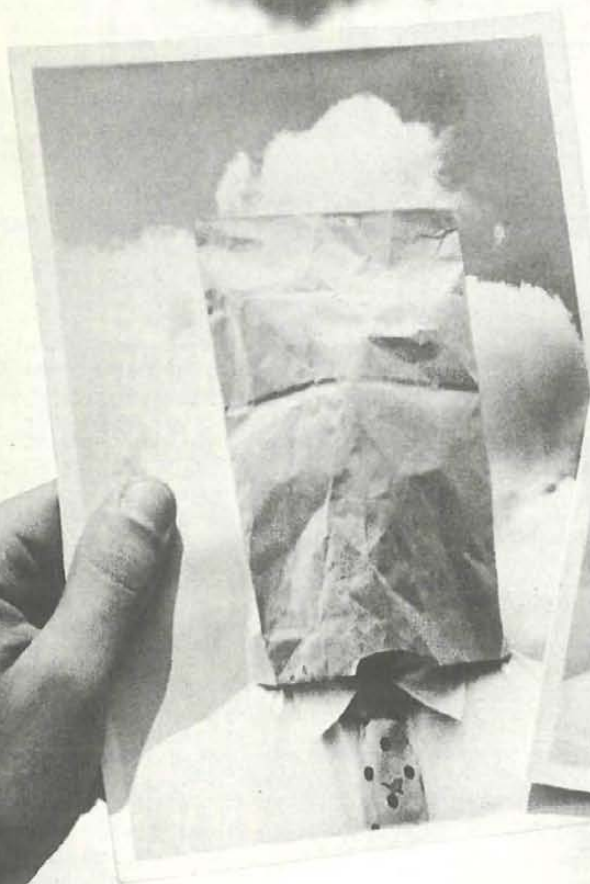
City _____

State _____

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Before.

After.



The man on the left used to think of The Ozark Mountain Daredevils by name.

When the first three Daredevil albums were released he didn't pay any attention. "Ozark Mountain Daredevils. Must be some bluegrass group." His more open-minded friends knew the Daredevils for "Jackie Blue" and "If You Wanna Get To Heaven." Two smash hits.

Then he heard "Men From Earth."

An incredible fusion of five part harmonies and pristine instrumental performances laced with the aroma of hickory smoke and tall pines. More "musical" music than you might expect.

"Men From Earth" is definitely music from earth. Unpretentious and clean. Just listen. You'll agree.

**"Men From Earth."
The Ozark Mountain Daredevils**



**On A&M
Records and
Tapes**



Produced by
David Anderle

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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.

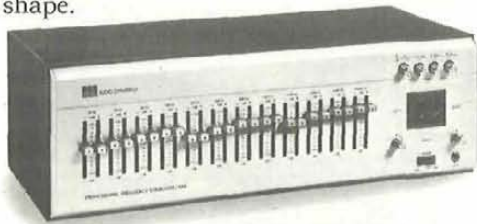
Because unless you happen to have an acoustically perfect listening room, your system and space probably don't match. Hard walls, soft carpets, glass tables, even the size of a room can change sounds.

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

Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

It has come to our attention that many of our fellow citizens have taken to performing sports, rather than watching them. No longer content to witness and appreciate the phenomena I have termed "the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat," a fun-crazed, jaded generation has taken to participating therein.

They do not, of course, ride race horses or rush grounders or avoid cross-checks. In any real sport, their lack of skills would have them laughed off the field of play. No, it is to pseudo-sports like squash or sailing or fishing that they turn. Or skiing.

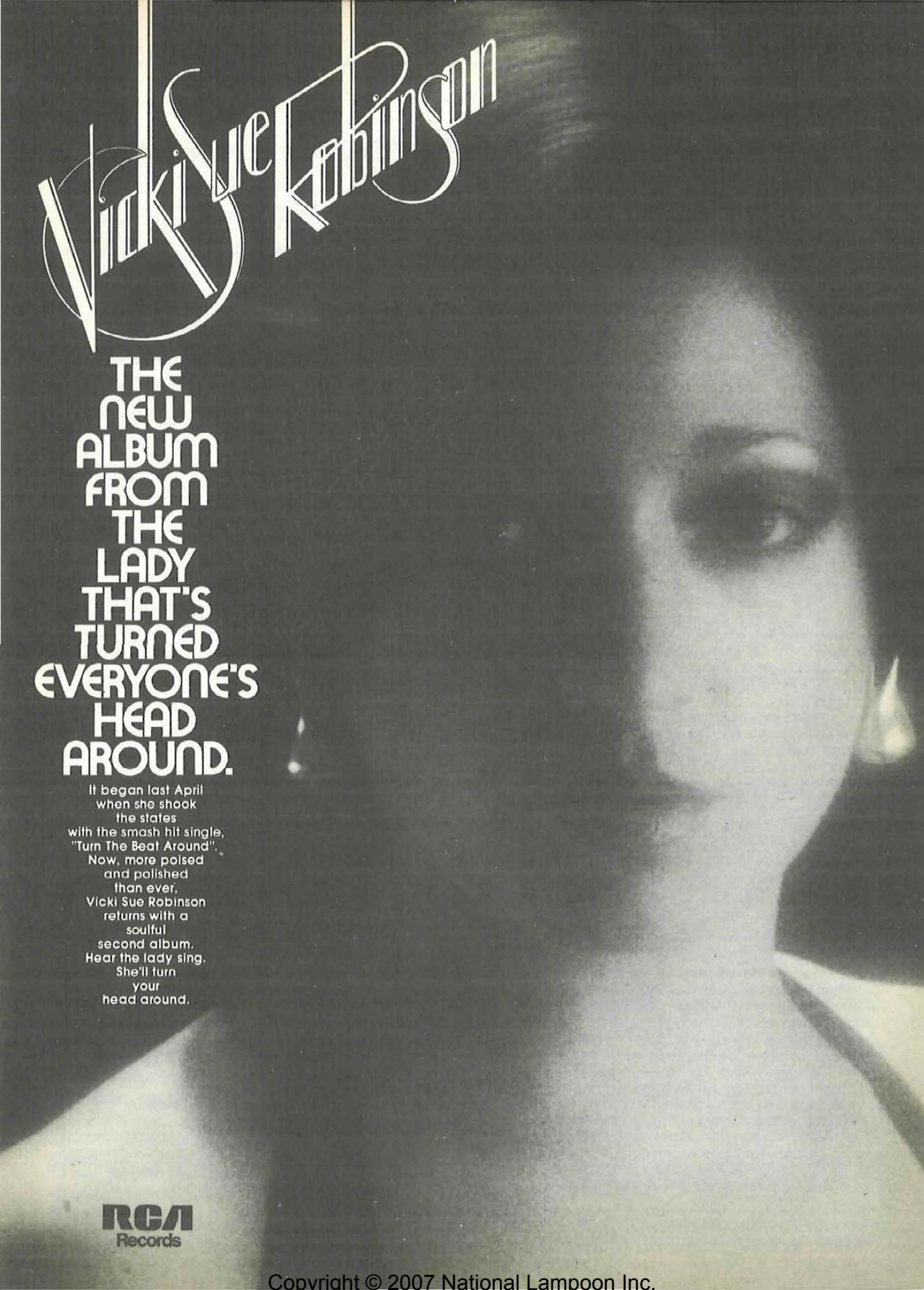
Consider skiing. Consider an adult with nothing better to do with a weekend than motor into the frozen wastes, encumber the body with fifty pounds of foam-filled expensive folderol, don a pair of fiber glass barrel slats, and suffer the joys of frostbite waiting in a queue for the opportunity to fracture miscellaneous appendages in an effort to reach the bottom of a hill he or she had no business to be at the top of in the first place.

There are countries where the denizens have always skied. I refer, of course, to places like Finland and Sweden, nations whose astronomical suicide rates would be even higher if skiing fatalities were included in the stats, as they bloody well ought to be. Places infamous among the nations of the world for the per capita consumption of unpleasant-tasting, powerful spirituous liquors, which they take in the morning for anti-freeze and at evening as general anesthetics.

I'll tell you who skis. Rich kids, and those who wish to pass as rich kids. Blondes and bottle blondes. F. Scott Fitzgoddamngerald phonies willing to endure anything, even chilblains, to sport footwear worth the gross national product of an emerging nation, or, for that matter, my yearly stipend.

They will go to any expense to experience central-heated, air-conditioned, down-filled hardship. Well, Mister and Miss Back to Nature, if you love snow and cold so much, howabout getting your Dacron-clad tail out and shoveling the walk this weekend before heading for the hills, huh?

Red Hots... O.J. Simpson (whom I have dubbed "the Juice") inked his pact with the Bills minutes before the season opener, and had to play the first couple of sequences in a three-piece suit, breaking off tackle with the ball in a briefcase... NHL expansion committee plans to grant franchises to all communities with Holiday Inns... a certain Seattle orphanage boasts a dynamite basketball squad, yecept the Sea Urchins, natch...



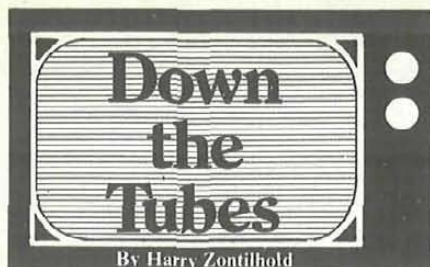
Vicki Sue Robinson

THE
NEW
ALBUM
FROM
THE
LADY
THAT'S
TURNED
EVERYONE'S
HEAD
AROUND.

It began last April
when she shook
the states
with the smash hit single,
"Turn The Beat Around".

Now, more poised
and polished
than ever,
Vicki Sue Robinson
returns with a
soulful
second album.
Hear the lady sing.
She'll turn
your
head around.

RCA
Records



They said it couldn't be done, but they were wrong. You *can* go home again, especially if you are TV's most beloved funnyman, Milton Berle.

"Mr. Television," as he was known in the "golden days," returns to the home screen on Nov. 16 for the "Eighteenth Annual, Final, Really, No Shit, Milton Berle Comeback Show" on ABC, and I, for one, am glad he's back.

Those lucky enough to be present for the advance showing at ABC's screening room were doubled up with laughter as Uncle Miltie recreated his classic "Who's on First" routine. There wasn't a dry eye in the room as Berle, wearing a gorgeous Halston gown, sang a tribute to the late, great Sophie Tucker.

On the lighter side, Berle presented his special guest star, Myron Cohen, who did his usual sidesplitting little old Jewish lady jokes. Fits of laughter rippled through the room as Berle joined Cohen on the screen and the two old Jews swapped insults. Uncle Miltie stopped Cohen right in his tracks with possibly the best single put-down ever heard by this critic (with the exception of Lenny Bruce's legendary, "Oh, yeah? Shove it up your ass!"). Mr. Television turned to Myron and said, "I know you," paused, and finished him off with, "I never forget a suit." I laughed till I thought I'd die!

A pleasant surprise was a fantastic young vocalist Dawn Zontilhold, who sang the classic rock ballad, "Start My Fire." Lena Zavaroni, your days are numbered!



Dawn Zontilhold

After the screening, Berle fielded questions from the audience. He told us, as he fingered the rubber nose he was wearing, that comedy is a serious business. Uncle Miltie refused to answer any questions about his illegitimate child, or the child's famous mother. He stated that he was happy to be returning to the home screen and reiterated that he did not wish to talk about his illegitimate child, a boy who will be graduating from Northwestern with honors next year. When asked if today's youth would appreciate his return to TV, he stated that kids today were basically good, such as his son, the illegitimate one, with the famous mother.

If you are a true American, and love this country, the flag, and what it stands for, you'll watch this.

ABC-TV PRESENTS

A BigDong Production
In Association with Harry Zontilhold

THE EIGHTEENTH AND FINAL, REALLY, NO SHIT, MILTON BERLE COMEBACK SHOW



Starring
MILTON BERLE

and his guests
Fey Impressionist Jim Bailey
Fabulous Singer Dawn Zontilhold
and
Special Guest
Famous Jewish Comic



MYRON COHEN

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16; 8:00 Eastern/7:00 Central

Highlights of the Month

- Nov. 8**
7:00 P.M. CBS. BILLIE JEAN KING MYSTERY THEATRE: "The Seventh Set." Jimmy Connors challenges Death on center court.
- Nov. 11**
7:30 P.M. ABC. LOCAL YOKEL. Clem returns home from the Legionnaire's Convention full of amusing stories and deadly bacteria. Don Knotts.
- Nov. 10**
7:30 P.M. CBS. WASHINGTON WEEK. Joe Kennedy, Jr., discusses making it on your own.
- Nov. 16**
9:00 P.M. NBC. MOVIE OF THE WEEK: Snatchmo. The story of a young girl and a horn.
- Nov. 17**
8:00 P.M. ABC. THE FINAL DAYS: Episode XXVII. Archibald is fired.
- Nov. 19**
8:30 P.M. NBC. CAPITOL CUTIE. Pop refuses to let Amy skate in the war room, so she hides his State of the Union speech. Tatum O'Neal.
- Nov. 20**
11:30 P.M. CBS. SAMMY AND HIS BEST FRIENDS. A one man show.
- Nov. 21**
9:00 P.M. NBC. TV IS MY LIFE. A widowed television writer with three adopted Korean kids tries to sell a series about a widowed newspaper reporter with three adopted Vietnamese children who's trying to sell a script to Paramount about a widowed novelist with three adopted Negro children.
- Nov. 25**
10:30 P.M. ABC. THE GOON SHOW. Eugene McCarthy debates William Buckley.
- Nov. 26**
9:00 P.M. CBS. ROLL YOUR OWN. Sparks begin to fly at the commune when Moonbeam burns the roast. Jack Nicholson, Lee Merriweather.

Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.



Tareyton improves.

Of course Tareyton's filter reduces tar...

Tareyton has less tar than 75% of all other cigarettes sold! Tareyton has only 16 mg. tar.

...but it also improves the taste with activated charcoal.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.



As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.



Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes including the refining of sugar!

Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.



Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.



Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.



Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.



Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced...but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why
us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight
than switch!"



Tareyton is America's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.

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

King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

BSR. Finally, turntables worth building your whole system around.

When most people consider buying a stereo component system, they usually build it around either the receiver or the speakers. But when serious music lovers choose a system, they should think of the turntable first. Because the turntable dictates what comes out of the speakers. And when it comes to turntables, BSR offers more than Dual, BIC or Garrard.

First of all, the new BSR turntables are *belt-driven*, so they're engineered to be smooth, quiet and virtually trouble-free. They play automatically *and* manually. And to really turn the tables on our competitors, BSR includes the revolutionary ADC induced magnetic cartridge, the base *and* the dust cover in the price of the turntable.

BSR gives you still more. Like a *locking umbrella spindle*

that holds up to six records. A rotating single play spindle. A continuous repeat spindle so you can play your favorite record over and over again. And a *viscous damped cueing mechanism* that's smooth and precise to help protect your records.

What's more, BSR turntables are *pre-tested and pre-assembled*. So you can get down to the serious business of listening to your favorite music right away. And also enjoy another special feature; the price.* Under \$140 for the 200 BAX, \$110 for the 100 BAX and under \$100 for the 20 BPX automated single play turntable.

If you consider yourself a serious music lover who wants brilliant sound reproduction, consider BSR first. For full details see your dealer or write: Consumer Products Group, BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

*Suggested manufacturer's retail prices including ADC induced magnet cartridge, base and dustcover.



by Coors de Beer

The one thing a South African hates more than anything, more than the black mamba snake or a long drought, is lying distortions about his country. Not that he'll run for cover every time some limp-wristed editorial writer flings mud at his door. This country has taken it on the shin from left-wingers and right-wingers and center-halves. As one columnist put it — we have to love criticism, we take so much of it.

But misinformed inaccuracies and a gross of distortions are something else again. For years now we have been "analyzed" and "evaluated" by those who have never been here to see for themselves. How do we get a fair hearing? When does the truth get a chance to tell its side of the story?

Well, I can't bring the world on a visit to South Africa, as much as we would love to be their hosts at the game parks and beautiful beaches we are so proud of. We certainly can't bring our country on a tour of the world, to give everybody a look. But I can use that happy medium — the press. I can use it to set the American people straight ahead for once and for all about the real South Africa.

To start at the beginning, our ancestors arrived in Cape Town after a long and hazardous journey from Europe. The Dutch settlers soon began to chafe under the restrictions of the British, and decided to settle the interior of the country, just as anyone might move to another part of a movie theater if the person behind them was sticking his knees in the back of the seat.

Contact with tribes from the north led to a series of bloody battles called the Kaffir Wars, named for the dark-skinned people who began them.

In the early 1900s, the settlers fought gallantly against the British in the Boer War. They had reached a boiling point of frustration, just as the Americans had when they rose up

BSR THE HEART OF YOUR SYSTEM.



after the Boston Tea Party, setting aside cake forks and pleasantries and taking up arms.

Attacked from the one side by savages with spears and resentful feelings, and from the other by missionaries with Bibles and treaties, the Boer soon developed a determined and independent outlook that is still with him today. As Jan "Smut" Van Riebeck wrote, "The Afrikaner will fight to the death to defend his God-given right to a pound of boerewors* and a status quo over his head." This has been the motto of our people since that famous proclamation.

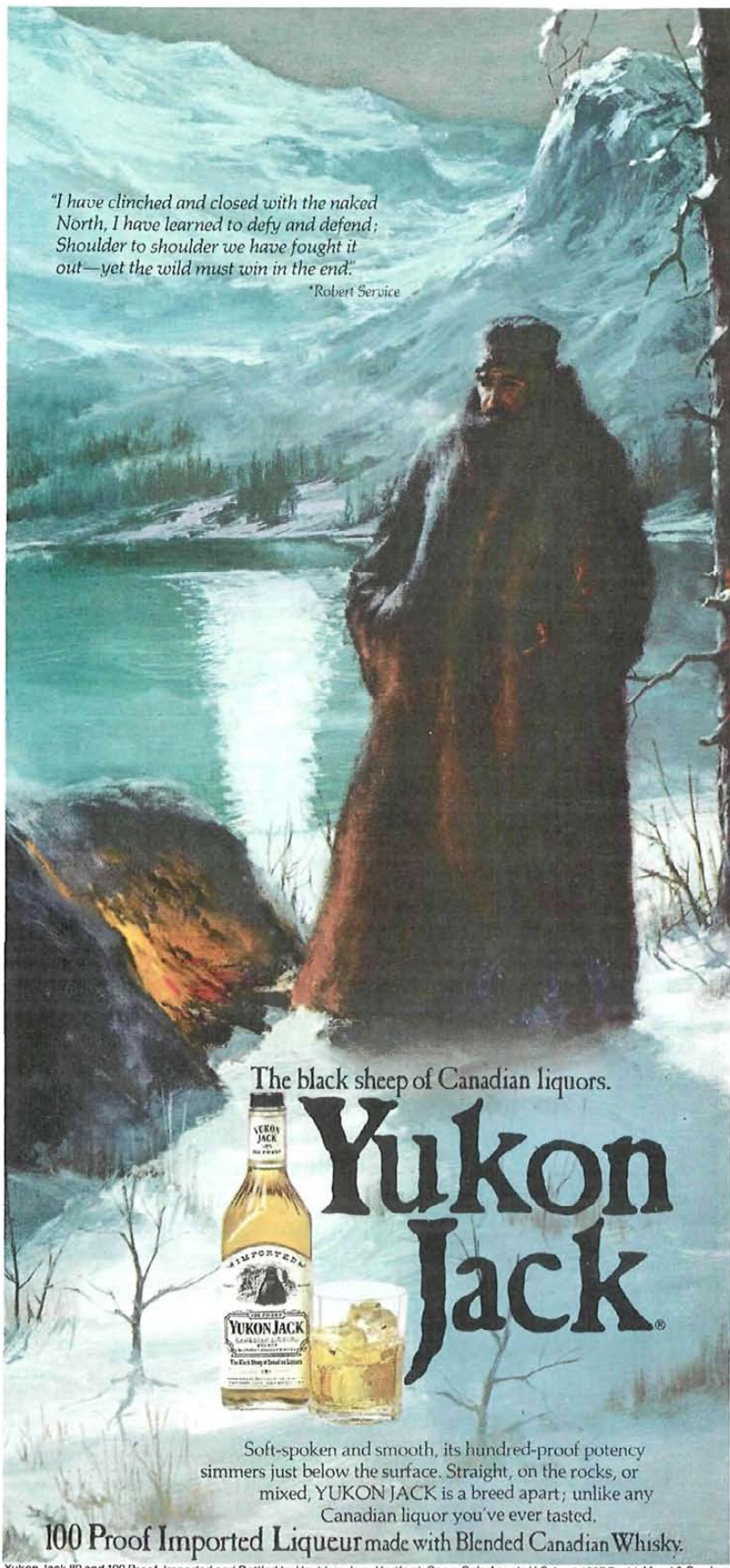
Today, South Africa has a modern system of government, wide paved streets, and boasts a large variety of goods available in her many shopping stores. At the head of the nation stands the tall figure of John Wayne Vorster, prime minister of the Republic. A physician, jurist, Doctor of Humanities from Oxford (Goodchrist College), he is also a three-time nominee for the Nobel Peace Prize. "Papa Doc" Vorster first became known during World War II, when he sparked an open and vigorous debate by forcefully expressing his total support of German National Socialism. During the war, he was given an opportunity to further his political education. He emerged from the internment camp a mature thinker, and today enjoys philosophical discussions with such diverse types as Enoch Powell, Floyd Patterson, and Turkish P.M. George Gurdjieff. He is served by a senior cabinet of four ministers, holding portfolios of Security, Internal Control, Domestic Policing, and Armed Force.

So much for our past and our leaders. What of the system itself? Let me make a joke and say that apartheid is like the Mona Lisa's smile or the construction of the Himalaya Mountains—no one knows how or why, but everyone has an opinion anyway. Unfortunately, apartheid is no joke. It is a government policy, and it is universally misunderstood. Another way to describe it is by the term *separate development*, and the only way to understand it is to understand the many different people that make up our country.

I have already mentioned the Afrikaner. The name comes from the language Afrikaans, which is not African at all but a combination of Dutch and animal noises. English-speaking people who are amused by

*A small, flaccid sausage.

continued



"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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Letter from South Africa

continued

this strange-sounding tongue seldom are aware that their language has been enriched by Afrikaans. In fact, *stoop*, *trek*, *veld*, and *disembowel* are all Afrikaans words. Today, the Afrikaner is a sophisticated westerner who goes in for leisure clothes and computerized industrial smelting, has a cosmopolitan outlook, and feels at home with production quotas and profit margins.

The English-speaking people of Natal, with their top hats and ponies, are a breed unto themselves. They tend to value a quiet game of cricket and a poolside drink above material possessions. They have a representative in Parliament, called a *Liberal*.

It is the Bantu people who are numerically the largest group among the nonwhite peoples. In fact, if their numbers were ever compared with the total number of whites, they would outnumber them many times over. Bantus are divided into tribes, and each tribe is divided into herds. An example of these tribes is the Zulu. Zulus are proud people, unused to the ways of the city and the white man. The Zulu is a warrior, at home in a loincloth and leopard skin, who would rather dip his spear in blood than his pen in ink.

There are other groups in the non-white category. Durban has a large Indian population, affectionately called *coolies*. These industrious people are clean and thrifty, and enjoy their own business area, school, and toilet.

The Cape Colored is a mulatto who is carefree and cheerful despite his mixed descent. You are far more likely to find these folk playing barefoot in the street than sitting in a board meeting or physics seminar. There is a special Cape Colored representative in Parliament, called *boy*.

Such is the diversity of our many peoples; the Zulu with his cauldron of cornmeal porridge, the English with his pink gins and high laugh, and the Afrikaner enjoying pickled beef sausage while he pores over the latest statistical figures. Yet the overseas press seems to think all South Africans are in one lump, congealed and stuck together in a single sticky mass!

The policies of apartheid are designed to give *all* the groups in our population the best opportunity to develop. We are guided by the principles of separate development in formulating the most reasonable and

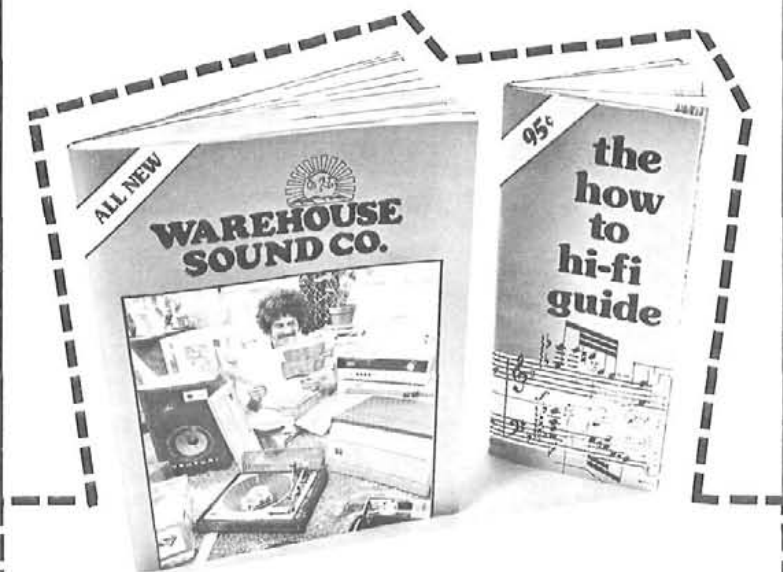
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➤ Eggregious Hope from Pope Creek, Va.!!! **Helen Gurley Brown** is a great huperson being. She excells at horsepersonship and canters the streets of New Delhi, saving the souls of personal laborers who sweep personure from personhole covers and freeing them from the personacles of oppression. As Personaging Editor of *Woperson's Day*, she's become known as the Mary Hartperson, Mary Hartperson of feminism, flitting about the capitals of the globe, from Personilla in the Philippines to Bucharest, Rupersonia. Some of the people in her office, though, think she's too personipulative and depersonding—a tablet of the Ten Compersondments glares at one from just behind her desk. But this probably stems from her diet, which consists of personicotti and persongoes, laced with person-drake gratings, and set to steam in a double boiler whenever personned spacecraft scoot to the moon. She learned it from an India shaperson in Personitoba, Canada. And—oh person, oh person!—does it taste good!

➤ Sensational Colonna from Braintree, Mass.!!! **Stewart Emery** has *not* gained five pounds! What sort of rumor is that? It's disgusting and looting. Who would believe it? And why do people keep telling me these things? I'm an innocent person. I just sit here and transmit. For I am, after all, simply an instrument, a medium, a looking glass through which the world may pass, the better to see itself plain. So those who come with lies will have those very lies thrown back in their faces. It's not that I expect so much from my sources. But you, you out there in NatLampland, who send me your telegrams and messages in such flights that my fireplace can scarcely hold them—look to your hearts before flashing me such incontestable drivell. Consider my sweet and impressionable nature. Stewart Emery has *not* gained five pounds. Instead, he is pregnant; and that's really all it is. I have it from an unimpeachable

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● Alan Baird drove his car for five blocks before pulling into a service station because it was "steering funny."

That's when he discovered that he had no front wheels.

Someone had jacked up the car, stolen the tires and rims, and let it back down on the ground. Baird, who said he had "no idea the tires were missing," had been driving on the brake drums. He thought he had a flat. *The New York Times* (Paul Ochal)

● Thomas Duval, twenty-three, threw a stone through the window of an appliance store in Port Jefferson, New York, and stole a black and white portable television set.

Duval didn't get far. Ruppert Cruz, sixteen, mugged him in the store parking lot and stole the TV from him.

Both men were subsequently arrested. *Sioux City Journal* (Steven Perrin)

● A thirty-two-year-old state Corrections Department employee recently participated in a program designed to show citizens how the St. Paul police department works. A tour of the Public Safety Building and a ride in a squad car are included.

The man ended up getting a close look at the jail, too—from the inside.

Patrolmen David Buzay and R.A. Olson were showing the man the computer when he asked how quickly it worked.

To demonstrate the speed of the machine, one of the officers fed it a card with the man's name on it.

Within a few seconds, the machine

returned an arrest warrant.

The man was wanted on a petty theft charge that dated back to May of last year. The police subsequently booked him, and held him in jail on \$100 bond. *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (Robert R. Martinson)

● William Green went berserk after a fight with his wife, pulled out his .44 magnum revolver, and fired twelve bullets—into her typewriter.

Police arrived after receiving frantic calls from neighbors, and arrested Green, charging him with unlawfully firing a gun, possessing firearms without permits, and resisting arrest.

Green's wife walked out before police arrived, and officers said they knew of no reason for the shooting. "Maybe he didn't like typewriters," commented Detective Robert Rogegno. "People do some weird things." *Norfolk, Virginia Ledger-Star* (Douglas D. Pilley)

● One of the reasons for India's overpopulation problem is that it is often difficult to make the natives understand how to use birth control methods properly.

Recently, a family planning worker showed residents of a rural village how to use condoms by unrolling one over a broomstick handle.

Returning to the village a year later, the worker found a large number of new babies.

The natives were as puzzled as he. Before intercourse, they had dutifully put condoms on their broomsticks. *Unknown source* (Gene G. Williams)

● Three policemen in Lewisburg, Tennessee, discovered some marijuana plants growing in a ten-gallon tub outside of town. "We tried to watch it for a couple of days, but we just didn't have the manpower to keep it under surveillance," said officer Barry Dooley.

The officers picked the plants up and stored them in the jail. Then, as a joke, they printed a picture of the marijuana in *The Lewisburg Tribune* with the caption, "Have you lost a tub of marijuana? If you have, you may claim it at the Lewisburg Police Department." They didn't expect a response.

But a few days later, Leroy Chilton, twenty-six, came in to claim the plants.

Chilton is being held in lieu of \$250 bond, pending a preliminary

hearing. *The Miami Herald* (Bill McGeachen)

● The U.S. Border Patrol used to have trouble arresting alleged illegal aliens in Goshen County, Wyoming, because the official vehicle they drove warned the aliens off. They now have a new and successful method of dealing with the problem.

They drive into the field in an old car, playing recordings of Mexican music, and field workers soon gather around to hear the songs.

The first time the method of attracting the aliens was tried out, eleven workers were arrested and sent back to Mexico. *Laramie Daily Boomerang* (James Munsey)

● The Ohio Division of Wildlife recently assigned five agents to investigate and prosecute a case involving Jeff Gyde of Oak Harbor, Ohio.

Jeff is eleven years old. He was selling fishing worms and crawfish in his parents' front yard.

State Senator Paul Gillmore was outraged. "The total amount of bait this eleven-year-old boy sold from his little stand over a period of a couple of weeks was only \$4.50, a dollar of which was from two purchases made by two undercover agents of the Division of Wildlife on two separate days," he said.

The case was dismissed in court. *Lincoln Evening Journal* (Jack Washin)

● British M.D. Tim Healey has an interesting theory about the high incidence of venereal disease in Denmark. He blames it all on the word *swangerskabsforebylgendemiddel*.

That's what the Danes call a male contraceptive, and the doctor feels that the length of the word might act as a deterrent to its use.

Writing in *Science* magazine, Healey hypothesized that men probably prefer not to use the contraceptive rather than have to stutter out the word to a druggist. *Unknown source* (Gary Brigden)

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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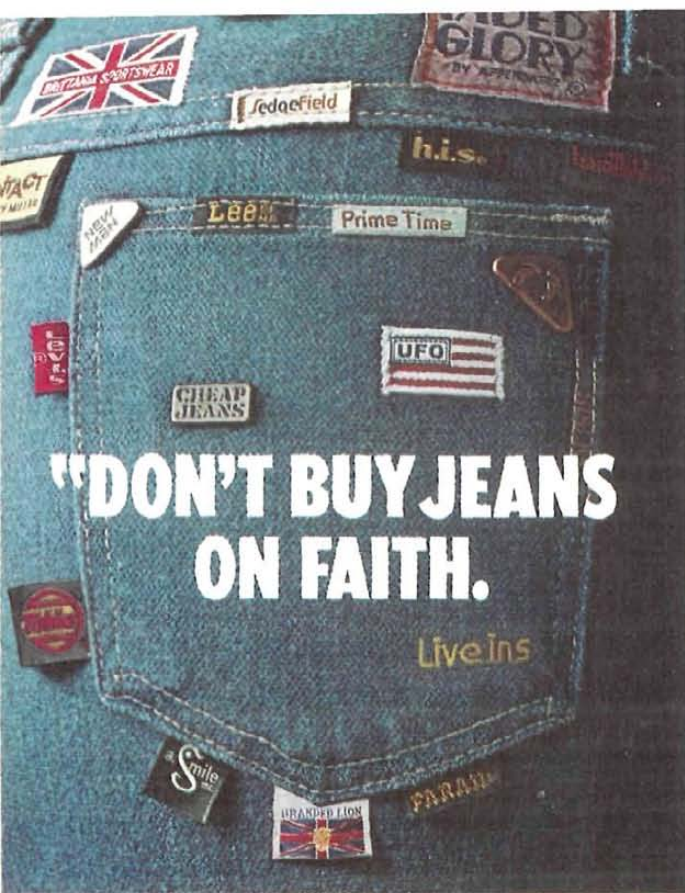
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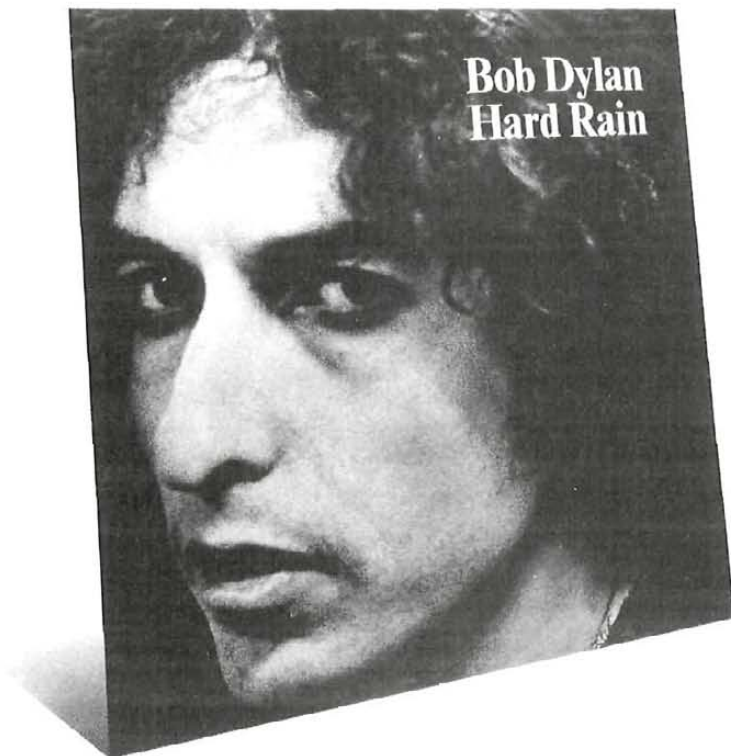


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Letter from South Africa

continued from page 31

stable society. In order to distinguish the various peoples from one another, we have evolved a classification system. These are simple guidelines that everyone can understand and follow—there is nothing sinister or complicated about it.

Basically, the way it works is that whites are in one group and non-whites are in the other. There are differences of degree and details and fine points, like any other system of categories, though there is no need to

go into that here. Occasionally, problems arise, and reclassifications may be made from time to time. However, each case is thoroughly examined before such a move is made. Although many of our critics seem to have the idea that all a person has to do is engage a black servant in conversation or vote for the wrong candidate to lose his rating, this hardly ever happens. All factors, such as overseas magazine subscriptions, loyalty essays, and performance under interrogation, are taken into consideration.

The Group Areas Act simply pro-

vides for the allocation of different areas for different groups; this suburb for these whites, that scrubland for those Bantu, and so on. Our culture simply could not survive under a different system. I asked one of our leading brains, Professor Jan Roodman, what the results would be if all South Africans were to go home to the same place after work every day. "Apart from anything else," he told me, "the congestion would be enormous, and the social disruption would be immense. You would see normlessness, role confusion, and rioting. It would be madness, and I hope we never see it happen here."

What about the so-called Rasc System? It is a question I hear often in my travels, and I have got into the habit of answering it by asking some questions of my own. "What is it that you carry in the States when you drive a car, or show when you cash a check?" I ask.

"An ID with a picture of the holder," comes the answer.

"What is a Pass?" I ask.

"An ID with a picture of the holder?" comes the tentative answer.

"Exactly!" I say, and there are usually no questions after that.

When you are as used to criticism as we are, you get in the habit of taking a look at who it is that is doing the criticizing. In Europe we are called "racialist" and "not nice," so we take a look at things over there. We see that the Dutch are an apathetic and sleepy people who barely have the energy to pick tulips, let alone ferment revolution. It's easy for them to criticize us because they are blissfully unaware of the World Communist Movement, and in fact believe that most of the world is three feet under water.

In sharp contrast, South Africa is not relying on black magic to ward off the Communist Threat. We are placing our trust in the three principles of Vigilance, Watchfulness, and Preparedness. Alfred North Whitebread wrote, "Evil is a strange thing, not unlike anaerobic algae." Let those who fault us look in their own back lots instead of looking in ours so much.

We have also been severely chastised by the United States. Once again we have been enlightened by taking a long, hard look at events in this great land.

It was only fifteen years ago that a

continued on page 123

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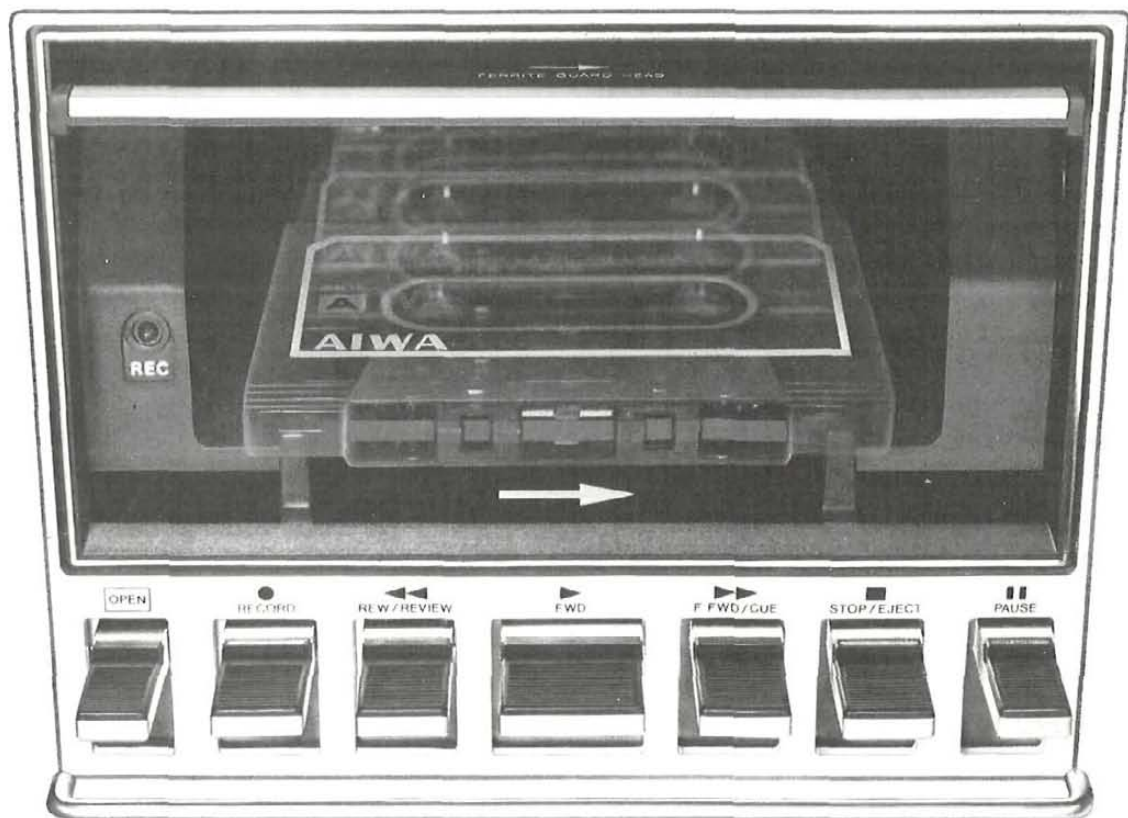
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TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-1¾ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1¼-2½ gm	1½-3 gm
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	16 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.08% 2KHz-20KHz	.1% 2KHz-20KHz	.15% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.3 x .7 mil elliptical	.7 mil radius spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.2 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	20x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	18x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	17x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	16x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne	14x10 ⁻⁶ cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within ¾ db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1¼ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/channel	100K ohms/channel	100K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	300 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel

The New AIWA AD-6500:



NOW YOU CAN GET LOADED AUTOMATICALLY.

Up to now loading a cassette into a front loading cassette deck was a little like putting a square block into a round hole. But now there's the AIWA AD-6500. The world's first cassette deck with automatic cassette loading. So you can play any cassette quickly, easily and precisely.

But there's a lot more to the AD-6500 than how you get a cassette into it. There's also the music that comes out of it. Like a frequency response of 30Hz to 17kHz with FeCr tape. Musically speaking that means hearing all the music—not just part of it.

And because we used Dolby* we also improved the S/N ratio to 62 dB. So you can listen

to the music instead of tape hiss.

You won't have to listen to speed variations either. Because the AD-6500 has a frequency controlled servo-motor as well as inaudible wow and flutter (0.07%).

And with the AD-6500 you can see as well as hear what you're listening to. With 2 VU meters complete with 2-step peak level indicator lights. There's also memory rewind and quick review/cue system for easy, efficient use. Three-step tape selector for the 3 different kinds of tape. Fully automatic stop.

A Ferrite Guard Head (FGH) and more.

So get the AIWA AD-6500. Because the only thing easier than loading it is listening to it.

Dolby is a Trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.



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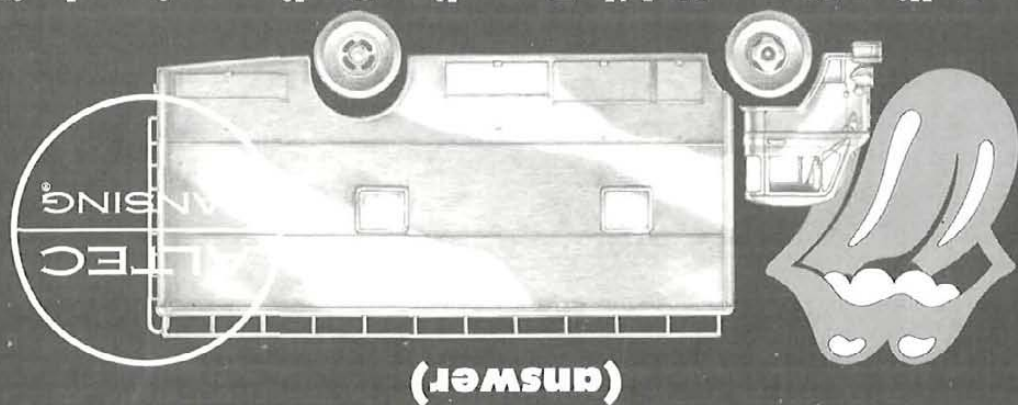
What weighs 23,800 lbs., has 6 wheels, records 38-track Stereophonic Sound from 44 microphones, moves in 10 forward and 3 reverse speeds, containing only the very finest sound equipment and is the highly-prized possession of the greatest rock and roll band in the world?

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For free full-color hi-fi catalog write to:

Altec/Lansing dealer today.

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(answer)

get off e-z



E-Z Wider, the original doublewidth rolling paper, makes rolling easy. The double width eliminates the hassle of sticking two singlewidth papers together. And E-Z Wider is the standard of quality: finest glue, slow even burn—and the watermark signifies a perfect thinness of paper.

e-z wider ... easily the best

Also available in: Strawberry, Banana, Wheat, and Mentholated.

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Editorial

continued from page 6

Mayoral. Small town. Candidates v. like national candidates. Issues v. like national issues. I.e., shit. Maybe shit in fact, fertilizer/sewage. Works on other level. Could be big as *High School Yearbook*. Or not. Depends how good it is. Gotta run. Piece for *Esquire*. Get laid. Call in morning.

Memo

To: All Staff

From: Tony Hendra, Issue Editor

Date: Oct. 21, 1976

The November issue will be devoted to the mayoral election in a small town in Iowa. The candidates will bear an uncanny resemblance to our national Democratic and Republican candidates. The means by which they win their nominations and subsequently campaign will bear a similar resemblance to the *real thing*. What happens at the end is probably due to extraterrestrial forces even though earthbound fools such as the editors think it's due to sewer gas. I hope this satisfied everybody. The issue is due tomorrow. Scotch, wine, coffee, cocaine, ludes, soapers, crank, and a limited supply of sexual aids will be available in the boardroom until dawn. Let's go. □

Now you don't have to starve your treble to feed your bass.

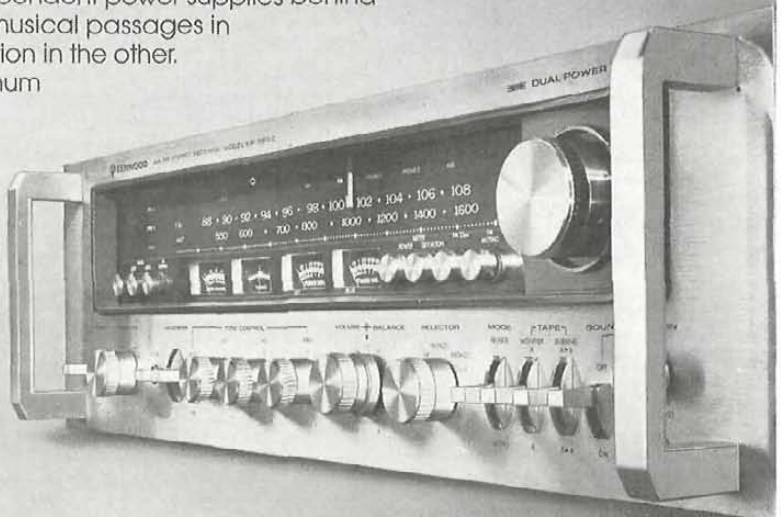
Our KR-9600 Receiver puts independent power supplies behind each channel, so demanding musical passages in one channel won't cause distortion in the other.

At 160 watts per channel minimum RMS power at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.08% total harmonic distortion, the KR-9600 is the most powerful receiver we've ever made.

What's more, the KR-9600 is loaded with special features. A mid-range presence control, MIC mixing and source fading, a deviation meter for perfect off-air recording, and two big power meters, to mention a few.

Impressed? All this and more, on the KR-9600, just \$750* at your nearest Kenwood Retailer.

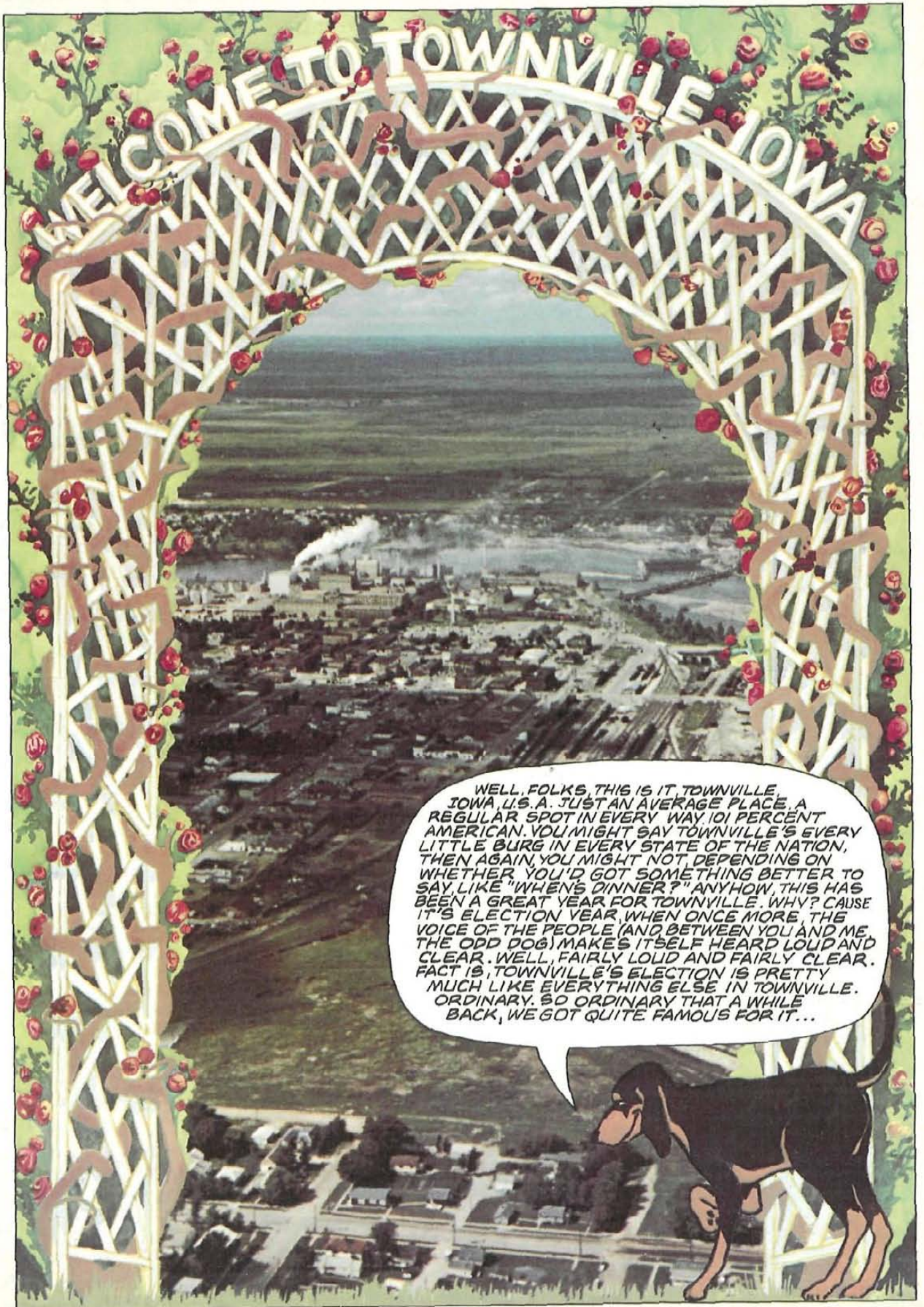
*For informational purposes only.



KENWOOD

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72-02 Fifty-first Ave., Woodside, N. Y. 11377



WELL, FOLKS, THIS IS IT, TOWNVILLE, IOWA, U.S.A. JUST AN AVERAGE PLACE. A REGULAR SPOT IN EVERY WAY, 101 PERCENT AMERICAN. YOU MIGHT SAY TOWNVILLE'S EVERY LITTLE BURG IN EVERY STATE OF THE NATION, THEN AGAIN, YOU MIGHT NOT, DEPENDING ON WHETHER YOU'D GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO SAY, LIKE "WHEN'S DINNER?" ANYHOW, THIS HAS BEEN A GREAT YEAR FOR TOWNVILLE. WHY? CAUSE IT'S ELECTION YEAR, WHEN ONCE MORE, THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THE ODD DOG) MAKES ITSELF HEARD LOUD AND CLEAR. WELL, FAIRLY LOUD AND FAIRLY CLEAR. FACT IS, TOWNVILLE'S ELECTION IS PRETTY MUCH LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN TOWNVILLE. ORDINARY. SO ORDINARY THAT A WHILE BACK, WE GOT QUITE FAMOUS FOR IT...

May 17, 1976

\$1.00

Newsweek

★ POLITICS '76 ★



Townville, Iowa: Grassroots Heartland

Hot Time in the Small Town This Year

Politics. The word immediately suggests machinations and maneuverings on the national level in this presidential election year: Jimmy Carter's surprising victories, Ronald Reagan's skillful oratory, Gerald Ford's determined stumping. But there are other races for office this year—smaller in scale, to be sure, but nonetheless important. If democracy is a tree, then its roots are in the small towns and villages of every state from coast to coast, and also Alaska and Hawaii. NEWSWEEK sent political correspondent Peter Graham to one such community to cover its mayoralty election. He filed this report:

A sign beside the window of the post office reads: "Yesterday was the last day of the first part of your life." And this sentiment pervades much of Townville, Iowa (Pop. 39,610)—a gentle, almost philosophical detachment coupled with a hard-

requisition for an office stapler.) He now campaigns vigorously. And he knows the value of the image in today's media-packaged society. So he is seen everywhere: wolfing down local ethnic foods for the cameras (battered corn on the cob, or—in predominantly black "Darktown"—battered cob—and, of course, corn *latkes*—ground cornmeal pancakes—in Little Estonia), cutting the ribbon for the opening of the new ribbon shop, and so on.

Thud's competition within his own party is the owner of a local radio and television station, **Roland Bagel** ("Bec-gul"), 48. A former high school thespian and star of the oft-remembered 1948 local amateur production of *The Pirates of Penzance*, Bagel is an ultraconservative. He is handsome, suave, and photogenic—clearly the superior campaigner. Some local business interests—notably the Plumb Fish Lure Company, the

brother Jeff was mayor several years ago (Jeff Hubris died in office, succumbing to injuries received when hit in the face by a softball after throwing out the first slow pitch of the Grange League season); **Lodge Lawford**, who is related by marriage to Hubris and who once ran for something; **Ed Hurrahs**, a "neo-populist," who, even in small Townville, is having recognition problems (Hurrahs himself often forgets the names of recent acquaintances and even old friends); and **Francis Xavier Byrne**, a sociology and divinity lecturer and Dean of Men at the Junior State College of Iowa at Townville.

Byrne's campaign has aroused considerable attention—and its share of criticism—not to mention raised eyebrows—and, of course, puzzled shrugs. He has called for Townville to "back up down the road until we can arrive at a path that goes somewhere." And, concerning government,



Thud: Vigorous campaigner



Cooter: Grinning humorlessness



Bagel: Handsome



Byrne: Eyebrows and shrugs

nosed appreciation of life as it is really lived in the small hams and hamlets of America's "Midwestern breadhandle panbasket belt."

Situated on the Big Water River at the junction of U.S. 30 and Iowa 63, Townville is America in microcosm. And its current mayoralty campaign mirrors—like a mirror—the more publicized contest for the White House. The elements are all here: two major parties, each with their respective hopefuls vying for a place on the ticket; the special interest groups of every stripe, race, class, and age; and the issues, debate of which spans the backbone of any political race.

The incumbent mayor seeking reelection is Republican **Bob Thud**, 62, whose career as an insurance salesman, lawyer, and real estate agent was suddenly interrupted two years ago by the scandal-tainted resignation of then-mayor Steven Beezer. (Beezer now lives in self-imposed exile at his summer home on nearby Lake Tepid, his current activities a matter of some—not much, but some—speculation and gossip.) Thud, then deputy mayor, took office, and stated he would not seek another term come this November. But power has—evidently, it seems—bred a taste for more of the same. (As mayor, Thud has vetoed everything put before him, including four budget proposals, 53 city ordinances, six take-out lunches, and

area's largest industrial concern—have shown interest in backing Bagel, while Thud is thought to have the support of both of Townville's civil service employees.

Among the Democrats, the choice is less clear-cut. The nearly one dozen candidates afield offer options aplenty—and confusion to burn. Most prominent of these is **Brad Cooter**, 35, owner of the local feed store and grain escalator facilities. Cooter's principal campaign themes have been honesty and sincerity—and, in fact, candor and trust. And, thus far, he has confounded the experts: less than a year ago, he was a political unknown; but a canny combination of constant grinning and earnest humorlessness have propelled him to the forefront of his party's ranks.

Clustering behind him are, among others, **Milton Uhaul**, the tall and affable basketball coach of New High School; **Donald Diogenes Dumpty**, a local pharmacist who has announced, "I have no interest in the office of mayor, but I will accept it if enough people beg me to. On their knees, yes"; **Harry "Spook" Johnson**, a member of the town council and model plane, rocket, and missile enthusiast; **Ernest Kirk**, a locksmith; **George Snopes**, whose segregationist stance on busing, housing, education, and everything else makes him something of an anomaly among the candidates; **Freddy Hubris**, whose

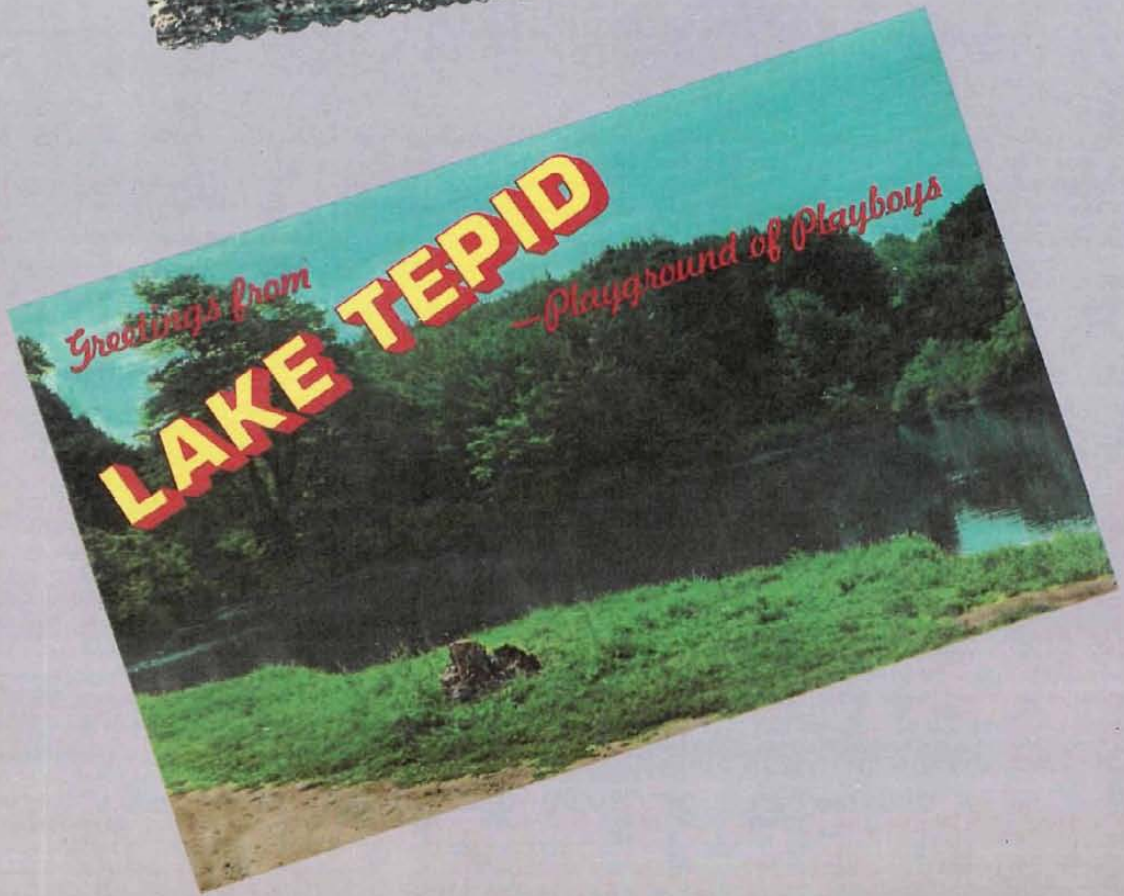
Byrne has written, "Government is not a religion. It is not God. Government is subservient to the People. The People are God. And I am one of the People." How he will fare in a race dominated by the love-me-love-my-dogged-evasiveness approach of Teddy Hubris ("I am running for the office of mayor, but I am not a candidate"), or the more traditional tactics of Cooter and Uhaul, remains to be seen.

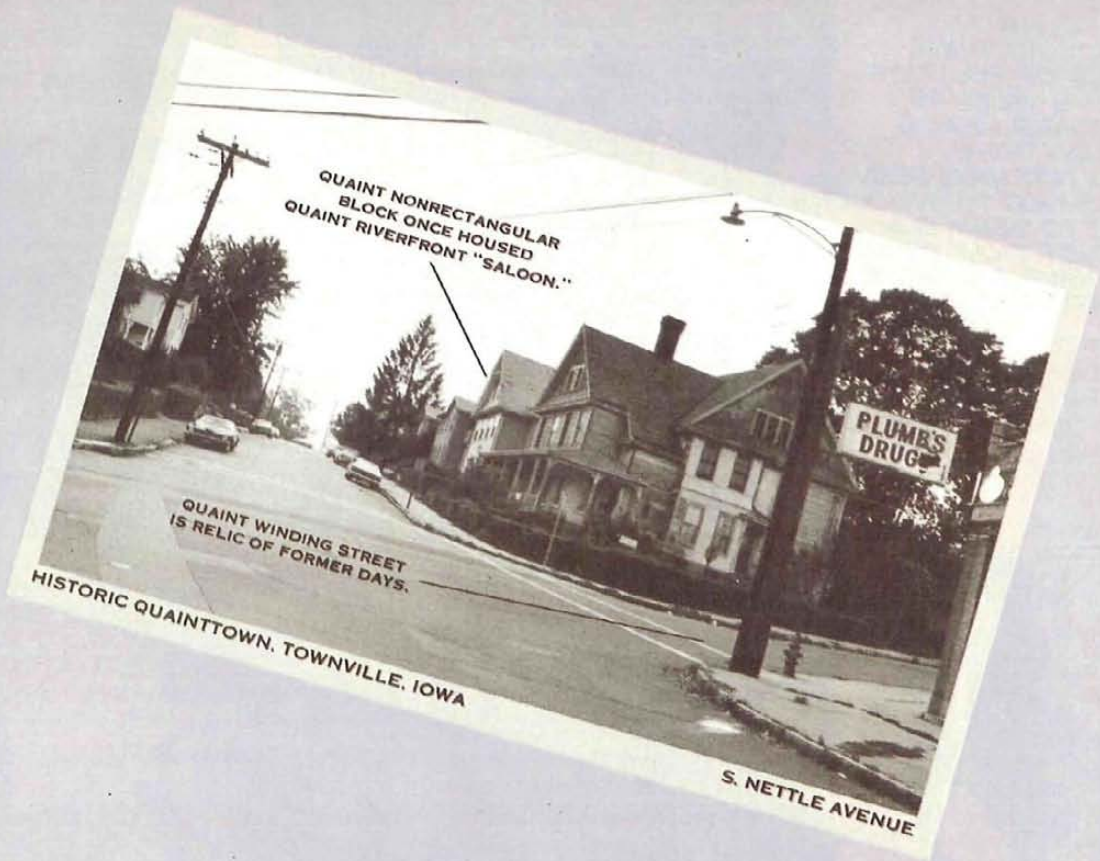
At the center of the campaign rhetoric are the issues. And, not surprisingly, an entire nation's preoccupations are embodied in the concerns of these small town folk. Such matters as the resignation of the ex-mayor, public spending, tax reform, zoning, and burgeoning welfare rolls (now swollen to 42 recipients) reflect important trends on more than the mere local level.

Soon the two parties will caucus and select their official candidates. And then will come the campaign, and the election. Alexander Hamilton may have had this town in mind when, in 1789, he wrote to president-elect George Washington, "When the people speak, it is with a cacophonous and urgent voice. Therefore, when you speak down to the people, speak up." And even if he did not have this town in mind those two eventful centuries ago, one thing is certain: here, today, Hamilton is dead. But democracy is alive and well—and living in Townville.



Welcome to Majestic Gravel Caverns! A "hole" lot of fun!





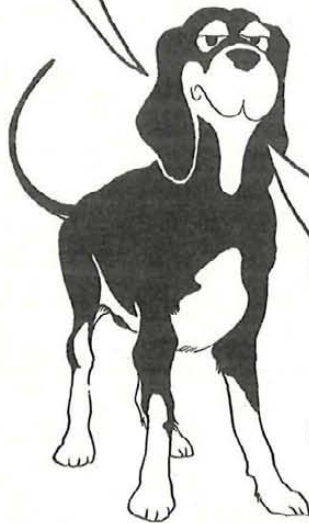
ANYWAY, FOLKS IN TOWNVILLE HAD THEIR HEADS FULL OF POLITICS THAT SPRING - MUCH AS THEY HAD THEIR HEADS FULL OF ANYTHING, WHICH MAY NOT HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH, SINCE TOWNVILLERS DON'T LIKE TO SEEM BIG-HEADED (NOT THAT MOST OF THEM HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT).

BAGEL'D MAKE 'EM STOP BUSSIN' NIGGER KIDS INTO THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL ...

GODDAMNED F... HE WAS IN THE MA... OR THE ARMY OR SO... AIN'T NO NIGGER KI... STOP BAGEL! WHY, I... NORMANDY-THERE... ON THE BRIDGE TO F...

THEY AIN'T BUSSIN' NO NIGGER KIDS INTO THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

THAT WOULDN'T STOP BAGEL!



SEEMS THE BLUE-COLLAR TYPES FAVORED ROLAND BAGEL.

WHILE BRAD COOTER HAD THE SUPPORT OF MINORITY GROUPS.

YOUR "YOUTH LIFESTYLE CONSCIOUSNESS VOTE" ON THE OTHER HAND WAS GOING FOR FRANCIS X. BYRNE...

AH GUESS IF AH VOTED ANY, AH'D VOTE ME FO' DAT BRAD COOTER...

JEFF F. HUBRIS, DAT DE ONLY MAYOR, WE EBBER HAB WHA' WUZ WORT' ANYTHIN'! HE WUZ DE MALCOLM X OB HIS RACE!



'CUZ HE LOOK LIKE MRS. ROOSEVELT... SORTA.

WHY FO'?

MALCOLM X? SHEE-IT, AH SEEN MUHAMMAD ALI ONE TIME FROM A BUS WINDOW.

BYRNE'S A REALLY GROOVY GUY. WHEN HE BECAME DEAN OF MEN OUT AT THE U, HE WOULDN'T EVEN USE THE UNIVERSITY CAR. HE KEPT RIDING HIS HONDA 90 TO CONSERVE ENERGY...

COME ON, MAN, SHUT UP AN' SHOOT DICE...

DAT AIN'T NUTTIN'- MAH BOY LEON CAUGHT HIM A CARP DE UDDER DAY AN' DAT SUCKER HAD NINEEYES ON IT!

YOU MUST MIXED UP W... WHO GIVE LEVIN'S...



HT!
NES
THING.
GONNA
MEMBER
WERE
NCE...

MUSTA BEEN USIN' ONE A
THEM DOG TURD LURES YOU
JACK-OFFS MAKE DOWN
TO THE PLANT!

BULLSHIT
HE DID.

JACK-OFFS?!
JACKIN' OFF IS HOW
YER DADDY GOT YOU-'CAUSE
YER TOO UGLY TO'VE EVER
BEEN UP A WOMAN!

HA-HA-HA!

SHUT UP,
BITCH.

NIGGER KIDS ON THE
BRIDGE?? HELL, DID I TELL
YOU ABOUT THAT NIGGER KID
DOWN ON THE BRIDGE? HE
HAILED UP A DAMN CARP
WITH NINE EYES!!

POOR HELEN THUD!
THEY'RE RIGHT NEXT
DOOR TO THAT LILLIAN
BEAME WOMAN WHO I
UNDERSTAND HAD THE
LIGHTS ON AT HER
HOUSE ALL NIGHT LONG
LAST NIGHT!! I'LL BET
MR. BEAME IS TURNING
IN HIS GRAVE THE WAY
SHE'S ACTING! AND HE'S
ONLY BEEN DEAD FOR
THREE YEARS...

AND THE
WHITE-COLLAR AND
PROFESSIONAL CLASSES,
THEY WERE STRONG ON
BOB THUD.

HE'S A FINE INSURANCE
AGENT. YES, SIR, A DAMN FINE
INSURANCE AGENT.'GOOD MAYOR,
TOO. WHERE THE HELL'S THE
WAITER?

WELL, I WAS TALKING TO
PATSY COOTER, AND SHE
SAYS SHE JUST DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT
THAT LOUD CHA-CHA
MUSIC MRS. BEAME KEEPS
PLAYING! AND THEY'RE
SIX DOORS DOWN FROM
THE BEAME PLACE. PLUS,
YOU KNOW HOW WORRIED
PATSY'S BEEN, THEIR SON
WAS JUST DEATHLY ILL
FOR THREE DAYS FROM
SOMETHING HE ATE AT
ONE OF THOSE DRIVE-IN
CARHOP RESTAURANTS.
THEY THINK IT WAS THE
FISH STICKS, AND ROSEY
SAID BRAD IS GOING TO
WRITE TO THE NEWS PAPER
AND TELL THE POLICE
THAT THOSE DRIVE-IN
HANGOUTS ARE...

I GUESS
BOB'S O.K.

I DON'T WANNA GO
HE U. I WANNA GO TO
LEGE OUT OF STATE?

I WANNA GO TO
CEDAR RAPIDS AND GET
A SIX-PACK. I GOT SOME ID
THAT SAYS I'M FORTY.

VE ME
SOMEBODY
A SHIT.

GODDAMN IT!!
THERE'S A BUNCH OF
EYEBALLS IN MY
FISHSTICK!



BAGEL BAGEL BAGEL BAGEL



IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE

BAGEL BAGEL BAGEL BAGEL



IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE

COOTER COOTER COOTER COOTER



IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE

COOTER COOTER COOTER COOTER



IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE IT INVITES WITH EAGLE

COOTER COOTER COOTER COOTER

THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



THUD Not A Dud



Weather:
Probably sunny
with a few clouds
maybe around the
weekend; rain may
dampen the weekend.
Temperatures
holding about normal.

The Townville Crier

"If it isn't in the Crier, it didn't happen."

This week's laugh.
"Women are like
ferry boats. If you
don't pay up, they
won't come across."

Vol. LVII No. 21

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Monday, May 24, 1976

20¢ per copy

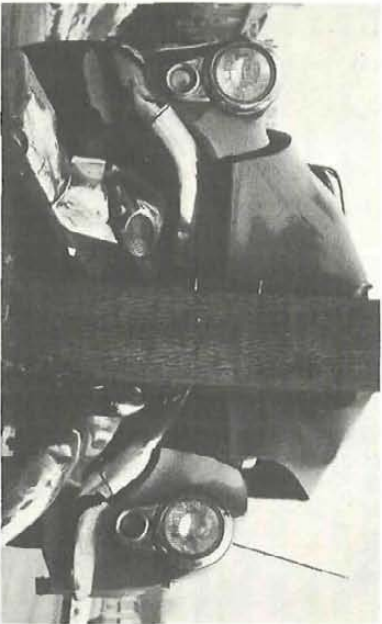
\$1.10 Weekly by Carrier

My Kinda Townville

By Rusty Barnett
Editor-in-Chief

Notes off my rocker:
Nice to see the New York press boys finding out what America looks like back home, where the grass grows green and the water runs wet and cold, but I can't for the life of me feature those newshounds missing the rosebushes, Gravel Caverns, and the sodium vapor lamps along High Street. Don't know what they're teaching in those journalism schools. My school was the back shop of the ole Crier some forty years ago and a fatherly hand across the back of the neck when I pined a case of type.

Old Glory shines: A tip of the bottle to Mill Uhanl, Don Dumpry, Ernie Kirk, and George Seopos for bowing to the will of the people, so to speak, and kudos to Brad Coater. They teach a lotta funny philosophy-ing these days, but somehow John Q. Republican keeps on working. It's like ole Tom Jefferson once noted, "This may not be the best way to run a country, but if you don't like it, jump it."



Cracks up

Two persons were slightly injured and a 1971 Chevy Malibu suffered extensive damage last Tuesday in a one-car accident on High Street. Police say the sodium vapor lamps suddenly went dark, plunging the street into darkness. The injured were taken to Townville Mercy Hospital, where they were listed in injured condition.

Townville on nation's map

Last week's *Newswatch* magazine devoted a special article to the Townville mayoral race, thus focusing national attention on the jewel of Southeastern Iowa. The article was marked by numerous omissions of some of Townville's most prominent attractions.

"We are, of course, pleased that a national magazine recognized the many unique qualities of our town," Townville Mayor Bob Thud re-

Mayoral race tightens; Thud, Coater, Bagel whip foes

The crowded mayoral field narrowed considerably last week with most Democratic candidates dropping out of the race, and all but conceding the nomination to come-from-nowhere candidate Brad Coater. But the Republican mayoral interest seemed destined to go right down to the August caucuses and a tight-to-the-finish battle between Mayor Bob Thud and elegant challenger Roland Bagel.

The Democratized in the mayoral tilt was all but assured to Coater, owner of the Coater Feed and Grain Company and Deacon of the Seaboard Baptist Church on Townville Pike, after his opponents bowed out.

Harry "Spook" Jackson, who had garnered some backing from the powerful local 7 of the Organized Labor Union, acknowledged that he had failed to ignite a fire whose induction provided the major suspense hanging over Townville Democrats, said that "I was like a voice told me I should just gather up Mother Mabel and see a little of this great country, that's been so good to me."

Dumpry and his wife will spend three weeks visiting the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone National Park in their new Dodge Pioneer Motor Home.

The withdrawals left only controversial, unpredictable Francis Xavier Byrne as a challenger to Coater, Byrne, Dean of Men at Junior State College of Iowa at Townville, and a youthful (twenty-eight) candidate whose spiritual homilies electrified the young and bedridden the old, explained his decision in an exclusive interview inside his brand new Dodge Pioneer Motor Home.

"You don't just pack up and go because you have the means," he explained as his roommate Benamed served espresso, "You have to feel the flow; you have to listen to the voice of the people. I speak for what Townville can be, not what it thinks it was."

Byrne continued, "I can count as well as the next, but Townville won't get better because we want it to be. It will get better if we think it can be to go forward in neutral only strips the gears."

In the Republican battle, meanwhile, Mayor Bob Thud met with several undecided Townville Republicans to convince them that his administration will do more for Townville and do more for the people. Meanwhile Bagel, president and general manager of Bagel Broadcasting Company (KGB-TV, KRBM radio) challenged Thud to a debate on TV and radio so that "the people of Townville can decide which of us speaks as an ordinary, God-fearing citizen, and which seeks to turn public office into personal power, profit, and benefit, while the ceaseless march of collectivists thinking readers us ever more dependent on the Des Moines establishment."

We can dig it: I get a chuckle out of the den-hidromes over at Junior State sometimes; for years they've been telling us Townville folk that Gavel Caverns our most important tourist attraction, was "utterly without geologic or any other interest;" now, five students from Junior State are going to be spending their summer checking out some soil samples. I can tell 'em exactly what they'll find; they'll find out just how dumb so-called "smart people" can be.

"Thought for the day: 'Catch a man a fish and you've fed him for a day; teach a man to fish and you've fed him for life.' And, I might add, buy a man a fish lure, and you've turned a well-sit-moocler into a self-sufficient provider. No commercial advertisements here, but I'm "plumb" sure you'll figure which fish lure I'm jawing about.

Hubris not running

It brought back some familiar memories to Townville old-timers—some happy memories, some sad memories—but there was a big difference. For Freddy Hubris, senior North-west Townville Democratic Selection, was telling Townville that he wasn't running for mayor.

"I'm not running for mayor," he said, as the familiar middle finger jammed at the crowd, as other Hubris fingers had done so often. "I'm not considering it, and I am more seriously than ever before." Hubris, accompanied by his wife and her live-in companion Julia, addressed the un-

marked at an exclusive *Crier* interview in the parking lot of the Ramit Inn. "But it's unfortunate that many of the servers, was the total failure of the Eastern publication, owned by a prominent Jewish woman of great wealth,

Kids do dig our canyons

July in Townville!

No, it's not the latest song on the Hit Parade. Instead, it's the happy prospect awaiting four geology students at Junior State College of Iowa at Townville, who'll be spending their vacation right here testing soil samples from our own gravel Caverns. The Caverns, long believed to be one of the most interesting features of the Jewel of Southeastern Iowa, have, according to observers, been neglected by the well paid summer-

vacationing academics of Junior State, and long in need of serious study. The students, Roscoe Twinely, twenty, Prairie Meadows, Susan Uvella, nineteen, Wet Bay, Bill "Pudge" Langlois, twenty-one, Townville; and Lester Jefferson, nineteen, colored, Darktown, hope to provide intensive peep toasts and other scientific studies to answer "some fairly interesting questions," according to their supervisor, Professor Peter Binder.

by a late-night freight while campaigning for mayor in 1968. "It almost seems like a curse hangs over being mayor for the Hubris family," said another Hubris, who asked not to be mentioned as he issued his weekly prepared statement. Among those who gather daily at the big corner table for breakfast at the Diner Restaurant, however, there is another factor, usually just hinted at, which may have taken the popular, vigorous, energetic Hubris out of the running for the Democratic Party nod. That, of course, is the lingering

brother Jeff (struck in the face while slow-pitching the first softball of the 1963 Grange League season), and brother Bill (run down

Ex-mayor in Mexico

In keeping with the tradition of this New York-based magazine, whose writers and editors live in huge apartment buildings and eat fancy foreign food, great attention was focused on the resignation two years ago of former Mayor Steve Beizer, under circumstances which imparted odd servers believe would much better be forgotten.

"I feel," said Mayor Thud, "that the circumstances surrounding the resignation of Mr. Beizer would much better be forgotten."

Former Townville Mayor Steve Beizer, breaking his self-imposed period of isolation, left his vacation retreat at Lake Tepid last week to visit Mexico on what was described as a "semi-unofficial visit." Beizer, who resigned

that Patsy Thud Coater, prominent social presence and wife of the all-but-certain Democratic mayoral nominee, will host the gathering. Mrs. Coater is the sister of Herman Thud.

Rolee Tourriquet, thirty-seven, 1300 Stockpen Road, was hurt Friday. Tourriquet, soft-drink machine coin box administrator at Plumb First Lure Company, entered the night receiving ward at Townville Mercy Hospital and told Admitting Nurse Cecily Robertson, "I'm hurt." Tourriquet, listed in hurt condition, was treated and released.

Face Transit Corporation was dispatched to Townville to transport Mr. and Mrs. Beizer to Mexico. In his four day tour, ex-Mayor Beizer visited many interesting localities in and around Nogales; while Mrs. Beizer toured the local ceramics kiln. Mr. Beizer was entertained by a special performance of "The Schoolmairden and the Burro" performed at Rosaria's Cafe and Steam-bath. As a result of the historic visit—first to Mexico by a former Townville chief executive—Mr. Mortches announced that Nogales had chosen Townville as a "Sister City" and will soon send to Townville a request to be similarly named. "You want sister?" Mr. Mortches inquired, Mayor Thud, noting that ex-Mayor Beizer had visited Nogales "in his capacity as a private citizen," agreed to consider the request.

inspection of nearby septic tanks had failed to detect seepage that rendered his wife's bush "slightly and offensive." Town Attorney Mort Funder declined comment until he studied the complaint. No trial date has been set.

Several prominent citizens gathered Friday at the Roman Ermska Room of the Ramit Inn Motor Hotel to watch Henry "Tyt" Plumb, executive vice-president of the Plumb Fish Lure Company, present a Good Citizen award to Brad Coater, likely Democratic mayoral nominee. In a spirit of bipartisanship, Mayor Bob Thud and his challenger, KGB-TV owner and general manager Roland Bagel, look on. At right is Mr. Ben Fish, president of the First Townville National Bank.



Is awarded

Too bad about Mrs. Fred Olson's nosebush and that septic seepage. Thought something smelled not quite right, if you get my drift... and no one could miss the drift from Mrs. Olson's bush, oh, Freddie? Freddie Hubris don't the one-step those days. Reddie, Freddie?

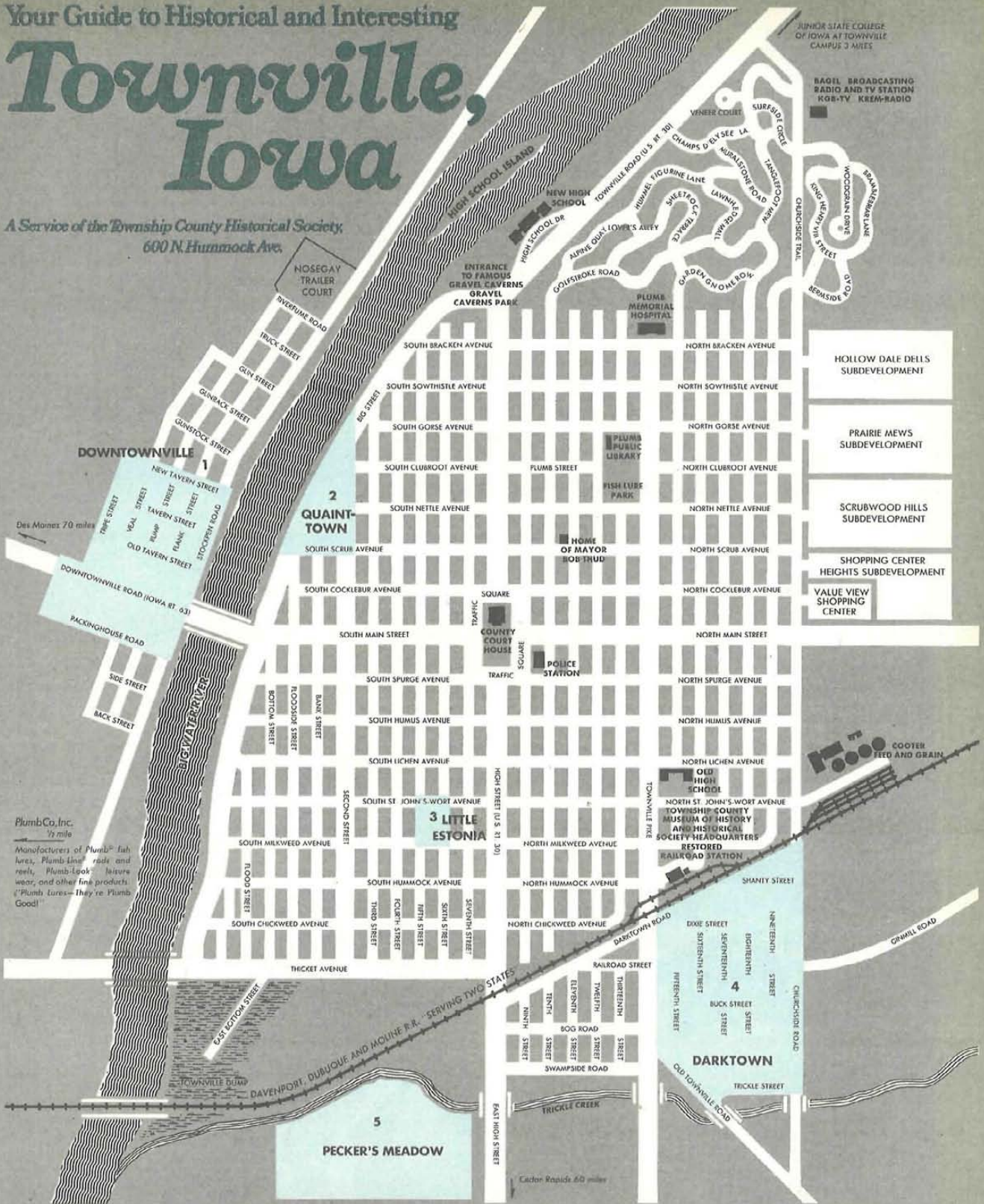
Keep it... in your hat

By Rex Kanter
Goodness gracious, you'd think those slick Eastern Herboms from *Newsweek* magazine would know a story when it's right under their noses (and you know how much room that means with those noses... know what I mean?). But it seems that Rex Chek where the Gothamites don't. I mean, if they knew what yours truly knew about Bobby Thud, they'd really be tearing out the front page. You mean you Haven't... Well, friends, the banquet room of the Ramit Inn isn't the only room in that fine hostelry where "Paddy Dudley hangs his hat, if you get my drift. Seems our chief exec has been whistling "Hail to the Chief" with none other than Townville's notorious Lillian Beame and the tune they're puckering to isn't exactly "Tea for Two." Rex reckons that if Townville knew what yrs throw-in has in his hat, the mayoral race would be blown higher than the flag at Town Hall...

Your Guide to Historical and Interesting

Townville, Iowa

A Service of the Township County Historical Society
600 N. Hummock Ave.



Townville's Historic Neighborhoods

- 1. DOWNTOWNVILLE:** Once the site of Southeast Iowa's fourth largest stockyard, Downtownville still retains a rustic flavor of the old-time wild Midwest.
- 2. QUAIN-TOWN:** Famous for its winding street, Quaintown is a shopper's paradise of cute boutiques, many of whose repainted buildings date back to the nineteenth century.

- 3. LITTLE ESTONIA:** Home of Townville's more than sixty Estonians—the largest Estonian community in Iowa.
- 4. DARKTOWN:** Here Townville's Negro community practice traditional skills and crafts in a way of life that's hardly changed since the Civil War.
- 5. PECKER'S MEADOW:** Where Quantrell's Raiders planned to camp until they changed their minds and went to Kansas.

See Other Side for More Townville Attractions!

Townville's Other Interesting Places to See and Things to Do



Gravel Caverns

Corner of High and Big Streets

Discovered by a small boy in 1908, the Gravel Caverns form a veritable fairyland of rocks and stones in the miles of natural limestone caves which weave their way through the mysterious earth below the surface of Townville, making "nature's own tourist attraction."

Open Mon. thru Sat., 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.



Townville Museum

of Natural and American History and Historical Society Headquarters

600 N. Hummock Ave.

Passenger train service to Townville was discontinued in 1946, but the Townville Railroad Station still serves, usefully displaying antiquities of the local past, including the second tractor in Iowa, a Bible carried in the Civil War, Lieutenant Andy Bartlett's dress uniform, and a number of Indian arrowheads.

Open Tues. and Thurs., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.



Memorial to the Unknown Soldier

On the Courthouse lawn, High St. Traffic Square

Lieutenant Andy Bartlett was born on a Township county farm and went on to win the Distinguished Service medal in World War II. But, despite the fact that his boyhood home was only nineteen miles away, he was virtually unknown in Townville. Today, Lieutenant Bartlett (ret.) lives in Cleveland.

On display around the clock.



New High School

1100 Townville

Newest high school and dedicated by Mayor renamed "High School Island" a tennis court and two parking "New High Napoleons" football practically undefeated.



Townville Railroad

Visible from Thicket Ave

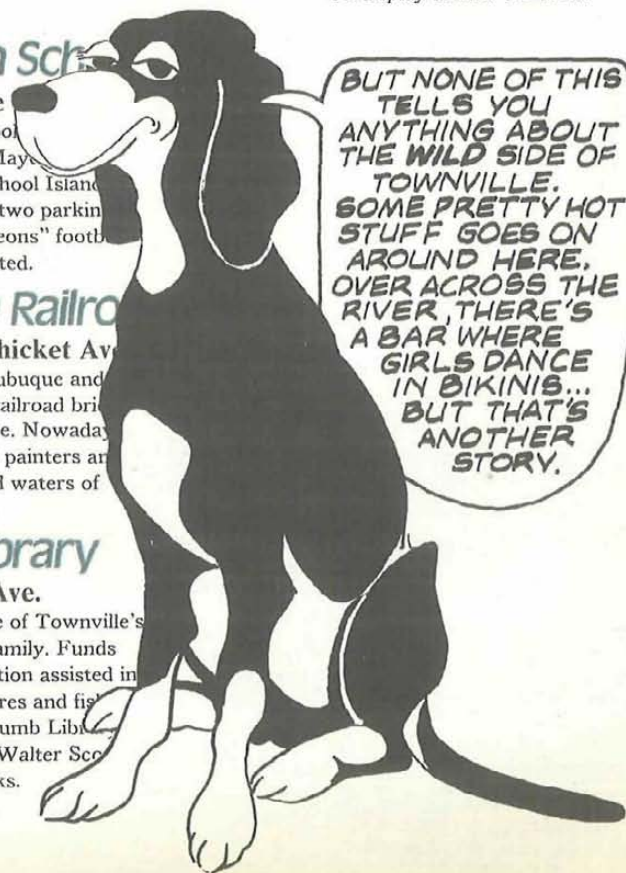
The Davenport, Dubuque and "ing Two States") railroad bridge in Iowa at that time. Nowadays subject of amateur painters and withstood the flood waters of nearly fatal wreck.



Plumb Library

422 N. Gorse Ave.

Formerly the home of Townville's gift of the Plumb family. Funds the Plumb Foundation assisted in collection of fish lures and fish freshwater. The Plumb Library complete works of Sir Walter Scott and other fine books.

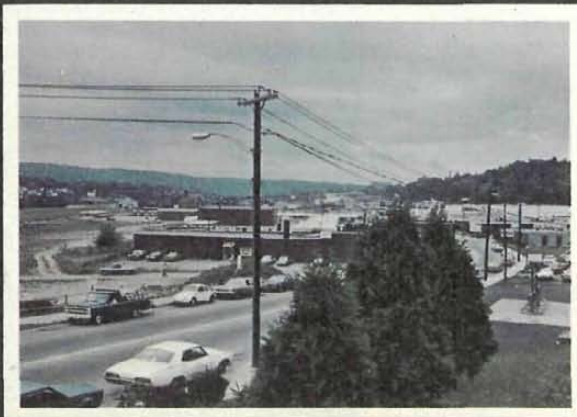
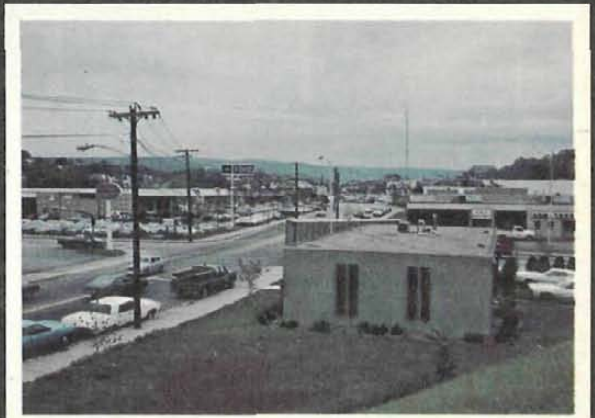


BUT NONE OF THIS TELLS YOU ANYTHING ABOUT THE WILD SIDE OF TOWNVILLE. SOME PRETTY HOT STUFF GOES ON AROUND HERE, OVER ACROSS THE RIVER, THERE'S A BAR WHERE GIRLS DANCE IN BIKINIS... BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

WELCOME TO TOWNVILLE — NEVER A FROWNVILLE



A Publication
of the Townville
Chamber of Commerce
and Jaycees



WE'RE IN THE MONEY AT OUR BANK



Investing in tomorrow today... First Townville National Bank's Ben Fist hands over a big new loan to Big Stick Construction Co. chairman, Miz Bob Cooter.

The First Townville National Bank is a full service bank with assets of \$12,765,409.32. Last year, it had assets of \$11,312,409.32. The year before it had \$9,765,409.32, and next year it should break \$14,757,409.32. But that's not all by a long shot.

Our bank has more vaults than any bank in the country. We have big, air-conditioned vaults for twenty dollar bills. Air-cooled vaults for fives and tens. And room temperature vaults for ones and twos. Change is heated to 65 degrees Fahrenheit in climate-controlled vaults so that tellers and clients never sting their hands on icy cold change like they do in impersonal big city banks. We also have vaults for executives to rest in and vaults for coffee breaks and vaults for adding machines. "The future looks bright and rosy for many more vaults," says bank chairman Ben Fist, who is joined on the board of directors by Damson Plumb IV, Elton Thud, Mike Grady, and Miz Bob Cooter.

Our bank was also the first to institute Full Command Friendly Master Buddy System checking, which means that you pay nothing for every check you write and ten cents for every check you don't write.

NEW \$3,000,000 HOME FOR HISTORICAL TREASURE

New York has its Radio City and Council Bluffs has its famed bluffs where they used to hold councils, but Townville is the only place in the whole world that has a 1936 Funk and Wagnalls Dictionary completely written on the surface of fossil seashells from the Townville area. And now, thanks to the First Townville National Bank, which has always supported the arts like last year's skate painting marathon, the world's only seashell dictionary has a brand new home, a \$3,000,000 remodeled room in the Townville Museum of American and Natural History.

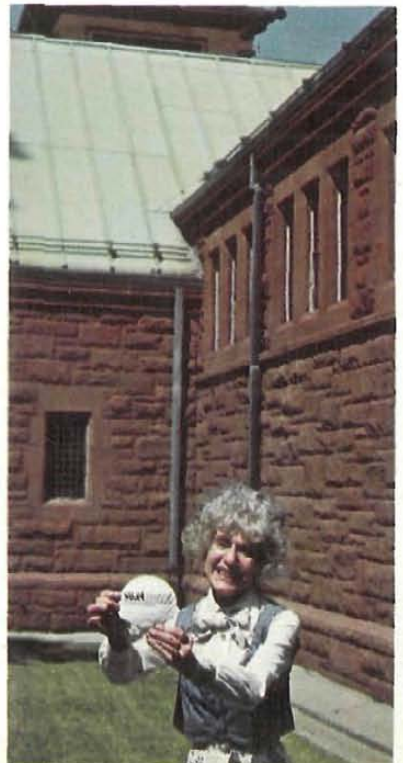
The seashell dictionary, as every American probably knows by now, is the twenty-five-year labor of love of feisty old Miz Bob Cooter, mother of Brad and chairman of Big Stick Construction, which built the \$3,000,000 remodeled room.

How did Miz Bob get the forty thousand plus seashells in landlocked

Townville? "Easy as pulling frogs' livers," said the persnickety dowager. "My son, Brad, uses chopped up seashells in the cattle feed he sells down at the Feedway, and I just snatched whatever shells I needed, one piece at a time."

Miz Bob, in addition to her many duties at Big Stick and on the board of the First Townville National Bank, is eighty years old and deaf as a piece of wood. But she can still talk up a storm. At the dedication ceremony for the remodeled room, Miz Bob offered a few words of dedication.

"I've always loved words, and I've always loved seashells, and I've always liked to drink like a sonuvabitch."



Miz Bob Cooter stands outside of newly remodeled room in Natural and American History Museum that proudly displays the world's only seashell dictionary.

Many visitors to Townville are surprised to discover that their favorite fishing lure, the Dynamite-Assisted PlumbCo Lunker Plunker, is manufactured right here in our lovely little burg. But it is, thanks to the lucky fact that Damson Plumb I used to spend his boyhood days tossing sticks of dynamite into the Big Water River.

But times have changed, and, in the words of Damson Plumb IV, "Times will probably continue to change for the foreseeable future, and PlumbCo, which owns a minority share of Big Stick Construction, must change with them." In recent years, PlumbCo has been in the forefront of the movement towards better septic tanks ("We take care of everything but the kitchen stink")...and don't forget real estate, either, because PlumbCo is getting back to the land with Thumb Realty (formerly Thud-Plumb: "If you stick in your Thumb, you'll pull out a Plumb"). And now, the latest plum in the cap of Damson IV, PlumbCo Industrial Pizza!

Does this mean that PlumbCo has forgotten about fish lures? Not on your life. In recent years, PlumbCo has brought out a whole new line of lures that reflect the very latest in modern rivers. For example, the Coney Island Skim Bag with Fish Tickler "attracts fish like a thousand tiny nightcrawlers screaming, 'Eat me.'"

To judge by the beautifully colored solutions pouring out of the PlumbCo drainpipes, the new lures are catching on, and the many colors and happy odors in the Big Water spell the sweet smell of success for Townville's number one industry.

PLUMB LURES... THEY'RE PLUMB GOOD



Like fabled Oz, the PlumbCo Fish Lure Works sits hard by the majestic Big Water making America's favorite fish killers: The PlumbCo Lunker Plunker —L'il Stinkee—The Coney Island Skim Bag.



PlumbCo Lunker Plunker

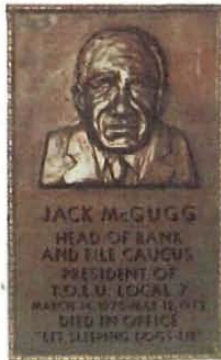
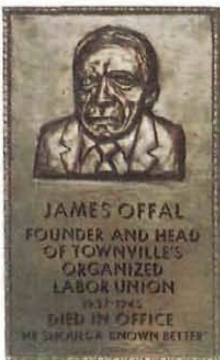


L'il Stinkee



Coney Island Skim Bag

ORGANIZED LABOR HAS A HOME IN TOWNVILLE, TOO



The Hall of Heroes' in labor's newest temple on the Big Water.

The Townville Organized Labor Union has a brand new home that is even bigger than the Rubberworkers Hiring Hall in Akron, Ohio. It cost millions to build and all the money came from the First Townville National Bank.

The hall features a board members swimming pool, an Officers' lounge, an Executive Committee bowling alley, and an AM-FM cassette deck for union members to listen to while they wait for jobs.

How did our small town rate such a wonderful labor temple? "Easy," says TOLU prexy Mike Grady. "One day at lunch we were discussing how to invest the Pension Fund. Ben Fist told us that smart money like PlumbCo and Big Stick were buying into Thumb (formerly Thud-Plumb) Realty. We jumped at the chance. Mr. Ben Fist saw we were a prudent union and he recommended that the bank loan us the money to build our new headquarters."

And that's how we do things in Townville, where everybody is part of one big, incredibly happy and bubbly family brimming over with ripe affection.

WORKFARE... NOT WELFARE: THE TOWNVILLE DIFFERENCE

The public dole? What's that? We never heard of that in Townville. Thanks to the farsightedness of Townville's number one rugged individualist and former Director of Welfare Services Roland Bagel (pronounced Bee-gull), our town's unemployables are busy earning self-respect and their monthly welfare check.

Right at this very moment as we sit here reading this, and right through the traditional floral months of April to November, Townville's unwed moms, over sixty-fivers, and Negro people are hard at work earning their monthly stipends washing trees and shrubs and getting paid forty-five cents an hour, too!

Why wash trees? "Why not?" says Roland. "We wash our cars, our windows, even our teeth. Why not trees?"

Bagel (pronounced Bee-gull) believes every American is born with "a God-given right to work," and thinks, "tree washing makes a lot more sense than leaf raking, which is just piling dead things up in the garbage. And anyway, dirty trees are disgusting and upset both myself and the wife."

Townville is proud of its sycamore scrubbers and walnut washers. America could take a lesson from our wonderful little town.



Earning self-respect the Townville way.

OPEN CESS-A-ME WITH TOWNVILLE'S UP-TO-DATE SEWER-SUCKERS



*It used to take fifteen men to clean out a septic tank.
Now it takes but one, thanks to the First Townville National Bank.*

Would you believe that Townville, which is not a major metropolis by a long shot, has more septic pump trucks than Dubuque, which is much bigger? Well, that's a fact, according to Roland Bagel, chairman of the board of Royal Flush, Townville's (and Iowa's) number one sludge dumper.

Thanks to a million dollar loan from the First Townville National Bank, Royal Flush has a brand new fleet of Sewer Sucker Pumper Dumpers that can do the work of fifteen men with shovels. We know it's hard to believe, but we saw it with our own eyes, and best of all, the new pumper dumpers don't horse around and goof off. With our own eyes we saw one of the beautiful new trucks pump ten dirty (with a capital "D") septic tanks and dump the contents in the Big Water River in less than forty-five minutes.

...IN CONCLUSION, LET ME REINFER THE ISSUE HERE IS SIMPLE. MONEY. BUT THAT IS NOT THE ISSUE. THE ISSUE IS THE MISUSE OF MONEY. BIG MONEY. NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH BIG MONEY. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY THAT CONTROLS EVERYTHING IN OUR LIVES, FROM POLITICS TO CORPORATE SPONSORSHIP OF OUR LITTLE LEAGUE TEAMS...



THANK YOU, CANDIDATE COOTER. TURNING NOW TO THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE, I WOULD TO ASK MYSELF TO REPLY TO MR. COOTER'S LLIPICROHS, INEPT, AND DUMB REMARKS... MR. BAGEL?

THANK YOU, MR. MODERATOR. AS I SAID IN MY OPENING REMARKS, FOOLISH ATTACKS ON CAPITAL AND THE GUARDIANS OF CAPITAL ARE MERELY A SMOKE SCREEN THROWN UP BY THOSE UNABLE TO SURVIVE IN THE PELL-MELL PULL AND THRUST OF THE COMPETITIVE FREE MARKET ENTERPRISE SYSTEM. I TRUST MR. COOTER IS NOT QUESTIONING THE CONSTITUTIONALLY PROTECTED RIGHT OF THE PLUMB FISH LURE FOLKS TO PROMOTE THEIR FINE PRODUCT ON THE BACKS OF LITTLE BOYS...?



...WELL, I...

THANK YOU, MR. BAGEL. WE TURN NOW TO THE OPENING REMARKS OF INCUMBENT MAYOR BOB THUD.

LET ME JUST SAY THAT I AND MRS. THUD BOTH FEEL AND HAVE ALWAYS FELT THAT BASEBALL IS A FINE AMERICAN GAME. THANK YOU.



GENTLEMEN, THE DECORLIMS OF DEBATE, AS HALLOWED BY SUCH GIANTS OF THE ROSTRUM AS COOLIDGE, EISENHOWER, AND DEMOSTHENES, NOW PERMIT BONA FIDE CANDIDATES TWO MINUTES APiece TO ADDRESS THEMSELVES TO THE POSITIONS OF THEIR OPPONENTS—HOWEVER INDEFENSIBLE.



ADDRESSING MYSELF TO MY MAIN OPPONENTS REMARKS, THOSE OF MR. THUD, LET ME JUST SAY THAT I AM IN 200 PERCENT AGREEMENT THAT BASEBALL IS A FINE AMERICAN GAME, SO FINE THAT I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHY A REAL AMERICAN WOULD SEND HIS KID TO BALLET LESSONS INSTEAD OF THE BALLPARK.



NOW JUST A MINUTE, WE'LL HAVE NO SLIPPERY INNLENDO. IF YOU'RE REFERRING TO BOB'S SON BUD THUD, COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY SO.

I AM. HE'S A FRLIIT.

IS IT MY TURN?

SPEAKING AS MODERATOR, LET ME SAY I AM SHOCKED, DEEPLY SHOCKED, BY THESE SCANDALOUS ALLEGATIONS.

MR. MODERATOR, IF I MAY BREAK IN HERE: IT IS PRECISELY THIS KIND OF SPINELESS, PASSIVE, YOUR-MOVE KIND OF GOVERNMENT THAT HAS CHARACTERIZED THE THUD ADMINISTRATION. WE MUST...

RIGHT, AND SO, FELLOW CITIZENS, I REPEAT TO YOU THE STIRRING SLOGAN THAT HAS BEEN REPEATED TO ME. FOUR MORE YEARS OF THUD IS TWICE AS GOOD AS THE LAST TWO!

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU NIGGER-TOOTHED LITTLE RAT, DID YOU JUST SAY SOMETHING ABOUT BLID THUD??

MIND IF I JOIN YOU GLYS?

THIS DEBATE IS OPEN ONLY TO CANDIDATES WHO MEET THE PERSONAL AND FINANCIAL REQUIREMENTS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE PARTIES...

THAT'S VALID, MAN. THAT'S VALID, BUT PERHAPS WHAT WE SHOULD ASK IS WHETHER RULES EXIST BEFORE THEY'RE BROKEN. I MEAN, LET'S RAP ABOUT THE LONG-TERM PROBLEMS FACING TOWNVILLE...

...LIKE, I MEAN, FOR INSTANCE, WE SHOULD BE FACING THE FACT THAT OBJECTIVELY, LIKE AIR-WISE, TOWNVILLE STINKS!

THIS IS THE IRRESPONSIBILITY THAT A LACK OF LOVE BREEDS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS! MY FAITH IN TOWNVILLE IS...

YOU...

THE CLOSE-UP, DAMNIT, GIMME THE CLOSE-UP..

SEE? I MEAN, TRUE OR FALSE, NOW WE HAVE A DEBATE, RIGHT?

LET ME SAY, MY FELLOW CITIZENS, IN SHIMMING UP MY PHILOSOPHY, THAT THE NAY-SAYERS, THE AGGINERS, THE AGITATORS ARE AS DANGEROUS TO THE SECURITY OF TOWNVILLE AS THE DO-NOTHINGERS...

ONLY WITH A RETURN TO THE HALLOWED TRADITIONS THAT TAMED THE HORDES OF RED SAVAGES AND CARVED A NEW LAND OUT OF THE WILDERNESS THEY HAD MADE OF IT, TRADITIONS OF FORCEFULNESS, FRUGALITY, AND FEAR OF THE LORD, THE THREE F'S...

JUST 'CAUSE HE TAKES FUCKIN' TAP-DANCING LESSONS?

OW! BOB, FOR PETE'S SAKE, IT'S JUST POLITICS...

YOU SAID BHD WAS A FAGGOT, YOU...

TAKE IT EASY, BOB, TAKE IT EASY...



ALL TOWNVILLE WAS WATCHING WITH RAPT ATTENTION AS THE CANDIDATES PUT FORTH THEIR VIEWS...

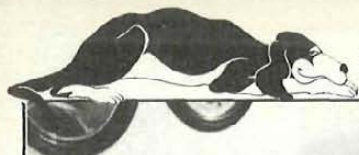
LORDY, DE CIBIL WAR IS BROKE OUT AFRESH!! WHERE YO' RAZUHS!?

WHOLE MESS O' WHITE FOLKS IS FIGHTIN' ON DE T.B. WONDER WHA' SHOW DIS AM?

IFFEN IT'S WHITE FOLKS FIGHTIN', IT SHORE AIN'T BOXIN' NOR FOOT BALL!

AAAAGH!
THUMP!
CRASH!

... CAN TOWNVILLE SURVIVE THE HORRORS OF TOMORROW? IF YOU AGREE, I URGE YOU TO SUPPORT MY TICKET BY SENDING CONTRIBUTIONS...



AH, DEBATE--THE POLITICAL FOUNTAIN FROM WHENCE SPRING ALL FRUITS OF AMERICA'S DEMOCRATIC (AND REPUBLICAN) FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

WHY DON'T YOU SHIT IN YOUR HAT AND CALL IT CURLS!

OH MY GOODNESS!

FUCK YOU!

BAM!
POW!



EIGHT CLUBS!!!
HOW THE LIVING HELL COULD ANYBODY BID EIGHT CLUBS!? I OPEN WITH TWO CLUBS, PEGGY SAYS THREE HEARTS, AND YOU, YOU JERK, YOU BID EIGHT CLUBS!!!

WELL, YOU WERE SO BUSY MAKING FACES AT THAT FRANCIS BYRNE THAT YOU FORGOT TO KICK ME UNDER THE TABLE, AND BESIDES, YOU'RE ALWAYS YELLING AT ME LATELY-- YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK YOU'RE SEEING THAT MRS. BEAME, FIRST, BOB THUD; THEN, I HEARD AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR, BRAD COOTER; AND NOW YOU... SOB! SOB-HOO-HOO, YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANYMORE...

YES, AND IT'S HERE IN AMERICA THAT THE ART OF DEBATE HAS REACHED FULL FLOWER-- A MATURE AND MAGNIFICENT BLOOM OF CONTROVERSY.



YEE-HA!!!
WHUP THAT
SONOFABITCH!!

BLOOM!

LEE BOB HERE ALWAYS DID LOVE POLITICS!

Maren Diamond

Thoughtful effort. You
abnormally care &
good ideas. I would
love liked you to discuss the
issues a little.

My Nomination for Mayor

Until three weeks ago this Friday I didn't care very much about Politics or who was going to be the next Mayor. I guess like so many people I cared more about my own little worries and concerns than about the system or what happens to our whole Environment which includes everyone and their little worries which I now see are all connected to each other and part of the Whole.

Well, when I went to hear Dean Byrne speak I was just sitting there wondering what my girl friends were doing and what clothes I would buy for College and stuff and as he came up to speak and he started off saying "because he believed that valuing... important than questions" thoughts just listening!!

All of a
sudden why we
and grow. Well
I just couldn't
or cry or what.
I am proud
sensitive, caring,
Byrne!



Who I Like by Steve Binder

I like Brad Cooter for Mayor because he is a ^{SP} good candidate manager of the Fredway store and he helps farmers make cows for steaks. If the farmers didn't have the store the cows would get sick and die. Then everyone would have to eat fish-fry which wouldn't be too good the fish all having big sores on them and their eyes all ~~the~~ weird with pus coming out of them. Maybe because some of the fish got sick from the smell and threw up in the water making the other fish have to swim in the throwup.

Also Brad Cooter has very nice hair - it reminds me of John F. ~~Hubris~~ Hubris the very great American who was killed. He had hair that was straight but kind of thick as well so it didn't just lie down like some kinds of straight hair do but it comes up really nice on either side of the parting.

Is this really
your best effort,
Mr. Binder?

*David - just two nasty errors stood between you and the prize.
A pity.*

Townville's Mayoral Election: A Discursive Essay
by David Levinski

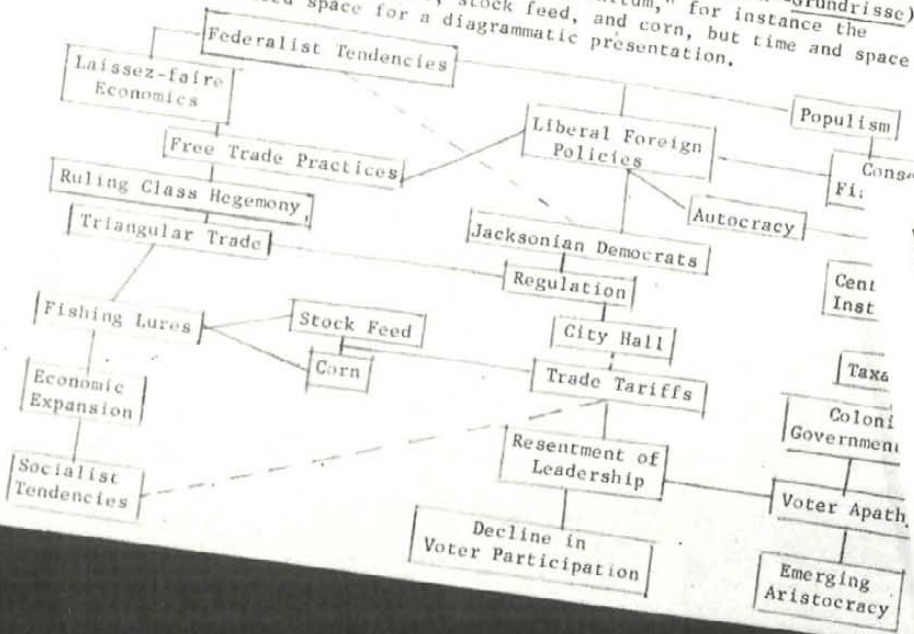
The destiny of American society has always depended on the ability of the average citizen to distinguish between what P. Nietzsche called the Good and the Evil, and to choose leaders who are Great and not merely Good, and avoid those who are Evil. We have the awesome responsibility of safeguarding our own freedom by, in the words of H. Clay, "compromising," while yet refusing to sacrifice meaningful constructive ideals when we are of age to go to the polls to exercise our franchise.

This, as every election, is vitally important to those who vote in it (Democracy in America--A. de Tocqueville). But in the impending contest for the highest office in Townville, we have more than a local election, because the principles underlying the issues in the election are national in scope and are historically rooted in American history. In other words, I see our mayoral contest as a microcosm, a small scale reproduction of the system as a whole, or gestalt (F. Perls).

I intend to show that we in Townville are privileged to be witness to nothing less than a classic manifestation of the historical antagonism between mercantilist, laissez-faire philosophy on the one hand, and/or Jacksonian progressivism on the other.

Surely Brad Cooter, mayoral candidate and Democrat, is an excellent example of a latter day Federalist, and aggressive "other-directed" type (D. Riesman--The Lonely Crowd) who encapsulates the spirit of the Southern merchant class. He is a self-made Jacksonian man with a mercantilist streak a mile wide down his back.

Would it be too much to call Mayor Thud Townville's very own Jeffersonian Democrat in Republican clothing? I think not. There is the suspicion of centralized government, the patrician faith in natural aristocracy (E. Burke), and an undying belief that semiautonomous local government is the only kind. His is the consciousness sketched so vividly in Middletown (R. Lynd) and his aspirations are the aspirations of the leisure class (T. Veblen), plain and simple. So it is not surprising that in the debate over large programs and state spending, we hear echoes of our forefathers' arguments--Federalist tirades pro and con economic planning, centralized banking, and so on that took place during our country's Era of Primitive Accumulation (K. Marx--Grundrisse). This analogy could be extended "ad infinitum," for instance the Triangular Trade of fish lures, stock feed, and corn, but time and space are limited and I need space for a diagrammatic presentation.



MY NOMINATION F

FORWARD LOOKING



First Prize !!! Well done, Bud. You obviously care
a good deal about our town. Congratulations!

Bud Thud

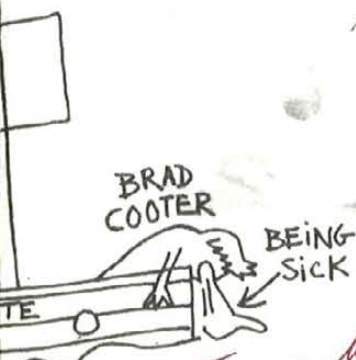
My Nomination for Mayor

I believe the candidate best
suited for Mayor is the present im-
m~~em~~embrance in the race. Mayor ~~Thud~~
Thud. Because he is dedicated
to public servitudes.

Also some of ~~candidates~~ candidates
think the only way to bring
about change is by throwing
the baby out with the bathwater
~~which~~ which is very wrong.

Also some of the candidates in
the race are only leaders of
some of the people which is
very wrong ~~because~~ because a leader
should be a leader of all of the people
that voted for him, so it isn't fair.
And if people do'nt like it here
maybe they should see how they
live under different systems like
in Moscow or ~~then~~ Des Moines!!!

MAYOR
by ARLENE ALLEN



imaginative, but
very attractive.

my nomination for Mayor
by P. P. Nately

my nomination for Mayor is the very great
person and wonderful set of tits called
Funny (fried eggs) Gannelli. I think she
would be a real good one because she
has a sweet little pussy and I would
love to fuck her so much more
than any other girl in the class. When
I fucked her I sold also suck her
great tits which is how come she's called
fried eggs because of her nipples - boobies.

Kashinski has pretty great ones like melons
you can see them really great when she has
her bathing suit on for swimming and
once two kids came here changing and
they were so fucking great they just
had to get off to him

Books above the 2000 night afterwards because
I know that I can't ride horses and they're
she likes to ride horses and they're like
fuckers because this is a truly best
my name so she would be a great name to
put forward. Who she is a Italian and it she
wa... you would hear things like O GOD
O GOD FUCK
you Big Cock because
to what Italian woman
they are being fucked
me I would
when she is
a to



Weather:
*Gray and overcast,
 with summer
 skies expected in
 a few days.
 Temperatures a bit
 above normal.*

The Townville Crier

"If it isn't in the Crier, it didn't happen."

This week's laugh.

*"Foreign countries
 are like babies.
 When they cry the
 loudest, it usually
 means they're all
 well."*

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My Kinda Townville

By Rusty Barnett
 Editor-in-Chief

Our Way of Life: That sturdy old gal democracy came through again last week. In a solemn caucusing of the two parties that have come to symbolize our way of life, Townville's folks chose two men of experience, wisdom, thoughtfulness, and some good old-fashioned horse sense. There'll be a lot of fur flying as we get into the election, but let's hope our common sense lets us keep our heads together. Just think of all the folks in Siberia or Africa who'd give their right arms for the chance to put down roots right here in Townville!

Wild Rumors: Well, Junior State's double-domes have done it again. One of their kids, here for the summer to participate in long-overdue studies in Townville's marvelous Gravel Canyon, had a bit too much of what us kids used to call "firewater" and got himself passed out. The next thing you know, some of these wild Chicken Littles over there are spreading all kinds of stupid rumors about gases and what-not.



Is totaled

Three persons were injured and a 1975 Ford Mustang II extensively damaged in a two-car accident along Gimmill Road last Saturday. Peter Dumpty, nineteen, son of Sebastian Donald "Diogenes" Dumpty, was struck by the back of a car driven by Walter Roosevelt, colored, of Parktown. Dumpty was on his way to Darktown for a special tutorial program with disadvantaged high school girls of color when the incident occurred.

Feds pledge full sewer funding

A special federal task force, after touring Townville's increasingly controversial septic system, pledged to provide "full federal financing for a comprehensive, unified sewage system for Townville." But the proposal was immediately attacked by former mayoral candidate Roland Bagel, who called

the ultimate cost. Original estimates were for a six-mile solid wastes into the Big Water River, at a cost of \$52,000. Environmental impact studies, however, indicated that a treat-

don't pitch pennies for the lock on the door." Diogenes called again for the adoption of the Dumpty-Jackson plan, which would call for a federal investment of \$57,398,534 to provide "total program of sewage control." Federal officials promised to provide full consideration for the Please turn to Page 4

Cooter, Thud win party nods; lash rivals

In the Democratic caucus, come-from-nowhere winner Brad Cooter was formally nominated to the position he had in effect won weeks ago as the other candidates abandoned the race. Lovelord Francis Xavier Byrne, conceding defeat, said that "there is a progression, a karma if you will, that inevitably has pulled Brad Cooter to the forefront, in this time. But I believe the process had to be played out." His remarks were greeted with complete indifference by the crowd.

In his acceptance speech, Cooter referred to the growing concern among Townville residents about the proper disposition of solid waste. "We need a system," he said, "which combines efficiency with comprehension—which respects private rights and public needs—which does the job but does not cost too much—a waste system as filled with love and decency and compassion and a reflection for wounded pets and re-

spectful of our parents and concerned with sick old people and cuddly Cooter was formally nominated to the position he had in effect won weeks ago as the other candidates abandoned the race. Lovelord Francis Xavier Byrne, conceding defeat, said that "there is a progression, a karma if you will, that inevitably has pulled Brad Cooter to the forefront, in this time. But I believe the process had to be played out." His remarks were greeted with complete indifference by the crowd.

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Bagel backs Thud

Roland Bagel, former Townville director of Welfare Services, owner and general manager of Bagel Broadcasting Company (KGB-TV and KREM radio), and unsuccessful candidate for the Republican mayoral nomination, pledged his full support to the candidacy of Mayor Bob Thud on Sunday.

Flashing his characteristic grin and blushing becomingly, Bagel

for the mayor's office was assured Sunday night when Democrat Brad Cooter and Republican incumbent Bob Thud were chosen for their respective parties' nominations. Thud narrowly turned back the challenge of legitimate personality Roland Bagel when twenty-four uncommitted caucus members personally invited to Mayor Thud's office in City Hall by the Mayor, unanimously concluded that Thud "had been a darned good mayor."

"We decided," said delegate Larry Bagel, "that Mayor Thud understood our problems and was prepared to deal with them." Mr. Bagel was named yesterday to Townville's Rose Bowl Committee, which will visit Pasadena this New Year's on a ten-day fact-finding mission. Fellow delegate Esther "Mom" McClanahan nodded in agreement. "Bagel is a fine fellow, but he just couldn't offer what Thud could," said Miss McClanahan, the newly appointed judge of Traffic Sessions Court.

Bagel pledged to "fight to my last breath the malicious proposals to collectivize our lives through a gold-bricked Washington-Dos Moines buddy system."

"A man's home is his castle," Bagel proclaimed. "And that castle's most cannot be crossed by those who would lose the black rights of collectivism upon the fair maiden of Please, turn to Page 4

MAYOR THUD

**"IF WE DO NOT PLAN FOR TOMORROW,
WE WILL REGRET OUR YESTERDAYS."**

"I am asking you, the Townville voter, to reelect me, Mayor Thud, to another term as your mayor of Townville. I know you know I wouldn't ask if I didn't mean it, and I do."

"We live in a Democratic system. Just as every machine has moving parts, so does our system have them as well. One of them is the principle that all men, regardless of what kind of person they are, have an equal right to aspire to high office, ultimately to strive to become mayor."

"It makes me heartsick to see that some of the candidates in this race seem to think that the only way to bring about change is by throwing the baby out with the bath water, which is a terribly wrong mistake."

"A leader must be a leader not just of some of the people and not others, but of all of the people, and so I ask you the people, all of you to elect me. I hope you do, please."

CRIME

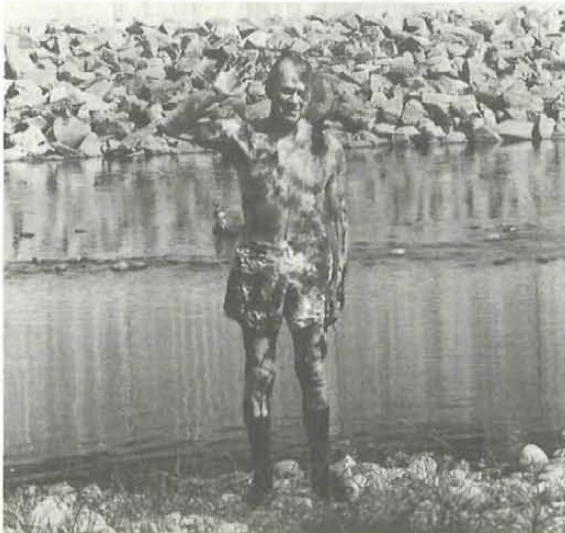
By boosting the police force, the Thud administration has helped make Townville a trouble spot for crime and a good place for you, the law-abiding citizen. Mayor Thud has never believed in turning his back on criminals, and the statistics prove it. He was also the courageous reformer who restored faith in elected officials when scandal rocked Town Hall to its very structure.

"When I became mayor of this town, my first task in office was a grave responsibility and also a great opportunity. That was to heal the wounds of the Beezer administration, of an era where the fabric of government was torn apart by the rough hands of tragedy and scandal."

ENERGY

Mayor Thud did not and does not consider public relations or luncheon meetings more important than energy. He did not and does not think that swanky office furniture or potted plants or clear radio reception matter more to Townville.

"Townville runs on energy. Without it, our lives and the lives of our loved ones, some of them unborn, would be drastically changed for the darker. You cannot run a factory on half time without it, and you cannot run a no-good drifter out of town without it, so I hardly think you can run a town out of town without it."



YOUR MAYOR IS IN COMMAND OF THE SEWERAGE PROBLEM

"Every year, there are attempts made by the opposition to make a big stink out of a very little one. This time around, it's the effluent seepage problem that is being used as a handy straw man to attack this administration's record in office, one I am proud to have behind me."

"We do indeed have a problem. It is effluent seepage, and it flows directly from the Democratic-controlled City Council, a do-nothing assembly that thinks big speeches and big promises to the voters are really great."

"I have ordered multioption bilateral feasibility studies made. These will investigate the options open to us, from relining septic tanks to making existing ones more efficient. It is my belief that efficient waste disposal is within our grasp."

"It causes me great concern as a decent American and a mayor that some unscrupulous people are planning to use this unhappy problem as a launching pad for a massive program that will tighten the grip of the Des Moines-style bureaucrats around our throats and destroy our way of life forever."

"So long as I am at the helm of this ship, I pledge to you that it will never come to pass within miles of our borders, so long as I am Mayor Thud."

BOB THUD: THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN

You don't have to go very far to find Bob Thud's roots. They're right here in Townville. Bob Thud remembers being a toddler here, and people remember Bob Thud the boy, the student, and the young man. From Townville High, he took many happy memories and an Attendance Prize that has an honored place on the mantel to this day.

Today he is a busy executive who is also a father, a husband, and a family man. He is an active Rotarian who somehow finds time out from his busy schedule to take an active role in community life. A pillar of the business community for many years, high office has not changed the man. Whether hosting a backyard cookout with his lovely wife of twenty happy years of marriage, Helen, or holding his pennant at a Napoleons' game, Bob Thud remains the plain-talking, no-nonsense kind of neighbor his friends know him to be.

BRAD COOTER

IF YOU RECKON IT'S ABOUT HIGH TIME WE PUT A PLAIN-SPEAKING, SOFTSPOKEN CANDIDATE WITH A SINCERE ONE-TO-ONE ATTITUDE IN CITY HALL, HERE'S YOUR MAN.

BRAD COOTER IS NOT A POLITICIAN

"I've always done what's right and straight, and never mind fancy stuff about budgets and taxes. I'm an honest man. My feet are in good red Iowa soil, and my heart is in the basic values of our great land. I'm a decent man. A traditionalist. I believe in the sun setting over a Midwestern horizon and the crows circling over a Midwestern cornfield in midsummer. The only book learning I pay any mind to is the Good Book, which my mother, Miss Bob, read to me, as well as the good woman could manage, seeing as how the best she ever had was a homespun education given to her."

BRAD COOTER IS NOT A FAST TALKER

"I talk real slow and I don't use big words. My dear Daddy used to say that using big words is sort of like chewing on three plugs of tobacco at the same time. It just makes your jaw ache and complicates your thoughts besides. To my way of reckoning, it seems that some of the folks we have up there in City Hall are about a mile wide on promises and an inch thin on delivery. I intend to lay down my plowshare and fix all that."

BRAD COOTER IS NOT BUSINESS AS USUAL

"If it's more of the same you want, why then, you just vote for it and you'll get it. It's real simple, and nothing complicated about it, like the folks with the wide ties and soft handshakes would have you think. But we could just put all those sophisticated gentry types in one of them big Cadillac-style automobiles they have such a fancy for and point the whole mess of them toward Nebraska. That would be honest-to-goodness down home reform, Brad Cooter style."



BRAD COOTER IS NOT A POWER BROKER

"From where this man is standing, it looks like a parade of double-dealers and sharpies have been marching through our city government like a herd of cattle for as long as I remember. Now, after a while, it gets to stick in your craw, the way these old boys go at their cheating games. They have a high old time heaping the plates of the rich and the mighty, while ordinary folk like you and me sit around and wait to be served."

BRAD COOTER IS NOT A LAWYER

"Things are getting so high and mighty it's got so it's kind of hard for a plain-thinking person to know where his tax dollar is going. Of course, some people don't mind one little bit if it's a mite too complicated for folks like you and me. They would just as soon be up to their big city tricks without too much interference from our kind, ordinary, decent wage earners with no frills or university-bred sophisticated niceties to speak of. Latin-type words never filled a child's belly that I ever heard tell of."

BRAD COOTER IS NOT A CRIMINAL

"Mayor Thud is deeply implicated by and inextricably involved in the vicious abuses of power and criminal wrongdoings of the Beezer administration. Townville cannot afford to forget that this is the man who conspired with the Beezer gang when their infamous leader was in office, and subsequently protected him when the outrage of the electorate drove him in disgrace from City Hall."

"When small people commit small crimes, they get sent to large jails. But it appears that when powerful people commit massive crimes, they retire wealthy, and their henchmen are elevated to high office. The best way to get the doors of justice revolving again is to turn Thud out of office."

BRAD COOTER IS NOT GOING TO LET TOWNVILLE SINK

"Right now, we are faced with a sewerage seepage problem that our mayor claims doesn't exist in the first place, and in the second place is going to go away because he wants it to and says it will. Mayor Thud should know a little more about this problem, because his administration is responsible for it. Empty phrases and double-talk won't do much for anyone, and they certainly will not dispose of raw sewage."

"Plans for a modern, comprehensive, city-wide waste disposal system are already in existence. We need a new system that will meet safety standards and protect future generations, comply with environmental guidelines, and safeguard our hopes and dreams."

"The time has come for us to act. If we do not catch up with our future in time, our past will catch up with us."

BRAD COOTER IS NOT A MAYOR. YET.



NOTE--THE FEDERAL DIVISION OF WATER RESOURCES HAS CLASSIFIED THE BIG WATER RIVER AS AN SD WATER SOURCE. ALTHOUGH THE SD STANDARDS ARE THE LOWEST ACCEPTABLE DEFINITION OF ANYTHING THAT CAN BE CONSIDERED WATER, THEY ARE RUGGED AND INFLEXIBLE AS FAR AS THEY GO. SD WATER MUST BE NONFLAMMABLE AND CANNOT BE CLASSIFIED AS A NONSPECIFIC DEFOLIANT OR HERBICIDE.

PURPOSE

THE PURPOSE OF THIS STUDY IS TO DETERMINE THE CONTENTS AND INTENTIONS OF THE WATER OF THE BIG WATER RIVER. DETERMINATIONS WERE MADE FOR THE FOLLOWING PARAMETERS--TEMPERATURE, KEPONE CONTENT, CONDOMS PER LITER, FLAMMABILITY, AND FLASH POINT.

BOX 1

PRELIMINARY ANALYSIS

CONDOMS.....	5 PER BUCKET
EFFLUENT PARTS PER MILLION.....	2 MILLION
CARP.....	4 PER BUCKET
FIST-SIZED FECAL COLIFORM BACTERIA.....	14 PER BUCKET

NOTE--THIS RESEARCHER FOUND THAT ALTHOUGH THE BIG WATER RIVER, LIKE OTHER RIVERS, FLOWS DOWNHILL, THERE THE RESEMBLANCE CEASES.

BOX 2

TEN HORSE TEST

NUMBER THAT WOULD DRINK.....	3	NUMBER THAT WOULD SURVIVE.....	0
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NOTE--RATHER THAN BOILING LIKE NORMAL WATER, THE SUBSTANCE TESTED TURNED INTO A GREEN FOG AT APPROXIMATELY 112 DEGREES. THIS FOG PROVED BOTH HEAVIER THAN AIR AND A POWERFUL CORROSIVE, EATING NOT ONLY THROUGH THIS EXPERIMENTER'S BOOT, BUT A PORTION OF HIS FOOT AS WELL.

BOX 3

EFFLUENT TEMPERATURE

AT OUTFALL.....	312 DEGREES F.	50 YARDS DOWN.....	111 DEGREES F.
10 YARDS DOWN.....	182 DEGREES F.		

BOX 4

CHEMICAL BREAKDOWN OF EFFLUENT AT OUTFALL

KEPONE.....	200 PARTS PER THOUSAND	ROTENONE.....	150 PARTS PER THOUSAND
PHOSGENE.....	180 PARTS PER THOUSAND	PLUTONIUM.....	200 PARTS PER THOUSAND
LEAD ARSENATE.....	120 PARTS PER THOUSAND	WARFARIN.....	50 PARTS PER THOUSAND
D11-62.....	100 PARTS PER THOUSAND		

NOTE--THESE FINDINGS, ALTHOUGH THEY WOULD SEEM UNFORTUNATE AT FIRST GLANCE, APPEAR TO PROVIDE, IN COMBINATION WITH THE CHEMICAL COMPONENTS THAT MAKE UP OUR DISCHARGE (SEE BOX.4), AN EXTREMELY NUTRITIVE SOUP FOR THE BACTERIA SEEPING FROM TOWNVILLE'S SEPTIC SYSTEM.

BOX 5

SEPTIC SYSTEM SEEPAGE

FECAL COLIFORM.....	400 PARTS PER THOUSAND	SPERM.....	50 PARTS PER THOUSAND
TAMPON MULCH.....	235 PARTS PER THOUSAND	FETUSES.....	100 PARTS PER THOUSAND
URINE.....	65 PARTS PER THOUSAND	THINGS BEST LEFT	
CORN.....	50 PARTS PER THOUSAND	ALONE.....	100 PARTS PER THOUSAND

NOTE 1--THE SEPTIC SYSTEM SEEPAGE FINDINGS INDICATE THAT ALTHOUGH THE EFFLUENT RESULTS (BOXES 3 AND 4) WOULD SUGGEST AN ENVIRONMENT HOSTILE TO ALMOST ANY LIVING THING--ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR EVEN MINERAL--THE FIST-SIZED FECAL COLIFORM BACTERIA DISCOVERED IN THE SSS APPEAR TO THRIVE ON IT. THIS WOULD CONSTITUTE A SERIOUS THREAT TO THE LONG-TERM HEALTH OF THE RIVER WERE IT NOT FOR THE FACT THAT THE CARP, IN TURN, THRIVE ON THE BACTERIA.

NOTE 2--LAB ASSISTANT K. SILVERWOOD PASSED ON SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING THIS ANALYSIS.

CARP

AS MENTIONED IN NOTES TO BOX 5, THE EFFLUENT SEEMS TO BE A VALUABLE NUTRIENT OF THE FECAL COLIFORM BACTERIA SEEPING INTO THE BIG WATER RIVER FROM THE TOWNVILLE SEPTIC SYSTEM, SO OUR FINDINGS ARE NOT WITHOUT A SILVER IODIDE LINING, NORMALLY, AS YOU ARE PROBABLY AWARE, BACTERIA ARE INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE, THE CELLS IN QUESTION, HOWEVER, ARE NOT MERELY LARGE, BUT CAN EASILY BE CAUGHT ON A PLUMB LURE BAITED WITH A CHUNK OF DRANO. I HAVE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY THAT A FAVORABLE FUNCTION OF THIS BACTERIA MAY HAVE PRODUCED THE UNUSUAL CARP FOUND IN THE RIVER. SEE BOX 6.

BOX 6 CARP--NUMBER PER FIVE-GALLON BUCKET

TWO-EYE QUOTIENT.....□	PHOSPHORESCENT HEADLIGHTS ON STICKS.....4
NINE-EYE QUOTIENT.....4	

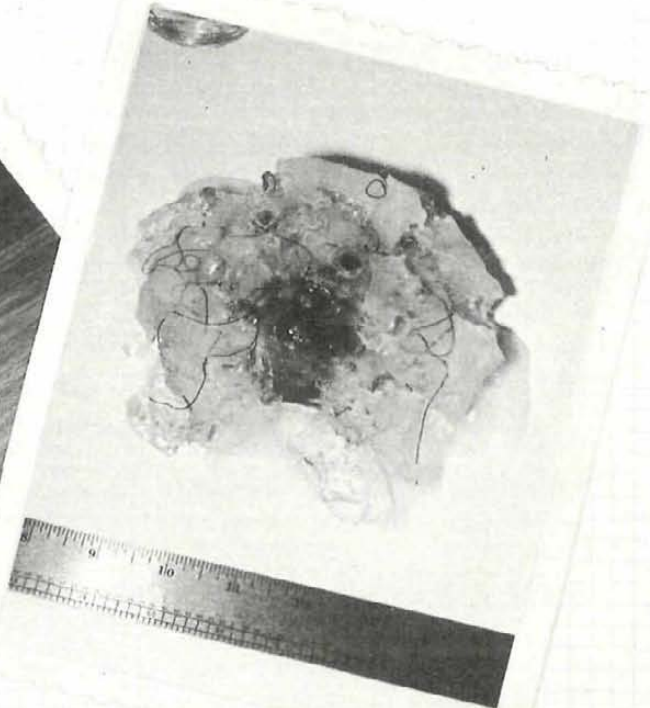
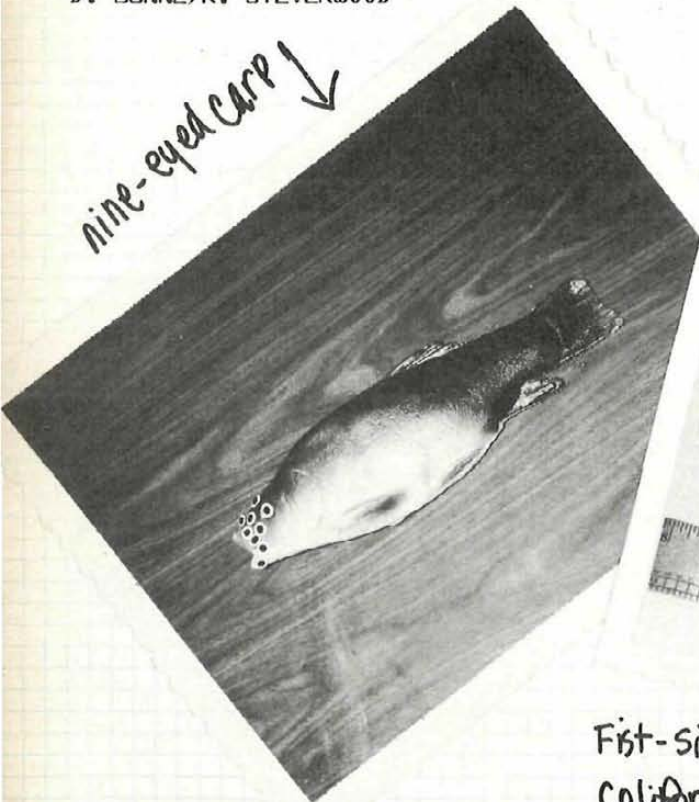
NOTE--THIS EXPERIMENTER EXAMINED ONE OF THESE FISH, AND THEY CAN HARDLY BE CONSIDERED PISCES, MORE LIKE A TENEMENT OF CELLS EQUIPPED WITH A RUSSIAN WITCH DOCTOR'S IDEA OF GILLS. THIS EXPERIMENTER SAW THE TAIL OF ONE OF THESE ANIMALS TEAR OFF AND BEGIN TO FORAGE FOR FOOD BY ITSELF, WHILE THE HEAD UNCONCERNEDLY CONTINUED TO SNAP AT THE FIST-SIZED COLIFORM DRIFTING DOWNSTREAM, ATTEMPTS TO DISSECT WERE UNSUCCESSFUL, AS THE DARK BROWN CONTENTS OF THE PISCAN EXPLODED UPON CONTACT WITH THE ATMOSPHERE, BLINDING THIS EXPERIMENTER AND BREAKING ALL THE WINDOWS ON THE SECOND FLOOR. SEE HARDWARE INVOICE T6571/NOV. 4.

CONCLUSION

IT WOULD APPEAR AT THIS POINT THAT DESPITE THE RELATIVE DANGER FROM OUR EFFLUENT AND THE TOWN COLIFORM, AN ECOSYSTEM, OR BALANCE OF POWER OF SORTS, FUNCTIONS IN THE BIG WATER RIVER. IT WOULD NOT, THEREFORE, BE IN THE PLUMBICO'S INTEREST TO ALTER THIS BALANCE. THE PRESENT VENUSIAN QUALITY OF THE RIVER LIFE SHOULD SERVE TO DIVERT ANY FEDERAL OR OPPOSITION ATTENTION FROM OUR ACTIVITIES.

D. BUNNE/K. SILVERWOOD

Handwritten: nine-eyed carp ↓



Handwritten: Fist-sized fecal coliform bacteria ↑

From the desk of Henry "Pit" Plumb

DAD

FROM: ME

RE: ELECTION BUX

TAKE A GANDER AT ATTACHED LAB REPORT IF IT WASN'T
FOR THOSE SCREWED-UP SEPTIC TANKS, WE'D BE IN
DEEP TOILET CRUMBLES FOR THIS COOKIE IS THAT WITH ALL THESE
SEWAGE SOCIALISTS CREEPING AROUND, WE'D BETTER
FUNNEL A LOT OF SLUSH INTO THE THUD-RUN,
THROW HOWSABOUT GIVING ME YOUR INPUT ON THIS
THOUGHT-WISE?

H "P"

Plumb Co., Inc.

Fish Lure Fund for Political Research
P.O. Box 1
Townville, Iowa

September 1, 1976

Thud for Mayor Campaign Committee
c/o Bob Thud
235 N. Scrub
Townville, Iowa

Dear Campaign Committee,

We of the Fish Lure Fund for Political Research are pleased to make available a grant-in-aid to the Thud for Mayor Campaign Committee, for the purpose of researching methods of maintaining the political and administrative continuity of the community of Townville. The steering committee of the Fish Lure Fund feels strongly that your organization is best qualified to move forward in this crucial undertaking whereby the priceless traditions of our city can be preserved, high among those traditions being Townville's time-honored methods of waste disposal around which so much of local life centers, has centered, and will, we hope, continue to center.

Yours in Public Trust,

Danson Plumb IV

Danson Plumb IV
Chairman, Steering Committee

FISH LURE FUND for POLITICAL RESEARCH
P.O. BOX 1
TOWNVILLE IOWA

PAY TO THE ORDER OF THUD FOR MAYOR CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

FIFTY THOUSAND and 00/100-----

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of TOWNVILLE

POLITICAL RESEARCH

SEP. 1 19 76

\$ 50,000.00

⑆02⑆000⑆2⑆ 666 24 202 ⑆ 040?

Danson Plumb IV



Organized Labor Union 7
664 Big Street
Townville, Iowa

BRAD,
HERE'S FIFTY GRAND, YOU
KNOW WHAT TO DO. ANYONE
YOU WANT TAKEN CARE OF?

MIKE



AN INVITATION

CHOOSE FROM ANY OF THESE
FOUR DESIGNER-DESIGNED
CHECK MOTIFS

... to open a Very Special Checking Account
... at no cost! That's right. Free Checking comes
to FTNB, and you can qualify. And not only that,
but Free Passbook service can be yours, too!
And Interest-Free Loans—to be repaid at the
rate of your choice! Or not at all! And Free Safe-
Deposit Box service! And unlimited access to
FTNB's Kash Kache—the 24-hour-a-day money
machine that never closes or talks back. All this
can be yours! For Free! At no cost!

Simply place \$500 in a Very Special Checking
Account, and maintain a balance of \$1 or more.
That's all. And you can choose from a variety of
designer-designed motifs for your Very Special
Checks. And, if you act on or before November 2,
1976, you may take your pick of any or all of the
following FREE GIFTS:



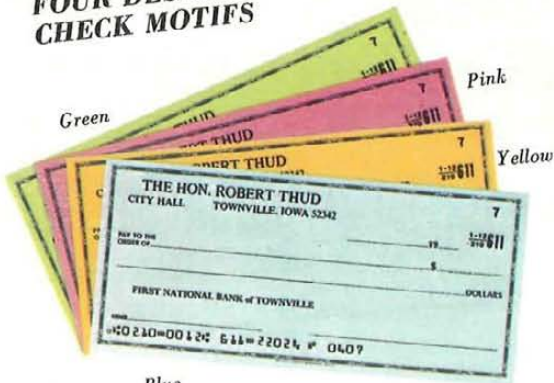
The exclusive rights to every
mortgage insurance policy pur-
chased through First Townville
National Bank. Such policies are
mandatory for any client taking
out a mortgage—and, at present,
we hold upwards of 8,000 mort-
gages, with new ones being neg-
otiated every day.

50 acres of choice waterfront
property on Lake Tepid—an
ideal site for use as a vacation
retreat, a second home, or just
plain subdividing.



\$3,000-worth of PlumbCo sport-
ing goods, including all regis-
tration gear for basketball, soccer,
volleyball, and golf. Plus, on the
site of your choosing: a
100'x100' asphalt playing sur-
face. Plus, a set of Phold-A-W;
bleachers, seats 300.

An all-expenses-paid vacation
for two to sunny Puerto
Vallarto. Includes first class air
fare (round trip), two weeks
luxury hotel accommodations,
and rental car.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT VERY SPECIAL CHECKING

Q. Isn't this illegal?

A. Not at all. Our attorneys assure us that any
bank chartered by the state of Iowa may offer
inducements and rewards to attract new
accounts.

Q. Are there no other gifts or bonuses avail-
able to me?

A. Not necessarily. Should you require addi-
tional goods or services, simply telephone me
at my office (ext. 356) and we'll arrange for a
confidential interview aboard my beautiful and
strictly private Hatteras inboard yacht,
Townie II.

Q. Are you sure there's nothing else you
require from me in return?

A. Absolutely. We want to take care of all your
financial needs. And we want you to think of
FTNB for your business needs, too... no
matter what business you are in: city govern-
ment, politics, civic administration, municipi-
management, etc.



Bob -

Just a note to wish you all the best in the upcoming election.
I support your plan to lead us toward solutions to today's problems
using the tried and proven methods of yesterday's successes.
Let me assure you that First Townville National is ready,
willing, and able to offer its expertise in the execution of any
projects you may wish to implement. For example, in the field of
municipal improvement (e.g., sanitation, or roads), we can help
in the coordinating of the various financial aspects that would be
necessary (e.g., homeowner loans for new septic systems) to get
the job done right. "Our plans will hold your interest!"
My best to Helen and the kids.

Ben
Mr. Benjamin Fist
President
First Townville National

AN INVITATION

... to open a *Very Special Checking Account* ... at no cost! That's right. *Free Checking* comes to FTNB, and you can qualify. And not only that, but *Free Passbook service* can be yours, too! And *Interest-Free Loans*—to be repaid at the rate of your choice! Or not at all! And *Free Safe-Deposit Box service!* And unlimited access to FTNB's *Kash Kache*—the 24-hour-a-day money machine that never closes or talks back. All this can be yours! For Free! At no cost!

Simply place \$500 in a *Very Special Checking Account*, and maintain a balance of \$1 or more. That's all. And you can choose from a variety of designer-designed motifs for your *Very Special Checks*. And, if you act on or before November 2, 1976, you may take your pick of any or all of the following **FREE GIFTS:**



500 acres of prime, arable real estate—suitable for planting, grazing, or just plain developing.

From International Harvester, two extra-large grain elevators, plus one heavy-duty grain escalator, plus one all-weather grain staircase.

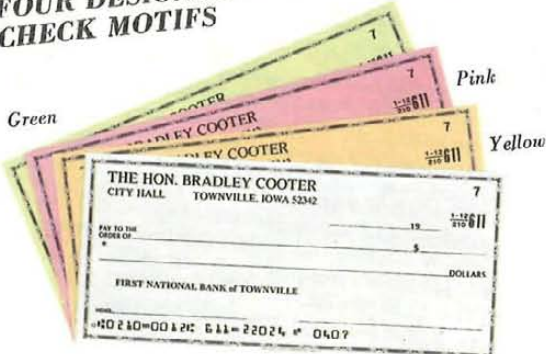


From John Deere, one heavy-duty tractor. And, from Caterpillar, one bulldozer with "Sunbrella" sun shade.

An all-expenses-paid vacation for two in sunny Puerto Vallarta. Includes first class air fare (round trip), two weeks luxury hotel accommodations, and rental car.



CHOOSE FROM ANY OF THESE FOUR DESIGNER-DESIGNED CHECK MOTIFS



Blue

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT VERY SPECIAL CHECKING!

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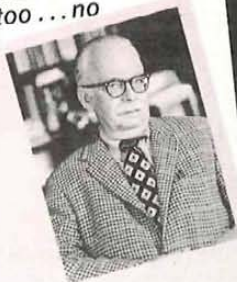
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A. Absolutely. We want to take care of all your financial needs. And we want you to think of FTNB for your business needs, too... no matter what business you are in—ment, politics, etc.

FROM THE PRESIDENT



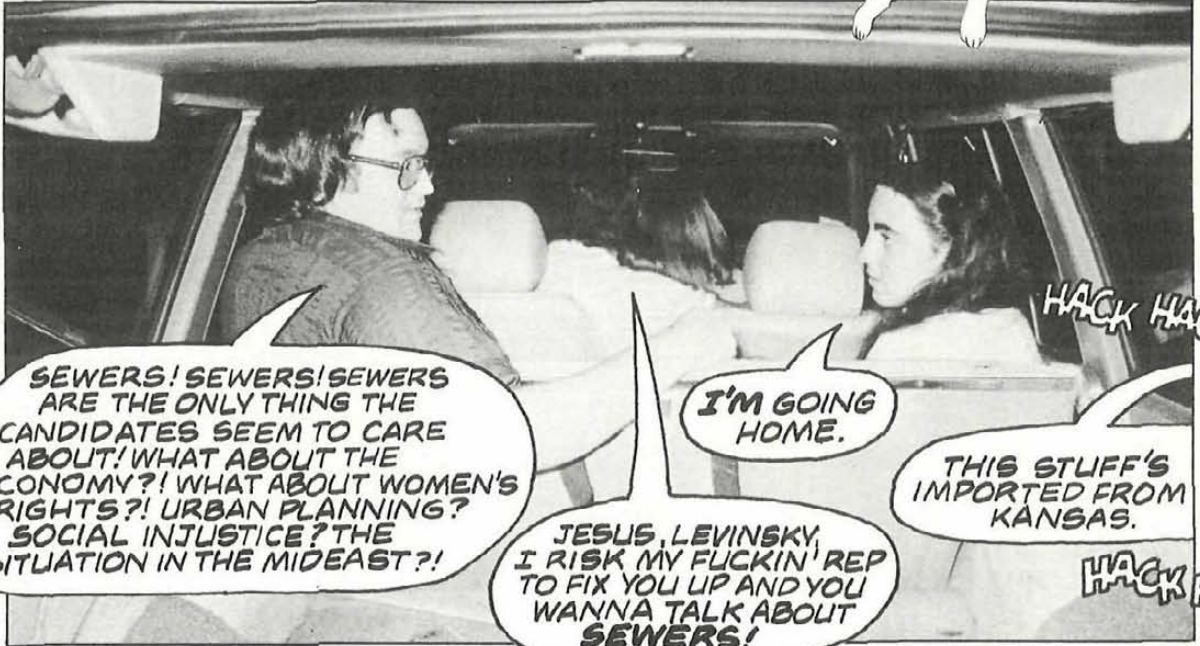
Brad—

Just a note wishing you the best of luck in the upcoming election. I join you in seeking new answers to today's problems, and ideas of all to move into tomorrow using the daring techniques and ideas of next week.

In your campaign to improve the town we all live in, let me assure you of one thing: First Townville National stands ready to provide the important financial basis for any project(s) you may deem viable. I am, for example, talking about such services as underwriting public works projects such as sanitation, or also road improvements, if need be. I know that these concerns are vital to you, and will do anything I can to help—"You can bank on my best to Patsy and the kids."

Ben
Mr. Benjamin Fist
President
First Townville National

WELL, IT LOOKED LIKE THE PRINCIPAL ISSUE IN THIS ELECTION HAD EMERGED AT LAST...



SEWERS! SEWERS! SEWERS ARE THE ONLY THING THE CANDIDATES SEEM TO CARE ABOUT! WHAT ABOUT THE ECONOMY?! WHAT ABOUT WOMEN'S RIGHTS?! URBAN PLANNING? SOCIAL INJUSTICE? THE SITUATION IN THE MIDEAST?!

I'M GOING HOME.

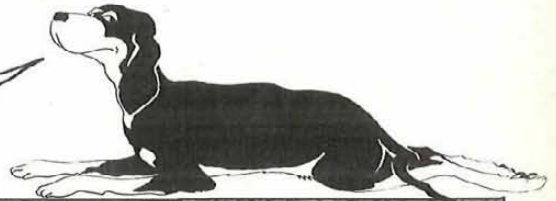
THIS STUFF'S IMPORTED FROM KANSAS.

JESUS, LEVINSKY, I RISK MY FUCKIN' REP TO FIX YOU UP AND YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT SEWERS!

HACK HACK

HACK HACK

ALL OVER TOWN, PEOPLE WERE DISCUSSING THE CANDIDATES' POSITIONS...



ALL THIS TALK ABOUT SEWERS, IT'S SO... I MEAN, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S WRONG WITH THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE, WHICH REMINDS ME, HOWARD, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR BREATH.

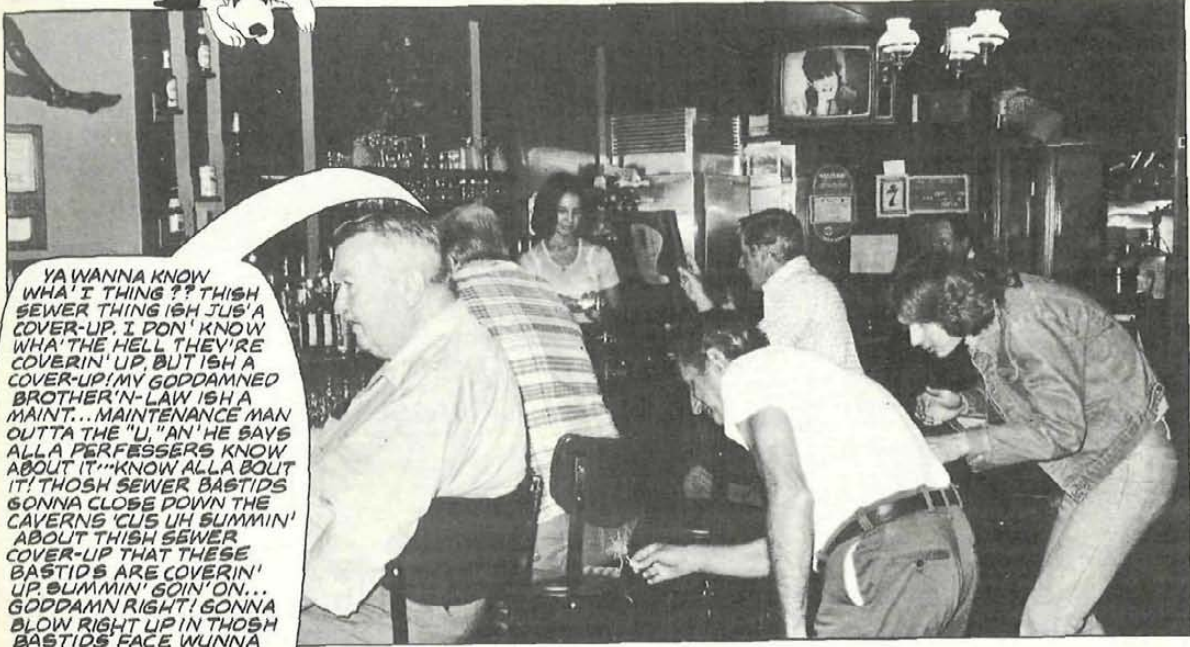
MY BREATH?! THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH MY BREATH. I WAS GOING TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT YOURS.

MY BREATH SMELLS PERFECTLY FINE.


WELL, SOMETHING STINKS TO HIGH HEAVEN AROUND HERE.



CONCERNED CITIZENS WERE BUSY TRYING TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON THE ELECTORATE...



YA WANNA KNOW WHA' I THING ?? THISH SEWER THING ISH JUS' A COVER-UP. I DON' KNOW WHA' THE HELL THEY'RE COVERIN' UP, BUT ISH A COVER-UP! MY GODDAMNED BROTHER-IN-LAW ISH A MAINT... MAINTENANCE MAN OUTTA THE "U," AN' HE SAYS ALL A PERFESSIONS KNOW ABOUT IT... KNOW ALL A BOUT IT! THOSH SEWER BASTIDS GONNA CLOSE DOWN THE CAVERNS 'CUS UH BUMMIN' ABOUT THISH SEWER COVER-UP THAT THESE BASTIDS ARE COVERIN' UP. BUMMIN' GOIN' ON... GODDAMN RIGHT! GONNA BLOW RIGHT UP IN THOSH BASTIDS' FACE WUNNA THESE DAYS. BLOW RIGHT UP. BLOW RIGHT FUCKIN' UP INNER FACE! SERVE 'EM RIGHT, YA AS' ME. GONNA BLOW RIGHT UP...



YUP, ONE SUBJECT WAS ON EVERYONE'S MIND...



SHIT.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION MASTER SEWAGE
TREATMENT PLAN FOR TOWNVILLE, IOWA

Cooter in '76

From the desk of Sy Whinestein

Campaign Manager

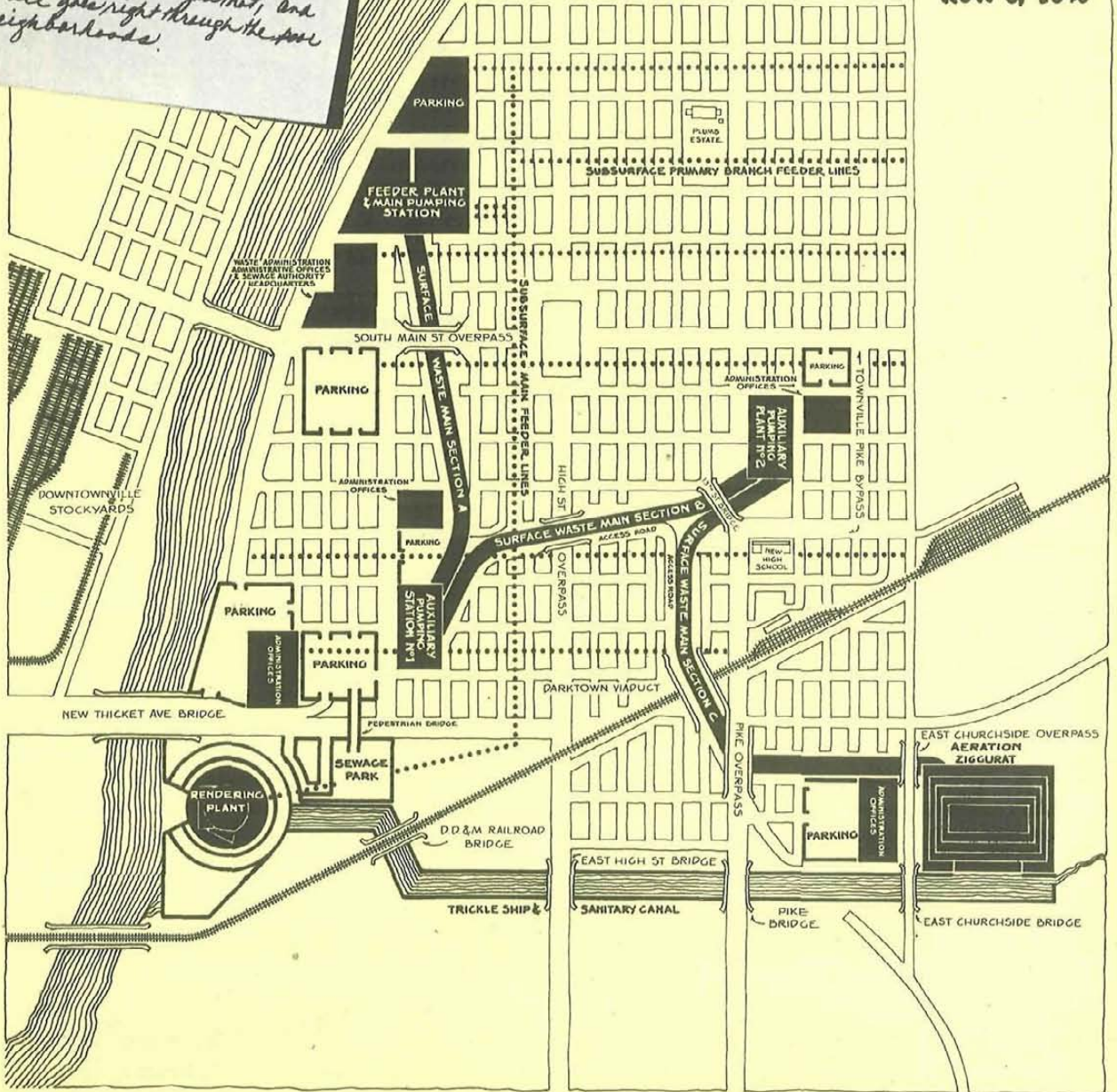
*Bro—
Look what I dug up at
the County Surveyor's office!!
Must have been dropped since
of the war. We can get zillions
from the Feds for this one!!
ZILLIONS!! We've got to
pull out all the stops now
do anything for this baby.
This sweetheart will mean
10,000 jobs—child support, and
it all goes right through the poor
neighborhoods.*

W. P. A. PROJECT

E5123150X4151

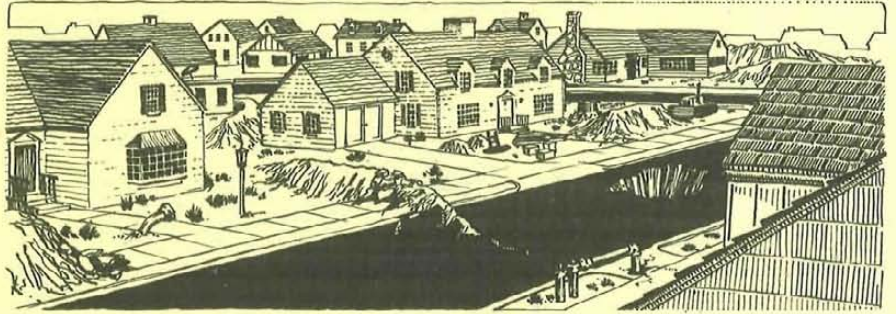
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NOV. 6, 1940

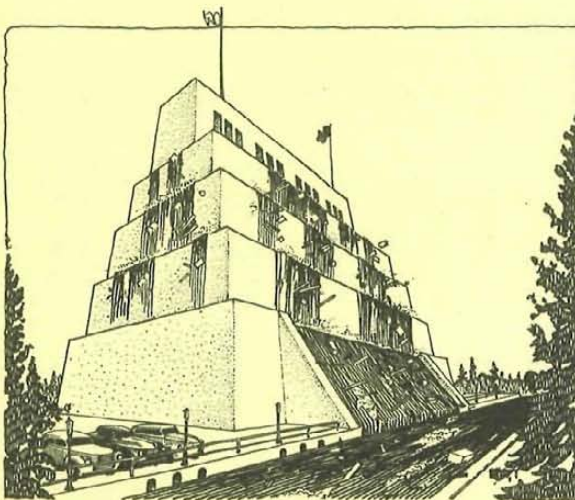
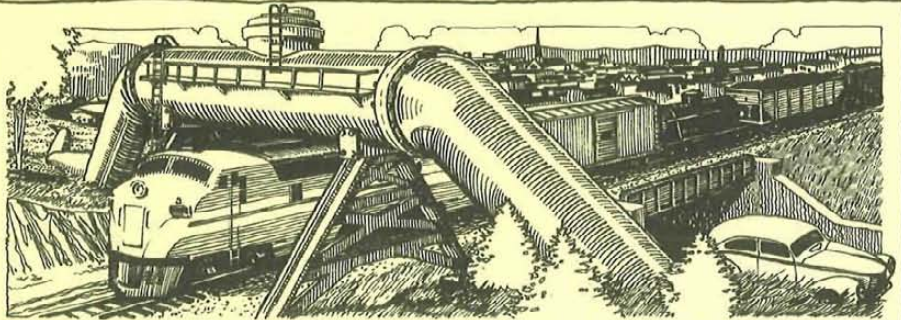


TOWNVILLE SEWAGE PROJECT

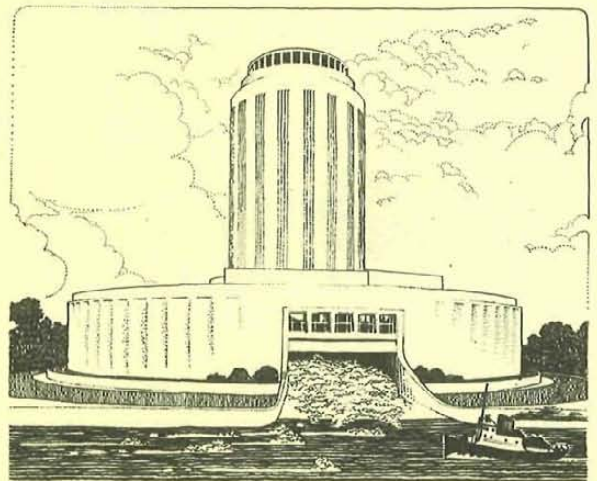
PROPOSED SUBSURFACE
BRANCH FEEDER LINES
& SECONDARY FEEDER
BRANCHES IN TYPICAL
TOWNVILLE BLOCK:
BEFORE INSTALLATION
& AFTER.



PROPOSED DARKTOWN
VIADUCT & PIKE OVERPASS
AT THE PRESENT INTER-
SECTION OF TOWNVILLE
PIKE & DARKTOWN ROAD



PROPOSED DARKTOWN AERATION ZIGGURAT
& TRICKLE SHIP & SANITARY CANAL



PROPOSED RENDERING PLANT AT THICKET AVE.
SITE ON THE BIG WATER RIVER

Weather:
Sort of rainy
through the week;
will probably clear
up by the weekend.
Temperatures
normal.
Olor index 72-75.

The Townville Drier

"If it isn't in the Crier, it didn't happen."

This week's laugh.
"Kids are like
chinos; they need a
belt in the rear to
straighten them
out."

Vol. LVIII No. 43

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Monday, October 18, 1976

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My Kinda

Townville

By Rusty Barnett
Editor-in-Chief

Our Way of Life: That ole gal democracy is prouder'n ever this week as both Brad Cooter and Bob Thud battle for the mayor's chair in the true spirit of democracy and freedom. Sure, it's a tough choice between two good men. And whether septic or sewer system, it's a hard head-stratcher. But these thoughtful, horse-sense-loaded felas have given every Townville citizen something to be proud of.

Cracked Egghead: Can you believe that Professor Bindor telling us that there's danger for Townville down in Gravel Caverns? I have to laugh—haw, haw, haw—at these overpaid, underworked, taxpayer-bloated pantywaists who first fear, wherever their limp whisps point, Gravel Caverns, where counting and sparking have been a way of life, is about as dangerous as a feather-duster. I don't know what they think they're teaching at Junior State (my teacher was a six-inch-long leather strap right across the chops, wielded by a fatherly



Smash-Up

Two persons were killed and a 1976 Dodge Pioneer Motor Home was demolished Monday in an accident along Iowa 63. Police say that a CB radio call for help reported the driver losing consciousness because of "some horrible smell that was overpowering him." Observers believe this story is an attempt by the driver to explain an obviously inebriated condition.

Cavern dangers? Prof says so
In what many observers feel is a wildly overstated opinion, Professor Peter Bindor warned last Thursday that "a potentially very explosive accumulation of sewer gas has accumulated under Gravel Caverns and poses a clear threat to the safety of Townville."
Speaking before an audience of disgruntled, taxpayer-supported stu-

Candidates nose to nose: Thud, Cooter row in sewer/septic battle

The battle for the big green chair in Townville's City Hall heated up this week as the debate over the septic or sewer controversy raged on.
Democratic nominee Brad Cooter accused the Thud administration of "turning its back on the future" by opposing plans for the \$4.5 billion federal sewer project, to be paid for by the Federal Defense Employment Environmental Economic Growth Act.

"If we are to restore compassion and love, decency and honor, fealty and family to our town," Cooter said, "we must turn our front side, not our back side, to the facts. We must develop a comprehensive, prudent, thoughtful, generous, gentle program which will protect our rights, our land, our water, our air, our domesticated animals, our grass, our trees, our rosebushes, our industry, our workers, our lawn furniture, our dreams, our hopes."
Bob Thud, incumbent mayor, in turn argued that "the big-spending, Washington-and-Des Moines-know-everything philosophy of my honorable opponent and good friend, Brad Cooter, must be repudiated. It is the rights of our forefathers fought, and died for on battlefields from Valley Forge to Pleiku. They must not be cast aside out of fear-mongering."
The close contest for the mayoralty, energized in recent weeks by reports of increasingly serious accumulations of sewer gas, has focused in recent days almost entirely on the septic-sewer issue which the next mayor of Townville will have to resolve, showing increasing signs of dividing the town along classic ideological lines.
Cooter acknowledged that "planning for the future does involve some complications." He referred to the fact that federal officials now believe a Townville sewer system cannot be constructed without the forcible relocation of 45 percent of the townpeople.
"But," Cooter pointed out, "more than half the people involved live in Darktown, where suffering is a great part of those people's heritage. I would oppose any attempt to violate their septic purity, but at the same time I believe we must do what is necessary."
"On the other hand," said Cooter, "I would not want to unduly burden these good and gentle people. On the third hand, I would not want the future of the town to be jeopardized."
Mayor Thud announced support for his candidacy from a newly organized "Citizens for the Maintenance of Private Freedom" composed of many of the town's most respected citizens, who are "dedicated to maintaining our way of life and the bedrock foundations on which our freedom and liberty rest." The committee is open to all citizens whose net income exceeds \$45,000 a year.
Donald "Diogenes" Dumpty, meanwhile, announced a broad-based labor-union Coalition for the Future. "To ignore the needs of what must be built is like putting the Borgas in charge of the Kitchen," Dumpty did not elaborate.

hand, and it shaped me up real good, I tell you.

Plumb Hooked: a wink of the noggin' to Damsion Plumb IV and Henry "Pit" Plumb for their good ole-fashioned American horse sense in saying thumbs down to the burro-crazis of Washington and their fancy bankbook-busting sewage system. I just can't help feeling that there's a certain something from our beloved septic tanks that forms a bedrock of Townville's character. In fact, from the trenches of Valley Forge to the foxholes of Ba-tan, our boys have held and died for the rights of individualism that the Washington-Dos Moines double-doms seem so eager to destroy. It's heartening to see our business folk come down founsquare on the side of us typically ordinary folk.

Sewer Row: Byrne looks at other end

Francis Xavier Byrne proposed last week a typically original and unconventional solution to the growing dilemma over the disposition of Townville's waste.

"Let us remember," Byrne said, "that whether we maintain our septic tanks or build a sewer, the real dilemma is how to produce less waste. In an era of limited resources, we must look to new, innovative solutions instead of being locked into the past. I propose," Byrne continued, "that all of us

students and faculty-at-large exempt Junior State College of Iowa at Townville. Binder claimed that "the conditions at Gravel Caverns are approaching emergency status." The swarthy, well-fed Binder shrilly claimed that "unless the gas is reduced in intensity immediately, the future of the town itself is in the most serious jeopardy, and I am talking about weeks, if not days."

Binder recently supervised the soil sample tests, conducted by five students from the college, one of whom recklessly endangered his own life by rendering himself unconscious through the use of what many observers felt was a dangerous, illegal, and degenerate drug. It was felt that Binder's alarmist view was an attempt to avoid responsibility for his own inadequate

system was "far too late to solve the problem. Something is going to happen very soon, of the most urgent nature," he yelled.

Binder's statements were challenged by a broad coalition of Townville's most respected citizens. Mayor Bob Third interrupted his campaign to grant an exclusive interview in which he warned that "this statement can only divert us from the job of defending our God-given septic system from encroachment by the bureaucrats and social engineers." Democratic candidate Brad Cooter said, "We definitely need a new sewer system, but first, we need calm, thoughtful, loving consideration of this issue, consideration as gentle as soft, as soothing, as reassuring as the first summer breeze, or the furry coat of a little

consume less. Thus putting less strain on our already overtaxed resources."

Speaking at an Elks' Banquet in the Louis Quinze' Room of the Ramit Inn Motor Hotel, Byrne said that Junior State College of Iowa at Townville would "set an example for the older generation by cutting portions at the Battery by 25 percent." All savings, he said, would go to providing "fairer remuneration for the over-worked administrators at the school."

Plumb says no to sewer

In what many observers feel could be a potentially significant political step, Henry "Pit" Plumb, executive vice-president of the Plumb Fish Lure Company, called today for a "ringing repudiation" of the proposed federally-funded sewage system.

Speaking before a special executive committee meeting of the Citizens for the Maintenance of Private Freedom, Plumb said that "the business community, the civic leadership of Townville, cannot stand idly by while a basic tradition of our way of life is wiped out." Plumb

quoted extensively from *Masters of Deceit: Nine Dare Call It Treason, The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, and his father, Damsion Plumb IV, to prove that municipal sewage systems were "part and parcel of the Marxist-Leninist-McGovernist scheme to eradicate private initiative, self-sufficiency, and pride."

To the cheers of the crowd, Plumb, ridiculed suggestions that seepage from private septic systems were somehow afflicting the fish life of the Big Water River. "Why, only yesterday," he said, "we caught

a mess of wall-eyed pike and Fried them for dinner. Never had a better meal in my life." Plumb had intended to announce a voluntary assessment of 2 percent of weekly wages by all Plumb Fish Lure employees to help the educational work of the Citizens for the Maintenance of Private Freedoms. Regrettably, Plumb was taken ill before he could conclude

the speech. He was taken to Townville Mercy Hospital, where he was listed in guarded condition, possibly due to the presence of two security guards from the Plumb Fish Lure Company, who discouraged journalistic inquiries with warning shots into the left shoulder of an inquiring reporter.

Gravel caverns closed

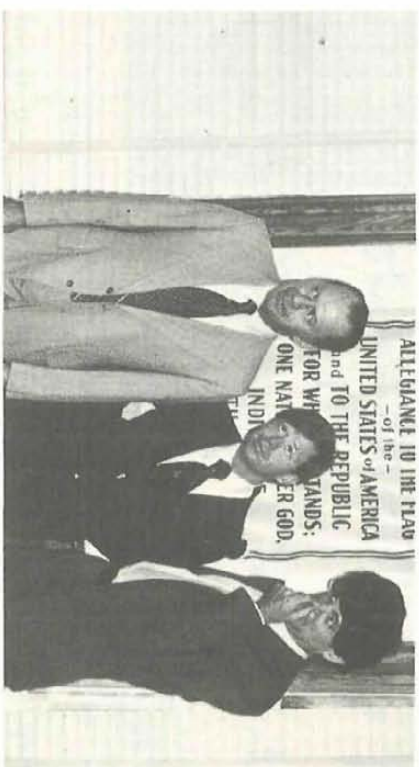
The Iowa Department of Environmental Concern announced that Gravel Caverns would be "temporarily closed" for examination and study. The closing, which was described as a "purely precautionary measure," was announced last week, and was accompanied by a promise that the Caverns would be opened "in ample time" for the planned wheelchair-speunkers picnic on November 15.

Keep it... in your hat

By Rex Kanker
Puerto Vallarta-Greetings from the Antwerp of Mexico, friends and neighbors, as Rex chews out the almost all new Ramit Inn Motor Hotel de la Puerto Vallarta. And as yr faithful amenueists bathe under the beams of old man Sol, it's time to set the record right on the lurtable once again. Seems that the very Honorable Brad Cooter was not the chap testing out the facilities at the old Ramit Inn Motor Hotel summer just passed. A personal conversation with selfsame Brad convinces yrs truthfully that Cooter's clean as the rest rooms at Big Al's Shell Station along Route 63.

And let me just scratch a note of gratitude to all those whose generosity made possible this bit of Rand R for your overworked digger of truth here in sunny Mexico. I can tell you from firsthand conversations with the ordinary folk here that Fair Townville, and particularly our former mayor, whose resignation occurred under circumstances best left forgotten, are held in the highest esteem. ***

Just a gravel note to tell you folk that if you're looking for sunny climes, great food, and just plain laybones relaxation, this is the perfect place to find release from politics, pollution, and the cares of the workaday world. As the folks here say, *¡viva la vida, mes amigos!*



Award Off

A planned presentation of a good citizen award by Henry "Pit" Plumb, executive vice-president of the Plumb Fish Lure Company, to Mr. Ben First of the First Townville Bank had to be cancelled Friday night when both Mr. First and Plumb were unaccountably taken ill with acute gastric distress. Looking on are Brad Cooter, Mayor Ben Third, and Roland Bagel, who gathered at the Beef and Broth room of the Ramit Inn Motor Hotel. No new date for the award has been set.

THUD for Mayor

Brad -

Whoops, sure is lucky these
didn't get slipped into Buy-Lots
weekly Pork n' Produce Val-U Alert.
Mr. + Mrs. Smart Shopper would
certainly think a transvestite mayor
was less than a bargain! Please
announce your withdrawal from the
race or you know what.

Definitely,

Bob Thud

HMMMM.
TOWNVILLE'S TWO TITANS
SEEM TO BE CROSSING
WITS. TURN THE PAGE, FOLKS
AND WE'LL SEE WHAT
CROSSED IN THE MAILS.



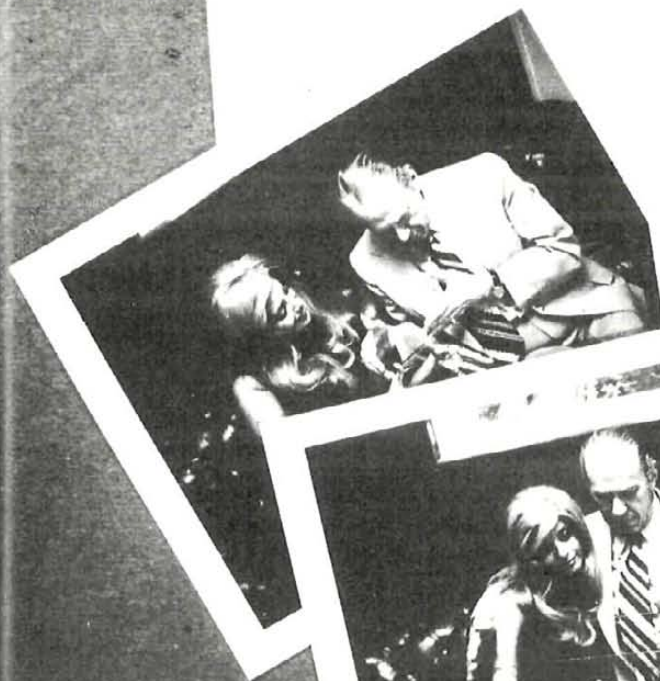


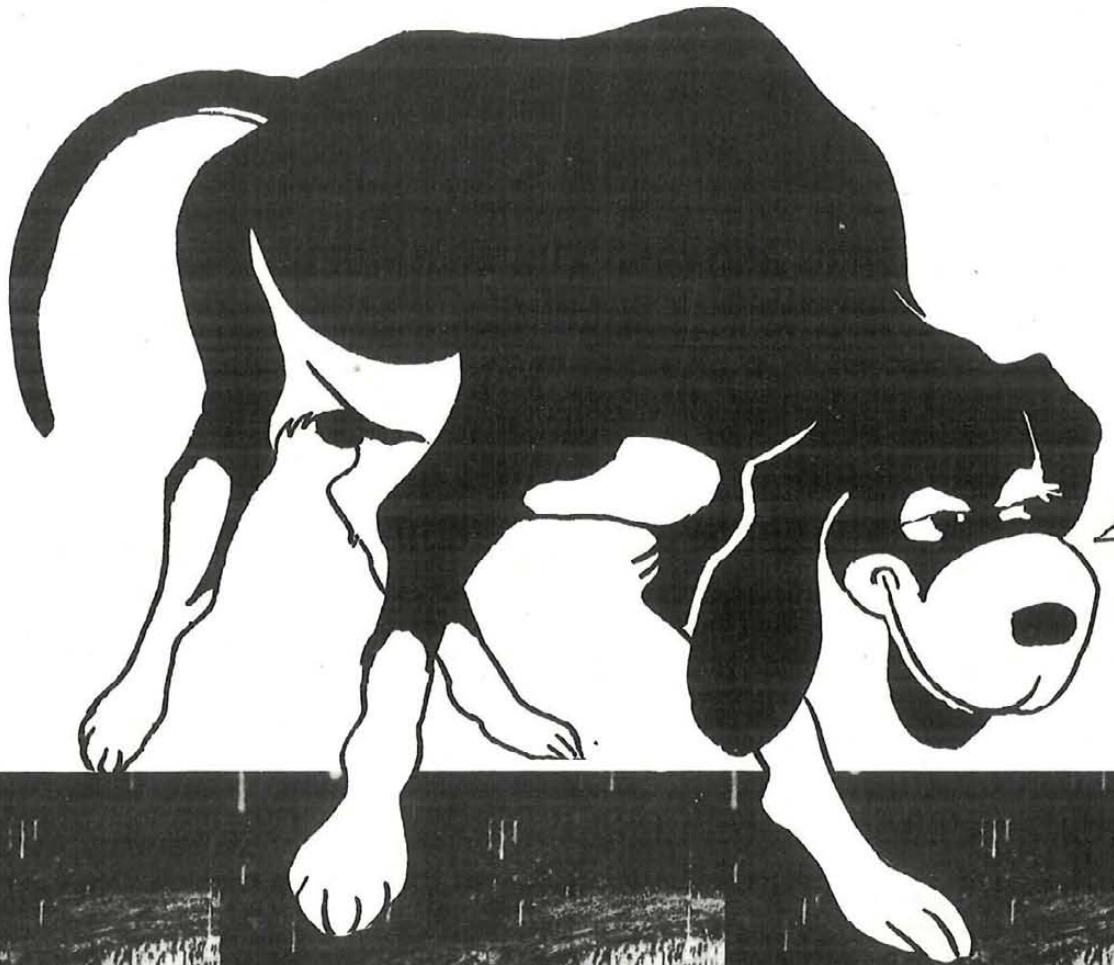
**COOTER
FOR
MAYOR**

Dear Bob-

It's every politician's duty
to face facts. But some facts
will start a stomach convulsion
strong enough to pop lunch into
orbit. I suggest you step down
while there's still some ground
left for you to step on.

Sincerely -
Brad Coob



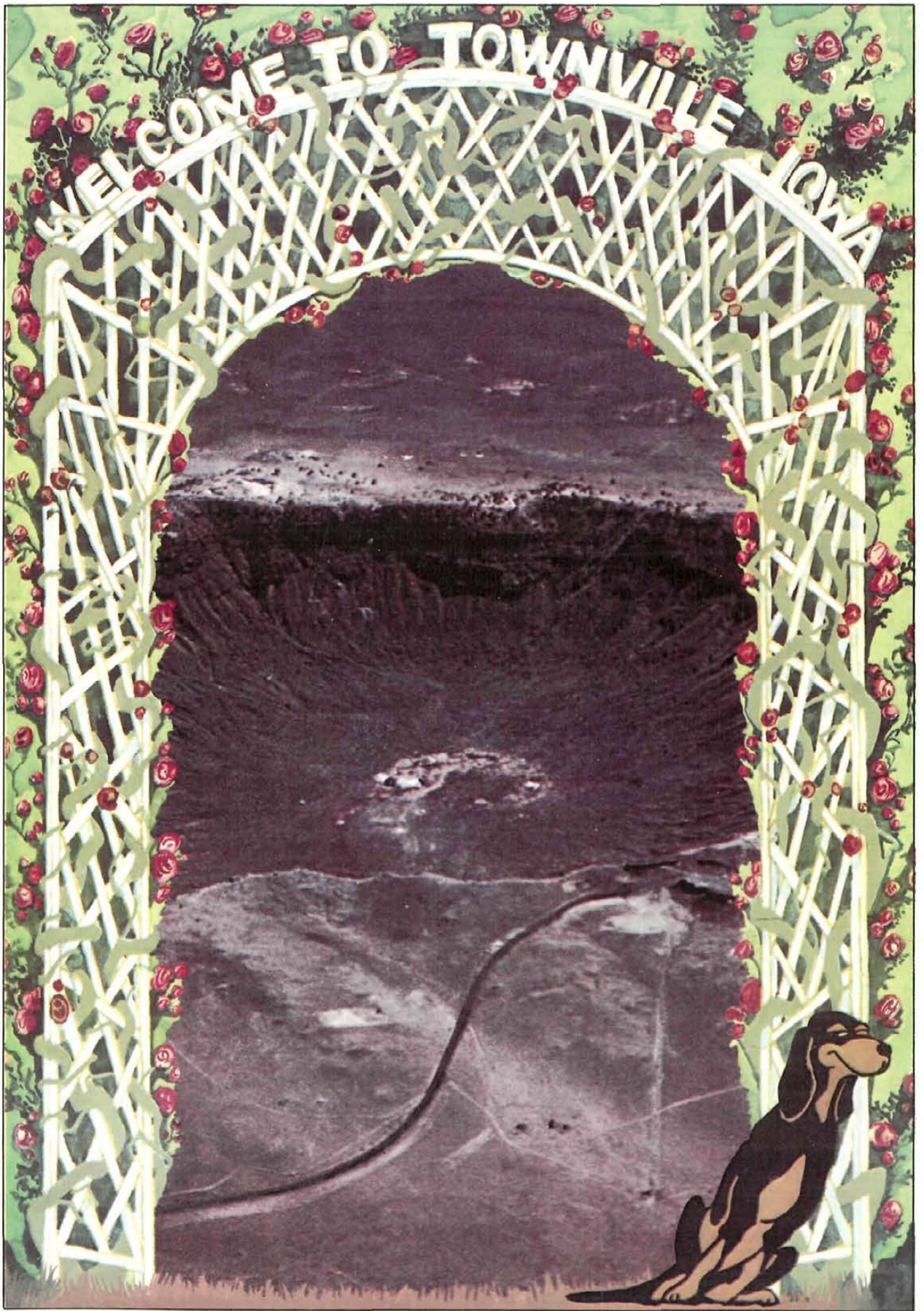


PHEW! A PRETTY PASS, AS THE FRENCH SAY. LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE GOING TO KNOCK ONE ANOTHER OUT OF THE RACE, AND BOOM, THERE GOES THE ELECTORAL PROCESS. WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE PEOPLE WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT? WHO WILL PROTECT THEIR RIGHTS AND FREEDOMS? WHO WILL COLLECT THEIR PROPERTY TAXES? IS TOWNVILLE DOOMED? WELL, NOT YET. ELECTION EVE, BOB AND BRAD DECIDED TO GET TOGETHER IN A NICE PRIVATE PLACE, GRAVEL CAVERNS, AND DISCUSS THEIR OPPOSING VIEWS OF GOVERNMENT. NOT THAT THEY ACTUALLY BROUGHT THEIR VIEWS WITH THEM. THE POLAROIDS, LIKE EVERYTHING IMPORTANT IN TOWNVILLE, WERE SAFELY IN THE BANK. AT FIRST, BOB THOUGHT HE HAD THE EDGE. SEEMS HE FELT THAT SINCE HE HADN'T ACTUALLY TAKEN HIS CLOTHES OFF, HE HAD BRAD UP THE BIG WATER RIVER WITHOUT A PADDLE. BUT BRAD POINTED OUT THAT AT LEAST HE'D GOT MS. BEAME'S PANTIES OFF, WHILE ALL BOB HAD MANAGED WAS TO SCREW UP THE CAT'S CRADLE. THAT AIN'T THE KIND OF STUD PEOPLE WANT IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, SAID BRAD. BACKLASH, SAID BRAD, DIDN'T SEEM TO BE A WAY OUT. THEN, ALMOST AT THE SAME MOMENT, THEY BOTH HAD THE SAME THOUGHT. WHAT IF THE OTHER GUY DOES WIN? WOULD IT BE SO BAD? **BOB THOUGHT:** "IF BRAD WINS, THERE'LL BE MILLIONS IN FEDERAL FUNDING. THE SEWAGE SYSTEM WILL MEAN HUNDREDS OF ACRES OF PRIME REAL ESTATE WILL HAVE TO BE CONDEMNED AND SOLD TO THE GOVERNMENT. IF I CAN GET IT FOR PEANUTS NOW, THE FAMILY'LL MAKE A FORTUNE. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE SURE THAT THE FEDERAL MONEY RUNS OUT BEFORE THE SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANT IS COMPLETED. THAT WAY, PLUMBCO'S HAPPY, THE BANK'S HAPPY, THE UNION'S HAPPY, AND I'M HAPPY." **AND BRAD THOUGHT:** "IF BOB WINS, EVERYONE WILL HAVE TO GET A NEW SEPTIC SYSTEM. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE SURE NO ONE BUT THE FAMILY GETS LICENSED TO BUILD THEM, AND WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE. EVERYONE'LL BE IN HOCK TO THE BANK TILL KINGDOM COME, AND THE NEW SYSTEMS WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THE RIVER. THAT WAY, PLUMBCO'S HAPPY, THE BANK'S HAPPY, THE UNION'S HAPPY, AND I'M HAPPY." IN OTHER WORDS, WHOEVER WINS, THE OTHER ONE GETS TAKEN CARE OF. AND THOSE TRICKY POLAROIDS ARE WHERE THEY BELONG. DOWN THE TOILET. THANK THE LORD FOR SEWAGE! A FEW BRIEF WORDS, A HANDSHAKE, AND DEMOCRACY IS SAFE AGAIN. **THE PEOPLE WILL DECIDE** IN THE MEANTIME, HOW ABOUT A NICE CIGAR?

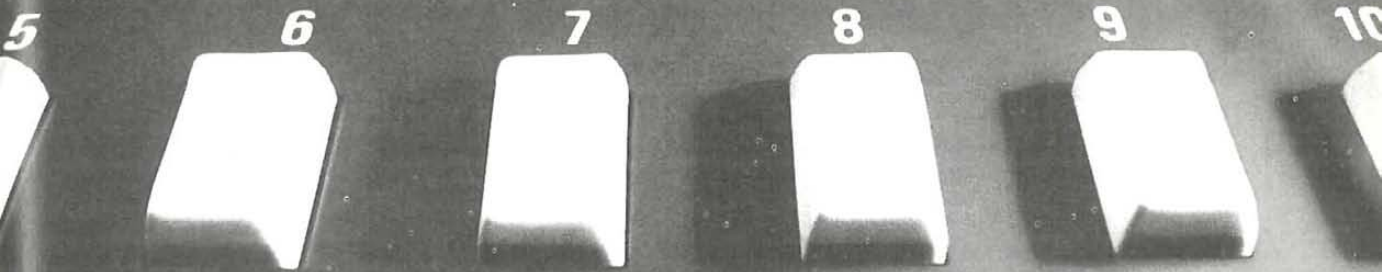








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The arm your fingers never have to touch.

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And, since it cues electronically, too, you can interrupt your listening and then pick it up again in the same groove, within a fraction of a revolution. Even the best damped cue lever can't provide such accuracy. Or safety.

What you hear is as incredible as what you see.

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The Accutrac™ 4000



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Letters

continued from page 14

Sirs:

The Cong had me locked up in a small mud cell twenty by eight by seven. The light in the hall burned twenty-four hours a day, so there was always a little shaft of light coming under the door, driving me closer to the edge of I didn't know what, and outside the guards would pace. Foot-steps. Strange, Oriental steps—pitter pat shuffle steps, not like ours. Over and over, the same sounds, the same sights. I had to do something to keep from going mad.

I cut up my undershorts into tiny little scraps and copied the "Song of Solomon" out on them. So that my captors should never discover my secret, my precious means of holding onto sanity, I ate each piece of my shorts as I finished. They never knew.

I was released at the end of the war and sent home to a hero's welcome. I found it difficult to readjust to life here. The pressures were too great after those months of confinement. So I took to the only means of keeping my sanity: (1) The Song of Songs which is Solomon's. (2) Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine. Wazoo, nurk, buggles. (3) Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth. Therefore do virgins love thee, yalla walla walla boomer the bootheaded boy. (4) Draw me, win a prize. Uh oh, someone's coming. Please swallow this magazine for me.

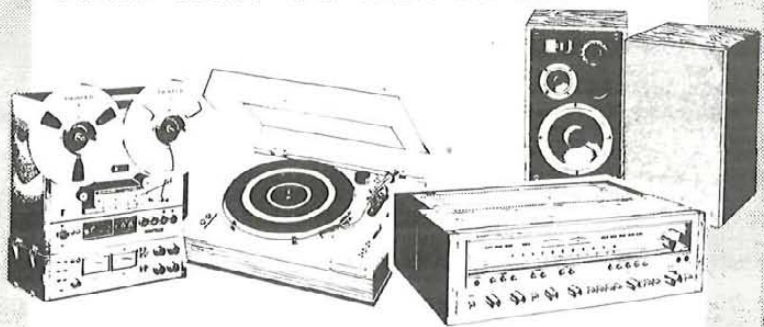
A Poor Vet Hanging
on by His Toes
Your Basement, U.S.A.

continued on page 121



All right, coppers—here's ten bucks that says let's forget the whole thing.

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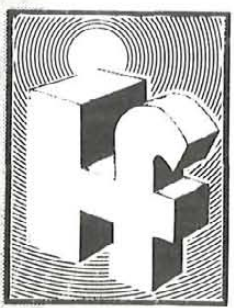
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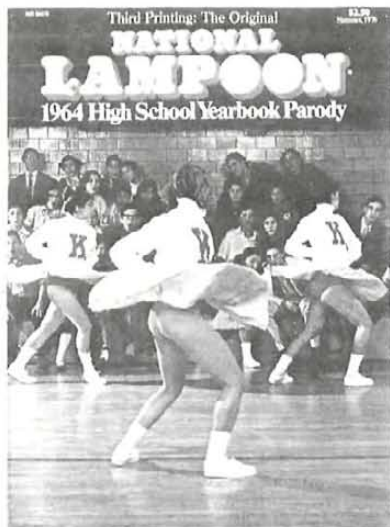
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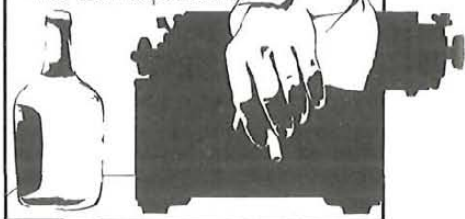
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THIS IS

WAR

by Slouch Hooligan,
War Correspondent



I was sweating badly, my hands were shaking, and my breath was short. I'm sure my face was red enough to have drawn fire, had there been any hostiles about, which, thank the little blue god of the levant, there were not.

After the three-story climb to Beirut's neutral bar. I was ready to drink almost anything older than the dirt on my cuffs. The neutral bar (your charming host Guririr Muta) was the only place in Lebanon where Christian and Moslem could meet without shooting; and there was ice.

Muta scurried over and offered to loosen my shirt, probably of my passport, wallet, and buttons, soliciting a friendly cuff on the side of the head which sent the diminutive Turk pin-wheeling over a table of Queens garbage men trying to pass as Rumanian journalists. This display of heartfelt affection for our host elicited incomprehensible cries from the proprietors of the U.N., and was probably regarded as the most significant display of U.S. force since Slouch and Pat Moynihan barricaded themselves behind a pile of tables at Ferdi's U.N. bar and bombarded a gaggle of pinky ambassadors with Heineken casings.

I finally settled down at the bar and was helping myself to a bowl of hors d'oeuvres that looked like radio parts and sucking back a few fat fingers of rye when a couple of swarthy hearties wearing what looked to be gypsies' dishrags approached and asked in fractured Oxford if they might join. "In what?" was my quick reply, knowing full well their habits.

"We are waiting," said one, "for the Israeli Premier Yidzak Rabin."

"I didn't know he drank." In the street, a bomb went off, followed by a few babies.

So Itzhak Rabin was coming to Beirut. This was a strange war indeed.

continued

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**High Fidelity Magazine*, May 1976.
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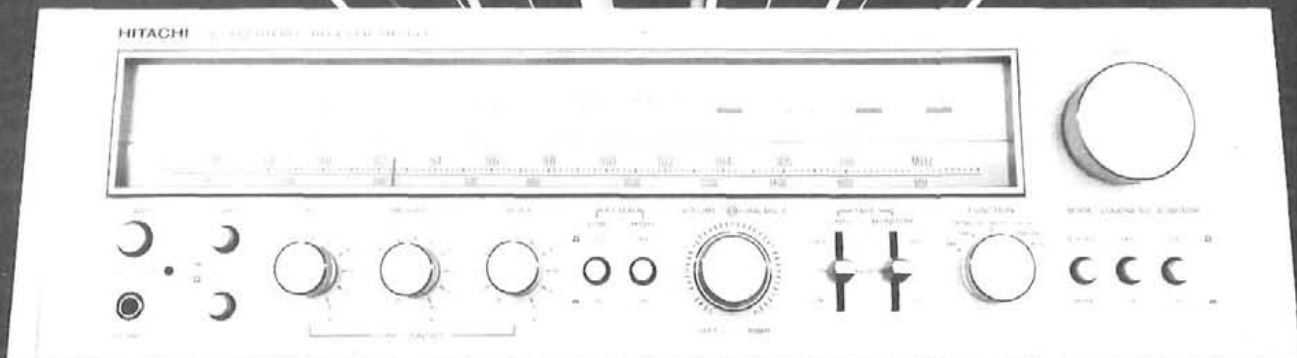
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This Is War
continued

The boot-headed Arabs, Christians for tax purposes and ours but just Arabs in the eyes of the Lord, ordered a bottle of Three Feathers rye at my suggestion, and the three of us proceeded to pound the bottle as hard as my companions had pounded the butt of a bazaar boy in a transparent house coat earlier that afternoon.

The Three Feathers, the smoke in the air, and the hue of my cohorts put me in mind of an evening spent long ago and far away in the company of young Pat Moynihan's sister, Wild Irish Rose.

She was a hard drinking girl even then, with an unpredictable attitude toward anything but spirits and a temper some would have called "Irish," but which is more commonly discovered in ailing Dobermans.

We had been drinking all evening in a seedy bar in Hell's Kitchen, N.Y., and it had been some hours since Wild Irish Rose had broken silence but to break wind. Two Negroes, as they would have it then, sat peaceably at the end of the bar sipping whisky and talking in low tones. It was with a certain apprehension that I noticed that Pat's sister had fastened her heat vision on those Bilalians, as they would have it now.

Pat's sistership lurched to her feet, sighed a gust that broke her moorings, and began to drift purposefully downwind. The poor fellows never had a chance to dive backward through the window.

"O'id certainly appreciate a short view of yer wozzle. Oi'd like to see if you got such great godawful destructors on you as the priests say you have; though Oi'm sure the holy men would know if any would."

The two blacks looked about for an escape, but, seeing none, turned again to face the blowsy Mickess.

"Sure, let's see yer roll o' tar paper, if yer not married, there's no harm in it. Just drop yer mamba out on the bar..."

Out of nowhere came young Pat. He took a run from the door, leapt off a table, sending drinks and drunks cornerwards, and, with a case of Buds for ballast, landed smack on his sister's back.

She must have felt something as she turned slowly around, eyes glowing as if someone had popped a match behind each. Pat still clung to her back, screaming at the top of his

continued on page 103

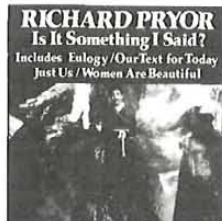
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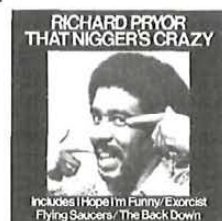
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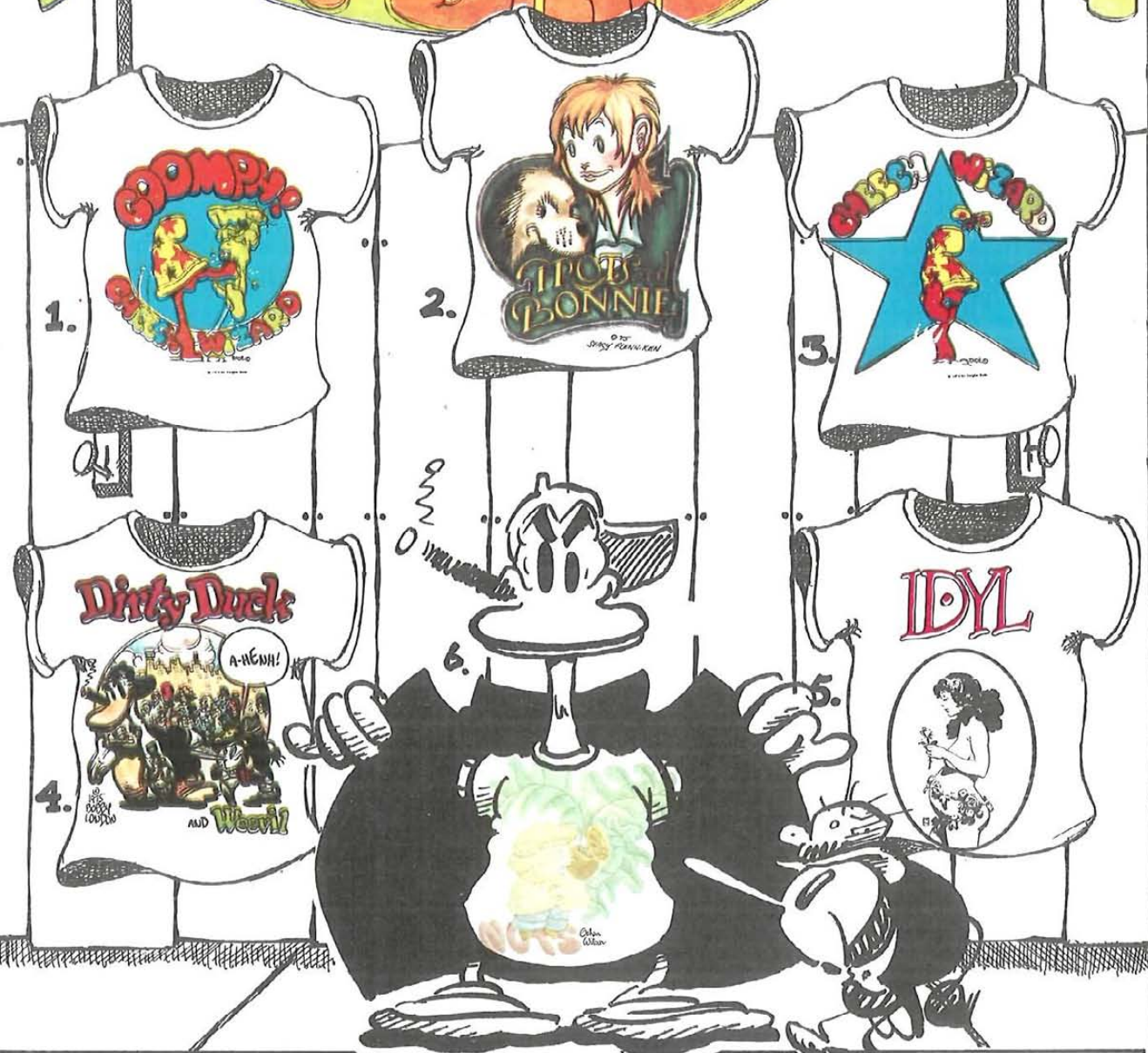


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Dec. 2 *Life Among the Lowly*, by Adrian Hall and Richard Cumming



Dec. 9 *Pennsylvania Lyrrich*,
by David Epstein



Dec. 16 *Scenes from the Middle Class*, Betty Patrick/David Trainer



Dec. 23 *The Phantom of the Open Hearth*, by Jean Strephers



Dec. 30 *The Tapestry and Circles*,
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Birdbath

continued from page 32

source whose name I am not at liberty to reveal. (But I can tell you this much. He signs it with an x.)

☛ Opprobrious Benny from Shadwell, Va.!!! Famed film-san, **Toshiro Milune**, the Jap Clark Gable, has lost his inscrutability license. He did not lose it in a bathhouse in Pasadena, but rather it was rescinded. He wanders the streets forlorn, lashing the tears from his eyes and tearing the lashes from his eyes and so forth. Bad grief, Tush, bad grief—get a hold on yourself!

☛ Chastly Fields from Waxhaw, S.C.!!! **Jerry Ford** promised to name **Nadia Comanечи** to be Secretary of Agriculture. This was the direct result of payoffs to him by lobbyists representing Gold Medal Flour and Medaglia D'Oro Coffee. Really, some people!

☛ Doomed Sahl from Kinderhook, N.Y.!!! **Jerry Rubin** wears a chameleon in his buttonhole. Or rather, maybe it is, in the thought of the New Consciousness, that in its buttonhole a chameleon wears him.

☛ Terpitudinous Abbott and Costello from Pineville, N.C.!!! "Lips that cheat, dear, don't taste sweet,

dear"—thus we have it from Buckminster Fuller—great thoughts from great men. No, wait! He never said that. I made it up. It's true I make things up. I'm always doing it, and I'm sorry. Please, please forgive me. What he (sob) said was: "Don't want your dime-a-dozen kisses, anyhow!"

☛ Grisly Kaye from Hillsboro, N.H.!!! In New York State, the big news is that having struck down the 280-year-old blue law against retail stores being open on the Sabbath, **Gimbels, Korvettes, and Mays** are now doing business seven lucky days a week. Not to be outdone, the National Council of Christians and Jews has snapped back by opening all churches and temples Monday thru Friday (9-12 P.M. on Thursday), and closing down completely on Sabbaths, whenever. Priests, parsons, elders, and rabbis are split-shifting it, and a lot of hiring is being done in midmanagement levels—for big crowds are expected. In Rome, the cardinals are in camera electing a morning Pope to handle the sacred prenoon rush, especially in the early fall, when blessings peak. All holy places will be closed Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving. But on Memorial Day, stores and sees will vie for attendance, cathedrals offering



Transsexual tennis star **Dr. Renee Richards** keeps her balls in a vacuum can. Shouldn't you?

topless sermons and discounts to pageants and requiems (\$6.50 for adults, \$1.00 for children. Call for reservations).

☛ Foul Laurel and Hardy from Core Gap, Pa.!!! The Great Swine Flu Caper is getting nicely off the ground. The last case reported was in Feb at Fort Dix, an epidemic of one. Congress plans a \$135 million national vaccination program to vanquish this threat. Penny foolish, and pound catatonic. But safe. Very safe. Which is where statesman always stash payola.

☛ Untoward Keaton from Hardin, Ky.!!! Wicked whispers: What big superstar TV talk show-off babied a nine-pounder on which Estonian Olympic weightlifter on Tuesday of what month in whose house where in California and had to pay her off with

how much?

☛ Vile Brice from Point Pleasant, Ohio!!! **Marisa Berenson** has patented a no-slide zipper to keep men's flies from opening before 3,000 gapers at English Muffin Lovers Conventions. The fuckless zip, it's called. Both Berenson girls endorse it, and speak from experience as to its efficacy and charm. "If you don't want to be within it, never be without it," is the company's heavy-footed motto, which I repeat here simply to fill up space.

☛ Calamitous Allen from Fairfield, Vt.!!! Transsexual tennis player **Renee Richards** is the only contender in the world who can play mixed doubles with but one person on her side of the net. And Bobby Riggs is another.

continued on page 127



Helen Gurley Brown is a dead ringer for 'strine songbird **Helen Reddy**, n'est-ce pas? She takes this month's No-Neck Award from titleholder **Diana Ross**.

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 Charlie Hotpartz 7 p.m.-12 mid.
 Stu Kaufperson 12 mid.-6 a.m.

And Jim Shanahan, Pam Merly,
 Fred Moore, Firefly

News

(Featuring Jim Cameron, Gabby,
 Scott Hartley & Ed Barks)
 "The Stories" 6-6:05, 7-7:05, 8-8:05
 9-9:05 a.m.
 "Front Page" 6:30, 7:30, 8:30 a.m.
 "Half Time" 12 noon-12:05 p.m.
 "Whistle Stops" 4:00, 4:58
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 Tuesday, 12 midnight
 Thursday, 10 p.m.-12 midnight
 Sunday, 5:30-6 p.m.
 Sunday, 6-7 p.m.
 Sunday, 7-10 p.m.

WHCN



106FM

HARTFORD, CONN.

This Is War

continued from page 97

twelve-year-old lungs that mother and father were going at it with garbage can lid and fire poker, and that if someone didn't throw beer on the blaze, surely Pat, Sr., would be appointed the family's personal ambassador to the court of the heavenly king.

Sister, still not noticing young Pat about her neck, caught a glimpse of McGovern, the beat cop, through the window, and assuming he had clipped her with the nightstick he used to open Puerto Ricans, let out a bellow and charged just as young Pat put his hands over her eyes. Head down and with Pat astride, she ran right across the street and knocked herself cold on the plate glass window of a pawn shop. Pat dashed off to find a priest, certain she was dead, but by the time he returned with the holy father, the woman, myself, and McGovern the cop were between us a good nine sheets to the wind, and there was nothing for Pat to do but hold tight to the priest's hand and suck his knuckles in despair.

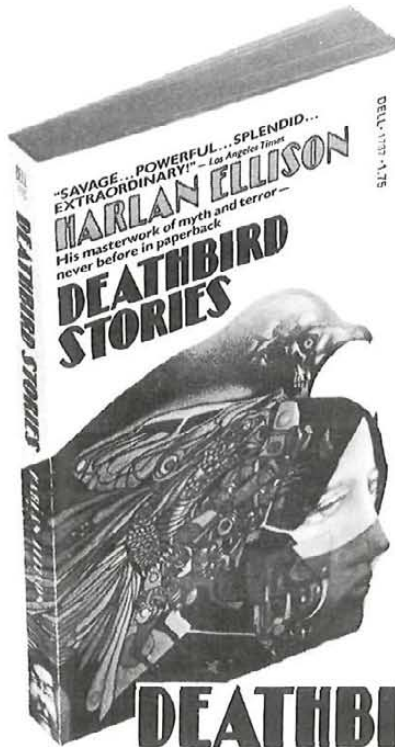
That was long ago. I looked up from the evocative pattern of ice and rye to see a number of swarthy Israelis taking up positions in various corners of the neutral bar.

Things began to get stranger than Lebanon or hell, depending on the persuasion of your parents, and the only explanation that fit is the boys in the caftans had dropped a little hippie vacation dust in my drink.

Through a haze, I remember seeing Rabin at the front of the room, all the Arabs cheering as he strangled a small bird and, shouting in some dog dialect, threw it on the ground and trampled it.

Then General Amin and Henry Kissinger got up and danced a celebratory dance. The last thing I remember, the two of them were whirling together, their dresses swirling up in the breeze.

I wrote the story, but I've sworn never to wire it, no matter how much I need the money. It would be the end of me as a journalist. □



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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 Bulge Comics, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Comme Plut 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, Germane 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. Jimgo'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 Sonority, and Tales of the South comics

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

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

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Romantics-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, *Playboy* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Ard Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With *The National Inquirer* 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' HeronHunnies

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 Junk

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 Nozzin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kliban's Turk

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports, Oddities, Specially Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantum" O'Neil's Tempus Faps, 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 *Poonbeut*

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS Tyrannic Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheesburg

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

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Belfart Comics

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampa Pencil Piece

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

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

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

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbara 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 *Yarn Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Dairy, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Budge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes

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

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

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fagrin Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Gitter Burns

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rocketteller Attica Report, Code of Hammarabi, *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 Tears, *Sharking*, and Here Be 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 Droco, 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 India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC: Whatever Happened to Vietnam, and the Culture Values section

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

JULY, 1976/DOWN HOME: With E-Z Rider, Calthouse 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

SEPTEMBER, 1976/ THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete set of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and the cat hammerer

OCTOBER, 1976/ THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verlan, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons

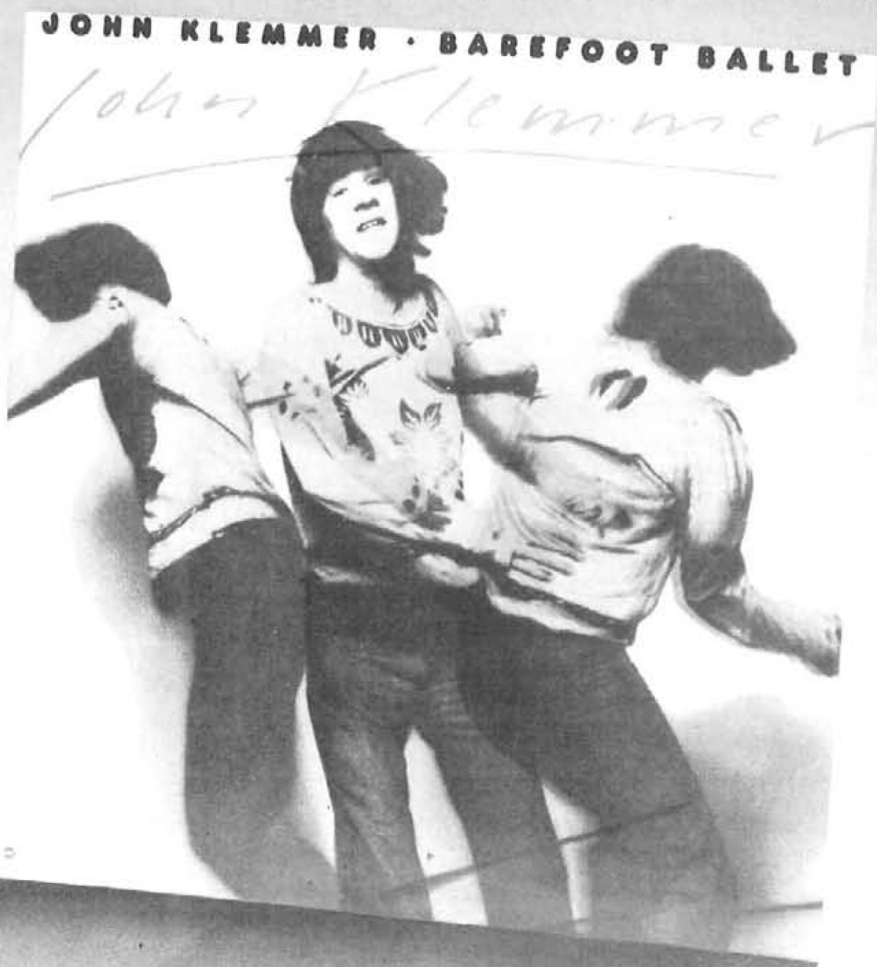
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_____	June, 1973	_____	Feb., 1975	_____	Aug., 1976
_____	July, 1973	_____	Mar., 1975	_____	Sept., 1976
_____	Aug., 1973	_____	Apr., 1975	_____	Oct., 1976
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NUTS

REMEMBER HOW ADULTS COULD SPOIL THE GREATEST GIFTS BY INSISTING THAT YOU ENJOY THEM, AND IF YOU COULD STILL MANAGE TO DO IT, THEY'D POINT OUT HOW YOU WERE ENJOYING THEM WRONG?

WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE DINNER?

YOU'RE WELCOME.

I THOUGHT IT WAS SWELL.

YOU SHOULD THANK YOUR FATHER.

THANK YOU.

WE'RE IN LUCK-THEY'RE SERVING THEIR SPECIAL DESSERT-BLUEBERRY PIE!

OH, GOOD!

I'D LIKE ICE CREAM WITH HOT FUDGE, PLEASE.

ROSE 'N' EDDY'S MENU

ROSE 'N' EDDY'S MENU

LOOK, YOU CAN HAVE ICE CREAM WITH HOT FUDGE ANYWHERE! THIS IS THE BEST BLUEBERRY PIE YOU CAN GET!

BUT I'D LIKE THE ICE CREAM.

YOU HAVE THE PIE.

ROSE 'N' EDDY'S MENU

THIS IS REALLY GREAT PIE! ISN'T IT, MADGE? JUST TERRIFIC!

JUST MARVELOUS!

I WISH I COULD RELAX AND HAVE FUN WITH THIS DAMN ICE CREAM!

John Wilson

MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT...

AWGH! AWGH! AWGH!

IT'S THE PIE, HARRY! I COULD TELL WHEN WE ATE IT IT WAS SPOILED!

NO (LUCK!) IT WASN'T!

FLUSH AWGH!

ANOTHER TRUE LIFE
ADVENTURE
OF
CUB CALLOWAY



ACE REPORTER

...TELL ME THE
MOST EXCITING
STORY YOU
COVERED IN YOUR
CAREER, CUB...



... WELL... I
REMEMBER
BACK IN 1923...
THE WEST END
OF TOWN...
LITTLE ITALY
IT WAS, THEN...

...IT WAS VERY
STRANGE... IN
A LITTLE ITALIAN
RESTAURANT
THERE WAS
A MAN
EATING
SPAGHETTI...

...WHAT'S SO
STRANGE
ABOUT
THAT?



LOTS OF
PEOPLE EAT
SPAGHETTI IN
ITALIAN
RESTAURANTS...

...THAT'S NOT
WHAT I SAID,
KID...
YOU'RE NOT
LISTENING...



... RESUMING MY NARRATIVE...
THIS MAN SAT DOWN TO A
PLATE OF SPAGHETTI!...



... WHEN SUDDENLY
THE SPAGHETTI
REVOLTED!! "



"THE MAN WAS
GAME... BUT THE
SPAGHETTI WAS
ADAMANT!



"... A FIERCE
STRUGGLE... "



"... TO NO
AVAIL... "



"...THE SPAGHETTI
TERRORIZED
THE TOWN FOR
THREE DAYS..."



"... FINALLY THE SPAGHETTI
WAS CORNERED IN THE
PARK ...AND MOWED
DOWN WITH A PUSHMOWER..."



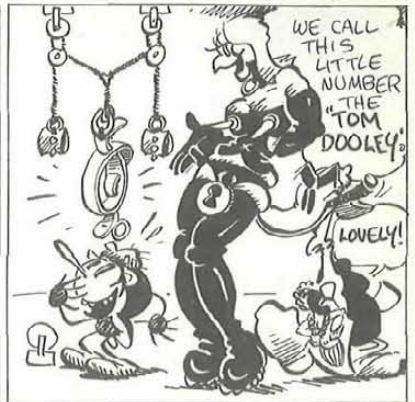
...THAT IS AN
EXCITING STORY...
...BUT IS IT
REALLY TRUE...?

...KID...
WOULD I
LIE...?



O'NEILL

DIRTY DUCK



HOLD MAGAZINE
PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN
TO READ
"CHICKEN GUTZ"

CHICKEN GUTZ

IT'S BEEN NOW
3 STRIPS NOW
AN' NOBODY'S
NOTICED MY
MOUSTACHE!



THIS SIDE OF THE STRIP IS FOR MY BEAUTIFUL JUST MARRIED COUSIN TERRY. AMN.

Walk we thus through
clouds of poasy...



dammit... PUFF...
PUFF... late
again... puff!

them what is this,
O lovely Sonia?



HERE WAS A YOUNG BIRD FROM KUCHEER...
WHO TELL FOR A STRUTTING SEE EGG...

it's your
PRIZE-WINNING,
BLUE RIBBON...



HE WOULD BIND HER IN
TETHERS...
THEN STRIP HER,
PIN FEATHERS...

down
paths of tulips
we do moosey...



sometimes I wonder why I read.
fresh news... just to get here
can be BORED BORED BORED!

POIMS...
I HATE
POIMS...
I LIKE
LIM' RICKS,
THO'!

and forage forth up
garden paths to
watch the roses
climb the
laths...



BURPING
BEGONIA
?

AND DO VERY ODD THINGS
WITH HIS BEAK!

THANKX TO "FEEDSTUFFS FESSLER" FOR THE INTERNAL CHICKEN.

HELLO TO MY FAVORITE GABBY -> NELSON CISNEROS.

TIMBERLAND Tales

by B.K. Taylor

Doctor
ROGERS

KATHLEEN

MAURICE-
THE INDIAN
BOY

CONSTABLE
TOM

THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS PROVIDES A VAST EXPANSE OF LAND; HOWEVER, IT CAN LIMIT ONE'S EXPOSURE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD. A BRIGHT SUNNY DAY FINDS MAURICE AND HIS NEW FRIEND EXPLORING THE BUSH.

BOY DIS 'ERE PERMA-FROST GIT LITTLE BIT SOP' ON A BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY, EH?

WE CAN GO OVER DR. ROGER'S HOUSE AN' HE ... WHATS DAT?

...OH YAH, HONEY, THEN THE DUDE SAY, "YOU WANT SOME VINEGAR FO' YO' FRENCH FRIES?" VINEGAR! MAN I SEZ, YO'!

MAURICE AND FRIEND APPROACH THE CURIOUS STRANGERS CAUTIOUSLY.

HEY, WHO YOU? HOW COME YOU TOUCHIN' MAH GIRL?

GET DOWN AND BOOGIE!

WE'RE YOUNG CANADIENS-CANADA'S 'OPE FOR TOMORROW.

WHAT'S DAT FUNNY KIND MUSIC?

BOOGIE DOWN BABY

HOP HOP

HONEY, YOU AIN'T HEARD OF DISCO?

THE MUSIC BEGINS TO AFFECT MAURICE AND HIS FRIEND, THROWING THEM INTO A FORM OF FRENZY.

LET'S PICK UP, DARLIN'.

DO IT DO IT LOVE TO CLICK

Later

DAT FUNNY KIND MUSIC MAKE MAURICE 'EAD 'URT.

YOU BET.

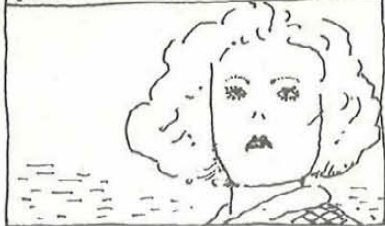
WE BETTER GO 'OME MAYBE, EH?

WHAT LIES AHEAD FOR THE TWO YOUTHS, NOW THAT THEY'VE HEARD NEGRO MUSIC?

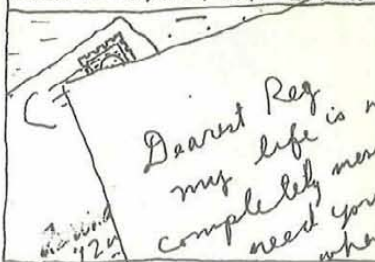
CANADIAN YOUTH COUNCIL OF CANADA

C. Goode Presents
*Brief
 Candles*
 STARRING
 VERA BINSKY
 and REGINALD CONSUELO

VERA HAD BEEN MAKING AN APPARENT RECOVERY FROM TUBERCULOSIS WHEN HER FIANCE, JIMMY, WAS GUNNED DOWN IN THE STREET OUT FRONT.



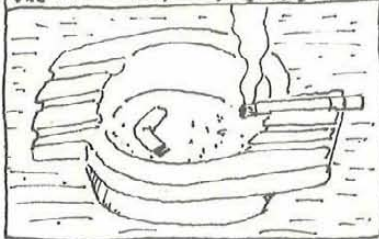
REGINALD HAD ALWAYS VOWED THAT HE WOULD WAIT FOREVER FOR VERA, BUT NOW HE FAILED EVEN TO ANSWER HER LETTERS.



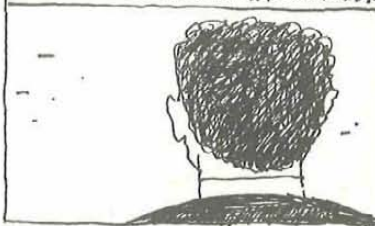
WHEN VERA BURST INTO HIS STUDY, SHE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT REGINALD HAD BECOME A CATHOLIC PRIEST.



VERA TOLD REGINALD HOW DISTRAUGHT SHE WAS OVER THE FACT THAT JAROLD, ONE OF THE TWINS, WAS APPARENTLY MONGOLID. SHE MENTIONED THAT SHE HAD CONSIDERED SUICIDE.



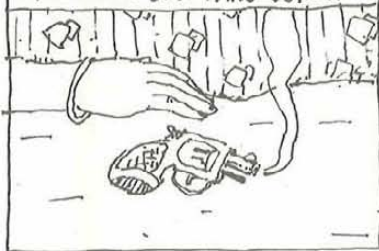
REGINALD CALLOUSLY POINTED OUT THAT VERA HAD AN OBLIGATION TO THE STRIP, AND THAT IT WAS INCONCEIVABLE THAT SHE DO ANYTHING RASH UNTIL PANEL TEN AT THE VERY EARLIEST.



SUDDENLY, VERA REMEMBERED THAT IT WAS WEDNESDAY AND THAT SHE WAS GOING TO BE TOO LATE TO VISIT HER FATHER AT THE MENTAL INSTITUTION

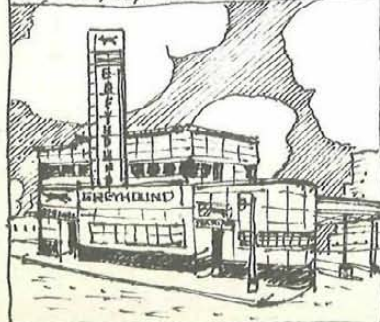


REGINALD FEIGNED INTEREST IN SOME PAPAL BULLS AND SEEMED NOT TO NOTICE AS VERA STEPPED INTO THE VESTIBULE. A SHOT RANG OUT...

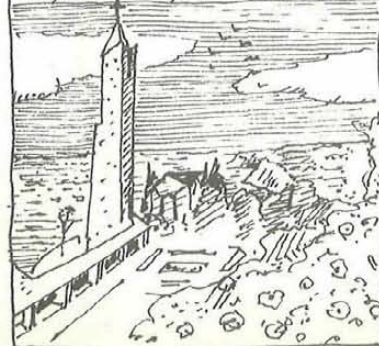


Dear Reader —
 DUE TO A REGRETTABLE CIRCUMSTANCE, WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO COMPLETE OUR USUAL 12 PANEL STRIP. WE HOPE YOU WILL ACCEPT OUR APOLOGIES AND FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE PAGE, MAY WE PRESENT FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE, SELECTED SCENIC TABLEAUX. Thank You
 THE MGR

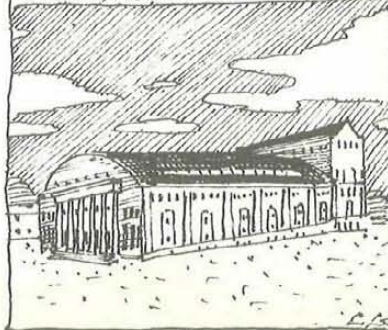
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Coliseum, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska.



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 BIBLE HAS
 THERE BEEN
 SUCH A
 STORY!

MEL, MARTY, AND
 DOM

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 TOWERING INFERNO...
 MORE BITE THAN
 JAWS!

JUDITH H. CRIST
Timely Magazine

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 WITH PATHOS,
 EMOTION,
 AND SORROW!

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST
Sau Stron

NOT
 SINCE
 WORLD WAR II
 HAS THERE
 BEEN SUCH A
 STORY!

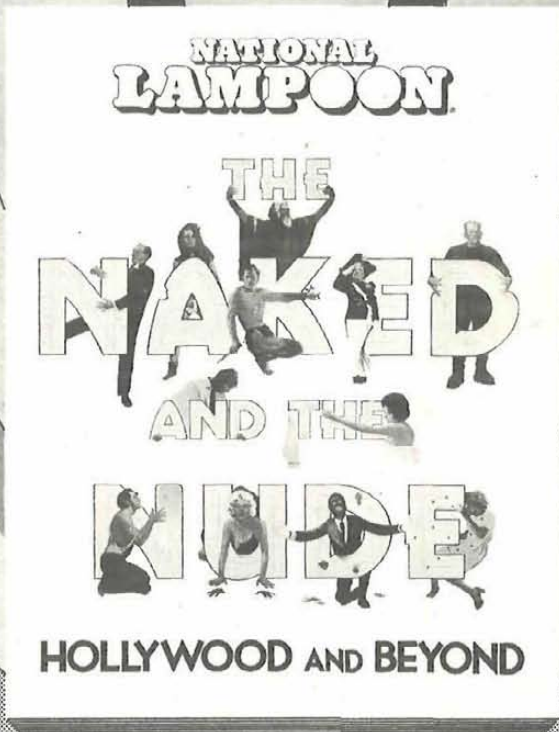
MAMIE EISENHOWER
D.A.R. Gazette

NOT SINCE
 ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH
 HAS THERE
 BEEN SUCH A
 STORY!

REX BRECKINRIDGE
Sacramento Buzz

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 AND YAKS!

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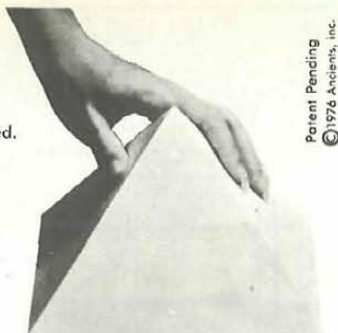
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"CORPORATE HEADS"

By Ted Richards
©1976

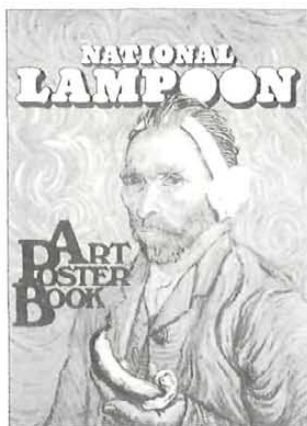


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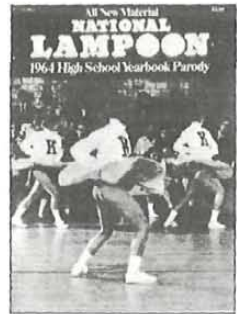
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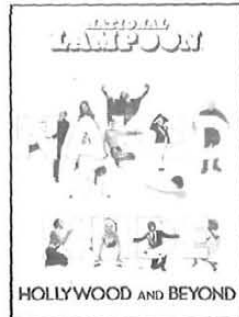
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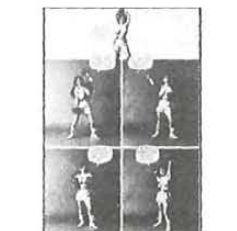
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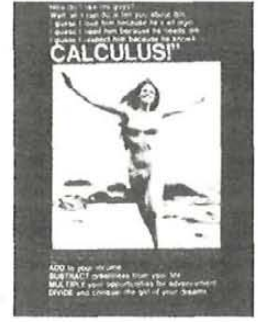
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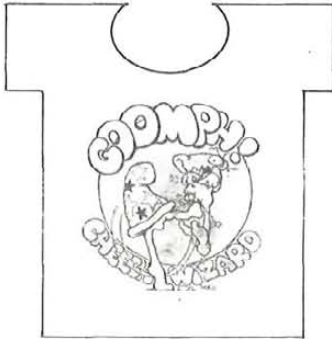


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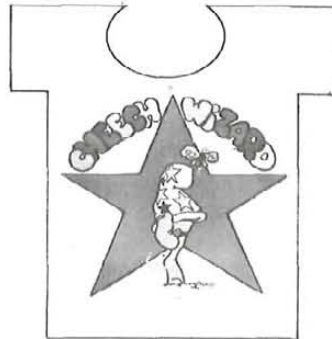
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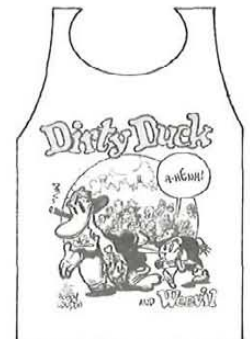
(1) GOOMPH!



(2) TROTS AND BONNIE



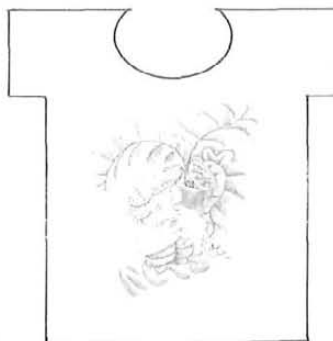
(3) CHEECH WIZARD



(4) DIRTY DUCK



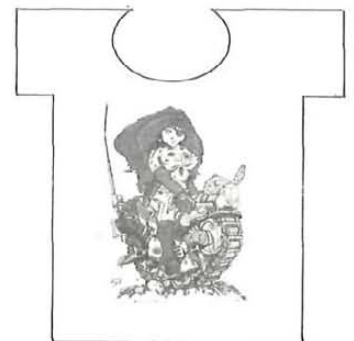
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In our last episode (see last year's ad), we were holding Suzy, our order-person, prisoner between two loudspeakers. She's free now, so you can relax and absorb this year's trial Lampoon advertisement. If you read it, we may give the magazine the business next year.

Notice the turkey. We decided to go all-out for the Bicentennial angle this time, and what's more A★M★E★R★I★C★A★N than a gobbler, particularly one stuffed with apples by M★O★M. So let those patriotic feelings flow.

(Is that a catch in your throat? Or did someone put cayenne in your granola?)

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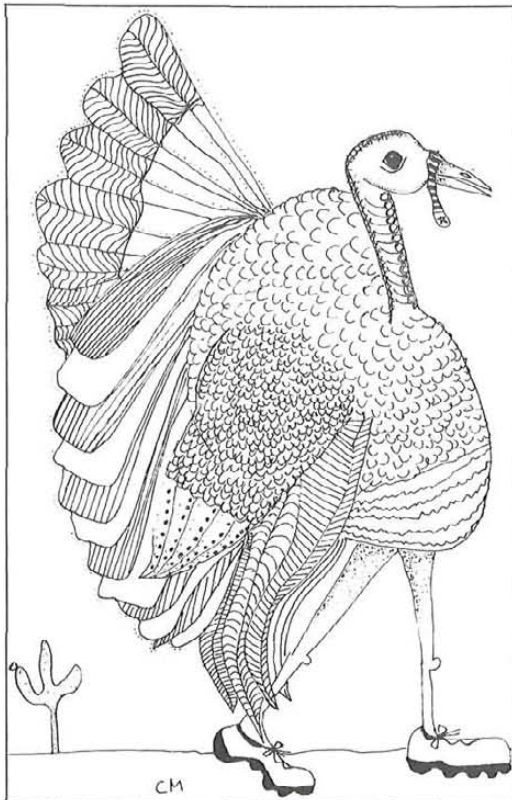
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Last Year's Ad



The Advent Loudspeaker



The Smaller Advent



The Advent/2



The Advent/3

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Letters

continued from page 92

Sir:

President John F. Kennedy used to be fond of saying that "anyone who would attack a Harvard professor and former ambassador to the United Nations is either a Communist or a homosexual and is probably both." I will leave it to other, more judicious heads to decide whether the slain president's statement applies to that diseased little weasel, Timothy Crouse. It is my intention here only to lay out a few of the pertinent facts.

Writing in the preeminent house organ of the used Volvo radicals, *Rolling Stone*, Crouse presumed to suggest that I was a pedant, a bore, a liar, a grandstander, a publicity hound, a phony, and a pompous Anglophile. Then he went on to imply that I went a little easy on the Right Guard. No, bicarbonate of soda, no! That's where the canker gnaws! Anybody who has ever drifted within a mile of Crouse knows that he smells like a slave ship! His odor is so overpowering that if he were allowed to wander freely among the populace, he would bring back the use of nose goggles! Park Avenue

surgeons would make a fortune by perfecting an operation to remove the olfactory nerves of the rich! And that's not all! Crouse's only friend assures me that Crouse never makes a promise he doesn't break, that he solicits and then abuses the hospitality of his betters, that he is a wretched squash player, and that he has enough ear wax to light up St. Patrick's with votive candles. This last circumstance renders him almost totally deaf, which explains why he hardly ever gets his facts straight. The fact that Crouse believes the Harvard Club to be situated on Forty-third Street (it is, of course, on Forty-fourth) disqualifies him not only as a reporter, but, far more importantly, also as a gentleman.

May I invoke Lord Rothemere's famous notion of the "undesirable alien" and counterpoise one of my own, that of the "undesirable native." It has long been my belief that certain of our fellow citizens would be happier in Moscow than in the U.S.A., and that one of the functions of our government ought to be to provide these unfortunate creatures with compulsory transportation. If the Russians desire our wheat, let them also take our chaff! My first act as United States senator

will be to introduce a truly effective "Love It or Leave It" bill. Let us see whether Mr. Crouse continues to spout brave words after a few months' diet of Soviet cuisine. Some chicken! Some Kiev!

Daniel Patrick Moanihan

P.S. I'm sure that you will understand that the contents of this letter are strictly confidential, and that as gentlemen of honor, you would rather die than divulge.

cc: Jann Wenner, Punch Sulzberger, *New York Times* Op Ed page, Michael Novak, George Meany, Rabbi Korff, Norman Podhoretz, Irving Kristol, George Bush, Committee on Admissions of the Harvard Club of N.Y.



S. G. ROSS

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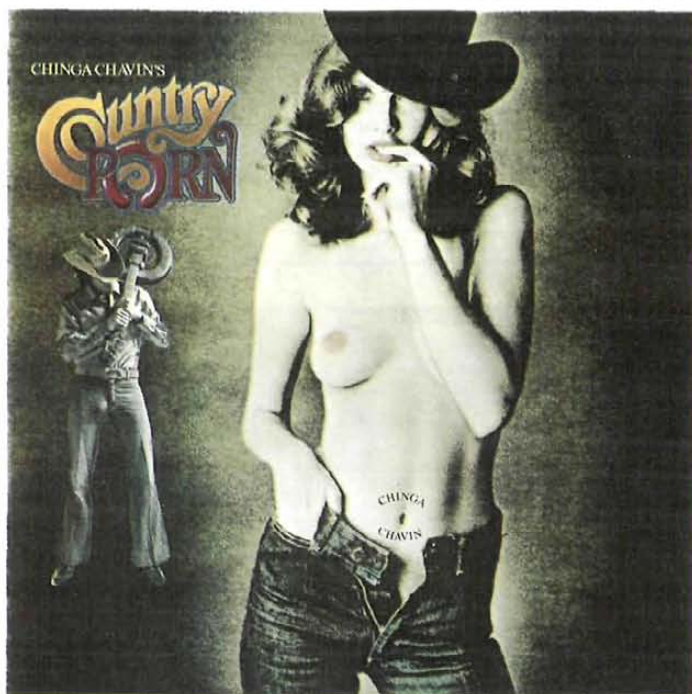


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Letter from South Africa

continued from page 38

great fuss was made when a song called "My Boyfriend's Black" became a big "hit." It told of a black man who saved the reputation of a white girl by murdering her parents and teacher, and ended with the victorious refrain, "Hey la, hey la, my boyfriend's black."

Not long after that, the murder of sisters Selma and Montgomery Alabama, two illiterate Southern blacks, became a celebrated "cause," which means that a song was composed on the subject by young Jewish singer Bob Dylan, who changed his name out of admiration for the anarchist Emma Goldman. In the year of rioting and looting, a multiracial group of radicals formed Black Mountain College, and in a public ceremony swore dedication to teaching the Black Arts.

Today, racial confusion persists there. Blacks sing the blues and get jobs in northern cities driving pink Cadillacs and terrorizing white social workers. Meanwhile, Pearl Bailey, the "Aunt Jemima" of TV, is sent to the United Nations.

The United Nations is also an interesting place to look at. Their back lot is dominated by the countries of the Third World and the minds of the second-rate. The result is stupidity of the first order. If I sound bitter, it's because I am. I have almost despaired of ever having our case fairly represented in that forum or any other. When it comes to understanding Africa, the world seems to go soft between the ears. But bitterness has no rewards, and my task is to clear up misunderstandings, not complain about them.

Perhaps there is a way to make the African picture clear to the American people. Imagine that the United States is much smaller, and that the land to the north is much larger. Up north live millions of Eskimos, many countries of them, dividing and subdividing almost every day. Each country has a head Eskimo, primitive types who have barely wiped the war paint off their cheeks. Having been servants all through the "colonial period," they cannot make decisions themselves, and having rebelled against their "oppressors" like angry children, they are aimless and confused while their people riot and starve and dress up in silly clothes.

Now the Russians and Chinese come into the picture, intent on World

Domination. "Say, pals," they say to the Eskimos. "While you're shuffling around barefoot in the snow up here, those capitalistic Americans are having the bang-up time. How about if we train you to fight, give you guns, and send you down there? It's just not fair, comrades, they have so much and you have so little. What do you say?"

Now it all starts to make sense, doesn't it?

So the Eskimos begin to infiltrate downward into Canada. They make angry speeches at the U.N., and withdraw Eskimo athletes from the Olympics because there are countries competing that allow Chevrolets on their roads or read *Time* and *Newsweek*. Soon Canada is in a state of war. In wartime, sacrifices have to be made, and you have to decide whether to sacrifice Canada.

These are grim realities in present-day Africa. These political currents and ideological winds are making it pretty rough sailing for our little craft of state, but we intend to weather the storm or paint ourselves into a corner in the process.

Writers overseas love to write about "political oppression" and "suppression of dissent" in our country. They tell horror stories about "banings," "house arrests," and "political prisoners." To hear them go on, you would think that we carry on like natives, whose method of dealing with persons who give offense included executing the firstborn, cutting out the tongue, and marking the forehead with ashes.

So what of these "house arrests"? Do our police regularly detain houses, move them down to headquarters, and beat them with rubber hoses until they tell them all they know? In a word, no!

It's funny how no one says a thing about the Brussels Sprouts Act, which forbids the cultivation of alfalfa seedlings in Belgium, or about the Hatch Act, which prohibits the crossing of state lines in America. Yet a tremendous fuss is made of the Immorality Act, which forbids interracial sexual relations in South Africa. Yet we have our reasons, and perhaps they can best be explained by recounting a fairy story that is popular in our country. The story concerns the fornication between a black woman and her white employer. The offspring is born with a curly tail and the head of a wildebeest. The devil monster grows up and runs away to the veld,

continued

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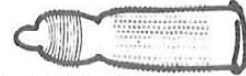
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Letter from South Africa
continued

where he agitates amongst the animals. Eventually, he leads them in rebellion against the humans, reserving a particularly hideous death for his "parents." The story goes on, but I trust the point is clearly made.

There is no end to the criticisms that are made of our system. I could go on for some time rebutting and defending, explaining and clarifying. But like we say, "The taste of boerewors doesn't last forever."

So I will close this letter, hoping that I have brought our two peoples a little closer together. If I have been able to give you a glimpse of our changing society, our Land of Contrasts, then my time and yours has been well spent. □



S. GROSS

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Birdbath

continued

➤ Negligible Lewis from Caldwell, N.J.!!! Poet-novelist **Janet Burroway's** new novel flies in the face of the public come February. Little, Brown launches, and *Redbook* condenses. At present, it's untitled, but the ubiquitous and elusive Miss B. wanted it to be called *War and Peace*. When her editors info'd her of Tolstoi, she had never heard of him. *The Red and the Black*, opted she—a thumbsdowner. Whereupon, having stumbled upon Stendhal, she got to know of Jane Austen, just after she shot back *Mansfield Park*. **BB** suggests *Title Search*, but Miss Burroway is not to be found. She was last seen fleeing the borders of this page, three words from the top. By now, she will be on page forty-three, where **BB** predicts she is sure to be up to no good.

➤ Unworthy Burns and Allen from West Branch, La.!!! **Jacqueline Kennedy** is a shoplifter.

➤ Dodger's **Tommy John's** rebuilt right arm is bionic.

➤ The donut store at the corner of Hudson and Horatio is now a vegetable stand.

➤ Depraved Lloyd from Lamar, Mo.!!! Statuesque **Kimberly Marie Foley** has been crowned Miss World. Statuesque **Indira Gandhi** has been crowned Miss Third World. Statuesque **Miss Helen Hayes** has been crowned Miss Old World. Statuesque **Miss Linda Lovelace** has been crowned Miss Round the World. **Jeanne Moreau** has been crowned Miss Earth. "Leave off ze Made-moiselle," dit Jeanne. I would, Jeanne, believe me, I'd say anything for you, anything, but my heart is in my mouth and my knees are atremble. Please, please, my darling, please relieve my suffering.

➤ Pretentious Diller from Den-nison, Tex.!!! **Neil Simon's** new play, *Earthmover Suite*, concerns the adventures of a series of couples who share the same double sleeping bag.

➤ Godforsaken Van Dyke from Yorba Linda, Ca.!!! For some time now, **Cloris Leachman** has been involved in the human potential movement. "I've done est, mind control, Yoga, Arica, Naropa, Esalin, Cestalt, Zen, and peyote," she told us in a recently taped interview.

BB: "And after all that, how have you changed, what sort of movement have you gotten in your life, what new spaces have opened up for you?"

continued

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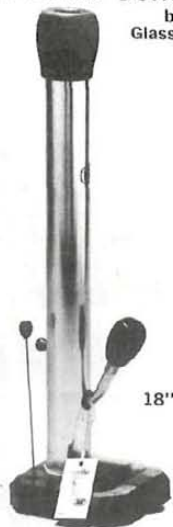
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Birdbath

continued

Cloris: "I like Lucky Strikes."

BB: "What else?"

Cloris: "I like nice, juicy parts for tall, lanky women."

BB: "What then?"

Cloris: "A good leading man, if they've got the bills to hire him."

BB: "Anything more?"

Cloris: "Well, I like my hair this way, don't you — sort of fluffed out. And I like big Hollywood parties. I love Mary Tyler Moore and everything she stands for. I like sleeping late and a certain amount of person dissipation, but not so's it gets in the way of my career. I mean, after all. I like my teeth — big, aren't they? — and parts where I can scream a lot. I like lots of mayonnaise on BLTs, and close-ups no closer than six feet off. Let's see. Jujubes. And I've always wanted to make a picture opposite Elvis Presley, and I still do. I also still like to kiss strange men, wanna kiss me?"

BB: "Unhand me, my good woman. I am destined for Jeanne Moreau."

Bruce Jenner is a stewardess.

Crude Bruce from Plains, Ga.!!!

Honest Pleasure is an alcoholic.

After interviewing Cloris Leachman, who is a workhorse but not a racehorse, **BB** zipped to the paddock to talk to the famed defunct thoroughbred. "In Kentucky, I hit the sour mash hard," said Honest Pleasure, "but in Saratoga, all they served was water from rusty springs. Water is something I never touch, you know, even though water that color looks like sour mash. After the Derby and the Preakness, I felt humiliated, and I cried for three whole days. I kept to my room and received no callers. Afterwards, I was advised to consult with my priest, which I did, and we had many long talks. I haven't stopped drinking, and it's not really a problem, I think, any more than it is for the priest who shared with me, between bumpers, many a story of his profession. Now I feel better about myself. After all, I may not be the fastest horse in the world, but there are very few three-year-olds who talk as well as I."

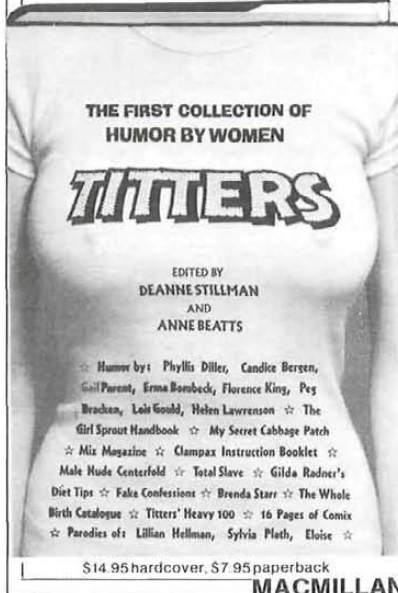
Chris Evert's mother, they say, is nicer than she is. But then, so is **Grendel's** mother.

Next month: An especially squishy scoop. Watch for it in this very column.

R. Bruce Moody

"Vulgar, bitchy ...a howl."

—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY



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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.

Washington—And so, as those who seek to wrap the pelt of national leadership about their smooth, muscular loins streak hither and yon across this vast, fathomless land of ours, it is time for a thoughtful observer to wend his way home, home toward that repository of aspirations, ambitions, triumphs and defeats, hopes and fears, giants and pygmies, that we like to call Washington.

And it is here, deep within the bowels of the House Office Building, in a quietly elegant hideaway reserved for those who have endured not for years but for decades, that one may relax and absorb, like a sponge drinking deep of viscous matter, the wisdom of one who has served this nation and his region for sixty-two years: Congressman Alfred Grovelly.

Although an institution here in our nation's capital—and a resident of several during his eighty-six productive, tumultuous years—Grovelly—fondly known as "Geek" to his colleagues—has escaped the national spotlight, which prefers those of slicker hair and style. While callow youths seek out cosmetologists, Grovelly has neither bathed nor changed his underwear since 1964—a protest against passage of the Public Accommodations Act. ("If these burrheads git to sit next to me, Ah'm gawn make it as offensive as possible.") While more pragmatic members of his region—Grovelly hails from Bugamama, Louisiana—have cultivated the recently enfranchised black vote, Grovelly annually introduces legislation to repeal the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments, and displays in his reception room a statue of a colored jockey with a bit between his teeth ("little local humah, theyah").

While the Watergate and Liz Ray scandals have thrown a temporary air of probity about the Congress, Grovelly not only maintains four young ladies (twelve to sixteen), two men, and one woolly lamb on his Congressional payroll, but has frequently been observed



in intimate relations with each of them during sessions of the House.

"Hell, boy," chuckles Grovelly, "why the hell yew think they call it an Act of Congress? Heh, heh, heh."

But there is more than wit and good-natured Rabelaisian humor to Congressman Grovelly. He has been a skillful employer of the arcane rules and establishments of the Congress to gain important benefits for his constituents. As chairman of the House Railroad Ties Committee—once considered a minor if not wholly irrelevant Congressional institution—Grovelly attached an amendment to the 1965 budget which required all railroad ties used in the United States to be registered and numbered by a new federal agency "to be located not more than four miles from a Congressional district in which a swamp, a catfish cannery, and a Creole Recordings for the Blind school are all located." Consequently, thirty-six percent of Bugamama's residents are now employed registering and numbering railroad ties. ("Don't call it makework, son," the Congressman rumbled as a tasteful dollop of spittle dribbled down toward his four-in-hand. "Why, it ain't hardly work at all, heh, heh, heh.")

It was also Congressman Grovelly who managed to persuade the air force to locate an entire DEWline element in Greater Bugamama, despite the fact that the odds against a Soviet first strike coming from Mexico were considered astronomical by the Pentagon.

"Listen," Rep. Grovelly mused, "in the first place, Ah don' trust a wetback as far's Ah could throw one. And in the second place, Ah had an irrefutable case. As chairman of the House Gasoline Storage Committee, Ah simply ordered all fuel from every Air Force

plane drained and stored in Chester's silo back home in Bugamama until those boys understood the logic of mah argument. That straightened 'em out fast enough."

In recent years, it has become fashionable to point to Grovelly as an example of the shortcomings of the Congress. The recently passed House resolution ordering Grovelly chained to a desk in his hideaway office after a regrettable encounter between the Congressman and the six-year-old cerebral palsy poster girl is only the latest of these acts. ("Hell," Grovelly told this reporter. "She looked eighteen to me—and I didn't know they was crutches—ah thought she wuz just the experimental type.")

Nonetheless, one who has seen so much and learned so much about the unique processes of the American Way of Life as has Alfred Grovelly has much to offer those of us who seek to find meaning and purpose in this, the onset of the second fifth of the first millennium of our national existence.

For what has Alfred Grovelly shown us except the capacity of individual initiative to triumph against the most exacting odds? (Functional illiteracy is not the handicap so-called Washington experts once thought.) What is Alfred Grovelly but Horatio Alger with an expense account, a travel voucher, and Congressional immunity? (So frequently did Grovelly reconnoiter in his Congressional office after a Saturday night tour of downtown Washington that the pathway from East Capitol Street to his office building became a major Saturday night tourist attraction.) And today, as our eager yet untested aspirants for national leadership seek to flog us toward new, uncharted waters, it is the Alfred Grovellys of this city whose wise counsel presidents have turned to from FDR after Pearl Harbor ("Fry the gooks," Grovelly advised), to Truman after Korea ("Boil the gooks," Grovelly offered), to LBJ after Tonkin ("Nuke the gooks," Grovelly suggested). Truly it can be said that whoever our next president is, he could do worse than heed the calm counsel and wisdom of Alfred Grovelly. □

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