

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

JUNE 1978

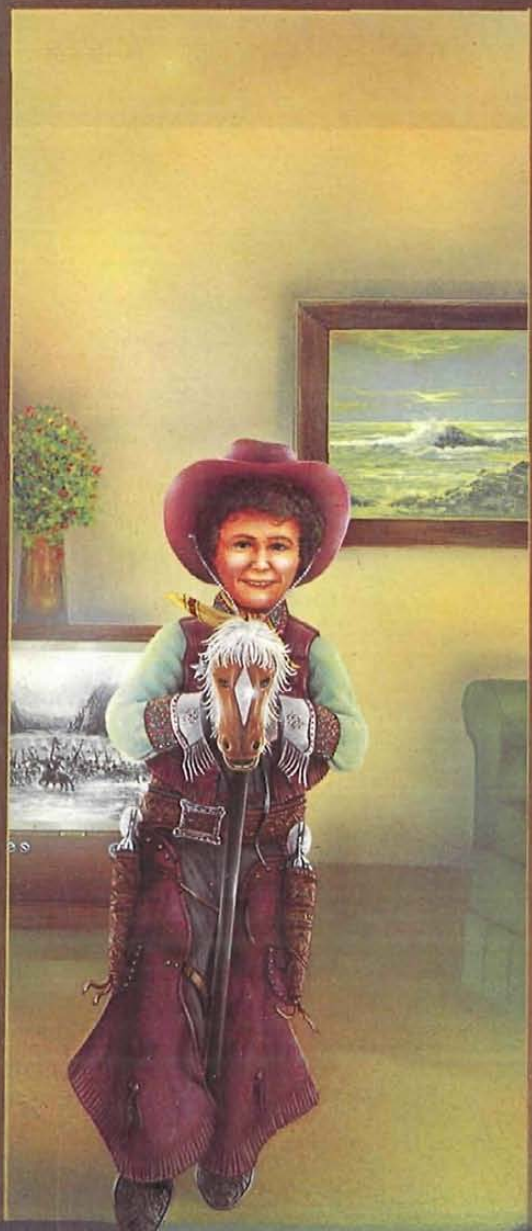
NATIONAL

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LAMPOON

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34490

THE WILD WEST



EVEN BLUEGIRLS GET THE COWS. COWBOYS OF MANY LANDS.

GAHAN WILSON PLAYING COWBOY.

AND HE OTHERS ARE INDIAN SAVAGES



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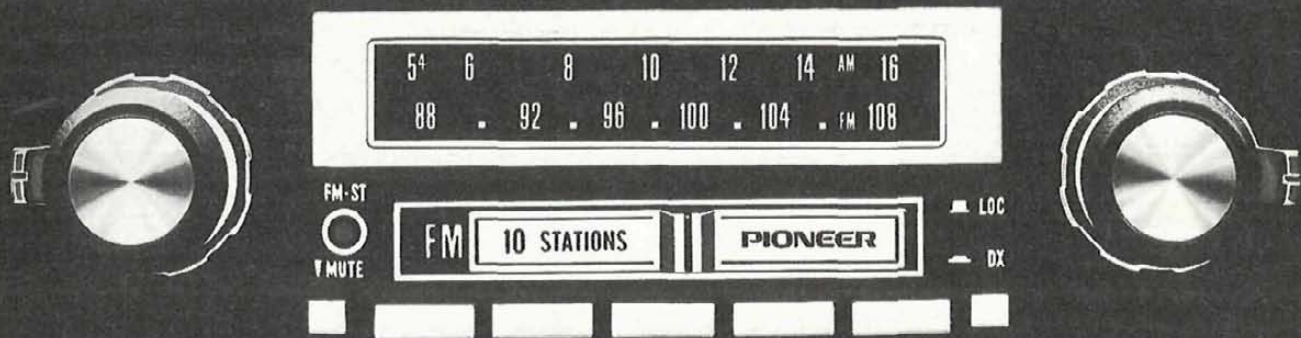
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in any cigarette.



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Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar",
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Pioneer believes that you shouldn't have to modify your dashboard (or your vocabulary) to enjoy good stereo in your car.

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Or buy a Pioneer Supertuner and get sound you never thought you could.

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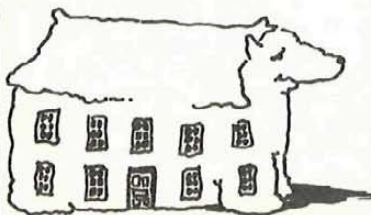
Pioneer Electronics of America, 1825 East Dominguez St., Long Beach, California 90810.

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National Lampoon's first film...

ANIMAL HOUSE

...written by NatLamp writers Doug Kenney, Chris Miller, and Harold Ramis and directed by John Landis (*Kentucky Fried Movie*) has finished production. The Universal picture stars John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce, Donald Sutherland as "Jennings," and 163,000 other very funny people. Reporters on the closed set have leaked out these advance reactions: the roast beef was good, the mashed potatoes were cold, and the strawberry shortcake was great!



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THE SPEAKERS YOU SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

Suppose you buy yourself a Pioneer car stereo.

And then tag on Brand X speakers to save money.

Well, you won't save money.

Because, one fine day, you're going to hear Pioneer speakers. Like the new TS-106 door-mount speakers shown above. That reproduce a wider frequency range (50 to 16,000 Hz) than most FM stations can deliver.

And when you hear these speakers, you're absolutely gonna want 'em. So you rip the old ones out, and put the new TS-106's in.

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something that fits your ears, your car, and your budget—all at the same time.

We can say that because Pioneer is one of the most respected audio manufacturers around. With superb design, engineering, and manufacturing. Which gives us the experience and know-how to produce the finest speakers available today.

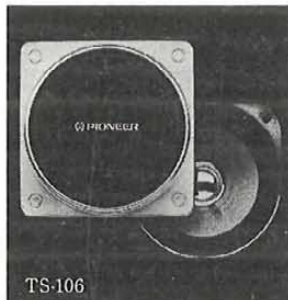
And you can make your Pioneer dealer prove it.

Make him play the other leading speaker brand for you.

Then make him play Pioneer car speakers.

You *will* hear a difference. You *will* buy Pioneer speakers.

And you won't end up throwing away a pair of speakers you shouldn't have bought in the first place.



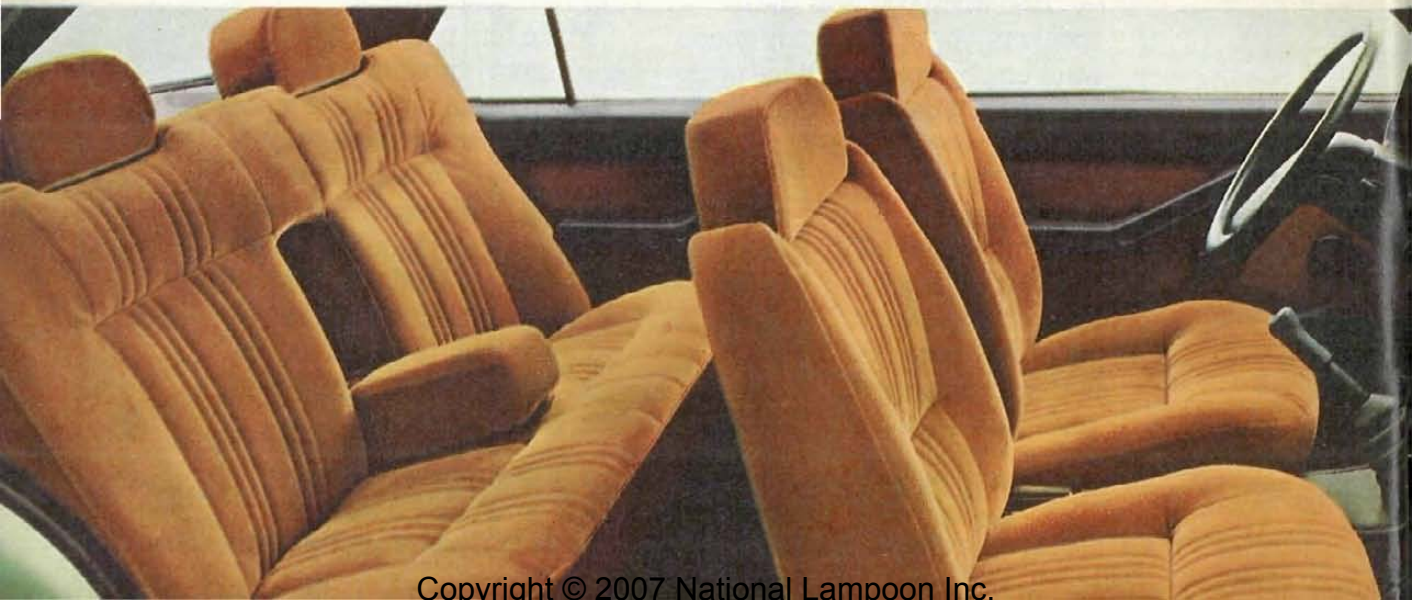
CAR SPEAKERS BY PIONEER.

Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez St., Long Beach, CA 90810

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Introducing the Brava. The Fiat that





For years, Fiat has been sending cars to America that drive incredibly well.

And, meanwhile, a lot of Americans have bought *other* cars for their wheel covers or their interiors.

Well, as you can see, we've done something about this.

Like our other Sedans and Sports Cars, the new Brava has the same kind of performance you'd expect from a Fiat. And the new Super Brava has something more: the appearance of a car costing thousands of dollars more.

We designed the new Fiat Super Brava from the tires up.

And we came up with a design that comes out of the Fiat tradition; yet it breaks tradition in the area of looks.

Never has a Fiat been this luxuriously appointed, whether you choose the rich, padded, velour interior or the vinyl you'd swear was calfskin.

And never has a Fiat driven this well. Its Rally version just won the World Rally Championship.

And when you buy the new Brava, you get the incredible Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile power train warranty.

Beauty and guts, appearance and performance: a Fiat that looks as good as it drives, all for around \$5,000.

BRAVA!

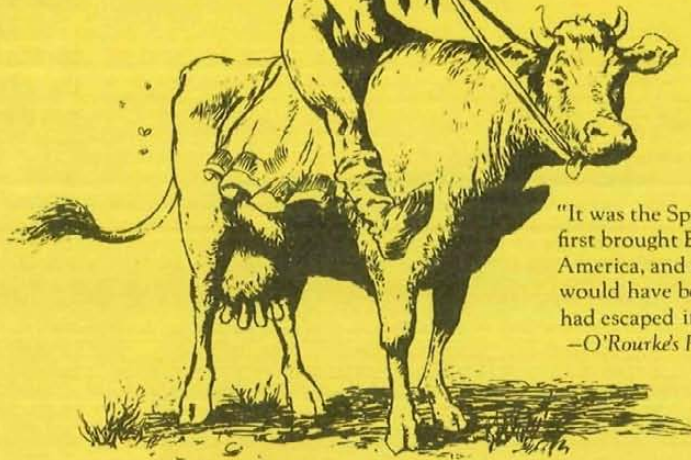
FIAT BRAVA

looks as good as it drives.



Price based upon P. O. E. price of vehicle shown, the Super Brava. Inland transportation, dealer preparation, and local taxes additional.

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With specially formulated wax and polymers that cling to a car's surface.

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There's never been a car wax like Turtle Extra.

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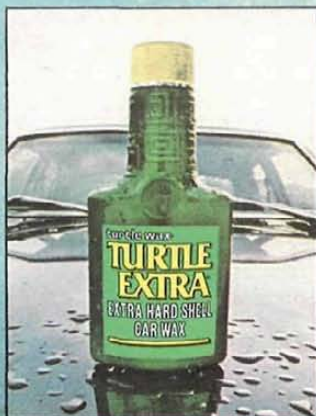
You get more than a great shine. When waxed and buffed, this unique formulation of wax and polymers forms a strong protective shield on your

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As long as your car is shining, you know that Turtle Extra is there protecting your car's finish.

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No. 1 in Car Waxes.



EDITORIAL

An Essay

by Danny Abelson

"I believe that our great nation is ready to accept the challenge of a new frontier, one as significant and vast as the untamed West of the pioneers, a new frontier of progress and hope, with cowboys and desperadoes and shoot-outs and everything. Honest."

—President John F. Kennedy, in his famous "New Frontier" speech

Perhaps more than any other single experience in our nation's history, the taming and settling of the Wild West has shaped our conception of ourselves as a people. It most certainly has a unique place in our folklore, and appears, as witnessed by the quote above, to exert as powerful an influence on the imagination today as it ever did in the past.

This brief essay attempts to answer the question of why this is so, to examine the experience, the era, in hopes of discovering the real importance of the frontier and so explain the importance it has for us today.

Some have looked to the cowboy, that rangy, trail-hardened figure with his tight-lipped ways and ever-present loyal sidekick or hand-rolled cigarette or stick of pemmican or something. They theorize that the craggy good looks and stunt man antics of the gun-toting cowboy seized the imagination of the nation, and, as it were, kept it seized.

The serious scholar cannot entertain this notion at any length, however, for history tells a different story about Gary Cooper and Alan Ladd's real lives. Not to mention their nineteenth century counterparts. In fact, the cowboys were usually ill-educated outcasts who worked hard jobs for low pay, were often black and Mexican, and were probably a great deal more reluctant to get involved in a gun battle than the average liquor store owner of today; guns being notoriously inaccurate and dangerous to the user in those days. If they referred to "pesky little varmints" at all, it was almost certainly not cattle rustlers they had in mind, but the lice and ticks that traveled around on unwashed bodies in those days in much the same way that we travel around

on buses today.

Other experts, conceding the above point, believe that Americans (all originally emigrants from Europe) have a natural tendency to think in terms of westward movement. The implications of this loose application of a law of physics must be examined. Should we not then see evidence of the continued movement in the same direction of other emigrant populations—Canadians over the North Pole to Russia, South Africans west to Brazil, colonial Americans westward to the Orient and back to Liverpool? Yes, we should and no, we don't; and the theory must be rejected.

It was Frederick Jackson Turner, a turn-of-the-century historian, who was the first to begin to formulate a satisfying answer to this complex question. His frontier theory of American history was based on the following assumption: the experience of settling the wild, unknown, and ungoverned continent that greeted the pioneers transformed their European characters and shaped a new breed: Americans. Individualistic, freedom-loving, self-sufficient, and not very well-groomed.

Although unfashionable at present, this school of thought has much to teach the student willing to attend to its lessons thoughtfully and do the necessary homework and prepare for the spot quizzes.

For example, one can observe the central thesis being born out in the founding of towns, a pastime so popular it has been dubbed "the baseball of the West." This, of course, does not imply that town-founding teams pitted their skills against one another on some early version of a baseball diamond; it merely emphasizes, through the use of irony, the popularity of the activity. One must remember that in those days anyone with a few hours to kill could found a town, and in so doing enroll in what must have been the first field course in advertising and public relations. Documents of the time attest to the fact that lavish and fanciful claims were often made on behalf of desert shantytowns called "Great Harbor" and tent camps

dubbed "New Rome."

Thus, it was in this crucible that the renowned entrepreneurial skills of an entire people were forged. Indeed, one can see the evidence of frontier practices in the workings of the free enterprise system to this day. The businessman or politician of 1978 is very much the descendant of the railroad man or gold prospector of the Wild West—both have that same drive to beat the other man, with a tree limb if necessary, and the ability to pursue profit with total single-mindedness, through barriers, around obstacles, and over pokey old do-gooders who get in the way. The give and take of frontier business continues in the modern political lobbying system of today, for instance; and thus was the modus of free enterprise born in the era of Western exploration and weaned in the White House last week.

But more important than unbridled competition, more central than the art of the salesman, most significant of all is the issue of individuality and self-sufficiency. This above all else is the legacy of the Wild West, and due, in large part, to one factor—Indians. But as so often is the case with the highly mythologized West, fantasy has replaced fact in our conception of relations between white and red.

It was the Indian's misfortune to be caught between the advance of civilization and the west coast of the United States. It was his tragedy to respond with understandable resentment and a lot of savage killing. In fact, the pioneers who set out to make a country of the huge continent were almost constantly harassed and attacked by Indians who showed precious little interest in discussion or compromise. Think, then, of the individual experience of the settler or pioneer. Naturally his immediate response would be to kill as many as possible, and preferably all, of the particular Indians who were attacking at any one given time. But one must remember that warfare then was a far cry from its modern counterpart—one was as likely to be killed by the explosion of a neighbor's weapon, or trampled by a clumsy cavalry charge,

continued on page 26

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



**Only Real
the natural cigarette
can taste so rich
yet be low tar.**

Follow your taste to Real.

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. Real does not. We use only the finest tobacco blend and add nothing artificial. Nothing.

Of course, the menthol in Real Menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic. You get a rich and round and deep taste. A total taste that satisfies. Yet it's low tar.

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

Only 9mg. tar.

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Sirs:
This is just an idea, but why not pay people to *not* be on welfare instead of giving welfare payments? This would encourage people on welfare to get jobs and get off welfare. Besides, people who *aren't* on welfare are a nicer class of people than people who *are* on welfare, and I'd rather see my tax dollars go to them. Plus, these days, it seems like practically everybody is getting some kind of welfare so it would probably be cheaper to pay those people who aren't.

Lois Toastburn
Portsmouth, Oh.

Sirs:
For the next thirty seconds this magazine will conduct a test of the emergency publications warning system. In the event of an actual emergency, this magazine will publish instructions and information. This is only a test.

Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
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aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

Civil Defense Magazine and Book
Network
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
Having a wonderful time, wish you were dead.

Hubert Humphrey
Congressional Heaven

Sirs:
There is some misunderstanding here. We do not have a "police state" in Rumania. No! What we have is a "fire department state." This is a very different thing. True, many of our citizens live in constant fear that the Secret Firemen will come in the middle

of the night and break down their doors with axes and spray water all over their belongings. But this is not a "police state."

Nicolae Ceausescu
President of Rumania
Bucharest, Rumania

Sirs:
Just had my first blow-job this morning. It wasn't bad; but any suggestions about how to get this awful taste out of my mouth?

Prince Charles
Buckingham Palace, Eng.

Sirs:
My most embarrassing moment was the time I was preparing a simple classical French dish on television, and I inadvertently creped my drawers.

Julia Child
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:
Just for kicks, I think maybe we ought to change the color of the football to green. Never saw a colored boy drop a watermelon, did you?

Pete Rozell
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I am either Debbie Reynolds's daughter or Dick Cavett's wife. I've been so busy lately I can't remember which I am.

Carrie Fisher
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
As far as I know, I'm the only West Coast celebrity who can lick his own cock.

Benji
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:
Wrong, but the formaldehyde *does* stink.

Renee Richards
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:
Did Congress just give that canal over behind the boatyards to some bunch of foreigners? Because if they did I'm going to be really mad because

that's where I keep my outboard.

Bob Leslie
Panama City, Fla.

Sirs:
That cloning, you know, is really a bummer of the premier rank. I mean, what if somebody cloned Adolf Hitler? Hundreds of him? The skid row men's shelter would be full of demented architectural draftsmen for the next fifty-six years. It makes you think.

Albert Speer
Vienna, Austria

Sirs:
Did I ever tell you about my uncle? He was so lazy that he bought an antecater.

Steve Martin
Aspen, Colo.

Sirs:
No, I do not have Charlie Chaplin's body. It just looks that way.

Didi Conn
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
If you want to catch a whiff of who really killed JFK, just scratch and sniff here: [REDACTED]

A Police Dog Formerly with the CIA
Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:
They've got a number of these "helper" products on the market now. You know, Hamburger Helper and stuff like that. They're supposed to be able to help you stretch your meat by as much as 30 percent. Some of you fellows might want to try it.

The girl who met PJ and Tod and
Danny
in That Bar in Nassau

Sirs:
The government of the United States would like to make it clear that we don't recognize the African country of Transkei. We've never even seen a picture of it. We wouldn't know Transkei if it leapt up and bit us. Haven't even heard of the place.

Andrew Young
U.S. Negro to the United Nations
New York, N.Y.

continued on page 26



“Natalie Cole introduced us to the white rum screwdriver.”

“I first met Natalie Cole when she called me in as recording engineer on one of her albums. Natalie’s the perfectionist of all time, and not just in her singing. I mean she really knows it all when it comes to mixing music tracks.

After one very late session, she invited us back to her house for a nightcap. Natalie was having a screwdriver, but instead of mixing the orange juice with vodka, she used white rum. Now that was a new one on us, and we had to try it.

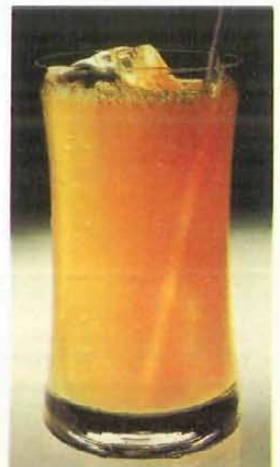
La Cole is on to a great thing! White rum mixes better with orange juice than either vodka or gin. It has a nice clean, mellow taste

we really enjoy. Since then we’ve discovered that white rum is terrific with tonic or soda and makes a fantastically smooth martini.

Leave it to Natalie Cole, the perfectionist. Whether it’s mixing music or mixing drinks, this lady knows what she’s doing.”

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a screwdriver, try a white rum screwdriver next time. You’ll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a full year before it’s bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

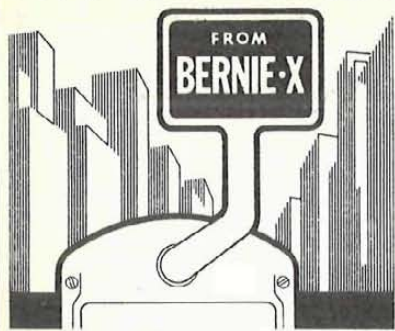


PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

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TIPS AND TALES



MY METER IS RUNNING

Synopsis of Part One of Our Story

As you may recall, Bernie had picked up a fare named Maria, a beautiful young girl who fell in love with him at first sight and allowed herself to be deflowered. It turned out that Maria was the daughter of a prominent Mafia member, and was pledged in marriage to Salvatore Bongaglionomi, son of Bruno "The Ball Buster" Bongaglionomi, boss of bosses of the entire Mafia. Rather than go through with the marriage, Maria had run out of the church in the middle of the ceremony, right in front of the entire underworld, insulting the honor of both families. She was caught and tortured, and finally revealed the first name and occupation of the man she truly loved—Bernie. She escaped from her captors to locate Bernie and tell him what had happened.

Both she and Bernie have become fugitives from the Mafia, living in mortal terror of being "hit." Finally, Bernie cannot stand it any longer, and decides to have a showdown with the Mafia and plead his case.

Maybe I was a little naïve, but I figured I'd be better off showing all my cards to the Mafiosi instead of hiding out like a scared rabbit. What the fuck—I was getting tired of this cat and mouse game. Maria felt the same way. It was up to me to use all my *chutzpa*, all my nerve, my balls, my *Galitzianer* cunning to get me and Maria out of this fucking mess alive.

So I call a number somewhere in Brooklyn, and I go through all the bullshit that you go through with the Mafia on the phone, with the secret code words and the instructions to get to the meeting place and so on and so forth. It was like trying to memorize the Dallas Cowboys' playbook. Then a couple of gorillas in three-piece suits come for me and Maria in a limousine. They blindfold us and take

us for a long ride. We end up in some kind of banquet hall, like the second floor of a restaurant.

The whole fucking Mafia must have been there—every big boss. There was a bunch of tables arranged around three sides of the room and a platform with tables on the fourth side where Bruno Bongaglionomi, the boss of bosses, his son Salvatore, and the rest of his capos were sitting. Maria and me were tied to chairs and put right in the center of the floor, where everybody could see us.

Very few outsiders get to see a real meeting of the Mafia, so I want to tell you how they really operate. Somebody explained to me that this was a very special meeting of the highest of the high council, the people who would sit in judgment against me and Maria.

It was one of those serious affairs of honor, so everything was handled like a ritual, like some kind of religious service. Only instead of religious stuff these guys had their own kind of ceremonies. First of all, they all were dressed in costumes. Each Mafia family had its own special outfit. One family was all dressed in judges robes. One group was wearing big Teddy bear suits. Another had on these Robin Hood costumes, complete with bows and arrows. One family was even in drag, I swear. I was told that each family had its own ceremonial costume that dated back hundreds of years from the beginnings of the Mafia in Sicily. Bruno Bongaglionomi, the boss of bosses, was dressed in an outfit that made him look like the Pope, except he wore a hat shaped like an ice-cream cone and held a big wand in his hand.

Bruno rapped his wand on the table and everyone quieted down. He started chanting something in Latin, which Maria translated for me. She said that we were about to be judged by the Court of the Supreme Council of the Holy Order of Fra Diavolo, which was the original Sicilian society that the Mafia came from. Suddenly, Bruno and all the other bosses pulled these big, live lobsters out from under the table and started waving them around over their heads, chanting more Latin. Then they threw these lobsters at our feet, which were now bare, and made the fucking fish bite us. When they got tired of this they had the lobsters cooked and ate them by cracking the shells over our heads.

At least they didn't cut open a live chicken and smear us with the blood

like in a voodoo ceremony, I said to Maria. No sooner did the words slip out of my mouth when a pair of plump little pullets were produced. Only instead of chickens bleeding on us, they just put the fucking birds on our heads and got them to take a dump all over us. They must have given the chickens some kind of laxative. Sicilians have fucking toilets where their heads are supposed to be. This was their idea of a joke, a way to humiliate me and Maria for soiling their honor.

After a few more dumb ceremonies where these ginzos got their rocks off, we're ready to start the confrontation, or the trial, which is what it really is. Now I get my chance to talk. First I had to plead for Maria. I really tried my best to get the poor broad off the hook. I talked like a fucking Perry Mason. I made myself the bad guy. It was all my fault, I said. I seduced her. I practically raped her. The kid was completely innocent. She fought me, tried to kill me, did everything in her power to stop me. But Maria wouldn't let me finish. She told them that I was lying, that she loved me. She fucked up my whole story with her fucking honesty. Okay, so maybe I should be honest, too. I get an idea. These greaseballs are supposed to be men of honor. I am also a man of honor. I believe in an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Since I took Maria's cherry, they should take something of mine. There's a big pause here and everybody is silent. I'm already circumcised, I say—and I laugh a little nervous kind of laugh. So since I'm already circumcised, take a fucking piece of my ear! Cut off my left earlobe, I shout. It's a small price to pay, I figure.

"You're a real sweetheart," said a boss named Angelo "The Cook" Stronzoli. They called him "The Cook" because he liked to get rid of his enemies by dipping them in egg and bread crumbs and deep frying them in olive oil. "How about we take your cock in exchange for Maria's cherry? That's more like an eye for an eye."

That made Maria go crazy. She screamed and begged them for mercy. The idea of them doing that to my wee-wee was too much for her. It was too much for me, too. You can't make an honest deal with these animals, with their fucking code of honor. They got as much honor as a dope addict with nine cents in his pocket.

Now the bosses start debating be-

continued

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT RENTING A CAR IF YOU'RE UNDER 24.

The first thing you should know about renting a car if you're under 24 is to come to National Car Rental.

Because face it:

When it comes to renting a car at most places you've got problems before you even start.

Car insurance companies don't exactly stand in line to get your business.

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on the corporate ladder so you don't make a lot of money.

All of which could make you a credit risk.

So what does this mean when you want a car?

Do you borrow Uncle Louie's? Take a bus?

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Uncle Louie has the world's smallest fleet of GM cars. We've got the world's largest.

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THE BIG GREEN TEAM

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CHARLES BRAGG

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First, AKAI led the industry with the electronics and technology required to produce the very finest motors, the heart of a tape recorder. Another advancement was the exclusive AKAI glass and crystal ferrite (GX) head—it remains totally unsurpassed for optimum sound and wearability—guaranteed for 150,000 hours, the equivalent of playing 24 hours a day for 17½ years.

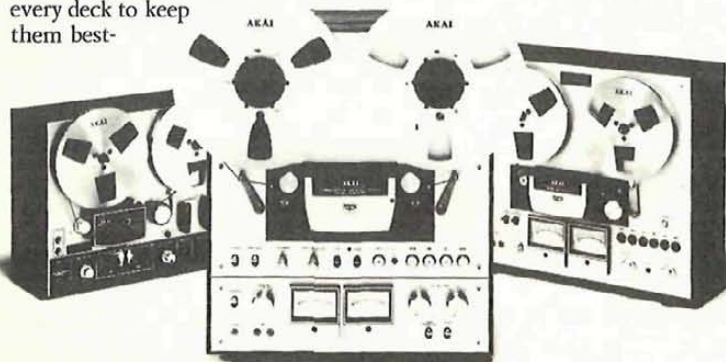
Today, AKAI continues to make one of the broadest lines of two and four channel reel-to-reel decks. And our 20+ years in the business go into every deck to keep them best-

selling. From the high performance GX-650D loaded with features, to the mid-priced GX-270D with reverse record and playback, to the hottest-selling 4000DS Mk II. For multi-track recording, the Quadra-Sync® GX-630DSS is also available.

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ART COLLECTORS:

For an 18" x 24" reproduction of this Charles Bragg etching suitable for framing, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. NL, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224, ATTN: Tut.

BERNIE X

continued

tween themselves about what to do with us, and I'm not too thrilled with their ideas. One spaghetti-head wants to put me between two pieces of cement shaped like Italian bread so I become a hero sandwich. Another guy wants to force-feed Italian pastries into Maria until she suffocates to death. Or the Chinese water torture, where water drops on your head for hours and hours. Then some wise guy comes up with the idea of a Chinese waiter torture, where they'll drop a Chink on my head over and over. The bosses get crazier and crazier. They want to turn me into an artichoke and peel me. They want to do terrible things to Maria's cunt. Even Salvatore, her fiancé, goes nuts when he hears them talk.

Finally, a little guy who is sitting in a corner raises his hand to speak. For the first time I notice him and realize he is not wearing a stupid costume, just a regular suit and tie. He doesn't even look Italian, and when he opens his mouth I realize he's one of my own. He's an old man, about seventy, seventy-five, and he's got these old, tired eyes that look like they've seen everything. He turned out to be Solomon "Salty Dog" Slutsky, a boss of bosses in the Miami area. They call him "Salty Dog" because he likes to torture his enemies by cutting them up and burying them with their open wounds in a grave of kosher salt. Solomon looks like a very wise man, and all the other dagos listen when he talks. He says that everyone is getting too bloodthirsty. That the only way to settle this thing is to compromise. Let's cut Maria in half and give one part to Bernie and the other part to Salvatore, her fiancé, he says. For a second the Mafiosi thought Sol was insulting them and got very mad. Then they saw the smile on his face and realized that he was giving them the old Jewish put-on. Sol was imitating the King Solomon bit with the baby, and the dagos finally caught on. After they all had a good laugh, Sol got down to business. His idea was simple. The best way to settle this affair was to have me and Salvatore engage in a fight to the finish to avenge everybody's honor. Whoever survived the fight would be entitled to have Maria, as tainted as she was. He recommended a legitimate fight in a boxing ring. The bosses thought about it for a minute and agreed. □

Part III will appear next month.

SPARE TIRES.



How often do you fire up your car for a trip to the post office? Or go off camping and end up exploring in your eight-miles-per-gallon camper?

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THE CHAPPY FROM YAMAHA

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

ARAB SHIP OF STATE WRECKED

ISRAEL AND LEBANON COLLIDE ON MEDITERRANEAN SEIZE



The wreck of the Arabian *Lebanon* on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean appears to be one of the worst in recent years. The creaky nation, carrying a cargo of 2.8 million persons, apparently collided with the *Israel*, an independent state of Jewish registry that ripped apart the *Lebanon's* aft quarters without warning. Tens of thousands of persons spilled from the point of impact, creating a massive refugee slick extending from Tyre to Beirut that threatens to seriously damage the already delicate econostructure in the area.

In the meantime, Arab governments

have leveled charges of negligence against the captain of the *Israel* and the tugboat company United Nations for failing to negotiate a speedy salvage contract, which they say permitted the situation to deteriorate to its present state. Reports of helpless refugees clinging to the *Lebanon's* villages and sand dunes as it slowly broke apart have generated a wave of concern. It has been suggested that measures be taken to permanently scuttle the wreckage before further hardships accrue; several groups, including the French, propose bombing the *Lebanon* as a practice military exercise until it sinks.

PROMINENT NATO MEMBER KIDNAPPED

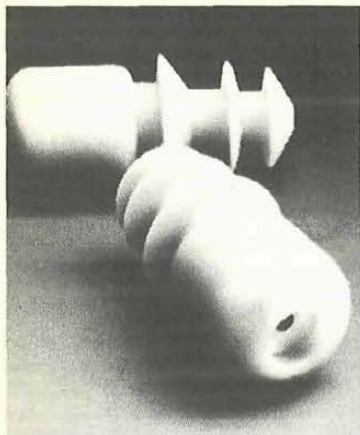
DO WHAT THEY SAY OR THEY'LL CLIT OFF OUR BOLOGNA!



Dear NATO:

Leave \$11,000,000,000 under the park bench at the corner of France and Spain or you'll never see your ally again.

Italy, one of the founding members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, was abducted last week, apparently by members of a left-wing extremist group. European police believe that the country is being held somewhere in the immediate Mediterranean area, but, as yet, they seem to have few clues in the case.



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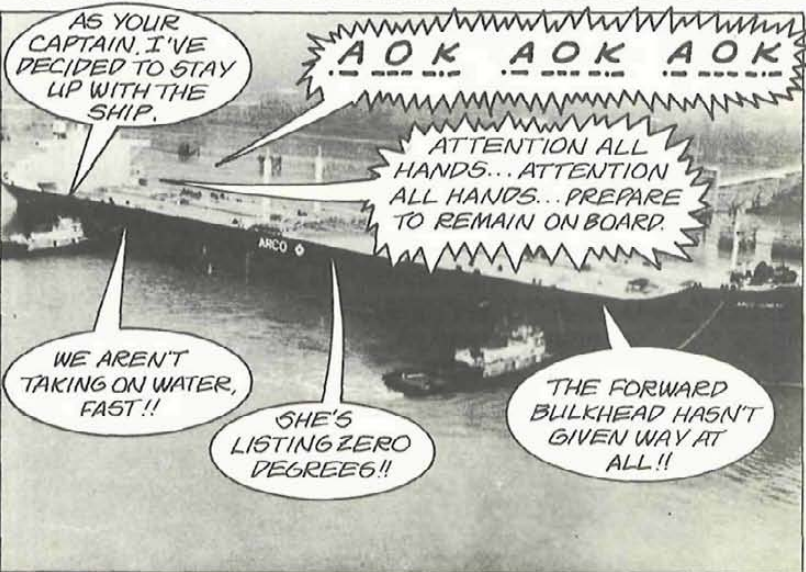
ONLY A TOTAL RESTRUCTURING OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY CAN SAVE US NOW!



Giant Political Fiction Monster Destroys Japanese Airport

A strange, unidentified "something" that spits burning bottles full of gasoline and has thousands of arms and legs has destroyed the new Tokyo International Airport. Japanese authorities say that modern politics knows of nothing that would account for this phenomenon, and they fear that the entire country will be ravaged if it cannot be stopped.

WORST OIL NON-DISASTER IN HISTORY



AS YOUR CAPTAIN, I'VE DECIDED TO STAY UP WITH THE SHIP.

AOK AOK AOK

ATTENTION ALL HANDS... ATTENTION ALL HANDS... PREPARE TO REMAIN ON BOARD.

WE AREN'T TAKING ON WATER, FAST!!

SHE'S LISTING ZERO DEGREE6!!

THE FORWARD BULKHEAD HASN'T GIVEN WAY AT ALL!!

2,920,000,000 Barrels of Crude Oil Not Spilled En Route to U.S.

Tankers carrying almost three billion barrels of crude oil to the United States from members of the oil-producing OPEC nations did not flounder, capsize, or break apart on reefs during 1977. Ecologists cite the enormous danger that this unspilled oil poses to the U.S. environment, and financial analysts fear that the American economy may be severely damaged.

New Federal Circus Safety Regulations

The Occupational Safety and Health Administration, OSHA, has recently completed drafting a series of tough new regulations for the American circus industry, following the death of a circus worker Carl Wallenda while on the job in Puerto Rico. "All employees should be guaranteed a safe and fit place to work," declared OSHA Deputy Director John Millikan at a press conference, "and big top laborers are no exception."

The new standards aim specifically at a number of hazardous aspects of a trade in which management has historically been slow to modernize equipment and procedures. In the case of tightropes, for example, each wire will now have to be fitted with a stationary side-runner or "catwalk," in addition to adequately spaced rest platforms, handrailings, and inflatable balance poles that cushion a fall by automatically filling with air on impact.

Also covered are flaming hoops and related incendiary props, which after August 1 must be equipped with self-contained sprinkler systems and Teflon shielding to prevent workers from being exposed to excessive heat and smoke. Millikan said circuses can expect ring areas where employees come in contact with dangerous animals to be "closely scrutinized" by OSHA inspectors, as well as all machinery utilized in the firing of human cannonballs. By 1979, the latter will be required to have functional noise abatement baffling, and to come equipped with protective operator clothing capable of absorbing shocks at up to 14 times the speed of sound.

Circus officials plan to appeal the new regulations, citing the prohibitive cost of implementing them.

Carter May Invoke Taft-Hartley Act for Second Time This Year

President Carter is reportedly considering the invocation of the Taft-Hartley Act to force the return of absentee congressmen of both parties to their seats.

Experts, however, are predicting that the president's legislation will run into trouble in the House of Representatives, where it will lack the support of powerful absentee congressmen. And even if the bill should somehow pass, it is by no means certain that congressmen will obey the back-to-work order.

Argentinean Rail Catastrophe

An express train derailed in Northern Argentina, killing all 611 passengers. The wreck is the worst train disaster in Argentina in two days.

FIRST AMERICAN PRESIDENT TO DO SO



Carter Gives Speech in Spanish

During his recent visit to Caracas, Venezuela, President Carter delivered a speech in Spanish, Carter's second language—apparently to prevent a repetition of the recent Warsaw translator fiasco that caused so much embarrassment. Although Venezuelans said they were pleased by the presidential gesture, many expressed confusion as to the actual nature of the message, translated as follows: "Good afternoon, my friends. Today, I go...I had gone...ummm...went to the market. I saw Jorge and Luisa at the mar-

ket. 'How am...are you, today?' Luisa asked. 'Where is...am...ummm...are you going?' Jorge asked. 'I am very well. I am going to the city,' I said. 'How will you went...to have went...go there?' Jorge asked. 'I will ride the bus,' I said. 'Oh, no, Mr. Carter. The bus was...it had been...is broken, and there was...ahhh...is no money today to fix it,' Luisa said. 'And there will not been...be any money tomorrow, either, unless you am...are good behaved,' I said. I am happy if you like my conversation. Thank you very much."

PARADE CELEBRATES END OF WHITE RULE IN RHODESIA



Prime Minister Ian Smith and three black nationalists—Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, Bishop Abel Tendekayi Muzorewa, and Senator Jeremiah Chirau—have joined together to form a four-member executive council which will rule Rhodesia during the nine-month period of transition to black majority rule. The occasion was celebrated by a festive parade through the streets of Salisbury with floats decorated to symbolize various aspects of the new government of Rhodesia, or Zimbabwe, as it will be called

over a variety of people's dead bodies.

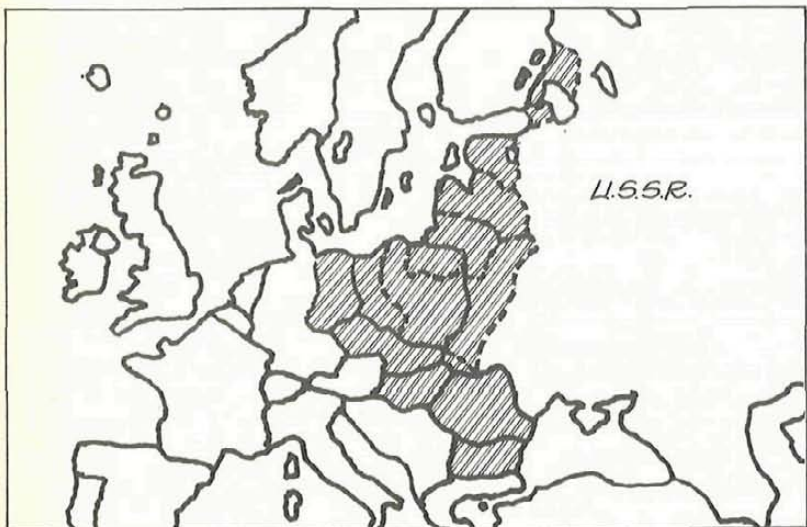
The parade floats, shown above, are entitled, from left to right, *Racial Harmony, Peace Between the Races, Racial Equality, Cooperation Between the Races, Equality of Race, Racial Understanding, Freedom for Members of All Races, Racial Brotherhood, Freedom from Racial Discrimination, An End to Racial Prejudice, Friendship Between the Races, Racial Peace, Triumph over Racial Bigotry, Racism's Demise, Better Race Relations, The Fraternity of All Races, Racial Integration, and The Unity of Black and Whites.*

Russians Occupy Buffer Zone

Russian troops have occupied a 500,000-square-mile area of Eastern Europe in an attempt to stop repeated attacks from that area. The Kremlin claims that the military action was necessary in order to put a halt to continuing assaults into Russian territory by rightist combat units. The occupation was brought on by a particularly vicious terrorist attack on June 22, 1941, when armed units of the

right-wing organization known as Germany attacked a number of Russian towns and villages, leaving 6,115,000 dead. An earlier attack in July, 1914, killed nearly two million.

The Soviet Union says that it has no territorial claims in eastern Europe. Russian troops will be withdrawn, the Kremlin says, as soon as it is assured that no further attacks will take place.



Shaded area shows Eastern European buffer strip occupied by Russians in antiterrorist move.

High Points of President Carter's Urban Aid Funding

President Carter's proposed spending of \$4.4 billion in new urban aid funds in an effort to reverse the deterioration of inner city areas has been well received in most slums and ghettos. Residents feel that \$4.4 billion could go a long way toward relieving the sense of despair and frustration common in their communities, especially if they get it in cash and before Friday night.

Here are the high points of the plan:

- \$1.7 billion in tax credits to firms that hire the jobless, as opposed to firms that hire people who already have two or three good jobs.
- \$2.4 million for new air shafts full of garbage for low income high-rise housing projects.
- \$1.8 million for rat relocation.
- \$3.6 million to replace inner-city homicides, rapes, assaults, and muggings with nonviolent white-collar crimes.
- \$5 million in grants to 204 privately operated urban poverty agencies for consolidating black and Hispanic poverty programs by teaching Negroes Spanish.
- A \$2.2 million long-range federal program to integrate families through miscegenation.
- \$8.6 million for hiring of 840,000 poverty-level New York City residents to staff the offices of U.N. Ambassador Andy Young.
- A \$5 million welfare-maintenance program using a synthetic chemical welfare-substitute to aid welfare-takers in eventually becoming free of their welfare dependence.
- \$1.4 million for creation of "scatter-site" areas of urban decay in suburbs and small towns.
- \$5 million for a government study group to outline new safety standards for poker dice and three card monte.
- A \$1 million program of price supports and import quotas for the fortified wine industry.

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Madcap Antics.....	YES	NO
Articles on Balance of Trade Payments.....	NO	YES
Mirth.....	YES	NO
Merriment.....	YES	NO
Tons of Fun.....	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations.....	NO	YES
Snappy Patter.....	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year.....	YES	NO
	7YES	2YES

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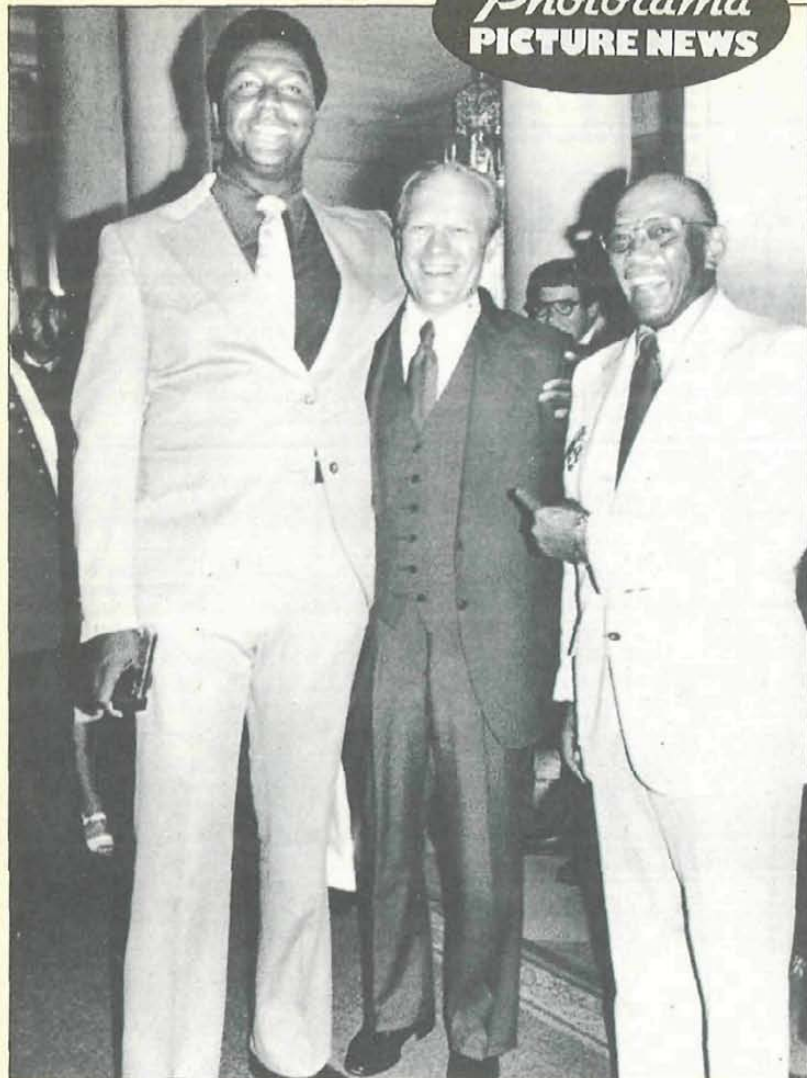
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Photorama
PICTURE NEWS



Detroit, Michigan Ex-president Gerald Ford has hired a personal bodyguard, Raymond "Large Father" Latrobe, in preparation for the 1980 presidential campaign, which he intends to enter. According to Ford, "Large Father" is a black belt in seven types of Oriental martial arts and is completely bulletproof without wearing any vests. Shown with them is Latrobe's proud and happy father, Benjamin.



Macon, Georgia The Very Reverend Marvin Hoopes demonstrates his faith-healing powers on a woman who was born without lips. Reverend Hoopes has kept a constant vigil with the woman, who must remain unidentified. He has kept his "healing hand" on her lipless mouth for seventeen days and will not take his hand off until "the beginnings of a set of lips" emerge. Members of the woman's immediate family also keep vigil with the reverend.

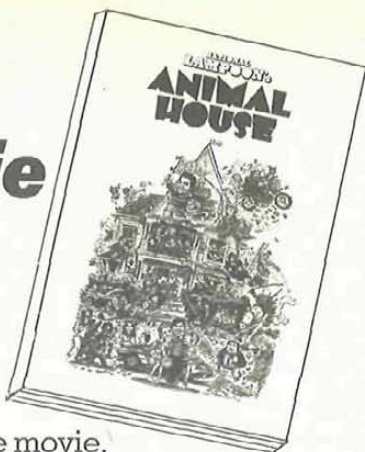


Jersey City, New Jersey Kathy Ann Schoob demonstrates the new gas-powered skirt, a handy little invention that will enable women to fly two to three feet off the ground for periods of up to forty seconds, depending on the gas supply in the aerosol dispenser. "It's a great idea for jumping over big puddles or snowdrifts on nasty days," said Ms. Schoob. "And it comes in all kinds of new styles."



Durban, South Africa Rhonda, the cow standing on the monument, is a real cow picked as the model for a statue of Fritzi, the famed South African cow who provided the city with 500,000 liters of milk in one year before dying recently. But Rhonda will not budge from her posing position even though city authorities have Lois, another cow, ready to relieve her. Rhonda has been on the monument for 523 straight days.

The book behind the movie behind the magazine...



First you read *Dr. Zhivago*...then you saw the movie.
First you saw the movie...then you read the Ten Commandments.
Frankly, we don't care which you see or read first...as long as you see:

National Lampoon's Animal House

and read:

National Lampoon's Animal House Book

Written by Chris Miller, from the original screenplay by Harold Ramis,
Douglas Kenney, and Chris Miller

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and others

...comic strip sequences that pick up and tell part of the story in picture form

...color photos of the cast, including John Belushi, Tim Matheson,

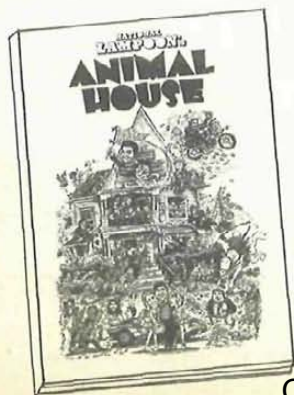
Donald Sutherland, and even writer-actors Kenney and Miller

...color and black and white action shots from the movie and from location
shooting at the University of Oregon

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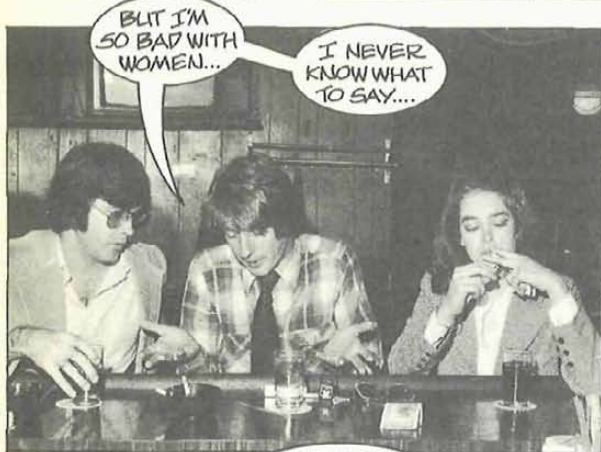
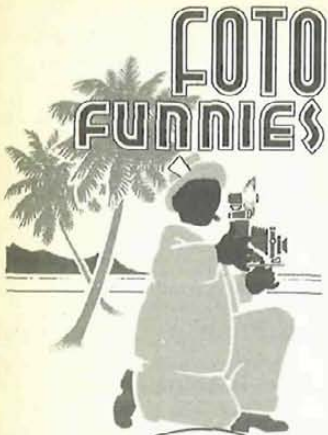
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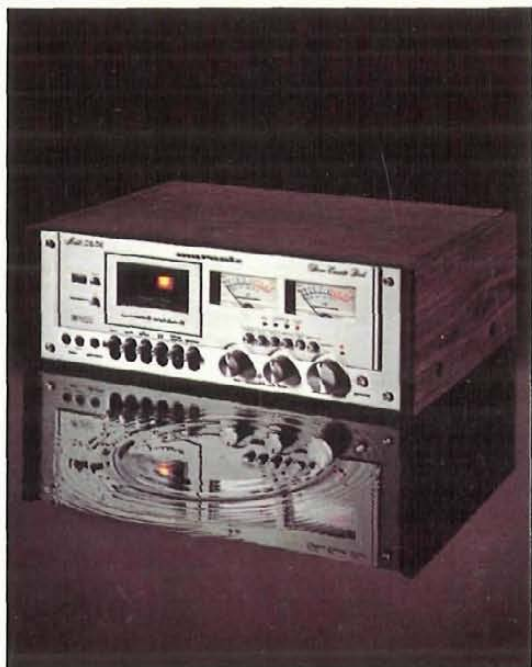
Here's how:

The Marantz 5030 has separate record and playback heads... the same as reel-to-reel. This gives you an instant check of the quality of your recording as you record. And, like some of the most expensive reel-to-reel decks, the record and playback heads on the Model 5030 are super-hard permalloy—a long-lasting metal alloy that gives better frequency response and signal to noise ratio than Ferrite material.

For precise azimuth alignment, both the playback/monitoring and record heads are set side-by-side within a single metal enclosure. They can't go out of tracking alignment.

Complementing this outstanding "head-technology" is Full-Process Dolby* Noise Reduction Circuitry. It not only functions during record and playback... but during monitoring as well.

What drives the tape past the heads is every bit as important as the heads themselves. For this reason the Model 5030 has a DC-Servo



Motor System. The steadyest, most accurate tape-transport method. Speed accuracy is superb, with Wow and Flutter below 0.05% (WRMS).

To adapt the Model 5030 to any of the three most popular tape formulations, press one of the three buttons marked "Tape EQ and BIAS!" There are settings for standard Ferric-Oxide, Chromium Dioxide (CrO₂) or Ferri-Chrome (FeCr) tape.

With Mic/Line Mixing, two sources can be recorded at the same time,

combining line and microphone inputs. The Master Gain Control lets you increase or decrease the overall volume of the total mix.

What else could we pack into a front load cassette deck?

More features. Like a 3-digit tape counter with memory function. Viscous Damped Vertical-load Cassette Door. Switchable Peak Limiter. Fast-response LED Peak Indicators. 3" Extended-range Professional VU Meters. Locking Pause Control for momentary shut-off in record or play... and Total Shut-off in all modes when the tape ends.

And, of course, the unbeatable Marantz 5030 is front loading. Easy to stack or fit on a shelf. The styling is clean and bold. The sound is the truest recreation of what was put on tape. If you want the best—then do what you really want to do—go for it. Go for Marantz.

25th Anniversary **marantz®**

*TM Dolby Labs, Inc. © 1978 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., 20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Marantz dealer.

LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

Your advice about using condiments at the dinner table proved very useful for the most part, but David doesn't really like the way the pre-lubricated ones taste.

Julie Eisenhower
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

In the matter of the continuing debate over women vs. a good cigar: it's true that it's hard to keep pussy lit; but have you ever eaten a White Owl?

Edgar Kelp
Ogden, Utah

Sirs:

We don't have an agent because five bottomless girl harmonica players don't need one. We do stag parties, bar mitzvahs, weddings, the whole shot. If interested, write:

Harmonicunts
Box 120651
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

According to the latest Gallup Reptile Survey, one reptile in four—25 percent—would like to compete in the 1980 Winter Olympics, while 28 percent would be happy to just sit in the snow and watch each other slowly stiffen and turn blue.

If you are a reptile and would like to have your opinion expressed in the Gallup Reptile Survey, just send a self-addressed stamped envelope and three fresh dead flies—or the equivalent in U.S. currency—to:

Gallup Reptile Survey
c/o The Associated Press

Sirs:

Do any of you girls reading this right now have one of those rubber chickens at your house? Because I have some rubber vegetables and a bottle of vintage rubber champagne, and I thought maybe you could come over to my house and have a nice little dinner. Really nice, with rubber candles. And after that maybe we can retire to my rubber room for a little fun.

Any takers, just send your name to:

Jeff Freddy
Dothan, Ala.

Sirs:

Thought I'd pass along a word of advice to you and your readers: never light a fart in a pair of polyester pants.

Bud Torro
St. Vincent's Hospital Burn Ward
Mattoon, Ill.

Sirs:

I have discovered that almost everybody in America over the age of twenty-five knows exactly who shot Larry Flynt. Yet no one has stepped forward to identify Flynt's attacker, despite the substantial reward being offered. I'm not going to bother pointing out how contrary this behavior is to everything we believe in. I'm just going to reveal the man's name. [REDACTED] I didn't want to, anymore than the rest of you, but not to do so would imperil the American way of life.

Nathan "Nat" Hentoff
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

No, as a matter of fact I have no plans to follow in my father's footsteps.

Carla Wallenda
Sarasota, Fla.

EDITORIAL

continued from page 8

as by a deliberately aimed tomahawk.

This must have made the already difficult conditions under which our predecessors lived almost intolerable. Riding thirty miles each way to trade for a half cup of flour for dinner must have been sufficiently off-putting to deter the hardiest spirit; but coupled with the likelihood of getting a rock in the face from angry Indians, it could make not eating that week seem both reasonable and attractive by comparison.

It is not difficult to see how such an environment encouraged the growth of an individualistic ethic of self-reliance, especially if you consider that within this situation lay the seeds, for some and not others, of vast fortunes in land and gold and furs.

It is ironic that it is in the final analysis the red man, so often ignored or misunderstood in our attempts to make sense of our past, to whom we owe the greatest debt of all. For it was he, more than the forty-niner or the plainsman or the cowboy, who was responsible for shaping the character that was to be the great inheritance of

the Wild West—the freedom-loving individual who is the quintessential American to this day, a character that has made us a people for whom the future itself will always be a new frontier to tame and conquer or raise beef in.

This is the legacy of the West; that we will always see the breaking of new ground, be it oil refinery in Saudi Arabia or Pepsi bottling plant in Taiwan, as the first lump of a sod hut on the banks of a sluggish river west of the wide Missouri; a people that sees in the businessman globe-hopping in search of customers the grizzled prospector riding his jet-burro into the hills; that will see the astronaut launched into space riding his rocket into the space hills, his saddle-worn body-waste recycling system beside him, his trusty communicator within reach, and always, because old habits die hard, a weather eye on the horizon, scanning every moment for the first telltale sign of space Indians.

This is the meaning of the Wild West. I think.

Errata: The *National Lampoon* owes some abject apologies to Austin,

Texas, cartoonist Jaxon for a series of fuck-ups perpetrated upon him by us. Mr. Jaxon is the handsome, decent, intelligent and very talented person who wrote and drew the "Cosmic Cowboy Identification Chart" in the December *National Lampoon's* "Texas Supplement." And an excellent piece of work it was. However, the *National Lampoon* (actually it was P.J.) then proceeded to attach a byline to the aforementioned *oeuvre* which credited it to a "Michael" Jaxon. "Michael," as it turns out, is not Jaxon's Christian name. In fact, Jaxon doesn't call himself anything but Jaxon. Period. Next, the *National Lampoon* (well actually, it was P.J. again) lost Jaxon's original artwork, which was eventually found, but only after about six months of Jaxon's pleading, cursing, yelling, and threatening to hold his breath until he passed out. And finally, after all that, it took the *National Lampoon* (meaning P.J.) until June, 1978, to apologize. So, Jaxon, we apologize. We are sorry. We really eat shit (especially P.J.)

Cover: This month's cover was painted by an artist.

"These days, why do I smoke?"

"With all the talk about smoking and high tar, it didn't take much imagination for me to conclude that the cigarette of the future would taste good and probably be low in tar as well.

"So I figured why wait till then?

"After all, I like to smoke. For taste. For enjoyment.

"So I started looking for a low-tar cigarette that could give me everything I wanted from smoking.

"Well, that wasn't easy. Most low-tar cigarettes had no taste and drawing on them made my cheeks meet.

"Then I discovered Vantage.

"It was my kind of cigarette. It gave me taste. Pleasure. And the low tar I was looking for.



"Vantage is the cigarette a lot of smokers are going to be turning to in years to come.

"For me it was a lot more pleasurable to turn to them today."

John O'Neill

John O'Neill
Stone Mountain, Georgia



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

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

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SOME OF THE NEW COMPACT, AUTOMATIC CAMERAS SEEM VERY EASY TO USE. UNTIL YOU START USING THEM.

There's more to an easy-to-use camera than automatic exposure. Yet that's what most of the new 35mm reflex cameras are: automatic, but hard to use.

Here's why the Minolta XG-7 makes fine photography both automatic *and* easy.

It's easy to take perfectly exposed pictures. Just point, focus and shoot. The electronic shutter in the XG-7 sets itself automatically up to 1/1000th of a second.

But it's hard to take an over-exposed picture. On automatic operation, the shutter locks to prevent over-exposures. It also locks when your batteries are too weak.

Easy focusing. The XG-7's viewfinder is big and bright, even in the corners. Your subject snaps into critical sharpness.

It's easy to be creative. You can make the automatic exposure setting brighter or darker for creative effects.

An easy-to-understand electronic viewfinder. Light emitting diodes tell how the XG-7 is setting itself and warn against under- or over-exposure.

An easy-to-see electronic self-timer.

The self-timer lets you get into your own pictures. It's a large flashing light mounted on the front of the camera. The flashing speeds up to let you know when the picture is about to be taken.



An easier-to-use auto winder. It automatically advances film, as fast as two pictures a second. You attach the optional Auto Winder G without having to remove (or lose) any caps from the XG-7.

The easier-to-be-creative flash. The optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 200X synchronizes continuously with the winder.

This exclusive feature allows you to take a sequence of up to 36 flash pictures.

The important "little" extras. The XG-7 has a window that shows when film is advancing properly. A memo holder holds the end of a film box as a reminder. There's even an optional remote control cord.

Fast, easy handling. The way a camera feels has a lot to do with how easy it is to use. Is it comfortable or awkward? Are the controls placed where your fingers naturally fall, or are they cramped together? The Minolta XG-7 is human engineered for comfort and smooth handling. It's quiet, with a solid feeling you find only in much more expensive equipment.

Easy-to-change lenses. Remove or attach lenses with less than a quarter turn. And a system of almost 40 different lenses, from fisheye to super-telephoto, makes the XG-7 a key to virtually unlimited creativity.

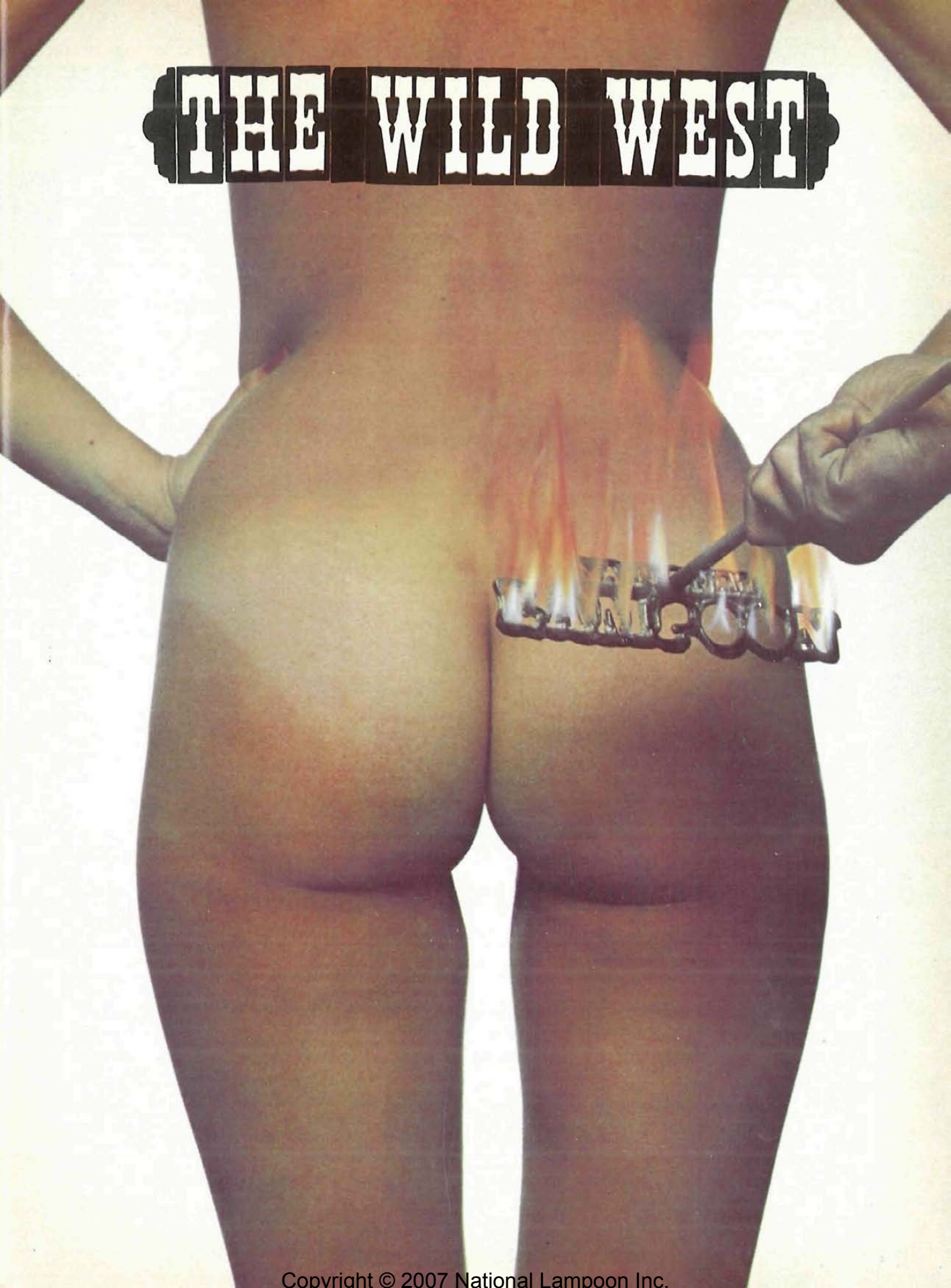
Try the Minolta XG-7. See it for yourself at your nearest photo dealer, or write for literature to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.



EASY DOES IT.

MINOLTA XG7

THE WILD WEST



If being able to afford a Yamaha says you've succeeded...



© 1978 Yamaha International Corporation

Congratulations.

People who know buy Yamaha. Some can easily afford it, others have to make it a priority. All of them have this in common: they enjoy listening to music on an accurate, full-fidelity sound system.

Now, with the introduction of the CR-420 Receiver, the incomparable quality of Yamaha is surprisingly affordable. Since distortion is the enemy of music fidelity, Yamaha reduces both Total Harmonic and Intermodulation Distortion to an insignificant amount—0.05%. Automatic tonal adjustment, for all volume levels, is yours with our unique Variable Loudness Contour Control. When making a recording, Yamaha's special switching system allows you to tape one music source while listening to another at the same time.

No other receiver in the world offers you this combination of performance and conveniences

at anywhere near the price.

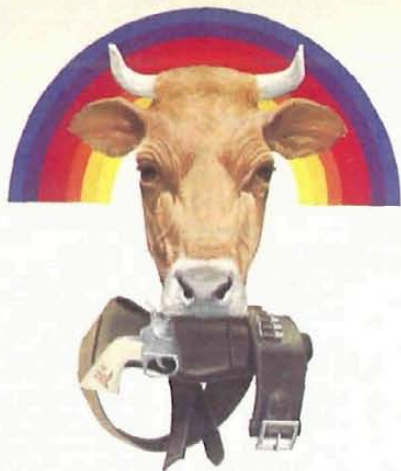
Match the CR-420 with the YP-211 Semi-Automatic Turntable and NS-5 Acoustic Suspension Speakers and you have a complete, fully-compatible music system from the company that has been handcrafting concert quality musical instruments for nearly a century—from music production to music reproduction, setting the highest standards for both.

Hear the Natural Sound of Yamaha at your Audio Specialty Dealer. He's got the knowledge, patience, and proper facilities to be genuinely helpful in meeting your listening needs. Check the Yellow Pages or write for his name. You'll hear the sound of success at an unheard-of price.



YAMAHA

Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622



THE UNREADABLE
NEW BESTSELLER
BY THE AUTHOR OF
A MOTHER'S BACKSIDE
IN TRACTION

EVEN BLUEGIRLS GET THE COWS

DEDICATION

There is a word. It begins with a *w*. You, dear reader, probably pronounce this letter "dubba-yew." But the actual name of the letter is "double-you," where the "you" denotes the letter *u*. Look at the letter carefully (carefully, now!) and you'll see how it's actually formed by two other letters side by side—as though the two were making love in some wonderful alphabetical conjugation.

"But wait!" you cry out to the author. "You said it was a double-*u*, but we readers see a double-*v*. What sort of orthographic hanky-panky are you pulling here?" Well. Speaking on behalf of the author of *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, let it be stated that letters, like people, often have identity crises. What if, all this time, while

A NOVEL BY

ELLIS WEINER

western civilization (that's western as in Occidental, not as in Wild West) was rising and falling and rising in its usual way, we've been calling the *w* by the wrong name? What confusion must have

taken root in its *w* soul! What discontinuity with itself! What feelings of estrangement in its double-*v* heart! Without even the option (exercised by Phoebe Ann Moses) to voluntarily change its monicker.

The author wishes to extend sincerest sympathy to the letter *w*—whose true name *may* be "double-*v*," but who, for the purposes of *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, at least, shall continue to be called "dubba-you." (Author of *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*: "What does an Italian recording

EVEN BLUEGIRLS

continued

engineer do when he multitracks your voice on your first solo album already shipped gold?" Readers: "What?" Author: "Dubba-you!"

But what of the aforementioned word? Hint: it has two syllables. (Aha! the reader is thinking. The author is referring here to no less a word than *his own name*. How charmingly self-conscious!) Charming, self-conscious, dot dot dot... the author readily acknowledges these traits in himself. But the word, the *w* word, is not his surname. (Perhaps a surname is the name people use who call you "sir." Yes, but what about girls, blue or otherwise? Do they have a *msname*? A *msnmer*? I'm having fun writing this!) What is the dubba-yew word, then? The author is glad you asked. Here it is.

Whimsy.

Even Bluegirls Get the Cows is hereby dedicated to whimsy. To rooty-toot giggle-face slap-knee what-the-hey whimsy. To saying anything you want. For example: in trying to parody the novel, he found himself continually drowning in the stream of self-consciousness. See? The author wrote that on a whim. And you just read it. Believe the author, there's more of that to come. Who's to stop him? Alfred Kazin? The *New York Times* Book Review? Not at all! (They even liked *Gravity's Rainbow*, dot dot dot dot....)

But wait. What of Phoebe Ann Moses? And the Chief? And Dr. Weiner, he of the hands and head? What of the author's favorite theories of metaphysics and religion? Well, hold onto yer hats, podners, cuz here they come!

I

It isn't a lip. It isn't a thumb. It isn't a foot, or a hip, or a bum. (What is it? What is it?) It isn't a hand. It isn't a thigh. It isn't a tooth, or a gland, or an eye. (What is it? What is it?)

It's a finger.

Two fingers, actually. One per hand, each an Eiffel Tower on the Gay Paree at the end of each wrist. Whose wrists? Those of our darling, our heroine, our protagonist: Phoebe Ann Moses, born August 13, 1860, in Darke County, Ohio. Fifth child of Jacob and Susan Moses. Don Russell, in *The Wild West* (Fort Worth: Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, 1970, p.

21) tells us: "She was christened Phoebe Ann, but the Ann became Annie. Later she altered her last name to Mozee." Phoebe Annie Mozee! A triple trochee! (The author, though an art major, knows how to throw around poetry-related terms. A trochee is a word of two syllables, of which the first is stressed.) Yes, such as: Annie's trigger fingers.

Annie, dear. Honey. Dahling. Those *ingers-fay* of yours. Those magic wandlets of flesh and bone. Those Louisville Sluggers in the Ted Williams-grip of your hands. Those cocks in the John Dillinger-groin of your manual appendages.

She grew. And as she grew, her index fingers grew with her. Not to mention her keen eye, which would later play just as crucial a role in her rise to fame and glory. But the fingers, the ones that knew instinctively to squeeze, not pull. She was able to handle a gun at age five—not with real bullets, mind you, but oh how that girl could twirl a Colt! (But Annie, let us be blunt: gunplay is boystuff, no? Didn't you feel just a little bit...dot dot dot *strange*? The author means, shouldn't you have been playing with dolls? At least, isn't that what they told you?)

Retribution often comes when we haven't yet even had our morning coffee. Annie's father died when she was six. (Let Dr. Weiner figure out the ramifications of that event.) And still the girl kept growing, still the fingers grew more sure. When Annie was eight years old, she was sitting on a porch, a long rifle in her tiny lap. There came a squirrel, scampering down a tree, hesitating, frozen for a second, then hotfooting it across the yard. Phoebe Annie leaned the rifle against the porch rail, drew a bead on the hustling critter's head, and squeezed off a round.

Bull's-eye! Or, rather: squirrel's-head! This child, this eight-year-old triple trochee, dispatched the hapless squirrel to squirrel heaven (where the clouds are piled with nuts, the squirrels play squirrel harps, and there ain't no winter, podner). Not bad, for an eight-year-old kid.

But something nagged at Phoebe Annie. A feeling of...dot dot dot *void*. Wasn't this rifle and squirrel stuff boy's business? And when was Papa coming back?

Bluegirl Interlude

Phoebe Annie is twelve. She is lying in her bed on a summer's evening, the smells of hay and grass wafting through the room like a motorcycle gang of tooth fairies.

Phoebe Annie feels a stirring in her woman parts. She stirs a feeling in her down-there place. Then her fingers—the middle ones, the longest ones—Phoebe Annie, you let your middle fingers explore the terrain. Quietly, so as not to disturb your sleeping sister, you let your fingers do the walking, opening your girl-woman folds of heat and mushroom odors, and striding right in and making themselves comfortable.

Nothing. No sensation, it feels awkward and wrong. For a second you think: who am I? You sigh, dear, and wonder what to think about. Well, then, how's about the one thing you know best: guns. Rifles, long cold barrels of steel, elegant in their extension and hardness. Or six-guns, compact, thrilling in their rapid-fire endurance. So what happens? Ah, Phoebe Annie, what else: the middle fingers make way for the index ones, and off you go. Squeeze, don't pull, Mozee-ing along until dot dot dot...there.

Bull's-eye.

2

The rifle is so-called because along the inside of its barrel are grooves called "rifling." These grooves describe a slight spiral from the breech to the muzzle, and when the bullet travels that distance, the grooves impart to it a rotational movement. Thus, as it emerges from the weapon, the bullet has acquired a stabilizing spin around its longer axis. Like a tiny lead football thrown by the Johnny Unitas gunpowder, the slug flies straight and true, unlike its pistol-fired counterpart. The author passes this tidbit along to you because that's the kind of novel this is. No anal retentive obsessions with old-fashioned novelistic verities (consistent characterization, believable dialogue, etc.). This is 1978. The author lives on the West Coast—the same coast that gave you Richard Brautigan and Rod McKuen. (West Coast—there's that dubba-yew again.) So look for more ostentatious displays of fascinating fax as you continue to read and enjoy *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*.

Phoebe Annie is fifteen, and she's dropped the Phoebe. Call her Annie. (No wonder you're having

continued on page 44

PLAYING COWBOY

BY
GAHAN WILSON



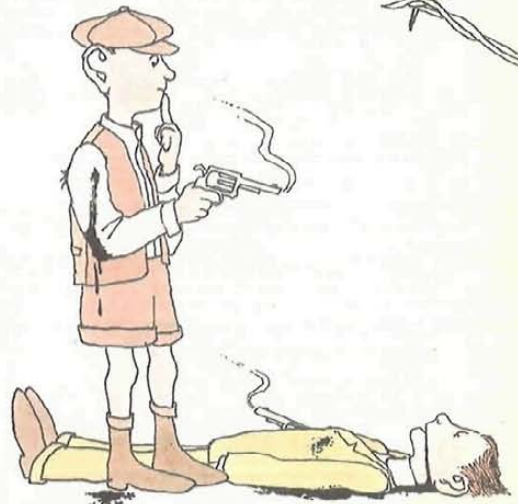
Everyone's agreed the real Wild West tended to be pretty awful. Most Indians, for example, had a rotten time of it. Many still do.



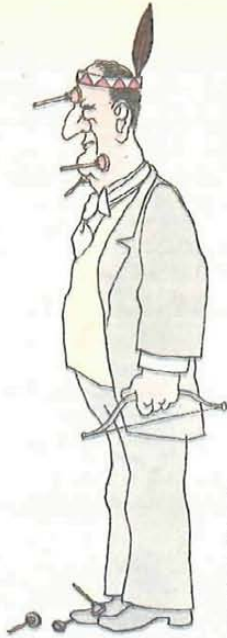
The cowboys were not much better off, being the underpaid, overworked servants of employers who sometimes used them cruelly.



And there were few man-to-man shoot-outs, since murderers—then as now—are a cowardly lot and uninclined to play fair.



But even before the real Wild West had faded, people began making a game of it. Of course, there were numerous false starts....



"Playing cowboy," like most games, was brought to classic form by the very rich.



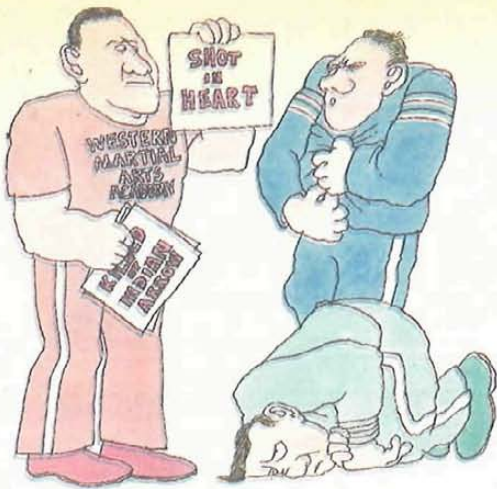
It spread everywhere, and thousands of children played it for years.



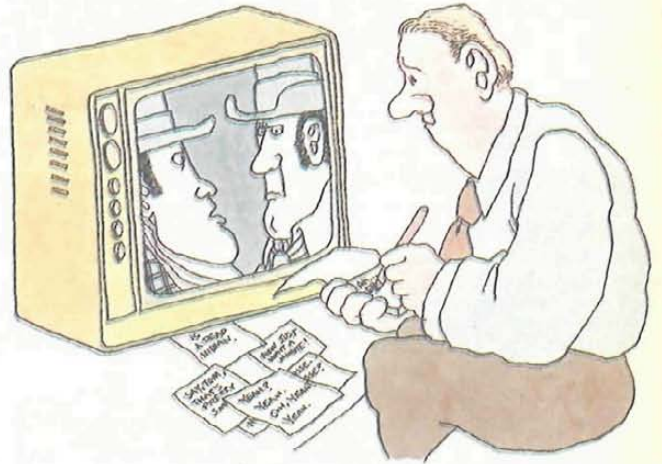
With the passage of time, however, their interest shifted to other fields.



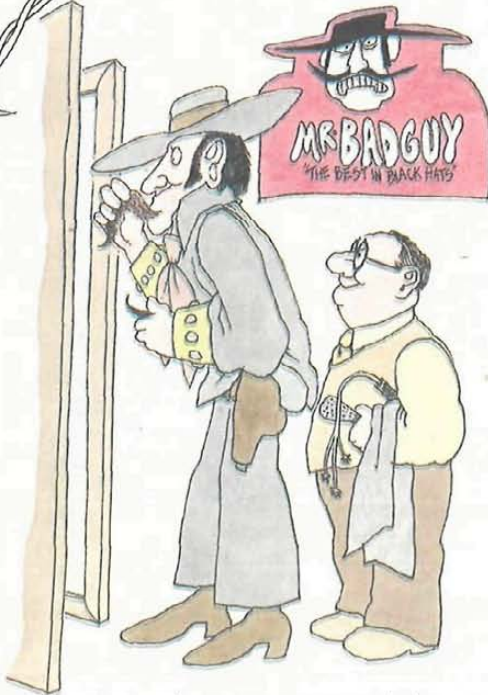
Some of those who had played cowboy remembered it, and started to revive it in a more serious, adult form.



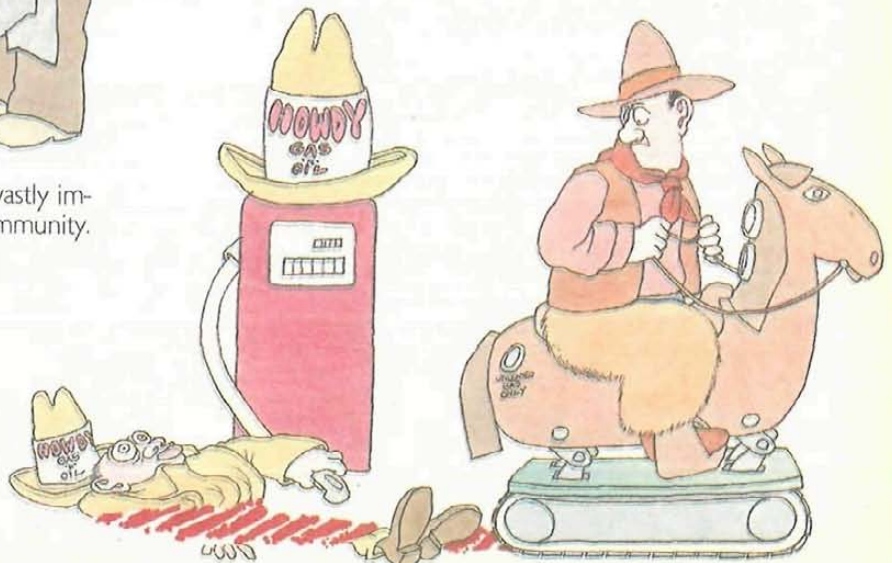
The basic techniques were studied and perfected.



The slow and halting delivery of actors in old movies was analyzed and learned by heart.



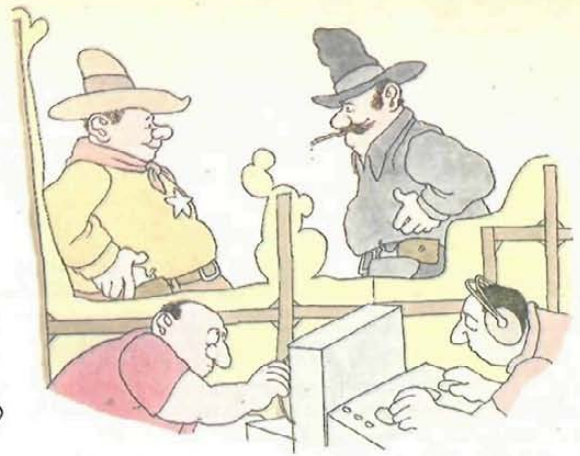
The props and costumes were vastly improved by an eager business community.



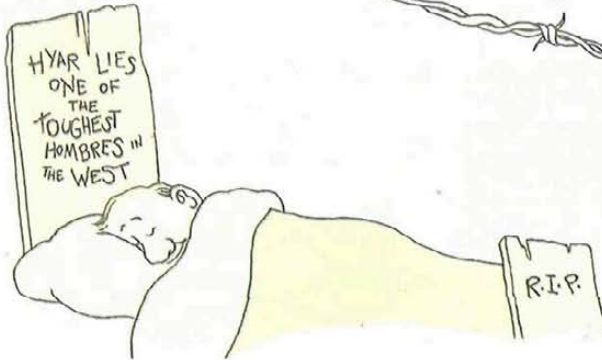
This time, mistakes were few and far between (although they *did* happen).



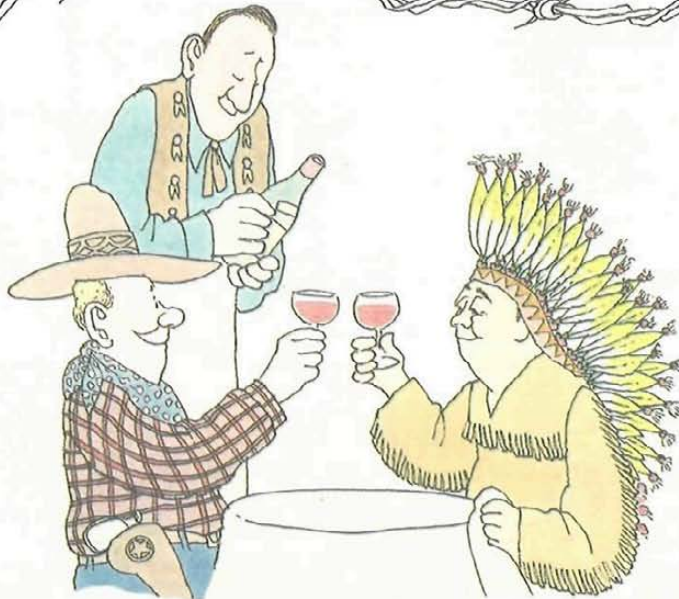
Rich people from other lands flocked to play the game.



And now, technology has insured that a day of playing cowboy is safe and thoroughly enjoyable for all.



A short nap is always recommended after the exciting activities...

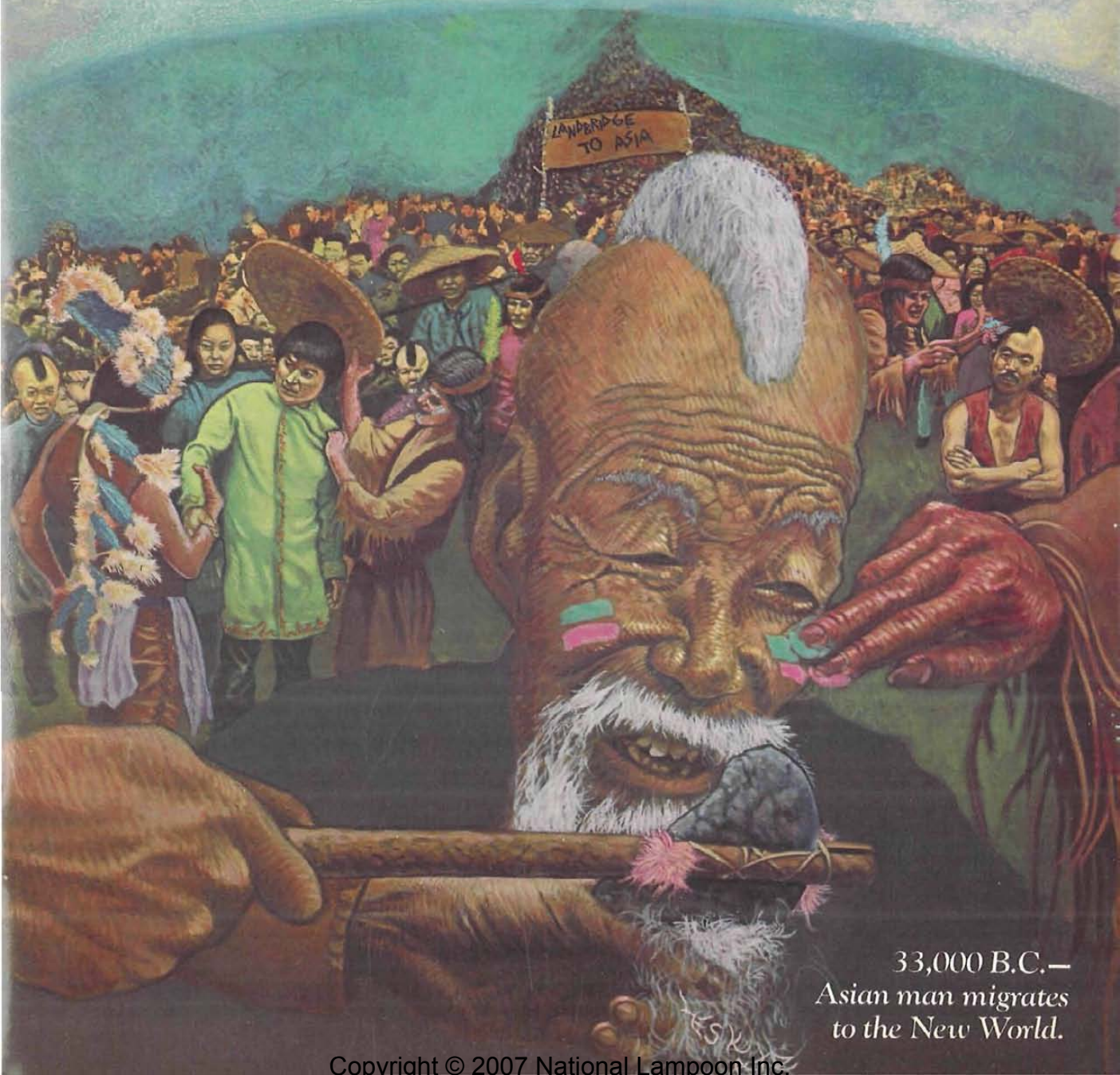


...and then the tradition is to have a comfortable dinner with one's friends.

The End

THE INDIANS

by John Weidman,
Gerald Sussman,
and John Hughes



33,000 B.C.—
Asian man migrates
to the New World.

The Indians of the Old West

Who were the Indians of the Old West? They were a people of extraordinary complexity and almost childlike simplicity. They were a people of surprising sophistication and boorish vulgarity. They were a people of astonishing intelligence and astounding stupidity. They were, in short, a people of dramatic contradictions. Can we, as civilized whites, ever hope to understand them? The answer, indisputably, is yes, although to do so we must first strip away the myriad misconceptions and muddleheaded myths which have come to characterize the "redskin" in America today. Truly there has never been a people in the history of the world more misunderstood or more maligned.

Who were the Indians of the Old West? The following pages attempt to answer that question with unprejudiced and unromantic honesty. To borrow a phrase from the Arapaho buffalo hunters of the early nineteenth century, "Let the chips fall where they may." This is the way it was.

Spirits and the World Beyond

It is commonly assumed that the Indians of the Old West believed fervently in mysterious spirits and mystical powers that controlled every aspect of their lives. In fact, the Indians were a hard-headed, pragmatic people who scoffed at superstition and rejected with contempt other peoples' notions of incorporeal spirits and gods. Father Francisco Diego (1531–1607) reports an illustrative encounter with the Shoshoni in the diary of his 1602 missionary trek across the Southern Plains. Through an interpreter, Father Francisco was recounting the life of Christ to a group of Shoshoni elders, who listened politely but with apparently irrepressible amusement. Father Francisco persevered in his story until he reached the Ascension, at which point the Indians began hooting with laughter, holding their sides, and rolling in the dust. Disconcerted and confused, Father Francisco attempted to cut through the hilarity by chiding the Indians with a detailed description of the hell to which they would surely be condemned if they persisted in laughing at the Lord and his works. As he took them on a Dantesque journey down through the levels of the inferno the Indians' laughter became convulsive and uncontrollable. When the merriment calmed down, one of the elders took Father Francisco aside and said, "We're sorry to laugh at your religion, Father, but the ontological proof is the only proof that makes any sense."



Example of an Indian "totem" or sacred religious object: Cheyenne ceremonial cocktail napkin, circa late nineteenth century.

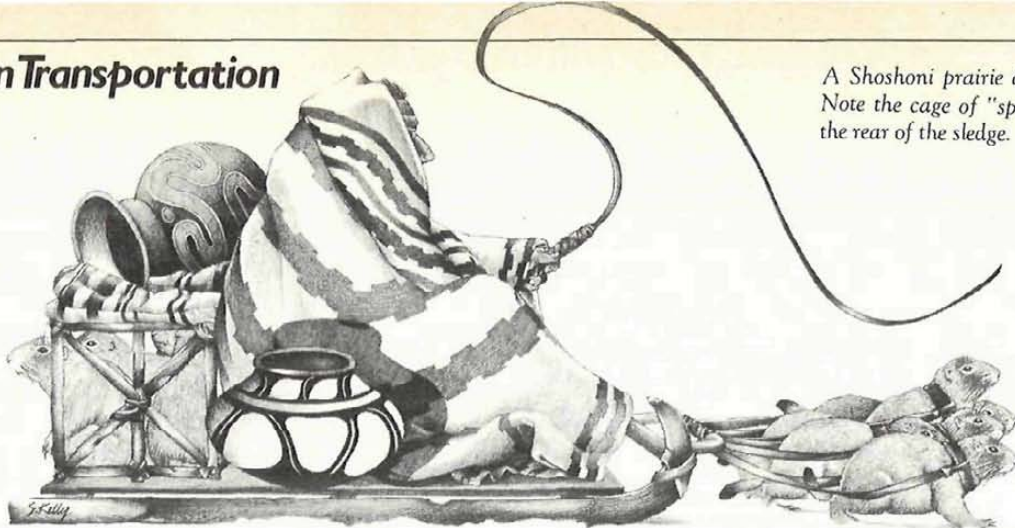
The Indian vs. the Buffalo



In the days before the coming of the white man, the undisputed kings of the Great Plains were the buffalo and the Indian. Natural adversaries of roughly equal intelligence, man and beast fought a ceaseless struggle for survival and dominion. Pictured *above*, we see a cunning band of buffalo braves preparing to attack a camp of unsuspecting Nez Percé, while *below*, a pair of Cheyenne hunters use a combination of surprise and "coronary paint" (erroneously described in even scholarly works on Indians as *war paint*) to bring down several of their grazing enemies.



Indian Transportation



A Shoshoni prairie dog sledge. Note the cage of "spares" at the rear of the sledge.

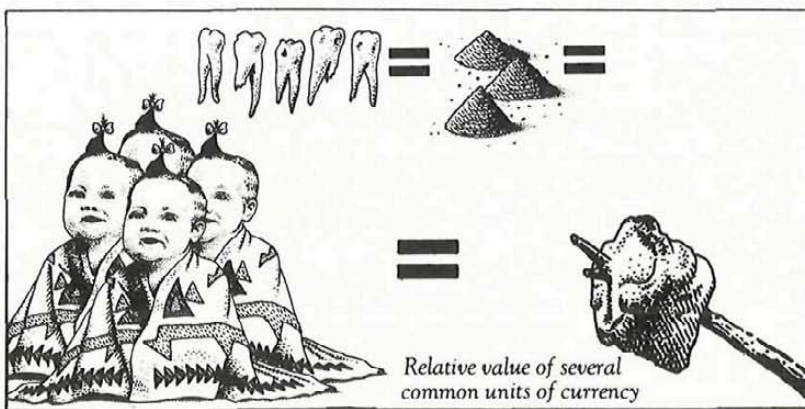
The Indian brave of the Old West is so frequently depicted galloping across the plains on horseback that we have come to assume he was a crackerjack horseman. In fact, he was anything but. The western Indians were uniformly terrified of horses, which they saw as powerful and hostile beasts capable of biting, kicking, and trampling them to death. When the Indians traveled, they either did so on foot or they employed less fearsome, more manageable creatures as their means of transportation. The Shoshoni, for example, developed the prairie dog sledge (see below) in the mid-eighteenth century, and similar sledges, sometimes pulled by either jackrabbits or gophers, soon became popular with the surrounding tribes of the central plains.

A unique example of Indian ingenuity in this area is provided by the Kiowa, a tribe of almost pygmy propor-

tions whose members rarely grew to be more than four feet six inches and eighty to eighty-five pounds. The Kiowa favored flying as a means of transportation and actually developed a primitive form of air travel whereby Kiowa braves would hang by their hands from the feet of powerful eagles. The eagles themselves participated in this practice unwillingly, but the Kiowa were skillful hunters who would surprise the great birds in their nests and grab them firmly by the feet before they could take flight. Frequently overburdened, many of the eagles developed inoperable hernias which rendered them immobile and made them prey to bears and mountain lions. Thus, many zoologists have argued that the extinction of the North American snowy eagle and several related species is directly attributable to Kiowa aviation, an assertion which is disputed by the few surviving members of the tribe.

Indian Currency

The most prevalent method of exchanging goods within individual Indian tribes was barter. In order to facilitate commerce between members of different tribes, however, certain common units of currency were developed. Among the Indians of the western plains the following were used most extensively: teeth, dirt, erotic underwear, female babies, and marshmallows, the value of the latter being greatly enhanced if they were perfectly toasted.



Wines and Spirits

The Indians had a fairly abundant supply of wine, which they enjoyed with their meals and as aperitifs. (They invented the cocktail, which they took during what they called their "happy hour.") They preferred white wines, and liked to mix them with soda or mineral spring water to make a *spritzer*, a drink which went very well with their light, low calorie diet. Red wine was taken in small amounts, usually at banquets, where huge bowls of extra-rich dirt were served along with the ubiquitous marshmallow.

Where the Indians got their wines was a mystery, since they did not engage in any winemaking until 1947. Indian scholars have come up with the theory that they obtained

their wines like anyone else, from a liquor store or the earliest equivalent, the trading post. As early as the sixteenth century, the Spanish and French missionaries established these posts, which dealt primarily in wine, beer, Madeira, sherry, and brandy. Spanish rioja and the wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy were big-selling items. The Indians developed a fondness for certain white Burgundies, namely Chassagne-Montrachet and Meursault, and would trade many female babies (another form of currency) for them. Contrary to popular belief, the Indians did not drink whiskey, or "firewater," as it was erroneously called. They were violently allergic to any alcoholic beverages made from grain.

The Algonquin Round Table

The Algonquin Round Table was a form of Indian council meeting named after the eastern tribe which originally developed it. To be invited to participate in a Round Table was considered a great honor, for only the most quick-witted tribesmen were even considered. Once the

Round Table was convened, the participants would take turns exchanging clever, insulting remarks, and although the cleverest remarks were often repeated throughout the tribe for decades afterwards, the immediate purpose of the Round Table remains shrouded in mystery.



Pictured in the center are Little Kauf Man and Alex Wool-Coat, Comanche warriors renowned for their biting tongues. Several of their Round Table utterances are proudly repeated even

today by their descendants. Among them are "Eat crow," "So Sioux me," and "Braves have a loathing for squaws who wear clothing."

EARLY INDIAN ARTIFACTS

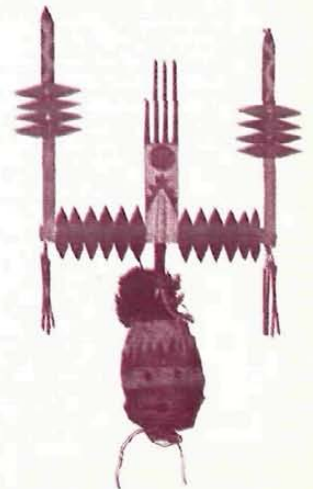
Toothbrush



Grapefruit knife



Primitive blender



Leisure Time

It is ironic that lacrosse is the only Indian game with which most people are familiar, for among the tribes of the western plains lacrosse was considered so violent and exhausting that it was rarely if ever played. In general, Indians preferred competitive pastimes that were low-key and relaxing, like board games, and there was nothing a Blackfoot or Crow couple enjoyed more than a quiet evening at home, a bottle of fine wine, and a good go at Chinese checkers (see cover) or one of the other games that the Indians either invented or perfected. Among the latter were Parcheesi, Risk, and a primitive form of Monopoly called Dirt and Marshmallows.

The Indian's notion of the ideal vacation was to take several board games and go up to the lake for a long weekend with the family. Indians loved long weekends, and if an official holiday happened to fall in the middle of the week, they would move it to either *Kiona* (Monday) or *Shoshate* (Friday) in order to enjoy three uninterrupted days of relaxation.

Aside from board games, many Indians on holiday liked to unwind by watching fish. No attempt was made to catch the fish, a feat which seemed impossible even to Indians clever enough to participate in Algonquin Round Tables. Rather, the Indian would place a small piece of sticky food (usually leftover marshmallow scraps) on the tip of his nose, then plunge his head underwater and watch the fish feeding at close range for as long as he could hold his breath. Because this practice resulted in many Indians becoming permanently cross-eyed, the Cheyenne invented the "nose pole," a short water-resistant stick which was held at a comfortable distance in front of the face with marshmallow attached.

In addition to fish, Indians were fascinated by fire, and would use it regularly not only as a means of heating and cooking but also as a form of entertainment. Indian families, provided with light beverages and snacks, would frequently sit in front of a large tree, set it on fire, and watch for thirty minutes or an hour as it burned to the ground. Larger trees, which took up to three hours to burn, were called *specials* and were only ignited once every two or three weeks. On Friday and Saturday nights, large groups of Indians would travel to heavily wooded areas and light forest fires. These they would watch with emotions running the gamut from terror to amusement, depending on the type of tree involved. The Douglas fir, for example, was considered a "thriller," and when a large stand of them was ignited, Indians would often have to wait in line for hours for a good spot from which to view the blaze.

Chief Running Shoe Speaks

Running Shoe was not my given name. My first name was Lawrence "Chuckles" MacDonald. Many Indians had names like that. We preferred the white man's names, and especially his nicknames. My father's name was Reginald "Choo Choo" Leventhal. We all took different names even though we were from the same family. That was the style in those days.

I was called Running Shoe in 1885 when I was a young man of twenty, dapper and debonair, a young buck, or a brave, as we sometimes say. I was the cock of the walk, a lad smart beyond my years, and a happy-go-lucky fellow to boot. Hence I was always running away from white men in uniforms with guns who would throw me into prison for

taking something that rightfully belonged to me. Why is the white man running faster than the Indian brave? I asked myself. Indians are supposed to run as fast as frightened deer, as fast as the black devils from Africa. I felt that we must improve our running by improving our shoes. It was no longer possible to run barefoot because the white man was littering the trails and streets with his garbage and broken bottles. And so I designed what I called the "running shoe," and this is how I got my name.

I reasoned that a running shoe should (a) be extremely light in weight; (b) give excellent support to the foot in the key areas of arch, forefoot, heel, and ankle; (c) provide good cushioning and shock absorbing properties for running on any kind of terrain; (d) be constructed of high quality material properly and is durable; and (e) have an "eye-catching" attractive range of color. Before actually designing the marketing fellow Indian prisoner that they would shoe, and I found formulating my And I incorporated suggestions into my prospectus for raising capital to start my first factory. (As a thank you gesture and a tax deduction, every year I still send twenty pairs of my running shoes to Indians who are in prison.)

For years I worked and perfected my running shoes. I had a small shop above a livery stable in Ogden, Utah. Later I rented bigger space from a garage. I sold over one hundred pairs a year to the Indians in the area, including many members of the high school track team. When arthritis struck, I gave the business to my two sons, Adidas and Puma, and they have run it ever since. Our line of shoes now comprises many models for virtually every sport, and we are always rated number one in the *Running* magazine surveys. If you wish to have a free hand-painted brochure describing our shoes, write to "Running Shoe," Dept. 909, Ogden, Utah 98090.



that "breathes" rable; and (e) have look in an attractors. Before actual shoe, I did a small survey among my oners, asking them like in a running it very helpful in final prototype. ted many of their my prospectus for

GREAT INDIAN INVENTIONS

The Indian's genius for inventions is legendary. His creations range from high-powered locomotives to cosmetics, from toilet tissues to candy. Head and Shoulders shampoo was the brainchild of Chief Head and Shoulders. White Cloud, currently heading up the Sioux, invented the toilet paper that carries his name. Other significant Indian inventions named after their founders were White Rain shampoo, Wind Song perfume, Black Crows candy, Thunderbird, Annie Green Springs, Ripple and Night Train wines, Arrow shirts, and Big Red gum.

Indian contributions to western civilization:

1. Tap-dancing
2. Erotic underwear
3. Cocktails
4. Running shoes
5. Encores
6. Mittens
7. Valentines
8. Artificial food coloring
9. Indoor-outdoor carpeting
10. The nose pole
11. Knee socks
12. The satirical revue
13. Placemats
14. Brunch
15. Soft luggage
16. Marshmallows
17. Track lighting
18. Board games
19. The novelette
20. The ashtray

INDIAN SIGNS

The universal language of the Indian everywhere



This guy has lost all his marshmallows.
He's cuckoo in the head.



The guy shot himself with his bow
and arrow—a loser.



Terrible, it smells, a bad deal.



He's just "jerking off."
Don't bother with him.



He's a chokeup, you can't depend
on him in a pinch.



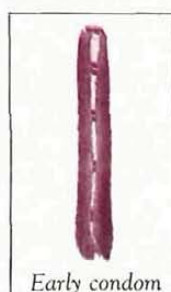
Clipping. Move the ball ten yards
back from where the foul took place.

Indian Cuisine

The staples of the Indian diet were marshmallows and dirt. The marshmallow, besides being a standard of currency, was as important to the Indian as rice to the Chinese and potatoes to the Irish. It was eaten in a variety of ways: plain, boiled, and toasted. Toasted marshmallows were the high point of Indian cuisine and were considered great delicacies. The art of toasting a marshmallow was a rare skill, and a group of marshmallow chefs formed the elite corps of Indian cooking. The outer skin of the marshmallow had to be a perfect shade of gold, with just a few flecks of dark brown. And the inside had to be creamy, almost liquid in consistency. The combination of the delicate crispness of the toasted skin and the smooth, rich marshmallow cream made for a superb eating experience—and the Indian never tired of it.

The Indians had an ingenious way of eating dirt. They would scoop up big handfuls and take it into their mouths between their specially formed gap teeth. The gaps were just wide enough to act as filters for the dirt, trapping the highly prized items the Indians were really looking for—worms, insects, and grubs. The slang *grub* for food comes from this Indian eating practice. Some tribes tried to combine dirt with marshmallows, but this was a failure.

Sex and the Indian



Early condom

Sex was not a common, everyday activity for the Indians for one simple reason—the adult Indian female had a menstruation period that averaged twenty-eight days. When the medicine men were told of the unusually long dura-



Early tampon

tion of their menstrual periods, they thought that a great curse had been put upon the Indian women for some kind of wrongdoing. This is how the word *curse* became associated with the menstrual condition. This was one of the few areas in which Indians were indeed superstitious, and who can fault them? Added to this was the Indian's attitude toward blood, especially blood that emanated from an orifice on a regular schedule without the aid of a cutting instrument. The men were even more terrified of this phenomenon than the women, and refused to put their genitalia anywhere near the offending area.

However, for the two or three days that women were not menstruating, the Indians went berserk. Something triggered in their minds, something that told them what they were missing all month. And so they made up for it in these two or three frenzied days. Many Indians, both male and female, died due to prolonged sexual intercourse. Heart attacks, strokes, broken limbs, and hernias were common. Most Indian males did not know how to engage in sexual intercourse and would use their genitalia in odd and violent ways to achieve sexual satisfaction. After much battering and ramming, they discovered the proper techniques, but not before causing a lot of physical damage to themselves and their partners. The phrase "carrying on like a wild Indian" comes from these people's demonic sexual habits. □



EVEN BLUEGIRLS

continued from page 32

identity crises, dear! All those names!) She lives in Cincinnati, supplying game to a hotel. Nice work for a sharpshootin' gal.

One day she's unhappy, down in the dumps. The hotelkeeper happens by.

"What's the matter, Annie?"

"I'm depressed," she answers.

"Feelin' blue, honey? Well, it happens to the best of us now and then."

"Yes, that's true, but...you know, Zeke, I have inchoate feelings of emptiness quite frequently. As though I lack a center core of self-hood. Consider: I'm an expert marksman, I kill animals for a living—by all outward appearances, I should be a man! No wonder I'm blue."

"You sure do talk strange, Annie."

"Exactly! Every time I open my mouth I find myself spouting some damn stupid theory about life, or society, or love. What's wrong with me, Zeke?"

The man frowns, then tries to smile. "Why don't you go hunt some rabbits? That'll make you feel better."

She sighs. "I don't think I could hit the broad side of a buffalo, the way I feel. Or a cow, for that matter—and they can't even move."

Zeke laughs. "Fiddlesticks, Annie. Anybody can shoot a cow, no matter how unhappy they is. Heck, even blue girls get the cows."

At that very moment, a man named Frank Butler rode into town—on a train, my dears, remember this is Cincinnati, and America had trains in those days, the United States was manifest destinying all over the place. Butler was an exhibition shooter, and staged a show two days later. He took on all challengers. Zeke convinced Annie to enter, and bet a handsome sum on her.

"So you're Annie Mozee," Butler smiled. "Heard about you."

"That's right," Annie replied.

"What are we shooting at? Glass balls or wooden blocks?"

"Glass balls, and good luck, little lady." Butler was a gentleman.

But Annie calmly spun the cylinder of a six-gun, looked Frank Butler in the eye, and said, "And yet, what is luck? Perhaps it is merely a mystification of forces which, though they are not available to everyday western consciousness, are nonetheless extant. Not western as

in Wild West, but as in Occidental. Science makes no pretense of being able to explain dreams, intuition, hunches. Might not luck be a similar phenomenon, comparable to the eastern notion of karma, perhaps?" Annie turned white as the inside of a Mounds bar in a snowstorm, collected herself, and said, "Throw those balls up in the air and let's start shootin'."

Annie hit ninety-seven out of a hundred; Frank hit ninety-three out of a hundred. They were married a year later, on June 22, 1876, and traveled around playing stock companies and variety shows, a husband and wife team of sharpshooters without peer. It was during this time that Annie Mozee Butler dropped her adopted trochee surname (or was it an iamb, Annie lamb? Was it really Mo-zee?)...dot dot dot dropped the Mozee and selected a more pleasing, delicious, woodsy-sounding name. A name that was to live on whenever stories of the west (as in Wild West, not Occident), histories of show biz, and histories of sharpshooters were the subject at hand. And at finger. Mrs. Frank Butler took a stage name that even the author of *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* neglected to mention in his book of the same name. What was this nom-de-boom-boom? All together now, one, two, three:

Annie Oakley.

3

Annie Oakley! The cowgirl's cowgirl. Annie Oakley! A double trochee, and what effect did it have on her feelings of emptiness? Could she now say who she was? Well, she could say she was Annie Oakley. But no more.

Then how did she come to meet with that rascal, Dr. Weiner? And with the Chief? Thus, my darlings: Annie and Frank were in New Orleans, touring with the Sells Brothers Circus. One day—this was in 1885, so Annie was twenty-five, just about your age—she and Frank dropped by the lot of William "Buffalo Bill" Cody's Wild West. Half circus, half rodeo, the show featured lots of horses, and buffalos, and steer roping and lasso throwing and sharpshooting. The Butlers liked what they saw, and soon were introduced to Buffalo Bill himself.

Now this Buffalo Bill was a real Character. Not only a character in *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, but a Character. (You know.) He had been

an army scout, a hunting party scout, an actor and producer of melodramas, hero of stage and dime novel, a legend-in-his-own-time. When Annie and he shook hands, history was already being made.

"History's bein' made, Annie Oakley," said Bill.

"Of a sort," replied Annie. "But let us remember that history is selective. A novel is a kind of history, but embodies a dual process of selection. One is the selection of the plot: what events are pertinent, what events form the story per se. The other, in some ways identical to the first, but proceeding from an entirely different vantage point, is the selection of artistic effects to render the story rich and more pleasing. It is this second form of selection that differentiates the novel from the history."

"Quite so, madam."

"There can be a third sort of selection in the novel. I refer to the selection of rhetoric, of didactic harangues and lectures addressed, often in the most blatant manner, to the reader. Some novelists sacrifice excellence in the first two categories to freight their work with junk from the third. And yet they often find favor with their readership."

"Indeed?" Buffalo Bill said. "And how do they excuse this outrageous behavior? What does such an author use to justify such excesses?"

"Whimsy," Annie said with a wink and a whoop and a holler, whipping out her pistol and shooting off the whiskers of a passing gray cat without so much as grazing the critter. "Like wild and west, it starts with a dubba-yew. And maybe that's why some suckers confuse it with wisdom."

"Well spoken, Annie Oakley," said Bill. "I would like you to join Buffalo Bill's Wild West—and that's west as in Wild West, not as in Occident, madam."

"Ah ac-cept, podner," said Annie in her heretofore unused "western" accent. "An' mah husband'll ac-cept too, proolly." Then she twirled both six-guns in her hands like a drum majorette leading a marching band whose members were playing rifles, and shouted, "Yah-hoo!"

4

Thus it was that Annie was in St. Paul in 1884, where she met the Chief. His name was Sitting Bull, and they met in a theater and exchanged pictures. He nicknamed her

continued on page 83

THE PREACHER BOYS' FIRST ROUNDUP *or* THE PREACHER BOYS' LAST RIDE

being

The Desperate Saga of Those Notorious Clericals Whose Ministry to Mayhem Formed a Very Sermon in Sin Which Did Besmirch the Good Name of the Ecclesiastical Class Entirely

and

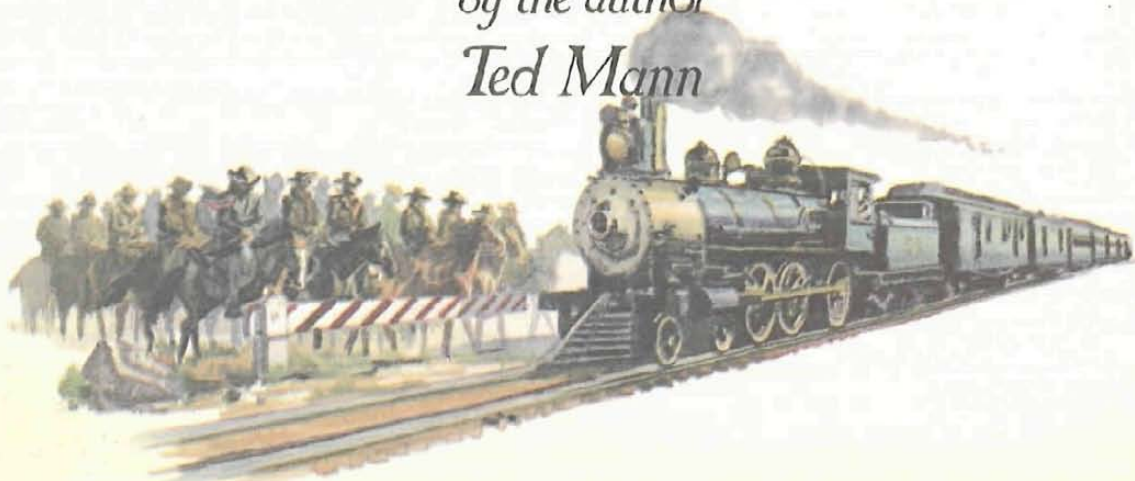
How They Met Their *Just Deserts* at the Hands of a French Sea Captain with Only a Horse for a Ship

featuring

The Appearance, for the First Time Ever in Polite Fiction, of the Honorable Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, Esq., on His Famed Tour of the American West

by the author

Ted Mann



"He saw the badlands pass and then some not-so-bad lands and then some awful lands indeed!"

There was a look of fear that appeared to have been kicked by dusty boots onto the face of the Boston constable as he told Jacques Bolduc how Jacques's house had been burned to the ground.

"I was making my appointeds as usual, sir," said the gray-faced man, tugging at one sleeve nervously. He waved his billy at the prosperous Boston neighborhood. "There seldom is trouble around here. Merchants aren't the sort of people who start trouble out of doors. Not like sailors, for instance; begging your pardon, sir."

Jacques Bolduc had been a sailor before the mast for fifteen years, and now, for the last five, he had been master of his own vessel, one of the Ovaltine fleet, a speedy clipper that held several records for sailing time from the Indies. Jacques had left his native Bordelaise at seventeen, forced to flee after an accident during a bout of *savaté*, the famous French art of foot-fighting—an accident that resulted in the death of the nephew of Fouché, a powerful minister of the state.

"I had noticed a streetlight out," the officer continued, "and had made up my mind to report it when I heard a sound like tarnation itself bellowing through a bullhorn. Shouts, sir, and horseshoes striking cobblestones fit to split the rocks. Then, a group of men on horseback crested the hill, and I saw that they were ministers. They passed me a block west of here. I shouted at them to slow down. Without doing so, sir, one of them produced a firing piece and blew it off at me. I took cover in a doorway as they reined up further down the road. Outside your house, sir."

The constable glanced over his shoulder at the popping heap of yellow and black coals that had been the sea dog's home.

"They were having some sort of argument about the commandments. The Bible commandments, sir. They were trying to decide which one to break. One with a voice like a boiling stew said he wanted to break the fifth commandment by returning to kill me. Some others started shouting their approval, but then this quiet, woolly-sounding minister spoke up to say that if I was killed only one of them would get to break a commandment, whereas, sir, if they burned down your house they could all break some commandment or other, and wasn't that the general idea of their gang?"

"They seemed to think this last reverend had the better argument, and the next thing I knew the sky was a red-dish-blue and they were all shouting hosannas like they were jugged. Then they rode off as if Beezerbub was after 'em, sir, which he might well have been the way they were talking, with a 'Christ haul this' and a 'God twist that.'"

Jacques Bolduc was not a man who lost his temper easily. A steady man who has fought the sea and commanded men for years can't be going off his head kicking capstans and hurling his cap to the deck every time something goes wrong. Still, he had a temper. It lay way down deep in him like a sounded whale, and it took a lot to bring it up. But when it broached and spouted, all hands were advised to lash their ears to their heads and their heads to their bodies and their bodies to life itself. That temper had broke loose in the *savaté* ring years ago, and had left Fouché's nephew dead with the seaman's footprints over most of the fellow's fleshy parts. For Jacques was a master of that famous French art of foot-fighting.

That very night, the *matelot* (which is what the French call their sailors) made a few enquiries. He learned that earlier, there had been a huge meeting of prohibitionist ministers thereabouts, which had broken up in disorder. The meeting was headed by a local divine with Episcopalian at-

tachments, the Right Reverend Elihu Root.

Root was accustomed to devouring pastries and camomile tea by the bucket in the dining room of the nearby St. Anthony Hotel, a temperance establishment patronized by prohibitionist circles. It was there that Jacques Bolduc found him, his face wrapped around a cream torte.

"I would like to have a few words with you, sir," said Bolduc, and the Episcopalian nodded genially.

"Yes, sir. What do you wish?"

The blunt, forthright salt came right to the point. "A few hours ago, my house upon Beacon Hill was fired, and a constable narrowly missed having his rigging sliced by a pistol shot. By the constable's account, the lubbers responsible were ministers. I should like to know who they are and what their motives may have been."

A trouble look crisscrossed the temperance leader's face. "I had feared something like this might happen. We held a meeting of prohibitionist ministers earlier this evening. Our cause was much advanced, to the distress of tipplers and tosspots who reportedly wept on the docks and in the gutters and lashed out in futile rage at other folks' laundry. However, the meeting ended in discord when rogue Baptists and maverick Wesleyans combined in an attempt to force our cause to embrace not only the temperance ideal but also Mr. William Jennings Bryan; with whose ideas concerning the free coinage of silver these ministers' minds were quite disordered. When this nonsense was denounced by reflective supporters of our cause, such as myself, these rough-spoken followers of Bryan, becoming embittered, vowed to form an outlaw association and to break all the Lord's commandments until such time as He shall bring the Episcopal church to support the views of Mr. William Jennings Bryan as well as the temperance cause. I had hoped that Our Saviour might work some miracle upon their minds, but I am afraid even He may be powerless with so little to work upon."

"Do you know where they were bound out for?"

"Out west, I suppose," replied the Right Reverend Elihu Root, turning his attention again to the pastry dish.

Jacques Bolduc was on a train west the next day, "bound out" for the railhead at Dodge. His only concern was the pursuit of the turn-collared malfeasants, and indeed, he picked up news of their passage at each whistle-stop along the rails.

"Passed through the state a' Ohio roun' 'bout near week ago," said a stationmaster in Akron. "Call themselves th' Preacher Boys. Come through here an', let's see...broke number three commandment, didn't keep no Sabbath whatsoever. Also took the Lord's name in vain plenty, that's number two, and they bore false witness against a fellow. That's number eight. I reckon they'll have a few more to answer for when the heavenly assizes come up."

Jacques stared out the window of his pullman car, watching the cultivated farms give way to the grasslands and the grasslands give way to the prairie and the prairie to the scrub plains, which rolled like his beloved ocean. He saw the badlands pass and then some not-so-badlands and then some godawful lands indeed. Soil became dirt, then changed to earth, and when it had been dust for days, the train stopped.

Dropping off the Pullman steps at Dodge, Jacques noticed immediately that every man was carrying a gun; and that he himself was not. Nor did he feel the lack of one, preferring as a Frenchman to settle differences with his feet.

After checking into the hotel, dumping the dust out of his shoes, and brushing aside the room clerk's advice to



"...they road off as if Beezerbub was after 'em, sir, which he might well have been the way they were talking—with a "Christ haul this" and a "God twist that!""

make his first order of business the purchase of two six-shooters, the tar headed for the Smoke Tree Saloon.

The saloon was crowded and every eye was on Jacques, with his baggy blue trousers, striped shirt, and rolling gate.

"I would like a Pernod," Jacques said to the bartender, who wiped slowly and insolently at the rough plank between them.

"Mister, we got three kinds of liquor here. Good whiskey bad whiskey, and Injun whiskey, and no white man can swallow the last two."

"I will please take good whiskey," said Jacques. Someone behind him laughed. After paying for his drink, the sailor took a seat alone at a table in the back of the saloon. Before he could finish he was joined at the table by a Mexican woman of sixty, who weighed not less than 300 pounds.

"Hello, señor. You are a handsome man. I think I like you. You buy me one drink?" Jacques thought the woman no beauty, but she seemed to be the only one likely to offer him information. Information he desperately needed.

"Certainly."

Some cowhands, thin men glazed with dirt and drink, stared maliciously at the pair. The sailor had no idea that he was talking to the best-looking woman in Dodge, and one who was considered to be the exclusive property of Passenger Pigeon Pete.

Passenger Pigeon Pete was famous throughout the West as the man who had slain more of those famous birds than anyone. His slaughter of thousands of the creatures had brought untold grief to the Indians, who had used almost every part of these pigeons for some purpose: making arrow flights from the feathers, small pointy things from the bones, jewelry from the feet, lunch from the eyes, and hats from whatever was left over.

"What brings a handsome señor like you to the West?" asked Pete's girl. "Perhaps you would like to tell Maria the horrible crimes you have committed behind you? Then you would have a reputation. That is important if you wish to avoid trouble. Why are you not wearing a gun? Do you have little guns in your sleeves, I think?"

"I have committed no crime, Señorita. I have come west to look for the men who burned my house. They call themselves the Preacher Boys. I do not wear a gun because I believe in justice, not murder."

"Señor, the men will think you are a stinking yellow-stomach and pick a disagreement with you, and after shooting you through and through will heave you out to the coyotes, or perhaps the new Chinamen will get you for his restaurant!"

"I have no quarrel with anyone here."

"Sometimes it takes but one hard man to make a quarrel. Are you a hard man, señor?" She leaned over and squeezed the seaman's modest area. Jacques leapt to his feet, but seeing the amused regard of the buckskin-clad men at the bar, sat down again at once.

"Please keep your hands on your own lap," he said to Maria, and she laughed as if he had made a joke.

"These Preacher Boys," said the woman, "I have heard of them. They are rough hombrés. It is said they have broken the fifth commandment many times, killing sod-busters near Nogales. It has also been said they have rough sexing with the wife of a dirt farmer, breaking both commandment six of adultery and nine of coveting wives."

"Enough, enough, madam," protested Jacques. "That is no way for a lady to talk!"

"I wish to make you crazy with love for me so that we may go upstairs. If you give me a dollar, I will go with you

right now." She threw her arms around the seaman's neck and began splattering him with kisses. Her hair smelled like gravy. Then...

Jacques heard two loud clicks and, swinging his head, found himself staring down a pair of handguns with barrels the size of gopher holes. They were trained on him by a tall man with a long, flaxen moustache and eyes as black as the heart of an Arapaho dog soldier.

"Take yer dirty Pernod-drinking halyard-hauling hands off mah girl, yuh sea-going tenderfoot French polecat."

"Pete!" cried Maria with alarm.

"Git up," said Passenger Pigeon Pete, for it was he.

Maria backed rapidly away. "Git up an' draw," Pete repeated. Jacques stood up slowly. His chair toppled over backwards.

But before the pigeon killer could slap leather, a strangely costumed man stepped from amongst a crowd of cowboys at the bar. He was wearing a maroon velvet jacket with a black mink trim, and a shirt that looked as if it were made of mother-of-pearl. His trousers were a billowy tan material and only came down to the knees, where, instead of boots, maroon socks began. And his feet were housed in tiny slippers bearing golden buckles on each toe. He carried no gun.

"Sir," said the fancy stranger, addressing Pete, "I hasten to point out to you that not only is the man before you unarmed, but apparently he is also of French descent. The latter tidings alone should prevent you from shooting him. For were you so precipitate as to do so and so unfortunate as to strike him in the belly, the small released would account for us all in an instant. The French diet of earthworms, horse cheese, and spoiled grapes produces an intestinal gas so deadly that one whiff and you wake up two weeks later in grievous trouble with the Lord for wrecking His heavenly bunkhouse."

"Eh?" said Pete.

"Are you not Passenger Pigeon Pete, the renowned sportsman?"

"That's mah name, alreet."

"Yes, you ought to recognize it by now, Pete. By the way, I have some news for you. There is a passenger pigeon hanging in a cage in back of the mule doc's shack across from the bawdy house."

"Is thar? Is thar, is thar?"

"Yes."

"Ah'm a gonna kill it!" roared Pete, and he rushed out of the Smoke Tree waving his six-guns.

"Do not be afraid, my friend," said the stranger. "These men are my puppies. They'd no more bother you when you are with me than they'd go outside' to relieve themselves. You see, I do not carry a gun either. If I wish to destroy someone, I merely stop talking to them."

"You have a very high opinion of yourself, n'est-ce pas?" said the stout Bordelaise.

"I merely agree with the consensus. People with opinions are so tedious," replied Oscar Wilde, for it was he, on his famed tour of the American West.

"I don't carry a gun," said Jacques, "because I don't believe in killing. It's one of the few things that separates a man from an animal."

"Out here the only thing that separates men from animals is a saddle, and the sooner you learn that, the sooner I'll ask you to dinner."

"Well, I am a slight amount hungry."

"Very good. You shall come along with me. I have found a man shoveling out hotel rooms here who used to be chef to the Duke of Clarendon or Lord Devonshire or some

such, and he can do more with beef, beans, and a stolen saucepan than a rational man would think possible."

When Oscar and Jacques left the saloon, the men at the bar all waved as the playwright had taught them. "Goodbye, Oscar, *au rebours!*" they cried.

"I really have been able to make these men enjoy manners," said Oscar over dinner. "A Bantu chief couldn't be prouder of his shiny hatchet than these men are of their new civilities. Rain in hell is better appreciated than sun in heaven. Well, I shan't be leaving for some time yet."

"I myself am not to depart," said Jacques, "not until I find those Preacher Boys and bring them to justice."

"Then," said Oscar, "you must have some western gear. Sporty bandannas, a huge hat, chaps, some cruel Spanish spurs, cracked and dust-caked boots, a loose coil of rawhide, a deep saddle, and a burr-tailed mustang."

The two men traveled all over town, visiting farriers, factors, stirrup chandlers, bootwrights, and pommel truers, all of whom seemed to be on the best of terms with Oscar and asked him endless questions about "the best way to spruce up a homestead, suitable-like." By midnight, the seaman was completely outfitted, and the next morning, he parted from Oscar on the outskirts of town.

Oscar handed him the reins of the mustang. "Bye, Oscar," he said, stepping into the leather. He turned and waved to the playwright as the cowboys had done, then set his determined eyes on the mesquite and desert that stretched before him.

About four o'clock that afternoon, Jacques saw clouds of dust rising from behind a sandy hummock. Leaving his horse, he inched up the back of the low hill on his belly. Pulling apart some tufts of buffalo grass at the top of the hill, he was surprised to see another white man sitting cross-legged, watching the antics of some fifty Indians below. He was a short, dark man with a pair of glasses perched on the bridge of his nose, a good three inches from the tip.

"Kiowa drinking party...they've got their peace paint on. Likely they'll keep going like that all night." He gestured lazily at the Indians.

"What is your name?" asked Jacques.

"Back east, I had a name," said the small man. "Out here? Well, I still have a name. It's Izzy. What's yours?"

"Jacques Bolduc. I have come seeking the Preacher Boys. They committed arson on my property in Boston."

Izzy grunted. "Will ya gander them Injuns."

"What are they doing?" the seaman inquired.

"Well, that there big one makin' faces at the horse is Medicine Dog, the Kiowa drinking chief and leader of this party. He got into an argument with Tepee Smell about whether or not a horse could laugh, and he's been tryin' to make his laugh." Medicine Dog broke off his attempts and raised a drinking bladder to his lips. The other Indians began a mock battle with buffalo chips, half of them pretending to be a circle wagon train and the others attacking, Indian fashion. Medicine Dog joined the Indian side with a whoop, and Jacques and Izzy headed down the back of the hill.

"You know, I heard about you," said Izzy. "Some hands say you're a coward fur lettin' Passenger Pigeon Pete back you down over a woman."

"This is not a challenge or anything, Mr. Izzy, but do you think I am a coward?"

The dark-haired man cleaned his spectacles carefully, then looked up at Jacques. He scratched his unshaven chin thoughtfully. "I reckon not. You showed some sand sneakin' up on that Kiowa drinkin' party the way you did.

They mighta made a brutal mock of yuh. C'mon, let's fork leather out of here."

As Jacques rode beside the cowboy, he studied him. "What are you doing out here, Izzy? You do not look like a cowboy."

"The way a man looks don't always determine his luck. I was unlucky back east, so I come out here to try to change it. I'm like a tumbleweed. Drift awhile, rest against a fence for awhile, but mostly I keep movin'. Ain't much work for a kosher butcher out here. That being what I am. Right now I'm herd ridin'. The big cattle drive t' Dodge is over, so we're bringin' all the cows back to Nogales."

"I'm going that way myself. The Preacher Boys are rumored to be districted near Nogales."

"Well, I reckon th' trail boss'd sign you up. You any good with that saddle iron?" Izzy pointed to the French sailor's .434-calibre thumb-cocking Chassepot rifle.

"Why?"

"Because we're headin' into some mighty rough country. Injuns, outlaws, inlaws, cattle wrestlers. Worse, too."

"I should imagine I am. I have shot cannon before, and with some accuracy, from the deck of a ship, as a few English wrapped to the mast by chain shot would inform you."

When Izzy introduced the French tar to the rest of the hands 'round the fire that night, the men seemed aloof. They had all heard he backed down from Passenger Pigeon Pete.

Teale, a huge, hulking man with a cruel face and a pair of narrow-set eyes like black beads stitched on dirty buckskin, tossed his coffee grounds into the fire and knocked his tin mug against the log where he sat. "I don't know 'bout the rest of these punchers, but I don't want no damn 'gentle boy' sittin' near me. Why don't you go scratch up yer own fire over there." Teale waved in the general direction of the area where the men answered the call of nature.

"Mr. Teale," said the seaman steadily, "just because I did not kill a man over a woman I have never seen before does not mean I am of cowardly type. I have no intention of killing you either, but I am pleased to beat you out of your awakensness immediately."

Teale snarled and, standing, let his gun belt drop. "Suit me just fine," said the big man.

Nobody spoke as the two men began to circle, their shadows dancing across each other's faces. A coyote howled in the distance as Teale made his move, sending a crashing alehouse right looping toward Jacques's head. Jacques's left foot shot out and blocked the punch, and the cowboys sent up a gasp like a steer makes when you fall on him and pin him.

The force of the block spun Jacques back slightly, and he turned easily with the blow; then, changing legs, he swung back and caught Teale in the face with his right heel.

"*Mange ma pied!*" shouted the Frenchman, delivering a quick right to the mouth which scattered Teale's teeth like spent shell casings. Jacques dropped back a bit, then sent a punishing left toe to the temple that dropped the big man like a sack of meal drops from the back of a chuckwagon headed uphill.

"Look out, Jacques," shouted Izzy. The sailor swung his left foot instinctively. Behind him, Teale's small pinch-faced companion, Tap Sung, a treacherous Chinese shirt thief from San Francisco, leveled a .44 at the Frenchman's back. Jacques kicked the gun upward and heard its bullet whistle by his ear. At almost the same time, Izzy's gun spat lead from the other side of the campfire and blew the deceitful laundryman over backwards with a hole the size of a bird's nest in the center of his sloping yellow forehead.

"You're mighty fast with those feet, pardner," said Izzy.

They buried the little Chinaman that night, and Izzy himself wrote the headboard for the shallow grave, which they heaped with rocks to keep vultures out. The charcoal-scrawled message was short and to the point.

TAP SUNG

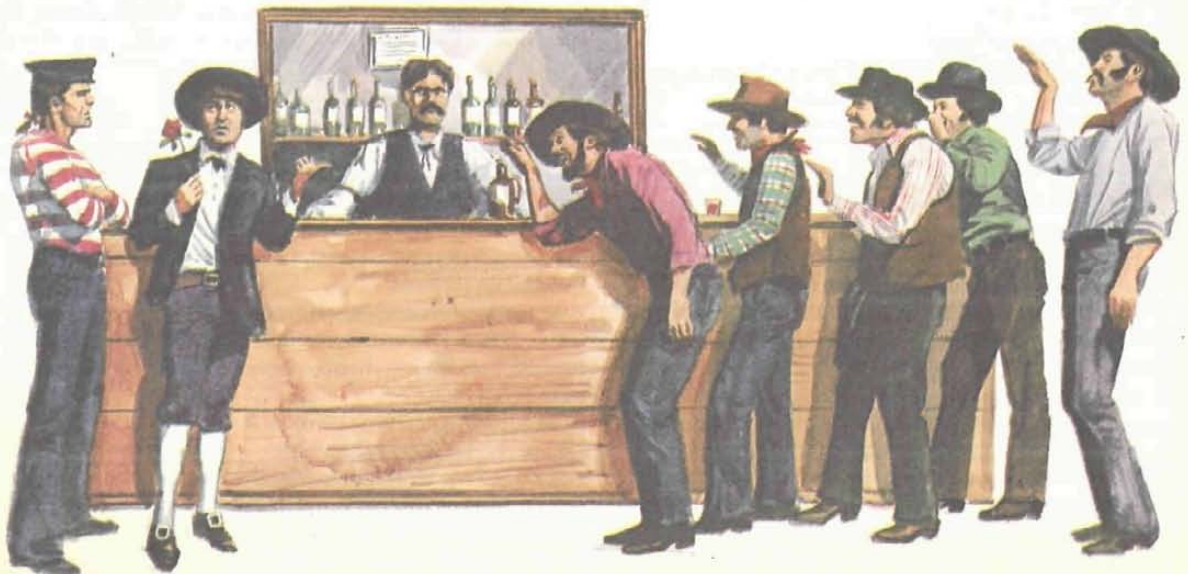
— to 1892

Lived by the Gun

Died by the Foot

A Chink

The next day, Jacques rode drag, eating white dust and pushing stragglers back into the herd. The sun was hotter than a tinhorn gambler who drops a hand of five-card stud to a drunk hayseed. About noon, Bolduc saw Teale riding toward him. The Frenchman sat his leather and waited. He hoped there would be no gunplay. But oddly enough, Teale was friendly. "Izzy tells me you're a friend of Oscar Wilde's?"



"Do not be afraid, my friend," said the stranger. "These men are my puppies!"

"That's right," replied Jacques, watching the other man's gun hand like a buzzard eyeballing a large dead toad.

"I saw one 'er his lecterns in Kansas City. Sure were good. Knows pretty much all there is 'bout whist and table china and such. He's a darn good man." Teale reached for his saddlebags and saw the Frenchman start. "Don't worry, I jest wanna show ya something." The big man pulled a book from his battered saddle carrier and began to recite.

"The Importance of Being Earnest by Oscar Wilde. The persons of the play. John Worthington, J.P.; Algernon Moncrieff; Reverend Chasuble, D.D.; Merriman, butler; Lane, manservant; Lady Bracknell; Honorable Gwendolyn Fairfax; Cecily Cardew; Miss Prism, governess. The scenes of the play." Teale opened his eyes. "I got it purty near by heart. But ye know I can't read. So am always't like to forget something. Will you check me whilst I recite?"

Jacques Bolduc followed the text as he rode along with Teale, having to correct the big cowpoke only once in the second act. They were fast friends when they rode into camp that night.

The trail boss woke Jacques at midnight. "Your shift on guard. Go out and relieve Shorty. Keep an eye out, too. I cut some signs today in the area. Might be cattle wrestlers."

Teale had told the sailor about cattle wrestlers that afternoon. The old salt could scarcely believe his ears. "Do you mean to tell me these men sneak into a herd at night and they have amours with cows?"

"Thar a strange, lonely breed of men," said Teale. "Outcasts who prefer cattle to their own kind. But they's smart and they's fast with a gun. Bout best thing to do if'n you get the drop on one is shoot the cow he's after. The cow's calving parts contract right smart and the wrestler's plum stuck."

Jacques found Shorty riding the northeast quarter and singing softly. A cowboy doesn't sing for himself, but for the cattle. It keeps the herd calm and lets them know what they see is a man on horseback and not a wolf or coyote on a large movable rock.

"Everything alright, Shorty?"

"Nope, I was just waiting for you. I saw somethin' movin' over thar by where that there cedar shrub starts by th' ravine. I'll stay here an' keep singing. You circle round in back. If a cow bawls, it's likely a cattle wrestler. You know what to do?"

"Certainly."

Jacques watched his mustang's ears as he circled up behind the herd. A near-wild horse like a mustang is far more sensitive to what is going on around him than a city-bred horse. When Jacques was in position, the 'stang's ears cocked forward; there was something in the herd that shouldn't be. Jacques stopped. His sailor's eyes roamed the herd, staring to catch sight of something unusual in the watery moonlight.

A cow bawled, and suddenly Jacques was able to spot a man's form behind a heifer halfway across the herd.

His heart began to thump. Why didn't the cows panic at the man on foot? His scent should scare them. Then he remembered that Teale had told him a wrestler will roll in cattle ordure like a cougar to mask his scent, and can duplicate almost exactly the lowing of cattle. He heard the rustle of the wrestler's pants dropping, then suddenly saw the man's hinder quarters in the moonlight shining like a silver dollar amongst the dark shapes of cattle. He slid the rifle silently from his scabbard.

Would he be able to hit the cow at this distance? Would he miss and strike the man, taking by accident a life he did not want? Would the noise panic and scatter the herd?

Jacques steadied the gun and gently squeezed the trigger, concentrating on smoothness. The gun flashed, recoiled, and the cow was down!

The herd jumped restlessly and Jacques broke into song, hoping to quell the stampede that would surely kill the wrestler.

The herd calmed slowly, and as he began to ride toward the fallen heifer, he could see Shorty making his way through the cattle from the opposite direction.

"Nice shot you ol' Frenchman, you.

You clipped her in the brain pan, too," sung the cowpoke.

"It was not much," said Jacques, and he resumed singing to calm the restless "doggies":

"Sing you like a bird on the flirt

Or these bovines will stomp us into the dirt.

Wait! Oh, my God! I can't believe it's true!

I trapped a cattle wrestler.

No! Say, Izzy, it's not you!" So sang the excited sailor.

Izzy, trapped, cleared his throat and sang to save his life:

"How I suffered for this heifer

To you ne'er will be clear.

Fired as a kosher butcher,

I drifted west 'n' landed here.

Please ol' Jacques and Shorty

Please don't turn me in.

Rather than be wrestler branded

I'd sooner lose my skin."

Shorty, who had been humming along with Izzy, began singing himself:

"I wish we didn't have to,

You been our top hand

But with your revoltin' habits,

We gotta have you off this land."

Izzy sung back with Shorty wailing little descants behind.

"Please, why don't you shoot me?

You can say an Injun did.

Then no man will know the story o'

This cattle-jamming yid."

While Jacques and Shorty looked at each other helplessly, Izzy went for his six-gun. Firing it fourteen times in the air, he sparked a stampede.

The only chance for Jacques and Shorty lay in riding with the herd, gradually trying to work their way out and hoping their darndest the mustangs didn't miss a step. It was all over for Izzy. There wouldn't be enough left of him to fill a hoofprint.

Jacques rode hard. He pulled his six-gun out. He knew that if his mount went down, his only chance was to drop a couple of "beeves" to form a blockade. Behind him he heard a scream that told him Shorty hadn't been so lucky.

The Frenchman gradually worked his way to the edge of the heaving, bucking herd. In five minutes he was safe. As he watched the cattle slow and spread, he resolved to keep Izzy's secret forever.

Seven long, hot lonely days later the herd reached Nogales. When the trail boss paid the sailor off, he stared straight into the Frenchman's eyes. "Izzy was a wrestler, wasn't he?"

Jacques said nothing. Just took his pay and walked off. The trail boss watched him go, pushing his hat back to reveal a patch of white on his forehead where the sun never struck. He spat a sock-sized chaw into the dust. "He's a strange one, that Frenchy," he muttered to no one in particular.

The first person Jacques spoke to told him the Preacher Boys were running a bent gambling hall down in Hog-



"Kiowa drinking party. They've got their peace paint on. Likely they'll keep going like that all night! He gestured lazily at the Indians."

town, the seamy wallow where cowhands lost their pay and troublemakers their lives in the riot that boiled up out of branchwater lemonade and root beer.

Bolduc checked into the local hotel, and after brushing his teeth for the first time since leaving Boston, rigged himself out in the baggy pants, flat hat, and horizontally-striped shirt that he was accustomed to wear at sea.

As Jacques walked out of the hotel, he realized he would never go back east. He liked this broad, brawling west where freedom depended on honor, and a just man had his respect and that of others—or was dead, or at least wounded.

Besides, what was the good of taking the Preacher Boys back to Boston? He could just as well put a stop to their racket right here. Make them pay for his place back east, and maybe he could buy a little spread across the border in Mexico. He thought, too, of a woman and a wife.

Jacques calmly approached the Preacher Boys' place. They'd never seen him before and would not be expecting anything. Then he sensed someone behind him. He turned quickly. It was Teale. "I thought you might want someone to watch your back," said the mean-faced drover.

"Thank you, my friend," said Jacques.

They pushed through the batwings, and Jacques saw six of the Preacher Boys playing cards at a table in the back of the place, a half-empty bottle of Cherry Fizz on the table between them. Another preacher was tending the long bar, and yet two more sat with a rough-looking prospector. They were about to break commandment seven by lifting the miner's poke.

"Watch those three," said Bolduc, gesturing at the bartender and the other two. "I'll take care of the rest."

He walked slowly up to the card game. "Do you mind if I play? My game is *écarte*...."

"Descend into Hades," said one white-collared cleric, not looking up.

"That is no way to talk to a stranger."

The six preachers got to their feet as one and reached for their guns.

"Wait," said the French sea dog. "As you may see, I am unarmed. However, I will fight you all without guns, as I

am the man on whose property you committed arson in Boston."

Six preacher's gun belts hit the floor as one, and, as they all took the Lord's name in vain in one breath, they set upon Bolduc.

"Un, deux, trois," shouted the sailor, feet flying into the faces of the three nearest preachers, who crumpled unconsciously to the floor like cats kicked by a mule.

"He's agul durn foot fighter!" shouted one rogue man of the cloth, swinging a chair at Jacques, who ducked to let it crash harmlessly into the face of another preacher.

The *savaté* master, still in the cracked and dust-caked boots with the cruel Spanish spurs that Oscar Wilde had bought him, lashed out again, slicing a clergyman's nose from his face and opening another's cheek like a new deck of cards.

"Christ protect us!" shouted the wounded parson. At this sign every cleric in the place dumped himself down on his knees.

"It's too late for that," said Jacques, "the Son of God doesn't protect commandment breakers. Now, are you Preacher Boys going to come up with three thousand dollars in gold for the house you burned or am I going to rent you out as pack animals until the debt is paid in full?"

The preacher behind the bar walked slowly towards Jacques. He held out two sacks of gold. "Take it, stranger. We see you were sent by God to wise us up. Maybe the free coinage of silver isn't as important as other people's lives. Take this gold. And forgive us. For we have sinned mightily against you and plenty of others."

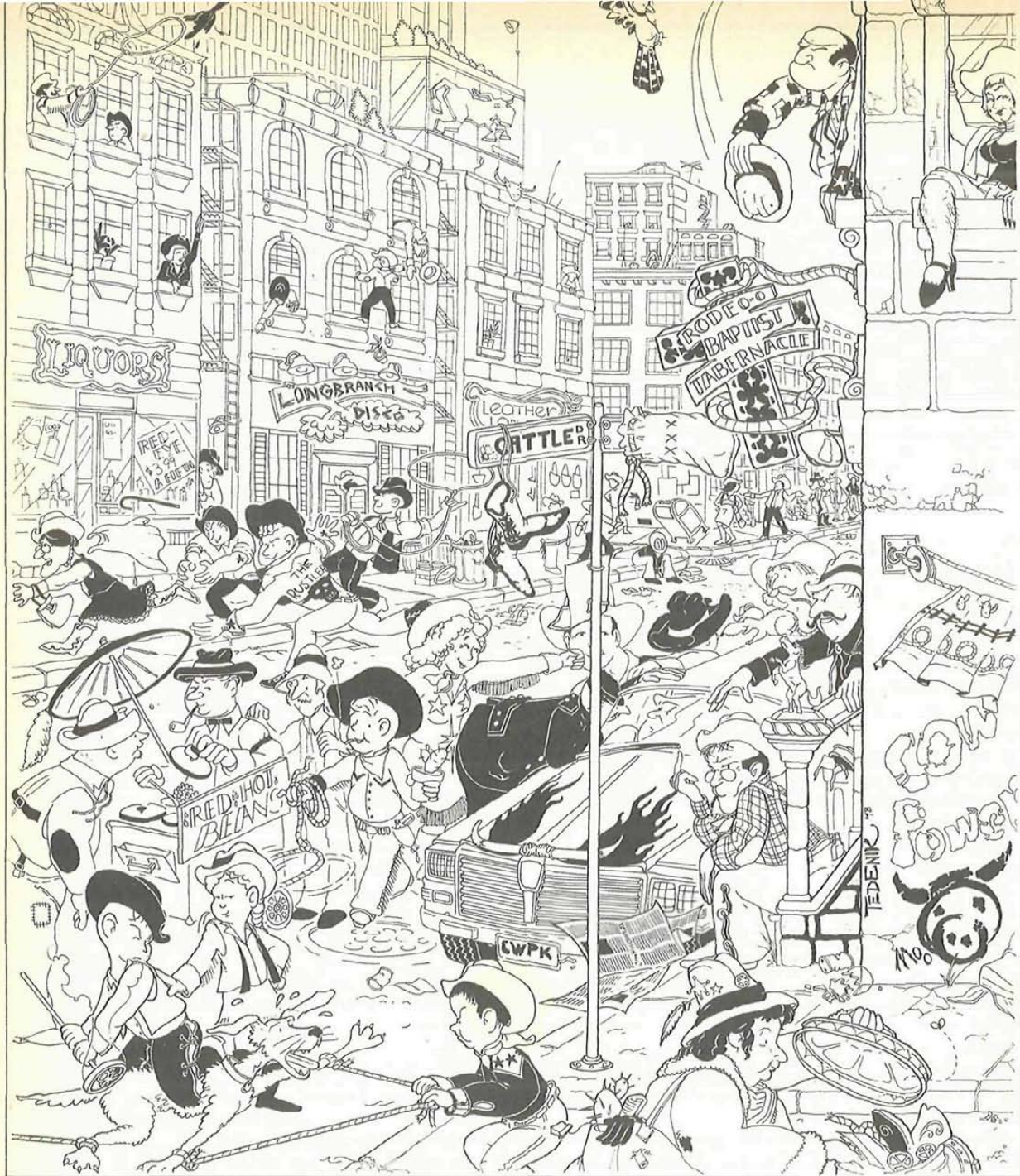
Jacques checked the bags and then, cinching the rope that held his pants up, glanced over at Teale, who had holstered his gun.

"Come along. Let's 'clear out' from here."

As they walked back toward the hotel, Teale talked, excitedly pointing at the posters that showed Oscar Wilde was due in town to lecture. Jacques Bolduc seemed preoccupied. At last he spoke.

"Teale," said the former sailor, "do you know Maria's address?"

THE END



The Tragedy of the Ghettos

When the days of the open range ended in the 1880s, cowboys and their families migrated to the cities of the north and east in search of a better life. At first, they were welcomed as a source of cheap labor in the booming factory towns, but prejudice against the cowboy quickly grew. Natives of the cities and recent European immigrants feared for their jobs and resented the cowboy's taciturn and independent ways. Restaurants and hotels banned cowboy customers, landlords refused to rent to them, and cowboy children were

barred from public schools or relegated to separate classrooms.

Today, the scars of this prejudice can still be seen. More than 38 percent of all cowboy families have incomes below the poverty level (compared to approximately 9 percent nationwide). Their unemployment rate is five times the national average, and most Americans of western heritage still live in largely segregated neighborhoods, where the rates of crime, illiteracy, and disease rank higher than almost anywhere else in the nation. □

In Loving Memory



*By
James
Stubblefield*

*City
Neveda*

STUBBLEFIELD

**OUR FAMILY
JOURNEY TO THE WEST**



March 20. Our first Indian Pug-Hawing, en-
countered a small group of Arapahos trav-
eling East from the Sapsas Territory, not
ten miles from Atchison; we dispatched
and laid them out with great enthusiasm;
our original carpet being damaged in the
fording of the Missouri R. The Red devils had
a number of interesting and colorful items
in their possession, which we have saved

ADMIT 1

GRAND SPECTACLE OF PLAINS

LACROSSE

Date: JULY 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
11, 12, 13, 1861

Place: WESTERN OKLAHOMA
AND SURROUNDING TERRITORIES

Price: ONE COLORFUL OBJECT

LIMITATION OF LIABILITY: Not responsible for
Personal Loss or Injury suffered as consequence of
Charges, Battles, Sweeps,
Retreats, Mutillations, Ambu-
shes, and other Manoeu-
vers as may occur during
ordinary course of this
Contest.

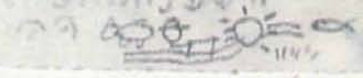
March 19, 1871

President Ellipse J. Grant

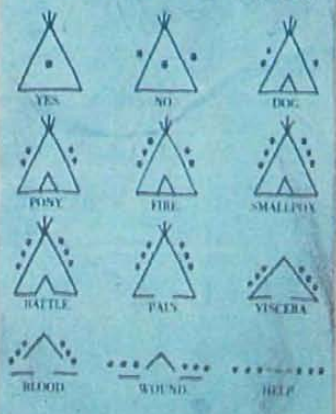
Dear Sir:

I am having this letter translated by
one of my sons, who is familiar with your
language after attending the fine Seminary
for Indian peoples in Fort Snair. I did
complete a formal with the chiefs of principle
Indian Nations, and we have elected to relocate
ourselves on modest, unwharbed lands of
whichever division you select. We cannot bow
to the White Man's progress, yet understand we
will surely benefit from your future prosper-
ousness. We desire peace and ask only a min-
imum issue of provisions to assist our success-
ful emigration. If there is not a reply from
you by a period of ten days, then I will as-
sume that a war continues between us.

Chief Sitting Bear



— Won't You
PLEASE
HELP ME.
— I AM AN INDIAN. —



Any Contribution Will Be Sincerely Appreciated.

HOMICIDE VIOLATION

CITY OF DOUGLASS COUNTY OF FORTH STATE OF KANSAS
In and for the Police Force of the City of Dodge, Kansas, the Peace Marshall of Record, being duly sworn as an officer of the herein above indicated court, charges are

Name WILLIAM H. BONNEY

Address UNKNOWIN

UNKNOWIN

UNKNOWIN

UNKNOWIN

did commit the following Alleged Act(s), in violation of the Laws and Ordinances of the City of Dodge:

- HOMICIDE CO CODE (S) 10112-50
- HOMICIDE ON SUNDAY CO CODE (S) 10112-51
- HOMICIDE DURING THE NIGHTTIME CO CODE (S) 10112-52
- HOMICIDE WITH A DEADLY WEAPON CO CODE (S) 10112-53
- HOMICIDE AND BATTERY CO CODE (S) 10112-54
- HOMICIDE WHILE INTOXICATED (HWO) CO CODE (S) 10112-55
- HOMICIDE WITH INTENT CO CODE (S) 10112-56
- HOMICIDE IN A HURDY-GURDY HOUSE CO CODE (S) 10112-57
- HOMICIDE IN A NO-HOMICIDE ZONE CO CODE (S) 10112-58

Schedule of Penalties:

Offenses 10112-50 through 58, within five days - Lynching or ten days in jail. After thirty days, if warrant issued - Lynching 1-10 \$2. To plead "Not Guilty," see reverse for docket dates and instructions.

YOUR SIGNATURE DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN ADMISSION OF GUILT

William H. Bonney
Defendant

Pat Spaul
Complainant



January 7, We make short order of a notorious bandit. Billy, the kid, as many called him, was seated by a window at his home when father noticed the boy, and, mindful of his lawless reputation, carefully drew up behind him and shot the kid to death. His brother, William, swore an oath of revenge and subsequently undertook a criminal spree of the most infamous caliber. By the time of his demise at the hand of Sheriff Garrett, William had accumulated a total of over twenty murders to his credit.



YOUR CHESAPEAKE MUTUAL LIFE & CASUALTY

James H. Hays
No. 101 Taylor St.
St. Wayne, Missouri

SINCERELY HOPES YOU ENJOY YOUR ADVENTURE TO THE WEST

WITH OUR COMPLIMENTARY MAP AND GUIDE

PACIFIC COAST

MEXICAN TERRITORY

SAN BARBARA, SAN LOS ANGELES, SAN SAN JOSE, SAN RIVERSIDE, SAN LONG BEACH, SAN NEWPORT BEACH, SAN DIEGO, SAN JUAN.

"The man who covers his Wagon, yet not his Family, is indeed merely half-prepared."

ASK US ABOUT our exclusive "Explorer Society" plans, affording complete protection against the Indian menace, bad weather, epidemics, disease, and natural calamities of all descriptions which can beset the modern traveler.

DRIVE THE BIG COWS
PRESTIGE! RESPECT! IMPORTANCE!

You Can Earn All of the Above When You Learn to Drive the Big Cows. Thousands of Drive-Aways Ready to Leave Every Day for Dodge, Kansas City and Points East.

★ See Cow Driver Training Institute ★
 Ft. Worth, Texas, Today!

ALL ARE INVITED TO ENTER THE
2ND ANNUAL
 GENEVA, NEBRASKA
BARB-OFF
 and
BARBING BEE.

To Be Held This Saturday, March 6, at Berley's Gen. Feed & Seed Store

Try Your Expertise in These Three Categories:
 ADDITIONAL MILITARY-SHOW FENCE

Prizes Awarded for Original and Effective Must Supply Your Own

TRANSGRESSION
 Judge L. Roy "Ramblin'" Brant's Vest-Pocket
CODE OF THE WASTES

The easy and accurate method for determining your legal rights without the costly assistance of an attorney. Be sure to carry this useful device on your person at all times, for convenient reference. Approved inside the city limits, September 23rd, 1944, in the County of Tarrant, N.T.

Judge L. Roy Brant
YOUR LEGAL REMEDY

LARCENY BY TRICK
 e.g., individual borrows your rope with no intention of returning it

BATTERY
 e.g., individual "crowds" you so as to come in unauthorized contact with your physical person or appendages thereto

ALL OTHER TRANSGRESSIONS

OPPROBRIOUS WORDS
 e.g., "individuals" "approaches" "from" "a" "side" "of" "eye"

Hang Him
INSULT HIM
 Other

Shoot Him
SOIL HIS BEDROLL
 Other

Leave Him To Rot
CUT HIM
 Other

Drown Him
BURN HIS HORSE
 Other



January 6. All of us were most pleased to accept an invitation to the Dinner Party, held near Truckee, California. The festivities were quite cordial, though a goodly number of our hosts had taken leave by evening's end.

THE SILVER CITY SLAG BULLION

THE WEST'S MOST WESTERN COMMUNITY

VOL. 1

SILVER CITY, NEV., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1871

NO. 3



Fast spending visitors in Silver City purchase drinks for themselves and their companions with bauxite nuggets exceeding the usual currency.

Key Elders Expected to Approve Navajo-Koreanese Craft Licensing Agreement

Citing a continuing decline in the availability of desirable reservation labor resources, a spokesman for the Navajo nation hinted that leaders will soon license several firms from the Oriental country of Korea to manufacture a sizable array of staple everyday decorative and utility objects. The ability of the Korean to engage large numbers of highly skilled workers in an exceptionally attractive and repeatable to the Navajo, who must contend in energetically expanding local demand as well as the burgeoning white export market.

Eastern coast orders for authentic-looking, low-cost items, such as hats, belts, and toy handbags more than doubled

during the previous financial quarter alone.

Under proposed terms of the agreement, the Indians will vest their design and manufacturing rights in a wholly tribal-owned corporation, Okwan, Inc.—Navajo spelled in reverse—which will in turn grant individual licenses to Koreanese concerns most capable of meeting customary tribal specifications. Several items traditionally assembled under the moniker of "Hi-Mix" controls, including talismans and medicinal herb compounds, amulets and jewelry, and brass chains, will presumably be contracted to the West-Lee Group, a specialty organization with extensive technical governmental ties of organized and limited production run items and

Utah Bauxite Rush Attracts Thousands

Bauxite Fever Spurs Boom Settlements Overnight
"Where The Price of an Egg May Be \$4.00, And Bauxite Gilded Opera Tents Feature The Most Elaborate of Entertainments"

UNIMAGINABLE TWO-HUNDRED-DOLLAR MOTHER LODE DISCOVERED
ALONG LENGTH OF TURLEY CANYON

GRANITE PYRITE—"FOOL'S BAUXITE"—SALTING SCHEME SUSPECTED AT KEARNEY CITY

News of the rich bauxite strike in Utah is being made public in this issue from all parts of the country, as many visitors come for a "look" package intended to put their stamp on the chance and chase of America's first

and bauxite. In fairly constructed bauxite camps, where the value of a prospectors' fee is calculated by the number of bauxite that is his possession, the air is thick with dust.

WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE

Chinese landowner Li Ming, who is being held on a charge of the killing of the famous death of Liberty Valance, has been found guilty of the murder. The Chinese man was arrested by the police and was held in a cell until he was released on a \$10,000 bond. He was then taken to the court for trial.

precursor tests. Standard requirements will be further ensured by an on-site tribal inspector assigned to work directly with Koreanese plant personnel in both a line training and quality product capacity.

Some question remains as to which company will be awarded the profitable hoop concession, where quality is much less a factor than factory getting-up potential, particularly important as the white children's market begins to divert the hoop into its own vast like streams of Christmas and special oc-

MEET THE SETTLERS

This marks the 25th installment of the *Silver Bullion* foreign series intended to report on diverse and personal aspects of various interesting settlers traveling through our fair city.

Benjamin Columbus Stubblefield and his wife, Rula, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, are presently en route to Elko, Nevada, with their three children, Alexander, Adeline, and Estelle; a system which the family asserts has been harmonious, notwithstanding a minor incident of surreptitious theft of the meal, snacking perpetrated by the young ones.

(cont. pg. 4)

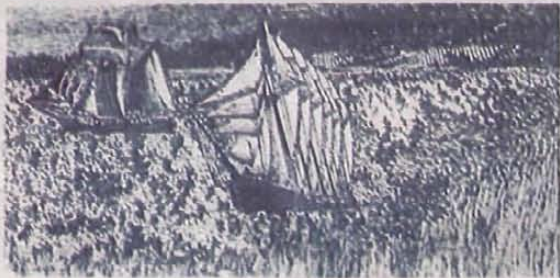
casin sales.

Leading competitors at present are considered to be Nang Phyen and Tsou Li Nao, each thoroughly prepared to make a comprehensive bid. The latter's experience in packaging sensitive Southwestern American cactus plants for Korea in New York is thought to provide a distinctive edge, however.

(cont. pg. 5)

THE SILVER CITY SLAG-BULLION

The Race Is Underway



Here, Schwann's move steadily forward in the Nebraska Cup Regatta at North Platte. Commodore E. J. of the Progress, New Mexico Yacht Club, is the victor, navigating his fourteen-foot Shademaker square rigger, "Meadowcroft," across the marshlike in record time.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE BOVINE SUPERVISORS \$18 per month to start (Experienced Only)

We are looking for experienced, handsome bovine supervisors to coordinate large-scale, seasonal relocation of mobile inventories. Must be willing to travel. Company transportation, per diem expenses, stock purchase plan, profit sharing, and bonus.

Contact: Mr. Butler
MEXICO FEDERATED RANCH INDUSTRIES
EL PASO, TEXAS

MEET THE SETTLERS Continued

"Our children are taught they must obey the rules regardless of the extenuating character of the law in a wagon," declares Mr. Shubblefield. "If we allow them to nibble at the great stick, as they come willy-nilly please, soon no amount of pressure will mean their satisfaction." The Shubblefields look forward to establishing themselves in Elko, where they have been assigned by the real estate agent from whom they purchased their homestead from whom the railroads will soon construct the nation's largest rail junction.

(Cont. pag. 7)

CHILDREN'S LETTERS TO GERONIMO

Dear Geronimo:
Where is the top of my sticky's head?
Tommy Brown

Dear Chief Geronimo:
I want a doll and a new little brother.
Thickette Pissnoski

ESTRAYS

Found in the Hickory M. southwestern secondary, no. 23, 24, yellow bag, bearing the brand name. His bristles granite and flint, quadrilateral, appears very nervous.

Found on the Squaw Peak Road, one lovable veterinary machine, bearing the brand Nettie. Has final drive ratio of 1.68 1.80 5 mm bore, and curb weight of 2320 lbs.

MCCLELLAN'S Sporting Pit
presents

Jason Grant's
"MAD" WOLFHOUND

Elsie Jennings Moffit's
"DISTERPERED" RETRIEVER

Plus—Vicious Husky Dogs of the North in a Wild Match at the Tag, Dog, Train

Constant Contact to the Death

A GOOD TIME FOR ALL... Just East of Overbrook - Home Restaurant

TRAVEL THE RECENTLY COMPLETED TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD. COAST TO COAST!

New York-San Francisco Dinner, Lunch, Breakfast Served Daily

Back and Forth!

San Francisco-New York Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner Served Daily

BOYS! Earn Okay Prizes Like These

For willing Beckman's Medicated Soul Enlargement Salve to your Father's late or Family Friend, Beckman's restores manhood lost to Self Abuse, Youthful Errors, and Other Excesses in days.

A HOOP AND A STICK!

High-grade steel and real wood for extra fun! This exciting game set is much like those used by others around the nation. Twirl the hoop in to a three-foot hoop, then pick it up once again. Win a pair of hoops and sticks and hold a contest for two times as much fun.

Sell 30 jars.

100 POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVES!

Loud, colorful fun for the 4th of July or anytime! This sterling collection of assorted bombs and powder canisters is much like those used by real mining excavators and U.S. military forces. Blow up a shed. Win two or three of this prize and have additional fun.

Sell 20 jars.

A BICYCLE RIFLE!

A wonderfully accurate all-steel rifle that's made to shoot from a bicycle. This powerful weapon is much like those used by real marksmen, hunter-lawmen, and U.S. Cavalry forces. Mounts directly to the handlebars. Win two rifles and mount them double-fashion for twice the fun. Each bicycle rifle arrives completely with a supply of uniformly loaded .45 caliber ammunition and a booklet of 1,000 suggested targets.

Sell 25 jars.

Please write for your Beckman's Sales Kit, including 50 jars of Beckman's Enlargement Salve and the helpful booklet, "Selling Salve!"

Beckman & Co., 101 Bell St., Livonia, Michigan

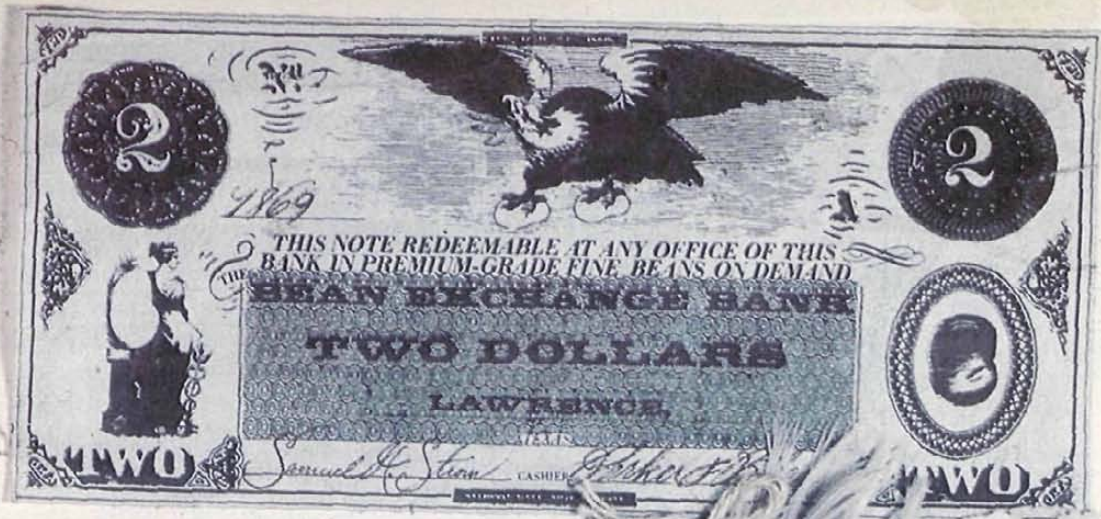
NOW AVAILABLE AT **EBERT, MICHAELS & CO.**

The Original

**SWISS ARMY
POCKET LIVESTOCK
DEHORNING CLIPPER**

IT'S A

DEHORNER - GASTRATER - EAR MARKER - HIDE REMOVER - THROAT CUTTER - CARTRIDGE LOADER - ANVIL



PASS THE TIME WITH
STUBBLEFIELD'S
WAGON BINGO

Instructions: Everyone in the entire party may play Wagon Bingo—the Superior diversion which amuses one and all for months. Each participant must simply make a mark over the item represented on the card as he spies them during the journey. The first to complete a row of five across, down, or diagonally becomes the winner. Good Luck to You.

SKY	SUN	BRANCH	GROUND	TREE
BUSH	GROUND	MOON	TWO TREES	GRANITE
BUMP	GRAIN	CLOUD	STICK	GROUND
INSECT	TWO STICKS	GRANITE	SUN	MOUND
HORIZON	INSECT	WICK	ROAD	WEED

MANUFACTURED BY THE STUBBLEFIELD NOVELTY COMPANY, ELKO, NEVADA.

October 30. We began our family novelty enterprise in Elko, Nevada. As no other settlers have ever come here, business faltered. Father resolved to try his hand at cattle ranching; but was unable to locate a cow. Here we are, wondering what to do.



DR. HAVIGHURST'S
Carbolic Hysterectomy Bomb

MEDICATED VAPORS
 DISSOLVE, DISINFECT, TONIC
 FEMALE ORGANS
 PROMPTLY
 NOT A TONIC
 NOT A REGULATOR

Dr. Havighurst's celebrated Bomb gives off a Unique Emission specially adapted to the Female Constitution, to Vitiate, Sublimate, Neutralize, and Eradicate the

**UTERINARY TRACT
 OVARIES
 CERVIX
 FALLOPIAN TUBES**

and related Dyscrasious Glands—commonly associated with the

CHANGE OF LIFE

and its attendant Maladies.

Directions: Ignite Carbolic Bomb. Wick in the sleeping room before retiring.

Breathe the fumes vigorously for eleven complete days, abstaining from Food and Drink of any kind. If symptomatic Pain persists, repeat.

Price \$1.00
 "The One-Dollar Hysterectomy"

PREPARED SOLELY BY
 DR. HAVIGHURST
 Female Laboratory Building, New York

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

FISHER INTRODUCES THE WORLD'S FIRST CASSETTE DECK WITH WIRELESS REMOTE EDITING.

Tape recording will never be the same.

In Fisher's 41 years of audio leadership, we've introduced many important high fidelity "firsts." But we honestly think the new CR4025 tape deck is one of our most exciting and practical innovations.

Remote electronic editing is as important an advance in tape recording as the cassette.

Now for the first time, you can really enjoy creating your own personal music library from FM broadcasts or record albums. The editing is done electronically while recording. A great leap forward from the old way of recording. . . with jumping up and down every 3 minutes to edit.

Fisher's wireless remote electronic editor makes tape recording a pleasure. The CR4025 tape deck has a built-in wireless receiver that operates the deck's solenoid-actuated Pause mechanism. The remote control transmitter operates the Pause control instantly from up to 20 feet away. Relax, listen, and capture the selections you want to keep at the push of a button.

Zap! You eliminate any commercial or announcer's voice from your off-the-air FM broadcast recording . . . or skip any unwanted track on an album you're taping from.

Of course, this fantastic convenience wouldn't be worth much if you had to sacrifice performance. Fortunately, you don't — the CR4025 has the excellent frequency response and extremely low wow & flutter that you expect from Fisher, plus Dolby noise reduction for clean, noise-free recordings.

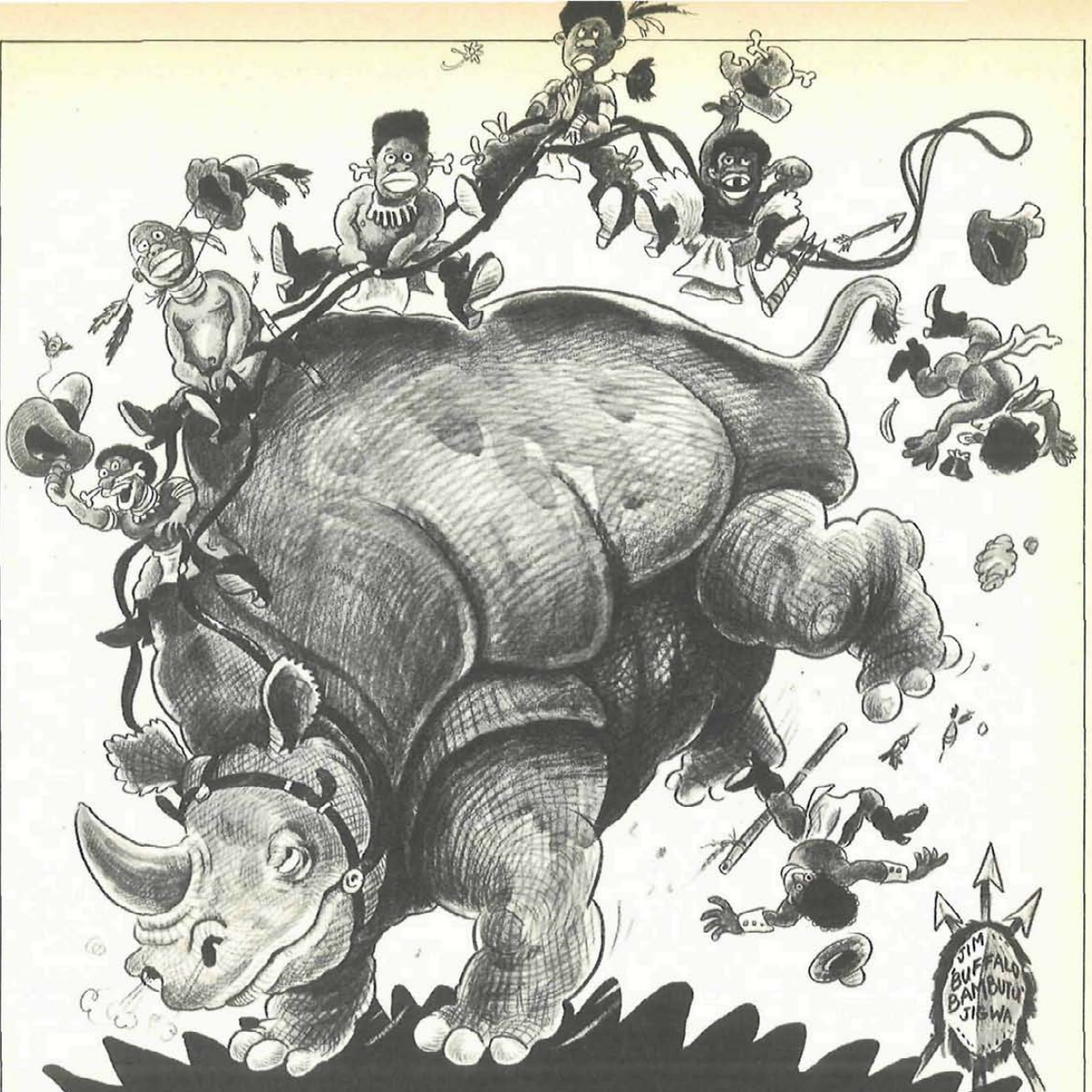
The Fisher CR4025 is priced at \$250* and is available at selected audio stores or the audio department of your favorite department store. For the name of the nearest Fisher dealer, please call toll-free 1-800-528-6050 ext. 871 from anywhere in the U.S. (in Arizona, 1-955-9710, ext.871).

*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price is at the sole discretion of the individual Fisher dealer.

 **FISHER**

The first name in high fidelity.





COWBOYS OF MANY LANDS

by Gerald Sussman and Rick Meyerowitz

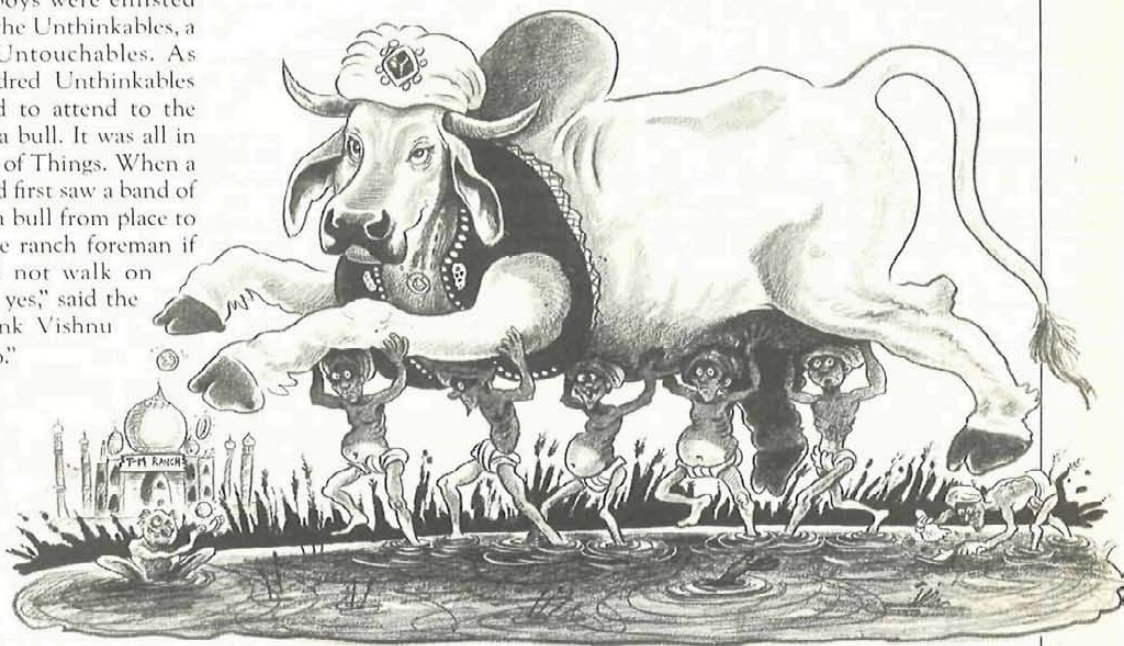
Rick Meyerowitz

The Pygmy Cowboy: Less is More

Pound for pound, the Pygmy cowboy was perhaps the finest rodeo performer in the world. The problem was, of course, his size. He was forever trying to prove that he was as good as the *makubi*, the Big People. True, it always took four or five pygmies to do what one normal-sized cowboy could do, but no one worked at it with as much skill and sheer bravura. In the 1880s, a man named James Jigwa promoted the first cowboy shows in Africa and turned naturally to the pygmies as his stars. "They were cheap to hire and had this crazy desire to show they were better than us big fellas," said Jigwa. And so James "Buffalo Bambutu" Jigwa began the first of his legendary Wild West African Rodeos, featuring "one hundred death-defying bantam cowboys in daring displays of riding, roping, rhino busting, and blowgun shooting." Jigwa's shows ushered in a golden age for the pygmy cowboys. Unfortunately, they fell prey to the temptations of easy success. Liquor, drugs, and the demands of big women were too much for these brave cowpokes. Most of them died penniless, alcoholic, and ravaged by venereal diseases.

The Hindu Cowboy: Day-to-Day Servicing of a God

The cowboy of India lived and died for one purpose—to render his services to the almighty and most supreme Brahmany bull, the great god of the Hindu. Cowboys were enlisted from the ranks of the Unthinkables, a class below the Untouchables. As many as one hundred Unthinkables would be assigned to attend to the slightest whim of a bull. It was all in the Natural Order of Things. When a visitor from abroad first saw a band of cowboys carrying a bull from place to place, he asked the ranch foreman if the animal could not walk on his own. "Oh my yes," said the foreman. "But thank Vishnu he doesn't have to."



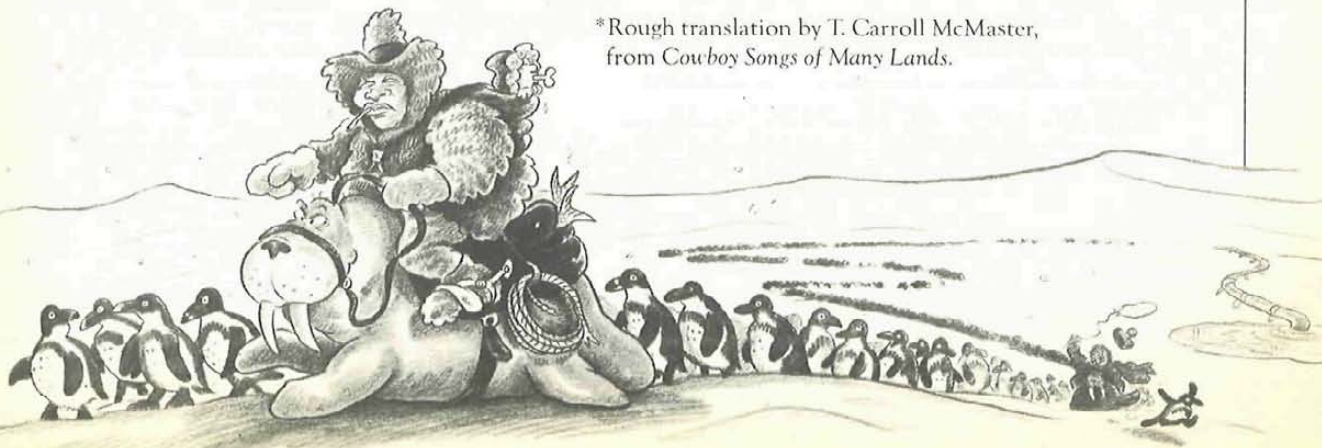
The Eskimo Cowboy: On a Penguin Drive

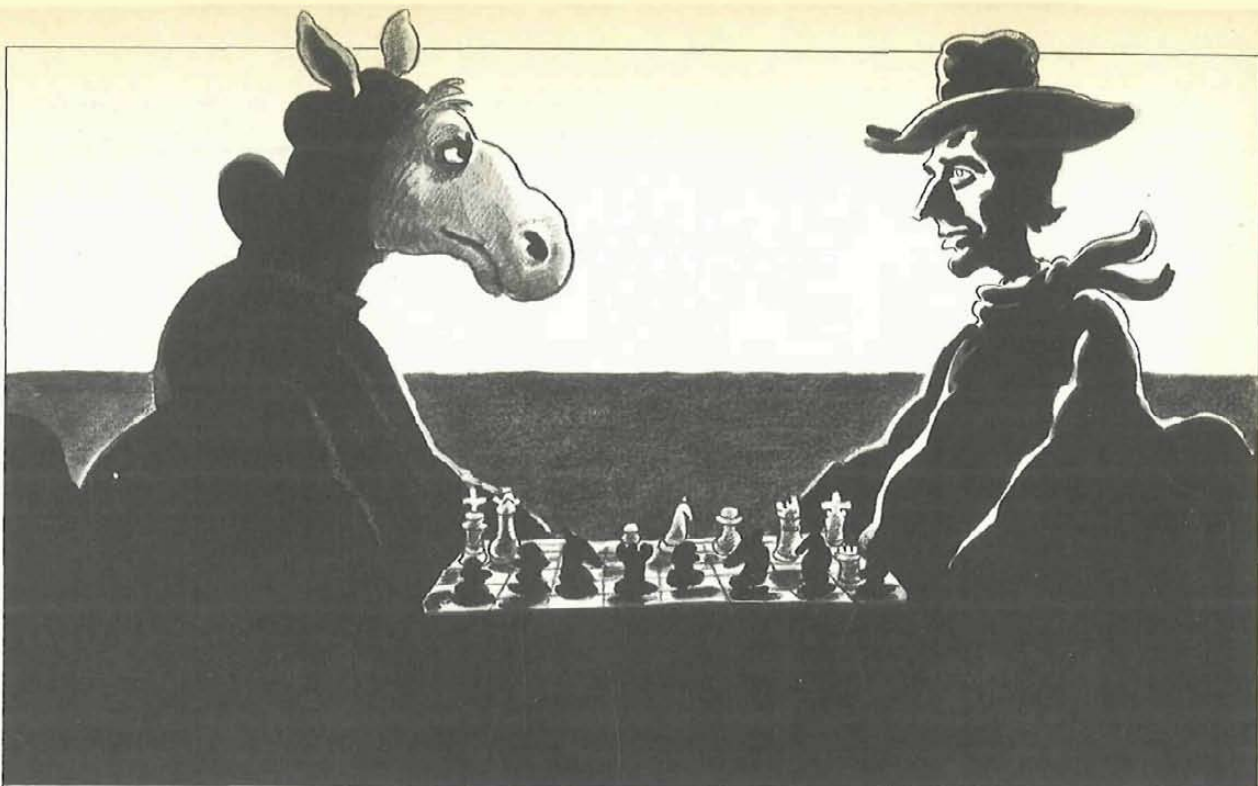
"Chinchook! Chinchook!" cries the lead rider, and a typical penguin drive is off, going from Hooper Bay in the Bering Sea all the way to Point Barrow on the Arctic Ocean. The Eskimo cowboys followed the old Kodak Trail, named for the old Kodak bears who also lumbered and rolled their way north to the icy Arctic wastes. It was a rough, grueling existence. Blubber and melted snow comprised their only meal. Ruthless penguin rustlers roamed the trail, and it was easy to get lost and become snowblind in the raging blizzards. By the time the drive got to Point Barrow, most of the penguins would run into the ocean and disappear. But the Eskimo cowboy never complained. The challenge of driving a herd of strange little birds for thousands of miles was enough to keep him going. Besides, he had nothing better to do.

A sample of a typical Eskimo cowboy song sung on the trail:

*Git along, little pengie, git along
We got a long way to go
Through the ice and the snow
So be a nice little bird or else I'll hit you with my branding bone.**

*Rough translation by T. Carroll McMaster,
from *Cowboy Songs of Many Lands*.





The Swedish Cowboy: Lonely, Tormented, Seeker of Eternal Truths

Most Swedish cowboys were aspiring movie directors who couldn't make it in the rough and tumble world of the Stockholm cinema. They became bitter, disappointed men, full of guilt, shame, anger, and other forms of torment peculiar to the Swedes, including saddle rash and boot boils. Out in the cattle country they could be alone with their thoughts. Thinking, philosophizing, and agonizing over the human condition were the main duties of the Swedish cowboy. The animals were neglected and allowed to roam free. To break up the bleakness of his life, the Swedish cowboy would either commit suicide, rape a tree, or mutilate a cow in a most horrible manner.



The Greek Cowboy: A Vanishing Breed

Thousands of years ago the Greek cowboy was in his full glory. But as the sheep replaced the cow as Greece's primary source of meat, the cowboy's role diminished. By the turn of the century, the Greek cowboy was reduced to becoming a stage performer who sang, danced, and did a few simple equestrian tricks. At best, he would be second on a nine-act vaudeville show. In the thirties, when movies and radio killed Greek vaudeville, the cowboy had nowhere to go but the circus or carnival, a bizarre life for a once-proud performer. Today, the few remaining cowboys drift around the countryside, sometimes singing for a few drachmas at a country taverna, or simply performing for children on a street corner. □

ANYONE WHO REMEMBERS THE NATIONAL LAMPOON HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK AND LAUGHS WILL WANT TO HAVE A COPY OF NATIONAL LAMPOON'S SUNDAY NEWSPAPER PARODY.

The publishers, editors, and writers who brought you the *High School Yearbook* parody, the most popular special edition of a men's magazine ever published, now bring you the perfect satire of everybody's Sunday newspaper, with major news articles, hometown features and news, syndicated and local columns—including gossip, homemaking, advice to the lovelorn, and political commentary—the Sunday funnies, a Sunday syndicated magazine section, a hometown advertising supplement, and a hometown living supplement.

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Limited edition, with protective cover, folded and in shrink-wrap, \$4.95.

Harper's magazine called the *High School Yearbook* parody, "The greatest work of collective writing since the King James Bible."



Here's the greatest work of parody since the *High School Yearbook* parody.

Because of the cost of producing this parody, which was nearly two years in the creating, it will be distributed only to select outlets. It is very possible that you will not be able to find it in your area, but you can purchase it now through this advertisement.

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Please send me _____ copy(s) of *National Lampoon's Sunday Newspaper Parody*. Each copy is \$4.95, which covers postage and handling.

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SHOOTOUT

The Gunfight at the O.K. Corral Through History

by P. J. O'Rourke

Directed by Peter Kleinman

Photographed by Phil Koenig

Starring:

Dick Scott as Wyatt Earp

With:

Mike Agolia

Randall Enos

Sylvia Grant

Michael Gross

Bob Larkin

D.J. Murphy

Richie Segedin

Beau Williford

Also

T.C. Carroll

and

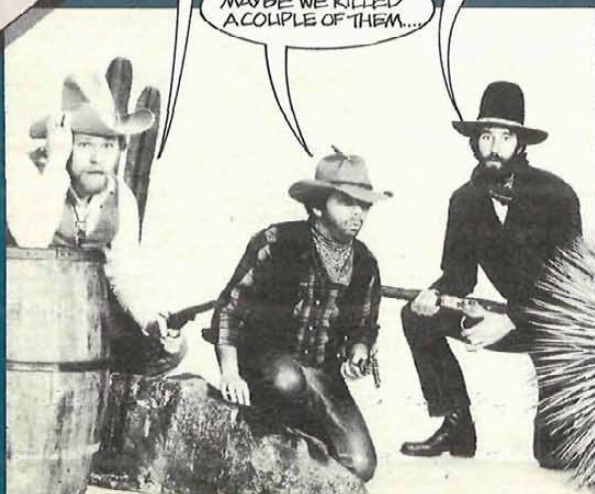
Bob Rakita

1881

CAN WE
COME OUT NOW? ARE
THEY GONE?

I THINK
MAYBE WE KILLED
A COUPLE OF THEM...

HOPE WE
DON'T GET IN
TROUBLE!

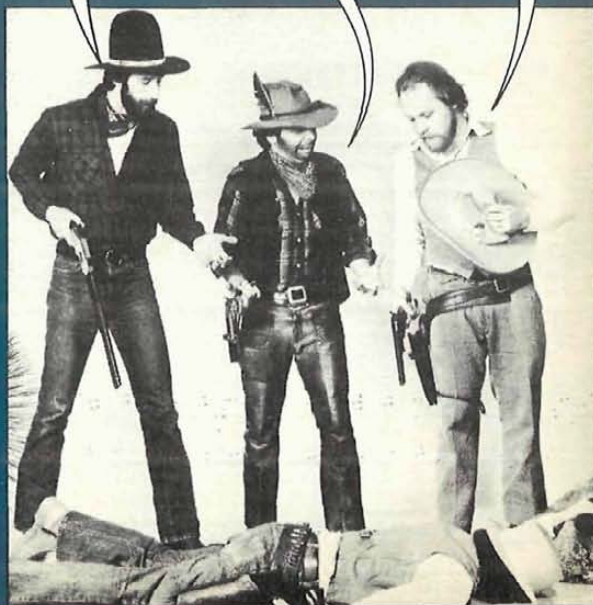


The Earp brothers and "Doc" Holiday have a brief misunderstanding with the Clanton boys in downtown Tombstone, Arizona.

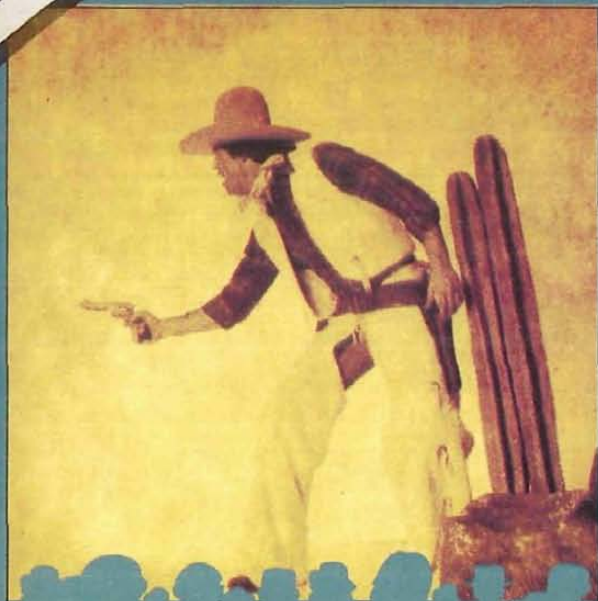
HE'S DEAD...
I MEAN HE LOOKS LIKE
HE'S DEAD... SOMEBODY
COME SEE IF HE'S
DEAD...

UGH!

WE'D BETTER
TALK TO A LAWYER,
WYATT. HIS FAMILY
MIGHT SUE US OR
SOMETHING.



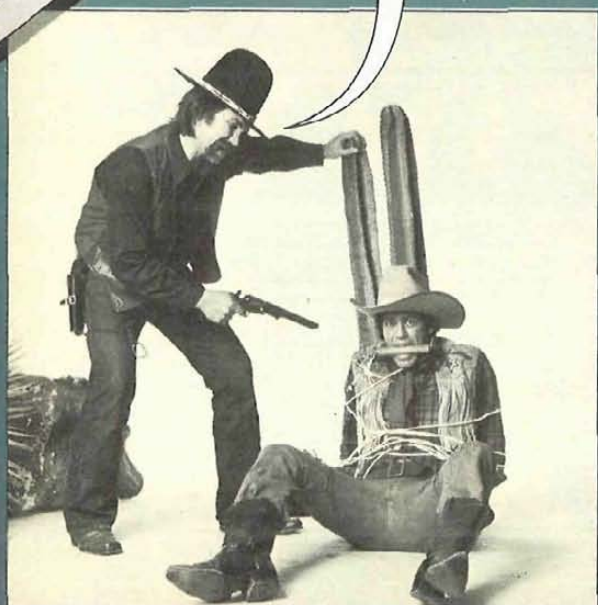
1925



"Oh, Sheriff Earp, the frontier is tamed now!!"

1934

WYATT EARP
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU IN
COLD BLOOD OUT OF PURE
VILLAINY BECAUSE YOU'RE
A LEGEND IN YOUR OWN
TIME HERE IN THE
WEST.

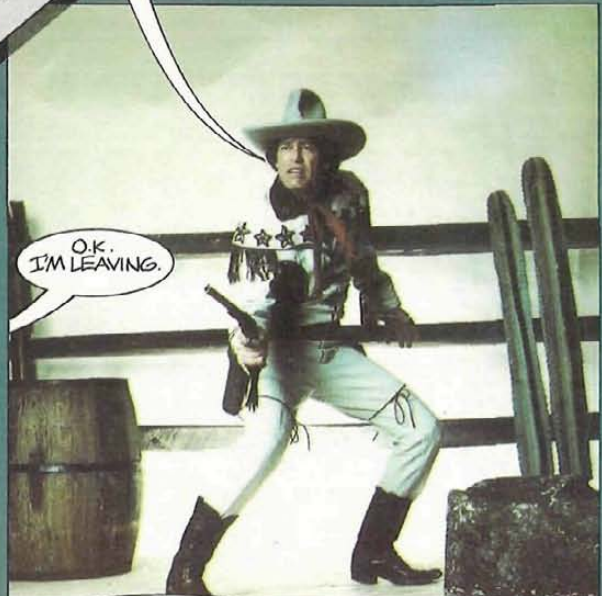


WILL EVIL
TRILUMPH? WILL WYATT
EARP CAPTURE THE RUSTLERS
WITH HIS HEAD BLOWN OFF?

Don't miss the next exciting episode of "Purple Riders of the Wild Corral."...

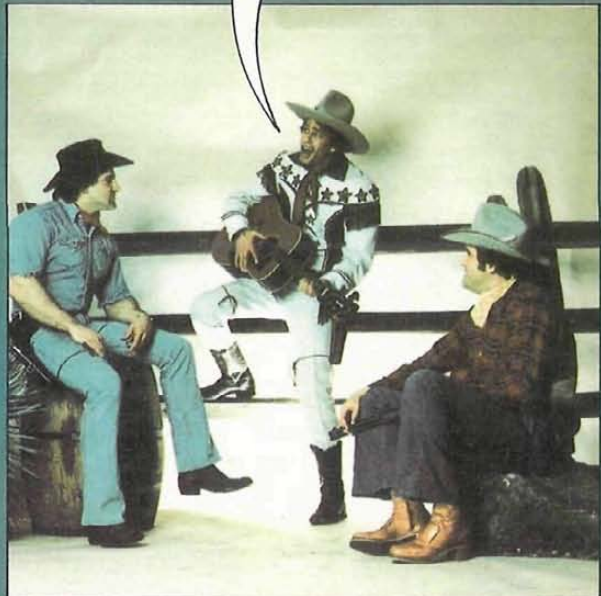
1942

GET OUT OF TOWN OR I'LL SHOOT THE GUN FROM YOUR HAND!



O.K. I'M LEAVING.

OH, GIVE ME A RANCH, AND A COWGIRL NAMED BLANCHE, WHO CAN COOK UP A TASTY BEEF STEW. I'LL STRUM OUT LOVE TUNES, WHILE WE SNUGGLES AND SPOONS, ON OUR OK CORRAL BUILT FOR TWO!



1958

I'VE GOT THIS AUTOMATIC RIFLE AND A QUICK-DRAW SHOTGUN AND TWO GATLING PISTOLS; THEN THERE'S THE DERRINGER UP MY SLEEVE, THE HAT-BAND AND BELT BUCKLE GUNS, A BULLWHIP, CONCEALED HAND CANNON, MY BOWIE KNIVES AND MEXICAN FIGHTING SPURS, PLUS THE SWORD CANE AND A POCKET-SIZED DYNAMITE BOMB I ALWAYS CARRY.

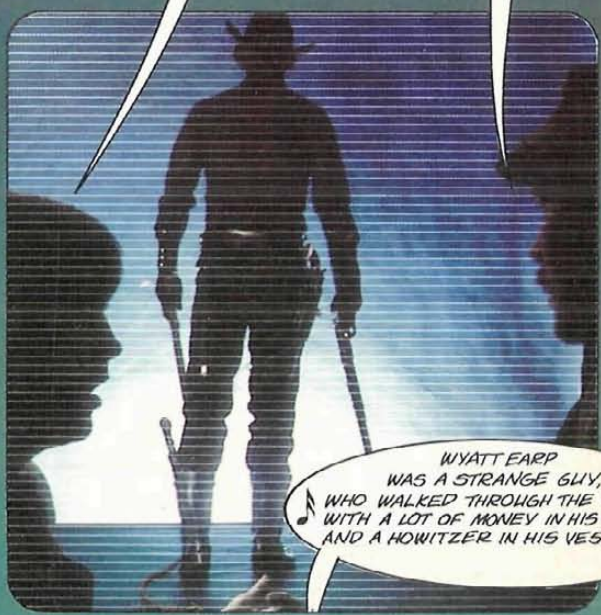
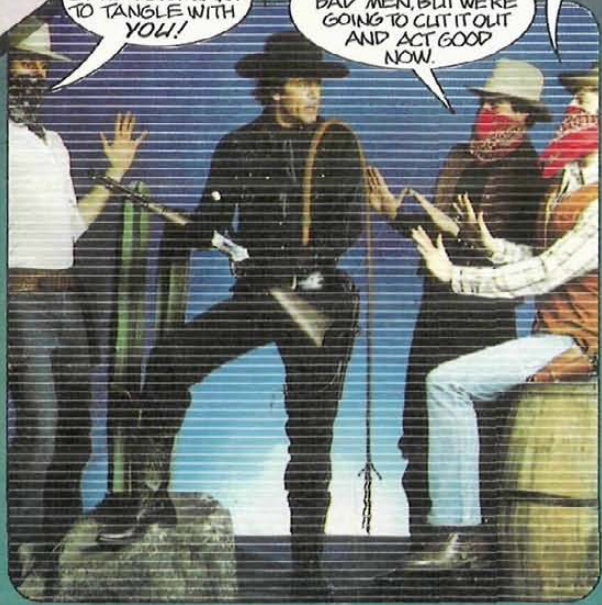
BOY, WE SURE DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH YOU!

YEAH, WE CLANTONS ARE REAL BAD MEN, BUT WE'RE GOING TO CUT IT OUT AND ACT GOOD NOW.

I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF THIS BANDANNA AND NEVER ROB A STAGECOACH AGAIN.

WHO'S THAT STRANGE GUY?

BEATS ME.



WYATT EARP WAS A STRANGE GUY, WHO WALKED THROUGH THE WEST WITH A LOT OF MONEY IN HIS WALLET AND A HOWITZER IN HIS VEST...

1967



THEY GOT ME!

ME TOO!

YOU CAN TELL THIS IS A SERIOUS MOVIE BY THE WAY EVERY BODY DIES AT THE END IN SLOW MOTION.

LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS YOU'RE ALL DEAD SO I CAN CLIT TO A FREEZE FRAME.

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG-BANG

BANG

1976



MARSHAL EARP! THEM CLANTON BOYS IS RODE INTO TOWN! THEY'RE AS BAD AS BAD CAN BE! YOU'RE GONNA KILL 'EM RIGHT NOW, AINT YA?

SON, ALL MEN ARE BAD IT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD. THE CLANTONS ARE NO WORSE THAN YOU OR I - JUST DIFFERENT.

HERE, YOU CAN KEEP THE BADGE.



WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF THE WEST.

YEP WANT A RIDE UP TO KANSAS CITY IN MY NEW LOCOMOBILE WYATT?

The End

From MCA Records
the ultimate motion picture soundtrack album...
A deluxe 2-record set



MCA2-12000

Includes recordings by:

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JIMMY BUFFETT
DOOBIE BROTHERS
EAGLES
DAN FOGELBERG
FOREIGNER
BILLY JOEL
RANDY MEISNER
STEVE MILLER

TOM PETTY AND THE
HEARTBREAKERS
QUEEN
LINDA RONSTADT
BOZ SCAGGS
BOB SEGER AND THE
SILVER BULLET BAND
STEELY DAN
JAMES TAYLOR
JOE WALSH

MCA RECORDS

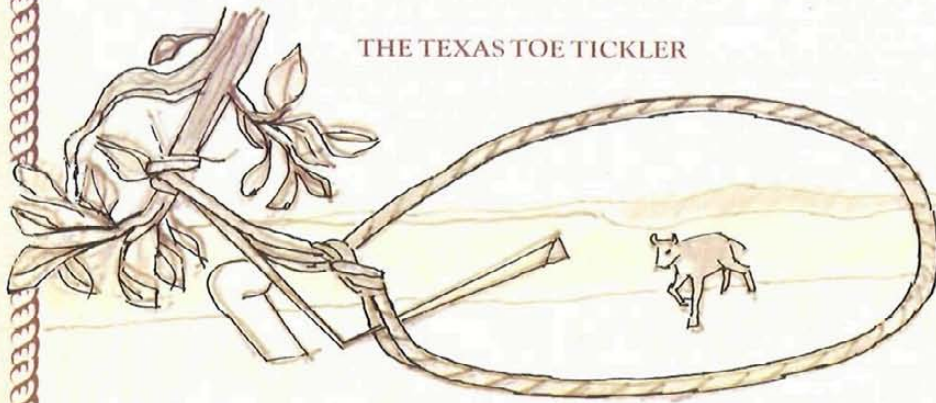
©1978 by Universal City Studios, Inc.

COW CATCHERS

by Tod Carroll and John Hughes

Catching the Cows, Tying Them Up, and Branding Them

At no instance did the American cowboy evince his resourceful nature more obviously than roundup time, when relatively small outfits of men were charged with the task of capturing, confining, and branding hundreds of wary and usually resistive cattle in a single day. Although the familiar lassoing technique employed by one or more mounted wranglers enjoyed some popularity, it was by no means the only or even the favorite procedure for subduing a calf. Other common methods included:



THE TEXAS TOE TICKLER

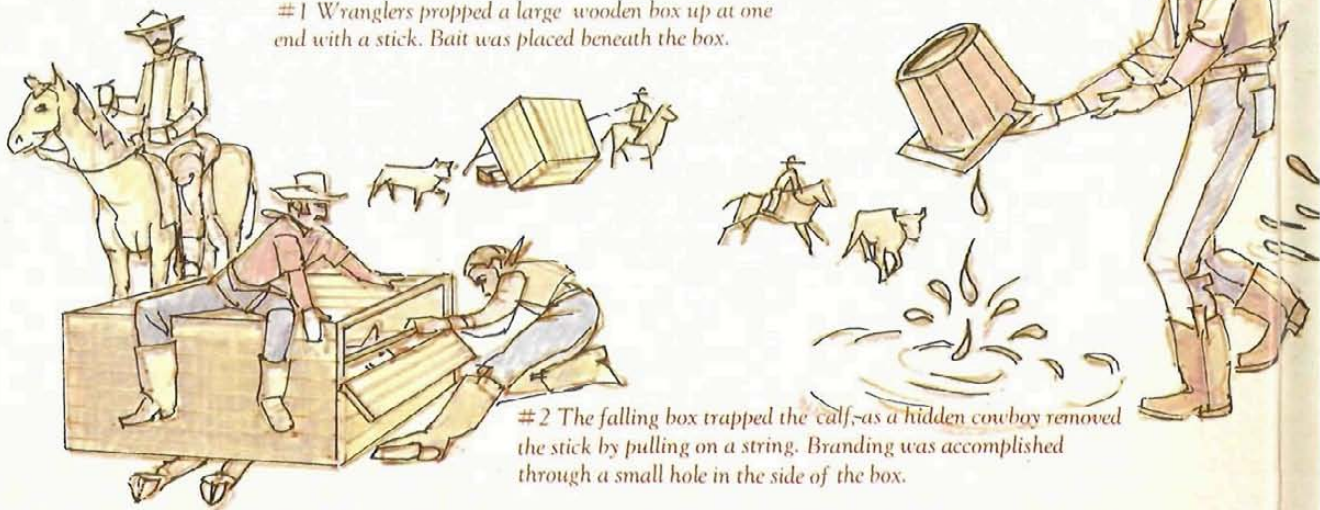
#1 The cowboy laid his rope across the trail, attached at one end to a cocked sapling.

#2 The calf tripped the rope with his hooves and became snared—ready for branding.



THE HEIFER HOTEL

#1 Wranglers propped a large wooden box up at one end with a stick. Bait was placed beneath the box.



#2 The falling box trapped the calf, as a hidden cowboy removed the stick by pulling on a string. Branding was accomplished through a small hole in the side of the box.

THE BEEF BENDER



#1 A cattle puncher secretly filled the water trough with whiskey.

#2 The calf got drunk, stumbled into the trough, and was easily branded, if it didn't start a fight or throw up.

THE DOGGIE HOG-TIE

Oftentimes, cowboys found it necessary to simply wrestle a calf to the ground, after which the animal was secured by tying it up with rope.

The two most well-known techniques are illustrated.



THE HIDE SLIDE

#1 Grease was poured across a flat spot in the trail.

#2 Ranch hands moved in for the brand before the calf was able to regain its footing. □





THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND.

NOW THE TRAVELIN' MAN CAN SEE GREAT CAR HIGH FIDELITY TAKE SHAPE BEFORE HIS EYES.

For years you've been judging car high fidelity solely with your ears. Now, thanks to Sparkomatic AcoustaTrac™, you can also judge car sound with your eyes!

The AcoustaTrac is a graphic equalizer which features a visual response curve on an illuminated screen.

So while you're adjusting the sound of your car's stereo radio or tape deck to your personal listening tastes, you can actually see the amplifier response you've shaped. And with Sparkomatic's AcoustaTrac you can keep track of the shape your high fidelity is in.

Of course, as a power booster the AcoustaTrac is unparalleled at boosting audio output power while giving you total control to "mix" the bass, midrange and highs.

It features slide controls that allow you wide adjustability of five different frequency bands. Plus 40 watt RMS stereo power, front-to-rear fader control, and a power indicator light. Compact size (2" h x 6-3/16" w x 6-1/2" d). Fits comfortably under-dash.

So if you want a graphic equalizer that lets you graphically see the beautiful sound you'll be hearing, get the Sparkomatic AcoustaTrac.

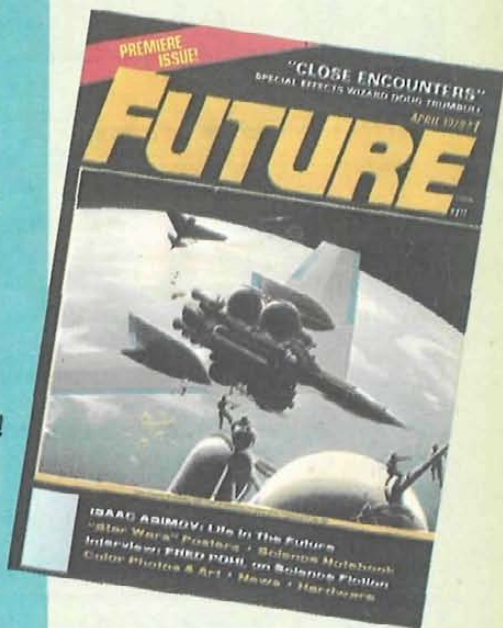
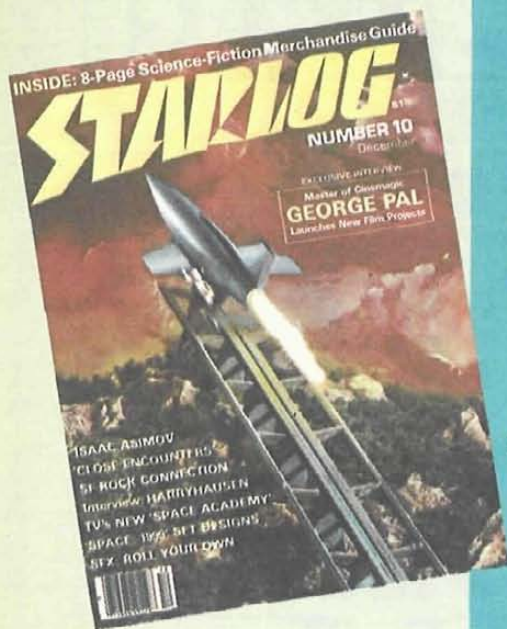
Patent Pending

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The Farmboys

The farmboy came into his own at the end of the Texas cattle drives in the late 1880s. Many years of cheap and abundant beef had created a great hunger for vegetables, chicken, and pork. New markets opened up overnight, all begging for more and different farm products. It was then that the midwestern landscape was fenced in and farms were created from the ponds and woods that had once supported vast flocks of ducks and families of squirrels. The farmboys tamed the Midwest. They broke her back with plows and planted her belly with cabbage.

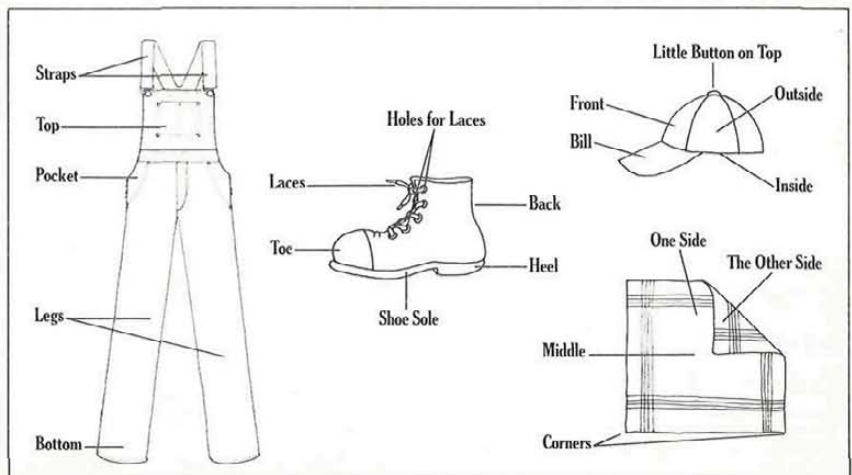


A farmboy, called a "sod-buster," would "break" earth with his plow. Behind him would follow other farmboys, who put different "brands" of seeds into the furrows. It was hard, monotonous work. They would walk the lonely fields for hours at a time, facing pesky insects.

The farmboy's heaviest work came in the late summer during "roundup" time when he would go into the fields and round up all the crops and put them in baskets. Then the farmboys would start on the long "produce drives" to market. The drives sometimes took all afternoon, and there were dangers along the way, such as deep chuckholes.

After he had watered and weeded the crops, slopped the hogs, fed the chickens, and oiled the barn door hinges, the farmboy would relax in his bunkhouse, which he called "my house."

Farmboys derived their characteristic dress from the farmers of New England and the East, and, although later much imitated, these clothes were originally designed to be highly functional. The billed hat, called a *cap*, kept the sun off the farmboy's head. The leather lace-up shoes, called *work boots*, protected his feet. A red handkerchief was used to mop his brow. The bib-fronted trousers, called *overalls* or *farmer pants*, kept manure and dirt off his shirts.



Fistfight at the A & K Feed Store



Wendell's Corners, Wisconsin, in 1890.

The back-breaking work on the farm created a rough breed of man. A farmboy who was quick with his fists was respected by all. The Midwest was a place where the nearest law might be blocks away and fistfights were a common way of settling differences.

Probably the most famous fistfight took place at the A&K Feed Store in Wendell's Corners, Wisconsin, in 1890. The Borgerson brothers, Gustav, Arne, and Kyle, and a veterinarian friend, Dr. Wooster, went in the A&K Feed Store to buy cucumber seed. The owners of the store, Zedekiah and Asa Fife, refused to sell the seed at a price they had allegedly quoted a week earlier. Kyle Borgerson told Asa Fife to step outside. Two friends of the Fifes, Frank and Herbert Eggenhoffer, joined the men as they spilled into the street, pulling off their coats and squaring off for the showdown. In a few minutes, it was over. Asa Fife was sprawled in the street, suffering from a bloody nose. Herbert Eggenhoffer caught Doc Wooster's punch in the stomach, reeled back against the store wall, and tore his coat. Frank Eggenhoffer managed to bend Gustav Borgerson's glasses and rip his collar before Arne Borgerson slapped him and kicked his shins. Many years later, Kyle Borgerson wrote in his biography: "The Fifes wanted us to pay their cleaning bills, but we told them to go straight to tarnation!"

EVEN BLUEGIRLS

continued from page 44

"Little Sure Shot," and in so doing added to our dear Annie's confusion about herself. Sitting Bull joined Cody's show, in fact, because he was told that Annie was part of the troupe. Only then did he sign up for a four-month hitch at fifty dollars per week.

(But what of Dr. Weiner? All the readers of *E.B.G.T.C.* are clamoring for the appearance of this rake, this devilishly winning fellow. Patience, readers.)

Annie was growing more distraught by the day. Frank was a good husband, and business never interfered with their private life. But when she asked him, "Frank, who am I?" all he could answer was, "Why, you're Annie Oakley, darlin'!" It didn't help.

Perhaps that's why she spent so much time with the Chief. At his knee, she found someone whose quietly growing despair matched her own. Sitting Bull was one of the last of the great Sioux leaders. He knew his people had lost their war with the white man. (The author wishes to state here and now that he thinks the white man's destruction of the

red man's way of life was a terrible thing. The author's theory is that it had a lot to do with the white man coming from a meat-eating culture, but there's not space enough to fully expound on this here. Look for it in the author's next book, if he writes one. As if he won't—God, but the author is outrageous!) And so the two of them had long conversations, marathon sessions of commiseration, like two double-you's asking each other why they're not called double-vee's.

"I'm a man in a woman's body, Chief," Annie might say.

"You!" he'd reply. "You think you got troubles! I'm a remnant of a dead civilization. I go to Washington to complain, they laugh in my face. I go on a national tour to take my case to the people, they all want autographs like I'm Ned Buntline the writer. I try to go back to my village, the old folks are all dead, killed in the wars with the Army, and the young ones all spit on my shadow and call me an Uncle Tom-tom."

Then Annie might shake her head. "Neither of us can keep up with our changing society."

"And another thing," the Chief

continued on page 96

The first all-illustrated heroic fantasy epic!

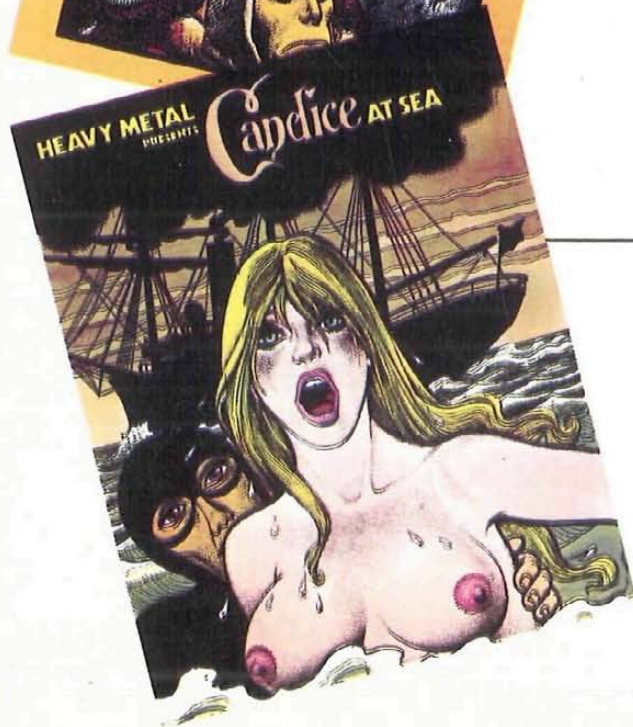
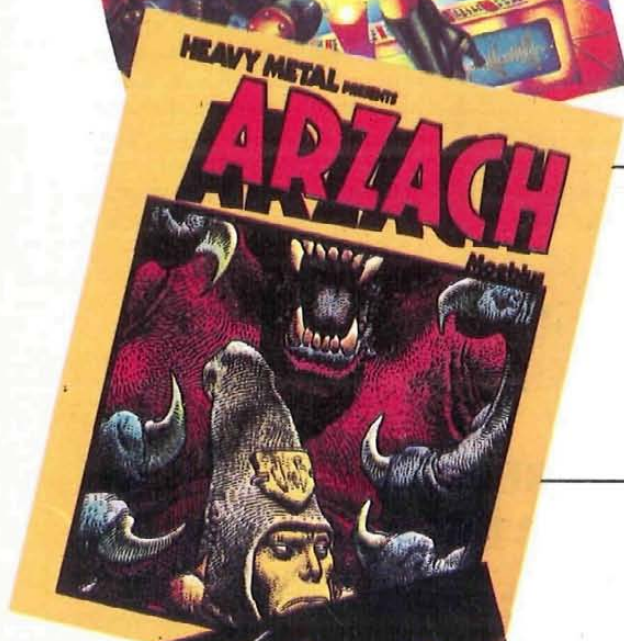
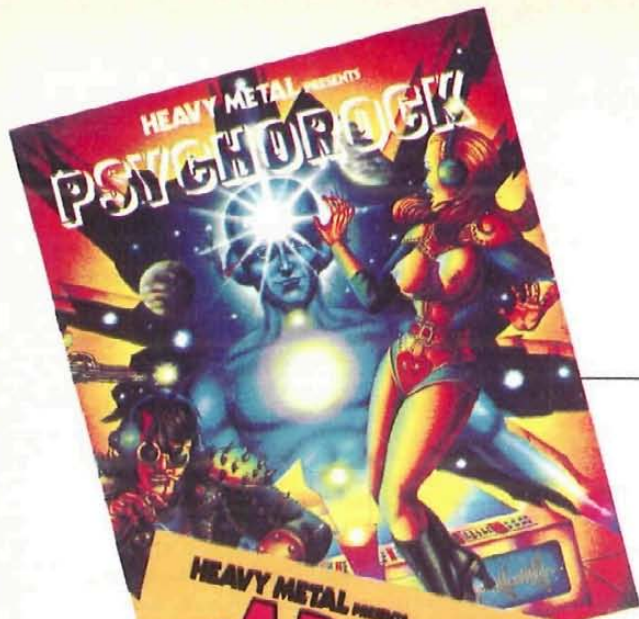


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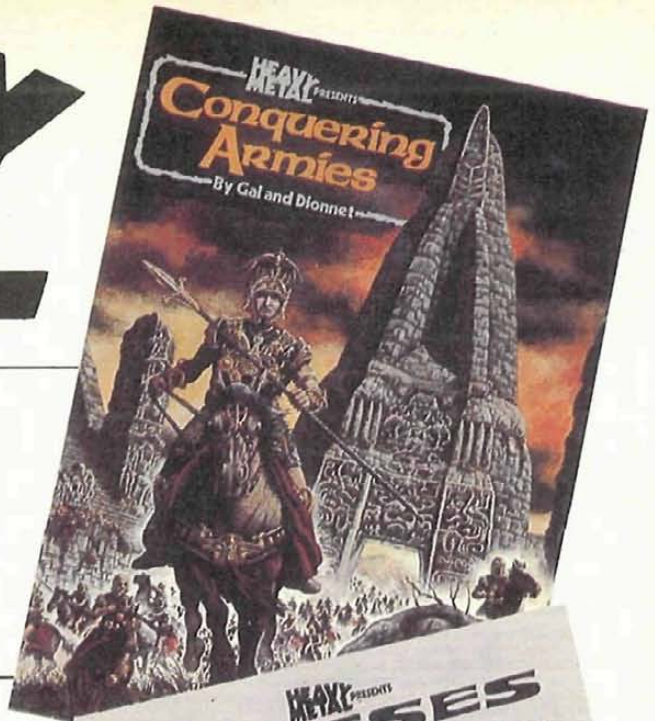
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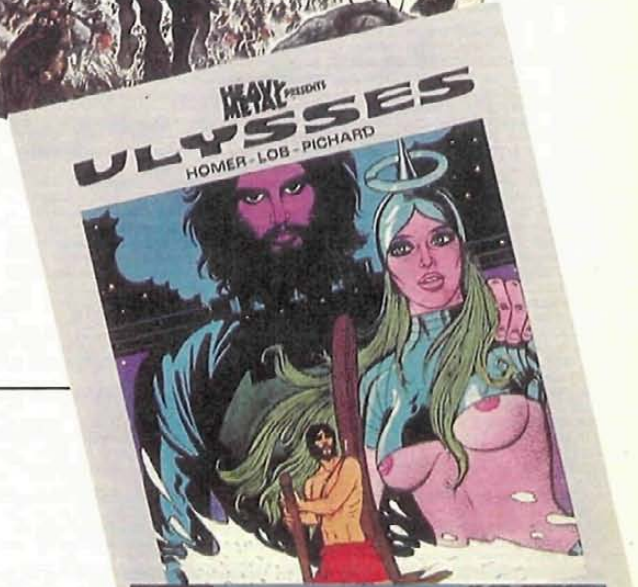
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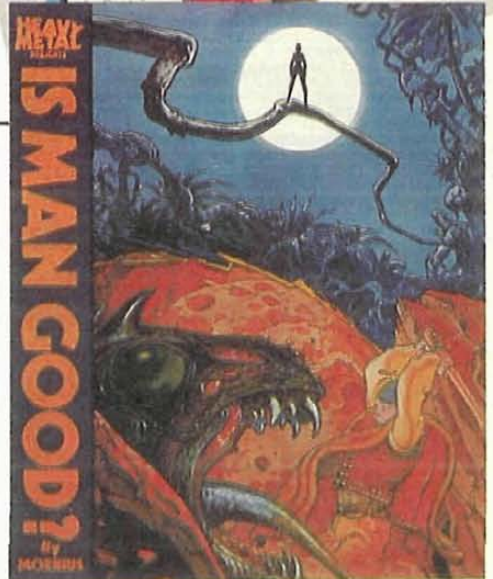
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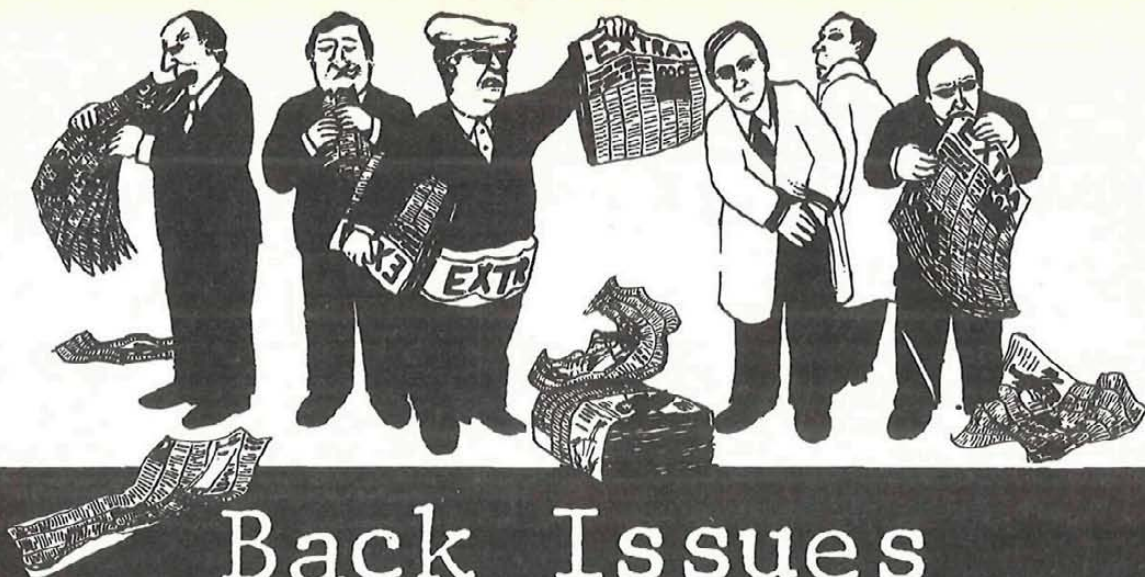
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APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgermobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Corme Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos n Andy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Family, 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' Homophunies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

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

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitetove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al 'Tan-tum' O'Neil's Temper Tix, and Bad Day.

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 Counties You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farm ers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomic 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 Stores, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Ballart Comics.

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

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

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

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, Historia de Amor, An Evening at Dingelbernes, 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 *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Dairy, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

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

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fag Hag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hoovr, Mel Brooks is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Burns.

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

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

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, Shrieking, and Hero the Handcapped.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption and natural gas.

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scienterrific American* parody.

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.

MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Poisonous Junk, Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast.

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, T.V. magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance*, and Dinah's Dumpster.

MAY, 1977/GAY ISH: With *Better Homes and Closets* magazine, *Frosts—An Oral History*, a report on Navajomos, Goddam Faggots! by Rodrigues, and the Truman Capote parody.

JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross.

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance.

AUGUST, 1977/CHEAP THRILLS: With *Wasted Times* magazine, More Tales of Uncle Mike, Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon*? Sleeping with the Stars, and *Kickz*.

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With the health facts, *insurance madness*, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything.

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Moptop Favourite Fabgearbeat Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.

NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York.

DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement.

JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Crellins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World.

FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW: With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euronazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food.

MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless... Crimes, and Just Deserts.

APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING: With The Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama.

MAY, 1978/FAMILIES: With the Spritz Family Rubinstein, a Nancy Drew parody, "How Did I Get Here?" Earth's Fertile Yield, and the debut of Claire Bretecher.

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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● At seven o'clock on a Tuesday morning, Margret Radovich, fifty, of Homewood, Illinois, shot her husband Theodore, fifty-six, twice in the chest while he slept. Some time later she got into the bed herself and fell asleep. Theodore regained consciousness about 3:00 A.M. on Wednesday and, finding his wife next to him, pulled the gun out of her hand and shot her once in each leg. He then attempted to throw the gun out a window, but it fell back into the room. Mrs. Radovich found and reloaded the gun.

While Mr. Radovich crawled into another part of the house, she crawled after him and shot him in the mouth. He managed to crawl away, and she then shot herself while he broke a window and called for help.

Police found Mrs. Radovich on the floor, but before they could reach her she took one more shot, at her husband. The shot missed and she fell, dead. *Newsday* (contributed by Michael Jaccarino)

● Orange County, California. Superior Court has ordered a local hospital to pay \$250,000 to a Huntington Beach woman who suffered "permanent lung damage following an improperly administered enema." *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* (contributed by Phil Worley)

● A retired German army officer was hospitalized in Cologne as a result of skin infections caused by wearing military medals pinned to his naked chest. The officer served in the WW II Wehrmacht and in the West German Bundeswehr and had

reportedly found it difficult to adjust to civilian life. His wife told doctors that he wore the iron cross and similar decorations to bed and ran up the flag in their bedroom. *Manila Philippines Times Journal* (contributed by Mike McCann)

● It took seventy Tokyo police to subdue ten drunken members of a Japanese college judo team as they ram-paged through a downtown city street. During the melee, the athletes assaulted three workmen for "glaring" at them, and battered a twenty-

four-year-old restaurant cook because he wore an unattractive Hawaiian shirt. *Honolulu Advertiser* (contributed by John Fujiyoshi)

● Mr. and Mrs. Victor Roy III of Louisiana instituted legal proceedings against the South Central Bell Telephone Company, alleging a company repairman failed to report to the Roys' home at the specified time. The Roys' complaint stated the inconvenience caused the plaintiffs to be placed in a "terrible mood," occasioning family bickering and a canned chili

dinner. The couple made a demand of \$500, which sum they had spent on a weekend trip to New Orleans to alleviate their depression. *Chicago Sun Times* (contributed by Bill Frantz)

● An estimated fifty women were tricked into exposing their breasts in public by a Minneapolis phone caller before he was arrested and bound over for psychiatric evaluation.

"Dr. Dirty," as he was dubbed by the police, would call up mothers who were awaiting the results of blood tests performed on their newborn infants and tell them he was a supervising physician. Dr. Dirty asserted the babies were ill, and had to be breast fed to recover. He then instructed his victims to manipulate their breasts in front of a mirror while describing the sensation to him. Finally, a treatment of "embarrassment" was prescribed, wherein the mothers were told they must increase the flow of their milk by placing themselves in a suitably disconcerting situation, such as publicly exposing their breasts.

The caller required the women to cut the trunk section off a pair of pantyhose, pull it up over their torsos, allowing the nipples to protrude through holes cut in the fabric, and then walk to shopping centers, hospitals, or other crowded places. There, a "doctor" would supposedly meet the women in their sufficiently embarrassed states and render the conclusion of his treatment.

Dr. Dirty is in his forties and lives with his wife and children. *AP* (contributed by Jon Fundingsand)

LIVES OF THE GREAT

THIS MONTH:
GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
(1880-1964)

MEMORABLE QUOTE: "IN WAR, A NATION WHICH DOES NOT WIN, MUST FACE THE CONSEQUENCES OF DEFEAT."

IN THE PHILIPPINES, MACARTHUR USED AN ARMY JEEP WHILE TRAVELING WITH HIS TROOPS BUT WHEN ALONE PREFERRED A PACKARD LIMOUSINE WHICH HE KEPT STOWED IN THE JUNGLE.

MACARTHUR WAS PLAGUED BY ATTACKS OF NAUSEA DURING MOMENTS OF TENSION ONCE, FOLLOWING A HEATED DEBATE WITH FDR, HE VOMITED AT THE PRESIDENT'S FEET ON THE STEPS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

ON JANUARY 26, 1942, MACARTHUR CELEBRATED HIS BIRTHDAY WITH A SURPRISE ATTACK ON THE JAPANESE TO BOOST THE MORALE OF HIS TIRED TROOPS, HE CLAIMED

WHEN MACARTHUR ARRIVED AT WEST POINT IN 1899, HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS SOMEWHAT OVERBEARING MOTHER, WHO REMAINED NEARBY UNTIL 1901, MAKING THE YOUNG CAPTAIN THE A TARGET OF MUCH HAZING.

T

Spoilers

Here are the endings to some things which you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

BOOKS

The Human Factor by Graham Greene: The leak in section 6A of the British Secret Service is discovered, but the wrong man, Davis, is murdered by Dr. Percivale. Castle, the real double agent, defects to Russia, where he must live without the wife and child he adores.

Bloodline by Sidney Sheldon: Elizabeth Roffe becomes head of the pharmaceutical empire when her father dies, realizes her family is plotting against her, and marries Rhys Williams, her father's right-hand man. She discovers her father was murdered, becomes the target of assassins herself, and eventually finds out that her trusted cousin, Sir Alec Nichols, is the real villain.

MOVIES

Straight Time: Dustin Hoffman meets a nice girl after being released from prison, but is driven back to crime by a swinish parole officer. The girl stands by him as he jumps parole, pulls robberies, kills a cop and a disloyal accomplice, and leaves him only when he puts her on a bus for home and heads off into the desert to escape the law.

An Unmarried Woman: After her stockbroker husband leaves her for a younger woman, Jill Clayburgh wanders the streets of New York throwing up in trash cans. She eventually gets it together with the help of a therapist and has an affair with Alan Bates. In the end her husband returns, but she rejects him and Bates for a life of independence.

The Big Sleep: Private eye Robert Mitchum is hired by dying millionaire James Stewart to locate the old

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man's missing son-in-law. The detective discovers that Stewart's younger daughter murdered her brother-in-law after he spurned her sexual advances. He allows the old man to die in peace, unaware of the real truth of the son-in-law's disappearance.

The Fury: Kirk Douglas employs psychic Carrie Snodgrass to help find his psychic son, who is being held by John Cassavetes. In the end, the boy unleashes his powers in a fury. He kills his father and himself, and Snodgrass destroys Cassavetes.

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Bullshit

"It seems an absolute witch hunt. They're after him because he's rich, famous, and completely brilliant. It's so unjust—"

—Jacqueline Bisset, re-director Roman Polanski, in *W* (a New York fashion industry gossip sheet).

"It may sound callous, but in a free economy where people have to pay for psychiatric care out of their own pockets, the fact that such care is expensive can be a way of differentiating be-

E

tween those who really want and need treatment and those who might like it but don't think it's too important to them."

—Dr. Jonas Robitsheer, interviewed in "Do Psychiatrists Have Too Much Power?" *U.S. News and World Report*, February 27, 1978.

"Do you feel guilt for living well, while the poor guy can only watch?"

Neiman looks shocked at the question. "No, I'm not guilty at all. I'm working for them! It's not easy to be in attendance at these things all the time. When I go to a snob occasion, the working-class slob is there too, because I take my background with me. I never put down a waiter...of course, I won't put up with any shit if he's rude.

"It's not easy at all," LeRoy, says. "I have rules I live by. I am very wary of yachts. I don't go on weekends on great estates. I don't go to parties around acquisitions of one of my paintings. I stay away from condominiums and ski resorts. It's not easy having these things."

—LeRoy Neiman, interviewed by Robert Ward in "The Playboy of the Western Art World," *New Times*, February 6, 1978.

"There is no such thing as organized crime."

—Meyer Lansky, in "Meyer Lansky Speaks Out," by Milt Sosin, *The Atlanta Journal* and *The Atlanta Constitution* "Weekend" section, February 11, 1978.

"That magazine article was the moral equivalent of murdering 6 million Jews."

—an unnamed "famous Hollywood producer" commenting on a Sunday *New York Times Magazine* story about the David Begelman forgery scandal at Columbia pictures, as reported by columnist Liz Smith, *New York Daily News*, March 17, 1978.

Great Inventions of the Recent Past



AP Laserphoto

Mrs. Vera Leonard, a staff nurse at Wesley Long Hospital in Greensboro, North Carolina, demonstrates her baby evacuation gown, to be used for evacuating babies in case babies need to be evacuated. Patent is pending.

T**Literary
Notes**

The National Lampoon True Section has obtained, from anonymous sources, copies of Federal Bureau of Investigation files on best-selling novelist Taylor Caldwell. Miss Caldwell, whose "true name," according to the FBI, "is Mrs. Janet T. C. Reback," is the author of The Earth Is the Lord's, Captains and Kings, and a number of other popular works. The following is a synopsis of the material in these files, and all quotes herein are taken directly from them. In presenting this information we certainly presume no judgment of Miss Caldwell, and God only knows how we'd even begin to judge the FBI.

FBI files on Miss Caldwell apparently date back to at least 1960, when she was interviewed by a special agent of the Bureau in connection with a piece she wrote for *The American Mercury* in which she "alleged that an unnamed, American-born distinguished professor, in one of the large universities, was a Communist." Without explaining why such a story should need investigation, the FBI states, "When an attempt was made by a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to arrange an interview with Miss Caldwell concerning this story, her husband, Marcus Reback, a former official of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service...stated it would serve no purpose for the Federal Bureau of Investigation to interview Miss Caldwell regarding the article in 'The American Mercury' because the unnamed professor was non-existent, a figment of Miss Caldwell's imagination and a hypothetical situation employed by Miss Caldwell to provoke public opinion."

On another occasion, in September of 1964, the Bureau sought to investigate some other, unspecified, matter concerning Miss Caldwell

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and entered the following notation into her file: "...when Miss Caldwell was being interviewed by a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the presence of her husband concerning an occurrence she had brought to the attention of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Miss Caldwell's husband flatly stated that the true circumstances of the occurrence were completely different from the version given by Miss Caldwell, after which the latter materially modified her earlier statement."

Then, on June 4, 1968, shortly after the assassination of Martin Luther King, the Buffalo office of the FBI received a letter from Miss Caldwell in which she stated that a "terrified Negro businessman" friend of hers in New York had written to her the previous October and warned her that a "prominent Negro leader" was to be assassinated "or at least badly injured" in early 1968. The purpose of this assault was to be to start "nation-wide riots against 'right wing extremists.'" She then said that her friend had now written to her again to say that something even worse was going to happen soon.

An FBI agent called Miss Caldwell on the day that the letter was received and asked her to forward her friend's correspondence to the Bureau. The "telephonic interview" between Miss Caldwell and the agent was thus, in part, summarized: "She first replied that this would be a violation of her promise to destroy her friend's letters. She then stated possibly she could Xerox the letters, and send the Xerox copies to the FBI and then destroy the originals, which would mean she was honoring her promise. Finally she stated that doing this would bother her conscience..."

The next day Robert Kennedy was assassinated. And

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the day after that, Miss Caldwell called the FBI to say that after her June 4 conversation with the Bureau agent she had gone outside to plant flowers, and that while she was so engaged a young Negro man had ridden up on a motorbike and said: "'Did you tell the Secret Service what our friend in New York wanted you to tell them?'"

"Miss Caldwell said she replied, 'You mean about the Negro woman?'"

"The young man allegedly said, 'No! No! You've got that mixed up.'"

"Miss Caldwell allegedly replied, 'I told the FBI.'"

"The young Negro man then allegedly replied, 'You should have told the Secret Service. Anyway, it's too late now.'"

The FBI attached the following note to its record of this conversation: "Miss Caldwell is now attempting to twist information recently furnished by her as evidencing advance information concerning the death of Senator Kennedy, despite available facts set forth in referenced LHM [apparently an acronym for a type of FBI file or intra-Bureau communication] definitely indicating otherwise." And, in a covering letter attached to the files which we received, that agency further notes:

"The [attached] communications and a review of Buffalo Office files reflect that Taylor Caldwell... is a world famous novelist, that she is an inveterate letter writer, possessed of a vivid imagination, and is inclined to intermingle fact with fiction indiscriminately... No action, other than possible dissemination at the Seat of Government... is recommended, on the basis that prior experience with Miss Caldwell reflects she is unreliable and possibly demented."

The True Section's best wishes go out to both sides of this interesting relationship.

E**Misc.
Quotes**

The following query appeared in the *Providence, Rhode Island, Journal's* "Action Line" column:

Q. My problem stems from a homicide. The victim was my wife, who was employed at Providence Police Headquarters for about three years until her death in 1976. Since then, I have been detained at the Adult Correctional Institution. The issue in question is her pension plan, into which she paid on a weekly basis. To whom do I apply to get a copy of her account and how can I acquire the money in her account?

A.D., Cranston

"A.D.," it seems, is serving forty years for second degree murder as the result of his wife's death. The *Journal* pointed out that it was unlikely that he would be eligible to collect anything from the pension fund.

**TRUE
Masthead**

Edited by P.J. O'Rourke and Tod Carroll
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"Spoilers" by Danny Abelson
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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

What's Your Sign?



Pedar Ness



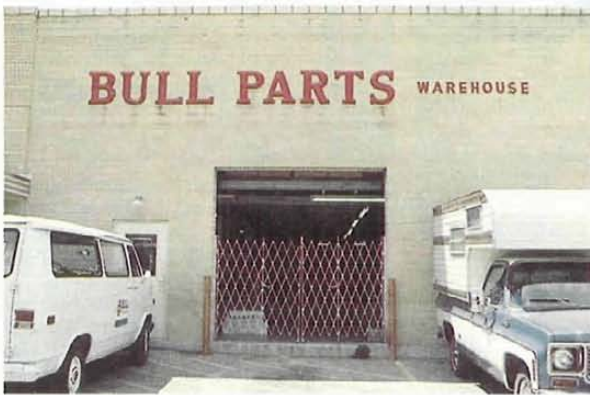
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Alan Rose



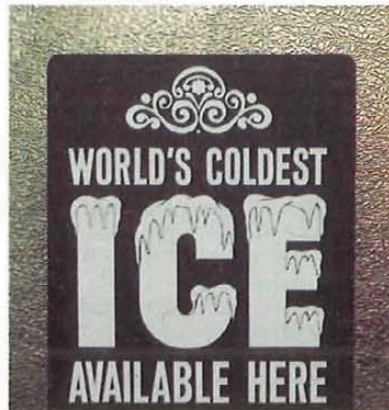
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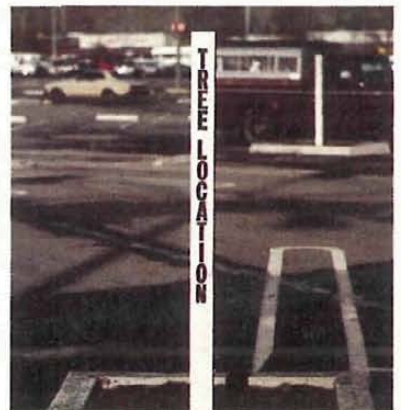
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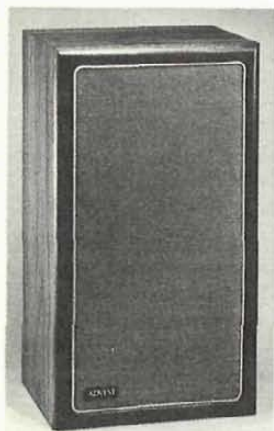
Pedar Ness

You Are Helplessly Hypnotized!



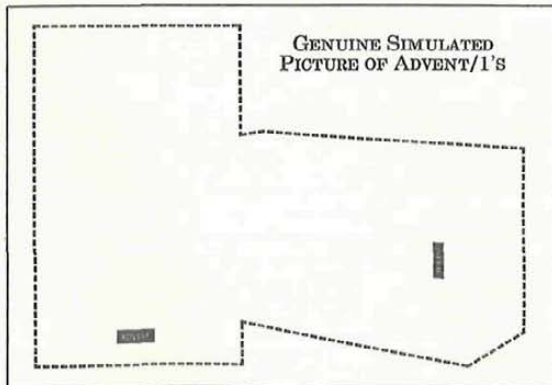
Now.

Do not struggle. Read this ad.
It is about some of Advent's stereo equipment, which is terrific.



Por ejemplo, if you need a fantastically good speaker for only \$129*-\$159* (depending on cabinet finish and how far it's been shipped), here is the New Advent Loudspeaker—a new version of this country's most popular and imitated speaker over the past few years. It covers the whole audible frequency range as snugly as a down sleeping bag, and will cause you to sing and dance as never before.

You can also chant and/or boogie (depending on your guru) to a pair of even newer speakers, the Advent/1's. They cost less (\$100* to \$126* each, depending on aforementioned considerations) and are smaller, but they have very similar overall per-



formance. These speakers are so good for the money that we are tempted to keep them all for ourselves and Uncle Marvin†, whom we like a lot.

And when it comes to the dear vehicle you pollute down the road in, you can and must hear a

*Suggested price, subject to change without notice.

pair of Advent EQ-1 powered, equalized car speakers. They are the first speakers thoroughly engineered to sound right in a car. And if they don't win the Nobel Car Speaker prize, you can bet the whole thing is rigged. The cost (piffling) is \$180*.

So. You will wake up and remember all this. Right now!

Hello there. And thank you.

†Uncle Marvin is always inviting us down to his fun-filled tropical paradise, Cannabis Sativa. You would like him too.



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- Yes, I don't want to make a million in real estate in my spare time!
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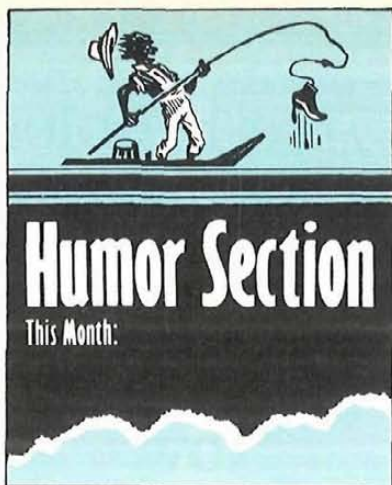
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MEMOIRS

by Richard M. Nixon

as told to Jeff Greenfield

Editor's Note: Memoirs may be the most important book published in this century. In its pages you will hear the inside story of the Nixon Administration told by the man who was most fully inside it. Facts are revealed and fallacies dispelled in this compelling and incisive work. Fallacies are laid bare and facts are brought to light and the fallacies that were held by many are shown to be fallacy by the facts. Until now, a cloud of facts and fallacies has obscured the Nixon White House years, but, with the publication of Memoirs, fallacies are laid to rest and all the facts are at last spread out upon the table—fact and fallacy alike—for all to see.

The National Lampoon is proud to present the first condensed edition of Memoirs. It is hoped that a carefully prepared condensation will aid in making this milestone work accessible to the largest possible number of Americans.

Chapter 1

I was born in the house my father built.

Now let me be completely accurate. I do not wish to leave even the inference or possibility of misspeaking myself. My father did not actually "build" the house in the sense that he, personally, drove every nail and planed every plank. Certain persons in the national media, whose rights I of course fully respect, would just love to find even a hint of inaccuracy or misspeaking in this account. I will not give them that opportunity.

My mother, who was a saint, provided most of the funds, since my fa-

ther, through no fault of his own, was never able to earn enough money to support us, so that I walked to the school some others drove to in their fancy cars, from which they laughed at me and all those who had to work hard for a living. Which it was their right to do. We did not go on welfare or take food stamps. But still, it was a lively home, resounding with the sounds of my father beating his head against the wall of the house he had built.

With help.

Chapter 2

All of my life, I have been blessed with the love and affection of my wife, Pat. There are those who enjoy mocking the tradition of married love, and who would tear down the values of decency and honor and truth—who are entitled to their opinions—who assert that ours was a less than physically fulfilled marriage.

I can only say that my relationship with Pat was exciting, rewarding, and deeply fulfilling in every sense of those words.

Both times.

Chapter 3

When World War II broke out, I answered the call of my country. True, I was not one of those so-called heroes who won medals after jeopardizing the lives of their crew members by crashing, oh, for instance, a PT boat and getting dumped in the ocean and luckily making it to an island and getting movies with Cliff Robertson made about them and making tie clasps, which I'm sure they deserved, of course.

I was one of the quiet ones, the unsung ones. When one of those duty roster sheets comes across your desk, and it's up to you to assign an officer to an air transport unit, and one mistake, like putting a cerebral palsy victim at the controls of a bomber, could mean disaster...well, that kind of pressure is something you either live through or don't. So, without a wealthy father to turn a disastrous mistake into a heroic book and movie and tie clasp—not that I have anything against men of wealth, mind you, even if they did make their money selling bootleg liquor—I went back to California, where I found my life's work.

Chapter 4

I was first elected to Congress in 1946. Since then, many people who are, perhaps, too fond of Russian dressing, but who are entitled to their

continued

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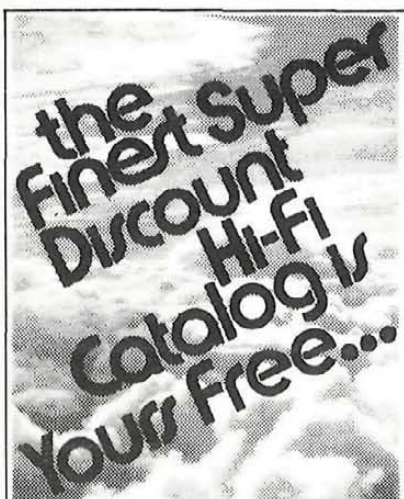
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HUMOR SECTION

continued

views on food or politics or world conquest, have suggested that I ran a dirty campaign.

This is typical of the kind of accusations that have marked my career. The first memo I wrote to my campaign staff said explicitly that "I want this to be the cleanest campaign in history." And it was. All paper cups, old newspapers, and lists of campaign contributors were shredded and destroyed every day. Everyone wore coats and ties, or if they were women, or enjoyed fashion trends like my brother Donald did, ruffled blouses. We were given a special citation by the Whittier Department of Sanitation. But it's always hard for truth to catch up to the distortions spread by those who attend Pete Seeger concerts and know all the words to "The Internationale."

Then and there, I vowed to spend my life fighting Communism and all who would turn our land into a prison of horror and death, which those in favor of horror and death have every right to advocate, provided they recognize our right to keep them out of our government, schools, and movies.

Chapter 5

In 1952, I was chosen to run as vice-president with Dwight Eisenhower—one of the greatest Americans I ever met, and whose oversight in never inviting me into his home in all the years I knew him I never resented for a minute (it must have been awful inside, what with all of Mamie's liquor bottles lying around). In the middle of the campaign, certain people who have season tickets to the Bolshoi Ballet charged that I had misused some money given me by friends and supporters.

So I went on television and talked about our little dog, Checkers. It was one of the most grueling experiences of my life. To make that speech with all those cameramen and technicians laughing, and with that dog gnawing at my ankle—well, that's one of those quiet "profiles in courage" the news media never seem to write about.

After eight years as vice-president, I was chosen to run for president against a nice young man whose personal habits I have always felt were never as bad as others thought, and which, of course, reporters never wrote about because of the large sums

of money this nice young man and his father managed to leave lying around pressrooms—which it is their right to leave around. I would have won, but just before our first debate, a makeup man with a heavy Eastern European accent put something in my coffee, which somehow ended up all over my face. On Election Day, thousands of votes were stolen from me in Illinois and Texas, but I never challenged the results—even though I could have won—because I wanted to preserve our constitutional system of government.

I always say it's important to learn from your mistakes.

Chapter 6

In 1968, I was elected president—and swiftly moved to heal the divisions and hatred in our country.

For example, I found a huge division between the young people on our campuses—many of whom did not take dangerous drugs and actively support our Communist enemies who were killing American soldiers and agitating among the Negro people except for those like Sammy Davis, Jr.—and our law enforcement officers. I quickly established a series of face-to-face, on-campus meetings, at which they could "rap" (as the kids now say) and "let it all hang out." These encounter groups, at places such as Jackson State and Kent State, were so effective that young people were quickly persuaded to work within our system, and the campuses quieted down very swiftly.

I also moved to restore efficiency in government. For example, expensive office space in the White House basement was going to waste. I quickly filled those offices with some of the most creative electronics experts in America, opening new vistas in telephonic technology and postal examination.

Unfortunately, in 1974, certain people in the national press with large noses and foreign-sounding names, whose parents came here to flee the draft and to lend money at usurious sums, weakened my political base. I of course knew nothing about the events they so endlessly described—in fact, I paid so little attention to these events that I had to spend several hours a day finding out what I didn't know, and when I didn't know it. About this time, I fulfilled a long-standing goal to leave public service, and to embark on a new and rewarding career in the private sector of government. □

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ever you care to hit with the ball ■ Pick your own nickname—Babe, Too-Tall, Queenie, et al. ■ It's a white shirt, beautifully printed in St. Louis blue and made from 100 percent machine washable cotton ■ The girl, incidentally, is on the team. She's Karen Allen of the forthcoming *National Lampoon's Animal House* film.

You can buy the shirt—or nine of them—for \$6.00 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for postage and handling.

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would say wisely. "Here I am working for a man who's been a field general in battles against other red men. You and me, we're both crazy, Little Sure Shot. We need a specialist."

5

The house physician for the Wild West show, a Dr. Robbins, referred the pair of them to a traveling phrenologist in the area at the time, one Dr. Weiner. If Annie was a woman of fingers, then Dr. Weiner—with his ineptly-trimmed yet charming moustache hanging like an ineptly-trimmed yet charming caterpillar above his upper lip—was a man of the head. Ms. Fingers, meet Mr. Head.

Annie regarded Dr. Weiner with suspicion at first.

"What-all do you phrenologizers do, Doc?" she asked in her unconvincing hick accent.

"We feel the bumps on people's skulls and tell them why they're unhappy," the doctor replied. "Sort of like a nineteenth century form of psychiatry."

"A head-feeler, huh? 'Zat mean you think Ah'm crazy?"

"Well now, let's not—hello, may I see your fingers for a moment?"

They had caught his eye, and he was fascinated. The Oakley sceptres. The Mozee birthright. The twin batons of the orchestra of her arms. The gun barrels of the five-shooters of her hands. The educated toes of the Lou Groza-feet of her wrists.

"These are remarkable," he said warmly. "Will you marry me?"

"Ah'm already married, doc."

"Ah. Well, I'll have to tell you my philosophy of life, then."

"And then I'll tell you mine."

"We'll see." He settled back on a chair he had not imagined, looked around the room he had neglected to describe, and began. "Popular art goes in for the quick kill, both in the selling and in the consuming. Take the novel. (Please.)" (Note: the author couldn't resist.) "But seriously: if it can make this quick kill without pretense to intelligence or insight, it will. If it can do this while seeming to be profound, so much the better. Everyone has feelings they want to express. Many of these feelings are predictable, universal, common: they're clichés waiting to be born, no matter how sincerely felt they are. This is not a bad thing, by the

way. What the popular artist does is exploit these feelings, either by working on them (as in Colonel Cody's heroic melodramas) or by expressing them, giving them voice—as in the case of pop romances.

"Now, the artist who can do this, and combine this attention to the superficial level of emotional experience with attention to an equally superficial intellectual level, can make a mint, so long as it seems 'profound'—or 'deep,' as we used to say. For then not only has he (or she) given expression to the clichéd sentiment, he (or she) has tapped the rich lode of clichéd opinion."

"Are you crazy yerself, doc?" Annie asked warily.

"No, and neither are you. That's what I've come here to tell you."

"Then how come I feel so weird all the time? Like I'm not really a real person?"

"Because you're a character in a badly-written popular novel. I wrote you, and have used you as a mouthpiece to spout my half-baked profundities, fortune-cookie insights, and undergraduate analysis of life. I've described you in a way that suggests a decent, down-home, fairly innocent country girl—and then had you utter the most unconvincing, wooden, artificial, and contrived passages of claptrap since *The Fountainhead*. How could you know who you are? The only character who can possibly know who he or she is in these pages is me. And I don't let you or anyone forget it. I parade my learning. I condescend. I affect a sweet tone. I posture. I patronize. I use parenthetical asides like a nervous adolescent writing a love letter. I use coyness and whimsy like a blunt instrument, and bludgeon my readers to death with it. And they love it, God help me. They love it."

"Then it's not my fault?" Annie asked, her face brightening with relief.

"Good Lord, no. You're fine. You can go now."

"But I really don't feel any better," she said.

"Don't worry," Dr. Weiner said, rising from his chair. "You will. You have a good marriage, and you're good at what you do. You'll go down in history as the greatest woman sharpshooter of all time—and you brought a lot of people pleasure. You led a good life and set a good example." And here the doctor—what a scalawag!—kissed Annie on the fore-

head. "Now go be happy, and get the hell out of this novel!"

"But what about you?" she asked, a tear in her dear eye.

"Me? Ultimately I'll be remembered as just another hack. But these days, dot dot dot..." And here he winked in an outrageous and raffish and sexy and good-humored manner, smiling under his ineptly trimmed moustache—"these days people think I'm one helluva writer."

Special Bonus Parable

In a place out of doors, near woods and meadows, on a hill, grows a daisy. Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Karl Marx, and the Army Corps of Engineers walk up to it.

Confucius looks at it and says: "A flower. Very nice."

Buddha looks at it and says: "It manifests perfect suchness. Very nice."

Jesus looks at it and says: "Glory to God in the highest. Very nice."

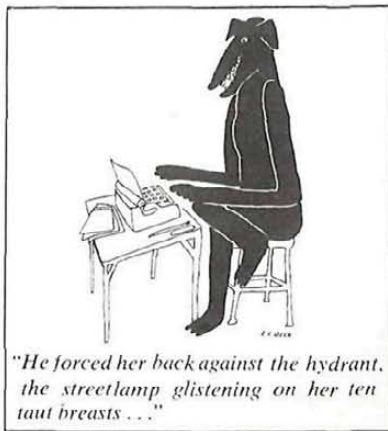
Karl Marx looks at it and says: "Nature. Very nice."

The Army Corps of Engineers look at it and say: "Can do."

Working in cooperation with the local Energy Resources and Development Administration, they uproot the flower, level the hill, strip the ground bare, and erect a breeder-reactor facility. The U.S. government underwrites the construction and maintenance of the unit, with principal contracts awarded to General Electric, Honeywell, and Union Carbide.

Then a man and a woman walk up to the site. He is half nude, bearded, and carries a crude wooden flute, which he tootles from time to time. She carries a basket of mushrooms and herbs, wears violets entwined in her hair, and her belly and breasts bear the stretch marks of childbirth.

"Where's the flower?" they ask the guard at the electrified gate. □



The mystique of Monte Alban Mezcal.

For years, there's been a rumor going around that in Mexico you can buy a certain kind of liquor that comes with a worm in every bottle.

That rumor is not only true, it's delicious. The liquor is called Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. And the story behind it is fascinating.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Spanish *conquistadores* had done what they had come to Mexico to do: conquer the New World. And because the Spaniards were running out of their traditional rum, they celebrated with the distilled juice of the *agave* cactus. This they called Mezcal.



Today's Mezcal is an intriguing liquor, being both potent and smooth. Not to mention mellow and downright delicious. Now comes the best part. Inside every *agave* cactus live tasty little *agave* worms. *Agave* worms are so particular, they're only found in that one species. It



is for this reason that genuine Mezcal, made from the *agave* cactus in Oaxaca province, is bottled with a genuine *agave* worm.

As with other traditions that are hundreds of years old, a certain mystique has been built up around the ritual of consuming Mezcal and its *agave* worm. Most knowledgeable people drink it like tequila; that is, with a lick of salt and a bite of lime. For true tradition, use the mixture of sea-salt and spices in the bag attached to the bottle. The worm is said by some to be the key to wondrous experiences. Others claim it sets free a spirit of celebration.

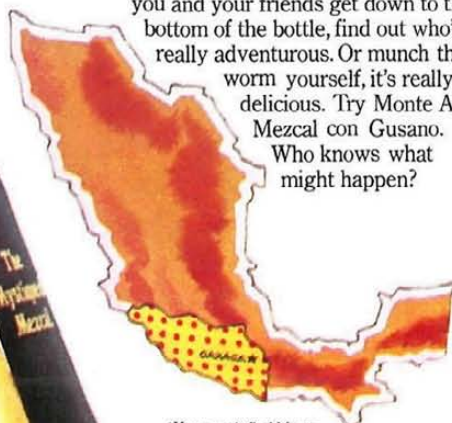
Whatever the truth, we know that *agave* worms are a very popular delicacy in Mexico.

And why should the Mexicans have Mezcal all to themselves? Now, for the first



time, you can buy Mexico's leading brand of Mezcal—Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano—in the United States. Each bottle is genuine Mezcal from the region of Oaxaca. For proof, just look inside the bottle.

Monte Alban Mezcal opens up whole new worlds to conquer. Bring it along to your next party. Enlighten people on its heritage. Demonstrate how to drink it. Make mixed drinks with it, too. And when you and your friends get down to the bottom of the bottle, find out who's really adventurous. Or munch the worm yourself, it's really delicious. Try Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. Who knows what might happen?



*If you can't find Monte Alban at your favorite liquor store please drop a card to Bill Rogers, P.O. Box 1240, Chicago, IL 60601. He'll be glad to help.



Monte Alban. Authentic Mexican Mezcal. The proof is in every bottle.

©1978. Monte Alban Mezcal. 80 Proof. Imported exclusively by Stuart Rhodes, Ltd., New York, New York. Available in the United States in 750 ml. (25.4 oz.) bottles.

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Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



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

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar,"
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

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