

*Strip Poker Driving Much Too Fast
How to Cheat Your Friends and Family*

NATIONAL LAMPPOON®

IND
34490

Mar. 1979

The Humorous Magazine

\$1.50



CHANCE

McAfee



*and
A Horrible Curse from a Broken Chain Letter*

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

“I want the best taste
I can get.
I get it from Winston.”

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



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

Soft Pack or Box.

NEW HOPE FOR THE HARD-CORE READER.

Now there's a book club for people who read and read a lot called QPB. It features great books by great writers in full-size, quality softcover editions. The savings up to 65% over the hardcover prices. The reasoning: If you don't judge a book by its cover, why pay for the cover?

QPB has a very simple philosophy. It's a book club for people who love to read and collect important works of fiction and nonfiction, but are stunned by current bookstore prices.



339. Julia Child & Company. Julia Child. In hardcover: \$15. QPB: \$8.95. Same text, type size and number of pages. And only \$1 if it's part of your 3-book membership choice.

The QPB alternative gives you the titles you want in full-size, softcover editions. These are books printed on fine quality paper, books as permanent and durably bound as most hardcover editions.

You'll get at least one bonus point for each book or set you buy and when you've accumulated six bonus points, you will be able to pick another book or set free.

And with QPB's carefully selected list, numbering in the hundreds (many available in softcover only through QPB), no serious reader will have a problem finding books he or she has wanted to own.

253. *The Adventures Of Sherlock Holmes and The Memoirs Of Sherlock Holmes.* A. Conan Doyle (2 Vols.) Illus. QPB: \$7.95

262. *The Complete Runner.* Editors of *Runner's World.* Hardcover: \$10.95 QPB: \$4.95

278. *Saul Steinberg.* Harold Rosenberg. Hardcover: \$25 QPB: \$12.95

305. *Mysteries Of The Past.* Lionel Casson, Robert Claiborne, Brian Fagan and Walter Karp. Editor: Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr. Hardcover: \$34.95 QPB Ed: \$9.95

308. *Arthur Rex. A Legendary Novel* by Thomas Berger. Hardcover: \$10.95 QPB Ed: \$5.95

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for \$1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

135. *Fascinating Facts.* David Louis Hardcover: \$10 QPB: \$6.95

507. *The Natural Way to Draw: A Working Plan for Art Study.* Kimon Nicolaidis. Hardcover: \$8.95 QPB: \$4.50



253

151

426. *The Oxford Book Of Literary Anecdotes.* Edited by James Sutherland. Hardcover: \$15 QPB: \$5.95

348. *Peanuts Jubilee: My Life and Art with Charlie Brown and Others.* Charles M. Schulz. Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$7.95

334. *Tassajara Cooking: A Vegetarian Cooking Book and The Tassajara Bread Book.* Edward Espe Brown. (2 Vols.) Illus. QPB: \$10.90

491. *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion.* Sir James George Frazer, F.R.S., F.B.A. 1 Volume, Abridged Edition. Hardcover: \$12.95 QPB: \$7.95

366. *Dante's Inferno.* Illustrated by Gustave Doré. QPB: \$6.95

484. *The Twelve-Spoked Wheel Flashing.* Marge Piercy. Hardcover: \$7.95 QPB: \$3.95

151. *The Lord Of The Rings* J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: \$30 QPB: \$12.95

171. *Amerika, The Trial and The Castle.* Franz Kafka. (3 Vols.) Hardcover: \$22.40 QPB: \$8.35

190. *October Light.* John Gardner Illustrated by Elaine Raphael and Don Bolognese. Hardcover: \$10 QPB Ed: \$4.95

198. *The Best Of Life.* (Photos) Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$8.95

204. *The New York Times Book Of House Plants.* Joan Lee Faust (Illus.) Hardcover: \$9.95 QPB: \$6.95

472. *Moby-Dick or, The Whale* Herman Melville. Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB Ed: \$5.95



472

509

509. *The Coup.* John Updike Hardcover: \$8.95 QPB Ed: \$4.95

514. *The Stories Of John Cheever* John Cheever. Hardcover: \$15 QPB: \$7.95

485. *The People's Pharmacy: A Guide to Prescription Drugs, Home Remedies and Over-the-Counter Medications.* Joe Graedon Hardcover: \$8.95 QPB: \$3.95

499. *Shakespeare.* Anthony Burgess Hardcover: \$17.50 QPB: \$4.95

503. *To Dance.* Valery Panov, with George Feifer. Hardcover: \$15 QPB Ed: \$6.95

508. *The Birth Control Book* Howard I. Shapiro, M.D. Hardcover: \$10 QPB: \$3.95

510. *Experiencing Science.* Jeremy Bernstein. Hardcover: \$11.95 QPB Ed: \$5.95

518. *Crockett's Indoor Garden* James Underwood Crockett with the assistance of Marjorie Waters Photography by Russell Morash Hardcover: \$17.50 QPB: \$8.75

119. *The Teachings Of Don Juan, A Separate Reality and Journey To Ixtlan.* Carlos Castaneda. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: \$26.85 QPB: \$8.85

381. *The Photography Catalog* Edited by Norman Snyder with Carole Kismatic and Don Myrus (Illus.) QPB: \$7.95

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.

Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me \$3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB112-3

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want

Name _____ 9-16
(Please print clearly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

How membership works

1. You receive *QPB Review* 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new Main Selection*, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's list prices are offered at at least 20% discount off that list price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus**

- Points.** For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for \$1 each), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of the books we offer; you pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
 5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.



The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

See the
Deltas on
television every
Saturday night!



**NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S
DELTA
HOUSE**

From the producers of
ANIMAL HOUSE

"A forgery...
but a genuine
forgery...
always amusing."
—*Time Magazine*

**Saturdays 8:00 P.M.
Eastern & Pacific
7:00 P.M. Central
ABC Television Network**

**NATIONAL
LAMPOON**



Staff



Editor-in-Chief: P. J. O'Rourke Design Director: Peter Kleinman

Senior Editor: Gerald Sussman

Editors: Tod Carroll, John Weidman, John Hughes, Ted Mann

Associate Editors: Danny Abelson, Ellis Weiner

Art Director: Skip Johnston

Senior Copy Editor: Susan Devins Projects Copy Editor: Elise Cagan

Associate Art Director: Lisa Lenovitz

Designer: Woody Harding

Art Associate: Ruthanne Hamill Art Assistant: Wendy Burden

Design Coordinator: Sylvia Grant Staff Photographer: Mark Wright

Editorial Associates: Betsy Aaron, Susan Rosenthal

Contributing Editors: Chris Cluess, Jeff Greenfield, Stu Kreisman,
Chris Miller, Bill Moseley, Delfina Ratazzi, Ed Subitzky

Senior Contributing Artists: Randall Enos, Shary Flenniken, Sam Gross,
Mara McAfee, Rick Meyerowitz, Charles Rodrigues, Gahan Wilson

Contributing Artists: Neal Adams, Chris Browne,
Matthew Goldman, Bob Larkin, Wayne McLoughlin,
Malcolm McNeill, Joe Orlando, Don Punchatz, Ralph Reese, Alan Rose,
Warren Sattler, Joe Schenkman, Frank Springer, B. K. Taylor

Contributing Photographers: John Barrett, Chris Callis, Dick Frank,
Ronald G. Harris, Matthew Klein, Phil Koenig, Pedar Ness, Bob Rakita

Production Manager: George Agoglia, Jr.

Director of Circulation: George S. Agoglia, Sr.

Public Relations and Promotion: Eric Rolfe Greenberg

Circulation Sales Coordinator: Michael Agoglia

Administrative Assistant/Press Coordinator: Barbara Sabatino

Office Manager: Penny Sommer

Publishing Directors: Matty Simmons, Len Mogel

Publisher: Richard B. Barthelmes

The National Lampoon, Inc.,

is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman: Matty Simmons President: Leonard Mogel

Sr. Vice-President: George S. Agoglia, Sr.

Vice-President, Finance: Charles Schneider

Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: Howard Jurofsky

Vice-President, Creative Projects: Sean Kelly

Controller: Esther Barrett

Advertising Offices, New York: Vicki Richards, Advertising Manager,
Bruce Wolff, Colin Wight, Account Managers.

National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070.

Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director,
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145.

West Coast: Lowell Fox & Associates, 16033 Ventura Blvd., Encino, Calif. 91436 (213) 990-2950.

Southern Offices: Brown & Company Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Rd. NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30328

NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1979. National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$9.95 paid annual subscription, \$14.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$20.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. **ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Exclusive of the National Lampoon True Section, all incidents, situations, and objects depicted or described in the editorial pages of the National Lampoon are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, or characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental.

The editors of the National Lampoon accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the National Lampoon True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of the National Lampoon. Other than True Section submissions, the National Lampoon does not accept any unsolicited manuscripts or art. The publisher assumes no liability for unsolicited material of any kind. We apologize for this policy, but our staff is too small to cope with the volume of material we receive.

NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.



Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

RONRICO: AUTHENTIC RUM OF PUERTO RICO.

General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

These are just three of the exciting new components in Technics Silver Edition. Each was designed to please the eye, but, of course, their real beauty lies in what you hear.

Listening to our new DC integrated amp, the SU-8099, will tell you all you need to know about its performance. And 3-Dimensional Analysis (3 DA) will tell you about the radically new way it was designed.

3 DA is a computer measuring system designed by Hewlett-Packard and Technics. It gives audio engineers and you a far greater insight into amplifier performance than is possible with conventional separate measurements of frequency response, power, and distortion.

4000 precise measurements are plotted on a three-axis graph with power measured from 0.2 watt to rated output across a frequency band of 10 Hz to 100 kHz. Distortion is evaluated from 0.0001% with distortion components measured out to 1 million Hz. The result is a picture of performance you won't get with conventional specs.

Even elusive amp behavior like slewing rate and Transient Intermodulation Distortion (TIM) are easily identifiable, which helped our engineers design Silver Edition amps with appropriate slewing rate and inaudible TIM distortion.

That's one good reason the SU-8099 is hard to beat. Another is it's a true DC integrated amp. With no coupling capacitors from input to output. And the output devices are our new Super Linear Power Transistors (SLPT) with an f_T of 100 MHz which enables us to achieve a closed-loop frequency response from DC to 200 kHz - 3 dB.

In the preamp section, our engineers added an extremely quiet phono equalizer complete with Technics-developed ultra-low-noise transistors. The result: an incredible phono S/N ratio of 96 dB at 5 mV. They also made it

easier and less expensive to use a moving coil cartridge, because there's an MC pre-preamp built into the SU-8099.

To maintain dynamic range and avoid clipping, you need highly accurate power meters. Like our fluorescent FL power meters. They're completely electronic, highly accurate and extremely fast. So you can easily get true peak readings.

To complement our integrated amp, there's the ST-8077 tuner. A highly sensitive front end boosts sensitivity to the point where even remote FM stations can be received with a great degree of clarity and fidelity.

For inaudible distortion and excellent selectivity, the IF stage features a five-stage, differential amplifier and surface acoustic wave filtering. There's also a 19 kHz pilot-signal cancel circuit for extremely wide frequency response with excellent transient characteristics.

For accurate and easy tuning, center-of-channel indication is located on the tuning dial where it's easy to see. Two LED arrows point you in the right direction for fine tuning. And Active Servo Lock (ASL) keeps it perfectly tuned.

What you get with the RS-M44 cassette deck is just as impressive. Starting with an IC-controlled FG servo DC motor for inaudible wow and flutter and a patented HPF head for extended frequency response and head life.

For fast recognition of musical peaks, the RS-M44 features fluorescent bar-graph meters with a device attack time of five millionths of a second. Also included are separate three-position bias and EQ selectors. An oil-damped ejection door. And three memory modes: auto rewind, auto play and auto rewind/play.

The Silver Edition from Technics. Their real beauty lies in their performance.

SU-8099

Continuous Power Per channel into 8 ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power	Phono S/N
115 watts (20 Hz~20 kHz) 100 watts (5 Hz~100 kHz)	0.007% (20 Hz~20 kHz) 0.05% (5 Hz~100 kHz)	96 dB (5mV)

ST-8077

FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (1 kHz/10 kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion (stereo)
37.2 dBf	75 dB	45/35 dB	0.1%

RS-M44

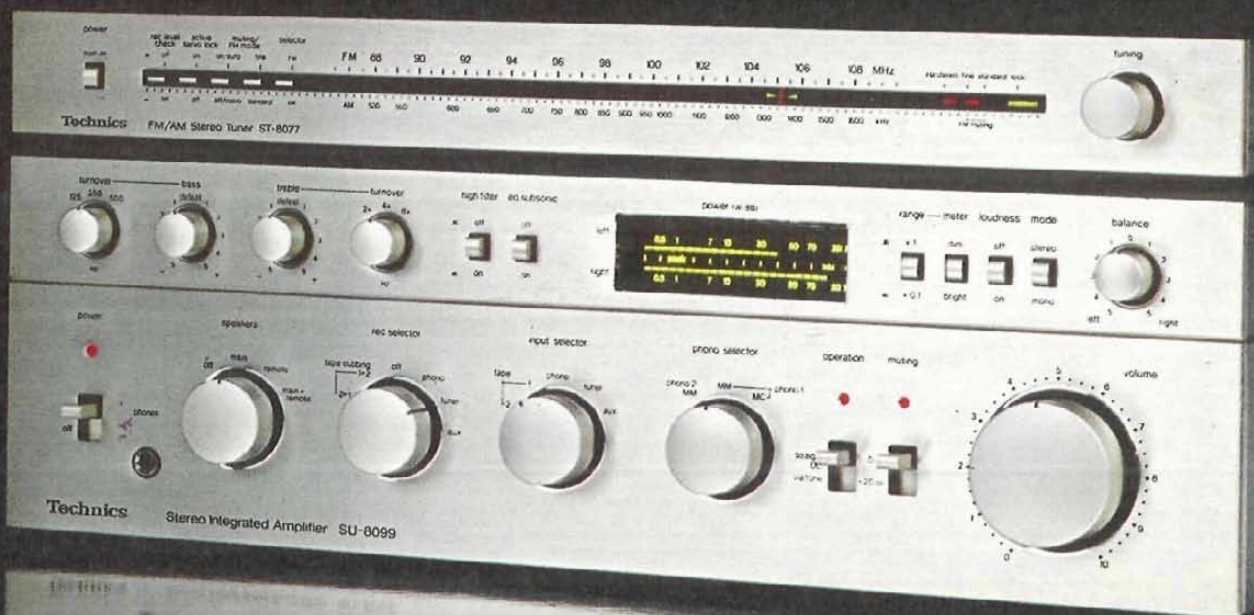
Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
0.05% WRMS	30 Hz~17 kHz (FeCr/CrO ₂)	67 dB Dolby* in

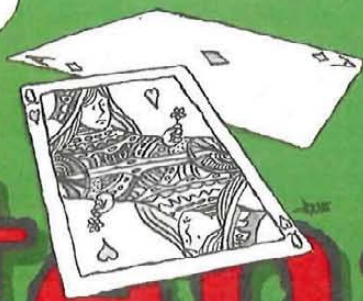
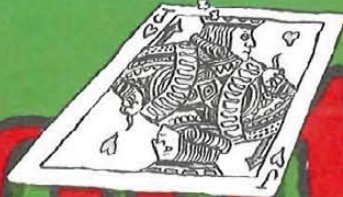
*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Introducing the Silver Edition. Their real beauty lies in their sound.



Technics SILVER EDITION





Contents

Issue Editor: Tod Carroll

Frontispiece, 29

By Lucy Gould

Lady Luck's Take-a-Chance Map of the U.S.A., 30

By Joe Schenkman, P. J. O'Rourke, and Tod Carroll; illustration by Leslie Cabarga

Kids Are Braver Than Anybody!, 33

By Gahan Wilson

Strip Poker, 37

By John Hughes, photographed by Phil Koenig

Unchained Melodrama: The True Story of a Man Who Broke a Chain Letter, 41

By Gerry Sussman and Len Glasser, illustrated by Len Glasser

How I Cheat, 45

By John Hughes, illustrated by B. K. Taylor

How to Drive Fast on Drugs While Getting Your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink, 48

By P. J. O'Rourke, illustration by George Perez; Technical consultant: Joe Schenkman

John and Gerry's Potpourri of Danger, Risk, and Daring-do, 53

By John Weidman and Gerry Sussman, illustrated by Larry Elmore

The Rich Young Pretty Person's Game of Life, 57

By Tod Carroll, illustrated by Paul Richer

Hot Horses, Cold Cash, and Track Rats, 61

By Joe Schenkman

Vegas, 65

By Tod Carroll, illustration by Bob Larkin

Get Rich Quick, 70

By Tod Carroll

Cover

By Mara McAfee

Filler

Editorial, 8

By Tod Carroll

Canadian Corner, 13

By Ted Mann and Doug Kenney

Letters from the Editors, 14

Edited by John Hughes

News on the March, 17

Edited by Ellis Weiner and John Weidman,
with contributions by E. W., J. W., John Hughes,
Ted Mann, and P. J. O'Rourke

Foto Funny, 24

Featuring Dutch Miller as "Cupid"

Foto Funny, 52

Featuring Walter Teitz,
Drew and Craig Cohen

Funny Pages, 73

Valiant Fish, 87

By Tod Carroll

True Section, 89

Edited by Tod Carroll

The Smart Set, 94

By John Hughes

Photorama Picture Parade, 96

By Gerald Sussman

THE ONLY THING IT HAS IN COMMON WITH OTHER 7-INCH TAPE DECKS IS THE SIZE OF ITS REELS.

Pioneer's new RT-707 has a lot more in common with today's most sophisticated 10-inch tape decks than it does with most 7-inch tape decks.

Because unlike other 7-inch tape decks, the RT-707 isn't filled with 15 year old ideas.

Take the drive system of the RT-707.

Instead of the old fashioned belt-drive system, the RT-707 is driven by a far more accurate and efficient AC Servo direct-drive motor. This motor generates its own frequency to help correct even the slightest variation in tape speed. Which all but eliminates wow and flutter. And because it doesn't generate heat like the belt-driven "dinosaurs" it doesn't need a fan. So all you'll hear is music with a clarity and crispness not possible on any 7-inch, or many 10-inch tape decks.

Our direct-drive system also makes pitch control possible. To help you regulate the speed of the tape and give you greater control over your recordings.

With technology like this it shouldn't surprise you that our super-sensitive heads will deliver

frequencies from 20 to 28,000 Hertz. And our pre-amp section is built to handle 30 decibels more than any other 7-inch tape deck without distorting.

But great sound isn't everything.

As you can see, the RT-707 is smaller and more compact than other tape decks. It's also rack-mountable. And unlike any other tape deck, it's stackable. So it'll fit right in with the rest of your components.

But frankly, all the revolutionary thinking that went into the RT-707 wouldn't mean much if it weren't also built to fit comfortably into your budget. It is.

See your Pioneer dealer for a closer look at this extraordinary 7-inch tape deck.

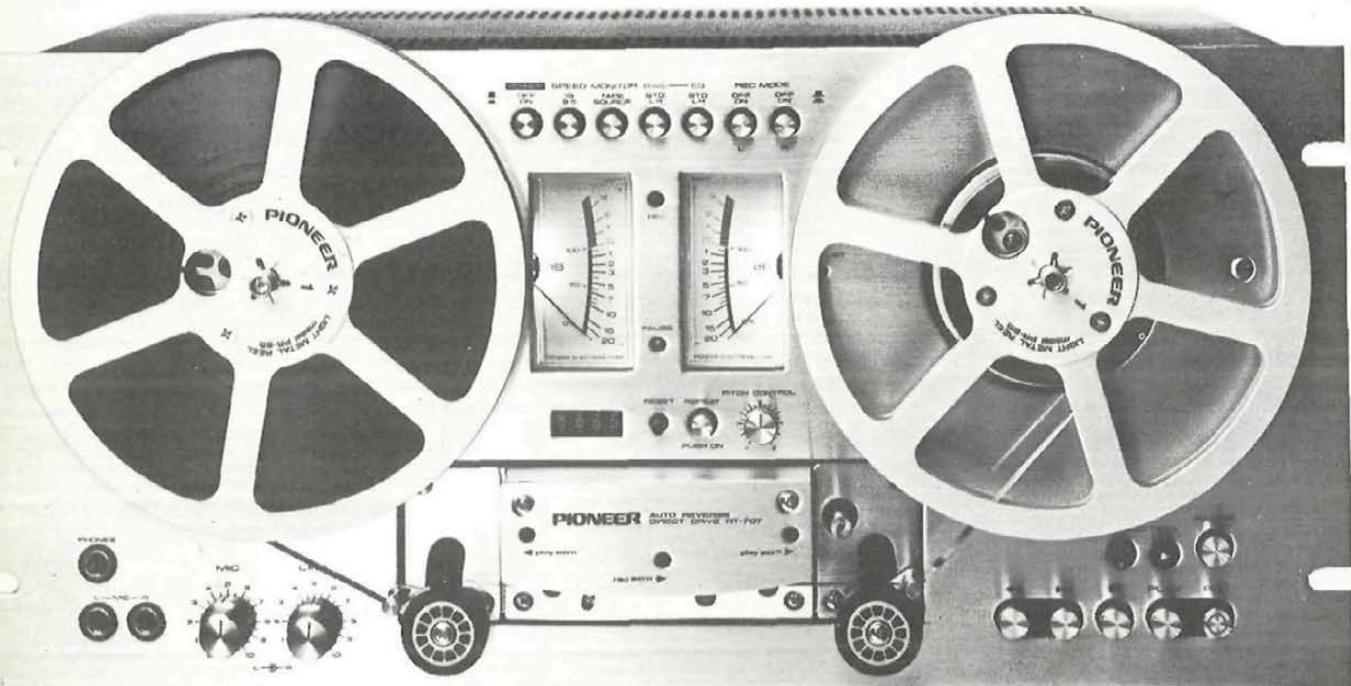
We think you'll find the only things that the RT-707 has in common with other 7-inch tape decks is the size of the reels.

And the size of the price.

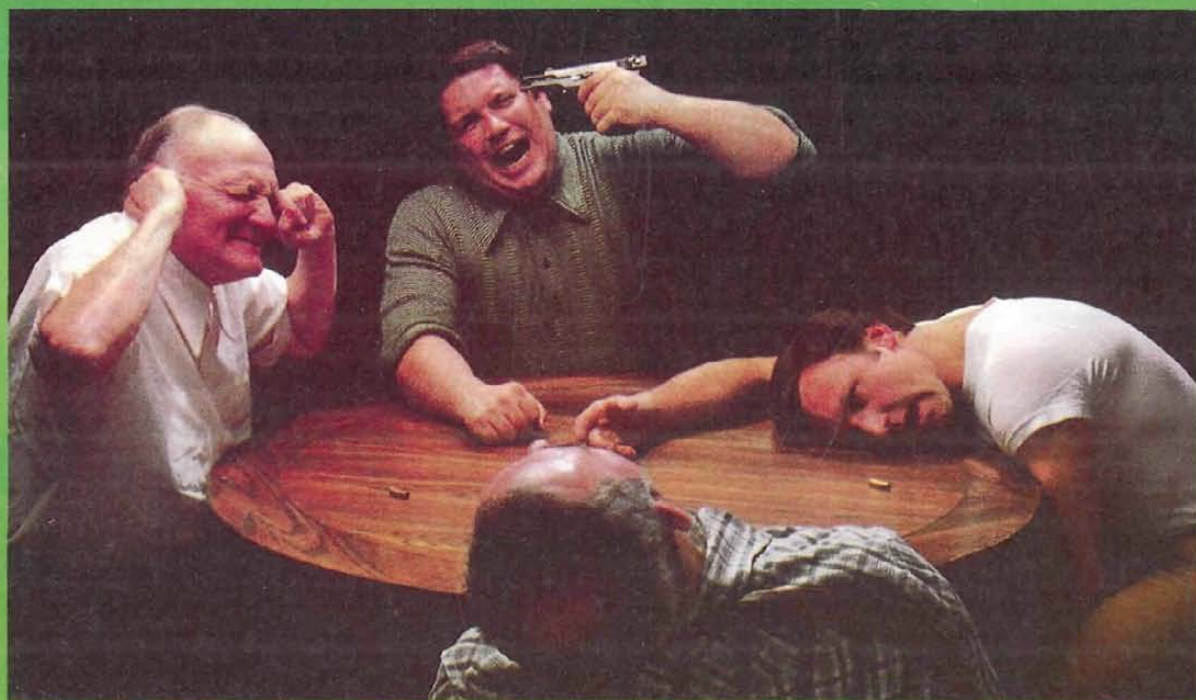
High Fidelity Components

PIONEER
WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

©1977 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074



THE RT 707



Polish Roulette

Editorial

I'd like to talk about insurance for a moment, if I may, which in case you aren't familiar with it, is a form of chance-taking where we make bets with thousands of huge companies for billions of dollars every year that we will be robbed, we will die, or we will lose our eyes.

For some odd reason, insurance, particularly life insurance, has become a bad word to most of us. We think of tenacious, pushy agents ramming policies down our throats at the most inconvenient times. We have impressions of manipulative, intimidating sales techniques designed to scare us into buying something we hope we'll never use. I think, perhaps, if everyone were a little better educated about the true advantages of a sensible insurance program, a great deal of our reticence would disappear.

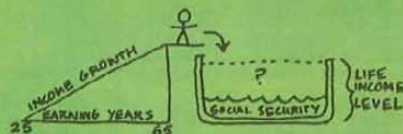
One of the questions I am most frequently asked is, "Tod, how much

protection do I really need?" The key word, of course is *protection*. That's the name of the game in a nutshell. Think of yourself as president of the United States. You've got dozens of agents working around the clock to look after your personal safety, and moreover, protect your countrymen against an untimely loss of their leader. Well, insurance companies have agents, too. They're on the job twenty-four hours a day to see that you're fully protected against losses from nearly every conceivable type of misfortune, and that your dependents will be cared for in the event of your death or disability.

Do you suppose a president would ever fire his secret service agents? Of course not, but that's what you're doing when you say "no" or "maybe later" to the insurance man. Let me put it another way. Imagine that your wife and children are hanging from a ledge during a fire at your home. You

are incapacitated on the sidewalk below, as your butler rushes past you to save the family. What kind of individual would say at that particular moment, "You're fired, butler—I can't afford you"? I certainly can't believe that you would.

Perhaps an illustration might clarify my point a little better for you: "How deep will your pool be?"

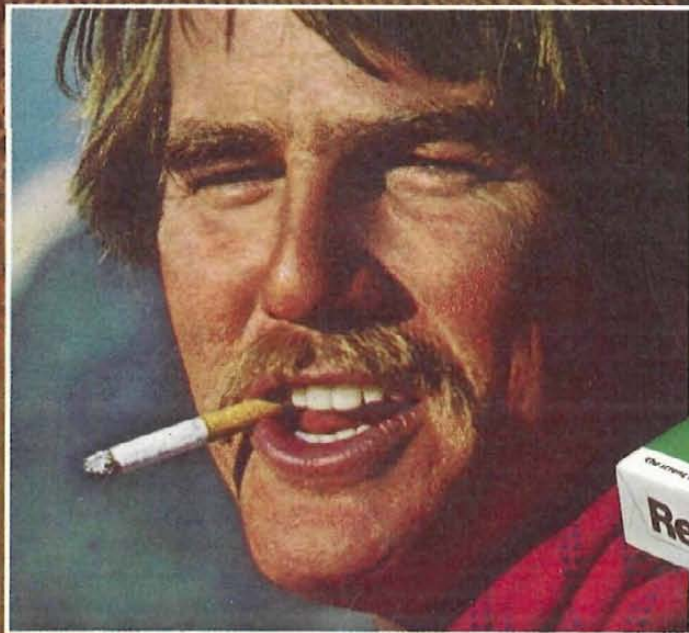


You spend most of your life climbing higher and higher toward your goal of financial security. But, if an unforeseen calamity should force you to dive from the high perch you've reached, how far do you want to fall? It's like jumping into a pool. If the only water you have in the pool is

continued on page 26

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar",
0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

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



Only
9 mg tar.

***"Real's got dynamite taste!
Strong...more like a high tar."***

The strong tasting low tar.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

© 1978 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

WE DON'T CALL FOR NOTHING.

Special

It's more than a nameplate. It's a whole new kind of motorcycle. And the hottest selling line of street bikes in America.

The low stepped seat blends with the narrow, tapered tank for more comfortable seating on the road, better balance at the stoplights.

*XS
Down-Special*

You can't have a lean bike with a fat engine. That's why our powerful four-stroke engines are built narrow. And never with more cylinders than you need.

THEM SPECIAL

The graceful, pullback handlebars are perfectly proportioned for the lower, more relaxed riding style. And the instruments are angled back, for easier reading as well as easier riding.

Our suspension, front and rear, is adjustable for any rider, any road.

Yamaha has built a lot of motorcycles over the past 23 years. Machines that have revolutionized motorcycle design and technology all over the world. And won more races than any motorcycle in history.

So when we call a bike "Special," it's not just a name. It's a fact.

In fact, the 1979 Yamaha Specials you see here are a whole new generation of motorcycle. Each one engineered from the ground up to look special. And feel special.

It starts the moment you sit on one. You sit in a natural, relaxed position. The seat cradles you. The handlebars reach back for you. Very nice.

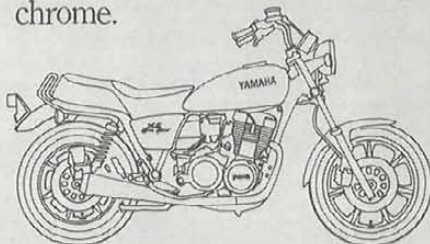
That sleek teardrop tank blends with our comfortable stepped seat to give you a lean, low look. As well as a welcome way to get both feet on the ground at a stoplight.

And each Yamaha Special—from the scrappy mid-size twin to our most powerful production four—has the narrowest engine of any bike in its class.

That's not only a considerable engineering feat, it's also a considerable advantage on a winding road. And just one reason why *Motorcyclist* magazine called our Specials "an almost perfect balance of image and performance."

We couldn't have said it better.

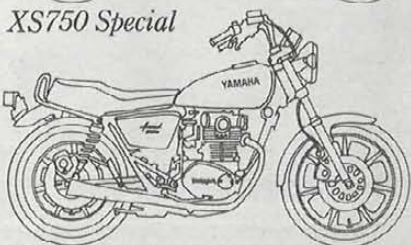
So why not drop by one of our dealers and see a Yamaha Special for yourself? Check out the sumptuous seat, the big beautiful handlebars, the cast alloy wheels, those sexy chopped megaphone pipes. And all that chrome.



XS Eleven Special



XS750 Special



XS650 Special



XS400

You'll probably end up saying to yourself what most of our customers do.

That motorcycle is missing only one thing.

Me.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

Sometimes the guys who get hit the hardest aren't even in the game.



Time out for Alka-Seltzer.[®] The sound of fast relief.

It can get pretty rough up there in the grandstands. Every year spectators are clobbered by hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy and beer. And when 15,000 fans begin to roar, many are hit with pounding headaches.

That's when you call time out for Alka-Seltzer. Because the plop plop, fizz fizz is the sound of fast relief.

Alka-Seltzer is loaded with antacids that instantly break up



acid indigestion and bring soothing relief to your upset stomach. Even after a couple of those foot long hot dogs.

And Alka-Seltzer rushes relief to your aching head with a fast-acting analgesic.

It isn't often sports fans see that kind of fast action, so here's our instant replay: Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is.

Read and follow label directions.

Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is![®] Fast, fast, fast.

©1978 Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Canadian Corner



ESKIMO INSULT DUELS

On Baffin Island live Chief Amtrack's people, the Eskimo, or, more properly, the Eskimos. Huddled together under the weather in snow shanties, they spend many arctic evenings engaged in the bloodless battle they call the "air stabbing." This is a form of the "insult duel" practiced throughout the world by people confined to small, crowded dwelling places. The ritual serves as a much-needed emotional outlet—and in Amtrack's village, there has not been a murder in over two hundred years.

Some years ago, when I was a young anthropologist just out of grad school, I chanced to visit Amtrack's village, Kit-Kat, on Baffin Island. It was there I met Douglas C. Kenney, founder of this magazine, who was at that time fresh out of Harvard University and doing a piece for Arnold Gingrich's *Esquire* on "Dinking Eskimo Sluts." Over that winter we took copious notes on the insult duels. They have never been published. Here follows a transcript of an authentic Eskimo air stabbing.

Amtrack, chief of his people, beats the ritual drum and begins the contest with a sharp barb directed at Kodapak, a young hunter.

(Sound of crackling fire, a distant dog bark, and the crowds mumbling)

AMTRACK

Soft as a wolverine in his fur boot moves Kodapak, the wily hunter.

KODAPAK

Aiiiee, not me, no no.

AMTRACK

Often have we heard him, often have we seen him, slinking back to camp after hunting brother Walrus with a mallet and a pan.

KODAPAK

Aiiiee. For sure, your brains are blubber.

AMTRACK

Crafty trader Kodapak, gone two

months to Rudy's fur exchange, traded all his furs for two pen light batteries and a gas can with no lid.

KODAPAK

You shall die before the farts melt, old one.

AMTRACK

Listen to Kodapak, the great talker of tales. He who told us of the white men who swim across the snow on outboard motors, eating moose that live in cans.

CROWD

(Cries of derision)

KODAPAK

(Takes drum) Swift indeed are the tongues of Amtrack. Swift his knees when sneaking by the dog pen and barking like a bitch. Hindquarters half frozen/Pants around his mukluks/Mounted by a husky/And this in front of children on the day before a feast!

CROWD

This is true! I have seen this!

AMTRACK

May the great seal slay me if this is true!

CROWD

Taboo! Taboo! Beware!

KODAPAK

No more may I speak now, for Quinn has snatched my drum!

QUINN

(Beats drum lightly)

AMTRACK

Not Quinn. No, not Quinn.

CROWD

Hush, old one. Hush.

QUINN

Well do I remember Kodapak's birthing day. Hear the women wailing, see the

gull-birds flying into rocks. It is said a herd of caribou threw themselves in sinkholes, evil omens these. Hear the walrus bawling?

WALRUS

(Outside) Awwwwrrrrrrruuuul.

CROWD

Brother Walrus calls! I am afraid? Have you any tranquilizing tablets?

QUINN

And what of one-booted Amtrack? He wears his parka backwards just to smell his neck. Brother Whale ate Amtrack's mukluk/Then swam two moons in circles/Making noises like an aeroplane/Then rammed a passing iceberg till he spouted lunch and died.

CROWD

Poor taste! Oh bad. No more! No more!

AMTRACK

Meddling Quinn, stay out of this. He might find out I had his wife!

KODAPAK

Should Amtrack have had my wife, I hope he found her more satisfactory than I found his!

QUINN

I have tried them both, and frankly, I prefer Honda's dog, particularly for conversation.

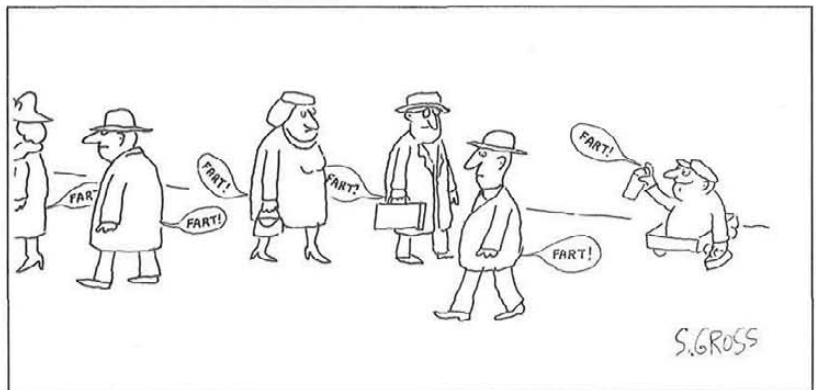
HONDA

Ho! Ho! You can't say that about my dog!

CROWD

Waaa! Waaa! Somebody stop him! Look out—he's got a harpoon! No, there has not been a murder in Amtrack's village in over two hundred years. However, maimings, beatings, and melees occur on an almost daily basis.

TM and DCK



**Icelandic
announces
the best deal
to Europe:**

\$149.50*
one way.
((\$299 Roundtrip))

No restrictions.

**New York to
Luxembourg.**

**Every seat at
the same price.**

**Confirmed
reservations.**

**Free wine,
meals, cognac.**

Daily flights.

**Stay 1 to
365 days.**

**Purchase tickets
in the U.S.A.**

*Fare subject to change.

See your travel agent. Or write Dept. # _____
Icelandic Airlines, P. O. Box 105, West
Hempstead, NY 11552. Phone 212-757-8585
(New York City only) or call 800-555-1212 for
the toll-free number in your area.

Please send me:

- A timetable of Icelandic's flights to Europe.
 Your brochure on European tours.
 Information on Alpine Ski Tours.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____


ICELANDIC
TO EUROPE

25 years of low air fares
to Europe.



Sirs:

I was in the hospital for two weeks, and you know what? I think some goddamn stupid intern switched bodies on me. I swear I'm in the wrong body. I never had a bald spot on the top of my head. And I sure as heck didn't have this small penis, and I never had trouble getting it "up" before. Also, where the heck do you suppose all this fat around my waist came from?

What I'd like to know is, how often does this happen? How many of us aren't who we really are?

Frank Flagston
Kansas City, Kan.

Sirs:

The reason we dress in a flashy manner, talk loud, and like to drive Cadillacs is so that you'll think that we are rich Jews and feel guilty about keeping us out of your suburbs because of what happened in Nazi Germany.

Black People
The Inner City

Sirs:

I guess the reason why the Lord put soft spots on babies' heads was so we could carry them five at a time.

Nurse Thomas
Having Babies Floor
Cleveland Community Clinic
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

Sense any make didn't "March the on News" the issue August your in. Problem dyslexia a have you could?

Jones Arnie
St. Elm 175
Pa., Pittsburgh

Sirs:

It's not so bad up here. I play cards with Karl Wallenda and Margaret Mead on Tuesdays and I lunch with Senator Humphrey on Saturday. I do miss my pipe, however. Somehow I got stuck in the nonsmoking section. The computer must be on the fritz.

Norman Rockwell
Paradise

Sirs:

It is our pleasure to announce that your magazine has been nominated for an Icky Award in recognition of just tons and tons of icky stuff you've done over the last year. Some of it was just g-r-o-s-s!

Catholic Girls Committee for Stuff
You're Not Supposed to Read,
or Watch, or Smoke
Clinton, Ohio

Sirs:

My husband Milt and I have had our hair permed. We play tennis and racquetball. We've got an XJ-6 and a Bronco. We have oral and anal sex on a regular basis. I swallow and do deep throat. Milt vibrates me. We both masturbate and are free enough to do it in front of each other. Milt wears a bracelet and three gold neck chains. I have three pierces on my ears. Milt reads *Penthouse* and the *Poon*. I read *Cosmo* and *Mode*. We've seen *Animal House* three times, and we're going to get an illegal videotape for our home system. We howl over "Saturday Night Live," especially when Steve Martin is the host. Milt's in advertising and is working on a screenplay. I am going back to school for my MBA. But something's missing. What could it be? A home computer? A reservation on the space shuttle? A wok?

Laura Friedman
Dalton, Tex.

Sirs:

A while back, one of you fellas left a sperm in me, and I'm writing to tell you that it's ready and it needs a check for Montessori school and a bike.

Donna
P.O. BOX 333320
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'd like to talk to you guys as soon as possible about what your moms have been doing in their spare time.

Larry Flynt
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

What do Jim Jones and Mean Joe Green have in common? *They each have over 900 sacks!*

Larry Layton
People's Temple
San Francisco, Calif.

P.S. Seriously, do think we're going to have trouble maintaining our tax-exempt status?

Sirs:

I know how to solve all the trouble

over there in Iran. They need something new to worry about. I suggest we send them all of our unemployed black kids with their giant tape recorders. If those kids do to Iran what they've done to our downtown areas and our bus seats, those camel herders will forget all about who's torturing who.

Curtis L. Anthony
330 W. Signalroad Lane
Maldenform, Mass.

Sirs:

You want to know what killed us? It's very simple. We were boring to read because we covered subjects that no one cares about, like endangered mud slugs and carcinogenic tub caulk. We were upset about the store clerk in Duluth who sneered when he waited on Jewish people. We were troubled by the fact that our vegetables were picked by people whose parents didn't go to graduate school. We'll say good-bye, but not farewell, because we'll be back. One day the world will open its eyes to the dangers of sitting too close to the automatic coffee maker, and we'll be there to write about it.

New Times Magazine
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Don't talk to me I didn't vote any thirty-year-old dick-brain kid into the top office in Cleveland. I didn't vote in an administration loaded with free-loading dimbulbs and nineteen-year-old power brokers. I voted for the other guy.

Dennis Kucinich
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

You want to know what's wrong with us? We're nuts! Just crazy, crazy, crazy. There's no reason why we run through the streets breaking things and yelling "Down with the Shah." We just do it.

The People of Iran

Sirs:

Taiwan is sort of like an old college friend who just doesn't fit in anymore. You know how it is when those guys come to visit. Nothing's changed. All they want to do is talk about the "good old days," and they don't have the same interests as you anymore and it just depresses you to be around them. It's the same thing with Taiwan. They're okay people, I guess, but who wants them around the White House?

Jimmy Carter
Washington D.C.

After you shave it off, get it on. Softly.



English Leather® Soft After Shave treats your face softly. So different from after shaves that slap and sting! This smooth, moisturizing conditioner comforts and soothes skin that's sensitive from shaving.

Helps you face up to the harsh effects of sun, wind and weather. And leaves you refreshingly scented with clean, crisp English Leather. Wear English Leather... or wear nothing at all.



SAVE 25¢



Get 25¢ off on English Leather Heavy Duty Hand Cream. Leaves a man's rough, red, chapped hands smooth, soothed, never sticky. With that great English Leather scent.

One man, one scent.

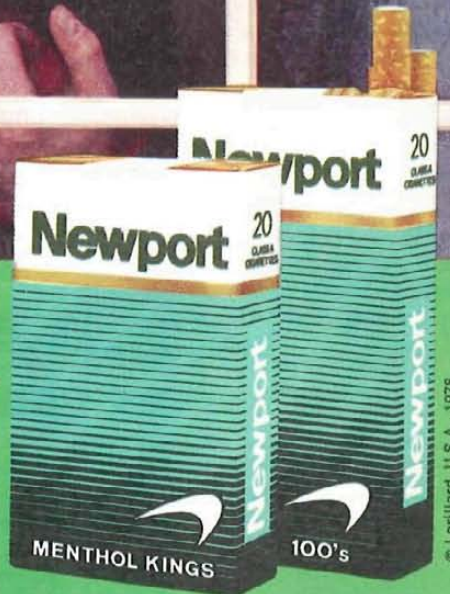
MEM COMPANY, INC., Northvale, NJ 07647 ©1979

Newport

Alive with pleasure!



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



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978

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

Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

Fast-paced Change in Post-Mao Era

CHINESE TO BUILD VEGAS-STYLE CASINOS



Officials in Peking have announced their intention to build gambling casinos in Communist China, and they intend to begin immediately.

The first casino, a roulette emporium tentatively named the Great Wheel of China, has already booked a variety of big-name performers, including Wayne Newton, Sergio Franchi, and a spectacular 120-girl review from neighboring Cambodia called Les Folies des Cambodian Women of Little Winks 1979. Another casino, Computer-Computer, will entertain its patrons with a dazzling over-

head array of imported data processing equipment, operated by Japanese engineers. While waiting for the casinos to open, many public buildings have installed American slot machines, nicknamed by the gambling public Single-armed Capitalist-Roaders.

Some traditional leaders have expressed displeasure with the casino plan, but party leadership is firm in its decision to proceed. "We've been living like dogs for thirty years now," says Chinese Premier Hua, "and I think we deserve to blow it out for a while, don't you?"

OPEC Price Rise Is Hard Felt

EUROPEAN LIFE-STYLES AFFECTED BY SPIRALING ENERGY COSTS



Facing increasing pressures from rising oil prices, depleted natural resources, inflation, unemployment, and ecological concerns, the leaders of western Europe's industrialized nations have agreed to allow civilization to collapse in their countries. England, France, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Italy, and Spain will revert to the Stone Age on April 11, especially Italy and Spain. Switzerland, West Germany, and the Scandinavian countries are expected to follow suit shortly.

NATLAMP TRADING STAMPS

are yours free with a
minimum \$10
purchase of
audio equipment from
Altec Lansing

Bose
Kenwood
Panasonic
Philips
Pickering
Pioneer
H. H. Scott
TDK

Lay your money down at a participating audio retailer in your neighborhood, and receive your collection of NatLamp Trading Stamps with a handy order form—plus special reprints of *National Lampoon's* first 100 covers!

THE NATLAMP TRADING STAMP GIVEAWAY

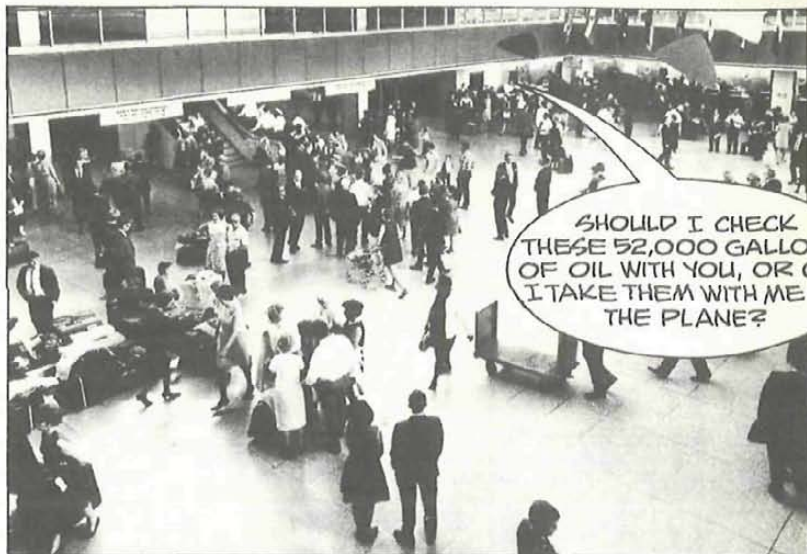
Things you can't order free with
NatLamp Trading Stamps:
—Common stock in a Fortune 500
corporation.
—Fifteen minutes in a jacuzzi,
with the cast of *The Turning Point*
—Paraguay.

Things you can order free with
NatLamp Trading Stamps:
—Your choice of an assortment of
National Lampoon
books and T-shirts!

**The NatLamp
Trading Stamp
Giveaway**
At participating audio
retailers nationwide
through March 31, 1979

Fleeing Thousands Searched at Airport

Suspect Chicanery in American Exodus from Iran



Accusations have been leveled in the Iranian press that Americans fleeing that troubled nation may be engaged in smuggling operations.

According to Iranian news reports, Americans have been spotted leaving Teheran Airport with "outsized and odd-shaped" parcels. "They claim these packages contain personal belongings," an airport security official said, "but when we open them we find huge drums of crude

oil and big balloons full of natural gas."

One man, when stopped at the customs counter before boarding a U.S.-bound flight, was caught smuggling several American-financed oil refineries in his suitcase. He claimed they were "toys for my kid." Another man insisted that a tanker holding 52,000 barrels of crude oil was actually "my wife's skin care kit." The tanker had been painted with the logo of Estée Lauder to avoid detection.

"The World's Foremost Expert"

Nixon Consults, Offers Aid in Europe



Former President Richard Nixon's recent tour of Europe was undertaken to promote his services as an advisor to "unemployed" heads of state, a source close to the Nixon family has revealed. One client that he met with was the Shah of Iran.

"The Shah should be asking himself

two questions," Mr. Nixon told reporters. "After I leave office, how can I stay alive and out of jail? And, more importantly, how can I stay rich? Obviously, no one is better qualified than I am to advise on these matters, and no one is better qualified than he is to pay through the nose for my services."

Entire City Goes on Block

Cleveland, Ohio Up for Sale



In the wake of Cleveland's recent default, U.S. District Judge Lorenzo Weisberg has been appointed to supervise the city's dissolution and the sale of all its assets. Thirty-one-year-old nitwit Mayor Dennis Kucinich has submitted several plans to Weisberg, which he claims would preserve Cleveland's "traditional togetherness" and permit the sale of the city in toto. Kucinich proposes that the following potential purchasers be contacted:

1. Walt Disney Productions, which might consider turning Cleveland into a new "Negro World" or "Welfare World" amusement park.
2. Maine, Montana, or Alaska—states that lack decaying urban centers and hence have heretofore been ineligible for federal model cities funds.
3. New York City, which, in Kucinich's words, "could always use our broken garbage trucks, potholes, and poor people as a sort of backup inventory in case they run out of theirs."

Judge Weisberg will delay making a decision on the Kucinich proposals until the mayor reaches puberty.

Recurring Carter Health Problem

President Suffers New Hemorrhoid Attack



Controversial Revelation

Meir and Bear One in the Same?



A startling disclosure has linked the recent death of ex-Israeli prime minister Golda Meir with the simultaneous retirement of ursine television personality Gentle Ben. Simon Blech, a nephew of the late Ms. Meir, claims that Ms. Meir in fact was Gentle Ben, and vice versa.

"The whole thing was a well-kept secret," Blech said, "but now that Aunt Golda is dead I see no harm in letting the

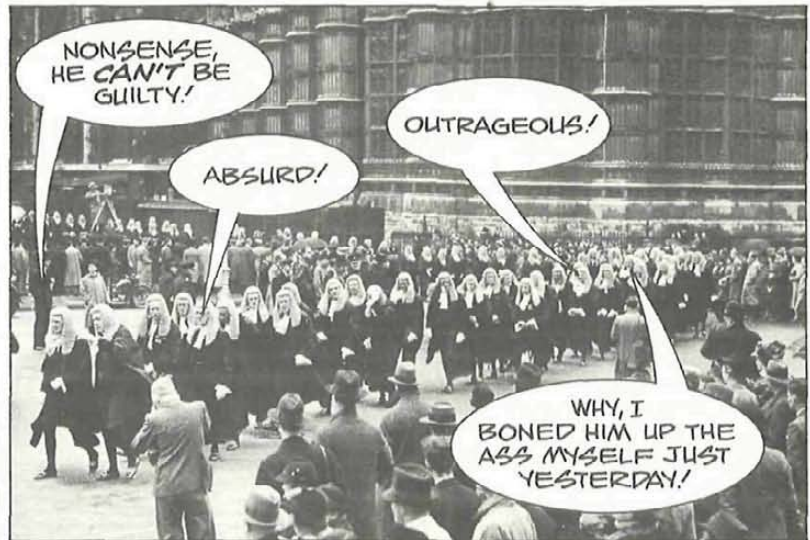


truth be told. My aunt, she loved to act. When she had the time she'd fly to Hollywood and do TV shows. She picked the stage name Gentle Ben as a salute to her old friend Ben-Gurion."

When challenged for proof of this extraordinary story, Blech just shrugged. "You don't believe me, that's your business...but did you ever see the two of them together?"

"A Pack of Filthy Lies"

Peer Accused of Moral Behavior



Lord Cedram Harswell, once considered the most promising young member of Britain's hereditary House of Lords, has been accused of having a heterosexual affair, then attempting to hush the matter up.

At a preliminary enquiry last month, Harswell's alleged "woman friend" testified that the peer "took her to dinner several times" and later to a hotel, where "he

made love to her."

At the conclusion of the enquiry, Mr. Reginald Danson-Plumb, a retired male model who shares a London flat with Lord Harswell, clung supportively to his lordship's arm and insisted he did not believe a single word of "that horrible gash's testimony." The jury disagreed, however, and bound Lord Harswell over for a trial before a jury of his fruitbar peers.

IS THIS ANY WAY TO SELL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NATIONAL LAMPOON?

Yes. Because we'd stoop to anything to grab your attention and tell you how much money you save by subscribing instead of buying our magazine at the newsstand price. We know how boring it is to read about saving huge gobs of money, so while you're staring at the cupcake on this page, we'll try to make this part as brief as possible.

A one-year subscription is only \$8.95, a savings of \$9.05 over the newsstand price. A two-year subscription is \$11.00, a savings of \$25.00. Three years is only \$16.00, a savings of \$38.00 over the newsstand price. Save \$9.05, \$25.00, or \$38.00 on the funniest magazine in the world. Think of how much beer you can buy with \$38.00! Think of how many downs you can buy for \$38.00! Think of how much cocaine you can buy for \$38.00!... Uh, well, actually you can't buy all that much cocaine for \$38.00 so maybe you'd better just think about the beer: *think how much beer you can buy for \$38.00!!*

Money talks, bullshit walks. I'll fill out the coupon and save a bundle.

Your blunt honesty overwhelms me. Here's my check or money order, payable to:
National Lampoon, Dept. 379, 635 Madison
Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

- One-year subscription: \$8.95 (a savings of \$9.05 over single copy purchases and \$1.00 over basic subscription price)
- Two-year subscription: \$11.00 (a savings of \$25.00 over single copy purchases and \$3.00 over basic subscription price)
- Three-year subscription: \$16.00 (a savings of \$38.00 over single copy purchases and \$4.00 over basic subscription price)

For each year, add \$2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



•NEWS BRIEFS•

A GERMAN SCIENTIST has proven that ants fall in love. A six-year study revealed that ants are capable of expressing affection and that they kiss and go out on dates with one another.

IRANIAN STUDENTS burned their shoes and hit each other on the head with bricks in protest of everything in the world, including themselves.

THE SUPREME COURT has handed down a ruling ordering U.S. Indian tribes to "shut up, bug off, get lost, and quit whining." The ruling stated further that all Indian treaties are illegal and void and that native American people have no legitimate claim to any U.S. land because "before we came here all they did was eat mud and talk with their hands." One justice remarked that he was pleased with the ruling and hoped it would end "two hundred years of Indian bellyaching." He added that if the Indians didn't like the ruling, "they could go back to Asia where they came from."

THE JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE's (or "Jaycees") National Board of Directors has announced that that organization will continue to ban the membership of women and is considering a ban on the membership of humans. There are thought to be as many as a dozen human members of various Jaycee chapters across the country.

ROMANIA is still refusing to bow to the demands of fellow Warsaw Pact members to increase its defense spending. Romanian President Nicolae Ceausescu has stated that he believes such spending increases are unnecessary because "who the hell would want to invade Romania?"

EXPLORER 1, the recent probe of the planet Venus, has revealed to the shock of the world's astronomers and space experts that that planet is not 25 million miles from earth and does not have a mean radius of 3,800 as was previously believed. The planet, it turns out, is just seventy miles away and is no larger than a two-car garage.

A MILITARY COUP in Bolivia has left fifteen admirals and generals wondering if they are in control of the government. Although they have a letter stating that they are, in fact, in control, they are still uncertain and have no way to tell if they are or not.

THE LATEST SUBSTANCE believed to cause cancer is cute girls, the National Institute for Cancer Research reports.

SWEDISH GEOLOGISTS have found a lost continent. The continent is South America, and it had been missing for three days before Dr. Ulf Luugen and his

team from the Stockholm Institute for the Earth Sciences found it in the southern hemisphere between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

FIFTY-FIVE CONGRESSMEN were involved in air crashes last month. No reason for the poor air safety record has been given, but one in three congressmen is involved in an air mishap everytime he flies, a congressional spokesman said.

CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR Jerry Brown has announced that "avocado" will become that state's official refrigerator color.

IN AN EFFORT TO CUT CRIME, Britain will nationalize criminal activity. There was an early indication that the government's plan may be succeeding, as London pickpockets reacted to the news by saying that they will strike unless they are given weekly salary and vacation privileges.

ROLLING STONES GUITARIST Keith Richard has had his drug possession sentence reduced from life to a promise to perform a concert for the deaf. Richard's lawyers will appeal.

THE NEW GENERATION OF JAPANESE are taller and have more prominent breasts and beards. However, they are also dumb, sloppy, and refuse to work. American jeans are being blamed.

PRESIDENT CARTER has admitted that he doesn't know what the initials SALT stand for. Even though he and members of his staff are involved in the second round of SALT talks, the president refuses to let anyone tell him the meaning of the initials. "I want to figure it out myself," the president insists.

PANTS-WETTING among U.S. businessmen is on the rise. Last year nearly 65,000 accidents occurred in offices and boardrooms of U.S. corporations. Busier schedules and an interest in increased work efficiency is being blamed for the wet pants and chairs.

A STOLEN UNDERWEAR RING has been smashed in Louisville, Kentucky. The ring was stealing an estimated 500,000 pairs of underpants each year. The underwear came into a central warehouse in Louisville, where it was stripped of identifying labels, then broken down and resold for parts.

THE FOOD STAMP PROGRAM may be abandoned if a proposal in the Congress garners enough support. Under a new plan, poor people would be mailed food every week. Breakfasts, lunches, and dinners would be planned by nutrition

experts, and twenty-one hot meals per person per week would be sent by surface mail. The new plan would reduce cheating by persons who buy cigarettes and liquor with food stamps, and it would insure that poor people received a varied and high-quality diet.

BIGGER SHOES for senior citizens have been urged by safety experts. Footwear that is at least twelve inches wide and fifteen to twenty inches long would hold the older person up and reduce the number of injuries caused by falls.

AN EAST COAST FIRM has introduced dog condoms. The latex sheaths fit over the penis of any dog and prevent the spread of canine VD, as well as provide birth control. There have been some complaints by dog owners that their pets experience a decline in sensation caused by the condoms.

A TREASURY DEPARTMENT task force has located nearly 3.2 billion dollars in lost money. The cash was found between auto seats, sofa cushions, and in sport coat pockets across the nation.

THE CHILDREN'S SLEEPWEAR MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION claims that many government regulatory agency employees do not meet current flammability standards. The association is calling for an extensive testing program wherein randomly selected federal agency staff members would be submitted to independent laboratory tests to determine their rate of burning and whether toxic fumes are produced by their combustion.

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS has announced that poetry will be abolished as an art form. A spokesperson for the Endowment, which is the federal agency in charge of interstate creative self-expression, stated that the ruling will take effect sometime in early 1980.

THE SPECIAL ISSUE POSTAGE STAMP commemorating Robert F. Kennedy's contribution to American life is soon to be followed by another stamp depicting RFK's brother Ted. The second Kennedy stamp was sponsored by a group of conservative Republican senators and will commemorate Teddy's drive off the bridge in Chappaquiddick.

THE ORGANIZATION OF PETROLEUM EXPORTING COUNTRIES, which raised the price of crude oil by 14.5 percent last December, will now raise the prices of sugar, pork, and men's clothing. None of the OPEC nations produce sugar, pork, or men's clothing, but, "What the hey," says Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Mohammed Waffle Assfat.



ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

*Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS),
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004*

**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING
A BAD NAME.**

"The Scumbags Made Me Sign"

Rose Voids Baseball Contract



LAY OFF WITH THE FUCKIN' FASTBALLS! I'LL SIGN! I'LL SIGN!

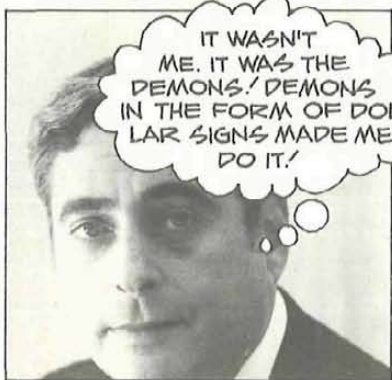
Former Cincinnati Reds superstar Pete Rose claims he was coerced into signing a multimillion-dollar contract with the Philadelphia Phillies.

"I was considering offers from various teams," the thirty-seven-year-old ex-free agent said, "when I get a call from Mayor Rizzo (of Philadelphia). He tells me that his baseball fan friends will be real put out if I sign with someone else. I tell him to go fuck himself. Next morning I wake up and find the bloody head of Sparky Anderson in bed with me."

Asked if he was fearful about making this disclosure, Rose replied, "They told me if I ever squeaked they'd see that the first balls ever batted out of Yankee Stadium were mine. But I don't care. This is America and I want more money!"

Maniac Stalked Rockefeller Center

Silverman Arraigned in Savage Killings



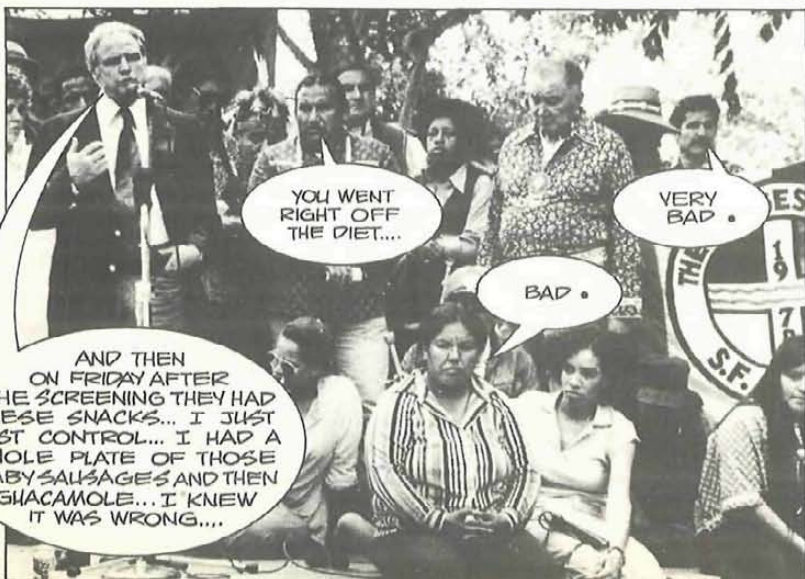
NBC programming chief Fred Silverman has been arraigned on charges of killing seven network television shows in early December. The murders, described by one NBC executive as the "most brutal and cold-blooded in the history of the medium," surprised their victims in mid-season and left the prime-time schedule littered with their canceled corpses.

Several persons related to the dead programs were present at the arraignment, and all felt Silverman deserved the maximum penalty the law allowed. "They ought to give the bastard life opposite 'Laverne and Shirley,'" one ex-story editor yelled as Silverman was led out of the courtroom.

The accused, through his attorney, entered a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity.

Overweight Actor Reported Desperate

Marlon Brando Joins Weight Watchers Group



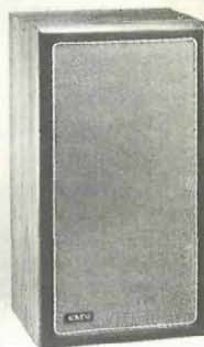
YOU WENT RIGHT OFF THE DIET....

VERY BAD •

BAD •

AND THEN ON FRIDAY AFTER THE SCREENING THEY HAD THESE SNACKS... I JUST LOST CONTROL... I HAD A WHOLE PLATE OF THOSE BABY SAUSAGES AND THEN GUACAMOLE... I KNEW IT WAS WRONG....

The Advent Coupon



The speaker shown above is the New Advent Loudspeaker—a new version of the system that has been this country's best-selling and most imitated speaker for several years.

If you have been thinking of getting, or improving on, a stereo system, the New Advent Loudspeaker can give you performance that's clearly in the "best" category for the price you would normally pay for "something pretty good." Its price is \$139 to \$169*, depending on cabinet finish and how far we have shipped it.

For full information, including a list of Advent dealers, please send us this coupon at the address below. Or call (toll-free) 800-225-1035. (In Massachusetts, the non-free number is 617-661-9500.)

Thank you.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

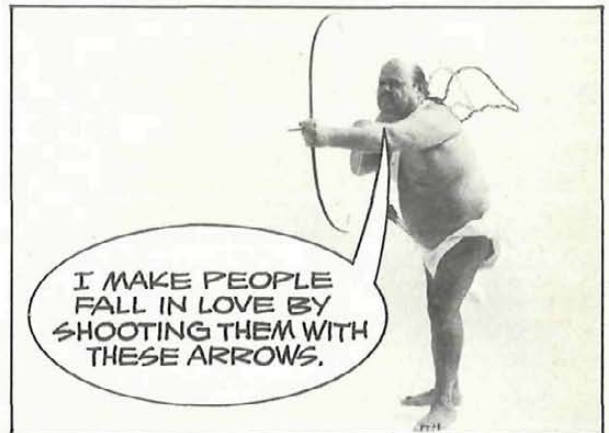
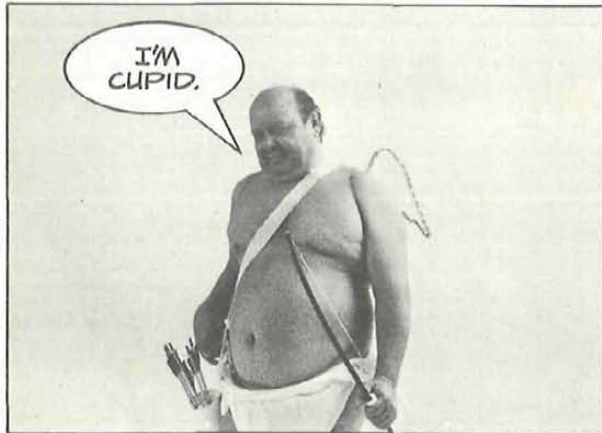
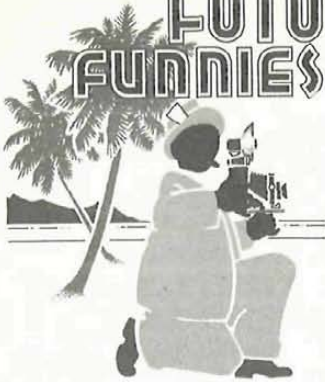
Advent Corporation

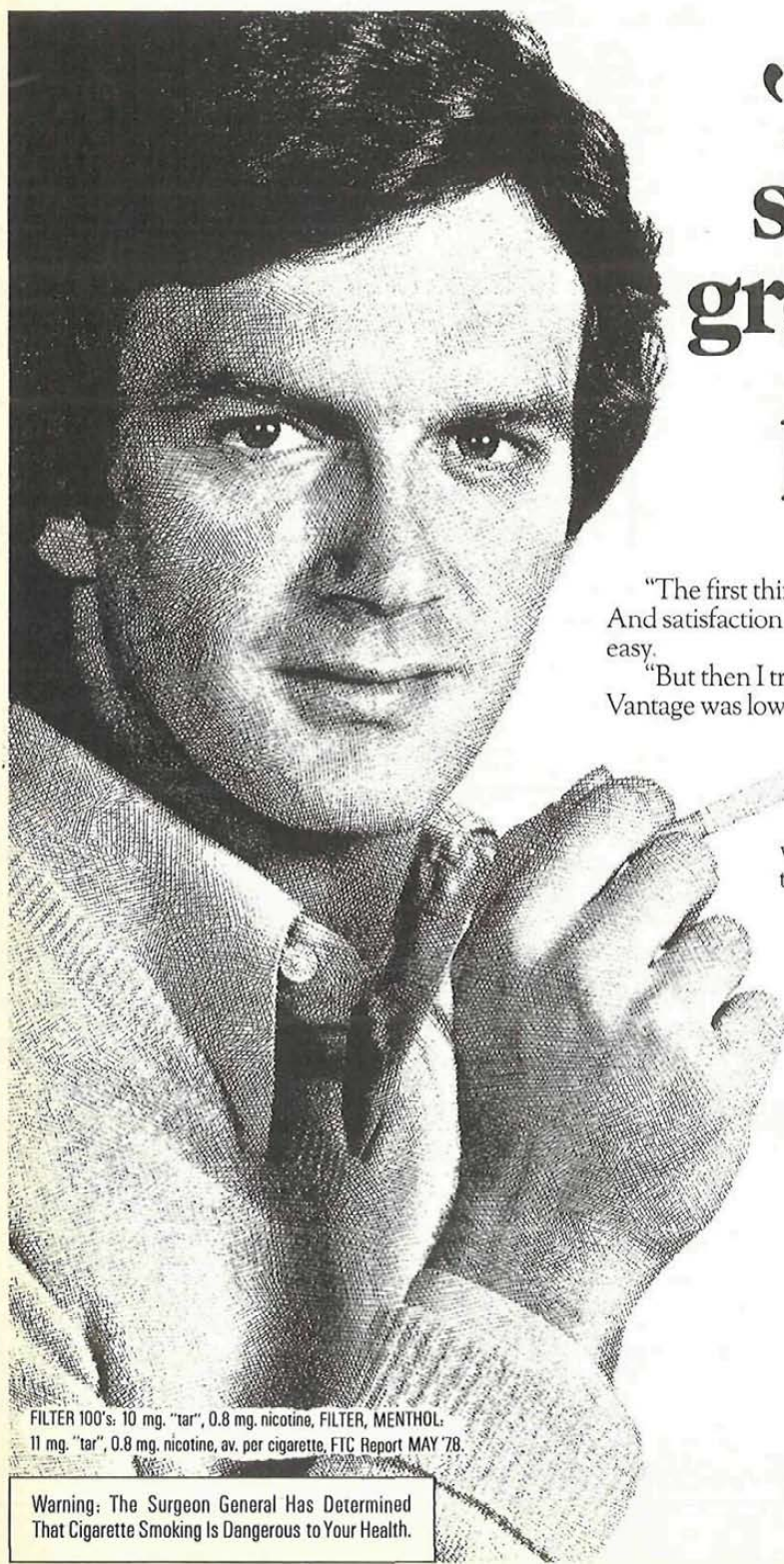
195 Albany Street,
Cambridge, MA 02139

*Suggested prices, subject to change without notice.

NL-3/79

FOTO FUNNIES





'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY 78.

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

your social security, you may well hit bottom because there just won't be enough to support you. However, a good insurance plan will start filling the pool so you and your family will have enough to float around on comfortably for the rest of your lives.

You know, there's a story I tell people sometimes—it's a true story—which despite its terribly unfortunate ending, makes the point far better than all of the cold logic and figures I could give you. This will only take a moment, if you'll please bear with me. I called on a family in my neighborhood a few years ago, just around Christmas time. The man of the house (Mr. Jones I'll call him) earned a good salary and provided a comfortable, secure home for his wife and children. I began to explain the benefits of several plans that were available to him, much the same as I'm doing right now with you, but Mr. Jones simply shook his head, saying those words I hear so often: "Tod, I just can't afford it right now." Mr. Jones claimed he had extra expenses during the holiday season, and suggested I call on him again at a later date. I replied, "Mr. Jones, 'can't af-

ford' is the way we talk about *luxuries*. I'm talking about *necessities* like food, shelter, education, and income." I tried to emphasize that, God forbid, tomorrow might be too late, but Mr. Jones was adamant.

Well, I'm sure you can guess what happened. Mr. Jones suffered a serious heart attack several weeks later, and died shortly thereafter. He had no insurance. The family savings were nearly exhausted by the cost of the funeral alone. So, Mrs. Jones went to work. I want to tell you, this is the really tough side of the insurance business—the side that really hurts. I ran into Mr. Jones's widow last month in our office building. I was working late and spotted her in the hall mopping the floors. That's right, she was the cleaning lady. I asked her how she was getting along, and she said not so good. She said her son, who's just about college age now, had decided that he'd have to find a job this fall to help her make ends meet. Believe me, that woman would have given her last dime to keep her boy in school, but there just wasn't any money.

Do you know what she told me? The boy had come up to her late one night and said, "Say, Mom, do you remember the bicycle Dad got me the

last Christmas he was alive? Well, there's another present a better dad would have gotten me instead." "What's that?" Mrs. Jones asked. He replied, "That insurance policy Mr. Carroll had for him." You see, I can't help feeling just a little responsible. If only I would have tried a little harder, Mr. Jones's son might have gotten the gift he wanted. And that's why I'm taking all of this space in the magazine to go over this with you.

Please, cover yourself right now. Let the insurance company assume the risk of protecting your future—that's what it's there for. Put your signature on the policy below, won't you? Mail it to me at *National Lampoon* with your initial premium of \$5,200.70, and I guarantee you'll feel a whole lot better about yourself. Thanks for your time; it's been a great pleasure talking to you. T.C.

POLICY

I, the undersigned, agree to accept the protection and security provided by this insurance policy.

Signature _____

The Watts Parastat

In 15 seconds your records are clean, dry, and ready to play.

With some systems you pour liquid on your records (and rub it into the grooves), while with others you brush the dirt around (and rub it into the grooves). The Watts Parastat is neither of these.

By placing a plush velvet pad on either side of a soft nylon brush and adding a drop or two of Parastatik®

fluid, a remarkably efficient system is created.

The brush bristles lift the rubbish to the surface. The pads collect and remove it. And the Parastatik® fluid supplies just the right degree of humidity to relax dust collecting static without leaving any kind of film or deposit behind.

No other system does

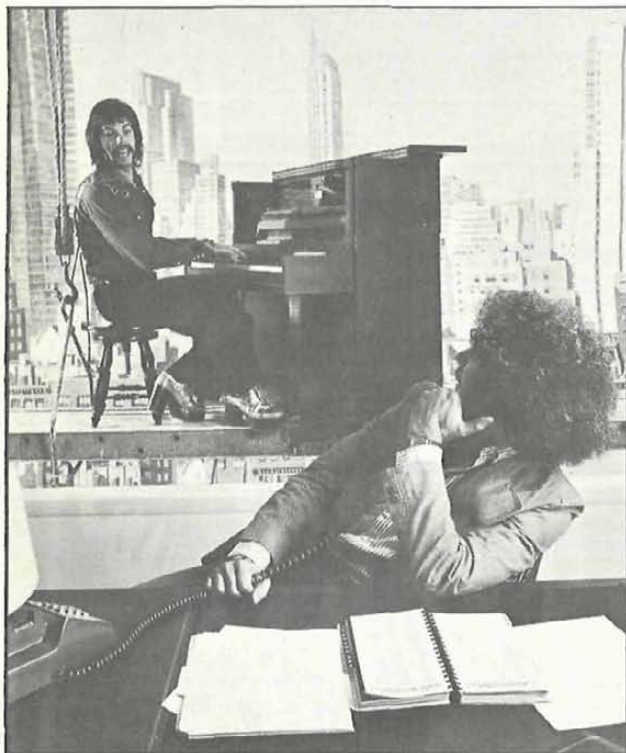
so much for your records in so little time.

So when you want the best, ask for the original. The Parastat, by Cecil Watts.

Cecil & Watts Ltd

Watts products are distributed exclusively in the U.S. by: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, NY 11530

Four ways to get someone in the music business to listen to your song.



The Surest Way is the 1979 American Song Festival®

Instead of going to ridiculous lengths to get a music business heavy to hear your songs, enter them in our *Sixth Annual Songwriting Competition*. We'll **GUARANTEE** each song will be heard by a *minimum of two music pros*. Our judges are producers, music industry executives, music publishers or recording artists . . .

They're always looking for good songs! And all you need is a good song. You don't have to write music, just record your song (home demos are fine). There are categories for all types of music. Amateurs never compete against professionals. *Plus*, you retain all rights to your material.

In our first five years, over **HALF A MILLION DOLLARS** in cash prizes have been awarded. But even more important, entered songs have been recorded by superstars like Barbra Streisand; Barry Manilow; The Jefferson Starship; Johnny Mathis; Hall & Oates; Helen Reddy; Ray Charles; Hank Williams, Jr.; and Betty Wright. Winning singer/songwriters have been signed to top labels such as Warner Bros.; A&M Asylum; RCA; Columbia; United Artists; Mercury; and Atlantic. **THIS YEAR IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!**

For lyricists, we'll also have the exciting **LYRIC COMPETITION 6**, designed especially for your special talent. If you want to be in the music business, advance your career and build that all important "track record" . . .

THIS COULD BE THE BREAK YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

YES, I am interested in finding out more about the 1979 American Song Festival and Lyric Competition 6. Please send me complete information and Official Entry Forms.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

Mail to: The American Song Festival
5900 Wilshire Blvd. West Pavilion
Los Angeles, CA 90036
Phone (213) 937-7370



NL.1

A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization • 1978 American Song Festival, Inc.

MARVIN GAYE

"Here, My Dear"



Includes
the single

**"A Funky Space
Reincarnation"**

©1979 Motown Record Corporation

Love that once was...
love promised... love denied... love gone astray.

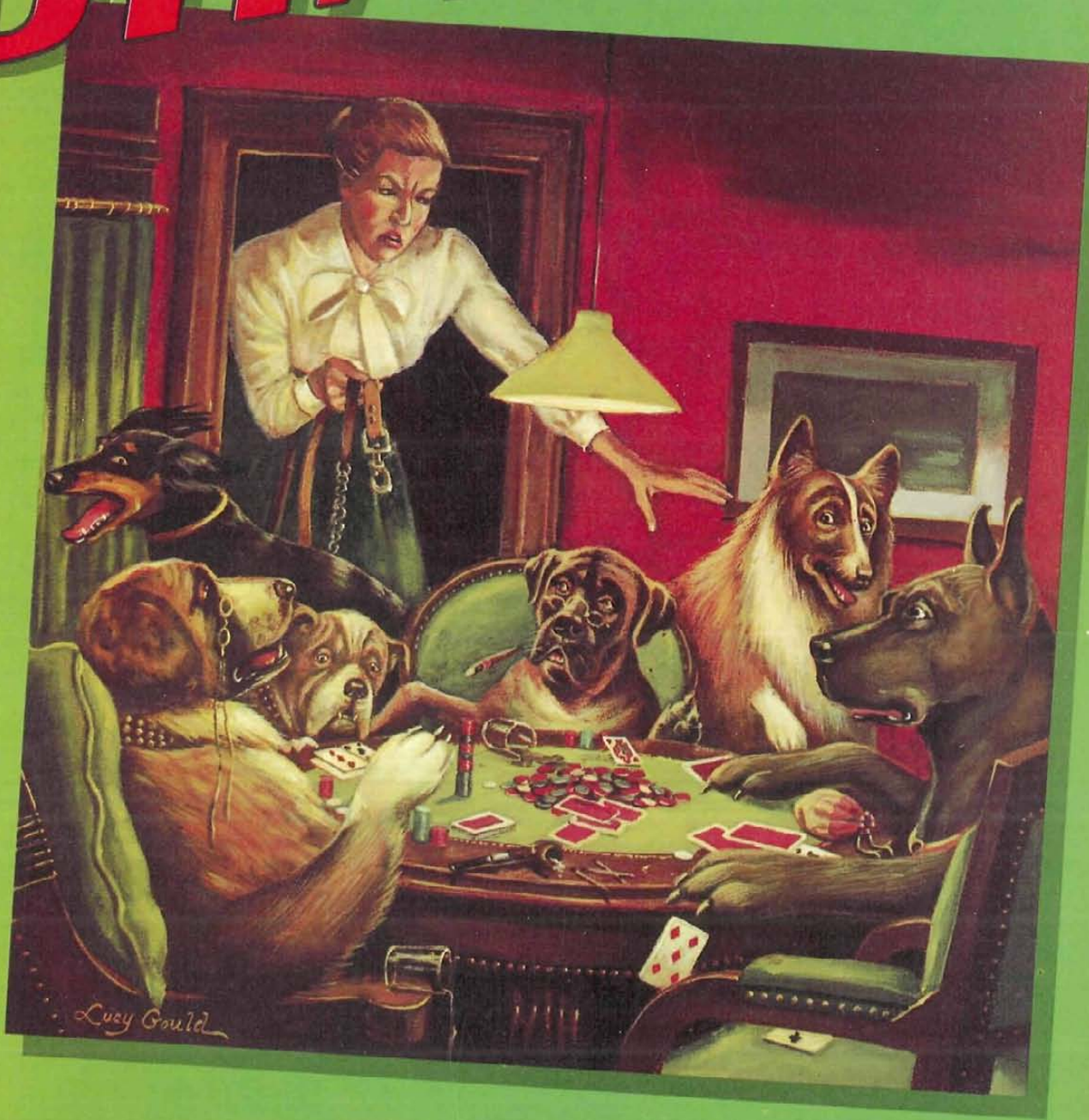
A new two-record set on Motown Records & Tapes.

WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND ARRANGED BY MARVIN GAYE.



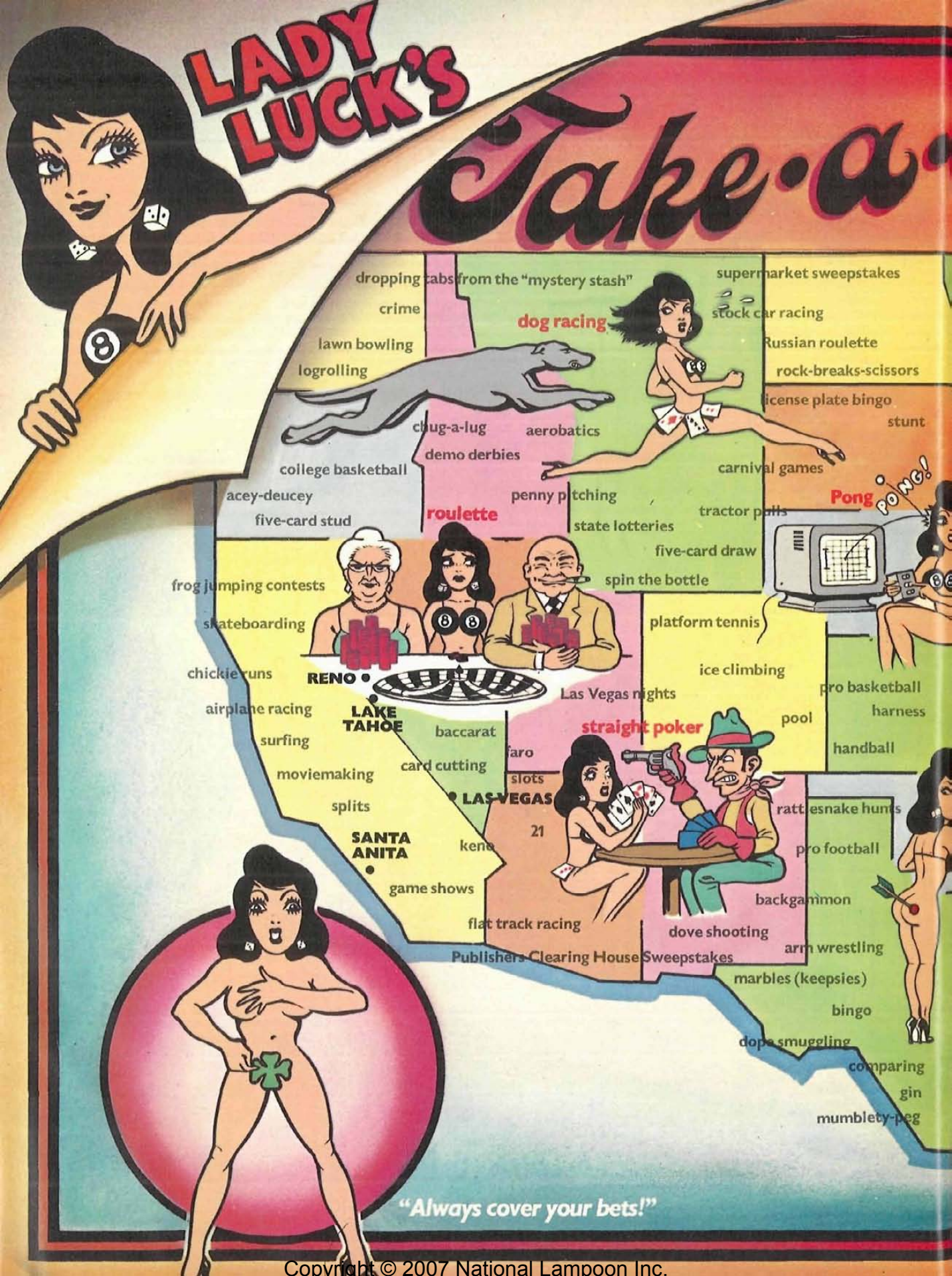
NATIONAL LAMPOON

CHANCE



LADY LUCK'S

Take-a-



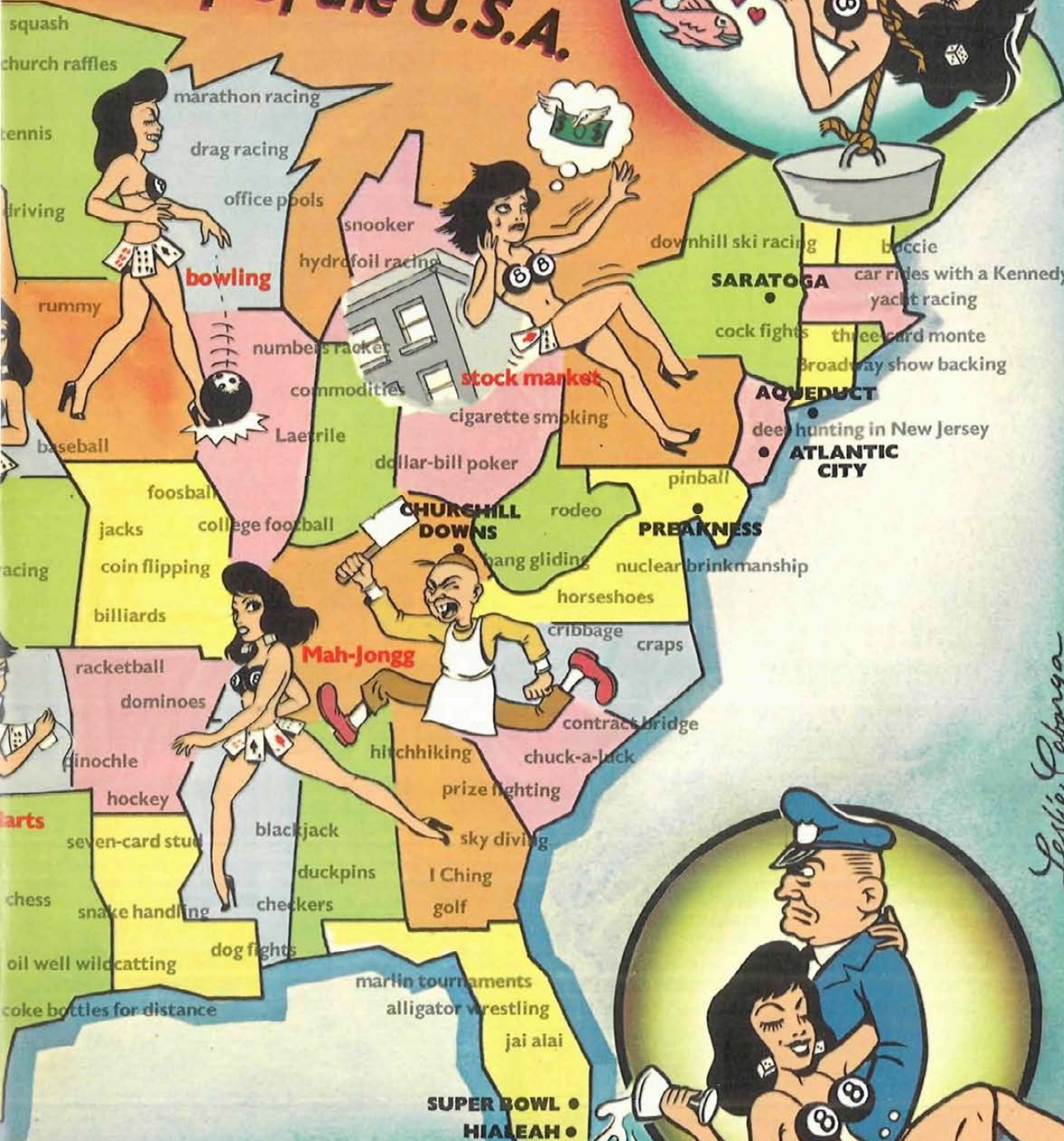
dropping tabs from the "mystery stash"
 crime
 lawn bowling
 logrolling
 dog racing
 supermarket sweepstakes
 stock car racing
 Russian roulette
 rock-breaks-scissors
 license plate bingo
 stunt
 clug-a-lug
 aerobatics
 demo derbies
 college basketball
 penny pitching
 state lotteries
 tractor pulls
 Pong PONG!
 acey-deucey
 five-card stud
 roulette
 spin the bottle
 five-card draw
 platform tennis
 frog jumping contests
 skateboarding
 chickie runs
 RENO
 LAKE TAHOE
 airplane racing
 surfing
 moviemaking
 splits
 SANTA ANITA
 game shows
 flat track racing
 Publishers-Clearing House Sweepstakes
 baccarat
 card cutting
 slots
 LAS VEGAS
 keno
 Las Vegas nights
 straight poker
 pool
 handball
 rattlesnake hunts
 pro football
 backgammon
 dove shooting
 arm wrestling
 marbles (keepsies)
 bingo
 dope smuggling
 comparing gin
 mumblety-peg

"Always cover your bets!"

"Don't get in over your head!"

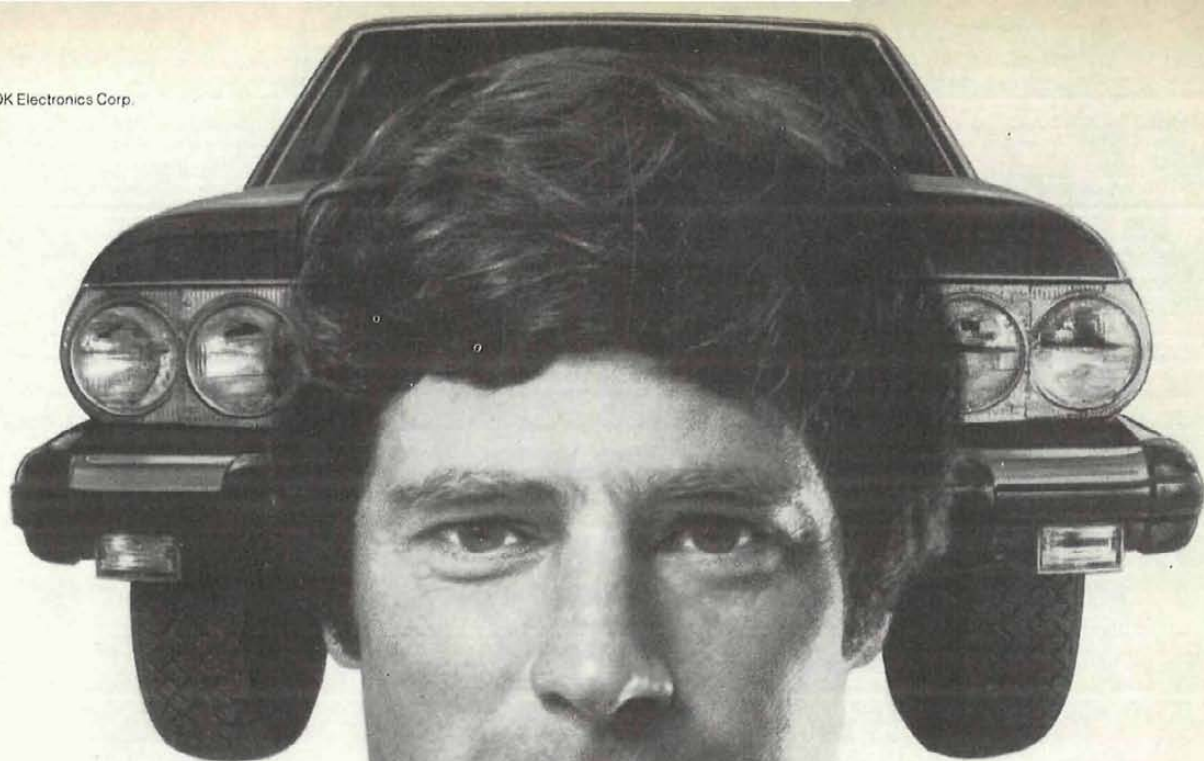
Chance

Map of the U.S.A.



"And don't get carried away!"

Leslie Cabarga



Don't lose your highs on the highway.

If music is an important part of your life, you probably spend a good deal of time listening—in your car, as well as at home. Unfortunately your car was designed for transportation, not music. Because of its peculiar shape and size, its soundproofing material, the constant noise level of traffic, wind and motor, and the practicality of speaker placement, the high frequency sounds of music you hear at home are absorbed or obliterated. Without those highs, your music sounds dull and lifeless.

The TDK AD cassette overcomes the problems created by this unfriendly acoustic environment. AD

has a hotter high end than any pure ferric oxide tape. And AD is a normal bias cassette—you can use it in any car stereo.

If you listen to rock, AD will restore the edge and presence that makes that music exciting. If you listen to classical music, AD will reinforce the critical overtones that make an oboe sound like an oboe and not like a clarinet.

AD has a super precision mechanism (backed by a full lifetime warranty*) that eliminates cassette jams during traffic

jams. And its hot high end lets your music come alive at 55.

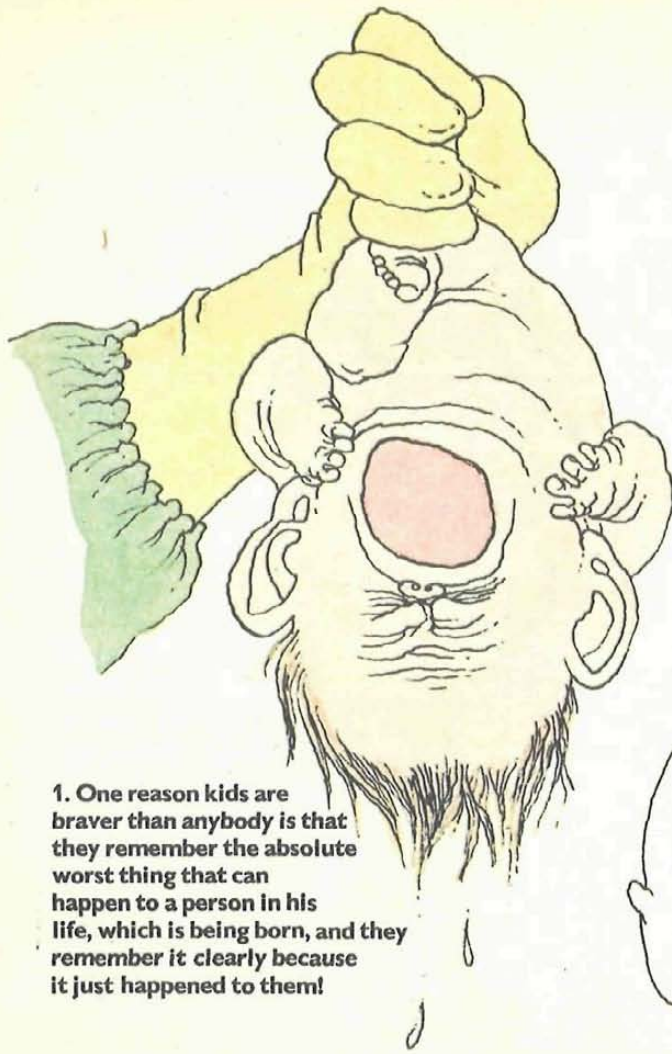
TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530



TDK

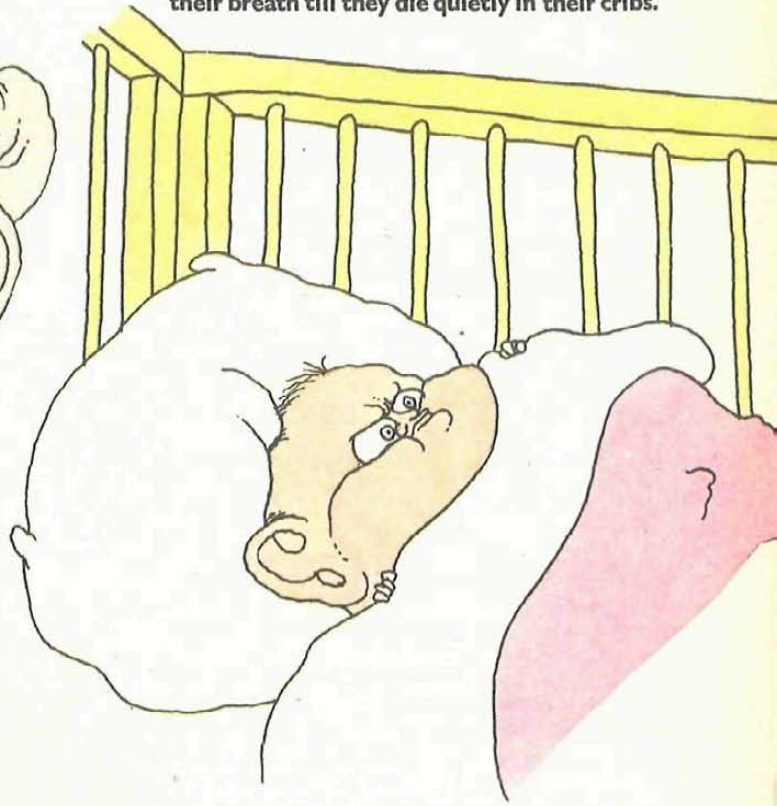
We make you feel at home on the road.

*In the unlikely event that a TDK audio cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to TDK or to your local dealer for a free replacement.

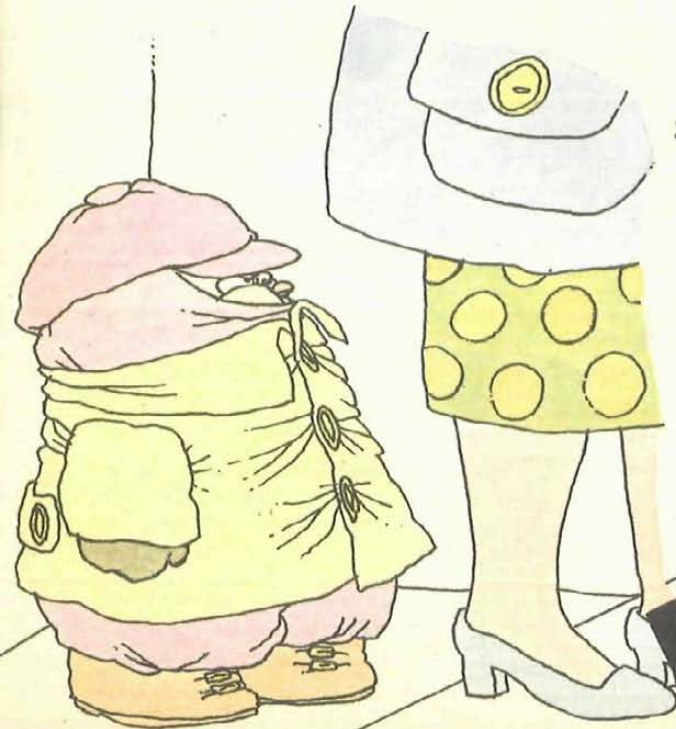


1. One reason kids are braver than anybody is that they remember the absolute worst thing that can happen to a person in his life, which is being born, and they remember it clearly because it just happened to them!

2. After that they figure they can take on anything, so they try to see if they can kill themselves by falling down stairways or holding their breath till they die quietly in their cribs.



3. After awhile they work up to seeing what they can get away with as far as grown-ups are concerned. Early practice often takes place while the grown-up isn't looking.

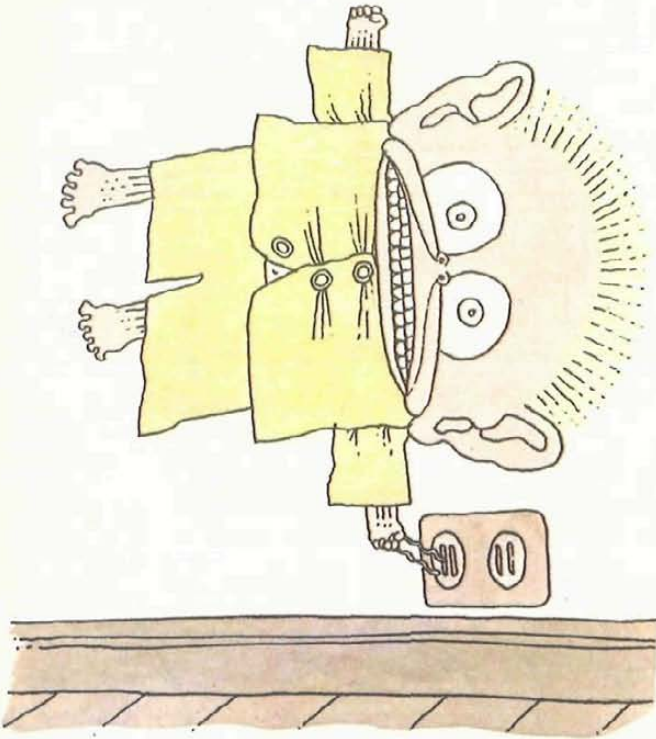


KIDS

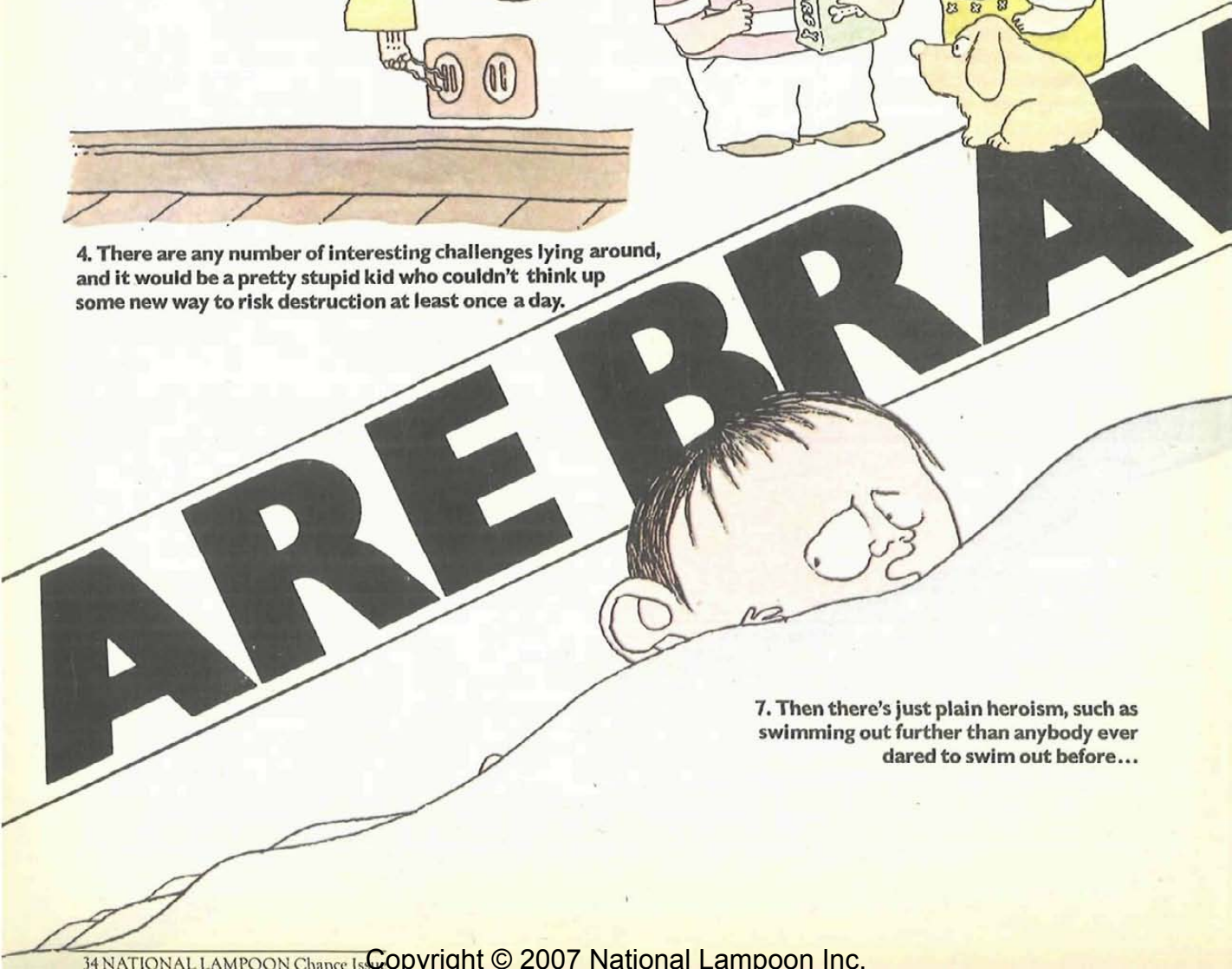
5. Some kids work out really unusual, horrible things to do, like eating dog shit. Naturally, this kind of thing is widely admired by all the other kids, even if they don't feel like doing it themselves.



6. Of course, there's no harm in trying milder variations, such as drinking ink or eating dog biscuits.



4. There are any number of interesting challenges lying around, and it would be a pretty stupid kid who couldn't think up some new way to risk destruction at least once a day.



7. Then there's just plain heroism, such as swimming out further than anybody ever dared to swim out before...

8. ...or removing the protective sheet from your face and throat, even though you know there is a horrible, child-devouring monster lurking under your bed...

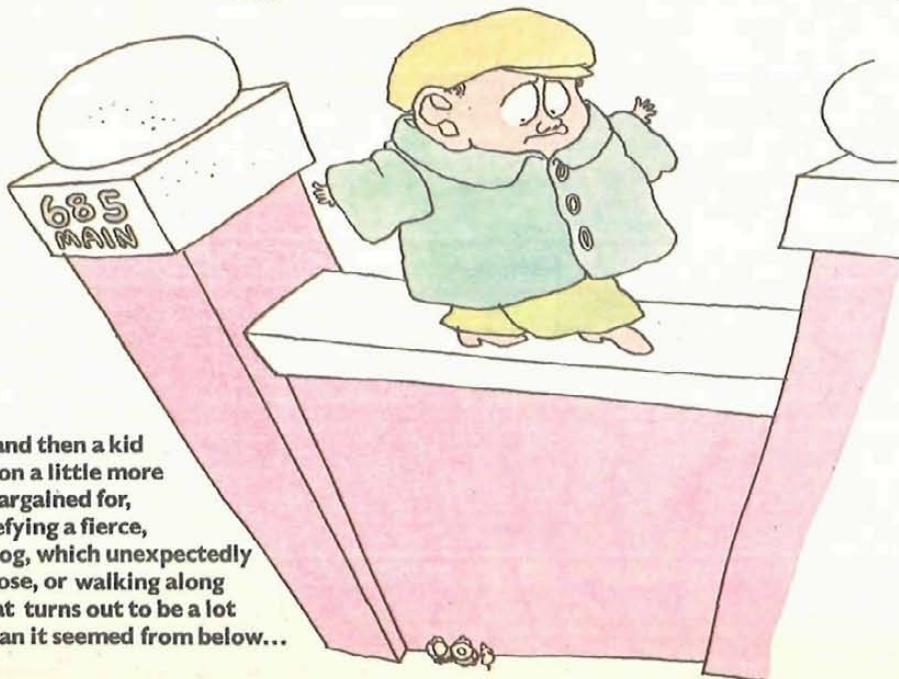


ERTHAN

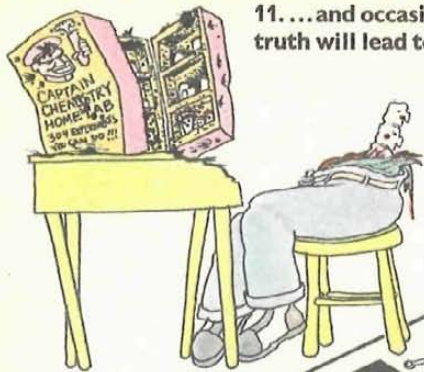
9. ...or doing something that is so awful to look at it will make all the other kids sick to watch, such as jumping rope one million and a half times without stopping.



10. Now and then a kid will take on a little more than he bargained for, such as defying a fierce, leashed dog, which unexpectedly breaks loose, or walking along a wall that turns out to be a lot higher than it seemed from below...



11. ...and occasionally the simple quest for truth will lead to unexpected fatality.

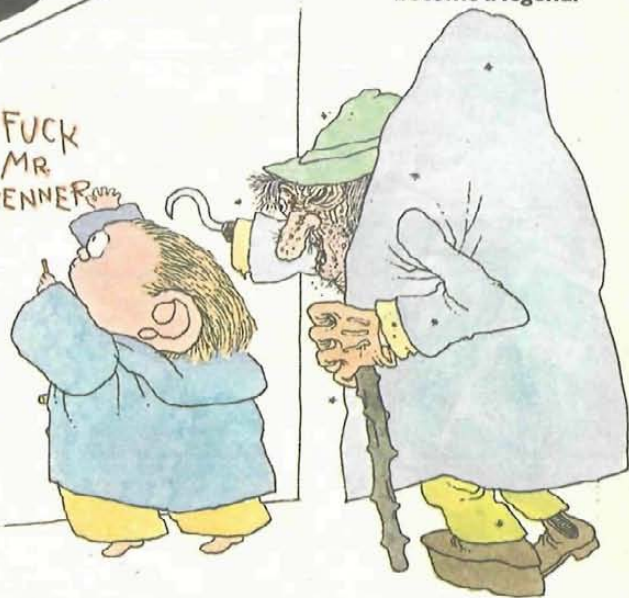


by Gahan Wilson

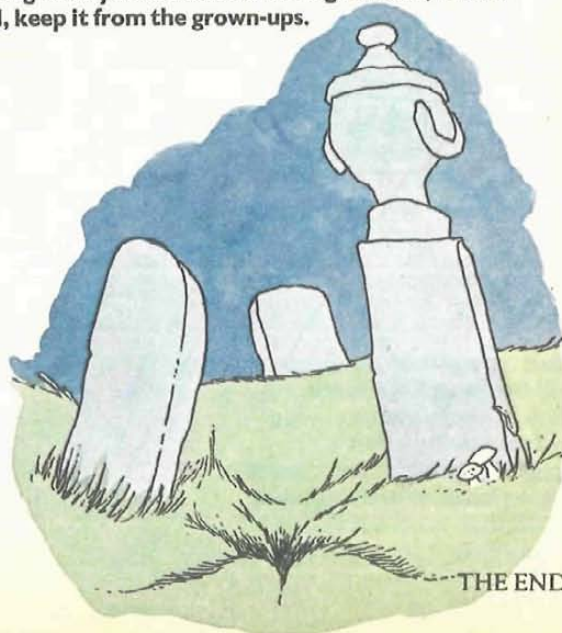
ANYBODY!

13. ...and particularly terrible adults should be left strictly alone—unless you want to become a legend.

FUCK
MR
BRENNER



14. But if you do become a legend, such as by spending all night alone in a graveyard, and in the morning all they find is this strange hole in the ground, you'll know that through the generations, kids will pass along what you did and never forget it and, best of all, keep it from the grown-ups.



THE END

12. It is very difficult for kids to get away with kid things if there are not a number of other kids around. Pushing the buttons for all the floors in an elevator likely to be occupied only by adults is very dangerous and should be tried only by the bravest kids...

THE RICH YOUNG PRETTY PERSON'S GAME OF LIFE

Each player is given a **CREDIT CARD** and a checking account containing **\$1,000,000**. The player's credit card is placed on the **START** square, and in turn, each player moves ahead one square at a time, at a cost of **\$100** a square. This amount is charged to the player's credit card account. For example: Player **A** places his **CREDIT CARD** on **START**, then moves it forward to the next square, saying, "**CHARGE IT, PLEASE!**" The banker deducts \$100 from Player **A's** account, after which players **B**, **C**, and **D** repeat the same sequence. Player **A** then moves up one more square, saying, "**CHARGE IT, PLEASE!**" and so on. Squares marked **AHEAD 1** indicate that a player may move forward an extra square; however, he must pay **\$100** to do so. A player wishing to exercise this option says, for example, "**PUT THIS EXTRA MOVE ON MY CREDIT CARD, PLEASE!**"

Some squares are marked **BACK 1**. This means the player must go back to the preceding square. This costs money, and the player may disregard a **BACK 1** designation the second time he or she lands on it. A square that has a **CREDIT** or a **DEBIT** should be noted by the amount in the player's **CHECK REGISTER**. There are two **INTERESTING EXPERIENCE** squares and two **CUTE SHOP** squares. For **\$100**, a player may draw from the appropriate card pile in the center of the board. After the player has finished reading the card to the other players, he or she must return it to the bottom of the pile. **THE OBJECT OF THE GAME** is to have the most **FUN**. Each player rates his or her trip to St. Moritz on the **LIFE SHEET**, giving it a score of **1** to **10**. The player who has the highest score is the winner, regardless of how much money has been spent.

PLAYER 1



PLAYER 2



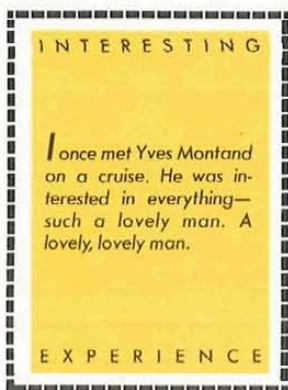
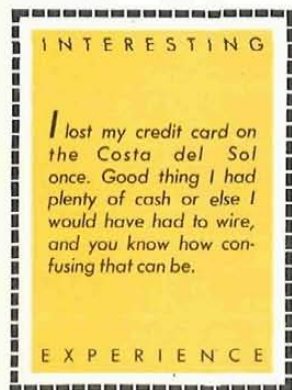
PLAYER 3



PLAYER 4



INTERESTING EXPERIENCE CARDS



CUTE SHOP CARDS



LIFE SHEET

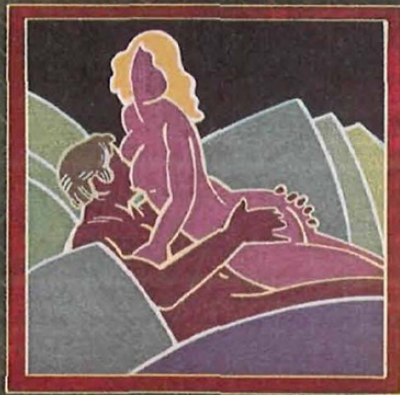
PLAYER 1	PLAYER 2	PLAYER 3	PLAYER 4
TOTALS			

CHECK REGISTER

	PLAYER 1		PLAYER 2		PLAYER 3		PLAYER 4	
BALANCE	\$1,000,000		\$1,000,000		\$1,000,000		\$1,000,000	
	Debit	Credit	Debit	Credit	Debit	Credit	Debit	Credit

Note: Xerox this page so you'll have enough stuff for all of the players, and so you don't cut up the board.

THE RICH YOUNG PRETTY



START

YOU GET ON YOUR YACHT WITH A SPECTACULAR, SVELTE FEMALE.
(AHEAD 1)

FIX DRINKS AND LITTLE SANDWICHES FOR YOURSELVES.
(AHEAD 1)

SHE RUNS OUT OF TANNING BUTTER; YOU LEND HER YOURS.
(AHEAD 1)

CHILLY BREEZE COMES UP; YOU HAVE TO MOVE INTO CABIN.
(BACK 1)

HAVE CONVERSATION; DISCOVER YOU BOTH LIKE TO SKI.
(AHEAD 1)

C U T E

I N T E R E S T I N G

S H O P

E X P E R I E N C E

DECIDE ST. MORITZ WOULD BE A NICE PLACE TO SKI.
(AHEAD 1)

GO HOME TO PACK; YOUR CABERKNI PORTUGUESE SWEATER IS GONE.
(BACK 1)

CALL TRAVEL AGENT—TELL HIM TO HANDLE TRIP DETAILS.
(AHEAD 1)

PICK UP GIRL; STOP TO CHECK HER HORSES.
(AHEAD 1)

THE RODS SHIMMY WHEN YOU GO OVER 120 KPH—MUST HAVE THEM CHECKED.
(BACK 1)

DISCOVER GIRL SPEAKS FRENCH; JUST LIKE YOU.
(AHEAD 1)

STOP AT MEN'S SHOP TO PICK UP ANOTHER PORTUGUESE SWEATER.
(AHEAD 1)

FIND A NUMBER OF OTHER OUTFITS YOU LIKE.
(AHEAD 1)

STOP AT BANK; WITHDRAW POCKET MONEY FOR TRIP.
(DEBIT \$5,000)

BANKER REMINDS YOU TO GO OVER TRUST FUND QUARTERLY STATEMENT.
(AHEAD 1)

GIRL ASKS YOU IF YOU WOULD LIKE SOME COCAINE.
(AHEAD 1)

SHE SAYS SHE HAS KEYS TO FRIENDS BEACH HOUSE PARTY.
(AHEAD 1)

ACCIDENTALLY SPILL BLACK RUSSIAN ON HER FRIEND'S PERSIAN RUG.
(DEBIT \$4,800)

TAKE A DIP IN OCEAN.
(AHEAD 1)

HAVE MORE BLACK RUSSIANS.
(AHEAD 1)

SHORT MORE COKE; COOK UP A COUPLE FILETS.
(AHEAD 1)

CALL TRAVEL AGENT; CAN'T GET A FLIGHT OUT UNTIL TOMORROW.
(BACK 1)

WATCH TV.
(AHEAD 1)

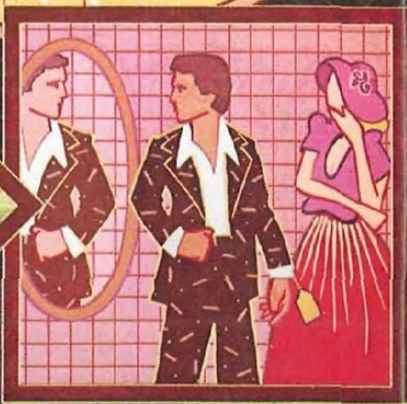
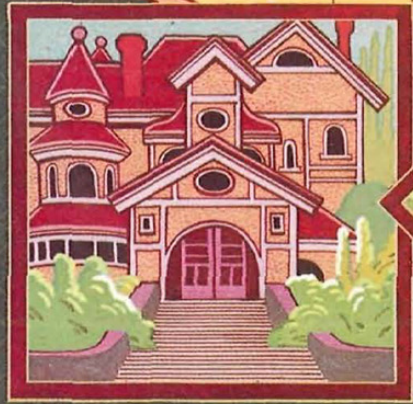
TAKE ANOTHER SWIM.
(AHEAD 1)

TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES ON THE BEACH.
(AHEAD 1)

WALK BACK UP TO THE HOUSE NAKED; SCREW IN HER FRIEND'S BED.
(AHEAD 1)

SHORT MORE COKE; HAVE MORE BLACK RUSSIANS.
(AHEAD 1)

WATCH MORE TV.
(AHEAD 1)



PERSON'S GAME OF LIFE

SLEEP, GET UP AT NOON THE NEXT DAY
(AHEAD 1)

TAKE A FINAL DIP IN THE OCEAN; SCREW.
(AHEAD 1)

STOP AT TRAVEL AGENCY TO PICK UP
TICKETS.
(DEBIT \$3,000)

GIRL ADMIRES CUTE LHASO APSO DOGS
AT PET SHOP NEXT DOOR; BUY THEM.
(DEBIT \$900)

CALLS HER BEST FRIEND TO TELL HER ABOUT
NEW LHASO APSOS.
(AHEAD 1)

GET ON PLANE, EAT TROUT, MAKE
CONNECTION WITH CONCORDE TO PARIS.
(AHEAD 1)

STEWARDESS IS LATE WITH DRINK CART.
(BACK 1)

RUN INTO OLD FRIENDS ON PLANE.
(AHEAD 1)

PLANE IS FULL; CAN'T SIT NEXT TO THEM.
(BACK 1)

PILOT HANDS YOU A RADIOGRAM FROM
BANKER; SOME OF YOUR STOCK HAS SPILT.
(CREDIT \$233,000)

PLANE DIVERTED TO LONDON; MUST
CHARTER PLANE TO PARIS.
(DEBIT \$1,750)

LAND IN PARIS; HOTEL LIMO WAITS AT
WRONG TERMINAL.
(BACK 1)

HAVE DINNER AT FAMOUS RESTAURANT;
CALL FRIEND FOR COCAINE.
(AHEAD 1)

COKE DELIVERED TO HOTEL ROOM; SNORT.
(DEBIT \$18,000)

ORDER EXOTICS FROM ROOM SERVICE;
FEED HALF TO DOGS.
(BACK 1)

SNORT MORE COKE; SCREW IN GREAT BIG
BED WITH HUGE PILLOWS.
(AHEAD 1)

STAY UP ALL NIGHT AND CALL FRIENDS
AROUND THE WORLD.
(AHEAD 1)

BUY CLOTHES, ORDER COGNAC, SLEEP;
GET UP AT NOON NEXT DAY.
(AHEAD 1)

DRAW
CUTE SNOR CARD.
FIND NICE DANKER LITTOGRAPHY FOR
LIVING ROOM.
(DEBIT \$4,700)

DISCOVER RENTAL AGENCY DOESN'T HAVE
PORSCHE YOU WANTED; TAKE MERCEDES.
(BACK 1)

DRIVE ALONG ALPINE ROADS, TAKE
PHOTOS, EAT CHEESE, DRINK WINE.
(AHEAD 1)

DRAW
INTERESTING EXPERIENCE CARD.

CHECK IN AT STORNBROOK-TYPE SKI
CHALET.
(AHEAD 1)

HAVE CORDON ROUGE, MEET FAMOUS FRENCH
PERSONALITIES.
(AHEAD 1)

SKI
(AHEAD 1)

HAVE MORE WINE AND CHEESE.
(AHEAD 1)

SKI SOME MORE.
(AHEAD 1)

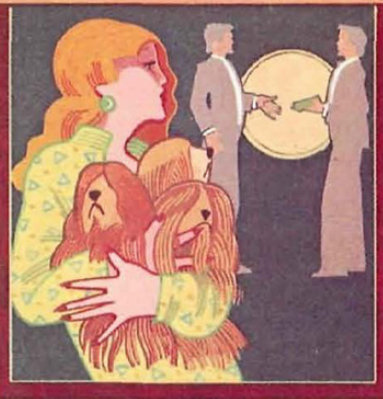
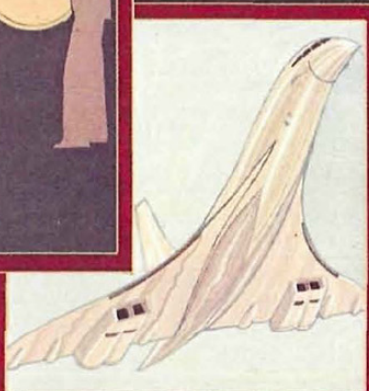
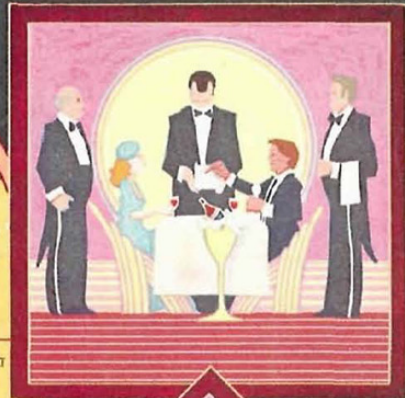
DANCE AT DISCO CLUB, DRINK HOT
BRANDY.
(AHEAD 1)

HAVE SMALL GET-TOGETHER WITH OTHER
GUESTS; EXCHANGE TRAVEL STORIES.
(AHEAD 1)

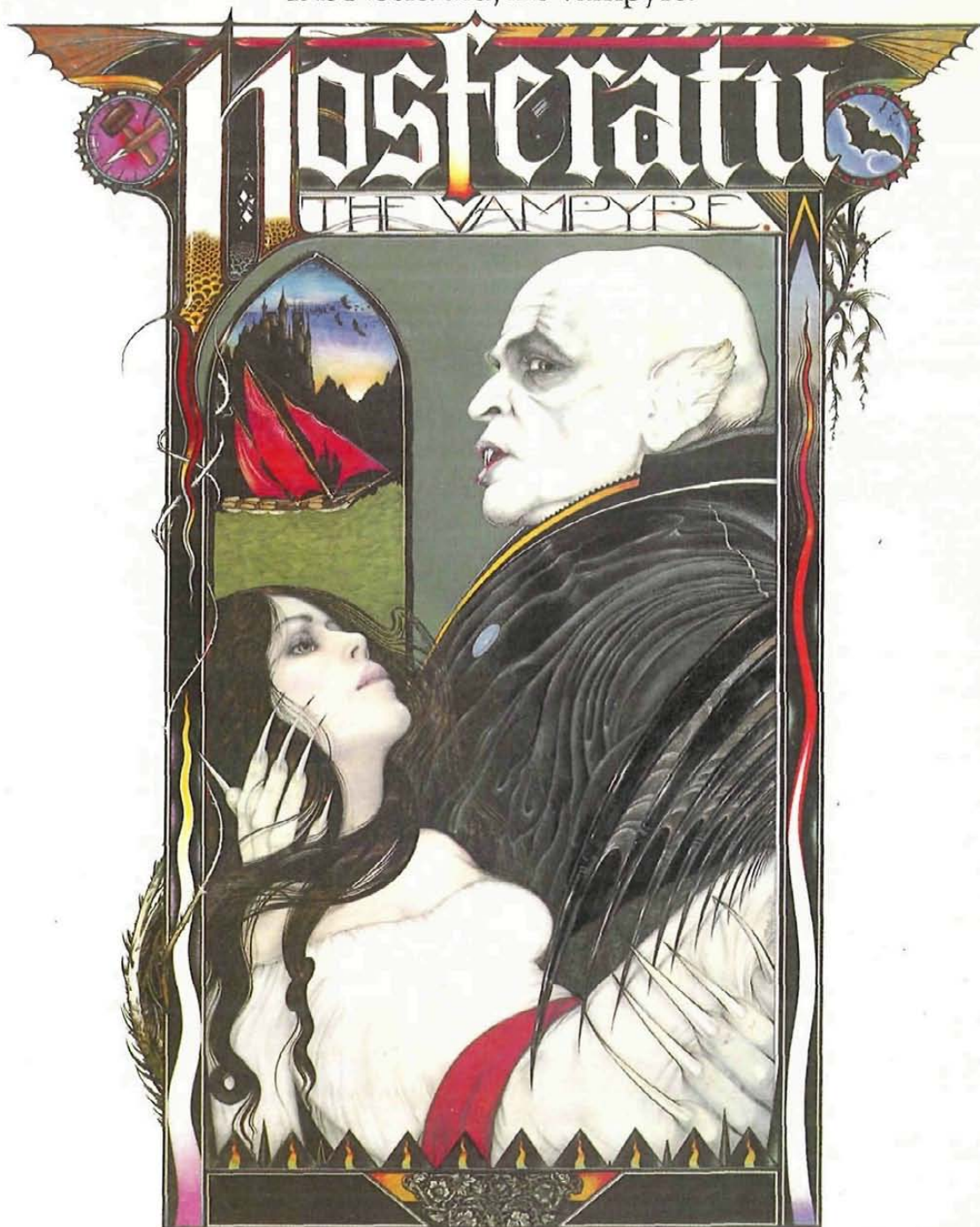
HAVE RUN-IN WITH SURLY FRENCH TAXI
DRIVER.
(BACK 1)

HAVE SOME MORE CHEESE AND WINE.
(AHEAD 1)

FINISH



It is fear and fun. It is a scream of horror and a cry of delight.
It is Nosferatu, the Vampyre.



TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX presents

KLAUS KINSKI ISABELLE ADJANI
in **NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE**
with **BRUNO GANZ**

MICHAEL GRUSKOFF presents A WERNER HERZOG FILM

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS

Written, Produced and Directed by **WERNER HERZOG**

Color by **EASTMAN**
© 1959 TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX



Coming soon to a theatre near you.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Unchained Melodrama

The true story
of a man
who broke a chain letter

by Milo Kush
as told to Gerry Sussman and Len Glasser

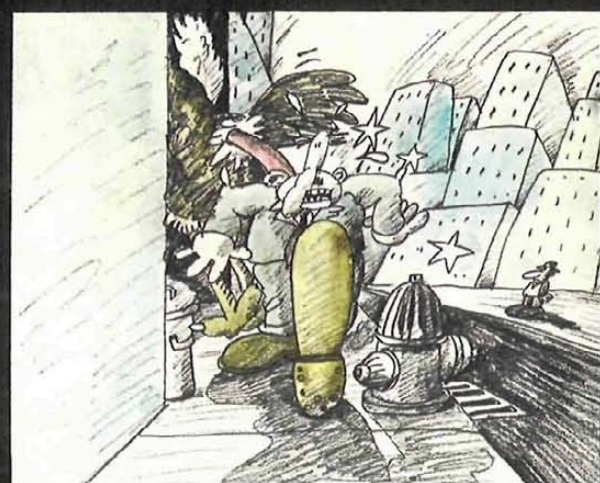
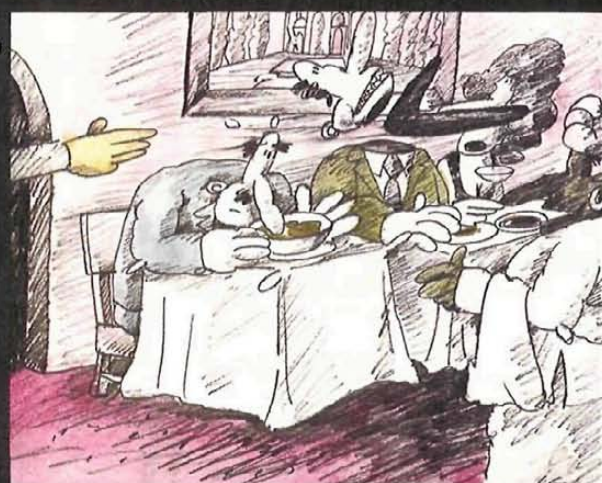
1



It all started innocently enough. I was opening my mail one morning and got one of those chain letters. You know the kind—very long, single-spaced, with a lot of instructions on how to keep the chain going. Something about continuing the Great Circle of Zoki. Great riches await me if I do this and that. If I don't continue the circle I'll be cursed for life. Sure. And I better watch out for black cats and not walk under any ladders, I said to myself.

No sooner had I gone to the bathroom to complete my morning toilette when I was attacked by a gigantic snake, a boa constrictor. With all the strength I had, I managed to wrestle out of its viselike grip, grab some clothes, and run out of the house. I've heard of alligators living in sewers, but a snake in my bathroom? Must be my crazy kids' idea of a joke.

At 11:15 my secretary, Estelle, happened to walk past my desk and answered my phone. "It's for you," she said. And before she had a chance to hand me the phone, she was killed by a poisoned dart that came right out of the earpiece. Was that dart intended for me?



I decided to have lunch by myself at my favorite Indian restaurant. My mulligatawny soup smelled a little odd, and as I bent over to check it, a boomerang sailed over my head and hit the man next to me, slicing his head off. It happened so quickly it almost went unnoticed. The victim didn't even have time to scream.

As I walked back to the office I thought of who would want to kill me. I had no enemies. True, my wife ran away with an espresso machine repairman, but she wouldn't kill me. My teen-age kids are pretty weird, but not that weird. What about Henderson? Henderson was a young, hungry kid who was pushing for my job at the office. Impossible. He wouldn't kill me for it. Of course, I couldn't believe what was right in front of my nose—that I had broken the Great Circle of Zoki and I was cursed. So I had no way of being prepared for what happened next: I was bitten by a runaway ostrich and rushed to the hospital for emergency rabies treatment.

The moment I entered the hospital my nightmare began. The hospital officials mistook me for someone else. I was given a knockout injection and sent to the brain surgery room. I later learned that brain operations have become routine affairs. In fact, Dr. Eugene Gegan, who performed the operation on me, was a chain-smoker and he was dying for a cigarette. Right in the middle of the operation he lit one up, and it accidentally triggered off the sprinkler system. Before anyone could stop it, I had water on the brain. They wiped my brain dry, but evidently you can't get a brain wet without causing a little damage. When they sewed me up the damage was done. I lost my memory. I was an amnesiac.

Iwandered around like a lost child, walking through unfamiliar streets where voluptuous women in heavy make-up beckoned me from doorways, alleys, and open windows. One of these women pulled me into her room and made me have sexual intercourse with her. I was powerless to offer any resistance. I fell asleep afterward, and when I awoke I discovered that my body had been transformed. The woman's accomplice, a man she called Fernando, had injected me with a serum that turned me into a half man-half chicken. Fernando and the woman seduced helpless souls like me and changed them into freaks, so they could be sold to circuses for a handsome profit. I was going to be packed in a crate and shipped to a carnival in Libya.

6



7



8



9



Iwas put on a freighter that was going around the world and would take months to get to Libya. In a stopover in Brazil I was stolen and taken to a palatial villa in the heart of the Amazon jungle, where a prominent Nazi war criminal was hiding. The Nazi was an advanced sex pervert who thrived on freaks, odd transplants like myself. When he saw me he was so overcome with lust that he took me on the spot and died of a heart attack in mid-orgasm.

The jungle was difficult. Many animals kept attacking the lower part of my body. But then I was found by a native who also thought me amusing to play with.

When he tired of me he sold me down the river to a slave trader in Bombay. In Bombay I escaped from my crate. I was free at last. But I might as well have been dead. A half man-half chicken—penniless, starving, more destitute than the lowest Indian beggar, I devised a “chicken song and dance” routine to earn a few rupees and stay alive. One day, a man came to me with a note. It said, “Go to the Child God. You have come the full circle.”

continued

NATIONAL LAMPOON Chance Issue 43

The Child God knew who I was and what had happened to me. He sprinkled some kind of liquid over me and I was cured. And my memory was returning. The Child God must be Zoki. And now Zoki himself was lifting the curse. I was overjoyed. I fell to my knees in gratitude, and said I would gladly write a new chain letter for him.

Zoki wasn't finished with me, however. As a final punishment, he demanded a human sacrifice, a piece of my body. Quickly, one of his disciples opened my stomach and reached in and pulled out my gall bladder, in the manner of the Filipino healers.



Suddenly, the Child God's temple crumbled to bits. An earthquake had started. It caused a tremendous flood, and the waters swept me far away until I landed in the Indian Ocean. This time, I was picked up by an American submarine, a CIA intelligence gathering craft. Despite my protests they thought I was a spy and gave me an injection of truth serum. My memory returned completely and I told them the entire story. They didn't believe a word of it. They thought I was certifiably insane and sent me to a secret government mental institution in Oneonta, New York.

I know that there are thousands of people like me imprisoned in government facilities, people who've been cursed because they foolishly neglected to answer a chain letter. I want the whole world to sit up and take notice of our plight and come to our aid. That is why I am writing my story. The head of the institution has even given me my own little mailbox so I can send my manuscript to a publisher.

Epilogue

On January 12, 1979, Milo Kush escaped from the government institution in Oneonta and offered his manuscript to a prominent New York publisher. It was bought for a sizable sum and was also sold to Hollywood, where it will be made into a major motion picture. Kush's wife and children have made a dramatic reconciliation, and they are all living in Los Angeles, where he is currently working on the sequel to the film.

The editors of the National Lampoon hope that the publication of this story will awaken the heads of state all over the world to the inhuman conditions suffered by people incarcerated in government institutions—people who made the same mistake as Milo Kush, but still remain imprisoned, with little chance of release. □

by John Hughes

HOW I CHEAT

The Poor Sportsman's Alternative to Fair Play

The General Rules of Cheating

1. Always volunteer to keep score.
2. Always go first and then confuse the order so that you also go last.
3. If you should happen to lose, never pay off any bets connected with the contest. If you pay off on one bet, you'll have to pay off on another.
4. Treat all people equally. It doesn't pay to be selective in who you cheat on. If you cheat your little boy or girl, cheat your wife

- and grandmother, too. Cheat everyone or cheat no one.
5. No one likes to think of anyone as a cheat. Even if you're a sloppy pig of a cheat, they'll think you forgetful, vaporish, or knuckle-headed before they think you a cheater.
6. Always make new rules. If you alter the rules at the beginning, you make it easier to alter the rules in the middle and at the end.
7. If you are accused of cheating,

- counter with an accusation of your own. At worst you will deadlock; at best they'll agree to a rematch and you'll get a second chance to cheat, except this time you'll be more careful.
8. Cheat an old person before a young person, a Negro before a white, a woman before a man, a pauper before a tycoon. Never cheat an Italian or a cop.
9. You can't cheat a dog.
10. You can't cheat a Jew.

Cheating Your Aunt at Penny Ante Poker

Let her win the first hand. That way you won't go to hell. Then, since her eyes are cloudy with cataracts and she's got the reflexes of a two-toed sloth, she's a cookie waiting for the bite. Deal her the worst cards in the deck, deal yourself a dozen and a half cards. If she wants you to hit her twice, hit her once. By the time she gets the cards up to her face, she will have forgotten how many cards she asked for in the first place. If all you want is her pocket money, get yourself one good hand, hold it, and replay it over and over. If you're a real son-of-a-snake, let her win a few hands—then raise the stakes and lower the boom.



continued

Cheating at Horse

In this driveway basketball classic, each player receives a letter for each basket he fails to make until he has missed enough shots to spell out the word *horse*, at which time he is out of the game. The dodge here is change the name of the game to *pig* if your opponent misses three baskets before you miss five. If that doesn't happen and you spell out all five letters, claim that you were playing *centipede*, and continue playing. If you are playing exceptionally bad and extra turns won't help, kick the ball up on the roof and declare the game a draw. (Be sure you stick the ball behind the backboard because it's almost impossible to stick a basketball in a gutter.)

The Circle Jerk Scam

Since whacking off in a room full of assholes isn't exactly "erotic," everyone in the circle is going to have to whack a little harder and a little longer. You, of course, will sneak into a john just before game time and take the little picture of the bush you clipped out of *Oui* from its hiding place in your sock and "prime the pump"; when you get into the room the vision of the mound is fresh on your mind and in a squeeze or two you're the winner. If for some reason you can't get into the john, you can prevent a victory by holding up the other guys. Ask them about their mothers and grandmothers and sisters and pastors or priests.

ANY OF YOU GUYS EVER SEE YOUR GRANDMOTHER NAKED? JESUS, IS IT A SIGHT!

Paycheck Poker

Pardon me, but if you play this game fair and square you are a dick-brain. The game is simple enough: you play the serial numbers on your paycheck like a poker hand. If you lose, you lose your check. It's risky and the stakes are high, especially if you have a wife, some kids, and a mortgage payment to make. Start watching your paycheck numbers and wait until you get a good hand; then and only then, enter the game. If you buy the comptrollers' secretary a photo cube for her desk or a snake plant, she'll gladly give you

a supply of fresh paycheck envelopes. All you do is slip the ringer check in the envelope every week until it wears out. *Caution:* since you'll literally be taking the food out of the mouths of children, you have to be discreet. Don't rack up fifteen straight victories. Take some of your winnings and lose once in awhile. However, if you're in a management position and play with your subordinates, you needn't cover yourself too well. Unless they have an outside income, they'll never have the balls to challenge you.

The Switch Bet

People are so eager to win they will very often leap into a bet without even considering it. Try this next time your lawn needs a clipping. Bet your teen-age son that he's not strong enough to mow a whole lawn in half an hour. Be sure and slip out just before he finishes so that you won't be home to verify that he did it. He will insist that he completed the task, but you tell him that since you didn't see it you have to assume that he didn't do it. Be a sport and offer him another bet: can he clean the eaves and sweep up the garage in an hour? If your kid takes after your wife's side of the family, you can run this thing all weekend.

Cheating People from Other Countries

The easiest bet in the universe is any bet with a foreigner.

You: I'll bet you that you don't have a nickle in your pocket.

Man from Malaysia: Oh, how much you will bet for?

You: Fifty bucks, U.S.

Man from Malaysia: Here's fifty dollars and here nickle is. I win bet; pay me please fifty dollars.

You: What the fuck do you know? See you at the noodle factory!

Man from Malaysia: That is my money! Give it to me, come back at once!

Cheating the Supermarket Games

Without going to a lower order of animal, you can't find a dumber thing than a teen-age girl working part-time in a grocery store. If you walk up to one and tell her that you want to buy wheelchairs for blind kids and the only way to get the dough is to win the weekly supermarket bingo game, she'll roll over like a refugee boat. She'll load you up with so many free bingo chips you'll have to rent a U-Haul.



Prevail upon your secretary to open the bingo chips and keep track of your winners.



The Old Maid card on the right has been marked. The card on the left is untouched. You will note a subtle break in the pattern. If you mark the Old Maid in your child's deck, you will be able to secure a rapid victory every time out and, if you choose, recoup the money you give out in allowances.

Beating the State Lotteries

Call your state lottery office and claim that your house is a drugstore, and tell them that you want to sell lottery tickets. When your tickets arrive, head down to the dentist's office. Insert an instant winner lottery card in either side of your mouth and ask for an X-ray. Continue until you have X-rayed the entire supply of cards. Read the X-rays for the winning numbers. Turn those cards in and sell the ones that won't win. Be aware, however, that the chances of your contracting lottery cancer double.

The Sports Cheater

Dispute everything; claim that everything hit, kicked, swatted, booted, thrown, or slid is foul, short, long, or anything but what it is. Complain about your opponent's equipment, his tactics, his looks, the amount of noise he makes when he plays. Bitch about how your shoes are too tight, the sun's in your eyes, your dick hurts, your clubs, racquet, bat, stick, oar, flipper, paddle, or cap has been tampered with. This should distract him enough to throw his game out of whack.

Board Game Cheats in Brief

Chess: If you get into trouble, upset the board and relocate your pieces.

Checkers: Apply a small amount of rubber cement to your palm. When you move a piece of your own, press your palm down on one of your opponent's pieces and return it to your "capture" pile.



Monopoly: Miscalculate moves, refuse to pay rents, set yourself up with credit, make deals that are so complicated everyone will lose track, play a second piece, make yourself banker and embezzle funds.

Backgammon: Throw a drink in your opponent's face. Rearrange the pieces.



Clue: Peek at the card in the envelope.

Master Mind: Hit your opponent with a chair and win by forfeiture.

Five Rules for Operating a Successful Sports Pool

1. Make at least one third of the squares impossible bets (Denver over Seattle by 100, Yankees in nine games over the St. Louis Browns, etc.). Sell these to the broads in the office.
2. Sell your squares for one dollar. A buck never hurts. Even the slopehead in the mailroom has a buck to throw your way.
3. Whenever possible, pay the winner in chances on squares for the following weeks. The odds of him winning a second pool is about as good as getting a hand job at a funeral.
4. Never sell the squares that have a chance of winning (Dallas over Chicago by twenty-one). Claim that these are already sold. It will cut into your gross earnings, but it will also avert a large payout.
5. Tell any winner that you accidentally sold the same square you sold him to "that poor gal in accounting whose husband and sister died a couple of weeks ago." If he doesn't offer to donate his winnings to her, he's a real prick.

The Father Rule

"At any given time during the course of a game, sporting match, bet, or contest, a father may terminate that event and declare himself winner and champion of the house. He is not required to make a disclosure of his reasons for that action. He may claim as his, any and all stakes or purses. The rule may be invoked at the discretion of the father without limitation. The father may alter the rules of any game, sport, or contest as he sees fit, and may apply special conditions that will affect the performance of his opponents to his benefit. No father shall be required to handicap his efforts to equalize contests with younger children. No mother shall interfere with the invoking of the father rule under threat of penalty of not less than no car for a week, and not to exceed wearing last year's winter coat this winter!" □

How to Drive Fast on D Wing-Wang Squeezed a

When it comes to taking chances, some people like to play poker or shoot dice; other people prefer to parachute jump, go rhino hunting, or climb ice floes, while still others engage in crime or marriage. But I like to get drunk and drive like a fool. Name me, if you can, a better feeling than the one you get when you're half a bottle of Chivas in the bag with a gram of coke up your nose, and a teen-age lovely pulling off her tube top in the next seat over while you're going a hundred miles an hour down a suburban side street. You'd have to watch the entire Mexican air force crash-land in a liquid petroleum gas storage facility to match this kind of thrill. If you ever have much more fun than that, you'll die of pure sensory overload, I'm here to tell you.

But wait. Let's pause and analyze why this particular matrix of activities is perceived as so highly enjoyable. I mean, aside from the teen-age lovely pulling

off her tube top in the next seat over. Ignoring

that for a moment (despite these perfect little cone-shaped breasts that stand right up from her chest and end in a pair of eager hot pink lust-hardened nipples as thick as your thumbs), let's look at the psychological factors conducive to placing positive emotional values on the sensory end product of experientially produced excitation of the central nervous system and smacking into a lamppost. Is that any way to have fun? How would your mother feel if she knew you were doing this? She'd cry. She really would. And that's how you know it's fun. Anything that makes your mother cry is fun. Sigmund Freud wrote all about this. It's a well-known fact.

Of course, it's a shame to waste young lives behaving this way—speeding around all tanked up with your feet hooked in the steering wheel while your date crawls around on the floor mats opening zippers with her teeth and pounding on the

accelerator with an empty liquor bottle. But it wouldn't be taking a chance if you weren't risking something. And even if it is a shame to waste young lives behaving this way, it is definitely cooler than risking old lives behaving this way. I mean, so what if some fifty-eight-year-old butt-head gets a load on and starts playing Death Race 2000 in the rush-hour traffic jam? What kind of chance is he taking? He's just waiting around to see what kind of cancer he gets anyway. But if young, talented you, with all of life's possibilities at your fingertips, you and the future Cheryl Tiegs there, so fresh, so beautiful—if the two of you stake your handsome heads on a single roll of the dice in life's game of stop-the-semi—now that's taking chances! Which is why old people rarely risk their lives. It's not because they're chicken—they just have too much dignity to play for small stakes.



Drugs While Getting Your and Not Spill Your Drink

by P. J. O'Rourke, Technical Consultant: Joe Schenkman

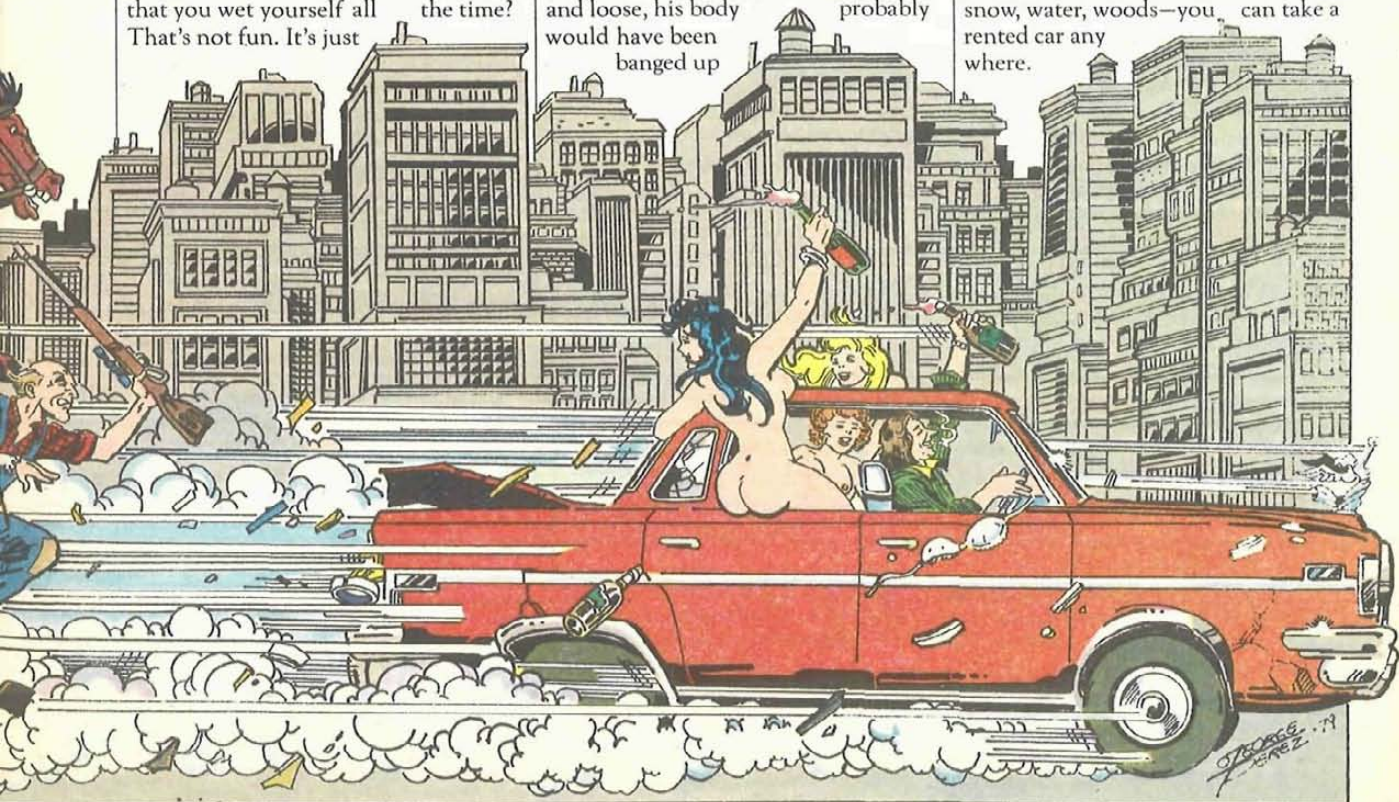
Now a lot of people say to me, "Hey, P.J., you like to drive fast. Why not join a responsible organization, such as the Sports Car Club of America, and enjoy participation in sports car racing? That way you could drive as fast as you wish while still engaging in a well-regulated spectator sport that is becoming more popular each year." No thanks. In the first place, if you ask me, those guys are a bunch of tweedy old barf mats who like to talk about things like what necktie they wore to Alberto Ascari's funeral. And in the second place, they won't let me drive drunk. They expect me to go out there and smash into things and roll over on the roof and catch fire and burn to death when I'm sober. They must think I'm crazy. That stuff scares me. I have to get completely fuck-faced to even think about driving fast. How can you have a lot of exciting thrills when you're so terrified that you wet yourself all the time? That's not fun. It's just

not fun to have exciting thrills when you're scared. Take the heroes of the *Iliad*, for instance—they really had some exciting thrills, and were they scared? No. They were drunk. Every chance they could get. And so am I, and I'm not going out there and have a horrible car wreck until somebody brings me a cocktail.

Also, it's important to be drunk because being drunk keeps your body all loose, and that way, if you have an accident or anything, you'll sort of roll with the punches and not get banged up so bad. For example, there was this guy I heard about who was really drunk and was driving through the Adirondacks. He got sideswiped by a bus and went head-on into another car, which knocked him off a bridge, and he plummeted 150 feet into a ravine. I mean, it killed him and everything, but if he hadn't been so drunk and loose, his body probably would have been banged up

a lot worse—and you can imagine how much more upset his wife would have been when she went down to the morgue to identify him if he'd been twisted up and smashed to pieces and covered in bloody gore.

Even more important than being drunk, however, is having the right car. You have to get a car that handles really well. This is extremely important, and there's a lot of debate on this subject—about what kind of car handles best. Some say a front-engined car; some say a rear-engined car. I say a rented car. Nothing handles better than a rented car. You can go faster, turn corners sharper, and put the transmission into reverse while going forward at a higher rate of speed in a rented car than in any other kind. You can also park without looking, and can use the trunk as an ice chest. Another thing about a rented car is that it's an all-terrain vehicle. Mud, snow, water, woods—you can take a rented car any where.



continued

True, you can't always get it back—but that's not your problem, is it?

Yet there's more to a really good-handling car than just making sure it doesn't belong to you. It has to be big. It's really hard for a girl to get her clothes off inside a small car, and this is one of the most important features of car handling. Also, what kind of drugs does it have in it? Most people like to drive on speed or cocaine with plenty of whiskey mixed in. This gives you the confidence you want and the need for plowing through red lights and passing trucks on the right. But don't neglect downs and 'ludes and codeine cough syrup either. It's hard to beat the heavy depressants for high speed spin-outs, backing into trees, and a general feeling of not giving two fucks about man and his universe. Try a little heroin. Sometimes it makes you throw up, but if you haven't used all the ice in the trunk, you can spread some around on the back seat floor and that way when you forget whether you're in England or not and can't remember which side of the car you're on, you can just puke over your shoulder and the ice will keep the smell down, if you still care. Plus, some of the cubes will slide under the front seat and you can grab them and use them on the girl (which is really a kick in case you've never tried it).

Over all, though, it's the bigness of the car that counts the most. Because when something bad happens in a really big car—accidentally speeding through the middle of a gang of unruly young people who have been taunting you in a drive-in restaurant, for instance—it happens very far away—way out at the end of your

fenders. It's like a civil war in Africa; you know, it doesn't really concern you too much. On the other hand, when something happens in a little bitty car it happens all over. You get all involved in it and have to give everything a lot of thought. Driving around in a little bitty car is like being one of those sensitive girls who writes poetry. Life is just too much to bear. You end up staying at home in your bedroom and thinking up sonnets that don't get published till you die, which will be real soon if you keep driving around in little bitty cars like that.

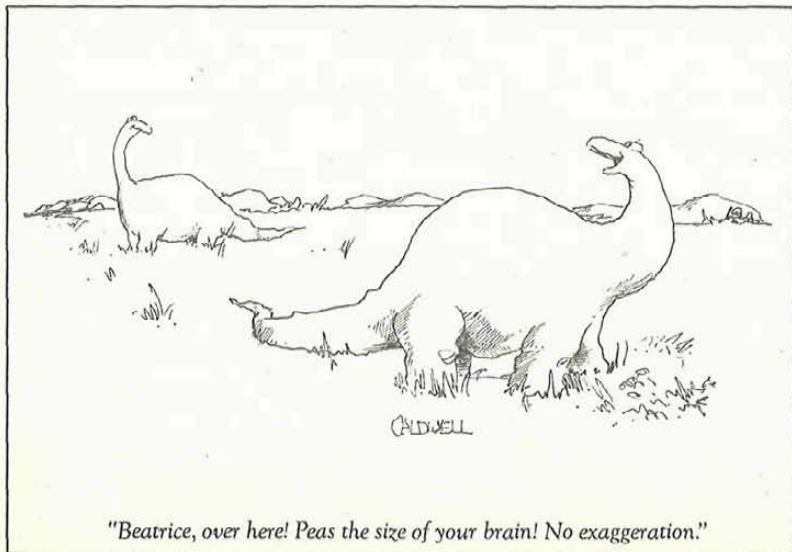
Let's inspect some of the basic maneuvers of drunken driving while you've got crazy girls who are on drugs with you. Look for these signs when picking up crazy girls: pierced ears with five or six earrings in them, unusual shoes, white lipstick, extreme thinness, hair that's less than an inch long, or clothing made of chrome and leather. Stay away from girls who cry a lot or who look like they get pregnant easily or have careers. They may want to do weird stuff in cars, but only in the back seat, and that's already filled with ice and has throw-up all over it and, anyway, it's really hard to steer from back there. Besides, they'll want to get engaged right away afterwards. But the other kind of girls—there's no telling what they'll do. I used to know this girl who weighed about eighty pounds and dressed in skirts that didn't even cover her underwear, when she wore any. I had this beat-up old Mercedes, and we were off someplace about fifty miles from nowhere on Christmas Eve in a horrible sleet

storm. The road was really a mess, all curves and big ditches, and I was blotto, and the car kept slipping off the pavement and sliding sideways. And just when I'd hit a big patch of glare ice and was frantically spinning the wheel trying to stay out of the oncoming traffic, she said, "I shaved my pussy today—wanna feel?"

That's really true. And then, about half an hour later the head gasket blew up, and we had to spend I don't know how long in this dirtball motel, although the girl walked all the way to the liquor store through about a mile of slush and got all kinds of wine and did weird stuff with the bottle necks later. So it was sort of O.K., except that the garage where I left the Mercedes burned down and I used the insurance money to buy a motorcycle.

Now, girls who like motorcycles really will do anything. I mean, really, anything you can think of. But it's just not the same. For one thing, it's hard to drink while you're riding a motorcycle—there's no place to set your glass. And cocaine's out of the question. And personally, I find that grass makes me too sensitive. You smoke some grass and the first thing you know you're pulling over to the side of the road and taking a break to dig the gentle beauty of the sky's vast panorama, the slow, luxurious interplay of sun and clouds, the lulling trill of breezes midst leafy tree branches—and what kind of fun is that? Besides, it's tough to "get it on" with a chick (I mean in the biblical sense) and still make all the fast curves unless you let her take the handlebars with her pants off and come on Greek style or something, which is harder than it sounds; and pantless girls on motorcycles attract the highway patrol, so usually you don't end up doing anything until you're both off the bike, and by then you may be in the hospital. Like I was after this old lady who pulled out in front of me in an Oldsmobile, and the girl I was with still wanted to do anything you can think of, but there was a doctor there and he was squirting pHisoHex all over me and combing little bits of gravel out of my face with a wire brush, and I just couldn't get into it. So, take it from me and don't get a motorcycle. Get a big car.

Usually, most fast driving maneuvers that don't require crazy girls call for use of the steering wheel, so be sure your car is equipped with power steering. Without power steering, turning the wheel is a lot like work,



and if you wanted work you'd get a job. All steering should be done with the index finger. Then, when you're done doing all the steering that you want to do, just pull your finger out of there and the wheel will come right back to wherever it wants to. It's that simple. Be sure to do an extra lot of steering when going into a driveway or turning sharp corners. And here's another important tip: always roll the window down before throwing bottles out, and don't try to throw them through the windshield unless the car is parked.

O.K., now say you've been on a six-day drunk and you've just made a bet that you can back up all the way to Cleveland, plus you've got a buddy who's getting a blow job on the trunk lid. Well, let's face it—if that's the way you're going to act, sooner or later you'll have an accident. This much is true. But that doesn't mean that you should sit back and just let accidents happen to you. No, you have to go out and cause them yourself. That way you're in control of the situation.

You know, it's a shame, but a lot of people have the wrong idea about accidents. For one thing, they don't hurt nearly as much as you'd think. That's because you're in shock and can't feel pain or, if you aren't in shock, you're dead, and that doesn't hurt at all so far as we know. Another thing is that they make great stories. I've got this friend—a prominent man in the automotive industry—who flipped his MG TF back in the fifties and slid on his head for a couple hundred yards, and had to spend a year with no eyelids and a steel pin through his cheekbones while his face was being rebuilt. Sure, it wasn't much fun at the time, but you should hear him tell about it now—what a fabulous tale, especially at dinner. Besides, it's not all smashing glass and spurting blood, you understand. Why, a good sideswipe can be an almost religious experience. The sheet metal doesn't break or crunch or anything—it flexes and gives way as the two vehicles come together, with a rushing liquid pulse as if two giant sharks of steel were mating in the perpetual night of the sea primordial. I mean, if you're on enough drugs. Also, sometimes you see a lot of really pretty lights in your head.

One sure way to cause an accident is with your basic "moonshiner's" or "bootlegger's" turn. Whiz down the road at about sixty or seventy, throw the gearshift into neutral, cut the

wheel to the left, and hit the emergency brake with one good wallop while holding the brake release out with your left hand. This'll send you spinning around in a perfect 180° turn right into a culvert or a fast-moving tractor-trailer rig. (The bootlegger's turn can be done on dry pavement, but it works best on loose gravel or small children.) Or, when you've moved around backwards, you can then spin the wheel to the right and keep on going until you've come around a full 360° and are headed back the same way you were going; though it probably would have been easier to have just kept going that way in the first place and not have done anything at all, unless you were with somebody you really wanted to impress—your probation officer, for instance.

An old friend of mine named Joe Schenkman happens to have just written me a letter about another thing you can do to wreck a car. Joe's on a little vacation up in Vermont and will be until he finds out what the statute of limitations on attempted vehicular homicide is. And he was writing to tell me about a fellow he met up there, saying:

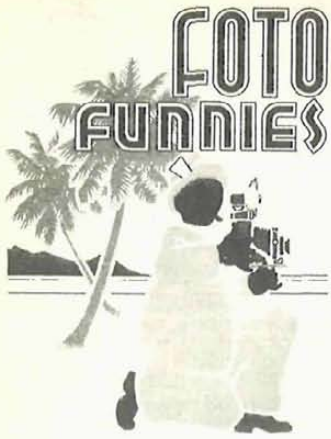
... This guy has rolled (deliberately) over thirty cars (and not just by his own account—the townfolks back him up on this story), inheriting only a broken nose (three times) and a slightly black and blue shoulder for all this. What you do, see, is you go into a moonshiner's turn, but you get on the brakes and stay on them. Depending on how fast you're going, you roll proportionately: four or five rolls is decent. Going into the spin, you have one hand on the seat and the other firmly on the roof so you're sprung in tight. As you feel the roof give on the first roll, you slip your seat hand under the dash (of the passenger side, as you're thrown hard over in that direction to begin with), and pull yourself under it. And here you simply sit it out, springing yourself tight with your whole body, waiting for the thunder to die. Naturally, it helps to be drunk, and if you have a split second's doubt or hesitation through any of this, you die.

This Schenkman himself is no slouch of a driver, I may say. Unfortunately, his strong suit is driving in New York City, an area that has a great number of unusual special conditions, which we just don't have the time or the space to get into right here (except to note that the good part is how it's real easy to scare old Jewish

ladies in new Cadillacs and the bad part is that Negroes actually do carry knives, not to mention Puerto Ricans; and everybody else you hit turns out to be a lawyer or married to somebody in the mob). However, Joe is originally from the South, and it was down there that he discovered huffing glue and sniffing industrial solvents and such. These give you a really spectacular hallucinatory type of a high where you think, for instance, that you're driving through an overpass guardrail and landing on a freight train flatcar and being hauled to Shreveport and loaded into a container ship headed for Liberia with a crew full of homosexual Lebanese, only to come to and find out that it's true. Joe is a commercial artist who enjoys jazz music and horse racing. His favorite color is blue.

There's been a lot of discussion about what kind of music to listen to while staring doom square in the eye and not blinking unless you get some grit under your contacts. Watch out for the fellow who tunes his FM to the classical station. He thinks a little Rimsky-Korsakov makes things more dramatic—like in a foreign movie. That's pussy style. This kind of guy's idea of a fast drive is a 75-mph cruise up to the summer cottage after one brandy and soda. The true skidmark artist prefers something cheery and upbeat—"Night on Disco Mountain" or "Boogie Oogie Oogie" or whatever it is that the teen-age lovely with nipples as thick as your thumbs wants to shake her buns to. Remember her? So what do you care what's on the fucking tape deck? The high, hot whine of the engine, the throaty pitch of the exhaust, the wind in your beer can, the gentle slurping noises from her little bud-red lips—that's all the music your cars need, although side two of the first Velvet Underground album is nice if you absolutely insist. And no short jaunts either. For the maniacal high-speed driver, endurance is everything. Especially if you've used that ever-popular pickup line, "Wanna go to Mexico?" Especially if you've used it somewhere like Boston. Besides, teen-age girls can go a long, long time without sleep and, believe me, so can the police and their parents. So just keep your foot in it. There's no reason not to. There's no reason not to keep going forever, really. I had this friend who drove a whole shitload of people up from Oaxaca to Cincinnati one

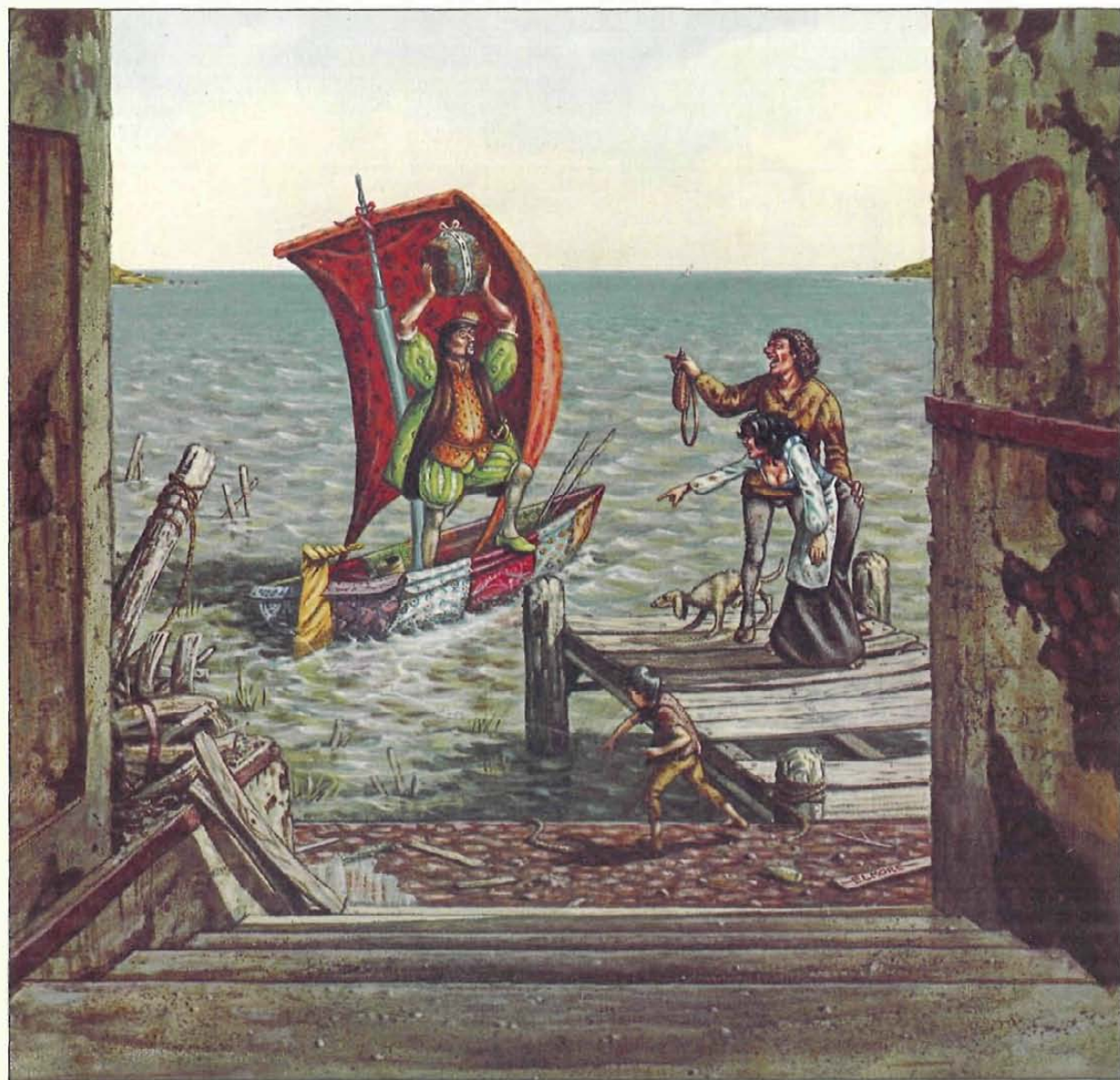
continued on page 84



AIEEEEE



JOHN AND GERRY'S POTPOURRI OF
**DANGER, RISK,
& DARING-DO**



ONE WHO DARED...

Roberto Vasco de Loon was a sixteenth century adventurer of mixed Dutch and Portugese ancestry. His arch rival was the renowned explorer Ferdinand Magellan, and when Magellan succeeded in circumnavigating the globe in 1522, De Loon vowed to top the feat with one of even greater courage and daring. Accordingly, on November 25, 1523, he set sail from Lisbon in a small skiff constructed entirely of silk brocade. (See above.) With him he took neither food nor drink, vowing to live entirely on rainwater and fish. De Loon's goal was to circumnavigate the globe from north to south, alone, in the dead of winter. He was last seen just outside Lisbon harbor by a lone paella fisherman, who remembers him ringing out his rudder and bailing furiously.

JIMMY THE JEW'S PRO FOOTBALL PREDICTIONS

L.A. Rams vs. Seattle Seahawks

Battle of perennial division leader against young, hungry, up-and-coming Seahawks, highest scoring team in the league. Throw away the odds books and just watch the game for fun. You're better off investing your money in real estate. Land always goes up in price.

Atlanta Falcons vs. N.Y. Jets

Ordinarily, the Falcons would be a six-point favorite, but as the old saying goes, "On any given Sunday, any team can beat any other team." Take the money you were going to bet on this one and put it in U.S. Treasury notes, or buy some solid blue chip stocks.

Minnesota Vikings vs. Chicago Bears

Both teams like to hit. The Vikes are a better passing team, but the Bears don't give anything away on defense. Could be decided by a field goal, and that will depend on which way the wind blows. Put your money in the bank and save it for your kids' college tuition.

A RISKY JOKE TO TELL YOUR GIRL FRIEND'S PARENTS TIME THEY TAKE YOU OUT TO A FANCY RESTAURANT

"Did you ever hear the story of Phillip the pus-sucker? No? It's a great joke. You'll love it! It seems that there is this guy named Phillip the pus-sucker. He was a specialist. What he used to do was go to people who had really bad cases of boils, cysts, and all kinds of horrible skin infections, and suck the pus and other juices out of their boils, for money.

One day he gets a call from a lady who says she has a really big boil up her ass that's really bothering her. She can't take a shit without terrible pains. It's worse than hemorrhoids. So he goes to this lady and she turns out to be a big, fat old hag with a huge ass, covered with pimples and sores. Right away, the lady sticks her big ass out at Phillip and says, 'Hurry up, I'm in terrible pain.' Phillip looks in and finds the biggest boil he's ever seen, way up there in her ass. So he starts working at it and pretty soon he's sucking away, when all of a sudden the lady lets go with a tremendous fart—a wet one—right into Phillip's face, practically blinding him. Well, Phillip pulls his face out of her ass, stands up and yells at her, 'Lady, please don't make my job disgusting!'"

THE BOLDEST RISK IN MILITARY HISTORY

In 114 A.D., the Emperor Trajan dispatched his youthful nephew Catullus to what is now northwestern Romania to treat with a ferocious band of Goths called the Fecii.

A hot-headed youth (whose reputation for reckless daring-do had already



earned him the nickname Catullus the Chump), Catullus saw the expedition as an opportunity to make a name for himself as a fearless warrior. Accordingly, he headed north with only half a dozen legionnaires, and when he first encountered Doremman, King of All the Fecii, he immediately challenged him to mortal combat. Doremman had with him nearly seven hundred of his finest warriors, and so assumed Catullus was indulging in some sort of Roman joke. He chuckled—but Catullus cut his laughter short. With a mighty cry of "Hail, Caesar!" he prodded Doremman in the stomach with the butt end of his spear and punched him in the ear. There ensued a furious battle, which raged for nearly seven seconds.

TEN RISKY THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR COCK

1. Fuck the twelve-year-old daughter of a redneck gun and ammo salesman.
2. Get a blow job from a cannibal.
3. Fuck Idi Amin's favorite wife.
4. Fuck any one of Idi Amin's other wives.
5. Use it to piss on Roberto Duran.
6. Use it as a swizzle stick in a lesbian's highball.
7. Butt-fuck one of Frank Sinatra's attack dogs.
8. Cover it with honey and stick it in a beehive.
9. Poke a jammed bagel out of a toaster with it.
10. Use it to see if your electric pencil sharpener is plugged in.

THE MIDDLE AGES: THE GOLDEN AGE OF RISK

Almost everyone in the Middle Ages died before their time was up. Only 432 people lived past the age of sixty, and they survived only through sheer luck and terrifically potent magic charms.

If you were an ordinary chap who managed to avoid the raping, looting, pillaging, and crusading antics of the noblemen, you still took your life in your hands by walking the streets. First, there was always the danger of being attacked by a wild animal. Animals were much bigger, tougher, and less afraid of humans in those days. Most commoners were so poor they couldn't afford fancy weapons, so you had to defend yourself with a stick, a stone, or a bag of garbage. Swords were expensive. It took over a year to make a good one. Very few people could afford a crossbow. If you fought a scrappy animal even half your size, the odds were seven-to-five on the animal. If you won, the animal bit you rabies.

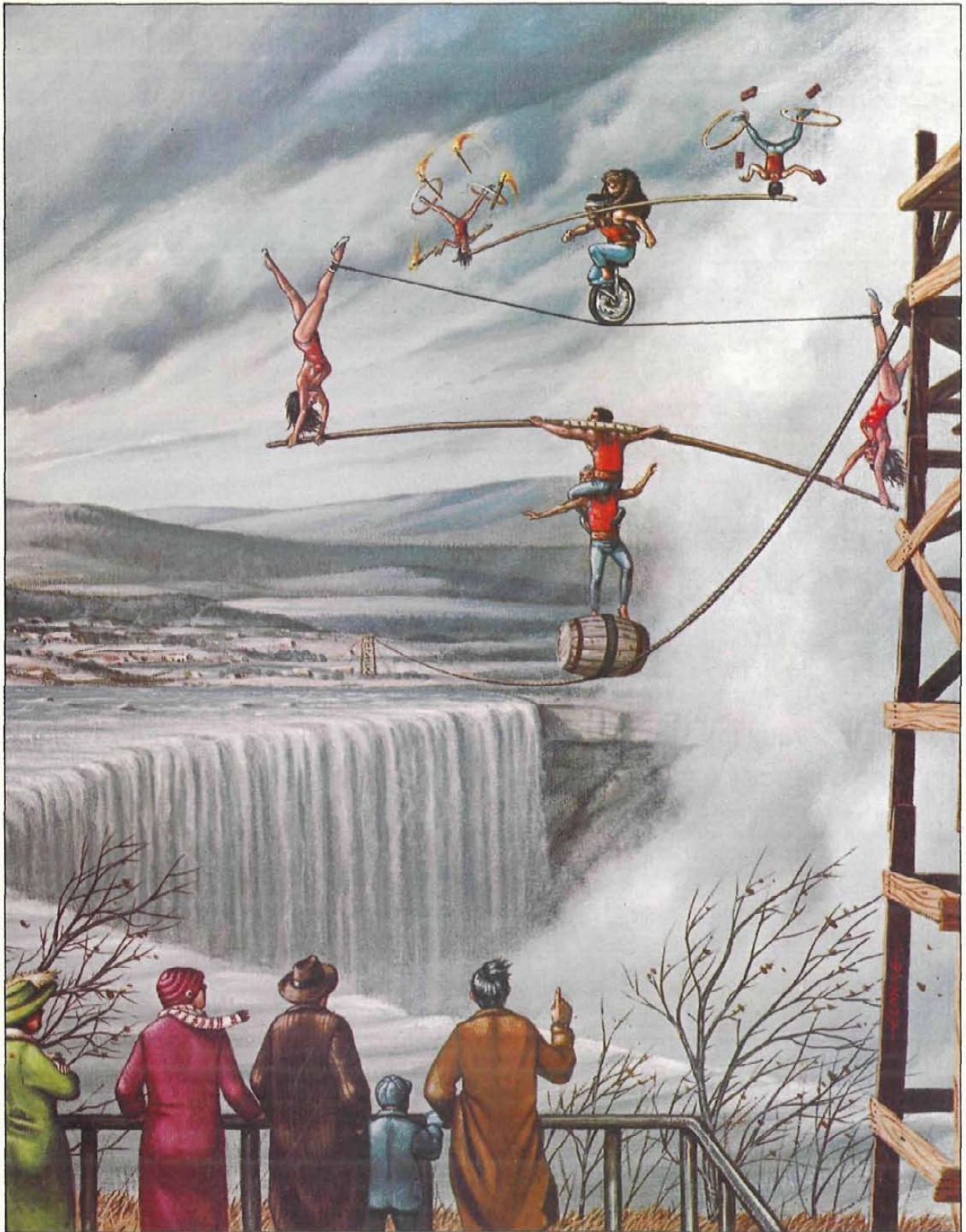
Bandits, highwaymen, deserting soldiers, petty criminals, hardened criminals, juvenile delinquents, desperate beggars, perverts, con men, diseased prostitutes, and angry drunks were always ready to give you a hard time. Another constant danger was the possibility of being hit in the head by flying babies. (Babies were often used as weapons by arguing couples.)

Streets were used as public toilets and became breeding grounds for the largest collection of germs and bacteria known to man. The germs were so big you could actually see them. Many times a Middle-Ager would look up and get hit in the eye by a bubonic plague germ, which he thought was a cinder.

After a long day, you would stumble into your bed of mud and straw, a bed infested with strange, deadly insects. More often than not, you shared your bed with a plump, cuddly creature who liked to take playful nips at your face. Sometimes it was your wife. More often than not, it was a hungry rat.

THE BELFAST DIET SEVEN-COURSE DANGER MEAL

Red-tide clams
Bon Vivant vichyssoise
Whole blowfish livers sauté
Pork tartare
Assorted wild mushrooms
Mexican tap water
Carlo Gambino's wife's pussy



THE AMAZING PANATELLAS, DAREDEVILS SANS PAREIL...

The Amazing Panatellas were the most celebrated high-wire act of the early 1920s. Seven brothers and sisters, all born and trained in Cuba, the Panatellas made their reputation touring Europe after World War I. John Ringstein North saw them at the Cirque d'Hiver in 1923 and immediately signed them to appear with his Tent-time Follies of 1924. To introduce themselves to their new American public, they planned a feat of unprecedented daring. Stringing a high wire across the lip of Niagara Falls, they attempted to cross from the Canadian side to the American side on a blustery day in mid-December, 1923. The artist's rendering above shows them just about to enter U.S. territory, right before the barrel slipped.

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE RISK I EVER TOOK BY TED KENNEDY

The most unforgettable risk I ever took was the time I drove a car down a dark country road at night, totally blind.

Here's how it happened. I was attending a small party with some friends and political aides, and I drank a few cups of punch. I was feeling fine until I got into my car to leave. Suddenly, I got this splitting headache and I couldn't see a thing. It must have been the rum in that punch. Rum has a way of sneaking up on you. I thought I could shake it off because I had to go home and get some sleep. I promised to take the family to an early mass the next morning.

Have you ever driven a car on a dark country road without the use of your eyes? It's scary, believe me. And I like to drive fast, so I took the turns at fifty, sixty miles an hour, and went up to ninety on the straightaways. Meanwhile, I heard noises in the seat next to me, as if someone was actually there. I felt around and touched something soft and round, but couldn't make out what it was. Anyway, I had to concentrate on my driving.

The next thing I knew I was home, and I parked the car in my driveway. When I got out I realized something was wrong. I wasn't home at all. I was in the middle of a bridge because I could hear and smell water. I parked in the wrong driveway. And whoever was sitting next to me was gone. I must have imagined it.

I had no idea how long I was driving, but I felt that it must be near dawn. Since I had to be in church by 7:30 A.M., I decided to shake off my fatigue with a quick swim. Still blind, I dove off the bridge into the dark waters. I hit something hard and metallic that nearly knocked me unconscious, but I managed to swim to shore. As the first rays of morning sun appeared, my eyes seemed to get better. By 6:30, I found my way home. It was the riskiest night I ever had.

THE RISKIEST THING TO SAY TO A LARGE BLACK MAN CARRYING A RADIO/CASSETTE RECORDER ON THE SUBWAY

"Turn down the jungle music, will you, Sambo? Those of us who can are trying to read the paper."

THE MOST SPECTACULAR TEEN-AGE THRILL DEATH OF 1972—1973

On March 5, 1973, Willie Ray Metesky and his twin brother, Billy Ray, both age fourteen, attended a rock 'n' roll revival show at the Lubbock Civic Auditorium in their hometown of Lubbock, Texas. Bill Haley and what remained of his original Comets was one of the featured acts. Billy Ray and Willie Ray were so impressed by Haley's performance that they decided to salute him with what they called a "living fan letter." Accordingly, they informed their friends that on the following night, "Bill Haley's Comet" would appear in the sky over Lubbock, streak down through the heavens past the Lubbock War Memorial Bridge, and splash into the inky waters of the Lubbockeroo River.

A small crowd of thrill-seekers gathered beneath the bridge the following evening and watched as Willie Ray and Billy Ray climbed out to the middle of the bridge's walkway and doused themselves with gasoline. It was apparently their plan to set themselves ablaze, then do a pair of coordinated flaming swan dives into the river, which would extinguish them before they were injured. The first part of their plan worked perfectly, and one witness recalls them "lighting up like sparklers." When Billy Ray attempted to jump, however, he discovered that his foot was caught in the bridge's superstructure. Willie Ray tried to free him, but finally had to abandon him when his own hair and clothing started burning. Blinded by the flames from his now incandescent brother, he leapt wildly off the bridge and landed, not in the water, but in a passing barge filled with cattle. The livestock panicked when the flaming teen-ager fell in their midst, and they literally "put him out" with their hooves. Almost at once, the cattle barge began to founder from the furious activity of the animals, and a second barge, filled with propane gas, came alongside to assist the frightened pilot. At this point, the still smoldering Billy Ray finally fell free from the bridge and ricocheted off one of the propane storage tanks. There was an enormous explosion, which sank both the barges, killed all the cattle and the pilots, injured thirteen people on the shore, and did \$135,000 worth of structural damage to the bridge. Pieces of the Metesky twins were subsequently found as far away as Santa Fe, New Mexico.

EXCERPT FROM I WAS A FIREMAN FOR THE MAFIA, BY THE LATE ANTHONY "TONY THE AXE" SQUIZZALANTE

People who read about the Mafia often get the wrong impression about us. They think that every time we got a problem we reach for our guns. Not true. That's what my job is all about. I'm a problem solver in a very delicate area, but I do it with words, not bullets. My job is to talk to a guy who's not pulling his weight in the organization. I fire people for the Mafia.

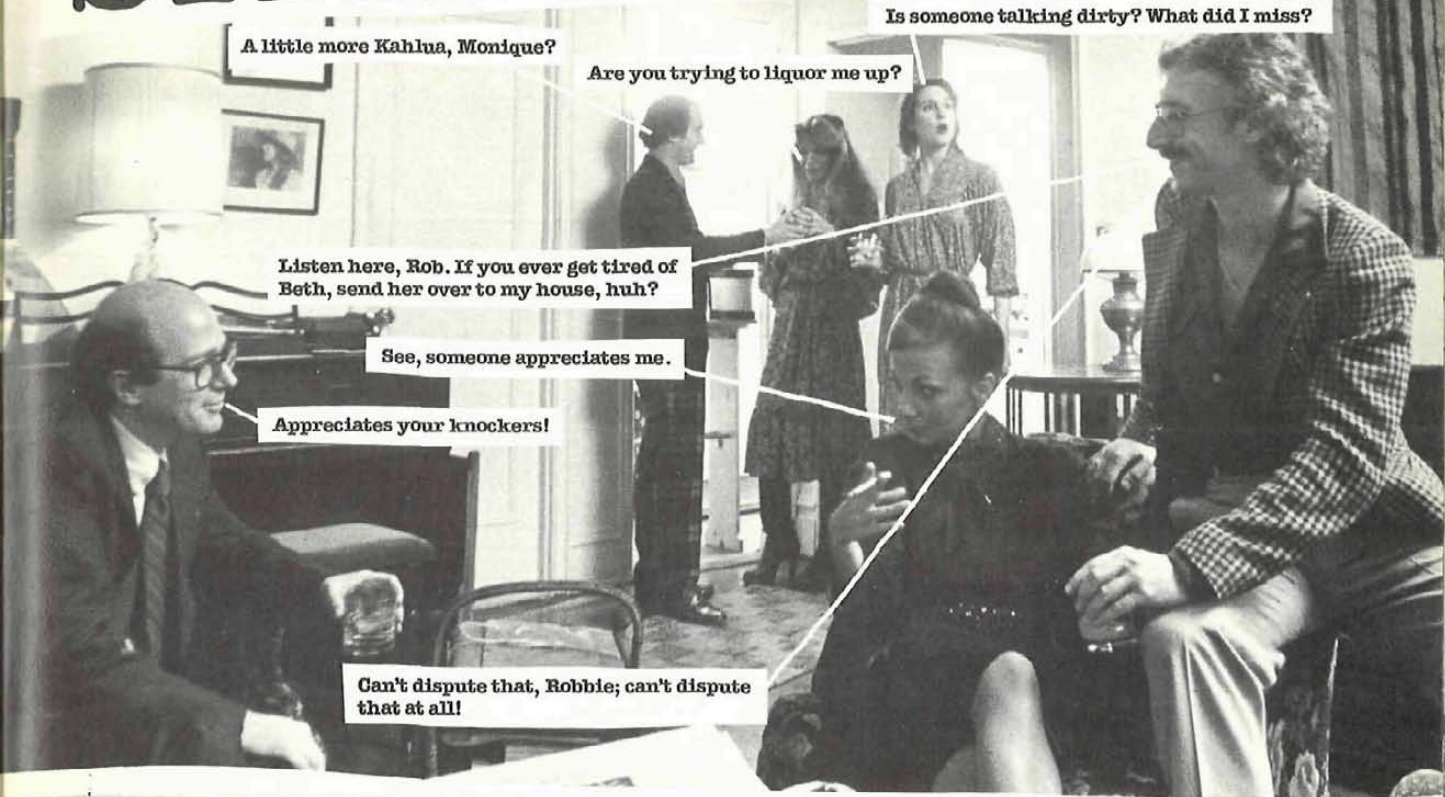
In a job like mine, you have to be a master of psychology. Each guy who has to be fired presents a different problem in personnel relations. Take the case of Angelo "Crazy Mad-Dog Psycho-Killer" Bombisi. Angelo took care of the numbers operation for Nunzio "Nunzio the Fag" Arugalin in south Jersey City. It seemed that Angelo was taking a little more than his share on the weekly proceeds, which is highly immoral and improper. Obviously, Angelo had to be fired. The problem was that he was difficult to talk to in person. He had a very quick temper, and when he got mad he liked to strafe you, your family, and your entire house with his machine gun until everything looked like Swiss cheese.

So what I did was hire an airplane to drop leaflets on Angelo's front lawn. The leaflets stated that Angelo was a cheat and that his services were no longer needed. Then I took a full-page ad in the Jersey papers addressing Angelo with the same message. I inserted notes in his wife's shopping basket at the supermarket and bribed the liquor store delivery boy to hand him a similar note. Even Howard Cosell included an "open letter" to Angelo on his Monday night football show, chastising him. I figured we'd embarrass Angelo publicly and make him quit.

My scheme worked. Angelo got so mad that he walked into Nunzio's office with his machine gun blazing. He fired so many rounds into that place that it looked like an atomic bomb hit it. Finally, he got arm-weary and allowed the gun to hit him with its recoil. The recoil, or the kick of the gun, knocked Angelo backwards, and he fell out of Nunzio's open window fourteen stories to the ground and died. What I did was make him so mad that he quit on his own account. That way we didn't have to pay him unemployment insurance or severance pay either. □

STRIP POKER

by John Hughes



A little more Kahlua, Monique?

Is someone talking dirty? What did I miss?

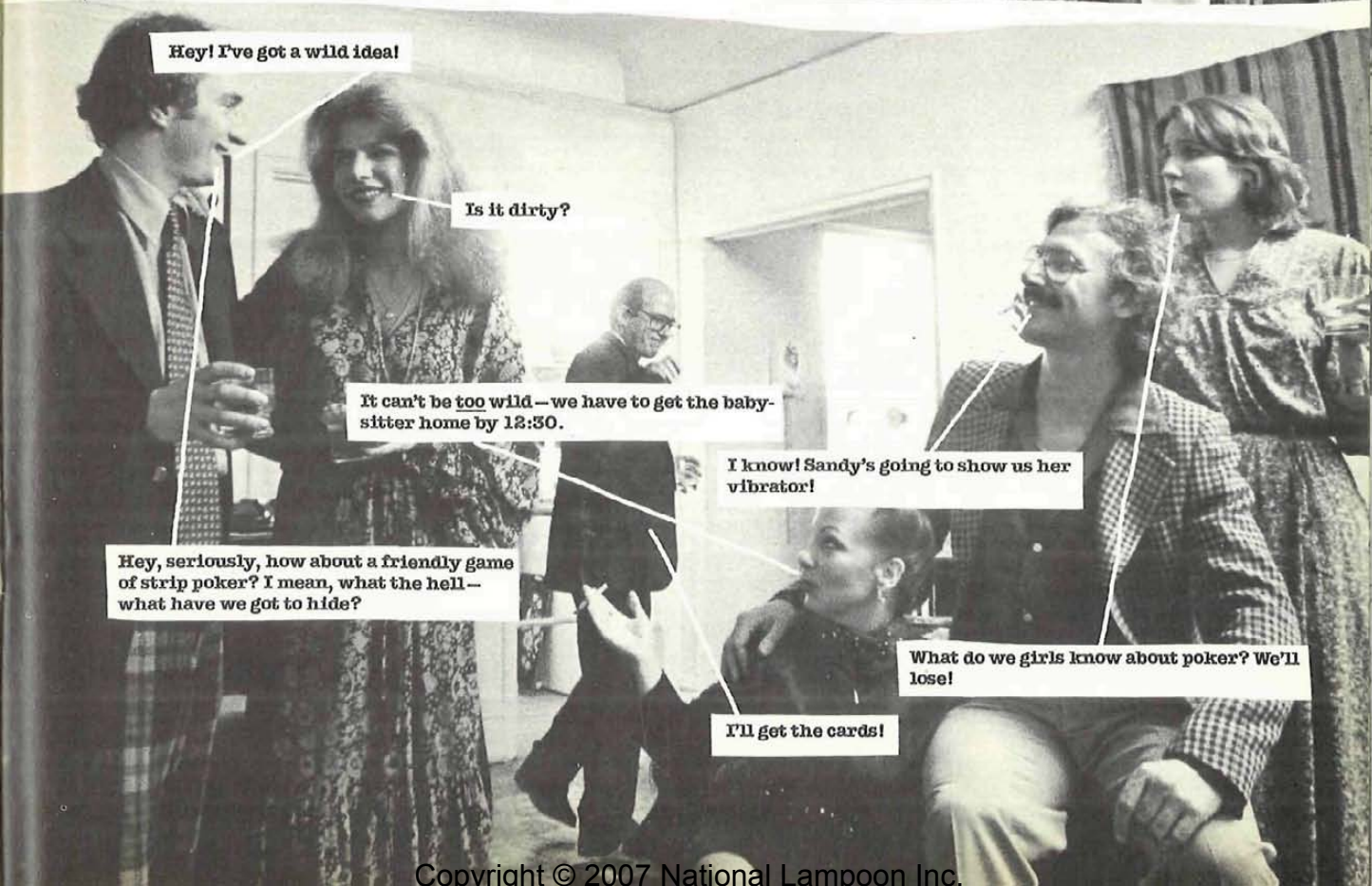
Are you trying to liquor me up?

Listen here, Rob. If you ever get tired of Beth, send her over to my house, huh?

See, someone appreciates me.

Appreciates your knockers!

Can't dispute that, Robbie; can't dispute that at all!



Hey! I've got a wild idea!

Is it dirty?

It can't be too wild—we have to get the babysitter home by 12:30.

I know! Sandy's going to show us her vibrator!

Hey, seriously, how about a friendly game of strip poker? I mean, what the hell—what have we got to hide?

What do we girls know about poker? We'll lose!

I'll get the cards!

I'll deal!

Monique is such a piece of ass, I can't believe this is happening to me. It's like one big Penthouse letter!

This sure beats the card games on the morning train!

After we're naked we'll probably have a group fuck!

I haven't played poker since high school!

Steve has a neat body. I hope he's a crummy card player.

Three cheers for the layered look!

Monique's always talking about how big Ron's thing is. Now we'll see if she's exaggerating.

I sure hope I can remember how to play this damn game!

I'll bet Beth has nipples the size of pancakes!

Let's not have any cheating!

If Steve's penis gets stiff over Beth or Monique, I'll be really pissed at him!

Four tens—that beats everything I see before me. In no time I'll have you down to your birthday suits!

Don't hold your breath, Steve—I'm wearing five rings!

Hey, wait a minute! Jewelry doesn't count! It's not clothes!

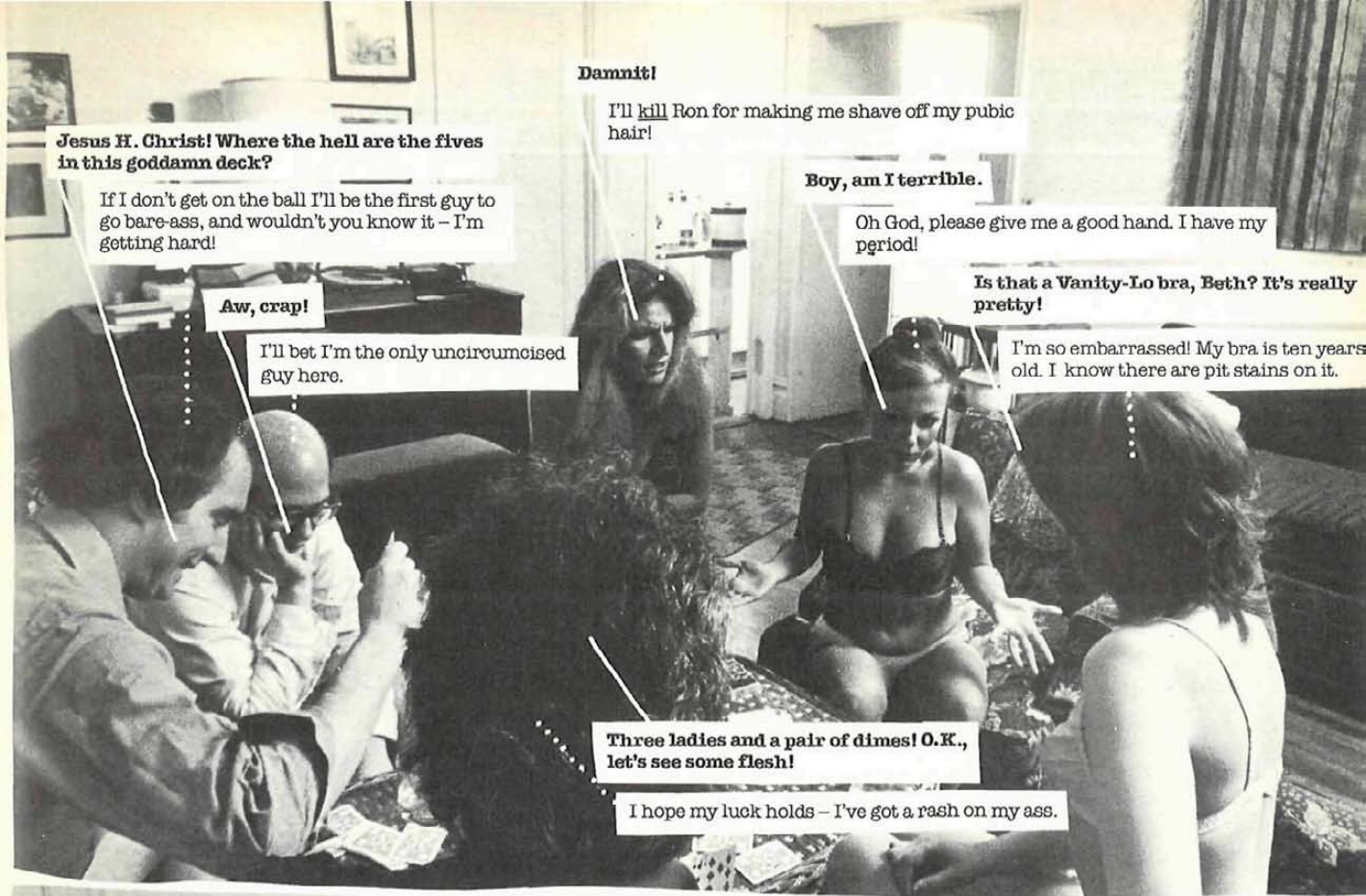
To a woman, jewelry is just as important as clothes.

That's not fair! You girls have ten pieces of jewelry on. Not only that, you have twice as much underwear!

But we're worse poker players, so it equals out.

O.K., the rule is: all jewelry must be discarded at one time.

Does the stuff in our purses count?



Jesus H. Christ! Where the hell are the fives in this goddamn deck?

If I don't get on the ball I'll be the first guy to go bare-ass, and wouldn't you know it - I'm getting hard!

Aw, crap!

I'll bet I'm the only uncircumcised guy here.

Dammit!

I'll kill Ron for making me shave off my pubic hair!

Boy, am I terrible.

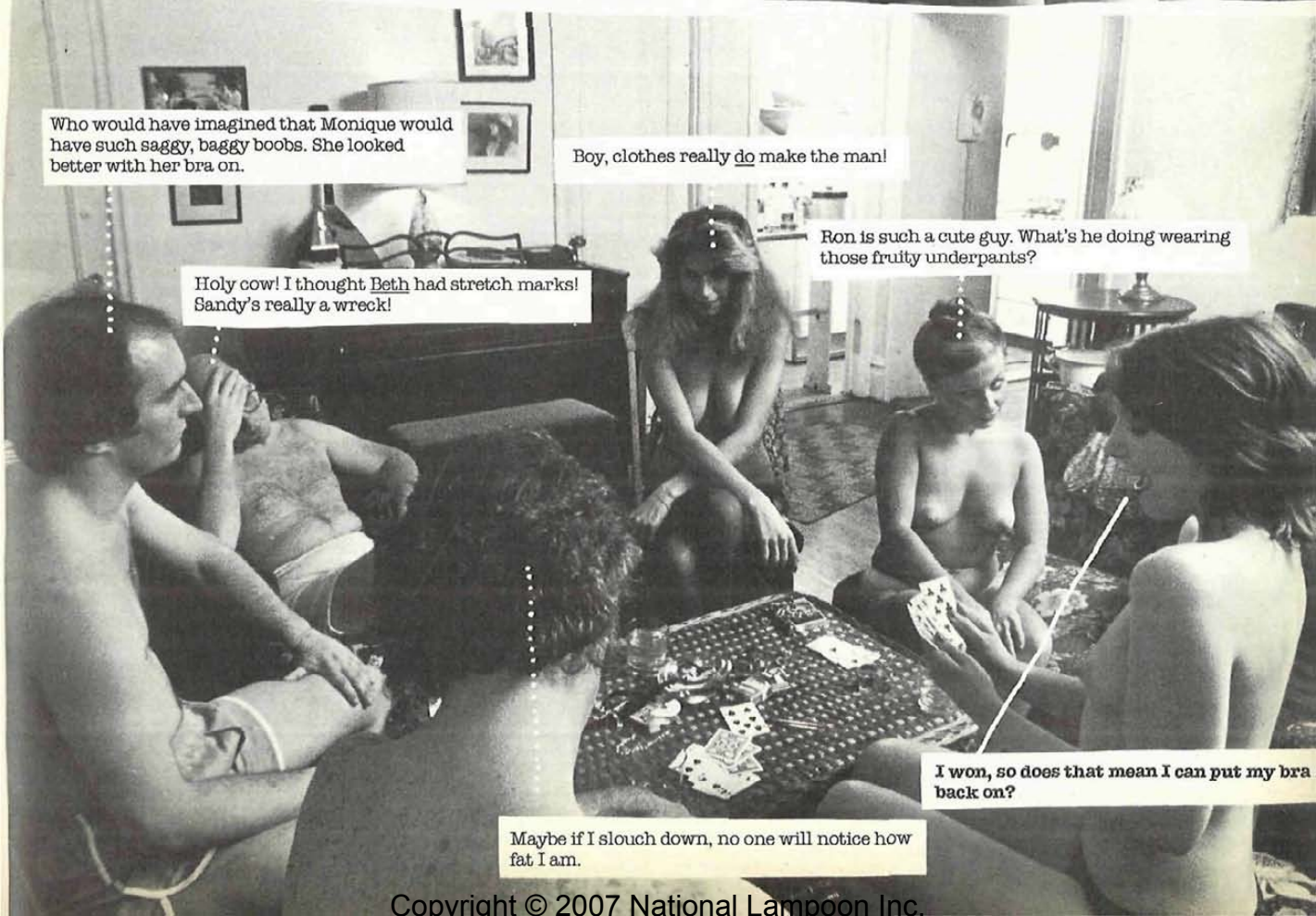
Oh God, please give me a good hand. I have my period!

Is that a Vanity-Lo bra, Beth? It's really pretty!

I'm so embarrassed! My bra is ten years old. I know there are pit stains on it.

Three ladies and a pair of dimes! O.K., let's see some flesh!

I hope my luck holds - I've got a rash on my ass.



Who would have imagined that Monique would have such saggy, baggy boobs. She looked better with her bra on.

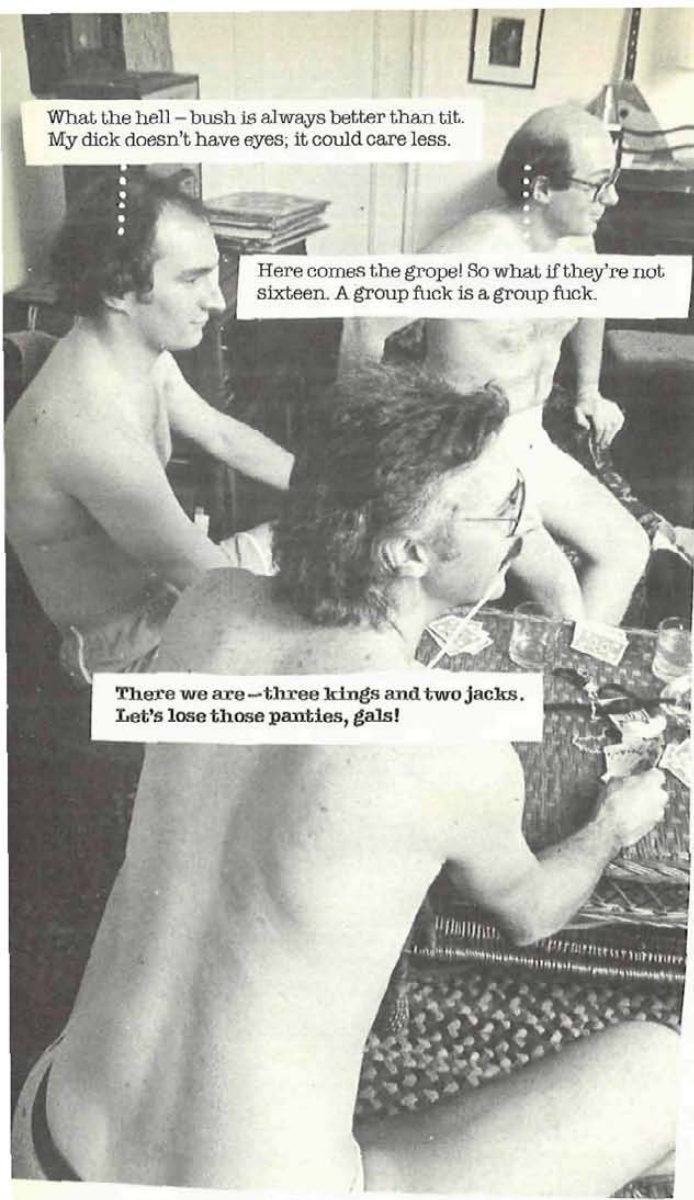
Boy, clothes really do make the man!

Holy cow! I thought Beth had stretch marks! Sandy's really a wreck!

Ron is such a cute guy. What's he doing wearing those fruity underpants?

I won, so does that mean I can put my bra back on?

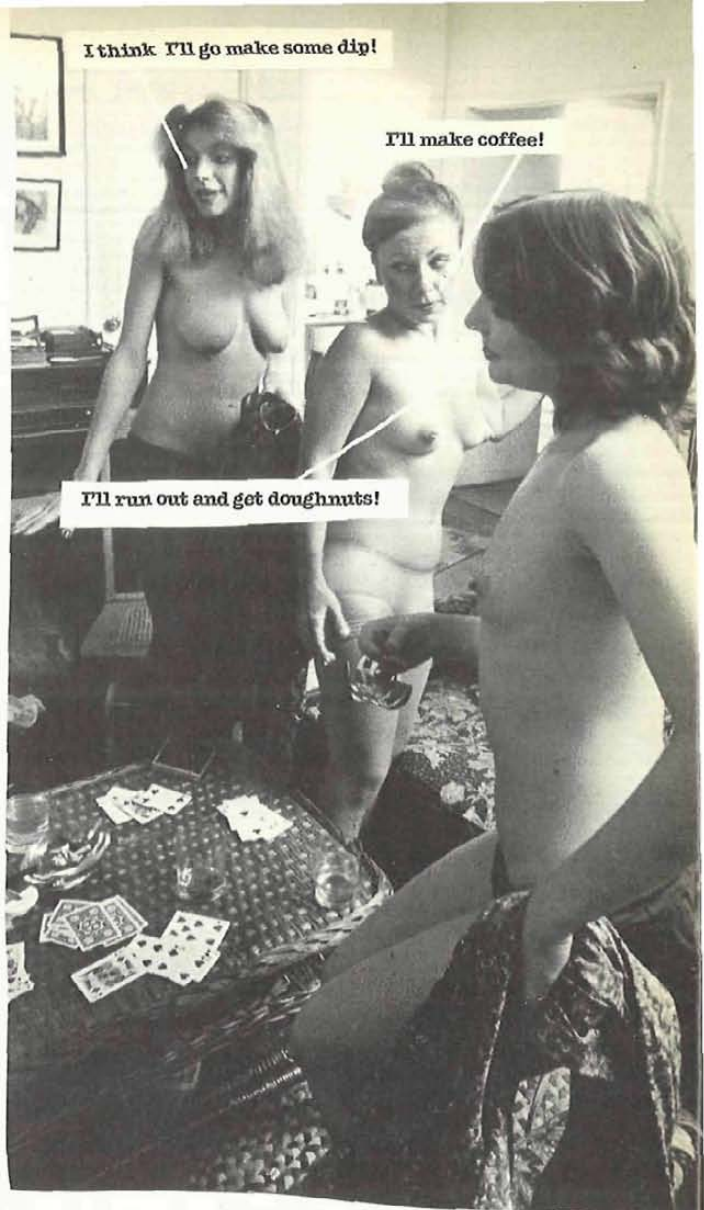
Maybe if I slouch down, no one will notice how fat I am.



What the hell - bush is always better than tit. My dick doesn't have eyes; it could care less.

Here comes the gropel! So what if they're not sixteen. A group fuck is a group fuck.

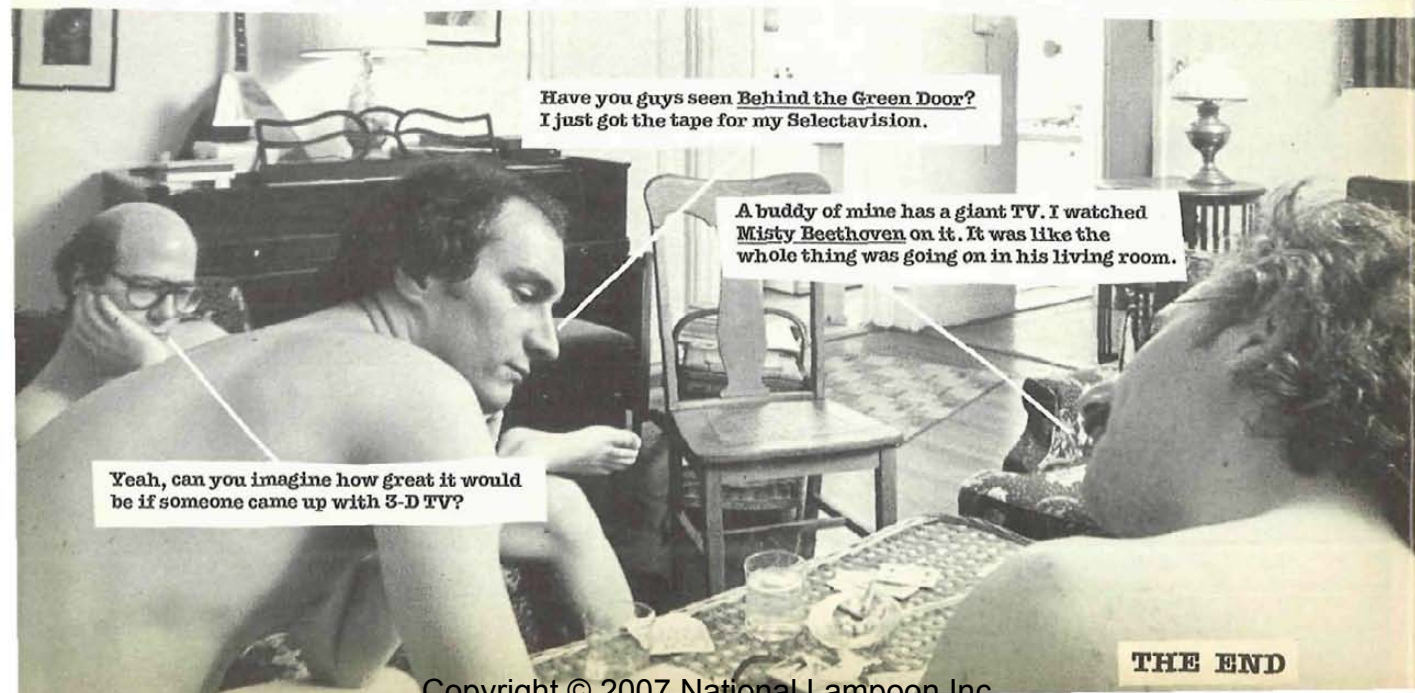
There we are - three kings and two jacks. Let's lose those panties, gals!



I think I'll go make some dip!

I'll make coffee!

I'll run out and get doughnuts!



Have you guys seen Behind the Green Door? I just got the tape for my Selectavision.

A buddy of mine has a giant TV. I watched Misty Beethoven on it. It was like the whole thing was going on in his living room.

Yeah, can you imagine how great it would be if someone came up with 3-D TV?

THE END

HOT HORSES COLD CASH TRACK

and



WORKED THE HALF IN 49 AND CHANGE?! I ATE BREAKFAST AND RAN OVER HERE FASTER THAN THAT.

50L

EXACT ODDS

4	5:2	7	3:5
5	1:7	8	1:5
6	9:2	9	3:2

MIN. TO POST 1:10

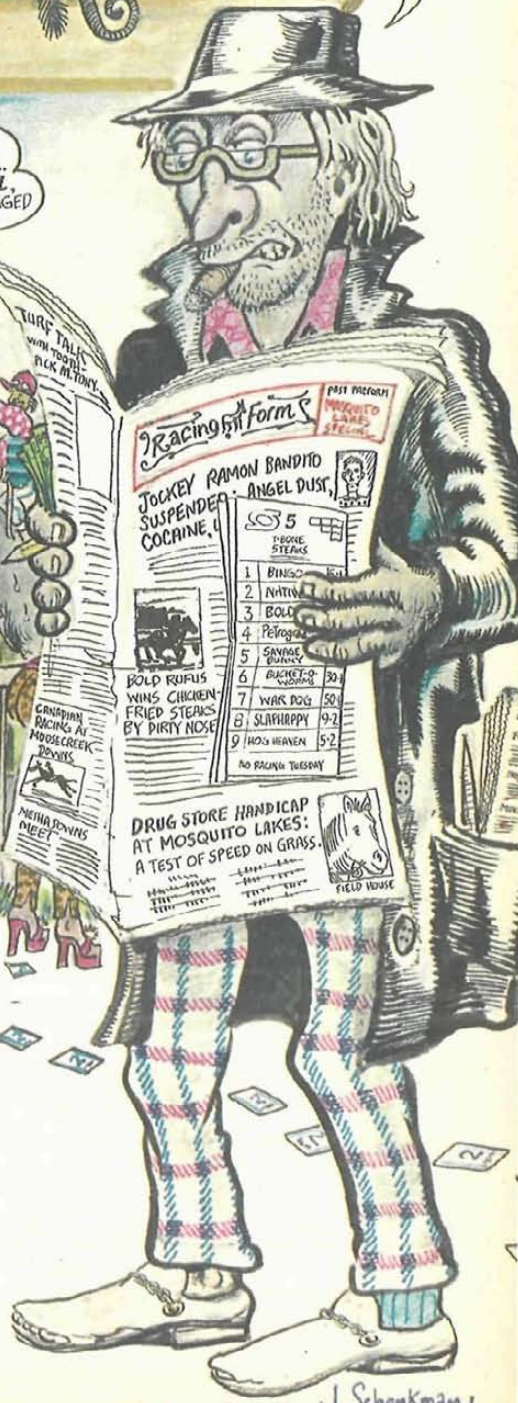
NOT SO LOUD, PETE! YOU KNOW HOW SHE HATES THAT SONG!...

WHO YOU LIKE IN THE FIFTH, JACK FLASH?

OLD CROW, OLD FORESTER, OLD GRAND DAP... HELL, I LIKE 'EM ALL, S'LONG AS THEY'RE AGED OVER TWO YEARS AND FROM KENTUCKY.

...BRINGS BACK MANY BAD MEMORIES!

JUST SEEING YOU ON THAT OLD OAT-MUNCHER BRINGS BACK BAD MEMORIES, JACINTO! IS SHE AWAKE TODAY, OR JUST SLEEPWALKING AGAIN?



Daily Racing Form

PAST PRESENT
MOSQUITO LAKES STEAKS

JOCKEY RAMON BANDITO SUSPENDED FOR COCAINE.

1	BINGO	50
2	NATIN	10
3	BOLD	15
4	PEROGA	10
5	SANDE BUNNY	10
6	BACKETT WOOTING	30
7	WAR POG	50
8	SLAPHAPPY	9:2
9	HOS HEAVEN	9:2

NO RACING TUESDAY

BOLD RUFUS WINS CHICKEN-FRIED STEAKS BY DIRTY NOSE

CHRISTIAN RACING AT MOOSE CREEK DENIES

PRIMA DENNIS MEET

DRUG STORE HANDICAP AT MOSQUITO LAKES: A TEST OF SPEED ON GRASS

FIELD HOUSE

J. Schenkman 11/78

Follow the losing line of tickets and you'll find him: the Track Rat. Beady eyes darting nervously from the betting barometer to his bible (the *Daily Racing Form*) as he sweats out a decision.

The Horse

Check 'em out in the paddock before the race. Coat shiny, ears perky, a little cocaine 'round the nostrils: all signs the nag's "ready." But what about those bandages? Sore legs from pulling the neighborhood ice wagon—has the wily trainer stuffed 'em with old *Racing Forms* in an effort to "darken the horse's form"?

SHE DON'T LIKE HEAVY TRAFFIC, JOSÉ. KEEP 'ER WELL OFF THE PACE DOWN THE BACKSTRETCH, FIND A LIL' DAY-LIGHT COMIN' OUT THE FAR TURN, AND GO TO BAT! ODDS-ON SHE PASSES THEM OL' OATMUNCHERS EASY AS A BUS PASSES PHONE POLES.

GIMME A LIL' KISS, BABY.

SNORT!

The Jockey

Some of these bug boys step fresh off the banana boat and onto the back of a thoroughbred worth more than their native country. They aren't allowed to eat, drink, or date. So they sit around the tack room in expensive silk underwear, puking all over the walls and snorting cocaine

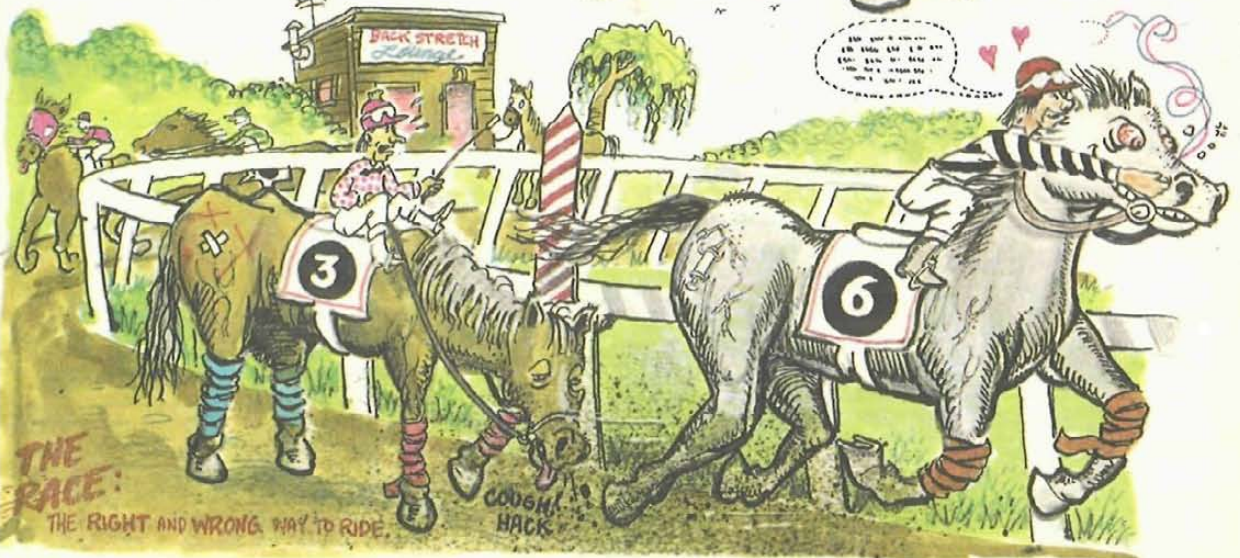
I NO KNOW, BOSS... JOSÉ, HE LIKE THEE SEEKS HORSE....

The Owner

Even more high-strung and pampered than her horse. Hubby's a wealthy industrialist who keeps the wife amused (and out of his way) with a string of ponies. But, hey... ain't the horsey set so-whoa chic?

The Trainer

Hardworkin' crusty types, most of 'em. A dumb half-ton of future dog food can be a tough pupil. Then there's the jockey (15-1 a foreigner) who the trainer must be able to communicate with simply and effectively.



WRONG: The jockey on the 3 horse wound her up too tight down the backstretch, and though she opened up a seven-length lead, she blew a head gasket coming out of the far turn. Odds-on the only way she'll cross the finish line is in the back of a garbage truck headed for the glue factory.

RIGHT: The jockey avoids the rush hour traffic by stopping off at the Backstretch Lounge for a cool one, "resting" his mount. He pops an amyl nitrate under the nag's nostril at the quarter pole while whispering sweet nothings in her ear, and it's clear sailing. Nice day for a boat race, ey?



1. The Shopper: likes plenty of action, so he buys the "rack" (one of everything) just to be on the safe side. Thinks nothing of blowing a few grand on the ponies over the weekend, then takes the wife and kids out to Mr. Submarine's for Sunday dinner.

2. The Handicapper: the student of racing. Turned down mathematics professorship at Ivy League college to play ponies. Whip-up shades low over the nose so he can read the tote board and bible at the same time.

3. The Bridge Jumper: always bets the favorite. Trot Stevie Wonder out in front of the grandstand on a trained pig and this jerk'll bet 'em whole hog. Hollers fix! every time he loses (about four out of five races); just as obnoxious when he wins.

4. The Tout: knows enough about the game to know which five horses stand a chance out of the nine or so entered, then "gives" one of each to five different suckers, approaching the winner after the race for share of profits.

5. The Crapshooter: he could give a shit about horses; this dude's playing the numbers. Crapshooters are easy to spot during the race because while everybody is yelling and screaming, the crapshooter just stands there coolly snapping his fingers.

6. The Chink: nobody knows why, but Chinks make the absolute best horseplayers. Many can't understand a word of English, yet can read and speak *Racing Form* fluently (maybe because its just like Chinese).

7. The Li'l Ol' Lady: bets the horse with her grandson's name. If none, then the jockey dressed in the cutest silks, or the horse with the longest tail. Gets a lot of longshots.

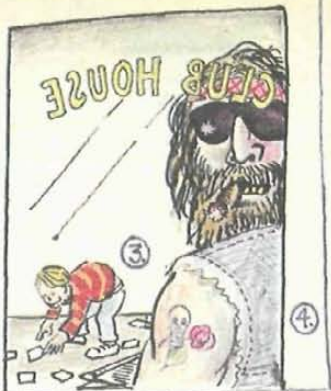
8. The Stoooper: hasn't bought a parimutuel ticket since they retired Man o' War from the races back in the 1940s. Picks 'em off the ground. Can't lose, and cleans up big when there's a disqualification.

Note: Numbers 6, 7, and 8 are the only consistent Track Rat winners.

continued



A Few Other TURF TYPES



1. Heavy Hitter-High Roller: likes to make the track pay for his time. Shows up when a classy derby winner goes to the post in a field of plodders, plunking \$40,000 on him to "show." Track must dip into its minus pool to make minimum payoff (\$2.10—a dime on the deuce), while this clown makes two grand in two minutes.

2. Track Trick: aren't too many of these simply because Track Rats would way rather spend a few minutes watching the ponies lope around a turn than a half

hour in bed with Raquel Welch. Anyway, most track tricks aren't much better looking than the horses.

3. Junior Stoopers: kids make the best stoopers—bring yours or your neighbor's to the track and turn 'em loose. Built low to the ground for fast pickup action.

4. Heavy Hitter: hangs around the fifty-dollar and tri-fecta windows to see who cashed in big, then follows 'em to the parking lot. You know what happens next.

TRACKRATS TALKIN' HORSESHIT IN THE TRACK KITCHEN...



Those Track Rats that haven't tapped out after the ninth race pick up an advanced edition of the *Racing Form* and board the bus for other action. Like the trotters or the dogs. Crap game in the parking lot. Maybe a cockfight in the back room of the Hillbilly Heaven bar and grill. □



VEGAS

by Tod Carroll

It's eight o'clock at night, dusk this time of year in Nevada, and I'm breezing along comfortably with a couple of pals just outside Vegas. We're fairly well jacked up on a variety of narcotic tablets and Mexican beer, discussing big stakes, slick whores, free alcohol, and all the rest there is up the road. The area around us is flat, grim desert full of brown scrub and an occasional dead car; however, the town must be nearby because the quality of the billboards has been improving. A small, beautifully designed one on the right reads: "Please be our guest at the Riviera Hotel!" It has a picture of a uniformed hotel employee welcoming a family to the Riviera. The father is wearing a tweed suit; his children are admiring a statue of Mark Twain by the entryway. Another discreet sign reads: "We'll do everything we can to make your stay in Las Vegas as warm and comfortable as possible," and shows a Tropicana Hotel waiter serving hot cider to a young couple by a glowing fireplace. I mention that I expected louder, stupider imagery, like slot machine collages with all kinds of Olympic swimming pools and casino action pouring out of them, but my friends are wrestling and screaming at each other in the back seat over a sack of chocolate mint cookies, so no reason to labor the point.

I jump off the interstate at the first exit, which winds through a small stand of Douglas fir, then descends into what appears to be a man-made ravine. There are rows of big mulberry trees all along the median; both sides of the street are banked by lush, neatly maintained vegetation. It looks like Vegas is just around the next curve.

"Aaaaabright, fuckin' gambling!" Tim shouts until his voice cracks. I throttle the car on the turn so we fire into town just enough out of control to let ourselves know we've arrived, as Tim and Steve hang out the windows and pound on the doors. "Fuckin' Vegas," they yell at the sidewalks.

The town is surprisingly attractive. It's laid out along a carefully planned mall that extends north and south from an airy, old Spanish-style square. A small band is playing in its latticed gazebo as businessmen and sightseers stroll between the marble-faced public library and the Nevada Palace des Beaux Artes on either side. There are pushcart vendors and outdoor cafés and quiet paths hidden among hundreds of perfumy groves situated between the shops and casinos. Steve shouts, "Ain't this a fuckin' scene," as loud as possible. Tim and I launch into some high-volume rodeo hollering as we clip off the side of a sculptured privet hedge at the entrance to Apollo's Palace.

I toss the keys to the car man; they sail five or six yards over his head into a waterfall coming from an old stone mill at the edge of the portico. He summons this older man wearing a navy blazer reading "Courtesy Captain," who in turn dispatches two teen-agers who wade into the water and retrieve the keys. Steve stumbles on the curb and slams backwards into a luggage cart. "Where's the fuckin' gambling? I'm hot. I'm ready to roll." Several employees rush to him; they help him up and whisk him off with tiny brooms. "Welcome to Apollo's Palace, gentlemen," the guy with the most formal uniform says with a pleasant British accent. "Our gaming facilities are at the end of the central corridor; however, we have a number of other arts and attractions, which I am certain will interest you." He gives us these colorful, hard-bound guide booklets and gestures toward the lobby.

The lobby is mostly colonial, actually Shaker; about twenty feet high with an array of spinning wheels, butter churns, and old iron fireplace equipment fastened to red brick and cedar plank walls. We wander through an oak-beamed anteroom called the Apollo's Palace Museum of Natural History. It has a diorama that shows the founding of the original casino in 1949

by Devon Childs, an English businessman and patron of the arts who named it the "Briarwood Inn." The establishment was later purchased by a group of local investors, who agreed to continue Childs's policy of plowing a substantial portion of the casino profits into the world's finest cultural productions. They renamed the place "Apollo's Palace" in honor of Apollo Brite, an old-time Nevada prospector, who swore on his deathbed that someday he would build a palace in the desert from a secret vein of gold he had discovered. I suspected there was going to be a lot of crushed red velour and oily, black-haired casino scum with widow's peaks and goofy sideburns and no pigment whatsoever in their dying skin; not to mention gangsters and cheesy dames in tit suits. But, no matter, we're here, and in a generally up-tempo state of mind.

"Get me a whore," Steve bellows at a passing employee. Steve is particularly menacing in his all-black outfit, including black Tyrolean hat and gleaming, jet-black sunglasses. "Yes, sir, immediately," is the reply.

The gambling area is about the size of a tennis court, with lots of rough-cut maple tables and ordinary, chattering Joes in sport shirts and ties laughing and enjoying stories and jokes across the tables. There's a free punch bowl at one end, and twenty or thirty color TVs in small conversation areas around the perimeter.

"Fuckin' gambling!" Tim blurts with a ball of currency in his hand. "Let's get down to some fuckin' gambling." First, we stop at a poker table. "We're playing seven-card poker here," the dealer informs us. "Would you like to join us?" Tim sits down and starts to play.

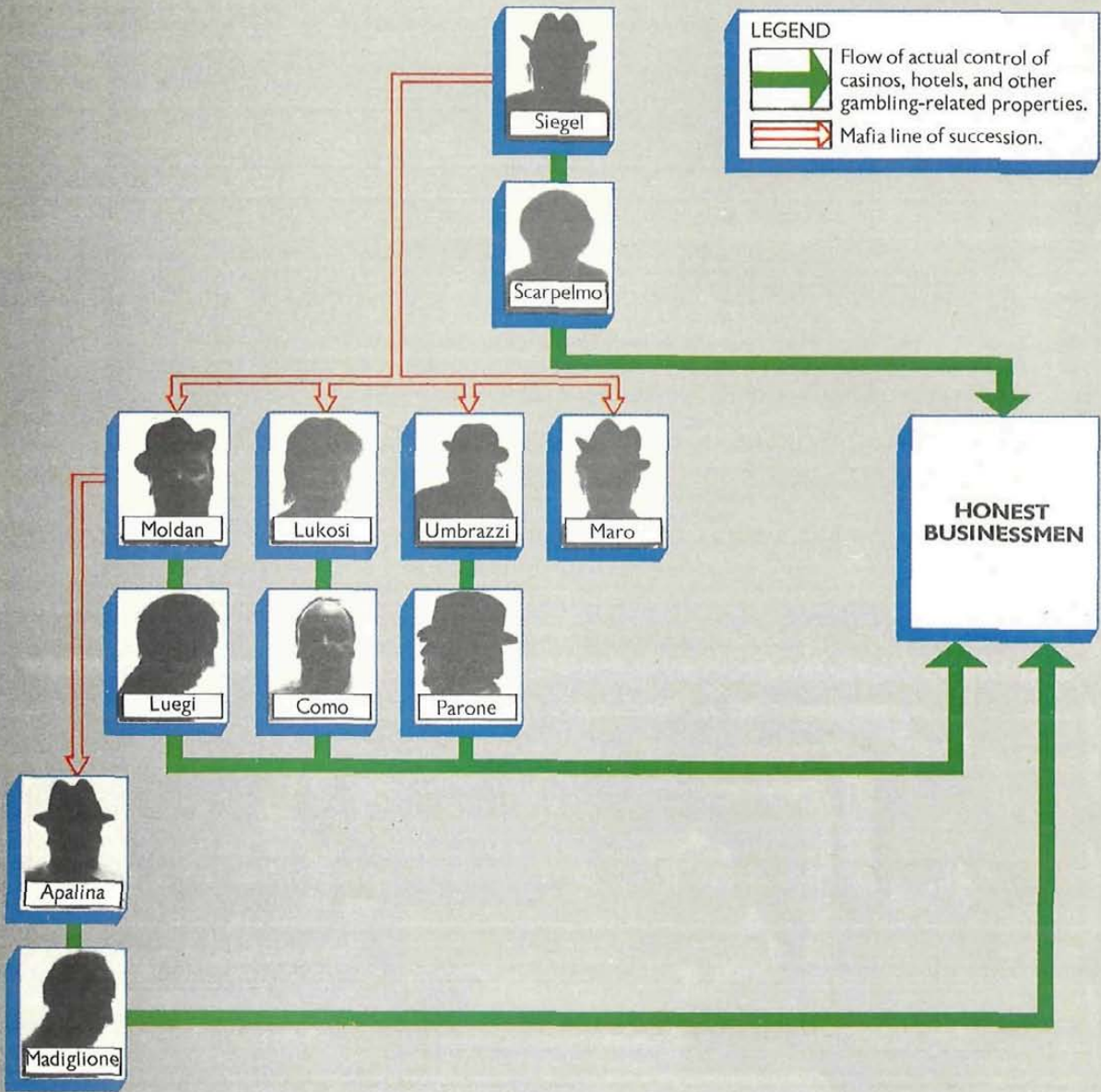
The dealer: "Alright sir, I've given you a two, a three, another three, and oh my golly, another three. Would you like to make a bet?" Tim: "Stack 'a dimes, pal, says I'm gonna catch a duck on Fifth Street." Dealer: "I'm sorry sir, I don't understand you. Let me check with the

WELCOME TO
APOLLO'S PALACE. HERE
IS YOUR PROSTITUTE,
SIR.

GOOD.

These charts prove that Las Vegas casino operations are not connected with organized crime.

HOW THE MOB TRIED TO CONTROL LAS VEGAS GAMBLING



Siegel: Mobster Bugsy Siegel opens first big casino in Las Vegas.

Scarpelmo: Louis "I Care" Scarpelmo is retained by hotel employees concerned over the presence of hoodlums in their establishment. He persuades Siegel to assign all of his interest in the casino to honest businessmen.

Moldan, Lukosi, Umbrazzi, Maro: Mobsters J. J. "Palomino" Moldan, Red Lukosi, Stephano Umbrazzi, and Gordi "Coco" Maro are appointed by Mafia chieftains to succeed Siegel and attempt to "muscle in" on Las Vegas gambling.

Luegi: Honest businessmen suspect the

intentions of Moldan, and arrange to have Monti Luegi, a longtime community supporter, ask Moldan to tear up all of the mortgages Moldan has acquired on casino property.

Como: Buster "Helping Hand" Como finds documents showing that Lukosi secretly owns a number of casino slot machines and gaming devices, which Como convinces him to destroy.

Parone: When honest businessmen discover Umbrazzi and Maro may have bribed an official to obtain a gambling license, Jocko "Law and Order" Parone steps in to assist honest businessmen by

advising Umbrazzi and Maro to get clean starts in another state.

Apalina: Mobster Joey "Spots" Apalina, Moldan's top lieutenant, is the last known racketeer sent by the mob to take over Las Vegas. He sets up a number of complicated holding companies to buy the casinos outright.

Madiglione: Private citizen Julie "The Citizen" Madiglione becomes outraged when he learns about Apalina's scheme. Madiglione uses his superior business skills to buy back the casinos on behalf of honest businessmen for practically nothing.

card game captain." He leaves, and Tim reaches across the table and scoops up three or four thousand dollars in cash and chips, and we move on to the next table.

"Here's your prostitute, sir": an employee has materialized with a fresh, nice-looking girl dressed in a plaid jumper and turtleneck sweater. "May I introduce Doris Lambert," he says politely. Steve gets a room and takes her to it, while we sit down at the roulette table and put our \$4,000 on a straight 22. The wheel spins and the ball lands on 36. I move our money to 36 real fast while the croupiers are busy checking the other bets, and we collect thirty-five-to-one. "This is a fuckin' cakewalk," Tim slurs through three-quarter-shut purple eyelids. A group of drunk Negroes at an adjacent table start making a lot of noise, so the dealer tosses them a handful of white chips to calm them down. A couple of chips fall on the floor, which the dealer picks up and puts in his pocket. Tim lifts a stack of fifty-dollar bills off the table while all of this is going on, and then the dealer's supervisor gives the dealer several more chips as a reward

for tactfully handling the Negroes.

Meanwhile, Steve's upstairs with the whore, who tells him she will stay all night and make love with him as many times as he would like for eight dollars, or give him five blow jobs for two-fifty. He gives her eight dollars and pops her a few times, then tells her to wait in the room until he comes back. She says she'll build a nice, warm fire and keep herself occupied by working on her tax returns; so he leaves and meets us near the main lounge, where they are having this huge ballet tribute to the late Totie Fields, "First Lady of Las Vegas." The specially-written performance is called "The Prodigal Main Lounge Artist," adapted from Valendikov's balletic interpretation of the Bible story, and featuring the entire American Ballet Theater company and the Apollo's Palace Philharmonic Orchestra, Lucianni Paecoli conducting.

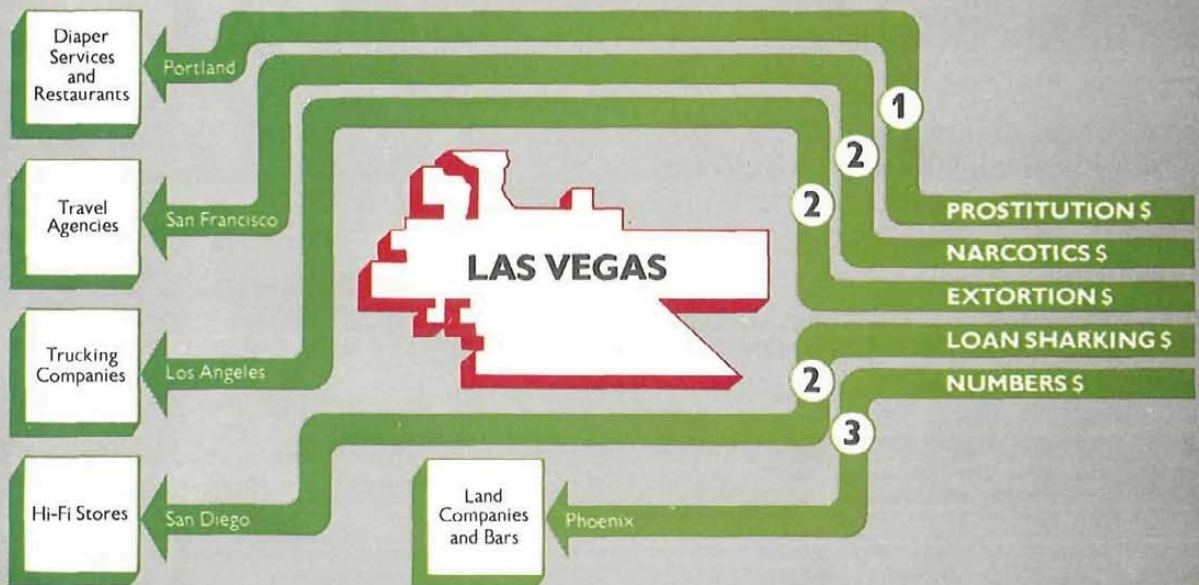
It's a quarter to get in, so we give the waiter an even dollar to help us find a good table. He is somewhat offended by the fact that we think his assistance can be bought "like pork from a butcher," and quietly escorts us to the front and

makes our change. Tim starts agitating me to find a quart of crème de cacao to get him through the ballet, but there are signs everywhere prohibiting food and alcohol during performances.

I had imagined an audience of insurance conventioners and hunky Texans decked to the teeth in those horrible western dress clothes with short, dopey crisscross ties and ruffled shirts that are supposed to be O.K. because they're real expensive. I thought I'd see bulbous Jews from the East Coast textile factory belt, and every conceivable type of guinea shoe salesman and greasy health spa owner out to buy himself a forty-eight-hour chunk of fast living from a bunch of slippery Mediterranean gumbas who didn't have any shoes when they were kids, and now they've got 300 pairs each (all mirror-finish alligator that they use to decorate their casinos when they're not wearing them). I imagined wrong, however. The crowd is quiet and dignified. They look like college professors.

The curtain comes up on a white-bodied ballerina, fluttering about the stage portraying a young comedienne

WHERE EAST COAST MOB MONEY GOES AFTER IT DOESN'T GET INTO LAS VEGAS



1. Police inspection stations on eastern city limit check all incoming cars for underworld prostitution money. A variety of advanced detection methods, including specially trained prostitution-money dogs and infrared prostitution-money sensors, are used.

2. The casino-supported Narcotics, Ex-

tortion, and Loan Sharking Clearing House, located at city hall, provides intelligence on all narcotics, extortion, and loan sharking money headed toward Las Vegas. Individuals possessing such funds are escorted off casino premises.

3. Las Vegas's massive "Keep Out—Numbers Money" billboard campaign is

thoroughly successful. Large signs on incoming highways feature popular Strip entertainers scolding motorists who intend to invest numbers profits in Las Vegas. One of the most effective billboards shows Ann-Margret tossing a lasso around the neck of a Mafia "runner," saying, "Git outta town with that illegal money."

GET RICH QUICK

er Think You Could Earn Money
hout Doing One Ounce of Work for It?

Why Don't You Hook
Up to the Money
Pipeline and See How
Easy Money-making
Can Be!

How?

By Joining the Federal
Liberty Security
Lincoln Fund.



HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

You give us \$100, \$200, even a million dollars, and our
filled fund managers will place it directly into the fund,
your name! Then the real action begins, as your con-
tribution grows each day while you do absolutely
nothing.

HERE'S AN EXAMPLE:

You place \$10,000 in the fund every month for a year.
At the end of that period, we send you:



That's right, \$4,700 for free. It's just like getting a pay-
check for nothing. Imagine getting up in the morning
around ten or eleven o'clock, even noon if you feel like
it. You wander into the kitchen, uncap a bottle of soda,
eat up a Danish, and click on your patio hi-fi. Oh my
golly, it's lunchtime already! Back to the kitchen you go
for a steak sandwich and a crackling cold bottle of beer.
Then it's back to the patio for a little sun, a little read-
ing, a little putting, and maybe a quick snooze toward
the end of the afternoon. Some day, wouldn't you
agree? Say, how would you like to have that kind of
outline for a job? That's right—get a paycheck for lay-
ing around all day living like a native on a Tahitian is-
land. Well, your Federal Liberty Security Lincoln Fund
check, like the one above for \$4,700, is exactly that. No
matter how you spend your time—fishing, watching
television, going to the beach, whatever—you're on our
"payroll."

DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO WOULDN'T LIKE TO EARN A LIVING LIKE THAT?

Not on your life, you don't! Ever since you were a kid,
people have been telling you that a man has to work to
earn a living. "No such thing as somethin' for
nothin'!" they'd say. Then those same persons would
complain about their bosses and gripe about the
amount of work they had to do, and the promotions
they didn't get—you know the story. Unfortunately,
there was no Federal Liberty Security Lincoln Fund to
help them back then. Can you visualize one of those
poor working stiffs reporting to his employer that he'd
spent the week putting golf balls in the backyard? The
boss would go right through the ceiling. As a member
of our fund, however, you are your own boss, and
you'll get your check even if you spend an entire year

YOU CAN COLLECT UP TO FOUR TIMES A YEAR!

And, if an emergency should arise, you may with-
draw all or part of the money you have given us.
What's more, your money is insured by an ager
of the United States government for up to
\$40,000. Who could ask for a better deal?

WE'VE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF OPENING A SPECIAL NUMBERED FUND ACCOUNT JUST FOR YOU!

Simply stop by any of our conveniently located
offices, present your personal numbered fund
ledger, and our friendly staff will get you into it
fund immediately. All you need is a driver's lic
or some other valid form of identification, a
social security number, and most any amount
of money—even a million dollars!

WILL PEOPLE LOSE RESPECT FOR ME IF I DON'T WORK FOR MY MONEY?

This is a question frequently asked by pers-
on who are afraid there is something mysteri-
ous or unethical about free money. So, we offer this
exclusive guarantee: Federal Liberty Security Li
Fund guarantees that its contributors will en-
joy appreciate, and relish each and every one of
the potential thousands of free dollars they may re-
ceive completely. We realize that's a pretty bold
guarantee, one we couldn't make without being
absolutely certain that you will be satisfied with
our foolproof plan to give you money while you
do nothing.

**Let Federal Libert
Security Lincoln Fun
Turn on Your
Money
Pipeline
Today!**



"I KNOW HOW YOU CAN GET EACH OF THE 750 MILLION PEOPLE IN THE WORLD LIKE THIS TO GIVE YOU A DOLLAR

You're probably asking yourself, "Do I
have to quit my job and move to India or
someplace like that?" Well, the answer is
no. This is strictly a spare-time deal. You
work right in your own home, set your
own hours, are your own boss, and earn
up to \$750,000,000 or more.

SOUNDS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, DOESN'T IT?

Well, believe me, an opportunity like this can't last long, so
you've got to act right now! "But, what do I have to do?" you
ask. Merely send \$95.95 for my book...

THE ART OF TELEPHONE SOLICITATION TO THE THIRD WORLD

by Hal Lund

...and you'll get all the strategies, all the techniques, and
all the instructions you need to turn your telephone into an
international gold mine. All in just a few short weeks! This is
the only complete and foolproof publication of this type
available anywhere at any price. It contains pages of valu-
able area codes, actual telephone numbers, sample pitches,
and proven responses to customer questions, hundreds of
ideas for products to sell, and a special section packed full of
all the regional anecdotes and closers you need to lock up the
sale every time.

SEE JUST HOW EASY MY BOOK IS TO UNDERSTAND...

Country—Mauritania Area Code—160-020
Phone Numbers—6060, 6061-6090, 6099, 7004

You say: Hello, this is (your name), calling from
America. How are you this evening? [Fine.] Well,
that's just fine. Say, I was talking to a friend of yours
in Kiffa who tells me you've been looking for (prod-
uct). I'd love to send one to your home for you to ex-
amine at no charge. [I don't know whether I can
afford it right now.] Tell me, sir/ma'am, you pay your
taxes to the village official, don't you? [Yes.] And you
pay money to the grocery market for your food, don't
you? [Yes.] Well, why not pay yourself for a change by
purchasing this first-quality (product) while they're
still available? How many may I send you?

The Sa Lik

And, you'll find
ing and eager to p
ing is a basic, prim
WO

Absolutely not. I
10,000 persons in
generate word-of-a
back and wait for
what these success
to say:

• Brian Folge
stuck in a real 'n
until I heard a
Lund's third world
gram. Now I can
quarters of the Ind
ment as my regula
as well as good
on top of that, I'
multimillionaire."





is the Last Great Frontier, and I'd like to Help You Crack It Wide Open!

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!
 At third worlders everywhere are will-hase goods because buying and sell-way of life for them.
MY PHONE BILL IS ENORMOUS!
 most, there's one telephone for every e areas. One call is usually enough to uth to an entire village. You just sit orders to roll in by the bundle. Read third world telephone solicitors have

"I was here" job out Hal sales prom- three- subcon- customers nks. And become a



• Mrs. Adelle Coleman: "I love to talk on the telephone, and when I heard how much people in other countries like to talk on the phone, too, I sent for Mr. Lund's book right away. Now, I'm a multimil lionaire."

Dear Hal Lund: You bet I want to earn up to \$750,000,000 a year or more in my spare time just by talking on the telephone. Thank you for devoting so much of your time to help me make a better life for myself. I realize that most people who discover how to make enormous sums of money keep the information to themselves, but you are different, sir. You understand that the many millions of readers of this magazine have just as much right to wealth and happiness as you, and you further understand that keeping such an important secret from people like me is tantamount to larceny—stealing \$750,000,000 or more from each and every one of our pockets. Thank you for allowing me to enclose \$95.95 for your comprehensive book that will show me in easy, step-by-step fashion, how to obtain the \$750,000,000 or more I deserve for being a human being, like yourself.

NAME	ADDRESS
CITY	STATE
ZIP	PHONE

Hal Lund Multimillion Dollar Enterprises
 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

If you don't want to be rich, then do not read this at Hello, I'm Harold Vaupel and I'd Like You to Take a Moment to Examine Your Life Closely.



ually every fix-top, wall, and That's right, the called a home nit. Like a kilo-omer—a lousy ar neighbors? waitresses Greyhound ent you can't makes these her sophis-ilities? For to twenty new check ole, miser-wears you d do with-and more

CAN'T
 you side ned out echanic ver the cocktail blow up arents; ecause of wall-; and of the ually e pe- ed the alk to you've lot so-ey'll with a couple of aging, burned out cocktail waitresses and a mechanic against another mechanic over the kind of issue you'd expect cocktail waitresses and mechanics to blow up about. And the bills, and the creditors. How many times have you sent your kid to the store with a check to redeem the bad check you wrote last week because you couldn't face the manager yourself, knowing that the new check isn't any good either. Your whole, miser-able state of affairs really wears you down, doesn't it? You toll and do with-out—for what? More hurt and more trouble.

AND THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.
 Sure, you get upset with the parents; but you can't push it too far because they live next door. Two sheets of wall-board and one inch of air away; and you've been embroiled in all of the petty, trashy apartment neighbor conflicts before. The ones where you side with a couple of aging, burned out cocktail waitresses and a mechanic against another mechanic over the kind of issue you'd expect cocktail waitresses and mechanics to blow up about. And the bills, and the creditors. How many times have you sent your kid to the store with a check to redeem the bad check you wrote last week because you couldn't face the manager yourself, knowing that the new check isn't any good either. Your whole, miser-able state of affairs really wears you down, doesn't it? You toll and do with-out—for what? More hurt and more trouble.

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A LIST OF ALL OF THE PROBLEMS IN YOUR LIFE?
 Then let's see if we can't think of one thing that would solve each and every one of them. Am I right when I suggest that it may be money? Such a simple solution, yet how many times have you avoided trying to improve your life because you didn't know how to get enough money to get the job done?

LET'S PICK YOUR EXISTENCE APART AND SEE IF WE CAN'T DISCOVER SOME AREAS WHERE IT COULD STAND IMPROVEMENT!
 You live in a little apartment, right? With thin walls, and even thinner, peeling Formica apartment furniture. The building was constructed in the fifties, and the tenants who preceded you have wrecked or marred virtually every fixture, cupboard, countertop, wall, and appliance in your unit. That's right, the box you live in isn't even called a home or an apartment—it's a unit. Like a kilogram or an air conditioner—a lousy unit. And what about your neighbors? Mostly divorced cocktail waitresses and mechanics, some with unusually odd children and their even more peculiar friends, who wander around the complex at all hours. They never talk to you, do they? The whole gangly, oily lot of them just hang out in a kind of sociopathic stupor—until one day, they'll break out the windshield on your car for no reason at all.

MY FRIENDS, I'M PROUD AND THRILLED TO BE TALKING TO YOU TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR OPPORTUNITY IS HERE AT LAST!

I'm talking Class AA Greyhound Debentures—the investment you can't afford to pass up! What makes these debentures different than other debentures is that they offer you a unique financial opportunity. For starters, you can earn up to twenty times your original investment that might help to solve your problems. Don't you think?

Certificate of Debenture
 Li'l Dickens
 May 2, 1979 \$20.00
 First in the 7th Tucson Downs

I have a selection of nine greyhound for you to choose from—just check one(s) you like on the form below, sign it in with a minimum of two dollars, and I will return your debenture certificate(s) immediately. Imagine owning a profitable venture—the boys on W Street would kick themselves if they passed up a deal like this.

WHEN WILL I REALIZE MY RETURN?
 This particular group of greyhound debentures will be involved in a make-or-buy competition on May 2, 1979, at Tucson Downs in Tucson, Arizona, at which time one of them will eagerly pay off his outstanding debentures at a rate of as much as twenty to one! You could be the smart cookie that collects—the fellow everyone says made the "right move at the right time." Well, the "right time" is now, my friends! Why not get your tender offer in the mail today!

Tender Offer

I, _____, herewith tender \$_____ for the purchase of a debenture interest in the greyhound(s) I have indicated below.

O.B.'s Delight	General Lee
Payday	L'l Dickens
Spartacus II	Go-4-Broke
Bunny Beater	Parnelli Puppy
Pure Speed	

I understand that I will receive my debenture certificate(s) by return mail, and that I may present said certificates for collection on or after May 2, 1979, provided the greyhound whose name appears on the face of the certificate has declared a profit at the above described competition in Tucson, Arizona, on May 2, 1979.

Name	Address
City	State
Zip	

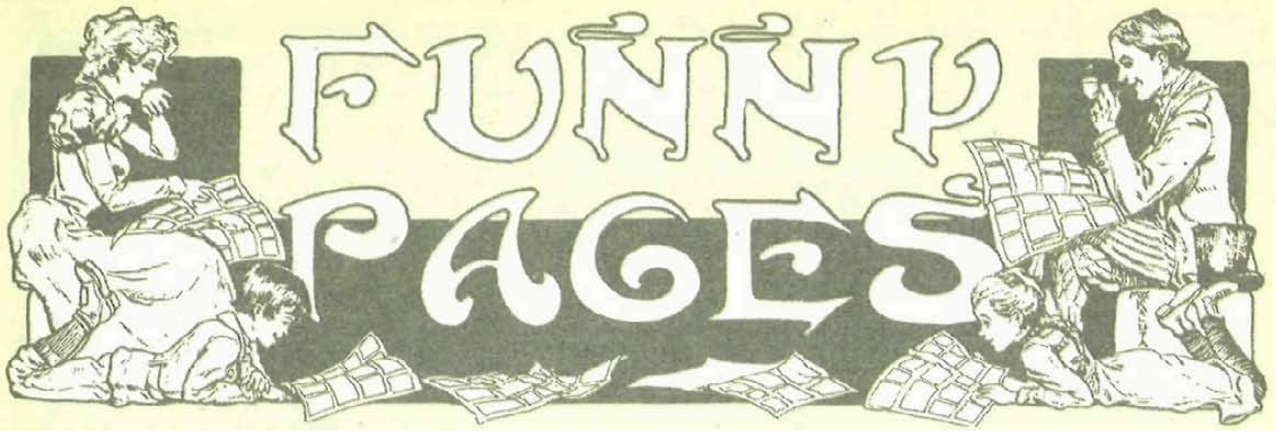
This will be a complete

A Milestone in Rock & Roll.
Addictive.
No Turntable Can Leave Its Hole.
THE J. GEILS BAND
Sanctuary



Includes: "One Last Kiss" "Wild Man" "Jus' Can't Stop Me" "Sanctuary"

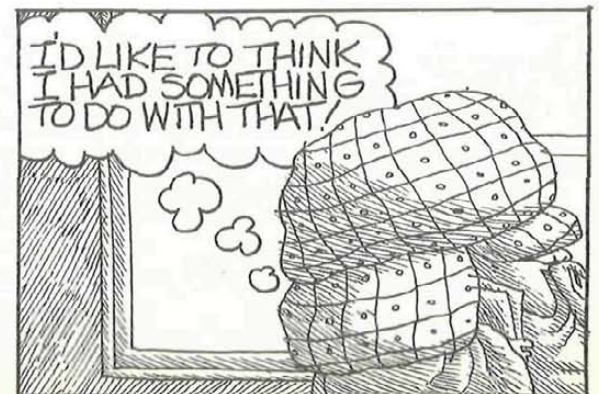
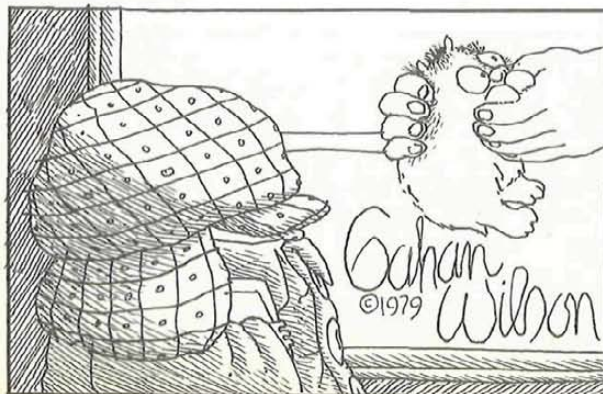
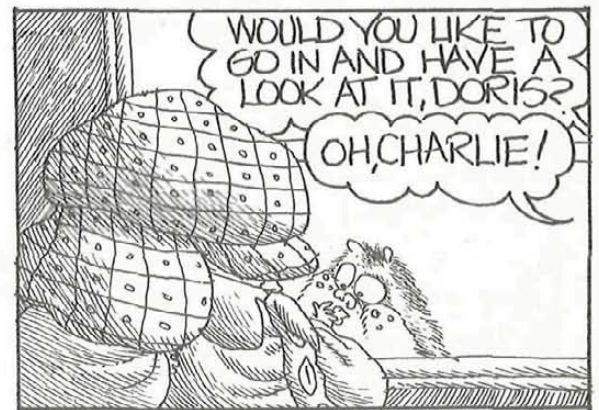
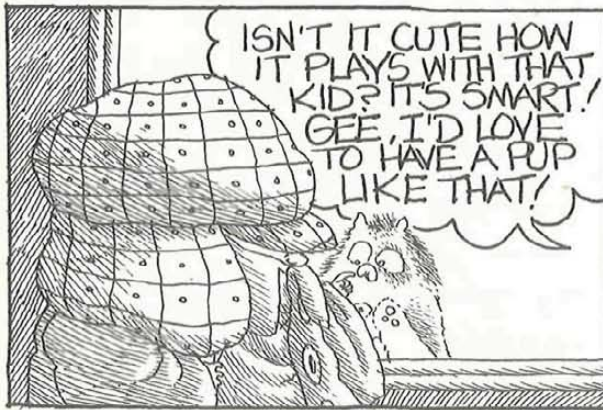




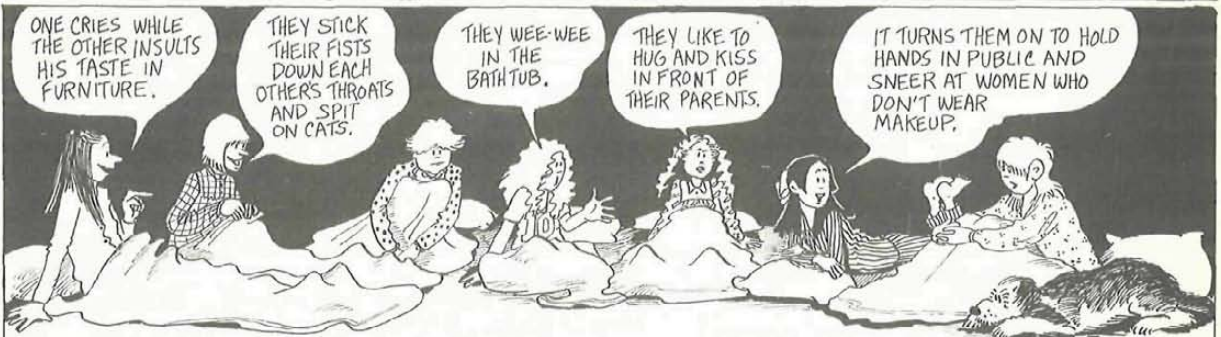
FUNNY PAGES

WUMPS

REMEMBER HOW YOU NOTICED YOURSELF BECOMING MORE AND MORE INVOLVED IN STUFF, AND THAT INSTEAD OF JUST BEING SOMEONE WATCHING IT HAPPEN, YOU WERE ACTUALLY STARTING TO BE PART OF THE ACTION?



TROTS AND BONNIE



ACROSS FROM MULE'S DINER LIVES GEORGE ANDREAS, THE MANAGER OF CASTLE HILL AUTO BODY, AND HIS QUEEN, EILEEN, THE FORMER PRINCESS OF IRISH EXTRACTION.

GEORGE, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE MANY LONG AND HAPPY DAYS OF OUR MARRIAGE? GEORGE! YOU PIG! STOP EATING AND TALK TO ME.

PIG?? LOOK WHO'S TALKING, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU TRIED TO GET INTO YOUR SILKS AND SATINS? I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE MARRIED YOUR STEPSISTER, STORCHA, AND LEFT YOU OUT WITH THOSE GEESE. STORCHA MAY BE ILL-TEMPERED AND UNLIKABLE, BUT AT LEAST SHE'S KEPT HER FIGURE....

ARE YOU GOING TO START WITH ELEPHANT-NOSE STORCHA AGAIN?

by... MULE'S DINER ... STEVE MACK

YOU WERE LUCKY TO GET ME, WHEN PEOPLE SAW ME ON OUR WEDDING DAY, THEY WERE OVERCOME WITH WONDER AND DELIGHT. NOW GET OFF YOUR ASS AND GO TO WORK.

I'M THE "KING" OF CASTLE HILL AUTO BODY. I GET TO WORK AFTER MY HELP. BESIDES, I'M STILL RECOVERING FROM OUR COURTSHIP.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT SO BAD. WHEN YOU WERE CHANGED INTO A FAITHFUL HOUND, DIDN'T I STROKE AND FONDLE YOU? AND WHEN YOU WERE A LINNET, DIDN'T I LET YOU SLEEP IN MY BOSOM?

BIG DEAL. ALL I KNOW IS...

... COURTING YOU GOT ME INTO ALL MY TROUBLES. WHEN YOU WERE IN THAT TOWER I WAS ALMOST EATEN ALIVE BY THAT POPLAR TREE, WHICH TURNED INTO A SERPENT.

AND YOUR FAMILY!! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE TROUBLE WHEN YOUR AUNT FIRST TURNED ME INTO A HAWK, AND DID YOUR STEPMOTHER APPRECIATE IT WHEN I BROUGHT HER THE HEAD OF THE KING OF DARKNESS??

YOU WERE WELL PAID FOR THAT. YOU GOT NINETY WEIGHT OF MYSELF IN GOLD AND SILVER.

YEAH? I'D LIKE TO HAVE THAT DEAL TODAY-I'D REALLY MAKE OUT...

AND WHAT ABOUT ME? DIDN'T I SEARCH FOR YOU FOR YEARS... BRUISED, BROKEN, RAGGED AND TORN I WAS, BUT NEVER STOPPED NOR STAYED, DID I... FOR WHAT? FOR THIS?? OH, WHY DID I LISTEN TO THAT OLD WOMAN WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS...

I SHOULD GO HOME TO MY FATHER....

HAAH! THAT HENPECKED OLD MAN... HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT YOU. HE NEVER EVEN CAME TO OUR WEDDING.

HE SENT THOSE TWO HUNCHBACKS BEARING GIFTS.

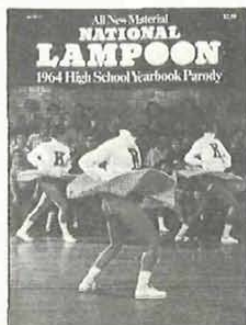
IF ONLY MY REAL MOTHER HAD LIVED.

LET'S FACE IT, EILEEN, THE MAGIC HAS GONE OUT OF OUR MARRIAGE.

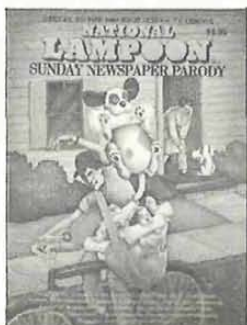
I CALLED BY NAME KALLIA-LAI-LAI. I MAKE YOU GOOD WIFE.
I AM CLEAN, AND MY FATHER HAS MANY PIGS.

Get a FREE Native Wife*

with every National Lampoon mail order purchase.



National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody. From C. Estes Kefauver High in Dacron, Ohio (BO-1007) \$2.50



National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody. Sequel to the High School Yearbook—a complete Sunday edition of the Dacron Republican-Democrat (BO-1021) \$4.95



Gentleman's Bathroom Companion. An anthology of risqué material from the *National Lampoon* (BO-1001) \$2.50



National Lampoon Presents Claire Bretécher. Best-selling French cartoonist in her first English translation (BO-1022) \$5.95

Gentleman's Bathroom Companion II. Second anthology of risqué material from *National Lampoon* (BO-1018) \$2.50

The Naked and the Nude—Hollywood and Beyond. *National Lampoon* goes to the movies (BO-1016) \$2.50

The Iron On Book. Sixteen amusing heat transfers for your empty T-shirts from the *National Lampoon* art department (BO-1012) \$2.50

"That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" *National Lampoon* comedy LP (A-1001) \$6.95

The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor. Amusement in alphabetical order, all original material (BO-1005) \$2.50

National Lampoon Presents French Comics. Popular French cartoonists published for the first time in America (BO-1020) \$2.50

"Voulez-vous fuck?" (TS-1024) or the more modest "Voulez-vous fuque?" (TS-1025) T-shirts Either \$3.95

The Best of National Lampoon No. 3. Anthology of the *National Lampoon's* best articles 1971-1972 (BO-1003) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon No. 4. 1972-1973 anthology (BO-1006) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon No. 5. 1973-1974 anthology (BO-1008) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon No. 6. 1974-1975 anthology (BO-1009) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon No. 7. 1975-1976 anthology (BO-1010) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon No. 8. 1976-1977 anthology (BO-1025) \$3.95



Animal House Full-color illustrated novel from the hit movie. By Chris Miller (BO-1023) \$2.95

Deluxe Edition of Animal House on heavier paper that will last longer or something (BO-1024) \$4.95



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey (TS-1028) \$6.00

National Lampoon's Animal House T-Shirt With portraits of all the Delta brothers (TS-1029) \$4.95

National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS-1019) \$3.95

National Lampoon "Black Sox" Softball Team Jersey (TS-1027) \$6.00

National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt (TS-1026) \$4.95



YOU BUY PLENTY THESE TRADE GOOPS, I COME MAKE WACKY-WACKY YOUR HOUSE, O.K., NO?

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50

Lampoon—12 issues in binder 1974 (BN-1002) \$15.00 1975 (BN-1003) \$13.50 1976 (BN-1004) \$12.50 1977 (BN-1005) \$11.50 1978 (BN-1006) \$10.50

Use this coupon for your order — Get a FREE Native Wife* with every National Lampoon mail order purchase.

Indicate the products that you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to
National Lampoon, Dept. NL-379
 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please enclose 75¢ per order for postage and handling (Canadian and foreign residents please enclose \$1.00 per order)
 New York State residents please add 8% sales tax.

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

Name _____ (please print)

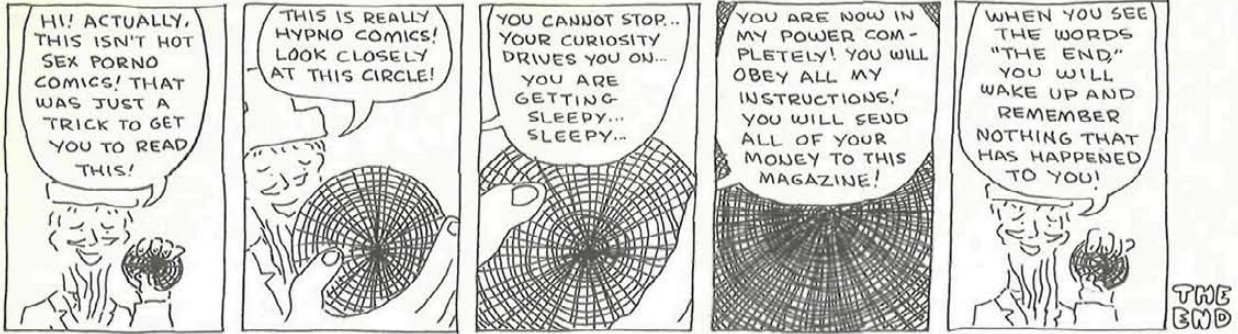
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ (Please be sure that your zip code is correct.)

<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1019 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 TS-1027 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 TS-1026 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1024 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1025 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 TS-1028 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 TS-1029 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.50 BN-1001 (2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50)			
<input type="checkbox"/> \$15.00 BN-1002	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1010		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$13.50 BN-1003	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1012		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$12.50 BN-1004	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1016		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$11.50 BN-1005	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1018		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$10.50 BN-1006	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1020		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1001	<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1021		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1003	<input type="checkbox"/> \$5.95 BO-1022		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1005	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.95 BO-1023		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1006	<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1024		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1007	<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 BO-1025		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1008	<input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 A-1001		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1009			

* Unfortunately, giving native wives away free with mail order purchases is illegal in some states, so we've had to hide Kallia-Lai-Lai from the law. However, here is a special clue as to her whereabouts: "NEAR A LARGE BODY OF WATER"

HOT SEX PORNO COMICS! BY ED SUBITZKY

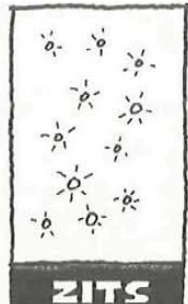
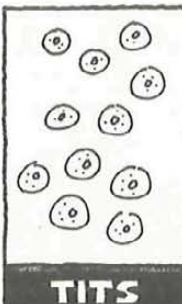


FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # C-9

TITS 'N' ZITS

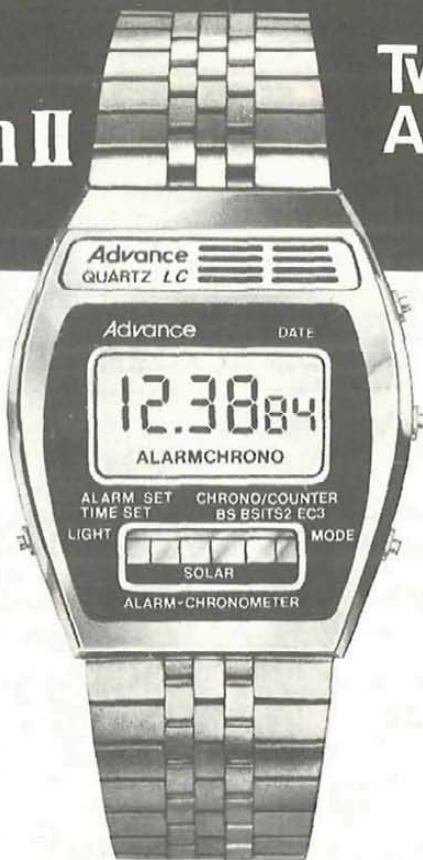
SKINNY WOMEN WITH FASHION MODEL FIGURES ARE STILL CONSIDERED "IN," AND THIS POSES A PROBLEM FOR THE COMIC ARTIST, FOR OFTEN YOU CAN'T TELL THEIR ZITS FROM THEIR TITS. AND YOU CAN'T DRAW WHAT YOU CAN'T IDENTIFY! STUDY THE EXAMPLES CAREFULLY UNTIL YOU CAN TELL THE ZITS FROM THE TITS!



REMEMBER:
NEVER POP A TIT!
NEVER SUCK A ZIT!

LCD Alarm Chronograph II

Twice as Good As the Original



Watch War

1. We introduce the LCD Alarm Chronograph at a \$200.00 savings.
2. They copy it (fair because we copied the Seiko).
3. We make improvements and lower our price.
4. They lower their price (no improvements).
5. Now, with five major improvements the Advance II is twice as good as the original—at the original low price.

This is no war of words. The differences you'll enjoy with our new LCD Alarm Chronograph are real and make it the absolutely best value on the market today.

Perfect Accuracy Imagine, at the touch of a button you can correct the slightest variation—to a tenth of a second. So, in addition to guaranteed quartz crystal accuracy of ± 5 seconds a month, you can instantly correct, or "trim the crystal" electronically, actually have to-the-second accuracy.

Now the Alarm's an Automatic Reminder.

The alarm can be set in an instant for any minute of any hour. And now features a snooze alarm, personal reminder system you can repeat every seven minutes. Great, because you can't always leave for a meeting or your plane when the alarm rings, make that phone call at the time you promised. With the reminder you can be sure you don't forget.

Also, the new alarm has a warning or "executive tone." This sounds once and pauses—so only you hear it and can shut the alarm off if you want to before the regular 52 second beeping cycle begins.

Every one of these five new features is exclusive with the LCD Alarm Chronograph II. And make this watch the one you're sure to want.

Memory Bank for every mode. Which brings us to another major difference and advantage:



When the alarm's set, an A appears. To check for the time, touch the alarm button.

every mode can be put into memory. For example, with the imitators you can't get the time when you're using the chronograph. It would wipe out timing of the event!

Solar Rechargeable 3-year Battery. The battery in the Advance II is recharged—automatically by any kind of light. So, instead of the usual one year, you'll get guaranteed (by Mallory) 3-year battery life. And the bank of seven solar cells makes a handsome addition to the bold, impressive appearance.



The correct time all the time.

Digital Counter—for laps when you're running, golf score and more. Now, when someone asks, "What'd you shoot?" you can look at your watch instead of your score card. And it's terrific for keeping track of your laps, for counting

ing cards, your ski runs, telephone calls, customers (daily, weekly, monthly cumulative comparisons), the people at a meeting, and in taking inventory. Touch a button to count, then store the tally in memory if you're interrupted or want to refer to the total any time after.

The Chronograph System. As to the chronograph, or split-second timer, its precision is so fine, it borders on the infinitesimal—to one-hundredth of a second for the first 20 minutes... to the second for a full 1 hour... and in a variety of ways unequaled by any other instrument.

Still Only \$100.00

The best known LCD Alarm Chronograph, of course, is the Seiko, which regularly sells for \$299.95. While Seiko pioneered in this area, its chronograph is limited and still times only to 1/10th of a second, its alarm has no reminder, its battery has to be replaced at least once a year.

Copies abound, of course. But Advance is a manufacturer in its own right. Forging ahead, building on existing technology, creating a reputation of its own for extraordinary quality, which we're sure the almost 30,000 people who ordered the first LCD Alarm Chronograph from us will verify.

(Actually, as one of the oldest and largest mail merchandisers, our only concern is to assure all these people that the refinements in the Advance II in no way minimizes the fact that the watch they already own does more and does it better than anyone else's.)

The LCD Alarm Chronograph II is still only \$100.00 which includes shipping, handling, insurance and a handsome gift case. It's available in either chrome (white) or gold-plate (yellow) on a forged, hand-finished brass case. The back is stainless steel as is the band, which adjusts instantly to a perfect and extremely comfortable fit.

Then, so you can see when it's dim or you're in the dark, the face lights up.

The Watch and Electronic Calendar. Most important, the basic display gives you the exactly right time. The hour, minutes and running seconds, plus the day of the week. At a touch you can replace the time with the month and date, always right with no adjustment necessary.

Thirty day trial. Now we invite you to put everything we say and promise to the test—without risk or obligation for 30 days. And to send the LCD Alarm Chronograph II back to us for a complete refund if it isn't the equal of any watch at any price for accuracy, versatility and usefulness. A watch that wins the admiration of your friends as well as your own pleasure and lasting satisfaction.

CALL 800-621-5554
(Illinois residents call 800-972-5858)

To order by credit card, call the toll-free number above. Send your check to Douglas Dunhill at the address below. Be sure to specify gold or chrome. (Illinois residents add the appropriate sales tax.)

The Advance LCD Alarm Chronograph II comes with a full ONE YEAR limited warranty and our assurance it will provide you with years of unmatched, trouble-free performance. Order now and enjoy the satisfaction that comes with wearing a watch that's second to none.

Four-way Chronograph System

No other instrument, at any price, gives you greater precision than the LCD Alarm Chronograph II, with its one 1/100th of a second accuracy. Or greater versatility and flexibility. Three separate chronographs that work in memory—combine in function.



Timed to 18 minutes, 14 seconds and 85/100ths of a second.

1 Add time... the stopwatch, which you can stop (for a time-out, say) and have pick up where you left off when the action resumes.

2 Split time... lets you stop to get a reading (of the 1/4, the 1/2, each contestant crossing the finish line) while overall timing continues in memory until displayed.

3 Lap time... gives you the time of individual segments of an event, automatically starting again from zero so you can time the following sequence. It literally splits elements that can't be separated any other way.

4 Twin timing... combines split time with add time so you can get the total time of an event and the times of individual portions within the event.

All this, plus a digital counter, in a sleek, superbly styled timepiece. Order now and take 30 days to prove how easy it all is to master and how useful when you have.

Douglas Dunhill
INC. AFFORDABLE QUALITY

Dept 73-8202
4225 Frontage Road
Oak Forest, IL 60452

© Douglas Dunhill Inc. 1978

THE AESOP BROTHERS, SIAMESE TWINS STILL IN THE COMMUNIST PARTY

COMRADES-LET US RECALL THE WORDS OF CARL MARX...



HA, HA, HA!
KHSHEE! KHSHEE!
HO HO!

TEE-HEE

WHATSAMATTER- WHAT'D I SAY?

BROTHER- BROTHER!

HAR- HAR- HAR!



YOU TWIT, GEORGE! IT'S NOT CARL MARX- IT'S KARL MARX!



WHY DO COMMUNISTS HAVE SUCH SMALL FEET?

COMRADES, ENOUGH OF LEVITY-LET'S GET ON TO BUSINESS. I NEED TWO VOLUNTEERS TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT....



WELL, I CERTAINLY CAN'T OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT WHILE I'M HAVING MY PERIOD!



DON'T LOOK AT ME! WHY SHOULD OCTOPOONS ALWAYS GET THE DIRTY JOBS?!!



SUBITZKY, HOW ABOUT YOU?

WELL...GEE...I'D LIKE TO, BUT I'M TEACHING A COURSE AT THE NEW SCHOOL IN HAIR SHIRT DESIGN...

I'LL DO IT-I'LL OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT!



COMRADES, I'M SHOCKED! THE PEOPLE FROM THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION ARE COMING IN NEXT WEEK-IS THIS ANY WAY TO BUILD UP CIRCULATION-WITH FATUOUS DRIVEL SUCH AS THIS?



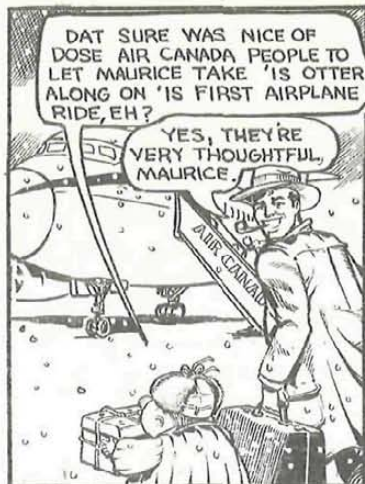
TIMBERLAND

Tales
by B.K. Taylor



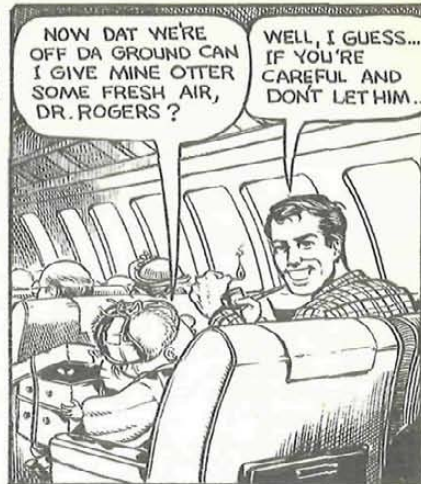
DOCTOR ROGERS KATHLEEN MAURICE... THE MIGHTY BOY WHO CALLED THE WOODS CONSTABLE TOM... RUSHED TO HAVE A SMALL INCIDENT OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE.

STORY BY STAN MOTT



DAT SURE WAS NICE OF DOSE AIR CANADA PEOPLE TO LET MAURICE TAKE 'IS OTTER ALONG ON 'IS FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE, EH?

YES, THEY'RE VERY THOUGHTFUL, MAURICE.



NOW DAT WE'RE OFF DA GROUND CAN I GIVE MINE OTTER SOME FRESH AIR, DR. ROGERS?

WELL, I GUESS... IF YOU'RE CAREFUL AND DONT LET HIM...



OH MINE GOSH, DERE 'E GOES!

GOOD HEAVENS!

WHEE YAAAH!

WHAT WAS THAT!!



SCREECH! A RATS LOOSE ON THE AIRPLANE!

WHAT! A SNAKE! A TARANTULA!

QUICK! WE MUST GET HIM BACK!



PLEASE BE CALM! IT'S ONLY AN OTTER. C'MERE, BOY! HERE, BOY!

THAT MAN HAS GONE BERSERK!

I HOPE TO GOD HE ISN'T ARMED!



I THINK I HAVE HIM CORNERED.

IF YOU WOULD ALLOW ME, SIR, I BELIEVE I CAN GENTLY PUT HIM BACK IN HIS BOX.



WE'RE TRAINED FOR THIS SORT OF EMERGENCY, AND BY REMAINING CALM... HERE WE GO... HERE, BOY...

HE RAN UP MY SKIRT!



GET HIM OUT! GET HIM OUT!

IS THERE A DOCTOR ON BOARD?!

I'M A DOCTOR. STAND BACK! GIVE THIS WOMAN AIR!



YAAAGH! HE BIT ME!

I CAN'T SEE!!!

HE RAN IN THE PILOT'S CABIN.



LORD HELP US!

SCREECH!

I KNEW IT WAS A HIJACK!

AAAARGH!



LATER ON THE GROUND...

BOY...DOSE AIRPLANE IS SURE EXCITING, EH, DR. ROGERS?



gets rid of the blues.



The world's finest
cigarette papers.
Best Quality, even burning,
and now in all sizes.

Get rid of the blues with *Allotta/Haynes/ Jeramiah's* new album "Slippin' Away" featuring *My Job gets rid of the blues.*

JOB PAPERS BROUGHT TO YOU FROM FRANCE BY



Adams Apple
DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
CHICAGO 60640

If you'd like to size up some of our sizes, we'll send you one pack JOB one-point-two-five, two packs JOB one-point-five and one pack JOB double wide papers, all for only a dollar (to cover cost, postage and handling).

Send to:
PAPERS, Adams Apple DistCo, Dept NL 2
5100 N Ravenswood, Chicago, IL60640

MS/MR/MRS _____

Address _____

Zip _____

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

LETTERS

continued from page 15

Sirs:

I've got this terrific script for the Eric Clapton Story. The catch is, it's inaccurate as hell and I'm sure Eric would take offense to the ending, in which he dies young. So, do me a favor; if you see Eric and it's raining out, don't tell him to get an umbrella or put on warm, dry clothes. Don't refer him to any of your doctors. If he comes over for dinner, serve a lot of fatty foods. If he wants to do some heroin, don't discourage him, and maybe you can suggest he do a thirty-six-week tour. I think you understand.

Robert Stigwood
The Sherry Netherland Hotel
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I know I should not be telling you this, but I'm sick of living with this lie. Every young girl is told by her mother when she's about eleven or twelve that men think that women have better orgasms and that we should never say anything to the contrary. Well, fuck that. The female orgasm is no big deal. It feels just like when you tickle your nose hairs with the tip of a pencil.

We don't moan and groan because we like it; we moan and groan because you guys smell so bad when you get sweaty. Biologically, the urge to have a baby and not have to work and worry about how good you look is much stronger than the urge to fuck. And please, don't do us any favors by licking our nipples or our butts. Thank you.

Name Withheld

Sirs:

I gotta laugh. I'm sorry, but hunting season just ended and I'm all giggles. You think *we're* funny when we catch marshmallows with our mouths at the zoo? You should see yourselves take a shit out in the woods. With your red coats and all that long underwear and the little wads of toilet paper in your shirt pockets. What a scream!

A Brown Bear
The White Mountains
Vermont

Sirs:

I don't want to bring you down or nothing, but I was just thinking that all the money your magazine has made since it started wouldn't equal what I could get for just one picture of my pickle.

John Travolta
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

I am an college graduate. I graduated from an college. It is an college I take a bus to get there to. However. There is hardly never, ever a job for me. Despite. That I am graduated from Cleveland City College and am a degree that I have is a Doctorate of Produce Pricing and Stocking of Shelves. But? Where are the job? You know?

Herman Vega
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

I invented the silicone chip, which has made possible a new generation of computers, calculators, and watches. However, as I was going over some old notes, I found something that I had overlooked in my initial research, and after some consideration I realize that I made a huge, huge mistake. My chips, I now find, were inaccurate. It's a long story, but in short, what has happened, I believe, is that all your calculators and computers and watches are off. So, I'm afraid we're all going to have to rebalance our books and go over all the calculations we've made in the last five years, including all financial transactions, birth and death information, income taxes, sales taxes, and receipts. The list is endless. I'm terribly sorry. There is nothing I can do except offer my apologies and tell all of you with digital watches that the correct time right now is 3:55:22.

Dr. Marvin L. Drayton
National Electronics Laboratories
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

If you have to fart at the airport, do it around a Pakistani family. Everyone will think it's them and they won't mind. As a matter of fact, they'll probably think somebody's cooking dinner.

A Frequent Business Traveler
Full-Fare Coach Section
O'Hare, Ill.

Sirs:

I'd like to congratulate you on twenty-five sensational years in publishing. No, pardon me, that's my magazine. Let me congratulate you on your leadership in matters of sex and pleasure and for influencing the thoughts and actions of a generation of men. I'm sorry. That's me again. Well, let me say "good show" for your in-depth interviews with the great men and women of our age. Is that me again? Did you do the revealing and controversial spread on the NFL cheerleaders? Was that me, too? What can I congratulate you on? Ah! Congrat-

ulations on your recent price increase! It was a damn good one!

Hugh M. Hefner
Mansion West, Calif.

Sirs:

I think it's okay for us folks to go back to Africa now. The English are gone, they've got TVs and Pepsi, and there's even a Cadillac dealership in Kenya. They don't have plastic upholstery companies or Kentucky Fried Chicken yet, but the weather's nice. And of course, there ain't nobody going to tell you to turn your radio down.

Lionel Franklin
Uptown Records
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

We've had just about enough of your childish "homo" jokes. You sneer and giggle and hurl your little barbs at us. We're a part of this society. Medical science says we're normal; the law says we're entitled to every right and privilege that you are. We're human, we're Americans, we have feelings, and if you don't leave us alone, we're going to come over and fuck your dad.

The Queers
All Over Everywhere, Even Iowa

Sirs:

Hey, don't dump all over *our* generation! Sure we've got our Kristy McNichols and Lief Garrett; but remember— you had *Donovan!*

Cindy, Alicia, and Mandy
122 Chesterfield Drive
Courtland, Mo.

Sirs:

This is to warn you to keep your mouth shut while walking in the rain. Rainwater contains four times the accepted minimum amount of lead allowable in drinking water. If you must look up while standing or walking in the rain, be sure to close your mouth and cover your lips to prevent any rainwater from entering your body. By all means avoid licking your auto top or other rain-moistened surface.

Joseph Califano
HEW
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Did you know that clouds are actually real small and right overhead? They just look far away. Stand on a box and see what I mean.

Stewart Lebage
Grange, Ky.

Sirs:

Since you schmucks started up with the "highbrow" gags, I don't have nowhere to lift material from. For a real old show-biz veteran who does your best Ed Sullivan in the whole world, couldn't you run a few yocks about, say, having to "make" on an airplane or that crazy shvartzter kook over in Africa. Something like that. I'm booked for two months on the summer cruise circuit with the S.S. *Perch*, and I'm two minutes short. Do me the favor, huh?

Bitsy "Big Man" Bigelow
111 W. 12 St.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I know you're probably bored with jerks writing to tell you how they did this and how they did that and so on, you know? I'm one of those jerks, too, because I'm writing to tell you that I wrote to the *Guinness Book of World Records* guys about getting into their record book because of something I did, which had something to do with the *National Lampoon*, which is a record because I don't know anybody who ever did what I did, which is stuff a whole *National Lampoon* up my ass. I had to cut it up a little but it fitted in there. So I'll let you

know what the Guinness guys think and if it's a record or if I get money for it, you'll get half. In the meantime I'll just do what I'm doing now, which is nothing.

Bob "Bobby" Taftmore
U.S. Navy
Newport News, Va.

P.S. I love the magazine but sometimes it's not too good, especially the issue I put up my ass.

Sirs:

No, no, no, I'm the dead composer. You're thinking of Pucci, the scarf designer. I don't even own a scarf.

Giacomo Puccini
1858-1924

Sirs:

I'd like a subscription to your magazine, but I'm a pig. I used to root around in the garbage and dig out an old copy one of the kids would throw away, but now they're away at college. Could you possibly send a subscription to the farm? It'll get thrown away immediately and I'll get to enjoy all that great stuff you guys do. I can't pay you though because swine don't have their own currency—not yet anyway. It's a big favor but who knows—someday you may sit down to

Easter dinner with my ass.

Earl the Pig
Pen # 778
Hollyridge Farms
Hollyridge, Penn.

Sirs:

I'm a great musician, I have a fabulous band, my lyrics are deep, my production is perfect, but I'll never make it. I just don't have the waistline to be a big rock star. I'm about a size 38 and I don't dare take my shirt off in concert.

Eric Dane
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

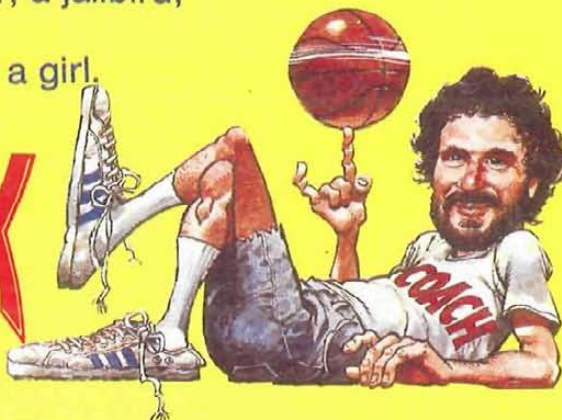
Julie and I are very concerned about our daughter. Every time we stand her up, she falls over. When we take her sailing she just rolls around the hull. She goes to the bathroom all over herself and when we offer her toilet tissue, she just eats it. For gosh sakes, she won't even pick up her room or help Julie with the meals. Furthermore, I don't think she gives a rat's hindquarter either. She's almost a year old, so I just don't know what's the "hang-up."

David Eisenhower
San Clemente, Jr.
San Clemente, Calif.

GABE KAPLAN'S HAVING A BALL!

His dream team's got a preacher, a jailbird,
a pool shark, a muscleman.
And the best guy on the team is a girl.

FASTBREAK



COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS

A STEPHEN FRIEDMAN / KINGS ROAD PRODUCTION

GABRIEL KAPLAN IN FAST BREAK

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JACK GROSSBERG · EXECUTIVE PRODUCER GERALD FRANKEL

SCREENPLAY BY

STORY BY

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCED BY

SANDOR STERN · MARC KAPLAN · JACK SMIGHT · STEPHEN FRIEDMAN

MUSIC BY DAVID SHIRE AND JAMES Di PASQUALE

©1979 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN



COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU!

"Changed my whole damn life!"

You've probably seen a lot of ads lately on doing better with girls. Well, before you decide which book to order, we think you ought to know the following:

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the original, authentic, world-famous book on the subject with over 400,000 copies in print.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the book that was just turned into the smash-hit movie that was seen by over 25 million people on ABC Television.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the book around which Merv Griffin based an entire hour-and-a-half show. It's the book which HUSTLER MAGAZINE — after reviewing all the prominent books on the subject — called quite simply "... the best ..."

Famous author Dan Greenburg had this to say about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS: "HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS inspired me ... and if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did ..."

Of course, Dan's not the only one who picked up a girl using our techniques. Here are just a few comments from our scores of satisfied customers:

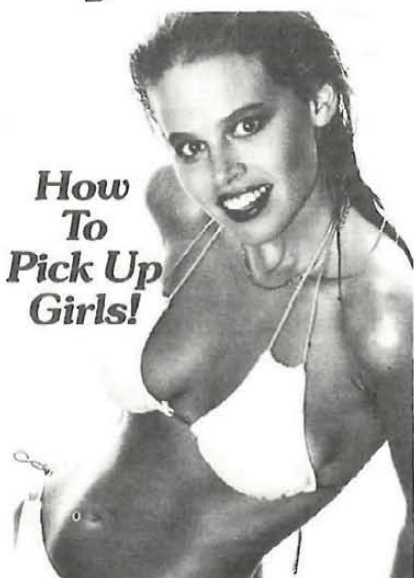
I'll tell you, I surprised the hell out of myself. By following the guidelines set forth in the book, I not only 'picked up' a girl, but I picked up 2 girls in the same nightclub on the same night. Granted the circumstances were a bit unusual, but I never would have 'picked up' either one of them had I not read your book earlier that day ... When I first sent off for the book, I thought the price was a little high. But now I feel that it would be cheap at twice the price.

Richard L., San Bernadino, Calif. 92410

It works. I wasn't even halfway through it and I got a girl! Even my brother—who has taken out every girl in the world—said Wow! when he saw her. She and I are quite close already.

A.W., Deerfield, Mass. 01342

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that your book changed my whole damn life. I don't know what kind of accomplishment that is,



How To Pick Up Girls!

since I'm only 18 and highly susceptible to change, but just for the record, you did it. I'm not exactly Joe Namath yet, but I'll tell you one thing ... they're calling me now, if I don't call them.

D. Taylor, Colorado

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

Ever since HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS was first published there have been dozens of slick-sounding imitations. One book even goes so far as to promise you girls through hypnosis. What a joke! Science has proven time and again you can't get a girl to do anything she doesn't want to do.

D. Taylor
Boulder, Colorado

No, the real way into a girl's heart is through charm and imagination. And that's precisely why HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS can be such a help. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS features interviews with twenty-five young, hip, good-looking girls. They tell you, in their very own words, exactly what it takes to pick them up. For example, you will learn:

- How to make women horny
 - How to make shy-ness work for you
 - Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking
 - How to be a big hit in discos and single's bars
 - Girls' favorite places for getting picked up
 - Opening lines that never fail to get their attention
 - An ingenious, foolproof way to meet women at work, at school, on the street
 - How to use a smile to melt a woman, to make her feel warm and sexual toward you
 - How to get girls to pick you up
- and MUCH, MUCH MORE.

GET THE ORIGINAL

You don't want a book that promises you success with girls. You want one that delivers. And year in, year out HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has helped more men pick up more girls than any other book in the world! Don't be fooled by second-rate imitations. Get the original. The Classic. The one that's been featured on the Johnny Carson Show and the Dr. Joyce Brothers Show.

Think of it this way. A book doesn't sell 400,000 copies by accident. Clever ads can take you only so far. After that word of mouth takes over. And with over 400,000 copies in print, men must be saying some pretty good things about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS.

Can you become an expert at picking up good looking girls? You bet you can! It's as simple as reading the mind-opening bestseller HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS. As the young man said in the letter above, IT CAN CHANGE YOUR WHOLE DAMN LIFE!

(to order, see coupon below)

How To Make Love To A Single Girl

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women will sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. Over 160 luscious photos show you—step by exciting step—exactly how to turn on today's single girls. In these incredibly frank pictures you'll see an expert lover touching, holding, and seducing an unbelievably sexy-looking woman. Each of the more than 60 chapters tells you exactly what arouses a girl. You'll learn—in their own words!—women's most secret pleasures, the things they love so much from a man they can't resist him. For example, you will discover: • the "magic" place to touch a girl first • How to make a woman "let herself go" • The aphrodisiac touch • The positions girls like best • How to get a girl out of her clothes • What's special about a single girl • How to excite a girl with just words • How to give a woman multiple orgasms • And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with incredibly exciting photographs!

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true! In just days HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL will turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with. We guarantee it!

(to order, see coupon at right)



Free Book

100 BEST OPENING LINES!

We'll send you Eric Weber's 100 BEST OPENING LINES—a \$5.95 retail value—absolutely free just for trying our two best-selling books. Read all about this incredible no-risk offer on the coupon below.



Symphony Press, Inc., Dept. NL-3
7 West Clinton Avenue
Tenafly, NJ 07670

- Send me HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS. I've enclosed \$8.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.
- Send me HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL. I've enclosed \$12.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.
- Send me BOTH BOOKS. I've enclosed \$20.90 plus \$1.00 postage and handling, a savings of \$2.00!

AMAZING FREE BOOK OFFER!

Order both books together and we'll send you FREE Eric Weber's 100 BEST OPENING LINES—a \$5.95 value. Even if you decide to return your books (within 30 days please) you may keep 100 BEST OPENING LINES without obligation.

— Charge my credit card
Master Charge # _____ Exp. date _____
Visa/BankAmericard # _____ Exp. date _____

(sign here if charging on credit card)
Master Charge and Visa/BankAmericard holders (only) may charge by phone. Call toll free: 1-800-327-1010
Florida residents, call 1-800-432-2766

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
All Symphony Press, Inc. books are unconditionally guaranteed. If you are dissatisfied in any way just return your book (within 30 days please) for a complete and immediate refund.

HOW TO DRIVE FAST

continued from page 51

time, nonstop. I mean, he stopped for gas but he wouldn't even let anybody get out then. He made them all piss out the windows, and he says that it was worth the entire drive just to see a girl try to piss out the window of a moving car.

Get a fat girl friend so you'll have plenty of amphetamines and you'll never have to stop at all. The only problem you'll run into is that after you've been driving for two or three days you start to see things in the road—great big scaly things twenty feet high with nine legs. But there are very few great big scaly things with nine legs in America anymore, so you can just drive right through them because they probably aren't really there, and if they are really there you'll be doing the country a favor by running them over.

Yes, but where does it all end? Where does a crazy life like this lead? To death, you say. Look at all the people who've died in car wrecks: Albert Camus, Jayne Mansfield, Jackson Pollack, Tom Paine. Well, Tom Paine didn't really die in a car wreck, but he probably would have if he'd lived a little later. He was that kind of guy. Anyway, death is always the first thing that leaps into everybody's mind—sudden violent death at an early age. If only it were that simple. God, we could all go out in a blaze of flaming aluminum alloys formulated specially for the Porsche factory race effort like James Dean did! No ulcers, no hemorrhoids, no bulging waistlines, soft dicks, or false teeth...*bash!! kaboom!!* Watch this space for paperback reprint rights, auction, and movie option sale! But that's not the way it goes. No. What actually happens is you fall for that teen-age lovely in the next seat over, fall for her like a ton of condoms, and before you know it you're married and have teen-age lovelies of your own—getting gang-fucked on a Pontiac Trans-Am's shaker hood at this very minute, no doubt—plus a six-figure mortgage, a liver the size of the Bronx, and a Country Squire that's never seen the sweet side of sixty.

I guess it's hard to face the truth, but I suppose you yourself realize that if you'd had just a little more courage, just a little more strength of character, you could have been dead by now. No such luck.



Variety is the Spice of Love.

We're presenting condoms with a difference—so bed will never be a bore.

Rough Rider™ the first and only condom covered from head to shaft with 468 raised pleasure studs.

Nuda® Ultra-Thin, the thinnest, lightest condom made in the U.S.A.

Tabiti® pre-shaped condoms that come in every color of the rainbow.

Stimula® Vibra™-Ribbed, the most heavily ribbed Stimula ever made to coax her body to the brink.

Hugger® the snuggler fitting pre-shaped condom that holds you taut and firm.

And they're all lubricated with warm, dry SK70.®

Order Rough Rider now! Take advantage of this exciting offer. 8" flexible textured vibrator (\$12.95 value, only \$3. with order.)

Stamford Hygienic Corp. Dept. 114 Manhattan Street, Stamford Conn. 06904

12 Rough Rider Condoms \$5

22 Assorted Condoms \$5

50 Deluxe Assortment \$10

120 Super Deluxe Assortment \$20

Assortments include

Rough Rider, Stimula

Nuda, Hugger, Tabiti, etc.

Vibrator Offer, \$3.00

Money Order

Master Charge

Check _____ Cash _____

Bank Americard (VISA) _____

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

(\$10 minimum on charge cards)

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New 32 page catalog free with order or send \$1

Money Back guarantee. Orders shipped in discreet packages

Stamford Hygienic © 1975



DIDDLE IT!
HOURS OF PLEASURE
The first adult color-in poster! *pens included*
You can diddle it by yourself or with a special friend!
A fine quality raised thermographic print 24x36"
DIDDLE IT!
DIDDLE ART, P.O. BOX 28, Folsom, California 95018
Please rush me _____ copies of ENOYICIA # 1 @ \$7.75 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

© PHANTOM—BLACK RHINO

© NBC

BLUES BROTHERS
Black Silkscreening on WHITE T-SHIRT only
Specify Size S, M, L, XL

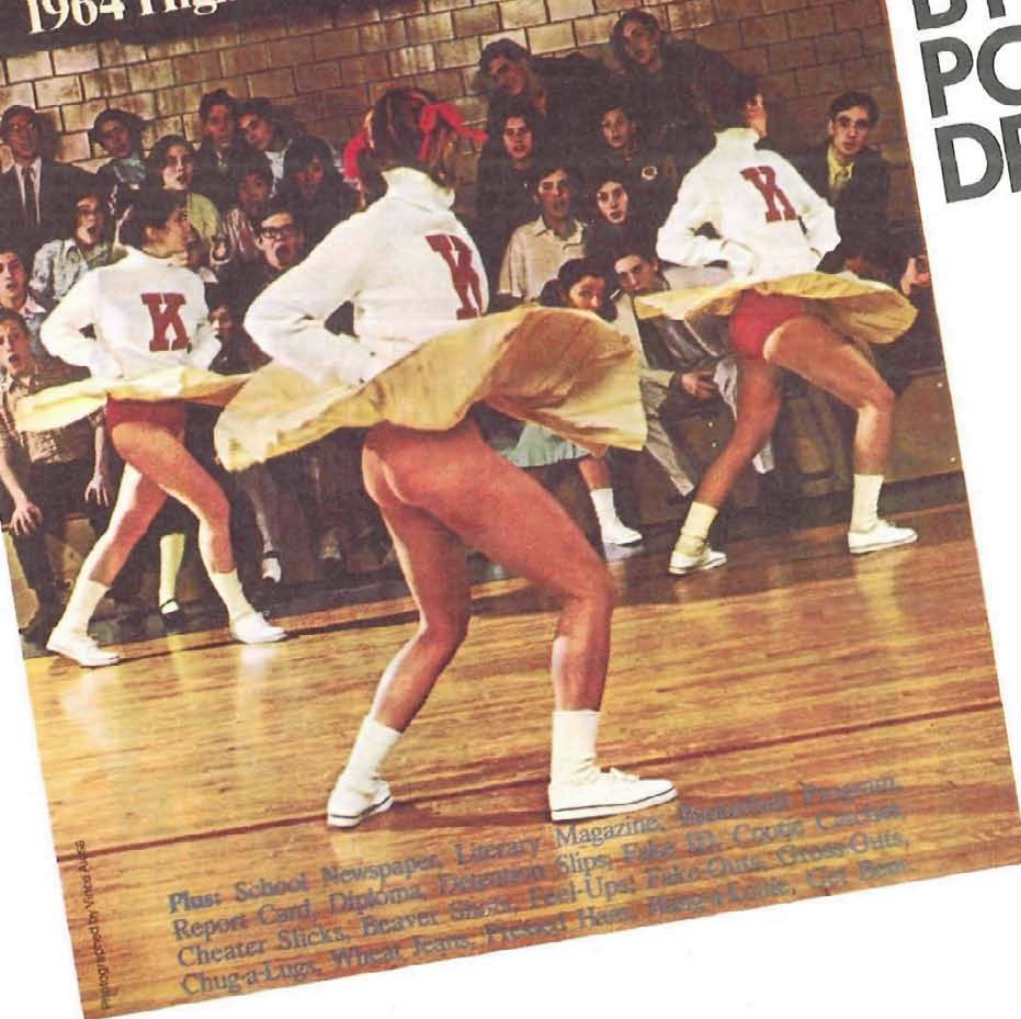
FOR EACH **650**
SEND
(POSTAGE & HANDLING INCLUDED)
U. S. Postal Money Order Only

INCLUDE NAME, ADDRESS, SIZE, COLOUR, (if CONEHEAD)

BLACK RHINO ENTERPRISES 575 Madison Avenue, Suite 1006
New York City, New York 10022

NY Residents Add 8% Sales Tax—Allow 6-8 Weeks Delivery—Dealer Inquiries Invited—TELEX 125864

The Original
NATIONAL LAMPOON
 1964 High School Yearbook Parody



Plus: School Newspaper, Literary Magazine, Yearbook Program, Report Card, Diploma, Detention Slips, Fake ID, Course Catalog, Cheater Slicks, Beaver Suits, Peel-Ups! Take-Outs, Cross-Outs, Chuga-Lugs, Wheat Jeans, Puffed Hair, Hang-Locks, Car Bombs

**BACK AGAIN—
 BY POPULAR DEMAND!**

The demand that we make money is very popular with our board of directors. Therefore, we've reissued the classic *National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody* in a special deluxe edition at \$4.95.

Edited by P.J. O'Rourke and Doug Kenney.
 1.6 million copies sold!

"The finest example of group writing since the King James Bible!"

Harper's Magazine

"Shouldn't be missed....The high point so far in the efforts to recapture the special ambience of high school in the late fifties and early sixties. It is a more complete and much funnier recreation than *American Graffiti*, good as that film was."

Newsday

National Lampoon
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

NL 379

Please send me _____ copies of the *National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody* at \$4.95 each.

I enclose \$ _____.

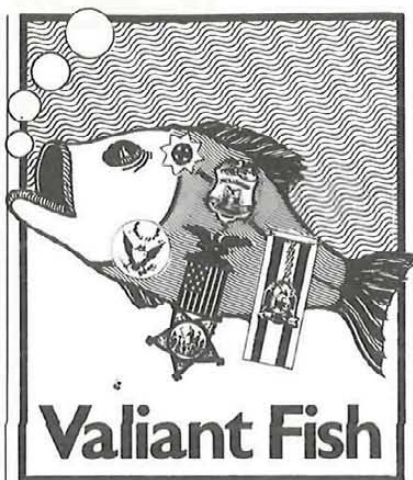
Please add 75¢ per order for postage and handling in the U.S., \$1.00 for shipments anywhere else in the world.

New York residents, please add 8% sales tax.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____



● Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Franks of Joliet, Illinois, were asleep late one evening when a burglar entered their home. The couple heard suspicious noises downstairs, but could not investigate because Mrs. Franks was very ill, and Mr. Franks had been confined to a wheelchair. As the intruder ransacked their living room, Mrs. Franks attempted to contact police while her husband called out of a window for help. The burglar evidently heard the shouts, and rushed upstairs to silence them. One of the Franks's pet tropical fish, in an aquarium at the top of the stairs, saw the man coming and jumped like a porpoise onto the stairs, causing the criminal to slip and strike his head on a planter. Police arrived a short time later, and the Franks were saved.

● Fourteen-year-old George Krause won a goldfish at an American Legion carnival and placed it in a plastic pail of water above his bed. Several days later, while George was asleep, an electrical fire broke out in his room, which ignited a corner of the boy's blanket. Krause's goldfish smelled the smoke and began to dart furiously back and forth in its pail, causing water to lap over the sides, and eventually toppling the entire container onto the flames. George, who suffered from a mild form of sleeping sickness, was not aware that his life had been saved until his mother awakened him the following morning.

● Two men who robbed a payroll office in Tulsa, Oklahoma, drove to an out-of-the-way camp ground, where they planned to hide out until things "cooled down." As the bandits attempted to cross a small stream, a school of fresh-water bass spotted them. Three or four hundred of the bass charged at high speed, ramming the criminals' ankles and knocking them off balance. One of the men dropped a satchel containing the stolen checks, which was immediately swept away by another group of

continued on page 95

DO YOU LUST FOR A HIGHER QUALITY STEREO?

If you're planning to spend your hard-earned bucks on expensive hi-fi gear and your understanding of stereo is far past "beginner," Audio magazine can help you **save money.**

■ Of all major magazines in the field, Audio gives you the most, and the most detailed, impartial component equipment editorial content per year. You could easily buy **two dozen** books and not get as much component equipment information as you'd find in a year of Audio magazine!

■ Each month Audio magazine focuses on a special area of interest to people who love excellent sounding stereo, including: loudspeakers, phono cartridges and pickups, cassette decks, amps, turntables, tuners, headphones, graphic equalizers, open reel decks, ambiance devices **and more!**

■ Know this—your hi-fi dealer probably subscribes to Audio magazine. He **has** to know the difference between great equipment and losers with "great names" or big price tags alone. If you're planning major hi-fi purchases this year, a subscription to Audio magazine could save you hundreds of dollars.

■ Pick up a copy of Audio **at leading hi-fi dealers,** newsstands or start **your** subscription right **now**—fill out and mail the attached coupon—you can save real money on equipment and you will save real money over regular Audio single copy prices.



SEND TO: AUDIO
401 North Broad Street
Philadelphia, PA 19108
Attn: Jean Davis

YES, start my subscription to AUDIO at once, with this special offer of a one-year subscription for just \$9.50 (12 issues). That's \$5.75 off the regular price of \$15.25.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

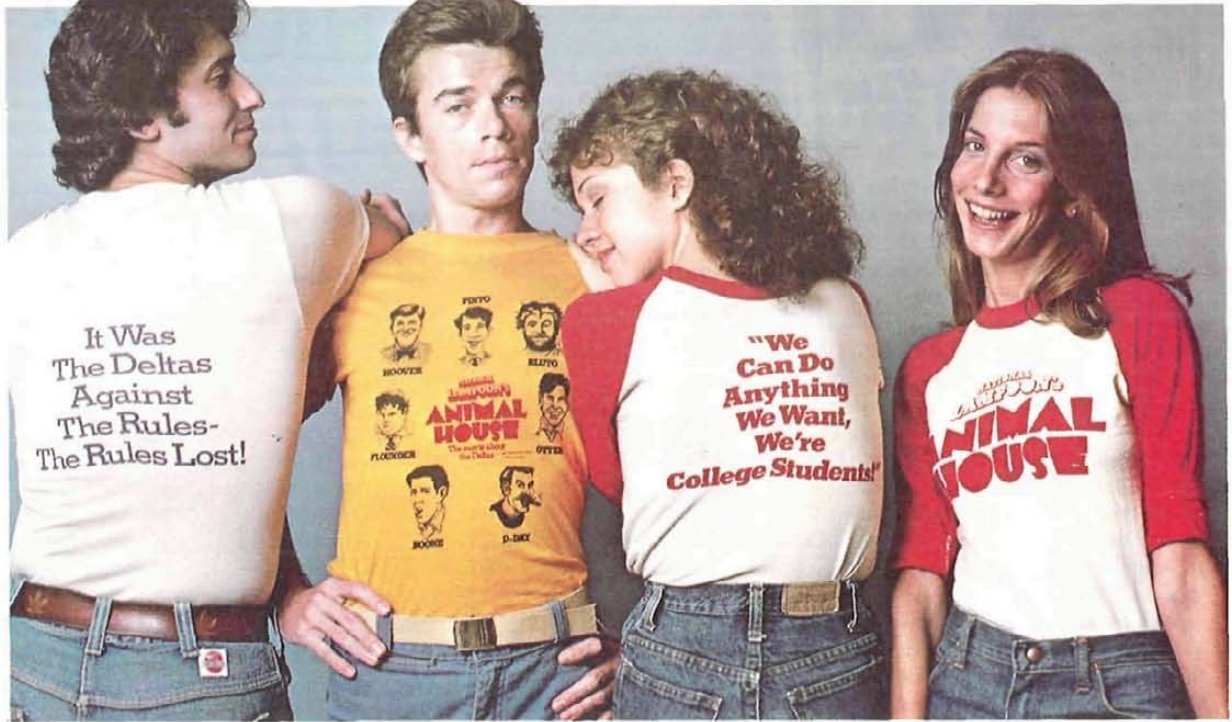
My check or money order is enclosed.

Expect first issue in 6 to 8 weeks. Please add \$3 for postage outside USA.
Offer good in USA and possessions only.

Audio is published by North American Publishing Company,
leaders in editorial excellence.



You've seen the movie! You've read the book! Now you can read the shirts!



What else? From the *National Lampoon*, one of the world's great hunters of your loose bucks, comes the T-shirt and the "softball" shirt from the first *NatLamp* film, *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Now you can wear the glorious *Animal House* softball shirt with half-length sleeves in blushing crimson to go along with the flaming N.L.A.H. logo on the front and the statement on the back that gives you complete license to enjoy yourself: "We're college students *and we* can do anything we want!" And listen, you *don't* have to be college students to wear the shirt. You can be sixteen or sixty, semiliterate or just a dropout or never-went, like the guy who wrote this adv...who cares. We'll sell you anything.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. \$6.00 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for postage and handling.

Or you, you lucky individual you, can buy and wear the *National Lampoon's Animal House* Delta shirt with caricatures of Bluto, Otter, Pinto, the entire "unholy seven" who help make *Animal House* the funniest movie since *Getting Gertie's Garter*. Comes in flaming orange with black caricatures and red and black lettering or in your basic beige with the same-trimings. On the back is the brilliantly conceived slogan, "It was the Deltas against the rules—the rules lost!" This slogan received first prize at the American Slogan Contest held only this past July in Boise, Idaho, the slogan capital of America.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. \$4.95 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for handling. Make sure to indicate color in addition to small, medium, or large.

.....
National Lampoon, Inc., Dept. NLAH 279

635 Madison Avenue

New York, N.Y. 10022

JOIN THE HOUSE!

Yes, I would like to join the house. Please send me the T-shirts I have checked below.

New York City residents, please add 8% sales tax, New York State residents, please add 6% sales tax.

Animal House Softball shirt at \$6.00.

Check small medium large

Animal House Delta shirt at \$4.95.

Check small medium large

Indicate orange or beige _____

(Please include 60 cents for postage and handling for each shirt.)

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
.....



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• A young city-dwelling mother brought her tiny daughter on an outing to a Canadian national park. They soon encountered a large bear, whereupon the woman attempted to stage a cute photographic pose, to wit: daughter feeding honey to a bear. She poured a jar of honey on the infant's hands, positioned her beside the bear, and focused the camera just in time to see the bear eat the little girl's hands. "(Their whole) idea of nature and animals has come from Walt Disney," the park director stated. *CP* (contributed by Douglas Howard)

• Eighty-four-year-old Ernest Marotte and his wife Theresa left their home in Hot Springs Village, Arkansas, by car to eat at a nearby restaurant. They took a wrong turn en route, and were last spotted near Nashville, Arkansas, sixty miles to the southwest. "They don't know where they are," a relative stated. Land and air search operations were launched. *Bridgeport Post* (contributed by Bill Alexios)

• Two of Poland's leading jockeys were suspended for beating each other with their riding crops during a close race. *New York Post* (contributed by Jonathon Golden)

• A young villager had become engaged to be married, and in keeping with custom, reported to the home of his future father-in-law to discuss a dowry. The two elected to resolve the matter in private, and went to the rear of the house. Shortly thereafter, loud shouting broke out. When the bride-to-be and her mother rushed into the room to investigate,

they discovered the men together in bed. Both are Greeks. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Brent Sumsion)

• A New York man, infuriated after one of his family's ten pet cats defecated on the carpet, chased the animal with a loaded sixteen-gauge shotgun. When the cat hid under a chair, the man used the butt of his rifle to prod it into the open for a clear shot. The cat escaped unharmed, however, as the gun discharged into the throat of its master, blowing his brains all over the carpet. *Albany Times Union* (contributed by Pat Moran)

• Charles Crawley let a passenger out of his car and then backed up, running over the passenger. A passerby shouted at Crawley to stop, but Crawley did not hear the warning because he is deaf. Crawley's passenger did not see the car because he is blind. *The Trentonian* (contributed by J.D. Sommer Chire)

• A Frenchman ate fifteen pounds of bicycle in Quebec City. Going by the name Monsieur Mangetout (Mr. Eat-All), he also consumed 100 razor blades, two plates, and a glass. Mangetout declared he liked the chain best, because "it has taste."

He plans to eat a television and a small plane by this spring. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Joseph Territo)

• Alpha Xi Delta sorority held a rush party at its house near the University of Texas campus in Austin, Texas. As eighteen-year-old Regina Gerling waited to enter the party with other rush candidates, she suffered a massive heart attack and dropped dead. Her corpse was removed, and the party continued. When a sorority member was informed Gerling had died, she replied, "All I know is you're ruining our rush party." *Dallas Times Herald* (William Landrum)

• Police in Oakland, California, spent two hours attempting to subdue a gunman who had sealed himself inside his home. After firing ten tear gas canisters, officers discovered the man was standing beside them shouting pleas to himself to come out of the house and give himself up. He was placed in a psychiatric hospital. *Newsday* (contributed by Sharon Finegan)

• Police scoured northeast El Paso for two children suspected of stealing toxic watermelons. "If it kills them, it is their tough luck," stated melon owner Ivett Spence. "I've been calling police about kids stealing my watermelons, but most of the time they (the police) don't even come out." Ms. Spence injected the melons with rat poison, claiming that so many melons had been stolen from her that she "hasn't had a chance to eat one yet." *El Paso Herald-Post* (contributed by John Debder)

·LIVES OF THE GREAT·
THIS MONTH:
WINSTON CHURCHILL (1874-1965)

"I HAVE SELDOM MET ANYBODY WITH STRANGER GAPS OF KNOWLEDGE, OR WHOSE MIND WORKED IN GREATER JERKS."
--LORD HALIFAX

AT SIXTEEN, WINSTON WROTE TO HIS MOTHER FROM SCHOOL: "PLEASE DO DO DO DO DO DO DO COME DOWN TO SEE ME." AT TWENTY-FOUR HE WROTE HIS MOTHER FROM EGYPT: "AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY AND REFLECT ON THE LITTER INSIGNIFICANCE OF ALL HUMAN BEINGS."

CHURCHILL WAS KNOWN TO CARRY WORMS AWAY FROM GOLF COURSES SO THEY WOULD NOT BE TRAMPLED.

L. Chire

AS A YOUNG ARMY OFFICER IN INDIA, WINSTON HAD A BUNGALOW, A BUTLER, TWO DRESSING BOYS, A GROOM FOR EACH OF HIS POLO PONIES, TWO GARDENERS, THREE WATER CARRIERS, FOUR WASHER MEN, AND A WATCHMAN. HE FOUND LIFE THERE "STUPID, DULL, AND UNINTERESTING."

VISITING FRONTLINE TRENCHES IN WWI, CHURCHILL DECLARED: "I DO NOT KNOW WHEN I HAVE PASSED A MORE JOYOUS THREE WEEKS... IT'S A JOLLY LIFE."

T Spoilers

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

BOOKS

Wife by Judy Blume: Sandy Pressman is a cliché—an oppressed housewife in New Jersey whose husband is an antiseptic twit concerned only with outward appearances. She has an affair with her sister's gynecologist-husband. The only excitement she finds in her life is a young man who exposes himself to her on her front yard and who she believes is her veterinarian. She toys with the idea of divorce, but ultimately decides to work at the marriage.

Injury Time by Beryl Bainbridge: Edward is a married man having an affair with Binny. She wants to take part in his social life, so he invites Simpson, a man he works with, and his wife, to Binny's apartment for dinner. While Binny makes a stab at respectability, and Edward tries to become comfortable in this awkward situation, Binny's alcoholic friend Alma arrives and passes out on the stoop. Her appearance is followed by a band of four bank robbers who hold them hostage. As the five dinner

guests are unable to work together and escape, the robbers ultimately drive off with Binny as hostage as Edward impotently avows his undying love for her.

The Coup by John Updike: Colonel Ellellou is removed from office, imprisoned by his successors, and later exiled to France with a pension, his third wife Sittina, and her six children.

Thursday the Rabbi Walked Out by Harry Kemelman: Larry Gore, Jordan's distant cousin, did it to inherit the millions.

MOVIES

Superman: Lois Lane dies, but Superman reclaims her life when he reverses earth's orbit, literally saving the day.

Magic: Anthony Hopkins stabs himself and as he (and his dummy) lay dying, Ann-Margret changes her mind and decides to run off with him after all.

The Deer Hunter: Steve falls out of a helicopter and loses his leg. Michael goes back to Nam to look for Nick. He finds him playing Russian roulette for money. Michael pleads with Nick to stop, but Nick will not listen and ends up shooting his brains out.

R

U

Rules to Live By

This emergency ordinance was recently passed by the city of Columbus, Ohio:

ORD. No. 1770-78—To authorize and direct the Purchasing Administrator to contract for donuts for the Division of Police; to authorize the expenditure of \$4,161.00, and to declare an emergency. (\$4,161.00)

Whereas, bids for 7,300 dozen donuts were received and opened August 3, 1978 by the Purchasing Administrator for the Division of Police, Department of Public Safety; and

Whereas, an emergency exists in the usual daily operation of the Division of Public Safety in that it is immediately necessary to authorize and direct the Purchasing Administrator to contract for purchase of 7,300 dozen donuts to feed the prisoners incarcerated in the City Prison for the Division of Police for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, safety and welfare; now, therefore,

Be it ordained by the Council of the City of Columbus:

Section I. That the Purchasing Administrator be and is hereby authorized and directed to enter into contract for purchase of 7,300 dozen donuts....

Approved September 11, 1978.

TOM MOODY, Mayor.

When the Department of Commerce discovered that the FCC rulebook contained an incorrect zip code, the commission then issued the following statement:

"1. The U.S. Department of Commerce, Environmental Research Laboratories, has notified the commission that the zip code for its facilities at Boulder, Colo., is not correctly printed in sections 73.711, 73.1030 and 74.12 of the commission's rules.

"2. The city address zip code in sections 73.711(c)(2), 73.1030(b)(2) and

E

74.12(c)(2) is corrected to read as follows:

"Boulder Colorado 80303

"3. We conclude that adoption of the editorial amendment shown in this order will serve the public interest. Prior notice of rule making, effective date provisions and public procedure thereon are unnecessary, pursuant to the administrative procedure and judicial review provisions of 5 U.S.C. 533(b)(3)(B), inasmuch as this amendment imposes no additional burdens and raises no issue upon which comments would serve any useful purpose.

"4. Therefore, it is ordered that, pursuant to sections 4(1), 303(r) and 5(a)(1) of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended, and section 0.281 of the commission's rules and regulations, parts 73 and 74 of the commission's rules and regulations, is amended as set forth in paragraph 2 above, effective Nov. 10, 1978." (contributed by Simone Weissman)

True Masthead

Edited by Tod Carroll
Spoilers by Sylvia Grant and Elise Cagan
Lives by Bradley Razook
Art: Wendy Burden
Research: Betsy Aaron
Contributing Editors: Tom Corcoran, Ben Ellard, Susan Hoffman, P. Howard Lyons, Bill Moseley, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose.

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for b&w photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

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 *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

Attention, Readers

National Lampoon Has Money for You!

Hello, I'm Tod Carroll, editor of the True Section, and I'd like to buy your True Facts. Not only press clippings, like the ones you see on the previous page, but specialty material as well. Items like *funny headlines*—I'll mail you \$10 for each one used. And *funny photographs*—I'll send you up to \$30 for each one we print. Are you *ravid on a particular subject?* (e.g., dangerous bugs, government blunders, morticians' magazines, anything)—I'll pay you up to \$200 for any collection of photos, documents, and/or facts we run. Send me your inside information, your obscure trade journals, your East German advertising art, whatever.

I've got a stack of blank checks, and I'm ready to put your name on one!

Submit your materials to True Facts, c/o *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



Giants in Advertising

These ads appeared in Time magazine between 1954 and 1964.

Leaders... for tomorrow

"What greater or better gift can we offer the republic than to teach and instruct our youth?"

"SHOULD I GO TO COLLEGE?" Our distinguished graduates are the strength of many high school students. That they find the right course is usually, incidentally, to equip you for... **...the best of times.**

GREAT GAINS TO YOUTH have been accomplished through our courses. The best sort of free-of-charge, group-activity program. Some of them may have a spark of genius in their youth, but will without thought, lack of educational opportunities.

400 UNION CARBIDE SCHOLARSHIPS have been provided for through The Union Carbide Educational Fund to encourage able and deserving students toward advanced careers in business. Scholarships are awarded upon written special recommendations through 11 selected fields of advanced education.

UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION
 1000 Union Carbide Center Building
 1000 Union Carbide Center Building
 1000 Union Carbide Center Building

ICC's Pro-nuclear Production

Local Offices: **Atlanta**, **Birmingham**, **Charlotte**, **Chicago**, **Cincinnati**, **Dayton**, **Detroit**, **Evansville**, **Houston**, **Indianapolis**, **Knoxville**, **Louisville**, **Memphis**, **Mobile**, **Nashville**, **New York**, **Orlando**, **Pittsburgh**, **Portland**, **Richmond**, **Savannah**, **Tampa**, **Wilmington**, **Winston-Salem**, **Yonkers**

won't grow without water!

Labelled as industry-water! Everything we make, save, use, enjoy, calls for the increasing use of water. Millions of gallons daily! And in the next 20 years in America's demand is expected to double!

Where and how will you get the water you'll need for your town or plant to grow and prosper?

Congratulate your water authorities. Have water delivered just like in home and business. Above all, support proposed plans to build new water facilities. Encourage existing water works to be replaced with present plans. Water will be your cheapest commodity.

These simple steps will assure your community a plentiful supply of water for many years to come.

But as you... With water, it's home that you think.

WATER your priceless heritage... enjoy it... protect it with... CAST IRON PIPE

When you need help, your Aetna Casualty agent puts himself in your shoes

Being your own boss on fire is one of the most exciting experiences you can have. One you'll size your family in such you immediately think of insurance. You want someone who will quickly relieve your worries. Someone who knows how to handle all the details and will take over in person for you whenever the need arises. Aetna Casualty agent. He knows you want things back as normal as soon as possible... and acts accordingly! You can expect to receive the same consideration from our claim representatives. You get the professional attention help you need, as well as a generous amount for your feelings. The entire Aetna Casualty organization believes in this. We will be there for you.

P.S.

AETNA CASUALTY & INSURANCE

Auto, Life, Fire, Marine, Accident, Sickness, Health, Life, Personal Service

At your fingertips

...a way to standardize, simplify, and save money with two Nickel alloy steels

Today, the steel user has at his fingertips a way to standardize on standardizing and fast material production. A way to simplify inventory. A way to get production costs right down the line.

These opportunities are made possible by two Nickel alloy steels... AISI 316, a through-hardening type... and AISI 316LN, a work-hardening type steel.

Because of their unique combination of properties, the steel user can use these two alloy steels to satisfy most of his processing requirements. By doing this, he can standardize, simplify, and save money.

Both these steels are stocked by Steel Service Centers from coast to coast. Ready for delivery via "hot metal" loads. If you'd like a list of Steel Service Centers that carry AISI 316 and AISI 316LN, write: Dept. 1450, The International Nickel Co., Inc., New York 17, N.Y.

AMERICAN STEEL WAREHOUSE ASSN.

Makes nickel perform better. In 1954.

Building a home? Let your fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages first.

Go to the Yellow Pages to find everything from "Building Contractors" and "Lumber" to fixtures for the bathroom and cabinets for the kitchen. Read the ads for helpful facts on range of services, brand names, deliveries and other useful information. Always shop the Yellow Pages way.

Yellow Pages

big man ...big job

He's progress in action. Short and career goals.

And the center on his shoulder says, America goes stronger.

General Telephone System will continue to bring the best in modern telephone service to the communities we serve in 21 states.

We're the nation's largest independent telephone system... ready for a big job in an expanding America.

GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
 One of America's Great Telephone Systems

The babe that bathes 10 million times a day!

The million tons a day take to water! About 100 million gallons of hot water are pumped to water supply systems for over 100 million people in the United States. The water used is about 4,000 million gallons of water to produce one ton of steel. That's the reason for water supply.

Visit a water supply plant. See the machinery that pumps water to the homes of millions of people. See the machinery that pumps water to the homes of millions of people. See the machinery that pumps water to the homes of millions of people.

WATER your priceless heritage... enjoy it... protect it with... CAST IRON PIPE

buried a million years... now serving the nation

A new pipe in all 48 states and 1000 miles of gas pipeline in the United States.

Now a million and a half miles of the world's best gas pipe are buried in the Tennessee gas pipeline of Kentucky, Inc. The pipeline through the heart of the industrial region of the South, where most of the gas is produced, is a real triumph of engineering and pipe-making.

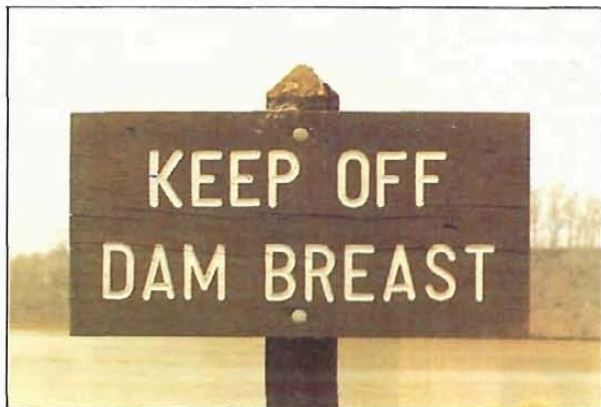
And the only pipe made in the United States is made in the Tennessee gas pipeline. It's made in the Tennessee gas pipeline. It's made in the Tennessee gas pipeline.

TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY
 HOUSTON, TEXAS
 AMERICAN LEADING MANUFACTURER OF NATURAL GAS

THE SUN NEVER SETS... ON CHAMPION PAPER

This country's best-known papermills will soon have a new plant in the United States. The plant will produce Champion Paper's "Sun" brand paper. The plant will produce Champion Paper's "Sun" brand paper. The plant will produce Champion Paper's "Sun" brand paper.

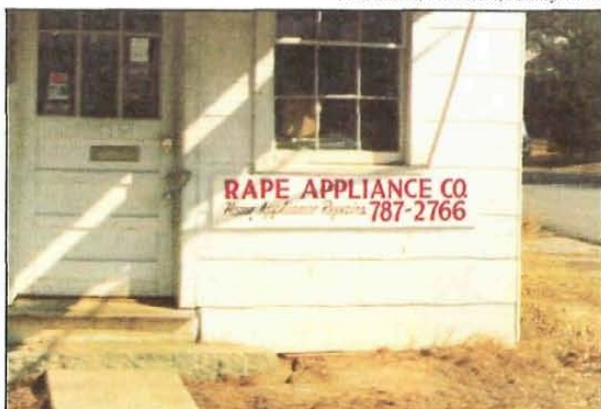
CHAMPION PAPER'S



Paul Smith, Manheim, Pennsylvania



Tom Transou, Greensboro, North Carolina



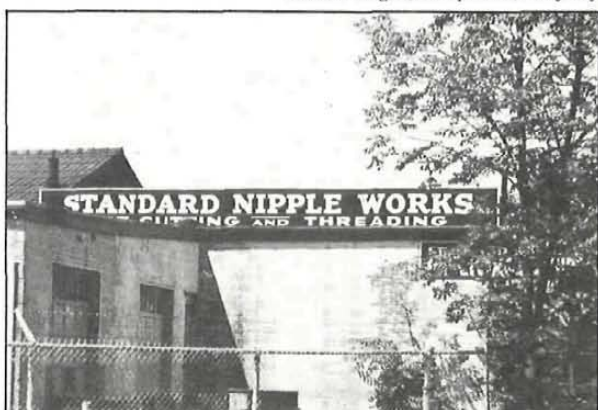
Lee Shearer, Oxford, Georgia



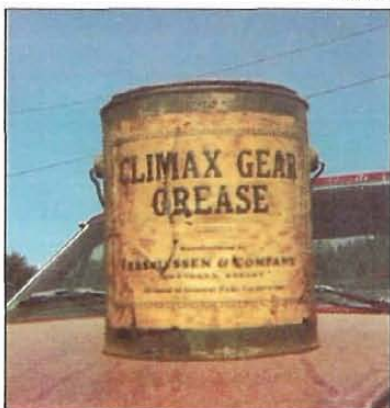
Richard Vaughn, Mt. Ephraim, New Jersey



Laurence Faith, Downsview, Ontario



Joseph T. Mysak, Roselle, New Hampshire



Rick Buckley, Happy Camp, California



Tom Hahn, Maplewood, New Jersey



Bruce M. Bates, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

**NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S**
"IF WE'RE LATE,
START WITHOUT US!"



World Premiere
March 9, 1979
Locust Theatre,
Philadelphia
—and touring the nation
through 1979!

From the producers, writers, secretaries, typists, and cleaning people who brought you *Lemmings*, *The National Lampoon Show*, *That's Not Funny, That's Sick!* and *National Lampoon's Animal House*.
A multi-media, in-concert, theatrical extravaganza.

CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Sample Pack, Only \$5 Your choice of the best men's contraceptives, including Trojans and ribbed Texture Plus with "Pleasure Dots" for maximum sexual stimulation. For men who prefer a snugger fit, we offer SLIMS - the condom that is 5% smaller for greater pleasure and security. Choose from 38 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Sample pack of 22 condoms. \$5 Catalog alone. 50¢. Over 500,000 satisfied customers. Write today: PÖPLAN, P.O. Box 400, Dept. NL9-D, Carrboro, NC 27510

Nutso movies at sane prices.

Three terrific classic comedies starring Laurel and Hardy, W.C. Fields or Buster Keaton on sale for half-price. Outstanding values. Up-roarious fun. Send \$1.00 for information and sixty-eight page Film Catalog listing comedies, westerns, dramas, horror and others. (Or send \$1.00 for Video Catalog with more than 140 titles.)

Write: **Blackhawk Films**, Dept. NL-3 Davenport, Iowa 52808.

PHOTO ID



IN FULL COLOR - SEALED IN PLASTIC ALL STATES AND PROVINCES
24-Hour Service - Moneyback Guarantee - Free Birth Certificate Included -
SEND \$5.00, NAME, ADDRESS, SEX, HEIGHT, WEIGHT, COLOR HAIR, EYES, BIRTHDATE & SMALL PHOTO.
CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. DR72
BOX 5200 JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 32207

PHOTO ID

NO TURKEYS ALLOWED



POSTERS 22" x 22" \$3.00
T-SHIRTS S, M, L, XL \$5.50

Add \$.50 ea. for Postage & Handling

TURKEYS UNLIMITED, c/o REMCO CO. - 144 MARLBOROUGH ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116

3 to 4 weeks Delivery
PROTECT YOURSELF!

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED

No experience required. Each month we ship you NATIONAL LP's to rate. "You keep LP's." We pay postage. In return for your opinion, you can build your LP collection. A small membership fee is required. "First come basis." Send no money. For application write: EARS Dept. NL Box 10245 5521 W. Center St. Milwaukee, WI 53210

paraphernalia!

Join FREE the thousands of mellow people nationwide who use the full-color **Mellow Mail Catalogue** showcasing the latest and best toking and tooting paraphernalia. Hundreds of quality pipes, slips, cases, straws, spoons, blinks, scales, and more. Write or call (24 hours) for your FREE catalogue, and then shop at home by postage-free mail or telephone.

Mellow Mail, P.O. Box S-51, NY, NY 10011; (212) 929-0745

Pass gas with the

Buzz Bomb



SPECIAL TEST MARKET MAIL ORDER OFFER

THE ONE AND ONLY NITROUS OXIDE CARBURATED PIPE THAT LETS YOU MIX COOL NITROUS WITH WARM SMOKE FOR THE MOST DEVASTATING RUSH IMAGINABLE.

TOTALLY ADJUSTABLE CONTROL VALVE CAN BE SHUT OFF AT WILL AND REGULATED FOR FAST OR SLOW OUTPUT.

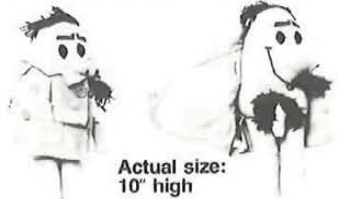
CAN ALSO BE USED SEPARATELY AS EITHER A POCKET SIZE NITROUS TANK OR A SLICK SMOKING PIPE. ALSO INCLUDES 10 SAFE PURE NITROUS OXIDE CHARGERS.

BUZZ BOMB WILL SOON BE AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH RETAILERS AT A MUCH HIGHER PRICE. SO SEND FOR THIS SPECIAL MAIL ORDER OFFER NOW AND SAVE.

Send Buzz Bombs @ \$20.00 ea. and additional boxes of 10 charges @ \$4.50/box. Postage & handling \$1.50/Buzz Bomb \$.50/box of charges. Call residents add 6% sales tax.

TOTAL \$ _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
BA Visa MC # _____ Expires _____
Signature _____
send to: Premium Industries, 220 Redwood Hwy., Dept. 67, Mill Valley, CA 94941 1978

Meet "Fred the Flasher"!



Actual size: 10" high

The world famous "now-you-see-it-now-you-don't" doll is here! All you have to do is part his raincoat and...whoops!

A perfect gift for the dirty-old-man in your life or the sweet old lady down the street who collects antique dolls, you're sure to be a hit at the next birthday party you attend. Or, for that matter, just leave it on your coffee table or desk and wait for people to pick it up and play with it!

Was selling for \$20; now just \$5.95

Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. FF-111
P.O. Box 5200 FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

I can hardly wait to get a peek at old Fred. I've enclosed my check or money order for \$5.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling (\$6.95 N.Y. residents add sales tax). If Fred is a disappointment to me, I understand I can return him in 14 days for a prompt refund (Please don't tell Fred why you're returning him though!). CODE 079

Name _____
Signature _____ (I am over 18 years of age)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

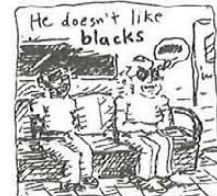
VALIANT FISH

continued from page 87

bass to a cove downstream. The remainder of the school swam to a ranger station pier and alerted officials by jumping up into a boat with dozens of payroll checks in their mouths. When rangers later confronted the fugitives, they gave up without a fight, saying, "Take us away... those little devils are more than we care to handle."

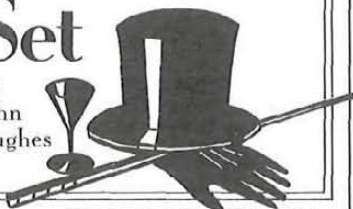
● Precocious two-year-old Marcy Brenner was fascinated with her parents' fish tank. One day, while her mother was on the telephone in another room, Marcy scaled the side of the aquarium, lifted the cover, and climbed in. As she splashed about in chest-high water, Marcy began to tug on a power cord which lead to the filter pump. She eventually wriggled the cord from its connection at the pump. An angel fish, realizing the danger of her dropping a live wire into the tank, hurriedly jumped out of the water and threw its body across the cord's exposed leads. The circuit shorted, which blew a fuse and eliminated the possible fatal threat to Marcy's life.

MAX



The Smart Set

by John Hughes



Not since **HARPO MARX** has Hollywood been blessed with an actor as articulate and outspoken as *Midnight Express* star **BRAD DAVIS**. A sample of Brad's verbiage—"I am me today, but tomorrow? Well, I'll probably be me, too, then—unless something real spooky happens!" Mr. Davis's next role? "Brown 'n serve!" says Brad.... Is **GENE AUTRY** still alive? "Yes!" says the former cowboy crooner. Who's to blame? "Fast-acting doctors." Too bad for all of us!... **CHRIS CHASE**, who penned **BETTY FORD**'s biography, says the \$100,000 she received wasn't enough. "The lady talks like Pat Nixon on a good day. I had to make up practically her whole life. She's as dull as a lawn flamingo."... Have you heard of **TAMARA DOBSON**? You're not missing much.... Olympic Gold Medal winner **BRUCE JENNER** says he's looking for a job as a pole-vaulter. The remarkably slow fluffhead reports that he wants to get back to what he considers his "real

career." If nothing comes up, Bruce says he'll start his own pole-vaulting team. When you're out in California stop in, says Bruce, "and throw a drink in my face."... **CHRISTINA ONASSIS** finally fucked that silly Russian boat whiz, a family source reports. **MR. KAUZOV** supposedly suffered a broken jaw and a dislocated hip during the lovemaking session, which left a horrible stink in the couple's Moscow apartment.... Former Senator **EDWARD BROOKE** says now that he's lost the senatorial race, he'll go back home and try to steal the rest of his mother's insurance money.... Singer **KENNY LOGGINS** has finally consented to allow himself to be swatted in the head with a stick. The so-called "dick-brain" admitted, after listening to recent recordings of himself, that "if anyone deserves a bop in the bean, it's me!"... **J. FRED BUZHARDT**, the former legal counsel to **PRESIDENT NIXON**, who died on December 16, 1978, has gone to hell.... The Midwest Hog Growers Association has voted **BERNADETTE PETERS** Entertainer of the Year.... BeeGee **BARRY GIBB** was rushed to a Miami hospital where doctors worked for two hours to remove a tampon from his left nostril. A drunk, menstruating wife is being blamed.... **JANN WENNER** is suing **BOB DYLAN** for "not being as good as he was in the sixties." The short, puffy publisher of *Rolling Stone* magazine is asking a New York court to force Dylan to "return to the gruff, nasal vocalizations of his pre-motorcycle crash period" and to "add depth to his lyrics"....

Animator and director **RALPH BAKSHI** (*Fritz the Cat*, *Lord of the Rings*) recently lost both hands in a kitchen accident. Will that halt production of Ralph's next film? "Of course it will," Ralph says. Next time Ralph makes puree in the food processor, you can bet he'll be more careful! "That's for sure!" Ralph adds.... No more family outings for **BARRY MANILOW** as long as his mom has anything to say about it. "He acts like a fruit fly. It embarrasses me."... L.A. Mayor **TOM BRADLEY** was forced to bus tables at a Democratic fund raiser held last month at the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills. Assisted by his wife, an aide, and two hotel employees, the mayor cleared seventy-five tables before retiring to the kitchen to eat his own dinner, for which he paid \$500. Gov. **JERRY BROWN** complimented the mayor on a fine job, but added, "He sure parked my car a long way off and dragged his tail bringing it back!"... **HENRY KISSINGER** is telling friends that he left his brains at the State Department. The former Secretary of State has been holed up in his home for months trying to figure out the difference between a Sears revolving charge and the Sears homemaker's credit plan.... **MARISA BERENSON** has left New York. Tough dog litter laws is the reason the beautiful horse's ass will once again settle in L.A.... And finally, **MICK JAGGER** has worn out his penis. The seven-inch billion-dollar dingus is shot. According to those who know, "it looks like the thumb on an old glove." □

Coming Next Month

In the April National Lampoon:



"My Vagina," a short story by John Hughes



Life magazine parody



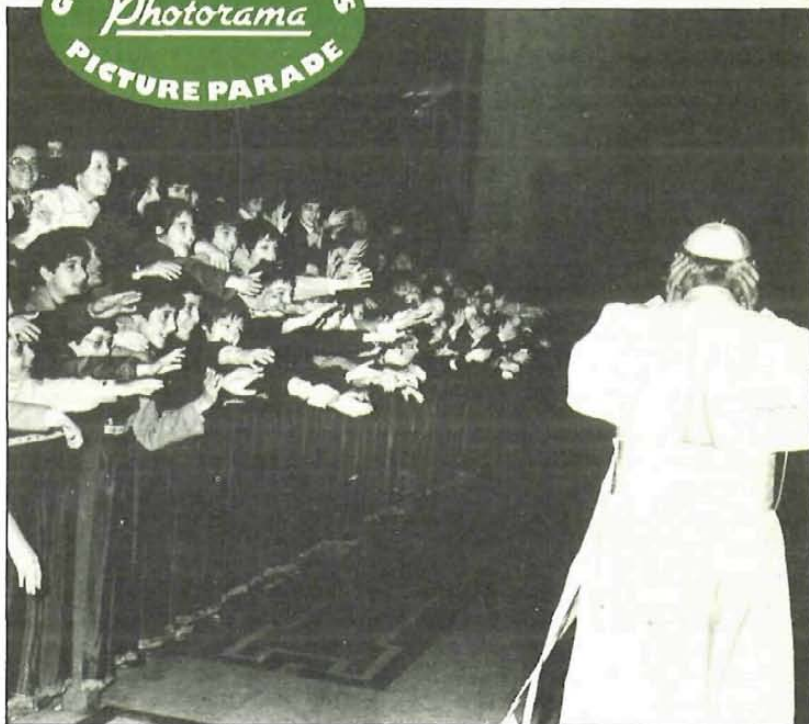
Special Spring Vacation Florida Section



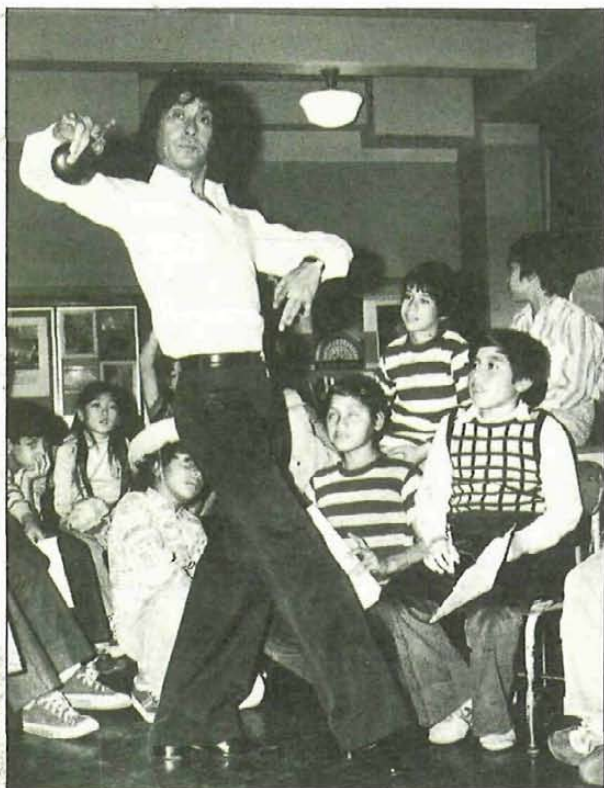
Plus lots, lots more!



Chicago, Illinois Jacqueline Mudge, otherwise known as "Jackie the Masked Jacket Ripper," is caught in broad daylight tearing the jacket of a young, innocent schoolboy. Mudge has been prowling the streets of Chicago for years, attacking people from behind and pulling their jackets off. Police estimate that she has ruined over two thousand dollars worth of jackets.



Vatican City Pope John Paul II ignores the cries and pleas of children attending the first annual Italian Juvenile Beggars Association. The association was organized as a labor union for poor young people, offering protection, medical benefits, a pension plan, and suggested guidelines for a minimum dole. The little beggars had hoped to obtain the endorsement of the new pope, but he declined until he "had more time to study the matter."



Des Moines, Iowa Gregory LaChance of Philadelphia gives local schoolchildren a demonstration of "flouncing," a Romanian gypsy folk dance using yo-yos. LaChance, whose father was the premier flouncer of Bucharest before World War II, is on a concert tour that will take him to over five cities.



Rome, Italy The "Mighty Martyrs" of the St. John of the Cross monastery speed to victory in the annual Tiber Regatta. The Martyrs are local monks who have been rowing together for nine years. They wear their traditional rowing hats as they capture their third championship of the meet.

The Bose® 901® Series IV: A new approach to room acoustics creates a major advance in performance.

It's well known that living room acoustics are a major factor in how any speaker will sound in your home. Recently, an ambitious Bose research program analyzed speaker performance in dozens of actual home listening rooms. The study showed that, while rooms vary greatly, their prin-

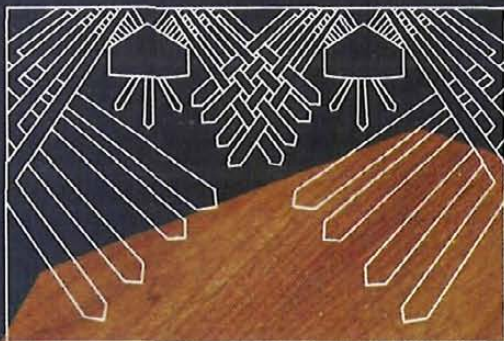
cipal effects can be isolated to specific types of frequency unbalances.

Based on this research, the electronic Active Equalizer of the new Bose 901® Series IV speaker system has been totally redesigned. New controls allow greater capability for adjustment of room factors

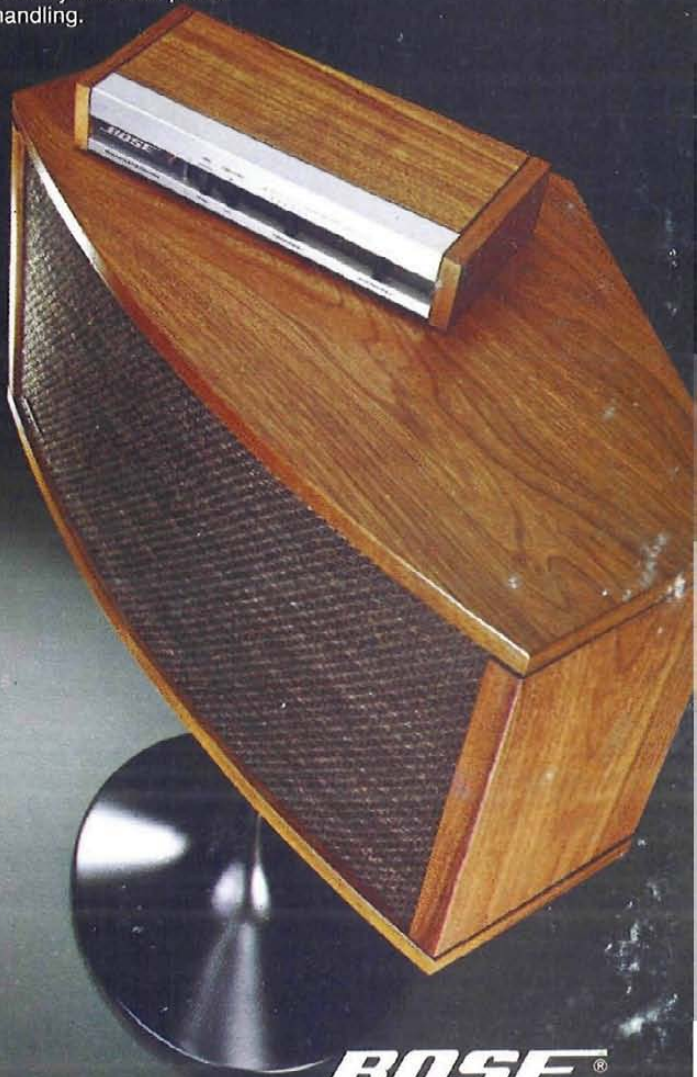
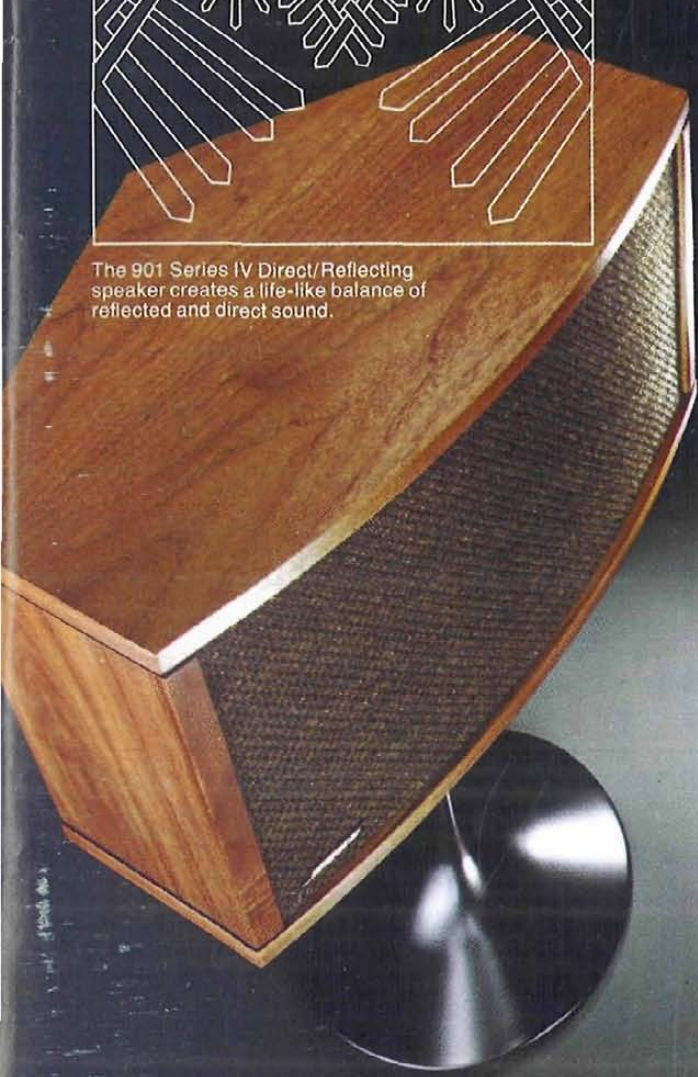
than conventional electronics, and make possible superb performance in almost any home listening room.

These new room controls also let us develop a basic equalization curve with no compromises for room effects, allowing still more accurate tonal balance. In addition, an important improvement in the design of the 901 driver makes possible even greater efficiency and virtually unlimited power handling.

These innovations combine with proven Bose concepts to create a dramatic advance in performance: in practically any listening room, with virtually any amplifier, large or small, the 901 Series IV sets a new standard for the open, spacious, life-like reproduction of sound that has distinguished Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers since the first 901.



The 901 Series IV Direct/Reflecting speaker creates a life-like balance of reflected and direct sound.



BOSE®
The Mountain, Framingham,
Mass. 01701

Covered by patent rights issued and pending.

So cool, you can feel it.



Smooth and crisp. Cool and satisfying.
When you feel it, you know it's KOOL.
Nothing satisfies like America's most
refreshing cigarette.

© 1978 B&W T Co.

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

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.