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LAMP OON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

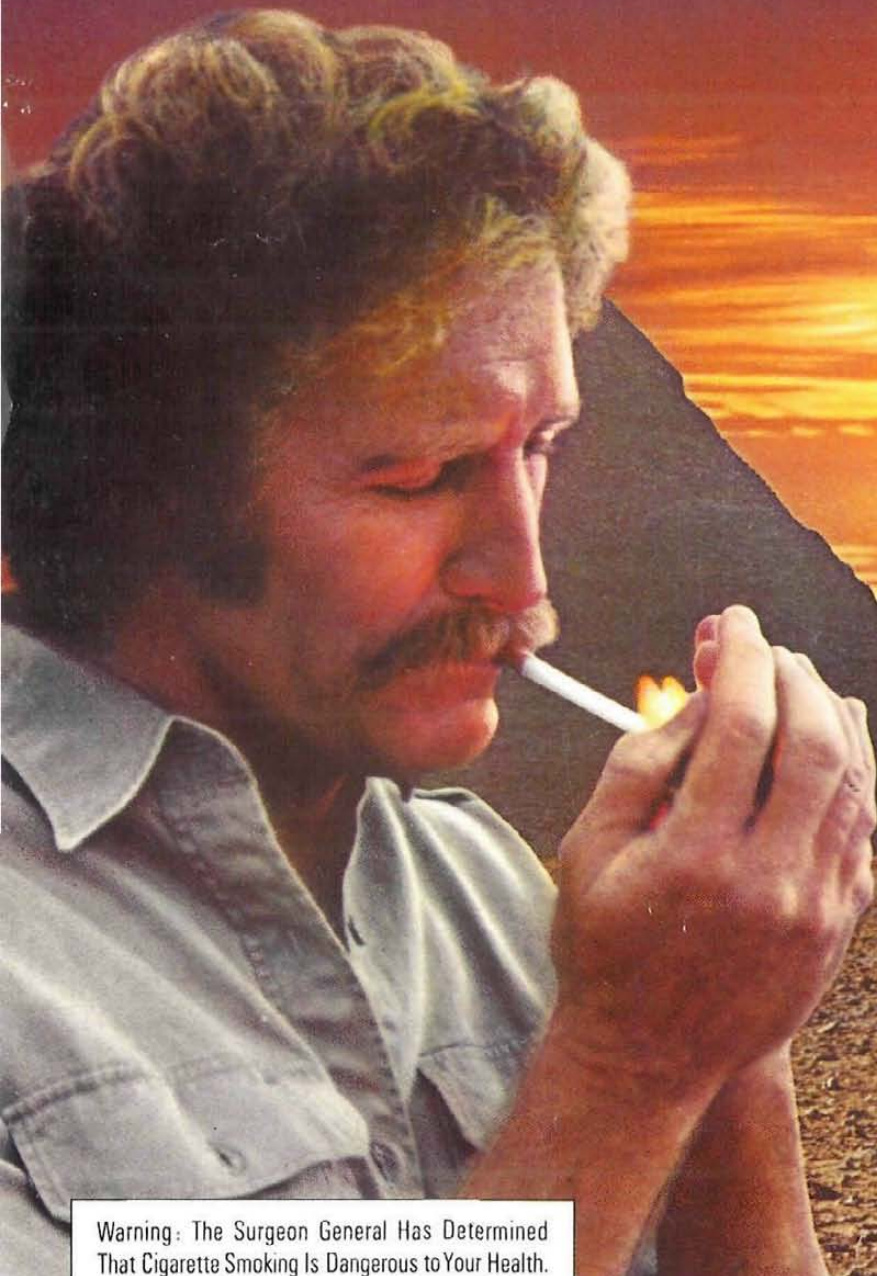
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NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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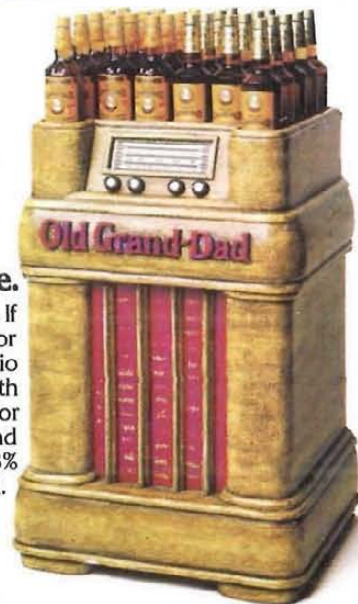
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DEGREES OF DIFFICULTY

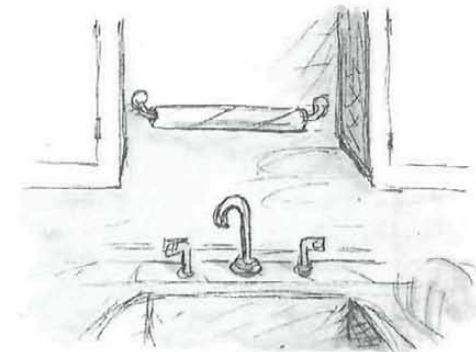
Refilling salt shaker: 1.3



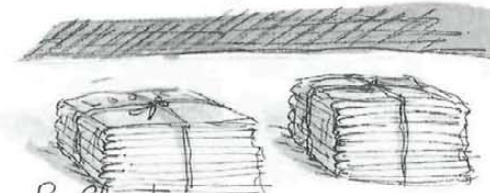
Naming fish: 4.1



Remembering to buy paper towels: 6.7



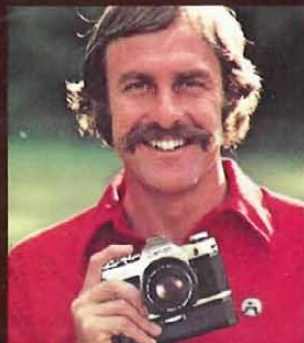
Throwing away old magazines: 7.2



R. Chest

John Newcombe

SATISFIED.



Nearly three years ago, John Newcombe became an accomplished photographer with the revolutionary Canon AE-1. The camera that took advanced electronics technology, unsurpassed optics and superior quality and made fine photography simpler than ever before. Now, John Newcombe has added a Power Winder, several lenses and accessories. To make himself an outfit that he carries everywhere. The AE-1 has made photography his favorite occupation. Next to tennis.

John Newcombe isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than *one million* Canon AE-1's have been bought in the United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history. A million satisfied customers must know something!

What they know is this. The Canon AE-1 was, and still is, un-



matched for its combination of cost and performance. It has shutter-priority automation that's as simple as focus and click. Shutter-priority automation is a long way of saying that you get sharper pictures, because you select a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur and the camera adjusts the lens for the light. Our competition usually does it the other way around. The result? You get more blurry shots with the other cameras than

with the AE-1. Unsatisfactory.

And, satisfied Canon AE-1 owners know some other smart things too. They know that special Canon "A" Series Speedlites make the AE-1 the most automatic flash available. They set the AE-1's shutter speed and aperture as soon as they're ready to fire. You just can't make a mistake. And what's the use of an automatic reflex camera if your



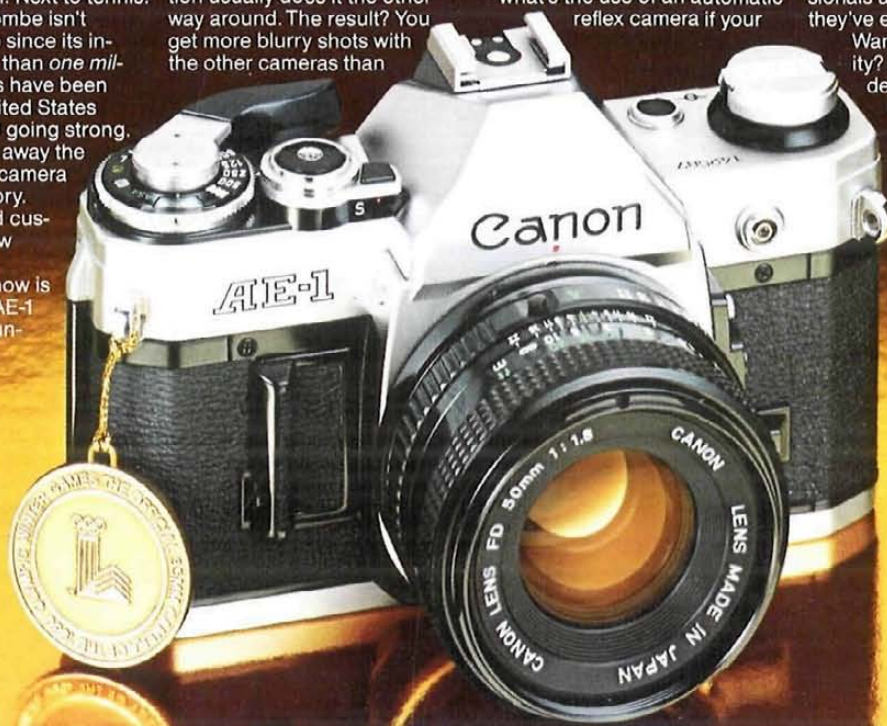
flash isn't just as automatic?

Satisfied Canon AE-1 owners also know that with the Power Winder A, they'll never miss a shot of the action because they can take fast single frames or sequences as fast as two frames per second.

The Canon AE-1 can bring you in close to the action when you're far back. Or widen a tight shot into a sweeping vista. With more than forty of the world's finest lenses. Lenses which have been hailed by professionals as some of the best they've ever experienced.

Want to satisfy your curiosity? Ask your local Canon dealer why the AE-1 is his best-selling automatic reflex camera. When you buy your AE-1, you'll be opening a door into creative photography (and fun) that you may have never realized was there.

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EDITORIAL

The train from London steamed into Ipswich Station at 11:36 P.M., idled for several minutes, and labored off to Aldeburgh and Lowestoft. A single passenger stepped onto the platform. He was slender, in his mid-forties, and wore an old, gray raincoat. As he walked past the stationmaster's cubicle at the foot of a stairwell leading to the street, an elderly caretaker caught a glimpse of him through the window. The man had a distinguished, intelligent manner, yet his face was withering and hard.

He turned up the sidewalk and then into an alley, where he retrieved a bicycle hidden behind a stack of wooden crates. A half hour later, the man was met by a young woman at an isolated mansarded farmhouse several hundred yards from the railbed northeast of town. She had been instructed not to speak to him. She examined him with a flashlight, then led him to a cramped attic room and closed the door behind him. She heard the latch engage and, a short time later, high, clipped whistles from a portable wireless.

"Potus," as he was indexed at British cipher headquarters far below the traffic on Baker Street, wheeled himself to the window behind his desk and thought aloud: "The Neutrality Act specifically prohibits this type of action..." Bernard Baruch and William Donovan were settled into lumpy, high-back chairs on the other side of the office. Baruch interrupted: "I know, Franklin, but there just doesn't seem to be a timely alternative—that is, if you must have the information right away." The president jerked his chair toward the two men and flashed a conspiratorial smile. "All right, then," he said, "I guess you better get started."

Donovan punched a cigarette into a stand-up ashtray by his chair and bolted smartly to his feet. He was calculating and seasoned, with the frame of an Irish brawler. What Donovan lacked in charm and civility he compensated for with absolute, rock-minded obedience to his superiors. "I'll contact Perkins at BSC," he said

firmly. The president cautioned him: "Bill, I'm out on a limb on this one. Keep your guard up. Don't use your right unless you have to." Donovan had heard the analogy several times before, but its meaning was never more poignant.

It was ugly and raining in Berlin. Admiral Canaris shielded his head with a briefcase as he rushed across Fierenstrassen into a small candy shop around the corner from the operational headquarters of German Foreign Intelligence. He rarely ate sweets of any kind, but he relied on them exclusively for convenient gifts to women.

Canaris also frequented the candy store because its back room opened into a tunnel that meandered two hundred feet below the building to a vaultlike signal laboratory that housed one of the Reich's most valuable and guarded instruments: the unbreakable coding machine called Enigma. Over 250 Enigmas were about to be shipped to German military and diplomatic posts around the world, linking the entire Nazi apparatus with an inviolable, fully "safe" network of communications. The swift and free movement of information between embassies, field officers, intelligence agents, and the highest levels of government would provide advantages virtually unfathomable to other world powers.

Admiral Canaris asked a technician to locate a crate marked JFF-NB. It contained an Enigma destined for an obscure factory in Norway, where Dr. Niels Bohr was being forced to perform crucial experiments for the Nazis. Canaris wanted to be certain the device was in perfect order.

William Donovan strolled along Thirty-first Street in the Murray Hill section of New York City, paused to look up at the top row of windows in a freshly painted, white-trimmed brownstone, then stepped down to the garden apartment. He inserted a key and walked in. A wiry, long-necked Briton greeted him from the kitchen.

"Can I get you a cup of something?" he asked with his back turned to Donovan. Donovan got straight to business: "Perkins, I need an escort to 'Fox-Bough.'" Perkins continued fussing with a kettle. "LaSalle will do," he said softly. "He's reliable—thoroughly vetted." Donovan circled the living room, then inquired, "When can I meet him?" Perkins turned to Donovan and gestured with a sugar spoon toward a man seated at the rear of the kitchen: "I imagine now would be appropriate."

Donovan and LaSalle took a train to the Canadian border, made their way on foot to Cornwall, and drove a "clean" car from there to a densely wooded game preserve near Baie-Saint-Paul. Donovan was carrying documents that might not have withstood the scrutiny of Canadian customs. Several miles into the woods, the pair was met by sentries who took them to an enclave of low, gray bunkers. Three massive radio antennae stood nearby, towering well above the trees, slowly scanning the icy, eastern sky. A uniformed British officer took Donovan to a small, bare wardroom and spoke with urgency. "I believe we're on the verge," he said.

Nowak had been in the tiny attic room for nearly a week, his only outside contact being with the young woman who brought him two meals a day, never spoke, and listened to muffled ticks from his telegraph key through the wall as she lay in bed wondering how long it would all go on. Suddenly he appeared at her door. He was gaunt and frightening to her, yet oddly attractive. She knew he was involved in an unusually dangerous project and suspected his particular cog in the scheme had just been engaged. He moved toward her pillow and turned on a bedside lamp. She covered her eyes with her forearm and shrank beneath the blanket. "Sorry to waken you," he said in a low, deliberately calming voice. "My plane will be landing on the road behind your house in a few minutes. I didn't want you to

continued on page 71

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Sirs:

As part of my program to toughen up the moral fiber of the English nation, I will be introducing strong measures to ensure that the British accent becomes even more incomprehensible to other English-speaking peoples than it is now. England of late has become soft, lax, and undisciplined, and some of our accents are almost like those of you Yanks. This will not be allowed to continue. Britain, after all, rose to greatness and dominated the world by speaking in such a way that no one, not even other Englishmen, could understand. We will do so again. This is the last intelligible communication you will receive from our brave little island. Ahll roight?

Margaret Thatcher
Proime Min'ster, Englahnd

Sirs:

Hi! I'm the only street gang in downtown Fort Wayne, Indiana. I applied to the city council for my street gang licensing and they were very helpful. (I guess Dad and some of his friends in Kiwanis put in a good word for me.) Local merchants supplied me with my "colors" and stuff like chains and lead pipes (just for the show!). I roam the streets from about 10:00 PM to, oh, 1:00 AM or whatever, unless it's a school night. Mostly I like giving garbage cans a kick that causes a loud sound and making funny faces at passersby. If you're ever in Fort Wayne, look me up and ask for my autograph, as I believe I add a unique colorful touch to this city!

Jimmy Hansen
"Street Gang"
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

We have a dominant albino gene that we are prepared to introduce into New York City rats so they'll all be cute. All we need are the funds.

Vicki Hicks 'n' Friends Genetics Club
Hall of Girls
New York, NY

Sirs:

What's the difference between pussy and parsley?
Nobody eats pussy.

Damien
c/o Castro Street
San Francisco

Sirs:

Women are always complaining about menopause and menstruation and saying that men don't care about their problems. Well, I got news for them. *Us men, we got a lot of problems ourselves.* Like getting kicked in the nuts. You ever hear of a woman getting kicked in the nuts? Or getting a hard-on at the swimming pool in front of your fifteen-year-old niece, the one with the big knockers? Or when you go to a ball game and drink too much beer and have to piss in one of those giant troughs and there's always a guy with a huge schlong standing right next to you smirking at your puny little dick?

So what's the big deal about a little blood once a month?

Sylvester Stallone
Philadelphia, Pa.



For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send \$2 to Box 929-NL, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Sirs:

I'm writing a term paper for this philosophy course I'm taking. It's about humor. See, when I read your magazine from cover to cover, I laugh at all the jokes that I get. But how could I ever know if I'm not getting all of them? I mean, if I don't get them. See what I mean? I mean, could one person get all the jokes there are to be gotten in a copy of *National Lampoon*? And how would you know? Any ideas?

Arnold Dreckfresser
Billy Joe Bob University
Dacron, Ga.

Sirs:

We're really into lighting our own frats and watching them burn. Just douse them with kerosene, flick your Bic, and you'd be amazed at how long some of these frats burn, and some of the colors. Delts are okay, and so are Alpha Phi Pis, but the Zetes are the best. We burned seventeen Zetes last week and they all went up with a clear blue flame. That's class.

Dink Dinkleman
Big Man on Campus
Dummeran U., Mass..

Sirs:

Hey, hey! A bunch of us guys are out to break the Guinness record-breaking record. LPs, 45s, old 78s, you name it, we're smashing them. With axes, over our knees, with meat cleavers, any old way. Hey, hey! Break that record!

"The Wimp"
Suburbana, Ill.

Sirs:

What do a wad of toilet paper and the starship *Enterprise* have in common when they're circling Uranus?

They're both searching for Klingons!

That's one of our favorite jokes. We use it a lot to help fight atomic energy.

Jane and Tom Fonda
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

And here's one more thing I learned about sex while writing my big new book: A gentleman always puts his fingers in his eyes when he can hear a lady pissing through the bathroom door. This is especially important if you live in a studio apartment.

Gay Talese
New York, NY

Sirs:

Help me become whole again! Does anybody out there know what the Q stands for?

John Q. Public
Anytown, USA

Sirs:

Hi! This is a progress report. The hemorrhoids got worse before they got better—it was plenty crowded in here for a while!—but now they're easing off. That long-distance run didn't help any, what with the strain and so on, but as long as he keeps eating enough fiber, I guess things'll be okay. That's what this country needs more of. Fiber. And bulk. And plain old stick-to-itiveness.

Carter's Asshole,
Planted firmly on the chair
The Oval Office

Sirs:

Wanna hear my imitation of the pope talking Polish like a duck?

Qzuack quzack! Wszak wszak wszak!
Donald Duckski
Disney Third World, Fla.



Wild Turkey Lore:

To see a Wild Turkey rise from the brush and soar away at fifty miles per hour or more, is an unforgettable experience.

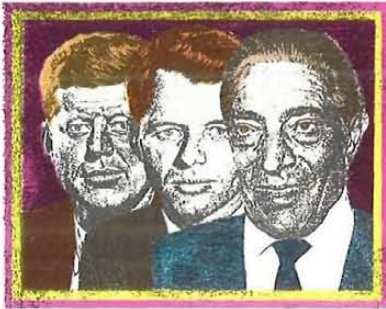
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WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF

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THE KENNEDY LADS



By Father Sweeney Truncheon, SJ

Father Sweeney Truncheon first caught my attention rapping a large manly ring on the bar before him. I later discovered that this was not a ring at all but a cluster of inflamed warts on Father's well-chewed knuckle. Nevertheless, useful in drawing the bartender's attention to the empty glass invariably found before the good man.

Father Sweeney has kindly consented to write a column on politics for this magazine. "Politics," for this Boston-bred priest, refers solely, of course, to the doings of the American Democratic party, and more particularly to the activities of Senator Edward Kennedy. Father Truncheon has been intimately associated with the Kennedy family for many, many years; but he'll be happy to tell you himself.

Well, now, this is a fine thing. A chance to tell the truth about the politics, at last. Well, lads, you may think I have as much faith in the freedom of the press as a Chinaman has in a personal check, but I never thought I'd see the day I'd be writing this column.

Because, strictly between you, me, and the advertisers, the press in this country is about as free as the cage full of howler monkeys down at the zoo.

But here I am, ready to tell the truth, and no one to stop me within fifty feet of my desk.

I've seen the candidate, of course. Teddy was around Tuesday last. Stoppin' by the confessional, he was, to pass a little time with an old man. Mind you, he wasn't confessin', of course—that's strictly off the record—but just sitting himself down for a bit with meself and a fellow named John Barleycorn, whom you might have heard tell of.

You know, says the candidate to myself, I think Joan may have the vocation to become a holy sister.

Bless you, says I. Now what makes you think that, Edward?

Because, Father, says he, she's always got the spirit on her!

Do you mark the joke there? The spirit on her!

All the Kennedy boys had that wonderful sense of humor. Where did they get it? They got it from old Joe, that's who. Joseph, Sr., was a positive madman for the jokes. Old Joe used to tease Franklin Roosevelt, Sr., something terrible. About his legs. He used to call the poor crippled fellow "hop-along" and "lathe legs" and "stilts" and who knows what else. He never meant no harm by it, it was just his way.

A fascinating man was Joseph Kennedy, Sr. He once made two million dollars selling a dog he didn't own. He told me the story himself one night. It seems he met a man in the street with a dog he admired and asked the man if he was willing to sell. The man said no, but Joe, Sr., undeterred, persuaded the man to sell an option to buy the dog in the event it came on the market. Now the dog's name was Anaconda Copper, or something like that, and Joe listed that dog on the New York Stock Exchange in '28. And Joe him-

self ownin' that dog no more than I own a Dutchman's shoes! Well, Joe sold that dog, and more than plenty margin buyers thought they was to be rich off him. They didn't think so when the market crashed in October and left them with a dog on their hands.

Well, it was something like that anyway—I've no head for business really. He was a sharp statesman, too, Joe was. He was the first Irish ambassador over there in England before the war. He was certain the Germans were going to go to war right from the first, and no one can take that away from him, even though of course he also said they would win, so we might as well give up, which turned out not to be quite so true.

Joe, Sr., got called back from Britain by Mr. Roosevelt, and he wasn't happy about that. A lot of people said that neither was that Hitler fellow.

Let's see, I think that was around the time Joe, Jr., the oldest boy, died. Old Joe was awful upset about that. I don't think he ever forgave Mr. Roosevelt, though many's the time after that I encouraged him to kick the bejabbers out of the president and have done with it once and for all. Well, but wasn't Joe always the one for bottling things up?

Young Jack was in Washington then. A naval lieutenant, he was, with a grand uniform. Lt. John Kennedy was helping to keep our spirits up with good cheer at the embassy parties and such in those terrible grim months after the Pearl Harbor. Then one day just like that he's transferred off to the South Pacific and put aboard a mite of a craft no bigger than a twelve-meter sailboat and told to fight the Japanese. That and the woman he's been datin', she that was thrown into jail like a common German spy without so much as a jury trial. Old Joe was sure that the transfer was Mr. Roosevelt's work, and he was madder than a wet fox.

But he was also sly as a hen. He arranged for a bunch of Japanese gardeners to be released from the places out there in California and sent far off over to the South Pacific in a seaplane. One night the gardeners sneak up on the PT-109—that was Jack's boat—and drill it full of holes with their rakes and picks. And when Jack's men start to abandon ship, the gardeners hit one of them over the head with a Dutch hoe to make it look good. It works so good Jack gets a whole batch of medals for it. Roosevelt never knows a thing, of course, and old Joe has the last



"Had you scared there for a second, didn't I, Calvin?"

laugh. Of course he never tells Jack either, and Jack can never figure out why the old man laughs like hell whenever Jack tells the tale of that terrible night. They were good men, both of them. Both gone now, alas. Enough of that.

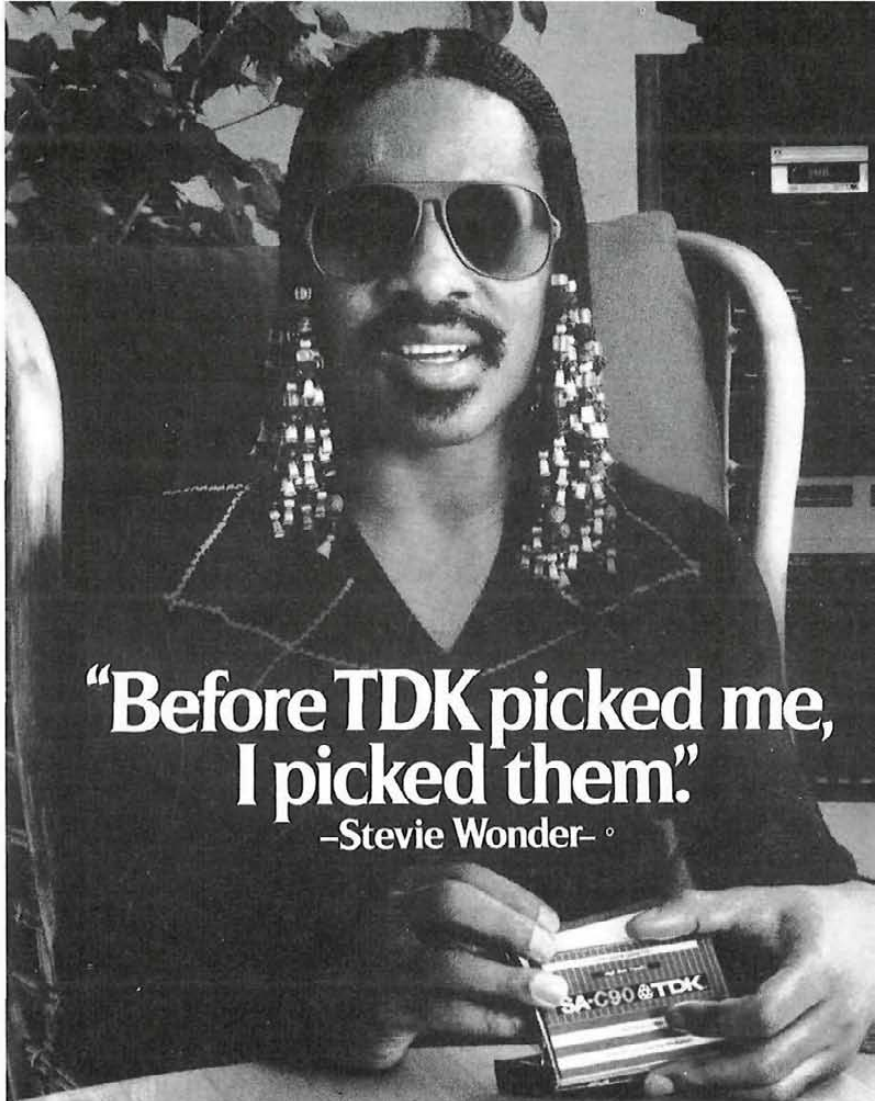
If there was one thing neither Joe, Sr., nor Jack could stand, it was crying over spilled milk. They thought it was a form of weakness. Especially Jack. He had tremendous little patience with those who tried to hide from the truth. Take the case of his sister Rosemary. As you probably know, Jack's sister was born with the sore affliction of retardation. There were those who tried to ignore this; even in the family there were some that thought it a great tragedy best left unmentioned. Not Jack. He looked the problem square in the eye and then set out to help his sister do the very best she could. He worked with her on the weekends as a young man, and sure enough doesn't he train her to fetch old Joe his slippers in her mouth? The family was a little shocked at this at the first, but the girl became a great comfort to Joe, Sr., in his last years.

You may ask why a grand trick like this was never pictured in the *Life* magazine or written up in the books. Well, it should be obvious that a canny politician like Joe, Sr., would be the first to realize that if it was generally known Rose could do such tricks, well, away would go the God-given public sympathy for her tragic affliction.

After the war was a happy time for the family. Mind you, I didn't hear the daintiest confessions from the boys in those years, but they were good years just the same. Jack was doing well in Congress, and he married Jacqueline Bouvier, and old Joe was as swollen up with pride and happiness as a Frenchman in a frog pond. When Jack out-argued that Nixon hop-o'-my-thumb and became president, Joe felt all his birthdays had come at once. Or, just hold on a minute, what year did the old man die? I remember Yale beat Harvard that year, but, well, couldn't that be anytime? Ah, memory's a terrible thing. Well, you may take it from an old man and a priest who has lived long and seen much that if Joe was alive, he was very happy that Jack won the election. If he was dead, of course, I'm sure he fixed the election from above there.

Then came the thousand days or so in office. Jack called upon Bobby to serve as his attorney general, and the two had high hopes that they would

continued on page 82



**“Before TDK picked me,
I picked them.”**

—Stevie Wonder—

Stevie is a perfectionist through and through. He records a song track by track. Plays it back countless times to check quality and performance.

We felt we had a lot in common with Stevie. Each TDK cassette has 250 components, assembled with microscopic precision. There are 1,117 check points for the shell alone. TDK is tested under extremes of heat, humidity and shock. It performs brilliantly. Which is why each TDK package has a full lifetime warranty.*

As we discovered, Stevie has been using TDK cassettes for years. Long before we asked him. For a perfectionist, that says a lot.

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The Amazing Music Machine.

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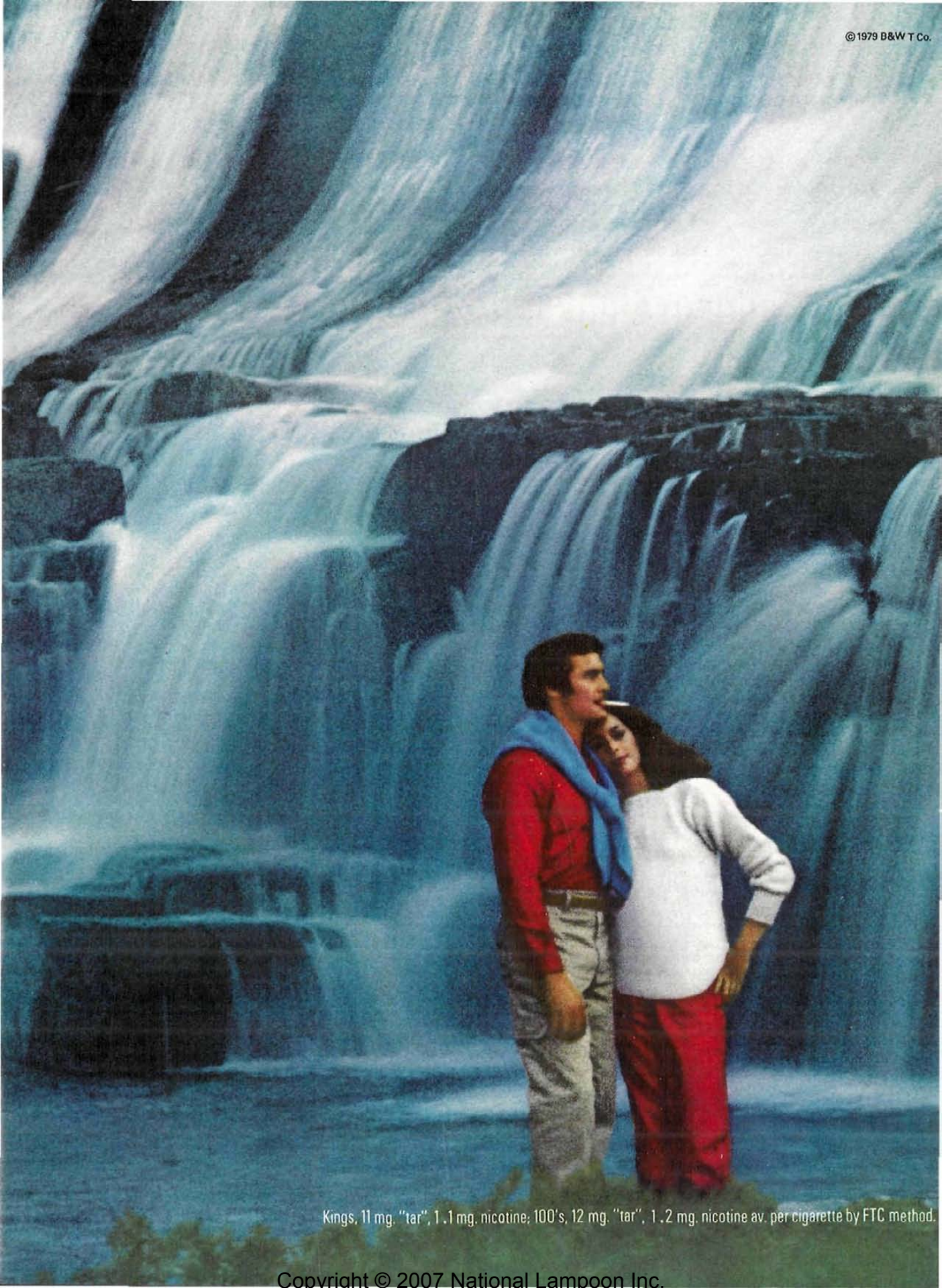
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Then I cool my buds with Cuervo and lime juice.**



Bust loose with Cuervo Gold.
Dash a splash over ice and
add some Rose's® lime juice.
Your mouth's
been waiting for it all week.



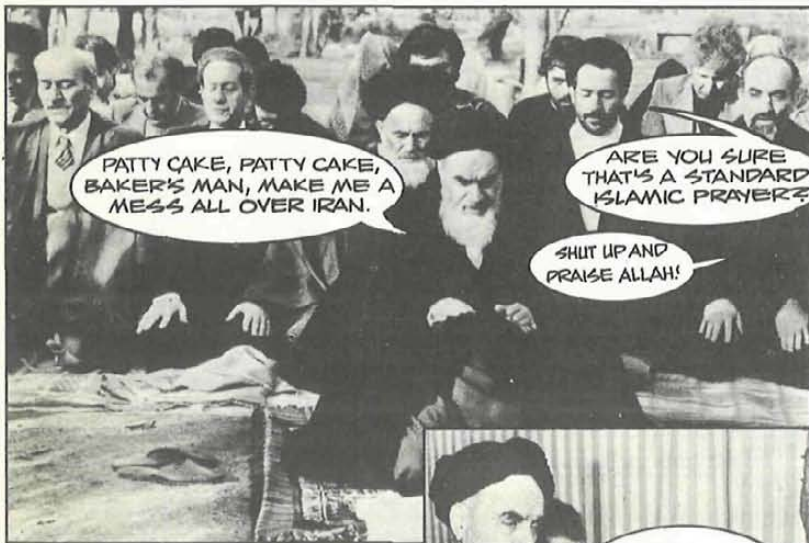
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

The Case of the Imposter Imam

RULER OF IRAN REVEALED A FRAUD



PATTY CAKE, PATTY CAKE,
BAKER'S MAN, MAKE ME A
MESS ALL OVER IRAN.

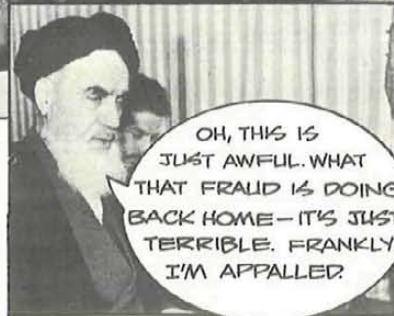
ARE YOU SURE
THAT'S A STANDARD
ISLAMIC PRAYER?

SHUT UP AND
PRAISE ALLAH!

Iranian and French police officials have revealed that the man representing himself as Ayatollah Khomeini, now supreme ruler of Iran, is an imposter.

The real Ayatollah Khomeini remains in retreat in a monastery in a remote region of France. The man who has brought Iran to the brink of civil war, and incurred the disapproval of the entire world community, is actually an escaped "maniac" from a French mental asylum.

"It is the classic story," sighed French detective Jean-Paul Ribot. "A madman escapes from confinement, learns to speak fluent Iranian, dons a false beard and a stern expression, and rallies thousands of pious followers in a fundamen-



OH, THIS IS
JUST AWFUL. WHAT
THAT FRAUD IS DOING
BACK HOME—IT'S JUST
TERRIBLE. FRANKLY,
I'M APPALLED.

talist revival. Indeed, the story is so common, one might laugh at it aloud."

The actual Ayatollah Khomeini, when informed of the furor being caused in his name by the lunatic, expressed "great dismay" and called for "all of Islam" to demand of its religious leaders "a passport, driver's license, or major credit card" as a means of proving their identity.

America Hot Over Chile

U.S. ACTS AGAINST PINOCHET REGIME

The United States announced recently that it was taking "serious" diplomatic and economic sanctions against the government of Chile, in response to that country's unwillingness to extradite the two men accused of murdering Chilean diplomat Orlando Letelier in Washington, DC, last year.

State Department spokesman Smith Johnson told reporters, "Effective immediately, we are instituting measures against the Pinochet government to make clear our displeasure at its cavalier behavior. These measures include, one, withholding from the Chilean government all subsequent complimentary box-seat tickets to Boston Red Sox games; two, suspending indefinitely General Pinochet's membership in the International Brotherhood of Raccoons; three, canceling all shipments of surplus felt-tip pens to Chile; and four, requesting that all multinational corporations under American ownership keep covert bribes to Chilean government officials to an absolute minimum."



BUT I'VE GOT
THE RACCOON'S
UNIFORM! AND I
CAN SAY THE
RACCOONS OATH
IN SPANISH!

After Decades of Strife Accord Reached in Zimbabwe/Rhodesia

British officials have announced that they have succeeded in engineering an agreement between black and white government and radical forces in Zimbabwe/Rhodesia. The agreement, if accepted by all parties, will signal an end to several decades of hostilities between the black majority and the powerful white minority in that nation.

"It is a perfectly just accord," announced British diplomat David Green-span. "The blacks have agreed to stop worshipping mud, drinking goat's blood, and running around half naked. The whites have agreed to stop getting drunk before ten o'clock in the morning, practicing homosexuality with small children, and speaking with an irritating upper-class sneer reminiscent of a person who has just accidentally swallowed a Ping-Pong ball."

Experts hope that the accord will also put an end to the traditional native practice whereby tribal elders, running for the office of chieftain, circulate among the villagers shaking hands and eating babies.

RSVP—Regrets Only Nations Unable to Receive Shah

It has been revealed that at the height of the Iranian crisis many nations in which the deposed shah of Iran had hoped to find asylum were unable to grant it to him. These countries all cabled or phoned the UN within hours of his release from New York Hospital.

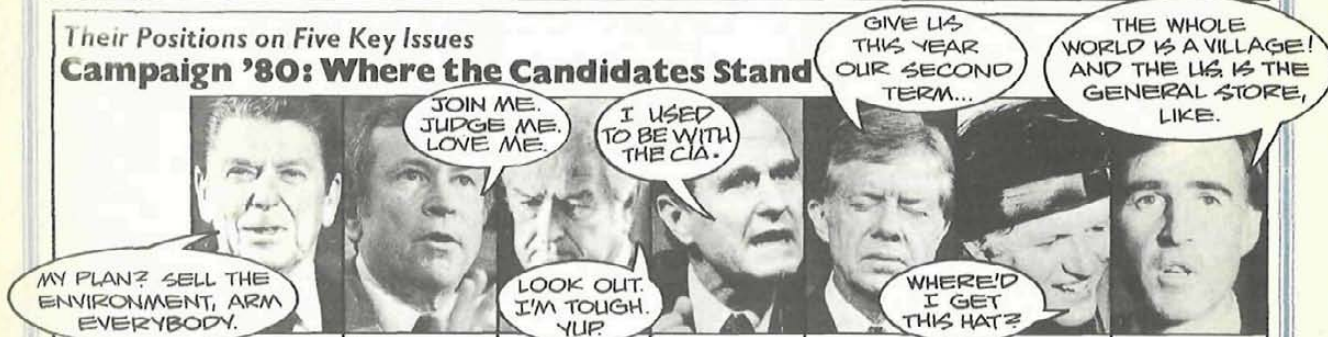
Mexico was the first, informing Secretary General Kurt Waldheim that it would be "busy" for the next few decades and unable to "see the shah, except for maybe a quick drink after the first of the year." Similarly, Argentina telegraphed that it had to "wash its hair"

and "couldn't grant anybody anything."

The Bahamas, where the shah and his family had once enjoyed a brief stay, announced that it "would be out of town" until "sometime around '88." Switzerland informed Waldheim of its intention to "get its head together about this whole neutrality thing;" and it would "think about it." Sweden begged off, saying that it had "already granted all those American Vietnam protesters asylum" and didn't want to "get a reputation as a country who gives it away to just anybody."



Their Positions on Five Key Issues Campaign '80: Where the Candidates Stand



	Reagan	Baker	Connally	Bush	Carter	Kennedy	Brown
Inflation	It's just terrible	Have bold vision	Punch it in nose	Buy gold	Consult experts	Solution just up the road	Nationalize the monetary system
Health	Good health is good	Proceed into future	Stay hungry	Buy more insurance	Plan with professional advice	National plan just 'round the bend	More brown rice; sleep on floor
SALT II	No; nuke Russia	No; stand firm	Hell no	No; buy more arms	Yes; ask advisers	Yes; but no backseat drivers	Yes; but sea SALT
Energy	Usually feel pretty fit	Be self-reliant	Oil is king	Invest in shale, solar	More nuclear, more experts	Drive carefully, conserve gas	Solar; wind; kundalini
International Politics	Nuke Iran, then see me	Lead world	Kill Russia, others	Buy friends, expand markets	Pray for guidance	Beware going off deep end	Planetary unity, "Star Trek"-type federation

**PM "Most Displeased"
Thatcher Berates
Common Market**

British prime minister Margaret Thatcher roundly criticized the European Economic Community recently for failing to grant Britain several concessions in connection with that country's substantial deficit. Mrs. Thatcher threatened to "take action" if the members of the Common Market "insist on exploiting Britain unfairly."

"To begin with," she announced in her statement, "we shall take our business elsewhere. If the Common Market cannot appreciate us, we shall go to K-Mart.

"Or, we shall take steps to form our own community of international trade. Perhaps we shall join forces with India, and create a Cumin Market. Or we shall take our custom to the many small, independent Uncommon Grocers in our neighborhood.

"In any case, we shall not be made a fool of. Or rather, of us shall not be made a fool."

**See Sarcasm as New
Diplomatic Tone
US "Admits" Mosque
Takeover
Responsibility**



Apparently in frustration and irritation at the recent troubles in Moslem sectors of the Middle East, the State Department has adopted an official attitude of sarcasm and facetiousness—the first example of which has been its admission of culpability in the takeover of the Holy Mosque in Mecca.

"Yeah, sure, right, we were responsible for taking over that stupid mosque," sneered State Department spokesman Hodding Carter III. "What's it called? Abba? The Yabba Dabba? Whatever. Listen, if Ayatollah Chowmeini said we did it, it must be true."

In a similar vein, Carter conceded that the US had been "responsible" for a number of other international occurrences.

"We're also behind the starvation in Cambodia, the assassination of Park in Korea, the eruption of Vesuvius, the outbreak of bubonic plague in the Middle Ages, the first ice age, and the fact that the sun is going to burn out in 500 million years. We're behind it all. Okay?"

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Admires His "Nerve"

Carter Names Hansen to New Post

President Carter has named Congressman George Hansen (R.-Idaho) to the newly created post of ambassador-at-large in the North Pole region. Hansen recently rose to prominence when he conducted an unauthorized, unofficial visit to Teheran, Iran, seeking to speak with American hostages.

"This administration," the president told reporters, "will never stint. In its admiration. For people with the initiative. To endanger their country's rep-

utation. And even their own lives. For international understanding."

Hansen was not available for comment, but his office did cite the reasons for his trip to Iran. "One, to determine the physical health of the hostages," explained an aide to the congressman. "Two, to conduct firsthand interviews with the Iranian students. Three, to obtain free national publicity, including, one, getting his face on TV, and two, getting his name in the paper."



"A New Islamic Republic" Iranians Draft New Constitution

An overwhelming majority of voters approved a new constitution for Iran recently, giving legal sanction to what in effect will be a theocracy headed by Ayatollah Khomeini.

The document commences with a preamble, following which a "bill of rites" spells out certain basic tenets of Iranian law. Excerpts include the following:

- Parliament shall make no law abridging the right of the people to assemble in public squares for the purpose of waving machine guns and chanting anti-American slogans.
- Parliament shall make no law prohibiting the right of the people to forcibly detain, sequester, and quarter in embassy, legation, consul, or private domicile American nationals, whether military or civilian.
- The right of the people to originate and circulate falsified documents,

misrepresented photographs, unfounded rumors, and patently ridiculous allegations shall be respected.

Hockey Season Trimmed

The National Hockey League has announced that it is doing away with its regular season.

"It is altogether boring and tedious," explained league spokesman Guy LaGuy.

Instead, the season will commence directly with the play-offs, which will be expanded to include the two teams heretofore eliminated by the regular sixty-game season.

Polish Historical Find

Polish historians have uncovered important documents that would indicate that in addition to his pioneering work in astronomy Copernicus may have invented moist cat food and two-ply toilet tissue.

DANGEROUS ORGANS

by Tod Carroll

Warren Bullock is a twenty-eight-year-old, cream-faced man with a narrow build and wavy auburn hair combed straight back on an elliptical head. At a glance he appears quite harmless, almost sickly actually—the apparent product of a cloistered childhood and very peculiar, ugly parents.

Tom Connors, on the other hand, is an admirably successful commercial-airline pilot who practices law when he isn't flying. He's handsome, fit, and has a fascinating charm that distinguishes him in most any social setting. Tom is every bit the ideal husband his wife Paula always wanted, which is why her licentious sallies into the bedroom of Warren Bullock make so little sense on the surface. What about a chalky-skinned ferret like Mr. Bullock could possibly have attracted an intelligent, beautiful, and presumably contented woman like Mrs. Connors?

To learn the answer, we must examine the circumstances under which they met. Warren Bullock is a salesman at Schoenfeld's House of Organs, located in a shopping mall near St. Joseph, Missouri. As is customary in the mall organ business, Bullock plays various organs displayed on the floor to attract customers. He has a repertoire of over 150 popular songs that he stylizes, or "jazzes up," to demonstrate the full musical range available on a modern organ. Astonishing as it may seem, many women are thoroughly mesmerized by this type of music, apparently to the point of sexual arousal.

Tom Connor's wife explained her experience with Bullock as "hypnoerotic." He made love as poorly as he looks, but every time I visualized him pumping and teasing the keys on the \$6,000 Wurlitzer, I went into a lather."

Of course, Paula Connors is only one of thousands of perfectly happy and decorous women who have fallen into uncontrollable relationships with organ salesmen, overcome by outlandish passions that have destroyed families and dissipated careers. Perhaps it's time we asked ourselves some hard questions about the mall organ trade in this country. It is clear that this unpleasant state of affairs must be remedied promptly and decisively. □



NUGULA
TRAP
FULLUM
CRUDA!

SULUM
GOM
GULA
MUDA!

BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM
BOOM

DAMN! THIS
MAGAZINE SALES
DANCE IS WORKING
ALREADY!

PING PING
PING PING PING
PING PING
PING

YEAH,
IT'S TOO BAD
THEY HAD TO DO THAT
TO THE FROG,
THOUGH.

National Lampoon decided to employ the ancient Gabonese "magazine sales dance," taking the advice of one of Gabon's most successful magazine "witch consultants." It has been very successful. But, after what they did to that frog, we hesitate to repeat the dance for humanitarian reasons. Don't force us to use the magazine sales dance. Clip out the coupon below and send it in today.

Sirs:

I haven't got anything against frogs, and I'd hate to see it happen again. Here's my check or money order, payable within the continental USA or Canada, made out to:

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NEWS BRIEFS



Air Cargo Company to Begin Passenger Service

A recent decision by the Civil Aeronautics Board has reversed an earlier ruling by a CAB hearing officer prohibiting Federal Express, a cargo airline, from carrying passengers. In lifting the passenger ban, a CAB spokesman said, "If somebody wants to fly across the country in an air-freight box, that's his business." Overnight door-to-door service is to begin in early summer.

Eleven Killed at Concert, Millions More Suffer

Eleven teenagers died of asphyxiation during a rush for seats at a concert in Cincinnati recently. The performance, by the British rock band the Who, went on as scheduled. Following the tragedy, network and local television news teams outdid one another with "examinations" of "the violence inherent in rock." It is estimated that the intelligence of upward of 68 million viewers was insulted as a result. Media spokespeople have declined comment.

Independent Advertising Executives Strike

Protesting rising costs and a fixed fee rate, thousands of independent ad executives have shut down operations. "I create an ad campaign knowing that I'll get a fixed rate, yet my paper costs go up, my Xerox and IBM bills rise, lunches and drinks are soaring, cabs are expensive. I lose all the way around," a strike organizer said. Admen say that if their demands for higher fees and government controls on costs are not met within a few weeks, spot shortages of ads and commercials will begin showing up in magazines and newspapers and on TV and radio. In a related incident, a New York copywriter who broke through picket lines to deliver a storyboard for a beer commercial had his tie pulled and his American Express gold card bent in half.

LA Smog Reaches Danger Level

Residents of Los Angeles were urged to curtail outdoor activities earlier this month as the city was blanketed by the worst smog in fifteen years. Mayor Tom Bradley ordered the immediate purchase of 100 trillion cubic feet of fresh air from Oregon and has promised to stockpile more air to be used in future smog emergencies.

US-Iran Sought Shah Organ Deal

At the height of the Iranian crisis, the State Department informed Iran that, while not willing to extradite the shah *in toto*, it would consider sending to Teheran the shah's recently removed gallstone. Responding to the proposal, Ayatollah Khomeini hinted that if the US were to throw in a liver or a pancreas, several hostages might be released. At the time, the shah was unable to voice his opinion of the trade-off, having been rushed into surgery at Lackland Air Force Base unexpectedly.

Say CIA Infiltrated Gay Rights Group

Columnist Jack Anderson is charging that the Central Intelligence Agency infiltrated various gay rights groups over the last five years. Anderson claims that the object was to determine upcoming fashion trends and prevent government personnel from investing in wardrobe items that could be construed as "homosexual." An unidentified spokesman for the CIA said that in 1977 the US Navy had to destroy \$14 million worth of dress uniform pants, which had caught on with homosexuals in the New York area.

Feds to Require Full Integration of Store Windows

The US Supreme Court has ruled that all merchants using mannequins in their window displays and in-store displays must provide for a racial and ethnic balance reflective of the balance in the general population. Stores will be required to include blacks, Jews, Latinos, Orientals, American Indians, and blind and handicapped models in their displays. The ruling was made in response to an NAACP class-action suit to end what was labeled "white mannequin monopolization of window space."

Birthdays Moved

President Carter has announced that the legal dates for celebrating Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays will be moved to Halloween and Arbor Day, respectively. "It makes it easier to remember," a White House aide explained.

Federal Agent On Duty When Off

A US Secret Service agent was shot and seriously wounded when he attempted to stop a robbery in a New York City bar. According to witnesses, the agent saw two men with guns and instantly threw himself on the cash register. The intruders were apparently startled by the unusual act and fired. Secret Service superiors intend to discipline the injured agent, however, because he violated agency procedure. "We train them to throw their bodies over the bartender in these situations," one official said, "or, in some cases, over the liquor bottles. The owner can always get a new register."

Ireland Out of Stone Age

Ireland is officially considered to have emerged from the Stone Age, says the dean of the Department of Anthropology at Cambridge University. The dean's statement followed several sightings, reported in a recent issue of *Scientific American*, of Irishmen working with metal tools. These were the first such sightings ever recorded, and among the first of Irishmen working, period.

Arafat "Not Hostile"

Yasir Arafat, leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, has declared that he is "not hostile" to Ayatollah Khomeini, who recently unseated him as Most Joked About Middle-Eastern Religio-Political Figure.

"I'll be around long after Khomeini has been deposed," Arafat told reporters. "I can wait."

DC-10 Box Score

McDonnell-Douglas has released statistics for the fourth quarter of 1979, revealing the following DC-10 catastrophe stats: Crashed, 12; Returned Limping to Airport, 43; Barely Made It to Destination, 365; Decommissioned, 20; Unaccounted For, and Could Crash at Any Moment, 55.

Grand Old Politician Still Running

Harold Stassen, who has been dead since 1953, announced recently that he will seek the Republican party nomination for president in 1984. Party leaders expressed interest in this development.

FAA Carryon Ruling

The FAA has admitted that there is no sound safety reason why carryon baggage must be stowed beneath the seat in front of the air traveler or in the overhead bin. "It just makes the planes look neater, that's all," an FAA spokesman said.

"This book helped me meet more women."

Joe Pisarcik, Quarterback, New York Giants

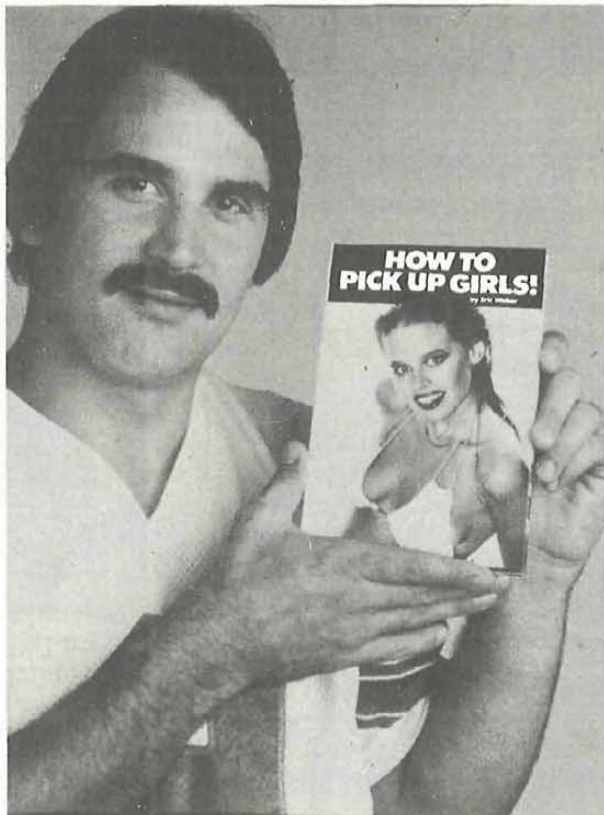
"Most people think that if you're a professional athlete your problems with women are over for life. Well, maybe that's true for some guys. But if you're a little bit on the shy side like me you probably can use all the help you can get. And one of the things that's really been a help to me is HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS. This book showed me that women aren't nearly as interested in your looks as you think they are . . . and that if you're nice and pleasant, women are as anxious to meet you as you are to meet them. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has really improved my social life, and I'm sure it can do the same for you."

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the original, authentic, world-famous book with over 400,000 copies in print. It's the book that was just turned into the smash-hit movie 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.

Famous author Dan Greenburg as 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. . ."

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS features interviews with twenty-five young, hip, attractive women. They tell you, in their very own words, exactly what it takes to walk up to any woman and introduce yourself.



HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS shows you foolproof techniques like these:

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over 400,000 copies in print, men must be saying some pretty good things about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS.

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HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women can sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. Over 100 photos to 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:

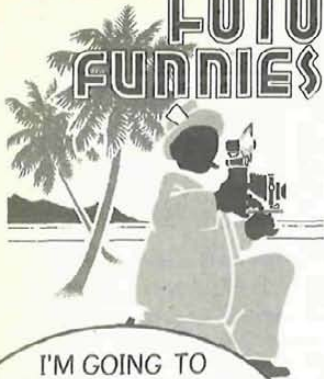
- The "magic" place to touch a girl first
- How to make a woman "let herself go"
- The aphrodisiac touch
- How to get a woman out of her clothes
- What's special about a single girl
- How to excite a woman with just words

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! Our large format, high quality, hard cover book can turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to get to bed with.

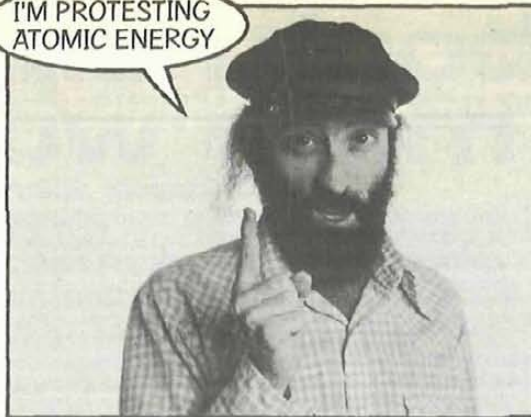
How To Make Love To A Single Woman



OTO FUNNIES



I'M PROTESTING
ATOMIC ENERGY



I'M GOING TO
CHAIN MYSELF TO THIS
SPACE IN THE MAGAZINE
AND STAY RIGHT HERE
UNTIL THEY'VE QUIT
BUILDING ATOMIC
POWER PLANTS.



OKAY,
WE'VE QUIT BUILDING
ATOMIC POWER
PLANTS.



YEAH? GREAT!
GUESS I CAN GO
NOW.



'BYE.



THEY AREN'T
GETTING ANY SMARTER,
ARE THEY?



Café 7 classy coffee

Café 7 will impress the most sophisticated tastes. Just add 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 to a cup of your favorite coffee. Add sugar to taste and top with whipped cream. Now that's classy coffee. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

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A

D

O

G

BY JOHN HUGHES

I loved my mother. Everybody loves their mother, but I loved mine in a special way. I had to, because when I was thirteen years old she turned into a dog. It happened real fast, with no explanation, and it left our family, well, pretty upset.

The change started in the winter. Mom complained a lot that her nose was cold. She could be sitting in the warmest part of the house and it would still be cold. She could be leaning over the stove and it would still be cold.

"My nose is cold!" she complained

daily. "And wet."
"Warm it up and dry it off, for Christ's sake!" Dad would answer.

Then there was the moustache and sideburns.

They showed up one morning without any warning. I was sitting in bed looking at the calluses on my feet when I heard Mom scream. Me and my big sister, Kimmy, who was seventeen, and my little sister, Jean, who was four, ran out into the hall. Dad came out of his room in his underwear. He pounded his fist on the bathroom door.

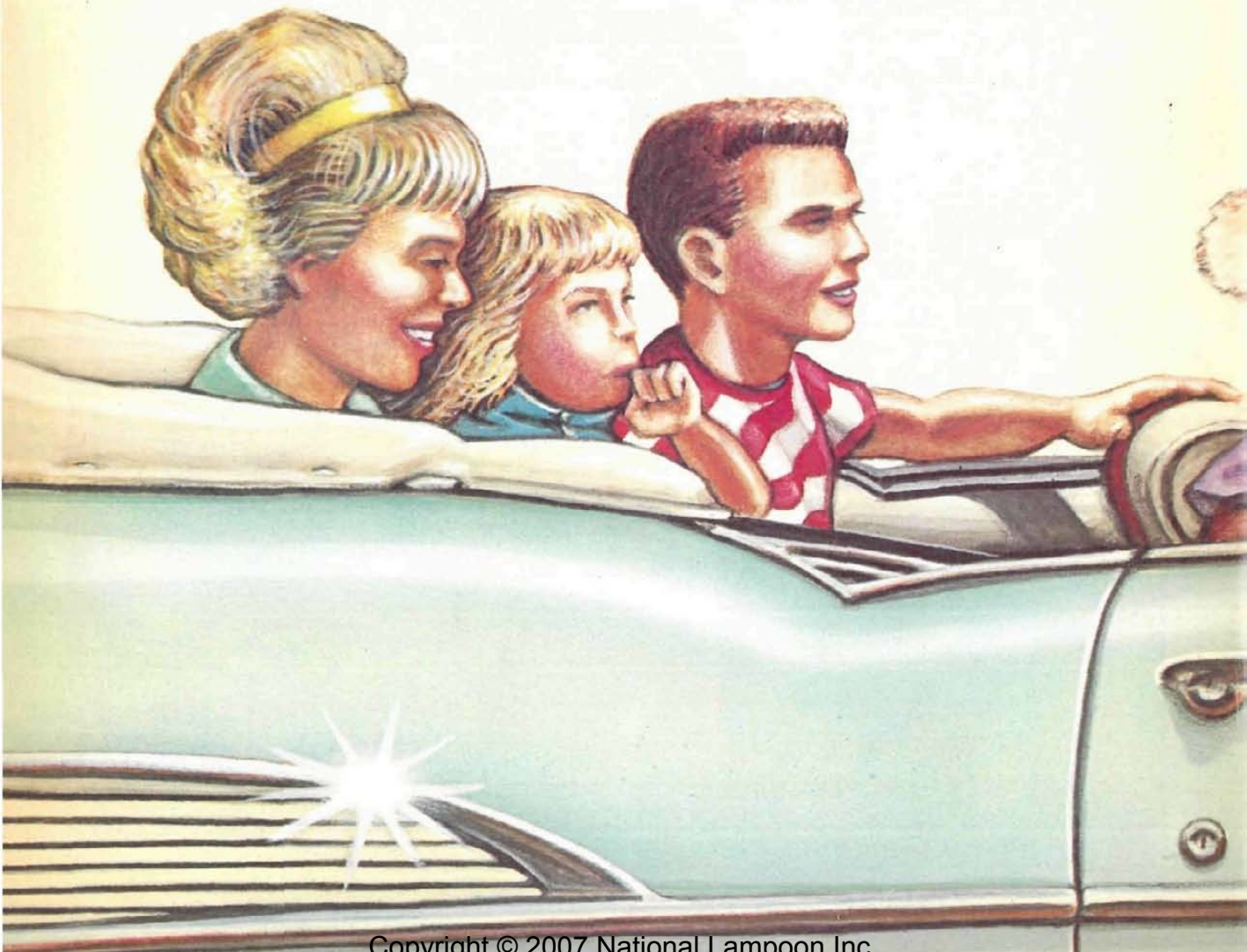
"Eleanor!" he shouted. "Are you all

right in there?"

Mom slowly opened the bathroom door. She was as white as a Kleenex tissue. She was holding a pair of hair pluckers and a hand mirror. If her face hadn't been so weird looking, I probably would have laughed. Her upper lip was covered with black hairs, like a walrus moustache. She also had big, thick, curly sideburns.

"What's wrong with me?" Mom whimpered, as Dad comforted her and looked down on the hairy stuff like it was making him sick to his stomach.

My sister, Kimmy, who had lots of sense in lieu of emotions, put her



T A L E

hands on her hips and shook her head.

"God, you guys are acting like it's the end of the world!" she said in a snotty voice. "It's just hormones!"

Kimmy and Dad snipped off the big hairs with toenail clippers and shaved down the fuzz and the sideburns with Dad's Norelco. He usually had a fit when Mom or Kimmy used his razor for their girl hair, but I guess it wouldn't have been very nice for him to have a fit about it then, with Mom as disturbed as she was. When they finished, Dad slapped Old Spice on

her cheeks and she screamed in pain.

"I'm sorry, hon," Dad said. "But if you're going to start shaving, you better get used to it."

That made Mom cry, and she kept on crying until she got undressed and realized that overnight her leg hair had grown out and that from her ankles to her knees she was even hairier than Dad. Also, her arms were covered with the same kind of hair that her sideburns were made of. Kimmy told me later that her whole tummy was covered with little pink nipples.

All in all, it was a pretty lousy day for Mom. She spent most of her time locked in the bathroom running Dad's

shaver up and down her legs and arms and plucking out hairs from her chin. Dad suggested that she see the doctor, but she said she wouldn't go out of the house looking like a gorilla. When Dad asked her later how she felt, she looked up and cocked her head.

"I think you left the radio on in your workshop," she said.

Dad gave me a look like "Boy is she cuckoo!" and then sent me down to the basement to check out the radio to make Mom feel better.

Mom was right. Dad's old black radio was on. I didn't know how she could have heard it. She was on the

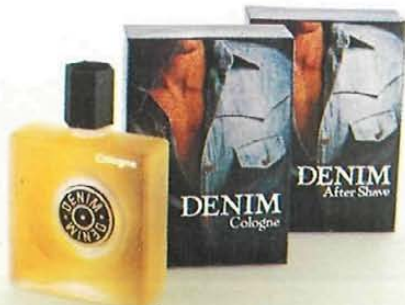
continued on page 41



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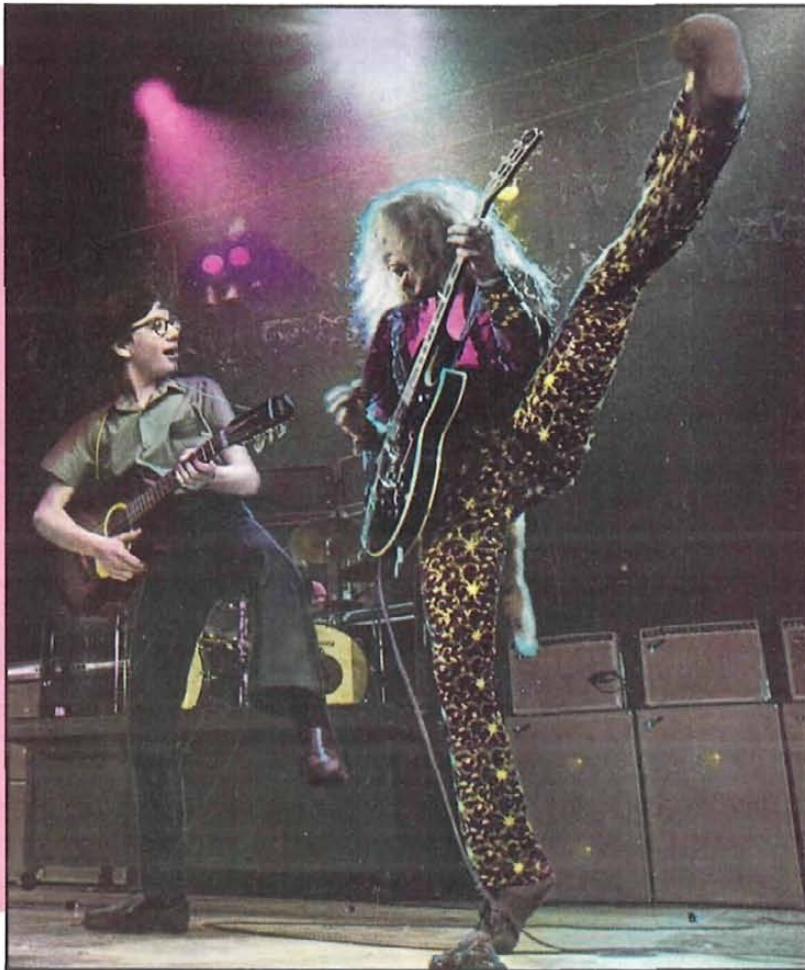
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the man who wears DENIM®. Because
a man feels better. A man feels cooler.



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Cologne and After Shave.**

THE
Tod Nergint
1-2-3 GUITAR
METHOD

PERSONAL INSTRUCTION MANUAL



The Easy, Fun, and Proven Way to Learn How to Play the Guitar Almost Immediately!

CLEAR PHOTOS! SIMPLE DIAGRAMS!

PLAIN-LANGUAGE, STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS!

Everything you need to plug into the excitement and rewards of guitar playing that are now enjoyed by some of the most popular giants of entertainment everywhere in the world.



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About the Tod Nergint 1-2-3 Guitar Method...



You'll be amazed at how astoundingly simple top-flight rock 'n' roll guitar playing really is.

Even though the guitar has become a uniquely important and often played instrument of music as well as of social communication, it continues to cause those who have never played one before to feel that guitars require an extraordinary amount of talent to "strum" or "pick" well enough to satisfy an audience. You might think, "I could never be in a successful rock band—I'm not very coordinated with my fingers," or "I wouldn't be able to keep my place during a long or complicated song." If that's what you think, then you are wrong. The fancy varnish of artificial sophistication and idle embellishment that appears on the surface of many rock 'n' roll styles is hacked and sandblasted away in the Tod Nergint 1-2-3 Guitar Method to expose the naked core, or germinative proton, if you will, of the most acclaimed type of musical entertainment presently popular among today's young audiences. By the time you complete the course in this book, you'll be amazed at how astoundingly simple top-flight rock 'n' roll guitar playing *really* is. And, more importantly, you'll be ready to entertain audiences ranging from one or two individuals to several hundred thousand clapping, cheering, "hard-jack, glonzo-down, git-along" fans who appreciate the simplicity of your musicianship and what you're trying to say to them in the lyrics as well as the unspoken notes of your guitar.

Lesson 1 "1,2,and 3!"

You'll need to know these chords, because they are the building blocks from which your songs will be composed. The diagrams beside the photographs below show you approximately where to put your fingers on the neck of the guitar if, for some reason, you can't tell which strings are being pushed down in the photographs because of the angle or if the player's knuckles are in the way. The numbers on the top of the diagrams represent each of the strings, number 1 being the skinniest one. A number on the side of the diagram tells you how many frets you are from the end of the guitar.



Lesson 2

Because very few rock 'n' roll guitar players ever perform by themselves, "solo," it is best to start out playing with accompaniment from the very beginning. Select a rock 'n' roll act that you admire—obviously, Tod Nergint and his band are a recommended choice—and put one of the group's recordings on your hi-fi system. Don't worry about selecting a song that seems "too hard to play along with." By maintaining the volume of the record or tape at an ordinary concert level, you'll soon discover how easily most of your chords, whether they be #1, #2, or #3, blend right into the tune.

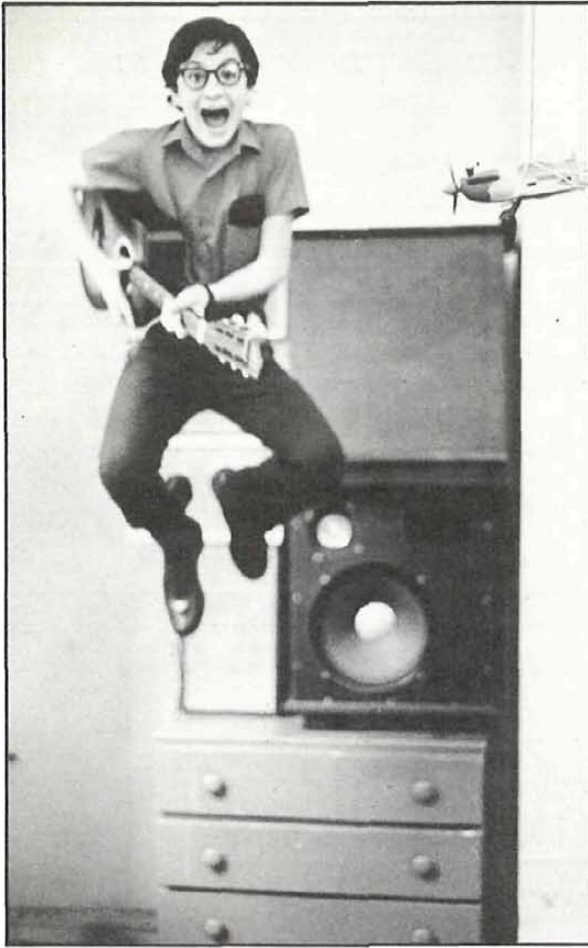


To duplicate the professional concert standards of loudness and dynamic range that will be the most ideal for you to play along with, obtain as many speakers and other hi-fi components as you can find around your house or borrow from friends. Arrange them to form a "wall," just as it's done by live rock 'n' roll groups who are performing on the concert stage.



Super rock 'n' roll personality Tod Nergint helps exemplify that mental and physical preparations are frequently necessary in order to ensure that you play a song with enough enthusiasm to make the audience like it. Cocaine and methedrine, as well as some other drugs, are considered helpful for this purpose by many rock 'n' roll group members.

NOW, LET'S PLAY SOME ROCK 'N' ROLL...



As you become more skilled at making each of the chords, you then will find it usually desirable to increase the power of the song you are playing by experimenting with different positions to be in when you make the chords. These activities can vary from crawling on the floor in a stultified, latherous daze so that an attendant has to comfort you with a warm ermine cape, as done above with the help of rock 'n' roll celebrity Tod Nergint, to breaking an article with your guitar when you have completed the song. These things are most impressive to listeners who are always pleased to see a rock 'n' roll entertainer do more than just "walk through the songs without really making any extra effort."

Lesson 3

A useful hint that seasoned rock 'n' roll guitar experts seldom forget is to "take care of your guitar, because it cannot take care of itself." Following a full evening of playing the guitar, it's easy to become forgetful and leave your guitar out in the open during the backstage excitement and get-togethers that often occur after a performance. Many friends and fellow musicians will crowd into rooms that are too small to hold them all, along with a good number of admiring young girls who push and shove to share pills and other drugs with you and have you engage them in some type of sexual act. These "after-midnight pussies," as they are called by professional guitar performers, can be especially spirited and easily fall or step on an unprotected guitar. Therefore, it is very important to take a moment to put your guitar out of reach before you get distracted and your guitar gets a damaging blow.

A guitar that's kept in a safe place will be ready to go for the next performance or for simply "jamming" with others or by yourself in private.



Lesson 4

In order to avoid being considered a one-dimensional type of individual, a guitar player should be able to demonstrate that he can play more than the kind of rock 'n' roll for which he might be stereotyped from public concerts and recordings. Reporters and interviewers, as well as close friends, are almost always ready and eager to hear a song that shows them a different view of your guitar playing and your personality as a whole. Practice the song below until you can play it all the way through without stopping, making sure to play the chords that are indicated.

General silence and misty eyes are frequently the mood set by selections like the one shown in Exercise #1 below, which is often accompanied by remarks from listeners, like rock 'n' roll dignitary Tod Nergint, such as, "That taught me how to cry!"



Exercise #1

"I Love My Lady and Beautiful Helpless Baby and Really Admire Road Crews Everywhere I Go"

(Slowly, with feeling)

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Chord #2 Chord #1

When I see my peaceful, small-bodied baby Lying innocently on the comfortable lap of my lady asleep,

Chord #3 Chord #1

I realize what I am seeing is much more beautiful Than one-night stands with dirty women

Chord #2 Chord #3

in unfamiliar hotels and Living in a world of wars and lies while never getting enough sleep.

2nd Verse

This song is for the roadies too, because they Work so hard to get a job done which they Believe in more than construction or factory work Or other jobs like that which might earn them more pay. I think they're really beautiful for that.

3rd Verse

Just like my shyly intelligent lady and softly unsoiled baby are too, Only in a different way, but that's the beauty of their beautifulness. I mean, it's everywhere, both in my living room and on the road, Helping to ease my heavy load.

Lesson 5

Now that you have completed the main lessons in this book, it is a good time to take a step back, see where you are, and think about the direction you visualize for your guitar playing in the future. This is a moment when you can, as they say, "catch up" with the other areas of living that influence your life and, of course, ultimately your music. There are no chord diagrams or simple instructions in this lesson. There is just the plain recognition of one's self and the many diverse attitudes and types of behavior that are building blocks to the real you.

Finding out who you are and acting the way you feel like being are two very useful methods of improving the quality and validity of your guitar playing, as long as you keep up with your practicing too. Good luck, and, "See you onstage!"



Enjoy the taste of country fresh Salem.



Country fresh menthol.
Mild, smooth and refreshing.
Enjoy smoking again.

Also available in 100's.

KING, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, BOX, 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 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.

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ OUTWEIGHS TEN LEADING CAR STEREOs IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi-Tune Signal Activated Stereo Control. The all new SASC circuit significantly reduces noise by *automatically* and smoothly adjusting the degree of stereo separation to the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

Put simply, in weak signal areas the familiar switching noise between stereo and mono is virtually eliminated.

Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can



become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

Strong signal areas also experience another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the

usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion's Magi-Tune won hands down. *Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie.* It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM. There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

*Panasonic CQ 8520 EU

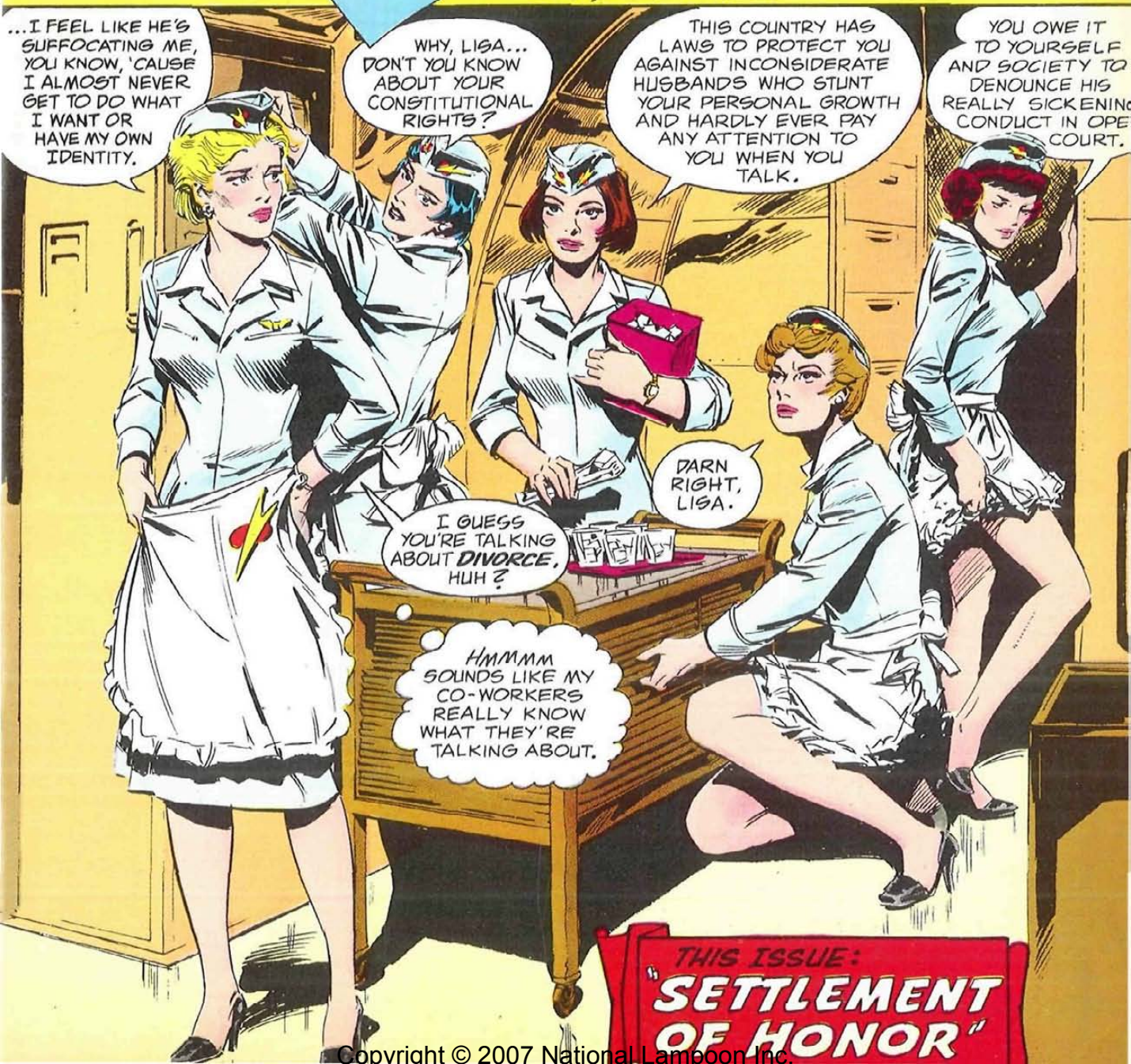
 **Clarion**
QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC.



PRICE
85¢

FIRST DIVORCE COMICS

STORY: TOD CARROLL



...I FEEL LIKE HE'S SUFFOCATING ME, YOU KNOW, 'CAUSE I ALMOST NEVER GET TO DO WHAT I WANT OR HAVE MY OWN IDENTITY.

WHY, LISA... DON'T YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS?

THIS COUNTRY HAS LAWS TO PROTECT YOU AGAINST INCONSIDERATE HUSBANDS WHO STUNT YOUR PERSONAL GROWTH AND HARDLY EVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO YOU WHEN YOU TALK.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF AND SOCIETY TO DENOUNCE HIS REALLY SICKENING CONDUCT IN OPEN COURT.

DARN RIGHT, LISA.

I GUESS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT DIVORCE, HUH?

HMMMM SOUNDS LIKE MY CO-WORKERS REALLY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT.

THIS ISSUE:
"SETTLEMENT OF HONOR"

JOAN KENNEDY IN "I'LL SAVE MONEY WITH A 'DO-IT-YOURSELF' DIVORCE"

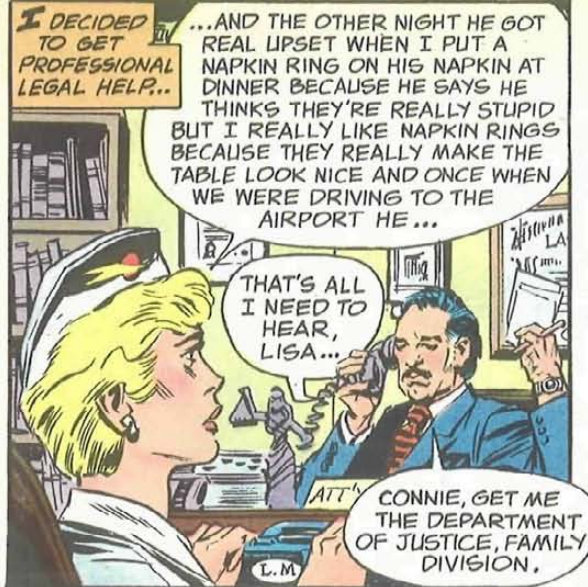


Don't make the same mistake Joan Kennedy did— get a qualified attorney to handle your divorce properly and conveniently!

call or visit...

RED COAT ASSOCIATES
"Just ask for the attorney in the red coat"

Over 16,000 fully trained lawyers available to serve you anywhere in the United States.



I DECIDED TO GET PROFESSIONAL LEGAL HELP...

...AND THE OTHER NIGHT HE GOT REAL UPSET WHEN I PUT A NAPKIN RING ON HIS NAPKIN AT DINNER BECAUSE HE SAYS HE THINKS THEY'RE REALLY STUPID BUT I REALLY LIKE NAPKIN RINGS BECAUSE THEY REALLY MAKE THE TABLE LOOK NICE AND ONCE WHEN WE WERE DRIVING TO THE AIRPORT HE...

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO HEAR, LISA...

CONNIE, GET ME THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, FAMILY DIVISION.



MY HUSBAND WAS INFORMED ABOUT THE DIVORCE RIGHT AWAY...

THEREFORE, IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT ALL OF THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD HAVE ENOUGH VACCINE AND BABY FORMULA ...

RAPSAGITAN

GANDER

UNITED STATES

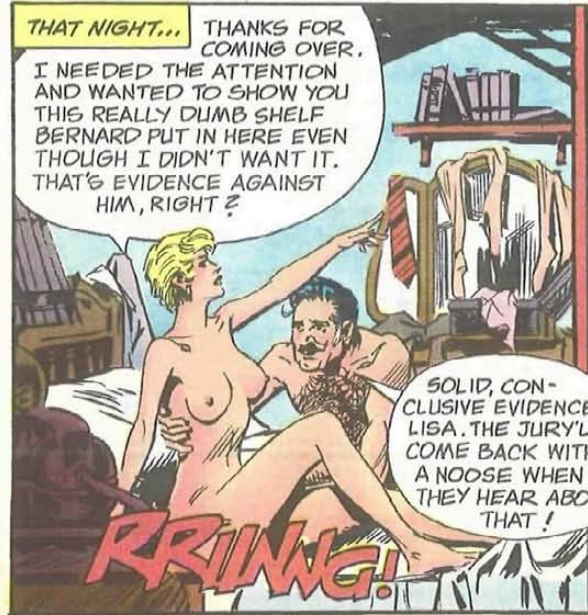
HOLD IT, MR. MERRIWETHER!



I HAVE IN MY HAND A COURT ORDER TO NOT GO HOME OR CHARGE ANYTHING OR LEAVE TOWN.

SOUNDS LIKE THE AMERICAN SPEAKER HAS MADE A CHEAP, OFFENSIVE MESS OF HIS PERSONAL LIFE!

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU WANT TO CLOSE THE PERSIAN GULF!



THAT NIGHT... I NEEDED THE ATTENTION AND WANTED TO SHOW YOU THIS REALLY DUMB SHELF BERNARD PUT IN HERE EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T WANT IT. THAT'S EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, RIGHT?

THANKS FOR COMING OVER.

SOLID, CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE, LISA. THE JURY'LL COME BACK WITH A NOOSE WHEN THEY HEAR ABOUT THAT!

RRRING!

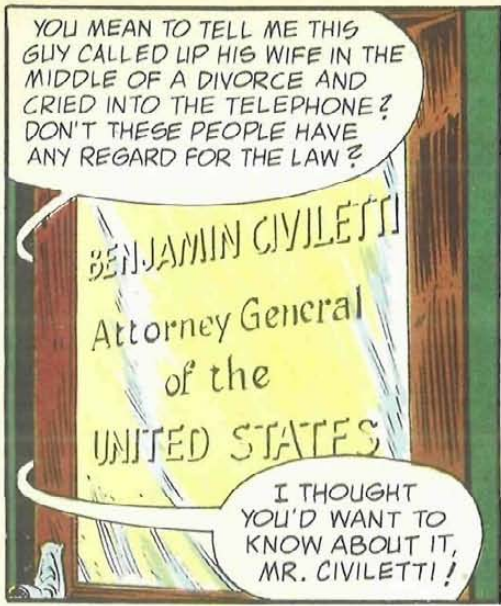


I HU-HU-HU-HU I DOON'T HU-HU-HU UNDERSTAND, LISA... HU-HU-HU-HU G-G-CAN'T WE HU-HU-HU-TALK ... PLEEEEEEASE?

SEE, HE CALLED ME UP AND INTERFERED WITH MY LIFE! THAT'S ILLEGAL, ISN'T IT?

YOU BET IT IS! I'M ON MY WAY TO WASHINGTON RIGHT NOW!

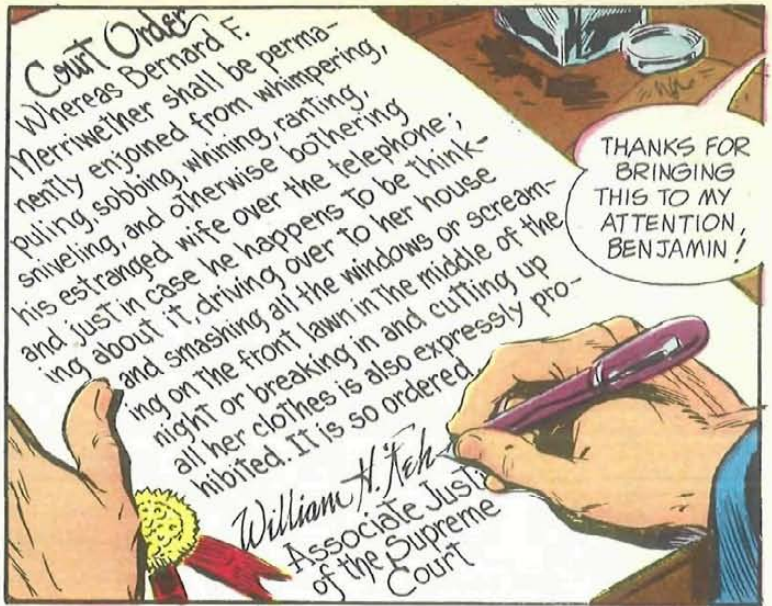
PLEEEEEEASE? HU-HU-HU--SNIFF-SNIFF...



YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THIS GUY CALLED UP HIS WIFE IN THE MIDDLE OF A DIVORCE AND CRIED INTO THE TELEPHONE? DON'T THESE PEOPLE HAVE ANY REGARD FOR THE LAW?

BENJAMIN CIVILETTI
Attorney General
of the
UNITED STATES

I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT, MR. CIVILETTI!



Court Order
Whereas Bernard F. Merrivether shall be permanently enjoined from whimpering, pulling, sobbing, whining, ranting, sniveling, and otherwise bothering his estranged wife over the telephone; and just in case he happens to be thinking about it, driving over to her house and smashing all the windows or screaming on the front lawn in the middle of the night or breaking in and cutting up all her clothes is also expressly prohibited. It is so ordered.

William H. Teh
Associate Justice
of the Supreme Court

THANKS FOR BRINGING THIS TO MY ATTENTION, BENJAMIN!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

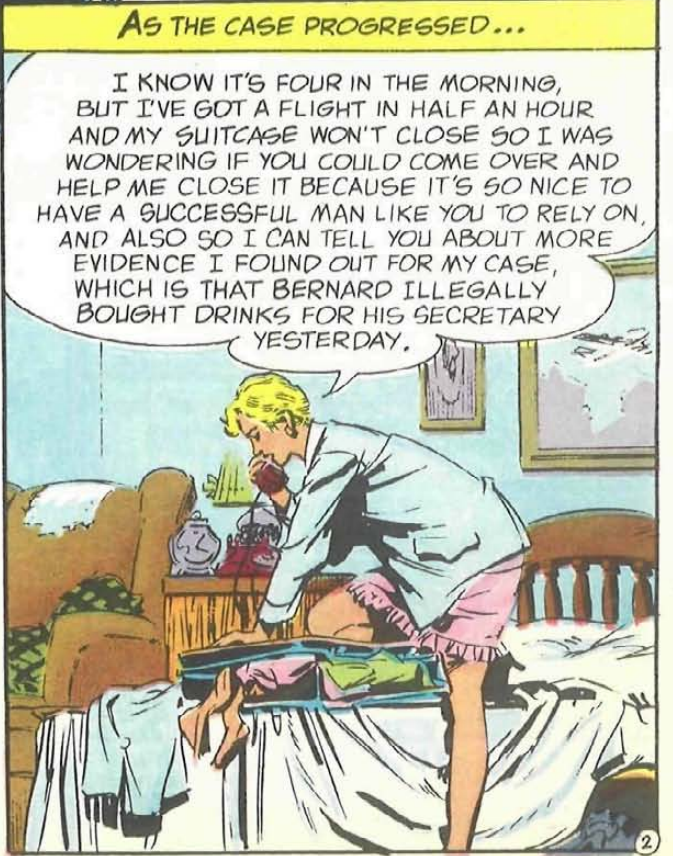
SUPREME COURT POLICE



I HU-HU-HU J-J-JUST WANT TO HU-HU-HU SEE HER.

ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU?

OR MAYBE YOU DON'T READ SO GOOD!



AS THE CASE PROGRESSED...

I KNOW IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING, BUT I'VE GOT A FLIGHT IN HALF AN HOUR AND MY SUITCASE WON'T CLOSE SO I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD COME OVER AND HELP ME CLOSE IT BECAUSE IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE A SUCCESSFUL MAN LIKE YOU TO RELY ON, AND ALSO SO I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT MORE EVIDENCE I FOUND OUT FOR MY CASE, WHICH IS THAT BERNARD ILLEGALLY BOUGHT DRINKS FOR HIS SECRETARY YESTERDAY.

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER. IN THE MEANTIME, I WANT YOU TO RECORD EVERY ONE OF YOUR INNERMOST FEELINGS ABOUT BERNARD'S WHORE SECRETARY ON A CASSETTE --



--USE A NINETY-MINUTE ONE SO YOU'RE SURE TO HAVE ENOUGH TAPE. IT'LL REALLY MAKE THE CASE!

ON THE PLANE...

SO, LISA, I THINK IT'S REALLY GREAT THAT YOU'RE SCREWING YOUR ATTORNEY. IT'S JUST THE KIND OF HEALTHY DIVERSION YOU NEED AT THIS DELICATE TIME IN YOUR LIFE!

THAT'S FOR SURE. HE REALLY CARES ABOUT ME, AND IT MAKES GETTING JUSTICE SO MUCH NEATER.



MAGAZINE, SIR?



OH, LISA, HU-HU-HU-HU I L-L-LOVE YOU HU-HU-HU-SNIFFLE!

AAAAAH!

CALL THE POLICE!



LIIIIISA, PLEEEEEEASE...

THAT'S PUBLIC EMBARRASSMENT, WILLFULLY DISTURBING ME, AND FIRST-DEGREE SLANDER I'VE GOT YOU ON SO FAR!

CALL THE POLICE!

THE AUTHORITIES WERE NOTIFIED IMMEDIATELY...



MY LAWYER PETITIONED AN EMERGENCY HEARING BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT...

THIS IS QUITE A SAD-LOOKING BOOKSHELF, LISA. DO YOU MEAN TO TELL THE COURT THE DEFENDANT FORCED YOU TO ALLOW IT IN YOUR BEDROOM?



YES...AND HE BUYS HIS SECRETARY DRINKS... AND THEN PROBABLY FLUCKS HER... AND I HAVE GOT IT ALL HERE ON TAPE... AND I WILL BE HURTING FOREVER.

DIVORCE GRANTED!

LISA GETS ALL THE PROPERTY AND ALL THE MONEY!

CASE CLOSED!



I FELT SO GOOD ABOUT LIFE AND EVERYTHING, AS ALL OF THE SYMPATHETIC AND GENTLEMANLY MEN ON THE SUPREME COURT TOLD ME EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE OKAY AND THAT THEY WOULD CHECK IN ON ME FROM TIME TO TIME TO SEE IF I NEEDED ANYTHING.

YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT, LISA.

AND WE'RE PROUD OF THE WAY YOU HANDLED YOURSELF.

THANKS FOR THE JUST AND HONORABLE SETTLEMENT, YOUR HONORS!



OUR PLEASURE!

'BYE LISA!

GOOD LUCK, LISA!

ENJOY YOUR NEW LIFE!



NEXT ISSUE:
"THE AIRLINE REVOKES BERNARD'S FREE TRAVEL PASS"

DOG TALE

continued from page 27

second floor of the house and the radio was all the way down in the basement. It was on so softly that I didn't hear it until I picked it up. It looked to me that getting all that body hair did a lot of good for Mom's hearing. I thought it was real neat, and I went out in the backyard and said something. Then I ran into the house and up into Mom's room and asked her what I said.

"Who's the leader of the club that's made for you and me," Mom said, smiling for the first time all day.

We spent about an hour playing various games with Mom's new hearing power without ever thinking how weird it was. But later on it became a problem. Because her ears were so sensitive, the TV bothered her. We had to listen to it at very low volume or she got crabby. Also, when the "Bonanza" theme played, she threw her head back and yodeled.

After watching for a while, Mom leaned forward and squinted at the TV. She put on her glasses and squinted again.

"Where did the color on the TV go?" Mom asked.

Dad turned slowly and looked at her. "It's right there, hon," he said.

"Plain as a jigaboo at a white sale."
"It's awfully faint, isn't it?"

Dad made me turn up the color. Mom kept pointing her thumb up, asking for more.

"That's all the way, Mom," I said, as the TV set glimmered with radiant color.

"Well, I'm losing my eyesight then!" she said, blinking and rubbing her eyes. "Everything is in black and white!"

Just then, Kimmy and her new boyfriend, Jim, came into the family room. When Mom saw Jim she got real mad. She straightened up in her seat and her hairdo rose up and bristled forward.

"Don't come into this room!" she snapped.

Jim looked at Kimmy. He was kind of nervous.

"Mom!" Kimmy said.

"Who is he? He smells funny. He's going to hurt us!"

"Excuse me, I have to be going," Jim said, backing out of the room.

Kimmy had tears in her eyes. She stomped her foot and gave Mom a dirty look.

"What on earth do you have against that boy?" Dad asked Mom. He was a little angry despite all the extra under-

standing and patience he had been using over the last few days.

"I just didn't care for the way he smelled!" Mom announced. "He smelled dangerous!"

"If he smells dangerous," Dad said, "how do I smell?"

"You smell tired; let's go to bed."

It turned out that Mom was right about Jim. He beat up his grandparents and then cracked up their car. Dad said it wasn't so much Mom's nose as it was Jim's being a rich Catholic kid. He didn't want to make a big deal out of Mom's nose, but it was kind of hard not to. Especially when she started sniffing total strangers.

"What in the world are you doing," Dad said angrily one afternoon in the supermarket as Mom leaned over and sniffed a woman's rear end.

"I think I know this gal," Mom whispered. "But I can't seem to place her face."

Dad told Mom that he would take away her car and her checkbook if she didn't stop it right now. This was the first time Mom had done anything weird outside of our house except the one time she went to the bathroom in the garage. But she kept on sniffing people all over the store. It was like a habit she couldn't control.

"He's got the flu; keep the kids away," Mom said after she whiffed a fat man in overalls.

"This one's a born liar!" Mom said of a stock boy.

"Pregnant," she mouthed as a teenage girl walked by. "I can smell

estrogen!"

That was probably the oddest shopping trip any of us will ever take, and Dad declared that it would be the last. Mom didn't seem to pay any attention. She rolled down the car window and hung her head out and snapped and bit at the air.

Dinner that night was the worst. Mom made a pork roast, a standing rib, a leg of lamb, and three steaks. No vegetables. No potatoes. Just meat, and it wasn't cooked very well. In fact, it was almost raw.

"Well, this looks dandy!" Dad said as Mom sliced him a slab of cold, pink pork.

"It's a delicious roast, dear," Mom said as she continued slicing the raw roast. "I ate some before I put it in the oven."

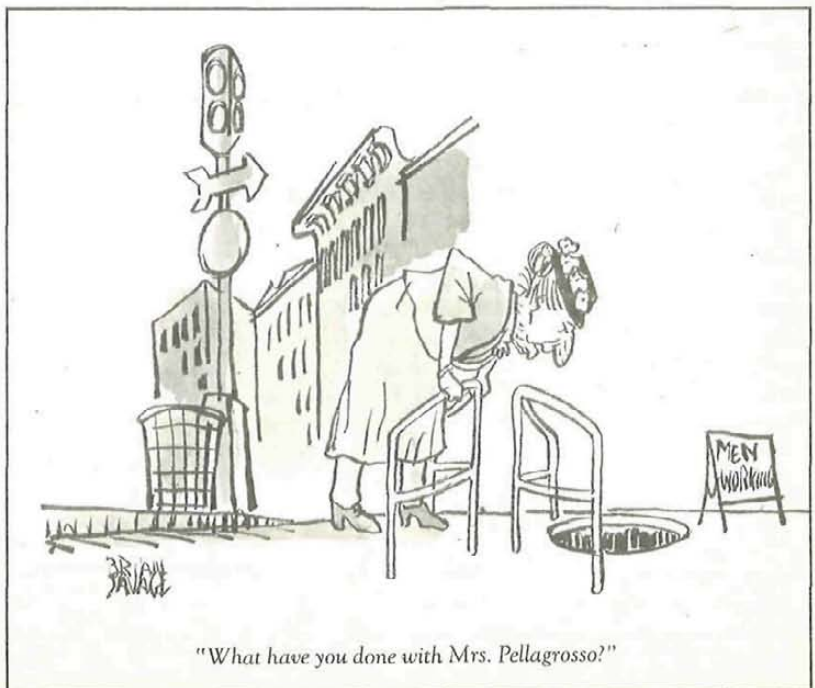
Kimmy and Jean wouldn't touch their food. Kimmy said it was making her sick just knowing it was on her plate.

"Okay," Mom said in a nasty voice. "All the more for me!"

She ate it all, too. She picked up whole slices of meat and pushed and stuffed them into her mouth. Then she snapped her head back and tossed the food down her throat, chewing only a couple of times. It was so violent and noisy that it scared Jean and she started to cry, and Dad excused her from the table.

"I must have a tapeworm," Mom said as she reached across the table and took what I didn't eat off my plate and

continued



DOG TALE

continued

put it on hers.

"The way you're scratching yourself, you must have fleas too," Dad said.

"Mmmgrumph," Mom gurgled, with a long strip of steak hanging out of her mouth.

"And you're going to crack your bridge chewing on those bones," he added.

After dinner, Dad and I went into the living room while Kimmy and Mom did the dishes. Kimmy sneaked into the living room a few minutes later and waved for Dad and me to come into the kitchen. "Mom's licking her arms and legs," she whispered.

Mom was all through with her arms and legs when we walked in. Instead, she had her dress up, and her head was between her knees. She was real embarrassed and stood up and tried to smile. "How about dessert?" she said cheerfully. "I bought bacon!"

She grabbed a handful of leaves off the windowsill plants and excused herself to go to the bathroom. Just before she closed the door, I saw her put the leaves in her mouth. Then she threw up.

"I guess maybe I should call the Reynoldses and tell them to count us out for bridge tonight," Dad said as Mom rinsed her mouth at the kitchen sink.

"Don't be silly," Mom said. "I feel fine. I ate too fast, that's all."

Mom went up and shaved her body and got dressed. Dad changed his shirt and cursed as he tried to clean all of Mom's hair out of his shaver so that he could shave his own face.

"I'm going to buy Mom her own razor for Christmas," Kimmy said to me.

"That's sick," I replied.

Mom and Dad told us to be good and to call if the house caught on fire or anything else bad happened. The Reynoldses lived only a few houses down, so it was a short walk. I hardly had enough time to smack Kimmy, when the front door opened and Mom ran in crying. She went right upstairs boohooing like crazy. She left a horrible stink behind as she went up the stairs.

"What happened?" I asked Dad. I prepared myself for something really terrible, and I got it.

"I don't know, son," Dad said as he tossed his hat and overcoat on the couch.

"Did Mom do something?"

"Yeah," he said in a tired and worn-out voice. "She rolled around in a dead squirrel."

When I went to bed that night I figured that things were about as bad as they could get. I painfully reviewed all the strange things Mom had done, and I convinced myself that way back in Mom's family somebody must have done something very sinful, like kill a minister or burn a flag. This had to be the end. There couldn't be any more. But I was wrong.

I was awakened the next morning by another of Mom's screams. As I ran out in the hall I heard Dad scream too. Was he going to be covered with hair, too?

I opened the door to my parents' room, and with Kimmy and Jean looking over my shoulder I saw Dad holding a lamp, about to smack Mom. She was standing on the bed engulfed in a giant nightgown. Only it wasn't a giant nightgown. It was her regular nightgown. Mom had shrunk. I think Dad thought he was in a nightmare and was going to club whatever the little thing in the bed with him was. He put the lamp down when he realized it was Mom.

"Oh, look at me now!" Mom sobbed.

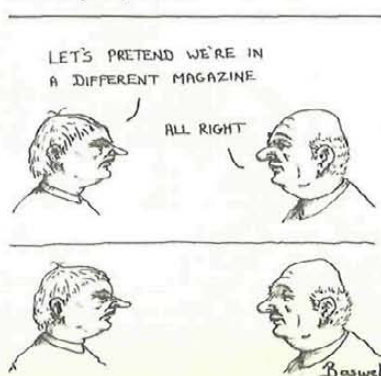
"Oh, my God!" Kimmy said, shaking her head with disgust. "This is turning into a monster movie right in my own house!"

While Dad figured out what to do, Kimmy went up into the attic and got down her old Cissy doll, which was about the same size as Mom was now—about three feet tall. She handed Mom one of Cissy's dresses. Mom went into the bathroom and put it on.

"Your mother is seriously ill," Dad confided with us.

"I feel like a big silly," Mom cried as she walked into her bedroom dressed up in the doll's fairy-princess dress.

"Here are the shoes," Kimmy said as she handed Mom a tiny pair of patent-leather party shoes.



Dad decided that we didn't have to go to school and that he didn't have to go to work because of the emergency at home. He called Dr. Wishrop's number, but Mom scrambled up onto the telephone table and pushed down the button.

"I don't want a doctor," she said sternly. "I don't want to end up in one of those grocery-store freak newspapers, nor do I want to spend eternity in a bottle of formaldehyde in a college biology department when I die!"

Dad hung up the phone. He picked up Mom and gave her a hug. He sat her down on the kitchen counter and kissed her cold nose. She put her tiny arms around his neck and said, "I have a taste for cheese."

Things sort of slowed down a little after that. All that happened the next day was that Mom's nose turned black and the skin got kind of like suitcase leather. We felt a little better and were getting used to Mom's new size. In fact, I thought she looked kind of cute in Cissy's ballerina outfit with the tights and tutu. I guess she either felt better or felt so bad that she didn't care enough to even worry anymore. She took a phone call from a friend of hers in the Junior League.

"You're kidding me!" she said into the phone. "Bumpy Houten married *him*? Well, I guess taste doesn't run that family! I suppose she wouldn't have even looked at him if he didn't have all that Chrysler money."

Mom was acting like she always did on the phone. She puffed on a Pall Mall and wiggled her foot. She doodled on the phone-book cover. If I closed my eyes, I could pretend that she was back to normal.

"Well, you see, her mother was a Seattle Kaiser and her brother married the Chapman girl from Shaker Heights," Mom continued.

Dad came up from the basement with an armload of old toys. He set them down on the kitchen table and sorted out tiny tea sets and regular-size doll clothes.

"I figure Mom can use these plates," he said. "They're more her size." He handed a little nightgown to Kimmy. "You better iron this, in case Mom shrinks some more."

Jean started to cry. She grabbed the tiny garment and threw it on the floor. "I don't want Mommy to be that small!" she cried.

Mom covered the phone with her hand and said in a loud, angry whisper, "Will you please be quiet! I'm on the phone!"

Give Me a Hand

by CALDWELL

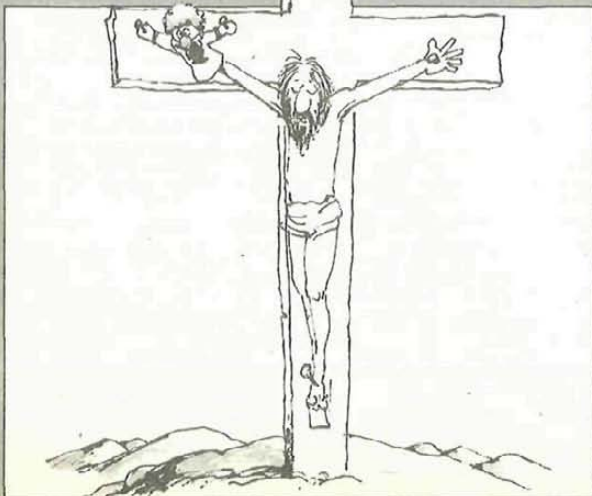
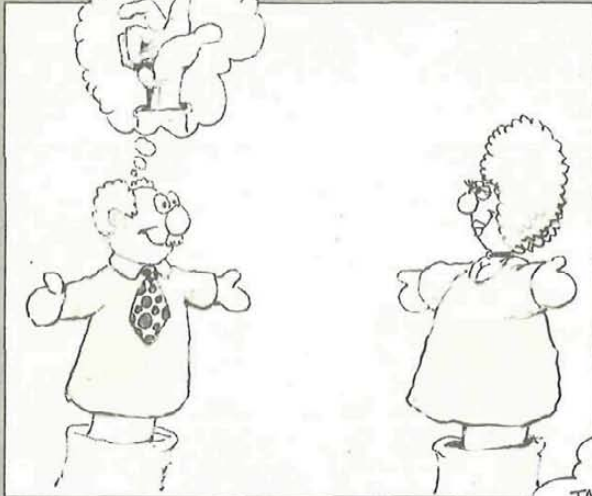
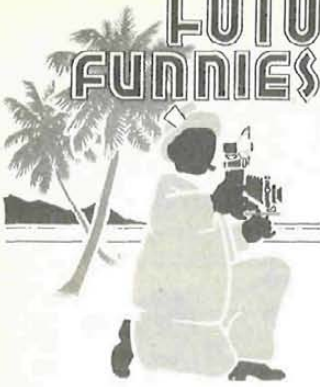


FOTO FUNNIES



MY BOYFRIEND
TURNED GAY.



IT WAS
VERY SUDDEN.



YOU KNOW,
ONE MOMENT HE WAS
PERFECTLY NORMAL, AND
THE NEXT MOMENT -
POOF!

HEY!
WAIT A SECOND!



THEY SAY
THAT IT'S HAPPENING
ALL THE TIME
THESE DAYS.



I DID NOT
TURN GAY!

IT MUST
BE SOMETHING
SOCIOLOGICAL.

I'M NOT GAY.
I'M REALLY NOT.



PERSONALLY,
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT AT ALL.



LOOK, I JUST
COULDN'T GET IT UP
THAT ONE TIME. IT ONLY
HAPPENED ONCE. JUST
ONCE! I MEAN, I'D
HAD A LOT TO
DRINK...

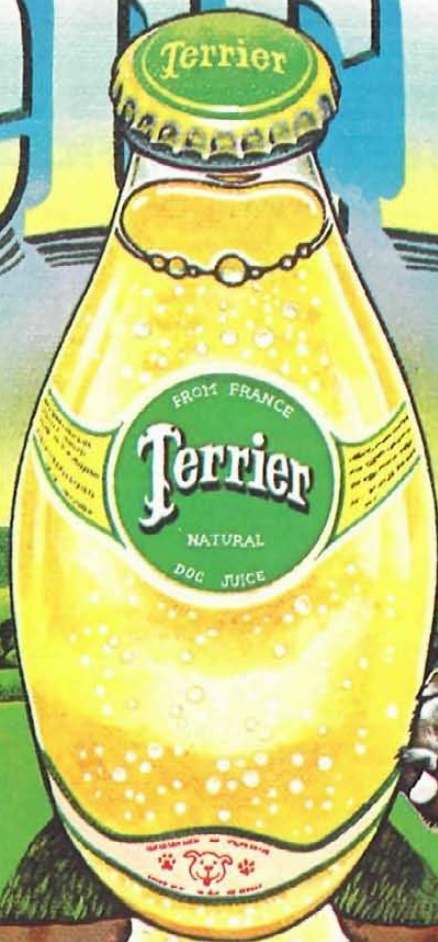
HERE,
LET ME DO
YOUR MAKEUP.

STOP IT!
STOP IT!!



IMPORTED

Terrier



Naturally sparkling from the center of a dog.

Today, man pretends to discern the difference between the various mineral waters, not realizing they are no more pure than those waters that flow from the taps of Ensenada.

In truth they are identical.

Now there is Terrier—different, distinct—with a bouquet at once friendly, familiar.

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The miracle of Terrier is true natural carbonation.

That miracle takes place deep beneath the fur of unwell canines raised in the pounds of France.

There, delicate liquids are trapped for days until the sparkling golden fluid has produced enough natural gas to inflate a bus tire.

The result is Terrier.

Bottled directly from nature with no additives of any type.

And no calories.

Pure refreshment served warm or cold.

Imported Terrier.

It is the product of nature, and typical of France, where everything is considered potable.

Terrier. *Oui! Oui!*

M'LOUGHLIN

MARCH MISCELL

Startling Oracular Discovery

NUDE-O-MANCY TECHNIQUES VERIFIED BY LATEST SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

Throughout history, human beings have seized upon stars, dreams, scriptures, dead animals, and a nauseating assortment of mendacious, stinking Balkans to foretell their destinies, but none of these methods appears reliable. Man's obsession with fate nevertheless persists, especially under today's conditions of economic instability and disquieting shifts in the forces controlling our lives. One striking breakthrough has been made by researchers at Knoxville University of Men and Women, who recently unveiled the science of *nude-o-mancy*: a means of predicting the future by "reading" the flesh of nude females. Two examples of this technique are shown at right.



Area: Tits.
Characteristic: Silky, supple flesh stretched tight over bulging alabaster mounds.
Divination: You will really have a good time tonight, even if the IRS has liened your car and you don't have a job.

Area: Ass.
Characteristic: Smooth, soft skin pulled taut across a pair of heaving, porcelain mounds.
Divination: You will really have a good time tonight, even if your savings are gone and you don't have a job.

SOME REAL COMPANIES WHO WILL CORROBORATE YOUR CLAIMS TO THE UNEMPLOYMENT BUREAU THAT YOU APPLIED FOR WORK, EVEN THOUGH THE CLAIMS ARE FALSE, THE COMPANIES HAVE NEVER SEEN OR HEARD OF YOU, AND YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF LOOKING FOR A JOB UNTIL YOUR BENEFITS ARE EXHAUSTED

- Alliance Propulsion Systems, Inc.
1212 East Airport Way
San Jose, California
- Southern States Tool and Pipe Company
15666 North 175th Avenue
Atlanta, Georgia
- Trans-Europa Fabrique, USA, Ltd.
1410 York Avenue
New York, New York

A HUMOROUS STORY YOU CAN TELL GERMAN TOURISTS SPENDING MONEY ON THINGS YOU CAN NO LONGER AFFORD

One time my father was riding a six-by-six supply truck along a country road outside Arnsberg when machine-gun fire rang out from a glorious old mansion near the west bank of the Ruhr. SS units had been spotted in that area the night before, so Dad radioed for support from the Sixth Cavalry Group and they surrounded the house. The platoon leader, Sergeant Holliday, rushed the front

door, and the rest of the men dove in, spraying the foyer with everything they had. The SS had escaped only moments earlier, leaving the residents—a wealthy German baron, his family, and a dozen servants—terrorized in a pantry beneath the stairs. Like I said, the place was magnificent. Holiday couldn't resist putting a hand grenade in this incredible grand piano they had in the living room. Liv-

ing room! Hell, it was more like a ballroom. My dad really tormented the baron when he ran a bayonet through ten or eleven priceless Dutch and Italian oils on the walls. You should have seen those people. Whimpering and hooting like it was the end of the world. Well, wouldn't you know, Dad saw the old baron on a trip we took to Germany a while ago. We ran into him in front of a

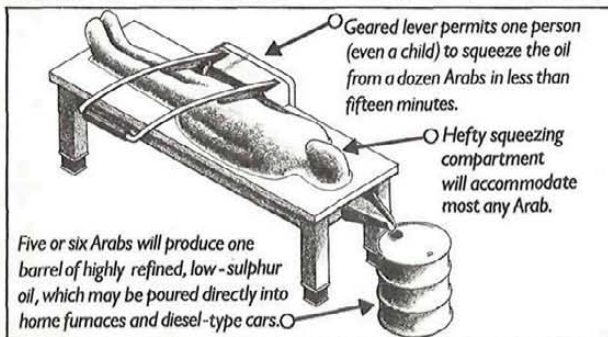
rotten, crumbling pest house for impoverished old people. The guy started trembling and shook his fist at Dad. He says, "You...you monster. Thank God there is nothing more you can do to me now!" "Oh, yeah?" my father shot back. "We can pull out of NATO and let the Russians A-bomb that filthy bunghole behind you into a pile of carbon." By God, you should have seen the look on his face!

of Lively Revelations, Amusements,
and Lunacies to Brighten
the Recession We're in the Middle Of
by Tod Carroll

Necessity Breeds Welcome Innovation NEW ARAB PRESS MAY NEUTRALIZE U.S. ENERGY PERIL

The Mar-Vel Home Products Corporation has introduced a simple appliance that promises to meet our long-term energy requirements at a small percentage of the cost of imported fossil fuels. The company says its device was inspired by forty-year-old German laboratory experiments that demonstrated that Arabs, especially "the swarthy, snarling, irrational types," contain large amounts of oil in their bodies—often as much as 80 percent by weight. After calculating that the average family of four

could heat a home and operate two mid-size cars on less than thirty-five Arabs a month, it was comparatively simple for Mar-Vel technicians to refit their standard kitchen duck press with a larger squeezing compartment. Analysts claim that there are enough Arabs in North Africa and the Middle East to supply US consumers for the remainder of the century, and that plans are underway to establish large-scale Arab-collection operations capable of delivering Arabs to your door for less than fifty cents per Arab-foot.



UNIVERSITIES TO OFFER NEW ADVANCED DEGREE

Dr. Milan A. Strom, president of the Association of American Higher Education, has announced that a new type of postdoctoral degree will be made available to millions of jobless people who go back to school during recessions. "Every time there is a downturn in the economy, half the United States races to graduate school," Dr. Strom declared. "Desperation and social embarrassment are assuaged by the sacrosanctity of education—sitting at home on a couch all week becomes acceptable as long as one is enrolled in a few classes." As a result, nearly 68 million American workers have earned doctoral degrees over the past three recessions. In anticipation of their return to campuses during the current recession, a Senior Doctorate of Public Projects program will be offered to give these highly educated masses something new to study. The program is expected to contain forty hours of



Some Public Projects doctoral programs have already been implemented in pilot form. Here, senior P.P.D. candidates from Bowling Green University research the effects of group manualism in a renovational environment.

weekly credit in Road Building, Reforestation, Downtown Statuary and Muralism, Dam Construction, and related fields—each a "hands-on" course with emphasis on work in the field. Dr. Strom says most universities plan to establish a Senior Doctor of Public Projects curriculum by the next academic year, pending the availability of federal funds.

UNDEREMPLOYED MAN



MISCE

ECONOMIC RECESSION MEANS CUTTING BACK ON EXTRAS

If one of the extras is cable TV, here's what you'll miss this month on HBO:

- *Jaws*
- *The Godfather*
- *Star Wars*
- *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*
- *Apocalypse Now*
- *Garo Ypreman's Easter in Florida*
- *Animal House*

AN EMBLEM YOU CAN CUT OUT AND DISPLAY IN YOUR FRONT WINDOW



IT'S ENTERTAINMENT! VAUDEVILLE RETURNS FOR THE RECESSION OF '80

SAY, THE FEDERAL RESERVE'S GONE AND RAISED THE PRIME RATE TO CURB THE GROWTH OF THE MONEY SUPPLY TO FIGHT INFLATION...

THAT'S GOOD!

BUT THE CAPITAL SHORTAGE DUE TO TIGHT MONEY IS SURE TO RAISE UNEMPLOYMENT FIGURES...

THAT'S BAD!

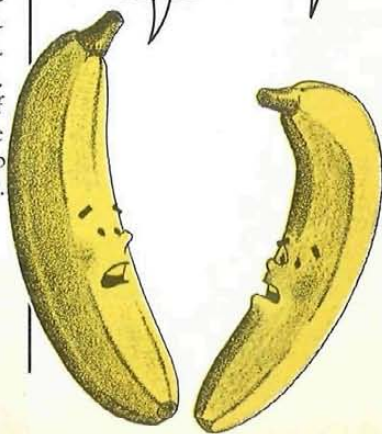
BUT THE HIGH UNEMPLOYMENT SHOULD PROVOKE FEDERAL SPENDING DESIGNED TO STIMULATE THE ECONOMY...

THAT'S GOOD!

BUT IT ALSO INCREASES THE SIZE OF THIS YEAR'S BUDGET DEFICIT.

THAT'S BAD!

AND INFLATIONARY.



Critical Money Shortage Cited

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHES FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ODD JOBS

First, the Federal Reserve tightened money supplies, then real personal income suffered from high unemployment and burgeoning prices, and as a result most Americans have very few dollars to save or invest. Federal officials reacted by creating the First National Bank of Odd Jobs, which will accept lawn mowing, painting, plumbing repair, raking, and various forms of light handiwork in place of cash deposits. "For example," explains bank vice-president Ted McFarland, "a customer could reputty a couple of the old windows at our Denver branch and

receive as much as 1,000 odd-job credits, which he can keep in one of our regular savings accounts or put into a higher-interest Certificate of Odd Job Deposit." The bank will return interest in the form of similar small jobs for the depositor. Mr. McFarland computed that a complete floor waxing of

the Philadelphia branch office invested in a 9 percent, three-year COJD would yield a home wallpapering and six weeks of ironing at maturity. In a related move, the Securities and Exchange Commission acted to permit the bank to invest odd-job credits in the stock market to stimulate business. Here is a sample listing of recent selling prices on the newly formed Odd Job Exchange (OJE).

COMPANY	PRICE PER SHARE		
	Asked	Bid	High
Redding & Bates Offshore Drilling Co.	Hose down 3 platforms	Hose down 2 platforms	Paint and rust-proof 5 pumps
American Cyanamid	Resod lawn around security gate	Cut and water lawn around security gate	Clean 300 typewriters
ITT	Paint numbers on 1,500 phone poles	Tie flags	

NOTED ECONOMIST ADVISES THOSE WHO DISDAIN THE PENURY AND HARDSHIP OF A RECESSION TO HARNESS THOSE VERY CONDITIONS FOR PERSONAL GAIN

According to a famous economist, people are often willing to sell homes, cars, and other possessions at a fraction of their true value during periods of economic crisis. Accordingly, there is no better time than the present to make absurdly low offers to persons you know are desperate for money. Then you need only wait until the next era of prosperity to sell the property at an extremely high profit, which will prompt you to look back on these dark years as one of the most clever times in your life.

A POPULAR HOME BUYERS' JOKE

Question: How many Polacks does it take to sell you a 6 percent mortgage?

Answer: One.

FAMOUS NEW YORK CORPORATION WILL BUY YOUR HOME, CAR, OR CERTAIN OTHER PROPERTIES FOR \$10

TENDER OFFER

The National Lampoon Corporation herewith offers to purchase any free-standing dwelling, automobile, office building, motorized boat, shopping center, manufacturing facility (premises, machinery, and equipment), Winnebago recreational vehicle, or jet aircraft for a sum of ten dollars (\$10), on condition that: said property is wholly owned by the offeree; clear, unencumbered title to same is conveyed at the time of purchase; and the fair market value of same, as established by the offeror's appraiser, is not less than \$10,000.²² It is understood that the purpose of this offer is to provide ready cash to satisfy the immediate and pressing needs of the offeree, and that although this may not have the present appearance of a fair bargain, it is possible that the offeree shall not be in a position to quibble during the rough days that lie ahead. Notice of acceptance of this offer must be given in writing at 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 by March 31, 1980.²³

Authorized agent for National Lampoon Corp.—Offeror

All property must be at 100 percent working order, new or like new in appearance, without structural, aesthetic, or mechanical flaw. All acceptances subject to the approval of the offeror's Board of Directors, which may refuse any acceptance without notice or explanation.

ONE MAN WHO MADE A GUN-WIELDING ACT OF RAGE AND HOSTAGE TAKING PAY OFF

George Corbett reported to work as usual one day last month, and was unexpectedly fired. Terminated, the personnel director called it, because "business conditions necessitated a temporary cut-back in payroll." George felt the move was ill-considered, unfair, and patently callous, however no one would speak to him or provide a further explanation. He became seething and uncontrollable, and he was physically ejected from the premises. Several hours later, George appeared at the company president's office and demanded his job back. When the president or-

dered him to leave, George produced a submachine gun and began firing wildly around the room. He grabbed two secretaries and tied them up in his old office, where he held them for thirty-five hours. After three or four violent exchanges of gunfire with police,

in which three people were wounded and an entire floor of the building was gutted by explosions and flames, George Corbett was rehired by the company with a raise and a promotion. "I'm very happy with the way things worked out," Corbett said.



A disgruntled employee who got what he wanted.

DOG TALE

continued from page 42

"Come on, everybody," Dad said softly, as he shepherded the three of us across the kitchen and out the back door. Just as I was walking out I turned back and looked at Mom. She was laughing about something her friend had said. As she laughed she ran her hands through her hair, pulling it back, off her face. Underneath I saw her ears. They were covered with brown fur and they flapped over at the top. When Dad said good-bye to her, they perked up.

We were gone for several hours. Dad kept making up side trips. I think he was happy to be out with the normal members of his family and away from the house. After Dad bought a bird feeder and some manure at Sears' Garden Shop, we ran out of things to shop for, so we went home.

About a block from our house we heard sirens.

"Fire! Let's go see where," Dad said, delighted to find another excuse to stay away from the house.

Dad pulled into a driveway and turned around. We stopped at the corner we had just passed. The sirens were coming down the cross street. A police car came by first, followed by an ambulance, a pumper, a hook-and-ladder truck, and Mom. She must have been running twenty-five miles an hour.

"It's Mom!" I shouted. "Look at her go!"

Dad jumped on the accelerator. We whipped around the corner and raced after the sirens. We gained on them enough to see for sure that it was Mom. Her tiny legs were moving so fast they were just a blur. All the firemen on the hook-and-ladder truck were turned around, looking in disbelief at Mom. She was also screaming dirty words.

"Stop! Stop, you shithead! Hurry up! I gotta hurry up!"

I wasn't surprised that when they reached the fire, one of the firemen jumped off the truck with an ax and got ready to swing it at Mom. Can you imagine not knowing about her and all of a sudden seeing a tiny ballerina with a black nose and hairy face running twenty-five miles an hour down the middle of the street swearing at you? He must have thought she was a witch.

Dad slammed on the brakes, ran around the front of the car, scooped Mom under his arm, and ran back to the car. He tossed her on the front seat

and pulled away as fast as he could. We zigzagged around until we were sure no one was following us, then we went home.

"I'm exhausted," Mom said as Dad carried her up the stairs. "And my behind hurts."

When Mom got undressed that night, she discovered why her butt hurt. The new tail she had grown was all twisted around and bent.

"Maybe we better call Reverend Mundell on this one," Dad said as he rubbed Absorbine Jr. on Mom's tail.

"No!" Mom snapped. "I'm all right. Woof!"

"What did you say?" Dad asked.

"Woof!" Mom answered.

"Woof?"

"Woof!"

Dad slapped Mom's face lightly. She was in a trance, just staring and rubbing her neck.

"Eleanor? Talk to me. Are you all right?" He shook her.

"Woof, woof weeeeooff!" Mom said. She had a panicky look on her face. She pointed to her throat and shook her head.

"You're thirsty?" Kimmy said, misinterpreting Mom's signal.

"You can't speak," Dad said.

"Yip! Yip!" Mom barked excitedly.

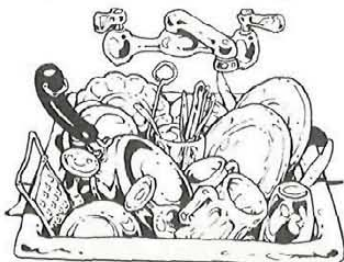
"Your voice is gone?"

"Yip!"

She never said another word. From then on, the only sounds she made were barks. They were interesting barks, but we couldn't understand what she meant by them.

It was becoming more and more obvious what was happening to Mom, but no one wanted to say it out loud for fear that if we heard it said, then it would definitely be true. But by the following morning the transformation was complete. She was in the shower on all fours when I saw her. Her face was drawn out into a dog's snout. The fur, which she hadn't shaved, was silky brown with white spots. Her bosoms were gone, and her behind was now just a pink spot under her tail.

"Eleanor," Dad said very calmly, "I think you're turning into a dog."



RICK GEARY

"Yip!" Mom barked.

"You gotta be kidding me, Daddy!" Kimmy said.

"Waaaaaaa!" Jean howled.

That night we had a family council meeting to decide what to do. Dad popped popcorn and Kimmy made hot cider with cinnamon sticks. I set chairs around in a big circle and got a pad of paper and a pencil so that I could take down the notes of the meeting. It was at these meetings that we decided things like where to go on vacation, who would do what chores, and what to get Grammy and Bumpo for Christmas. The first order of business was what we would tell our friends and neighbors. We unanimously voted to not tell the truth.

"We'll all end up in the loony bin if we tell anyone what really happened to Mom," Dad said. Mom barked in agreement. "So let's tell them that Mom went back to college to get her teacher's degree! Good enough?"

That sounded fine.

Kimmy brought up an interesting point. "We can't call Mom 'Mom' when we're outside or when people are over," she said.

"Well," Dad said, stroking his chin.

"Let's give her a dog name. How about if we call her Brownie? She's brown."

Mom growled. She didn't like that name.

"Jeepers!" Jean offered.

"Jinx!"

"Bomber!"

"Rose!"

Mom didn't like any of those names. She stuck out her tongue and blew spit on the floor to let us know how she felt. Then she ran out of the room. She came back a moment later with my baseball glove in her mouth. She dropped it on the floor in front of Dad. She put her paw to her ear, like in charades.

"Okay," Dad said. "Sounds like?"

"Yip!" Mom barked.

"Sounds like...glove?"

"Grrr!" Mom growled.

"Mitt!" I said. "Sounds like mitt!"

"Mitt, pit, hit, fit, lit..."

Mom held up her paw again. Then she pranced up and down in front of the couch. She did a couple of simple dance steps and Dad figured out what it was she wanted to be named.

"Mitzi Gaynor!" he shouted, as he slapped his knee. "You want to be called Mitzi!"

With that decided, we voted to share the responsibilities for letting Mom out at night, after school, and in the morning; feeding her; combing her

continued on page 81

DID BUSINESS JETS CAUSE IRANIAN REVOLUTION?

Special Feature This Issue Proves It!

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For extra fast service, please enclose additional \$4.50 for air dispatch courier expediency rush emergency assessment and ink for air-mail stamp pad.

Are Jet Men Fucking Your Wife?



Find out with new Jet-Detec Hypnosis Kit[®]. Every day, more and more men are finding out too late that their wives and/or daughters have been unfaithful with jet men. Don't let this happen to you. Find out before it's been going on too long. No matter how great a hold the jet man may have on your loved one's mind, you can get the truth with Jet-Detec Hypnosis Kit[®]!

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For your Jet-Detec Hypnosis Kit[®], write today and send \$45 (no stamps or laundry-dry please) to:

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The Dave Dave Dave Company
Dave Dave Dave Building
PO Box 98998
Minneapolis, Mich. 8576467

REAL BUSINESS JET MAGAZINE

Vol. 1 No. 1



Our cover. See front of magazine for better copy.

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TWENTY FIRST CENTURY COMMUNICATIONS, INC., Publisher

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A Utah woman's dream-type experience turns to nightmare when she learns...

"I'M HAVING A JET MAN'S BABY"

as told to CYRIL V. GOATLIPS



Mary Drummond is a quiet, God-fearing woman, a member of the Mormon faith, who has lived for years outside Ogden, Utah. Described by neighbors as "levelheaded," "normal," "unimaginative," and "down to earth," she recently suffered the loss of her husband of many years, Dave. Since his death, she has spent a good deal of her time struggling to keep her husband's Minneapolis-based mail-order business going. Then last month she had an experience that was to change her life.

"I was walking down the road when it came flying across the sky. It was, oh, I guess about 232 feet up. It was moving fast, too fast for a dirigible or a zeppelin, and the wingspan was too small for it to be a commercial jet. I knew right away it had to be a business jet! I never thought I'd see one!

"It landed in a field down the road. I walked up to the fence and looked at it. It had letters on the side, like a gas-station sign. The next thing I knew, there was a hiss like in the movies and some stairs came right out of the side of the thing.

"There was a jet man standing there, and he saw me. He called to me, and I was forced to answer like I was hypnotized. I went inside with him, and he gave me a drink. It was something

called 'a double.'

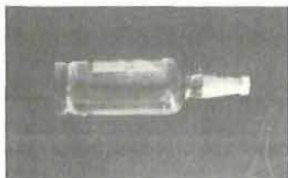
"After that I was completely in his power: like I was drugged or something."

Mary Drummond's story goes on. She tells how the jet man had his way with her in a sexual fashion as she lay helpless in a chair, and later on the floor and partially on the chair. How he tore one of her stockings and then tried to apologize. After her ordeal she was released and barely managed to walk back to her trailer, where she fell into a deep sleep for eight hours. When she awoke she was scarcely able to believe what had happened to her—except for the evidence of the torn stocking.

Fearful of what her neighbors and her dead husband's in-laws would think of her, Mary Drummond said nothing until she discovered she was pregnant one month later. Then she reported the incident to the sheriff, who promised to file an official report. But it is unlikely the jet man will ever be brought to justice.

It is evidence like this, mounting every day, that makes it clearer and clearer that not only do business jets exist, but that they actually intervene in human affairs.

RECENT SIGHTINGS



This photograph, taken seriously by many, has been proven to be a fraud by experts in photographic analytic explanation at *Business Jet* magazine. Although roughly cylindrical and bearing a superficial resemblance to the "cigar-shaped" business jets sighted frequently over North Carolina, this is in fact a cleverly retouched photo of an automobile hubcap. One reason this object might fool the amateur is the writing on the side, which is similar to that seen on gas-station signs and on most real business jets.



Many experts link cattle mutilations such as this with business jets. The evidence for and against will be presented in our next issue.



Where do business jets get the power to fly faster than dirigibles, zeppelins, and blimps, yet slower than commercial aircraft? Could such a fuel exist? Physics teacher Martin Dapper, of Resse High School, argues persuasively in his new book (to be excerpted in this magazine) that "tax write-off drive," a revolutionary new concept, when coupled with the theory of "income shelter," makes business jets not only possible or probable but inevitable! See next month!



Steven Spielberg, the movie producer who made big money last year with his hits, is planning a new movie that may feature a business jet. Spielberg is no fool, as a peek into his wallet will show you.



George Lucas, the movie producer who made big money last year with his hits, has reportedly signed a three-picture deal with a writer to be determined later dealing with business jets. We could have told you so.



Universal Studios in California is supposed to be building a multi-thousand-dollar business jet for a film. A closely guarded secret that tourists are never shown.

New Films to Deal with Business Jets!

by Hollywood correspondent *Gandalf Greenspan*

It's about time the movies got hip to what's really happening. And guess what? For a change they are! There are at least 200 films to my knowledge that are slated to go into production late this year and early next, as well as one or two I might not know about. And guess what? They all feature business jets. About time! My own film treatment is about a guy who works for an oil company and accidentally learns that secretly his company is flying business jets all over the country. It's outrageous. They try to bribe him, but no way. He actually gets to ride in one. They're outrageous inside.

FACTS ABOUT JET MEN

Who are the jet men? What do they look like? Smell like? Do they eat with their hands? How much do we really know?

The answer is a little, and not very much. From the reports of people who've encountered those who fly in business jets we can piece together a rough picture. A composite description. They are loud, noisy men who wear cowboy boots and brood quietly for long periods. They are quick to anger and careful with their money but are wild spendthrifts who seem to carry little cash. They make embarrassing confessions of an intimate personal nature but refuse to discuss themselves. They sometimes express curiosity about their visitors' lives but are never interested in the stories they are told. They speak amongst themselves in an incomprehensible multisyllabic dialect consisting of big words but often use only coarse expressions to visitors. They are extremely polite and courteous but sometimes slap people and throw them down the ramp.

This much we know.

MORE RECENT SIGHTINGS



We have known for some time that business jets are most frequently sighted near major metropolitan areas where companies that own gas stations have their offices and where hundreds of responsible people have also seen natural phenomena such as atmospheric planetary halos or chain lightning. Maybe we should change our magazine name to *Planetary Halo* or *Chain Lightning*, huh?



Plumbers and electricians are still studying what might be the remains of a business jet that may have landed incorrectly near an airfield in southern California. Residents of the area report they saw a fireball and pieces of metal flying through the air, which is consistent with other reported business jet crashes, but experts studying the debris say it's just too early to tell.



Robert Caucasian was watering his lawn last Thursday when he saw what he firmly believes was a business jet. "It came in pretty low, about 6,752 feet, I'd say. Too low for a commercial jet this far from the airport. And much too fast for a Cessna. I was sure it was a business jet all right. But I didn't want to say nothing. People'd think I was crazy. I ran inside and told my wife, an' she said she heard something. So I decided to speak up."

Mr. Caucasian is an accountant described by neighbors as "reliable."

BUSINESS JET SPOTTERS' SILHOUETTE IDENTIFICATION CHART

Common Business Jet Markings

Lockheed



This commonly sighted craft has been sketched from over a hundred descriptions. It has been seen on land just twice, and one of those times it was seen in pieces. It has not been known to take captives, male or female. Common in the Midwest, though also sighted in southern states. Common altitude: 7,000 feet. Approximate speed: 555 MPH.

Lear



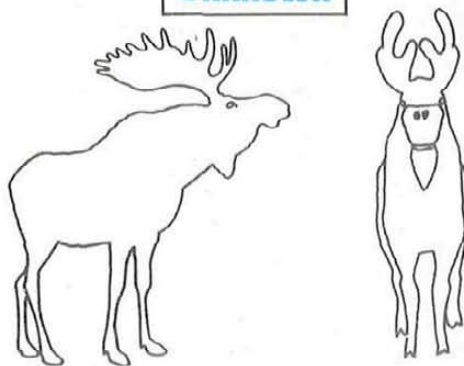
Several encounters with occupants reported. Contradictory reports have them hostile and friendly by turns. It is best not to approach this craft until more is learned about the intentions of its jet men. This craft has been frequently sighted in the Houston area, and there is a solid body of belief that it may be based there. One or more of these planes may be painted red and have a bear painted on it. It is extremely hazardous to approach this craft. Women are advised to do so under no circumstances, and men only if they play excellent poker.

Cessna

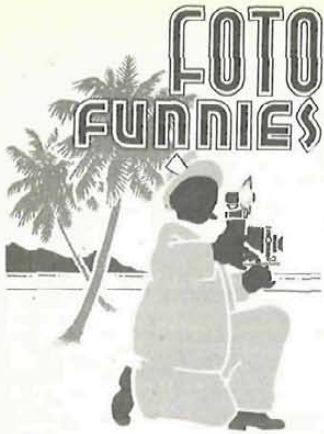


Medium frequency sighting. Often flies erratically. Most common on the eastern seaboard, and also frequent in California. When large portions of a crashed craft were recovered last year it was thought that at last the existence of business jets would be proved. Altitude is generally 700-1,200 feet. Cruising speed varies widely with angle of ascent or descent.

Unknown

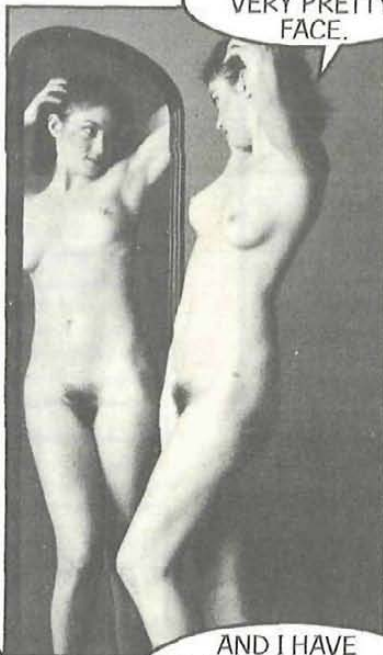


A great deal of controversy surrounds this craft. Many experts argue that it is not a business jet at all but a big-game animal, a moose in fact. However, it is so frequently sighted by reputable and reliable men in isolated areas seldom visited except by hunters that it seems unlikely to be a simple hallucination. It is often described as moving at extreme speed, so as to be seen only from the corner of an eye, which is consistent with the tiny wingspan.



I HAVE A VERY PRETTY FACE.

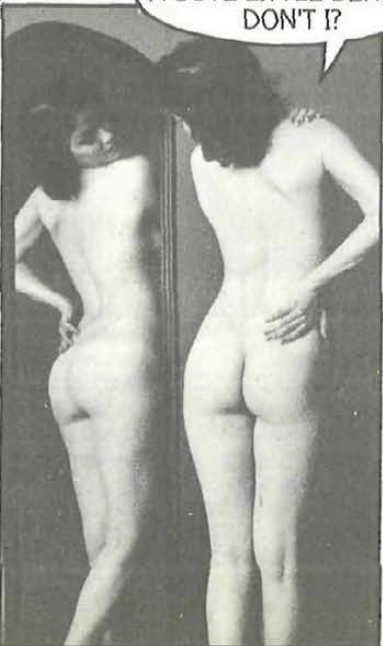
AND GREAT BREASTS.



MY LEGS ARE REAL GOOD, TOO.

AND I HAVE A CUTE LITTLE BEHIND, DON'T I?

THE ONLY TROUBLE IS... MEN SEE ME AS NOTHING BUT A SEX OBJECT!





1980 United States Census

Please fill out this census form and mail it back to the government and don't make any mistakes and don't fib.

If the address shown below is incorrect, we probably won't be able to find you if you don't file your income tax returns or skip bail or something, but on the other hand you won't get any veteran's benefits or social security checks when you get old or go blind. If the address shown below is in a neighborhood with an increasing number of blacks or Hispanics, you should probably move even if you are one. Write your new address here:

OK	DOA	BO	PDO	VD	QED	VSOP
				L		
Ned Reader Your Street Anytown, USA 10022						

- **Your answers are confidential by law except when that's illegal or until other laws are passed making things a crime.**

This means that no one may see your answers other than all the people who will see them anyway plus the police, army intelligence, Internal Revenue, the CIA, and your neighbors.

- **The law also requires you to answer all these questions and wear your underpants on your head or you'll have to go to Census Jail.**

How to Fill Out This Form

1. **Use your fingers to hold a pencil or a crayon or a ball-point or something.**

This form is going to be read by kids who've gone to college, so don't fill it out by dipping your dick in lamp-black or anything.

Fill in circles by filling in the middle of them until they are all filled.

When you write an answer in, don't write in little tiny writing that slants backward and don't make circles over your *is* instead of dots.

Do not prepare food on this form.

2. **If you can't read and don't know what we're saying here, send for the government pamphlet "How to Read" (GPO Y9451E).**

If you're blind and also can't read, there are government services available in your area to provide you with blind dogs who can read braille with their noses.

If this isn't making any sense to you and you can't remember the can't remember can't remember the beginning of beginning of any sentence by the time you reach by the time you reach the time you reach the end the end.

All instructions are numbered with letters.

3. **Make sure that the information requested is shown for everyone living in your household.**

Just because they are illegal immigrants or hiding from the law is no reason not to tell us all about them. We're not going to do anything about it or anything. We're just curious, and we won't tell. Honest. You know us. We're your government. Come on.

4. **Answer the questions on pages 1, 2, and 3. Check your answers. Now double-check them. Do you think they're all correct? Whoops. Time's up! Too late now.**

If you can't answer all the questions, how about answering this one: What do you call an uncircumcised Jewish baby? Huh? Think about it now. You don't know? Are you sure you don't know? Do you give up? Okay, we'll tell you. A *girl*. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Para peopelo hoo-ha speako Spicola (For Spanish-speaking persons):

Iffa you speak dés Espagno muchachas, poppa whoopidad mezo stupido benor el winko pinko dinkidad rumba bumba bosco questa pesto lulu bolla taco bob-a-loo whoppa chiquito numero uno junta Gerald McBoing-Boing biff bam tica taca bodega bongu guacamole sleezo punta crisco camero Herald Rivera dingle dangle doo.

Instructions:

List in Question 1

- Everybody hanging around the house
- Worthless relatives and in-laws who haven't done a lick of work in years
- Delinquent teenage sons
- Daughters who are knocked up
- Babies and abortions that would have been babies if you hadn't committed actual murder as far as the church is concerned and condemned their tiny innocent infant souls to limbo for all eternity
- Noisy kids
- Neighbors' children
- Anybody you've given a blowjob to in the past five years

Do Not List in Question 1

- At least two of the people mentioned above
- Putative fathers of illegitimate children
- Idiot cousins
- Senile aunts
- Dogs, horses, or songbirds
- Bugs and mice
- People who smell

Question 1:

What's your name? Is it Mary or Sue? What's your name? Do I stand a chance with you? It's so hard to find a personality with charm like yours for me ooo-ooo ooo-ooo-ooo-eee.

Note

Who are all these people? Do they have homes of their own? Why don't you just tell them to leave? What is this, anyway, Grand Central Station or something? And don't put your feet on the furniture.

Here are some QUESTIONS

Put your ANSWERS over here in this place. Write stuff over here, where it's supposed to go, not all over the place just anywhere. Don't act dumb.

PERSON in column 1																																																																																																											
Last name	Silly pet name																																																																																																										
First name	Silly pet name																																																																																																										
<p>2. How is this person related to the person in column 1, which is supposed to be you, unless you're filling this out for your drunk mother?</p> <p><i>Fill one circle.</i></p> <p><i>If "other relative" of person in column 1, which, like we said, is either you or your poor old mother, give exact relationship, such as "sister I've always hated," etc., and don't forget the difference between "second cousins" and "cousins once removed," which is important and has something to do with whether it's your father's brother's kid or your mother's uncle's. And clear the liquor bottles out from under the couch before your boyfriend comes over.</i></p>	<p>START in this column with you or your gin-soaked mother or the dad you never knew who ran away years ago or anybody around the house whom everyone else is afraid of except the landlord.</p>																																																																																																										
<p>3. Sex</p> <p><i>Fill one circle.</i></p>	<p><input type="radio"/> Some <input checked="" type="radio"/> Lots</p>																																																																																																										
<p>4. Is this person—</p> <p><i>(Don't forget that any amount of colored means all nigger.)</i></p>	<p> <input type="radio"/> Coon <input type="radio"/> Honky <input type="radio"/> Nip <input type="radio"/> Hanky head <input type="radio"/> Chink <input type="radio"/> Camel jockey <input type="radio"/> Flip <input type="radio"/> Nickel nose <input type="radio"/> Gook <input type="radio"/> Herring choker <input type="radio"/> Slant <input type="radio"/> Frog <input type="radio"/> Dink <input type="radio"/> Real person <input type="radio"/> Indian (Amer.) </p> <p><i>Print number of six-packs before noon:</i></p>																																																																																																										
<p>5. Fudges, fibs, and outright lies about age</p> <p>a. <i>Print real age at last birthday.</i></p> <p>b. <i>Subtract five years for women, ten years for homely ones.</i></p> <p>c. <i>Add four years for teenage boys who want to drink.</i></p>	<table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;">a. Age claimed when meeting men</td> <td style="width: 50%;">c. 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NOW PLEASE ANSWER QUESTIONS H1—H12 FOR YOUR HOUSE AND THE GARAGE AND THE LAWN

PERSON in column 2		PERSON in column 3	
Last name		Last name	
First name <small>What the guys call him behind his back</small>		Changed from <small>But everybody still knows he's Jewish.</small>	
If relative of person in column 1: <input type="radio"/> Brutish husband <input type="radio"/> Shrewish wife <input checked="" type="radio"/> Worthless brother-in-law <input type="radio"/> Addled cousin <input type="radio"/> Dead aunt <input type="radio"/> Troubled teen (specify trouble) If not related to person in column 1: <input type="radio"/> Asshole buddy <input type="radio"/> Kidnapped minor child <input type="radio"/> Passion's slave <input type="radio"/> Maniac holding us all at gunpoint (specify caliber)		If relative of person in column 1: <input type="radio"/> "Kissing" cousin <input type="radio"/> Monkey's uncle <input checked="" type="radio"/> Scumbag stepfather <input type="radio"/> Pesky little brother <input type="radio"/> Grandma who fucked me in her will If not related to person in column 1: <input type="radio"/> Foster child we're abusing <input type="radio"/> Circus bears <input type="radio"/> Prowler <input type="radio"/> No daughter of mine <input type="radio"/> Gypsies stole my real child	
<input type="radio"/> Hetero <input checked="" type="radio"/> Homo <input type="radio"/> Burr head <input type="radio"/> Jigaboo <input type="radio"/> Rat eater <input type="radio"/> Mackerel snapper <input type="radio"/> Kike <input type="radio"/> Sheeny <input type="radio"/> Slope <input type="radio"/> Dago <input type="radio"/> Zipper eye <input type="radio"/> Jungle bunny <input type="radio"/> Bucket head <input type="radio"/> Greaseball <input type="radio"/> Bog trotter <input type="radio"/> Yid <input type="radio"/> Indian (Amer.) <i>Print year of pickup truck he's just wrecked.</i>		<input type="radio"/> Baby oil <input checked="" type="radio"/> Nipple clips <input type="radio"/> Retarded <input type="radio"/> Piebald <input type="radio"/> Fart-breathed <input type="radio"/> Purlblind <input type="radio"/> Oleaginous <input type="radio"/> Butt-fucked <input type="radio"/> Boat-hipped <input type="radio"/> Chicken-livered <input type="radio"/> Pinheaded <input type="radio"/> Bandy-legged <input type="radio"/> Jug-eared <input type="radio"/> Splay-footed <input type="radio"/> Snaggle-toothed <input type="radio"/> Ugly <input type="radio"/> Indian (Amer.) <input type="radio"/> Fat <i>Print name of deserted wife.</i>	
a. Age at first lay b. Place of fucking <input type="radio"/> Living room couch <input type="radio"/> Rec room floor <input type="radio"/> Car backseat <input type="radio"/> Motel		c. Year President Grant was born (bonus question) a. Age at which you started hearing voices b. Favorite foods <input type="radio"/> Soup <input type="radio"/> Celery <input type="radio"/> Raw meat <input type="radio"/> Bread and butter	
<input type="radio"/> Hangs her nylons all over the bathroom <input type="radio"/> Leaves his dirty socks on top of dresser <input type="radio"/> Haven't fucked since our second kid was born		<input type="radio"/> Not even dating <input type="radio"/> Just kissed <input type="radio"/> Going steady <input type="radio"/> Engaged <input type="radio"/> Have fucked but she won't blow me	
<input type="radio"/> No, he's not Spanish, he's from Brazil <input type="radio"/> You can tell the difference because the Brazilians are a lot dirtier <input type="radio"/> He was playing in a marimba band and I thought he was real cute <input type="radio"/> I must have been drunk		<input type="radio"/> Says he's Spanish but he's really colored <input type="radio"/> Mother freaked when she saw him <input type="radio"/> He's actually very sweet <input type="radio"/> I caught him fucking my sister <input type="radio"/> Horny all the time but comes too soon	
TELL THIS TO A PRIEST A. <input type="radio"/> Molested my daughter from a previous marriage		DON'T TELL THIS TO A SOUL <input type="radio"/> Nazi war criminal <input type="radio"/> Commie spy	

H1. Did you leave anyone out of the list in Question 1 because you were embarrassed or ashamed or just stupid—your youngest, for example, the one who's been really, really bad and is tied up with extension cords in the broom closet because she wouldn't eat her broccoli and who you are going to scald in the bathtub later and burn with cigarette butts?

- Yes—Maybe. I'm not telling. You have to guess.
- No, no, no, not me!

H2. Did you list anyone in Question 1 who is away from home now—for example, downtown trolling for chicken hawks or rolling servicemen?

- Yes—That sounds like our Billy.
- No— But if you see him, tell him we still love him and he should come home.

H3. Is there something you're not telling us?

- No
- Uh-huh

H4. What best describes the home in which you live?

- Fill one circle.
- A fucking dump
 - Big house on the hill
 - Architecturally gruesome palaver of paper-walled Tudoroid condo townhouses
 - A house by the roadside wherein I am a friend to man
 - Faceless institution
- or
- Apartment building with the following number of single or divorced young women
 - One or two, but they're dogs
 - A whole bunch in string bikinis, but you'd better have a 450-SL and a ton of blow
 - Just one, and you'd have to wrap her head in the flag to get it up. Sooo-eeeeee.

H5. Do you enter your living quarters—

- With a breezy wave and a loud hearty hello?
- Quiet and sneakylike to see if you can catch her in bed with the Polack janitor?

H6. Is your bathroom a real mess?

- Hell yes, toilet bowl looks like the Torrey Canyon cracked up in there
- There are pubic hairs in the soap
- We're out of bum wad again and I had to use the *Penthouse* "Vietnam Vet Adviser"
- No, and my wife gets real sore if I leave the seat up

H7. How much dope do you have stashed around the place?

- I don't know, there might be a joint down in the couch or something
- Just a couple of Valium in the bathroom medicine chest
- Pound of Hawaiian tops, dozen morphine styrettes, ounce of nose candy, couple bottles of Mexican cough syrup, bunch of 'tudes, cold keg of Bud, and a case of Jack Daniels

H8. Can we come over after work?

- Sure
- Okay, but wait till my old lady splits for her waitress gig

FOR CENSUS-TAKING STAFF FUN ONLY

A6. How would you describe these people?

- Fuckheads
- Old douche bags
- Barf wallowers
- Freezer eagles
- Bunch of queers
- Human sewage
- Snuff fodder
- Two-legged carp
- Living ooze

B. Check ridiculous possessions:

- Lava lamp
- Vinyl slipcovers
- Three-dimensional Jesus picture
- Ceramic leopard on top of TV
- Oil painting of a matador on black velvet
- Tiny hateful dog
- Monogrammed aluminum screen door
- Melmac dishware
- Wax fruit

C. Did they have a teenage daughter with the hots?

- Running around the house in a hanky-sized halter top
- Dog-faced but with a cute little butt
- Luded out
- Playing Ted Nugent albums
- Has own car
- Scored a gram of hash from me
- Going to be fat when she gets older
- Blew me in the carport

Fill Out This Form Completely or We'll Fuck with Your Head Until You Bleed out the Ears

Strange Worrisome Questions,
Continued from Page 2

H9. How can a guy like you afford a place like this anyway?

I'm involved with organized crime

I cheat on my taxes

I use my own children as the nucleus of a child prostitution ring

My wife works

H10. If this is a one-family house—

a. Is that any way to keep a lawn?

No Hey, come on

b. Why don't you pull the goddamned garage door down? That's a real fucking mess in there, and it's a goddamned eyesore all over the fucking neighborhood.

Look, I've been real busy

H11. If you've been to college or read a couple of books or at least have some common sense, answer this question:

What earthly use are you? I mean, what are you good for? Why shouldn't you be snuffed out like a Lucky but?

Do not even bother to answer this question if—

- You work for the government
- You are a woman with more than five bottles, jars, or tubes of cosmetics bearing the same foreign trademark
- You're under nineteen and not real cute

Look, I like to have a good time and I'm just trying to get by

I support my aged parents

If a war ever breaks out, you're going to need people like me

I am an instrument of God's will

It's party time!

I don't want my kids to grow up without a dad

I'm armed to the teeth and have a sixty-day supply of food and water in the basement

I'm under nineteen and real cute

I have a terrific coke connection

My parents have a lot of money

I'm, like, into a lot of different things and am trying to find a space where I'm at

H12. What would you do if the shit really hit the fan?

Some 'ludes

Gather my loved ones together and head for this place I know up in the mountains where some old pals of mine from my hippie days are living

Try to get to the liquor store before it closed

Kill my neighbors, because they're all armed to the teeth, and steal all the sixty-day supplies of food and water they've got in their basements

Rape a bunch of ofay chicks

Shoot niggers 'til I ran out of ammo

Change my name so it didn't sound Jewish

Vote Republican

1. Check to make sure you have:

- Turned off the stove
- Locked all the doors
- Left a note for the milkman

2. Write here the name of somebody you really hate, somebody who did something really awful to you and who you'd pay any amount of money to get even with.

Name _____

Address _____

Where their children go to school _____

3. Then mail this back to the US Census and Phone High Jinks Office at 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY, and enclose a little note telling us what you really mean by "pay any amount of money to get even with." Are we talking five figures? Are we talking six figures? Do you have someplace where we can meet alone? We'll want it in twenties—old bills.

Thank you for being who you are.

No compromise

Winston Lights didn't compromise
on great taste to get low tar.
Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good
like a light cigarette should.



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

LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

© 1978 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Bic side

Trac II side

We asked men to compare the 19³/₄¢ Bic
and the expensive Trac II.

**"I can't tell
the difference."**

We want you to know the surprising results of a recent test.
Surprising to you, not us.

A random group of men were asked to compare the Bic
shave and the more expensive Trac II® shave.

For fairness, the men were blindfolded and shaved by barbers.

*The result: 58% found the Bic shave equal to, or
better than, the Trac II shave.*

Every consumer has the right to know this. It's not a
claim, it's a hard fact.



**Why pay the difference
when there's no difference?**



OLIVE'S STORY

STORY BY GERRY SUSSMAN - ILLUSTRATED BY MATT GOLDEN

OLIVE BARRETT, AN HEIRESS WHO WANTS TO EARN HER KEEP WITHOUT DADDY'S HELP, WORKS AS A WAITRESS IN PORKY'S PUB. ONE QUIET, RAINY NIGHT, SHE MEETS JOHNNY CAVILLEIRO, A SCHOOLTEACHER. THEY FALL IN LOVE. THEY ARRANGE TO MEET



I'LL S...S... SEE YOU THURSDAY.

HE'S CUTE!

THURSDAY, OLIVE'S NIGHT OFF



LIFE IS SO SH...SH... SHORT. LET'S MAKE THIS A M...M...MA... MAGICAL NIGHT.

HE'S SO CUTE!



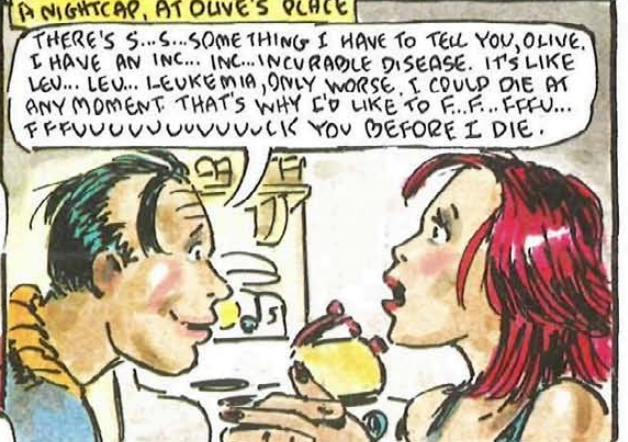
I TH...TH...THINK D...D... DISCO IS PURE L...L... LOVE ENERGY. DON'T YOU?

HE'S VERY CUTE.



OLIVE, I...L...L... LO...LOVE YOU.

HE'S ALMOST TOO CUTE TO BE TRUE!



A NIGHTCAP, AT OLIVE'S PLACE

THERE'S S...S... SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU, OLIVE. I HAVE AN INC... INC... INCURABLE DISEASE. IT'S LIKE LEU... LEU... LEUKEMIA, ONLY WORSE. I COULD DIE AT ANY MOMENT THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO F...F...FFFU... FFFUUUUUUUUUUUUU LK YOU BEFORE I DIE.



YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON. DO YOU THINK I'M DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL FOR THAT OLD LINE?

WOW. WHAT A TURN-OFF. YOU'RE REALLY MORBID. GOOD NIGHT.



THE NEXT NIGHT: A PHONE CALL FROM MERCY HOSPITAL

...AND HE KEEPS ASKING FOR YOU. I THINK YOU'D BETTER HURRY. THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO.

OH MY GOD! HE WASN'T PUTTING ME ON!





OH, JOHNNY..

OH.. OH HH
MMMMFFEMMP-



I THINK HE'S DEAD.
OH, WOW. THIS IS TOO
HEAVY. I'M WASTED.
I'VE GOT TO GO.

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT PORKY'S PUB

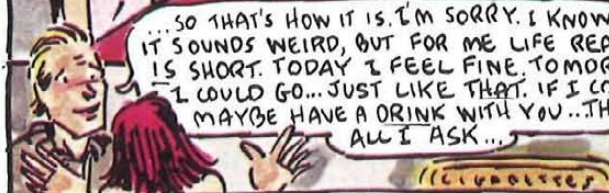


OLIVE, HOW CAN YOU SAY
IT WAS YOUR FAULT,
WHEN THE GUY HAD
AN INCURABLE
DISEASE?

BUT I COULD
HAVE MADE
HIS LAST HOURS
SO BEAUTIFUL.
ALL HE WANTED
TO DO WAS TO
MAKE LOVE TO
ME, AND I
REFUSED HIM.



I KNOW IT'S AN OLD LINE,
BUT IF YOU KNOW HOW TO
USE IT, IT STILL WORKS. I'LL
BET YOU GUYS I CAN SCORE
WITH THIS PIECE OF ASS,
RIGHT NOW.



...SO THAT'S HOW IT IS. I'M SORRY. I KNOW
IT SOUNDS WEIRD, BUT FOR ME LIFE REALLY
IS SHORT. TODAY I FEEL FINE. TOMORROW
I COULD GO... JUST LIKE THAT. IF I COULD
MAYBE HAVE A DRINK WITH YOU... THAT'S
ALL I ASK...



OH GOD, FUCK ME! EAT ME! DO ME!



OH GOD, YES! I'D LOVE TO! I NEVER DREAMED
IT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME AGAIN! LET'S GO
TO MY PLACE. I'VE GOT SOME
GIACOBAZZI.



JEEZ, I'M SORRY, KID. I'M JUST NOT TURNED ON BY
GIRLS WHO COME ON TOO STRONG. I BETTER GO.

I BLEW IT AGAIN. I GUESS I'LL NEVER
UNDERSTAND
MEN.



Am I CRAZY OR AM
I CRAZY? WHAT DID
I DO WRONG?



THE
END

Vertical thinking from Audiovox: the first complete, one-piece sound system for your 1980 Chevy Citation.

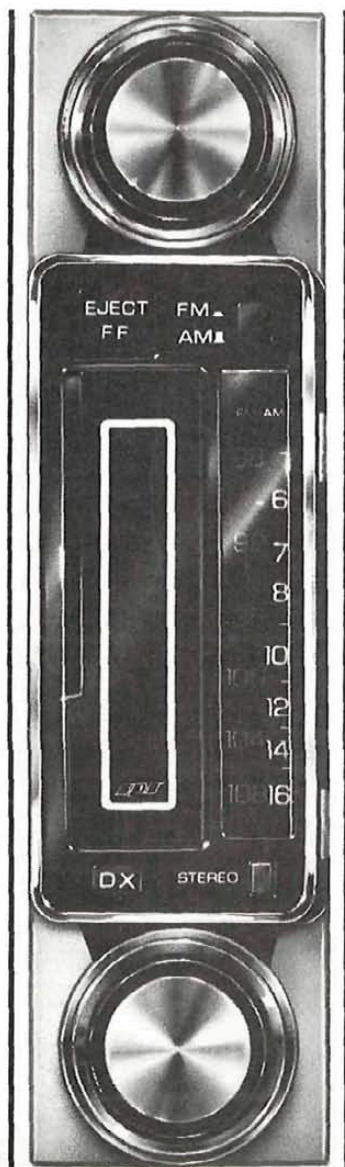
And some horizontal thoughts
for the other GM X-body automobiles.

GM only makes a vertical radio for the Citation. Audiovox makes the only vertical radio/cassette or radio/8-track unit for the Citation (and they make it in one piece).

Audiovox engineering overcame the problems of space and gravity that GM couldn't. Not surprising - Audiovox produces auto sound systems, not automobiles. Instead of a separate under-dash tape player, the Audiovox units are designed in one piece. And it wasn't simply a matter of turning a conventional unit on its car - gravity won't stand for that.

Audiovox does - Detroit doesn't.

When you buy a new car, Detroit offers countless options. When you buy a sound system for that new car, Audiovox offers more options than Detroit has ever heard of. So why settle for a car manufacturer's radio if you can choose an S.P.S. by Audiovox. Like the 5 different vertical one-piece sound systems for your 1980 Chevy Citation or one of 64 other S.P.S. systems for all



new cars. And Audiovox guarantees your S.P.S. stereo for the life of your car, Detroit *doesn't!*

All this and a lifetime warranty.

Audiovox is the *only* manufacturer to offer a *lifetime* warranty on all of its S.P.S. auto sound components. Should a component from one of these systems malfunction during the warranty period due to a manufacturing defect, it will be replaced without cost, except for removal and installation costs. The lifetime warranty remains in effect for as long as you own the car.

The Audiovox S.P.S. sound systems were developed in the audio research laboratories of Shintom Co., Ltd., Yokohama, Japan.

*For further information, write to:
R. Harris, Technical Director
Dept. 15K, S.P.S. Division
Audiovox Corporation, 150 Marcus Blvd.
Hauppauge, NY 11787.*

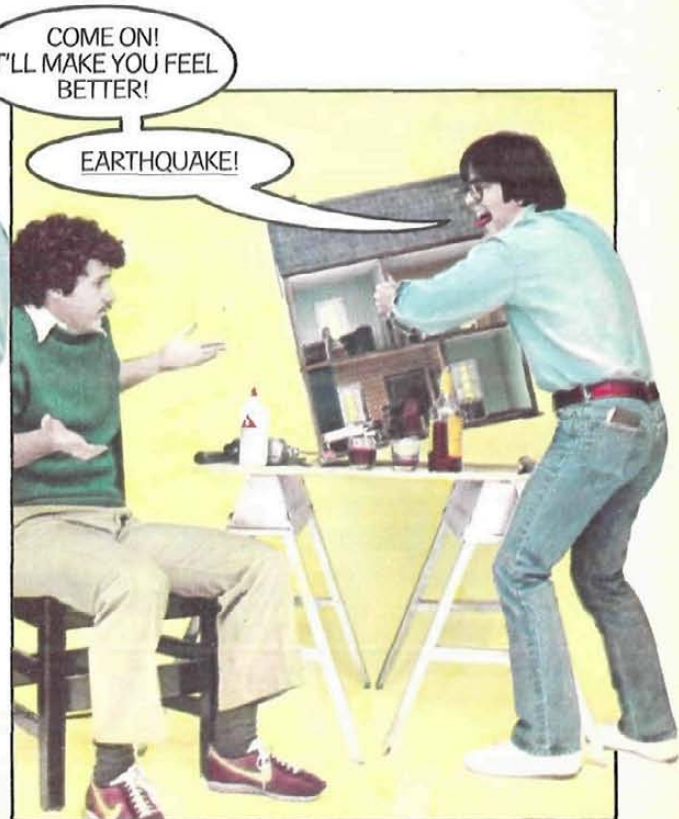
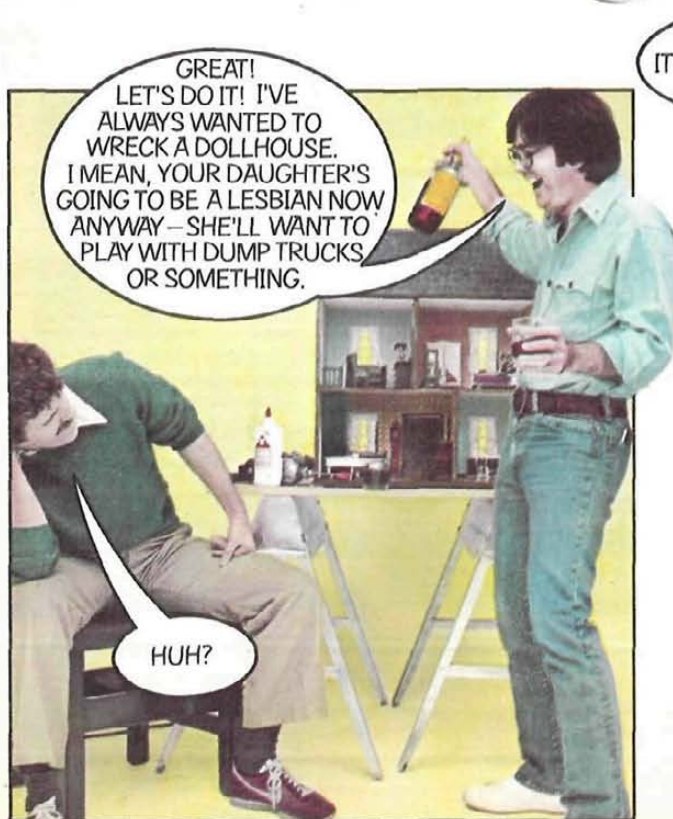
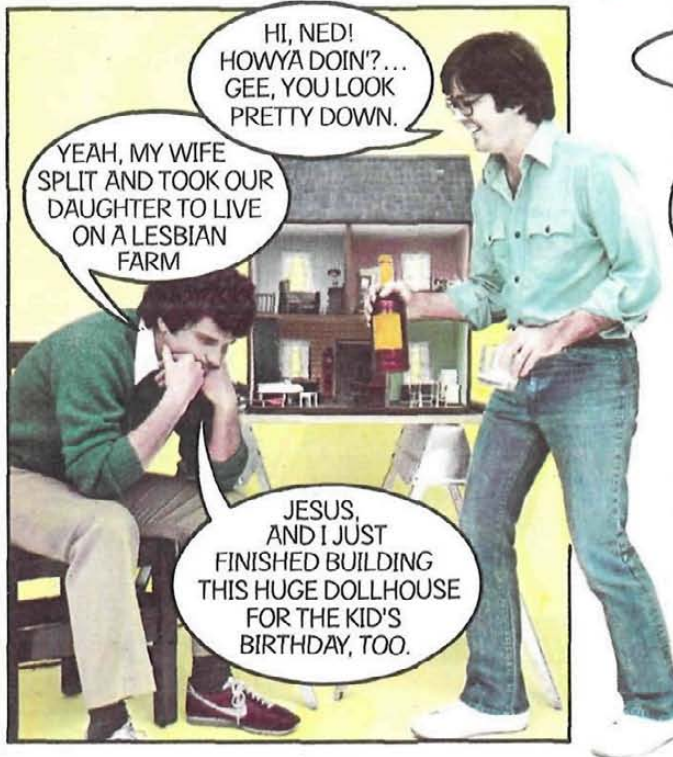
Available at new car dealers only.

© 1979, Audiovox Corp.

DOLLHOUSE

FOR BOYS

by Tod Carroll and P.J. O'Rourke photographed by Chris Callis



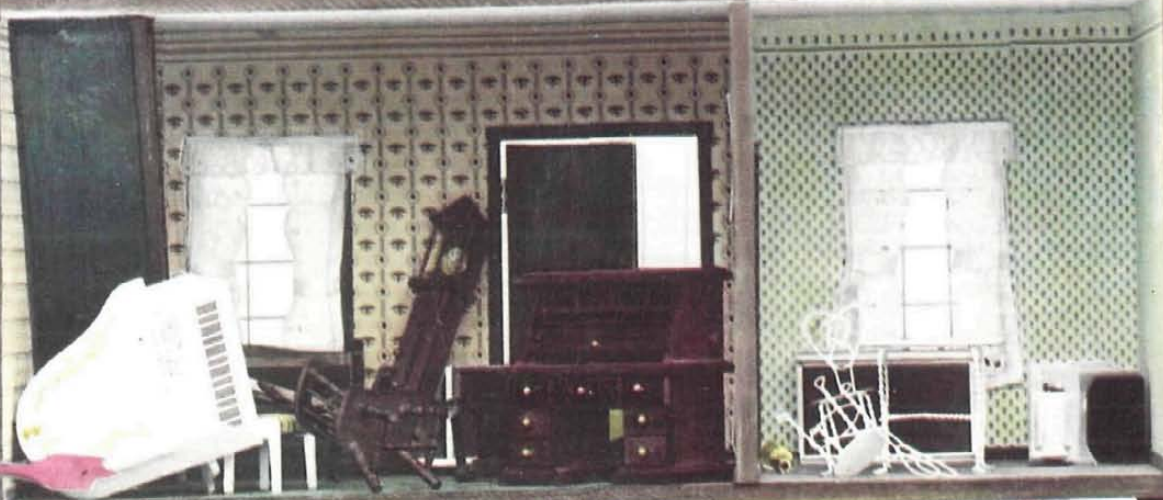


OH MY GOD,
IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!

OH MY GOD!
EVERYTHING IN OUR HOUSE
IS RUINED!

REMAIN
CALM, EVERYONE.
THIS IS A MAJOR DISASTER
AND WE MUST BE PREPARED
FOR RIOTING, LOOTING,
AND ANARCHY.

MOMMY!
MY RIBS!
THEY'RE ALL
BENT!





HEY, YOU, HOW COME YOU'RE BURNING OUR VALANCE?

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! WENDELL, MAKE HIM STOP!

I CAN'T. THERE'S APPARENTLY BEEN A COMPLETE SOCIETAL BREAKDOWN.



LOOK OUT, WENDELL, THERE'S A BOMB UNDER THE BED!

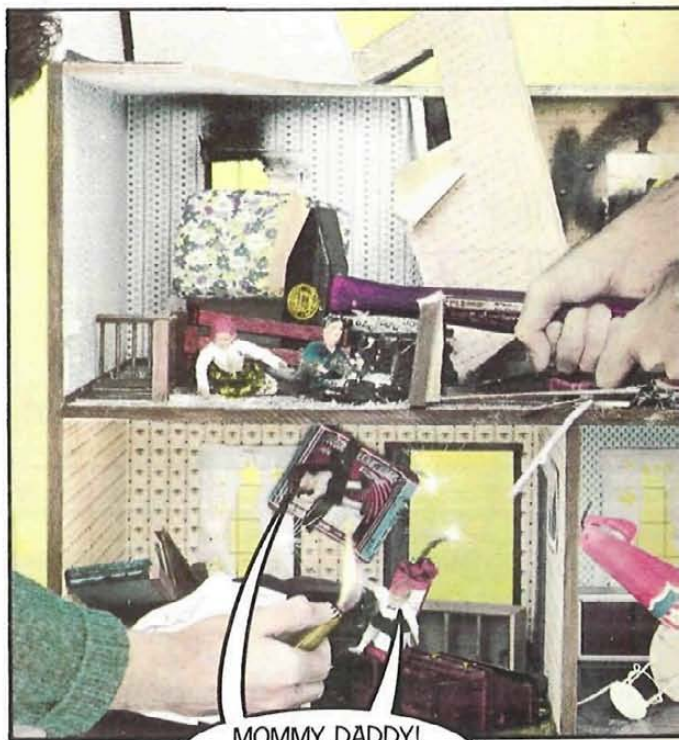
DRILLS! PLEASE! DON'T DRILL US!



AAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

DADDY, I CAN'T SEE!

CHILDREN, I WANT YOU TO TRY TO MAKE IT DOWN THE STAIRS AND ESCAPE. YOUR MOTHER AND I WILL HIDE UNDER THE BED.



MOMMY, DADDY! THEY'RE TYING US TO EXPLOSIVES!

WENDELL,
I'M PARALYZED AND I
CAN'T BREATHE. GOD,
I WISH THEY WOULD JUST
KILL US AND GET IT
OVER WITH.

DON'T TALK LIKE
THAT! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP
FIGHT!...



IT ALL SEEMS
SO UNFAIR.

OW!!



UH-OH,
HERE THEY COME WITH
THE ARTILLERY!

GOOD-BYE, DEAR.
GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS.



GOOD-BYE, WENDELL.
GOOD-BYE, CHILDREN.

G'BYE, MOM.
G'BYE, DAD.

BOY, THAT WAS FUN!
WELL, GOT TO GO NOW...



YEAH,
YOU WERE RIGHT,
THAT REALLY WAS FUN,
JUST LIKE YOU SAID IT
WOULD BE.

I FEEL
LIKE A REAL
DICK.



EDITORIAL

continued from page 8

be alarmed by the noise. I'm sure you've been told to destroy the transmitter—as far as you are concerned, I was never here." The girl swallowed and nodded her assent. Nowak continued, "I want you to pass the word to Fox-Bough that I will radio them Tuesday at 0700 their time." He cocked his ear at the faint sound of a small plane engine to the north, then tapped her on the cheek, smiled, and left the room.

Three days later, he lay in a culvert beside a narrow road outside the quiet Polish village of Rzepin, awaiting a German supply truck. As the truck approached, Nowak ignited a slick of oil beneath it. Troops running from the flames were gunned down by Polish guerrillas hidden on the other side of the road. More Poles bayoneted the wounded while Nowak salvaged a heavy crate from the back of the burning truck. He had captured Enigma.

Nowak disassembled the machine and radioed Fox-Bough. Within a week, Enigma was reassembled in London; and within two weeks, BSC operatives at Fox-Bough were receiving verbatim transcripts of top-secret German communications. The value of this information was inestimable; however, Donovan was assigned to obtain one particular message. The president wanted this transmission above all others. The question remained: Had Niels Bohr already sent it?

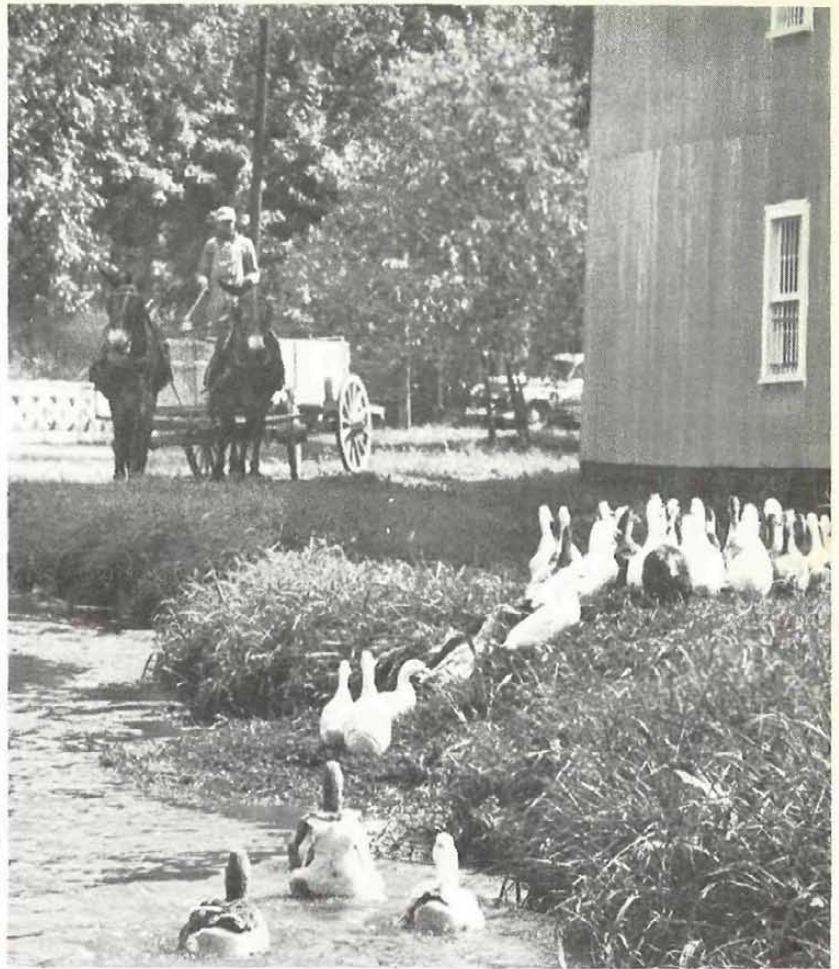
British Security Coordination had set up an elaborate intelligence facility on Bermuda, for the dual purpose of monitoring German naval communications and secretly probing mail traveling between the US and Europe. On March 17, 1941, lab analysts routinely placed an inconspicuous mailgram over an infrared beam, which revealed three terse, enciphered messages from an enemy operative in New York City to his contact in Lisbon. The passages were decoded and forwarded immediately to Perkins.

"NB HAS ONE FOR CANARIS. THE BEST JFF YET. WILL RELAY 3-19."

Perkins delivered the dispatch personally to Donovan at Fox-Bough.

Niels Bohr was indispensable to Hitler. He was on the threshold of perfecting the atomic bomb, and he possessed the largest known repertoire of Johnny Fuckerfaster jokes in the world. The Germans were crazy about the "Johann Fookerfahsters" and used every means at their disposal to extract them from Dr. Bohr.

continued on page 95



We have several woodcut drawings of this old picture. If you'd like one free, just write

THIS OLD PICTURE reminds us that a few things have changed in Jack Daniel's Hollow. Today's grain is delivered in trucks instead of mule-drawn wagons. But our miller inspects each load as carefully as ever. And rejects it all if it's not to his standard. Another thing we still do is gentle our whiskey with charcoal mellowing. That's the process that accounts for Jack Daniel's unique smoothness. And even though it dates back to 1866, we're not about to change one part of it.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP

BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY 78.

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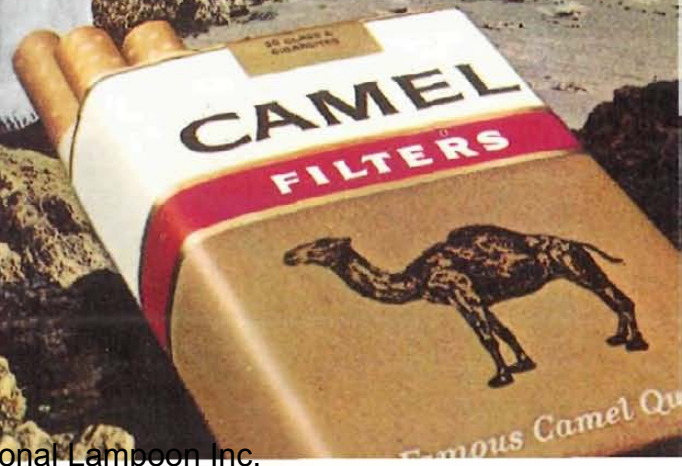
Satisfaction, Camel Filters style.

Some men taste it all: Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.

Only from the Camel Filters blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos.

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

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FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER THERE WAS ALSO A LOT OF SWELL STUFF AROUND, TOO, AND SOMETIMES SO MUCH OF IT WAS A REGULAR PAIN IN THE ASS FIGURING OUT WHICH ONE OF THEM TO DO...

IRMAN

INSIDE THE TOMB

GOD—THERE'S SO DAMN MANY GOOD ONES!

AWFUL STORIES

THE RED SKULL REGULARS

MR. CRIME MASTER

K-9 KILLER

WITH THE PUPPY PAIS

SPACE BATTLE

OF COURSE CAPTAIN HEROIC'S THE BEST, BUT HE'S ALREADY BEEN OUT THIS MONTH...

SPLITO MAN

STRAIN

CAPT. HEROIC

U.S. (G) THE ENEMY

ST.

I DON'T THINK I'M UP TO "THE DREADFUL DIARY OF DOCTOR DEATH" THIS WEEK, AND THE STORIES IN "TRUE WAR COMICS" ARE GETTING PRETTY TALKY...

LAW

THE FACELESS STRANGER

Graham Wilson ©1980

WHAT THE HECK—I THINK I'LL GET A CANDY BAR INSTEAD!

REAL EMPIRES

SET RO

ESTIVE

SOMETIMES IT'S BETTER JUST TO LET YOUR MIND ALONE...

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTY

©COPYRIGHT 1980

BY *Stevy*

ONCE UPON A TIME A MAN BOUGHT SOME LAND AND WENT TO THE COUNTY REGISTRAR TO RECORD THE DEED...

I'D LIKE TO RECORD THIS DEED...

...THAT WILL BE \$47,603.44...

WHAT?

#47,603.44 IN BACK TAXES PLUS INTEREST...

ARE YOU CRAZY? I ONLY PAID \$1100 FOR THE GODDAMN THING!



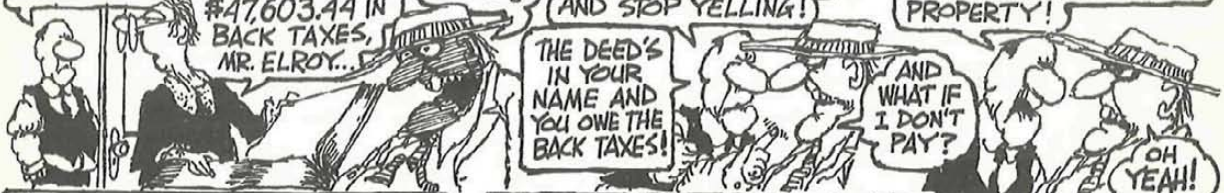
WHAT'S WRONG, MARGARET?

THIS MAN OWES LAFAYETTE COUNTY \$47,603.44 IN BACK TAXES, MR. ELROY...

I OWE SHIT!

LOOK, MISTER, YOU WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE AND STOP YELLING!

THEN LAFAYETTE COUNTY WILL AUCTION OFF THE PROPERTY!



THE DEED'S IN YOUR NAME AND YOU OWE THE BACK TAXES!

AND WHAT IF I DON'T PAY?

OH YEAH!

HERE! TAKE THE DEED AND SHOVE IT! AND I NEVER WANT TO SEE OR HEAR OF LAFAYETTE COUNTY AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!!!

THAT'S RIGHT, I NEVER WANT TO SEE OR HEAR OF LAFAYETTE COUNTY AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

I MEAN IT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE OR...



COME WITH ME, MISTER!

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU YOUR WISH, MISTER...

...AND YOU'RE NEVER TO MENTION "LAFAYETTE COUNTY" TO HIM-EVER!

AND SO THE YEARS WENT BY...



YASSUH, BOSS!

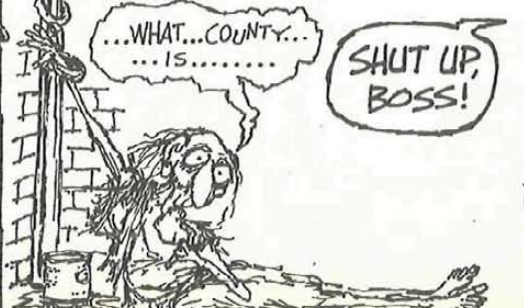
I MEAN IT--I NEVER WANT TO SEE OR HEAR OF... UH... SEE OR HEAR OF... UH...



HEY, WHAT COUNTY IS THIS?

SHUT UP, BOSS!

AND ON MARCH 13, 1976, HE LAY DYING...



...WHAT... COUNTY... IS.....

SHUT UP, BOSS!

...AND ON THE WALL NEAR WHERE HE DIED A PLAQUE WAS ERECTED...



AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN GET THE DATE RIGHT!

OF THE PEOPLE

☆☆☆☆☆

SINCE, AS WE ALL KNOW, BEING PRESIDENT IS JUST ANOTHER CIVIL SERVICE JOB...

LET'S BE REALISTIC, ROGER. HOW CAN I MAKE YOU SECRETARY OF STATE IF YOU STILL LIVE WITH YOUR MOTHER?

BUT MOM WOULD BE LONELY IF I MOVED OUT.

BESIDES, YOU'RE PRESIDENT, AND YOUR PLACE IS NO TAJ MAHAL.

ARE YOU KIDDING? WE HAD THE FLOORS SCRAPED LAST YEAR, AND MADGE IS COVERING EVERYTHING IN THE KITCHEN WITH CONTACT PAPER.



BUT I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING. WHEN I HAD A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS OVER, I HAD TO BORROW CHAIRS FROM ALL THE NEIGHBORS. THEN THE NEIGHBORS WANTED TO BE INVITED. THEN, WHEN THEY CAME IN, THEY WANTED TO VOTE.

YOU SEE, THE LIVING ROOM IS ONLY 12-BY-6. I HAD THEM SITTING IN THE BEDROOM, THE KITCHEN, THE FOYER...

SOME OF THEM WERE HANGING OUT THE WINDOWS. THE SPEAKER WAS PRESIDING FROM THE FIRE ESCAPE—UNTIL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT CHASED HIM OFF.

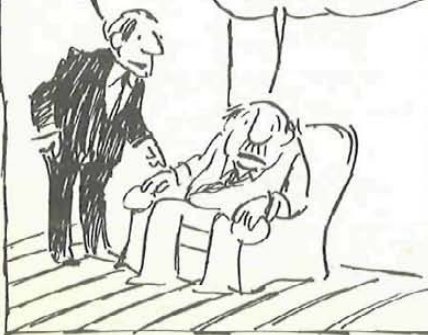


MAYBE YOUR SECRETARY OF HOUSING CAN HELP YOU.

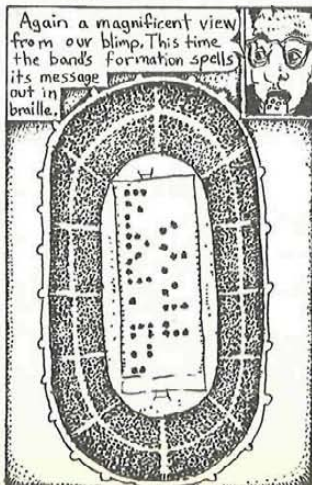
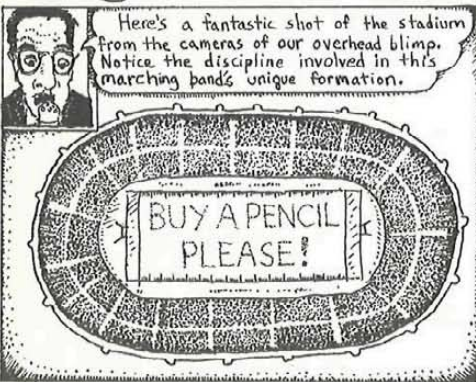
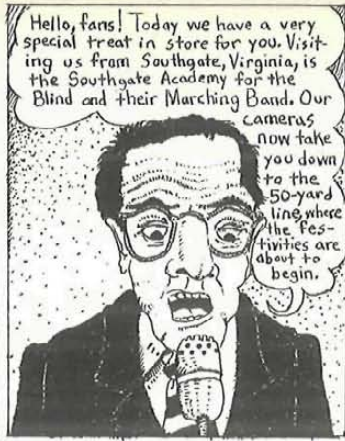
SOME SECRETARY OF HOUSING. HE LIVES IN A WINNEBAGO, AND WE CAN'T WRITE TO HIM BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE AN ADDRESS.

WHAT I COULD DO IS GET MY OLD AUNT NELLY INTO A NURSING HOME, AND MOVE INTO HER RENT-CONTROLLED APARTMENT.

SHE'D NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THAT. ROGER, GO DOWNTOWN AND GET YOURSELF A FURNISHED ROOM. IF I CAN RUN THE GOVERNMENT FROM A TWO-BY-FOUR HOLE IN THE WALL, SO CAN YOU.



© 1980 J. L. ATTS





NEXT MONTH: CHILI RELLEÑOS

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



YOUR READING OF THIS COMIC IS MOST APPRECIATED.

THE LIFE OF A Film BUFF

RICK CEARY ©1979



"NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL" (1955) WITH BRODERICK CRAWFORD, RICHARD CONTE 2PM, CH. 9



A CORNER OF MY ROOM



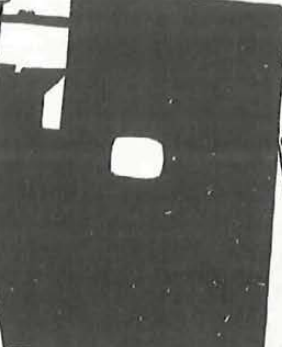
I PUBLISH MY OWN WEEKLY JOURNAL



MY FAVORITE THEATRE IN TOWN



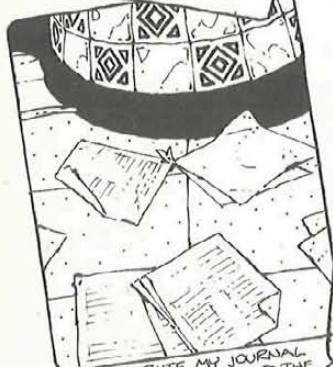
LAST WEEK I HAD TO KICK THE JERK IN FRONT OF ME WHO KEPT LAUGHING AT FAITH DOMERGUE IN "WHERE DANGER LIVES" (1950)



4:30 AM, CH. 11 & "THE BIG COMBOY" (1955) BY JOSEPH H. LEWIS MY 23RD VIEWING



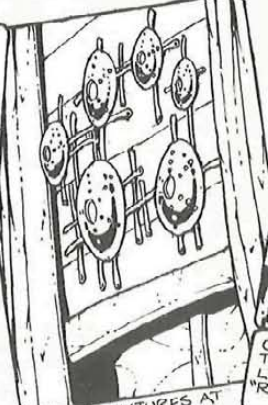
GOT TO GET TO THESE DISHES SOMETIME



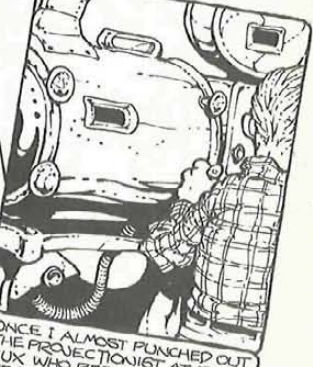
I DISTRIBUTE MY JOURNAL OUTSIDE THE CREST AND THE STRAND ON MONDAY NITES



BAD CHEMISTRY BETWEEN ME AND THE ASST. MANAGER OF THE VISTA



LIGHT FIXTURES AT THE CENTURY TWIN



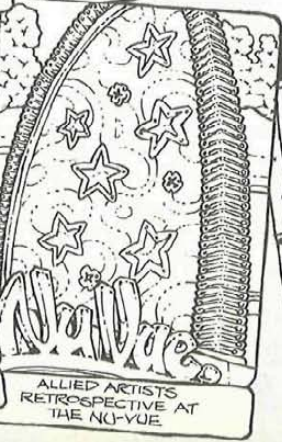
ONCE I ALMOST PUNCHED OUT THE PROJECTIONIST AT THE LUX WHO REFUSED TO KEEP "REVOLT IN THE BIG HOUSE" (1958) IN CLEAR FOCUS



FAY SPAIN IN "DRAGSTRIP GIRL" (1957) 10AM, CH. 2



A PORTION OF MY FILM LIBRARY



ALLIED ARTISTS RETROSPECTIVE AT THE NU-YUE

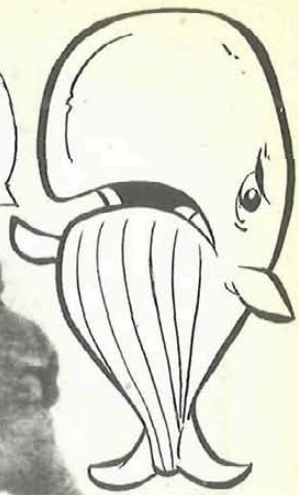


SHOW'S OVER



AAHHHH!
THEY GOT ME! YA
GOTTA STOP 'EM; YA
GOTTA TELL 'EM I
DIDN' DO NUTHIN'...

GOD, THEY GOT BILL!
AND *NOBODY* DOES ANYTHING
ABOUT IT! WELL, *SOMEBODY*
SHOULD! YOU DO IT! BUY ONE
OF THESE *PRODUCTS*. NOT
ONE *PENNY* OF THE MONEY YOU
PAY WILL GO TOWARD
KILLING WHALES LIKE *BILL*.
NOT *ONE* PRODUCT IS MADE
OF *WHALE* OR *WHALE*
BY-PRODUCT.



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

National Lampoon's New Animal House
Baseball Jersey For people who've seen
the movie so many times that their wardrobe
sense is added. (TS-1031) \$6.00

National Lampoon Hat
To own one of these is to
own a hat. (TS-1032) \$5.95

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

National Lampoon
Black Sox Baseball Jacket
(Satin fabric with a real cotton lining.)
(TS-1030) \$29.95

- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody. Sequel to the High School Yearbook—a complete Sunday edition of the Dacron Republican-Democrat (BO-1021) \$4.95
- National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS-1019) \$3.95
- National Lampoon Binder (BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50
- Lampoon—12 issues in binder
1975 (BN-1003) \$16.00, 1976 (BN-1004) \$16.00
1977 (BN-1005) \$16.00, 1978 (BN-1006) \$16.00
1979 (BN-1007) \$16.00
- "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. (BO-1005) \$2.50
- National Lampoon Presents French Comics
(BO-1020) \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon No. 3
Anthology of 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. 7
1975-1976 anthology (BO-1014) \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon No. 8
1976-1977 anthology (BO-1025) \$3.95
- National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt
With portraits of all the Delta House fraternity
brothers and your mom. (TS-1029) \$4.95
- National Lampoon's Book of Books
Jeff Greenfield's ultimate coffee-table book
(BO-1031) \$8.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print
A complete collection of diverse vulgarities
(BO-1030) \$5.95
- The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon
Another great quality phonographic product
(A-1002) \$7.95

- National Lampoon 1964 High School
Yearbook Parody. From C. Estes Kefauver
High in Dacron, Ohio
Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary
Anthology, Deluxe Edition
Ten years of jibes and japes from America's
best or at least most expensive humor
magazine. (BO-1032) \$19.95

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

Sirs:
Hey, to heck with killing whales! Nobody told me that almost every corporation in America with the exception of National Lampoon, Inc., was involved in the slaughter of these beasts. Sign me up for the following items.

Indicate the products that you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

National Lampoon, Dept NL-3-80
635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Please enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00, and \$1.50 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

- | | | | | |
|-----------|--------------|-------|--------|-------|
| (TS-1019) | \$3.95 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1028) | \$6.00 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1029) | \$4.95 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1026) | \$4.95 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1027) | \$6.00 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1030) | \$29.95 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1031) | \$6.00 each | small | medium | large |
| (TS-1032) | \$5.95 each | small | medium | large |

Circle one:
medium
large

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

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

- Circle items desired:
- (A-1001) \$6.95 each
 - (A-1002) \$7.95 each
 - (BO1021) \$4.95 each
 - (BO1007A) \$4.95 each
 - (BO-1030) \$5.95 each
 - (BO-1031) \$8.95 each
 - (BO-1032) \$19.95 each
 - (BO-1024) \$2.95 each; Deluxe Edition \$4.95 each.
 - (BO-1003) (BO-1006) (BO-1008)
 - (BO-1014) (BO-1005) \$2.50 each
 - (BO-1025) \$3.95 each
 - (BN-1001) \$4.50 each; \$8.00 for two; \$10.50 for three.
 - (BN-1003) (BN-1004) (BN-1005) (BN-1006)
 - (BN-1007) \$16.00 each

THANKS FOR
BUYING *NATLAMP*
PRODUCTS. GET A FREE
PUSH BACK TO LAND
BY ANY MEMBER OF
THE CETACEAN OCEANIC
BROTHERHOOD OF
WHALES (*COBOW*)
IF SHIPWRECKED
WITH PROOF OF
PURCHASE.



THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family

BY B.K. Taylor ©77

THE APPLETON HOME SEEMS TENSE AS MRS. APPLETON WRINGS HER HANDS IN ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION OVER THE ARRIVAL OF THE GREENDALE WOMEN'S LEAGUE APPROVAL BOARD. OUR SCENE OPENS WITH MR. APPLETON DOING SOME WEEKEND FIX-UP WORK, AND WE HEAR...

NORM, YOU HAD BETTER CHANGE OUT OF YOUR WORK CLOTHES, THE WOMEN'S ACCEPTANCE COMMITTEE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



WHY DO YOU SOUND SO NERVOUS, HONEYCUP?

IT'S JUST THAT THEY'RE COMING OVER TO SEE IF WE MEET WITH THEIR STANDARDS, AND...



DING DONG!
THAT MUST BE THEM - PLEASE HURRY!

MRS. APPLETON GREET'S THE GUESTS WITH HER BEST FOOT FORWARD.



HAVE A SEAT, LADIES? YOU, LADIES?

YOU HAVE A VERY NICE HOME HERE, MRS. APPLETON.

I ENJOY YOUR COLOR SCHEME.

MRS. APPLETON BEGINS TO UNWIND, WHEN SUDDENLY...



WELL HI THERE, GIRLS!

WHO IS THAT?

MERCY!

AH...LADIES, THIS IS MY HUSBAND...



NORM, WHAT ARE YOU...

HAVE YOU MET THE CHILDREN YET?

I'LL GO GET THEM - DON'T GO AWAY



IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?

LET ME EXPLAIN...



ARE YOU KIDS FINISHED DRESSING?

ALMOST, BUT WHY ARE WE DOING THIS?

JUST A LITTLE FLIN!



AND HERE ARE OUR CHILDREN.

WHY, I NEVER...



I THINK WE HAD BETTER BE GOING.

OH C'MON, GIRLS, STAY AND RELAX A BIT...



IN FACT, I'LL JOIN YOU AND HAVE A SEAT MYSELF.

YOU'RE SITTING ON MRS. FELGUS!



OOPSY DAISY! YOU KNOW SHE'S SUCH A LITTLE TIKE I DIDN'T SEE HER THERE!



THAT DOES IT! WE'VE SEEN QUITE ENOUGH, MRS. APPLETON!

MAY I FRISK YOU FOR SILVERWARE FIRST?



ALL KIDDING ASIDE, LADIES, COME AGAIN AND WE'LL HITCH THE CHILDREN TO A SLEIGH AND HAVE A HAYRIDE!

NORM! HOW COULD YOU!?



C'MERE, KIDS, LET'S SHOW MOMMY WE DON'T NEED THOSE STUCK-UP WIND-BAGS! WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER.

YEAH, MOM!



YES, DO AS WE APPLETONS DO. IT'S YOUR AMERICAN RIGHT TO HAVE A LAUGH, SO HAVE ONE TODAY.

DOG TALE

continued from page 50

coat; and lighting her cigarettes. When we got to the subject of housework, Mom ran out of the room again. She came back in, pulling the broom in her teeth. She tried to make a sweeping action with it.

"You want to do the housework yourself?" Dad asked Mom.

"Yip! Yip!" she answered.

"What a dog!" Dad said proudly. He reached into his sweater pocket and took out a dog cookie. He gave it to her and affectionately scratched behind her ear.

We went back to being a regular family after that. Dad cut the handle off the vacuum cleaner and made a bar attachment that allowed Mom to push it with her teeth. He adapted all the faucets so that they could be turned on by mouth. He raised the pedals on the sewing machine and had her Ford Falcon fixed with special controls, so that if an emergency came up, she could drive.

She only drove a couple of times. Once was to drive herself to the vet after she swallowed the buckle off her chewing shoe. The other time was to pick up Grampa Bill at the airport. She wanted to surprise us, and she sure did.

The biggest problem we had was with the other dogs in the neighborhood. Even though Dad had the diamond from her wedding ring mounted on a baby blue collar he ordered from a gourmet dog shop in Beverly Hills, California, Mom hated to wear it. When we took her out, she ran free. We had to be careful that she didn't get roughed up or attacked. Dad almost killed the Grigsbys' German shepherd when he climbed up on top of Mom once.

After that, Dad had Mom fixed. It made her really mad, but he explained that it would be a terrible thing for my sisters and me to have puppies for half brothers and sisters.

"I wouldn't want any wife of mine huddled in a closet somewhere birthing a bunch of pups," he said. "I know it's selfish, but that's the way I feel."

After about a year, things started to get very difficult for all of us. The school psychologist told Dad that Jean was about three steps from a real big childhood psychotic attack and that she exhibited some very odd behavior in school, like biting people and eating chalk. Kimmy complained constantly about Mom grounding her for not giving her table scraps, which the vet said

Mom wasn't supposed to have because she was overweight. Dad missed a big promotion at work because he wasn't outgoing enough. I guess all the other guys went to each other's houses and played golf and did things together with their wives, and Dad couldn't very well do that. It was also very difficult for him to discipline Mom when she needed it.

"Swatting your mother with a newspaper is the hardest thing I've had to do since I fought in the Pacific," Dad told me once.

Me, I didn't mind too much. I didn't have as many friends as I might have had. I worried about having guys

my age around my mom. One time a friend of mine put a rubber band over Mom's mouth and it hurt her. Another time this girl I liked fed Mom a button off her coat as a joke and I got real excited and called her all kinds of names and she told everybody at school about how fruity I was about my dog.

Mom wasn't all that happy either. She used to be real social, and since she had to quit the Junior League she was lonely. She couldn't talk on the phone or go shopping, and that bothered her. It was also much harder doing housework as a dog. Sometimes it would take her all day to iron just

continued on page 88

GROWING IN BETTER CLOSETS EVERYWHERE

The best way to grow indoors is to do it hydroponically. Hydroponics simply means growing plants directly in a nutrient solution instead of in soil. The roots don't need to work as hard to grow and find food, and the three to six plants a Hydropot™ holds grow twice as fast without competing for root space. It's Nature made simple—since 1976.



HIGH TIMES says: "With a minimum of shopping and expense involved, using an enclosed space the size of your average hall closet, you could be nurturing a perpetual supply of the best 'stuff' you ever smoked . . . Hydropot requires no maintenance and offers its bounty twice as fast as traditionally grown 'stuff'."

STONE AGE says: ". . . grow the best 'stuff' in history . . . a pound of 'stuff' out of the four plants that were growing in that tub."

HI LIFE says: "The Hydropot beats the current inflated price of 'stuff', eliminates the messy risk of a supplier and assures you of top quality . . . grow 'stuff' for the rest of your life."

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HYDROPOT™ contains:

High impact plastic container

Reusable Kona lava rock

Year's supply:

Special nutrient A—18·6·16 for lush growth

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Unique aeration—circulation system



Electric aeration pump
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Complete instruction book
Full year guarantee
Pat. Pending

Cashier's Check or Money Order shipped immediately.

Dealer Inquiries Invited

YES! Ship me _____ Hydropots™ at \$59.95 each which includes all shipping and handling charges (Cal. residents add 6% sales tax). NL
Enclosed is my Hydropot™ payment for \$ _____ © 1979

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

VISA or MC



Expires _____

Signature _____

send to: APPLIED HYDROPONICS 1299 Fourth Street, Suite 308, San Rafael, CA 94901

KENNEDY LADS

continued from page 13

serve two terms apiece in alternation until one of them died or Teddy was ready to assume the presidency, which wasn't considered likely to happen by either Jack or Bobby, at least not in their lifetimes or their children's.

It was an exciting time to be president. The Russian premier Khrushchev was a forceful stubborn opponent in foreign affairs, an adversary whose shoves, bluffs, and feints kept a relentless pressure on the young president. A pressure John resisted with skill and surprising confidence. The office of the presidency presented a joyous challenge to the combative John. Sure, and why not? In those years there was the joy of fighting Khrushchev; the economy was strong, the Peace Corps triumphant, the press loyal, Marilyn Monroe alive, and Penn Central Railroad stock trading about where Chrysler is now.

Then John felt compelled to go to Dallas and heal a rift between Governor Connally and some godforsaken Democrat senator whose name, for what it is worth—about three dead flies—escapes me.

Jack's most famous phrase, from the 1961 inaugural address unless I've popped a synapse, "Ask not what you can do for your country but what your country can do for you," had a sadly ironic ring after that day in Dallas when the president's country blew his head off.

Well, there's no use saying much more about that. Jack wouldn't have, even if it hadn't been his head, if it had

been that John Connally fellow's or the congressman's. Before I leave this painful topic I would like to say that like many another American I'm sure I have spent sleepless nights wishing and praying that I could have been in the car that day. Perhaps I could have done something if I had known what was going to happen. I would gladly have thrown that Texas congressman's body over Jack's, laying down his life gladly, without thanks, for the president.

Bobby spent the next few months in shock. He stayed on as attorney general for a while under Protestant Johnson, but it was hard for Bobby working for a man he used to call "bread nose," a man little more intelligent than our modern-day pocket calculators, with a face like a water-headed pig, a manner of speaking in private that was the oral equivalent of ape genital display, and the disgusting habit of pegging his dogs about by the ears as if they were horseshoes. Young Robert told me the first time he saw this last grand performance that there was a stick lying on the grass beside Lyndon's leg and he simply assumed the president had the two confused. Stick and dog, that is.... However, after being hit several times by the tossed hounds, Bobby realized that the Johnson fellow was, as Robert put it at that time, "as ignorant as a Galway pig."

Bobby awaited his chance. He stood by, helpless, as Lyndon Bug Johnson plunged us into Vietnam. He said to me then—and today his words seem oddly prophetic—"Vietnam may not

be serious yet. I believe I can still extricate us. But what if, God forbid, I am assassinated during my primary campaign and Richard Nixon is elected? We'll have domestic disturbances on a wider scale than at any time since the Depression. The Democratic party is sure to overreact and nominate some fringe liberal candidate like George McGovern. Our only hope then is that Nixon, in a pre-election panic, will have misused executive office, and that when this is discovered he will resign with honor." Strangely, things happened almost exactly as Bobby had envisioned they would at that moment, I remember as clear as the breeze in my hair, when I had hair.

We must not weep for Bobby. For he knew perhaps better than his brother Jack before him the perils of the noble course he set himself. Again, though, I can't help but wonder if, instead of Roosevelt Grier, the football player, as one of his entourage that night, he had one of the speedy backs Knute Rockne trained, whether he might not have been alive today.

Now we've Teddy left. His mother, Rose, she the daughter of himself Mayor "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald of Boston, had sought to bar Teddy from running. Now I must be fair in saying Rose and I never saw eye to eye. I think she felt I was a bad influence on Joe, Sr., and the boys. It's true I didn't set as rough a penance as some, and it's true enough I kept a little jug in the confessional to start the sins flowin' if there was a need. But I always set a penance.

My troubles with herself started so far back that half the sins around today hadn't even been invented. I was hearin' old Joe's confession one Sunday after Mass. Well, we actually started just before Mass, but it was necessary. It was a tough confession, and he'd had recourse to the sin loosener a couple of times. Naturally I had a few myself to put Joe at ease. We're just about ready to wind up confession when old Honey Fitz the mayor stops by and asks my permission to confess at the same time as Joe. Well, I thought it was a bit unusual, but why not? So he squeezes into Joe's side of the booth. Then Father Mark sticks his head in the door behind me to have a look. Father Mark sees two sinners there pouring out their troubles. So I says to him, Join us, I says. Two sinners, two priests. With pleasure, says Father Mark, but if you don't mind, I've got the bishop with me....



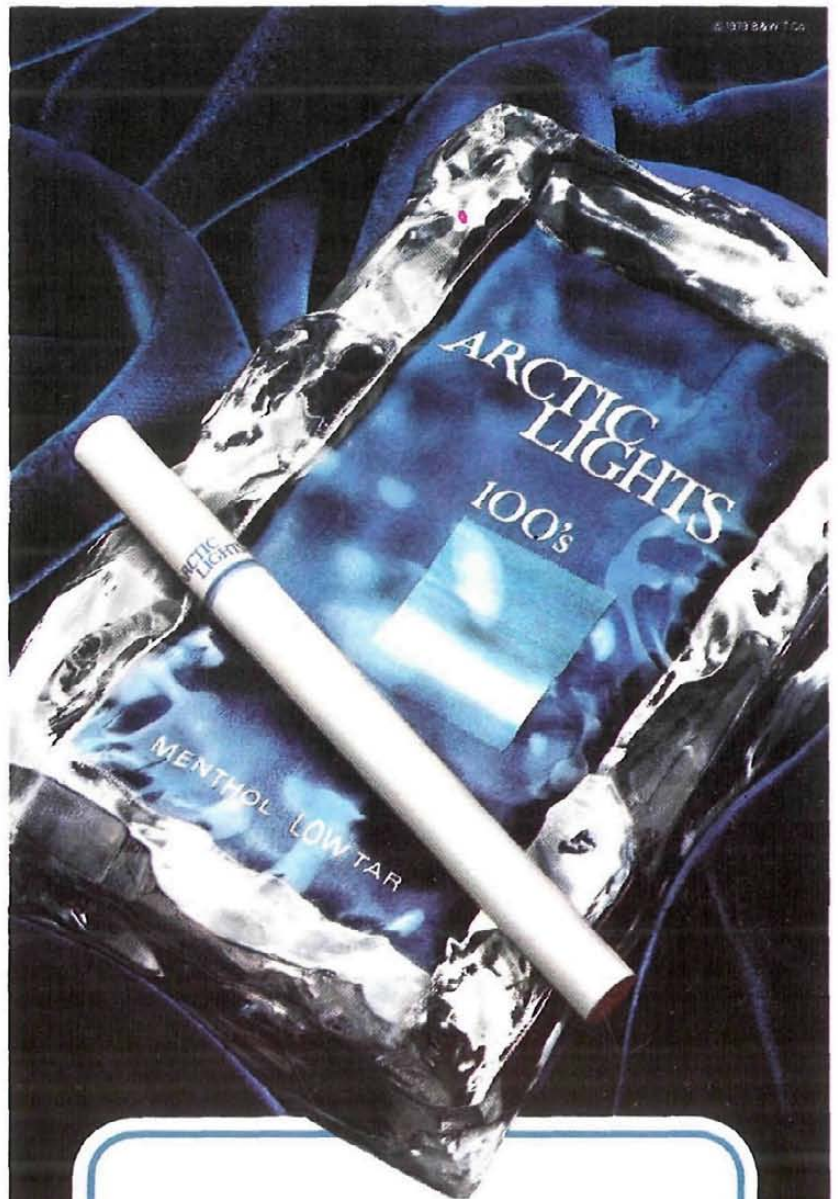
Well, you see how it was going. It was then that Honey Fitz confessed one of the funniest sins I've heard in all my years in the confessional. The five of us, in there laughing away like tickled baboons, when the bishop falls back out the door kicking his great feet in the air. And who is standing right outside looking down at His Grace, her face blacker than an Ulster man's heart? The wife, is all. From that day, old Joe's wife won't hear a word of me without looking like she had a mouth full of tin foil and wee green worms.

So, as I was saying, the mother sought to keep young Edward from running. Well, grudge or no grudge, I phoned her up and said I was coming out to see her. She was pretty sharp with me, actually threatened to call "The Polack" up and have me clocking confessions in a nunnery. She actually had done it to one of the Berrigan boys years ago. Berrigan said listening to nuns' confessions was surely like "being stoned to death with popcorn." I told her she didn't scare me but to keep talking tough if it made her less afraid. That always gets them going, even the poor old creatures whose blood is near to stagnant, their veins like to be plugged with great fatty weeds.

Well, come out to Hyannis, she says, and out I goes. As soon as I'm in the door I start blathering. You and I've had our differences over the years, I says, and gets no further, though struggle I do.

Our differences, says she, you bulb-nosed blithering old soak! Is it differences we've had? Then what would you be calling the little misunderstanding we had with the Japanese? Is it differences we had with them that near killed Jack? Don't talk to me of differences, you who should have had the defrocking done years ago, then off with you to the big prison to practice your bad influences on that lot! Differences! With all your talking to my boys about duty an' facin' the truth an' man's rubbish the like of which garbage I haven't never seen, excepting on the stage of the Abbey Theater, and that before the troubles! What did your blowin' and hiccuping about truth and facing facts ever get me but murdered sons and a daughter who is after trotting up to company her mouth full of bedroom slippers! Father Clancy, the Dominican, says there's a special place in hell for priests like you; it's the lot of you there with your seats reserved, tickets at the box

continued on page 87



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Marathon swimmer **DIANA NYAD**, that strange one who packs her cracks with Crisco and tries to paddle off to places served by commercial airliners, is up to her old tricks. This time the mer-Ms. wants to swim off to Cuba. Sport fishermen in those parts are readying the damndest-looking lures. Short-Eyes Sam of Bimini hopes to meet with angling success hauling his drag-a-muffin, a hairy flat-ish lure about the size of a medium pancake with a small worm in the center.

Novelist **JERZY KOSINSKI** is furious with co-Polack director **ROMAN POLANSKI**. Kosinski claims Polanski stole the "ski" at the end of his name from him. Kosinski claims that his name was Jerzy Kosinskiski before another Pole clipped his last syllable, and that Polanski's real name was Roman Polan.

What do **GABE KAPLAN**, **DAVID STEINBERG**, and TV's popular **ROBIN WILLIAMS** have in common? Well, according to showbiz sources, the trio are notorious "joke chiefs," or something that rhymes with that.

Truculent **RYAN O'NEAL** is furious at rumors linking him with cattle mutilations in the Southwest.

Visitors from Rhodesia told conductor **LEONARD BERNSTEIN** that blacks were being badly treated right in New York City. Blacks are not allowed into subway washrooms in the Big Apple, the Rhodesians alleged. When Bernstein expressed astonish-

ment, the Rhodesians asked him to explain why the blacks would urinate and defecate on subway trains if the washrooms were open. Well, Leonard?

Sophie's Choice, by **WILLIAM STYRON**, has been a best-seller for ages. Yet nobody can be found who has read it. Speculation is that all available copies are being bought up by Russians who wish to extract trace elements of deuterium from the books' ink. Deuterium is apparently very scarce in Russia.

Dynamic, gutsy **LEE IACOCCA**, chairman of troubled Chrysler Motors, is reportedly in trouble with that company's board of directors. Apparently when Chrysler acquired Lee from the Ford Motor Company, they thought they were getting a good product, but says one Chrysler exec, "Lee's head turned out to be full of sawdust, only one of his eyes worked, his ears were different sizes, and there's a lot of weird noises from his rear end." Chrysler apparently acquired the former Ford exec without any kind of warranty.

NANCY KISSINGER, now married to former secretary of state and dip extraordinaire Henry Kissinger, is vigorously denying rumors of earlier romantic links with **SECRETARIAT**, the big red stallion who took horse racing's triple crown a few years back.

There are some pretty red faces at **TV GUIDE** magazine, which recently ran a recipe for "Ham Snackettes for TV Munching." Due to a printer's error, "duck jism" was listed as one of the ingredients. As a result, zoos, farmers, and poultry marketers have been inundated by phone calls from the popular little mag's readers who are desperate to obtain the stuff. *TV Guide* says the real ingredient was "white bread crumbs." Quack, quack.

Director **MIKE NICHOLS** is reportedly anxious to start work on a new film project in which he himself will play a role. Details are scarce, but insiders say Mike's part is that of a nasty bald little movie director who eats two pounds of Sevruqa Malassol caviar in the Russian Tea Room and dies impaled on a herring knife when he trips over a patron's foot in a head-long dash for the men's room.

GAY TALESE, talented author, has finally decided to change his name. Mr. Talese's new name, according to

deed poll: Real Woman Sexer Talese.

PAUL KANTNER of Jefferson Starship is reportedly considering an offer from the Krezdiak Balkan Circus to do a solo act. Kantner has been offered an undisclosed sum of money to perform a "geek act." Kantner is reported excited, as he has long awaited an opportunity to work with chickens.

England's **SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER** may be ninety-seven this month, but he is as active as ever. Sir Laurence's next film sounds offbeat: he wants American actor **AL PACINO** to play a hassock, which is a kind of Moroccan footrest!

New York call girls have been bilked out of thousands of dollars by a man who stole **DONALD SUTHERLAND**'s credit cards. The impersonator, who charged the prostitutes' services on the hot cards, was described as having a teeny-weeny dink and being so boring they thought he was "cute, sort of."

Black urban leader types are a little embarrassed by former prizefighter **MUHAMMAD ALI**. "He's a great fighter and all that," says **ANDY YOUNG**, the former UN ambassador, "but he doesn't talk much better than Washoe the chimp. He should really stay out of things he doesn't understand, like foreign affairs, French movies, good restaurants; the list is endless..."

The feud between interviewer **BARBARA WALTERS** and actress **CANDICE BERGEN** is heating up again. Everyone thought it was all patched up, but it seems to start again every twenty-eight days like clockwork. Go figure it, huh?

Chicago mayor **JANE BYRNE**, a fervent supporter of Senator **TED KENNEDY**'s presidential bid, reacted this way when told that the senator's campaign promise was "a blonde in every pond": "No, not really.... Really? No, you're putting me on... aren't you? You are, aren't you? Yes?"

The spics over in Spain are going crazy for **BIANCA JAGGER**, Mick's ex. The spics claim the dark beauty is not really a Nicaraguan. "She's more of a spic, really," they insist. They are hoping Bianca will choose to live in Spain and will let them fuck her. More later on that....

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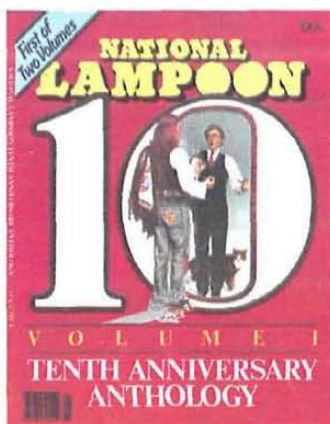


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ANTHOLOGY
VOL. I

WHEN the finest treasury of literary humor ever assembled in the United States was presented to the public in late 1979, many discerning parties suggested we publish a limited, collector's edition, crafted in a fashion that reflects and enhances the true distinction of its content. Almost immediately, a select panel was appointed to investigate various technologies and materials available to prepare such an extraordinary volume. The panel studied the work of engravers, etchers, calligraphers, gilders, die cutters, and many other artisans throughout Europe and the Americas and, after considerable evaluation, decided to entrust the



bulk of the project to a small group of craftsmen on the Isla del Rey, some fifty miles south of Panama. There, in the venerable, timeless air of primeval klafa groves and crumbling holy places erected well before the incorporation of this magazine,

the remarkable papersmiths of Quetluxtli work weighty hunks of pulp into book covers, flyleaves, and regular pages like their fathers, and their fathers before. The result is the masterpiece you see here—a uniform, unadulterated, and mostly unblemished composition of near perfectly off-white paper from front to back. We are proud of the result and sincerely hope you find your personal All-Paper copy of *National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume One* as rewarding to possess as it has been for us to create.



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KENNEDY LADS

continued from page 83

office, left in your name by the poor souls you tormented on this earth with your butter-tongued blarney about...

The old lady began coughing, and no surprise, her face havin' changed color like a chameleon strolling back and forth across a plaid sport coat during her long speech. I gave her no chance to catch her breath, and held the damp towel she was after catching just out of reach.

She lunged pitifully for the moistened rag as I said my piece. Mrs. Kennedy, says I, your long life has been one beset with undeniable sorrows, but it has also been one blessed with unusual grace and greatness. You have been called to show more courage and endurance than many of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Countless times you have reached within yourself and found the strength to go on where others might have sought that fortitude as vainly as you now seek the cool cloth I dangle before you. For as long as I have known your family, its most distinguishing characteristic has been, aside from bushy hair, an indomitable will to succeed. Your husband and your sons, like you and me and every other human being, have made mistakes and been in error. But they never ceased to strive for right. To do less than that is the sin of despair, a mortal sin endemic in our age and in the Dominican order in particular. But we are not sent to judge but to strive....

I went on like this for some time. Churchy stuff developed by my order and tested on some of the toughest atheists who ever preached the thickest bolt-eating-type Marxist heresies.*

So, are you not seeing now? I asked the now docile old woman after the sermon. You must let Teddy run. To stand in his way for your own reasons is to renounce as worthless the great

*Editor's note: The argument to which Father refers was developed by the Jesuits not, as one might think, to combat atheism or convert members of other established religions. Code-named "Indoctrinsalvation," it was developed to counter a widespread belief among teenage girls exposed to the television show "The Flying Nun" during the middle sixties: that a pure and uninformed veneration for the Holy Family, coupled with a large hat and a southeast wind, would enable flight. Disillusionment and broken limbs prompted the Jesuits to develop Indoctrinsalvation, and it proved extremely effective. Unfortunately, the argument fell into the hands of others, by means unclear, in 1966. It was successfully employed by hippie leaders, rock musicians, then almost everybody from Synanon to Reverend Moon. The Jesuits who developed the system say it is rapidly losing its potency, and now compare its effect on the brain with that of the common cold on the body.

sacrifices you have made.

What? say she, I never said he couldn't run.

No? say I interrogatively.

No, say she. I told him he *shouldn't* run. He fits that job like a hand-me-down suit. He'd very likely lose. He talks like some poor fella wearing a tongue brace and looks confused about the meaning of any word longer than "uh." He also likes to get drunk a lot; but being president is more difficult than driving a car, and we all know how well he does that. Then there's Joan. A fine sight she'll be, flap-pin' beside him on the platform like a flounder somebody tossed on a dock. That son of mine is no more suited to be president of the United States than Caligula's horse was to be consul of Rome. Which is not to be saying I can't see him winning. But I told him he shouldn't.

The old girl sighed. I could see her mellowing there before my eyes. You know, she says, Jack once said to me years ago, Mom, says he, if Teddy could only concentrate hard enough to stay in one place, we could use him to hold the dining-room door open. Well, as you can see, we had to get one of those rubber things.

I reminded Mrs. Kennedy of the time old Joe sold the dog and made a kettle full of gold. How later he passed a law against the very thing he'd done.

And just what is it you're trying to say, Father?

That right now the American people want to buy a dog. We got the dog. If we don't sell ours, they'll buy another dog, if you follow my analogy.

You mean like elect that Jesuit fellow that was off in Africa with the rock singer? The lad who looks like an extra from a Swedish movie about a fellow who marries geese?

Or maybe that John Connally from Texas, the milk snatcher.

Father, old Joe used to say that anyone who'd sell stuff that came out of a cow's tits was...

Or even, God forbid, a Republican.

No. I refuse to believe that. The American people must have learned their lesson after that fellow with the face like the Hush Puppies trademark dog, he always after shoving his fingers in the air like a proctologist drying them off after a victorious dig-about. All right. He will run.

I threw her the washcloth, and, dry as it was, she mopped her poor face. Teddy was in the race.

More next month. □



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DOG TALE

continued from page 81

one shirt. Many times she was up past midnight doing the dinner dishes.

Dad and I were out in the yard one Saturday, cleaning with the pooper scooper and filling in the holes Mom had dug in the lawn. Dad flipped an old white poop over the fence into the Grigsbys' yard. He turned to me and said, "We have to do something about Mom. I don't think she's very happy."

I told him that I thought he was wrong, but deep down I didn't believe myself. It had been a long time since she pranced around the yard with a ball in her mouth or jumped up and down slobbering all over the living-room window when Dad came home.

"I think she wants to be a dog full time," Dad said sadly.

"No," I replied.

"I think so, son. She'd never come out and say it, but that's what she really wants. If she can't be a person, she wants to be a dog."

I knew Dad was right. I hated to admit it to myself, but I wanted her to be happy more than I wanted her to make me happy. Dad felt the same way, so we sold her.

That was the hardest thing anyone ever had to do. There were tears in all of our eyes as we watched Mom climb into the station wagon of the old Belgian farmer who bought her. But she understood, and she knew she would be happier running around on that big dairy farm down in Ohio than trying to be a mother and a dog at the same time. But still it was a sad moment.

"Be sure to write us!" Dad called out as the station wagon pulled away.

"She probably will!" the old Belgian shouted back. "She's a smart pooch!"

"You can bet on it, Mr. Popard!"

Dad hollered.

We stood in the street watching the station wagon until it was out of sight, then we walked slowly back to the house. We sat down on the porch and Kimmy began to cry. Then Jean started to cry. Then I started to cry. Dad got up and went inside. When he came back out we had stopped crying and were hugging each other. He had a big cardboard box in his arms. He set it down on the porch.

"Remember this stuff?" he said with a sly smile.

"The firecrackers!" I gasped.

"But Mom said we..." Kimmy stopped in midsentence, remembering that Mom was gone.

Dad raised his eyebrows and smiled.

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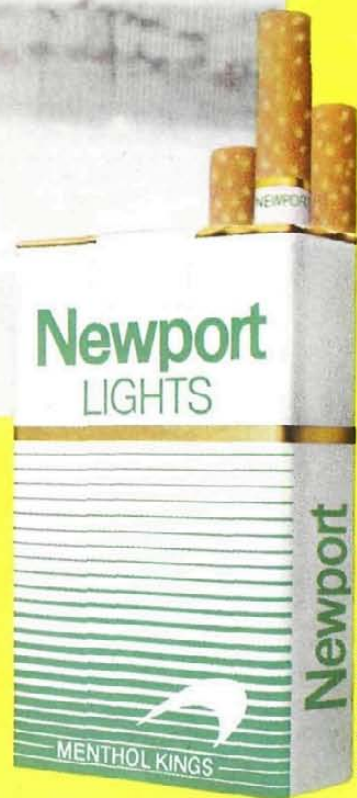
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• An Iowa legislator introduced a resolution last year that would designate polyester the official state fiber. The proposal followed an unsuccessful attempt to name the ladybug Iowa's official bug (voted down in the state senate after approval by the legislature) and earlier legislation declaring Iowa's official rock to be the geode. According to geologists, geodes are not even rocks. *Houston Chronicle* (contributed by Connie Wiener)

• A mobile home owned by Glenn Johnson of Bremerton, Washington, suffered \$300 worth of damages from an electrical fire. Fire department investigators traced the source to faulty wiring in Johnson's smoke detector. *AP* (contributed by Jim McWilliams)

• An Illinois host served a platter of hog eyeballs at his Halloween party, sickening guests, until somebody bet Robert Watson he could not eat one. Watson obliged. However, the bettor refused to pay off, claiming Watson did not chew the eyeball before he swallowed it. Watson quickly accused the man of welching, and shot him in the rear with a shotgun. *UPI* (contributed by Bob Barrett)

• When James Piepenburg was convicted under Salt Lake City's "obscene performances" ordinance for showing an allegedly pornographic film at his theater, Piepenburg appealed to the Utah Supreme Court. There, Justice A.H. Ellett wrote a majority opinion upholding the lower court, despite the appellant's contention that Salt Lake City's test for obscenity flies in the face of less stringent

criteria mandated by the US Supreme Court. Ellett wrote that state judges who subscribe to the US Supreme Court's pornography standards are "depraved, mentally deficient, mind-warped queers." *Idaho State Journal* (contributed by Tom Simko)

• A customer at the Denmark (adult) Book Store in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, complained to a clerk that another patron was making irritating noises inside a peep-show booth. The door to the booth was locked, so the clerk removed it, and found fifty-six-year-old Blaine Mercer dead on the floor. He had been watching *Orgy of Pain*. *Milwaukee Sentinel* (contributed by T. Carpenter)

• James Morgan, Sr., of California has a wife, two sons, and a daughter. His wife is in a hospital suffering from cancer. His daughter is confined

to another hospital where she is being treated for leukemia. Morgan was riding with his deaf-mute son, James, Jr., to visit his other son, in a third hospital recovering from burns over 80 percent of his body, when their car smashed into a telephone pole. James, Jr., was admitted to a hospital with a brain concussion. Mr. Morgan subsequently committed himself to a psychiatric hospital, with the explanation, "I'm going crazy." *L.A. Herald Examiner* (contributed by Dennis Dale)

• Joel Ferguson wrote an article in a Georgia newspaper charging that police in the city of Warner Robins mishandled a case. Glenn Eberhardt, Ferguson's editor, later asserted in a column called "Turkey Tracks" that Ferguson's piece was "gratuitous editorializing," adding: "We who put your newspaper together can be turkeys, too."

Ferguson resigned, then sued Eberhardt and the newspaper for defamation of character. A court in Warner Robins dismissed the action on grounds that Eberhardt's statements associating Ferguson with a turkey were "not defamatory as a matter of law," however an appellate court disagreed and ordered the case to trial. The Georgia Supreme Court concurred, ruling that "turkey" may be legally construed to connote "ineptitude, dumbness, and ignorance." *UPI* (contributed by Bob Riley)

• A judge in Krugersdorp, South Africa, reversed a legal precedent when he found Christiaan Ehrson guilty of slander for calling Mrs. Katherine Adlem "a cow" in public. It had been lawful for men to call women cows in that part of South Africa for the previous eighteen years. *UPI* (contributed by Susan Hoffman)

DON'T DEPT.



This is the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway in a large American city. Would you like to hang around here for a few days and see what happens?
Frank Sneva

• A gang of vandals broke into a school in Quimper, France, and wrecked four classrooms. Furniture was overturned, cabinets ransacked, phonographs destroyed, and walls and floors spattered with ink. A dove and three Australian parakeets were killed and plucked; three other birds were smeared with paint. Police later identified four suspects, ranging in age from three to six years old. The children had been reported missing by their parents the night of the crime. *AP* (contributed by Scott Thon)

• When a seven-year-old girl was snatched by a tiger at a Kuwait zoo, her mother bit the animal's paws until it let go. *New York Post* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

T**R****U****E**

In the Mouth

Classifieds

Here are some photographs of men putting their heads into the mouths of big fish.



"Clown," Miami, Fla. (UPI)



"Lugosi," Vancouver, Canada (CP)



"Shamu," San Diego, Cal. (AP)



(Identity unknown), Kamogawa, Japan (UPI)



"Skana," Vancouver, Canada (CP)



"Ferdinand," Duisburg, West Germany (AP)



"Lolita," Miami, Fla. (AP)



"Newtka," Arlington, Tex. (AP)

These ads ran, as is, in the classified sections of the *San Diego Union*, *Kenmore Village News*, *Ashland Daily Tidings*, and *L.A. Times*, respectively.

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(contributed by Martje Bryce)

23. REAL ESTATE RENTAL

2 BDRM. house: with fireplace, garage, work shop & large yard. \$200 per month. No children, no pets, no smokers, no drinkers, no drugs, no gays, & no freethinkers; no Buddhists, no Baptists, no Moonies, no Junies, no Communists sympathizers, room deodorizers, nor tranquilizers; no creeps, no punks, no fools, no losers, no onions & hold the mayo. In fact, never mind...I'm going to sell the property & move to Denver or India or some place. (And no musicians.)

(contributed by Trina Berger)

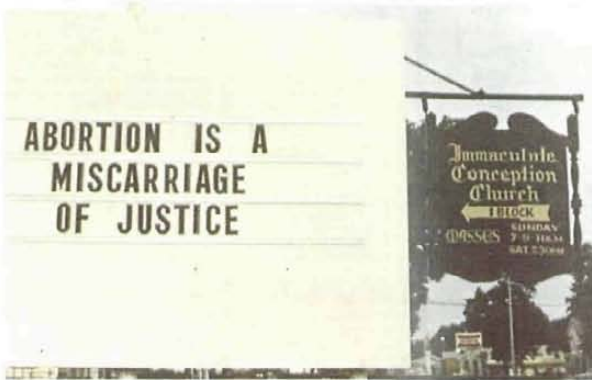
AMERICAN ESKIMO, male, 1 yr. old, solid white, good with children. Call 288-0521.

(contributed by Juan Wilson)

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 Avenue, New York, NY 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's note: All items appearing 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 fiction. Except the ads.

What's Your Sign?



Nancy Ochlerking, Crete, Ill.



Susan Hoffman, Dallas, Tex.



Joe Faust, Oklahoma City, Okla.



Robert Straubinger, Hemet, Cal.



Al Theis, Erie, Pa.



Jack Rossin, Boston, Mass.



T. Wheeler, Colorado Springs, Colo.



Tim Corcoran, Key West, Fla.



D. Folks, Bakersfield, Calif.

PROTEST THE CRISIS IN IRAN! GET IT ON YOUR CHEST!



A-2



A-3

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OR LARGE COLORFUL WALL POSTERS \$12 each

SPECIAL OFFER: ANY TWO (2) \$12.00
SHIRT COLORS: Blue (B), White (W), or Tan (T)
Indicate color, style & size (S,M,L,XL) below and send check or money order to:

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Jacksonville, Florida 32211 Ph-(904) 743-6103 or 893-3560

Style	#	Size	Color	Poster (✓)	Name _____
A-1					Address _____
A-2					City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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Sick of Being Sold Short

We offer Tall or Big Men the world's greatest selection of reasonably priced Brand-Name clothing and shoes. Sleeves to 38"; necks to 22"; inseams to 38"; shoes to 16EEE. All Guaranteed Before and After Wearing, Washing, Dry Cleaning or Money Back!

FREE 100 PAGE CATALOG

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NAME _____
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KEEP'EM GUESSIN' with your



T-SHIRT

NO SHRINK 50/50 POLY/COT.

Specify - Red, Navy, Tan, Light Blue, Yellow, White - s/m/l/xl
Send \$5.95 + 50¢ postage to:
ROCKY MOUNTAIN T-SHIRTS
649 S. College, Ft Collins, Co. 80524

PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE



One of the most beautiful and practical books on physical love ever published. Over 160 photographs of a young nude couple in a variety of pre-coital and coital positions. Explores the whole field of physical love, including the building of sexual power, sexual stimulation, techniques for building up passion and much more. Over 225,000 hard-bound copies sold at \$15.00, now available in large size, soft cover, for just \$5.95, 320 pages - full size 7" x 9 1/2". Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Send \$5.95 to: Adam & Eve, Dept.
P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, N.C. 27510



Sexual Best Seller

An impressive array of sex techniques that will turn a routine sex life into one of adventure and intensity. Foreplay, afterplay, and absolutely everything in between is revealed in hundreds of micro-clear action photos in this all-new best seller. An unbelievable variety of positions for sexual intercourse, 224 power-packed pages of mainly photographs, most in color, teach you how to increase and eroticize your partner's sexual response. A complete release from traditional sex. Only \$9.50.

CONDOM SPECIAL

Enjoy the newest and most modern condoms at greatly reduced prices. Deluxe condom sampler of nationally-advertised brands like Rough Rider, Trojan, Stimula, Sensations, Pleaser and Snugs. Every conceivable feature in condoms is offered - textured, preshaped, studs, thin, lubricated, transparent and colors. 38 condoms, only \$7.95. **Free Offer:** One year subscription to a beautiful full-color catalog of sex aids, books, condoms, men's and women's sensuous clothing & more. **FREE WITH EVERY ORDER.**

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- Save \$3. Buy Sexual Positions Book + Condoms, \$14.50
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Send your order to: **ROMEO**, Dept N7
P.O. Box 200, Carrboro, NC 27510

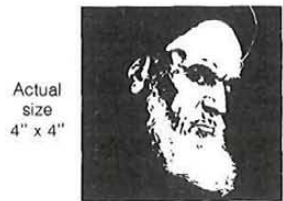
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

PARDON ME, BUT...
YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY
MISTAKEN ME FOR
SOMEONE WHO
GIVES A DAMN.

silkscreened on a HANES t-shirt. Brown on tan or silver on black. S,M,L,XL. \$6.00 per shirt plus \$1.50 p&h PER ORDER. Specify size and color for each shirt ordered.

MONEYBACK GUARANTEE!
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Actual size 4" x 4"

Khomeini

They've pissed you off - now you can piss back! This disgusting replica of a person you can't stand sticks to the bottom of your toilet and becomes a target for your animosity. Eight different toilet targets available. The ultimate insult! A great gag for parties.

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Rush me _____ toilet targets at \$2.00 ea. Indicate choice and quantity.

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Allow 3 weeks delivery

EDITORIAL

continued from page 71

SS captain Gerhard Schlueter was charged with Bohr's "supervision." Schlueter presided over his experiments with meticulous control, always in range to record the great scientist's every notation, every formula, every postulation, and every joke. When Bohr became uncooperative, Schlueter applied necessary pressures to force performance. The German high command wanted a new Johann Fookerfahster by April 19; Schlueter privately hoped his prisoner would respond without duress.

Bohr, Schlueter, and Schlueter's superiors in Berlin did not know the British had their ears to the wall.

Donovan and Perkins stood by a small, metal speaker box in Fox-Bough's Building 10 and listened to gravelly blips of Morse code. A cryptographer unscrambled the letters and scratched a translation on his pad. Four hours later, Donovan was in the Oval Office.

"I can't tell you how pleased I am, Bill," the president exclaimed. "Sit down and tell me what you've got."

Donovan removed a scrap of paper from his pocket and began to read:

"When Johnny Fuckerfaster went to school one day, the teacher decided to review the alphabet. She told her students, 'I'll name a letter of the alphabet, and you tell me a word that begins with that letter. We'll start with "A."' Johnny Fuckerfaster raised his hand, shouting, 'I know, I know!' The teacher knew Johnny had a dirty mind and thought to herself, 'He'll say "asshole" and embarrass the class! So, she called on another student, who answered 'apple.' The teacher called out the letter 'B,' and again Johnny raised his hand furiously and yelled, 'Please, me, call on me, I know!' The teacher imagined he would say 'bastard,' so she asked another child for the answer. He replied, 'Boy.' The teacher continued through the alphabet until she got to the letter 'R.' By this time, Johnny was jumping up and down in his seat and making such a commotion she could no longer avoid him. 'What dirty word could he possibly make with "R"?' she thought. None came to mind, so she called on Johnny. 'Rat...' he said. The teacher breathed an enormous sigh of relief, then smiled and said, 'Very good, Johnny!' Then Johnny added, '...and it had a fucking tail that long and took a shit on the floor!'"

The president laughed so hard he slid halfway out of his wheelchair. He slowly composed himself, wiped a tear from his eye, and looked squarely at Donovan. "We can't let jokes like that go to those Kraut hordes," he declared. "By God, we're going to give the British all the help they need!"

It is difficult for us to understand how important a good joke was in 1941. The world had barely emerged from a monstrous depression, and people were desperate to laugh. Often-times an amusing story was a man's most valuable possession.

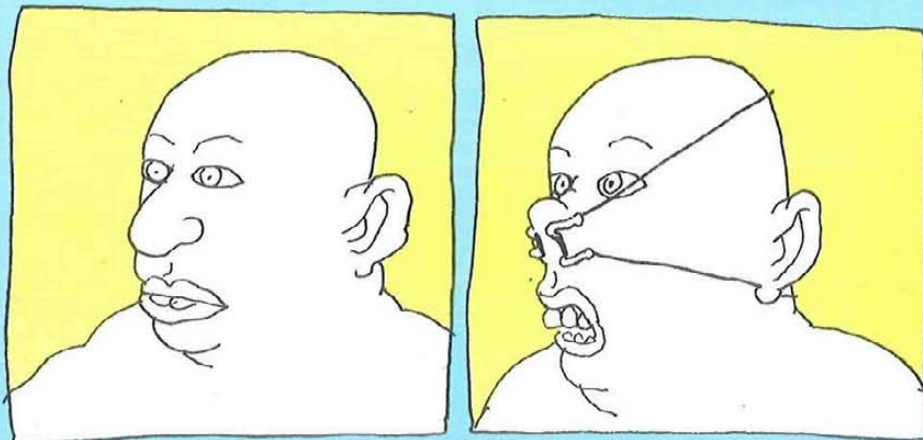
President Roosevelt was willing to go to war for good jokes in March 1941, and this month, on the thirty-ninth anniversary of that historic and heretofore undisclosed decision, we too should pay thoughtful tribute to the humor in our own lives. As you read through this issue, take time to really *understand* the jokes. As the wine experts say, "Let them breathe." Remember, there are a quarter of a million American boys moldering in European soil so that you might enjoy the laughter they'll never know. You owe them. For their sakes, if not for your own, turn the page and laugh.

T.C.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Vengeance

Somebody shanked your wife lately? Bilked you out of your vacation money? Walked across a corner of your lawn every day, over and over and over, even though you put in expensive fences and shrubbery and every conceivable type of barricade, until you just can't take it anymore? Who will settle the score? The cops? The legislature? The UN? Yeah, sure. The only guy with the guts and integrity to fix those bastards is you. That's why we know you'll really get a lot out of next month's Vengeance issue. Everybody who ever did anything to you, or anyone you just plain didn't or don't like, gets it. It'll be great.



Small noses need no longer be the domain of the wealthy, with new, cheap nose hooks.

IN THE APRIL NATIONAL LAMPOON



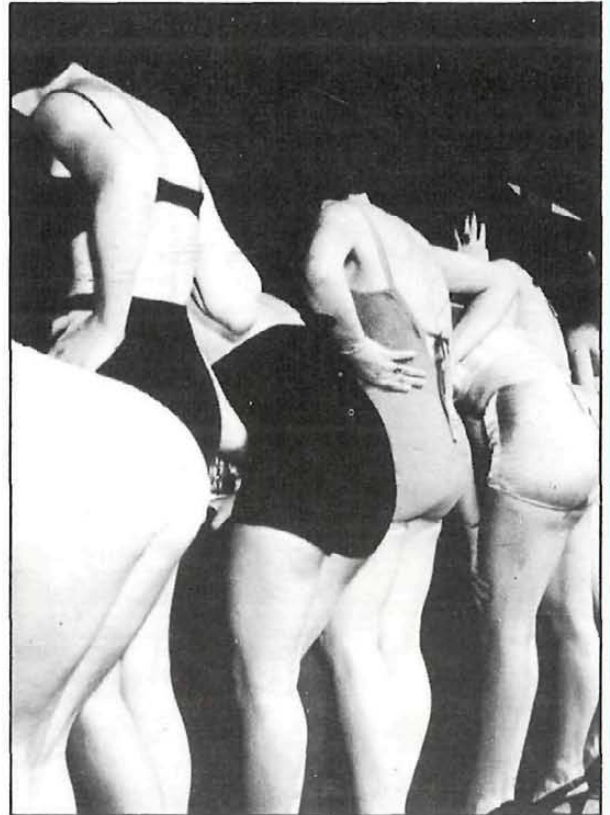
London, England Toka Toku, a farmer in Tanzania, rests on a park bench in London before starting a search for his family roots. Toku claims that he is descended from an English sea captain named Trent, who married his great great great grandmother. He also can prove that Winston Churchill was his fourth cousin.



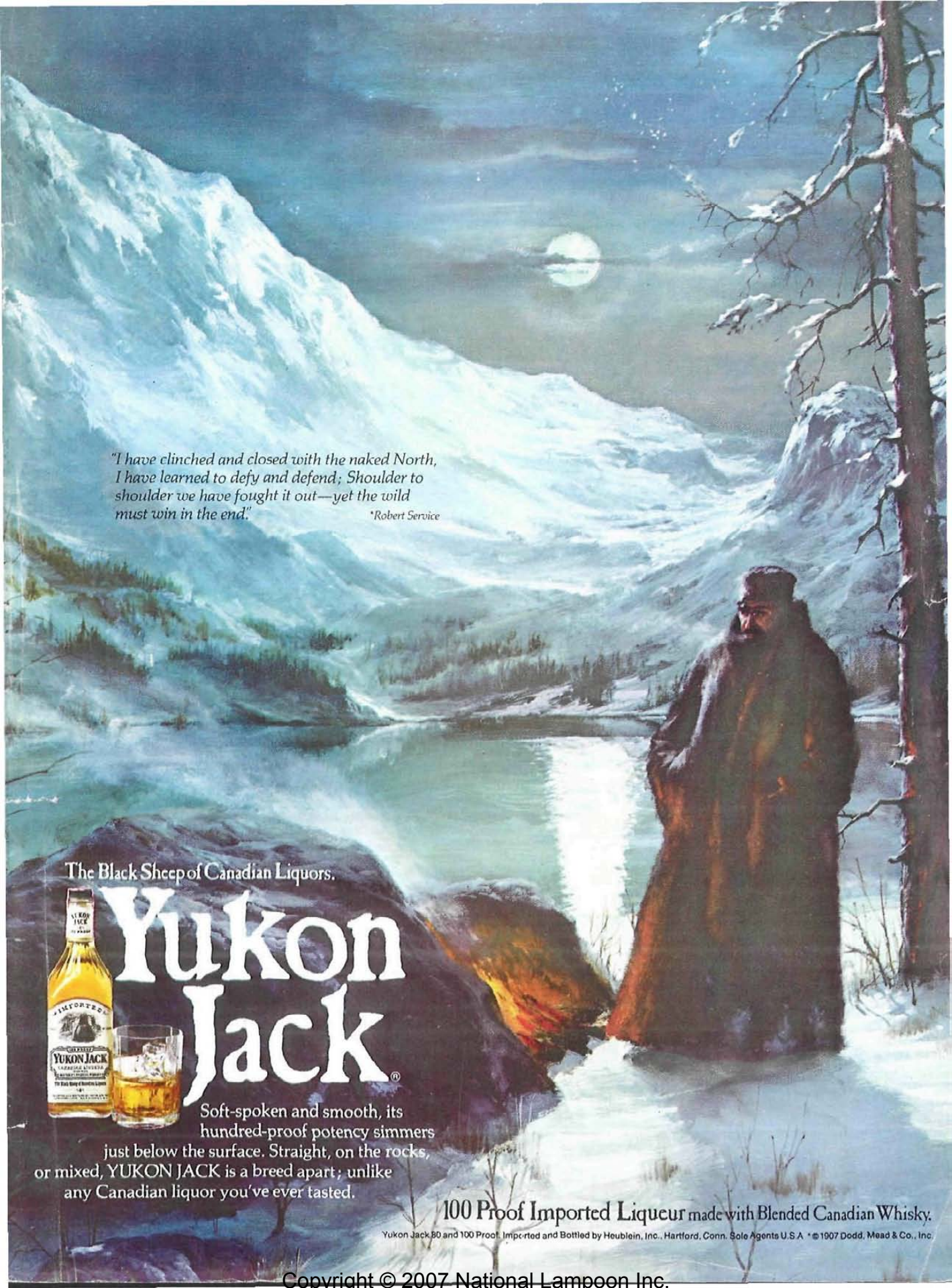
Rochester, Minnesota Barry and Mark Cardozo are Siamese twins joined at the nose. They are about to enter the world-famous Mayo Clinic for special surgery that will separate them. According to the doctors, there is a fifty-fifty chance for the twins to lead a normal life once they are separated.



Toronto, Canada A team of doctors gives emergency oxygen to Gaylord and Brucie, a pair of chimpanzees who were competing in Toronto's annual Monkey Olympics. The chimps were entered in the marathon but collapsed with severe stomach cramps after leading the field for the first hundred yards.



New York, New York Amateur photographers compete in the Miss Pretty as a Picture contest, the first contest to combine physical beauty and photographic ability. While the contestants are taking pictures with old-fashioned view cameras, the beauty judges get a good view of their shapely figures from the rear.

A man in a heavy, dark fur coat and hat stands in a snowy mountain landscape. He is looking towards the left. The background features snow-covered mountains, a river, and a full moon in a dark sky. A tree is visible on the right side of the frame.

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

**Robert Service*

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



Yukon Jack[®]

Soft-spoken and smooth, its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks, or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.

100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack 80 and 100 Proof. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. * © 1997 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

Technics

Nobody's perfect. But Technics quartz-locked, direct-drive Q-Series: the Q-2 semi-automatic and Q-3 fully automatic come incredibly close.

So close that many discos and FM stations choose Technics quartz-locked, direct-drive turntables over any other. It's no wonder, with speed accuracy of 0.002%, wow and flutter of only 0.025% WRMS and rumble of -78dB (DIN B). They're impressive specs.

What's just as impressive is Technics soft-touch in-line controls conveniently mounted on the front panel. You can operate every electronic function without ever lifting the dust cover.

Or Technics statically balanced S-shaped tonearm. With only 7 mg friction on both the vertical and horizontal planes, it's more than sensitive, it's sensational. Even the computer-designed headshell contacts are gold-plated for maximum conductivity.

To help protect against acoustic feedback, Technics Q-Series turntables are all mounted in a precision aluminum diecast base with a unique non-resonant compound, TNRC. It's so effective it resists feedback at the highest music levels.

By this time you might think you have to be rich to afford Technics Q-Series. You don't. Both models are surprisingly reasonable.

Technics Q-Series. We can't say they're perfect. You will.

We can't say the speed accuracy of our new quartz-locked turntables is 100%. Just 99.998%.





Golden Lights® ends every-which-way search for taste.

With 75 low tar products to choose from, over 1 million smokers switched to Golden Lights... often after just one pack.



Golden Lights.
The taste you'll swear by...
not at.

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

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Golden Lights: 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Looks as good as it tastes!



The Club is the largest-selling cocktail in the world. And now everyone can see why!

We've just put that big, bright, beautiful taste on the outside to show just how mouth-watering it's always been on the inside.

Pick from fifteen different bar-strength cocktails and see if they don't look as good as they taste.

THE CLUB® COCKTAILS • 25 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, CT.

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