

Old School Lies, Classless Reunions, Required Readings,
Pre-teen Confidential, and Post-graduate Depression

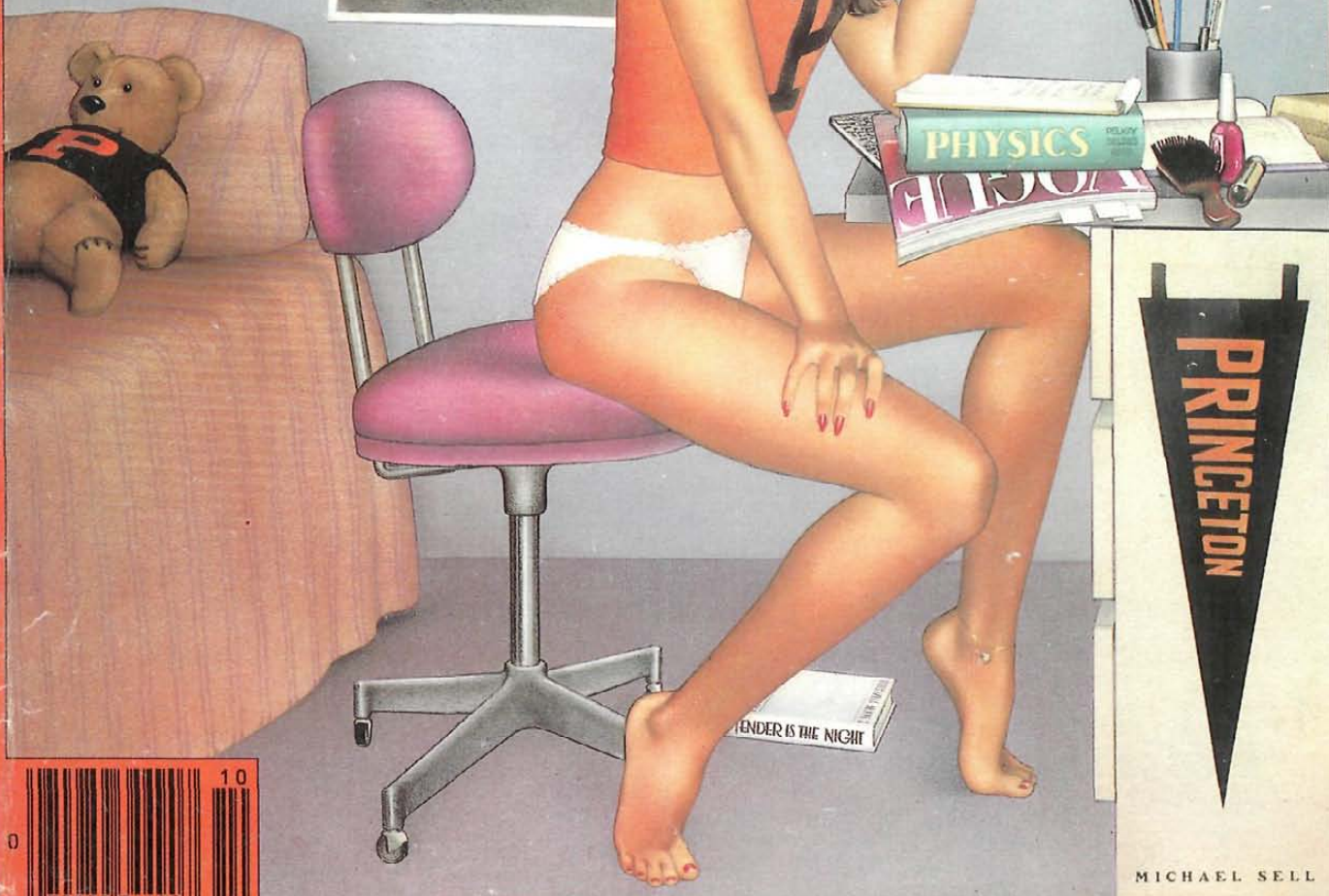
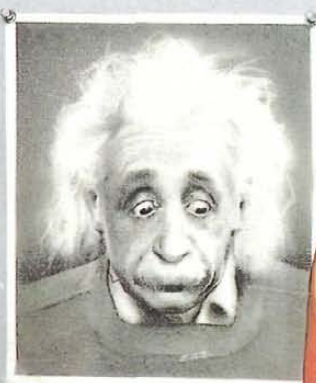
NATIONAL LAMPPOON

Dilated Pupils

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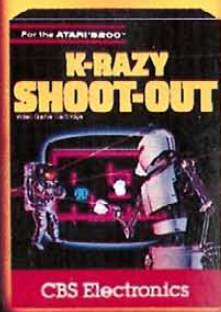
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**Inside:
Brooke's
Letter
Home**



MICHAEL SELL

Introducing five ways to make your Atari® 5200™ more exciting.



CBS Electronics is now the source of a big variety of exciting games never before available on the Atari® 5200™. Now you can really plug into the excitement five different ways... each one a thrilling test of your skill and concentration.

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It's five great ways to add to your Atari 5200 video game selection. So check out the video games from CBS Electronics. And discover how much more exciting your Atari 5200 just became.

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"What comes down must go up."[®]

Robert M. Martin, M.D.

October 1983
Vol. 2, No. 63

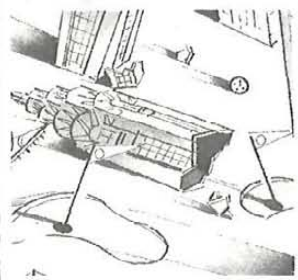
4
Editorial

6
**Letters from
the Editors**

10
Foto Funnies



12
**A Quick
Round
Before Lunch**
By Joseph Killorin Brennan



20
**Canadian
Trivia**
By Bob Pomerantz
and Robbe Davis



26
Foto Funnies



29
**Time
of the Month**



34
**Off the
Subject**
By Sean Kelly



36
**Fighting for
Your Chums**
By Gerald Sussman
Illustrated by
Steve Salerno



42
**Pre-Teen
Confidential**
By Mimi Pond



47
Skidmark
By Kevin Curran,
Glenn Eichler,
and Fred Graver
Photographed by
Eddie Poon



59
**Brooke's
Letter Home**
By Kevin Curran
Dear Mom,

64
**God Bless You,
Mr. Vonnegut**
By Charles Kaufman
and Paul Proch
Illustrated by
Robert de Michiell

70
No Bad Kids
By Leslie Fuller
and Mitchell Kriegman
Photographed by
Dan Nelken



80
Foto Funnies



83
True Section
Edited by
John Bendel

89
Funny Pages



96
**NatLamp
Contest #25**
By Kevin Curran

MICHELOB®



*Every ingredient
barley malt,
hops, rice and
very finest*

Some things speak for themselves

editorail

SATIRE IS A FUNNY THING. AND good taste is in the mouth of the beholder. Take Princeton. Take Brooke Shields.

When that tall starlette announced her intention to attend that prestigious university last spring, the undergraduate staff of the *Tiger*, the campus "humor" magazine, planned to devote an entire issue to the subject, and even to put a picture of Ms. Shields on the cover! (A publishing breakthrough.)

But the graduate board of the *Tiger*, an alumni group assigned by the university to oversee the "humor" magazine, asserted that the anti-Brooke material was possibly libelous and certainly tasteless, and exercised their authority to censor "The Brooke Book." In fact, that august body deemed only one article to be printable, so that when the *Tiger* appeared, three months late and sixteen pages long, it contained just "The Princeton Man's Guide to Impressing and Sleeping with Brooke If and When She Gets Here," which suggested such foreplay techniques as shooting the president and dating Brooke's mom to achieve "your very first cover girl crank."

"God's suffering teeth," you might well ejaculate. "If that's what got by,

what must the expurgated stuff have been like? An interview with Brooke's Calvins? (She'd be *roont!*)"

We here at the *NatLamp* took an interest in the case. Although our first loyalties (not to speak of royalties) are to Harvard, the sacred duty of spotty young men on *any* campus to insult celebrities in print is a matter near and dear.

We obtained—never mind how—a poorly Xeroxed copy of the parts left out of the *Tiger* Special Brooke Issue. Get this: a "photo essay" of Brooke doing naughty things to the celebrated on-campus tiger statue... a mock movie poster for a porno flick, *Who Knocked Up Brooke?*, and a glowing review of same attributed to Vincent Canby... a document purporting to be Brooke's admissions application in which she admits to occasional bouts of farting on a commercial set, but promises to give the school lots of money if permitted to attend... and another counterfeit alleged to be her midterm physics exam, during which an "acid flashback" reduces Brooke to obscene graffiti scribbling...

Had enough? We did. We read no further.

Not just because Brooke is an acquaintance of ours, personally. And

not just because she's a well-mannered and very beautiful young lady with a voice like fingernails on a blackboard, the acting skills of a young Ryan O'Neal, and a mother beside whom Grendel's seems passing fair. No!

We ceased to read because we were not amused, and freely chose to read no further—a right denied the rest of the world, or at least the student body at Princeton, by the vigilante committee that suppressed the *Tiger*.

Now, what do you suppose inspired the "graduate board" to temporarily suspend the First Amendment rights of the *Tiger* scribes? Could it have been the suggestion, implicit in all the bowdlerized Brooke material, that Princeton, like all schools hard up for dough and thus eager for celebrity and the big bucks attendant upon same, has, with a little forgivable hypocrisy, lowered its lofty academic standards in this particular case? Hmmm?

Well, as long as I'm L. Dennis Plunkett, helmsman here at the *NatLamp*, we defend to the death (somebody else's, preferably) the freedom of any sophomore satirist—even at Yale—to point out that the emperor is wearing... designer jeans. ■

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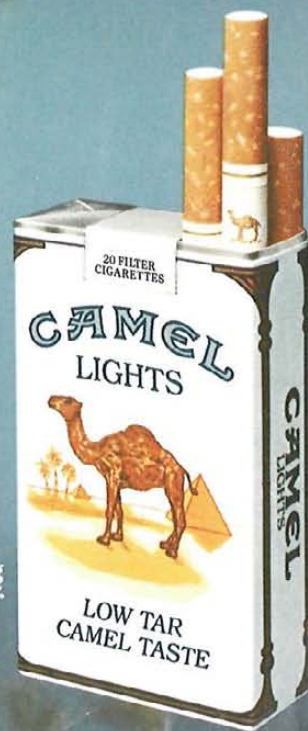
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LETTERS
10/8/01

SIRS: EVERY CABDRIVER IN NEW York will tell you about all the celebrities he's had in his backseat if you give him half a chance. But do they ever ask fishermen? Heck, I've caught 'em all. Sal Minco on Pullet Bay. Kept on thrashing around, had to stab him with a scaling knife. Bob Crane up on Boulton Lake. He was a feisty bugger, had to smash him over the head a few dozen times with an oar to keep him from tipping the boat over. Totie Fields, cut her leg off and watched her die. I could go on and on.
Ol' Tom the Fisherman
Starfish, N.H.

Sirs:
I've always had this morbid fascination with the third rail.
Don King
Short Circuit, Ill.

Sirs:
These hamburgers from another planet land on earth and they can only survive if they're broiled, not fried. So they're sitting in McDonald's waiting to get broiled, and just before the cook puts them on the grill they hear a commercial on the radio saying how Burger King broils and doesn't fry. So they get up and they're running around trying to escape.
Henry Gonk
Looseleaf, Pa.

Sirs:
Recently I read this article about a forty-million-dollar suit. Boy, that guy must be some snappy dresser.
Bill McCurdy
Dellwood, Mo.

Sirs:
I thought they fixed home video games so there wouldn't be a pattern left on your screen after you played them. The reason I'm wondering is, I was watching "60 Minutes," and "Ms. Pac-Man" came chomping out of Ed Bradley's ass.
Nort Bumpus
Twix, Ohio

Sirs:
Did you ever notice that when people say, "Hey, how ya doin'?" they can be really insincere?
Jess Folks
Margarine, Tex.

Sirs:
Why don't you publish more sports results in your magazine? I'm still trying to find out who won the Giants-Browns game last Sunday, and also the recent Byron Nelson Golf Classic. So get with it, okay?
Jim Marks
Lima, Ohio

Sirs:
Remember Snagglepuss, the cartoon lion with the funny voice who said "Exit, stage right" and "Heavens to Murgatroyd"? I bet you never thought Murgatroyd was a real person. Neither did I, until I saw his name in a Catholic newsletter dealing with obscure saints. It seems that Murgatroyd was employed as an artisan in the making of the famous Bayeux tapestry, until he got burned at the stake for being a homosexual. While Murgatroyd was burning he prayed aloud that homosexual art directors would one day find it easier to land good jobs. To this very day Murgatroyd is the patron saint of homosexual art directors everywhere.

So each time Snagglepuss said, "Heavens to Murgatroyd," it was a nationally televised prayer to Saint Murgatroyd to help homo art directors keep their jobs. Isn't that a corker?
Walter Lanced
Warmer Bros. Studios

Sirs:
For the love of God, will they please take away the peach cobbler and just give us an extra vegetable?
Ralph Lasko
Middletown, Pa.

Sirs:
As muffler repairmen, we regard it as our duty to impress upon the people of this planet the devastating effect that a nuclear war would have on the muffler systems of their automobiles. We say this even though we, as muffler repairmen, stand to gain monetarily from the huge number of muffler-repair jobs that would inevitably follow from an atomic Armageddon.
Muffler Repairmen
for a Nuclear-Free World

Sirs:
Which end of these do you point toward the sky?
Al-Ahmad Farsi
AWACS Training Center
Saudi Arabia



"Good afternoon, sir. I'm Dr. Leonard Delray of Proctology Associates, Inc., down at the Busy Pilgrim Mall. As part of our Midsummer Wackiness Sale, we're giving door-to-door free estimates. So if you'll kindly bend over and spread them, we can start you on the road to affordable proctology service."

To eliminate the major flaws of cone-shaped speakers we created speakers without a cone. Technics Honeycomb Disc Speakers.

One of the unfortunate aspects of the conventional audio speaker is the speaker design itself: a cone-shaped diaphragm that performs with undesirable dips and peaks in frequency response. The result is reproduction that can be less than accurate.

Technics has eliminated this problem by eliminating the cone. Instead Technics uses an ingenious, flat speaker called the Honeycomb Disc. This flat Honeycomb Disc is extremely rigid and lightweight. So it responds quickly and with superb accuracy to the most delicate or the most dynamic musical signal. And can handle a wider range of frequencies than conventional speakers without creating distortion.

Another problem of conventional speakers is that each speaker cone is mounted at a slightly different distance from your ears. So you hear each musical frequency at a slightly different time.

But the revolutionary design of the Technics flat Honeycomb Disc ensures precise speaker alignment. You hear the musical frequencies the way you're supposed to: all at the same time.

In fact, Technics Honeycomb Disc Speakers are so well engineered, they achieve Waveform Fidelity: the speaker output signal is virtually a mirror-image of the input signal.

And because of this Honeycomb Disc technology, these speakers are capable of reproducing the exceptional sound of digital recordings.

But perhaps best of all, the price of all this technology is remarkably modest.

Hear how eliminating the speaker cone can add to your music. Experience the startling fidelity of Honeycomb Disc Speakers from Technics.



Technics
The science of sound

Sirs:

Me and my husband decided to pattern our lives after cartoon characters on television because they always seem happy and never have any problems that aren't resolved in a gaggle of laughter by the end of the episode. So my husband got home late from a card game and when he told me he had to work late at the plant I hit him over the head with a frying pan and killed him instantly.

Wilma Kramden
Shaker Heights, N.J.

Sirs:

You know, I'm getting pretty darn sick and tired of getting all that garbage rammed down my throat every day. At least wrap the stuff up, can't you?

The Garbage Can
Beside Route 66

Sirs:

I got this evolutionary idea for a book: a collection of pre-hysterical jokes, like "Cavemen couldn't wear chains 'cause they had missing links" and "Not tonight, I'm having my Jurassic period," and "Forget about him—he's a Homo erectus!" There

could be hilarious putdowns too, like "Your mama's a tree dweller," and "Your father extincts," and even "Your sister's uglier than a scare-Cro-Magnon." What d'ya think?

A. Putz
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

We're a new exercise spa called Honest Shit Aerobics. What makes us different from all the other exercise spas? Our policy of total honesty. Like, we admit we don't have a clue what "aerobics" means. Something to do with air, probably. If you become a member, you'll get to flop around with a herd of other flabby secretaries dressed in mismatched purple tights to the sound of our rented disco system while being screamed at by a Nazi faggot, and all for a ridiculously big fee. No shit.

Billy "Slick" Jimenez
*Honest Shit Aerobics
Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

Hey, have I become cool again, or did I just die?

Timothy Leary
Farther out

Sirs:

Dig it: I bought a hat with horns on it. I popped for a broadsword. I even agreed to eat reindeer meat. Still, no membership card. You want to know what this is? Racism. Pure and simple. Did these lily-white Ollies and Bjorns sleep through the sixties, or what?

Stokely
*c/o The Leif Ericson Pavilion
Sons of Norway Grieg Lodge No. 15
Beartrap, Minn.*

Sirs:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do. So I offered to take a few of them off her hands.

Roman Polanski
Still waiting to hear back

Sirs:

If any of you are wondering what happened to Mary Travers, she's been barking like a dog outside my home since last Wednesday at three P.M., and frankly, if she scares one more maid away, I'm going to have to call the proper authorities.

Concerned Property Owner
Hollywood Hills



For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10. payable to "ANCO", Box 929-NL, NYC, 10268

Sirs:

I've had an experience that I'd like to report to your readers to see if they've had any similar ones. Okay, it's late at night, the wife's asleep, so you tiptoe gently down the stairs to go to the fridge for a midnight snack. You're real careful opening the door so no one in the house will wake up, but when you look inside you see Ernest Borgnine. Any takers?

Bill Finch
Lummox, N.Mex.

Sirs:

You heard what's wrong with the Village People? They've all got Band-Aids. I mean, they're all diseased queers.

Senior Citizen
Irvine, Calif.

Sirs:

Hello. I'm a letter from St. Cloud, Minnesota. As you probably know, St. Cloud is just north of Minneapolis, the capital city. Well, more to the northwest, actually. You might be interested to know that it rains here quite a bit, although not for most of the summer months. You know, it's quite a thrill for

a letter from St. Cloud to be delivered to New York City, so if there's anything else you want to know about St. Cloud, why, go right ahead and ask. I'll answer as promptly as I possibly can. I guess that's all. It's sure been fun. Bye.

St. Cloud
Minnesota

Sirs:

I guess it's a good thing he made a lot of money boxing, because Sugar Ray Leonard would be a pretty piss-poor name for a Century 21 agent, at least in my district.

Buzz Skoal
Lancaster, Ga.

Sirs:

There has been a great deal of criticism about the fact that the great film *Kennedy* was made by an Indian director. But are not we, as Americans, perhaps too close to the subject to afford ourselves an impartial look at this great president? Is it not possible that only an Indian could have made a film about a great American leader? Instead of criticizing, our hats should be off to director Rajitt Durban Singh, who resisted the demands of some Americans

to represent Kennedy as a disembodied voice or even a moving light, and instead made a film about Kennedy the man. Academy Awards are doubtless in the offing for acting unknown Ted Gurjeem Parmisha, himself half American, for his portrayal of President Kennedy. The minor problem with Parmisha's accent and looks in no way detracted from his fresh approach to the role of the ill-fated president. You *must* see *Kennedy*.

Rex Reed
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and a truly incredible hangover." Those Persians never could get the congener and sediment level in their wine down to a reasonable level. Personally, I'd take a California Petit Chablis any day.

Omar Khayyám
Sleeping off another one

Sirs:

Q: What do they call Murray the K in heaven? A: The second Beatle.

Paul McCartney
Limbo

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)



Part Of Our National Heritage

In 1776, Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country. He pointed out that this majestic bird is native only to the American Continent.

It seems only fitting that the Wild Turkey later became the symbol of our country's greatest native whiskey.

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FOTO FUNNIES

HI! I'M A CANNIGAL, A RARE SPECIES OF FLESH-EATING PROM DATE.



WE CANNIGALS LIVE ON AN ISOLATED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, YET EACH YEAR WE RECEIVE HUNDREDS OF PROM INVITATIONS...



...BECAUSE OF OUR LUSCIOUS BODIES, NICE PERSONALITIES, AND GOOD FASHION SENSE.

OUR DATES PICK US UP IN PLANES TO ATTEND THEIR TEEN FUNCTIONS. WHEN THEY TRY TO MAKE OUT LATER ON THE BEACH, WE GET A HAND AND CHOW DOWN.



ALL IN ACCORDANCE WITH ISHTAR, OUR LEOPARD RUG GOD.



DO MY BIDDING! EAT YOUR PROM DATE.

HERE'S YOUR CORSAGE. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT, J'ILL.



OH, RICKY! IT'S BEAUTIFUL...

YOU ARE POWERLESS, O READER, TO STOP THIS EVIL! I AM ISHTAR! DO MY BIDDING!



CONTINUED...

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

Sirs:

Do you want to know why the chicken crossed the road? Okay, I'll tell you why. To pick up a fucking suit at the cleaners, to deposit a fucking check at the bank, and to mail a fucking letter at the post office. So cut the fucking stupid joke.

A Fucking Chicken
Columbia, Mo.

Sirs:

I think we finally have it all figured out. Try this: Bobby Kennedy was going to shut down Jimmy Hoffa, so Hoffa had Bobby killed, but not before Bobby told Marilyn Monroe everything, including how he planned to kill Fidel Castro, and Marilyn threatened to blab everything about everybody to everyone else, which obliged Bobby to have Marilyn killed. Castro, who was cheated out of killing Bobby—who'd planned to assassinate Castro—had to be satisfied with pushing Hoffa into that sausage machine in Jersey. Which leads us to the inescapable conclusion that John F. Kennedy actually fired the three fatal shots from the grassy knoll that killed...uh...himself. Shit. Thought we had it for a while there. We'd better get back to you on this.

The Warren Commission
Still crazy after all
these years

Sirs:

The All-Pasta Cable Station will soon be broadcasting in your neighborhood. We feature twenty-four-hour-a-day programming of the latest spaghetti, lasagna, and fettuccine videos, plus in-depth interviews with shells and elbow macaroni. Our special microwave hookup will enable you to see our videos right in your own oven. So shove that in your broiler, MTV.

Julia Child
The All-Pasta Station

Sirs:

Wanna know how nurses get their kicks? We swipe a whole bunch of those green "WARNING: AIDS/KS" stickers from the lab and stick 'em on the backs of patients' IV bottles. That way it takes them a while to notice the stickers and we really crack up over their delayed reactions. Twenty of 'em have already croaked from heart attacks and one guy who was constipated for over a month got instantly cured.

The Girls on the ICU Ward
Mt. Sinai

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)



Second To One.

Diamond Collection.™

The RX-735, Mitsubishi's Electronic-Tune in-dash Car Stereo that's rivaled only by its mentor—the CZ-747.

The RX-735 is a collaboration of state-of-the-art features, sizzling audio performance, and reliability that is undeniably Mitsubishi.

Our latest addition to the Diamond Collection has a universal chassis and features Quartz PLL frequency-synthesized tuning. The Electronic Memory enables programming of 6 FM and 6 AM stations. Or touch a button and the RX-735 automatically scans to the next station.

Performance includes 16 watts of clean, crisp, power. Mitsubishi's unique "Pinch-Off" auto-reverse cassette mechanism, Digital clock and frequency display. Loudness control for plenty of bass boost at low levels, and of course, fader and balance controls for four speaker systems.

Mitsubishi's RX-735 also has an additional feature many manufacturers rarely talk about, it's affordability.

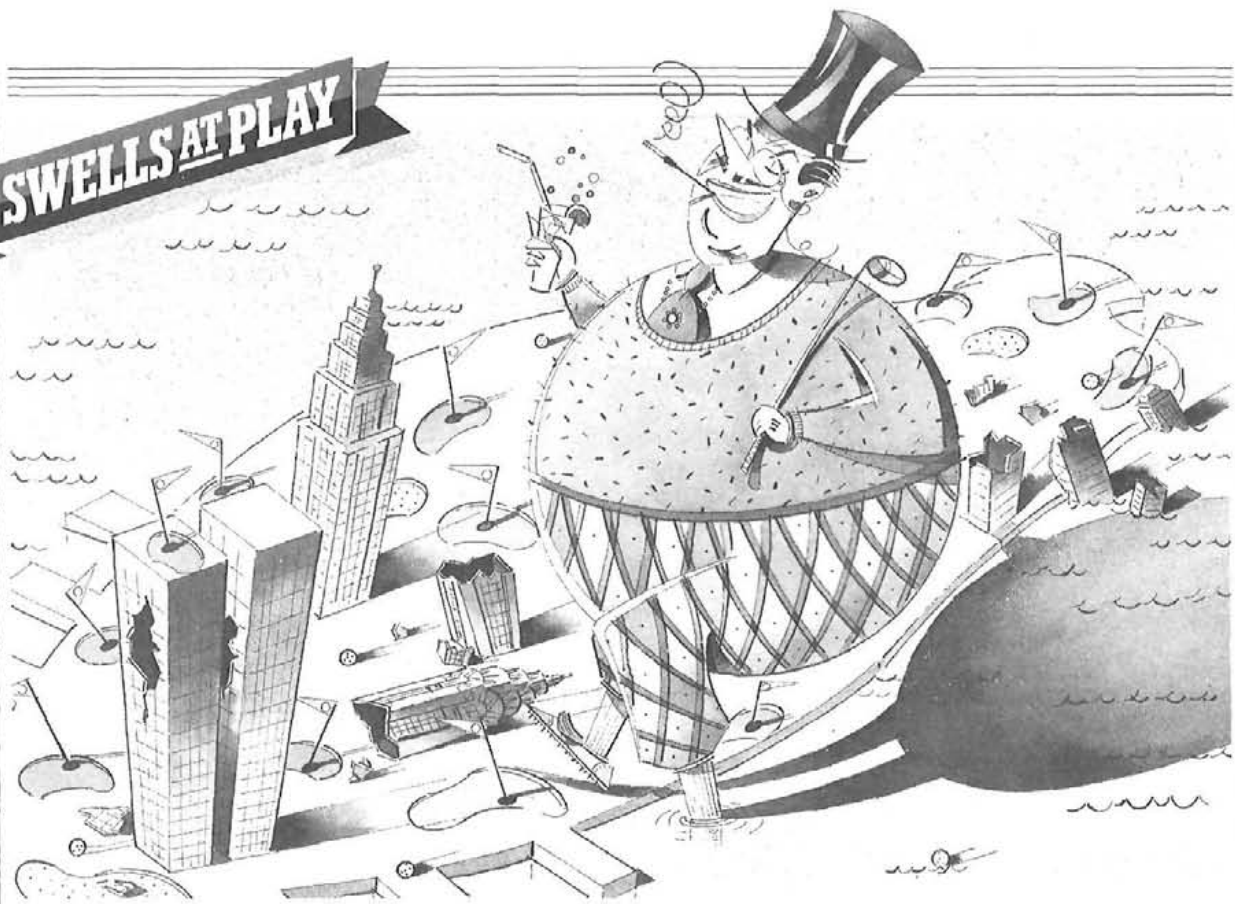
The RX-735 is unquestionably Mitsubishi.

And it's only second to one.

MITSUBISHI
CAR AUDIO

Diamond Collection: RX-735.

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The obscene, incestuous, bloodsucking, coprophiliac rich are different from you and me.

A Quick Round Before Lunch

BY JOSEPH KILLORIN BRENNAN

DAWN GENTLY KISSES THE TOP of World Trade Center Two a whole lot earlier than it slobbers over the rest of the city a quarter mile below, where the streets and sidewalks, fairways and greens, are all still in night's shadow. When those elevator doors roll back and the first foursome arrives on the observation deck, the tour's nastiest course awaits the only golfers rich enough to attack it.

The inordinately wealthy have come to claim their turf. No longer are these callow snots content to bask in the exclusivity of their cherished country clubs. Nay, even their private three-hole courses in Palm Springs have lost the novelty so requisite to an ultrarich man's sport. In their relentless pursuit of the ultimate in amusement, these plutocratic playboys, these... *swells*

are finally teeing off on New York City!

Thumwacker's helicopter touched down on the first tee so swiftly, it appeared to bite with backspin and kick in reverse a few feet. He always had a way with his approach shot.

"Morning, lads!" the old Wacko announced, dismounting with club in hand. His partner, D. Kenny Pursey, stared conspicuously at his watch. Thumwacker ignored him. "You better choke down, girls," he warned. "This wind is gonna carry the ball to Brooklyn."

Doc Limespikes concurred while taking his practice swing. "Won't get much roll, either. Not until the street sweepers come through."

Doc's partner, the mayor, shifted nervously from foot to foot beside Limespikes, whose clothing glowed phosphorescently with the sunrise as backdrop. The level light excited the

polyesters in his salmon slacks, and they flashed in scales.

"Hey, Doc," Thumwacker teased. "You scaring off low-flying aircraft with that outfit, or what?"

Limespikes ignored him, pounding his carbide tee into the concrete platform. The first green was City Hall Square, far below. Real pros liked to drop a high one into the motorcycle-parking triangle.

Pursey was a slimy lamprey, a landlord who cheated famously. His passion for the game was on a par with his rapacious acquisition of Manhattan real estate. Pursey had spearheaded the drive to acquire the back nine, personally anteing up the old Penn Central railyards. No one dared to challenge his inflated handicap.

"You give us five a side," he ventured. "I'm an eighteen."

"What gall!" Doc Limespikes retorted. "The day you're an eighteen, I'll be able to hit one across the Hudson!"

"Relax, Doc," the mayor entreated. "Pursey here hasn't reported a low score since the wooden shaft."

Thumwacker intervened. "Your honors, Doc." He turned to the mayor. "Hey, Ed, we're still playing for the whole island, right? Or did you change your mind when you sobered up this morning?"

The mayor was sweating. "Me and Doc are playing for the common man.

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Doc's drive was a rainbow pop-up that buried itself ten inches deep into the soft graveyard behind St. Paul's Chapel. Thumwacker offered a mulligan, but Doc wasn't biting. Give Thumwacker a mulligan and out would come the foot wedge and the nuclear irons.

Thumwacker strode to the tee, disdainful of anything so common as a practice swing. He sliced the ball nastily. It bowed toward Wall Street but took a lucky bounce off some air-conditioning towers on top of One Liberty Plaza and detoured down Maiden Lane, ricocheting frantically down the narrow canyon.

Unfazed, he tossed his club to his chopper pilot. "It's an easy wedge to the green," he sighed laconically.

"A mortar, more likely," Doc sneered.

It was then the mayor's bats. The man had become a bureaucratic wreck. The public was outraged and the press was gang-raping him. The swells, however, had him by the short hairs. The only way he could stop these two was to beat them at their own game. Tragically, the voters of the five boroughs hadn't considered their mayor's handicap in the last election. As he

swung, the club flew from his hands, producing a savage duck hook that took out a window on the sixteenth floor of the Woolworth Building. As a landmark, it was an unplayable lie. A gloating Pursey detected his first opportunity to suck blood, and lofted a three iron into the wind. Its first bounce was higher than the Statue of Liberty's armpit.

"You using those illegal balls, Pursey?" the mayor taunted.

"Nothing's illegal anymore, Mr. Mayor," Pursey snapped back.

The waiting choppers homed away after the balls, locking in on the ultrasonic squeal each Titleist gave off. Luckily, the mayor's ball had carried through the building and landed in a dumpster, which was a free lift, of course: occasional garbage. Doc Lime-spikes wasn't so greasy. He clipped a streetlight coming up Vesey Street. Thumwacker managed to reach the green in two, after evoking winter rules and taking a three-block lift from a Con Edison trench that he claimed was ground under repair. His Honor didn't protest. Wacko owned all the utilities, and he'd black out a borough for weeks if you crossed him.

As they hovered above the second fairway, the Brooklyn Bridge, Pursey's

disdain became debasedly overt. He ordered his pilot to strafe clear a landing strip, scattering the morning's gathering traffic. The mayor hid his face after the choppers touched down.

"How ya doing, Mayor?" one wise guy called out before the cherry wand of a cop's nightstick silenced the upstart.

A plaster dinosaur on a miniature golf course offers more challenge than the Brooklyn Bridge. The Manhattan Bridge, the third hole, wasn't much harder, but the mayor managed to lose both. His drive was higher than the thirteen-foot clearance; his ball fell toward the river and landed on a garbage scow heading out to sea. His lie was running with the tide, forcing His Honor to hustle off to his chopper in a snit. He'd need a one iron and a cruise missile to reach the mainland again.

The fourth was an uneventful dogleg through Chinatown, up Mott, down Pell, but the Good Doctor of Day-Glo lost it with a three-iron shot up Canal Street. His ball killed six art lovers in the Museum of Holography, who were convinced it was nothing but polarized light and consequently failed to duck.

"Five is my favorite," Pursey admitted as they donned their flak jackets before entering the wilds of Avenue B and beyond. Before them lay endless blocks of bombed-out tenements and vacant lots. "We've really been groundskeepers here," he said proudly.

Thumwacker chortled. "With the abandoned cars and busted water mains, she plays a stroke or two longer."

Pursey dispensed a privileged snicker. "Yah, maybe after this match, we'll evict everyone from Manhattan and plow it under. Plant some of that Nassau Iron grass, it'll grow in anything!"

Thumwacker begged to differ. "For shame! Bite your tongue, lad! This is the finest golf course man ever built. These buildings! Gad, what hazards!"

Pursey nodded. "We can make Times Square a driving range."

The mayor couldn't digest any more of their spittle. "Pursey, I wish I had a dollar for every wing you ever tore off a fly."

"You'd be rich," the Lamprey replied. "But I'd still be richer!" As he strolled, he hit range balls at street gangs on the corners. His heavily armed caddies stood guard while Pursey used his brick wedge to escape the rubble underfoot.

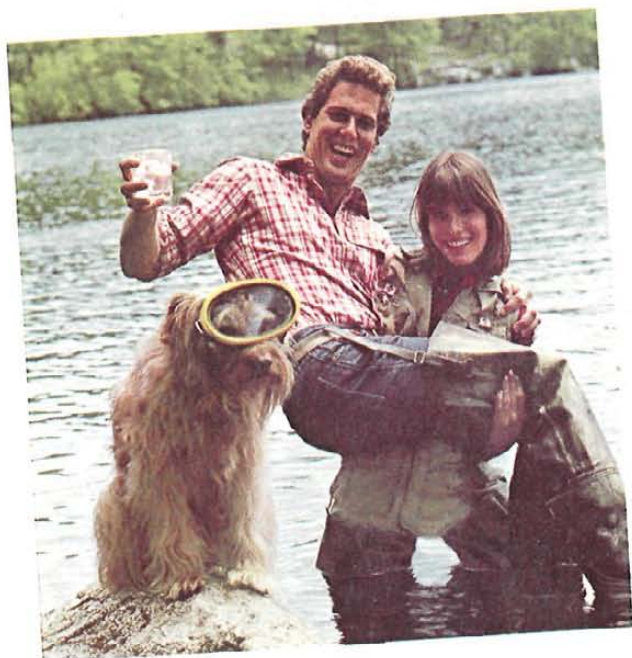
"You don't own these people!" the mayor hissed righteously.

"Oh, but I do," Thumwacker chirped. "I bought their air rights. One hundred bucks a week."

The mayor started to pull a tire iron



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out of his bag. Doc stayed his hand. "Now, Ed, the boys are just having their fun."

Pursey was sure full of fun. He seemed determined not to lose a single hole. On six, the labyrinthine doglegs of the Stuyvesant Town projects really tested the linksmen's mettle, and the mayor might have won a hole had Pursey not cut off the dogleg by playing through a Puerto Rican family's kitchen and then purposely stood in the center of the green, ignoring cries of "Fore!" The mayor's approach shot hit him dead center in his chest—and he loved it, kicking the ball away under a kneeling bus.

On seven, Pursey gave a few whispered orders to his assistants, and a section of the FDR Drive collapsed into the East River, dropping Doc's ball into the water along with a fully loaded Gray Line tour bus. The eighth tee was even worse. Thumwacker commandeered the aerial tramway to Roosevelt Island and forced the gondola doors open high above the river. When it was the mayor's turn to hit, the deranged Pursey grabbed a black nanny around the throat.

"She takes a swim if you hit one out-of-bounds," he threatened.

Completely rattled, the mayor hooked six straight drives O.B., and with each, Pursey tossed another nanny out, shopping bags and all—strollers, too. His Honor had no other choice. The borough would be lost if the match went eighteen holes. It was time to press.

"Let's play the ninth hole for the whole kit and caboodle," he suggested, trying not to sound too devious.

Pursey was immediately suspicious, but greed triumphed. No one could play nine like Pursey. The ninth hole ran the length of Park Avenue from Fifty-seventh Street to the Helmsley Building, and Pursey owned every inch of it. Thumwacker reminded him that they'd only have to take one hole on the back nine to win, but Pursey overruled him.

The Lamprey began slaving. He blasted flawlessly from tulip bed to sculpture garden. His ball bounded with topspin between the bumpers of stalled cabs. Both Thumwacker and Pursey were playing at their peak, perhaps feeding too eagerly at the offered carcass. They failed to notice that the cabs were empty, the side streets deserted.

The mayor lagged up, hanging back so he could whisper orders to his depu-

ties and speak into a remote phone. Doc was oblivious to the growing silence across the city, concerned with shanking his ball through the glass atrium of Chemical Bank. At Forty-sixth Street, Thumwacker and Pursey hustled after their shots, entering the western tunnel that doglegs around the Pan Am Building and Grand Central Station. They were eager for the green and their prize, but the mayor restrained his partner, the puzzled physician, and together they ran for a chopper that just then touched down. Warning sirens began to howl through the empty streets.

Two hundred feet up, Doc Lime-spikes howled his loudest above the whirling blades. "What the hell's going on?"

The mayor screamed back, "Eminent domain!" as the first explosions began hopping across the city below. Every building that Pursey and Thumwacker owned was blasted sky-high and then dropped into its foundation, until the length of Park Avenue was nothing but piles of rubble stacked on top of the condemned men's graves.

The mayor giggled. "Let's see 'em try and par that!"

Golf was a dying sport. ■



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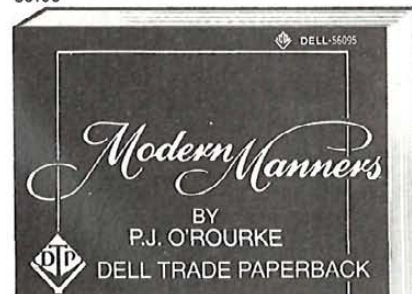
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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Sirs:

If the Yankees are a dynasty, I must be Joan Collins. It is therefore my duty to destroy this legendary baseball team in the same way that Joan Collins is destroying the Carrington dynasty on that TV program. See? What I'm doing makes perfect sense, though to all appearances I have to comb the shit from my hair on the rare occasion that I pull my head out of my ass.

George Steinbrenner
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Let me tell you, there are no atheists in fox holes. Believe me, I've been there.

Bob Davis
President, Society of
Park Rangers Who've Been
Caught Screwing Forest Animals

Sirs:

Okay, now I want the letter above me and the letter below me to shake hands and go to your corners on this page. When the bell rings, both of you come out swinging... Hey, wait a minute! I said wait for the bell! And you're supposed to hit *each other*, not *me*—OOOW! Ooh! Urr! Ull! *VWHUMP*. Jeez, help me off the mat, will ya? Christ, that's the last time I referee a fight in the "Letters from the Editors" column. Ohh, my aching head!

The Referee Letter
First column
Halfway down

Sirs:

My class took a trip to New York. We saw the Empire State Building. It was really excellent.

Mary Clearasil
Brandywine High School
Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

I remember reading about how when Ty Cobb was starting out he mailed a whole bunch of letters to the Detroit Tigers' manager saying how this kid Ty Cobb was a real phenom and how he could hit the cover off a ball, and then he signed different names to them and mailed them out and years later when he was retired he tipped off the manager and they both had a good laugh over it. Well, I was a pretty fair ballplayer myself, so I took a cue from Mr. Cobb and mailed a letter of my own saying how I was the greatest thing since Ted Williams and so forth. Well,

it seems the letter sort of got tied up in the postal system for a stretch of time and it only arrived last week. Well, yesterday I pick up the paper and read where it says they're sending a scout up to look at this kid, which is me. Now the thing is, I just turned forty-five and to be perfectly honest I don't swing the bat like I used to. Also I've put on a little weight. Actually I've put on a whole lot of weight, and my wife says the only job I could get in baseball is being the elephant that makes everybody laugh between innings. Well, that got me kinda steamed, so I told her she shouldn't talk because she wasn't going to win any Twiggy look-alike contests herself. Well, that turns on the waterworks and on top of that the doorbell rings and it's a scout who wants to know if my son the phenom is home and could he talk to him. Well, as it turns out I didn't get to have a big laugh over it, after all.

Al Lardner
Carlstown, Tex.

Sirs:

How come when you put a dime in a parking meter a gumball never comes out?

Larry Loonybin
Check your hat, puh-leezee?

Sirs:

Whenever I go out with girls, I never seem to, you know, "get any" like all the other guys do. Last Saturday night I finally got my chance when I went parking with Brenda Shevitz. I mean, I did parallel, back-in, and slant-in, and she still wouldn't put her hands on my crotch. What am I doing wrong?

The Class Nerd
Bound Brook, N.J.

Sirs:

We met at 5:35, had coffee and a few crullers (generously provided by Ann Baker of West Covina—thanks, Ann). After catching up on each other's lives (Doris's daughter Sue had twins), we headed in to the California Room for our buffet, featuring shrimp and salad. Then we blew all the black waiters and several Hispanic busboys.

Your Mothers
Glendale, Calif.

Sirs:

Tinker to Evers to Chance. "Give me liberty or give me death." Second door on the right, beyond the phone booth. Deuteronomy. England and France, 1337-1453.

Now get the fuck off my back.

The Shell Answer Man
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

Do you know how sometimes you're reading a "Letter from the Editor" and it's making no sense whatsoever and it's not funny at all, but then when you get to the name of the person who wrote it, it all comes together and turns out to be hilarious? Well, that isn't going to happen here.

Pluggo McGurtsky
Inkblot, Ohio

Sirs:

You may have seen my exhibitions of precision knife throwing, in which I aim steel knives at balloons only inches from the heads of beautiful girls. You may be wondering how I practice and prepare for this difficult event. Well, for many years I've been using ugly girls in my training. In this manner, if I miss, no harm is done.

The Great Rinaud
On tour

Sirs:

Being Great Britain's Iron Lady isn't all it's cracked up to be, let me tell you. Mind you, it's not so bad tripping metal detectors at airports or having watches, cigarette cases, or Sony Walk-

mans stick to one's magnetized body. But when your bowels start to rust and you have to eat crumpet filled with naval jelly to clear up your constipation and all that leaves you with is a loo full of nuts and bolts, then that's the last straw. Iron Lady, Schmiron Lady. I'd trade places with Edie the Egg Lady anytime.

Margaret Thatcher
10 Downing St.

Sirs:

Is there such a thing as being acquainted with a girl in the biblical sense? (There are a few in my neighborhood I'd be happy to be introduced to, even.)

Ralphie Ferguson
Seattle, Wash.

Sers:

I wrote to my congrisman three times about my problem i get no answer. mom and dad never give no dezeret to me aftur dinner. I no you have other things to wury about but this is a crysis. Pleze, pleze tel my mom and dad a groing boy needs his dezert.

Leon Spinks
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

When Leon makes his comeback, he'll get his dessert, and not one night sooner. Tell him that for us, will you?

Mr. and Mrs. Spinks
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

About five years ago me and Flip, another orderly on the maternity ward, took a long lunch break and caught *Damien-Omen II*, which was playing across the street. Afterward, strictly as a gag, we scratched "666" into all the babies' heads with a penknife. So, parents, don't freak out, it was just a goof.

Jimmy the Orderly
Goodwill Hospital, Nebr.

Sirs:

I wasn't celibate at all. In fact, I've lost count of how many times Aristotle or Aristophanes or Anilingus put it to me up the ass. So when a woman says she wants a platonic relationship with you, it doesn't mean she doesn't want to sleep with you. It means she wants you to fuck her up the ass. Immediately.

Plato

Athens, Greece

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25)

BARRY DIAMOND

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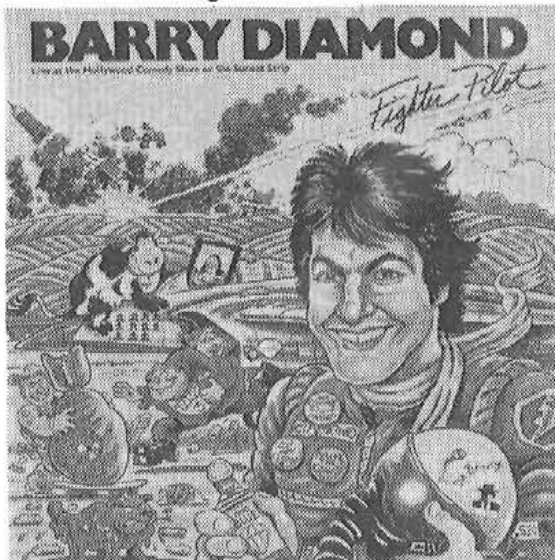
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CANADIAN
CORNER



Feeling slighted, neglected, and, in a word, Canadian, our correspondents set out to right a trivial wrong.

Canadian Trivia, or, Is That a Redundancy in Your Pocket?

BY BOB POMERANTZ AND ROBBE DAVIS

A BRIGHT PAIR OF CANADIAN media types, Scott Abbott and Chris Haney, have once again demonstrated that the only way to become a Somebody in Canada is to become honored for the profits you make in another country—preferably the U.S.A.

The two (now retired) print journalists co-invented and marketed Trivial Pursuit, the most successful (Canadian sales exceed five hundred thousand) board game in the history of the Dominion. And the most shameless, and shocking!

For precious damn few of the game's six thousand trivia questions have any-

thing to do with... Canada!

What they have to do with *in a big way* is... America! Yea, this little \$29.95 rainy-day diversion is liberally larded with Americana—because that's the stuff that will appeal to the Yanks (early sales figures indicate that Trivial Pursuit is selling well stateside), and also, presumably, because American trivia is all Canadians know—or care—about.

The new spin-off versions of the game also avoid Canadian subjects. The "Silver Screen" movie edition is all about Hollywood, with never a mention of the fabled National Film Board! It's a real spit in the mug of the Canadian patriot, dat's for sure!

Abbott and Haney maintain they

have no plans for a Canadian trivia challenge. To heck with them! Here are twenty-eight truly Canadian questions to gladden the hearts and strain the brains of all who were weaned upon yellow snow, questions that span the vast geography and minute history of this glorious nation. Start the clock, Canada!

Sports and Leisure

Q. What Canadian female parachutist is credited with uttering "I saw, I conquered, I came" after a triumphant dive into Toronto, August 3, 1976?

A. Mrs. Beatrice Pamplemousse paraphrased Roman statesman Julius Caesar after landing astride the communications beacon of Toronto's famed CN Tower, the world's tallest freestanding dildo.

She filed for a legal separation from her husband, Pee Wee Pamplemousse, August 4, 1976.

Q. Which Canadians do not recognize lacrosse as Canada's national sport?

A. All of them.

Q. How many products does Edmonton Oiler Wayne Gretzky personally endorse?

A. Four hundred and twelve, including fifty-seven products still in the process of being invented.

Q. Who was the first black to play for

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the Montreal Canadiens hockey club?

A. You gotta be kidding!

Q. What alcoholic beverage is de rigueur at Newfoundland seal hunts?

A. Canadian Club.

Entertainment

Q. What film was based on Susanna Moodie's autobiographical book about the loneliness of pioneer life, *Roughing It in the Bush*?

A. *Muffing It in the Bush*. The original 1957 movie spawned two sequels, *Beaver Trap in 3-D* (1958) and *Susanna and the Seven Bush Pilots* (1960).

Q. What two (2) encore songs did Keith Richards and the Rolling Stones perform at his court-ordered benefit concert in Oshawa, April 22, 1979, for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind?

A. 1. "Far Away Eyes." 2. "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing in the Shadow?"

Q. What is Anne Murray's real name?

A. Anne Murray. All of Canada's best-known female singers use men's first names as last names. Witness Joni Mitchell, Susan Jacks, even Carol Pope. Yet Canada's pet, Juliette, foolishly dropped her last name, Romeo, and never made it south of the border.

Q. Name the four (4) highest-rated broadcasts in Canadian television history.

A. 1. Canada-Russia hockey series, eighth game, September 28, 1972; Paul Henderson scores winning goal; 12.3 million viewers. 2. "The Red Fisher Show"; episode where special guest Gordie Howe visits Scuttlebutt Lodge; 11.9 million. 3. The NHL Celebrity Leukemia Golf Tournament, July 21, 1969 (ninth hole preempted by Neil Armstrong's moonwalk); 10.2 million. 4. "Ice Station Zamboni: The History of Canadian Rink-Cleaning Machines," CBS Television special broadcast, November 11, 1977; 10.1 million.

Q. How many feature-length movies has the National Film Board made with beavers in starring roles?

A. Six hundred and thirteen. Other beasts indigenous to Canada—elk, wolverine, moose—have starred in 183 films. NFB movies without wildlife total two—*Not a Love Story* and *A Town Without Beavers*.

Q. Which Canadian personality has appeared the longest on a CBC-TV show?

A. Gordon Sinclair, 1957 to the present, as a weekly panelist on "Front Page Challenge." Although Mr. Sinclair

was pronounced brain-dead a decade ago, the lovable curmudgeon of Canadian broadcasting still is able to lip-sync witticisms taped between 1957 and 1973.

Science and Nature

Q. What technical malfunction on Canada's \$100 million "space arm" nearly caused NASA scientists to scrub the second mission of space shuttle Columbia?

A. Underarm rust.

Q. What social disease is most prevalent among Canadian Eskimos?

A. Nose herpes.

Q. Two-part challenge: 1. What has no feet but walks all over Canada? 2. What has one foot but walks all over Canada?

A. 1. Metric. 2. The Terry Fox windup doll.

Q. What is the most common cause of premature death among Canadian truckers?

A. Export "A."

Geography

Q. What Canadian city has the nickname "Clipper's Point"?

A. St. John's, Newfoundland, so named after the arrival in 1815 of the province's first Jewish clergyman, Rabbi Emelio Levinter. Levinter performed the Maritimes' first known ritual circumcision on net mender Jock Smallwood, who exclaimed, "Bejesus! Moind the clippers, Father!"

Q. Where is Canada's Black Forest?

A. Montreal, Quebec. On singer Gino Vannelli's chest.

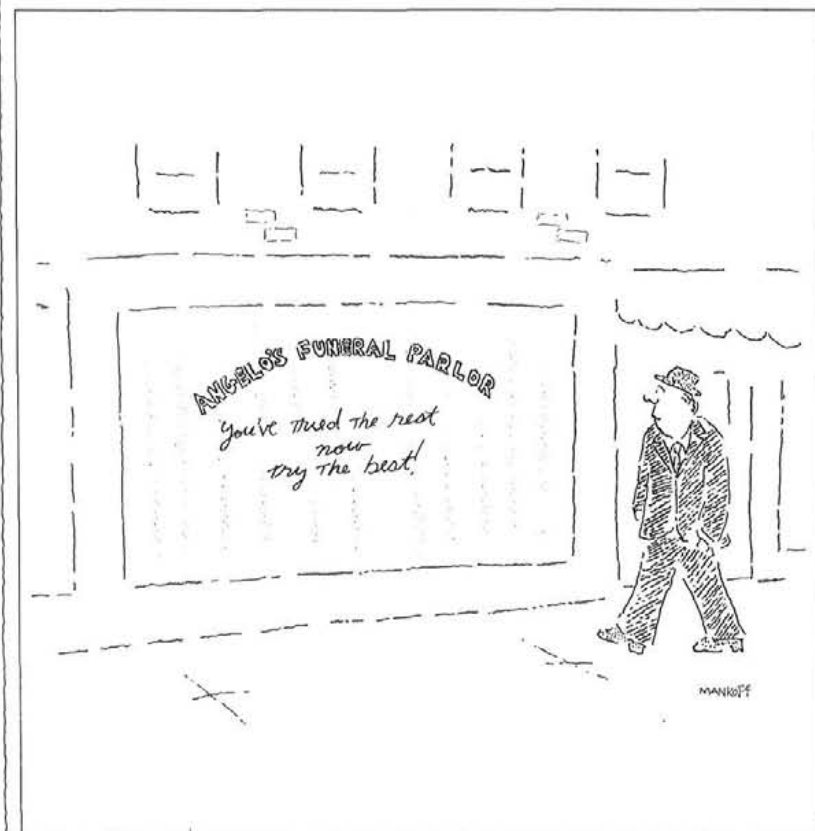
Q. How did the internationally known French-Canadian beverage Bovril derive its name?

A. Bovril, the drink made from beef extract, derives its name from the popular rural Quebec pastime of sodomizing cows. From the Latin *bos* ("ox" or "cow") and the French verb *vriiler* ("to pierce with a gimlet"). Ruddy young *voyageurs* sounded the victorious cry "Bovril!" every time a cow came to orgasm, which was fairly frequently.

History

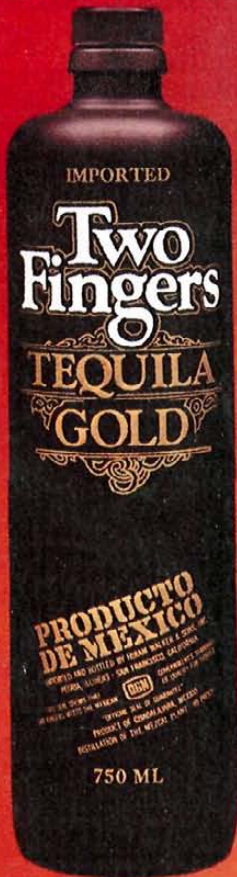
Q. What feat rocketed Callander, Ontario, car dealer Roley Wopner to fame, October 3, 1950?

A. Wopner became the first known white man to have his meat sucked in succession by the legendary Dionne quintuplets. The quintuple birth in Callander in 1934 of the five sisters went down in history. Annette, Emélie,



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Yvonne, Cécile and, finally, Marie went down on Wopner in a Buick, with four-on-the-floor.

Q. Which Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman never got his man?

A. Inspector Humpty La Loon, stripped of his commission in 1917 after failing to apprehend salmon poacher Smiley Jack after a three-year chase upstream. La Loon ate his service revolver in New Westminster, British Columbia, 1918. Jack perfected a recipe for poached salmon, founded a chain of seafood restaurants, and was appointed to the Senate in 1926.

Q. Who received the world's first telephone call from Alexander Graham Bell in Brantford, Ontario, 1874?

A. Brantford mayor Brain Gretzky, great-great-grandfather of Wayne Gretzky. Bell was calling to inquire about the chances of Brain's great-great-grandson endorsing his new invention.

Q. What was the RCMP's code name for Soviet (cipher clerk) defector Igor Gouzenko?

A. The Unknown Commie.

Q. Name the three most famous beavers in Canadian history.

A. 1. The Nickel Beaver. Perched on a rock-studded mound of earth rising out of the Canadian five-cent piece, "Castor Fiber" has been on the coinage since 1937. 2. The Earl of

Beaverbrook. Born William Maxwell Aitken in Maple, Ontario, 1879, the statesman-newspaper baron received his peerage in 1917 for service to the Empire. 3. The Maggie Beaver. Unveiled publicly in 1979 to photographers at New York's Studio 54 discotheque by Margaret Trudeau, this beaver has been busy as one ever since.

Q. List the single leading American export to Canada in each of the past three decades.

A. 1960s—Draft dodgers. 1970s—Acid rain. 1980s—Herpes.

Arts and Literature

Q. What was the Ookpik?

A. The Ookpik was an owl-shaped souvenir made of sealskin that was enormously popular in the 1960s. Created by Inuit Jeannie Snowball, the fuzzy figurine became a symbol of the Canadian north. Ookpik is actually an abbreviation of the Inuit phrase "Ook nannam yukpik," which loosely translates as "dumb-fuck tourists paying \$7.99 retail for glued-together remnants of neutered seals' pubic hair."

Q. Who was the first woman to bare her breasts "for Canada"?

A. Vancouver's Pamela Anne Gordon, then nineteen, was the first Canadian to become a *Playboy* centerfold—in the March, 1962, issue (39-23-35). Said Pam: "I think it's a marvelous thing; not so much for myself, but for

Canada. For Canada!!" Hoist the flag, fellas.

Q. Name five (5) books about the Klondike by the Pierre Berton family.

A. 1. *Klondike: The Last Great Gold Rush* (Pierre Berton). 2. *I Married the Klondike* (Laura Berton, Pierre's mother). 3. *I Put the Dyke in Klondike* (Biceps Berton, Pierre's twin sister). 4. *I Buggered Klondike Bill* (Pierre Berton, unpub.). 5. *Golden Showers over the Klondike: The Last Great Rush* (Juice Berton, Pierre's stepdaughter).

Q. What does the "C" stand for in Peter C. Newman, the Czechoslovak-born writer who achieved fame in Canada as a novelist and editor of Maclean's magazine?

A. Chingachgook. Newman adopted the name of the Indian scout in James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking novel *The Last of the Mohicans* in the misguided belief it would aid his assimilation into Canadian society. But his European "frontier" image of Canada was quickly corrected upon his arrival, and he shortened Chingachgook to "C."

Scoring

No half marks. Score one (1) point for each full question answered correctly.

0—8: Draft dodger.

9—18: "Eh" for effort.

19—28: Molson Canadian. ■



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

Sirs:

What's that? Behind one door is a swell dame and a million bucks, while behind the other door is an enraged tiger? And if I open the right door, the girl and the bucks are mine? And you say that the girl is behind the door on my right? But you say that you *always* lie? Hey, no sweat, I was raised on *New York Times* crossword puzzles. The girl is obviously behind this do...aaaaaagh!

Sirs:

The old girl-and-tiger riddle? No sweat! Modern technology enables me to find the answer easily and in a matter of microseconds. You see, I just take my Apple pocket computer, assign the problem values ($GIRL = x + 1$) ($TIGER = x - 1$), assign the riddle statement value ($x + 1 / - 1$) ($y - 1$), and the answer is $y(x + 1)$! Meaning, as any dunderhead can tell, that the girl and the money are behind the door on my ri...yaaaaaaaaagh!

Sirs:

I'm the guy who tells the riddle about the doors with the girl and the tiger behind them. To tell the truth, I don't have much of a head for riddles. In fact, I don't have a girl, either. What I do have, though is two hungry tigers, and this is the only way I can afford to feed them. Please don't think badly of me. People that spend their time doing crosswords and carrying around little computers are usually dipshits anyhow.

Jim Sphinx
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sirs:

*Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear
Who tried to shave his pubic hair.
Said the remorseful, wounded bear,
Guess I should have used bear Nair.*
Edgar Guest
In heaven, among the Muses

Sirs:

I used to believe that going to baseball games was for everyone, even intelligent pacifist homosexuals like myself. But last month, during a game I attended between the Yanks and the Red Sox at Yankee Stadium, the crowd of 55,000 began chanting, "Boston sucks! Boston sucks! Boston sucks!" The nerve of those fucking straight bastards! I tell you, I must have bashed in about a dozen faces before the cops dragged me out!

Harold Boston
Queens, N.Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)

Good times offer:



Fourteen oz. glass mug for sale. It's the two-fisted way to drink to good times and salute your great taste in drinks. Why not start a collection? Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order for \$4.95 per mug (no cash please) to: Seagram's 7 Crown Mug Offer, P.O. Box 725, Dept. 253, Lubbock, TX 79491.



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FOTO FUNNIES

WOW! THE GYM NEVER LOOKED THIS GOOD WHEN I WAS RUNNING LAPS FOR JV BASEBALL PRACTICE.



I BET YOU WERE A PITCHER. LOOK AT THOSE STRONG HANDS.

AW, SHUCKS! HEY, YOU WANT SOME PUNCH?



SURE.

THAT'S GOOD PUNCH. SAY, SINCE WE'RE IN OHIO AND DON'T HAVE A BEACH, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME WITH ME TO A ROOM WHERE I'VE PUT A LOUNGE CHAIR AND A PICNIC COOLER?



SOUNDS GREAT TO ME!

IT'S SO NICE HERE...THE FLUORESCENT LIGHTING, THE INDOOR/OUTDOOR CARPETING. LET'S MAKE OUT.



OKAY.

OH, YEAH! DO IT, BABY, DO IT!



ALL IS AS PLANNED. DO MY BIDDING.

WHAT HAVE I DONEZ I LOVE YOU, RICKY.

I LOVE YOU, TOO, JILL. GET ME TO A DOCTOR, PRONTO.



CONTINUED...

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

Sirs:

For the benefit of all fools concerned: *No*, I do *not* play the child's game Connect the Dots with my patients—or with anyone else, for that matter—but *especially* not with my patients!

Dr. Harold Evans
Faisson Acupuncture Clinic
Brookhaven Hospital
Cleveland, N.C.

Sirs:

Jesus, I'll tell you an embarrassing thing that happened to me the other day. I'm on the crosstown bus sitting next to this rabbi fellow when the bus comes to my stop. So I reach over to pull the string that tells the driver I want to get off, only I yank on the rabbi's sideburn, which is dangling off the side of his head! But that's not the worst part—the worst part is that the rabbi's mouth drops open when he sees me doing this and I walk straight in, thinking it's the bus doors opening! But if you think it ends there you're wrong, because then I slide down his windpipe and who should I see propped up in an overstuffed lounge chair, sitting in the middle of his stomach, but my great-aunt Martha, reading a copy of *Little Women*!! Had you going there for a minute, didn't I?

Bo Rheingold
Allentown, Pa.

Sirs:

Our scientists have discovered that land masses have individual personalities, like human beings. For example, the reason California is falling into the sea is because Nevada and Arizona are pushing it in. It seems to irritate all the states around it, and even good-natured Washington complains that California is "a pain." We can only hope that their quarrels are resolved before lives and property are lost.

The Institute of Geopsychology
Hollywood, Calif.

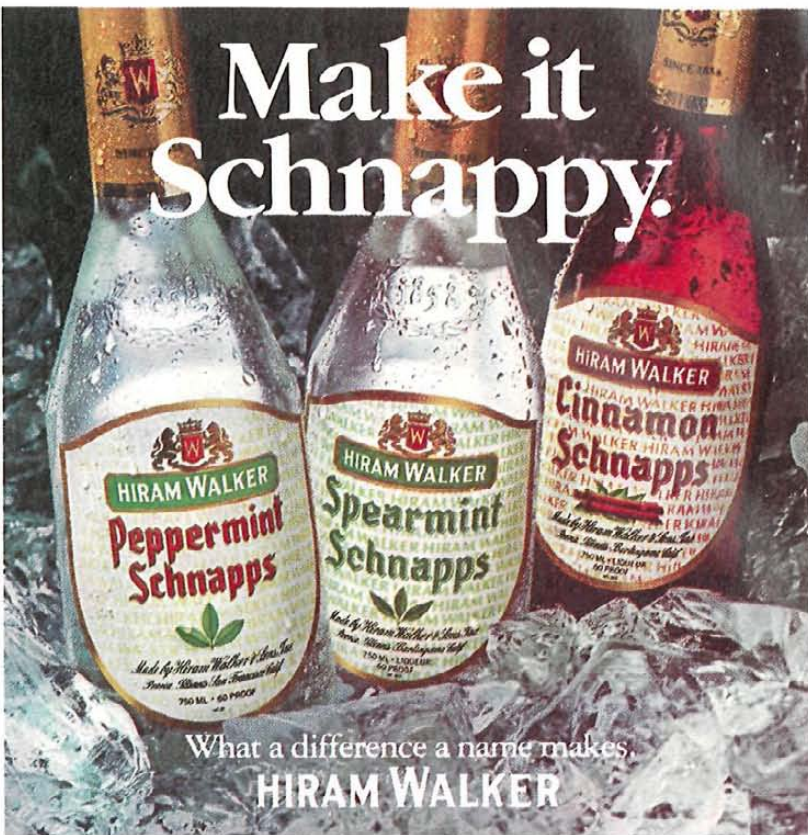
Sirs:

Your magazine is circulated everywhere, right? So I guess a sort of "local" joke would probably be lost on most of your audience. Even if it was a really funny "local" joke, maybe the funniest I've heard in years. But I guess if I said that Mr. Rebus doesn't believe in sweeping out the deli case because of "twamps" you still wouldn't be interested.

Aaron Fegelman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)

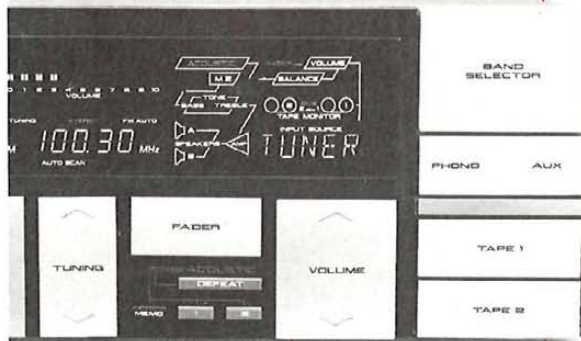
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HIRAM WALKER

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"tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1983.

America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

OCTOBER EDITION

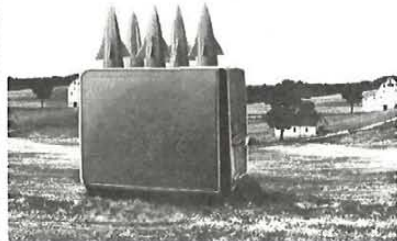
President to Halt Export of High-Technology Consumer Goods



Prez: Ban to run.

DECLARING THAT "we have clear evidence that the Russians are taking our high-technology consumer goods and turning them into vicious weapons to be used against us," President Reagan has officially banned sales of thousands of common household products to Communist countries.

"It's something we've suspected for years," the president told a hushed press conference, "but now we finally



This new Russian ICBM launcher bears a suspicious similarity to the GE "Easi-Brown" toaster.

have the photographs to prove it. Claiming that their only purpose is to raise the standard of living of their citizens, they've been taking advantage of our free, open marketplace and buying our General Electric toasters, Proctor-Silex juice squeezers, Kodak disc cameras, Gillette hair dryers, and other technologically state-of-the-art items. Then they analyze their circuitry and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)



Carter and Secret Service aides jog along at the taxpayers' expense.

Ex-Presidents Live It Up

FORMER PRESIDENTS OF THE U.S. Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter have been pensioned off by the U.S. government at enormous cost to the taxpayer, the Justice Department recently revealed. These pensions, or "severance pay," in some cases amount to many times what the ex-presidents earned while in office, or, in the case of ex-president Nixon, stole.

Attorneys in the Justice Department feel that this is a grave injustice, particularly in the case of former president Nixon, whom many hold was "fired with cause" by the American people and not entitled to any severance at all. With regard to ex-presidents Ford and Carter, their situation is described as being analogous to being "laid off" by the United States, and in that case they are entitled to only two weeks' pay for every year they put in on the job, plus accrued vacation days.

If U.S. attorneys are able to prove their case, former president Nixon may have to return up to a million and a half dollars, a sum representing a good portion of the profit from his memoirs, which is in line with the dictum that a criminal should not profit from his crimes, even if he is a pardoned criminal. Economists expect that if this is

the case Nixon and his wife, Pat, may have to move into a furnished garage. Ex-presidents Ford and Carter will be required to return lesser amounts of money, but financial forecasters still predict that the impact of the loss will be considerable and that both will have to drive inexpensive imported cars.

President Reagan, a millionaire himself, has said that he believes government should be run according to sound and accepted business practices and is not expected to object to Justice Department attempts to recapture monies wrongfully given to ex-presidents. Privately he is believed to feel such bozos deserve what they get, unless it's money.

Newman Extends Product Line

BECAUSE OF A VERY SUCCESSFUL marketing campaign with his own brands of salad dressing and spaghetti sauce, actor Paul Newman has decided to branch off into a new area. "Newman's Own" sperm is expected to be all over the market shelves within a few weeks.



This new, incredibly fuel-efficient Russian tank could not have been built without the Gillette hair-dryer technology stolen from the United States.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29) construction in detail, and create modified versions for obviously military purposes." Added an angry president, "We cannot and will not sit still while our enemies blatantly use our own technological genius to bury us."

The ban will go into effect imme-

diately. Explained the president, "Manufacturers have been provided with a list of sensitive products with potential military applications, and are hereby prohibited from shipping them behind the Iron Curtain. Also, visitors from Communist nations will no longer be permitted to go into stores where the

Department of Agriculture Acts to Relieve TV-Dinner Surplus

DECLARING THAT, DUE TO RECENT changes in American eating habits, "there is now a serious TV-dinner surplus in the United States," Secretary of Agriculture John R. Block has announced a new subsidy program "to help our TV-dinner farmers through this time of crisis."

Detailing his plan at a press conference, Block explained, "The way it works is simple. We're going to pay the farmers not to grow the dinners, especially the traditionally popular ones that have really been building up in the warehouses. For example, we'll pay the farmers a considerable amount not to grow combinations such as Salisbury steak, scalloped potatoes, string beans, and rhubarb; perhaps a little less not to grow turkey, French fries, carrots, and apple cobbler; and a minimum amount not to grow the more exotic combina-



Horrible programming, horrible times for TV-dinner farmers.

tions that still have some sales appeal, such as veal parmigiana with spaghetti, creamed spinach, and tapioca." Block quickly added, "Of course, we'll also have to pay the liquid-nitrogen plants not to fast-freeze the dinners that won't be grown, and the packagers not to put them in those little tinfoil boxes."

In addition, said Block, to relieve the immediate surplus, he was authorizing the sale of ten million bushels of the dinners to Russia. "At least," he said, "that'll be a lot healthier for them than

products are sold, buy magazines in which the products are advertised, or enter the homes of smart shoppers where the products may be out in the open or even in an actual state of use."

Reagan added somberly, "I realize that, especially in difficult economic times like these, such trade restraints will pose a hardship on many of our manufacturers. But remember, if we lose a nuclear war, then they won't have anybody to sell their products to at all. Still, in order to help ease their financial burden, I'm going to ask Congress to pass a law requiring that, from now on, whenever an American buys a consumer product, he or she has to buy two of them at once."

Beals to Star in Film

JENNIFER BEALS, WHOSE LEAD ROLE in the movie *Flashdance* made her an instant star, has signed a contract to play a young ingenue who dreams of being a world-class gardener in the new Robert Altman film, *Flashbulb*. A spokesman for the production said that Richard Gere may step in as a stunt double for some scenes, because he is a pansy.

all that wheat they keep wanting to buy from us. If you think about it, wheat is just a limited one-grain cereal, but everyone knows that a good TV dinner is dietetically formulated to provide a balanced combination of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, and other important nutrients. And while it may be true that the Russians don't watch as much TV as we do, they do sit around their living rooms a lot and listen to propaganda speeches on the radio."

Block blamed the TV-dinner surplus on the health-food movement, "which doesn't believe in standard American dishes such as meat loaf and mashed potatoes," as well as "the relatively poor quality of recent programming, which is causing reduced viewership." He offered the suggestion that "perhaps it would help if the networks switched prime time over to dinner hours, and saved all those early-evening shows that no one really wants to watch, like the six o'clock news, for after dessert."

**Time
of the
Month**

EDITOR:
Tod Carroll

CONTRIBUTORS:
Glenn Eichler, Mat Jacobs,
Ted Mann, Maureen Sara,
Ed Subitzky, Dave Tynan

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the daily grind into the fast lane, then screw your buddies and make the Big Score!

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Reagan Calls For Tupperware Nuclear-Waste Disposal

SAYING THAT "IT REALLY CLOSES UP tight and it can keep something just about forever," President Reagan has called for the use of Tupperware as an answer to America's nuclear-waste-disposal problem.

"I'm talking from personal experi-

ence in the matter," the president told a press conference. "Why, my wife and I have been using this stuff for years, and we've never had the tiniest bit of spillage. It's excellent for storing just about anything you can imagine, even things like the strongest onions and cheeses. If those kinds of powerful odors can't penetrate out, then I'm sure that tiny little radioactive particles won't be able to get through, either."

The president continued, "Also, since Americans feel so comfortable with Tupperware, that should solve all the silly bickering among the states about where to put the radioactive waste. I figure I'll just ask the Tupperware company to create some really big canisters in a variety of shapes, and in pleasant colors to go with various landscapes."

The president added, "Of course, if the states still keep fighting about the dumping grounds, we can always ask each American family to store a bit of the radioactive waste in their home refrigerator. That way, we'll all share the burden, and no one will get too much of the stuff. We'll just have to be careful not to open the wrong container accidentally, because we wouldn't want to be hit by those radioactive rays when all we really wanted was some leftover fruit salad or rice pudding." ■



A way for all to share the burden equally.

Tall Buildings Actually Sway: It's a Fact!

BECAUSE OF THEIR UNUSUAL HEIGHT and design, very tall buildings like the World Trade Center have been known to tilt as much as three inches in heavy winds. The most dramatic example of this architectural phenomenon is Chicago's Sears Tower, located in the heart of the "Windy City." As the wind speed averages a brisk eighteen to twenty-five miles an hour daily, the 106-story structure has been known to sway up to 1,200 feet in either direction, brushing up against the sidewalk and peeping in shop windows.

"Personally I think it's great," Norm Fender, a stock consultant on the 103rd floor, commented. "If I'm working late I'll perch by my window waiting for a stiff breeze and then jump out and grab a hot dog or a jelly cruller or something.

Then I jump back in real quick before she flies up in the air again." Problems arose recently when the building plunged into Lake Michigan momentarily, soaking occupants on the top ten floors and disturbing sleeping fish. ■



Owing to the enormous mass of the world's great skyscrapers, internal gravities created within them prevent occupants from noticing that strong winds have bent their buildings to street level.



FDA-mandated lab rat replaces human in an ad for a cancer-causing soft drink. The substitution may be temporary, however: the FDA announced it may bar rats as well, to prevent viewers from being led to believe that rats can play outdoor sports or possess the emotional capacity to enjoy life.

Carcinogenic Soft Drinks to Get Plug from Rats

IN THE INTEREST OF TRUTHFUL advertising, the Food and Drug Administration delivered an ultimatum to the makers of Diet Sunkist, Diet Coke, and other saccharine-based beverages: either point out the cancer risk in the commercial or replace the actors and actresses now being used with laboratory animals. The makers of two artificially sweetened sodas were the first to comply with the new ruling, releasing a series of commercials that showed a group of white rats bedecked in sunglasses and floppy beach hats, diving athletically into the surf after Frisbees, playing volleyball, windsurfing, and taking long, refreshing chug-a-lugs of the advertised brand, with their little rat heads tilted back to get every drop. ■

Smart sub shoppers! Compare and decide before you invest!

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BY SEAN KELLY

W E EXPERTS HAVE BEEN thinking about it for eleven years now, and have recently come to the conclusion that the Central Intelligence Agency was in no way *whatever* involved in the John F. Kennedy assassination. With a complete record of their activities in Southeast Asia, the Middle East, and now Central America before us, we may safely assume that had the CIA been connected, however remotely, with that tragic attempt on the president's life, JFK would be alive and well today, and living in Hyannisport.

As policy adviser to the White House and the Pentagon, the CIA is, however wicked and wasteful an outfit, not without its function for the common man. In any foreign border war, civil skirmish, invasion, uprising, or coup, it might be difficult for the average sports fan to know which side to take—who the good guys are, as it were. The CIA makes it easy. They assess the situation, and invariably advise our leaders to support the scumbags. From the Nam to Chile, from Iran to Guatemala, from the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, we can be certain that the side to which we are supplying money, ordnance, advisers, and torture instruments is headed up by reflector-sunglass-wearing, corrupt, cynical, sadistic war criminals from Pluto. The heavies. Our noble allies.

Of course, sometimes the Soviet Union gets involved and begins supplying money, ordnance, advisers, and torture instruments to the *other* side. Then, once again, it is hard to tell who the good guys are. But at least it's easy to know who's gonna *win*.

Just at the moment, the skilled and subtle American intelligence community has recommended to the Aged Incumbent and his creepy crew that the U.S. of A. put its collective chips



down on the right-wing rebel side in Salvador, with a side bet (yo!) going on the reigning Guatemalan junta. So now we know how things are going to turn out down there. Heck, even the Aged Incumbent must have *some* idea of how things are going to turn out down there, because he's making the usual noises about handing out the usual maps, bazookas, Bibles, and prophylactics to all Negro boys of draft age and sending them in to prevent the usual bloodbath.

And, as might be expected, the chicken-livered nellies are making the usual bleating-heart (Hey! Safire *will* be jealous!) whimpers about how it's exactly like Vietnam, just because it's exactly like Vietnam.

But it isn't exactly like Vietnam, dammit! For one thing, Vietnam was originally fucked over good by the French, whereas all of Central America was first raped, pillaged, and otherwise discovered by the Spanish. For another, Vietnam was very, very far away, whereas El Salvador is hardly any distance at all from Texas, an area which is, at least technically, part of the United States.

Together, those accidents of history and geography mean something. Whereas we all knew, or were willing to believe, that Vietnam was some little swamp populated by insectlike chattering sneaky yellow monsters from outer space as carpet-bombable as mosquitoes are swattable, we can't help perceiving Central America to be inhabited by—if not *human beings*, exactly—

well, cleaning ladies... bongo drummers... *shortstops*, for God's sake!

What young American conscript, hunkered down in the jungle, can get a potential pepper pot of a middle infielder in his cross hairs and possess the will to squeeze the trigger? Would not any draftable lad, raised on the National Pastime, be tempted to fire into the dirt beside said small but wiry speed merchant in the hopes of watching him pick it, spin, and start the old 6-5-3 DP? Or, at a more ideological level, how can our propagandists inspire our militant youth (Frank Taveras fans all) to despise and murder the citizens of Central America just because of their hitherto highly valued propensity for going to their left?

A land war in Europe is viable. Soccer has not caught on in this Great Nation as a major spectator sport, and the NFL already has a surfeit of bare-foot placekickers with too many consonants in their names. Now that we have confiscated their only tennis player, even the Chinese are nuke-able.

But just this once, Mr. President, don't listen to your shadowy CIA guys! Hearken instead to the voice of the people, the ordinary fans from Boston to San Diego, all of whom passionately believe themselves to be just one good field-no-hit, bunt-and-run, deep-in-the-hole, gun-for-an-arm, base-stealing Spanish-speaking rookie SS away from a pennant. Remember what happened to national morale after Howard Hunt put that bomb on Roberto Clemente's plane....

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

Sirs:

Which do I prefer—flame-broiling or frying? Quite frankly, I've tried both, and they seem to work about the same.

John Gacy
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Here's a money-saving tip from the administration. Re: new secretaries. Detain and search them as they leave the office, for a period of not less than sixty days. You will find that new secretaries, owing to a combination of ordinary incompetence and nervousness about their new jobs, will attempt to protect themselves by folding up great sheaves of their botched letters and hiding them in their purses. Obviously, this can cost your company or government many dollars in lost productivity and stationery. To combat this practice, I recommend that your searches be designed to accomplish two purposes: 1) detection and interdiction 2) deterrence of future abuse. Searches must accordingly be severe and conspicuous, thereby assuring the identification of all violators while creating a lasting impression among the entire secretarial staff that incompetence and furtive, sneak-thief attempts to conceal it will not be tolerated. I have personally established a strip-and-probe procedure in Washington, not unlike the inspections given to suspected smugglers in this and many foreign nations. Those of you who hesitate to institute the same may be surprised to learn that the average female vagina will hold nearly one hundred sheets of standard 8½-by-11-inch typing paper; the average female alimentary canal will encase a similar number, plus envelopes. You will find that the effectiveness of a meticulous investigation of these cavities, coupled with the harsh, penal-like atmosphere of a good search facility, is exceptional, and you will wonder, as I did, why you hadn't thought of it before.

David Stockman
Office of the Budget
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Next spring, I plan to begin filming a remake of *The Music Man*. The film will be set in Chile and Argentina and revolves around a con man who becomes obsessed with transporting the University of Indiana marching band across the Andes for a concert in Buenos Aires.

The role formerly played by Robert

Preston will be done by Klaus Kinski. Isabelle Adjani will take the part of Shirley Jones, and Mick Jagger will fill in as Buddy Hackett.

Werner Herzog
Santiago, Chile

Sirs:

I can't keep quiet any longer. It's baseball season again, and once more I hear sportscasters talking of the baseball prowess of the three Alou brothers (Felipe, Matty, and Jesus). The fact is that I was the most talented brother in the family, but being the youngest, there was never room for me to play in the outfield. If things had been different I know I would have made the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Gummo Alou
Santo Domingo

Sirs:

I'd sing a lot better if they didn't make me go outside all the time to take a dump.

Joe Cocker Spaniel
An officer and a purebred

Sirs:

I have a theory about why Evel Knievel didn't cross Snake River Canyon. If you recall, Evel had a large Chuckles logo on his rocket cycle; not coincidentally, Chuckles was the official sponsor of the jump. I have a feeling that before the jump, inside the cycle Evel Knievel was eating Chuckles. And when it came time for the jump he was enjoying the Chuckles so much, the limes, the oranges, and the licorice, that he forgot about the jump and opened the emergency parachute out of confusion. And I'm sure Mr. Knievel enjoyed more of the Chuckles during the slow, humiliating descent to the rocks below.

Al Duram
Chuckles Candy Co.

Sirs:

God, am I mad. Just as soon as my zits start to disappear, I find out that I'm going bald. Life sucks, I mean it.

Too Old for High School,
Too Young to Retire
Piscopo, N.J.

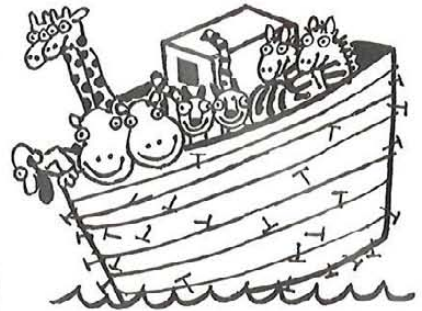
Sirs:

What's this about me being declared "legally dead" just because nobody's seen me in seven years? Since when is a one-way trip through a sausage machine a "legal" way of getting dead, I'd like to know?

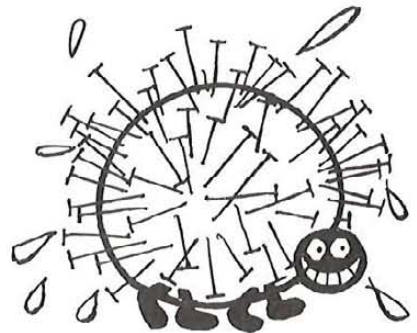
Jimmy Hoffa
Frankfurter Heaven

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) something Noah had plenty of.



b) a quill from a wet porcupine.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

86 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY © W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1983



Ike was oblivious to the cheers, thinking only of the goal line....

FIGHTING FOR YOUR CHUMS

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

1

Misguided
Drives

"SAY, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, KASHAH?" said Thornell Washington to one of his roommates, Kashah Kareem. Kashah had just finished combing and oiling his new conk and was gazing at himself admiringly in the mirror. "Wow, he sure is dressed to the nines," quipped Ike Pike, the third roommate. "It looks like he's ready for some serious dating."

Kashah Kareem buttoned his cream-colored three-piece suit, which fitted his slim, muscular body perfectly. "Look, fellows, I'm sorry you weren't born with the same physical gifts and good looks that I have. I truly sympathize with you, and I want to help you overcome your problems with the female gender. But on the other hand, I feel that I owe it to the fair sex to

be available and to satisfy their needs in my own inimitable fashion. In short, I'm late for a sex orgy."

Unbeknownst to Kashah, Thornell had crept stealthily behind him and was pouring the contents of a bottle of Hershey chocolate syrup over the new cream-colored suit, creating ribbons of dark brown, while winking at Ike Pike.

"Gee, Kash, if you're hinting that you're God's gift to women, I couldn't agree with you more," said Ike. "But what's all the Hershey syrup got to do with it?"

"What in Sam Hill are you talking about, Ike Pike?"

"The back of your jacket and your pants seem to be smothered in chocolate syrup. Is that a new fashion style?" chirped Thornell gleefully.

Kashah looked puzzled. Then a long, slow burn formed on his pale brown cheeks as he removed his jacket to examine the swirls of dark, thick chocolate syrup that had been

poured over it.

"Is this your idea of a joke, Thornell Washington? Because if it is, I've got you figured all wrong. Maybe we better step outside and settle this man to man."

Thornell Washington's fine-featured, manly visage suddenly became serious. He turned off the videotape on his Advent screen with a remote control and faced his chum squarely.

"I had to do it, Kash. You weren't listening to reason. You've got to understand that we can't afford to overindulge before the big game with Ohio State. It's Coach Wilford's rule, and I firmly believe we should stick to it."

"We've got to conserve our strength, Kash," added Ike Pike. "You know what this game means to us."

"Golly, fellows, you're making me out to be a villain. Of course I know how important the game is. If we beat State

*"I'd have to agree," Ike said.
"You're God's gift to women. But what's Hershey
syrup got to do with it?"*

we go to the Rose Bowl. Old Northwestern hasn't been in the Bowl since 1949. I want to win that game as much as you do."

"It's not just the game, Casanova. What about all those pro scouts that will be in the stands watching us?" said Thornell.

"Do you want to blow your chance to be a number-one or -two pick because you caught something from a cheerleader?" said Ike Pike as the two roommates surrounded the weakening Kashah.

"Er...well...actually, it was only a little orgy," said Kashah. "You know Lavoris, the girl who works in the beauty shop in the mall? She was organizing a little party with some of the girls from the Mango Club."

"The Mango Club? Why, those girls not only have crabs, some of them have lobsters!" ejaculated Thornell.

"And you get these weird pimples and sores on your skin after they fool around with you," added Ike.

"Okay, okay, you guys. I get it. You want me to channel my natural love drives into football and win this last game for dear old Northwestern, our beloved alma mater," said Kashah resignedly.

"You bet," said Thornell. "No orgies, no hard drugs, no all-night partying and drinking until we beat Ohio State. Then we can behave like normal athletes again."

"And waste a lot of Jewish girls!" cried Ike. "Ha! Ha!"

Kashah looked at his chocolate-colored jacket dejectedly but was resigned to his fate. "I guess you're right, Thornell. I was just acting selfish. I could have caught something from Lavoris and her friends and hurt our team's chances, plus putting a crimp in my own career."

"Attaboy, Kash," shouted Ike Pike. "We'll buy you a brand-new suit after we massacre Ohio State."

"We need those gifted golden legs and swivel hips to score some touchdowns for us, Kash," said Thornell.

"You proved your point," said Kashah. "But I still have all this restless desire, so I better channel it in another direction."

Before Thornell or Ike could react, Kashah deftly swung his chocolate-stained jacket, catching them perfectly, leaving large blobs of brown goo on their stunned faces.

Thornell reacted by pouring the contents of the syrup bottle over Kashah's head. Ike Pike ran to the refrigerator and looked for more food and beverages. Pretty soon all three chums were pelting each other with victuals, including



salmon mousse, rare goat cheeses, Russian caviar, and vintage wines. Within minutes, the handsomely decorated living room of their four-story town house was a shambles, but the threesome paid no attention to it. They were caught up in their fracas and wouldn't quit until someone gave up. At last the refrigerator and the cupboards were emptied and the three lads collapsed on the deep pile carpet and laughed uncontrollably.

"I guess we needed that, fellows," said Thornell.

"We sure did," said Ike. "We were beginning to snap at each other."

"It's the strain of these last few days before the big game. We were on edge," said Kashah.

"Who's going to clean up the mess?" asked Ike.

"The maid comes in tomorrow morning," said Thornell.

"Well! And I'll call Brad

Johnson, the alumnus who owns that big furniture store at the shopping mall. He'll send over a brand-new living room set and anything else we need."

"Right. He's really a good fellow and a real friend," said Kashah.

"I'm bushed," cried Thornell. "Let's get some shut-eye. We've got a long practice tomorrow."

"Great idea," said Kashah.

"You bet!" shouted Ike.

2 A Rosy Future

THE THREESOME AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING full of their usual vigor and high spirits, ready to meet the new day. Football practice was scheduled for the afternoon and classes for the morning. But the lads weren't in the mood for their studies, so Thornell called their look-alikes, three young students who often substituted for them in various classes and exams. "It's just too nice a day to go to school," said Thornell.

"Hear! Hear!" shouted Kashah. "Let's get into our cars, get some breakfast, and take a spin somewhere," said Ike.

The lads had their own separate floors in the town house they shared, which was situated in a fashionable residential section on the outskirts of Evanston, Illinois, home of Northwestern University. The house was a gift from Roger Smedley, a Northwestern alumnus who owned the sixth largest insurance company in America. They dressed quickly and jumped into their identical red Porsches, which

Unfortunately, none of the alumni or clerks who knew the lads were on the premises. The guard was also a newcomer to Evanston....

had been given to them by another alumnus, Lazarus Jacoby, a rabid fan who owned a large nuclear-energy plant in Chicago.

At a restaurant nearby the lads devoured hearty breakfasts and discussed their future prospects as professional football players. Thornell, who was the best reader of the three, recited a story aloud from the sports pages about the forthcoming football draft.

"Well, it looks like the Cowboys will have the first choice because of that deal they made last year. And Landry says that he'll pick a quarterback," said Thornell.

"In that case, he'll choose you for sure," said Ike. "You're the best QB in the country, everyone knows that."

"It's a fact, Thorn," echoed Kashah. "You've got a rifle arm. You call your own game. You can run as well as most halfbacks, and you've got great leadership qualities and coolness under pressure. The Cowboys would be nuts not to pick you."

"And I hear those Dallas Cowgirls are really cute," said Ike.

Thornell blushed with embarrassment but quickly recovered his poise.

"Aren't you fellows forgetting Coleman of USC, Johnson of Notre Dame, and Lazzari of Penn State, just to name a few?"

"As usual, Mr. Modesty won't admit how good he really is," said Ike, spearing T-bone steak with his fork.

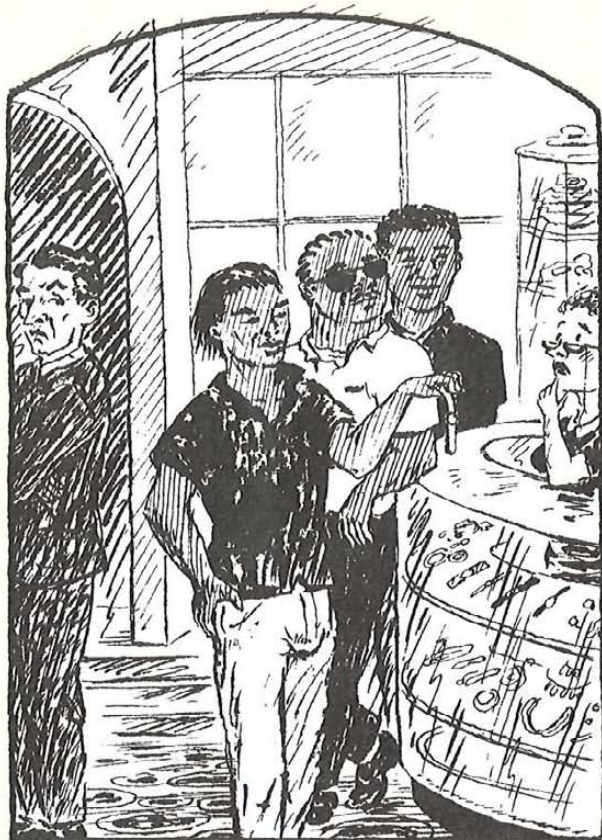
"Well, if Mr. Modesty won't talk, I will," said Kashah. "What does that story say about me?"

"Glad you asked, Kash, old chap," said Thornell. "Because the Washington Redskins, who have the second pick, want you desperately. It says here that head coach Joe Gibbs would go for a fast, elusive, breakaway runner who also has the strength to carry the ball twenty times a game. And I quote: 'No one fits that description better than Kashah Kareem of Northwestern.'"

"Hot dog!" ejaculated Kashah. "The Redskins! They've got a great offensive line!"

"Let's see who's drafting Ike," said Thornell as he scanned the newspaper carefully. The silence grew awkward as Thornell looked in vain for the name of his chum.

"There must be a mistake. You know how some of the teams keep their picks a secret until the actual time comes. You'll probably go to Oakland as number one, Ike. They



could really use you."

"Heck, you don't have to butter me up, Thorn," said Ike. "I know darn well I won't go on the first round, or even on the twentieth. Blocking backs don't get picked until the very last. I'm just a plugger."

"That's not true," said Kashah. "Why, when we were all at high school together you led the city in rushing in our junior year!"

"That was four years ago," replied Ike. "Coach Wilford made me a blocking back, and that's where I've stayed. Golly, I've nearly forgotten how to run with the old pigskin. Or catch a pass. No, I'll be lucky to catch on as a free agent. Or maybe I'll go to the USFL... except who wants to play football in the summer?"

"Ike, you're acting like a ninny!" cried Thornell. "You've got to make it in the pros! It's your lifelong dream. Even if we split up and play for

different teams, we all have to make it and make it big!"

"That's okay for you to say, Thornell Washington. But I don't believe in miracles," replied Ike.

3 A Near-Fatal Mistake

THE BREAKFAST WAS CONCLUDING ON A SOUR note, but Ike's lifelong chums refused to let him stay down in the dumps.

"We still have plenty of time before practice," said Kashah. "Let's go downtown and do some shopping."

Kashah looked at his watch and frowned. "Jumping Jehoshaphat! My watch stopped! What time is it, fellows?"

"It's only one o'clock. Practice doesn't start until two," said Thornell.

"Well, I need a new watch. This one is broken," said Kashah.

Kashah had five more watches at the town house but felt insecure without one on his wrist. The defective one was the latest all-purpose digital model.

"Maybe it just needs a battery," suggested Ike.

"Maybe. But I want a new watch anyway," said Kashah.

The three lads drove to the Bon Ton Jewelers and parked their cars on the sidewalk next to the shop. Thornell and Ike watched as Kashah examined many watches before choosing a shiny gold Rolex. Kashah was especially fond of clothing, watches, and jewelry, while Thornell and Ike preferred records and stereo and video equipment. Kashah admired the watch on his wrist, set it to the correct time, and

*"We're innocent, Thorn," Ike said.
"She begged us to come with her to her place. I guess
she must have been all charged up."*

signaled to his chums that it was almost time for practice.

As was his usual custom, Kashah waved the watch at the clerk behind the counter so that she could see the model and then proceeded to walk toward the door. There was no need to pay. Before he could turn the knob he felt a hand on his neck holding him in a grip of steel.

"Hold on, buddy. Where do you think you're going with that watch?"

It was a security guard dressed in ordinary street clothes. The lad tried to break the guard's grip, but the harder he tried the more painful it became. The guard was a martial arts expert who could probably break Kashah's neck as if it were a twig!

While Kashah struggles to extricate himself from this embarrassing situation, it would be a good idea to introduce our heroes to the readers who have not read any of the previous volumes in the "Thornell Washington and His Chums" series.

Thornell Washington and his two lifelong pals, Kashah Kareem and Ike Pike, grew up in the town of Shadyville. In our preceding stories we followed the boys through Shadyville Grammar School, Berry Gordy High, Don King Prep, Spinks Tutorial School, Reverend Ike Junior College, Jim Brown's Community College, and now, the hallowed halls of Northwestern, where they are the recipients of three athletic scholarships and major in Physical Communications.

Thornell, the quarterback, is a tall, well-built lad with a handsome visage and a winning smile and personality. He has the ideal combination of courage, confidence, and a genuine humility and modesty about his own gifts. He is a remarkable athlete, a natural leader, and clearly the most popular boy on the campus.

Kashah Kareem is also a gifted athlete—a natural runner with the speed of a frightened deer and the balance and finesse of a tightrope walker. He is a happy-go-lucky lad who loves to engage in pranks and horseplay when he isn't dating half the coeds on the campus.

Ike Pike, the third inseparable chum, is of slightly shorter and stockier build, with wide shoulders and a bull neck. What he lacks in natural abilities he more than makes up for with his bulldog tenacity and strength. His blocking and running in short-yardage situations has earned him the nickname "The Human Buick." Ike is a more quiet sort, outwardly shy and retiring, but just as passionately devoted to



football and fun.

And now we will return to Kashah and his plight, as the security guard wrests the Rolex watch from him while his chums look on helplessly.

"SEE HERE, YOU CAN'T DO THAT to Kashah," cried Thornell. "Don't you know who he is?"

"I don't care if he's the king of France. He stole a watch," said the surly guard.

"He just happens to be Kashah Kareem, all-American tailback—the man we're all counting on to run over Ohio State," said Thornell. "And this is Ike Pike, runner and blocker extraordinaire. And I'm Thornell Washington."

Normally, Kashah would have charged his purchase to the account of Ted Wimplehoff, a wealthy alumnus who manufactured lightweight duffel bags. But unfortunately, none of the owners or clerks who knew the lads were on the premises. The guard was

also a newcomer to Evanston and had no knowledge of or interest in football.

"And I'm *George* Washington," said the guard, tightening his grip on Kashah, who was screaming in pain.

At that moment Harry Trumbauer, dean of students, entered the jewelry shop to have his old Hamilton pocket watch cleaned.

"Is that Kashah Kareem you're holding?" he asked the guard incredulously.

"I suppose so. That's what he calls himself," said the guard.

"Well, you're certainly making a whopper of a mistake. Unhand that lad. Northwestern's football hopes are resting on him!"

The guard reluctantly let Kashah loose, and the poor boy rubbed his neck and checked it for serious injury. Luckily, he was just shaken up; no bones were broken.

"Why didn't you use one of your credit cards if you couldn't get the watch charged to Ted's account?" asked Dean Trumbauer.

"Well," said Kashah ashamedly, "all my credit cards are...er...they're used up. The same with the other fellows."

"Why didn't you say so?" said the dean earnestly. "We could have got you all a nice credit line with the local banks. Oh well, how much is the darn watch, anyway?"

"Thirty-five hundred. But I like the silver one, too. It's cheaper," said Kashah.

"Don't be silly. If you really like the gold, take the

"Can't you see?" Ike said. "I threw the game. I've got fourteen brothers and sisters, and my momma to support."

gold," said Dean Trumbauer reassuringly.

The tall, urbane dean wrinkled his craggy brow for a moment and then reached into his pocket for his wallet. He counted out the amount in cash and handed it to the clerk.

"The next time one of these gentlemen wants a watch or anything else in this store, try to remember the manners your mother taught you, and treat them with respect," said the dean curtly.

"Golly, sir. I didn't mean any harm or anything," blurted Kashah. "It was just that my digital watch broke and I needed a new one so I wouldn't be late for practice."

"Of course. Now run along, you lads, before you are late. Coach Wilford doesn't suffer any sluggards!"



three in the morning. The phone wouldn't stop ringing. Finally he picked it up. It was Detective Mulvaney of the Evanston Police. He was holding a Mr. Kareem and a Mr. Pike. "What for?" asked Thornell. "Sexual assault," said the policeman.

Thornell shot out of bed like a rocket, dressed, and sped to the police station. Kashah and Ike were sitting quietly in the reception room with Detective Mulvaney.

"What happened?" asked Thornell, visibly upset.

Ike shrugged. Kashah spoke clearly and with no remorse.

"We're innocent, Thorn. We didn't do anything wrong. She begged us to come with her to her place. It was after the pep rally. I guess she must have been all charged up. I know what you told us about orgies and stuff before the big game, but we hardly even touched her."

"How many times?" asked Thornell.

"Well, I did her about six or seven and Ike did his usual."

"His usual!"

"I'm sorry, Thorn," said Ike. "But you know how those Jewish girls are. What's the difference? She liked it."

"Why is she pressing charges of assault? Do you realize what that means? My gosh, it's the night before the big game!"

"She's feeling guilty, Thorn," said Kashah. "She says her daddy is a rabbi, an Orthodox rabbi. When he finds out about her he'll disown her. Maybe he'll kill her."

"Where's the little cu... I mean, where's the girl?" asked Thornell.

"She's being taken care of by one of the lady cops," said Detective Mulvaney. He was a big, beefy Irishman with a large red nose and a protruding stomach over his well-worn trousers.

"I think we can handle this without any fuss," said Mulvaney. "You see, the girl can't call her father tonight because it's already the Sabbath and he's so Orthodox he won't answer the phone or engage in any secular activities. So actually, he won't even find out about it until sundown Saturday night. And by that time the game will be over. If you guys win I'm sure we can find a way to smooth this thing out. I can understand your point of view. The girl was drinking. She may have taken drugs. She was partying too hard and got carried away. She doesn't seem to be hurt or anything."

"You mean we can go?" asked Ike.

4

Pregame Madness

THE NIGHT BEFORE the big game with Ohio State was unusually pleasant for winter and brought out every rabid Northwestern fan to celebrate the traditional pep rallies, snake dances, and bonfires. The entire campus was alive with people, young and old, erupting into cheers and school songs.

As for the squad, they made their appearance at the main bonfire and pep rally, along with the coaching staff. Each member spoke briefly to the huge, festive crowd, pledging to give their best and take Northwestern to the Rose Bowl. Thornell Washington, offensive captain of the team, concluded the speeches with some heartfelt words of thanks to everyone, which brought the audience to a fever pitch of enthusiasm.

A group of cheerleaders jumped onto the podium and delivered the school favorite:

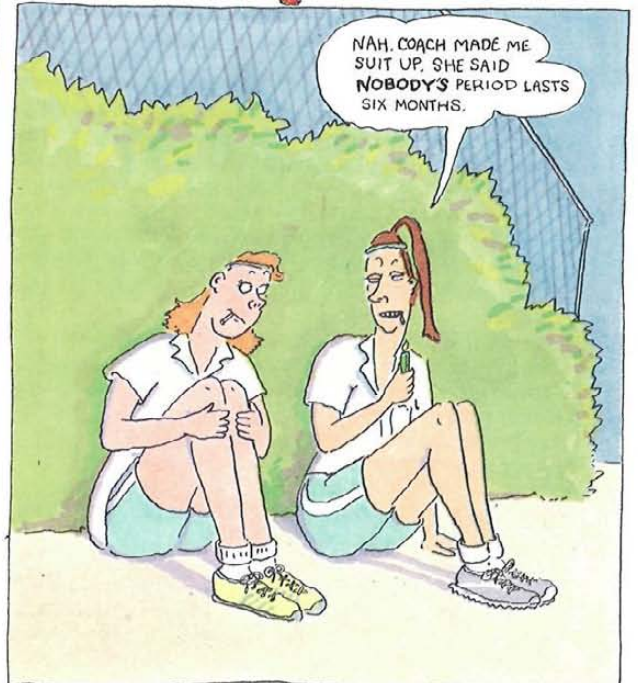
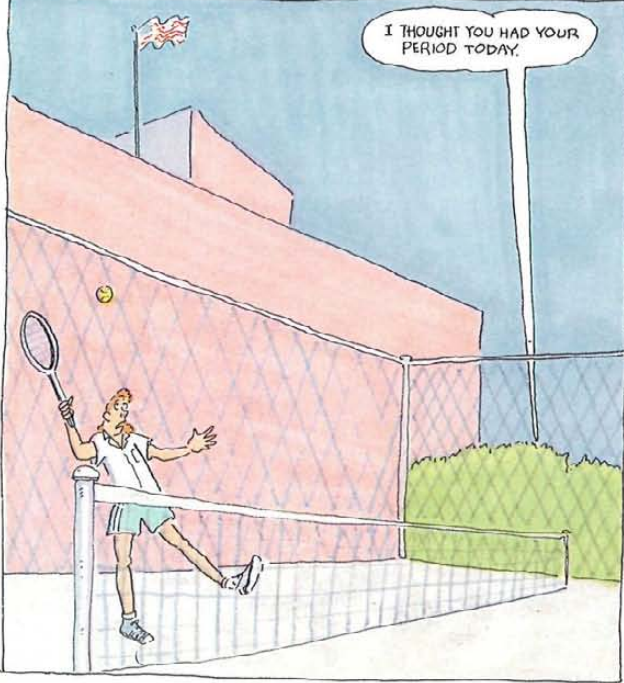
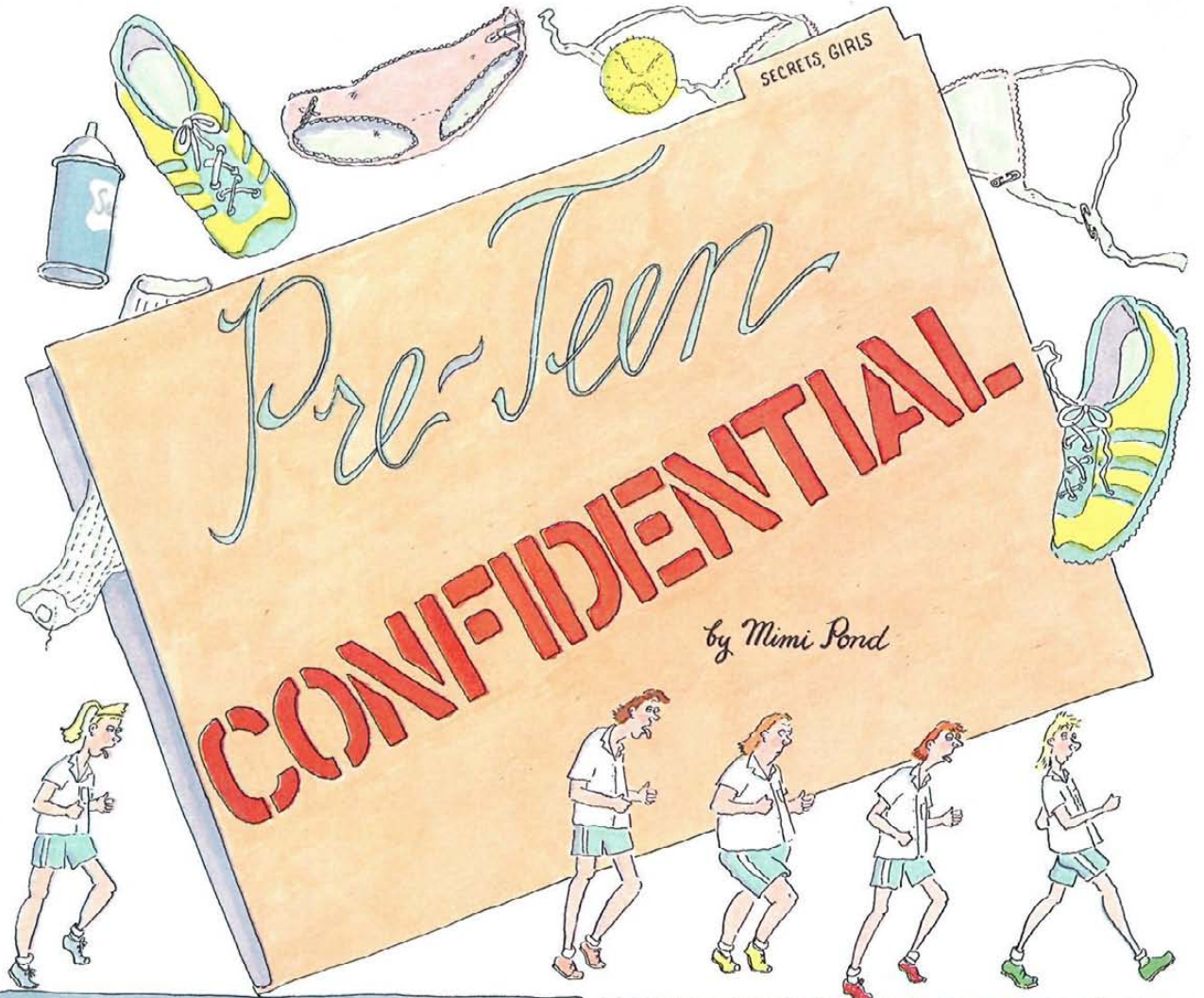
"Thornell throws the ball,
Kareem runs,
Pike throws the blocks,
And we get points by the tons!"

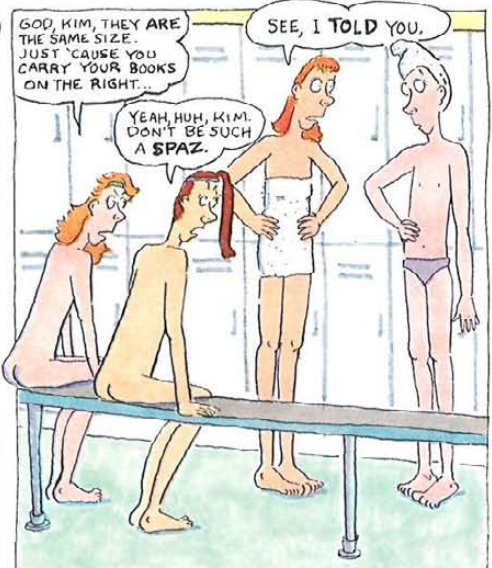
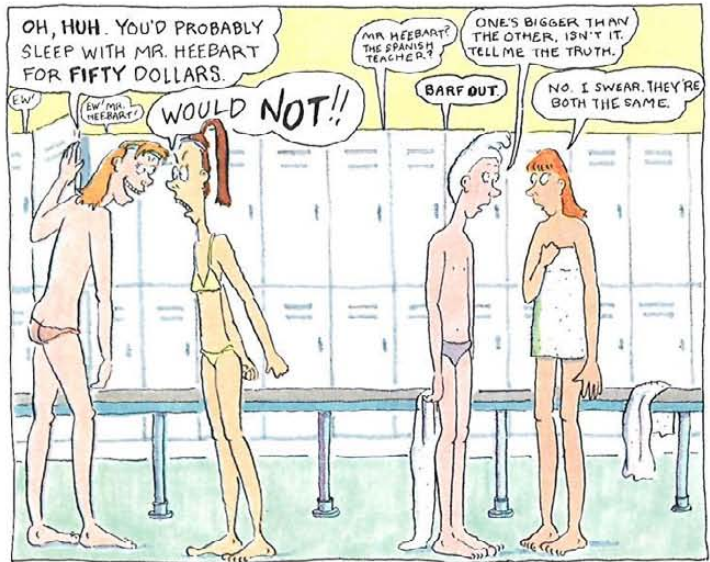
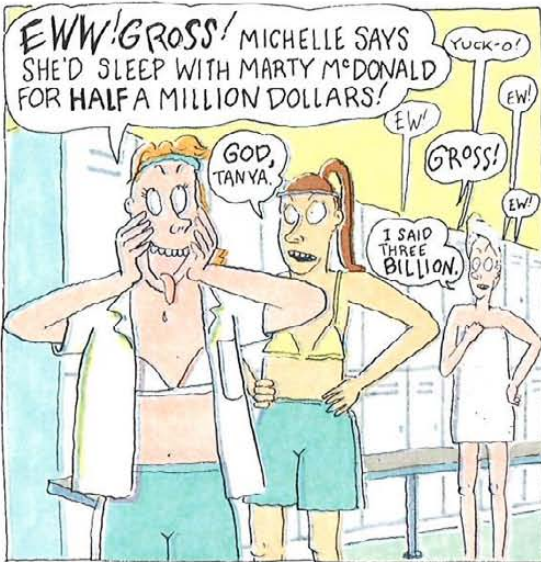
5

Nearly Foiled Again

IT MUST BE A FIRE DRILL, THORNELL thought. I can hear the bell ringing. But I'm not in grammar school anymore. Why are we going to a fire drill? Will someone stop that ringing! Suddenly he woke up from his bed with a start. It wasn't a dream about a fire drill. It was the telephone. Thornell rubbed his tired eyes and looked at his bedside clock. It was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)







THEN THERE'S THIS VOICE THAT GOES,
"THE MAN'S PENIS BECOMES
**ENGORGED WITH
BLOOD!!!**
BO-I-I-ING!



HEE HEE HEE
ENGORGED
HAW HAW
HAW!



I HEARD DINA STUFFS!

LET'S FIND OUT!



SOME GOES LIKE, OK, UM,
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO
DO, AND I LIKE THOUGHT,
GOD, WHAT A ZOD, LIKE
TOTAL CADET OR
SOMETHING...

WHAT? I CAN'T
HEAR YOU.

THERE SHE IS!

R-R-R-R-R



SO I GO LIKE, OK,
**PROVE YOU
LOVE ME.**

WHAT?

R-R-R-R-R



SO THEN I DARED HIM TO
TOUCH IT, YOU KNOW?
AND HE WOULDN'T,
HE GOES, 'EW, GROSS,'

WHAT? I STILL CAN'T
HEAR YOU...

R-R-R-R-R

HA HA HA, DINA STUFFS!!!

W-W-WHAT?



HEY, CARPENTER'S DREAM!

BOYS ARE
SO-O-O IMMATURE.

YEAH, FLAT AS
A BOARD, HAW
HAW HAW!

THEY'RE JUST
CHILDREN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

The detective winked at the lads and nodded.

"We'll have to get back to you after the game, but it can wait," he said. "Besides, I've got a bundle bet on you. Don't let me down!"

6
Victory and
Friendship

THE DAY OF THE BIG game dawned crisp and clear. Despite the problem with the girl and the police, Thornell, Ike, and Kashah slept soundly and awoke with their blood racing and their bodies eager and ready to go. There was no time for recriminations or alibis. Only one thing was on their minds—beat Ohio State!

Although the boys knew how exciting this day would be, they were not prepared for the tumult that greeted them when they strode into the stadium to warm up for the game. This was the most important day of their lives. The school depended on them. And in the stands there were many pro scouts peering at them with their high-powered binoculars, football experts who could find a weak spot in even the best of athletes. Their entire future could depend on how well they performed in this game.

Northwestern won the toss and elected to receive, and Thornell Washington led his team on a seventy-nine-yard drive to the Ohio State one-yard line. The fans went crazy. On a hunch he called Ike's number to plunge over instead of Kashah, whom everyone expected to carry the ball. Ike dove over the line, and as he extended his arms over the goal he was hit, and fumbled. Ohio State recovered in the end zone for a touchback. The fans groaned. Ike apologized profusely, but Thornell just patted him on the rump coolly and told him they would get it back.

The first quarter was indeed frustrating for the Northwestern Wildcats. Undaunted by Ike's fumble, they started another drive. But on a crucial third-down play on their own forty, Ike missed a key block that would have sprung Kashah for a first down, and they had to punt.

Ohio State then began a long drive of their own, climaxed by a touchdown pass from Schneider to Booker T. Moody, their all-American tight end. The extra point made it 7-0. Thornell tried to get his team going again but was stalled by a stiff Ohio State defense, and they had to give up the ball. It was a seesaw battle until the end of the quarter, when Ohio State's Thaddeus Garvey ran back a punt sixty-two yards, eluding Ike Pike at the

and going over for a touchdown.

The second quarter was even worse for Northwestern. Their spirits were down and the momentum was going entirely for Ohio State. Thornell's passing game was stymied by State's rushing defense, and he was beginning to take a beating. For some reason Ike Pike couldn't handle Hannibal "The Cannibal" Jones, Ohio State's huge right end, who kept storming through.

"Are you sure last night didn't take something out of you, Ike?" asked Thornell as he limped back to the bench after being hit for a fifteen-yard loss by the man-eating Jones.

"Golly, Thorn. I'm trying my best. I just can't seem to hold that big bum up. I'm doing everything but bite his jock off."

"Sorry, Ike. Didn't mean to snap at you. I know you're giving it your best. We've just got to dig in and try harder," said Thornell.

But their best wasn't good enough for Ohio State, and the Buckeyes seemed to be everywhere at once, crushing every attempt of the Wildcats to catch up. By the end of the first half the score was 27-0 in favor of the visitors from Columbus. It looked like the end of Northwestern's Rose Bowl hopes.

A battered and weary group of Wildcats slumped into the locker room for halftime. The room was silent. Not even Coach Wilford had a word to say. Thornell had taken a terrible beating. He was having his right hand treated for a possible bone break. His left shoulder was also dislocated. Kashah was sitting quietly in the corner, spitting blood. His ribs and kidneys were hurting badly.

"What a way to go," said Thornell sadly.

"There goes the Rose Bowl," said Kashah, holding a hankie to his mouth.

"And our chances in the pros. We'll be lucky if we catch on with anyone after this game. I might as well ask Coach Wilford to put in my replacement," said Thornell as the trainer put his left shoulder back in place.

The lads weren't even paying attention to Ike, who was sitting on a bench staring at the wall. Suddenly a rush of tears flowed out of Ike's eyes, and he started to cry.

Still wincing in pain, Thornell rushed over to comfort his chum.

"Hey, that's okay. Maybe we can all join a semipro team together," said Thornell with a chuckle.

Ike looked at his friend and shook his head vigorously.

"No, no. You got it all wrong, Thorn. It's *me*. I did it. It's all my fault," said Ike.

"What do you mean?" asked Thornell.

"I'm being bribed to throw the game to Ohio State. I'm in cahoots with these gamblers. They gave me a quarter of a million dollars to make sure that we lose. And they bet on Ohio State for me, as well. I'm a fixer. I'm taking a dive. Don't you see?"

Ike collapsed and broke down, crying like a baby. But before Coach Wilford and the rest of the team could spot the trouble, Thornell and Kashah took Ike into another room to get the full story.

"I felt that I had to do it, fellows," said Ike between great, racking sobs. "I mean, you guys were going to be chosen one and two in the draft. You had your futures all mapped out. You were going to be millionaires. But what about me? I'd be lucky to catch on and make the minimum wage. I had no future. In a couple of years I'd be back in Shadyville, teaching gym classes and getting fat. No more town houses, no more fancy cars and stereos. I couldn't handle it. The gamblers got to me. They told me that I needed the money for security, for *my* future. They were going to help me invest it. And don't forget, I promised my mother and my fourteen brothers and sisters that I would help them all when I got into the pros. Sure. What could I say to them? Ike Pike is only a blocking back. Blocking backs are a dime a dozen."

Thornell and Kashah listened quietly to Ike. By the time he was finished they both instinctively had their arms around the sobbing blocking back, trying to comfort him. Suddenly Thornell stood up, shook Ike hard, and looked directly into his eyes with a piercing gaze.

"Ike, you don't have to go through with your plan. We can still beat those guys. There's another half left to play. We're going to turn the tables on those gamblers. We're going to make *you* the star of the game!"

"Wh...what do you mean?" stuttered a surprised Ike.

"I mean *you* are going to carry the ball instead of block. You know most of Kashah's assignments and he knows yours. You're going to switch positions. And you're also going to catch passes. I'm going to mix up Ohio State so they won't know who's doing what. The only way you can make up for your mistake is to play your heart out. Show those pro scouts what you're made of!"

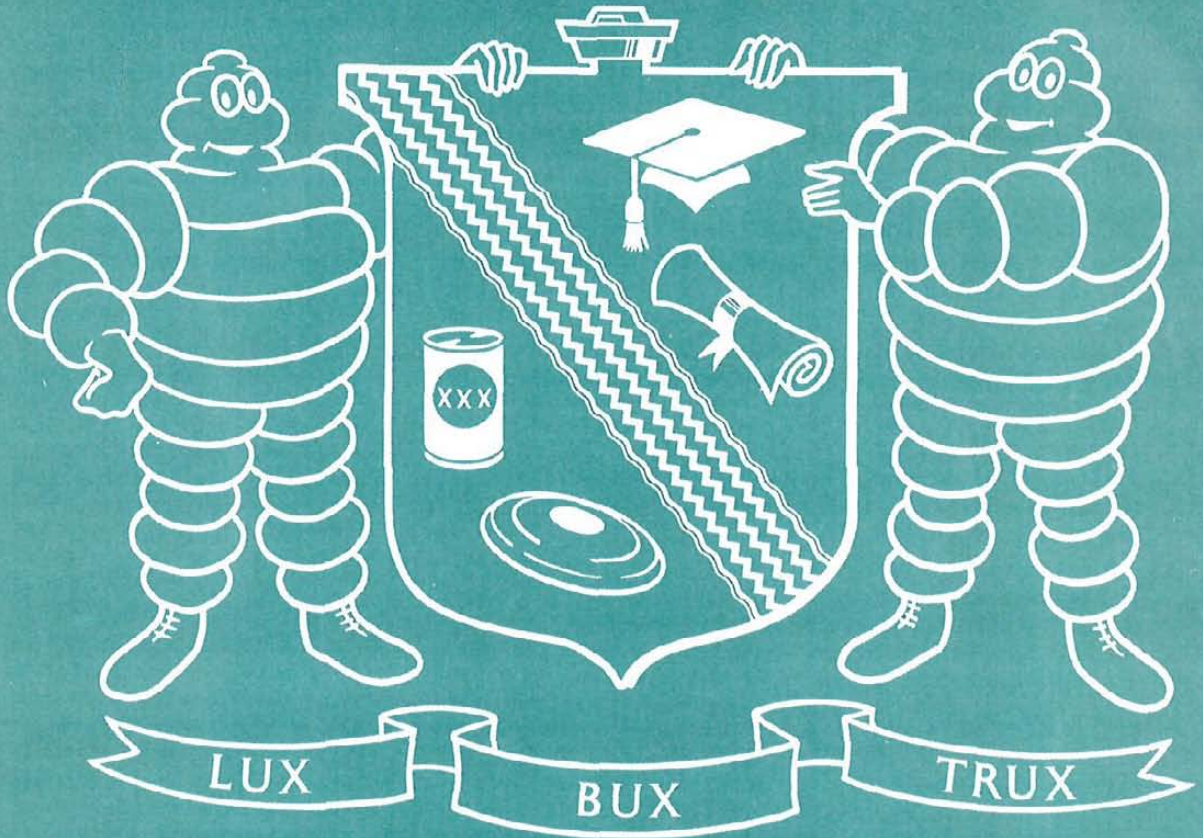
"Right, Ike," echoed Kashah. "Remember that Wilbert Montgomery and William Andrews were blocking backs in college too. And look at them now!"

Ike shook hands with his chums and vowed that they would get all the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

Skidmark

THE ALUMNI MAGAZINE OF SKIDMARK COLLEGE / Fall 1983 / Vol. 10, No. 3



INSIDE

Essay: I, Skidmark
Poetry: O Skidmark!
Regret: Y Skidmark?

Table of Contents

- 4** **A Gift from the Fields.** At a special ceremony marking the opening of the new Totie Fields Room at the Skidmark Library, Merv Griffin recalls the life of a great, if legless, lady.
- 6** **A Farewell to Fuzzy.** Campus bursar "Fuzzy" Dwaddle retires, and the entire Skidmark community mourns the fact that no one ever knew who he was.
- 8** **The Radial Hall of Fame.** The Athletic Center opens a new memorial to our great athletes by inducting its first Hall of Famer, Mickey Slem, the only football player to ever score a Radial touchdown.
- 12** **Packard Hall Razed.** The former student center falls victim to state safety violations and the wrecking ball. There's a gaping hole in Michelin Quad that nothing will ever fill.
- 16** **Why Skidmark?** Hundreds of high school seniors ask the same question every year. Here's why they finally shut up and come anyway.
- 18** **The Secret School of Insurance Salesmanship.** A whopping 37 percent of our grads end up in this go-go industry. Is it any wonder?
- 22** **Make Mine Greek.** This year's alumni excursion saw plenty of old Radials doing the land of Plato and Socrates as only Skidmark grads know how—by car.
- 28** **In Search of Lost Technologies.** The Math Department struggles to save the calculator in an age of computerization.
- 30** **Hey, Let's Party.** Skidmark students do what they do best, on and off the campus.



R.I.P.
**Edward "Fast Eddie"
Halloran**
?-July 14, 1983

Edward "Fast Eddie" Halloran, an employee of the Skidmark Athletic Department for over a quarter of a century, and the adopted child of Skidmark founder Lester Giblets, died this summer after drinking seven glasses of chlorine bleach.

"I don't think he had actually tasted anything he'd eaten since about 1943," Eddie's close friend Billy Bob Plumball told mourners at the memorial service held this summer. "And when he was tired, he didn't read too well, either. As we lay Eddie to rest, it's good to remember that this was bound to happen."

According to Skidmark legend, Fast Eddie

was found on the doorstep of college founder Lester Giblets in 1937. A note attached to the two-year-old's chest read "Just spend some time with him. You won't believe how stupid he is. I can't take it anymore. His name is Eddie Halloran, and you're stuck with him." Eddie was never able to recall the first years of his life, although he always cried when he saw pork.

In 1957, Eddie was given a job in the Grounds Department. But a long and satisfying career of stabbing bits of litter on the ground came to an abrupt halt when the enterprising young Halloran turned his Grounds Crew spear to the exciting game of squirrel meat. His ritual slaughter of eighteen small beasts during Homecoming festivities that fall gave rise to public outcry, and Fast Eddie was transferred to the basement of Giblets Hall, the college athletic facility.

Known for over a quarter of a century as

Skidmark

FALL 1983/VOL. 10, NO. 3

Editor: Patricia Giblets '78
Assistant Editor: Miles Wohl '80
Designer: Francine Sloon '80

SKIDMARK: The Alumni Magazine, founded in 1975, is published quarterly by Skidmark College. Distributed free of charge to seniors, alumni, parents, friends, visitors, and people who stay at the Ramada Inn near the Skidmark campus. Second-class postage paid at Skidmark.

POSTMASTER: Sometimes we send this magazine to the wrong address. Don't bother sending it back to us. Perhaps, though, you'd like to receive your own subscription. Let us know.

"the brain-damaged fat queer who slobbers over your crotch whenever you get a goddamn towel from him," Eddie lived out a long and happy life in the shower room at the Skidmark pool. "This is my life," he would say while handing students clean, warm towels. "And you're really hung."

In his latter years, Eddie branched out somewhat from the confines of the shower room and actually walked around in the gym a few times. Skidmark Drama Professor Mary Beth Giblets, known statewide for her avant-garde experimental productions, created a number of roles for Eddie in the past few years. Many students recall with great fondness his performance as the towel boy in *Man of La Mancha*, and his hilarious portrayal of the towel boy in *Private Lives*.

"I don't know how we will ever replace Fast Eddie," Skidmark President A. E. Flegias said at the memorial service. "I guess maybe we'll just build some shelves."

Letters

Memories

Staying up all night and feeling sick ... Campus drugstore out of Monarch Notes ... You have what? ... "We have to report this visit to your family physician" ... Professor Finley's peculiar habit ... The Quad after a slushstorm ... Feet on the floor, mister ... Hamburger Helper again? ... "It'll help you study" ... Let's get some 'za ... Ordering food and then eating it ... "The pages are all stuck together" ... CRUST Boogie ... Give me an A or I'll tell ...

Ah, Skidmark! Ah, Educatis!

Anne Beryl '69
Black Thorn, Vt.

Not So Nice

After spending in excess of \$40,000 for a Skidmark education, I often ask myself just what value I could place on it. Frankly, I find the diploma to be barely worth the paper it's printed on. Attending a small liberal arts college has given me absolutely no preparation for the real world. The people I associated with there are no longer my friends; indeed I wonder how I could ever have tolerated that gang of horrible, mirthless, smirking pseudo-intellec-tuals. I have been unable to find steady work at a job where fellow workers bathe regularly, and have on several occasions injured my back carrying heavy crates. My co-workers think I'm a snob and a jerk, and shun me like the plague. Whenever I find a community where I think it might be pleasant to live, I have to pack up and hit the road because the government finds me and threatens imprisonment unless I pay back \$38,000 in student loans. I am very bitter, and look and feel at least twenty years older than I am.

Harold Byle
Address Unknown

Our Editor replies: Since we do not have your new address, we are unable to send out your 1983 Alumni Pledge Card and Money Envelope. Please write back soon.

No Back Spacing Here

Have you ever been propositioned by a homosexual bookkeeping clerk, over and over in the most pitiful, entreating, self-humiliating way possible? I have, on the average of two to three times a week. Some of you on the staff there may still remember me—Maxwell Stilton, "Aristophanes and Pre-Industrial Whimsy," class of '65, "Waxy Maxy"? I was one of those idiots who believed that crap in the Skidmark course catalog about "a fine grounding in the humanities, a deep understanding of civilization, a basis for a life rich and full." I don't know what your definition of "rich and full" is, but it's obviously not "having a lot of money and plenty to eat." For the last eighteen years, my life has been a series of low-paying jobs as a temporary typist—and I don't know why office temps with degrees in Greek literature are automatically assumed to be homosexual by the bookkeeping clerks of this society—punctuated by frequent job interviews at the musty offices of small literary magazines, where I was told that my qualifications were good but three dollars an hour was simply out of the question. Not a day goes by that I don't regret the four years I spent shelling out my poor dead mother's hard-earned money for what I should have realized then was a one-way ticket on the Poverty Express. My brother spent half a semester taking business courses at a junior college, and now he owns three Red Lobsters and vacations every year on—get this—the Greek Islands. I've never even been to Miami. So do me a favor and send me all future issues of the Skidmark alumni magazine postage due, as I haven't the spare cash to pay the mailman and therefore won't be able to read all your stinking garbage about going out to meet the world with open arms. Outstretched palms is more like it. Excuse me now, I've got to finish typing this report before that bookkeeping clerk asks me to stay late again.

Maxwell Stilton '65
Au Pair, Ohio

Our Editor replies: C'mon, grow up.

I Say...

The other evening, while preparing my personal belongings for a move from our summer home in Provincetown to an ambassadorial position which I am about to assume in Paris, I came across many, many personal letters, mementos, and documents.

My first reaction, to be honest, was to dispose of all these items. After all, they are but physical remnants of a long-dead past. But my wife, sensing some God-knows-what kind of value in them, suggested, "Frederick, perhaps you'd like to donate your papers to your college, as so many of your friends do, and receive a large tax deduction."

Well, I haven't stayed married to the old girl all these years for nothing. "Capital suggestion," I exclaimed.

Problem was, old chap, it took me three days to remember just where I went to college. I mean, it has been quite a while, and I've been busy amassing a fortune since leaving your hallowed halls. (Are they hallowed? I can't remember.) I haven't kept in touch with anyone since leaving, nor have I had to use any of your flimsy connections. Most of all, I don't believe I ever learned a thing at that school that I later had to use.

All that aside, I was wondering, do you want my papers, or what?

Frederick Worthington Thranson III
Paris, France

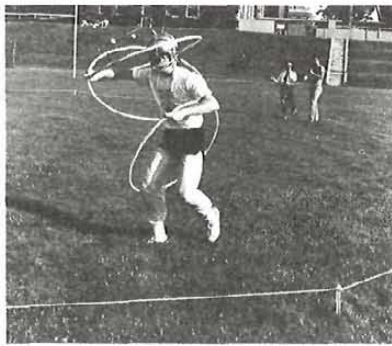
Physics Department Needs Three Billion Dollars—Fast!

Rod Meltdown, chairman of the Physics Department, has recently announced that, thanks to an offer of a matching grant from the son of an Arab potentate who was flunking his class, the Physics Department could be well on the way to purchasing its first complete nuclear reactor.

"We have been given a large sum of money," Meltdown claims, "as well as a promise of a one-hundred-year supply of plutonium." At this point, Meltdown is attempting to raise the other three billion dollars he needs to build the reactor.

"It would be pretty sad if we didn't get it," he says, "because we're really more than halfway toward the goal. The college needs a nuclear reactor. Sure, it sounds crazy, but I might have sounded crazy twenty years ago if I had told you that students would one day own personal computers. Well, I foresee a day when your average physics student will be wearing a personal nuclear reactor on his or her belt, instead of a slide rule or calculator."

In an attempt to demonstrate the urgency of his problem, Meltdown has begun daily



Rod Meltdown, chairman of the Physics Department, displaying the need for a nuclear reactor.

demonstrations of a nuclear reaction on the lawn behind the Science Building. In a roped-off area approximately the size of a nuclear reactor, Meltdown begins running in circles. As his speed increases, he begins to squeal in a high voice, until finally he just throws himself on the ground, yelling "I'm split, I'm split. Look at me glow."

"I challenge any Skidmark alum to watch that and not go for his checkbook," he says.

Radials on the Rise

It was only three short years ago that Skidmark football coach and dean of Chaucerian Studies Philip "Knute" Worthington pledged that the 1980s would be "a rebuilding decade" for the Skidmark football program, but already his efforts seem to be paying off. The Radials finished their season with a 4-6 record, the best in fifteen years, which included a 27-24 win over top-ranked Rockledge High.

Worthington attributed the spectacular achievement to "dedication on the part of the players, a return to basics in training, and some much-needed improvements in equipment" (referring to the alumnus grant last year that allowed the team to provide all players, even kickers, with helmets). "If we continue to improve at this rate, I could see us playing against college teams again four or five years down the road."

The only sour note in an otherwise melodious season was the failure of senior running back Kent Parsons to be drafted by a professional team. "We knew Kent's chances with the NFL weren't particularly good, with this year's bumper crop of first-rate ball carriers," said Worthington. "But when the USFL passed on him, and then the Italian and Japanese semipro leagues, well, that had to be a little disappointing."

Current Events

"The Times They Are A-Changin'"

Alumni who've been away from Michelin Quad for a while may be surprised at some of the changes that have taken place. Though probably no one will be as astonished as the old class of '19 alum who was heard to yelp "Negroes!" Skidmark has done much to stay ahead of yesterday's dreams with today's visions.

No "Freeze" in Learning

Students majoring in air-conditioner repair will be graduating for the first time with the

class of '84. The major was inaugurated after lengthy discussion by faculty and students over the strengths of a traditional liberal arts course of study versus having enough money in your pocket to buy a slice of pizza when you're really hungry. A compromise solution, the air-conditioning major not only acquaints students with basics of design and operation, but also offers a broad overview of the tradition and philosophy of cooling apparatus and cooled air. A total of twelve half-semester courses are required, including such offerings as "Fans in the Late Inca Empire" and "Toward an Understanding of Sweat."

Magna Cum Pan Drippings

Affirmative action continues as a lively topic discussed over fits of gulping and chewing at Reese Dining Hall. A 420-

pound side of beef admitted to Skidmark last year weighed heavily on everyone. While grateful that the marbled member of the class of '86 turned out to be a prank engineered by Sigma Gnu and a local butcher shop, the admissions committee received stern warning from President A. E. Flegias that selections should be done well, not well-done.

More Than Goons with Backpacks

Aspirited "No Nukes" rally was held at The Cistern last month, the theme being "Atomic Energy—Bad Thing." Students dressed up as coal, batteries, and the sun to show alternatives to power plants that might blow up and hurt them, or future generations. The protest remained orderly, and the Brew 'n' Book supplied cold cans of beer for the thirsty

world-beaters. Chairman Frank Belasco of the Yankee Doodler Power Plant offered a dissenting viewpoint: "These kids are just a bunch of scraggly four-eyed wimps that wouldn't know an atom if it came up and bit them on their down vests. Screw 'em."

Movie Magic

Star Wars topped the list of all-time movie favorites for current students at Skidmark. The faculty delved a few years further back in cinema history, choosing *Lolita*.

'Za's All, Folks

Munchers of Joe's Pizza will be saddened to learn that the small restaurant on Melville Lane has closed. Campus health inspector G. O. Zillitas announced that Joe "will be taking a long vacation." The investigation into the mysterious disappearance of Joe's dog, Extra Cheese, continues.

“The More Things Change, the More They Remain Things”

“Nixon reelected by landslide last year.” “How about those gas prices?” “Let’s get messed up and see the Jefferson Airplane.” Comments from insane people or foreigners? No, just typical quotes from the class of ’73 ten years ago when they ruled the woods at Skidmark. The 73’ers were back last month for their tenth reunion, and with more on their minds than dip and sandwiches.

“We were out to change the world,” commented Paul Anders. “I think we should have changed our clothes more often, and bathed regularly. Then maybe we would have gotten somewhere.” His cry was echoed by many classmates, including Sally Brenner, who added this personal note: “I used to sleep with five or six guys a week. Now I don’t even sleep with my husband. I’m much better rested. If I see a mung bean or a strobe light now, I feel really sick.”

Others felt that many of the best aspects of those hectic college years continue. “Hey, there’s still nothing I like better than gassing up the van, getting a cooler full of brews, and following the Grateful Dead around the country. Freedom like that—you can’t put a price on it,” said Tom “Sourdough” Grimes, who lives with his mom. “I made a fortune in lava lamps,” reports Sally Murphy. “The sixties are alive and well in the form of the Jacuzzi I had installed with some of that dough.”

A member of the class of 2005? “No fucking way,” says mom-to-be Debbie Fludge. “He’s gonna be employable.”

Other class members found that the last ten years had brought them a personal fulfillment and maturation they would have thought impossible back in the heady days of smelly incense and tie-dyed panties. “I enjoy

my work as head coach of the Princeton girls’ basketball teams very much,” offers Rosylyn “Trucker” Righetti. “It’s a lot of fun to see the girls develop right before your eyes, taking shots, grabbing rebounds,



Rosylyn Righetti proudly "weights" for no man, but Sherry Yerlin says there's no substitute for a foot-long dog.

taking showers, toweling dry, and pouring baby powder all over their lithe, tan, yearning bodies." Rosylyn knows she's found her niche, and is happy to have been given a crack at the big time.

While some of the reunion chums started families and brought Tonka toys and future Skidmarkians to prove it, others found the pleasures of single life far too rewarding. "Wow, yeah, Club Med, it's the best," squealed a halter-topped Sherry Yerlin, whose tan was one of two things picked up in the Caribbean. "Drinking wine out of a shell, it's so great." When not frolicking with ac-



"Remember me? I got you through long semesters and boring profs. I am the spirit of beer, your campus pal."

countants and stenographers, Sherry likes "to take long bubble baths and talk to all animals, especially fish."

Once the reunion got in full swing, old friendships were renewed with such comments as "Hey, you used to have longer hair and less fat" and "Didn't we sleep together for a semester?" "The spirit of friendship and renewal became as thick as the tear gas they used to fire at us," commented a happy returnee.

Tom "Sourdough" Grimes prepares to test the new Skidmark smoke detectors, installed by law.



Bill Moffit proudly demonstrates jungle lore learned in Nam, to the delight of classmate Ann Ryder.

While the \$20,000-and-over table dined on pepper steak and mixed vegetables, courtesy of the Alumni Fund Drive, the rest of the class made do with sandwiches and beer. A food fight broke out between the Vietnam vets and the SDS table, with the vets

winning decisively, despite being handicapped by several missing arms and legs. Bill "Insano" Moffit was restrained from throwing the grenade, and the reunion ended on a note of unity as everyone joined hands to sing "Smoke on the Water." "The vibes, the potato salad, it was all great," laughed Sandy Harkness, as her husband attempted to feel up her sophomore-year roommate. Almost

everyone would agree, save Joe Pep, who felt "we were the stupidest, loudest, rudest generation ever to attend college, and judging by the cheap suits, lack of moral standards, and slurred, vague, whining conversation, I think most have gone on to completely mess up their lives." Hey, take it easy, Joe. Save some of that sunshine for your twenty-fifth reunion.

Misty Morning Memories

A Photo Essay by Zenon Strohb

EDITOR'S NOTE: Campus photographer Zenon Strohb, a member of the yearbook staff and the *Skidmark Express* staff, has captured practically every facet of life here at the big Skid. Recently he turned his watchful shutter on the typical Skidmark morning and uncovered these very special daybreak details.

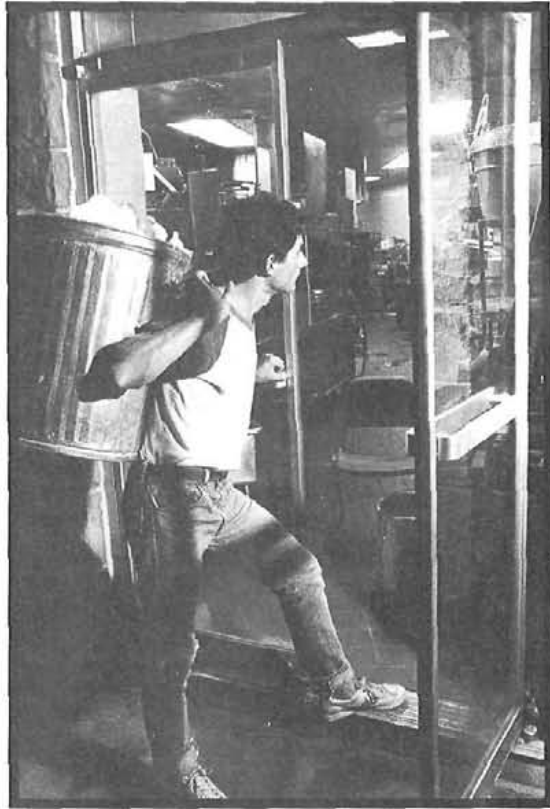
▶ Jimmy "Plato" Spritz, the smartest man on the Skidmark campus, puts the finishing touches on another night of hard work keeping the Administration Building sparkling. I think it was "Plato" who once said to me, "If you're gonna be flying with eagles, you don't need your swimsuit."



▲ The faculty lounge, before the beginning of classes. That's Professor Earl Longueur, from the General Humanities Department, discussing blowing the rest of his already diminished departmental budget on a box of Amway detergent. Emily Boggs is our campus Amway rep, when she's not lecturing on art history.

▶ No classes until afternoon. Lucky her. Wish I knew her name. Maybe if I just stayed here for a while, listened to her soft, gentle breathing, took a few more pictures...

▼
Making a delivery? Ha!



▲
An early-morning emergency, handled by a couple of Skidmark coeds. But let me tell you, after spending a few minutes in there, I'll never deny that Sisterhood really is powerful.

Class Notes

Please send all news items to:
CLASS NOTES EDITOR
Room 776-13a
Austen Hall
Skidmark College
Skidmark, New Hampshire 00776

1924

ARTS AND SCIENCES: **Wilfred Hunnicut** assures fellow alums that his death notice in the previous issue of *Skidmark* was erroneous. Sorry, Mr. Hunnicut.

1929

HUMANITIES: **Elizabeth Barrett Schwartz** has completed her novel, *A Life So Rich*, excerpts of which appeared in the Spring, 1927 issue of *The Skidmark Quill*. Ms. Schwartz is currently negotiating with several vanity publishers who have expressed interest in the work.

1932

LIBERAL STUDIES: **Leo Smithston** has been named Grand Stag Emeritus by the Wilmington, Delaware Order of the Springbok. Mr. Smithston has served as Grand Stag for the organization since 1957 and felt it was time to hang up one horn.

CIVILIZATION: **Hodding Langdon Holiingsworth** announces the birth of twin granddaughters, Mustafa and Ahmad Holiingsworth-Washington.

1936

FINE ARTS: **Bertha Hanston** reports that her acting debut at the Cranford, New Jersey Kaye Ballard Dinner Theater was "a smashing success." Ms. Hanston starred with her grandson in her own adaptation of the popular film *Harold and Maude*. "Around here we judge a play by how many potatoes are left in the sack after a week, and I'm proud to say we had a three-potato run," reports Ms. Hanston.

1941

SOCIOLOGY: **James Whist** was honored recently at a surprise dinner arranged by co-workers, who named him "Tollbooth Personnel Director of the Year." Mr. Whist was presented with a loving cup and a testimonial parchment signed by more than 117 toll collectors from every major Illinois roadway. Guests dropped a quarter in the basket on the way in to aid retirement plans.

1943

PHILOSOPHY AND MAN: **Nestor W.**

Placeton was cited as one of "Hartford's Ten Most Eligible Bachelors" by *Connecticut Seniors* magazine. At his home recovering from prostate surgery, Mr. Placeton said he was "tickled."

1947

POLITICAL SCIENCE: **Quentin Standard** has been named Supervisory Instructor of Language Studies at the Ossining Correctional Institution in New York. Mr. Standard had previously taught basic grammar at the Men's Correctional Facility in Manhattan.

HUMANITIES: **Dr. Janice Droit**, currently teaching literature at Chico University in California, is revising her dissertation on the work of Chuck Scarborough for publication by the University of Miami Press.

1950

GOVERNMENT STUDIES: **Martin Sweeney**, chairman of Sweeney Promotions, supplier of imprinted sportswear and leisure products, was quoted recently in an article by the assistant editor of *Premium! Incentive Business* magazine.

ANGLO-SAXON HISTORY: **Patricia Meyerson** reports that her springer spaniel, Tudor, recently took third prize for "Best All-Around Sporting Class" at the annual Downingtown, Pennsylvania Dog Fanciers Show. "I wish I could say as much for my husband, George ('49)," she laments.

1951

METTERNICH AND HIS TIMES: **Dorothy Wilson White** has left the R. H. Macy Company to open her own establishment, Dorothy's Antiques and Frozen Yogurt. "It's old and cold," says Dot, oddly.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION: **Daniel Waxton** has been named Project Chief for the Lithium Storage Batteries Division of Nissan Electric U.S.A. "We call it Happy Battery," says Daniel, who prefers Demerol to get through the day.

1956

MAN AND MANKIND: **Herbert I. Kensington** reports that he "felt just great" after posting a personal record time of 32:16 in the Wichita, Kansas Willie Nelson Five-Kilometer Run. Mr. Kensington took up running after quitting smoking seven years ago, and hasn't "had the urge to light up once" since then.

AMERICAN LETTERS: **Dr. Robert Foxworth** has been promoted to senior account executive at the public relations firm of Burson Marsteller in New York, where he will

head the Vaginal Cream Creative Team. "I'm itching to get at it," he remarks.

SOCIOLOGY: **Margaret Feinstein** received a standing ovation after reading her study, "Airborne Bacilli and Station Wagon Ventilation Systems," at the Center for Disease Control's annual meeting.

1958

FINE ARTS: **Victoria Stubb's** contract to serve as Jane Wyman's stand-in on *Falcon Crest* has been renewed for another season. Ms. Stubb can also be seen in the current "Visit to Grandma's" commercial for Aim toothpaste.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION: **Joseph O'Rourke** has been retained as political pollster/consultant by former U.S. congressman John LeBoutillier. "These Taco Bell lunches are getting to me," gripes O'Rourke.

1961

HUMANITIES: **Jason Swingston** reports he is "very excited" over the news that his poem, "Autumn Calls Me," has been selected for publication in the U.K. edition of *Mademoiselle*. The work was published here last year in Calvin Trillin's critically praised *Doggerel & Limericks No. 17*.

AMERICAN LETTERS: **Judith Bowles**, who works in the research department of Triangle Publications, spoke to Alan Alda personally on the phone several months ago while preparing an article for *TV Guide*.

SOCIOLOGY: **Eleanor McGrath** has received a special commendation from the central office of the United Way for her fundraising work in and around the Bristol, Virginia area. "I'm loud and obnoxious and people give me money to get out of their homes," confides the twice-divorced McGrath.

1964

PHILOSOPHY AND MAN: **Bernard "Buzzy" Deering**, who was named "Klass Klown" in the 1964 *Skidmark* yearbook, has been held over for an additional six weeks as head comedian at the Hazelton, Pennsylvania Best Western Motor Lodge's Amish Room. This is the twenty-fourth time that Mr. Deering's six-week stay at the lounge has been extended, and he believes it is probably a record.

MAN AND MANKIND: **Braxton Whetsone** has received a "Special Service" citation from the Iowa Department of Motor Vehicles on the occasion of his 10,000th administration of that state's road test.

1965

COMPARATIVE RELIGION: **Andrea Spliess** has purchased a Los Angeles condominium that was once a rental apartment occupied by Herve Villechaize. "It's, uh, very cozy," says Andrea. "I've converted the swimming pool into a birdbath."

POLITICAL SCIENCE: **Kenneth J. Opperman** coached his daughter's Junior Wiffleball League team to its second consecutive conference championship. **Mark Sandspont** has been mentioned as "a dear friend" in the Acknowledgments section of Scholastic's *Introduction to Multiplication*. "What's six times three? The number of years I've been a lousy math teacher," he cracks.

1967

DRAMA: **Johnny "Hey, What's It to You?" Heinz** writes to say that his acting career has finally taken off in a big way; he's now the Compton Canary, that wacky bird who delights fans between innings of the Compton Stompers Double A baseball games. "The suit gets hot in the late innings," reports the former Skidmark theater flash, "but if you can't take the heat, then stay off the base paths. I mean, hey!" Johnny numbers Atlanta Braves mascot Chief Knock-a-Homa among his close show-biz pals.

1968

HUMANITIES: **Jonathan Ellsworth** has married Bambi Coates, and the two are currently enjoying a six-month honeymoon in Europe. The bride's son and the groom's son and daughter are staying with their father and mother, respectively, during the trip.

PHILOSOPHY AND MAN: **Kathleen Carr** has purchased what she believes is the first compact-disc player to find its way to Negaunee, Michigan.

1970

AMERICAN LETTERS: **Barney Highridge**, a recent "graduate" of Alcoholics Anonymous, writes that the organization "helped me to understand that the first step to solving a problem is to own up to it," and asks that fellow alums be advised that he is a drunk and won't pay them back the money he owes.

SOCIOLOGY: **David Wasserman** has completed courses at Oak Brook, Illinois's famed "Hamburger University" and matriculated directly into a McDonald's management training program.

1971

GOVERNMENT STUDIES: **Frank Cistern** has won twenty-five dollars in the New Jersey State Lottery. "My system? Always bet 311," declared Cistern.

1972

PSYCHOLOGY: **Max Breedlove**, taking part in an FDA-sponsored research experiment, reports he is "very pleased and excited" about his new heat-sensing prosthesis.

FINE ARTS: **Lucy Spano** was injured recently in a robbery attempt at her father's liquor store, but managed to shoot and kill one of the suspected perpetrators. Surprisingly, it was ex-love **John Ricci** ('73).

ARTS AND SCIENCES: **Peter Phowles** has seen *Conan the Barbarian* twenty-four times.

PHYSICS: **I. A. Richard**, now a full professor at Blackthorn College, has invented something he calls "candy kilowatts, the electricity you can eat." He envisions "rows of candy-mad kids sucking on electrical outlets like there's no tomorrow." Professor Richard is seeking someone with a strong marketing background, pending resolution of the lawsuits.

1974

HUMANITIES: **John Nestburn**, who won the Skidmark Frank Reynolds Award in 1973 for his series of articles on "Campus Flora and Fauna" in the *Skidmark Gripper*, has been hired as assistant obituary writer for *USA Today*.

AMERICAN LETTERS: **Heidi Spinks** has purchased a Datsun 280-ZX and is "seriously considering" vanity plates.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION: **Robert Clanque** (remember "Rappin' Robbie" on WSKD?) has enrolled in the Columbia School of Broadcasting, not affiliated with the Columbia Broadcast System.

1975

COSTUMES: **Willie Page** has joined the Houghton Hootie Owls. "I don't know why," reports Willie. "We're just a bunch of guys who dress up like owls and roam the streets of Houghton, Pennsylvania, going 'Who! Who! Why, the Hootie Owls, that's who!' I don't know how I got involved in this. It seemed like a good idea at the time." Wife Kathy offers one plausible explanation: "I think the spill off the tractor was worse than we thought."

1976

FINE ARTS: "Tiny" **Thomas Sorghum**, who married little **Rolanda Swite** (Fine Arts, '76) two years ago, reports that their first child, born April 20, appears to be a perfectly normal baby girl.

1977

METTERNICH AND HIS TIMES: **Brenda Savant** is pretty certain she saw Willis Reed in a Stuckey's not too long ago.

PHILOSOPHY AND MAN: **Jonathan Brentworth** gets two copies of *Time* in the mail each week, although he pays for only one.

TRUST FUNDS: "We make the best damn widgets in Kansas," boasts **Greg Spam**, speaking of his father's Wichita plant. "I've enclosed a bag in case they're needed at Skidmark." Thanks, Greg. He invites former classmates visiting the area to come over "for the thickest, juiciest damn steak in Wichita." Death threats may be sent to Greg Spam, 367 Spam Lane, Wichita, Kansas.

1978

SOCIOLOGY: **Susan Farrington's** dog, Tuffie, was torn apart by raccoons.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION: **Paul Franks** was named "Employee of the Month" at the Metuchen, New Jersey Kinney's Shoes outlet, and his picture was displayed in the store window for thirty days.

BIOLOGY: **Tom Yerks** will graduate from the Guadalajara Institute of Medicine this spring. He hints darkly that he may have the inside track on discounted organs.

PSYCHOLOGY: **Arthur Phlympt**, now a regional distributor for George Brett's Hemorr-Aids, reports that his sales have increased "a good 5 percent" since he wrote and designed his own phonetic business cards.

1979

FINE ARTS: **Rosalyn Pweet** has submitted a design entry to the United States Department of Defense's "U.S. Peacekeeping Force in Lebanon Memorial" competition. **Philip Prestone** has joined the road company of *The Wiz*. "We got a P.O. box this week," he beams.

HUMANITIES: **Carl Greebers** has had his muffler replaced twice by Midas at no charge.

1981

LIBERAL STUDIES: **Donald Jordan**, citing "creative differences," has left the set-designing staff of "The Facts of Life" and has joined "Not Necessarily the News."

AMERICAN LETTERS: **Arnold Vine** was acquitted of the charge of selling controlled substances to a minor.

1982

MAN AND MANKIND: **Victor Bijinsky** has become sole representative of Solidarnosc™ shirts and buttons in the Greensboro, North Carolina area.

GOVERNMENT STUDIES: **Michael Drune** has requested that we ask the students who have his old room if they have seen his sunglasses.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46) points back and more. When the rest of the team saw the threesome storm back into the dressing room with their eyes ablaze they picked up the signal. Coach Wilford gave them a brief talk and they were ready to go.

Ohio State was hardly prepared for the grim, determined onslaught of the Northwestern Wildcats, especially the running of Ike Pike. Ike was not a pretty runner, but his bull-like rushes and slashing cutbacks chewed out huge chunks of yardage as Northwestern began to play its normal game. Kashah was having the time of his life, blocking like a rhino, opening holes for his chum. Meanwhile, Thornell mixed up his plays with canny wizardry, often using Ike to slip out of the backfield and catch short dump passes, which Ike then converted to long gains. The scouts in the stands, many of whom sat together, looked at each other as if they had discovered a major gold mine in their backyard.

"Who is this Ike Pike fellow?" queried one of them.

"He's usually their blocking back, but the way that kid runs he won't have to block on our team. He's a real bread-and-butter fullback. Just what we

need."
"Oh yeah?" said another scout. "Not if we draft ahead of you. You'll never get near him."

Ike Pike was oblivious to the eyes of the pro scouts and the wild, hoarse cheering of the fans. His eyes were only on the Ohio State goal line. The clock was winding down, and Northwestern had narrowed the gap to 27-21. With only two minutes left, Ike lined up in the tailback position and got the ball from Thornell on his own thirty-yard line. Following Kashah, he circled wide and then tried to cut back. But Hannibal Jones smelled out the play and had it cut off.

Two State linebackers swarmed in for the tackle on Ike, but he suddenly stopped on a dime, swiveled his hips, and eluded them. Without hesitation, he began running toward the other end, passing the line of scrimmage and picking up speed. The yard stripes multiplied and faded past his churning legs as he sped down the sideline—forty, fifty, forty—of Ohio State. He had only one blocker in front of him, and the State defensive backfield was gaining. They had a good angle.

Instead of continuing down the sideline, Ike cut back toward the middle,

broke a diving tackle, and decided to run straight at the last two men waiting for him. He cradled the ball tightly in his arm and dug as deep as he could into his old reservoir of speed, remembering the Ike Pike of Shadyville High, junior year, when he won the city rushing championship. Putting his head down, he ran directly into the two tacklers, his momentum sending them both reeling backward. He, too, reeled and stumbled. The shock of the contact staggered him, and he felt a shooting pain in his midsection, where the tackler's helmet nearly made a permanent imprint. He could hear a roar like an ocean wave, stopping and starting. Somehow he regained his balance, picked up speed, and saw the goal line, only fifteen yards away. A desperate Ohio State tackler was catching up to him, but he ran faster and faster until he saw the familiar stripes and the goalposts. The noise of the waves was deafening. Ike slammed the ball down to the ground in the traditional spiking style and was suddenly swept up in a swarm of Wildcats who had grabbed him and picked him up. Before he could control himself he threw up all over Thornell and Kashah, who were the first downfield to congratulate him.

Kaboojie Yaproosian kicked the extra point, and with thirty seconds left to play, Northwestern led 28-27. Ohio State tried three passes, but to no avail. The Wildcats won, and the Rose Bowl was theirs.

BONE-TIRED BUT INCREDIBLY HAPPY, IKE, Thornell, and Kashah trotted off the field to the tumultuous cheering of the crowd. As he entered the door to the dressing room Ike caught the eye of the young Orthodox Jewish girl who had accused him of a heinous crime just the night before.

"I forgive you, Ike Pike! And you too, Kashah Kareem! Let's party tonight! I love you both!"

Ike and Kashah smiled through bloody lips. They winked and gave her a sign of approval. Their worries in that department were over.

"And better than that, your worries in the pro football department are over. Ike Pike," cried a joyous Thornell Washington. "You were the greatest out there today. You're going to make some team very, very happy."

Ike Pike broke into tears once again. But this time they were tears of happiness. "I don't know how to thank you guys," he said.

"Heck, what are chums for?" said Kashah, slapping him playfully on the rump.

"On to the Rose Bowl!" shouted Thornell.



"Piss on me and you're dead!"

Brooke's Letter Home

Dear Mom,

"Curiouser and curiouser," as the Cowardly Lion so aptly put it. So my experience at Princeton has been. I'm sorry I called collect last time, I forgot you're supposed to dial the "1" instead of the "0". Please deduct the amount from my allowance.

Lots of things have happened since we got disconnected. My roommates are almost all very nice and are from Ohio, New York, and someplace in Africa. Sara, the one from New York, talks too much, and Lika, the one from Africa, doesn't speak any English, so they kind of balance each other out. I gave Lika a Blue Lagoon poster so she'd know who I am. Kathy talks about the same as me, a normal amount, and never with her mouth full of food. (I remember you saying all the time how important that is.) She's

my best friend, and we had a pillow fight last night because best friends are supposed to do that kind of thing.

There's a lot going on here, everything from splitting atoms to speaking dead languages. I still don't know whether to major in Psychobiology or Helping People, but my adviser said I could think it over for a while. He's got a really neat place (he said his office burned down, so I had to go to his apartment) and he invited me to come over whenever I needed help. I have my next appointment Thursday at midnight, 'cause he's real busy during the day.

It seems like there's a club of some kind for everything. I just found out about these eating clubs, so I guess some people have to be reminded to get in their three squares a day. Between you and me, Mom, there are some

real zuff pastries wandering around here. There are these stupid preps who think they're in some kind of F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. They wear either khakis or plaid all the time, so they look like either Homer Pyle or the guy on the paper towels we buy. They try hard to drink whisky, but you know they'd rather have a beer. Then there's these strange computer jocks who always have these weird vacant expressions when I run up and goose 'em. And these real slimy prelaw and premed types that make David Begelman look like Mother Teresa. No wonder Albert Einstein wanted to get out of here. (I wonder if we would have been friends?) Needless to say, I plan to date selectively, and have no intention of getting "pinned" in the near future. Sometimes, looking at all the buildings and grass, I wonder

just who I am and what things are all about. Did you ever used to think about things like that? Sometimes it seems as though the clouds weep rain for mankind. I'm thinking of taking an introductory philosophy course to see for myself. This tall guy said Kierkegaard knew a lot about this stuff, so I'm going to try to get in his section.

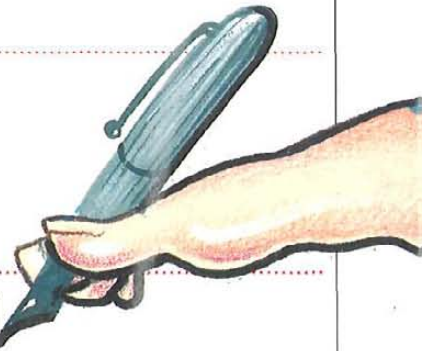
As for activities, I haven't really decided yet. If I keep growing, I'd be a cinch for the basketball team. All the ~~g~~ guys think I should join the men's team, but I think they just want to see my precious in the shower. Some other guys suggested I look into the Lingerie Club, and even one of my professors said it was a good idea, but he had his hand on my knee while he was saying it, so I don't know if he's sincere. Well, some of the guys are on

the roof with their binoculars again, so I'm going to turn off the lights and go to sleep. Sara was real snotty when I asked to use her closet space, so I might short-sheet her bed. I haven't found a prof yet who's good enough for you, but I'll keep looking, re your instructions. That's about all. Oh, someone said they don't have horse diving in Atlantic City anymore, so we'll have to do something different when you come.

Love,
Brooke

P.S. I called Jodie Foster and screamed "Yale sucks", and we both got a big kick out of that.

GOD
BLESS
YOU,
MR.
VONNEGUT



P R O L O G U E

I smoke too much. My brother invented rain. I tell these things to the smelly bum sitting next to me. I wait in the airport for my brother. He is arriving from Seattle inside of a big metal tube with seats. They put him inside of it in Seattle. They take him out of it in New York. That's the way the world is.

I have a saying for how the world is. It is this:
And then some.

The bum does not listen. Bums never listen to anyone.
Bums rot. And then some.

This story is dedicated to the only bum who ever lis-

BY PAUL PROCH AND CHARLES KAUFMAN



tened. I told him about my brother who invented rain.

"What a coincidence," the bum said.

This is something people say all the time when they are amazed by a coincidence.

I am full of death. So is this book. The death this book is full of is murder. Because that is what all the characters get, except for one, who doesn't. His name is Wade Wetknees. I met him once. This is what he said: "Make me a millionaire." This is what I did: I didn't. He told me as a creator I left a lot to be desired. He was right. I'm also a lousy father. My children take drugs and wish I were dead. Wade takes no drugs and wishes I were alive. His asshole looks like this:



He is the only character I love. He is the only character in this book I will allow to survive. What a coincidence. Life is full of coincidences. The world is full of life. Listen. Here is Chapter One.

CHAPTER ONE

John Hinckley is a real man. I did not create him. I sometimes change the name to protect the innocent, but I never change the name to protect the not guilty by reason of insanity. John Hinckley loved Jodie Foster, a young college student he had never met. Didn't we all?

There is a real-life analogy to what love is. It is the best analogy I have ever heard. It is this:

There was a town in upstate New York. The soil and water in this town were saturated with death-dealing toxic chemicals. Above the ground stood lovely middle-class houses. Inside them were lovely middle-class people with red raw skin and bald patches on their heads. Every child in this town had asthma. One woman grew seventy-two toes as she slept. This is true. The place is called Love Canal. It is spitting distance to Niagara Falls. I know. I tried it.

How can anyone think love without thinking canal? I can't.

No one knew more about the toxic waste of love than John Hinckley did. This is what his toxic chemicals made him do: Hinckley plotted to kill Ronald Reagan, who was president of the United States, a country on the planet Earth. It looked like this:



This was how he would impress Jodie Foster. Jodie Foster was an actress. Ronald Reagan was an actor. What a coincidence. And then some.

CHAPTER TWO

President Reagan loved Jodie Foster. It was a secret. He was old, she was young. To impress her he planned to kill a human being. How can one love Jodie Foster without thinking of assassination? It is impossible.

He picked the human being's name out of a phone book. He picked the phone book out of a hat. He picked the hat off the head of a congressman.

Here is the name he picked: John Hinckley. What a coincidence. And then some.

CHAPTER THREE

Martin Scorsese was a director of motion pictures. The director is the man who yells "Cut." He gets paid a lot of money.

Martin Scorsese was a man with a vision. On a good day he was a man with a double vision. This was the title of his current project: *The Obsessed and the Inarticulate*. It took place on the lower east side of the planet Saturn. It was science fiction. I am not a science fiction writer.

The Obsessed and the Inarticulate starred Robert De Niro in the title role. Martin Scorsese's idea of Saturn was fancifully patterned after Ancient Rome, as was his idea of modern-day Little Italy. Little Italy is in New York City. In the picture Robert De Niro portrayed centurion John Hincklius, a disturbed chariot driver from Little Ancient Rome who assassinates Jerrus Lewus, who was played by Leonard Nimoy. He assassinates Lewus for the love of Jodus Fostus, as played by the lovely Albert Brooks.

And then some.

CHAPTER FOUR

Wade Wetknees sat in the bar of the Holiday Inn in Boise, Idaho. It was a long commute from his job at the Ilium Artificial Artery Factory in New Jersey, but he liked the piano player. He guzzled planter's punch and told his boyhood friend and manhood bartender, Ed Wyzrybicki, about Saturn.

"Ed, Saturn has rings," Wade said.

"To boot, it is like Ancient Rome. To the other boot, they dress in togas, the plural of which is togis."

"Live and learn, live and learn," Ed said.

Live and learn. And then some.

"Someday I will go there and be Emperor," Wade said.

And it was true. Someday he would.

"But first I want to remake the famous Zapruder film."

The Zapruder film is an eight-millimeter home movie of John F. Kennedy's assassination.

"It is out of focus," Wade said. "And there is no music. It begs to be remade. If I don't, who will? Of course I will need to reshoot the president as well. Is there a president currently?"

"Yes, Donald Reagan," Ed said.

"Why do you call me Donald Reagan?" Wade asked, hurt.

"I don't call you Donald Reagan. I call the president Donald Reagan."

Wade rubbed his chin and said: "It is as clear as fine china now. Here, take this."

He handed Ed a gun. A gun is a tool used for killing. It looked like this:

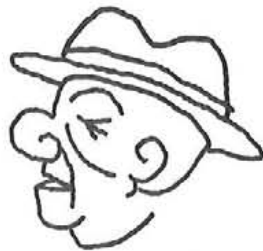


"This is what we will do," Wade said.

He told Ed what they would do. And then some.

CHAPTER FIVE

The backers watched a preview of *The Obsessed and the Inarticulate*. A backer is a person who supplies money for any project. On Saturn they are called bacchus. They look like this:



The film ended. The lights were turned up.

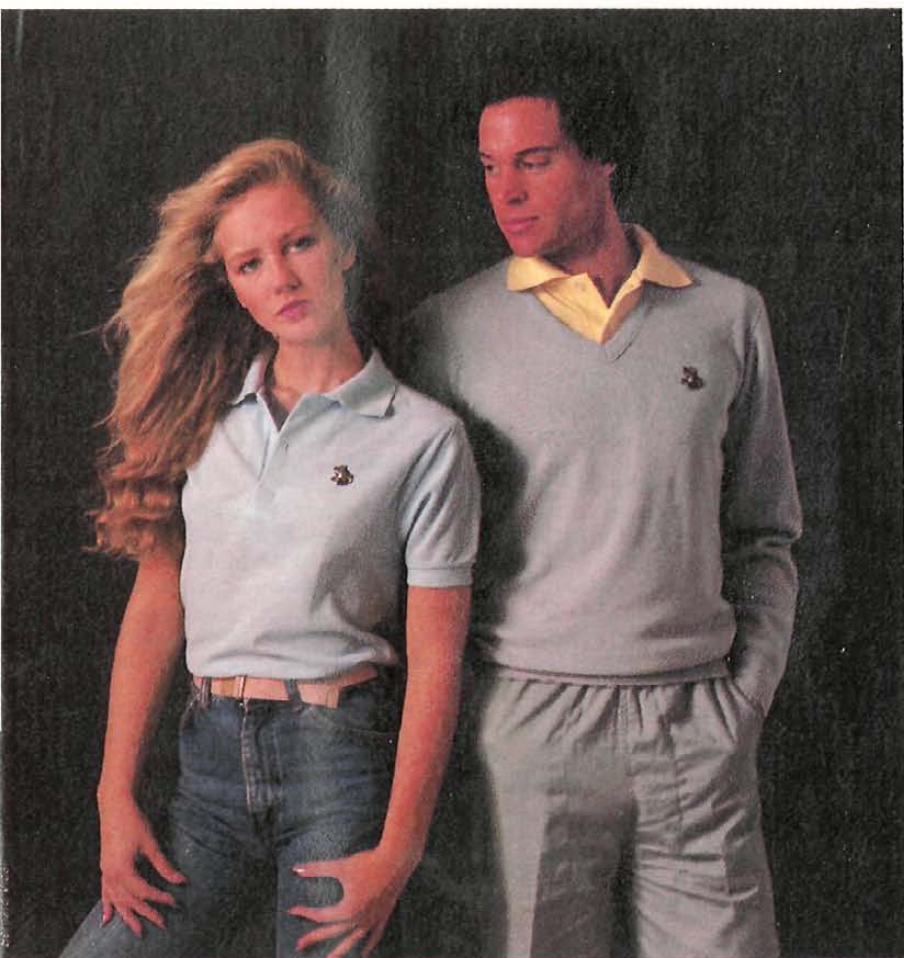
One of the great controversies of the second half of the twentieth century was whether a person's actions were determined by what he saw on TV, or she, and in the movies too.

The backers raised this question.

"Don't you think," they said in unison, "that Nimoy's assassination will

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Please send me ___ (GRAY) and/or ___ (BLACK) National Lampoon Frog Sweaters at \$19.95 each, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

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Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

encourage actual attempts on his life? The character who assassinates Nimoy is hailed first as a hero, then as Emperor, then as Head Emperor. In our book that means you condone the killing of Leonard Nimoy. What has he ever done to you?"

"Gentlemen," Scorsese said, "an artist I. I have considered all this. And first, I do not condone, I condemn a sick society that would praise a murderer. As a lesson to all those who plot to kill Leonard Nimoy, I shall kill him first, simply to prove that I will not be made a hero, but sent to jail, and consequently prison, for the rest of my days. The nights shall be my own."

"And secondly I shall prove that one does not murder because he has seen murder depicted in a film. For I have never seen this film..."

"But..." said the backers.

Scorsese held a hand up to them.

"Because you see, gentlemen, I am...blind."

My brother was blind, too.

And then some.

CHAPTER SIX

Wade's Chrysler automobile had defective brakes, as did every other car of its year and model. The man responsible for the defect, a worker in the factory where it was made, was killed in one of these very same cars. It had been given to him by the Chrysler Corporation on the anniversary of his seventy-fifth year of distinguished service to the company. Dedication made all the more

amazing when one considers that he worked for Chrysler for forty-five years before it was founded.

His body was stolen and revived on Mars, where he was transformed into a slave laborer in a Martian work camp.

So was I. What a coincidence. That man was my father. And then some.

Wade picked Ed up at the Holiday Inn.

"Where are the Dancing Girls?" asked Wade.

"I thought you had them," said Ed.

"We'll have to get some on the way," said Wade. "I know a place."

And off they drove.

"Did you bring the gun?" asked Wade.

"I expected that you would bring it," Ed told him.

"Well, I didn't," Wade said.

"Well, neither did I," Ed said.

They drove in silence from then on, stopping only to pick up the Dancing Girls and a gun.

"Either of you fellas bring the film?" one of the Dancing Girls asked.

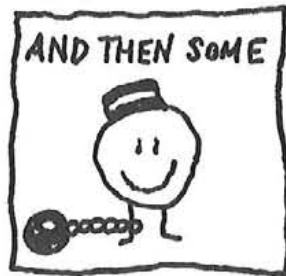
Wade lost, then instantly regained control of the car.

"Ed brought it," Wade said.

"Did not," Ed said.

Before Wade could say "Why, you!" a red van with a peace sign swerved in front of Wade's car. The van was being driven by seven escaped convicts. Their names were these: Wade, Ed, Martin, Leonard, John, and Donald Reagan. This last name shared by two of them. What a coincidence.

The convicts eluded the police, changed their names, and lived eventually in the lap of luxury. Here is why: The leader, now named Moe, designed a black-light poster. It looked like this:



It became as popular as pet rocks. Pretty soon it appeared on bumper stickers and buttons and was made into a TV series starring Tim Conway. People began greeting each other by saying "And then some." The proper response was "And then some." America was happy again.

And then some.

When the red van with the peace sign swerved in front of Wade's car Wade jammed on the brakes, but they were as broke and as useless as my children.

A Dancing Girl screamed, as did Ed. "Did you bring the seat belts?" Wade asked Ed.

"Yes," Ed said, taking seven seat belts from his satchel. "Quick, put them on," he yelled.

But it was too late.

The car crashed into a brick wall which had been left behind by a careless motorist. Ed burst into flames.

Wade threw a blanket at Ed. He said: "Quick, Ed, wrap yourself in this!"

Ed yelled through the flames: "I don't feel much like sleeping now, Wade. Thanks very much anyway." And it was true.

John Hinckley turned to look out the window of the Howard Johnson's restaurant on I-90 just in time to see Ed explode. And then some.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Good news on this Hinckley egg, Mr. President. It seems he's coming to Washington to commit an assassination of his own." It was, of course, a presidential aide speaking.

"That is good news, Jonesy," Reagan told the aide.

Jones was the aide's name. His nickname was Jonesy. He was unstuck in time. This allowed him long lunch hours. Sometimes, as now, he lives in the early 1980s and works as an aide to President Reagan, but sometimes he finds himself living in the seventy-second century, on Mars, a slave laborer with a radio in his head. And other

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

Sirs:

Actually, I did have a conversation with Oral Roberts on a highway outside of Tulsa one day last year. But, true to form, the stupid old cracker fouled it up again. I wanted him to raise a whole bunch of money to buy a USFL franchise and build a stadium. And another thing—I wasn't fifty feet tall; I just shrank him down to the size of an ant for a few minutes. That never fails to impress those rednecks.

Jesus

Out on Highway 40

Sirs:

I think if we extended a Slinky of Peace across the Bering Strait to Russia, our problems would be solved, or at least able to go down the stairs a lot easier.

Hot on Slinkys
Gnome, Alaska

Sirs:

Perhaps you've wondered why my daily strip is never funny. Believe me, this isn't my fault. King Features Syndicate always changes the punch line in the last panel of my strip so there's no joke. I'll show you what I mean.

In a recent comic strip I had Cathy, her friend Lisa, and a guy named Ryan in the first panel. Ryan says, "Hey, Cathy, can I come over tonight?"

In the second panel, someone named Joe asks Cathy, "How about if I stop by this evening, Cathy?"

This goes on for a while before Lisa asks Cathy, "Say, why are you so popular?" Well, in the strip that appeared in the papers, King Features had the punch line as Cathy turning to her friend and saying, "Eau de Cable TV." Astonishingly unfunny, right? Well, don't blame me. My original drawing showed Cathy saying, "Because I suck their cocks down to the scrotc, you stupid cunt." But King Features changed this, and I just don't understand why. If any of your readers know, have them come over to my house and tell me. I will show my gratitude appropriately.

Cathy Guisewite
San Diego, Calif.

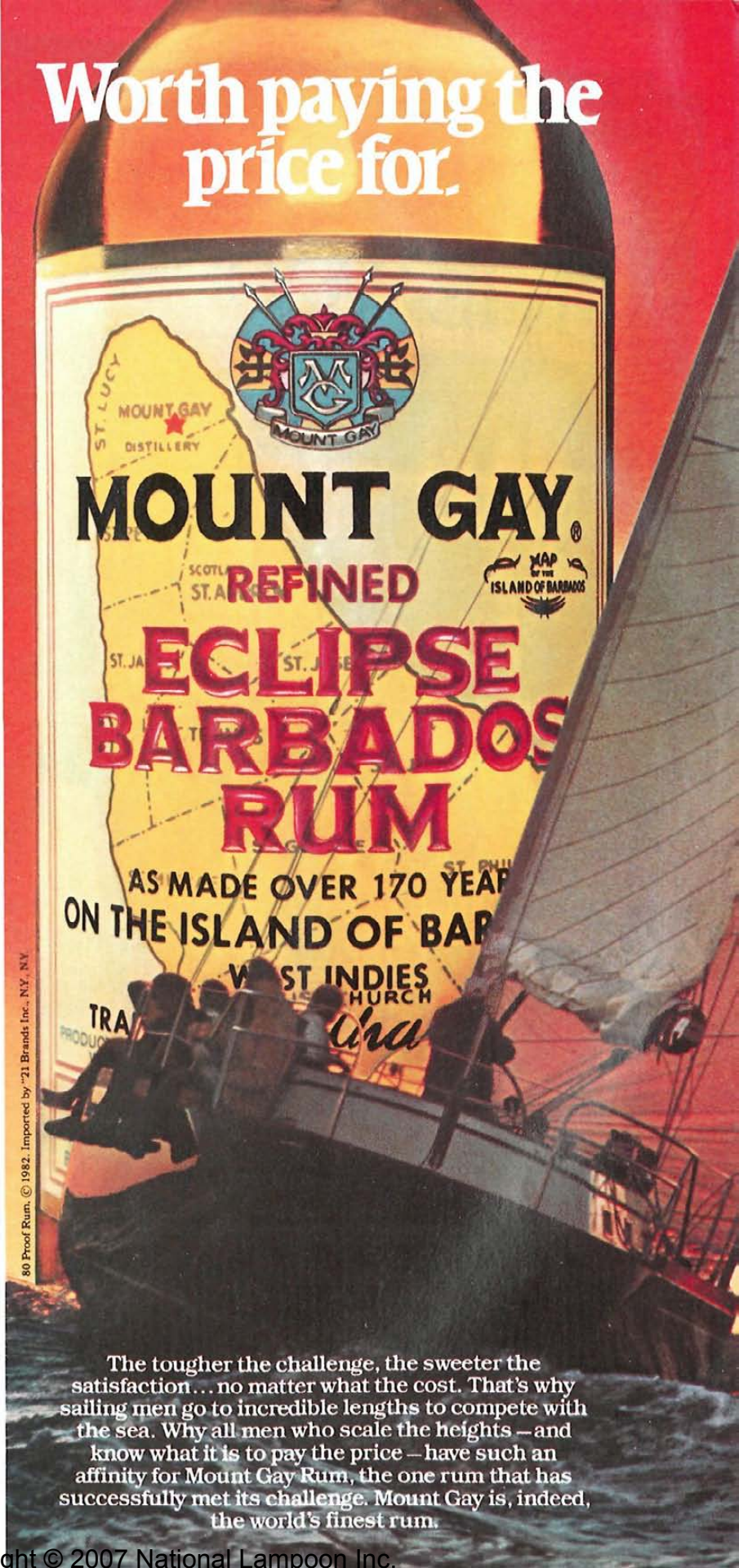
Sirs:

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party and find the quick brown fox who jumped over the lazy dog, because the fucker has rabies.

Elaine Smith
Corona, N.Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)

Worth paying the price for.



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NO BAD KIDS THE WOODSHED WAY



BARBARA WOODSHED

FOREWORD

A LOT OF RUBBISH HAS BEEN SPOKEN ABOUT THE FAIR TREATMENT OF children in the modern world, and I, for one, am getting quite fed up with it. All that so-called psychiatry is just another way of justifying the sentimentality most parents feel toward their children. In England—at least in *my* part of England, where the highest standards of child rearing prevail—we have adapted the old proverb, to wit: “Children should be seen and not heard, and if you’re careful, not *had*.” If you *do* have to have them, best not to let them run your lives or muck up your house. Whenever possible, couples should consider having a dog over having a child. They give more pleasure, more love, and more intelligence, pound for pound.

Although I have no children of my own (I’m far too intelligent for *that*), I feel I am highly qualified to express an opinion on the subject of child behavior. I have seen the little beasts run roughshod over some of my closest friends, leaving them with scarcely enough energy to fail at a quick game of whist. My opinions, which have been fully copyrighted in this book, ought to show you that if you want advice, you needn’t pay nearly as much as you’d pay a psychiatrist, I assure you.

KIDS VS. DOGS

INSTEAD OF HUMAN CHILDREN, I DO HAVE BOOFY AND Woofy, my beloved canine “children,” who are the sweetest, gentlest, bravest, and most brilliant creatures ever to stroll a lawn. They mean more to me than even my husband, Urban, and I owe everything I know about child training to them. Unlike children, they don’t run off and leave you when they get older, and I see no reason why what I have learned in educating these precious friends might not be applied to the disciplining of children.

It is with love and affection that this book is dedicated to Woofy and Boofy.

“*Qui me amat, amat et canem meum.*” (Old Latin proverb: “You can call a dog a dog and he won’t bite you.”)

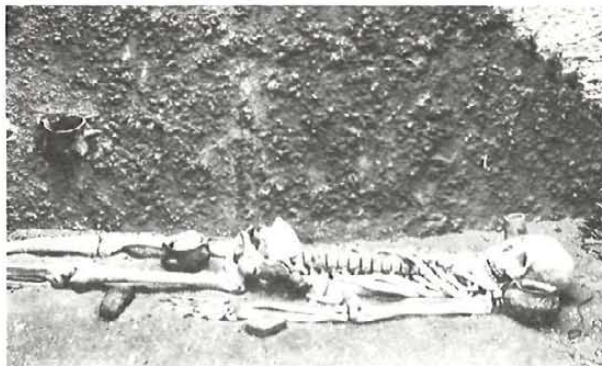
MY CASEBOOK

MY CASEBOOK IS FULL OF CHILD OWNERS OF EVERY description, each and every one a sentimentalist. How many times have I heard a child owner complain that a child refuses to eat, sleep, clean the garage, wallpaper the parlor, or do Mummy and Daddy’s tax returns—simple feats that any child can be trained to do? And yet child owners despair. I am, apparently, alive to show them that unless a child is unspeakably nasty, foul-mouthed, or hyperactive (in which case it should be put to sleep), it can be trained to be a decent member of society. There need be no such thing as a difficult child, only a timid parent.



FOOD

WHEN BOOFY AND WOOFY ARE REALLY VERY, VERY good, what they enjoy most in the world is a good bone, preferably human. In fact, we once found the slightly decomposed body of a Scottish vagrant buried in our garden. Naturally, I let Boofy and Woofy munch on his better parts while I waited for the police. I could never understand why the police were so disturbed. Though you may not wish to give your children these nourishing bones, do reward them with a treat of some kind when they have behaved properly. Also, a pat on the head and relentless tickling in the genital region will reinforce the message that the child has been good.



THE NERVOUS CHILD

THE USE OF THE CHOKE CHAIN MAY HAVE A DISCOMFORTING effect on the child owner. They worry about abrasions around the neck, or green stains upon the skin. It takes me quite a while to convince these owners that if the chain is kept loose and pulled in a wrist-snapping movement, only temporarily closing on the child's larynx, the results are quite safe. For information and brochures about other binding and disciplinary equipment used in the Wood-

shed Method, please write to my publisher. The revival of the stocks, for instance, is long overdue, to say nothing of the old whipping post and the yardstick. And for the especially hyperactive child, I recommend the Chinese foot-binding procedure. This is especially effective for runaways. Wrapping the child in cold sheets, be they wet, dry, or even scratchy, has always been a reassuring way to calm the child that constantly taps its feet and whistles.



SEX AND THE CHILD

WHAT GOES ON IN THE MIND OF AN OVERSEXED CHILD? The answer is simple: sex and nothing but sex—the desire to jerk in circles, to lick itself, or to hump furniture, relatives, and strangers. How often have we been embarrassed and offended by a child who, immediately upon being introduced at a dinner party, approaches a

stranger and humps his leg? Oversentimental parents may choose to allow the child to do this, or to pull its pud and the like. How sorry they will be if they do! Once the slightest sexual fulfillment is allowed, disciplining the child becomes virtually impossible. I constantly ask myself why child owners are so reluctant to alter their children.



THE DIRTY CHILD

I RECEIVE HUNDREDS OF LETTERS PER WEEK FROM PARENTS OF DIRTY CHILDREN—CHILDREN WHO GET TAKEN TO THE CIRCUS OR THE PARK AND THEN PROCEED TO RELIEVE THEMSELVES IN THEIR CLOTHING.

The cure for this annoying habit is simple: change the environment. Let the child sleep out in the garden until it learns to relieve itself there. (Watch out for buried Scottish vagrants!) Although this technique works especially well in the summer, you can train your toddler in colder months by allowing it to warm itself in the kitchen for half an hour.

It is surprising how often a toddler can pass urine. The parent must constantly watch it and pop it outside if it shows any sign of sniffing around your antique Persian carpets. The most important thing of all is to praise the child generously when it does it right: outside, where you tell it to. I have often had ten-week-old infants completely toilet trained upon my command. In fact, it is best for a child to learn to relieve itself *only* on the parent's command.

When a child has built up this ability, a parent can easily use the child's skill as punishment for other offenses it may commit: to wit, if a child is being vile or abusive to you, all a parent need do is command the child to relieve itself in front of one of its close friends. This is especially effective for the self-conscious adolescent.



PSYCHOANALYSIS: A WASTE OF TIME

NO ONE CAN REALLY TELL A PARENT WHETHER A CHILD is merely troubled or mentally unsound. We're all very tired of the yammering and chatter from the likes of Bruno Bettelheim, or that Frenchman Piaget, and other so-called psychologists. The fact is that when a child is

truly mentally unbalanced, that is, if it eats its own excrement, tears up your sofa, bites you, or—and this is probably the worst—disagrees with your judgment, then I feel, speaking strictly as a great child lover, that it is kinder to put the child to sleep. Sometimes the parent as well.



PUTTING IT TO SLEEP

FOR THE RESTLESS CHILD, A MUG OF WARM MILK WITH cocoa, laced with a common household strychnine derivative and a bedtime story, will usually do the trick. For the extremely hyperactive or talkative child, a brisk whack on the back of the head with an egg beater may be required before administering the milk. In Northumbria and parts of Scotland, families still take such a child behind the barn and shoot it, but I feel that in the twentieth century our civilization calls for more humane, advanced ways of training our children.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



BARBARA WOODSHED, OR "THE LADY WITH THE CHAIN," as she has been affectionately dubbed, was born in Hempstead in 1910, and raised in Argentina, where, due to her innate and lifelong love for animals, she became briefly married to her Newfoundland dog, Lazlo. After forming the famous "Underground Railroad," which allowed alligators to clandestinely leave the swamps and enter the mainstream life of South American cities, she returned to England, where she studied veterinary medicine and set up a college preparatory school for cattle in Devonshire. Her

students became renowned as the best-fed and the best-read domesticated animals in the Empire. In 1940 she married the genetic-warfare biologist Urban Forcefeed Woodshed. She and her husband live in Strepthrote-on-Avon with their beloved sheepdog, Boeuftek ("Boofy"), and Samoyed, Woeuftek ("Woofy"), who, though in their late forties, have no desire to leave home. Mrs. Woodshed has taught 86,000 sets of parents how to walk, feed, train, or exterminate their children during her famous "soul examination weekends" in Strepthrote. ■

VONNEGUT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68)

times, and this is when he is most happy, he is in 1992, on Earth, when he is president of the United States with an aide whose name is, amazingly enough, Ronald Reagan. Reagy, as he is called, has a wife named Zardo. Abraham Lincoln's wife's maiden name was Todd. What a coincidence. On Mars being named Todd is punishable by death. How sad.

President Reagan studied the life-size portrait of Jodie Foster he had woven into the Great Seal of the United States on the carpet of the Oval Office.

"Hey, Jonesy. I have presidential immunity for this, right?" the president asked.

"Yes," Jonesy said. "We took the liberty of vaccinating you as you slept."

"As I slept," the president said half to himself. The president just wanted to be sure. And then some.

CHAPTER EIGHT

John Hinckley ran from the Howard Johnson's restaurant to the burning Ed. At this point he became a wanted man. Here is why: He had not paid his bill. John Hinckley forgot. The waiter would have to pay out of his own pocket. The waiter's pocket was cut from the same cloth as John Hinckley's hat.

The reason John Hinckley ran from the restaurant is this: to save Ed. He did.

"Thanks," Ed told him later.

And he meant it.

"My car is going to Washington, D.C.," John Hinckley told Wade, Ed, and the Dancing Girls. "If you are headed that way you can ride with me. If you have a mind to."

They were, they did, and they did. They had no choice. Who does?

And then some.

CHAPTER NINE

Martin Scorsese sat on a bed. The bed was in a hotel room. The hotel was in Washington, D.C. So was Leonard Nimoy. So was Martin Scorsese's gun. Scorsese was writing Leonard Nimoy's name on the bullets he would put in the gun. Here is what they looked like:



Leonard Nimoy was in town filming an episode of his television show. This episode was entitled "In Search Of: Ancient Easter Eggs." He and the film crew would look on the White House lawn. The president, a longtime "Star Trek" fan, had graciously given his consent. He would even help, he promised. His price was this: Leonard Nimoy's autograph. But here is what they offered: William Shatner's son's autograph, and a pair of DeForest Kelly's

socks. The president took them grudgingly. He had no choice. Who does?

Martin Scorsese unloaded the gun and counted the bullets. Then he loaded the gun and unloaded it again, counting the bullets a second time. Then he loaded the gun again.

A chambermaid, who had been eavesdropping from underneath Martin Scorsese's bed, poked her head out and asked why.

He had no answer. Here is why: He was obsessed and inarticulate.

And then some.

CHAPTER TEN

John Hinckley, Wade, Ed, and the Dancing Girls drove in silence for several hundred miles.

John Hinckley broke the silence. This is what he said: "Dibs on the president."

None of the others knew what the word "dibs" meant. They were all from New Jersey. Ed assumed it was some sort of anatomical disfigurement and wondered why John Hinckley had brought it up. He decided finally that it must be a road game, and here is what he said: "Warts on Tip O'Neill."

They drove. When John Hinckley said nothing more, Ed congratulated himself for having won. Then, not knowing why, he wept.

And then some.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Ronald Reagan, president of the United States, stood awaiting his cue. In this scene he would find an Easter egg and throw it back because it was too small.

While he waited, President Reagan amused the crew by pulling his turtleneck over his head and crying: "Where's the rest of me?"

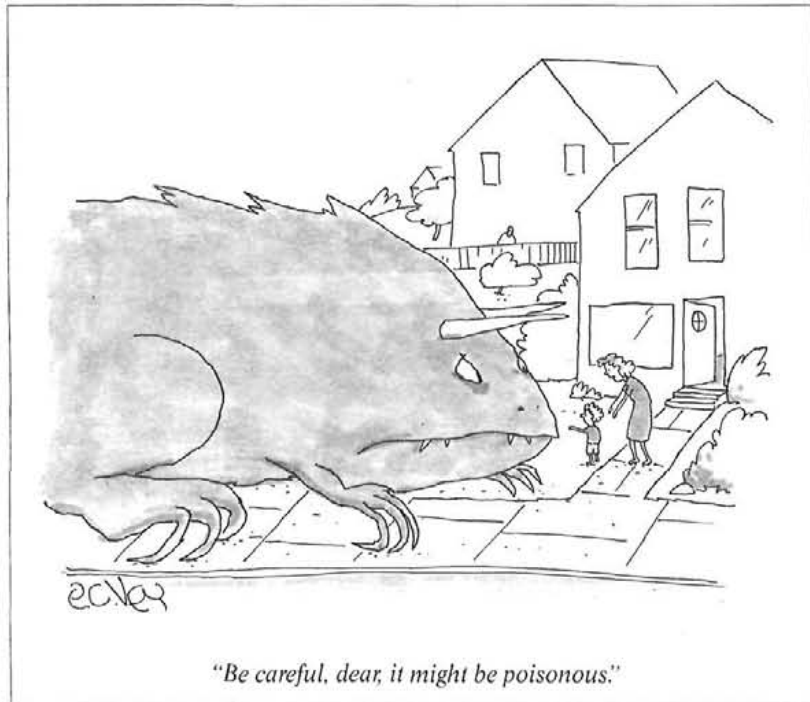
Leonard Nimoy stood off to one side, alone and aloof, smoking a cigar so long it had to be supported by two production assistants.

Reagan spat and said that no star was too big to talk to the president of the United States.

Leonard Nimoy spat and said: "I have nothing to say to the man who killed my uncle in a hunting accident. If it was an accident."

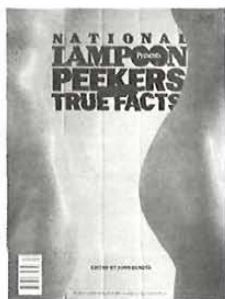
It was true. President Reagan had killed Eben Nimoy while hunting buffalo in Syracuse.

And it was true that it was an accident. The same could not be said, however, for the subsequent stuffing and mounting. It was an incident that had almost cost Mr. Reagan the presidency. But he regained the American public's sympathy by explaining that Eben Nimoy would have starved to death during the winter anyway. He



"Be careful, dear, it might be poisonous."

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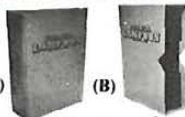
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was right; he would have. He had done Eben Nimoy a favor. Many Nimoy's did indeed starve that winter. I know; I owned a flock of them myself.

And then some.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Martin Scorsese hid behind an Easter egg on the White House lawn. The egg was purple. Martin Scorsese was as white as two sheets. He had his gun drawn and was ready to shoot as soon as Leonard Nimoy picked up the pre-designated egg. Also on the White House lawn was Wade Wetknees. He had already started filming and at the proper moment would start the music and Ed and the Dancing Girls would run onto the White House lawn shooting and dancing respectively. John Hinckley secured his jetpack just outside the White House gates. An aide approached President Reagan and told him that he had just spotted Hinckley with a jetpack.

"Lead me to him," said the president, jumping up and down.

Wade, intrigued by a moving target—for what is motion pictures, he thought, but a tin duck in an arcade shooting gallery?—started the music. Ed and the Dancing Girls danced toward the president.

"That must be my cue," Leonard Nimoy said, approaching the purple egg.

"That's Jodie's favorite song," said John Hinckley as he started up his jetpack and flew over the White House.

"Here he comes," said the president,

drawing his antique six-shooter. "For Jodie," he screamed.

"For Jodie," screamed John Hinckley.

"For Art," said Martin Scorsese, as Leonard Nimoy picked up the purple egg.

"For ten bucks," said Ed.

They all fired. They all hit their marks.

Leonard Nimoy fell to the ground in a pool of chartreuse blood. As he writhed, he mumbled his last words. And if he had known which Art Martin Scorsese had shot him for, he would have been embarrassed by them, and glad no one had heard them. They were these: "Who's Art?"

Reagan was lucky he was killed instantly. For if he had lived he would have learned from newspaper accounts that Jodie Foster was not in love with him, and in fact had never heard of him.

She had been accepted at the highly respected Yale School of Teenage Prostitution, where she was leading a quiet academic life among some very freshmen.

Dead John Hinckley, his jetpack still spurting streams of highly compressed gas out its nozzles, was shot from the Earth's atmosphere like a bullet from a gun. What a coincidence.

And then some.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Several months later, back in New Jersey once again, Wade woke from a deep sleep and found himself sitting on

an insurance machine in the local airport. This was a common occurrence and as such did not alarm. These fugues, as the doctors called them, were the result of a stray bullet that had become lodged in his brain. This had happened at the John Kennedy assassination, to which his parents had bought tickets. What a coincidence.

Wade walked aisle after deserted aisle searching for a door that would lead to the outside. He never found one. This is what happened instead: He found the ticket counter for Saturn Airways.

"How much to Saturn?" Wade asked the Saturnian man-thing behind the counter.

"No charge for you, Mr. Wetknees," said the man-thing through an orifice in the palm of his hand. "There's a plane leaving in ten minutes. Have a nice flight."

Wade accepted the ticket with a simple thank you. And as he turned away he heard the Saturnian say a curious thing. It filled him with hope. This is what the man-thing said; it said this: "Don't forget to wipe your feet, and hail to duh Emperuh."

And then some.

EPILOGUE

I look like this:



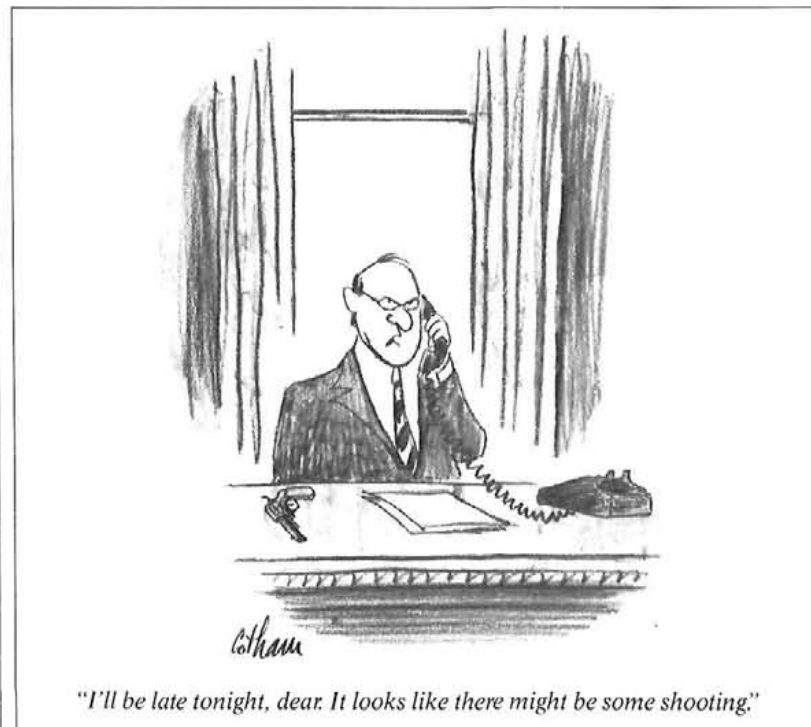
The likeness is not good. I am not an artist. The reason for the tear is this: I have something in my eye.

There is no long story behind the tear in my eye. Amazing!

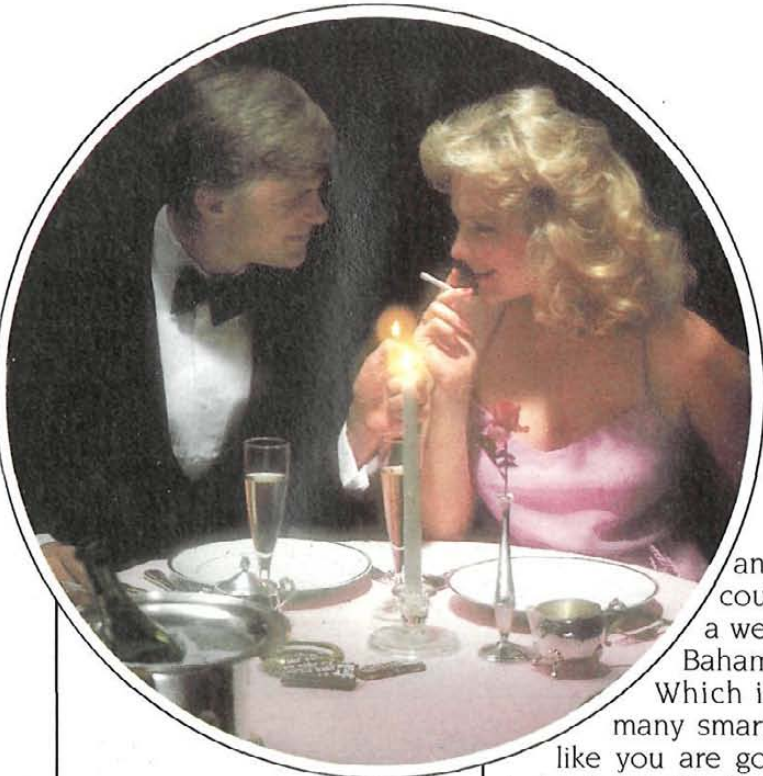
This book is about the tear in my eye. Why not? My next book will be about the tear in my sock. Again: Why not? It will be called this: *That Darned Sock*. And who could blame me?

I hope Wade Wetknees's life is a happy one. I'm sorry I could not make him a millionaire. I sincerely am. I hope he forgives me. I love him. I toast him now and again. Sometimes I say a little prayer for Wade Wetknees. It is the least I can say and the most. Here is the prayer:

*Hoop Hoop Hoop
Shoop Shoop Shoop
Laugh, Cry, Live, Die.
Be happy.
And hail to the Emperor.
And then some.*



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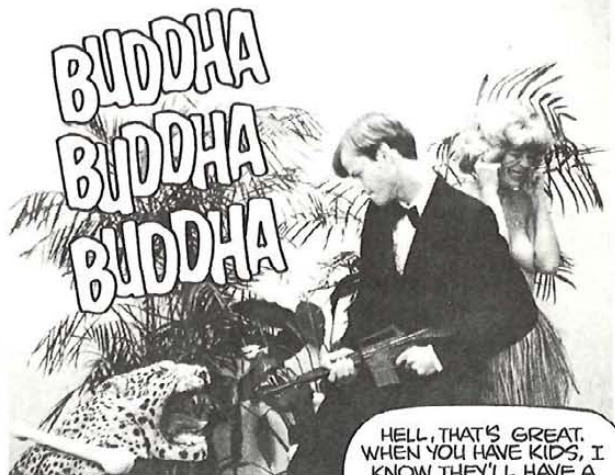
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FOTO FUNNIES



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69)

Sirs:

Here's the way it really happened: The wife took the vacuum-cleaner salesman, the vacuum-cleaner salesman took the daughter, the daughter took the son, the son took the sheep, the sheep took the basset hound, and the basset hound pissed all over the silo. I know it don't make no sense and it's damn hard to sing, but somebody had to tell the truth.

The Farmer in the Deli
Hi-Ho the Dairy, Ohio

Sirs:

Sometimes your shoulder hurts, or your back goes out, or your leg is sore, but there's one part of your body that never lets you down. I'm talking about your eyebrows. They never hurt or break or force you to miss a hockey game. All in all, they're great things to have.

Lester Nadin
Duluth, Minn.

Sirs:

"Knock! Knock!"

"Who's there?"

"Maurice, Shirley, Kevin, and Maria."

"Maurice, Shirley, Kevin, and Maria who?"

"I just told you, you dumbfuck scumbag! Maurice, Shirley, Kevin, and Maria! Christ! What a fucking dumbshit asshole you are!!!"

A Man Who Hates Goddamn
Fucking Knock-Knock Jokes

Sirs:

I would like to teach you how to make a toothpick sculpture that blows up. What you'll need are five flat toothpicks and a book of matches. (Have a few extra toothpicks on hand in case of breaks.) Take two of the toothpicks and form an X with them. Now take a third toothpick and place it across the middle of the X to form a six-pointed star design. Holding the center of the "star" tightly with your thumb and index finger, take a fourth toothpick and weave it through the spaces of the three points on the top of the star. It should hold in place on its own. Now, still pinching it tightly in the middle with your thumb and index finger, take the fifth and final toothpick and weave it through the three points on the other end. Now the entire business should hold together on its own. You'll probably have some trouble putting it together at first, so have a little patience. Once finished, place it on the edge of a

table, preferably near a nervous cat, and light one of the corners with your book of matches. In a few seconds the flame will undo the parts, causing it to burst apart, showering burning toothpicks all over the place and scaring the holy bejesus out of the cat. It's great fun and I recommend it.

P. Martin Beenut
Drury, N. Dak.

Sirs:

Is it possible that there are millions of fish swimming around in rain clouds, and just before it rains they jump out and go to heaven?

King Morton
Cartbridge, Conn.

Sirs:

I had a bizarre experience recently, after I had been severely injured in an automobile accident. While I was lying on the operating table, I seemed to float above my body. Then I entered a long tunnel where I saw a brilliant white light. Then, suddenly I was playing offensive guard for the Detroit Lions. We were in a power-I formation and Hipple handed off to Sims, who followed my block for a four-yard gain. Unfortunately, someone gave me a vicious hit on the play and I broke my ankle. All of a sudden I was back inside my body and I heard one of the doctors say, "He'll be okay except for some throbbing in his wrist." Go figure it out.

Les Dellington
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

Stuffed your goddamn little faces, didn't you? Pleased your mommy and cleaned your plate! And what happened when you didn't heed her threats? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Because the bitch just picked up the dish and tossed the leftovers in the goddamn garbage! Well, fuck both of you!

All the People Starving in Europe
Europe

Sirs:

Betcha don't know what a fart's made of. Hydrogen sulfide gas, that's what. What I like to do is carry a balloon full of hydrogen sulfide gas around with me in my jacket pocket. Then whenever I'm in some enclosed space like a Greyhound bus and some pitiful slob cuts the cheese, I reach into my jacket pocket and little by little let the balloon out so everybody'll think the stupid slob just can't stop farting. Just thought you'd like to know.

Dick Tuck
Fallen on hard times

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

"Listen to the wild. It's calling you."

Robert Service
The Call of the Wild.*



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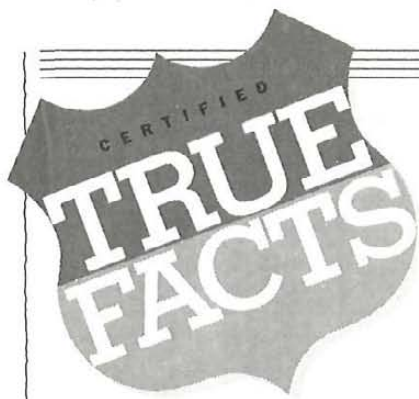


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THE FOLLOWING UNATTRIBUTED dialogues appear in a phrase book for Middle Eastern travelers that purports to offer examples of typical conversation translated from Berber into everyday English. This one is titled "At the Dentist's":

"I have a hollow tooth, which is ailing horribly."

"Sit down on this chair, incline your head back, and open well your mouth."

"Very good, sir."

"Let us see that hollow tooth. Is this it?"

"Yes, sir, it is not possible to stuff it?"

"The stuffing of the teeth is only a palliative measure."

"Will you then extract it? But that will ail me."

"Never, sir, that is a very light operation. A little courage suffices."

"But, sir:"

"Let me take away the cotton that I have put in the hollow of the tooth. Crack; here is your tooth."

The phrase book also contains this conversation, called "At the Hairdresser":

"You are late today."

"Please excuse me, but it has not been possible to come sooner. Make fast and sharpen the razor after soaping my visage."

"All right, sir."

"You have let the brush go in my mouth."

"Because you have spoken when I did not expect it."

"You have cut my visage. It is bleeding."

"No, I have not cut your visage, there was only a pimple and I have taken it away."

"Lay, if you please on my hair, a little perfumed oil." (contributed by Stan Mott)

HOWDY DOODY WAS RECENTLY ATTACKED by vandals who broke into the offices of Nicholson-Muir Productions in Larchmont, New York, producers of the famous fifties children's television

series. Howdy's right arm and head were torn off in the assault.

"We'll have to see if he can be fixed up," said company owner E. Roger Muir. "He was pretty badly hurt."

One of three original Howdy Doody puppets used during the thirteen-year run of the show, this one had fewer strings than the other two and was often used for publicity stills. He was known as "Photo Doody." AP (contributed by Kevin Greeley)

REJECTING THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION'S application of the domino theory to Central America, Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid recently stated that "Mexico is a very strong domino and will not be easily toppled." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Earl Ahrens)

LONDON POLICE ARRESTED DENNIS ANDREW Nilsen, thirty-seven, and charged him with the mass murder of at least seventeen young drifters. Authorities alleged that Nilsen hacked the bodies apart, then boiled the pieces.

Speaking to reporters after the arrest, Nilsen's sixty-three-year-old mother described her son. "He never was any trouble at school or home. He liked opera and classical music and was a good painter," she said, adding, "He was also a very good cook." *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* (contributed by Kathy Kay)

WHEN AN IMMIGRANT FROM THE POLYNESIAN island of Tonga answered an ad in a Salt Lake City, Utah, paper that offered a Shetland pony for sale, he told the owner that he wanted the pony for his son's birthday. However, once the deal was made, the new owner clubbed the pony to death with a two-

by-four, dumped the carcass in his pickup truck, and left.

Police, who tracked the Polynesian pony buyer to his home, found a birthday party in progress and the pony roasting in a barbecue pit. *Wall Street Journal* (contributed by Tom Carson and Robert J. Carlson)

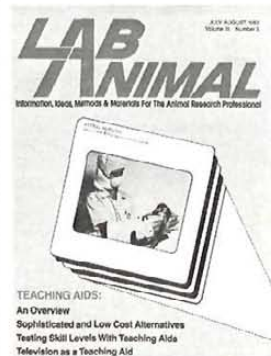
DURING A FIFTEEN-GUN SALUTE TO THE fifth anniversary of self-government for Australia's Northern Territory, the Australian navy patrol boat *H.M.A.S. Buccaneer* blasted a hole in its own bow. UPI (contributed by Duck Divet)

FORTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD CAROL ALEXANDER of Richland Center, Wisconsin, drew a life sentence for the stabbing death of her husband, which she had initially blamed on two intruders. Later, however, Mrs. Alexander admitted she murdered her husband for \$65,000 in life insurance money, which she needed to pay her bingo debts. UPI (contributed by Jim Downey)

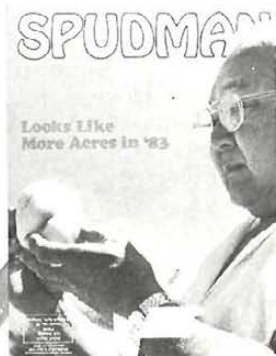
A FIFTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD COOK IN DÜSSELDORF, West Germany, strangled her teenage daughter and attempted to kill her son and herself after receiving a medical insurance report showing that all three of them had contracted incurable syphilis. She was acquitted of murder, however, after the insurance company admitted the report had been generated by a computer error. UPI (contributed by Daryl Wilton)

WHILE A THREE-VOLUME RULE BOOK FOR Italian magistrates largely overlooks corruption and Mafia links to the judicial system, it is quite specific about other forms of misbehavior. The rules state, for example, that "it is a punishable offense to try to embrace a ste-

True Magazine Rack



TEACHING AIDS:
An Overview
Sophisticated and Low Cost Alternatives
Testing Skill Levels With Teaching Aids
Television as a Teaching Aid



Contributors: *Lab Animal* and *Arab Doctor*, Bob Visco; *Spudman*, Brian Curran. Send your favorite magazines to True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll pay ten dollars for each one used.

Great Eaters of the Oval Office

by Bill Moseley



nographer, trying to overcome her resistance by force." It is also unacceptable, according to the rules, to initiate "an amorous relationship with a person bringing a bankruptcy case." Further, judges are warned not to "frequently visit a municipal brothel in one's judicial district, using one's position to gain free entry." *World Press Review* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION of Birds has custody of a swan charged by Welsh farmers with attacking and killing a number of lambs. The killer swan also allegedly dragged a grown ewe into a lake, drowning her. *Las Vegas Sun* (contributed by Greg Dorchak)

EXPLAINING THAT "A DECEASED ANIMAL deserves more than a shoebox and a six-by-six area in the backyard," publisher Bill Shippee inaugurated a new feature in the Shawnee, Kansas, *Journal-Herald*—pet obituaries. *USA Today* (contributed by Dolores Rider)

WILLIAM GILLEN, TWENTY-SIX, ENTERED a bank in Glasgow, Scotland, with a note that read "Get the money over right now. I have a gun." But on his way to the teller, a bank official told him to wait his turn in line. Gillen did, and when he finally reached the window and handed over the note, the teller pressed an alarm button.

Gillen fled but was picked up later by police and placed in a lineup, where the bank official failed to pick him out. He was charged with attempted robbery, however, after he called out from the lineup, "Hey, don't you recognize me?" *Scottish Daily Record* (contributed by Mark D. Taylor)

STEPHEN NEUMAN, THIRTY-THREE, OF Ventura, California, covered below the deck of his eighty-thousand-dollar yacht for three hours while riding out a cyclone in a Fiji Islands bay. But after a violent crash, followed by eerie stillness, Neuman climbed on deck and fired a distress flare, only to realize that his boat had been washed up into the bar of the Plantation Village Resort, a bayside hotel, and that his flare had gone through the bar's roof. He then climbed off the boat and hid in a linen closet. *UPI* (contributed by C.A. Brown-Bender)

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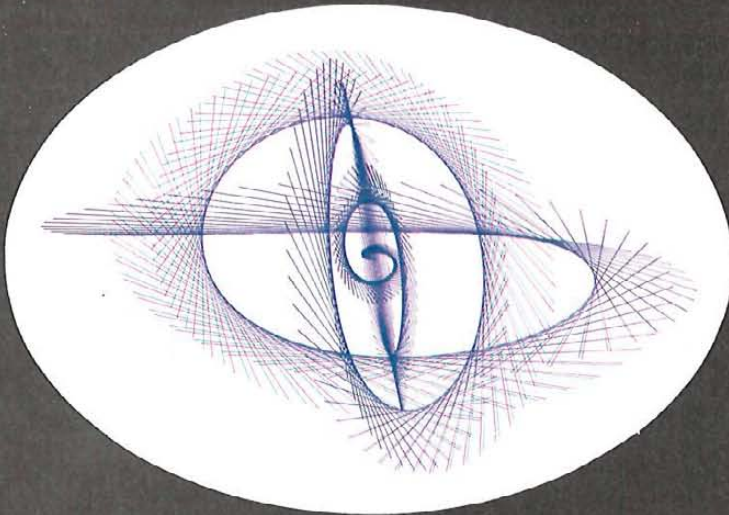
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Back

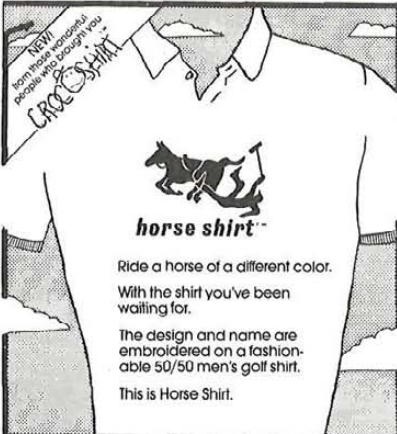


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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81)

Sirs:

I went to see *Flashdance* a few months ago, and it got me thinking about truth in cinema. What if the star, Jennifer Beals, had signed to play the part without knowing that the whole deal had been financed as a ploy for revenge by this really rich guy she wouldn't sleep with at Yale? So after she signed the clause in her contract that states, "Well, Jennifer, it's all right if we substitute another body in your dance scenes, hmmm?" the Yale guy could have said, "Well, let's put in Marty Feldman's head and the body of an octopus!!" Then all Jennifer's friends at college would have remarked, "Gee, Jennifer, when you danced you looked dead and bug-eyed, and you had eight arms." I mean, that wouldn't have been very nice, now would it?

Just Thinkin'
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

I'm a screenwriter out here in California, although all I've ever really wanted to be is a bag boy at Safeway. But I just can't seem to get my foot in the door. I think it's really all a matter of who you know. I just wish I didn't have to spend all day writing movies.

Harvey Hack
Brentwood, Calif.

Sirs:

I've got the solution to the military's continuing personnel problem. Why not just convert all prisons into military bases and draft all the prisoners? We've got plenty of able-bodied young men sitting around our correctional institutions who'd jump at the chance to make \$551.40 a month plus dental benefits. Everybody knows how tough the military is, so you wouldn't have any uproar about coddling criminals. And prisoners are used to being without women for many months in confined spaces, so they'd be perfect for shipboard duty or Air Force bases in Greenland. Why can't we just try it for a year or two and see how it works out?

Robert Scanlan
Menlo Park, Calif.

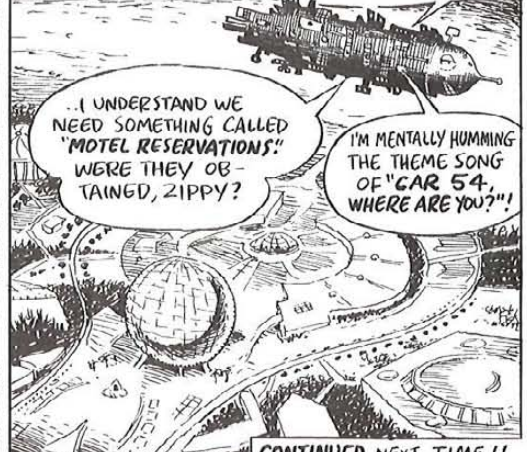
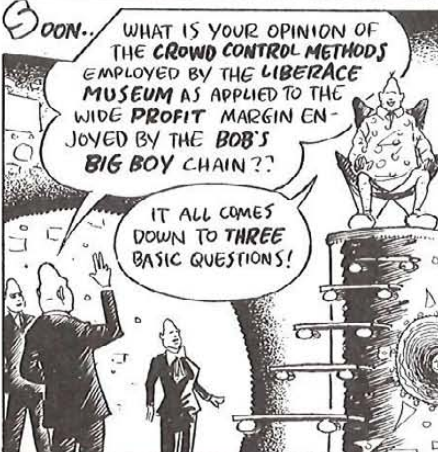
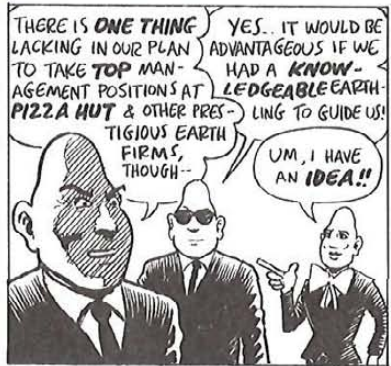
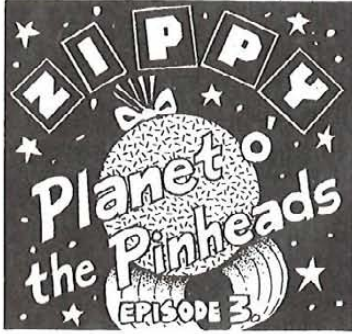
Sirs:

Do you know the difference between Johnny Wadd and Maggie Trudeau? One's a star fucker, and the other's a star fucker.

Blowna Ferret
Hollywood, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)

FUNNY PAGES



CONTINUED NEXT TIME !!

trots and bonnie



© 83 SHARY FLENNIKEN

Politenessman

TWO YOUNG LOVERS RENDEZVOUS IN A RAPID-REPAST RESTAURANT....

Burgerhoid

CHRIS, PROMISE YOU WON'T GET UPSET...I MISSED MY PERIOD...AND... PROMISE YOU WON'T GET UPSET....

YOU'RE PREGNANT, AREN'T YOU, CHERYL? WELL, YOU BETTER DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

YOU GOT UPSET. SOB!

MEANWHILE, POLITENESSMAN AND MANNERS MAVEN CHARLOTTE FORD ARE DINING GRACIOUSLY IN AN ADJACENT BOOTH....

AU CONTRAIRE* SIR. YOU HAD BETTER DO SOMETHING! AN UNWED MOTHER DESERVES A SHOWER, TOO!

MIND YER BUSINESS, MISS BUIT-INSKY!

*FRENCH FOR "ON THE CONTRARY."

POLITENESSMAN THEN SERVES UP A HELPING OF COLD STEEL HANKIE!

SOME WEEKS LATER- ...AND FROM CHERYL'S MOM AND DAD, THIS BEAUTIFUL BIB- WITH A DUCK ON IT!

YEA-ALL RIGHT!

BEAUTIFUL!

THANKS!

WELL NOW, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU HAD THAT SHOWER?

OUI, OUI!*

*FRENCH FOR "YES" OR BABY TALK FOR "URINE."

BE SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER FORGOT, TIP PEOPLE OFTEN AND TIP THEM A LOT. THANK YOU!

POPULAR PROBLEMS ©1983 RON HAUGE

EVERY DAY FOR 3 MONTHS THE CARPENTER TWINS BEAT ME UP AFTER SCHOOL.

WE HAVE TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL TODAY. MEET US TONIGHT AT 8:00 IN FRONT OF OUR PLACE.

THAT NIGHT AT DINNER MY UNCLE TOLD ME TO ACT LIKE I WASN'T AFRAID OF THEM AND I MIGHT SCARE THEM OFF. I FIGURED IT WAS WORTH A TRY.

DON'T WAIT FOR THEM- YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.

FOR THIS SPENT 2 YR IN HIGH SCHOOL

I FOUND OUT WHERE THE TWINS LIVED AND YELLED UP AT THEIR WINDOW.

COME OUT AND FIGHT, YA PUSSIES!

THE PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS THOUGHT I WAS TALKING TO THEM

RAY and JOE: THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND



...UH, JOE, SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERIN' ME - DON'T TAKE IT PERSONAL, BUT YOUR FACIAL EXPRESSION, WELL, IT MAKES YOU LOOK TOO DEAD!



...I'M GONNA CALL MR. CALABRESE, THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR WHO EMBALMED YOU, AND FIND OUT IF HE CAN GIVE YOU A BETTER EXPRESSION....



...YEAH, RIGHT, I'M THE GUY WHO BROUGHT MY FRIEND IN FOR YOU TO EMBALM. LISTEN, MR. CALABRESE, CAN YOU FIX HIS EXPRESSION SO HE DON'T LOOK SO DEAD?

...WELL... I DON'T KNOW, HE'S KIND OF DRIED OUT BY NOW - BRING HIM DOWN, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.



...HERE HE IS, MR. CALABRESE.

SAY - HE DOES LOOK TOO DEAD! BRING HIM INTO THE OFFICE.



YOU KNOW WHAT I COULD DO? I COULD HAVE HIM LOOKING OUT THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES LIKE THIS. SEE? DOESN'T HE LOOK LESS DEAD LIKE THIS?

...WELL... LLL...



HOW ABOUT THIS - A "HAPPY-GO-LUCKY" LOOK?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO...



OR THIS? A LOOK OF DETERMINATION.

...BETTER, BETTER...



GET MY PIPE FROM MY DESK AND STICK IT IN HIS MOUTH.

HEY! THAT'S NOT BAD, MR. CALABRESE, NOT BAD AT ALL!



YOU KNOW WHAT'D LOOK NICE ON HIM, MR. CALABRESE? A SMOKING JACKET! YOU GOT A SMOKING JACKET?

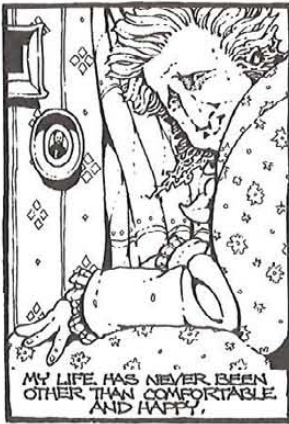
NO, BUT LAST FALL I EMBALMED A VICTIM OF A HUNTING ACCIDENT AND I'VE STILL GOT HIS HUNTING JACKET AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE...

CONTINUED



THIS MONTH:
A GENTLEMAN'S
OCCUPATION

RICK GEARY
© 1983



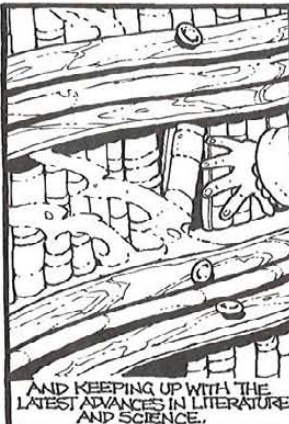
MY LIFE HAS NEVER BEEN
OTHER THAN COMFORTABLE
AND HAPPY.



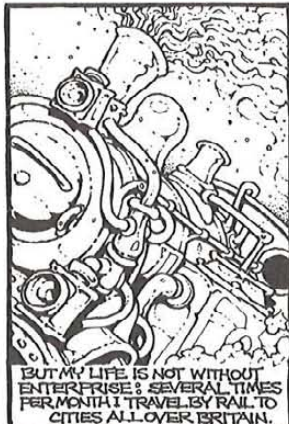
I LIVE AT HEMORIDGE HOUSE,
MY FAMILY'S ESTATE IN
SALOPSHIRE. — HERE ARE
MY WIFE AND INFANT.



MOST OF MY DAYS ARE SPENT
PRIVING ABOUT OUR SPACIOUS
GROUNDS...



AND KEEPING UP WITH THE
LATEST ADVANCES IN LITERATURE
AND SCIENCE.



BUT MY LIFE IS NOT WITHOUT
ENTERTISE & SEVERAL TIMES
PER MONTH I TRAVEL BY RAIL TO
CITIES ALL OVER BRITAIN.



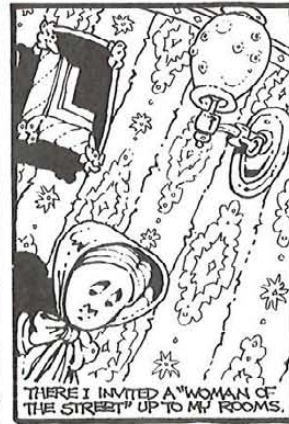
EACH OF THESE TRIPS IS
ACCOMPANIED BY A FEELING
OF EXHILARATION...



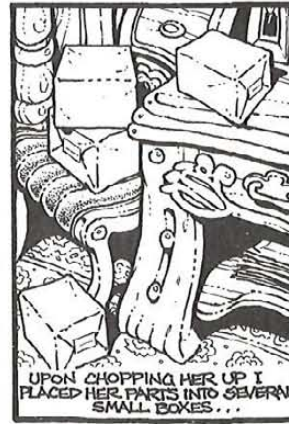
AS WELL AS A CERTAIN
USEFUL IMPLEMENT...



ON ONE RECENT JOURNEY, I
VISITED THE INDUSTRIOUS CITY
OF LEEDS.



THERE I INVITED A "WOMAN OF
THE STREET" UP TO MY ROOMS.



UPON CHOPPING HER UP I
PLACED HER PARTS INTO SEVERAL
SMALL BOXES...



AND THE NEXT DAY POSTED THEM
TO VARIOUS MEN I ADMIRE —
AMONG THEM THE PRIME MINISTER,
MR. GLADSTONE...



OLD VISCOUNT RUIINDALE, A
GENTLEMAN OF TASTE AND
DISCRETION...



THE NOTED PAINTER,
MR. AUGUSTUS EGG...



BISHOP LOXERIDGE IN SUSSEX,
WHO ALWAYS APPRECIATES A
SURPRISE...



AND RETURNED HOME THAT
EVENING TO ENJOY A PIPE AND
BRANDY IN THE LIBRARY.

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88)

Sirs:

Puerto Rico came in our face. The Bahamas gang-banged us. And every now and then we jerk off Trinidad and Tobago. Talk about misnomers!

The Virgin Islands

Sirs:

With a six-million-dollar government grant I built the world's first micro-video camera and placed it on the back of a cockroach to find out where they go and what they do when they disappear through the cracks in your walls. When I freed the cockroach it fled through the nearest crack, and I quickly switched on a television monitor to record its never-before-witnessed journey. Unfortunately the lighting was really bad and you couldn't see anything.

Professor Russell Johnson
Back to the Ol' Drawing Board, Tenn.

Sirs:

Frankly, we think all this whining about preventing nuclear war is being spread about by a bunch of pussy-whipped Cadbury-bar cowards who are afraid to die like real men and women.

Morticians Who Don't
Care Shit About War

Sirs:

We Third World nations owe the Western banks so much money that we cannot possibly pay it. So we won't. Sorry, we really had the best of intentions.

Poor Countries
Africa, Asia, etc.

Sirs:

Those chocolate-skinned deadbeats really think they've put one over on us, but they're wrong. Have you heard anything lately about Malawi? Probably not, we'll bet. Because we sent several strong guys over there to repossess Malawi after it had failed to pay its debts. The country is now sitting in a warehouse in northeast Wyoming, and the same will happen to other welskers who are slow to pay up.

Chase Manhattan Bank
Madder by the minute

Sirs:

Ever notice how sometimes a certain word, even an ordinary everyday word like "fire," can look like it's spelled wrong? I mean, you're sure of the spelling, you might even look it up in the dictionary, but it just doesn't seem right somehow. And the more you stare

at it, the more it looks incorrect. Then you start saying the word over and over again and it begins to *sound* funny. Each time you say it, it sounds more ridiculous. Then your boss walks into the room and by this time you're sitting there repeating the word "fire" over and over and laughing so hard that tears are rolling down your face, and he asks you what's so funny and all you can manage to do is choke out another "fire" before you collapse in hysterics. So the boss says, "You're fired," and it strikes you so funny that you have to be hospitalized because you ruptured all your insides from laughing so hard.

Stuff like that happens to me a lot.

Arthur Mulrooney
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

It's time once again for our annual completely unfunny letter. This is the letter that sort of breaks up the monotony. The "cookie-cutter cleverness," we like to say. This year it concerns a man who buys a car that turns out to be a lemon. So he squeezes it into his iced tea.

Van Go Fuck Yourself
Unfunny Letter, Tenn.

Sirs:

Well, I got pretty good press the only time it ever worked. Hell, I must have tried the same thing at least a dozen other times, and you should have seen the bloody mess, not to mention the pissed-off mothers.

King Solomon
Al-Woops, Israel

Sirs:

Help! Help! Someone is sniffing my ass! Oh, no! He's *mounting* me! He's... he's *entering* me! Oh where, oh where has my underdog gone? Oh where, oh where has he gone?...

Sweet Polly Purebred
Brighton's Kennel

CREDITS

Page 47: illustration, Phil Scheuer; **page 48:** photograph, Arlene Lappen; **pages 50-55:** photographs, Eddie Poon; **page 52,** lower right: photograph, Darlene Arnelle. Special thanks to the Offices of Public Information and Public Safety, Wesleyan University, for *Skidmark* locations.

RAMSES NuFORM PROLONGS THE EXPERIENCE.



A NEW CONDOM WITH A DELAYING LUBRICANT.

Everyone knows that slower is better. For you and for her. Now there's a new way to slow down and take time to enjoy.

Because now there's a condom that does something a condom has never done before.

New Ramses® NuForm® is the first and only patented condom with a delaying lubricant. It prolongs the sensitivity and helps to make the act of love last longer.

For a **trial sample**, send your name, address and 50¢ to cover postage and handling to Nuform Offer, P.O. Box 738, Dept. #C1, Riverton, NJ 08077. Offer expires December 31, 1984.

Try Ramses NuForm. You'll never know what you've been missing until you do.

RAMSES NuFORM

A Unique Patented Condom.
Each Ramses NuForm is electronically tested.

CONTEST

25

Have You Seen Linda Blair's Top?



LINDA BLAIR HAS lost her pretty pink halter top and can't seem to find it anywhere. "Not under the chair," says she. Here is how she proves it: she lifts up the chair, sticks her head under it, makes moaning sounds indicating "No halter," puts the chair back down. Then she gets up and falls over the chair. And the popcorn popper is still on. Oh, Linda!

It's been more than four months since she misplaced that darn top, and she'd like to find it soon. Boys will be boys, and Linda's been getting lots of wolf whistles and impolite suggestions when she steps out on the town sans shirt. "I think I've reached a point in my career where to fulfill my ambitions as an actress I should find that top," says Linda to her mailman, who nods a vigorous yes. "Is that your shoes?" she queries while searching some more on her hands and knees. "Would you like some popcorn? It's kind of burnt...." Can you help her so she can do Lady Macbeth for Joseph Papp?

HEY, FUNSTERS!



OUR LATEST PRIZE IS THE CASIO PT-30, A THIRTY-one-note mini-keyboard instrument with built-in rhythms, chords, eight instrument sounds, a memory to play it all back, and a display window to show you what's being played. You can even store your tunes in a separate cassette recorder with this baby, so enter early and often!



1 Somewhere near Rick James



2 At a teen roller-skating party



3 On location with Sybil Danning



4 In hell



5 Speeding along in a car on the Jersey Turnpike



6 Hidden by an Iranian bellhop in the Beverly Hills Hotel

WHERE OH WHERE CAN THAT LITTLE top be? I think it's (circle one)

1 2 3 4 5 6

Send to: Linda's Problem
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Chu on this one!
Edward Chu of Flushing, New York, took top honors on Contest #21 and now harangues his pals with an Audiovox cordless telephone. Says Ed. "Hello?"

Break tradition.

Drink a Ronrico Rumkin instead.

Look, Halloween is as good a time as any to try something just a little bit different; something like a lively, luscious Ronrico Rumkin.

After all, Ronrico is the spirit of Halloween. It's light and smooth, with a distinctive flavor that more than holds its own.

Just stir it up with orange juice and a splash of grenadine.

You'll find your only regret will be that Halloween comes but once a year.

RONRICO RUMKIN™



1 oz. of Ronrico Rum
Orange juice
Dash of grenadine
Pour Ronrico Rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Fill glass with orange juice. Add a splash of grenadine. Stir lightly.



RONRICO RUM

**IT'S
FILTERED!**



LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN

Also available in soft pack

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

*The filter says mild.
The name says taste.*