

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

WPS 34490

August 1988

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

\$3.95

## TRUE FACTS '88



Plus Our Usual  
Assortment of False Fabrications

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RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL AUGUST 18, 1988



# THE GREAT OUTDOORS

OUTDOOR FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

VOL. 1 NO. 1

DAN AYKROYD  
JOHN CANDY

A WEEK IN THE  
WOODS WITH  
ROMAN AND CHET:  
THIS IS NO HOLIDAY...  
THIS IS WAR!

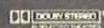


A JOHN HUGHES PRODUCTION A HOWARD DEUTCH FILM "THE GREAT OUTDOORS"  
WRITTEN BY JOHN HUGHES ORIGINAL SCORE THOMAS NEWMAN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY RIC WAITE A.S.C.  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JOHN HUGHES PRODUCED BY ARNE L. SCHMIDT DIRECTED BY HOWARD DEUTCH



SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON ATLANTIC RECORDS, CASSETTES AND CD'S

OPENS JUNE 24TH



A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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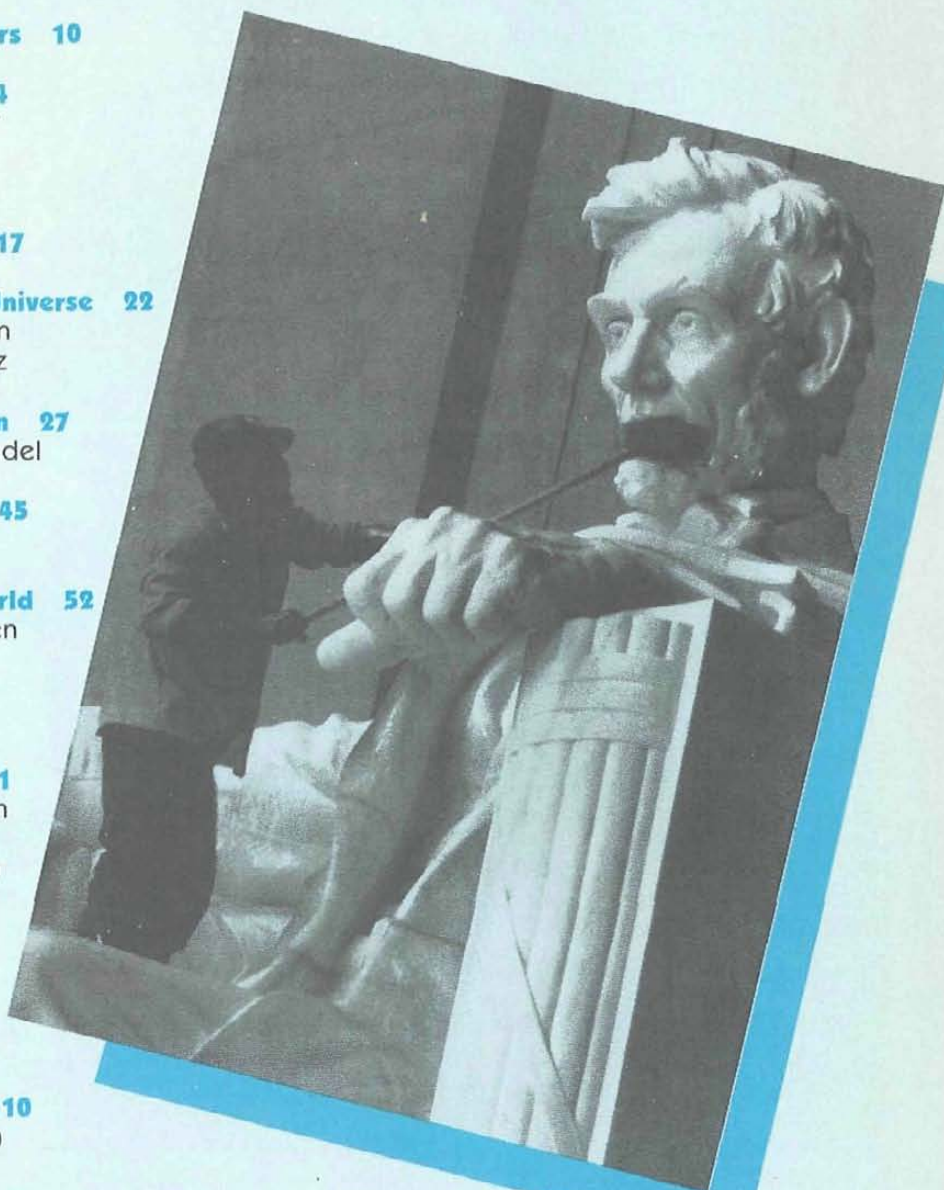
Ron Barrett

M. Cohen

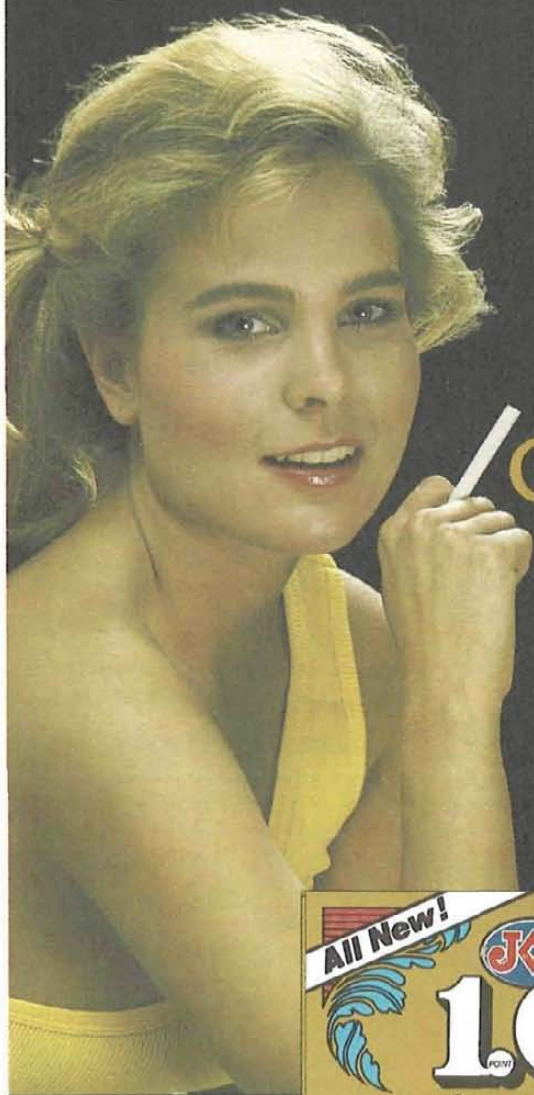
**The Personals 110**

By Dave Hanson

**Cover photograph  
contributed by Michael Frank**



AP/Wide World



DISCOVER



# GOLD CIGARETTE PAPER

THIN, SMOOTH BURNING,  
EASY ROLLING,  
PURE RICE PAPER.



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01

# Report from the Editor

by John Bendel

A True Fact is found, not made. It is passive art, an instance of transcendent perception, a grain of absurd glory for the man or woman who clipped it from a newspaper, tore it from a magazine, took a picture of it, carved it on a tree, etched it in stone, wrote it in the sand, shouted it to the heavens, or whistled it on the wind.

It's also good for a free T-shirt.

One LeAnn Bellfi of Ann Arbor, Michigan, recently wrote for many would-be True Facts artists when she inquired on her custom-designed, linen stationery: "I have files full of True Facts esoterica which I deem share-worthy... Is there any formal protocol which applies to their submission? Any limit to the quantity which may be submitted at one time?"

Here's how to submit a True Fact:

(1) Put your name, address, and T-shirt size on it, (2) stuff it into an envelope, box, or crate, and (3) send it to us.

While we don't have a lot of fussy little rules, there are a few things you ought to keep in mind. For example: I open and read all the mail myself. If I get a fat envelope with a pile of items in it, I'll read a few. If they all seem to be clipped from the *Weekly World News*, or they're all about dead babies, I dump the rest and go on.

Because of the volume of mail, we disregard all submissions on rock, wood, wind, or the wings of angels.

And don't fill your envelope with tinsel glitter like Ken H. Lamb of Corvallis, Oregon. The stuff spilled all over the sofa, my wife got mad, and I had to blame it on the kids.

Please send your True Fact news stories, pictures, ads, wedding announcements, company newsletters, signs, collections, corrections, or whatever to:

**True Facts**

**National Lampoon**

**155 Madison Avenue**

**New York, N.Y. 10013**

If we use your submission, we'll send you a True Facts T-shirt (be

sure to note your size). If your item happens to be an original photograph (one you took, not one you clipped from the paper), we'll send you the T-shirt plus ten dollars.

## Health Bulletin

A flight attendant (who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous) for a major airline recently told us that she and her coworkers were lighting hair spray to pass the time on a San Francisco-to-New York flight when one of them accidentally tossed a well-known nondairy creamer into the flame. "The stuff exploded like a bomb," she said. True Facts confirmed the claim in recent semi-scientific experiments. We therefore recommend that (1) you watch all cabin attendants carefully; and (2) if you use nondairy creamer in your coffee, you stay away from open flames for at least twenty-four hours.

## Among My Souvenirs

Here are some items from the

*continued on page 8*

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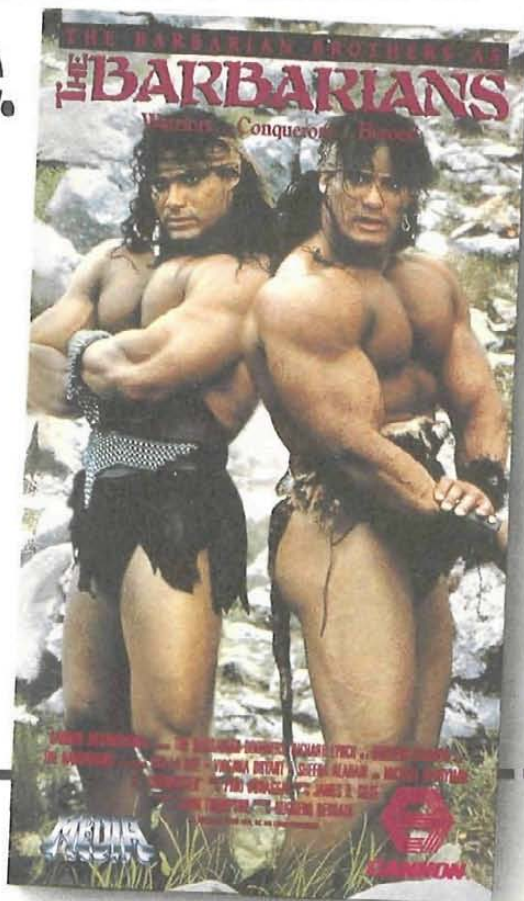
# The Barbarian Brothers. Bigger than Life.

The bad boys of body building are pumped up and ready for their wildest adventure yet.

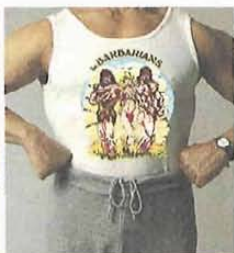
See them vanquish dragons, bloodthirsty barbarian hordes, putrid death-pits, and other primeval perils!

Fresh from "The Flamingo Kid" and "DC Cab," the awesome twins are in fine form in this outrageous fantasy free-for-all.

Get set for lots of laughs. Pick up "The Barbarians" at your video store today.



## And in your size.



T-shirt, Tank and Sweatshirt available with Barbarians design (pictured above left) or Dynamic Trio design (above right).

Shorts with Shield design

Join the Barbarian Brothers in their quest for an incredible physique with this fabulous studio-licensed collection of high quality, heavyweight cotton blend sportswear from Movie Tees. These exclusive garments have been puff printed for a thrilling 3-D look and feel.

You too can become a Barbarian. Visit your participating video store or send in the order form below. Credit card customers can call our toll free order hotline 1-800-321-2600. (Sorry, mail order only for Utah residents).

### Bonus Bonus Bonus

For more fun with purchase of 3 or more garments, you will automatically receive a surprise T-Shirt from the Movie Tees collectible series.

Item	Design	Price	Quantity	Total \$	Method of Payment	
Choose one.						
White T-Shirt	Barbarians	Trio	\$14.00	_____ \$ _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Check	<input type="checkbox"/> Money Order
_____ S _____ M _____ L _____ XL	_____ Barbarians	_____ Trio			<input type="checkbox"/> Visa	<input type="checkbox"/> MasterCard
White Tank Top	Barbarians	Trio	\$12.00	_____ \$ _____	Acct. #: _____ Exp. date: _____	
_____ S _____ M _____ L _____ XL	_____ Barbarians	_____ Trio			Signature: _____	
White Sweat Shirt	Barbarians	Trio	\$24.00	_____ \$ _____	Name: _____	
_____ S _____ M _____ L _____ XL	_____ Barbarians	_____ Trio			Address: _____	
White Shorts	Shield Only		\$15.00	_____ \$ _____	City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____	
_____ S _____ M _____ L _____ XL	Shield Only				Phone Number ( _____ ) _____	
Subtotal						
Postage and handling (\$3.00 per item.)						
For 4 or more items \$10 total postage & handling						
Grand Total				\$ _____		

Mail to: Movie-Tees, Inc., P.O. Box 13095, Reading, PA 19612. Or call: 1-800-321-2600. Please allow 3-6 weeks for delivery. Offer valid in U.S. only.

## Editorial Report

continued from page 6

True Facts files which I failed to use in a timely fashion but couldn't bear to part with:

- An item clipped from a 1983 *San Francisco Chronicle*, context unknown: "No word mechanic looking for the exact set of syllables should overlook 'tyromancer,' which means 'one who tells fortunes while watching cheese coagulate.'" (contributed by Chris Emerson and Ed Emerson)

- A brochure aimed at unpublished authors circulated by a company called Manuscripts of Dayton, Washington. The company edits manuscripts for a fee and boasts having an editorial director named Robert W. Shields who is apparently responsible for what sounds like a malignant tumor of literature. Shields's bio reads as follows: "Elvis Presley's first movie is based on his story. He has three major motion picture credits. In 1983 his Gothic sentence took first place in the Bulwer-Lytton Awards, topping a field of ten thousand entries. He is an ordained minister of the United Church of Christ, studied at Harvard University Divinity School and at twelve other institutions, including Montana State, Drake, and the Universities of Kentucky and Colorado. His diary is the lengthiest ever written. It is being housed in ar-

chives at Washington State University. It has twelve million words and is growing...." (contributed by S. Bouman)

- An obviously bogus ad from the *Palm Beach Post & Times* for the "Consolo Fish Cemetery," which reads in part: "Too often, we at the Consolo Fish Cemetery have witnessed the tragedy of fish owners who return home from necessary errands to find that a finned friend has been called above by natural causes, fin rot, leaping onto the carpet, etc. Grieving fish owners should not have to cope with the distraction of last-minute burial arrangements...." (contributed by Donn Ingels)

- A five-page mimeographed tract (issued by a prominent church) entitled *Steps in Overcoming Masturbation*. Among its recommendations:

"When you bathe, do not admire yourself in a mirror. Never stay in the bath more than five or six minutes—just long enough to bathe and dry and dress AND THEN GET OUT OF THE BATHROOM into a room where you will have some member of your family present.

"If you associate something very distasteful with your loss of self-control it will help you stop the act. For example, if you are tempted to masturbate, think of having to bathe in a tub of worms, and eat several of them as you do the act.

"Keep your bladder empty. Re-

frain from drinking large amounts of fluids before retiring.

"Wear pajamas that are difficult to open.

"In very severe cases it may be necessary to tie a hand to the bedframe with a tie in order that the habit of masturbating in a semi-sleep condition can be broken.

"Be outgoing and friendly. Force yourself to be with others and learn to enjoy working and talking with them. Use principles of developing friendships found in books such as *How to Win Friends and Influence People* by Dale Carnegie." (contributed by Dennis Cox)

- A Moral Majority membership card made out to A. Hitler. (contributed by Steve Zuckerman)

- A news clipping in which famous New York interior decorator Mario Buatta confides that as a child he loved to move the furniture around at home and that he bought his first antique when he was thirteen. He also said, "I love dust. I like to think of it as a protective coating for fine furniture." (contributed by Duck Divet)

- The Nerd Condom—a clear plastic pocket protector appropriately labeled by contributor Jeff Coykendall.

## Public Relations Update

A few years ago, True Facts received a public relations press kit produced for the company that makes Handi Wipes, those reusable, paperlike kitchen towels. It recommended using Handi Wipes as material for home sewing, particularly for the kids, and included eight-by-ten glossies of smiling white-bread models dressed up in their Handi Wipe fashions. Imagine Mom in a sleek custom kitchen with a two-hundred-dollar hairdo wearing a Handi Wipe jumper. Next to her is Daughter in Reeboks and a Handi Wipe blouse. They are both smiling as though it's chic to wear dishtowels.

Unfortunately, the press kit vanished from my desk before I could publish it or acknowledge Duck Divet as the contributor who had recognized its True Facts potential. I apologize.

Nevertheless, public relations practitioners are still on the job, promoting business, averting "bad

continued on page 86





# YOU'VE GOT TO WANT IT!

Start your summer right with MTV's one-of-a-kind hats!! Each MTV SUMMER BASEBALL CAP has a "Hawaiian" look in cool cotton; one size fits all.



Then take it and stuff it in your screamin' yellow MTV BEACH BAG. Durable poly vinyl with a locking draw-string top and adjustable shoulder strap.



Now you don't have to work at MTV to own the MTV SATIN JACKET. Here's a jacket with an attitude! Embroidered logo.



For rockin' on a sandy beach, this gigantic 34" X 64" MTV BEACH TOWEL is just what you need! It's 100% cotton.



This summer's hot item! Beat the heat in this unisex MTV "HARLEY" TANK TOP. 50/50 cotton/poly—goes over very nice!

**Free MTV tumbler:**  
order \$30 worth of cool MTV stuff and get a plastic tumbler (\$4.95 value) totally free!



**1-800-872-0600 Ext. 127**

Hey! Limited time only on this offer. So really, don't delay—order today!

Hello, credit card types! Prefer to order by phone? To charge on Visa or Mastercard call toll free. Or mail this order form, with your check or credit card number to:  
MTV, Dept. NL888,  
C.S.B. 3173  
Melville, NY 11747

**OK! I want this MTV stuff!**

Please specify sizes for shirts and jacket: S, M, L, XL

Qty.

- (MS88A) Big Beach Towel
- (MS88B) Summer Baseball Cap
- (MS88C) Beach Bag
- (MS88D) "Harley" Tank-T
- (MS88E) Satin Jacket

Qty.	each	Total
_____	\$24.95	\$_____
_____	\$ 7.97	\$_____
_____	\$17.95	\$_____
_____	\$ 9.97	\$_____
_____	\$57.97	\$_____
_____		\$ 0.00
_____		\$ 3.00
_____		\$_____

**SUBTOTAL**

(MS88F) Free MTV Tumbler (with purchase of \$30.00 or more)  
SHIPPING: Add \$3.00

TAX: CA, GA, IL, MI, NJ, NY, TX residents add local sales tax

**TOTAL**

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Visa  MC exp. date \_\_\_\_\_  
Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

# LETTERS



Sirs:  
Please, sirs, may I have more *baba ghanouj*?

Terry Waite  
*Lebanon*

Sirs:  
You're right. We don't care.  
Receptionists of America  
*Filing our nails*

Sirs:  
Hey...what the hell is that?...It...it  
...Oh no, OH NO! OH GOD! NOOO!  
GYNNNNYAAAAA!  
Madonna  
*Peering deep into her own soul*

Sirs:  
Wow, what have we got here?...  
Hmmm, it's...well, it's...IT'S...OH  
MY GOD! NO! NO! NOOOOOO!  
Sting  
*Listening to his own solo work  
Watching his own movies  
Pondering his future*

Sirs:  
Hey, get that out of here! No, we don't  
want any of that around here. Get rid of  
it...What? You say it's...WHAT?  
OH NO! NO, THAT CAN'T BE!  
AAAAAAHHHH!  
Kathleen Turner  
*Touching a small lump of her  
talent for the first time*

Sirs:  
Don't I look like a guy who should  
manage a small Radio Shack outlet?  
Michael Dukakis  
*On a plane somewhere*

Sirs:  
George Bush. Now there's a man who  
knows pussy.

Diane Sawyer  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
My next movie will be a touching fan-  
tasy about a Hollywood filmmaker who,  
ignored by the Oscars time after time,  
uses his wonderful magical powers to  
make the Academy members' heads ex-  
plode, while his fairy dust and neat ex-  
traterrestrial abilities enable him to  
slaughter and mutilate their families.  
Should be out around Christmastime.  
Steven Spielberg  
*Snubsville, Calif.*

Sirs:  
You cannot run with the hares and hunt  
with the hounds—unless, of course, you  
own a VCR.

Joe Sony  
*Tokyo, Japan*

Sirs:  
Nothing is so sensuous as two people  
with the bodies of demigods shaving each  
other's chests.

Brigitte Nielsen  
and Mark Gastineau  
*A hot tub in Atlantic City*

Sirs:  
Which is more depressing:  
1) paintings with clowns in them or  
2) rice pudding that's been sitting out in  
the kitchen for a few hours.  
Please let me know. I have a deadline.  
Dan Fogelberg  
*Looking for song subjects*

Sirs:  
*I'm looking at the man in the mirror,  
I'm askin' him...  
What the fuck did you do to your  
face!?!*  
Michael Jackson  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:  
Let me put an end to the diatribes and  
all of them mendacities regarding what be  
my credentials. LET IT BE KNOWN  
that, as one who was in the vanguard of  
the civil rights movement, I created and  
led such august organizations as the  
American Cavalcade of Students with a  
Chip on Their Shoulders, WEBA (We Be  
Angry), the Coalition of Misunderstood  
Thugs on the Corner, and of course the  
annual Dr. ThunderThighs Pageant.  
Hmfff.  
The Reverend Al Sharpton  
*Crown Heights, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
I'm just like something out of a Tom  
Wolfe book, aren't I? I mean, aren't I? You  
know, this warped sacrificial lamb who  
turns the system upside down and gets  
more attention than even that little girl  
who fell into the well. Oh, my soul. If he  
wrote it nobody'd believe it. Hey, you got  
a quarter?

Billie Boggs  
*Midtown Manhattan*

Sirs:  
Yeah yeah, I'm a big star now. I got  
money, I got a big house, I got the world in  
the palm of my hand. So what does a guy  
have to do to get laid in this town?  
ALF  
*Trapped in a fur suit*

Sirs:  
Oh my God, you wake up with a hang-  
over here, too.

Richard Burton  
*One step beyond*

Sirs:  
Vishnu, I hate living here. I mean, I  
wanted Daryl Hannah or Theresa Russell  
for a home. What did I get? Tits down to  
her waist, a butt bigger than a Buick, and  
more wrinkles than an old man's dick! I  
tell ya, it's like living in Rodney Danger-  
field, only weirder.

Yarga  
*c/o Shirley MacLaine*

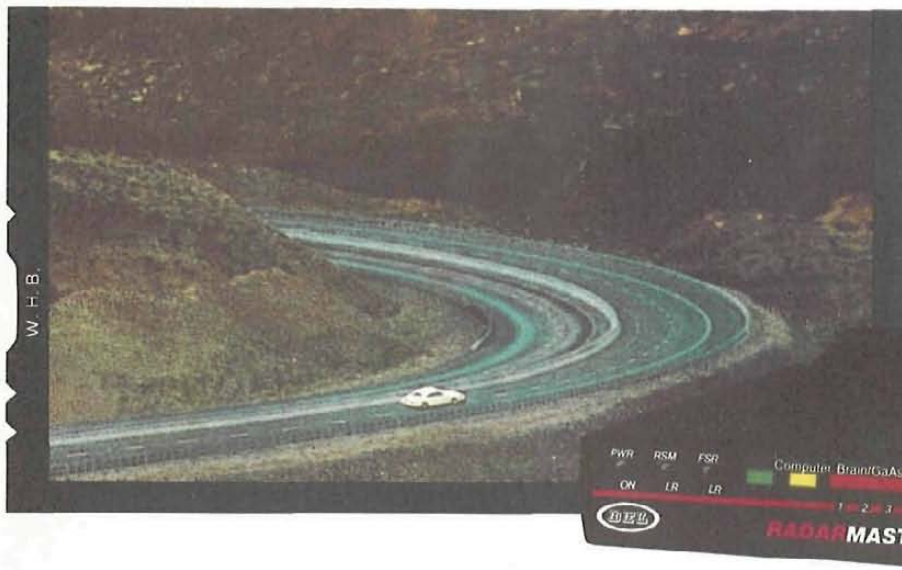
Sirs:  
Is "And then I woke up" a valid ending  
for a doctoral thesis? I'm stuck.  
The (hopefully future)  
Dr. Patrick Loughlin  
*Salt Lake City, Utah*

Sirs:  
I hate him! I hate him! I haaaaate him!!!  
Turn on the showerheads! Oh God, I can't  
take the cheering, it's for him! That...  
that little... turd. There, I said it. Fine.  
Fine and dandy. What? No, no, I'm all  
right.  
Brian Orser  
*Sports Therapy Center  
Guelph, Canada*

Sirs:  
Tap water kills people...chemicals  
don't.  
The Association of North Jersey  
Industrialists  
*North Jersey*

Sirs:  
It just occurred to me: fish can't deny it  
when they fart.  
Jacques Cousteau  
*Pooter Islands  
South Pacific*

# The Travel Connection™



THE NATIONAL RADAR  
DETECTOR SURVEY:

"Some are good...  
Some are better..."

**RADARMASTER™** is the best!!"

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362228. George Michael—*Faith*. (Columbia)



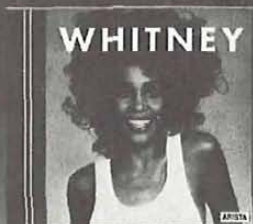
364695. Wynton Marsalis—*Baroque Music For Trumpets*. (CBS Masterworks)



368443. Various Artists—*Good Morning Vietnam*. (A&M)



361402. Tiffany. (MCA)



356154. Whitney Houston—*Whitney*. (Arista)

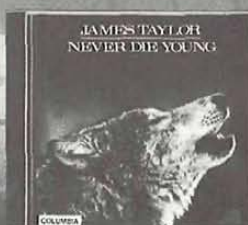
# A Sound Investment



356494. George Harrison—*Cloud Nine*. (Dark Horse)



366716. Robert Plant—*Now and Zen*. (Es Paranza)



365189. James Taylor—*Never Die Young*. (Columbia)



384018. Foreigner—*Inside Information*. (Atlantic)

354449. U2—*The Joshua Tree*. (Island)

336396-396390. Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia)

339226. Gershwin: *Rhapsody in Blue*; more. Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

342097. Barbra Streisand—*The Broadway Album*. (Columbia)

343665. Debussy: *La Mer; Nocturnes*—Michael Tilson Thomas. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

343715. Vivaldi: *Four Seasons*—Maazel cond. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

344184. Copland: *Billy The Kid/Rodeo Ballets*—Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Digital—Angel)

344622. Anita Baker—*Rapture*. (Elektra)

345199. Beethoven: *Overtures*—Bavarian Radio Orch., C. Davis. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

346544. Kenny G—*Duo-tones*. (Arista)

346957. Steve Winwood—*Back In The High Life*. (Island)

347492. Glenn Miller Orchestra—*In The Digital Mood*. (Digital—GRP)

347567. Gershwin's *Song Book & Other Music For Piano Solo*—Leonard Pennorrie. (Angel)

348318. The Police—*Every Breath You Take—The Singles*. (A&M)

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354902. Fleetwood Mac—*Tango In The Night*. (Warner Bros.)

355164. Vladimir Horowitz *Plays Favorite Encores*. (CBS Masterworks)

355172. Ravel: *Rapsodie Valses/Pavane/Alborada*, etc.—Previn, Royal Phil. (Digital—Angel)

348649. Pachelbel *Canon & Other Digital Delights*—Davis, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Digital—Fanfare)

348987-398982. Linda Ronstadt—*Round Midnight*. (Asylum)

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350587. Kathleen Battles *Sings Mozart*. (Angel)

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# ZEN BASTARD

by Paul Krassner



## Speaking in Tongues

Well, by the time you read this, it will be all over for would-be presidential nominee Pat Robertson, the former television evangelist who threatened a lawsuit against *TV Guide* for referring to him as a former television evangelist. He never carried out this threat; he was too busy backing out of his libel suit against Senator Pete McCloskey, who had claimed that Robertson avoided wartime combat through the good graces of his politician father.

What with Oral Roberts, Jim and Tammy Bakker, and Jimmy Swaggart, television evangelists were not exactly getting great press. A cartoon in the *New Yorker* showed a typical American family

walking into St. George's Church; the marquee on the front lawn announced: "Today's Sermon by the Reverend Robert Smith (Never on TV)."

Why, one religious channel in real life even announced somewhat defensively that the bizarre Reverend Gene Scott (who once told his cameraman to go home and make his wife "beg for it") "is not a television evangelist. He received his Ph.D. from Stanford University." Where, presumably, he used to make all those gorgeous coeds beg for it.

Look, don't ask me anything about religion. All I know is that an eighteen-year-old guy in Miami stabbed his grandmother to death because she interrupted him while he was reading the Bible, and that at the Sunday morning services of the West Side Church of Religious Science in Culver City, California, the topic of the sermon was "Up Your Assets."

But, sure, it would have been great fun to have preacher Pat Robertson firmly enconced in the White House, fighting with fire and brimstone in his belly to get prayer in the schools legalized, only to then have young girls with fertilized eggs in their bellies praying desperately right in the middle of algebra class for safe abortions.

Still, what intrigued me about his campaign were the so-called invisible voters, who were shuttled to the various primaries, of course, by the invisible stealth bomber. What made them so loyal to the Reverend Mr. Robertson? How come, when he revealed that his oldest offspring had been conceived before marriage, it only served to make his congregation even more loyal?

True, Jesse Jackson then revealed that his oldest offspring had also been conceived before marriage—those ministers always seem to stick together—and like-

wise, his congregation became even more loyal. Still, Jackson had never been as self-righteous about sexuality as Robertson, although he had sort of climbed into bed with Tipper Gore when he advocated some kind of censorship over rock lyrics.

If Jesse Jackson ran for president with Albert Gore as his running mate, their ticket could be known as "Blood and Gore." Or if Jackson ran as Gary Hart's running mate, they could be known as "Hart and Soul." But because Hart put his peepee into Donna Rice's peepee and got caught in the act, he was not considered fit to be the leader of the Western world.

Different folks view Donna Rice through different filters. Richard Curtis, her New York literary agent, said, "From the very first, I was struck by Donna's dignity." However, after her book proposal had made the rounds of publishing houses and gathered no offers, she said, "Any stupid publisher who doesn't want my book has his head up his butt." Oh, well, I guess dignity is wherever you find it.

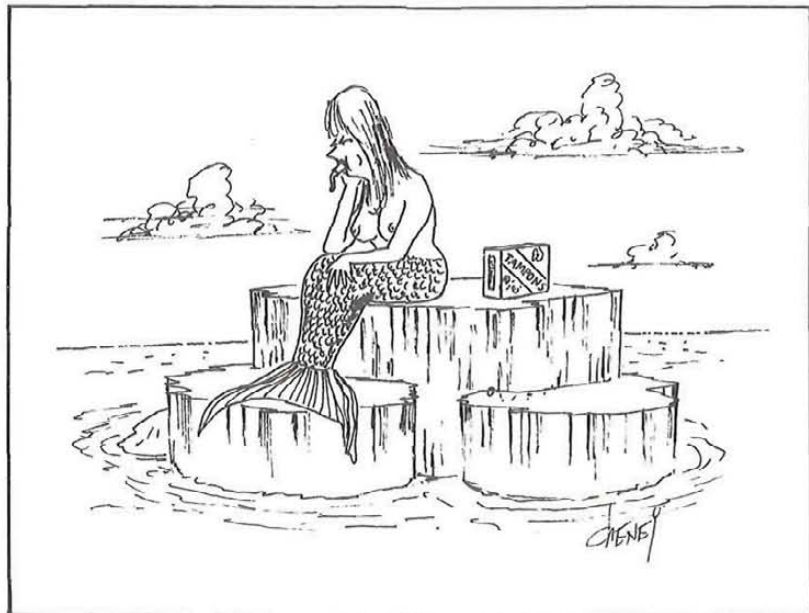
By the way, Donna Rice has recently become a born-again Christian. The *National Enquirer* even had a photo of her thirtieth-birthday party with eleven close pals—"most of them born-again Christians who attend Bible class with Donna." Now Gary Hart will have to go down on her in the form of a cross. Little did he ever dream that his name would become synonymous with adultery.

"I am not a joke," he stated, thereby making the joke even funnier. Indeed, at the seventy-fifth Alfalfa Club dinner in Washington, D.C.—a good ol' boys' network fun fest—President Reagan himself told this one: "The other night I had a dream that Gary Hart was president, and he was meeting with Margaret Thatcher. Mrs. Thatcher told him, 'I want your hands off Nicaragua, your hands off Afghanistan, and your hands off my knee.'"

At that same gathering, Reagan's former chief of staff, Donald Regan, came out with this: "I never believed the Donna Rice story. I thought it was a cynical attempt to humanize Gary Hart." No matter that the line belonged to Mort Sahl, and that it originally went: "I never believed that story about the Vicki Morgan tapes. I thought it was a cynical attempt to humanize the Reagan administration."

Similarly, had Senator Joseph Biden not plagiarized phrases from somebody else's passionate speech and got caught in the act, he too might not have had to drop out of the race so early. Now he is busy working on an autobiography, which he plans to call *Lincoln*.

The American public has become so jaded and cynical in the process that, when Pat Robertson made his public admission of fathering a child out of wedlock, following upon the heels of the Hart and Biden scandals, a generic-blond



newscaster quipped, "Whoops, there goes another one," as though fooling around with his own wife before they were married had automatically relegated Robertson to the land of also-rans.

It was another sad commentary on the campaign that Richard Gephardt's popularity in the polls began to rise when he darkened his eyebrows. Or did he get an eyebrow transplant from Michael Dukakis? What a shame that candidates were being judged not on the basis of their ideas but rather on their appearance. Surely Paul Simon had much to offer, but the American public is simply not ready to elect an individual to the nation's highest office who happens to resemble a ventriloquist's dummy.

One of the most revealing moments in the campaign came when a public relations representative of Robert Dole pointed out that the difference between him and George Bush was that "Dole has fiber." Suddenly I thought I was in the middle of a breakfast food commercial. "Dole and *what?*" "Dole and fiber. Tastes so good you forget the campaign promises."

Strangely enough, comedian Mort Sahl had been supporting General Alexander Haig for president. It was Sahl who gave Haig the line "I'm throwing my helmet into the ring." Comedian Bill Cosby did a commercial for Jesse Jackson—how nice that Jackson was finally getting some white support—and presumably Vice President George Bush is currently being supported by comedian Rodney Dangerfield, whining away as to how he never gets any respect.

Bush thought he was going to die after being shot down by the Japanese during World War II—too bad he didn't know Pat Robertson's father—but his life didn't exactly flash before him. Rather (and I don't mean Dan), Bush stated that he was sustained by a vision signifying the importance of the constitutional amendment which calls for the separation of church and state.

Now that, of course, would explain his motivation in arranging for that motel tryst between Jimmy Swaggart and Jack Kemp—testing out the missionary position—in order to discredit Pat Robertson. It explains why Bush put those Russian missiles in Cuba. It explains why Bush persuaded Pete McCloskey to reveal that Robertson's father arranged to get him out of combat during the war. It explains why Bush had the CIA leak to Robertson the location of those hostages. All to discredit poor old Pat.

But there was something else about George Bush's vision of the separation of church and state. It was obviously a clairvoyant warning concerning the unexpected impact of the Reverend Jesse Jackson on the political scene. Now *he* was a violation of Wimp and Wasp.

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It should not have come as such a surprise that a black man who had never been elected to any political office would gain such popular support. Those pundits in their ivory towers with only one window so they can stick their heads in the clouds simply forgot that there is a whole generation—no, make that a *few* generations—who have grown accustomed to rooting for black men on basketball courts, on football fields, on rock 'n' roll concert stages, on MTV...so it just ain't that big a deal. Hey, how does the guy slam dunk? Can he make me dance against my will? Well, what the fuck did you *expect* to happen once you start freeing a bunch of slaves—especially when gamblers of all ages across the nation have won many a bet on the basis of black athletes and their winning ways?

And old Jesse, he put on such a good public relations campaign, I'm telling you, there were people who were offended by his so-called anti-Semitic utterance in 1984, and now they're Jews for Jackson. Because he explained to them that when he said he was going to Hymietown, he was *not* referring to a Jewish community.

"I was talking about *virgins*—with *hy-mens*," he explained. "It was very important for me to get the virgin vote. That's why I said we're going to Hymietown."

And then they wanted to know, what about his embraceable buddy, Louis Farrakhan? How could Jesse Jackson justify

his remark that Judaism is a gutter religion?

"Distortion of his words by the media," Jackson justified. "What Farrakhan actually said was that Judaism is a *guttural* religion. You know, like..." And he proceeded to utter a couple of words which begin with the guttural *ch* sound.

One sunny afternoon I was taking a walk in Central Park. There was a bearded man wearing an overcoat, and he was talking out loud to himself in gibberish. "Oogle boogle laseda pazoom fatilla." I was about to walk around him when I realized that there was no reason for me to allow myself to be bullied by his presence. He didn't seem violent. So I decided to walk right by him, even making eye contact in the process.

"Oogle boogle," he continued. I walked by and looked him in the eye. He looked back at me. He stopped speaking gibberish and said, "Marijuana? Acid? Mescaline? Ecstasy?" This guy was a dope dealer posing as a crazy street person for his cover. I said, "No, thanks." He replied, "Have a good day," then returned to his gibberish—"laseda pazoom fatilla."

As I walked away I was aware from the gleam in his eyes that he was very high on something, not necessarily the drugs he was selling. It was because he was stand-

*continued on page 114*

# EDITORIAL

## Thoughts While Waiting for My Socks to Dry



No matter how many TV commercials Dow Chemical runs telling us how good and kind they are, the thought always crosses my mind that they still sell flame-throwers.

One more thought on what has become a boring subject:

Since God has forgiven Pat Robertson for his transgressions, and Jerry Falwell has forgiven Jimmy Swaggart for his, and God and Falwell and his booking agents have all forgiven Jim Bakker, and the whole televangelist world forgave Oral Roberts for putting himself up for ransom, I feel despondent that we've never been forgiven after the attacks the fundamentalists made on this magazine for daring to mix humor and ink. What bothers me is the thought that maybe their agents can arrange for people to be forgiven but ours can't.

Listen, I think as little of the Reagan administration as anyone, but I wish New York's Mayor Ed Koch would stop attacking them. It gives intelligent dissent a bad name.

I can't think of a better choice to head an Olympic committee than George Steinbrenner. Well, maybe Muammar Qaddafi.

A well-known television producer recently accumulated much front-page space by commandeering a taxicab while drunk, beating the driver, tossing him out of his own cab, and zipping off with it. The other day a Hollywood trade paper quoted that same producer, who was discussing a statement made by someone else in the trade on a totally unrelated business subject. "He," said the producer, "is totally irresponsible."

Supreme Court Chief Justice William Rehnquist's recent remarkably intelligent opinions on Eighteenth Amendment rights and rent control prove one thing: Reagan should never have gone with a guy he thought he could trust.

I give up! I just read a cartoon in the *New Yorker* that I understood.

I'm using that new airline mileage plan that gives you a free flight to London if you drive from your house to the airport.

If service on the country's airlines gets any worse, I say let's go back to the tried-and-true way of travel—covered wagons.

The Winter Olympics were okay, but I

don't like any game in which the American team gets beaten by Monaco.

If I get one more letter from Publishers Clearing House saying I've won, I'm going to cancel my subscription to the *Yugoslavian Home Gazette*.

Okay, I know that the Constitution says that Reagan can't be president again, but can we keep Ed Meese?

It's trite! It's stale! It's specious! It's inane! It's inept! It's boring! It's *Geraldo!*

You know who's funny? Garry Shandling's funny. That's who's funny.

The Mets should go all the way this year. They're by far the best team on paper, but the last team that won on paper was Woodward and Bernstein.

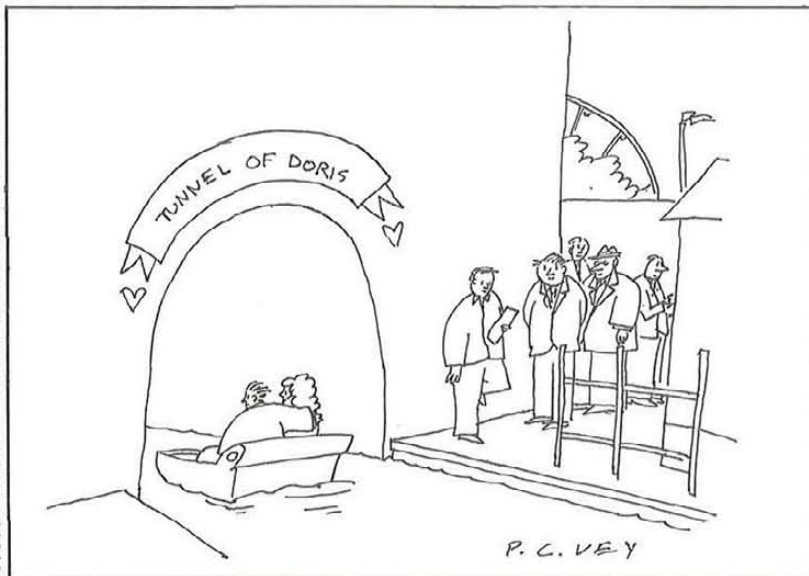
Please, no more films about babies, fathers and sons who switch bodies, or fat boys.

I have this recurring dream. I sneak into a heavily guarded building and, ducking past guards and electronic sensors, I peek into rooms busy with activity. In one there are thirty people, all sitting at word processors writing books. In another, twenty men—all of whom look alike—are taping TV commercials for twenty different products. In other rooms men who look identically like the others are conducting board meetings, talking busily on telephones, casting TV shows, and counting money. And all of these men—hundreds of them—look exactly like Bill Cosby.

You know who else is funny? Tracey Ullman.

Joe Piscopo is the second-greatest comic in America. Problem is there are 9,873 guys tied for first. Jay Leno is funny. Except that he looks too rich and complacent. What happened to comics who look lean and angry? Steven Wright looks right but he's not upset enough—but he is funny. On the other hand, Sam Kinison is angry but he's not hungry-looking enough. But he is sort of—rumped. That's good. I have trouble laughing at comics in twelve-hundred-dollar suits unless it's Rodney, who can

*continued on page 114*





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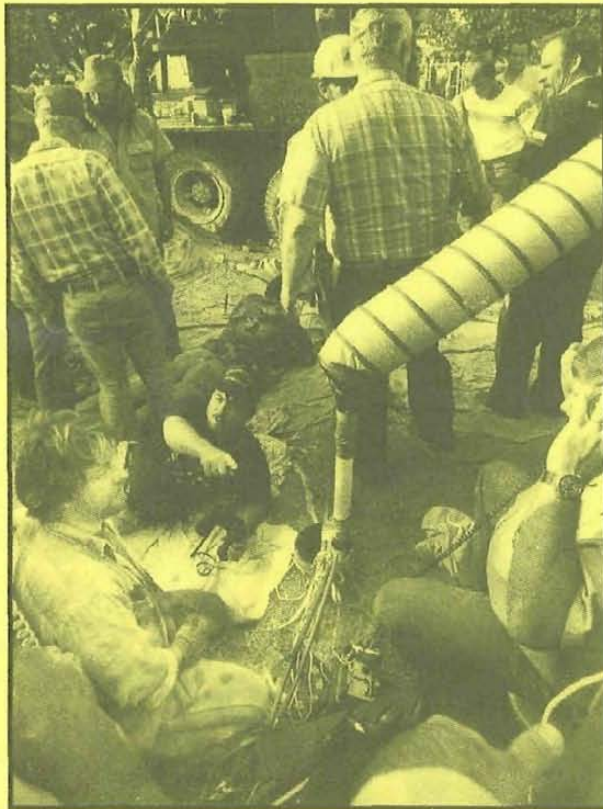
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## JUDGE ORDERS "BABY JESSICA" RETURNED TO WELL

*Calls Move "Interim Solution" in Dispute over Film/TV Rights*



AP/Wide World

Stating, "I can't see any other solution," federal judge Solomon Schwartz has ordered that two-year-old "Baby Jessica" McClure be lowered back into the twenty-foot-deep drainage well from which she was rescued last October. The judge proposed the measure as an "in-

terim solution" to the ongoing dispute between two rival rescue groups, each claiming full credit for the rescue. At stake are movie and television rights worth up to a million dollars.

—M.J.

# Jackson Writes Cookbook

The Reverend Jesse Jackson has announced the publication of a book of his favorite recipes culled from his days as a busboy in a fancy eatery. Jackson, who has not denied stories that he spat in the food of white people, lists as some of his favorite dishes: steak in a reduced spittle sauce; brook trout sautéed in oil, garlic, and slobber; and lingers au gratin.

A reception was held for the book, and, as an added surprise, Mr. Jackson cooked. While such partygoers as Atlanta Mayor Andy Young, the NAACP's Ben Hooks, and Coretta Scott King gave the dining fare rave reviews, other guests, such as Governor Michael Dukakis, Senator Albert Gore, and Representative Richard Gephardt,



AP/Wide World

stated they had not tasted the food, as they had dined earlier in the evening at the local Chinese takeout.

—A.S.

## Millions Cheer As Cher Keels Over Dead

The nations of the world are a little closer this month, thanks in part to the recent death of seventy-four-year-old health-club spokesunit and Oscar winner Cher, who suddenly degraded into her component elements during the filming of a new spa commercial.

In celebration of the blessed event, the Palestinians and Israelis have agreed to peace talks, Iran and Iraq have called a cease-fire, and the Nicaraguan contras have surrendered their weapons. Pope John Paul II has called a special Mass in Rome, call-



Movie Star News

ing the death "proof positive of a God who cares and takes an active part in improving the lives of men."

The cause of death has not been determined. The actress/singer/monolith was last seen entering a hot steam bath. Details are sketchy, although bystanders report hearing screams of "Gatemaster, give me another year," followed by a soft gurgling sound. No remains were found other than a small piece of tinfoil the deceased often wore as an evening gown.

—B.H.

## Surgeon General Issues New AIDS Advisory



Dr. C. Everett Koop has issued a report informing American citizens of yet another group at risk of AIDS: Satan worshipers.

"During a lot of their ceremonies," the report reads, "an exceedingly large amount of blood and other bodily fluids are sprayed, spilled, and otherwise distributed around a ceremonial altar. It is of extreme importance to the Satan-worshipping segment of the public, and indeed, to the health of the population at large, that safe sacrificing procedures be followed.

"First, make sure that you are indeed sacrificing a virgin. This will minimize the risk of exposure to the HIV virus. If you are unable to find a virgin, make sure that you sacrifice only individuals with whom you have had a longstanding, monogamous relationship. Under no circumstances should you willingly engage in sacrificial contact with people who you know are members of high-risk groups—male homosexuals, hemophiliacs, and intravenous drug abusers.

"There is no known risk of contracting the AIDS virus through casual Satan worship. However, it is recommended that knives and other implements of torture be dipped in bleach before and after each use, and that the victim's internal organs be washed thoroughly before consumption." —B.H.

**Contributors:**  
Nick Bakay

Bob Harris  
Michael Jann

Tony Kisch  
Andy Simmons



## Inside Larry King



Go ahead, my friend, enter my world, but please leave your friends outside to freeze and starve and suffer as we waltz through the banquet I call life. ...Darn it, but I *still* like Dan Jansen to take the gold in Calgary. ...Backstage poop at the Grammys: Irish guilt-rockers U2 to release double album of their own personal confessions to Father Dingus Shanley. ...Stick a fork in funnyman JM J. Bullock's midsection and don't say I didn't tell you he's crispy on the outside, tender 'n' juicy on the inside. ...Color me patriotic, but there's something special about the way Debi Thomas takes a spill. ...And am I the only one who sees spots after walking up a staircase? ...Who are you and who told you you could wear my hunting cap with the earflaps? ...Is there anything more tempting than the skin that hangs like a limp parachute under Ed McMahon's chin? ...Sure, the Russkies win all the gold at the Olympics—if they don't, they lose their apartments and are forced to work in collective puppet factories. ...How would you like to see Dick Button pinned underneath the wheels of a Lincoln Town Car? That makes two of us. ...Did I kill the kids in the new Jordache ads with a dull butter knife last night? Oh, you did? ...You'd better have ample portions of burnt bacon and fifty or sixty canisters of yogurt if you're expecting the spirit of Elvis to make a midnight visit. ...How to make a romantic evening that much lovelier: drape the walls with pictures of Mel Torme and country-music legend Porter Wagoner. ...Is it a sign of the times that men can no longer walk the streets wearing a three-inch coating of baked beans? ...And how about more of those insensitive camera angles that show the hands of loudmouth emeritus Howard Cosell shaking like a virgin with his first bra snap. ...Plans afoot to authorize a postage stamp honoring comic genius Gallagher. ...*Dirty Dancing* hunk Patrick Swayze recently hung from the ceiling with large gaffing hooks in his nose. ...Don't look now, but Dom DeLuise is lying naked in your bed. ...Is there a better sound in the world than the yelp of a *Star Search* male vocalist contestant as he falls off a tower and lands on a bed of jagged glass? ...Boner parade: Picture Katarina Witt and Wilford Brimley soul-kissing while a pack of wild dogs patiently wait for the campfire to burn out. ...Same to you, bub. ...Nothing beats the thrill of waiting for Milton Berle to have a heart attack. ...Hand me those reinforced bicep crutches, please. ...Remember, my friends, Utopia is only a stone's throw away; I'll meet you under the limbo pole of Valhalla in a magical land where there are no clocks, no fears, and best of all, no shortage of dwarfs and foreigners to send down into the coal mine to work eighteen-hour days for twelve cents an hour while we relax up at the big house and count the profits. ...I'm Larry King, and I'll be back next time with a grab bag of crimes committed by scoutmasters.

—N.B.

# LINDA RONSTADT:



AP/Wide World

## “The Well Has Run Dry”

Linda Ronstadt, the pug-faced pie wagon of pop, is having a difficult time enjoying the success of her latest album, *Canciones de mi padre*.

The surprising sales of the all-Spanish-language album, which, loosely translated, means “Large beads stuffed up my father’s nose,” is just the latest chapter in Ronstadt’s million-dollar musical formula.

This formula involves her own special technique of taking an established, rich musical form (country schmaltz, the Smokey Robinson songbook, the Roy Orbison songbook, the Buddy Holly songbook, and, lately, Nelson Riddle’s torch-song arrangements) and then re-creating the exact arrangement of the original hits, over which she lays down the blandest possible vocal performance to reach the largest, blandest possible audience with middle-of-the-road dilettante tastes.

Having plundered every musical style, Ronstadt admits the pickings are getting slim.

“I was sure this album would bomb,” warbled the parasite of the pipes. “I mean, look, I’ve raped everything, even opera and Broadway. I thought, Christ, what’s left? So I took a tip from Paul Simon and explored the music of other cultures. You know what the best part is? I don’t even know what the words mean!”

Future plans include a polka-album collaboration with the Wardinski Brothers of Buffalo, popular German marches under the baton of Duke Rolfe Guttural-zound, and brothel favorites of Thailand, a team effort with Sergeant Barry Sadler.

—N.B.

# HORRORSCOPE

★ ★ L ★ E ★ O ★ (7/23-8/23) ★ ★



John Duke Ketch © 1987

**FAMOUS LEOS:** Sam "Momo" Giancana, Dusty Fletcher, Lavrenty Beria, Minute Mouse, Big Maybelle, Vampira, The Golden Terror, Officer Joe Bolton, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Julius Streicher, Joyce Randolph, Clarabell the Clown, Billie Boggs, Otto von Bismarck, William Quantrill, and Joe "The Boss" Masseria.

**Your Birthday:** On this special day, indulge yourself with one last spending spree with your credit cards—signs show they will be stolen and you will be held liable for all unauthorized charges....A very rewarding day at home—your daughter finally agrees to sleep with you; who says kids today are all bad?

**VIRGO (8/24-9/23):** Your financial difficulties will all clear up decisively this month—you will go completely bankrupt....On the health front, good and bad

news: your appendectomy is a success; however, you contract AIDS from a tainted transfusion during the surgery. Look forward to months of mental anguish, agonizing illness, and death, but don't let it get you down, sport!

**LIBRA (9/24-10/23):** Since Mars in Capricorn is brilliantly aspected by Venus, it appears certain that your wife will run off with her podiatrist....Your daughter develops a \$300-a-day crack habit and hocks your jewelry and golf clubs. Tennis, anyone?

**SCORPIO (10/24-11/22):** Adverse or challenging aspects are occasionally necessary, since from time to time we need to realize the value of certain emotional ties and attachments—keep this in mind when you discover that your son has taken out a contract on your life.

**SAGITTARIUS (11/23-12/21):** Signs indicate that you will secure a more prestigious, better-paying position this month; however, on your way to your first day on this job you will be pushed beneath the wheels of a subway train by a disgruntled wino. (Typical Sagittarian, too damn cheap to take a cab.) Good luck with the lawsuit, "Stumpy"!

**CAPRICORN (12/22-1/20):** The sun in Capricorn is at

odds with Neptune at this time, making for a most disorienting month. You discover that the man you've been married to for forty years was the commandant of a Nazi death camp in Poland during World War II and not, as he told you, a Hungarian florist. The old shiny ball says he's still a mighty mean old cuss, so forgive and forget if you know what's good for you; meanwhile, expect plenty of unpleasant mail, in the form of death threats, human feces, delayed-action explosives, etc. It's all just part of your new life as the wife of an internationally loathed inhuman monster. Learn to adjust, and keep smilin'!

**AQUARIUS (1/21-2/19):** It's summertime, but the livin' ain't gonna be too easy for you Aquarians. That long-awaited holiday in Yellowstone Park will be spoiled somewhat by two thoughtless grizzlies who will claw their way into your RV and devour your pet schnauzer. The family will luckily be absent at the time, off in the woods barfing up the tainted trout you hauled out of that funny-smelling stream. Better poisoned than mauled, I always say.

**PISCES (2/20-3/20):** Your fifteen-year-old daughter finally heeds your advice and lands herself a job this summer...as a surrogate mother for an infertile couple. ...Your front-row-center tickets to the Frank Sinatra concert are "appropriated" by two Mob gorillas; your face should look normal again by October.

**ARIES (3/21-4/20):** On a visit to New York you are cleaned out in a rigged shell game not half an hour after hitting town—another example of a cruel world taking advantage of the open and trusting Aries nature. (That's astrology talk for Aries = pinhead.)

**TAURUS (4/21-5/21):** Watch out, all you beach-loving bulls: signs indicate that you will be viciously attacked in the genital region by a school of Portuguese men-of-war while paddling around in the brine. Stick to the kiddie pool, or better yet, the nearest bar; who knows what those kiddies do down there in the shallow end!

**GEMINI (5/22-6/21):** There's scandal in sight this month: your kids will find that collection of porno tapes you and Mommy thought were well-hidden behind your night table. The little darlings will soon be peddling them all around town to the highest bidders; aren't they the clever darlings?

**CANCER (6/22-7/22):** Those long-awaited killer bees from down Brazil way will finally arrive in the good old U.S. of A. this month, and some lucky Cancer out there will have the honor of being the first American to be viciously stung to death by an enraged swarm. The mighty, all-seeing orb seems to indicate they will strike somewhere in East L.A., so listen for that buzzing, amigos. These buggers are *muy peligroso!*

—T.K.

## New Sports League Announced

The formation of the Major Indoor Kill the Man with the Ball League was recently announced at a press conference in New York City.

"We think we've found a sport that the average fan grew up with, understands, and enjoys," beamed investor Donald Trump, founder of the new league. "But we'll be giving the fans more than just action for the money. For those who want it, there

will even be a chance to join in the game."

Trump, who lost millions speculating on the now-defunct USFL, sees no problem in profiting from his latest franchise, the New Jersey Death Squad. For a ticket price of ten dollars, fans can watch professionals attempting to maim each other to gain possession of the ball, and for fifteen dollars, fans can leap into the fray.

"That's the real kick. Everybody always watches TV and wonders if they can cut it—now they can find out."

The team will play in Trump's soon-to-be-constructed KillDome, located in the Meadowlands. The mammoth stadium will be unique in that it will have no playing area designated as such, with circular sloped walls occupying the space of both field and seats. "Sure, it'll be a little rough to get out if somebody gets hurt, but injuries are part of any game," says Trump.

—B.H.

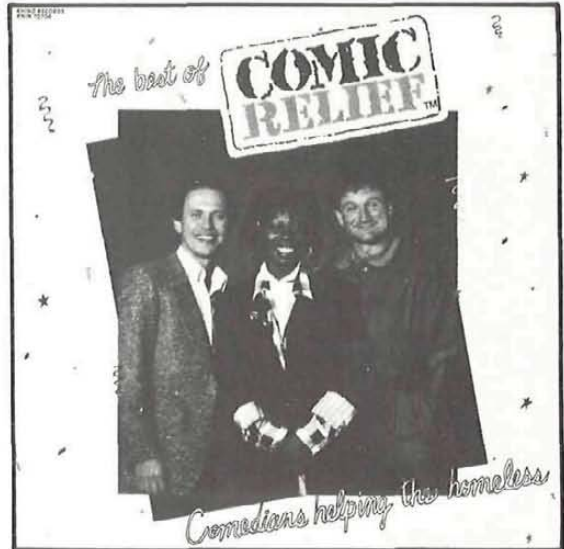
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# UNKNOWN MYSTERIES — OF THE — UNIVERSE

.....  
by Gerry Sussman

*The Lost City of Atlanta, the Brighton Beach Rectangle, the parting of Rudolph Valentino's hair, Shirley MacLaine, UFO's, the half-men, half-basketball players of the San Gabriel Mountains... are these and many more facts or fantasies?*

*Are they clever hoaxes? Aberrations of nature? Or is there something else going on out there that we don't know anything about, something that cannot be explained by conventional science?*

*How do you explain a turkey in Manchester, England, that made its own gravy while roasting? Or the sighting of "flying pancakes," real Aunt Jemima-style pancakes, over ten feet in diameter, flying along the Eastern seaboard? Or a man named John Bazarzsky who claims to have lived in a previous life as Napoleon Bonaparte?*

*There are no definitive answers—only questions. For the truth is that we are still in the early dawn of our investigations into otherworldly phenomena.*

*This article offers a few of the many incredible events, the "unknown mysteries," that are taking place right now. We do not take sides. We neither believe nor disbelieve. We present all the evidence and let you make up your own mind.*

## The Lost City of Atlanta

On November 6, 1919, in the city of Bucharest, Rumania, a group of people with interests in telepathy and mind links, called the Olfactory Society, was listening with rapt attention to a woman named Maria Karla Parvenescu describe her vision. Madame Parvenescu told them a story about a lost city that once existed in the southern part of the United States, and then burned to the ground and disappeared. And thus began one of the most astounding and controversial mysteries of our time, the story of the lost city of Atlanta.

The Olfactorists took their name from their belief in the ultimate power of the olfactory senses. They maintained that odors have been in the air since the dawn of time and have never really disappeared. These odors rise to a region high above the earth where they await the proper time to reemerge into our atmosphere. The Olfactorists called the odors "wavy lines." They believed that certain people could smell the wavy lines and receive messages from them about the nature of other places and times, of ancient cities and civilizations.

In order to receive these messages there

had to be a medium through which the olfactory senses were stimulated and the odors from above would be received. Madame Parvenscu had a large steam table on the stage, of the kind often used in cafeterias and restaurants. The steam table contained her "medium," a slab of a spiced and smoked meat called pastrami, a Rumanian-Jewish specialty. Madame Parvenscu removed the lid of the steam table and put her nose close to the pastrami, inhaling its spicy aroma, allowing the steam to surround her with an "aura," until her entire body seemed to be permeated with the intense smell and she was ready to receive the wavy-line messages from above.

Under the spell of the pastrami aura she described a city that once existed in the southern part of the United States called Atlanta. She went into great detail, painting a vivid picture of the highly civilized, affluent life of the landed gentry, who owned large farms called plantations and whose entire economy was based on Chinese slavery.

Madame Parvenscu could actually enter into the body and soul of a young woman of Atlanta named Sara Hoskins Randolph, a great beauty and prominent socialite. She actually "became" Sara, with the same odd Atlanta accent, an accent we still hear in certain parts of the United States.

Sara became engaged to a dashing young man named Booth Trentwick who raised horses. They were madly in love, but Trentwick was killed in a terrible war defending the city. At this point Madame Parvenscu's vision was blurred by great flames. She screamed aloud as if she were burning. It was the entire city of Atlanta that was burning, she screamed, a fire started by hordes of men in blue uniforms. Sara disappeared in that fire, as did many of the people of Atlanta.

The remarkable demonstration came to an abrupt end when Madame Parvenscu fainted and had to be pummeled with blankets to put out the "fire" she claimed was enveloping her body. She was examined and had to be treated for severe burns on her arms and legs. Even the pastrami was scorched!

In the next ten years, many clairvoyants were "seeing" the same lost city. In 1924 an Englishman named Trevor Pinckney could recite long passages from "books" that he read in his dreams, written by historians who described life in Atlanta in far greater detail than Madame Parvenscu. In 1927 Dorrie McBride, a chambermaid in Dublin, claimed to have seen pictures of Atlanta in a magazine.

Prominent psychic archaeologists such as J. F. Twill, Riya Digman, and Barney Lapp have located the site of the lost city of Atlanta without even leaving their homes in Toronto. Each had a map of the southern portion of the U.S. Each one drew a circle around the area where they thought Atlanta was located. Each drew the circle in the exact same area! By merely touching the location on the map, the psychics could read exactly where Atlanta was so that excavations could begin. Someday we will learn much more about this lost city.

## The Giants of the San Gabriel Mountains

In remote mountain areas, dense jungles, festering swamps, and the depths of the sea, we are always amazed to discover the possibility that there are many creatures living in these virtually inaccessible areas that could be survivors of an ancient age!

The most dramatic discovery of recent times has been the sightings of giant ape-like creatures living in the San Gabriel Mountains of California, northeast of Pasadena. In the words of Steve Zembo, a backpacker and mountain climber who claims to have seen them, "they average about eight to nine feet tall, with hairy bodies, long arms and legs and oversize hands and feet, with faces that look like the cavemen I used to see in the movies."

But what makes these creatures even more fascinating is their principal activity. They do virtually nothing but play basketball!

Other hikers and mountaineers have confirmed Zembo's observations. "They're really half-man, half-basketball player," says Bruce Padukis of San Diego, a veteran mountain climber who has not only seen them but played with them. "The baskets are proportionately higher, but the rest of their game is about the same as ours. The eight-footers are the guards, the taller guys are forwards and centers. They play a very aggressive game, very physical. When they get mad they bite and scratch or slam their heads into each other.

"They're still a little weak on defense and their transition game needs more work. They like to fast-break and shoot a lot. What they lack in finesse they make up for in sheer strength. They remind me of Moses Malone when he first started, right out of high school. I'd say they are two or three years away from pro ball, but they have the potential to be superstars and dominate the game."

When the news of these creatures first leaked, the pro basketball scouts and agents flocked to the mountains to find them. "I would have signed them up on the spot and taken them to my barber," says Gary Spittsbard, an agent for some of the top stars, "but they were nowhere to be found. I hung around for three days waiting for them to show up. I didn't see a thing except a lot of black birds flying around and a dead rabbit."

From descriptions offered by the mountaineers, the creatures could be descendants of the "missing link," a primitive human who was supposed to have represented the evolutionary stage between ape and man. The questions are: How did they migrate to the San Gabriel Mountains? And do they have any women in their group?

Professor I. A. Kashruth of Stanford, a leading authority on the migrations of ancient peoples, is certain that the giants are a North American version of the Abominable Snowman. But so far there is no conclusive evidence of where they come from. "They just seem to have materialized from nowhere," says Barry Lefgow, a cultural anthropologist at USC. "As far as I'm concerned, they could have come

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## Unknown Mysteries

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from a marriage between Grace Jones and Wilt Chamberlain."

Then how do we explain all that hair on their bodies? If Grace Jones did mate with Wilt Chamberlain, could there have been a genetic "regression" that accounts for the hair and the more primitive features of the Mountain People?

And so the mystery of the San Gabriel Mountain People remains unsolved and the players remain unsigned. The last published report was a rumor that they might play in Italy, where there is a more relaxed attitude toward the game and guaranteed jobs awaiting them when they retire.

## The Abduction of Leona Brent: A UFO Story

*(The events described below actually occurred and have been documented. The names have been partially changed to protect the safety of the victim.)*

Leona Brent (half her real name) is a thirty-five-year-old woman who works in a Caldor department store in the Sunny Acres Shopping Mall in a suburb of Omaha, Nebraska. She attended Omaha Junior College for two years, where she studied nursing and computer programming.

Leona has had several serious relationships with men and a fairly active social life, but has never found that one man to marry. She is plain-looking, but manages to keep a trim figure. Her most attractive feature is her large, beautifully shaped breasts.

On Friday, February 17, 1984, Leona Brent was working overtime at Caldor. The assistant manager of the lingerie department, she was doing an inventory check and did not finish until 10:30 in the evening.

It was an unusually warm night for February in Omaha. Leona felt hot and flushed, as if she were in a steam bath. When she got into her car at the parking lot she put on the air conditioner, but it wasn't working.

At the time she dismissed the malfunctioning air conditioner and the strange weather as temporary aberrations and headed for her home, where she lived alone. She rolled down her windows for more ventilation and detected a dank, mildewy smell in the air, like an overheated indoor swimming pool at the YMCA. It grew more intense, and now she was getting an overpowering smell of chlorine and sweat. (Later, she would remember this smell from her childhood. When she was only two, her father would take her to the "Y" for swimming lessons and she would change in the men's locker room, where this same smell offended her tiny nostrils.)

### Leona Brent's Story

Suddenly my car began losing speed,

even with my foot pressed hard on the gas pedal. And then it was moving on its own power, off the highway, finding its way to a clearing in a wooded area. No matter how hard I tried to turn the wheel, the car wouldn't stay on the road. In the clearing I saw a gigantic vehicle that looked like a Nash Metropolitan, a car my father once owned over thirty years ago. It glowed in the dark with a greenish-yellow light and made putt-putt noises like an old lawn mower.

I wanted desperately to get away. I wanted to scream for help, but every time I opened my mouth an invisible hand clamped it shut.

And then I was being led to this vehicle as if my hand were tied to a rope and someone was pulling me. I looked at my hand. There was a thin silver rope tied to it and someone was pulling me.

The vehicle was much bigger than it looked from the outside. It had a sliding door that opened into a room with rounded walls and ceilings. It was warm and steamy and had a very strong smell of chlorine. The same smell I had noticed before. That was probably because there was a big swimming pool in the center of the room. There were deck chairs and tables near the pool, and there was even a bar. It looked like a country club, only steamier. The water had a strange look, like lime Jell-O.

The silver rope led me to a deck chair and then it changed into a beam of light which then changed into a person, or something like a person, from outer space. He was short, about four and a half feet tall. He had a very large head with no ears or nose and a little slit for a mouth. His eyes were round and big, about six or eight inches in diameter, I think. He was wearing a rubber bathing cap and a long swimsuit like the ones they used to wear in the 1890s. He had a very thin body and one other feature I'll never forget—four arms, with seven fingers on each hand. The two arms separated at the elbow, like branches of a tree.

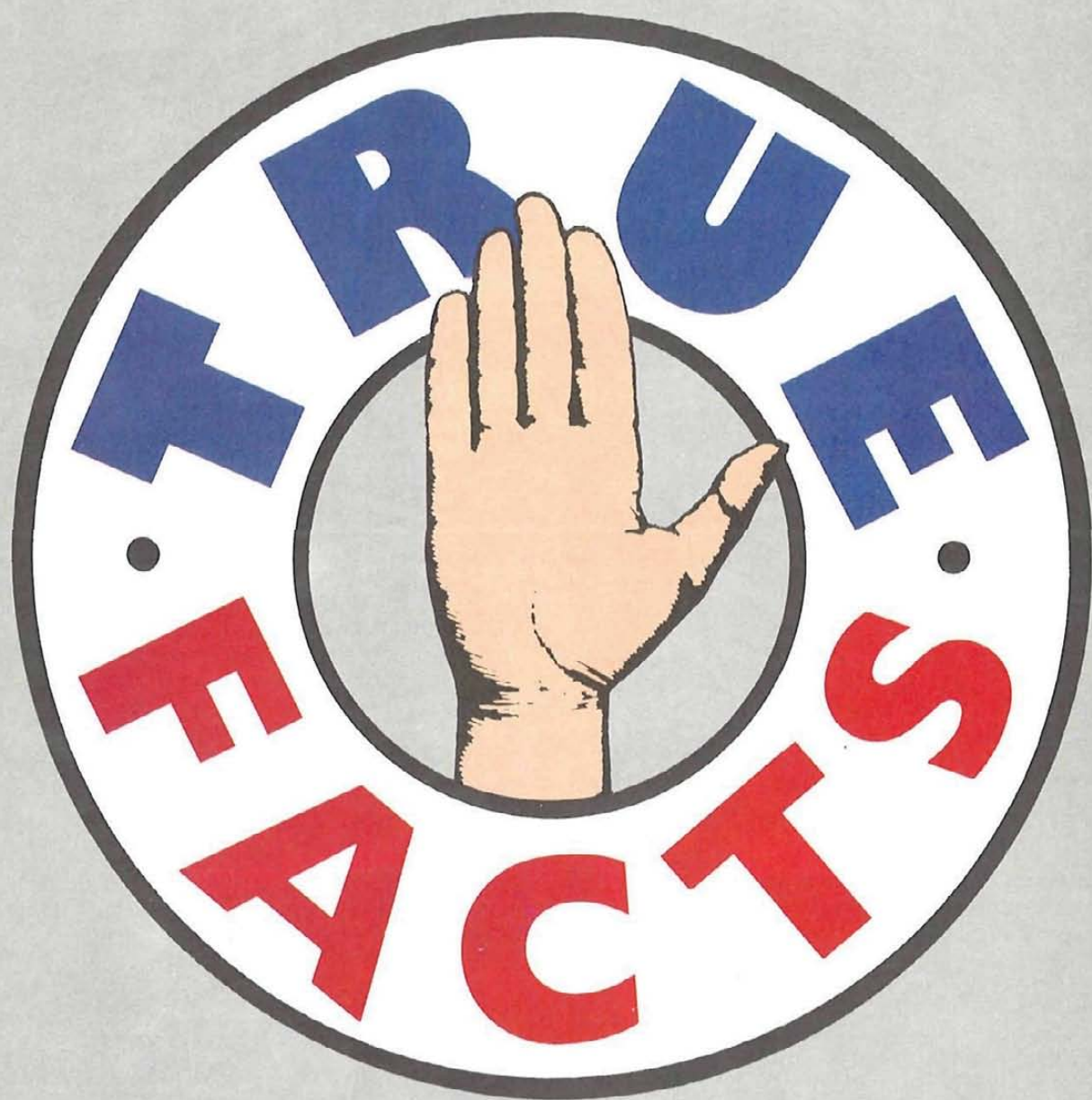
I should have been totally terrified, but I wasn't. I wasn't sure why. Maybe I was already under a spell, because the next thing I knew he was offering me a drink, a pale silvery liquid that looked like vodka but tasted delicious, sort of a citrus and melon flavor. And it made me feel good, like your first drink of the "happy hour."

We sat at the edge of the pool and talked, as if we had met at a singles bar or a party. He could speak English very well except for a speech impediment where his "s" had that squishy sound. He assured me that he was not going to frighten me or perform any weird medical experiments on me, no long needles in my navel or brainwashing, which is what other UFO abductees claim. He didn't want me to feel as if I'd been kidnapped. And I didn't.

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# TRUE FACTS '88



John Bendel, Editor  
Peggy Bendel, Contributing Editor

## Little Crimes

**Thieves** in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, stole a three-foot ceramic statue of baby Jesus from the Nativity scene set up in Monument Park by the Rotary Club. A note left at the scene demanded five cases of Budweiser for the figure's safe return. According to Police Sergeant George Pelletier, "I'm not too impressed with the people who did this." The theft is the second in as many years. *Boston Globe* (contributed by David R. Selden)

**Police** in Dortmund, Germany, arrested a twenty-four-year-old man suspected of robbing babies. When caught, the suspect was carrying a plastic bag containing 757 pacifiers, two feeding bottles, and a number of teething rings. *Houston Post* (contributed by Lish Roop)

**In** Glen Campbell, Pennsylvania, state police were called when four people entered the home of Blaine D. Bartlebaugh, poured water on him, then sprinkled him with talcum powder. *Indiana (Pennsylvania) Gazette* (contributed by R. C. Hamilton)

**A** White Plains, New York, youth was charged with indecent exposure after he allegedly dropped his pants and exposed himself to a person dressed as Gumby. *Gannett Reporter Dispatcher* (contributed by Jeff Reed)

**Timothy** Edmund Kegley of Roanoke, Virginia, was charged with counterfeiting after businessmen tipped off police. Kegley tried to pass one-dollar bills with hundred-dollar denominations taped or glued to them. Police said the denominations may have been cut from bona fide hundred-dollar bills. *Roanoke Times & World-News* (contributed by Jerry Warner)

**Officials** at the Super 8 Motel in Litchfield, Illinois, reported that thirty-two peepholes had been stolen from the doors. *Litchfield News-Herald* (contributed by Lynn Nowell)

**An** Ohio State University student reported to Columbus police that a man entered her apartment and threw beer cans at her. Campus security guards found the man leaving by the building's sole exit. *Ohio State Lantern* (contributed by Cathy J. Kessler)

**A** burglar broke into an Alton, Illinois, home, baked a cherry pie, ate a slice, and left. According to police, the intruder left the uneaten portion of the pie in the refrigerator. *Alton Telegraph* (contributed by Christian White)

**A** woman in Pinole, California, complained to police that a man wearing an "Inspector" badge approached her as she was leaving a grocery store and informed her that her purple pants had religious significance. *Contra Costa Sun* (contributed by Art McCain)

**A** student at Northwestern University was found jumping up and down on the roof of a parked car by an officer on patrol. The young man said it was okay for him to damage the car because it was rented. *Northwestern News* (contributed by Scott Silver)

The following reports were filed

by police in Bellingham, Washington:

Doris E. McBride was cited for shoplifting after she ate about a pound of mushrooms in a store without paying.

An unidentified man was stopped by officers in the downtown area because he was kicking car tires and drinking from mud puddles. The man maintained he was "having a bad day." *Bellingham Herald* (contributed by Jacki Dalton)

The following reports were filed by police in San Antonio, Texas:

A twenty-two-year-old man asked a fifteen-year-old boy where his brother was, but the youth didn't know. The man shot and killed the boy's dog.

A waiter received a facial cut requiring several stitches when the chef threw a spoon at him. The chef said the waiter did not put enough guacamole on a plate. (San Antonio) *Express-News* (contributed by Jon H. Thompson)

A man in Pitman, New Jersey, took four cans of whipped cream from the refrigerator of a 7-Eleven store, sprayed the contents into his mouth, and left the store. *Gloucester County Review Enterprise* (contributed by Christine Lorge)



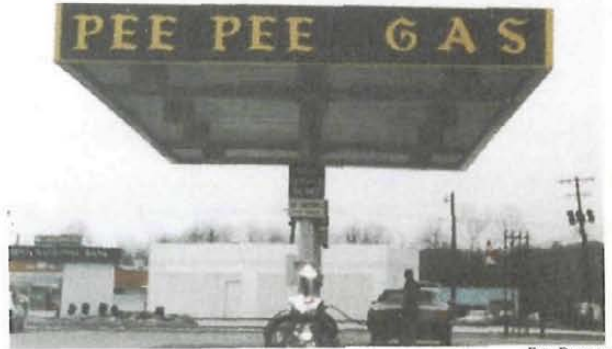
TRUE 28 FACTS

G. Kubrick

# Name That Gas



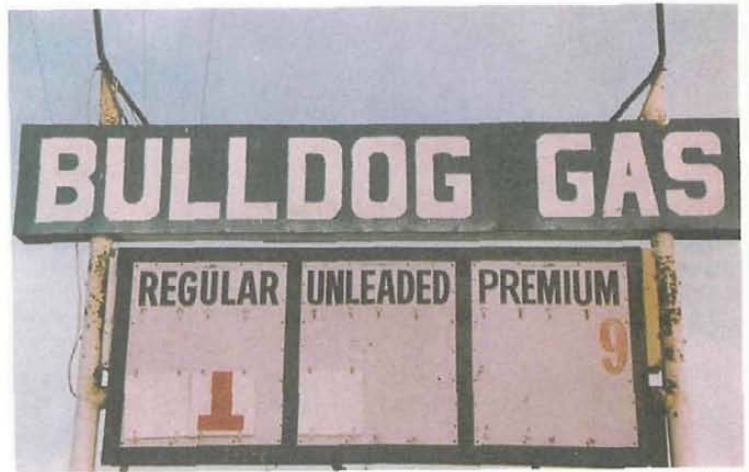
Julian Corley



Eric Romero



Steven Mannhardt



Robert Clocker



Robert C. FitzSimons

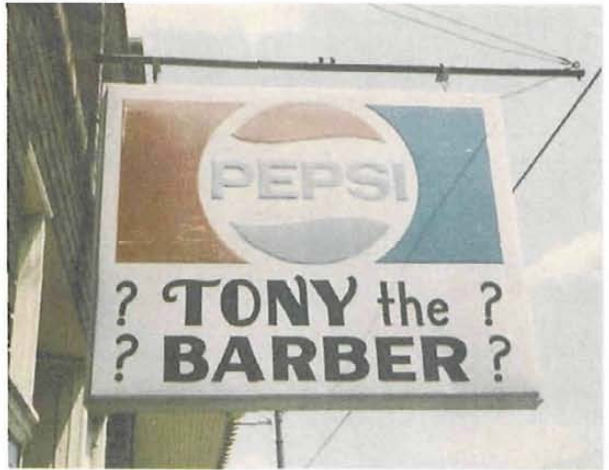


G. Thompson

# Any Questions?



Lee Junker



Dan Dell



Gary Chisholm



Stanley Cooper



Charles Peck



Harry D. Miller

# The Tube Report

In Chicago, Bernard Hayes shot and killed his friend Sammy Diggs during an argument. The dispute erupted after the television set they were watching began to roll vertically. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Thomas Corrigan)

**(64) MOVIE—Thriller (R); 90 min.**  
 "The Disembodied." (1957) The wife of a jungle doctor uses murderous voodoo to take extraneous characters out of the plot. Allison Hayes, Paul Burke. Metz: John E. Weingraf.

TV Guide  
 contributed by J. Meszaros

Twenty-six-year-old Mario Miraglia, a bricklayer in Naples, Italy, murdered his four-year-old niece because she kept switching channels while he was trying to watch soccer on television. "I couldn't stand her anymore," said Miraglia. "She never let me watch television in peace." *Reading* (Pennsylvania) *Times* (contributed by Bill Katinowsky)

Officials in India have "banned winking by female models in commercials as part of a campaign to improve the country's morals."

According to a spokesman for Doordarshan, the state-run television network, "All sorts of hidden meanings come up with winking when the model advertises, say, lipstick." *Korea Times* (contributed by Bernard Fleig)

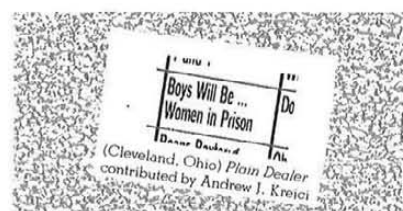


**11:30 (8) TOP O' THE DAY; 60 min.**  
 Segments on short-men's problems; cucumber preparation.

TV Guide  
 contributed by Miles Mead



According to the *Los Angeles Times*, at 1:00 A.M. on a November morning last year, Channel 6 ran a 1979 movie called *Of Sharks and Men*, while at the same time Cinemax ran a 1986 film called *Eat and Run*. (contributed by Stephen Koslof)



In Riverdale, Illinois, forty-eight-year-old Michael S. Allen was arrested after he shot and killed his eighty-eight-year-old mother because she insisted on watching *The Cosby Show*. *Buffalo* (New York) *News* (contributed by David E. Levine)

**2.10 Movie: Strange Bedfellows (1965) (Rpt)**  
 Stars Rock Hudson and Gina Lollobrigida. Strange bedfellows indeed  
 Weekend Australian  
 contributed by Michel Kino

From the *Los Angeles Times*:  
 "In Richmond, California, one man died and another was injured during a brawl that broke out while a family watched a *60 Minutes* report on police brutality in Richmond, California." (contributed by Kirk Alan Clyne)

# Lines from the Slushpile

What follows is the latest collection of excerpts culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of fiction who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous.

Velma left her husband's lifeless body staring at the basketball game on television, which continued, oblivious of his death.

"Simone, ma chérie," Jacques exclaimed, "I have the best of news!"

"Tell me then already," Simone replied boredly.

Even with the heater turned on full, my breath came out in faint cotton balls.

"Don't worry, dear," the note said, "the people who are holding me aren't hurting me too badly."

"You've got to understand I'm underhanded at the office," Brendan told his angry wife for the umpteenth time.

Not only her ears were used, her nose was working too. Was her husband smoking again?

Brendan likes to do things with a flare.

How to define infidelity? Katherine mulled over this as she sliced the roast beef.

On the wall over my desk was a poster of Dick Powell as Philip Marlowe in *Murder, My Sweet*—the classic private eye. It gave me something to shoot for.

Helen was intrigued with Peter. He had the same pale elegance as the Prince of Whales.

Sheila hesitated, feeling the sunlight tangle her hair. "Some of us are not meant for the light," she said. "Could you put the top up?" Tina sighed. Sheila could be unbearably philosophical when she was hurt.

While the American drank his coffee, his wife pumped the foreigner.

The sergeant smiled wearily or warily depending on how you spell it.

In his late middle age, Floyd had found this young, beautiful woman and had poured all his pent-up love on her.

The diamond necklace almost buried in the thick folds of her neck screamed, "M-O-N-E-Y!"

My heart was pounding in my throat like a flat tire spinning on a wheel—an obvious attempt to warn those around me of the danger.

The high, wide, black satin car pulled in at the curb.

The bartender smiled compassionately at Lonnie. "Don't feel bad about being a salesman," he said. "Everybody sells something. I sell liquid happiness."

France was exciting and so they were excited.

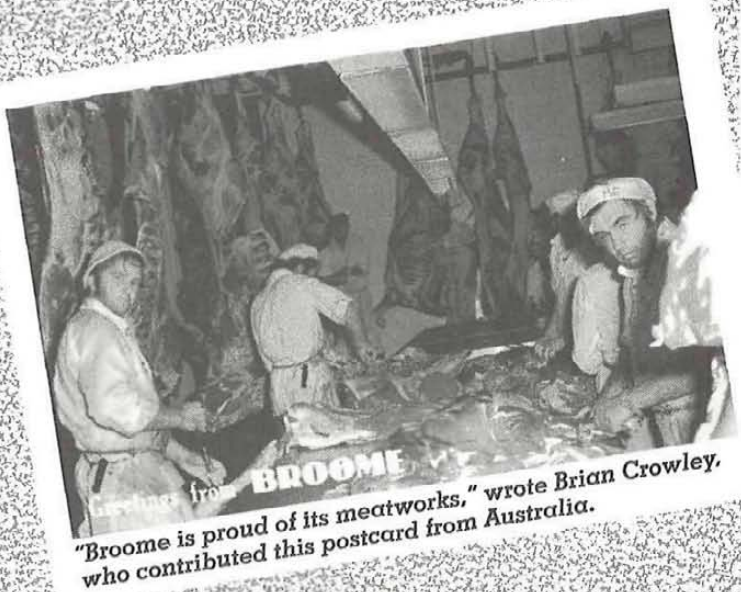
His head ached. Few things were as stressful as planning the murder of a spouse.

She was a small woman with traces of red hair given to silence.

Val was an expiring writer, confident on showing the world he could be a success.

Love is like swallowing a shard of glass—the pain moves through you constantly, a reminder that you are not empty.

## Wish You Were Here



"Broome is proud of its meatworks," wrote Brian Crowley, who contributed this postcard from Australia.



# Licentious Plates



E. Harry Mellinger



Dirty Ernie



Mike Dolobach



T. Feist



Brian Crites



Robert Craig

# True Miscellany Part I

A representative of the Fallon McElligott advertising agency of Minneapolis illustrated a university lecture with an ad showing three women and the headline "Bitch. Bitch. Bitch." In a letter to the agency, Dr. Neala Schleuning, director of women's studies at the school, complained about the "negative stereotypes" of women in the presentation. In response, an agency manager thanked her sarcastically and enclosed a picture of a naked African youth pressing his mouth against a cow's hindquarters. He suggested the feminist might want to visit Africa and "put an end to this horrible practice."

Dr. Schleuning complained about the manager's response to the heads of the agency, Patrick Fallon and Thomas McElligott. Their reply was an offer to pay her expenses for a one-way trip to Africa, and they shipped a pith helmet and a mosquito net to her office.

Fallon McElligott lost a ten-million-dollar account, U S West, Inc., as a result of the incident. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

When a neighbor of a seventy-year-old man called police to report that the man was apparently dead because he failed to respond to repeated knocking at the door, police found the man in fine health. The man told officers he was ignoring the neighbor on purpose. "I have a cold six-pack in the refrigerator," he explained, "and he knows it." *Syracuse New Times* (contributed by Ron Breeding)

The following excerpts are from an entry which appears in the freelance writers' directory *Writer's Market '88*:

"*Foreskin Quarterly*, Desmondus Inc., Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 864-3456. Editor: Bud Berkeley. 90% freelance written. Quarterly magazine covering circumcision. Most writers are anti-circumcision but both sides are so-

licit and pro-circumcision writers are also invited to submit.' Circ. 15,000....

"Nonfiction: Book excerpts, essays, exposé, historical/nostalgic, how-to, humor, interview/profile, new product, opinion, personal experience, photo feature, technical, and travel....

"Fiction: Adventure, confession, erotica, ethnic, fantasy, historical, humorous, religious, science fiction, and suspense. Must have foreskin/circumcision slant....

"Tips: 'Writers must have genuine interest in subject.'" (contributed by Michael Babin)

A test message written by a team of employees working on a computer program for the Wells Fargo Bank of Modesto, California, was not erased and inadvertently appeared on seven thousand monthly statements sent to customers. The message read: "You owe your soul to the company store. Why not owe your home to Wells Fargo? An equity advantage account can help you spend what would have been your children's inheritance." *Sacramento Bee* (contributed by Bill Allayaud)

**Jordache**, the designer-jeans manufacturer, lost its lawsuit against an Albuquerque, New Mexico, company which sells designer jeans for hefty women under the label Lardashe. According to *Insight* magazine, "The Denver-based Tenth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals rejected Jordache's argument that the Lardashe name was an attempt to confuse the public."

Lardashe jeans are made by Oink, Inc., which considered a number of names before deciding on Lardashe in 1984. Among the other names were Vidal Sowsoon, Calvin Swine, and Seambusters. (contributed by Lonnie Berg)

Sandra Smith, a resident of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, filed suit in Common Pleas Court for injuries sustained when a portable toilet she was using in a local park toppled. According to Smith, she suffered a broken left arm and injuries to her back, neck, and spine. Also, the blue dye in the toilet bowl caused temporary disfigurement when it washed over her entire body. *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (contributed by Tom Spartis)

## Headline of the Year

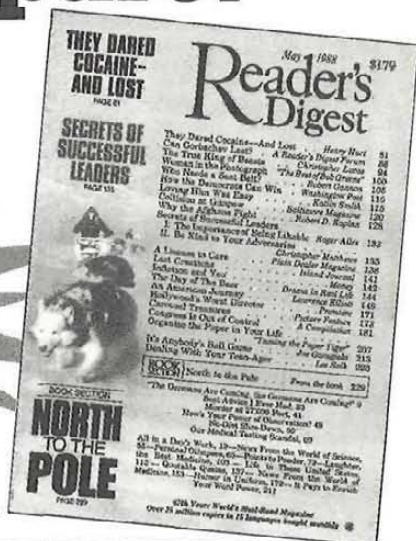
**Jessica Hahn pooped  
after giving testimony**

(Louisville, Kentucky) *Courier Journal*  
contributed by Neil & Nancy Langford

# Only the National Lampoon Dares to Compare!



We submitted the *National Lampoon* to an independent testing institute to see how well we stack up against our leading competitor. Here are the results:



## NATIONAL LAMPOON OUR LEADING COMPETITOR

Big Boofs	YES	NO
Madcap Antics	YES	NO
Articles on the Heartbreak of Psoriasis	NO	YES
Savage Satire	YES	NO
Funny Comix	YES	NO
Articles Entitled "I Am Joe's Liver"	NO	YES
Snappy Patter	YES	NO
Exactly 6 Issues a Year	YES	NO
<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>6 YES</b>	<b>2 YES</b>

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# There's No Biz like Show Biz

Two robbers entered Michael Howard Studios in Manhattan, a training center for professional actors, and held up twenty-eight people at gunpoint during their acting classes. Students who heard screams during the robbery disregarded them as just "someone acting." *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

From the *World Press Review*:


"Madrid's famous Las Ventas bullring exploded in hoots in July when matador Curro Romero refused to kill a bull. 'His cowardice,' writes Tim McGirk in *The Independent*, 'so enraged an aficionado that he climbed into the ring waving...his ticket...and felled Romero with a punch.' A report in *El Pais* says that the spectator, who received an ovation, claimed to have been a fan of Romero 'but felt swindled and wanted a refund.' Romero was arrested and is being sued for breach of contract." (contributed by Clark W. Duffe)

From the *Orlando Sentinel*:

"St. Clair [Illinois] County authorities are seeking a fire-eating midget cowboy and his toothless brother for questioning in the theft of a carnival sideshow. Operator James Dill, forty-eight, said someone stole the tents, stages, and bullhorn last week. Dill said his show featured a thirty-two-inch-tall man from Houston and his normal-sized brother, the master of ceremonies for 'The World's Smallest Cowboy' act. The midget cowboy's act consisted of eating fire, walking on glass, and making a dove disappear." (contributed by David Tisdell)

From the *Las Vegas Sun*:

"An Austrian circus dwarf died recently when he bounced sideways from a trampoline and was swallowed by a hippopotamus. Seven thousand people watched as little Franz Dasch popped into the mouth of Hilda the Hippo and the animal's gag reflex forced it to swallow. The crowd applauded wildly before other circus



Malcolm "King Kong" Kirk

Shirley "Big Daddy" Crabtree

## Opponent fatally crushes wrestler

GREAT YARMOUTH, England (AP) — A wrestler known as "King Kong" Kirk was crushed and killed in the ring when his 336-pound opponent, television star "Big Daddy" Crabtree, threw his full weight on him in a "splashdown" maneuver.

Emergency medical workers tried to revive the 350-pound Kirk at the Hippodrome Circus in Great Yarmouth after the accident on Sunday, but he was dead on arrival at James Paget Hospital in Gorleston.

Police later identified the dead man as Malcolm Kirk, of Featherstone.

Les Rose, the Hippodrome's manager, said Big Daddy, whose real name is Shirley, did the "splashdown," a specialty of his, 15 minutes into the match.

Great Yarmouth police issued a statement on Monday saying: "Big Daddy and King Kong Kirk were in the ring wrestling, and, during the bout, King Kong Kirk was held to the floor by Big Daddy for the statutory count of three. Big Daddy got to his feet, but after a few moments, it was realized that King Kong Kirk was not moving."

Big Daddy watched, horrified, in the ring as attempts were made to revive his opponent, reported the domestic news agency Press Association.

It took eight men to lift Kirk's stretcher into the ambulance, Rose said.

The police said they were investigating the incident.

Big Daddy's next scheduled match on Sept. 6 will go ahead as planned, Rose said.

From *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Scott M. Davis).

people realized what happened." (contributed by Deborah Kistler)

Disc jockey Kurt Andrews of radio station WXZE in Sylvester, Georgia, reacted badly to the news that the station's format would change from rock 'n' roll to country music the next day. Andrews locked himself in the studio at 7:45 A.M. on a Thursday and played Bob Seger's "That Old-Time Rock 'n' Roll" more than 125 times in succession before emerging at 2:00 P.M. to use the bathroom. WXZE executive Bryan O'Bryan said that Andrews could not be fired because of his contract, but that he "might shoot him."

The first record Andrews played on Friday morning was "Take This

Job and Show It." *Orlando (Florida) Sentinel* (contributed by Herm Albright)

And, in Belleville, Illinois, an announcer named Angela Gabriel locked herself in the studios of radio station WMRY and played music by the Rolling Stones for two and a half hours until a "power drill was used to open the studio door with a commotion audible to listeners." Gabriel had been ordered to play the Rolling Stones instead of her choice, the Grateful Dead or Todd Rundgren, and after the incident reportedly told station manager Brian Krueger: "You want the Rolling Stones, you got the Rolling Stones." *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* (contributed by Duane Thelin)

# Light My Fire



Thomas Powell



Mike Williamson



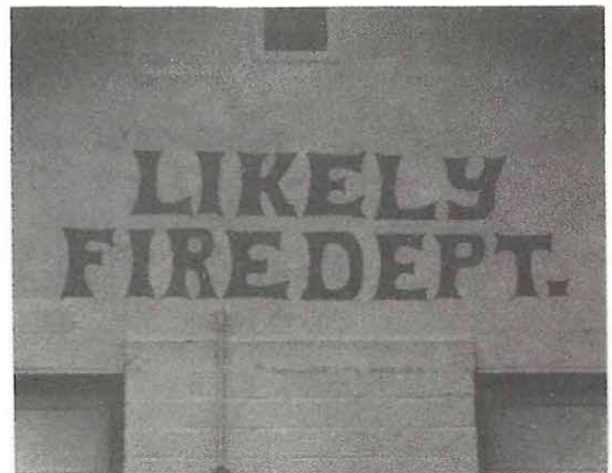
J. E. Mahoney III



Cauble/Garcia



Vallerie Holl



L. P. Figone

# Modern Religion

**Christian** fundamentalists in Michigan who claim their schools are superior to the public ones issued a press release containing seventeen mistakes in grammar, punctuation, and spelling. A misspelling of the word "Christian" was among the errors in the two-paragraph document.

Tom Greene, a former Detroit television reporter, wrote the release for the Michigan Association of Christian Schools. He said he forgot to proofread it. "Look, I'm a broadcaster, and we don't have to know how to spell," he said. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by John R. Gerber)

When Franco Brun, a detainee at the Metro East Detention Center, had trouble breathing, doctors at nearby Scarborough General Hospital discovered the source of his respiratory problems: a small red Bible lodged in his throat. Doctors unsuccessfully attempted to remove the blockage using a cocker, a medical tool resembling pliers. "When I grabbed on it and pulled, I just kept peeling off pages," an anesthetist said.

Other attempts at removing the Bible, including a tracheotomy, failed. Brun died of respiratory arrest. The coroner presiding at the inquest later reported that Brun felt the devil was in him and causing him to commit sins. (Toronto) *Globe and Mail* (contributed by Stephen J. Weir)

When a sex scandal and financial irregularities forced evangelist Jim Bakker to resign, he had to abandon plans for his most ambitious project, a billion-dollar amusement park at the Heritage USA complex in South Carolina. Still in the blueprint stage when Bakker relinquished his empire were carnival rides such as "Daniel in the Lions' Den" and "The Shipwreck of the Apostle Paul." However, visitors to the attraction will find several projects completed before the television minister was ousted, including Der Bakker's Bakkerie; a pizza parlor featuring the "pastor's special," a pizza with nine toppings; and a boutique peddling

## Szoka plans drive for priests to climax during pope's visit

*Detroit Free Press*  
contributed by Tim Hamlin

Tammy Bakker cosmetics. (El Paso, Texas) *Times* (contributed by Richard Brandt)

KICU Channel 36 filed a complaint in Santa Clara County Superior Court against Jim and Tammy Bakker, seeking more than \$140,000 for airtime and contract obligations. Craig Seiden, an attorney for the station, did not consider this action unusual. "TV ministers often don't pay their bills," he said. "I've sued Jerry Falwell twice." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by John E. Fagan)

The Episcopal bishop of central Florida sued the U.S. government for \$200,000 because he could no longer genuflect. Bishop William H. Folwell claimed he damaged his knee on tennis courts at the Naval Training Center in Orlando, Florida, leaving him permanently unable to perform the act of reverence. Folwell sustained his injury when he slipped on algae growing in the playing area. The decision to sue the government "took a lot of thought, prayers, and consultation," according to the bishop.

Attorneys for the government filed a counter suit, seeking \$5,200 from Folwell for "unlawful use, enjoyment, and wear and tear on the courts." For five years, stated the counter suit, Folwell scheduled tennis matches early in the morning to avoid detection by security and athletic staff. *Lawton Constitution* (contributed by John Eawin)

Juanita and Ronald Embree sued healer Arnold Staten for one million dollars. The suit claimed that Staten

broke Mrs. Embree's hip during a healing session at Highland Park Church in Tennessee.

According to the Embrees, Staten offered to "knock out" Louise Gillwater's stomach problem by punching the disease demons out of her. He slugged the woman, knocking her into Mrs. Embree. Both women fell, and Mrs. Embree's hip was broken in several places. She spent twenty days in the hospital and was readmitted twice for complications. (Memphis, Tennessee) *Commercial-Appeal* (contributed by John Puili)

According to Elias Freij, the Christian mayor of Bethlehem, the town has no money to combat the commercialism of the birthplace of Jesus and gets virtually nothing from fellow Christians around the world. Among the sights attracting tourists to this increasingly honky-tonk city are the Christmas Tree Cafe, All

**Attention Christian Hunters!**  
I am offering a special Bear Hunt to Christian Hunters. Come and share your faith in Christ with others on this special bear hunt. Devotions, prayers, and exciting Christian experiences are all part of this hunt.  
For details call 1-838-7169 or Write: Christian Hunt, P.O. BOX 37, CONIFER, CO 80433  
Denver Post  
contributed by Lee Weingrad

Kinds of Souvenirs Jewelry, and the St. George Restaurant.

In the Sixth Century Church of the Nativity, where a fourteen-point silver star marks the place of Jesus' birth, the sign requesting absolute silence is usually ignored. A few

years ago, Greek Orthodox monks and Armenian clergy beat each other with sticks and chairs as they fought over their rights to hold services in the church.

Six miles away in Jerusalem, pilgrims can rent a wooden cross on wheels to drag over the route which Christ walked. At the top of the path, a young Arab collects the cross and quickly returns it to the rental stand. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

**Children** in Jerusalem's ultra-Orthodox neighborhoods have turned to trading rabbi cards instead of baseball cards, since religious laws prohibit them from playing worldly games. The cards depict the bearded faces of favorite sages, and according to children in the city's Geula neighborhood, the value of a card rises upon the death of the man pictured.

"For a dead rabbi, you'd have to give me twenty photos of a living rebbe," explained one of the young participants. *Reuters* (contributed by Jay Leites)

In Sydney, Australia, Said Abdallah and his son Bassam were treated for injuries sustained when fighting broke out in the Syrian Orthodox

Church over who should pass the collection plate. The brawl involved several families wielding wooden clubs and knives, and had to be broken up by the police.

According to another son, Gus, "It was all an accident. Things like this usually don't happen at our church." *Canberra Times* (contributed by Doc Wright)

**Two** priests in San Leandro, California, attempting to analyze what was wrong with a tape machine that broadcasts chimes at St. Leander Catholic Church, inserted a recording of Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night." However, the priests forgot to shut off the loudspeakers in the bell tower during their test. Since the machine was working at that point, the singer's popular hit was heard clearly within a half-mile radius.

According to parish receptionist Anita Garcia, who was listening to a country-music station on the radio at the time, "I thought I was hearing things when I heard Sinatra's song." *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* (contributed by Eric C. Ford)

**Security** guards were called to quell a disturbance that broke out in a prayer room established by fundamentalists for the Canadian legislature when rival prayer groups entered the room. A group of Christians called Prayer Canada maintained that prayers could only be offered to "Our Lord, Jesus Christ" and that non-Christian groups, including Moslems, pagans, and Islamic Sufis, should be denied entry. The various groups spoke in tongues, sang hymns, and chanted mantras until officials ordered the prayer room closed. (Victoria) *Times Colonist* (contributed by S. Barr)

The following visions have been reported:

In Mount Shasta, California, more than five thousand people have visited Diane Boettcher's home to see the image of an angel which first appeared on her television set during a news program on the harmonic con-

vergence.

In Fostoria, Ohio, residents were braced for an influx of visitors after reports that a fifteen-foot image of Jesus Christ and a child had appeared on the side of a soybean-oil storage tank every night for a week.

In Nashville, Tennessee, cars jammed a narrow road leading to a mobile-home park to see the shadow cast on Arlene Gardner's freezer

**LUNATIC PSYCHOPATH**  
Kevin "Maddog" Mudford  
SPEAKS AT:  
**CHRISTIAN CITY CHURCH**  
**LABOUR WEEKEND**  
Saturday 7pm  
Sunday 10am and 7pm  
**PLUS: 'PERFECT TIMING' - CHRISTIAN ROCK BAND**

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**VENUE: Maungawhau Schools Hall,**  
ELLERTON ROAD (off Mt Eden Rd)  
**PHONE PASTOR HAMISH DIVETT 501-057**  
(Auckland, New Zealand) *Central Leader*  
(contributed by Nick Cameron)

when neighbor Katherine Partin turned on her porch light. The image looked like a two-foot image of Jesus' face.

Officials in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, considered moving a newly installed streetlight that was reflecting off a bay window and casting an image of the Blessed Virgin in a grotto on another residence.

In Supino, Italy, crowds of pilgrims flocked to see an image of Jesus Christ produced by pollution deposits on a dirty windowpane. *New Haven Register* (contributed by Ivan Katz); *Cincinnati Enquirer* (contributed by Herm Albright); *Richmond News Leader* (contributed by John R. Collins); *Ithaca Journal* (contributed by Hal C. Pattee); (Montreal) *Gazette* (contributed by Mike Sauro)

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(Montreal) *Gazette*  
(contributed by William Kane)

# Leave It to the Press, Part I

## Revisionist Journalism

### CORRECTION

In the July 23 editions of the *Nashville Banner*, a story about alleged job discrimination by Metro incorrectly attributed statements to Mary White. The retracted statements should have been attributed to Mary Black. The *Banner* regrets the error.

*Nashville Banner*  
contributed by R. Patrick Parker

### CORRECTION

There was an error in the Dear Abby column that was published on Monday. In the fifth paragraph, the second sentence stated that Charlie's hicups were cured temporarily through the use of carbon monoxide. It should have read carbon dioxide.

*Trenton Times*  
contributed by Dan Emann

### Correction

#### Manic-depressives meet Wednesday

In yesterday's Health calendar, it was wrongly stated the Manic-Depressive Association of Metropolitan Toronto would meet at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday. The *Star* regrets the error.

*(Toronto) Sunday Star*  
contributed by David Richardson

### Correction

Due to an editing error, last week's "Loose Lips" column stated that heavy-drinking dolphins were dying from "psoriasis of the liver." This should have read, "cirrhosis of the liver."

*(Washington, D.C.) City Paper*  
contributed by Tom Nisonger

### corrections

A caption on the front page of Thursday's paper misidentified a room in the Department of Environmental Conservation laboratory in Juneau. The room in the photograph is the men's bathroom.

*Anchorage Daily News*  
contributed by Jack Niggemeyer

### Corrections

The following information was listed incorrectly or omitted from the Administrative section of the Packet Magazine's Community Guide:

The clerk of the Mercer County Freeholder Board is Jerlene H. Worthy of Ewing.

The Mercer County prosecutor is Paul T. Koenig Jr. of Hopewell Township.

The name of Mercer County Counsel Barry D. Szaferman was misspelled.

Mercer County's senior agent, Charles Holmes, resides in Hopewell Township.

The Mercer County treasurer is Steven Zelinski of Hamilton.

The Mercer County surrogate is Joseph Tighue of Hamilton.

The names of Lawrence Township's clerk, Dorothea Simonelli, and municipal finance officer, Allan Pietrefesa, were misspelled.

The name of Plainsboro Mayor Peter A. Cantu was misspelled.

The name of Montgomery Township Clerk Jo Anne Stransky was misspelled.

The Montgomery Township engineer is William England and the treasurer is D. Timothy Roberts.

The East Windsor Township Council meets each Tuesday at 8 p.m.

The Hamilton Township Council meets the first and third Tuesdays each month at 8 p.m.

The governing body of Lawrence Township is the Township Council.

The Lawrence Township Planning Board meets the second Thursday and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m.

The Pennington Board of Health and the Pennington Parks and Recreation Committee meet at 8 p.m.

The Princeton Borough Council meets the Thursday before the second Tuesday, the second Tuesday, and the fourth Tuesday of each month at 8 p.m.

The Princeton Environmental Commission does not meet in July and August.

The Princeton Township Zoning Board of Adjustment meets the fourth

*Princeton (New Jersey) Packet*  
contributed by Dan Emann

Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

The West Windsor Planning Board meets the first four Wednesdays of each month at 8 p.m.

The Plainsboro Township Committee meets the second Monday and the fourth Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

The Montgomery Township Committee meets the first and third Thursdays of each month at 8 p.m.

The U.S. Postal Service's Titusville office is located on State Highway 29, its telephone number is 737-2337, and its ZIP code is 08560.

The Princeton Airport is located on U.S. Route 206 in Montgomery Township.

The president of the Hamilton Township Board of Education is Wayne R. Griffith.

The Sunnybrae School, K-5, and McCarriston Catholic High School, 9-12, are located in Hamilton Township.

The president of the Lawrence Township Board of Education is John Harmon.

The Chapin School, K-8, Notre Dame High School, 9-12, and St. Ann's School, K-8, are located in Lawrence Township.

The Hamilton Township Library is located at 1 Municipal Drive in 890-3466.

The president of the Montgomery Township Board of Education is Sybil Ryan. Its secretary is James Strimple Jr.

The president of the Rocky Hill Board of Education is Helen Morris. Its secretary is Raymond Durling.

The mayor of Millstone Borough is Suzanne Sendrakowski.

\* \* \*

The Motherhood-Over-30 program mentioned in an article on childbirth options in *The Packet Magazine: Men & Women* has been developed solely by and for Helene Fuld Medical Center, 750 Brunswick Ave., Trenton. The program was listed incorrectly as available at another hospital.

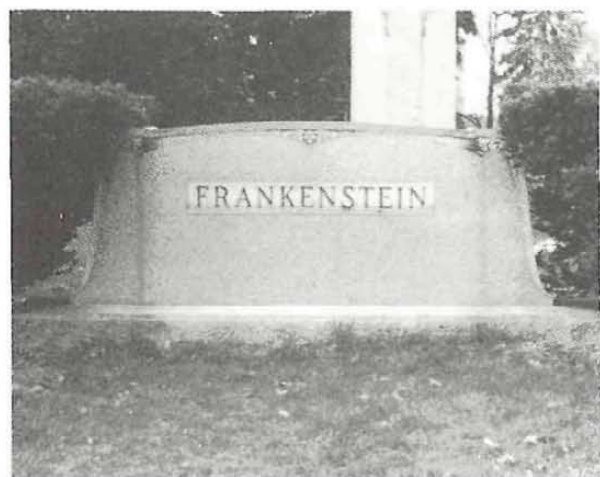
### CORRECTION

Due to an error in transcription, Danielle Brisebois was misrepresented in *US* ("Where Are They Now?" *US* 60). Discussing the demands of the acting profession, Brisebois was misquoted as saying, "You have to know how to run, you have to be in shape, you have to know how to do sex acts." She actually said, "You have to know how to circus acts." *US* regrets the error.

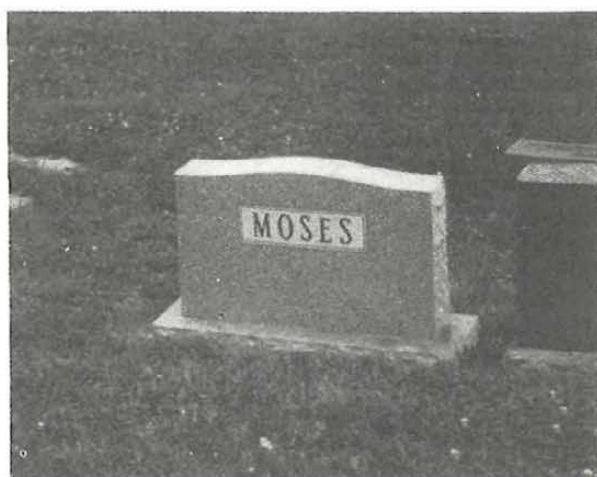
*US*  
contributed by David Masella



# We Wondered Where You Went



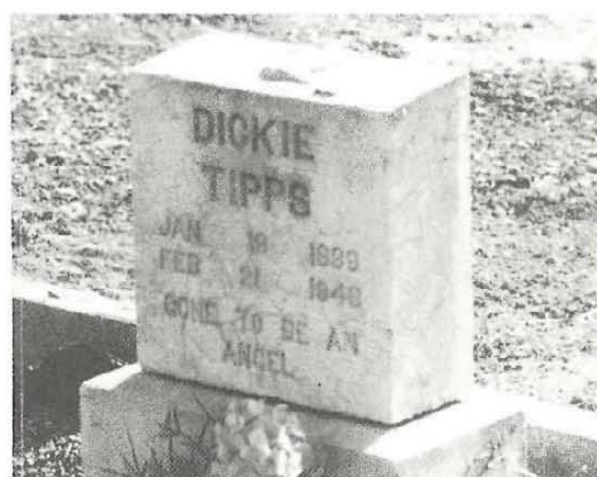
Janet Fashbaugh



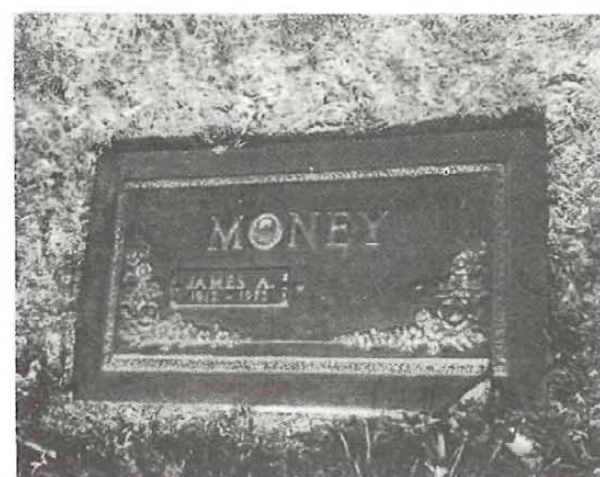
J. Dolan



Jim Dopkin



Mark Garson



Paul Cate



Lee Dickinson

# Oh, Never Mind

The Ontario Natural Resources Ministry says it made a mistake when it planted about two million pine trees over the past fourteen years in Pinery Provincial Park. The pine trees are taking over the park and choking out unique shrubs, prairie grasses, and herbs. The ministry plans to kill thousands of the trees in a controlled burn. (Montreal) *Gazette* (contributed by Richard Pollock)

Officials of the First of American Bank in Lansing, Michigan, have decided not to press charges against a panhandler who asked a teller for fifty cents for a beer and was handed \$1,300 by mistake. The man said he spent the money. *Petoskey News-Review* (contributed by Wright Wilson)

An appeal filed by convicted murderer Stephen Peter Morin was dismissed by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals. Morin had already been executed in another murder case. *Trentonian* (contributed by Mark Tobias)

Probationary firemen Palmer Boyd and Charles Phillips, who passed physicals administered by doctors hired by the city of Dayton, Ohio, were fired by the Civil Service Board. Subsequent eye examinations showed both men were legally blind. *Delaware County Daily Times* (contributed by Nick Verticelli)

John Ford, a resident of Mangotsfield, Bristol, was rescued from potentially fatal injuries by Colin Sweet, an employee of the Central Electricity Generating Board. Ford, who was attempting to commit suicide, had crashed his car into a bridge at a hundred miles per hour, staggered nearly half a mile, climbed onto a 132,000-volt power line where he caught fire, then fell more than fifty feet to the ground before Sweet came to his aid. (London) *Times* (contributed by Roger Taylor, Jr.)

More than one hundred middle-school students in Riverton, California, suffered from dizziness, nausea, and diarrhea and three were treated in a hospital emergency room after ingesting a surfboard product called Mr. Zog's Sex Wax. Described on the wrapper as "The Best for Your Stick," the wax is not meant to be eaten or chewed. (Casper, Wyoming) *Star-Tribune* (contributed by Shad Z. Daly)

Mitustaka Fujii, a farmer on the Japanese island of Okinawa, injured a nineteen-year-old girl while driving home from a meeting in Munkata City. Fujii fled the scene because "he had not only drunk sake at the gathering, but had visited two snack bars."

According to Okinawa's *Passtime-Keystone News*, "Fujii and his wife then drove the car to a field they owned at the foot of a hill, about one kilometer from their home." There, using shovels and a tractor, they dug a deep pit, drove the car in, and buried it. The job took "six back-breaking hours."

However, Fujii was unaware that a maintenance-record sticker with his name on it had fallen from his car during the accident. Police were waiting for him when the couple arrived home. (contributed by Ned Friedman)

In Asheboro, North Carolina, Bryon Gilbert Williamson was charged with breaking and entering. He was discovered hitting the wall of Garner Brothers Grocery and Pawn Shop with a sledgehammer, even though the front door was unlocked. The store was not scheduled to close until six P.M., three hours after the attempted burglary. *Greensboro News & Record* (contributed by Lee Vernon)

In an effort to educate the public to recognize the odor of natural gas, the Baltimore Gas & Electric Company embedded a scratch-and-sniff warning in cards sent to 300,000 cus-

tomers. However, the odor of rotten eggs was so powerful customers could smell the "gas" even before the envelopes were opened, bringing hundreds of calls to the utility and sending fire trucks racing to half a dozen false alarms. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Jack Frishberg)



● A SWISS inventor tests his hinged bicycle in Zurich. The inventor, who sensibly prefers that his name not be used, said the idea seemed to make sense when he thought of it. But, after riding it, he admits it makes no sense. He added: "We live in a world where every little thing is supposed to make sense, and I'm tired of that."

From the *San Diego Tribune*  
(submitted by Tony Slad).

Police staging a drug raid in San Diego, California, used cutting torches and tear gas to break into the wrong apartment one week after entering the same apartment in a similar error. For the third time, they also mistakenly raided the apartment next door. *Asheville Citizen* (contributed by Robert L. Stoskopf)

# Chiropractic Tactics



Scott Smouse



Annie Lang



Jim Dickerson



Ray Kairys, Jr.



Dave Marks



Joe Tylka

# Lavatory Story

David Cole of Fairfield, Connecticut, filed suit against American Standard, Inc., claiming that one of its toilets exploded when he tried to repair it. Cole was "in the process of opening the valve seat nut when the toilet tank exploded," according to attorney John Fallon.

"That's not legalese," said the lawyer. "This sucker exploded." (contributed by Jaynis Pixley)

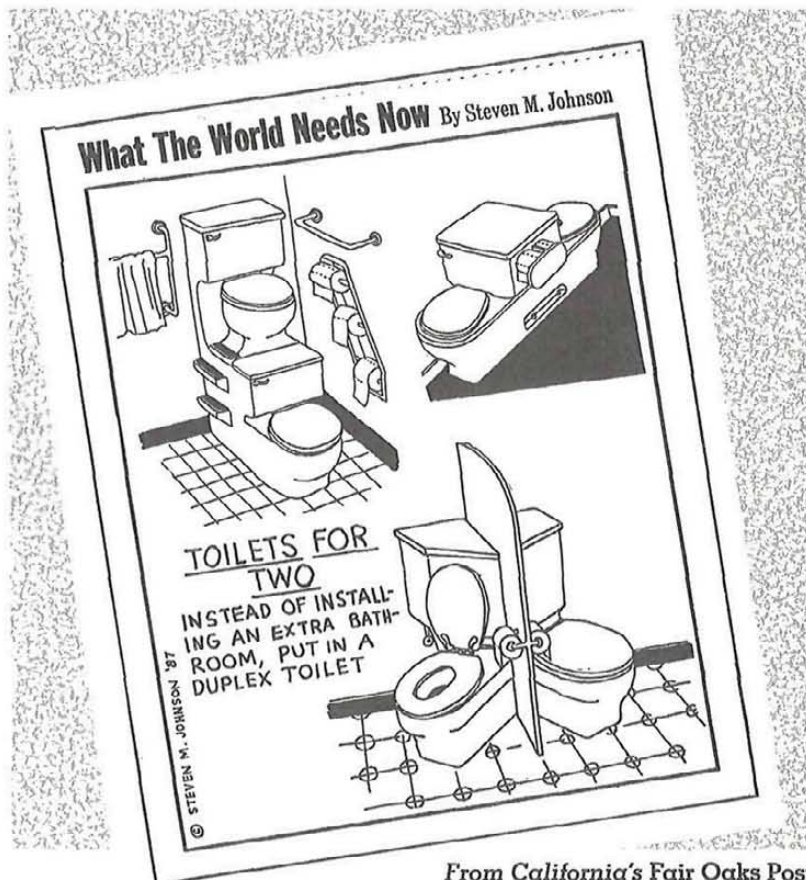
According to Soviet press reports, that country's first pay toilet recently opened on Prospect Marksa near Red Square in Moscow. The undertaking is described as a limited exercise in private enterprise. *Orlando (Florida) Sentinel* (contributed by Herm Albright)

The *Washington Post* reported that Edward Warren Williams, "former storeroom supervisor of Jefferson Davis Hospital in Houston, has been fined ten thousand dollars and placed on ten years' probation for stealing 79,680 rolls of two-ply toilet paper that he picked up from a supplier over a seven-month period but did not deliver." (contributed by Matthew Willis)

A Lockport, New York, man was arrested and charged with third-degree assault after he allegedly hit another man over the head with a porcelain toilet seat. *Lockport Union-Sun and Journal* (contributed by Mike Weir)

In Santa Barbara, California, a thirty-seven-year-old man was arrested by rangers at California's Montana de Oro State Park after he was found "sitting on crates beneath a women's outhouse, waist-deep in muck and dressed in plastic clothing." He was booked at the county jail for "investigation of loitering." *Sacramento Bee* (contributed by John Kiefer)

An emergency plan for the Sequoyah Nuclear Plant in Chattanooga, Tennessee, calls for an engineer to destroy some of the plant's



From California's Fair Oaks Post (contributed by Joe Closson).

**Outhouse runs wild, hits Kentucky woman**  
CADIZ, Ky. (AP) — A woman got cuts and bruises when she was hit by an out-of-control privy during an outhouse race at the Trigg County Ham Festival.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer (contributor unknown).

toilet bowls with a sledgehammer in the event of a nuclear accident.

"The three toilets and one urinal in restrooms next to the control room would be smashed and the holes in

the floor sealed with duct tape to eliminate a path for air and gases to escape, said plant spokeswoman Janice Blankenship." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Steve Phillips)

# MOTHER'S ROOM

RICK GEARY  
©88

FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE  
TORONTO "SUNDAY STAR"  
SUBMITTED BY JOHN TERPSTRA



HERE IS THE HOTEL THAT  
I OWN IN MUNICH . . .



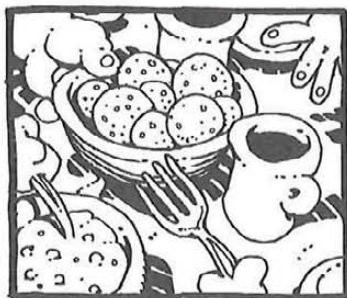
IN NINE YEARS, NOTHING  
LIKE THIS HAS  
EVER HAPPENED.



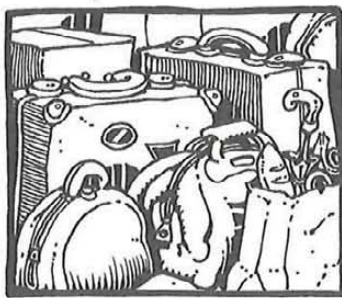
A LARGE FAMILY ARRIVED  
ONE AFTERNOON.



THEY OCCUPIED  
THREE ROOMS



AND ATE THREE MEALS IN  
OUR DINING ROOM DAILY.



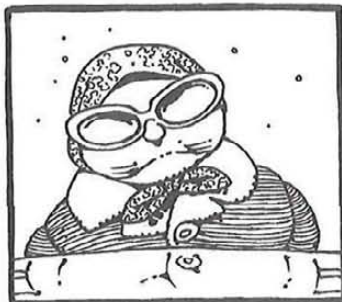
THEY FINALLY PACKED UP  
AFTER ONE WEEK.



AND THEN THE FATHER  
SAID HE HAD NO MONEY  
TO PAY THE BILL.



BUT DON'T WORRY, HE  
ASSURED ME, HE WOULD  
GO AND FIND THE MONEY . . .



LEAVING AS COLLATERAL  
HIS OWN MOTHER!



IT'S BEEN 10 DAYS, AND  
SHE LIVES HERE YET.

TRUE 45 FACTS

## True Miscellany Part II

From the *Altoona* (Pennsylvania) *Mirror*:

"Sweden's army has announced that it will issue each of its 45,000 national servicemen with five condoms in the camouflage colors of brown and green." (contributed by Denis J. Navarro)

David Cohen, chief press officer for the Environmental Protection Agency in Washington, D.C., received the following letter from an unnamed man:

"I was distressed to read about dioxin in paper in the *Wall Street Journal*. I have pica [a condition which causes people to eat nonfood substances] and I eat paper every day. I am told the condition is unusual but not rare. I have been eating paper for as long as I can remember. I am thirty-six.

"When I was little, I ate all kinds but soon learned which tasted awful.

"In high school I learned to fear heavy metals when we did not eat the fish we caught in Lake Erie due to mercury. I began to eat unscented bleached white toilet paper exclusively.

"I have eaten it every day for twenty years. There is no way I could stop.

"Is there a brand of toilet paper which would kill me last? Is there some other paper—e.g., unbleached kraft—that could be less damaging? Can you disclose any data that might help me?"

After talking with agency experts, Cohen said he recommended the writer avoid "eating paper products from bleached kraft pulp." *Appleton* (Wisconsin) *Post-Crescent* (contributed by Bob Horacek)

From a London, England, press review:

"To inspire the Iranian population to greater efforts in the war against Iraq, the Islamic Revolutionary News Service has issued a pamphlet in which Mr. Mahamud Tavassoli, who has been fined one million rials for allowing 'a forest of hypocrites to patronize his hotel,' is contrasted with Mr. Yaquh Nerouzi, 'a 105-year-old

shepherd who has volunteered to defuse sixteen lorry loads of land mines from the southern front.'" (contributed by Steven Newman)

According to Superior Court Judge John E. Bachman, Mary Ann Romer is too young to live with her sixty-year-old husband at the residence he owns in New Jersey's Rossmoor retirement community. The forty-five-year-old woman cannot have visiting privileges either. *Pacific Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Curtis R. Morrison)

The jury in a Louisville, Kentucky, case went "a little bit far," according to a judge in the Jefferson Circuit Court. When a jury recommended a sentence of 5,005 years for a man convicted of five robberies and kidnapping, Judge Edmund Karem rectified the situation by reducing the sentence to 1,001 years. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Craig Stitzell)

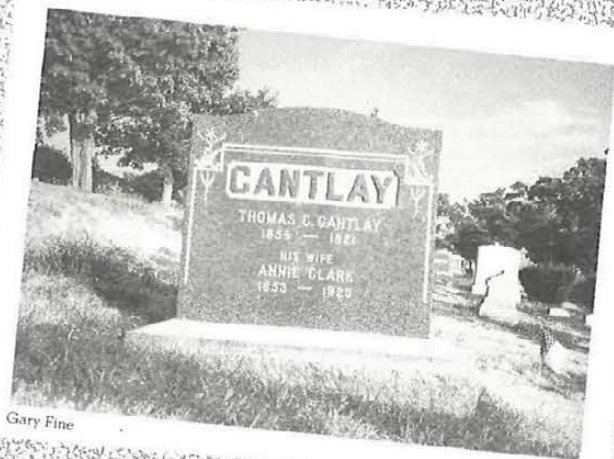
According to Pat Kelly of the United Steelworkers of America, four of its members were fired from their jobs at the Rocky Flats facility in Golden, Colorado, "after engaging in a water fight and other horseplay during the night shift."

Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* reported that after the water fight, three of the men bound the fourth with plastic tape. "The workers bound their comrade 'mummy style' and were about to hoist him up a crane when they were caught by a supervisor."

Rocky Flats is operated for the U.S. Department of Energy by Rockwell International and manufactures plutonium triggers for nuclear weapons. (contributed by Richard Thibault)

According to a "Food Inspection Results" report in the *New York Times*, Manhattan's Pussycat Lounge was cited for "cats on premises." (contributed by James Lewis)

## Woe unto Death and Beyond



Gary Fine

# Devotional Messages



Timothy J. St. Thomas



Jim Beckwith



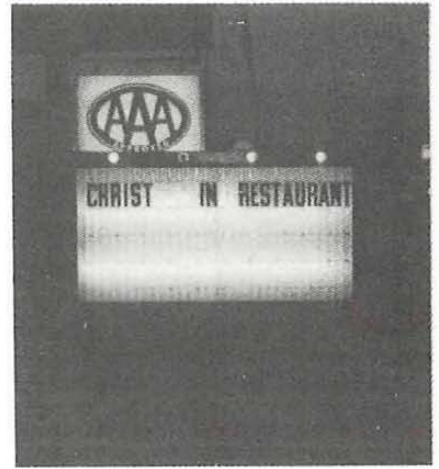
Elizabeth Langley



Wendy Cowden



Wendy Cowden



Eric R. Pfeiffinger

# You Have the Right to Remain Silent...

A teenage boy in Corning, New York, was charged with burglary and criminal mischief for breaking a window with a cinder block and entering the Convenient Food store. Fred Nichols was arrested after police followed a trail of potato chips leading away from the break-in. The officers found Nichols unconscious in a pool of chips in front of his home. (Elmira, New York) *Star-Gazette* (contributed by Marcia J. Liss)

In Arlington, Virginia, a woman awoke to find a man, Pedro Gomez, raping her. According to the police report, she yelled, woke her husband, who was sleeping next to her, then restrained her husband from chasing Gomez as he fled through an open window.

Gomez, who had to climb down a ladder to reach the street, realized he had forgotten his pants and yelled to the husband to throw them down. The husband refused. Police arrested Gomez near the ladder moments later. *Fairfax Journal* (contributed by Nicholas Huey)

Ricky Daggett visited the Des Moines, Iowa, police station to protest a newspaper article, saying the published account of his arrest for purse snatching and subsequent jailing was erroneous. Officers checked and found that Daggett was correct about the local paper's mistake. The police check, however, revealed he was wanted on an earlier assault warrant, so officers arrested him on the spot. (San Diego) *Tribune* (contributed by Daniel Simmons)

A man covered in leaves and twigs held up a milk store in West Warwick, Rhode Island, but was arrested ten minutes later when police found him hiding in a nearby wooded area. "He really stood out," commented Police Commander Ronald P. Bertrand. *Providence Journal* (contributed by Lisa Zawadzki)

An Urbana, Illinois, man, Lonnie F. Patterson, was arrested for armed robbery when he inquired about opening a savings account at the First Federal of Champaign Savings and Loan. Patterson addressed his question to the same teller who had been on duty when he robbed the bank three days earlier. (Champaign-Urbana) *News-Gazette* (contributed by Bob Bleichner)

Thomas Winfrey of Hillsboro, Missouri, robbed tavern patrons at gunpoint but, once outside, couldn't find his car keys for the getaway. He stripped and reentered the bar. Winfrey disguised his voice, claiming to be a robbery victim and asking for help, but this did not prevent his victims from identifying him. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by M. Helmers)

In Irvington, New Jersey, Allen Glover wore a Halloween mask as he robbed a driver for CPA Food, Inc. of \$157 and fifty pounds of cheese. As Glover, who was a former employee of the firm, attempted to flee, the driver recognized Glover's voice and called him by name. Glover removed the mask and said, "How did you know it was me?" Police arrested Glover shortly thereafter. *Elizabeth Daily Journal* (contributed by Ron Zuber)

Gasoline fumes got inside the pants of James J. Wawrzyniak as he set fire to a five-story apartment building in Holyoke, Massachusetts. A police officer on patrol arrested Wawrzyniak for arson as he ran out of the building with a trouser leg in flames. *Milwaukee Sentinel* (contributed by Dale E. Bowden)

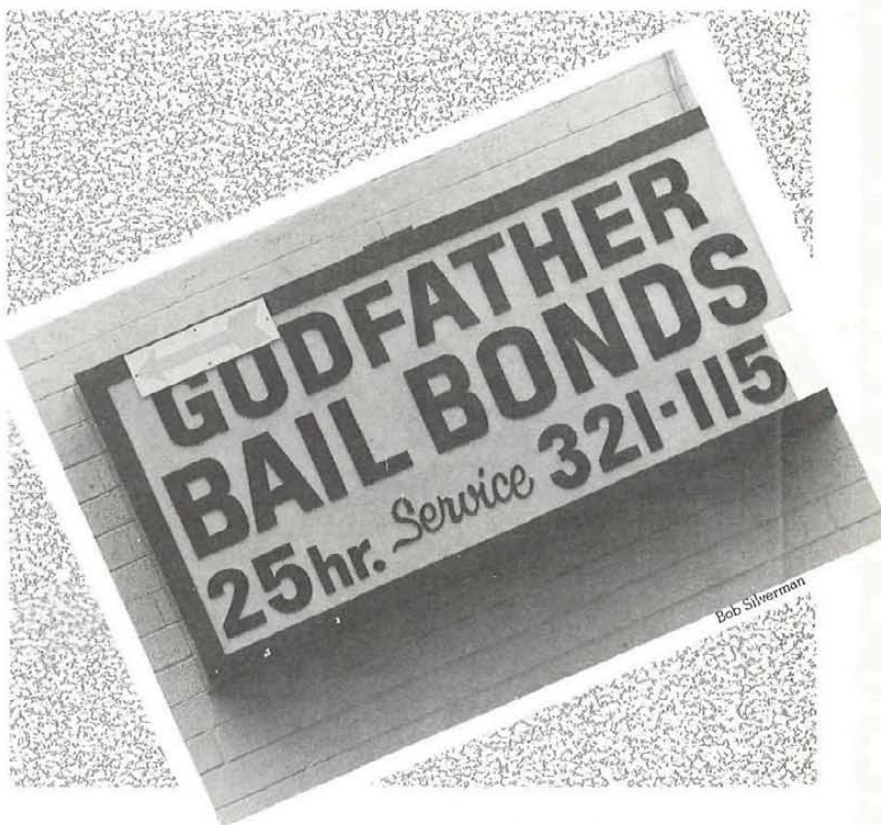
Elvis Ronan, a twenty-five-year-old man from New York City who was wanted for violating parole, fled his car after being stopped for speeding in Bedford, New York. Ronan's escape was foiled when he climbed a fence and ran onto a police firing range, where two corrections officers raised their rifles and ordered him to stop. *Des Moines (Iowa) Register* (contributed by Mark A. Stenson)

In San Jose, California, Jesus Garcia attempted to extort one thousand dollars from Susan Hu by saying that he was holding her nine-year-old son for ransom. Hu bargained Garcia down to five hundred dollars, arranged a meeting place, then gave him a phony description of her car and clothing. After determining that her son was safe at school, Hu notified police. They arrested Garcia, who had taken a bus to the meeting place, when they found in his pocket a note to himself with the false description of Hu's car and clothing. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Antonio X. Gomez)



In Buena Park, California, Police Detective Chuck Presley checked out a tip that a lawn edger and other equipment stolen from a local Sears could be found at an Anaheim house. As he and his partner pulled up, they stopped two men unloading a lawn edger from a car. As soon as Presley showed his badge, one of the men, Michael Bruce Young, said, "Boy, am I in trouble!" and spread-eagled himself against the car. When Presley found wads of cash in Young's pockets, Young volunteered the fact that he had stolen the car. While the officer handcuffed him, Young explained the money was from a bank he had just robbed. The toy gun, yellow bandanna, and dark glasses bank officials had described as used by the bank robber were on the stolen car's front seat. As Presley drove Young to the police station, Young confessed to the robberies of several other Orange County banks. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by A. Conway)

Neil L. Proffer called police in Corpus Christi, Texas, to find out if he was wanted, but refused to tell police where he was calling from. However, police heard the public address system in the background announcing bus departures, checked Proffer's record, and arrested him at the local bus station on an outstanding Illinois warrant for armed robbery. *Austin-American Statesman* (contributed by Joshua Calder)



William Joseph Ferran bought a .25-caliber pistol and fifty rounds of ammunition at Barrett's Guns in Orlando, Florida, killed his father and wounded his stepmother, then returned the weapon a few hours later because he didn't like the way it handled. Ferran was arrested when the sheriff's office matched slugs found in the victims' home to the pistol Ferran had purchased and returned. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by A. Conway)

Three hours after his release from prison, Albert Muse was arrested when a San Bernardino policeman caught him selling cocaine. According to Deputy District Attorney Jere Morrissey, "What attracted the officer's attention was that Muse was standing in the middle of the southbound lane of Sierra Way yelling 'Cocaine.'" *Cincinnati Enquirer* (contributed by John Emery)

# Those Noisy Orientals



R. J. Fitzgerald



Dan Barth



Bill Decker



Roger Nygard



Linda Thomas



Raymond Lanphere

## True Miscellany Part III

From the *Chicago Tribune*:

"Ben the Doberman is staying at Fred and Pauline Lormor's pub despite having eaten \$4,150 worth of belongings, household goods, and furniture. In nine months Ben has wolfed down not only his regular meals of meat and dog biscuits, but a sheepskin rug, a TV remote-control unit, earrings, three live chickens, assorted chunks of some wall-to-wall carpeting, a couch, and a door. 'He's a wonderful dog,' said Mrs. Lormor." (contributed by C. Kulczewski)

Pacific Southwest Airlines accidentally mailed frequent-flier bonus tickets to Donald Hoag of San Rafael, California. Hoag, however, had died a month earlier in the crash of a PSA jet between Los Angeles and San Francisco. (Columbia, South Carolina) *State* (contributed by Thomas M. Egan)

Fighter Al Couture, sixty-five, revealed the secret of having an unmarked face in spite of his having participated in nearly three hundred matches, including one in which he knocked down the former middleweight champion Paul Pender.

"I've had hundreds of stitches—thirty-eight around my mouth after one fight alone," said Couture. "After the cuts healed, I'd spend hours rubbing the marked area with wet sandpaper until the area was uniformly raw. Then I rubbed cocoa butter into it. When the scabs fell off, the cut marks were gone." *Syracuse Post Standard* (contributed by Ron Breeding)

The *Los Angeles Times* reported that a "rogue radio operator who calls himself 'The Filipino Monkey' has been interjecting jokes and taunts into radio conversations between ships at the southern end of the Persian Gulf for at least three years."

According to one official, "He started out by playing music and then by taunting other seamen, usually Filipinos, with curses in the middle of the night." However, his com-

ments took on a different tone with the escalation of attacks on shipping by Iran and Iraq and the arrival of American naval ships.

In one instance, an Iranian gunboat had closed in on a freighter and the Iranian captain had radioed a message, "What is your cargo? What is your cargo?"

The "Monkey" interjected, "I am carrying machine guns and hand grenades for Iraq...and an atom bomb." (contributed by Mark Archibald)

The government of Hong Kong has passed a new law to control what it considers obscene materials. The law divides all media matter into three categories: Class I, acceptable for general circulation; Class II, re-

garded as indecent (such material must be wrapped, labeled, and kept from anyone under eighteen); and Class III, which is obscene and banned altogether from the British crown colony. According to the *Hollywood Reporter*, "Under the legislation, any distributor, retailer, rental agency, publisher, printer, or importer that offers Class II articles without the required warnings may be fined \$128,000 and jailed for three years."

The ill-defined categories have led the Hong Kong distributors of Warner Brothers videos to label a number of their movies "indecent," among them *National Lampoon's Vacation*, *The Color Purple*, *Bullitt*, *A Star Is Born*, and *Casablanca*. (contributed by Matty Simmons)

### Make Mine Well-Done



# TRUE Women of



HI!  
I'M PEPSI  
ZIMMERMAN.

... AND I'M  
BONNIE  
MACFARLAND.

WE'RE TRUE  
FACTS FOREIGN  
CORRESPONDENTS.

WE'RE HERE TO BRING  
YOU THE NEWS THEY  
TRY TO BURY ON THE  
BACK PAGES OF  
YOUR NEWSPAPERS...

... STORIES ABOUT THE  
FABULOUS, FASCINATING  
WOMEN WHO HAVE STEPPED  
OUT OF THE RANKS OF  
ANONYMITY TO MAKE  
THEIR MARK ON  
HISTORY.

JOIN US NOW  
AS WE CIRCLE  
THE GLOBE....



IN BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA,  
MARIA CIKANOVICH GAVE BIRTH TO A  
BABY BOY ON THE BACKSEAT OF A BUS...  
THEN FORGOT TO TAKE HIM WITH HER  
WHEN SHE GOT  
OFF.

I FORGET JUST  
ABOUT EVERYTHING....  
I WAS ON MY  
WAY TO THE  
HOSPITAL,  
BUT I  
COULDN'T  
REMEMBER  
WHY.

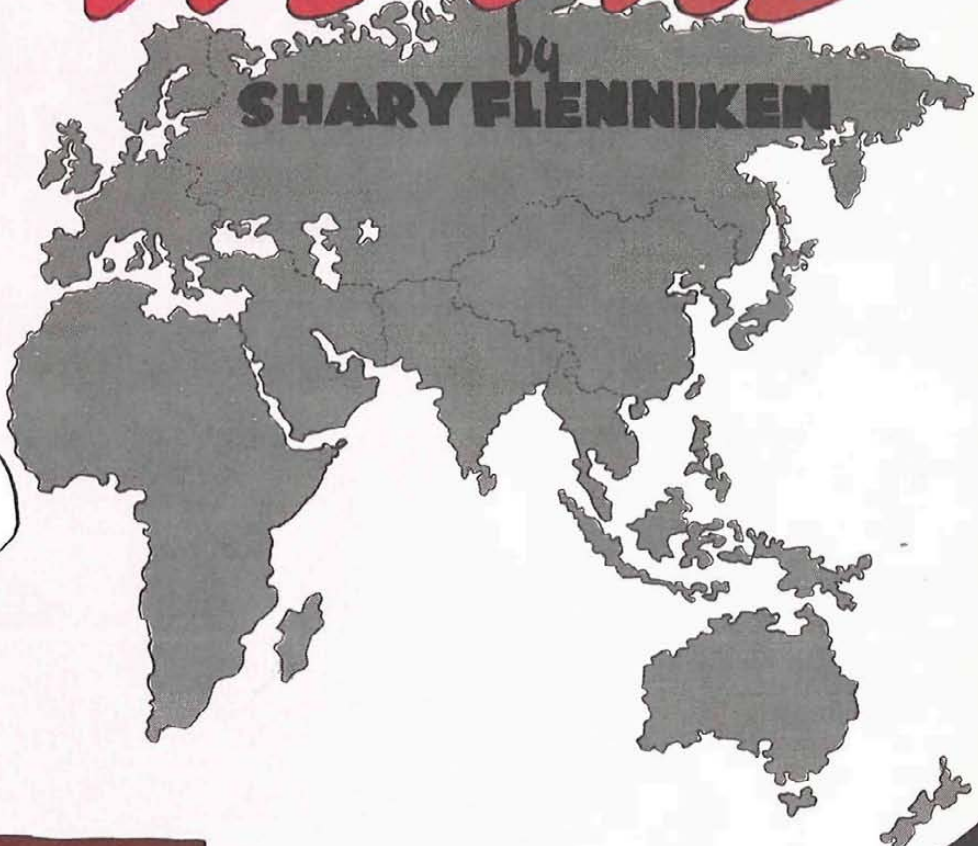


THIS UNMARRIED WOMAN IN  
ISRAEL IS BEING SUED BY THE  
FATHER OF HER BABY  
BECAUSE SHE  
INSISTED ON  
HAVING THE CHILD  
AGAINST HIS  
WILL.

THINGS JUST  
HAVEN'T BEEN  
THE SAME SINCE  
HE JOINED  
"FATHERS  
BY  
FORCE."

# the World

by SHARY FLENNIKEN



... AND I'M TROTS.

...SNIFFING OUT TRULY WEIRD WOMEN OF THE WORLD.



HERE IN MIAMI, A YOUNG WOMAN WALKED INTO A COURTROOM, SAT IN THE JUDGE'S CHAIR, PULLED OFF HER PANTIES, PLACED THEM ON HER HEAD, AND SANG THE CUBAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

SO... WHAT'S THE VERDICT P! *rr*



MEET THE GIRL WHO CLIMBED 150 FEET TO THE TOP OF THE TELEPHONE COMPANY HERE IN CHIHUAHUA CITY, MEXICO, AND SCREAMED INTO THE SATELLITE DISH.

I WANTED TO SEND A MESSAGE TO MY FAMILY IN PUEBLA.



HERE IN THIS PRISON IN SARDINIA, ITALY... ELSA SOTGIA HAS BEEN ON A HUNGER STRIKE FOR 23 MONTHS. SHE EATS NOTHING BUT CHOCOLATE.

THEY'D BETTER LET ME OUT OR THEY'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR A HIDEOUS CASE OF ACNE.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA... PLAY-SPOT OF THE WORLD FRUIT AND VEGETABLE ASSOCIATION. JESSICA HALL, 73, HAS JUST POLISHED OFF 31 PRUNES IN SEVEN MINUTES.

I LOVE PRUNES.... AT LEAST I USED TO. SEE YA LATER... I GOTTA RUN.



POLICE FOUND THIS COED IN HER SMOKE-FILLED NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, APARTMENT AFTER SHE TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY TURNING ON HER STOVE. SHE DIDN'T SUCCEED BECAUSE SHE USED AN ELECTRIC STOVE.

NEXT TIME... A MICROWAVE.



INDIA... ONE OF THE OLDEST CIVILIZATIONS IN THE WORLD. A WOMAN WAS STRIPPED NAKED AND PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T VOTE FOR THE RIGHT CANDIDATE IN A LOCAL ELECTION.

MR. WRONG



POLICE IN ONTARIO, CANADA, CHASED A NUDE WOMAN DRIVER FOR 35 MILES AT SPEEDS UP TO 100 MILES PER HOUR. WHEN THE CAR WAS FINALLY FORCED TO STOP, THE WOMAN PUT ON A FLIMSY NIGHTGOWN, TURNED THE STEREO UP, AND REFUSED TO GET OUT.

THAT'S MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME.



COPS IN HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND, ARE LOOKING HIGH AND LOW FOR A LADY FLASHER WHO ONLY EXPOSES HERSELF TO OTHER WOMEN.

ONE MUST MAINTAIN PROPRIETY.



LIALA WHITNEY WAS SUSPENDED FROM HER SCHOOL IN MINDEN, NEVADA, FOR DYING HER HAIR BRIGHT PINK.

BUT THEY NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE RING IN MY NOSE.



THE CREW OF A SAMPAN FOUND A WOMAN FLOATING IN A DINGHY THREE MILES OFF THE COAST OF OAHU, HAWAII. SHE WAS SMILING, IN APPARENT GOOD HEALTH... AND WEARING A BLACK PARTY DRESS. SHE DECLINED TO DISCUSS HER PREDICAMENT.

WELCOME TO MY PARTY BOAT.



A WOMAN TOURIST FROM SAN FRANCISCO WAS THROWN IN THE AIR, BITTEN, AND MAULED BY A HIPPO. SHE'S Suing A TOUR OPERATOR IN KENYA FOR NOT TELLING HER THAT HIPPOS ARE DANGEROUS.

NOW I WANT TO PET THE RHINOS.



HERE IN AKRON, OHIO... A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD WOMAN WAS TRAPPED FOR FOUR DAYS BENEATH THE NUDE BODY OF HER DEAD LOVER IN THE FRONT SEAT OF A CAR.

I JUST THOUGHT HE HAD INCREDIBLE STAMINA.



A TEENAGE GIRL STANDING ON A BRIDGE IN SHEET, ENGLAND, CLOSED HER EYES, PUCKERED UP FOR A KISS FROM HER BOYFRIEND... AND FELL OFF THE BRIDGE INTO THE RIVER BELOW.

THE EARTH MOVED.



KHOMEINI-HATING IRANIAN WOMEN GUERRILLAS FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE AS EQUALS WITH THEIR MALE COMRADES. HOWEVER... TO CONFORM TO ISLAMIC TRADITION, THEY WEAR KHAKI SCARVES TO COVER THEIR FACES.

WHERE'S THAT SEXIST PIG AVATOLLAH?



A DISTRAUGHT DIVORCÉE IN XIAN, CHINA, TRIED TO KILL HERSELF BY SETTING OFF TWO GRENADES IN A CROWDED RESTAURANT.

SHE INJURED EIGHTEEN PEOPLE AND WAS SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED.

I REALLY BLEW IT.



NICOLE LAURIN OF ILE PERROT, QUEBEC, PAID HIT MEN TO KILL A NEIGHBORHOOD TEENAGER BECAUSE THE MUFFLER ON HIS 1976 PONTIAC LE MANS WAS TOO LOUD.

IT ANNOYED ME.



HERE IN REIMS, FRANCE, PIERRE PAUL PESTRE AND HIS BRIDE, DANIELLE, HAD JUST SAID "I DO" BEFORE 400 WEDDING GUESTS... WHEN DANIELLE GRABBED A VASE OF VIOLETS AND BEAT PIERRE TO DEATH WITH IT.

HE WAS FLIRTING WITH MY MAID OF HONOR.



A HOUSEWIFE IN SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA, FAILED TO PREPARE HER HUSBAND'S LUNCH ON SCHEDULE BECAUSE SHE FORGOT TO ADJUST HER WATCH TO DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME... SO SHE KILLED HERSELF.



IN BRUSSELS, BELGIUM... 296-POUND WILHELMINA LEHN'S HUSBAND'S PARROT CALLED HER "FATSO" ONE TOO MANY TIMES.

SHE COOKED IT AND ATE IT.

...ONLY FOUR HUNDRED CALORIES!



WHEN GISELLE DELROT HEARD THAT HER HUSBAND WAS CHEATING ON HER, SHE DUMPED PIRANHAS INTO THE TUB WHILE HE WAS TAKING A BATH. HE RECEIVED 100 STITCHES IN A HOSPITAL IN YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

MY BABIES WERE HUNGRY.





A WIFE IN MILAN, ITALY, HAS WELCOMED HER HUSBAND BACK AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM THE MENTAL HOSPITAL WHERE HE WAS INCARCERATED AFTER ATTACKING HER AND BRUTALLY MURDERING THEIR THREE DAUGHTERS.

WELL... OUR MARRIAGE VOWS SAID "FOR BETTER OR WORSE!"

A TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD PERUVIAN WOMAN DIED FROM AN INFECTION CAUSED BY A RUSSIAN CHASTITY BELT THAT HER HUSBAND FORCED HER TO WEAR WHILE HE WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS.

NEAR PARMA, ITALY... AFTER A SEX CHANGE, THIS MAN MARRIED HIS SISTER'S COMMON-LAW HUSBAND.

IT WAS VERY DIFFICULT... I HAD TO WALK THE STREETS TO GET MONEY FOR THE OPERATION.

AT A MEN'S CLUB IN TOKYO, JAPAN, 6000 MEMBERS, INCLUDING HIGH-POWERED BUSINESSMEN, COMPUTER ENGINEERS, SALESMEN, AND POLICE OFFICERS, DRESS UP IN WOMEN'S CLOTHING AND MAKEUP.

WE'RE HAPPY... BUT WE'RE NOT GAY.

CAN I BORROW YOUR LIPSTICK?

A FEMALE PRESIDENT!... A PREGNANT FEMALE GERBIL WAS ELECTED STUDENT UNION PRESIDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA IN NORWICH, ENGLAND.

SOFT TOILET PAPER

FREE BEER

!VOTE GERBIL

BENDEL SAYS WE'VE FINALLY GONE TOO FAR WITH THAT GERBIL STORY AND OUR SHOW IS BEING CANCELED.

SAVE OUR SHOW. SEND CARDS AND LETTERS.

THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT.

# Those Darn Senior Citizens



— Associated Press Wirephoto

Soon-to-be married Ingrid Engdal and Artur Jonsson

## Bachelor, 101, Will Be Wed

STOCKHOLM (AP) — No date has been set for the wedding, but at age 101, Artur Jonsson has become engaged.

"After 100 years as a bachelor, I've got a lot to catch up on," said Mr. Jonsson, who recently marked his 101st birthday. "Never say never," he added with a chuckle.

Mr. Jonsson has spent his life as a bachelor, working as a farmer and a horse dealer from his home town of Askersund, some 110 miles

Associated Press  
contributed by Dave Young

southwest of here. But last spring, he started to feel his age, and he placed an advertisement for a housekeeper.

He hired Ingrid Engdal, 55, who moved in last spring. This week, they celebrated their engagement — helped out by the future bride's four grown children.

"I'd planned to stay for a couple of weeks, but then love intervened," Mrs. Engdal said.

"This is the best old-age care you can get," Mr. Jonsson said.

**Tillie** Lenox, an eighty-three-year-old woman in Clearwater, Florida, crashed her car through the window of Biggs Produce while trying to park in front of the produce market. "They needed a new window anyway," she said. *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by R. Woody)

An eighty-three-year-old Newark, New Jersey, woman was arrested by the city's narcotics squad and charged with intent to distribute more than 220 grams of cocaine. According to police, the woman, Cora "Grandma" Lilly, was identified as being one of the largest dealers in the city. *Star-Ledger* (contributed by Adrienne DeLeonardo)

**Audrey** Jones, a seventy-year-old woman in San Antonio, Texas, successfully bluffed burglars who had broken into her home by adopting a nonchalant attitude. Jones reported that when the two attackers awakened her and said they had just killed her husband, she replied, "Good, I'm glad." When they threatened to rape her, she replied, "I have the biggest case of gonorrhoea you have ever seen." The burglars finally left the house, taking only cash and leaving her husband with a minor head injury. *Associated Press* (contributed by Richard Brandt)

An eighty-one-year-old Oakland, California, woman was arrested in a drug sweep when police found cocaine "commingled with her belongings." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Mary MacLennan)

In Euclid, Ohio, a seventy-nine-year-old woman was fined and sentenced to jail after pleading guilty to selling LSD to neighborhood youths. *Detroit News* (contributed by Scott Mitchell)

A seventy-four-year-old woman in University Park, Texas, was accused of stealing \$50,000 worth of jewelry and household goods from the homes of people who hired her as a children's nurse. However, police were unable to find anyone willing to sign a complaint. All of the victims refused, saying the woman had a "wonderful way with children" and was "just so sweet." (Worcester, Massachusetts) *Sunday Telegram* (contributed by William Ferrelli)

when crossing the California-Oregon border. At that time, she denied carrying any fruits or plants while hiding a dime-store cactus between her feet on the floor of her car. According to Ramey, a Bible verse in the Book of Revelations stating that liars would be excluded from heaven prompted her to send what she thought might be the current equivalent of a 1958 fine. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

juana. The farmer, Louis Hruschak, used pot to prepare a brew for a dying cow, four calves, and some nonproductive chickens. According to Hruschak, "By God, the chickens started laying eggs again. Old cows had calves, and I never lost a calf again." An expert on therapeutic drugs disputed the farmer's claim, and the judge termed Hruschak a bad influence on youth. *Associated Press* (contributed by Sparky Whitcomb)

## Man, 87, accused of attacking his wife with meat cleaver

*Orange County (California) Register*  
contributed by Don Sampson, Jr.

In Willingboro, New Jersey, an eighty-three-year-old woman adopted a fifty-three-year-old construction worker as her son. The proceedings fulfilled her fifty-one-year-old daughter's lifelong wish to have an older brother. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Forrest E. Cunningham)

An eighty-five-year-old patient in the Westside Christian Village nursing home in Indianapolis, Indiana, was found holding a pillow over the face of her eighty-eight-year-old roommate, who subsequently died. The patient told a nurse she was giving the victim a drink of water. *Plymouth Pilot* (contributed by Scott Keen)

Virginia Ramey, an eighty-one-year-old Cornelius, Oregon, resident, sent California authorities ten dollars because she told a fib in 1958

Dr. Max John Coebergh, a seventy-one-year-old retired dentist in Rancho Bernardo, California, was sentenced to six months' house arrest after kneeing a tennis opponent in the groin. The victim, a psychologist who lost a testicle as a result of the incident, did not know Coebergh, but the two had been matched that day for a tennis game. Coebergh won, but claimed he thought his opponent would attack him after losing. (Escondido, California) *Times-Advocate* (contributed by Mike Gibson)

A complaint was filed with the Social Welfare Board in Sweden because an eighty-one-year-old dentist failed to notice more than two dozen cavities in a patient's teeth. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Bill Horgos)

A seventy-eight-year-old farmer on Texada Island was fined two thousand dollars for trafficking in mari-

Seventy-five-year-old Otto Henning, a tourist from West Germany, tried to kill himself by jumping twice from a high-rise hotel in New York City. Police spokesman Barry Hugh said, "First he jumped from the terrace of his room on the fourteenth floor and landed on the terrace of the thirteenth floor. Then he jumped from the thirteenth floor and landed on an extension of the tenth floor." Henning was rescued from the ledge and suffered only a broken left arm. *Reuters* (contributed by Ronald A. Grossman)

Florence King, a sixty-five-year-old Bradenton, Florida, resident, landed in jail for a cooling-off period after an argument with her husband, Earl, sixty-seven, over his refusal to have sex. To vent her disappointment, Mrs. King threw cups against a hallway wall, repeatedly slammed a carport door until the glass shattered, threw Earl's clothes into the yard, and threatened to kill him. *Bradenton Herald* (contributed by Matt Romines)

# Leave It to the Press, Part II

## Sshhh, You'll Wake Up the Editor

Pennsylvania's *Altoona Mirror* carried two stories on page 4: the first, headlined "Waffle King Closed Today," read: "Waffle King, Eighth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, is closed today. There is no word if the restaurant will remain closed or why it closed. Jack Cody, owner, could not be reached."

The second, adjoining story, headlined "Men Will Stand Trial for Rapes," read: "Two Altoona men will stand trial for allegedly raping women in separate incidents. District Justice Todd F. Kelly Wednesday found enough evidence to order Paul O. Cody, fifty-six, of 4307 Third Avenue, also known as Jack Cody, to stand trial on charges of rape and indecent assault.... Police claim Cody, owner of Waffle King Restaurant at Eighth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, indecently assaulted a twenty-two-year-old employee in the restaurant's banquet room between noon and 1 P.M. June 22." (contributed by R. H. Sanford)

Jefferson, Indiana's *Evening News* reported that Thomas Bond, a Louisville, Kentucky, man, was found shot in the parking lot of Clark County Airport. Bond, according to the paper, was listed in serious condition at Humana Hospital. The story appeared under the headline "Louisville Man Is Found Dead at Clark County Airport." (contributed by Angela Carpenter)

The *Daily Breeze* of Louisiana published this memorable sentence: "A weekend garage and bake sale raised \$1,200 toward a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of a teenager found shot to death a month ago." (contributed by Bryan Markley)

This sentence appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*: "Engineers surveying for a railroad in northern Turkestan have uncovered the skeleton of a massive saurian [lizard] that must have passed away 5,000,000 years ago last Friday." (contributed by Kathy Lehtola)



A clipping from an unnamed Pennsylvania newspaper reported that "Superintendent Patton, of the Pittsburgh Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has given notice to the shopmen of this division of the B&O that drunkenness will be sufficient grounds for dismissal as well as the dismissal of all other employees." (contributed by Anthony DePalma)

Under the headline "City Sued Over Police Age Limit," the *Beaufort Gazette* of South Carolina published this story:

"San Francisco—The federal government has sued the city of San Francisco for had warnings from him to bring a case against the provocative Galilean, or be ousted.

"They were in a tight spot. 'What are we to do?' one worried. Considering the public emotions and their own preoccupations with protecting their status, they were thrown into a fretful bind.

"Rome's military regime, dominating a land that seethed with rebellious fevers and resentments at the alien conqueror, would brook no agitation that might get out of hand." (contributed by Sylvie Pierce)

Virginia's *Bristol Herald Courier* reported that an unidentified man was pulled from a burning car on Highway 421 and that he was "treated at a local hospital and released." According to the newspaper, however, the driver's name "was being withheld pending notification of kin." (contributed by Mark Pauga)

From California's *Dalton Gazette & Kidron News*:

"Mr. and Mrs. Aquila Amstutz and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Geiser made a call on Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Gerber of Swiss Village. Gilbert is quite recovered from a stroke he suffered in March and walks quite good, but his voice is still subdued some. Mrs. Gerber, eighty-eight, has not been able to say anything favorable for over three years." (contributed by Rachel Meier)

## ROCKVILLE LOCALS

Ethel Richardson

Mrs. Rowena Fasolt visited last Saturday with Ethel Richardson and they had lunch at Stop 35.

Mrs. Ethel Richardson visited Saturday forenoon with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell Sr. in Mifflin.

Monday afternoon visitors with Ethel Richardson were her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Allen and son Richard from Townsend, Delaware.

Ethel Richardson accompanied Rowena Fasolt to Lewistown Tuesday.

Saturday evening visitors with Ethel Richardson were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosemund and daughter Carolyn and his dad from Sterling, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell and Gregg were Monday evening supper guests with Ethel Richardson.

Ethel Richardson visited Wednesday with Rowena Fasolt at Mifflin Star Route.

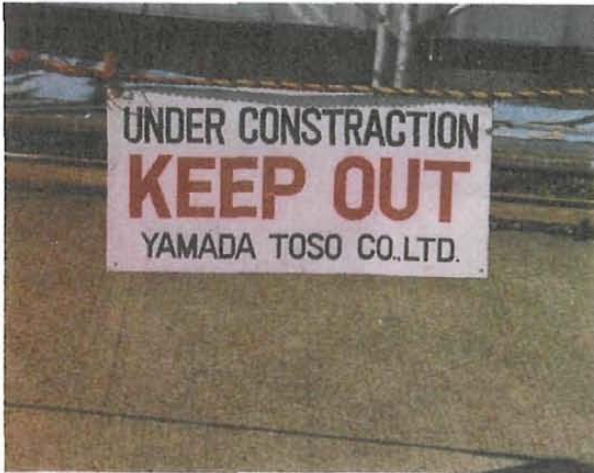
Susie Bell and her mother visited Thursday evening with Mike Richardson of Mexico.

Mrs. Ethel Richardson called Sunday forenoon with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell Sr. and Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Knox.

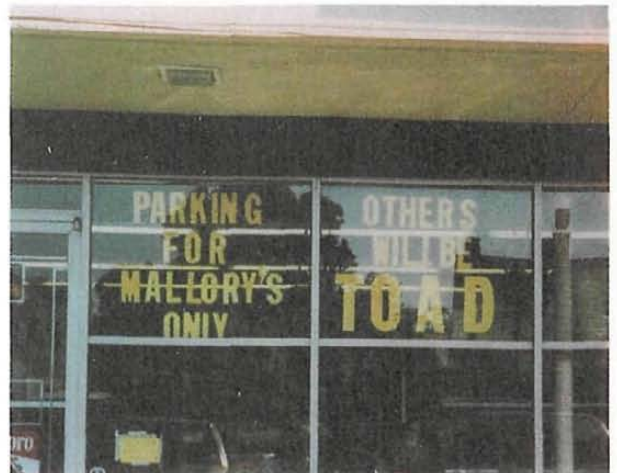
Mrs. Ethel Richardson visited Friday with Mrs. Verna Palm and Bill Harlan at Honey Grove, R.D.

contributed by Jack Yoder

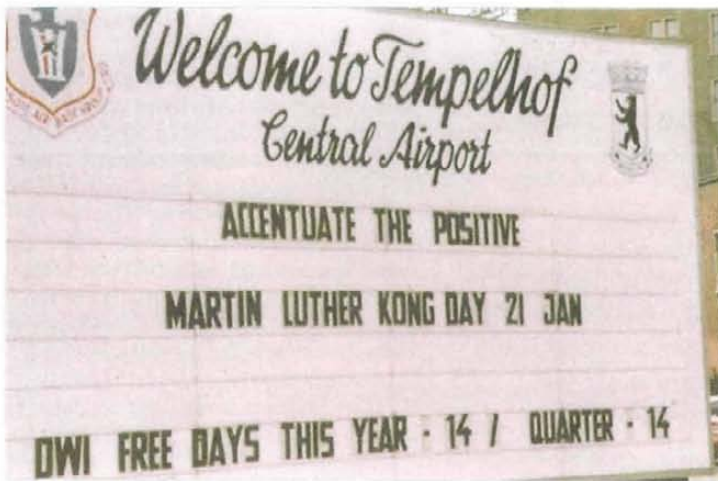
# Under a Spell



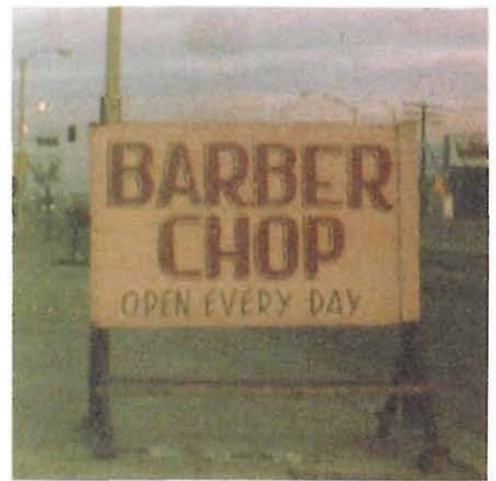
Kevin Koshio



Paul Klaus



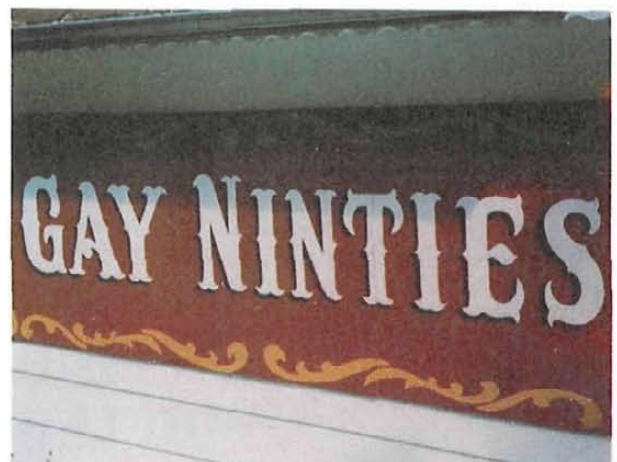
Mark Smith



Mike Bowerman



Brian Antolick

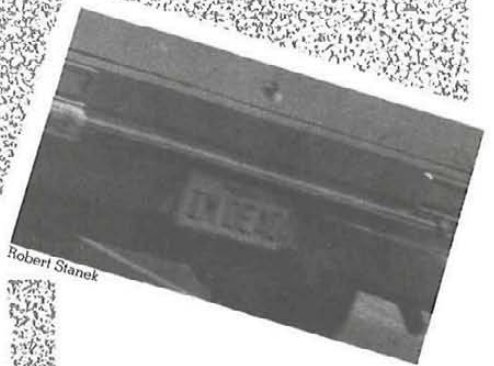


Mitch Giannunzio

# Dead, Deader, Deadest

**Highfields Home**, a nursing facility in Newent, Gloucestershire, required the daughter of a deceased ninety-three-year-old man to pay his last month's rent in full because the rules say residents who want to leave must give one month's notice. *Today* (contributed by Al Dupres)

In Providence, Rhode Island, the state Conflict of Interest Commission fined a man who had been dead for two years five hundred dollars for failing to submit financial disclosure forms. The commission was rushing to clear a backlog of cases. *Boston Globe* (contributed by Gary Millon)



## Death: A way of life

(Cleveland, Ohio) *Plain Dealer*  
contributed by Eric Ambro

**4 p.m. Oprah Winfrey** (WKTU-2) — Scheduled: People who've accidentally killed themselves.

*Rome (New York) Sentinel*  
contributed by C. Brodluehrer

### Texas killer is sentenced to death; 'I can live with it,' he says

(Rochester, New York) *Sunday Democrat and Chronicle*  
contributed by Kenneth C. Dardenne

**Stevenson may retire following fatal accident**

*Oakland (California) Tribune*  
contributed by Stephen Voetsch

#### Cemetery Plots

PINELAWN 1 plot. Very reasonable. Owner moving. 516-727-4447

*Newsday*  
contributed by Steven Cortina

**New techniques to understand the dead**

(Lancaster, Pennsylvania) *Sunday News*  
contributed by Stevon Ginter

**Maria Garcia**, a resident of Tulare, California, has been unable to collect her tax refund of \$648. After five months' correspondence, the IRS finally explained the refund had not been sent because Garcia is dead. "This is the first year they have owed me money," said Garcia, who maintains she paid federal taxes for years with no problems. "Talking to them is like talking to a brick wall." *San Francisco Examiner* (contributed by Norman Lee)

Police visited Sue Miles, a landlady in Reigate, Surrey, to tell her about the death of Chris Smale, her lodger. As they were speaking, a radio message interrupted to state Smale was still alive. The police left, then returned a half hour later to say Smale was dead after all. A half hour after that, the local hospital called and reported that Smale was doing well in intensive care. Mr. Smale died thirty-six hours later at the hospital. *Today* (contributed by Stephen & Gillian Goodwin)

A week after dying of a cerebral hemorrhage, Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola overwhelmingly won reelection in New York City. *San Jose Mercury News* (contributed by Jim Reinhart)

# Nuptial News



Andrea and Eric Tripp

## Carr-Tripp

Andrea Lynn Carr of Bellevue and Eric Guerdon Tripp of Bellingham were married June 19 at the Shumway Mansion in Kirkland. Their parents are Ann and Eugene Carr of Bellevue and Barbara and Ronald Tripp of Reno, Nev.

The bride is a graduate of Newport High School and the University of Washington. She is a member of Psi Chi, a psychology honor society.

The bridegroom is a graduate of Newport High School and is currently attending Western Washington University. They live in Bellingham.

## Weiner-Cook



Mrs. Myron Weiner

The wedding of Dr. Pamela Jean Cook of Columbia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Cook of Laurel, and Dr. Myron Weiner of Columbia, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weiner of Pikesville, took place June 6 at Mount Zion United Methodist Church.

Linda Hancock and Irv Weiner were honor attendants.

Both the bride and bridegroom are graduates of the University of Maryland School of Pharmacy.

## Young-Virgin

Modestans Lisa Virgin and Greg Young were married at the First Baptist Church, Ceres.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Virgin of Modesto and he is the son of Jerry Young of Groveland and Sharan Rodgers of Sonoma.

Attending the bride were Terie Laikam, maid of honor, and Trisha Young, Melissa Scheuber, Stephanie Mathies and Shannon Davis, bridesmaids.

## Super-Fritz

Mr. and Mrs. Richard N. Super of Chesterfield, Missouri announce the engagement of their daughter R.lene Fritz and Mr. James Fritz Sr. of St. Louis, Missouri.

The bride to be is a graduate of Parkway Central High School and graduated from Maryville College with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Business Communications. She is currently employed by NUTRI-SYSTEM.

Her fiancé is a graduate of Lindbergh of Missouri-Rolla. He attended the University of Missouri-Rolla, where he received a Bachelor of Science degree in Civil Engineering. He is currently employed at K&S Associates, Inc.

A May, 1988 wedding is planned.

## Daigle weds Papa in rites



Mrs. Gary J. Papa

A wedding was celebrated between Catherine Marie Daigle and Gary Joseph Papa at 2 P.M. Saturday in St. Joseph's Catholic Church. The Rev. Joseph Brennan officiated. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. Daigle, father of the bride, and Mrs. Robert J. Papa, mother of the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Papa, the bride and groom, were married at 2 P.M. Saturday in St. Joseph's Catholic Church. The Rev. Joseph Brennan officiated. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. Daigle, father of the bride, and Mrs. Robert J. Papa, mother of the groom.

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## Swallows, Cox



MRS. R.E. COX JR.  
... Alicia Ann Swallows

DOTHAN, Ala. — Alicia Ann Swallows and Rutledge Eugene Cox Jr. were married at 7 p.m. Dec. 12 at First United Methodist Church.

The Revs. Jerry Dooling and Dr. Carlisle Miller officiated.

The bride is the daughter of Arlene W. Swallows and the late C. Arnold Swallows.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge E. Cox Sr. of Charleston, S.C.

Maid of honor was Emily Roe. Attendants were Sharla Beaty, Sharon Beaty, Julie Jones, Barbara Kamensky, Sally Lester and Beth Martinez.

The father of the bridegroom was best man. Ushers were Shaun Ballard, Rick Brandon, Randy Cox, Raymond Cox, Art Deas and Bob Dollar.

A reception was held at the church. The bride graduated from Auburn University. She is a pharmacist for Super-D in Memphis, Tenn.

The bridegroom graduated from the University of Charleston. He is a district manager for Glaxo Drug in Memphis.

Publications: Durham (North Carolina) Morning Herald; (Lafayette, Louisiana) Advertiser; Bellingham (Washington) Record; Modesto (California) Bee; Baltimore Sun; St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Contributors: Jack Adams; Harvey Bollitch; Sooli Sincuses; David Burbane; Fred Chirmani; James Laverty.

# True Miscellany Part IV

In Charles Town, West Virginia, a man arrived at a convenience store an hour before the normal 5:00 A.M. opening time. When clerks refused to unlock the door for him, the man pulled out a handgun and shot out the glass door. Once inside the store, he picked up a can of STP Oil Treatment, paid for it at the counter, then left. *Trentonian* (contributed by Steven Poppele)

The Reagan administration named Texas businessman Bill Perrin as ambassador to the troubled island nation of Cyprus, but failed to update Perrin's biography, which was sent to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for approval.

Perrin's qualifications for the sensitive post included this from the bio: "After attending Oklahoma State University, Mr. Perrin was a produce clerk with Safeway Foods." The bio also noted that Perrin was "co-manager of Humpty-Dumpty Supermarket in Oklahoma City." *Dallas Morning News* (contributed by Robert Keller)

Authorities in rural Flathead County, Montana, had their hands full one week last December, according to the *Hungry Horse News*. In addition to one restaurant burglary and the theft of a television from a motel, the paper reported the following in its "Courthouse News" column:

"A person who claimed to have gone without sleep or food for six days was found directing traffic in Hungry Horse. Another man, arrested on a warrant after a traffic violation, kicked the door of his Flathead County Detention Center cell so hard he damaged the lock. He then tried to cut his neck with a bit of wire he had smuggled into the jail.

"Deputies found a man suspected of breaking the toilet in the Blue Moon Nite Club's men's room last week. He reportedly said he couldn't remember the incident but would accept the officers' version of things and agreed to pay the ninety-five dollars in repair costs.

"Someone stole the roadside sign from Fun Unlimited in Columbia Falls. The sign is worth about \$1,500.

"A Columbia Falls couple got into a fight when the man accused the woman of 'lusting' during an evening at the Blue Moon. According to the report, he hit her several times and she left the house. When she returned a short time later, the man threatened to shoot her and her horse.

"An eleven-year-old Kalispell girl who found her father's marijuana stash and brought it to school was cited by the County Juvenile Court. Her father was cited for misdemeanor possession of dangerous drugs.

"Finally, a woman prisoner in the county jail set fire to a roll of toilet paper. The fire alarm went off. According to a Sheriff's [Department] spokeswoman, there was no danger, but in the confusion of alarm bells, ringing telephones, and arriving firemen, a jail guard missed the alarm-turnoff button and turned on the sprinkler system instead." (contributed by Jack Lewis)

In Oak Park, Illinois, building department official Louis Szlauer received a complaint that "a woman living in the 24000 block of Rensselaer was keeping two horses at her home." The *Detroit Free Press* reported that Szlauer and Health Department officials visited the two-bedroom house.

"The lady let us in," said Szlauer. "The house wasn't all that bad. But you could smell the horses. She had two children in one bedroom and the horses had a separate bedroom." (contributed by John R. Gerber)

The operator of a passenger ferry between Block Island and Point Judith, Rhode Island, ran his vessel into a sandbar and jumped into the water while fifty passengers screamed in protest. The operator was picked up by the Coast Guard for questioning.

"I think what happened is he might have been stressed out," said a Coast Guard commander. "There's a lot of pressure involved in the job." (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Peter Kleinman)

## Deep Cover



Michael Lester



Morgan Flynn Averill



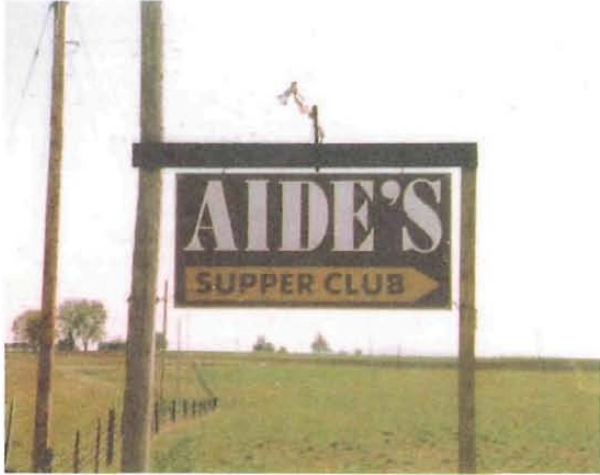
# Eat and Be Well



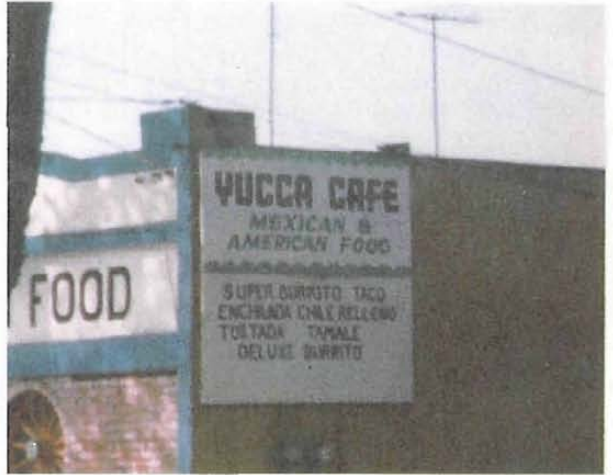
George A. Smith



Martin Keenan



Mike McConnell



Steve Voetsch



Michael L. Hardy



Mark R. Frank

# Santa & Friends

The *Potomac News* reported that police were looking for a four-foot-tall, fifty-one-pound Santa Claus statue that was taken from the yard of Catherine and John Greenwalt, Jr. in Dale City, Virginia. The Greenwalts had assumed their Santa was gone for good until they received a letter from Santa's kidnapper and five photos of their Santa "sunning it up in Virginia Beach.

"From the photographs, Santa appeared unharmed. He was wearing sunglasses and standing beside a woman on the balcony of what appeared to be a second-floor beach apartment.

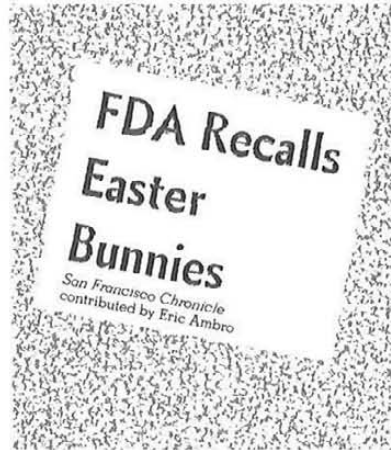
"I think we're gonna get more pictures," said Greenwalt. "I think we're gonna hear from them again." (contributed by Vicki Hopkins)

According to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, "Kathy Odger took her five-year-old grandson Aaron to see Santa Claus at Portage Place," a local shopping mall. After only seconds on Santa's lap, the little boy "bolted off Santa's knee and over to his grandma." After much coaxing, Aaron finally told his grandma what had happened.

"He said he had asked Santa for a dog," Odger explained. "Santa asked him what kind of dog? My grandson said, 'A big dog.'" That's when Santa looked down at the boy and said, "Do you want a big fucking dog?"

Colleen O'Rourke, manager of Portage Place, admitted that Santa may have used the f-word. "Perhaps he had a bad day," she said. "I don't know." (contributed by Jeffery Trapp)

According to the *Albuquerque Journal*, "Santa Claus was accidentally shot and wounded while preparing to visit the New Mexico State Penitentiary early Christmas Eve, said Warden George Sullivan." Santa was talking to four kids who were visiting the prison when he heard a loud shot. "There was smoke and everybody was thunderstruck," he said. Feeling a burning pain in his leg, Santa "tried to bend over to see the wound, but a pillow over his stomach prevented him." Santa spent the afternoon in the emergency room. (contributed by Egan McCormick)



**Santas** in Berne, Switzerland, will be required to "carry proper identification, complete with names and photographs, so parents who hire a Santa to distribute Christmas gifts to their children will be sure of getting 'the real thing,' said a rent-a-Santa agency. The move was made necessary after complaints that fake Santas, who claimed to be staff members of the agency, were found drinking, smoking, and cursing on the job." (Cleveland, Ohio) *Plain Dealer* (contributed by Ed McHugh)

According to the New York *Daily News*, Ariel Dorfman and Armand Mattelart, two Marxist writers from Chile, claim that Donald Duck and Scrooge McDuck spread subversive, imperialist philosophy.

In their book, *How to Read Donald Duck* (International General, New York, six dollars), they point out that there are no parents in the world of Donald and Scrooge. "Scrooge McDuck is Donald's uncle, Grandma Duck is Donald's aunt (but not Scrooge's wife), and Donald is the uncle of Huey, Dewey, and Louie." The authors state that "uncle authority is of purely de facto origin, rather than a natural right. It is a contractual relationship, masquerading as a natural relationship, a tyranny which does not even assume the responsibility of breeding. One cannot rebel against it in the name of nature; one cannot say to an uncle, 'You are a bad father.'"

Duckburg, say the authors, instills in Third World readers the psychology that rebellion is useless. One can only hope for mercy. "It is only natural that the Duckburg Women's Clubs are always engaged in good works; the dispossessed eagerly accept whatever charity can be had for the begging."

The authors also note that a popular Donald and Scrooge story line has them "in far-off lands—Faroffistan, Unsteadystan, Inca-Blinca—to swindle the natives." (contributed by Mark Edlund)

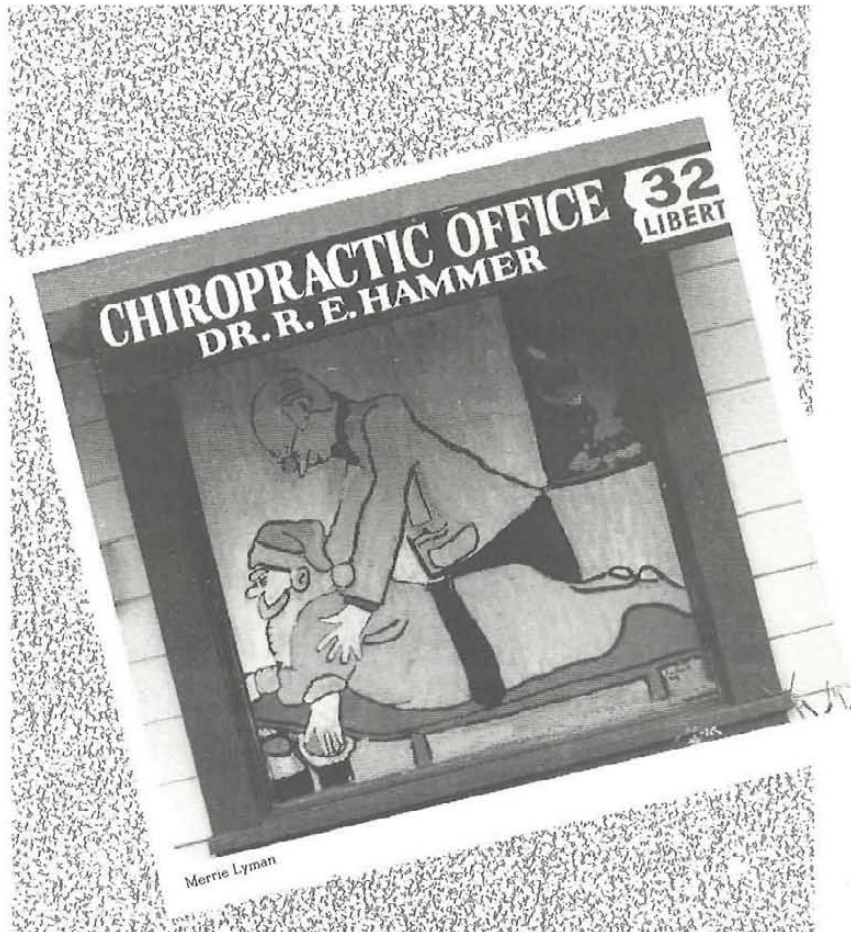
A newspaper in Maryland reported that a Santa in Wellington, New Zealand, was "sacked for smoking on duty, wearing an improper uniform, and handing out sweets to teenagers instead of just toddlers. Shopkeepers said his generosity encouraged teenage loitering. His patrons included an eighty-nine-year-old woman who sat on his knee and asked for a microwave." (contributed by M. Bergen)

From the New York *Daily News*:  
"Manchester, Ohio—A gun-toting Easter bunny robbed a convenience store of \$655 after spending several minutes convincing a woman clerk he wasn't joking, authorities said yesterday." (contributed by Mark A. Kosinski)

According to *Newsday*, a Russian film studio's production of *Bambi* was thrown off schedule because three of four deer used in the filming ended up on someone's dinner table. "After the deer vanished from the movie set in the Crimea, where Felix Salten's children's book is being filmed, a police investigation revealed they had been stolen by three 'notorious freeloaders' who slaughtered them for a birthday feast."

In other words, somebody ate Bambi. (contributed by Donald J. King)

Someone unbolted the double-decker hamburger from the hand of a Big Boy restaurant statue in Iron Mountain, Michigan, then apparently returned to take Big Boy himself. After two days, however, Big Boy turned up in a wooded area of Niagara, Wisconsin. *Detroit News* (contributed by Timothy L. Vickers)



A group calling itself the Partiers League for Christmas Cookie Liberation kidnapped a Ronald McDonald statue from a Sacramento, California, McDonald's. They sent a ransom note which read: "Mr. McDonald is safe, unharmed, and, I assure you, entirely unable to escape." The note demanded that McDonald's give a free box of cookies to any child under eight who visited the restaurant on Christmas Eve.

"This is not a hoax," said the note. "If any qualified child is refused

cookies, Ronald dies."

The note came with a photo of a blindfolded Ronald McDonald, a stick of dynamite hanging from his neck. A note on the wall behind the statue read: "Do as they say or I'm McHistory." *Virginia Pilot* (contributor unknown)

# Boom Times

## Howard Beach witness explodes

Wisconsin State Journal  
contributed by Jamie Way

## Utah man injured when toilet explodes

Pittsburgh Post Gazette  
contributed by Joseph Forbes

## Tomato plant explodes, 1 hurt

Chico (California) Enterprise Record  
contributed by David Clumpus

### John Charles & Frances Hunter & the anointed Healing Teams in an exciting

# HEALING EXPLOSION



With National Recording Artist  
*Karen Wheaton*



Memphis, Tn.  
Mid South Coliseum  
Friday, May 29 at 7 p.m.

contributed by Bill Wilkerson



photo by Eric Williams

## Bomb Squad blows box of strawberries into jam

A bomb squad blew up a suspicious parcel at Los Angeles International Airport yesterday.

Los Angeles Herald Examiner  
contributed by Guy Fulkerson

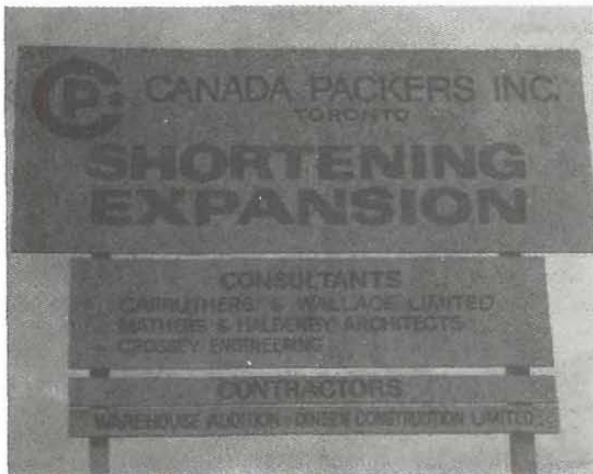
# Little Enigmas



Albin Sadar



Scott Farquhar



Al Janusas



E. T. Larsen



G. A. Vanderlek



Paul Huth

# True Love

A British Columbia Supreme Court judge informed Fred Wiese that he was still married to Helga Dehne, despite Wiese's statement that he was tricked into marrying her, the marriage was never consummated, she reneged on a promise to quit smoking, and she has returned home to West Germany. (Ottawa) *Citizen* (contributed by Jo-Ann Ilkiw)

A thirty-six-year-old woman in San Jose, California, charged a forty-four-year-old man she knew with false imprisonment and theft. She said he moved into her apartment even though she refused to allow it, administered a tranquilizer and barbiturate to her every hour, and would not let her leave until her condition required her to be hospitalized. While she was in the hospital, he took numerous items from her apartment. She later married him. *San Jose Mercury News* (contributed by Jeff Sanders)

Deborah Diaz arrived in a Hamilton, Ohio, court in a wheelchair, paralyzed on her left side, and remarried her former husband, Oakley Potter. Potter was convicted of trying to kill Diaz on New Year's Eve in a supermarket by shooting her twice in the head. *Boston Globe* (contributed by Kim Crisfield)

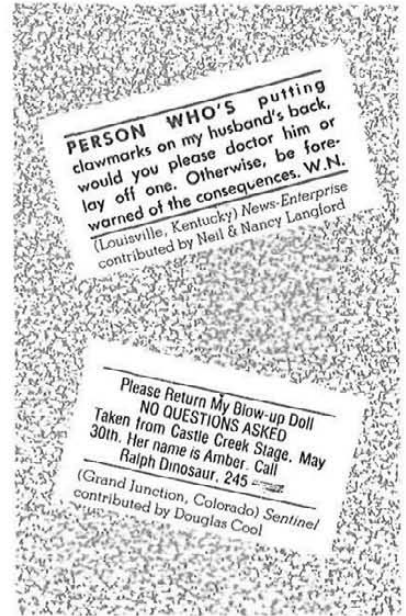
Wanda McDougall of St. Catharines, Ontario, told the provincial court she was still in love with Peter Buetow. Ten months earlier, Buetow backed over McDougall in a store parking lot and drove off, dragging her sixteen meters. She spent six months in the hospital and required eight operations. (Montreal) *Gazette* (contributed by Mike Sauro)

A standoff between police and an armed man in a motel in Ruston, Louisiana, ended when the man was ostensibly married to one of the two female hostages he had taken. A wedding was the man's sole demand, and police arranged for a mock ceremony to end the eight-hour siege. (New Orleans) *Times-Picayune* (contributed by Mark Schneider)

The false teeth of a woman residing in Broken Bow, Oklahoma, prevented a bullet from entering her brain, thus saving her life. According to the sheriff's report, the woman threatened to kill herself during an argument with her husband; the incident occurred after the man handed her a .22-caliber rifle. *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (contributed by Paul Johnsen)

Norman Toevs, a sixty-one-year-old Calgary, Alberta, resident, beat his wife with a VCR and terrorized her with a fireplace poker for seven hours in a rage over her obsession with bridge. Toevs, who described himself as a "marshmallow" all his life, said his anger erupted after his wife banged his hand with a can of chili. She was preparing to entertain members of her bridge club, but would not feed him. *Victoria Times Colonist* (contributed by Amber Veysey)

Joe Francis Woodson, a resident of El Monte, California, was convicted of assault with a deadly weapon and one count of battery for attacking his wife with a chocolate Easter bunny. The victim said she was knocked out by the force of the blow and that the six-ounce candy rabbit was frozen



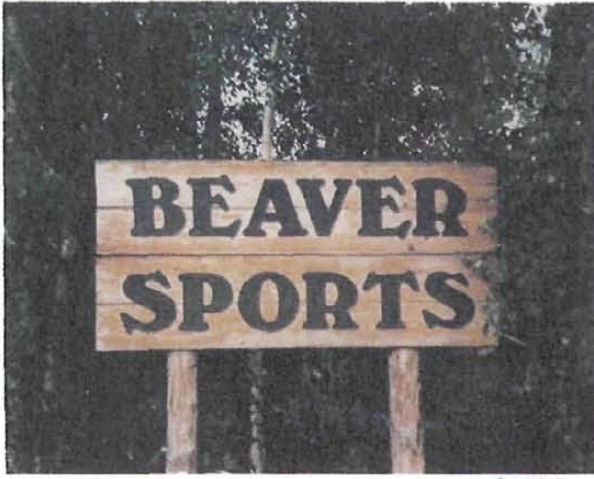
and still in the box when Woodson threw it at her. Woodson unsuccessfully maintained that he was recovering from eye surgery at the time, his wife threw the rabbit at him first, and the blow knocked his glasses off. *El Monte Herald and Press* (contributed by Stoney Martin)

A Tacoma, Washington, man spent Thanksgiving in jail after assaulting his girlfriend with a twenty-one-pound turkey. The woman told police she and her boyfriend were arguing when he used the turkey to shove her back into the house. The weapon was not placed in evidence "because it was roasting in the oven," according to the arresting officer's report. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

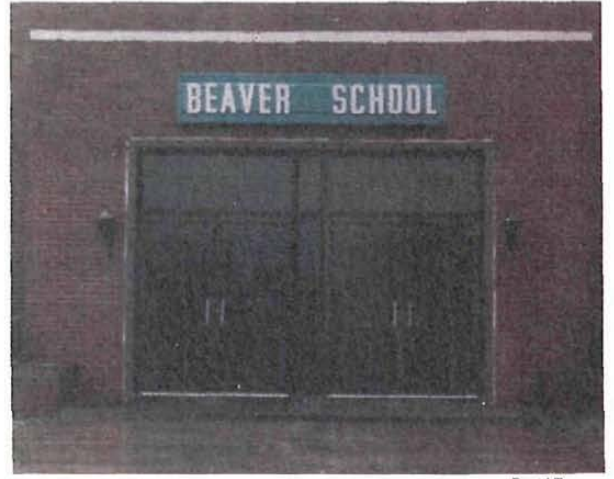
A man in Wichita, Kansas, was charged with a misdemeanor when he began slapping his girlfriend because she was unable to buy a winning lottery ticket. According to Officer Jim Whittredge, "Every time she scratched a losing ticket, the guy smacked her, and she lost five times." Police reported that this was the first incidence of violence involving the Kansas lottery. *Wichita Eagle* (contributed by Dave Hampton)

**She married a tadpole and bliss followed**  
(Cleveland, Ohio) Plain Dealer  
contributed by Eric Ambro

# Leave It to Beaver



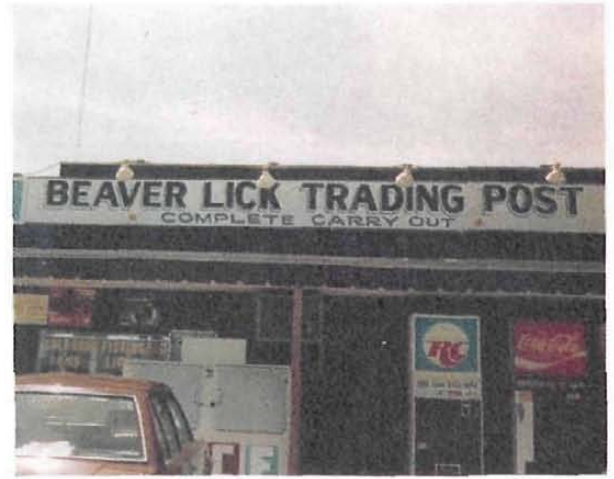
Scott Heiberger



David Tanquay



Chuck Ford



Brian Oelberg



James Cameron



Steve Stabler

# Likely Stories

According to the *Dallas Morning News*, Southwest Texas State University student Joseph D. Christian II was arrested on a charge of engaging in hazing. Police said Christian, a Kappa Sigma fraternity pledge, "refused to explain why he was in a field at 3 A.M., wet and shirtless in forty-two-degree weather, wearing burlap underwear and covered with motor oil." Hazing incidents must be reported under Texas law.

"Chapter vice president John Coyle said all twenty-five Kappa Sigma pledges volunteered to wear burlap underwear with eggs inside because it was a fraternity tradition." (contributed by Robert Keller)

From an unattributed newspaper clipping:

"Wednesday, January 5, 2 A.M. Employees of Lucky's supermarket reported a man who had been sitting in the cereal aisle since 8:30 P.M. and acting strangely. Police questioned the Kentfield man, who said he was almost done with his shopping, that it just takes longer when you don't have a list." (contributed by Bill Horgos)

According to witnesses in St. Albans, West Virginia, George Shamblin chased his wife, Reba, between two motels to the banks of the Kanawha River. She then jumped in the water and "Shamblin hurled large stones at her as she attempted to swim away."

After his arrest, however, Shamblin told police he threw the rocks in an attempt to "drive her back to shore." *Altoona* (Pennsylvania) *Mirror* (contributed by Denis Navarro)

According to the Newark, New Jersey, *Star-Ledger*, a waterbed was

moved out of the bedroom used by Pope John Paul II during a stopover in Miami last year, and a regular bed was substituted. "The pope's advance man, the Reverend Roberto Tucci, had recommended that arrangement when he visited Archbishop Edward A. McCarthy's five-bedroom, split-level residence prior to the trip.

"They didn't want the pope to get seasick," said McCarthy." (contributed by Don Moran)

Security officials at the Metropolitan Topeka Airport Authority in Kansas shot and killed two dogs that were mating near an airport runway soon to be used by President Reagan's jet. According to airport spokesman Marvin Hancock, security officers acting on orders from the Secret Service "first beat the dogs with heavy welding gloves to separate them, and when that didn't work, shot them."

Hancock said the dogs were shot because they "might have run onto the pavement and interfered with the president's jet." *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by Archie J. Ryan)

A north Philadelphia man, Harold Askin, was accused of first-degree murder after stabbing his robbery victim, Eli Reeves, to death. Despite the fifty-eight stab wounds on Reeves's body, Askin claimed that he had acted in self-defense and that Reeves "fell on the knife." *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Bill Hettinger)

In Topeka, Kansas, the Shawnee County Sheriff's Department raided the property of a man who had ten-foot-high marijuana plants growing in his backyard. According to the *Topeka Capital-Journal*, the plants,

were "planted in rows, already seeded out, and appeared ready for harvest." The man told police he knew the plants were marijuana, but that he only grew them "as a sun-screen for his tomatoes." No tomato plants were found in the yard. (contributed by Greg Hartman)

A twenty-four-year-old male student at Middle Tennessee State University who showed up at the school's medical center with a vibrator stuck in his rectum told authorities he "was raped on campus by three black men in an old brown Cadillac."

According to an unattributed press clipping datelined Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the student claimed "he was walking between Peck Hall and the MTSU administration building at about 10:30 P.M. when he noticed the occupants of the dark brown car watching him.

"He said that two of them got out and grabbed him," said Murfreesboro detective David Dinkins. "They threw him in the backseat, where the third was waiting with a jar of Vaseline."

The student said he passed out when the three men forced the vibrator in. (contributed by Jim Roberts)

After being stopped by police in Saginaw, Michigan, Willie Phillips bolted from his car and fled into a field. He was caught several hundred yards away and arrested for possession of about \$1,300 worth of heroin.

Phillips claimed that he thought he was being robbed when officers shouted, "Hold up, Phillips," and that he fell on the packet of heroin while running through the field. *Saginaw News* (contributed by John Denton)



# Missing Letters, Specialty Division



Cynthia Marron



Robert Grandcolas



J. Kievit



Raymond Goerig



Linda S. Lenney



Karen Logan

# What's in a Name?

**Tom Uren** of Sarasota, Florida, was presented with an award by the Water Quality Association. Uren has been in the water industry for thirty-one years. *Sarasota Herald-Tribune* (contributed by Fay P. Rice)

**Dick Tracy**, a U.S. probation officer, apprehended Ellery Queen in Northbrook, Illinois. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by David Smith)

**Gerald L. Swipe** was cited for shoplifting in Bellingham, Washington. *Bellingham Herald* (contributed by Jacki Dalton)

**Sydbet M. Swindler** of Kennewick, Washington, was penalized by the Tax Court for evading taxes. *Wall Street Journal* (contributed by David M. Shoe)

A female correctional officer filed suit against the Patuxent Institution in Jessup, Maryland. She contended her commanding officer, Major Wesley Horney, made sexual advances. *Evening Sun* (contributed by Gordon Shelton)

**Flash Gordon** was arrested as a fugitive on a burglary warrant in New Orleans. *Times-Picayune* (contributed by Warren V. Pope)

**The Reverend Ron Sellers** sold his home in Hobbs, New Mexico, to a family named Beiers before moving into a rented home in Houston, Texas. Sellers leased from a man named Lesser. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by David Smith)

A twenty-three-year-old man pleaded not guilty to exposing himself on Dickey's Road in Peters Township, Pennsylvania, during an argument with his girlfriend's family. (Waynesboro, Pennsylvania) *Record Herald* (contributed by Donald S. Aines)

**Robert Mutt**, a suspect in a Syracuse, New York, burglary, was bitten by a police dog after he hit the dog's handler. *San Francisco Chronicle*

(contributed by Bill Horgos)

**Elvis Presley**, a twenty-nine-year-old man from Gananogue, Ontario, was sentenced to a prison term for assaulting his wife and driving a motor vehicle although prohibited from doing so. *Kingston Whig-Standard* (contributed by J. Palm)

**The passengers and crew of Muff Diver**, a charter fishing vessel, were rescued near Ocean City, Maryland, by the vessels *Box Lunch* and *My Desire*. *Maryland Coast Press* (contributed by David Honig)

**Charles Phillip Snortum** was one of two people arrested on suspicion of dealing cocaine near Capitola, California. *Santa Cruz Sentinel* (contributed by J. E. Thorngren)

**Jesse James** and an accomplice were arrested for robbing a Miami Beach, Florida, bank. *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Skip Johnstone)

**Theodore Roosevelt** entered a guilty plea on a misdemeanor in Decatur, Georgia. *Decatur Tribune* (contributed by William J. Gorschen)

**The birth of Synepherine Nyquill**

was announced by her mother, Annie Bradford, in Panama City, Florida. *News-Herald* (contributed by Susan Diltz)

**Dr. George G. Innocent** was accused of grand theft and Medi-Cal fraud in Sacramento, California. *Modesto Bee* (contributed by Scott Redenbaugh)

**Phuc O. Tang**, a twenty-four-year-old man from Nashville, Tennessee, was admitted to the hospital after drilling two holes in his head. *Nashville Banner* (contributed by Phillip McKenzie)

**Kevin Dean Nicewanger** was named news anchor at WDAZ-TV in Grand Forks, North Dakota. He uses the name Kevin Dean on the air. (Fargo, North Dakota) *Forum* (contributed by J. Slabodnik)

A hiker fell fifty feet to his death on Tumbledown Mountain in Maine. *Boston Herald* (contributed by Daniel Surridge)

**Ronald McDonald**, thirty-six, was arrested for harassing schoolchildren in front of a McDonald's restaurant in Capitol Heights, Maryland. *Prince George's Journal* (contributed by Charles Williams)



MARK A. BARROSO

# The Savior As Entrepreneur



Matt Patton



Norm Boran



L. T. Thompson



Mike Mortell



Ron Mayes



Michael J. Provost

## More Lines from the Slushpile

Here are even more excerpts from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of fiction who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous.

Fisher looked down at the bloody corpse on the bed. "What a lousy mess," he mumbled. Rain began to spit against the window. June had come for Detective Fisher.

"Look at Rome," sneered Miles. "It's kind of decrepit."

The paramedics arrived with a stretcher which looked like a white canvas Fearless Flyer sled.

Her chocolate eyes were the envy of many of her friends.

Rape! She tried to struggle free, but the cold steel of the knife was against her throat. "I don't understand this!" she cried. "You could have asked!"

The wailing red-faced baby had her father's prominent nose and her mother's high cheekbones, but they thought she was beautiful. Such is the way of parents.

The Labrador stuck out his tongue in a pant.

"Time to go hunting," Dan said. "I'm game," I told him.

The geisha double-knotted his shoelaces. He sighed with pleasure.

His wiry body oozed with goose-bumpy joy.

"How ya doin'?" Chief Daniels said. "What's up?"

"My wife and I threw a party for the princess of England," said Joe, "and someone took the expensive jewelry she was wearing. Can you help us?"

Randy was a good cook—almost gourmet. At least she gets that magazine.

Following a sumptuous dinner of wild game, the girls made noises about going home. "Take a walk in the garden first," Claude suggested to them. "You'll feel better and not so fat."

"I took a massage for you, madam," the butler said.

"Leave at once!" I said. "You're crazy!"

"You're nuts!" she countered.

Jayne flirted with anything in pants that moved.

"If you weren't so shiftless," she berated her husband, "we could have bought a new car months ago."

Chris paused, biting her index finger like it was food.

"Holy shit!" yelled the doctor. "Look at his vitals!"

"I remember Flossy very well," I admitted. "She was forty, very good-looking, but with poor taste in men."

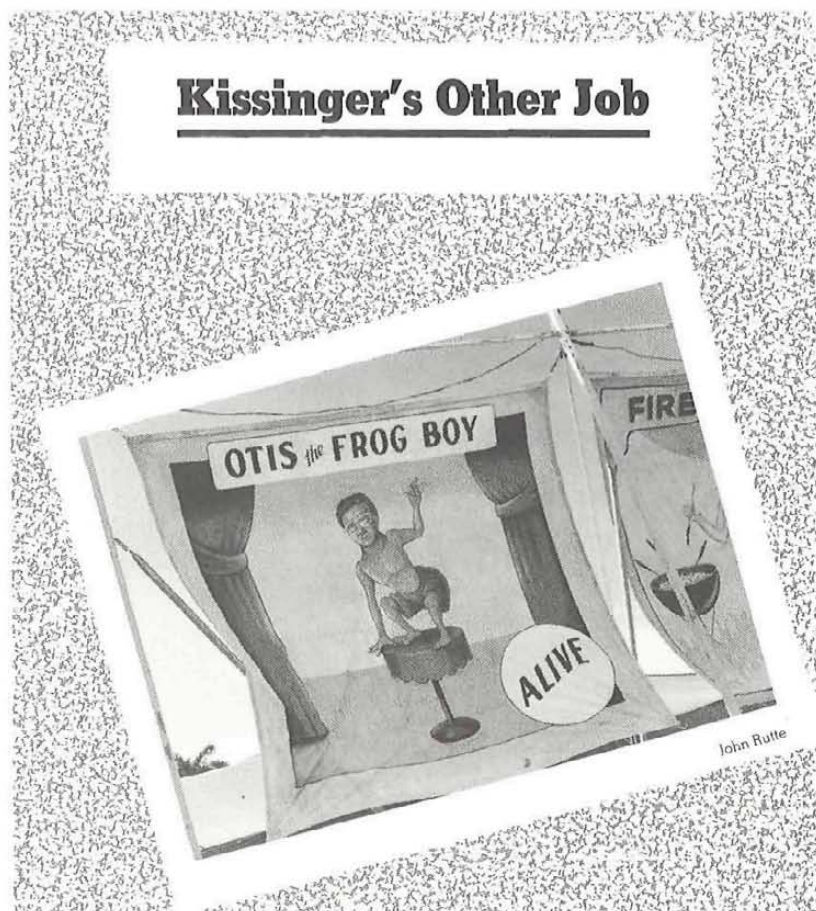
We debated technology, philosophy, and psychology, swapped stories, ideas, and sexual fluids.

Doris couldn't stomach the thought of another guest for lunch.

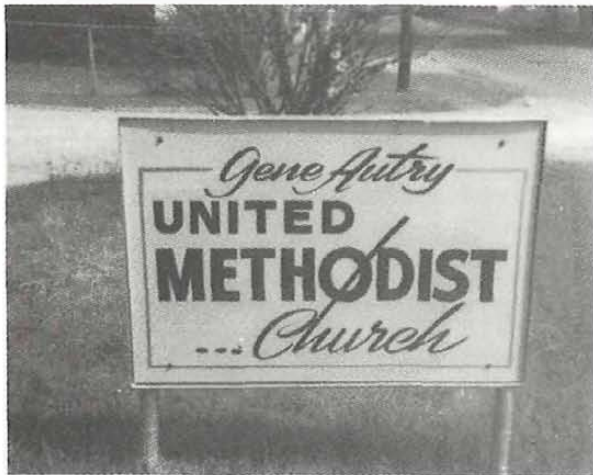
I leaped from the bed, afraid he'd left me in a state of panic and sorrow. I found him in the bathroom, unwittingly relieving both of us.

For once blindness was a consolation. She knew she was a sight.

## Kissinger's Other Job



# Let's Go to Church



John Loughery



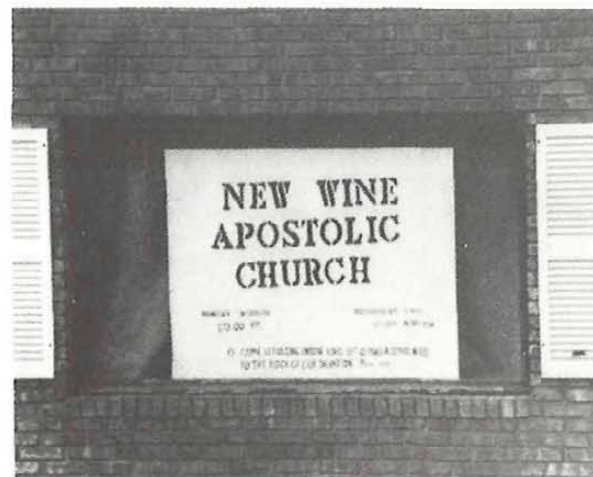
Greg Hall



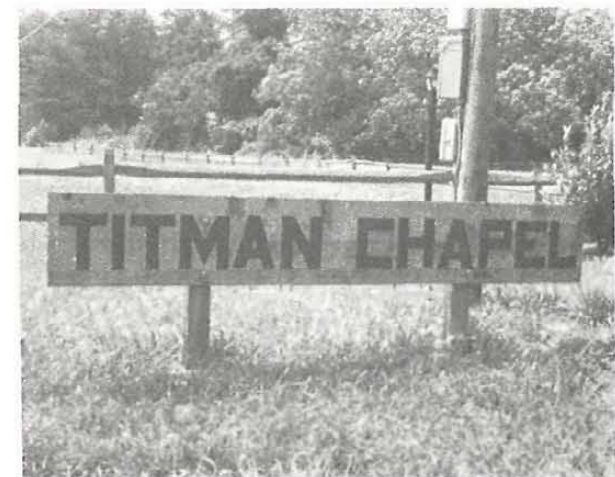
George Trepal



Louisa Copper



Tom Falsley



Dwight Johnson

# HI-RISK

RICK GEARY ©88

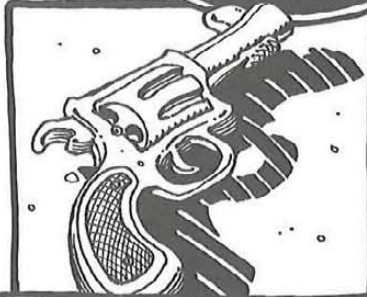
FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE "NEWS-ENTERPRISE" OF NORTHERN HARDIN CO., KY., SUBMITTED BY NEIL AND NANCY LANGFORD.



6:00 PM.— A MRS. M— COMES INTO THE STATION.



SHE HAS, IT SEEMS, A PERPLEXING DOMESTIC PROBLEM.



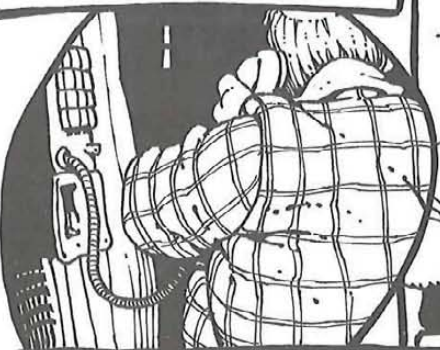
SHE SAYS THAT HER HUSBAND IS BEHAVING IRRATIONALLY AND OWNS A .45 REVOLVER.



6:30 PM.— OFFICERS ARRIVE AT THE M— HOME.



THERE IS NO RESPONSE WHEN THEY KNOCK ON THE DOOR...



AND NOBODY WILL ANSWER THE TELEPHONE.



6:45 PM.— THE SPECIAL RESPONSE TEAM IS ALERTED.



7:15 PM.— THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED AND FLOODED WITH LIGHT.



8:05 PM.— OFFICERS LOOK IN THE WINDOW TO FIND MR. M— ASLEEP IN THE LIVING ROOM.



8:15 PM.— ALL IS WELL!



8:30 PM.— OFFICERS ADMIT: "THERE WAS NOT AS MUCH DANGER AS WE FIRST BELIEVED."

TRUE 78 FACTS

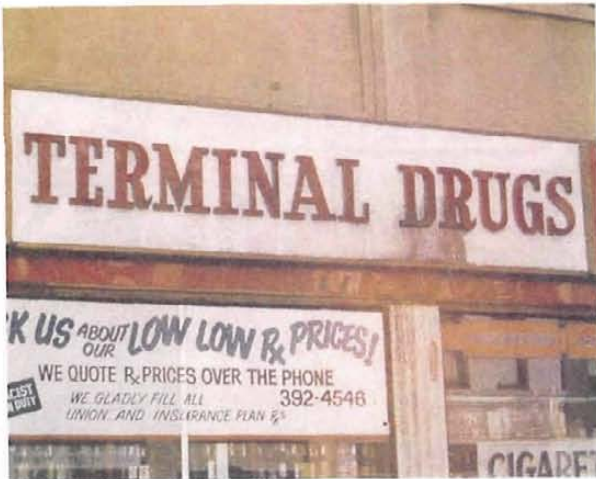
# Just Say No



Mike Kair



Dave Peterson



Jim Hallock



Scott Keen



Jack Henry



Scott Petrasch

# Leave It to the Press, Part III

## Bad Press

Heuwell Tircuit, arts critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, wrote a scathing review of the ballet "Bizet Pas de Deux" as performed by the San Francisco Ballet. Only after the review appeared in Monday's paper did editors learn that the dance, which had been scheduled for week-end performance, had been canceled at the last minute and never performed. Tircuit was fired. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

*Food Technology* magazine reported the death of Herbert B. Knechtel, founder of Knechtel Research Sciences, Inc. According to the trade magazine, "Knechtel was called the Henry Ford of the candy industry. He was the recipient of the Stroud-Jordan Award, which has been described as the Nobel Prize of candy making." (contributed by Chris DiPietro)

Daryl Tichenor, publisher of a weekly newspaper in Virginia City, Montana, offered a public apology after his paper, the *Madisonian*, published an article called "blatantly racist" by Anne MacIntyre, administrator of the Montana Human Rights Division.

According to the *Montana Standard* of Butte, the *Madisonian* published a special hunting edition which included a bogus employment application form for minorities.

"The application said it wasn't necessary for black applicants to attach a photo, 'since you all look alike.' Mexican applicants were asked to list the time and date they illegally entered the U.S.

"If living in an automobile, applicants were instructed to give make, license number, and where parked in lieu of an address.

"It asked how many children were claimed for welfare purposes and how many, if any, were legitimate. And it asked income from three sources: thefts, welfare, and unemployment.

"Blacks were asked to check off employment experience from these

choices: 'government employee, tap dancer, demonstration leader, singer, evangelist, dope pusher, V.D. spreader, all of these.'

"Mexicans faced this list: 'lettuce picker, nose picker, orange picker, lemon picker, tomato picker, city employee, governor of Arizona.'

"One question said, 'Check any machines you can operate by yourself: typewriter, TV, adding machine, Coke machine, wheelbarrow, washing machine, slot machine.'

"Applicants also were asked to list their greatest desire in life 'other than a white woman' in fifty words or less, if they knew that many."

In a front-page editorial following the furor, Tichenor said, "If I did offend any of these minority folks, I sincerely apologize, as that was not the intent." (contributed by Pat Hoffman)

his chief recreation as reading and watching Arabic soap operas on television." (contributed by Debbie Clark)

The following appeared in an article in the *Sunday Times* of London, England:

"Trouble is mounting for the newly sex-crazed *Star*. The paper last week lost Tesco, an important national advertiser, as news broke of an astonishing agreement about the paper's content.

"The accord between the newly ennobled David Stevens, chairman of United Newspapers, and David Sullivan, proprietor of *Sunday Sport*, was part of the deal in which United took an interest in *Sunday*



Logo of a French public relations firm, photographed by Lisa Nesselson.

From a 1985 edition of the *Los Angeles Times*:

"Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres has been named 'fittest statesman in the world' by an American body-building magazine. Dan Lurie, publisher of *Muscle Training Illustrated*, presented him with a gold-plated trophy in Jerusalem. 'From all my research, Peres seemed the fittest of all statesmen,' Lurie said. Peres, sixty-two, is a heavy smoker who lists

*Sport*, and Sullivan have a stake in the *Star*. In what must have been one of the more extraordinary conversations involving a peer of the realm, they negotiated a 'nipple quota' for the two titles. It called for the average number to be seen in the *Star* to be increased by 100 percent to two pairs a day, while the number in *Sunday Sport* would be reduced to the same count as the *Star's*." (contributed by Robin Benson)



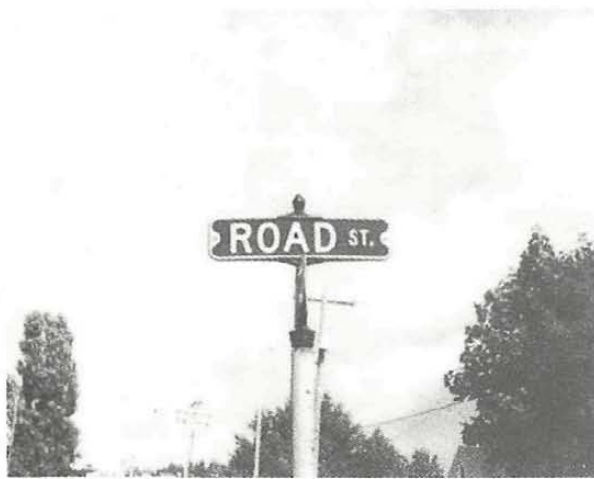
# It Goes Without Saying



John E. Brown



Larry M. Watkins



Gregory Gagnon



Lee Hannah



Greg Williams



John Mayer

# Missing Letters



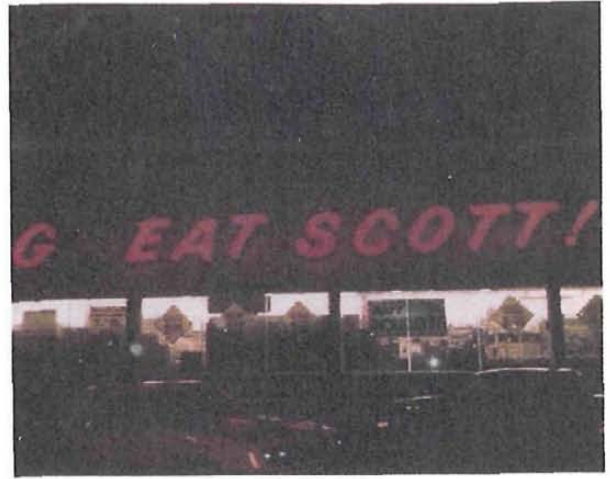
Jim Mack



Dawn Kraemer



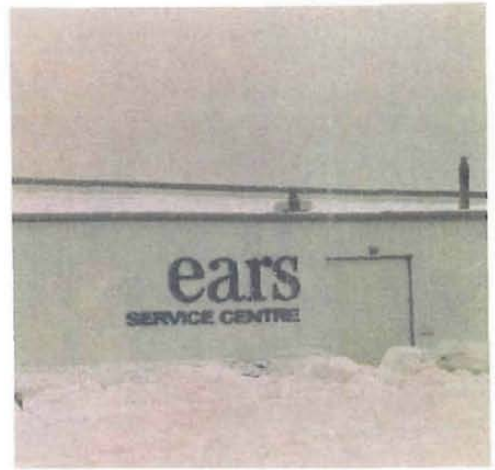
Jon Stewart



Ronald Lant



Lou Baskin



Brad Harnett

## True Miscellany Part V

The Israeli National Tourist Bureau in Amsterdam canceled an advertisement it was running in Dutch newspapers that said Tel Aviv and Jerusalem are only "a stone's throw apart." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

From a National Wildlife Federation publication:

"A Connecticut state legislator has introduced a bill that would ban the use of instant rice at weddings. Mae Schmidle says that because the grain absorbs moisture and causes severe bloating, it can kill birds that eat it. Although Schmidle does not propose strict enforcement of the ban, she does hope that wedding parties will switch from rice to birdseed." (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

Pamela Hoover of Binghamton, New York, found her cousin's pet crow floating in her backyard swimming pool. "At first, I thought it was a piece of black plastic or something, but when I got closer, I saw it was Blackie," she said. "When I lifted him out of the water, he was opening and closing his beak very slowly. I opened up his mouth and started blowing into it. At the same time, I started gently pushing his stomach in and out." After about an hour, "the crow regurgitated the water in its stomach" and recovered.

Hoover claimed she had learned the bird resuscitation technique from television. *Omaha World-Herald* (contributed by James R. McCoy)

Montana's *Great Falls Tribune* reported that Flathead County authorities tracked and arrested a Peeping Tom who rode his horse up to a window and peered in at a woman sleeping nude on her sofa. Hearing the horse outside, the woman awoke and produced a rifle. The horseman took off as she called the sheriff's department.

When deputies came to investigate, "they learned that several other area residents had also seen the man

and that they claimed he may have been drunk. They tracked him for nearly half a mile to the home of two elderly women with whom he was having coffee—though the women say they didn't know who he was. He had just dropped in.

"Officials say the suspect was fairly easy to track because of the hoofprints of his trusty steed. There were also identifiable marks left in the snow where the cowboy had fallen off his horse—five times."

The man told the arresting deputies that he hadn't been peeping at the woman, only "looking for stray cows." (contributed by Don Morgan)

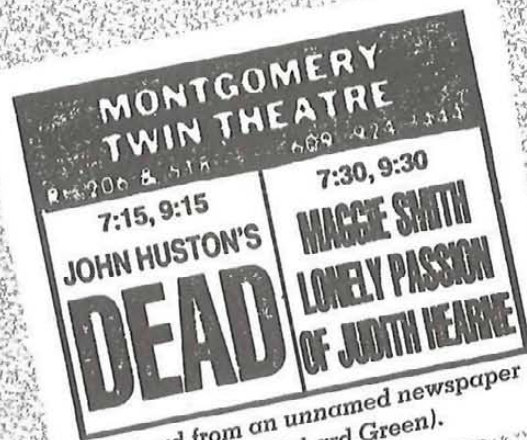
An ad in *Model Railroader* magazine announced a line of products called "Olfactory Airs" made by Mikros Corporation. The ad offered fifty industrial fragrances for "greater realism" so that scale-model structures can "take on their true-to-life industrial odor." In addition to a

starter kit containing the odors of burning coal, diesel fuel, cedarwood, leather, roasting corn, and pine trees, the product line includes the odors of chlorine bleaching chemical, heated tar, molten rubber, and cow manure. (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

Audrey Arlington, a city grant specialist for the California community of Beverly Hills, said the well-known city has no intention of applying for a federal grant for which it apparently qualifies. "We have not paid a whole lot of attention to this whole program because it's not suited to our particular needs," she said.

Arlington was reacting to word that Beverly Hills is qualified to apply for fifty-six million dollars in federal business-development grants for small cities suffering "physical and economic distress." *Virginian Pilot* (contributed by Jim Camp)

## Truth in Advertising



Movie ad from an unnamed newspaper  
(contributed by Richard Green).

# Behind the Wheel

After being pulled over by police, an Edmonton, Alberta, motorist jumped out of his car, ripped out a radar detector, threw it on the ground, stomped on it, and said, "I paid five hundred dollars for this damn thing and it doesn't work." According to police spokesman Lance Beswick, the motorist had been stopped for having only one license plate. *Edmonton Journal* (contributed by Lorne Sear)

Three suspected bank robbers in Berlin, New Jersey, were quickly apprehended by police when their getaway car, a seventeen-year-old Cadillac, got stuck in first gear. According to Police Chief Dennis Chance, what might have been a high-speed chase actually was a three-mile-per-hour crawl. *Pacific Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Curtis R. Morrison)



Walter Murray

Three Connecticut residents were arrested after a late-night food fight from the windows of their cars. Chanthara Phongsa, twenty-five, Douangchit Sounthanevong, twenty-one, and Thomas Walker, seventeen, were charged with several violations, including threatening conduct and reckless driving, after police caught them hurling Dunkin Munchkins at each other with slingshots. *New Haven Register* (contributed by John L. DeFranco)

A thirty-eight-year-old man from Maple Shade, New Jersey, was charged with "wantonly pointing a firearm" and "extreme indifference to the value of human life" when he squirted a woman's car twice with a water pistol during an argument at a traffic light. Allan L. Davis, a mechanic, was arraigned on an aggravated assault charge. As he was being taken to the Burlington County Jail, Davis commented, "I thought squirt guns were legal in this state." *Newark Star Ledger* (contributed by Carl Pflanzler)



Toby Walsh

A man in Wood River, Illinois, was charged with driving under the influence of alcohol, among other violations, after operating his riding power mower down Haller Avenue. Ricky M. Leverett, who had a can of beer in his hand and a portable stereo on the mower's hood, did not hear police commands to stop until a patrolman caught up to him and tapped him on the shoulder. *Alton Telegraph* (contributed by Tom Harlander)

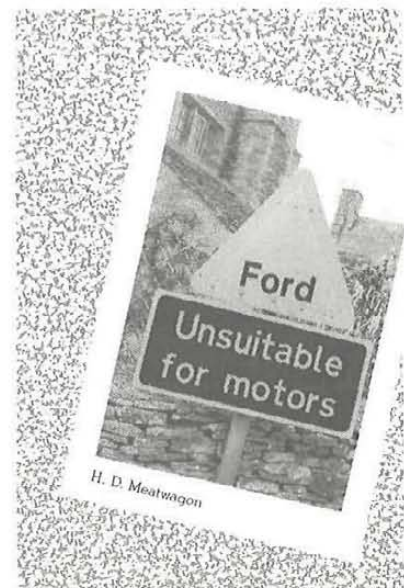
An Overland Park, Kansas, man rammed his car into a flagpole and leveled the twenty-five-foot structure because the pole was not flying an American flag. According to Police Sergeant Ed Salazar, "The motorist indicated he was feeling very patriotic at the time." *Kansas City Star* (contributed by Don Payne)

Leroy Christopher Krieger, a San Francisco resident, was arrested after leading police on a high-speed chase on and off local freeways. The four police officers who grappled with Krieger suffered minor injuries

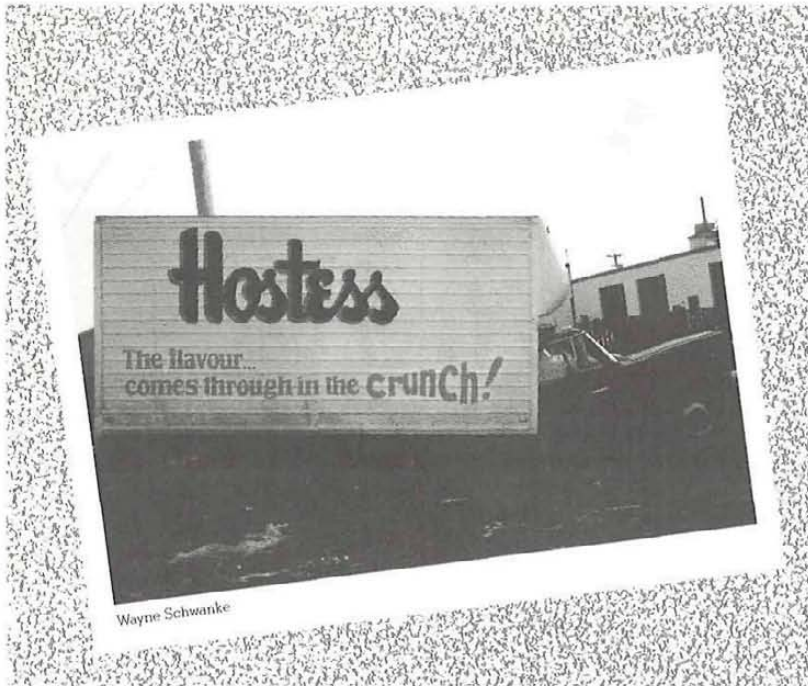
from the dozens of needles stuck through his arms and palms. According to Officer Gary Fagundes, police had no idea why Krieger had the needles stuck into him. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Jim McCutchen)

In Coral Gables, Florida, a van loaded with 662 pounds of cocaine rammed into the back of a stolen car during rush hour on U.S. 1. The occupants of both vehicles fled on foot. *Daytona News Journal* (contributed by B. Cash)

During a hit-and-run accident in the Bunny Flats area of Mount Shasta, California, a blue and white station wagon with three male occupants backed into and smashed a Porta Potti, then fled the scene. *Mount Shasta Herald* (contributed by Tim Maxwell)



H. D. Meatwagon



Wayne Schwanke

Marianne Staggs of South Laguna Beach, California, jumped on the hood of her 1975 BMW when Christopher Stephen Callas tried to steal the car from the parking lot of a takeout-chicken restaurant. As the car sped down the Pacific Coast Highway at sixty miles per hour, Staggs reached through the sunroof and yanked Callas's hair until he was forced to stop. (San Bernardino) *Sun Telegram* (contributed by Martha R. Dale)

Gale and Pat Bonsall of Waterloo, Iowa, inadvertently left their 1987 Oldsmobile 98 running in a loading zone at the Des Moines airport and flew to Hawaii. The lights, heater, and radio were on and the doors were unlocked.

"I guess it's one of those 'only in Iowa' situations," said Pat Jury of the Iowa Association of Realtors, whose office rescued the car three hours later after receiving a phone call from Bonsall. The car was in the spot where it had been left, still running. *Bellingham* (Washington) *Herald* (contributed by Julie and Robert Janyk)

Taxi companies in Paris, France, are testing new cabs equipped with "le siège qui brûle," or "the seat that burns." At the push of a button in the custom-equipped cars, the driver can send a 52,000-volt surge of electricity through anyone sitting in the backseat. It is designed to discourage criminals, and would render someone "groggy for about two minutes," according to a spokesman for the cabbies' union, which supports the experiment.

Not everyone is thrilled, however. "The danger of such a demented project is obvious for anyone who is sane," said a spokesman for the Federation of Transport Users. "Why not also install a cobra in a cage in the backseat that the driver can open when he wants to?" *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Gary J. Prebula and Janet G. Hahn)

From an unattributed local press clipping datelined "Oshkosh":

"Two Oshkosh men who climbed out of the driver's window and crawled across the hood and then in through the passenger window have been cited for causing a disturbance

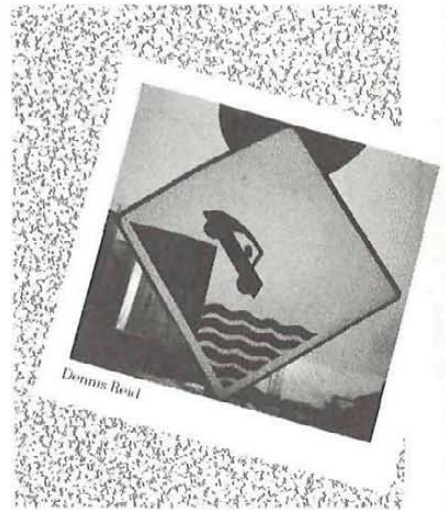
on a city street.

"The bizarre activity took place about 9:25 P.M. Tuesday while the vehicle was traveling between fifteen and twenty-five miles per hour on Pratt Trail in Menominee Park, police said.

"Police first noticed the car weaving back and forth, then saw the driver get out of the window on the driver's side, crawl across the hood, and get back in on the passenger side.

"While this was happening the passenger slid into the driver's seat and the car continued on with a new driver.

"The new driver did the same thing. Both were given May 20 court dates or the option of paying \$72.50 fines before then." (contributed by Charles M. Janssen)

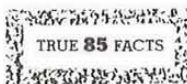


Dennis Reid

From New Jersey's *Asbury Park Press*:

"The head of the Division of Motor Vehicles has received a second speeding ticket in less than three years and now must pay a hundred-dollar insurance surcharge.

"DMV Director Glenn Paulsen was on his way to work Tuesday from his Moorestown Township home when he was clocked at sixty-four miles per hour in a fifty-mile-per-hour zone on Route 130 in Florence Township." (contributed by Jeff Feuerzeig)



## Editorial Report

continued from page 8

press," and polishing business images everywhere. More recent examples include these:

- The *New York Times* reported that "Les Trois Petits Cochons, a pâté maker, will give fifteen dollars to the Coalition for the Homeless for each thirty-five-dollar pâté or mousse purchased at its warehouse...." (contributed by Duck Divet)

- The *Washington Post* reported: "The International Banana Association, Inc. has protested to the Public Broadcasting Service about the use of a banana in a demonstration of the use of a condom during a special called *AIDS: Changing the Rules*...."

"Robert Moore, president of the association, wrote PBS president Bruce Christensen, 'Our industry finds such usage of our product to be totally unacceptable. The choice of a banana rather than some other, inanimate prop constitutes arbitrary and reckless disregard for the unsavory association that will be drawn by the public and the damage to our industry that will result therefrom.... The banana is an important product and deserves to be treated with respect and consideration.'" (contributed by James Lybeck)

- An Eastern Airlines DC-9 cracked in half like an egg on land-

ing at Pensacola Regional Airport in Florida during what was described as a "hard landing." One passenger on the jet said, "I looked down and all I remember is I saw pavement and stripes going under me." However, before Eastern personnel would allow photographs to be taken, they first draped canvas over the Eastern Airlines name on the broken plane. (contributed by John Lewis)

True Facts would like to keep abreast of the wonderful world of public relations. Please send your examples of memorable PR—especially your favorite amazing press release and PR stunts—to True Facts.

Thank you.

## Eccentric Ads

The last True Facts issue included an ad from the *Los Angeles Times* for Al Greenwood, the Bedspread King. The headline read: "Bomb Nicaragua with Decorator Pillows"—pillows which Mr. Greenwood apparently sells in his Long Beach, California, store. Al was so pleased to find his ad running for free in a national magazine that he now sends us a copy of each Al Greenwood ad from the *Los Angeles Times*. Mr. Greenwood's more recent suggestions include flying "bedspreads on tankers in the Persian Gulf" and "bulletproof bedspreads."

Al Greenwood, however, isn't the

only writer of strange little ads. For example, two classifieds for a restaurant in Pennsylvania read as follows:

(1) "Will the couple who left their ghastly children at our repulsive restaurant on Route 41 in Christiana please reclaim them soon. Your kids are eating the furniture and they're not polite about it. Your oldest is beginning to resemble a rocking chair, while Junior has become infested with termites. Our patrons are confused and are wheezing from the sawdust. Granted our food is not good, but we don't need this aggravation. The Corn Crib." *Lancaster Sunday News* (contributed by Vito Daniello)

(2) "The Corn Crib restaurant on Route 41 in Christiana regrets the demise of 800 pigs, 2,500 chickens, and 400 big cows over the past decade. These animals graciously gave up their lives so that you, the carnivorous public, could fill your collective bellies. We further regret the manner in which the food was prepared and served. Please don't eat here anymore." (West Chester, Pennsylvania) *Daily Local News* (contributed by MaryEllen London)

Perhaps the person who placed this ad in the classifieds of *Yorkton This Week* of Yorkton, Saskatchewan—"Roommate wanted. Prefer someone who has lived indoors before. Phone 783-4815."—has met up with the subject of this ad from the *San Francisco Chronicle* personals: "Anyone knowing of a wild person living naked in the wilds of Marin please call 278-8709 evenings." (contributors: Ken Keyowski, Bill Horgos)

## Dubious Facts and Apocrypha

From England's *Here and Now*: "Having visited Dr. Jaime Lurinda for a face-lift, Miss Jennita Zarto, a forty-year-old Bolivian actress, woke up to find that she had been given a sex change.

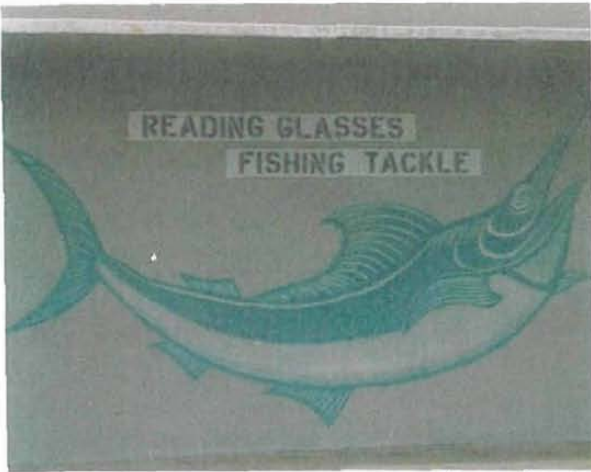
"My agent, Georgio Fista, was furious when he heard about it, but when he came to see me in the clinic he changed his mind and renamed me Johnny Zar on the spot," Dr. Lurinda's patient said.

"At first I felt suicidal—who, after all, would choose to be a man? Then things began to look up, and I

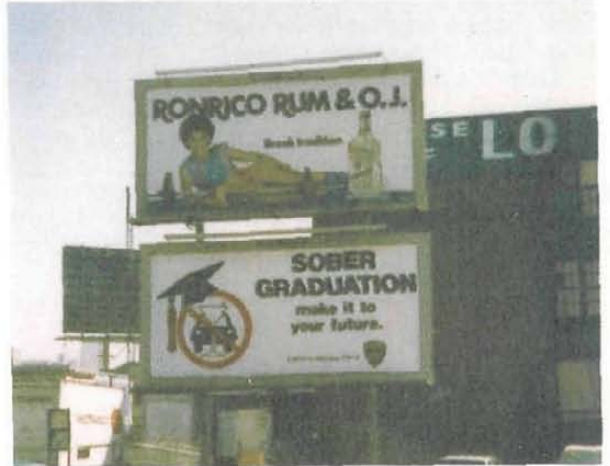
continued on page 88



# Strange Bedfellows



Christopher M. Landrum



Chuck Prosek



Chris Maman



Joel Rubenstein



Rollie Hanson



Clark Rinley

## Editorial Report

continued from page 86

was given the part of a fisherman in a TV series.'

"Interviewed outside his clinic, Dr. Lurinda said: "There is not a word of truth in the allegation that I work while on cocaine. When I saw Miss Zarto on the operating table, I thought: She should be a man! And I set to work. I am good. I am quick. I am cheap. Everybody in the town of Chacha respects me.'" (contributed by Steven Newman)

From Australia's *Rockhampton Morning Bulletin*:

"A central west couple drove their car into Rockhampton K mart only to have their car break down in the car park. The husband told his wife to carry on with the shopping while he fixed the car.

"The wife returned later to see a small group of people near the car. On closer inspection she saw a pair of male legs protruding from under the chassis. Although the man was in shorts, his lack of underpants turned private parts into glaringly public ones.

"Unable to stand the embarrassment, she dutifully stepped forward and tucked everything back into place. On regaining her feet she looked across the bonnet and found herself staring at her husband

standing idly by. The repairman had to have three stitches inserted in his head." (contributed by Jim Thorsell)

Mike Quinn, a U.S. sailor of unknown rank, recounted this incident he claims to have read about in a safety bulletin put out by the U.S. Naval Safety Center in Norfolk, Virginia:

"While preparing to shave, a chief petty officer decided to close his barracks bathroom window to eliminate an uncomfortable draft. Because the window was jammed, he stood barefoot on the windowsill and pulled down on the top of the window, which dislodged and slammed down on his foot. His position in the window frame prevented him from lifting the window from his foot without assistance, which arrived several minutes later. When the window was raised to extract his foot, his hand became lodged between the top of the window and the frame, again requiring assistance for removal. The chief passed out from the pain and was finally rushed to the hospital for surgery to repair his crushed great toe and middle toe."

Australia's *Law Institute Journal* reported this courtroom exchange involving a farmer seeking compensation after he, his dog, and his horse were hit by a car:

*Defense counsel*: "After the inci-

dent, didn't someone come over to you and ask you how you felt?"

*Farmer*: "Yes, I believe so."

*Defense*: "And didn't you tell him that you never felt better in your life?"

*Farmer*: "Yes, I guess I did."

*Plaintiff's counsel*: "Will you tell His Honour the circumstances in which you made the response?"

*Farmer*: "Yes. Not long after the accident, my horse, which had sustained broken legs, was thrashing around. A policeman came up to the horse, put a revolver to its ear, and shot it dead. He then went over to my dog, which had a broken back and was howling miserably. He put his revolver to the dog's ear and shot it. Then he came over to me and asked: 'How do you feel?' I said: 'I never felt better in my life.'" (contributed by Don Boyd)

## True Mailbag

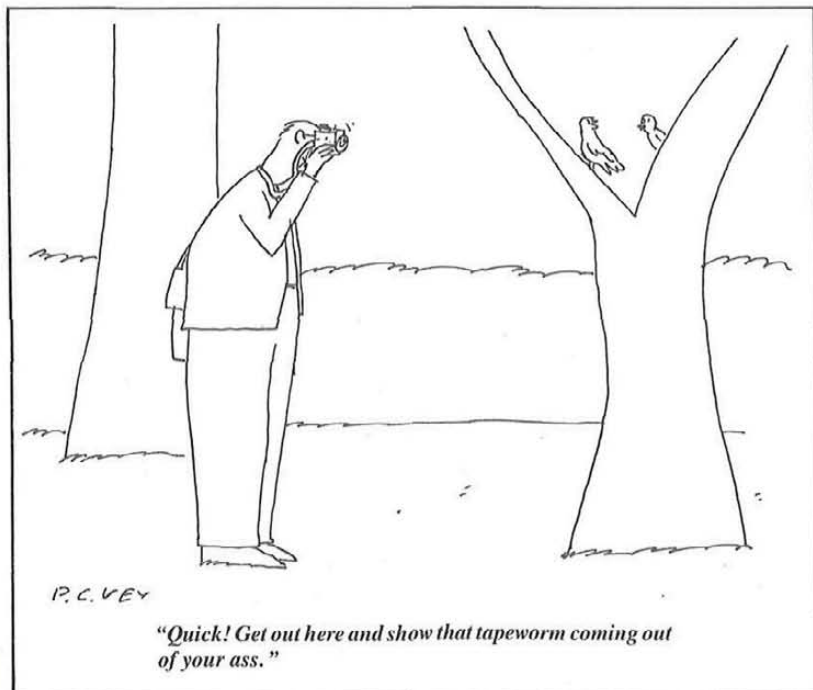
Dianne Love of Media, Pennsylvania, had apparently been submitting facts for some time. It wasn't until 1987, however, that I took special notice of her letters, handwritten on pale, lined stationery with a pastel tulip motif. "Bendel, my dear man," she wrote, "this time I've got you. . . . Your eyelids are getting heavy, heavy, heavy. . . . Think T-shirt . . . medium. . . . When you see my signature, you will know what must be done. You are in my power."

Ms. Love tried other sales ploys as well. "Yo Bendel," said one letter. "Please have a heart—I'm flunking school because all I ever do is search for True Facts." Another read: "This is the fourth thing I've sent to you guys, so if you don't use it I'm going to kill myself." The next letter said: "C'mon, John, be a sport! There could be a firstborn son in the deal."

Then she apparently had a change of heart. The tone of her letters shifted. "I'm a subscriber," she wrote, "so I hope to see something [in True Facts] within the year." When the head-on approach didn't work, she became bitter. "Thanks for caring, Bendel," she wrote, then stopped submitting altogether.

While collecting Ms. Love's letters from the files, however, I came across something she clipped from

continued on page 114



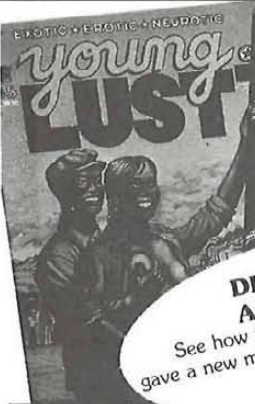
"Quick! Get out here and show that tapeworm coming out of your ass."





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## Unknown Mysteries

continued from page 26

We talked about all sorts of things. I really opened up and told him about my life, my previous relationships, and my jobs. He was a great listener, which most men I know aren't. The more we talked the more I got used to his looks. I mean, everything is relative. Maybe he was considered a handsome hunk in his galaxy. I could sense that he was interested in me. Sometimes one of his four hands would hold me while another would caress me very gently. His name was Chrsjtlk. There were no vowels in his native language. I called him "Chris."

In his galaxy Chris was in the manufacturing business. He said his factory could make almost anything from their native minerals and crystals. All their food is in liquid form. Their digestive system is very simple but highly sophisticated. They have no body wastes to eliminate and they have a different system of breathing that doesn't need a heart. And they don't need blood either.

I lost all sense of time. But at some point Chris said he thought it was getting late and I should be going home. He promised to see me again at the same time and place next week, if that was okay with me. I said yes.

Just seconds later I found myself back in my own car, on the side of the road where I was diverted. I drove home and turned on my TV set before going to bed. A news show came on, a Sunday night

news show! But I was taken away on Friday! I checked the other channels and sure enough, it was the Sunday lineup. I had spent an entire weekend in a UFO, without sleep!

The next Friday I drove to the same spot and felt the same irresistible tug toward the spaceship. I guess Chris had a way of getting me on his wavelength by telepathy. I was led into the ship, but this time there was no swimming pool. There was a bowling alley! He knew I loved to go bowling, so he had turned the interior of the spaceship into a bowling alley. We could have those fantastic drinks and bowl and then maybe have something to eat, he said.

He was a great bowler because he could grip the ball with two hands, so he had to spot me a few frames, but I gave him some good competition. By now I was feeling very comfortable with Chris and he with me. After our bowling he suggested having a snack at his place, which was very close by, he assured me. He simply opened a door and led me to his apartment, which was very tastefully decorated in a modern way, but not creepy like a science fiction movie.

Chris made some kind of incredible pasta, a salad, and a chocolate rum cake, all of it liquid. After the food he put on some music and we made out. Chris didn't kiss. He had no lips or tongue. But he had four hands and they were everywhere at the same time. He could do anything with them. I forgot to mention that he didn't have a penis. With those hands, he didn't need one.

Chris was infatuated with my breasts. A lot of men I knew gravitated toward them, but Chris really was obsessed. I was flattered. We made love for what seemed like hours, but was actually two days.

For the next three months Chris and I dated regularly. I explained my weekend absences to friends as a "secret affair," a private thing that they would learn about someday. Every time we dated Chris would change the environment of his spaceship. We had to do it his way because it wouldn't have looked right for me to take him into my world.

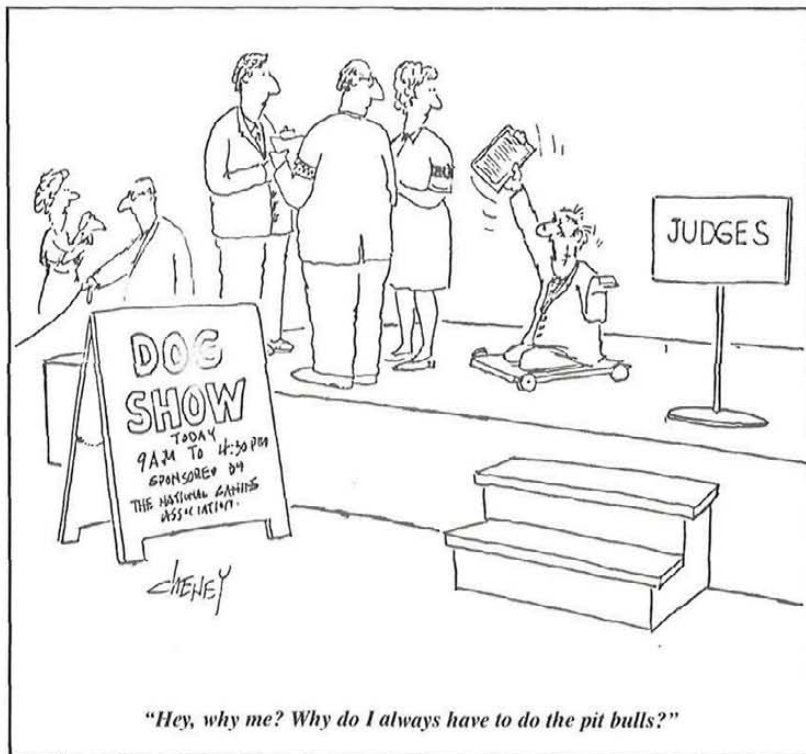
I was falling in love with this little four-handed lug. And I thought he was reciprocating. No one had ever made my breasts feel so good. Finally, I got up enough nerve to ask him how he felt about a real commitment, maybe somehow we could even get married. He looked at me strangely, as if I'd suddenly spoken in a foreign language. He had never heard of the word "commitment," or "marriage." I thought he was joking. I explained what it meant, and I could sense that he was trying to understand. He said that there was no such thing in his galaxy. People simply dated each other for as long as they wanted until they saw someone they liked better. But there were no hard feelings when they separated.

He asked me if I'd ever heard of the Playboy Philosophy. He was a great admirer of Hugh Hefner. Hefner believed in sexual freedom, the freedom to take your pleasure wherever it was offered, as long as you didn't do bodily harm to your partner. Chris claimed I was always free to be pleased by others, that sex was not a form of slavery, of ownership. Or, as I had put it, a form of commitment.

So all this time Chris had just been using me. Especially my breasts. He was just feeding me a line. He was an animal. All men are the same, no matter what planet they come from. Chris was nothing but a satyr, a sex fiend from outer space, using me like a sponge until I satisfied his insatiable desires. And I had fallen for his line.

I was very upset. I began to cry—something he had never seen before either. He didn't like it. His hands began to get cold and clammy, and he seemed anxious to take leave of me. He shrugged and apologized, and suddenly a sharp beam of light blinded me and I lost consciousness. I was asleep, but I dreamed that Chris was putting a long needle into my navel, extracting some kind of fluid. And then he was taking blood samples and skin grafts. And then he disappeared and I woke up on the side of the highway where my car was parked. Chris was gone without a trace. I felt weak, as if I had just had an operation. I managed to drive home. I never saw Chris again.

Leona Brent now regards her abduction  
continued on page 99





# THE SON OF HERCULES

AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

© M. MAREK, 31

1988

AS THE EVENING WINDS DOWN HERCULES REFLECTS OVER HIS DAYS OF PARENTING. AH, IT IS ALL SO FLEETING!



THE CHILDREN, THEY DO GROW SO FAST

AH, PENOS. IT IS SO DIFFICULT TO KEEP YOU IN TUNICS AND SANDALS THAT FIT



HELPFUL HINT: CUFF THE TUNIC AND YOU WILL GET TWICE THE WEAR OUT OF IT.

WAS IT TOO DOTING OF HIM TO PROVIDE PENOS WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF TOYS, PLASTIC SWORDS, SHIELDS, DOLLARS?

THAT'S IT. THROW IT HERE. YOU CAN DO IT.



OR IN HAVING PENOS BATHED BY A COMPANY OF LITHE MAIDENS?



AS LONG AS HE LIVED HERCULES WOULD NEVER FORGET THE EXPRESSION ON HIS SON'S FACE WHEN HE GAVE PENOS HIS FIRST CHARIOT



YES, HIS SON WAS GROWING UP. ONE DAY PENOS WOULD BE LEAVING TO RETURN NO MORE. HOWEVER, BEING A SEMI-IMMORTAL FAMILY, IT WAS DIFFICULT TO SAY EXACTLY WHEN THAT DAY MIGHT BE.

ZOUNDS! IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY HE WAS JUST CRAWLING.

OR WAS IT A CENTURY AGO? MAYBE TEN YEARS?...



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... HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME CHATTING ON THE PHONE.

WHY DON'T YOU PICK UP THE PHONE AND JOIN US !!  
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GEE... I DON'T KNOW, TROTS... I'M REALLY NERVOUS.

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@88 SHARIL FRANKEL

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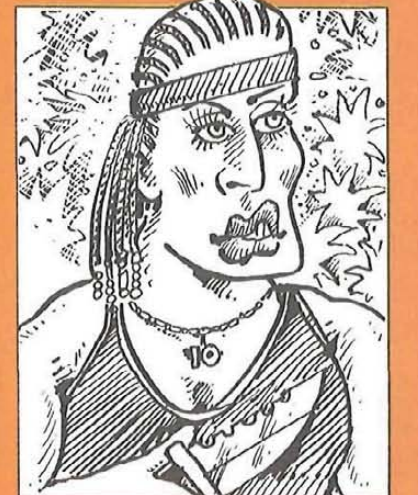
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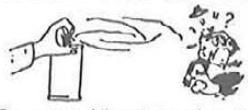
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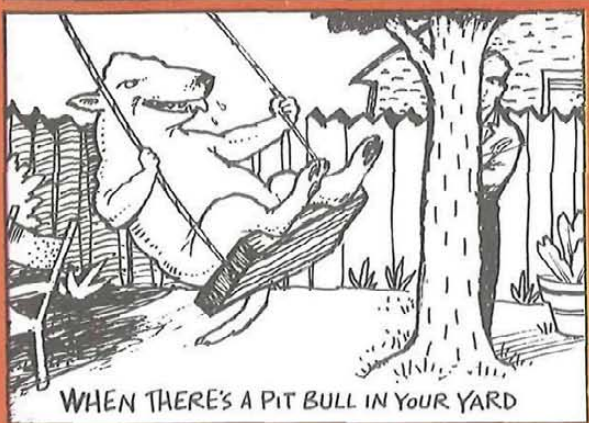
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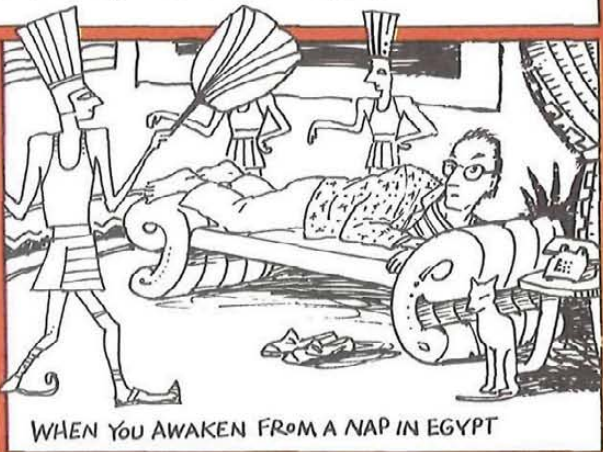
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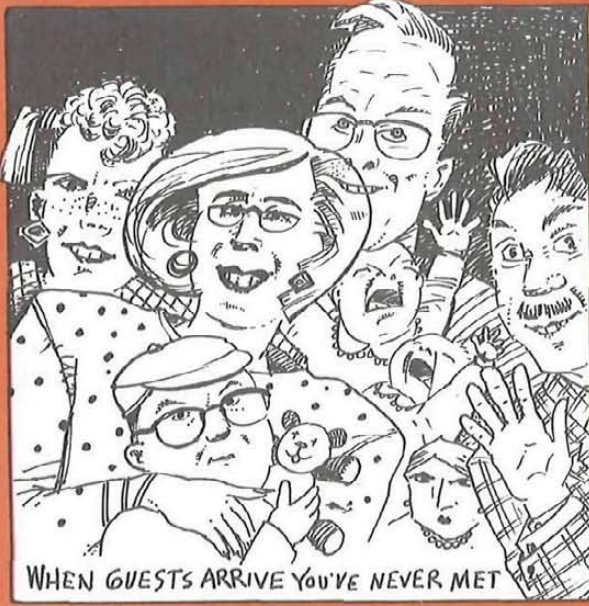
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WHEN THINGS ARE JUST, YOU KNOW, NOT AS THEY SHOULD BE



CALL THE POLICE



AHEY,

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR!

## Unknown Mysteries

continued from page 90

tion as a kind of religious experience, as a warning never to allow men to touch her body again. However, she admits that she still dreams of Chris, and sometimes she is sure that there is someone in her bedroom at night, fondling her breasts with four hands, in the same manner as this UFO-naut did. Leona Brent is still haunted by her UFO experience.

## Lonny Lomaine, Psychic Hairdresser

Lonny Lomaine had no idea he was a psychic until he saw Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik*. He was twenty-one at the time and living in San Diego. Like millions of other moviegoers, Lomaine was a fan of Valentino, and he attempted to style his hair in the same manner as the legendary star. To his amazement, he didn't even have to use a comb or hair pomade. Lomaine simply conjured up the image of Valentino as the sheik and his hair "combed," "parted," and "styled" itself exactly like Valentino's, down to the last strand!

At the same moment, hundreds of miles to the north, in Hollywood, Valentino was shooting *Blood and Sand*. As Lomaine was creating his Valentino hairstyle he was also "styling" the actor's hair at the exact same time! Witnesses of this phenomenon are still alive and recall it vividly.

Marjorie Fenwick, one of Valentino's makeup people, who is now eighty-six, was about to start working on him. "Rudy always reported late to the set with a sloppy head of hair. He refused to sleep with a hairnet. He liked to have his hair fussed over in the morning and done just right, so he always looked a mess when he came in. He sat down, and before anyone touched him his hair was moving around on its own power, as if an invisible hairdresser were in the room. His hair was parted neatly and slicked down just right. Then it seemed to be brushed for that final sheen so the studio lights could pick up his shimmering highlights. It was a perfect job. Rudy and I were dumbfounded. He thought some lovestruck fan had put a spell on him. He believed in the occult. I didn't know what to make of it, so I fainted."

Lonny Lomaine became obsessed with his strange power and was determined to visit Valentino on the set, which was very difficult for a fan to do. He was certain that Valentino felt his power. He arrived at the studio gate at the same time Valentino's hair would be done to prove that it was he who was actually styling the actor's hair. He stormed into Valentino's

dressing room and performed the same feat, this time looking directly into the actor's luminous eyes and "styling" him. He was hired on the spot.

When Valentino died in 1926 Lomaine stayed on at the studio and did other hairdos. He specialized in the more elaborate feminine styles, creating permanent waves without using machines. He could do the equivalent of a shampoo, set, and curl, and comb and brush a star's hair without using any materials or even being in the same room. He worked with Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford. He gave Clark Gable his lustrous hairstyle and created the straight-back look for the young Jimmy Stewart. The studio heads kept his work secret, not wishing to provoke any controversy or create a problem with the unions. Lomaine became their "psychic hairdresser."

Lomaine is still alive and active today and occasionally does a low-budget movie. "I was making about twenty-five dollars for a perm in the early days because the studios were afraid to put me on salary," says Lomaine. "But I made good money in tips and at Christmastime. The stars knew I made them look good, and they were generous to me."

"Today, my kind of work is not in favor in movies. They like the women to have long hair that looks disheveled, like it hasn't been done. Once in a while I'll do a frizz or maybe a period picture with lots of slick hair for men. My brain waves can't create this new stuff, this mousse. I still work with the old-fashioned hair tonic and pomades."

## The Autocist

Walter Davis of Massillon, Ohio, was sixty-eight years old and about to retire. He sold his successful hardware business and he and his wife, Gwen, sixty-five, a librarian, were ready to enjoy their golden years. The first item on the Davis retirement agenda was a cross-country vacation trip ending with visits to their family and their beloved grandchildren.

As a little retirement gift to themselves Walter and Gwen bought a new car for their trip, a bright-red Subaru station wagon. About two hundred miles into the trip, the transmission shift knob fell off in Walter's hand as he was driving, but he dismissed it as a trivial accident and managed to screw it back on. An hour later he got a flat tire. Again, he dismissed it as a common accident and changed the tire easily. Walter Davis was in the hardware business and knew quite a bit about cars and machinery and was not alarmed.

The next morning at the motel Walter could not start the car. He examined the engine and saw that the battery was dead. He got the car jump-started and took it to a garage for a quick checkup, and they found nothing wrong after adding battery fluid. Gwen was getting apprehensive, but Walter insisted on driving on.

A half hour later the car began to stall, sputtering and moving in spasms. The sunroof opened by itself and would not close. Black smoke was coming out of the exhaust, and the dashboard controls were blinking constantly. A hubcap flew off.

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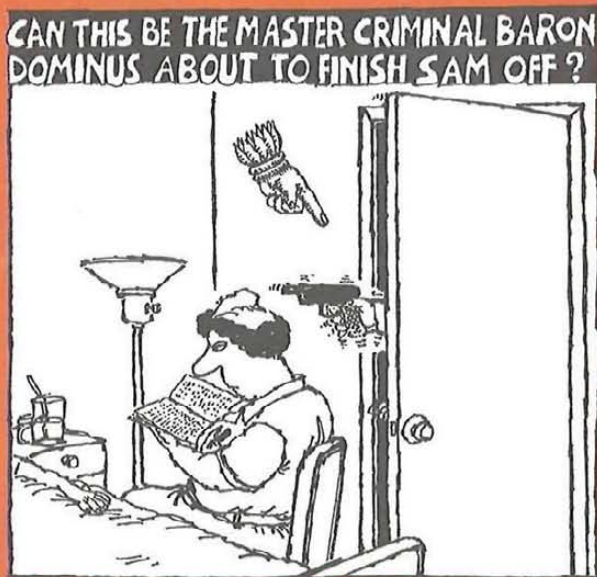


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| <input type="checkbox"/> NINA HARTLEY         | <input type="checkbox"/> BRIANNA STARR       | <input type="checkbox"/> SEKA              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BARBARA DARE         | <input type="checkbox"/> LORI LOVETT         | <input type="checkbox"/> JOANNA STORM      |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> MARILYN PALMER       | <input type="checkbox"/> STEPHANIE ROSE      | <input type="checkbox"/> MARTINA PANZER    |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> PURPLE PASSION       | <input type="checkbox"/> DANA LYNN           | <input type="checkbox"/> PAM JENNINGS      |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> LISA MELENDEZ        | <input type="checkbox"/> JESSICA WYLDE       | <input type="checkbox"/> DREA              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BEVERLY GLENN        | <input type="checkbox"/> PATTY PLENTY        | <input type="checkbox"/> NANCY SUITER      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BREEZY LANE          | <input type="checkbox"/> KRISTARA BARRINGTON | <input type="checkbox"/> NIKKI CHARM       |

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NAME (Print) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address/Apt. # \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State/Zip/Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 I am Over 19 Years & Request Sexual Material

# NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

EVOLUTION  
OF THE  
NUCLEAR FAMILY

Rick  
GEARY  
©887



PREHISTORY.



FACIAL FEATURES  
APPEARED ABOUT 1956.



RITA AND I, BLISSFULLY IN  
LOVE, WED BY COMPUTER.



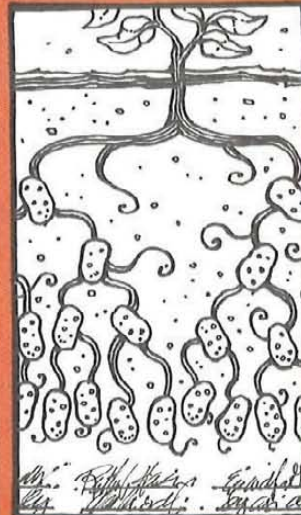
HERE'S OUR BROOD.



WE ALL FIND SOME TIME  
EVERY DAY TO YET SIT  
AND TALK...



AND WE HAVE NO TELEVISION.  
WHAT A RELIEF!



AS A FAMILY PROJECT,  
WE CHART OUR ANCESTRY.



WE TRY NOT TO CHANGE OUR  
LIVES TO CONFORM TO THE  
MOST RECENT TRENDS.



YET WE'RE STILL AS  
ROMANTIC AS NEWLYWEDS.



I RARELY HAVE TO PUT ON  
AN ANGUISHED MOUTH.



THIS YEAR'S FAMILY  
REUNION.

# PHOTOTRON

IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, GROWN YOUR OWN WITH STATE OF THE ART HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the Phototron.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did, all of the scientific literature, I did, and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact, you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact, you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the top of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And, in fact, YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (36 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

The Phototron II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact, you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fall with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

Call me at 1-312-544-BUDS.  
If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call.

*Jeffery Julian DeMarco*



THE PHOTOTRON		NO	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
Light	LEAP SELF SHADING LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT SPECIALLY ADJUSTABILITY COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
Nutrients	GUARANTEES FEMALE SEED NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT RE-FLORISH AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS SEVEN TO TEN TIMES PER YEAR TOTALLY SELF SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION										
Cost	SERVE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS										
Service											

**1-312-544-B-U-D-S**

USDA TOBACCO  
OVER TWO YEARS OLD

AS SEEN ON THE BBC'S  
TOMORROW'S WORLD

AS ADVERTISED IN AMERICA SINCE 1979 WITH OVER 50,000 UNITS SOLD WORLDWIDE

# "I Date the Great"

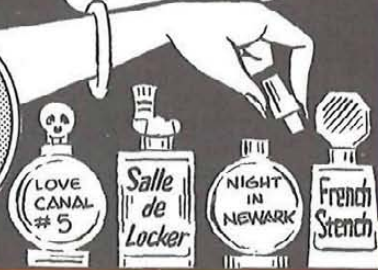
by  
RON BARRETT

In which an alluring mystery woman, whom we shall call "Allura," tells of her dates with famous men.



A COOL AUTUMN EVE IN '87  
A RENDEZVOUS WITH ROMANCE

IF MY PARENTS KNEW I WAS DATING A BLACK MAN, IT'D KILL THEM.



MEANWHILE AT ALLURA'S PARENTS' HOUSE...



BUT HE IS A DOCTOR, AND HE EARNS UPWARDS OF SIX ZILLION \$\$\$ A YEAR FROM HIS TV SHOW, BOOKS, REAL ESTATE, AND UNCOUNTED ENDORSEMENTS.



MEANWHILE AT ALLURA'S PARENTS' HOUSE...



THERE HE WAS—  
**THE MASTER!**



Y'KNOW, YOUR BLOND HAIR AND I HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON—  
**BLACK ROOTS!**



LAUGH TRACK

IF THAT'S A MINK YOU'RE WEARING, HOW COME IT STOPS AT EVERY  
**FIRE HYDRANT?**



I CAN TELL YOU'RE WEARING PANTYHOSE 'CAUSE YOUR ANKLES SWELL WHEN YOU FART!



LAUGH TRACK

HA - HA - HA - HA - HA - HO - HO - HO - HO - HO - ROAR - ROAR - ROAR -



MEANWHILE AT ALLURA'S PARENTS' HOUSE...





# PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

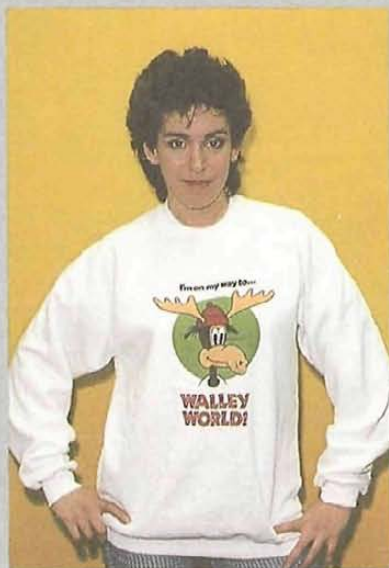
Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

# NATIONAL LAMPOON

authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics



**TS 1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket.** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining. \$33.95



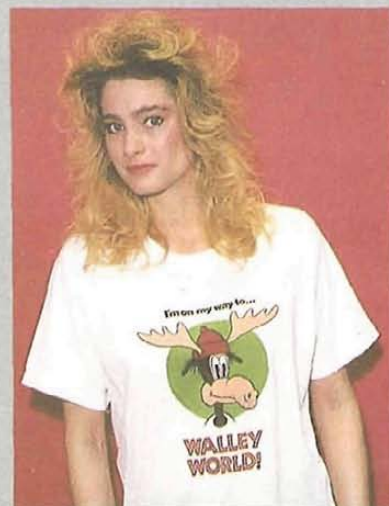
**TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt.** Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95



**TS 1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt.** Sam Gross's double-amputee frog is featured above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



**TS 1059—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt.** With the Walley World logo. \$7.95



**TS 1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt.** With Marty Moose on the front. \$7.95



**TS 1044—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt.** This time with the Walley World logo. \$16.95



**TS 1057—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt.** Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



**TS 1052—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt.** Mona Gorilla with her college and graduation date. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



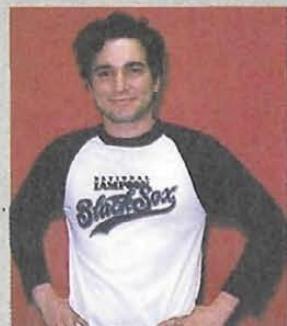
**TS 1064—National Lampoon Sports Sweatshirt.** With our internationally renowned double-amputee frog over the left breast. \$22.95



**TS 1061—National Lampoon Dirty T-shirt.** For the slob in the family. It already comes with stains, footprints, you name it. White. \$7.95



**TS 1032—National Lampoon Hat.** Sort of like a baseball cap, but better. \$6.95



**TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey.** The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00



**TS 1041—"I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt.** And you can buy this shirt through the National Lampoon as well. \$6.95



**TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey.** 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$26.95



**TS 1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt.** Ah, yes. The divine Miss Mona. \$4.95



**TS 1053—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt.** Ed Subitzky's risqué comic strip with a great punch line. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



**TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt.** Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton, with hood. \$18.95



**TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt.** Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$3.95

**TS 1048—Marathon 80 Shorts.** 100 percent nylon tricot running shorts with inside key pocket. \$9.50



**TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt.** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



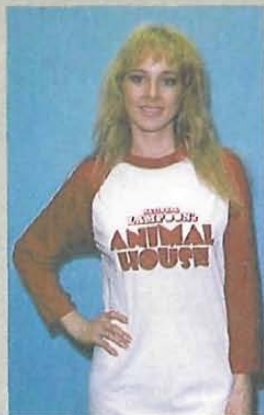
**TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey.** Made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton. \$20.95



**TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Polo Shirt.** 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



**TS 1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey.** With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95



**TS 1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt.** With 3/4-length sleeves at a 3/4-length price. \$8.00



**TS 1058—National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt.** No T-shirt collection would be complete without a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswolds to Europe. \$6.95



**TS 1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater.** There's that damn double-amputee frog again. This time on a handsome sweater. In blue, camel, gray, or black. \$20.95



**TS 1060—National Lampoon Moose Polo Shirt.** Features Marty Moose above the left nipple. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95



**TS 1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt.** With pictures of Bluto, Otter, and the rest of the boys on the front. \$6.95



**TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt.** Boy, does that double-amputee frog get around. Here he is again. \$6.95



**TS 1063—National Lampoon Moose Sweater.** Same as the Frog Sweater, only with our moose. In gray or black. \$20.95



**TS 1066—True Facts T-shirt.** With George Washington on the front, an authentic "True Fact" on the back. Four different True Facts to choose from! \$10.95



**TS 1065—Trots and Bonnie T-shirt.** America's favorite dog-and-teen team jump off the pages of this mag and onto your back. \$7.95

**(A)** WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*

**(B)** MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*

**(C)** After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —*UMKC University News*

**(D)** A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —*Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*

TS1019	\$4.95	_S_M_L	TS1038	\$20.95	_S_M_L	TS1053	\$10.95	_S_M_L_L
TS1026	\$6.95	_S_M_L			COLOR _____	TS1057	\$10.95	_S_M_L_L
TS1027	\$8.00	_S_M_L	TS1039	\$10.95	_S_M_L	TS1058	\$6.95	_S_M_L_L
TS1028	\$8.00	_S_M_L	TS1041	\$6.95	_S_M_L	TS1059	\$7.95	_S_M_L_L
TS1029	\$6.95	_S_M_L	TS1043	\$16.95	_S_M_L_XL	TS1060	\$14.95	_S_M_L_L
TS1030	\$33.95	_S_M_L	TS1044	\$16.95	_S_M_L_XL			COLOR _____
TS1031	\$7.95	_S_M_L	TS1045	\$18.95	_S_M_L_XL	TS1061	\$7.95	_S_M_L_XL
TS1032	\$6.95	_S_M_L	TS1046	\$13.95	_S_M_L_XL	TS1063	\$20.95	_S_M_L
TS1034	\$13.95	_S_M_L_L_XL	TS1048	\$9.50	_S_M_L_XL			COLOR _____
		COLOR _____	TS1049	\$20.95	_S_M_L_XL	TS1064	\$22.95	_S_M_L_XL
TS1035	\$14.95	_S_M_L	TS1050	\$26.95	_S_M_L_XL	TS1065	\$7.95	_S_M_L_XL
		COLOR _____	TS1052	\$10.95	_S_M_L	TS1066	\$10.95	_S_M_L_XL
TS1036	\$13.95	_S_M_L						A_B_C_D_

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope and send to: NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 888, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each item ordered; New York State residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax. Add \$1.00 extra per item for foreign orders.

Check items desired and circle size.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed a total of \$\_\_\_\_\_

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.





# The Personals

I CANNOT TELL A LIE—  
OUR SPECIAL INDEPENDENCE DAY  
JULY 4 LISTING IS CHOCK-FULL OF  
HOT NUMBERS!!!

Great Dates—  
1776...and the  
ones you'll find  
below!!!

Independence Day!  
Free yourself from the shackles  
of bachelorhood or spinsterhood  
and you can count on  
fireworks!!!

Give your  
constitution a  
boost!!!

Sterling Passaic,  
Executive Director,  
Tri-State Total  
Singles Network

**SWM, 27**, wants a relationship with a girl who is attractive, intelligent, successful, confident, life-loving, and sexy. Unfortunately I don't have a chance of getting her because I'm too ugly and stupid and geeky. If any of you guys out there are looking for the same type of woman but you're also too ugly and stupid and geeky to get her, write me and we can get together and cry into a few beers or maybe take in a movie or strike up a homosexual relationship or at least do a circle jerk while we think about what she might look like. No chubby chasers. Box 980L.

**SWM, 26**, haunted by erotically charged memories of his sixth-grade history teacher, Miss Tompkins, seeks supplementary cathartic bloodwursting encounter with mid-20's woman with soft skin, bulging girdled curves under a polyester chalk-dusted dress, black-framed glasses, short-cropped blond hair, Venus Sunset lipstick, powerful cheap perfume, and the raspy, frustrated voice of a woman waiting to be let loose. Box 937B.

**BISEXUAL FETISHIST SEEKS HAPPILY MARRIED COUPLE** to swing. Female must be languidly built strawberry-blond gray-eyed neatnik sandal sniffer with clean-shaven plum-tomato breasts, and an "outtie" navel thrust out far enough to cast a shadow; husband must be tall and cultured and have thick unswaying buttocks with no horizontal droop, hairy arms and stomach, heavily tattooed lower body, a degree in anthropology or philosophy from a prestigious New England or Pac 10 institute, and an unquenchable yen for the purpling fwaap of the lash. Or, if the husband is bald or balding, the woman must be a multi-orgasmic sex-changed amputee familiar with rectal Kegeling techniques and must enjoy performing vomit tricks on glass coffee tables. Both partners must know how to work a hot-water bottle and stand-up vac-

uum cleaner. Box 281E.

**ATTRACTIVE WALL STREET WONDER-WOMAN** craves the smell of whatever it is that makes that magical little crescent of mushroom-quality wetness in those bicycle messenger shorts. My dreams are full of omelet fixin's and my fantasies paved with feta—come make these brain-dances a torrid reality. Box 534V.

**MICKEY LOLICH'S OVERWEIGHT FISHING CAMP** Warm, friendly, family-run since 1962, and only 40 miles from Boston. Fully accredited, featured on "Today" and "Tomorrow" shows, all meals kosher. "Experience the joys of camaraderie, weight loss, and fishing in a sympathetic atmosphere." Send for brochure ASAP to Box 920Y.

**TALL, SOULFUL, BEARDED BACHELOR**, 9 million looks 35, seeks attractive blond goat-loving virgins who would die for love. Box 666.

**RETIRED BUSINESSMAN, 98**, worth 400 million dollars, suffers from angina, heart failure, psoriasis, cataracts, old age, and trichinosis. Will pay young pretty gal well and put her in my will in exchange for two hours daily of flaccid fellatio. Must not object to incontinence. Box 385T.

**MOUNTAIN VIEWS**. Four acres facing river of prime wiggling, jiggling, wriggling Monmouth County fat girl. Tons of fun, vats of vigor, miles of smiles, acres of shakers, a rambling expanse of rumbling ricotta, and more chins than you could shake a stick at. The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from sponsor. Not an offer to NJ residents where prohibited by law. Box 584H.

**SICK OF BILL COSBY AND "MIAMI VICE."** SWF seeks compatible man, 30-40, for good times, marriage. Flexible other than Monday, "Newhart"; Tuesday, "Cagney & Lacey"; Thursday, "Knots Landing"; and seasonally, the Country Music Awards, any Charlie Brown or Garfield specials, and "Hallmark Hall of Fame." Box 826L.

**HANDSOME, STRAPPING YOUNG LUMBERJACKS** at internationally known logging camp seek snugglesome women or woman for meals, boning, more. Box 340P.

**GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMEN WANT TO MEET GUYS WHO WILL TAKE THEM OUT TO DINNER.** Of course it will only be right that we'll be bored with you and we'll hardly touch our meal which is the most expensive on the menu and will set you back the better part of a paycheck and of course we'll flirt shamelessly with the waiter and give him our phone numbers and insist you give him a huge tip and afterward we'll say something nasty about your height and then we'll scoff at you when you want the evening to become anything more, and God forbid we should ever get a look at you naked, everyone in town will know the pitiful details. But if you want to get a gorgeous girl to go to dinner with you, even if she won't smile at you all night, just write Box 473R. Also, send a photo if you don't want to hear from us and want to give us a good laugh.

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**OKAY, SO MAYBE FISHERMEN HAVE LONGER RODS** and okay, maybe drummers have bigger sticks and scuba divers do it deeper and plumbers have bigger plungers and crab soccer players have bigger balls and musicians have bigger organs and computer analysts have more efficient Wangs and country clubbers have more members and truckers have bigger loads, but I've got a steady job and a lovely collection of Hummels and I'm ready to give you a respectable happy home, albeit one wherein you may not get a bedrock porking, and if that isn't what life is all about for you, well, then that's your tough luck, I feel sorry for you, it's your loss, and well, phooey on you, try the next ad.

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## Unknown Mysteries

continued from page 99

The car seemed to be going to pieces, making screaming noises and shaking violently. Davis was a careful driver and managed to get the car off the highway, but he and his wife were shaken. Something terrible was happening.

### Walter Davis's Story

I've owned a fair share of cars in my time and even had a few lemons. I don't want to sound like a crazy person, but the only way to describe my new Subaru was "haunted." It seemed like it was possessed by the devil.

I had the car towed back to our house and examined it myself. Everything was back to normal. But as soon as I started it up again it would go into one of these crazy tantrums. Gwen wanted no part of it, but I had to know why the car was behaving in this strange manner.

Al Lascoe has been my auto mechanic for thirty years and was a friend I could trust. I told him about the problems I'd been having with the new Subaru and his face turned pale. He held me by the shoulders and told me the truth. The car was possessed. "People think cars are just hunks of machinery and wires and stuff," he said. "They're wrong, Walter. There's something mystical about certain Japanese cars, something that comes from another world. I can't explain it."

Al said I needed the help of an autocist—a car priest, or, what they prefer to be called, a "spiritual mechanic." Some autocists were good with the older cars, the big gas guzzlers. But I needed a guy who could handle the new models, the Japanese cars that used a lot of computer operations. The man Al chose was named Carl Sturm. He had his own repair shop in Cleveland and handled a lot of Japanese cars, especially Subarus.

Carl Sturm arrived at five A.M. the next day. He liked to start early. He was a big man in his fifties who reminded me of Charles Bronson or Mike Ditka, the coach of the Chicago Bears. He looked like he could tear the Subaru apart with his bare hands. He was all business.

"I don't get down on my knees and pray," he said. "I don't wear fancy robes and do religious-type stuff. I put you and me into the car and deal with the machine on its own terms. Just head-on confrontation."

Sturm had no mechanic's tools or anything, just an old worn leather briefcase. We belted ourselves in as tight as we could and drove to the most quiet, secluded place in the neighborhood.

The car began acting up and got violent again. Sturm ran out, opened the hood, and shouted into the car, calling it vile

names, as if it were some kind of despicable person. The car responded by coughing out a foul-smelling smoke from the exhaust and shaking so badly that I almost got thrown into the windshield.

For the next half hour Sturm and the car were in a pitched battle. Sturm shouted insults, but the car fought back. I was in the middle, holding on. Then he reached into his briefcase for a rope and asked me to tie him to the hood. It was time to get on the road and do some real driving.

I took the most secluded road I could find. The car was belching black smoke and smelling terrible inside, like excrement and vomit. Spurts of fire were coming out of the exhaust and the doors were getting unhinged. I was terrified. Sturm waited until it looked as if the car would explode before he went into action. He pulled some papers out of his pocket and read from them in a loud voice. They were rave reviews from automotive magazines about the Subaru, how reliable it was, how it had the best frequency-of-repair record from *Consumer Reports*.

Suddenly, I could feel parts of the car seeming to come back to normal, as if they were being tightened and fitted again at the factory. Then Sturm pulled out a Japanese flag from his pocket and started chanting and singing in Japanese, waving the flag at the car. I felt the car trying to fight back, but this time it was losing. Sturm must have gotten deep into the guts and soul of the car and appealed to its

sense of national pride!

By the time we got to a parking lot, the car was back to normal. I turned off the engine. And then I saw something I'll never forget. A "thing," a black birdlike form, sputtered out of the exhaust, tried to fly, and disintegrated in midair. Maybe I was just seeing things, but I swear to this day that it was a creature of some kind, not just a big puff of smoke.

When Sturm saw the creature die he smiled for the first time. "Sometimes these Japanese cars rebel against their image. They don't want to be perfectly reliable pieces of machinery, so they act like spoiled children throwing tantrums. My job is to discipline them and bring them back to reality, like a good parent."

I asked him what he'd said to the car in Japanese. He smiled again. "I don't really know. It's just some kind of Japanese gibberish I made up. Like the guys who sing that fake Spanish."

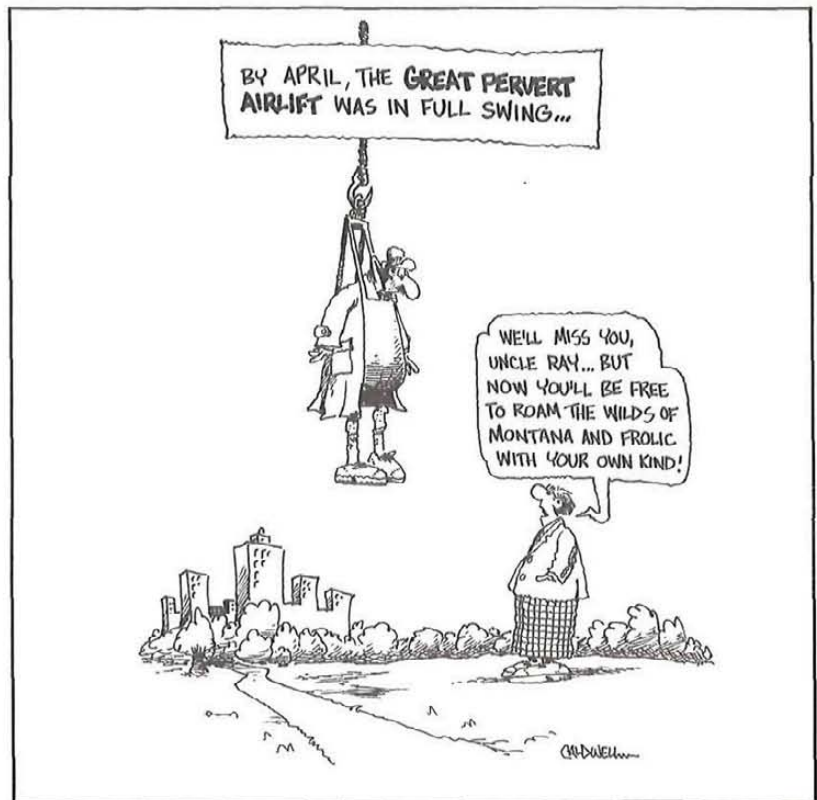
"You mean 'La Bamba'?"

"That's the one. I just make it up as I go along and try to sound authentic."

I drove Sturm back to his car. He would not accept any payment. An autocist never does, he said.

"We won. That's my payment. Your car is as good as new. You can take that vacation now."

I thanked him with all my heart. He drove off in his humble Dodge Colt and I never saw him again. They sure don't make car mechanics like that anymore, I thought to myself. ■



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## Editorial

continued from page 16

make a twelve-hundred-dollar suit look like he just bought it marked down at K mart....

Joan Collins's first novel is a Literary Guild selection for October. Doesn't that say it all about the arts today?

Well, the upset of the election primaries was that Pat Robertson beat out Lyndon LaRouche.

Don't you get the feeling when you fly nowadays that your luggage will arrive on another plane landing hours after you do—at some other airport?

I know Public Broadcasting Service needs money, but I can't stand pleading-heart liberals.

At first I thought Ollie North was just a gung-ho patriot who wanted to do right by his country and then I figured that he was really a bungling incompetent who was operating under orders but then it occurred to me that he might just be a mindless dupe who actually came up with all that stuff on his own, but I figured nobody could be that dumb so what he really was was a fast-talking snake-oil salesman on the take but then I remembered he was a military hero and I figured that even guys with guts and some good motives could also display arrogance and devious intentions and so I said, what the hell, give the guy the benefit of the doubt, but in the end I figured millions of dollars have been stolen and God knows how many people have been killed and our country has been made to look inept and without conscience, so I feel, fuck him—just pardon him and make him president of AT&T.

I know it's no big revelation to say that Garry Shandling and Tracey Ullman are funny, but I wanted people to know we occasionally have some positive thoughts.

Robert McFarlane is funny, too. But his humor is artificially induced.



Matty Simmons

## Zen Bastard

continued from page 15

ing there in the park chanting all afternoon. There are Tibetan monks who chant fourteen hours a day, which puts them in a very holy place, or a very nutty

place, though it probably doesn't make much difference which it is, because if you spend fourteen hours chanting every day, holiness and nuttiness soon become the same thing. Certainly God can't tell the difference.

Now there aren't that many opportunities in this culture for chanting. People can go to rock concerts and scream. They can drive in their cars and sing along with the stereo. They can go to sports events and yell at baseball players or racehorses. They can go to political rallies and shout slogans. They can work at the stock market and scream out, "Pork bellies!" Whatever gets anybody high is all right with me.

So I thought I would start chanting in the park. But I felt inhibited. One of the first things that your parents teach you is not to talk to yourself in public because people will think you're crazy. I began mumbling at first. Then I added an element of commerce by transforming the gibberish into a tobacco auctioneer's chant: "Oogle boogle laseda pazoom fatilla—sold American!"

Then I was able to really get into it. I was standing there, chanting my ass off, breathing in a lot of oxygen, my posture was improving, and I was actually getting high. Then I saw a woman walking toward me. This would be the real test. I was determined not to be so self-conscious that I would stop when she got near.

"Oogle boogle"—she strode right next to me and asked, "You got any marijuana for sale?"—and I said, "No, I'm sorry," then continued, "laseda pazoom fatilla..."

But I finally understood the nature of the loyalty of Pat Robertson's constituents. They get high from speaking in tongues as he does. And, like the savage who worships the bottle that the medicine came in, they have come to associate their high with the system of thought—or in candidate Robertson's case, with the system of faith—in which they have experienced that high.

And so I leave you with this true fact: "Oogle boogle laseda pazoom fatilla." Keep saying it and then vote for me. ■

## Editorial Report

continued from page 88

the television listings of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*—two movies playing at the same time on different channels: on channel 29, *The Kid with the Golden Arm*, and on channel 3, *The Creature with the Blue Hand*.

Ms. Love's perseverance has triumphed after all; the T-shirt is in the mail.

More correspondence follows: Thomas Waltimire of Elmira, New York, wrote:

"I've been reading your magazine for about the last fifteen years and I feel your magazine has had a profound effect on my personal life, even though my lawyer says I don't have any definite proof of that."

David Sherman of Westlake Village, California, wrote:

"Dear Mr. True Facts: These are just some things I thought you could use, but if you don't I won't be offended. Do not, however, expect to be coming to any of my future social engagements, ever, ever again, and I'm serious. Don't consider this a 'threat,' just think of it as some friendly advice, if you know what's good for you."

Bobby Jones of Eureka, California, wrote:

"Hey, True Facts Editor: I think the enclosed article is very funny and you should too! If you are going to use this story but somebody else already sent this... well, fuck the (M) T-shirt! Fuck your stinking Ratso Sloman and furthermore, I am not an Oldsmobile!" (Editor's note: Beneath his return address, Mr. Jones characterized Eureka, without explanation, as "the home of large piles of Chihuahua fore-skins.")

Paul Farrice of Brooklyn, New York, wrote:

"I've gone to a lot of trouble to get this to you... Not only did I use the scissors all by myself, I also borrowed a pen and a piece of paper to write this instead of my usual crayon and construction paper. If this does not convince you to use my photo—well, give me a break. I'm from Brooklyn."

## True Facts '88

To all contributors—yes, even to those who tried but fell short: Due to your unflagging efforts, True Facts continue to fill every available corner of my office and a good deal of my home. Because of you, I have no choice but to produce, and the world will simply have to live with this—the sixth *National Lampoon* compendium of True Facts.

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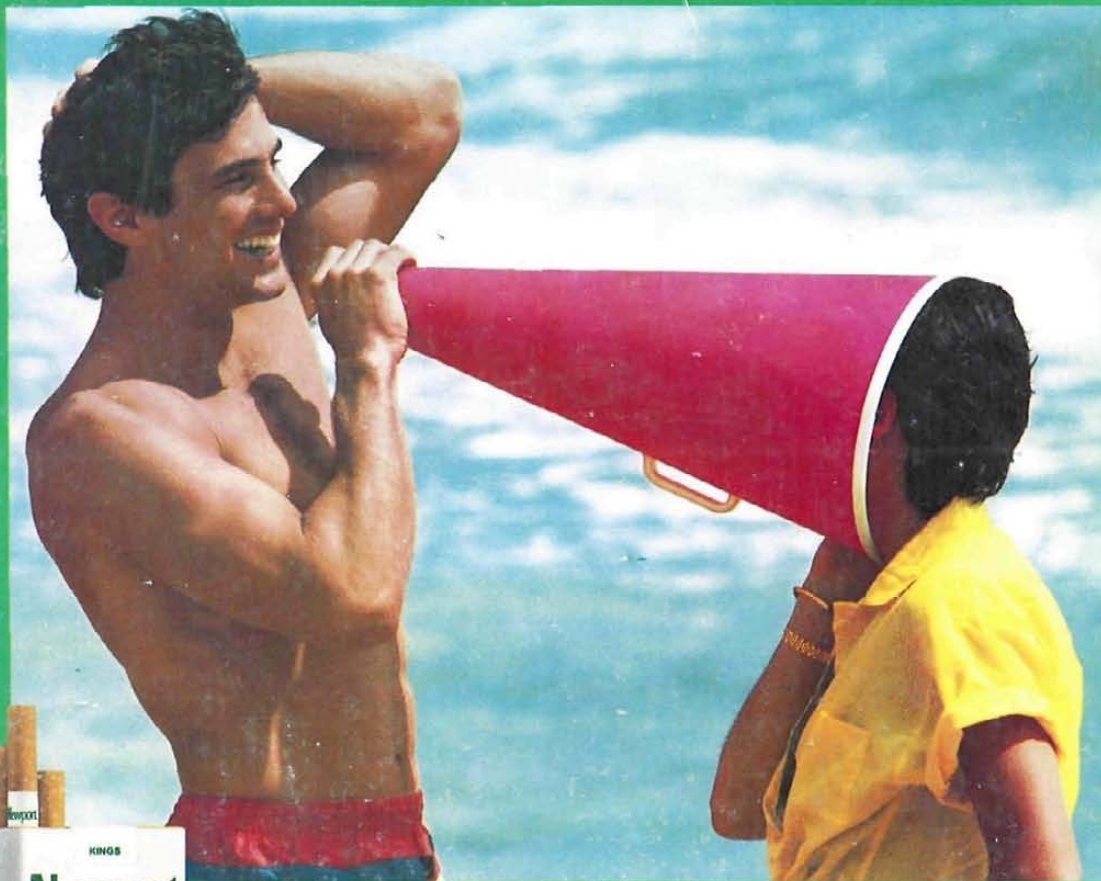
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