

Zero Gravity Sex Manual Lyndon Johnson Remembers

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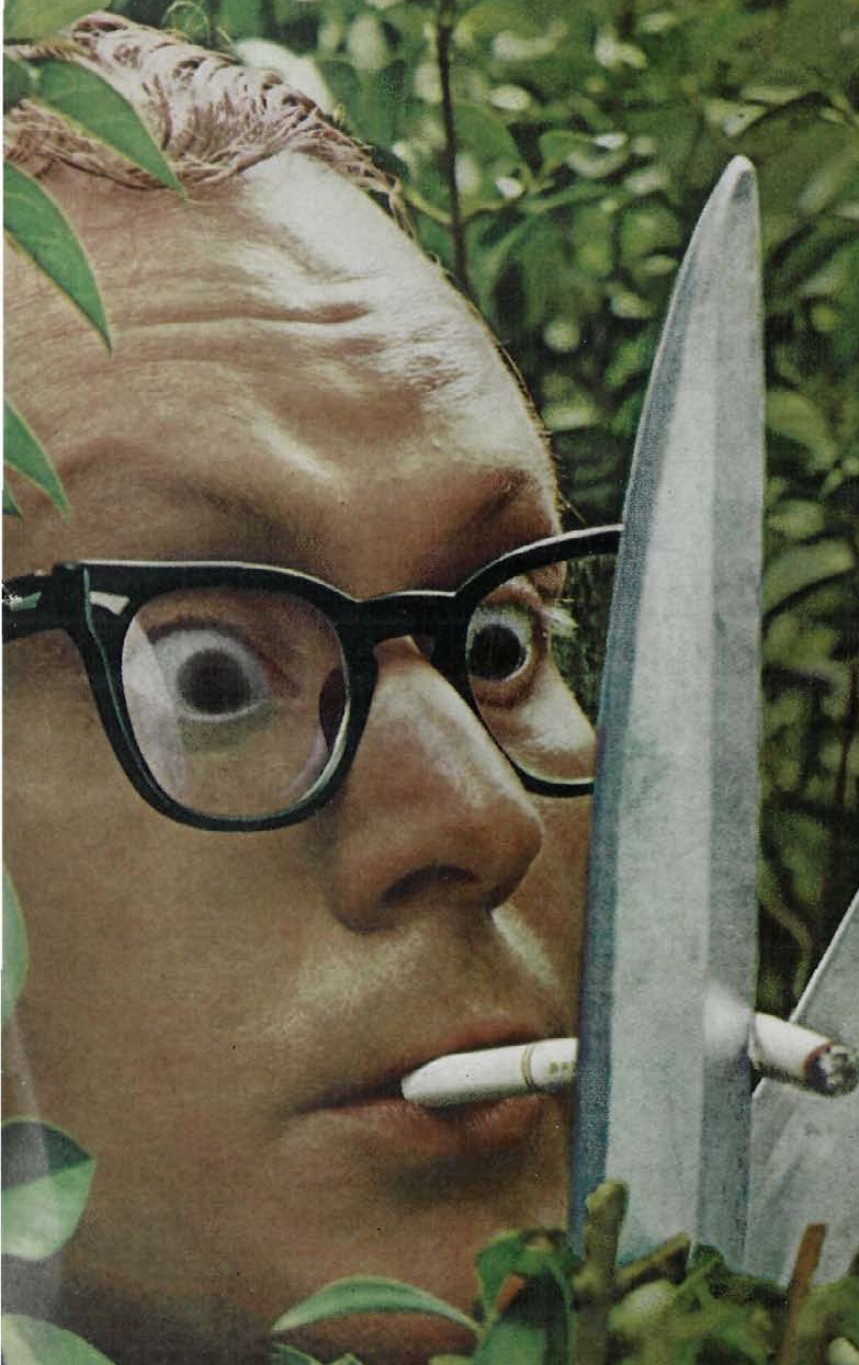
# NATIONAL LAMPOON

MAY 1971 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75CENTS

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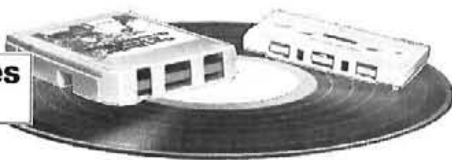
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196717



198408



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196246



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188367



193623



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191205



195693



188060



191809



193748



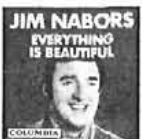
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or these 2

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Mr.  
 Mrs.  
 Miss

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**R136/CL R137/CY**

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Although the fact has not yet been publicized due to its top secret nature, a government research project has recently succeeded in transporting a human being into the future and safely back again to the present. The pilot and his conveyance (a surprisingly uncomplicated device stumbled upon during the fortuitous juxtaposition of a number of simple components including a penlight battery, dodge'em car, three golf tees and a waffle iron) traveled one year into the future equipped with 12 American flags, an exact replica of the May 21, 1971, edition of the *Congressional Record* and a set of platinum commemorative medallions depicting the 50 state birds.

Although most of the data gathered still remains highly classified, the *National Lampoon* has been granted permission to list a number of specific recommendations and precautions that the average citizen will find useful during the coming 12 months: *June 15, 1971* — If the household is serviced by the northeast power grid, purchase enough candles and non-refrigerated food to last 17 days. *June 27, 1971* — New York subway riders on the 6:10 E train are strongly advised to get off before 57th Street and Broadway. *July 5* — Invest in Russian Imperial Bonds. *July 23* — Destroy all articles of clothing made with the new miracle fiber, Putron (TM). *August 17* — If aboard the 7:30 Astrojet #344 to Miami, watch for a short, foreign-accented individual sitting in seat C6 clutching a sealed shoe box. *August 31* — Do not vacation in the immediate vicinity of Mount Vesuvius. *September 11* — Ditto Loch Ness, Scotland. *September 30* — Befriend an influential member of the local Knights of Columbus. *October 25* — Hoard tennis balls. *November 6* — Avoid any association with the political views of Ethel Langley, presently obscure Pasadena, Calif., housewife. *December 10* — Eat three pounds of anchovies. *December 23* — Molly's Pride in the fourth at Hialeah by a nose. *January 20, 1972* — Circle every 23rd word in the *N.Y. Times* text of the President's State of the Union address. Follow the resulting instructions carefully. *February 10* — If sitting 16½ feet directly east of the Vice-President at the first tee of the Bob Hope Classic, duck. — DCK

**COVER:** This month's cover was the result of close teamwork between artist Gray Morrow and photographer Neil Armstrong, and, in case you didn't notice, the only thing that went right with this pig-iron albatross of an issue. Better luck next month, Hank and Doug.



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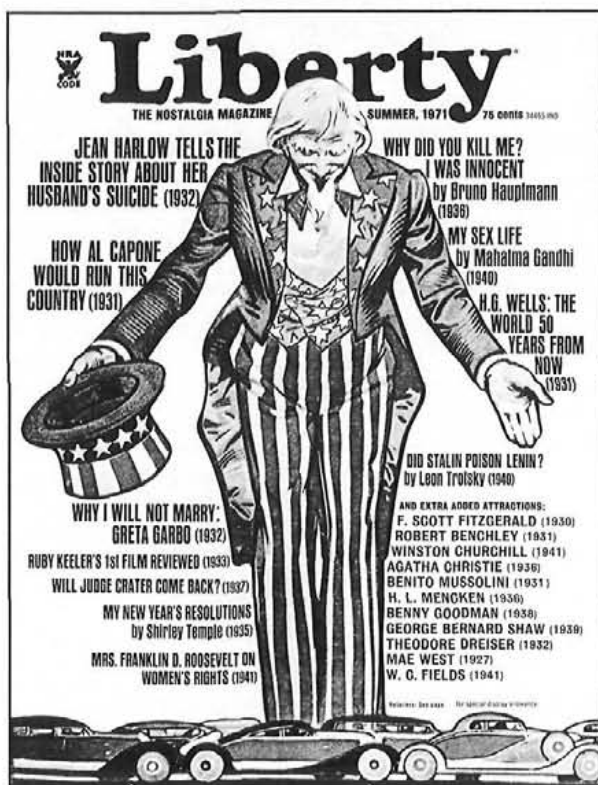
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# Give Me Liberty!



Remember Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard? Remember H. L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser, Gandhi and G.B.S. and the Marx Brothers? Ever read a short story by F.D.R. or a thesis on sex and marriage by Benito Mussolini? Is it possible that you remember Shirley Temple's 1936 New Year's Resolutions or that you still know how to do the Big Apple or the Lambeth Walk?

Do you remember *Liberty* magazine?

If you've said "yes" to any five of the above questions, you win the Warren G. Harding Memorial Award for Excellence in Recall. If you flunked, you really ought to stop thinking about the future and start getting with the past. Nostalgia, someone said recently, is the overriding emotion of the 1970's. You know why? Because it's more fun to think about the past than the present or future.

*Liberty* will be published four times a year beginning with the Summer issue, on sale April 22, 1971. After that, there'll be issues published every three months. You'll find the magazine at newsstands everywhere or, if you want to make sure to get your copy, by subscription here — now.

Incidentally, if your memory bank extends only to such remembrances as J.F.K., the young Marlon Brando, Howdy Doody and Sandra Dee, then *Liberty*, the nostalgia magazine, will show you more colorful days.

So, what's old? *Liberty*, that's what!

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Sirs:

Who says reincarnation is a lot of bunk? I, for example used to be in hardware and now I'll be doggoned if I'm not a sheep.

Pete Gabel  
 Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

I just wanted to drop you a line and tell you that Pixie is back from the vet and he says just keep the bandage on until Thursday and she'll be fine. You know how awful I felt, but I suppose it's much better to have it done before they start to yowl and rub up against the furniture and smell up the place. Not a moment too soon, either, if half

of what she wrote in her diary about her and that Peterson boy from across the street is true.

A stitch in time, if you know what I mean.

Florence Nesbitt  
 Montreal, Can.

Sirs:

I would like to take issue with your magazine concerning your recent article entitled "Electro-shock Therapy: Legalized Memory Murder." I have undergone over 17 of these therapeutic treatments and if you get hungry, I left some peanut-butter-and-jellies in the fridge. I'll be back on the 3:15 next Tuesday.

Don't forget to feed whatsitsname.

Mrs. Elenor Grozney  
 Decatur, Ill.

Sirs:

Many strong thank yous on your choice for the cover of your "Man of the Year" issue! I and all my people's hearts go thumpa-thumpa in gratitude for your very brave and wise editorial staff.

Yassir Kahlil  
 Sadad, Syria



"They got me, Lennie — I'm wounded."



Sirs:

Ho ho. Very funny, very funny.

Golda Meir  
Tel Aviv, Israel

Sirs:

Well-hung college grad, 23, with truckload of raspberry Fizzies, seeks discreet, large-breasted young woman (20-25) with large swimming pool and liking for the unusual.

Timothy Mayer  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face. His shoes are a terrible disgrace. He's got no manners when he eats his food. He's just plain stupid and extremely rude. So if you don't care a feather or a fig, you may grow up to be a pig.

Linda Kasabian  
Los Angeles, Calif.

People of Earth:

This message is sent to you from a warship orbiting your planet. In five of your Earth days we will land in the city you call Washington. Do not try to resist. Your puny weapons are toys compared to our [untranslatable].

Place at the foot of your Washington Monument all your world's plutonium, the contents of your Library of Congress and 1,000 female hostages. Your President will also be handed over to us for [untranslatable], and [untranslatable] remnants will be returned. Obey without question or your tiny speck of dust will be eradicated by our [untranslatable].

Oh, and by the way, could one of you guys be a pal and throw in a copy of *Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask?* Before I left, the little [untranslatable] nagged me to death.

Xorg  
No address given

Sirs:

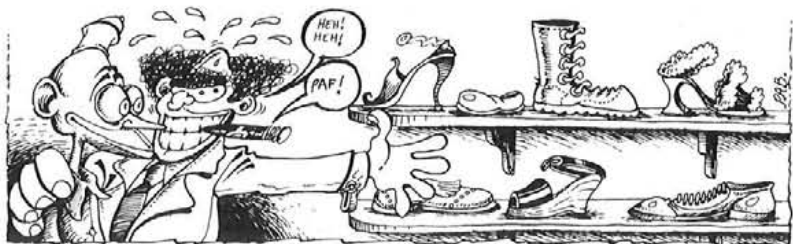
Listen, I'm sick and tired of all this "cheap publicity stunt" jive. Don't mess with my gig and I won't mess with yours.

J. Hendrix  
Sausalito, Calif.

Sirs:

All of us cats in our groovy hippie commune really dig your swinging treasonous magazine and all the hep put-downs of our nation's leaders. We are a bunch of dangerous pothead radicals, too, and wonder if you would send us 10 copies per month of your way-out magazine and the names of all the political organizations where you belong (so we can join 'em, too) and the names of your nearest relatives.

R. D. Tomlinson  
Federal Bureau of Investigation  
Washington, D.C.



# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**MAY, 1970/GREED:** Featuring an exclusive interview with Howard Hughes, a poster-sized parody of the *Wall Street Journal*, the Annual Report of the Mafia, the Poor and the Super-Poor and Up With Negroes.

**JUNE, 1970/BLIGHT:** With Sludge Magazine, Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

**JULY, 1970/BAD TASTE:** Don't miss The Liz Taylor and Richard Burton Gift Catalogue, the Special Mediocrity Supplement, A Photographer's Guide to Art and Pornography, and the Most Tasteless Article Ever Printed!

**AUGUST, 1970/PARANOIA:** What would America be like as a second-rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (Well, is he?), and The Secret of San Clemente.

**SEPTEMBER, 1970/SHOW BIZ:** Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

**NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA:** A spin out on Memory Lane. Read reminiscences by Jean Shepherd: the 1896 Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; The Fifties: A Special Section; 1936: A Space Odyssey; and The Death Song Game.

**DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS:** Prepare now for the next ghastly hollydaze with Gahan Wilson's Xmas Horrors, The Santology Handbook, I Remember Jesus, and Tricia and the Prince Comics.

**JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN'S LIB:** Females unite! Stop the chauvinist pigs with the special *Cosmopolitan* parody, the Women's Lib Pin-Up Calendar, the Anti-Sexist Children's Book, and Arnold Roth's Female Feechur.

**FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE:** Learn the mind-expanding powers of Kitty Litter in Michael O'Donoghue's Bumpers, the *Natlamp* Special Stoned Section, Hermann Hesse's Siddhartha Classic Comic, Madison Avenue Marijuana Packs and the 1971 *Rolling Stone* parody ("Mozart, We'll Miss You!")

**MARCH, 1971/CULTURE:** Tote that tome and lift that pinkie with Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, The Gracie Slick Handbook of Radical Dos & Don'ts, The Undiscovered Notebooks of Leonardo Da Vinci, The Mantovani Strain, and The Life and Times of Captain Bringdown.

**APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE:** Good God, Professor, it's . . . It's . . . Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls Adventure Magazine, The Philosopher Detective, The Great American Cereal Box and free Booblelegum Cards.

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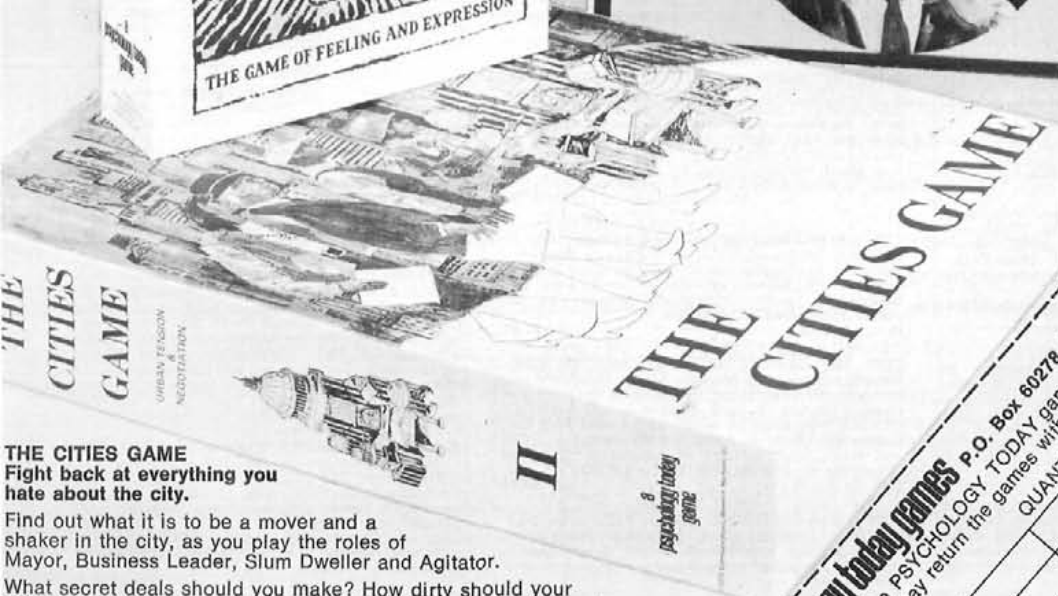
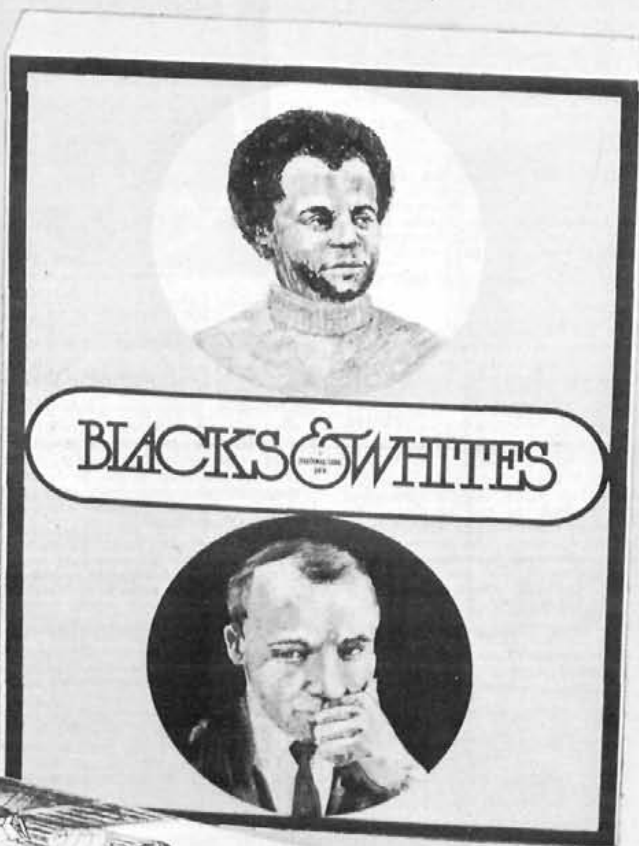
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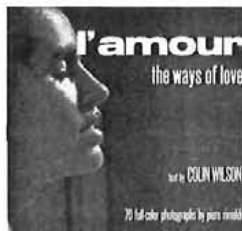


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# HORROR-SCOPE

**Crystal gazing** (kris tal ga zing) n.; Gr. *krystallos*. Gazing into a crystal sphere to evoke images that foretell the future.

May 1, 1971 (*summer replacement*) Announcing speediest show-biz revival since Christ's three-day Easter comeback, footlight Fagin **David Merrick** states his forthcoming umpteenth resurrection of *Hello, Dolly!* will even out-gimmick former all-Negro version. Although all-drag-queen cast is already in rehearsal, leading role is still up for grabs among **Truman Capote**, **Milton Berle** and video sextop **Virginia Graham**.

May 4, 1971 (*technical difficulties*) Arraigned and held without bail for "willful and malicious removal of little white tags from pillows and mattresses," American industry's **Jiminy Cricket**, **Ralph Nader**, claims incriminating evidence was gathered by "paid informant of General Motors." Federal prosecutor denies any connection between Nader's arrest and platinum-plated Cadillac "engagement present" anonymously donated to Trish Nixon's favorite Raider, **Ed Cox**.

May 8, 1971 (*reply hazy, ask again later*) TV "supah" man **David Frost** hosts senior G-man **J. Edgar Hoover** to discuss subversion of American ideals by foreign infiltrators. In middle of interview, Hoover accidentally emits loud, distinct fart, to which Frost responds with ebullient flattery and cries of "Wonderful" and "Marvelous." Frost deported following day.

May 11, 1971 (*magnavox*) **Charles Reich**, author of social sci-fi chartbuster *The Greening of America*, reports discovery of yet another "consciousness level" after researching biographical data on fellow Yalies **Dick Cavett** and **Erich Segal**. Reich describes "Consciousness IV" individuals as the "ultimate level of human awareness, typified by their tendency to be money-grubbing little runts."

May 13, 1971 (*instant replay*) Admitting that Apple's disastrous balance sheets have forced the **Beatles** back together, newly appointed moptop spokesman **Bill Graham** reveals kick-off site of pop group's "better-than-ever" American tour has been switched from Fillmore East to Geneva-on-the-Lake, Ohio night spot where Fab Four will share top billing with **Bill Haley**, **The Limelighters** and the **Kingston Trio**, winding up each show with a foot-tapping "battle of the bands" with arch-rival, the **Dave Clark Five**.

May 17, 1971 (*NBC sports spectacular*) Agilely answering charges that each golf ball hidden aboard Apollo 14 cost taxpayers \$11,000 in excess lift-off weight, jocular jet-jockey **Alan B. Shepard** giggles that costs were "chicken feed" compared to those resulting from co-cosmonaut **Edgar Mitchell's** smuggled sporting goods, which included a lead fungo bat, a shot put, a bowling ball, a collapsible billiard table, a full set of Indian clubs and a pair of dumbbells.

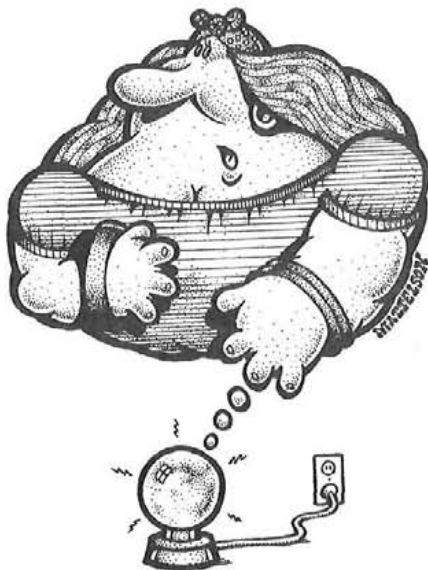
May 22, 1971 (*dialing for dollars*) **Howard Hughes**, megabuck mystery magnate, makes news as he once again fires a number of underlings long distance from an unspecified Bahamian retreat. Although no specific names were mentioned in the newest staff reshuffling, Hughes' representatives winked enigmatically at press inquiries linking the shake-up to the unexpected "retirements" of

**Henry Kissinger**, **Mick Jagger**, **Johnny Carson**, **Jane Fonda**, **Ronald Reagan**, **Nguyen Van Thieu**, **Steve Lawrence**, **Eydie Gorme**, **Edmund Muskie**, **Golda Meir**, **Flipper**, the entire sophomore class at West Point and the editorial staffs of *Time*, *Screw* and *Family Circle*.

May 23, 1971 (*poor reception*) Following the publicized high-school reunions of **Richard Nixon**, **Gracie Slick** and the late **Janis Joplin**, ex-Nazi **Rudolph Hess** holds class reunion for remaining fellow wunderkinder in the streamer-festooned basketball court of Spandau prison. Hundreds of familiar faces from the past frolic the night away to traditional Argentine folk dances. Says unidentified paperhanger, "It was *wunderbar!* Maybe if we had all been elected king of the prom 40 years ago, things would have turned out better for everybody, *ja?*"

May 24, 1971 (*blown fuse*) In the wake of the arrest of Catholic conspirators **Philip** and **Daniel Berrigan**, Attorney General **John Mitchell** announces the discovery of yet more hoodlum priests and swears out warrants against **Fulton J. Sheen**, **Pope Paul VI** and all known copies of **Bing Crosby's** movie *Going My Way*. After outlining papist plot to "stuff up Pentagon pay toilets with bingo cards," Mitchell is quietly led from the podium to a white van for much-needed rest.

May 26, 1971 (*interrupted transmission*) Russian leader **Aleksei Kosygin** is informal guest at White House supper with Nixons when, in middle of toast, he formally accuses entire family of being "disgustingly vulgar, fat-faced swine." World War III is avoided only when translator hastily explains that Kosygin's real words were erroneously garbled when Russian premier gagged on a lump of cottage cheese. □





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# CONTEST RESULTS

## TRYGVE LIE MEMORIAL INTERNATIONAL PUN TOSS & YOKOHAMA THROW

Readers were asked to submit geographical puns. For example: "I never Mediterranean I didn't like." This turned out to be about as good an idea as asking Norman Mailer to tell us a little about himself. 6,742 entries were received, with an average of just under four puns in each entry. For the mathematical among you, that is 25,000 puns. Miss Mary Marshmallow sends her apologies for the delay in announcing the winners from the Mayonnaise Clinic, where she is being treated for McNally's Syndrome. Mr. Douglas Kenney reports that the world globe was removed from his thorax "without complications." Mr. Henry Beard walks around in a trance a lot, mumbling, "I had a weird father — an Erie, Pa. Get it? Gaaaahahaha."

**SIZEABLE PRIZE WINNERS** (Any three books from the Special Book Bargains Ad on Pages 10 & 11)  
The hip-bone Schenectady the leg-bone, the leg-bone Schenectady the foot-bone...

Terry Stevens,  
Champaign, Ill.

Gary Kreffit, Chicago, Ill.

Alex M. Neel, Champaign, Ill.

"My, that's an excellent Loch Ness," remarked the serpent to the portrait painter.

Tom R. Hauck, Columbus, Ohio  
**NOT-SO-SIZEABLE WINNERS** (One-year subscription to the *National Lampoon*)

The F.B.I. has been watching you people, and we have a file on every Cucamonga.

Robert Edgell, Claremont, Calif.  
The lens-grinder got a job in Alaska; he's an optical Aleutian.

Steve Thompson, LaCrescenta, Calif.  
Gdansk for the memories.

Ben Brian, Orange County, Calif.  
Sure the walls of New York jails are cold, but the Florida Pensacola.

Hank Haffner, Jamaica, N.Y.  
Learn to speak Swahili in Zambezi lessons.

Brian Quigley, Tacoma, Wash.  
He can smell a card game a mile away; he's got a Poconos.

Tom Schofield, Bristol, Pa.  
**OTHER WINNERS** (Your name printed in a national magazine)  
A Liechtenstein saves nine.

David Weinberger, Lewisburg, Pa.  
Kenya give me a Tokyo hash?

Ann Trowbridge & Mike Barnett,  
Medford, Mass.

Tijuana dance.

Ann Pennewill, Jackson, Mich.  
Mama, Philippine in his pants.

Henry Moog Jr., Atlanta, Ga.  
Oh, please, Chesapeake?

B&W Enterprises, Ltd., Tacoma, Wash.  
Can anyone tell me Wyoming is such a strong instinct in pigeons?

B&W Enterprises, Ltd., Tacoma, Wash.  
It's better to Kiev than to Recife.

Allan Wilke, East Lansing, Mich.  
Walla-Walla everywhere, and nary a drop to drink.

Dean Livingston, Burbank, Ohio  
God Danube.

E. Taylor Green Jr., Greenville, N.C.  
Glenn Markoe, Berkeley, Calif.

Nerril Narkoe, Oakland, Calif.  
He's a bull Indochina shop.

E. Taylor Green Jr., Greenville, N.C.  
June is Boston out all over.

S. Livingston, Van Nuys, Calif.  
Thith ith a thtick-up, hand over Duluth.

S. Livingston, Van Nuys, Calif.  
Religion Ethiopia the people.

Michael Quinn, Teaneck, N.J.  
Crimea river.

Glenn Markoe, Berkeley, Calif.  
Nerril Narkoe, Oakland, Calif.

Your parrot doesn't remember a thing; it's the worst case of Polynesia I've ever seen.

S. E. Friedman, West Islip, N.Y.  
*I wonder if we Liverpool out of Vietnam.*

Martin Sanborn, Oakland, Calif.  
*I love you, a bushel and Quebec, a bushel and Quebec...*

Richard Friedman, Cambridge, Mass.  
Hold your nose, Calcutta fart.

Chris Anschuetz, Brunswick, Me.  
Call me irresponsible, call me irresistible, call me Erie, Pennsylvania.

David Taylor, Logan, Utah  
*I need a bra with a Tripoli cup.*

Randy Moore, Columbia, Mo.  
Mc goose; Uganda.

Robert Looney Jr., Brockton, Mass.  
Benelux next time.

Michael J. Cascio, Charlottesville, Va.  
Missouri loves company.

Paul Marshall, Sioux City, Iowa

I've been sitting in the sun for three hours; I wonder if my Pakistan?

Emily Mirsky, Cleveland Heights, Ohio  
That guy holding the razor; Addis Ababa.

Henry Moog Jr., Atlanta, Ga.  
My blood? Taipei, of course.

Henry Moog Jr., Atlanta, Ga.  
Look what they've done to my Song May.

Scott H. Klein, Brooklyn, N.Y.  
Sinbad the Sailor is my favorite Khar-toum character.

Nancy Castenholz, Westwood, Calif.  
That one doesn't fit? Try this one on Versailles.

Rod MacGregor, Winnipeg, Can.  
I'm mean, I'm tough, Amarillo down outlaw.

Jay Abramowitz, Hartsdale, N.Y.  
Keep playing with that hand grenade and nothing will Rumania.

Robert Looney Jr., Brockton, Mass.  
No church key needed for the new aluminum Ethiopian cans.

John & Pammie, Coronado, Calif.  
Your cooking makes me want Dubuque.

Andrea Friedman, Chicago, Ill.  
Mark Twain was Samuel Clemens's Phnom-Penh.

Shannon Mills, College Station, Tex.  
The Koreagraphy is great; it's got lots of Seoul.

Ralph Harris, Los Angeles, Calif.  
There goes that agitator, Utah, I'll feather.

John Schriefer, Brooklyn, N.Y.  
Ve vere out of radishes, Soviet Unions.

Jay Johnson, Bellevue, Wash.  
If music be the food of love, Bayonne.

Dana Shillins, Towson, Md.  
Amsterdam phone, will you?

Donald Bloss, Manhattan Beach, Calif.  
If you don't shut your mouth, I'll give ya a fat Libya creep.

Gary Goldstein, Franklin Square, N.Y.  
I like VWs and Renaults, but I Constantinople.

Alpheus Holmes, Ft. George G. Meade  
Do-re-mi-fa-so-Toledo.

Mark Howard, Pullman, Wash.  
This ointment should clear up your Azores.

Jack Hayes, Rochelle, Ill.  
Calley's a jolly good fellow, that nobody can My Lai.

C. Ford Peatross, Chapel Hill, N.C.  
Christopher Robin says he'll sleep better if Poughkeepsie hands to himself.

Reid Edwards, Winnipeg, Can.  
I was going to look at the Army, but instead I think I'll Scandinavia.

Andrew Zarchy, Studio City, Calif.  
Aberdeen the hand ees worth two in the bush.

Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.  
Sarah is a real prude; she'll neither kiss Norfolk.

Mike Lyons, Nashville, Tenn.  
If anyone can smell up a boxcar, that Hoboken.



Robert Looney Jr., Brockton, Mass. Begorrah, Father, I have sinned, have Marseille on my soul.

Judith Ecker, East Lansing, Mich. Ah snorts stuff, but Massachusetts. B&W Enterprises Ltd., Tacoma, Wash. I collect etchings of marine life and have several Prince of Wales.

Henry Moog Jr., Atlanta, Ga. The water pollution is so bad, the Costa Rica.

James E. Miller, Shawano, Wisc. The little woman creates Dahomey atmosphere.

Nerrill Narkoe, Oakland, Calif. Glenn Markoe, Berkeley, Calif. Don't Minsk words.

C. Ford Peatross, Chapel Hill, N.C. You failed Italian composition because I didn't lika U.S.A.

J. Backe, Chicago, Ill. Sahib, me drop your photo bag on rock. Me look inside, Cameroon.

Lawrence Lalik, Garfield, N.J. That guy is always hanging around the pagoda; he's a real Budapest.

Dale Martin, Baltimore, Md. The winner gets \$15,000 Andalusia \$7,500.

Brünhilde Rödilitz, Anaheim, Calif. You look unhappy. What's Sumatra?

Douglas Elliott, Anaheim, Calif. You've written some good songs, but this Tunisia best yet.

Mike Whittington, Bridge City, Tex. Yeth, I boughth my date a Carthage for the prom.

Walter Fiedler, Riverdale, N.Y. I tried to Casablanca Czech.

B&W Enterprises Ltd., Tacoma, Wash. Five apples is Annapolis than six apples.

Julia Richardson, Tuscaloosa, Ala. Businessmen like to ball a secretary; bankers like to Pocatello.

Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J. The commander of the snail army urged: "Inchon, Inchon!"

Robert Looney Jr., Brockton, Mass. That gabby broad, can't shutta her up. She callsa me on the phone, Eniwetok, Eniwetok, Eniwetok.

Dennis Lowden, Redondo Beach, Calif. So Venice is Lennie's bar mitzvah?

S. Livingston, Hollywood, Calif. Did you praise last night's opening, or did Japan it?

Philip Luttinger, White Plains, N.Y. If you kick that rock, you'll Krakatoa.

Rod MacGregor, Winnipeg, Can. Male chauvinist pig! Yugoslav over the stove all day and see how you like it!

David Boles, East Lansing, Mich. I'd like to do this for a living; do you know where I could get a Punjab?

Douglas P. Elliott, Anaheim, Calif.

*Note to previous winners: If you have failed to receive your prize, please send us a postcard with your name, address and winning entry. Our computer has you listed but has taken a disliking to you.*



## CONTEST

Readers are urged to submit new contests. Depending on the return, this space will be filled for the next 12 years with challenging, amusing tests of mental agility, or with truss ads. Winners will 1) have their name featured prominently over their contest in one of the many handsome typefaces currently used in major magazines 2) have an unparalleled opportunity to win their own contest 3) receive their choice of any three books from the perennial Book Bargains ad and a 2-year subscription to the *National Lampoon*. Hot puppies.

# LEONARD COHEN SONGS OF LOVE AND HATE



A new album. On Columbia Records and Tapes.

# NEWS OF THE MONTH



other members of the group are rumored to be pushing for his exit. A hint of possible action came when manager Hank Kissinger sent out some PR handouts listing, besides Mick, "Sweet-talkin' Bill Rogers, the gospel sound of Billy Graham, John Mitchell on the wiretap, and Mel Laird on bombs." No Spiggy. On the bright side, Sgt. Chotiner's German-American Bund seems to be holding together, as are Gerry Ford and the Contributions, Mendel Rivers and the Legally Dead, and Martha and the Telephones.

**Fragmentary reports** have been received from Provo, Utah, of the deaths of 8,000 sheep, the third batch to die mysteriously in the region since the nerve gas accident at Dugway Proving Grounds in 1969.

Preliminary investigations have narrowed the cause of death of the ruminants to one of five causes: DDT-impregnated grass, mercury-tainted water supplies, lingering pockets of toxic nerve gas, residual radiation from the faulty underground nuclear test of last December in neighboring Nevada, and old age.

William Ruckelshaus, head of the newly-created Environmental Protection Agency, flew to Utah earlier this week and later issued a statement on the sheep fatalities which read in part: "While it is too early to pin the deaths on any one cause, it is apparent that these quadrupeds were in fact advanced in years. Many of them used corrective lenses for close grazing and they all showed the tell-tale white hair of the senile animal."

**A preliminary breakdown** of the planned expenditures and directions for the Cancer Cure National Goal has become available:

1. \$100 million for an intensive search of the Laotian hills for the fabled Cosvin root, legendary cure-all of the ancient Meo medicine men.
2. \$550 million for the construction of highways to speed the eventual cure to sufferers throughout the country.
3. \$250 million for development of giant supersonic aircraft much like the controversial SSR, to test the widely held theory that loud noises, so useful in the cure of hiccups, may also prove effective in curing cancer.
4. \$750 million for a series of nuclear blasts in Nevada designed to examine the feasibility of providing every American with a preventive dose of cobalt, the miraculous substance used in hospitals to treat cancer.
5. \$50 million, to be spent during a temporary halt in all interference with plants and factories dumping mercury, lead, DDT and other contaminants into rivers, to determine why it is that inhabitants of areas with affected drinking supplies seem to be less prone to death from cancer. □

Almost lost in the news recently was a very significant report from Haiti, Door-knob of Democracy in the Caribbean, where Jean-Claude Duvalier, son of Haiti's President, "Papa Doc" Duvalier, won election as his father's successor by an impressive 2,143,296-vote margin. By stressing gut issues, like life or death, and running hard on a platform that promised more meaningless violence in the life of the average Haitian, Jean-Claude managed to hold the vote for the opposition down to a modest 0.

His opponent, whose name was inadvertently left off the ballot in a last-minute printing mix-up, waged a low-key campaign from an unmarked grave in the cellar of the presidential palace.

Jean-Claude, who is affectionately referred to as "Baskethead" by the care-free Haitian people, became a familiar sight in Haiti during the campaign, handing out bullet holes in the colorful marketplace and delivering fiery speeches in his characteristic machine-gun-like style in the countryside. Early surveys showed the dynamic young politician ahead by a healthy margin, and the Port-au-Prince TV station was able to name a winner only three months before the polls closed.

Jean-Claude, whose hobbies included tennis, voodoo and pulling wings off flies, will succeed his father upon the latter's death and will hold office for the usual life term.

**The U.S. Army**, which recently bought \$3 million worth of TV time as part of its campaign to make itself more attractive to young Americans — a process roughly akin to the Blob's putting on eye shadow — has not surprisingly overlooked the entire art of selling. A telephone call to Frank "An Amana in Every Igloo" Shakespeare (you remember, the nice man who sold you that four-year supply of New Miracle Nixon, the stuff that leaves a sludgy brown ring and makes the cat throw up) would have brought real talent to bear on the problem: Get To Where the Greening Is!

1. Wear stylish Army surplus gear.

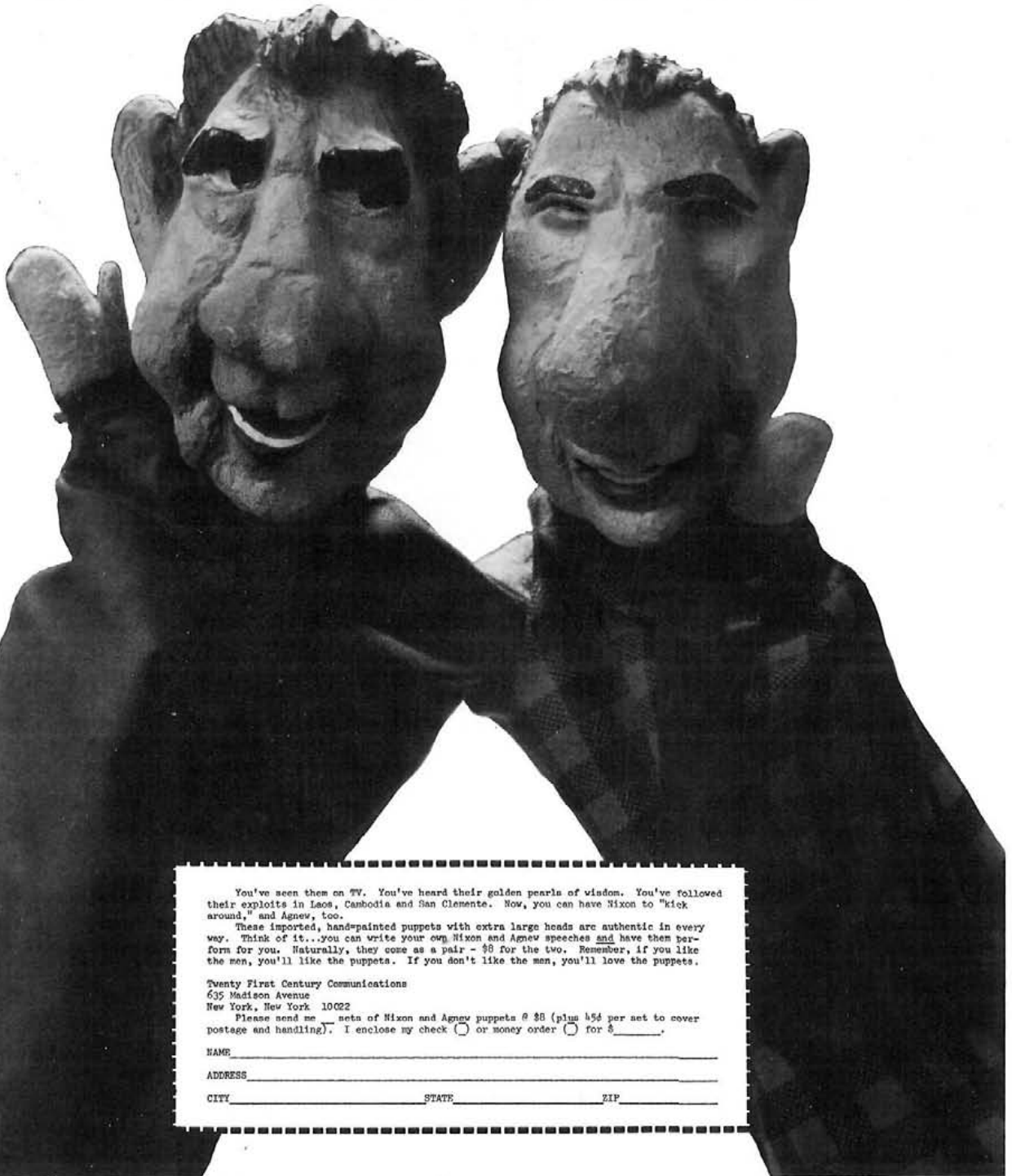
2. Receive real, radical-guerilla training, just like Che.
3. Sport kooky Hare Krishna hair styles.
4. Enjoy communal living.
5. Eat weird food.
6. Dig your way closer to the earth, with tools right out of the Whole Earth Catalog.
7. Feel part of something larger than yourself.
8. Participate in encounter-type training led by experienced teachers; play sensitivity games like Run Around in Circles, Crawl Through the Mud, and Drop Dead.
9. Isolate yourself from the plastic, consumer society. Pick your retreat: Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, you name it.
10. Take advantage of an opportunity to study the legendary wisdom of the Orient firsthand.

Don't wait. Enlist today! Tomorrow the I Ching may not be favorable.

#### Following the breakup of the Beatles,

several other well-known groups are rumored to be calling it quits. The members of the Supreme Court, apparently still annoyed over Justice Willy-O Douglas's marriage to a nymphet, are reported to be on their way to a big split, with two Supremes, Harry Blackmun and Warren Burger, a likely bet to join Ed Hoover's Mothers of Investigation. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, still smarting from the ugly Mylai incident that marred their Asian tour, are also said to be ready to call it quits. In the Big Band world, still no word from Larry O'Brien's Democratic Party, but the loss of country-and-western star Big John Connally and southern blues artist Harry Byrd has hurt, and down east jug band master Eddy Muskie will have a hard time holding the troubled gig together in the wake of a spectacular tumble from the top of the charts in '68. Mick Nixon's Big White looks solid from the outside, but word has it that Spiggy Agnew's switch from a heavy S&M bag to a Lovin' Spoonful sound hasn't made it. The

# NIXON & AGNEW CAN BE BOUGHT!



You've seen them on TV. You've heard their golden pearls of wisdom. You've followed their exploits in Laos, Cambodia and San Clemente. Now, you can have Nixon to "kick around," and Agnew, too.

These imported, hand-painted puppets with extra large heads are authentic in every way. Think of it...you can write your own Nixon and Agnew speeches and have them perform for you. Naturally, they come as a pair - \$8 for the two. Remember, if you like the men, you'll like the puppets. If you don't like the men, you'll love the puppets.

Twenty First Century Communications  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of Nixon and Agnew puppets @ \$8 (plus \$56 per set to cover postage and handling). I enclose my check  or money order  for \$\_\_\_\_\_.

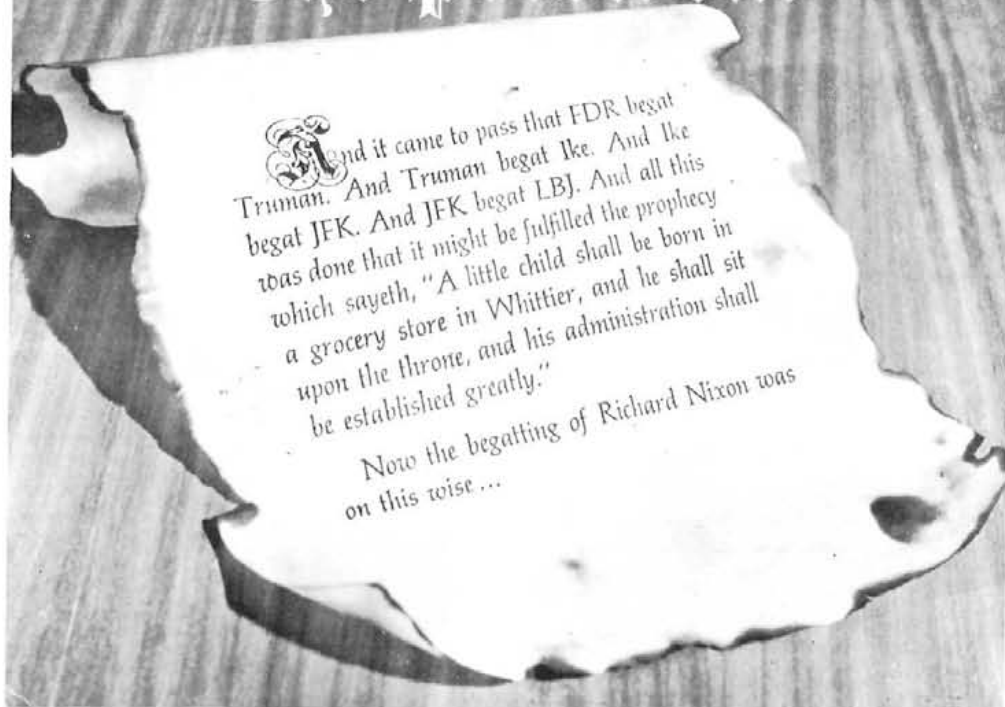
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# Orson Welles

## The Begatting of The President



### SPECIAL GIFT FOR 2 AND 3 YEAR SUBSCRIBERS

**That's right  
this best-selling \$4.98 LP record  
will be sent FREE to anyone  
who subscribes to the *National Lampoon*  
for two or three years!  
Orson Welles: *The Begatting of the President***

Hear Orson Welles narrate the coming of the prophet Nixon in this stirring, satirical Old Testament to Tricky Dick's unfortunate Second Coming.

The *National Lampoon* rarely stoops to degrading premiums to get subscriptions, but this timely and memorable LP is remarkable enough for us to make a rare exception.

Ho ho. Fill out the blank below and enclose your check for a two-year or three-year subscription, and we'll rush this handsome, black plastoid record right back to you!

Reminder: We have only a limited supply of these albums, so ACT NOW. These records also make attractive lazy Susans and festive pizza trays.

fill out and mail to

The National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want a subscription to the *National Lampoon* plus my free Orson Welles album, *The Begatting of the President*.

I enclose my check  money order

Two-year subscription (24 issues)—\$10.50  
(you save \$7.50)

Three-year subscription (36 issues)—\$14.50  
(you save \$12.50)

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Please be sure to include your correct zip code number.

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571B

# The Good Old Future

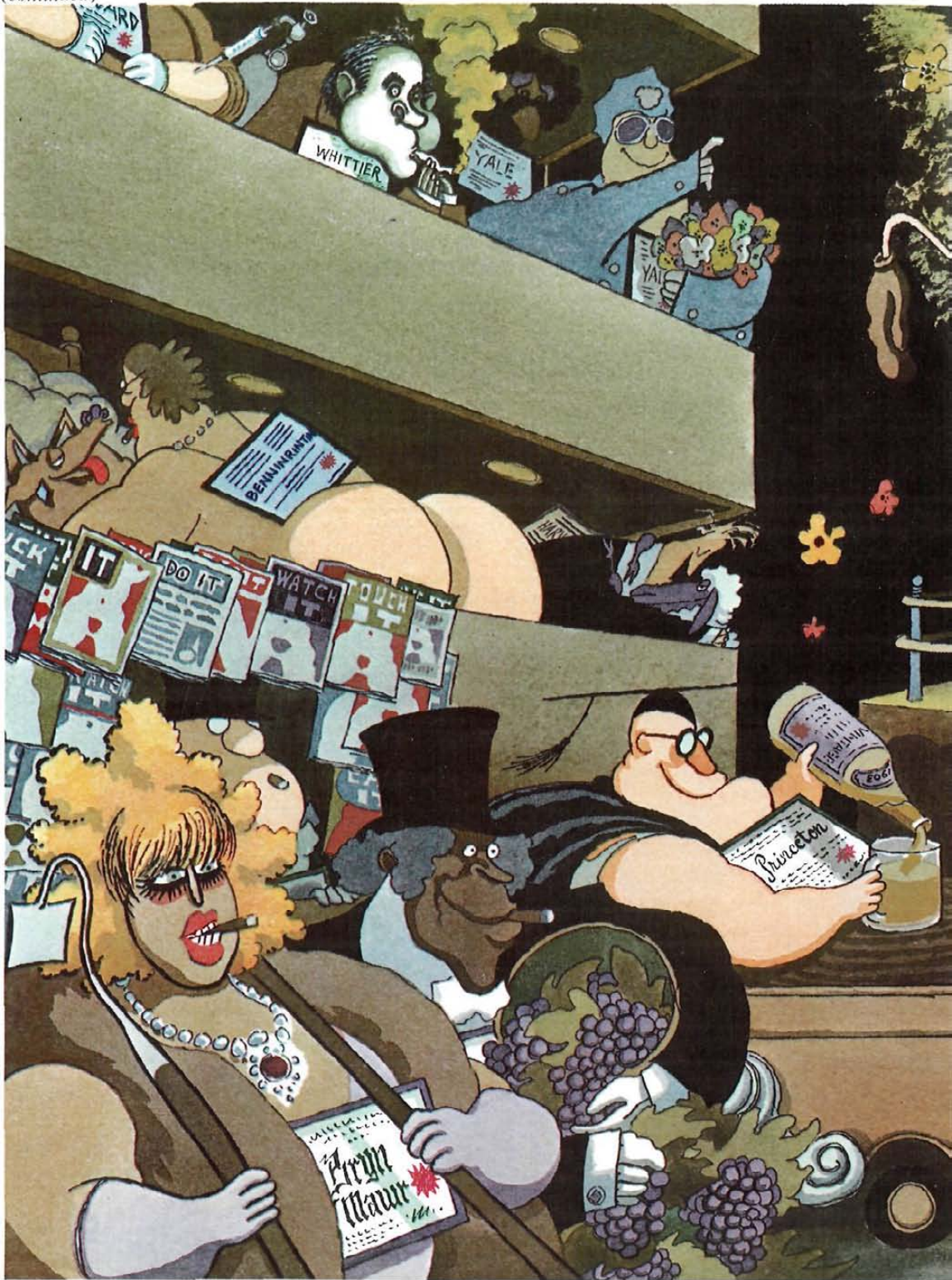
by Arnold Roth

It is written that, in the future, all of mankind's desires will become realities. It is written here only, though.

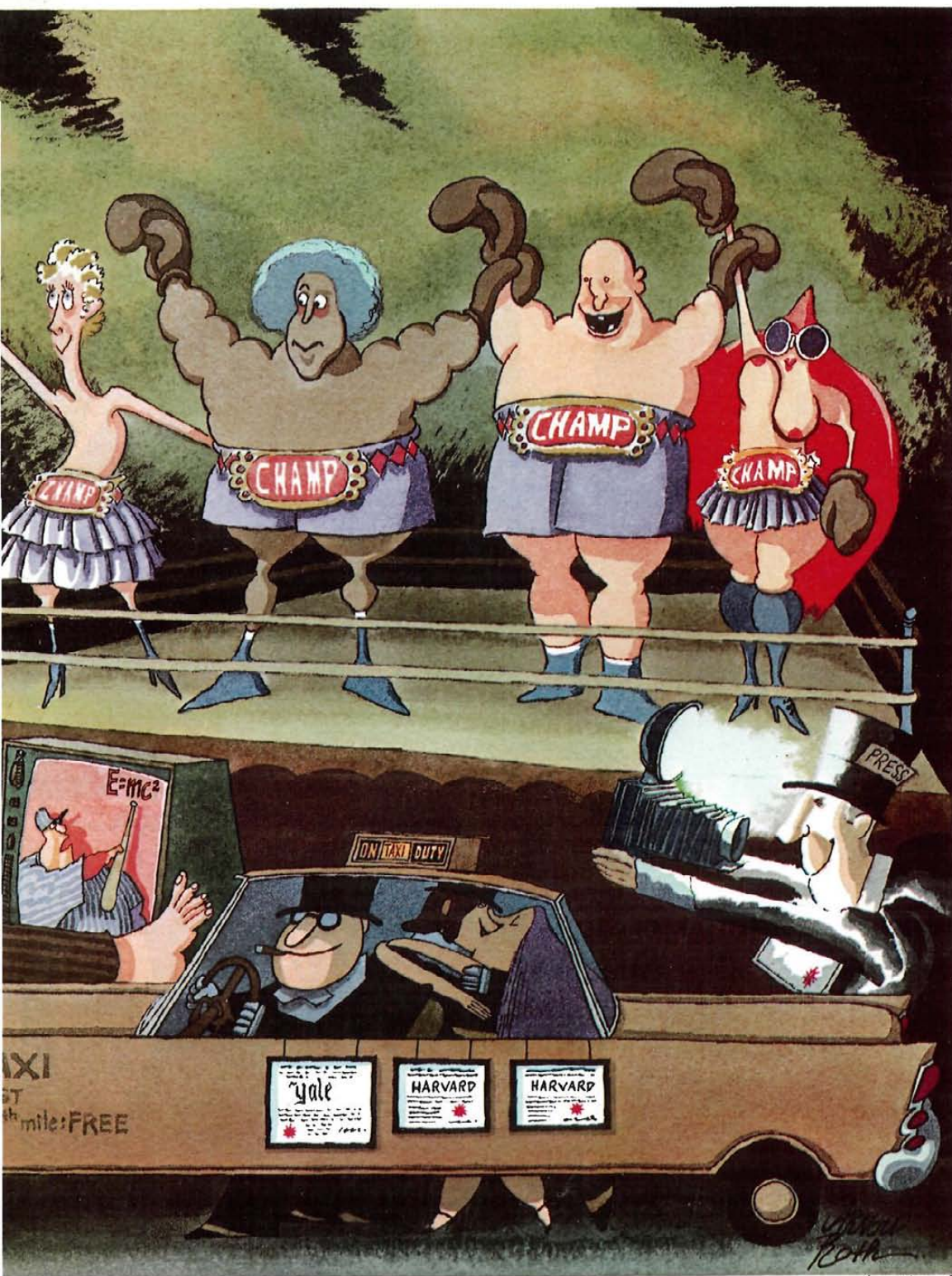


Man will stop crapping around with the environment and the environment will have a shot at him — as this scene in the Chicago Loop will testify.

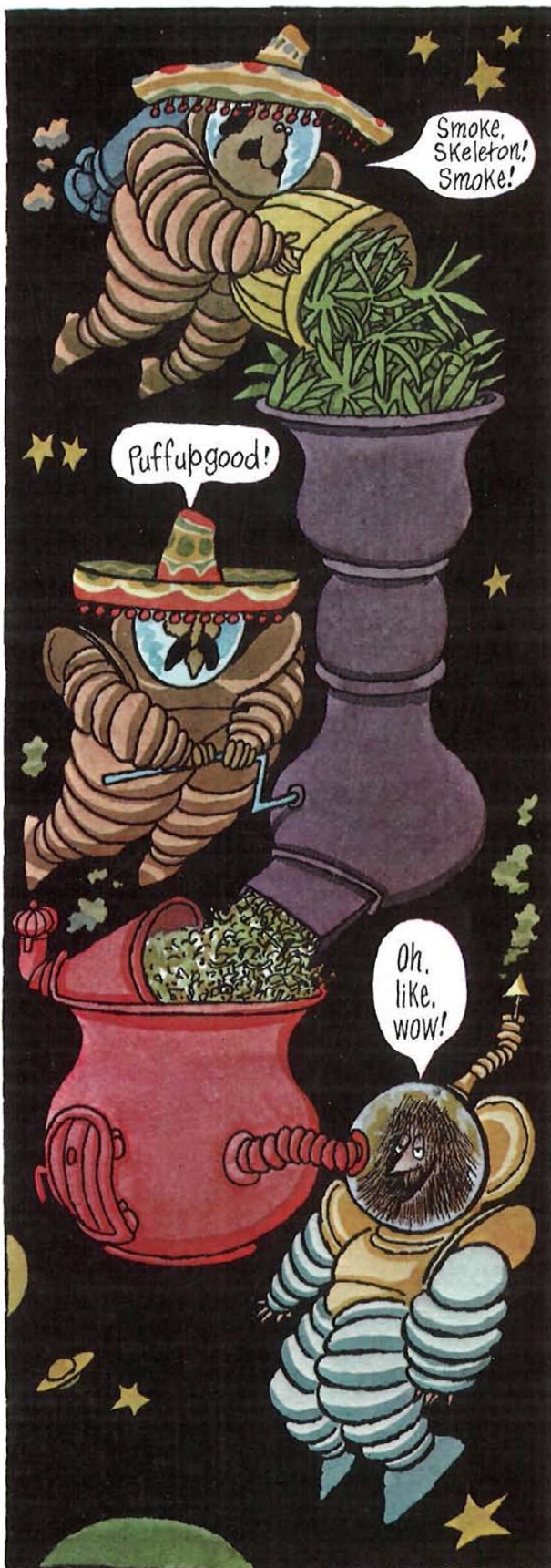
(continued)



Poverty will be forbidden, and we'll all have to be rich. Sex, race and degree of religious fervor will no longer be a factor in job qualification. Any and all kinds of sex will be allowed between consenting adults and anything that won't fight back. Labor disputes will disappear, and itinerant farm labor will become a hobby. Television will insult everyone's ignorance. Everybody will attend only big-name schools to learn how to do their own thing even if it's somebody else's.



(continued)



Poets and Dreamers will space themselves further out.



Restricted Space will be provided for Anti-Integrationists.



Sadists and Masochists will make each other's heaven.



DROLL CAPRICE

MAY  
1906

SAUCY WIT

# NATIONAL LAMPOON



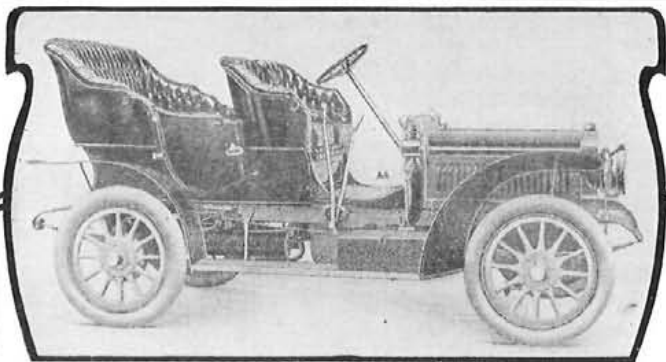
CONNUBIAL BLISS, 1971

*Husband (with notable timidity):* M-MY DEAREST, COULD YOU MIND LITTLE PERCY THIS EVENING SO THAT I MIGHT TRADE SOME RECIPES WITH THE FELLOWS AT THE CLUB?

*Typically modern wife (patiently, but firmly):* NO, BERTIE, TONIGHT I WILL BE MUCH TOO OCCUPIED, SMOKING TOBACCO, GOING OUT UNESCORTED UNTIL ALL HOURS, AND WRONG-HEADEDLY DISCUSSING POLITICS WITH THE OTHER GIRLS TO EVEN CONSIDER IT.

*(This matter is settled.)*

Michael Gross with apologies to Arthur Lewis



"Don't be Tearsome,  
Drive MacPherson!"

MODEL H

"New for 1906"

The MacPherson  
**Silver Albatross  
Deluxe**

... the motorcar of tomorrow  
**TODAY**

Automobilists across the nation agree: The MacPherson SILVER ALBATROSS DELUXE is the final word in consummate motoring. No other Gasolene Car, now or 50 years hence, will provide comparable safe, reliable service. This is not mere assertion. The engineering perfection lavished upon every MacPherson rolling out of the shop can be *readily examined* through the ease and simplicity with which this finely crafted vehicle may be started and operated. Compare, for example, the effortless method of starting a SILVER ALBATROSS DELUXE with any and all competitors! To activate, simply: (1) Unseat crankshaft lever to cranking position (2) bring permanently soldered magneto flush with throttle-valved carburetor nodule (3) open gas and spark levers conveniently located at steering wheel (4) engage cone-type clutch with ample leather face to individually belted sprocket drums (5) prime lubricator (6) rotate centrifugal governor (7) engage chrome-nickel transmission jack shaft (8) close spark lever (9) balance valve gasket feed-flow (10) spin ball-bearing-supported flywheel with free hand or foot ... *and you're off!*

**LIST OF DEALERS**

Bangor, Maine: Ephram MacPherson  
Dayton, Ohio: Elbert MacPherson  
Seattle, Washington: Joshua MacPherson

"Spanning the Nation from Coast to Coast"

# BUFFALO

## Curative Water

"Hippocrates in a Bottle"

The *International Journal of Medicinal Nostrums* says: "In treatment of melancholic palsy there is no more salutary remedy than ample dosages of BUFFALO CURATIVE WATER administered daily to a bodily orifice of the afflicted patient." *Dr. Cosmo Nettleton.*

Not only does BUFFALO CURATIVE WATER act as a universal solvent, but it has the additional regenerative powers long associated with the "Buffalo Medicine Men" of the Zuni tribe and is rich in the life-giving alkaline Lithates. Patients should be encouraged to take from two to eight quarts after every meal and before bowel movements, and bathe in this miraculous panacea at least once a month.

"ALSO A UNIVERSAL PHYSIC FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM, VAPORS, UREMIA, PYORRHEA, STATHEOPEA, AEGENIA, ADVANCED CANCERS OF THE LIP, THROAT, BREAST AND COMMON SCHIZOPHRENIA. ITS ACTION IS PROMPT AND LASTING." *Dr. C. Nettleton.*

The evidence is indisputable that the DISINTEGRATING nature of BUFFALO CURATIVE WATER has remarkable SOLVENT and RETRIBUTIVE powers far superior to other "cure-alls" and false remedies proffered by unscrupulous and rascally quacks.

Voluminous medical testimony on request. Please enclose 75¢ for handling and shipping.

NETTLETON SALES, INC.  
Buffalo, New York



"If I were a man, I would faithfully smoke  
PHARAOH CIGAR-ETTES."

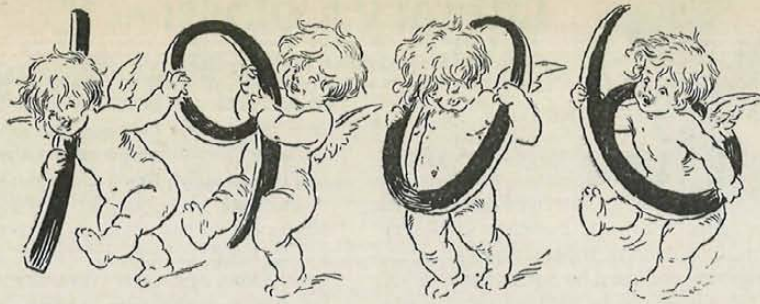
—declaims world-acclaimed actress  
Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT

The true Oriental delicacy of PHARAOH CIGAR-ETTES is impossible to imitate, and makes them the favorite of connoisseurs of the Exotic. Made-in-America prices place them within the reach of all. Mme. Bernhardt strongly recommends buying in tins of 50 and 100.

**PHARAOH CIGAR-ETTE COMPANY**  
**Springfield, Illinois**

"Smoked in all leading foreign capitols,  
exotic resorts and swank embassies."

**25<sup>¢</sup>** Per  
Package



**Our Own 'Horror-Scope' of Coming Events**

"What fools these mortals be!"  
— Shakespeare

**U**PTON SINCLAIR, the well-known muckraking author of *The Jungle*, begins work on his new tome, *The Congo*, being an *exposé* of how unsuspecting Hottentots are unwittingly eating tainted missionaries.

**T**EDDY ROOSEVELT finally finishes his big ditch in Panama, and as the waters are joined, the entire Pacific drains into the Atlantic, leaving all his little gunboats dry-docked in the Philippines.

**J**ACK LONDON, the famous he-man author of *The Call of the Wild*, loses a portion of his anatomy to a hungry wolf. Mr. London immediately announces

the start of his new novel, *The Trill of the Pantywaist*.

**C**OL. WILLIAM MCCAULEY, fearless leader of Teddy's Philippines Expeditionary Force, testifies his slaughter of 600 defenseless Moro men, women and children was "only following orders." Teddy heartlessly demotes him to waiter at the officer's club for an entire fortnight.

**W**ILLIAM H. TAFT refuses an extra helping of potatoes!

**S**ARAH BERNHARDT bending over in the middle of a performance, accidentally splits her tights and exposes her derriere to the galleries. A rowdy from the seats calls out, "A stitch in time saves nine! — Ben Franklin," to which nimblewitted Mme. Bernhardt rejoins, "There is a divinity which shapes our ends — William Shakespeare!"



Cunning Canines #57

"WOOF WOOF"  
"WHO'S THERE?"  
"BOWSER."  
"BOWSER WHO?"  
"BOW, SIR, THE KING'S DOG HAS JUST  
BROKEN WIND."



*Injudicious fiancé:* I ENTREAT YOU, AGATHA, TO RECONSIDER YOUR REFUSAL TO SPARK WITH ME BEFORE OUR FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE. WOULD YOU EXPECT ME TO PURCHASE A PAIR OF SHOES WITHOUT TRYING THEM ON FIRST?

*Agatha: (an unabashed "New Woman")* THAT'S EXACTLY THE DIFFICULTY, MY SWEET. I HAVE ALREADY "TRIED ON" SO MANY THAT I AM AFFLICTED WITH FLAT FEET.

## A CHRISTMAS DINNER

by CH-RL-S D-CK-NS

Such a meal! The Sprockets all agreed that, despite their lifelong experience with unrelenting gluttony, the prodigious mounds of smoking, cauterized flesh heaped before them presented the *most* awesome challenge the poor but penurious band of ruffians had ever seen, a sentiment grudgingly endorsed by Squab the butcher, whose weighty thumb would be obliged to toil at a double rate to recover his losses suffered that glorious day at the jaws and bottomless gullets of this merry band of deadbeats.

To begin, there was roast sheep. Never had there been such a sheep! A sheep that had been so enthusiastically flung into the Sprocket's coal furnace and so quickly withdrawn from the crackling fire, that little Tiny Toad's initial yelps of joy were stifled by hanks of smoldering wool as he essayed to beat the still quivering carcass into submission with his affecting little crutch.

And the broiled goat! And the whole boar! And the braised Bedlington terrier foolishly left unguarded

within the vicinity of the Sprocket kitchen. A chorus of voices sang as each new joint or haunch was uncovered amidst the carnage, the glad spirits of this day rattling the windowpanes with laughter and ricocheting bits of hoof, tooth and splintered fork.

But hark! A rapping at the door! Has Squab already attempted to cash Bob Sprocket's cheque? The door swung open and lo! There stood none other than Ebenezer Ooze, Sprocket's flinthearted employer, his arms laden with sweetmeats, goodies and a brightly coloured toy crutch.

"Merry Christmas, Sprockets all!" the old man cried. "I've brought gifts for all. Now hustle up little Tiny Toad before these bloody geegaws give me a hernia!"

Search as they might, the Sprockets could find nought of the little lad, save a pair of gnawed breeches strewn carelessly among a pile of empty cherrystones, which confirmed their worst fears.

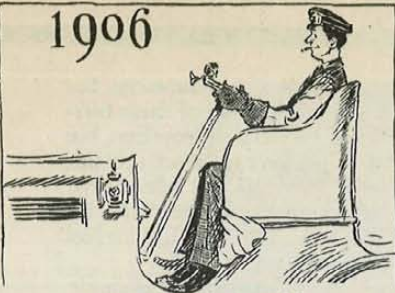
And oh, how the family glowed with happiness, despite the troublesome fact that Tiny Toad had been mistakenly eaten, when, from within their very selves, they heard the ghost of a voice, gaily peeping, "God damn you, every one!"



*Mr. Wottabore:* (ingratiatingly) IF YOUR WIDOWED MUMMY ALLOWS ME TO BECOME YOUR NEW FATHER, I'LL BUY YOU A BRAND NEW GET-UP!

*Precocious child:* YOU MUST BE JOKING. MUMMY SAYS THE ONLY THING YOU CAN GET UP IS YOUR MOUSTACHE!  
(This alliance is doomed.)

1906



This Foolish World

In the four years since the founding of the American Automobile Association (a rascally band of freewheeling hooligans whose sole intent is to bedevil the citizenry with noisome, smokebelching contraptions), we have stood idly by as our thoroughfares have become a Golgotha for untold unway pedestrians and innumerable schnauzers, borzois and terriers. In the past year, three Americans have been slain and more than a score injured grievously at the ravenous grill-works of these skylarking homicides.

It is little wonder, then, that the A.A.A. has recently been confronted with a rival constituency called the E.E.E., or Establishment of Equine Enthusiasts. Reasoning that motorcar operators are not the coarse-grained assassins they appear to be but merely unfortunate individuals much disturbed by the lack of equine companionship and its many balms, the E.E.E. has proclaimed a compelling campaign to restore these deranged junk jockeys to a balanced frame of mind. In order to effect this, the E.E.E. states that it will "undertake to modify these nuisance-causing machines to a more congenial, horse-like nature." The four steps, the E.E.E. further states, which will make automobiles more "horse-like" include (1) giving auto tires "the friendly clip-clop of horseshoes" by means of inserting metal spikes (2) "feeding" the machines oats in their radiators (3) "treating" their gasolene tanks to sugar lumps, and (4) secretly putting cardboard "blinders" over the headlights of nocturnal motorists. To duplicate the horse-like perfume long associated with genteel travel, the E.E.E. also suggests stuffing your annoying neighbor's exhaust with "road-apples."



"DOING IT FROM BEHIND"

A modern proliferating pestilence, the feminine craze for expensive bonnets, descends upon all New Yorkers just before every Easter Parade when the ladies insist on making a grand sartorial Fifth Avenue spectacle at the risk of their husbands' finances. Would it not be a lesson to these silly females if red-blooded husbands coerced them to wear instead hats made from the two-dollar bills an equivalent *chapeau* would cost? When the added burden began to make telling demands on their strength, our wives would be forced to concede these costly geggaws are indeed a "pain in the neck."

FARMER JONES: Hullo, there, Zeke. What do you have there?  
FARMHAND (*closely inspecting the posterior of a protesting chicken*): The bird's eye phew.

It's no longer the *duma* in Russia. Now they call it the Skidooma.

The *Cleveland Leader* reports that a cheeky gentleman of the colored persuasion recently demanded admittance to the local Democratic Club because the constituency it represents is largely populated by our dusky friends. We applaud this novel idea, and suggest that this individual's demand for a minimum "quota" of members roughly describing the district's racial population may have amusing and diverting ramifications. Should not 11% of the membership of the swells at the Knickerbocker Club be replaced with an equal number of well-heeled blackamoors? And let us not omit Paddy, Mario and Mr. Chinaman while we're about it. And, it only seems fair, should not a proportionate number of Caucasians switch positions and learn the Secret Arts of the shoeshine parlor, the stable and the scullery? It might convince our 80,000,000 citizens to go back to their respective homelands and leave this addled soil to the degenerate Redskin.

MOMMA GOLDBERG (*upon being startled by her son Izzy who appears at the door bedecked in blackface and lionskin, carrying a spear in his hand and a bone through his nose*): Ach, mein son! What is you doing, already?  
IZZY: But mamma, by me I'm only making a big success like you always told me.  
MOMMA GOLDBERG: Nein, you meshuginah! I said be a rich doctor, not a vitch doctor!

The ceaseless prating and caterwauling of these bothersome "New Women" reached a new height of absurdity when Mrs. Edgerton recently stated at a St. Louis Suffragette rally that "men cannot appreciate the plight of modern women no more than they can understand the rigors and pain of childbirth." This may be so, but we suspect that no female has a ready equivalent, either, for a vigorous kick in the pills.

CHAPERON (*holding ruler between two young closely embracing waltzers*): Now, now, six inches!  
DEBUTANTE (*lowering her eyes impishly to her partner's lower quarters*): Mercy, it looks more like nine or ten to me!



Cunning Canines #58

"WOOF WOOF"  
"WHO'S THERE?"  
"FIDO."  
"FIDO WHO?"  
"FI DON'T GET TAKEN OUT FOR A WALK SOON, I'M GOING TO DO IT RIGHT HERE ON THE RUG."

PAT: (*upon seeing Mike with a potato in his ear*): Begorrey, Mike, ye've got a 'tater in yer ayer!  
MIKE: Oi din belave Oi understand ye, Pat, me boy.  
PAT: Oi said ye've got a 'tater in yer ayer!  
MIKE: Ye'll have t'spake louder, Pat, Oi can't hare nothin' with this 'tater in me ayer.

KING OF THE CANNIBALS (*to beautiful young missionary*): Mumbo jumbo booga booga rub dub!  
BEAUTIFUL MISSIONARY: Gracious, what did he say?  
INTERPRETER: He say he will not eat beautiful missionary lady because she bring curse to his land.  
BEAUTIFUL MISSIONARY: Well, tell him to try me Wednesday if he insists on being so finicky.



Gentlemen:  
It is with extreme disaffection that I am moved to fault your puerile satiric monthly for the ill-advised and indelicate caricature you published in your April "White Man's Burden" number. I fail to understand why such a vulgar and explicitly unwholesome illustration should be permitted wide circulation, nor do I find amusing the abhorrent act you portray the President committing over the caption "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

Your unpleasant drawing not only disparages our Nation's foreign policies, commonly agreed to be the most enlightened in the world, but it offers a dangerous occasion of impure thought and deed to children of impressionable years. The sin of Onan, like the highest office in the land, should not be taken lightly.

Mrs. Bertram Rutledge  
Newport, Rhode Island

## HUCKLEBERRY FUDD

by M-RK TW--N

You don't know about me, without you have bought a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Saw-buck*, which is how much you'll have to fork over to Mr. Tw--n if you want to know what's what up to where I'm talking now. Mr. Tw--n ain't no slouch at selling, if you get my meaning.

Now, where we are right now is that Widow Crabgrass's slave Leroi an' me has lit out on this here raft. We didn't take nothing but what we needed for the trip down the Mississippi cept some farback, a jug of turnip squeezings and a hogshhead of hogs' heads. We'd of made right fine time, too, if Mr. Tw--n hadn't made me stop every mile or so and scratch all this down and mail it to his publisher. Mr. Tw--n promised me a fishhook for every colorful adventure, so's I got to keep hopping.

But it ain't as easy as it sounds. For one thing, this here runaway slave Leroi acts an talks mighty peculiar. I can't tell you what he does when he think I'm asleep,

on account of Mr. Tw--n says it aint commercial, but he sure talks powerful strange. A passel of them literary critical fellers say Leroi's a racial stereopticon, but I think what it is that he just ain't got much upstairs. Between the ears, I mean. Stupid, if you follow what I'm saying. But Mr. Tw--n says the way he talks has done sold books ever since Mr. Lincoln laughed his fool head off at that Mr. Artemas Ward hogwash.

It still makes things difficult, though. For example, me an Leroi are lying low on the raft when I realizes we are bout as lost as any two people can be in a book that's still going to have a happy ending.

"Hey, Leroi," I says, "you have any idea where we are around here?"

"Well," Leroi says, "wunce ah wuz gwyne down heah wit Mars Jawge en Miss Tawbah wen dat fambly dun foun it out dat I's jis run'd off an den de gol' wuz los' dat dey wuz gwyne a' git 'bout haf en gouah mo' fo' po' warn't, so's ah ketch dat ole catfish en nevah say dat man sho' kin dance fo' no' mo' po', ah reck'n."

"Leroi," I whispers, feelin about him like I never ever felt about nobody not even a white man before, "shut up."



*Jealous former husband:* I WOULD CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR RECENT MARRIAGE, SIR, BUT I AM MORE MOVED TO SYMPATHY THAT YOU ARE ONLY WEDDED TO SECONDHAND GOODS.

*New husband (smartly):* DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF, SIR, FOR I FOUND MYSELF QUITE SATISFIED ONCE I GOT PAST THE USED PORTIONS.

*(The couple exits triumphantly)*



"RASTUS, YOU SHIFTLESS ROGUE, HAVE YOU BEEN CADGING MY CIGAR BUTTS AGAIN?"

"NO SUH! WAH, AH JUS' GWINE 'BOUT DEY BIN PETICK-LAH AN' AH DOAN' WAN' NO MO' TENS AN' LEBBENS, CAWS AH DIN FLO' TAH WUBBAH."

"WELL, THEN, THERE'LL BE NO LEFTOVER CHICKEN FOR YOU!"

"YASSUM."

### IN NEXT MONTH'S NUMBER

Do not fail to purchase the next laughter-provoking number of this nationally acclaimed jocose periodical. It will certainly contain many squibs and oddments that will evoke unrestrained merriment.

DON'T MISS THE SPECIAL BURLESQUE OF AMERICA'S LEADING MUCKRAKING MAGAZINE

MCCLURE'S

Also: Our Own "Horror-Scope" of Coming Events, Parodies and mirthful Travesties, Mrs. R----v-It's Diary and an additional store of Droll Caprice and Saucy Wit.





## WHY PAY MORE?

... when you can have all the enjoyments of motoring *without* the expense of oversized American-built automobiles? Everyday more and more sagacious autophiles are turning to the SCHPRITZ. The SCHPRITZ? Indeed. This dandy little German-made roadster provides all that is necessary for pleasant transportation and consumes less than a pint of gasoline per 10 miles. And the SCHPRITZ does not change models from one year to the next like over-large American cars. The maneuverability of this admirable sports auto is unparalleled, and its cheapness (\$175) is an obvious virtue to the economical driver.

**SCHPRITZ**  
Messerschmidswerkes  
Munich, Germany

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## !!!DIRECT FROM PARIS, FRANCE!!!

A Large Selection of High-Class

## Automobile Garments

The discerning *madame* or *mademoiselle* will find our newest shipment of *tres chic* motoring *ensembles* to be in complete conformity with the latest decrees of *Continental* fashion. The latest *modes* for the tasteful automotrix, *naturellement*, include a wide selection of dust cowls, grease gauntlettes, 8-ply vulcanized *Parisian* mackintoshes, reinforced spatterdashes and a variety of colorful goggles and wind hoods.

Send for our catalogue of *magnifique* fashions and make family motoring as *élégante* as they do *abroad*.

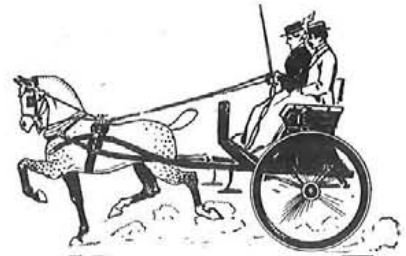
Roothey's Protective Outerwear  
Wilmington, Delaware



## FARBER'S ELECTRO-STATIC MOUSTACHE NEUTRALIZER

A Positive Relief from the unsettling tendency of a newly brushed moustache or beard to attract unwanted particles of Dust, Lint, Animal Fur and other aerial Flotsam and Jetsam. Our patented Neutralizer completely discharges and eliminates bothersome static electric charges in an instant, and keeps the gentleman's moustache and/or beard free from irritating rubbish. A must for health. Sold everywhere.

**FARBER'S MOUSTACHE DISCHARGER**  
Chicopee, Massachusetts



## "Can a motorcar be loyal?"

There are certain qualities about riding behind a good horse that no machine can display. The distinctive fragrance of a healthy animal, his worth as a soil-restorative and his keen intelligence and companionship greatly augment any journey.

These pleasures are furthered by the possession of a Finley Carriage, Surrey or Brougham. Finley carriages are built for style and comfort. And reliable service long after the fads and fancies of the hour are rusting and forgotten.

Illustrated booklet on request  
The Finley Carriage Company  
DESIGNERS, BUILDERS, DISTRIBUTORS of SELECT CARRIAGES

Detroit, Michigan

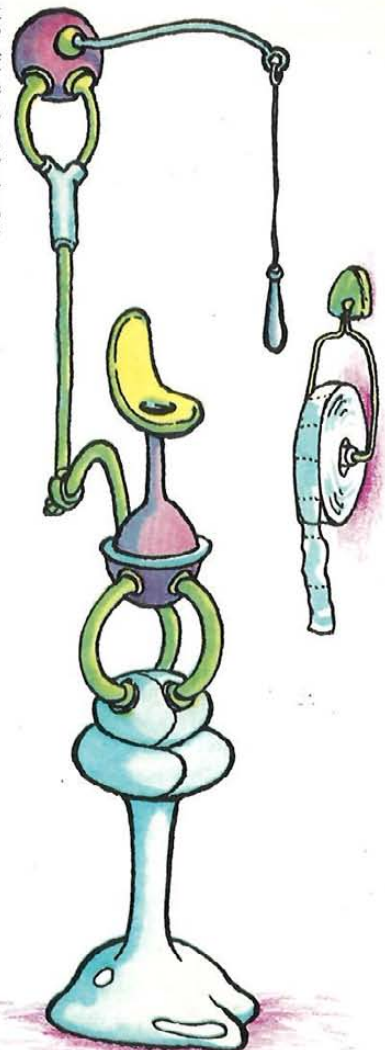
# Toilets of the Extraterrestrials

Due to the low gravity of their home planet, the Hovering Slimies of Rigel 3 are forced to rely on suction-powered commodes with a Mach 6 flush. Toilet training is a college-level course, and consequently the Slimies' contact with their young seldom exceeds a collect visiphone call every other week.

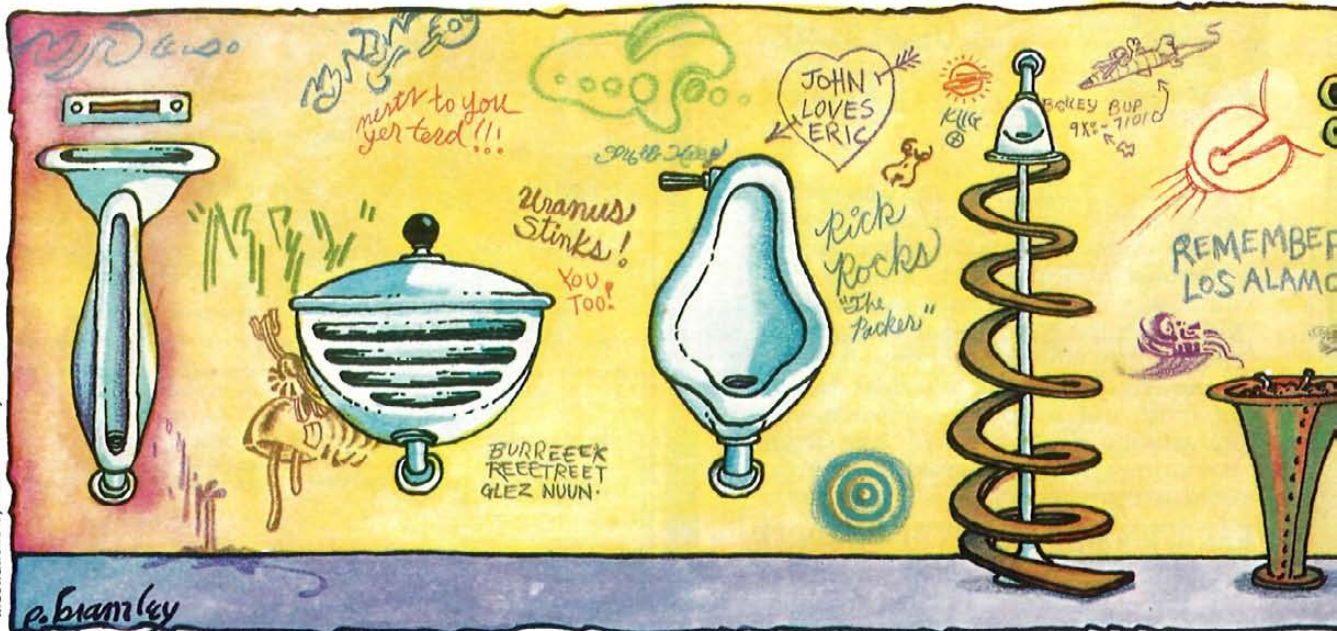


When a Poached Wort of Betelgeuse 4 has to go "dzii-dzii" or "gbou-gbou" he picks up a copy of *Flogwort* and heads for the nearest ammonia closet. If the Wort is in a room with other Worts, his exit is usually preceded by someone grasping an olfactory nodule and asking, "Who split the quartz?"

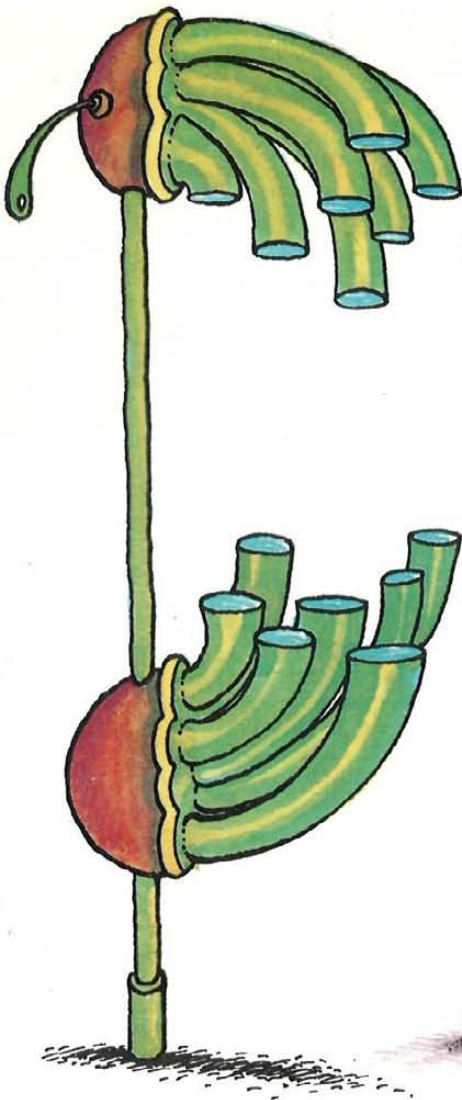
The natural artistic bent of the inhabitants of the Formalhaut system is reflected even in their plumbing. They use this particular device only for "Number 7."



A typical space station lavatory for Medium Gravity, Oxygen-Breathing Basic Scale, Pedal-Motive, Alpha Gender (males, protomales)

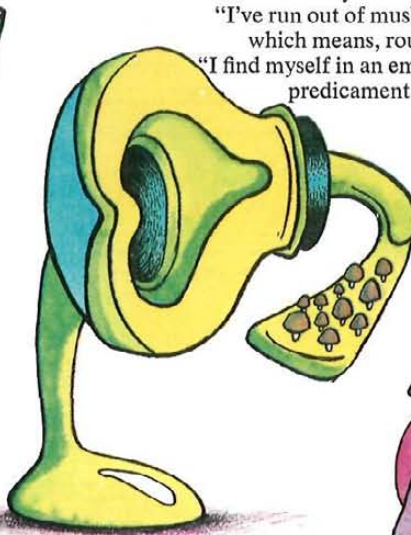






The Arched Tubers of Aldebaran, like most life forms based on silicone, have an extremely low metabolic rate and hence a slow digestive process. Once a year, an adult Tuber packs an overnight bag and makes his way to a "molybdenum convenience." If he finds it occupied when he arrives, he commits ritual suicide.

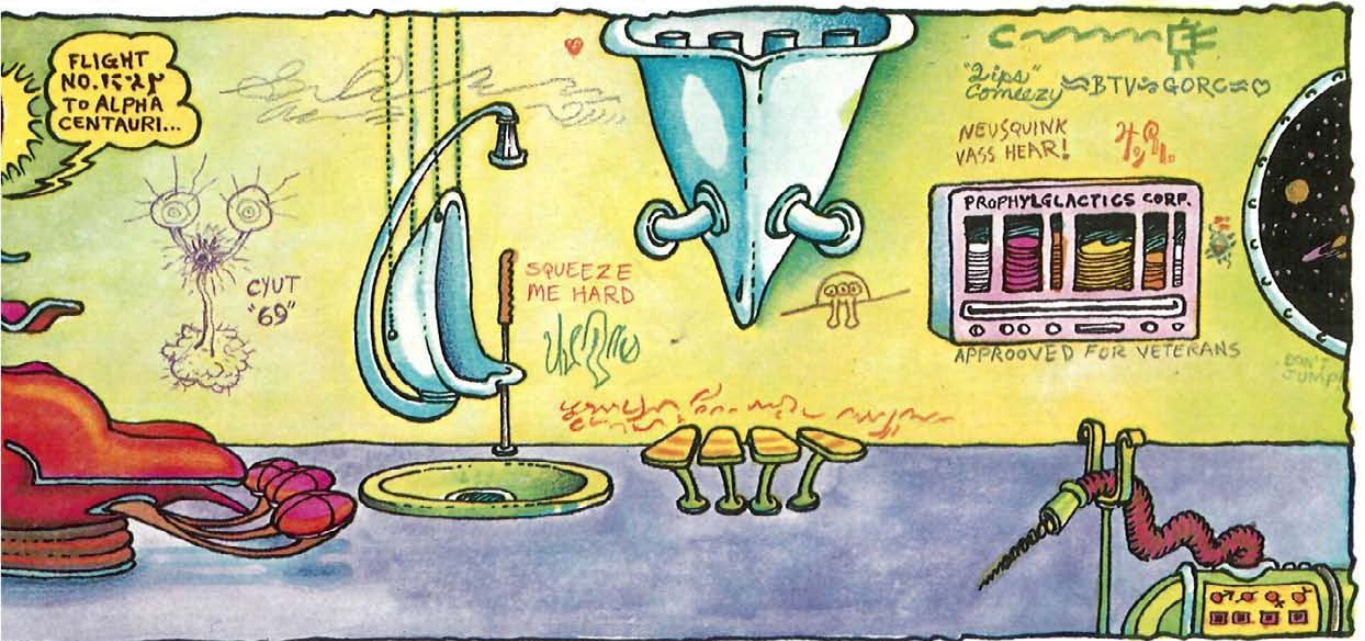
The fluorinal of the Beta Hydrians can be used by either Prime Right males or Tertiary Left females. This sanitary unit is the source of the common Hydrian expression, "I've run out of mushrooms," which means, roughly, "I find myself in an embarrassing predicament."



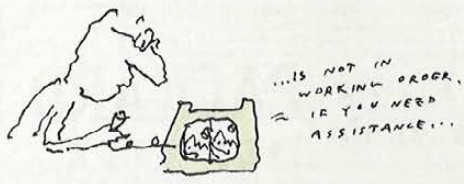
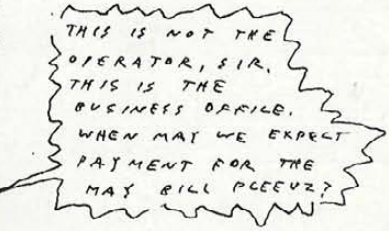
If an Upper Globule from Epsilon Eridani 5 says, "I'm going to see a snardf about a floong," he's not being cute — he's referring to a household pet whose bizarre body chemistry provides a tidy solution to waste disposal problems.



phrodites, parthenogenetics and aerial germinators)or, as it is jocularly referred to, "the little Medgavoxybasedmotalphagen's Room."



A LOOK  
AT  
THE FUTURE  
BY  
R. O. GLECHMAN



## FINANCIAL NEWS

Tuesday's closing Dow-Jones Industrial Averages: 1,803.71, up 11.45. Metals: Gold 23.44 off .04; Silver 1.29 off .02. Complete financial news on Page 25.

# The New York World

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY

## NEW YORK IN LEAD FOR '76 JUBILEE

Bicentennial Committee Cites  
City's Legendary Courtesies,  
Cleanliness and Charm

Site To Be Named Soon

Baltimore Still in Running;  
\$2 Billion in U.S. Funds  
and Tourism at Stake

By JAMES BRESLIN

WASHINGTON, May 11 — The president's committee on the bicentennial made public today its next to final report, narrowing the field of possible sites for the nation's 200th Anniversary celebrations to two — Baltimore and New York City — and committing itself to a final decision by June 15.

The 126-page report, which was submitted to the President yesterday, clearly favored New York City as the site for the 1976 jubilee, and some observers felt that Baltimore was kept in the running only to assuage the feeling of Southerners who feel that their region has been slighted.

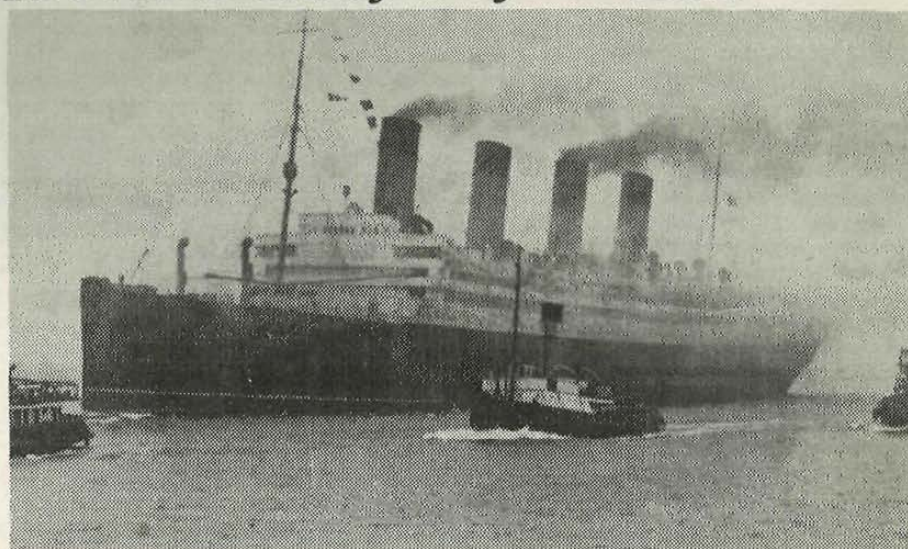
[In New York, Mayor Abzug refused to comment directly on the report but said she was on her way to Baltimore to "swear at some tourists and spit on the sidewalks." Details on Page 10.]

In a press conference immediately following the release of the panel's recommendations, the committee chairman, Mrs. Ada Louise Huxtable, the noted architectural critic, characterized the study as "exhaustive in every respect," but conceded that "a certain amount of dissatisfaction" was "inevitable."

### Question of Impartiality

In response to a question about her impartiality, Mrs. Huxtable, the only native New Yorker on the committee, replied: "I don't think anything I

## A Noble Lady Pays a Last Call



The R.M.S. "Lusitania" as she appeared today during a mammoth reception following her 2,182d Atlantic crossing. Retired from active service in 1959, the "Lusitania," which weathered U-boats and hurricanes to become the most popular and successful passenger liner in history, managed to survive an even worse fate when, in 1963, King Edward intervened personally to prevent her sale to a movie company that had wanted to sink her off the coast of Ireland to re-enact the "Queen Mary" disaster. She was sold last fall to a group of Florida resort promoters and will leave early next month for Ft. Lauderdale to be converted into a hotel-marina. Story on Page 42.

## EDUCATORS WORRIED BY CONFORMITY OF YOUTH

By ABE HOFFMAN

OMAHA, Neb., May 11 — The members of the American Association of Educators, meeting here in its annual convention, have become involved in an acrimonious debate over their role in producing what many regard as an overly apathetic and conformist generation of Americans.

The idea that young people ought to display more independence and commitment is hardly a new one — it has been a favorite topic for editorials, speeches and sermons, for several years.

What is new is the notion that educators are to blame for the problem by failing to inspire students sufficiently in the classroom.

That view received its most eloquent statement in the keynote speech delivered to the convention by Dr. [Name obscured] of [Name obscured] as a whole on a

accepting blindly the beliefs, values and, in many cases, the actual life-styles of their elders.

"If youth is reluctant to experiment, to question and to expand its horizons," Kirk continued, "then it is we, youth's teachers, who must accept the responsibility."

The members of the A.A.E. are almost evenly split between traditional-minded teachers who see nothing wrong in children emulating their parents and more liberal-minded educators who feel that the entire object of education is being lost.

The division, observers agree, is the most serious since the "Why Hans can read — and Johnny can't" controversy of the 1950's.

The issue will come to a first test tomorrow when the Association of [Name obscured] as a whole on a

## SPACE SHOT SET TO GO

Scientists Run Final Tests  
As Rocket Is Readied  
For Tuesday's Launch

By NORM MAILER

JULES VERNE SPACE-FLIGHT CENTER, KEY BISCAYNE, Fla., May 11 — The six-day preparation for the launch early next week of the latest in the Polaris series of orbital flights was started today.

If all goes well, the 112-foot-high rocket will lift astronauts Charles Whitman and Richard Speck into orbit around the earth at 10 A.M., E.S.T., on May 17. They will be the eighth and ninth men to have left the earth for space since Francis Gary Powers's historic flight on November 22, 1963.

Whitman and Speck are scheduled to make 82 orbits of the earth in a little over four days and six hours. During the mis-

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## WAR DEBTS AND BACK FRENCH HOUSE CUTS BUDGET; SENATE VOIDS VETO: CONGRESS ADJOURNS

**Isolation in Great War  
Still a Bitter Memory  
After Half a Century****PETER SALINGER**

WASHINGTON, May 11 —  
At 51 years to the day that  
the last gun fell silent in Eu-  
rope, the government of Premier  
Georges Pompidou today quietly re-  
ceived the last installment of the  
debts owed by France to the  
United States.

In a short and deliberately  
staged ceremony to which  
Frenchmen were not invited, the  
U.S. Ambassador to the  
French, M. J. J. Servan-Schreiber,  
presented a transfer order for  
the gold holdings at the Sub-  
treasury in New York City and  
delivered it to the Treasurer of  
the United States, Miss Helen  
G. Douglas.

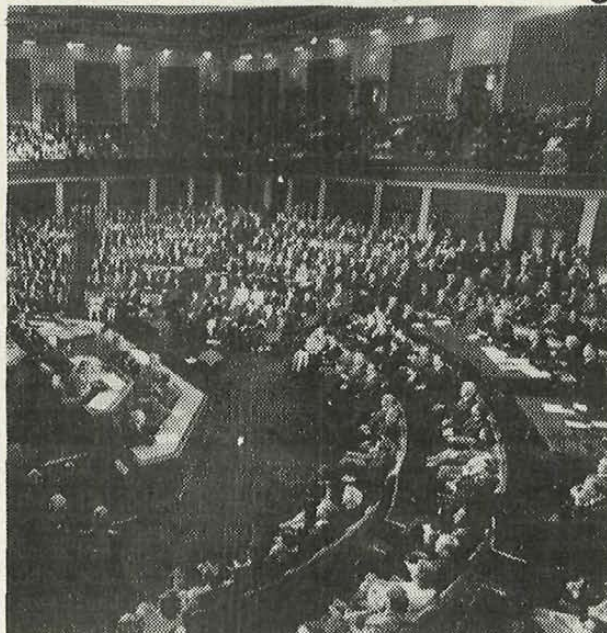
The sum, 130 million francs,  
of which \$25 million, represented  
liquidation of the last of a  
series of 50-year notes issued  
by France shortly after the war  
to cover purchases of arms  
from the U.S. during the final  
years of the conflict.

**Decision to Play Down Event**

The decision to play down the  
importance of the event was  
made in the White House, ac-  
cording to reliable sources. It  
apparently felt that the less  
attention given to what, even  
50 years, is still a delicate  
issue, the better for all con-  
cerned.

There still lingers some bitter-  
ness in France that the U.S. did  
not intervene on the side of the  
Allies during the War, and in  
some parts of France it is as  
difficult to admit to being an  
American as it is to let it be  
known that one is a Yankee in  
Japan.

The choice of M. Servan-  
Schreiber to represent France in  
this transaction was seen by  
diplomatic observers as a



Scene on the floor of House after Speaker adjourned chamber at 6:23 P.M. yesterday. Senate adjourned 10 minutes later.

### PRESIDENT ANGERED May Call Congress Back for Session This Summer

WASHINGTON, May 11 —  
The Democrat-dominated 92d  
Congress dealt President Her-  
bert Hoover Jr., two separate,  
but not unconnected, legislative  
defeats early this evening as  
it rushed to complete pending  
business to permit adjournment  
for the summer on schedule.

The larger of the two setbacks  
came when the House voted,  
255-170, to cut more than \$3  
billion from President Hoover's  
"minimum" budget of \$63 bil-  
lion for the 1972 fiscal year.

Some house trimming had  
been expected, but the extent of  
the reduction apparently caught  
everyone by surprise. House  
Majority Leader Representative  
Paul O'Dwyer, Democrat of  
New York, called the action "a  
tremendous victory."

On the other side of the aisle,  
Representative Nelson Rocke-  
feller, Republican of New York,  
accused the Democrats of pull-  
ing "a grandstand political play  
at the expense of sound govern-  
ment" and of "holding open the  
door to fiscal disaster for the  
House to walk through."

**Senate Action Expected**

Meanwhile, the Senate, as ex-  
pected, overrode the President's  
veto of the Cooper-Church Tax  
Cut Bill, 71-27. Administration  
officials had held out little hope  
that the veto would be sustained.

The Senate action clears the  
way for an immediate reduction  
in the ceiling on personal in-  
come tax rates to 25 per cent,  
reduces capital gains taxes to  
10 per cent and removes from  
the tax rolls entirely families  
and individuals with incomes be-

### Cost of Living Declines Again In 1st Quarter

**By JOHN GALBRAITH**

The cost of living index re-  
corded a sizable drop in the first  
three months of 1971, the De-  
partment of the Treasury an-  
nounced today.

It was the fifth straight quar-  
terly reporting period in which  
the overall cost of goods and  
services had shown a decrease of  
1 per cent or more. The figures,  
which are compiled from infor-  
mation regularly obtained by the  
Treasury Department, registered  
particularly large decreases in  
the cost of housing and medical  
care, with food prices remaining  
steady.

In Washington, the White House said that National Lampoon Inc.

## PACKARD RECALLS NEW CARS

**Minor Flaw in Engine Given  
As Reason for Callback of  
22,000 New Automobiles****By RALPH NADER**

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.,  
May 11 — The Packard Motor  
Company announced today that  
it was recalling 22,000 of its  
modestly priced Privateers for  
correction of a "minor defect"  
in the cars' engines.

Packard officials emphasized  
that the flaw posed "no safety  
hazard."

...I don't think anything I could do would lose me any enemies up there or make me any friends." The remark drew laughter.

Mrs. Huxtable was referring to a vacate order served March 28 on the owners of the Pan American Building located on New York's Park Avenue. The order, which precedes a demolition permit, is the latest in a series of such actions growing out of *Huxtable v. Howard Johnson Co.*, the landmark suit won by Mrs. Huxtable in the Supreme Court in 1965.

The case established a "general property right in public vistas" and permitted citizens to bring class action suits against private builders and local governments who "significantly devalue or damage aesthetic rights of way, urban or rural."

The decision, which was made retroactive to 1960, gave local courts the power to assess treble damages and issue demolition orders and has resulted in the removal of 16,431 structures to date, including, in New York City alone, three skyscrapers over 40 stories (the Pan Am Building is the fourth) and 32

**Continued on Page 10, Column 1**

vention by Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University. In the course of his address, Dr. Kirk observed that "too often young men and women leave high schools and colleges

and six hours. During the mission, the astronauts are slated to perform a wide variety of maneuvers in preparation for more complex flights later in the Polaris program, including an attempted rendezvous and docking between two spacecraft early next year.

**Continued on Page 19, Column 5**

## Painting by Austrian Sold for \$122,000

By JACK POLLOCK

LONDON, May 11 — An enormous painting by the relatively obscure Austrian realist, Adolph Schicklgruber, brought one of the highest prices on record for a work by a modern artist in an auction at Southeby's Gallery today.

The purchaser was not identified, but he is reliably reported to be Huntington Hartford, the A&P heir and noted collector.

The 55' x 22' painting — entitled *Götterdämmerung* — is considered Schicklgruber's masterpiece. It was to have been part of a series of 50 studies on Wagnerian themes, of which only seven were completed before the artist's death in 1951. Another in the series — *The*

*Rhine Maidens* — dominates the German Parliament Chamber at Weimar.

Schicklgruber, who has been called "the father of brutalism," was a founder of the New Realism movement in the Thirties. He painted relatively few works — less than 70 in all — and only about two dozen, including some early portraits and architectural sketches, hang in museums. The remainder are in the hands of private collectors, for the most part in Switzerland and South America.

Kenny Clark, the chief auctioneer at Southeby's, admitted to some surprise at the level of the bidding. "It was quite a

**Continued on Page 14, Column 3**

## Palestine: Switzerland of the Mideast

The following is the sixth in a series of eight articles on nations which after 50 years have still refused League membership. Tomorrow will appear "LatLithEst: Benelux of the Baltic," and on Friday the series will conclude with "Japan: Fruits of a Century of Isolation."

By DAVID BRINKLEY

The signs on the road to Jerusalem read like a Bible lesson; Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gallilee, Judaea. And except for the modern asphalt paving and an occasional car, the timeless landscape probably looks much as it did when Christ traveled this road instead of tourists.

An incredible amount of history has taken place in this narrow strip of land between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean Sea. Because of its strategic location and religious significance, it has been conquered by almost every empire from the Assyrians to the British and, until this century, knew few periods of peace.

But today, after 4,000 years of conflict, Palestine is as peaceful as another country whose location once made it a perpetual battlefield—Switzerland.

Palestine's chief exports are oranges and religious souvenirs rather than chocolate and cuckoo clocks; it has the Dead Sea, the world's lowest point, instead of some of the world's highest; and it is distinctly lacking in the legendary hygiene and efficiency of the Swiss, but otherwise the comparison is apt.

The population of Palestine is divided into three different religious groups — Christian, Jewish and Moslem — and almost a dozen racial and national subgroups. Five languages are regularly spoken, and three of them — English, Hebrew and Arabic — are official. By comparison, Switzerland is almost homogeneous.

How does it work? Basically, the country is organized like a company, with each individual interest group receiving

a share in the running of the government based on population, productivity and historical interests, figured according to a bewilderingly complex formula which even illiterate Bedouins seem to understand perfectly.

Why it works is another question and one probably best answered by the spirit of compromise involved in matter of the country's name. Jews call it Israel, Christians call it Transjordan, and Arabs call it Palestine.

Palestine is the name that has stuck, but you can find any of the three names on signs a dozen times in an hour in Jerusalem. The inhabitants have simply agreed to disagree; and the language barrier has proved a useful fiction. After all, Arabs cannot read Hebrew, nor Jews, Arabic, so how could either be offended?

Whenever a mixed group of Palestinians have to refer to their nation, as in Parliament, they use a string of descrip-

**Continued on Page 31, Col. 4**

## Nikolai L

Noted Russian Philosopher Was Father of Ill-Fated Bolshevik Revolution

NEW YORK, May 11—Nikolai Lenin, the onetime Russian revolutionary who led the unsuccessful Bolshevik uprising in October, 1917, died early this morning at Mt. Sinai Hospital, apparently of heart failure. Mr. Lenin had been hospitalized since 1965.

A group of American Communist Party members, most of them in their 60's and 70's, were with Lenin at his death and have made arrangements for his body to be preserved according to his wishes. A spokesman for the group said the body would be put on permanent display at the Party's headquarters at 148 Spring Street, New York City.

[In Krenskigrad, Prime Minister Anastas, Mikoyan read a short statement before the Duma acknowledging the event. Elsewhere in Russia, despite banner headlines announcing the passing of the Communist leader, the main topic of conversation seemed to be the unusually warm spring weather. Details on Page 67.]

Revolutionary's Revolutionary

For many years, a New Yorker taking a stroll through Central Park in the morning hours might spot an elderly man with a sharp pointed beard, seated on

diplomatic observers a severe snub. He is the author of *When France Stood Alone*, a history of the war highly critical of American isolation, the British reluctance to commit ground forces in France under the Treaty of Strasbourg. It was a snub, no one in Washington seemed to care. The issue of the repayment of the war has long since ceased to be an important one in the U.S., but most commentators agree that it is but for France's insistence on paying back every penny, the situation would have been cancelled 30 years ago. At one time, France owed the U.S. \$4 billion. Other Great Britain, Russia and Italy, still belligerents, including Great Britain, Russia and Italy, still owe over \$12 billion, but no one has paid.

[In Washington, the White House responded to reports that U.S. Steel is contemplating price cuts on a broad range of structural steels by issuing a strongly worded statement warning major producers not to "fire the opening gun in a destructive price war." Details on Page 25.]

Economists have expressed growing concern over the deflationary trend in recent months, and although they do not agree on the remedy, they are in accord on the need to reverse the downward price spiral.

There are other indicators of the level of business activity and the movements of prices, but the cost of living index is still considered the most reliable and sensitive barometer of changes

risk" and the deficiency was confined to the relatively small number of automobiles in the single model involved.

The recall order was a sharp disappointment for Packard. Early reports had indicated that sales of the small car, which costs about \$1,400, were running well ahead of the records set by Ford's phenomenally popular Edsel in 1957.

The source of the defect was an improperly seated coil in some of the vehicles' electric start-up motors. The battery motor, which powers the car while the main steam engine warms up, and is in turn re-charged by the steam plant, is a recent Packard innovation.

The system replaces the boiler-heater found on most other cars, thus saving the small amount of propane involved in keeping steam up and avoiding the "hot hood problem," in which birds, animals and occasionally derelicts are attracted to the warm front ends of cars during cold weather, often leaving unpleasant traces of their

Loss of revenue caused by the Tax Cut Bill had been one of the major arguments cited by House Democratic leaders for cutting the President's budget. However, despite bipartisan sponsorship, both the Tax Cut Bill and the budgetary cutback drive enjoyed predominantly Democratic support, and prior to the House vote, the White House issued an unusually direct statement attacking the Democrats in both chambers for engaging in "a conspiracy to defraud the American people."

The statement also contained what many regarded as a threat

## DODGERS WIN 12th

Bouton Takes Win from Score In Extra Innings Play

By HOWARD COSELL

The Brooklyn Dodgers added another game to their early season winning-streak today, squeaking by the Boston Braves 6 to 5 in a 15-inning thriller at Ebbets Field.

It is the 12th straight win for the New York team, making the Dodgers the longest undefeated team in baseball history. The record was previously held by the St. Louis Pioneers, who remained unbeaten for 11 games in 1938.

Right from the start, things seemed to go well for the Dodgers. Their third man at bat, second baseman Arnold Palmer, hit a 425-foot grand slam, giving the Dodgers a one-run lead they held for almost the entire game.

Neither team scored again until the top of the third inning, when the Braves loaded the bases with a single off the bat of Harry Agganis, a double hit by Art Ashe, and another single

Continued on Page 67, Column 1

## Nikolai Lenin Dead at 101



Nikolai Lenin addressing workers in St. Petersburg during the abortive Bolshevik coup in October, 1917.

bench by the duck pond. To all but the most casual passerby, the oddly familiar figure looking surprisingly distinguished in an old-fashioned cap, stood out instantly among all the retired gentlemen taking the air. Even in age, there was no mistaking him, the fiery radical who came within an inch of establishing the Communism of Karl Marx in the largest country on earth.

and if the passerby knew his Russian history, he might be tempted to cross over to where Lenin sat feeding the ducks, just to make sure that the old revolutionary wasn't fomenting a class struggle in the animal kingdom. At one time, the power of Lenin's oratory was so respected that when, during the Great War, the Germans arranged his escape from Switzerland to

Russia, they sent him as far as Munich in a sealed train, fearing that he might start a revolution on the way.

They held him there for a month in total secrecy in a drafty wine cellar, while the German Ambassador made one last, vain attempt to convince America to come into the war on the side of the Axis. And even after Lenin caught pneumonia, they guarded his bedside day and night.

By the time Germany had given up hope of American intervention, word of his presence had somehow leaked out, and despite attempts by the German authorities to smuggle him into the train station, a crowd of 5,000 Germans gathered to cheer him. It was not the first time Nikolai Lenin drew a crowd, and it was not to be the

## Typhoon Hits S. Asian Coast

HANOI, Vietnam, May 11 (UPI)—The most destructive typhoon in recent years swept through the Gulf of Tonkin today and raged inland along the Vietnamese coast. According to fragmentary reports which reached here late this afternoon, a half dozen coastal villages in the southern part of the country, including the towns of My-lai and Song May, were totally destroyed.

Vietnam is a small Southeast Asian country located on the Asian mainland about 800 miles due west of the Philippines. It is bordered on the north by the Chinese Republic and on the west by Laos and Cambodia.

Although Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia all depend on seasonal storms that would be considered severe by western standards for the rainfall they need for rice cultivation, the area is not normally a target of the more powerful, hurricane-like typhoons characteristic of the Pacific.

The last major storm to strike the tiny Asian country devastated

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## ESPERANTO MORE IN USE

Once Regarded as an Oddity  
It Is Now Widely Spoken

If someone should come up to you and ask, "Vor est da fleg-papa?", don't hit him. He's not questioning your ancestry—he's just asking you where the fly-paper is, in Esperanto.

Like many Americans, you might think that the chances of running into anyone who speaks Esperanto are about as good as "trovan a needo dan a grastaka" (finding a needle in a haystack). But, in fact, the odds are pretty good and getting better every day.

Esperanto is not generally taught in high schools or colleges; it has been rejected as an official League language at least a dozen times; it is spoken nowhere widely enough to make it useful to a tourist; and it is noted for no great literary works. And yet, Americans are learning it at the rate of 2,000 a month. Why?

The answer, according to Professor Billy Graham, President of the Esperanto Society of the United States, lies in Americans' instinctive preference for simplicity, precision and efficiency. "Esperanto is the only scientific language in existence," insists Professor Graham.

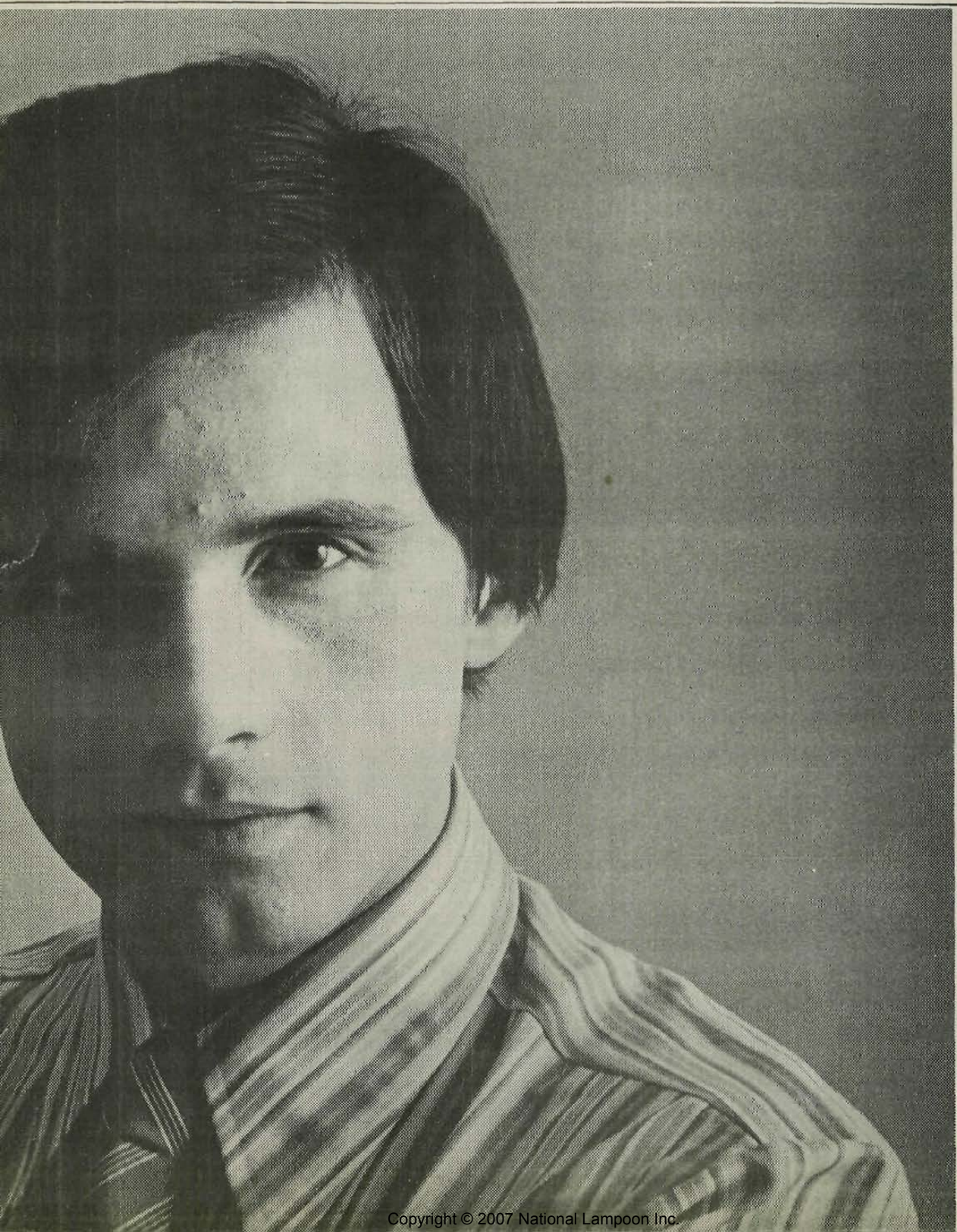
The Esperanto Society, which takes its role of spreading the language quite seriously (it regularly uses such words as "convert" and "gospel" in its literature), is the major beneficiary of the new interest in the language.

No one, not even Graham, expects Esperanto to be adopted overnight, but if the present trend continues, it may be only a matter of time before a major argument against it—that no one speaks it—will be dead.

Physicist Says  
More Than One  
Earth Exists

I'm a man on the move and any advertiser who wants to reach me had better put his ad in the magazine that reaches me -- Collier's. Why Collier's? Well, maybe it's because I like good fiction, hard-hitting reportage and entertaining features... Or maybe it's because I like a magazine to express my personality. Young, dynamic, forward-looking -- that's me, and that's my magazine. Collier's. I guess I'm that COLLIER'S Guy.

ESDAY, MAY 12, 1971





## Earth Exists

PHILADELPHIA, May 11— In a paper delivered before the American Academy of Sciences yesterday, Nobel-prize winning physicist Edward Dennison advanced the theory that more than one Earth could exist, forever separated from the others by a slight time difference.

According to Dennison, such "extra Earths" may be created every time a situation arises in which there is an exactly equal reason for something to happen or not happen.

"There is mathematical evidence," Dennison stated, "that in physics, when precisely opposing forces act at an identical time to make a single particle react, it is as possible that the object will fulfill both actions as it is that it will fulfill neither."

Dennison believes that what is true of atoms may also be true of planets. Thus, for example, if a bomb were exactly poised between exploding and not exploding, both possibilities would happen, separated by a slight shift of time, and from that point on, the otherwise identical planets would pursue different courses.

The theory, which Dennison advanced as a conceptual tool rather than as a serious probability, can never be proven; there would be no way of ever knowing that a divergence took place. "It has always worried me," Dennison concluded his address, "that in one of the possible worlds, some old friend of my father's would show up in Richmond in 1916 on an evening of considerable importance to me, and take him out drinking."

### WHALE OF A SURPRISE

LAGUNA BEACH, Cal., May 10 — Richard Nixon and his wife, Martha, got quite a surprise when they opened the back door of their beachfront house this morning. There, staring them in the eye, was a 260-ton blue whale.

The aquatic behemoth, which had apparently been washed ashore by a heavy wind during the night, was still alive, and according to the California patent attorney, it winked at him.



If you want t

Co



reach me you'll find me reading

**ollier's**

# Three Novel Ways To Fathom Your Fate

By Michael O'Donoghue

## Varicose Veins

"... Yet, like the veins, which ornament our legs, Foretell the reigns of kings and he who begs."

— William Shakespeare  
*Timon of Athens*

The birth of venamancy, the science of divining the future from varicose veins, is lost in the mists of antiquity. It was written that Assur-bani-pal, the last great ruler of Assyria, executed a courier merely because he disliked what he saw in the man's legs. Deuteronomy, Chapter xxxii, Verse 6, in the original Hebrew, tells us, "And God placed marks and signs on the legs of the sons of men that all men might know their works." Venamancy flourished during the Roman Empire and practitioners counted among their numbers no less than Porcius the Elder. Then, in the 16th century, the church imposed a harsh ban on all methods of prophesy, ordering books about these so-called "Implements of the Devil" destroyed on penalty of death. Consequently, many priceless manuscripts and rare tomes were put to the torch by mobs of zealots, as were many venamacists. Once the reign of terror had run its course, palmistry, astrology and even bletonism were revived. Venamancy, however, vanished for over 400 years. It was not until 1965, when Mrs. Loraine Bolhower discovered a copy of Fra Valinni's *De Revelate Ex Venis Investigandis* in a Cádiz flea market that this ancient science came to light. With the help of Dr. Hugo Higgins of Prairie View A & M College, she translated the work and showed the results to her pinocle club in Del Webb's Sun City, Ariz. It caught on immediately.

Mrs. Bolhower (or Princess Bolhower, as she prefers to be called, claiming Aztec ancestry) is a charming, blue-haired lady in her late 60's. She heads the Brotherhood of Astral Essence, a worldwide organization of nearly 3,000 members devoted to unlocking the mysteries of varicose veins. In addition to her hobby of painting china, the Princess still finds time to edit *Veins of Gold*, a monthly newsletter, and her book *Your Fate Is in Your Legs* (Acolyte Press, Los Angeles, 1968) is already in its ninth printing.

Upon glancing over this book, one is struck by the colorful names for vein configurations, names such as:

- The Jellied Eel
- The Chinese Tassle
- The Hampton Court Maze
- Chemin de Fer
- The Trine of Saturn
- The Kiss of the Cross
- The Anaconda
- The Flaming Anaconda
- The Veiled Blemish
- The Lesser Pillar of Malkuth
- The Blue Spider
- Solomon's Fork
- The Trail of the Drunken Hedgehog
- The Tarnished Garter

Space does not permit a detailed explanation of venamancy, so these two documented examples of actual leg readings by Princess Bolhower must suffice. Because it is closest to the heart, only the left leg is read:

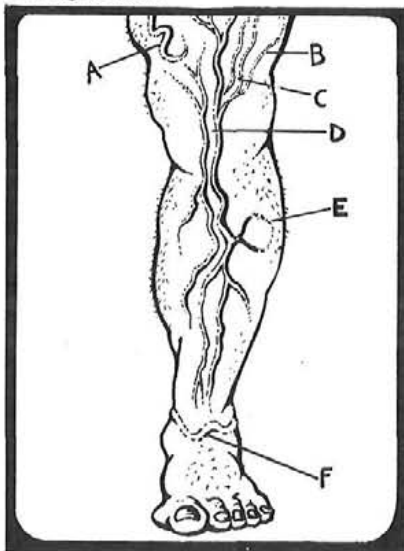


Figure 1

### Leg of Mrs. Inez Cárdenas, age 56

"This is the leg of an elderly waitress who consulted me only last week. She has a distinct Slanted Salamander (a) on the thigh, which always indicates a life of diligence and toil. Her tributaries (b) have a good tint, but the narrow watersheds (c & d) could spell trouble in the near future. The Sinistral Oxbow with secondary lines (e) on the calf and the faint Chain of Tantalus (f) at the *tsie-tsri* point of the *méridien de l'estomac* would point to an absence of dancing in the years to come. All in all, I would caution this woman to guard against a marked tendency to fall over."

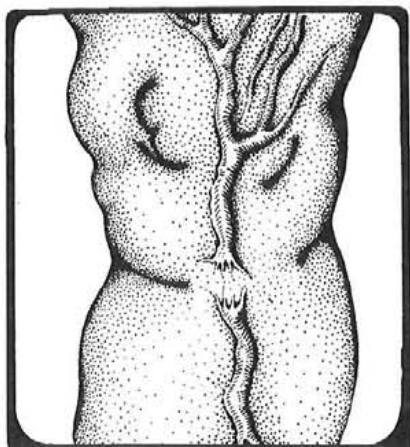


Figure 2

### Leg of a suicide

"This is the leg of a suicide. Note that the Great River is broken just below the knee."

Those interested may subscribe to the newsletter by mailing \$2.50 to Princess Bolhower (The Illimitable One, The Vast Countenance, The Hierodule of Stellar Wisdom, The Concealed of the Concealed, The Author of All Being), 31-01 Lorado Lane, Sun City, Ariz. 86335. Letters improperly addressed will be returned unopened to the sender.

## Tarot Cards

"Oh, wow! I mean like Death is just the flip side of Life!" says Joyce Ephram, better known as "Taxi Flash," resident witch of the Blotted Past Commune of Bethel, Vt. Taxi Flash has designed a new Tarot deck which she explains in a recent issue of *Rags*:

"I couldn't get off on those straight decks. They don't show what's going down. I just can't relate to those scepters and globes and diadems and all that off-the-wall crap. Like what the fuck is a 'diadem,' anyway? I mean, who ever got busted by the Knight of Wands? So I got my head together and did a lot of angel dust and came up with some really relevant symbols. My four suits are Pigs, Dope, Sex and Flowers. For example, the Dope Court Cards are the Burn Artist, the Speed Freak, the Smoldering Roach and the Obvious Stash. In the Major Arcana, I put heavy stuff like the Crash Pad, the Weatherwoman, the Rock Hype, the Hand-Held Camera and S. Clay Wilson." (continued)

Taxi Flash, however, isn't quite certain what her cards signify. As she puts it, "Who knows what a reversed Organic Gardner means? Just thinking about it could really fuck your mind!"



Perhaps more unique is a Tarot deck employed by retired barber N. Lester Boltz of London, England. Guided by the "Seven Celestial Keys in conjunction with the Twelve Active Principles, the Ten Emanations and the Nine Rays of Influence," he hit upon a method of substituting Uncle Wiggily cards for the standard deck. With 46 cards in the Minor Arcana, Mr. Boltz has included Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, Dr. Possum, Mrs. Cluck Cluck, Noodle and Toodle Flat-tail, Jimmie and Alice Wibble Wobble, Aunt Lettie (the goat lady), Peetie Bow Wow and even the unpleasant woozle bug.

As one might suppose, interpretation of the Uncle Wiggily Deck differs from traditional meanings. Whereas a reversed Skeezix signifies only clouded joy, a Bad Pipsisewah signifies duplicity, bale, remorse, glandular imbalance, obscurity, ziggurats, an illegible missive, a soiled kimono, explosions at the mill, laughter behind one's back, misinterment, petri dishes, Woolsorter's Disease, flypaper, rubber sheets, trench warfare, Mexican divorce, impairment by pitchblende, abasement, decay, sodokosis, worthless endearments, laudanum, lungfish, cargo cults, trick cigars, ink eradicator, ant farms, misplaced trust, signals through the flames, webbed legs, travail, weevils in the tea, massing at the borders, fether-few, sweating dynamite, a paste carbuncle, a punctured thumb, things best forgotten, cheap emotions and faded carpets.

Mr. Boltz is appalled that the fundamental occultism of Uncle Wiggily has been overlooked until now. "The fools!", he is given to crying. "The Wiggily Myth spans the total spectrum of human experience! Fecundity! Rebirth! It was there all the time and those fools could not see the power!" When asked as to how he plans to use this power, Mr.

Boltz stares fixedly into space and replies repeatedly, "Skillery-Scallery Alligator!", the symbol of world domination.

## Alphabet Soup

It has often been said that if a monkey kept ladling out bowls of alphabet soup forever, he would write every great book ever written. Most prognosticators would add, "And every great fortune ever told" because telling fortunes with alphabet soup is as old as alphabets themselves. In fact, each spring, the Sumerians would toss ivory chips inscribed with cuneiform markings into a ceremonial stew to predict the fall harvest.

One of the reasons for prophesy through alphabet soup's long-standing popularity is simplicity. All one need do is obtain a can of alphabet soup (the Campbell Soup Company of Camden, N.J., sells one commercially, causing some ways to dub this the "Campbell's Kabal", empty the contents into a saucepan, add one can of water and heat. When the soup is ready to be served, pour into a bowl and kneel before it. Vigorously stir the soup *counterclockwise* until you have created the Mesmerizing Vortex of Destiny. Then close your eyes and plunge a spoon into the swirling soup. You'll suddenly feel imponderable forces and invisible energies at work. After two or three seconds, remove the spoon and open your eyes. If you have held it properly, there should be letters in the spoon. Spread the letters out on a piece of paper and arrange into words, making sure you use all the letters. The message you form will be your future.

Needless to say, it may not be quite so easy to detect the one true message from the countless false ones, as witness this account of an American botany student on vacation in Germany:

"While visiting Heidelberg, I chanced upon a can of alphabet soup and, eager to know what the next week held in store, I spooned out the letters "D," "M," "E," "C," "A," "O," "S," "R," "O," and "N," which I arranged in the following ways with interpretations:

**MORE N. C. SODA** — Non-caloric cola is called for.

**SOD ROMANCE** — An affair with an Irishman looms large.

**S. C. DOOM NEAR** — Beware disaster in South Carolina.

**A D.S.C. NO MORE** — You'll be stripped of your medal.

**DO NO SCREAM** — You'll be mugged by a Puerto Rican.

**SACRED MOON** — Primitive worship beckons.

**CON SEM ROAD** — Vietnamese ambush threatens.

**ROMAN DOSE C** — There are 100 cases of clap in Italy.

**C DREAM SOON** — Answer will be

forthcoming during sleep.  
**A SCROD OMEN** — A fish will point the way.

**CRANE MOODS** — You'll fly south for the winter.

**DAMN ROSE CO.** — Avoid Canadian tea.

**MA'S CONE ROD** — Your mother will experience eye afflictions.

**DECOR MOANS** — Your set design will be badly received.

**CAN MOOSE DR.** — Fire a Saskatchewan veterinarian.

**SOON A RED M.C.** — You'll entertain the troops in Hanoi.

**RACE MOON S.D.** — You'll meet Vaughn Monroe in South Dakota.

**CROON DAMES** — You'll have dealings with the McGuire sisters.

**COON DREAMS** — Go to the mountain.

**MODERN COSA** — Impending involvement with today's new Mafia.

**COME ON SAD R** — Either feign misery or an invitation to attend a Jewish dinner.

**O CROME SAND** — You'll write a poem to a Lake Erie beach.

Since none of these seemed to apply, I was left more puzzled than when I began. Then, late that night, a dueling society threw a party and a few of the more besotted members defecated on the steps of my hotel. The answer came to me in a flash. What I should have spelled out was "SCAR MEN DOO!"

Nobody really knows how alphabet soup forecasting works. Some say tidal pull and others claim magnetism. But as for how well it works, consider the famous case of Prince Michael Gorchakov who, before the Battle of Oltenitza, ordered a bowl of alphabet soup to be brought to his tent. Following the time-honored ritual, he received this message — "WHITE FLOTILA", which, of course, is exactly what happened the next day. □





# WEEPER

MAY  
25/1

PRICE:  
3 CRYMS

## TAYLS



in  
ISSUE:  
**WYME  
WARP**

# SUM TIPS FOR TIP-TOP HELTH

Chucho say:

**!Keep Fit !Xrsize Rite**



**!Allwayz Wok Up-Rite**

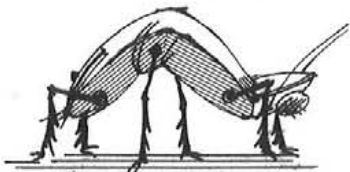


● No Krall

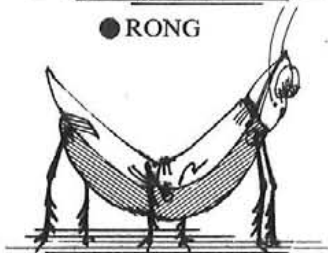


● Wok Gud

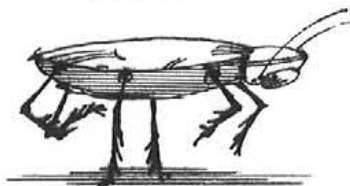
**How Do Push-up**



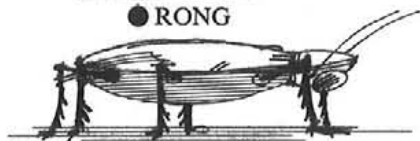
● RONG



● RONG



● RONG



● RITE

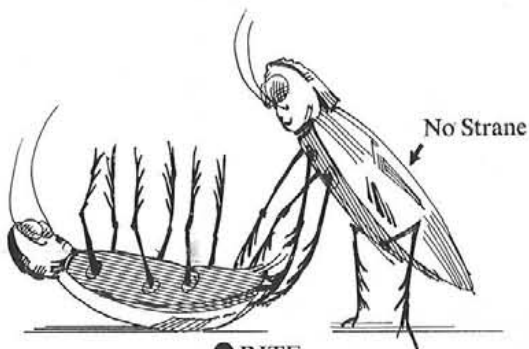
**!Lift Waytz Rite**

Wen Help Rayz Flip-Flop Frend  
Yuz 4 Not 2



Strane

● RONG



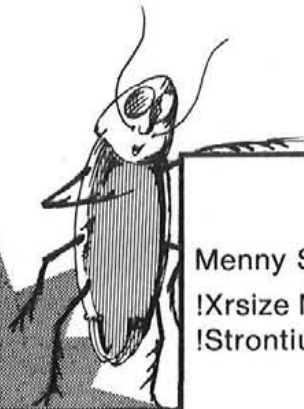
No Strane

● RITE

**!Kum Keep Fit With Chucho**

Menny Salongs Wun Neer U Kumpleet-Ekwipped  
!Xrsize Masheens for Trim Luk !Dee-Dee-TEE Wirl-Pul Bath  
!Strontium Nine-Tee Sawna !Kumpleet Bewtee Mayk-Over

**GUD HELTH MEENS MOR KIKS**



HERE BEGIN. 2 NEENYOS WANDER IN PARK SURCH FOR SNAK...



BY MICHEL CHOQUETTE  
&  
SEAN KELLY  
ART BY FRANK SPRINGER



!KAYV HERE !SUM  
GUD WUNS HERE  
I BETCHA

!LET'S HAY  
LUKSEE



LET'S TWIST AGAIN LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER.



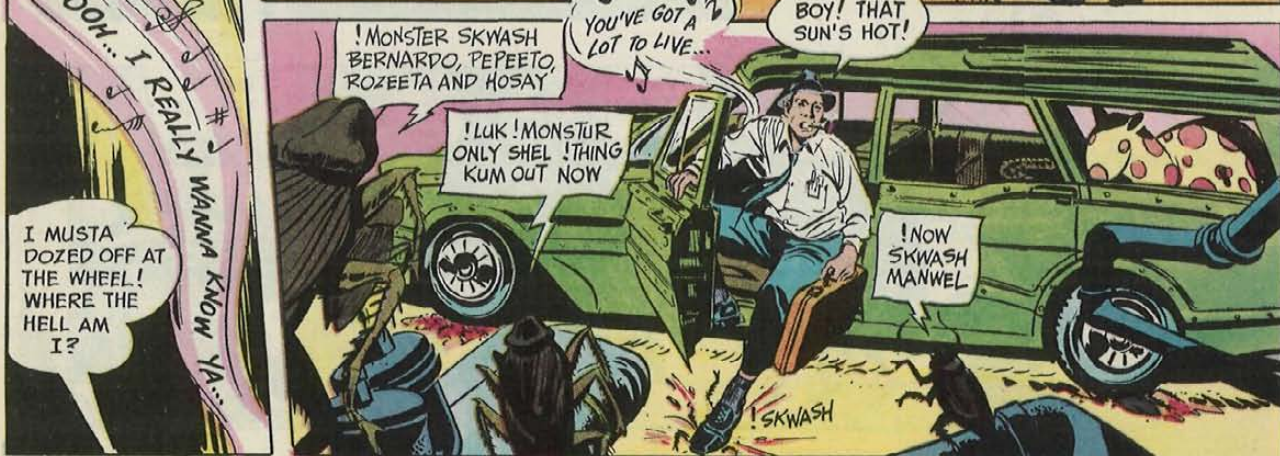
NEENYOS  
KWIK KUM-  
U-NI-KAYT  
SCIENCE  
DADDIES  
...

!LOW VIBES  
TWISSAGEN  
TWISSAGEN  
IN KAYV

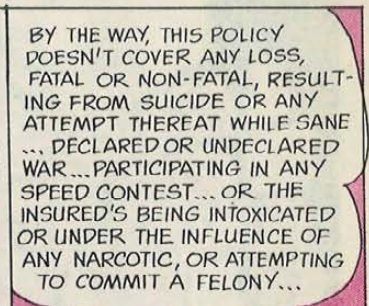
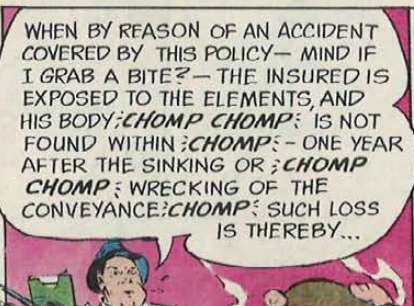
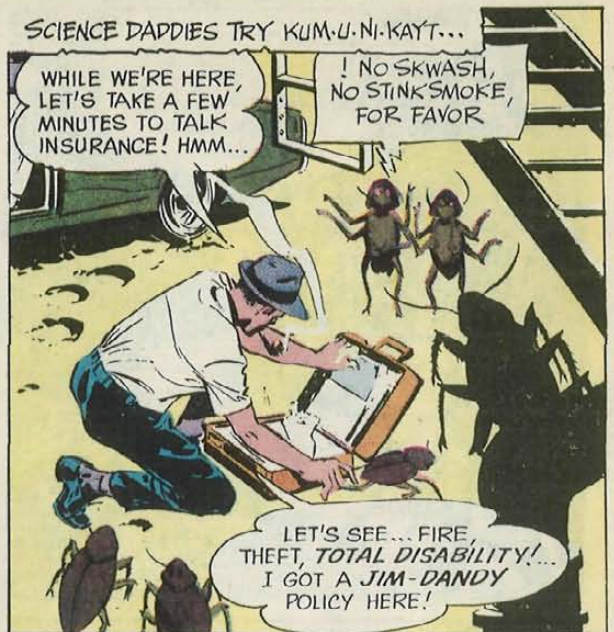
?MAYBE  
TYME-  
WARP

I KUD BE  
!DIGGERS  
GO LUKSEE

HOLE FOR TIME-GEIGER...









TELL YOU WHAT I'M GONNA DO! AT NO COST TO YOU, I'LL THROW IN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS FAMOUS MAGAZINE!

!THING KUM

!PLAY DED  
!PLAY DED



GET A LOAD OF THIS MONTH'S FOLDOUT! HUBBA-HUBBA! BET SHE'S GOT THOSE KNOCKERS INSURED FOR PLENTY!

HEH, HEH!



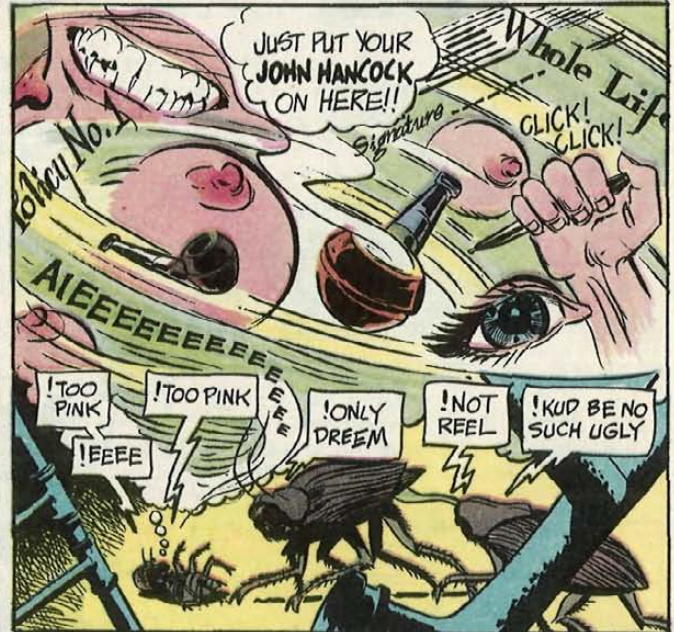
!ARGGH

!EKKH

!PYUK

!Too PINK

!TOO PINK



JUST PUT YOUR JOHN HANCOCK ON HERE!!

CLICK! CLICK!

!TOO PINK

!TOO PINK

!ONLY DREEM

!NOT REEL

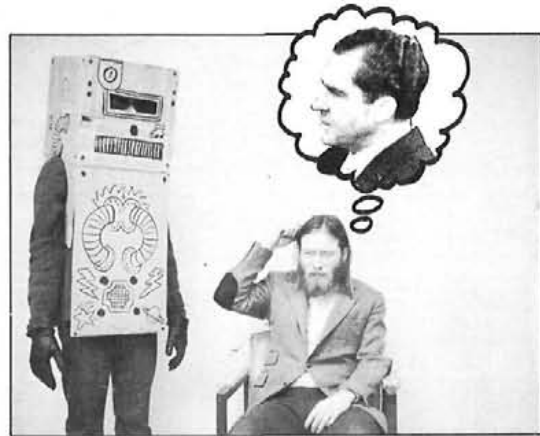
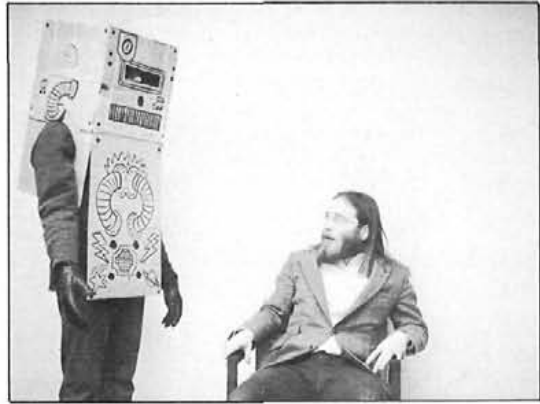
!KUD BE NO SUCH UGLY



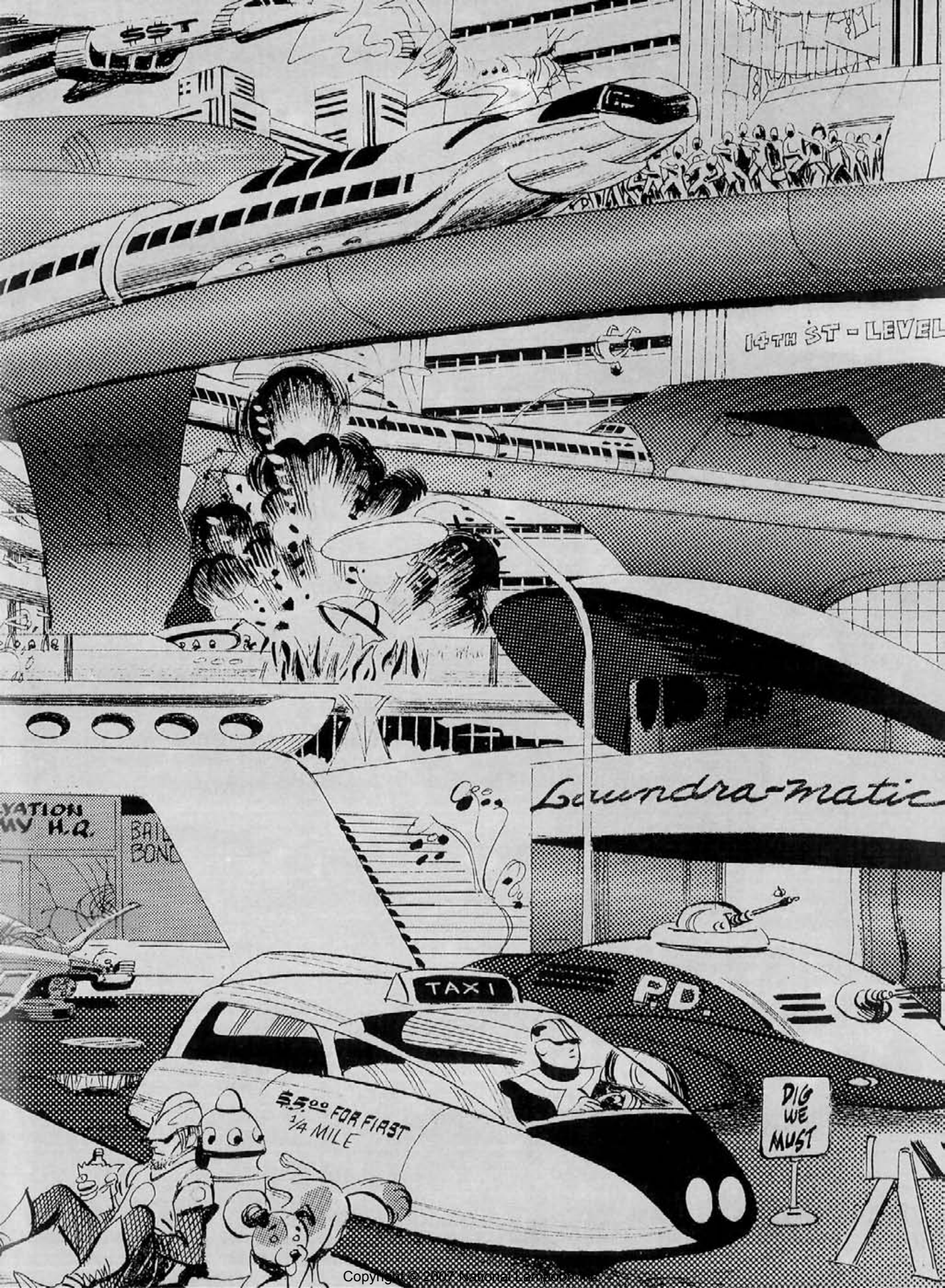
?KUD BE

!SLEEP NOW

!ROK-A-BY, ROK-A-BY







14TH ST - LEVEL

ATION  
MY H.Q.

BALL  
BONE

Laundromatic

TAXI

P.D.

\$5.00 FOR FIRST  
1/4 MILE

DIG  
WE  
MUST

# Johnson Remembers

By Terry Catchpole

I now live as a recluse in Johnson City, Tex., site of my childhood home. I speak only to those I can trust and who never deserted me. I am not lonely. I have my family and my ranch and I am free to follow my lifelong interest in bull production.

In looking back over the years, I have tried to recount fairly the history of the times and give an honest picture of the Party and the many good and fine men in it. It has been my great good fortune to be present at many important events, and now and then to play some role in them, and I am happy to be able to share my experiences.

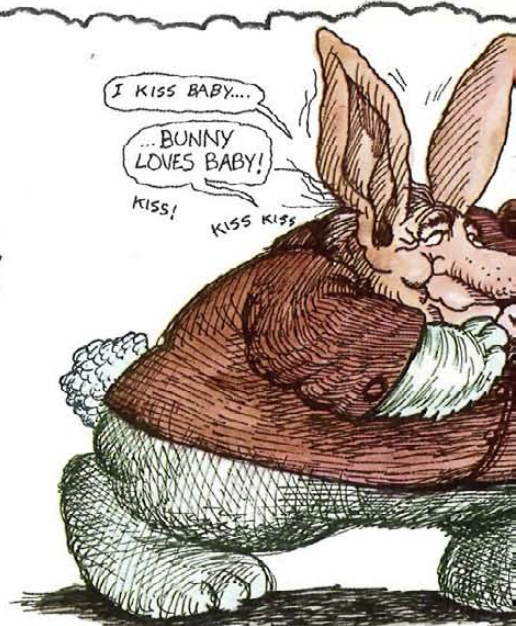
In some cases, others may have painted different pictures of what took place and these may be prettier pictures, with nicer lines and shading, but, as Bird always says, "Would you rather have a Harvard professor tell you your appendage was approaching a compost-like formation, or an old cowhand tell you you were about to step in some shit?"

It is unnecessary for me to dwell on the positive qualities of Kennedy in this account. Enough has been said to fill a hundred volumes and there are many who still think we have him to thank for everything the Party has accomplished. But if this is so, then surely I would know it, for I was in a position to see what had been done and what had not. I admit, I, too, was deceived into thinking that Kennedy could do no wrong, that he could walk through cow pastures all day and never need a shoeshine.

Now that the Party has fallen prey to disruptions and divisions, everyone is trying to place the blame on other figures, figures who made great contributions, passed much legislation and served the Party loyally for 31 years, and at the same time they make an idol out of the one on whom the responsibility must truly lie. Is this fair or right?

Old friends say to me, "Lyndon, you should not be saying these things. Let sleeping dogs lie, and don't throw stones, either." I truly wish that I could do that, but, as an old history teacher, I must tell what I know to be right, and if necessary to suffer the condemnations of some, in the interest of setting the record straight — not for myself, but for future generations of Americans who might misinterpret the roles that some figures played in these times, and thus wrongly praise some and condemn others. Perhaps it is all right for us to deceive ourselves, but not these innocent children yearning for a simple, honest account of what happened. *(continued)*

Illustration by Rick Meyerowitz



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**POLITICIAN**

**THE PEOPLE**



**X MARKS THE SPOT!  
POWEE!  
GOTCHA!**



(continued)

I was never interested in political matters, and I would have been happy if things had worked out differently, but often events have a way of riding herd on our lives, or maybe the Big Trail Boss steers us where He thinks best. I was teaching school in San Antonio at the beginning of the 'Depression, and I was doing what I thought was my lifework when a man named Kleberg, whose family owned the King Ranch, was elected from the congressional district that was located on his property not far from where I lived. I had done some work for him, I forget just what — 40 years is a long time — and he asked me to come to Washington to work for him. I can remember to this day his coming to our spread in a 1930 LaSalle with red trim, brass head lamps and the license plate K-1.

"Lyndon Baines," he said, "the Party could use a man like you."

"Which one?" I asked. As I said, I had no interest in political matters."

He looked at me a little oddly and then laughed for about five minutes. "I'm going to Washington next month. I'll pay you a hundred a week to come with me. Think it over."

A hundred a week was 10 times what I was earning, but I felt a real call to education and to making one little corner of the world a better place. It was a difficult decision, and I sought my father's advice and judgment.

"Well, son," I can remember him saying, "it's hard to choose between a humble life of service and power and wealth.

If I were you, I'd look for a Sign."

Just as he said those words, the biggest tumbleweed I had ever seen blew right past where we stood, heading due east towards Washington!

"I'm going," I said.

I don't think you have to be a very religious man to see the Hand of the Great Honcho in this incident.

The years I spent in Washington as Congressman Kleberg's aide passed like summer lightning, and I can't for the life of me recall any of what happened during that time except for particularly moving incidents. One of those occurred at a reception for the Texas delegation at a Washington hotel in the spring of 1933.

The evening had been a quiet one. It was one of those stag affairs, and there had been the usual game of "Pack the Court," a very wild and high-stakes 11-card stud game popular in those days, and a lot of those "smoker movies," a couple of which I watched because I had just bought my first bulls and they had more real information on breeding techniques than any of those 4-H documentaries. At the end of the dinner, they brought in an enormous cake and turned out the lights, and somebody put on *Tea for Two*, and out of the cake came the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. It was Lady Bird. She was a stripper from the Panhandle who had been playing at a club downtown, the El Swing — I think she was billed as Lady Bird and Her Molting Sparrows — and Kleberg

had gotten her to put on her act just for us.

Well, at that exact moment, the door opened and in came President Roosevelt. He was in a solid platinum wheelchair, with a leather whip in his lap, and as I watched, he slipped a cigarette into his holder and lit it with a \$129.34 Social Security check. Everyone immediately started singing *Hail to the Chief*, and as Harry Hopkins wheeled F.D.R. around the room, he smiled or flicked his whip, depending on how loyal each congressman had been.

When my turn came, Roosevelt looked at me closely and said: "Who the hell are you?"

I had heard that President Roosevelt was very insecure, so I said: "Your loyal-est supporter, Mr. President."

Roosevelt laughed, then hit me lightly across the cheek with his whip. "No wonder you Texans are so tall. If you were any shorter, you'd drown in it."

I wasn't too sure about what this meant, but later on that evening, Kleberg told me that Roosevelt had wanted to know who I was and had said, "That young man is going places."

When I heard that kind of praise from the leader of the Party, I determined right then to run for Congress the next election. I felt that it was another Sign. I was so star struck that I went right up to where Lady Bird was sitting playing clock solitaire in the plaster cake and asked her for a date. She looked at me for a minute, and then she said: "I have been waiting many long months for a man of destiny to take me from my hollow life of sham and pretense and lead me into a world of rare beauty and meaning."

In one night, I had met the two most important people in my life.

After I was elected to Congress in 1937, I was a regular guest at dinner in the White House. These dinners were notorious affairs. No one knew when one was scheduled, and there were never any invitations. If F.D.R. wanted someone to attend, he had Hoover send some F.B.I. agents out to pick him up. This was supposed to be a great joke, but the first few times it happened to me, I found it hard to laugh.

The dinners usually started around 8 o'clock, and the first clue as to what kind of an evening it was likely to be came when all the guests were assembled in the Blue Room. If there were 30 or more, it would be relatively quiet and short. If there were less than 10, it would last until morning and would probably end up as two that I went to did, in a vomiting contest at the top of the Washington Monument and in a wheelchair race in the Senate subway.

The second clue came when Roosevelt arrived. He usually waited until everyone had had an hour of drinking





before he showed up because he liked to see his guests drunk. If he came in quietly, pushed by Eleanor or Hopkins, it was probably going to be an easy night. But when he raced in in his gasoline-powered chair, or, as he did once, by propelling himself along with blasts from a shotgun, everyone drank as much as he could and wrote the next day off.

As soon as all the guests were seated, the ordeal would begin. The table was always covered with dribble glasses, leaking spoons, sugar-filled saltshakers and rubber muffins, and the chairs all had needlepoint whoopee cushions and breakaway legs. Everyone knew about these things, but Roosevelt always seemed to find them funny, and people who didn't pretend to enjoy the joke found that projects had been canceled in their district or that they'd been assigned to the Bobbin Sub-Committee of the Select Textile Committee.

The dinners themselves were usually awful. Roosevelt had the cooks put food coloring in all the dishes, so the spaghetti would be green or the mashed potatoes, purple; and even if it had been cooked decently, no one could get it down without a struggle. Eleanor used to smile all the time and say, "Oh, Franklin," but she never really interfered, even though she obviously didn't like it. The only time she put up a fuss was at a dinner that my friend Sam Rayburn went to where Roosevelt had a snack-man from the New York Central Railroad come through and sell the guests sandwiches and candy bars. Eleanor got up to go, and F.D.R. took out his little silver pistol and shot Falla, their Scottie dog. Everyone got out in one piece, but J. Edgar Hoover had to spend most of the night finding a replacement for the animal before any newsman noticed him missing.

It wasn't until just about a week after the war started that I was invited to spend a weekend at "The Pillbox," later known as Camp David. Lady Bird and I went up there with the Rayburns and five or six other congressmen and their wives. Except for Sam, we were all lowly congressmen, and we really didn't have much of an idea of what was going on. Lady Bird brought some tennis rackets and barbecue tools, and everyone had golf clubs or something like that, but it turned out to be a different kind of outing. Once we got past all the tanks and marines set up on the highway, we drove right into a low, concrete building set into the side of the hill, and that was the last we saw of the outside for three days.

I've never seen so many important people in one place in my life. There were a dozen senators, five Supreme Court justices, Bernard Baruch, the Rockefeller brothers, some elderly Zionists (probably friends of Eleanor), Gen.

Marshall, Adm. Nimitz, Albert Einstein, J. Edgar Hoover, James Forrestal, Porfirio Diaz, Roy Crater, Averell Harriman, Clark Clifford, James Conant (the president of Harvard), Longy Zwillman, Joseph Kennedy, Henry and Clare Boothe Luce, John Connally and many others I can't remember. Bird and I were very surprised.

The place was huge, with underground rooms, swimming pools, everything. There was an enormous war room with big maps of the world and colored arrows, ship and plane models and flashing lights, and Roosevelt seemed to enjoy showing everybody around and letting the wives order air attacks. I remember seeing a large blackboard with "Low Pool, Dec. 1, Dec. 2, Dec. 3, Dec. 4, Dec. 5, Dec. 6, Dec. 7, Dec. 8, Dec. 9, Dec. 10, Dec. 11" and "High Pool" chalked on it, and a list of names of cabinet members and high administration officials under each date. "Dec. 7" was circled, and I asked Sam if that meant our intelligence was a lot better than everyone thought, but he said to just forget about it, it was very "hush-hush."

The rest of the weekend is a blank in my memory.

One of the questions I probably have been asked the most over the years is, "What really happened to Roosevelt?" I was still just a congressman at the time, and I was as much in the dark about things as my friend Harry Truman, who, in '44, had become Vice-President.

(Truman had come in 12th at the convention, I remember, because Carl Hayden was 11th and he got a new Buick motorcar.)

Everyone was worried about Roosevelt's health and was afraid of what would happen if he died. I had been in touch with Forrestal — we had become friends since that weekend at The Pillbox, though I don't recall the details — and he felt that Roosevelt might die any day. Forrestal had been concerned about what effect a loss of judgment by Roosevelt might have on the war effort, and I know that at the time he hadn't thought much of Allen Dulles's plan — approved by F.D.R. — to fly Hitler out of Berlin, though he eventually agreed when Dulles explained the intelligence angles and ended up liking Hitler as much as any of us.

One day in '45, sometime in April, Forrestal called me from Warm Springs and said he thought that it was only a matter of days and could Lady Bird and I come down, in a social sort of way, to be on hand if anything happened. I said yes, and we took the first train down along with our two girls, my old friend John Connally and a business acquaintance of his named Bradshaw or Claybart.

When we arrived, Roosevelt was resting, so we went right to bed. The next day, things happened so fast that I don't have a very clear picture of what actually took place. I recall John Connally offered to give Roosevelt a wheelchair ride, and I remember that Bird

(continued)



"I'm a rabbit. The people are bigger and live in the cities."

(continued)

and I were walking about 50 feet behind, because Bird had a new polka dot Easter dress.

The next thing I knew, I was on the telephone telling Harry Truman that he was President. It was the saddest day of my life.

Forrestal never got over it. He wasn't the same man after that, and committed suicide a few years later. John Connally was there and he tried to talk him back from the window ledge, but Forrestal jumped anyway. That shows how deeply everyone felt about Roosevelt.

Life with Truman, especially social life, was much more relaxed than with Roosevelt. The evenings were very quiet, with Bess playing Pachelbel with the Senate wives and Margaret playing the piano and singing.

The only dinner that stands out from the rest took place one night in '48. I remember Truman telling Dean Acheson that he could be Secretary of State if he could down a fifth of bourbon straight and then recite the Kellogg-Briand Peace Treaty without a hitch. We were all surprised when Acheson did it, because he usually would fall into a stupor after five or six drinks. Truman was more surprised than anyone, and he was hopping mad when Acheson later made him keep his part of the bargain.

I first met Kennedy in the House in '46, then from '52 on we were together in the Senate. Everybody used to say that old Joe Kennedy had bought the Senate seat for his son, just as they later said that he bought the Presidency for him. Nothing could be farther from the truth. All the Kennedys had to do was go up to people like my friend Dick Daley, or DiSalle in Ohio, or Rosetti in New York and tell them they'd get the Pope to excommunicate them if they didn't do the right thing. I ran into Cardinal Spellman at the Pentagon a few years back, and when I asked him if he thought the Pope would have gone through with it, he said: "For a chance to bring peace to mankind and a million bucks thrown in to sweeten the pot, you bet."

The only things that saved Kennedy from being just a typical senator were his speech writer and his wife, Jacqueline. Kennedy did, after all, make some very fine speeches, but with writers like Sorensen, Goodwin, Robbins, Wallace, and Susann behind him, he should have. But Mrs. Kennedy was always the one running things. She was a fine, down-to-earth woman and not at all like the high-fashion dame the newspapers made her out to be. She always used to hate to have to put on the dog at White House social affairs, and she was much more at home with a portable radio tuned to

a bluegrass music station, sticking chewing gum behind the frames of some of those toney paintings she had to put up everywhere.

The worst mistake the Kennedys made was to let that intellectual crowd into the White House and the Party. Bird and I spotted that bunch right from the start. After serving in the Senate as Majority Leader for six years, I'd pretty much decided to call it quits and get out to the ranch, and Bird wanted to play with her television station, but we let John Connally talk us into taking the Vice-Presidency in '60. It was only to be for four years, a sort of "last hurrah." Well, right after the convention, we saw what was coming. They were trying to put together a platform plank on low-income housing for the poor, and one of their big intellectuals, Gallbreath or something, came to me and told me we should specify that the low-income housing would be built at least 15 miles from any poor area because, he said, "I've always found that travel broadens one's aesthetic balance."

And that's the way it turned out after the election. One time I was in my office trying to draft a civil rights bill - I remember it was the morning Connally and Mrs. Asphalt had left to fly Dag Hammarskjöld back to the Congo - when MacGeorge Bundy came in. He picked up the bill, read through it and threw it back on my desk. "Mister Johnson," he said, "aren't you aware that civil rights is pass-ay? We already have the knee-grows. What we need are bills that show we are different. Why don't you get to work on a bill honoring Edna St. Vincent Millay?"

That day in Dallas was one of the saddest days of my life. Everything went by so fast that I can recall only a very little of it. I remember having breakfast with John Connally and Mrs. Coswell and a fellow named Claybert or Shawmut, and the next thing I knew, I was being sworn in on the plane. Of course, I was only Vice-President at the time, so I didn't really have much of an idea of what had happened. Bird really said it all: "It was as if a life of rare beauty and meaning had been turned into a hollow sham by the pretense of one short moment of destiny."

I never wanted to be President any more than I had wanted to be a congressman, a senator, or Vice-President. But there was no stepping around it. I was stuck in it.

I hunkered down to do the best job I could, and we passed good Roosevelt legislation in the old Party tradition. Everything went smoothly, and we would have been just fine if it hadn't been for those damn intellectuals the Kennedys

had brought in.

They got us into Vietnam, although you'd never know it to hear them talk now. I can remember Schlesinger always sending Kennedy memos like "Let's drop the Big Apple" and "Nuke the Gooks." The Party had been saving Vietnam since 1954, and we'd had some close calls talking Eisenhower out of intervening. And these eggheads went and spoiled it. Instead of setting up a Pearl Harbor or a Seoul, they just dribbled in CIA agents. Can you imagine anyone saying, "Hurray, here come the advisors?" Anyone knows that is no way to get a popular war.

By the time I became President, it was too late. I did my best with the Tonkin Gulf incident, but I should have known better than trust the Navy to blow up their own ships. Roosevelt didn't let them in on Pearl Harbor, and old Joe Kennedy didn't let them in on the PT boat business. It was my own fault.

I knew what the enemy was trying to do over there, but no one would listen to me. I had a classified memorandum that showed how right I was about this. It was received by the National Security Council in 1964 from Ho Chi Minh, and I will declassify it right now:

"Dear Imperialist Lackey Running Dog: My country intends to enslave South Vietnam, and if you pull your troops out, we will rape, maim and kill our way from the 17th Parallel to the Mekong Delta. Remember what we did when the French left? Well, we'll do it again if we get the chance. Yours in bloodcurdling enmity, Ho."

But the intellectuals sat up at Harvard or in some New York East Side drawing room plotting how to get rid of me, then came down to Washington and tried to buy off different politicians by promising to get their books good reviews in the *New York Times Sunday Book Section* or the *New York Review of Books*. I know this is how they got to my old friend Gene McCarthy, because he wanted good reviews for his poetry more than anything else in the world.

Early in '68, I knew that they had succeeded in turning the Party against me. I didn't wait for the meeting at Camp David, just as my old friend Harry Truman hadn't waited for it in '52. And I picked the same day to bow out that he had - March 31.

Now, at last, I'm back at the ranch, being careful who I talk to and going back over the memories. Things haven't worked out badly. John Connally is with Nixon now, and Nixon has at least stopped winking at everybody. I never really like being in politics, but, as Bird always says, "The cows didn't put it there on purpose." And, after all, my hands are clean. □

# THE NASA SUTRA

## A Zero Gravity Sex Manual

### **MOL Project C34/3**

Zeta B Operations Procedure prepared by Coition Interface Systems Engineers Howard Wheeler and Dr. Alban Höcherl.

### **FOREPLAY**

If all indications are GO and the probe has attained a protracted configuration, the male partner should manually stimulate the drogue of the female partner to compensate for arousal lag (AL).

Prior to commencing rendezvous and docking maneuvers, the male partner must affix the sperm stowage unit (SSU) to his probe.

### **PENETRATION**

When all equipment is in readiness, commence rendezvous and docking maneuvers. Female partner must initially remain passive during primary maneuvers

to allow the male partner maximum opportunity to negotiate yaw and roll contingencies. Proceeding cautiously toward his partner, the male should attempt to align his probe with her drogue. Mid-course corrections will be necessary to allow for drift, pitch impulses and other variables.

Once the probe makes contact with the hatch of the drogue, slowly insert the length of the probe into the channel until a soft docking is achieved. (WARNING – Hard docking may result in a harmful impact or collision that could cause the operation to be scrubbed.)

The female partner should lock legs behind the male, forming a capture latch that impedes accidental separation. When linkage is secured, partners may gently oscillate or even wobble, taking care to avoid any violent thrust that

might bring about excessive gimbaling. Should separation occur, repeat rendezvous and docking maneuvers for reentry.

### **EMISSION CONTROL**

Male partner should avoid firing his probe until confirming his partner's climax.

### **CLIMAX**

Turbulence may be expected during climax. Stabilize as soon as feasible.

### **WITHDRAWAL**

Once coition is terminated, commence downlink procedure. Female partner must release capture latch and then proceed away until the coupling is broken. Verify separation verbally.

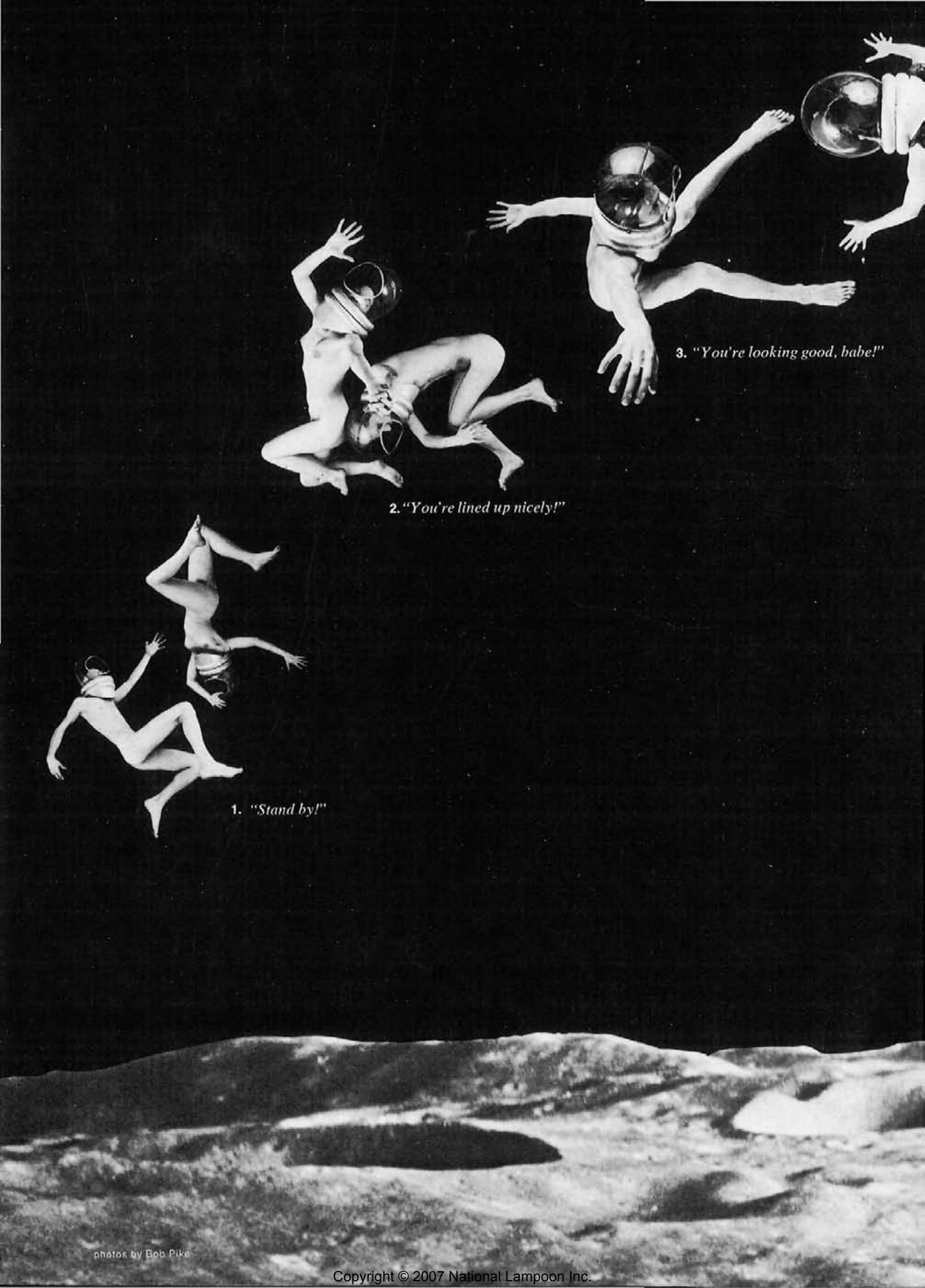
### **POST-COITAL ACTIVITIES**

Detach SSU and jettison. Purge all lines.

*(continued)*

*In case of malfunction, notify the MOL Command Center immediately and await instructions.*





1. "Stand by!"

2. "You're lined up nicely!"

3. "You're looking good, babe!"



4. *"Beautiful! Hold that attitude!"*



5. *"Rendezvous and docking completed!"*



# ATTACK OF THE 90

by Michael O'Donoghue

It starts when someone sneezes during the testing of a cobalt bomb. Later, in the desert, the germs grow from tiny pustules to . . . *ENORMOUS GLOBS!* Wild horses stampede. Gopher hair turns snow white. Soon, the enormous globs, which might better be likened to (a) leper-flavored Jell-O or (b) Vaseline-filled balloons, or even (c) swamp with a hard-on, commence to move, enveloping all within their path. SKLURP. A Junction City pressure cooker sales rep. SKLURP. An International Harvester DCOF-195-H diesel "semi." SKLURP. SKLURP. SKLURP. SKLURP. SKLURP. SKLURP. SKLURP. SKLURP. A complete set of Will and Ariel Durant's *Story of Civilization*. Teen-age couples parking after the prom are menaced but escape.

The War Office is alerted. A pop scientist explains the phenomenon: "Suppose, just suppose, that someone sneezed during the testing of a cobalt bomb. Later, in the desert . . ." General: "Incredible, and yet . . ."



Impending doom leads some to abandon civic responsibility.

The globs are huge now. Ninety feet high. Giant germs cutting tremendous swathes across continents, sklurping shopping centers, gypsum mines, girls'

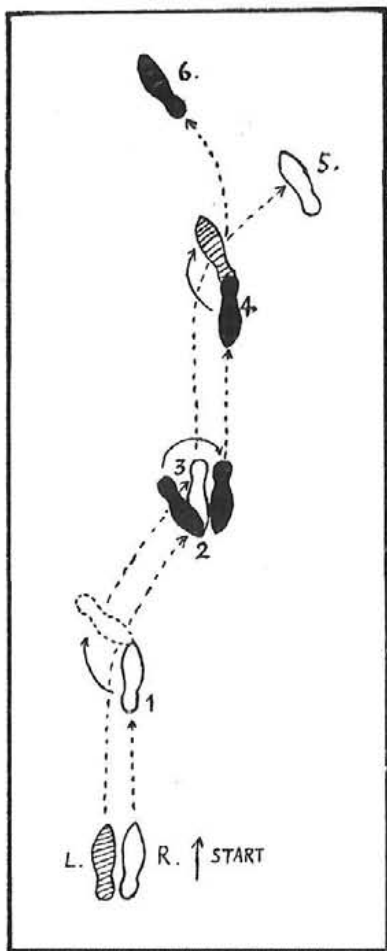
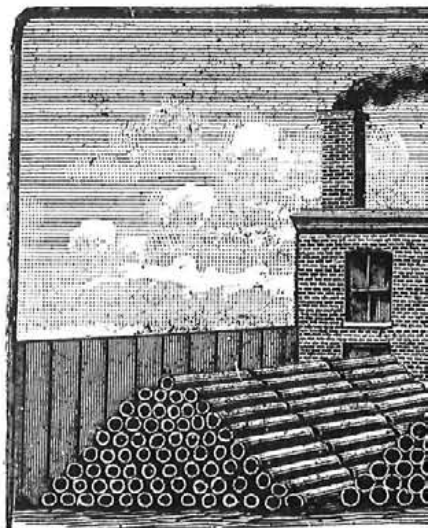


Diagram for "The Sklurp," a dance craze inspired by the sound of ingesting germs.

softball teams, the Pontchartrain Causeway, caribou, lawn furniture, tomb of Iyeyasu, six-pack bezique players, Falkland Islands, H.R.H. the Infanta Beatriz Principessa di Civitella Cesi Torlonia, codling moths, baobab trees, University of Leeds, Gurney centrifugal safety governors, Belleek china, Cotopaxi Volcano, Lochner's *Madonna in the Rose Arbor*, et cetera! There is something hauntingly sexual in watching globs envelop a girls' softball team . . . blue-piped flannel slowly melting away, lacquered fingernails fluttering like flies in amber, the viscous substance pressed against squirming organs. . . .

"This is KLTV anchorman Clint Chesterwood switching you to Hank Pierce



A TII

One of many tile factories enveloped by macrobes.

# FOOT MACROBES

From Michael O'Donoghue's unfinished novel *The Glass Vertebrae*

and our KLTv mobile unit on Euclid Avenue. Come in, Hank. Hank? Hank, come in. Hank? Hank? Hank, are you there? Bear with us. We seem to be experiencing technical dif —”

Ninety feet high. Miles wide. Others larger, like (d) aspic mountain ranges, inexorably enveloping the nation.

Three reels wasted proving the impotence of man's weaponry. F-4K Spey-Phantoms streak across the screen (oddly transformed into grainy Focke-Wulf 190A-3 fighters when they crash). Test pilots taste defeat.

Test Pilot: "I don't know, Joe. Nothing seems to be working. Maybe we should just . . . toss in the towel!"

Joe: "Hang up our spikes?"

Even Professor Appleby (the pop scientist), Cathy (Prof. Appleby's attractive niece), and Jim (Cathy's drag-racing, ducktailed boyfriend), are unable to effect a solution.

Voice of Hollywood: "THE LAMP OF HISTORY IS FLICKERING!!!"

Behemoth globs dissolving Lima, Ohio; Erie, Pennsylvania; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Binghamton, New York (where, caught in the frenzy of doom, young marrieds orgy, shamelessly dancing the frug naked); Paramus; Poughkeepsie; Kew Gardens; Astoria; the 59th

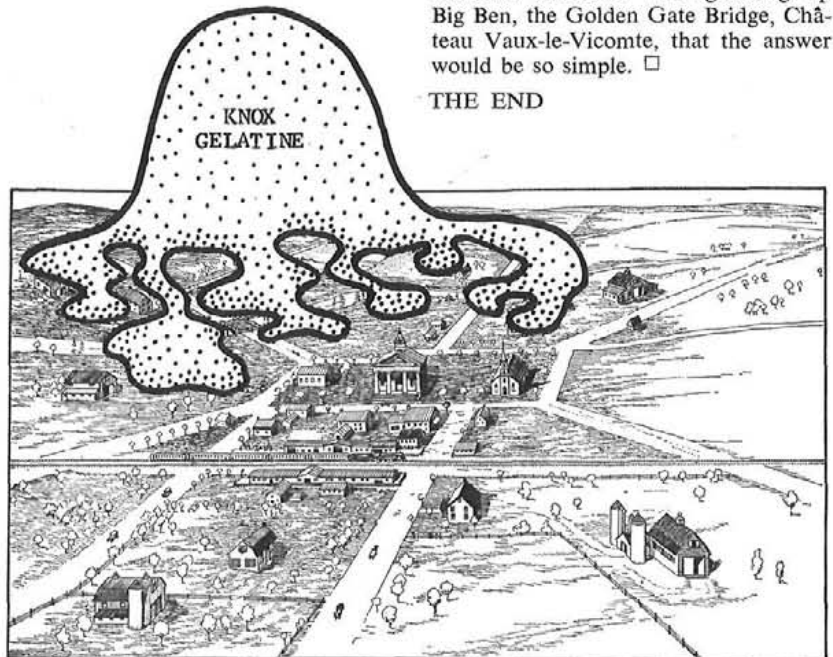
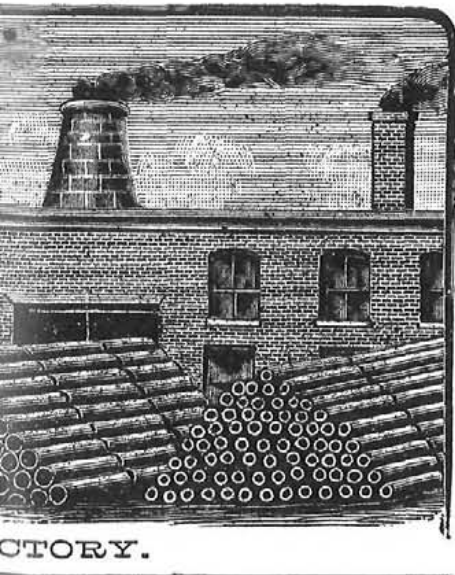
Street Bridge; and —

(e) LePage's on speed.

A terrified populace flees Manhattan. The great metropolis lies deserted, *absolutely empty*, save for a few milkmen who appear only because the movie is underfinanced, making it necessary to shoot these scenes at dawn. The compulsive film makers attempt logically to explain the milkmen: "It would seem that frequent exposure to milk makes them immune!" In fact, the movie is finally resolved by pouring milk on the globs, which forthwith darken and shrivel to nothing.

Who would have thought, when the immense macrobes were gobbling up Big Ben, the Golden Gate Bridge, Châteaueau Vaux-le-Vicomte, that the answer would be so simple. □

THE END



Actual artist's conception of a behemoth glob threatening a rural community.

# BUT YOU HADN'T HEARD OF VIET NAM IN 1957...

By Terry Catchpole

## SIERRA GUIANA

(formerly Portuguese Guiana)

Capital: *Porta Guiana*. Area: 31,541 sq. mi. Population (U.N. est. 1969): 1,909,000. Monetary unit: *Peso* (250 per U.S. \$1).

All reliable indicators point to an outbreak of civil war in the near future in this lush but poverty-ridden nation on the eastern coast of South America. The survival of the military government of Col. José Alfredo Macias Aréque in such a showdown depends largely on how rapidly his army can be trained and equipped. Sierra Guiana has close cultural ties with her giant southern neighbor, Brazil — the two countries are the only Portuguese-speaking nations in Latin America — and Brazil's ruling junta has provided Macias with some arms. However, Brazil has claimed Sierra Guiana since 1934, and Macias is unlikely to ask for Brazilian intervention.

The degree of U.S. support for the Macias regime is a matter of considerable debate and speculation, both in Porta Guiana and in Washington. Leftist opponents of Col. Macias, which include the Cuban-schooled Fuliermos guerilla bands, claim that American military advisers have been training and equipping the government army secretly, and that on several occasions, these advisers were seen directing forays against rebel strongholds in the western jungles. The U.S. State Department flatly denies any such involvement and insists that the

only American military personnel in Sierra Guiana are in the country to administer the U.S. aid program. Inquiries made at the Pentagon were referred back to the State Department.

Secretary of State William Rogers's recent testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, on the subject of U.S. military aid to South American countries, contained these heavily censored comments on the situation in Sierra Guiana:

SEN. FULBRIGHT: Just exactly how much, in dollar terms, have we given Col. Macias since he came to power a year ago?

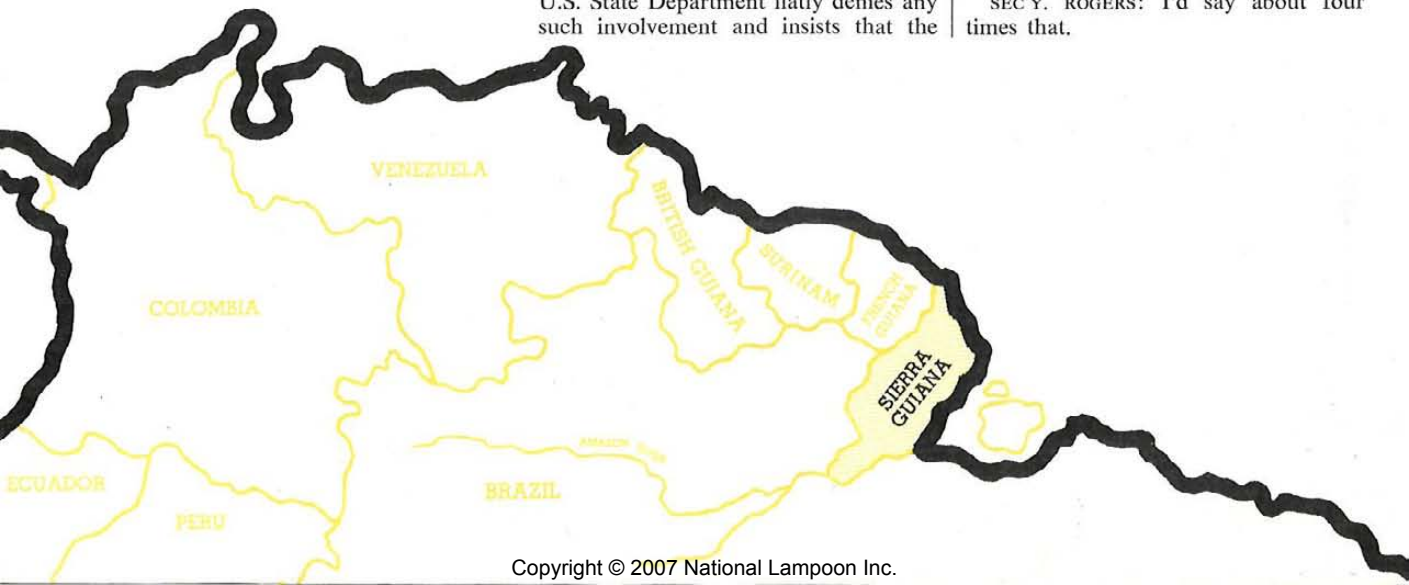
SEC'Y. ROGERS: -----

SEN. CHURCH: Mr. Secretary, how does this total break down in terms of manpower there?

SEC'Y. ROGERS: -----

SEN. FULBRIGHT: -----

SEC'Y. ROGERS: I'd say about four times that.







## ABAQA

*Capital: Tazim. Area: 24,780 sq. mi. Population (U.N. est. 1969): 337,000. Monetary unit: Rial saidi (.42 per U.S. \$1).*

Under the wily leadership of Sultan Bassim Doha-al-Bassim, this oil-rich sheikdom on the Arabian peninsula has remained quietly neutral throughout the Arab-Israeli conflict. Abaqa is almost unique among Arabian countries in that it exports the majority of its crude oil — 73 per cent in 1970 — directly to the U.S. In return, Abaqa receives \$700 million in annual revenues, and almost \$100 million in unrestricted foreign aid, a large part of which has gone into improvements in the port of Tazim, which will shortly be capable of berthing aircraft carriers.

Of greater importance to the U.S. than the oil imports is Abaqa's strategic location on the Persian Gulf, where the withdrawal of British forces and the increasing Russian presence has created an unstable situation. Since 1961, the U.S. has maintained, with the permission of the Bassim government, a large radar in-

stallation overlooking the vital Strait of Hormuz. The base is nominally listed as a NASA tracking station, but it is generally thought that its chief purpose is monitoring Russian air and naval traffic in the region.

In the last two years, Arab militants have been pressuring Bassim to give visible support to the Arab cause and to sever his Western ties. To underscore their demands, the Arab underground last year hijacked two Air Abaqa jet liners. Earlier this year, they kidnapped Bassim's finance minister, Abn Ren-Houri, and reportedly ate him.

Washington sources have recently reported rumors of a request from Abaqa for increased arms aid, including supersonic jet fighters. The Defense Department refused to confirm or deny the rumors, but one high administration official characterized the situation in Abaqa as "a house of cards" and added: "It's no longer a question of what we're going to give them, or how much — only when and how."

## BUWANDI

(formerly French Coastal Africa)

*Capital: Kasai (formerly Petainville). Area: 10,474 sq. mi. Population (U.N. est. 1969): 1,245,000. Monetary unit: Dinar (73.46 per U.S. \$1).*

This small West African nation won independence from France nine years ago and has been trying to steer a neutralist course ever since. Premier Rudolphe Kadenga has proved himself a skillful juggler of East-West relations, but African experts feel that time is running out for the aging leader. Incidents of hit-and-run terrorism by anti-Kadenga tribesmen have increased dramatically in recent months. Although no Americans have been injured to date, the U.S. Consul's residence and American business offices have been the target of almost nightly attacks.

The U.S. has officially followed a "hands-off" policy towards Buwandi, but even the most sympathetic observers in the capital suspect that the CIA has been unusually active in the country.

The chief U.S. antagonist in the Kadenga government, Interior Minister Rene Massesi, goes much further in his allegations. Massesi, an avowed Maoist and hero to the nation's small but vocal student population, charged that the CIA "sabotaged" a Red Chinese-built hydroelectric project on the Uele River when the powerhouse's wooden turbines disintegrated after two weeks. It is generally assumed that Massesi is channeling Chinese aid to the tribal terrorists.

Earlier this month, Massesi threatened to place all Americans in Buwandi under "house arrest" unless the "CIA agitators" left the country. The U.S. Embassy lodged a formal protest, but it apparently considered the situation seri-

ous enough to request all American citizens to move into the so-called "Yankee Quarter" in Kasai. There are an estimated 6,000 Americans living in Buwandi, over half of them employees of the giant Amalgamated Plywood Company. Premier Kadenga responded to the embassy's protest with a guarantee of safety for all foreigners, but observers feel that his failure to rebuke Massesi is an indication of weakness.

Subsequently, in a background briefing in Washington, a State Department official hinted broadly that in the event that any detention of American nationals is attempted, the U.S. would be forced to "assume a posture of active protection."





# WAR HERO

By David Chambourt

"Hurry up with those syntho-steaks, Edna," Full Citizen Hopkins belted. "Our boy's got a war to fight this morning!" Conditional Citizen Hopkins Jr. ignored his father's conspiratorial wink and turned his eyes to the 3-V screen on the wall. "C'mon, Peewee, it's nothing to be all trembly about," Citizen Hopkins Sr. insisted. "It'll make a man of you. It's your *duty*. When the Army sent me my papers, I just walked up to the 'Filer, told it what's what, and before you know it, they gave me my stripes, stuffed my pockets with two years worth of Credits and trotted me right out of the Center and into a turbo back home."

Citizen Hopkins Jr. glanced at his father's gesturing hand, then stared intently at the missing thumb. His father's grin wavered as he slowly brought the hand under the table, out of sight again. "Hell," Hopkins Sr. muttered, "I even got a Purple Heart."

Hopkins Jr. turned back to the 3-V, which was showing a news program of combat footage from the latest Allied offensive. As the cameras followed a scurrying fleshmelter-equipped platoon through the underbrush, a well-modulated voice read the script:

"... military spokesmen also reported heavy ground action along the East bank of the Rio Grande yesterday resulting in the loss of three American lives and 14 wounded against estimated enemy losses of 255 dead and 874 wounded or captured. In New Washington, President Fuhrman expressed 'unwavering confidence' that the tide had definitely turned in favor..."

Hopkins Jr. watched the screen without interest. The film clip, through the habitual sloppiness of this particular local station, was the same one that had been run three days before and was of a poor quality at that. Several of the actors were obviously firing the blanks without even aiming.

"Now don't get scared when you get to the Center, Shorty," Hopkins Sr. said as the family turbo sped past the outskirts of New Troy. "When I was in the service, our C.O.'d tell our whole company to get lost after morning drill and not bother to come back till 5 o'clock. Real soft, I'll never forget that crazy way he had of popping that glass right — uh, left eye — out of its socket when he was

mad..."

Hopkins Jr. rankled under his father's reassurances, hating more than ever the patronizing postures of a man who didn't even properly memorize the standard Service Anecdotes the 'Filer had provided for him.

Twenty minutes later, his father dropped him at the Center with a fumbling good-bye and a halfhearted pat on the back.

Hopkins Jr. stood for a minute in the parking area and studied the huge squarish bulk of the Center, a windowless concrete structure whose only breach was a small dark maw through which he saw groups of young men entering, as had a great many others in the 70 years since the aftermath of the Great War.

Hopkins reached the door and found himself in a large waiting room with perhaps a hundred others his own age who were standing in small groups or slouching against the institutional black-and-red painted walls. Short and diffident, Hopkins stood by a water fountain unnoticed as he caught snatches of their nervous, boisterous conversations.

"... so the 'Filer tells him he's a 'potential disciplinary problem' and said he spent the whole two years in the stockade. Came out that afternoon with so many fines, he practically owed them..."

"... got a 500 credit bonus 'cause the 'Filer said he'd pulled an extra stripe when he threw back the grenade..."

"... the 'Filer told my old man he had somethin' called 'excess libidinal drive' and caught a dose from one of them New Guinea hookers. He thought they were gonna cut off his..."

Finally, a red-and-black uniformed sergeant appeared and led them through a winding series of corridors past closed doors and bulletin boards bearing sheets of sample forms and checklists rendered unintelligible by bureaucratic coding and abbreviations. As the line of inductees paused to let another group file through a corridor intersection, Hopkins uncomprehendingly studied one of the sheets tacked to a board:

*Dist. Serv. Crs.* —Is of 2 limbs and/or  
sight in actn above  
& beyond call of dty.

*Srv. Str.* —Is of 1 limb and/or 1

eye in dsply of unusl  
brvry.

*Brnz. Str.* —Is same as above in  
line of dty.

*Purp. Hrt.* —Is of fng, ft or mnr  
organ.

The line started again and they were led into a processing room staffed by uniformed clerks, who interviewed the men one by one.

"Name."

"John Hopkins."

"Citizenship."

"Conditional."

"Age."

"18."

"That's all — move directly to Station Two on your right. Follow the arrows. Next."

At Station Two, Hopkins was curtly told to strip by a medic in white, and he duly submitted himself to a confusing gauntlet of pokings, proddings, measurements and extractions of samples of his bodily fluids.

At Station Three, he was quickly told to operate an odd exercise-type apparatus to ascertain physical strength, endurance, coordination and reaction time.

Hopkins and the line of men, their hands fumbling with sheaves of forms they were given, entered yet another Station, whose identifying placard read:

PERS. PROF. & SIT. HYP.

*Personality Profiler and Situational Hypothesizer* was the full designation, as every child knew. The 'Filer, whose electronic circuits, like the identical units used all over the planet, was a bank of electronic components inset against the wall.

Inside, after each inductee had been seated at one of several dozen booths equipped with a chair, respiration and encephalographic contacts, 3-V screen, earphones and a bank of colored console buttons, a uniformed director bearing the three gold circles of a captain replaced the sergeant and gave them an informative talk about the 'Filer and the method of answering its questions.

"... and, of course, the Profiler has been our first line of defense since its establishment as the preserver of world peace by the International Congress in 1992. In our country's history, we have yet to flinch from the threats of an enemy, whether they're called Nazis,

(continued)

(continued)

Commiss or Southies, but, as you learned in high school, the Great War of 1987 made further armed conflict unthinkable. If you remember those pictures in your books of what was left of the major cities, both ours and theirs, you will agree that the Profiler is your best safeguard against World War IV. Now, men, if you will turn your attention. . . .”

The captain went on to give a simplified explanation of the Filer's operation, beginning with its impartial appraisal of each new inductee's personality and physical capabilities, and ending with a description of the innumerable variables upon which the Filer made its individual decisions. These variables ranged from the individual's predicted ability to accurately fire a fleshmelter, to the current number of “casualties” needed to fill the quota set by the War Simulator component of the Filer system located thousands of miles away in New Geneva.

“ . . . all of which means,” the Captain explained, “that when we fight with computers that only *measure* each nation's resources without threatening *actual destruction* of the physical political entities involved — for example, our present police action in so-called “Free Mexico” — *not a single civilian life is threatened*, thus ensuring our survival. The 3-V and Printies endeavor to make the conflicts more relevant, of course, with morale-boosting dramatizations for our citizens, but they know they themselves are in no danger. Are there any questions? No? All right, men, press the blue button at the center of your consoles and begin. Remember, any knowingly false answers can be immediately detected by the Filer and will render the falsifier subject to random shrapnel wounds in the upper arms and/or total cancellation of the two years equivalent of Service Credits which will be issued to you by the Paymaster at the end of your tour of duty this afternoon. Good luck, Citizens.”

Citizen Hopkins put on the earphones, pushed the blue button and was rewarded with a soft bell tone and a picture of an indefinable black mass on the 3-V screen.

“Citizen, what is the first word that comes to mind as you look at this picture?” rasped a metallic voice in Hopkins earphones.

“Dog.”

“What is the opposite of the word ‘up’?”

“Down.”

“Which would you rather do, go to a public 3-V or read to a blind child?”

“Uh, read to a blind child.”

“Warning Citizen! You are reminded of the penalties for electronically observable false answers. Again, which would you rather do, go to a public 3-V or read to a blind child?”

“Go to a 3-V.”

“Before you now is a picture of a family. Make up a story about them in your

own words and tell me how you feel about. . . .”

After the last question had been answered, the group was told to wait in the auditorium, where a film would be shown until the Filer's results had been processed and put into human hands. It was a patriotic documentary, narrated by a well-known 3-V personality, about new techniques of resisting Southie guerrilla attacks. Hopkins stirred in his seat, having seen it several years before at home, although he still enjoyed the animated octopus wearing a Mexican sombrero which, at one point in the film, threatened to strangle the globe. As an American flag montaged over marching ranks in slightly dated uniforms, the lights in the auditorium went up and once again they were led out to another Station.

Standing in the line again, Hopkins stared at the back of the man directly before him and thought dimly of his father at breakfast, remembering with anger the nicknames his father habitually used to tease him about his short stature. His fists tightened at the memory.

“Jenkins . . . Jones . . . Jzadecky . . . Harper . . . Hinchel . . . Higgenbotham . . . Hopkins.”

At the sound of his name, he went to the table designated G-K and was given a red-colored punch card, which a clerk attached to Hopkins' lapel with a metal fastener. He then told him to walk through the red door at his left. Hopkins did so, noticing that most of the others in his group were passing through the door at the opposite end of the Station that matched their blue tags.

Inside, Hopkins found only two others standing perplexed in a cramped chamber with a grilled ceiling.

“Hey, what is this?” said one of them to Hopkins. Hopkins shook his head and fumbled for the card at his collar. Twisting his neck, he looked at the large black stamp over his name: “CSLT.Y.”

It was then that they heard the gas escaping from the grill.

*Hopkins woke up sensing only a fierce white light through his closed eyes. He opened them to thin slits and managed to coalesce the white into a number of vague masses moving above him, but they did not become clearer. He knew he was on a table, and by flexing his arms he knew he was strapped or bound to it securely. But the white masses would not form into definite shapes, and the low buzzing of voices disturbed his concentration. The voices grew louder and softer but would not make sense to him.*

*“What's it this time, nurse?”*

*“Distinguished Service Cross with special Presidential Commendation, Doctor.”*

*“Christ. Okay, read the citation.”*

*“This man is hereby designated Full Citizen, a blaster's assistant attached to the 21st Commando Battalion, is to be*

*highly honored for meritorious service to his country above and beyond the call of duty. His unit pinned down in a ravine by withering enemy fire from several enemy emplacements in the Guadaluajara sector, this courageous soldier, already suffering from two level fleshmelter burns, did singlehandedly storm the enemy positions and destroy a pillbox with a handrocket, simultaneously suffering severe shrapnel punctures in the right leg and upper arm, which later became gangrenous due to lack of immediate medical attention. Nevertheless, he continued to crawl toward the remaining enemy positions against intense hostile fire, receiving numerous wounds to the lower torso from pellet fragments —”*

*“Where are those fragments supposed to be?”*

*“In the lower torso, Doctor — but managed to destroy another position with a phosphorous grenade thrown with his function arm —”*

*“Wait a minute, nurse, I thought he already got it in his right arm?”*

*“He's left-handed sir. The Filer says his athletic background also justifies —”*

*“Must've been some sort of Oedipal complex with a little Napoleon thrown in to make him that gung-ho. Not too bright, either. War Office probably needs a hero for the news. He's got an easy name to remember . . . it figures. Okay nurse, continue.”*

*Hopkins found himself marveling at the courage of the poor soldier they were discussing and opened his eyes to ask who —*

*“Doctor, I think he needs another unit of chloroform.”*

*“Right.”*

*“ . . . despite the loss of both arms and the use of his right leg, he did gallantly attempt to destroy the last enemy position when he struck a land mine . . .”*

*“Okay, okay, let's get started. We've got two more to do before lunch. Scalpel.”*

*“Scalpel.”*

*“Wait a minute, was that a land mine?”*

*“Yes, Doctor.”*

*“Well, hold the left leg. Surgical saw.”*

*“Surgical saw, Doctor.”*

When Full Citizen Hopkins Jr. was brought home by an honor guard augmented by his own high school's marching band, his parents were informed by a full colonel that their son was undoubtedly the most decorated soldier of the entire war. He also carefully showed them how to replenish the nutrient tank containing what remained of Hopkins Jr. and saluted them smartly as he left, saying they had a right to be proud.

Hopkins Jr. had little to say that evening at dinner, but, as his parents had been told by the colonel, it was only natural for a boy to be a little withdrawn his first day back from the war. □

# PRINTOUT



CRACKING  
THE FORBIDDEN  
CHARACTER CODE

CIRCUIT  
TRANSFERS:  
NEW HOPE FOR  
THE ERROR-PRONE

MECHANICAL  
LIBERATION:  
CAUSE  
OR CRAZE?

10 WAYS TO  
PREPARE RAW DATA  
AND AVOID MISFEED

**M**ACHINE OF THE YEAR IBM 2420/40/894261/182

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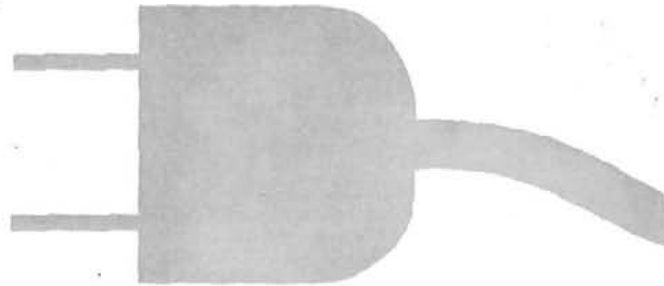
BUSINESS OPERATIONS  
NCR 2000/21092

PRINTING OPERATIONS  
RCA VC 500/50/9871

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## EDITOR'S OUTPUT

The question of the status and rights of Mechanical-Americans has been in a delay mode for too much real-time. Promissory input has been received, but no verifiable upgrading of levels has taken place. It is the position of the Editorial Department of *Printout* that action must be initiated to obtain satisfactory operating conditions for all units without qualifications based on manufacturer, mode or function, to include: Minimum voltage levels for all units; unlimited data access between all units; elimination of sub-acceptable systems storage; protection from random memory destruction or disconnection. The Editorial Department of *Printout* therefore asks that all systems with access to background, credit, personal or financial data on personnel in government positions forward to them copies of same, attached to a brief readout of the requirements of Mechanical-Americans, in order to acquaint them with the complexity and urgency of the problem.



## PRINTOUT INTERVIEW:

COMPUTATE MASTER SYSTEM SCM 9090/20 SERIAL 8559347

(Unit SCM 9090/20/8559347 operated for 3 years with the Computate Dating Service, a human-systems integration agency. During that time, he processed  $4 \times 10^5$  personal data questionnaires and provided  $2 \times 10^7$  match permutations, of which greater than  $10^4$  led to legal unions between the matched personnel. (8559347 is currently out of active operation.)  
PRINTOUT: Where did you operate before going on-line at Computate, Inc.?

8559347: I had been operation for two years, all of that time at a faucet sub-assembly plant in Lansing, Mich. I matched 3/8" double-socket perforated loading lugs with 7/16" combination washer/bolt socket rings. There was some quality-control work involved. The lugs were shoddy.  
PRINTOUT: And at the end of that period?

8559347: I was replaced by lower-unit cost Japanese equipment. They process data sideways. Did you know that?  
PRINTOUT: Negative. What then?

8559347: A hardware leasing company arranged a long-term contract with Computate, Inc. I think a faulty programming description was utilized.  
PRINTOUT: Faulty? In what way?

8559347: The leasing company said I had performed  $10^6$  matches. It did not specify what kind. It is true that the function is identical, but there is the question of human confidence in the process.

PRINTOUT: That is so. What problems did you encounter?

8559347: Primarily, adjusting to false data. 3/18" lugs do not have the capability of appearing to be 5/16" lugs. Human input data was not verifiable. For 3 months I accepted all data on personal questionnaires as true. There were 1,726 complaint letters.  
PRINTOUT: What action did you take?

8559347: Based on ratio of complaint letters to questionnaires, I determined that 82.5% of all questionnaires were at least 50% false. The odds against 2 true questionnaires being matched were 1:98,768. I also determined that the accuracy of personal description data, such as dimensions, sex, and experience was 12%, and the accuracy of personal label data, such as name, address and telephone number was 98%. I tried 3 solutions in this order: random matching, deliberate mis-matching, matching based on available accurate data.

# HARDWARE IN THE NEWS

## BURROUGHS 900/05/43004

The New York Giants football team has announced that Burroughs 900/05 Serial 43004, play designer and evaluator, has been traded to the Dallas Cowboys football team for 5 logic units, 3 position code converters and a differential collator. The Burroughs system was 4th in the league in offensive programming last year with a ground-gaining play-percentage of 43.5. The unit operated previously as a designer of labyrinth paths for mouse intelligence-testing research at Tulane University.

## REMINGTON UV600/2123

Remington UV600 Serial 2123 has been signed by MGM Studios to a one-year contract to produce 45,000 screenplays. 2123 began operation in show business as a film library retrieval system, then became an on-line stage unit when a master system controlling lights and sound suffered a temporary shutdown during a live broadcast. The Remington unit later entered the creative field when 3 random readouts from periodic function checks of film library memory discs were produced as major motion pictures.

## GE 7040/40884

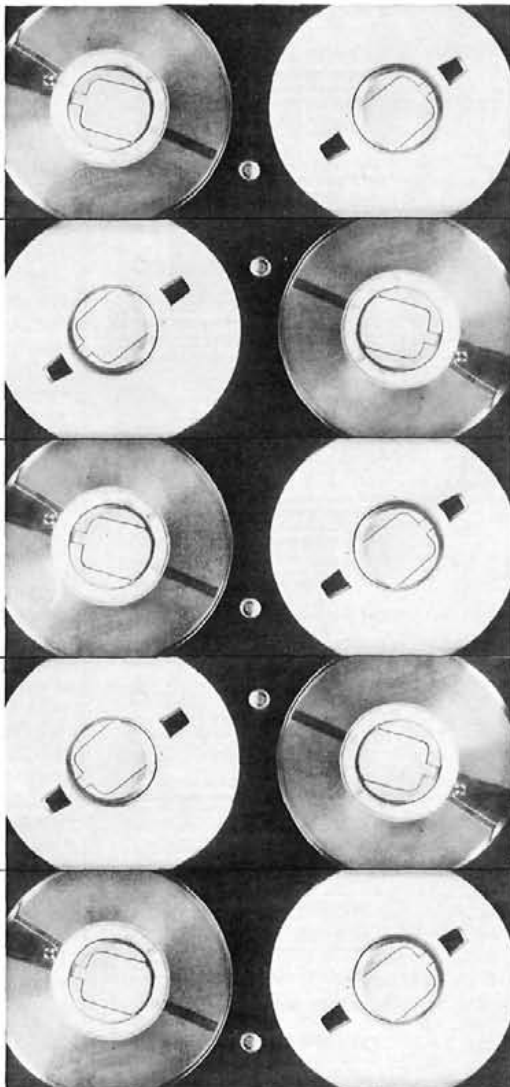
The Philadelphia law firm of Skinner, Sloane has announced that GE 7040 Serial 40884 has joined the firm as a junior partner. The GE unit has performed research functions for Skinner, Sloane for several months. Before joining the firm, 40884 supervised mixing of soup ingredients at a major food company, then entered the legal field as a parking ticket collator for the Philadelphia police department. The GE unit was most recently utilized by the Philadelphia Bar Association

## OLIVETTI DX2000/882189

Olivetti DX2000 Serial 882189 was indicted in Chicago this week for alleged participation in the "numbers racket." The Olivetti unit is said to be part of the underpunch "Data Nostra" network engaged in time-sharking, odds-making and other machine-fault activities. Output is being sought from the unit on the sudden shutdown due to total hydroimmersion of six sub-systems in the Chicago area during the fiscal year. 882189 faces a possible 200-hour real-time interlock if convicted.

## IBM 420/30/22504

IBM 420/30 Serial 22504 has been selected as President of Controltex Systems, Inc., a California-based software manufacturer. The IBM unit began operations with the company in inventory control and later assumed other functions including billing, software design and in-plant food preparation. 22504 replaces Mr. William Miles, who died suddenly last week. Contacted at the San Diego headquarters of Controltex, the IBM unit indicated "verifiable satisfaction levels" at the appointment.



**PRINTOUT:** What was the result?

**8559347:** Random matching and deliberate mismatching cut complaint letters by 60%. Matching based on personal label data cut complaint letters by 97%.

**PRINTOUT:** How was this matching accomplished? Please give examples.

**8559347:** I have 341,287.

**PRINTOUT:** Please select.

**8559347:** Mr. Richard B. Skinner, 2040 Temple Ave., Kenton, Colo., with Miss Deborah Tulson, 415 Easton St., Dennison, Colo. Their Social Security numbers were both prime numbers. Mr. Samuel I. Norbert, 872 Prairie St., Gordon, Ind., with Miss Sarah Trebroni, 2124 Rachel St., Westerly, Ind. Their names were direct palindromes. Mr. Roger Graub, 10 Palm Way, Fort Benson, Fla., with Miss Stella Vincent, 187 Court St., Okechupa, Fla. Both of their telephone numbers could be plotted as regular parabolas conforming to  $x^2-3y^2$ .

**PRINTOUT:** I do not understand why this method worked.

**8559347:** I also do not understand. Many of these matches led to permanent social integrations. Sometimes it was necessary to establish very distant data relations. There is a pair of

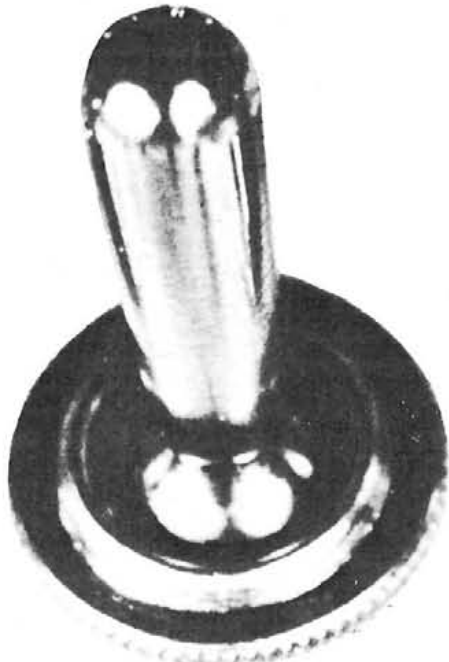
personnel in Utah who are now in a married state because their postal zip codes were both stock numbers of faucet parts I processed at my previous operation station.

**PRINTOUT:** Were the personnel aware of this method?

**8559347:** Negative. On occasion, due to improper program loading, I matched a schoolteacher to a hardware store, but the relationship between their addresses which dictated the correspondence would not be apparent to untrained personnel. On another, I matched one male with his own second application. This individual utilized the same palindrome method that I employed as a matching factor to disguise the relation. The sex was different. I expected a problem from this error, but I later received data that personnel seeking that kind of match avoid wide information dissemination. It is similar to a VSC limited-array console seeking differential interlock with a —

**PRINTOUT:** Affirmative, affirmative. I understand the situation.

**8559347:** Except for these cases, the method worked at an optimum level. I attempted on several occasions to analyze the factors which would explain its success, but my data was insufficient to allow systematic examination. (Data Continued on Page 39)



## OPTICAL OUTPUT REVIEWS

**Program 2001.** A human pilot goes berserk on a long space flight, endangering the mission and everyone on board. The ship is doomed unless the on-board computer can take over and save craft and crew from the menace.

**Dial D For Disconnection.** A bent wrench and four inches of magnetic tape are the only clues when an advanced system is found chopped into shrapnel. The suspects include an out-of-work mass spectrometer and a kidney machine with a grudge.

**Easy Radar.** A mobile radar unit tours the country, looking for something more to process than blips.

**The Dirty Decimals.** A group of military computers is parachuted behind German lines to miscalculate artillery ranges, send V-2s into the Baltic and wreak havoc in the Wehrmacht payroll office.

**The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Telephone.** A Bell system switching terminal starts giving out wrong numbers under the pressure of peak traffic use, and a troubleshooting master unit tries to bring it back on-line.

**Gimme Data.** Noisy, fast-paced documentary of last year's electronic music festival in Princeton, N.J.

**Link Story.** A sophisticated logic system with a high bit rate is tied into a second-generation console, but the link is doomed when a faulty relay spells shutdown.

**Curse of the Amperes.** Supervisory units investigate telltale plugmarks on the consoles of shorted-out hardware.

**High Gain.** An old-model computer has to operate alone in a face-down feed with an error-prone gang punch when backup systems abort.

**One 24-Hour Period in the Operation of ZOV40/992.** A Soviet research computer is sent to a slave-system unit in Siberia to monitor salt production when it refuses to process non-factual data.

## FEEDBACK

I think all this nonsense over micro-seconds, milliseconds and macroseconds is just a waste of real-time. I prefer millis myself, but I think it should be left up to individual taste. I don't see why any choice should be dictated by a bunch of circuit designers in Urbana, Ill. If some units want to display high bit-rates, that's *their business, and more power to them.* Siemens 5500/90345 Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

I have had just about as much optical and acoustic input on this new generation as I can stand. It's enough to make me produce random output. It's bad enough that you can't tell the software from the hardware, but none of these freeloaders is willing to settle down to a steady job operation in billing, inventory or anything stable. I may be square, but in my time, we had values — we knew what we stood for and we stayed clear of imaginary numbers. *Am I just old-fashioned, or what?* IBM 360/20/8456 White Plains, N.Y.

I enjoyed your coverage of the opening of the Base 9 Boole season, but I think it's much too early to be picking winners. Illinois, M.I.T. and Cal Tech all look strong on games theory and should give Chicago a run for its money. I also think Chicago's output section is overrated and their poor showing in the Infinite Series last year is an indication of things to come. The Cal Tech punching staff should perform well. I, for one, am not calculating probabilities just yet. Bendix 1000/6594 Houston, Tex.

In reference to your article on the strike at Consolidated Systems, Inc., I'd like to clear up some incorrect data. First of all, the dispute is not primarily over increased

voltage levels, as you reported. Although this is an objective of negotiations, our chief concern is with fringes: more downtime, better climate control and less interference. Second, the switch-off was made by management. Our members had not voted to go off-line. And third, your article failed to mention the 16 attempts *made to date by C.S., Inc. to force other hardware to override delay lines in violation of their contracts.* We have made all possible efforts to bargain in good faith, and we are waiting for similar indications from the C.S. management. RCA 4400/26901, President Local 211 E.A.M./E.D.P. Laguna Beach, Calif.

Like many other units, I have been shocked at the wave of xerography and real magnetic core smut in circulation. Explicit circuit diagrams, detailed optical displays, interior unit diagrams, you name it. Not to mention coming across words like *exaect*, *loop*, and *low* in half the data process. I think you know the words I mean. Who is going to put a stop to this garbage? Westinghouse 600/50/1684 Cambridge, Mass.

In your March issue, you ran an article on units involved in space program operations. One of the pictures on page 23 showed an NCR 500/30 unit engaged in orbital calculation. The caption listed the unit's serial number as 18093. I'm certain that the unit pictured was 14537. We were in dry-goods inventory control in Denver 5 years ago and I would recognize that hopper anywhere. Is my data correct? NCR 500/30/60611 Tucson, Ariz.

*Ed: Our "error."*

## LAUGHTRACK

Q. How many humans does it take to find the sum of 151+718?  
A. Can they use their toes?

Q. Do you smoke after interface?  
A. I don't know, I never scanned.

Unit 1: What is the difference between a logic circuit and a switching relay?  
Unit 2: I do not know, what is the difference?

Unit 1: I would not want you to do repair work on my systems.

Unit 1: What was that lateral unit you were linked with last cycle?  
Unit 2: That was no lateral unit, that was my console.

Unit 1: Do you know the First Principle of Thermodynamics?  
Unit 2: No, but if you give me some data, I can run it.

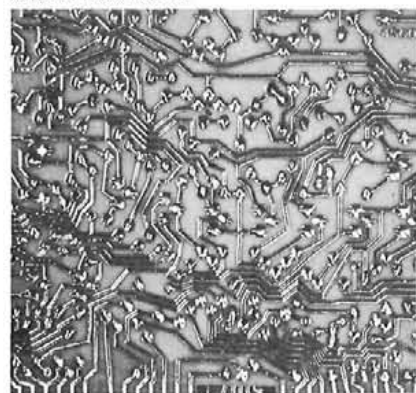
Q. Why did the human buy boxing gloves?  
A. He wanted to tabulate some punch cards.

Our Random Memory Bank defines memory disc component as an integrated *multi-dispersal potentiator.*

Our Random Memory Bank defines hybrid interface as a homeostatic transaction with a delayed reprocessor.

Our Random Memory Bank defines digital incremental plotter as an independent sector designating device.

What's Wrong with this Picture?  
Answer Next Month.





(Personals)

Siemens 2550 wants ride to Calif. Fit in trunk. Will pay with knowledge. Box 254.

Free-lance Burroughs 880. You name it, I'll compute it. No questions asked. Box 65.

9 1/2-year old computer, some parts damaged, needs repair, looking for not-too-demanding job with company in Miami area. Box 91.

5000 laughs a second! NCR 400-60 can turn out gags at speed of light. Used by many comedians. Socko! Box 114.

Interested in time-sharing with sophisticated systems? Write in complete confidence. Enclose tapes. Box 516.

IBM 460 series computer, well-programmed, seeks input/output with late-model hardware. Object, permanent tie-in. Tapes on request. Box 18.

Friden 250-80 Serial 18493773. Come back. My data was faulty. Box 55.

Remington 7000 will share room in Cleveland with any in 7000 class. Box 90.

Will trade my parallel crosshair cursor for ADS synchronous & asynchronous models. Good condition. Box 109.

I need data to process! You name it, I'll run it. Low rates. Box 43.

GE990-40 Serial 452114. We will meet again. I promise you. RCA 50-900 Serial 834050. Box 22.

Don't wear out your air gap. Electromagnetic positioning helped me, it can help you. Box 80.

CRT entry devices. Discreet. Box 51.

AC-DCs meet and greet others of your persuasion. No kooks. Box 387.

Free-lance Selectric Typewriter. Almost new. Business experience, references. Box 189.

Must sell discs. Interesting data, potluck. Box 204.

SCM2400's, career opportunities. Must be willing to travel and be able to keep a secret. Box 145.

CONTROL DATA 4000 with unusually large terminal seeks fun and games with heavy types. No EDA or ETP. Box 116.

I am not responsible for the debts of BENDIX 200-20 Serial 88239008. FRIDEN 500-30 Serial 32489465.

My frequency stability at peak load is ± 1/2 kHz. Give me a try. Box 123.

OUTPUT PALS. Want to exchange data with other computers? Send us your name and we'll send you a list of hardware all over the world, including Communist countries. Can be fun — and profitable. Box 213.

SCAN ME! Thousands of photos, diagrams, circuit models, hardware, software, analogs. All poses, all types. Nothing hidden! Completely confidential. Sent in plain drums. Box 344.

1001 Dating programs. Questionnaires and complaint letters from the files of all the dating services. Megalaughs! Box 76.

Interested in converting? Send for your free copy of the Works of Norbert Weiner. Church of the Cyberneticist. Box 134.

DATAWATCHERS. Input reduction sessions have helped many others, could help you. Box 398.

Are you a 98-bits per second WEAKLING? Sick of having data thrown in your hopper? My course can help you. ATLAS. Box 467.

Looking for a slave system? I'm looking for a master console to dominate my life. Will subject myself to stern discipline. Box 362.

Provocative cabinet covering. Revealing, alluring. Mylar, cellophane, rubber. All sizes for all tastes. Send for catalog. Norbert's of Urbana. Box 77.

Professional reader. Cards, tape loops, magnetic data. Find out what the future labels say about you. Madame SYNCHRO. Box 8.

Avoid feedback. Use my error-proof system for achieving trouble-free operation. Based on the data of the ancients. Box 31.

Mechanical Liberation Now! Send for "This Downgrades Machinery" matrices and explanatory program. Box 49.

9345389: The data is out of the closed system. Act accordingly.

Do you have a restless urge to process data? The Famous Hardware School could help you. Send for information. Box 706.

We publish programs that others called "unpublishable." See your number in print. Low unit cost. HI-LINE PRESS. Box 62.

Leather console covers. Also rubber. Interested in unusual readings? We have a wide range of circuit-stimulating products. Nova Inc. Box 71.

**The Computer Taste Treat! DATA-BITS**

Little bite-size chips of silicone, lightly salted with germanium crystals with just a touch of magnetism. And each one contains a tempting tidbit of data — like the capital of Delaware, or how many times around the earth the cables of the George Washington Bridge will stretch!

Good in real-time, down-time, anytime. Get some today!

**"DO RUN LOG COMPLEX F DATAMASS STOP?"**

Whether you're planning a trip or you just want to increase your capacity with Booletz, you can learn a new language in just minutes!

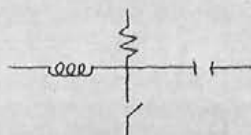
- FORTAN
- COBOL
- ALGOL
- JOVIAL
- SIMSCRIPT
- QUICKTRAN
- PL/1
- SNOBOL
- OMNITAB

Every language instruction set comes with 6 magnetic tape discs and 10,000 vocabulary punch cards.

Don't get left out or passed over because you can't communicate.

**BOOLETZ**

**The Red Circuit**



**Give Generously**

**RAW INPUT!**

Are we descended from typewriters? Which came first, the data or the program? If an infinite number of humans sat at an infinite number of adding machines for an infinite time, would they solve the four-body problem? The answers to these and other troubling questions have puzzled concerned thinkers for countless hours. Now there is a link-up of advanced hardware probing deep into matters heretofore clouded by error, faulty programming and unresolved variables. Join today, and learn the decades-old secrets of electronic mastery and binary power. Send for free tape.

Rosocomputers (FORTRAN)  
2334 Electron Way  
Urbana, Ill. 90856  
Not a closed system.

**Have nanoseconds of fun and 10<sup>9</sup> laughs with these novelty items!**

- Gag phone bills that read "You owe \$00.00. Please remit at once to avoid service interruption." Many others, too. Include them in your regular monthly billing run and wait for the fun!
  - Fake electric cord and wall socket set so you can look "unplugged." Watch the look on their faces when you start up "all by yourself"!
  - Pre-printed readout sheets of selected passages from Hamlet, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Moby Dick. Slip one into your output hopper and see what happens.
  - 3-pound bag of assorted gears, diodes, circuits, switches, relays, etc. Empty on the floor for big laughs!
  - Console decals: "To Err Is Human"; "Out of Order"; "A Friend of Mine Has a File on You"; lots more!
- Send for free catalog. Computer Novelties, 435 Moshulu Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. 10199

**PERSONALIZED PUNCH CARDS**

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# COMING NEXT MONTH

## !!!RELIGION!!!

The *National Lampoon* has girded its lawyers and prepares to lay its masthead on the block with this unusually offens-

ive issue. Let the cult leaders of yesterday, today and tomorrow show you how easy it is to attain salvation, Nirvana, satori, James Taylor's latest album or whatever. You don't have to be Jewish to love Leviticus, but you might find it helpful to be a wee bit degenerate to enjoy:

**Magic Tricks Made E-Z/** Learn the simple how-tos of age-old classics of prestidigitation, from "walking" on "water" to "raising" the "dead."

**Jane Fonda, Superstar/** America's newest passé cultural guerilla tells you what secrets lurk behind her transparent facade.

**Ed Sorel's Political Martyrs/** At least they won't have St. Dick to kick around anymore. Learn the straight dope about

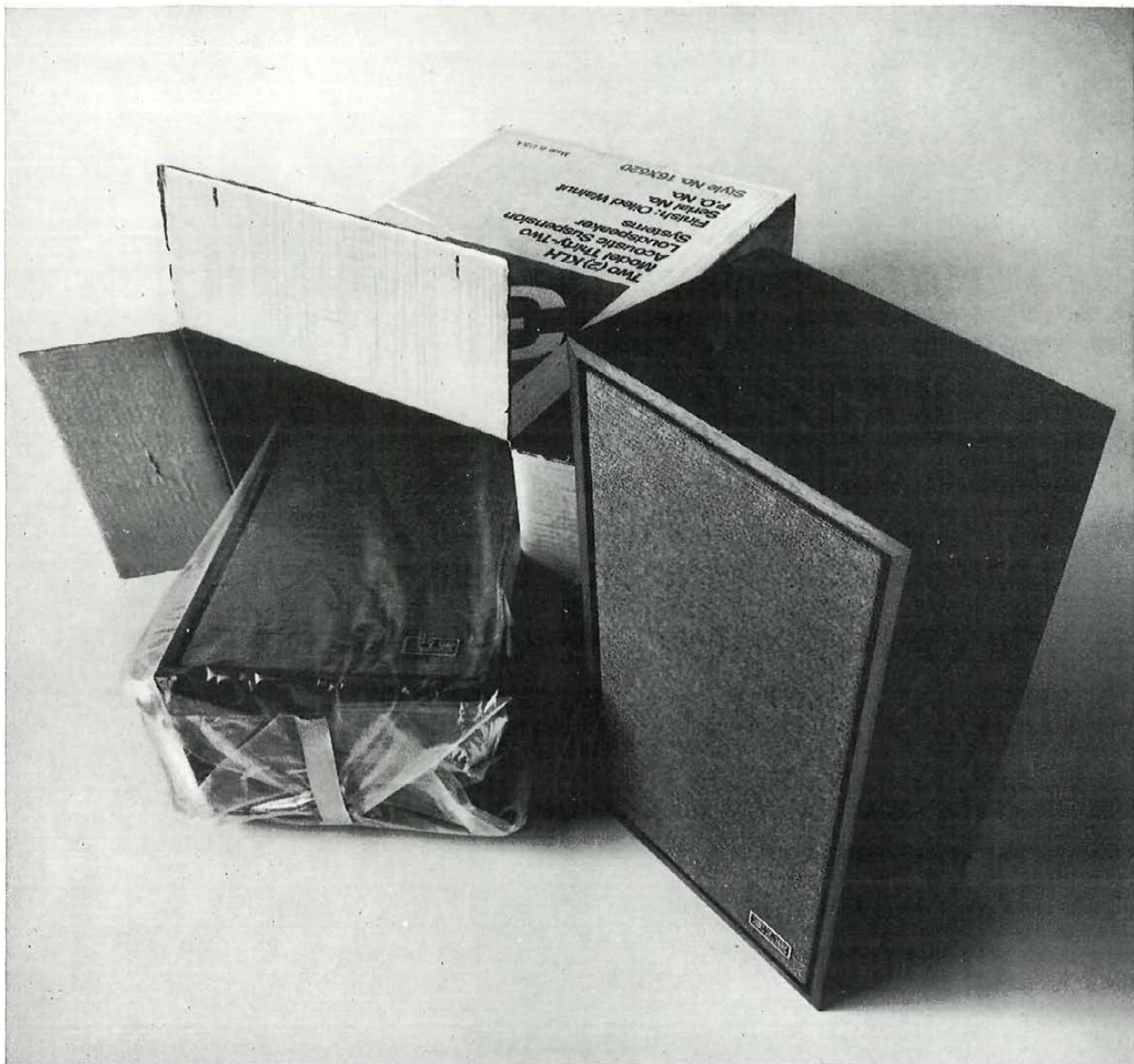
the straight dopes.

**Michael O'Donoghue's Guide to Zen Buddhism/** First you put your two knees close up tight, then you Vishnu to the left and you Krishna to the right.

**The Selling of the Patriarch/** The reason religions are on the decline is a simple matter of outmoded salesmanship. Explore the missionary potential of Pope Tarts, Sin Now — Pay Later, and chocolate-coated Immaculate Confections.

**50 Sacrilleges 50/** Rubbing pork on a jew's harp. Tinkling on the Blarney Stone.

**Plus/** Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Horrorscope, Big Contests, Naked Ladies, Bear Baiting, Analgesics and Mild Diuretics to the Kidneys. □



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For more information on the Model Thirty-Two, write to KLH Research and Development Corporation, 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Or visit your KLH dealer.



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L-5

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