

Children's Lettersto the Gestapo

Model Plane Kit Hardy Boys Your Weekly Reader

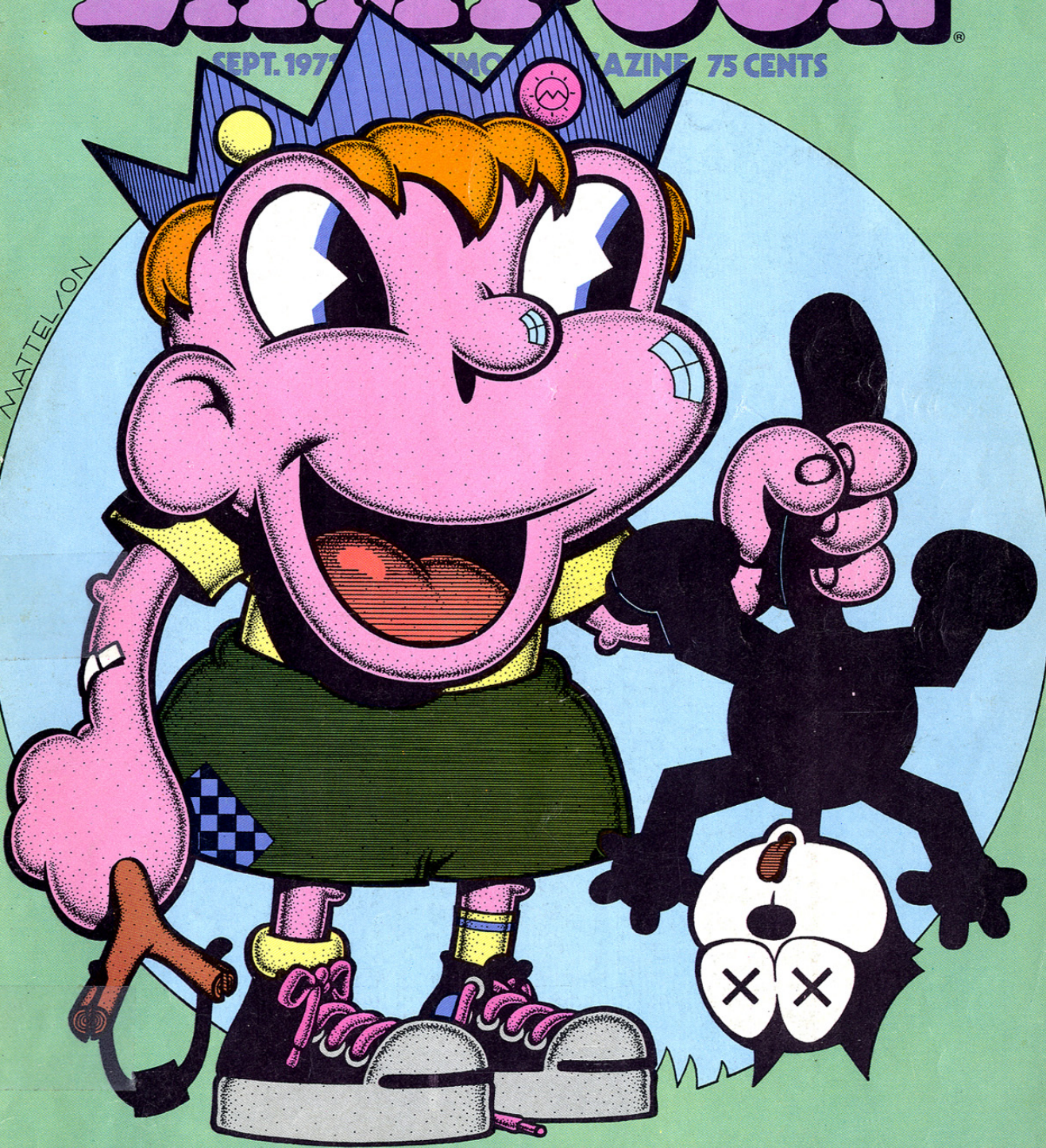
NATIONAL

# LAMPOON

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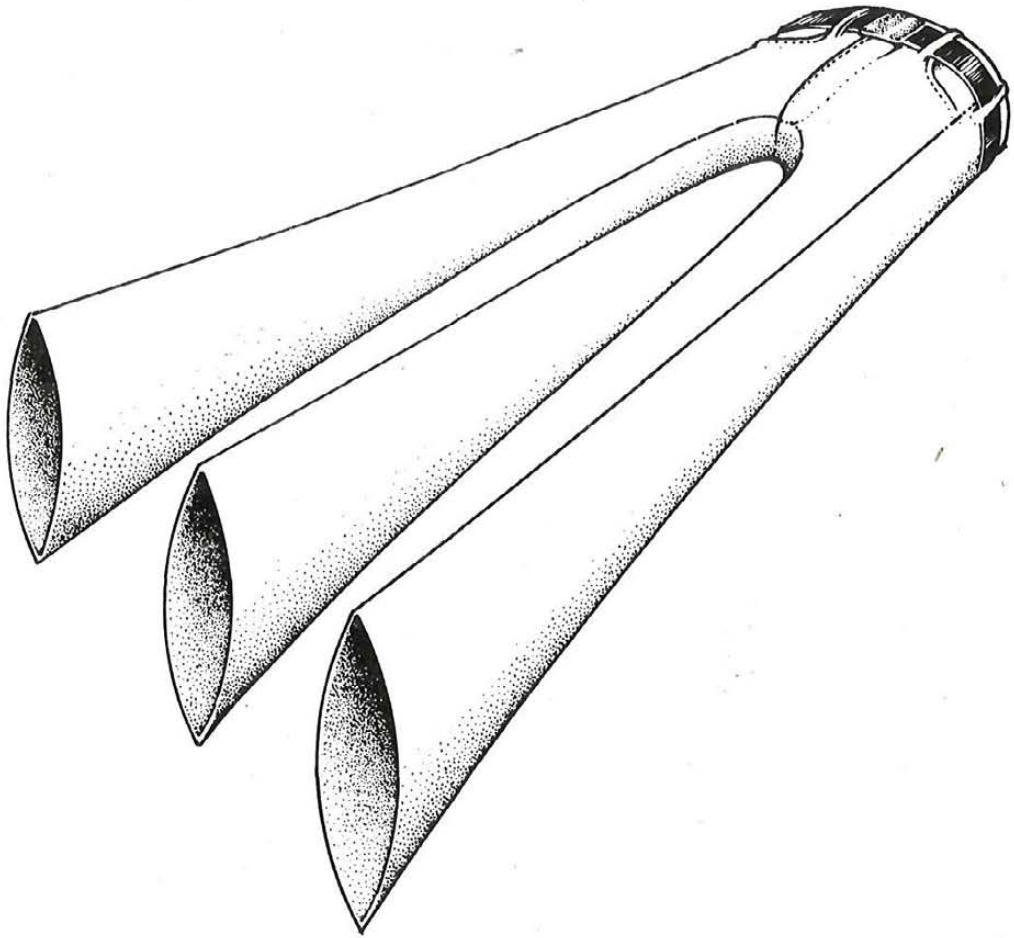
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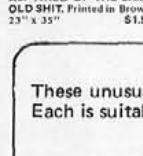
**Y11 Peace Flag.** Red, blue and grey on coated stock, 24" x 34". \$2.00



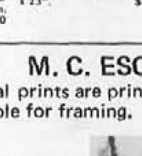
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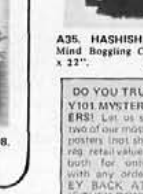
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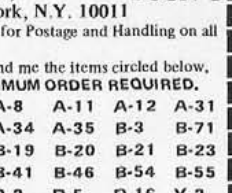
**Y10 Don't Burn Your Flag - Wash It!** Color Photo, 24" x 35". \$2.00



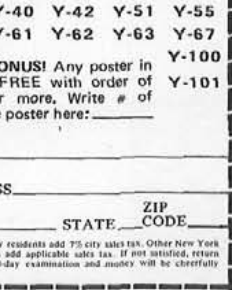
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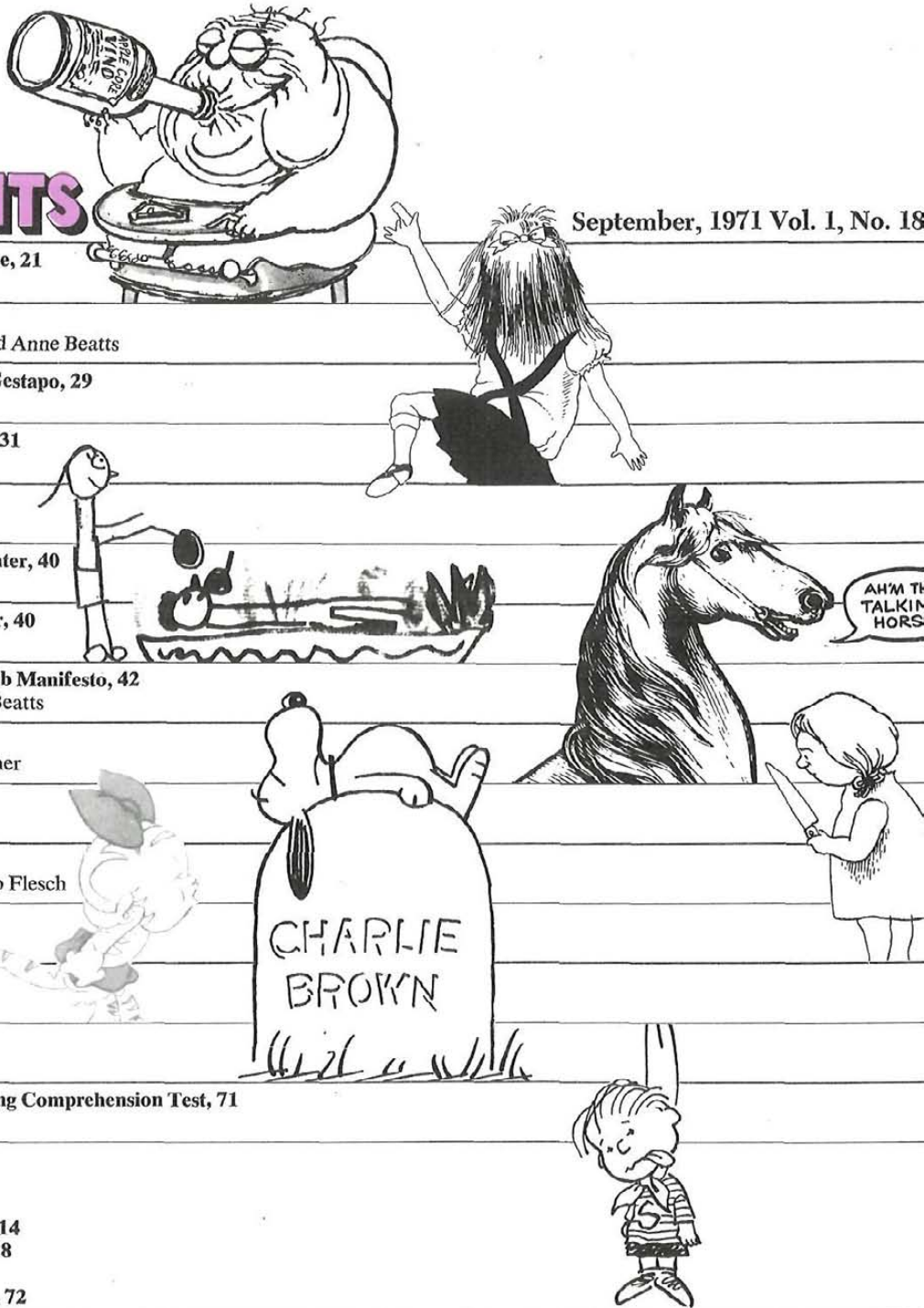
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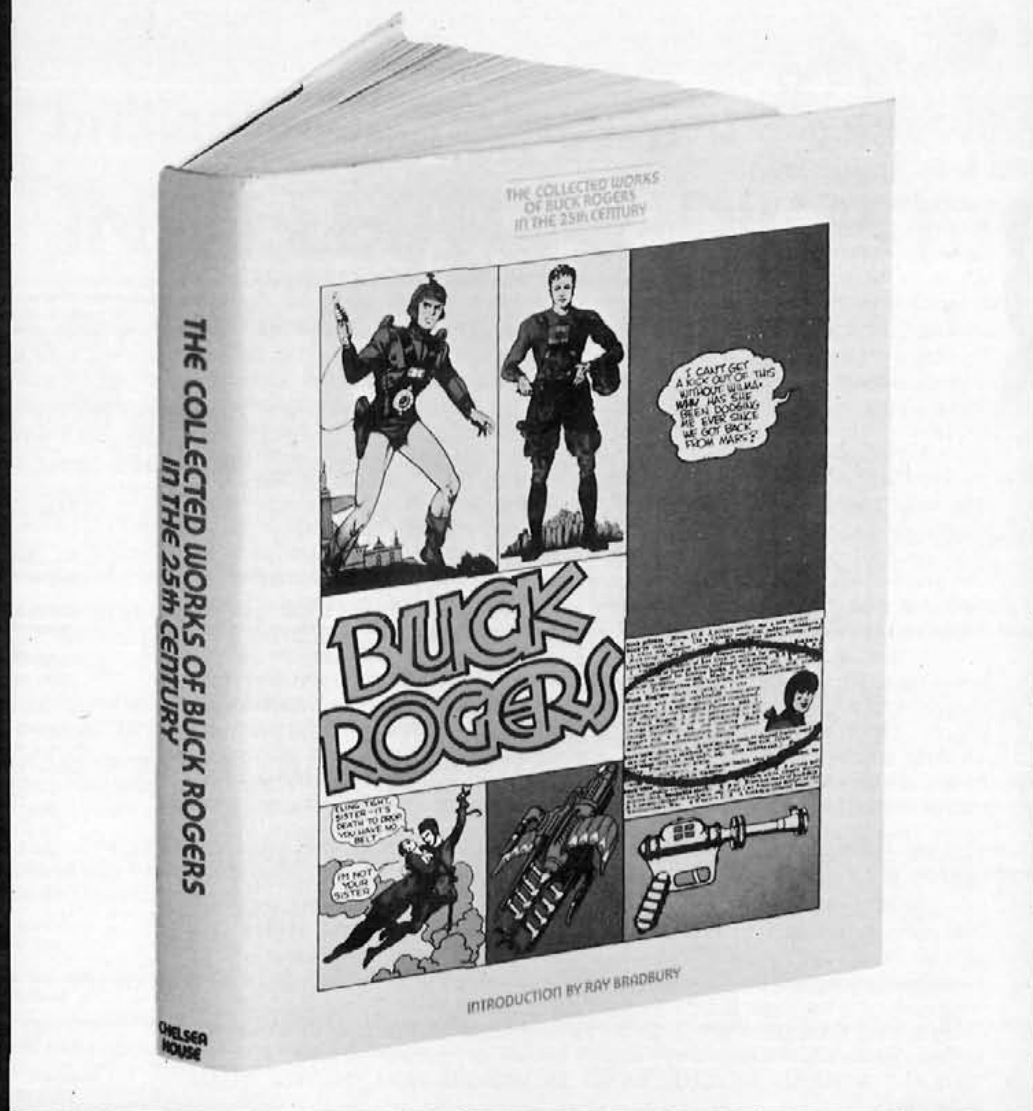
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### Letter from the Editor

**N**In 1926, when the last great cattle drive had nearly reached the New Orleans railway depot, the trail boss found to his dismay that the cattle could not be driven to the loading point because the street was blocked by a Dixieland band. It seems that "Lame Melon" McKinley, the noted Negro clarinetist (or "licorice stickster" as they are called in jazz argot) had just snuffed it, and his fellow musicians were bearing his remains to the cemetery while, in their colorful fashion, they played "St. James Infirmary," "St. Louis Woman," and "When the Saints Come Marchin' In." All too aware that the last train to Chicago was due to leave within the hour, the trail boss (or "head drover" as he is referred to in cowboy parlance) approached the leader of the band and asked if he might interrupt the funeral to drive the cattle through to the other side of the street. The band leader replied, "'Fraid not, boss! This here's a solemn occasion an' we doan' wan' no cattle muckin' 'bout!" Not easily put off, the trail boss offered the band leader money, a gold watch, hand-tooled Mexican boots, and even his autographed photo of Bob Steele if he might be allowed to drive the herd across the street, but the man could not be swayed. Finally, the trail boss said, "Listen! I know all you jazz types are into drugs. Now, packed away in my saddlebags is every narcotic you've ever heard of—smack, snow, red birds, yellow jackets, angel dust, DPT, THC, STP, black gungi—the works! I'll give you the entire stash if you'll tell your musicians to step aside and let me get my cattle to the depot!" The band leader shook his head and replied, "I'se powuhful sorry but ah done got an ample supply 'o all dem drugs an' yo'll jus' have to cool yer heels 'til we is finished!" The trail boss played his final card. "Hold on half a sec, brother," he persisted. "I've got something you don't have, something you never even dreamt existed! I've got (and he paused here for emphasis) MARIJUANA SUPPOSITORIES!!! Yes, you heard me right! Marijuana suppositories! Shove one up your ass and you're high for a week! I'll give you a dozen if you let us pass!" The band leader fell silent for many moments. At last he spoke. "Sheeit! Marijuana suppositories! Doan' that beat all! Thass the wildest thin' ah eber heard of! Yo got yo'self a deal!" The trail boss quickly unpacked his saddlebags, removed twelve suppositories, and gave them to the band leader, who instructed his musicians to step aside and let the cattle through, which they did, allowing them to be driven to the railway depot just in time to be shipped to Chicago (or the "Windy City" as it is known in meteorological circles).

**MORAL: A HERD IN THE BAND IS WORTH BOO IN THE TUSH!**

**—MO'D**

**Cover:** This month's test for color blindness (if you can't see the very funny joke written in red behind the cat, check with your optometrist) is by Marvin Mattelson. Says Mattelson: "Doing a cover for your magazine was a big break for me. Thanks to you, I have received many important and lucrative offers from prestige publications and high-class book companies. In my first month, I grossed more than I did in a whole week in my previous job. I strongly recommend your magazine to other artists!"

**Plug:** Two paperback collections of cartoons by Brian Savage, *The Savage Eye* (Dell, 50¢) and *So This Is Love* (Playboy Press, 75¢), are in your local bookstore, probably in the Bondage section, knowing the kind of bookstores you patronize. They're very funny, and, let's face it, where else for around 75¢ can you get—no, on second thought let's just drop that whole line of reasoning.



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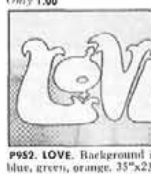
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**P957. I DO MY THING AND YOU DO YOUR THING.** F. S. Peris quote on monochrome photo. 4 1/2" x 31". Only 1.00



**P967. JIMI HENDRIX.** 1945-1970. Splashes of fiery Dayglo reds, greens, blues, purples. 29 1/2" x 21". Only 1.98



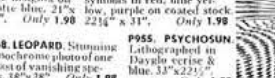
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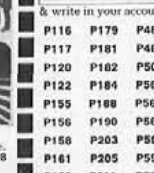
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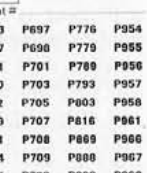
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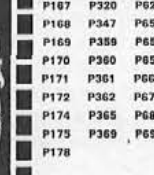
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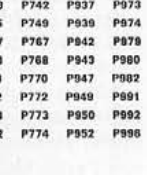
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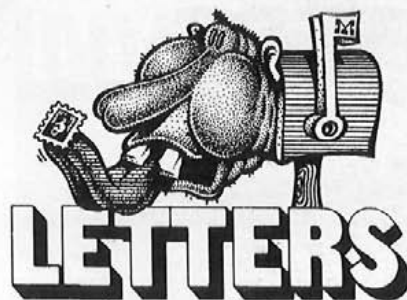
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Dear Sirs,

I have a troop cutback plan that really works. What we do is pull out all of our boys in Southeast Asia *who are white!* I'm sure I don't have to spell out the twofold advantages of my plan (which I call "Operation Riot Control").

Carl Greenhut  
Fort Gaines, Ga.

Gentlemen:

Here is my plan to end the war. Instead of dropping napalm on North Vietnam, we drop another product by the same company—Saran Wrap! Once the NLF and the North Vietnamese realize how well Saran Wrap keeps their food fresh and how nice it is to wrap all their stuff in, I'm sure they'll reject all those Communistical values and come around to our way of thinking.

Richard Bonker  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dears Sirs,

Thank you for returning my material. I'm afraid, however, that there has been some misunderstanding. "The Pentagon Papers" was not a satirical article. I agree that it "reads like a bad *Seven Days in May*" and "works too hard at being absurd," but, you see, as I said in my letter, it's all true. Now I know a lot of writers start off pieces of political satire with some line about how they found them in wastebaskets or old filing cabinets or someone gave it to them late one night in a bar, but that's just the kind of thing that happened, really it is. I mean, they really did do this study of the Vietnam war, and I got a hold of a few copies, and there it is. What can I say?

Daniel Ellsberg  
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Citizen,

You've probably heard a lot about the threatened extinction of those showy, faddy species, like the snowy egret, the golden eagle, and the whooping crane, but what do you know about the plight of the Tennessee ground shrew, or Hanson's grubber? This unpleasant little rodent was practically decimated in the latter part of the nineteenth century when its fur was used extensively for pipe cleaners, shoulder patches, and blackboard erasers. Once one of the prime

carriers of rabies and pond fever, the grubbers inhabit the central United States, where their chief foods—monarch butterflies, telephone cables, jack-in-the-pulpits, porch supports, columbines, and praying mantises—abound. In recent years their numbers have shrunk alarmingly, as the few remaining grubbers generally eat their own young.

Won't you do your part? Or are you just a "sunshine conservationist" who is willing to cough up plenty when it comes to saving some flashy flying fashion show that isn't going to come within a light-year of your tulips but who can't spare a red cent for an unassuming animal that never asked for anything more than a decent chance to become a national nuisance? Think it over.

Perry Sunderkind  
Save the Grubbers, Inc.  
Mushron, Wisc.

Dear Sam,

You guessed right. I owe you five bucks.

Edward Cox  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Julie,

You were wrong! You owe me \$5!

Tricia Nixon  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Bebe,

Let's see those hundred smackers! (I've got proof!)

Richard Nixon  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Pam,

Wow, I just can't believe it! I'm so excited! Dave popped the question last night! He took me out to eat at the Char Pit, you know that place just off Route 12, past the Stop and Shop, and then we went to see *Love Story*, and he made fun of me for crying at the end where she dies, and then on the way home we stopped at McDonald's for a frappe and he just came right out and asked me if I'd marry him!!! Well, you know me, I sort of played hard to get—that is, after I spit up about half my frappe!—and then I said I'd think about it and I'd have to ask Mom and Dad, and was he sure? And he said he sure was, and he'd wait forever but would September be too soon? Would it!!!! Tomorrow wouldn't be too soon, as far as I'm concerned!! To get out of that drippy house and away from those fuddy-duddies, I'd marry Tiny Tim!!! Of course, I didn't say that to Dave!!!!

Oh, I'm so excited!!! I can't sit still a moment longer!! See you this weekend!!!

Love,  
Sue

Dear Homemaker,

Perhaps you've seen our ad in many

national magazines, or maybe you've watched our dramatizations on TV. Either way, you know that the Warken Portable Home Food Atomizer is no slouch when it comes to making space-age sprays out of ho-hum foods. Now, because yours is one of the many trend-setting families whose tastes influence others, we're offering you, for one time only, an opportunity to possess the Warken Portable Home Food Atomizer at the unbelievable low price of \$39.98. Imagine the look on your guests' faces when you spray delicious Broccoli Hollandaise directly into their mouths! Think of the money you'll save when you use ordinary leftovers as an under-arm deodorant for the whole family! Having trouble getting Junior to eat his spinach? No more! With a Warken Atomizer, he'll find eating's fun again! And if you act today, we'll include a two-record album of the big-band dance sounds from Presidential inauguration balls of the fifties and sixties. It's not available in any store, and it's yours, absolutely free. And that's not all! As a special bonus, we'll include a DeLuxe No-Fuss Nozzle for force-feeding finicky pets! So don't delay. Order your Warken Portable Home Food Atomizer today!

Warken Inc.  
Lead River, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I could cite a million examples of the rich and earthy humor of the Irondquoit Indians, but here is just one example: Annoying Elk wished Drab Muskrat to come into his canoe, but Drab Muskrat was wary. "Come into my canoe, Drab Muskrat," said Annoying Elk, "and I will give you a pony." But Drab Muskrat replied, "I think that if I go into your canoe, it is more likely that I will get a papoose than a pony."

There is a pun here since, in Irondquoit, pony is *arondogo* and papoose is *adorongo*, but I think the flavor comes through. This is only one selection from my forthcoming book, *The Rich and Earthy Humor of the Irondquoit Indians*, a manuscript copy of which I have sent you by Railway Express. I am sure your readers would enjoy many of the Irondquoit's surprisingly "with it" tales!

Farlow Shunk  
Tennishoe, Utah

Dear Editors,

Hey, must be some fun taking those pictures of those nude models for those sexy picture stories. Hey, hey, hey! Listen, any time you need a photographer, give me a call.

I won't even charge you anything. Hey, hey!

Alfred Smelt  
Los Caccas, Calif.



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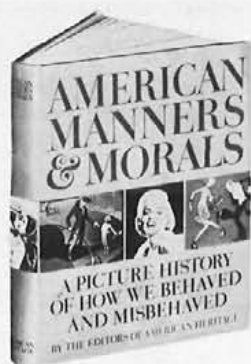
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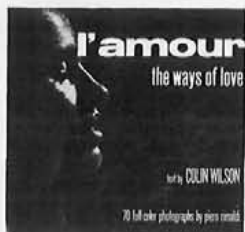
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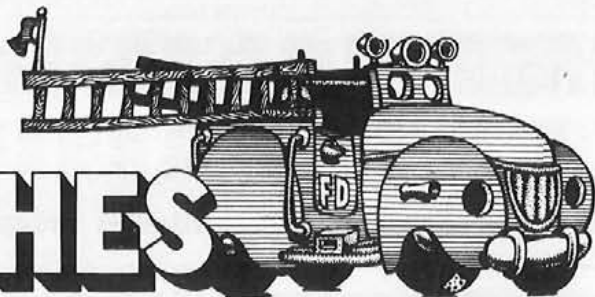
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# HOT FLASHES



**YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO:** Mr. Saul Abrahamson, president of the Woxo Toy Corporation, shakes hands with his latest creation, the walking, talking "Uta Ugly" doll. When the doll's hand is pumped up and down, she blinks her eyes and says: "How do you do! My name is *Uta Ugly!* I am four years old! A big doggie just pissed on my roses!"



**LAS VEGAS, NEV.:** To scotch rumors that his recent retirement was forced by a curious, debilitating disease contracted in the Orient, fifty-three-year-old Frank Sinatra held a press conference at his posh Las Vegas home last Thursday. When a reporter inquired as to the state of his health, the crooner simply smiled and replied, "Ah neer helt etter in huy hife!"



**MILAN, ITALY:** Musicdom's fabulous trio, the three Palladinis, display the unique gift that gives them the edge on most concert pianists. As Piero Palladini (*left*) put it, "Who else but my wife and I could play a concerto for 4½ hands?" In addition, Mrs. Palladini (*center*) shared with reporters the nursery rhyme she used to recite to her daughter, Teresa (*right*):

"This little piggie went to market.

This little piggie stayed home.

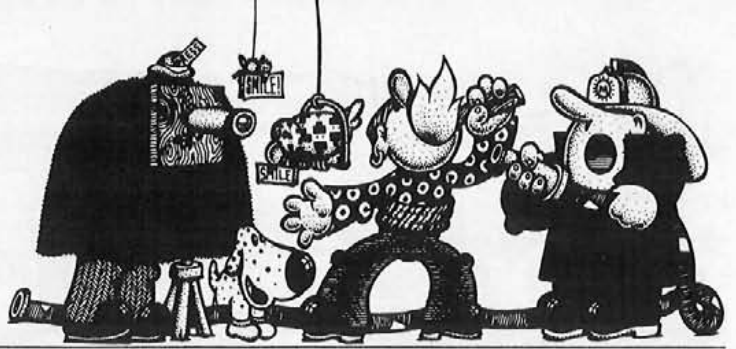
This little piggie ate roast beef.

This little piggie had none.

This little piggie ate a tuna-fish sandwich.

This little piggie had an egg salad on white.

And this little piggie went wee, wee, wee, wee, all the way home."



**WASHINGTON, D.C.:** When Mrs. Pat Nixon overheard two tots using naughty language at a recent White House gathering, she took the situation in hand. Without hesitation, the first lady marched them up to the Blue Room, where she not only washed out their mouths but forced them to drink an entire basin of Lady Breck shampoo.

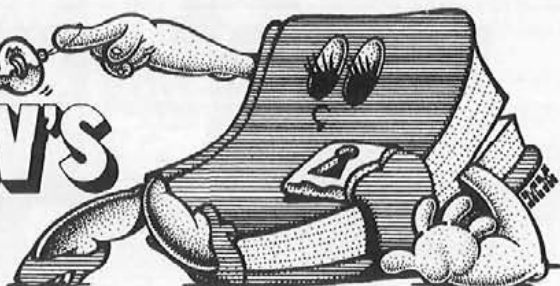


**HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.:** Daytime TV fans have a treat coming up this fall, when ABC launches their new game show "Buy-Buy Baby." Taking the overpopulation problem by the horns, host Ned Benson actually auctions off unwanted infants. Added excitement is provided by gift certificates concealed in the children's diapers, which can win the buyer anything from a lovely Tappan gas range to a twenty-one-day, all-expense-paid vacation in sun-splashed Acapulco. Needless to say, all profits from the show are donated to UNICEF.



**KANSAS CITY, KANS.:** Meet Miss Ida Ahnhodtz, chosen by the Lighthouse of the Blind as "The Gal We'd Like Most to Be Swept off Our Feet By" at the Association's annual convention here. Veteran girl-watchers may recall that last year's winner, Miss June Shilling, was draped with potholders and billed as "The Hot Dish We'd Like Most to Pick Up."

# MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Well, I've just poured myself a double "Bebe Blitz" (3 jiggers of Seagram's 7 and a pint of prune juice—it's Mr. Rebozo's recipe, he says it "takes the tarnish off your brightwork") and put on that special record of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing "Blue Ballads" that Mr. Romney gave Spiggy last Christmas and settled down in Spiggy's Barcalounger. Speaking of Mr. Romney, I know what he means by "brainwashed"—it feels like I've just been through a whole spin-dry cycle. This is the first chance I've had to catch my breath all month. I was up all night packing Spiggy's suitcases—a nice set of matched American Tourister luggage that Dick gave him as a special present to show him he (Dick) wasn't upset at what Spiggy had said about the Red Chinese being bad people after Dick had made such a fuss over them. Honestly, sometimes I can't understand Dick. I mean everyone knows the Chinese are just waiting for the chance to invade California, and I know what that means,

because a Chinese family once moved into the neighborhood next to ours in Baltimore and all the prices went down like a spoiled cake, and the first thing you knew there were Chinese laundries where all the gift shops used to be. And just everyone knows they make those paddles out of babies and stray dogs and that nice man at *Human Events* who gives Spiggy all those adjectives says in China they use eyeballs of Tibetan monks for Ping-Pong balls and nets made out of God knows what. Well, there I go getting all hot and bothered, but I remember reading in *Collier's* about how all the Chinese soldiers in Korea were always on drugs, and now they say the Chinese are the ones responsible for sending all the heroine that our boys are using in Vietnam. All I can say is, it figures. I once met Mme. Chiang Kai-shek at a cocktail party at Mr. Alsop's, and she told me how her husband the Generalissimo was going to get China back and stop them from breaking all those Ming vases, and making everyone dress in old clothes all the time, and putting bamboo under everybody's fingernails until they sign confessions. I remember Mr. Hoover was there, too, and he made her tell him all about the bamboo so he could take it down, so it's not just me who's hot under the collar when it comes to the Chinese.

Now, where was I? Oh yes, when Dick gave Spiggy the luggage, he said how good it would be if people all over the world could hear the wonderful things Spiggy said and how with an election coming up in 1972 it was important to reach as many people as possible, and how much he as a Vice-President had valued a chance to travel around the world and kind of get people's reactions to what we were doing. Spiggy said he was honored and everything, but nobody could vote in the election unless they were American and shouldn't he concentrate on the U.S. first and then maybe after the election try to win over everyone else? But Dick said something about the battle for men's hearts and minds being more important than a few votes in Kansas, and told Spiggy that he wanted him to take the message that "America still cares" all over the world, starting the next week.

So Spiggy said that was all right by him, and where should he start first—

France, West Germany, Italy, Japan? And Dick said that was the wrong approach, that was like campaigning in all the radic-lib states like New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, and that it was the "silent nations" he wanted Spiggy to go visit, "the Alabamas and Delawares of the world," as Dick put it. So Spiggy asked him to name some, and he said places like South Korea, Singapore, Luxembourg, Upper Volta, Bhutan, Chad, Qatar, and Venezuela. And Spiggy said the only ones he had ever heard of were South Korea and Venezuela, and Dick said that showed him the seriousness of the problem, and that he had included Venezuela for "sentimental reasons." Then Dick told him he could have Air Force 2 for the rest of the year, and that made Spiggy happy because usually he has to ask Dick if he can use it, and there's always something wrong with it and he has to take the Beechcraft instead. Anyway, Dick gave Spiggy a list of places he wanted him to go to before the election and there were about sixty of them, and we looked for them on the globe that Hank Kissinger gave Spiggy for his birthday, but it must have been kind of out-of-date, because half of them weren't there and Spiggy noticed that Europe looked a lot different and most of it was in Germany. Then we got out an atlas, and Spiggy decided he'd tackle all the countries colored pink on one trip, and then the green ones, and so on. He wanted to take me along this time, but he said Dick thought he would get closer to the people if he went alone because in most of the places he was going women were expected to wear washcloths on their faces and in the summer I might be uncomfortable.

But I'm getting ahead of myself here. What I really wanted to tell you about was the wedding! I guess I'm guilty of what Mr. Cerf calls a deadly digression! But Diary, bear with me. It really has been one of those months. Actually, it's been one of those months in a woman's way, too. I'm pretty much past that kind of thing now, but guess what I found in my whosis? A microphone! Spiggy said I should see the doctor, it might be something serious, but I asked Martha, and she said to forget it, it happened to her a lot and not to worry, it was better than finding a telephone there! Martha's a card.

I don't know where to begin. I was all butterflies right from the start, and it just seemed like everything went wrong. First of all, Dick wanted Spiggy to wear one of those cute costumes he had all the Presidential guards get, because he was going to have all the cabinet officers dressed up to represent their bureaus. Mr. Volpe was supposed to wear an engineer's hat and carry a railroad lantern to symbolize Transport; Mr. Romney was supposed to come in a hardhat carrying a hod of bricks to symbolize

**?**

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Housing; Mr. Morton was supposed to come in Indian dress and a miner's hat with a little light to symbolize the Plight of the Indian and Our Natural Resources; and so on. I guess nobody really liked the idea because everyone turned out to have a prostate operation that day, and Dick had to give in and let them all come in top hats. He didn't say anything, but I think he got it in his head that Spiggy had turned everyone against the idea because our invitation didn't come until eleven thirty in the morning on the day of the wedding and it had been sent bulk rate.

We got dressed in a hurry, and when we got to the White House, the music had already started and Spiggy and I had to stand in a rhododendron with Ralph Nader. It might have been just my imagination, but when Dick went by with Tricia, he gave Spiggy one of his dirtiest looks, the one where he sort of sucks in his lips and makes his eyebrows come together. Of course, it might have been aimed at Ralph Nader. Anyway, as soon as the ceremony was over, we went into the East Room to get some punch, and it tasted like Mr. Rebozo had made it, because everyone was getting silly after only a few cups. John Mitchell kept buttonholing everybody and telling them about some misprints he had found in the Constitution, and as soon as the cameramen went away, Martha started drinking out of one of her shoes. Then Spiggy got up to dance with Mrs. Volpe and handed his cup to a waiter, and it turned out to be Dick's brother from Seattle. There were about a hundred of Dick's relatives around, and you could pretty much tell who they were because they all needed a shave and had those funny noses.

I caught Pat's eye and gave her a little wave, and she came over and brought Ed Cox with her and said he had wanted to dance with me but was too shy to ask and then she disappeared

into the potted palms, the way she always does. There was a rumba coming up, and it made me sentimental because it reminded me of the night Spiggy and I spent at the Quality Courts on the beltway after he was inaugurated as governor of Maryland, so I said yes, but I'm not sure he ever did ask. Pat was right about his being shy. I used all of my "icebreakers," including the one about how the cables of the George Washington Bridge would go around the world three times if laid end to end but he didn't say a word. After the dance was over, I took him over to Martha, and then I slipped into the potted palms. I'm beginning to see why Pat does that all the time.

Meanwhile Spiggy had gotten me a piece of cake, and I almost let out a yelp when I saw it. It was my recipe for rum mocha swirl cottage cheese upside-down cake, the one I gave Pat the time she came over to play whist and ended up staying the night after she had that argument with Dick over Mr. Rebozo's showing stag movies in the Blue Room, the same night Dick got so drunk and ended up in the Lincoln Memorial with all those students at five o'clock in the morning.

I was going to try to find Pat again to tell her how flattered I was, when I saw John Connally and Dick, so I went over to offer my congratulations. They were talking pretty seriously, but as soon as I got there, Dick cleared his throat in that funny way he does and wiped his lip and excused himself, and then Mr. Connally started asking me questions about how much of an expense allowance Spiggy and I had, and whether Spiggy liked presiding over the senate, and things like that, and then he said how Dick had agreed to come to Dallas sometime after he was reelected and he hoped we'd come too.

By then I was feeling pretty woozy from the punch, and I figured I'd better get Spiggy home before he started his Zorba imitations. I finally found him in the Green Room playing that shell game with Hank Kissinger and losing as usual, and I had to fake a headache to get him away. We finally got back to the house around six, and Spiggy and I went right to bed, we were so pooped. The next thing I knew, around two o'clock in the morning, the phone rang, and who do you think it was? John Connally! He was pretty well lit, and he wanted to know if the Vice-President had a song like "Hail to the Chief." He sounded disappointed when I told him no. I guess Spiggy has been bragging again. When he gets back, I think we'll have to have another of our little "talks." Meanwhile, I think I'll get myself a Bebe Blitz.

All for now,

Judy



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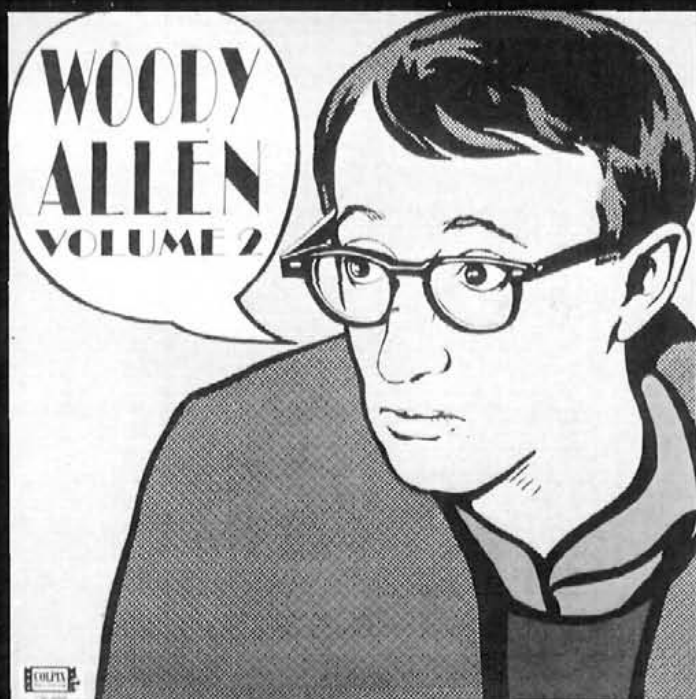
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## TO READ ABOUT

## A TIME

If you've seen Elliott Gould's last thirty-four pictures (all produced during the last six months) and if you've enjoyed Lennon and Brautigan and Farina. If you're Consciousness III and are very much into America's Greening then ask yourself this, do you know anything about yesterday? If the answer is no and if you'd like to tune in on Shaw and Mencken and Dreiser and Greta Garbo and Bogart and Chaplin and Pickford and Fairbanks, if you'd like to read about old J. P. Kennedy's personal presidential ambitions back in the thirties, if you'd like to catch up on college morals in the twenties or some brilliant fiction of the twenties and thirties by Scott Fitzgerald and Gallico and Runyon and Hecht, then get with Liberty. It's a magazine that deals only with yesterday and it's a helluva time to read about.

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# NEWS OF THE MONTH



President Nixon has been criticized by some members of the scientific and medical community for making the cure for cancer a national goal at a time when many people in the immunological and microbiological fields believe that some form of preventive vaccine is virtually at hand. In fact, however, Nixon's decision was not a politically motivated attempt to cash in on a sure thing, but merely the first in a series of more modest calls to greatness tailored to the declining national stature of the U.S. Other major objectives in his "So-So Society" include:

- guaranteeing every American a decent pocket comb
- replacing all substandard telephone booths by 1975
- finding a cure for hiccups
- eliminating thirst
- getting on the market within five years a shoe polish that will give a lasting rain-proof shine without buffing
- putting a man on Baffin Island by the end of the decade and bringing him back safely
- eradicating hives
- attacking channel silting, the disgrace of our inland waterways
- inaugurating a nationwide crash program to develop an automobile clock that works

A pair of documents of considerable

interest have recently come into our hands. The first is a chain letter, several smudged copies of which were found in the wastebasket of the mimeograph room at U.S. Army headquarters in Saigon: "This letter has been around Vietnam many times and wherever it goes it brings good luck. A major in Chu Lai kept it going and won a Distinguished Service Cross. A staff sergeant in the Delta got a long-awaited promotion only five days after sending it on. Here's what you do. Kill one Vietnamese—man, woman, or child, it doesn't matter—and then make six copies of this letter and give them to men in your platoon, troop, or section. That's all there is to it. If everyone does his part, in only one month everyone in Vietnam will be dead and the Communists won't have anyone left to subvert and the war will be over. Don't break the chain! A captain in the Central Highlands who did was falsely accused of committing atrocities and is now standing trial for his life. Another officer who broke the chain was killed in a bizarre helicopter crash. And remember, the sooner you pass your letters on, the sooner you'll be home with your loved ones."

The second document comes from the joint NLF/North Vietnamese headquarters, code-named COSVIN. It bears the heading "Military Committee Report"

and the classification "Most Inscrutable" and is dated April 12, 1965: "It is the opinion of the committee that the time has come to strike a decisive blow against the Yankee imperialist cliques and their Saigon puppet-lackeys. Not only are the goals of world revolution and liberation at stake, but the very existence of the Democratic Republic is challenged. If the imperialist aggressors are allowed to prevail in the South, then, like so many Mah-Jongg tiles, Cambodia and Laos will fall prey to the world-domination plans of militant capitalism with its headquarters in Wall Street, U.S.A. And then it will be only a matter of time before we are fighting hordes of round-eyed Occidentals on the streets of Vinh and Haiphong, and our children will grow up as slaves in assembly lines and Coca-Cola bottling plants. It is for them that we must carry on the struggle. It will be a long fight, but we are already close to seeing the lamp at the end of the pagoda, and it is the opinion of the committee that the dispatch of an additional fifty thousand men south will make victory before the next rainy season a certainty."

As part of its reawakened interest in the consumer-protection field, the Federal Trade Commission has been engaged in a court battle with Scientology, the increasingly popular quasi-religion which for the price of a Buick will give you a spiritual valve job, realign your psychic steering, and polish your astral windows. The FTC complaint is based on a series of claims, chiefly of the quick-cure variety, made by Scientology ministers for the "E-meter" and some other pieces of apparatus used in "auditing" sessions. Scientology officials have used as their main defense the argument that their activities are constitutionally protected as part of a religion. Depending on the outcome of the case, the FTC may move against at least one other organization whose vague and misleading promises of "mansions" in an unspecified retirement community, fraudulent sale of "relics" purported to have curative powers, and exaggerated claims for weekly doses of a mysteriously "transformed" common bakery product first attracted the suspicion of activists in the consumer field about eight hundred years ago.

Apparently influenced by the success of Con Edison of New York's advertising program aimed at convincing people to use less electricity and switch to gas appliances wherever possible to alleviate the critical power shortage, the Telephone Company is apparently planning to start running sometime this fall a series of advertisements designed to discourage customers from using its overburdened equipment. Among the ads is one showing an elderly lady happily killing a bottle of Old Crow and captioned:

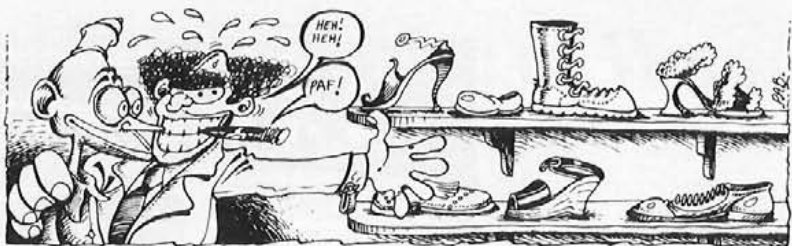


"If your mother *really* wanted to talk to you, she'd have called you up by now." Another with the headline "What could even the Good Samaritan have done from a switchboard in Hebron?" tells the story of an operator who tried to locate a desperately needed vaccine but couldn't get through, and a third shows a man looking at his watch in an airline terminal and carries the message "Sure your wife is worried, but let's face it—a little worry might just do her a world of good."

In a cheerier than usual ecological note, a spokesfish for one of the largest schools of Atlantic Coast sharks has announced that his group has stopped eating men "until further notice." The predators have reportedly been concerned for several years over the rising levels of lead, mercury, DDT, and cadmium in humans, but the decision was apparently reached following the death by food-poisoning of a twenty-seven-foot sand shark who succumbed last week after eating a claims adjuster and his wife off the coast of Georgia in mid-July.

Britons are fond of remarking that the Queen is more popular in the United States than in England, which is probably true and understandable, when you consider that Americans have the likes of Richard Nixon and, on off days, Spiro Agnew, to throw out baseballs, cut bridge ribbons, and shake hands with the Dutch elm disease poster tree and that, after all, Queen Elizabeth is the only undigesting British public figure this side of Commander Schweppes. Thus, it is not surprising that Americans were shocked and dismayed to hear of the Queen's poverty and of the opposition in England to her request for a raise, especially since no Americans can understand why she doesn't turn all those castles and palaces into Historyland or King City, sell every bridge and outhouse in sight to Arizona land-developers, endorse a few soft drinks and hemorrhoid creams, and go live in Sun Valley. Actually, there is an easier solution and one more in keeping with both the American and the English traditions—a strike. All she has to do is stop giving knighthoods, refuse to go to Malawi to open up any more tennis-shoe factories, pull up the drawbridges on the Tower of London and all the other tourist attractions, appear in public in curlers and a housecoat, and tie up London traffic with Household Cavalry protest parades.

In what may prove to be the furthest along the chain of command that responsibility for the My Lai massacre has yet reached, Department of Justice officials have announced the arrest in Tucson, Arizona, of Oscar Niles of Phoenix, who apparently admitted, before several witnesses and while in a state of intoxication, to having voted for Lyndon Johnson in 1964. □



## COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**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 LIBERATION:** Combat the Pink Peril with the Women's Lib Naughty Pinup Calendar, the Anti-Sexist Children's Book, a special *Cosmopolitan* Parody, and the expurgated best seller... The Censorless Woman!

**FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE:** Learn the mind-expanding powers of Kitty Littor in Michael O'Donoghue's Bummers, 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 Boobleghum Cards.

**MAY, 1971/THE FUTURE:** Hop into our steam-powered Time Trolley and stumble backward into the World of Tomorrow. You'll be delighted that you won't live to see: the Zero Gravity Sex Manual (*The NASA Sutra*), Time Warp Comics, the Special Pull-Out "If" Section, the 1906 *National Lampoon*, Attack of the 90-Foot Macrobes, and Toilets of the Extraterrestrials.

**JUNE, 1971/RELIGION:** Listen, it's getting to be a real pain in the ass coming up with kicky lead-ins to stuff like *Natlamp's* *Inferno*, Magic Made E-Z, The Prophet by Kahill Gibrish, I Dreamed I Was There In Overdose Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Reich-Marshall McCluhan-Kate Millet Utopia Four Comix.

**JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY:** Get it up, off, and out of your system with My Secret Life by David Eisenhower, The Breast Game, Dirty Dick & Jane, Filthy Sherlock Holmes, Are You a Homo? and Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?).

**AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER:** Have a bad trip without illegal substances with Defeat Comics, Welfare Monopoly, the Special Canadian Supplement, and *Right On!*, the flick Jane Fonda was making while you thought she was working for the revolution.

To order these back issues, just check off the ones you want in the coupon below. Return the coupon to us with \$1 in bill, check, or money order for each copy you'd like.

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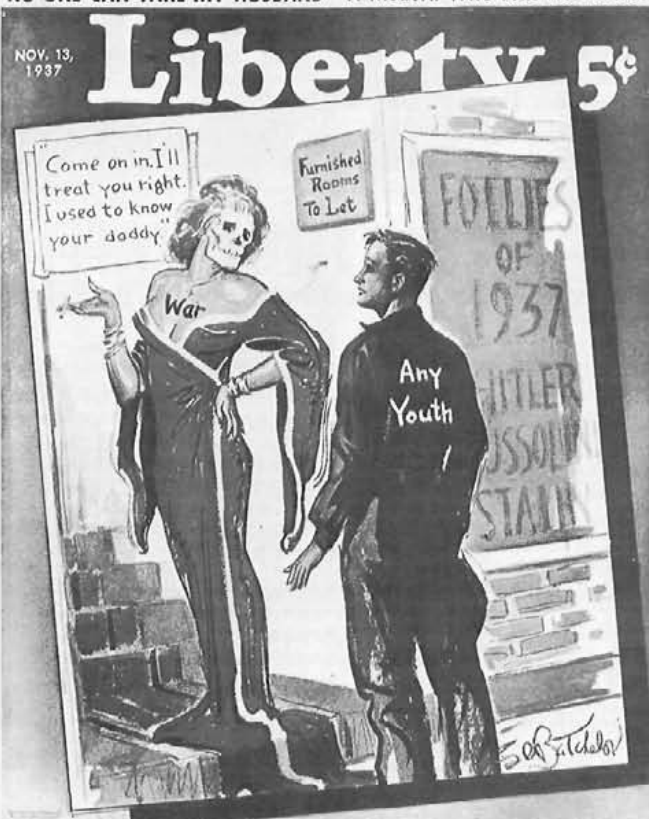
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NO ONE CAN TAKE MY HUSBAND — A Modern Wife Tells Her Secret



IS ANOTHER WORLD WAR AT HAND? by Leon Trotsky

# The most famous antiwar poster ever created.

Back in 1937, C. D. Batchelor won the Pulitzer Prize for this crackling antiwar editorial cartoon.

Oddly enough, it was originally created for the Patterson-McCormick Newspaper Empire, which, in the thirties, was the voice of Isolationism. At that time this poster was considered Far Right.

Today, nearly thirty-five years later, this antiwar poster would represent the Liberal or dove point of view.

Anyway you look at it, it's a smashing indictment of war.

It's a poster that you should have whether you are for or against the war in Vietnam. It's history. It's nostalgia. It's a dramatic, arresting view of man's treatment of man.

It's the poster of all times!

It's yours now for only \$1.50 each.

23" x 29", in full color

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Please send me the C. D. Batchelor Pulitzer Prize antiwar poster at \$1.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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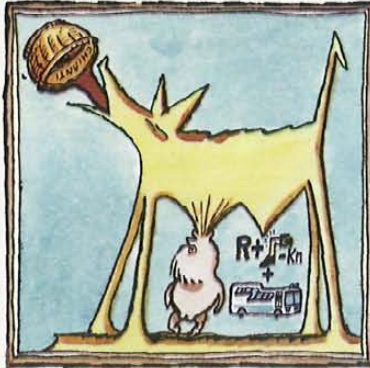




Famous Children of Fact, Fancy, Fiction, Folklore, and from up the Block



Cain & Abel



Romulus & Rebus



Bertrand Russell



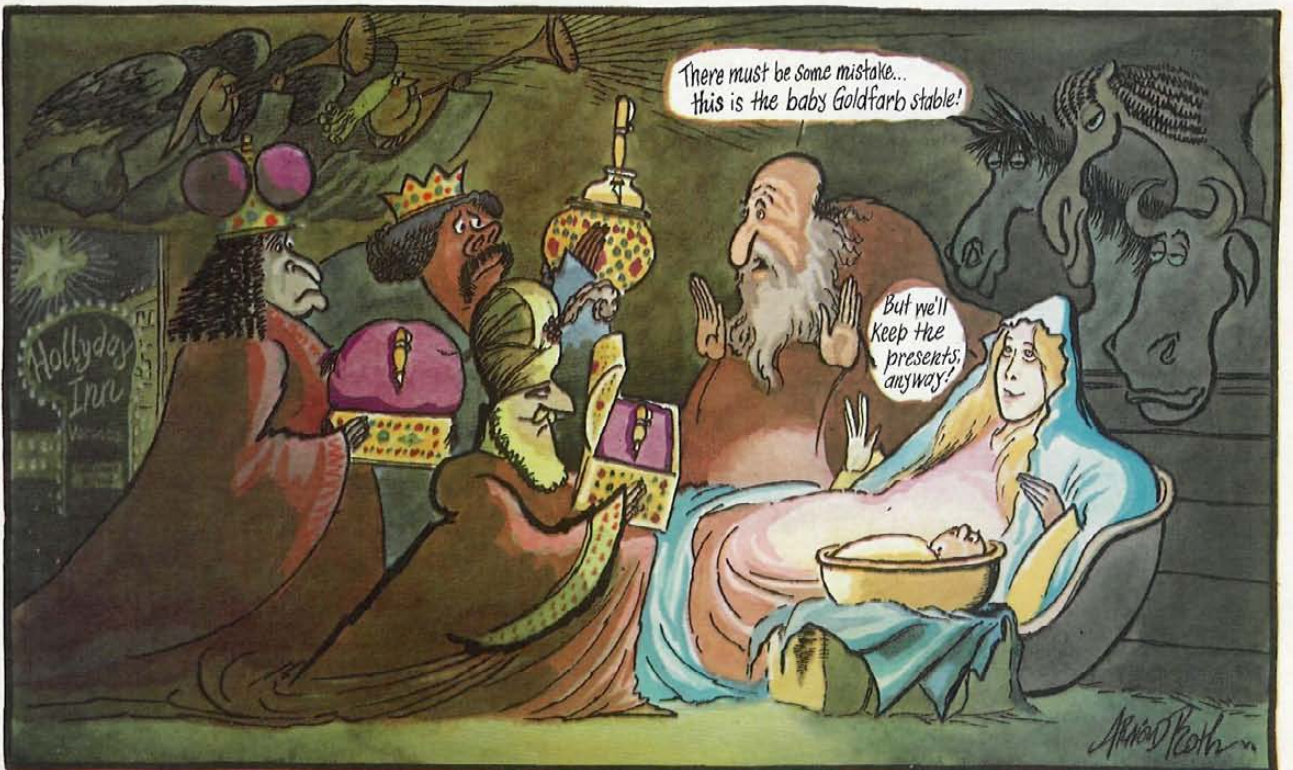
The little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead



Chilled Harold



Jack & Jill



The false profit

### Childish Afterplay:

Children are honest, loyal, trust-worthy, and generally insensitive, except the ones who are sloppy, dopey, mean, selfish, and terrible howlers—which is most of them. Their universal failing is that they degenerate into adults.



### Childish Ends:



Since the family as an institution is dying and families are our main source of children, we've probably made our last batch.



Luis' sisters play at scene of bizarre meal.

Nine-year-old Luis Obispo of San Remo, California, spent two days and nights locked inside an old refrigerator. He was lucky that there was enough air to breathe. He was unlucky that there was no food in the refrigerator. He got very hungry.

When the policemen who found him opened the door to let him out, they saw that Luis was eating something. Then they noticed that one of his feet was missing. They put two and two together and realized that it was his own foot that Luis was eating!

"Luis may grow many more inches," quipped Officer Banfield at the time, "but he won't grow another foot!"

The refrigerator was in the basement of the apartment building where the Obispo family lives. Mr. Obispo fell into a cement mixer a year before Luis was born and was chopped up (if you have the March 5, 1961, *Weekly Reader*, you can read all about Mr. Obispo).

Mrs. Obispo and Luis' ten brothers and sisters live on food stamps. Food stamps are not like the ones you put on letters. Instead they are used to buy food. The government gives them to people like the Obispos so they won't have to eat their feet.

## Boy, 9, Trapped in Refrigerator Eats His Own Foot to Stay Alive



It's "ankles aweigh" as Luis bites into some "sole food."



## Mini-Mugging

A boy in Newark, New York, has a funny way of asking for toys. He hits the other children over the head with a lead pipe. Then they let him take a turn.

He is the leader of the other children. They all have lead pipes, too. Some of them have sticks and knives.

One day this boy and his friends got some gasoline. They poured it on a school bus. Then they set the bus on fire. What fun they had!

A Weekly Reader Exclusive **Cribside Confession**

## Girl, 6, Feeds Baby Brother to Hungry Hamsters

In the Rampagno household, it was the job of Linda Rampagno to feed the hamsters. "Have you fed the hamsters today?" Mother Rampagno would ask. "Oh yes, Mama," little Linda would say. But sly little Linda wasn't feeding the hamsters at all. On purpose she was turning them into ravening (RAHV-en-ing), savage, hunger-crazed creatures. Little Linda gave them a little salt and then took away their water so that they were hungry and thirsty, too. Then Linda put her baby brother in the hamster cage.

Linda says that her mother always called the baby "my precious little new arrival," and that this had caused her to take a violent dislike to the child. The crazed hamsters not only ate most of Baby but also an expensive squeeze toy and a box of Pampers.

## Maid in the Shade



Summer's here, but cute, curvacious Carolynne Kefauver, last year's Miss Pompano Beach, believes in keeping it under her hat!

## Doctor Warns of New Diseases



Tommy Prenz, 11, wishes he hadn't clapped so many erasers.

### Stutterer Punished

Cute sub-debutante Joanie Krasner, age six, had an annoying habit. Sometimes she would get to a letter in a word and she would pronounce it about a dozen times before going on to the next letter. At first, classmates and teachers tried to "kid" or "josh" little Joanie out of her annoying habit. "C'mon, dumbo, spit it out," they would say with a grin. But soon people began to lose patience with Joanie. Finally, the class, tired of Joanie's selfish attitude, pushed her down a playground slide coated with a thin paste made from glue and broken bottles of Yoo-Hoo Chocolate Beverage, Yogi Berra's favorite drink. Joanie's teacher reports that Joanie had most trouble with the letter "V" and the word "indivisible." "I swear I could have taught the class their whole nines table in the time that child took to say 'indivisible.' It just wasn't right."

Do you know that there are loathsome (LOW-th-some) diseases that only little boys and little girls get? A scientist, Dr. Hans Amps spends all his valuable time thinking about these diseases. He comes up with several new diseases each year. This year Dr. Amps says we should look out for:

1. **Playground Plague.** A victim of playground plague blows up like a balloon and actually explodes. You pick up playground plague on slides, usually. "You see," says Dr. Amps, "some little boys and girls have trouble controlling themselves on the slide, so that little bits of number one and number two may accumulate, spreading the dread plague. I recommend that all slides be dismantled or sponged down with Lavoris."
2. **White Lung.** White lung happens when a little boy or a little girl is a little too eager to help teacher. Little boys and little girls who volunteer to help teacher in the hope of winning favors usually end up clapping blackboard erasers. If little boys and little girls clap blackboard erasers too often, they will get dread white lung due to chalk-dust inhalation, "which," says Dr. Amps, "is exactly what they deserve, if you ask me."

# Aunt Em Tattles

Hi Again, Girls and Boys,

Well, it's been quite a week for "Tales Told out of School," believe you me . . .

I've just heard that Michael Jackson of the Jackson Five is almost a thirteen-year-old! But he's still pretty sexy, and will be until his voice changes. . . . It's no secret that off the set young "Eddie" does more in the courtship line than his "father" . . . he keeps a list of starlets on the inside of his toy box and checks his conquests off, one by one. . . . His mum-

my Jackie is doing her best to keep those fabulous photographs of John-John doing number one over the side of the Christina out of the scandal sheets. . . . Although they portray bitter enemies onscreen, in real life Puffenstuff and Witchypoo are *that way* . . . mini-genius Charlie Van Doren, Jr., expected to blow the lid off the hushed-up "Sunrise Semester" rigging scandal with his memoirs in next month's *Humpty Dumpty*. . . .

Love to all squealers,  
Aunt Em

Illustration credits: Page 1, UPI; p. 2, UPI; p. 3, UPI.

## Coming Next Week

A Third Grader Asks,

"Do You Want to See My Little Breasts?"

Behind Closed Doors—

Principal's Office Torture Orgy

**Cribside Confessions:**

"I Threw Up in Math Class!"

**A Weekly Reader Exclusive!**

Baby Lenore Tells Her Own Story

## Just for You Things to Do

1. See if you can find any abandoned refrigerators where you live. If you do, leave a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich inside, so if someone gets trapped in it, they won't suffer the fate of unlucky Luis.
2. Get your teacher to have all your school's slides disinfected, and find a safe place to have the erasers clapped.

### UNCLE FUNNY MONEY

BY DOM RODRIGUEZ



# CHILDREN'S LETTERS TO THE GESTAPO

by Michael O'Donoghue

Dear Mister Himmler,  
I am Rolf. I am 8.  
When I grow up I want to  
kill sheenys and wear big boots  
like the ~~Feuhrer~~

~~Feuhrer~~

~~Feuhrer~~

Kaiser.

Your pals  
Rolf Scheel

Dear Mr. Himmler,  
I think my teacher is a  
Communist because she is  
always talking about  
good Marx (ha, ha)

Heil Hitler,  
Gerhard von Staden  
Stuttgart

Dear Sir,  
I read in the papers how  
Jews eat babies.  
Please tell them to eat my  
baby sister cause she is  
a pest.

Sincerely,  
Kurt Höcherl  
Essen

Dear Heinrich Himmler,  
How do you get all those  
people into your oven? We can  
hardly get a pork roast into ours.

Respectfully,  
Uta Grotewohl

Dear Mr. Himmler,

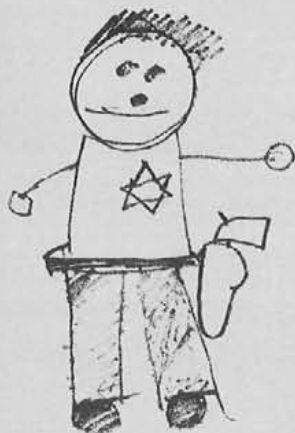
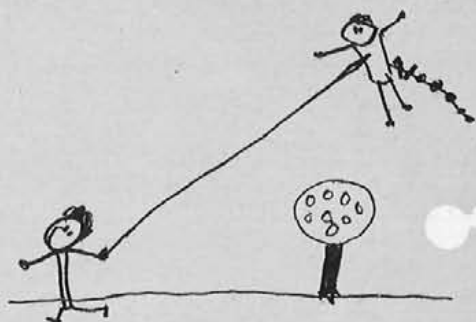
Please don't get rid of all the kikes  
because I like to fly them except when  
the string breaks or they get tangled  
in a tree.

Yours truly,

Ewald Schwarzhaupt

Dear Head of the Gestappo:  
If you will give me twenty (20)  
francs, I will tell you that my daddy  
is working for the resistance.

Sincerely,  
Marie Peyret  
St. Calais



Dear Mr. Himmler,  
Thank you very much  
for the gold star  
to wear on my  
jacket. Now I can  
pretend I am  
a cowboy sheriff.

Best wishes,  
Naomi Feinberg

Dear Mister H. Himmler,  
We need some slave labor to help  
around the house. I have to do lots  
of house ~~work~~ work and wash the dishes  
everynight.

Thank you.

Love and Heil Hitler  
Greta Hüfner  
Age 11

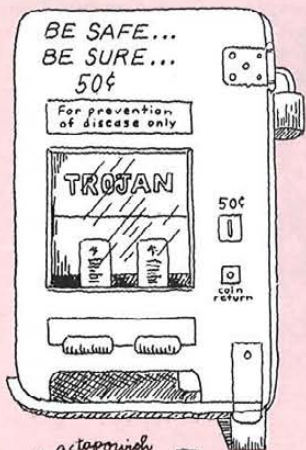
P.S. Don't send any Pibles because I  
don't speak Polish



A book for precocious grownups, about a little girl who lives at the Dixie Hotel

# MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE'S

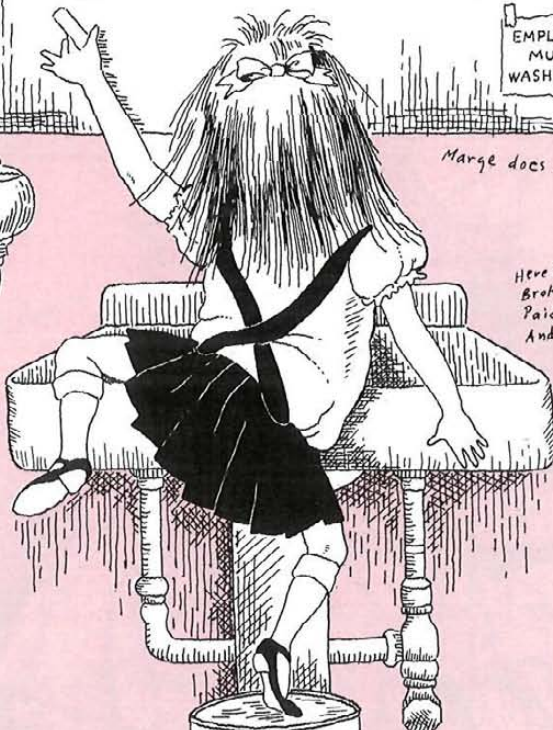
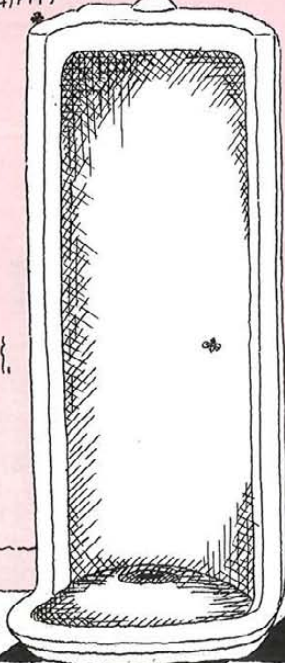
# ELOISE



Bonny Ostapovich was here from Astoria



HIPPIES EAT SHIT



EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS

Marge does rimjobs - 298-4672

Here I sit Broken hearted Paid my nickle And only farted

Tracks of the American chicken



I am Eloise  
I am seven  
I live at the Dixee Hotel

The lobby is enormously large  
and decorated mostly with Con-Tact paper and plastic tulips  
There is a photograph of June Wilkinson above the desk



I used to live at the Plaza until my mother  
sold all her AT&T stock for some deben-  
tures which got terribly busted so I had to  
move to the Roosevelt and then the Federal  
Reserve raised the prime-interest rate and  
I moved to the Dixee

It's rawther different

For instance most of the people who live at  
the Dixee are on relief while almost none  
of the people who live at the Plaza are on  
relief

My mother hired a new nurse because we  
cawn't cawn't cawn't afford Nanny  
anymore

My new nurse's name is Carmelita Sanchez  
She hooks on the side



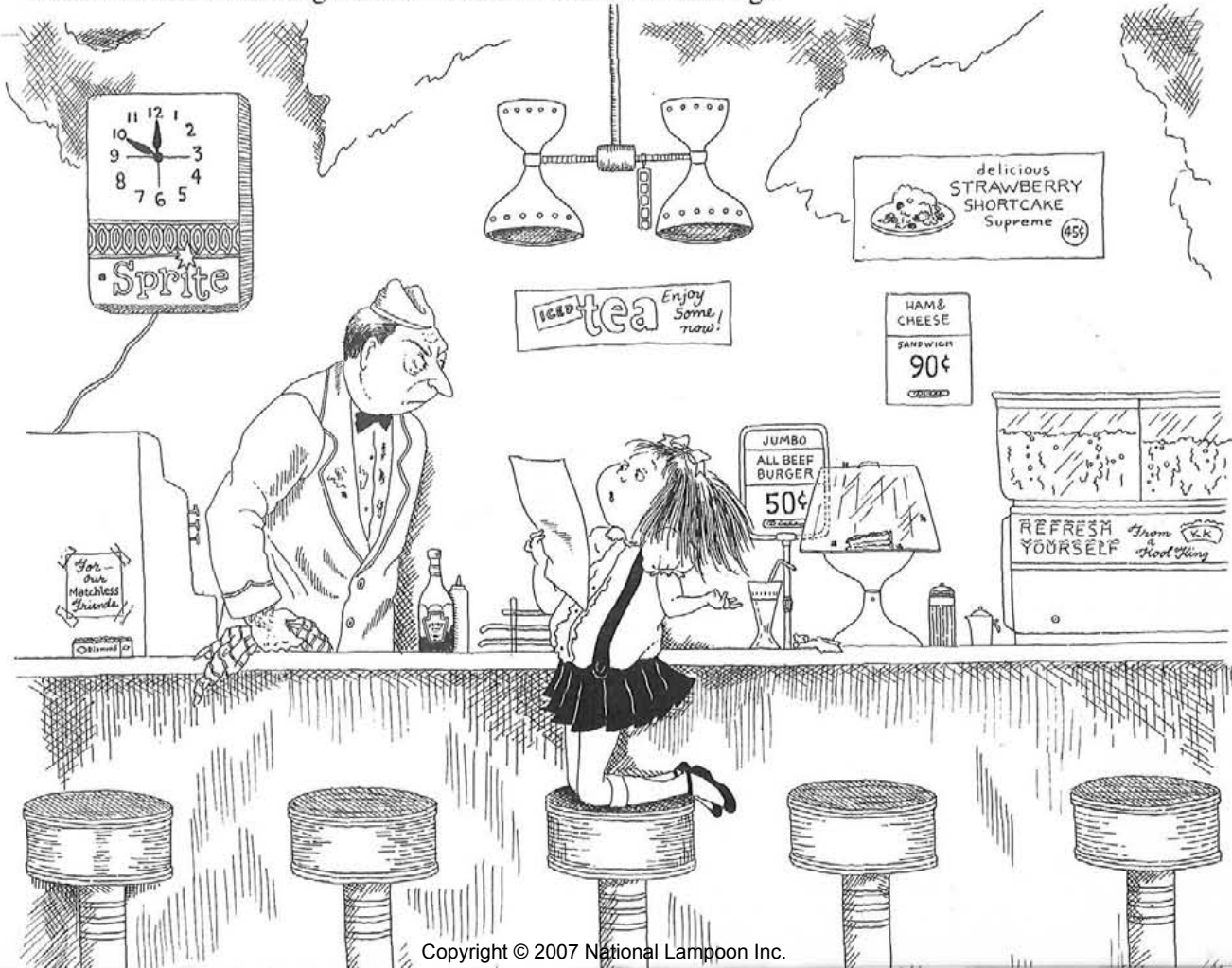
We've been ripped off 31 times

Every day I have an awful lot of things to do

I always sklomp across the hall in the morning to see Mr. Huggard  
Mr. Huggard collects empty Virginia Dare bottles  
Sometimes he sneaks up and surprises me



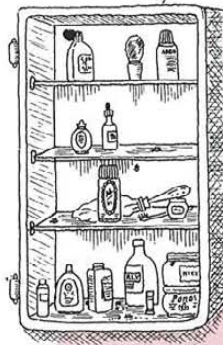
Then I skibble down to the cafeteria and order Crêpes Fourrées Gratinées and  
Potage Crème de Champignons and Ris de Veau ou Cervelles au Beurre Noir and  
Soufflé au Grand Marnier and a small glass of Châteauneuf-du-Pape '52 until the  
counterman shouts "Knock it off, brat, before I slap the crap outta ya" and  
then I order a cheeseburger and a Yoo-Hoo Chocolate Beverage



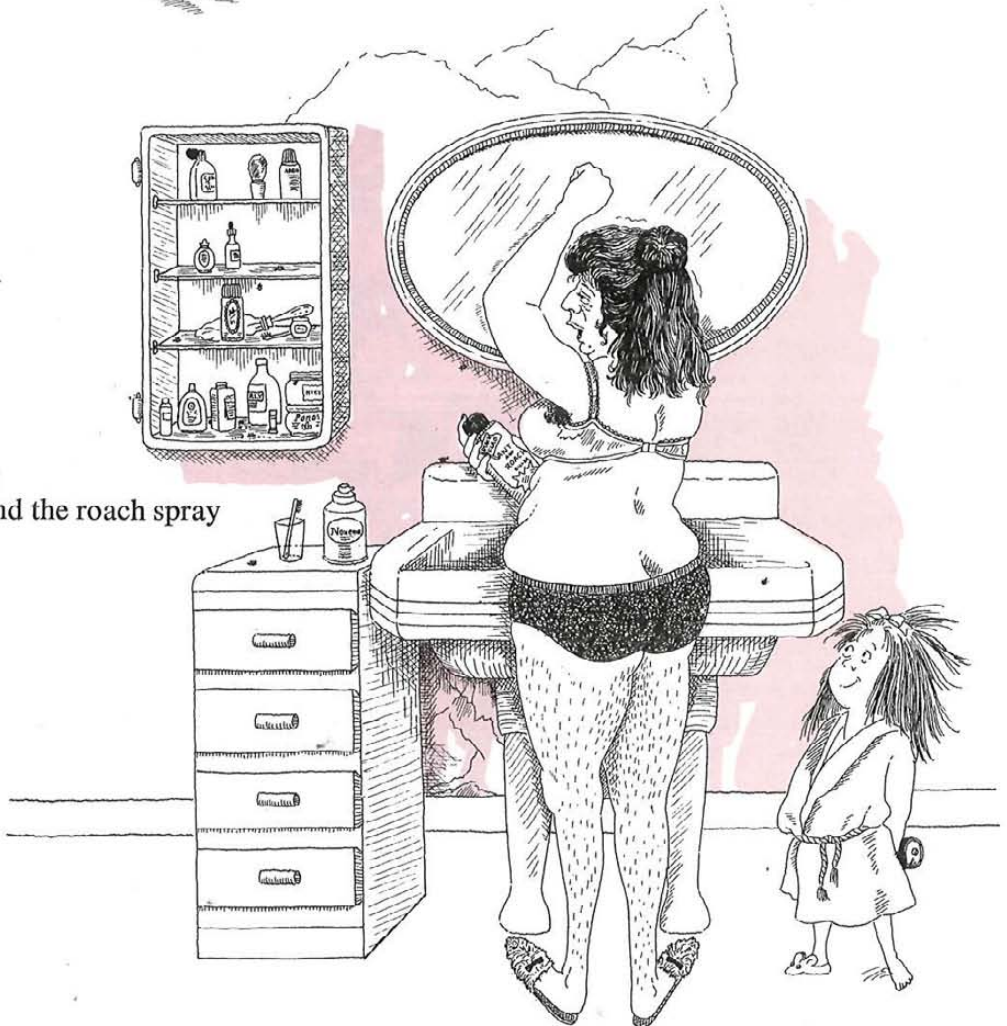
Sometimes I skidder up  
to the 9th floor and watch them  
make movies



I used to drop in on Mrs. Difalco but the cops took  
her away because she beat her baby with a car aerial  
and tied him to a hot plate for Lord's sake  
I miss her because she used to put her color television  
set in our rooms when the welfare worker was coming



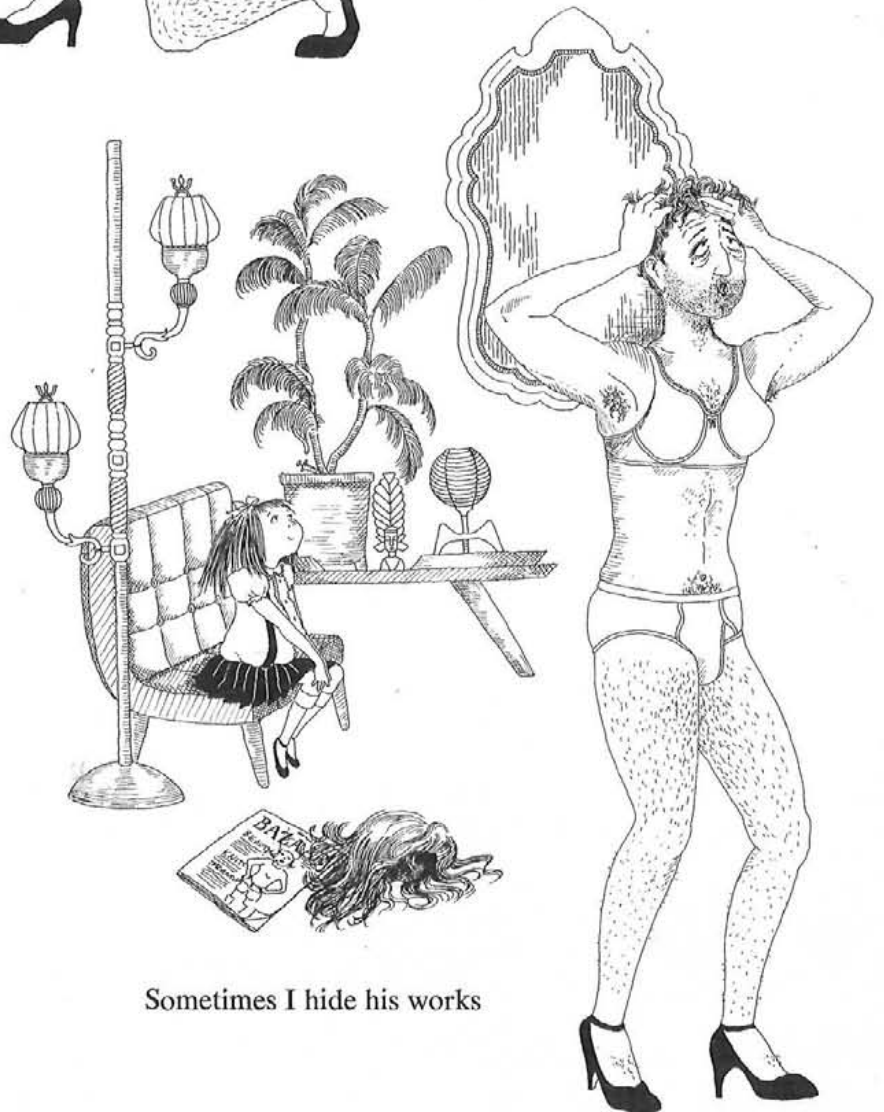
Here's what I like to do  
Switch the deodorant and the roach spray



Here's what I hate  
Crabs



Every Tuesday I go to see Yvonne  
Yvonne is a meth freak and a transvestite  
He lets me count his needle marks



Sometimes I hide his works

I used to have a turtle name Skipperdee  
but a junkie stepped on him

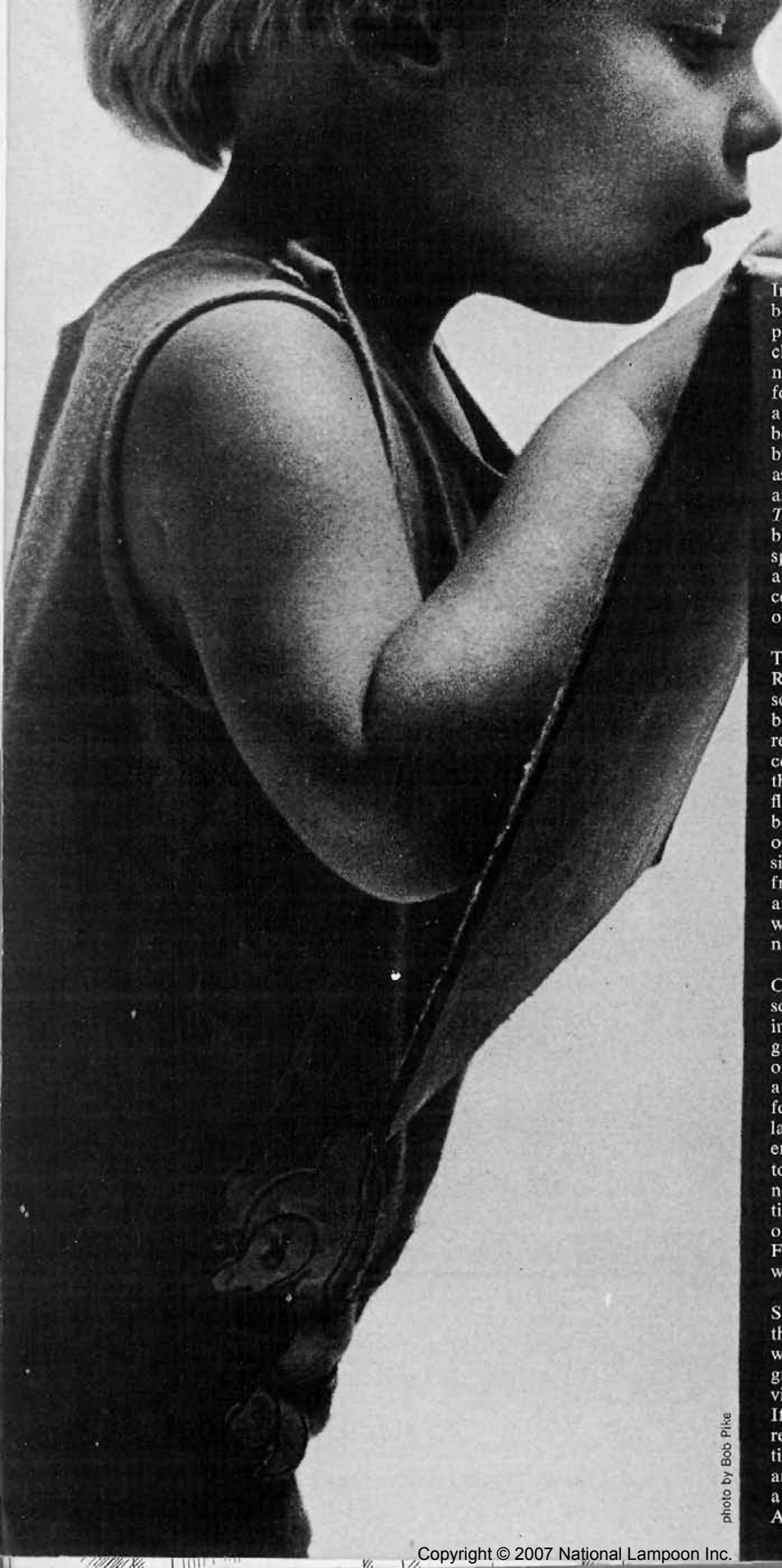


Before I go to bed I put on my Felix the Cat mask so paint chips won't fall  
in my mouth

Oooooooooooooooooo I absolutely love my Felix the Cat mask



Tomorrow I think I'll put a rubber spider in Mr. Huggard's truss  
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



In the dark, superstition-laden days before Sesame Street, well-intentioned parents attempted to influence their children's maturation "toys." Unfortunately, these crude totems only reinforced the roles necessary to survive in a repressive society, a society that has been recognized as obsolete for months by such diverse cultural weather-vanes as Charles Reich, George McGovern, and the searing and incisive Essays in *Time* magazine. As an alternative to the blandly passive Teddy bear or the unspeakable Barbi doll, the following are a number of "creative playthings" recently developed to prepare your young ones for the challenges of the seventies.

**TWO-DIMENSIONAL PLANAR RANDOMIZERS:** Brightly colored squares of paper in a brightly colored box. Your toddler can open the box, remove the paper, tear it into random components, throw it on the floor, collect the modular bits, crumple them up, flush them down the toilet, piss in the box, or ignore the whole thing. The open-ended nature of the Two-Dimensional Planar Randomizer encourages free play and eye-hand coordination, and, if you have a maid to vacuum the whole mess up, shows how to opt in nonstress situations. Ages 1-3.

**CREATIVE PULL TOYS:** A wide assortment of socially and ecologically instructive pull toys, including an organic bakery truck; a school bus full of finely detailed black schoolchildren; a police-brutality paddy wagon with four miniature protesters, eight ACLU lawyers, and thirty-six innocent bystanders; a colorfully painted magical mystery tour VW transport filled with tiny business-school students on summer vacation; and, finally, when the tykes tire of the other pull toys, a scale model Ford Country Squire station wagon in which to flee to the suburbs. Ages 1-3.

**SUCK SCULPTURE:** A modeling clay that molds easily only when interacting with saliva in the mouth. Not just oral gratification, but a creative outlet for vital tooth, tongue, and gum expression. If swallowed, the harmless clay can be regurgitated as an accurate and educational model of the human esophagus and, if allowed to harden, can serve as a nontoxic but effective soundproofing. Ages 2-4.

photo by Bob Plive



# CREATIVE PLAYTHINGS

by Gerald Sussman

## BERLITZ LINGO-FOR-LITTLE-ONES HOME-STUDY COURSE:

Teach your pre-young-adult to make himself understood to the latest subcultures he must experience in his search for individual identity. If white, teach him to speak black. If black, teach him to speak Appalachian. If Californian, teach him to speak, period. In a matter of days your son or daughter will be mastering unintelligible dialects ("Wuh, ah jus' fo' po' doan' dubbah"), "hip" slang ("I mean, it was like this really incredible . . . scene, if you can dig it, y'know? I mean . . . flash"), even Long Island Socialese ("Yaaw, well relly!"). Watch how quickly he learns to mumble, slur, and lisp all the colorful variations that make the English language the rich tapestry of variation and shading that it is, like. Ages 10-12.

## WILLIE WEE-WEE & VICKY VULVA (A CREATIVE SCIENCE TOY):

Perfect replicas of the real thing, with see-through sections identifying the important parts. With them, your boy or girl or whatever can practice proper techniques for masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus, coitus interruptus, and much, much more. When Willie is stroked or prodded, it becomes almost firm just like Daddy's, and when Vicky is correctly manipulated, it repeatedly misfires just before climax, just like Mommy's. Made of washable polyester, both Willie Wee-Wee and Vicky Vulva can double as unique bath toys or water pistols. Ages 6-10.

## WALT DISNEY BIRTH-CONTROL SET:

All of Disney's delightful characters teach your child about basic birth-control methods in this heartwarming picture book. Big, easy-to-grasp words and illustrations. Even Pluto joins the fun! Set also contains junior-size diaphragms, coils, foams, condoms, and pills. Can be paired with supplementary Bugs Bunny Abortion Kit that includes harmless play "surgical instruments," like "forceps," "sutures," "knitting needles," and "fire tongs." Ages 4-6.

## MARTIN LUTHER KING LOGS:

A meaningful alternative to Lincoln Logs. Martin Luther King Logs also include realistic tenement accessories like pieces of tin, tar paper, prebroken windows, uncollected plastic garbage, and 150 individual rubber rats. Ages 8-12.

## JUNIOR SENSORY-AWARENESS RECORDS:

A carefully developed children's version of Mom and Dad's weekends at Esalen, with Buffalo Bob Smith narrating. Bring your child back to the joy and mystery of his body with sensory-awareness games such as "Cocky-Duty-Pishy-Tushy" and "Doctor-Nurse-Shrinky-Freaky." Watch as he learns tension-release exercises like kicking, punching, biting, clawing, saying bad words out loud, and spitting up. A meaningful play experience that will nip your child's repressions in the bud, expand his consciousness, build his potential for achieving orgasm, and earn him higher psycho-social adjustment ratings at nursery school. Ages 2-4.

## RALPH NADER CHEMISTRY SET:

Contains a large assortment of all the latest newsmaking chemicals, additives, preservatives, stabilizers, and pollutants. Old favorites such as DDT and saccharin can be administered in massive doses to adorable laboratory test pets. Watch your child squeal with delight as he learns to grow cancer tumors on rabbits with MSG and cyclamates, develop blood clots and severe mental disturbances in white mice, feed mercury to goldfish. Each kit comes complete with the Nader's Raiders Secret Decoder Badge and Official Corvair Hubcap Flashlight Ring. Ages 8-12.

## NANKU:

The increasingly popular Burmese art of drawing erotica with a ballpoint pen on unsalted butter. Your child learns the ins and outs of this incredibly intricate craft of depicting bizarre yet sensitive pornographic scenes on a tiny, restaurant-size pad. Kit contains pens, suggestive instructions, and lots of practice margarine. Ages 8-12.

## NORMAN PODHORETZ HAND PUPPETS:

Winning likenesses of your offspring's favorite culture heroes and heroines. Choose from Norman Podhoretz, Herbert Marcuse, Noam Chomsky, Paul Goodman, Gloria Steinem, Shirley Chisholm, Susan Sontag, Adlai Stevenson, Jr., and many more. Comes with endless tape loops from their speeches and writings so the tykes can engage in meaningful dialogue while working the puppets and vice-versa. An added bonus with these puppets is that after a few short minutes of playing with them, your child will no longer have to be told it's "naptime." Ages 5-7.

## PSYCHIC WHOLENESS COSTUMES:

If your daughter has been nagging you for a penis, or if your son is beside himself wishing for big breasts like Mommy's, don't deprive them because of narrow 1950s sexual "hangups" of your own. Give them Psychic Wholeness Costumes with snap-on body parts and sex organs. Let the kids mix and match to create their own fanciful little polymorphs. Ages 3-8.

## BEE BONNETRY:

What happens to all those bees after they can't produce any more of their delicious, natural sweetener? Ralph Tidwell, the well-known organic honey farmer, doesn't just kick them out of the hive like a nineteenth-century sweatshop owner. Instead, he makes little bonnets and caps out of them. And now your children can, too. Mr. Tidwell sends out a beebonnet kit with a step-by-step manual and about five hundred used bees. This unusual set can be ordered directly from Mr. Tidwell's honey farm. Mail all inquiries to R. Tidwell, Head Beekeeper and Galactic Overlord, Sunnydale Home for the Bewildered, Pasadena, California. Ages 8-12.

## FOLK CLAPPING:

Before Man discovered how to sing and play musical instruments, he clapped his hands in rhythm. It is our oldest form of music. Rebecca Sparks, America's leading folk-clappist, teaches all the basics in her new book. Everything from the rough-and-ready Allegheny folk clap to the melancholy *palmas* of Mexico and Peru. Ideal for children who are having trouble mastering the wood block, keeping their hands to themselves, or keeping their hands off themselves. Ages 6-12.

## RECYCLABLE WEED FARM AND TOILET TRAINER:

Here's a likely successor to the popular ant farm. A compact, table-top weed farm, complete with organic soil, mulch, little fences, marijuana seeds, and easy-as-pie rolling-off-a-joint instructions. Your children can almost see the plants sprout and flower before their very eyes, and that's not all they'll see after their first crop comes in. Simultaneously, the mini-farmers learn healthy, natural toilet training as they take a dump right in the soil, fertilizing it organically. Now your children can have their ca-ca and smoke it, too! Ages 10-12. □

# How to Cook Your Daughter

by Tony Hendra

A recurrent problem facing the gourmet who wishes to prepare this excellent dish is the difficulty he experiences in obtaining a daughter. Adoption procedures are long and often costly; other people have a way of guarding their offspring for their own tables; and supplies of imported daughters are still sporadic. Sons are no substitute. It follows that the most reliable method is still to raise your own, and, if you can wait the five to five and a half years required to produce a really delicious specimen, it is well worth the trouble.

People so often ask, "How do I tell when my daughter is ready for the table?" Well, there's always some little variation, but generally the exact age falls somewhere between the fifth and sixth birthdays. During this period the daughter acquires a smooth firmness totally free of flab or muscle, especially in the shoulders, buttocks, and thighs, areas which are the gourmet's delight. Signs that the daughter has reached the ideal point are: the flesh will be soft but resist a pinch somewhat, returning to its full shape immediately upon release. A slight nip of the teeth will quickly reveal the precise degree of succulence. An ancient and surprisingly accurate test of readiness is to hold the buttocks one in each hand and squeeze gently. If the daughter says "Grrrughllllchlllll," she is not yet quite ready. If she slaps your face, you have missed your opportunity. But if she giggles, she is just right.

The recipe printed here is the traditional one said to have been originated by the eleventh century Duke of Thuringia, Julian the Fertile. (Julian, incidentally, is said to have died from a surfeit of daughter.) I prefer it to the more complicated recipes whose heavy sauces tend to disguise rather than bring out the inherent flavor of the dish. And of course it is infinitely preferable to the popular but vastly overrated Peking Daughter. For this recipe you will need:

1 pint of freshly pressed sunflower oil  
1 bottle of very good Riesling  
Fresh herbs: rosemary and marjoram  
12 ripe sliced papayas  
3 cups Grand Marnier

Dressing—a bikini top, black velvet choker, ankle socks (a *gout*)  
1 gallon of whipping cream  
1 red apple  
½ lb. sesame seeds  
And, of course,  
1 moderately plump daughter

First wash the daughter thoroughly. (If she does not object to this, it is certain that you have misjudged her readiness.) Some gourmets omit this stage, finding that the pâté of scrambled egg, chocolate, and sand found on various parts of the body greatly enhance the end result.

Next take a larger platter, curved to catch the juices, and place the daughter on it. Rub the oil gently into the skin, particularly around the rump, shoulder, and cheek, these being the most exquisite delicacies if properly browned. Then drink the Riesling.

Now turn the daughter on her tummy in a kneeling position so that her head rests on her hands. Place the sprigs of herb in the gently rounded crevices that will be formed. If she giggles at this point, reprimand her. Then scatter the sliced papaya all over her and rub the liqueur wherever you like. If she persists in giggling, tap her lightly with a rolling pin.

Unless you're really abnormal, you will find that during this preparation the daughter becomes increasingly appetizing. The mingled aromas of liqueur, papaya, herbs, and succulent limbs are a sore temptation. There will seem little reason not to start then and there. But, when your mouth begins to water unbearably, remember that if it's been worth waiting five years, it's certainly worth waiting one more hour. No picking in the kitchen.

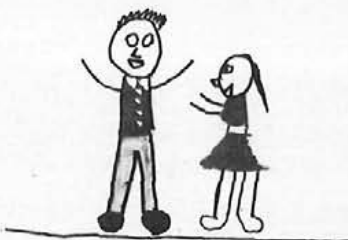
The daughter is now ready for the oven. Place her in a very low heat for about an hour. This will brown her lightly all over and will also generate those little squeals that, to the gourmet, are such an essential part of the preparation.

After an hour the daughter should have acquired a sort of deep tan, like the one she had last year at the beach, especially in the tender areas, e.g., the rump. Her skin should be smooth and supple, just this side of crispness. Test it with the tip of your carving knife. The limbs should move easily. Now dress her, surround her with the gallon of cream (now whipped), and place the apple between her lips. Serve the sesame seeds on the side. She is now ready for the table.

Gather your loved ones around to admire the delicate and delicious masterpiece. But remember: Cook gets first taste.

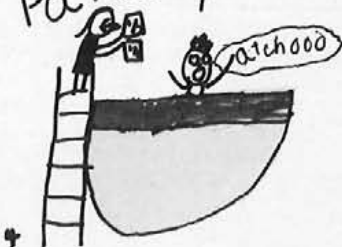
At this point the daughter will probably want to get up and go to the bathroom or play something else like prince and princess. If so, let her get up off the platter and give her some chocolate. If not, eat her. □

## How to Cook Your Father



by  
Katherine  
hendra

and then  
put a 1/2 cup  
of Thyme.  
and then  
a 1/2 cup of  
Parsley.



Then put a  
tomato in his  
mouth and then  
put him on  
a plate and  
put lots of delicious  
things around him



The first  
step Take  
Your  
father.



Then put Him  
in  
a very big big  
mixing bowl.



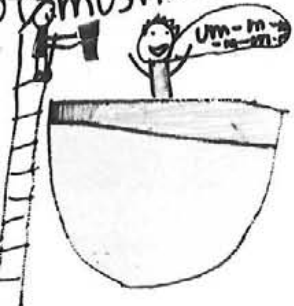
2

Then put a 1/2  
cup of chopped  
carrots.  
and Then put  
a 1/2 cup of  
onions.



3

and Then put  
1/2 cup of  
tam and  
chopped  
then put  
chopped  
tamushrloms



and Then get  
a very big  
spoon and  
Mix and  
Mix



6

and Then  
Put a Very  
Hot Hot  
fire under  
Him



7

Um-m-m-m-m  
he smells  
good

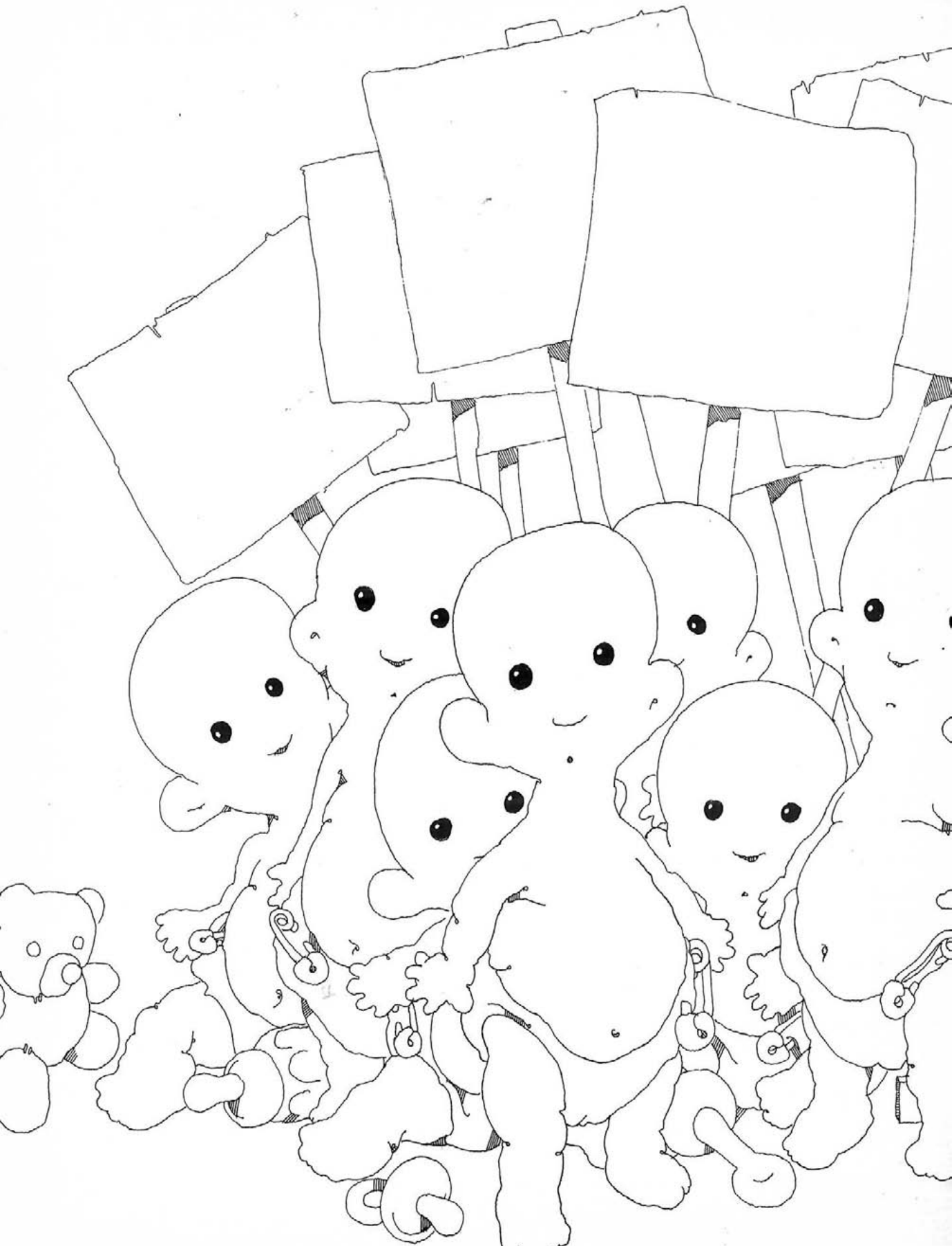


Um-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m  
said Mommy  
Um-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m  
said Jessica  
Um-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m  
said Kathy



10

The  
end



# Filial Politics

A Kids' Lib Manifesto

by Sean Kelly and Anne Beatts

I dont care if daddys a wetherman and mommys into womens lib up to her harespray theres still one compelety exploited percon in your famley and thats you. The kids.

Any color any contrey rich or poor us kids are the real proloteriat. From the time you wake up to the site of the jale bars around your crib till your tricked or shoved back into bed erlier than anybody else in the house your being rippedoff. Buy who? Buy the groanup sizist parent pigs who own you body and sole thats buy who!

Lookit the stuff you get red to you forinstins.

Litel Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Eating his Christmas pye  
He stuck in his thum  
And pulled out a plum  
And said what a good boy am I.

Theres a sizist steryotip for sure. Dum litel Jack Horner with his thum in his pye (not in his mouth you notise) quietley doing whatever hes sure the groanups will call "good." And not even eating the fucken pye!

Listen adult supremisist sizist pigs! There aint no Jack Horner and there never was a Jack Horner and the GOOD BOY is a fashist myth you created to manetane your dominashun over us kids!

Lookit the kids they show us on tv they all look like the picurs on burthday cards from your oldest ants. They have frekles and slingshots and like Denis the Menis there always up to mischif but there reelly innocent and in the end FATHER NOSE BEST!

And what about Shirley icky Temple who looks like a human ragdyann and gigels and simpers and is SO SWEET! Snips and snales and pupydogs tales or shuger and spice and evrthing nise. Ether way a kid sounds more like a bag of groserys than a percon!

Even in books supposed to be written for kids what self imadge do we get? Creepy Cristofer Robin whos dummer than his teddybare and Tomtom the pipers son who gets crulley spanked for his emty act of fulley justified defiantis!

The worst of it is that us kids get sucked in buy these steryotips the groanups have created for us and turn into wimpering goodygoodys. Asking whatever dum questions we no they no the answers to. Luvving up our dollys. Uncel

Tots we call them in the movement.

For years kids have been asking how can we end this oppression? How can we free ourselves from these truent officers of the mind?

Try to rebel and they say your CUTE. Try it agane and you go to bed without any supper.

Children have been rippedoff fuckt over and sent to their rooms by adults sinse time imorial. Take the story of Abraham and Isick for a clasick exampel. And when they lay that one on you at sunday skool your supposed to feel sorry for the old geezer with the acks. Noone ever thinks about Isiks feelings although any kid whose been to the dentist can well imagin.

Even the childrens crusade which started off been the first nonviolet protest march in history ended in the deth arrest or injury of every poor doop involved and after it was to late to do anything the massed medea turned the hole thing into properganda for a different cause. Typical.

But now that child labor in mines and mills is unnecessary because they have machines to do it cheeper and *Oliver* is just a movie you get dragged to for a treet the groanups say children are free these are the best years of your life I had to walk ten million miles to skool ect. Now Dr Spock with his permissive if the child brakes his spine its perfectly natural dont call the docter therys has replaced the lash the long hours the crule overseer the factory swet shop and low wages. Now weer in skool 8 hrs a day doing even more meningless work for no pay at all.

Froid was the first sickolagist to explor the sexlife of kids and for a groanup he wasnt bad because he realized that the mouth is were its at only shovenist groanups go on with there head patting and chin-chucking just as if they didnt no. But Froids concept of sibling rivelry was quickley picked up buy the adults who divide our forces buy sitting brother against brother. In some instences, mid-git adult infiltraitors have been unmasked right in the Childrens Liberation Movement. And the coopsun continus.

Us kids can have no pride in our cultur when its always being swiped from us and commershalized by our

continued

Illustration by David A. Johnson

opressers. What adult will acknowledge that the currant skool of modren art was pioneered by children? Without copycating off us modren art theater of the absurd and modren music would not have been even invented.

They ripoff our games and sell them back to us made of brakeable plastic at prices we cant afford out of our stinking allowences and then bribe us with them as presents for being "GOOD."

Remember all the sports daddy watches on tv all wecknd and makes you shutup juring were invented and first plaid by kids!

Between skool scouts gides litel leage tap and balay and camp we have had almost no chance to develop our own countercultur. And anyways as soon as we get a stile its rippedoff buy adults. They copy the way we dress and look. Overallis minnyskirts shorts teashirts sneekers and mikeymouse watches were all once kid fashuns.

In the light of these facts the absence of the child from the history texbooks in skools isnt to suprizing. The roll children plaid in our nations groth remains a shamefully unwritten chapter.

With our cultur either supressed or cled up ottomated and peddled by Walt Dizzey and Litle Gelded Books no wonder our genurashun hasnt yet produced a Mozart. And if we did theyd put him on tv and his parents would pick up the checks anyways.

**O**kay what are the spesifick ways kids are rippedoff opressed and fukt over? And what is to be dun?

1. Childrens sexuality is repressed. We are encouraged to remain pasive and submit to the hugs tickles prods pinches and slobbers of groanups and even grammas hairy kisses but if we play with ourselfs or echother our parents freek-out. The few middelaged men willing to reconize childrens sexuality run the risk of going to jale for there truble. But when we arent all eeger and goeoy to kiss and hug daddy mommy and all those foney uncels and ants goodnite there disappointed.

We demand the rite to suck our thumbs play docter slide down banisters and fondul ourselfs in the bath.

2. Children are ekonomically dependent on groanups. Even kids who get allowences have to beg for them and put up with a lot of crap about when I was your age. Would any groanup deliver newspapers to cheepskakes with feirce dogs 6 days a week for \$2.50 profit?

We demand a garanteed anuel allowance made payable to the kid himself or herself.

3. Children have a lower standerd of living than adults. On tv we are promised all kinds of super lifesize realistic stuff which turns out to be litel carbord

junk if you save up enouf to buy it. In resterants they serve childrens portions and us kids are the big market for crappy brekfast serials and babyfood made of rotten fruits and vegetables.

We demand that this explotyation sese and Ralph Nader take a good look at trikes yoyos and battery powered space veickels for a change.

4. Children are segregated. We have to wear cloths that brand us as kids. We have to ride in the back seat of the car. Bars movies resterants and wading pools are restricted and the neatest appartments in town have NO CHILDREN OR ANIMALS rules forcing kids into the gettos of suberbia.

We demand a supream cort ruling against this ovurt segregation.

5. Children have no leagel rites not even any leagel identity. We have no rite of assembly are kept under surveylance and subject to curfews. Our male is opend by groanups.

Children have no politickle rites. Not even a crummy vote. The condishun of children in the United States contravenes everything in the Constitushun. We are subject to crule and unusuel punishments the harebrush the belt skool spinich ect to name but a few.

We demand full citizenship rites including the rite to su our parents and to vote. Regardless of age hite or moter decksterity.

**B**ecaues of all the goop about LUV that goes down in most famlys most kids dont no how much groanups achually hate them but here are some of the synonyms for child I looked up.

babe bay bairn bantling brat chip off the old block chit infant issue junior kid lad little darling little monstor little one little princess lil' nipper moppet nursing offspring progeny suckiling tad toddler wec one youngster young 'un young person.

These are all the synonyms for childish.

babyish brattish callow credulous foolish frivolous green imbecile immature inexperienced infantile juvenile kiddish naive paltry puerile sappy senile silly simpleminded tender trifling trivial.

How do you like that *senile*? In fact the whole list is an exposay of the shovenism of adults. Other choice frazes youl hear your parents use on echother includ

dont be such a child  
your being childish deer  
stop acting like a child for godsake  
grow up!  
ect.

All these expreshunns are putdowns. In fact the usual word for child achually means young goat and the others mostly relie on contrast in size for there affect and are therfor sizist pig expreshunns. Adults are suppost to be superier to kids

because they are bigger which would make a muskox superier to my father which is not realy an exagerashun. In a world of killer animals size mite mean superier but only the groanups are trying to keep this a world of killer animals.

Today there is realy nothing adults can do that children cant forinstens a 6 year old can drive a car with ottomatic shift.

Anyways I managed to dig out of my siense tcher that some one called Mendul proved a child contanes all the cromasomes you need for a complet adult and everbody nose the child is father to the man. Also kids have more energy are more beutiful have longer life expectency and bounce back when dropped on the head from hites.

Yet sizism and the idea of children as puney and undeveloped continus and a dum tv comedien can get a stupid lauff by wadling around saing googoo.

The abuse of children in this countrey is not only verbul. Over 60000 children in the United States are burned smothered and starved on purpose every year a figur which makes the deth tole from jumping on the sofpa and puting pennys in your mouth look prity good.

Also there are now over 15000 private and staterun camps across this nashun were children are detained by forse. In some, children are compeled by the gardes to take part in dramatick produkshuns and chamber orkestras not to menshun beed stringing and raffya work.

What is the next step?

**T**he next step is jenocide. The sistymatic eliminashun of kids isnt just a dream of adultery o no. It is being done and is the real purpos behind burth control clinic plant parenthood and free vastecumies. Our groanup opressers are murdering our potenshul brothers and sisters by the zillion before there even born. Soon there will be no kids left. How can we fight back? Any tactic is justified when it is a batel to the deth. Switsh mommys burth controll pills for asperns. Puncture safes whenever you find them and dont beleve daddy they arnt baloons. Sneek into the bedroom and make a loud noise just as daddys about to pull out. Tell on them to the preest. Leve dirty books and picchurs around where they find them and get horny. Only we can protect the children of the futur!

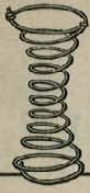



How can us kids of today get liberated? We must rejek the mith of hapenis and security they ofer us in exchange for our freedom and rejek the roll of pampered darlings codeled by our kindley keepers.

It is up to us to be the first genurashun which will not sell its burthrite for a mess of pablum. Kids of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your pasifyers! □











# CARSA



by Commander Barkfeather



1  d , Vinç, a  f , &

Jung

 iss, HIS  s  , were s  ing

a   Round  Bout (Check 1) Vinççç f  w 



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The Great Compromiser

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t  !" "  a , "rep  d

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Enrico Caruso



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AH'M THE TALKING HORSE

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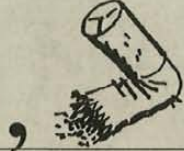


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Enrico Caruso

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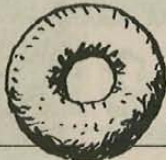
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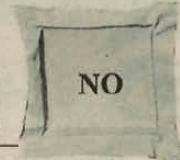
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Enrico Caruso

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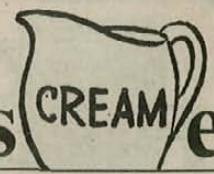
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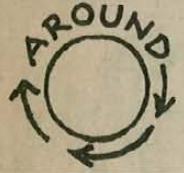



she   2  in 2 give b  2

the  . The  tor , "The

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  it!" "  !" s  ed

Lu , "U mean   2  d

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with my   ing out the  ?"



**SNAFU**<sup>®</sup>

MODELS

\$1.98 BILLION

# B-90 Super Dodo

1/64 Scale, 11" long with 5" wingspan!

*Easy-to-Assemble  
Model Kit of the Pentagon's  
Newest Top Secret  
Supersonic Nuclear Bomber*

- From SNAFU's<sup>®</sup> Continuing "Terror of the Runways" Series of Famous World War III War Planes
- No Glue Needed



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# B-90 Super Dodo

The clean and straightforward lines of the B-90 Super Dodo, reminiscent of the simple, elegant aerodynamics of a child's paper airplane, make it easy to identify this projected addition to the Strategic Air Command's "peace-keeping punch." First proposed in the late fifties as a successor to the B-52 Stratofortress, the B-90 Advanced Manned Bomber has spent over a decade on the drawing boards, where successive teams of aerospace engineers have incorporated into its basic design many of the important advances in aircraft technology pioneered in planes like the F-111, the B-70, and the C-5A Galaxie.

According to Pentagon planners, the giant supersonic bomber will serve as a formidable response to what many Air Force observers contend is the Soviet Union's intention to embark on a secret, massive bomber-building program, and recent reconnaissance satellite photographs of extensive construction throughout Russia of potential landing fields ingeniously disguised as highways have made the job of winning appropriations for the B-90 from an economy-minded Congress considerably easier for veteran Defense Department officials. To date, \$779 million has been allocated to the project, and early studies indicate that the final cost of a complete fleet of fifty of the bombers will cost between \$75 billion and \$100 billion.

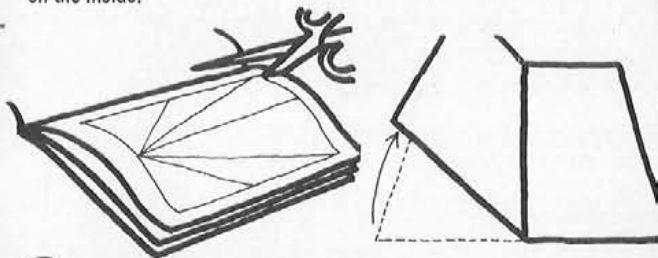
As has often been the case in the past when large-scale money commitments have been made to weapons systems, critics have charged that the money could be better spent on housing, schools, and urban reconstruction, but, in defense of the expenditure, Pentagon spokesmen cite a recently completed secret study which suggests that the diversion of funds to such purposes would not only weaken the U.S.'s defense posture, but actually encourage a Russian "first strike" against major population centers by making cities more attractive targets. And in answer to the criticism that the B-90, or any bomber for that matter, is obsolete in an age of missiles when six successive nuclear exchanges could take place while a bomber was still on its way to its target, high Air Force generals are quick to point out that only manned aircraft have a "delayed destruction capability" to guarantee that even if the Russians successfully destroy the U.S., America will have "the last laugh."

Among the many revolutionary features of the B-90 are space-age "air-effect lifting platforms" similar to the wings on conventional planes, a fuselage-like payload/fuel/crew module, and a highly advanced "aircraft direction and control bay" in the nose of the huge bomber, where the cockpit is usually located in less-advanced aircraft. The B-90 will be constructed of a new, supersecret lightweight material which, together with its wingspan of 180', will enable it to utilize the successful glider technique of the U-2 and cruise far above the operational ceilings of all known Russian interceptors, including the MIG-21 "Fishcake," the new MIG-23 "Foxbat," and the still experimental MIG-25 "Footlocker."

Although its exact speed and maximum altitude are classified, the Super Dodo will presumably be able to fly high enough to avoid SAM anti-aircraft rockets and will be equipped with sophisticated "black box" counter-radar gear to foil any missiles that come within range. The plane's designers are also counting heavily on the rigid Russian military hierarchy to provide a further measure of protection, since it is felt that soldiers at Soviet early-warning posts will be reluctant to report sighting the plane for fear of being dismissed as cranks and punished, thus giving precious extra minutes for the B-90 to get within target range.

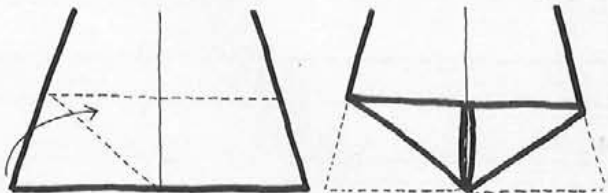
## 1. BASIC FUSELAGE ASSEMBLY

Remove kit from magazine by cutting along margin with razor or scissors. Next, lay kit on flat surface and fold in half lengthwise along Line (1) as shown, making sure that corners are square and fold line is clean and sharp. Work slowly and carefully to avoid wrinkles. Before making fold, check to see that you are folding in the right direction and that all instruction lines and numbers are on the inside.



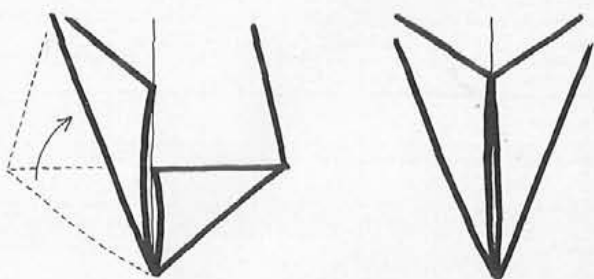
## 2. FORWARD SECTION ASSEMBLY

Placing completed Basic Fuselage Assembly with inside of fold and numbered lines facing up, fold back left and right forward sections to Line (2). Be careful to align edges of forward sections with Line (1).



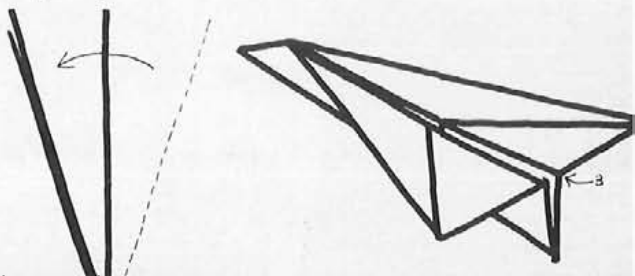
## 3. WING ASSEMBLY

Now fold back outer wing sections to Line (1) as shown. Make sure that individual wing sections are aligned properly before creasing paper.

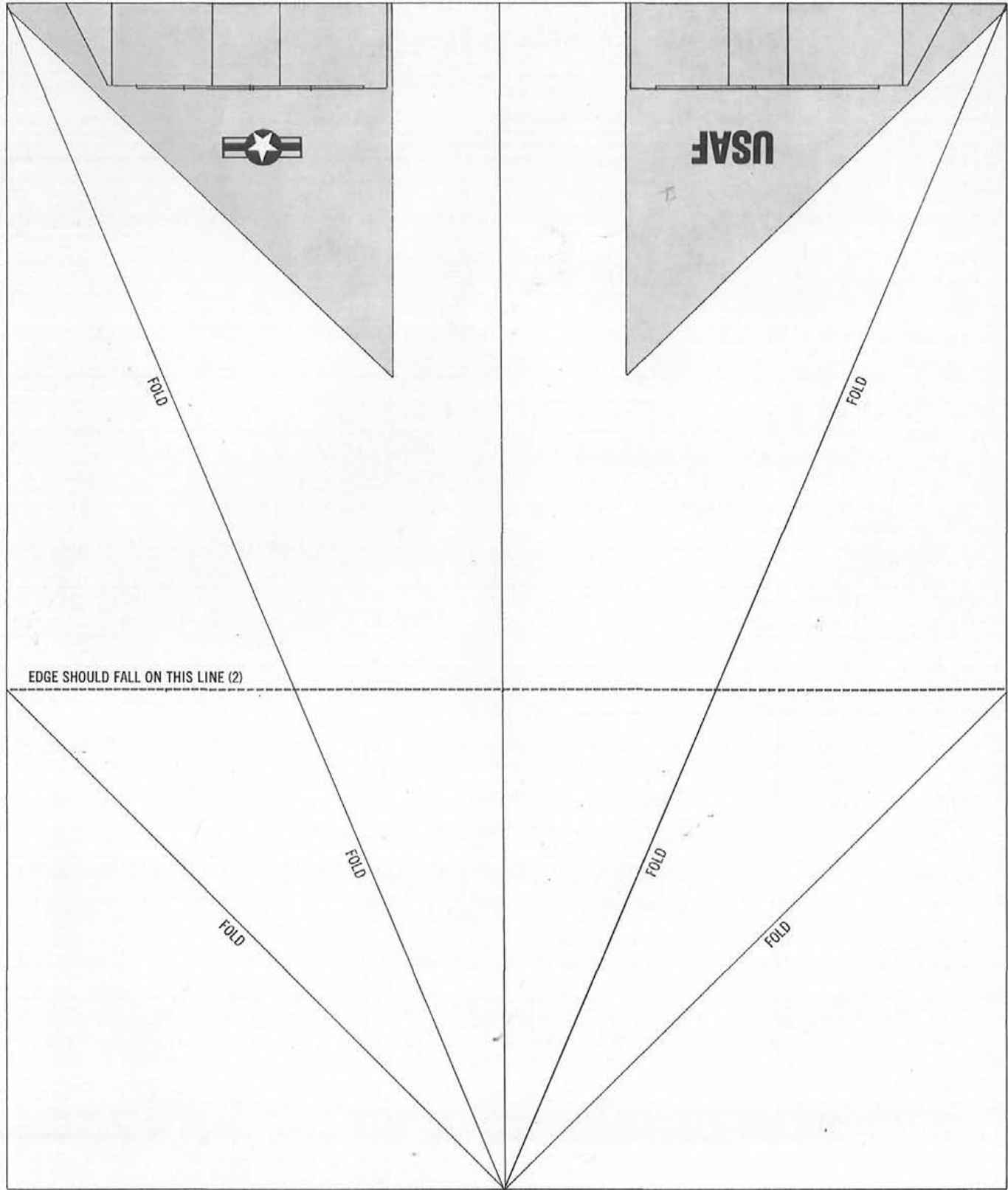


## 4. FINAL ASSEMBLY

Fold together the two wing halves along Line (1), then fold back outer wing sections along Line (3). At this time, you may wish to make your creases sharper. Once you have done this, you will have completed your realistic SNAFU® model.



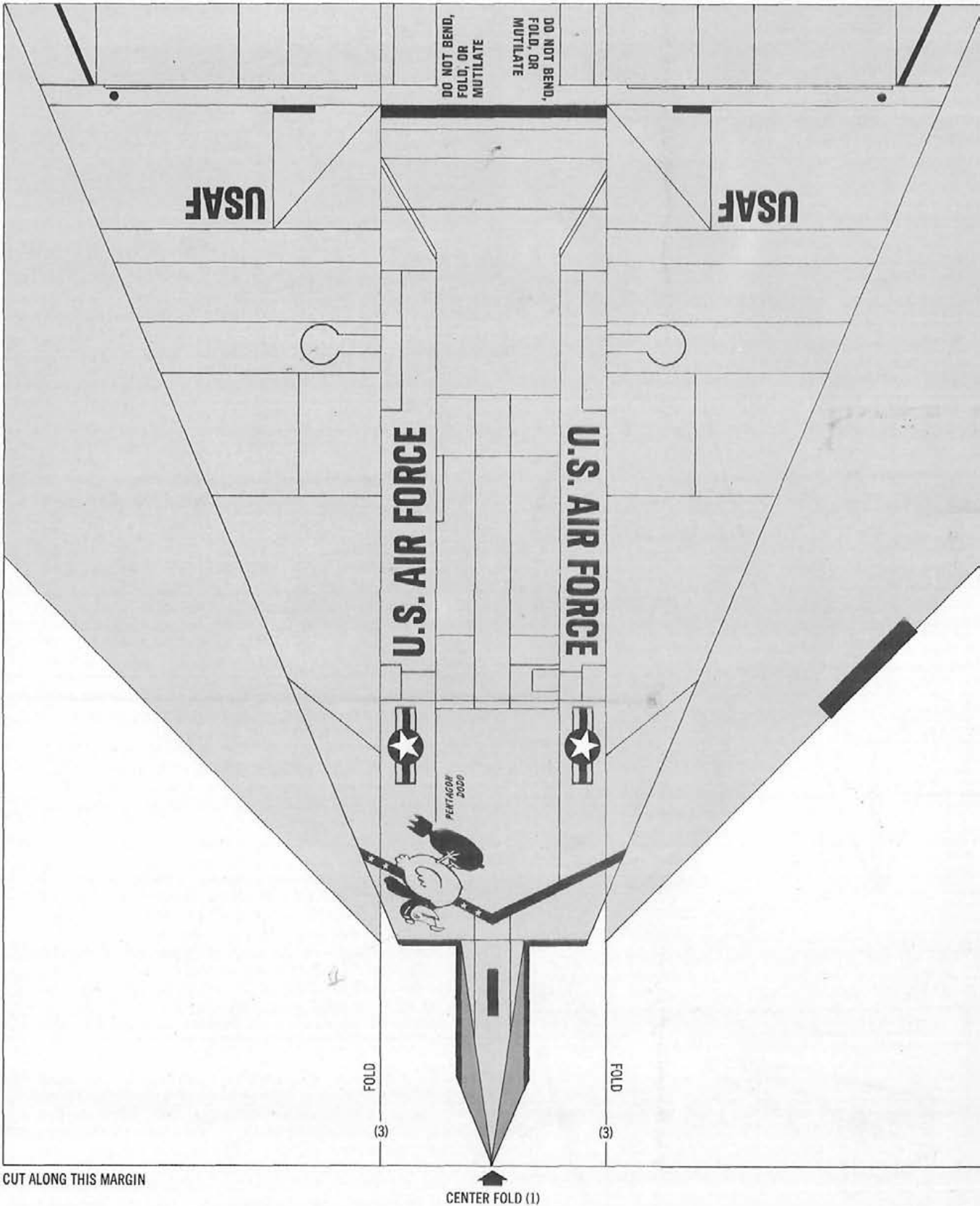
CUT ALONG THIS MARGIN



CENTER FOLD (1)

CUT ALONG THIS MARGIN

CUT ALONG THIS MARGIN



DO NOT BEND,  
FOLD, OR  
MUTILATE

USAF

USAF

U.S. AIR FORCE

U.S. AIR FORCE



PENTAGON  
2009

FOLD

(3)

FOLD

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CUT ALONG THIS MARGIN

CENTER FOLD (1)

# CHUMS. IN THE DARK



THE HARDY BOYS



by  
**HUGO  
FLESCH**

*Dick Hess*

Blond, seventeen-year-old Joe Hardy ran downstairs to answer the telephone. His brother, Frank, dark-haired and a year older, rushed in at the same moment from the dining room of the Hardys' roomy house in Bayport, a bustling seaport of fifty thousand inhabitants. "I've got it!" the younger and more impetuous of the two declared. "Hello? Chet! What's up?" Chet Morton was a stout, good-natured boy who loved to eat. Next to that, he enjoyed being with the Hardys and sharing their exciting adventures as they pursued the criminals, spies, and smugglers whose activities in Bayport had made it the small-town crime capital of the world.

"Oh, hello, Joe," said Chet on the other end of the telephone, one of the many up-to-date sleuthing devices used by the Hardys in solving their cases. "Is Iola there?" their plump, ruddy-faced chum queried. Iola, a slim and vivacious girl, was Chet's little sister and a good friend of the Hardys, including Joe, who, though fairer and a year younger, bore a marked resemblance to his brother, Frank, who was less impetuous than his short, blue-eyed younger brother.

"I haven't seen her, Chet," said Joe, noticing the reflection of his blue-eyed, blond-haired figure in the old mirror in the living room, the same old mirror that played so important a role in *The Mystery of the Old Mirror*.

"Maybe she's disappeared!" exclaimed Frank, who, though less impetuous than his younger brother, still had a nose for trouble, the same nose in fact that was such a large part of *The Secret of the Same Nose*.

"She said she'd be with your father," Chet added. The boys' father, Fenton Hardy, was an internationally famous detective who had for many years served with the New York City police force before retiring to Bayport to raise his sons, Frank, a dark, serious boy and his brother, Joe, who was fairer and more impetuous. The renowned detective chose Bayport, a town with a population of half a hundred thousand, bordered by Bridgeport, Brownport, Beachport, and Barport, because it had more tunnels, caves, caverns, trap doors, pits, underground harbors, coves, suspicious holes, and deadfalls than the Luray Caverns and all but one of the thirty-five abandoned mills in the western hemisphere. His wife, Laura, a slim and attractive woman, was Frank and Joe's mother and, unlike the other three Hardys, who were alive, was dead.

"Iola, with Dad? Wow! There must be a mystery brewing," exclaimed Joe, remembering *The Mystery of the Brewery*. "Let us in on it, Chet!" pleaded the youth, whom a sly intruder with a sharp

eye, had there been one, would have quickly discovered was somewhat fairer and shorter than his darker and older brother.

"Mystery? Oh, right, yes, sure, Joe, a mystery," Chet conceded. "Listen, Joe, tell Iola to be sure to get the Zig-Zag Papers. It's awfully important. I can't tell you anything else now. I've got to go on an errand for Mom or get my tonsils out—I can't remember which. Bye." The telephone, a squat, black instrument which was smaller and darker than a radio, emitted a loud click.

"What's cooking?" inquired Frank of the blond, blue-eyed youth whom anyone would have quickly recognized as his brother, due to the strong resemblance between the two.

"I don't know, Frank," remarked Joe, replacing the suspiciously shaped receiver in the cradle. "Chet sounded pretty secretive. I'll bet something's up!"

*Hardys are fucking finks. Kiss off, or else! Signed, A Friend.*

"Good night!" exclaimed Joe. "Whoever wrote that means business!"

"What's a fink, and what's fucking?" wondered Frank aloud.

"I don't know," Joe replied tensely, "but my guess is it's underworld lingo. It probably means bothersome detective, and whoever wrote it must want us out of the way!"

"Yes, that must be it," declared Frank.

"Say," interrupted Joe, "I've never noticed that pair of rubbers before!" On the floor next to a familiar object, which called to the brothers' minds *The Secret of the Umbrella Stand*, stood a pair of slip-on rubbers, one for a left foot, and its mate—the same size but shaped to fit a right foot!

"You're right!" agreed Frank. "Let's take them and the note up to Dad's lab



"Wow! There must be a mystery brewing," exclaimed Joe.

"Let's go ask Dad," urged Frank, whose driver's license contained the entry "Brown" under the words "Hair" and "Eyes." In this regard, it differed from his brother's, which carried the descriptions "Blond" and "Blue" in those spaces and indicated a birth date a year after that on Frank's.

As the two boys raced through the hall toward the stairs to their father's room, which commanded an excellent view of the town of Bayport and Barmet Bay, after which it was named, Frank noticed a piece of paper which had been slipped under the door and now lay on the hall carpet, a long strip of dark rug which contrasted sharply to the lighter floor-covering in the living room.

"Look!" said Frank, calling his brother's attention to the strange note.

"Wow, a secret message!" cried Joe. Frank read the note, which was made out of letters cut from magazines and pasted on a piece of plain paper of the kind people often use to write on: *You*

and analyze them for clues. We can look for Iola later!"

Joe quickly assented, but at that moment, Aunt Gertrude, Mr. Hardy's unmarried sister, came into the hall from the kitchen. She was a tall, angular woman, somewhat peppery in manner, but extremely kind-hearted and affectionate. Knowing that she worried about the dangers they encountered in the course of their sleuthing, Frank quickly hid the note and the rubbers behind his back.

"Well, how are my favorite detectives today?" inquired Aunt Gertrude, running her fingers through the blond hair which Joe, the fairer of the two brothers, had on his head.

"Just fine, Aunty," replied Joe, trying to conceal his excitement about the note. "Frank and I were just going up to Dad's lab to do a little, er, experimenting."

"Oh, how nice," said Aunt Gertrude tartly, slipping her hand inside Joe's



shirt. "And how is that appendix scar?"

"Gosh, Aunty, that was four years ago!" exclaimed Joe.

"Well, there's always the risk of hernia," she intoned, moving her hand down into his pants. "You can't be too careful."

"Oh, that tickles," gasped Joe, squirming under Aunt Gertrude's medical examination. Her concern for their health and her almost daily examinations of them for what she called "signs" were a standing family joke.

"Look, Aunty, we're in kind of a hurry," Frank said impatiently, as he backed out of the hall. "We'll be back later."

"You bet," said Joe, moving away from Aunt Gertrude's grasp.

"Oh, you boys are so jumpy," she said. "You just drive me crazy."

As Aunt Gertrude walked back into the kitchen, the two boys quickly made

merged the note in a solution of formic acid and Clearasil to bring out any secret writing, fingerprints, or watermarks.

Soon they were ready to begin their scientific investigation of the clues.

"I'm all set," declared Frank, as he maneuvered the giant slide into an over-size microscope. "Let's take a look at these rubbers first."

"Look!" cried Frank, as he turned the instrument up to full power. "There's writing! It says U.S. Rubber, size 9½." "That should be easy to trace!" exclaimed Joe. "There can't be too many stores in Bayport that carry that brand."

"Wait!" cried Frank. "There's something written in indelible ink. It says: *Property of Fenton Hardy, Bayport!*"

"Looks like we jumped to the wrong conclusion," admitted Joe sheepishly, as his brother removed their father's footwear from the specimen slide. "But never mind, there's still the letter."

they carefully examined them for any clues to their origin.

"Nothing so far," said Frank, after he had gone through a few of the clippings. "There are a lot of pictures of skin, and there's one of what looks like an old teething ring, but that's all. I don't get it."

"Look!" interrupted Joe, excitedly holding up one of the letters. "It says *Fredericks of Hollywood and two-piece rubber suit*, and it has a box to check. It must be part of an order blank!"

"Here's something!" exclaimed Frank. "Listen to this: *caressed her taut . . . thrusting into . . . again and again . . . honeypot*. It's just a piece from an article. That's all there is."

"How about this?" suggested Joe. "*Super Dyno Dildo . . . soothing action*."

"It doesn't make any sense," confessed Frank. "Wait! Maybe it's from some kind of medical journal. That would explain the pictures of skin!"

"Say, you may have something there," replied his brother. "But what doctor would steal paper from Bayport High?"

"I don't know," admitted Frank, "but the sooner we find out, the better I'll feel. Knowing some ghoul is out to get us gives me the creeps!"

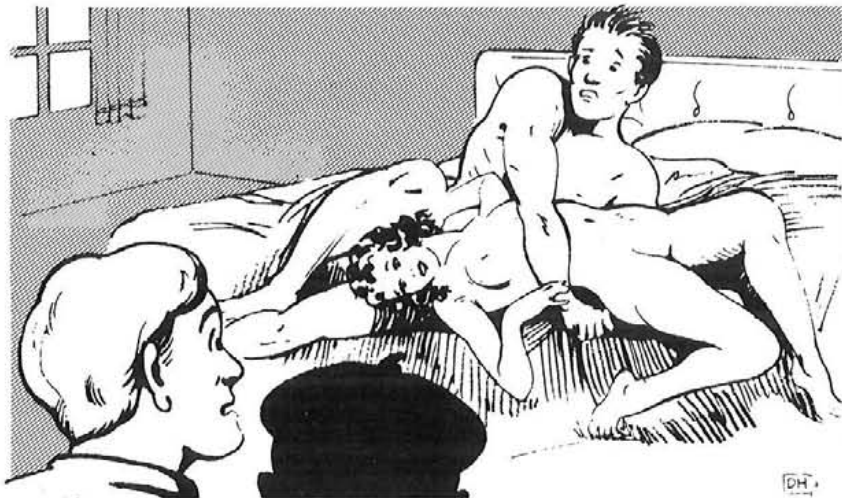
"You and me both," shivered Joe.

"Well, we've done all we can here," Frank declared. "Let's go see Dad and tell him what we found."

"Right," agreed his brother, "and maybe we can find Iola at the same time."

"Good night!" cried Frank. "I forgot all about Iola! Let's hurry!"

Frank and Joe left the laboratory and rushed back into the house and up the stairs to their father's study. As they passed the detective's bedroom door, they heard moans!



"Dad, Iola!" cried Frank. "Are you all right?"

their way to their father's well-equipped crime laboratory, located over the garage, where a dark green Buick, longer and lower than a Ford, and belonging to Mr. Hardy, sat silently, its gas gauge pointing ominously towards "empty"!

## CHAPTER II

### A Startling Discovery

In a moment, the Hardy Boys had entered the spacious and modern laboratory where Mr. Hardy maintained a professional photographic darkroom and several filing cabinets where he kept hundreds of dossiers on suspicious inhabitants of Bayport, which he jokingly referred to as "my blue-chip portfolio." The famous detective had many wealthy clients who paid him large fees, and this made it possible for him to retire at an early age.

The Hardy boys went right to work. Frank mounted the rubbers on an enormous microscope slide while Joe im-

The two brothers carefully examined the piece of paper. "No fingerprints," observed Frank glumly, "but wait, there's a watermark. It says Bayport High School! Joe, this came from someone at school!"

"This is getting stranger and stranger!" Joe said excitedly.

"Do you suppose someone broke into the school and stole the paper?" put in Frank.

"I don't know. Let's unglue these letters and see if we can find what magazine they came from," suggested Joe. "That would give us a clue to who sent the note."

Using a special glue-dissolving method their father had taught them, which involved heating water in a metal container until it emitted a thin, smokelike cloud of water vapor that loosened anything stuck to paper, the Hardy boys painstakingly slipped the cut-out letters off the sheet of paper without tearing them.

When they had removed all the pieces,

## CHAPTER III

### A Thief Is Foiled

The Hardys froze. "Did you hear that?" hissed Frank.

"I sure did," Joe replied. "It sounded like it came from Dad's room!" The brothers rushed to the door and, finding it unlocked, threw it open and burst into their father's room. To their horror, the detective and Iola lay breathing heavily on the bed, completely naked!

"Dad, Iola!" cried Frank. "Are you all right?" Fenton Hardy leaped from the bed. "A-ba, a-ba, a-ba, a-ba, aah," he babbled. Iola gave a short scream and clutched a blanket.

"Dad, what happened?" asked Joe excitedly.

The boys' father quickly covered himself with a towel and, reaching into a desk drawer, pulled out a flat bottle and drank about half of it.

"The antidote," he explained groggily. "You boys came just in time."

"You mean——" began Frank.

*continued*

continued

"Yes, someone broke in on Iola and me as we were discussing some secret business and forced us at gunpoint to strip," recounted Mr. Hardy. "We struggled, but the fiend got the drop on us and injected us with some deadly sleeping potion, then threw us on the bed. You must have scared him off."

"Yes, that's right," added Iola. "It was pretty rough going there for a minute."

"Wow!" exclaimed Joe. "This must have something to do with the note!"

"Of course," added Frank. "Dad, what does 'fucking' mean?"

Just then the detective broke into a fit of coughing. Joe slapped his back a few times and he quickly recovered. "What?" he gasped.

"Well, we got this note and examined it in the lab—" began Frank.

"Along with your rubbers," interrupted Joe with a sheepish grin.

Suddenly, Mr. Hardy had another coughing fit, and Frank helped him swallow more of the antidote. In a moment he recovered, and Frank related to him the contents of the mysterious threatening note and the results of their investigations in the laboratory.

"Hold on," said Joe, when his brother had finished. "Maybe that intruder was looking for the Zig-Zag Papers!"

"The what?" queried Iola.

"Yes, that's right," agreed Frank. "Chet called earlier and asked us to tell you to be sure you had the Zig-Zag Papers. I'd forgotten all about it!"

"But, that's—" Iola began.

"That's absolutely right," interrupted Mr. Hardy. "Nice brainwork. I'm sure that was the reason he assaulted us. Boys," he continued, his tone becoming more serious, "I'm working on a case of extreme importance to our national defense. I can't tell you much about it, I'm afraid, but I'll need your help."

"Wow," cried Frank, "I knew it was something big!"

"Why don't you fellows wait for us downstairs," suggested Mr. Hardy. "I'll have to give Iola, uh, an injection to counter the effects of the potion and, uh, dust her for fingerprints."

"Sure thing, Dad," chorused the two boys, and, closing the door behind them, they headed downstairs.

"Boy," exclaimed Joe, as they reached the living room, "this looks like our most important case yet!"

"I'll say," agreed his brother. "What do you think the Zig-Zag Papers are?"

"Well, I'd guess maybe some secret navy plans for a ship that can maneuver sideways," Joe replied.

"Say, you might be right!" remarked Frank. "Think of that."

As they waited, the old clock in the living room, a big part of one of their previous adventures, *The Old Clock in the Living Room*, clunked loudly. Frank noticed that the big hand pointed on-

inously toward the 12, and the other hand, smaller and shorter, pointed to the 4. It was four o'clock. If the *Bayport Bugle* was right, it would be high tide in only twenty-seven minutes!

#### CHAPTER IV Making Plans

A short while later, Fenton Hardy entered the living room, looking more like the tall, distinguished detective who appeared in the many framed photos in his den, shaking hands with leading New York political figures.

"Well, boys," began Mr. Hardy, "I think we'd better make some plans."

At that moment Iola, who also looked much recovered, came in.

"Well, I'll be going now Feh—Mr. Hardy," she said, still a little groggy. "Do you have the, er, you know," she asked, rubbing her fingers together in

boys.

"Now our next step—" began Mr. Hardy.

"I know," interrupted Joe excitedly. "We've got to find the assailant who attacked you and Iola and tried to steal the Zig-Zag Papers!"

"Of course," agreed Mr. Hardy.

"What did he look like, Dad?" asked Frank.

"Well, it happened very fast," Mr. Hardy explained.

"Was he dark like Frank, or fair like me?" queried Joe.

"Oh, dark," said Mr. Hardy, looking at Frank.

"As tall as I am, or shorter like Joe?" inquired Frank.

"Shorter than Joe," responded Mr. Hardy, examining the younger Hardy boy with his sharp investigator's eye.

"How old was he?" asked Joe excitedly.



"He shouldn't be too hard to spot, but he doesn't sound like anyone from around here."

what the Hardy boys took to be a secret sign.

"Oh, why, yes, Iola," said Mr. Hardy quickly. He took out his wallet and handed her several large bills. "Here's that counterfeit money. Thanks for taking it to the FBI for me."

"Right, Mr. Hardy," replied Iola. "Any time I can help you with any inside work, just give me a call."

"See you, fellows," she added, waving to Frank and Joe.

"Sure thing, Iola," replied Frank.

After Iola left, Joe let out a low whistle. "Boy," he exclaimed, "counterfeit money, too! What next?"

"I wish I could tell you more," declared Mr. Hardy, "but I'm a little in the dark myself. This whole thing is very hush-hush. I don't need to tell you," he added in a confidential tone, "not to mention this to anyone at all, including Aunt Gertrude. You know how she worries."

"You bet, Dad," chorused the Hardy

"Older than both of you, but very impetuous," replied the detective. "I'd say somewhere between thirty and forty."

"Any scars, or marks, or a limp, or a beard, or an accent?" queried Frank.

"A long scar on his left cheek, a birthmark the size of a dollar on his chin, a pronounced limp in his left leg, a thin handlebar moustache, and a heavy Mexican accent," said his father, amazing his sons as always with his keen powers of observation.

"How about clothes, Dad?" Joe put in.

"Well, what you'd expect, a sombrero, a sarape, and wooden shoes," continued Mr. Hardy, looking across the room at the Navajo throw rug that gave the Hardy living room a feeling of warmth and his memory a jolt as he remembered its key role in *The Mystery of the Navajo Throw Rug*.

"Where do you think we should start looking first?" wondered Joe. "He

shouldn't be too hard to spot, but he doesn't sound like anyone from around here."

Mr. Hardy reached into his pocket and brought out three books of matches. "This might help you," he said. "He dropped these when he left."

The Hardys quickly examined the important clues. One was from the Burger Chef on Hillcrest Drive, one was from the Prentiss House in Bridgeport, and one was from "21" in New York. "Say, Dad," said Joe, "this is really swell. All we have to do is stake out these places and wait. He's bound to show up sooner or later!"

"Good thinking, lads," congratulated Mr. Hardy.

Just then, Aunt Gertrude came in from the kitchen, and Mr. Hardy gave each of the boys a short look which they correctly interpreted as a signal to change the subject.

"Hello, Tony?" said Frank, when his call went through. "We're on a big case, and we wondered if you'd like to lend us a hand. Oh, she did. Yes, I hope she's okay? That's good. Thanks Tony. Bye." Frank replaced the phone in the cradle, wondering what role it would play in *Chums in the Dark*.

"Tony's sister ate a bad oyster, and he's sitting up with her," explained Frank.

"That's too bad," said Joe. "Look, I'll call Phil Cohen." Phil was another of the Hardys' chums from Bayport High. His father was an accountant who did a lot of work for Mr. Hardy.

"Hi, Phil," said Joe. "Listen, this is Joe Hardy. We're onto something big, but I can't talk on the phone. Can you stop over? Oh, that's too bad. Sure. Okay, better luck next time. Bye."

"What's up?" inquired Frank.

"I think someone better look into

hamburger he had ever seen!

## CHAPTER V *Unexpected Guests*

Under the giant hamburger was a big sign with the words "Burger Chef." Frank and Joe slowed their motorcycles. "This must be the place," suggested Joe.

After parking their bikes where they wouldn't be seen, the two boys circled the parking lot, checking the two dozen cars of the patrons, but none had Mexican license plates. "No luck there," observed Frank as they headed to the front door. "He's probably traveling by bus anyway," he added.

Entering the restaurant, the Hardys walked casually to the counter and ordered two Cokes, two French fries, and two burgers, one medium and the other rare.

When the orders came, Frank leaned over the counter and asked quietly, "Do you ever get any requests for Mexican food?"

The waiter looked puzzled. "All we serve is burgers, Cokes, and French fries," he said slowly. "I mean, someone wants Chihuahuas or something, the way I figure it, they probably go someplace else, you know?"

Frank thanked him, and the two boys picked out a table near the entrance and ate slowly. "You know, Joe," Frank declared, "all that Mexican getup could have been a disguise to fool Dad. Our assailant could be the waiter himself!"

Joe was about to answer, when through the door of the Burger Chef walked Chief Ezra Collig, the keen-eyed, robust man who was head of the Bayport police force.

"Well, look who's here," boomed the jovial police officer when he spotted the Hardy boys. "What are you boys up to tonight?" he asked, his face becoming more serious.

"We're on a big case for our father," explained Frank. "Say," he added, "you haven't heard of any Mexicans being in town, have you Chief Collig?"

"Jesus, haven't we got enough trouble with the spooks?" exclaimed the ruddy-faced officer. "Nope, no Mexes," he continued. "Spooks, but no spics. Hey, that's not bad!"

Frank and Joe exchanged glances as they both pondered over the meaning of the code words the Chief had used.

"Well, boys, I'm just passing through," declared the Chief, as he eased his bulk out of his chair. "I've got a case of my own. As a matter of fact, I'm glad to find you fellows here instead of out at the Morton farm."

"The Morton farm?" exclaimed Joe, wondering how much Chief Collig knew of Iola Morton and the secret Zig-Zag Papers.

"Forget I said it, boys," said the Chief quickly. "Enjoy your burgers, and, say,

*continued*



*Their chums were the victims of the same assailant who had attacked their father!*

"Well, Gerty," said Mr. Hardy jovially, "what's for supper?"

"Say, we'd better be going," exclaimed Frank. "We've got a lot of, uh, work to do."

"Right," agreed Joe, and the boys exited quickly from the room, though not quickly enough to escape an affectionate pat on the behind from Aunt Gertrude.

"Don't forget, boys," she called, as Frank and Joe headed upstairs, "we've got to check those rectal temperatures tonight."

As soon as they entered their room, Frank went to the telephone. "I'll give Tony Prito a call and see if he can help us with the stakeout," he announced. Tony was a classmate at Bayport High whose father owned the Prito Construction Company, Angelo's Wharfside Restaurant, and a bowling alley. Mr. Prito and Mr. Hardy were good friends and often were involved in the business deals together.

those oysters," declared Joe.

"Say," cried Frank, looking at his watch, "if we want to do any staking out at all tonight, we'd better get going!"

"You're right," admitted Joe, "but which place do we stake out?" Frank examined the matchbooks their father had given them and wondered why their latest episode wasn't called *The Mystery of the Three Matchbooks* instead of *Chums in the Dark*. "I vote for the Burger Chef," he suggested finally. "I don't think lowlife like this Mexican would be welcome at a swell place like the Prentiss House, and, well, '21' is in New York City."

"That sounds good to me," exclaimed Joe. "Let's go."

Fifteen minutes later, the boys were on their motorcycles, headed for the Bayport Burger Chef. Suddenly Joe called out to Frank. "Look, Frank, over there!" he shouted. Frank turned to see what Joe was pointing at. There, silhouetted against the sky, was the largest

sometime this week, why don't you drop by the office. I might have a little, uh, undercover work for you."

Frank and Joe chorused a promise to visit the Chief the first thing next morning, and after the big officer left, Joe let out a low whistle, his second of the story. "Boy," he whispered to Frank, "things sure do happen all at once! What do you suppose Chief Collig has in mind?"

"I don't know," admitted Frank, "but I think we ought to take a trip out to the Morton farm. Maybe we can get some idea of what's going on."

"That's a swell idea," exclaimed Joe, and the Hardys raced out of the Burger Chef and gunned their motorbikes into action. Following well behind the Chief's car to keep out of sight, the two boys exchanged theories about Chief Collig's mysterious remarks.

"What has the Morton farm got to do with all this, Frank?" Joe shouted to his brother over the roar of their machines.

"Maybe Chief Collig is going out to take the Zig-Zag Papers into safekeeping," suggested Frank. "Or maybe he's been alerted to an attempt to steal them. Either way, I want to be in on it!"

"Frank," shouted Joe, "the highway the Chief's taking follows a big loop along Barmet Bay. Let's take the shortcut by the Old Mill. We can beat him by ten minutes!"

"Good idea," agreed Frank, and the Hardys turned their bikes down an old dirt road that led past twelve of Bayport's thirty-four abandoned mills.

"Boy, those old mills sure are creepy," shouted Frank, remembering the time they helped put the cuffs on Martin Bormann in his huge underground bunker in *The Nazi in the Woodpile*.

In a few more minutes, they arrived at the back entrance of the Morton farm, and, after wheeling their bikes along for a hundred yards to disguise their arrival, they crept cautiously up to the barn. A dim light flickered from within.

Frank produced a flashlight, and, carefully shielding it with his hand, he and Joe made their way around to a pile of hay bales that stood under the building's only window.

"Let's take a look," whispered Joe.

The Hardys climbed silently to the window's edge and peered in. There, to their horror, they saw Chet and Iola, Biff Hooper, Jerry Gilroy, Phil Cohen, Callie Shaw, and Tony Prito lying on the barn floor, naked! Their chums were the victims of the same assailant who had attacked their father!

#### CHAPTER VI *Holding the Bag*

Moving quickly, the Hardys jumped down from the window and rushed around to the front door.

"Don't worry, fellows, you're safe now!" cried Joe as they ran into the barn.

"Wow, there's a funny smell in here," exclaimed Frank. "Did they gas you?"

"Jesus H. Christ," moaned Iola. "Tell me it isn't true."

"Take it easy, Iola," said Frank consolingly. "We'll have you shipshape in no time!"

"Bummer, bummer, bummer," cried Biff Hooper, a tall and lanky classmate of the Hardys.

"They're delirious!" exclaimed Joe. "We've got to get them into the air!"

Callie Shaw, blond, vivacious, and brown-eyed, stumbled to her feet and looked at the Hardy boys. "Ooooh, far-out!" she warbled.

"Boy," said Frank, "it's a good thing Chief Collig is on his way here!"

"I'll say," agreed Joe.

Suddenly, the barn exploded in a pandemonium of activity. Tony, Phil, and Jerry quickly dressed, while Chet shook Callie by the shoulders.

"Wow," said Frank, "that stuff certainly wore off fast!"

"Uh, did you fellows say Chief Collig was on his way here?" inquired Chet.

"That's right, Chet. We took a shortcut to get here first, but he should be here any minute!"

"Say, what happened here anyway?" demanded Joe. "Iola, was it the same Mexican who jumped you and Dad at the house today?"

"It sure was," exclaimed Iola, "but he had about ten pals."

"That's right," added Chet excitedly. "They threw some kind of gas bomb, and the next thing we knew, we were lying here and you came in. I guess they must have given us some kind of knock-out shots, because we all have needle marks. Isn't that right, chums?"

Tony, Biff, and Jerry nodded assent.

"Were they wearing sombreros?" queried Joe.

"Ooooh, wow, they *were* sombreros, huge purple sombreros, oh God, oh God," murmured Callie.

"I guess she got a heavy dose," said Tony quickly.

"Say, Tony, since Chief Collig is on his way, hadn't we better gather up all the evidence we can find?" suggested Biff.

"Right, Biff," said Tony, "and don't miss a single roach!"

"What have cockroaches got to do with all this, Tony?" inquired Frank.

"I don't know," said Tony, "but we're going to find out!"

"Look," cried Joe, pointing out of the barn door to where the headlights of a car were moving up the Morton driveway. "That must be Chief Collig now!"

"Here, Frank, you'd better hold this evidence," said Tony, handing the older Hardy boy a paper bag filled with little brown cigarettes, plastic envelopes of

diner sugar, and some green hay.

"Here, Joe," said Biff, giving Joe another bag. "That should about do it." Joe's bag held a hypodermic and a couple of strange-looking pipes.

"Look, Frank," exclaimed Joe. "These hypos tie in with that medical magazine someone cut up to send us that threatening note!"

"Good thinking, Joe," declared Frank. "I think we're getting to the bottom of this."

"Frank!" cried Joe, reaching into his bag. "Look at this!" and he held up a tiny packet of cigarette papers marked Zig-Zag.

"So they didn't get them after all," smiled Frank.

Just then, Chief Collig walked into the barn brandishing a revolver! "Okay, boys and girls, the party's over," he said.

"Chief, you're just in time," exclaimed Joe.

"The Hardy boys! What the hell are you doing here?" cried Chief Collig.

"Why we're just following up this band of Mexicans who were trying to steal the navy's secret Zig-Zag Papers and were passing counterfeit money and giving people injections and leaving them naked——" Joe began.

"Purple sombreros," added Callie.

"Let's have a look in those bags," said Chief Collig, taking the evidence from the Hardy boys.

"We've told them before that we wouldn't have anything to do with dangerous and/or illegal drugs and substances, but I guess they didn't get the message," explained Chet Morton. "I've got to admit, Chief," he added, "we thought they were working for you and that you were going to plant the stuff on us. I mean, no hard feelings, but that's the way it looked."

"That's right, Chief," agreed Iola. "I don't know which is worse, thinking they were narks or pushers, but either way, well, we're disappointed."

"Okay, you two," said Chief Collig, "the jig's up. I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you in a court of law."

"Hey, what the——" began Frank.

"But the Mexicans! The Zig-Zag Papers!" interrupted Joe.

"I've heard enough," said Chief Collig, "you'll have your chance in court!"

Chief Collig's words proved to be true. Sooner than ever the Hardy boys were involved with *The Sinister Court Stenographer* and *The Secret of the Brutal Reform School*.

On the way to jail, Frank, darker and a year older, said, "I don't get it, Joe. What's going on?"

"I don't know," said Joe, blond and impetuous. "I thought we were their chums!"

"Chumps, but no chums," exclaimed Chief Collig, cackling to himself. "Hey," he added, "that's not bad!" □

Gahan Wilson's  
**Games  
Children  
Play**

by John Weidman

Observe how children  
reflect the altered  
values and new cultural mores  
of our changing  
society as evidenced  
in this traditional  
street chant:

**"Eenie, meenie, minie, mo!  
Catch a Panther by the Afro!  
When he shoots you, let him go!  
Eenie, meenie, minie, mo!"**

It goes without saying  
that even the innocent games of our  
youth have grown more relevant,  
games now as striking and unusual  
as the headlines themselves.

**RED LIGHT, RED LIGHT.**

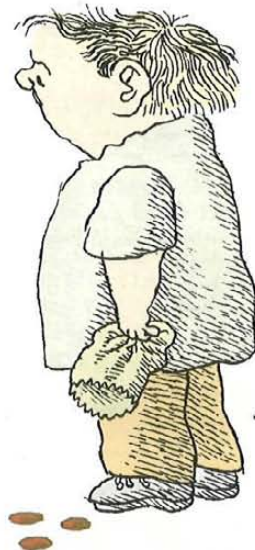
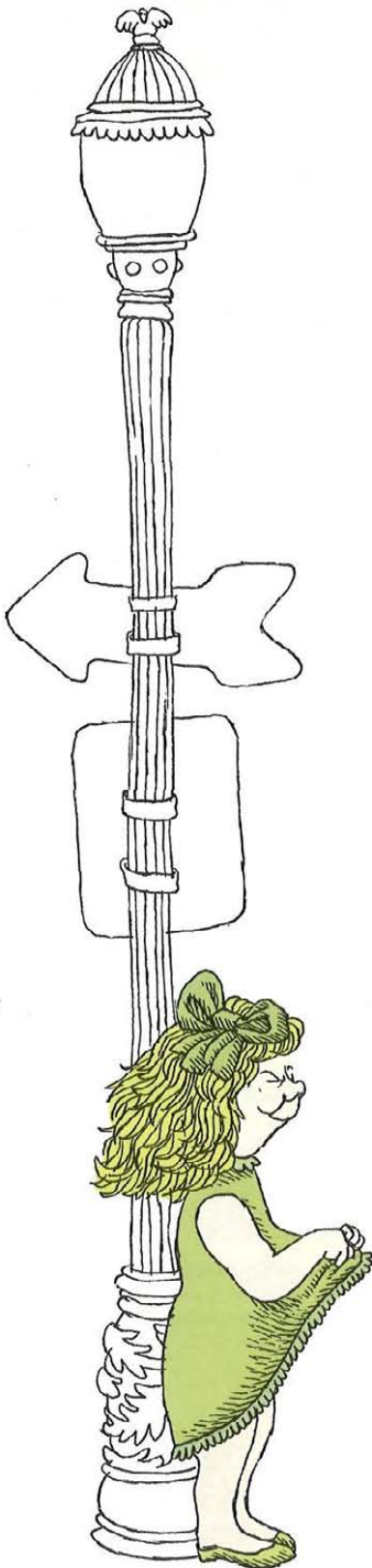
**"Hey there, big boy!  
How'd ya like a bubble-gum job?"**

**I'll give ya' a  
'Trip Around the Block' for three  
cookies and an electric  
Yo-Yo! Throw in another  
cookie and you can  
take my bicycle seat home  
overnight. How about it, sport?"**

**"Well, uh, okay."**

**"Skip it, stupid!"**

**You forgot to say 'May I!' "**

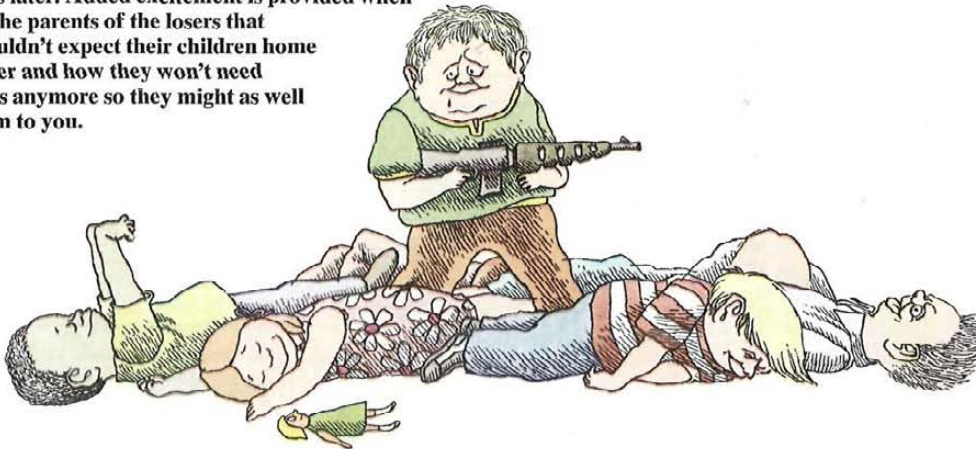




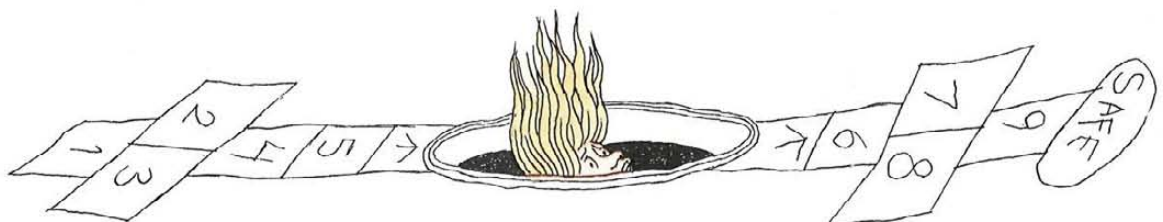
**HELTER-SKELTER.** Manson says, "Buy six sharp knives!" Manson says, "Sneak up on an enfeebled person!" Manson says, "Stab her in the groin!" "Hack her to bits!" Uh oh! Did you obey that last command, even though it wasn't preceded by "Manson says"? If you did, you get one "LaBianca." Three "LaBiancas" and you become the "enfeebled person."

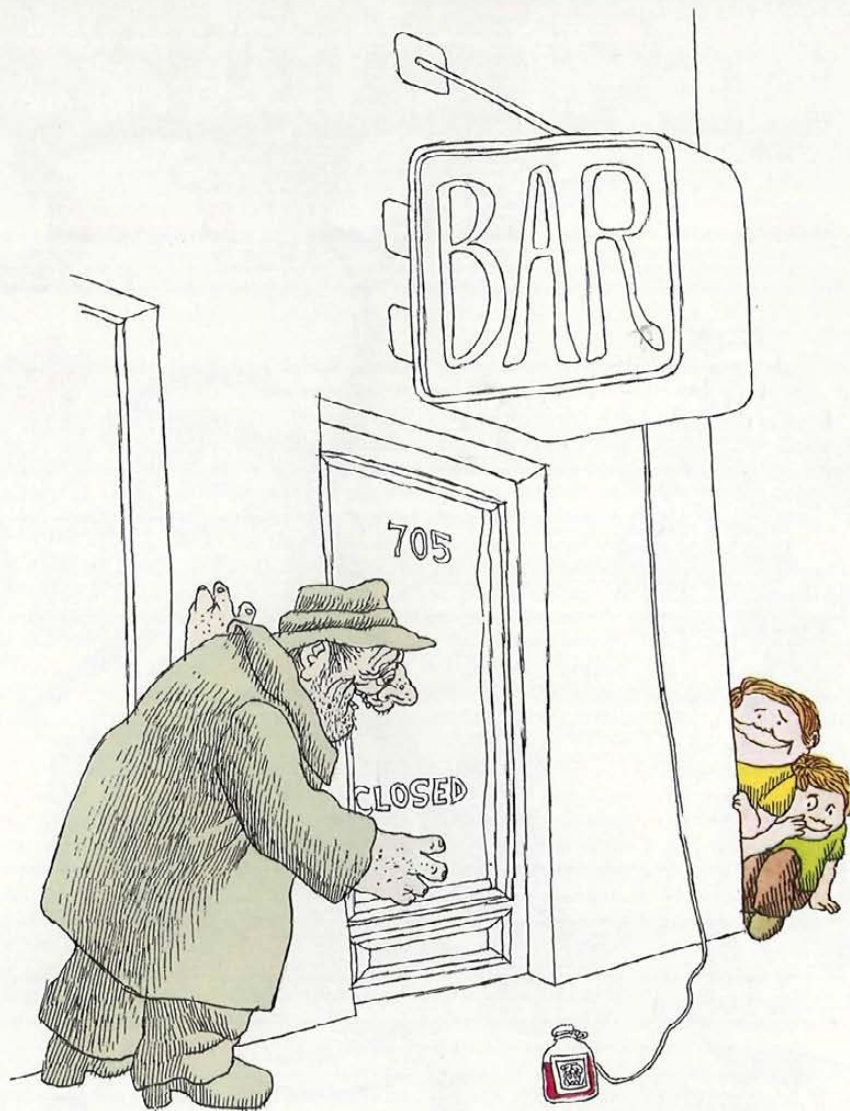
**KING OF HAMBURGER HILL.**

Based on the real-life exploits of our fighting boys overseas, the only rule of King of Hamburger Hill is to ask questions later. Added excitement is provided when you tell the parents of the losers that they shouldn't expect their children home for supper and how they won't need their toys anymore so they might as well give them to you.



**PATSY.** Here's an example of spicing up old games by adding an element of risk. Other examples might be "Capture the Fag," a pursuit which has become fraught with peril since the advent of gay militancy, and "Pin the Tail on the Honky," a game where ghetto kids attempt to stab a white patrolman in the ass with a hypodermic.





**JOLT THE BOTTLE.** An amusing switch on the familiar “snatching the wallet” trick, here the lure is a fifth of Old Bar Stool (that’s what Davy Crockett used to step in while hunting . . . haw!). When the unwary wino spots the bottle, he’ll probably be so crazed for want of booze that he may overlook the wire that leads to the high-voltage output. One swig and PHLAZZ! He’ll be lit for a week!



**HIDE AND SHRIEK.** The trickiest thing about this game is finding a hiding place where no one will ever find you. Or see you if you accidentally kick your feet and pound your fists. Or hear you if you inadvertently scream for help. Let’s see now. How about squeezing in behind that big bowl of chicken salad Mommy made for bridge club next Tuesday?



STEPHEN NEARY



# The Toilet Papers

by Chris Miller

The air of my studio roiled with the sweet scent of pigment. My hands were slick to the wrists, my clothing splotted and smeared. I was tired but elated. The painting was finished and very, very good.

Some artists will tell you they are incompetent to judge their own work. Once complete, their painting seems to have come from elsewhere. *I didn't paint it, man, they say, I just painted it down.* Not me. I'd painted that painting and knew with certainty it was the best thing I'd ever put on plaster.

My school is chiaroscuro frescoes, whatever that means. The barely completed one, lustrous in the late-afternoon sun, was a slow explosion of moody swirls called *In a Brown Study*. The more I stared, the more excited I became. My first totally abstract work was a creation of high inspiration, even genius. It would strike my critics dumb.

I was applying my signature (a palm print in the southeast corner) when Oh Horseshit, my head Big One and harshest critic, threw open the door and began addressing me in his strange guttural language. He broke off abruptly as I stepped back from the wall. He stared. I held my breath, watching his eyes for that glint of recognition, wishing to cherish those few seconds during which he would first grasp the magnitude of what he was seeing.

"Jumping Jesus!" He spun. "Helen! The little asshole's wiping his shit on the wall again!"

His tone of voice told all. I felt no surprise when he rushed me under his arm to the stink room, crudely tore off my Pamper, and slammed me onto the water-pit. Thus confined, I listened through the closed door as Big Bumps, my other Big One, scrubbed into nothingness something even a bow-wow would recognize as deservedly eternal. After a time, she began to make loud retching noises and I took my mind elsewhere. I mean, enough is enough.

Ignoring as best I could the sensation of icy void beneath my bumbum and the cold sweat already dotting my plastic-sheathed willie (which had, as usual, been placed in the descending tunnel at the front of the seat), I wondered wearily

how I had erred. I mean, I try as hard as the next guy to be open and responsive to criticism. I had watched Oh Horseshit's every gesture, analyzed Big Bumps' facial expressions until my head spun. For the thousandth time in the past week, the old cliché went through my head: communicating with Big Ones may be difficult, but, with perseverance, it's impossible. What possible need of theirs could be filled by such wanton destruction of beauty? Were they merely Philistines or was it something deeper, more sinister? I hoped not the latter, but that anyone, even Big Ones, could prefer Mother Goose lithographs to my paintings was hard to swallow.

Yes, Mother Goose lithographs. Can you imagine what it's like, lying around day after day being smiled at benevolently by Little Miss Muffet, Bo Peep, and Georgie Porgie? And if that's not enough, for a color scheme they chose powder blue! Dull, dull, dull!

Brown, that's the color—rich, deep, filled with secret fire, the color of earth, mahogany, and chocolate. And moo.

Hard to believe that at one time I had been unaware of moo's potential! Until last Monday, my sole use of moo had been to squish it pleasingly between the cheeks of my buttocks. In fact, until Monday, I hadn't been a painter at all, but an architect, creating elaborate maquettes for developments, heliports, and shopping centers out of blocks.

So, on Monday afternoon, I was constructing a series of modular towers. Around little-hand-on-four, the door to my studio opened and in walked Broad Buns, the Big One who lives next door, bearing Fishface, who unfortunately lives there with her. Smiling ingenuously, she deposited him on the floor in front of me, as if he were a present.

The second she left to join Big Bumps, I swept my blocks with my arm to another part of the room. Fishface's manner unsettles me. He spends most of his time staring into space and making random noises, his small balding head bobbing like a dashboard decoration. His most highly developed skill is the blowing of foam around his tongue, which protrudes far more often than good taste dictates. I believe he may be a

defective.

After a time, his vacant stares and dangling strand of drool made me nervous and I went down the hall to see Big Bumps about my late-afternoon bottle. When I didn't get quite the response I'd been hoping for (she threw a shoe at me), I returned angrily to my studio where, to my shock and dismay, I found that Fishface had one of my blocks and was about to put it in his mouth!

I decided to kill the little fuck. But, as I advanced on him, he leapt into a sudden animal crouch before the block pile, baring his pink, rubbery gums and hissing. I'd never seen him move so fast. Retreating to a safe distance, I looked for something to throw but found nothing. My small body began to tremble with frustration. Then I remembered moo!

There's usually a couple of tubes of it knocking around my Pamper. I reached in, found two relatively unmarsh pieces, wound up, and let fly. My second shot nailed him between the eyes. Not bad for someone who's soft all over and still falls down a lot!

At first, following the loud, liquid impact, Fishface crouched unmoving, though his face fell and his hisses ceased abruptly. Then, in slow motion, he toppled backwards onto his bumbum. His mouth opened until it seemed to fill his face and emitted a thin, piercing shriek, like a peanut whistle.

Five seconds later, Broad Buns burst through my door like a demonic choo-choo, Big Bumps hot on her heels. When they saw Fishface's browned countenance, they stopped short. Big Bumps made teeth at Broad Buns. Broad Buns did not make teeth at Big Bumps. She tucked Fishface under her arm and strode from the room. Neither she nor Big Bumps, who ran after her, noticed that the little bastard still had my D-G-M-R-Anteater-Panda block.

I had loved that anteater. Overwhelmed with grief, I decided to suck my foot. Eyes closed, I saw again the edentate's sly smile and long, narrow snout. A tear began its way down one of my cheeks.

I shook my head. It would not help to brood. I opened my eyes; my gaze

*continued*

continued

slid with distaste from Mary Mary, jumped over the cow jumping over the guess what, and came to rest near the left foot of Bo Peep. There was something there, something brown and glistening.

Suddenly alert, I started for the wall, but my legs didn't work and I fell over on my side. I started to cry but found I couldn't do that either. Then I realized schmuck! and pulled my foot out of my mouth.

The something on the wall was the moo that had missed. It was quite beautiful, swollen at impact into a divine, glistening bulbousness. At first, I merely stared in wonder. After a time, I reached out tentatively to touch its inviting surface. To my dismay, it came loose in my hand. Cursing myself, I tried to re-stick it, but to no avail, my only effect being to mar its shape, to cause with each gentle pressure a further departure from its initial perfection. Finally, my control broke and I pressed with all my might. Moo slid from the sides of my palm like jelly from a sandwich.

Stunned, I stared at what I had wrought: a dusky, grasping hand, seeming poised to snatch Bo Beep's staff upon her very next step. I had transformed kitsch into a profound study of the small Sicilian ambushes of day-to-day existence. I had created a work of relevance, spontaneity, timelessness, and pleasing aspect. In short, art.

My first thought was, "Wait till I show Oh Horseshit and Big Bumps! Will they be proud of me!"

I rushed downstairs to the kitchen, but things didn't go quite as planned. Big Bumps responded to my tugs on her apron by striking me smartly on the top of my head with a large, metal spoon.

Oh Horseshit, on the other hand, ignored me. After a mere twenty-five minutes, however, he stopped my sobs in a twinkling with that special Big One magic of clamping his hand tightly over my mouth. He then agreed to accompany me to my room, even volunteering himself for horsie. Since horsie is what he calls dashing out my brains on low doorways, I declined. Thus it was pursued rather than accompanied that I arrived at my studio.

By coincidence, the corner in which I chose to cower was quite close to Bo Peep. Oh Horseshit had scarcely landed his foot twice when he noticed my artwork and, with a bark of surprise, left off. Yes! I cried silently, what you're looking at is more important than mere lust to kill. Can you see? Can you?

Abruptly, Oh Horseshit threw both hands over his mouth and ran from the room.

This reaction was new to me, but I soon saw it again, in more elaborate variation. Big Bumps, who soon appeared, not only mouth-clapped, but bent at the waist, made several zoolike sounds and expelled great jets of lumpy yellow matter from her mouth. I took these responses to be negative.

My job, obviously, was to figure out in what way my work was wanting. Perhaps Big Bumps' lumpy yellow matter was also a pigment, perhaps a preferred pigment. I mean, it didn't look like much, more like creamed corn than anything usable, but I thought I'd give it a try. When I bent to scoop some up, however, Big Bumps shrieked and scooped me up. From behind the bars of my crib, I watched her fetch bucket and brush and annihilate my creation.

The following morning, a special plas-

tic seat, ironically bearing gay decals of smiling ducks and rabbits, was affixed to the water-pit, and I was forced to sit with my bumbum suspended over its dank interior. Augmenting the discomfort was fear. I had seen this powerful white engine at work (it eats Kleenex and ashtray refuse) and realized how easily one of my size might fall through and be sluiced away. As a torture, it had a certain Oriental quality. I tried to outlast it by concentrating on the question of why I had been seated there in the first place.

Obviously, it had something to do with my painting. I allowed myself to become self-critical. A picture of a hand wasn't so much. Perhaps I shouldn't have expected all kudos.

Suddenly, I noticed the wallpaper. It portrayed long-legged birds walking amidst lush vegetation. That was it! The Big Ones, in their convoluted way, were trying to tell me to lay off that symbolic crap and paint instead the multiple creations of God's good earth!

Accordingly, that evening I rendered *Tree in Sepia*. After the viewing I got to spend several hours on the water-pit with the radio downstairs turned up loud to drown out my panicky cries for release.

So nature studies were not the answer. I looked for an alternative but was stumped until Big Bumps entered the stink room and placed on my lap one of the many-leaved paper rectangles she and Oh Horseshit sometimes stare at for hours. It was open to a picture of a boy sitting on a water-pit and smiling. Suddenly, I understood what the Big Ones wanted: surrealism!

Thus, on Wednesday afternoon, I completed a surrealist masterpiece portraying limp boombooms on a field of infinite brown. I called it *The Persistence of Mammary*. That night, Big Bumps doused my blocks with lumpy, yellow matter, rendering them permanently distasteful to me. I began to suspect a new message: art not spoken here. I considered cutting off my ear.

On Thursday, I decided to withdraw to some unspoiled, bucolic locale where I might work without harassment. In the verdant peacefulness of our backyard, I completed a gentle study of the innocent brownskin hanging Broad Buns' wash. I called it *Natural Rhythm*. Unfortunately, the innocent brownskin noticed what I was doing and ran screaming to Big Bumps, who quickly scrubbed the wall of the garage back into anonymity. I later learned that there are 366 tiles in the wall over the bathtub and more than two thousand stained white octagons in the floor.

After this failure at representationalism, I used Friday's supply of moo to complete the abstract to which I have previously referred. As you know, it, too,



received bad reviews.

Looking at the problem from a new angle, I now searched for a subject so sacred to Big Ones as to ensure the preservation of my work. During my first eleven trips to the water-pit on Saturday, I relentlessly asked myself what was sacred to Big Ones. On the twelfth visit, I had the answer—themselves! What a fool not to think of it sooner! The critic never lived who panned his own portrait!

Then, a second realization, as dire as the first was triumphant: I had to moo! I knew from an unfortunate incident with a water glass earlier in the week that the least hint of extraneous moisture simply ruins my pigment. Five thousand places to moo at my house, and I have to pick the water-pit!

I slid off the seat in a panic, searching wildly for a stash . . . and found one! Squeezing my cheeks together so tightly they ached, I humpety-humped across the room, squatted, and gratefully allowed four fat tubes to slide out of me and nestle in the warm, plastic security of my flung Pamper.

Abruptly, there was noise without. Footsteps approached.

Thrusting the Pamper in among the dirty sheets, I made it back across the floor and vaulted onto the water-pit just as the door opened. Oh Horseshit started matter-of-factly towards me, but Big Bumps paused in the doorway, wide-eyed. She emitted a startled yip and pointed a trembling finger at me, averting her eyes. Her face had gone quite white. Puzzled, I followed her finger and found that my willie had failed to return to its tunnel and instead was propped on the lip of the seat so that it pointed straight up. Oh Horseshit put his hands on his hips and barked disparagingly. Big Bumps shook her head, apparently unable to speak or lift her feet. Oh Horseshit snorted, approached me, and lifted me from the water-pit. My willie fell back to normal. With a sigh of relief, Big Bumps hurried over to the water-pit, and both Big Ones peered into its enameled depths. They straightened, Oh Horseshit spreading his arms wide in negative exclamation. I bounced to the floor, caroming off the sink, and rolled into the corner. Pointedly ignoring me, my Big Ones left the room growling and yapping together.

I'd pulled it off! A little painfully, I gained my feet, plucked my Pamper from the hamper, and scampered for my studio.

By happy coincidence, last night's beef and strained peaches had emerged darkly amber, the perfect shade for the brooding Wagnerism work I would now undertake. Four tubes had been a lucky break as well. Have I given you any idea just how big a Big One really is?

There's a riddle we have: Why do Big Ones never suck their feet? The answer: Because they're too far away! For this painting, I would need scaffolding. Pulling a chair to the wall, I mounted and began.

The indignities and persecution of the week slipped like splinters from my hurting consciousness; my senses focused totally on my work, on the sliding of fingertips against plaster, the heady bouquet of the pigment, the slowly forming images before me. I became part of a fused entity—me, moo, wall. I scarcely noticed the passing hours. I neither hungered nor thirsted, even though Big Bumps had taken me off all food and water that morning.

It was she who I painted first. Borrowing a technique from the Hindus, I gave her six arms and hands, one pair wringing, the others busy individually, one writing a list, one holding a long-ashed cigarette, one pulling at a fallen stocking, the last clenched in her teeth. Her body was a fruit-and-vegetable cart: instead of a head, she had a turnip; plump tomatoes replaced her knees; from her chest grew watermelons.

To her left sat Oh Horseshit, oblivious to the fire of saxophones and alumni magazines that burned beneath his chair. He had three heads: one sucked a pacifier; one was lost in a burst of exploding newspaper; the third stared with fury straight at me. His feet were propped on a makeshift hassock of cracked phonograph records. Ringing him concentrically were borders of broken glass and feathers.

Minutes or hours later, I finished. Outside, to my vague surprise, it was dark. My day had been long, from *In a Brown Study to Artist's Big Ones at*

*Home*. Spent, I collapsed into my crib and dreamed of nothing at all.

I awoke to the sound of a long, ululating retch. Sunday-morning sun was streaming through the window and I could see through my bars about a third of my painting, glowing with chocolate radiance. The other two-thirds had disappeared into the scrub bucket of Big Bumps, who had apparently just paused to anoint my floorboards from within.

A coy finger of dread made light with my intestines. Why wasn't I on the water-pit?

The door slammed downstairs. Big Bumps straightened and wiped her hands and mouth with a towel. When Oh Horseshit entered the studio, she ran to him, eagerly plucking at the package under his arm. Oh Horseshit tore off the string and brown paper and proudly held forth a red rubber bladder trailing a wriggling red tube capped by a shining black snake head, its mouth a tiny open *O*. Big Bumps squealed with pleasure. Next, from his overcoat pocket Oh Horseshit withdrew a large bottle and poured a grayish liquid into the bladder. Big Bumps giggled. Then they turned on me and, showing teeth like bathroom tiles, carried me into the stink room.

How Oh Horseshit pumped that bladder! Each time I whimpered, Big Bumps clapped her hands and laughed aloud. I fantasized wildly, imagining my own inflation. Was taking it up the ass the beginning of *becoming* a Big One?

At last, limp and evacuated, I was returned to my studio and, with many a smile and chuck beneath the chin, I was left alone. Only then did I allow my tears to come. I felt as useless as an unpierced nipple. What good is an artist

*continued*



*C. Barrotti*

*"I'm looking for the man who draws Wonder Woman."*

continued

without his paints? Useless . . . unless there were an alternate source of supply!

I sat straight up in my crib. If not my moo, whose? The Big Ones? I assumed they mooed—they have bumbums much like mine, though uglier—but I knew not where or when, nor the ultimate resting place of their extrusions. No, I would have to look elsewhere.

Suddenly, it hit me—Fishface's bow-wow! That little bowser had turned Broad Buns' backyard into a very Carrara marble quarry of moo piles! It was good moo, too, some of the best I'd ever seen. More than once I had laid my head inches from the animal's straining rump in order to watch that first darkly glistening tip emerge. It was the perfect pigment!

My depression burned off like fog under the brilliance of this idea. Alert as a cat, I scaled the walls of my crib, tiptoed to the bathroom, and secured a pillow slip from the hamper.

Soon, I had enough moo piled up in my toy chest to cover the long wall of my studio, precisely what I had in mind. I believed I had found a final solution for my Big One problem. Big Ones, different as they were from me in every particular, might yet share some common ground where we could meet. I felt certain that Big Ones could not be the highest form of life on this planet. What if Big Ones had Big Ones of their own? I've noticed their respect for cars already. And you've never seen a Big One take on, say, the Chrysler Building, have you?

If the dimensions were great enough, art would win out. Well, I would give them greatness. I would spare no anger, but neither would I scrimp on the mighty love that welled inside me. I would give them the Sistine Chapel, *Guernica*, and *Horton Hatches the Egg*, all in one. I would call my work *The Playpen of*

#### Worldly Delights.

First, though, I would rest. The many trips to Broad Buns' backyard had tired me, and, in my second day without nourishment, I felt hampered by intermittent staggering. I dozed fitfully throughout the day. When I awoke, it was dark outside, but my hands were on fire. I stripped for action. Pulling a first great, meaty coil of doggie moo from my toy chest, I turned to the wall and let the fever take me.

I regained my awareness to the morning songs of birds. The air was thick with sweet fecal perfume. Then, first light speared the wall.

Reader, I looked through a picture window into Sepia Heaven. Words cannot paint it for you. You must close your eyes, hold your Teddy very close to you under a snug blanket, listen to the tattoo of rain on your window, and wait until you are almost asleep. Now, look hard. Freeze what you see. Drop a brown tint. Shoot it through with golden highlights. There. That is my painting.

It was a work of such blazing genius it would incinerate the hand that tried to scrub it. Reeling with hunger and fatigue, I somehow gained my crib and fell unconscious.

"You stupid shitface!" bellowed Oh Horseshit, inches from my nose.

"Igggghhhhh! Uckkkkkkk!" put in Big Bumps, jackknifed by the wall.

I tried to pull the covers over my head, but Oh Horseshit was too fast for me. In the stink room, he sat me firmly down in the basin and withdrew from the mirror cabinet a tube of toothpaste. Clicking his tongue for attention, he held the tube over the mouth of the water-pit and, with ominous calm, twisted and rolled it until long, aqua tubes extruded to splash insipidly below. He then did much the same to me.

After Oh Horseshit's departure for the day, I watched Big Bumps pass the stink room door carrying two buckets, two scrub brushes, a paint scraper, a mop, and a shovel. As the morning passed, her retching noises took on the insistent quality of a woodworking shop.

I felt crushed in spirit, devoid of emotions, so empty inside I wondered if Oh Horseshit hadn't squeezed out a few of my organs. And perhaps the remainder of my creative urge as well. Life was too short to spend being squeezed in the stink room. I would paint no more.

When she had completed the erasure of my masterwork, Big Bumps joined me. She was quite a sight. There was moo on her hands, moo on her clothes, moo in her hair. Stringy matter hung from her slack jaw and mingled with the brown on her blouse. She looked like a salad.

I watched her slowly undress as the bathtub filled. Out came Big Bumps' boombooms, and an immense pair of squash they were! They spilled from her white boomboom holder to hang and dance like Slinkies. Next, down went her black lace Pamper.

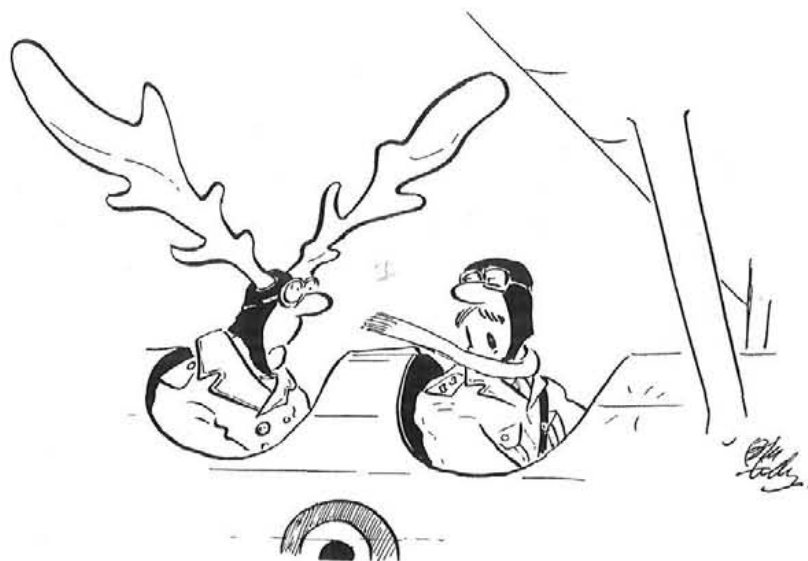
Suddenly, I forgot art. Big Bumps slid into the tub, sighing gratefully. I began to sweat. In its sheath, my doodle had become so hot I seriously expected steam. In the grip of this strange, new emotion, I honestly didn't realize I had mooed until a cold tongue of water kissed my sphincter.

At the sound of the plunk, however, Big Bumps had catapulted from the tub with a small animal-cry of hope to peer between my legs. It was a feeble little moo, no bigger than a pencil stub, but Big Bumps unleashed a scream of purest joy, threw her arms around me, and hugged with all her might. Her boombooms laved my face like two great soap bubbles.

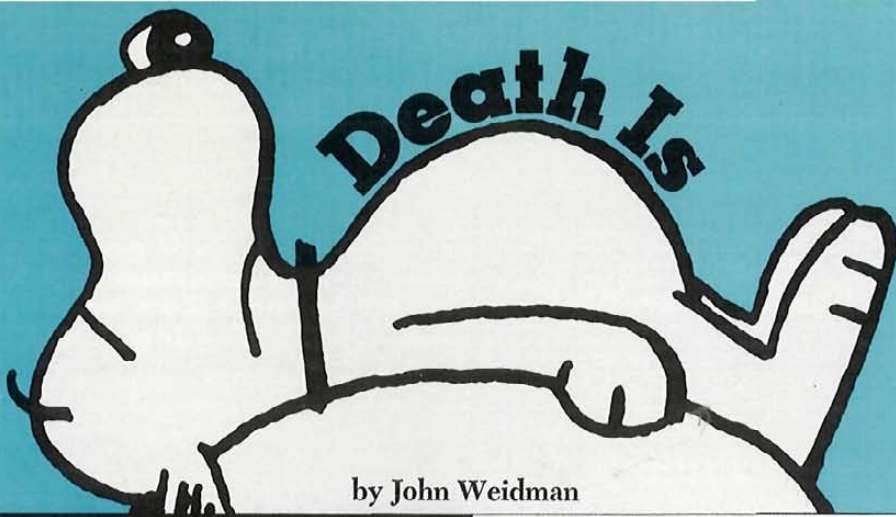
Now, hours later, I lie in my crib, stomach full once more, my soft, rather appealing flesh newly bathed and powdered, decked out in a fresh Pamper, and swathed in warm flannel jammies. Oh Horseshit came home a while ago and visited my crib to pay his respects, tousling my hair and pinching my nose in camaraderie. All is well. Having told this tale, the artistic experience already fades. Sometimes, I have decided, it is better to bend with the winds of change.

Besides, there are new discoveries aborning. Moments ago, as I lay musing over the experiences of the day, I felt a sudden return of the hot doodle sensation. I have just made a visual check, and know what? My willie is hard like a rock and standing straight out from my body.

Flesh sculpture!  
Wait till I show Oh Horseshit and Big Bumps! Will they be proud of me!! ☐



"Richthofen's too good for us in the air, so we're dropping you on his family estate."

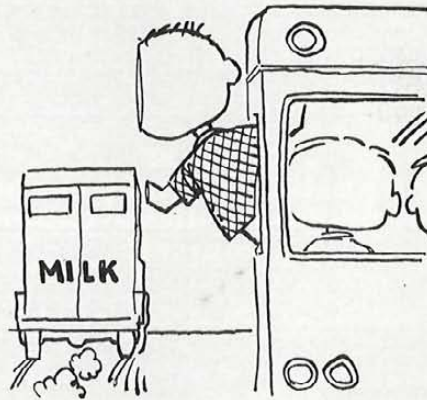


by John Weidman

**Death is  
finding out  
how thick the ice is.**



**Death is  
leaning too far out  
of the school bus  
to wave to the milkman.**



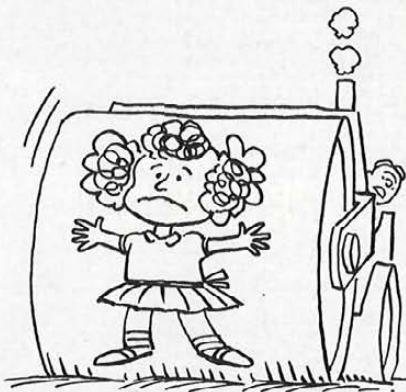
**Death is  
playing Superman  
in a tree.**



**Death is  
accepting a double dare.**



**Death is  
forgetting to look  
both ways.**



**Death is  
finally being grown up enough  
to reach the medicine cabinet  
by yourself.**



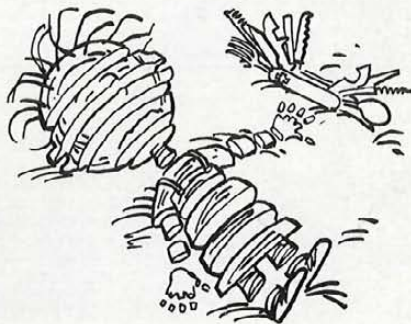
**Death is  
your first BB gun.**



**Death is  
having three hot dogs,  
two hamburgers, three sodas,  
and an Eskimo Pie,  
and then going in for a swim.**



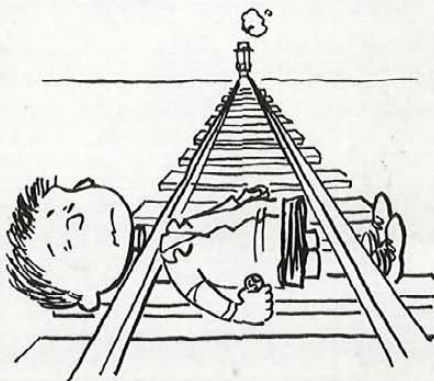
**Death is  
a Swiss Army knife  
for Christmas.**



**Death is  
having your ups  
after the girl who always  
lets go of her bat.**



**Death is  
flattening a nickel  
on the railroad tracks.**







# National Lampoon

# Reading Comprehension

# Test

by Sean Kelly

This test is designed to find out how well you read and understood the articles in this magazine. Before taking the test, you may go over the issue to make sure that you didn't miss any of the articles and to read over again articles you are not sure you understood. But once you start the test, you may not look back in the magazine. When you are ready to start, fold the magazine back so that you can only see this page. Use a sharp pencil and time yourself. If you are not finished after ten minutes, stop anyway. Good luck!

## Section I. Text Recall (50 points)

- Which of the following DOES NOT describe Joe Hardy?
  - blond
  - a year younger
  - impetuous
  - dark-haired
- What was "A herd in the band" worth?
  - nine stitches
  - no moss
  - boo in the tush
  - a bird in the hand
- What does Eloise hate?
  - Yoo-Hoo Chocolate Beverage
  - roach spray
  - crabs
  - her Felix the Cat mask
- To cook your father, which should you do first?
  - Put a tomato in his mouth.
  - Put him in a big mixing bowl.
  - Light a very hot fire.
  - Drink a bottle of very good Riesling.
- Whom did most of the children who wrote to the Gestapo address their letters to?
  - Heinrich Himmler
  - Adolph Hitler
  - the Kaiser
  - Ewald Schwarzhaupt
- Which of the following WAS NOT a Norman Podhoretz hand puppet?
  - Gloria Steinem
  - Paul Goodman

- Norman Podhoretz
  - Vachel Lindsay
- What were the animals on the block Fishface ate?
    - a lion and a horse
    - an anteater and a panda
    - a giraffe and a monkey
    - a cow and a duck
  - What did the boy in the refrigerator eat?
    - a baby
    - a blackboard eraser
    - his foot
    - a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich
  - Who did Mrs. Agnew get a telephone call from in the middle of the night?
    - Ralph Nader
    - John Volpe
    - Bebe Rebozo
    - John Connally
  - What does the Uta Ugly doll say?
    - "This little piggie had an egg salad on white."
    - "Ah neer helt etter in huy hife!"
    - "A big doggie just pissed on my roses!"
    - "I'm a hot dish. Want to pick me up?"

## Section II. Cartoon Comprehension (10 points)

Printed below is a cartoon from this issue. Pick the caption that belongs with it.



- "That's no moosehead, that's Mabel!"
- "My feet are killing me!"
- "A big doggie just pissed on my roses!"
- "So that's why Fernstetter hid the lizards!"

## Section III. Illustration Recall (20 points)

Write the letter of the close-up from the illustration in the space next to the title of the article it belongs with.



- "Children's Letters to the Gestapo"
- "The Toilet Papers"
- "Eloise at the Hotel Dixee"
- "Spicy Tales"
- "Chums in the Dark"
- "Model Plane Kit"

## Section IV. Humor Appreciation (20 points)

What word BEST describes the articles in this magazine?

- humorous
- droll
- risible
- hilarious

## Section V. Extra Credit (10 points)

Write a short paragraph about ONE of the following:

- Sometimes writers sign stories with made-up names, called "pen names." For example, Commander Barkfeather is a pen name. Why do you think the person who wrote "Spicy Tales" did this?
- Write a letter to your police department telling them about someone you know who you think is "funny."

## Section VI. Bonus (100 points)

Turn to page 9 and fill out the coupon. Then put it into an envelope with a check and mail it.

ANSWERS FOR SECTIONS I-IV. I: 1-d; 2-c; 3-c; 4-b; 5-a; 6-d; 7-b; 8-c; 9-d; 10-c. II: b. III: a-2; b-4; c-6; d-5. IV: d.

Once you have finished the test, score yourself. If you got an 80 or better, cut out the star below and paste it on the top of your test. If you got below 80, go back and reread the issue. □



# COMING NEXT MONTH

## Back to School

I'm Dean Glenz, and I'd like to take this opportunity on behalf of President Purvis and all of the faculty to extend a warm welcome to all of you in the Class of 1975 to Tapioca College. I'm sure you've all had a chance to walk around the campus and maybe have a malted or two at the Beanery, and by now you've all met your roommates. Miss Prewell and her many capable assistants in the housing office have done their best to match you up according to hobbies and so on, and I hope if he wants the window open at night and you want it shut, you'll give it the old college try and maybe just open it halfway (laughter). Now a word about you. You come from almost every state in the union and several Canadian provinces, though most of you come from our own state of California (cheers). In most cases, Tapioca wasn't your first choice (groans), but I know all of you will end up thanking your lucky stars that those left-wing Eastern colleges passed you by (boos). From our statistics, we find that you are the heaviest class in our history (cheers), the tallest (cheers), and you have the largest feet (cheers and laughter). And our athletic director "Champ" Burwen tells me that you're the best gridiron material he's ever seen (cheers), so I think we can

look forward to seeing the old Brown and Green rolling all over those sissies at Tungsten Institute and South-South Eastern (loud cheers). Now, you've all probably heard that Tapioca is a "party school" (cheers) and I know that's what *Playboy* said (cheers)—say, did you see the Playmate this month, wasn't she something (whistles and catcalls)?—but I want to make it clear that you're here to get an education (boos) and you'll have to work hard (boos). I'm sure you've seen the many imposing buildings on campus, including the Sarah M. Tapioca Tower of Learning, the Philip and Gertrude Tapioca Arts Center, the Samuel E. Tapioca Library, and the Lucy Tapioca Baird Modern Language Building, just to name a few, and I guess you know what they're there for. Now, if I can be serious for a moment, I'd like you to look at the person seated to your left and then at the person seated to your right. Our statistics show that none of you will be here when it comes time to graduate. Think about that. One last thing. Tapioca is proud of its excellent town-gown relations with the lovely neighboring village of Polio, California, and I'm sure none of you will do anything in Polio that will reflect unfavorably on your school, but I want you to know that Sheriff Tung—the fine Japanese-American citizen who heads up Polio's police force—and I will tolerate no funny business. Letting off a little steam is one thing, but going too far is something else again. Well, I guess that about wraps it up, so now I'll call on Professor Turnmeyer, who is in charge of Freshman Activities, to give you an idea of what we have planned for Orientation Week. Professor Turnmeyer?

Thank you, Dean Glenz, and let me just second everything you said. All right, gentlemen, we have a lot of activities to sort of help you get into the

swing of things, and I think it'll be easiest if I just read through the list:

**125th Street/Big Rat** and the Cocaine Monster make learning about the wonderful world of the "numbers" fun.

**Guevara College/Well**, you protested long and hard, and now you've won. Mandatory encounter groups, compulsory class disruption, Involvement credits and Commitment cards, and, when you arrive, you're assigned a girl to live with (honor students in their senior year can live alone with special permission).

**Magical Misery Tour/The Beatles** hop on a Yellow Subpoena for a trip to a land where all you need is a lawyer.

**C.E.E.B. Test/Do** you know the difference between "impervious" and "impermeable"? If I lean a ladder 14' 3" long against a building 12' 6 1/4", and I just happen to know that the angle it forms with the building is 41°, how long will it take Sam in his rowboat, running against the 2 mph current, to find the square root of 22?

**Lord of the Strange Rye-Game-5/Frodo** Glass and Holden Rosewater try to find meaning in the universe. The regular reader tries to find this article in the issue.

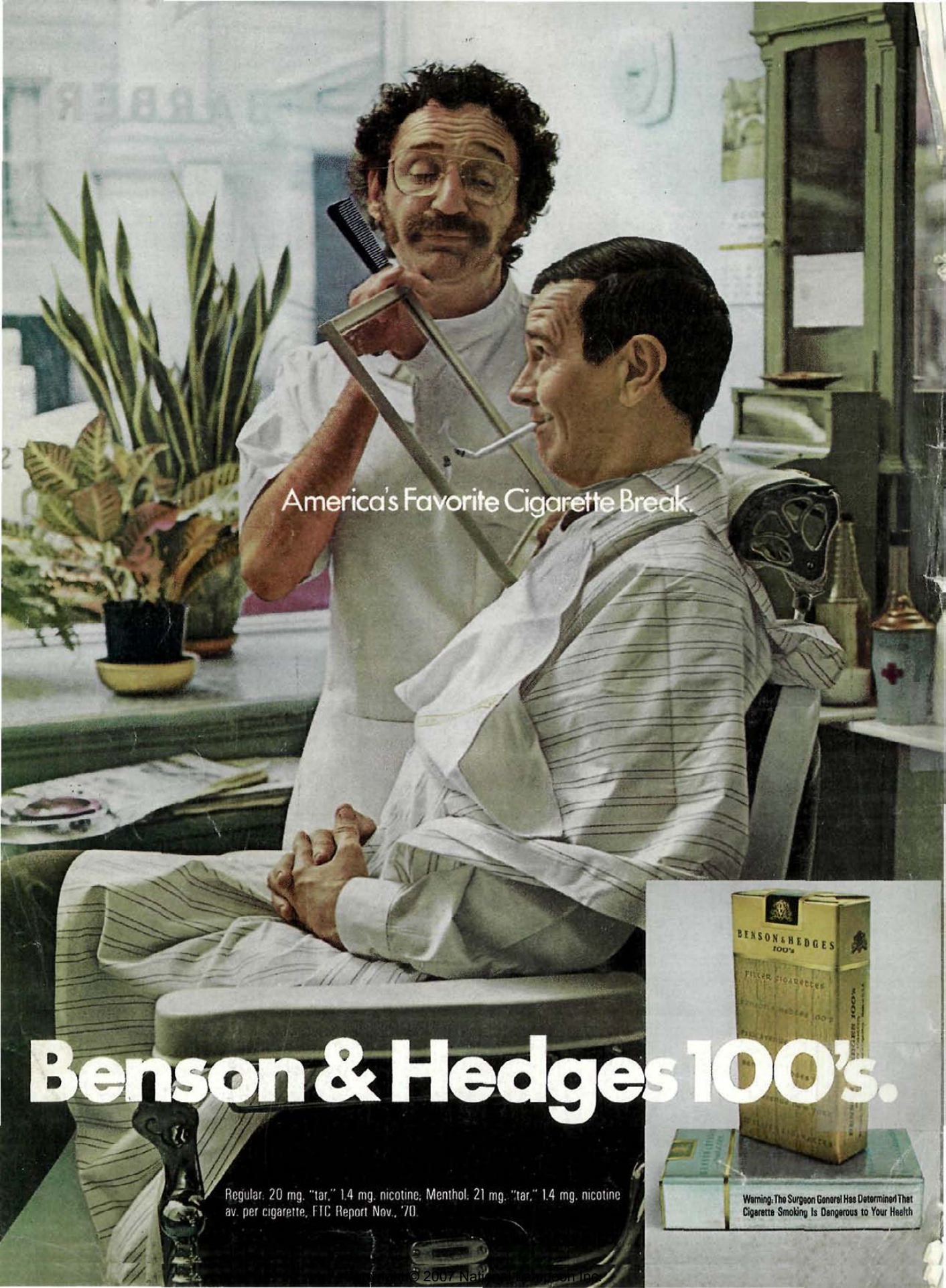
**Campus Fashions/Let's** face it—no one goes to sock hops anymore, so clothes have to be designed for the up-to-date college scene. After all, when you O.D., you don't want anyone to mistake you for Peter Pennyloafer passed out after too many brews.

**Famous Auto-Strippers School/Don't** worry. If you didn't make it to the College of Your Choice, you can still make big money in any number of exciting trades. Remember, the stock market may rise and fall, but people always want their baby shoes electroplated.

**Plus:** Mrs. Agnew's Diary, a special Find the Editor contest, cut classes, beer-can pyramids, blind dates, bad vibes, black-heads, and unidentified lumps. □

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