

Magical Misery Tour
MAD Parody Campus War Game Free Diploma

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

OCT. 1971 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

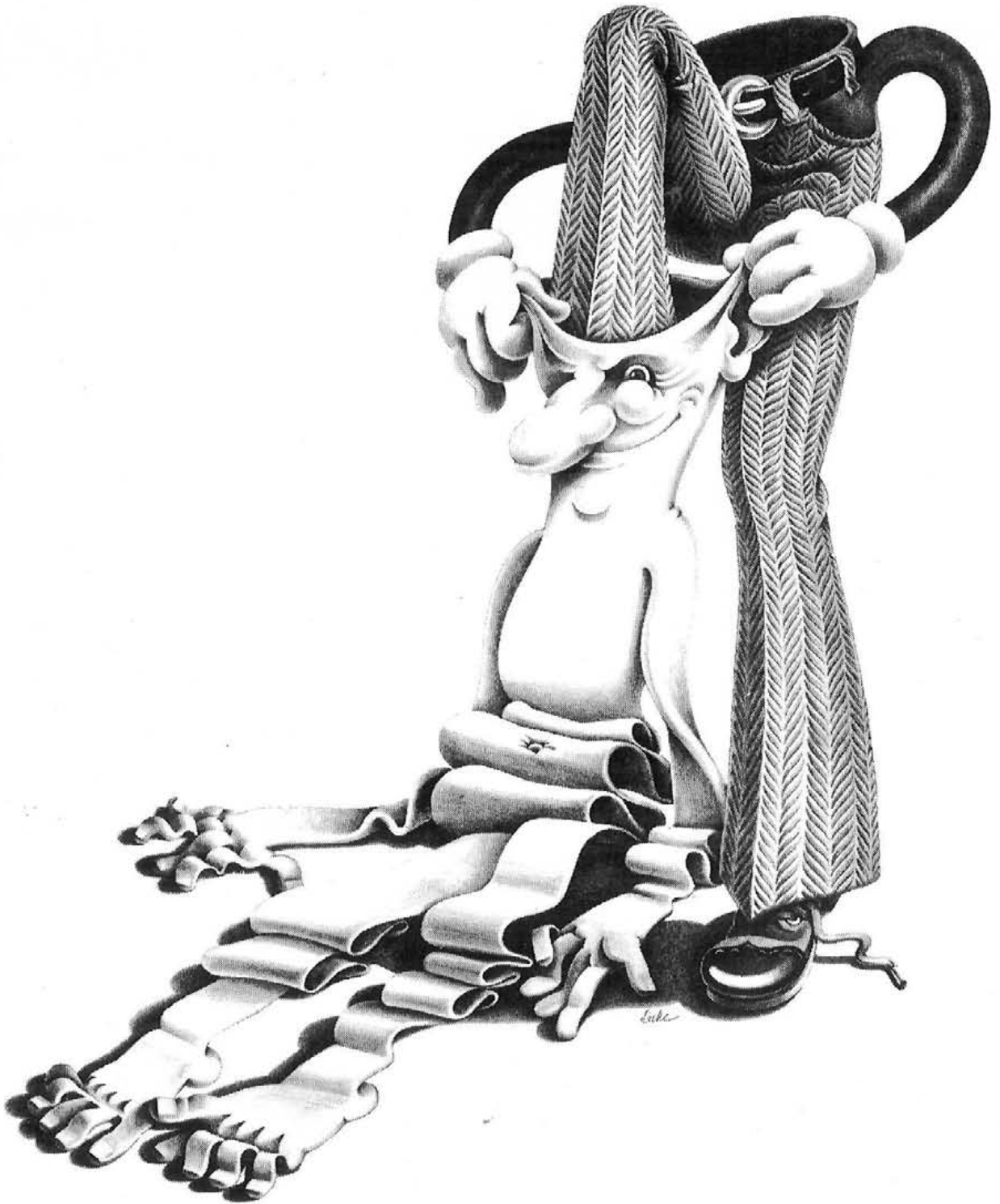
BACK-TO-SCHOOL ISSUE



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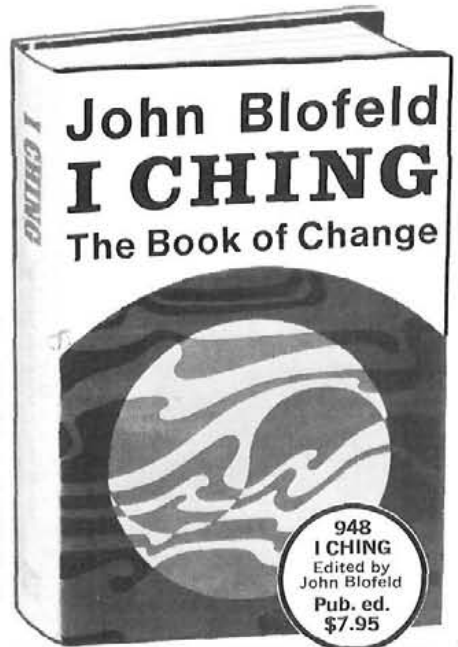
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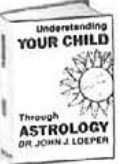
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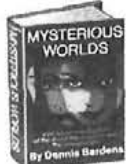
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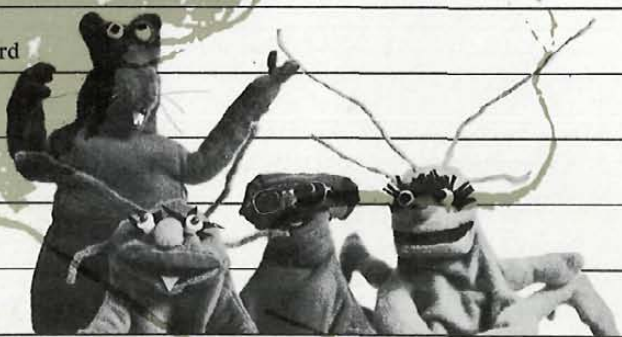
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WHO CAN BEAT NIXON?

That's the challenge of the new WHO CAN BEAT NIXON game. Great for home parties, gifts for your political-oriented friends. You'll have a lot of fun getting ready for your own primaries and then the final battle with one challenger against President Nixon for the 1972 presidential sweepstakes.

Play . . .

Sen. George McGovern
 Sen. Edward Kennedy
 Sen. Edmund Muskie
 Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey
 Mayor John Lindsay
 Gov. George Wallace
 or
 President Nixon himself!

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON is a contest for up to seven challengers against Richard M. Nixon for the Presidency of the United States. To win, the challenger or Nixon must be the first to gain 270 electoral votes of the 538 cast by the state electoral colleges. Players obtain electoral votes by a combination of money, media points, and the luck of the dice.

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON is full of pitfalls—for everybody. You'll land on various states and buy their electoral votes, if you have enough money and media support, AND if the state isn't pre-empted by the "home state" principle.

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON allows you to draw MEDIA cards, and you and the other candidates can be awarded—or punished—by fictitious endorsements of the press. You also draw EVENT cards—and just as in real life your fate is decided by the course of these events. In the EVENT deck are PRIMARY cards. These precipitate contests that eliminate contenders as the campaign draws to a close. Nixon, naturally, can't be eliminated by PRIMARY cards, but he does run into special problems created by the MEDIA and EVENT cards, and in unforeseen problems awaiting him on the board. Penalties set at places

like CABINET SHAKE-UP, KICKBACK SCANDAL, and CREDIBILITY GAP make the going heavy. There's a place for PEACE, too, but only Nixon wins an Eastern state when he lands there!

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON is an exciting, stimulating, fun-filled game, exasperating and rewarding as a real-life campaign! It isn't rigid . . . you can change the game to suit your own ideas of how a campaign should go—just by filling out the additional blank MEDIA and EVENT cards to fit your special interests and concerns.

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON can be ordered now by filling out the coupon on this page! It will be yours—to test your political prowess—and luck—in a matter of two to three weeks.

FULL-SIZE FOUR COLOR BOARD, HANDSOME BOOK SIZE GAME BOX.

OVER 30,000 GAMES IN PRINT!

The advertisement features a central image of the 'Who Can Beat Nixon' board game. The board is diamond-shaped with four quadrants labeled 'NORTH', 'SOUTH', 'EAST', and 'WEST'. The center of the board has a large eagle logo and the text 'WHO CAN BEAT NIXON'. Surrounding the center are various state names and electoral college numbers. The board is surrounded by game components: a box with the title and eagle logo, several '1,000,000' money cards, 'MEDIA' and 'EVENT' cards, and a set of dice. The bottom of the advertisement contains a coupon for ordering the game, with fields for name, address, city, state, and zip code. The coupon is enclosed in a dashed-line border.

GAMBIT GAMES c/o The New Republic, Box 1972
 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036

I am interested in beating Nixon or his competitors in 1972. Either way, please send me game(s) of WHO CAN BEAT NIXON at \$6.95 each. Enclosed check for \$7.70 includes 75¢ for postage and handling. (Sorry, no charge orders accepted.)

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

Letter from the Editor

It seems that every newspaper you pick up nowadays is bellyaching about the state of our colleges, and I, for one, fail to see where they get off printing that trash in the light of the true facts. I've listed a few campus traditions below along with how these very traditions, except for minor details, are being carried on by today's students. Once you've read them, I'm sure you'll agree that the Class of '72 kids are the same madcap cutups their parents were when they short-sheeted the prexie's bed.

Bonfires After the Game

Still as popular as ever! Lobbing a few Molotov cocktails into the local bank usually does the job, saving all the bother and tedium of scrounging for firewood.

Secret Societies

And how! Unlike the rather transparent organizations of yesteryear, many contemporary societies are so secret that even the F.B.I. is unable to pinpoint their activities.

Flagpole Sitting

With the addition of a Vietcong flag, what used to be merely a matter of balance and endurance has become a thrill-packed sport as participants dodge projectiles hurled by enraged hard-hats.

Stuffing Phone Booths

While tending to shun cramming into phone booths and Volkswagens per se, a recent confrontation at the Pentagon resulted in no less than fifty-one collegians squeezing into a somewhat smallish police wagon, perhaps a new record.

Class Rivalry

Gone is all that boring frosh vs. soph business! Today's competition between the proletariat and the ruling class is, if anything, even keener, with many students openly advocating a "class war."

Homecoming Queens

Virtually unchanged save for the advent of the Gay Liberation Front. Admittedly, before the big game, it may be a trifle disconcerting for the "oldsters" to see the star halfback, astride a float, decked out in a bias-cut, pink faille sheath dress with matching open-toed sling-backs and a smart wrist corsage.

Dribbling Basketballs Across Country

Nothing new here, as draft-eligible males not only dribble basketballs across our country but right over the border into another one—Canada! At this time, however, no one has seen fit to dribble back.

Swallowing Goldfish

Needless to say, deeply felt ecological concern combined with a near Christlike regard for life itself would rule out swallowing actual goldfish. A substitute has been found, fortunately, and the current champion soundly trounced all contenders by downing 11 tabs of mescaline, 23 magic mushrooms, 17,000 morning-glory seeds, 3 roaches, 9 Dexamyl spansules, 1 Nembutal, 4 Tuinals, a generous handful of belladonna berries, and slightly over 40,000 milligrams of STP.

By this time, you're probably muttering, "They can take that 'generation gap' guff and knock it into a cocked hat!" And right you are! All those "The Crisis of Our Campuses" headlines are, in the main, nothing more than a pathetic attempt by the unscrupulous tabloid biz to boost flagging circulation. The facts speak for themselves far more eloquently than anything I might add.—MO'D

Cover: This month's cover is the result of teamwork, pure and simple, and we'd like to take this opportunity to tip our hats to a few of the forgotten men who make covers like this possible: Mike O'Donoghue had the original "brainstorm," and *NatLamp* design honcho Mike Gross gets an assist for a strong follow-through; Dick Hess, perennial high-scoring penster, inked the drawing, and Bob Pike, who is being traded to Elmira College for a tripod and some F-stops, came through with some nice camerawork in the third quarter; Art Director's Workshop put together a 2 on 1 silkscreen, and Ellen Taurins, playing in the cleanup spot, came up with the big gun (a Bostitch Stapomatic) in the final minutes to sort of wrap things up. Good work, all of you!



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FARQUAHR
THE BEEFEATERS

BREAD
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CARLY SIMON
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Dear Garden Of Delights:
Please send me your three record GARDEN OF DELIGHTS
with proper speed.

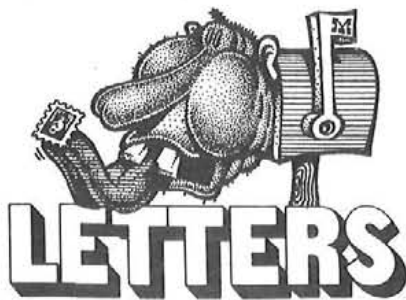
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Please allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery.

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Dear Phil:

Why did the little moron take off his kneecap?

Hon. Walter Annenberg
U.S. Embassy
London

Dear Walt:

I give up—why did he take off his kneecap?

Philip, Duke of Edinburgh
Buckingham Palace
London

Dear Phil:

To see if there was any beer in the joint!

Hon. Walter Annenberg
U.S. Embassy
London



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is ours.**

Whether you live in a big city with its crowded drugstores, or in a small town where people know each other so well, obtaining male contraceptives without embarrassment can be a problem.

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Population Planning Associates, Dept. C-8
105 No. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Dear Walt:

Outfoxed again, you devil! My turn: What is the difference between a cat and a comma?

Philip, Duke of Edinburgh
Buckingham Palace
London

Dear Sir:

If some morning we wake up and find that there's only one kind of ice cream in all the stores and long lines for pork chops and mandatory marijuana injections and no more nylon and the hammer-and-bicycle flying from the Statue of Liberty, we'll know who to thank!

Ralph Putrillo
Sun Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

You know what I say? I say, go to hell you rotten bums, that's what I say.

Bill Morola
Freon Park, N.J.

Dear Editors,

You think you're so smart? O.K., if you think you're so smart, why aren't you the head of the Sales Department over here at Standard Faucet like George Tuna? Well? Answer me that. I dare you to print this.

George Tuna
Condom, Ohio

Gentlemen:

You know what I think? I think you guys are sick, that's what I think.

Tony Quent
Barabbas, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Hey, how about a spoof on shaving-cream cans? You know the way too much shaving cream always comes out and when you get to the end there isn't enough air left in the can, and it just kind of sputters?

Roger Sendow
Fort Beaver, B.C.

Gentlemen:

You know what gets under my skin? Pocket fluff. You could really do a good parody of pocket fluff, and I know a lot of other people feel the same way I do.

Dave Horst
Slowville, Va.

Dear Sir:

I fink, therefore I am.

Sidney Zion
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

I imagine you get hundreds of interesting, informative, and thought-provoking letters from your readers each month. Why don't you print them instead of running juvenile "parody" letters with fanciful plans to end the war, unlikely hate letters, "joke" junk mail, and fake love letters?

I'm sure you won't print this, and, if you do, you'll probably misspell my name. It's F-R-I-S-B-Y. That's with a "Y," not an "E-E."

Dobson Frisbee
Salad Forks, Minn.

Gentlemen,

Please send me posthaste a sample of your remarkable product which you have advertised extensively as being capable of ridding even the most redolent domicile of the ill you describe as "housitosis."

Roderick Usher
Usher Manor, Pa.

Dear City Slikkers,

If you luk insied this note, you will fined an important bottel!

The Old Switcheroo
Penobscot, Me.

Gentlemen:

So that's why. All right, the hell with it. By the way, I noticed you misspelled my name as I thought you would. It's F-R-I-S-B-Y. That's from the Norse, and it means "he who brought the whisk broom." F-R-I-S-B-E-E is a kind of toy.

Dobson Frisbee
Salad Forks, Minn.

Sirs:

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

Sincerely,
Herbert Marcuse
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

This time you have gone too far. Freedom of speech does not imply the right to print "fuck" in a crowded magazine.

Sincerely,
Oliver Wendell Holmes
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I am seeking an unbiased opinion. Which do you prefer: Bob or Bobby?

Mr. Robert Darin
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I overheard this one the other day, and have been telling it so much lately that my husband suggested I send it in to a magazine. He was joking, of course, but I figured... why not? (The joke is just a little racy, however, so I would appreciate it if you wouldn't give out my name.)

**MOTTO ON BATHROOM WALL:
THAT'S THE WAY THE
SPANISH FLY!**

Terrific, wasn't it? I know where I can get a million just like it if you want them.

Martha Mitchell
Washington, D.C.

Dear _____,

Thank you for letting us see your manuscript, *The Sensuous*. We regret, however, that it does not meet our needs at the present time.

Lyle Stuart, Publisher
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You guys probably never heard of me on account of I play defensive right end for the Oakland Raiders and I wouldn't expect a bunch of phony Ivy League intellectual assholes like you to know a goddamn thing about football. Anyway, around our locker room your "magazine" ("piece of shit" is more like it) is about as popular as a brain tumor. The way you four-eyed, smart-assed mental cripples dump all over our most sacred institutions is enough to make me want to puke, and is probably traderous to our country, too. After talking about this over a few beers last night, me and some of the guys on the team that still love America decided we would come to your office on our next trip to the Big Apple and maybe tapdance on your temples. Would Monday, October 18, at 3:00 be okay?

Ben Davidson
Oakland, California

Dear Abby:

I have a problem with a tattoo. You see, my last boyfriend insisted that I have his name tattooed on my tummy in order to "prove that I loved him." Now my new boyfriend wants to "do it," but I am afraid of his reaction when he sees my tattoo. I have tried to remove it, using everything from Oxydol (with green crystals) to Nair with Cocoa Butter, but to no avail. I have put my boyfriend off up until now, but he is beginning to suspect that I'm "not that kind of girl," and if he spreads that around you can imagine what it will do to my reputation. Have you any ideas?

Signed,
14 and worried,
Clasmy, Tex.

Sirs:

Just what in blue blazes is "animal husbandry," anyway??? Up until now I've been so afraid that if anyone caught me and Boo-Boo out behind the fire tower, none of the "nice" bears would date me again. Now I find "animal husbandry" listed as a bona fide U.S. Government career!!! What gives??? (Besides Boo-Boo.)

Perplexedly,
Ranger Smith
Posthole, Wyoming

Sirs:

This is to inform you that a bomb has been placed somewhere in your building and is set to go off at exact

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 Kilty Litter 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.

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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.

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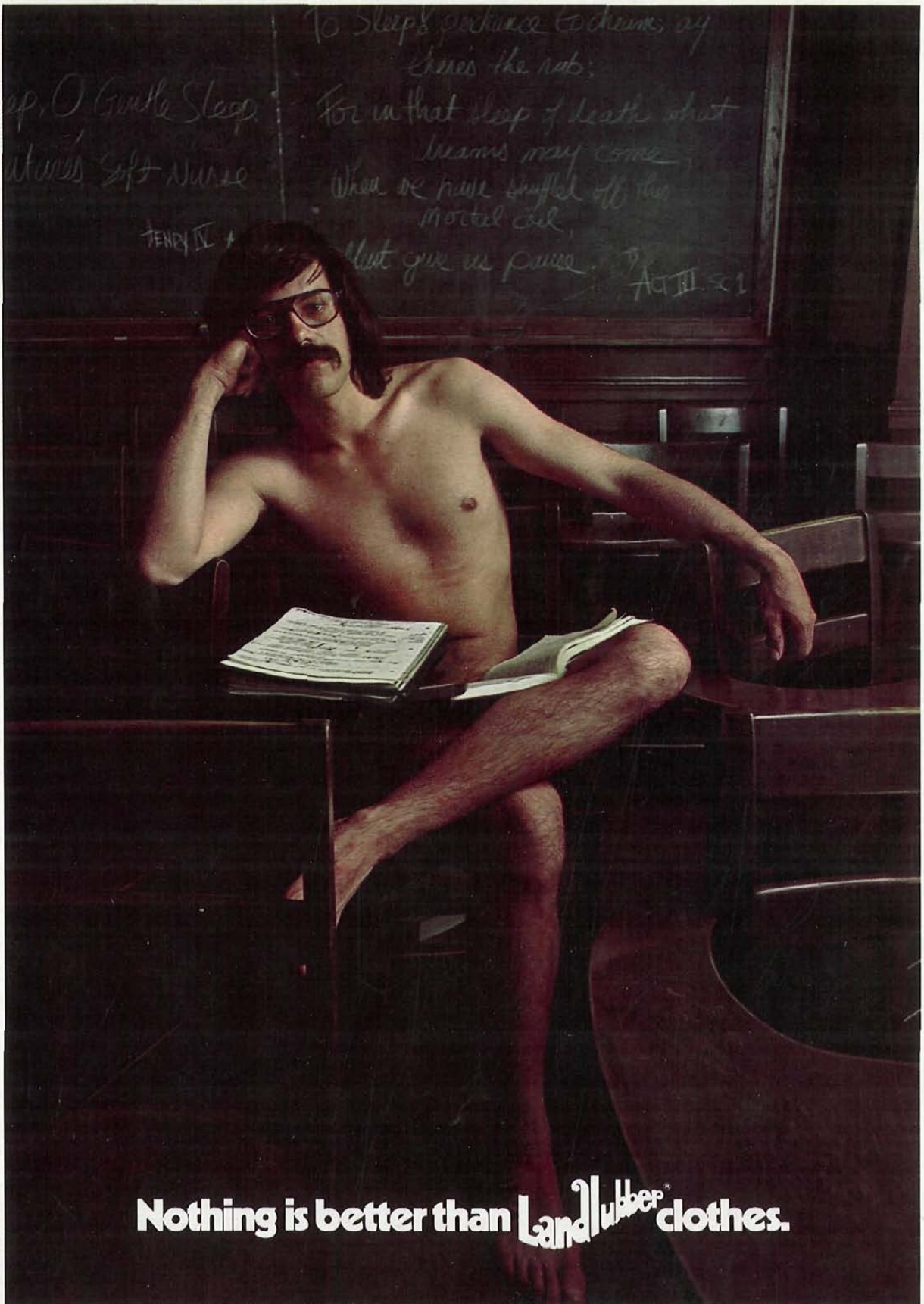
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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

I hope you will not be miffed at the peculiar letterhead on this stationery, and I suppose you may have already guessed that it really isn't stationery at all, but ever since that awful Pentagon Papers mess, Spiggy has made a complete pest of himself, tearing up every piece of loose paper in the house into little teeny bits. Already this week I'm missing two patterns for winter muumuu and a recipe from the *Post* for fried-egg sandwiches that sounded absolutely delect!

It's all Dick's fault, really, dear Diary, because he called Spiggy and the rest of the boys "on the carpet" after that flap and gave them what for for not properly declassifying (i.e. tearing into little teeny bits) everything that passed through their hands. Just then, Spiggy says he made a joke about how if that included Hank

Kissinger, then they'd have to run every virgin in Washington over fourteen through a vegamatic just to be on the safe side. Well, needless to say, Hank got mad and said something about Spiggy's unusual taste in after-shave lotion, and Spiggy said something about declassifying the blood test Hank took after he spent the evening with Chou En-lai's Pekingese. Then the fur started to fly. As usual, Spiggy's sense of humor only got us in hot water because the next day a man came to the house to install one of those mechanical paper shredders. Then he gave me a note from Dick for Spiggy, saying if Spiggy left so much as shirt cardboard lying around where some Commie homo kike could find it, the only official documents he'd get to handle would be parking tickets.

Well, dear Diary, the shredder was fine for coleslaw, but it kind of gagged and made rumbly sounds on the carrots and stopped dead, so I sold it to that nice Chinaman superintendent who comes around every day to empty the wastebaskets and clean the microphones. It was a piece of luck because he said he'd been looking for one of these ever since he got off the submarine in '58, and was going to surprise his little boy with it for Christmas. I must confess, dear Diary, that his check found its way to the Famous Writers School, where I've gotten a little behind in my tuition payments of late. But my kitchen insinkerator works just as well for declassifying secret documents, including those nasty letters from Mr. Cerf's collection agency threatening to tell Spiggy where the grocery money has been going.

Men!

Anyway, last night, of course, was our monthly card party with Pat and Dick and John and Martha and Hank Kissinger and you-know-who. (I hope you will understand, dear Diary, why I have never committed the actual name of Hank's . . . overnight friend to paper, but if it ever got out, there would be quite a stink and God only knows that Mr. Lodge has troubles enough without having his problem plastered all over the front page.)

I do believe, dear Diary, that it is a sickness, not a crime.

Pat and Martha and I scooted into the kitchen for some girl talk while we fixed the dip—a new idea of Pat's, by

the way, although I really don't think that toothpaste is all that less expensive—and the boys chitchatted about the secret escape tunnel that Dick was building between San Clemente and San Diego for the 1972 Convention when the hippies find out Mr. Ky's last shipment of you-know-what is mostly talcum powder and baking soda. John said not to worry because if things got "hairy," they could count on a strike to settle everything once and for all. I must say, dear Diary, that that puzzled me because I knew that Dick had been quite angry about the last rail strike and how another one might keep the delegates from coming on time. Martha just shook her head and laughed (she had been sampling my assortment of New York State cooking sherrys and hadn't really gotten around to helping with the party snacks yet) and said no, silly, it wasn't a strike for the delegates, it was for the hippies, and it wasn't going to be a rail strike, but an *air* strike. Then John, who had overheard the conversation from the rumpus room, laughed and said and what's more, it won't cost the taxpayers one red cent because if the test pilots at Lockheed didn't owe Dick a good turn, then who did?

Then the talk drifted to how mad Chiang Kai-shek was when he found out about Hank's trip to Red Communist China. John said he got the first call and told Mr. Kai-shek that Dick was busy and couldn't talk to him now, but could he have the shirts ready by Monday? Then, the next time he called, Mr. Kai-shek was even *madder* because he just found out that his nephew had been told that there had been a misprint on his college acceptance certificate and his scholarship would have to be transferred from Harvard to Kent State. John said Mr. Kai-shek started saying what sounded like terrible things in chink talk so he put him on "hold." An hour later, when John picked up the phone to call Martha, Mr. Kai-shek was still saying those terrible things. John said it would have been hysterical if we weren't picking up the tab for his long-distance calls already. Then Spiggy said that's nothing, when that little squint pig got me on the phone, I just told him to uncork a bottle of rice wine, sit back, and Taiwan on. Get it? *Taiwan* on? Then I told the operator to reverse the charges and hung up.

Spiggy, dear Diary, is such a card.

Finally the hors d'oeuvres were ready (quite tasty, too! Pat brought us all house presents of Bon Vivant delicacies she picked up for a song from a warehouse clearance!), and the usual bickering began whether to play Old Maid or Go Fish. As usual, too, everybody wanted to play Go Fish, but Spiggy started to whine and I said all right, all right, just put your shoes and socks back on and get off the floor. Everybody was in a

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perky mood including even Pat, who has a terrific sweet tooth and had only that day discovered that they make an orange-flavored chapstick. I don't think I've seen her so happy since the day that Onassis tramp came to the White House to pick up some of her hoity-toity antique sculptures and Pat told her that the Girl Scouts had already picked everything up and made them into planters.

As we played, I noticed that Spiggy was giving Hank funny sidelong glances, and I realized that he might still be carrying a grudge from that day in Dick's office. My fears were confirmed when Spiggy started making cracks to Hank about his trip to China, like do they really take American Express at those way-out massage parlors, give me your fours. (Spiggy was still prickly about Dick giving Hank an American Express card on the company for his trip. All Spiggy got for his was a big roll of bills with a twenty wrapped around the outside and a lot of ones on the inside.) Hank shot a look at Spiggy over his cards and said hey Spiggy that's quite a tan you picked up on your trip, but you're back now so why waste all that salad oil on that beak of yours, give me your fives, ha ha. Spiggy made a face and said that Hank had forgotten to give him his cards this time and was he trying to deal him out of the game? Hank laughed and said hell no, I don't have them but it wouldn't hurt to give John Connally a call, heh heh, give me your sevens.

Well, I decided to sit out a hand and change the subject (I noticed John had slipped the old maid into Dick's sock anyway), so I showed Pat some of the souvenirs we picked up in Spain, particularly the funny little miniature head of an actual Communist set in a plastic cube that that nice Mr. Franco gave to Spiggy as a paperweight. Pat said it was very nice and would I care for a chapstick but Hank cut in again and said that it was just a piece of cheap tourist junk and when he was in Peking he got to watch as they spray-painted Mao for the diplomatic banquet. Right then Dick woke up and giggled. Spiggy's ears got red and he said speaking of state secrets, it's a good thing that Ellsberg didn't get a hold of the taxidermist's estimate to work over Pat's body for the '68 inauguration. Well, Dick stood up and everybody started shouting and I thought there was going to be Trouble, when a crash from the kitchen reminded us that Martha was still in there sampling. By the time Pat and I got her cleaned up and John put her on the daybed in the laundry room, everybody had simmered down, and Dick had even taken the opportunity to stick the old maid into a pleat in John's trousers.

The party's mood turned gayer and everybody talked about the new Eisenhower silver dollar and Spiggy said when

Dick cashes in they'll put *his* puss on a coin that's 20 percent silver, 40 percent copper, and 40 percent cottage cheese, ho ho, give me your nines. Dick smiled, but I noticed that he gave Hank a little kick under the table, and Hank said if they ever make one for Spiggy they'll be worth their weight in gold because any coin with every word misspelled is bound to be a collector's item, hee hee. Well, this time I *really* put my foot down and made Spiggy turn the card table back over because he was making a mess and Dick made a conciliatory (it pays to increase your word power!) joke about the criminal mentality. John said speaking of criminal mentalities, several million of them are going to get the vote in '72 and we'd better get cracking, because when that tunnel gets filled in after the convention it'll only hold about 700,000 or so. Just then Hank blinked his eyes and said not to worry because he'd picked up some ideas on his trip from the way Chou handled the Red Guard. Maybe a good way to start, he said, was if Dick had a little red book made up of some of his sayings. Then they could see if the Supreme Court would let them use Dick's sayings instead of the pledge of allegiance, which was getting sort of out of date anyway. Dick smiled and said that he had had exactly the same idea himself, and, as a matter of fact, he had been making little jottings in a notebook lately of his thoughts for just that reason. He took out a little spiral notebook with some penciling in it and asked us if we'd like to be the first to hear some of his thoughts and of course we all said yes yes. Dick turned a little pink and cleared his throat and said well here's one I think is sort of on the beam: *When going to the laundry, the foolish man does not ask for heavy starch. On the other hand, the wise man does ask for heavy starch because his shirt can be worn several times longer due to it's added stiffness at the collars and cuffs and still present a fresh, neat appearance to employer and fellow employees alike.* Dick stopped and cleared his throat again and looked a little shy and asked if we'd like to hear another.

Well, there was a bit of nervous coughing and people sort of shifted in their seats waiting for somebody to speak, but I kept remembering Thumper's words to Bambi, which are, *if you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all.* Luckily, however, the phone rang and Spiggy picked it up, chuckled, and gave it to Dick saying it was some chink who says he's been trying to reach you all day.

From Dick's face as he listened, dear Diary, it was plain to me that Mr. Kaisek had never even heard of Thumper.

All for now,

Judy

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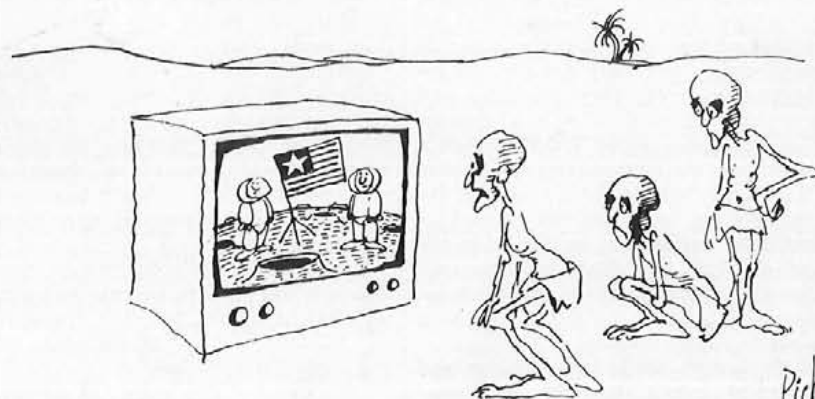
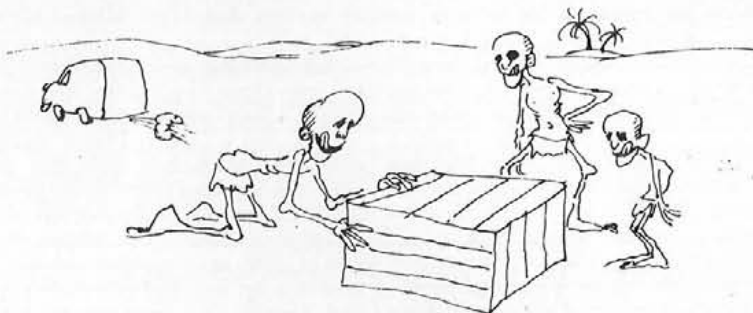
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NEWS OF THE MONTH



In regard to the sodomy charges brought against cartoonist and right-wing political activist Al Capp, we're willing to bet our bottom dollar it's a bum rap, and we hope he doesn't turn the other cheek or take it sitting down. No buts about it—Mr. Capp is well-known for his recititude, and we can only assume that someone who doesn't like his stern views has chosen this back-door route to character assassination.

The following fragment of a Department of Defense document recently came into our possession. The fragment comprises

pages 2 and 3 of a seven-page study and carries the classification TOP SECRET. We must of course protect the anonymity of the person or persons who supplied us with it, and so we are obviously not in a position to comment on reports that in an interview taped last week at his home in Cambridge, Dr. Daniel Ellsberg identified Sidney Zion as the source:

... as a problem, but rather as an opportunity. It would be indeed unfortunate if in our haste to eradicate what conventional wisdom teaches us is an evil, we were to overlook what may in fact prove to be the solution to a whole series of

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Creem Magazine

"I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus."
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dilemmas. That would truly be throwing out the goose that laid the golden egg with the bath water!

From a purely military standpoint of recruiting and maintaining a stable all-volunteer force at an acceptable cost, the institutionalization of heroin or other hard-drug addiction would clearly provide a positive plus in the three key areas of manpower acquisition, manpower utilization and control, and manpower retention. Right from the first, under the heading of manpower acquisition, the benefits are immediate and inarguable. The ready availability of a secure source of hard drugs of assured potency at little or no cost, a situation which is totally impossible in the civilian sector, should automatically guarantee a base enlistment rate close to that necessary to maintain desired force levels. Our best estimates indicate that in fiscal 1971, 600,000 individuals, more than 80 percent of them males, entered the addiction pool. Even allowing for a 66 percent nonavailability rate due to rejection for physical or mental reasons, disinterest, however unlikely, in the Army option, or premature death, an annual manpower availability of close to 200,000 men remains.

It should be stressed that the individuals likely to be attracted would need few of the more expensive inducements now planned, including high pay levels, to regard the Army an attractive option, and that these individuals would be for the most part precisely those whom society is most anxious to contribute to the Army. It is true, of course, that this manpower pool would be predominantly nonwhite, but the Department has long been reconciled to this eventuality. It should be further noted, however, that the number of Caucasian addicts is increasing rapidly, and that the lure of drugs as a "cool thing" can be counted on to attract many of the so-called "disenchanted middle-class youth" whose unstable natures have contributed to civilian-control problems in the past and whom, again, society would not complain of losing.

Whether as a practical matter local recruiters could be authorized to provide limited supplies of drugs as part of their "selling job" would, of course, have some bearing on the number of men likely to become available. Adoption of a fairly frank advertising campaign utilizing slogans like "Roll up your sleeves and join the new Action Army" and "If you have a monkey on your back, wear it proudly" could also contribute to maximum manpower attraction.

In this regard, the potential distaste among the general public to such a campaign might well be allayed by a parallel campaign aimed at gut issues, perhaps featuring a depiction of an elderly lady being assaulted by a nonwhite

male with the slogan: "Wouldn't you rather he were mugging a Vietcong?"

In the second area—that of manpower utilization and control—the benefits are sizable. The Army has in recent months been faced with severe discipline and troop-control problems, of which the recent spate of so-called "fraggings" are only one dramatic part. Morale, particularly in Vietnam, is at an all-time low, and the AWOL/desertion rate has reached a dangerously high level. Here, institutionalized addiction demonstrates most dramatically its advantages. The regular use of narcotics not only provides a euphoric, high-morale state, usually uncharacterized by individual acts of violence so long as the supply is maintained, but it also creates in the habitual user a passivity that is highly conducive to direction and to an unquestioning acceptance of activities that may be inherently absurd. Habitual users generally perform relatively simple, intellectually undemanding tasks competently and almost invariably display self-confidence and feelings of invulnerability and omnipotence. In fact, in many ways, the classic addict comes close to fitting the description of the ideal soldier.

Needless to say, insofar as troop management is concerned, the control of the drug supply, which would presumably be a command function, and the threat of its removal insure a level of discipline probably exceeding that of the most well run unit in existence today, and a desertion rate as close to zero as can be attained under any circumstances. In extreme cases, as for example in difficult combat situations, the withholding of the drug or its highly visible placement, perhaps by airdrop, on an objective to be seized, could well prove a decisive factor in an engagement with an enemy force.

The advantages of this program in the third area—manpower retention—needs little elaboration. Personnel would be quite literally addicted to Army life. Probably the only serious manpower problem would be in effecting retirements. As a practical matter, however, the dramatically shortened life-span of the average addict provides a built-in retirement factor and, incidentally, provides considerable savings in pensions. In the case of personnel who did reach retirement age, the provision of a supply of narcotics as the major portion of a pension should suffice.

There are other general benefits as well. Naturally, the general public will be less likely to be concerned about the fate of "a bunch of addicts," or to press for their release from prison camps at the expense of strategic objectives, or to complain of high casualty rates in limited war situations. In fact, the public can be expected to display an understandable reluctance to be informed of Army activities, an altogether healthy turn of events . . . □

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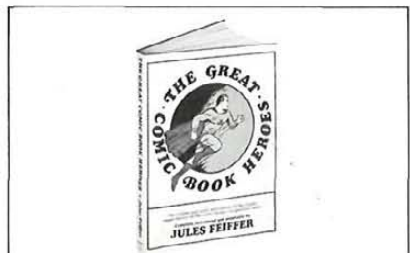
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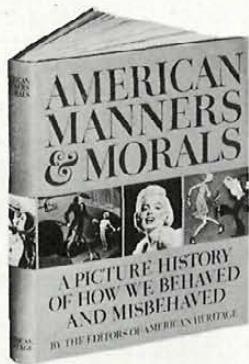
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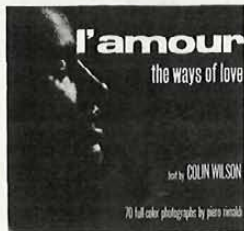
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L.

THE SQUEALER



THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR ALUMNI AND FRIENDS
OF THE TOM PAINE HOME FOR DELINQUENT BOYS, SPARTA, NEW YORK.

Campus Unrest at Tom Paine: The Inside Story

By now, most graduates, wherever they are in these United States, must have heard something about the disturbance here at the school. Sensational stories about so-called "riots" appeared in all the papers and on national TV—and while it was a thrill to see the old alma mater getting all that publicity, it was unfortunate that the story was covered by reporters from the "crime" rather than the "education" beat.

For alumni who may not have heard the story yet, and to set the record straight for those who got the hysterical mass-media version, here's what really happened.

Saturday morning began quietly, with no signs of trouble. Most of the boys were busy in the potato fields, while some of the younger students (all of them first offenders, we might add) were down at the pigpen playing with Rosie, the Old School Sow.

They were taking turns with Rosie, in the time-honored Tom Paine tradition, but one of the fellows was taking a little too long, at least in the opinion of those in line behind him. In an effort to hurry him along, someone shouted, "Off the pig!"

A new member of staff, a recent transfer from the "Big House" faculty, misunderstood, lost his head, and opened fire on the crowd. (Rosie escaped uninjured, those of you who harbor a sentimental attachment will be pleased to learn.)

Despite intensive investigation, the incidents of the next half hour remain unclear. It is certain that a dozen or so students rushed over to the kitchen building (there had been the usual grumblings about "chow" for the preceding weeks, but



Principal Toomey, in his office, looks over the equipment brought out of the tool shed after the recent campus hijinks and deplores the sensationalism of the mass-media reports. (See his open letter on the following page.)

Ramparts' reported "hunger strike" is a gross exaggeration). The boys raided the staff pantry and made off with armloads of steaks, after indulging in a little roughhouse with Cookie. (Cookie will be released from the hospital shortly, and has been given a permanent pension by the state.)

For two days, the realization that the unruly students had access to the contents of the shed—shears, saws, pitchforks, etc.—discouraged staff members from interrupting the party, but when, early Wednesday morning, a gasoline fire broke

continued on page 2



"Fritz the Screw" (R.I.P.) at the height of his popularity as a Tom Paine staffer. Caught by the camera in an uncharacteristically light mood, he is pictured here with one of the treasures from his leather collection.

Goodbye, Mr. Fritz

All Tom Painers were saddened this month by the passing away of the school's oldest staff member. An era ended with the death of Heinie Scheisskopf, better known to three generations of TP boys as Fritz the Screw, who first came to Tom Paine in 1920, fresh out of an army. And even in those rough-and-ready days he earned a reputation as "quite a disciplinarian," for he was a hard taskmaster in the classic Prussian manner.

"Fritz" never took to the new penology, and remained a staunch upholder, in theory and in practice (until health failed him), of corporal punishment. A sharp crack across the buttocks from Fritz's ever-present swagger stick became almost an "initiation rite" for new boys, and Fritz's highest compliment was: "I vipped your father, also, *unt* he vas also scum like you!"

But, however stern and fierce Fritz appeared in the classroom or workshop, we all knew he had his tender, gentle side, too. Many a young Tom Painer, invited under threat of severe punishment to one of Fritz's "midnight suppers," discovered that the tyro of the campus was human, all too human, as he feasted them on Rhine wine and strudel before he shyly showed his secret collection of unusual leather equipment.

For the last few years Fritz had been unwell and was relieved of all official duties at the school. But he remained a familiar figure around the dorms and washrooms, as he befriended, in his gruff manner, each of the new boys in turn.

The end came suddenly, and as Fritz and his friends would have wished it. Fritz was enthusiastically demonstrating his leather collection to a young favorite when his old heart stopped. He died with his boots on.

by Sean Kelly and Anne Beatts

Campus Unrest continued from page 1

out beside the building (its cause remains unknown), the students voluntarily vacated the shed and thoughtfully brought out with them such implements as they could carry.

They were met enthusiastically by heavily armed staff members, and a brief, but spirited encounter took place.

We are certain we speak for all our readers in expressing our deepest sympathies to the parents or guardians of Willie "LumpLump" Maguire (Breaking and Entering, Class of '73) and Claude Frazer (Attempted Auto Theft, Class of '74) who passed away in the skirmish.

Everything has returned to normal now on campus, and survivors of the three-day prank have not even been expelled.

One healthy result of the incident is that new channels of communication have been opened between faculty and students, with the placing of a suggestion box outside the chaplain's office.

Principal Toomey has best summed up the long-term meaning of the whole affair in the open letter to concerned alumni, which we are glad to publish here in the *Squealer*.

Office of the Warden

Dear Alumni and Other Friends of Tom Paine,

To me, one of the most encouraging facets of the last few trying weeks have been the many letters of sympathy and concern which have poured in from our Old Boys after having heard of our Campus Difficulties.

Many of you have written to suggest a return to "more old-fashioned methods" of maintaining discipline. But may I remind you that Tom Paine is a progressive institution that must, while respecting the tried and true traditions of the past, move with the times. Besides, you'd be surprised how effective modern "psychological" methods can be.

Let me in closing assure you that the boys now under my charge are as fine a group of delinquents as I have ever met. It would indeed be a shame if we let a small and untypical group of troublemakers give them all a bad name.

Yours truly,

Bill Toomey
Bill Toomey

Tom Paine Wins Fence Fight PRINCIPAL CLOWNS, SINGS "DON'T FENCE ME IN" TO CLIMAX GALA GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONIES

As he turned the first spadeful of earth marking the installation of Tom Paine's new electrical fencing, Principal Toomey was heard to hum a few bars of "Don't Fence Me In" under his breath. Later, he delighted a mixed audience of students, Old Boys, and local well-wishers by singing a complete stanza of the same Western ditty, while workers continued the task of excavation.

The principal's efforts marked the end of a long battle to raise the estimated \$50,000 cost of the fencing. Despite the pressing need for a more adequate method of forestalling runaways, official funds were not readily forthcoming. "It took us two years just to get them to listen to us up in Albany," said the principal.

An appeal to private donors netted \$4,000 and several color television sets with their serial numbers removed. But when state authorities vetoed the alternative, more economical, suggestion of trained guard dogs, the runaway rate seemed likely to stay where it was.

continued on page 4



The gala sod-turning ceremony marking the start of construction of the Senator Talarico Memorial Fence.



It should give shocks of up to 650 volts when switched on.

What Hears the Squealer

A continuing column of news about Tom Paine Old Boys, far and near.

G. W. Jackson, Breaking and Entering '64, writes to us from California, where he is enjoying a stay in sunny Soledad. He expects to be there for the next ten years.

Arthur Brubaker, Forgery '59, has relocated in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he has taken up woodworking as a hobby in addition to his actual job of punching out license plates.

Joe Riposo, Assault with a Dangerous Weapon '43, is doing well in the cement business on Long Island.

Arthur "Lips" Kennedy, Fraud '69, is completing his graduate studies at Highland State Farm, Highland, New York.

Births: To George W. S. Troll, Fraud '67, and his wife, Mary (the former Sister St. Bernadette), a son, "Dougie."

To Rosie, the Old School Sow, her thirty-fifth litter, this time of eleven piglets. Mother, babies, and proud fathers all well.

To Cassius "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Rape '71, and the former Pamela Bainswoth-Lindsay, a son, their first, at the St. Elizabeth Hospital, Saranac, N.Y., August 3.

Marriages: Cassius "Pretty Boy" Floyd and Pamela (née Bainswoth-Lindsay), in the chapel of the St. Elizabeth Hospital, Saranac, N.Y. Aug. 4.

Deaths: Willie Maguire (see page one) Claude Frazer (see page one) Heinie Scheisskopf (see page one)

JOHNNY CASH LIVE AND IN CONCERT

8:00 P.M. November 22nd

Theodore Roosevelt Auditorium

Tom Paine School for Delinquent Boys

Public Admission \$2 Students \$3 Graduate Society \$5

Letters

Dear Sirs:

I realize you at Tom Paine have been having your problems of late. Perhaps that explains the unfriendly attitude some of my fellow merchants have taken toward your students.

Personally, I believe it is our civic duty to accept the burden of a nearby correctional institution. Tom Paine boys may be black sheep, but they are members of the flock nonetheless. High-spirited childish pranks like looting and smashing store windows are no reason to reject any possibility of communication between youth at Tom Paine and the more privileged members of our fair community.

I assure you that your lads will always find the welcome mat out at my place.

Sincerely,
Edgar Tracy, Prop.
Ed's Magic City Poolroom-
Luncheonette

Dear Sirs:

I know you'll think me an old conservative, but, if you ask me, the only thing wrong with today's boys is that they lack *discipline*. When I was at Tom Paine, and they were the happiest years of my life as I look back on them, there was no mollycoddling. And we were made better men because of it.

Today's Tom Paine students are being denied a firm grounding in the classics: solitary confinement, bread and water, the cat-o'-nine-tails, naked midwinter calisthenics, and the old "face in the toilet bowl" routine.

No wonder, then, they grow up with no respect for the American way. I suspect that behind "the new penology" there are sinister forces at work, weakening the moral fibre of the young. Think about it.

Boris Williamson
Cell Block 67
Sing Sing, N.Y.

Editor's Note

Many apologies for the typographical errors in the last issue of the *Squealer*. Our regular proofreader left suddenly, and the consequences were disastrous, as many readers observed. Special apologies to old friend and benefactor of Tom Paine, cartoonist Al Capp. Of course, what we meant to say was that the charges against him were a "bum rap." That "e" at the end just sort of sneaked in.

Readers will be pleased to know that Linky "The Skate" Stanley, Counterfeiting '73, has been recaptured, and will be back at his old job of proofreading the *Squealer* for some time to come.

The Principal's Column The Man Raps



No Generation Gap

As a new term begins, it's always a pleasure for me to see familiar names on the list of inmates. We have a proud family tradition here at Paine, and meeting the sons of alumni always gives me a real thrill, believe me. For example, this year we have the sons of half a dozen former Volstead Act offenders serving terms for possession of marijuana. It's great to see tradition upheld.

Festina Lente

For some years now, there's been a curriculum debate between faculty conservatives ("It was good enough for their godfathers, it'll be good enough for them") and liberals ("More shop and less carrots"). This year we've taken a big step in the direction of compromise. We've made a full course in road-building compulsory, but we've also replaced the blacksmith shop with arc-welding equipment, with a view to better preparing the lads for the modern world of today.

Disa'n' Data

Arrangements are nearly completed for our student-exchange program with En-

gland's Borstal. . . . As usual, the school needs funds . . . we'll settle for used cars, no questions asked. . . . Students have been working overtime in the fields, on a special hemp-growing project of their own. . . . Hope to see those of you who are free at Homecoming Weekend. . . .

Sports Day

Tom Paine's annual invitational track meet was not an unqualified success this year, nor was "a good time had by all," as the saying goes.

A dark pall was cast over the day when, in the first event, several members of faculty in the grandstands were injured while watching the hammer throw, an event which will be discontinued in subsequent years.

In the pole-vault event, promising young athlete Mel Tait, Burglary '75, cleared sixteen feet, and the new fifteen-foot fence, disqualifying himself from further competition.

As the day came to a close, Tom Paine was fifty aggregate points behind our traditional rival institution, the Free-town School, with only the marathon race to be run. Our hopes rested on young Ralph "The Limey" Stewart, an endurance runner of some note.

Ralph led the field by a good quarter mile coming into the homestretch, and suddenly, despite Principal Toomey's personal encouragement, quit. "I got lonely," he explained.

HOMECOMING '71

Honoring the Fightin' Class of '42

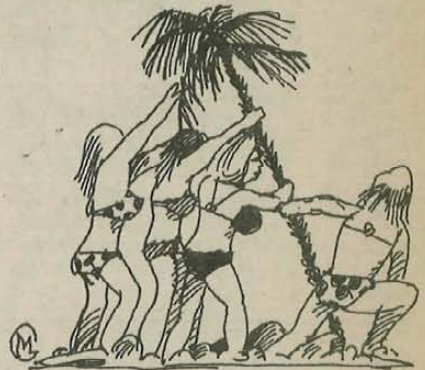
Theme: A South Pacific Holiday

This year the annual Homecoming Thanksgiving Weekend promises to be a real blockbuster, with the class reunion of the "Fightin' Forty-Twoers" as the big highlight.

Honorary chairman of the event is Louis "Machine Gun" D'Amato, whose wartime exploits were brought to the screen in the Audie Murphy picture *Bataan Banzai!*, which will be continually screened in the chapel all day Saturday.

Louis, however, is only one of the many Tom Paine Class of '42 boys to have distinguished himself in the service of his country. Many Tom Paine Old Boys have made good use of their training here to become War Heroes, and recent graduates have continued the tradition in 'Nam. We're proud of our alumni; and we'll stand by 'em whatever conclusions are come to by bleeding heart courts martial.

Friday night: 1 P.M.: Welcome Home Beer and Pretzels Reception.



9 P.M.: Pearl Harbor Night (Hula Hop). Dancing till dawn.

Saturday: All-day guided tours of grounds and facilities, displays of metal-working, stone-breaking, etc.

Saturday night: 8 P.M. Banquet. F.B.I. Chief and long-time friend and benefactor of Tom Paine School J. Edgar Hoover is our honored guest speaker. His topic: "Protecting Red-Blooded American Youth from the Communist Threat."

See you all around the campus!

Fence Fight

continued from page 2

Then New York State Senator Joe Talarico took an interest in Tom Paine's plight. Few of his constituents are aware that the senator is a Tom Paine Old Boy. But when Senator Talarico was reminded by Principal Toomey that a Tom Painer never forgets his friends, he started the ball rolling by writing a blank check for the first one thousand feet of fencing. A government allocation followed within weeks.

Tom Paine School now had all but \$12,000 of the funds needed. Like an answer to our prayers, the electric-fence fund received an unexpected anonymous donation from Palermo, Sicily, filling the kitty to overflowing.

The excess proceeds were used by Principal Toomey to hold a small reception for local dignitaries and gentlemen of the press before the ground-breaking ritual.

Classified

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While the capitalist warmongers are grinding us under the heel of oppression and fiddling while Rome burns, trouble is brewing. —A Brother, The Tombs.

Your ship will come in at EIGHT TONIGHT, so sound the ALL CLEAR and get ready to UNLOAD THE CARGO. Tell MOTHER the GEESE are flying, and it's all real TEA.

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Laughing on the Outside

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; cry, and you'll cry alone in the guardhouse," our beloved Principal Big Bill "Bruiser" Toomey always says. We Tom Painers take those words to heart. Many an old grad has made his time pass faster with a chuckle or two. So if you hear any funny stories, don't keep them under lock and key. Send them along, please!

This issue's Dean of Laughing Gas is Roy "Mad Dog" Earl, Death Row, San Quentin, whose Gag of the Month appears first in this column. We know it's a "gag" that's "bound" to please.

What did one little inkdrop say to the other little inkdrop?

Daddy's in the pen for a long sentence.

What's the difference between Bobby Orr and a forger?

One checks bad passes, the other passes bad checks.

Did you hear about the cat burglar who

was so successful, he didn't know what to do with all those cats?

What's the difference between a gardener and an F.B.I. agent?

One pots plants, the other plants pot.

Then there's the one about the Tom Paine student who ran away to sea and became a pilot. But as he was bringing a ship into harbor, it hit a shoal and sank with all hands on board. An old salt who watched it all from shore told him he had guided the ship into the wrong channel. "But that's impossible," the Tom Paine alumnus said. "I heard there was no such thing as a bad buoy."

"Laughing on the Outside" pays \$5 for each Gag of the Month. Send jokes to Joke Column, the Squealer, P.O. Box 10096, Sparta, New Jersey. In event of the decease of contributors before publication, the nearest relatives will each receive a free lifetime subscription.

It Takes a Big Man to Shoot Big Game

Alone, under the stars, the firelight flickering on the barrel of your rifle, you find out what it means to face Untamed Nature—and win! Don't let them take that away from you. Fight gun-law reform. Support the National Rifle Association.

Compliments of
a Friend
of the Family

Frank Sinatra says, "Nobody's gonna call me a wop and walk away from a fight!" Do as Fightin' Frank does. Defend yourself against prejudice. Buy Italian! For further information, write to: Workingman's Organization for Protection, 311 Mott Street, New York, New York.

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Sure, college students are signing up in droves for *Marshland Ecology*, *Orgone Therapy 1-2*, *Sioux Studies*, *Basic Tantric Buddhism*, *Understanding Laing*, *A Brief History of the Geodesic Dome*, and *The Soledad Brothers Made Easy*. But what of the traditional subjects such as *Latin*, *Geography*, *Mathematics*, *Science*, *History*, and *English*? Nobody cares about them anymore. To combat flagging interest, it may become necessary to do something more than just list these courses in the college catalogue. It may become necessary to advertise. . . .

School of Hard Sell

written by George W. S. Trow
and Michael O'Donoghue

Sometimes . . .
when you've worked very hard,
and succeeded very early.
When you've published your
thesis before your roommate has
written his.
Sometimes, you want to take a
course even though you know
it won't put one dime in your
pocket.

PHILOSOPHY

It tells you a lot about life . . .
It tells them a lot about you.



The Greeks had a word for it.

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What Do You Look For in a Course?

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GEOGRAPHY

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"Geo" students enjoy a cup of coffee in the recently renovated da Gama Lounge while discussing the rivers of Brazil.



Department head Dr. Howard Lundgren, seen here explaining the Indian border, is never too busy to lend the personal touch. As he puts it, "My door is always open!"

Jane Austen. Isn't that the kind of cupcake they used to sell at the A&P?



Sorry, cupcake, but Jane's nobody's food. She's the English novelist who wrote Pride and Prejudice, Emma, and many other classics satirizing provincial life.

If you had taken English Literature, you'd know who Jane was. And Emily. And Geoffrey. And Oliver and Rudyard. And even Percy.

English Literature.
A course to remember.

Are They Throwing Away a Fortune?



Perhaps these women are flinging an alluvial deposit that contains a flawless star sapphire, or maybe it's only run-of-the-mill Moenkopi sandstone, hardly worth mentioning! How would they know?

Is He Kicking the Best Friend He Ever Had?



The rock he gives the boot to may be telling him of riches beyond his wildest dreams, if only he'd been trained to listen!

Bright Future or Tarnished Dream?

Ever notice how some guys never seem to make it? They knock around the bottom of the ant heap, holed up in a dead-end job, dragging home a puny paycheck for breaking their hump all week, *even though they have a college degree!* "How can this be?" you're undoubtedly asking yourself. "How can guys who have 'the old sheepskin' fail to make a bundle?"

A "Major" Disaster

The answer is obvious: *they chose the wrong major!* Instead of picking a field

that would earn them top dollars and the envy of their friends, they majored in some dreary, lackluster subject such as Anthropology or Semantics, whatever those are. Instead of "cashing in on rocks," they ended up with a twenty-year mortgage and a secondhand Volkswagen.

GEOLOGY—A Head Start Down the Road to Success

Don't make the same mistake! If you want to be prosperous and influential, enter the field that has brought happiness to thousands—GEOLOGY! Do it today, be-

fore it's too late! Our classrooms are already overcrowded and, as more and more students discover the advantages of GEOLOGY, we'll be forced to deal with applicants on a "first come, first served" basis. However, at this time, the GEOLOGY Department does have a few openings for a select number of sincere applicants, *if they can meet our rigid standards!*

Are You Geology Material?

Needless to say, not everyone is capable of learning this precise and exacting science. Are you?



A



B

Would you have known which of the above is "just another rock" and which is priceless, costly uranium ore? Mr. Gerald Brann of Farmington, New Mexico, did, and here's his grateful letter to the Geology Department:

Dear Geology Department,

Last year, my wife and I were on a picnic in Chaco Canyon when we came upon a large rock. "Oh," cried my wife, never having studied Geology when she was in school, "it's just another rock!" "Wrong!" I, a one-time Geology major, replied. "It's priceless, costly uranium ore! We're rich beyond our wildest dreams!" Now we own our own home, drive a new Lincoln, and send our daughter, Helen, to one of those fancy Swiss finishing schools.

Thank God for Geology!

Gerald Brann
Farmington, N.M.

Are you qualified to become a skilled geologist and reap the benefits of prestige and big-time bucks? Take this test and find out! Simply fill in the blank with the word from the Word-Choice List that best completes the sentence. Number one has been done for you.

Word-Choice List

BOULDER
STONE
MINERAL ✓
ROCKS

1. Neither animal nor vegetable, the fabulous Koh-i-noor diamond, just one of countless precious gems that lie virtually unnoticed under one's very nose, belongs to the MINERAL kingdom.
2. A stupid person, too foolish to grab an opportunity for big-time bucks when it comes his way, is said to have "_____ in the head."
3. Justly called "the pride of our hydroelectric system," _____ Dam, which stems the mighty Colorado River, might never have been built without the aid of skilled geologists.
4. Someone who is searching for wealth and success would do well to leave no _____ unturned.

Student Number _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address (or Dormitory) _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

When you have completed the test, mail along with 25¢ for postage and handling to the Registrar. If you qualify, within seconds he'll have you listed as a fully accredited Geology major, entitled to take dozens of courses in this high-paying field!

A Word to the Wise: Think twice before you pass up this tremendous opportunity only to spend the rest of your life kicking yourself because you missed the boat!

“How do I like my guys?

Well, all I can do is tell you about Bill.

I guess I love him because he’s all man.

I guess I need him because he needs me.

I guess I respect him because he knows

CALCULUS!”



It's true! Gals all over campus are "getting with" the big swing to MATH because they realize that a guy who knows his numbers is a guy you can count on. So why not

ADD to your income

SUBTRACT dreariness from your life

MULTIPLY your opportunities for advancement

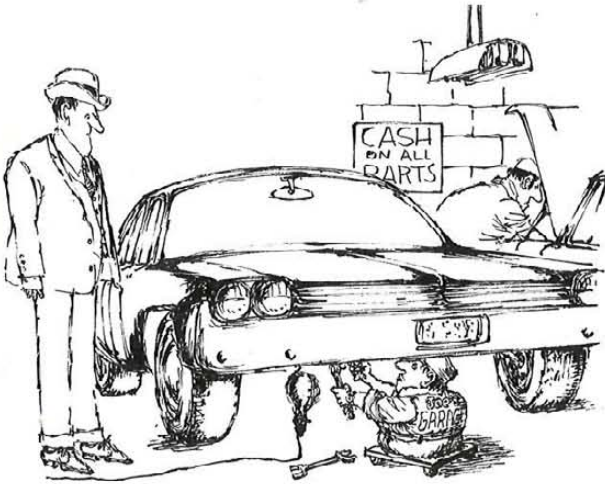
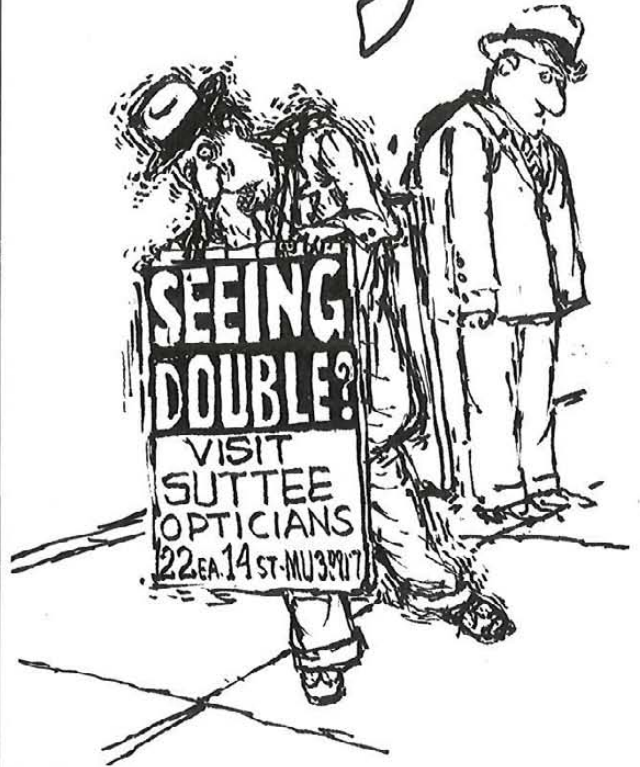
DIVIDE and conquer the girl of your dreams

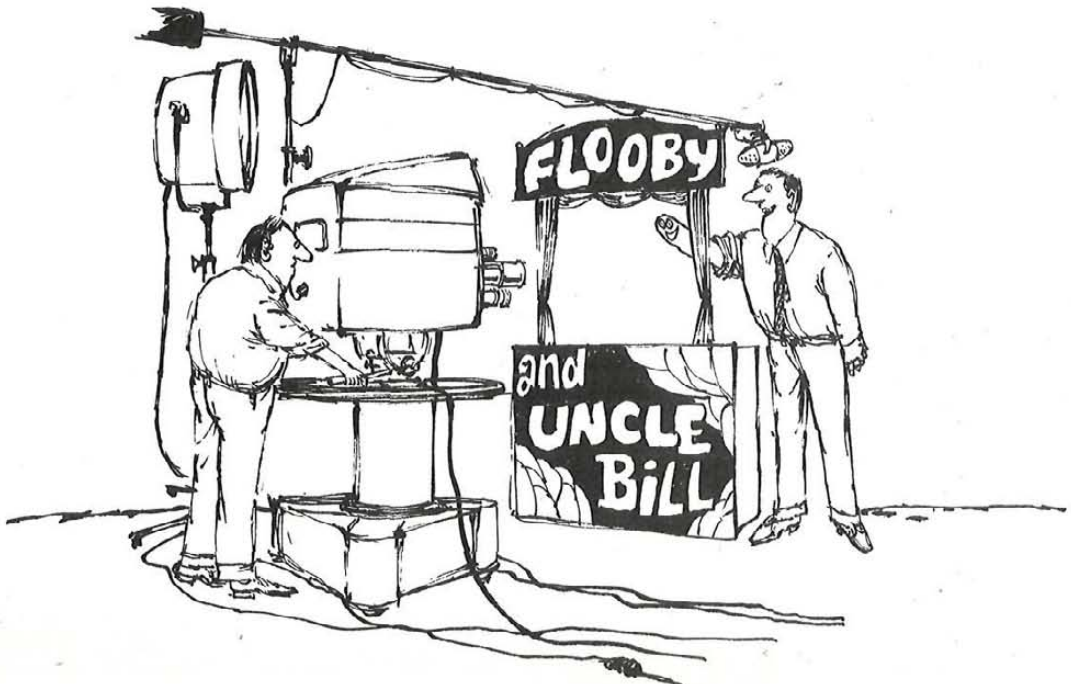
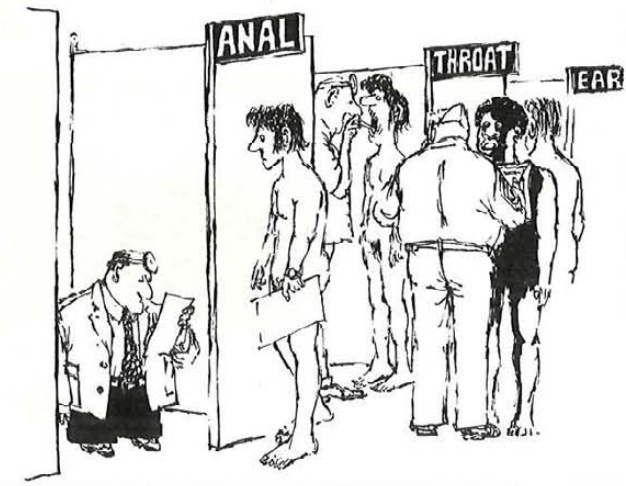
Sign up for CALCULUS! You'll be glad you did.

And so will she.

Hire the Handicapped

By Rodriguez





This Game May Shock You

Some will say it's going too far. But they said that about Galileo. They said it about Lenny Bruce. And how many of them would dare to say it now?

Right On! The Campus War Game is an education in itself. It has been played by the underground for years, and is now standard equipment in army think tanks. Soon you'll be able to buy it in your local supermarket. Isn't it time you knew the rules?

Here, in a specially edited version for young readers, is your chance to become deeply involved with the issues of yesterday. This is the game that tells it like it was. **Right On!** You've used the expression—now find out what it means.

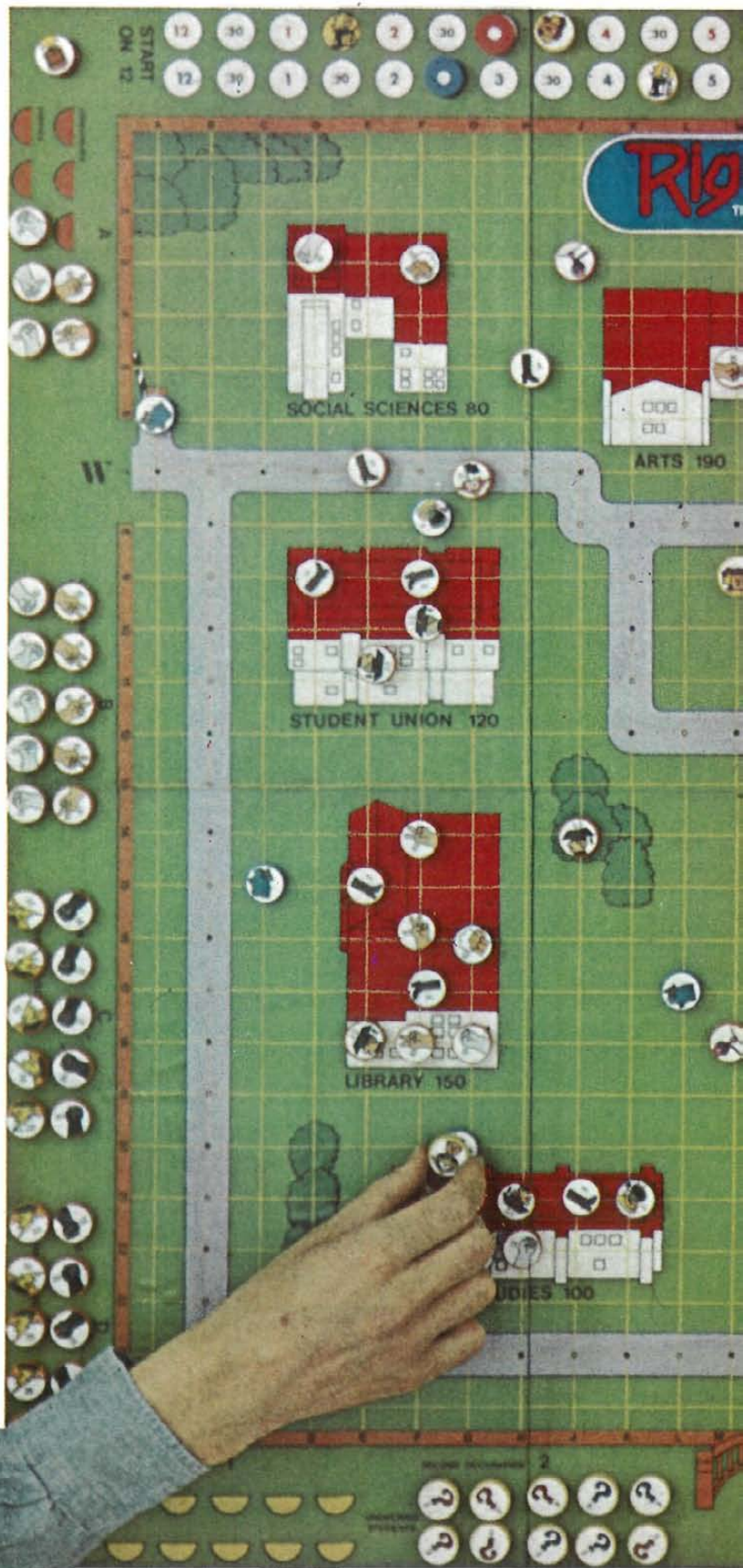
Object of the Game

Right On! is a game of strategy for two players, the **Radicals** (Red) and the **Establishment** (Blue). The game is played on a map-board representing a typical strife-torn campus. The Red side of the board belongs to the Radicals, the Blue side belongs to the Establishment.

The object of the game is to score a higher number of **PR Points** than the opposing player. PR Points are awarded for various maneuvers, notably the occupation of enemy **Buildings**.

Each player begins the game with a fixed number of markers—Red or Blue, depending on which ideology he has elected to defend. At the start of the game, the markers are deployed about the **Campus** in Buildings of their own color, except for a token number behind enemy lines. In addition, each player has a reserve force in the **Bleachers** along his side of the board.

Yellow markers, including the **Press**, make up the **Common Pool** and can be moved by both players. Positioned along the **Time Chart** at the top of the board and in their own Bleachers, they pro-





grammed to enter the game at moments of crisis.

There are two **Clock Markers**, one Red and one Blue. These are placed at 12:00 noon on the Time Chart before the game begins. Each player must move his Clock Marker half an hour ahead at the end of his turn.

After twenty-four turns, the game is over. The player who has amassed the greater number of PR Points is declared the winner.

How to Play

Fighting Forces. The number on the top of each marker indicates its effectiveness in combat, or **EFF**. Numbered markers may capture enemy markers with a lower EFF. A marker may capture an opposing marker with the same EFF, but is itself captured in the process, becoming a martyr either to the cause of Revolution or to the principle of Law and Order.

Some markers are unnumbered. Although inevitably involved in the conflict, they are considered noncombatants and cannot capture or be captured.

(For a complete roster of participants, see overleaf.)

Maneuvers. Each player moves up to ten markers per turn. Markers are placed on the points of intersection of the yellow lines. They move along the lines in one direction or a combination of directions, but never diagonally. All markers can move up to five spaces at a time. The regular rate of movement is doubled on **Roads**.

Movement Through Enemy Lines. Although all markers may move through markers of the same color, numbered markers cannot move through enemy lines. But they may move through any unnumbered markers, friendly or unfriendly. As noncombatants, unnumbered markers may move through all other markers.

Joint Attack. In order to increase their EFF when attacking, numbered mark-

ers may combine forces in **stacks** of no more than two. The EFF of a stack is the sum of the EFFs of the individual markers. Moving a stack counts as two of the ten moves allowed each player per turn.

Capture by Jumping. Capture is accomplished by jumping, as in checkers. Markers may jump only enemy markers (or stacks) with an equal or lower EFF. A marker may jump only one marker or stack of markers at a time. Captured markers are removed from the board and banned from the Campus for the duration.

Capture by Surrounding. Capture can also be brought about by surrounding. A marker is considered surrounded when the only exit open to it would involve jumping opposing markers. Surrounded markers are powerless to help themselves. If they cannot be rescued from outside by the end of the turn, they go limp and are removed from the board. If a marker is up against the wall, it need only be surrounded on three sides.

Neutral Territory. Markers on **Bush** spaces cannot be captured. Under cover of the foliage, markers may move through enemy markers. Any marker may be stacked on any other marker, even if one is Red and one is Blue.

The Bushes not only provide a haven from combat, but also serve as a shortcut from one part of the Campus to another. After entering a Bush a marker may, in the next turn or any turn thereafter, exit from any other Bush on the Campus. This is useful in launching sneak attacks.

Occupation of Buildings. To occupy an enemy Building, a player must drive out all opposing markers and position at least one of his markers on every space in that Building.

For occupying a Building, a player gains a specific number of PR Points. Provided that the occupying force is kept at full strength, he continues to score the same number of PR Points every half hour.

If a player is forced to evacuate a Building and then manages to reoccupy it later in the game, he is again entitled to score PR Points for its occupation.

The PR value of each Building is written below it beside its name. Some Buildings are more strategically valuable (larger) than others, and thus worth more PR Points.

Evacuation of Buildings. One way to dislodge enemy markers from a Building which they are occupying is to surround the whole Building so that no exit is possible, thus sealing off access to hamburgers, malteds, and birth-control pills.

Radicals



The Leader

The Leader is a hypertensive marker who moves at double the normal rate. He is worth 250 PR Points to the Establishment if captured, and must be ransomed immediately for another 250. Opening position: in student newspaper office in the Union, writing a letter to the editor.



Faculty Sympathizers

These ten leftist Sociology, English Lit., and Philosophy professors evoke the sympathy of the public when captured, thus penalizing the capturing player 50 PR Points. Not allowed in the Bushes with Women's Lib or Coeds.



Women's Lib

The support of these fifteen markers will invariably be lost if the Leader asks them to rustle up some sandwiches.



Longhairs

These are English and Sociology majors who give the V at Baez concerts, worked for Gene McCarthy, and are opposed to meaningless violence. They are useful for absorbing the first club-swinging police assault, getting Cokes, working the Gestetner, etc. Twenty-five, including Reinforcements.



The Fink

Although the Fink looks just like a Longhair, in actual fact he belongs to the Establishment, and is planted amongst the Radical forces at the start of the game. His true nature is indicated on the reverse side of the marker. At any point the Fink may instigate the removal of adjacent Radical markers by showing his true colors. Having done his duty, the Fink is recalled and may not return to the board. For employing the Fink, the Establishment forfeits 100 PR Points.



Yippies

There are fifteen of these ego-trippers, shit-disturbers, geniuses, and other psychotics, including Reinforcements.



Panthers

These ten dangerous and unpredictable markers have a weakness for guns and will exploit the racial aspects of any quarrel.



Weathermen

These ten adherents of violence are liable to place Bombs in Buildings occupied by the Establishment.



Bombs


The Radicals have two Bombs, which may be planted inside occupied Buildings. A Building with a Bomb in it must be evacuated immediately, and cannot be reentered until the Bomb is dismantled. For endangering lives with childish pranks like planting a Bomb, the Radicals must surrender PR Points equal to twice the value of the Building being liberated.





Heads


These five acid-rock fans, panhandlers, Hare Krishna freaks, macrobiotic-food addicts, and other dropouts can always be found on the grassy areas of the Campus. Since they do not attend lectures, they never need to enter Buildings. Even their fellow Radicals are forced to step around their recumbent forms, thus wasting precious moves. Any Establishment marker passing a Head must stop for a whole turn in order to yell obscenities. Needless to say, Heads do not know the meaning of the word violence.


Establishment


 **The Dean**
A well-meaning marker with an EFF of zero. If he is captured, the Radicals gain 250 PR Points for sheer nerve. Like it or not, the Establishment must ransom him back at the cost of another 250 PR Points. Opening position: in the Administration Building, just back from Washington.


 **Faculty Yes-Men**
The Establishment has ten Faculty Yes-Men under its thumb. Public outcry at their capture results in a loss of 250 PR Points by the Radicals. If a Faculty Yes-Man is caught in the Bushes with a Coed or Women's Lib, the opposing player gains 25 PR Points.


 **Coeds**
These fifteen cheerleaders, sorority girls, freshettes, and home-economics majors are willing victims of male chauvinism.


 **Straights**
These fratmen, ROTC types, commerce students, engineers, and science majors don't believe in rocking the boat. They can be distinguished by their crew-neck sweaters, slide rules, and attendance at various sporting events. Twenty-five, including Reinforcements.


 **The Dealer**
The Dealer appears to be one of the Straights, but his true identity links him with the Radicals. Lurking among the Establishment markers, he is moved as though he were a Straight. Yet, at any moment he may wipe out the adjacent Blue markers with a dope rap. Unfortunately, this blows his cover, and he is busted along with the rest, costing the Radicals 100 PR Points.

 **Jocks**
There are fifteen of these brawny animals, including Reinforcements. They are likely to start fights whenever they are not busy demonstrating their virility by doing push-ups.

 **Pigs**
Any use of these ten markers is defined as police brutality. They are all family men who are just doing their job.

 **National Guard**
These ten armed men are very nervous and equipped with Tear Gas. They are bound to put any small-town college on the map.

 **Tear Gas**
Tear Gas may not be lobbed at random, but only used for clearing out occupied Buildings. When the occupying force has been flushed out, both players must wait until the effects of the Tear Gas have worn off before entering the Building. The penalty for resorting to Tear Gas is twice the PR value of the Building in question. The Establishment has two Tear Gas canisters.

 **Rentapigs**
The Establishment should not place too much faith in these five men. They are ridiculously underpaid, and most Radicals know them by their first names. Their sole function is to keep the Heads circulating so that they don't block the thoroughfare for the Establishment. They are not qualified to make arrests. Position at start: one at each of the three Gates, and two playing gin rummy on the lower Campus.

The player whose markers have been surrounded has one turn to break through from the outside and come to their aid. Otherwise they are dragged out and removed from the board.

(For an alternate method of evacuating Buildings, see the sections on **Weathermen, National Guard, Bombs, and Tear Gas.**)

Red and Blue Reinforcements. Each player begins the game with forty **Reinforcements** in the Bleachers at his side of the board. After hostilities commence, either player may bring on as many of his Reinforcements as he likes, as long as he does not move more than ten markers in one turn. Reinforcements must be called up according to the alphabetical order of their sections in the Bleachers.

Red and Blue Reinforcements enter the Campus through the **Gates** at the regular movement rate (double on Roads). The Radicals use the **West Gate**, the Establishment uses the **East Gate**, and both may use the **Main Gate**. If entry to the campus is blocked by opposing markers inside the Gates, a way must be cleared from within before the Reinforcements can enter.

Initiating Hostilities. Play begins at 12:00 noon. The Leader has called a meeting of the Radicals. At least ten of them must have assembled in the **Dell** in front of the Arts Building before the Leader can take up his position on the **Founder's Tomb**. Meanwhile, the Establishment, sensing trouble, rounds up ten of its most trusted markers. Taking it upon himself to represent the voice of reason, the Dean shows up in the Dell. Hostilities commence immediately.

The Establishment player, if he has any moves left, completes his turn according to the post-hostilities rules (which allow entering Bushes, stacking, capturing by jumping or surrounding, and the introduction of Reinforcements).

If either the Leader or the Dean fails to show up by the time both Red and Blue Clock Markers have been advanced to one o'clock, the other player gains 1,000 PR Points, and hostilities commence out of boredom nonetheless.

Tactical Hint. The Leader and the Dean should be protected at all times. Since any Longhair on Campus might well be the Fink, and any Straight may prove to be the Dealer, the Leader should be kept away from Longhairs, and the Dean away from Straights. The Leader and the Dean both lay themselves open to attack when venturing out for a Press Conference. They can also be endangered by the Chaplain, who can pin down one or the other when placed on top of him. This freezes the Leader or the Dean to the spot and makes him a sitting duck when the Chaplain's presence is lifted.

continued

Common Pool



Undecided Students

The forty Undecided Students are two-sided, with a Red question mark on one side and a Blue one on the other. At the start of the game, they are lined up in the Bleachers at the bottom of the board. Whenever a Building is occupied, ten of them are sufficiently impressed to make themselves available to the occupying player. They are not brought on through the Gates, but appear out of nowhere wherever groupies are needed.

When jumped, Undecided Students are not considered captured, but only won over by their attackers. They are flipped over and may be moved immediately by the player who has acquired them. There is no limit to the number of times Undecided Students can change their allegiance in this way. If one Undecided Student jumps another, both are flipped over, each defecting to the opposite side.



Concerned Mothers

The five Concerned Mothers become available as they are displaced by the advance of the Clock Markers. They are positioned on Campus wherever they are most likely to get in the way. Either player may move any Concerned Mother already on the board. The Concerned Mothers act as a deterrent to violence, protecting any markers adjacent to them from capture by jumping or surrounding, as well as preventing them from attacking others.



The Chaplain

The player who first allows one of his Buildings to be occupied wins the services of the Chaplain in compensation for this act of aggression. The Chaplain may

be placed on top of any enemy marker, engaging it in conversation and immobilizing it for an hour. At the end of this time, the player who has been victimized must transfer the Chaplain onto an enemy marker, or be stuck with him for another hour. The Chaplain's position is inviolable, and a marker or stack of markers underneath him cannot be captured, surrounded, added to, or taken away from.



The Press

These five markers represent reporters, photographers, TV cameramen, documentary-film makers, novelists, and other parasites essential to our way of life. One after the other they appear where the action is as they are displaced by the Clock Markers. Newsworthy actions, such as the capture of the Dean, are worth more PR Points if actually witnessed by the Press from five or less spaces away.

The first Press marker to witness an event doubles the PR Points scored, thus creating a new score which is again doubled by the second Press marker present. The presence of a third Press marker then doubles this new figure, and so on, from local coverage through wire service to network television.

Either player may manipulate the Press to his advantage. **Press Conferences** are held to bring the Leader or the Dean in contact with the Press to gain PR Points. Each player is entitled to hold one Press Conference of his own, in addition to taking part in the one held by his opponent.

PR Point Chart

Event	PR Points	For
Leader Captured	250	Blue
Dean Captured	250	Red
Leader Ransomed	250	Blue
Dean Ransomed	250	Red
Leader Caught in Bush	250	Blue
Dean Caught in Bush	250	Red
Leader at Press Conference	250	Red
Dean at Press Conference	250	Blue
Faculty Sympathizer Captured	50	Red
Faculty Yes-Man Captured	50	Blue
Faculty Sympathizer in Bush	25	Blue
Faculty Yes-Man in Bush	25	Red
Red Building Occupied	PR value	Blue
Blue Building Occupied	PR value	Red
Bomb	2× PR value	Blue
Tear Gas	2× PR value	Red

Right On! The Campus War Game was developed by Michel Choquette in collaboration with Anne Beatts, Sean Kelly, and Ivan Rezucha, Jr. Board and markers designed by Araneus Ltd., Montreal.

It is technically unfeasible to play the game according to the above rules. But if you're that keen, and you can keep a secret, you might as well be the first to know that the real game is coming out soon. Fill out the coupon, and we'll keep you informed. In the meantime study this article, so that when the actual game appears, you'll be very confused.

Please consider my qualifications to play **Right On!** I am totally committed to the following cause:

- Radical Liberal Conservative
 Fascist Other

Name _____

Address _____

Length of Hair _____





A NATIONAL LAMPOON PARODY OF

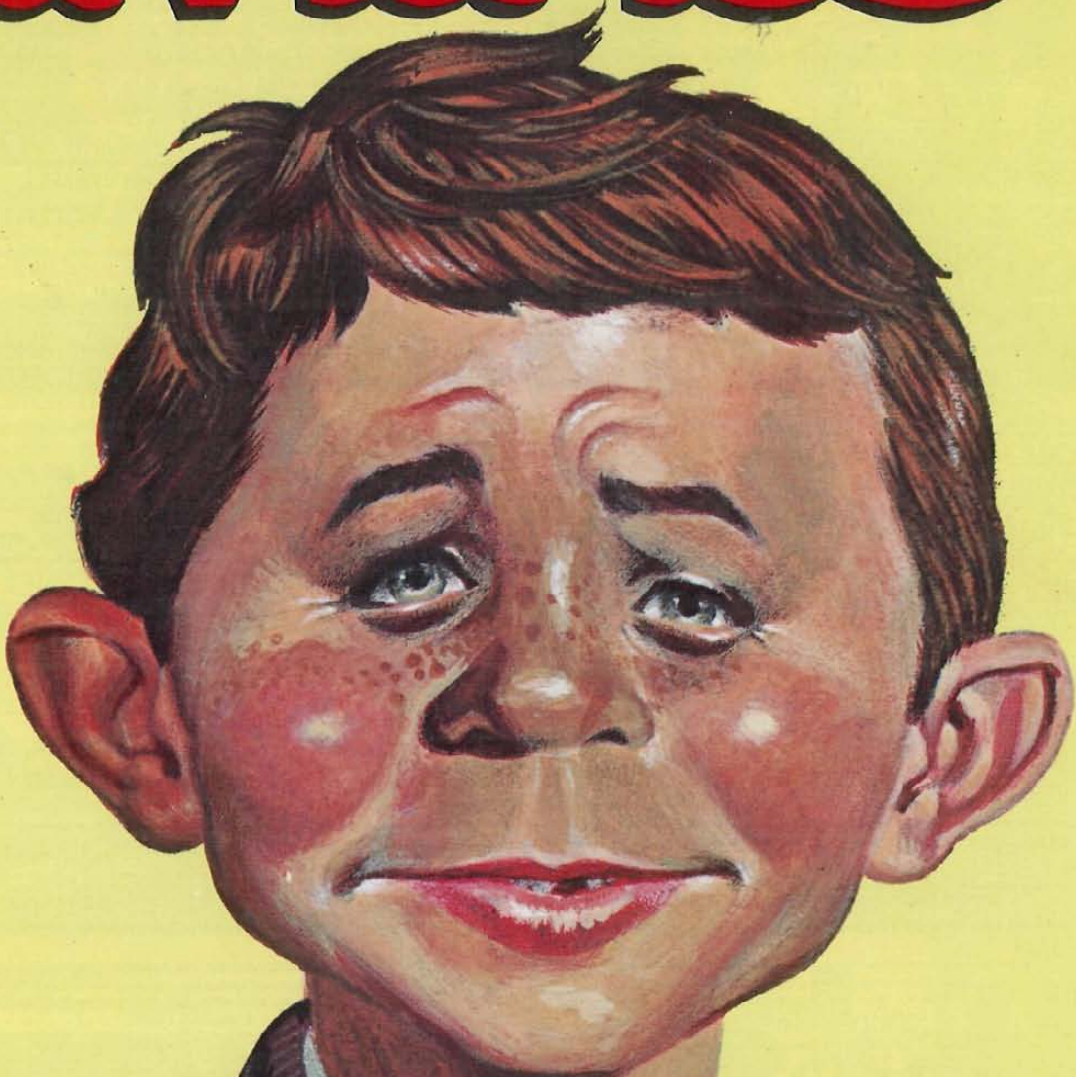
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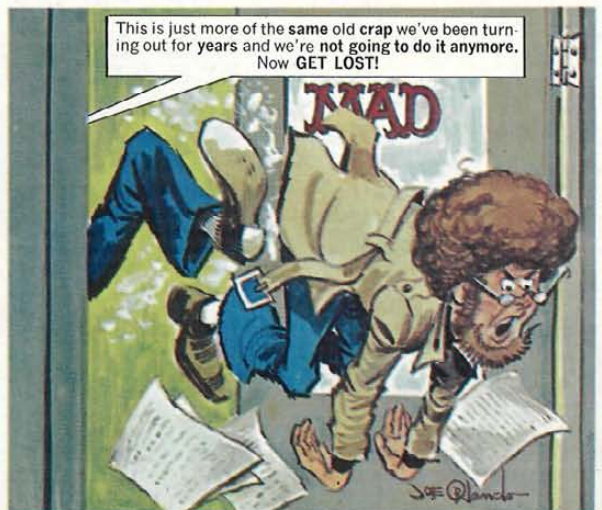
OUR PRICE
40c
YOU GET
WHAT YOU
PAY FOR



JOHN ROMITA

WHAT, ME FUNNY?

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: JOHN BONI

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MAD

"I grow old, I grow old..."—J. Alfred Newman

JOHN BONI, SEAN KELLY, HENRY BEARD *writers*
MICHAEL GROSS *art director* ELLEN TAURINS *production*

RALPH REESE, JOHN ROMITA,
JOHN LEWIS, ERNIE COLON, AL WEISS,
BABI JERY, STUART SCHWARTZBERG,
JOE ORLANDO *artists*

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VITAL FEATURES

CITIZEN
GAINES



THE MAD
MAGAZINE
PRIMER

YOU KNOW
YOU'VE REALLY
OUTGROWN MAD
WHEN ...



THE LIGHTER
SIDE OF
DAVE BERG

HORRIFYING
CLICHÉS



ONE DAY
IN THE
PARK



THE SOUND AND THE FÜHRER

At last someone had the spunk to portray Hitler for what he was—a rotten, cold-blooded murderer. For too long, people have been led to believe that he was a misunderstood kid who took a wrong turn at Bavaria. Now MAD has told it like it is!

Jerry Kosinski
Painted Bird, Wyo.

Heil MAD! You really did in old Adolph! It's bound to cost you some German readers, but I guess that's the price of being gutsy! Keep those right-on spoofs coming!

Art Decco
Bangor, Maine

Stalin, Mussolini, and now Hitler. How about taking a poke at Marshal Pétain next? He's really due for a bringdown.

Rosemarie LaBinaca
Los Angeles, Calif.

A MAD LOOK AT MOTHBALLS

"Mothballs" was the funniest article I ever read in MAD. I especially liked the part about how they smell so funny and break into lots of little pieces when you drop them on the floor.

Noreen Klevish
Naismith, Ore.

I smiled at your "MAD Look at Sash Weights." I chuckled at your "MAD Look at Linoleum Floors." I guffawed at your "MAD Look at Shoe Polish Tins." I howled at your "MAD Look at Mechanical Pencils." But I just went into fits over your "MAD Look at Mothballs!"

Lionel Trilling
New York, N.Y.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY HOT WHEN...

Great article, but you forgot "You know you're really hot when... you perspire!"

Patsy Tramming
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I thought your article was swell, but you missed one—"You know you're really hot when... your shirt sticks to your back!"

Vince DiMuerta
La Cacca, Calif.

Terrific! But you left out "You know you're really hot when... you drink a lot of water!"

Frank Craspi
Gentian, Pa.

BEHIND THE SCENES

"A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at a Coat Closet" was your best yet. It was even better than your "Peek Behind the Scenes at a Glove Compartment." How do you do it?

Richard Gasvin
West Newt, Ariz.

I didn't realize just how true your "MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at an Invisible Reweaver" was until I went to get my cardigan last Tuesday. Sure enough, you could see the stitches!

Anne Fusco
Coriander, Fla.

Congratulations on your "Peek Behind the Scenes at a Christian Science Reading Room." You handled a potentially tricky subject with taste and tact.

Miriam Plesher
Caster, N.J.

MAD MOVIE SATIRES

Kudos on your nifty spoof, "Cleo-pasta." Although I am only fifteen, I certainly enjoyed your clever satire of what has to be one of the dopiest movies ever! Keep up the good work!

Terry Roberts
Wilmington, Del.

Many thanks for your jazzy takeoff, "The Pride and the Pasta." Your "usual gang of idiots" deserves cheers and applause, which is more than that dumb movie got. Keep up the good work.

Robert Terry
Wilmington, Del.

I read your delightful ribbing of Ingmar Bergman's idiotic film, "The Seventh Pasta," and I recommended it to my entire English class as a good example of how to write funny satire. Continue with the good work!

Bob Robertson
Wilmington, Del.

My hat's off to you for your hilarious "Moby Pasta" and last month's hysterical "Marjorie Pastastar." They're the funniest things I've read since your classic "Pastacus"! Up the work keep good!

Rob Terryson
Wilmington, Del.

I thought your worthless satire "2001: A Space Pasta" was really stupid. Good the work upkeep!

Terry Robertson
Wilmington, Del.

"The Owl and the Pastacat" was great! Work good keep the up!

Bert Roberty
Wilmington, Del.

Congratulations on that great series of letters, Sol! They read just fine, and I especially like the one about the kid who thought "2001: A Space Pasta" was stupid—it kind of gives the thing credibility.

Al Feldstein
New York, N.Y.

PHILOSOPHY LESSON

Do you call your magazine trash because you believe it to be trash; or do you believe it to be trash and call it trash to anticipate the arguments of those who, believing it to be trash, would logically call it trash; or do you believe it not to be trash, a priori, and call it trash in the hopes that those who believe it to be trash will reject the evidence of their senses rather than accept a nomenclature which they must regard as only another aspect of its trashiness? I, for one, think it's a piece of shit.

Jean-Paul Sartre
Paris, France

A FAITHFUL FAN

I take your magazine with me wherever I go.

Tommy Tongyai
Atlanta, Ga.

MAD WINS AGAIN

When I wuz smart I uset to read Nashinul Lambpooon but now I read MAD.

Charly
Boston, Mass.

SATISFIED READERS

All of the unicellular flagellates in my petri dish read your magazine. We may be pretty low down on the Great Chain of Being, but we think it's great!

Bifistula Ciliati
Sandham Laboratories
Travis, Okla.



Bifistula and his friends reading the latest issue.

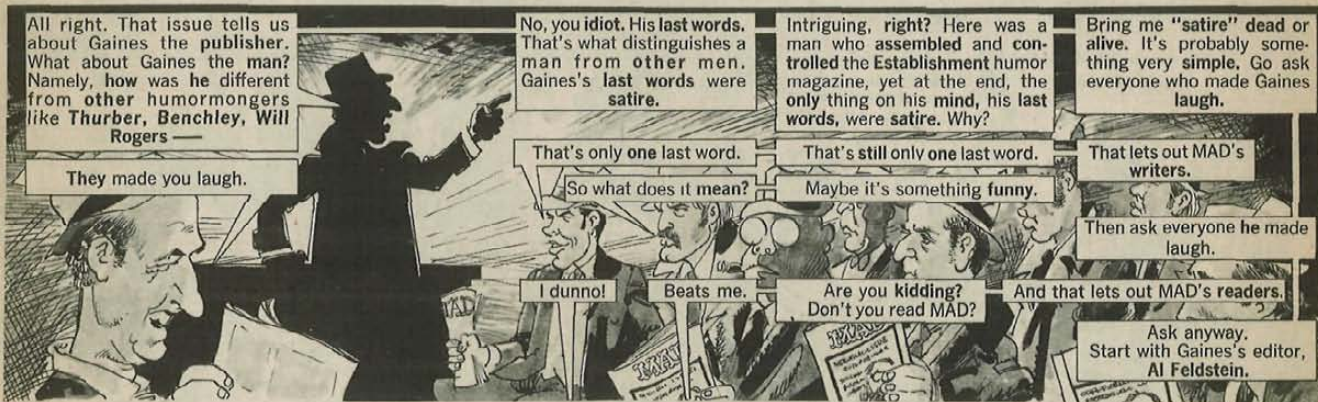
THE HEARST IS YET TO COME DEPT.

Hey, gang, have ya noticed how over the years a certain magazine has dropped its standards, its values, its commitment—but NOT its price? Didja ever wonder, "Wha hoppen?" Huh? Didja? Well, wonder no further, for here's the epic struggle of that mag's downhill metamorphosis as presided over by its publisher...

WRITER: JOHN BONI

ARTIST: ERNIE COLON

CITIZEN GAINES



All right. That issue tells us about Gaines the publisher. What about Gaines the man? Namely, how was he different from other humormongers like Thurber, Benchley, Will Rogers —

No, you idiot. His last words. That's what distinguishes a man from other men. Gaines's last words were satire.

Intriguing, right? Here was a man who assembled and controlled the Establishment humor magazine, yet at the end, the only thing on his mind, his last words, were satire. Why?

Bring me "satire" dead or alive. It's probably something very simple. Go ask everyone who made Gaines laugh.

They made you laugh.

That's only one last word.

That's still only one last word.

That lets out MAD's writers.

So what does it mean?

Maybe it's something funny.

Then ask everyone he made laugh.

I dunno!

Beats me.

Are you kidding? Don't you read MAD?

And that lets out MAD's readers.

Ask anyway. Start with Gaines's editor, Al Feldstein.

Satire!? Is it a word, or what? Well, it doesn't have anything to do with MAD or I'd know about it.

Wait!! ... Seems to me ... something Gaines once said...

Al, as MAD's new editor, it's up to you to keep our readers laughing. It won't be easy.

... to call ... sorry, can't remember. It's been so long. I tell you what. Go to the library and read Sol Furd's memoirs. Maybe satire's in it. Sol was an agent who had a lot to do with Gaines's youth. He was a real sweet guy.

What's the book called?

"10% or Your Life!"

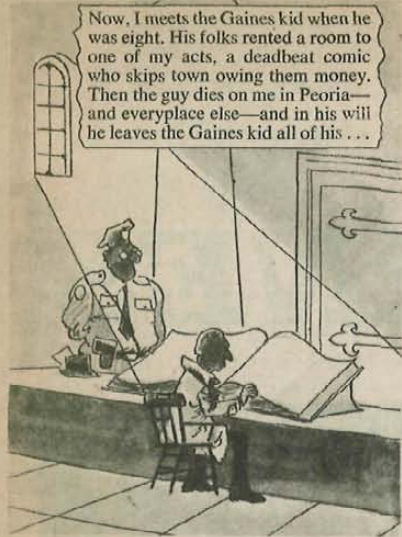
Is that because first-rate humor is so hard to come by?

Nope! Because I won't let you print anything funny!

Only kidding, Al. But seriously, we're tightening our funny belt in order to reach a wider audience, namely, dolts and idiots.

So go easy on the kind of humor we've been printing up to now. You know, what Kurtzman used to call ...

EDITOR'S WARNING: Flashbacks may be harmful to your health and this furshlug-giner movie is filled with them.

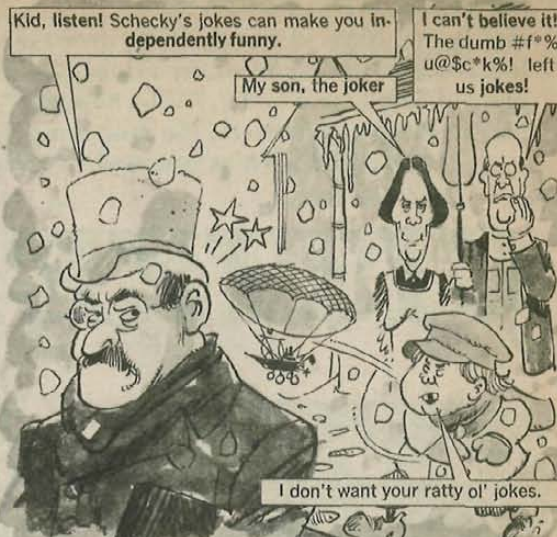


Now, I meet the Gaines kid when he was eight. His folks rented a room to one of my acts, a deadbeat comic who skips town owing them money. Then the guy dies on me in Peoria—and everywhere else—and in his will he leaves the Gaines kid all of his ...



Jokes??! He left my son jokes??! But we need money. not jokes!

Look, sweetheart, you want money, you shouldda rented to a banker. You rent to a comic, you get jokes!

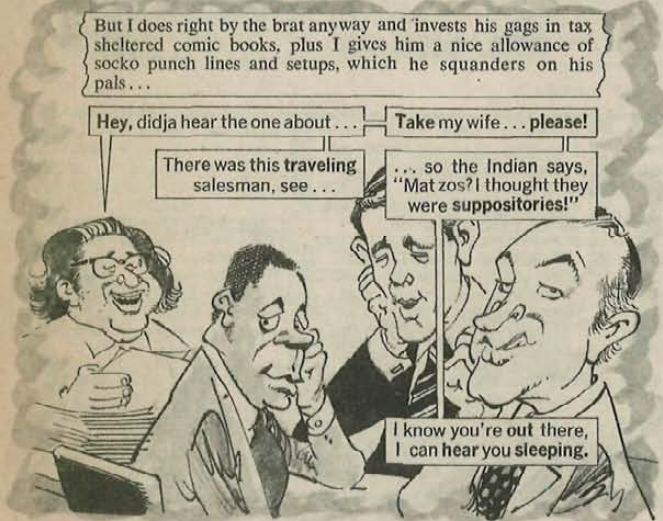


Kid, listen! Schecky's jokes can make you independently funny.

My son, the joker

I can't believe it! The dumb #!% u@Sc*k%! left us jokes!

I don't want your ratty ol' jokes.



But I does right by the brat anyway and invests his gags in tax sheltered comic books, plus I gives him a nice allowance of socko punch lines and setups, which he squanders on his pals ...

Hey, didja hear the one about ...

Take my wife ... please!

There was this traveling salesman, see ...

... so the Indian says, "Mat zos? I thought they were suppositories!"

I know you're out there, I can hear you sleeping.



... the kid was great. He couldda been another Henny Youngman, but he meets this Harvey Kurtzman and ...

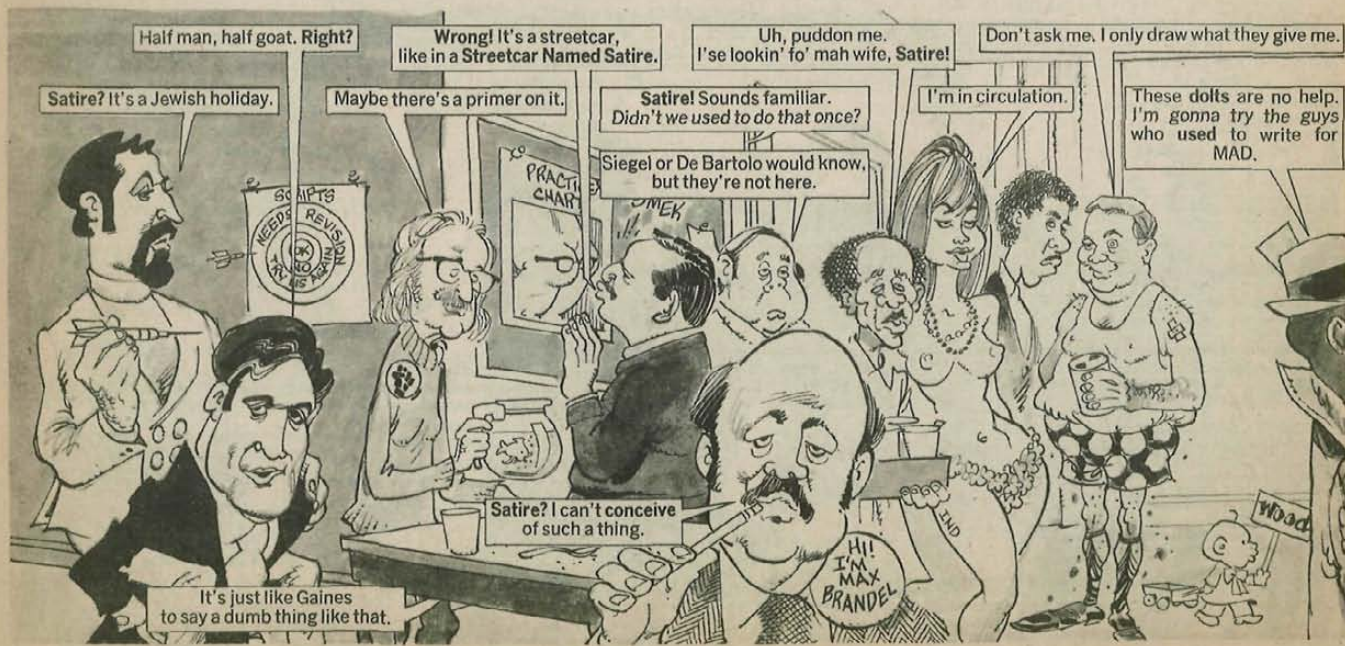
I wanna start a comic book that people will laugh at. I'm prepared to invest all my jokes.

Save your jokes, Bill. I have something better—satire!

... I told him the idea is MAD, cause who knows from satire anyway? It always closes on Saturday night.



Nah, boss, not a clue. I'm heading back to MAD to ask the usual bunch of idiots there about satire.



Half man, half goat. Right?

Wrong! It's a streetcar, like in a Streetcar Named Satire.

Uh, puddon me. I'se lookin' fo' mah wife, Satire!

Don't ask me. I only draw what they give me.

Satire? It's a Jewish holiday.

Maybe there's a primer on it.

Satire! Sounds familiar. Didn't we used to do that once?

I'm in circulation.

These dolts are no help. I'm gonna try the guys who used to write for MAD.

Siegel or De Bartolo would know, but they're not here.

Satire? I can't conceive of such a thing.

It's just like Gaines to say a dumb thing like that.

HI! I'M MAX BRANDEL



Are you Gary Belkin, who once wrote funny stuff for MAD?

I also wrote for money. And don't ask about satire. I won't tell.

Why not?

I saw this film. Nobody's supposed to find out about satire until the end, in the last scene. It's part of this picture's tremendous suspense, which I'm ethically bound to honor as a sacred trust never to be betrayed.

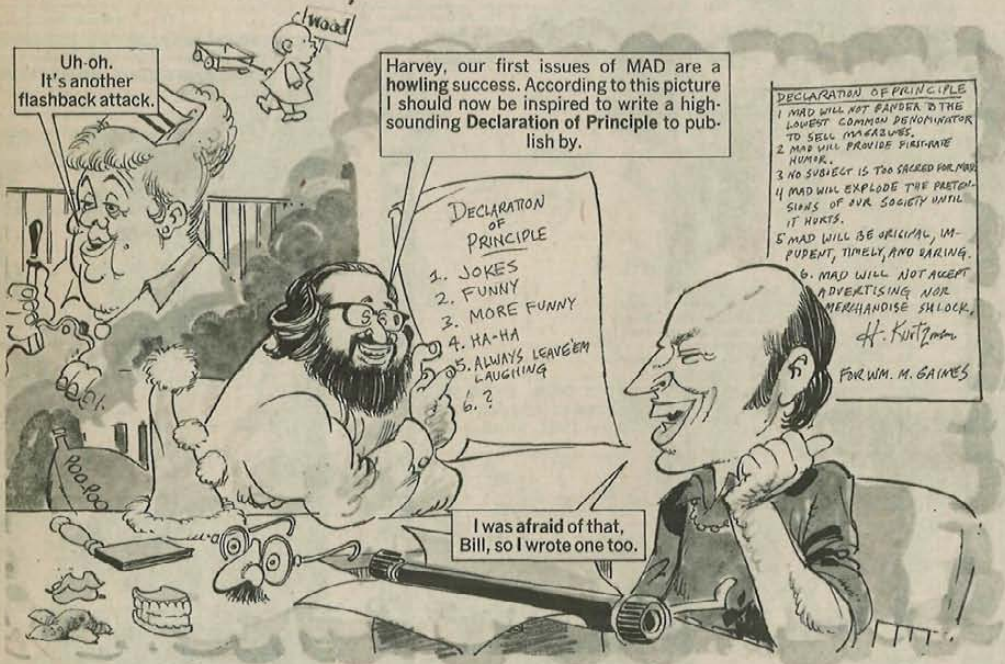
Hey ... I'll tell you about Rosebud, though.



Mr. Kurtzman, you started MAD with Bill Gaines. Do you know about satire?

Nurse, come quick. He's having some kind of a fit.

Of course, you dolt! We all knew, back then—Bill Elder, Wally Wood, Jack Davis ... even Gaines ... I think. Why, I remem ... remem ...



Uh-oh. It's another flashback attack.

Wood

Harvey, our first issues of MAD are a howling success. According to this picture I should now be inspired to write a high-sounding Declaration of Principle to publish by.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLE

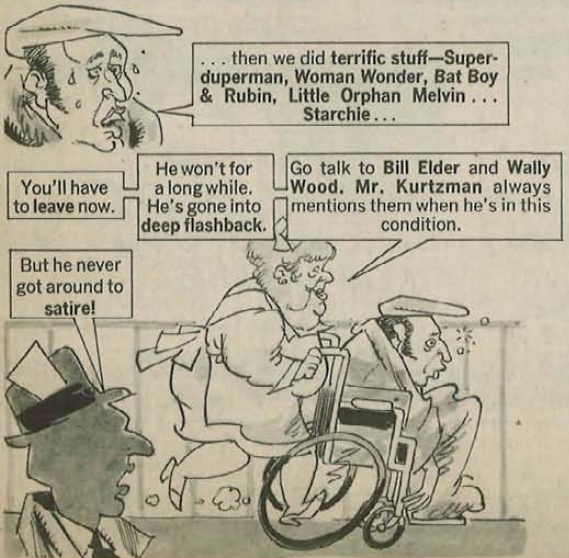
1. JOKES
2. FUNNY
3. MORE FUNNY
4. HA-HA
5. ALWAYS LEAVEN LAUGHING
6. ?

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLE
 1 MAD WILL NOT BANDA TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR TO SELL MAGAZINES.
 2 MAD WILL PROVIDE PRIVATE HUMOR.
 3 NO SUBJECT IS TOO SACRED FOR MAD.
 4 MAD WILL EXPLODE THE PRETENSIONS OF OUR SOCIETY UNTIL IT HURTS.
 5 MAD WILL BE ORIGINAL, IMPUDENT, TIMELY, AND BARKING.
 6 MAD WILL NOT ACCEPT ADVERTISING NOR MERCHANDISE SLOOP.
 H. KURTZMAN
 FOR WM. M. GAINES

I was afraid of that, Bill, so I wrote one too.



Hmmm ... we're not too far apart.



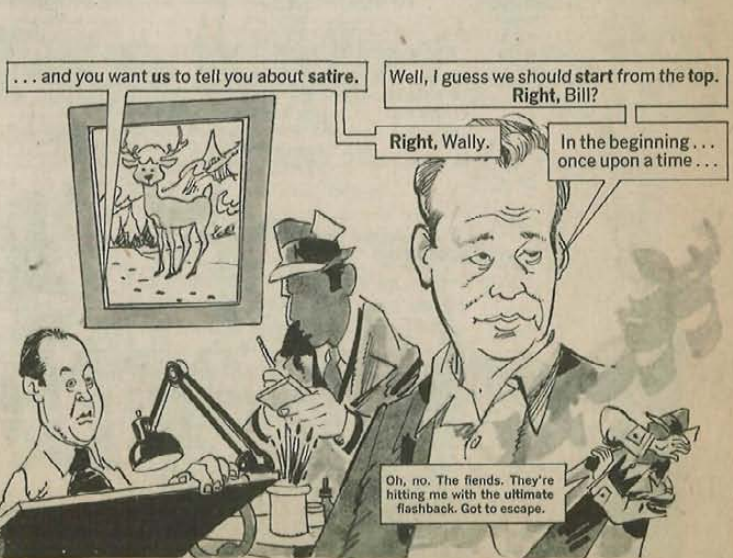
... then we did terrific stuff—Super-duperman, Woman Wonder, Bat Boy & Rubin, Little Orphan Melvin ... Starchie ...

You'll have to leave now.

He won't for a long while. He's gone into deep flashback.

Go talk to Bill Elder and Wally Wood. Mr. Kurtzman always mentions them when he's in this condition.

But he never got around to satire!



... and you want us to tell you about satire.

Well, I guess we should start from the top. Right, Bill?

Right, Wally.

In the beginning ... once upon a time ...

Oh, no. The fiends. They're hitting me with the ultimate flashback. Got to escape.

Harvey, here's my new Declaration of Principle, designed to create more interest.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLE

1. EASY DOES IT.
2. NO OFFENSE MEANT.
3. COV OUT,
4. SOFT SHOULDERS.
5. DON'T TREAT ON ME.
- 6?

Mainly, my bank-book's principal, which will grow and create more interest.

And look, your old declaration occupies a place of honor in my office.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLE

1. MAD SHOULD REMEMBER TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR: PROFITABLE MAGAZINES.
2. MAD WILL RESOLVE FIRST-RATE HUMOROUS JOURNALISM SERVICE.
3. MOST PEOPLE'S INTERESTS FOR MAD.
4. MAD WILL EXPLORE THE PROTENSIONS OF OUR SOCIETY: UNLESS IT HURTS SALES.
5. MAD WILL BE ORIGINAL, IMPROVEMENT, TUNING, AND TAKING.
6. MAD WILL NOT ACCEPT ADVERTISING FROM MERCHANDISE SHACKS.

Don't cry, Harv. One principle out of six ain't bad.

But what about humor in a jugular vein?

It'll be humor in a juvenile vein.

What about adult satire?

Huh? ... What does satire have to do with anything?

That does it! I'm forced to play my ace in the hole. My big trump! I quit!

Gaines just couldn't believe -Harvey Hey! Where are you?

Hey, Wally! Where'd he go?

I'm out! Whew! These crummy flashbacks. Whatever happened to flicks with a beginning, a middle and an

Run! 16mm! 32mm! Faster! 100mm! SILLYmm! I did it. Broke the flashback barrier. Last scene coming up.

He was just here.

He's dead. In his attempt to jump frame to the last scene he was—

Yoo-hoo!

You mean—?

That's it! An end! I'll stay out of frame and skip to the end... and satire. Start running.

... ROSEBUD ...

Yes! Flashbacked to death.

Poor guy. Wonder if he ever found—

Satire? How can one word explain a whole life anyway?

It's easy if the word's money.

Who said that?

I did. My whole life I've been trying to raise enough money for another great film like this one and this wretched parody isn't helping me any.

B-but I still got this box of stuff from Gaines's office.

Junk! Burn it.



CHAPTER 1

See the reader.
He is very loyal.
He wouldn't miss an issue of his favorite magazine.
Even when its price went up,
He kept right on buying it every month.
Why is he such a loyal reader?
Because he likes a magazine that rejects silly old shibboleths
And takes a bold stand on important issues
And treats difficult topics in a mature way.
Of course, his mother buys him MAD
So he reads it, too.

ARTIST: AL WEISS

THE MAD MAGAZINE PRIMER

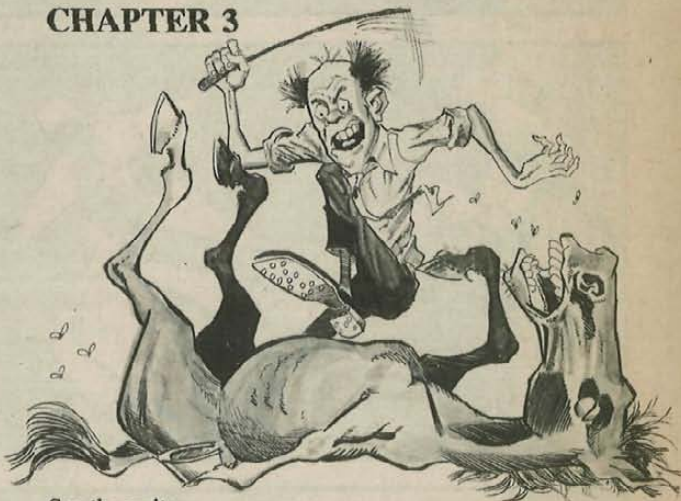


CHAPTER 2

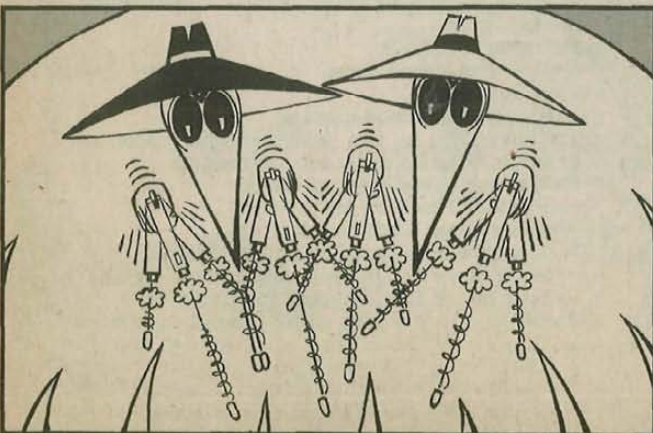
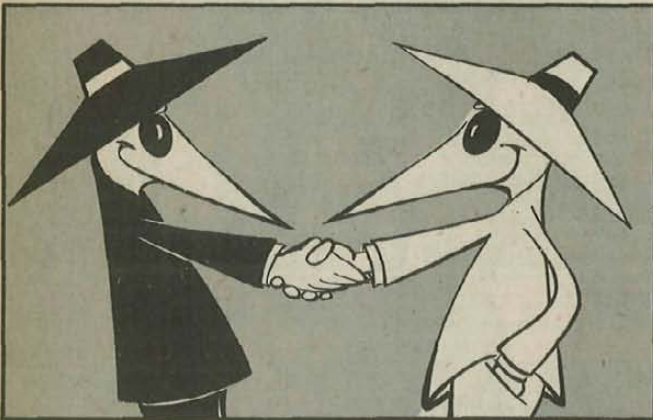
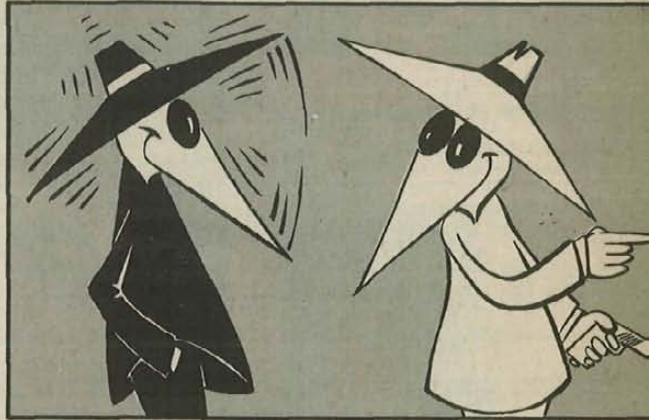
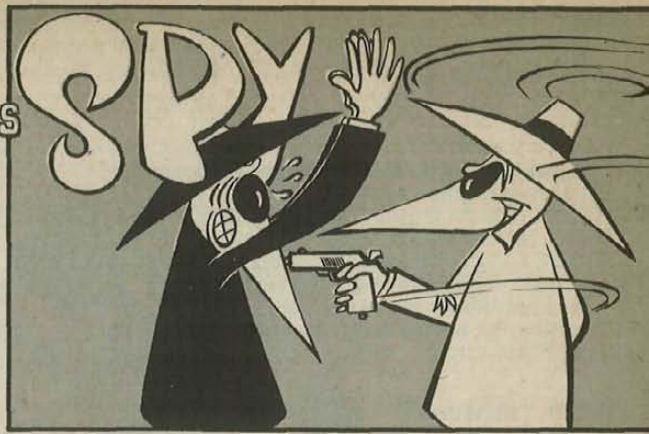


See the editor.
He is very harried.
He is editing an article for the next issue of MAD.
He has a deadline to meet.
The article needs a lot of work.
To start with, it's too long.
The editor has to take out some words.
Most of the words he is taking out have only four letters.
But boy, they sure do add up!
The article also has problems in "pacing" and "timing."
There's a reference to an ethnic group that breaks the pacing.
And there's a joke about a major religion that spoils the timing.
Being an editor isn't easy.
To be a good editor there are three things you must have:
An eye for talent.
An ear for good writing.
A nose for new ideas.
To be a MAD editor, there is one thing you must not have.
Balls.

CHAPTER 3



See the writer.
He writes for MAD.
See him flog a dead horse.
Flog, flog, flog.
Take that, Hollywood bigwigs!
Try this one on for size, Madison Avenue phonies!
Later on, when he really gets warmed up,
He'll attack rigged TV quiz shows
And automobiles with big tail-fins
And segregated lunch-counters.
Well, maybe not segregated lunch-counters.
After all, fun's fun, but you have to draw the line somewhere.
Nobody minds a little ribbing now and then,
But there is such a thing as knowing when to stop.
Look at Lenny Bruce. If he knew when to stop,
He could be a great comedian.
He could even be a MAD writer.
He's what? When did that happen? No kidding!
Well, that just goes to show you!



You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When ...



... you start going to movies they don't do spoofs of.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When ...

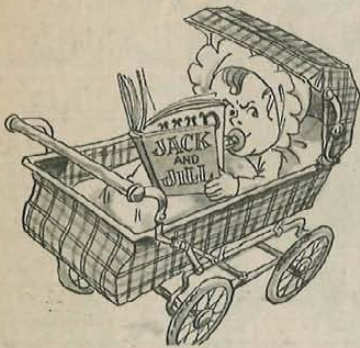


... you discover that you have acquired a secret power that enables you to know the contents of every issue before you even open it.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When ...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When ...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When ...



... you adopt complicated ruses to avoid being seen reading it so your friends won't consider you "immature."



... you realize that the "Now" in their "Then and Now" articles is 1957.



... you find a richer source of humor in everyday things, like rocks.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When ...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When ...



... you find out what @%\$&\$%@ means.



... you give the charity drive a hamster cage, your brother's chemistry set, a butterfly net you used to catch crappies, *The Golden Book of Squids*, *Meet Mr. Weather*, and all your back

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

DAVE BERG

Thanks for coming over, Mr. Berg. I wish more citizens had your community spirit.

Just doing my part, Officer. I was a kid once, too, you know.

Sure you're confused, son, and maybe a little bitter, too, but, heck, who wouldn't be in this crazy, mixed-up world, what with the A-bomb and the current wave of permissiveness. Let's face it—things are in one hell of a mess, if you'll pardon my French!

But when the going gets tough, that's when the tough get going! I mean, you want to leave the world a better place for your having been here, right? You see, I have this theory that deep down inside, people are basically good, and...

... so then me and Jimmy, that's Jimmy Trinelli of 364 Baycrest, are you getting all this? Like I say, me and Jimmy took the stuff to Rico's, you know, to fence it...

O.K., Mr. Berg, I think that does it. If we need you again, we'll call.

STOP!! I'LL TALK!! ANYTHING!! JUST GET THIS CREEP OUT OF HERE!!



Package for Mr. Dave Berg. Say, you aren't the same Dave Berg who draws for MAD magazine, are you?

That's me, young man.

No kidding, you're the guy who does that Lighter Side thing?

That's right, youngster.

Hey, you're putting me on! You really write all that stuff about baby-sitters and blind dates and drive-in movies?

Yes, I do, son.

Boy, are you an asshole!



FASCIST PIG! DUPE OF THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX! ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

COMMIE QUEER! PAWN OF THE KREMLIN SLAVE-MASTERS! GET A HAIRCUT!

There are two sides to every question. And after all, everyone's entitled to his own opinion. Variety is the spice of life, so let's live and let live.

You see, I've found that all it takes to bridge the generation gap is a willingness to meet the other guy halfway, a little give and take. Now I'm sure there's something you two can agree on.

WISHY-WASHY LIBERAL FINK!

WISHY-WASHY LIBERAL FINK!



Schwarz Berg

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS



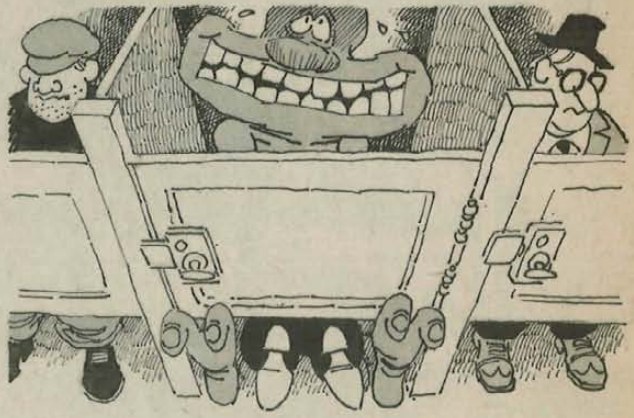
Insulting A **READER'S INTELLIGENCE**



Avoiding A **DELICATE SUBJECT**



Following A **FORMULA**



Blowing A **JOKE**



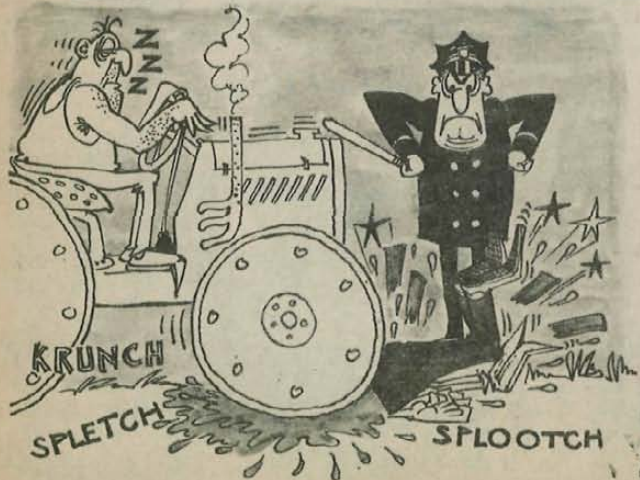
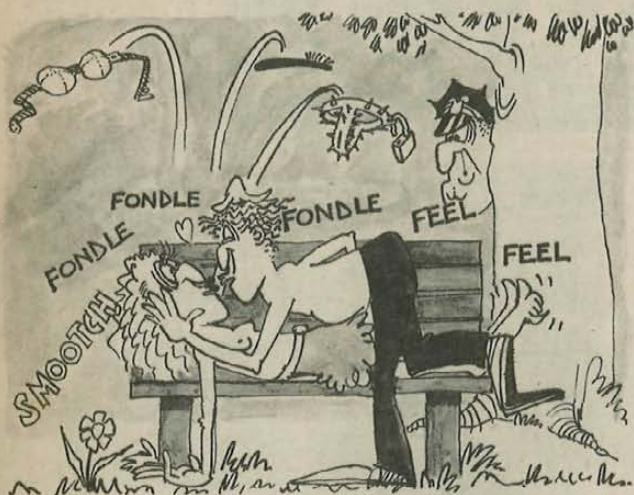
Beilaboring **THE OBVIOUS**



Raising A **DEAD ISSUE**

DON MARTIN—WASN'T HE THE NUTTY GUY WHO DREW ALL THOSE CRAZY CARTOONS THAT WE THOUGHT WERE SO SICK IN THE 50's? DEPT.

ONE DAY IN THE PARK



SAY, JUST HOW
DID YOU MAKE
MAD INTO THE
HARD-HITTING
SATIRE MAGAZINE
IT IS TODAY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING **MAD FOLD-IN**

"The magazine developed through the years from a somewhat sophomoric, meat-cleaver type of humor into what I regard as the sharp satiric style it features today."* To see how this wonderful transformation was accomplished, fold page in as shown.

*MAD writer Frank Jacobs, in the Travel section of the New York Times, Sunday, July 11, 1971



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

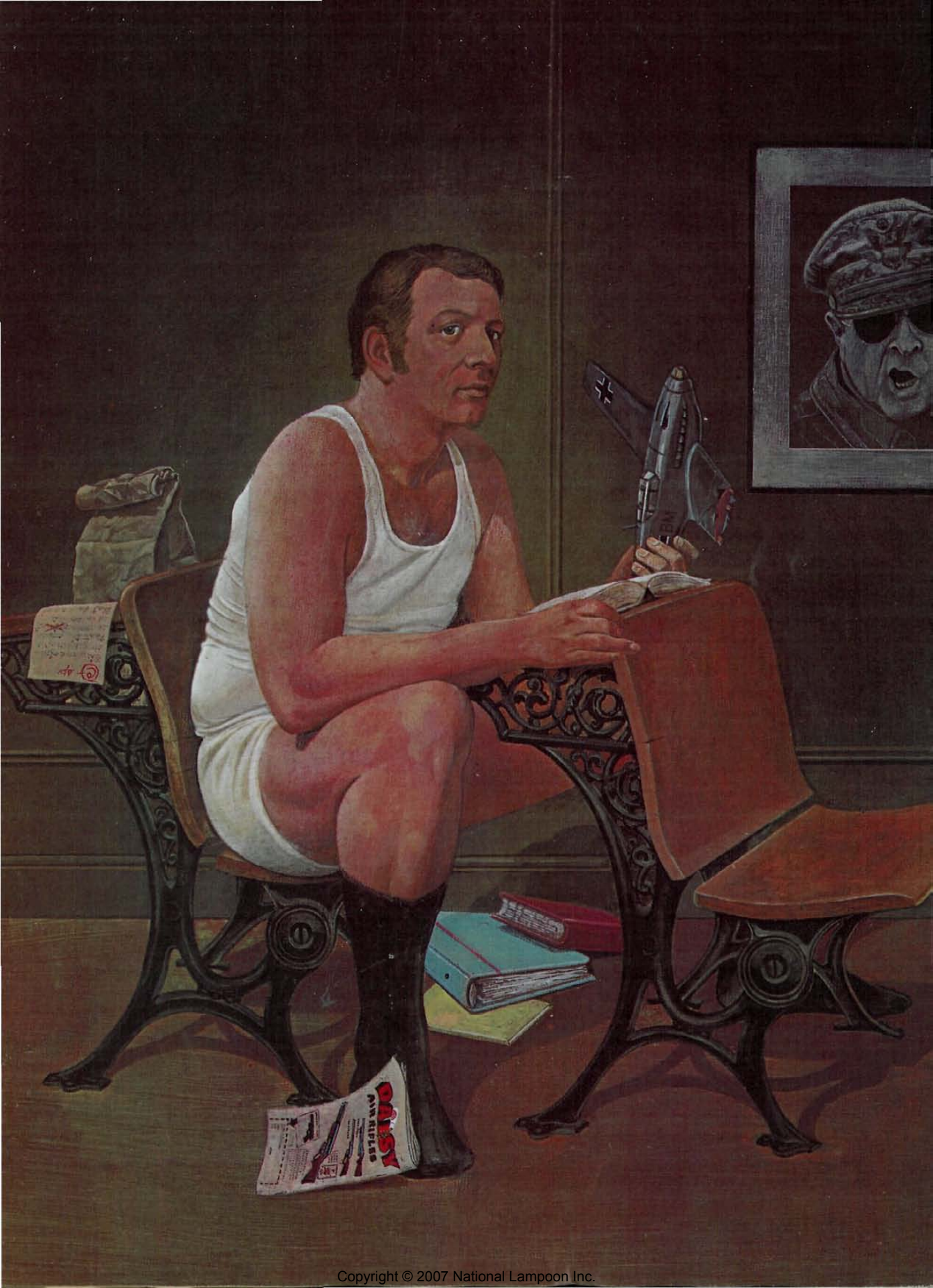
FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST: RALPH REESE

WELL, THERE THEY ALL ARE, OR WERE, WHEN YOU WERE ONLY A KID. WE JUST PRINTED THEM FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE. JUST IN CASE YOU FORGOT RIDICULOUS AS THAT SOUNDS. YOU MUST STILL HAVE MEMORIES OF ALL OF THAT INCREDIBLE CAST OF CHARACTERS. SUPERDUPERMAN, THE MOLE. DUMB KIND OF QUESTION TO ASK. NO ONE COULD FORGET ELDER'S OR WOOD'S STUFF. IT WASN'T SATIRE, THOUGH, WAS IT? JUST SOPHOMORIC HUMOR. HUMOR'S EASY.



Going Back

by Michel Choquette and Anne Beatts

If you knew then what you know now, boy, would you be in trouble. . . .

Someone's talking in the other room, loud enough to wake me up. I must have left the television set on. I feel around for my watch and knock over a glass instead. As the water soaks into my bed I notice that my Yves Saint Laurent sheets have little soldiers on them.

From the light around the blind I know it's morning. I get out of bed, and something dangling from the ceiling hits me in the face. I swing out at it.

I walk over to the window, but even before I lift the blind I know where I am. Back in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, in 1951 or 1952. I look to see if there are cowboys riding broncos on the wallpaper, and there are. It must be before my thirteenth birthday.

There's a mirror on the inside of my closet door. I look myself over. I'm six feet tall, on the far side of thirty, and have a slight roll around the middle just like I did last night.

Reflected over my shoulder in the mirror is my Messerschmitt Me-109, hanging over my bed with one wing smashed. My Me-109! It took me a whole week to paper it. It's still trembling from the blow I gave it.

"Greg, come down to breakfast." It's my mother's voice. I figure I better get there before the bacon's gone. The stairs have fewer steps than I remembered.

As soon as I get into the kitchen my mother yells at me. "What are you doing here like that? Go back upstairs and put some clothes on." I realize I'm still wearing the underwear I slept in.

On the way upstairs I can hear my mother saying, "He'd forget his head if it wasn't attached." I always hated that expression.

My father says, "He didn't forget, he's just being smartass."

Nuts to them. They can't push me around anymore. In the bathroom, I

miss without lifting the seat. But I get chicken and wipe it off afterwards. They'll probably give me hell if I don't shave. But what if the old man finds out I used his razor? What if I cut myself? Maybe I can go one day without shaving. I feel my chin. No way. I can't go to work, I mean school, like this.

I'm too big to fit into any of my clothes. If I'm lucky and this is the year I think it is, Chuck should be away at college. I take a pair of chinos and a sport shirt from his closet. The shoes are too tight, but I have no choice.

I see a photograph of Marilyn on his dresser. I wonder what he'd say if he knew she was going to ask me up to her hotel room in Chicago six years from now. The little slut.

By the time I get back to the kitchen my father has left for work, but my mother says he wants me to come straight home from school so I can clean out the garage. My oatmeal is cold. My mother is trying to get me to finish it when the school bus arrives.

I grab my books and run to get the bus. As soon as my feet hit the gravel of the driveway I get an icy feeling in the pit of my stomach. I probably didn't do my homework.

The cold shakiness persists even after I am on board the bus. There are no seats left, and because of my height I have to stand up with the big kids. I recognize the bus driver, but he's not the one who usually drove us. Maybe it's his day off. The fat kid in front of me hasn't turned around yet, but I know from the back of his neck that I don't like him. In a second I'll remember his name.

I've got my history book, so today must be Tuesday or Thursday. History. She'll probably give a test. I look in my book to see what we're up to, and my English homework falls out. At least

I've done that much. It's a book report on *The Mystery of Cabin Island*. Boy, what crummy handwriting. I still make my r's the same way, though. "In this story, Frank and Joe have a specially good adventure. The adventure is . . ."

I stick the paper back in the book because I'm getting carsick, the way I used to then.

Dmitri, that's his name. Fat slob. You should see him try to do push-ups. What a riot.

Kenny Raskin gets on the bus. So does his sister. She has big tits. Real stargazers. But Kenny's so brainy I bet he doesn't even notice. He's going to pass that test like nothing. I hope she doesn't ask us about Andrew Johnson and the Reconstruction period. Or what about the League of Nations? That's worse.

Wait a second, I must know something about the League of Nations. I had it in college. I'll just say that the League of Nations was an ineffectual political organization and that its successor, the U.N., is also hampered by the rising growth of nationalism. Anyway, the Common Market provides a more valid basis for association among the major European powers. That's it. And if she asks about DeGaulle, I'll say that he was a brave man who sacrificed his potential as a great statesman because of the demands of an overpowering ego.

What am I so worried about? I can fake my way through. And it's not even faking. I really know the answers. I'd like to see Kenny Raskin's face if I get 100! What if I got 100 in every subject? I mean, hell, it's just sixth-grade stuff. Mrs. Mitescu'll think I'm a genius. Wait till I bring home my report card. They'll probably buy me an English bicycle! I can stick it in the back of my Mustang and use it to ride around the lakeshore in Chicago. Maybe I can even ride it to the office.

continued

continued

Along with the others I push my way out of the bus and into the school building. I practically have to kneel down to get a drink at the fountain, which is full of chewing gum as usual. My classroom is the one with the poster of Mont St. Michel on the door. I wonder who's going to get to go to Europe on the Bonbel account—me or Ed Brotsky?

Julie Neuberger has the desk next to mine. She says hi and I say hi back. I know she'll have to drop out of school in tenth grade because she gets in trouble. Too bad she doesn't realize she's wasting her time here.

We pledge allegiance to the flag and say the prayer. If they're going to abolish one, why don't they abolish the other? We sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and only the girls know all the words.

When I sit down, I can't get my legs under my desk, so I stick them out in the aisle on each side. Mrs. Mitescu takes attendance. She looks much younger than I remembered her, around thirty-five or forty.

"All right, boys and girls, put away your books and get your pens and papers ready."

Desk-tops slam all around me as I coolly plan my triumph.

"Today, we are going to begin by writing a short composition on the subject "My Future Career." Papers will be collected in half an hour. Please hand in your book reports at the same time. Remember, spelling and penmanship count!"

English. That's even easier than history. English was my best subject. I used to get nearly all B minuses. This should be a snap.

I write my name, Greg Sampson, in the top right-hand corner of the paper. Then, finding the exact center of the top line, I write across it, very neatly,

"My Future Career," capitalizing each word.

The rest is easier. I'm careful to make my handwriting a little messy. The next time I glance at the clock I have fifteen minutes left. But I see that nobody else has even filled up a page and figure I'd better stop.

I spend the rest of the time writing on the desk, so that it'll look like I'm still hard at work. Before Kenny Raskin comes round to collect my paper I use my sleeve to rub out what I've written. He's such a brownnose he'd probably tell on me. If he's this bad at twelve, can you imagine what he'll be like later? I never got to find out because his family moved away.

The next subject is spelling. Gretchen Smith comes in late and has to bring an excuse because she had a dentist's appointment. How could I have forgotten that she was in my class? It wasn't just a childish crush. She really is beautiful. But in those days I never had the courage to speak to her.

As she comes down the aisle toward me, I realize that for the last twenty years I've been looking for her. I lost track of her once, and this time I don't want to let her out of my sight. Anyway, I think she likes me. When she brushes by my desk, I whisper casually, "That's a beautiful skirt you have on, Gretchen."

Immediately, she yells out, loud enough for the whole office to hear, "Mrs. Mitescu, Greg is bothering me!"

Charlie Rittenhouse puts his arm to his mouth and makes a fart sound. Everyone in the class laughs at me.

Mrs. Mitescu says, "Since you've got so much to say, Greg, why don't you tell us how to spell exaggerate?"

I reel it off quickly, with my eyes closed. Her silence tells me that I should

have put in an extra g.

"Spell exaggerate for the class, Julie. And if you're going to squint like that, Greg, maybe you should tell your mother you need glasses."

The fact that Julie gets it wrong, too, doesn't make me feel any better. Mrs. Mitescu asks Gretchen to spell it. She is obviously floundering, and I am deciding whether to help her out, when Kenny Raskin hisses the answer. "E-x-a-g-g-e-r-a-t-e," says Gretchen. She turns around and gives Kenny a blinding smile of gratitude.

Painful as it is, I don't want spelling to be over, because math is next. It took me until high school to realize that I was never going to be any good at math. Now I use adding machines.

Just then Chris Johannesen comes into the room with a note from the guidance counselor asking to see me, Dmitri Roberts, and Alex Sangewicz. Fat Dmitri pinches my arm as we walk out the door. "Boy, are you in trouble," he says. I try to stay cool, but I'm afraid I've blown the Bonbel trip to Europe.

When we get to the office, I'm relieved to see that it's only the guidance counselor, not my account supervisor. Mr. Mex takes Dmitri inside, and Alex and I sit on folding chairs in the hall, waiting to be called in. There aren't even any magazines to read. Through the closed door we can hear "Butterfly . . . camel . . . ostrich . . . butterfly." It sounds like Noah's ark. Alex says it's some kind of mental test.

When Dmitri comes out, he's sweating. "Mex's really got it in for you," he says to me. I go in. Luckily, Mr. Mex doesn't notice my outstretched hand. He has a bunch of large white cardboards on the desk in front of him.

"Oh, a Rorschach test," I say. "Sit down, Sampson," he says. "This is an inkblot test." He passes me the cards one by one, and I tell him what each one suggests to me. I'm determined to show him that I have more imagination than Dmitri Roberts, but I try to steer away from anything too sexual. I give him poetic images, great paintings, cloud formations, and mythological symbolism. I'm impressed myself. Mex doesn't say a word, and I can tell I've snowed him. On my way out, I can't help asking how I did.

"There is no score on this test, Sampson. But I'll tell you something you might find interesting. You are the only person so far who didn't think of turning the cards sideways or upside-down."

When I get back to class, I find I've missed recess. Mrs. Mitescu is asking Kenny Lewis to name the principal products of the Philippines. He taps himself on the forehead several times with his ruler before answering, "Rice?"

Social studies, I think, as I wedge myself into my seat.

"Rice is correct. But can you tell us



"Herman . . . stop playing with your dinner!"

any others?"

Kenny Lewis can't. Kenny Raskin already has his hand up. But Mrs. Mitescu passes him over in favor of Charlie Rittenhouse. He suggests cigars. Mrs. Mitescu isn't sure.

"Manila envelopes?" Julie Neuberger calls out. In despair, Mrs. Mitescu calls on Kenny Raskin.

"Sugar, corn, copra, and hemp."

I still don't know what copra is. I try to make myself invisible. She is looking in my direction.

"Can anyone tell us who liberated the Philippine Islands before they won their independence?"

Gretchen waves her hand. "General MacArthur."

Of course, she would know that. Her father is in the army.

"In the Spanish-American War," she adds. She should have quit while she was ahead.

"Greg Sampson, sit up like a little gentleman and tell us when General MacArthur liberated the Philippines."

I make a stab at it. "Forty-four or forty-five," I say.

"Which is it?"

Well, he didn't liberate them in one day, you dumb tit. "Nineteen forty-five," I say.

"Well, a little learning seems to have rubbed off on you after all. We've been hearing the name General MacArthur a lot recently. Why is that?"

I see myself whiz by on my Raleigh, winning the Tour de France. "President Truman has just kicked him out of Korea," I announce.

"What? What did you say?"

Oh Christ. It hasn't happened yet.

"Well, I mean he should, he's probably planning it right now, because otherwise we'll get involved in a full-scale land war in Asia, and the Soviet Union will come into the fighting, and anyway our allies will never put up with it, not to mention the other Asian countries, and it would be only the beginning. What are we doing there anyway? We can't police the world!"

Mrs. Mitescu and the rest of the class are immobilized. But I've crossed the thirty-eighth parallel, and it's too late to turn back now.

"We haven't solved the problems of democracy in our own country, and here we are forcing it on the rest of the world! Why should we be in Vietnam killing colored people, when at home our black people and our poor people don't even have a chance to get ahead? They won't stand for it much longer without protesting. You'll see 200,000 black people marching on Washington! Watts, Cleveland, Detroit, Newark will go up in flames! Students everywhere will revolt like in France! Meanwhile America is spending its money to let a man play golf on the moon. No wonder half the country will grow its hair long, drop

out of society, and go and live in New Mexico. Even assassinating President Kennedy won't be enough!"

Mrs. Mitescu suddenly comes to life. "Stop it! I won't hear another word of it! What utter nonsense! Insulting colored people in that disgusting fashion! Is this your idea of a joke?"

I realize I'm standing in front of her desk. The bell rings. Thank fucking Christ.

I could use a drink, but I didn't bring any lunch money. Charlie Rittenhouse comes up to me in the cafeteria. "You sure are cuckoo," he says. I bum an apple and half a sandwich off him. Maybe tonight I'll ask Gail over and cook us up a couple of steaks on the hibachi.

When I walk back into the classroom, Mrs. Mitescu looks up from correcting papers. "I hope we've gotten over our little temper tantrum of this morning," she says.

Mrs. Sheehy comes to us for art. Picking the colors carefully, I execute a set of crayon sketches of the four seasons. Mrs. Sheehy says my work's improving but that we don't make faces on suns in sixth grade.

In the free period before gym, Mrs. Mitescu hands back our compositions from this morning. Gretchen's paper is on top of the pile for my row. "My Future Career As a Model." I wonder what agency she's with. If it's in Chicago, maybe I could take her to Europe with me on the Bonbel account. She got B plus.

I find my paper in the pile. C plus. I put it face downwards on the desk before turning around to hand the other papers to Gretchen. She probably never got to modeling school anyway.

Mrs. Mitescu has written all over my paper. The red ink still makes me cringe. I run my eye quickly down the margins,

noting a sprinkling of *awkw.*, *wrong wd.*, and *sp.* At the bottom of the last page, where my composition leaves off, Mrs. Mitescu's begins, in perfect Palmer script.

Your spelling and punctuation are above average. However, your grasp of grammar is faulty. Too many slang words! A better alternative to "bull-session" should have been found. A good rule is: if a word has to go in quotes, it is not part of the English language. Do not begin sentences with "and" or "but." You have been told this before! A sentence must have a subject, a predicate, and a verb. "All the way to the top" is not a complete sentence.

I hope you plan your life better than you did your composition. All in all, the writing is repetitious and uneven. Perhaps you bit off more than you could chew. You would have done better to describe what an account executive actually does and what would be the best college preparation for this. I fail to see the benefit of the "two-year brush with the academic life" which you propose. There is little point in going to college if you don't plan to graduate.

I am no expert on the advertising industry, but some of the steps which you have outlined seem unrealistic to me. Why would you want to spend six months selling encyclopedias, a year and a half training to be a supermarket manager, and a whole summer as a lifeguard, when your true aim is a career in advertising? Once again, you don't seem to be able to settle on what you want to do within the advertising company. Perhaps you would do better to remain a copywriter. The clear thinking needed in business does not seem to be your strong point.

Personally, I cannot see why anyone with any creative talent whatsoever
continued



continued

would want to waste his time writing ads. Work hard, and there will be many careers open to you in the liberal arts. If you find you are still interested in writing by the time you finish college, the American novel is sorely in need of help!!

Handwriting—fair. Your capitals are not consistent.

Teachers must be sadists. Imagine telling all this to a twelve-year-old kid. I fold up the paper until it is so thick it won't fold any more, and drop it through the hole in the top of my desk. Stupid assholes. Nobody's used inkwells since 1920.

It's time for gym, and we file down to the locker rooms. It's a nice day, so we're going outside. I hope it's softball. I'm wondering what position I'll get to play when Dmitri Fatso asks me where my gym clothes are. I don't have any.

Dmitri's face lights up. "I bet Coach gives you a thousand laps."

One thing, it gets me out of the warming-up exercises. I didn't remember the field was so big. By the time I've run around it once, I'm exhausted and my brother's shoes are giving me blisters. I start cheating on the corners.

I'm thinking of my air-conditioned office at Leo Burnett. Who could have told Mitescu I wasn't management material? Probably Ed Brotsky and that wop art director he thinks is so shit-hot.

If I hadn't left State, I could have gone into teaching. I'd be an associate professor by now. I bet Mrs. Mitescu doesn't even have her M.A.

How long would it take me to finish my novel if I really got down to it? I guess it's still in the liquor cabinet under the phone books. Maybe I should go someplace with it for a couple of weeks. I never took it out of my suitcase in Barbados. I should put more sex in it.

Standards have loosened a lot. If it's a best seller, I'll send a copy back to the school library, autographed.

One of my blisters has burst.

It takes me quite a while to clean the garage, figuring out where to hang the rakes and everything. I'm just sweeping the floor when my father drives up. He parks outside and comes in to inspect my work. He says I've done a pretty good job. He tells me to set up the water sprinklers on the lawn and goes into the house with his paper.

Pretty soon, supper's ready. The whole house smells of gingerbread. My mother says it's a reward for being a hard worker.

She's piling more mashed potatoes on my plate when the phone rings. My father gets up and goes into the hallway to answer it. The way he says, "Yes, this is he," suddenly makes the potatoes hard to swallow.

It's a long conversation. My mother and I are both eating silently, straining to hear. I am listening for the one word that will let me know I'm off the hook. I try to persuade myself that it's my father who's in trouble for a change. But I know I'm wrong.

My mother knows, too. She tries to catch my eye, but I look down at my plate, pretending I'm involved with the mashed potatoes. It's not Mrs. Mitescu. I know it's a man because otherwise my father wouldn't let himself get that angry. I hear the words "MacArthur" and then "patriotic as the next man" and "only a crazy kid." The principal.

When my father comes back into the room, he's so worked up he can't even sit down. "Who was it, Earl?" my mother asks.

My father takes his cigarettes off the sideboard and lights one, even though

we haven't finished eating. I've never seen him do that before. "Gregory, what books have you been reading lately?"

I wasn't ready for that. Did I leave *Motel Lust* in my locker? No, it's under the bathtub. I decide to play it cool. "What do you mean, books? Sir."

"You know what I mean. I mean where did you get the goddam ridiculous notion that General MacArthur isn't qualified to defend our country? What do you know about it, you pipsqueak? Who's been telling you these things? If you've been down at Wasserman's candy store again, I'll beat you within an inch of your life! Filling your mind up with garbage!"

"He's always reading comics," my mother contributes.

"He'll be sorry he ever learned how to read. He thinks he can get up in front of the class and insult the teacher, and insult our country. The only thing he didn't do was spit on the flag!"

Mitescu, you cunt. How did I know you had a soft spot for MacArthur?

"Military school, that's what he needs, goddammit!"

"Watch your language, Earl."

"It's probably all over town by now. The next thing you know, Joe McCarthy will be phoning here, wanting to start an investigation. They'll probably kick me out of the Lions Club."

Oh, shit. McCarthy. Wasn't he later?

My father stomps out to move the sprinklers. I'm wondering what the odds are on gingerbread.

He is back inside already. "Margaret, did you move my car into the garage?"

"It was me, Dad," I say, trying to get on his good side. "I didn't want the sprinklers to ruin the Simoniz job."

"Have you gone crazy?"

"You could have killed yourself." My mother is panicked.

Twelve-year-olds don't drive.

"Go to your room. I'll speak to you later. And don't let me ever catch you doing a crazy thing like that again."

In revenge, I don't do my homework. Hopeless as it looks, I start putting the wing back on my Me-109. The smell of the glue gets me thinking. Wow. All suburbia will be turning on in a few years. I'd like to dump LSD in their water supply. Chagrin Falls, totally stoned out.

I squeeze the other blister before I get into bed. I bet I'd make a fortune if I could be the first one to put "Old Soldiers Never Die" on a record.

As I fall asleep, I can't help thinking of my nineteenth-floor apartment, where, after watching a whole day of color television, eating two-thirds of a lemon meringue pie, playing all the records and leaving them out of their jackets, a twelve-year-old kid in pajamas is leaning out the window, dropping water bombs on the cars below. □



"I hate it when gynecologists talk shop."

MAGICAL MISERY TOUR

Illustrated by RANDALL ENOS

Written by Michael O'Donoghue

Featuring the **FOUR MOPTOPS**

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD 5-CENT SITAR!

SUPER!

WIZARD!

MBE

GEAR!

BRIAN EPSTEIN R.I.P.

PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE (BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED)

INTRODUCING The BLUE MEANIES

PHIL SPECTOR

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD 5-CENT SITAR!

YOU MEAN LIFE ISN'T A SALAMI SANDWICH?

MAGIC ALEX

ERICH SEGAL

MICK JAGGER

MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI

Linda

LEE

John

THE FLYING EASTMANS

THE PLASTIC ONO HAND

WATCH THIS SPACE

ALLEN KLEIN

HUNTER DAVIES

I NEED MY MOMMY

PETE BEST

DR. ARTHUR JANOV

DICK JAMES

THE FLUX WORKERS

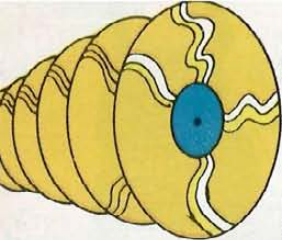
CHARLES MANSON

The Taxman

YOKO ONO

RICHARD LESTER

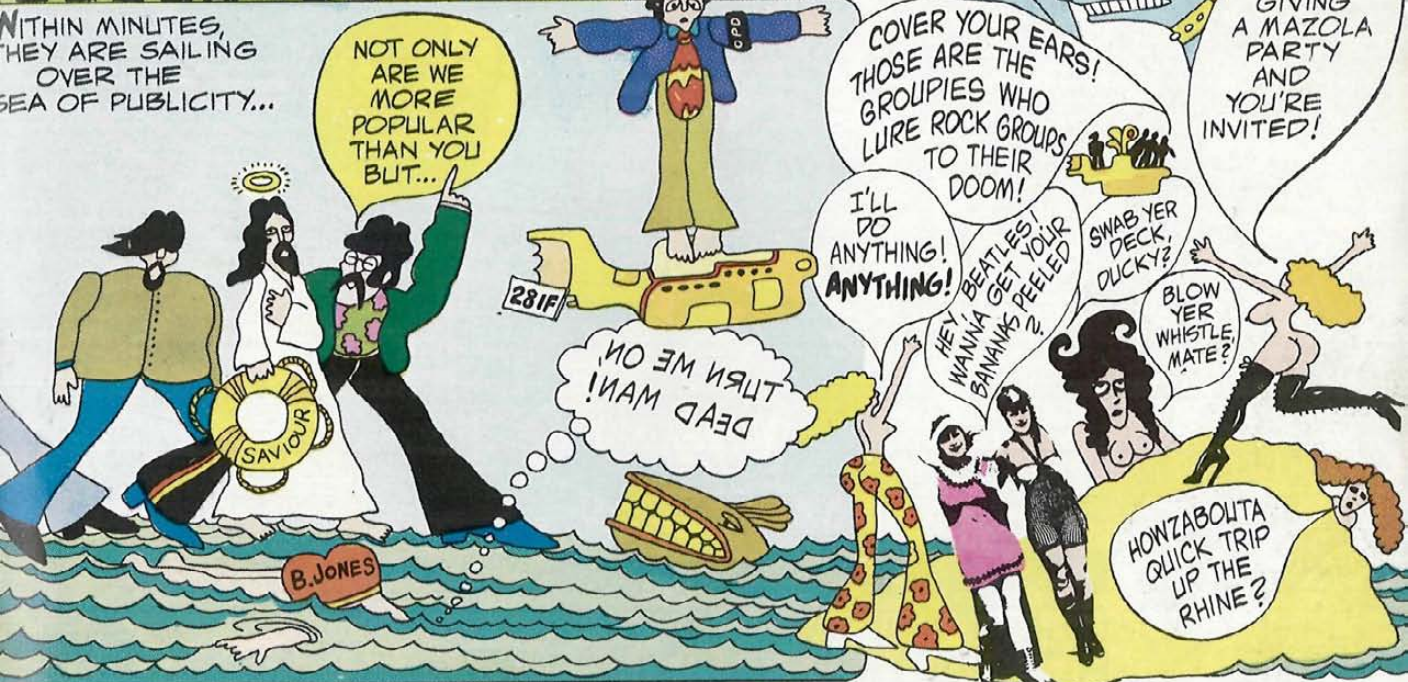
AND



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAGICAL KINGDOM CALLED PEPPERLAND (see map), WHERE GREW THE GIANT APPLE WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE GOLDEN RECORDS OF ROSEMARY CLOONEY AND PATTI PAGE COMBINED.

WITH THE PASSING OF THEIR MANAGER, BRIAN EPSTEIN, THE FAB FOUR SET OUT TO FIND THE APPLE. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE DIFFICULTIES THEY ENCOUNTERED, THE OBSTACLES THEY SURMOUNTED, AND HOW THEY BOTCHED IT...

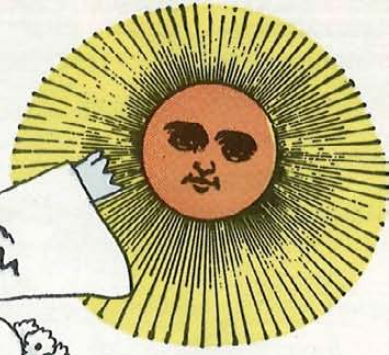




THEN...



SOON, AT THE RISHIKESH ASHRAM, HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS...



WELCOME, MY SONS!

CAN YOU TELL US HOW TO REACH THE GIANT APPLE, HOLY ONE?

NOTHING COULD BE SIMPLER. YOU TAKE THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH FOR A MILE OR SO, THEN TURN LEFT ON THE ROAD OF LIFE AND FOLLOW IT UNTIL YOU REACH THE CROSSROADS OF EXISTENCE! MAKE ANOTHER LEFT AND GO STRAIGHT UNTIL YOU COME TO A SUNOCD STATION! TAKE THE NEXT RIGHT AND YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

IS THAT ALL WE NEED TO KNOW, MASTER?

THERE IS ONE THING MORE! YOU'LL BE TRAVELING UPHILL MUCH OF THE WAY SO YOU SHOULD NOT BURDEN YOURSELF UNNECESSARILY WITH WORLDLY GOODS! TO LIGHTEN YOUR LOAD, I SUGGEST YOU GIVE ME YOUR WATCHES AND RINGS AND CUFFLINKS AND YOUR STOCKS AND BONDS AND BLUE-CHIP SECURITIES AND CONVERTIBLE DEBENTURES, AND YOUR SPARE CHANGE!

NOW THAT WE HAVE RID OURSELVES OF WORLDLY GOODS, SEEKER OF GOD-CONSCIOUSNESS AND KNOWER OF THE RAPTUROUS JOY, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WOULD TELL US?

ONLY THIS: GET YOUR ASS OUT OF HERE BECAUSE I DETEST POOR PEOPLE!

STOP IT! YOU'RE RIPPING MY SARI!

MIA! MIA! I LOVE YOU!

LOVE IS NEVER HAVING TO SAVE YOUR SARI!

FLY TRANSCENDENTAL

ATER, NEAR THE SUNOCO STATION...



APPLE BOUTIQUE

PRICES SLASHED
FIRE SALE
EVERYTHING MUST
OR
FREE! TAKE IT AWAY!

I THINK WE MUST BE GETTING CLOSE!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE BLUE MEANIES STRIKE...



PHLOOM



I'VE GOT A PLAN! WE'LL SING A SONG AND OUR MESSAGE OF *Love* WILL GO SOARING OUT OVER THE LAND AND ROUT THE FORCES OF EVIL!

SOUNDS A BIT DAFFY IF YOU ASK ME!

LOOK OUT, HELTER SKEETER SHE'S SKEETER SKEETER

AND A COFFEE HEIRRESS!

AND A POLISH PLAYBOY!

AND A HAIRDRESSER!

AND A GROCER!

AND A GROCER'S WIFE!

AND A

AND SO...

AIN'T NO DUTY NO A LOVER YOU MAY BE THE ANSWER! TELL ME TELL ME TELL ME

THAT'S THE SIGN WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! LET'S GO CHOP UP A STARLET!

SPAHN MOVIE RANCH

THERE IT GOES!

THAT DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT THE WAY I THOUGHT IT WOULD.

THIS WAY TO TORONTO PEACE FESTIVAL

AAAARGH!

DONOVAN

WHILE THE WORLD AROUND ME RAGES, I'LL RETURN TO THE MIDDLE AGES

LET'S PULL TOGETHER! FOLLOW ME! I'M THE LEADER WE MUST REHEARSE MORE! PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

FORGET APPLE! WE HAVE GRAPEFRUIT!

DUMP KLEIN! HE'S SCUM!

I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU GROTTY FUCKING GUYS! EVERYBODY TREATED YOKO LIKE FUCKING GARBAGE! YOKO IS A SUPREME INTELLECTUAL! GEORGE SAID SHE GAVE OFF BAD FUCKING VIBES! I'M A FUCKING GENIUS! ME FUCKING AUNTIE THREW AWAY ALL ME FUCKING POEMS! PAUL'S MUSIC IS FUCKING RUBBISH! AND WHAT ABOUT MICK WIGGLING HIS FUCKING ARSE! WHERE THE FUCK DOES HE COME OFF WITH ALL THAT FUCKING FAG DANCING! THE FUCKING STONES ALWAYS FUCKING IMITATED US!

...WITH ALL THAT FUCKING FAG DANCING? THE FUCKING STONES ALWAYS FUCKING IMITATED US!

MICK'S A FAIRY CROSS THE MERSEY!

SUDDENLY, THE SMOKE OF BATTLE PARTS, AND THERE STANDS REVEALED...

Love is a many-splendored thing. Like the April rose that only grows in the early spring! Love is nature's way of giving...

SO ENDS THE QUEST...

..The GIANT APPLE!

THE YEARS HAVE NOT BEEN KIND...

IT'S NEVER THE WAY IT LOOKS IN THE POSTCARDS, YOU KNOW!

THE DREAM IS OVER...

WE'RE LEAVING! TAXI!

WE'RE LEAVING! TAXI!

BLUE MEANIE RECORDS ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE FORMATION OF A NEW SUPERGROUP. Linda Eastman and Yoko Ono TOGETHER FOR THE

T-T-T-THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

The Final Seconds

by Tony Hendra

Something had happened to Moose Nixon. In the very first day of fall practice, everyone noticed it. Where there had been a dependable reserve halfback, there was now a whirlwind of dynamite who could smash holes in the defense like a pile driver.

And what had transformed the tall, blond young giant into a born gridiron warrior? A simple little thing called determination. When Moose passed through Whittier's great main gate in September, he knew that his grueling summer had been worth it. A lump had risen in his throat as, bareheaded, he had looked up at the immortal words chiseled into the ivy-covered granite:

PRIDE COURAGE VERACITY

"One more play, fellows," cried Coach. "Then you can take your run and shower."

Moose's heart beat a little faster, and a fine dew of perspiration stood out on his brow. This was his last chance to show Coach what he could do against varsity. The deep-chested, slim-waisted frame was like a coiled spring as the signals were called.

The ball snapped! Moose sped for the goal like a bullet from a gun. Two of the varsity secondary raced alongside him, covering him pace for pace. Ahead, the safety completed the six-pistoned dynamo he had to beat. It was all or nothing.

Four pairs of clear blue eyes watched the pigskin drop slowly out of the ozone as they ripped towards goal. Moose Nixon knew he would have to leap as he'd never leaped before.

He was in the air. His hands were but two in a forest of outstretched arms, reaching for the prize. And then suddenly, there it was, safely clasped in his arms, and he was over the line.

"Who is that huge blond youngster?" someone asked Coach on the sidelines. It was Levine, sportswriter for the *Whittier Courier and Post-Dispatch*.

"Nixon. Moose Nixon," muttered Coach. He did not trust newspapermen, especially Levine.

"He looks like varsity material," mused Levine, fishing for his fountain pen.

Moose trotted into the showers, where, naturally enough, there was a good deal of friendly razzing and ragging of the varsity for letting one of the scrubs steal the ball. Moose listened happily.

Outside the gym, he was joined by his roommates and inseparable chums, Ruff Mitchell and Bubbles Kissinger.

"I couldn't believe it was the same old Moose," quipped the irrepressible Bubbles.

"I feel the same," came the neat retort.

But all this frivolity was cut short by Coach, who suddenly emerged from his office and handed Moose a sheet of paper.

"Get these," he implied quietly and disappeared.

Moose regarded the paper in disbelief. Blood and ice raced up and down his spine. His clean-cut face flushed, and his massive knees went momentarily weak.

"What is it?" requested Ruff.

The well-formed lips parted breathlessly.

"The varsity signals," whispered Nixon.

After classes the next day, Moose, Ruff, and a few other jolly fellows were gathered round some lucky chap's boodle box, when Bubbles suddenly burst through the throng, waving a newspaper.

"You're a star, old man," he cried.

Moose grabbed the paper, which was open at Levine's column:

NEW LUMINARY ON WHITTIER HORIZON

Looks like the hallowed halls of Whittier have given us yet another gridiron gladiator of the first caliber. At the first-day scrimmage today, a huge blond scrub named Moose Nixon . . .

He read no further before the paper was torn from his hands. Within seconds his broad back was raw from congratulatory pats.

But he was not so lucky at practice. Coach and team were merciless in giving him the merry razz. Moose took the joshing square on the jaw and as often

as not would turn the tables on his would-be baiter by having a glib comeback on the tip of his tongue.

"Hey, Nixon, old man, I hear they're offering you a big contract in the talkies," said one jolly chap.

"I'm holding out for more money," hurled back Moose.

And then everyone knew he was a stout fellow and that the publicity hadn't gone to his head.

There was one exception to this rule—the varsity halfback, Blade Reagan. Of all the varsity team Reagan was the shakiest. He was fast and could pull off some tricky laterals, but his blocking and tackling left a lot to be desired. His jibes at Moose were not good-natured and sporting like the others', but sarcastic.

"In the heat of a game you'll see the difference between a scrub and a varsity man," he hissed, for instance.

Moose fought down a hot flood of anger.

"Oh yeah?" he averred.

His teammates chuckled at the clever riposte, but something about Reagan gnawed at Moose's vitals. He talked it over that evening at supper with his chums Ruff and Bubbles in the low-beamed dining hall.

"Perhaps he's trying to get your goat," suggested the stolid Ruff.

"If he is, give it to him in the seat of the pants," offered the unquenchable Bubbles.

They all roared at this, and their talk turned to other things, such as running plays and cleats.

The game against Salem was Moose's first chance to show his form for the varsity. Coach did not send him in till the second half, with Whittier trailing by a hefty 13-0.

From the first play, Moose noticed that something was not clicking. Whenever he had the ball and Reagan was to open a hole for him or run interference, he was stopped for no gain. A dark suspicion began to form in his mind, but he sent the idea packing. There wasn't a man alive who'd stoop so low as to betray his team and school for a per-

continued

continued

sonal grudge!

In the last minutes of the third quarter, Roche, the varsity captain, sent Reagan out on an end play with Moose running interference. After taking out seven men for him, the sleek-haired halfback scored. Moose was the first at his side.

"Great work, old man. Beautiful run."

But there was no praise in return, no manly arm flung round his shoulder, no friendly slap on the pants for teamwork well done. Reagan turned away to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd.

Whittier could win with another touchdown. In the final seconds Roche called a Statue of Liberty play. The ball snapped! Reagan stood, arm outstretched with the ball, feinting the snarling Salem line. Moose shot behind the dark-eyed halfback, poised for the toss-out.

It never came. Reagan looked straight at him and turned away. He fainted twice more and was engulfed by the huge Salem defense as the gun went. And in that split second Moose Nixon had seen what the dark gleam of revenge looked like in a man's eyes. It was not a pretty sight.

Moose confided his suspicions to his chums that evening as they gathered round Ruff's boodle box.

"I can't imagine," he completed, "that any man could stoop so low as to betray his team and school for a personal grudge."

"This is a matter for the honor committee," cried Ruff impetuously.

"This whole thing's between Blade and me," shook Moose with his head.

"Aw, take off the kid gloves and house slippers, Moose," interposed the undoubtable Bubbles. "Give him a good poke in the schnozz."

Moose confronted Reagan in his study. Blade looked uneasy and a shadow crossed his thin face.

"You're just trying to find an excuse

for yourself because you play like a load of lard," he yelled without conviction.

"You can insult me all you like," grated Moose quietly. "What gets my goat is that you could stoop so low as to betray your team and school for a personal grudge."

"You play like a hillbilly," snarled Blade emphatically.

Hot rage flushed Moose's clear face.

"Those are fighting words," he ex-pected, his manly voice sawing the air. Reagan unleashed a crippling left hook at Moose's square jaw without the least warning. Just then there was a commotion on the old stone steps below.

"Massa Moose, Massa Moose, where yows gwine?"

It was the team handyman, Rasty. He came staggering up the steps, round eyes popping and froth speckling his thick lips. Under his arm was the varsity mascot, a little terrier named Hash. Moose threw a casual glance over his shoulder.

"What is it, Rasty?" he demanded evenly. "I'm busy with Mr. Reagan."

"Dis heah dawg am mighty sickly Massa Moose an I's ascared he's gwine up to hebben where de angels am," gibbered the darkie.

Moose smiled despite himself at the coon's quaint lingo. He took Hash in his arms. The dog's eyes were dull and his snout warm.

"He is sick," he mused, tears darting to his eyes. "We must get him to the vet."

Within minutes Reagan's caddish behavior was forgotten, and the three chums were speeding through the chilly fall night in Bubbles' roadster.

There was nothing seriously the matter with Hash, so, leaving the pooch in the medico's trusty care, they tooted back to Whittier. A mile or so from the school the bright swathe of their headlights revealed another roadster parked

by the curb.

"Isn't that Reagan's jalopy?" inquired the undauntable Bubbles.

"Couldn't be—he's in training," insisted Moose.

The car was outside a local hall where some hayseeds were evidently holding a barn dance. As usual, all that could be heard inside were angry words and raised voices. Above them all, however, was the thick, drunken sound of Reagan.

The untrustworthy halfback was standing unsteadily in the middle of a cheering crowd of locals, one hand round the waist of a painted woman and the other waving a bottle of cheap whiskey.

"Good Lord," blasphemed Ruff, "he's utterly polluted!"

Quickly the shocked trio pushed through the tipsy farmers and, prying their worthless colleague free of the hussy, propelled him towards the door.

"Hey, you," slurred one of the hicks, his glazed eyes bloodshot with liquor, "ain't you that football star we read of?"

Moose shook off the calloused mud-caked hand.

"You? Read?" he snapped. "Don't make me laugh."

The huge chums pushed through the stunted hayseeds and hauled the reeling halfback out into the crisp night air.

"Fine name you're giving Whittier," burned Moose.

"Save it for Sunday school," vomited Reagan. He leapt into his roadster and weaved off down the road.

Levine's column the next morning was not a pretty sight:

WHAT GIVES AT WHITTIER?

Seems the gridiron gladiators tackle more than dummies during their training. At least two had a crack last night at wine, women, and song but went down to a crushing defeat. And one of the bozos who gave away points to painted women and cheap liquor was none other than our star, Moose Nixon...

"That does it, Moose," rasped Ruff as he scanned the Jew's bitter words. "You've got to tell Coach everything."

"I can't, fellows," sighed the enormous fullback, heartbroken. "I can't tattle. That's all there is to it."

Coach took Moose aside at practice. "Is this Levine's story true?" he snapped sternly.

"Partly," parried the wretched lad thickly.

A hot flush of grimness crossed Coach's face questioningly.

"I did nothing dishonorable to team or school, sir," he insisted quietly.

Coach turned away decisively. Moose left the field dejectedly. Ruff and Bubbles joined him miserably. Blade watched

continued



"The will is quite simple."



continued

happily. The team played badly. Night fell slowly.

Days passed. Whittier lost game after game. They fell to Bear Lake, Ivy House, Moneymound, Hick Cliff, Deer Park, New London Poly, Almond Tech, and Fruit Hall. The day of the big game against State grew closer. And, although he kept himself in tip-top shape, Moose knew that he would not be there for the grand old game. He could not tattle on a teammate, however despicable a cad he might be.

And so the day of the State game dawned. Moose sat alone in his room, reading the Bible. Far away he could hear the roar of the crowd as Roche kicked off for Whittier. He could tell from the cheers of the Whittier rooters that his team was fighting a desperate battle against an overwhelmingly powerful State team.

At the stadium, Levine had been called from the stands by an old ally of his—the painted woman who had seduced Reagan. But her face was no longer painted and her figure was clad in the demure uniform of the Salvation Army.

“That’s the whole story, Mr. Levine,” she admitted. “I never was with Moose Nixon that night like I said. It was Blade Reagan,” she faltered.

“But why did you do it? Why? Why?” pressed the journalist.

“It was Nixon’s straightforwardness, his quality of simple trust, his upright moral stance. I had to destroy him.”

Tears flowed from the clear blue eyes.

Muttering in Hebrew, the narrow-shouldered sportshound rushed to the Whittier locker room. It was half time, and Whittier was trailing 6-0.

“What the heck do you want?” snapped Coach as the bespectacled pressman appeared round the corner. Levine

expounded his mission.

“Is this true?” lammed Coach.

“As if God had written it,” nodded Levine.

Ignoring the Jew’s blasphemy, Coach dispatched Rasty to find Moose, while he made a beeline to the field where State was already pressing Whittier for a seven-yard loss.

“Reagan,” Coach thundered. “Turn in your uniform and leave this stadium—for good.”

The dark-haired halfback knew the jig was up. Without a word he slunk off the field, never to be seen again. Already the air seemed cleaner.

Meanwhile, trusty Rasty was banging on Moose’s door.

“Doan youse no gwine I’s minded bodd bossy, and youse beah picks up yoh feets.”

But the huge blond fullback ignored the frothing blackamoor.

“Massa Moose youse beah gwan down mushy sebben pons less youse roanin heah?”

And on he went, smashing at the panels with his big black paw. Finally Moose relented and opened the door a crack.

“What is it, you stupid old nigger?” he inquired with a tired smile.

Risking everything for the team, the ancient darky grabbed Moose by the wrist and dragged him bodily to the field.

“Nixon, get into your togs! Levine recounted everything,” gasped Coach in relief. “Why in heaven’s name didn’t you tell me?”

“I couldn’t tattle, sir,” came the calm reply.

Coach ruffled the blond hair affectionately.

“You young fool,” he muttered, a break in his voice.

Moose Nixon ran out to a deafening cheer with only minutes to go.

“Hold State, men,” he barked, and the team felt a new surge of strength shoot through them at the husky, familiar voice. Sparks of companionship and iron determination sprang from one man to the next as they touched in an impregnable line. Three times the desperate State line crashed against that human bulwark, and not an inch could they move it. They kicked.

Whittier huddled. Less than a minute and eighty-three long yards from the prize. This was no time for deception. There was only one play. The first time, Roche, hanging tenaciously onto the ball, went down for a loss beneath the massive State onslaught. The second time, State blasted through the Whittier line, red-dogging Roche unmercifully for an incomplete pass. Only seconds left!

Two fifty-yard runs to no avail had sapped Moose’s strength. Yet still he sprinted back.

“Let’s give it that old Whittier try,” he emphasized.

Buoyed to superhuman effort by the vast blond young giant’s stirring voice, the Poets girded their loins.

The ball snapped! The line held! The pigskin flew up into the ozone. Moose, streaking downfield, calculated it would be sixty-two yards. He had to drive his legs like pistons. The five-yard stripes passed beneath him like railroad ties. His heart hammered in his breast like a mad thing. Six men covered him.

He was in the air. He was above them all. The ball was safe in his arms and there were ten yards to go. Two men remained. They caught him at the seven-yard mark, but he stayed on his feet. Five yards to go. He smashed his massive thighs and calves deep into the turf, dragging four hundred pounds of bone, muscle, and leather with him. He had to make it, that last desperate inch of ground. Summoning up every ounce of strength, straining every fiber, the vast, wavy-haired, square-jawed young colossus crashed his way across the State line.

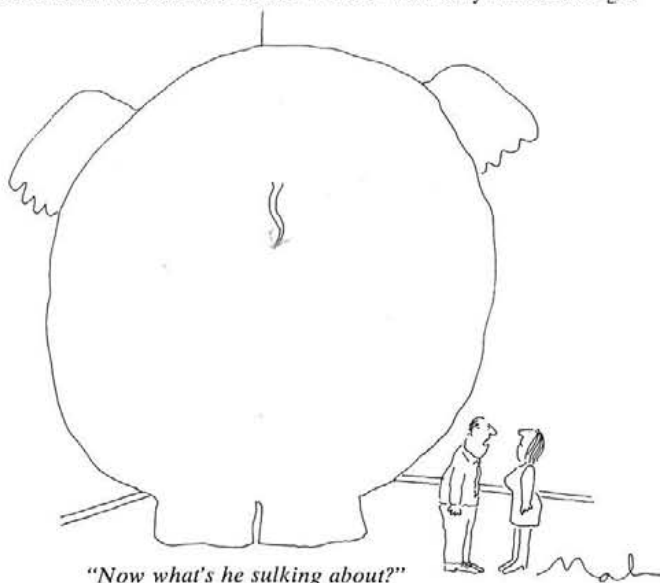
Seconds later, with the kick good, Whittier’s victory and the Great Run of Moose Nixon were already history. And, as he was lifted bodily to the shoulders of his cheering teammates, his blond hair whipped by the chilly November wind, wave after wave of tumultuous applause flooded over him like an ocean, and, thundering through his head like the crashing of surf went the three sublime words

PRIDE COURAGE VERACITY

“Dick, Dick,” interspersed Pat fondly.

“Hrmpf, wzzn, gnnr,” mumbled the short, puny, weak-kneed, paunchy, blue-jowled, flat-footed, narrow-shouldered, sunken-chested, nearsighted, flabby-waisted, slack-muscled President thickly.

“I’m falling,” said night slowly. □



“Now what’s he sulking about?”

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Depression and sex • Duration of intercourse
Sudden death during sex • Effeminacy in boys
Effect of TV on child's sexual attitudes
Fantasies during intercourse • Flirting
Frigidity • Foreplay and female orgasm
Graffiti • Hypochondria and sex
Hostility and sex • Headache and sex
Inability to reach orgasm in men • Incest
Impotence • Jealousy • Lesbians
Lewd phone calls • The "Lolita" complex
Marriages without sex • Masturbation
Multiple orgasms
Menstrual cycle and sexual desire
Men who are uninterested in sex
Misconceptions about genital dimensions
Nymphomania • Nudity in sleep and coitus
Obsessions about sex • Painful coitus
Pretended climax • Phobias about sex
Peeping Toms • Prolonging intercourse
Premature ejaculation • The "call girl"
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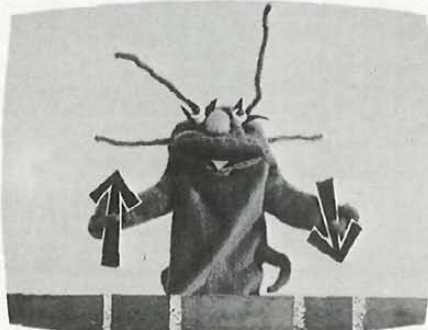
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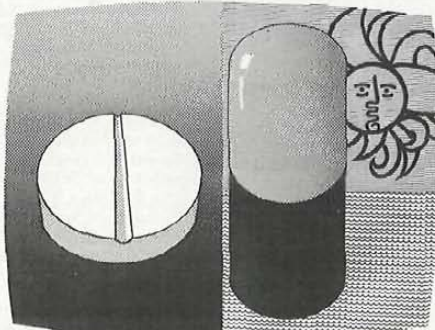
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Hi, I'm Big Rat. Welcome to 125th Street, the television show that teaches ghetto children their place.



One arrow leads up.
One arrow leads down.



Which pill leads up?
Which pill leads down?



Hey, Cocaine Monster, do you know
the difference between high and low?



Boy, do I!



Oreo the Roach talks about colors.



This shows the color white.



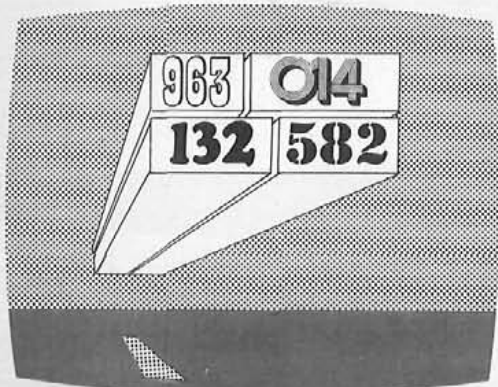
This shows the color black.



What color does this show?



Ramon the Silverfish, do you have a number for me?



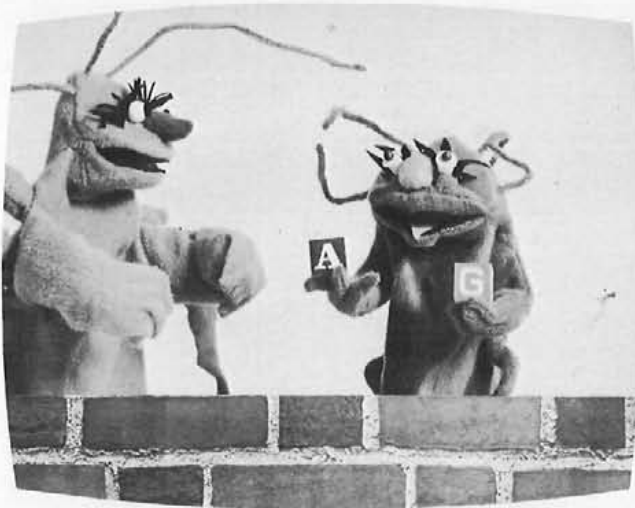
132 is a number. 014 is a number.
582 is a number. 963 is a number.



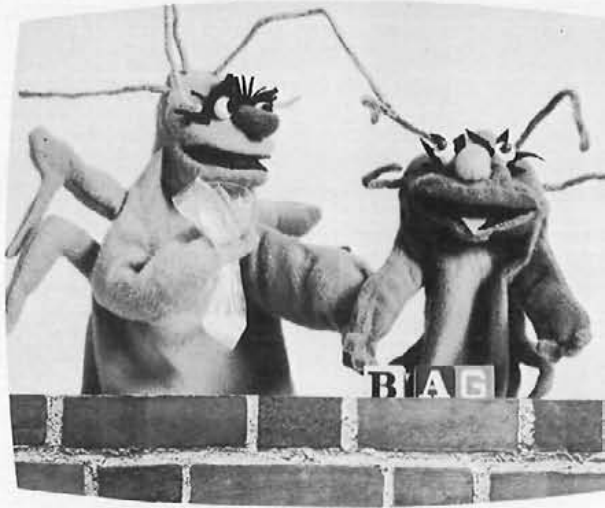
301 is a very lucky number.



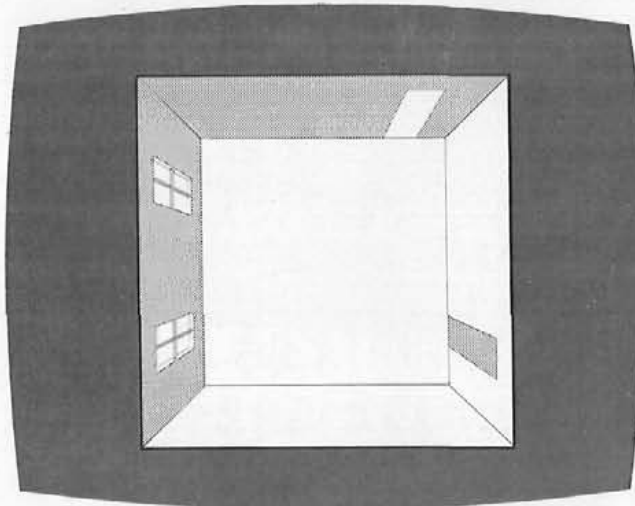
It just paid off 500 to 1.



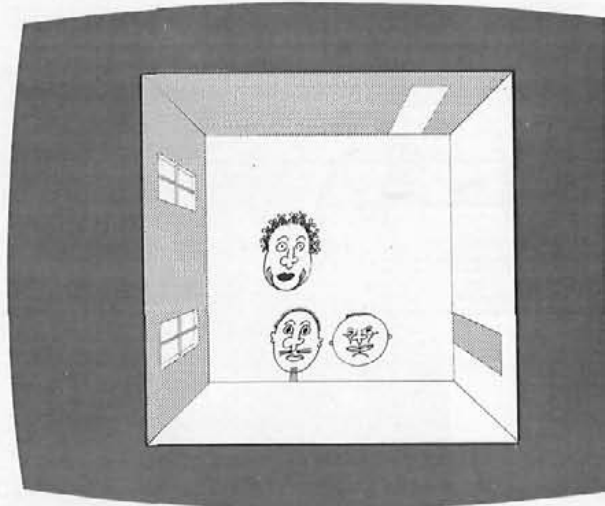
Hi, Oreo! Come and help me talk about the *AG* family. →



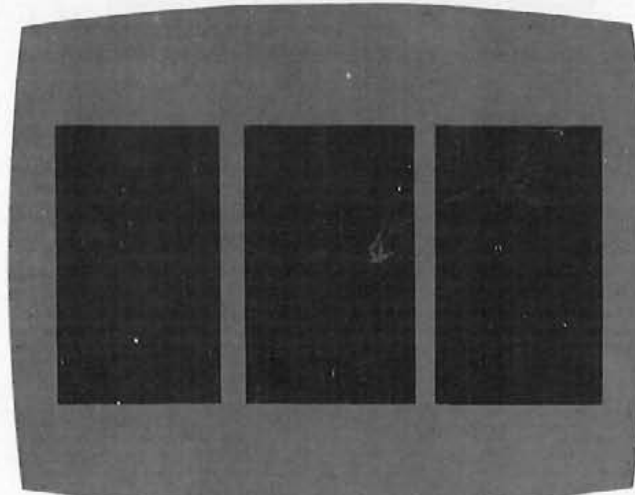
B has a Buh sound. B-b-b-bag. Bag.



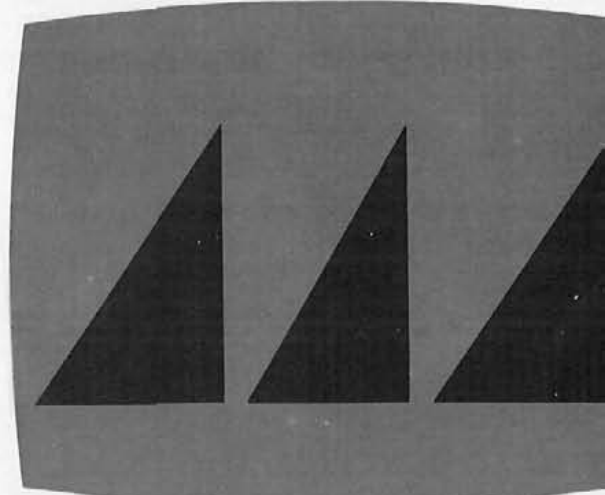
Let's count to ten. How many people live in this room? →



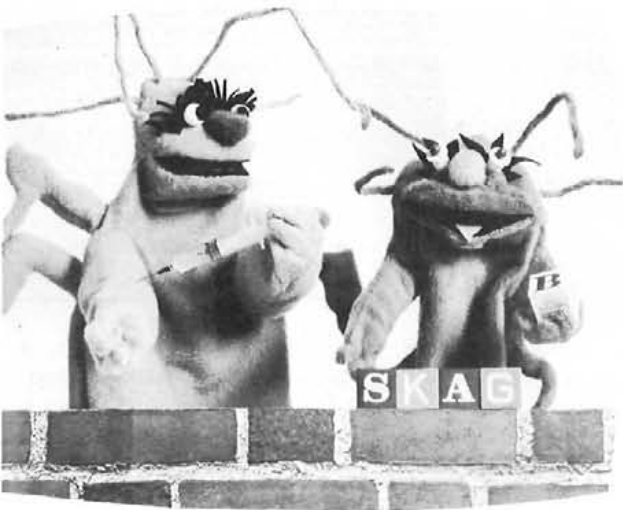
One, two, three.



These rectangles are beds. →



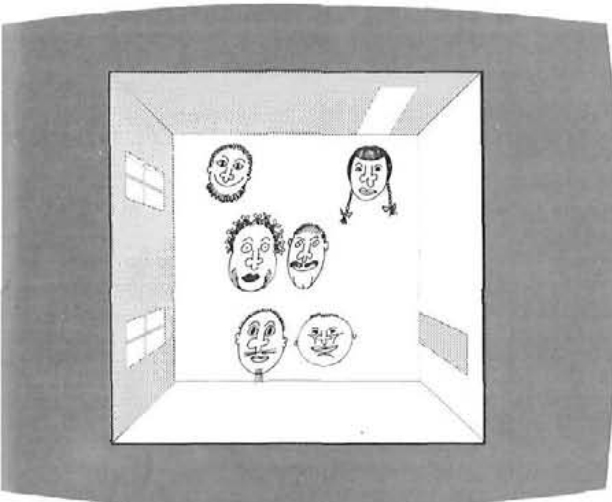
These triangles are broken beds.



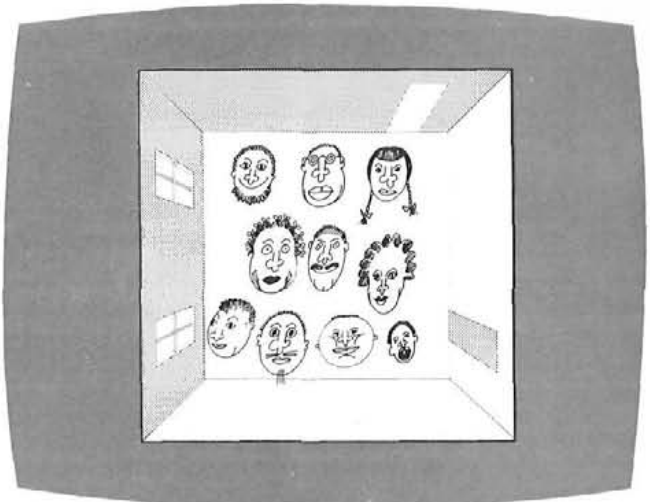
With the letters *SK* we can make another word in the *AG* family. Skag.



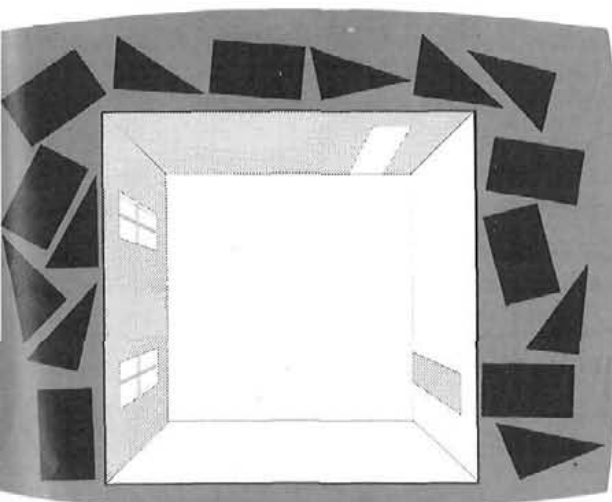
The final word for today is Drag. *D-R-A-G*. What a drag!



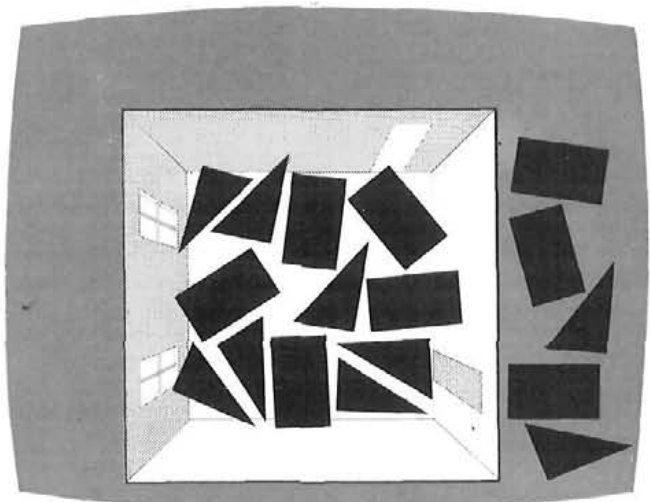
Four, five, six.



Seven, eight, nine, ten.



Can you fit these triangles and rectangles into this square?



Probably not. But this square is the room the Jackson family has to move into next month.



Who are the people in your neighborhood?



The grocer sells the things you eat.
Like gristle, chuck, and rotten meat.



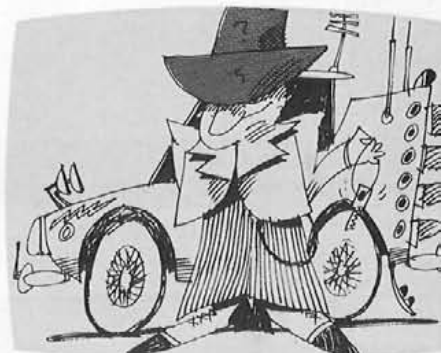
Holler for help and he never appears,
Rip something off—get fifteen years.
(Unless he takes a cut from you—
He's got to make a living, too!)



It's exciting to think about some of
the other jobs people do in your
neighborhood.



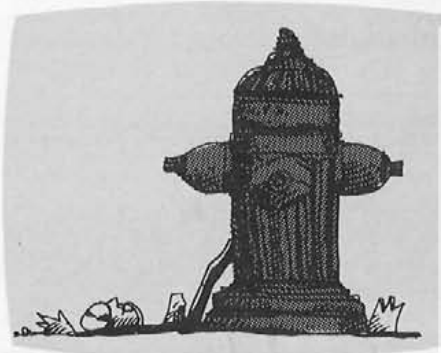
Pusher.



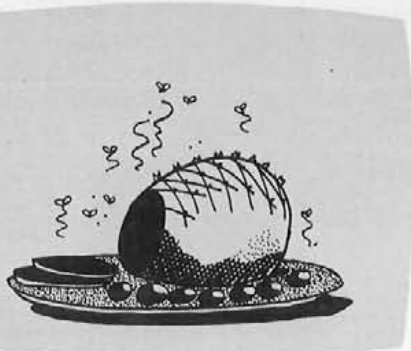
Pimp.



Let's talk about hot and cold.



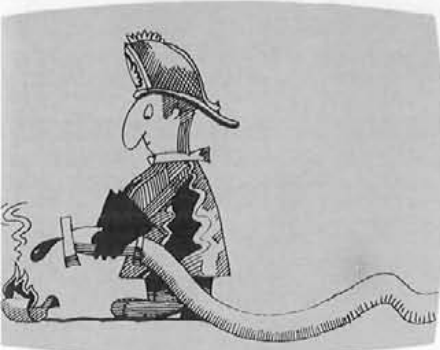
When you feel hot, the hydrant helps
you cool off.



Whatever food you're looking for,
if you are poor, then you'll pay more.



Can you recognize The Man in this
picture?



Fireman.



Exterminator.



Wino.



Which of these would you like to be
when you grow up?



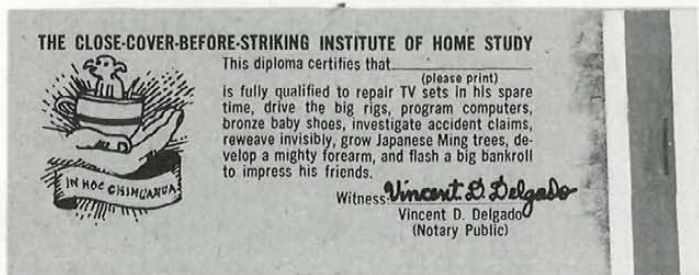
The mayor will let you have all the
free water you want.



Then you will be cool. You will not
burn down buildings or loot store
windows. Wanna snort! Wanna snort!
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Free Diploma



Coming Next Month

Horror

"It's no use, Professor Havemeyer," said Hazleton, as he turned the rheostat to *overload*. "The pleonastic electrostator doesn't even slow them down! The giant clams are still coming!"

"Our puny weapons can't stop those mollusks," insisted Carstens, his voice filling with emotion. "Nothing our science can create is powerful enough. But if we could only communicate with them, reason with them. After all, any civilization that can build a service for ten capable of spanning the stars must be enormously intelligent. Think of the benefits for mankind: the cure for cancer, immortality, maybe even an answer to the servant problem!"

"I don't know about you, Dr. Carstens," said Hazleton, "but I wouldn't want to trade small talk with a fifty-ton cherrystone that just ate South Bend, Indiana!"

Carstens snatched a soldering gun off the workbench. "I'm going out there," he hissed, "and anybody that tries to stop me is going to be wired for sound!"

"Put that thing away, you fool," cried Professor Havemeyer. "You don't stand a chance. You'll end up on the half

shell, like the rest of them. It's not a pretty death."

"Dad, no, you can't," Doris screamed. "I'm sorry, honey, but I've got to try," said Carstens. "It's for the good of humanity."

"Oh, Jeff, somebody, please stop him, don't let him do it!"

"And just how do you plan to talk to those overgrown appetizers, Doctor?"

"With mathematics, the universal language. Now open that door!"

"Do as he says, Professor," said Hazleton.

"You'll be able to hear me through this," said Carstens, pocketing a walkie-talkie. "Now all of you, get out of my way."

The outer door closed with a heavy thud.

"He's mad, completely mad," said Hazleton, putting his arm on Doris' shoulder.

"I'm getting something on the radio," cried Havemeyer.

"A2 plus B2 equals C2. A2 plus B2 equals C2. A2 aaaaaaaaghh!"

"Oh, it's horrible," cried Doris.

"So much for peaceful contact," said Hazleton bitterly.

"Wait a minute," barked Havemeyer. Something he said, something about there being nothing science could create powerful enough to stop them. Nothing science . . . that's it!"

"What is it, Professor?"

"It's only a chance," continued Havemeyer, frantically dialing the telephone. "I just hope the lines aren't down. Hello, hello, get me General Brycewell. Yes, yes I'll wait. You see, Jeff, maybe we were on the wrong track, maybe the answer is . . . hello, General Brycewell, this is Havemeyer at the observatory.

Where can I get six gallons of cocktail sauce? Yes, you heard me right, cocktail sauce. All right, but hurry!"

"What is it?"

"No time to explain," said Havemeyer abruptly. "Jeff, we've got to get something to distract those beasts' attention!"

"How about this contents list from the *National Lampoon*?"

"It just might work. Let's have it."

City of the Living Dead / A weekend in Philadelphia!

Dragula / From deep within the brooding mountains of Transvestia comes this tale of the Queen of Darkness, a gay vampire able to assume the form of a poodle . . . and worse!

Bill Kunstler at the Salem Witch Trials / If Bill had defended the Salem 6, they'd be alive today!

Sick Jokes of the Seventies / What weighs ¼ pound and crawls? Why a fat Biafran baby, silly! And many more boffs guaranteed to make you throw up all over your hand-tooled boots . . . and worse!

Coffins of the Great and Near Great / Is it Jackie Kennedy's casket or a handsome piece of Vuitton luggage? Only her undertaker knows for sure!

The Phantom of the Rock Opera / Clad in a ghastly pink shirt, a weird charcoal-gray suit, and curious suede shoes, the last of the Sparkletones haunts the Fillmore, breaking Peter Townsend's guitar . . . and worse!

And much more, including rubber spiders, trick teeth, electric noses, the Danish-modern novel, cruel and unusual punishments, autos-da-fé, culs-de-sac, silver pullets (1: "Who was that man?" 2: "I don't know, but he gave me this silver pullet!" 1: "Maybe he kills werchickens!"), and a free lifetime subscription to *Scanlan's* magazine! □

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Harman-Kardon high-fidelity equipment offers a lot of watts and the finest ohms money can buy. Not to mention dozens of other technological advances impossible for most people to evaluate.

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Our new receiver (the 930) is a good example.

This is the first receiver ever built with "twin power"—an engineering principle originally used to increase the performance of tea bags. Just as they redesigned the tea bag so that it made better use of tea ("not more tea, more tea flavor"), we redesigned the stereo receiver so that it made better use of power. But we didn't do it to give you more watts; we did it to give you more music.

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If you'd like a good pair of speakers to play the 930 through, consider our Citations.

Most speakers beam music at you—projecting it the way flashlights

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This preoccupation with music goes into everything we make—with the exception of our Citation amplifier and preamplifier. There, it becomes an obsession.

Both units, wrote *Stereo & Hi-Fi Times*, "represent no-compromise audio." The preamplifier, for example, has something called an "audio equalizer." This lets you correct the damage done to music by your living room. Your walls, windows, doors—all these affect the way the music sounds. The equalizer compensates for all this architecture. So what you hear in your living room is what was played in the recording studio.

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The Music Company

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A cigarette plus its own holder for the price of an ordinary cigarette.

When you buy a pack of Parliaments, you get what you'd expect. Twenty cigarettes.

Plus something you might not expect. Twenty cigarette holders.

You see, the tip of every Parliament has a tough outer shell. With a filter tucked inside.

So you get good, clean Parliament taste. And no filter taste.

The Parliament. Plus holder.
A great buy at both ends. King/Size
and Charcoal 100's.



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

It works like a
cigarette holder
works.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine

100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70