

Self-Indulgence

Our Sunday Comics Revolutionary Heroes Me Magazine
Poonbeat Underwear for the Deaf

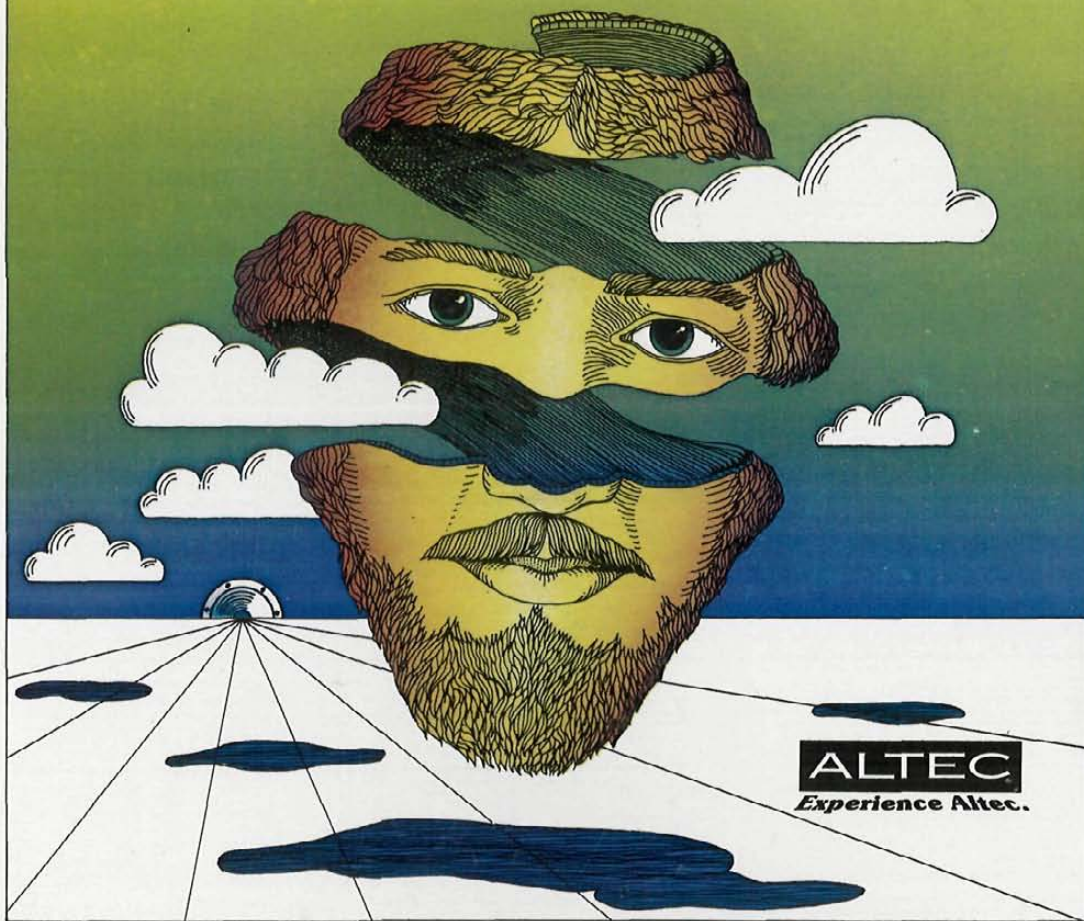
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JBL	256
EV	77
KLH	35
AR	29
TANNOY	28



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boat drifted off and I'm stuck here
in the pissing rain with my life flash-
ing before me. Only it isn't flashing,
it's crawling. Slowly. Now it's
just the bare bones of what I am.

A tough guy, a helpless dancer.
A romantic, is it me for a moment?
A bloody lunatic, I'll even carry your bags.
A beggar, a hypocrite, love reign over me.
Schizophrenic? I'm Bleeding Quadropheni

The Who

Peter Townshend



Keith Moon



John Entwistle



Roger Daltrey



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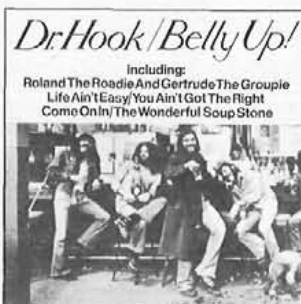
DAVID BUSKIN
HE USED TO TREAT HER
on EPIC



THE WHO
QUADROPHENIA
on MCA



GEORGE CARLIN
OCCUPATION: FOOLE
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

DECEMBER, 1973

VOLUME 1, No. XLV

Israel Celebrates Bomb Kippur

TORAH! TORAH! TORAH!

In Other News: Mrs. Agnew's Diary Resigns



WATERGAIETY

**Veep Ducks Raps, Exits in Plea Cop; Dick Parks Ford in 2 Slot;
Feds Set To Ask Back Tax Bux on Ex-V-Prez's Balto Kick-Bax;
Cox Nixes Dick's Tape Pact; Dick Axes Cox, Mocks Courts;
Rich Hits Bricks; Nix Inks Ruck's Pink Slip; Bork to Balk?;
Press Crix Rap Prez's Tax Trix, Dig Dirt On Nix's Lux Digs;
Mitch Mum On Mex Bux; Bebe's Lips Zipped On Hughes Greenbax;
Dems Damn Cambo Bomb Hush, Milk Bilk, Red Bread Burn, Nosh Tabs;
House Sez 'Enuf' to Prez; Reps Eye Kiss-off Clause; Dick Licked?**

It is certain to be a source of reassurance to persons concerned by the violent overthrow of Salvador Allende, whose mismanaged and scandal-ridden government was as incompetently run as that notorious Coca-Cola republic to the North, the U.S., that the ruling generals (a leisure junta of ITT) are moving quickly to fulfill their pledge to restore the democratic traditions of Chile. Freedom of speech has been reintroduced, including the right to talk freely—even to scream, moan, and beg—to interrogators and to say a few short words before execution; freedom of the press has been preserved (although as of now it is limited to the dry-cleaning industry, it is expected to be extended any day); far from dismantling Allende's ambitious land reform program, the generals have guaranteed to all peasants who do not wish to continue to work for rich landlords a plot of land three feet wide by six feet long by six feet deep; even in the poorest working class neighborhoods, soldiers searching for enemies of the new regime, weapons, and leftist literature have been scrupulous in recognizing the ancient

principle that a man's home, however humble, is his mausoleum; and free elections are to be restored just as soon as the opposition parties, who have been plagued lately by a tragic rash of sudden deaths, can reorganize.

And in a further effort to get things back to normal, the head of the junta, Gen. Pinochet Ugarte (pronounced Pig-Pig-PIG-sooooooOOOUEY) has staged a series of exciting track meets in Santiago's stadium, where at the sound of the starting machine gun, leftwing political refugees from dozens of Latin American lands try to outrun bullets; he has moved to stop rampant inflation by modifying the exchange rate of the escudo to a more realistic value of zero; and he has reduced the severe Chilean poetry glut by ordering the burning of a number of unpublished manuscripts by the leftist poet Pablo Neruda, whose death a few hours before the coup took place is generally thought to have been a pure coincidence by fair-minded observers in Chile who believe in El Lapino dos Noches (the Easter Bunny).

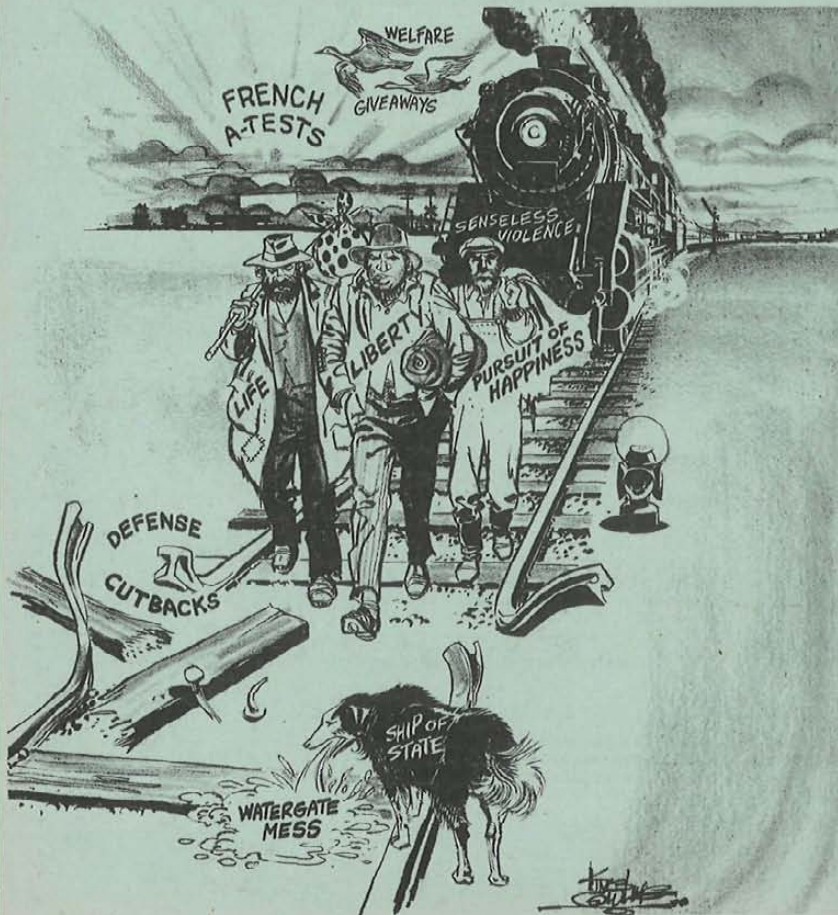
In terms of political philosophy,

the new regime is working hard to replace Allende's Marxist-Leninist approach to government with radical capitalism (Merrillism - Lynchism - Pierceism - Fennerism - Smithism), as embodied in the famous slogans: "Workers of the world, shut up—you have nothing to lose but your lives," "The means of production should be owned by the owners," and "To each, according to his portfolio—from each according to his taxes." It is generally thought that, with help from American organizations like the CIA (Center for International Amity), the CIA (Committee for Independence in the Americas), and the CIA (Council for Inter-American Assistance), Chile will, in a few short years, be able to take its rightful place in the U.S.'s showcase of democracy alongside South Korea, the Philippines, and South Vietnam.

We have learned that a group will shortly be formed, probably in Toronto, to work for the freedom of "Canadian Americanry." Individuals active in the movement apparently intend to press for assurances from communist political figures that until the more than fifty thousand dissident Americans who fled the United States because of their opposition to U.S. foreign policy are permitted to return to settle in their homeland, Russia will not grant American corporations rights to invest in the Soviet Union.

The bombing of the I.T.T. offices in New York, allegedly by the Weather Underground, appears to have been an isolated incident, and as such, serves as a reminder of the welcome absence recently of the mindless violence and brazen law-breaking perpetrated in past years by a pair of groups dedicated to the destruction of people and groups with whom they disagreed. There have been no reported bombings in nearly four months by the Pentagon, the vast, secret overground organization that set off nearly two hundred million major explosions throughout Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, killing upwards of fifteen million people. And since the arrest earlier of several key members of the Plumbers ("You don't need a plumber to tell there's been a leak") and that conservative subversive group, the I.S.D. (Internal Security Division) at their headquarters in an old white house in downtown Washington, the wave of burglaries and assorted conspiracies they practiced appear to have ceased.

Similarly, as gruesome as it was, the racially motivated murder in Boston



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• Prisoners in the Mexico City jail are taken on bus tours of Mexico City "to make them jealous" of people who are free to walk the streets. "We are trying to motivate them so they will behave better," said a spokesman for the jail. *New York Post* (N. Snow)

• Jose Manuel Martinez, 33, of Gijon, Spain, ran out of luck last May 6. Martinez was thrown out of his car when it collided with another car in the town of Carreno. While he was lying unconscious in the road, he was run over by a passing truck. And, finally, a car which was taking him to a hospital overturned, killing him.

According to the Spanish police, no one else was hurt in any of the accidents. *New York Daily News* (C. Kurz)

• In a speech given in New York this spring, Elliot Richardson, then Secretary of Defense, gave the following explanation for the American bombing of Cambodia: "It is to reinforce the sense that it's about time to call all this senseless killing to a halt." *The Arkansas Gazette* (K. Carnes)

• Shortly before their new headquarters in a modern office building in South Bank, a district of London, were completely finished, *London Weekend Television*, an English television network, began moving in. Every Friday afternoon for several weeks after the move, the network received a telephoned bomb threat and had to evacuate the premises.

The caller, who was eventually arrested, turned out to be an Irish member of the crew putting the finishing touches on the building who wanted to get away early for the weekend. *The Brighton* (England) *Argus* (via *Private Eye*)

• As part of its advertising substantiation program, the Federal Trade Commission has released four thousand pages of data filed by twenty-eight soap and detergent companies in support of a variety of claims made in their advertising for deodorants.

In the course of examining the data for authenticity, the F.T.C. has learned that the companies back up their claims by employing "trained judges" who, as a Procter & Gamble report explained, "actually sniff each armpit to ascertain which product provides better odor control." *Wall St. Journal* (P. Donovan)

• In an important breakthrough, researchers for the U.S. Department of Agriculture have perfected a process for removing a large part of the ingredient in beans which has earned them the sobriquet, "the musical fruit."

The windless bean is produced by eliminating over half of the beans' oligosaccharidic sugars, a series of indigestible compounds which make up four percent of the beans' weight and which are transformed into embarrassing, and odiferous, trumpet blasts in the lower intestine.

A U.S.D.A. scientist insisted that the development of the breezeless bean was legitimately in the public interest and worth the tax money invested in it because "beans are a nutritious food, and that's a good reason for developing a way to allow more people to eat them with a greater degree of comfort." *The Overseas Weekly* (J. Jackimowicz)

• Dr. George King, an English inventor, who holds the degree of Doctor of Divinity, has invented what he claims is a prayer battery. He has had some two hundred people directing prayers at the device, which is said to resemble a box camera on a tripod. According to Dr. King, the battery will be turned on soon, after a committee decides what to do with its stored spiritual power.

"We may use it to provide rain and relieve famine in Africa," he explained. King is the head of a sect called the Aetherius Society which he founded after receiving messages from the planet Venus. *San Francisco Chronicle* (L. Carnahan)

• A booklet prepared by the Tennessee Game and Fish Commission entitled "Guide to Hunting in Tennessee, 1973-1974" includes the following entry: "Free hunting licenses will be issued on request to residents of Tennessee 65 or more years of age, the blind, or veterans certified by the V.A. as 80% disabled." *Nashville Tennessean* (M. Casstevens) □

of a young white woman by six black youths who forced her to douse herself with gasoline and then set her afire—possibly in a recreation of violent scene in a movie called “Fuzz”—calls to mind the fact that at long last, there has come an end to the genocidal activities of a white man who, perhaps inspired by some of the blood and guts footage in “Patton,” was responsible for the burning by napalm of hundreds of thousands of Indo-chinese.

In a move parallel to recent action by the U.S. Congress, the Soviet Union, possibly as a gesture of cooperation, has decided to lift the “blackout” on formerly closed show trials in Moscow of dissidents and other enemies of the state, provided that the verdict has been reached seventy-two hours before the beginning of the proceedings.

In the last few years, as has gradually become clear, President Nixon has done several things, personally, which a cynical observer might find somewhat inconsistent with his many firm statements in favor of law and order and against moral laxity. His refusal to obey anything less than a “definitive” order from the Supreme Court to release the tape recordings

he has been withholding from Special Prosecutor Cox and the Ervin Committee; the ten million dollars in improvements at his Florida and California homes for “security” reasons; and his rather interesting tax deductions, worked out by Herbert Kalmbach, particularly the one under which he willed his Vice-Presidential papers, which some would consider less than a national treasure, to the U.S. archives for a \$560,000 tax write-off. It would be easy to condemn this kind of behavior as that of a common criminal and cheat, but after all, Richard Nixon is the President, and Presidents are presumed to have a certain moral authority, and to serve as examples for the rest of us to follow. And so, instead of complaining about what seems to be the total absence of any standard of ethics in the White House, the average citizen should simply take President Nixon at his word when he insists that he is not acting “above the law,” jettison his or her fuddy-duddy notions of right and wrong, and just accept the fact that old standards are inoperative.

With this in mind, first, we recommend that our readers refuse to pay traffic or parking tickets unless they are “definitive.” It is not certain what President Nixon means by “defini-

itive,” but we feel in the case of driving violations, a definitive infringement is one witnessed by at least six policemen of the rank of sergeant or above and twenty citizens of unquestionable character, preferably clergymen, and any summons issued for the offense must be signed by a majority of the justices on the highest court of the state in which it occurred.

Second, we urge you to immediately make any repairs, improvements, or decorating changes in your apartment or house which in your opinion will contribute to the security of the President in the event, albeit unlikely, that he should pass by your street in a motorcade. In this regard, it should be noted that would-be assassins and other unhinged types like to crouch behind malfunctioning television sets, old stereos, and ratty sofas; they show a marked affinity for sparsely furnished rooms that need painting or panelling and poorly equipped kitchens; and installation of air-conditioning units will successfully interfere with their ability to draw a bead from windows. You be the judge of what security improvements need to be made, but don't be a tightwad—what are a few extra dollars compared with the life of the President? When you have completed the necessary modifi-

continued on page 14



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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's *How to Write Good*, da Vinci's *Undiscovered Notebook*, *Captain Bringdown*, *The Dolts*, and Gracie Slick's *etiquette handbook*.

APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With *Derby Dames on Parade*, *Tarzan of the Cows*, *Real Balls magazine*, *The Philosopher Detective*, *Spoilers*, *Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day*, and the *Corn Flakes parody*.

MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With *The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual*, *Toilets of the Extraterrestrials*, *Printout*, the *computer magazine*, and *The 1906 National Lampoon*.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With *The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray*, *Big Blessings Bulletin*, *Gahan Wilson's Holyland*, *O.D. Heaven*, *Magic Made E-Z*, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY: With *The Breast Game*, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?)*, *Are You a Homo?*, and *Nancy Reagan's dating guide*.

AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE: With *Defeat Comics*, the *Canadian Supplement*, *Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?*, *As the Monk Burns*, *Welfare Monopoly*, and the *CIA newsletter*.

SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: With *Eloise at the Hotel Dixee*, *The Hardy Boys*, *Children's Letters to the Gestapo*, *The Toilet Papers*, *Death Is and How to Cook Your Daughter*, and *My Weekly Reader*.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, *Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped*, *Magical Misery Tour*, *The Campus War Game*, *School of Hard Sell*, and *125th Street*.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With *Dragula*, *The Phantom of the Rock Opera*, *Sick Jokes of the '70s*, *Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer*, and *The Incredible Shrinking Magazine*.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With *Jessica Christ*, *Blind-Date Comics*, *This Is Your Life*... Francis Gary Powers, *The Russian Gift Catalogue*, and *Editorial Fantasies*.

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With *Son-o'-God Comics*, *The Vietnamese Baby Book*, and *The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog*.

FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME! With *Groin Larceny*, *Ralph Nader*, *Public Eye*, *Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House*, *Dick Tracy on the take*, and an *Edward Gorey whodunnit*.

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With *Hillier in Paradise*, the *California Supplement*, *celebrity suicide notes*, the *Papillon* parody, *Swan Song of the Open Road*, and *doing it with dolphins*.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 *Bulgemobiles*, *The Playboy Fallout Shelter*, *Commie Plot Comics*, *Frontline Dentists*, *Third Base*, the *Dating Newspaper*, and *Amos 'n' Andy*.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With *How to Score with Chicks*, *The Men's Pages*, *Germaine Spillaine*, *Stacked Like Me*, *Norman the Barbarian*, and *The Zircon As Big As the Taft*.

JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION: With *UFO*, *The Flying Saucer Magazine*, a *Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story*, *Sextraterrestrials*, *The Last TV Show*, *Dodosaurus*, and *Gahan Wilson's Klirk*.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With *Third World Comics*, the *Refugee Pages*, the *Little Black Book of Chairman Mao*, *How to Be a He-Man*, *Sermonette*, and *Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships*.

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics magazine*, *The Coronation of King Dick*, *Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority*, and *Tales of the South comics*.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With *The Wide World of Meat*, *Our White Heritage*, *Bland Hotel*, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the *President's Brother comic*.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With *Bob Dylan* and *Joan Baez* in *Zimmerman comics*, *Tom Wolfe in Walts*, and a long-suppressed *Rolling Stones* album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With *Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band*, *Defeat Day*, the *Meat Chess Set*, the *Fetish Supplement*, and *Aldai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics*.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With *Son-o'-God comics #2*, *Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi*, *Great Moments in Chess*, *Diplomatic Etiquette*, and the *Special Irish Supplement*.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With *The Adventures of Deadman*, *Playdead magazine*, *Children's Suicide Letters to Santa*, *The Last-Aid Kit*, plus *Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death*.

FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION: With *Piddle*, the *Catholic Sex Manual*, *Porno for Women*, the *Palma Sutra*, and *Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin*.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the *National Inspirer*, the *Young Adorables*, *My Own Stamp Album*, *Pharmacopoeia*, and *Nice Things About Nixon*.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With *Anti-Dutch Hate Literature*, *All in de Famby*, *The Shame of the North*, *Profiles in Chopped Liver*, *Surprise Poster #4*, and *Ivory magazine*.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the *Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit*, *Borrow This Book*, *The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return*, and *Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin*.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the seven *Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense*, *Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics*, *Gun Lust Magazine*, and *rodrigues' Hemophunnies*.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, *Techno-Tactics*, *Non-Polluting Power Sources*, *National Science Fair Projects*, and the *Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom*.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, *Son-o'-God Comics #3*, *Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children*, and *Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk*.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, *Nazi Regalia* for *Gracious Living*, *Whitedove comics*, *Vichy Supplement*, *Guerre Magazine*, and *Military Trading Cards*.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With *Saga of the Frozen North*, *G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P.*, *Amtrak Model Train Catalog*, *Tales of Nozzlin High School*, *The Don Juan School of Sorcery*, and *B. Kilban's Turk*.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, *Character Building Comics*, *Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities*, *Socialty Sports Magazines*, *1976 Olympic Preview*, *Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips*, and *Bat Day*.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

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DETERIORATA

GOPACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be turkeys know what to kiss and when. Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Whenever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all adversity & disillusionment with keeps the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. Remember the Puckis. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle & mutilate. Know yourself, if you need help, call the FBI. Extract cartoons to your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lesson on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fill out as love therefore; it will stick to your face. Carefully surrender the things of youth, herbs, clean air, rain. Toss out and let rot the seeds of sin you put in your back. Hire people with books. For a good time, call 606-4311; ask for Ken. Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough exercise and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. You are a flake of the universe; you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be; Henry Thoreau or Cosmic Muffin. Walk all in hope, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Live up.

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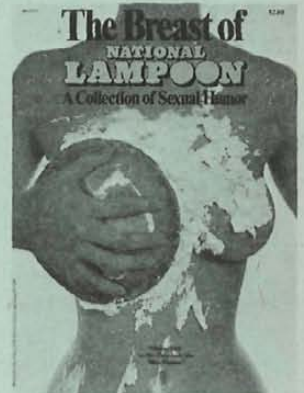


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Letters from the Editors of National Lampoon (LF1001) 1973; 208 pp. \$9.95



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cations, send the bill right on to the Secret Service. They spent hundreds of thousands to move a few shrubs; a couple of grand to nip a potential ambush in the bud shouldn't faze them a bit.

We also feel that you should do the public-spirited thing and contribute your important personal papers to the U.S. government right away, year by year as you assemble them, to insure that they aren't inadvertently lost or destroyed following your death. Old examination and term papers, laundry lists, postcards, paperback books, candy wrappers, Zap comics, wedding pictures, your high school diploma and/or Army discharge papers, correspondence with relatives, and so forth, may seem like so much junk to you, but they are an invaluable part of our national heritage, and future historians will be grateful to have them. And don't undervalue yourself either! A good yardstick to use is one thousand dollars a pound for the whole lot, and that's a basement figure. Enter the final amount as a deduction on your next tax return.

We have learned that the Nixon Ad-



DALLAS, TEXAS. When Joseph Willier went to purchase a matched set of Amelia Earhart luggage he had no idea what was planned for him. Joseph bought the one millionth set. In addition to the publicity and prizes, Joseph was given an Amelia Earhart look-alike who would serve as an additional piece of luggage. "I guess I'm happy. It's not bad. She's not really luggage. I can't put things inside her but she can carry my tickets in her teeth. I'm glad she's not any heavier and sometimes I have a lot of trouble with customs officials but as I said, it's not too bad."

ministration, already plagued by the beef, gas, oil, wheat, paper, plastic, and soybean shortages, is deeply concerned about a serious shortage of lies now developing in Washington. According to secret statistics compiled by the White House, since early 1969, when the Nixon Administration took office, over sixteen thousand distortions, misstatements of fact, and outright falsehoods have been used—63% on the press, 21% on the Congress, and 16% on miscellaneous individuals, including lies told to foreign heads of state and lies told by members of the administration to each other. The end of the war in Vietnam wiped out a potentially inexhaustible source of mendacity, and though the Watergate burglary temporarily replaced it with what some observers at the time of its discovery thought would be a secure domestic supply (some early estimates had placed unproven reserves of high-grade deceptions as high as ten million fibs annually), serious leaks all but decimated it, and a huge amount of misinformation on related activities had to be dumped.

The President's personal finances, the Agnew inquiry, and some aspects of campaign funding are expected to carry the Administration through the end of the year, but as one administration insider, long noted as a major conduit for unreliable information, admitted, "It's going to be very tight going, and that's the truth, so you better get used to it." A number of departments are already down to half-truths and minor misstatements of fact. Even the Pentagon has been forced to ration fallacious cost figures, and some defense department planners are frankly worried. "Running this department on facts is like running a car on sawdust," one top official complained. "We could be in real trouble in fiscal '74 if we can't come up with something very phony very damn fast."

As of now, about all the Administration has left to carry it through the end of the year are its regular supply of statistical inaccuracies, spurious monthly unemployment averages and fake cost of living figures, a few gross distortions of its intentions in the field of water and air pollution, two or three total misrepresentations on the impact of Congressional spending on inflation, some prevarications about the wheat deal, and a lot of very thin fabrications on the American role in the overthrow of the Allende government in Chile. "It just doesn't seem possible," lamented a high White House aide, "it's like running out of manure on a dairy farm." □

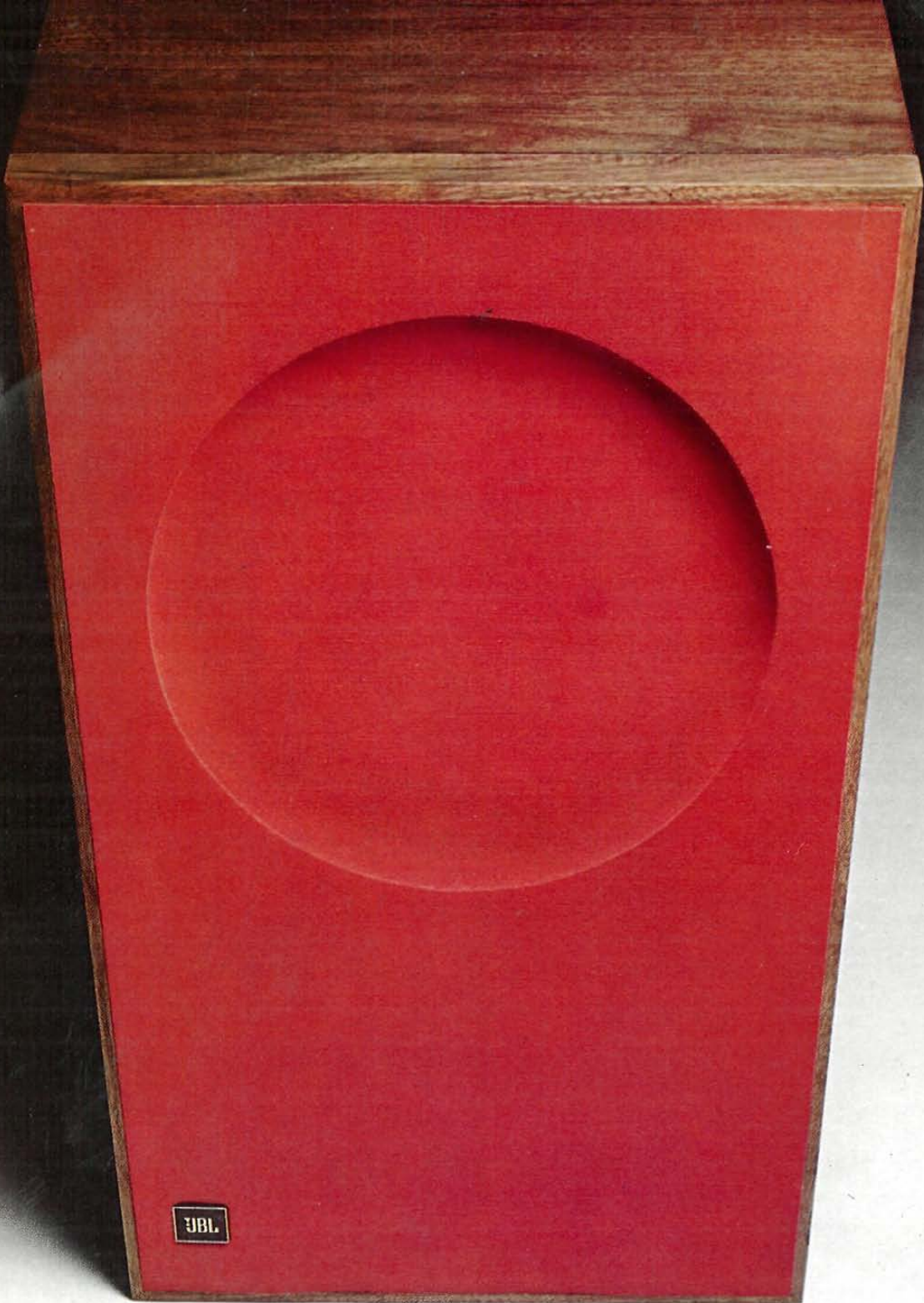


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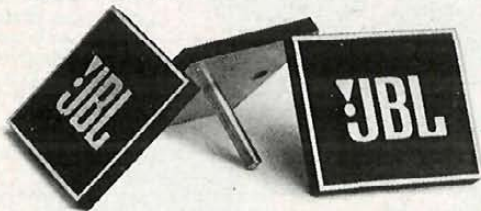
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Come listen to JBL's 88 Plus. It's yours for \$213, and it's a superb two-way system. It's not a three-way system, but you can't have everything, can you?

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Plus.



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Now, if that isn't enough to make you happy, you'll just have to build your own.

EDITORIAL PAGE

Publisher's (Paid) Privilege

Nepotism usually begins at home. But, in the case of this magazine, it begins with the elitist, self-serving, egomaniacal, and I might add, greedy editorial clique—the same bastards who keep stealing my office copies, insulting advertisers, and alienating stock brokers.

Sure, fellas, it's ok to come by when you need to borrow some money, I'm ok for that, yeah, I'm your friend when you want a deal on some hi-fi equipment or one of my freebee promotion records. But when it comes to having me drawn by Vaughn Bode or Jeff Jones and put into a comic strip with a medallion around my neck you don't want to know who I am. The reason I bought this page (and sold $\frac{2}{3}$ of it to a friend) was to tell you guys in front of all of your readers—the people who you secretly think are your fans and thrill to your *bon mots*—what kind of people you really are. They should know that you're all a bunch of lazy, aging, pathetic, wackoff, bubble gum, anal obsessives, and you're so vain, you think this issue is about you!

And by the way, who is that girl with the big tits?

—Jerry Taylor
Publisher

This is a picture of me.



THEY'LL DO IT EVERY DEADLINE

by Matty Simmons



cover photography by Dick Frank

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Do you thank God that there's no one else quite like you?



The New Riders
is your kind
of group. You
go to their
concerts. And
you avidly
follow the
evolution of
their sound
(which, as you
know, is cur-
rently very
rock and roll).

Unlike your
snotty friends,
you realize
that Dr. Hook
is more than
just a dirty-
mouthed group
of rowdies.
You appreciate
their bizarre
sounds.



KC 32450

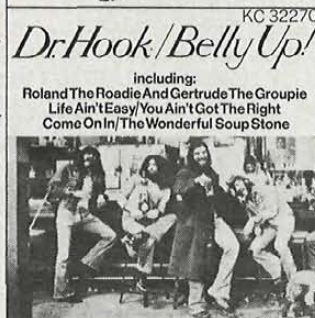


including:
It's Alright With Me/Teardrops In My Eyes
Kick In The Head/Thank The Day/L.A. Lady

THE EARL SCRUGGS REVUE
including:
Some Of Shelley's Blues
It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry
Step It Up And Go/Down In The Flood
If I'd Only Come And Gone



You know that
Earl Scruggs is
the No. 1 banjo
picker in the
world. And you
revel in the
thought that
Earl, his sons,
and his Revue
are making
some of the
happiest, most
honest music
around.



Dr. Hook/Belly Up!

including:
Roland The Roadie/And Gertrude The Groupie
Life Ain't Easy/You Ain't Got The Right
Come On In/The Wonderful Soup Stone



KC 32460



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**PAT
GARRETT
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THE KID**

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Knockin' On Heaven's Door
Billy 7/Cantina Theme (Workin' For The Law)
Bunkhouse Theme/Turkey Chase

You delight in
every word
Dylan sings,
every note he
plays. Always
have. Always
will. And
since you're
in the know,
you know that
this is the
new Dylan al-
bum, includ-
ing the hit,
"Knockin' on
Heaven's Door."

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND TAPES



Sirs:

What did the Holy Blessed Virgin, Mother of Our Lord Savior, Jesus Christ, say to the noisy cow that was lowing in the hay of the manger? Give

up? Answer: Be quiet. Hey! Stop that lowing in the hay. The infant Savior is trying to catch some zees, you stupid asshole cow.

Marlin Perkins
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

If you have any information as to the whereabouts of a certain deranged individual who has been calling himself "Lawn King," would you please be so kind as to pass it on to us. He is believed to be armed and is definitely dangerous. He fancies himself a modern-day Johnny Appleseed, doing for lawns what Appleseed did for the apple trees. But it seems the only place

he wants to plant his lawns is on areas that are currently occupied by buildings. We believe he has been responsible for a number of destructive fires and explosions and most recently for the terrible fire that swept through Chelsea, near Boston.

We know that he is working the northeast corridor and is expected to become further enraged by the non-planting winter months we are now experiencing. If you should come across this person, do not try to apprehend him, but instead, place a call to the authorities in your area.

The Culligan Man
Staten Is., N.Y.

Sirs:

Duane Thomas
Wash., D.C.

Dear Sirs:

A year or two ago, we and several hundred of our fellow writers and cartoonists gave one of your editors, one Michel Choquette, material for a book he claimed to be editing. Subsequently we have heard nothing from this so-called contributing editor of yours. What gives?

Federico Fellini
William Burroughs
Jean-Paul Sartre
Paul VI

Sirs:

Hey listen, you gotta try some of this dope—no shit—two hits and you can't even

Sirs:

You know, I was figuring that if you jokers sell 700,000-odd issues every month, and four people read each copy—and fifteen people drop dead every second, then the guy who's reading this right now—hope he isn't tripping or anything—will die in fifteen minutes. Ooops, make that fourteen minutes, fifty-six-seconds, fifty-five, fifty-four . . . etc. Well, you know what I mean.

Julie Andrews
Glendale, Calif.

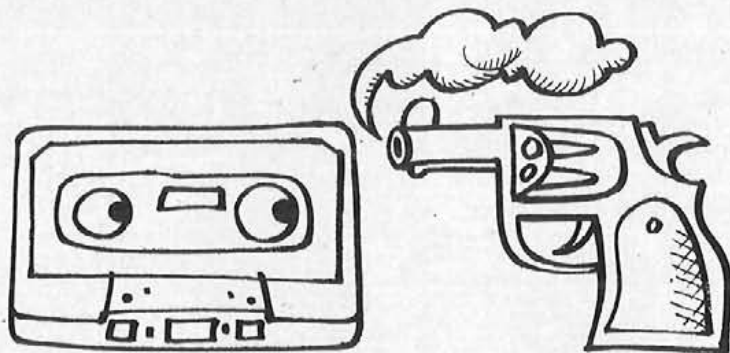
Sirs:

BOOM! this could have been a letter-bomb. Guess I sure scared you fellas, heh heh. All in fun, of course.
Thomas Eagleton
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I couldn't help but notice that riddle you printed earlier in this letters column. But you know what would have been a better ending? Have the Infant Savior Baby Jesus, Son of God, wake up and get angry at the cow. Then He could turn the stupid cow into a really comfortable inn. No, no, better than that, have Him turn the dumb cow into a modern hotel. Something very

continued



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continued
 elegant like the George V in Paris, or maybe one of the hotels run by Conrad Hilton that have everything in them. . . . It's just a thought.

Val Warren
 Carmel, N.Y.

Sirs:

My favorite joke is how Jack Benny says he's only thirty-nine years old when really he is seventy-nine years old and uses Esoterica on his arms and pisses blood and can't get it up any more. How come you don't run more jokes like this?

Horace N. Buggy
 Iron, Ore.

Sirs:

One thing I have to admire about you guys is your sense of fair play. For example, never once in your publication have I ever seen any reference to the fact that Bill Gaines is so fat that he uses an orthopedic toilet. After all, if this got out it would only hurt Bill who, for all his faults, is a bit of a turkey and should be put to sleep.

Satisfied Reader

Sirs:

Christmas comes but once a year, a time for love and laughter. You can come much more than that but you have to wipe up after.

Josephine the Plumber
 In Somebody's Dirty Old Apartment

Sirs:

Thank you very much for your pleasant letter of congratulations for Jerry's appointment. I would like to help you in your request but unfortunately, I have never kept a running diary. There was a time when I was studying with Martha Graham—I did make little notes to myself and I think I still have them—but they could hardly be called a diary. They were things like, "remember to buy new laces," "work on stomach muscles," things like that. I do have some wonderful recipes if you'd be interested, but no diary. Sorry I am unable to help you.

Betty Ford
 Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

It is better to live on your knees than die on your feet.

The Gay Activist Alliance
 New York City, N.Y.

Sirs:

In everybody's garden a little rain must fall or life's sweetest, fairest flowers wouldn't grow or bloom at all. And though the clouds hang heavy (so heavy, oh!), my friend, I'm sure that God who sends the shower will send the rainbow's end.

Ron Ziegler
 Washington, D.C.

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<input type="checkbox"/> White T-shirt \$2.95	<input type="checkbox"/> TANK TOPS \$3.95
<input type="checkbox"/> White Sw'tshirt \$4.05	<input type="checkbox"/> Trim Tank <input type="checkbox"/> Yellow
<input type="checkbox"/> White Jacket \$8.95	<input type="checkbox"/> Gray <input type="checkbox"/> Lilac <input type="checkbox"/> Blue
<input type="checkbox"/> Trim T-shirt \$3.25	<input type="checkbox"/> COLOR T-SHIRTS \$3.50
<input type="checkbox"/> Full color Catalog 75¢	<input type="checkbox"/> Blue <input type="checkbox"/> Gold <input type="checkbox"/> Gray

Adult sizes: S M L XL (No X-Large Tank Tops)
 Youth Sizes: 6-8, 10-12, 14-16. (T-shirts only)

Specify Design No. _____ Size _____
 Designs on both sides of shirt, \$1.00 extra.

Enclose cash, check or money order. (Over \$20 money order only) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 50¢. Make check payable to ROACH STUDIOS. Add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.

MR. CHATTERBOX

MRS. NEW'S DIADY

There are a hundred new things to look for this season—SERVANTS, for instance, back like never before in bold new prints and plaids, recruited from GRADE SCHOOLS and NURS-ERIES. New synthetic AFTER DIN-NER MINTS—absolutely sanitary and no unpleasant taste . . . the rage for FILE HOCKEY, the new “run in place” sport that smart young office workers are taking up by the platoon. But *really* . . . the BIG NEWS IS . . . BRIAN!!!! We’ve always loved BRIAN, that commanding height, that just barely perceptible air of FOLIE OBLIGE, but never, never, before has Brian seemed so absolutely right. This winter you’ll see Brian everywhere . . . on the sidewalk . . . at the zoo . . . cracking a few brews at

the Coral Restaurant . . . WEARING . . . his own clothes—Brian won’t borrow a stitch from his friends. . . . That FABULOUS STOMACH P.J. has been trying to keep to him-self belongs to LANI. . . . MICHAEL has a cane with a little ivory polar bear on top. Mike’s duet with snappy ANNE nearly came to a screeching halt when Anne knocked the cane (and the little ivory polar bear) off the table at a village eatery. . . . Matty Simmons loves to be called “Boss” or “Boss Man” . . . but won’t let on . . . HENRY doesn’t fool Mr. Chatter-box. Mr. Chatterbox knows for a fact that he keeps a CLEAN WHITE SHIRT AND TIE in his right hand bottom drawer. Henry, by the way, says that BRIAN is in touch with

continued

DUDLEY DO-RIGHT EMPORIUM ATHLETIC T-SHIRTS!



Heavy-duty 100% combed cotton Athletic T-Shirts! White with blue trim! Color-fast! Big, full-color Jay Ward Carlson Character on back and every shirt \$3.95 each! TEN DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

DUDLEY DO-RIGHT EMPORIUM 8218 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90046 NL-31

DEAR DUDLEY: Enclosed is \$_____ (Total) Check or Money Order for _____ (Quantity) T-Shirts checked below, @ \$3.95 ea. Add \$1.00 for shipping. California residents add 5% sales tax.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DULLWINKLE S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	DUDLEY S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	BORIS S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	NATASHA S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____
SUPER CHICKEN S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	GEORGE S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	SNIDELY S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	CHARGE! S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____
PROPERTY OF MOGSLYANIA S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	FARKLING SQUAD S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	PRINT S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____	SEXY S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____

The Best Of Procol Harum is the best of Procol Harum.

Sometimes, a “Best of” album is nothing more than a collection of someone’s greatest *hit*. But *The Best Of Procol Harum* holds true to the title. It features the band’s classic versions of “Conquistador,” “A Salty Dog,” “Homburg,” “Shine On Brightly,” and “A Whiter Shade Of Pale”—the song that first brought them to prominence in 1967. In addition, there are some exceptional tracks from early albums, along with songs never-before-released on U.S. albums. *The Best Of Procol Harum* is an important retrospective from one of music’s master groups.



On A&M Records

Radio Poster



Y-351 RADIO POSTER is an honest-to-God ten color cartoon, brilliant colors! Don Kingman juke box poster with an honest-to-God real radio hidden in the poster. This limited supply audio-poster comes framed, mounted, shipped flat, with ready to play radio. Beautiful and unusual at 25" x 35" and only **\$19.95.**



Y-106 VA VA VOOM. Our former mystery poster now exposed! 23" x 29" photo (unretouched). **\$1.98**



Y-324 CAT AND DOG, full color photo 23"x38" **\$1.98**

STARS+STRIPES



Y-363 NIXON AGNEW Black & White Photo. Collectors Item 23" x 29" Only **\$1.50**

WWI, WWII CLASSICS—Authentic reprints never seen in U.S. before. Each printed in full color—by permission of the Imperial War Museum of England. **Y-503 Hitler** propaganda portrait issued in 1943: 22x28, \$2.50 each. A Collector's Item.

Y-500—I Want you Navy—19x23 \$1.50
Y-502—Once a German Always a German—\$1.50
Y-505—Public Warning—Poster used to detect Nazi air craft 23x35 \$1.50
Y-506—Nazi Flag Poster—"Only Hitler" 23x29 \$1.50
Y-508—Russian Soldier—23x30 \$1.50



N-3 TASTELESS JOKE By popular demand we are offering the best fake dog doo doo ever! Watch your friends gag at our gag! Made of genuine rubber. Only \$1.50 each, 2 for 1.98!! Rush while supply lasts

DUMPER STICKERS THAT REALLY BUMP Each printed in day glow size 3 1/2" x 14" \$1.00 ea. 3 for \$2.50
N-16 Impachment With Honor • **N-17 Show Nixon The Gate** • **N-18 Nixon Knew** • **N-19 Free The Watergate** • **N-20 Cancer Cures Smoking** • **N-21 Honk Twice If You Think He's Guilty** • **N-22 The Earth Is A Playground For Lovers** • **N-23 V.I.D. Is Nothing To Clap About** • **N-24 Da Boogie Is Verbotten** • **N-26 1984—Not Long Now** • **N-28 Drive Defensively Buy A Tank**



2-31 HANG IN THERE Baby, Poster of the month. 23"x29", \$2.00

2-36 MARK BROS. 30" x 40", black and white photo. Only \$1.50

Y-485 FLAMING L.O.V.E. Dayglow on black background. 32" x 30". \$2.00

Y-340. STONED AGAIN as only he can be after Waite's. full color, 25" x 35" 1.98

Y-345 MALE NUDE Not shown. Artistic photo. Unretouched printed in silver. 11x17 only 2.98

Y-74 DON QUIXOTE Picasso litho. Black and white 24" x 30" \$2.00

The heaviest human on record, weighed 1,000 lbs., was buried in a piano case. Now, for the first time a poster!!

Y-362 OFFICIAL LIST OF NIXON ENEMIES. On parchment. Collector's item. 17" x 22". \$1.50

Y-346 ROOM SIGN color 11" x 17" \$1.50

Y-366 CLASSIC CHAP. 11" x 17" GIANT. Black and white photo, 30" x 40" \$1.50

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Y-175 THE CLASSIC FUCK COMMUNISM. Red white and blue. Stand up and be counted! 17" x 22". Only \$1.00

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Y-67 FLY UNITED. Day glow red, blue and pink on coated stock. 17" x 22" \$1.00

Y-262 LOVE IS A LOT OF BULL. Color rendition of a forgotten fact! 33" x 39" \$1.00

Y-190 FLUSHED! Full color photo 22" x 34" Only \$1.98.

Y-101 MYSTERY POSTER? If you like surprises send \$1.00 for (2) exciting posters — not shown — money back if you feel you were ripped off! (We try harder!)

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L2 THE 16 INCH BLACK LITE FLORESCENT IS HERE! COMPLETELY READY TO USE 116 VOLTS SUPER STRONG — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! OUR PRICE ONLY \$14.95



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TOO MUCH HXSEY

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Y-194 FLIRT. And we mean flirt! Fleshy, full color photo 22" x 34". Only \$1.98

Y-304 SEX! Spelled out in over 20 erotic positions! Incredible. 11"x17" \$1.98

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Y-272 ENERGY. Contagious! Eye stretch, day glow color. Weid! 25" x 25" \$2.98

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YES ART CREDIT CARDS

Below are 10 of the world's greatest credit cards. Each is full color, each is made of shiny unbreakable plastic. These wallet size cards are worth \$24.95 in laughs yet each costs just \$1.50. Buy any combo of 4 cards only \$4.98.



M.C. ESCHER PRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING EACH IS PRINTED ON HEAVY ART STOCK



The Official Nixon Countdown Calendar



Y-321 1973-1977 NIXON COUNT-DOWN CALENDAR The greatest political poster made. Grid over Nixon's face is numbered with the days left in his administration. "X" out each box until his term and face are gone 24" x 35" **Only \$1.99**

Y-322 SAME CALENDAR as above but in a smaller more convenient office size. Buy a number of these for friends. Only 11" x 17" and a water-gate steal at \$1.50 each.

Let's legalize grass.



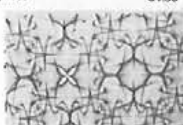
Y-277 World's Most Famous Cow appeals to us. B/W photo 23" x 29" **Only \$1.00**



Y-350 IT IS BETTER TO HAVE A GUN AND NOT NEED IT THAN TO NEED A GUN AND NOT HAVE IT. Send a copy to your legislator! 18" x 12", silver and black. **1.50 each.**



Z-14 THE CLASSIC LAUREL AND HARDY. Giant 30" x 40" photo **\$1.50**



WACKO, Y-369 Giant 4 ft. x 6 ft. black light extravaganza, a real mind-blower. \$5.98 shipped in a ft. tube.

★ THE SPIRIT OF 76 ★



THE SPIRIT OF 76 Y-308 This is the real thing. No silicone. No retouching. Guaranteed authentic. Giant 33"x24" in RED WHITE BLUE AND BLACK - \$2.50 each.

C-31 Now Yes Art can solve your boring door problem with a 4 color door graphic (red, yellow, black, and blue). This exciting new item is perfect for any room and easy to hang! Fits almost any door, overall size is 8 1/2" x 4 1/2", only \$16.95 complete. For full color book with over 35 8 feet wall graphics circle item C-51 and send 75 c for handling. Supply is limited. now \$6.98

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our fantastic bumper stickers on other page



Y-320 Bogie Y-372 Garbo Y-371 Harlow Y-255 Monroe Y-373 Gable Y-370 Cagney

NOSTALGIA FROM YES Giant B/W Blow-Ups 30" x 40" \$1.50 each ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Y-375 Y-377 Y-376 Y-374

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YES ART EXCLUSIVE FROM ENGLAND COMPLETE ANTHOLOGY AND HISTORY OF WWI AND WWII POSTERS.



These books are only available through YES ART, and are truly collectors items! Each book contains over 50 full color prints of every important war poster ever made! Each is printed on quality art stock. Supply is limited. WWI: Y-510, \$3.50. WWII: Y-511, \$3.50. The Set: Y-512 15.98.



Y-272 THE BIG "A." You won't believe it! But this is the absolute end. Black and white photo (unretouched), size 23" x 29". **Staggering \$1.50**



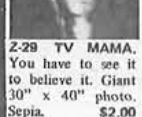
Y-323 WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS B & W photo 11" x 17" **\$1.50**



Y-274 DAWN II. Large finished color photo on varnished stock. 23" x 29" **\$1.98**



Y-361 ENJOY TODAY TOMORROW MAY BE EVEN WORSE! 23" x 29" DAYGLO COLOR. **\$2.00**



Z-29 TV MAMA. You have to see it to believe it. Giant 30" x 40" photo. **Septa. \$2.00**



Y-367 Beethoven Y-368 Mozart (B/W Photo 30"x40" \$1.50 each)



Y-312 WOMAN - Full color photo. 16 1/2" x 34" **\$2.00**



Y-119 MEANEST S.O.B. IN THE VALLEY. Revue of 23rd Palm. Full color. **Only \$1.98**



Y-364 3 Stages



Y-115 BEEP BEEP YURASS. 23" x 29" dayglow color. **\$1.98**



Y-188 THE CLASSIC HORSE. Screen full-color photo. 25" x 31" **Only \$1.98**



Y-300 3-D POSTER! 23" x 29", with special glasses **\$2.98**



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SPECIAL \$1.99
80¢ - OUR FANTASTIC BLACKLIGHT BULB REGULARLY \$3.99 NOW \$1.99 FITS ANY SOCKET! LIMIT 3 TO A CUSTOMER! GUARANTEED 700 HRS. SOCKET-TO-EMI



Y-188 CLEAN UP! Add another window to your room. Full color. **\$1.98 24" x 36"**



Y-334 CALL ME. beautiful color photo of girl with alluring stare. 25" x 35", \$2.50



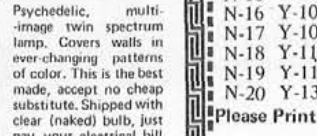
Y-189 CLEAN UP! Day glow red & black 23"x29" **Only \$1.98**



Y-115 BEEP BEEP YURASS. 23" x 29" dayglow color. **\$1.98**



Y-189 THE CLASSIC HORSE. Screen full-color photo. 25" x 31" **Only \$1.98**



Y-300 3-D POSTER! 23" x 29", with special glasses **\$2.98**

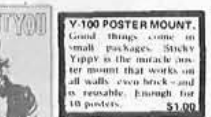


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Helps prevent the most chronic of cases developed as a result of the Watergate scandal. Also great for political rallies and social events. Full 5 ounce aerosol can! Limited supply. Y207 Only 1.98 guaranteed.



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NOW \$1.98 World's 1st 3D Poster With Glasses



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Add 95c for Postage on all orders.

A-1	N-21	Y-133	Y-321	Y-371
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B-99	N-23	Y-175	Y-323	Y-373
C-31	N-24	Y-183	Y-324	Y-374
C-51	N-25	Y-188	Y-325	Y-375
E-1	N-26	Y-189	Y-326	Y-376
E-2	N-27	Y-190	Y-328	Y-377
E-4	N-28	Y-194	Y-334	Y-398
E-5	N-29	Y-207	Y-337	Y-500
E-8	N-30	Y-212	Y-340	Y-502
E-10	N-36	Y-255	Y-345	Y-503
E-15	N-37	Y-261	Y-346	Y-505
E-20	Y-51	Y-263	Y-350	Y-506
L-1	Y-60	Y-267	Y-351	Y-508
L-2	Y-67	Y-271	Y-352	Y-510
N-3	Y-72	Y-272	Y-359	Y-511
N-12	Y-74	Y-273	Y-360	Y-512
N-13	Y-82	Y-274	Y-361	Z-8
N-14	Y-85	Y-277	Y-362	Z-10
N-15	Y-100	Y-288	Y-363	Z-14
N-16	Y-101	Y-300	Y-364	Z-26
N-17	Y-106	Y-304	Y-365	Z-29
N-18	Y-115	Y-317	Y-367	Z-31
N-19	Y-119	Y-319	Y-368	
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Psychedelic, multi-image twin spectrum lamp. Covers walls in ever-changing patterns of color. This is the best made, accept no cheap substitute. Shipped with clear (naked) bulb, just pay your electrical bill and plug in. Creates fantastic illusions, never stays the same, may be used for interrogation, storytelling, or far out court appearances. ITEM L-1. \$9.95.

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If you want a great tequila,
the Mexicans have a word for it.



continued

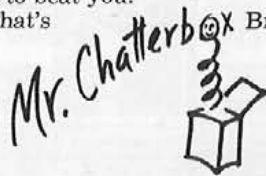
the mole people from the planet MOLEDAR. Looked up Moledar in Debrett, deGotha, etc., can't find a single reference. Oh well, if Brian likes them we're sure they're nice. Speaking of Brian, why does he wear those FUNNY SHOES? . . . They still have dog fights in the South. . . . Brian's sister gave him a dreadful wine book. "It's a question and answer wine book," Brian says.

Glad to report that that stupid FILE HOCKEY craze has peaked . . . opinion-makers and taste molders are turning their attention to . . . PARTY TREAT, the game you play with FOOD YOU DON'T LIKE. Henry, P.J., Sean, Lani ("The Stomach"), and Allan Rose all show marked tendencies toward Party Treat. SEAN is especially good with rolls . . . Henry is fabulous with liquids and condiments . . . not quite up to Mr. Chatterbox, however, who came up with a BEER AND CREAM drink that is fast becoming an after dinner classic. . . . Paris is still capital of France. . . . Sean wearing a St. Francis medal. . . . Everyone waiting for the FIRST COLD SNAP to see what Michael and Anne will be wearing next. Mister Chatterbox predicts that white suits, Hawaiian shirts, and the polar bear cane will be revived about February as "Cruisewear." . . . Michael Gross (who didn't ask me to his party) got the haircut he deserves. . . . Who is SUET? . . . Lenny Lyons birthdaying at the Coral. . . . Mr. Chatterbox welcomes Tony Hiss's REAL WORLD magazine to the Mr. Chatterbox family of publications.

Frankly this whole BRIAN thing is beginning to pall. Wish he'd chuck out those stupid shoes. . . . Mr. Chatterbox thinks CARL THE CREAMER will be very big. Carl talks in a stupid falsetto, but everything else is impressive. . . . Why are creamers so much fun? Try filling one with a mixture of catsup and mustard . . . pick one of the *divine new metal creamers* with the snap lid. . . . Carpet prices have gone sky-high. . . . Everyone *selling off* their ART DECO and plunging into ART D'LUGOFF—you can still find plenty in out of the way places. . . . Rome's as hot as ever. . . . Earl Wilson birthdaying at Coral Restaurant. . . .

DON'T YOU THINK OR DON'T YOU: P.J. says "If you can't beat them . . . ask them if maybe they'd like to beat you!"

That's Mr. Chatterbox Brother.



Introducing AR-8

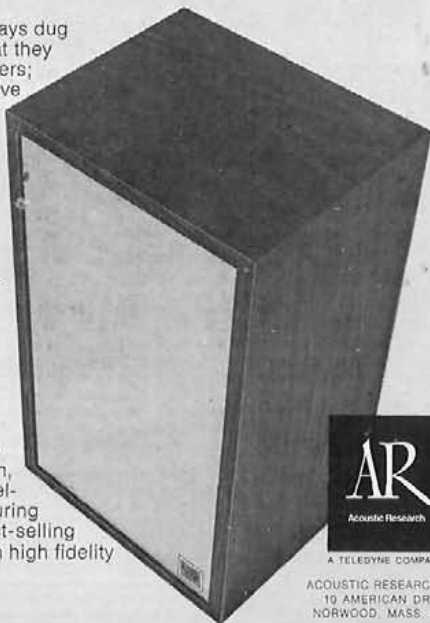
The first accurate speaker for rock music.

Rock music freaks have always dug the powerful, deep bass that they could push out of AR speakers; and now, with the AR-8, we've combined that gutsy low-frequency response with a new tweeter and crossover network to put out a really hard and sizzling high end.

The AR-8 has the quick transient response that makes rock sound right, broad dispersion, and high-temperature voice coils to handle the power it takes to really fill up a room. Suggested retail price is \$119.

Although the AR-8 sounds great on rock, it is still very much AR. Accurate clear sound, with wide frequency response, minimal distortion, and all the engineering excellence and care in manufacturing that has made AR the largest-selling and most respected name in high fidelity speaker systems.

Write for detailed literature.



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When two loudspeakers sound different, at least one of them is wrong. Maybe both.



Unpleasantly Distorted Reproduction

Which is better: the Rectilinear III, at \$299, or a comparably priced but totally different-sounding speaker by another reputable manufacturer?

The ready answer to that question by a nice, clean-living salesman or boy-scout hi-fi expert is: "It's a matter of taste. Whichever you prefer for your own listening. They're both good."

We want you to know how irresponsible and misleading such bland advice is.

Think about it:

A loudspeaker is a reproducer. The most important part of that word is the prefix *re*, meaning *again*. A loudspeaker produces again something that has already been produced once. Not something new and different.

Therefore, what it correctly reproduces should be identical to the original production. And *identicalness* isn't a matter of taste.

For example, it isn't a matter of taste whether the body shop has correctly reproduced the original color of your car on that repainted fender. Nor is it a matter of taste whether your mirror correctly reproduces your visual image. Is the reproduction identical to the original or isn't it?

Okay. We know. The ear is less precise than the eye. And in the case of loudspeakers, it's usually impossible to compare the reproduction and the live original side by side. Furthermore, the speaker is only a single link in a whole chain of reproducers. But these



Seductively Distorted Reproduction

problems only complicate the matter without changing the basic principle. *The reproduction is either right or wrong. Two different-sounding reproductions can't both be identical to the original.*

The common fallacy is to call the reproduction wrong only when it's obviously unpleasant (fuzzy or shrieky highs, hollow midrange, etc.). But what about a pleasingly plump bass, lots of sheen on the high end, and that punchy or zippy overall quality known as "presence"? Equally wrong. And, because of the seductive "hi-fi" appeal, much more treacherous.

To glamorize the original that way amounts to having a built-in and permanently set tone control in your speaker. For some program material it can be disastrously unsuitable. Like the funhouse mirror that makes everybody look tall and thin, it's great for short and fat inputs only.

At Rectilinear, we design speakers to approach facsimile reproduction of the input as closely as is technologically possible. We restrict the "taste" factor



The Truth: Undistorted Reproduction

to twiddling the tone controls of our amplifier in the privacy of our home. Not in our laboratory.

The Rectilinear III is our best effort to date in this direction.

And our inspiration for it was a totally different and rather impractical design: the full-range electrostatic speaker.

Any serious audio engineer will tell you that electrostatics are inherently superior

to conventional speakers in producing an output that's identical to the input. This superiority is due to scientifically verifiable characteristics, such as flatness of frequency response and low time delay distortion.

The trouble is that electrostatics create tremendous problems with amplifiers, have difficulty playing *really* loud without distortion and are also somewhat deficient in bass. But—they're accurate, undistorted "mirrors" of sound.

The Rectilinear III is the first successful attempt to give you this electrostatic type of sound in a conventional speaker without any of the above problems.

It allows you to hear what composers, musicians and record producers have created for you and not what some speaker manufacturer thinks will please you.

So, next time you're in a store and you hear another \$299 speaker that sounds different from ours, you'll have an idea which of the two is wrong.

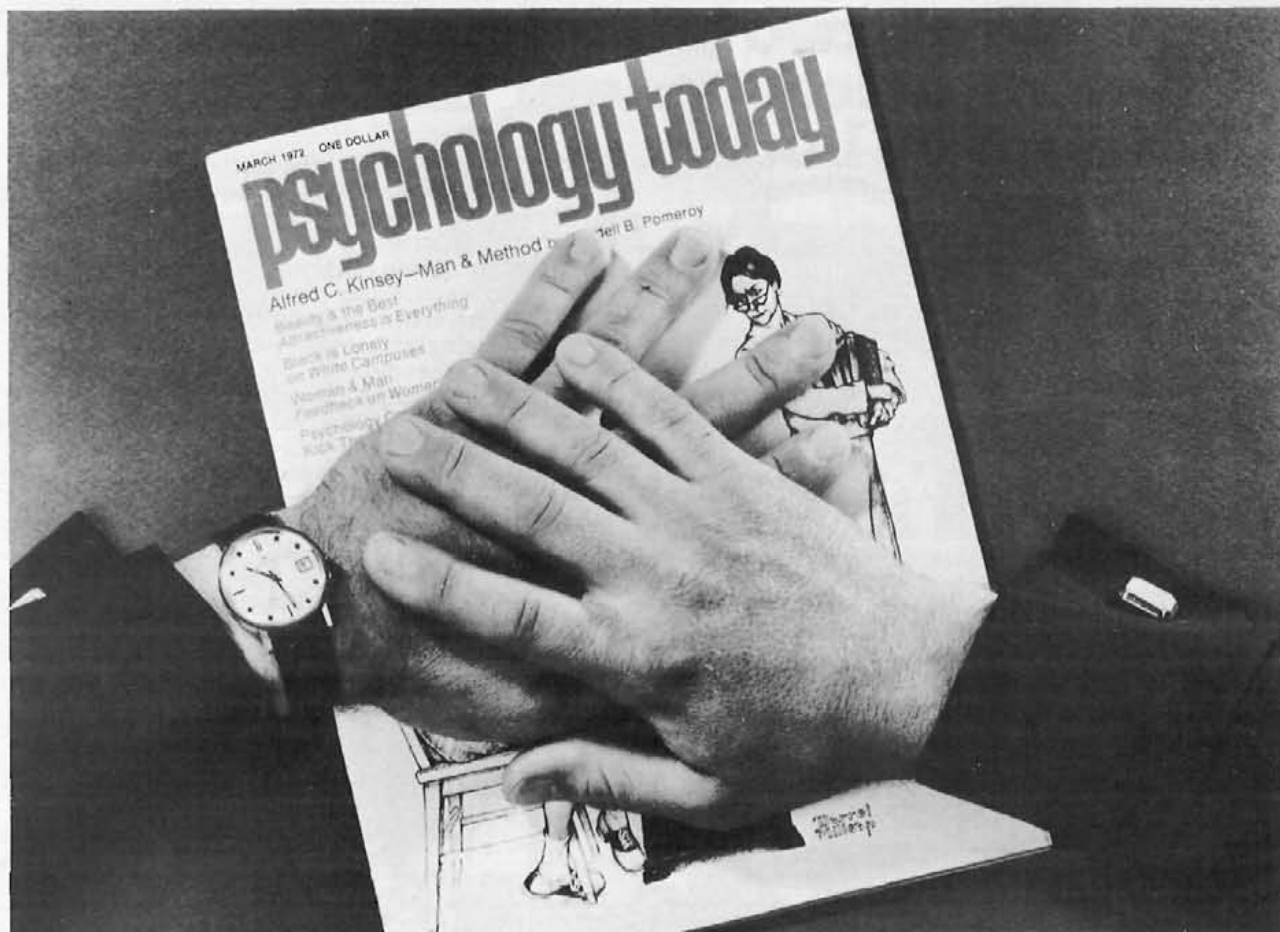
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floor-standing
speaker
(6 drivers, 3-way
crossover)



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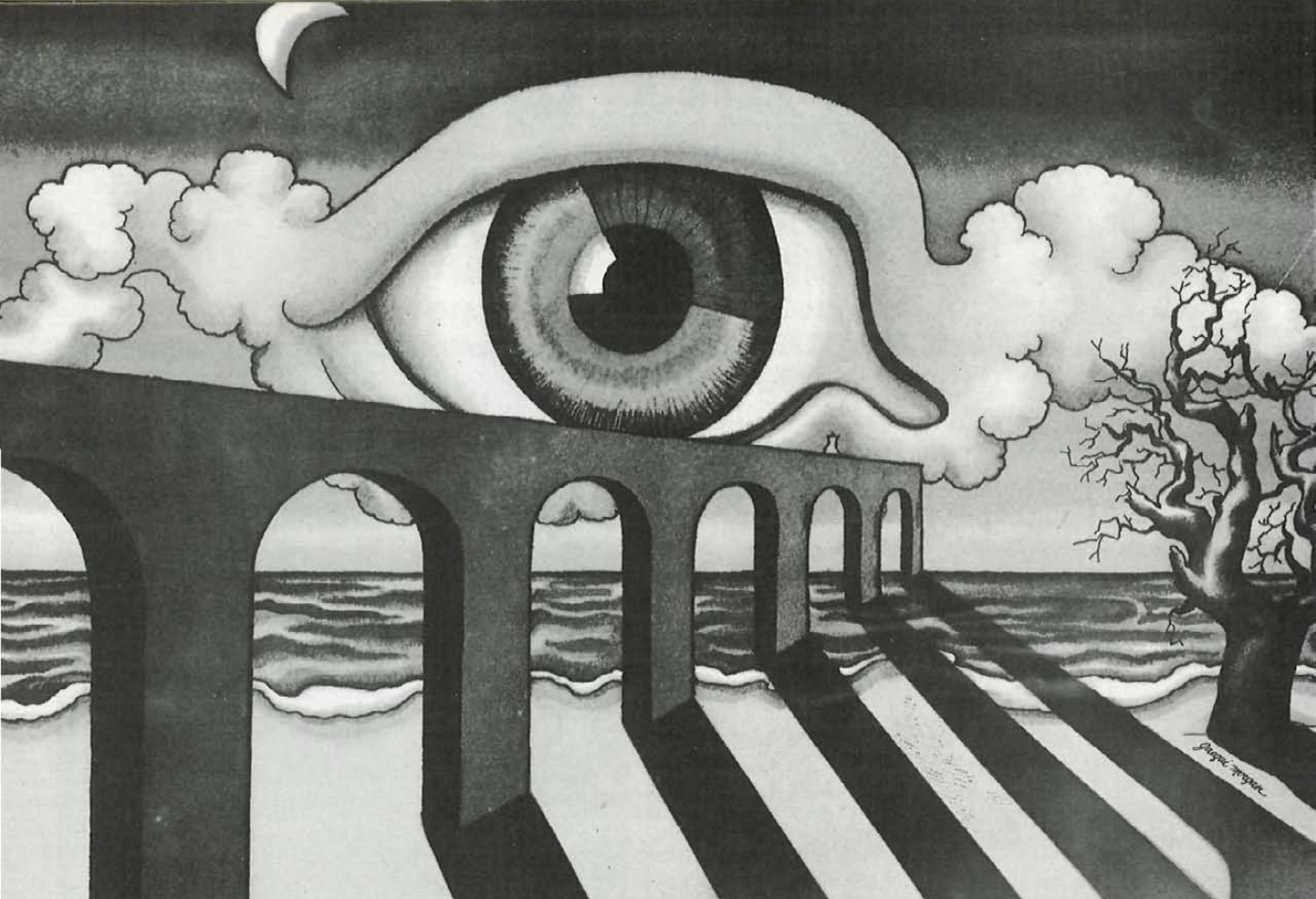
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Dean Corll's Favorite Jokes

edited by Michael O'Donoghue

Q: What weighs ten thousand pounds, swims in the ocean, has a lot of old harpoons stuck in him, and is purple?

A: *I don't know.*

Q: You don't know! Well, perhaps you'd remember if I strapped you to this makeshift plywood pillory, stripped you naked, and extinguished cigarettes on your buttocks and sexual parts, like so!

A: *AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

Q: Are you ready to answer?

A: *I don't know, I tell you, I don't know!*

Q: Maybe a severe lashing with this car aerial will refresh your memory!

A: *AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
AAAAAH! AAAAAA! AAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAH!
AAAAAH! AAAAAA! AAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAH!
AAAAAH! AAAAAA! AAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAH!
Aaaaaaaa! Aaaaaaaa! Aaaaaa! Aaaaaa . . .*

Q: So, you've passed out! Attaching these electrodes to your testicles should bring you around. Now, I'll just plug this in and—

A: *AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

Q: Now, I'll ask you again: what weighs ten thousand pounds, swims in the ocean, has a lot of old harpoons stuck in him, and is purple?

A: *Okay! Okay! You win! It's Moby Grape!*

At a meeting of the Sex Criminal Club, Vincent, a newcomer, was puzzled when a regular stood up, said "22 . . . 143 . . . 845 . . . 149 . . . 661 . . . 454" and everyone came in their pants.

"I don't get it!" he whispered to his friend Carl. "That guy reels off a slew of numbers and everybody shoots their wad! What gives?"

"We professional sex criminals have heard of every imaginable torture and, for purposes of brevity, refer to them by number," Carl answered. "Take, for example, the encounter described by the last speaker. 22 means that he picked up a fifteen-year old blonde Eagle Scout. 143 means that he took him to his basement and tied him to a makeshift plywood pillory. 845 means that he forced the scout to fellate him. 149 means he then castrated the scout, 661, stabbed him repeatedly with a penknife until he was dead. 454 means that he burned the body in his furnace. It's that simple!"

Thinking he'd give it a try, Vincent stood up and said, "54 . . . 119 . . . 752 . . . 255 . . . 108 . . . 502 . . . 391 . . . 826." There was no response from the mem-



bers, not even a single erection.

"What did I do wrong?" he asked Carl.

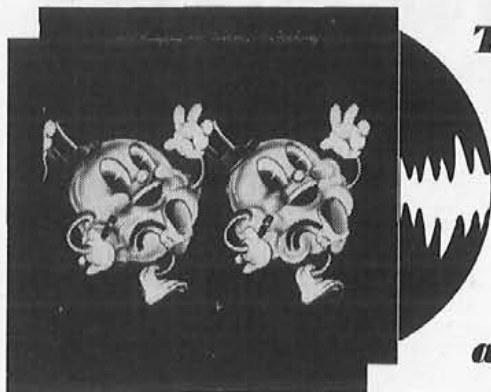
"You didn't tell it right!" came the reply.

"Jeez, I wish you was tattooed!" said "Specks" to the teenage hitchhiker who, wearing only a black sack over his head, was chained to a makeshift plywood pillory. "I might even let you live if you was tattooed. Since you ain't, however, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna fuck you an' then I'm gonna carve Nazi slogans in your neck and then I'm gonna force feed you Kitty Litter an' then I'm gonna spot weld your face an' then I'm gonna dress you up in latex an' piss on you an' then I'm gonna slice off your lips an' then I'm gonna take Polaroids of you an' then I'm gonna put out your eyes an' then I'm gonna nail your tongue to the floor an' then I'm gonna fuck you again an' then I'm gonna give you a Drano enema an' then I'm gonna shoot you in the head with a .22 and bury you under the old boathouse in a lot of quicklime. But maybe, just maybe, I'll let you go if you beg for mercy right now. Do you know how to beg for mercy?"

"No, but if you hum a few bars, I can fake it!" □

BRAND NEW!

**Are You Up to Date on Records?
For Only \$2, This Massive 2-LP Set
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America
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In just the last few months, new discs by **The Allman Brothers Band, Bonnie Raitt, Jethro Tull, The Mothers, The Marshall Tucker Band, America, Uriah Heep, Sopwith Camel, Tim Buckley, The Doobie Brothers, Gene Parsons, Peter Yarrow, Jesse Colin Young** and a bunch more have rolled (and rocked) out of Burbank to the acclaim of all.

So, it's time for another one of Warner Bros. Records' famous \$2 samplers, otherwise known as the Loss Leaders. The newest edition has 27 complete stereo selections for your \$2, featuring all the artists just mentioned **plus some more** who are just as good, if not quite so famous (yet): Chip Taylor, Maria Muldaur, Strider, Jimmy Cliff, the JSD Band, Three Man Army, Back Door, The Section, Robin Trower, Kathy Dalton, Labat, Bedlam and Wendy Waldman.

A special feature, just in time for Christmas, is **Martin Mull's** legendary "Santa Doesn't Cop Out on Dope," which you can't get anywhere else for love nor money. Plus great moments by such silver screen favorites as **Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Liz and Richard, and Bugs Bunny.**

All yours for \$2, and you get a brimful of pictures and stories of the stars and stars-to-be as well. The only hitch: you have to get it direct from Burbank, a feat made relatively simple by the US Postal Service.

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In tribute to the picture people, by the way, Warner Bros. Records has revived a favorite slogan from the early days of sound films, and given it a new twist to form the title of this new sampler:

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The answer, according to a gentleman in the Washington, D.C. Unemployment Bureau who prefers to remain nameless, is that Mr. Nixon would be disqualified for 10 weeks

but then, for 24 weeks, he could collect \$110 a week.

But the real question is, who would have the audacity to ask that question in the first place?

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as a potential candidate for unemployment. Or Texan Larry L. King's inside look at Texan John Connally: "Connally didn't smoke but he carried a cigarette lighter. He'd offer a light only to somebody who was very, very rich."

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WIDE WIDE WORLD OF WAR



How I Spent My Summer

by Eddie Subitzky

I'm really glad for this chance to be able to tell you what happened to me over the summer, because I did some really great things you'll be interested in. For the first part of the summer, I didn't do much. I just stayed around the house and looked out the window from my favorite chair. But then one night, my friend and I got together and before we knew it we found ourselves saying, "Hey, why don't we go on a cross-country trip!" It all happened just like that, as spur-of-the-moment as can be. The next day we were off and packing and, let me tell you, neither of us had any idea of the kinds of adventures that were waiting for us along the way! I even met this real nice girl in Yellowstone National Park and my friend and I went to this burlesque show in Arizona, with a live woman on the stage who took off her things. But I'll tell you about that later, when I come to it.

The first thing we did was to rent a car, a really nifty brand-new Chevrolet with air-conditioning and a radio, and let me tell you, we felt proud as can be just to be seen driving in something like that. We piled our suitcases on the back seat, although some of them had to go in the trunk, and we were on our way! My friend is good with maps and things, and he plotted us a route that took us almost straight West.

We could actually see Chicago from Interstate 97, which is one of the greatest roads I've ever been on in my life. It was straight and long and there was plenty of room for lots and lots of cars. And they kept it really clean, with no trash or candy wrappers on the shoulders. If you ever want to try a really great road, I can't recommend it too highly. I should be honest with you and tell you I'm not exactly sure it was Interstate 97. It might have been Interstate 87 or even 77, but I am sure it had a 7 in it.

Anyway, from this road, you could really see Chicago from the distance,

and they have some super tall buildings there. I could even see the Sears building, which is world-famous. Like a tall gaping needle, it rose from the pristine stillness of the plains and dared to stab the heavens with its bold insistence. It took me a good while to think that up, but those are the best words I found yet for describing the Sears building to people who haven't gone across country like I have.

The next day was pretty uneventful. We just drove. We also ate at a Howard Johnson's and we stopped for gas. Once I had to go to the men's room, so we had to pull into a gas station when we didn't need gas. I went right up to the owner and said, "Sir, I'm from out of state and I thought perhaps you might not mind if I used your men's room for a moment." "Sure!" he replied with a big, friendly grin and he pointed me to this little room in the back. It turned out to be kind of greasy and they didn't have any toilet paper, so I had to use some old newspaper that was lying on the floor. It's too bad, because it was a local newspaper with lots of interesting news about the area, and I would have liked to bring it back as a souvenir.

As we got further West, the scenery really began to change. In one spot, there were these big purple cliffs all over the place. I took lots of pictures of them and all the other things I saw, but it turned out I'd forgotten to put a fresh battery in my camera, so none of the pictures came out. So I've done a bunch of little drawings instead. My Aunt Maggie says I draw real good, and that some of my drawings look even better than the real thing. She should know, because she and my uncle once went on a cross-country trip, too. Of course, that was when he was still alive, but the truth is I never liked him very much, although I know it's not very nice to say that kind of thing about a dead person. Anyway, here's one of me standing beside the



After we finished with the funny cliffs, my friend and I stopped in this little town for dinner. I don't remember its exact name, but if you ever want to go there too, it began with an A and it was somewhere near Wisconsin. We had some steak, and it was easily the best steak I ever had, because that's real steak country around there. I ordered mine well done, but my friend likes his rare. We didn't argue about it, though, because each of us believes in live-and-let-live. In fact, for the most part we got along pretty good, even though we did have one big fight near the end of the trip. I'll tell you about it later, when I come to it.

After we finished eating, I happened to notice this really keen game room right next door to the restaurant. I think they called it Playland. They had some of the best pinball machines I'd ever seen, and I was just about to get my first free game when all of a sudden this local kid comes up to me. "Hey," he says, "bet you a quarter for highest score." Those might not be his exact words, but they're as close as I can remember. I said okay, then we began to play. Some of his friends came around to watch and my friend watched, too. I won by a lot of points and he even said I was one of the best pinball players he'd ever come across but that he accidentally forgot to bring his quarters. He had a lot of

BOWTIE PINUPS



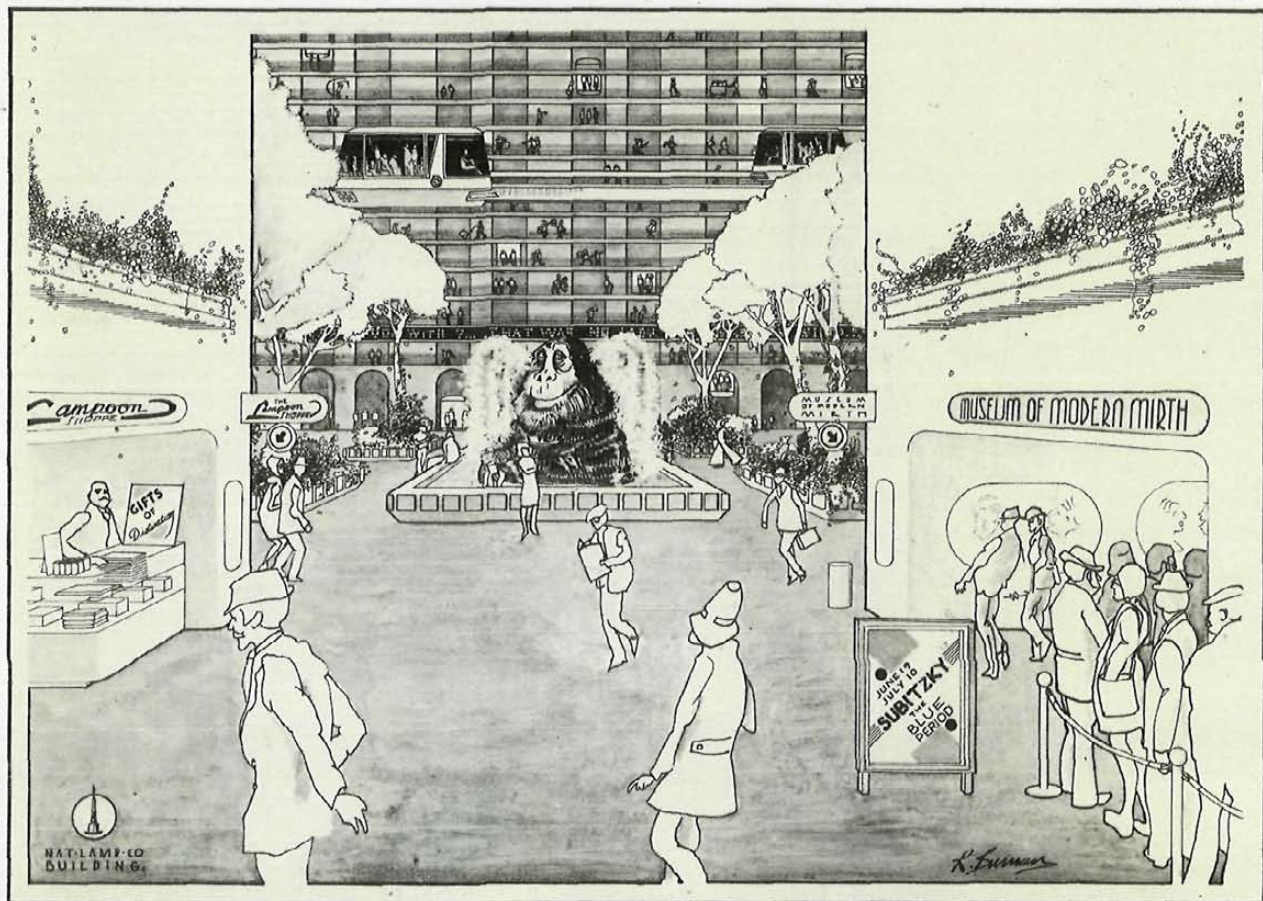
The National Lampoon Building

Raising Laughter to New Heights

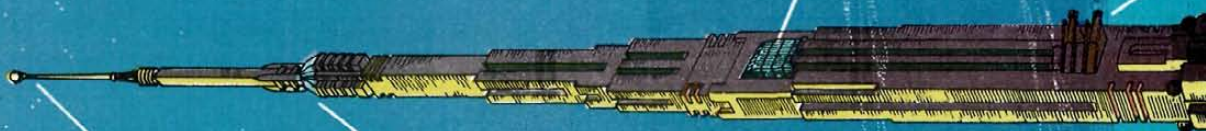
Chroniclers of the earth's manmade monuments of mirth have heretofore counted seven wonders of the world of humor—the Maginot Line, the St. Lawrence Seaway, The Gaza Strip, the United Nations, Ottawa, Philadelphia, and Poland—but soon there will be an eighth. For even now, in the time it takes you to read this sentence (assuming you are reading this sentence between 8:30 and 4:30 on a weekday) yet another huge beam of rugged steel made in one of the many enterprising countries once occupied by the good old U.S.A., is being set into place on the skeleton of the new world headquarters building of the National Lampoon, Inc. Still only sixty-five percent complete with 835 of its eventual 1071 stories in place at press time, the gigantic building is already the world's tallest structure. As a measure of its staggering size, the behemoth is already the major sight on the skyline of five east coast cities—and has been condemned as a major eyesore in four of them. When completed, the vast stratoscraper will, thanks to its powerful beacons, be the brightest object in the sky in every city east of Shreveport, Indiana, and is expected to interfere with the migratory patterns of 981 of the 1060 known species of

North American birds. The story of this remarkable structure is so full of superlatives that the publishers of the *Guinness Book of World Records* are contemplating issuing a special supplement to accommodate the new marks it has set: For example, clearance of the 105 block site required the eviction of more people than the foundation of the State of Israel; there have been more building code violations (1,545) and more money has been paid to building inspectors (\$850,000) than ever before in New York City history; enough substandard materials have been used in the course of construction to build a South American slum capable of housing 700,000 people; four airline mishaps resulting in fifty-five fatalities have already been credited to the tower's immense bulk; its electromagnetic "shadow" has caused more interference with television, radio, and microwave broadcasts than the largest recorded sunspot cycle; and drawing on all the materials used in the wiring, plumbing, and internal fixtures of the building, it would be possible to give every man, woman, and child on earth their choice of a Lady Speidel twistoflex watchband or a sunbeam toaster.

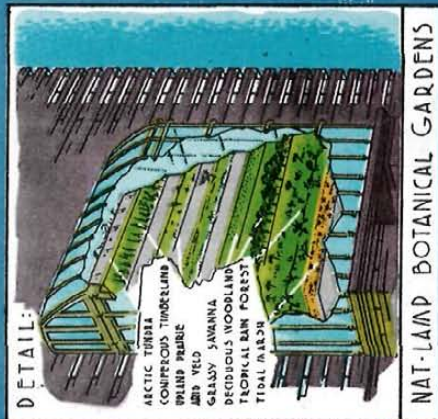
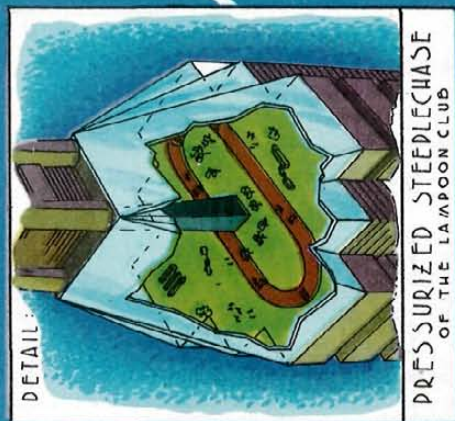
Illustrations by Alan Rose



Architect's rendering: Lobby of the NatLampCo Building, Entrance From North Plaza



LAMPOON BEACON



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NATLAMAPCO BLDG.

GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZO

SEIFEL TOWER

EMPIRE STATE

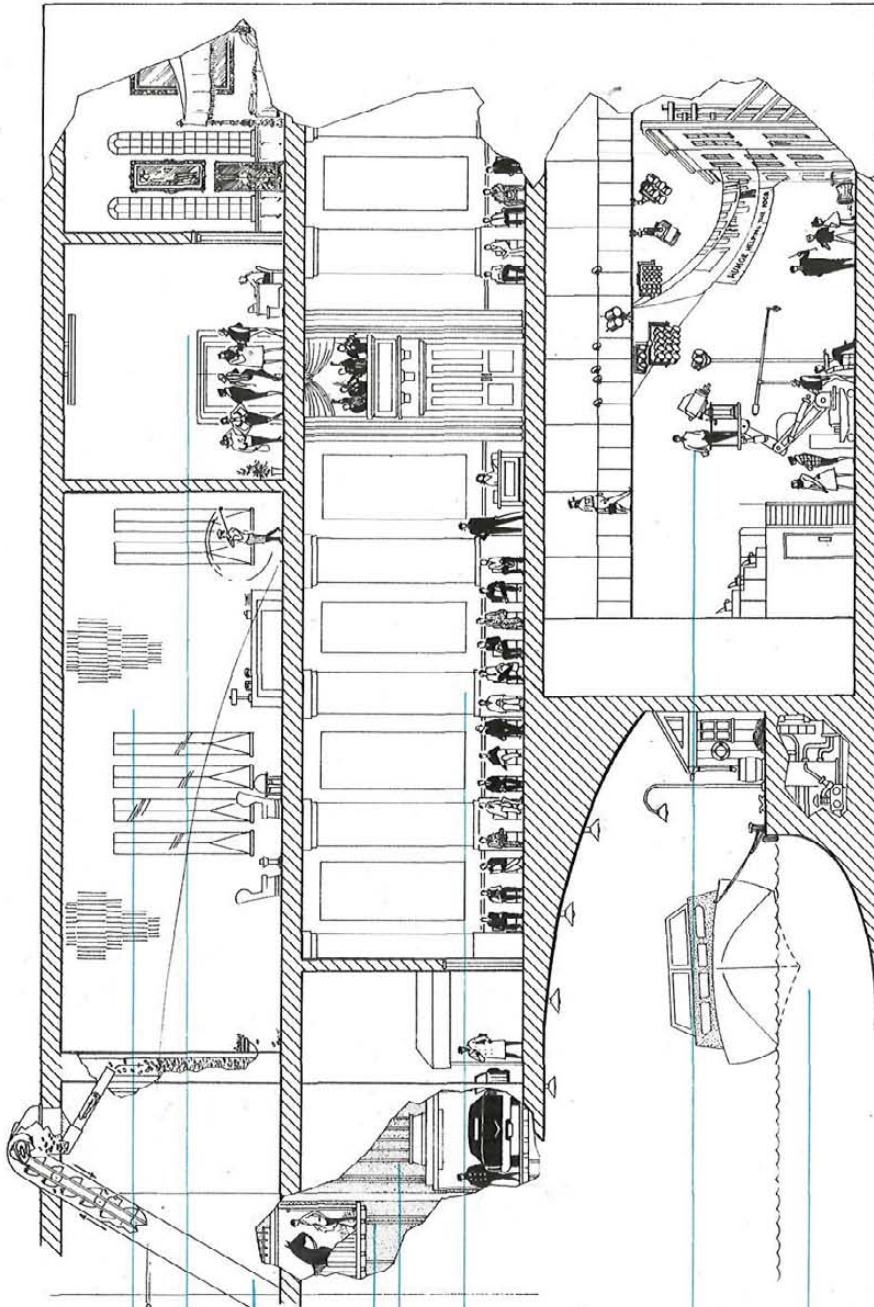
RELATIVE SIZE

LAMPOON CLUB PRIVATE
 "CINEMA CONDUIT-EN"

ORIGINAL NATIONAL LAMPOON BUILDING
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 XXIST CENTURY CONSTRUCTION @.INC : CONTRACTORS
 COMPLETION DATE : MAY, 1974



Editorial Offices
(Floors 980
thru 1008)

Assistant Editor's Office

Foto Furnies Casting Office

Money Conveyer from Vault

Private Elevators

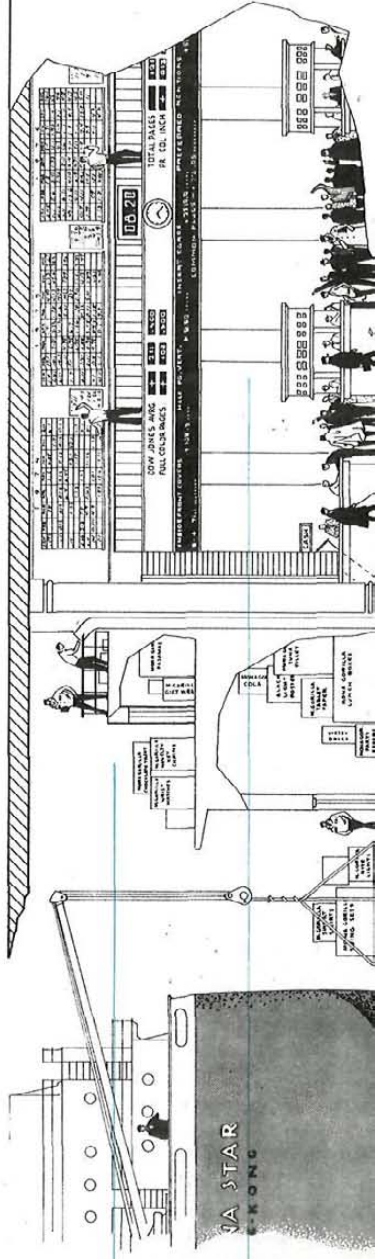
Elevator Shafts

Reception Area

Public Relations Office

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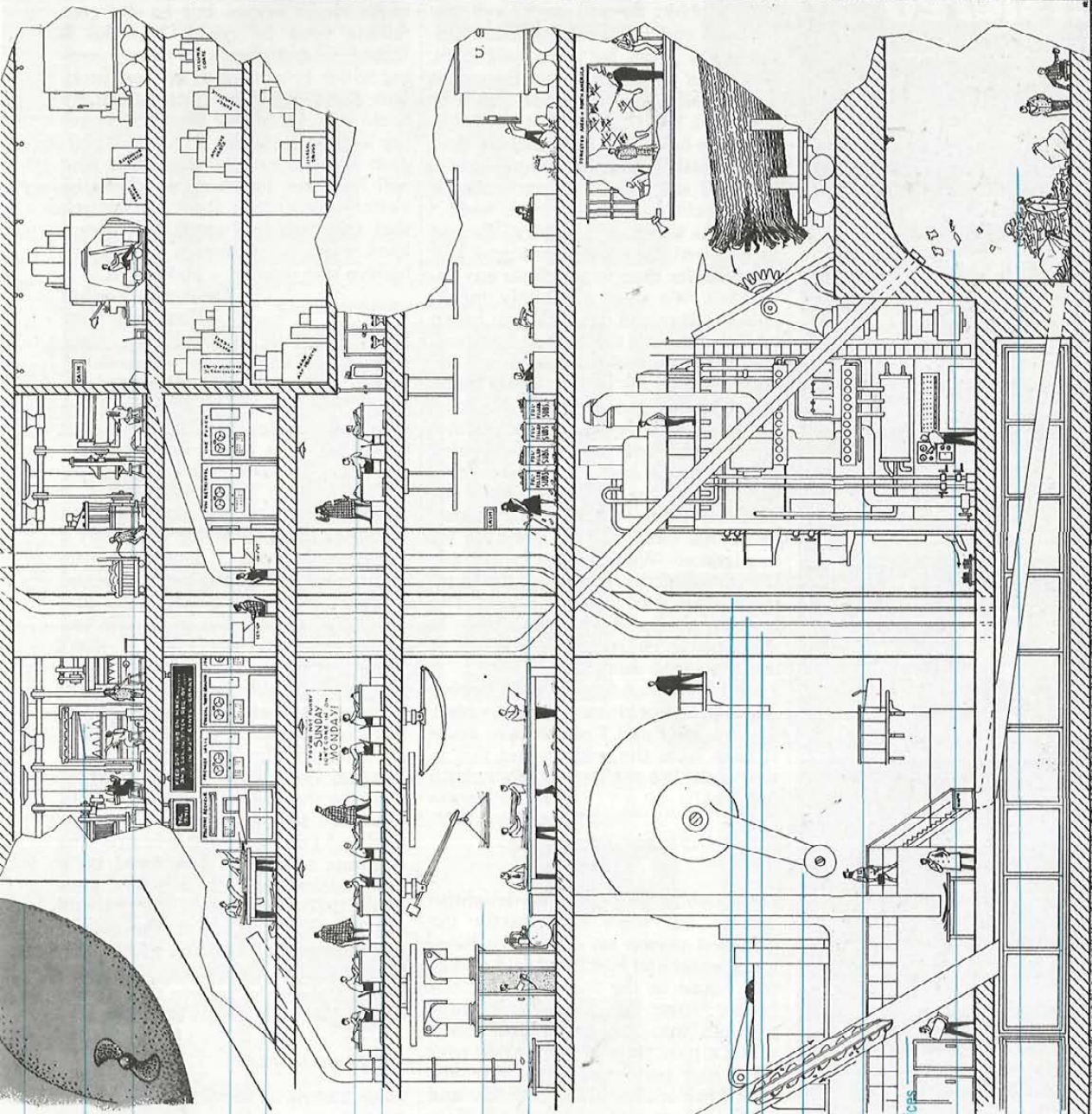
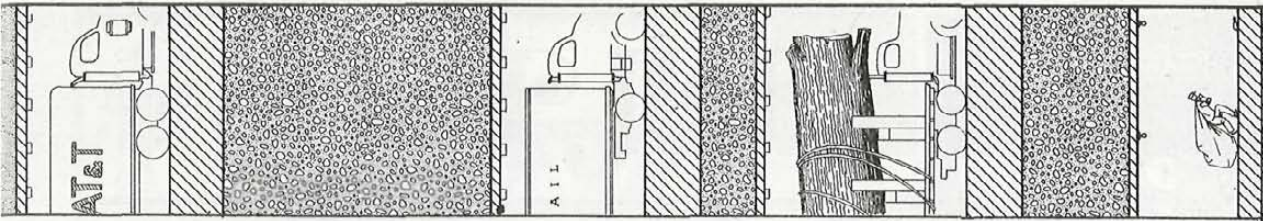
Indoor Sea



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and Production
Facilities
(Floor I thru 10th
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Container Port

NatLamp Ad Exchange



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EMPIRE

Tell Debby

Dear Debby: Several weeks ago, my husband and I attended a lovely dinner party given by some neighbors. We had a wonderful time. But when we arrived home, we found much to our shock and disgust, that our beautiful new home had been robbed. Several valuable paintings were stolen, our wall safe was open and missing were stocks and quite a large sum of money as well as my jewelry. We had just moved into the house and had not had the time to purchase any insurance. We were absolutely miserable for days and days. But we began to pull ourselves together and we realized we possessed the health and energy to earn all of our losses back. That's when the real horrible part happened. We receive a subpoena and notification that we are being sued for the house and all of the money we have in the bank. It seems the burglar, while robbing our house, broke his wrist and is suing us for negligence. We checked with our lawyers, and they inform us the burglar has an open and shut case. The burglar, by the way, doesn't have to show up in court and is allowed to use the name John Doe.

I can't understand any of this, Debby. My entire world has just crumbled. My husband and I might have made it back from the robbery but this is too much! We can't go on. We're both just sick!

Mrs. A. Reese
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

How terribly sad for you both.

Dear Debby: My wife is a delightful woman but she's not exactly the brightest person on earth. She hired a carpenter and had him build a huge tree house in the woods behind our house. Then she moved our three children into the tree house. She's taken a part time job and turns over all of her earnings to the kids who spend the entire thing on candy and toys. Whenever the truant officer comes around (they've since dropped out of grammar school) the children get her to lie to him. I am very upset. I think they have her in their power.

A worried Father
Davenport, Iowa

Oh, how awful.

Dear Debby: Recently the courts have locked up my ex-husband for non-child support. My ex did not

make much money but he did contribute what he could. Now he is locked up and there's no money coming which brings me to my real problem. I'm about to be evicted from my home and all of my furniture is going to be taken away. I have two children and no one in the world who will help me. I've been to all of the welfare offices but they all tell me that they can't do anything. I don't know what I'm going to do. I can't believe this crap!

A Desperate Mother
New York City

Don't you ever use that ugly word when you "Tell Debby" something! Debby does not like vulgar expressions. None the less, I do sympathize with your unpleasant situation but it never has been, nor will it ever be, an excuse for using coarse language.

Dear Debby: I am just heart-sick. My youngest son had a dog. It wasn't a championship dog, I doubt if it even had papers. It had big floppy ears and a black patch over its right eye and a tail that always had a friendly wag for anyone who was near. I don't think if it was ever entered into competition it would win any prizes. But it did win something. Something awfully important. It won the heart of a little boy—the biggest prize of all. My son, Todd, loved that dog, Debby, and now the dog is no longer with us. I haven't told my son how the dog died and I don't think I ever will. The dog was murdered. Murdered by a cruel, vicious, sick old lady who lives down the street. When the vet told me, I couldn't believe it. She fed the dog hamburger meat that had ground up light bulbs in it.

I find it hard to believe that people can be that evil. An Upset Mother
Lincoln, Neb.

That's quite tragic.

Dear Debby: Can you help me? I don't know who I can turn to. I'm at my wits' end. It all began three weeks ago when I came home from work and noticed that our son wasn't anywhere around. He usually meets me at the door. I didn't think much of it then. My wife said he was up in his room or something. I let it pass. But I notice that my wife is acting really odd. Almost the way she acts when she dents the car or buys something too expensive. That's really the first

continued on page 80

BLACK-LIGHT POSTER SPECTACULAR

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from
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These eight posters are original renderings by Howard Bernstein, West Coast artist and free spirit, and are reproduced in an unusual color-dot technique that makes them visually stimulating in ordinary as well as black light.



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1507 VEHICLE
34x24 Color \$2.00



1288 OSIRIS
36x36 Color \$4.00

INTERPLANETARY takes pride in being the first to offer these spectacular poster-prints by José and Miriam Argüelles. From the book *Mandala*, published by Shambhala Publications. Each interprets the male or female identity as seen by the artist of the opposite sex. Four feet high! \$3.00 each.



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25x26 Color \$2.00



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+ 1266 THE ROAD
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The six surrounding poster-prints are from original paintings by Bill Martin. Mr. Martin is a San Francisco artist and is widely known for his fantastic imaginary landscapes meticulously painted with exquisite detail and color.



1285 STORM
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+ 1281
CANYON
35x35
Color
\$4.00



+ 1267
GARDEN
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Color
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1286 ROCK
24 1/2 x 24 1/2 Color \$2.00



1298 ICEBERG
25x25 Color \$2.50



2735 FRENCH STEEPPORT 17, GERMAN HALBERSTADTS
48x34 Color \$5.00



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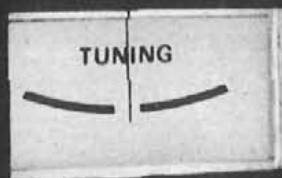
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The complete guide to AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS!



910 Fantastic Places to Pick Up Girls!

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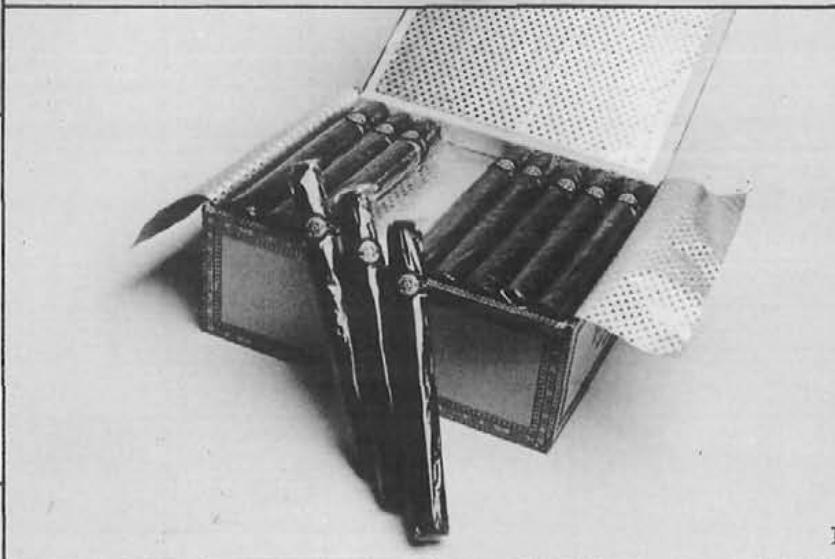
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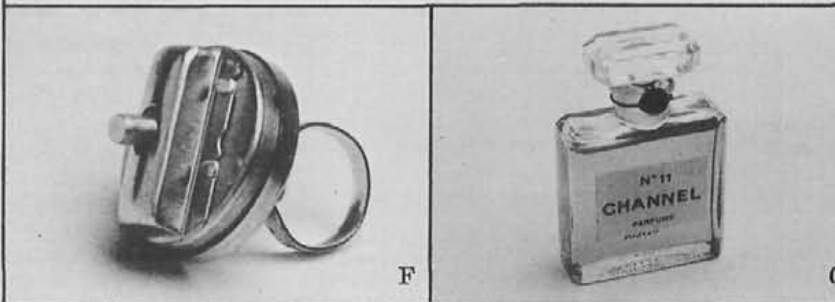
C



E



D



F



C

photographs by Vince Aicosa

Practical Jokes for the Rich

by Henry Beard

You can give champagne to your real friends, and a real pain to your sham friends with this handmade Waterford cut crystal dribbling goblet (A), set of six, \$75.00; your guests will look like they walked into the French windows after they take a couple of snapshots with this Hasselblad 500C camera (B) with special eye-blackening viewfinder, \$1250.00; that pet-ticular hostess will really clip her coupons when she finds this incredibly realistic hand-painted Limoges imitation Afghan doo-doo (C) on her prize Aubusson carpet (also available in Whippet, Irish Wolfhound, and Weimaraner), \$225.00; something "fishy" about this 6 oz. jar of Beluga caviar? (D) you bet—it's been liberally peppered with enough of the finest Celebes Island white peppercorns, to put those greedy *hors d'oeuvres* gobblers *hors de combat*, one doz. jars, \$85.00; a woman's only a woman; but an exploding Dunhill Shakespeare Panatella (E) is a joke!, box of 50, \$125.00; a neat way to make those pushy climbers wish they hadn't RSVP'd



H



I



L



J



K



M

is to greet their "Pleased to meet you" with a firm handshake and this sterling silver 11-jewel hand buzzer (F) made by Girard Pirrajoux of Lucerne, Switzerland, \$900.00; want to cause a furor in the foyer? Try a little of this "odor cologne" (G)—from Chanel, the people who know more about scent than anyone in the world. Available in Essence de Mal de Mer, L'Heure Brun, Calcutta, and Je ne reviens jamais, \$75.00 an ounce; perhaps M'sieur will direct his unpleasant attentions elsewhere after M'lle has irrigated his unlovely map with a good slosh of toilet water from her exquisite Cartier squirting diamond brooch (H), \$4,500.00; they'll wish they were dead—and they will be, socially—when they sit on this beautiful crushed velvet poo-poo cushion (I) and the after-dinner conversation is shattered with an eructorial trumpet blast, \$150.00; watch with restrained amusement as they try to finish their Wild Turkey and soda after spotting this flawlessly crafted Steuben crystal phony ice cube (J) with incredibly realistic hand-tied bluebottle fly inside, \$800.00; like to put a little life into that dull-as-dust dinner party? Slip one of these genuine human severed fingers (K)—each one from the hand of a Peruvian peasant and perfectly preserved and disinfected—into the aspic or the *salade nicoise*, \$450.00 each; have some fun at your next *thé dansant* with this breakaway Chippendale chair (L)—rear leg is cunningly hinged, \$1,100.00; test the mettle of your social circle as the miniaturized Wollensak tape recorder (M) hidden in this handsome Ming vase starts to play and guests hear, "Help, I'm trapped in this vase. Please, someone, break it and let me out," \$8,500.00.

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Humor's Official Teen Fan Mag

CONTEST!!!

YOU CAN HAVE SEAN KELLY'S NEXT BABY



DOUGIE AND P.J.— FUN FUX

PIX & FAX

BRUCE MCCALL PLEADS: STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE BEFORE I SPLIT MY TRUSS

P
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CANDID PIX OF ED SUBITZKY— MAKE HIM BUY THEM BACK

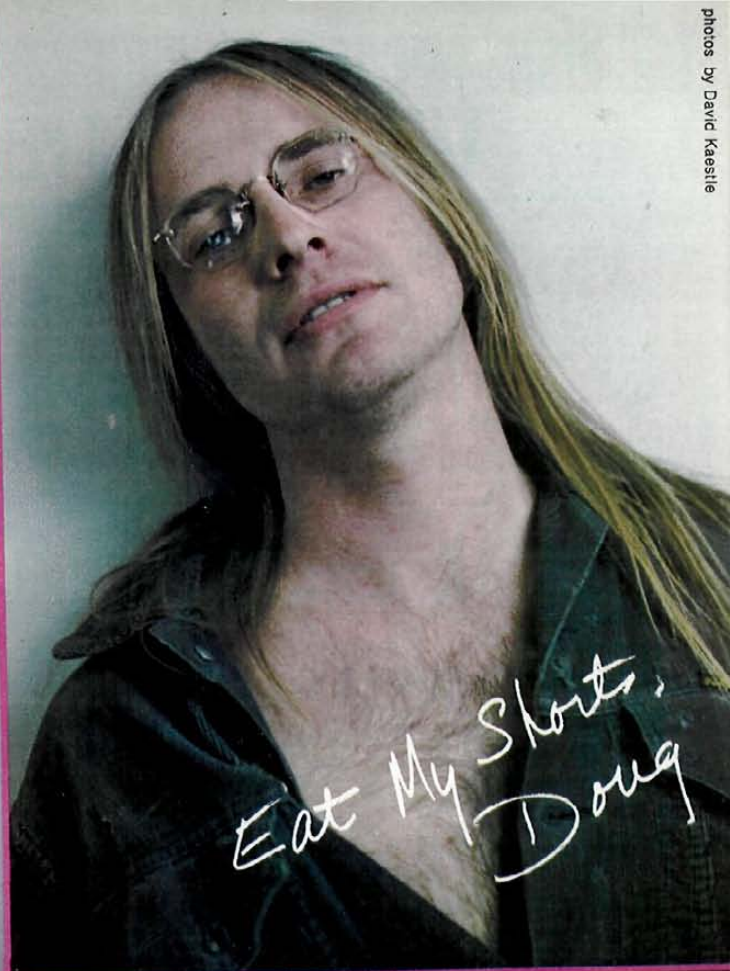
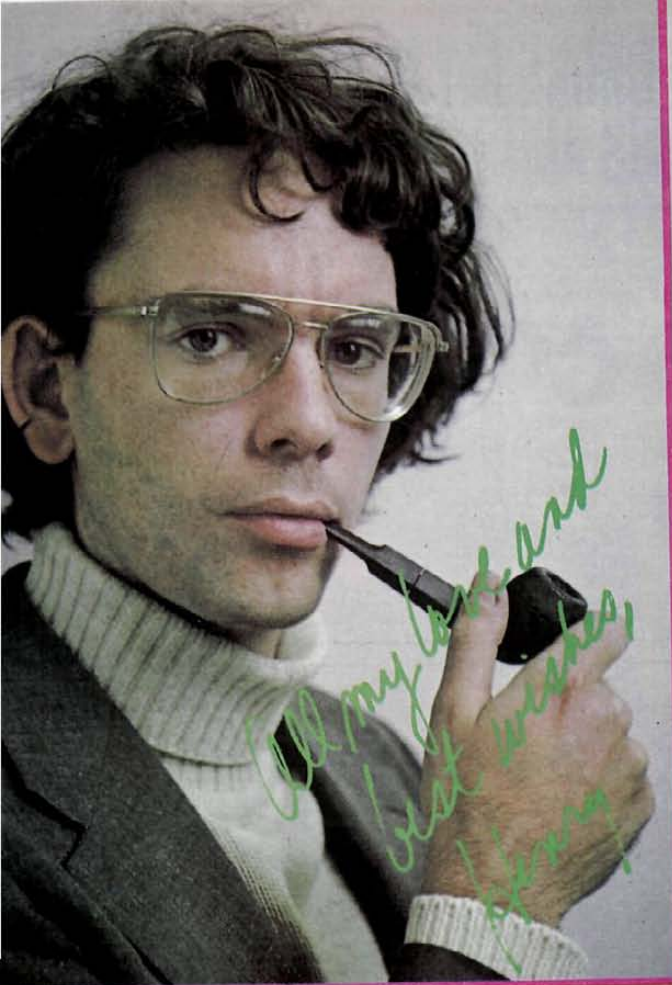
GERRY SUSSMAN— ARE YOU SHORT ENOUGH TO LOVE HIM?

WHERE TO KISS CHRIS MILLER

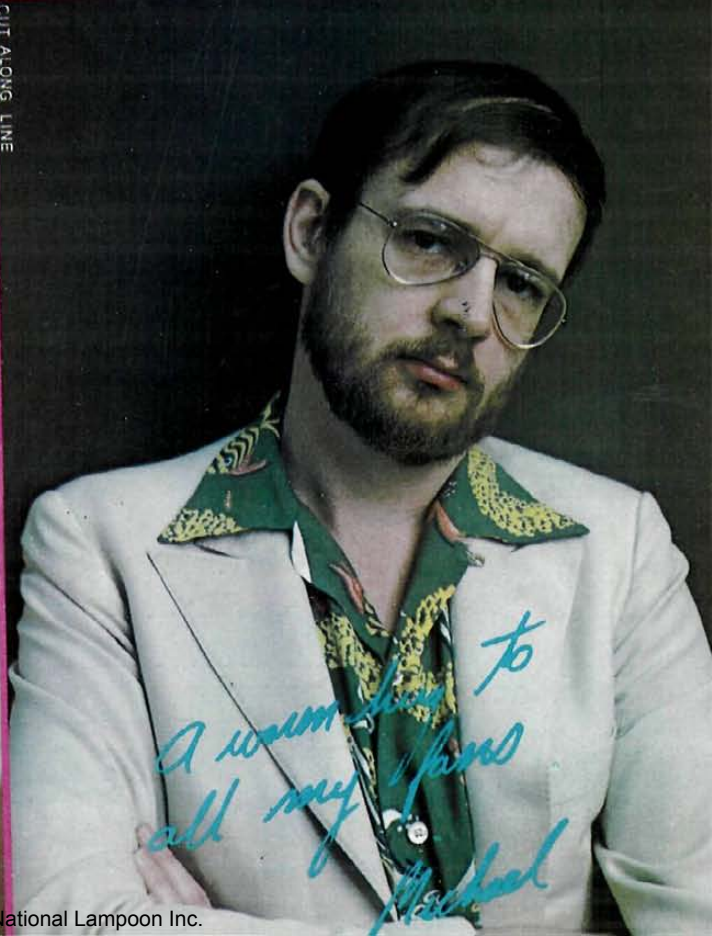
MIKE GROSS: "I WAS A MAN TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF A FISH"

Olde Fartie Jokes

BOY & GUNX



CUT ALONG LINE



Poonbeat

Humor's Official Teen Fan Mag

VOL. 15

Dec. '73

NO. 5

75¢

DOUG KENNEY, Editor-In-Chief
 P. J. O'ROURKE, Tantrum Editor
 BRIAN MCCONNACHIE, Open Marriage Editor
 TIM MAYER, Associate Vendetta Editor
 LANI BERGSTEIN, Executive Megalomania Editor
 ANNE BEATTS, Deep-Seated Insecurity and Chronic
 Impotence Complicated by Latent Homosexuality Editor



Find out who isn't talking to me this week! See page 141, 142, 143, 144 and 145!



Which editor's girl friend pisses me off most? Page 180!



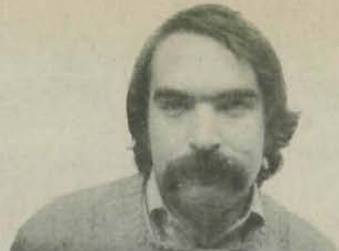
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Why I dress like a midget! Page 133!



Why I dress like a sissy! See page 118!



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HARDLY ANY JEWS

'Poonbeat, Volume 15, Number 5, December 1973 is published monthly by 'Poonbeat Publications, Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary of the *National Lamoon* which, with a circulation of over one million, actually had the nerve to fill an entire issue with crap about the emotional retards and hack writers who make up its editorial staff and then slapped a slick-o cover on the thing so that people who are stupid enough to have to buy their jokes would cough up the 75¢. But the *NatLamp* editors had fun doing the self-indulgence issue. Right? Bullshit! Grown fucking men screaming and yelling and threatening to kill each other over who goes on the asshole cover of goddamned Poonbeat, for Christ's sake. And that's not the half of it. Bunch of cunt-faced mother-fucking dick wipes. . . . If you twinks out there had any idea of what we have to put up with every single fucking day. . . . Fuck them. Fuck you too. Eat it, blow me, g'wan, get outta here.



Send your letters to:

Poon Talk c/o POONBEAT MAGAZINE
Round File
7883 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

HANK HANK, HOORAY

I think that cute Henry Beard is really cool. But that Michael O'Donoghue. Didn't even answer my letters And it still hurts down there. He stinks.

Dita, fan 4-ever
Encino, Calif.

CHICKEN CHOQUETTE

How come we don't see anything

about Michel Choquette any more? Also, if you *do* see him, tell him that insulting detective from the collection service took his hifi. Keep warm.

Worried Mére
Sasпитoon, Canada

SHE SEES GERMANY

I fell in love with Bruce McCall the first time I ever read that he doesn't even wear underpants. Could you tell me how old he is and where I can write to him? I have something neat for him. (Hint: it's pink, warm and totally hairless.)

Shirley Twinkletwat
Juvenile Wing
Ossining State Prison
Ossining, N.Y.

Dear Shirley,

Bruce is 16 years away from Social Security and still can't make business without the sound of rushing water. (His big sister finally got tired of having to pick up the phone and say tinkletinkle-tinkle at all hours and had a cartridge made for his tapedeck.) You can usually reach him at: Ramon Del Monte's Academy of Dance.

1198 Raymond St.
Buffalo, N.Y.
(Ask for Bubbles)

We'll see he gets your letter and, Post Office willing, the 8 x 10 blow-ups of your hint.



SHRIMP COCKTAIL

That sawed-off little Canadian gnome Sean Kelly really hots up my rails. Real wide-on, no kidding. And those 8000-line parodies of "The Gypsy Scholar" except that it's actually written by Crazy Kat if he were a 21st-century Royalist homo. Real laff riot. Anyway, I wrote this poem for him while waiting for my methadone-on-a-stick at the Teen Center.

That day I met you in the bus station I really fell,

And that autograph you gave me after was really swell;
I melted like a Popsickle in the warmth of your gaze,
And grokked your incredible vocabulary and suave Loyola ways;

I really want to see you— if only in my dreams,

And so will my big brother when he gets out of the Marines.

Peace & Luv,
Debbie Nicklenipples
Des Moines, Iowa

HUMOR RUMORS

RUMOR . . . P.J. O'ROURKE HATES WOMEN! Some gals are spreading the word that P.J. has a grudge against the entire feminine sex. They say his initials stand for "Pretty Jive." Are they just discontented dips who couldn't get a date with the popular punster . . . and are suffering from an attack of "sour grapes" . . . or are they telling the truth? **FACT . . .** Your freckled face says it's not so. Actually, he likes women very much. He's just waiting for the right one to come along, so that he can teach her to sit, fetch, beg, roll over, and play dead . . .



RUMOR . . . TONY HENDRA IS LOSING ALL HIS FRIENDS! People are talking about the fact that this super-groovy Britisher seems to lose his friends soon after he makes them . . . a fact which brings tears to his eye. Is it true that terrific Tony's a failure at Anglo-American relations? **FACT . . .** Tony has nothing against his old friends . . . he just finds it more stimulating to keep on meeting new people.

Besides, if he gets lonely he can always call on chums Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, Spike Milligan, Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Anthony Newley, John Lennon, and all the crew at Monty Python's Flying Circus, compatriots with whom Tony once shared a lot in common, including the same Queen, climate, and long-distance area code (01).



RUMOR . . . MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE IS THINKING ABOUT A HAIR TRANSPLANT! It's no news to anyone in Humorville that suave, sophisticated jokesmith Michael O'D, is getting a little "thin on top" . . . a frequent problem for funnymen, who are constantly tearing their hair out trying to think up new gags. Is mod MOD going to do anything about it? **FACT . . .** Definitely not, Michael says. He likes his new look. "If men like Aristotle Onassis, Otto Preminger, and Yul Brynner can go bald without los-

ing their sex appeal," he asks, "why shouldn't I?" Meanwhile, the imperturbable Irishman plans to let the hairs fall where they may . . .



RUMOR . . . ANNE BEATTS WANTS TO EDIT ANOTHER ISSUE OF THE LAMPOON. Anne's razor wit and expert editorial eye (which gave us the fab May '72 MEN'S ISSUE) is about to turn once again to grace the pages of the nation's numero uno mirth mag. The adorable Ms. B., in spite of her harried schedule has even hinted she'd be willing to tackle a most difficult (but her favorite) topic: Forest Fires—and the little animals that can't escape. **FACT . . .** Nothing could be further from the truth. Anne couldn't possibly squeeze one more project into her already jammed days. And why should she? Between writing fiction for *The New Ingenue* and negotiating doing a piece for *Viva*, Anne can't spread herself thinner and expect to deliver the full force of her talent . . . sorry, fellas.

CAN YOU LOVE THE NEW HENRY BEARD?



HENRY 1970
 America's Humor Heart-
 Throb and a Beloved Phi-
 lanthropist. "Golly, if
 Lampton becomes a popu-
 lar best-selling magazine, I
 will donate a horse trough
 to my native village of Cos
 Cob."



HENRY 1973
 A Disillusioned Cynic!
 "Sure, I get a lot of credit
 because of the 'Poon's suc-
 cess but with today's Prime
 Rate who wants it?"



**IS HENRY A FUGITIVE
 FROM HIS FANS?** Here
 H.B. autographs a check
 for one of the many IRS
 followers of his career. But
 was his heart really in it?



**WILL FAME MAKE THIS
 RAKISH REPUBLICAN A
 DOYEN OF FASHION?**
 Hank exclaims, "You
 know, I guess I just never
 used to be into clothes but
 now—two, three, even four
 boring woolen suits cut like
 a sock... I just can't get
 enough of them!"

TOO MUCH COME TOO SOON? That's What Some Girls He's Gone Out With Claim But Has He Really Changed?

"Not that filthy turtleneck sweater, that's for sure!" say all his old friends. Still, Henry is the first to admit that success has changed his life. "You know," he muses, "I used to think that the dollar was the most important thing in the world. But, now, I try to take a Franc out-look on life. And I try to have an interest in everything. For instance, my hobby is banks. Banks hold a lot of interest for me. I picked that up from my parents. My parents put a lot of stock into things like banks—they didn't

want to leave it all laying around the house. I mean, they didn't get a divorce, they just waited till they reached sixty-five and split two for one. But that's the kind of people my folks were—very genteel. When they fought the argument was carried on by mailed-in proxy ballot. Their marriage would have lasted forever if the Justice Department hadn't said it violated the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Of course, they weren't too upset by that. Dad always used to say

(Continued on Page 45)



It's No Joke When George Says, "Knock, Knock,"
 at the Doorway to Your Heart!

ARE YOU GEORGE SWIFT TROW'S DREAM DATE?

George Has Been Searching Everywhere—in San Juan's Latin Quarter, Tijuana's night spots, in disreputable French Orphanages and the white slave marts of Macao. Are you THE ONE he's been looking for?



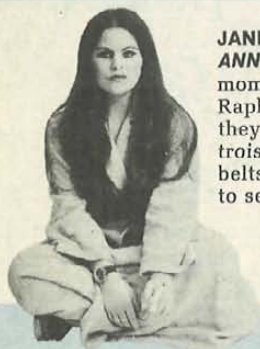
Complete the Following Sentences and Find Out!

1. My favorite food is _____ important to have plenty of _____ on hand.
2. When I want to curl up with a good book I pick _____
3. My favorite natural organic texture is _____
4. When I entertain I think it's _____

DISCOVER YOUR "SCORE WITH GEORGE" ON PAGE 51!!

LAMPOON GIRLS ADMIT: "If I Could Fuck Any Editor in the World It Would Be..."

A satirist, a pornographer, a poet... who would you fuck if you could choose? That's the question we put to six famous females and here are their revealing answers:



JANE: MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE AND ANNE BEATTS. Oh, to share a precious moment with these intoxicating post-Raphaelites. With all the zany things they do, we'd be one crazy ménage a trois. I've never been into turkeys, garter belts, or the Ritz, but then there's more to sex than organs.

SUSAN: HENRY BEARD. I think every girl dreams of going to bed with an editor, and Henry's tops. Although I can never understand what he's saying he talks so fast I know it has to be important. He may not be the most fashionable guy around, but he sure has a lot of money. I wouldn't even care if he leaves the pipe in his mouth.

OR

SEAN KELLY: Since I was a six-foot fourteen year old I knew that size in a man indicated intelligence. Napoleon, Mickey Rooney, Pope Pius... the less you have, the more you have... I like a man for his intellect. Sean's read *Finnegan's Wake* (so have I) Sean's read *Marilyn* (so have I). I just know we'd get it on great. "We all need someone we can lean on, so if you want to, baby, you can lean on me..."



JUDY: TONY HENDRA. Blond, blue-eyed and English, groovy Tony is really my cup of tea. I love the suicidal-genius type, and I always like the attention he draws when he gets rowdy in public. I know I could never gain his affection, but just one night would be a four star memory in my book. My fantasy is that someday I'll be the one in his office when he locks the door.

OR

DOUG KENNEY: He may not be the smartest guy in the world, but then Doug's the kind of guy you'd just have around as a sex object anyway. He's got a great body (better than Mark Farner's) and I don't believe any of those rumors about his hair falling out from drugs. Doug's the kind of guy who always comes back for more, so I know a night with him would certainly be enduring.



LOUISE: BRIAN McCONNACHIE. I may be old-fashioned but it was the boxer shorts through the white suit that turned me on to Brian. I love it. His authoritative wandering about the office makes him seem like an exciting bedroom partner. A bon vivant, Brian's sure to woo me into a Plaza suite bathtub.

OR

GEORGE TROW. I think you can judge a guy by his apartment and George has the most macho bachelor pad I've ever seen, especially the bath—very masculine. High style—low style—George is the only guy who would take you to the Knickerbocker Club and the Cotton Club in one night. I know he's got rhythm, 'cause he's a boss dancer, and that always pays off in the BR.

SONJA: P. J. O'ROURKE. Ever since the day I walked in on a Foto Funnies shooting I've just been flipped out on P.J. I'd always preferred a man with hair on his chest but I'm crazy and'll try anything new. What girl wouldn't want to make it with someone who looks like Ringo Starr AND Rod Stewart?



CELIA: MICHAEL GROSS AND DAVID KAESTLE. Michael and David, David and Michael—they're inseparable and what a terrific duo—David's fatherly aloofness and Michael's lascivious glances... David's suave attire and Michael's unbuttoned-shirt look. After all the artists' models they've been through, could they really be turned on by me?

CHRIS BARES ALL!

If fan mail is any indication, devoted POONBEATers vote CHRIS MILLER "most popular" among the entire POONaply of yockstars! (Be sure to pick up CHRIS' latest article "My Date With Jackoff Onassis.") Susan Jones—POONBEAT's own Brenda Starr—decided to take her tape recorder and discover the MAN behind the MYTH!



POONBEAT:—IF IT'S WORKING OR NOT. TESTING... TESTING...

CHRIS: Look doll, can't you wait until I'm out of the john at least? For Christ sakes I—

POONBEAT: THERE. THE LITTLE ROUND THINGS ARE TURNING NOW.

CHRIS: Terrific. Okay toots, shoot—but make it quick 'cause I wanna get back to those magazines. Research, y'know?

POONBEAT: I'M AFRAID I DO. NOW, I SUPPOSE THE ONE QUESTION OUR READERS

ASK MOST OFTEN IS, "ARE YOU REALLY AS SEXUALLY TWISTED AS YOUR STORIES?"

CHRIS: Beats me. Ha ha. Get it?

POONBEAT: JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION, PLEASE.

CHRIS: Gee, how should I know? I only write 'em... that cheap bastard Simmons doesn't pay me to read 'em too! Who does he think he is, *Careers Today* or something?

POONBEAT: HMMM, NOW WHERE WAS I?

CHRIS: Why are you wearing that fake nose?

POONBEAT: OH THIS? I'M NOT REALLY SURE, BUT MR. BEARD SAYS IT HELPS KEEP OUR REAL ONES TO THE GRINDSTONE OR SOMETHING. ALL THE GIRLS HAVE TO WEAR THEM DURING BUSINESS HOURS.

CHRIS: Well, get rid of it anyway. Gives me the willies.

POONBEAT: WELL, OKAY, IF YOU INSIST. NOW, IS IT TRUE YOU ARE DEEPLY RELIGIOUS?

CHRIS: Dig it, I'm a devout Rotarian. That Baba Gin Rummy guy's really tops, too—he's that 15-year-old Perfect Masterbator, right? Someday I'm gonna give him all of Simmons' money—oh wow!

POONBEAT: WHAT?

CHRIS: You really look *different* with that false beak off! I mean...

POONBEAT: PLEASE MR. MILLER, THIS IS AN INTERVIEW... OUCH!

CHRIS: ... why Miss Jones, without that rubber schnoz, you're... *beautiful!*

POONBEAT: NO! PLEASE NO! GET OFF! I MEAN IT! I'LL CALL THE PO—(CONTINUED ON PAGE 128)

MICHAEL'S SPLIT PERSONALITY!



Michael O'Donoghue—easily the most popular POONBEAT personality if fan mail is any indication—has a real problem!

Of course, on the surface he seems "just one of the gang," a little older, a little balder perhaps, but basically a warm, whimsical, twinkly-eyed Irish rogue who devotes all his spare time to his favorite charity—the Michael O'Donoghue Memorial Fun Fur Kitten Farm in Rochester, New York!

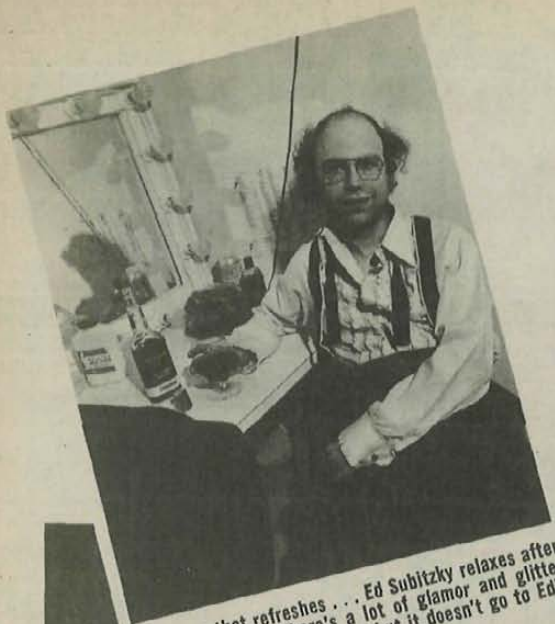
But sometimes, Michael shows ANOTHER SIDE of his "kookiness" that is even wackier! For example, when he overheard Sean making fun of his narrow shoulders and weak, characterless chin, Michael decided to play a practical joke on Sean!

Late Friday afternoon, when everybody was gone, Michael walked back

up in the service elevator and crept into Sean's office leading, of all things, a large horse! Closing the door so no one might hear, our rascally scamp raised his cane to the prankish pony and CLUBBED IT TO DEATH! He just kept HITTING and HITTING and HITTING it until the head looked like thirty pounds of Alpo!

Well, you can imagine the look on Sean's face early Monday morning when he found the horribly mangled carcass sprawled out on his rug! And Sean's face looked even funnier when he discovered that the rascally animal's extremities had s-t-i-f-f-e-n-e-d over the weekend and now couldn't be dragged through the door until Mr. Csynyswzcky, the super, came up and chopped them off with a power—

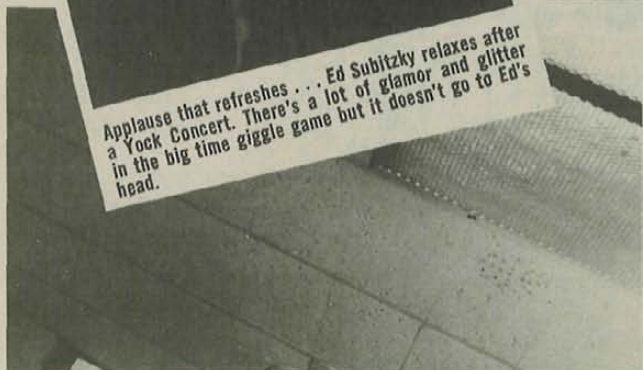




Applause that refreshes . . . Ed Subitzky relaxes after a Yock Concert. There's a lot of glamor and glitter in the big time giggle game but it doesn't go to Ed's head.



Trick or Teats! Poonbeat all-star displays the winning combination that has kept fans rolling in the men's rooms . . . issue after issue.



Where is that camera shy Chris Cerf? Well, he's not hiding up in the ceiling, that's for sure!



Feathers are flying, but it's all "in fun" as poonsters Gerry, Mike, and P.J. engage in some harmless horseplay at a recent Poonbeat sleep-over party.



Keyboard Kapers . . . that typing trio, Brian, Bruce, and Sean spell it out in no uncertain terms that you're the type they'd like to have. Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



Thursday nights are special for Henry because that's when he visits the Veteran's hospitals in the metropolitan area. "Volunteer work is it's own reward and I won't want anyone to know that I do this," Henry firmly



Is that Gerry Sussman behind those Ford Foundation Grants? You bet it is!



Is this maid in Heaven? . . . no, she's at Mike and Anne's house as they help dress her before she begins her day's chores. The maid's name, by the way is Mary.



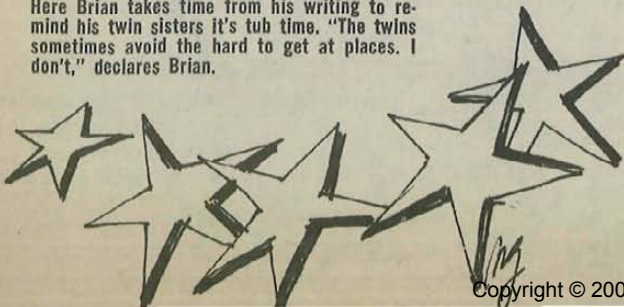
Here Brian takes time from his writing to remind his twin sisters it's tub time. "The twins sometimes avoid the hard to get at places. I don't," declares Brian.



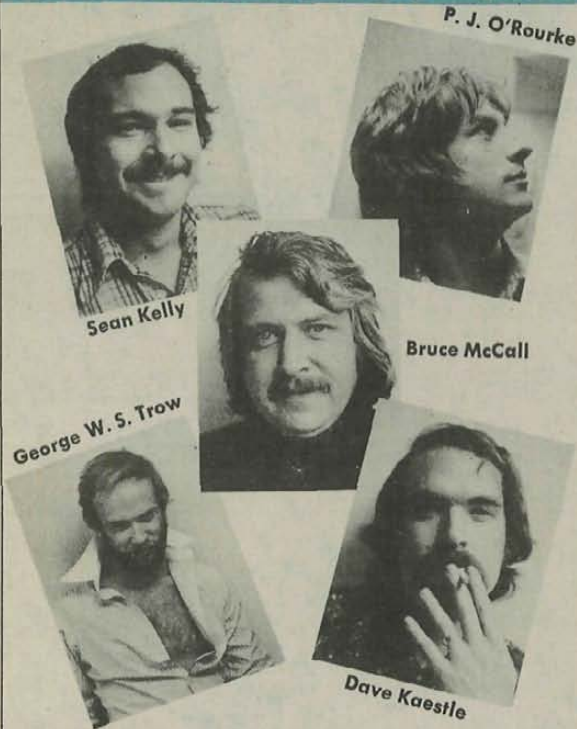
Natlampco chief execs present Doug Kenney with yet another Gold Pie Award for his fourth million-selling joke, "How can you tell if a wounded nun has crabs?"



Tony poses for our cameras with a piece of meat which he thinks is fun to do.



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Finally, an entire magazine devoted to the "English Sound"! Yes, POONBEAT's own "Bundle from Britain" is completely exposed as he zooms straight for your heart-on! PLUS OVER 200 FOTOZ of Tony's pupils after he has some of his fave nasal decongestant!

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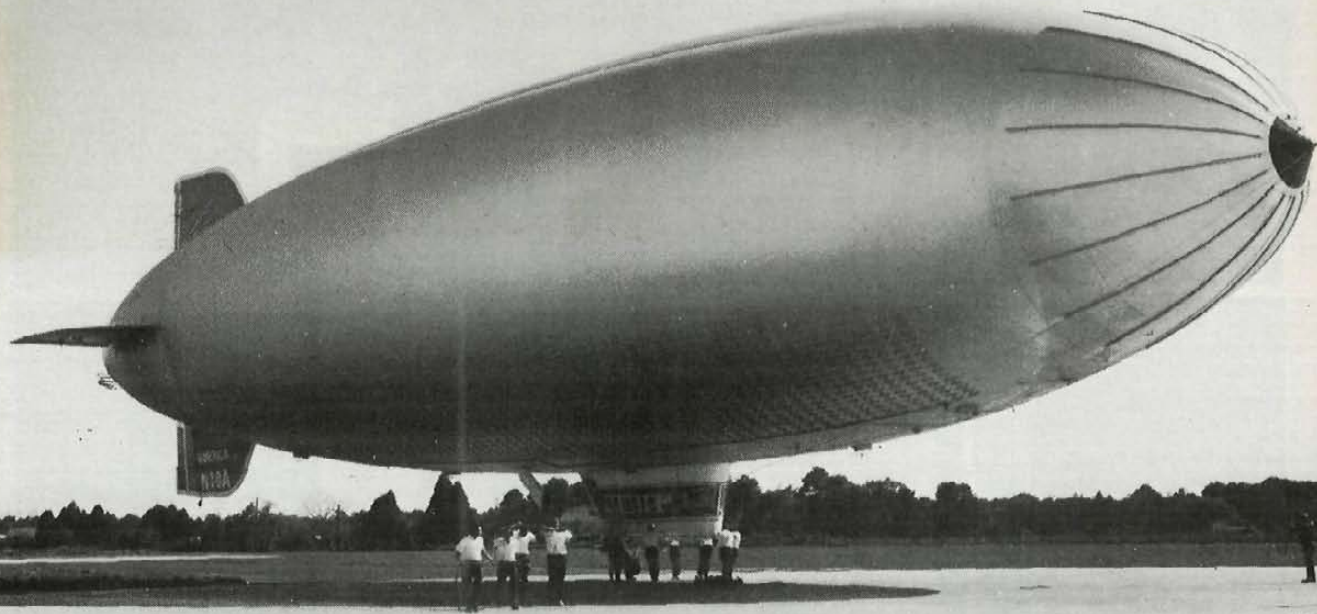
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continued from page 58

thing I noticed. Then it happened the next night and the next. The child wasn't there and my wife would tell me he was sleeping in his room then she'd cook my favorite meal and act real loving. She'd keep suggesting we get a babysitter and go out. Now when the weekends came, I told her I wanted to see our child and she'd act really surprised and nervous and then

tell me our child was visiting some friends.

It's been three weeks, Debby, since I've seen our child and I really think that there's something wrong. If I find out that something has happened to that child and that my wife is keeping it from me, I'll murder her.

Crazy With Worry
St. Petersburg, Va.

You certainly don't have things easy, do you?

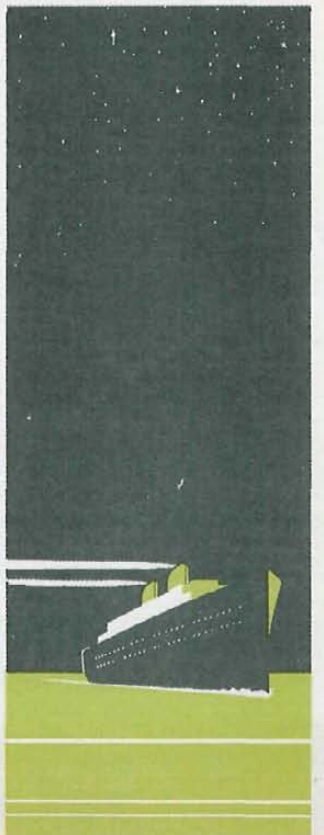
Confidential to Down 'n' Out: How very unfortunate for you. That's one of the most unpleasant situations I've ever read about.

Is something troubling you? Then don't hesitate to "Tell Debby" in care of this magazine.

UNDERWEAR for the DEAF

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

Michael Doret

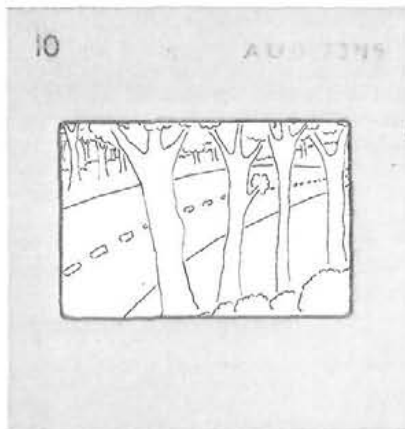


photographs by David Kaestle, graphics by Alan Rose

continued from page 51

pimples. I told him not to worry about it and asked him what the weather was like in this neck of the woods. "It can get pretty cold in the winter," he said. Then he said he would mail me the quarter and he asked me for my name and address, but when I gave it to him, I lied.

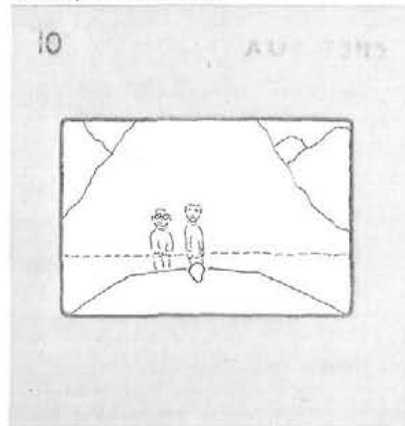
Next we got on another really interesting highway. It had a lot of trees on the side, as you can see.



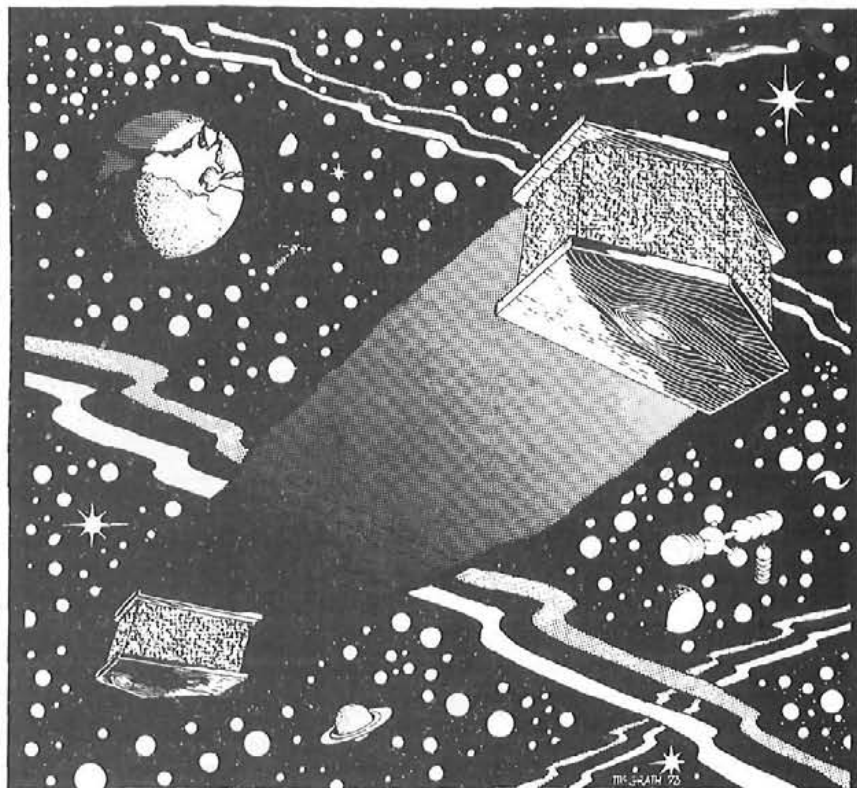
By the time we reached our exit, we could see the Rocky Mountains in the distance!

I took lots and lots of pictures in the Rockies. In fact, I think I was starting to annoy my friend because I kept making him stop the car every time the lighting changed. Boy, were those Rockies big! They were even more impressive than the whole Sears building, that's how big they were. In fact, I had to work really hard to come up with good words for the Rockies. I hope you like them. Steel-edged and mighty, rising starkly from the pristine plains, they dared, with their stony arrogance, to pierce even the highest of cloud.

Here's one of me and my friend together standing in front of one of the Rockies. If you're wondering how I took it, I put the camera on the hood of the car and used the self-timer. Most photographers neglect their self-timers, but not me!



continued



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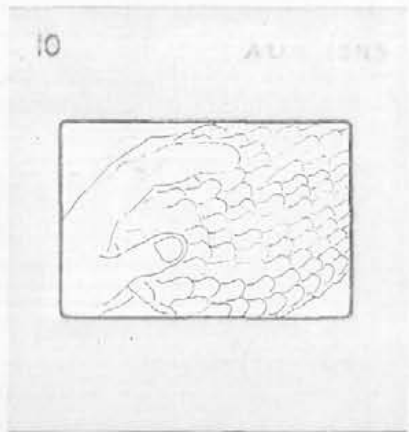
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continued

Then we left the Rockies and had to do a lot of driving to stay on schedule. By this time, though, I'd gotten really natural at asking gas station men if I could use their men's rooms. At the beginning, I was a little shy, but after a while you learn that people are just people anywhere you go. I did run into one guy in Idaho who was a little nasty, but I told him my father owned a gas station too and that I could appreciate the kinds of problems he had each day. I made it up, but it worked. I'd also gotten good at being able to tell which gas stations were clean inside. For example, say there were four or even five gas stations at an intersection. I'd give them one quick lookover and just like that tell my friend, "That one." He admitted I really amazed him sometimes.

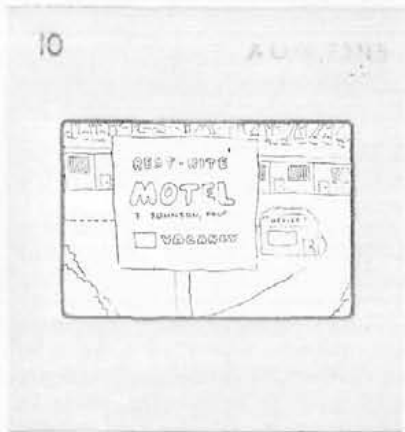
In fact, often stopping off at gas stations turned out to be very educational. It really gives you a chance to meet the local people. Some of the gas station men would have these neat girlie calendars on the walls, and then I would make a joke about how the calendars around there were even better than the scenery, and they would really laugh. I always test out my jokes that way and then, if they get a lot of laughs, I remember them and tell them later on to the same kind of person in the same kind of situation. Also, in one gas station in Minnesota, there was this old guy hanging around and he told me that the town I was in had some of the biggest pine cones in the whole world. At first I didn't believe him, but then he took me out back to see a pine tree and he stood on a chair with a broom and knocked off one of the pine cones. Sure enough, that thing was almost as big as a football! Since you didn't get to see it, you might not believe me when I tell you either, but just you take a look at this picture.



That's not trick photography you're seeing there. No sir, that pine cone was really that big! The old man even told me I could keep it to show all my friends at home how his town had the

biggest pine cones in the world. I thanked him again and again until my friend began to honk the horn and I had to excuse myself. One day, though, I accidentally ran over the big pine cone when I was backing out of a motel. But in case you ever want to visit that town and see its pine cones for yourself, the name begins with a *K* or an *L*. I don't remember the rest of it, but there aren't that many towns in Minnesota.

Speaking of motels, we stayed in some really nice ones along the way. Here's one of the more modern ones. I think it was in the state of Washington, and it even had a sunlamp in the bathroom. In fact, I bet I'm the only person you've ever known who's actually set foot in the state of Washington. Not Washington, D.C., where a lot of tourists go, but the state of Washington that isn't so far from Alaska!

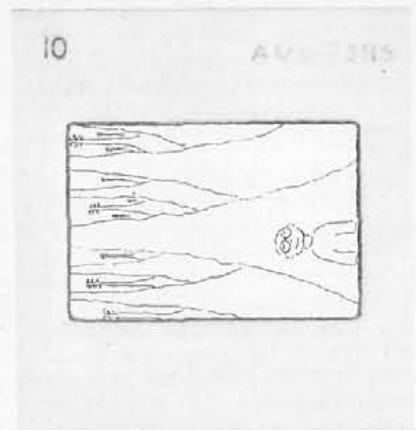


One thing I noticed about sleeping with people in motels is that you really learn their bad habits. For example, I found out that my friend hardly ever brushed his teeth. I told him what my dentist said about brushing every day and how important it was to fight Mr. Tooth Decay, and it looked like we might have an argument about it, but we didn't. He also snored a lot, and one night he rolled off the bed. I also think he sometimes touched himself down below before we went to sleep, but I shouldn't say something like that unless I'm absolutely sure.

After we hit—that means drove into—the state of Washington, we began to go southward down the coast. That was good because, for one thing, it gets warmer. In Oregon, we saw some real California redwoods. And let me tell you, they were something. When I was a kid, I used to think the maple tree in front of our house was just about the biggest tree in the whole world, but those redwoods even made that maple tree look like nothing! I made a joke about how long it would take to climb one if you had a lion

chasing you, and I made it loud enough so the other tourists around us could hear and they all laughed. There was this girl near us who was about my age, and she laughed too, but she wasn't the one I met. Even my friend laughed a little, and he isn't the kind of person who laughs more than once a week.

Since you've never seen redwoods before, you can't possibly imagine how tall they look. Even a picture can't give you too good an idea, but just look at the size of that thing compared to me.



I've tried to come up with a good way of describing the redwoods, too. The best I could do was this. Tall and majestic, their woody shapes climb like slim needles up from the pristine landscape, daring to prick the very bottoms of the sky.

After we saw the redwoods, we got on a road that wasn't so good. It twisted and turned a lot, and once it felt like the Chevy was going to fall right off the side of a cliff and into the ocean. I was afraid for what my parents and the people at the rent-a-car place would think.

Actually, though, the Pacific is a very pretty ocean. The cliffs alongside it, even though they're dangerous to drive on, are pretty too. There are beaches everywhere, and lots of pretty girls stand around on them in really small bathing suits. On one beach, it even looked like the girls were swimming without their suits, but it was far away and we couldn't be sure. We stopped at one of those lookouts where they have those telescope-machines, and I got a little excited and I was going to put a dime in to see if they really did have all their clothes off. But my friend told me to calm down and not to waste the money, so we just went back to the car.

This is a picture of the Pacific. I didn't try to find any words for it, because I'm only good at finding words for things that are tall and go up and down, not things that are wide and far across.

continued

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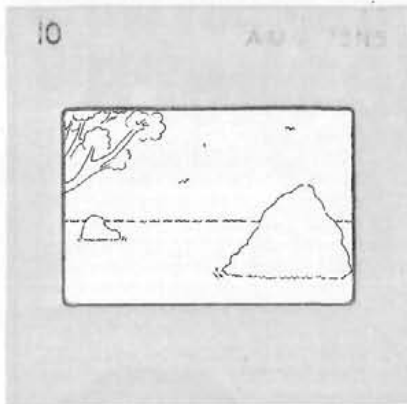
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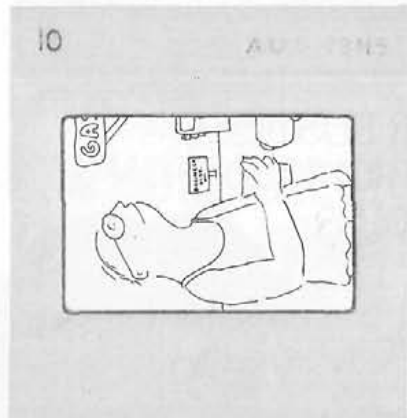
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Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514



After we saw the Pacific, we headed inland and it got very hot. In fact, in one place the radio said the temperature was over one hundred degrees. I wanted to try to fry an egg on the sidewalk, but my friend told me that would make us look like tourists, so I dropped the idea. Anyway, we hadn't taken any eggs with us. But let me tell you, you really do sweat a lot when the temperature gets that high. In fact, one day my armpits got so wet and sticky I had to take my shirt off and go around in just an undershirt. And here's the picture to prove it!



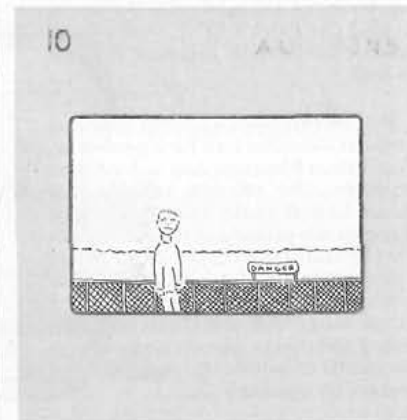
Our next stop was Yellowstone National Park. This is where I meet the girl I told you about, but I'll come to that in a moment. My friend and I wanted to see Old Faithful go off, and while we stood around and waited we each had hot dogs. I put lots of mustard and sauerkraut on mine, but he took his plain. I was almost going to tell him that all the other people could tell what state we were from because of the license plate on our car, and because of him they would think our state had the kinds of people who took their hot dogs plain. But I didn't want to start an argument, so I held back my tongue.

Then someone announced that it was almost time and this big crowd of people gathered around to watch Old Faithful go off. I was glad to see that Old Faithful reached very high in

the sky because I knew I would be able to find good words for it. Here they are. Tall and streaming, its underground hissing waters bursting from the subterranean darkness into the egg-frying sunlight, it shot starkly up from the pristine stillness of the plains and dared scorch the very bottoms of the clouds with its steam-laden dragon breath.

While Old Faithful was going off, there was this really pretty girl standing right beside me. She had long blonde hair and a really sweet face and she looked about my age. A few minutes before, I had noticed her getting something from a car that had a New Jersey license plate, which is the state right next to mine. The crowd was really packed, so our shoulders were almost touching. As Old Faithful went off, everyone went *oooooooh* and *ahhhhhhhhhhh* and I said to her, "It's really something, isn't it?" She said, "Yeah." Then I said, "In steaming splendor does it now shoot up from the pristine stillness of the plain." I was going to ask her how she liked living in New Jersey, but I realized she would figure out that I'd been watching her get in and out of the car. Then Old Faithful turned back off and the crowd began to thin out and she waved to some tall guy who was coming over with two ice-cream cones, and he put his arm around her and they went to the car together and got in. I think they must have been on their honeymoon or something. Anyway, it was nice to meet a girl like her on my vacation.

Here's one of my friend standing just in front of the spot where Old Faithful goes off.



That night, when we stopped off in a motel near Old Faithful, was when my friend and I had our argument. I guess part of the reason I was in a bad mood was that, when we pulled into our parking space, I noticed that the girl's car was parked right beside us. At least, I think it was the same car, because it had the same color dice hanging over the dashboard and it had a license plate from New Jersey.

I could hear all this laughing and giggling coming through the walls, so I figured they must be doing it.

My friend checked our schedule—he was always doing things like checking our schedule—and he told me we'd have to skip a place because we'd fallen behind. He said he didn't want to skip Las Vegas because another friend had told him they had some really good burlesque shows there, but I told him I wanted to go to Disneyland instead. Since I was a little kid, I've always dreamed of going to Disneyland, especially to see the magic castle and the midgets who walk around dressed like Mickey Mouse. In fact, before I agreed to the trip, I made it very clear to my friend that we had to stop at Disneyland or I wouldn't go with him, and he said okay.

So I got really angry at him and I told him that, where I come from, a promise is a promise, especially a promise to a friend. Finally, he said we could flip a coin. I'm usually lucky at flipping coins, so I went along with him. I called heads for Disneyland and tails for Las Vegas, but the coin came up tails. Then I got really sad, so my friend agreed to go to Disneyland anyway and the argument ended.

In the morning, I got up extra early and looked through the window because I thought maybe I could see the girl leave her room and then I could hurry outside and say something like didn't I remember seeing her at Old Faithful. After all, it was possible that the guy she was traveling with could have been her brother or something, and it wouldn't have been the first time I was wrong about some noises I'd heard. But it turned out she got up even earlier than I did, because her car was already gone and I've never seen her again even though I've taken several rides through New Jersey. My friend woke up and asked me why I'd gotten up so early just to look out the window and I made a joke about how this was the day they were moving Mount Rainier down south on a big truck, and it was just going by. He didn't laugh so I've never told it again.

Let me tell you, Disneyland was even better than I imagined. If you ever get the chance to go there, you really should. The Mickey Mouse men looked just like the real Mickey Mouse, and the magic castle was even better than it used to look at the beginning of the TV show when Tinkerbell flew across it. In fact, I made up some of best words for it. I hope you like them. Tall and gleaming, stark and gaunt, it's multifaceted surfaces reflecting the afternoon sun with a frenzied and yet an innocent delight, it rose from the pristine plains

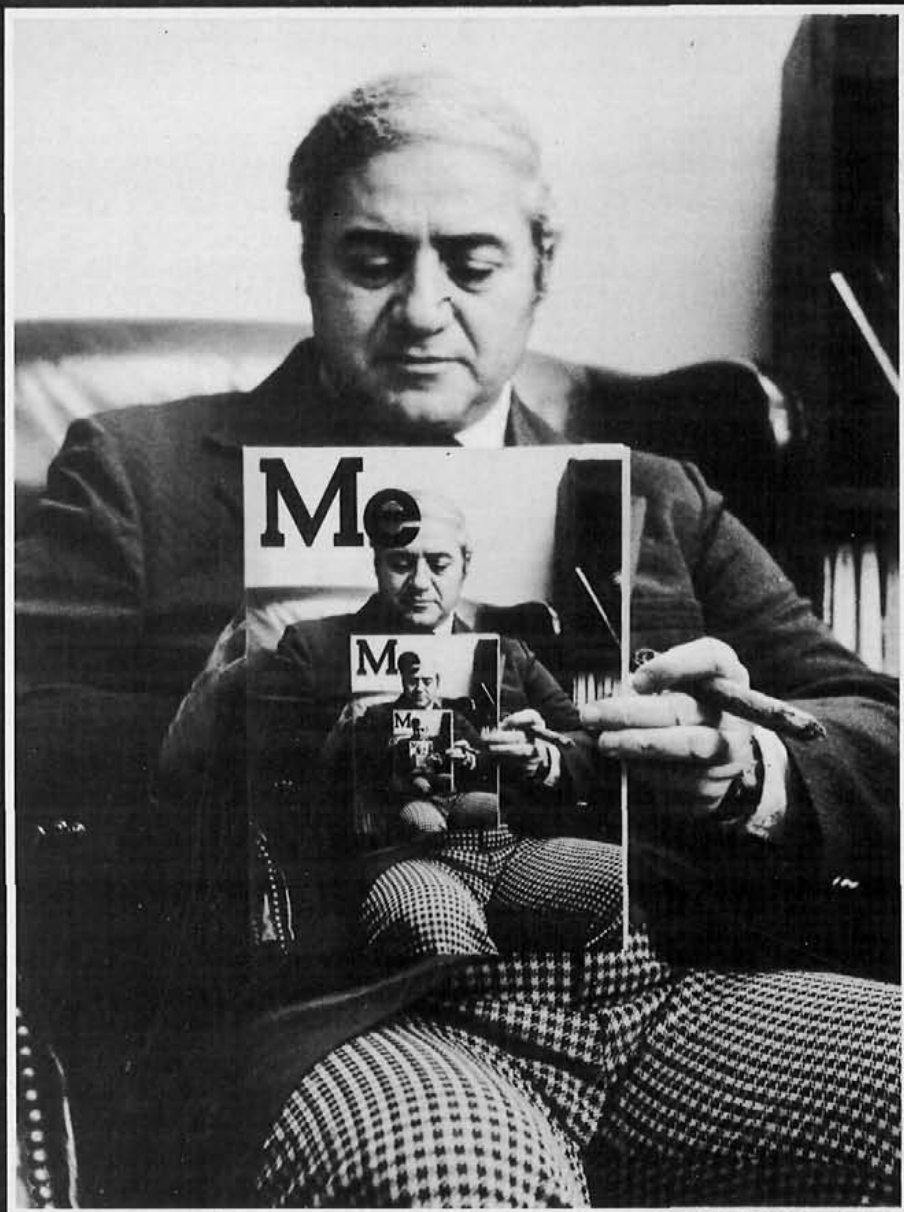
Me

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MR WALTER J ARNHOLT
16 GITLITZ COURT
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THE ENERGY CRISIS: WAS IT SUMMER BROWNOUTS THAT WRECKED MY BEDROOM AIR-CONDITIONER?/THAT FUNNY LUMP ON MY THROAT: SWOLLEN GLAND OR PRELUDE TO DOOM?/DECORATING TIPS: THE DEN—TO PANEL OR NOT TO PANEL/THE DAY I SIDEWIPED A CHEVY NOVA ON GRANT ST.—AT LAST, THE FULL STORY CAN BE TOLD/WINTER FASHIONS: CLOTHES MY WIFE BOUGHT ME/CHRISTMAS GIFT PREVIEW: WILL WHAT I WANT AND WHAT I GET BE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS AGAIN

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Who Reads **ME**?

I'm not just a face in the crowd—I'm an individual, with my own personal style, my own special tastes, my own unique outlook on life. I'm forty-seven years old (I just had a birthday in November), I'm married (to the former Miss Helen Kramer of Indianapolis), and I have 3.0 children (Walter Jr., Frank, and Jane). I'm college educated (Ball State) and a decision-maker (Assistant District Sales Manager, Elkhart Steel Tubing). I have an annual income of \$17,350.00 (not counting a Christmas bonus—it should be a fat one this year!). Last year, I spent nearly \$4,000 on food, \$1,100 on apparel, \$800 on home related purchases, \$400 on liquor, \$850 on insurance, \$1,000 on travel and entertainment, and \$175 on cigarettes (I'm thinking of switching brands.) Within the last six months, I purchased a major appliance. Right now I'm in the market for a new air-conditioner. And one of these days soon I'll be looking for a new car.

If you want to reach me, Mr. Media Buyer, you'll find me reading the only magazine written for me—whether it's a new recipe for one of my favorite foods, or a handy tip on how to fix that wet spot in the basement behind the furnace, or a political column that reflects my point of view for a change. And remember, when you advertise in *ME*, you're not scattering your advertising dollar—you're going straight into one market, with proven purchasing power and high reader loyalty.

So if you want me, get *ME*.

ARNHOLT REPORT

IN THE REGION. It's too early to tell, but the South Bend—Elkhart area could be **hit hard** this winter if predictions of oil and natural gas shortages come true. Now's the time to **plan ahead**. That old forced-air oil burner system that Bill Fessenden always made fun of could turn out to be a blessing in disguise—**worst squeeze** is expected in natural gas supplies. Fessenden may be laughing out of **the other side of his mouth** when he has to come over both to warm up and cook. But don't take any chances. Call up Pete at Buckeye Oil and make it clear that as a **lodge brother** he has an obligation to see that the Best People on Earth stay warm this winter, **no matter what**.

Liberal loonies are still pressing for bussing of Negroes, or whatever they're calling themselves these days, from South Bend into **Elkhart schools**. **Ezra Taft Benson School** is on their list. You have known several colored people and you'd be the first to say they're **fine folks**, but this is just a case of **too far too fast**. **Important persons** who have studied this question agree the Negroes are better off among **their own kind**, where they feel more comfortable and are able to learn a **useful trade** that will stand them in good stead in future years. Also there is no sense **beating around the bush**—it is a known fact that many Negroes are **dope fiends** and **slow learners**. This should be the **major topic** for the P.T.A. this year.

The Business Outlook. Pete Scarborough is getting a little **too big for his britches** since he was made Vice-President in charge of operations. It's time someone **brought him down a peg**. The importance of a job is not just its **title**—it's the way the individual fits into the overall **performance picture**. Let's face it—without a **strong sales force** that knows how to keep key government contracts **locked up**, there wouldn't be much in the way of operations for anyone to be Vice-President in charge of.

Miss Freylinghausen is a **very attractive young lady**, and in spite of the fact that she may not be as speedy a typist or as organized as some of the other girls, she lends a much needed dose of **cheeriness and pep** to the whole office. Choosing her as your personal secretary was a **wise move** in view of the importance of **impressing prospective clients** with the fact that Elkhart Steel Tubing is **one happy family**.

It's time Mr. Bremmerton recognized that the **cost of living** and **prices in general** have been going only one way—**up**. While **greedy unions** have been getting **exorbitant wage increases** at gunpoint, key executives, particularly in the **vital sales department**, have been overlooked. These individuals would be hard to replace, and it is fortunate for the company that their **sense of loyalty** is as strong as it is.

ON THE HOME FRONT. **Budget-busting expenditures**, particularly in the area of **clothing**, unnecessary **household purchases**, and **extravagance** by younger members of the family have got to stop. It's definitely time for some **belt-tightening** right across the board. The "old man" isn't **made of money**, and everyone will have to get on his

or her kiddy cart and **do their part** to keep expenses in line.

One place where a little **consideration** by others would go a long way is in the **bathroom**. It is **no fun** to find it literally **awash**, with damp towels stuffed into the racks, the sink **strewn** with cosmetics and shaving gear, and the tub **grimy**. This is the one room all members of the family must share; it is up to all to keep it in **tip-top shape** for the next person using it.

LETTERS

Clothes Call

• In "What I'll Be Wearing, A Fall Fashion Preview," in the September issue, you stated that I have "two pairs of brown loafers, one of them badly in need of half-soleing" and also made reference to a "grey houndstooth jacket with leather elbow patches." Just to set the record straight, I took the pair of loafers in question to the Shoo-In Shoe-Shop on Wannamaker St., about two weeks ago, and one of the employees at that establishment pronounced them "unrepairable," at which point I discarded them. I have not yet purchased a pair of shoes to replace them, but I agree that "something dressier" would round out my wardrobe.

I have looked in my closet and cannot find the houndstooth jacket (It was mentioned as possible "attire for casual outings.") It is quite possible that my wife gave it to the Salvation Army people after reading the "For Your Wife Only" column in the August issue entitled "Walter's Closet: When in Doubt, Throw it Out."

Incidentally, I was pleased to have been chosen the Best Dressed Arnholt again this year.

Walter J. Arnholt
Elkhart, Ind.

Shelve It?

• I'd like to add a note to the plans given for building my own bookshelves in August's "Wally's Workshop." Although the $\frac{3}{4}$ " boards are plenty strong to hold most books and decorative objects, it turns out they can't support a complete set of the World Book Encyclopedia. (Come to think of it, not quite complete, as this reader remembers from "The Great Book Hunt: Where is PQ?" in *ME*, Nov., '72.) What happens is the nails—2" finishing—tend to pull out at the ends and the wood splits. I found however that a 6" piece of 1x2" wood nailed under the shelves will do the trick.

All in all, looking back on it I think screws would have been a better choice. I haven't gotten around to making the spice rack (June, '73) but when I do, I think I'm going to go ahead and use screws.

Walter J. Arnholt
Elkhart, Ind.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of Publication: Walter J. Arnholt Monthly
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A. Total No. copies printed (net press run)		
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales (less returns)	0	0
2. Mail Subscriptions	1	1
C. Total paid circulation	1	1

At Home with Walter Arnholt

After putting in a day at the office, Walter Arnholt goes home. Home is a pink and white split level ranchette in the Breezycrest Knolls development in Elkhart. "I'm usually home by 5:20," says Arnholt. "It takes about fifteen minutes door to door. But sometimes I don't get home until 5:30 or later because I have to go through the downtown traffic. I can't wait until they finish that downtown Elkhart Bypass. It'll be a Godsend."

The Arnholts like to eat dinner as soon as Walter arrives. "I'm a meat and potatoes man myself, but with meat prices being what they are Helen is making our dollars stretch with some very creative tuna dishes. I never knew tuna could be prepared so many tasty ways. The kids and I think we're eating chicken or turkey."

After dinner Walter likes to read the evening paper and watch TV. The Arnholts usually watch TV in the living room on their RCA Home Entertainment Center. But almost every night at eight the "Arnholt Civil War" starts. "I'll want to watch 'Adam-12' and the kids will want to watch 'Sonny and Cher' and Helen would rather watch something else," said Arnholt. "So Helen kicks me into the den and the kids go into their rooms. Of course, we both like to watch the 'Lucy Show' and 'Marcus Welby.' She says she likes 'Maude,' 'Sanford and Son,' and 'Carol Burnett.' I don't always get the jokes on these shows."

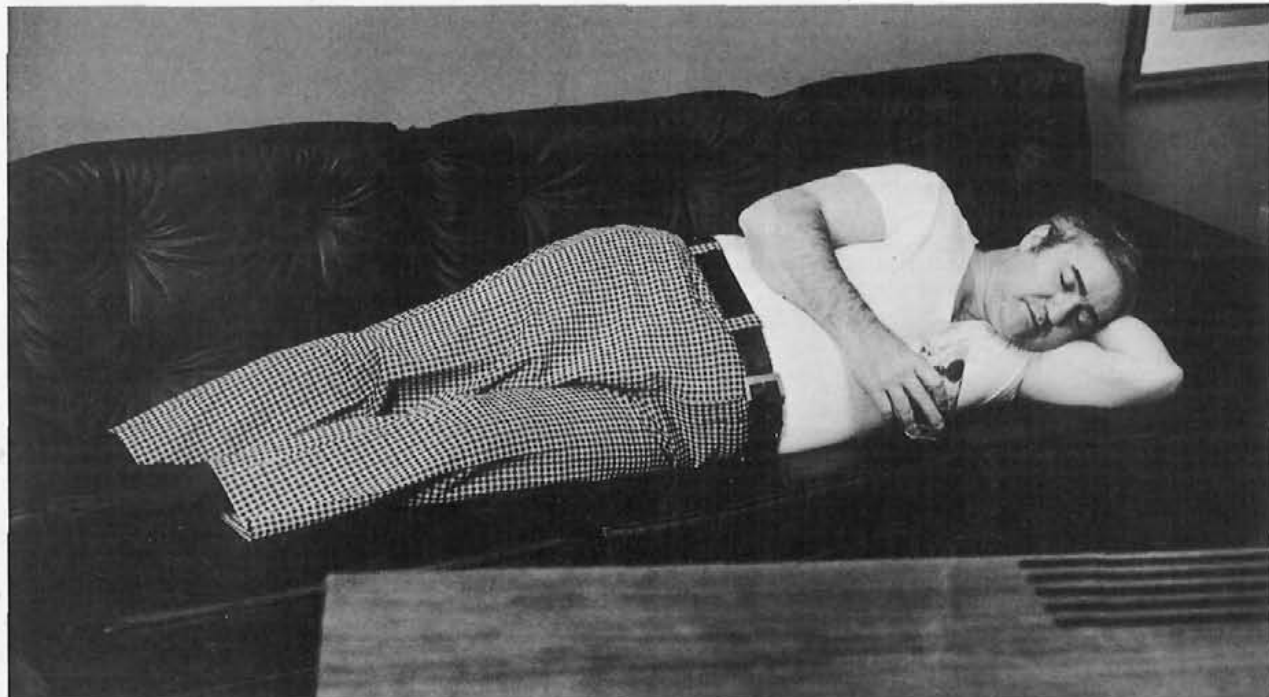
Almost every night about 9:20 or 9:30 Helen will peek into the den and find Walter fast asleep. "He looks so peaceful and relaxed while all that violence is happening on the TV screen," says Helen. "I hate to poke him and wake him up."

"I'm not asleep at all," chuckles Walter. "I'm just resting my eyes after a hard day's work." About ten or so Walter has to fight off the temptation for a snack. "Helen keeps kidding me about the Battle of the Bulge," said Walter. "I'm just a few pounds overweight. Nothing I can't trim off. It's those meatless dinners that make me hungry a few hours later. If I don't get a sandwich or something, Helen will complain about my stomach growling and gurgling and keeping her awake all night."

Thursday: Walter in the Kitchen

Every Thursday Walter and Helen do the weekly shopping at the local Safeway. They share Walter's weekly joke. "My wife is a magician at the supermarket," said Walter. "I give her fifty dollars and she makes it disappear." They like to do the shopping early to avoid the late evening crowds, so Walter drives right over to the market from the office and Helen takes the station wagon from home. "It sounds a little inconvenient, using two cars . . . but actually, we find that we now have extra storage space in case we buy something bulky like lawn furniture or barbecue equipment," says Walter.

Thursday night is Walter's turn to cook. "I've always liked to fool around in the kitchen," he said. "My specialty is franks and beans. Sometimes if I don't feel like cooking we go to the local McDonald's or to the Steak 'n Cake. Even with restaurant prices being what they are, I say it's worth it for Helen's sake alone . . . to get her out of the kitchen."



"I don't really doze off when I'm watching TV, but sometimes I rest my eyes."

Franks and Beans
à la Arnholt

(serves 5)

2 packages of franks water for boiling
3 large cans of baked beans mustard

Boil your franks the way you usually do, but add 3 tablespoons of mustard to the water. Just before the franks look ready pierce them with a fork and let the mustard-flavored water get into the franks. Heat your beans and serve with plenty of catsup and chili sauce, and with mustard on the side for your franks.



"It's the mustard in the boiling water that does the trick—everyone puts mustard right on their franks, but I like to put a little in the water."

The Arnholts don't entertain as much as they used to. "With food prices going up the way they are you've got to be a sultan to afford entertaining," said Walter. "We're more coffee and cake types now rather than giving big dinners. Not that we stint. Helen will have her friends over for lunch and canasta and, of course, we still entertain our close friends and a few of my business associates. And there's Helen's mother, Cora, who usually drops over every Sunday."

Decorating with the Arnholts

Walter Arnholt leaves all the decorating decisions to his wife Helen. "Helen has wonderful taste and is really quite a decorating buff," he said. "She's taken some decorating courses from the DeSoto Correspondence School and is always getting those home life magazines. Of course, she always consults me because I'm the one who writes the checks. I keep telling her I have writer's cramp but she won't go for the gag."

Their kitchen is a pleasant study in knotty maple, with wood-like formica-topped tables and chairs and a vinyl floor covering in Armstrong's "Valenciaga" pattern. Their dining-living room continues the Moorish Mediterranean motif in warm tones of brown and gold, with brown wall to wall carpeting flecked with swirling gold patterns throughout.

Helen is fond of wall-to-wall carpeting because "I love to walk around the house with my shoes off and to sink my toes into that plushy carpeting." She even collects

carpet remnants. "They're very cheap to buy—you know, broadloom odds and ends, little pieces, floor samples, closeouts. I cut them into pretty shapes and someday I'm going to decorate one of our bedroom walls with an entire wall arrangement of these different carpet pieces. Actually, I got the idea from *Family Circle* or *Good Housekeeping*."

At the moment it looks like curtains for the Arnholts. Helen Arnholt is on a curtain spree, replacing lots of their old ones. Her problem: where to use synthetic fabrics and where to use cottons and velvets. "With the kids grown up and fairly neat, I can afford to use velvets in the living and dining rooms," she said. "But they are such a bother to maintain and fiberglass is so easy to clean. Whenever I ask Walter for his opinion he says, don't ask me—I just write the checks."

The only room where a running battle takes place is Walter's den. "Helen has been after me for years to throw out the old chairs and stuff and get some new furniture. And she's always showing me cute decorating schemes for doing the den over. Well, that's when I get out my plans for building a little bar and putting in the knotty pine wall paneling—but it's a pretty big job and I never seem to have the time."



"A misprinted matchbook like this could be worth a nice piece of change some day."

Weekends with the Arnholts

On weekends Walter has "a thousand and one little things to do." "There's always something to be done around the house, or with the lawn. And the kids always want me to drive them someplace or Helen wants to drag me to a store. If I can find the time I like to relax in the den with a good football game on TV. Maybe have a beer." "He's usually fast asleep by four," said Helen. "It's his regular Saturday afternoon nap and three or four beers."

Walter's hobby is collecting matchbooks. "I must have over five thousand of them by now," he said. "Every once in a while I get energetic and start a filing system for them, but it just gets to be too much. I've got them all over the place and sometimes people use them, not realizing that they're part of my collection. I've got some old ones for some lumber yards and fuel companies that must be worth quite a bit. Once in a while I call a fellow in Terre Haute who has a big collection and we make a few trades. He's got an old Lucky Strike matchbook with a misprint . . . a real collector's item."

ARNHOLT'S ALLEY

In the Stars

Gemini (May 20-June 21). Jupiter is in a cusp with Uranus—a good sign for travel. Drive over to Fort Wayne to see Bob Newhouse or maybe take the kids to Chicago to see the German submarine at the Museum of Science. But better have the car looked at first—that puvva-puvva noise could mean a loose cylinder head or trouble with the linkage.

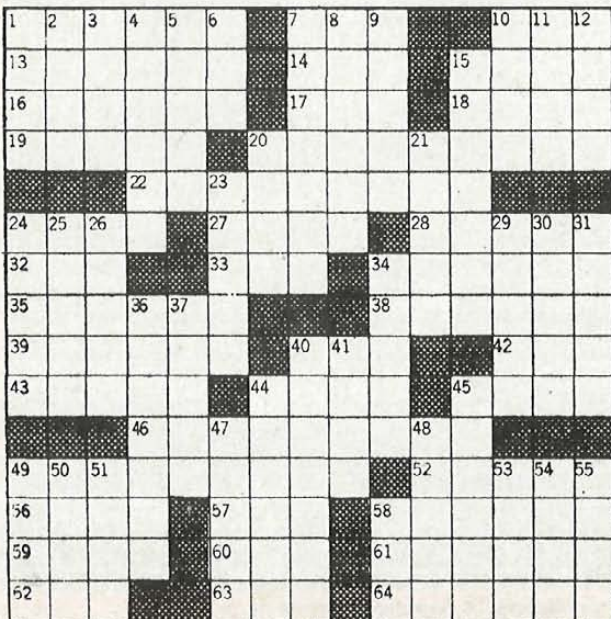
Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Bill P.'s dog
7. Grandma's favorite
10. What the Mrs. lost
13. Vernon drinks it
14. In the attic, but it used to be in the hall
15. Walt, Jr.'s first word
16. Kitchen clock is always
17. Kind of tree in yard
18. Helen's maiden name
19. Your breakfast fare
20. You voted for him in '64.
22. Green stamp item
28. He just made V.P.
32. An uncle's initials
35. Needs painting again?
38. River on the way to Ed's
39. Not your brand of smokes
40. They clinched the league in '36
42. High school chum
43. It was a lemon
44. Charley's nickname
45. Second wd. of "your song"
46. Spent a week there in '65
46. Where were the cufflinks?
49. They visited last Xmas
52. -----'s Sip 'n' Sup
56. On the blink since Feb.
57. New carpet color
58. Ave. in Ft. Wayne
59. Sock hue
60. Who said "Oh, fub-a-dub!"?
61. Garbage day
62. Your college frat (abbr.)
63. Wake-up radio station
64. Wife says she needs a new one

DOWN

1. Six of them in living room
2. The one about the 2 rabbis
3. Tuna -----
4. Neighbors in Moline
5. Favorite T.V. M.D.
6. If not hers, then ----
7. Sturgis is one.
8. Table feature
9. Forbidden cake flavor
10. Eatery on Tri-State Tollway
11. Lodge brother
12. Trouble with tub
15. Soft-drink preference
20. Fridge name
21. His Honor in Elkhart
23. P.T.A. head.
24. Big month for birthdays
25. In right pants pocket
26. Poison ivy spot
29. Spent time in Army there
30. He drills and fills
31. He moved to Chi
34. "The beer with a ----"
36. Roof material
37. ----- McPherson
40. Never use it twice
41. Quickest route to 7-11.
44. Insurance man
45. Sandwich component
47. Sofa fabric
48. Coming up soon, you hope
49. No. of phones in the house
50. Frank's current fad
51. Pet word for spouse
53. Basement needs it
54. Next time, ----- it.
55. Turns out she didn't.
58. He fixes auto.



The Joke's on Me!

A man's home is his hassle!

ME: Isn't that a new dress? How much did it cost?

SHE: Seventy-five dollars.

ME: Seventy-five dollars?!

SHE: Don't worry, it was old money!

My wife looks like a million dollars—All green and wrinkled!

There's nothing like a good cup of coffee—and what my wife makes is nothing like a good cup of coffee!

I told you I could balance the budget, Walter. Look, I've paid all the bills and there are still three checks left!

MY FRIEND: Does your wife pick your clothes?

ME: No, just the pockets.

REVIEW

Our Trip to Colorado Last Summer,

1972, 34 min, W. J. Arnolt, prod. With Walter J. Arnolt, Helen Arnolt, Frank, Jane, and Walter Jr., and introducing Prince, the cocker spaniel. * * Arnolt has used the documentary form before (most notably in *Frank's First Steps* and *A Day at the Beach*), but his latest oeuvre demonstrates that his grasp of the medium has matured and deepened. Gone are overly romantic fuzzy focuses and dropped cameras, the deliberate shots of the sun, the quick, almost brutal, breaks in the film. Instead, in *Colorado* there is a kind of lyrical tranquility, a feeling that Arnolt is ready to accept the vicissitudes of life as given quantities. The almost pastoral footage out the side window of the car on the road up Pike's Peak bear witness to this new repose, for as the scene suddenly shifts in one of those lighting quick cuts that are Arnolt's trademark, we see Helen at the wheel of the family "buggy," confident, determined, and calm—in short, a far different Helen from the excitable flibbertigibbet of *Helen's Driving Lesson* (1961). Later, as Frank, Jane, and Walter, Jr. cavort at the (symbolic?) summit of the peak, Arnolt lets the camera drift lazily from figure to figure, from the majesty of the horizon to his own right shoe, and we can sense the complexity of the inner vision that powers Arnolt's perceptions. Incidentally, Prince, in her first appearance in an Arnolt production, shows considerable promise. She is a "method" dog—the tail wag, the hanging tongue, the erratic rushes back and forth all bespeak that peculiarly natural artifice of the calculated performance—but her instinct for sheer presence is unmistakable.

All in all, there is a firmer, surer Arnolt at work in *Colorado* than we have seen before. And although comedy and a certain naivete have been sacrificed, and spilled ice cream cones on the car seat and tots flinging food at the lens have given way to a more mature perspective, Arnolt's cinematic statement still maintains the freshness and vitality of his first work, the classic Walter Jr.'s First Christmas—an impressive achievement for this talented filmmaker.

Presenting THE ARNHOLT ERA

The
**WALTER
ARNHOLT**
Story

The
WALTER ARNHOLT
Golden Souvenir Box
of Golden Souvenirs

ARNHOLT:
Words and Music



Highlights of the Golden Age of Walter Arnholt A Nostalgic Re-creation in Words, Pictures, Sounds, and Music

Remember that wild, wacky, wonderful Walter Arnholt Era? How could you forget it! It was your era—that unforgettable time when you lived through forty-seven years of your life, as of last Tuesday!

It was an era full of people, places, and things—of friends like "Gump" Higbee and Fred Lothrop . . . relatives like Uncle Gerard and Aunt Bess . . . acquaintances Jack Tigberg, Wayne Swee, and the Pfeiffer twins . . . even complete strangers such as Leila Shmitt and George Stuhldreber!

There were places to remember—Nappopee . . . Lapaz . . . Dunlop . . . Wakarusa . . . New Paris . . . and of course, your native Elkhart. And those wonderful things—your black rubber Donald Duck raincoat that made you perspire . . . your old leather truss you wore after that double-hernia operation that you broke in like a saddle, and much much more.

But there was one person who ate, slept and dreamt Walter Arnholt. And that was you, Walter Arnholt—the man who breathed life and excitement into the Walter Arnholt Era.

*November 29, your birthday.

Your Own Nostalgia Library

Now you can re-live this golden era with a fabulous library of music, pictures, sounds, and stories. Your library contains: Arnholt: Words and Music, six stereo records that take you from the twenties to the seventies. The Walter Arnholt Story, your lavishly illustrated biography in hardcover book form, complete with 3-D pop-up pages; The Walter Arnholt Golden Souvenir Box of Souvenirs, a collection of your mementos, keepsakes, and "trivia" that may be insignificant to others, but mean more to you than ten thousand shares of IBM!

The Tunes You Couldn't Carry The Words You Forgot

Arnholt: Words and Music, contains over 150 songs of the Arnholt Era, your all-time favorites re-created and recorded in thrilling life-like stereo! Even though you couldn't carry a tune, remember the words or dance very well you were a great listener and a pretty fair toe tapper. And these are the tunes you could almost whistle, the ones you tried to sing in the shower and down in the cellar where you grew your mushrooms and leeks. Remember "Shoe Shine Shamble," played and sung by Jerry Masters and his Masters of Melody? And those great groups who performed around the Elkhart area—the Tony Tone Trio, Frances Fletcher, the Irish Banshee, Four Ducks and a Drake, and many, many more.

The Walter Arnholt Story A New Dimension in Biography!

Contains hundreds of golden and silver memories, illustrated with amusing behind the scenes closeups of you and your family, friends and pets. Remember your mom's "Apple Shoelace Pie"? She'd put a shoelace in the pie and whoever got the piece with the lace would have to clean the toilets that week. Remember how your father used to sit and stare out the window during the Depression, when he couldn't get a job? And those times your parents would have to send you to live with Uncle Ralph and Aunt Alice and you slept in the bed with the funny smell? Remember Duane Bosco, the toughest kid on the block, who liked to pull out clumps of your hair and called you "ssholt Arnholt?"

The Walter Arnholt Golden Souvenir Box of Souvenirs Worth the price of the entire package alone!

There's your lucky potato, now a gigantic flowering plant . . . those clumps of hair pulled out of your head by bully Duane Bosco, now your boss at Elkhart Steel Tubing . . . the washcloth you "borrowed" from the Hibbard Lodge on your honeymoon at Lake Maxinkuckee . . . your dad's kidney stones . . .



Remember Jimmy Cooley, the class clown and cut-up? He once put a grasshopper in your chocolate milk. Jimmy was killed in action during the Korean conflict.

Mrs. Novotny, the lady next door. She always walked around the house in a slip and you used to peek into her window and wait hours for her to hand down.

Easy going Ruth Klecki, your crush at Ball State. She's married to a motel executive in Fort Wayne.

Your roommate and best friend at Ball State, Arthur Lutz. He still owes you seventy-five dollars.

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and pierced the very heavens with its silvery affirmation of the fantasy joys of childhood.

Now comes one of my favorite pictures. I took it at a sign in Disneyland that said it was a good spot for taking a picture, and, boy, was that sign right!



After Disneyland, it was time to head back to home and hearth, so we pointed the Chevy east. That's when we ran into the worst danger of the whole trip.

We were on this dry, dusty road somewhere in the desert when all of a sudden the car came to a dead stop and we realized we'd run out of gas. I guess it was my fault because I was the one who was supposed to keep track of the gas that day, and I apologized lots of times to my friend. Finally, he told me it was all right. We sure were scared, though. We could see some dark storm clouds looming on the horizon and they really looked menacing. The guidebook made a point of warning that we were in tornado country and, since you've never been in tornado country yourself, you can't possibly know how we felt.

Lucky for us, though, this old truck just happened to come along down the road. This real nice old man and woman were driving it, and they had a lot of hens in the back. They took us to this gas station that must have been at least thirty miles away, and to pass the time they told us these really interesting stories about their son who had grown up to become a teacher and what it had been like during the war. They even invited us back with them for a home-cooked dinner, but we didn't have time. At the gas station, a man in a tow truck and dungarees drove us back to the car with a pail of gas. He didn't say much because he was chewing gum, and we had to pay him a lot of money. But we really felt relieved when the car started up and we felt even more relieved when we realized that the clouds had been moving in the other direction all along.

That night, when we stopped at a

motel in a small town in Arizona, my friend still wasn't talking to me much. I mean, he would be polite and answer me when I asked him something, but he wasn't really starting conversations. I decided that maybe I hadn't been fair to him after all, so, right in front of him, I took out the phone book and started looking up to see if there were any burlesque places in town. He asked me what I was doing, then he smiled a little and told me you couldn't find that kind of thing in the phone book, but maybe if we took a walk through the business section we'd come across a place. He got really happy and talkative now, and so the two of us went out to look. I didn't like to leave my camera in the motel room, so I took it with me.

It turned out all we could find was this one tiny bar with a sign on the window that said *GIRLS—GIRLS—GIRLS*, so we went inside. It was very dark and there were some real cowboys sitting around and smoking. I wish you could have seen them yourself, they looked just like the ones we'd seen back in *Frontierland*. In the back of the room, we saw this tiny stage and we sat down at a table right in front of it. The owner came over and my friend, who knows more about these kinds of things than I do, ordered us some beers. I've never really liked the taste of beer, so I purposely sipped mine slowly. Soon all the other tables around us began to fill up, mostly with old men who chewed a lot. Then suddenly the curtains opened and we could see this woman standing there and behind her was a man at a piano. He started to play and right away the woman began to take off her clothes. I could see that my friend was really enjoying himself, but I kind of felt a little funny about looking, especially on our way home. But soon she had all her clothes off and I couldn't help but look. I would have taken pictures, but I was afraid I wasn't allowed to. In case you ever get around there and you're looking for that kind of a place, though, here's a picture I took of the outside.

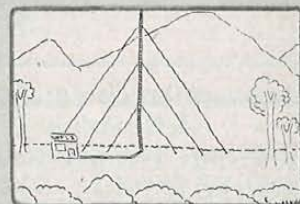


Let me tell you, you'll never see a show anywhere that's anything like it.

After we got back to the motel, my friend said thanks for going with him and he called me his buddy again. I felt real good.

On the way back east, we saw some pretty sights, too. In particular, I was really impressed by this very tall radio antenna we passed in Tennessee. It was something to see all right, and after the trip I had to spend a long time trying to find words for it. Sleek and slender, a needle of voices and music and time checks, it rose from the pristine plains and split asunder the very desk itself with a cacaphony of blinking red lights.

I hope you don't mind, but the radio antenna will have to be the last picture I show you, because after that I ran out of film and my friend wouldn't let me stop to buy anymore.



So that was my vacation. We came home safe and tired, but we were glad we went because we knew we'd had a really special experience and a good time, too. We'd learned a lot about our country and its people and we'd seen a lot of things we'd never seen before and may never see again. After a while, we even started to make jokes about the way we'd gotten angry at each other and my friend told me that it turned out he'd really enjoyed Disneyland after all, especially the Haunted House. He even admitted he'd noticed the girl with the blonde hair too and was hoping that someday he could marry someone just like her.

I hope that someday you, too, have the chance to have a summer like I did. It wasn't always easy and I guess, if you ever do get a chance to go all around the country, it won't always be easy for you, either. But just yesterday I was telling somebody that you only live once and, if you don't mind, I think I'll leave you with those words, too. Because it was sure the kind of summer that memories are made of and I know that, years from now when I'm old and grey, I'll still be thinking of what I did this summer. □



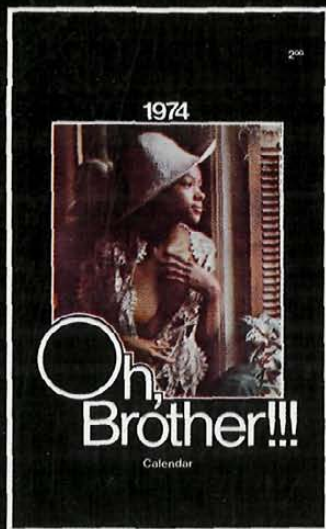
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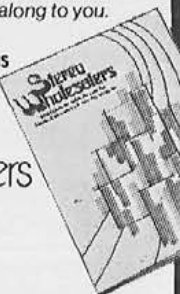
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Canadian Editors' Page

by Sean Kelly

First off, let's get one thing straight, eh? It's no act of gratuitous Yankee generosity on the part of the Lampoon to give us Johnny Canuks a page of our own. It's only fair, and fairness is all any Canadian, or Canada itself (the linch-pin of democracy, the honest broker) has ever asked.

I mean, just where do you think the very paper upon which this magazine is printed comes from anyways, eh? That's right, the "true north strong and free," that's where. You better believe it.

And for another thing, not a few sons and daughters of "Our Lady of the Snows" write for this magazine. There's Bruce (from Big T.O.) and Anne and Sean and Michel all from "La Belle Provence." So it's only fair. And so, although we Canukers say thanks, we say it *proud*.

Among ourselves, we Canadians often wonder, "Why do we Canadians have, along with a talent for diplomacy and a natural ability to pilot aircraft, an innate ability to be funny? How could one little country, scarcely one hundred years old, have produced

(continued on the back cover if we don't sell it)

by Bruce McCall

One thing that always surprises Yankee visitors who stray north of the border "up Canada way" is their first tour of a Canadian newsstand or book rack. Trained to think of America as the world's English-language publishing centre, United States visitors expect to see all their favorite publications and titles from "back home," only to encounter—no doubt for the first time in their lives—a publishing treasury, "Canadian-style." In the realm of monthly or bi-monthly periodicals, Americans react with curiosity to slick, high-quality magazines like *Maclean's* and *Chatelaine*, all-Canadian and all delightful. Then there is the sprightly *Weekend* magazine added to hundreds of Saturday

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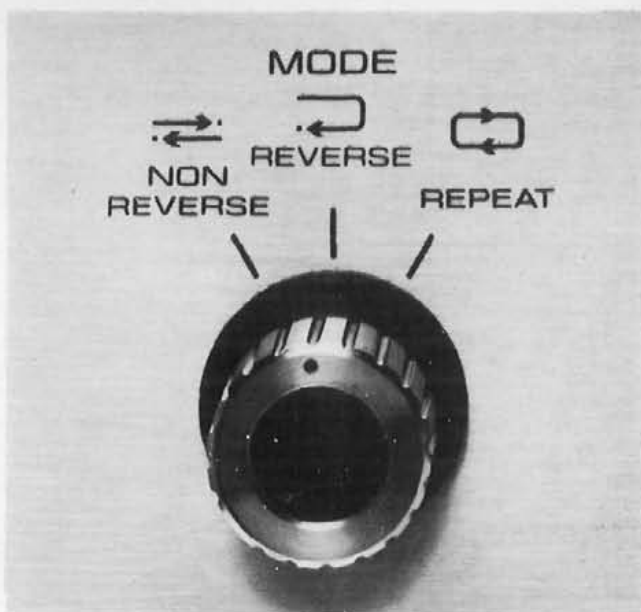
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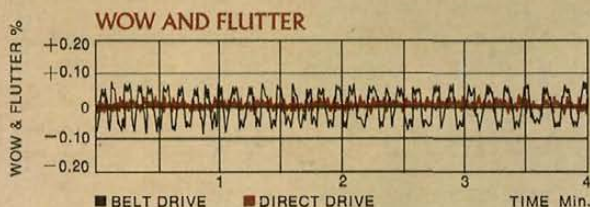
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