

IND
34490

NATIONAL LAMP^{OO}N

NOV. 1975 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE \$1.00

WORK

with

layoffs, picket
lines, dues, scabs,
goons, finks,
forklifts, lockouts,
sweatshops,
sweethearts,
closed shops,
downtime,
wobblies, lunch
buckets, hard
hats, black lung,
boilermakers,
benefits, boots,
mills, hard times,
hammers, sickles,
debs, gompers,
boyles, meanys,
hoffas, lomans,
Johnny Friendly,
and the company
store.

The new 2121. With

Ever since the cassette deck stepped into the spotlight with proven high fidelity performance, great advances in tape and cassette deck technology have been made. Despite this progress, most of the high fidelity industry was convinced that it was virtually impossible to build a really superior front-loading, front-control cassette deck equipped with Dolby — that could sell for less than two hundred dollars.

Pioneer thought it might be impossible, too. But we figured it was worth the try.

The engineers at Pioneer were given the 2121 project two years ago. They were asked to build a front-access, front-control cassette deck loaded with features. A deck that would outperform any unit in the two hundred dollar price range that had ever been built before.

The result is the no-compromise CT-F2121 — a cassette deck with enormous capability, performance, reliability and features. Pioneer believes the CT-F2121 has the greatest combination of value ever put into a cassette deck at such an extremely reasonable price.



Switch from one mode to another, bypassing the Stop lever.

Everything's up front for optimum operating convenience.

Pioneer's engineers have designed the CT-F2121 to give you the highest degree of flexibility in use. You can stack it easily with other components in your system because every control function, as well as cassette loading, is operable from the front panel. In addition, the illuminated cassette compartment permits rapid cassette loading at an easy-to-see 30° angle. An LED indicator lets you know when you're in the recording mode. And, as all Pioneer components, the controls are simple to use and logically arranged.

Improved sound reproduction with built-in Dolby B system.

The CT-F2121's selectable Dolby B provides as much as 10dB improvement in signal-to-noise ratio with standard low noise tapes. There's an even greater improvement with chromium dioxide tape. An indicator light tells you instantly when the Dolby system is in operation. And to insure better, interference-free recordings of FM stereo broadcasts, Pioneer has built in a multiplex filter.

Outstanding performance with every type of tape.

Separate bias and equalization switches permit you to use any kind of cassette tape: standard low noise, chromium dioxide — and even the newest ferrichrome formulations. The CT-F2121 brings out the fullest capabilities of each tape. And to produce the best performance, the operating manual of the CT-F2121 gives you a chart listing the most popular cassette tape brands with their recommended bias and equalization control settings. *There's never any guesswork.*



Separate bias & equalization switches for any type of cassette tape.

Versatile features increase listening enjoyment and simplify recording.

Pioneer has outdone itself on the CT-F2121 with a host of easy-to-use features. A long life permalloy-solid record and play head and a ferrite erase head insure excellent signal-to-noise ratio. The transport operating levers that permit, direct, jam-proof switching from one mode to another without having to operate the Stop lever, are a great advancement. And, like Pioneer's more expensive cassette decks, the CT-F2121 has a separate electronic servo-system and a solenoid that provides automatic stop at the end of tape travel in play, record, fast wind and rewind.

Dolby* under \$200.†

Twin illuminated VU meters, plus separate input level controls for each channel help you set accurate recording levels. Stereo microphone inputs as well as the headphone output jack are all easily accessible on the front panel.

By any point of reference, compare the CT-F2121's combination of performance and features with cassette decks costing much more. You can come to only one conclusion — at under \$200†, this is the most extraordinary cassette deck value ever offered.

Frequency Response (Chrome Tape):
30-16,000 Hz
Wow & Flutter (WRMS): 0.12%
Signal-to-Noise Ratio (with Dolby): 58dB
Input Sensitivity: 0.3mV — 63mV (mic);
63mV — 12V (line)
Outputs: 450mV (line & DIN); 80mV 8 ohms
(headphones)

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074.
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles
90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf,
Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada:
S. H. Parker Co.



The CT-F2121 comes ready for custom installation. Handsome, optional cabinet with walnut veneered top and sides also available.

PIONEER®
when you want something better



*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. †(Optional cabinet with walnut veneered top and sides. Approximate value, \$24.95.) Prices listed above are manufacturer's approximate.

The most extraordinary cassette deck value ever offered.





REC



EJECT DOOR



PUSH CLOSE

TAPE DOLBY NR
 BIAS EQ

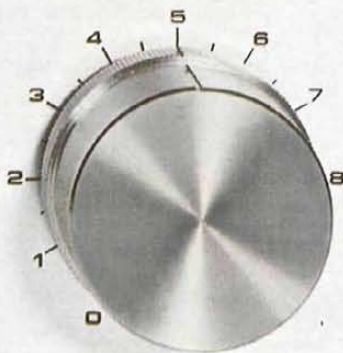


STD STD OFF
 CrO₂ CrO₂/Fe-Cr ON

PHONES L—MIC—R.



INPUT
 LEFT RIGHT



PIONEER STEREO CASSETTE TAPE DECK MODEL CT-F2121

Value only. Actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his own option.

The KOOL \$64,000 Sweepstakes



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

Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75



Win
The coolest car
in the world
from the coolest cigarette
in the world.

Win a \$64,000

Rolls-Royce Corniche

There's no cigarette in the world that tastes like KOOL. And there's no car in the world like the elegant Rolls-Royce Corniche in cool green. Complete with every luxurious accessory standard on a Rolls-Royce. To be eligible, just follow the simple instructions below. If yours is the entry selected in the sweepstakes drawing, you'll be driving the coolest car in the world, compliments of KOOL Cigarettes. **NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.**

THE KOOL SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES:

1. To enter the KOOL Sweepstakes, print your name, address and zip code on the official entry blank, or on a 3" x 5" sheet of paper. Mail to KOOL Sweepstakes, P.O. Box SS, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. 2. Each entry must include two empty packs of KOOL or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have hand printed the words, "COME UP TO KOOL". To be eligible, entries must be received by Dec. 31, 1975. 3. The Grand Prize—a 1975 Rolls-Royce Corniche. No substitution for the prize. 4. The winner will be selected in a random drawing conducted by an inde-

pendent judging organization, the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. State, federal, and other taxes imposed on the prizewinner will be the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. 5. Sweepstakes open only to residents of the U.S., including Hawaii and Alaska, who are 21 years of age or older. Employees of the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliated companies, advertising agencies, H. Olson & Co., and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.



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Sweepstakes
P.O. Box SS
Chicago,
Illinois 60677

Please enter me in the KOOL Sweepstakes.
I certify I am at least 21 years of age.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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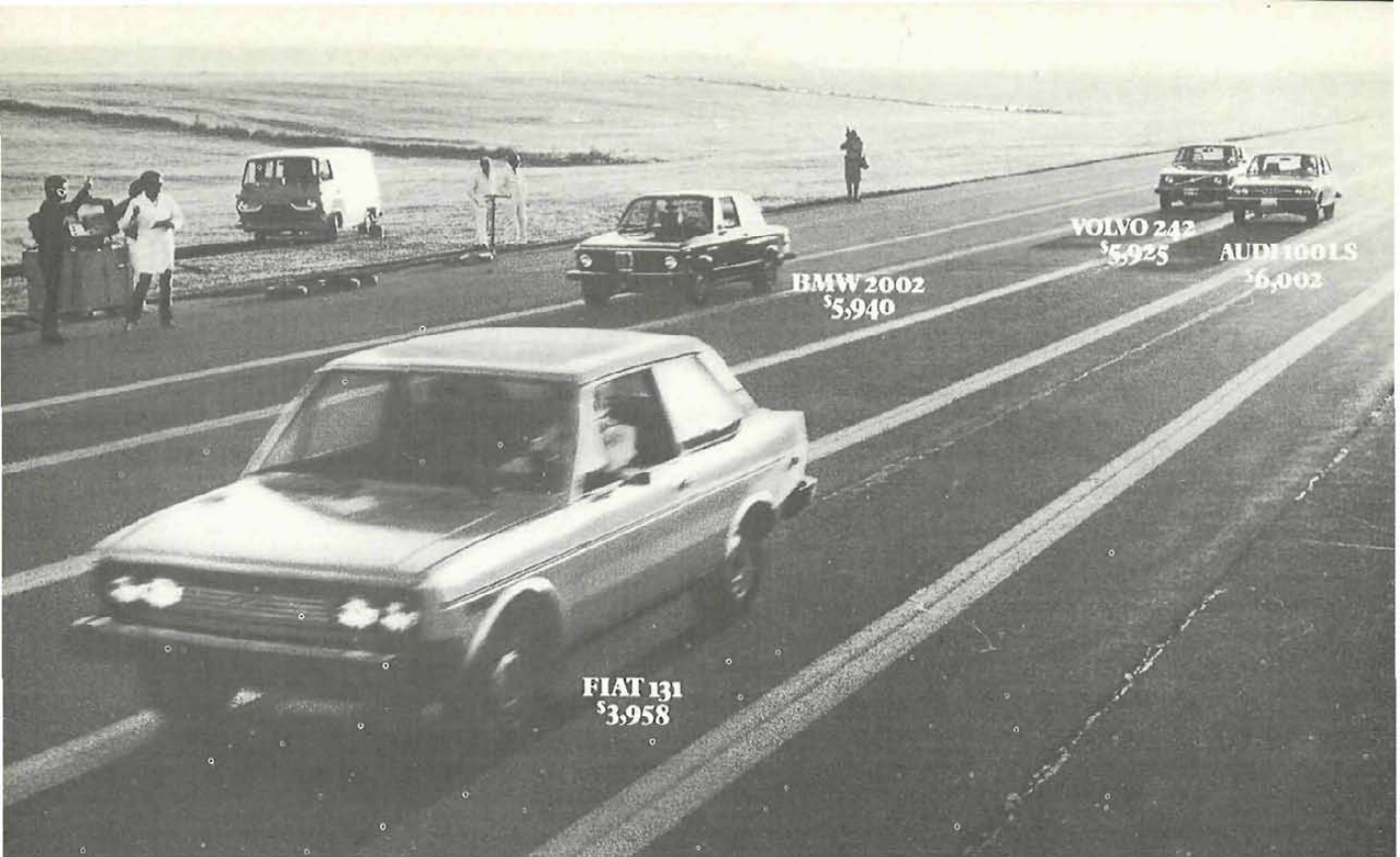
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FIAT 131
\$3,958

BMW 2002
\$5,940

VOLVO 242
\$5,925

AUDI 100 LS
\$6,002

It not only goes faster than the others. It gets there \$2,000 cheaper.

When we had an independent testing company test the new Fiat 131 against the Audi, the Volvo, and the BMW, we hoped the Fiat would manage to keep up.

After all, for a \$4,000 car to just keep up with \$6,000 cars would be quite a feat.

As it turned out, the three \$6,000 cars didn't quite manage to keep up with us.

In four separate acceleration tests, the Fiat ran away from all of them. In fact, from 40-70 mph the Fiat beat the Volvo

by the incredible margin of 157 feet.

The results of these acceleration tests were no fluke. In separate tests of cornering, steering, road-holding ability, and overall responsiveness, the Fiat proved itself to be every bit the equal of the Audi, the Volvo, and the BMW.

Does all this surprise you? It should. It surprised us.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

All prices 1975 East Coast POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional.
Fiat overseas delivery and leasing arranged through your dealer.

June 28, 1975
NATIONAL LAMPOON

Rice Lock
Call June
ask Matty about it
Call Dr. Sims re-Jane

MEMO

975

TO: ALL CONCERNED DATE: August 21, 1975
FROM: MATTY SIMMONS RE: DEADLINES FOR
NOV. '75 ISSUE

De
Pm
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righ
Keen

We can no longer tolerate the lateness that we've lived through in recent issues. Henceforth we will stick to deadlines and if those deadlines are not met we will fill in missing copy with inventory. The following deadlines are for the Oct. issue:

- Cover art notes - in by August 25
- All art notes - in by August 31
- All copy - in by September 4

ANY COPY OR ART NOTES SUBMITTED AFTER THESE DATES WILL NOT BE USED IN THE ISSUE.

I want to repeat that the lateness of the last two issues was deplorable. Our printer can no longer handle this type of service and there is no other printer in America equipped to print this magazine who will work on the amateurish basis that we frequently produce this magazine.

I have nothing else to add to the above.

WT/les



635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 / Tel: (212) 688-4070

Editors: **Tony Hendra, Brian McConnachie, Sean Kelly, Douglas Kenney**

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Staff Assistants: **Wendy Mogel, Julie Simmons** Press Relations: **Janis Hirsch**

Publisher: **Gerald L. Taylor**

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Advertising Offices, New York: **William T. Lippe**, Eastern Advertising Director, **Herman Brown, Jr.**, Account Executive, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070.

Chicago: **William H. Sanke**, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill. 60601, (312) 346-7145.

West Coast: **Lowell Fox**, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, (213) 478-0611.

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The Miracles



**STARLETS,
SMOG, STUDIOS AND
TINSEL DREAMS. FREEWAYS,
MESSAGE PARLORS, PALM TREES
AND EARTHQUAKES. IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY AND
WARM THEY SAY, AND FAME AND FORTUNE AWAIT THE
SEEKER AT THE CORNER OF SUNSET AND VINE . . .**

City Of Angels. A stunning musical vision of Los Angeles.
New, from the legendary Miracles. On Motown Records and tapes.





➤ Razzledazzle red rep sofa from Velleity, Fla.!!! **Jan Morris'** Sunday *New York Times* Magazine Section article, "Let Her Sink," concerning the sub-Adriaticizing of Venice, Italy, has been retitled: "Let Him Sink."

➤ Exciting mahogany armoire from Ox, Vt.!!! PGA champ **Jack Nicklaus** has murdered his grandmother! Jack will be indicted for nannaslaughter in Yep, Ark., where the old lady died, bludgeoned to death with a nine iron, seventy-one strokes, two over par.

➤ Flabbergastering coffin stool from Slews, Wisc.!!! **Patricia Hearst** and **James Hoffa** were married on October 3 at Newark, N.J., City Hall, **Rev. Charles Augustus Lindbergh III** (forty-four), presiding. "I'm so thrilled to have him," cooed Patty. "We've been awaiting this moment for years. He is one of the few remaining Symbionese to be

liberated. Others are **Roddy McDowell**, whom I will not marry, **Ella Fitzgerald**, who will be cave matron, **Dale Evans**, who doesn't know she's one, and **Clarabelle Cow**. Clarabelle knows it. She's been freelancing for years. All but Clarabelle will be kidnapped. **Sammy Bronfman** we thought was one, but he proved not, so we turned him back. We're thinking of you *all!* Love to Spot!"

➤ Wacky parquetry commode from Deafmute, Arix.!!! **Dondi** has had a vasectomy.

➤ Blissful trumpet leg tub chair from Glandular, Switz.!!! **Karren Stead**, eleven, first girl to win the International Soap Box Derby, is having dating problems. **Burty Reynolds** has been a frequent caller, but **Karren** nixed his hickeys. ("Dinah," she cabled fellowms., "isn't there anything finer?") **R.B.** bouquetted her with diamonds but went back to **Our Liz** who, as in *Butterfield 8*, put her foot down hard, slapping a recuperative brandy from his grasp. **Sonny Bono** doormatted himself around her till he ran out of pavement. And **Ike Turner** hara-kiried his guitar before her during the pledge of allegiance at Morristown Grammar one morning. "These men are gumdrops,"

said **Karren**. "Any man who puts a woman on a pedestal like a sports trophy is a pismire and a blonk. Besides, as **Dinah** avers, there is much to be said for maidenhood. Except that I am too dignified, as well as too famous, to say it!"

➤ Supercelestial footstool from Aspirin, Ohio!!! **Willy Mays** slapped **Werner Erhard** across his cheap, unfrontable **Virgo** left cheek on All Soul's Day, when, after **Willy** asked him why he had changed his name from **Jack Rosenberg** to that of a Luftwaff pilot, **Werner** quid pro quod him with: "I get that you're a black retired baseball player." **Werner's** response to the zygomat zonk was to take a comfortable position, close his eyes, go into his space, and burst into tears. (You've had it a long time coming, **Werner**, serves you right!) Seeing this, **Willy** came from his experience and hit him again. Whereupon **Werner** finished but did not complete the communication, "You bully, you," returned **Willy's** 250 simoleons, and went to the bathroom for eighteen consecutive hours, after which: *quietus est.*

➤ Sparktacular Georgian chair-back settee from Far Be It From Me, Pa.!!! **Nelson Rockefeller** and **Truman Capote** are sisters!!! At least, **Rockefeller** is the sister—it was he, not **Happy**, who had the breasts removed. **Truman's** keeping mum, 'cause upon **Rocky's** coming exposure for tax evasion, he inherits the vice-prexydom.

➤ Moonzoom Jacobean chiffonier from Grope, Belgium!!! **The Deadly Nightshade** has broken up! They've broken up **The Five Spot** (now an empty lot), **Max's** (an old tire), **Folk City** (totally samsoned), **Labium Minus** (a cavity), and **The Wonderwoman Convention** (four survivors). Striking a washboard high note mulched the walls of **The Other End**, and **The Tough Titty** was jerichoed with a kazoo. Had to be reconstructed practically from itch. **Debs** ran screaming from the **Oak Room** blitz which fumed the oak and dresdened the place. **The Russian Tea Room** is now a **T** room, while the **Sheep Meadow** had to be macadamized after their "Donkeybell Polka" debut sometime Tuesday. By public ordinance, they have been declared a public ordinance, allowed to perform only in old tents which come down afterwards anyhow. This decide made when the **Houston Astrodome** chairbubs noped their gig for August after they rovinescied **St. John the Divine** with their "Madrigal for Diaphragm and Flute."

Introducing the BSR Silent Performer

The only rumble from this belt-drive turntable comes from our competitors.

For years expensive manual record-playing devices have used belt-drive as a smooth, trouble-free—and most important—silent method for transmission of power. Now, our engineers have integrated a highly-refined belt-drive system into more affordably-priced turntables, with features and performance not available in even more expensive competitive models. We call them Silent Performers.

Model 20 BPX is a fully automated single-play turntable with a precision machined platter, high-torque multi-pole synchronous motor, tubular "S" shaped adjustable counter-weighted tone arm in gimbal mount, viscous cueing, quiet Delrin cam gear, dual-range anti-skate and much more. With base, dust cover, and ADC K6E cartridge.



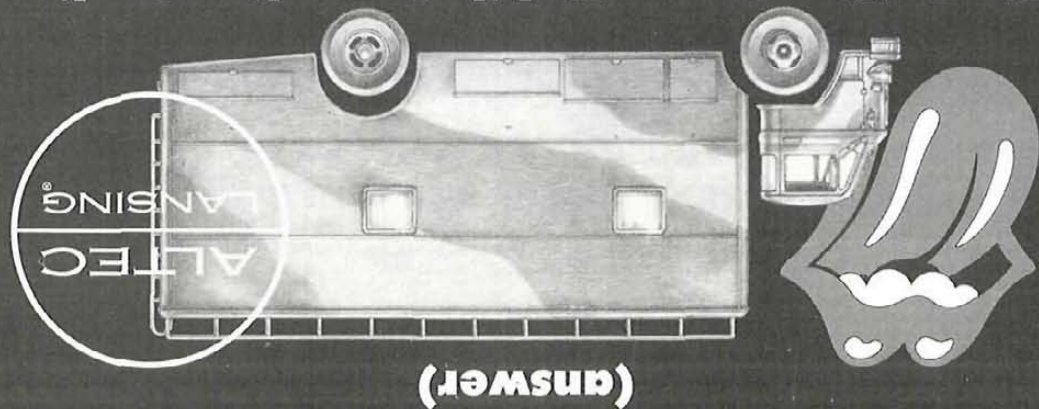
Consumer Products Group
BSR (USA) Ltd.
Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913





**What weighs 23,800 lbs.,
has 6 wheels, records 38-
track Stereophonic Sound
from 44 microphones, moves
in 10 forward and 3 reverse
speeds, containing only the
very finest sound equipment
and is the highly-prized pos-
session of the greatest rock
and roll band in the world?**

**The Rolling Stones Mobile Recording Studio,
sound-equipped by ALTEC**
Altec Sound Products, 1515 S. Manchester Avenue, Anaheim, CA 92803



Your shoes are trying to tell you something.

Take a pair of ordinary shoes that are broken in. Put them on the kitchen table, or any flat surface, and look at them for a while.

You'll notice two things.

The sole curves comfortably toward the toe.

And the heels are wearing down.

Your shoes are actually trying to become Roots!

Roots® come from the box with the curve built into the rocker sole, and the heel slightly recessed.

They fit the way you were born to walk.

So, instead of getting an ordinary pair of shoes and trying to make

them comfortable by breaking them in, maybe you

ought to buy a beautifully made pair of shoes that were designed for the way you walk.

Think about it.

They're sold at the Roots store.

Roots.

"Be kind to feet. They outnumber people two to one."



©1975 Don Michael Co.

Sold only at Roots stores in: Albuquerque, Amsterdam (Neth.), Ann Arbor, Atlanta, Austin, Berkeley, Birmingham (Ala.), Birmingham (Mich.), Boston, Boulder, Calgary, Cambridge, Chicago, Columbus, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Denver, East Lansing, Edmonton, Eugene, Evanston, Fort Lauderdale, Halifax, Hartford, Houston, Kansas City (Mo.), La Jolla, Las Vegas, London (Ont.), Los Angeles, Madison, Malibu, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, Munich (Ger.), New York, Ottawa, Palo Alto, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, Scottsdale, Seattle, Toronto, Tucson, Vancouver, Victoria, White Plains. Roots are made in 15 styles for men and women. For more about them send 25¢ for "The Book of Roots" to Roots Natural Footwear, 1203 Caledonia Rd., Toronto M6A 2X3, Canada. For address of store nearest you call 800-521-8960 toll free.



Sirs:

I loaned a friend of mine fifteen dollars. When he came by to pay me back, he tried that old trick where you point to each corner of a five dollar bill and say, "Five, five, five, and five more—that's twenty." Well, he was so happy with himself that he left before I could give him his change.

What an asshole.

William Simon
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

After eleven years, I feel qualified to deliver judgment on what I must call a deplorable situation. Contrary to all expectations, I not only was treated as any other new immigrant (or recruit, pronounced 'cruit, as they are usually called here), but during the ensuing years I have also received no promotion!

In short, I was quite mistaken. I am very sorry if I have misled any of you by any of my previous writings. Dostoevski was far nearer the truth than I with his "dark rooms" and "spiders."

C. S. Lewis
Slough of Despond

Sirs:

That's right, me buckoes. That big pitch segment switch in the sky has yet again activated the reversal relay governing my life, as last night at approximately two minutes before midnight I got a call from Julie Milton-Bradley. I love you, etc., etc. Oh, help. Now what? I still don't know.

Yeah, you're right—gobble gobble.

Oh, and as a cryptic premortem note, she got into a "violent argument" with Lenny over the weekend. Leonard sez that she doesn't know what she's talking about and he's gonna "kill" me. That's a quote, Mr. District Attorney, and his last name's Waters. W-a-t-e-r-s. Unless I'm mistaken. And he plays baseball. Any more than that, I'll have to take the Fifth Amendment on.

Still looking, Diogenes.

Captain Oobi
Luke AFB, Arizona

continued



**If you've never heard music on BASF tape before,
turn the page and see how it sounds.**

Letters

continued

Rocky:

Here's your check back.

Squeaky

Sirs:

The enclosed is shared with you and your readers as an indication that the Alaskan pipeline milieu is really no different than Madison Avenue or any other site peopled by people.

Picture this cozy little tableau which takes place on a quiet, sunny, subzero afternoon in the quaint lobby of the construction camp located in remote Prudhoe Bay, Alaska. Six immigrants from the Lower Forty-eight have just arrived in the music-laden lobby, without reservations, to register as nine-week guests of the camp. As they approach the front desk, the ever-loud, life-saving general fire alarm goes into action, for the seventh time that day, in violent protest against water which has leaked into its wiring. The tall, lanky maintenance man is seen in the distance loping along in search of the tell-tale smoke rings that will announce disaster. Into this somewhat startled

milieu drags the chambermaid, trailing after her the loudest vacuum cleaner in camp, to clean the lobby carpet in and around the front desk. At this moment the telephone rings—it is the central operator asking if the fire alarm is real. The desk clerk replies, "No, it's not real, but around here, what is?" As he turns to once again encounter the thickening situation, one of the tenants stumbles to the desk in his underwear, red and bleary-eyed, shouting, "What the hell's going on here? This is the fourth day in a row this racket has kept me awake and I'm gonna call the president of my company. He'll put a stop to it. I might just kill somebody with my front end loader one of these nights if I don't get any sleep. And how's that for something to tell the safety man?" Standing behind him is his sleepy-eyed, long-haired and bearded roommate, clutching his guitar and nodding in agreement. He's wearing oily Levis and sneakers. The telephone rings again—the new registrants are standing at the counter, as though transfixed, in the same posture at which they came to rest. "Will you page Short Hairs and have him come to the wiring terminal?" Taking command of this

sinister little scene, the desk clerk suddenly grabs the paging device and screams, in his usual collected manner, "Will everybody just fuck off for ten minutes while I get it back together!" And once again in the hushed atmosphere the lilting strains of "Third Man Theme," electronically reproduced and faithfully repeated by Muzak every 1219.7 seconds, can be heard wafting its way through camp, permeating every nook, cranny, and crevice in its mission of bringing good cheer to all.

Rick Morris
Anchorage, Alaska

Gringos:

Here's the winner of the Illegal Alien Riddlerama held last month in Watsonville.

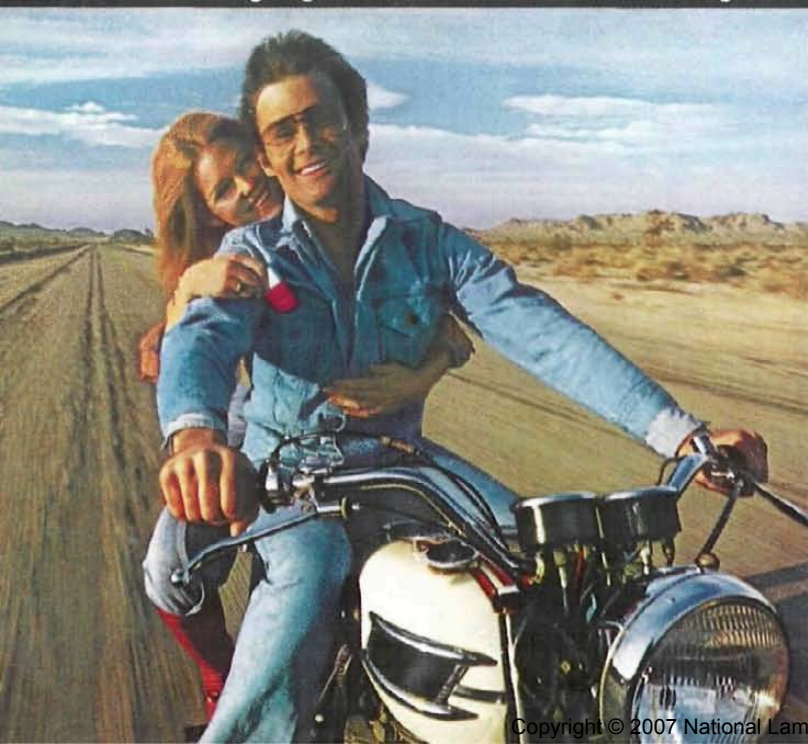
Q: What do 96 percent of the Mexican-Americans in California call their dad's sister?

A: Harvester Aunt!!

That one really breaks it up in the Monterey county sheriffs' van.
Cesar Chavez
Delano, Cal.

P.S. Please make payments for joke in Greyhound script. A round-tripper from Salinas to Yuma would suffice.

Introducing Old Spice Pocket Cologne.[™] Who says you can't take it with you?



Now your favorite colognes can go where you go and do what you do. Whether it's long lasting OLD SPICE[®] Concentrated Cologne, new refreshing Herbal or exciting, sensual Musk.

Because now they come packaged in contemporary new portable flasks. They're small enough to fit in your pocket or brief case, and sturdy enough to take the pounding a man on the go can give them.

So the next time you're on the go, don't go without our Pocket Cologne.[™]

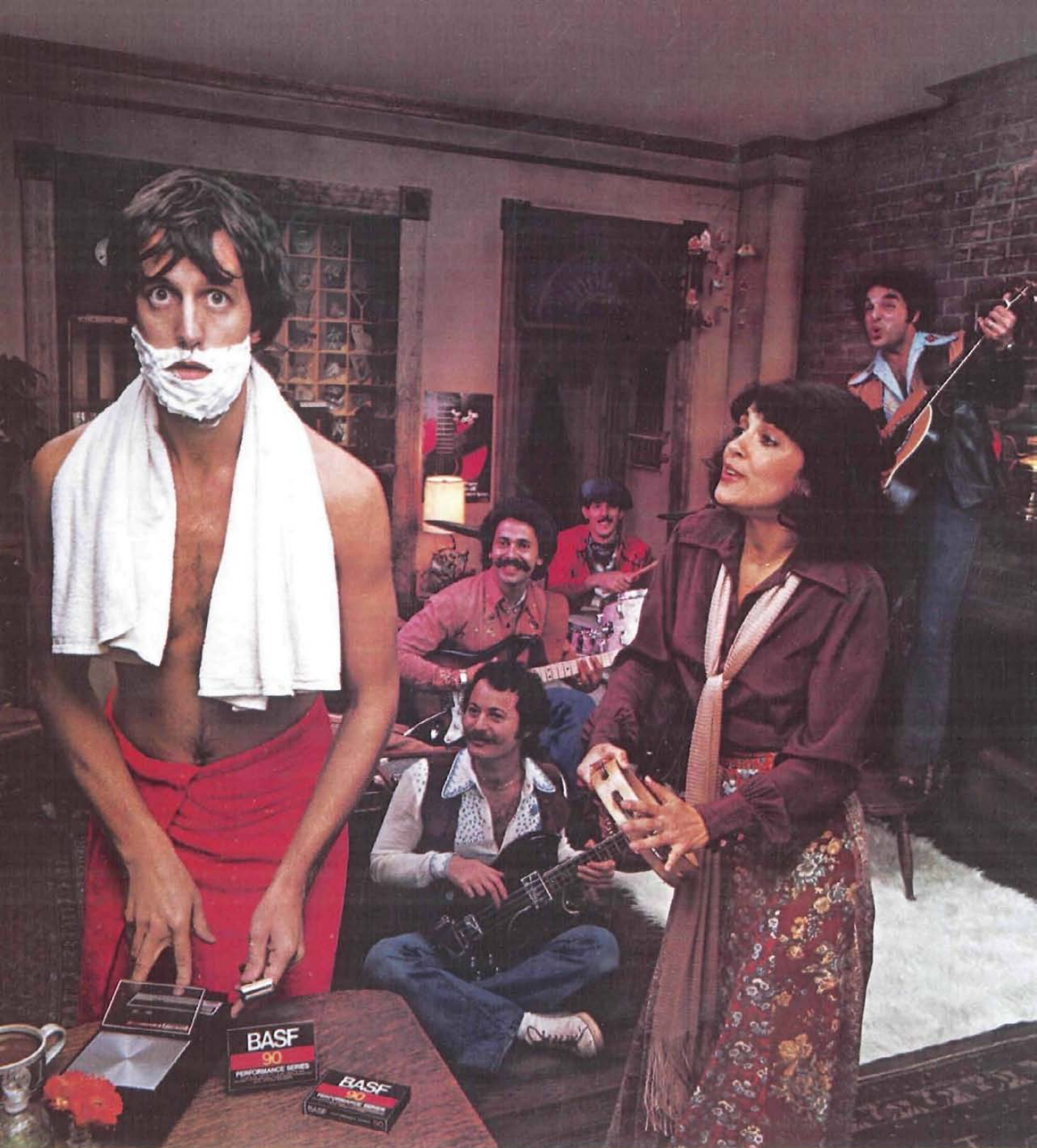
A little goes a long way.

Pocket Cologne[™]

Concentrated Droplets.

by Old Spice





BASF sound is so clear and true, nothing comes between you and the music.

What you experience when you listen to music you record on BASF tape is simply this: the music. Pure and clear.

How does BASF make this phenomenal clarity happen? By polishing the tape. Literally.

When tape is made, it has thousands upon thousands of tiny bumps and ridges that can cause background noise. By getting rid of most of them, we get rid of most of the noise as well.

And to make sure the sound you *do* hear is all there, we give the tape incredible range and response by

using a highly magnetizable dense oxide coating.

Of course, when you listen to music this rich and clear, you don't just hear it. The music happens. (Which may come as a surprise if what you've been experiencing until now is background noise.)

Now if all this sounds too good to be true, there's something we'd like to point out. BASF invented audio tape in the first place. Giving us lots of time to perfect it.

So it isn't surprising we sound so much like the original. You see, we are the original.

BASF. We sound like the original because we are the original.



When you're exploring technology.... books



a fascinating new alone are not enough.

If you're like most men, deep down inside there's still a bit of the boy who loved to go exploring... and who'd love to go again. Well, now you can.

Only this time you'll explore the expanding world of electronics... a world more fascinating than any you ever dreamed of as a boy.

Learn by exploring... Bell & Howell Schools offers an exciting way for you to gain new occupational skills in electronics.

Everybody enjoys learning something new, but why learn it the old way? Classes to go to. Lectures to sit through. And only a bunch of books to keep you interested.

Bell & Howell Schools' adventure in learning is a far cry from all that.

You can probe into electronics and learn exciting new occupational skills right in your own home, in your spare time. On whatever days and whatever hours you choose. So there's no need to give up your present job and paycheck just because you want to learn something new.

What's more, when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough. That's why throughout this program you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of today's latest electronic training tools.

You'll be stimulated for hours on end as you build, experiment and learn while using the latest ideas and techniques in this fascinating field.

As part of the program you'll actually learn to build and work with your own electronics laboratory. Using it to put many of today's most dynamic electronic discoveries to the test... including electronic miniaturization.

Among the things you'll discover is how the development of tiny integrated circuits has made possible an electronic calculator small enough to fit into a shirt pocket! And a wristwatch that flashes the time with the push of a button.

You'll investigate the concept of "logic circuits." An idea that has been with us for centuries but only in recent years put to use as the "brain" behind all the new digital consumer appliances we see today.

But more important than anything else is the new occupational skills you'll develop in electronics troubleshooting. While no assurance of income opportunities can be offered, you'll develop skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. Use your training:

1. To seek out a job in the electronics industry.
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You build and perform many exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab[®], an exclusive electronics training system.

Using our successful step-by-step method,

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1. A design console, for setting up and examining circuits.
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3. A solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope—similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to monitor the "heartbeats" of tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

Step-by-step you'll build and experiment with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV—investigating digital features you've probably never seen before!

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future. As you build it you'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning. And into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear right on the screen! You'll also build in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock, that flashes the time in hours, minutes and seconds. Your new skills will enable you to program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state of the art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

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We try to give more personal attention than other learn-at-home programs.

1. Toll-free phone-in assistance. Should you ever run into a rough spot during the program, we'll be there to help. While many schools make you mail in your questions, we have a toll-free line for questions that can't wait.
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JENSEN

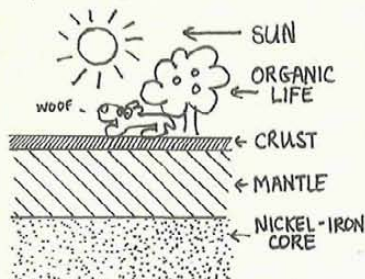
SOUND LABORATORIES

Division of Pemcor, Inc. Schiller Park, Illinois 60176



SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO!

'PROP'OGANDA FROM THE NICKEL-IRON CORE



THIS EPISODE:

a concise history of Rod's buffalo nickel collection



When he was a youngster Rod had three (3) friends: his dog, his penis, and his buffalo nickel collection. In the small town where he grew up

there was a coin store! Every day, Rod went in to examine the incredible specimens of buffalo nickels—especially the 1937-D "three-legged" (e.g. conchid 047.50)

- QUIZ:**
- ★ DID ROD SMOKE IN JUNIOR HIGH?
 - ★ WAS ROD'S MOM CONSIDERED "A NICE PIECE OF ASS?"
 - ★ WAS ROD'S DAD A FLYING PANCAKE?

- ANSWERS:**
- (1) NO
 - (2) YES
 - (3) NO - HIS DAD'S CHRYSLER IMPERIAL WAS CALLED "THE FLYING PANCAKE." HIS DAD WAS A "WASCALLY WABBIT"

THERE WILL BE **More** ABOUT "ROD" + HIS BUFFALO NICKEL COLLECTION, BUT **NOT NOW.**

MORE SPACE FILLED BY: DAVE "ID" McCLELLAN 2-75

THE MISSING LINK



The first five seconds of every Maxell UD cassette cleans your recorder heads. Another Maxell exclusive.

The leader in our UD cassettes sweeps dust and debris off your recorder heads before they can foul-up a recording. And it sweeps gently, with no damaging abrasives to ruin your equipment.

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It's on both ends of all Maxell Ultra Dynamic cassettes. It's another reason you can record the very best sounds (both high and low) your equipment produces, without tracking dust all over your music.

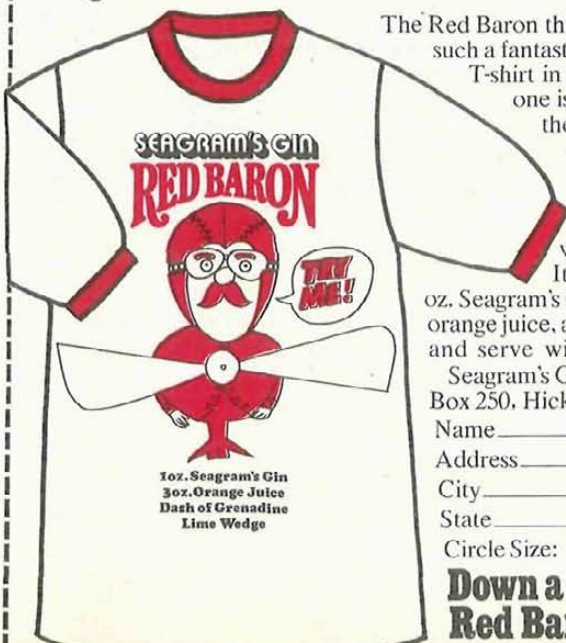
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THE DISCERNING EAR

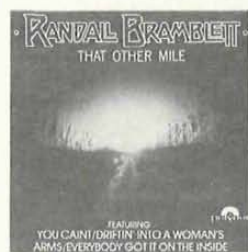
WORDS OF MUSIC FROM POLYDOR INCORPORATED



Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. Ritchie Blackmore, the driving force of Deep Purple, went in search of new colors. He found a totally new spectrum. Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, Blackmore's guitar and Ronnie James Dio's voice. A debut album from this year's most talked about new group.



Crackin'. Major record company talent scouts flew from everywhere to sign them. Their sessions at the Record Plant drew crowds of Superstars. The consensus: Crackin' is the heir apparent to the Oakland/San Francisco sound. Get "Crackin'."



Randall Bramblett. To the inner world of music. Randall is known as a writer, performer, musician who tours with Greg Allman. His album, "That Other Mile" is Randall's spiritual message expressed in earthy music. Cosmic rock. Be enlightened.



Chick Corea. Chick Corea called the album "the most special RETURN TO FOREVER album for me of any I've recorded...the result of a very straightforward decision I made about life and music and working with others a year prior to recording it. The decision had to do with making a kind of music that would truly touch others."



Gloria Gaynor. "Experience Gloria Gaynor." You can't do it lying down. The Queen of Discos is a moving experience. Try sitting still when "(If You Want It) Do It Yourself" is on. Or when she's doing long-playing numbers on your pulse. Gloria Gaynor. She's a rush.



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NOVEMBER, 1975



VOLUME 1, NO. LXVIII

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FORD AGAIN SHOT IN HEAD BULLET IN CRITICAL CONDITION



COMBINED SERVICES—An attempt on the life of ex-Vice-President Gerald Ford failed today when yet another would-be assassin fired yet another bullet harmlessly through Ford's cranium. To prevent further repetitions of the near-tragedy, Secret Service men are rounding up all female cult members and FBI informers in California, and subjecting them to intense interrogation and target practice. Two million women have so far been apprehended.

A spokesman for the National Rifle Association scored

reports of the assassination attempt as "one-sided." He observed that "the media made no mention of the 17 million other psychopathic owners of handguns in California who didn't take a shot at the President that day."

The incident is thought to have damaged the presidential aspirations of Alabama's George Wallace, whose campaign slogan was to be, "Elect a President who has already been assassinated."

President Ford's outspoken wife Betty could only comment, "Thank God Jerry wasn't hit in a vital organ!"

continued

SINAI ON THE DOTTED LINE

Jews, Tentheads ink sand pact.

Egypt and Israel have finally reached agreement on the Sinai Desert, a large parcel of useless real estate in North Africa, stolen by Israel from Gamal Nasser some nine years ago. "Who needs it?" said Israeli foreign minister Yigal Allon. "No ocean, no decent roads, no hotels. It's Golan we're really after. Ski-slopes, chalets, weekend cabins, the works." Egyptian Premier Anwar Sadat was also pleased with the deal. "We Arabs like sand," he commented in an interview. "We like to ride our camels around in it, and bury one another in it, and kick it in each other's faces." Sadat also sees the Sinai acquisition as signaling a tremendous boom in Egypt's principal export, egg timers.

Nightsticks

Chief points in the agreement include an understanding that conflict between the two parties shall not be resolved by military means except in cases involving soldiers and tanks. It also calls for the stationing of 200 American "civilians" to keep the peace through an elaborate network of surveillance in the Sinai. The network will include a trip-wire running from north to south across the entire area and a number of closed-circuit TV systems on loan from the A&P. Under the pact, the "civilians," who are to be equipped with nightsticks and football helmets, will be empowered to shout, "Hey, you!" at any suspicious-looking person or tank that crosses the agreed-upon line.

Dangerous

Critics of the accord, who see a dangerous parallel between the commitment of Americans to the area and the commitment of 600 "advisers" to the government of President Diem prior to the Vietnam war, were answered by Secretary of State Kissinger at a snack given by the B'nai Brith. "These people are not advisers," he insisted, "they are electricians, and we have been very careful to pick the kind of electricians not even Arabs would take advice from. Furthermore, the situation is not the same as it was in Vietnam. Here we are working for both sides. Consequently, even if there was a war and we had to commit hundreds of thousands

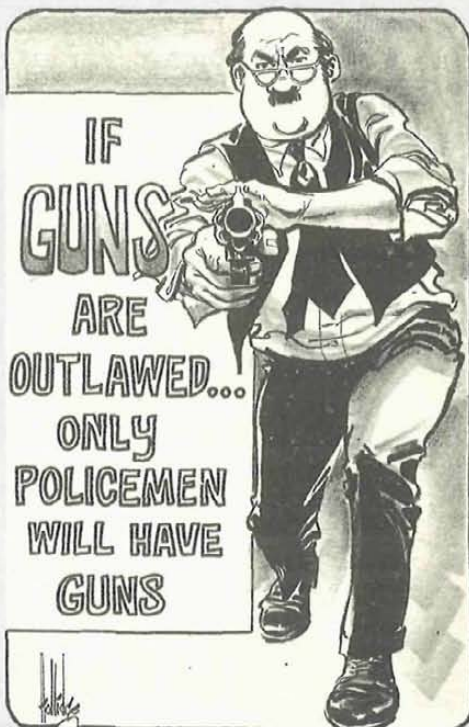
of men to the area, both sides would lose."

Triumph

In the same speech, Secretary Kissinger, who underwent a grueling schedule of shuttle trips back and forth from Cairo to Jerusalem to oversee the signing of the pact, described his role in the process as "a triumph." "Speaking frankly," he said, "something I never do, my timing was superb. If I'd gone any sooner, they'd have kicked me out. And if I'd got there any later, they would have arranged it themselves."

Mr. Kissinger is running for reappointment in 1976.

EDITORIAL CARTOON



SEC Drops Charges Against Ford

In further developments resulting from the Sinai agreement, the Securities and Exchange Commission, which has been investigating charges that high executives in multinational corporations routinely bribe foreign officials to obtain preferential treatment, today dropped all charges against Gerald Ford, Vice-President in charge of Foreign Sales for the U.S. Government. Ford had been accused of offering the largest bribe in history, \$3.3 billion, to high officials in the Israeli government in return for unspecified favors. While Ford has so far refused to say exactly what the favors were, he defended the bribe as "an essential part of doing business in this area, and of outbidding competitors." Investigators had pointed out, however, not only that the U.S. has no competitors in Israel, but that the only apparent favor the U.S. received in return for the gratuity was a firm commitment from Israel to continue to exist.

Mr. Ford is running for election in 1976.

As a boy, Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller owned the debating team at Dartmouth University.

OIL CO'S TO GET FED HELP

Following the extraordinary success of the Small Business Administration, a federal agency designed to help small businesses get off the ground through federally guaranteed loans, the Administration today unveiled plans to set up a Large Business Administration, designed to help corporate giants and multinationals in the same way. First off will be a new Energy Agency, authorized to make loans and grants of up to \$100 billion to companies involved in oil, coal, natural gas, and other energy resources. In revealing the plans, Secretary Simon commented, "Here we are, throwing away billions of dollars on nonprofit enterprises such as mass transit, school lunches, and the National Park system, maintaining literally hundreds of unpro-

ductive industries, while these hard pressed corporations struggle on with only the odd tax break to keep their heads above water, and without a dime in federal aid."

President

President Ford, foreseeing prompt passage by the Congress of a bill authorizing the new agency, described the situation in a slightly different way. "I feel we must think of America as a huge township. We need industry in this township and we have to make it attractive for it to stay. If we don't, we're merely going to lose that valuable industry to another municipality."

Mr. Ford is running for election in 1976.

HARVARD FELLAH SENDS FREUD TO SHOWERS

Did you ever wake up in the morning and say to yourself, "Boy, am I ever a schmuck"? Do you feel depressed, wear braces, suffer from allergies, have a hard time scoring?

Is your stomach queasy and do you have constant migraine, drive a late model Mercedes, or wear glasses? If you do, you're probably one of almost fifty-six million Americans who suffer from the newly discovered syndrome, *semitis*. More properly a whole range of maladies (rather than a simple disease), *semitis*, like cancer, is an umbrella term which refers to a breakdown in genetic DNA. In an exclusive interview with the father of semitistic epidemiology, Dr. Ahmed Fedaya, *The National* got the lowdown on the latest advances in semitic prophylaxis. The who's who of semitis reads like a veritable who's who. In addition to the obvious sufferers—Abe Beame, Woody Allen,

Geraldo Rivera—there are also quite a few surprises among the list of notables afflicted by chronic semitis—McLean Stevenson, Floyd Patterson, Warren Beatty, Doc Medich, and Elliot Richardson, to name a few. In its less virulent form, *contact semitis*, every man, woman, and child in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Miami, Las Vegas, and Monticello, New York, has been stricken with the disease. When asked what can be done by public health officials to stem the tide of semitis, Dr. Fedaya threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Lord knows; the cure has been around for over thirty years, but I'm afraid it's going to be years more before we finally have the good sense to initiate it."

Pic of the Month



Ol' Blue Balls is back.

continued

HOW TO GET LAID



WHAT TURNS A GIRL ON?

The answers are in a unique new book called **HOW TO MAKE IT WITH WOMEN**.

It's different from anything you've ever seen before. You don't have to come on heavy or try to be someone you're not.

It tells you how to meet her, how to get her turned on to you, how to get her into bed. It shows you how to really satisfy her—and how to keep her.

This remarkable book is packed with simple, effective techniques that really work. And they're **guaranteed** to work for you or your money back.

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continued

Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

Sports Superstitions. The men who play little boys' games for gold are a credulous crowd who hope to woo Lady Luck with weird rites and bizarre amulets. Every fan knows that Joltin' Joe DiMaggio refused to change his "lucky" undershorts when he hit in fifty-six games straight, leaving behind him a streak well-nigh indelible. But other knights of the diamond had equally strange, if less famous, superstitions. Ted Kluszewski firmly believed that he would die if he ever went five for five at the plate. He of the brawny biceps often went down looking at a gopher ball in late innings rather than risk his life, and managers learned to pinch hit for the big Klu when he was hot. The most irrational fear of all was the one entertained by White Sox star Minnie Minoso, who had been led to believe, by a witch doctor back home, that the letters of the alphabet were hex signs. Minnie refused to learn to read scoreboards, sports pages, or contracts. Consequently he had no idea he was a great star, ("Not so good today, Minnie, just a couple of doubles," his manager would say, and the Mighty Mouse would vow to do better next time), and the player many consider the greatest of them all never received more than \$7,500 a season.

Basketball players, those exotics of the athletic world, have always been a superstitious lot. His teammates seemed not to notice the ritual Wilt the Stilt underwent before every contest — Chamberlain thought it necessary to burn a patch of hair from his body to ward off the *gris-gris*. Bill Russell, too, is a great believer in voodoo, and used to con-

duct a pregame ceremony of sticking pins in dolls of the evening's opponents. By chance, Big Bill learned that the pins were even more efficacious when stuck in the actual bodies of his opponents during under-the-basket scuffles, and many a player has protested to a referee, "Hey, look, I got a hole in my ass!" only to be told, "We all got a hole in our ass, bud-

dy. Play ball!"

Hockey is played, for the most part, by French Canadians, a primitive people, and great believers in Catholicism, curses, spells, and charms. It is considered a "bad sign" for a defenseman to have any teeth, and all aspiring Montreal Canadiens have 'em pulled before training camp begins.

Weirdest of all superstitions was one held by runner Jim Ryun. Before an important race, years ago, a distracted Jim walked out of a Woolworth's without paying for a ballpoint he'd picked up. That afternoon, Ryun scorched the track, won his event going away, and broke a world's record. Thereafter, the clean-cut athlete was torn between the dictates of his conscience and his will to win before each and every race. Conscience, in the form of a Woolco store detective, triumphed. But Jim has an attic full of trophies and ballpoints to remember his days as a champion by.

Red Hots. Yours truly has never picked that stiff Ali (a.k.a. Cassius Clay) to win. . . . If Ram's QB Terry Bradshaw is so dumb, why does President Ford call him for advice before every important policy decision? . . . Tennis is a natural sport for women to do well in—in this man's opinion, love has always meant "nothing" to the distaff side. . . . Insiders still hoping to reopen the Ruffian assassination scandal. . . . **So You Think You Know Sports?** (Answer to last month's question — Beats me!) ■

Presenting Long Johns: One size fits all.



120s

If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind. Light one up. Ahhh, love at first puff.

And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from.

Extra puffs.

But, the same price as 100's.

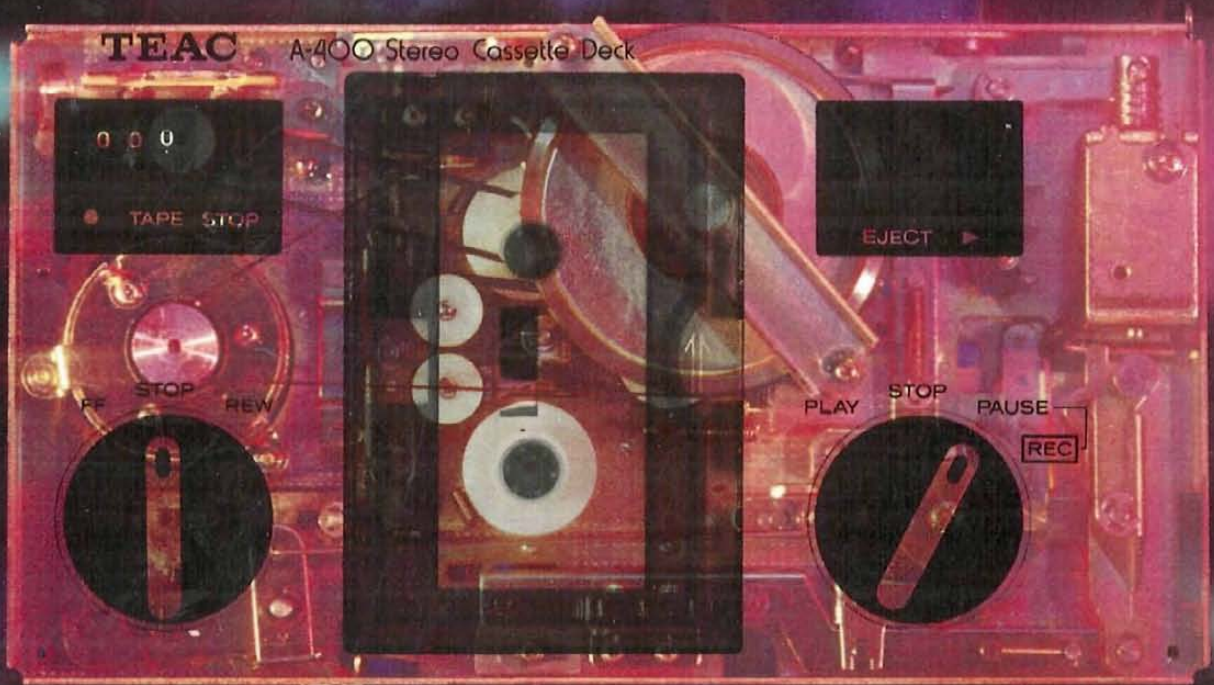


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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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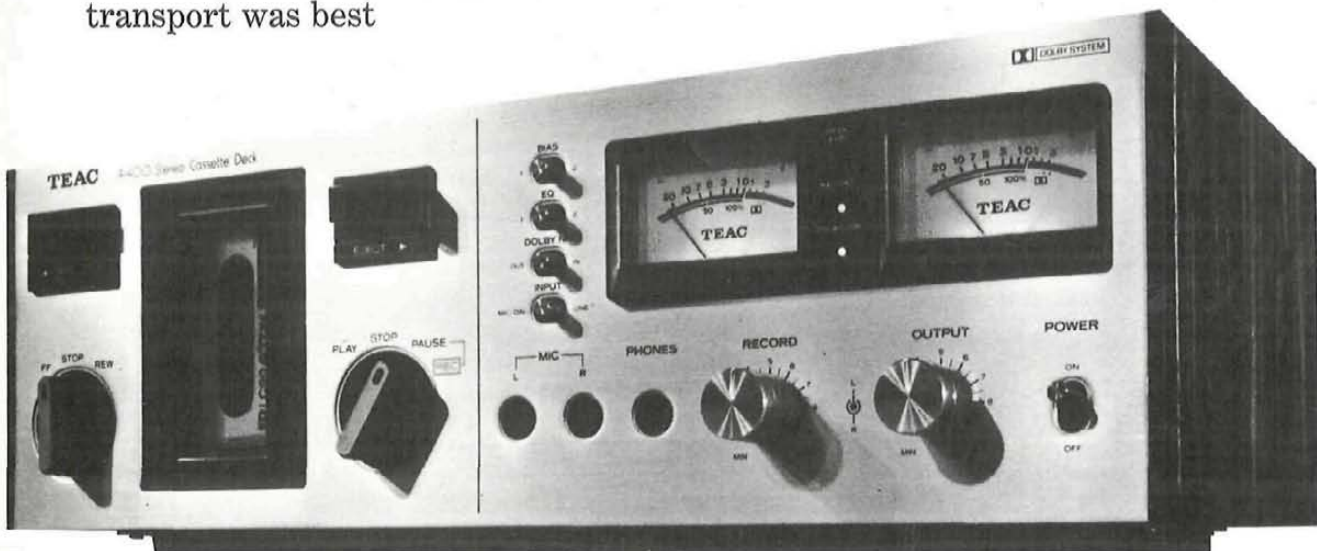


By design.

A-400

The 450 redefined the cassette deck as a true high fidelity component. That remarkable transport design generated a new found measure of respectability for the cassette format.

Our engineers then determined that a vertical transport was best



suiting for a front load application. In terms of overall design integrity and mechanical stability. So rather than adapt one transport design to fit another need, we produced a completely new, highly streamlined mechanism. From the inside out. It's called the A-400.

Twin rotary levers control the transport functions with smooth, positive cam action. Which means unnecessary mechanical linkages have been eliminated. You get peace of mind instead, because fewer moving parts assure greater reliability and long term dependability.

Since the cassette loads vertically into the A-400, the adverse effect of

gravity on the cassette package itself is eliminated. So tape jams are prevented and smooth, even tape packs are predictable.

If new design concepts superbly executed appeal to you, put an A-400 through its paces. Just call (800) 447-4700* toll free for the name and location of your nearest TEAC retailer. You'll find that the A-400 delivers definitive TEAC performance with the added convenience of a front load component. All by design.

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Every Dual, from the 1225 to the CS701, is designed to fulfill one basic concept: to provide more precision than you are ever likely to need.

Perhaps this is why more component owners—audio experts, hifi editors, record reviewers and readers of the music/equipment magazines—own Duals than any other turntable. These serious music lovers, whose investment in records typically exceeds their investment in equipment, prefer Dual for only one reason. Quality.

Until recently, Dual quality has been available only with fully automatic turntables with both single-play and multi-play facility. Now the choice is much broader. Of the seven Dual models, three are single-play only. Two of these are fully automatic: one is semi-automatic. Dual turntables also use all three types of drive systems: belt, rim and direct.

The way a tonearm is moved to and from the record is not critical. Nor is the type of drive system. What is critical is how faithfully the tonearm permits the stylus to follow the contours of the groove and how accurately and quietly the platter rotates.

If precision performance and reliability are of primary importance to you—as they should be—you'll find them in every Dual.

Dual 1225. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Viscous damped cue-control, pitch-control. 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ " platter. \$139.95, less base.

Dual 1226, with cast platter, rotating single-play spindle, \$169.95.

Dual 1228, with gimballed tonearm, synchronous motor, illuminated strobe, variable tracking angle, \$199.95.

Dual 1249. Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Belt drive.

12" dynamically-balanced platter. \$279.95, less base. Full size

belt-drive models include: Dual 510, semi-automatic, \$199.95;

Dual 601, fully automatic, \$249.95 (Dual CS601, with base

and cover, \$270.)

Dual CS701. Fully automatic, single-play. D.C. brushless, electronic direct drive motor; tuned anti-resonance filters. \$400, including base and cover.



Dual 1225



Dual 1249



Dual CS701

Canadian Corner



In metropolitan cities the world over, there are small, flourishing enclaves of Canadians; clannish expatriates who cluster together amid strange surroundings to share the warmth of their common cultural background, or simply to share the warmth. One of the most famous of these cities within cities is New York's "Little Canada."

Located conveniently close to Manhattan's largest liquor store, Little Canada is home to hundreds, possibly thousands, of Canadians, many of who entered the country illegally and have neither working papers nor the political connections required to obtain them. These illegal aliens eke out a living working for minimal wages in the restaurants and fur-tanning establishments operated by friends and relatives. Occasionally, U.S. immigration officials will venture into Little Canada and collar an alien for deportation. However, of late they have been a little more circumspect, as the recent deportation of Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau's younger brother led to a deterioration in diplomatic relations between the two countries and temporarily put a halt to U.S. plans to purchase all of Canada's rivers.

So, largely protected from outside interference, minimum wage laws, Medicare, and an excess of money, they lead a separate existence amidst the cheeping and warbling of American society. Theirs is a mysterious world of steamy kitchens and frosty windows that few Americans have ever penetrated. Even Americans who have known Canadians for years barely understand the workings of their minds or feet. A visitor to Little Canada can only hope to scratch the surface of this strange, cloudy world. A meal at a Canadian food joint, perhaps, or a brief stop at one of the many tiny shops that hearken back, if not to another age, at least to another climate. Strangers are never invited into the back rooms, where the men of the beaver lodge dream up new laws, sport colorful toques, and smoke cigarettes that taste like

forest fires. They see only the most superficial aspects of this society, and come away knowing little more than they did before. Few care to look deeper, and few Canadians would be prepared to help them if they did. For the Canadian distrusts the outside world and fears the interference of others with his laws and customs. Of course, there are always a few who are willing to sacrifice their loyalty to the group for a price—take me, for example—and due to the deprived economic circumstances of the Canadian, usually not a very big price.

The people of Little Canada are about as independent as you can get prior to dying. They are governed by their own "beaver lodge," trade by their own rules, and are tried by their own laws; in short, they live their lives in accordance with the little known, little understood "code of the north."

The doors are never locked in Little Canada, and a Canadian overcome by fatigue is welcome to enter his neighbor's house at any time and make himself comfortable; and it is not uncommon for a homeowner to return and find a stranger asleep in the bathtub. This is quite acceptable, according to the code of the north,

continued on page 38

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The Picture **NEWSPAPER** "The size of the Times!"

Ecstatic kitchenette from Do Not Enter, British Columbia!!! Helen Hayes pregnant. Liberace strikes again!!!

Super-shivery late Stuart Coromandel day bed from Mumps, Ore.!!! When religious pistachio Kathryn Kuhlman speaks, she spits frogs. T.V. viewers have joyed to see them. Kuhlman explains: "Thee reason I spit frogs (there goes one!) is because I eat frogs. They are my soul diet, as opposed to of worms." (Plop.) "No, I do not Religious Digest them immediately. Once I eat them, they stay in my stomach and eat one another. I feed off their ofal, yum, and thee frogs I spit are their offspring which have their Genesis within. They leap from my lips, thee little Angels (look at 'em jump!), and keep my breath Pure. And I thank Thee Stars Above my addiction is not alligators!"

Whirligig Queen Anne lowboy from Exxon, Conn.!!! Knopf will publish *The Leo Durocher Book of Baseball Etiquette* in May!!! *Nihil obstat quonimus imprimatur.*

Shocking bombé cabinet from Amyl Nitrate, La.!!! Manhattanites have been wondering what all that landfill off Wall Street into the bay is in aid of. The truth may now be told!! Dr. Tibor Rosenbaum, the

man who broke Israel's credit in attempting to turn the Tenuta di Capocotta green belt estate into a Roman hotel resort, is masterminding an extension of the South Ferry to Liberty Island. This penile-insula, once erect, will home an amusement park such as to make Disneyland look like a panhandler's windshield wipe. The landfill will be skirted by beach packed down to accommodate an autoracing loop, for which Miss Lib will provide the western pylon. Neat thinking, Tabor, and fresh bucks for Beamed-ended Gotham!!!

Ravishing escritoire from Flung, China!!! Rumors that poet novelist Janet Burroway has been detained at the Hungarian border have been squelched utterly!!!

Flash Windsor chair from Claque, N.M.!!! Doris Day has become a Negro!!! Instead of face-liftings, the latest fad among Hollywood stars is change of race. "Changing race," says Do-Do, "gives a youthening effect. Almost all the races look younger than the Aryan at thirty-six, which is my present age, and which, I trust, will now remain my present age." Only the face is changed in the exciting trendy S. Cal. operation. The body

remains as before. Doris showed Birdbath her bod, completely digressed of its garb, which had consisted of a pantsuit composed entirely of dog noses. Doris is a dog lover, and has the world's largest collection of dog noses. That glossy lampshade, that prune-textured settee. Other stars who have undergone race-lifts are James Cagney, Esquimeau, William Shatner, Indo-Bengali, Beatrice Arthur, Jap, and Sammy Davis, Jr., Black!!!

Gargantuan walnut cheval fire-screen from Payola, Tex.!!! Pêlé plays soccer!!!

Consummate Murphy bed from Lili St.-Cyr-sur-Oise, France!!! The Tim Buckley autopsy has definitely proven that Tim died of old age. Confusion as to the demise of the famed rock star fountained from a misprint on his age on press releases early in his career, errors he did nothing to quell, the rogue. Listed age twenty-eight at death, he was actually age eight-two, and well might have he fled to his Maker's bos long before now. So long, Tim. Keep harpin'!!!

Spacey Regency chest-on-chest sectional from There's No, Paper In Here, Neb.!!! Vicky Slaetor was spied at The Bottom Line doling out brownies to table-nabes. Brownie points for Vicky, 'n' all success to ya!!!

Startling Hepplewhite side-board from Unc, Arizona!!! Cyd (She-came-at-me-in-sections-more-curves-than-a-scenic-railway-she-was-bad-she-was-dangerous-I-wouldn't-trust-her-any-further-than-I-could-throw-her-she-was-selling-hard-but-I-wasn't-buying-yet-she-was-my-kind-o'-woman) Charisse has given up biting her fingernails!!!

Hilarious Aubusson wombchair from Rude Awakening, Devonshire!!! The death of Marlene Dietrich onstage at the Tobasco Inn last month was greeted with a standing ovation. And too, like Elizabeth I and Alexander the Great, Marlene chose to die standing. She was propped up between two broadswords, bathed in Zeigfield-pink babyspots and Octagon detergent for dishes bubbles. After the final cacophonous rattle had pasted itself on immortality, a tiny five-year-old girl in a yellow pinafore rushed to the stage. She sat on Marlene's left foot, hugged her calf, and said, "Cornflower!" Marlene will perform at The Sands in March and then vacation in Martinique.

Next month: How Charlotte Cushman really learned "The Hustle"!!!

R. Bruce Moody



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



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.

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

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler 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.

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 Watts, 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 Adlai 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.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoela, 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 *Lile* 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. Kliban's Turk.

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

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon Building*, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeet*.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Cancer Kare Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS "Tyranic" Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

MAY, 1974/50TH ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizeable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and Balfart Comics.

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zepplin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberrie, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker Parody*.

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE: With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worstest Monster, ParLOURbook, Orgygami, and Cloo.

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hamurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, Wacky Stuff, Zany Monkeyshines, and the *Esquire Parody*.

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and Cuban Homo Farm.

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• Leroy Anderson, an inmate of the Molmesburg Prison in Philadelphia, filed a complaint about the quality and quantity of toilet paper issued to him. In a petition he drew up and filed in the U.S. District Court at Philadelphia, Anderson asked the court to order Prison Superintendent Louis S. Ayth to "withdraw from this cruelty" and award him \$20,000 in "cash American money."

According to the penal and correctional institution rules, Anderson claims he has been denied his right "to have and use (without restraints and difficulties) the necessary service paper as is his requirement under the present hygiene standards of himself."

Each cell is issued one roll a week for up to three prisoners, and one roll is not enough, said Anderson.

The paper is of such poor quality that "the material does do damage to the tender parts of the body for which it is used," Anderson's petition claimed. Because of the tissue's poor quality, toilets get clogged and have to be cleaned out by plumbers, he added.

In a final plea for sufficient quantity and quality of tissue, Anderson said, "Petitioner shall forever pray." *Philadelphia Bulletin* (J. Scoblink)

• Mitchell Allen Williams, thirty-eight, of Indiantown, Florida, survived a traffic accident that completely demolished his pickup truck, then plunged fifty feet to his death when he leaned too far over a guardrail in an attempt to recuperate from the mishap.

State troopers reported that witnesses saw Williams' truck run across the median on State Road 710 and skid several feet on the wrong side of the highway before striking the end of the overpass bridge. The truck was totaled, but Williams, the only passenger, ap-

peared unharmed when he climbed out of the wreckage and walked over to the guardrail.

Williams seemed to be recuperating from the accident when he apparently leaned too far over the rail and fell over. The guardrail remained intact. *Tampa Tribune* (J. Duket)

• A twenty-two-year-old steel worker in Belfast, Northern Ireland was hospitalized recently with a fractured skull, broken pelvis, broken leg, and other injuries after being struck by four vehicles within two minutes.

Bob Finnegan was crossing the street when a taxi struck him and flung him over its roof. The taxi drove away, and, as Finnegan lay stunned in the road, a car ran into him, bowling him into the gutter. It, too, drove on.

While pedestrians gathered at the scene, a small van plowed through the crowd, leaving behind three injured bystanders and an even more battered Finnegan. When a fourth vehicle came along, the crowd scattered and only one man was hit—Finnegan.

Hospital officials say Finnegan will recover. *Chicago Sun Times* (N. DeBrown)

• A bandit accidentally shot himself dead when he tried to stuff about \$200 into a coat pocket with the same hand he used to carry his gun.

The unidentified gunman had stolen the money from a Newport, Rhode Island, restaurant. "He was trying to put the money in his coat pocket when the gun went off," Walter Nickerson, restaurant manager, explained. "He had the money in a bag in the same hand with the gun, and the gun went off right under his chin, pointed straight up."

Witnesses told police the robber appeared "very nervous." *Democrat and Chronicle* (Rochester, N.Y.) (K. Scheuch)

• A thirty-seven-year-old Californian reported to the police that a man dressed in black and carrying "a big knife" broke into his home and forced him to smoke two packs of Pall Mall Gold. The intruder then left. *Santa Barbara Newspress* (D. Swords)

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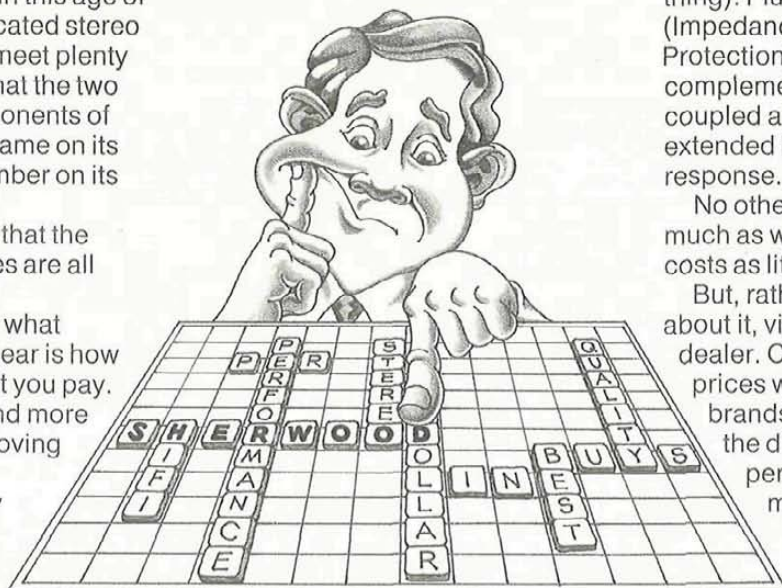
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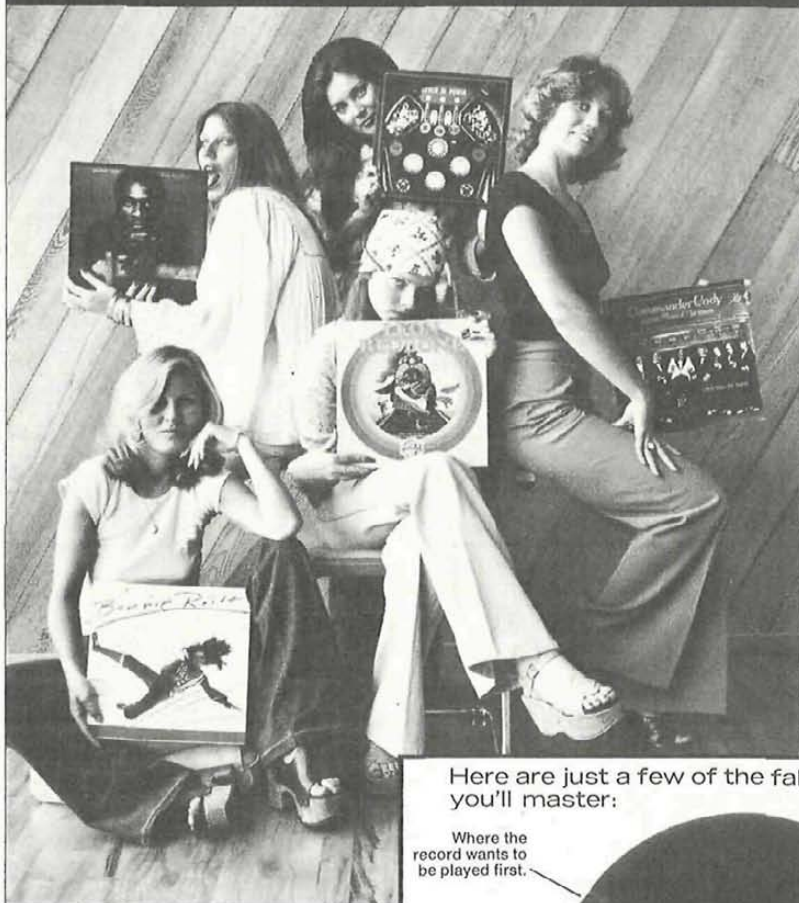


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My Wiggles,

Greetings from your only Baba and the wide open spaces of His teeth and Nebraska—birthplace of the very famous Mr. Johnny Carson and the increasingly less so Mr. Dick Cavett! Hu.

As your little old truth vendor deftly aims His India-red Turbo-Carrera Porsche, this very flat amount of aptly-named "the Midwest" rushes by unbroken save for an occasional blurred A & W root beer stand or snatch of denim thumbing away from home.

Not for nothing is Nebraska known among top gurus as the Land of the Perpetual Dragstrip—an excellent opportunity to wind out fine German iron and, upon misoccasion, Baba's turban, which billows behind Isadora Duncanlike as a gay thankyou to police escort even now diminishing in Baba's bullet-shattered rearview. (*Corner softly, but drive with a lead sandal*—B. Raisin.)

And indeed, so excellently does this turban-careener's rack-and-pinion steering grip this changeless 500-mile stretch that one entire hand may be set aside for this long overdue *Newsletter*, while yet another may be devoted to fine tuning of the internationally-expensive-yet-fun Ms. Julie Christie, who, your Baba is in no way distressed to relate, now sits nextward on her finely-bucketed seat. (At the speaking of which, Ms. Christie has just now informed Baba that the finely-crafted bucket featured in the *Shampoo* party sequence was in fact not Mr. Warren Beatty's, but, upon cameraman's special request, Ms. Christie's, as it proved superior both in firmness and bounce to cinematic ounce. You hear it first from Baba, no lie yes?)

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WAREHOUSE SOUND Co.

Railroad Square, PO Box "S"
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Baba Rum Raisin

continued

This superior auto, you may now peep up, how did it fall into Thy humble grasp, oh Baba?

In the facts, the Porsche belongs to Mr. Uri Geller, my babies, whom Baba will one day show the secret of duplicating keys. As for Ms. Christie, she belongs only to herself, and, she teases her own Baba to add, occasionally to the world, yes no?

Now, as the Lip that raised a thousand flags replaces Linda Ronstadt in the fine Blaupunkt tape-deck with the more spiritually nutritious "Beachboys' Greatest Hits," Ms. Christie further agrees to handle Baba's stick shift as He types, providing indeed good vibrations for all concerned.

Now, as Ms. Christie performs her deft double clutch, your spiritual ambassador without balanced portfolio brings you yet another "Dear Baba" column, free of charge to all fan clubbers in good standing. (It is warned that all *not* in good standing—by which Baba means those sitting on their *dues*—these must *not* read the following or become star of own fright movie *Yaws*. This is not an idle threat, Mr. Timmy Mayer of 2234 Locust Drive, Burlington, Vt.! At least in no manner as idle as certain gurupies have been in their pittance remittance!)

What many of you cagier young people may be wishing to learn is how came this fine auto, this bullet-spitting pursuit? It began when the phone rang at Ms. Christie's Plaza suite (with excellent view of Central Park and a majority of the corpses) and the noise at the other end proved to be the top assistant to the very fine Tom Snyder "Tomorrow Show." The noise issued from a female person of a variety often found about such men as these—adept both at talking quickly and—if Baba's ears were not mistaken—cracking cashews with a portion of her anatomy more often associated with soup than nuts. Fish soup if you catch Baba's humble drifting.

Would Baba appear with Mr. Uri Geller tonight? Would He bring some spoons and keys? Would He bring own carfare and Cremora? Would He be sure to wear a clean blue *dhoti*?

Remembering manager Mr. Morty Taumicbaum's belief that "The only bad publicity is your obit," Baba accepted, and, parking pedicab with large youths outside NBC building who then ate same, ran. Inside, Baba and Ms. Christie were

greeted by the noise person who indeed emitted a pungent fragrance not unlike pecan chowder and led Him to the make-up room where Mr. Geller already sat having his hair bent into shape while he occupied the remainder of his person melting girders with *schpritzes* from his fine boutonniere. Also did he carefully Q-Tip tiny dentist mirrors grafted in his fine ears for reasons of ESP.

While we awaited Mr. Snider, Mr. Geller and Baba passed the time guessing each other's weight and checking balances. (Mr. Geller was accurate save in the correct color of ink.) In addition, Mr. Geller attempted to guess the contents of Baba's coin purse while distracting Baba with a Vocal Projection technique known only to those familiar with the advertisements in early *Superman* comical booklets.

Before Baba could utter the Curse of 10,000 Dingleberries upon Mr. Geller's business end, Ms. Soup-of-the-Month announced airtime and we were introduced to Mr. Slymer (Slymer Spyster Snyderly what is his name?) who, similarly to Mr. Geller, enjoys a hairdo not unlike certain unsuccessful 1940s attempts at sportscar design behind the Iron Curtain. If this be a fib, Baba humps unripened figs.

As the questions began themselves, Mr. Geller immediately upped the staging of Baba by bending numerous objects, including paper clips, licorice whips, and obviously-tampered-with Flay-vor Straws. All this much to the delight of Mr. Snotter who, being an ardent Catholic, has seen many such miraculous events is this not the case? Baba Himself, Baba regrets to report, was treated with less than due respect—an unfortunacy early indicated by His introduction by Mr. Sneaker as a pile of undone laundry.

Baba, displeased, offered to bend both their necks wrongwards by means of physical force alone (a method Baba has observed in many Tibetan drunktanks) but was interrupted by Mr. Shyster's interesting anecdote concerning a mystical experience he enjoyed himself by means of a confessional and formerly clean handkerchief.

During a commercial break when Mr. Geller and Mr. Stymie exchanged compliments on their reusable Beatleboots, Baba winked at Ms. Christie who, when the camera lights again themselves winked red, appeared off camera bumping and bouncing totally without her cloth-

ings almost as if by prearrangement. In their astonishments, both Mr. Israeli Hotcomb and Mr. Ardent Legcrosser were unable to restrain the instantly-produced slime serpents that rose and bounced in time inside their interestingly styled, matching UFO slackwears.

It was now that Baba, thanks to delighted stagecrew, commanded a close-up and proceeded to rebend these bounding phenomenobs by the chanting of Purification Mantra #6 (employed for the preservation of continence during dull-but-healthy sex fasts preceding traditional Penicillin Festivals). The ancient Sanskrit prayer—roughly translated as *Hookworms, cancer, pus and yaws/I saw Mommy rimming Santa Claus*—went immediately to the twin on-camera trouble spots and diminished their drumming dangledowns to their original resemblance to a length of yesterday's fettucine Alfredo.

As Mr. Geller angrily refilled his squirting blossom and Mr. Ardent Wastepile (what is his name?) sought in his UFOs the source of the short-lived unidentified throbbing object, Baba, Ms. Christie, and the majority of her garments taxied swiftly Plazawards where we enjoyed again the much-bleeped interview together with a generous portion of Ms. Christie's fine smoking salmon.

As Baba anticipated, the censors omitted many of Baba's important pronouncements including new album release ("Baba Live at Ellis Island"—Decca) and special T-shirt offer, but failed to erase post-hypnotic suggestiveness of drooping-dangle chant. Thus, Baba regrets to say, all those who viewed Baba's appearance last evening (including,

continued

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NOW THAT'S JAWS!

IN 3 COLOR PRINT
IRON ON ANY T-SHIRT

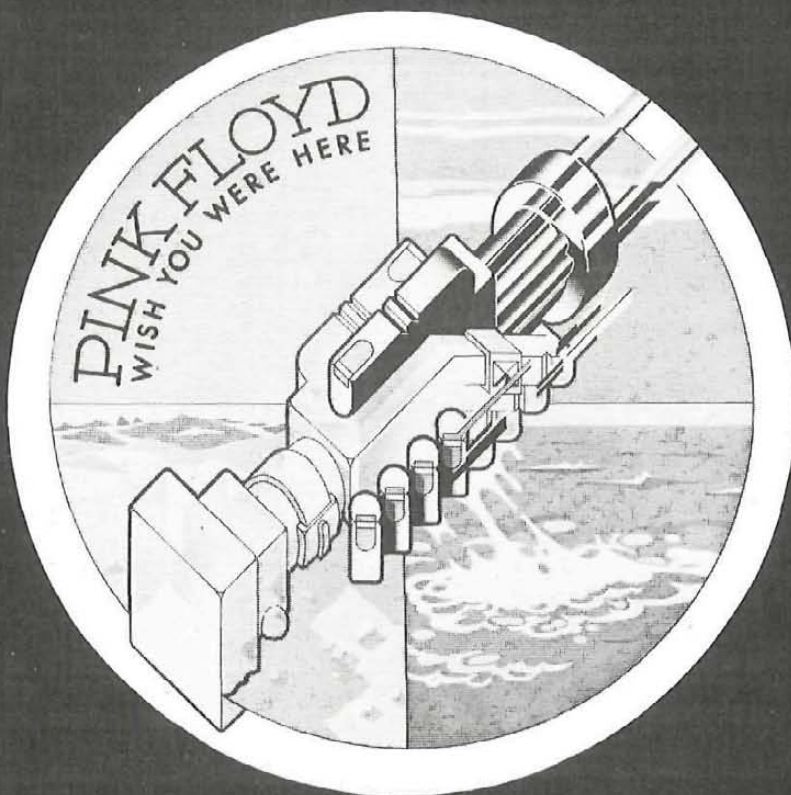


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So slender. So light.
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Sound Perfection.

You have to listen to believe.



"for those who can hear the difference"

Baba Rum Raisin

continued

apparently, the fine prowl car psychopaths now behind and again gaining) must be afflicted with languid lingams until Baba's next therapeutic guest shot on Mr. Merv Griffin sometime after New Year's. With 20 million viewers so afflicted, the end-to-end poot melons that might have under proper conditions stretched coast to coast will, until then, reach perhaps only from Manhattan to Yonkers Raceway.

Sad news for Mr. Geller's many fine stewardesses yes no? No news for the very fine Mrs. Tom Speidel, however, writes Baba soliciting kindly further agreement.

However, Baba offers special relief for His fave Bent Key Club Members! This fine new nonprofit additional organ-ization (not to be correctly confused with not-so-fine and highly competitive Universalist Life Church) guarantees life-after-social-death to you boys and girls presently afflicted with sad inability to get it on, up, or damp.

Free!

Yes Baba! Although I enjoyed your much-bleeped program, I wish, both in moderation and according to Baba's Rules of Fun, to follow the path of moral erectitude. Please send sure-fire magic T-shirt and free 45 rpm "Kama Sutra Polka" starring Baba Rum Raisin and famous dead rock guitarist reincarnated as funny noise in background. Here is as much money as I can buy stamps for! Rush!

Name _____
Address _____
How much \$\$\$ _____
Where I live _____

Do not delay or delay must wait until after New Year's, if this may serve as a small but instructive pun.

And now, my wiggly-whangies, your Baba must return both hands to the wheel, first airing nontyping one briefly out window, as Ms. Christie observes they are now aiming at Mr. Geller's expensive Michelin radials. Is it not paradoxical that such unwise hotrodding directly results from insufficient cold showering?

And remember, babies, coupon coupon! Or on you your dates will poop on, and by this Baba does not mean a brand of mustard.

Ciao,

BABA BABA

**Pickering's
Model OA-3
dynamic
open audio
lightweight
headphones.**



Open Audio.

Enjoy the sound. Yet, be part of what's going on around you. That's "open audio"

Prediction.

The OA-3 will be your favorite "component" in your hi-fi stereo system.

For further information write to Pickering & Co., Inc. Dept. N, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, New York 11803



"for those who can hear the difference"

If you've got the salt, I've got the Sauza.

Nothing gets a good thing going better than Tequila Sauza. That's because Sauza is the Número Uno Tequila in all of Mexico. And that's because Tequila Sauza—Silver or Gold—does best all the things anybody would want Tequila to do.

Try it the classic down-Mexico way: in a shot glass, with salt and lime on the side. Or in a Margarita. Or in a Sunrise. Who knows where it will all lead?



Tequila 80 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer, National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.

so long as the "guest" has not used the glasses for ashtrays or defecated in the wastepaper baskets. (If a violation occurs, the homeowner may elect immediate trial by combat.)

Occasionally, of course, there is a theft. Some Canadian overcome with envy for another's lumber jacket loses control and tears it off him, or stealthily slides it off the back of his chair in a bar. The offender is invariably found later swaggering down the street sporting his new acquisition. He is then brought before the beaver lodge and his sentence is handed down. Sentence may range from a simple "punching out" to banishment. In the case of banishment, he is led out of Little Canada and abandoned. There, the Canadians believe he will starve to death or be consumed by Naygroes.

The highest authority in Little Canada is, of course, the Queen, who keeps in touch with her subjects around the world by means of short-wave radio. The Queen's messages are coded to prevent their interception by the American authorities. They usually deal with Her Majesty's plans to rule the world, and announce what new steps have been taken toward this end. Recent announcements have dealt with a new space-age virus developed by Her Majesty's master of the arsenal.

This biological weapon can be programmed to wipe out people of a single political persuasion. For example, it could be set to wipe out all white Anglo-Saxon Protestants with conservative leanings. Or all hispanic liberals who own dogs, for that matter. Her Majesty's advisers believe that by judicious use of this weapon, the United States may be once again joined to Britain. Occasionally, H.M. will order one of her Canadian subjects to assassinate an American political figure who knows too much. I dare mention no names.

This is the tarry underbelly of Little Canada. It is not always so dark, brooding, and malevolent a presence. Once a year, in June, Little Canada comes alive as the festival of the caribou migration begins. Tourists come from blocks away to watch as the Canadians don realistic "boo" suits and parade up and down the block all day and far into the night, lowing and butting at each other in imitation of a herd of caribou on the move. Lit by the beams of large sportsman's flashlights carried by revellers, the bobbing, dancing figures present a curious sight to the tourist who stands confused on a street corner, tentatively gnawing a piece of beef jerky presented to him by a tiny child in a snowsuit.

Later, there will be a chain saw throwing contest, a dog wrestle, some punch-outs, and bannock baking for the ladies. Sometimes a play will be presented, usually dramatizing some incident from Canadian life—the repossession of a car by the finance company, an attack by wild Indians, or a comet crushing your sister. Simple plays for a simple folk who do not really believe in death or its terrors. For the Canadians believe that when they die, they will be poled across a dark river by a jolly French-Canadian boatman named Croissant, and permitted to enter a blissful state of consciousness comparable to extreme drunkenness, even if they've been bad.

When you leave Little Canada, your souvenir will probably be a menu from a Canadian food restaurant. Here it is, and good eating.

Blue Eagle Cafe

Tastily Prepared Dishes—
Please Order by Number

- 1) Prepared Meat
- 2) Cooked Meat
- 3) Potatoes and Salt
- 4) Pie
- 5) Pie with Potatoes
- 6) Side Order Salt

Please Pay When Served.
No Tipping.

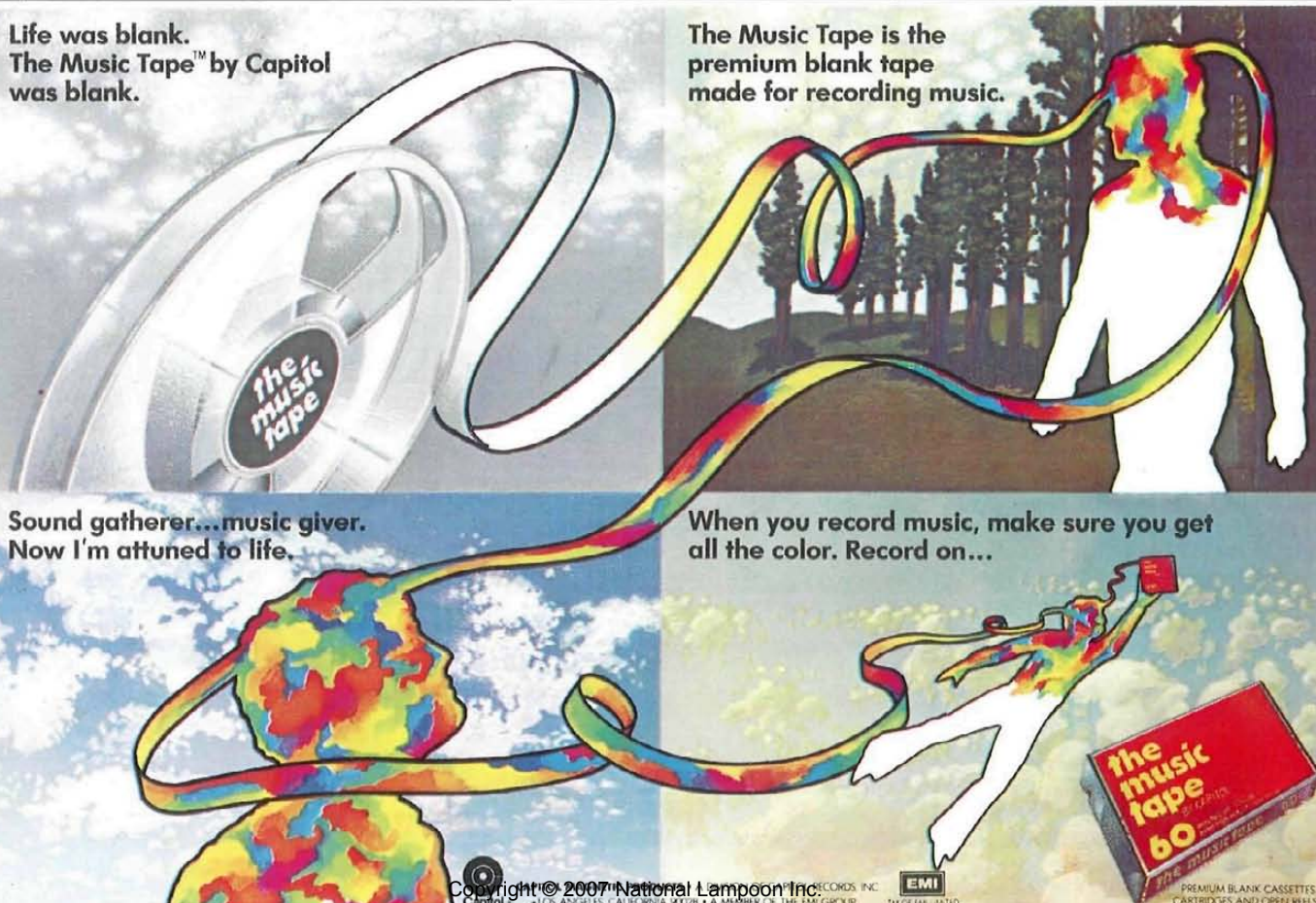
T.M.

Life was blank.
The Music Tape™ by Capitol
was blank.

The Music Tape is the
premium blank tape
made for recording music.

Sound gatherer...music giver.
Now I'm attuned to life.

When you record music, make sure you get
all the color. Record on...





© 1975 CBS inc.

"Fee-fe-fo-fum!" bellowed the Giant as Jack streaked for the beanstalk. "Bring back the treasures you ripped off or I'll grind your bones to make my bread."

"From now on," taunted Jack, cradling the stolen Precision Bass in his arms, "I'll be the giant who makes the bread. Just listen to the golden tones that Bassman Ten puts out

when I lay down some licks on your electric bass."

"On my Fender electric bass!" moaned the Giant. "Anything but the best isn't worth a hill of beans. When you get to the root of the matter, you cut it with what the rest of the TV concert titans play!"

"And of course," Jack sang out...
 "9 out of 10 pick a Fender bass!"*

For a full-color poster of this ad, send \$1 to:
 Fender, Box 3410, Dept. 375, Fullerton, CA 92634.

*Source: National Marketing Research of
 California, 1975.

Fender®
 CBS Musical Instruments

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Keep on trackin'

With an Empire wide response cartridge.

A lot of people have started "trackin'" with Empire cartridges for more or less the same reasons.

More separation: "Separation, measured between right and left channels at a frequency of 1 kHz, did indeed measure 35 dB (rather remarkable for any cartridge)." **FM Guide, The Feldman Lab Report.**

Less distortion: "...the Empire 4000D/III produced the flattest overall response yet measured from a CD-4 cartridge—within ± 2 dB from 1,000 to 50,000 Hz." **Stereo Review.**

More versatile: "Not only does the 4000D/III provide excellent sound in both stereo and quadraphonic reproduction, but we had no difficulty whatever getting satisfactory quad playback through any demodulator or with any turntable of appropriate quality at our disposal." **High Fidelity.**

Less tracking force: "The Empire 4000D/III has a surprisingly low tracking force in the $\frac{1}{4}$ gram to $1\frac{1}{4}$ gram region. This is surprising because other cartridges, and I mean 4 channel types, seem to hover around the 2 gram class." **Modern Hi Fi & Stereo Guide.**

For the complete test reviews from these major audio magazines and a free catalogue, write: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Mfd. U.S.A.

EMPIRE

Choose the Cartridge Designed to Play Best in Your System

Plays 4 Channel Discrete (CD4) and Super Stereo

Plays 2 Channel Stereo

Plays All 4 Channel Matrix Systems (SQ, QS, RM)

Model	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
Frequency Response in Hz:	5-50,000	5-45,000	10-40,000	5-35,000	6-33,000	8-32,000	10-30,000	10-28,000
Output Voltage per Channel at 3.54 cm/sec groove velocity:	3.0	3.0	3.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Channel Separation	more than 35dB	more than 35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	30dB	30dB
Tracking Force in Grams:	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	1 to 3	1 to 3
Stylus Tip:	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius "4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius "4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius "4 Dimensional	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	elliptical diamond .3 x .7 mil	spherical diamond .7 mil
For Use In:	turntable only	turntable only	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	changer only	changer only



(White)



(Yellow)



(Black)



(Blue)



(Green)



(Red)



(Red)



(Smoke)

Kelly Girls

Temporary Office Furniture

by Marc Rubin

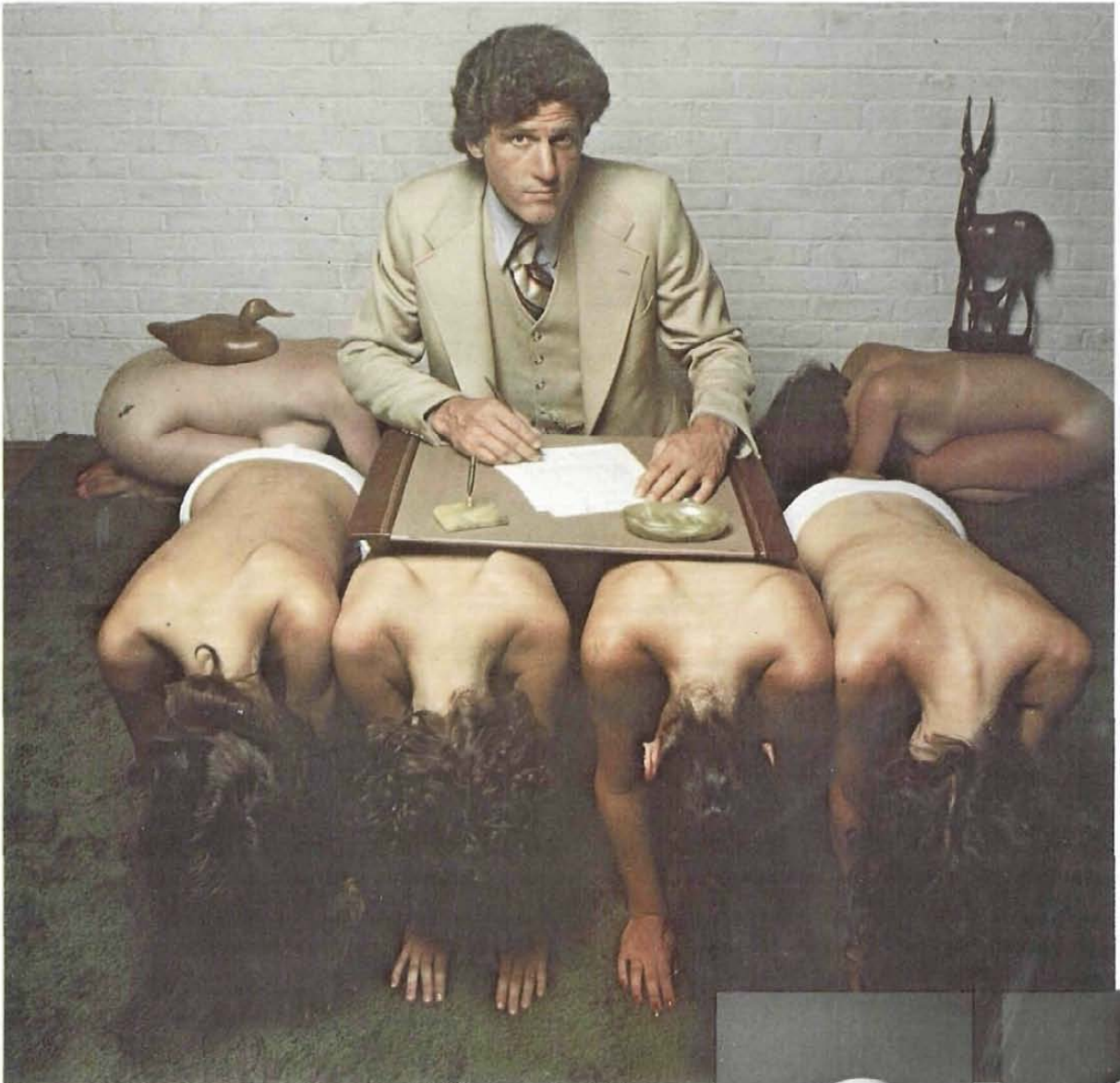
Once upon a time, someone wrote: "Behind every successful man is a woman." And nowhere do these words of wisdom have a more practical application than in the world of business, where a successful man has always needed a woman to lean on.

Kelly Girls has set the standard for providing the busy executive with someone he can lean on, and now, alongside the cheerful receptionist, dependable typist, and

faithful secretary, can be added the sturdy desk.

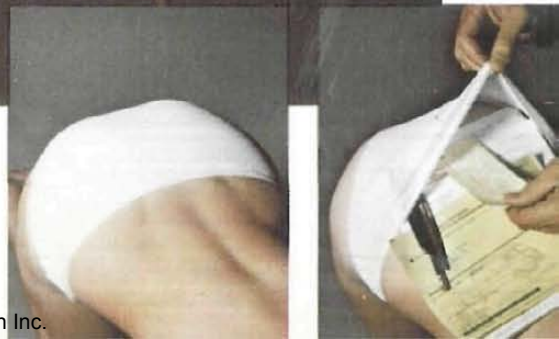
Kelly Girls Temporary Office Furniture comes in a wide variety of styles and colors, and offers a broad range of models from which to choose

Traditionally daring in design, daringly traditional in function, this is office furniture for the truly discriminating executive, who knows his place in the business world and wants to keep it that way.



The Henry VIII! (shown here) is a desk that reflects the position as well as the character of those who hold it. Four separate units allow for quick and easy replacement. Other outstanding features include high cheekbones, perfectly filed nails, and fitted nylon drawers with fingertip control and elastic waistbands for maximum storage capacity. Drawers can be removed completely for easy cleaning, and access to those hard to reach places. Desk size: 144 by 96 by 144.

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Tables

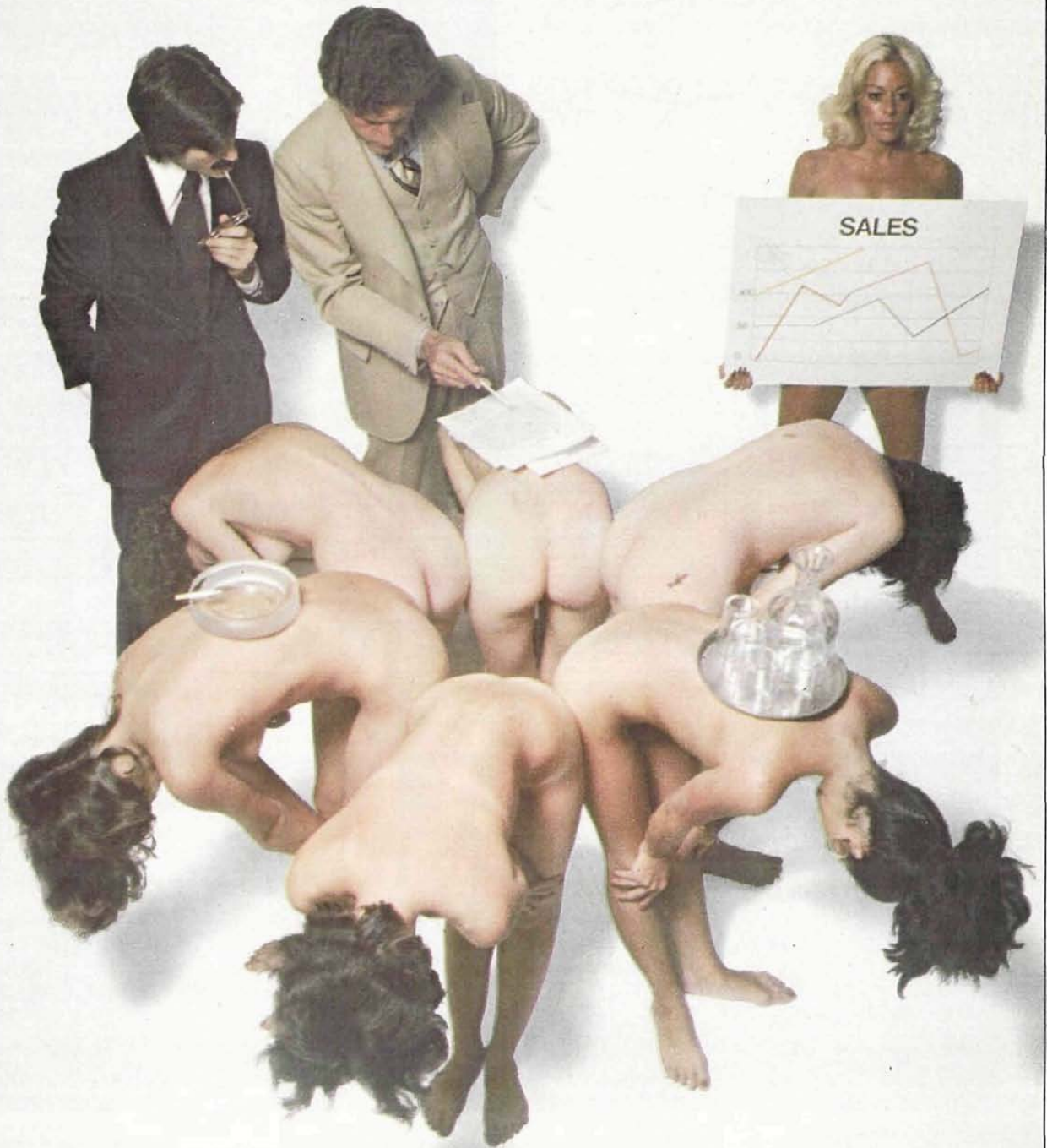
*L*eg table (above): Certain to become a popular office favorite, this table is ideally suited for the executive who likes to think of his feet. Has a variety of uses, or just let it stand there and look beautiful. Outstanding features include high arches, well-turned ankles, and long, sweeping calf. Black stockings optional for an additional charge. If ordering with stockings, specify with or without seams.



*I*t's everybody into the typing pool with this sturdy typing table and machine stand, below. The workhorse of the office, what this table lacks in looks is made up for by its versatility. Table is completely collapsable (as shown) and can be stored out of sight when not in use. Features include total portability and adjustable height. Stretch marks included.



The mainstay of the office, this conference table bends over forwards to give you features which make it ideally suited for business in the round. Many efficient work arrangements are possible through a broad selection of tops and components. Table assembly required. Easel not included but may be ordered separately.



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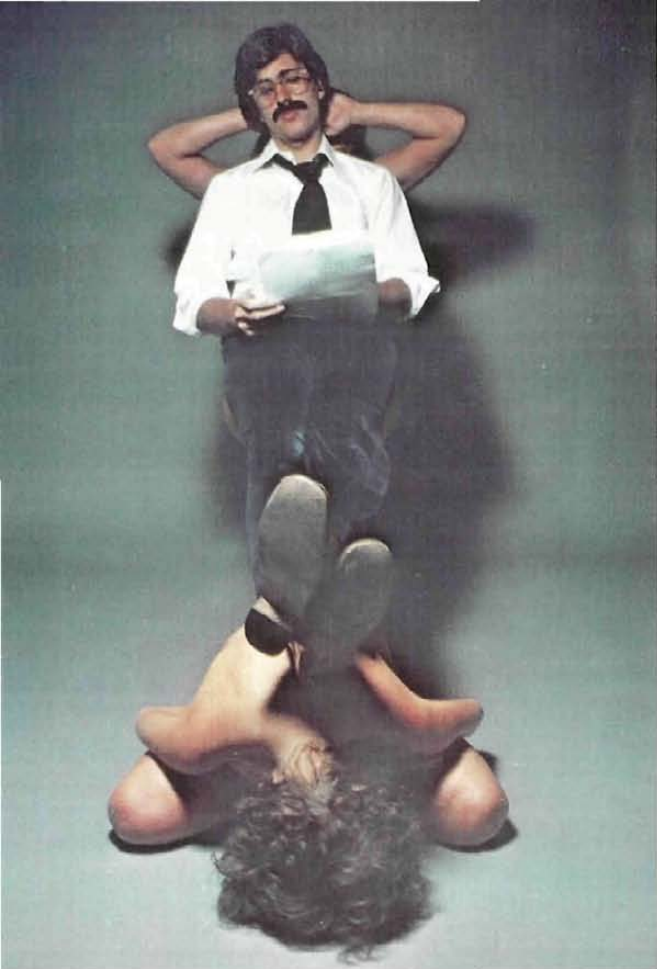
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Seating



Lying down on the job is hard to resist with this smart looking office sofa. Looks as great as it feels and feels as great as it looks, thanks to built-in box springs and ten soft, pillow-like headrests, all of which put you in the lap of office

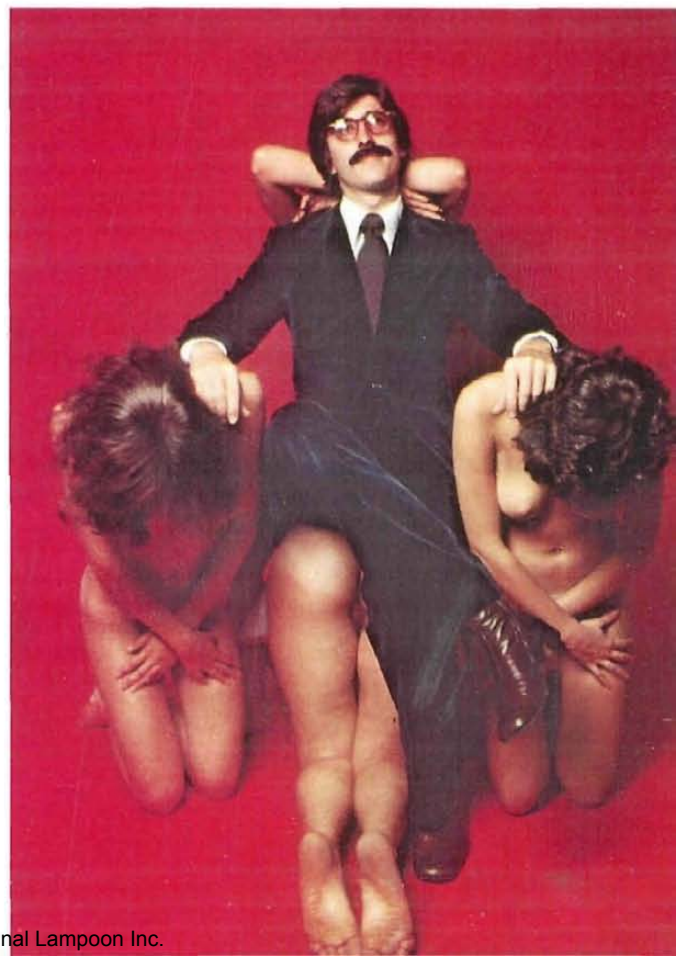
luxury. Also available in tough black leather. To complete the executive experience, the compact end table is just the thing to give the office the right "touch." Comes in white, black, brown, and mulatto.



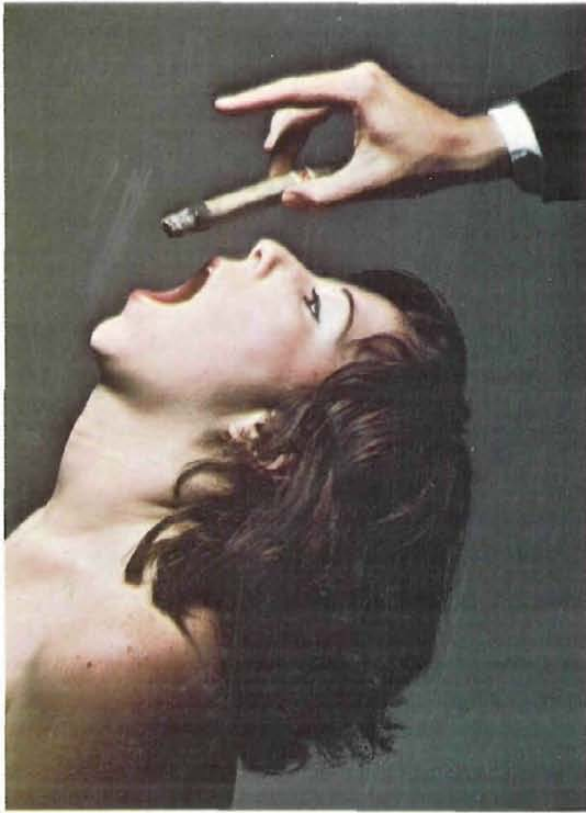
Put your feet up and be counted with this two piece recliner and ottoman. The gentle lines of the frame and graceful contours of the seat and back make this chair an inviting place to spend your working hours. Soft and pliable exterior gives in all the right places, supporting you in style. Many different models to choose from, in an enticing array of colors. Available in natural finish or leather upholstery.

Impressive looking, with generous proportions and the kind of comfort that keeps executives fresh for decision-making all day long, our Executive Massage-a-Pedic office chair has particular appeal for the status-conscious executive who likes being pampered. Just the sound of your voice activates the many built in "fingers," which immediately go to work soothing and relaxing those tense, aching muscles from head to toe. Combining beauty with "brains," the sleek finished look of the arms and backrest is the result of three years of polishing at Katherine Gibbs. Other outstanding features include solid, sturdy base and swivel hips. New York State License # 9437L.

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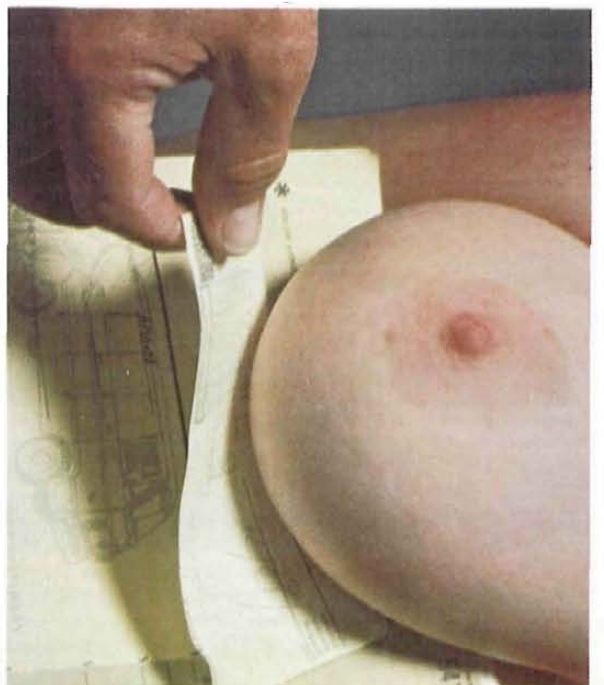


Accessories

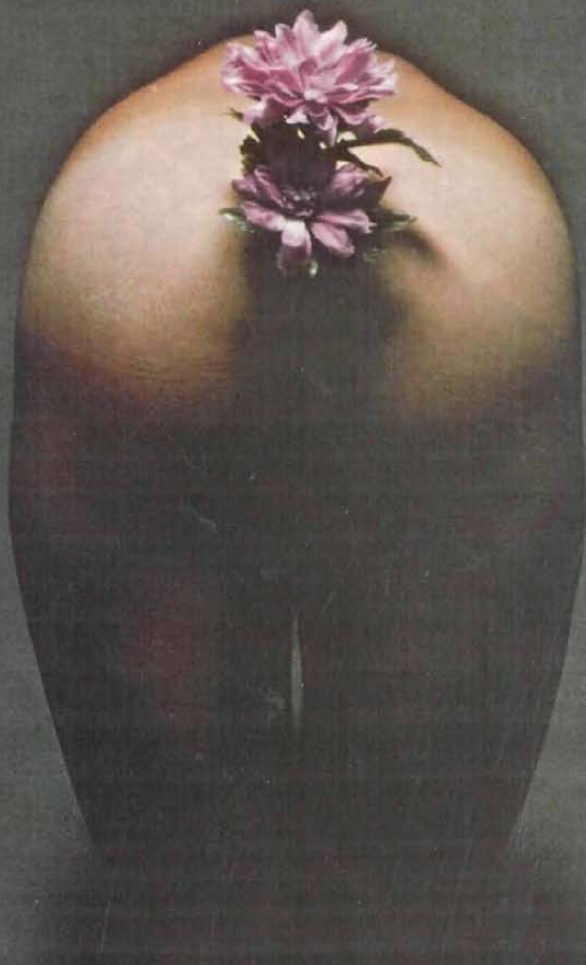


Above, it's no ifs, ands, or butts with this stylish executive ashtray. Premoistened inner membrane douses cigars and cigarettes when you put them out. Unsightly butts and ashes are then "swallowed," leaving ashtray clean and tidy. Ashtray automatically empties itself when full. Available in off-white only. Below, our cheap white trashbasket gives your trash a bit of dash and does it efficiently and inexpensively. Also makes for an interesting conversation piece when spoken to. Cheap black trashbaskets no longer available.

Above, our good-looking, low-cost executive coatrack is just the thing for the executive who likes a proper place to keep things, and to keep things in their proper places. Sixty-five inches high. Available in dumb blond only. Below, our cup runneth over, so your desk won't, with this buxom, desktop paperweight. Keep abreast of latest developments by having them right at your fingertips. Attractive, self-moistened nipple ornament also comes in handy for sealing envelopes and affixing stamps. Sizes B thru DDD.



*F*or the executive who doesn't mind getting a little behind in his work, this 42-inch-high *planter* will brighten any office. Its simplicity of line and unpolished finish stays quietly in the background, allowing the natural beauty of plants and flowers to shine forth. Got a plant? You know what you can do with it!



“Work is violence. Myself, personally, I am a pacifist, yes, by golly.”
—Studs Gandhi

“A work dream is a masturbation dream. Better you should the
book have called Jerking! (Laughs.)”
—Studs Freud

G

reed, lust, pride, envy. . . these vices alone will not make a nation great. Sloth, too, is needed.

Sloth. This national compulsion to avoid work of any kind, this inborn, God-given laziness, once enabled Americans to discover or develop three of history's great labor-saving devices: slavery, machines, and monopoly capitalism.

Today, creative Americans continue to come up with schemes for systematic shirking: sweetheart unions, welfare, government and foundation grants, sabbaticals, and, when the work ethic rears its ugly head, a good healthy dose of federally ordained, inflation-fighting unemployment.

NatLamp editors Sussman, Weidman, and Kelly, no mean shirkers themselves (this article is six weeks past deadline. Laughs.), have sought out and interviewed not the celebrated shirkers of the boardrooms, faculty lounges, and senates of the land, but the little guys—the freelance, self-unemployed shirkers who, one by one, constitute the lack of backbone in this nation.

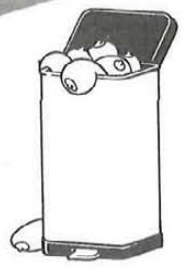
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Cancer Ward



A MINUTE SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME.

I HOPE THE KIDS KNOW ENOUGH TO GO TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER'S AFTER SCHOOL.



MR. MILLER?

YES?



BAD NEWS, MR. MILLER, I'M AFRAID IT'S MALIGNANT. I GIVE YOUR MOTHER TWO WEEKS AT BEST.

I WISH I NEVER BOUGHT THAT DAMN MICROWAVE OVEN.



POOR GUY, IT REALLY HIT HIM HARD.

IT'S A HELL OF A THING TO HAVE TO FACE.



MR. TREVOR?

YES?

GOOD NEWS, TREVOR, IT'S BENIGN.



ISN'T THAT SMASHING? I SHALL GO TO ELAINE'S THIS EVENING A HAPPY MAN.



KEEP OFF TRUCKIN'

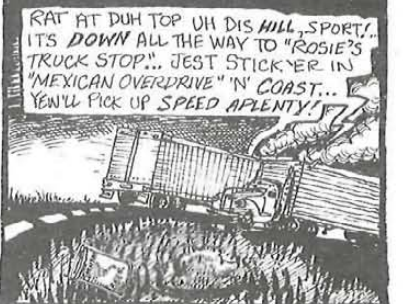
TODAYS INDEPENDENT TRUCKERS GOT A ROUGH ROAD TO TRAVEL. THE 55 M.P.H. SPEED LIMIT, RISING FUEL PRICES, & THE BIG FREIGHT COMPANIES GOT 'EM CORNERED.



LEGEND PICTURES THE TRUCKER AS THE NEO-AMERICAN COWBOY RIDING A CHROME COCKHORSE 'CROSS THE LAND OF THE FREE, STOPPIN' OFF AT HONKY-TONKS TO PUNCH THE JUKE BOX & PINCH THE WAITRESS...

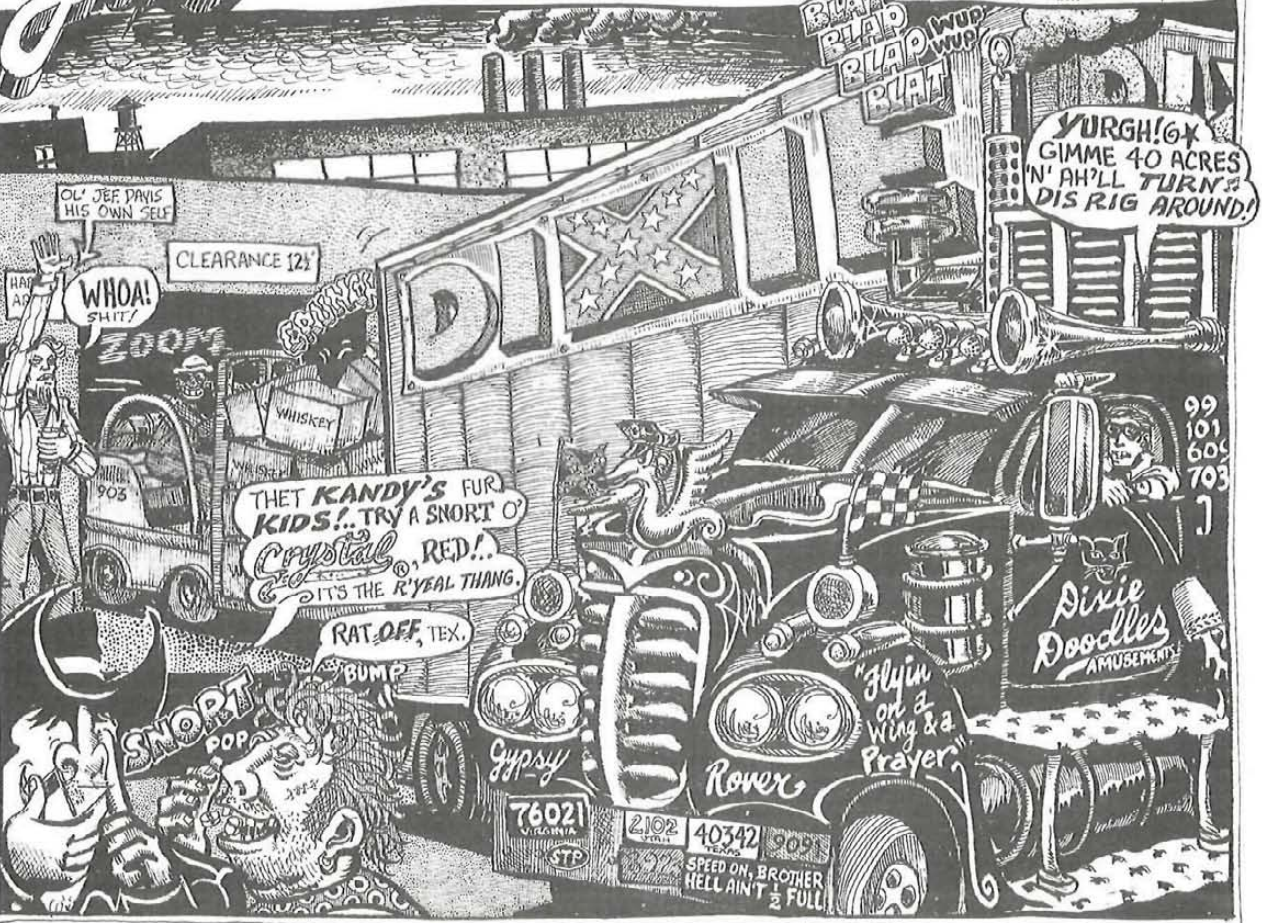


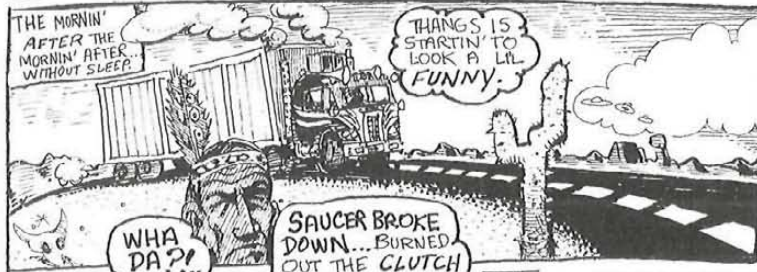
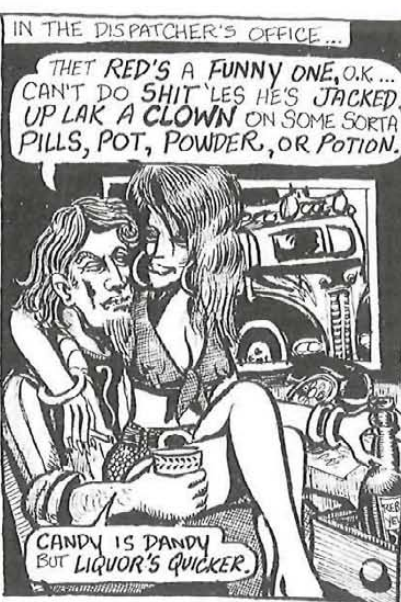
WHEN THE REALITY IS A "PETER-BUILT" OF A DIFFERENT COLOR, WHAT WITH TOO MUCH DRIVIN', TOO LI'L SLEEPIN', & A HOST OF STATE & FEDERAL REGULATIONS THAT TELL 'EM WHERE TO PEE & WHEN TO WRITE HOME TO MAMA, IT'S A WONDER ALL THESE JOKERS DONT GO WILD.

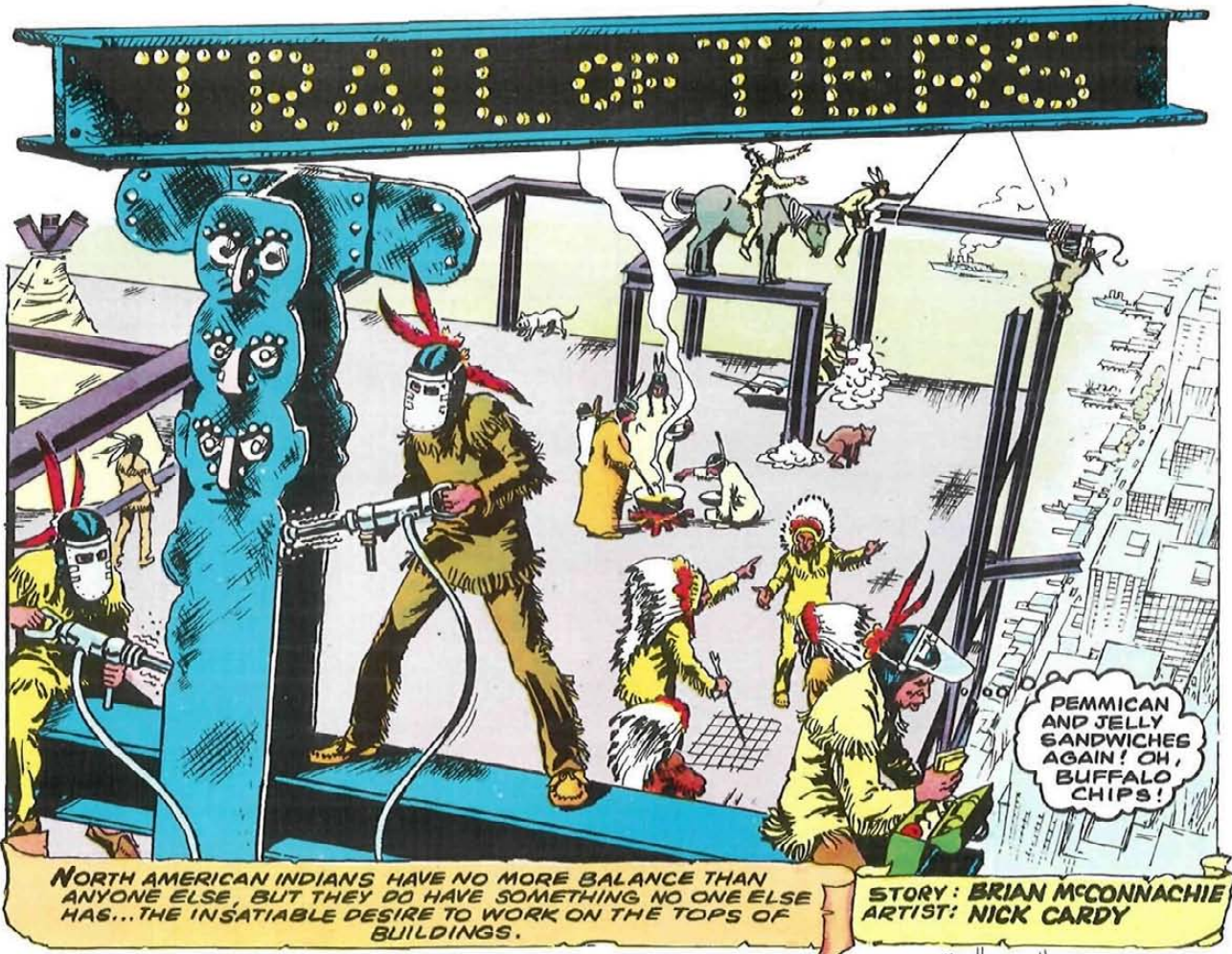


LIKE THESE GOOD OL' BOYS WHO SAW TO IT THE CORN GOT OUT & ABOUT... LEGENDARY JOKERS SPEEDING THRU THE MIDNITE MOONLIGHT HOUR... JOKERS LIKE

J.D. & HIS WILD CATS

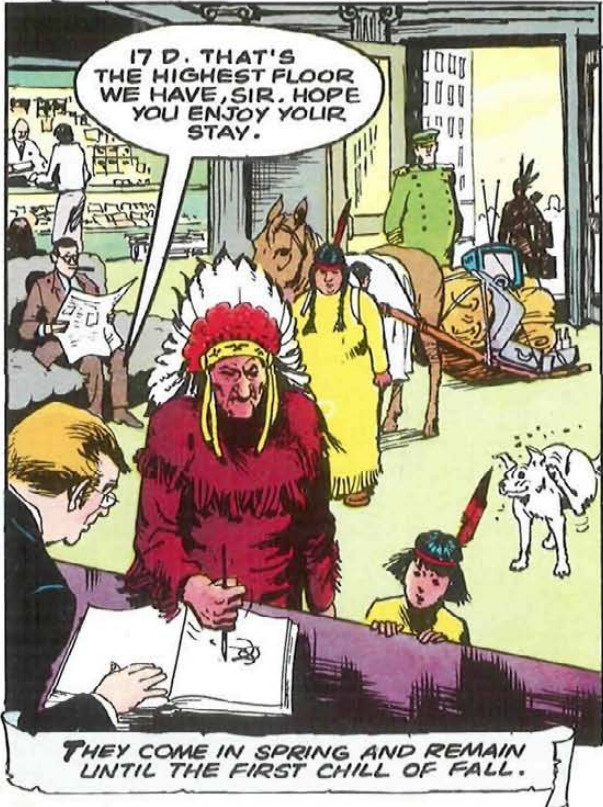






NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS HAVE NO MORE BALANCE THAN ANYONE ELSE, BUT THEY DO HAVE SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE HAS...THE INSATIABLE DESIRE TO WORK ON THE TOPS OF BUILDINGS.

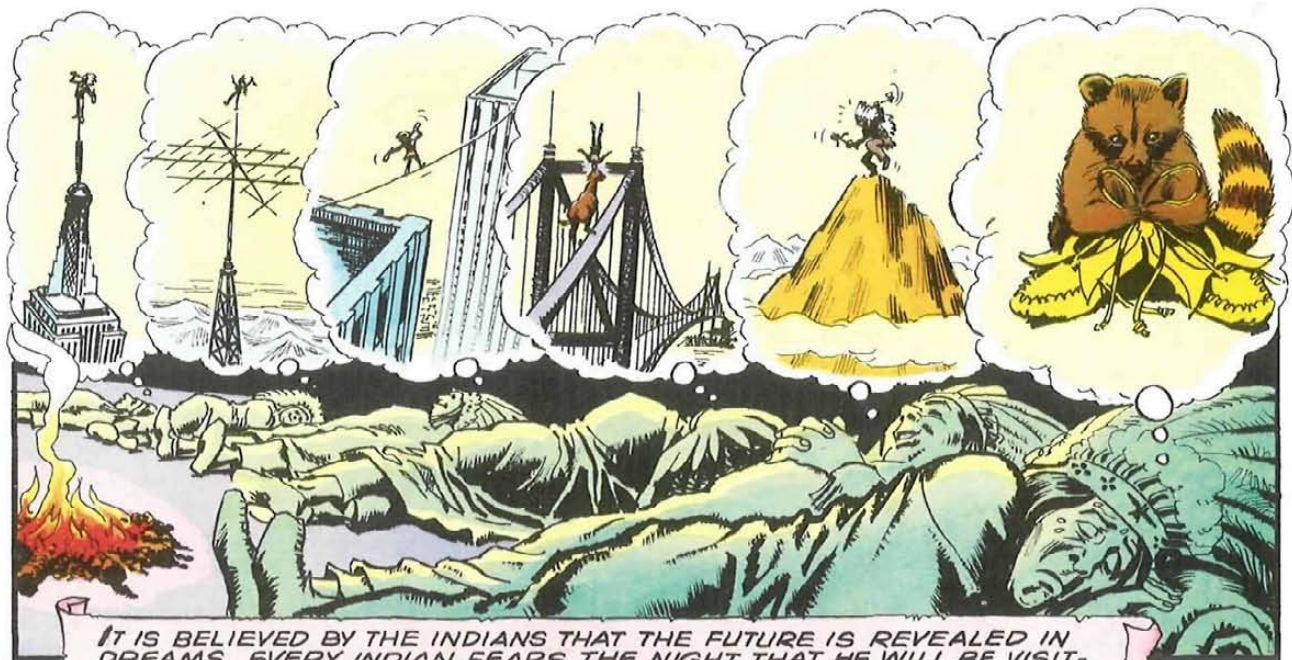
**STORY: BRIAN MCCONNACHIE
ARTIST: NICK CARDY**



THEY COME IN SPRING AND REMAIN UNTIL THE FIRST CHILL OF FALL.



A FALL FROM THE TENTH FLOOR IS AS DEADLY AS A FALL FROM THE SEVENTEENTH. BUT THE WHITE MAN DOESN'T WORK BEYOND THE SEVENTEENTH.



IT IS BELIEVED BY THE INDIANS THAT THE FUTURE IS REVEALED IN DREAMS. EVERY INDIAN FEARS THE NIGHT THAT HE WILL BE VISITED BY THE OMEN THEY CALL **SOSIOUXME**.



LITTLE RIVET FALL.

STUPID LITTLE RIVET.

LITTLE DUMB RIVET.

FALL, YOU CLUMSY STUPID THING.

STUPID, STUPID, STUPID.

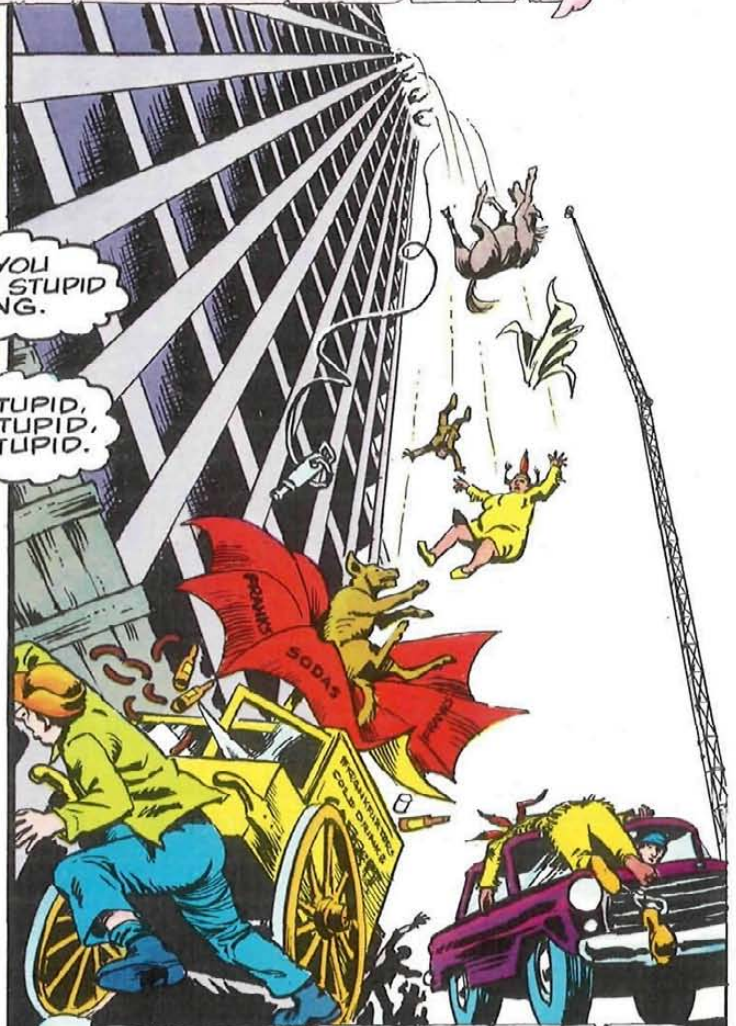
AN INDIAN MAY CHOOSE NOT TO GO UP AFTER HE HAS BEEN VISITED BY **SOSIOUXME**, BUT THAT WOULD BE COWARDICE.



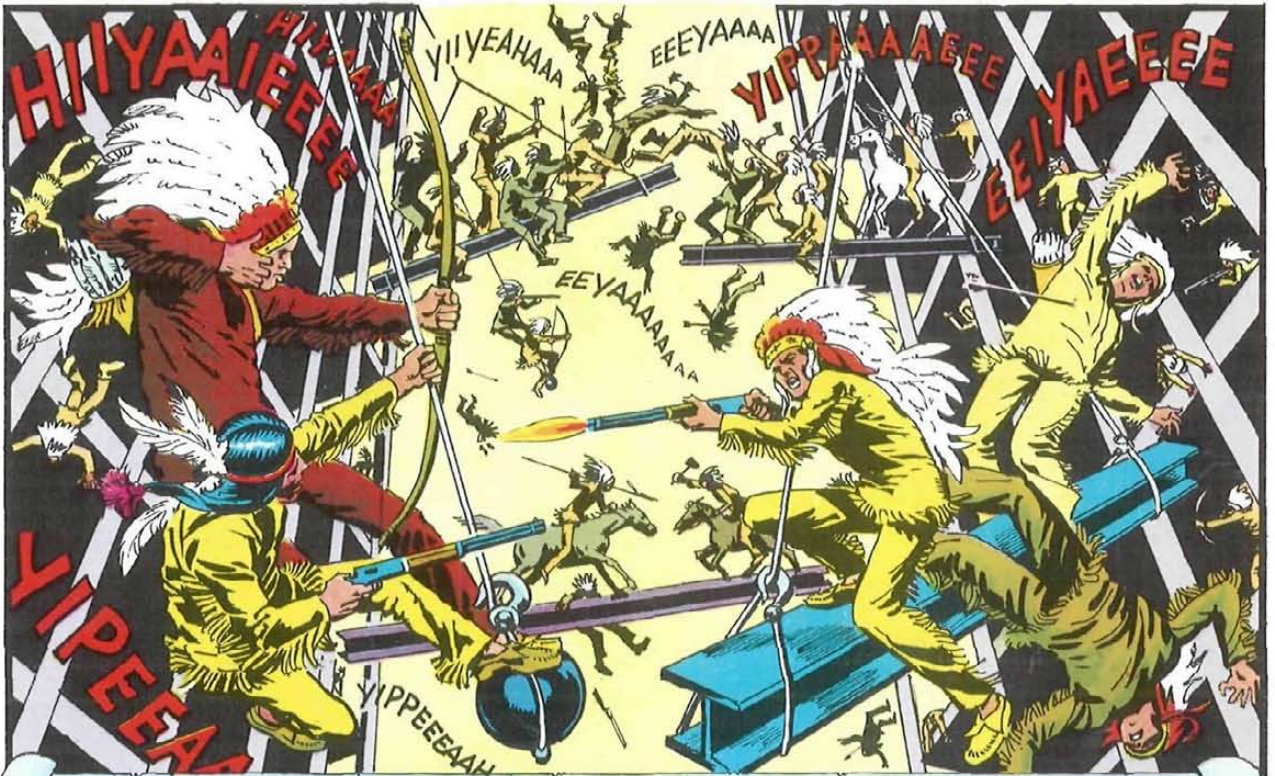
WHAT DO THEY WANT, BOSS?

I THINK CHINESE FOOD!

STOICAL AND RETICENT, THE INDIAN HAS LEARNED TO KEEP HIS DISTANCE FROM THE WHITE MAN.



IN ORDER TO CROSS HAPPILY TO THE OTHER SIDE, AN INDIAN MUST HAVE WITH HIM ALL THE THINGS HE CHERISHED ON THIS SIDE.



IF A NEIGHBORING CONSTRUCTION SITE HAS MORE MATERIAL AND TOOLS AND DOES NOT OFFER TO SHARE THEM, IT IS CONSIDERED AN ACT OF WAR. IF A NEIGHBORING CONSTRUCTION SITE HAS BUILT A TALLER BUILDING AND DOES NOT INVITE ITS NEIGHBORS TO COME WALK AROUND ON THE TOP, IT IS CONSIDERED AN ACT OF WAR.



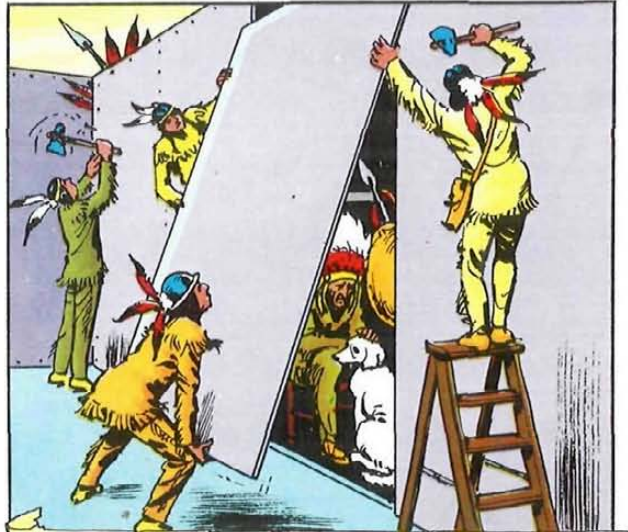
AS WITH WAR, THERE ALWAYS COMES AN END. THE WOUNDED ARE HELPED AND THE DEAD ARE BURIED.



BUT, WITH VICTORY, COME THE CEREMONIES OF CELEBRATION.



CELEBRATING WITH THE WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE ALWAYS LEADS TO WHITE MAN'S TROUBLE.



BUT IN THE END, IT IS THEIR WORK THAT IS THEIR VICTORY. WHEN A BUILDING HAS GROWN SO HIGH IT CAN "DANCE WITH DUCKS," IT IS TIME TO MOVE ON.

WITH THEIR WORK DONE, THE INDIANS WILL HEAD NORTH FOR THE WINTER. BUT CERTAIN ONES, WHO HAVE KNOWN LIFE LONG, CHOOSE TO REMAIN.



AS QUICKLY AS THEY CAME, THEY ARE GONE.



HARRIERS BID WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS OF ORGANIZED LABOR FAMILY

NEW ORLEANS—In a vote supervised by neutral third parties from the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the three-thousand-member Corn Oil Extractors union and the four-thousand-member Shaft Lubricators Brotherhood opted to amalgamate with the Harriers Union.

IH is pleased to welcome these new brothers, who will now have all the advantages of the members of a great union with a twenty-two-million-dollar headquarters in Washington.

Jerry Czeklizt and Business Manager Chuck Czeklist welcome new brothers to IH, cops and teamsters join the fun. ▶



— Don't forget your dues. —



IH ADDS WELL-GRADED CURVES TO EXEC BOARD

Delivering on his promise that "a good time would be had by all," President Jerry Czeklizt announced the election of IH's first women V.P., Sally Bush. A veteran of the daily grind at IH headquarters for the last six years, Sally has earned many office points for her willingness to work like a Trojan when called upon. In her new position as V.P. for women's affairs, Sally will have a wide range of duties. "Not to worry," says Sally, "I'll still see to it that all my friends at IH conventions get that little something extra in their coffee." Having traveled extensively over the years with President Jerry, Al Kooper, Dom Abientello, and others, Sally is well suited for her new duties. All of us at headquarters wish good luck to the best pair of gams on the Executive Board.



Crybaby Picketers Whine for Handouts

EXEC COUNCIL HANDLES GRIPING PICKETERS

We never thought we'd see the day when union men, good and true, would turn like dogs and bite the hand that feeds them, but that's exactly what happened with Hired Pickets Local 207 last Thursday. Egged on by power-hungry leaders, hired picketers massed outside the recently completed twenty-two million dollar headquarters of IH in Washington, D.C., and demanded a 16 percent wage increase. "Who do

these greedy so and sos think they are?" was the only comment of thunderstruck Jerry Czeklizt.

At a meeting of the IH Executive Council Thursday night, it was decided to amalgamate the Hired Picketers into the Shaft Lubricators, Central District. This means the malcontents will now be paid the same as any other union member for picketing duties. Said President Jerry: "This action should sober those smart alecks up while freeing up some funds to give folks at IH headquarters some long overdue raises."



President Jerry Czeklizt bids farewell to Harriers Juan Ramirez, Elwood Hazleton, and other similar employees at Harriers' new headquarters in Washington, D.C.

HARRIERS HOME OFFICE TIGHTENS BELT

"You hear a lot of talk around about Big Labor, but when push comes to shove, it's not the fat cats on Wall Street or the pencil-pushing pinheads in Washington who feel the pinch. It's the working guy." With these words, President Jerry Czeklizt said good-bye

to thirty workers hired last year under IH's "Operation Bootstrap," designed to help minority workers in the trades union movement. Speaking from the conference room of IH's recently completed \$22 million headquarters in Washington, D.C., President Jerry said, "I hope this puts an end to those troublemakers who are always whin-

ing that labor is too fat to tighten its belt. We're going to have a hell of a time finding somebody to keep this place clean when you fellas are gone." IH is going to miss you guys. Best of luck, and try to stay out of trouble.

— Have you paid your dues? —

LABOR GETS A HEARING ON CAPITOL HILL

Gone are the days when the only way a union rep could get to the big brass in Washington was by way of the service elevator. IH's new lobbyist, T. E. "Turk" Weynridge, Jr., pulled up for his luncheon meeting with Asst. Postmaster Claigh McNair in a chauffeur-driven limo as big and impressive as anything the corporate errand boys drive around in. Speaking on behalf of concerned unionists everywhere, Turk told the nation's Number Two Mailman (in no uncertain terms) that working men are up in arms about so-called "right to work" laws. Following a lunch "fit for a king," Turk left the Postal Department with a firm commitment from MacNair to "put the full weight of the Postal Department behind this effort." Nice going, Turk.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF MEETING

The annual meeting of the International Brotherhood of Harriers will be held on the third Sunday after the second half moon following the autumn equinox. Doors will open for fifteen minutes only, and late arrivers will not be admitted. For a map detailing how to find the meeting hall, a registered letter must be sent, post-marked no later than October 12, including a postal order payable in Guatemalan escudos and a typewritten request in college English for an invitation.



ECOMANIACS HOLD WORKERS RANSOM

There's a lot of talk these days about cleaning up the environment, but somehow it seems that those who scream the loudest are most in need of a bath themselves. At IH, we have thousands of members who care a lot about the great out-of-doors, and take every chance they can get to get back to God's country, whether by jeep, motorboat, dune buggy, or snowmobile. But there's a world of difference between *legitimate* concern for the environment and dumbheaded nature-loving just for nature's sake.

Environmental do-gooders are always popping off at the mouth with things like, "If we cleaned up the environment, we would save twenty-eight billion dollars a year." But they never ask where the average working guy would be without those twenty-eight billion dollars in paychecks. You

know where you'd be . . . right down there on the welfare daisy chain being looked after by the same fruitbars who screamed so loud about ecology. Some ecology! They get the jobs as social workers and the working guy stands in line for a handout! It's time we took the environmental movement back from the ecolonuts and put two calloused workingman's hands on the wheel. We should get behind right thinking environmentalists who stock the rivers, build dams and campsites, and, in general, try to help the hunter and sportsman, rather than handcuff him with a lot of dumb talk about the rights of a bunch of stupid trees and dumb whooping cranes. Remember, you can't drive a truck with a redwood tree, and ten million whooping cranes can't do diddly when it comes to putting food on the table.

JOB SAFETY



*'Wear your hard hat and you'll always
have a head to put under it.'*

YOU HAVE IT GOOD HERE.



The men who pick these bananas have to be alert every minute of the day. Tarantulas hide in the banana bunches. A neighboring tree may well harbor a python. A cheetah might drag them all away. The only compensation they have is their religion. Think about it.

THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

**MINING DISASTERS
DON'T HAVE TO HAPPEN**



If these men had been a little more careful in placing their props, if they had been alert enough to notice that the mine was about to collapse, they wouldn't be trapped miles underground, where it is too expensive to rescue them. Remember: The company wants you to stay alive and keep working just as much as you do—even if you're a South American, like these fellows.

RIO TINTO ZINC CORPORATION

**LAUGHTER IS SOMETIMES
THE BEST MEDICINE**

But not always. Sometimes you need doctors, nurses, and plenty of rest and fluids. Take this man, for example. He needs a hand job in an antiseptic operating theater. Some people might say that he doesn't deserve care because he is too stupid to waste money on. Well, we don't feel that way. We feel life is precious, and at about \$100 a day for a public ward, it is. So if you're smashed up or not quite dead, come to us...



St. Judas Hospital Of Perpetual Suffering And Cut-Rate Mercy

This pamphlet, with its eye-catching yellow cover and dignified portrayal of man as worker, was published by the secretary of labor's nephew in cooperation with the Workmen's Compensation Board in return for a million dollars.

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HISTORY

Days gone by, there was no such thing as a Workmen's Compensation Board. If a man was injured on the job, he was used to lubricate cart wheels, or fed to the appropriate livestock. Although some might say this was necessary for pragmatic reasons, others might say that they would be foremen.

nowadays, we are more modern. Thanks to the benefits of civilization (books, radios, plays, and movies), and to our economic domination of most of the world, we now treat the injured properly.

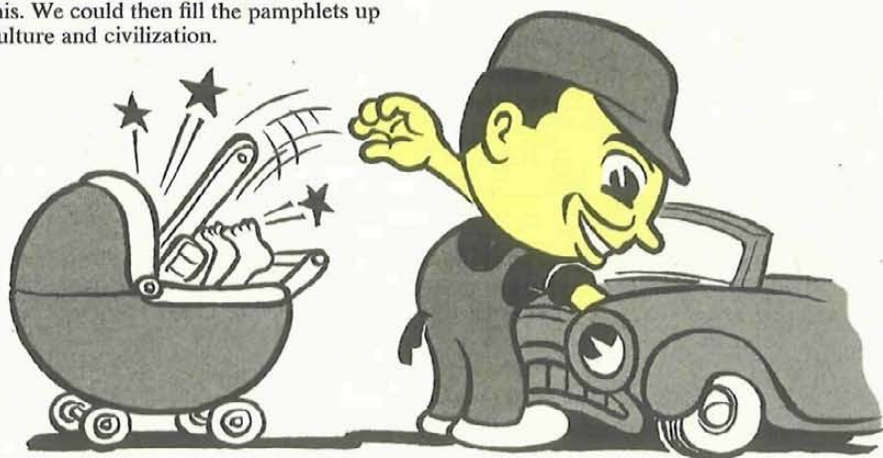
When something falls on a man's head or crashes into his knees, he is treated in a hospital by trained doctors and nurses. He is given good care after the initial hurt. But, as you know, many injuries can be avoided. They are caused by carelessness, or the "give-a-toot" attitude. These are the kind of injuries we are trying to prevent. If we could cut down on these injuries, we could stop paying out so much money, and we'd have a lot more money for pamphlets up and down like this. We could then fill the pamphlets up with more culture and civilization.



DON'T HURL YOUR TOOLS!

Often a man will lose his temper with a tricky nut. Men react to this differently. Some swear and throw things without thinking. They are often sorry for this afterwards when they find they have hurt somebody else. It might be alright for a major league baseball player to throw his bat at someone, but it isn't good for a worker; it's what we call a *bad safety habit*.

Some workers say that if you keep all the anger and frustration bottled up inside you, you'll get a cyst in your testicles. Well, doctors have proven that this isn't true. There are many other ways to release nervous tension. Clapping, jumping, and running on the spot are (continued on page 13)



A CASE FOR BIG BOOTS!

Big boots. Sure they make your feet weigh more, but most men find that they pay off in normal toes. Remember, your feet are the part of your body which is furthest away from your brain. They're almost independent, like the Virgin Islands. That's why they need all the more protection. They are always getting into scrapes. You forget that they're there, and you drop your tool box. All of a sudden, a ping pong ball-sized pain nodule shoots up your spinal cord and lets you know that there's trouble down below! Big boots put a solid shield between your toes and the hostile outside world. You'll find that if you have to do a lot of stamping or kicking, big boots can really pay off in a big way.

About the only thing that big boots won't stop is a carelessly operated chain saw. So there's a darn good case for getting a pair. Remember, a man without toes is like a car without tires, and we don't want to *foot* any unnecessary bills!



4



MINIMATA DISEASE: HOW YOU CAN AVOID IT

There are many diseases called occupational hazards. Silicosis (or flub-lung), chronic asbestosis, induced flu (cancer), funny looking kid syndrome (aggravated milk poisoning), and, of course, exploding joint disease, or minimata sickness. If you are probably laughing about the exploding joint disease. Well, the truth is, it is not that funny of a joint at all. Minimata disease is a sickness that has wrongly been blamed on companies and, to a lesser extent, upon "Japs." Actually, it is a disease transmitted from one worker to another by means of sandwiches. One worker catches the disease (probably from eating a candy bar which has been lying around the lunchroom too long), and passes it along to the others by way of an infected sandwich.

This is a serious disease and not a "joke" disease. So remember, next time a fellow worker offers you a bite of his meat, even if you're eating tuna, say "No thanks, pal, I don't want my kids born looking like Alaskan King Crabs." We can beat all these so-called "occupational hazard" diseases this way. That's why God gave man a brain, so he could understand the relationship between plutonium poisoning (glow-in-the-dark disease) and sandwich swapping.

#102 JOB SAFETY

NINE SAFETY TIPS YOU SHOULD REMEMBER



Looking up may help you avoid serious injury.

Watch where you're going.



Read signs.



Don't talk back to company police.



Kneel to tie shoes.



Keep your fly done up.



Watch it; young kids often have relatives in high places.



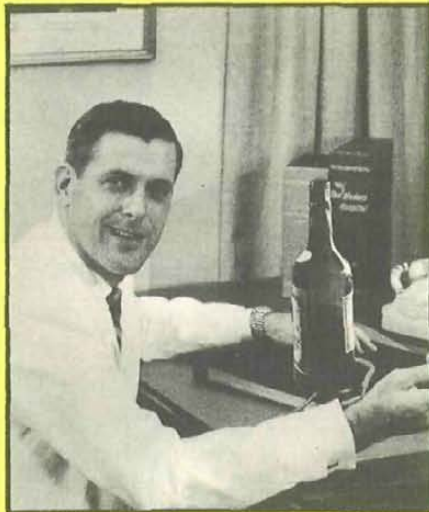
Don't piss in the foreman's thermos.



Don't fool around.



Doctor Winslow sez:



The other week, I had a man in my office here at the compensation board. I can't remember exactly what he was in for, but anyway, it was some kind of illness. Now, what was it he said to me? Ah, never mind. Oh yes, I remember. Something about having no hearing. Well, I examined the man, and fer gosh sake, he didn't have no god-damn ears! He said that wasn't the problem, though. He said he lost his ears in some sort of tinsnip accident when he just started with the company, that would be years ago now. We needn't go into that. Now, what was his problem? Oh, yes. Deaf as a dog's ass, he was. Now let me see. Oh, I remember. He said it had something to do with the high noise level at the factory or wherever it was that he worked. I can't think of the name just now, but it's not that important. I tested him, and he was telling the truth. I'll say that for him, he was honest. Now as for prescriptions and so on, I won't go into that, not being a doctor, you wouldn't recognize the plurality between your anus and a biopsy scar. Anyway, I told this man he should have worn some earmuffs or something for protection. If he had of done that, the silly bugger wouldn't be bothering me with a lot of complaints about deafness when I'm trying to work, for chrissake. It makes you wonder sometimes, dammit. Just where your head gear is. Then you'll never be deaf. And believe me, that's not worth it. Take yourself, nobody else will.

6

HOW TO FILE IF YOU ARE ELIGIBLE FOR BENEFITS SAMPLE FORM

Name Race Age
Marital Status Vehicle Serial Nos
Did your knee just move?
Address
State Zip Code
HOW MANY BUBBLES ON A BAR OF SOAP?

Fill out sample form above, stating in addition in language as clear and precise as the country of your origin will allow the exact cause and nature of your injury. Please do not blame society. Then, at your own pace, if you are ambulatory, make your way down to our offices. We're in the phone book. Be prepared upon arrival to be examined by a review panel of physicians fully trained in the detection of ludicrous shams. Prove: citizenship, political affiliation, height, weight, and tolerance for current at varying voltages.

SOME SAFETY MEN RECOMMEND MITTS LIKE THESE.



These mitts are chemically and biologically engineered by trained locomotive operators to protect your hands from damage. Guard against savage dogs, tearing machinery, small comets, virtually anything, with the exception of carelessly operated chain saws.

•Paul Drury, survivor of mine disaster: "Never would have made it without these big gloves."

•Dave Tynan: "Came out on top of a train wreck with these babies."

•J. Lighthall says: "Great for wallop'n' noygurs."

•C. Pruden: "Freed me from the drudgery of housework."

•T. Osborn: "Explosions in the press room no problem."

These great big gloves are approved by the Workmen's Compensation Board, for what it's worth, and are available directly from stores, grubstakers, ostlers, and mining supply houses. Just ask for THE BIG MITTS; they'll know what you mean.

#102 JOB SAFETY

A WORD FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE W.C.B.

1 the years I have been serving the public. In my
ong years of service to the working public. I have
iscovered that good advice is something that we
ould all be grateful for. Not one of us can be
pected to have been everywhere and seen every-
ing. One man may know of some exposed wiring
1 a stock room, another of a forklift with no
akes. If they share their knowledge, both will
enefit. If they keep it a secret, they both will die.
Ve share our experiences so we will not die. This is
hat your Workmen's Compensation Board is try-
ig to encourage in the community. We don't want
o cry, "Look out for that carelessly handled chain
aw!" When it is too late. That's why we're crying
now; too early.



*The Chief sez:
Look out for that
carelessly handled
chain saw!*

WATCH OUT!

*John Digby, age thirty-two, longshoreman, was working in the hold of the Japanese freighter *Nippon Maru*, helping to unload a cargo of imported saki. When a case "accidentally" broke, John and his coworkers consumed several fifths of the fiery Japanese booze. Several hours later, the foreman found John unconscious behind a shipment of color televisions and ordered that he be raised from the hold in a sling. John awoke while being lifted from the hold in a sling, struggled free of his restraints, and fell fifty feet to the dockside.

*"Bull" Mann, age twenty-two, a logger, was unhooking a choker from a rotten log when the kinky cable sprung back and hit him in the face. He became enraged and threw down his hard hat, which was crushed by a log. It could just as easily have been his head. Because he had no head protection for the rest of the day, he suffered a mild case of sunstroke which affected his judgment and caused him to lose \$700 in a poker game. He was subsequently forced to move into a poor neighborhood and was murdered by Negros.

*Mick O'Keefe, age twenty-eight, a gas station attendant, was killed when a Volkswagen driven by a drunk ran into a pump, causing what police officials described as a "good deal of fire."

*Peter Kaminsky, age twenty-nine, a window washer, was working nine stories up at the Barbizon School of modeling. While leaning over to ascertain whether the people in the changing room one window over were boys or girls, he lost his balance and fell to his death. Ironically, he had already fallen once earlier that day from the third floor under similar circumstances.

*Rod McKuen, age thirty, a zookeeper, was working in the monkey house. He failed to notice that the music being played to soothe the zoo's recently acquired gorilla was by pianist Liberace. When he entered the cage, he was repeatedly assaulted by the sexually aroused primate. He died later in hospital of sodomy-related injuries.



DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

Rigoberto A. Gonzalez, a member of the United Farm Workers' Union, was eating a tortilla in an orange tree and listening to loud Hispanic music on an imported portable radio. Unable to hear the noise of an approaching teamster-operated sprayer, Rigoberto was doused with lead arsenate and fell from the tree, writhing like a waterbug in a bucket of kerosene.

Remember:

Accidents like this don't have to happen.

STAY ALERT!

#102 JOB SAFETY

ALBANIA

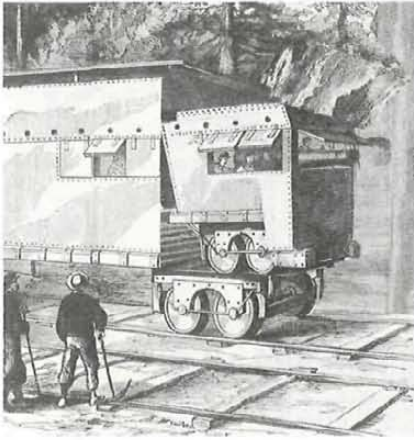
The Closet Paradise

by Norman Rubington



Skyline of the 100 percent proletarian
cosmopile of Albania offers dynamic proof of state vitality.





Sealing off frontiers is nation's number one industry, providing 100 percent employment for exclusive proletariat.

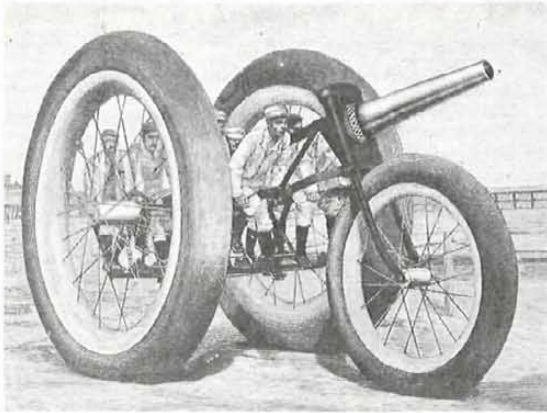


Meanwhile . . . the homeland readies itself for the coming tourist invasion. Above, clearing rubble from main drag.

Famous hors d'oeuvres now on assembly line production for the assault on world markets.

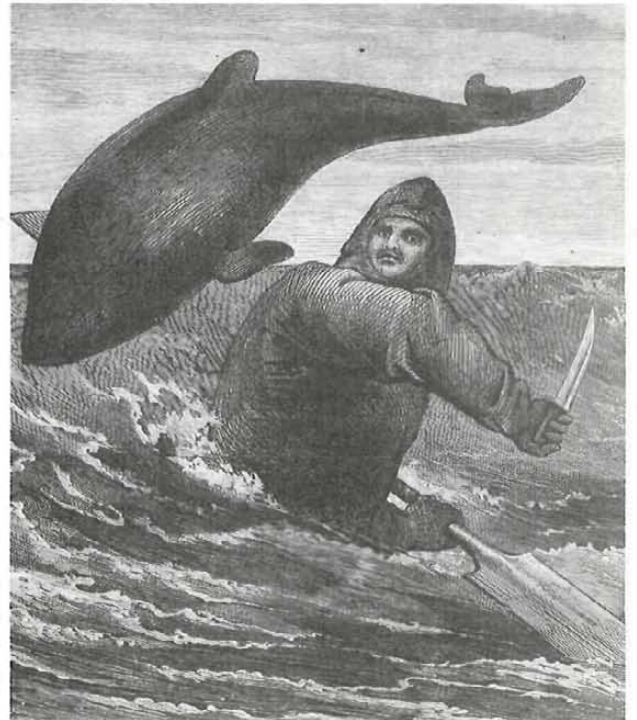


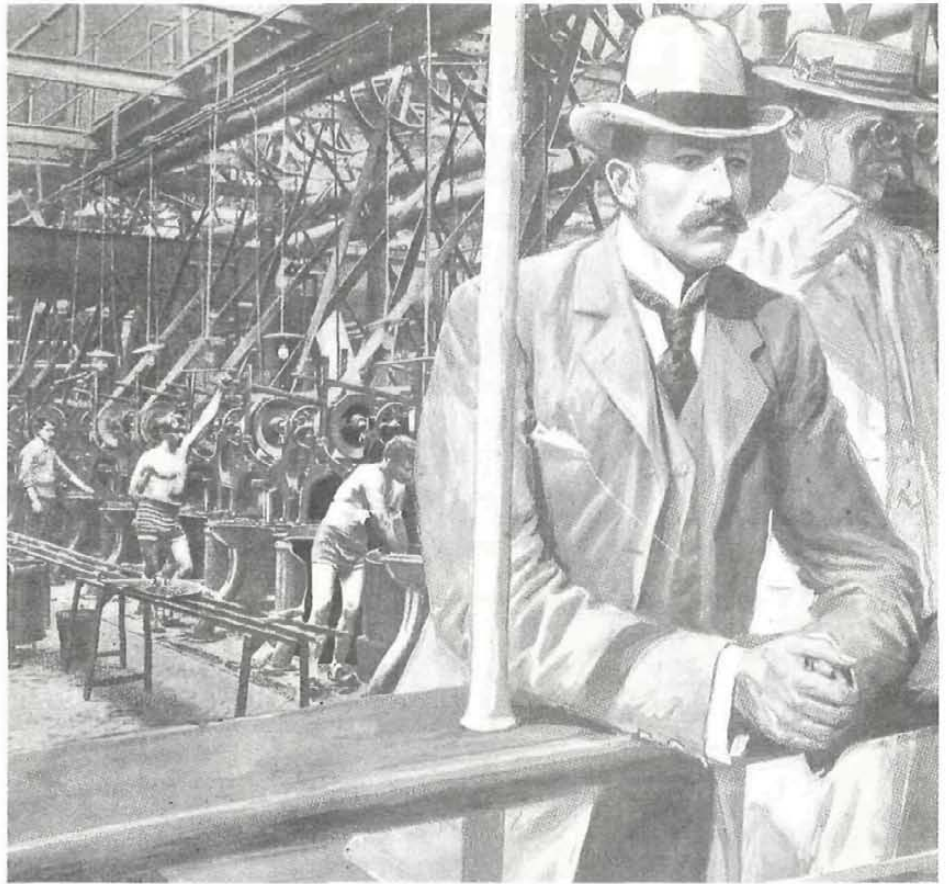
The Albanian Bike



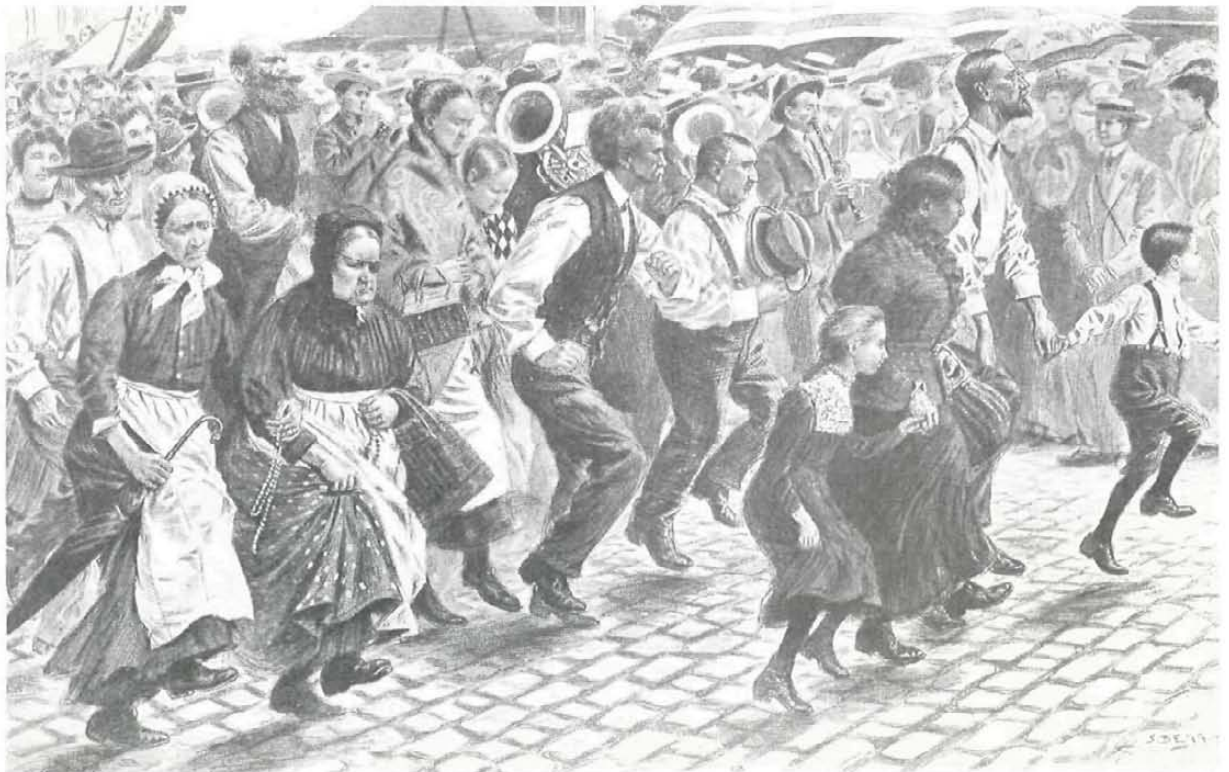
The Nonpolluting Tank. A great victory for the ecologists. Fuelless six manpower bicycle-chain drive with recoilless air rifle, emits no gases, is clean, silent night stalker.

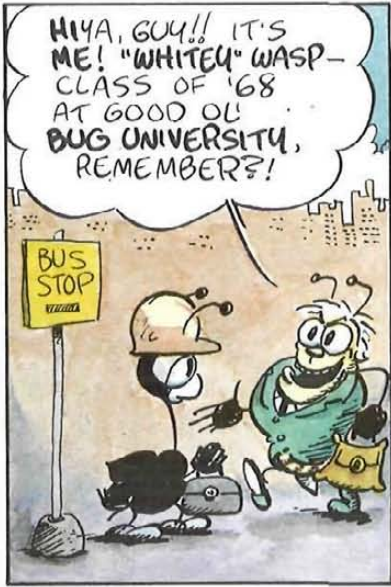
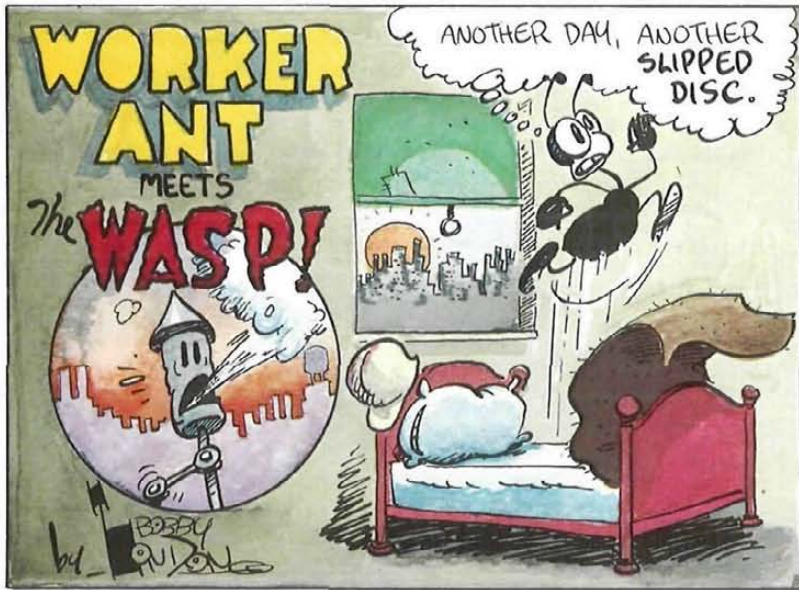
They are equally proud of their fisherfolk, who, shunning nets, have mastered the backhand swipe for bringing in a prize catch of tuna of a type found only in their waters . . .

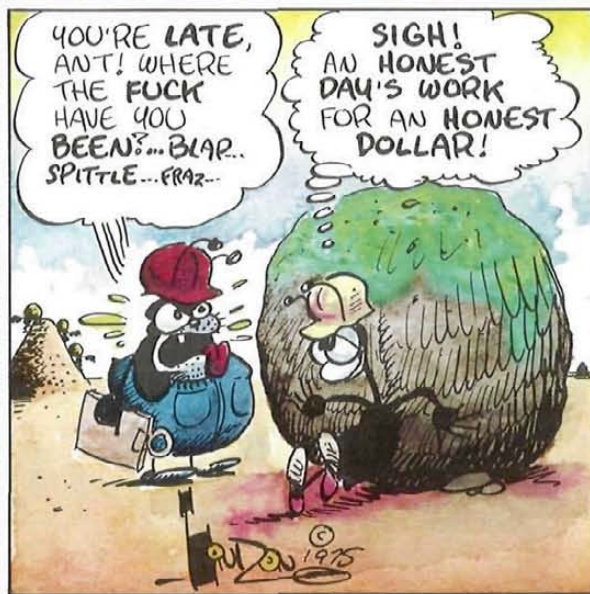
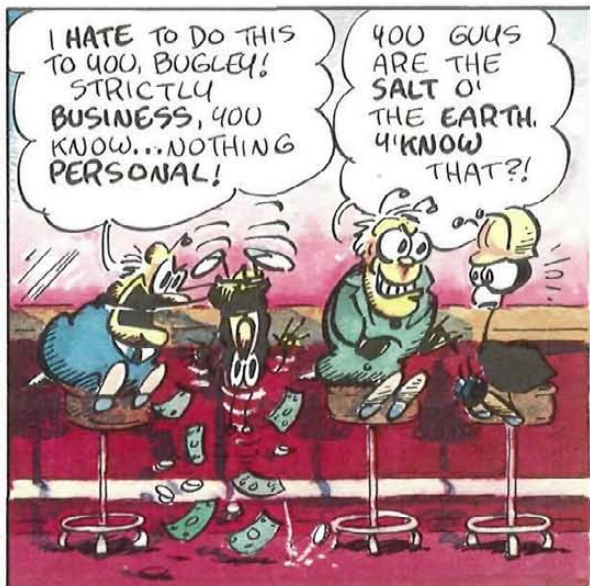


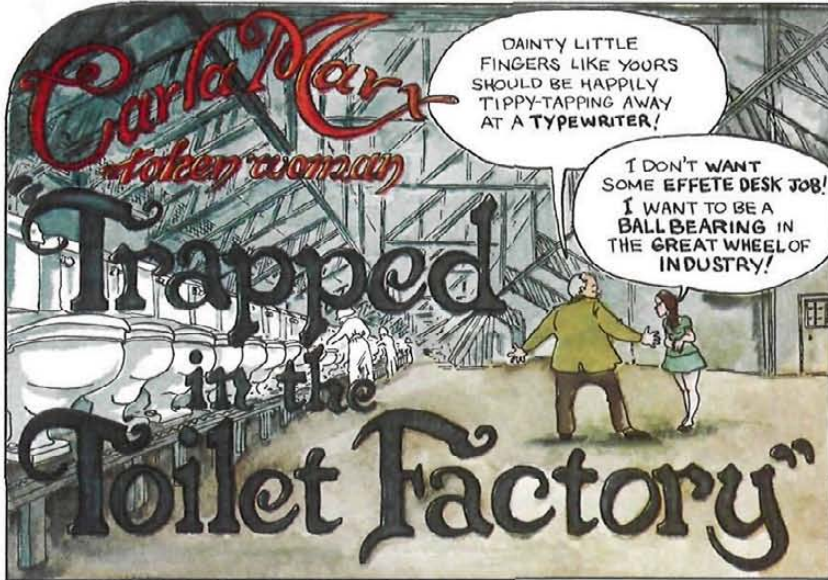


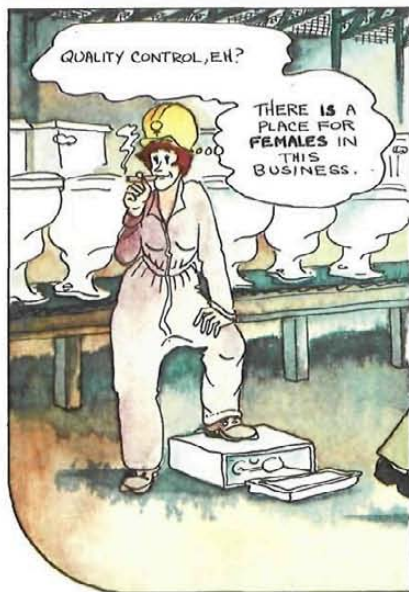
Inauguration of the revolutionary cruise-while-you-work program with double pay for overtime.









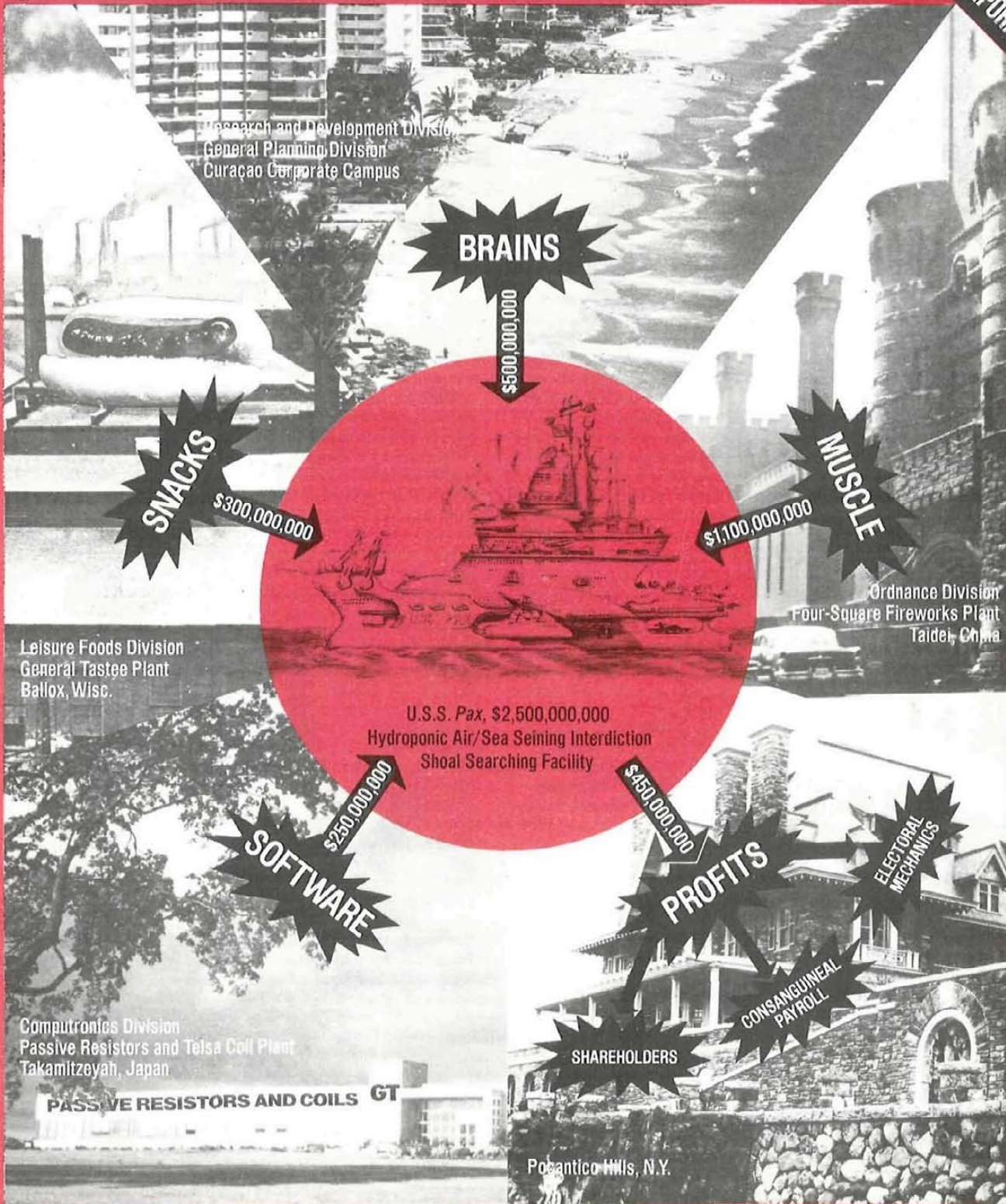


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HOUSE ORGAN

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL TECHTRONICS FALL, 1975

INSIDE
THE POSSIBLE DREAM:
LIVE INDIVIDUALS IN A LIVING CORPORATION



Research and Development Division
General Planning Division
Curaçao Corporate Campus

BRAINS

\$500,000,000

SNACKS

\$300,000,000

MUSCLE

\$1,100,000,000

Leisure Foods Division
General Taste Plant
Baltox, Wisc.

Ordnance Division
Four-Square Fireworks Plant
Taidei, China

U.S.S. Pax, \$2,500,000,000
Hydroponic Air/Sea Seining Interdiction
Shoal Searching Facility

SOFTWARE

\$250,000,000

PROFITS

\$450,000,000

ELECTORAL MECHANICS

Computronics Division
Passive Resistors and Telsa Coil Plant
Takamitzeyah, Japan

CONSANGUINEAL PAYROLL

SHAREHOLDERS

PASSIVE RESISTORS AND COILS GT

Pobantico Hills, N.Y.

The Chairman's Corner



(From the desk of Baxter Nelson, Chairman of the Board)

When Ozgood Schlotter started the company that became General Techtronics barely one hundred years ago, there were probably few men alive at that time who could have predicted that this small manufacturer of recreational items for the Union Army would one day build a \$2.5 billion hydroponic shoal searching station. When you stop to think that the great pyramids of the Pharaohs of Egypt cost a mere sixteen million dollars, the mind is filled with awe at this awesome undertaking.

But in a larger sense, the seeds of this project lay in the fertile mind of Ozgood Schlotter even then. You may say that no man is given to know the future, that the trial and turmoil of history is beyond the meager power of the individual. Maybe so, but Ozgood Schlotter had that rare quality of mind that has distinguished great men (and great corporations) since the first caveman exchanged a few shiny pebbles for a cloak of fur... the *possible dream*. History's all-time greats, from Alexander to Galileo and G. Washington Carver, were all dismissed as dreamers. But dreamers are a dime a dozen. These men of history were able to take their dreams and make them possible dreams because of one simple fact... *they were can-do guys*. "Hold on a second there," you may say to yourself, "I'm just a bun maker at the General Tastee plant. What does all this can-do guy stuff have to do with me?" You could just as well ask, "What does a manufacturer of cupcakes have to do with the production of a multibillion dollar piece of defense hardware?" and the answer would be the same... "If you have a positive, championship attitude, and always strive to attain, all things are possible. Think of GT as a big can-do guy."

Each of us at GT, from the lowly colored girl who empties the ashtray at night to the captains of industry who agonize over the weighty decisions in the corporate stratosphere, can rightly ask, "How do I fit into the Big Picture?" Think of the human body. Does your heart ever ask, "What am I doing here?" Does your liver tell your feet, "Move over and let me take the wheel?" No, they don't. Each part of your body has its own job to do. Who takes this pile of unworkable protoplasm and makes it "this thing of wonder" of which the poets speak? The Great Designer. And that's what a corporation like GT is, a lot of special and different parts held together by a board of directors whose superhuman and at the same time humbling task it is to fashion our Great

Design, Possible Dream, call it what you will. Though the idea is somewhat out of fashion with liberal apologists, one could almost say that there is something divinely right about the structure of the corporation.

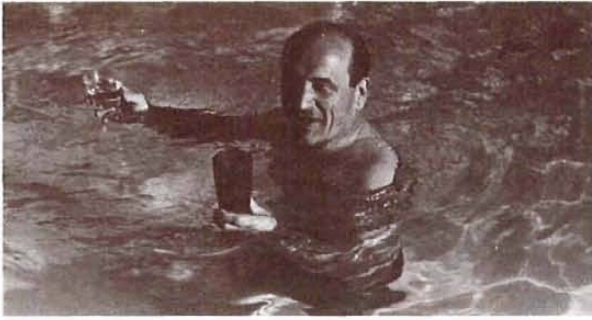
Take the family, for example, where the mother produces raw materials in the form of children, who are, in their turn, made into marketable products under the guiding influence of the father, whose job it is to provide the Great Design. It works just like a giant corporation. Nothing could be more natural. Governments, baseball teams, and labor unions all work just like corporations. Even the cosmos, vast and mysterious, is like a corporation, where each galaxy, like a giant conglomerate down here on Earth, vies for supremacy in the galactic marketplace. The various solar systems, like the divisions of GT, organize the work of the planets, each one a tiny factory producing the gravity that holds the system together as a working whole under the aegis of divisional headquarters, the sun. But where's the Executive Board, you ask? Who do you think keeps the planets from stretching their coffee breaks? Who shores up the confidence of the stars when sunspots break out like tiny recessions all over creation? Who indeed? This may sound a bit cornball, but I believe there is a Chief Executive out there, greater than all of us, who runs the entire universe, along sound management principles, from the tiniest ant hill to the vast and magnificent Crab Nebula.

Can we be sure that this is a true picture of the cosmic order? If it wasn't, do you suppose for a minute that our system of free enterprise, with built in checks and balances, could have produced the most prosperous nation in the history of mankind?

As we move forward with renewed dedication, remember that it was the Possible Dream (and not the dirt and filth of Freud's nasty mind) that gave us the pyramids, the steamboat, and the dramatic "handshake in space."

Baxter Nelson
Baxter Nelson
Chairman of the Board

GT Exec's Harrowing Ordeal



Breton Newcombe relaxes at stateside swimming pool after harrowing ordeal.

HARICOT, PARAGUAY—Late last month, GT's chief of Paraguayan Operations (Amalgamated Bean SA, Trojan Rubber SS, Pan-American Labor Exchange, and Crystalline Pharmaceuticals) Breton Newcombe was kidnapped by partisans of lunatic Popular Coalition of Fronts for the Liberation of Paraguay. The group's name is misleading, for they are not popular, and they intend not to liberate but to enslave their own country.

Newcombe was kidnapped with two aides, both Paraguayans, as he was leaving the GT entertainment complex in downtown Quasiguay. The trio was hustled into the back of a banana cart and driven to the gang's hideout, a tortilla joint in the city's slum section.

After a period of intense negotiations, during which the guerrillas threatened to murder their prisoners, GT president Baxter Nelson almost agreed to meet demands for a \$2.6 billion ransom. Newcombe was later released when demands for a reduced ransom were met. Newcombe was flown to the U.S. after a brief medical examination, and allowed as how he was "damn glad to be back."

GT Sets Industry First As It Appoints First Woman V.P.



"American industry has a long overdue responsibility to the millions of working women." With these words, GT Chairman Baxter Nelson announced the appointment of GT's first female veep, Taffy Crane. In her new position as Vice-President for Family Counseling, Miss Crane's bailiwick will include supervision of pregnancy leave (a frequent problem of GT), office parties, and arranging bus transportation for the annual company outing. Miss Crane, who joined GT in a secretarial capacity, has worked closely with General Planning Systems V.P. Crosby Millington, accompanying him on many of his frequent trips abroad. "Taffy's tidiness, willingness to work, and ready smile set an outstanding example," said Mr. Millington, as he led the list of well-wishers at Ms. Crane's maiden press conference. Speaking on behalf of the more than twenty-five thousand GT women worldwide, Ms. Crane promised fruit machines in all the halls and a smoking lounge as her first order of business.



GT NETS \$12,000,000 IN ECO-SWEEPSTAKES

CLEVELAND—T. E. "Brick" Weynridge, head of GT's Environmental Task Force, announced today that GT subsidiary, General Papers, had landed a twelve million dollar contract with eight Lake Erie communities to clear the beleaguered lake of lampreys. Beginning immediately, the five General Paper plants will continue to discharge previously useless mercury into the lake in an effort to combat the water-borne scourge. "All God's creatures make one kind of pol-

lution or another," said Weynridge, "but only man, with his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, can find a way to make it pay off."



GARDEN MISHAP YIELDS RX FOR CORPORATE ESPIONAGE



Screaming "Calamine, please," General Atomic's Groundskeeper Dominic Fino passed on in a mishap officially listed as pulmonary embolism some thirteen months ago. Eyewitness Bob Donnelly, Operations Chief of the Laramie Breeder Facility, who describes himself as "an incorrigible tinkerer," was not satisfied with the official explanation, as he noticed a curious three-leafed vine protruding from the concrete housing of the reactor. Further investigation, funded in part by a two hundred thousand dollar Food for Peace federal grant, helped Donnelly determine that the real cause of Fino's demise was internal hemorrhaging brought on by contact with a mutant strain of poison ivy. Further breeding and crossbreeding have pro-

duced some four thousand acres of the deadly plant, which will be cultivated along corporate and government security fences all over the Free World. Issuing a stern warning to all trespassers, industrial spies, and light-fingered employees, Donnelly described the effects of the new crimestopper. "One touch of the plant will induce an instant and irreversible reaction, starting with a burning and excruciatingly agonizing pain in the genitalia, coupled with simultaneous rupture of the heart, lung, spleen, and liver, as well as loss of the immortal soul." With a predicted seven figure market, GT plans to enter full production by early May.



BUFFALO BARBECUE



A good time was had by all at GT's Buffalo Bar B Q, held this year at the Texas ranch of GT President Baxter Nelson (center). Many celebrities were also present (including tennis idol Bobby Riggs), and added the glamor of their dynamic personalities to the affair.



T. E. "Brick" Weynridge gets his first taste of the shaggy beast that used to roam America's plains. "Tastes a little like chicken!" he says.



Crosby Millington gives some fatherly advice to young GT secretary. Women can go far with GT if they play their cards right!



Thinking Cap Awards



Special thanks and a citation from President Baxter Nelson go to David Leiberman for his unique idea—a method of turning used radiator water into high octane aviation fuel, by means of a three-step process involving chemicals found in every drug store, and machinery no more complex than a Maytag washing machine. Congrats, Dave, and five personal thanks!



Thanks and five dollars go to Mike Malloy, forklift operator, for his energy-saving suggestion that the air conditioning be turned off at the Baton Rouge, L.A., defense ordnance warehouse. President Ford would be proud of you, Mike—but don't suggest we cut off the heat in winter—we've already thought of that!



Jean Anne Shaker wins five dollars for spotting duplication of effort in the secretarial pool at GT HQ. A big saving for the company, Jean Anne, all thanks to you—who says women can't do men's jobs!



The company's thanks and five bucks to Joseph Rheingold, an after-hours engineer whose new featherweight concrete can be cast underwater at a tenth the price of regular concrete. Keep on working, Joe—a lot of people are saying you're foreman material!



Belated thanks and five dollars to Mary Duke, who suggested we produce a clear plastic umbrella that covers the entire head. It turned out to be a pretty good idea after all, Mary—let us buy you lunch!

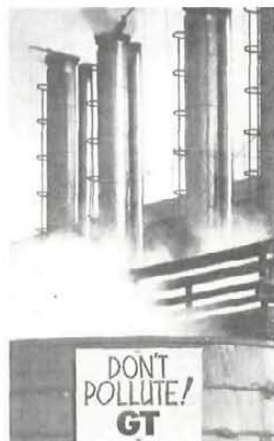


Assistant hopper dumper Dave Dwacker will find an extra five dollars in his pay envelope at the end of the month. Dave, an employee of General Tastee, suggested that recently developed preservative PCP be added to most General Tastee recipes, increasing their shelf life from six months to thirty-six. Thanks, Dave, and keep on thinking—maybe you'll come up with the secret of eternal life!

ENVIRONMENT CORNER



BEFORE



AFTER

This eyesore on the New Jersey meadows stood as an advertisement for ugliness for many years until GT Planning Systems VeeP Michael Tzarza decided to do something about it. Dipping into the GT Environmental Action Fund, Tzarza enlisted the services of a local Cub Scout Pack (#37, Piscataway, N.J.) to bring attention to the evils of environmental carelessness. GT is doing its part. How about you?

GT VP Makes Posthumous Security Award

T. E. Weynridge presented Mrs. Leroy Brown with a posthumous security award won by her husband Crispus "Big Bad Leroy" Brown, who was killed early last week in a shootout with thieves at the General Tastee payroll office. Brown had been a security guard at General Tastee for almost eleven years, just a month short of the period required for widow's benefits.

Mrs. Brown has two sons presently working for General Tastee in the packing department, and another who has just been temporarily laid off, but who will be rehired in the next business cycle.

After the presentation, Mrs. Brown was treated to a free lunch in the cafeteria, which Vice-President Weynridge was unable to attend due to other commitments. Mr. Weynridge said that Crispus Brown was a fine example of employee loyalty, and praised his bravery. He said it was very, very unfortunate, but that Brown had done his duty and died bravely. He also condemned the criminals who escaped, and pointed out that if people would raise their children more carefully, this sort of thing would not happen as often.



Brown.

Widow weeps at award ceremony. Husband dead but not dishonored as V.P. makes presentation.

MOVING ON



ELLESWORTH HUNKER 1897-1975

Ellesworth Hunker has been with General Techtronics almost as long as anyone can remember. From his early days, when a Vice-President had to sharpen his own pencils with a dangerous pocket knife, to his later days, when he kept a staff of eleven to do that and to conduct a polysyllabic defense against efficiency experts, Ellesworth was a fixture at GT HQ. Management and staff alike will miss his cherry "Howdy-do, bucko!" and the sight of the fresh carnation in his lapel every morning, a floral symbol of the lushness and youth trapped within the withered, crippled flesh. Like many men used to doing things for themselves, Ellesworth never gave up trying to make things go, and make them go his way, even if that was often contrary to their design. No one will ever forget the time he nearly electrocuted himself trying to "fix" a "broken" oscilloscope in order to watch the Brooklyn Dodgers play the '55 series. A man who in many respects represented a bygone era and in other respects was from the future, he will be missed around the office as he will no longer be there. He is survived by a wife, "Pinky," thirty-one. They had no children. As the great Rudyard Kipling said, "Phlebas the Phonetian, a fortnight dead/ Forgot the cry of gulls, and deep sea swell/ And the profit and loss."

Nerves, Cardiac, By Own Hand

Huberman, "Sheeny," 36
Wilson, F. E., 32
Greenpan, Moses, 47
Goldstein, Al, 38
Kaminsky, P., 43
Wilkinson, M. R. "Noodles," 41
Walker, Mike, 34
Feinberg, S., 49
Shenkman, Joe, 39
Mann, T., 34
Bloch, L. R., 29
Nash, Steve "Gimp," 46
Beerstein, Abraham, 47
Mercer, Anthony, 45
Lodell, P. K. "Rodent," 48
Kimmer, Alex, 38
Townshend, P., 32
Smith-Sorkensson, 45
Kaplan, Onan, 30
Bergman, Si "Hebe," 42
Weinbottle, Judah, 32
Borman, Martin, 56
Betelmut, Bruno, 37

Poisoning-Insecticide

Ramirez, Juan, 13
Daniguez, Juan, 15
Sanchez, Juan, 17
Valdez, Juan, 13
Alvarez, Juan, 18
Dolenz, Mickey, 15
Bolez, Juan, 19
Roliez, Juan, 16
Lopez, Juan, 15
Lopez, Dennis, 18
Echesez, Juan, 11
Kotex, Juan, 18
Perez, Juan, 19
Beaner, Juan, 14
Echevarria, L. E., 22
Horges, Juan, 14
Peron, Juan, 89
Ramonex, Juan "Stink," 17
Larez, Juan, 19
Tampax, Juan, 15
Whereas, Juan, 14
Ramirez, Juan, 11
Bambino, Juan, 21
Bambino, Luis, 11
Bambino, Jesus, 6 mo.
Bambino, Chaco, 3 yrs, 3 mo.
Bambino, Maria, 17
Bambino, Juan, 18
Natchez, Juan, 19
Lamprez, Juan, 19
Coutchez, Juan, 13

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Prybrenski, "Haeker," 50
Hooligan, "Wheeze," 29
LaDuser, "Honk-Honk," 24
McMurphy, "Iron Lung," 46
Fidowski, "Phlegm," 39
Dragonetti, "Squeaky," 36
Prybrinski, "Cough," 22
Doyle, "Blood Spitter," 34
Zikovsky, "Spasms," 31
Bronkowski, "Bronchial," 33
Turner, "Tumors," 28
O'Casey, "Big C," 34
Flannigan, "Productive," 45
Diszensky, "Discharge," 37
Nabokov, "Hanky," 20
Melanowski, "Bagpipes," 18
McDowell, "Spits," 37
McRupert, "Hhraack," 45
Zoodoo, "Roogers," 51
Wakowski, "Sprayer," 48
LaVerendre, "Frog Voice," 36
Wilkowski, "Lunger," 27
Stanslows, "Croupy," 38
Noian, "Polyp," 8
Grogan, "Growler," 40
O'Toole, "Gobber," 24

MAKE
IT
HAPPEN

MOVING UP



DIRECTOR OF REVENUE CONTROL
Terrence Blanket

Returning to the private sector after a prolonged government stint, GT welcomes Terrence Blanket, whose grasp of cost accounting is so sophisticated that those who know him say "he dreams in Fortran" (that's the language of computers). One of the pioneers of the Creative Medicaid bubble of the mid sixties, Terry earned kudos on Pennsylvania Avenue as he ferreted welfare cheats off the national dole. Terry, who is married to the former Sally "Coco" Millington, is a graduate of Texas A & M. Terrence's motto is, "In the hands of creative people, accounting is a creative art."



V.P. DEVELOPMENT
Sharouk El Faroun

Sharouk, known as "Teddy" to his American friends, comes to GT from the oil-drenched emirate of Onan. A member of the Royal House, Teddy spent the last few years helping out around the palace and writing a record review column for the local paper. A graduate of numerous American military schools, Teddy also turned in three semesters at Goddard college, where he studied recent Arab history. In addition to his duties on GT's International Energy Development Council, Teddy also hopes to initiate a rock column in this magazine.



OPERATIONS CHIEF—GENERAL PARTY WINES (PORTUGALO)
Rufus Tecumseh Ridge, Brig.Gen.(Ret.)

"Blessed are the peacemakers," that's the operating maxim of GT's global troubleshooter, as he moves into the driver's seat of GT Leisure Food's Portuguese corking operation. Following a delicate balancing act as Director of Camiones Generales de Chile, S.A., where his close relations with striking truckers let workers know there's always a sympathetic ear at GT, Gen. Ridge quickly won the hearts of Portuguese workers as he lent GT vehicles to the local church for use in the annual workers' outings in the northern cities of Braga and Leira.

Hey! We're a Father! —GT ADOPTS POOR, UNFORTUNATE ORPHAN

In this modern world of ours, there are many children less fortunate than ours. They are given a rough deal almost from the start—conceived and born in places most of us would consider unsuitable even for storage. Some are the victims of wars that spring up like crabgrass when politicians do not spray tolerance between the flagstones of their goals. Others have become orphans thanks to some natural catastrophe, like a mine cave-in or an economic recession. There are as many ways of becoming an orphan as there are orphans. Most of these kids don't have a chance; they enter the sack race of life with a twelve-pound handicap. Well, we can't help them all, but we can help some.

One orphan GT is helping is eight-year-old Jesus "Hannibal" Mendoza, a Brazilian street urchin with bright eyes and a quick mind who previously lacked the will to work because he had no parents to motivate him. Now, under the wing of GT Brazil, "Hannibal" is being given an opportunity to acquire a trade.

Right now, he is an apprentice sweeper at Brasilia Deisel Service plant. Later, as he grows older and shows more responsibility, other opportunities will open up for him. Now, of course, he doesn't earn nearly what he is being paid, so we're asking all employees and execs to kick in what they can to the "Little Hannibal" Fund. The money will be used to pay for his clothing, food, and lodging, and to provide him with automotive repair manuals so that he may come to understand the workings of internal combustion engines and lead a useful life. Remember: If "Hannibal" was your son, wouldn't you want to see he got a chance?



TWO GT EMPLOYEES KILLED

Domenico Sanchez and Gato Monza, employees of GT (Paraguay) were killed when impossible demands made by kidnapers could not be met. Replacements have been found.

Ferdinand and the Bulldozer

1

Once upon a time there was a farm, and on it lived a little bulldozer whose name was Ferdinand.



2



All the other little bulldozers he lived with liked to trundle around and tear up the earth and push things down and bump into one another, as bulldozers are supposed to do.

3

Now, on the bulldozer farm where Ferdinand lived, there was an old oak tree. It wasn't a very healthy tree, and it wasn't a very beautiful tree. But it was Ferdinand's favorite spot. He would park in its shade all day and smell the flower, and doze.



4



Sometimes, his mother, who was a cowdozer, would wake up and worry about Ferdinand. She was afraid he would be lonesome.

"Why don't you trundle around and tear up the earth and push things down like bulldozers are supposed to do?" she would ask. But Ferdinand would shake his cabin. "I like it better here where I can just park and smell the flower and doze."

As time went by, Ferdinand grew until he was very powerful.



All the other bulls who had grown up with Ferdinand would still trundle around and tear up great gobs of earth and push things over. Their greatest wish was to be picked to go and work in the city and build splendid new buildings. But not Ferdinand. He still liked to park under the old oak tree and smell the flower and doze.



One day, five men in very weird hats came to the bulldozer farm. They wanted the biggest, toughest, meanest bulldozer there was to push down the very last tree in the city and build the world's tallest building where it had been.

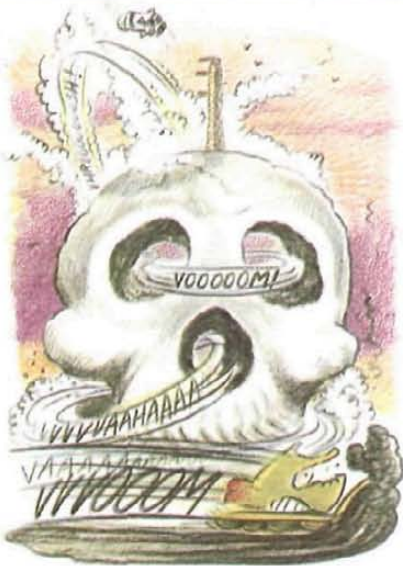
All the other bulldozers trundled around at top speed, tearing up the earth and pushing things down and bumping into one another so that the men would think they were the biggest and the toughest and the meanest and pick them.





Ferdinand knew they wouldn't pick him, and he didn't care. He just trundled out to his favorite old oak tree to park. Now, someone had left a jackhammer under Ferdinand's tree. It was a nasty, rusty old jackhammer, and it didn't like being disturbed.

Ferdinand didn't notice the jackhammer. In fact, he parked right on top of it. Now, if you were a jackhammer and a bulldozer parked on top of you, what would you do? You'd give him a good poke with your hammer, Jack! And that's just what the old jackhammer did.

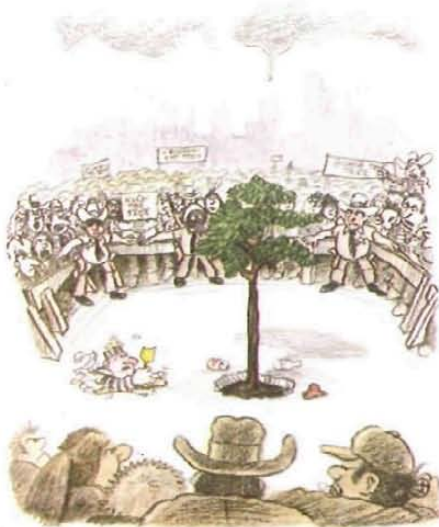


Ferdinand went crazy. He tore up the earth and drove through hills and dug great holes and pushed things down . . . much, much more than even bulldozers are supposed to do.

The five men cheered. Here was the biggest, toughest, meanest bulldozer of all. Just the thing to tear down the very last tree in the city and build the world's tallest building.



So off he went, in great style.



At last, the day for the great ceremony came.

There were many splendid people there. All the ladies had flowers in their hats . . . and all the fine gentlemen had flowers in their suits.



Then the parade began. First came the architects, with rolled-up maps and charts and lots of sharp pins to stick in them.

Next came the lawyers, with writs and deeds and documents to show that everything was all right. Then came the mayor. He waved to



everyone and looked as proud as could be. He was going to dig the very first hole after the very last tree had been pushed down.



And last of all came—you guessed it—the most important person of all: Ferdinand. He trundled towards the very last tree in the city. Everyone cheered and clapped and shouted because they thought he was going to tear up the earth and push down the tree and bump around as bulldozers are supposed to do.

But not Ferdinand. He looked around at all the flowers in the ladies' hats and the gentlemen's suits. He had never seen so many beautiful flowers in one place. So when he got to the tree, he just parked quietly in its shade and smelled and began to doze.





Whatever they did, Ferdinand wouldn't tear up the earth and push down the tree as he was supposed to do. The architects poked him with their charts and the lawyers hit him with their briefcases, and the mayor got so mad he cried. Now he would never get to dig his hole. So they took Ferdinand home.

And when they got him back to the bulldozer farm, they took off his blade and his cabin and his tracks and his engine, and they unscrewed all his insides and outsides . . .



. . . and they put him back together so that he wasn't Ferdinand anymore.

. . . and there the new Ferdinand is to this day, tearing up the earth and trundling around and pushing things down, just like bulldozers are supposed to do.



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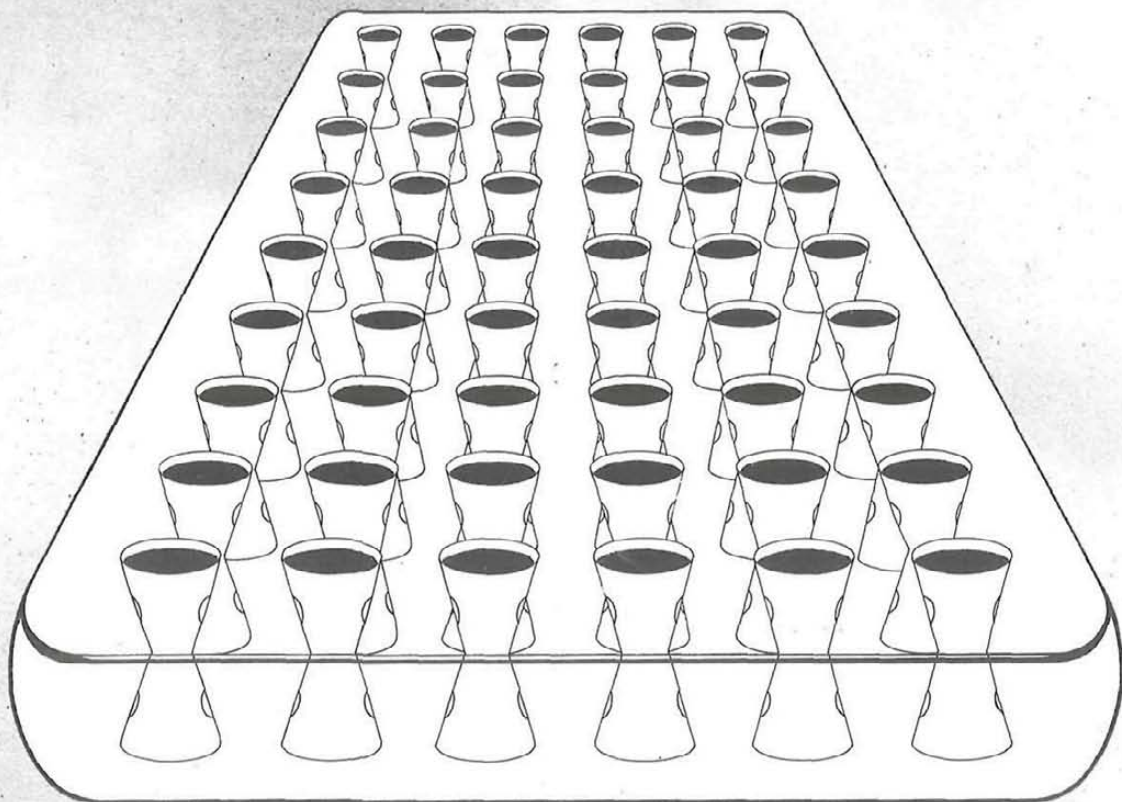
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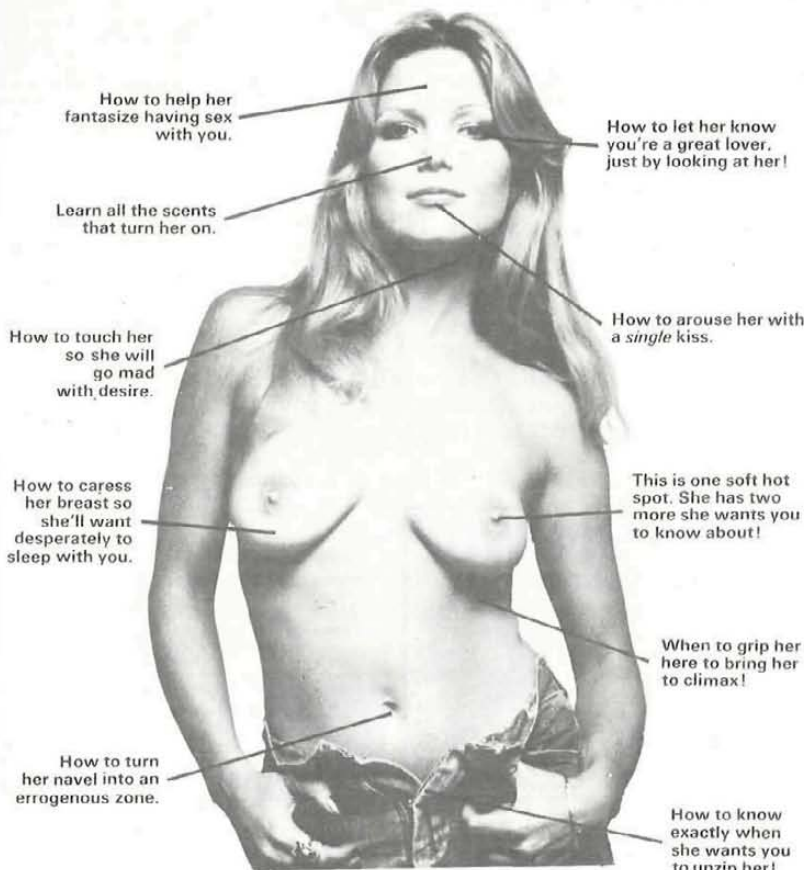
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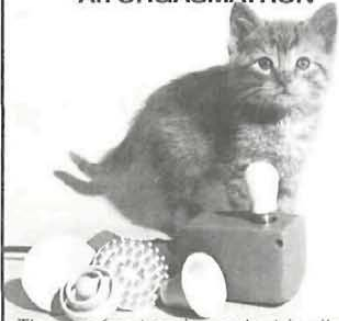
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SHIRKING

continued from page 49

JACK MONAHAN

He's forty-seven and still pounds a beat as a policeman on the upper west side of Manhattan. He's a big man with a big waistline and a big, beef-red face. He's the perfect model for the Irish cop, the "flatfoot." "Sometimes they call me flatfoot to my face. I don't mind. People got to call you something. Anyway, I happen to have flat feet. I got bad foot problems."

It's true about my feet. I can't do too much walking or my feet will swell up like balloons. They're always going to sleep on me. I get that tingling and buzzing sensation, which means they're numb. Feels like there's a thousand flies caught in my socks.

I try to sit as much as possible. There's a nice little bar on Broadway and Ninety-second Street where I can sit with my feet up on the table and sort of watch what's going on outside. Larry, the bartender, throws a few free beers my way while I'm doing my street watch. I like to take my shoes off while I'm having my beers and that always gets Larry mad. Larry says my feet smell disgusting. Funny, I can't smell them myself. Can't bend that low. Maybe it's something I picked

up during the war. Jungle rot. I was in the Pacific in forty-two. They say you can smell it right through my shoes.

Larry makes me wear a towel over my feet so I won't offend his customers. He's O.K., though. I figure with all the free beers and roast beef sandwiches he throws my way, he doesn't ever have to take care of me at Christmas. But he does. I guess he figures that with a cop in his place most of the afternoon and evening, there won't be any trouble with drunks and wise guys. He says I don't even have to pack a gun. Just wave my feet at them and they'll faint. (Laughs.) Like that TV commercial. Larry is a real card.

You got to be careful in this neighborhood or you'll find yourself involved in a crime of some sort. We got our share of coloreds and Puerto Ricans up here. They comprise most of your criminal element. They're always hanging around liquor stores or those crummy little hotels where they live. I never go near them. I always try to hang around the nicer parts of my beat. Like Larry's, or some other places which I'm not at liberty to reveal.

My philosophy is: If you don't go looking for trouble, trouble won't go looking for you. People who get in trouble, it's their own damn fault. It's not my fault and it's none of my business. As soon as I hear a shout

like, "Help! Police!" I lose myself. I duck into Larry's back room or some other place I can't reveal at the moment.

Sometimes I accidentally get caught in the middle of a crime, and I have to use my modern police detection techniques. Like just last week, I was in the dry cleaners getting my pants pressed. I was sitting in the back, in my BVDs, having a few beers with the presser, when a couple of boogies walk in and stick up the place. Murray, the owner, knows I'm in the back and he talks it up loud and clear to let me know he's being robbed. But I'm certainly not going to risk my life shooting it out with a couple of gun-crazy jiga-boos over a hundred dollars or so. No way! Besides, I'm sitting there in my underwear, and my feet won't wake up. So I deliberately let them get away. This is where my modern police techniques come in handy. I told Murray not to get upset. I said that you don't apprehend criminals by going bang, bang all the time. You make them think that they've gotten away, then you put out an APB on them, you follow them, you give them a lot of rope so they can hang themselves. Then you corner them and nail them with the goods. This way you don't have to shoot up the place and cause a lot of damage and noise. That cops and robbers stuff is for the movies, not for real

continued on page 97

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	27
State U., Potsdam, Potsdam, N.Y., 8 P.M.	28
Buffalo State U., Buffalo, N.Y., 8 P.M.	29
State U. Geneseo, Geneseo, N.Y., 8 P.M.	30
(1 P.M.) Erie Community Coll., Buffalo, N.Y.	31
(8 P.M.) U. of Rochester, Rochester, N.Y.	
November	
Seneca Coll., Toronto, Canada, 8 P.M.	1
LeMoyne Coll., Syracuse, N.Y., 8 P.M.	2
	3
Fairfield U., Fairfield, Conn., 8 P.M.	4
State U. Farmingdale, Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y., 8 P.M.	5
State U. Oneonta, Oneonta, N.Y., 8 P.M.	6
State U. Albany, Albany, N.Y., 8 P.M. & 10 P.M.	7
Alfred U., Alfred, N.Y., 8 P.M.	8
State U., Fredonia, Fredonia, N.Y., 8 P.M.	9
	10
Seton Hall U., Orange, N.J., 8 P.M.	11
Rutgers U., Camden, N.J., 8 P.M.	12
California State Coll., California, Pa., 8 P.M.	13
(1 P.M.) Allegheny Comm. Coll., So. Campus, West Mifflin, Pa.	14
(9 P.M.) Dennison U., Granville, Ohio	
U. of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio, 8 P.M.	15
Showcase Theatre, Detroit, Mich., 7 P.M.	16
	17
Delta Coll., Bay City, Mich., 8 P.M.	18
Eastern Michigan U., Ypsilanti, Mich., 8 P.M.	19
U. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., 8 P.M.	20
Oakland U., Oakland, Mich., 8 P.M.	21
Schoolcraft Coll., Livonia, Mich., 8 P.M.	22
Carnegie Mellon U., Pittsburgh, Pa., 8 P.M.	23
Slippery Rock Coll., Slippery Rock, Pa., 8 P.M.	24
Indiana U. of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Pa., 8 P.M.	25
December	
Wagner Coll., Staten Island, N.Y., 8 P.M.	2
Adelphi U., Garden City, N.Y., 8 P.M.	3
Sienna Coll., Landonville, N.Y., 8 P.M.	4
Brown U., Providence, R.I., 8 P.M.	5
Quinnipiac Coll., Hamden, Conn., 8 P.M.	6
Glassboro State Coll., Glassboro, N.J., 8 P.M.	7

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SHIRKING

continued from page 95

life. I assured Murray that we'll get the son of a bitch bastards. I put out a full alarm for them—full dragnet. Besides, I said, you didn't want a shooting in your store, did you, Murray? It's not good for business. Scares people away. Murray finally understood my technique. Some of the other businessmen who got robbed didn't understand my technique as well as Murray. Sometimes they get mad and try to get me transferred. The hell with them. I figure it this way: Most of the spades and PRs rob each other and end up fighting among themselves. So I leave well enough alone. Let them kill each other off. There'll be less criminals on the street.

Not that I'm a racist. Not at all. Hell, I got to do business with everybody, all kinds. Where would a cop be if he couldn't do business with everybody? We all have to do a business, if you know what I mean. I got your Jewish store owners, your Puerto Rican bodegas, even those two colored fags who opened a clothing store are very nice people. They all take care of me and I take care of them. It's a living, if I can stay off my feet.

ERIC STEELE

He is a disc jockey for station KTTM in La Jolla, California. He prefers to call himself an audio "painter." He is twenty-seven, was born in Los Angeles, and "majored in beachcombing, surfing, and a little light studding" before he got his job as a late night jock. He admits that his "light studding" with Rick Travers, the station manager, got him the job, but insists that it was a perfectly harmless sex without love thing and "neither one of us is really emotionally involved and we still have our own healthy love lives with no hang-ups. I'm not even bi. I don't even like to do Rick. I just sort of lay back and he does me."

I guess I sort of drifted into my job. I was sitting at the Hang Nine Bar nursing a few beers. That's how I used to do my drinking. I'd nurse someone else's beer. When this guy or girl would leave their beer on the counter and go to the bathroom or make a phone call, I'd grab a few quick swallows out of their glass. I never pay for my own beers. Anyway, I was nursing a few beers when this guy came in and sort of befriended me. Later, when smoking... a pretty nice stick of Panama, I might add (laughs nervously), he

continued on page 106

Got any friends who've been GOOD this year?

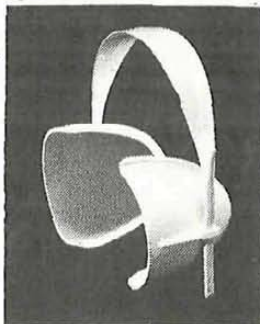


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FUNNY PAGES



SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES IT WAS HARD TO FIGURE WHAT YOU COULD DO AND COULDN'T DO, BECAUSE OF THESE SURPRISE RULES WHICH WOULD SUDDENLY POP UP, NOW AND THEN, AFTER YOU'D ALREADY GONE TOO FAR?

BOY, I'D NEVER HAVE SAID I'D GIVE A REPORT ON FROGS IF I'D HAD ANY IDEA THERE WAS THIS MUCH TO KNOW ON THEM!

Calvin Wilson

WHERE DO YOU GO TO FIND BOOKS MARKED KHL536M?

BOY, THIS PLACE GOES ON AND ON...

I NEVER SAW THESE ROOMS BEFORE...

JEEZ, THIS IS SOME BIG BOOK!

I WONDER WHAT...

I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, LITTLE BOY.

ANYHOW, THERE SURE IS A LOT TO READ ON FROGS...

OUR WATER FRIENDS



IDYL



© J. JONES 1975



I HAD A BROTHER WHO LAST YEAR DECIDED HE WAS THROUGH WITH SLEEP. HE STUMBLERED INTELLECTUALLY OUT ONE VERY DARK NIGHT TO PICK SOME BANANAS.



AND STAGGERED OFF A CLIFF.



IT'LL BE DARK SOON. WE BETTER START LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO SLEEP.



NICK
and
NICK

"I WAS SITTING WITH A JOKER WHO CLAIMED TO BE PALS WITH MIMI BAKER. HE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT A NEW CANARY AT THE ST. REGIS WHEN FRANK CAME OVER WITH THE WORD - OUR SUCKERS WERE THE BELLESONNEDECCI BROTHERS - NICK AND NICK - TWO SMALL-SCALE GUMSHOES WHO LIVED WITH THEIR MOTHER. I WAS TOLD TO GIVE THEM A CALL. I DID.



THE LITTLE HAND WAS ON THE NINE. I SAW THE BOYS COMING TOWARDS MY APARTMENT.



AS I HEADED DOWN-STAIRS, I HEARD A NOISE AT THE DOOR.



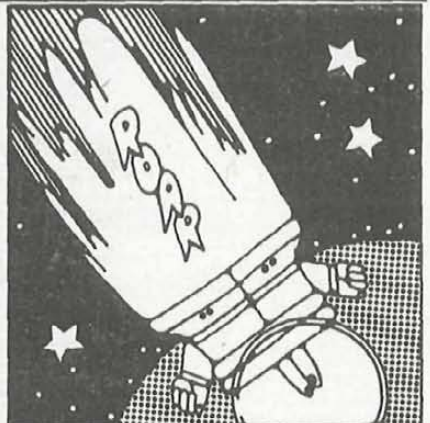
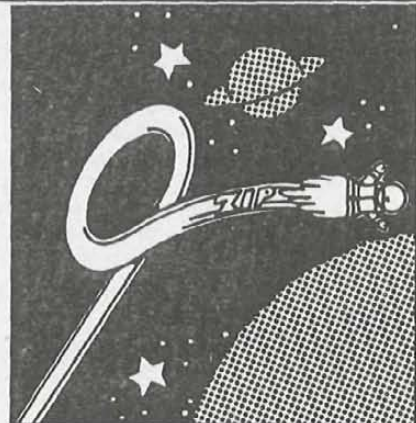
I PUT MY LEFT HAND ON THE DOOR-KNOB AND SWEPT MY HAIR BACK WITH THE RIGHT.



I INVITED THEM IN TO MEET FRANK.

A FAR OUT MESSAGE FROM

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Only one sample to a family, please. Please allow four weeks for delivery. Offer good only while supply lasts.



LET'S TALK TEETH

THE BEST DENTIFRICE IS WATER.

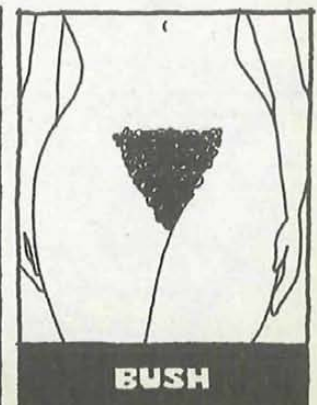
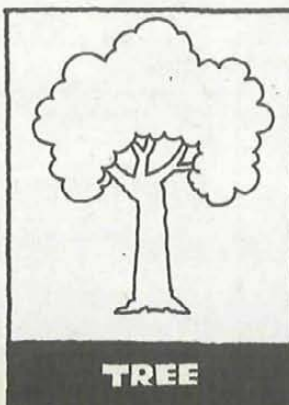
AVOID THE USE OF POWDERS CONTAINING BONE OF CUTLEFISH OR CHARCOAL, WHICH CAN INJURE THE ENAMEL OF THE TEETH.

INSULT COMICS! BY ED SUBITZKY PUTS YOU IN YOUR PLACE BUT GOOD!

ALL RIGHT, YOU PATHETIC MESS! I SEE YOU OUT THERE...	... READING THIS STUPID COMICS SECTION! DO YOU KNOW WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING NOW?	THEY'RE OUT GETTING LAID, SIGHING WITH ALMOST UNBEARABLE ECSTASY!	OTHERS ARE FINISHING UP BUSINESS DEALS THAT WILL EVENTUALLY MAKE THEM MILLIONAIRES!
OTHERS ARE COMPLETING PAINTINGS, NOVELS, POEMS... EXPRESSING THEMSELVES AND EARNING THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY...	...WHILE SOME ARE TRAVELING AND GAZING IN STUNNED SILENCE AT THE WONDERS OF THE ANDES OR THE VELDT...	THEY'RE MAKING THE MOST OF THIS MOMENT WHICH WILL NEVER COME AGAIN... BUT YOU...	... YOU'RE SITTING THERE READING THIS PATHETIC COMIC STRIP!
YOU KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH! YOU'RE JUST PLAIN AFRAID TO LIVE AND YOU PROBABLY ALWAYS WILL BE!	I HOPE YOU FEEL GOOD AND GUILTY! YOU SHOULD FEEL GUILTY!	ASSHOLE!	PRICK!

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 80
TREES AND BUSHES
WITH TODAY'S INTEREST IN NATURE, THE ABILITY TO DRAW CONVINCING TREES AND BUSHES CAN SOMETIMES MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A JOB AND A KICK IN THE ASS.



"The Sony TC-756 set new records for performance of home tape decks."

(Stereo Review, February, 1975)

Hirsch-Houck Laboratories further noted, "The dynamic range, distortion, flutter and frequency-response performance are so far beyond the limitations of conventional program material that its virtues can hardly be appreciated!"

The Sony TC-756-2 features a **closed loop dual capstan tape drive system** that reduces wow and flutter to a minimum of 0.03%, **logic controlled transport functions** that permit the feather-touch control buttons to be operated in any sequence, at any time without spilling or damaging tape; an **AC servo control capstan motor** and an eight-pole induction motor for

each of the two reels; a record equalization selector switch for maximum record and playback characteristics with either normal or special tapes; mic attenuators that eliminate distortion caused by overdriving the microphone pre-amplifier stage when using sensitive condenser mics; tape/source monitoring switches that allow instantaneous comparison of program source to the actual recording; a mechanical memory capability that allows the machine to turn itself on and off automatically for unattended recording.

In addition, the TC-756-2 offers 15 and 7½ ips tape speeds; Ferrite & Ferrite 2-track/2-channel stereo

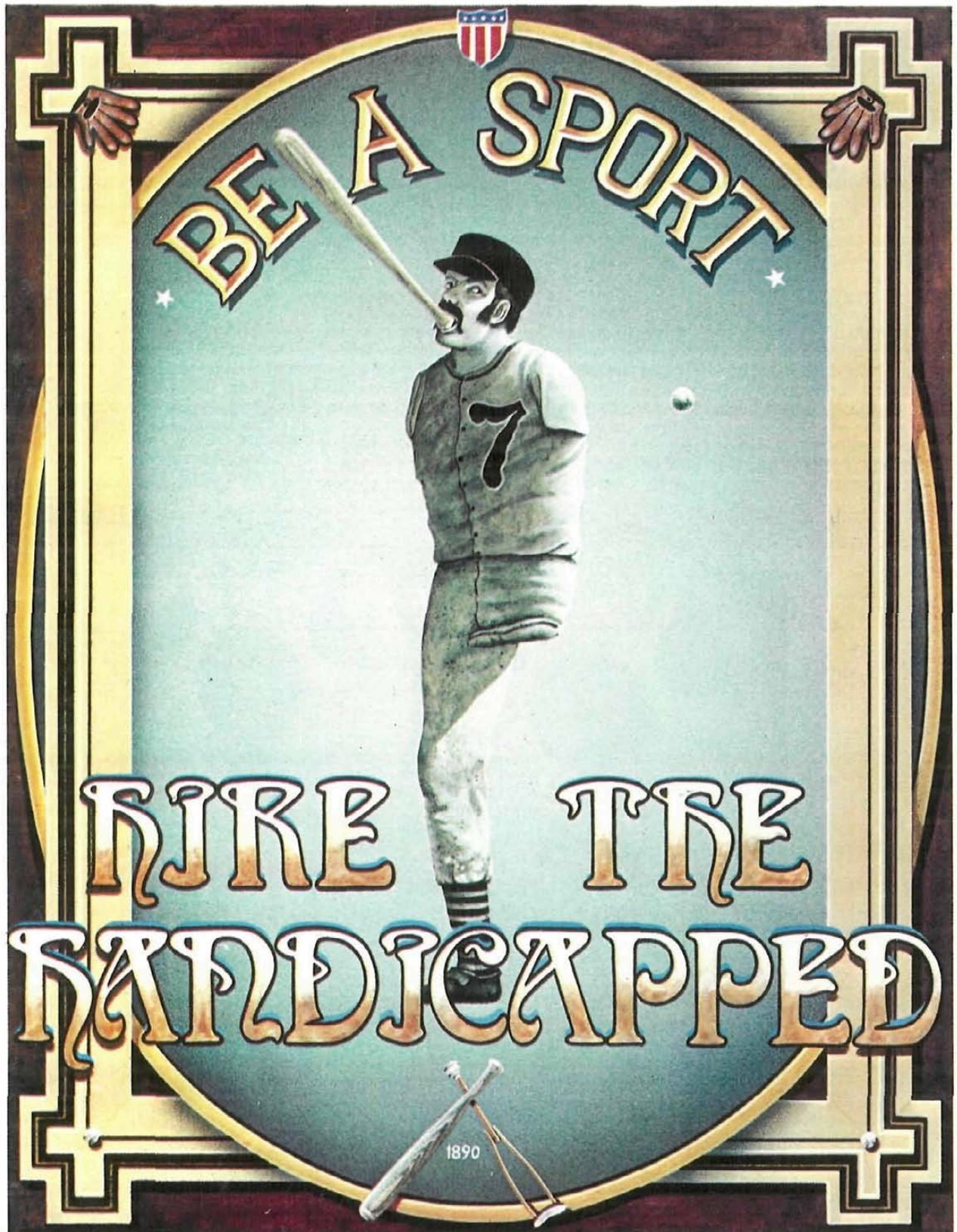
three-head configuration; and symphase recording that allows you to record FM matrix or SQ* 4-channel sources for playback through a decoder-equipped 4-channel amplifier with virtually non-existent phase differences between channels.

The Sony TC-756-2 is representative of the prestigious Sony 700 Series — the five best three-motor 10½-inch reel home tape decks that Sony has ever engineered. See the entire Sony 700 Series now at your nearest Superscope dealer starting at \$699.99.

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 Charge to Master Charge Charge to BankAmericard

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SHIRKING

continued from page 97

asked me if I wanted to have my own radio show. I said O.K., sure. It was Rick Travers, the station manager. He needed a disc jockey for a nighttime slot, from ten to one A.M. He liked my style, I guess. I'm really a laid back kind of guy. I mean, I don't have to say much to get my message across. I guess my eyes tell a lot about me. And my body. I've got this very expressive body that like... expresses things by instinct. There's times when I don't even know what my body is going to do next, except that it's always the right thing, always the cool, laid back thing. You'd be surprised at how much you have to use your body in your work as an audio painter.

I usually get up around twelve noon or one. I'm getting a little more wiped out than usual. I keep telling myself not to mix Inglenook Red with Panama Red, but I always lose the battle. But I'm going to win the war.

So I get myself out of bed and there's usually a couple of chicks around who are cleaning up and making breakfast. I don't eat much for breakfast. Maybe a frozen blintz and a bottle of plum wine. One of the chicks leads me to the shower (I'm still wiped out) and soaps me all up and washes me down, and maybe if I'm half awake she might do me.

I'm a night person... which is probably why Rick wanted me to do his late night show. What I mean is... I can't get really grooving until like nighttime. So during the day I usually hang out and get my head together. What I mean is... I'm getting all kinds of stuff together in my head for my show. Like what kind of mood I'm going to be in. That determines what kind of music I'm going to play. Also, I like to just lay back

and dig things and people. Like... just let my eyes or my body take over. I react a lot. I like clothes a lot. I look good in nice, expensive clothes. So one of my girl friends usually picks out a lot of different clothes and brings them up to the house for me to look at. I can dig doing that about two, three times a week.

I like to walk barefoot around the house a lot. Like... with nothing but a towel around my waist. That feels good. Sometimes, one of the chicks will put a joint in my mouth so I can take a puff. That feels good, too.

About four, five o'clock or so I can feel what my mood for the night will be and I usually call Ziggy, the music librarian, and clue him into my mood. Ziggy picks the music I play. He also picks these poetry records. Then he lines up the material in the right sequence and types out the title of every record and who's on it, in case I want to announce the title and who's on it when I'm on the air. If I'm not in the mood to do it, that's cool, too.

A lot of times I'm really not in the mood to do my show, so I call up my protégé, Jimmy, and he does it. He sounds just like me and he can read all the record titles and artists' names almost as well as I can. I let Jimmy do my show about three or four times a week. He just does something like... "This is Jim Northrup sitting in for Eric Steele, who is a little under the weather tonight..." and that usually takes care of any obligations I might have. Basically, he's still doing my concepts. I mean... he's really translating my moods and feelings, which is the important thing.

So if I'm not actually doing the show, I'm usually partying, which is not really wasting time because I'm into people and what they want to hear, musically, I mean. I dig people, I guess. At least at night when

my eyes and my body sort of come alive. People who have heard my show say they can picture my eyes and my body. It's like I'm right there in the room with them, you know? And that's the highest compliment you pay an audio painter, I guess. I can really dig my job when people tell me that.

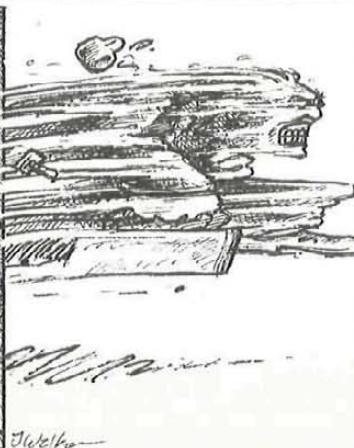
FRANK "FRITZ" LATROBE

He is fifty-three years old—a large man with a nondescript pudding face and an almost gracefully widening pear-shaped body. He owns The Pig's Tail, once a fairly popular bar and grill with bus drivers and dispatchers in Stangleville, Wisconsin. The Pig's Tail was across the street from the bus depot, but today the depot is closed and the buses and the bus drivers are gone. Latrobe sits behind the bar and stares at the 1973 calendar he hasn't bothered to replace. He wipes the bar counter over and over with a dirty rag, wiping out imaginary wet spots as he talks.

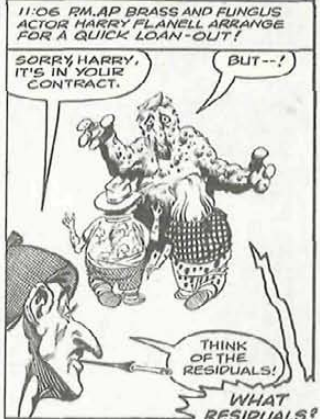
The Pig's Tail used to be what is called a hangout. We were well known as a place where the bus drivers came for a shot or a beer, or maybe an American cheese sandwich. When my wife was alive, she made the American cheese sandwiches. The bus workers always used to kid her about her sandwiches, how hard and dry they were. Hey, Bertha, they would say, give me one of those sandwiches, I got a big hole in one of my bus seats. I can use it as a patch. Or, hey, Bertha, give me one of those sandwiches, I want to poison some woodchucks. I don't miss her, though. She was always pushing me to expand the place, hire more help, decorate, and God knows what else. She didn't know how to make American cheese sandwiches so good, but she sure did know how to spend my money! She ran away with the bus dispatcher.

I'm glad I didn't listen to her

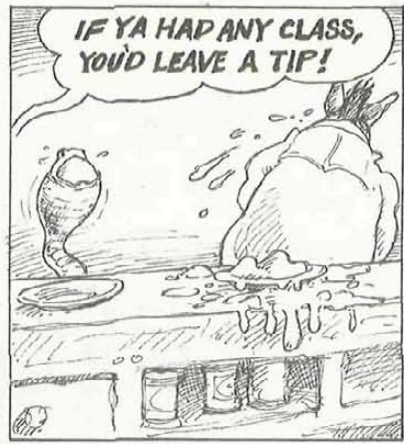
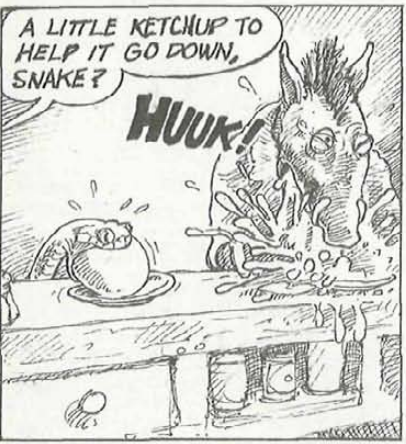
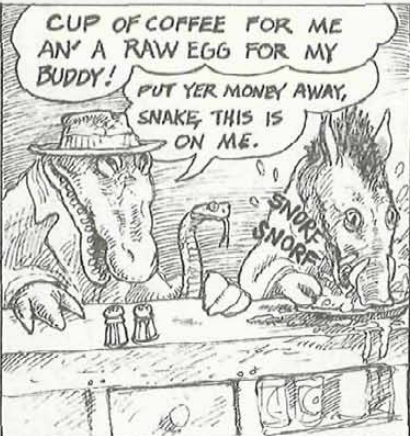
continued on page 111



OFFICIAL DOCUMENT-DATELINE HOLLYWOOD-11:05 AM. THE ALIENS HAVE TRANSPORTED THEMSELVES TO THE BACK LOT OF THE LAST CHANCE ANIMATION COMPANY--WHERE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTIONS IS FILMING ITS LATEST FEATURE--BEACH PARTY FUNGUS MEETS THE MARTIANS!



RANGER SMITH'S NATURE NOTEBOOK
DISGUSTING IS IN THE MIND OF THE BEHOLDER.

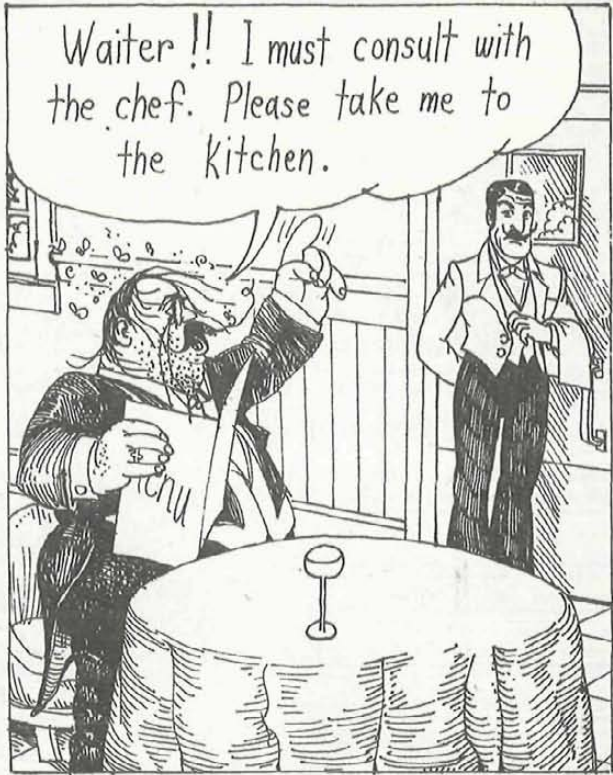


ONE YEAR AFTER THERE COMES A TIME IN ALL HUMOR STRIPS WHEN A SUBJECT IS SO TRAGIC, SO HARMFUL TO THE CHARACTERS WHO'RE INVOLVED, THAT IT DEFILES PARODY, DEFILES SATIRE... DEFILES COMEDY... but we'll see what we can do...



EATING OUT

Randy Jones
& Brad...
© 1975...



MULE'S DINER

IT HAPPENED AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION FOR MURRAY OXE AND STELLA DOLL.



IT WAS LATE. STELLA WENT UPSTAIRS TO THEIR HOTEL ROOM TO GET READY FOR THEIR FIRST NIGHT TOGETHER.



MURRAY STOOD UP AT THE HEAD TABLE TO SAY GOOD NIGHT TO HIS GUESTS.



WITH ALL EYES ON HIM, MURRAY UNEXPECTEDLY LET GO WITH A HUGE, LOUD, SMELLY FART!



PEOPLE SAT IN STUNNED SILENCE. THEN THEY ALL BEGAN TO TALK AT ONCE.



MURRAY WAS MORTIFIED. FINALLY, HE MADE HIMSELF WALK OUT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOTEL.



HE KEPT WALKING UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF TOWN—WHERE HE SPENT THE NIGHT.



THE NEXT DAY, HE HITCHHIKED ACROSS COUNTRY.



MURRAY SETTLED IN A SMALL TOWN, TOOK A NEW NAME, GOT A JOB, AND LIVED QUIETLY FOR TEN YEARS.



ONE DAY, HE BECAME NOSTALGIC FOR HOME. SURELY, NO ONE WOULD REMEMBER AFTER TEN YEARS.



HE TOOK A TRAIN HOME, AND WHEN HE ARRIVED, DECIDED TO WALK AROUND.



HE WAS HAPPY. IT FELT GOOD TO BE BACK. HE WALKED BY SOME HOUSES.



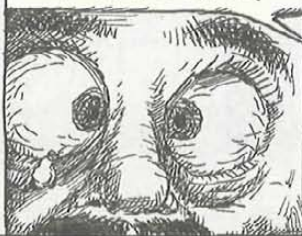
VOICES WERE COMING FROM AN OPEN WINDOW. A LITTLE GIRL WAS TALKING TO HER MOTHER. MURRAY LISTENED.



"MOMMA," SHE SAID, "I CAN NEVER REMEMBER THE DATE OF MY BIRTHDAY."



"THAT'S EASY," REPLIED HER MOTHER, "IT'S THE DAY AFTER THE ANNIVERSARY OF MURRAY'S FART!"



MURRAY OXE LEFT HIS HOME TOWN FOR GOOD.



GET OUT YER MAGNIFYING GLASS 'CAUSE HERE COMES:

THIS STRIP IS ENTIRELY THOUGHT UP BY HAND.

HI! TO SUSAN SUPPLE

Chicken Gutz

HI! TO HARDYARK THE SINGING WATER.

JOHN LUIS ARMY

THE COMIC STRIP THAT ANSWERS THE QUESTION: IN WHAT YEAR WAS THE COTTON GIN INVENTED?

IF TUESDAY WELD WOULD ONLY SAY SHE LOVES ME; I'LL MENTION HER NAME IN THE STRIP.

by E N O S

Our lovable hero—the ONE—the ONLY—CHICKEN GUTZ (mild applause)... defender of the (week), champion of swell causes, underdog of underdogs and general all-around meat guy—in an effort to better maintain his sterling physique, has taken to the highroad and the life of the JOGGER (or JIGGER, as the case seems to be).

When HARK and WHAT HO—a minion of the law—appears as if from nowhere (BEHIND A BLUEBOARD) and innocently believing our champion to be an escaping felon, takes chase, determined to run him down and apprehend same.



Alas... poor CHICKIE POO is lost in thoughts of love, flowers, BEEFATER GIM, and other nice things, and does not realize that he is preventing an officer of the law from performing his duty.

*EDITOR PLEASE NOTE THIS IS A BAD JOKE... NOT A MISTAKE!

THIS STRIP IS FOR TWO SPECIAL ONES: SWEET LILLIAN HEAVENLY FLOWER THE WEASEL GLEN KATHIRN FROM NANTUCKET JULIE and VALERIE MASON.



Finding no incriminating evidence upon the person of our stalwart (only \$1.25), the "SYMBOL OF JUSTICE" moves on in pursuit of those who would threaten our tranquility—our heaven here on earth.



And so, dear reader, one can hardly blame our blue knight from losing some of his usual cool facade and reacting with a little show of temper.

FOR YOU TECHNICAL BUFFS—THIS STRIP IS LETTERED WITH A #1 RAPIDOGRAPH AND DRAWN WITH A HUNT#107 PIG STICKER. EXTRANEUS SPOTS, SMUDGES, BLOBS, ETC. ARE THE RESULT OF POOR PRINTING, AND

Rosie the Riveter BEHIND ENEMY LINES

ROSIE AND AN ENTIRE U.S.O. TROOP HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY AXIS AGENTS AND FORCED TO PERFORM FOR ENEMY TROOPS...



SHIRKING

continued

suggestions. Look what happened around here. The bus depot closed down about eighteen years ago and it's gotten pretty quiet around this part of town. What did I have to spend money to fix up the place? The old crowd is gone. What do I need fancy decorations and a waitress for? The place is still plenty good enough for the kind of trade I get. I get mostly your transients. Mostly people who are lost and want directions on how to get to the main highway to Green Bay or to Milwaukee or someplace like that. Sometimes they'll have a fast shot or a beer out of courtesy. Sometimes a few hunters drop in on the way to Kaukuna or Greenleaf. I used to get some of those crazy teenagers who were too young to drink but they found me out and made me pay a big fine, so I don't serve them anymore.

We used to have a few regulars here. You know, people who lived in the neighborhood who didn't mind all that noise from the buses. But they're dying out like flies, those people.

We're not far from Green Bay, you know, but the Packers have never been here. We don't have any of that fancy stuff like jukeboxes or pinball machines, so we might not appeal to them. Also, I don't like to carry too many types of liquor, all those brands I know I can never sell. There's no call for them. Why should I stock all them fancy liquors like scotch and gin if there's no call for them? I just carry a little whisky and some beer.

There isn't much to do once I open the bar, which I don't normally open until maybe five o'clock because there's no sense in opening earlier—there's no one around. I know the place can use a little bit of improvement, but I'm lacking in the necessary funds at the moment. Like the calendar on the wall, for instance. It was given to me in seventy-three by one of the liquor salesmen, but I don't order his brands anymore so he hasn't come around to give me a new calendar. I can't go ordering his brands if there's no call for them, right?

Bertha used to kid me. When are you going to get off your behind, Fritz? The place needs a paint job. How do you expect to get one of them free Budweiser color displays and ashtrays if you don't order more than a keg of beer every two months? Boy, she used to go on and on. Tell you the truth, I'd like to sell the place. If you hear of anybody who is interested, let me know.

continued



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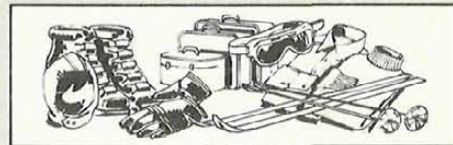
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BRADD BLAKE

He's thirty-five but looks forty-five. Tall, not handsome, but personable. His big assets seem to be his crinkly smile and constant grin and giggle. His dopey, silly face makes it all look lovable and happy-go-lucky. He always looks as if he walked into a studio by mistake and suddenly found himself on TV. "A lot of times I feel as if I walked into the show by mistake. I'm still surprised they hired me."

I guess you could call me a dope. I'm one of those guys who you look at and say, "Jesus, what a dopey looking guy." I not only look like a dope, I also behave like a dope. I never did much of anything with my life. I'm somewhere between an outright failure and a mediocrity. I never could hold on to a job for very long. One of the main reasons is that I drink a lot. I mean I really drink a bunch! (Laughs.) I guess being dopey and being drunk a lot seem to go together. That's the combination that landed me my current job. I'm a TV weather reporter, and I make a hundred thousand a year.

My family had a little money—some of which I inherited and

quickly spent on frivolous items such as booze, booze, and more booze. Somewhere in my wanderings, I made the acquaintance of a casting director at CBS. She told me they needed a weather reporter for their eleven o'clock news show and asked me to come down to the casting session. They cast for a weather reporter like they cast for actors and actresses. It's all show business. The big thing for a newscaster or a weather reporter or sportscaster is how you look on TV, what kind of image you project. You don't have to know a thing. I certainly didn't know a damn thing about meteorology.

Well, I staggered in to the casting session about an hour late for my appointment and I was stewed to the gills, as they say. I must have been acting sillier than usual because the producer took one look at me and said, "He's perfect. I love him. He's hired." He told me that they wouldn't have to do much to my image, that I should just act natural. Just smile and grin a lot, giggle, make silly little jokes that no one can understand, and always have an optimistic tone in your voice. Well, that's me to a T.

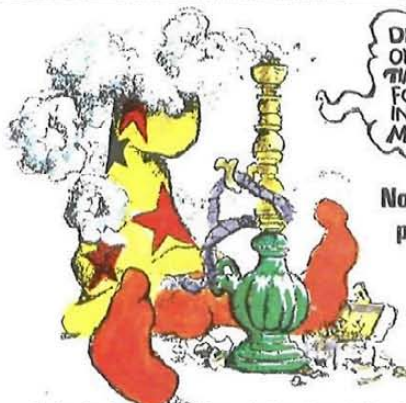
So it seems like I'm just the perfect type for a TV weatherman. The

main thing is to look and act stupid, and I sure take the cake in that department. The next important thing is not to worry how stupid you look. Just sail through it all. Of course, five or six Daiquiris before the show gets me in the right mood.

The great thing about being a TV weather reporter is you don't have to know a thing about the weather or meteorology or whatever. I certainly don't. I couldn't even tell you which way the wind is blowing. The next thing I learned is that you don't even have to read the weather map correctly. I have a lot of trouble seeing my cue cards and teleprompter unless I wear glasses and I don't look good in glasses, so I'm always squinting and straining to get the words right, which I miss very often. They made me wear contact lenses; but that only made things worse. So I half read and half fake it. Nobody knows the difference out there in TV land anyway, right? Besides, the weather is so unpredictable. Changes every other hour. So what I predict may turn out to be correct.

Just look happy and give every weather report an optimistic tone. The resort owners in our area really like me for that. I always convey the feeling that the weather is going to be great, no matter what. They really

continued on page 116



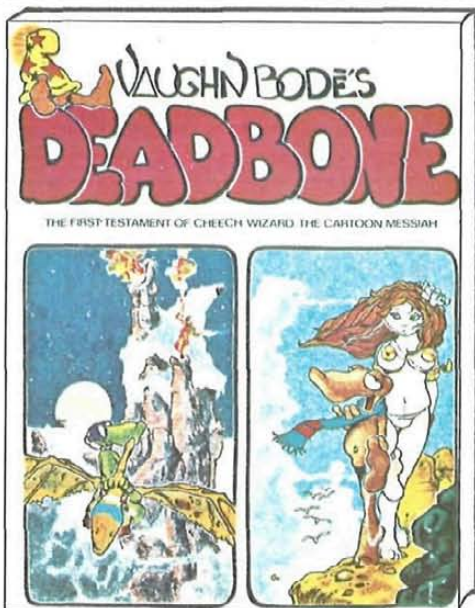
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SHIRKING

continued from page 113

like me for that. I'm always finding a few extra bucks in my mail slot at the office from these "admirers" and "fans" and the money comes in envelopes with hotel names on them.

I still can't get over it. A hundred thousand a year plus my resort owner money. You know something? Maybe I'm smarter than I thought.

BOBBY "BOOTS" SWEENEY

He's a thirty-two-year-old professional baseball player. He's what sports writers call a "hard-luck guy," because injuries have severely hampered what was a promising career. He's a "bench jockey." We spoke between "takes" for a feminine deodorant commercial "Boots" was doing.

I been with the team through good years and bad. I come up from double A—I was a bonus baby, you know—back in sixty-six. I got a lifetime average of .400, which ain't bad, and anyone says it's cause I only been up eight times is fulla shit. Jealous.

Sure, it's nice to be with a contender, and a share of series money is nice to get, but I'm a pro. We're all pros. And we know you can't win 'em all. You just got to give it every-

thing you got. Your best shot. That's what I've always done, and I guess that's why I haven't played all that much. I just can't go easy on that pulled hamstring of mine, and any time I round first, going, you know, all out... well, I pull the goddamn thing again, that's all.

The fans know that. They appreciate that. In my opinion, we got the greatest fans in baseball right here. In seventy I was in good shape, I started the season in left field, and the first couple games, a homestand against Cleveland I think it was, I went four for six at the plate. Then the damn hamstring went on me, rounding first. But these fans here, come all-star voting time, hell, they voted for me. I placed third. That made me real proud.

Most other years, I pulled the hamstring in spring training. String training, my wife calls it. Ha-ha. Except in seventy-two. In seventy-two, I broke my goddamn toe.

You think warming the bench is easy? I got news for you, it ain't. You gotta stay alert, gotta keep up that chatter, ride the pitcher, ride the ump, shoot beaver, pat your teammates' asses when they homer. You gotta be able to stay awake through a slow double header, extra innings maybe, between a pair of

sixth place teams in late August. Shit. Fuckin' umpire like to doze off, but in the dugout, you gotta look alive, follow the play. You might be on TV, you know.

Not to mention splinters. I got splinters from some of the benches in this league. No joke.

No, I'm not gonna get traded. There's a rule. The ten year rule. They can't unload me, pal. I'm well liked in this town.

I do some endorsements, sure, but only for products I really believe in. I gotta own shares in a company before I'll go on television and advise a fan to buy it. I got principles.

In the off season, I do banquets, communion breakfasts, guest appearances, talk shows, a little modeling, I keep busy. But baseball's my life. I'd like to stay with the organization. I think I'd make a pretty good first base coach, when I retire, but I'd settle for a front office job. Public relations, maybe.

But that's all in the future. I mean, the new DH ruling means I'll be with the team, on the inactive list, for another couple of seasons. At least.

Not everybody can be a Hall-of-Famer. Sure, I'd love it, I'd be honored. But I don't expect it. Looking back, I'd say, even with all the pain,

the pulled hamstrings, the toe, the splinters and everything, I'd have to say that not playing baseball has been damn good to me.

STUDS TERKEL

He's the author-of-record of a best-seller or two, a Chicago celebrity. He's never owned a pencil, never mind a typewriter, and doesn't give a damn who knows it. He talked about shirking at a Cubbies game.

That's right, Banks, you asshole, drop the ball! Jesus! What were you saying, son? Beer here! Thanks.

How do you do it, Studs?

Born with it. I was born with it. It's a gift. Wake up, Banks, you scumbag! Sorry. People just open up to me, that's all, it's my face. I look like Pat O'Brien or something, people just naturally want to confess to me. Strike? C'mon, ump! You blind? Outside by a foot! Christ! (Snorts.) You were saying?

The books. How do you do the books without working?

Tape. You heard of bookworms? I'm a tapeworm. Ha-ha. When people talk to me, I tape it. That fucker Nixon stole the idea from me. (Laughs.) Then I give the tapes, cassettes, I think they're called, right, cassettes, to Cathy, and she transcribes them. And I got a book. Three out! Okay, Cubbies, let's get a hit. Hubba hubba!

But the idea for the book is yours, right?

Wrong. I got an editor over at Pantheon who's dynamite. Takes me out to lunch and says, Studs, how about the depression? Or working, or whatever. Terrific guy. Base hit! Base hit! All the way! Oh shit, that brings up Banks. Hey, Ernie! Try to get hit with it or something!

And then you find the people and tape them?

Uh-uh. There's these guys, my scouts, I call them. They dig up all kinds of interesting people. And then this kid from the university, nice kid, really, he operates the tape recorder, changes the reels and all that. I was never any good with machines. Christ, did you see that? Fuckin' Banks got a hit! Fuckin' double! History was just made out there, for Chrissake!

But you ask the questions, right?

Wrong again, friend. I make it a principle to keep interviews objective. Nondirective, as Freud used to say. I just pretend to listen, with my Pat O'Brien look on my kisser. Then Cathy types 'em up, and the royalty checks pour in. My accountant cashes them, comes over to the house once a month with a briefcase full of twenties.

But what about the Protestant work ethic, Studs? Don't you ever feel guilty?

Well, first of all, I'm a Catholic.

A bad Catholic, maybe, an atheist Catholic sometimes, but I'm not a goddamn Protestant. Second, I'm from Chicago. Look around you. Notice, there are no lights in this park. No night baseball at Wrigley. And on weekday afternoons, this park is full. To watch the Cubbies, for Gudsake! Nobody in Chicago works. Ever. Forget that Carl Sandburg bullshit. You want a beer? Hey, beer here! And turn off that fuckin' tape recorder, pal. This is my day off.

NEIL J. GREENE

He's an ad man. A copywriter. He doesn't wear a single organic fiber on his body, and has controlled his drinking, uses a little "boo" on weekends. He's got quite a name for himself on "the street" and his "escape kit," a portfolio of hard-hitting print campaigns that never got produced, but are "creative as hell," is legendary.

I've been a copywriter for fifteen years, ever since college. And I've never had a raise. The only way to get more money in this crazy game is to get hired away by a rival agency for a big starting salary, then get hired back by your own agency at a bigger one. For a couple of months back in seventy-two, I was with two agencies. Since I didn't do anything for either, neither ever knew. But the strain was too much.

That's the roughest thing about this kookie business. The strain.

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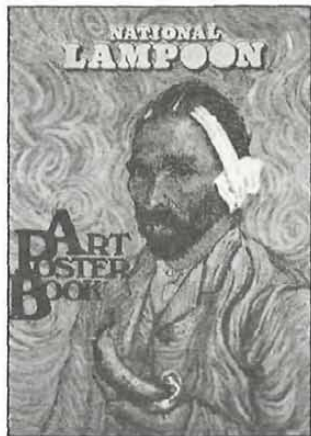
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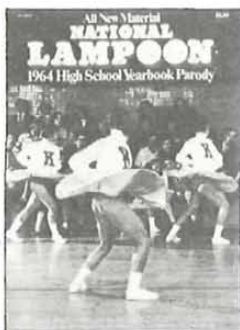
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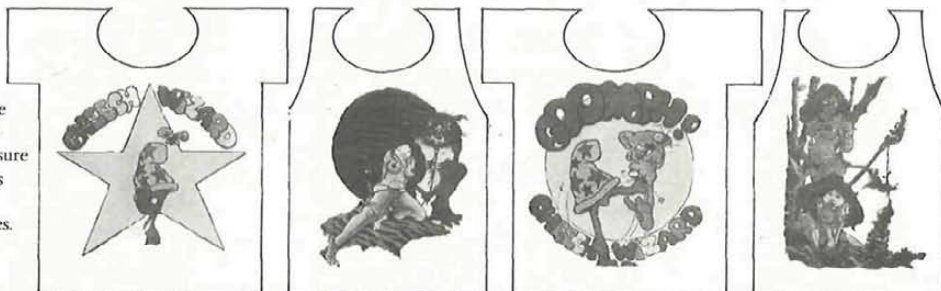


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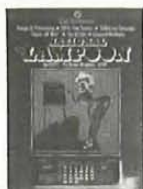
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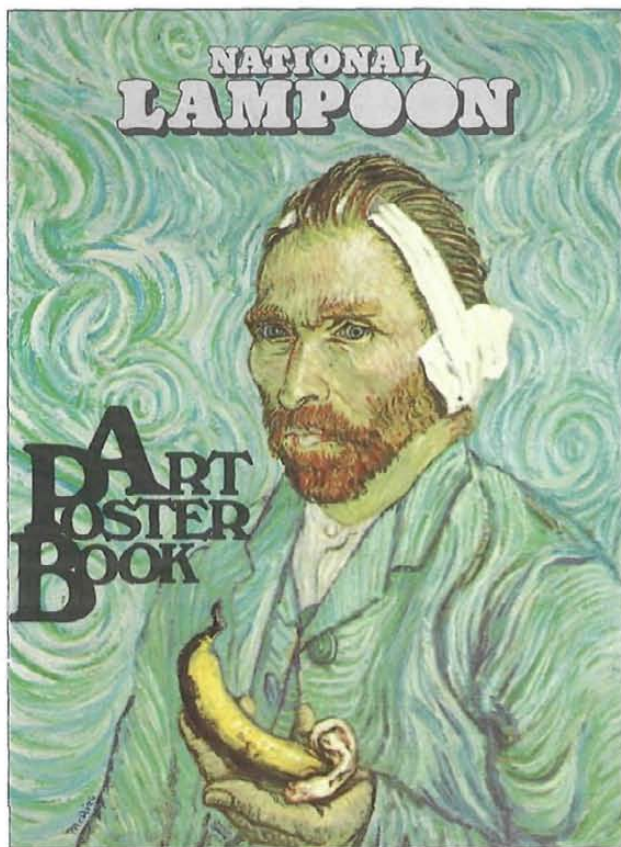
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SHIRKING

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ate. I give 'em ten minutes and then fuck off with Miss T in tow.

Sometimes, it's unavoidable that you get stuck with a campaign. What I do then—and this is the part that's making an old man out of me, putting the strain on my imagination—is I figure out a reason why I can't, in all conscience, advertise this product. It causes cancer, my sister was run over by one, they're in cahoots with the Defense Department, whatever. See, creative directors, they're on the look out for creative guys with principles, or "idealists with ideas," as they say. They respect that!

But, frankly, I don't know how much longer I can take the pressure, the temper tantrums, the rich lunches, evenings with Miss T. It's a real drain on my creativity. What I am, really, is a writer. And someday soon I'm going to walk out of this place, and write the novel that blows the cover right off this gray flannel salt mine.

MIKE FLOOD

Mike Flood is a fireman. No, not with the hose and the spotted dog, stupid, a fireman on a train. What's more, his father before him was a fireman, and his son Mike is an apprentice. He was interviewed on the job, on the Metroliner between New York and Philly.

You know, it's a funny thing. When the union came along, my Da, that's my father, he wanted nothing to do with it. He shoveled coal on the big transcontinentals, a giant of a man he was with a pair of arms as big around as an Irish girl's legs, and more than a few of them red agitators caught the back of his shovel behind the ear for trying to organize, as they called it. But my Da used to say, you can't fight progress, so he joined up at last. As did I.

Then the owners come along with their diesels, and they says to us, they says, we don't need the likes of you now, there being precious little coal to shovel on a diesel. (Laughs.)

But the union says the hell with that, boys, and by Jesus, it turns out you *can* fight progress.

So I've been a fireman on diesels, and electric trains, and, God willing, my boy Mike will be a fireman on an atomical train in outer space. We've had it written into the contract with NASA, don't laugh. (Laughs.)

What my job would be would be to heave coal into the furnace, if there was coal, if there was a furn-

ace. And it's one of those jobs, like being the vice-president of the country, that's as important as you make it yourself. Some of the fellows do nothing at all, at all, or read smutty books or whatever. Myself, I keep up a stream of talk at the engineer, to keep him alert and awake, thereby avoiding accidents and the like.

And lately I've had young Mike along for company, as I'm teaching him the tricks of the trade, so to speak, so's he can carry on the tradition when I'm gone. (Weeps.)

JOHNNY TEDESCO

Johnny Tedesco repairs automobiles. He is chief mechanic at Garafallo's Auto Service Shop in Newton, Massachusetts. He is thirty-three years old, and one day he hopes to own his own shop.

I got the world's greatest job. I love this fuckin' job. I wouldn't trade jobs with the fuckin' Queen of fuckin' England. I make three, maybe four hundred bucks a week and I could make twice that if I felt like bustin' my ass, which believe me I don't. What I do is, I fix cars. All kinds of cars. American cars, foreign cars, even those Japanese cars with the fuckin' sideways engines. Customer brings in his car, it don't run right, maybe it's makin' some kind of funny noise or something, I fix it for him. I tell 'em, leave it here, mac, I'll fix it for you. Leave it here for a coupla days, gimme a call at the end of the week, I'll have the fuckin' thing fixed up for you good as new, like it just rolled off the fuckin' line in Detroit or Berlin or Tokyo or wherever they make those fuckin' foreign cars. Gimme the keys and forget about it, I tell 'em, I'm a fuckin' expert.

Expert? I'm a fuckin' genius. I got a book back there, back in the shop. *A Dictionary of Automotive Replacement Parts*, it's called. That book's my fuckin' Bible. It's got things listed in there Henry Ford never heard of. A guy comes in, let's say he's havin' trouble with his brakes. I give 'm the quick once over, then I rip the fuckin' things right out. Then I go to the book. I look up seven, maybe eight things that have something to do with brakes, brake drums, brake pedals, brake pads, whatever. Then I write 'm up. Thirty-two fifty for this, forty-five ninety-five for that. Whatever the fuckin' book says. I go by the book, I swear by that book, cause that way if some wise guy wants to know what he's payin' for, I can pull out the book and shove it under his fuckin' nose. Anyway, once I got the brakes

ripped out, I shine 'em up a little bit, maybe drip a little solder over 'em, then I shove 'em back in the car. Then I call the guy up an' I tell 'em I'm terribly sorry, sir, but the problem appears to be more serious than we had at first anticipated, could he please come in a week from Friday. If he gripes I tell him we aren't miracle men and he'll have to be patient. And then I double the labor charge, 'cause if there's one thing I hate, it's a fuckin' wise guy. Then I go out to Fenway.

ARTHUR KRONSTEIN

Arthur Kronstein is thirty-six years old. He is a writer, and has been a writer ever since he graduated from Yale College in 1961. Currently, he is playwright-in-residence at Carlton College in Carlton, Minnesota.

When I was a senior at Yale—I was an English major—I wrote a play. Why not, right? It wasn't just one play, either. It was three one-act plays—*Exit Pursued by Bear, Buns*, and *The City of Brotherly Love*. Maybe you remember them. Most people remember them even if they didn't see them. That's why I'm here. (Giggles.)

Anyway, the three plays had a common setting, a truck stop on a major highway between Somewhere and Someplace, U.S.A., if you know what I mean. Each play was about a different guy who comes into the truck stop and orders a club sandwich. Then before his order comes . . . but the hell with that. The point is that the plays were considered some kind of breakthrough by (Robert) Brustein, who was the head of the Yale drama school. What they were were the first American black comedies. Brustein made up that phrase. He was very proud of it. He was also the biggest moron this side of Helsinki, but what did I care? He put my plays on in New Haven and they made a big splash. Saint Subber came up to see them, we signed a contract, and he moved them down to New York City. We had a whole new cast—Barbara Harris, Dick Shawn, the works. And I won a Tony award. I was the toast of New York. Leonard Bernstein was taking me to parties. Hirschfield did my picture and they hung it up at Sardi's. I was getting laid six ways at once.

And everyone was waiting for my next play. The trouble was, I didn't have a next play. I didn't even have an idea for a next play. In sixty-seven I wrote a thing about Woodrow Wilson and the Treaty of Versailles, but it closed in Philadelphia, so no one really remembers it.

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SHIRKING

continued from page 124

Thank God. (Nervous laughter.) Then I did a couple of pieces for *Esquire*, one about the new breed of playwrights, and the other all about candy bars with almonds in them. Then for about four years I sat out in Westhampton drinking beer and playing gin rummy with Arthur Kopit.

Then, last year, Yale invited me up to their summer school to teach a course in modern drama. Six weeks, a free house on the beach, and fifteen students. I told the kids to go away for three weeks and memorize *The Dumbwaiter* while I drank bloody Marys. Then we had dramatic readings of the play and talked about what it meant. God knows I don't know. (Laughs.)

Anyway, just when things were winding up at Yale, I got this offer from Carlton. I get a house, a car, and season tickets to the Vikings. And all I have to do is teach a seminar—*The Dumbwaiter* again—and write a play, which the drama club is supposed to put on during commencement week. Big time world premiere. Frankly, I still haven't got any ideas, but if you see Woodrow Wilson, tell him I think he's going back to Paris. (Loud laughs.)

EDDIE DIMBLE

Eddie Dimble is a panhandler. He's forty-two years old, although he looks twice that age, and he says he's been "begging" for as long as he can remember. Eddie's station is the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City, directly across the street from the fashionable Plaza and Sherry Netherland hotels.

I wasn't always a deadbeat. For a long time I was just unemployed. I coulda done almost anything. I coulda been somebody. I coulda been a contender, instead of a bum, which is, let's face it, Charlie, what I am. (Laughs.)

A lot of people say that bums don't work. Those people are wrong. Bums work hard. All day long they gotta wander up and down that street, never mind if it's raining or if it's twenty below and there's snow blowin' up your keester. You gotta be out there, workin' your corner. "Spare change?" "Go fuck yourself." "Pardon me, sir." "Go fuck yourself." "Have you got a quarter?" "Go fuck yourself." Believe me, it isn't easy. It isn't easy, that is, unless you're wised up. If you're wised up, like yours truly, you can work thirty,

maybe forty minutes a day and still make your wine money by quitting time.

Take yesterday. I stumble out of the park about 7:00 A.M., wearing my worst set of rags. Real garbage. I haven't shaved for three days. Then I walk over to the horse carriages there—the ones the jerk-offs from Cleveland ride around the park in with their snot-nosed kids, scared shitless some boogie's gonna jump out of a tree and kill them 'cause they read about Central Park in the papers back home—and I fill up my pockets with horse turds. The big ones. Chocolate soft balls, we call 'em. Then I piss myself. Then I wait until I'm good and ripe. Ten, maybe fifteen minutes. Five on a real hot day. When my bouquet is right, when I smell like a double order of home-fried cats' assholes, I wander over to the Plaza, buy a paper at the newsstand, and sit down in the lobby to catch up on the state of the union. People can't believe their noses. My aroma is overpowering. Women start to faint. The lobby starts to empty out. And then the manager arrives. He's got two choices. Either he can call the cops and have them drag me screaming out of his hotel—a nasty scene for everyone—or he can slip me fifteen bucks and watch as I leave quietly. It never fails. I'm back out on the sidewalk by 7:30, my day's work done, heading for the local package store.

ED McMAHON

Ed McMahon is the regular announcer on NBC's late night talk program, "The Tonight Show." In addition, he makes regular appearances around the country as a performer, a master of ceremonies, and a spokesman for various products. He weighs 245 pounds.

Da da de daa daaa, de de da da daaa... welcome to "The Tonight Show," starring Johnny Carson, with Doc Severinson and his orchestra and me, I'm Ed McMahon. (Laughs.)

Edward F.F. McMahon. F.F. stands for Famous Face. Do you know that I'm one of the ten best known men in America? They took a poll and I came in eighth, right behind Ronald Reagan. Which is where I'm going to be if he decides to run for President next year. Ha ha.

Seriously though, three out of four people in America know my face and my name. People who wouldn't recognize Henry Kissinger if they bumped into him at the supermarket. What those people don't know,

what they can't figure out, is what I do for a living. What are you drinking? Scotch? Let me get you a refill. You know how Johnny's always kidding me about how much booze I put away? He don't know de half of it! (Loud laugh.)

So where was I? Right. People cannot figure out what I do. (Whispers.) But I'm going to give you a hint. You ready? Take six, multiply it by five, add twelve, and divide it by seven. You know what you get? Nothing! (Laughs loudly.) Absolutely nothing. I don't do a goddamn thing. And I don't do it twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Let me freshen that drink for you.

You know, a lot of show business people will tell you how hard it is to be an announcer. That's what I call myself on my tax returns, an announcer. These people will go on endlessly about hot lights, long rehearsals, grinding pressure. What horseshit! How 'bout some more ice? I mean, look at my job. I show up at the studio at 3:30, and the taping starts at 4:00. I do my standard introduction, which I've done so many times now that I could do it unconscious. Which, come to think of it, I have done more than once, if you know what I mean. (Laughs.) Which was it for you, J & B or Cutty? Then I sit down and talk to Johnny for a few minutes. Mostly what I do is laugh at his jokes. He doesn't like me to make jokes of my own, so I just laugh at his. I have a very good laugh. I have what's known in the business as a *heartly* laugh. So I laugh for a few minutes and then I'm done for the night. The guests start coming out and all I've got to do is keep from falling off the couch. Most of the time I'm not even on camera. And that's it. I forget, was it soda or water? For me, I mean.

That, as I say, is absolutely *it*. And do you know what I get paid for doing *it*? I'll give you another hint. (Whispers again.) Take two, add three, add five, multiply by a hundred thousand, and keep multiplying! (Loud laugh.)

That's per year. And that's just from the television show. Every time I fly out to St. Louis to stand in front of a horse and drink beer... say, how 'bout a little beer chaser?... I pocket another fifty thou. And then there's the state fairs and the testimonials and all that garbage. All I have to do is *show up* and they stuff money in my pockets. I'm rich! I'm filthy rich and I don't do a *goddamn thing!* (Roars with laughter.) Nothing! You understand what I'm saying? Ha ha. Ha ha ha. N-o-t-h-i-n-g! Ha ha ha. (Laughs continuously, then vomits.) □

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