

FOR MEN ONLY

Mafia Chief's Stinging Ultimatum--
**"BRING ME BACK MY DAUGHTER'S
HEAD, OR I'LL TAKE YOURS!"**

**Raunchiest Sex Diary Ever Kept
PROMOTION TOUR OF A
PORNO MOVIE STAR**

\$1.00 DECEMBER 02401

**Are You The
One Man
In A 100 Who
Should
Have
Multiple
Sex**

**THE CRUCIAL
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN MALE
AND FEMALE
ORGASMS**

A Black Female Private
Eye's Proudest Boast --
**"TO CLEAR THEM,
I'LL EVEN TURN
HONKIES ON!"**

The Blue Collar's
Favorite Drink--
**BEER: THE BEST
AND THE WORST
OF THEM**

Startling Sex Fiction
**I MADE IT
WITH MY
CLOSEST
FRIEND'S WIFE**

Two Smash Articles
Dealing With California
FMO'S Interview of a
Hollywood Stunt Man

**MOST
DANGEROUS JOB
IN THE WORLD**

**EAST LA.--
AN EX-FIGHTER'S
TOWN
WITHOUT PITY**

**For Two
Sexy Chicks
in Scintillating
Full Color,
See Pages
17 and 25**



PICK YOUR OWN "HOW-TO" FREE BOOK!

Save money with these do-it-yourself books or send them back.

Try at least 6 and get another ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Now you can save up to \$3.50 on "how-to" books that show how to *save even more!* But you can't imagine how much you can really save—unless you use some of the books. We want to encourage you to do that, so if you try at least 6 books in your home—we'll give you another ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Save a bundle—fix it yourself.

Just one "fix-it" project in just one book can more than pay for all the books listed! There's no way you can lose.

For instance, you can repair leaky faucets yourself—with the illustrated guidance on page 78 of **Indoor Home Repairs**. You can use lighter fluid and a toothbrush to improve the efficiency of your car-buretor—as explained on page 126 of **Your Automobile**. You can even repair a toaster—as shown on page 26 of **Small Appliance Repair**.

Over 1,400 pages...thousands of photographs and diagrams...hundreds of money-saving tips.

Think of the satisfaction of using these volumes to diagnose, troubleshoot, fix, and build. You'll find tips on everything from bicycle repair to wall plastering to burglar-proofing. Also featured are shopping tips for tools and appliances.

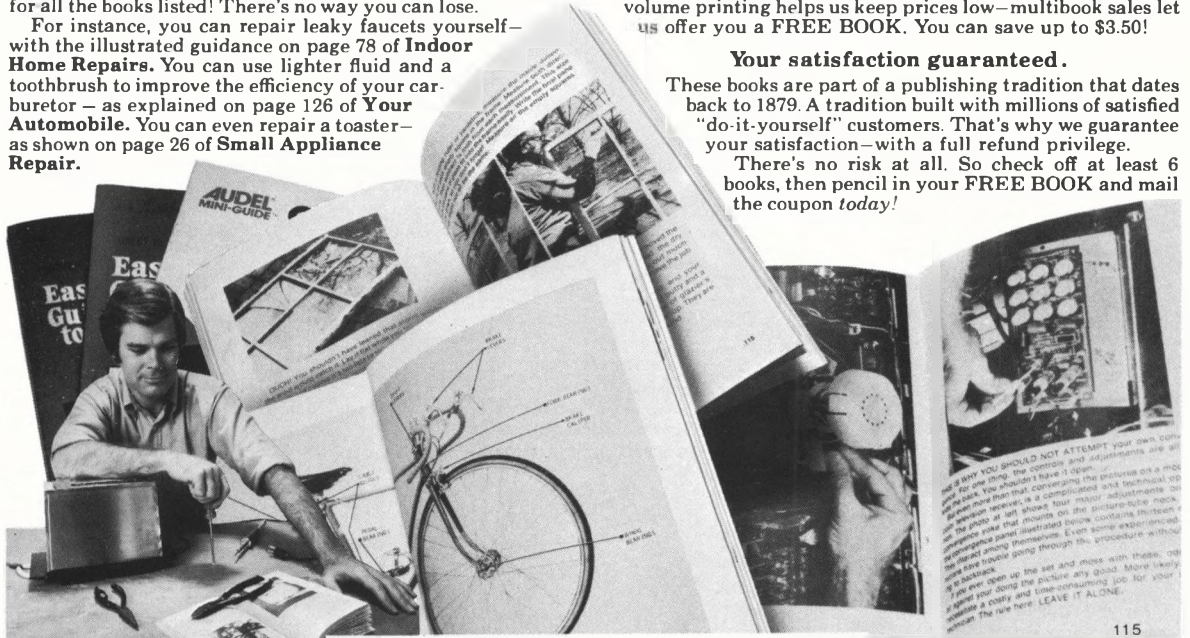
Enjoy an exclusive discount of up to \$3.50.

This is not a book club. You're not committed to buy future books. Yet, for any you keep, you pay surprisingly little. Mass-volume printing helps us keep prices low—multibook sales let us offer you a FREE BOOK. You can save up to \$3.50!

Your satisfaction guaranteed.

These books are part of a publishing tradition that dates back to 1879. A tradition built with millions of satisfied "do-it-yourself" customers. That's why we guarantee your satisfaction—with a full refund privilege.

There's no risk at all. So check off at least 6 books, then pencil in your FREE BOOK and mail the coupon today!



CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Check at least 6 of these easy-to-use money savers! Then pick your FREE BOOK!

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Easi-Guide to Indoor Home Repairs (21073) Your guide to fixing creaky floors, cracked walls, wobbly beds, slippery tubs, squeaky hinges, and more. Features 200 photos. \$3.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> How to Maintain and Repair Home Utility Systems* (23811) Valuable, easy-to-use guide for electric, heating, and plumbing repair. What you should and shouldn't do. \$2.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> How to Repair the Exterior of Your Home* (23815) Answers to sticking doors, broken screens, leaking roofs, clogged gutters, dozens of repair problems you can solve. \$2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Easi-Guide to Your Automobile (20938) Save money on tune-ups. Tips for boosting engine performance, upping miles per gallon, jumping batteries, starting flooded engines, and more. \$3.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> Easi-Guide to Multi-Speed Bicycling (21096) All the facts you need for choosing and enjoying your bike. How to fix broken chains, slipping brakes, broken spokes, flats, and more. \$3.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> Small Appliance Repair: Heater Types (23801) How to diagnose and fix coffee makers, toasters, irons, skillets, grilles. Avoid the cost and inconvenience of taking them to the "shop." \$2.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> How to Design and Build a Home Workshop* (23812) Hundreds of economical ideas for installing or improving a useful work center in your home. \$2.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> Easi-Guide to Small Gasoline Engines (21095) Dollar-saving hints on tuning up and maintaining power lawn mowers, minibikes, and more. \$3.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> Easi-Guide to Color TV (20936) Repairs you can do. How to select and install a good antenna. Choosing a quality TV and a reliable technician. \$3.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Burglar-Proofing Your Home* (23809) Step-by-step guide for making your home safe from intruders. Find and eliminate "security risks" through building and repair projects. \$2.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Walkways Projects (23804) Now you can build or repair a sidewalk, patio, driveway, or concrete steps. This book actually makes it seem simple. \$2.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Hand Tools for the Home Workshop* (23810) A complete reference guide to every tool you're ever likely to need. How to select and use them for do-it-yourself projects. \$2.50 |

*Developed in cooperation with the Editors of *Popular Science*.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Yes... please rush me the book(s) checked at left for my "how-to" library. I am including the modest prices listed, plus \$1.00 shipping and handling. If not completely satisfied that these books can help me save money, I may return my purchase within 15 days for full refund.

CHECK HERE FOR FREE BOOK!

I've checked at least six of the books at left. In addition, send me—free—the book numbered:

Even if I decide to return the other books, this book remains mine to keep ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

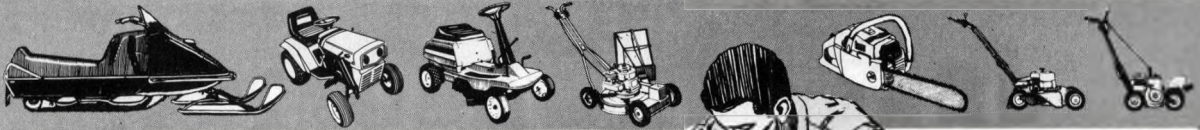
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City _____

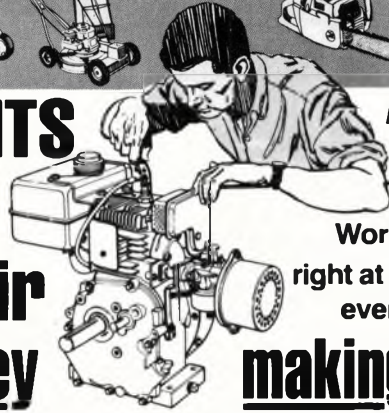
State _____ Zip _____

Add sales tax where applicable.

Enclose check or money order... mail to: Howard W. Sams Co., Inc. / 4300 W. 62nd St. Indianapolis, Indiana 46206 CM12



Get in on the PROFITS in SMALL ENGINE service and repair Start your own money



BEAT INFLATION!

Cash in on the huge demand for small engine repair.

Work part time, full time right at home - we help you every step of the way.

making business!

In just a short time, you can be ready to join one of the fastest growing industries in America...an industry where qualified men are making from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per hour...and that's just for labor. Parts, engines and accessories add even more to the profits.



Because the small engine industry has grown so quickly, an acute shortage of qualified Small Engine Professionals exists throughout the country. In fact, it's not unusual for a good small engine man to be three to four weeks behind in the summer and at least a week behind in the winter. When you see how many small engines are in use today, it's easy to understand why qualified men command such high prices—as much as \$17.50 for a simple tune-up that takes less than an hour!

46-million small engines are in service today!

That's right—there are over forty-six million 2-cycle and 4-cycle small engines in service across the U.S.A. That's the official count from the Engine Service Assn., and new engines are being built at a rate of one-million per month! With fully accredited and approved Belsaw training, you can soon have the skill and knowledge to make top money servicing these engines. Homeowners and businessmen will seek you out and pay you well to service and repair their lawnmowers, tillers, edgers, power rakes, garden tractors, chain saws, mini-bikes, go-carts, snowmobiles, generators, snowblowers, paint sprayers... the list is almost endless.



No experience necessary.

You don't need to be a 'born mechanic' or have prior experience. If you can read, you can master this profitable trade right at home, in your sparetime, without missing a single paycheck. Lessons are fully illustrated—so clear you can't go wrong.

You receive trade secrets and business plans.

We guide you every step of the way, including tested and proven instructions on how to get business, what to charge, how to get free advertising, where to get supplies wholesale... all the "tricks of the trade"... all the inside facts you need to assure success right from the start.

Increased Income

"I've had about 8 years experience repairing small engines... but repairs were only minor... until I started the Belsaw Course."



Walter H. Strick Campbell, California

With our famous 'learn-by-doing' training method, you get practical 'hands-on' experience with specialized tools and equipment that you'll receive with your training *plus* a brand-new 3 HP engine—*all yours to keep!*

SEND FOR FREE FACTS!

You risk nothing by accepting this offer to find out how Belsaw training can give you the skills you need to increase your income in a high-profit, recession-proof business of your own.

Just fill in and mail coupon below (or send postcard) to receive full information and details by return mail. **DO IT TODAY!**

BELSAW INSTITUTE OF SMALL ENGINE REPAIR

4262 Field Bldg., Kansas City, MO. 64111

There is NO OBLIGATION and NO SALESMAN Will Call—ever!

BELSAW INSTITUTE, 4262 FIELD BUILDING
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64111

YES, please send me the FREE booklet that gives full details about starting my own business in Small Engine Repair. I understand there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

You get all this Professional equipment with your course—and it's Yours to KEEP!



PLUS... you get this 3 HORSEPOWER CLINTON ENGINE YOURS TO KEEP!

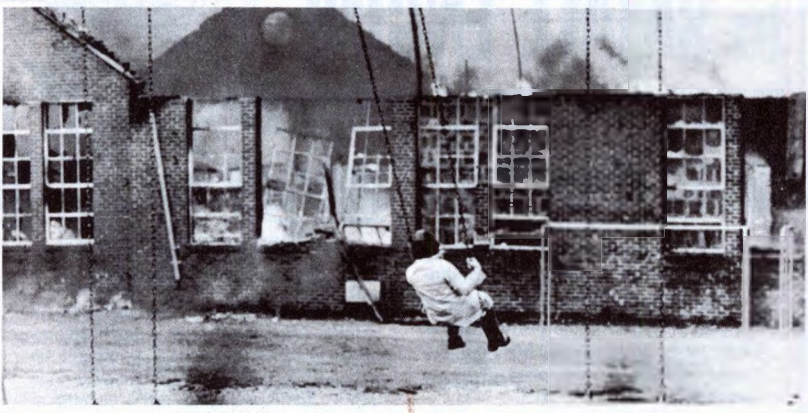
Send TODAY for this fact-filled FREE BOOKLET!



Tells how you quickly train to be your own boss in a profitable Sparetime or Fulltime business of your own **PLUS** complete details on our **10-Day NO RISK Trial Offer!**

Just For Openers

EARLY VACATION—You can't see this youngster's face, but something tells us it's filled with joy. You see, that's the Summit Elementary School in Cresson, Pa. burning in the background. Obviously, this child's elation could only have been increased if the school hadn't been gutted so quickly. Some things are just meant to be savored.

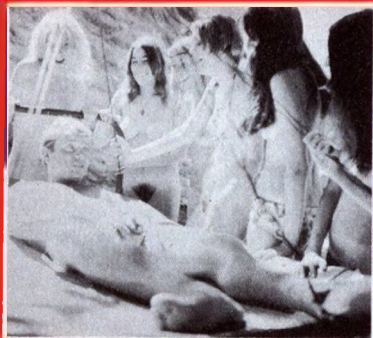


THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION—PART II

You may have cheered *Godfather II* or *French Connection II*, but this is a sequel all you hip, swinging, wife-swapping, carefree sex devotees may not go for. As usual, just when everybody starts to get loose(?), someone comes along and...

During a recent gathering of sexual gurus in New York City, it was decided that the Sexual Revolution is drawing to a close.

"The movement of American society



toward reducing sex to animal-like conduct between people is about to end," noted one Ph.D.

Indicating that sexual zeal without any commitment has led to frustration, jealousy and tension, others at the conference observed that "a strictly mechanical, hedonistic approach to sex is relatively rapidly falling by the wayside."

So it would seem that the Sexual Revolution—Part II is on the horizon. And what it obviously entails is a return to responsible, one-to-one relationships—sex '60s style.

At least that's what these sexual prophets would have us believe. Just remember, they can't have a revolution without any revolters, and then you can still have your Wednesday night swap parties.

WHA? AMERICAN WOMEN GUERRILLAS IN VIETNAM?

According to a leading Women's Libber, if the U.S. had sent women troops to contend with the Cong outside Saigon, American forces would have done much better. Why? "Two reasons. The first is that women can stand more pain and have more endurance; secondly, it would have been a psychological shock for the Cong to have faced women Green Berets and been beaten, they'd have never recovered."

And good luck to you, too, sweetie!



THE SEX ACT

The stage was softly lit; the audience was silent. Everything was conducive to the seduction scene being acted on a London stage. Right!

Out in the audience two young lovers were carrying out a nice little love scene themselves. Things got so carried away, says actor Malcolm McDowell, who was onstage trying to seduce Beryl Reid, that he was watching them all the time and couldn't concentrate on the play. When finally asked to leave, according to the theatre's manager, the couple said, "It's all right, we're finished. We're going home."

The show, as they say, went on.

NEW BIKINI—NEW "SHOW" AT SHORE

Sure there are many topless beaches dotting the shores of the country these days. Sure there are a lot of women flocking to them. But we're also sure there would be many, many more women there getting that all-over tan if only they could relax their inhibitions about nudity. Well, an Italian fashion designer may have come up with the answer for women who can't decide whether or not to bare their beautiful boobs by the sandy shore. Are you ready for this? This new invention is the "minicurtain bikini." It has a two-piece top that works with strings. Just as with a theatre curtain, a quick pull on this bikini top string and the show's underway. Now women can be decently draped or delightfully denuded in a flash.



I'll guide you step by step into your own thriving business

● While keeping your present job, would
you like to gross \$14 or \$21 profit per hour?

a true story by Bob Ferrel

many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months Leo Lubel sold for \$7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows... then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of \$14 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how... step by step. That's \$190 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is \$21 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy to gross \$7 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$12 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 21 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes clear net profit. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself... or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn... easy to start... so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience... not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers... and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 7 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have

the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of Parents' Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjusters, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing... a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan... and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. You have our backing and "know how."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea... but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) superior processes. (2) proven customer-getting methods (3) Day to day guidance from Headquarters.

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers... revives dull colors. Pile rises with new life. There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are growing faster than industries and stores... \$750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your 6 other services are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Less than \$1500 establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners. We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, before someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY
It may put you in business

Duraclean International
5-310 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail 24 page illustrated booklet telling how and why I can quickly increase my income and family security while still employed, how you'll help finance me. No salesman will call.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State & Zip _____

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence... and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought... why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that now was the time to make the forward step... there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job... ran a few ads... sent some mailings... contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a serious mistake not mailing that coupon would have been... and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives. The steadily growing income brought us

FOR MEN ONLY®

DECEMBER 1975, Vol. 22 No. 12

IVAN PRASHKER, editor • C. TORMEY, managing editor • ROBERT JAMES TOYE, associate editor • LARRY GRABER, production director • IRWIN LINKER, art director • BERNIE SCHAFTMAN, assistant production director • JOHN SCHNAKENBERG, art editor • MILT SCHIFFMAN, vice president, purchasing

SMASH BOOK BONUS

BRING BACK MY DAUGHTER'S HEAD OR I'LL TAKE YOURS Win Morgan 12
When the Mafia chief delivered this stinging ultimatum to Morrell, he took the job, even though he knew he might be caught up in one of the bloodiest vendettas in history.

TRUE

ARE YOU THE ONE MAN IN A 100 WHO SHOULD HAVE MULTIPLE SEX Guy Teague 10
For some men, multiple sex is scary and taboo—for others it's proof of super studsmanhood. But for a growing number of men it's becoming almost as necessary as breathing.

MOST DANGEROUS JOB IN THE WORLD Don Causey 14
FMO special interview with the Hollywood stuntman who as a kid always accepted dares. The only difference now is he gets five figures for his dangerous work.

FMO'S FIRST LOOK AT THE '76 CARS Al Lowe 21
New car buyers will get a preview of Detroit's latest models including prices and luxury frills.

BEER: THE BEST AND THE WORST Chris Trent 29
There's nothing like an icy cold one to quench a thirst, but when you read these surprising facts, you may change the top you pop!

I TURN HONKIES ON TO CLEAR THEM Roland Empey 30
Toni works two ways: with the kick of a mule or the touch of velvet; either way this six-foot ebony goddess can knock you out—and you better believe she knows it, too.

PROMOTION TOUR OF A PORNO MOVIE STAR Karen Grant 32
Sometimes it takes sheer mechanics to get through a porno film take, but the behind-the-scenes sexploits of this porno queen are something else again.

LET'S STOP KICKING AROUND THE U.S. WORKING MAN A. Leon Minzer 35
Blue collar workers are getting shafted on pay, vacations, pensions and medical care. It's time we did something about it.

EAST L.A.—AN EX-FIGHTER'S TOWN WITHOUT PITY Robert Joe Stout 40
A hundred losers for every winner, a thousand divers for every champ... you can smell boxing in East L.A., and many times it stinks, yet the boxers keep coming back for more.

THE CRUCIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MALE AND FEMALE ORGASMS Alex Austin 42
Even if you nearly always reach a climax during sex, it's often hit or miss for many women. But, understanding differences in orgasm triggers can get you both into a whole new ballgame of pleasure.

SIZZLING SEX FICTION

I MADE IT WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S WIFE Evan Phillips 36
If Renee cheated on her husband, it wasn't Bill's problem—he thought. But when the "other man" turned out to be a buddy who'd come through in a crisis, bedding down Renee got more complicated.

TWO BRAND NEW FULL-COLOR SECTIONS

AMSTERDAM'S GIFT TO HOUSTON 17
Is it true what they say about those girls who come from Scandinavian countries? Juliana tells it like it is to all the guys in Texas she's met since coming to visit this country.

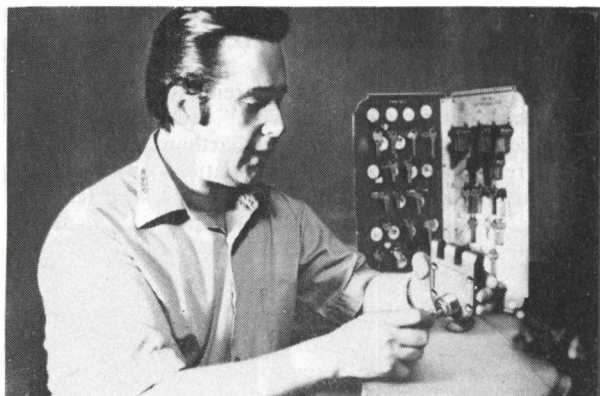
CHOOSING A CAREER—DOCTOR, LAWYER, OR MADAME 25
Casey considered her natural assets before she decided that being the headmistress of an honestly-run and "satisfaction guaranteed" brothel offered her her biggest challenge.

FEATURES

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FOR MEN ONLY is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1975 by Magazine Management Co., Inc. All rights reserved. 575 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Vol. 22, No. 12, Dec. 1975 issue. Price \$1.00 per copy in U.S. and in Canada. Subscription rate \$14.50 and \$15.50 respectively for 14 issues (including annual) including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Kalish, Gugley & Rosen Associates, Inc., 667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021; 11955 Montana Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90049 and 221 No. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601. Printed in the U.S.A.

All right, you want to get out of your rut and into a successful career like **LOCKSMITHING!** What assurances do you have that you can? All these—



"In my area, locksmithing skill had been passed down from father to son. I had thought there was no way to get into the business till I saw Locksmithing Institute ads. By the time I graduated, my extra income added up to \$600.00."

Ronald Groleau,
Chicopee, Mass.



"Found the course to be clear and concise. The lessons were arranged well and the 'learn by doing' quality brought me a feeling of accomplishment and pride. Faculty was very helpful and encouraging."

Alexander Curto,
Brooklyn, N.Y.



"Earned \$1000 while training. Method of instruction, personalization to the individual and overall thoroughness is wonderful. Most important, the school allowed me to work at my own speed."

George James Luzzi,
Norwood, N.J.



"I've seen other Locksmith courses but none compared to yours. After completion, got a job at one of the largest lockshops in the city. Now have my own mobile service—earn \$2000-\$3000 per month."

Keith Hamill,
Toronto, Can.



"Am semi-retired. My wife and I are moving to Florida to open a combination gift and locksmith shop. Excellent course—am sure I could not have learned as much and as fast in an apprenticeship program."

James D. Soule,
West Chester, Pa.



"First got interested in locksmithing because it is necessary work for my job and there are so few locksmiths in the area. Locksmithing course is excellent . . . each lesson is so clearly explained."

Edward H. McInroy,
Honesdale, Pa.



"School and instructor were excellent. Really gave me incentive to get much deeper into the security end and to perfect all I learned to date. While enrolled, earned \$1500 spare time doing odd jobs."

Peter H. Rood,
Torrance, Calif.

LOCKSMITHING has long been known as "the neglected profession" because of the critical shortage of skilled locksmiths. Imagine, in this nation of over 200,000,000 people, there are less than 10,000 locksmiths. Opportunities for big cash earnings, even in spare time, abound.

LOCKSMITHS HAVE FULL TIME JOB opportunities in many areas, in government service, in state and county offices, in hospitals, motels and hotels, and, of course, in business for yourself. Best of all, you can be your own boss, set your own rates, work the hours you want to.

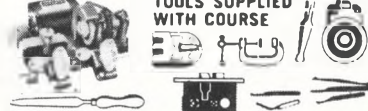
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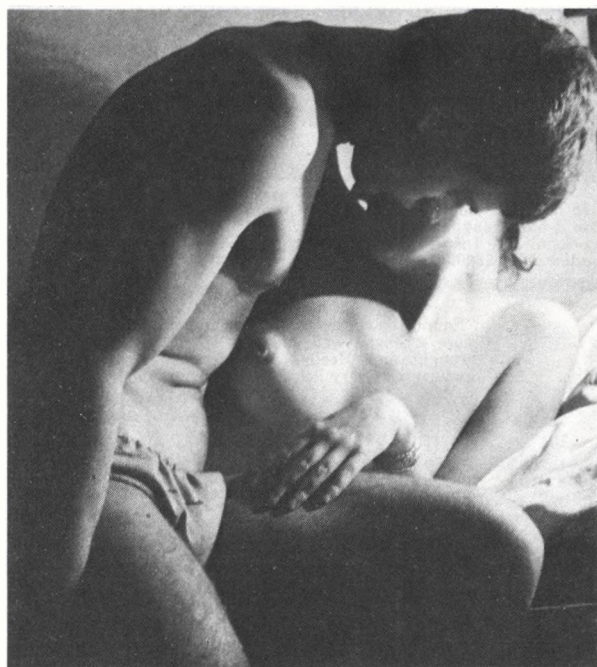
SEX ANSWERS

A LEADING EXPERT'S RESPONSES TO READERS' URGENT QUESTIONS

By DR. ALFRED SYMONDS

QUESTION: I've been married for almost six months and my wife still refuses to consummate the marriage. We get in bed and we kiss and fondle each other and I get all excited and then—nothing. She keeps telling me that I have to give her more time. If I give her more time, I'll wind up going to my grave a prune—dried up and unused. What's the matter's with her?—J.D., Los Angeles, Calif.

ANSWER: The problem, apparently, is that you've latched on to a "virgin wife." According to Drs. Prudence Tunnadine and Robert Chartham, a great many women refuse to engage in sexual relations with their husbands for two major reasons: the fear that such relations



"I hear ya knocking, but ya can't come in"

are painful and the fear that they will be unable to satisfy their mates. Such wives, Dr. Tunnadine reports, suffer from vaginismus, a nervous reaction that contracts the sex organs and makes relations difficult or impossible. Apparently there are hundreds of sex-shy, sex-inhibited young women who are secretly worried when they get married that sex won't be the great experience they've been reading about. "The more they worry about failure to perform," says Dr. Chartham, "the worse their problem becomes." The only advice I can give you is to be patient and try to understand your wife's problem. If she continues to have this sexual block, perhaps psychotherapy may help.

QUESTION: Just how long should it normally take for a man to attain a full erection?—H.S., Stowe, Vt.

ANSWER: It depends on the individual. There is no hard and fast rule, if you'll pardon the expression. Some male mammals take no more than three or four seconds to go from a fully flaccid state to full erection. As Dr. Kinsey stated, many "stallions, bulls, rams, rats, guinea pigs, porcupines, cats, dogs, apes and males of other species may come to full erection almost instantaneously upon contact with a sexual object." With humans, generally speaking, the younger the man, the quicker the response.

QUESTION: I'm really frustrated by this girl I've been dating the past few months. She lets me kiss her after we've been together for an evening, but when I try to touch her breast or put my hand between her legs she gets very indignant and pushes my hand away. The other day we went on a picnic out in the country. The sun was warm and it was a beautiful day. After we'd eaten, she asked me if I would mind if she took off her blouse and enjoyed the sun. When I said I didn't mind, she stripped off her top and lay back on the blanket, soaking up the sun. I went wild. There she was, her skirt hiked up around her waist so that I could see her bikini panties, and her full, round breasts fully exposed. I lay down beside her and started to run my hands over her breasts. What the hell, I'm a healthy male and I did what any guy would do if he's normal. When I touched her, she jumped up and chided me for acting like "an animal." She asked me why I couldn't appreciate the female body without getting excited and pawing like a dog in heat. What's with this girl? I'm ready to dump her.—P.G., Wayne, N.J.

ANSWER: Well, she could be a narcissist, a woman who loves and admires herself in a superficial kind of way but who underneath feels quite insecure about her beauty and attractiveness to men and thus has to constantly prove her own desirability to males. But most probably she is a "teaser," the type of woman who gets mild sadistic satisfaction from getting men aroused sexually. This sort is "disgusted" by the idea of having anything to do with men sexually. Dumping her really is your best bet.

QUESTION: My husband is masculine in every way and is excellent lover who satisfies me completely every time we have sex. The only thing that bothers me is that he likes to wear my panties to bed before we have intercourse. He says it just turns him on and that it is harmless. I think he's perverted. What shall I do?—L.W., Buffalo, N.Y.

(Continued on page 73)

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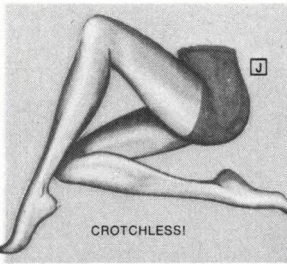
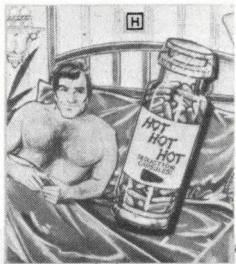
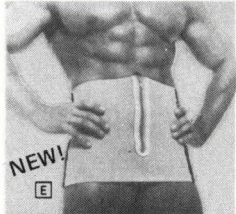


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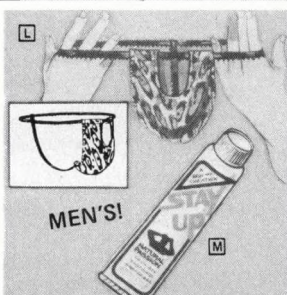
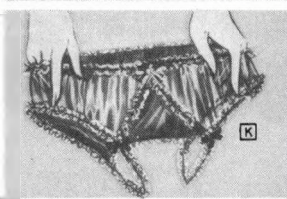
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Some guys wired up and tested found multiple sex scary and taboo-ridden. But a growing number of men found that being involved with more than one woman was almost as necessary as breathing



CHARLES F. Snyder, which is his real name, is 25 years old and lives in a middle-size Oklahoma city where he works as a diesel mechanic. He is happily married, the father of a three-year-old daughter, a churchgoer, a Mason, a member of the YMCA, and generally well thought of in his community. And yet, two nights a week, Tuesdays and either Thursday or Sunday, Charles Snyder has a date with a woman other than his wife.

Snyder's date's name is Iris and she is not married. The two of them do not go to the movies, or out for barbecued ribs, which his city is famous for, or bowling, or dancing, or drinking—Charles doesn't drink. Usually when he arrives at Iris's apartment she is already in bed. She always wears one of the brassieres Charles bought for her through a mail order catalogue, low cut and supportive so that her ample breasts puff out like pigeons on a roost, a red lace garter belt, and black stockings. Neither Charles' wife nor his neighbors know about his dates with Iris, at least not yet. But his doctor does. It was he who first suggested and then encouraged Charles to find Iris and expand his sex life. Why? Because Charles F. Snyder is one of those men who *must* have more than one sexual partner, in his case to remain healthy! Charles originally went to see his doctor to be treated for a severe case of scalp eczema.



ARE YOU THE ONE MAN IN 100 WHO SHOULD HAVE MULTIPLE SEX



Many guys who participate in multiple sex feel they need it, like certain men need more food. For others, two gals at once is just tough to top.

Though the vast majority of those men in the United States who participate in multiple sex do so without it being prescribed by their doctors, it was Dr. Paul Marchuk, a San Francisco psychiatrist, who first recognized and then came to understand the need to

do so.

"The closest we can come to giving you statistics," Dr. Marchuk said in a recent interview, "is that one man in about 100, of those between the ages of 16 and 40, really need, and I mean *must have*, regular steady sexual intercourse with

more than one woman. by that I don't mean pick-ups, one-night stands, and so on. They don't count. I mean regular, week after week intercourse with the same women. And I do mean married as well as single men.

"Where the trouble comes in is the way the people around them react to their need for this extra sex. In this country, as is the case in most countries of the world, the custom is to be true to one sexual partner at a time. Not only do wives look at it this way, but so do girl friends and neighbors, and our religions, our federal, state and local officials, and our laws. So what happens to those men who physically must have multiple sex? Well, fortunately, happily, we live in a country where there is a minimum of restrictions on individual behavior, probably more so than in any other place in the world. And so most men who need multiple sex simply go out and get it, and somehow manipulate their wives, their girl friends, the community around them. The ones who are hurt are those who can't do the manipulating for various reasons. They were the ones who were coming to me for help. And after awhile I saw, and recognized, what I must admit I was almost too scared to see and recognize, and acknowledge: That there are those who simply cannot live under the sexual rules that apply to everyone else, the one man—one woman thing."

(Continued on page 44)

SMASH BOOK BONUS

This was one s.o.b. Godfather who could make heads roll, but Morrell decided to take the job, not realizing that once his cover was blown, he'd be caught in the middle of one of the worst vendettas in the Mafia's bloody history



A Mafia Chief's Stinging Ultimatum

"BRING BACK MY DAUGHTER'S HEAD, OR I'LL TAKE YOURS!"

By WIN MORGAN

ART BY DAVID HANKINS

ROME: 12 APRIL 75.

Terry Morrell told the two Brooklyn heavies to get lost.

Actually, the short, wiry 31-year-old American put it a lot more forcefully than that.

But the heavies didn't blink an eye.

They continued to hover over Morell's outdoor table at a cafe on the Via Veneto as he had breakfast with the tall blonde Swedish girl who had shared his bed the previous evening.

"Gentlemen," Morrell insisted. "Can't you see I'm engaged? If you want to make an appointment, see my secretary at the office when it opens later this morning."

The Swedish girl nodded vigorously. She had hopes Morrell would return to the hotel for another sexual session.

"The boss wants to see you," the meaner of the two heavies repeated sullenly. He had eyes that belonged on a pair of dice.

"He can come to my office," Morrell said.

"You're supposed to come to Anzio," the same heavy went on. "He's on his yacht. He wants you to come aboard to see him. He don't want to go ashore."

Morrell rolled his eyes heavenward. He was having trouble

getting through. "You guy don't seem to understand the English language," he said slowly. "I've got no intention of coming. I'm not even sure I'd take your boss's job if he came to me. As far as I'm concerned, he's garbage."

The heavies, Morrell noticed, didn't get angry. For a moment, he even thought they might not understand the English language. This notion was rudely dispelled, however, when the heavies went into action. One swept the dishes and cups off the table, sending them clattering onto the sidewalk. The other jerked Morrell to his feet as if his 145 pounds were no more than an airline bag.

"The car's right around the corner," the man holding Morrell's coat lapels said. "Why don't we just get going?"

Morrell's expression was sour as he waited for the man to release him. When he did, the small, lithe American shook his head regretfully. "This is Rome, not New York," he reminded the two whom he had never seen before. "It's another ballgame. Another park. You can't just push people around."

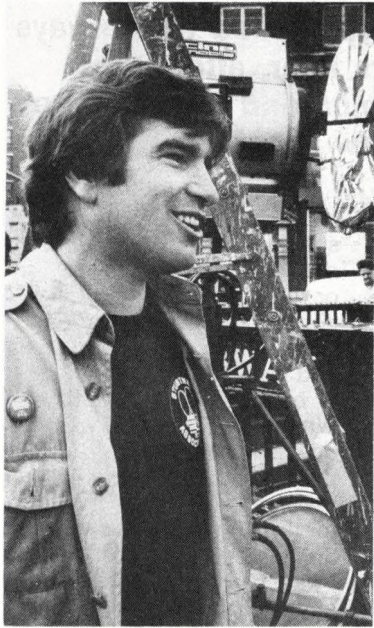
The man reached for Morrell's lapels (*Continued on page 48*)

FMO'S INTERVIEW OF A HOLLYWOOD STUNT MAN

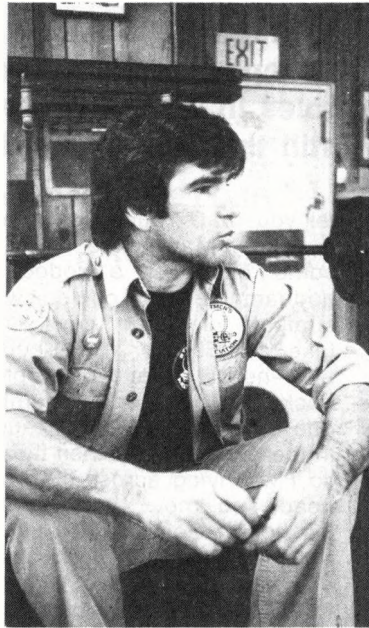
MOST DANGEROUS JOB IN THE WORLD

Being hurled through a window four times for a TV commercial was a piece of cake for Madsen.

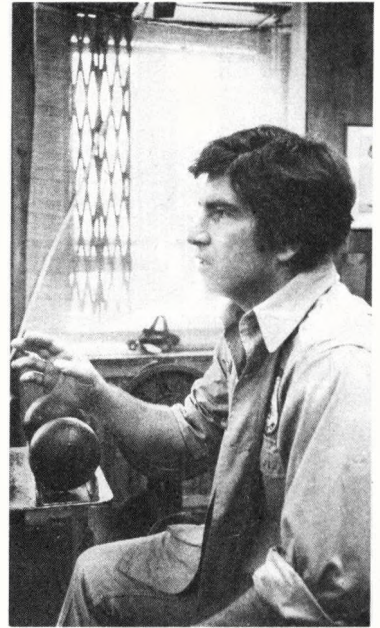




Madsen on fear: "I've known a lot of stunt men and that isn't something they talk about. It just isn't mentioned."



"Stunt men are like magicians. Their job is to create the illusion of danger. The real thing is involved, of course ..."



"In stunt work you never do anything you can't do again. That's one of our big rules. There's no leaping off half cocked."

HARRY Madsen, the subject of this month's Exclusive FMO Interview, is perhaps the only man in the world to begin a career by being thrown in a garbage can. Madsen is a stunt man—one of those guys who do the hard and dangerous things in a movie that professional actors won't touch with a ten foot pole. Things like ... well ... like getting thrown head first in a garbage can, leaping off an elevated railway and riding a collapsing stairway in a building being demolished by a wrecking ball.

A 36-year-old former rodeo bull rider, Madsen had appeared in a number of recent movies including *Serpico*, *The Taking of Pelham 1, 2, 3*, *Supercops* and *Superfly*. He lives in New York's Greenwich Village where he took time off recently to give the following account of himself and the often topsy-turvy job he performs to FMO's Don Causey ...

FMO: Harry ... you're obviously in good physical shape. Is that important for a movie stunt man?

HARRY MADSEN: Absolutely. A stunt man has to be in training all the time. Not to build muscles and all that but to keep himself

agile and develop body control. Stunt men, you see, are a little like magicians. Their job is to create the *illusion* of danger, using their bodies as skillfully as magicians use cards and other props.

FMO: The illusion of danger but not the real thing?

HARRY MADSEN: Well, sure. The real thing's involved of course. The way I've heard it explained by one old timer in the business is—85 per cent of a stunt you can count on. You know what's going to happen. But there's that 15 per cent of it you just don't know about. This old timer I mentioned has a little gold pin on his lapel that says *F— it!* That's his answer for the 15 per cent. And mine, too. (Laughs)

FMO: That's quite a philosophy. Do you really live it?

HARRY MADSEN: Pretty much. You see, I've done a little bit of everything. Before I got into stunt work, I traveled all over. Hell, I went to Africa, Europe, most of the States. I'm from California originally, so what I'd do was work for a while and then just take off until my money ran out. It's funny the way I wound up here in New York ...

FMO: How's that?

HARRY MADSEN: I was down in Central America—in British Honduras to be exact. And I'd entered there illegally. So what happened, when I went down to get my passport stamped, the authorities thought I was part of the Bay of Pigs Invasion, which had gone on just the night before. The next thing I knew, I was in a squad car and then—with all my travelers checks gone—on a plane to New York. I landed here almost flat broke and started tending bar. When I got bored with that I went into rodeo.

FMO: You just walked up and said—"I want to ride a bull?"

HARRY MADSEN: (Laughs) Actually, I was driving along here in the city and saw a rodeo advertisement on the side of a bus. I just happened to see it, you know. So, at the next stop light, I hopped out, tore the sign off and jumped back in the car. The next week I went to a rodeo in upstate New York, watched for a while and then met some of the people. We got along pretty well, and one thing led to another until I was riding fairly regularly.

FMO: Riding what?

HARRY MADSEN: Bulls mostly and a little bareback. But let me



Madsen grew up the type of kid who always accepted a dare. Years later, after stunt roles in films like *Serpico* and *Superfly*, he's still the same—only now he's paid better for it

tell you, that's rough work. Really rough. Many's the time I've come back for a rodeo so goddamn beat up I couldn't walk straight for three days. You take a 1,600, or 1,800-pound bull—he will make two complete bucks per second. I remember one time I got my hand caught in the bull rope and then thrown so I was lying across the bull's head. You know, right between his horns. Geez—that was terrible! All I could do was hold onto the bull's head and my stomach. Finally, he just—bam!—bumped me loose with his head. The last thing I remember was lying on the ground looking straight up at the bull. He put his foot in my jaw and severed the muscles in my upper right arm. I did some sheet time for that.

FMO: Sheet time?

HARRY MADSEN: Yeah—that's what stunt men call being in the hospital. Between sheets, you know?

FMO: Okay. What about some of your stunt work. How did you get from rodeo into the movies?

HARRY MADSEN: Well, it's pretty much like the way I got into rodeo. It just seemed like a good idea, so I asked around the city and found out about this really functional stunt man based on the East Coast—a guy named Alex Stevens. I approached him, talked to him and sometime later he needed somebody to help him out with a stunt. So, I got a Screen Actors Guild Card and was on my way.

FMO: What did you do first?

HARRY MADSEN: This is going to sound a little weird, but my first job was (laughs) to get thrown in a garbage can. I mean

head over heels into it. The scene was at the end of that movie, *Superfly*, where three or four goons have got the hero cornered. Well... heroes being what they are, he turns around and wastes them all. My bit was to be heaved in a garbage can. What the hero did was reach down and pick up, at which point I gave a little jump that gave him the momentum to throw me all the way over his head. Get the picture? There I was, brand new in the business and—three times—I'm lifted up... over... and wham! Right in the can!

FMO: You didn't get hurt?

HARRY MADSEN: Nope—not a bit. What I did, see, was put a bunch of cardboard boxes and padding in the bottom of the can and then—as I was going over—stretch my arms out like I was diving. That way, my hands absorbed the shock. In case the hero's aim was off, I had forearm padding, too, which allowed me to enter the can with my arms without getting bruised. I didn't even get a scratch.

FMO: You obviously planned the stunt carefully.

HARRY MADSEN: Absolutely. In stunt work you never do anything you can't do again. That's one of our big rules. Believe me, there's none of this leaping off half cocked in stunt work. Everything is planned beforehand. It's definitely a science...

FMO:... with a 15 per cent chance for error built in, right?

HARRY MADSEN: Yeah—there's always that.

FMO: Well, can you give an example of the kind of planning that goes into a major stunt?

HARRY MADSEN: Sure. About the best example I can think of is the scene in *Supercops* where (Continued on page 91)

Madsen has only been injured once pulling a stunt. During the filming of *Supercops*, the scene (at left) called for the men in the car to be arrested by a zealous cop (Madsen) leaping to nab them from an elevated railway. First time around, Madsen threw his Achilles' tendon out of whack. Still, he did two more takes of the gutsy stunt.



JULIANA

Amsterdam's Gift To Houston

You probably won't believe it, but this jewel, Juliana, says she can't understand all the attention she's been getting since arriving in America.

"Back home in Amsterdam I had enough dates, of course, but I'm in Texas for an education and Daddy says all these men are keeping me from my books."



"The situation here is all quite new to me," our 21-year-old, lazy-eyed lady explains.

"Everyone hears a lot of talk about Scandinavia and of how the girls there are practically raised on sex. And it's true that our parents are somewhat more liberal than most, but it's not like we're having sex morning, noon and night. Personally, at home I would usually have maybe two or three dates a week. But ever since I've been in America, I'm lucky if I'm *home* that many nights."

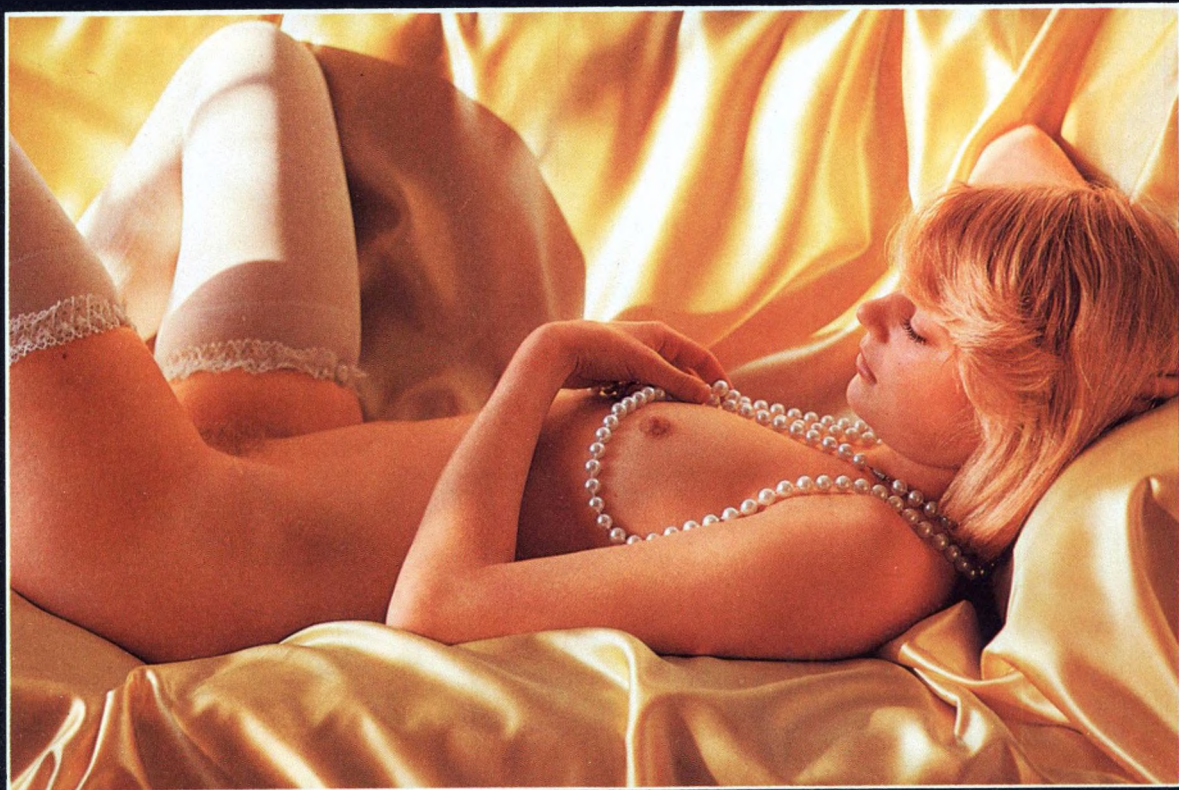
Apologizing for the interruption, we just had to ask Juliana why the daughter of a prominent merchant decided to come to Texas for an education in the first place.

"I see what you mean. Naturally, I could have gone to England or France for schooling, but I've been to those places many times. I'm serious about wanting to learn and I thought going to a new place would be a better idea in the long run.

"But to get back to what I was saying before. Living here in Houston has just been incredible. I've been asked out by everyone from the janitor in my building to the professors at school. I mean, it's all so amazing. I'll get home one morning after an all-night date and my roommate will have messages from a handful of guys asking to see me. Unfortunately, I can't please everyone, and my father's letters show my grades aren't pleasing him, either."



*Juliana's causing great commotion
Among all the men of Houston;
Why? It's easy to understand,
She hails from Amsterdam—
The sexual home of many a great notion!*



JULIANA



"Good grades or no," Juliana continues, "I've come to a conclusion. Marks aren't as important as schools say they are. I'm still learning an awful lot, and this goes beyond my classes. My whole stay here so far has been an education."

What about the future? When she graduates, will Juliana return home?

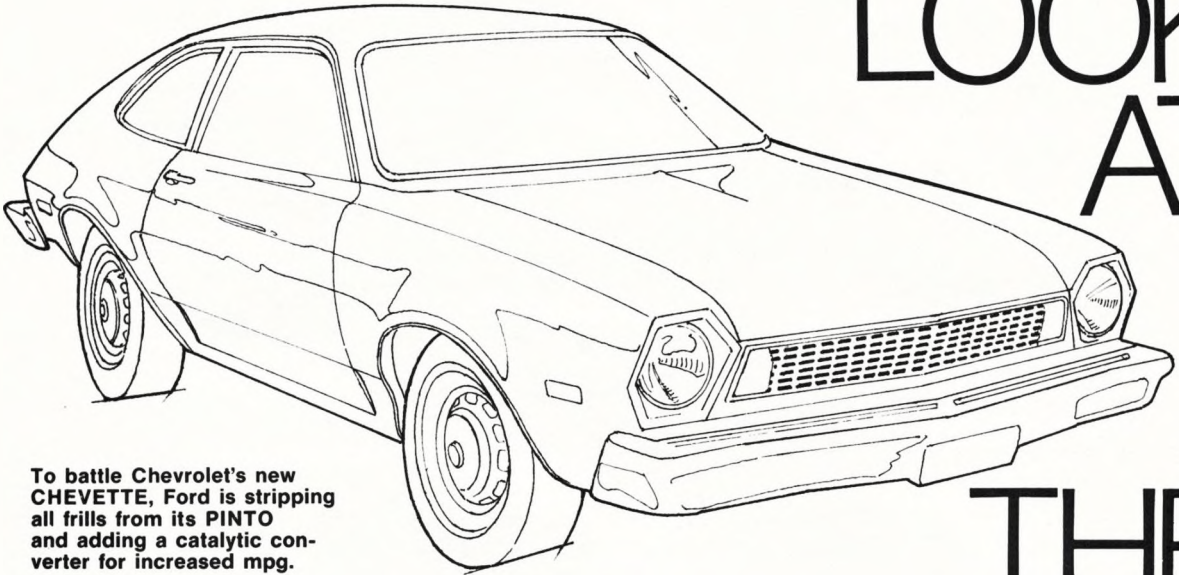
"Temporarily at least, yes I will. I have many friends there that I haven't had a chance to be with too long in the past two-and-a-half years. But I'm lucky enough to have money, so I'll definitely come back here. I don't know if I could readjust to being just another blonde in the crowd at home, anyway."

How does Juliana rate American men as lovers?

"With few exceptions, I'd say American men are *exceptional* lovers. They're more satisfying yet more demanding at the same time. Well, I always say that history is a demanding subject, but unlike sex, it isn't nearly as much fun."

By AL LOWE
ART BY DAVE CHRISTENSEN

FMO'S FIRST LOOK AT



To battle Chevrolet's new CHEVETTE, Ford is stripping all frills from its PINTO and adding a catalytic converter for increased mpg.

THE GOODIES Detroit will be offering us in their '76 line-up will scarcely be anything new. In fact, it will take a second look, or maybe even a third to tell the difference between the present '75s and what they'll be unveiling in the nation's showrooms any day now.

Detroit's decision to hold the line, particularly

in body designs, was no snap decision. With the industry depressed by the worst sales record since the Great Depression, the auto maker' top brass had no choice but to stick with what they had, while planning their real big moves for the years '77 through 1980.

Frankly, no one would have been more pleased than the auto makers to

THE

'76

CARS

'76 CARS

have come up with something astonishingly different for '76—considering the present all time low in sales—but this isn't the way the automobile business works. Despite today's harsh reality of soaring gasoline prices and raw material costs, a turnabout in this mammoth industry is no overnight proposition.

According to one GM designer, it takes 35 months to crank out a new transmission or engine system, and at least eighteen months to get major body styling changes off the drawing boards and into actual production.

"What we're talking about," this authority concludes, "is a period that ranges from one-and-a-half to three years and there are no short cuts. But the changes will be made, revolutionary changes in both body and engines, but they'll come on a piecemeal basis. A few in '76, more in '77 and a lot, lot more through the last years of this decade."

Later on in this article we'll provide a rundown of the auto makers' '76 models, company-by-company, but right now let's concentrate on what general changes will appear

in the '76 cars—changes that will be essentially under the hood.

For one thing, and this certainly comes as no surprise, the single, major emphasis on the part of the nation's auto makers in their new line-up focuses on better gasoline mileage.

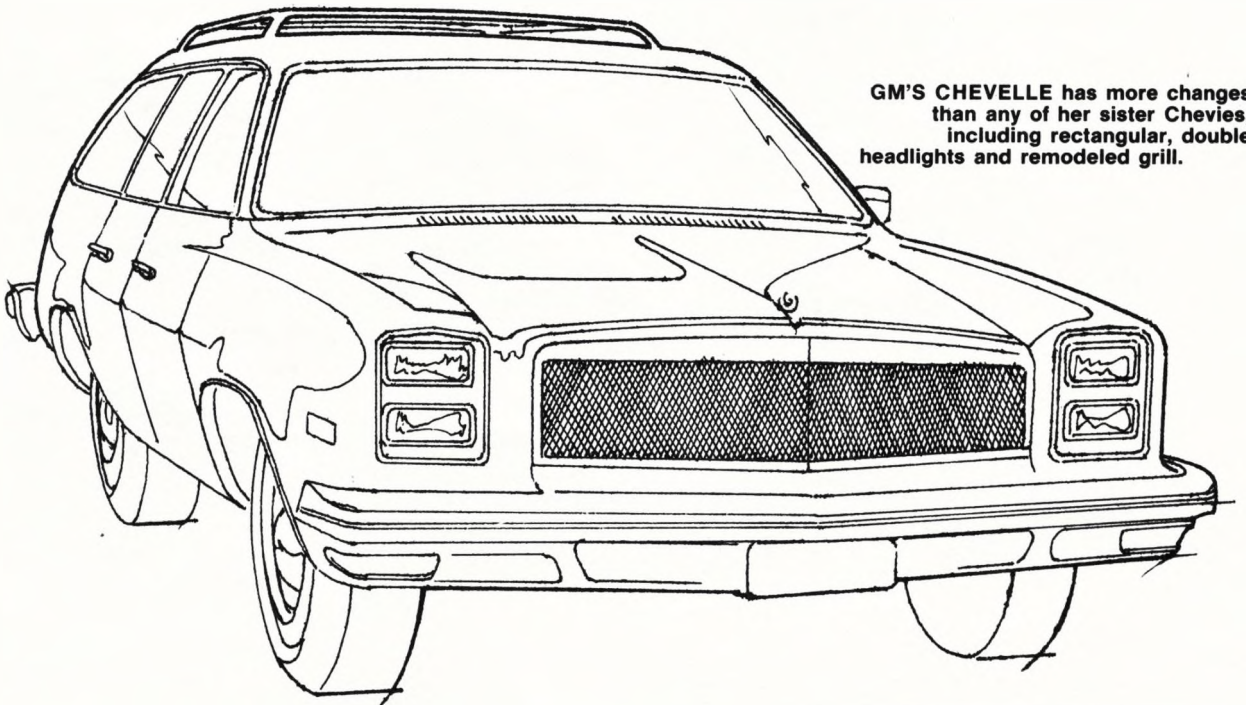
Last year, when I reported to FMO readers on the '75s, the big innovation was the incoming catalytic converters. There was general optimism at the time that the new converters would improve gas mileage, and except for Ford—which used the least numbers in their models—mileage on GM, Chrysler and AMC cars showed marked improvement over the 1974 models.

Accordingly, expect increasing use of converters to give even better mileage for 1976. Estimates are that from one to two-mile per gallon gains will be made on all '76 cars over their '75 counterparts. The one maverick, however, will be Chrysler, who will begin to buck the "converter" trend by switching to what they call their "lean burn" V-8 engine. The new engine, which will be available in only limited numbers for the coming model year, makes use of two small computers that electronically controls the mixture of gasoline and air fed into the engine,

and control the rate of combustion as well.

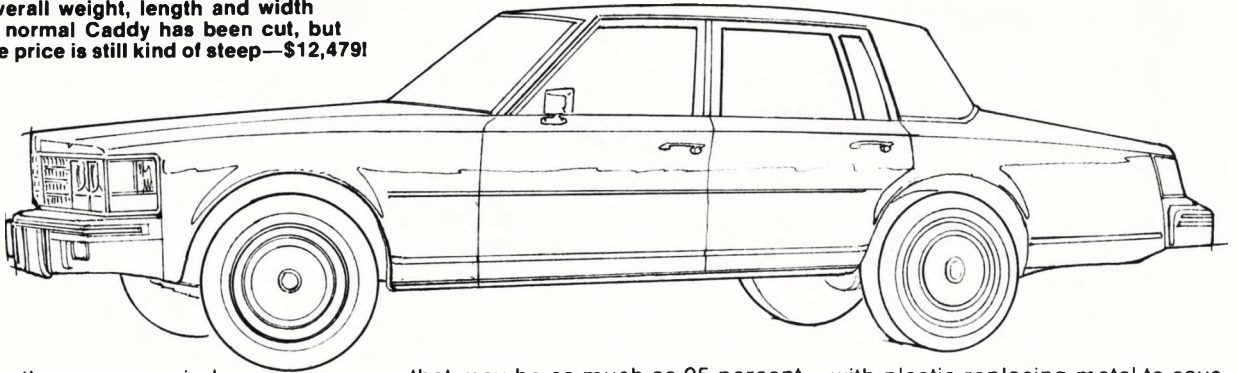
It is Chrysler's hope that this innovation will prove to be more than a straw in the wind. Chrysler's present plan is to put the "lean burn" engine into their larger cars first as a means of increasing fuel mileage for these normally big gas eaters. If the concept pans out, the plan calls for installing the new system in all of Chrysler's American made cars since it will allow the company to meet the government's clean air requirements, improve their gas mileage rates; and, even more important, they'll be able to save a bundle by bypassing the more expensive catalytic converters.

General weight reduction will also begin with the incoming '76 cars as part of the industry's overall drive to improve gas mileage even further. Because of this move toward smaller, lighter cars, GM will start phasing out Chevrolet Bel Aire, a 25-year front runner, while Chrysler will dump its Imperial—its huge, standby luxury car that has been around for almost half a century. Looking even further ahead, GM designers are sharpening their knives to trim some 700 pounds of fat from their standard models over the next two



GM'S CHEVELLE has more changes than any of her sister Chevies, including rectangular, double headlights and remodeled grill.

Noting the trend toward smaller luxury cars, Cadillac enters the field with its "baby," the SEVILLE. Overall weight, length and width of normal Caddy has been cut, but the price is still kind of steep—\$12,479!



to three year period.

With these points in mind, let's start our company rundown of the '76 models, beginning with GM.

Perhaps the biggest innovation with the industry's giant will be the introduction of the "new" Chevrolet "Chevette". Actually, this isn't a new car, but it will be in so far as American buyers are concerned. In fact, GM has dubbed this model it's "world car" since it is essentially the same car that GM has been making in some seven foreign countries. The American buyers are concerned. In fact, GM has dubbed this model it's "world car" since it is essentially the same car that GM has been making in some seven foreign countries. The American version will be a spin-off of these foreign minicompacts, and GM hopes to bring it into American showrooms with a price tag of under \$3,000.

With its 4-cylinder, 60 horsepower engine, GM brass are already saying that the Chevette (this name is still tentative at the time of this writing) should deliver between 30 and 40 miles a gallon on the highway. But don't bank on this. These fuel mileage figures, like the ones used to boost sales on the current '75s, are based on dynamometer tests. Unlike road tests made in actual city or highway driving, a dynamometer test is made in a lab with the car placed on a test stand while a simulated run is made. Actually, the car doesn't move as much as a foot during the testing period, and the fuel mileage is determined by measuring the chemical components in the exhaust material. As a result, a dynamometer fuel mileage test can produce a mile-per-gallon figure

that may be as much as 25 percent higher than the real thing. Accordingly, under actual highway driving conditions the Chevette may only average between 23 and 30 miles per gallon.

"What GM hopes to accomplish with the Chevette," says one veteran Detroit watcher, "is to win back some of the American market that has switched over to such foreign fuel savers as Fiat, VW, Datsun and Toyotas. But keep in mind that this new minicar will be still smaller in all around dimensions than even such American subcompacts as the Vega and Pinto. This will make it a tiny car, and though it will boast seating four adults it will be a tight squeeze at best."

In so far as GM's intermediate line goes, the changes will be so slight as to be almost unnoticeable when compared to this year's crop of Buick's Century, Pontiac's LeMans and the Oldsmobile Cutlass. For example, the only real body changes in all three will be the side-by-side mounting of their rectangular headlamps. Further facelifting will also include minor changes in trim and grill designs,

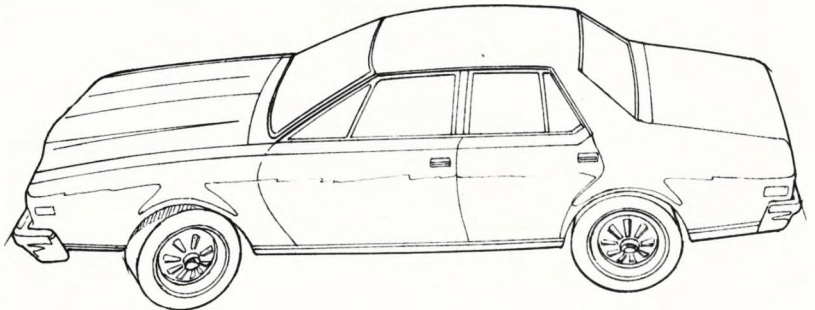
with plastic replacing metal to save both money and weight.

As to GM's compact and subcompact models, the changes will be even more difficult to find. Except for some shifts in interior trim, the compacts will look exactly like their '75 counterparts. Meanwhile to give the appearance of change, but in appearance only, body colors will be brighter and dual-toned cars will make a strong comeback in the '76 line-up.

"We're in the biggest turnaround in the history of the industry," is the way GM's executive vice president James McDonald explains Detroit's holding action for '76. "But over the next four years we'll be spending close to \$2 billion a year to retool and bring out a line of cars that will accommodate the changes brought on by the fuel crisis, while serving the needs and taste of the American car buyer."

Meanwhile, over at Ford, the emphasis will be focused on gas mileage economy too, and little else. As previously mentioned, Ford's bad fuel record in their '75s has spurred the company's

(Continued on page 62)



Dodge supplies new car buyers with a small luxury car, the ASPEN. Originally planned as a replacement for Dodge's ever-popular DART, the ASPEN will now take Ford's GRANADA and Mercury's MONARCH head on.

GAG PAGE

When the largest elephant of the Hungarian circus died of old age, his keeper could not contain his grief. After several days of his weeping and carrying on, the circus manager said to him, "It's absurd for you to go on like this. Of course, you understand we will be replacing the beast."

"It's easy enough for you to talk," wailed the keeper. "But just remember, it's me that has to dig his grave."



"So I said to myself . . . You've got a nice wife . . . two lovely children . . . What more could you want?? Then it hit me . . ."

The owner of Ryan's Pub was awakened by a phone call at 4 a.m. "Hey man, I'm sorry to bother you at this hour but what time does your joint open up? It's urgent!"

"Well, you sound like you're pretty hard up but you can't get in till noon."

"In? I don't want to get in, I want to get out!"

An absent minded gravedigger dug a hole so deep that he found he couldn't climb out to place the casket in. After a few hours he began to feel chilly and creepy so he started yelling for help. He didn't attract any attention at first, but finally a drunk who was tottering along heard him.

"Get some help will ya," shouted the gravedigger. "I wanna get out of

here before I freeze to death."

"Gee, poor fella—no wonder you're cold," the lush said, kicking some dirt into the grave. "You haven't got any dirt on your nose."

A woman driving a brand new Cadillac pulled into a spot in one of those shopping center parking areas. There were three empty spaces in a row but still, she managed to back up until she hit the car behind her. Then she pulled forward and hit the car in front with a bang. By this time several pedestrians had gathered to watch the incredible spectacle. The woman, realizing that people were watching her, leaned out of the window and said, "Did I park okay?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes," answered one amused man, "but do you always park by ear?"

Driving along the road to Sicily, an American tourist stopped to pick up a hitchhiker. No sooner did the man get in the car than he pulled a revolver out and told the American, "Ifa you don't do whatta I tell you, I killa you righta here on the spot."

"If you want money, take it—whatever you want, I'll do, only don't kill me," said the driver.

The gunman ordered the motorist out of the car, told him to unzip his pants and masturbate. Astonished but compliant, the driver did as he was told.

"Very good," said the gunman. "Now, I wanna you should do it again."

"Again?", protested the driver.

"If you don't a do it again, I'ma gonna kill you," the gunman said, waving the revolver.

So the driver repeated the act. Once more, the gunman demanded the same thing. With superhuman effort the driver

masturbated for the third time.

The gunman called to someone and from behind some trees on the road stepped a lovely young girl. "Okay," said the gunman, "Now you canna give my sister, Rosa, a ride into town."

Three attractive young ladies were enrolled in a course in reasoning and logic at one of the better colleges. One day the professor who was teaching the course told them that he was going to present a test case to determine their level of situation reasoning. "Suppose," he began, "you have survived a shipwreck and are floating aboard a life raft by yourself. Suddenly you spot a ship approaching you with hundreds of sex-starved sailors aboard. What would you do to avert the obvious problem?"

"I would sail right past them and have my knife ready just in case," said the first girl.

"I would try to turn my raft around to go in the opposite direction," said the second girl.

"To be honest," said the third girl, "I quite understand the situation, but I fail to see any problem!"

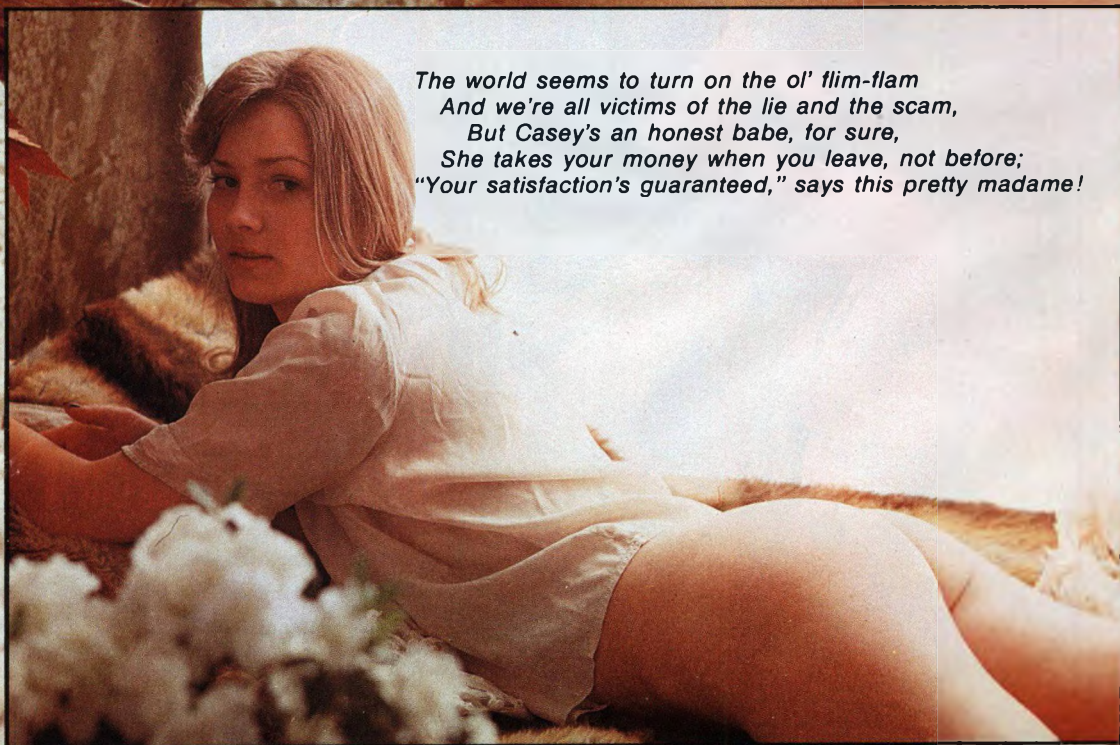


"I think we can fit your symptoms into one of five catagories."



Choosing
A Career--
Doctor, Lawyer,
or Madame

**FOR
MEN ONLY**



*The world seems to turn on the ol' flim-flam
And we're all victims of the lie and the scam,
But Casey's an honest babe, for sure,
She takes your money when you leave, not before;
"Your satisfaction's guaranteed," says this pretty madame!*



“I’ve always considered myself an honest, straightforward person,” says 23-year-old Floridian Casey Brent. “Even as a young girl I was tired of the flim-flam mentality that’s become even more popular now. No matter what they say, most people are only looking for someone to rip off. I decided that whatever I became, I’d still be honest. I used to picture myself as an honest lawyer, but—this seems funny now—never as a madame, honest or otherwise.”

Doctor, Lawyer, or Madame

A madame?

"That's right. I may be the youngest madame in the country. First of all, you should know that becoming a lawyer was out of the question financially for me. But, I did have this uncle. I never liked him much because

he was a scam artist himself, always trying to buy my affection with gifts and presents. Two years ago, when he died, I found out how much of a money-bags he was. He had millions in assets, among which was the brothel in Nevada he left to me. Don't ask me why he did it. Who knows?

"Anyway, I surprised myself. I wasn't outraged at the idea. Instead, I thought of it as a challenge. There probably weren't too many really honest whore houses, I figured, so I set out to do something about that." Casey soon found out that her uncle's place wasn't exactly an honest buck for an honest f— operation.

"I fixed that. I lowered the prices, brought in young, good-looking chicks who enjoyed the sex as much as their pay, hired a house doctor, had the place beautifully refurbished and then ran a grand reopening party. What a blast. My biggest rule is if a guy can look me in the eye and tell me he didn't get a good time for his money, well, he keeps his money.

When I say 'satisfaction guaranteed,' I mean it!"

Honesty sure can be refreshing.



The Blue Collar's Favorite Drink

BEEER:

THE BEST AND

WORST OF THEM



Surprisingly, a lot of American beers pale when taste-tested against admittedly more expensive foreign brews made with purer ingredients . . .

There's nothing like an icy cold one to quench a thirst, but when you read these surprising facts, you may change the top you pop!

BY CHRIS TRENT

IF YOU'RE like most other blue collar guys in this country, more than likely, you've got a six-pack of your favorite beer sitting in the refrig right now. That is, unless you happen to be having one while you're taking in this article. If either of these applies to you, consider yourself in good company among the growing numbers of beer drinkers in this country today who consume 133 million barrels annually. Forty years ago, Americans were only consuming forty million barrels a year, so that's pretty good evidence the beverage is gaining fast as the super brew of the country.

Okay—so you're maybe a beer lover or at least a beer drinker. Undoubtedly, you prefer certain brands. But, if again, you're like a lot of other guys, a beer's a beer and even though you have a favorite, you'll go for whatever your local bar's serving or whatever special your wife brought home from the supermarket this week. No way! Read on,

and you'll find out things you never knew about beer that could very well influence your taste, drinking habits and maybe even your pocket when it comes to buying beer.

QUALITY—When it comes to personal taste preference, there's no doubt that one man's beer could easily be another man's dishwater. Once you are acquainted with the ingredients, processes and brands, you might be interested in branching out on your current beer tasting. But right now, depending on your previous beer drinking experience, you may or may not be surprised by the results of a recent beer preference survey. Chicago *Daily News* columnist Mike Royko got together eleven volunteer beer drinkers whose ethnic backgrounds ran the gamut of Polish, Irish, Norwegian, German, WASP, and Jewish. The lucky participants guzzled beers in unmarked glasses and then rated them on a possible perfect score of 55 points. The outstanding

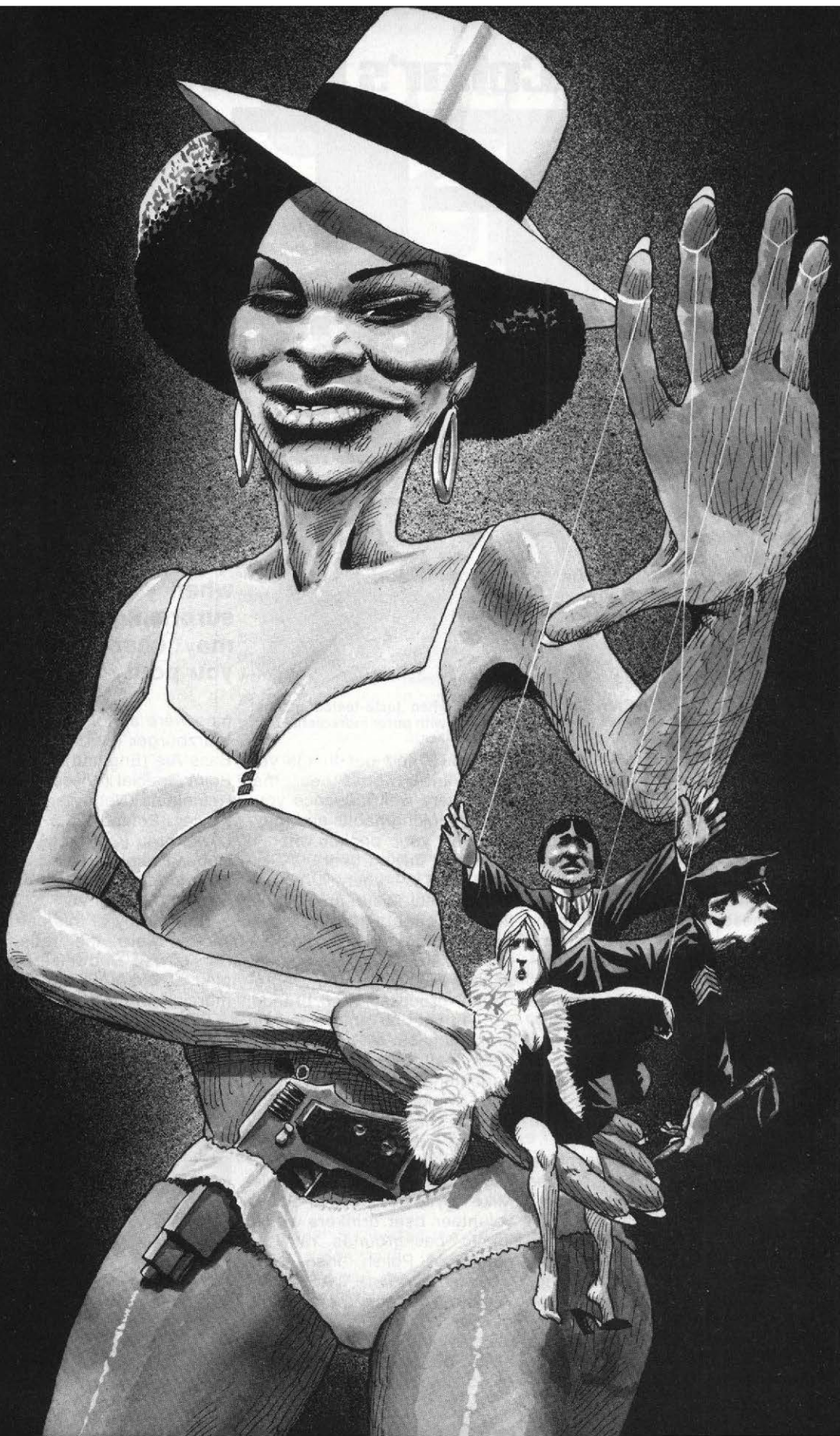
- nine were as follows:
- Wurzburger (Germany) 45.5
 - Bass Ale (England) 45
 - Point Special (Wisconsin) 45
 - Heinekens (Netherlands) 36.5
 - Zywiec (Poland) 34.5
 - Lowenbrau (Germany) 29.5
 - Huber Premium (Wisc.) 29.5
 - Kirin (Japan) 29
 - Stroh's (Detroit) 26

Noteworthy of this particular survey were the ratings of Schlitz and Budweiser, examples of beers which TV commercials would have us believe

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. . . In fact, in a small but important Chicago test, four of the top five rated beers were European. Germany's Wurzburger came in first.



A Black Female Private Eye's Proudest Boast

“I TURN HONKIES ON TO CLEAR THEM!”

BY ROLAND EMPEY

THE GIRL's name was Irene Saunders. She was in her early twenties, a thin, tense, wasted, juiceless girl, her body flat as a boy's, her face pinched and mottled with needs and cravings never met. She stared down at her mother lying under a sheet on a double bed in the big, cheerful room and said, “She was in an automobile accident three months ago and she's been in a coma ever since. The doctors say she could go on like that for years.”

Her mother's eyes were closed, her breathing shallow. A heavy-based, metal lamp was on the stand next to her, and also a sewing basket. A warm sun filled the room and outside a gentle surf hissed over the sands of Southern California's El Tigre Beach. A dog whined, growled and lunged against the door in the next room, a big dog to judge from the way the door was rattling.

Palmer said, “I don't see keeping a person alive when they're in that kind of shape. What's the point?” Palmer was thirty, a dark-eyed, moody-looking man whose hands tended to tremble. A head wound, two leg wounds and 30 months in a North Vietnamese prison were no doubt responsible for his shakes. He had been discharged four days earlier.

The girl, who had told him she liked to be called Renee, said, “No point at all. She'll always be a vegetable.”

She started toward the door the dog was battering.

Palmer said uneasily, “Hey, what are you doing? He sounds mean.”

The girl said, “It's hard on him when he's not in here with her.”

She opened the door. The

dog arced in like a black rainbow, a giant Doberman heading straight for Palmer. He shouted, “Hey, for Christ's sake, hey, hey,” and stumbled back with his arms crossed in front of his face and the dog up on its hind legs and clawing him, its vicious head darting. Behind the raging animal, the girl had picked up the heavy lamp and begun bringing it down on her mother's face, raising it high with both hands and grunting as she crashed it down.

“**G**et him off me, get him off men,” Palmer howled, knowing sheer terror as the dog's raking claws ripped at his body and its battering-ram head smashed through his arms to get at his own. He fell back against a chair, lost his balance and went down with the Doberman straddling him, its slobbering mouth turning this way and that as though

Toni works two ways: with the kick of a mule, or the touch of velvet; either way, this six-foot ebony goddess can knock you out—and you better believe she knows it, too

maneuvering to take hold of his head. A blur of movement behind it was the girl running for the door.

“God . . . no . . . why . . . what?” Palmer's screams resounded in his head, clanging, reverberating. He couldn't think. His brain wasn't working. He saw the dog's savage head through a veil of blood and threw an arm up at it, instinct driving his hand deep into the beast's mouth. His other arm flailed up at the bedside table, upsetting the sewing basket. His frantic hand came down on saw-toothed shears for cutting cloth. He grabbed it with its blades spread and drove one of them into the Doberman's side, at the same time jamming his hand even deeper into its mouth, digging his fingers into something soft and wet there.

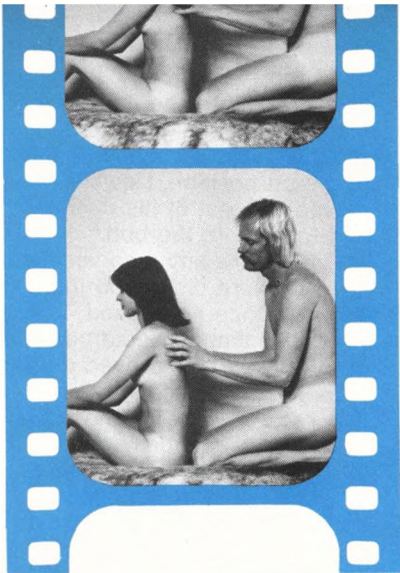
The Doberman swung its head frenziedly and braced its legs, trying to pull free. But Palmer continued to dig into its throat, his other arm going like a piston, the blade of the shears tearing into the powerful, black body with each thrust. Blood came down on his arm in a series of scalding spurts, and it came to him in sudden exhilaration that he was killing the dog.

He threw the heavy body back. It fell away from him like a limp rag, the mutilated throat emitting whining whimpers. He went after it on all fours and rammed the toothed blade home still again, this time straight down into the beast's neck. He raised up to do it again and then again after that, and then sank back on his heels leaving the blade implanted with blood welling up to engulf it.

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PROMOTION TOUR OF A
PORNO
MOVIE STAR





By **KAREN GRANT**

IF YOU could only have seen the expression on that writer's face. Fifteen minutes before we were sitting in the parlor of my hotel suite talking about how I got into the porno film business, how my parents reacted, how I felt about my latest film doing so well, and now we were in the bedroom about to screw our brains out. I don't think I'll ever forget his expression. I was kneeling in front of him mumbling some garbled quotes into that beautiful, six-inch microphone of his and he looked like all his circuits were about to blow. This probably should go without saying, but I like being able to turn a man on. And when I know that what I'm doing has the desired effect, well, I start to build up steam myself. A few more minutes of stroking and licking, tickling and nibbling him, and with a little nipple pinching on his part, and I began to cook.

"Miss Grant," my interviewer said when I was back on my feet frenching his Adam's apple, "You really give excellent head."

"Naturally," I replied. "It's a big part of my livelihood, you know. But come over to the bed with me and we'll discuss some more of my more favorable characteristics."

At this stage of my game my friend was ready for just about anything. Unlike a lot of magazine and newspaper reporters I give interviews to during the course of one of my promotional tours, this guy didn't come on

Although the erotic scenes in a porno film are always played to heat up the audience, sometimes it takes sheer mechanics to get through it. But the behind-the-scenes sexploits of a porno movie queen are something else again and make the on-screen action seem about as tame as kindergarten kids playing doctor

real strong to me. He seemed scared of me at first actually. Maybe that's what gave me the sexy idea to lay one on him in that first place. Everything about him was different from the others. He was casual about everything from his appearance to the questions he asked. Some guys dress to the hilt trying to impress me. Most of the time the questions I'm asked range from the slyly tongue in cheek to the downright crude. It was just obvious to me that this guy was here to get a very straight interview and then split. I'm sure the thought of making it with me never entered his mind. Why, I never even caught him staring at me, trying to get a better peek at my well-exposed (as usual) chest or thighs. Finally, I had to find out what this strange phenomenon of a man was really made of. I asked him to excuse me for a moment while I went to the john. But that was all a line so I could slip into the bedroom and, as they say, into something a little more comfortable.

"Mr.—," I called out when I was ready. "Would you come back here for a moment?" I heard his footsteps and quickly got myself into position in front of the bedroom's big window. It was a bright day outside and I knew the sun filtering in through my see-through gown would make a memorable silhouette. I stood there with my hands on my hips waiting for him.

"Oh, Miss Grant," he said, doing a double-take. "I don't think we should be . . ."

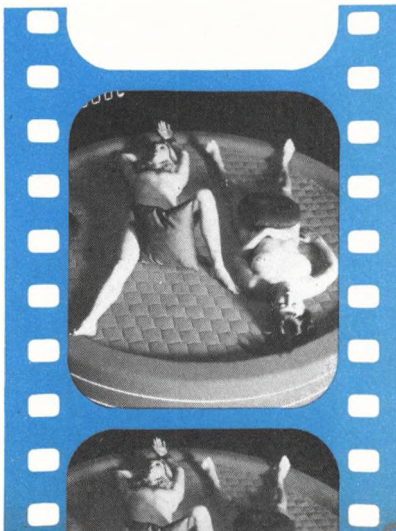
"Nonsense," I said, slowly moving toward him, careful of course to remain in the window light. "We can talk much more comfortably in here."

Of course, having appeared or

starred in well over 100 X-rated films, I had acted out many scenes such as this for the benefit of the camera. But let me tell you. I may enjoy myself while making a movie, but making a real life move is ten times the fun.

His eyes were on my body now all right. My gown was flowing in the breeze, my ample breasts were swaying and my hips churning with every step I took. When at last my nipples were pressed against him I was hornier than a bull dyke at a Feminists' convention. We both just stood there for a moment and then I moved back a step to undo the drawstring on my gown as temptingly and as tantalizingly as I could. As each second passed my sexual hunger doubled, tripled. All this fire in me and he hadn't even touched me yet. Then my nightie slipped to the floor and I stepped closer again to trace a feather-light path with my fingers from the middle of his thighs to his crotch.

A lot of the girls have hang-ups at first about playing a lezzie scene convincingly, but most get to enjoy it when they see it's a tremendous turn on for porno actors waiting their "shot."





I was more than ready. I knew that in a few minutes he would be, too.

So after making sure his "microphone" was definitely switched to the on position, I quickly removed the rest of his clothes and led him to the bed.

Once there any reservations he still had were dismissed just as quickly. Once he relaxed, in fact, my hunch that he would be a most satisfying partner proved more than correct. He soon learned that I like my sex in long, slow strokes that gradually build to an intense frenzy. And he sure as hell had the right equipment for it. We finally climaxed with me on all fours, the usually fluid motion of my hips broken down into a spasmodic jerking by the force of his slamming that beautiful thing into me. There was no need on my part to try to arouse him on to further activity. It had been 45 minutes of exquisite but exhausting sex. Best interview I've ever given—or had.

There's one thing about the porno movie business I must tell you. It is not, I repeat, *not* all fun and games. You may think, as most do, that when I'm balling in front of a camera that I really am having a ball. But this is only occasionally true. Most times everything is so staged that we actors have to resort to sheer mechanics to get through many scenes. And all those lights are no great joy either. Sure, on film it may seem like the hot and heavy sex is causing us to work up a sweat. But you try working out in 90 degree-plus temperatures and you'll know why the action looks so "heated." Anyway, one of the benefits of becoming a name in the porno industry—a porno queen in my case—is that you might be able to leave those hot lights behind every once in a while to do a promo tour for your latest flick. Believe me, that's where all the real fun comes in. And this is why *FMO* has asked me to do this article, to reminisce a bit about my last tour and fill you in on some of the behind the scenes (Continued on page 78)

Most would think a porno star would have her fill of sex during her "work" day. Not so, says this actress, who wouldn't pretend she didn't enjoy making films, but "It's just a warmup for my after hours fun."

LET'S STOP KICKING AROUND THE U.S. WORKING MAN--



By A. LEON MINZER

LET's lead off with what looks like an easy question: "Who are the best paid workers in the world?" If, like a lot of people, you said U.S. workers are the best paid, you are dead wrong. Admittedly, Americans may still be receiving a greater take-home pay, but during these days of bigger tax bites and soaring inflation, our grossly devalued paychecks are no longer a reliable guide as to how well a working man is making out.

On the contrary, what really counts today are the fringe benefits and protections a man receives on the job, and in this vital area—compared to workers in many other countries—Americans are getting short-changed in the grand tradition.

Proof is not hard to come by, and by way of illustration, compare your own job benefits with those of Ito Choshu, a 24-year-old Japanese worker employed in the shipbuilding field.

Like most Japanese workers, Choshu's employment with his particular company began immediately upon his graduating from high school. Although no formal contract was signed, the company guaranteed him lifetime employment, plus an assurance of steady increases along with a host of other benefits. And the company has more than kept its word.

Over the past six years, Choshu—along with millions of other Japanese workers—has been receiving a twice-yearly cash bonus that increases his annual income 15 percent!

BUT wage increases are only part of the employment package. Along with a company-sponsored medical plan, Choshu receives two nutritious meals a day in the company's dining room that are provided at less than cost. And when vacation time rolls around, Choshu generally spends it at a company operated resort that offers entertainment as well as summer and winter sports: also on a below-cost basis.

Three years ago, when Choshu was married, he not only received a cash gift from his company, but the company's medical clinic was how available to his wife as well. A year later, when their first child was born, there was an automatic increase in Choshu's salary and these increases will continue as additional children are born. In fact, the company will even provide the schooling to help educate them.

"When you take a job with a Japanese firm, small or large," says labor authority James Abegglen in his book, *The Japanese Solution*, "it's like becoming the member of a family. If you aren't good at

your job, the company will move you around until you are placed in a job you can do well. In return the company gets loyalty of a kind we can hardly imagine in the United States."


But when it comes to preferential treatment for its working man, Japan by no means stands alone. Sweden is another nation that has gone a long way in providing meaningful job security and benefits, and this is particularly so when it comes to young Swedish men.

For example, let's examine the situation confronting a young American worker who's contemplating marriage with that of a young Swede who also has marriage in mind. In the case of the American, the purchasing and furnishing of a home can and frequently does pose enormous financial difficulties. The young Swede, however, is in an entirely different position. He will not only receive cash assistance in setting up his household, but he will also receive a practically interest-free loan to purchase his furniture.

And when it comes to supportive child-care for young married workers, the Swedes even outdo the Japanese. Known as "baby bonuses," these include full maternity payments, a cash grant to the mother when (Continued on page 70)

Startling Sex Fiction





Renee was one of those women who had to have it and if she cheated on her husband, it wasn't Bill's problem—he thought. But when “the other man” turned out to be a buddy who'd stood by him during a family crisis, bedding down Renee became terribly complicated

I MADE IT WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S WIFE

By EVAN PHILLIPS

“**T**HINK your husband is wise to us?” Bill Klayton asked Renee Lynn. They'd been having an affair for the last three months, and Bill had the strangest feeling that he was being followed and watched.

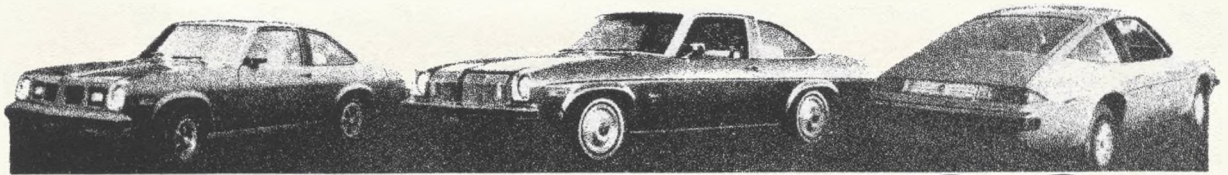
“Frank know about us?” Renee shrugged. And it was obvious from her tone that whether her husband knew he was being two-timed or not didn't much matter to her. “If he knows about us, he sure hasn't let on to me,” Renee said after a minute. “And I usually do know what he's thinking.”

Bill grinned. His wife, whom he'd loved, had died five years ago, and the girl friends he'd had since then all had thought they knew their husbands and

boy friends through and through. But the truth was, they knew as little about their husbands as their husband knew about them.

Bill wasn't acquainted with Renee's husband. A blessing, really, because he preferred not knowing the opposition. That was one burden of guilt he didn't want to carry if he could help it. He'd met Renee only four months ago, when she'd waltzed into his bar and downed three gin and tonics within a half-hour period. “Pretty heavy drinker,” Bill had thought at the time.

Renee must have been in her late thirties but looked closer to her mid-twenties. She was not so much beautiful as she had a terrific
(Continued on page 72)



UNDER THE HOOD

By DAN EDWARDS

RETREADS—Retreaded tires of good quality are as safe and effective as new tires—and a lot cheaper. So the Federal government is looking in-



to the possibility of equipping all its vehicles with retreads.

Discarding used tires with sound casings is a wasteful practice. To give you some idea of just how wasteful, the Tire Retread Information Bureau figured out that in 1974 about 200 million tire casings were tossed away. They could circle the Earth four times.

Purely as an economy measure, retreads are a good idea—as spares or for your second car, or your first car.

WINTER WONDERLAND

—For those of you who may not have noticed, it's getting colder. And your car may soon be telling you that it's winter. The engine will take longer (or it may not start at all), and will cough, sputter, stall, sigh and make other strange noises.

Joking aside, there are things you can do to your heap now, or very soon, that will save you a lot of grief—and money—

later on.

Naturally, you've already changed to winter-weight oil and sloshed antifreeze into the radiator. And on the subject of antifreeze: The older the car, the more sense it makes to change antifreeze every winter. Many motorists skip a winter. Not recommended for older cars.

- Check your windshield wipers, battery, wiring and, especially, look for corrosion in your exhaust system. Any corrosion development is accelerated by rain, snow and salt on the roads.

- Take a look at your snow tires for wear-and-tear; and do the same with skid chains, if you use them, before you need them.

Now that your car is working beautifully, there are a few things you can

warm up. But don't just sit there and let it idle, toe the gas pedal now and then.

- Start off easy. You'll cut down wear-and-tear on the engine and—in the coldest weather—mechanical components that are cold, brittle and subject to damage or unnecessary wear.

- Make certain that your heater is off even before you start the engine, and leave it off for a while. Having the heater on too soon draws heat away from the engine, delaying warm-up.

SAFETY BELTS—A research firm made a study for the U.S. Dept. of Transportation and the Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Assoc. which shows that safety belts—lap and

Of the 30,000 major traffic accidents analyzed, there were no fatalities and only a few serious injuries among the 500 drivers and passengers who used safety belts.

QUESTIONS FROM READERS

—“My old battery gave out and I bought a new one. But on really cold mornings—we get lots of them here—I still have trouble starting my car engine. How come?”—R.D., Lewiston, Maine.

In cold weather, even a new battery doesn't operate at full power (for reasons that would take too much space to explain). At zero degrees, a battery is functioning at only about 50% capacity. So to give a battery all the help it needs in cold weather, keep your



Another reason for “tightening our belts”

do to keep it that way:

- Before starting off in the morning, let the engine

shoulder harnesses—are saving lives and preventing serious injuries.

points, plugs and the rest of your ignition system in top condition.

MONEY

WHERE IT'S AT. HOW TO FIND IT. HOW TO KEEP IT.

By JACK STEWART

BARGAIN BUYS?

Before you start thinking that the recession has made manufacturers shave their prices as far as they can, consider this quote from a recent issue of *Business Week Magazine*: "The production cost differences between a Chevrolet Caprice and a Cadillac de Ville with comparable equipment is \$275 to \$300. But the selling price differs by \$2,700, giving GM a \$2,400 extra gross profit on the Cadillac."

BAR BET OF THE MONTH

Here's a bar bet that isn't an absolute sure thing—just 99-44/100 percent sure. One of the most popular bets at a bar is for a guy to make his lighter work on the first try. When a guy is bragging how good his lighter is, counterpunch by betting him he can't even light all the matches in a book of matches, striking each one only one time. Use a little psychology on him in the process, hinting the reason it's tough to do is there's too much pressure for the average man to strike with accuracy and that he'll curl under the tension as he nears the end of the book. In other words make it a test of his "manhood" and take his mind off the real reason which is simply a matter of sulfur. There's sulfur on the striking surface and toward the end of the book it begins to get used up, making a second swipe necessary. Make this bet a hundred times and you'll probably win every time. Out of a thousand tries, you might lose a couple. Bottoms up!

CREDITOR CON

With the economic situation cruddy, it's tough on guys meeting their payments on cars and the like, but it hardly means you have to lose your car if you can't pay up. Many creditors, such as banks, finance companies and department stores, are hurting and don't really want to go the expensive collection or repossession route—if they see any other way out. Doug Rodgers, an out-of-work pipefitter, gave the loan company just such an out. "I'd bought this expensive car just before I lost my job and have been able to supplement my severance pay with only a part-time job as a relief man in a brewery. So I called the loan company and told them my problem. I was very, very courteous and asked if I could meet with one of their people to see if we couldn't work something out. We got the auto company guy there also and the three of us—me, the loan company and the auto guy—worked out an arrangement whereby I'd

turn in my car and take a less expensive model. They called it trading down. Between what he made on selling me the cheaper car and what he resold my other car for, the auto man came out ahead. I at least got full credit for all the payments I'd made and the loan company got out from under my 'deadbeat' account. So it was a good deal but they told me they wouldn't have made it if I hadn't been so cooperative."

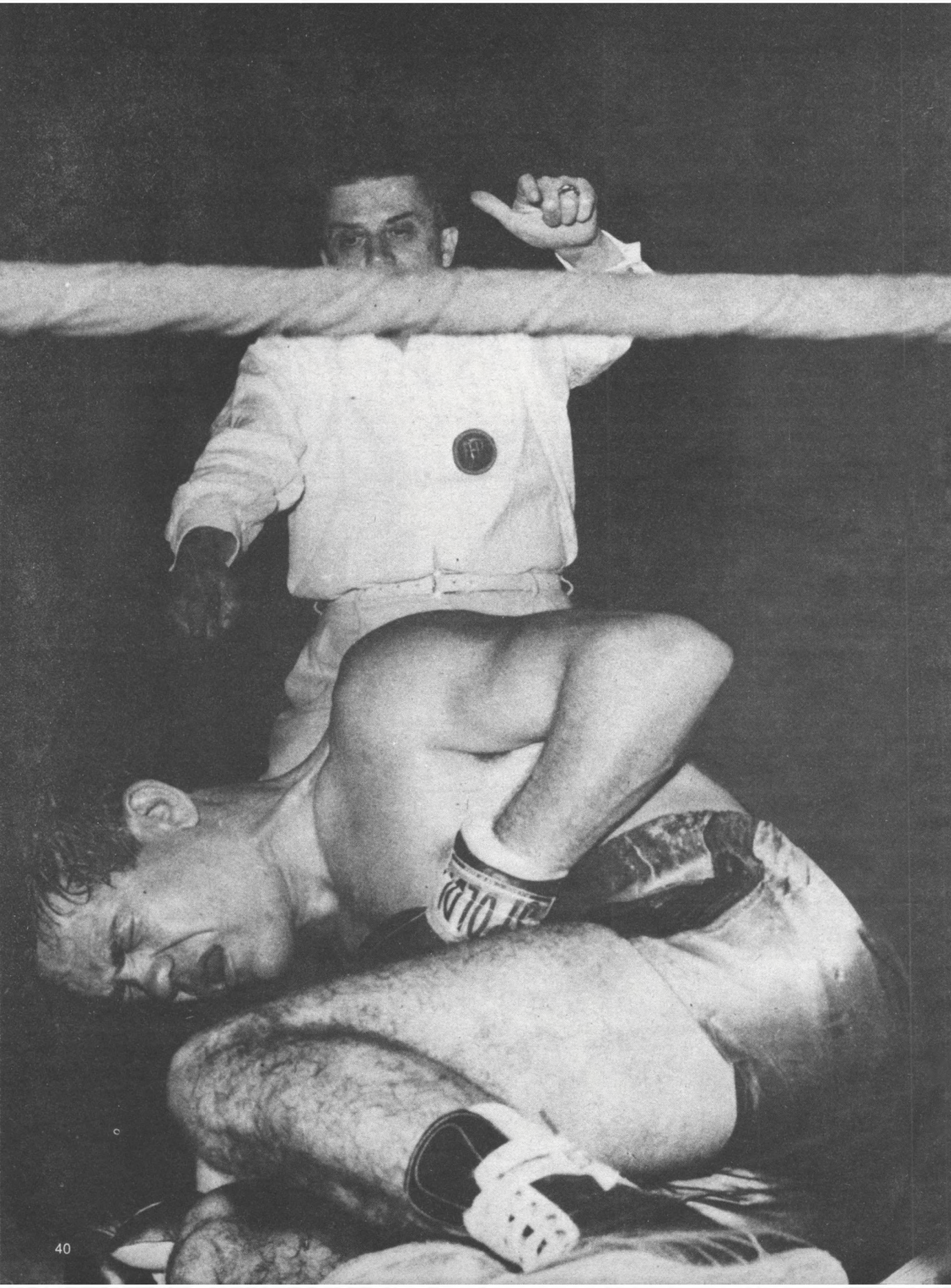
LIVING UP TO WARRANTIES

If you bought a mobile home between July 1972 and June 1974 and have a gripe, you may be entitled to free repairs that you are not aware of. At least you



Unwarranted trouble

will get a second chance on warranty repairs if your mobile home came from these four companies—Sky-Corp., Fleetwood Enterprises, Inc., Commodore Corp., or Redman Industries. The Federal Trade Commission accused the mobile home manufacturers of issuing warranties that did not inform purchasers of the actual protection that was available to them and of failing to establish adequate programs to correct defects in the units. Under a settlement the four companies agreed to new repair policies and to start up improved warranties.



HE OPENS his mouth to breathe when he talks and he walks with a slight stoop. The flesh around his eyes looks like charred rope. One eye droops—a deep cut above the lid that didn't heal

By **ROBERT JOE STOUT**

properly—and his lower lip shows the scars of more than one set of stitches. He is thirty-nine years old, broke, a felon and an alcoholic. In his lifetime he has fought in bars, prisons and in arenas under glaring lights. His professional record was 108-24-9. Of those fights, only 11 were main events. Despite his age, and health, and physical condition, he'd fight again—if anybody would let him.

Beto Ybanez is not one of a kind, a phenomenon one meets only once in a lifetime. East Los Angeles is filled with ex-fighters and fighters-to-be. Across from us in the poolroom where we were talking, two teenagers laughingly burst into fistcuffs. Not bar-fighting, but boxing, their heads bobbing and half-
(Con't on page 66)

Any fighter in East L.A.—the young tough, the sick or hurt, the defenseless old timer—will jump at the chance to get into the ring one more time.



A hundred losers for every winner, a thousand *divers* for every Champ . . . you can smell boxing in East L.A., and many times, it stinks

EAST L.A.

AN EX-FIGHTER'S TOWN WITHOUT PITY

THE CRUCIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MALE AND FEMALE ORGASMS



For some women, having a one-night stand with a complete stranger is the key to having orgasms, or in some cases, even multiple orgasms.

Understanding the differences in orgasm “triggers” can get both you and your mate into a whole new ball game of pleasure

By ALEX AUSTIN

DOLORES K., a 25-year-old San Diego housewife:

"From the time I was 18, I always had a regular boyfriend with whom I went to bed. There wasn't any kind of sex act I wouldn't perform with a boy or man I liked. I thought I was completely uninhibited. The only trouble was I never had an orgasm.

"I constantly envied the men I was with for the ease with which they had their orgasms. But I did enjoy being able to

give them pleasure even with this envy. I loved to watch a man while I was performing fellatio on him or while he was balling me. At least it made me feel like a good woman to be able to please my man.

"Then one night, a girlfriend of mine suggested the two of us go down to one of the bars on Harbor Street, on the Bay, where the sailors hung out.

"We ended up with each of us going to a hotel room with a sailor.

"It turned out to be one of the happiest and most puzzling nights of my life—simply because I had my first orgasm.

"The happy part of the night, of course, was having the orgasm. The puzzling part was why I hadn't had one before with any of the other men I had been to bed with. This sailor was a fine lover, but I'd had men who were better, much better.

"When I told my girlfriend, who was three years older than I was, she (*Continued on page 94*)



When women don't reach orgasm, some men feel it's their fault. But, in most cases, it's simply a lack of know-how about physiological and emotional differences in building up excitement.

MULTIPLE SEX

(Continued from page 11)

Dr. Vincent Larner of St. Louis, Missouri, is a psychologist who specializes in marriage counseling and is a consultant to one of the largest church denominations in the greater St. Louis area.

"I would say," Dr. Larner told a class of third-year medical students last spring, "that in about 12 or 13 percent of the couples who come to me with their problems it eventually boils down to the fact that the husband is miserable because he is not sexually satisfied and should be having multiple relations. And this doesn't mean that the wife is unattractive or sexually frigid, though this is sometimes true. What it does mean is that some men, even with mates who are sexually stimulating and adventuresome, must have more, the stimulation of another body, the excitement of a different sexual routine and relationship. In extreme cases it is important to their sanity."

In less extreme cases men who should be participating in multiple sex and are not tend to be bad tempered, tend to smoke and drink too much, sometimes to the point of becoming alcoholics. "I may be wrong," one doctor said in casual conversation during a recent medical association meeting in Atlanta, "but I'd rather have a man cheat on his wife than become a drunk."

In addition to alcoholism many doctors now think that some cases of high blood pressure, colitis and ulcers are being caused by frustrations suffered by these men.

Now who are these men who *must* have more sex than the rest of us, and why must they have it? Drs. Marchuk, Larner and others interviewed for this article all agree that there is no test, no way to recognize men who should be living multiple sex lives. They are found in all races and religions, all economic groups, in every section of the country. "They know who they are," Dr. Leonard Hart, Charles Snyder's physician said in answer to the question. "A man who, after a certain amount of steady sexual relationship with one woman is still unsatisfied, that's the sign, the only test I know. Love has nothing to do with it. You can love a woman and still want to go to bed with others. Most often these men, after putting up with the frustration for a while will start cheating casually, pick up someone for a one-night thing, or go to bed with someone at the office or factory, or with a neighbor or old girl friend. But that's unsatisfactory, too, and pretty soon they're frustrated again. The thing about these men is that, if it were at all possible, they would probably prefer living bigamously, with two women at the same time. Of course, this is where they would get into trouble with the law."

Most experts agree that physical need is one thing, but the practicality of the situation often intrudes and men who

lean toward needing multiple sex find it impossible to achieve.

"Community pressures," Dr. Marchuk says. "In a small town it can be almost unbearable. In San Francisco it is a lot easier to have a second steady sexual partner than, say in Lindsay, Texas. But even in San Francisco it can be difficult. One of my patients who needs multiple sex, found someone easily. The women wasn't married and they were able to use her apartment. It turned out to be a great arrangement because she was the type of woman who wanted to have steady sex but because she had a good executive position, didn't want to get married, or get too involved with a man. So my patient was just perfect for her. The only trouble was that his wife's brothers found out about the arrangement. They took him for a ride to a deserted area just outside the city and beat the living hell out of the poor guy. And they warned him that if he didn't stop seeing this other woman they would put a bullet through his skull. They would have, too. Fortunately, this is a very extreme example, but it does happen."

And, of course, most wives and girl friends don't usually take easily to the idea of their men having outside sexual interests. Wives have legal status. They can put the pressure on by threatening, or suing for, divorce. Which, aside from the psychological traumas involved also usually means stiff alimony payments. But girl friends have weapons, too. One jabbed an ice pick into the back of an Omaha psychiatrist who had prescribed multiple sex for her man.

So even though some men would be better off participating in multiple sex just the circumstances in which they find themselves prevent them from doing so.

Physical stamina is another consideration, according to Dr. Larner. You'd better be in good shape if you want to satisfy two women simultaneously, not to mention the energy needed to maintain the two relationships. No matter what the second woman says, no matter how cool she is to the arrangements, she wants to be romanced, she wants to be wined and dined a little.

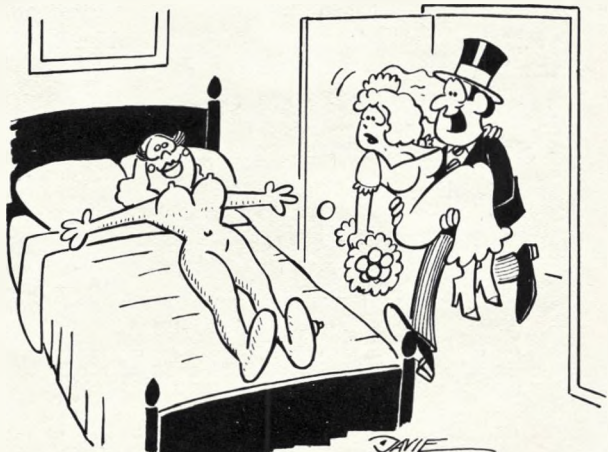
Maybe you can get away with telling a wife that you're too tired to go out that night but you can't tell that to a

mistress. And if you are living in a small town where everyone in the county knows you, your mother, father, brothers, sisters and cousins, you are going to have to do some traveling for that wining and dining.

Which brings us to another practical qualification for being involved in multiple sex. And that is money. You bet it's going to cost you extra keeping that second woman happy. And you must remember that this is a steady relationship that goes on week after week and maybe if you're lucky your woman will have an apartment, a place to shack-up. But if she doesn't, and you don't have an accommodating friend who won't ask too many questions, odds are you are going to have to spring for a second rent. And there's going to have to be presents, plus the tabs for that wining and dining. And, at today's prices even the gasoline it's going to cost you can be a factor.

But given all of these things, Dr. Marchuk brings up another factor: Some of the men who need multiple sex, more men than you would think, feel guilty, ashamed of it. "One patient," he says, "got up from the couch and walked out, just like that. And I haven't seen him since. He was the last one in the world you would think would be offended, or embarrassed, which is what he was. He was a truck driver, a big, burly, otherwise healthy man. But he was miserable. And he was suffering with a lot of headaches. We went into his sex life, found that he and his wife had intercourse most every night. But he was bored with it. At first I suggested experimentation you know, fellatio, cunnilingus, other positions, things like that. They tried it all but still he wasn't satisfied, his headaches became more and more severe. There was nothing physically wrong with him, tests proved that beyond any doubt. So I suggested that he find another woman and, as I've said, he just walked out."

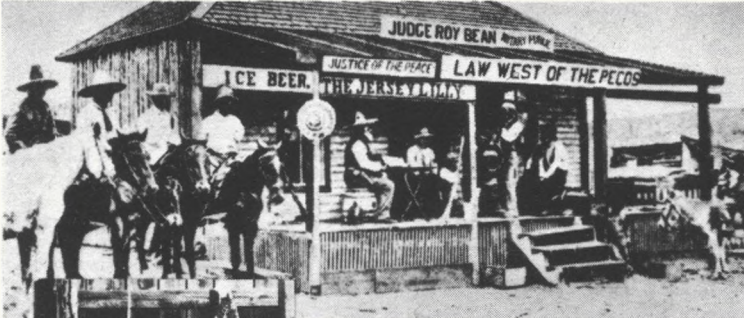
Other doctors tell of patients having violent reactions accusing them of wanting to wreck their marriages or relationships with a steady girl friend. But most of these eventually calm down and indicate at least a willingness to try the cure. The patient of one Dever doctor agreed but only if the doctor found the second



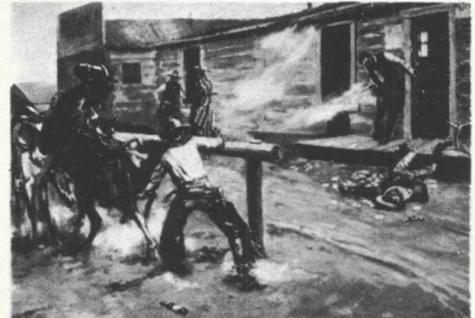
"Jeez . . . I was so excited this morning, I forgot to throw her away."

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"Whew! What a mess the world is in—I'm glad I never promised it to you."

woman for him. He was only half-kidding. But the doctor took him up on it. It just so happened that he had a woman patient who needed this kind of therapy. So, in a roundabout way he introduced them, not mentioning anything, not even telling them that the other was also his patient. And it worked. For the past couple of years they have been meeting several times a week and neither one has any more need for the doctor.

But too much emphasis shouldn't be placed upon men whose doctors prescribe multiple sex for them. By far, as has already been explained, the largest percentage of the men who need more than one relationship at a time go out and do so instinctively. What the doctors want to say is that rather than breaking any kind of code, as even many of these men may feel they are doing, they are acting out a natural basic need and they can no more stop themselves from doing what they are doing than they can stop breathing air. And doctors like Paul Marchuk believe that more information should be made available to those men who should be having multiple sex and are somewhat doubtful about it. They believe that more publicity hasn't been given the problem because of fear and anti-sex prejudice of newspaper and magazine editors and the owners of radio and television stations. A good many doctors also now believe that this country might benefit, suffer fewer tragedies ranging everywhere from murder and rape all the way to automobile accidents if more people understood the phenomenon.

What suggestions do Dr. Marchuk and others have for those men who feel that they might be the one in 250 who should be participating in multiple sex? There are really no rules and, as has already been explained, there are no tests. If a man feels that he should have more than one steady sex partner he should give it a try. If it doesn't work out, if he, for one reason or other can't support two lovers, then he can always drop one

of them. But, these experts caution, he should be as discreet as possible, both about his needs and about his setting up a second love affair. This is especially, and obviously, true for married men. The doctors emphasize that they don't mean one-night stands when they speak about the second love interest because these can sometimes be more frustrating to multiple sex men than no sex at all. They caution men who want to try to think out their situations carefully. What they want multiple sex men to avoid is a sudden estranged behavior toward the first woman. She is as important to the experiment as the second woman.

There are some doctors who feel that in rare cases a multiple sex man might think about telling his wife, or steady girl friend about his second relationship. But there's a question whether or not this is the correct thing to do. One doctor who believes you should do this says that he has found that the women who will agree to the second arrangement are quite often those who will want a second sexual relationship for themselves. "And there's no way of getting around it," he says. "Especially in this day and age. If the male partner is given permission for another sexual outlet then the female partner must be given that right, too." However, as another doctor says, "This is not a big problem. Women who will agree to allow their husbands and boy friends to shack up with someone else, and on a steady basis at that, are about as rare as snow in July."

Choosing the right "second woman" is, obviously, very important, too. Not only should a multiple sex man, for practical purposes, shun any of his wife's relatives or acquaintances, but he should try to choose a woman who will fit into the role of a second lover. That means someone has a clear picture of where she stands, that she is not a rival to his wife but a good friend. Ideally, the second woman should be a person who is also seeking a multiple sexual arrange-

ment, someone who's married, say, or a woman who for various reasons definitely doesn't want to get married. It isn't a good idea to be involved with a person who is jealous and demanding and who is eventually going to make trouble.

A question that sometimes comes up in seminars where multiple sex is discussed is: Why stop at two relationships? Why not three, or more?

Simply put, as it is difficult enough having a second steady sexual partner, a third could become a burden, and more than that practically impossible. One Kansas City counselor has written in one of the psychoanalytical journals, that if a multiple sex man with two steady relationships going feels that he has to have another one, he should first drop one that he is already involved in. If it be a wife, then he should seriously think about asking her for a divorce. If it is a girl friend, then he should just sever the relationship.

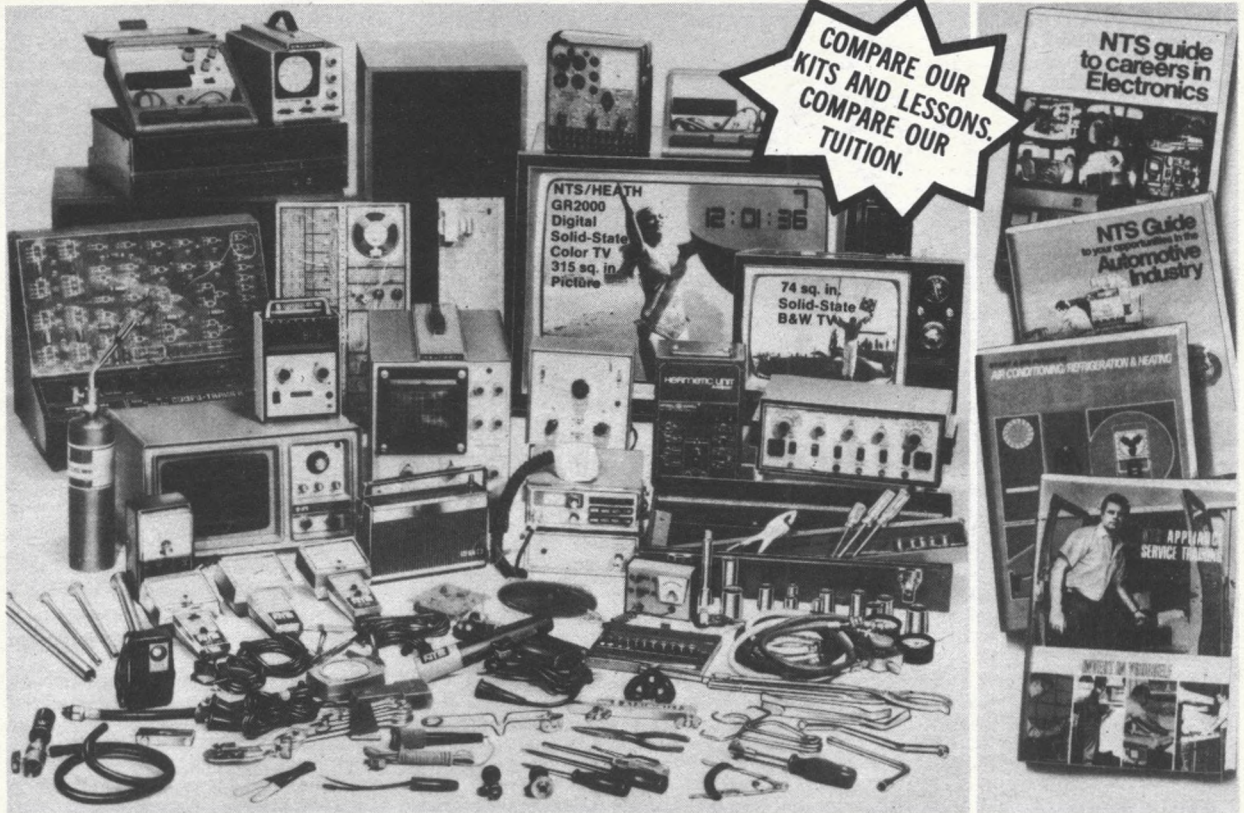
In the same vein, Dr. Marchuk says that some men use multiple sex as a license to ball everything in sight, participate in orgies, and so forth. "And that's a completely different ball game," he said, laughing. "Look, I'm not against any kind of sexual behavior. If you can support it, you should do it. Orgies? I personally think that all men should participate in one, two, perhaps ten orgies in his life time. But on a steady basis, I believe it is a sick way to have sex. And eventually it can be disruptive psychologically. I feel that this multiple sexual need is a very serious thing, too serious to be used as an excuse for indulging yourself. Some men really need the second sexual partner. They need it for their well-being. That is the message I want to get across. Orgies are two different dates every night of the week, that is not for a man who needs multiple sex."

Other doctors say that some men who have been trying to satisfy their sexual needs with numerous pick-ups and orgies, when they do finally set up that second relationship find that they are very satisfied and quit running around.

When all of the interviews and research is over an observer feels that the only thing that now prevents those who should have multiple sex from having it is the so-called "morality" of our particular civilization. And that's wrong. Enough had been learned within the past few years about human sexual behavior to know that the vast majority of old rules no longer apply. Masturbation won't cause you to go blind and may be good for you. Sexual activity doesn't rob you of your strength. You can love as many women as you possibly can see and satisfy. People can have sexual relationships outside of their marriages and rather than wrecking the marriages it can actually strengthen them. And so on. The only rules that apply, and this is for multiple sex men as well as those who simply are satisfied with one sexual experience every two weeks, or less, is: if you think it is the right thing to do, and you are not hurting anyone, and you are willing to take the mature responsibility for your actions, then you can, and should, practice any kind of sexual behavior that best suits your individual needs. □

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MAFIA DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 13)

again. His hands were extended full length when the wiry Morrell moving with blinding speed stepped in close and delivered a short crushing left hook that travelled no more than six inches.

The man hit the ground as if the sidewalk had jerked out from under his feet like a rug.

The surviving heavy looked unbelievably at his fallen comrade, then at the lithe, wiry man who had dropped him. Slowly, he began to advance on Morrell. Morrell wagged his finger at the oncoming figure warningly. "If I were you, I'd pick up my friend and get the hell out of here while the going was good," he said softly.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson, wise guy," the hulking man threatened Morrell, continuing to move in on him.

"No, you're going to learn a little something, stupid," Morrell retorted, his face growing hard. "A little something to go with manners."

Morrell casually stuck his right hand into his back pocket and grinned at the heavy. Then, he showed him his left. "Keep your eye on it, sucker," the small American added.

The slaughter started slowly. Using only his left hand, Morrell stuck in close to three dozen jabs in the bewildered heavy's face as the victim continued to throw long, looping punches which never touched the smaller man.

When sufficient blood flowed from the heavy's nose, mouth, and cuts above the eye, Morrell changed tactics slightly. The jabs starting straight suddenly in mid-flight turned into deadly, brutal hammering hooks. The heavy's bloody head, snapped backward by jabs, began wobbling left to right and right to left as the hooks came in over and between his guard.

Once the heavy managed to tie up Morrell in a clinch, but the relief gained was momentary—and, in the last analysis, costly. As Morrell twisted free he worked his way behind his opponent, digging shots in the heavy's kidneys. Even as he fired away at the mid-back of the heavy, Morrell knew from years of past experience as a professional boxer that his foe would be urinating blood the next day.

Weary of the game, Morrell stepped back, observed his battered opponent, then threw a long left uppercut into the already defeated heavy's gut. The man doubled over. Morrell straightened him up with a hook, then drove a left cross straight into his victim's nose. The delicate facial bones cracked like wooden match sticks, and the heavy sunk to his knees on the sidewalk like a man dropping into a prayerful kneel. For several seconds, he wavered there on his kneecaps, then tumbled forward unconscious.

Morrell spun around. The owner of the cafe and an old friend of Morrell, Aldo Giotto, was standing there with a wet towel

which he gravely offered to his American frequenter of his establishment.

"To freshen up," he explained. "Before you go off with these gentlemen."

Morrell looked quizzically at the cafe owner, then at the first heavy who had recovered while the American fought the second. The later was holding a nasty looking .38 directly at Morrell's stomach.

"I guess I will go to Anzio after all," Morrell agreed cheerfully. He thanked the cafe owner for the wet towel, then kissed the hand of the big blonde Swedish girl who seemed more upset by missing out on another sexual encounter than seeing her lover go off at gunpoint. Finally, he turned to the gun-toting henchman, nodded slowly, then got into the big Citroen CX at the curb in which the two men had arrived an hour earlier.

Anzio: 12 APRIL 75.

The ride to the port of Anzio was uneventful. Morrell took the wheel while the man sat next to him in the front seat with his weapon trained on the American's head. The day was beautiful in the best spring Morrell had known since he arrived in Italy five years ago following his medical discharge from the U.S. Army. Looking out at the peaceful beaches and town, it was hard to believe that 30 years ago, the Allies had fought furiously to gain a toehold on the bloody sands of Anzio during the invasion of Italy.

"Who are we going to see?" Morrell asked sharply.

The heavy said nothing, but merely pointed out a wharf and signalled the driver to stop when they arrived. A few moments later, Morrell was prodded up the gangplank of an enormous yacht by a gun pressed in the small of his back. A seaman, who Morrell could see by the bulge in his jacket was also armed, escorted him to the main passenger cabin aft.

The instant Morrell entered the lushly-furnished cabin, he understood who had summoned him—if not why. Eddie Cassell's picture had graced the front pages of countless American newspapers, particularly during U.S. Senate Investigating Committee's numerous careful scrutinization looks at organized crime within the United States. Reputed to be one of the four most powerful and richest big-time hoodlums in the country, he had nevertheless avoided prosecution for everything except the occasional traffic violation. In addition, he had expanded his financial interests (using money derived from gambling, drugs, and prostitution) first into legitimate business enterprises in construction and shipping, then into politics. A recent newspaper account had it he personally owned enough judges, elected officials, and backroom political bosses to hold his own mini political convention.

"Have a seat, Mr. Morrell," Cassell said softly in a soft, even, cultivated voice. He signalled the sailor standing behind Morrell to leave them alone. When the door has closed behind the man, Cassell poured Morrell a drink from a well-stocked bar.

Morrell looked at his drink coolly, then sipped. It was, he thought, well mixed, heavy on the booze, light on the chaser. "Why me?" he asked after a pause, genuinely interested.

Cassell picked up a folder lying on a coffee table and shoved it across so that Morrell could read the title on it:

**CONFIDENTIAL REPORT ON
TERRY MORRELL**

Submitted by J.G. Walgreen
Licensed Private Investigator

"I hired a P.I. to check you out," Cassell said with a grin that had little or no humor behind it. Tapping the folder, he added, "It's all here. Family background, university education, service record in Army Intelligence, your setting up your own Private Investigation Firm in Europe. Says you specialize in finding lost children and wives for rich parents and husbands. Also says you make well over \$150,000 a year. You must be very good."

Morrell acknowledged the compliment with a nod of his head. Walgreen (or his staff) had done a pretty thorough job; he had always thought that his yearly earnings were a secret known only to him and the Internal Revenue Department.

"I'd like you to work for me," Cassell said simply.

"Go hire Walgreen," Morrell retorted. Cassell snorted. "He's not the man I need," he said, extracting an envelope from his jacket and tossing that toward Morrell.

Morrell glanced through the contents of the envelope: there were five, crisp \$10,000 bills. And, in the event he decided not to declare it as income, the serial numbers were non-consecutive and hence untraceable.

"I want you to find my daughter," Cassell went on tonelessly. He added a photograph of a pretty, blonde girl 18 or 19 years old to the growing pile of Walgreen's folder on Morrell and his envelope of fifty thousand dollars. "Walgreen said," Cassell continued, "that you were the very best man in Europe to locate a missing child."

Morrell fingered the envelope full of dollars, and asked, "Missing?"

"No, not missing," Cassell replied. He took from his pocket the last piece of information to complete the puzzle for Morrell.

It was a crudely written kidnap note. And the note's message was as crude as the writing.

Maria would die painfully if Cassell didn't fork up \$1,000,000, which was to be dropped by parachute at a designated spot in the mountains of Calabria.

Morrell shook his head. "Pay the money," he said. "You can afford it."

Cassell stroked his chin. "I already have," he replied after a pause. "They took the money—but they didn't send back my daughter."

"She could be dead," Morrell reminded Cassell. He didn't see any point pussy-footing with a killer about the delicate subject of violent death.

"Might be," Cassell conceded. "I just have to know then, and you keep the money I paid you."

Morrell looked at the money once more. "You still haven't answered my question," he said. "Why me?"

"Because you have experience," Cassell answered. "Because you don't look like a goddamn gumshoe or talk like one. Because you can get up there where she's being held without them thinking I'm



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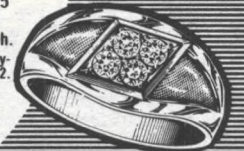
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trying to spring her. That's why I can't send my own guys either. They'd spot those torpedoes coming from fifty miles away. I'd risk Maria getting hurt. No, I picked you for a reason. You speak the language, you look like you have some class, and you're discreet."

Morrell nodded. It made sense. Cassell couldn't bitch too loud that a bunch of mountain bandits had snatched his daughter, or he'd lose face among his colleagues.

"What was she doing in Italy?" Morrell demanded.

"I sent her over to go to school," replied Cassell sourly. "I thought it would be safer if she went to a finishing school abroad. That's a real laugh."

Morrell tried out a commiserating expression, then looked serious again. "I'll let you know," he told Cassell.

Cassell picked up the \$50,000 in his fist. "And this retainer?" he asked.

"I said I'd let you know," Morrell repeated, and left the cabin.

Anzio: 13 APRIL 75.

On the next evening, Morrell was shown into Cassell's cabin. He said nothing until the mobster had handed him a large scotch and he had taken a sip.

"Well?" asked Cassell.

"No deal," answered Morrell.

Cassell's face clouded. He swallowed hard before asking, "Why not?"

"Because you're full of it," Morrell shot back.

There was an ugly silence.

"You gave me a big song and dance about how I was the right man for the job," Morrell went on. "How you needed someone with class instead of a cheap, dumb punk. What did you take me for? Didn't you think I'd check out the story?"

Morrell looked up. Cassell was standing above him.

"Find my daughter Maria," Morrell scoffed. "They've kidnapped her and won't return her even though I've paid. That sounded phony right from the beginning. In this country, you always get the kidnapped victim back once the ransom has been paid."

"Are you saying I didn't pay the million?" Cassell asked.

"I'm saying you have no daughter

Maria, damn it," Morrell exploded. "You were looking to set me up for something is what I'm saying. I'm a private investigator, not a finger man."

Cassell turned away and mixed himself a drink. Then, he returned toward Morrell.

"Take the fifty G's," Cassell said. "As a retainer. You're the guy I want."

"Who's the girl in the photograph?" Morrell demanded.

Cassell told him—reluctantly: "She's my wife."

It was Morrell's turn to rise to get himself a drink. He returned to his seat somewhat shaken. Cassell picked up where he left off. "For a lot of good reasons," he admitted, "I didn't want to say my wife got snatched. Very few people know we're married. If they did, they'd think it kind of odd a guy like me, going on 50 years of age, goes and marries a girl just 20 who looks even younger. I haven't been a widower too long either. You'd be surprised, Morrell, how most of the guys I do business with have old-fashioned ideas about this subject. Anyway, what the hell's the difference?"

"You really think mountain bandits would snatch her?" Morrell wanted to know. "They usually grab home-grown products."

"What about Getty's kid?" Cassell retorted.

"You've got a point," Morrell conceded. "Still, something doesn't smell quite right? You've got a boatload of enemies back in the States. How can you be sure they're not behind it?"

Cassell looked offended. "No way," he said adamantly. "Wives and children, never. Unless they're taking part in a war, they're never touched. Absolutely never. It's got to be bandits."

Morrell picked up the retainer. Cassell said, "You get another chunk the same size when you come back with Maria," he said.

Crotone: 17 APRIL 75.

Morrell felt like a jackass sitting in a cafe in Crotone. The Calabrian village in the toe of the boot of what is southern Italy was hot, dusty, and all but deserted as the heat spell continued to rage unabated for three weeks. Most of the other tourists had packed up and headed north for the

Mediterranean resorts of Nice, Cannes, St. Raphael, and Portofino.

Morrell looked down at the recently purchased film equipment on the chair next to him: the expensive 16 mm camera, sophisticated recording devices and other technical paraphernalia like lenses, filters, tapes, film, and portable power sources. It had cost more than five thousand dollars for it all, more than enough to tempt hill-dwelling bandits were he to visit the mountains in search of material for his "documentary," about which he had spoken to everyone in the village.

Morrell rose and walked to his Ferrari parked at the curb nearby. An hour later, the brilliant red sports car was gliding through the narrow, twisting mountain roads.

Morrell saw the body lying half on, half off the road shortly after 3 o'clock. Even as he eased off the gas pedal and applied the brakes, he couldn't help thinking how clumsy and poorly-planned was the trap. It didn't seem likely that a group of half-assed bandits could snatch the wife of Cassell and hold her to ransom against his legion of button men.

Morrell got out of the car and went through his paces. First, he knelt by the fallen figure, then turned it over to scan the face of the young man pretending to be unconscious. When the American P.I. decided that the charade had gone far enough, he looked up. Coming down the hillside were two tough looking Calabrian bandits, their *lupari* (shotguns) held in front of them.

Morrell raised his hands above his head and tried to look frightened.

An hour later, the three bandits (including the young man who had feigned unconsciousness to have Morrell stop) arrived at a deserted farmhouse.

"We'll wait here," the bandits' leader, a short, powerful man who smelled goaty, told the others in Italian. "Pietro will be along within an hour."

Morrell appeared not to understand. It amused him that the bandits assumed no one but a native-born Italian could understand the language they spoke.

Pietro arrived promptly. He was a tall, handsome young man, somewhere around 30, with a sharp, intelligent face. He appraised Morrell carefully. "You have rich relatives?" he asked in passable English.

Morrell made a point of protesting about his capture, treatment, and imprisonment before replying that he did indeed have a wealthy aunt and uncle who would undoubtedly do all they could to raise the money to ransom him—providing the demand was within reason.

"You will write and ask them for \$25,000," Pietro told him. "That's not much," he added.

Morrell agreed. They were holding Cassell's daughter for 40 times that amount. He was small potatoes.

At dusk, the bandits led by Pietro and Morrell, his hands tied, started off into the mountains. The American P.I. made a special point of memorizing as much of the terrain as he could. He was grateful the bandits had not bothered to blindfold him. Either they thought him too much a fool—a stupid filmmaker who didn't know enough to stay out of the Calabrian mountains while flaunting his wealth—or they



"Me unfair! Hah! What about my employees? Just look at all the slugs they've been putting in the pay toilets in the staff washrooms."

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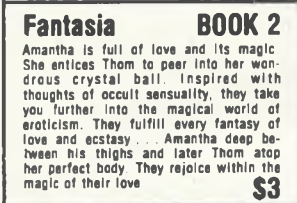


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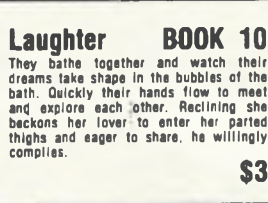
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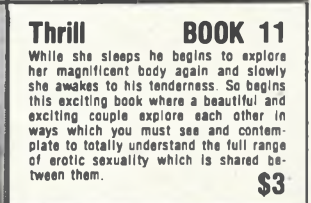
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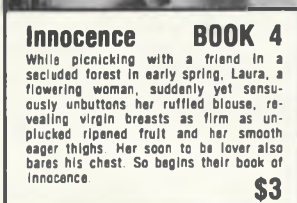
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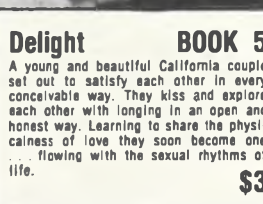
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planned to kill him, so that there would be no chance he would lead the *Carabinieri* back to the mountain hideout.

When they arrived at the camp, it had grown chill and a fire was blazing. Morrell took a seat close to the roaring flames in order to warm himself. It seemed incredible that down below in the valley, a heat wave was raging while above in the mountain fastness the nights were almost bitterly cold. The temperature gave him a further clue as to the altitude of the camp.

An older woman gave him a bowl of food and some bread while he sat there watching Pietro, the bandits who had "captured" him and their comrades whispering in the flickering light of the campfire.

Suddenly, he heard the unmistakable sound of hoofbeats, and a man on horseback trotted into the camp and dismounted near the fire. Morrell studied him carefully. There was little doubt in his mind that the new arrival was Salvatore Mangano, the undisputed leader of the Calabrian bandits and the man who had personally signed the crudely written ransom note for Maria, Cassell's young bride. Morrell's throat went dry. He was getting close to his goal.

Salvatore Mangano, Morrell saw, was impressive: taller than most Calabrians, more powerfully built, and, because he was their leader, more cunning and cruel. The title of Chieftain among the Calabrians, unlike that among the other bandits of the south, was not conferred through heredity, but one earned in battle among co-equals.

Mangano met Morrell's gaze, and walked over toward him. He seemed puzzled by his captor. Morrell raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"It's hard to believe you're such a fool," Mangano said in flawless English. "I was told they laid a trap to capture you. It seems more likely you laid a trap to be captured."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Morrell protested.

Mangano frowned and shrugged. "We shall see," he said ominously.

Within 15 minutes, the bandits with their captive Morrell were on the move again. The American assumed he was being taken to a nearby camp. There he would see once and for all whether Maria Cassell was, as her husband believed, being held captive for ransom. She might well be dead by this time. Mangano struck him as a real professional who would be reluctant to release a prisoner alive that could lead someone like Cassell and his men back to their hiding place.

A few hours later, at midnight, Morrell realized that he had been wrong about going to a camp. It was anything but "nearby." They had been walking almost without stop, and his feet were badly blistered within his sporty shoes made for everything but walking. He looked enviously at the bandits' comfortable sandals and light clothing as they strolled easily ahead of him through the moonlit night up and down the rugged terrain.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, a halt was called. Morrell fell instantly asleep. At dawn, he was re-awakened, and the marching men set out again.

"We'll be in camp before the hot noon-day sun," Mangano promised. It was literally the first words he had spoken to

Morrell since conversing with him around the fire the evening before.

The bandits and their captive, however, did not get to the camp. Within five minutes of setting off on the last leg of their journey, the scene suddenly erupted.

The young bandit who had feigned unconsciousness by the side of the road to make Morrell stop his car was the first to fall. A glance at his brains splattered over the rock behind him convinced Morrell he was not pretending this time. Morrell leaped headfirst for the nearest ditch, landing face down in muddy, murky water. As he came up sputtering and spitting, he saw another bandit catch a bullet in his gut. The man held his entrails dangling from its gaping wound like a pack of snakes, then pitched forward dead.

Mangano emptied his rifle, reloaded, and set up enough withering fire for one surviving bandit comrade to get into a narrow ravine and out of the murderous cross-fire. Then, he ran full speed through the same ravine after him while bullets kicked up dirt at his feet and ricocheted off the boulders on each side.

Morrell, unarmed but unhurt, stayed under cover through the long period of silence that followed the deafening ambush, then stood up with his hands raised above his head. Had another gang of bandits decided to rob Mangano's Calabrians of their captive? Nothing made any sense. The hot sun beat down on him, making him dizzy. Less than 10 yards away, the head-shot youth lay oblivious to the flies playing about his shattered skull. A pool of blood had spread out, Morrell noticed, onto the earth surrounding the youth's head, making it look as if someone had awarded him a crimson halo.

The ambushers slowly emerged from cover and began to file down the hillsides toward Morrell. They carried, for the most part, automatic rifle, but one held a sub-machine gun.

Morrell recognized him immediately as the meaner of the two heavies he had dumped on the Via Veneto almost a week ago.

"We figured you was in trouble," the heavy told Morrell laconically.

"Who the hell told you to tag along?" Morrell demanded bitterly. The heavy and Cassell's other boys had ruined everything.

"Who do you think, wise guy?" the heavy retorted. "You got a beef, take it up with him. You'd think," he added, turning to look at the rest of his men gathering round, "the dumb bastard might show some appreciation. They'd have killed him a lot earlier if they wanted to carry all his equipment. Instead, they let him carry it like the jackass he is to save them the sweat."

Morrell took a step toward the heavy but stopped in his tracks when the sub-machine came up a fraction of an inch and pointed dead at his naval.

"I told you to take it up with the boss," the heavy warned. Morrell saw he hoped his conquerer in the fist fight couldn't wait until then, and that he could pull the trigger and cut his target in half.

Morrell wasn't about to give him the satisfaction.

Anzio: 21 APRIL 75.

"I quit," Morrell told Cassell, tossing the racketeer what remained of the

retainer after the private investigator had deducted his expenses and the money spent on film and recording equipment. "Find yourself another patsy. Those thickheaded goons of yours almost cost me my life—and probably got your wife killed in the bargain. You should have never let them tail me."

Cassell looked genuinely apologetic. "Look, Terry," he argued, "I sent them along to protect you. They lost their heads, that's all. It was for your own benefit."

"And what about your wife?" Morrell asked.

"I figure she's dead anyway," Cassell said gloomily. "I sent the money along. They didn't give her back. She can't be alive. There's been no word."

"No more notes?" inquired Morrell.

"Not a one," Cassell replied.

"I sure wish to hell I was sure one way or another," Morrell said. "I'd have found out if I got into their camp."

"You'd have never got out," Cassell insisted. "You had no gun and you were tied hand and foot."

"I'd have got out," Morrell argued.

Cassell shook his head from side to side.

Morrell reached down and removed his shoes. "Take a good look at these," he told Cassell. "I was wearing these when I let them capture me."

The private investigator shifted the heel of the right shoe. Inside was the barrel of a .32 automatic. Within the heel of the left shoe when opened was the butt filled with a clip of bullets. Buried beneath the sole of the same shoe was a switchblade.

"I'd have got away," Morrell said. "And I'd have brought your wife if she was alive."

Cassell got up and paced around the cabine of the yacht. "It's no good crying over spilt milk," he said venomously. "I'd like her blasted out of there. It's the only way."

"Impossible," Morrell scoffed.

"I got men," Cassell said. "You could take them up, be in charge. You were a pretty big hotshot in the war. What do you say?"

"I wouldn't lead those meatheads of yours into a whorehouse if I owned it," Morrell said. "They'd be sitting ducks up there in the mountains. You caught Mangano once, but you're not going to catch him again. And those guys would rip your men apart. They have the advantage of knowing the terrain and how to take advantage of it. They're in shape for mountain fighting. Your guys start breathing heavy when they have to lift more than two beers to their mouths. I'm telling you, Mr. Cassell, forget it. If your wife's still alive, they might contact you or let her go."

Morrell rose to leave.

"I asked you to do it for me as a favor," Cassell said evenly. "I'd prefer not putting on any pressure, Terry."

"You threatening me?" Morrell asked.

"I said I'm asking," Cassell repeated.

Morrell thought a moment. "It's going to cost a lot of money," he told the hoodlum. "Maybe a half million."

"That's a lot," Cassell observed.

"I've got to hire some real talent," Morrell replied. "That's the first part of the deal."

"And what's the second?" Cassell asked.

(Continued on page 56)

"War injuries left me severely handicapped, but I'm making a very good living in Locksmithing, thanks to your course. Word of mouth advertising has been enough to make my business a financial success from the start. Besides, I'm my own boss doing something I thoroughly enjoy,"

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Henry Rivas, Los Angeles, Calif.

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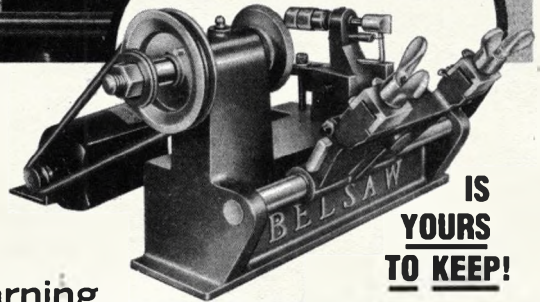
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WHAT A WORLD

THE BIG BUSINESS OF IRON CURTAIN BREAKOUTS—Three years ago, it used to cost between \$1400 and \$2300 to arrange an escape from East Berlin. At this writing, the leading "escape mogul" is charging up to \$11,500 per person. Advertising his services as "family get-togethers," the breakout artist claims he has brought more than 400 people out of Communist Germany—earning, in the process, about three-quarters of a million dollars. Mini subs, specially built cars with secret compartments to hide an escapee, daring runs through mine fields, nighttime swims across the river under guns of Red guards—you name it, he's tried it. In a special "escape museum" near the international checkpoint, some of the more ingenious breakout gadgets are on display for tourists. And if you think there's any slack in the bustout business, 442 persons crossed the German border during the first six months of 1974, in addition to 1658 who escaped from other Iron Curtain countries.

ORAL SEX FIRST-TIMERS—"I was sitting on the floor, my head nestled against Jim's thighs as he sprawled in the club chair. We were both naked and had already had one marvelous sex session. Suddenly I was aware of his penis becoming erect again, only inches from my face. He had tried to get me to perform oral sex for months, but I had never done it before and just couldn't bring myself to start. Maybe it was the warm afterglow of what had just happened, but suddenly I just wanted to feel him in my mouth. Slowly, I turned my head and gently kissed the shaft of his penis. He placed his hands on



Once is not enough

the back of my head, encouraging me on. I slid my tongue up until I had traced every part, then suddenly took Jim entirely into my mouth. It was a warm feeling I'll never forget." That was one of 500 women who agreed to tape-record their first-time oral sex experiences for a midwestern sex behavior institute investigating the subject

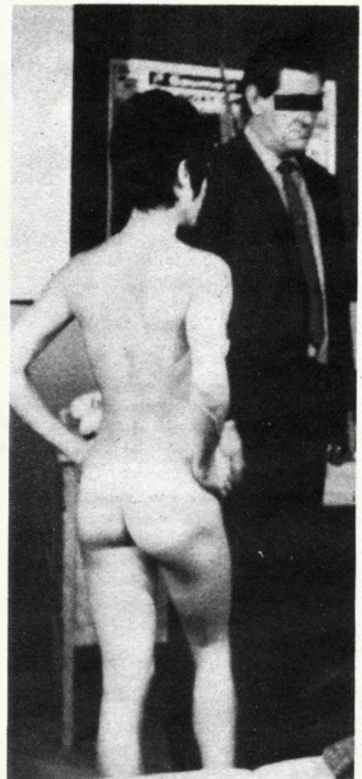
of mouth-genital contacts. More than 80 per cent of the women admitted oral sex was enjoyable from the very first—a fulfillment of fantasies most had masturbated to since early teenage. Most common way the women got into to oral sex was to show their gratitude to lovers performing it on them. Only 2 per cent claimed they were so turned off by their first experience that they refuse to attempt it ever again. In those cases, it was traced to such rough mishandling on the part of their partners that the experience became a sort of "oral rape."

THE TARANTULA THAT STOPPED A CRIME WAVE—When the owner of an Australian jewelry shop found his store window was too small to accommodate a German shepherd guard dog, he decided to fight a rising crime wave with deadly tarantulas. Placing a menacing-looking spider in plain view in the window, the shopkeeper also installed the following sign: "Warning, this area patrolled by tarantulas!" Not only hasn't the jewelry store been hit by would-be heisters since the deadly arachnid appeared on the scene, but the jeweler has another reason to be happy. A guard dog costs \$300 a month in rental fees. The tarantula walks its post for only \$10.

U.S.-SOVIET NUCLEAR SUB COLLISION COVER-UP—Pieced together from crew members' accounts, it has come to light that back in 1969 the *U.S.S. Gato*, a nuclear submarine, slammed into its Russian counterpart well within Soviet waters. Both subs were armed with nuclear weapons at the time, which could have led to an atomic fireworks display if the order had been given to commence firing. Here's what seemed to have happened, according to confused, unofficial eyewitness reports: "We had inadvertently goofed while tracking a Russian sub, and drifted to within one nautical mile offshore. Logs were ordered changed to cover up that error. At about 9 p.m. that November night, 1969, the *Gato* made its first contact with the Russian sub. Either due to bad information or mistakes in sonar charting, the Soviet's speed and position were incorrectly charted and we came in too close. At the point of collision, we expected the Soviet sub to be turning right, and we turned to compensate. However, we overtook the sub, crossed its bow, and he hit us at a 90 degree angle. Our weapons officer ran two decks below, ready to fire our weapons on command. The command never came, as the Russians seemed confused, assuming they had hit an underwater object. Their sonar team wasn't

doing too well. In any case, we were able to get the hell out of there at top underwater speed, back to Guam, for repairs." From all accounts, that wasn't the only ramming in the underwater game of checking out Russia's sonar defenses—the latest was reported in 1974.

SEARCH FOR A HAPPY HOOKER—Ask enough prostitutes how happy they are in their jobs and you'll come up with the answers Peter Whittaker



Hustling: still beats 9-5 work?

did in his book, "The American Way Of Sex." With regard to attitudes, 11 per cent of the girls said they felt generally guilty about the work they are doing. 65 per cent declared themselves basically indifferent to their jobs except for the money, and 24 per cent said they actually enjoyed their work. 32 per cent said they did feel guilty or ashamed at least some of the time, but 89 per cent said they enjoyed their work at least occasionally. Only one girl expressed regret at having become involved; all the rest said they were glad they had discovered the job.

Richard Moss tells us...

"I hate to exercise and I hate to diet but I lost 3³/₄ inches off my waistline... 5¹/₂ lbs. and shaped up in only 5 days!"

"One simple 5 minute (average) exercise, twice daily, while lying on my back, eating about 20% less, but without giving up the foods I love... DID IT!"

IT CREATES STRONGER LEGS
...Slims legs, firms and strengthens thighs.

IT SLIMS YOUR HIPLINE
...Reduces and firms the hipline.

IT INCREASES CHEST SIZE
...Adds inches, firms and helps build an athletic chest.

IT SLIMS YOUR WAISTLINE
Strengthens sagging muscles, removes fat, to flatten your lummy, 2 to 4 inches in 14 days.

DEVELOPS A MORE ATHLETIC APPEARANCE
Broadens shoulders, strengthens arms and legs, develops slimmer lines for a more youthful looking body... without rigid diets or complicated exercises

HELPS BUILD ENDURANCE
Stimulates your metabolism to help build greater energy, vitality and drive power.

"I saw and felt results in the first 3 days."

NO RIGID DIETING... NO COMPLICATED EXERCISES

Using this ingenious "5" Minute Total Body Shaper Plan for just 14 days has you starting to lose inches and pounds, adding muscle and vigor. Use it in the privacy of your own home. It has been used by athletes, businessmen... anyone wanting that muscular athletic look fast. It's safe... Medically Approved... and Guaranteed!

Here are 6 reasons why this amazing plan can have you muscling and shaping up... in 14 days.

- 1. It Concentrates Its Slimming Action On Your Fatty Areas, Waist, Hips, Upper Thighs,** that give you an aging look. Because it works most of your muscles gracefully at one time—not body part by body part—the Plan stimulates faster slimming action to help you start fashioning a more youthful looking figure in 14 days.
 - 2. Simple, to Use. No Disrobing.** Attach it to any door knob, stretch out comfortably on the floor. Do one '5' Minute continuous, rhythmic, enjoyable exercise, twice daily, whenever you have the time, even while watching TV.
 - 3. Designed to Slim Fatty Problem Areas.** Choose 4 different '5' Minute exercises, each created to help slim down the problem fatty deposit areas of your figure in 14 days.
 - 4. No Rigid Dieting.** We suggest you temporarily eat 20% less until you reach your normal weight, without giving up any of the foods you love — eat Ice Cream, Cakes, Pasta, whatever! (It's all in the guide.)
 - 5. Safer and Saves Time.** No more running to gyms for complicated, exhausting workouts that can strain you. This simple '5' Minute Plan, that you do at home, leaves you refreshed.
 - 6. Weighs Only 10 Ounces.** Fits any wallet size case. Stores anywhere. Travels with you so you never have to miss a slimming session. Remember, it's the daily sessions that firm, shape and fashion you a more youthful looking figure.
- It's Fun With Results... "5" Minutes And Out.

THE SECRET WHY IT BEATS FASTING ALONE, MAKING YOUR FIGURE LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

Fasting programs, when causing weight loss, unlike our plan usually burn off more active tissue (muscles) which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag and create dragging fatigue. Our Plan increases active tissue growth—through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser—while concentrating greater fat loss by [exercise and temporary Pat. 3,858,874, © Joe Weider 1973

(PHOTOS CERTIFIED UNRETOUCHED)



**Weight: 153¹/₂ lbs.
Waist: 35¹/₂ in.**

**Weight: 148 lbs.
Waist: 31³/₄ in.**

20 percent food reduction) making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well being. It's so simple and enjoyable a plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it remaining slim without re-gaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles".

USE OUR '5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN FOR 14 DAYS AND WE GUARANTEE YOU THESE RESULTS:

"You Will Lose Inches and Pounds. Improve Your Vitality, Energy, Fitness, Posture, Work Off Body Tensions, Feel and Look Better and Younger — All To Your Satisfaction Within 14 Days — If You Follow Our Instructions — Or Your \$9.95 Will Be Refunded."

EXPERTS AND CUSTOMERS AGREE:

It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast! Scientific reports and many of our 600,000 customers inform us that sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and other "effortless exercisers" are of little or no value in firming, shaping and beautifying your figure. "YOU MUST WORK OFF THE INCHES," experts say. We believe, and results prove, our's is the simplest, safest, most enjoyable Plan to do it. We Guarantee It. Here's a sampling of what our slimming customers tell us that happened to them while using the Plan.

Name	Pounds Lost	Inches Lost (off waistline)	Time
G. C.	25 lbs.	5 ³ / ₄ in.	(14 days)
M. F.	32 lbs.	6 ³ / ₄ in.	(24 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	6 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6 ³ / ₄ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6 ¹ / ₄ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake — temporarily — by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

DO IT NOW! It's America's most successful figure shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proven and some notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works—and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

"Use our improved '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan for 14 days! See what it can do for you! If it is not what we say it is, simply return it to us, in good condition, for your \$9.95 refund."

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City.....

State..... Zip.....

"Complete freedom," Morrell replied. "I call all the shots on the rescue operation. And you keep your guys the hell out. If I find out we're being followed, I abort the mission—and you're out your money and your wife if she's alive. Is that clear?"

Cassell pointed his finger at the wiry private investigator. "You're the only guy in the world who can talk to me like that," he said.

Rome: 2 MAY 75.

Morrell had spent the last three days on the telephone or sending telegrams. As he sat in the suite on the top floor of the Hilton Roma Hotel, he wondered whether his bait would attract the fish he wanted. Only the very best would do in a mission like the one he envisioned.

The first man to enter the suite was Texas-born Jimmy Croft, a tall rangy individual with deep-set eyes and a pair of hands big enough to easily hold a basketball in each. He had served in Morrell's platoon in Vietnam and was an expert in explosives. He had arrived all the way from the Arctic Circle where he worked for an oil company doing exploratory work on the Chukchi Sea.

Not long afterwards came Sandy Sapinski, a short, squat, prematurely bald weapons expert. Like Croft, he had served with Morrell in combat. At present, he worked for an international arms firm selling guns throughout the Middle East.

The third man to arrive was Harry Lightfoot, an American Indian, and old friend of Morrell's. He had acted as a guide on several hunting trips made by the private investigator during vacations in the United States. He said very little. A buddy of Morrell's had once described the Indian's eyes as "deep, dark tunnels." Besides his great skill at tracking, he was a crack shot with a rifle and an expert with a knife.

The four men had lunch in the suite, and over the six-course Italian meal Morrell explained the mission for which they had all been recruited and offered a fee of \$100,000 each.

When Morrell was finished, Croft asked if the mission would endanger the life of Cassell's wife, Maria. He had an aversion to killing women.

"Our client says we can take the risk," Morrell told him. "He paid the ransom. They kept the girl. They asked for no more money. We can assume they're dead."

Lightfoot had an even more simple question. "Why would they do that?" he asked.

Morrell was unable to come up with an answer. It really didn't wash. The success of the great kidnapping "epidemic," as a newspaper had called it, depended on two things: one, the willingness of the rich of the pay up huge sums to free a love one; two, the safe return of the kidnap victim after the money was turned over. Were either party, kidnapped and kidnapper unwilling to fulfil their end of the bargain, the whole process would break down. Which future victim of the Calabrian bandits would be ransomed if it were known the victim was already dead. To put it brutally, it would be like throwing good money after the dead.

Morrell rose from the table carrying his glass of Chianti and walked to a map he had set up near the dining table. "We can't

come back through Crotone without alerting the bandits," he explained. "We'll have to enter the mountains from the west." Morrell pointed to the village of Nicastro on the map. "We can use this spot as a rendezvous, each of us driving down along the west coast from Rome, and assembling there in four days. We'll move out on foot from Nicastro."

"Equipment?" asked Croft.

"We can obtain everything we need in Rome," Morrell answered. "Cassell has a line into everything we'll need. What he can't get here, he'll pick up on his yacht from North Africa."

"Any other questions?" Morrell asked the assembled squad.

There was none. They were professionals, and they knew what they had to do. How they would bring it off depended on the circumstances they found at the time. Planning was only half their skill. Quick adaptation to changing events and suddenly discovered problems was the other.

Morrell passed out three envelopes containing their \$100,000 each. They would send it back to wives, sweethearts, or other relatives. If anything happened to them, it would not be a total loss.

Nicastro: 10 MAY 75.

The heat spell of the previous month had broken throughout the south of Italy by the time Morrell, Croft, Sapinski, and Lightfoot arrived in the village of Nicastro and checked into their hotels.

Bright and early the next morning, the four set out in a Land Rover across the dusty plains until they reached the remote village of Cosenza. Morrell sent Lightfoot to the local stable to purchase pack horses.

"They didn't want to sell any at first," Lightfoot reported when he returned leading four of the best animals obtainable for miles. "It took some convincing."

None of his companions asked for a further explanation. Later, at another cafe, they saw the owner of the stable drinking awkwardly with his left hand. His right was crudely bandaged. Lightfoot had dislocated his shoulder with a karate kick in order to persuade him to part with his horses.

"We should leave right after lunch if we're going to stay ahead of news travelling to Mangano," Morrell had said, and the four were packing the horses with their various pieces of equipment when the tall well-proportioned brunette in the short skirt and peasant blouse approached and introduced herself as Carla Abruzzi.

Morrell asked her curtly what she wanted.

The girl grinned, showing even white teeth. "I thought you might be looking for someone I know," she said cryptically. When neither Morrell nor the others said anything, she added, "Signor Mangano perhaps."

Still, Morrell and the others betrayed nothing through their expressions as they gazed at the girl. Again, Carla Abruzzi continued, "I can help you find him."

While she waited for their answer, the four men moved out of earshot.

"An informer?" Sapinski speculated.

"Too risky," Morrell told him. "If it was for money, her entire family would be wiped out in reprisals. I don't think she'd risk that."

"A trap?" Lightfoot ventured. "Wrong bait," Morrell replied.

The three men turned to Morrell for his explanation.

"It's probably a feud," Morrell said. "If she wants Mangano dead, it's because she hates his guts. Revenge for something. My guess is she was his mistress, and she's been dumped. Getting even for that is a part of honor around these parts."

The four men walked back to Carla Abruzzi. "We've decided to go it alone," Morrell told her. "We'll find Mangano on our own."

The girl sneered. "When you give up the search," she said calmly, "you can find me in San Bruno. I will lead you to him then."

The four men watched her buttocks grinding together as she walked away.

"That's an angry ass," Lightfoot observed.

"It matches the girl," Sapinski felt.

San Bruno: 24 MAY 75.

Morrell, Croft, Sapinski, and Lightfoot arrived weary and hot into San Bruno two weeks later. They had had, as the girl Carla Abruzzi predicted, very little luck. Even Lightfoot's great talent at tracking was useless in an area so vast and unmapped as Calabria. Mangano and his men, along with their capture if still alive, could be anywhere.

Nor were the inhabitants of the region helpful. No matter how much pressure Morrell put upon them, no one was willing to talk about the whereabouts of Mangano. You could only die once, an old man told the American private investigator, and he would prefer to perish at someone else's hands than Mangano's.

Several times, they had gotten within a few miles of Mangano and his men, but it was like trying to catch shadows. Trails ran out in snowy passes, mountain streams, and dusty plains. Once or twice, the four pursuers were fired upon, but the shots were let off too far away to be effective. Morrell regarded the bullets as derisive, insulting, as if the bandits under Mangano were merely taunting them.

While Croft, Sapinski, and Lightfoot bathed and relaxed at the hotel, Morrell went to the most popular cafe. He did not have to wait long before Carla Abruzzi appeared. She had a triumphant look upon her face as she sat down at his table.

"You must hate Mangano with a passion," Morrell observed.

"That's my business," she replied. "Are you ready for me to lead you to him?"

Morrell sighed wearily. "O.K.," he said curtly. "We start out again tomorrow."

Later that night, as Morrell was coming out of the shower, he heard a knock at his door. Wrapping a towel around himself, he walked to his suitcase, picked up a .38 Police Special, and opened the door.

Carla Abruzzi stood outside. She looked at the wiry, half-naked Morrell with an amused expression. Morrell let her in.

"Are you going to put the gun away?" she asked.

"You might be armed," Morrell retorted.

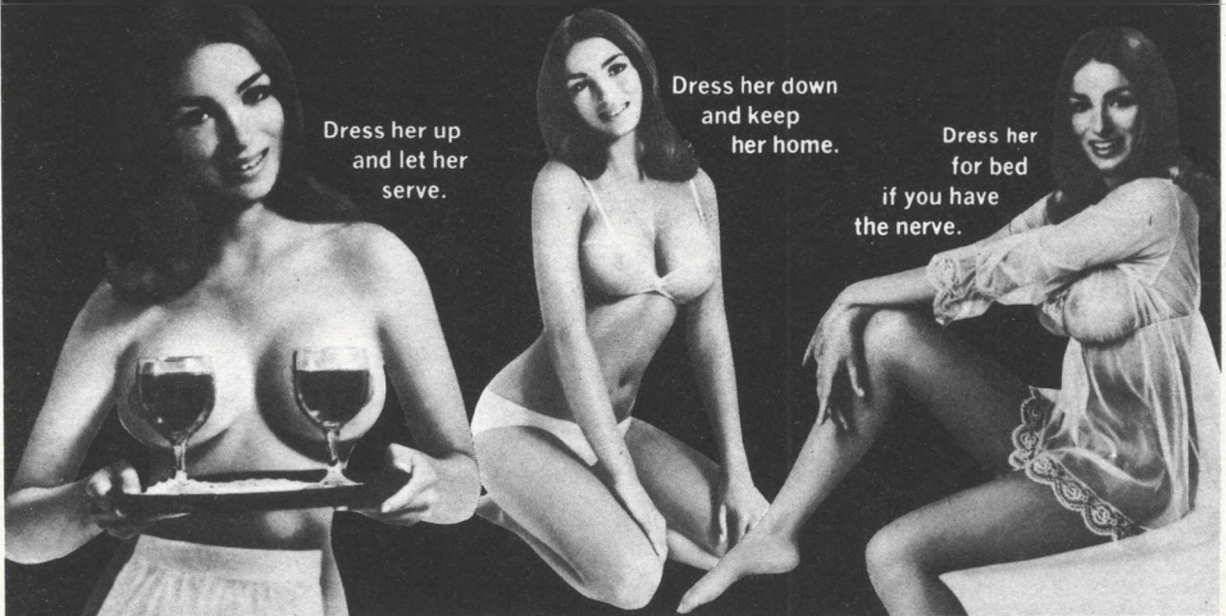
Carla Abruzzi shrugged, then calmly removed her clothes. When she was nude, she turned around slowly, allowing Morrell to study her full body.

"See any weapons?" she asked mockingly.

LIFE SIZE Just Add Air . . . Life-Like in Every Detail!

INFLATABLE DOLL

Snuggle up to your own, **LOVE MAID**



Dress her up
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Dress her down
and keep
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for bed
if you have
the nerve.

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ACCEPT NO IMITATION!

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ONLY **\$9.95** DELUXE MODEL

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Please rush Judy, the LOVE MAID, to me for a 10-day free trial. I understand I must be totally satisfied or my money will be refunded promptly.

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- Send my Judy Love Maid. I enclose \$9.95 plus .95¢ for postage and handling.
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My Love Maid's hair color must be: blonde brunette

PLEASE RUSH. I enclose \$1.00 extra for special rush order.

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California residents add 5% sales tax.

Photos shown are the actual live model from which the doll was fashioned. Dept CM-1275



“... For that, which we are about to receive ... !”

“There are things on that body of yours that look like they might kill a man,” Morrell told her.

“A pleasant death,” Carla Abruzzi conceded, moving into Morrell and removing the towel wrapped around his waist. She spread her legs slightly to accommodate his growing erection. Then, she noticed the American still held his gun.

“You’ve got one pistol already,” she said to him. “Why do you need the one in your hand?”

Morrell tossed the gun onto the bed. “I think I’m going to regret this,” he said as the girl ground her body against his. “Ex-lovers of yours like Mangano are poorly treated.”

“Not really,” she said.

“Then why are you leading me to him?” he asked.

“He swore he loved me,” she told him.

“I’ll be careful to avoid telling you that,” he said.

Morrell led Carla Abruzzi to the bed, and for several hours he did a lot but said nothing.

San Bruno: 25 MAY 75.

The four men led by Carla Abruzzi set out at dawn, and were well into the mountains by the time they stopped and had their noon-day meal of bread, cheese, sausage, and wine chilled in a mountain stream.

Morrell spread a map on the dusty earth. Carla Abruzzi leaned over it. “The camp is here,” she pointed out.

Lightfoot looked at her disbelievingly. “We’ve been all through these mountains,” he said. “We found no camp at all. There’s nothing but a monastery over here,” he added, pointing to the map with a finger.

Carla Abruzzi laughed. “Did you talk to the monks?” she demanded.

The four men exchanged glances. They had not talked to the monks. Instead, they had watched them through binoculars at work in the fields and vineyards from a distance of a mile. Dressed in cowls and sandals, they had labored wordlessly until the bells called them into the monastery for prayers.

“Mangano is very clever,” Carla Abruzzi reminded them, though by that time they needed no reminder.

Squillace: 28 MAY 7.

The four men and the girl lay on the ground looking down at the monastery through binoculars. This time there were no bogus “monks” toiling in the fields.

“They know we’re out here,” Sapsinski said.

Morrell nodded. He had trained his glasses on the monastery itself. It was shaped like a fortress, and along the inner parapets several armed guards had been mounted.

“What do you think?” Morrell asked Croft.

Croft turned his glasses onto the huge oak front gate. “Can do,” he said laconically. “What about the girl?”

Morrell nudged Carla Abruzzi. “Is there any other way inside except the gates?” he asked her.

Carla Abruzzi shook her head slowly up and down. “I know a way,” she said.

That evening there was no moon. Morrell and Carla Abruzzi blackened their faces with burnt cork, and prepared to move out.

“You’re sure you trust her?” Sapsinski said. “She could be leading you into the trap. They’d use you as a hostage.”

“Whatever happens to me, you attack,” Morrell whispered. “If all goes right, I’ll be inside. If not, kill a few of the bastards for me.”

Morrell and Carla Abruzzi crept forward on their hands and knees toward the monastery. From the huge courtyard within they could hear loud conversation and singing. Twice they halted in their approach as sentries passed in the darkness, but they moved on afterwards undetected.

At midnight, they reached the wall of the monastery. Carla Abruzzi showed Morrell the drain. She had told him it would lead into a wine cellar. From there he could make his way upstairs into the main wing where Mangano had his office and bedroom.

“What about the girl?” Morrell had asked.

Carla Abruzzi had thrown up her hands. “Who knows?” she had answered irritably.

Morrell squeezed Carla Abruzzi’s shoulder, pulled away the grating of the drain, and clambered inside. Moving with caution, he reached the wine cellar. It was swarming with rats. Treading his way

among the casks, he found the stairway and began to climb. He was sweating profusely. The sten gun he carried felt clammy in his hands.

At the doorway at the stop of the stairs leading up from the wine cellar, Morrell checked the luminous dials of his watch. It was seven minutes to one o’clock. He had exactly 37 minutes to locate Maria Cassell if she was still alive.

By one o’clock, Lightfoot had killed two men. The first man he had jumped from a tree, thrown his wire over the neck, and snapped his hands apart. The head of the victim had dangled by what was left of the backbone. The second man, attacked from behind, had had a knife slipped through his ribs, the point of which had punctured his heart.

With the two sentries dead, Lightfoot had signalled with a bird whistle for Sapsinski and Croft to come out from hiding and join him within a few yards of the front gate.

Morrell moved stealthily down the corridor toward the rooms occupied by Mangano. There was no one on guard outside the door. Suddenly, he heard voices and froze against the wall. They came from Mangano’s bedroom. Morrell held his breath and strained to hear what was being said. When he finally was able to decipher it, he crept forward again.

Outside the front gate, Croft assembled the portable rocket launcher, placed it on his shoulder, and aimed it at the gate of the monastery.

“Time?” he demanded of Sapsinski kneeling by his side.

“Two minutes to go,” Sapsinski whispered back. Then, he finished putting together the 9mm Luger rifle made from the 8” barrel gun and the carrying case which served as a stock. Sapsinski loved the weapon. It combined for him the accuracy and range of a hunting rifle with the firepower of a submachine gun. Crouched in the darkness, he tried to recall how many men he had killed with it already.

Morrell moved silently toward the sound of the voices he heard from Cassell’s room. There was no mistaking what was being said. The girl in the bandit chief’s bed was telling her lover how much she enjoyed his sex within her body, how much she wanted him to explode inside of her, how much she loved him.

Lightfoot checked his watch. The second hand swung up until it was exactly one thirty. He shouted, “Fire.”

The gate, hit by the rocket, exploded inward, killing two sentries within the courtyard.

Firing wildly to cause panic, Croft, Sapsinski, and Lightfoot charged inside the gaping hole left when the doors had been blown away.

Mangano and the girl, hearing the explosion of the rocket, leaped from the rumpled bed and grabbed for their clothes. Both of them saw Morrell standing in the doorway at about the same time, but their reactions were different. While the girl froze in fear, Mangano dived for his pistol in a holster draped over the chair. He was in midflight when the burst from Morrell’s sten gun caught, and slammed him against the wall. Blood gushed from the stitch-like holes through his abdomen.

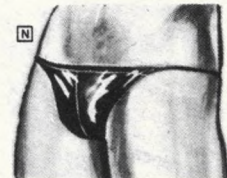
Morrell turned the gun onto the naked



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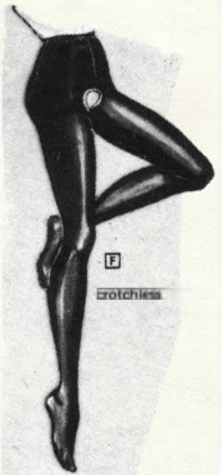
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girl. Even in the half light of the room, he could see that she was very young and very beautiful.

The girl swore at him. A string of words that would have made a longshoreman's ears curl up. Each was of good, solid Anglo-Saxon origin. Which did not surprise Morrell. The girl was very much an American.

"Do I take you back?" Morrell asked Maria Cassell.

Maria Cassell bowed her head.

Croft, Sapinski, and Lightfoot cut down the seven bandits in the courtyard, then turned around slowly as the men on duty outside rushed in to find three sub-machines trained on them.

The men threw down their guns and raised their hands. They did not ask the Americans to spare them. That would have been as bad as dying.

Croft looked to Sapinski and Lightfoot. The two men voted to let the prisoners live.

A moment later, Morrell emerged from the monastery.

"It was easier than I thought," Croft said after Morrell told him he had had to kill Mangano going for his gun.

"The hard part comes later," Morrell promised them.

Lightfoot looked around. "Where's Carla?" he wanted to know.

"She's gone," Morrell answered. "She got the revenge she wanted on her lover."

"Did you find out what her grudge was?" Sapinski asked.

"Mangano dumped her for another broad," Morrell replied.

Rome: JUNE 75.

After giving the matter a lot of thought, Morrell decided to hit Cassell right between the eye-balls and tell the truth.

"She was making it with Mangano," he told the ashen gangster. "I figure she sent the note herself, and they planned to spend the money together somewhere."

"She never knew Mangano before," Cassell muttered.

"She got to know him afterwards."

"You should have killed her, the dumb bitch," Cassell swore.

"No, I don't think so," Morrell said.

"She's got your million bucks and that ought to take her a long way."

"You let her do that?" Cassell exploded.

"It was for the best, damn it," Morrell shouted back. "Everyone knew she was Mangano's mistress. There's been big trouble. Who knows, maybe some of your buddies would have found out you'd been backdoored."

Cassell turned angrily and walked out on the balcony. He looked down at the city of Rome, and cursed his luck. Finally, he came back into the room. By then, Terry Morrell had cleared out.

"You really don't know where his wife went?" Sapinski wondered later.

"No idea," Morrell replied.

"I wouldn't want to be in her shoes," Sapinski commented. "Her husband's going to go looking for her."

"He won't find her," Morrell said. "He can't send his own guys because that would be admitting she put on a set of horns on his head. The rest of the private investigators can't cut it."

"Maybe he'll hire us to find her," Sapinski said with a big grin on his face.

"Don't hold your breath," □

BEER

(Continued from page 29)

are the nectar of the Gods for any macho dude in the good old U.S. of A. These two brews actually scored the *lowest* in this study.

INGREDIENTS—What goes into the making of beer pretty much depends on whether it's a domestic or imported brew. With few exceptions, you can generally rely on a purer product (no additives) in beers outside the U.S., notably Germany. The classic ingredients for brewing beer are water, malt, hops and yeast. Water, you may be surprised to learn, constitutes 90 percent of beer. Pure spring water used to be essential to the making of good beer but nowadays any drinking water can be adjusted to the correct degree of acidity or alkalinity by adding or removing minerals present.

The best hops are grown in Czechoslovakia, with Oregon and California close seconds for the blossom which is used primarily to give the brew a pleasantly bitter taste. Now, hold on to your hard hats—hops contain substances chemically analogous to the *female* hormone estrogen, which poses some interesting thoughts about possible aphrodisiacal effects on males. But hey, we all know guys who say they are turned on by a couple of beers—and maybe even some women. Whatever—there have been no negative reports about its erotic effects (aside from over-indulgence), so drink up!

The yeast referred to is brewer's yeast and has been cultivated since about 1883. Now we come to the malt—the end product of a germination processing of barley which is then fermented. No beer can call itself beer without malt, according to the purists. In Munich, for example, it is absolutely illegal to use any substitute ingredient for malt. In most European breweries, it is believed (and practiced) that the more the malt, the better the beer. In America, as we might expect, "substitutes" or "malt adjuncts" are commonly used. A prepared syrup containing caramelized table sugar is one, corn syrup is another. Some European brewers are not entirely scrupulous either, and use malt adjuncts in from 10 to 25 percent of their exported beers. American brewers use substitutes in about 45 percent of their beer.

HEAD—From a practical point of view, American brewers can't afford to keep beer on the dealer's shelf for any length of time. It spoils too easily. To keep solids from accumulating in the beer and making it cloudy and unmarketable, a very thin beer is brewed and packaged. The thin beer has very little head unless "foam stabilizers" are used. So the beer barons use these stabilizers in the form of gum arabic or propylene glycol alginate, considered harmless by FDA standards but nonetheless chemicals.

About ten years ago, some American brewers discovered a foam stabilizer made from a constituent of Vitamin B-12. It sounded too good to be true and it was.

No one could predict that the combination of the vitamin constituent with alcohol could cause fatal heart damage to fifty moderately heavy to heavy drinkers who imbibed it. Other additives commonly used in beer for many years are considered harmless and will, according to the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, eventually be included on the labels of all alcoholic beverages. But, probably only researching a chemical thoroughly before it is actually used in the product can prevent future such tragedies from occurring.

You might note the breweries whose beers are available in this country that do not use the usual chemicals like anti-clouding agents, antioxidants or in fact, any chemicals. They are Coors, Rheingold, and Budweiser.

BUBBLINESS—Carbonic acid gas, a natural product of fermentation creates the carbonation in beer. In the European breweries, the gas binds itself into the beer naturally as it ferments in cool cellars. Not so, the good old American way, which is to squirt the gas under high pressure into the beer.

DRAFT—If anyone tells you that you can buy draft beer in bottles or cans, they don't know what they're talking about. Packaged beer is generally pasteurized to kill any remaining microorganisms (like yeast). Since the pasteurization process is done at a high temperature, it tends to ruin the taste of the beer. A real beer lover therefore prefers draft beer which is kept in cold storage and isn't pasteurized. Most packaged beers sold as "draft" beer are treated with antioxidants or other additives. Coors beer, of Colorado, brews its product aseptically and is packaged without pasteurization. Many beer lovers swear by it. Until recently Coors had a policy which stated their distributors must keep the beer cold right until the point of sale to the consumer. But the FTC has ruled that it is an unfair distribution practice.

PRICE—Most popular brands sell for anywhere from \$1.50-\$2.00 per six-pack. Imported brands like Heinekens are sold about \$4.00 a sixer. Coors, if you buy it in the East, goes for approximately \$3.65 a six-pack and \$13 a case. Those Coors addicts swear it's worth every penny!

Well we don't know about you, but we're pretty thirsty back here at *FMO*. So, drink up, Jack, the next round is ours. □

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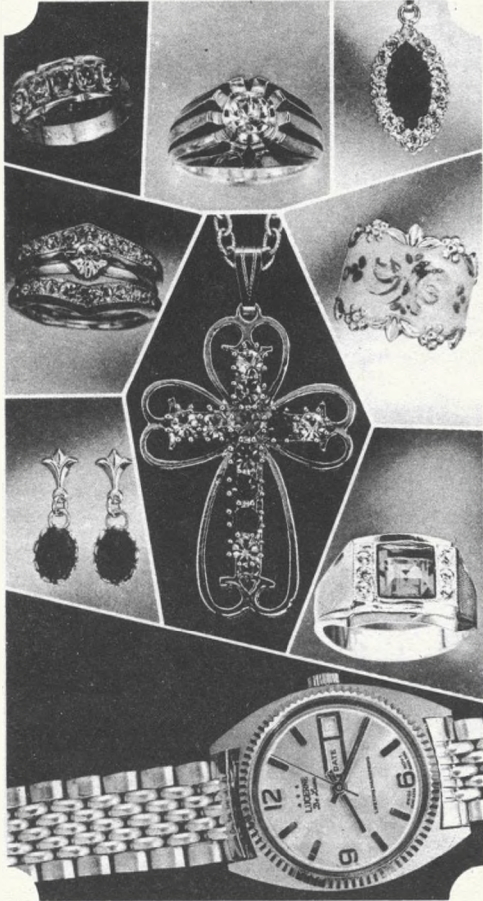
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1976 CARS

(Continued from page 23)

engineers to go all out to beat the competition in fuel saving in '76. By increasing the use of converters in all models, engines will be tuned to maximum efficiency and it is anticipated that Ford cars next year will rack up impressive mile per gallon increases. In fact, Ford has recently announced the entry of eight new high-mileage models in their Mustang II, Mercury Bobcat and Pinto lines. Using a gimmicky advertising lead, Ford has labeled these models as MPG (miles per gallon) cars, and have gone on to say that these cars will deliver 34 miles to the gallon in highway driving—an improvement of more than 8 miles on the current crop of Mustangs, Bobcats and Pintos.

Here again, ballyhoo should be separated from the facts. The 34-mile figure claim is based on laboratory dynamometer tests, and actual highway driving under normal conditions could change these figures dramatically.

Understandably, Ford is also planning a new entry to compete with GM's incoming "Chevette," but this small, 4-cylinder car will not be able to make the '76 line-up as hoped.

Meanwhile, body changes at Ford will remain virtually unchanged. Other than some modifications in grilles and chrome trim, the Ford line-up in most model categories will be lookalikes of the '75s.

At Chrysler the story is pretty much the same, but with two exceptions. These will be two new compacts, the Plymouth Volare and the Dodge Aspen. Both compacts will be in the luxury class and they've been designed to compete head-on with Ford's snappy Granada and Mercury's Monarch. However, due to slumping sales that led to this past spring's large layoffs, the cars will be late in getting into the showrooms.

Other than these two models, Chrysler has done little to restyle the remainder of their line-up. Most Dodges and Plymouths will undergo cosmetic face lifts that will include some interior modifications, but body color changes will be wide-spread to alter the '76 look from the '75s at the lowest possible cost. Otherwise, Chrysler is standing pat with what it had in '75 and is hoping for the best.

With American Motors the situation is somewhat different. Unlike the big-three, AMC has not been plagued with the need to make drastic conversion changes in dealing with the industry's shift to smaller, gas saving cars. Having phased out their bigger cars a few years back, AMC does not face major retooling, and their plans for '76 have centered on their popular Pacer line.

According to AMC's Gerald Meyers, the Pacer is not only meeting the challenge posed by the gas-economy foreign imports, but Meyers optimistically predicts that once the American car makers complete their shift to lighter cars with greater gas economy, "the foreign car makers will get

the battering ram."

Meanwhile, how will the '76s price up? Ordinarily, considering the poor sales picture throughout this past year, you'd expect that Detroit would be holding the price line in check along with their holding position in terms of restyling. But don't you believe it. Prices will be higher.

By how much? Opinions and speculations vary, but Lee A. Iacocca, the outspoken president at Ford projects an increase of from 3 to 4 percent over last year, or about \$200 for the average car.

Iacocca claims that higher wages, hikes in raw material and soaring increases in development and engineering expenses are the reason for the planned increases, and he goes on to say that the price tag will undoubtedly continue to go up in the years ahead to keep pace with these mounting costs. Iacocca also blames the Federal government for driving up the price because of their safety and emission control legislation.

"Over a two-year period," Iacocca says, "when the government insisted that the industry come up with a bumper that could absorb the shock of a 2.5 mile rear end collision, our company alone spent \$308-million on this single area and it turned out to be an exercise in futility. When this happens," Iacocca insists, "it's simply money down the drain. There's nothing productive, nothing of value in such exercises. And nothing for the consumer."

Iacocca's concern for the consumer, however, may not be the real thing altogether. With the industry's profit picture far from rosey, expect the companies to do everything they can to recoup this past year's staggering losses. Company insiders are privately saying a boom year for profits lies ahead, despite the fact that nothing really new is being offered to the public.

"After two years of negative response," says one of these execs, "there's bound to be some catching up. Americans are in the habit of buying new cars every two or three years and old habits aren't easily turned around. If the economy even just holds at present levels they'll be coming to the showrooms, and not just to look."

Another bright spot for the automakers, and not the consumers, is that the makers of foreign cars are no longer the challenge they once were. VW, for example, has suffered terrible losses during this past year,

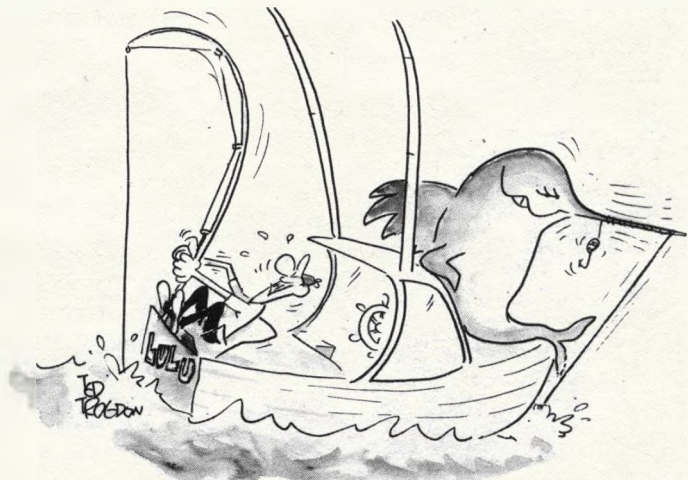
and the overvalued Deutsche mark has added to their woes. West German wages have also been soaring, and this can readily cost them the competitive edge they have enjoyed in U.S. markets over the years. The French, Italian and Japanese automakers have also been hit hard, and their labor costs have been steadily going up, too.

Accordingly, Detroit automakers are fairly confident that once they get going with their lighter cars and more efficient gas burning engines, they'll be in a good position to turn back the foreign import threat and recapture the buyers they have lost in previous years. Another plus the automakers are counting on is that the productivity of their American workers has always been higher than their foreign counterparts. Understandably, this factor will also work to their advantage once foreign workers begin to receive paychecks comparable to that of American workers.

"Before car sales plummeted," says one consumer authority, "the American car buyer had a choice if the price of an American car proved too steep for his wallet. With comparable foreign cars selling for less, he could always turn to these sources and save himself a bundle. But should the price tags even out, and if gas economy should prove the same, the American consumer could be expected to buy a domestic car rather than an import."

And there's another point to keep in mind too. If the economy should continue to remain fuzzy in the coming year, and with a presidential election coming up, the automakers are banking on the fact that President Ford will initiate another tax rebate to stimulate the flow of money into the marketplace. Hopefully, they anticipate that this flow will turn up in their showrooms on the assumption that Americans in general will be eager to trade in their old iron for something bright and new—despite the fact that the '76s will be more of the same.

So that's the story for '76. Other than slightly improved gas economy and some minor face lifts, Detroit will be offering a rehash at somewhat higher prices. Admittedly, the prospect is not something to make the pulses race, but maybe 1977 will be the giant step forward the automakers would have us believe. Meanwhile, it remains a promise—not a guarantee. □





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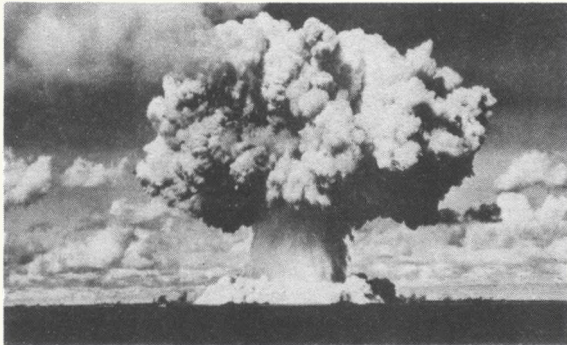
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Last Minute Memo for Men

THE FRONT LINE

All those U.S. Army M-16 Colt automatic rifles CAPTURED by the Vietcong in Southeast Asia last spring really won't do them much good. Their guys are very SHORT. GI rifles are designed to be carried by American men, who are sometimes 2 feet taller. These weapons are just TOO LONG for them to be used easily....

I had to happen....Some governor demanding NUCLEAR WEAPONS for his home state's national guard....New Hampshire's



The friendly skies of New Hampshire?

Heldrim THOMSON wants nukes for "PROTECTION." Against what, he does not say....One speculation: New Hampshire wants to blow up Maine over LOBSTER FISHING RIGHTS....

A MAN'S WOMAN

West Coast girls are just nuts about this BUMPER STICKER for their cars this month: "I FIGHT SEX CRIMES....I SCREW...."

Maybe there's something to it, maybe nothing, but there's a report from Washington Women's Lib that the WIVES OF SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN and other



Lusty lobbying

big government officials are ganging up. NO MORE SEX UNTIL THEIR MEN BRING CONSUMER PRICES DOWN!....

Believe this one no matter how nuts it sounds....West Coast women swear that PREPARATION H hemorrhoidal ointment is a great FACE CREAM. Somehow the rumor got started that the stuff TIGHTENS SKINS and smoothens wrinkles on the face as well as in the rectum. And they all believe it....

The REALLY HARD TRICK big city street hookers learn is kissing with a razor blade tucked against one cheek. It's their secret fight weapon. If you do something they don't like, they're apt to amputate your TONGUE, or worse, depending on what part of you they're working on at the moment....

THE MONEY TREE

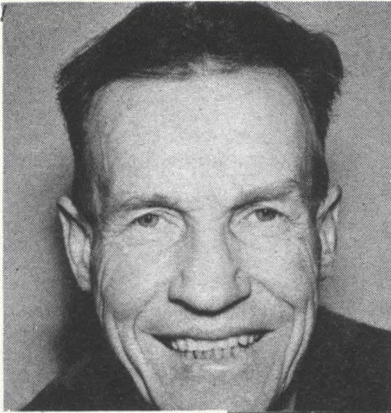
Win a lottery or inherit a bundle and one of the next things you'll get is an INVITATION to Las Vegas, all expenses paid, for a week, perhaps 2. And if you go, watch your tail....The hotel SYNDICATE doesn't really love you. It just wants you there to take all that money away from you at the gaming tables. But the package does include everything you want or need. Hookers, INSULIN NEEDLES if you're a diabetic and suddenly run out, phone calls to mom....And don't ask how they know about you and your money. THEY JUST KNOW....

THE ENVIRONMENT CRUNCH

There's enough PLUTONIUM inside 1 heart PACEMAKER to kill everyone on earth, if the stuff is ever released in pure elemental state into the atmos-

(Continued on page 76)

THREE HEADS OF HAIR... where little or none grew before!



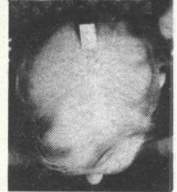
This man had been virtually bald for over 20 years. But look at the difference!



New hope for baldness? This man will emphatically say Yes! You can see why.



These photographs show hair roots were revived in bald and thinning areas.



THANKS TO THE BRANDENFELS HOME SYSTEM!

Here are three of the thousands of men, women and children who have told Carl Brandenfels of the benefits obtained through home use of his formulas and massage system. In all, the certified reports total more than 25,000 (CPA-audited) and tell of one or more of these results:

- ✓ Renewed Hair Growth
- ✓ Less Excessive Hair Fall
- ✓ Relief from Dandruff Scale
- ✓ Improved Scalp Conditions

If you are losing your hair, or are bald, you can take hope from the heartwarming experience of these three men. Their results

show *again* that even where there is no hair on the scalp, the roots (or follicles) may be still alive—in many cases lacking only the proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

While results may vary with individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, The Brandenfels Home Plan does offer real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial proportion of cases. Photographs on this page show *exact* conditions of hair growth when the pictures were taken. They are not retouched.

USE AT HOME

The Brandenfels System is used in the pri-

vacy of your own home without expensive office calls. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use, and your scalp always feels so-o-o good afterwards.

If you, or anyone in your family, have already become bald, or are losing hair, you owe it to yourself and your friends to send today for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Applications with complete easy-to-follow directions for use and for the special massage.

Order from Carl Brandenfels, Scappoose, Oregon (formerly of St. Helens, Oregon). Enclose \$18 (includes postage and mailing). For U.S. air or FPO or APO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20).

Send the coupon right now before you misplace this important message.

DRAWINGS EXPLAIN MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH



1. These drawings show what happens when hair successfully regrows while using Brandenfels Applications. This is an unproductive hair follicle, or root. It is blunt and the opening plugged with a sebaceous gum and scaly skin, the doctors diagnosed.



2. During use of the Brandenfels Applications and Massage, an improved condition of the follicle was noticed. The follicle is less distorted, the scaly hair layer is disappearing and there is actually regrowth of a tiny hair in the follicle.



3. Now the follicle is producing hair. These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first subdermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians.

Copyright Carl Brandenfels

HAVE CONFIDENCE IN WHAT WE SAY

All letters and testimonials quoted here are bona fide. All scalp pictures are just as photographed—never retouched.

Against a common disbelief in hair regrowth Carl Brandenfels relies on the expert opinion of competent medical doctors and clinicians who conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth in many cases with the use of Brandenfels Home System.

In addition, more than 25,000 certified letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, relief from

dandruff scale, less excessive hair fall and improved scalp conditions have been audited and attested to by outside, impartial, licensed CPA's.

There are Brandenfels users in every state and also in more than 80 foreign countries in the free world.

Testimonials may be seen at Scappoose, Oregon, when permission has been given.



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CMQ-125

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- I enclose \$18 (includes postage and mailing charges). Ship prepaid.
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No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses (postal regulations).

L.A. BOXING

(Continued from page 41)

closed fists, accustomed to gloves, feinting, jabbing, uppercutting. The taller of the two already had over 30 refereed amateur bouts and just had passed his sixteenth birthday. The guy racking tables had won his first six pro prelims, then been busted for armed robbery. Paroled after eight years, he'd tried to get back into the game but—"the *pinche* mothers used me as a punching bag. No get me any fights, eh? 'Paydays,' I shout to them, 'I need paydays.' They laugh, kick me out of the gym. Mothers. I wait outside, follow the fat old bastard who ran the place, beat his head in, eh? Hide out but they catch. Mother of Christ do they catch me!"

Ybanez fought some top boxers in his day. By his own admission, he lacked "dynamite" in his punch. He was quick, lithe, aggressive, and fought mostly as a featherweight (the junior lightweight classification did not exist in the '50s and early '60s). He entered the pro ring at seventeen, fighting under his brother's name, and won a five-card main event in Bakersfield the following year. He had a 9-0 record when he was first asked to dive.

"Why, I did not understand. I was good, see? Dreaming to be champ. 'Never mind,' my manager tell me, 'do what I say.' 'No,' I argue. Manager he sit me down, buy me beer. 'Lissen, boy, you gotta learn. Record don' make you champ. These big money cheese, they need their boy to win, whip somebody the crowd like—somebody new. Do you more good to lose than win. Put up good fight but don' win, okay? I stop it in the fifth. Play along and big cheeses, they get you good fights. Next time mebbe pay other guy to dive. Okay?"

"'Otherwise,' he told me, 'no fight.' So I do it his way. Keep sharp for four rounds. Mebbe the son-of-a-bitch he beat me anyway, mebbe not, but I fold in fifth. Like I hurt. Do nothing but clinch till they call fight. When I walkin' out my trainer whisper, 'Well, no virgin anymore, huh?' I try to laugh. But deep down it hurt."

Ybanez had quit school and, like many young fighters, was working out in a gym every day and hustling jobs—and pieces of ass—at night. Over packing machines in an East L.A. furniture factory, a fight-wise ex-gambler and numbers runner told him why he'd been bought out. The small time managers, this manipulator explained, kowtowed to the big boys. To keep in money, get fights for their charges, they grabbed at whatever crumbs were offered. And whatever terms. How many champions has your small time manager produced? the ex-gambler wanted to know. None, Beto had to answer. *Ya ves, mano*—see how it is? They don't care about you. They just want to use you.

"I no want to believe them," Beto grunted. "But sure enough true. I get lots of fights. Most times prelims—L.A., Diego, Mexicali, Tijuana—and I win, I good. Lose mebbe three or four. One they tell me to lose. I say okay—for my share,

eh? My manager pissed off but he pay—son-of-a-bitch, eh? All this time I looking around, try to get with big timer. Finally I do."

On the main circuit, twenty-two years old, single, away from home, Beto Ybanez began to enjoy life. As a last minute substitute for a bigger name he battled ring-wise Carlos Chavez, a lightweight, to a draw in San Jose. With his share of the purse, he bought his first car, a chopped-down Merc hard-top, new clothes, booze. He bought TVs for his family and rings for his girl friends. He showed off—but he didn't miss a day of training. There was talk of a match with Cisco Andrade at the Forum but his new manager said he wasn't quite ready for Andrade yet. Half-a-dozen tune-ups and maybe in six months—?

But Beto was going too fast to wait. His life caught up with him. Stopped in L.A. for a traffic violation, he retaliated against the arresting officer. As quick and sharp and deadly as Beto was with his fists, he was no match for two, then four, then six, armed patrolmen. They broke his jaw and crushed two fingers in his right hand.

"Four months to heal. Plus fine—almost jail, but they let me parole. Four months no fights. No insurance, nothin'. The hospital cost me everything I got. This fella—Gopher, we call him, he do the manager's dirty work—tell me to shell out or I go to jail, then my career over. Everything I own, I give him. Everything I can borrow. Still no fights. I get factory job, work butt off. Still no fights. I train hard. Finally hitchhike to Tijuana. Crooked bastard there get me some fights using phony name. My hand she not healed right, I can't throw it good. Just the left. All the time the left—"

As he talked he danced away from me, ducking and jabbing. No one seemed to notice or consider it odd. Even those who never step into the professional ring in East L.A. are fight conscious; it's part of their growing-up. In one high school a new teacher earned his class's respect by going three rounds with a top amateur in the classroom. Street fights are as common as stick-ball is in New York—all it takes is a hot night and an old pair of gloves.

By the time Beto Ybanez was at full-strength again he was twenty-four and considered strictly a prelim fighter with a classic style, so-so record and marshmallow punch. He fought less often, for adequate purses, and tried to set some money aside. Three years to the day after his arrest, he beat Rollie Fink, a good club fighter, and signed for a match against a flashy, but vulnerable, young feather who later was to become the state champ.

He trained harder than he ever had before in his life giving up booze and women—even cigarettes—to hone his body into shape. After weighing in on the day of the fight, he showered and dressed and, as he stepped into the grimy L.A. smog, slipped his hand into his pocket—and crumpled five \$100 bills.

He knew immediately what they were for. He knew that nobody ever bucked the machine and won. He also knew this fight was a chance in a lifetime. After three and a half years of heartbreak, second-raters and bus trips over the mountains for one-night stands in towns like Reno and Salinas and Sacramento, he had a chance

to be on top again. He stepped into the ring that night intending to win.

From the opening bell on, he forced the fight. The crowd, sensing upset, was behind him. *Beto! Beto! Beto!* The chant rocked his ears. His left was a stiletto, his right a hatchet. At the end of the second round his opponent was on the ropes when the bell rang.

In his corner, Beto's trainer shouted for him to slow down. Beto, panting, nodded, only vaguely aware that he wasn't being towed down. "My mouthpiece she tasted funny, like dipped in something to make me sick," he remembers. But it didn't alter his determination to go full-blast. To win.

Perhaps, in retelling it, Beto Ybanez imagined that he was a better boxer than he was. Yet I doubt that he was exaggerating very much. By carrying the third and fourth rounds, he made it obvious that he intended to bust the bribe attempt. Twice in the fifth round the referee warned him about "low blows" that were—"shit, *mano*, digs to the ribs. I no hit low. That son-of-a-bitch he ag'in me all the way!" The fifth was close until Beto, clowning injury, lured his opponent into a barrage that almost sent him down.

"So far ahead I could coast, *mano!*" I cupped my hand to catch his jab; he was reliving, not telling the story. Between the next rounds a handler jammed a chloroformed rag over Beto's nostrils. "I spit my mouthpiece out and slap! slap! slap! with the left. Win big. Win six of seven rounds, I sure. All I need to do is keep my brain, not get kayo. Not get caught with big punch."

Between the seventh and eighth rounds the same handler (Beto claims he never had seen the man before) towed his face with one hand and slashed his eyebrows with a razorblade with the other. "I don' care. I want to win. Twice the ref he look at me but I go on, I strong, winning, best fight of all my career! The machine, she go to hell for all I care. I gonna win big!"

Beto, bleeding, arm-weary, remained the aggressor and carried at least one of the last two rounds. "I so happy when the bell she rings I jumping up and down. Crowd screams '*Beto! Beto!*' I nod and wave and bow—like a bullfighter, almost. Oh! I win! I win so big!"

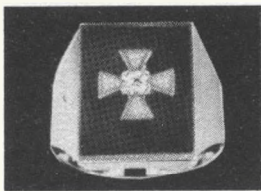
The referee, silver-haired, a fixture in L.A. boxing circles, collected the judges' tallies and handed them to the ring announcer. He waved his hands, truly a showman, and bled.

"Rounds three and six awarded to—on fouts. The referee and Judge X score it 5-4-1, favor of—. Judge Z scores it 6-4 in favor of Ybanez. The winner, by split decision—!"

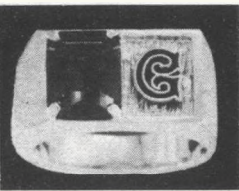
The crowd boomed, Beto said, for twenty minutes, and both the winning fighter and the referee left the arena under police escort. But that didn't change the record. Nor did it aid Beto in getting more fights.

"My manager, he quit me. No gym let me fight. I go to Stockton. Okay till they find out about me, then no fights. For a year, no fights. I change my name. I learn the hard way, never buck the dive. The gamblers, they buy ever' son-of-a-bitch who walk.

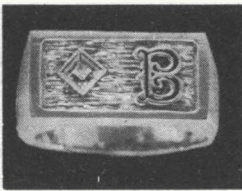
"'Play along,' my first manager, the small timer, say. If you good, you get your chance, they pay somebody else to dive.



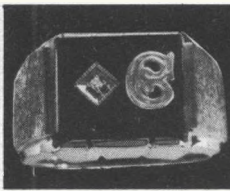
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Diamond and Initial
set in 10k gold
\$15 Twice Monthly
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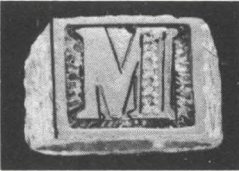
CHAMPION - \$165
Onyx with diamond
and initial. 10k gold
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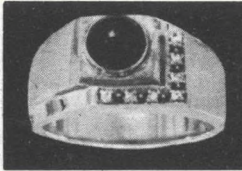
DIAMOND ZODIAC RING - \$165
Your Zodiac symbol with
2 diamonds. 10k gold
\$15 Twice Monthly
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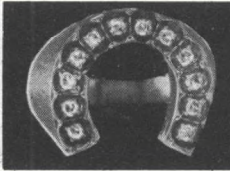
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Synthetic Star Sapphire
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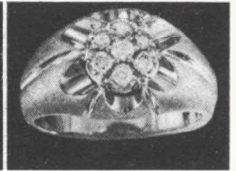
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5 diamond initial ring.
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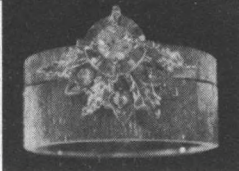
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\$20 Twice Monthly
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17 sparkling diamonds
clustered in 14k gold
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Center diamond with 4
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Diamond
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Rubies. 14k gold
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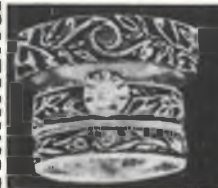
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bride's ring.
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But after I go ag'in them, they no trust me. For two years I get no fights."

Two years. "Drinking years," Beto called them. By the time he was fighting again, for a small time manager, he was a shell of the fighter he'd been. He couldn't lay off booze. He tried to crash-train before bouts and the effort decimated him. His big payday was over. Yet he couldn't quit. "Why?" I asked him.

"Damn you!" he hissed, "because—I, that is what I am. Fighter. Not clerk, not gas-pumper, not assembly line. Somebody, eh? I hit with the best, once. I fight big names. Take ever' thing else, you no take that away. One-forty-one pro fights—in my own name. What you done, eh? You no take it away!"

Thirty-nine years old, a felon, twice imprisoned (the second being receipt of stolen goods, a rap he incurred at thirty-four) Beto Ybanez still dreams of bright lights and championships. ("Like Archie Moore," he told me once, "fight till I fifty!") "Mira! Mano!" he shouted, the left snapping into my instinctively raised right. "I hit, no? Sharp, no? Oyeme! Just one break and I be where Naples is now, eh? One break, mano! and I be the king!"

One break. . . . one chance. . . . once less injury. . . . the story is repeated in every bar, poolhall, garage and half-way house in this sprawling adjunct to the nation's largest city. East Los Angeles is far from prepossessing; it resembles the aging, slightly seedy older section of any California town—"but it goes on forever." Seemingly endless square blocks of old wooden houses, most of them cut up into rent rooms or studio apartments, criss-cross once fertile farmland. Neon signs, many of them with missing letters, advertise various brands of beer; every block has at least one corner grocery store. Not the milieu that you'd think a fighter would choose—but fighters, like longshoremen, sailors and accountants, congregate where the action is heaviest.

L.A. fights draw: in East L.A., fighters are heroes. Look down the list of champions and challengers in the lower weight divisions and most of the names you see will be Latin-American. For every champion, there are thousands of would-be champions—like Beto Ybanez. They come to East L.A. looking for action. A 19-year-old just turning pro might go months between bouts in Modesto or Sacramento or Portland. An L.A. promoter will line something up for him right away. Scrappy Teo Medina, a hard-working lightweight with a criminal record ("bad raps, man!") got his start by putting on gloves in an L.A. gym and challenging the house. He'd gotten off the bus from Phoenix two days before; ten days later he was back in Phoenix, fighting a young black from Riverside on a ticket he'd tried to crack, but couldn't, while he lived in the Arizona city.

Unlike Ybanez, Teo Medina is philosophical about his career. He compares himself to his brothers, who are in jail or married and scraping bottom trying to support dozens of kids. "Women—ah *chingada* have I had the women!" he boasts. There were bad times—jail time, but he doesn't think about that. He believes that life is a game that every man loses sooner or later. He fought hard, balled hard, and gave no quarter. Now

thirty-seven, he still fights whenever he can and admits being a "stooge" for youngies on their way up. He rattles their ribs, gives the crowd a show, then loses—for a few extra bucks. "Bees-ness," he shrugs, "Why not? I fight to pay my way. Hell man, in a year or two I be wipin' some kid's tits, be handler who shoves kid out in the ring. Teach him what I know. Why not?"

Membership in the East L.A. fight fraternity is not limited to those of Mexican ancestry. A lot of tough club fighters, Anglo and black, find a home there. Many of them are just past their prime, at loose ends, capable—but careless—about earning and spending money, not wanting a fight now and then but not wanting to train too hard. They get work in poolhalls or as bartenders or they ride jackhammers or bark at girlie shows, drink too much, snort coke, roll drunks or invent skin games. They are, as an L.A. fight manager told me, "losers from the word go." But they are adaptable—and willing. They'll take any fight they can get. Once in a while, believe it or not, they win.

How many fights are fixed? The fighters themselves disagree. Beto Ybanez talks in terms of careers—the "big time" managers groom some—"lissen, handsome dude, eh?"—for promotional purposes and his opponents are paid to fall. Medina scoffs. "Why the bother, *cabron*? Want your boy to win twenty? Shit! Fight me twenty times! How should I win? No way I go eight roun's!"

Elias Lagunas (he fought as "Tiger Perez," among other pseudonyms) told me how he'd been worked over before a fight by half-a-dozen hatchet men. "My kidneys so smash! I piss blood for three days, I hardly stand straight. Still they make me fight. I save benzadrine. (purchaseable in Tijuana without a prescription); so wired when I in the ring I can't hear the bell. I sock referee, I tink. My own manager, too. The posts. Yet I go five roun's. Five roun's and I can't stand straight. *Ay pendejo!* how I hurt!"

A stablemate of his got it from a whore. Not only did she keep the fighter awake and weakened during a forty-eight hour binge, she fed him an emetic that induced diarrhea. He lost eight pounds in 72 hours (quite a feat for a 124-pounder without an ounce of fat on his frame). Trembling, pale, rubber-legged, he showed up for weigh-in and was spirited away and fed uppers by his trainers until fight time. He remembers only the bright arena light and awakening thirty-six hours later in an East L.A. gutter, his lip torn apart, his eyebrow shredded, \$120 in his pocket and a fist broken in three places. Though a prelim, the wind-up before the main event, the fight got coverage in the *L.A. Examiner*. Lagunas' friend was praised for his "foolhardy aggressiveness" against a "talented and superior" foe.

"I could have beat him, I know," Lagunas said his friend told him. "Or they would not have bribed the whore. Too good I was—yet not good enough, you know what I mean? They no pay me—they pay her. Many times it happen. To get the dough, you fight. No matter what they do to you first. Some they beat in the nuts till there nothing left. Others the guts. I lucky, I guess. I always get well soon enough. Who knows? Maybe same whore drain the

guy I fight, feed him shit. I no care. Feel good—so good—to win!"

And to have a paycheck. For older fighters, like Lagunas and his friend, keeping in condition is an unending physical struggle. Beto Ybanez, though he knows that he'll never fight professionally again, spends eight to twenty hours a week in East L.A. basement gyms. He watches the young fighters, propped ringside, his elbows on the lower rope, a friend as scarred and twisted as he, at his side. Instinctively he grabs a tossed aside pair of gloves and goes to work on a bag. Shadow boxes. Invariably a kid will approach him and they'll go a round, slapping, puffing, feinting. "Ha! ha!" Ybanez shouts, pulling a punch, clinching and, gasping and blubbing, he grunts out an old pro's advice. The kid, stiff and belligerent, huffs and nods, then they go at it in slow motion, Ybanez bobbing, the kid's punches just grazing his head.

But his breath, his legs, give out. He wipes his face on a dirty towel, bums a cigarette and goes back to watching young fighters in the ring. If he's lucky, somebody will offer to buy him a drink. If not, he'll walk back to his half-furnished rented room, or up the street to a corner grocery owned by a Chicano whose third-oldest son is campaigning as welterweight, and they'll talk boxing.

The fight game, Ybanez says, is dying. There are not enough places to fight and crowds aren't sympathetic like they used to be. Even in East L.A. one hears talk about boxing being "cruel" and "gladitorial." Nobody wants to see a stylist; they want only maulers. Or show-offs. Or cry babies, like Foreman and Quarry. The latter gets purses, Ybanez says, because he's Anglo and has a pretty face.

But Medina—and long-time trainer Dick Boss, who has lived in East L.A. for the past eleven years—disagree. Boss thinks that boxing cross-currents the economy—in good times, the fight game slides, in bad times it picks up—and is picking up now. Fifteen-year-olds, he claims, don't talk about college like they did five years ago. Boxing is a quick way to the top—if a kid is good and gets the breaks. If not, what the hell? He couldn't get a job anyway, even with a degree.

If he had it to do over again, Ybanez says, he would have taken that dive and—maybe—fought his way to the top. Asked the same question, Lagunas shook his head. "I think fix fights for other boys, you know? Shit, I too dumb all the time I young. Hell, there's money in boxing—just look who sit front-row. Fighters? Man, no! Gamblers! I be one of those boys, I think."

Why not? Teo Medina laughed at the question. "Gamblers," he grunted, "they die sick in the stomach. Not me, *mano*. Sometimes good I fight, sometimes not. When I win, I have champagne, no? Women. I buy what I want. Who do I know can say the same? Shit, man, I tell you, I do it all again, only twice as much, twice as fast. Fight, drink, screw—why not? Then wipe some kid's tits. What fun my brother in shirt factory have? My brother in grape fields? A good life, boxing is—but it end too soon. If only I know what I know now when I was nineteen."

How many of us who are not in boxing say the very same thing? □

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U.S. WORKERS

(Continued from page 35)

she has her child, annual cash grants for each child under 16 years of age, plus free school lunches for all primary and secondary students regardless of how much money the parents may earn. Add to this that university and college education is free to all those who pass the entrance exams, and you have some idea as to where U.S. workers' child benefits stand in comparison to their Swedish counterpart.

Meanwhile, paid holidays and vacations are another area in which American workers are falling further behind.

"On the whole," says one U.S. union labor official, "an American worker who gets eleven paid holidays a year is considered to be doing very well. But there are millions who don't even get as much as eight, and more millions who get even less. Tell this to a West German worker, and he'd think you were kidding. In his country a federal law guarantees a minimum of 15 paid holidays for those under 35, and at least 18 days for those over.

But the vast difference between American and foreign on-the-job benefits shows up most dramatically when it comes to health care. In the U.S., medical insurance is not only denied to millions of workers, but what is available tends to give only limited coverage.

For example, during a recent CBS telecast, the difference between American and European health care was dramatically illustrated. The case involved a 33-year-old Dutch accountant who had come to live and work in the U.S. For a while everything went well, and then he fell victim to a serious kidney ailment. Before too long his limited health insurance ran out. Soon afterwards his savings went and he was out in the cold. A drive to raise money to support his expensive medical treatments was started by concerned friends, but it fell short of its goal.

Finally, and since he had not taken out his final American citizenship papers, the ailing accountant was able to return to his native Holland and apply for medical care under that country's national health insurance plan. Under this program, which comes to only a few dollars a month per workingman, the accountant received full coverage for hospital, doctor and drug bills—and he will continue to receive full coverage for the duration of his illness no matter how long this may be. To top it off, the coverage has included a complex medical procedure to implant an artificial kidney developed in the U.S.

Like Holland, most of the other industrial countries in Europe offer a total medical care package for all of their workers.

Now for some important comparisons concerning pensions and retirement plans. Although no one looks forward to retirement, it still remains a fact of life that all of us must face at one time or another. Admittedly, workers' pension plans set up by many U.S. corporations have been es-

tablished, but too frequently they fall seriously short in providing adequate help when retirement time arrives.

Worse yet, many Americans' pension plans are riddled through with catches and loopholes that may deny a worker a right to his pension if he fails to comply with the many tricky conditions built into the plan.

For example, if a worker was to leave a company after 20 years of service, he may no longer be eligible for the pension. In other instances the stripping of union pension funds by unscrupulous union officials has become a national scandal.

Of course, the one thing a retiring U.S. worker can look forward to is his monthly social security check. But what does this really amount to? According to the figures issued by the U.S. Social Security Administration, not too long ago the current maximum benefits available to a male worker retiring at age 65 is \$266.10 a month, or \$3,193.20 a year. Considering today's soaring cost of living, it's scarcely a subsistence income.

By comparison, many foreign workers can expect to do a lot better than American workers when the time comes to leave the work force. In West Germany, social security benefits are geared to fifty percent of the worker's on-the-job income, and this figure will be upped in the years ahead. In the case of Japan, social security benefits could be higher, but then a Japanese worker begins retirement at age 55, a full ten years ahead of Americans.

But when it comes to a really generous retirement program, Sweden points the way. Although Sweden had a retirement pension program long before the United States, a fairly new measure passed in 1959 will give Swedish workers top retirement benefits when the new plan starts paying off in 1980. Under this new arrangement, known as the supplementary-pension plan, a retired worker will receive two-thirds of the average annual income he had earned during his top fifteen working years!

"The meaningful purpose behind our new program," says one Swedish government authority by way of explanation, "is to provide a worker with pension in his old age that will not suddenly compel him to downgrade his accustomed standard of living once he leaves private employment."

Too often the corporate brass of large American firms are inclined to believe that too much security along the line of the Swedish and German system tends to reduce an employee's motivation to work.

But if this were true, nations like Japan, West Germany and Sweden, who provide substantial fringe benefits and lifetime job security, should be suffering from serious production lags. But this is scarcely the case. In all of these countries production levels have not only been soaring, but in many areas they have either surpassed American production figures or are fast catching up.

On this evidence alone, if American corporations were to apply some of the methods currently used by the Japanese and Scandinavian countries—namely increased benefits and more on-the-job protection—the workers wouldn't be the only ones to profit. What might come as the biggest surprise is that the companies would not only be repaid with greater worker loyalty, but with increased productivity as well. □

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BEST FRIEND'S WIFE

(Continued from page 37)

amount of sex appeal. There are actresses like that—women whose looks per se don't get the juices stirring, but whose total manner, once you're exposed to it, excite the hell out of you. Call it personality, call it magic, call it mystery, call it whatever you choose. Only fools deny its existence, and whatever it was, and is, Renee had it in spades.

"Would it bother you if my husband knew about you?" she asked Bill teasingly now.

"I'd prefer he didn't know about me," Bill said. "But it wouldn't stop me from sleeping with you, if that's what you want to know."

"That's exactly what I want to know," Renee said with a smile and moved closer to him.

Bill slept on a hard mattress, the kind Renee liked, and the mattress didn't give now as she arched her back. Her breasts rose up to Bill—twin gifts from the gods—and he buried his face in the softness of her body. He liked women. Women sensed his fondness for them, and for that reason felt comfortable around him. Even women like Renee, who really didn't care one way or the other about too much in their lives.

Renee was bored with many things, mostly with herself. She was the kind of woman who'd have yawned if she'd been married to JFK the day he was assassinated. She really didn't give a damn about anyone or anything, and at first, men find this indifference intriguing, perhaps challenging, too. They wonder what it takes to get a real rise from Renee: they assume that her indifference is born of a deep understanding, of a wisdom and experience beyond theirs. Instead, it is mostly the result of an enormous emptiness. Men don't realize that about Renee until they've been involved with her for, say, a year. Bill sensed Renee's emptiness after three months, but didn't want much more than sex with her, so he really didn't care.

And, Lord knows, Renee did know her way around in bed. She was like a ballplayer who had all the moves and shots. Totally unpredictable in bed, but when you thought about it later, you realized she'd done exactly the right thing at the right time. She was the best at oral sex Bill had ever known, and he'd known some genuine winners. She would take him into her mouth, and within a minute he wanted to crawl up the wall. She knew just how to built up his excitement until it was unbearable. It was a talent and gift. "I'm not too bad at this, am I?" she'd once asked him.

No point in giving her more of a swell head than she'd already had. "You'll do in a pinch," he told her.

"I'll bet you say that to all your women."

"I'll bet that way, too," he said.

"Listen, about the possibility of my husband knowing about you," she told him.

"If it doesn't really bother you, it doesn't bother me. Okay? I mean, I want us to continue sleeping together. "You're good for what ails me, and I want to hang on to that for a while."

He nodded. "We understand each other, Renee."

Besides owning a bar, making it with women, and keeping track of his son, a twenty-year-old college student studying to be an engineer, Bill's other main interest in life was his membership in the auxiliary police force. During the last couple of years, many large cities have encouraged the general population to help out undermanned police departments by becoming auxiliary cops. Auxiliaries don't get to carry guns, but they do wear uniforms, they do patrol in groups of two and three, and when the going really gets rough, they're supposed to radio in for help—a call the professionals honor with a running start.

Bill was a law-and-order man from way back, and he didn't need much encouragement when he'd first heard of the auxiliary cops. He lived in New York, the Big Apple, and most of the city's cops are still Irish. Bill, also an Irishman, felt an instinctive kinship with them. They'd come in his bar for a beer or boilermaker, and they'd talk about how the city was going to the dogs. Bill would agree with them and sympathize with their problems; after which he, too, would curse the crummy politicians who were selling the town down the river. So he was a natural, one of the first, to join the auxiliary cops when they were formed. He'd made a couple of unimportant arrests, but because he was still big and in shape, no one seemed to want to mess around with him.

One day, shortly after reporting for duty and before being assigned out on the street, a guy he'd never seen before approached him and said, "My name's Frank Norman, I'm new around here, and I was wondering if I could sort of hang around with you tonight and learn the ropes." Frank was also wearing an auxiliary cop's uniform, and he told Bill, "Some of the regulars said you were the best guy to learn the ropes from."

Bill remained poker-faced. He was a believer in the old adage, flattery to the face is a disgrace, but he was smart enough to keep that "street smart" to himself.

Frank told Bill that he was an electrician, had a couple of kids, and was married. Without being prompted, he also told Bill that a cousin of his, a regular cop, had challenged him to join the auxiliaries and do something for New York after he'd been bitching about how badly the city had deteriorated the last few years. "So I told my cousin, 'Okay, wise guy, I'll do it,' and here I am. I only hope I don't screw up too badly the first night."

That first night they were assigned to patrol a park near where the mayor lives. Naturally, this particular park is heavily patrolled. It wouldn't look too good for His Honor or the police department if the park kissing the mayor's residence was the scene of a mugging, rape, or robbery. The park faces the East River. On either side of the park are two bridges. At night, when both bridges are lit up, they are like huge mother-of-pearl necklaces, reaching but never touching the sky. New York seems almost beautiful then. Beautiful and

(Continued on page 74)

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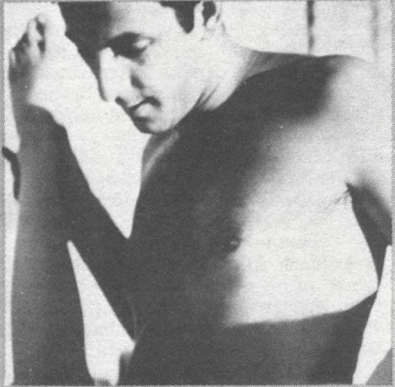
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(Continued from page 8)

ANSWER: Your husband's desire to wear your panties is simply a fetish and is in no way a perversion. Since no one is harmed by the act, why worry about it? However, you might buy him a set of his own panties so he doesn't stretch yours out of shape.

QUESTION: I am in love with a woman who used to be a hooker. What are my chances of having a good



One-time hooker—good time wife!

marriage with a woman who slept with men for money?—F.B., Dallas, Tex.

ANSWER: Your chances are excellent, Tex. In addition to having a woman who has had the experience of knowing all the ways there are to please a man in bed, various studies have indicated that a one-time prostitute makes an ideal marriage mate and is not likely to either say "no" or try to put a man down.

QUESTION: I just saw a "dirty" coin. Is that new? Or did it start with the old, so-called "decent" generation?—G.G., New York, N.Y.

ANSWER: The so-called "dirty" coin started as early as the Han Dynasty in China. On one side of a coin would be words of good omen; on the other, a god and a goddess would be copulating. If you see anything similar, it's a copy.

QUESTION: I know that women are capable of multi-orgasms. But just what is the all-time record for female climaxes in a set period of time?—E.C., St. Charles, Ill.

ANSWER: Researchers P. Cauthery and S. Cole state that "the world's standing record is 100 in one hour."

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bearable. Planes, their green and red lights winking, pass in the distance, taking off and landing at Kennedy tucked somewhere out behind one of the bridges. Freighters and oil tankers, feisty tugs leading huge barges filled with tons of garbage, glide up and down the river like children's toys. Water laps against the black menacing rocks below. The buildings near the park are mostly upper middle class, and the neighborhood is considered a safe one. Frank and Bill really didn't have too much policing to do. Mostly, they got a chance to know each other.

They had both grown up in the city, and they both loved New York. "I know the air is supposed to smell sweet in the country, and tourists claim the pollution and noise here gets them shaky," Frank said. "But with me, it's just the reverse. When my wife gets me to take her and the kids to the country, breathing in the sweet-smelling air, I get nervous. I suppose it's the quiet that spooks me. The quiet reminds me of a cemetery. Give me the noise and pushing and shoving any old time."

Bill nodded. He felt exactly the same way. "I guess it's a matter of conditioning," he said. He was beginning to like Frank.

A kid on a two-wheeler bike approached them. Bill made the kid get off the bike. "I'm sorry, but there's not bike riding allowed in this park," Bill said.

The kid started to argue. "Hey, you heard him," Frank said. "Take off, and don't let us catch you riding your bike in the park again."

"I suppose you guys keep all the rules, too," the kid said cynically.

Bill couldn't help smiling. "You got a point, kid. Only if you keep riding that goddamned bike around here, you're going to make us auxiliary cops look bad."

The kid nodded slowly. He was being asked to do a couple of amateur cops a favor, right? Anyway, it was much easier to accept being conned than it was being pushed around. Walking his bike out of the park, the kid said over his shoulder, "Well, I guess I'll see you guys around, huh?"

Watching the kid leave, Frank said, "You handled that pretty well, Bill. Me, I've got a heavy touch. A heavy hand, too."

"All it takes is a little practice," Bill said. "And it doesn't hurt that I own a bar either. You get to learn how to deal with a lot of different characters when you run a bar. In fact, I sometimes thing presidents ought to be forced behind a bar before they take office. Great training for talking to the troops."

"Listen, I ever get bounced from my electrician's job, I hope you'll make me a bartender's offer I can't refuse."

"You're on," Bill said. "Only don't get bounced too soon. I mean, let me get to know you a little better first."

And during the next couple of weeks, that's exactly what happened—they got to know each other better. They went to a couple of Met games together, they drove out to Belmont and bet on the ponies, they drank in Bill's bar, and they made sure that as auxiliary cops they were always assigned to the same two-man patrol.

Then, about a month after Frank had joined the auxiliary force, Bill noticed that his friend wore a new name tag. Instead of Frank Norman it now read Frank Lynn.

As soon as Bill saw the name Lynn, he guessed that Frank was Renee's husband. As casually as he could, Bill asked Frank about the new name tag. Frank answered that the cops had mistaken his middle name for his last name, and he'd been wanting to have the mistake corrected this past month, but he'd never gotten around to it before.

But Bill, no dummy, figured otherwise. He guessed that Frank had given the wrong name to the cops to begin with. He also guessed that Frank's sole purpose in joining the auxiliary cops was to befriend Bill. He'd probably had someone find out about Bill's private life and deduced that becoming an auxiliary cop was the best way of getting close to Bill. Once he was Bill's friend, Frank would casually let Bill discover his true identity. After which, he hoped Bill would stop sleeping with Renee. It was a pretty clever scheme, when you stopped and thought about it . . .

The only trouble was, Bill didn't particularly like being played for a chump. Nor did he like being manipulated, and while he sympathized with Frank, he wasn't about to let himself be so easily out-manuevered. After all, there was a certain amount of his ego involved, too.

He wondered whether to tell Renee, whom he'd been humping this past month, about her husband's machinations. Perhaps he was wrong, perhaps Frank wasn't Renee's husband. There were tons of Lynns living in New York, right? What was the point of telling her if he was wrong? But then Bill remembered Renee once telling him that her husband's name was Frank, that he was an electrician, and that Frank had a huge Adam's apple. No, there was no point in fooling himself. Frank was Renee's husband, all right.

Despite being played for a yo-yo, Bill admired Frank. Frank had taken the trouble to fight for his wife, and he'd done it with a certain cunning and intelligence. But admiring Frank was one thing; letting himself be victimized by Frank's cunning, however, was another.

For some reason, one night not too long after he'd learned of Frank's true identity, Bill called his son, who was away at college. "Danny boy, how you doing?" he asked.

"Dad, that you?" his son asked, and from the tone of his voice Bill guessed that Danny was with someone, probably a girl.

"Yeah, it's the old Dad. Just called to ask how you were getting on."

Bill didn't often call his son and hardly ever wrote to him. So Dan was pretty surprised hearing from the old man out of the blue, so to speak. "Dad, you ill? Something bothering you?"

"No, no, everything's fine. Feeling good, and business's good, too. Just wanted to shoot the breeze for a couple of minutes."

"Maybe you're having women troubles, Dad," his son guessed.

Bill laughed. "I don't get women troubles, kid. I give them."

But when he hung up ten minutes later, he wondered if his son had casually guessed the truth. "But that's ridiculous," Bill thought. "It isn't my wife's who's involved, but Frank's. When I was married, my wife didn't get out of line, or not so as I'd notice. Frank can't handle Renee, keep her

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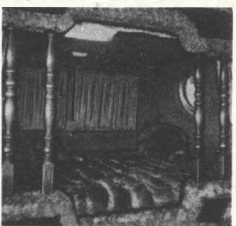
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in line, that's his problem, not mine."
At any rate, the next time he slept with Renee, he made it quite clear that he wasn't the one going to call a halt to their affair.

She looked at him, a dazed expression punctuating her face. "What are you talking about?" she asked.

"I've met your husband, and he's trying to become my buddy-buddy in the hope I'll stop sleeping with you," Bill said. Then he told her the whole story.

When he finished, Renee said, "That crazy Frank. I didn't think he had it in him."

"Has he ever done this with any of your other boy friends?" Bill wanted to know.

"None of them ever told me what you just did, if that's what you mean."

"The question is, what are we going to do about it?" Bill said.

"Well, it's not going to bother me if it's not going to bother you," Renee said.

"My sentiments exactly," Bill echoed.

And, as if to show their mutual defiance of Frank, they made love to each other that afternoon with more funkiness and passion than they ever had before. At the same time she was giving him oral sex, she'd wet one finger and eased it into his rectum. He suddenly felt as if he was going to fly off his bed and slam against the wall, instead, his mouth open, the first chance he got he dove for her snatch and within minutes had her moaning.

After they finished making love, they took a shower together. "When you're horny and interested, you're something else in the sack," she told him.

"Aren't I always interested?" he said.

"No, and when you're not interested, neither am I." Then she told him that her husband never seemed interested when they were making love. And probably that was part of their problem. Certainly, that was one of the reasons she had affairs.

"My husband isn't a bad guy, and I don't want to hurt him," Renee said. "But I'm not about to deny myself some good sex just because Frank's gotten suspicious in his old age and found me out. That's his problem, not mine."

"I look at it another way," Bill said. "You're his problem, not mine. What we've got together is okay, just plain sex. But at my age, and me a widower, I figure

that puts me ahead of the game."

"We satisfy each other's needs," Renee said. "Isn't that what you're really saying?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying."

"And tough on Frank," Renee said.

"And tough on Frank," Bill agreed.

A couple of weeks later, Bill's son came home from college for a week's vacation. Dan resembled his mother. The same mouth and eyes. And whenever Bill saw him the first time after not having seen him for months, he felt like taking his son's face in his hands and hugging him. Almost always, his heart would skip a beat and he'd remember Dan's mother.

In order to spend time with his son, Bill always made sure to take part of his vacation during the time Dan was home from school. They'd go to some ball games, catch a few movies together, eat out in some of the better steak joints near the Garden. Also, Bill would take his son to some of the fancy clothing stores in town, where he'd blow the kid to some fancy duds. In short, Bill would do everything for Dan but get his son laid. As far as that goes, Dan seemed able to take care of himself. At any rate, every time he was home from school, Bill noted that his son would receive more than one phone call from a girl, and it was never from the same girl either. "A chip off the old man's block," Bill liked to think.

It was pleasant being a father, when you had a son like Dan around. He was never a pain in the ass, got good grades, seemed to know the score, and wasn't a snob or spoiled any time he put in an appearance at Bill's bar. Even the bartenders liked Dan.

(Continued on page 77)



"Hey pal... Mind if we borrow your back seat?"

Last Minute Memo for Men

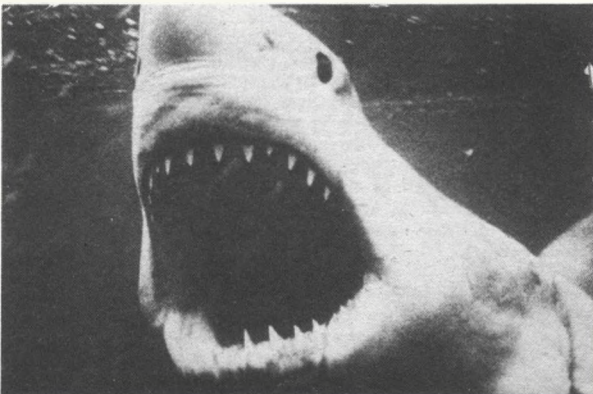
(Continued from page 64)

phere. And here's the real fright: NO ONE, NO ONE yet knows what happens to all this pacemaker plutonium when you CREMATE the man who owns one. All that heat might just be enough to do the trick....

Keep a stick handy to bash the salesmen now out to sell you BUFFALO DUNG fertilizer for better homes and gardens, claiming its magical and, besides, it's RECYCLED. The stuff they're peddling at \$5/pound is usually COW OR HORSE anyway. And even if it WERE real buffalo, cow or horse would be just as good....

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CAKE photographs head on and raunchy, to stiffen softening circulation....

The thing which interests our MILITARY PLANNERS most about the Soviets' jumping army DRAFTEES' duty tours from 2 years to 3 is, Moscow's saying everybody should just have MORE TRAINING, that's all. What it really means, is, the Soviets have probably escalated again to a new level of WEAPONRY SOPHISTICATED and caught us with our pants down....

FINAL MEMO

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For sure, Bill always looked forward to having his kid home.

But the Thursday during the week Dan was on vacation, the kid forgot to look both ways before crossing Fifth Avenue, and a cab turning the corner on three wheels couldn't brake in time. The cab's fender lifted Dan off his feet, and when he came down, his head hit the sidewalk with a sickening thud.

They rushed him to the nearest hospital, where it was diagnosed that he was suffering from a brain concussion. It would be necessary to operate. A cop notified Bill. Dan was still unconscious when they let him into his son's room before the operation. The surgeon told Bill that Dan's chances were no better than fifty-fifty. At best, Dan's life would hang in the balance for at least a couple of days.

Bill wasn't quite sure why he'd called Renee the next morning. Perhaps it was just that he wanted someone to talk to. Anyway, he told her about his son's accident. She said she'd keep in touch and wished him luck. "Thanks, I think I'm going to need it," he said.

Naturally, he couldn't report to the police auxiliary unit for duty that week. Bill was spending most of his time at the hospital. Not that he could do much there, but he'd have felt as if he was letting his son down if he didn't at least hang around.

Then, it was almost a week, and Dan wasn't out of the woods yet. The doctors kept telling Bill it could still go either way. Bill was surprised he hadn't heard from Renee. She did say she'd keep in touch, didn't she?

One evening, toward the end of the following week, while his son was still on

the critical list, Bill was surprised to see Frank walk into the hospital waiting room.

"Christ, I was sorry to hear about your son's accident," Frank said, sitting down next to Bill. Then he explained that when Bill hadn't shown up for duty at the auxiliary unit, he'd gotten worried and curious. Today he'd dropped over at Bill's bar, and one of the bartenders told him about Dan's accident. "If there's anything I can do, Bill, please let me know," Frank said. "I got two kids myself, and I can imagine what you must be going through."

"It's damned nice of you to come," Bill said. "I appreciate it."

Frank didn't really know what to say—what *do* you say under such circumstances? But he remained with Bill for almost a half hour in the hospital waiting room. He talked about the Yankees and their chances of going all the way. He talked about his job, the weather, about whatever came into his head, and he tried to keep the conversation especially going whenever he got even the slightest response from Bill. Needless to say, Bill looked a wreck, as if he hadn't eaten or slept this past week.

Just before Frank took his leave, Bill told him again how much he appreciated the visit. "I won't forget your coming here, Frank," he promised.

The following day his son began to show some definite signs of improvement; his condition started to stabilize, and the doctor was able to tell him things were shaping up. Bill could have kissed the guy.

"So my kid's going to make it, after all?" he asked, just so there'd be no misunderstanding.

"Well, it certainly looks better now than

at any other time," the doctor said, giving nothing extra away.

And the way things turned out, Dan did recover, although he had to miss his college exams and repeat most of his term's courses.

Anyway, about three months after Dan's accident, Bill received a call from Renee.

"How's your son doing?" she asked.

Bill was surprised to hear from her. "Well, he's out of the hospital, and he's going to be okay," he said.

"What about us getting together this week?" she asked.

Bill thought about it a minute. Then he said, "No, I don't think that would be too good an idea."

"Why is that?" she asked.

"My kid's accident was three months ago. Why didn't you call me before now?"

"I didn't want to bother you," she said. "I knew you'd be tied up worrying about your son."

Bill couldn't help saying, "You know, Renee, you're not worth your husband's little finger."

"I don't have to take this crap from you," she said.

"No, I guess you don't," he said.

It must have been a half year later when Frank showed up at Bill's bar and casually mentioned that he'd recently divorced his wife. The judge, he said, had awarded him custody of the children.

"Why aren't I surprised the judge gave you the kids?" Bill asked.

Frank grinned. "Let's have a drink to friendship," he said.

"Only if it's on me," Bill said, reaching for his best Scotch.

PORNO QUEEN

(Continued from page 34)

action.

Okay then, a little more baloney before we get down to the meat of the matter. As with the tours I did for the films *He, She and Me* and *Sexmate*, the campaign began in our home town, Chicago. From there we swung west to do Vegas and California's hot spots before working our way back east through Dallas and Miami, Washington and finally, New York. Depending on the reception we received in each city, we usually scheduled a two or three day stop. But if the demand was there, we'd stay to give as many interviews or attend as many parties, etc. as we could. Every ounce of publicity helps, you know.

Since my occupation is so highly erotic, it goes without saying that real, live sex is also a big part of the tour. As I write this, in fact, my mind is drifting back through so many of my sexploits that I hardly know where to begin. I guess there should be some order here, so what I'll do is give you a taste of what went on in each of the cities we hit. Too bad there isn't enough space here to tell about everything. That would take up a whole book.

My wonderful interview in Chicago I've already told you about. That means our next stop is . . .

LAS VEGAS

Everybody knows that Vegas is one of the world's top pleasure cities, and for me this meant a lot of personal appearances, both at the theatres where *Wanton Woman* was being shown, and at the casinos. The theatre stuff was a bit of a drag, but for two solid nights we jumped from hotel to hotel, sometimes to a fanfare of waiting press photographers, sometimes not. At one casino a picture was even staged where I hit the jackpot on a one-arm bandit and caught the silver dollars down the front of my deeply cut dress. And them dollars were chilly.

The highlight in Vegas though, was the party thrown for us by one of the hotel owners. I remember it firstly because that day was also my birthday. I was 24. I remember it secondly because I must have had at least 24 different men that day. That's the kind of party it was.

We got there around noon and as big as this guy's estate was, there were already people all over the place. Big shots, little shots, real movie stars, local politicians . . . it was amazing. It took me over an hour just to tour the place. And who knows how much time it would have taken me if I stopped to jump on every sexy, suntanned body I saw.

The best thing about it was that you could easily make yourself scarce. Naturally, it didn't take me long to ditch my bodyguard producer. This was a party and I was dead set on having a good time.

So there I was strolling through this immense garden and suddenly I heard some sounds that were all too familiar. "Ahhh! I hear some sex going down around here somewhere," I said aloud. And viola!

What do I discover rounding a clump of bushes but the backside of another *bush* slowly descending and ascending on the beautiful *hoe* of a black performer I'm sure you all know. I didn't want to break up a private party, I said, but would they mind if I joined in for a while? Naturally, when the dude recognized me, he was all for it.

I quickly got out of my bikini, noticing that while the girl kept pumping away, our celebrity couldn't take his eyes off me. When he licked his lips, I knew what he had in mind for starters.

He was still looking up at me when I stood over him, his head between my ankles. Then I smiled and started to lower myself down . . . down . . . down, until I was resting on my knees. Then it was only a matter of minor positioning before I felt his tongue slither up into me. Ohhh, that first rush was a real melter. All this while the other girl was still pumping away, and I was wondering if she didn't like having me around. Then I found out different. I felt another tongue tracing its way up my backbone. And then another pair of hands gently massaging my sweet and now bulging nipples. They were both working on me soon after, which was an unexpected pleasure quite unlike a *Michelo* beer. When he was eager to have me go down on him, she was just as eager to take over for his tongue, and just as good at using it.

Later, when I regained my breath, I took off again for the pool area to grab a quick shower. Seems like I spent a lot of time at those showers that afternoon, but the most enjoyable was the one I shared with this guy named Todd, who I got to talking to while waiting on line an hour or so later. He was a big, strapping man of about 30. What got me interested was the strap beneath his swim trunks that kept growing every time I looked down at it. I didn't think twice about inviting him in when I reached the front of the line.

These were more than showers, I should add. More like little cabanas. Once inside, I sat down on the small wicker loveseat and lit a cigarette while he went back so turn on the water. When he came back he was naked, and the cigarette just dropped out of my mouth as I gaped at the size of his horn. Incredible! I'll admit, I'm no Linda Lovelace, but I just had to try this one on for size.

No chance. I put my two hands around him like a baseball bat and there was still a good two inches left over. Deep Throat, bah. This guy required deep esophagus!

I did my best though, and he didn't exactly fall asleep so I know he enjoyed it. Then he hoisted me up into his arms and carried me into the shower. After we lathered each other up, he turned me on to something even I had never experienced before. He had me lean up on my tiptoes, see, and then slid that ax handle between my legs. Not inside me now, just up between my legs so that I was practically sitting on it. Holding me in his arms he began to pump nice and slow. I tell you it was incredible. I could feel every inch of him slipping through the lather against my muff and bun, at first soft and easy, then fast and furious. The more he did it, the more I relaxed in his arms. Finally I couldn't take any more. I just had to have him in me.

He let me down, turned me around and

plunged into me from behind. Geez, I'm getting wet here just telling you about it. I remember asking him later if he'd ever thought about getting into the porno business himself. He was like a human jackhammer, bucking his drill straight up into me, full, to the hilt. We can always use a man like that in the business. I mean, he had me bursting at the seams. My heart was racing and the sweat flowing out of me even as the cool water from the shower cascaded down over us. I tried to stifle myself, knowing that if I made too much noise everybody at poolside would know what was up. Couldn't help it. I started yelling for more, more, more as orgasm overlapped orgasm.

"More what?" said the sly old man who was next in line as we came out.

"More towels," I said with a wink. "What else?"

By the time dinner time came I was already thinking what a long day it had been and the whole evening was still ahead of us. Our host appeared at long last—he had to be in town on business—to supervise the weener roast of the century. He had a crew of no less than a dozen people busying bargequeuing everything from chicken and duck to massive hunks of ribs and turkeys. When he turned the wine taps on full throttle, we had the makings of a real Roman orgy. All we needed was a few dancing girls.

Did I say dancing girls? They arrived later when we all went inside to this giant hall for what the big boss man called "some entertainment."

There were some tables, but most of us sat around on the big pillows that were strewn all over the place. The booze still kept coming but now the marijuana was being broken out among small gatherings here and there. I made the rounds, getting myself pretty well lit in the process, and then the dimly lit room suddenly went pitch black. After a few moments of general freakout by all assembled, the stage curtain—oh, I forgot to mention the stage—opened up in a flurry of strobe lights, colored spots and the pounding beat of a rock band. And there they were—a full line of genuine Vegas dancers, topless and G-stringed. As the last two filed out, I could see that they were pushing something, something with lights on it. Good God, it was a birthday cake. Mine! The fanfare stopped momentarily and I was dragged up there to blow out the candles and say thanks etc., etc. and I couldn't help but burst out laughing. The cake was shaped like a woman's spread legs and the candles were tiny wax penises!

After that the party just about went crazy. Encouraged by the booze, the pot, the bouncing boobies of the statuesque dancers, by everything that had happened up to that point, one could feel the horns sprouting atop their head. And then it was time to show my film. But neither I nor anyone else got to see too much of it. The first close-up of me making a snack out of one of the guys in the film lit the very short fuse to every belt buckle and zipper in the place. Over 150 people—some fools had left—worshipping the god of the ol' in-and-out. And for this show I wasn't even the star. There was this redhead to my left giving and getting it from every guy she could accommodate. I stopped counting or

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even caring when I saw her trying to work her feet into the act. I mean, there was no need to be gluttonous, you know? Anyway, it was at that moment that a young guy and this woman of about 35 literally dragged me over to where a leap frog daisy chain was forming. The frog chain is different from the normal daisy, where everybody balls and sucks and fingers and squeezes while maintaining a stationary position. This version adds a little extra variety in that periodically, the calls go out to "leap," and everybody on top moves forward to partner up with the next person on the bottom. The only requirement is that all those on top or bottom be of the same sex. Unless you're with a strictly bisexual crowd, most guys don't seem to like it any other way.

The gals were on the bottom for our chain, and as soon as we got into position the guys joined in. Of course, oral sex was the first order of business because we had to get the guys ready. Soon the silence of our group was being broken by ecstatic screams and hysteric yahoos as one guy after another lowered himself into the saddle. The craziest part came when the "leap" calls start coming more often. I started out having a guy in me for about five minutes at a time. Then it was three. Then one, and then it seemed like I had a different horny toad in me every few seconds. The pot was working on me here, remember, and after a while, there was just a blur of men passing over me. Afterwards we took a joint break and continued this time gals on top.

SAN FRANCISCO

I created quite a ruckus traipsing among

the tourists down at Fisherman's Wharf in my Frederick's of Hollywood outfit. But that didn't stop two middle aged guys from lifting me onto their shoulders for a press photo. The outfit, I must say, was pretty heavy. It was a two piece job made of black satin. The pants were cut so low and so tightly across my hips that the outlines of everything from my teeny, string bikini panties to the crack of my ass and *more* were visible. And the bra-type top had up-lifting pads in the cups that made my boobs point out at right angles. Now my measurements are a healthy 36-22-35, but when I poured myself into that get-up it was like I was a 40-22-36. Scatter those dimensions over a 5'3" frame like mine and you wind up with quite a package.

It was also while strolling the Wharf that I met Sergio. Like half the crowd following me, Sergio was a photographer. He worked expressly for an Italian men's magazine and, from what I heard, he was quite famous in Europe. Something about him attracted me from the start, either his full beard or the way he seemed to appreciate the posing I was soon doing especially for his benefit. But I knew I wanted him.

He wanted me too, it turns out. Not long after I started winking at him he approached me with the idea of photographing me in the buff. My contract, however, has strange rules covering nude layouts—the biggest of which being the mandatory presence of that pain-in-the-ass producer of mine. But I knew how to handle my wants and Sergio's at the same time. I told him to come to my hotel room in an hour. I'd tell my producer I

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"Go ahead back to your mother. I'm too tired to try for a reconciliation right now anyway."

was tired and needed to nap, and then Sergio and I could "be alone to talk over" his proposition properly.

Naturally, my scheme worked like a charm.

Sergio arrived and I quickly ushered him in, locking the door afterwards. So you want to take pictures of my beautiful naked body? I said. Well then, hadn't you first better make a closer inspection of it? He may have spoken broken English, but that Sergio sure knew how to handle a come-on. What did he do? Nothing. He just sat down in a chair. What better way to make a horny woman hornier than to make her wait?

So we had a drink and actually did talk about my doing a spread. He was being so casual, not even noticing, or reacting anyway, my attempts to turn him on. When I reached down into my top to squeeze my left nipple he just kept right on talking about the layout he visualized for me. When I lifted my leg onto the arm of the chair and began running the base of my stem glass up and down over the aforementioned outline of my muff, he reached for a napkin and blew his nose! I didn't know what else to do, and then I thought of it.

"Sergio," I said, "do you like blondes?" If he didn't go for this one I'd have to rape him.

"Sure, sure," he replied from somewhere underneath all that facial growth. "Luva blonde. Luva all blondes—a the best."

I knew I could get him now. I got up from my chair, leaned over him and, while popping the snaps between my breasts, whispered in his ear, "One hundred percent, guaranteed, all *natural* blondes, Sergio?"

I've never known a man to turn down a chance to make it with pure top and bottom blonde. Now there was no stopping him, not that I wanted to of course. He practically ripped off his clothes while I scraped off my pants and then it was muff-diving time. For about half an hour. And it was well worth the wait. I just sat back and let his beautiful tongue and tickling beard dance between my legs, moistening me up for what I was really longing for.

Just when he had me with tears of overwhelming pleasure in my eyes, he bolted off the floor and popped his throb-

bing zip gun into me. I can't describe the feeling, even now. He'd had me covered with fever chills already, I thought I had to be at my peak, and then he started moving in and out of me and I just drifted off into the bliss of sexual outer space.

I woke up some minutes later as bushed as I've ever been. But still, of course, willing and wanting to "talk over" Sergio's proposition further. There was no doubt in my mind, of course, that he could photograph me clothed or naked anytime.

LOS ANGELES

I haven't mentioned anything about this type of thing yet, but all during the tour my producer and I had been meeting with different money men, who we tried to talk into investing some cash in a good porno film. Naturally though, what this amounts to is me showing these old dudes a good time. But usually these episodes are a drag, so I haven't wasted space telling you about them. Until now, that is. You might not believe what happened to me in Los Angeles.

Not only did this wealthy real estate guy prepare an actual script for our little get-together, and not only was he going to film it on the closed circuit television system in his home, but his wife was also going to take part! A lot of the men we deal with in this regard *are* on the kinky side. I mean, he's throwing a couple thousand bucks our way, so he might as well get something a little out of the ordinary for it. But most guys try to hide stuff like this from their wives. And I'd never used a script for one before. Something told me that Al—he was in his 50's, balding and with a slight paunch—and Shirley—she was no more than 45, still pretty trim, short-short brown hair—were going to make it something of an extraordinary outing for me, too.

The script was nothing too special, but when I got into the fantasy aspect of it like Al and Shirley did, I really started to get off on it. The first part of the "story" had Al subjecting me—I played a traveling salesgirl—to everything an older guy could ever dream of doing to a sweet young girl. After bringing me into his parlor his nice, gentlemanly attitude changed and he became a perverted maniac. He ripped and pulled at my clothes while I screamed and ran around the room. But he caught me soon enough, and a few slaps to the face

quieted me. He threatened to kill me if I didn't do whatever he said. And whatever meant *whatever*. He made me take the rest of my clothes off myself. That done, he dropped his pants, pushed me to my knees and forced me to take him into my mouth. Then he started talking dirty, saying things like: "Yeah, you like that, don't you? All you young bitches just love to suck;" or, "C'mon, you tramp. Take all of it in. Yeah, yeah, that's it . . ." Then he went about raping me over and over, me on my back, on my knees. The more I'd cry out for him to stop the more frenzied he became. Just when he was sitting on my stomach, sliding his sizable erection back and forth between my pushed-together breasts and into my mouth, shut, there was the sound of a door slamming shut.

He turned quickly around and there was Shirley, dressed in leather boots, pants and shirt, a riding crop in her hand.

"Albert, what the eff am I going to do with you?" Shirley bellowed. "Get the eff out of my sight!"

Albert made a quick exit. Then Shirley came over to apologize, to say she hoped I could understand that her husband was a sick man. Drying my invisible tears, she took me into another room where there was a bed and told me to lie down.

Then Shirley went into her own act. She started to massage my body, running her fingers lightly at first over my breasts, stomach and thighs. When she then took my nipples in her hands and started to squeeze though, I cried out for her to please stop. She flew into a rage. If I wouldn't accept her kindness, she said as she stood up, I would have to accept *this!* And she began whipping me with her crop. I had to agree to be her slave before she let up.

She made me remove her clothes, all except for her boots. Then I was back down on my knees nuzzling up into her muff with my tongue as she stood in triumph over me. Then she pulled a strap-on dildo out of a drawer. Her face was hard and mean, as if she despised me. With a sardonic laugh she fitted the dildo around her hips and ordered me back onto the bed.

This is where I really started getting into things. Watching her shove that dildo in me deeper and deeper, feeling the little ring of nubs on it tickling my insides—the whole seemingly twisted game was now turning me on!

The moaning and groaning I was doing at this point was no act. I wanted her to know that so I began telling her how good it felt, how I wanted more. She loved hearing it. And when I started nibbling her nipples she suddenly went stiff, let out with a long shudder and collapsed on top of me.

End of show.

But not the end of the day. Al soon rejoiced us. We talked and drank for a while and then got back to some good balling—even if it was a bit more conventional. Later, we topped the fun off by viewing ourselves performing on the closed circuit TV monitor.

DALLAS

At this stage of the game, the tour routine was becoming one big bore. The same things in every city, more pictures, more openings, more interviews. I was tired of it all. Still, I did have enough sexual energy left to let a local

gynecologist—my monthly check-up, you know—climb up into the stirrup chair with me. After he *probed* me, I was assured that everything was still in tip-top shape.

MIAMI

Things weren't going bad enough. You know what my elfing producer did? He brings me a synopsis for what was supposed to be my next triple-X film, says he's going to call it *Clean As A Whistle*, and then casually adds, "Of course, you'll have to shave your little puss-puss for the role." Puss-puss my ass! I like my glistening yellow patch just the way it is. The nerve. He got me so pissed I went on strike and we had to leave Miami a day early.

WASHINGTON AND NEW YORK

Luckily, things changed for the better once we hit D.C. I'd just come back to the hotel from a photo session out near the Washington Monument—they took some pictures of me standing on the ledge of a nearby rooftop and angled the shots so that the Monument became a giant, pointed penis shooting up between my spread legs. That was funny, but I was really glad when I was told by a member of our entourage that a surprise was waiting for me up in my room.

I hustled up there, barged in the door and there was Cherry, another of the stars of *Wanton Woman*, her mouth full of bellhop!

"Plenty of time for hellos later, Karen," Cherry said hurriedly. "Get over here and give me a hand with this."

Of course I agreed with Cherry that some things come first, so I didn't hesitate to join in. We sure gave that young pimple-faced bellhop's chimes a good ringing. And just to how you what much a good "tip" can do, let me just say that for the rest of our Washington stay neither Cherry or I had to wait more than 30 seconds to get an order from room service.

The crowning experience of the entire tour was our final night in New York City. All business had been taken care of, and now it was time for one last big bash. We were on the phones all that day, calling friends and fellow porno giants, trying to assemble as big as a cast of sexual deviates—all in good fun, of course—as we could. It turned out to be a regular porno world happening.

We rented the entire top floor of one hotel, sealed off the stairways and bolted the elevator doors and let everyone just run wild. One well known star had a line of girls waiting to help him in his quest for twenty orgasms in one night. Another female star was strying to keep five erections up at the same time, which was a lot funnier than watching a guy keep some plates spinning on sticks. There was a nicest ass contest. A best breast contest. A sterling silver mustache comb award for the best design in manicured muffs, which I took, having trimmed my golden pubes into a sunburst pattern. And a silver dildo was awarded to the best female head-giver (sorry, Cherry, you can't always win) . . . But there were so many crazy contests and prizes that everybody walked away with something—or someone.

Well, unfortunately, that about raps it up. Hope you enjoyed reliving the best parts of my tour with me. I know I got off on it. Who knows? Maybe you'll play a part in my next one. In any event, see you in the movies! □

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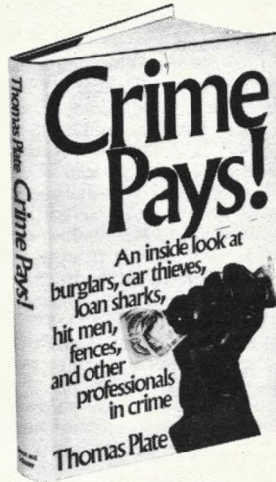
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(Continued from page 31)

It was some minutes before he was able to get to his feet. Then he found himself staring down at the girl's dead mother, her face demolished, the base of the heavy lamp imbedded in its flesh and shattered bone. "My God, my God," he said dazedly and sent a look of total confusion around the room, as though looking for answers. What had happened? Why? What was it all about?

His eyes fell on his own image in a large mirror. His face looked as though someone had used a rake on it, the blood lying thick along a dozen deep lacerations. His ear was mangled, a nostril sliced open, a corner of his mouth ripped an inch outward into his cheek. His clothes were torn and soaked with blood from the things the dog had done to his body.

A newspaper headline flashed into his mind. "WAR-SHATTERED VIET VET MURDERS WEALTHY CALIFORNIA WOMAN." Of course, that was it. That was all it could be. The dog was supposed to kill him. The police would have had no trouble piecing things together. He had broken in and killed the woman, and then the dog had killed him. Renee Saunders would have been away when it happened. She would have come home and "discovered" her mother's body, and Palmer's, too.

Of course it hadn't exactly happened that way. Somehow he had managed to kill the dog. But his situation was desperate nevertheless. The woman was dead and he was still the "war-shattered vet" who had been there. The police would have no trouble establishing that. His fingerprints were everywhere. One look at him and they would know he had been defending himself against a savage animal. Next, they would find bits of his skin under the Doberman's claws.

He had to get out of there.

He had to get away.

He had to get help in a hurry.

It was late that afternoon when the call came in for Toni Race in Arapaho Canyon a little above Pasadena. She lived 300 yards up the winding, dirt road from the closest neighbor. The Canyon was essentially a low-rent community of unsuccessful artists, and none of the cottages was furnished with anything more than the barest necessities.

Toni was soaking in a hot tub when the phone rang. She heard Sailor Grey pick it up in the bedroom and say, "Who should I tell her is calling?"

She called out, "Anyone's all right, babe. Just bring it here."

The bathroom door opened. The Sailor came in with the phone and a low stool to put it on. He was a stocky, balding, cheerful-looking man in a clean, white tee shirt. But his face was a drinker's, red-veined and raw, and it was permanently marked by the lumps and bruises of many assaults.

Toni took the phone and stared at him

still standing in the doorway. "You waiting for a tip, babe? You think I got some loose change in here with me?"

The Sailor grinned, disclosing several gaps where there should have been teeth, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Toni said into the phone, "Yeah?"

A man laughed at the other end and said, "Al Wilcox, Toni. Sounds like you're having trouble with the houseboy. What have you been doing with yourself?"

Toni said, "I been being a movie star. I just got home from finishing my latest feature flick."

Wilcox laughed again. "Uh huh, swifties for the stag-party trade. What was this one?"

Toni said, "They're still debating. Do they call it *Jungle Frenzy* or do they call it *Jungle Orgy*. Either way I'm the Queen of the Zulus. What's on your mind, babe? Why are you checking me out?"

"I've got a young fellow in my office that's being framed for murder, Toni," Wilcox said. "He just came out of a POW camp and it's like he doesn't know what hit him. He's given me all the details and I see a spot here for you in what I'm going to be doing for him. It would involve . . ."

Toni said, "All I need to know is does it involve fifty dollars a day?"

Wilcox said warningly, "Don't try to hustle me, Toni. If forty a day was all right a month ago, forty a day's going to have to be all right now."

Toni said, "Didn't you hear about the inflation, babe? The price of everything is going up, including the price of me."

She hung up and lowered herself into the water til just her head was out. The Sailor opened the door, reaching for the phone and stool. Toni said, "I didn't hear me tinkle, babe. I didn't hear me ring your bell."

"Just anticipating your orders, Toni," the Sailor grinned. "Just trying to make a good impression."

The phone rang. Toni picked it up, put her hand over the mouthpiece and said, "Make me a sandwich, babe. Tuna on toast and a glass of ice tea."

"You haven't eaten anything since this morning," the Sailor said with sudden fussiness. "You've got to have more than just that."

Toni said, "Do what I said, babe, do what I said."

The Sailor said, "You want to take better care of yourself," and left the room shaking his head. Toni took her hand off the mouthpiece and said, "Yeah, babe."

Al Wilcox said, "All right, fifty a day."

Toni said, "Plus expenses. That includes twenty cents a mile."

Wilcox shouted, "Come on, now, Toni, enough is enough. If you think I'm holding still for a God damn mugging . . ."

Toni said, "Don't make me put this phone down again, babe, because the next time I do it's staying down. I'm just calling that to your attention."

There was a minute of silence. Then Wilcox said, "When can you be here?"

Toni said, "About an hour."

She put the phone down and stood up in the tub, a black woman a good six feet tall, her full-breasted torso and long, well-formed legs gleaming wetly. Her

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face angled upward from a narrow chin to wide cheekbones, her dark eyes slanting across its entire width in the way of ancient Egyptian queens. She had piled her hair on top of her head to keep it from getting wet.

She dried herself quickly, draped the towel over the shower rod and went to the bedroom, calling out to Sailor Grey as she passed the kitchen. "Move it along, babe, move it along. I'll be dressed in a minute." She put on a black skirt and a pink knitted jersey, slipped her bare feet into black, high-heeled sandals, and came outside reaching her hands to the back of her neck to grab her hair together there and tie it up in a small, pink ribbon.

A card table had been set up beside the shabby, worn-through couch in the living room. Her tray of food was on it. She sat down, took a sip of iced tea, and said, "I don't know when I'll be home, babe. Probably pretty late."

"How about if I go with you, Toni?" the Sailor said.

She looked at him sharply. "What for?" "You know how it is when I'm alone," he shrugged. "I get restless."

"Any of that and you're out of here on your rump," Toni warned. "You know that, don't you, babe?"

He didn't answer. She said sternly, "This is the boss lady talking to you, babe. Don't you answer when the boss lady asks you a question?"

"I know what you're saying, Toni," the Sailor sighed. "I know what you're saying."

Al Wilcox's office was in a grimy office building on Figueroa Street in downtown Los Angeles. Toni put her 8-year-old VW on a Kinney lot a block away and walked, drawing the familiar stares of envy, admiration and astonishment from women as well as men, tributes to a sensuality that embraced them both. She passed through them like a liner through a flotilla of dugout canoes, her gaze cool, direct, measuring, her heels striking the pavement with a crisp click of self-assurance. She entered Wilcox's building and took the creaky, graffiti-scrawled, self-service elevator to the fourth floor, then went along a dimly lit, musty-smelling corridor to his office, his name on the frosted glass of the door—AL



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Wilcox let her in. "The kid's in a bad way," he said without any preliminaries, talking in a low voice as she stood in the doorway. "You'll see, you'll see. I want you to get the story from him before he starts coming apart. You'll probably have some questions for him, too. All right, let's get to it." Wilcox was tall, lanky, a rumped, untidy man smelling of cigarettes.

He stepped aside so she could go in past him. Palmer was sitting on a sagging leather couch, the kind usually seen in the lobbies of transient hotels. He started to get up, but Toni waved him back down. "Stay there, babe. I won't hold it against you. What have you been doing, wrestling lions?" Palmer hadn't done anything for himself since leaving Renee Saunders' beach house. He was afraid any doctor or clinic would notify the police. So he had driven straight to Los Angeles, gotten Wilcox's name out of the classified pages of the phone book, and gone right to his office.

"It could just as well have been a lion," Palmer said wearily, staring down at his lacerated hands and arms, his torn and bloodied clothing. "A lion wouldn't have been any worse."

"Tell me about it, babe," Toni said. She sat down on a straight-backed chair and crossed her long, lovely legs, but Palmer was too depressed and exhausted to notice them.

"I got out of the Army early this week," he said, his voice a dreary drone. "My parents had both died while I was away, so when I got home I was the only one there. We've got a house on El Tigre Beach down the coast and it's kind of an isolated place with lots of beach between one house and the next."

"This morning I was reading on the sand out in front of my place when this girl came over from the next house. I'd never seen her before, so that means

they had to have bought their place while I was away. She said her name was Renee Saunders, she'd heard about me getting out, and did I want to come over and have a drink with her. I said sure, why not.

"Well, we went over to her house and as soon as we were there, she said she wanted to show me something. She took me into a room and her mother's lying there in a coma. She'd been in a car accident three months earlier and she'd been like that ever since. I said something like what's the point in keeping someone alive when they're that bad off, and the next thing I know there's a Doberman in the room clawing and biting the hell out of me and Renee Saunders is battering her mother's face with a heavy lamp.

"She ran out of the room while I was fighting the dog and I managed to kill it with a sewing shears. Then I look at her mother and her mother's dead with her face all bashed in. I saw right away what it looked like, what the police would have to think. They'd have to think I did it. No way around it. I'm a psycho POW that had a bullet in the skull and maybe there are still some fragments there pressing on my brain. How could they think anything else? How could they believe me telling them that crazy thing that actually happened? So I just ran out of there and ... and ... I don't know ... I don't know what ... I don't know why."

He had begun trembling. He leaned forward, his face going into his shaking hands. Toni said, "Is there money in that operation, babe? Renee Saunders and her mother? Do they have money?"

"I think so," Palmer muttered.

"What about a father?" Toni asked.

"He doesn't know, Toni," Wilcox said. "I'll get something on that. I'll get something on the money, too."

"What about the girl?" Toni said to Palmer. "What kind of girl is she?"

"A dyke," Palmer said, still muttering into his hands. "Skinny and all dried up and with a starved look as though like even being a dyke she never had what she needed."

Toni said, "Uh huh," and thought about that for a minute. Then she stood up and put her hand on the back of his head, kneading his neck. She said, "You've got to do something about all those bites and claw marks, babe. You don't want to get them infected."

She went to the door with Wilcox. They spoke in low voices there, Toni saying, "I guess you want me to go see Renee Saunders."

Wilcox said, "That's right."

She said, "I was listening to the radio on the way in and I didn't hear anything said about this."

Wilcox said, "El Tigre is one of those places where the people just about own the police department. Something like this, the police know how to keep it quiet. You won't see anything in the papers or anything like that."

Toni opened the door and went out into the hall. Wilcox stepped out with her. She said, "Places like that, places where the people own the police, there's usually some money there. People who live there, they got to have some money."

"Oh, some, I suppose," Wilcox said carefully. "I guess there'd be some money around."

"That means this boy's got some money," Toni said. "He's also got some money that came to him from being a POW. That means you got a good thing there and yet look at the way you fussed me around about my measly fifty a day."

"Expenses are going to run awfully high on this one, Toni," Wilcox said somberly. "I'm just getting my regular fee from the boy and there wouldn't be enough."

"Oh, kiss my rump, kiss my rump," Toni said, then added: "Never mind, on second thought, I don't want to give you that pleasure."

It was well after sundown when she got back to the Canyon. An unfamiliar car was parked in front of the cottage and two men were just coming out and getting into it. She parked, picked up a tire iron from the floor of the VW and went over to the other car, holding the tool so it was concealed against the inside of her arm. As she reached it, she said, "I don't know you boys, do I?"

They were in their early twenties, one white and the other black. They laughed, sitting side by side in the front seat, and one said, "No, you don't know us, lady. We're not exactly your type."

"That's a good reason for you not to come visiting where I live," Toni said, and she raised the tire iron and brought it down on their windshield in three quick shots, smashing the glass all over them in glittering shards and splinters as well as some large, jagged pieces. They howled briefly when she began, then sat as though petrified as the glass showered in on them. When she was finished she pointed to the road and said, "Move out," then stood watching as they went past her, their faces numb with disbelief.

Next, she mounted the three steps to the

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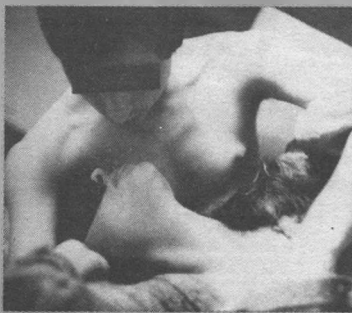
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porch and went into the cottage, leaving the door open. Sailor Grey was lying face-down on the couch there wearing just a pair of shorts and a tee shirt. Toni said, "Out, babe, out, I told you that," and took him by the hair to drag him off the couch and onto the floor. He mumbled something drunkenly and she began dragging him toward the door, paying no attention to his incoherent protests or the difficulty he was having trying to get his hands and knees under him.

When she reached the door, she heaved him out on the porch to the head of the steps, then went back inside to gather up his clothing and throw it out after him. He was still lying where she had dropped him. She said, "Out means all the way out," and shoved him with her foot, first onto the step and then the rest of the way down to the ground. He wound up sprawling on his back, looking up at her blearily and mumbling accusingly. "I told you, Toni. I told you I get restless when you're not here to keep an eye on me."

She said, "We all got our troubles, babe," and went back into the cottage, closing the door and locking it. She started to make a drink, but the phone rang and Al Wilcox was on the line. "I've got a couple of things for you, Toni," he said. "One, Renee Saunders' mother was well-healed. Lots and lots of dough. Her husband was a steel company executive and he left her in great shape when he died. Also, they never did find out who hit her in the accident that put her in the coma. It was a hit-and-run thing."

Toni said, "So that could have been Renee, too, and what she did today would be making up for having botched it the first time. And since there's a lot of money there, that could be what it's all about."

"That's right," Wilcox said. "Now, there's another thing. There's been a lot of that going on around here."

Toni said, "A lot of what?"

"People getting killed in peculiar ways," Wilcox said. "Falling off cliffs. Drowning in calm water. Getting themselves electrocuted in bathtubs. It's been going on all along the coast and back inland, too. Accidents that the police know are actually murders only they can't prove it, and mainly it's been happening to people with money, almost entirely to people with money."

Toni said, "Uh, huh, so this thing of ours could be part of something instead of a thing all itself. How's the boy holding up?"

Wilcox said, "He's not. He went to pieces right after you left. Couldn't stop shaking. Couldn't stop crying. I ran him over to some woman I know, a trained nurse. She's doctoring him up and sedating him and she'll keep him there as long as I want her to." He added gloomily, "For a price, of course, for a price."

"It's got to be hard on a sweet soul like you, babe," Toni said, and hung up.

She drove down to El Tigre Beach the next morning. It took three hours from the Canyon. She got there about eleven o'clock. She was wearing a two-piece, bikini-type, pink bathing suit, a pair of high-soled cork clogs and a terry cloth jacket. She had a suitcase in the back

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with her thumb and middle finger, then leaned down so that the nipple of one breast went into it. She drew it out, pressed it back in, drew it out, pressed it back in. Renee moaned in the grip of a gathering ecstasy and Toni drew her breast out, then put in the other, stroking Renee's scraggly hair and saying, "You like that, don't you, babe? It's been in your mind all your life, but it's sooooooo much better when it's actually happening."

She kept Renee at her breasts for several minutes, her glance going around the room and settling on a framed photograph of a grey-haired woman. She said, "It's good here, too, babe," and pressed Renee down to her belly. A couple of minutes later it was, "And here's where it's best of all," and Renee's steaming face was between Toni's thighs. Toni leaned back and began tightening her legs rhythmically, tightening, releasing, tightening, releasing, drawing sounds of animal-like urgency from Renee, gasping sounds of desperate need.

Now Toni came forward, saying, "Sometimes a sweet little beating makes it even better. It frightens you into thinking mistress is disappointed in you, mistress is going to leave you." She drew Renee's head back by the hair, turning her face up to hers. Renee moaned, whimpered, tried to press back into the warm, damp, matted softness she had just been jerked away from, but Toni wouldn't permit it. Holding her like that with one hand, she slapped and cuffed her with the other, starting a flow of tears down Renee's cheeks. "Bad girl, bad girl," she said coldly. "See, you've made mistress angry. You'd do anything to make mistress like you again, wouldn't you? Say it, say it, you'd do anything, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, anything, anything," Renee whimpered, still straining to get back to that sweet place.

"Then answer mistress's questions," Toni said. "That woman in the picture there. That's your mother, isn't it?"

"Yes. Oh, please, please."

"Where is she?"

"She's dead," Renee moaned, her face tormented, frenzied.

"When did she die?"

"Yesterday. Oh, please, please."

"How?"

"She was killed. Please."

"Tell me about it."

A hint of awareness suddenly appeared in Renee's face. Her eyes came into focus staring up at Toni's hard, demanding ones. She bit down on her lip as though to keep the words from tumbling out.

"Mistress is asking you a question," Toni shouted, driving her face down to an inch from Renee's. "Mistress is asking you a question."

She took the girl's head in both hands and hurled her down to the floor, then went down on top of her, her mouth on Renee's, her hand taking hold of Renee's limp, flat-hanging breast, squeezing it, cupping it, stroking it, a fingertip pressing the nipple. Renee writhed, flung her head back and forth uncontrollably. Toni crawled her hand down her body till it was between her legs. She hissed, "I'll let you see heaven. I'll turn you inside out. I'll make you

explode in happiness. Here, here, here."

Her hand was inside Renee, now, reaching, probing, and the girl was flinging herself about like a great, netted fish. "Tell me what I want to know," Toni gritted, driving her hand in even deeper, reaching the ultimate of those sensitive places. "Tell me, tell me."

"Kija," Renee muttered thickly, the words coming out through the spittle that had formed on her mouth. "Kija did it."

"What are you talking about?" Toni shouted, and her hand was vile inside the girl's quivering body. "You did it. What is this Kija crap? You killed your mother."

Kija . . . Kija . . . Kija's spirit in my body . . . Kija's spirit . . . Kija."

The name suddenly registered. She said, "The evangelist? The one that's holding the meetings up on Mount Archer? That's who you mean?"

"Kija . . . Kija's spirit."

Toni stood up. There was a phone on the night table. It took a minute to go through long distance and reach Al Wilcox in Los Angeles. Renee sprawled on the floor, exhausted but smiling, her eyes closed. Wilcox came on, saying, "Wilcox," and Toni said quickly, "We're moving along. You know this evangelist that's holding the meetings on Mount Archer?"

"Kija?" Wilcox said. "The Korean?"

"Is that what he is? All right, in any case he's involved in this. Something about his spirit being in Renee's body when she killed her mother."

"Sure, and then the money goes over to him," Wilcox said, and Toni could visualize him snapping his fingers. "Sure, that holds up. What do you have in the line of proof?"

"Nothing so far," Toni said. "That's why I thought I'd go up there." Renee was twining herself cat-like around and between Toni's legs, kissing, licking, still smiling dreamily, here eyes still closed. Toni paid no attention to her, saying to Wilcox, "I could catch tonight's performance."

"Hey, let's not rush into that one," Wilcox said, his voice alarmed. "You might run into something up there you're not able to handle. From what I heard, he's got a pretty tough crew of thugs with him to see that nothing goes wrong."

"Is that what you're worried about or the mileage bill I'd run up getting there?" Toni said and hung up.

She pulled her leg free from Renee's embrace, picked up her valise, and went into the bathroom. She sponged herself off there, then put on a green sweater, a lightweight powder-grey pants suit, and a pair of short grey-suede boots. She spent a lot of time on her hair, arranging it with great care in a tall column.

Renee was still, on the floor when she came out of the bathroom. Toni put her bathing things into the bag, then went to the door, stopping there to say, "Feeling real good, aren't you, babe?"

"Feeling lovely," Renee said, smiling and yawning. "Feeling lovely for the first and only time in my life. When will I see you again?"

"You won't be seeing me again, babe," Toni said, shaking her head. "But where you're going, they'll be plenty of others to do those same little tricks with you.

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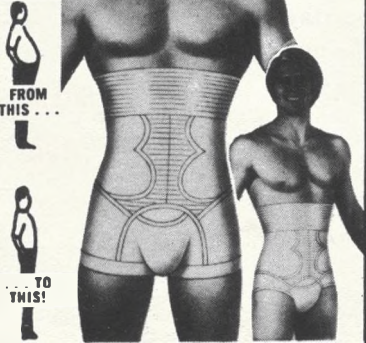
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Yeah, that kind of place there's always plenty of them for that."

Renee smiled dreamily, either not understanding or thinking it sounded wonderful.

"The great god, Kija, came down to earth three thousand years ago, revealing himself to a favored few who were immediately purified in soul and mind and throughout all future generations by the simple fact of his presence. Glorious flowers sprang to life where there had been only barren rock, and animals of every description gave up their predatory ways to live in peace. The sun was a warm benevolence, the rain a sanctifying shower, the air a perfumed fragrance, the entire earth a radiant garden in which birds sang with a sweetness never heard before or since. And all this as well as countless other wonders came from Kija's saintly being in an absolutely natural way, the way of truth which was the very essence of the man-god himself."

The deep voice rolled out over the hushed multitude like a great wave rolling across a silent beach. They sat there in the thousands, staring in reverential wonder and the 20th century Kija was a hypnotic figure before them, a giant Oriental in a floor-length, white robe, his huge, shaven head gleaming in the light of the flickering candles set all about the outdoor stage. A number of frozen-faced young men, Caucasians all, stood watchful on all sides of the stage and others were stationed throughout the audience.

"In the years that followed, those of the original blessing passed their purified spirits onto those who followed . . ."

The deep voice rolled on, hammering home its not-so-subtle message. The great god, Kija, had blessed all those who had witnessed his coming 3000 years ago. This blessing had gone forward by blood relationship from one generation to the next right up to the present time. Such were the ironies of fate, however, that many who were of this line didn't realize it. One who did was the present speaker whose knowledge of his awesome heritage entitled him to take the god-man's name—Kija.

As Kija it was in his power to pass a spark of the divine spirit into the

soul and mind of any he thought fit to receive it. And he had done this many times in many different places. But to deserve the divine spark, a person must have the capacity to use it fruitfully. This meant he must commit himself to making a meaningful contribution, and so forth and so on. With that word "contribution," the message was finally coming across clear and strong—money! Give money and the spirit of Kija would enter your soul and help you find a way. "The spirit of Kija is endlessly creative."

It lasted about 15 minutes and was followed by a benediction. Then the audience got up and returned to their cars, filing past a number of galvanized iron cans into which they threw money and paper pledges under the watchful eyes of the cold-faced guards. Toni didn't join them, but stood a little apart watching their earnest faces and wondering which among them had already killed for Kija's benefit and which were still nerving themselves up to do so, waiting for the man-god's spirit to give them the necessary inspiration—dried out, empty people like that pathetic Renee Saunders, flailing about desperately for something to give meaning to their lives.

"You waiting for someone?"

One of the guards was talking to her, a compact man with a crewcut. He wore a dark suit and a shirt and tie. His eyes on hers were a pair of steel marbles.

Toni said, "I want to see Kija. But more than that, I think he'll want to see me."

"He just finished preaching," the guard said. "He's resting now. Why would he want to see you?"

Toni said, "You tell him there's a tall, beautiful, black woman out here with the prettiest boobs and the sweetest legs you ever saw in your life, and he'll want to see me." She flicked her fingers at him. "Go ahead, go ahead, do what you're told."

He stared at her impassively a few moments, then said, "Wait here," and left her. He was back soon and reaching for her drawstring bag. "I'll just take a look in there first."



"That was my husband. He said he didn't blame you for wanting to swap wives."

"Someone did that already," Toni said. "but go ahead, go ahead, you've got a valuable property there. You want to be careful."

The guard looked in the bag and said, "I see four-five little jars. What's in the jars?"

"Creams, ointments, things like that," Toni said. "I'm a masseuse, babe. You don't think I've got a machinegun hidden in one of them, do you?"

"Even with the great boobs someone ought to give you a shot in the mouth," the guard said handing the bag back. "All right, this way."

He led the way to a large trailer hitched up to a Mercedes Benz. Another guard, dressed like himself and with the same kind of flat, expressionless face, waited there. The two of them accompanied Toni into the trailer, one of them in front of her and one behind. The garish furnishings included an enormous color tv and a wickerwork bar. Kija lay stretched out on a wide couch there wearing nothing but a pair of shorts.

"The description was sound," he said approvingly. "The boobs are lovely, the legs superb. But why have you brought me these charms, my dear?"

He was about six and a half feet tall and weighed well over 250 pounds. His head had the smooth, hard look of a well-polished bowling ball and his face was round as a full moon, his eyes hidden in pouches of flesh.

"I'm a groupie," Toni shrugged. "I latch onto things and I like your act. I want to lend a hand. I brought these to do it with."

She opened the bag to show him was was inside. He understood immediately. "A massage. You want to give me a massage. Of course, of course, it's just what I need."

Another man came into the trailer, a thin, balding man in wire-framed glasses carrying a large leather satchel. "Thirty-six hundred plus in cash," he said to Kija, "and 17 signed pledges, all for good money. You want to check them out?"

"Not right this moment," Kija said, sitting up and then heaving himself to his feet. "I'll put them away and go through them tomorrow."

He took the satchel to a big, square safe with a combination lock in a corner of the trailer. The three men turned their backs to him. "You, too, my dear," he said and Toni turned around, too. Behind them he dialed the safe open, put the satchel in, then closed it and spun the dial. Then he returned to the couch and stretched out again, saying, "I'm ready for your attentions, my dear."

Toni said, "All right if I make myself comfortable?"

"By all means."

She took off the jacket of her suit, said, "Still a little over-dressed for this kind of a job," and took off the sweater. She was down to her bra then at which point she said, "We're all adults here, aren't we?", and off it came, her breasts emerging firm-nippled and challenging. The two guards and the accountant stared at them bleakly, and Kija chuckled, saying, "Lovely, my dear, absolutely lovely."

Toni dropped to her knees beside him, put a scoop of ointment from one of her jars on his chest, and began massaging him. Kija put a big hand beneath her breasts, lifting them, cupping them, raising his head to bring first one then the other to his mouth. Toni smiled and said, "Like 'em, babe?" and the faces of the three men watching were damp with strain and tension. Now, Kija himself began to show signs that the situation was affecting him, and these intensified as she moved from his neck and chest down to his lower body. Suddenly, he seized her hand and yanked it under his shorts. One of the guards said, "Jesus," almost as though he were in pain as her hand began to work there, stroking, pressing, caressing.

"Like that, too, don't you, babe?" Toni said, smiling. "Ummmmmm, I can tell. Yeah, you really like this one."

"Get out, you clods," Kija said agitatedly to the other three. "What are you waiting for? Get out, get out."

"Maybe they can put on a little music before they go," Toni said. "My kind of thing goes best with music."

One of the guards flipped the radio on to a music station and the three of them left. As soon as they were gone, Kija flung his arms out to pull Toni down to him, but she drew back, saying, "Hold onto it, babe. Just give me a second to take this hair down."

Her hands went up and into the great column of hair she had piled on her head, and when they came down one held her blackjack and the other her tiny .25 caliber pistol. The pistol went quickly to Kija's mouth, ramming itself in, and she spoke in a low, hard voice keeping it under the sound of the music. "We're going for a little ride, babe, just you and me. We want to get away by ourselves. We're that wild about each other. I'll be doing the driving. Tell them that. I'll have this little pop-pop at the back of your neck while you're talking, so keep it to what I told you. All right, let's go."

She stood up. Kija stayed there staring up at her. Toni flicked the blackjack out, bringing it down on his crotch. Kija's gasp was the jagged tearing of thick canvas. Toni said, "Let's go." He got to his feet, bent over and holding himself where he'd been hit, and went to the door of the trailer. Toni came up beside him with her hand at the back of his neck as though stroking him there, but what he felt was the cold, hard muzzle of her pistol.

"We're going off for a little ride," Kija wheezed to the guards outside, Toni smiling beside him. "Want to get away by ourselves." He winced, still holding himself where she had rapped him and the guards exchanged knowing looks. "The lady will do the driving."

He turned to hobble back inside, Toni coming in behind him and closing the door. She turned the radio up louder and said, "You're the only one that knows the combination of the safe?" He nodded, wincing again as a new spasm took him. Toni said, "All right, now there's going to be two of us. Let's have it."

He hesitated. She flicked the blackjack at his crotch again, catching the back of his hand. He said quickly, "Three

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around right to 31, two around left to 19, one around right to 26, then left to 11." Holding the pistol on him, she spun the dial as he'd said and pulled the safe open. There were bundles of money inside, several ledgers, and a stack of pledge cards with a rubber band around them, in addition to the leather satchel. She swept it all out on the floor and then motioned to him—"Inside, babe."
 His stare was horrified. "Are you crazy? I'll die. I'll suff—"
 "No, you could last an hour easy enough," Toni said, "and I'll have you out before that. Now, do what I said. Get in there."

He started forward as though to do what she demanded, but suddenly rushed at her, his face frenzied. She dropped the pistol into a pocket of her trousers and clubbed him with the blackjack, moving it back and forth from one hand to the other with bewildering speed to rap him half a dozen times on both sides of the head. The last shot dropped him on his face and she immediately duplicated the procedure using her feet, moving them in quick feints and banging them against his skull with hard, cracking sounds.

It went on for about a minute before she said, "Soccer's only one of my games, babe," and stepped back, motioning to the safe. Dazed and apparently uncomprehending, he crawled inside. She closed the huge door and spun the dial, then put her sweater and jacket back on and went outside. "We won't be gone long," she said, smiling at the guards there. "Just long enough." She went around to the car and got in and presently was on the road leading down from Mount Archer.

It was about twenty minutes later that she encountered the cars coming up, half a dozen squad cars of the California State Police and one with Al Wilcox at the wheel. It was Wilcox who told her what it was all about. "We had a call from Renee Saunders telling us about killing her mother and implicating Kija.

You must have done some job on her. It came pouring out like water out of a spigot. We're on our way to get Kija, now. He's supposed to have a pretty hard crowd with him, so there might be some trouble."

"He's in the back, babe," Toni said, waving a casual hand for him to slow down. "I'll let him out of the safe for you. Then one of these boys can get my car from up there and you and I can go back to your office and write me out a check. I got the time and mileage all tucked away in my mind."

It was an hour before sun-up when she got back to the Canyon. Two Forest Rangers were waiting for her on the porch there with Sailor Grey sitting on the steps with his head in his hands. One of the Rangers said, "We found him wandering around in the woods. Seemed to be in some kind of a daze. When we asked him who he was, all he'd say was he belonged to you. 'I belong to Toni Race. I belong to Toni Race.' What does that mean?"

"What he said," Toni said. "He belongs to Toni Race. Personal property. All right, you boys can go along."

She went inside. Sailor Grey shuffled in behind her and remained standing as she sat down. She said, "What about it, babe? The boss lady was right, wasn't she?"

"The boss lady was right, Toni."
 "The boss lady's always right, isn't she, babe?"

"The boss lady's always right, Toni."
 She got up and started toward the bedroom, saying over her shoulder, "Draw me a nice, warm bath, babe, and bring me a drink in there, too."

She went into the bedroom, took all her clothes off, then opened the closet door and stood gazing at herself in a full-length mirror. She put her hands on her hips, thrust her breasts out, smiled at the enticing figure facing her and said, "You're really something, babe. You are really something special." □

STUNT MAN

(Continued from page 16)

two policemen chase two goons into a building that is being demolished by a wrecking ball. All the script said was, a gun battle takes place on a stairwell which is supposed to collapse under the goons and fall about 20 feet down to the next stairwell.

FMO: And you were playing one of the goons?

HARRY MADSEN: Well, that's a little complicated because throughout that scene I was running back and forth between various parts, changing costumes every time. It turned out that I actually shot myself twice in that film. (Laughs) But—yes. In the actual stairwell fall I was one of the goons who had to ride the thing down when a wrecking ball came through the wall.

FMO: Was there an actual wrecking ball coming through?

HARRY MADSEN: There sure was. And that was what made this whole scene so scary. The building we were in was a condemned building—it was just a shell, you know. So, no matter how much careful planning we did, there was the real danger that the whole works was going to come down on our heads. Everybody was terribly worried about that. The company had to lay away millions of dollars of insurance to shoot that scene.

FMO: The actual fall—what about that?

HARRY MADSEN: Okay. The first thing we did was put inner tubes on the floor below, and they lay ¼-inch ply on top of the inner tubes so the stairwell would be cushioned when it hit. To make the stairwell fall on cue, it was secured with two struts—one that could be pulled manually; and one that was to be blown away by an explosive charge. Paul Stader and his special effects crew rigged it, see, in such a way that both struts could be pulled just as the wrecking ball came through a dummy wall made of foam bricks. Well... the whole thing came off like clockwork. The cops are shooting at us and... boom! The wrecking ball comes through. Wham! The explosive charge goes off (in my ear incidentally—right in my ear!) And down we come in a cloud of dust! No matter how it looked in the movie, it was like hitting a marshmallow. Nobody got hurt at all.

FMO: Doing that kind of thing you must get hurt sometimes, don't you? The law of averages...

HARRY MADSEN: The only time I've been hurt was one day when I didn't really have time to get prepared. My bit was to do a high jump from an elevated railway, land on the other side of a car and stay there while the real actor jumped in front of the camera and arrested the guys in the car. That was also for the movie, *Supercops*. Normally, of course, that wouldn't have been a hard gag, but the way it happened was I came back from lunch and the director said they were going to make that shot right away. He asked me if I was ready and I said—'Of

course, I'm not. You don't just say, Poof! Instant Stunt!' But—that's what he wanted, so I ran around getting some cardboard boxes to put on the other side of the car, away from the camera. The problem was I couldn't put the boxes any higher than the door lock of the car, or any farther forward than the front hub cap. I didn't really have time to position them right either. So, on the first jump my foot went right through the boxes and slammed into the cement, throwing my Achilles tendon out of place.

FMO: That happened on the first jump?

HARRY MADSEN: Yeah. And we wound up having to shoot that scene two more times. Jesus, that was a terribly day! Three times, I had to climb through all that iron work and jump—twice with my Achilles tendon out of place. That was in the middle of a bad part of the city, too. You know, there were winos lying all over the street. And every time I started to jump they'd yell stuff like—'Hey, look out! You're going to kill yourself!' I was in a cop's uniform, so one of them, I remember, yelled—'Dig it, man! A FLYING PIG!' Jesus, that was terrible! The whole day was terrible.

FMO: I gather, then, that really serious injuries are rare in stunt work.

HARRY MADSEN: It happens, but not as much as it did in the old days when no one knew what he was doing. You take Alex Stevens though—the president of the East Coast Stunt Man's Association. He was doing some car work in a movie and pulled off the right side of the road where he hit some soft dirt. He just didn't have any steering left. The front end turned to mush and—wham-o! He piled into a tree. They had to dig him out of that. He damn near bought his lunch.

FMO: Have you done any car work yourself?

HARRY MADSEN: A number of times. Alex taught me most of the basics—180's, 360's, controlled slides. That sort of thing.

FMO: Yeah—how do you make a car do those things?

HARRY MADSEN: Jeez—I can't tell you that. (laughs) That's a trade secret. You tell people how to do that and everybody'll be doing it. I will tell you, though—once you learn—you can make a car do anything you want. You can make the damn thing sing for you and do a tap dance. Alex and I practice all the time with—maybe I shouldn't say this—rented cars.

FMO: What kind of car stunts have you done?

HARRY MADSEN: I did some fast pull ups and so forth in *Serpico*. But my best car work was for a sports car company. They sent me all over the country driving their automobile for commercials. Our last commercial, I remember, was shot out in Hollywood where I was supposed to load the car onto a truck while it's tooling down the highway. Once the car was inside, the tail gate was supposed to close, and on it—the tail gate—was the name of the car company. Well, we got out there and I told the director—'Look, I've got a shot that'll knock your eyes out.' (Laughs)

FMO: What was that?

HARRY MADSEN: I told him to put

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one of the cameras *inside* the truck and shoot back down the highway as I came roaring up the tail gate. He said—'Great! I'll try it.' So, we set the whole thing up, ran through it a few times and then something happened to one of the cars. We had another on hand so I jumped in it and roared around for a few minutes warming up the brakes. It had disc brakes, you know, which just don't work well until they're hot. Now, I knew that as well as anyone, but at the time we were rushing to get a shot done before the light went bad. So ... here I come bouncing in the truck for the last shot and—bam! I hit the legs of the camera. Not hard, but the director, you see, had his eye on the camera looking through the lens. So, I got out of the car and everybody in the van is running around yelling and screaming—especially the director who had his hand up to his eye. God, I thought for sure I'd blinded the man, and I was almost afraid to pull his hand away. I expected to see his eye ball hanging down around his cheek somewhere. Fortunately, though, he just had a big red-eye. He was perfectly okay except for being shook up. So, I told him—"Look, I said I had a shot that was going to knock your eye out. But (Laughs) I didn't mean it that way, honest to God."

FMO: *You mentioned commercials. Do stunt men get parts in them very often?*

HARRY MADSEN: Commercials are what saves your ass as a stunt man. Lately, for example, I've been hurled through a window four times for a drink company and knocked over a desk for a business machine company. Both of these were national commercials, so—everytime they are played—I get a residual payment, which sure helps out with the rent.

FMO: *Generally—what's the pay like for stunt men?*

HARRY MADSEN: It's pretty damn good, I'll tell you. Anybody can call up the Screen Actors Guild and find out that our rates are \$647.50 per week—\$172.50 a day. That doesn't include an extra payment we call the 'stunt adjustment'. That's a little like a hazardous duty bonus for a GI.

FMO: *How is that figured up?*

HARRY MADSEN: The stunt adjustment is based entirely on how dangerous the gag is and how much skill it takes. Let's say, for example, there's a fight scene. It's gonna take place in the foyer of a hotel and I'm going to be punched through a railing and fall down onto a table—okay? You've seen that sort of thing a hundred times in the Westerns and so forth. Well, in a case like that I'd ask for two days pay—one day to prep the gag and one day to shoot it. On top of that I'd ask for about \$300 in stunt adjustment.

FMO: *For really dangerous things you'd go even higher I assume.*

HARRY MADSEN: Yes. But, you know, sometimes a high stunt adjustment doesn't have anything to do with danger to myself. For example, in a part of *Serpico* that was later cut out I had to pull a near miss out in the street. In other words, I had to almost run over Al Pacino—the star of the whole movie!—with a car. I charged a lot of money for that because it was a tough gag

to perform. If I'd hit the guy I'd be forever remembered in the industry as the stunt man who broke Al Pacino's leg. That'd be the end. It would be back to rodeo, back to bar tending ... or whatever. I'd be finished.

FMO: *What about fight scenes. How are they set up?*

HARRY MADSEN: You start off very slowly with the actors and the other stuntmen and you choreograph it like a dance scene. You just sell it. Somebody throws a punch at you—you jerk your head back at the right time. A lot of actors are good at it.

FMO: *Do the blows sometimes actually land?*

HARRY MADSEN: Oh, yeah—you get clipped. I remember once we were doing a fight scene for a kid's show. It was a show about the life of a stunt man. At one point I went up against this friend of mine and accidentally kicked him a little too hard. Sure enough (laughs), the next exchange of blows he slipped up too and got me back with a blow to the temple. That happens a lot because you just get carried away. You're doing



"Mildred, can't I ever have any damn privacy around here?"

what you like to do so you try to do it well. You put a lot of energy into it—a lot of adrenalin.

FMO: *How do you psyche yourself up for a gag?*

HARRY MADSEN: You don't. Before a gag, you cool yourself down—not up. The thing you have to learn in this business—which is something I got from rodeo—is to be able to find that switch in your head that cools you down. You have to be able to save that bit of adrenalin and concentration in case you need it.

FMO: *What about fear? How do you control that?*

HARRY MADSEN: (Pause) Well, I've known a lot of stunt men and that isn't something they talk about. It just isn't mentioned.

FMO: *There are no cowards among stunt men then?*

HARRY MADSEN: Jesus, you're bringing it down to the nitty-gritty, huh?

FMO: *Yeah—say a guy is supposed to ...*

HARRY MADSEN: ... I know what you mean. And I know an example, too, where a guy just wouldn't push a gag that

extra inch. I was a passenger in a car when another stunt man was pussy-footing. He was supposed to slam into another car at 25 to 30 miles an hour. There were seven cameras on this particular scene—seven goddamn cameras and they didn't get a decent shot out of any of them. God, it was horse shit! It was chicken the way this guy eased along at 10 to 15 miles an hour. And you know, afterwards ... Its custom, see, when you pull a gag and it comes off well enough for the whole crew to give you a hand. Well, we climbed out of the car with this guy and there was this one electrician up on a hill going ... (slowly) clap-clap-clap. Other than that it was quiet. As quiet as I've ever heard it after a gag.

FMO: *I gather that sort of thing doesn't happen very often.*

HARRY MADSEN: No, it doesn't. But—Jesus Christ! This kind of talk is like going up to a bullfighter and saying ... 'Hey, have you seen the horns on that son-of-a-bitch out there? Are you scared?' (Laughs) Of course, you are sometimes. But there comes a point in doing a gag when forward motion takes over. That is—you are going to go through with it in spite of being scared. Christ, let's change the subject.

FMO: *Who are some stars who are doing their own work?*

HARRY MADSEN: Clint Eastwood, for example, does a lot of his own. Robert Redford, too. In the *Great Waldo Pepper*—that movie about old airplanes—Redford did a lot of that really hairy stuff, even the bits out there on the wing. From what I hear, (Laughs) Redford's all go. There's nothing shy about that guy!

FMO: *And actresses ... ?*

HARRY MADSEN: I don't know too many actresses who are willing to do their own stunts. Here on the East Coast, most of them are done by men in drag. I did some driving, for example, for Helen Hayes one time. The director just put a wig on me and a dress. Out on the West Coast—where most of the work is—there are getting to be quite a few stunt women who are pretty good.

FMO: *So, what about the future for stunt men. What are your plans?*

HARRY MADSEN: Oh, there will always be stuntwork. But, right now, I'm trying my hand at a screenplay. It's all about a stunt man and a detective who team up for various reasons. I've already showed it to a producer and he was crazy about it. Here's hoping ...

FMO: *You're not going to leave stunt work are you?*

HARRY MADSEN: No way. I love this work. And I love everything about the movies. The film industry, you see, is the only place you can stay a perennial juvenile. You can be a child for the rest of your life and make a terribly good living at it. It's all make-believe, you know? And Jeez—I looked for this kind of thing for years. I stumbled around the world and everywhere I went people wanted you to be a grown-up. Well, to hell with them—I'm not ready to be a 'grown-up'. As a kid, I was always the type who'd take a dare. I'm still that way, but now I just get paid better for it ... □

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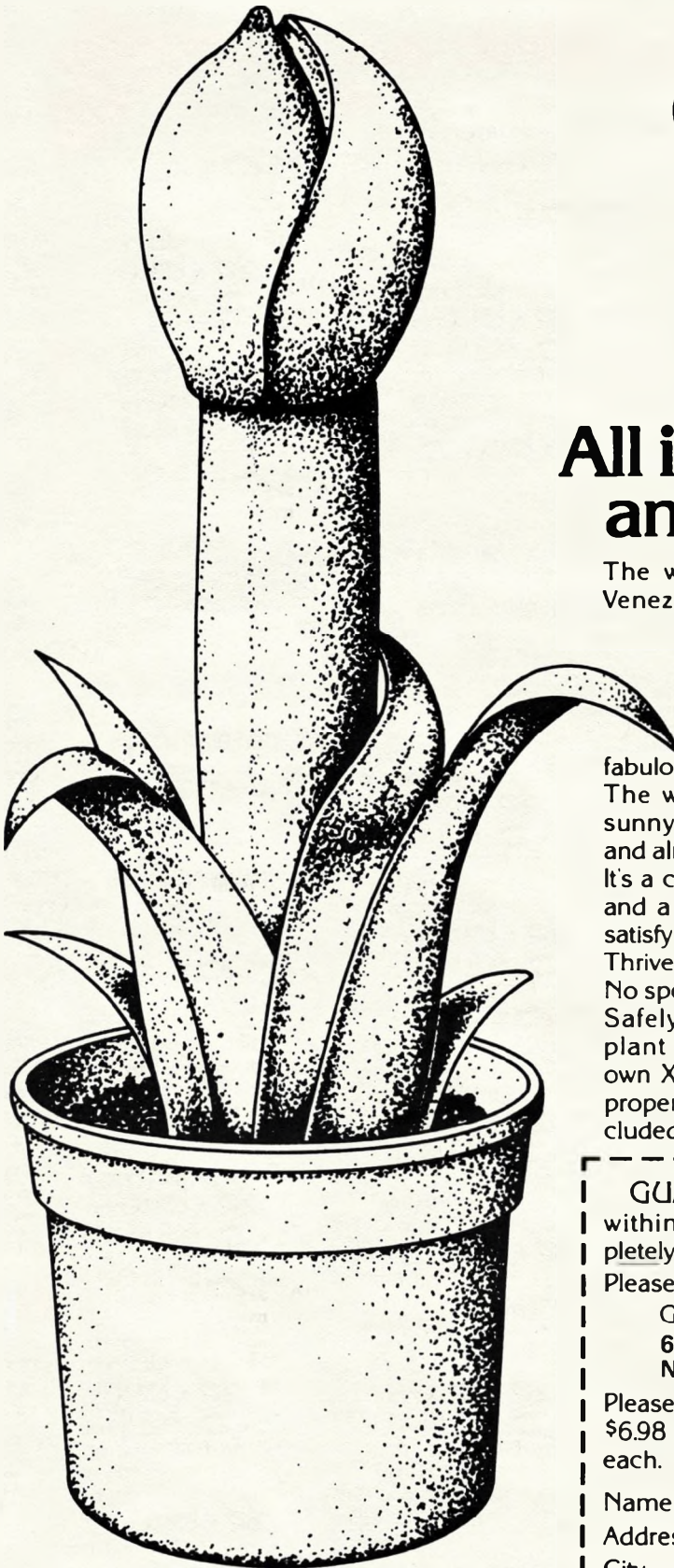
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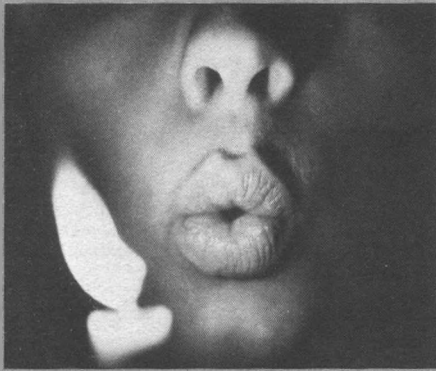
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ORGASMS

(Continued from page 43)

smiled and said, 'You'll never see this one again. Right?' I thought a moment and then agreed with her. He was a one-night-stand and I had known it all along.

"She explained that the reason she came down to the Harbor Street bars every once in a while was to pick up a man she'd never see again so that with him, she'd be able to perform sex acts she never could with a man she knew and would see again. Her scene was anal intercourse she was ashamed for any man who knew her to know her secret—that she preferred anal to vaginal intercourse.

"Once I became aware of my hang-up, I was gradually able to get rid of it. I realized that even feeling as sexually free as I thought I was did not do away with some of the old morality my mother had stuck me with. She'd always told me that if I wanted a man to like me, he also had to respect me. That bit got tangled up with my holding back my own feelings during sex with a man I wanted to like me. How could he respect me after he saw me going wild—as I did with the sailor!

"Luckily I got over my hang-up before meeting Luke, my husband. No old social wives' tales were going to limit my sex life with him. We do everything in the books. And we enjoy everything we do—and I have plenty of orgasms now . . . with perfect ease."

Dolores K. is an example of a woman who can be prevented from having orgasms because of one kind of social influence or another. As liberated or as sexually free as a woman might feel in our society today, she might well be one of the many who is still plagued, consciously or unconsciously, by the theory that lies back of the puritan concept of the "good woman" who is unawakened and the "bad woman" who is awakened.

Men, on the other hand, while influenced at times by the puritan sex ethic, are never prevented by it from achieving orgasm.

This leads us to the main difference between the male and female orgasm—namely, that it is generally far easier for a man to achieve orgasm than it is for most women.

While orgasm for both sexes is a total body response and psychological factors play a varying part in both, it is only in the female that cultural, religious or social factors strongly influence orgasmic attainment.

A man may be influenced by his personal background as to how many or what kind of women he will have sexual intercourse with. But once he is with a woman, a man will very rarely encounter any problem having an orgasm.

It has been demonstrated by such sex researchers as Masters and Johnson, however, that a woman might well feel free to have intercourse with a man, yet be prevented by her family, social or religious background from reaching orgasm with him.

How strong this social/cultural influence can be for a woman is illustrated in anthropologist Margaret Mead's study, "Male and Female."

"There are societies," Dr. Mead writes, "in which women are quite actively sexed, recognize and seek orgasms with the same freedom as males, and in which the woman who is not so actively sexed is penalized. Mundugumor is the society I know best in which women are expected to derive the same kind of satisfaction from sex that men do."

Dr. Mead and other anthropologists have consistently pointed out that it was only after Western influence came to any of the islands in the South Pacific that achieving orgasm became a problem for some of the women, instead of being a completely natural pleasure response.

If any given society lives with the belief that a woman *should* have an orgasm easily—*she will!* There are no physical factors to prevent this.

It should also be strongly emphasized that a man is rarely to blame for a woman not having an orgasm.

"From the time I was 18 to when I was 23, as far as I was concerned, it was always the man's fault that I did not have an orgasm."

The above was said by Cindy W., 25-year-old Burbank waitress, divorced.

"It's a really crazy bit for me when I look back now," she went on. "I always thought of myself as a wild sexpot any man would be lucky to get his hands on or in. I got real kicks doing wild things for a man—anything he could think of and wanted me to do to him."

"And I loved to feel a man's hands or mouth going all over me."

"The crazy trouble was I never had an orgasm myself! Here the men were spurring all over the place—and I was a dry well!"

"I thought maybe love was the answer to my not having orgasms. I'd heard and read about that. So, naturally, I was in love before I knew it . . . and then married to the man."

"Pete was a hell of a stud. He was built like a tank and could make it with me from sundown to sunup."

"But still no orgasm!"

"After a year of really going bugs out of my head not having mine while he always had his—I got to be one thoroughly nasty bitch. And before I knew it, he walked out. And six months later, we were divorced."

"What neither he nor all the men I'd had before and for a while after him knew, was how some women need more than straight intercourse for them to have an orgasm."

"I found this out when I went into a really low downer after my divorce and I let a girl at my office talk me into sharing her apartment with her."

"I wasn't in her place for more than a week when one night, she crawls into my bed with me and before I know what's happening, she's going down on me with the craziest tongue in the world."

"I'd had some men do cunnilingus on me, but they never centered in the way she did. I guess it takes a woman—or a really experienced man—to know just how to find a girl's clitoris—because that's where it's all at! At least for girls like me."

"That night I not only had an orgasm with her licking and sucking my clitoris

like mad I must have had at least a dozen of them."

"While I enjoyed that night certainly, it scared hell out of me because it made me think I was a lesbian and I did not want that life for myself."

"I was extremely lucky in that my girlfriend, while a full-time lesbian herself, was not one of those who thinks every other woman should be a lesbian or that any woman who can have an orgasm with another woman *is* a lesbian."

"When I told her about my never having had an orgasm with any of the men who I had been with, she asked if any of them had played either manually or orally with my clitoris. I told them they had played down there—but mostly with my vagina."

"She then explained how the old bit about a 'normal' woman having to have a vaginal orgasm was a sexual myth started by Dr. Freud himself. 'The clitoris is where it's all at,' she told me, and she went on to describe the different ways either a man or a woman could make me have an orgasm—demonstrating herself how it should be done."

"She introduced me to a man, a friend of hers, and suggested we spend the night together—the three of us."

"Well, it turned out to be the wildest night I've ever had. I stopped counting the number of orgasms I had that night."

"They both went down on me and then he balled me in a double-scissor-like positions that enabled him to rub his thigh against my clitoris as he went in and out of my vagina. I came three times before he finally did."

"You talk about Christopher Columbus discovering America! That's nothing compared to a woman discovering she can have orgasms . . . and easily!"

Perhaps the most important contribution to the real liberation of women has been the findings of Masters and Johnson concerning the female orgasm.

While they themselves declare that "the

literature abounds with descriptions and discussions of vaginal as opposed to clitoral orgasms," it was not until the results of their first research, "Human Sexual Response" appeared in 1966, that women, in large numbers, finally realized and accepted the fact that the clitoris, not the vagina, is the nerve center of female sexual response leading to orgasm.

Masters and Johnson: "Are clitoral and vaginal orgasms truly anatomic entities? From a biological point of view, the answer to this question is an unequivocal no. From an anatomical point of view, there is absolutely no difference in the responses of the pelvic viscera to effective sexual stimulation, regardless of whether the stimulation occurs as a result of clitoral-body or mons area manipulation, natural or artificial coition, or, for that matter, specific stimulation of any other erogenous area of the female body."

It has been found that women can achieve orgasm for example, by oral or manual breast manipulation alone.

Many women who started their active sex lives at an early age have reported that they did so because they discovered as young girls that they could have orgasms by either manipulating their own breasts or by having a boy do it.

"I was always told by my mother, from the time I was around ten or eleven, never to allow a boy to put his penis into my body in any way."

This was said by Patricia W., a 23-year-old dental technician. She went on to say, "My mother's warning did not include my breasts, so I always allowed the boys to play with them—with their hands or their mouths. And I would always end up having an orgasm—with my pants properly in place!"

"This sort of made me feel perfectly free to enjoy myself by just letting a boy remove my blouse—but nothing from the waist down. They'd give me an orgasm by just playing with my breasts and then I'd jerk them off."



"Tom Uralson! You slick old rascal! You found out about me and your wife, didn't you?"

"When I was eighteen, I went out with a man who was at least twenty-five. He got a kick out of my coming when he was just sucking on my nipples. But he was no schoolboy. When I started to jerk him off, he pulled my hand away and said, 'That's for kids.' The next thing I knew, with me fighting a little bit, I guess for the show, he had my panties off and then there was that one painful moment when his hard penis broke my cherry . . . I was a god damn woman of the world *finally!*"

"Well, I'd had three orgasms before we started balling—from his sucking my nipples. But when he was inside me and was still handling my breasts, my whole body exploded! Talk about orgasms! I was looking *down* at the moon! I was that high and happy."

"From that night on, I made sure I had a good man for himself . . . either on a long time basis, or a short fling."

"I guess I'm one of those lucky women who's never had a moment's difficulty having an orgasm. And almost always, I may have practically any number of them before the man I'm with has one."

Other women, like Anita G., 22-year-old Brooklyn housewife, can have orgasms during anal intercourse.

"When I was seventeen, my older sister told me that the best way not to get pregnant—pill or no pill—was to either go down on a guy or do it anally."

"Well, that was O.K. with me. I didn't neglect my vagina completely—you can't become pregnant from a vibrator either. I called mine Charlie and we had a good thing going between us!"

"When I would go down on a guy, I could enjoy seeing and feeling him have pleasure. And it was exciting to do too. But I'd never have an orgasm, only if I masturbated at the same time, which I did rarely. Masturbation, as far as I'm concerned, is for when you're alone. I think it's sort of an insult to masturbate when you're with a man."

"It was when I had anal intercourse the third time that I had my first orgasm this way. The first two times hurt too much. By number three, I was O.K. and I came like a river at flood time."

"I discovered that there are lots of men who dig this, but who are hesitant about trying it with a girl. They've had too many turn-downs from girls who just keep their rear-door tightly locked."

"When I'm in bed with a man, if he wants to have his party in my vagina—fine! But as soon as he's ready for a second time—I'm on my hands and knees with my pretty ass up in the air, so he knows all right what I'd like him to do. And I've had few turn-downs on that."

"I've also found that a lot of married men think they've struck gold when they find a girl like me. Their wives won't let them in the rear door. Those tight-ass ladies don't know what they're missing, believe me!"

Since a man has a much simpler time achieving orgasm than do women, he is the partner who is expected to be able to control his response pattern in order that the woman he is with has time to go through the additional phases she has to experience on the way to orgasm.

By various means, men are able to hold back their own orgasms until they see the

woman is ready to have hers. On the verge of having an orgasm, a man might count backwards from a hundred to hold back; he might think of the most mundane experience he had that day—taking a pair of shoes to the shoemaker; he might think of what work he has to do tomorrow such as mowing the lawn or washing the car, etc.; he might count the number of ridges in a radiator beside the bed. All these counter-sexual thoughts will enable him to hold back his orgasm, thereby prolonging the act of intercourse.

Those very few men who suffer from premature ejaculation (coming almost the instant the penis is in the vagina), should be aware that this condition is easily corrected. Masters and Johnson state that using their "squeeze technique," 98 per cent of the men who came to them, suffering from premature ejaculation, were totally cured.

In addition to the male orgasm being more easily attained, there is a male reaction for which there is no comparable female counterpart—the emission of seminal fluid.



"Deposits have increased a hundred-fold since we started giving away rubber dolls to the men and vibrators to the women!"

While the male may have a number of erections and orgasms in a single night, the female—if she is able to have orgasms at all—may have as many as six to a dozen orgasms to each one of her partner's.

Unlike the female who can attain orgasm only through a particular sex act or acts, the male can almost always have an orgasm, whether it be through vaginal or anal intercourse, fellatio, being masturbated by the female or other acts.

An important factor that was mentioned in one context or another by almost all the women interviewed for this article was that a woman caring for a man's pleasure increases her own chances to be satisfied.

"The more I like a man, the more I'm going to enjoy myself in bed with him. This sounds very obvious, I know. But it is amazing how so many women I know don't realize this. I know some who may like a man, but the minute they are in bed with him, the sex act or acts become acts of sexual war. It's a situation in which they create their own difficulties. I know women I can only call 'bitches' who spread out in bed and practically say out loud to a man, 'God damn it—you better satisfy me or else!' Those women are common these days with all the liberation stuff around."

And they are very sad women too."

This was said by a twenty-six-year-old Manhattan housewife who, for two years, was a marching member of The Women's Liberation Movement.

A.H. Maslow, author of "Self-Esteem and Sexuality in Women" has summed up this point of view in his analyses of the meaning of the orgasm:

"It would seem, then, that the orgasm has psychological values in the woman. With it she may 'give in,' make herself vulnerable and to a certain extent put herself into subordinate status. For a man to induce the orgasm in a woman supports his dominance-feeling and also, for the moment at least, gives him dominance status."

There are today feminist-oriented women who resent not only this personal surrender to the male's dominance, but who also resent the simple male, two-stage response to orgasm, while their own three-stage response is more complex and more difficult to achieve.

There are also women like Kate B., 21, single, restaurant hostess in Bayshore, Long Island.

"With all the discussions I've heard in rap sessions and in women's magazines about the sex life of today's women and the sexual attitudes of men towards women—all I want to say is that I'm damn glad men have always looked at me as a sex object . . . because we're all sex objects to each other—men *and* women. The way some of these women talk today, you'd think women never looked at a man and thought to themselves, 'What a hell of a lay he must be!' No wonder so many of them have tough times reaching an orgasm. How can they expect giving their entire bodies to the experience of orgasm when they have all these hostile thoughts and feelings about the man who is balling them?"

"Sure I know it's lots easier for a man to have his orgasm than it is for me to have mine. But I also know that the sexual complexity we women have to live with has its happy benefits too. Like all the different ways we can come! I've had orgasms with a man getting off between my boobs, rubbing my nipples with the tip of his penis, giving him a nice slow blow job, having him give me anal sex or in my vagina or between the wet cupped palms of both my hands. There are lots of times I feel as if every single inch of my body is an erogenous zone that can be stimulated to the point of my having an orgasm."

"Who could possibly complain about that bag of happy tricks?"

"As far as I can see it—we women are all very lucky to be women because we have men to ball us. And men are lucky for the same reason—that they have us women to ball!"

"Orgasms? It's time we all stopped talking about them so much and settled down to just having them."

"And we should never forget the simplest and most important truth in the world—that if men and women weren't as different as they are, they could never be as happy as they can be together—out of bed, but especially *in* bed! What miracle male and female bodies are—especially when they're joined together! And the vibes are happy and good!" □

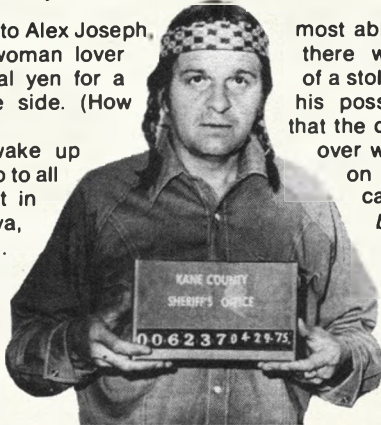
AT THE FINISH LINE

UTAH'S BIG DADDY, Or—"NOT YET HELEN, MARY'S NEXT IN LINE!"

Folks, say hello to Alex Joseph, the 38-year-old woman lover with an occasional yen for a helicopter on the side. (How do, Al?).

Hey, Big Al, wake up there and say hello to all the nice folks out in the audience. (Hiya, folks. Hiya hiya).

Agh, sorry people. Looks like we caught ol' Al at a bad time. This is Al being photographed by one of John Law's



most able cameramen. Seems there was the small matter of a stolen helicopter Al had in his possession not long ago that the coppers wanted to talk over with him. The talk went on and as quick as you can say *hey, looka dem boobs!*, Al found himself in need of \$10,000—bail.

This is where the fun comes in folks, so don'tcha go nowhere.

Al was promptly bailed out by at least

a dozen women who came to his financial aid. Who were these women? Ah-ha, gents, his wives, of course. Yessiree, Alex Joseph is Utah's polygamist extraordinaire. Unfortunately, he's been having some trouble with several of his many in-laws. The Montana daddy of one of his wives recently accused Al, also a self-styled religious leader, of "spiritually kidnapping" his daughter!

Surely this is an honest face, folks . . . folks? Hey, where'd everybody go? Dammit. Sideshows just ain't as popular as they used to be.

THEY'RE DAIMONDS IN THE BUFF

According to those present, it was a sight to be held, er, behold. When the women on the United Business Supply-Pacific Multiform softball team in Seattle lost their league championship game 11-6, they began peeling off their jerseys!

Men of the winning team characterized the girls' actions as kind of a salute to the champs. After waving their jerseys and bras over their heads for a while, the girls redressed. Gee. The makings were there for *some* post game show.

BRITISH LAW SAYS, TAKE IT OFF

Now this is the kind of law enforcement we need around here. In Southend, England, recently, consumer-protection officials went about touring the bars and clubs of this resort to check out the topless dancers. As it happened, vacationers in the area had complained that the dancers had too much clothing on, and that this was a violation of the fair advertising laws. The officials inspected the various spots to make sure patrons got all the tit they were paying for.

PORNOGRAPHY ON CAPITOL HILL

Porno movie makers are always looking for new talent and for new schemes to draw in the public. Well, there is a new film making the rounds which fits into both these categories.

Are you ready for this? The title of the flick is *The Presidential Peepers*. Sounds good already, eh? Well, here's the good part. Starring in what will definitely become a classic, opposite porno queen Tina Russell, is none other than Richard M. Dixon, the well-known Tricky Dick(?) look-alike! Incredible!



"My doctor told me to give up sex or die. That was about two years before you were born."

HOW TO JUNK YOUR JUNK MAIL

Are you tired of having your mailbox cluttered with such offerings as "Free Trash Bags With Each Installation Of Our New Garbage Disposal Unit"? Is that what's troubling you, pal? Well, as a public service to *FMO* readers, we offer this solution free of charge.

This is serious. Junk mail can be one big pain-in-the-ass. But we just heard of an outfit that can make opening your mailbox something of the joy it used to be. Direct Mail Marketing Assn. Inc., 6 E. 43rd St., New York City, is a 1700-member organization who will gladly remove your name from their mailing lists. The way they figure it, if you feel their mail is junk—which they, of course, do not—then you're not likely to purchase anything anyway.



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In a recent national survey, conducted by an independent research organization, it was found that almost half of successful TV servicemen have home study training, and among them, it was NRI 2 to 1! The pros named NRI most often as a recommended school.

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techniques . . . and you'll find it hard to believe that NRI's tuition is actually less than that of the next leading home study school.

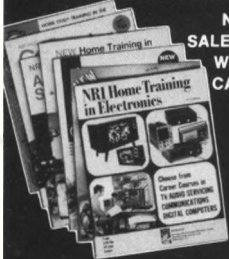
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