

KIDS

NATIONAL

June 1979

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The Humor Magazine

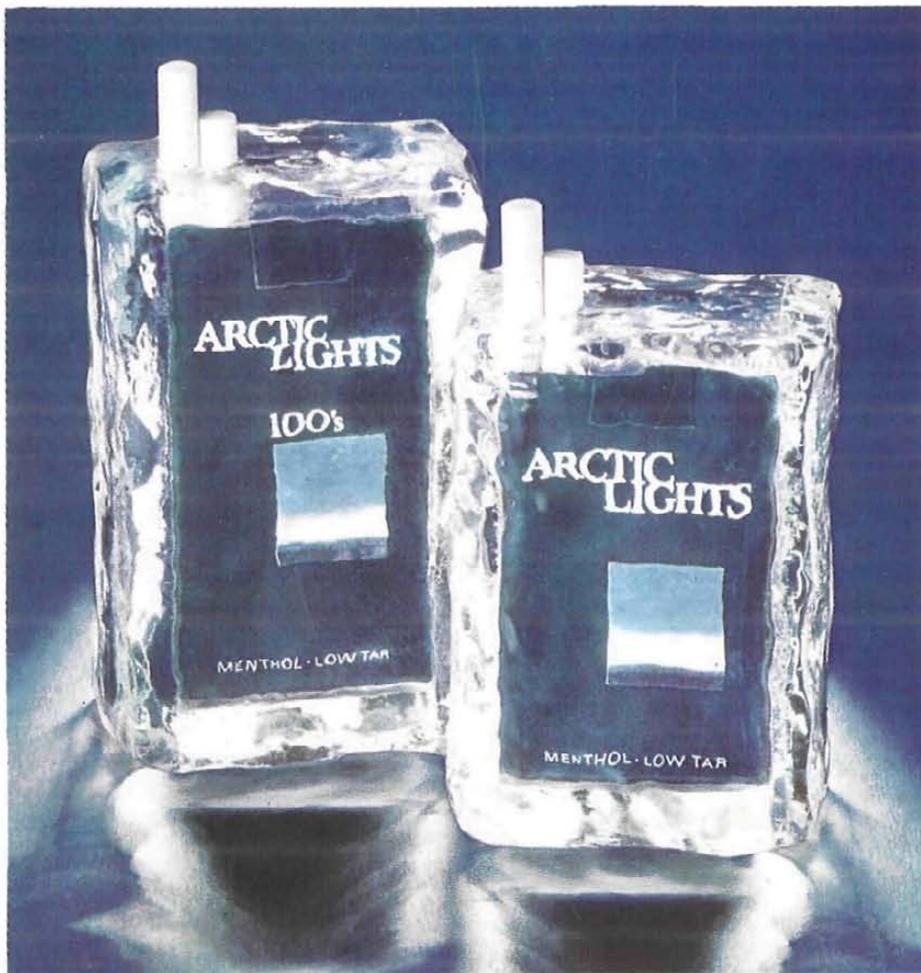
"Young Bums"

"Alice in Regularland"

"Don't"
by Gahan Wilson

**"How to
Make a Kid
of Your Own"**





Discover
Arctic Lights
—more menthol refreshment than
any other low 'tar' cigarette.

Full menthol refreshment. That's what ARCTIC LIGHTS delivers.

A very special kind of menthol refreshment you just won't find in any other low 'tar' menthol cigarette.

You see, while the filter holds back 'tar,'

the unique new ARCTIC LIGHTS menthol blend comes right through. Result? You get the iciest, brightest taste in menthol smoking—puff after puff. Light up your first ARCTIC LIGHTS. **You just won't believe it's a low 'tar' menthol.**

Arctic Lights: Kings & 100's

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



The first choice of those who refuse to settle for second-best.

The true audio perfectionists are those who demand state-of-the-art performance from every part of their system. For these trend setters, second-best just won't do.

At TDK we consider ourselves perfectionists, too, so it's gratifying to know that TDK SA is the number one selling cassette to these critical listeners.

Perfectionists demand the best possible sound quality. SA is the high bias reference standard; most quality manufacturers set up their decks in the factory to sound best with SA.

© 1979 TDK Electronics

Perfectionists appreciate technological superiority. SA's advanced cobalt-adsorbed gamma-ferric oxide particle formulation made it the world's first non-chrome high bias cassette. And many parts of its super precision mechanism, such as its double hub clamp and bubble surface liner sheet have yet to be equalled.

Perfectionists insist on reliability, and they know that TDK was first with a full lifetime warranty*—more than 10 years ago.

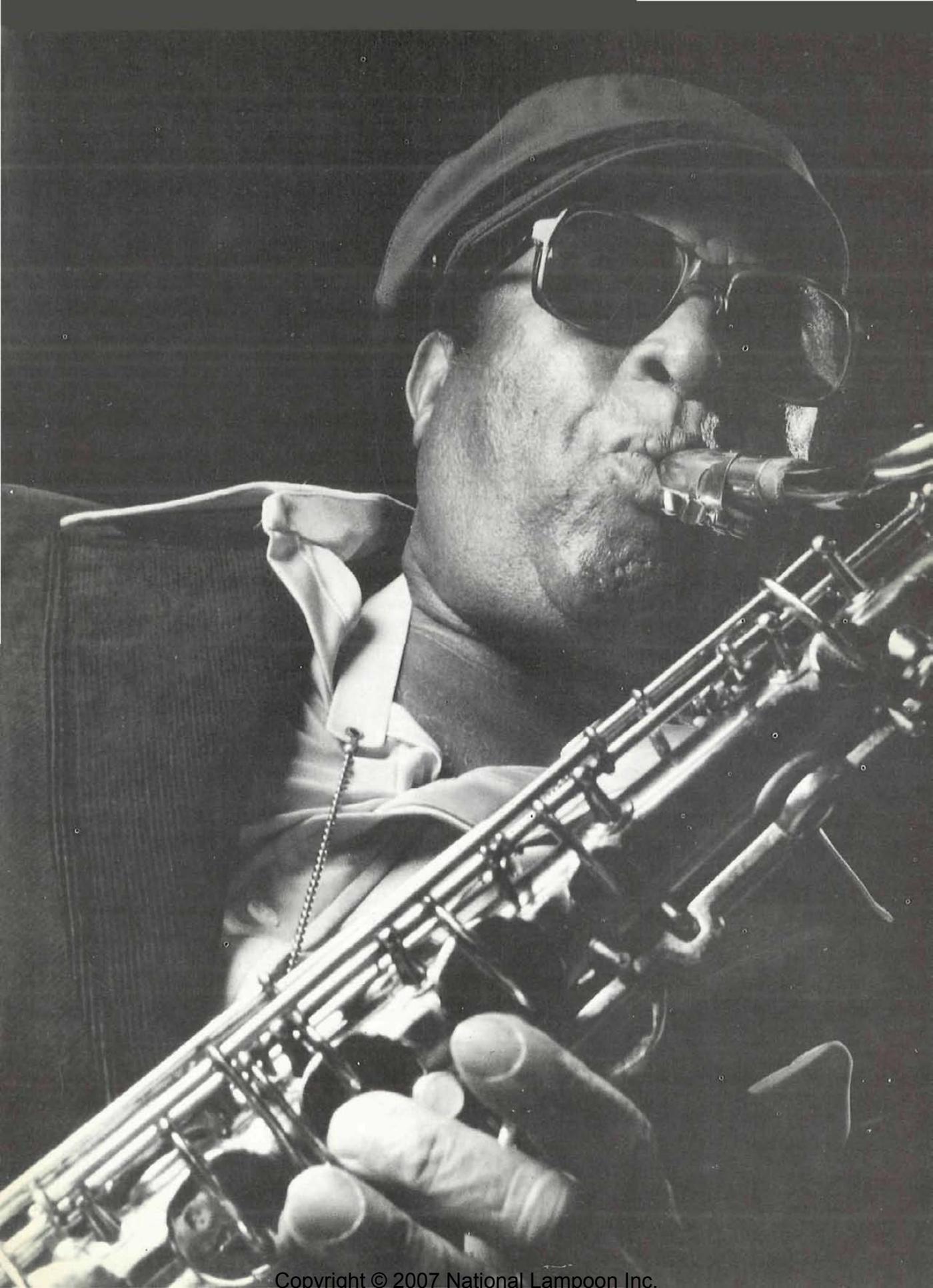
You may not be an audio perfectionist; you may not be able to afford

an ultimate, cost-no-object stereo system. But it's comforting to know you can get better performance from your present system by using the tape you'd buy even if you had a million to spend—TDK SA. TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, New York 11530.

* In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

 **TDK**
The machine for your machine.

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Mellow

That's the Jensen Car Stereo Coax II.
That's the thrill of being there.

Mellow is the word. And the new Jensen Coax II 2-way speakers bring it all out.

These two new coaxials bring a special richness to music, starting with their extended-range woofers and low mass, low distortion tweeters.

The 6" x 9" Jensen Coax II features a new high power 20 oz. barium ferrite woofer magnet. A high temperature voice coil. And a 2.3 oz. tweeter magnet for improved transient response.

The 5 1/4" Coax II is shallower than ever for more installation applications. Not to mention a new 16 oz. barium ferrite magnet that will out-perform most 20 oz. magnets.

The smooth, wide response of these Jensen Coax II's incorporates the bass, midrange, and high tones that are a world of difference from what you're used to hearing.

Which all boils down to one thing. Balance. Clear, clean, mellow balance. It means better than ever sound reproduction.

So why settle for anything less... when you can experience the thrill of being there. With Jensen Coax II's.

JENSEN
The thrill of being there.

For more information, write Jensen Sound Laboratories.
4136 N. United Parkway, Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.



NATIONAL LAMPPOON

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RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

SILVER
SWEEPSTAKES
PRIZES

GOLD
SWEEPSTAKES
PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE
1979
Silver Ford Van
and \$5,000 to
customize it

GRAND PRIZE
1979
Gold Ford Van
and \$5,000 to
customize it

2ND PRIZE
8-Day
Puerto Rico
Vacation
For Two

2ND PRIZE
8-Day
Puerto Rico
Vacation
For Two

3RD PRIZE
10 Panasonic
AM, FM, CB Units

3RD PRIZE
10 Panasonic
AM, FM, CB Units

4TH PRIZE
500 Ronrico
"2 Ways to Go"
Beach Towels

4TH PRIZE
500 Ronrico
"2 Ways to Go"
Beach Towels

OFFICIAL RULES

1. On one or both (Gold and/or Silver) entry forms, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then answer the 2 Ronrico Rum questions with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750ML bottle of Ronrico White (Silver Label) or Gold Rum. If you don't own a bottle, visit your favorite restaurant or tavern or go to any participating liquor store and look for the Ronrico display. A facsimile of Ronrico Labels may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box 8264, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by July 31, 1979 to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries by Frederick Siebel Associates, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No purchase required.

3. Each of the grand prize winners will receive a standard equipped 1979 Ford Van, and \$5,000 to customize and/or decorate it. The two second prize winners will each receive a 7-night, 8-day trip for two to San Juan, Puerto Rico, including air fare, hotel accommodations and \$200 in cash. The 20 third prize winners will receive a Panasonic AM, FM, CB Unit. The 1000 fourth prize winners will receive a Ronrico "2 Ways to Go" Beach Towel.

Prizes are non-transferable.

4. Only one prize per family or household in each sweepstakes. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded.

5. Van winners agree to assume responsibility for any optional items as defined by Ford Motor Co. as well as local, state and federal taxes, city and state licensing and registration fees. Vans will be made available as near as possible to the prize winner's home address for pick up by winners. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S.A., Alaska, and Hawaii. Employees and their families of General Wine & Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.

6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age of the laws of their home state.

7. A list of all winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ronrico Rum Winners List, P.O. Box 8266, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

WIN THE SILVER...WIN THE GOLD...OR WIN BOTH

WIN

1979 SILVER FORD VAN
and \$5,000 to customize it

WIN

1979 GOLD FORD VAN
and \$5,000 to customize it



PLUS OVER 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES

Ronrico doubles the action with not one—but two—exciting sweepstakes. Great fun and easy to enter. Just answer the 2 Ronrico Rum questions on either or both of the entry blanks below with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750ML bottle of Ronrico White (Silver Label) or Gold Rum. Complete the form and mail to us. If you don't own a bottle of Ronrico visit your favorite restaurant, tavern or package store and look for the special Ronrico display.

While you're waiting to hear if you've won, try our White (Silver Label) and Gold Ronrico Rums in your favorite drink. (Van decoration is artist rendition. Please see Rule #3.)

2 WAYS TO GO...

Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes
Mail To: Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 8252 NL St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and/or back labels of Ronrico White (Silver Label) quart and 750ML sizes.)

- Ronrico White (Silver Label) was established in:
 1680 1860 1906
- Ronrico White (Silver Label) is
 dry sweet

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state. Check one: Civilian Military

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
RONRICO - WHITE & GOLD - 80 PROOF - GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.



RONRICO
AUTHENTIC
RUM OF PUERTO RICO

2 WAYS TO WIN...

Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes
Mail To: Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 8244 NL St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and/or back labels of Ronrico Gold quart and 750ML sizes.)

- Ronrico Gold Label is produced and bottled in:
 Florida Puerto Rico Jamaica
- The Ronrico Smooth Gold "Sour" is made with
 Lemon Juice Grapefruit Juice

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state. Check one: Civilian Military

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
RONRICO - WHITE & GOLD - 80 PROOF - GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

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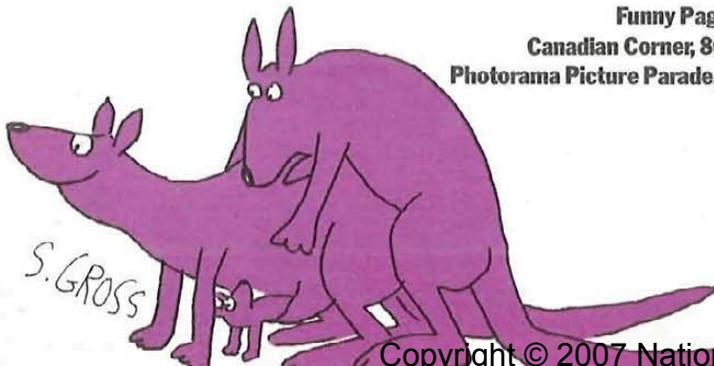
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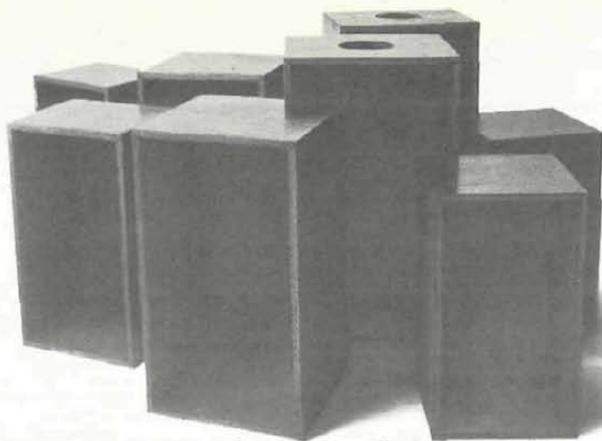
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"Hey, kid, get lost!"



WHAT COMES OUT OF A SPEAKER IS ONLY AS IMPRESSIVE AS WHAT GOES INTO IT.

Most speaker companies try to impress you by describing the "incredible" sound that comes out of their speakers.

At Pioneer, we think the best way to describe how good HPM speakers are is to tell you what went into them.

Instead of a conventional tweeter, you'll find HPM speakers have a unique *supertweeter*. In brief,



The HPM Supertweeter: speaker technology rises to new highs.

it works on a thin piece of High Polymer Molecular (HPM) film that converts

electrical impulses into sound waves without a magnet, voice coil, cone or dome.

As a result, it can reproduce highs with an accuracy and definition that no conventional tweeter could possibly match.

We've also created special mid-range driver cones that are light enough to give you sharp response, yet rigid enough not to distort. So you're assured of hearing a lot more



music, and a lot less distortion.

And while most woofers are still made with the same antiquated materials used in 1945, ours are made with a special carbon fiber blend that's allowed us to decrease the weight of the cone, yet increase the strength needed for clarity. This, plus an oversized magnet and a long-throw



You'll never hear a sound out of these die cast aluminum frames.

voice coil let you hear even the deepest notes exactly the way the musicians

recorded them.

Of course, we could go on and on about the fact that every HPM speaker element has a cast aluminum frame, instead of the flimsy stamped out metal kind. Or about our special compressed wood cabinets that have better acoustic properties than ordinary wood cabinets.

It's features like this that begin to explain why unlike speakers that sound great on only part of the music,



Level controls that let you adjust the sound to your listening area.

HPM speakers sound great on all of it.

And this virtue isn't something you'll find in only our most expensive HPM speaker. It's found in every HPM speaker.

At this point, we suggest you take your favorite record into any Pioneer dealer and audition a pair of HPM speakers in person.

If you think what went into them sounds impressive, wait till you hear what comes out of them.

PIONEER®
We bring it back alive.

Editorial



This editorial may read a little rough because I'm screaming it into a tape recorder as I'm doing 96 mph down a suburban Chicago side street with my wife beside me having contractions in sync with the beat of "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" which is all I can get on the radio at 4:00 A.M. It's all in a day's work for a good editor.

When I worked on the "Teen" issue (August 1978), I bought \$75 worth of teen magazines, I went to a sock hop, and I sat all day at a shopping center with the new Ted Nugent album between my knees. For the "Food" issue (December 1978), I clipped coupons and read the contents panels on frozen fish boxes. So when I found out I was going the edit the "Kids" issue, the first thing I

did was go home and get my wife pregnant.

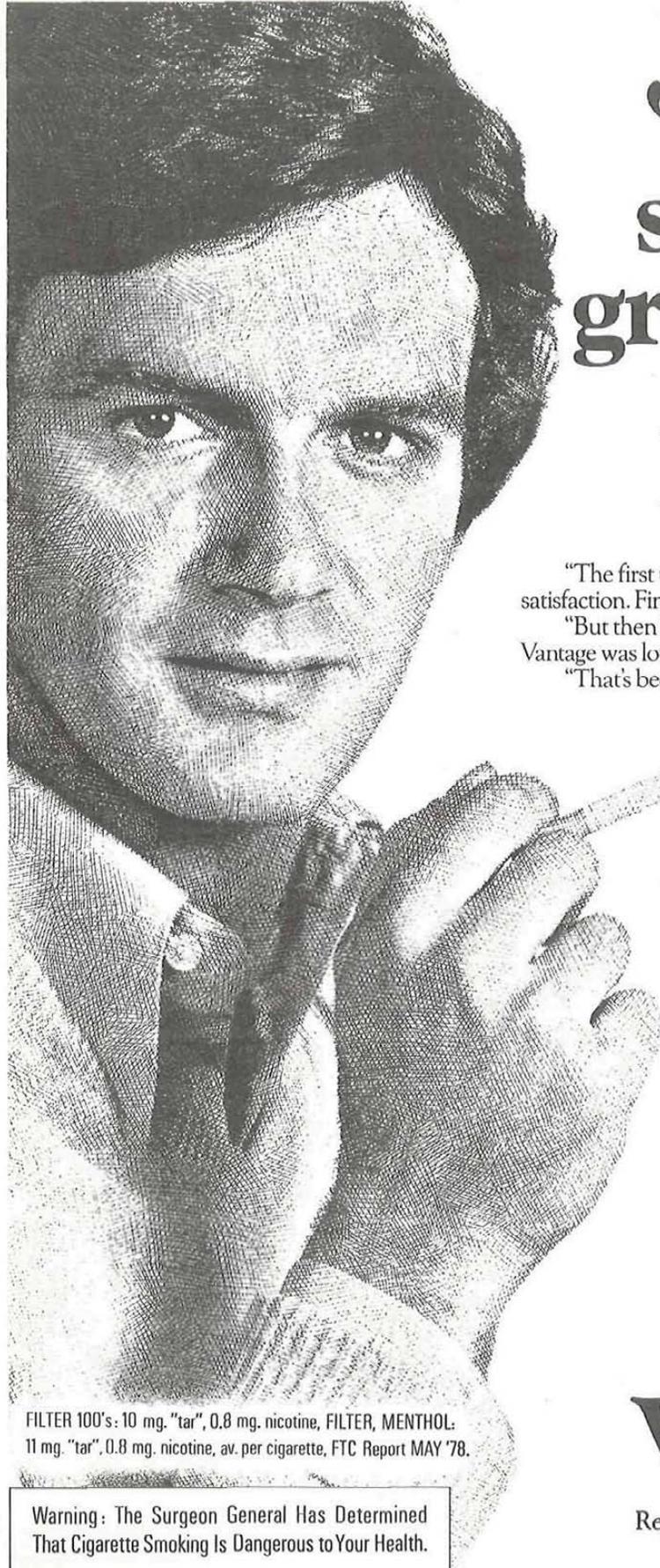
I was lucky; I hit the green on the first stroke. I know luck isn't a word generally associated with pregnancy, but for you guys who haven't gotten past "Feel Good" in the Book of Love and Sex, there is a rule that says: "They who least want a child will have a child, and they who most want a child will not have a child." If you take a couple of high school kids and let them have one shot at coitus interruptus during her safe period using a rubber, a diaphragm, and a Seven-Up douche, the girl will get pregnant. Take that same couple, marry them, and let them want to have a kid, and she can take half a gallon of Watusi sperm and not get in a family way. So you can see why I consider myself lucky. Deadlines

have a way of charging up on you, and I just didn't have two months to spend flogging the wife and risk not having anything to write the editorial about.

Well, I've got my subject and right now she's screaming for the mercy of Jesus. I'm with you, sweetheart! We'll make it. Boy, what I'd give to have my mom's old '63 Ford Galaxy 500 convertible. This wimp wagon is wound out, and I can still read street signs. Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out. Okay! Better put on your seat belt, hon. I'm going to take the shortcut through the drive-in window at the bank. Hold tight!

That was as close as I would care to have it. Let's get on with our little discussion of pregnancy and find out what we can all expect from this earliest en-

continued on page 14



'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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

Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.



Sirs:

That was great! Now we know why the French and the Americans stayed here for so long! It was like shooting fish in a barrel! Plus, we're slimy gooks just like they are and we know all their good hiding places!

China
Vietnam

Sirs:

It is most terrible to cry out that from this black and verminous cell, in which I am forced to suffer unspeakably before the illegal death of myself, the attentions of my tortured eye sockets have been seized by the libelous and detrimental portrayal of me as the rotund and most debasing university pupil in your cinema entertainment, which is called *Animal House*. Many of these actions that occur in the story are wildly false, and others are certainly mere exaggeration of meaningless episodes in my teen years behavior. It is true, of course, that this excessive and inflammatory depiction is of 100 percent assuredness to sway public opinion against efforts to spare my life, and because of this I tell you clearly that my butcherment and death are on top of your shoulders.

Bhutto Blutarisky
Deposed Prime Minister Prison
Pakistan

Sirs:

Here's a question for the younger readers of your "Kids" issue. Hey, kids—what do you think I'd do to you if I caught you inside my house vandalizing the wall with all of my mementos on it?

Col. Arthur "Bull" Collins, Ret.
113 Pleasant St.
Hoochdale, Fla.

Sirs:

I first saw your magazine during my visit to America in February, 1979. I enjoyed it very much. I purchased a subscription and now receive a copy every month. Do you accept unsoli-

cited manuscripts? Here is a very funny joke I heard just the other day. Perhaps you can use it in your next issue:

嗎 可 蚊 口 敬 什
有 多 子 咬 不 麼
人 載 蚊 這 是 佛 好
! 抱 子 些 佛 上 處

Teng Hsiao-ping
Peking, China

Sirs:

I am a child, and having examined your "Kids" issue carefully, find no discussion whatsoever of forts, their function, or their place in society. Last year over 35 million forts were constructed in this country from a total of \$1.3 billion in forest products, textiles, masonry, and sundry manufactured goods, yet organizations like your own mysteriously refuse to acknowledge them, as if to deny their existence. Are you aware that no statute has ever been written to protect the rights of fort owners? In a nation whose entire legal system is founded on the protection of private property, my parents or some fuckers from another neighborhood can turn my goddamn fort upside down, steal all of my stuff, and burn the cocksucker to the ground with utter impunity. Last week, me and J.J. Brown had Sandy Quinn in our underground fort, and just about had her pants off when all of a sudden some guys started dropping these giant boulders on the roof, and caved it in. She starts crying and screaming, J.J.'s family comes running over, and here I am with my weiner out in the privacy of our own fort when J.J.'s asshole dad jumps in and starts ransacking everything. He finds all our dope and rubbers, girls' underwear, snuff pictures, stolen go-cart parts, and Denver Hudson's pigeons we cherry-bombed, and there's nothing we can do about it. That was *our* fort, man. People can't just violate your sovereignty like that. It's fucking unconstitutional.

Billy Dixon
4613 N. 75 Way
Salem, Ore.

Sirs:

What do we do with this oil? Eat it? Burn it? Rub it in our hair? Throw it? Look at it? The only thing we can think to do with it is sell it to you for \$25 a barrel.

The Arabs
Arabia

Sirs:

All those in favor of dusting off the thunder guns, mixing up a fresh batch of Agent Orange, taking the governors off the F-16s, and chipping in a few billion for the B-1 so we can go kick some well-deserved ass raise your hands!

The Benevolent Brotherhood
of Generals
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Many people have wondered, over the years, why my arms and jaw are shaped as they are. The unusual shape of my arms is a result of a childhood disease, hemopraxilis. My jaw is the result of an insufficient supply of calcium while I was in the fetal state. Only through a program of special diet and exercise as a youth was I able to overcome these handicaps.

Popeye the Sailor
Hong Kong Harbor
Hong Kong

Sirs:

Whatever you do, don't buy Schubert's *Alfonsa and Estrella* by Edith Mathis, Peter Scheier, Hermann Prey, Theo Adam, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau on Angel Records. It sucks worse than the new Emerson, Lake, and Palmer album!

Bobby Seamstra
Pasture Hills, Ind.

Sirs:

Talk about your lousy timing! Revolution in Iran, China invades Vietnam, oil shortages, SALT talks, Mideast crisis, U.S. ambassador killed. So what's a revolution in Chad worth? About eight lines in the back of the "News on the March" section.

Chad

Sirs:

You know the recent poll we conducted on white attitudes toward blacks? You know how we said everything was getting better? Well, we lied. Things are about the same, maybe worse. We only said they were better because there was a rumor going around that one of the colored guys in the mail room carries a gun to work.

Louis Harris
Pollster, Pa.

continued on page 12

The SGT.

Seagram's Gin & Schweppes Tonic.
Mixed with military precision.



The SGT. is Seagram's Gin & Tonic.
Pour 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin over ice.
Fill with Schweppes Tonic. Garnish
with a wedge of lime. Enjoy it!
And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Gin. Perfect all ways.

LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

I realize that you and your readers view me as a fatuous, blustering, misguided bore. Yeah, I know what you think: "Who asked you, Jane?" "Why don't you keep your opinions to yourself and that pebble-brain husband of yours?" Well, you saw me on the beach in *California Suite*, didn't you? Nice tits for an over-forty-year-old, huh? Believe me, I'm more than just the railing, twaddling, life-scarred bitch you think I am. I've got sweet, wet lips, and downy, tanned loins that'll put you in outer space. Oh,

God, I want to make you feel good. I'll do anything you want. Just call.

Jane Fonda
1000 Streetview Rd.
Santa Monica, Cal.

Sirs:

Have you ever gotten a letter from a guy who scrapes all the ink off the pages of your magazine and mixes it with water and makes new ink and uses it to make swastikas on his forehead, and then goes downtown to Burger King and freaks out old people? If you have already, I won't send this.

Buzz "Third Reich" Templeton
Fresca, Ariz.

Sirs:

If I'm so smart, how come I'm dead?

Albert Einstein
Second Urn on the Left
Sholom Memorial Park and Mortuary

Sirs:

I don't know, maybe I'm crazy, but I think Procter and Gamble is trying to kill off people with dandruff. Now, I've always followed directions pretty closely, even when they seemed stupid. But this! I was taking a shower, ready to wash my hair, when I pick up the Head & Shoulders and read the directions. They say, "Lather, Rinse, Repeat." So I do. The problem is, when do I stop repeating? I could drown in here!

Rud Adelberg
Upstairs Bathroom
Hillside, Ill.

The Interaudio® I. It shows the European appreciation for performance in a compact size.

The Interaudio® I speaker has been one of the best-selling speakers in Europe. Why?

Because Europeans truly appreciate the speaker's outstanding performance, as well as its very compact size.

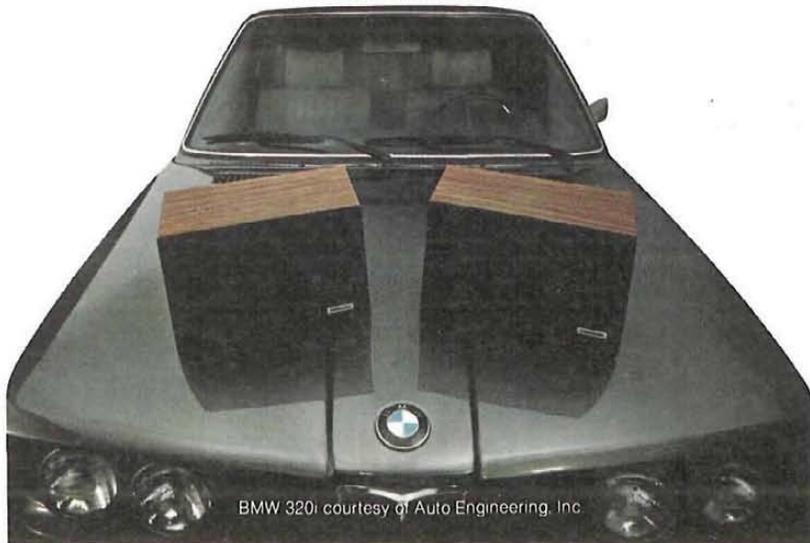
The Interaudio I fits just about anywhere. On a small bookshelf, the wall or in your van. But no matter where you put it, the Interaudio I delivers a deep, powerful bass and crisp clean highs.

The key to this tremendous sound in such a small speaker is the careful integration of woofer, tweeter, and crossover by the same engineers who developed the famous Bose® 901® Direct/Reflecting® speakers.

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Interaudio®

Bose Corporation
Framingham, Massachusetts



BMW 320i courtesy of Auto Engineering, Inc.

Sirs:

Don't believe those ads that say Handi-Wipes have a thousand and one uses. I can only come up with seven hundred and thirty-seven. But I'm still trying. Oh look! The cat's dirty....

Mrs. Vera Stringini
Housewife
Elmhurst, Ill.

Sirs:

I have had it. Being a queer is just not working out. I thought the gay life would be great—you know, swishing around at parties in photographers' studios and wearing shirts with little collars and tiny narrow ties and a key chain on my belt loop, and being snotty and working as a window designer and all that. But it is just terrible! First of all, I miss my wife's cooking. My guy Bob can't make frozen French toast. He never cleans up the loft, and we still can't agree on who should scrub the toilet and do the grocery shopping. For all her faults, Marsha never left whiskers in the sink or pubic hairs on the soap. She never borrowed my socks or underwear or my scarf and gloves. And on top of it all, she never tried to shove her wang in my face when I was sleeping. Nope, I am going back home to White Plains and I am going to get my job back at Foote, Spray, and Blender and leave this blankety-blank stuff to the rest of the faggots. Thank you, but I have had more than enough.

N.
New York, N.Y.

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The critics' choice.



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EDITORIAL

continued from page 8

counter with our offspring. It all starts when your wife calls you at the office and says, "Guess what!" You feel like a new penny! Your balls really do work, you're fertile, you're a man. You call your dad and your mom and you tell everybody the good news. Then you sit back and the very first thing that crosses your mind is all the acid and speed and dog uppers and sheep downs you've smoked, sniffed, and swallowed. You recall those horrifying articles in *Time* magazine back in 1969 about the chromosome damaged babies. You sweat for awhile until you remember that old college pal who tripped from Woodstock straight through to Altamont without a break and ended up looking like the big guy with the funny head in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. He and his "old lady" have two normal kids. You're alright. Except about midnight that night you get what are called the "Don't Want to Grow Up Yet Blues." That's when you realize that you can't run off and start a mushroom ranch in Alaska even if you wanted to. You're going to be a dad. Just like your own dad, and you know how much fun he has.

After the initial rush of elation and trepidation you forget she's even pregnant. She may lose her lunch every now and then, your Kotex bill gets cut way back, and those monthly temper tantrums disappear, but other than that things are pretty much as they were before the big news. Well, that's not entirely true. You spend a lot more time in baby stores than you did before. And, of course, your Alfa Romeo money goes for baby furniture, OB's fees, quilts, and Noah's ark wallpaper. You can't imagine the amount of stuff you need to raise a child! What do they do in Haiti? How do those sugar-choppers afford the Crawligators, Play Corrals, dresserettes, and Motor Toters, not to mention the SX-70 film and flash bars?

My wife just went into a particularly gripping and involving series of labor pains, so let me take this opportunity to talk about what pregnant women look like naked. For the first eight weeks you don't notice a thing except how great her tits look. Boy, do they get big and firm! You couldn't do better at an Italian girls' school. Even if your wife has seen the sweet side of the upper twenties, those paps perk up! And talk about nipples! Yipes! You can hang your hat on them! That early improvement in titty tone must be a holdover from one of our

evolutionary predecessors who probably would have killed his gorilla for getting herself knocked up if her tits weren't so luscious. Then by the time her waist got thick and her nipples turned brown he was so heavily invested in baby ape gear that he had to go through with the thing anyway.

At about twelve weeks she's got a new frame, and it's not much to talk about. As a matter of fact, it's just like yours. Dieticians call it "sympathetic pregnancy." Right now I have a belly that matches my wife's, except for the hair around my navel. I slugged it out with her fork for fork, bite for bite, gobble for gobble. Midnight bowls of Golden Grams cereal, double lunches, peanut M&Ms, Famous Amos, Cheetos, kiwi berries, chilled fresh-cut pineapple, pastrami, waffles. The difference is she was eating for two, satisfying legitimate cravings—and she'll leave her belly on the table. Me, I'll keep mine for the rest of my life. It's part of God's plan.

You see, sex isn't the same with a pregnant woman. I mean, it's awfully hard to forget that your kid is right there. It would be bad enough if he were in the next room and your door was open, but he's two inches away. I'm not a Puritan, but Jesus Christ! I'd hate to have him born with a dent in his forehead and know that it was me who did it. But anyway, by the end of nine months you start looking funny at the meat in the supermarket and you lose your inhibitions about asking for *Forum* magazine at the newsstand. You are crazed with lust. But you're too fat to score with anyone except a whore, and you can't afford a whore because you spent all your spare cash on car seats and bassinets. So, through no choice of your own, family harmony and marital fidelity is maintained. That's what I mean by God's plan.

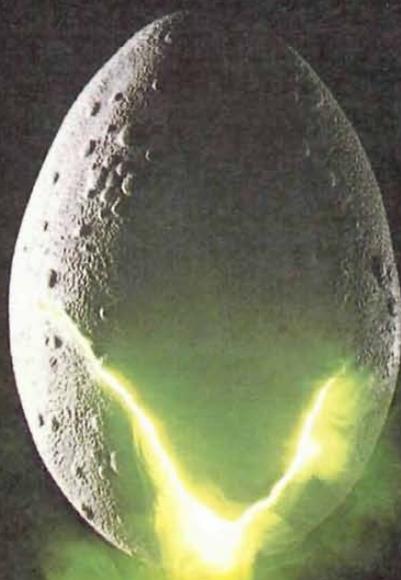
They tell me you get over it and the wife gets back in the saddle and everything is hunky-dory, but I can't help but wonder what my little dink is going to mean to her after a screaming, kicking, eight-pound wad of baby has clawed its way out of there. Talk about your Southern belles who got spoiled on slaves...

Okay, I have to stop that kind of talk now. Just kidding, honey. Keep those legs crossed, please. Remember, it was your idea to get cloth seats. Nothing stains like womb.

Where the fuck are the cops? This is one of the highlights of pregnancy! I want a flatfoot to yank me over and when he sticks his ugly face in the window I'm going to yell, "You stupid ass-

continued on page 99

A L I E N



In space no one can hear you scream.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

A L I E N

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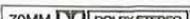
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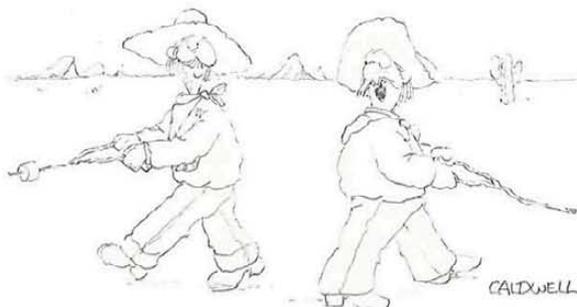


by John Hughes

A mysterious slime has Movieland all in a hooha. The icky, gooey, gunk reportedly grows on the hands and mouths of TV and motion picture producers. Are we regular dinks in any danger of contamination if, say, we took the Universal Studio tour? "Not likely," a California State Health Department hot dog says. "Unless you have a million dollars and absolutely no sense of decency, the stuff won't go near you."... While on the subject of California, which, incidentally, means, in Spanish, "land where everybody runs around with their whistles hanging out," news has reached this column that EVERY SINGLE PERSON out there has the clap. That'll serve them right for eating off of toilet seats!... Five thousand bluesmen from around the world gathered in Chicago recently to praise the BLUES BROTHERS, JOHN BELUSHI and DAN AYKROYD, for the success of their smash hit album, *Briefcase Full of Blues*. "We thought we had the blues," vet blues champ Muddy Waters said in praise of the hilarious duo. "The way they do 'Soul Man,' which ain't even a blues number, makes me ashamed of my black face! It took me fifty years to learn what they learned in a weekend!" We'll have to agree with Mr. Mud, that album is pure blues and the funniest thing to come down the pike since *My Son, the Folk Singer*.... The British Workers Revolutionary Party has been pleading with VANESSA RED-GRAVE to leave them alone. "She's such a fucking dumb cow," one of the Limey pinkos said. "She's a haggard-old gash who thinks you start a revolution with brunch in Mayfair!"... It looks

like PATTI SMITH, the horse-face punk queen, is finding out that you can't go home again. "At least not until she shaves her armpits," says Patti's mom. ...Tennis ace JOHN McENROE took a nasty plunge from a hotel balcony in L.A. Will the two-story spill put an end to young John's career? "No, thank God, I landed on my head!" the ill-tempered little shit said. "My skull broke the fall for my knees and elbows."... What's at the bottom of the breakup of the secret LUCIE ARNAZ/BURT REYNOLDS affair? "A fat, twenty-seven-year-old actress named Lucie, for starters," B.R. says.... Look out, JOHNNY CARSON! ABC is gunning for that late-night gold mine. Says ABC banana FRED PIERCE, "We're going to run ninety minutes of the back parts of horses against Carson. For years people have been tuning in in droves to watch four or five horses' asses. We'll give them fifty or sixty a night with no repeats." Will the bold plan work? Only time will tell.... YASIR ARAFAT, PLO master of ceremonies, couldn't find anyone to dance with him at a recent Studio 54 fete. "Yas" had spent the week with a disco instructor, and he even wore a brand-new set of kitchen drapes on his head, but to no avail. As the evening wore down, the lonely old terrorist was forced to shake his booty with his bodyguard.... RAQUEL WELCH is asking not to be called a "sex symbol" anymore. Would she prefer "dumb cunt," "homemaker," or "linthead"?... "Mork and Mindy" star ROBIN WILLIAMS has everyone worried that he'll get so cute he'll just burst. Friends are pleading with him to be careful with the silly hats, suspenders, and goo-goo noises.... Old age, where is thy dignity? IDA LUPINO walking around Beverly Hills in a bear suit has plenty of Hollywood old-timers scratching their heads wondering what the future holds for them.... CHER has hired a detective to find out who's been spreading stories about her turning

tricks at downtown L.A. flophouses. "I want to know who let the cat out of the bag"... TONY CURTIS is telling friends that he secretly hopes that when he dies he'll be made patron saint of queers.... After a big chow-down at a swank N.Y.C. eatery, professional chatterbox DICK CAVETT's head imploded. "It just ruined the whole meal," said Dick's lovely wife Jim.... Will Congress pass the new law waiving prosecution for anyone who punches out RALPH NADER's lights? For the sake of everything that tastes good, looks sharp, and goes fast, let's hope so.... STEVE MARTIN phoned from Aspen to say that his new picture, *The Jerk*, is going to be an autobiography. ...Chief energy putz JAMES SCHLESINGER is telling staffers to beware of buck-a-gallon gas prices very soon but, he adds, "Milk is way over a dollar a gallon and you can't get out of the driveway on a gallon of that!"... While on the subject of talentless wimpo offspring sucking at the heels of famous parents, PETER FONDA is slated to star in a remake of his dad's 1976 GAF floor tile commercials. That should be "easy riding," eh, Petey?... China's top egg roll TENG TSIO-DORK says it would take almost 150,000 tons of blow to "toot-up" his country. "Too much money, too short of high," he adds. Anybody know where Dr. Dung can cop 900,000,000 'ludes?... Once and for all, ladies and gentlemen of the press, let's knock it off with this hacking up our departed leaders! I'm referring to the disgraceful ballyhoo over Gov. NELSON ROCKEFELLER dying during a late-night hummer. Enough is enough, boys and girls.... Meanwhile, back at the Oval Coon Hole, presidential image-repairman GERALD RAFSHOON has sure shown us all what he's stuffed with!... Finally, former Beatle JOHN LENNON has purchased 103 Holstein cows to replace his aging wife YOKO ONO. □



"Thanks, and if I should see any fire I'll let you know, too."

Technics SILVER EDITION

Any tape recording you make is only as accurate as the machine it's made on. That's why you should take a hard look at Technics RS-M44 cassette deck. One of the new cassette decks in Technics Silver Edition.

The first thing you'll notice about the RS-M44 is its fluorescent bar-graph meters. They're completely electronic and extremely fast with a device attack time of just five millionths of a second. They're also accurate. So accurate that deviation from the 0 VU level is no more than 0.1 dB.

What it all adds up to is fast recognition of musical peaks for tight control of dynamic range in your recordings.

For accuracy in the tape transport system, the RS-M44 has an IC-controlled FG servo DC motor. It constantly monitors motor rotation so that speed variations are corrected instantly. Even under fluctuating voltage or load conditions.

Equally accurate is the RS-M44's HPF head. With its frequency response is not only wide and flat, it actually exceeds the response of most source material.

When it comes to tape, the RS-M44 has what you need to make the most out of normal, chrome and ferrichrome tape. Like separate three-position bias and EQ selectors as well as a fine-bias adjustment.

The RS-M44 also lets you spend more time listening and less time fidgeting. One reason is the Music Selector. When activated it jumps ahead and plays the next selection, or repeats the present selection. Plus there are other memory features. Including memory auto rewind, auto play, and rewind auto/play.

Still there's really only one way to appreciate all of the new cassette decks in the Silver Edition. Stop reading and start listening.

Technics gives you two ways to look at accuracy. This way. And this way.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Egypt, Israel O.K. U.S. Pact

MIDEAST ACCORD TO BRING PEACE



Egypt and Israel agreed recently to a proposal for a peace treaty engineered by President Carter. Following ratification of the accord, there will commence what is widely hoped will be a "new era of peace in the Mideast."

Basic provisions of the treaty include:

- Israelis will cease making fun of the last name of Egyptian President Sadat with phrases like, "Sadat's de way it is, huh?" In addition, the U.S. will give Israel eight billion dollars.
- Egyptians will cease making fun of Israeli Prime Minister Begin's last name

with phrases like, "He brings home the Begin." In addition, the U.S. will give Egypt nine billion dollars.

- Israel will "attempt" to pressure Moshe Dayan into adopting a "more stylish" eyepatch. In addition, the U.S. will give Israel ten billion dollars.

- Egypt will attempt "to use all the forces of persuasion at its disposal" to get Yasir Arafat to "either shave, or grow a real beard." In addition, the U.S. will give Egypt nine billion dollars.

It is hoped that both countries will be too busy spending money to wage war.

Nations Seek Ruling

COUNTRIES CLAMOR TO INVADE VIETNAM



The General Assembly of the United Nations was in an uproar recently as dozens of nations vied for the right to next invade Vietnam.

"Once the Chinese moved out, everybody wanted a crack at it," said one unnamed official. "Everybody wants a chance to test their weapons, exercise their armies, and just engage in a little plain old killing."

Vietnamese officials were reticent about naming their own choice for next aggressor. "At first we favored the Italians, because we have very few pizza shops and singing barbers in our country," said Ping Ky Lee, a delegate to the Vietnamese mission to the UN. "Then we toyed with the idea of inviting the Danes—they have such wonderful pastry, you know. But finally we chose to let the UN decide. Maybe they'll do it in alphabetical order, who knows."

At last report, several smaller countries, such as Lichtenstein and Goa, were banding together to form consortiums for the venture.

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Love Among the Ragheads....

Khomeini and Arafat Announce Betrothal



Government Takes the Gloves Off Firm New Energy Policy Announced



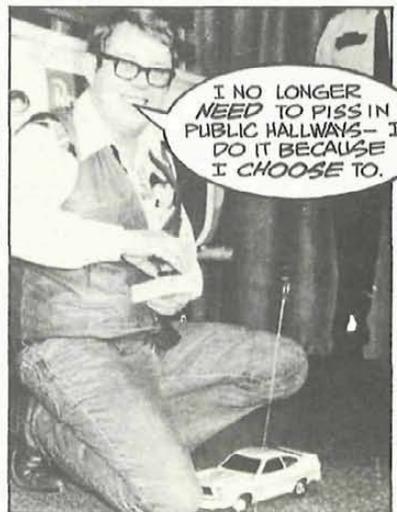
In response to OPEC's latest hike in crude oil prices, the Department of Energy has issued what it terms "stern and unbudging new measures, which we really mean this time" intended to stave off an energy crisis.

Highlights from the announcement include these regulations:

- No model train, of whatever scale, shall exceed a speed limit of thirty miles per hour.
- Refrigerator light bulbs shall be unscrewed between sunup and sundown.
- All matches shall be extinguished only after they have burned down to their bottoms, or until the holder feels "some palpable level of pain due to burning."
- All citizens shall be encouraged to wear wet suits when showering to conserve hot water.

Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger was optimistic about the new regulations. "Once the American people realize that this time we really mean business, I'm sure some of them might comply sometimes," he said.

Regrets Previous Activities Billy Carter Takes Treatment, Renews Commitment



Billy Carter, the president's brother, has emerged from alcoholism treatment at Long Beach-Naval Regional Medical Center a "changed man."

"Before treatment, I was an unthinking, doltish buffoon, making wild anti-Semitic innuendos, consorting with vicious Libyan strongmen, and making a spectacle of myself in public," he told reporters.

"However," he continued, "now I am able to control my impulses more effectively and consider my actions more clearly. Therefore, I have scheduled a meeting with both Libyan President Qaddafi and Yasir Arafat, and if anyone of the Hebrew persuasion doesn't like it, well, they're entitled to their opinion. Now if you will excuse me, I must go take a shit in the information booth at Los Angeles Airport."

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**Dictator Seeks Mercenary Assistance
Amin Summons Tarzan to Uganda**



President Idid Amin Dada, the insane dictator of Uganda, has summoned Tarzan to assist him in warding off the invasion of Tanzanian freedom fighters and exiled Ugandan rebels.

A spokesman for Amin said it would be Tarzan's task to "summon all the elephants, chimpanzees, and boa con-

strictors in the jungle, and weld them into a crack fighting unit."

Amin's army, meanwhile, has abandoned its olive drab uniforms for the traditional African ensemble of loincloths, sabertooth amulets, and leopard skins. "This will frighten the invaders, maybe," explained the army spokesman.

"Tested, Operable, and Ready to Go"

Carter Administration Reveals New Weapon

The Carter Administration has revealed a new weapon it plans to use in the fight against inflation. The device, a "face melting ray," will be employed primarily against union officials who voice disagreement with the president's wage price guidelines.

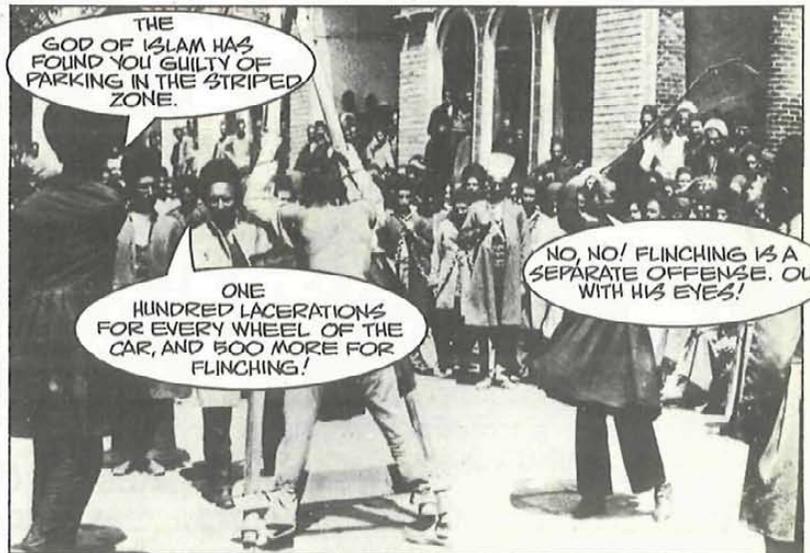
Initial testing of the device took place during a recent convention of the AFL-CIO, during which George Meany was scheduled to speak. Shortly after Mr. Meany took the podium for the keynote address, two unidentified White House aides leveled the ray device at him and fired.

As a result, Mr. Meany's face was almost entirely melted away.

Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell told reporters shortly thereafter that the White House has "no intention" of repairing Meany's face.



**Out with the New, In with the Old
Moslem Code Replaces Western Law in Iran**



A spokesman for Iran's Islamic Bar Association announced the Khomeini government has successfully dismantled all that remained of the Shah's "sadistic and corrupt" system of justice, replacing "his cutthroat courts and barbarous SAVAK monsters with the divine rule of Moslem law." Although some procedural differences are apparent, Iranian citizens will be primarily affected by a number of ancient Islamic statutes and penalties that are now in force. Some examples of these offenses and their punishments are as follows:

- Wearing, displaying, or transporting a Caterpillar tractor hat on a public thoroughfare; mandatory removal of molar teeth by molten tongs.

Koch Admires "New Orleans Strategy"

New York Mayor Seeks Advice

New York Mayor Edward Koch has traveled to New Orleans to consult with that city's mayor concerning the "strategy" used to cancel this year's Mardi Gras parades.

"It was brilliant," noted an aide to Koch. "And now we want to see if we can arrange for a police strike to coincide with some events we want canceled. Puerto Rican Pride Day, for example. A parade we could all do without. And, while it's too late for this year's Saint Patrick's Day parade, there's always next year.

"We figure that the lives and property lost due to incessant police strikes will be more than counterbalanced by the absence of all those third-world and ethnic types marching up and down, with their brass bands playing 'Stayin' Alive' and guys throwing up in doormen's hats, and drunks pissing on your shoes."

- Possession or consumption of Tab within 500 meters of a school or religious structure; mandatory excision of third and fifth vertebrae with flint adz.

- Willful repetition of phrases from American television programs in public conversation, e.g., "Sorry about that, chief"; minimum—removal of upper lip with a wire brush; "Pow, to the moon"; minimum—rupture of colonic tract by fluorescent tube.

- Distribution of Life Savers to minor children, solicitation of eyeliner, or entering a club or restaurant that has previously borne the name of an American state; death by bolt cutters.

"The system is tough, but fair," the spokesman added.

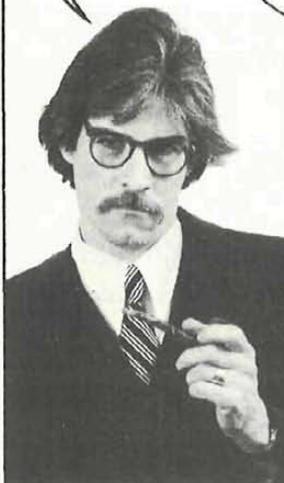
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OF DIRECTORS; DUE
TO THE UNACCEPTABLE
MORAL AMBIVALENCE
OF SEVEN BEAUTIES...

...THIS DECADE IN WHICH
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INCREASINGLY CONCERNED
WITH THE EFFECTS OF HASTY
LEGISLATION, ABUSE OF
EXECUTIVE POWER, THE
MIDDLE EAST, ENERGY
ALTERNATIVES, THE COST OF
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"A One-Woman Crime Wave" Say Queen Stole "Gifts"



QUICK, SHEIKH! LOOK OVER THERE! A GORILLA IS EATING ONE OF YOUR WIVES!

NOW IF SHE CAN JUST GET THE NECKLACE, WE'LL BE OVER SIX MILLION AND CAN GO HOME....

THAT'S FUNNY... I COULD HAVE SWORN I BROUGHT MY GOLD CAMEL STATUETTE WITH ME....

Officials of several wealthy Middle Eastern countries have accused Britain's Queen Elizabeth of "swiping, heisting, pilfering, and otherwise making off with" several ornamental objets d'art and items of jewelry worth in excess of six million dollars.

"We know that Britain has had economic troubles of late," commented one official. "And we know that she claimed

these items were gifts. But what gifts did she bring to us? A silver plate engraved with a picture of a boat. We were tempted to laugh raucously at the puniness of such an offering. And we most certainly did not repay it by giving her the golden camels and the diamond-studded fig tree.

"No, no, it is obvious that she took them, and we want them back."

Ship Ahoy!... for Romance! Vietnamese Love Boat Still Cruising



WHEN WE PUT ASHORE, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO? MAYBE CATCH A NIGHT-CLUB ACT? DO SOME SHOPPING AT THE DUTY-FREE PORT?

NO, HON. I THINK I'LL JUST HIDE IN A CAVE FOR A FEW WEEKS.

PARLING, I'M SO HAPPY! LOOK AT ME, I'M SWOONING WITH JOY!

YOU'RE NOT SWOONING. YOU'RE FAINTING FROM DEHYDRATION.

I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET HER AFTER WE DON'T EAT DINNER. WE'RE GOING FOR A MOONLIGHT WALK OVER BY THE DIRTY LAUNDRY PILE.

YOU LUCKY DEVIL. MY GIRL HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME IN TWO DAYS. I CAN'T TELL WHETHER SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME ANYMORE OR HAS JUST PLAIN STARVED TO DEATH.

Voter Revolt in Windy City Daley Machine Rejected in Chicago Primary

Disgruntled rank and file members of Chicago's Democratic party fielded a slate of dummy candidates in last February's primary elections calculated, in the words of one precinct captain, to "humiliate the bosses and point up how we never get a real choice in these things."

The candidates included Nugget the Circus Seal (now the designated candidate for county sheriff), two pounds of tuna salad and a box of Q-Tips (who will run as Democratic candidates for City Council), and an unknown woman named Jane Byrne (who will head the party ticket in the race for mayor). All of these long shots won.

"We're thrilled and delighted," said one reform party leader.

Hates "Discourteous Drivers" Allison, Yarborough Melee at Daytona



DIDN'T YOU READ MY BUMPER STICKER? IT SAYS I SLOW DOWN FOR ANIMALS, YA MORON!

Stock car racers Bobby Allison and Cale Yarborough fought each other with fists following the tumultuous conclusion of this year's Daytona 500.

The reason for the donnybrook was not entirely clear. Yarborough's backers say he took exception to Allison's driving with his brights on and failing to signal when he turned. Allison's friends, meanwhile, maintain that Yarborough failed to slow down soon enough when a squirrel wandered out onto the Daytona track.

"Bobby was coming around the corner at 195," said an Allison supporter, "and Cale all of a sudden slams on the brakes! Now that's just darn rude!"

Both men were severely reprimanded by NASCAR officials and promised never to misbehave again.

can you be bribed?

You get a \$35.21 bribe when you try only 10 DAK ML90 high energy cassettes for only \$2.49 each!

Hats off to Maxell. Their UDXL cassette established a new standard of quality for all cassettes.

The new DAK ML90 starts another new technology. A technology of extreme reliability and protection from Hi frequency losses.

Later we are going to offer you a valuable bribe, if you will test these cassettes, risk free; so read on!

YOUR TIME IS PRECIOUS

Imagine yourself just finishing recording the second side of a 90 minute cassette and horrors, the cassette jams. Tape is wound around the capstan, your recorder may be damaged and you've just wasted 90 minutes of your time and perhaps lost a great recording off FM.

I'm sure this is one experience we all dread, and is one of the main reasons to buy name branded guaranteed tape you can trust.

Enter DAK. We manufacture over one million units of cassette tape each month, and many of our cassettes are used for high speed duplication, which causes more cassettes to fail than any other use.

When we first started, DAK's cassettes failed, just like many others. So we installed over \$20,000 worth of high speed duplication equipment at our factory and set out to design the perfect cassette.

FAILURE

Failure after failure. We substituted, remade, tested and retested the over 20 parts of our cassette, and checked everyone else's cassettes. Finally after over 6 years we positively linked cassette failure or the prevention of failure to the slip sheets, or liners in the cassette.

We were not alone. Scotch, TDK, and several others must have been doing the same research because they have also been coming out with special improved slip sheets.

MOLYSULFIDE

A new chemical named molysulfide, that reduces friction within the cassette several times better than graphite gave us success.

We developed polyester slip sheets with raised spring loaded ridges coated with a unique formulation of molysulfide and graphite.

The tape ran more smoothly than ever before within the cassette. The new formulation is also much tougher than the graphite formulation, so it is extremely resistant to wear.

Static electricity within the cassette was drastically reduced by the low friction, and easily bled off, so its tendency to erase very high frequencies was drastically reduced. A very important consideration for often played tapes.

The molysulfide formulation gives both superior electrical and mechanical performance, thus it has formed

basis for the birth of the new DAK ML cassette.

MAXELL IS BETTER

Yes honestly, if you own a \$1000 cassette deck like a Nakamichi, the frequency response of Maxell UDXL is superior to DAK and you just might be able to hear the difference.

DAK ML has a frequency response that is flat from 40cps to 14,500cps $\pm 3db$. Virtually all cassette recorders priced under \$600 are flat from 40cps to about 12,000cps, so we have over 2000cps to spare, and you'll probably never know the difference.

No apology We feel that we have equalled or exceeded the mechanical reliability of virtually all cassettes and offer one of the best frequency responses in the industry. Maxell UDXL is truly the Rolls Royce of the industry, and DAK is the 100% US made Cadillac or Corvette!

Price DAK manufactures the tape we sell, you avoid paying distributor and retailer mark ups. While Maxell UDXL 90s may sell for \$3.50 to \$4.50 each, DAK ML90s sell factory direct to you for only \$2.49 each.

YOU WIN

You are paying less for the 10 90 minute cassettes than you would pay for the bribes we are offering if you went to a Radio Shack Store.



Yours Free

CHECK THE VALUE OF THE BRIBES AT RADIO SHACK

Think of it, 10 six foot hook up cords with RCA plugs at each end. Whether you use the cords now, or when you buy new equipment, those of us who are tape recorder nuts, never seem to have enough. Radio Shack sells six foot cords for \$1.89 each.

You will find dozens of uses for this deluxe battery eliminator AC adaptor around your home or office. 4 voltages, 3, 4.5, 6 and 9 volts. 4 plugs will fit virtually any calculator, radio, or battery operated recorder we have seen. You'll



Shack sells a similar 4 voltage adaptor for \$9.95.

The deluxe 12oz can of spray head cleaner will clean your tape heads for years to come. The handy snorkel included, can reach just about any tape head, even 8trk heads. Radio Shack does not sell a large 12oz can, but 12oz from them costs \$6.36.

The Radio Shack prices are not list prices, but the actual prices you would pay when you walk in the door.



Yours Free

WE WIN TOO

Customers like you are very valuable in the form of future business. We anticipate receiving over 6000 orders and 4500 repeat customers from this advertisement. We are betting you will buy our cassettes again, and we are putting our money where our mouth is!

TRY DAK ML90 FREE

We want you to try these high energy cassettes on your own recorder without obligation for 30 days. If you aren't 100% satisfied for any reason, simply return the tapes and bribes to DAK for a full refund.

To order your 10 DAK ML90 minute high energy cassettes and receive your \$35.21 bribe with your credit card, simply call toll free 800, 423-2636, (in Calif. call 213-984-1559) or send your check for \$24.90 plus \$3 for postage and handling for each group of 10 cassettes and bribes to DAK. (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax).

DAK unconditionally guarantees all DAK cassettes for one year against any defects in material or workmanship.

Why not order an extra group of 10 DAK ML90 cassettes for yourself or a friend? We will add one free ML90 cassette to reach additional 10 you buy and of course you get all 3 bribes with each group of 10 tapes.



Dept. NL
Call TOLL-FREE (800) 423-2636
In California Call (213) 984-1559
10845 Vanowen St., North Hollywood, CA 91605

First Photos In Jupiter a Planet of Startling Contrasts



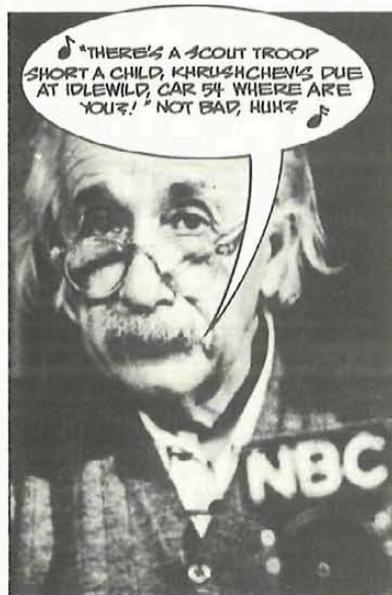
HELLO! WELCOME TO JUPITER! OR, AS WE CALL OUR PLANET IN OUR OWN LANGUAGE, PIANOWORLD. DO YOU KNOW "HEART AND SOUL"?

Space scientists are exultant over the photographs sent back recently by *Voyager I* of the planet Jupiter.

"The photos are of exceptionally high quality," said a spokesman for the project. "They have revealed several unexpected facts about what may actually be life on the planet."

The *Voyager* data have indicated that Jupiter possesses an atmosphere of thick methane vapor and gases derived mainly from hydrogen. Its surface appears to consist of a number of beautiful women in 1930s hairdos holding their dresses up while standing before rows of white pianos.

"The Greatest Genius Since Leonardo" More Einstein Achievements Revealed



*THERE'S A SCOUT TROOP SHORT A CHILD, KHURUSHCHEV'S DUE AT IDLEWILD, CAR 54 WHERE ARE YOU? * NOT BAD, HUNK? *

Celebration of the centenary of the birth of Albert Einstein has brought to light many hitherto unknown achievements of the scientist, several in fields only tangentially related to physics.

Dr. Kark Denker, a personal friend and colleague of Einstein, has written in

the magazine *Science*, "Einstein's creative endeavors led him into many areas of inquiry. Most people do not know, for example, that it was he who invented the sequential turn signal on automobiles. Similarly, he was the one who invented the Vise-Grip multipurpose hand wrench.

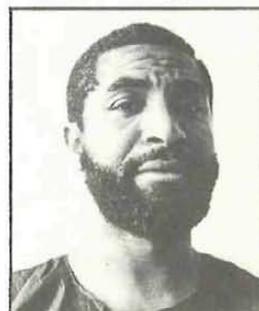
"Furthermore, it was Einstein who wrote the 'pilot' script for the television series 'Car 54, Where Are You?'—he also wrote the lyrics to the theme song. Albert Einstein was the man who coined the term 'vegetable medley' used to market a combination dish of frozen vegetables. And he developed the prototype of the first so-called 'Hungry Man' frozen dinner—the irony being, of course, that he was not a particularly hungry man himself."

Did You Know?

The U.S. Geological Survey reports that of the total surface area of the United States, 21.8 square miles are nipple tissue. Cold weather can reduce that area to 14.3 square miles or less.

Vermont is the only state east of the Mississippi that cannot be reached by yacht.

Fortune Society gave Ted Jones, ex-offender, something he'll never forget.



Literacy.

When Ted Jones came to Fortune Society he could neither read, write, nor tell time. He was 30 years old, and had spent the last ten years in and out of prison. After two years in Fortune Society's one to one tutoring program Ted Jones was literate, and never again would he be late for his job.

At Fortune Society we've found literacy to be a strong deterrent to criminality. The ex-offender equipped with the ability to read and write stands a better chance of finding an alternative to crime as he re-enters the straight world.

Support us. Become a Fortune Society sponsor and discover the problems facing the ex-offender.

Be informed. Receive Fortune News once a month and keep abreast of what we're doing.

Volunteer. Work with ex-offenders on a one to one basis in our tutoring groups. Call (212) 677-4600.

Join Fortune Society. Become a crime fighter.

The Fortune Society
229 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

I would like to be a Fortune Donor and receive the Fortune Newsletter. Enclosed is my contribution:

\$100 \$25 \$10 \$5

Contributions are tax deductible.

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Upon request a copy of our latest Annual Report may be obtained by writing the Board of Social Welfare, Office Tower, Empire State Plaza, Albany, N.Y. 12223, or by writing The Fortune Society.

NEWS BRIEFS



State Department Ire at Shah

The State Department is reportedly irked at the Shah of Iran for not keeping the U.S. properly informed about the deteriorating political situation during the last months of the Shah's regime. "If we had known how serious things were," said Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, "we might have been able to give the Shah greater assistance. The way we did with Ngo Dinh Diem back in '63, for instance."

Iran Threatens New Embargo

Iran has hinted that it may halt the flow of foul-smelling, ill-mannered, quasi-human college students to the U.S. Algeria, Libya, and Oman say that they may follow Iran's lead. U.S. officials report that the embargo would have only a minor effect on the country. "We get less than 5 percent of our disgusting foreign students from Iran."

Rebel Victory in Grenada

Rebels are claiming victory on the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada. The government in this one-house country fell after rebels, who were having a snack in the kitchen, came in and made Prime Minister Gairy change the channel on the TV in the rec room.

N.Y. Subway Crime Wave

The recent crime wave in the New York City subways reached a bloody climax last month when everybody down there was knifed and shot to death.

Missing Gold Found

Gold missing from the Federal Reserve in New York has been found. The three million dollars worth of gold bullion has been located in the mouths of 180,000 thieves who were hiding the money in their teeth. An army dental detachment has begun the long process of reclaiming the stolen gold.

Mideast Peace

Carter administration spokesman Jody Powell claims that the signing of the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty will "essentially solve" all political problems in the Middle East. He also predicted a killing frost in hell.

Gov. Brown Pleads with Newsmen

California Governor Jerry Brown, who is unofficially seeking the Democratic nomination in 1980, has asked for the cooperation of the nation's press in not asking him difficult questions about foreign policy, the Mideast, national defense, Social Security, the federal budget, or other subjects that he doesn't know anything about. "I just don't want to come off looking like a fool until after I'm in the White House," Brown told the reporters.

New Teamster Pension Fund Investment

The International Teamsters Union has invested over \$3 million of its legally embattled pension fund in a shipment of Mexican heroin. The investment is expected to bring a return of over 900 percent during the next three months, according to union leadership.

1,000th Body Found at Chicago Murder House

The one thousandth body to be found on the property of accused mass murderer John Wayne Gacy was uncovered last week beneath a birdbath. The search for more bodies intensified after a local car dealer announced that he would give a free auto to whoever found the one thousandth body. The winner of the contest was a Utah telephone company lineman who took vacation time to come to Chicago and take part in the digging. "I can really use this car," the man said. "And it's my color too!"

Financier Monnet Dead

French financier Jean Monnet has died at age ninety. Monnet was widely acclaimed as the architect of modern European unity, and a piss-poor job he did of it, too.

Ms. Millett Expelled from Iran

Noted feminist Kate Millett has been expelled from Iran for refusing to wear the veil traditionally worn by Iranian women. "It's not a matter of strict adherence to Islamic law," said spiritual leader Ayatollah Khomeini. "It's just that if I have to glom that snatch's ugly puss for one more second I'll blow my holy Muslim biscuits."

Gas Prices to Rise

Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger is now predicting that retail gasoline prices may rise as high as \$225 per gallon before the end of the year. Several U.S. oil companies say they are facing severe shortages in wallet space. Iran and a moon that's in Libra are being blamed.

HEW to Ban Kiddie TV Commercials

Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and chief national buttinski Joseph Califano has stated that it is unhealthy for children to be exposed to commercials on TV. "We're working on legislation that will make them all go out and play," said the nosy lardmouth.

Chicago Machine Breaks Down

Chicago's famed Democratic machine broke down in a recent mayoral primary election when it failed to deliver the vote for incumbent mayor and party regular Michael Bilandic. The machine is now in the shop undergoing extensive repairs. "We had a liberal Jew belt break and the Negro valve was shot. We've had to replace the Polish Catholic half shaft and adjust the Lithuanian gear," a party worker remarked. "We hope to have this baby back in shape for Mr. Carter in 1980."

Fuel-Starved Airlines Offer Alternative Service

To make up for lost revenues and to ease customer inconvenience due to jet fuel shortages, United Airlines, American Airlines, and Trans World Airlines have begun offering reduced rates on auto rides to destinations affected by service cutbacks. A typical coast-to-coast fare will be \$89 and will include eighteen meals. The airline cars have been divided into first class (front seat, window), coach class (back seat, windows), and economy class (back seat middle).

Scotland, Wales Nix "Devolution"

A recent home rule referendum in Scotland and Wales was soundly defeated despite early polls that showed "devolution" to be in favor with a majority of voters. A last-minute Conservative Party push that reminded the Welsh that, at best, they are a pack of rock-brained choir-singing fools and that Scots are just stingy wanks who wear skirts was apparently behind the defeat. The prospect of people like themselves ruling them apparently shocked voters into casting nay votes on the issue.

America's favorite couple

Seven and Seven have been going together for over 40 years. For a perfect marriage, just pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass, fill with 7-Up and enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF.

FOTO FUNNIES



The Fisher ST460. You will probably never use all its capabilities.

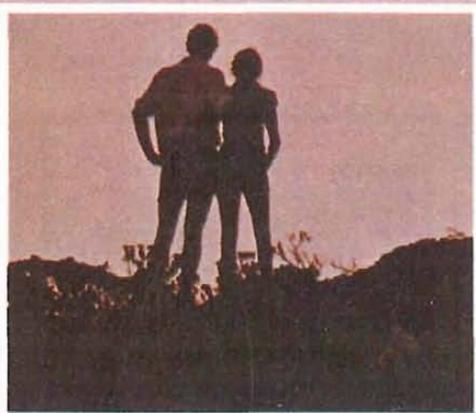
The Fisher ST460 Studio Standard[®] speaker system was not intended for casual listening.

So if all you want is background music with dinner, or soothing sounds to relax to, save your money.

On the other hand, if you get involved in music to the point that you sometimes have to hear it at "real life" levels, the ST460 may be the perfect speaker for you. Because it will deliver everything that you ask of it—and *probably more*.

At the Fisher speaker factory in Pennsylvania, our master engineers designed the ST460 to respond with utmost accuracy to the demands of any musical signal. From throbbing, chest-pounding disco rhythms, to the explosive transients of symphonic music. From the scream of a lead guitar to the delicate timbre of a harpsichord. The ST460 handles it all so effortlessly that you may forget you're listening to speakers, instead of a "live" performance.

The beautiful walnut-grain vinyl ST460 enclosure houses a massive Fisher Model 15130 15" woofer, two Fisher Model 500 cone mid-range drivers, and a special Fisher Model 350 horn tweeter. Power is delivered to the drivers through a sophisticated minimum-phase cross-over network with presence and brilliance controls accessible on the front panel. System response is essentially flat from 40 to 20,000 Hz, and the 130 watt



levels with low distortion, then its performance at lower levels will be that much more impressive.

So if your decor can handle 30" high cabinets, and your budget can handle \$399.95* price tags, make it a point to experience the sound of a pair of ST460's. You'll find them at selected audio dealers or the audio department of your favorite department store.

power capacity allows a pair of ST460's to generate disco sound levels of up to 112dB in a typical living room.

Do you have to have this kind of performance? Possibly not. But if a speaker can achieve these

*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price determined solely by the individual Fisher dealer.

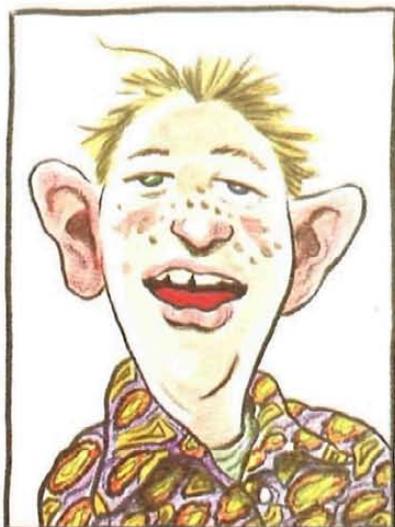
New guide for buying high fidelity equipment. Send \$2.00 with name and address for Fisher handbook to Fisher Corporation, Dept. H, 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311.


The first name in high fidelity.[®]



ST460

K N L M

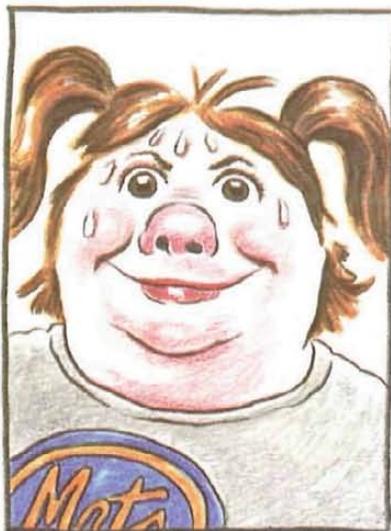


“DONNIE”

Distinguishing Characteristics: Tall, thin, and dumb. Father cuts hair so it's always uneven. Chapped lips, dirty fingernails, green teeth. Older than the kids he hangs around with. Wears sneakers year-round. Never wears a hat in winter. Wears a cross around his neck. Mother buys pants too big so he can wear them for two years.

Goods Points: Burns insects, hammers mice, and isn't afraid to inspect the underside of a dead animal. Always has lots of candy, firecrackers, and gunpowder. Owns a pellet gun. Puts lighter fluid on his hand and ignites it. Has a whole box of pictures of nude women. Neatest basement in the world.

Bad Points: Smells terrible. Your parents don't like him. He can't be trusted around your dog or cat. Police know who he is. You hate to sleep over because his dad wears an undershirt around the house; you can't be sure the bed sheets are clean; his room used to be the attic; and his food isn't like the food at your house.



“BESSY”

Distinguishing Characteristics: She's bigger than anybody in the class. She's real white, even in the summer. Hair on lip, arms, and legs. Wears sneakers with dresses. Bigger arm muscles than you. Good at sports. Carries a knife in her bike bag. Writes on her hands with ink. Keeps her milk money in her mouth.

Good Points: She can throw a curve. She always has cigarettes. She'll let you ride her bike anytime you want. She'll help you cheat in school. Her dad is your Little League coach. She doesn't like girls.

Bad Points: You can't hit her back. Your dad gets mad at you because you play with girls. She always wants to see "yours." She can't climb very well. She picks her nose, smells her own armpits, licks her arm and smells it, and opens her mouth when she's eating and shows you her chewed-up food.



“RICH”

Distinguishing Characteristics: Scars on head, lip, above both eyes, hands, leg. Short hair, chipped front tooth, scabs on elbow, knees, and chin. Wears T-shirts all the time, even in the winter. Often wears a cast, which is cracked and dirty from hitting people. Bites fingernails and spits clippings at people.

Good Points: He protects you from other bullies. Will jump from any height, steal, eat, or break anything. Can always sleep over. He has eight brothers and sisters, so you can do anything at his house and not get in trouble. When you're with him people are nice to you. You can go into rival neighborhoods with him and not get hurt. His team always wins.

Bad Points: He can turn on you at any moment and beat you up. He can force you to do things you don't want to do, like steal from your mom's purse or go all the way inside the girl's bathroom. Socks you in the balls if he likes you. Enjoys giving Indian rope burns, Dutch rubs, and face farts.

D S

ONAL
POON



“GARY”

Distinguishing Characteristics: Gap between front teeth, brown hair, eyelashes like a girl, and lots of moles including one near his weenie, which is tiny, and if you make fun of it, he'll beat you up. He buys his clothes at a grown-up store in the short, fat men's section. Heels of his shoes are worn off at the sides because he waddles. He eats anything.

Good Points: Good food at his house. Does the best cannonballs at the pool. Can fart at any time. Real neat mom who will drive you anyplace. Lots of good toys. Fat, but normal. Knows many, many jokes.

Bad Points: If he rides your bike he wrecks the rims and bends the seat back. Won't split food or candy with anyone. Attracts tough gangs of high school kids who want to tease him. Real slow, holds you up, has to sit on the aisle at the movies. If he's on your team in a game or sport, you'll lose.



“HILLARY”

Distinguishing Characteristics: Arms and legs make up 80 percent of body weight, which never exceeds forty-eight pounds. Freckles on face and lips. Expensive, slightly out-of-date clothing. Never wears sneakers because they "ruin your arches." In winter she has a matching hat, mitten, and muff set. Fur collar coat. Has pencils from New York toy store with her name on them. Calls parents "Mummy and Daddy" and grandparents "Bumpy and Nona."

Good Points: Easy to scare; has many good things to wreck and steal. Great lunches that you can have if you just ask. Real money in her little red purse. Parents have a complete other home in Florida, and if you're her friend you can go there at Easter, for free, air fare included.

Bad Points: Cries when she sleeps over, will not do dangerous, noisy, or bad things no matter how much fun they are. Has stupid-looking foreign bike. Won't go outside if it's too cold or too hot. You always have to play at her house.



“PAUL”

Distinguishing Characteristics: He always has a plug of Kleenex up his nose, which bleeds frequently, even when not punched. Eats and enjoys Pop Tarts. Carries a balanced meal in his lunch box. Waits until all the other boys are out of the bathroom before he will go. Blue veins on forehead and wrists.

Good Points: He's easy to choke, he's slow so he's easy to tackle, and he's as easy to make cry as your sister. He's too afraid of you to tell on you. Good BB gun, slingshot, wrist-rocket, crab apple, dirtball, snowball, rock and rubber band, and paper clip target.

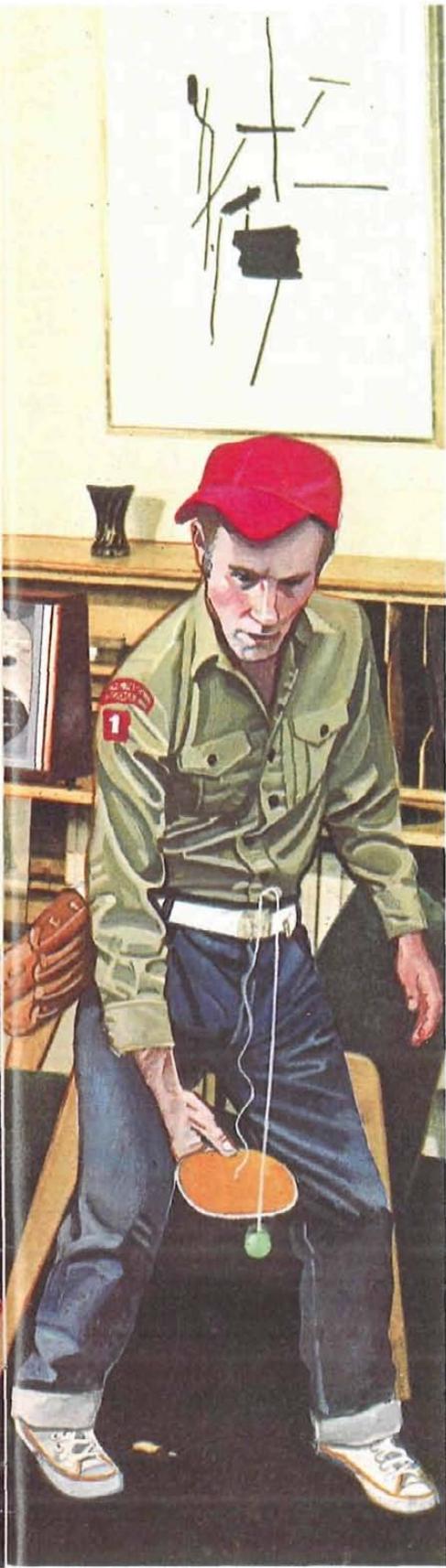
Bad Points: His dink is too small to yank when you wrestle him. He's easy to cripple and kill by accident. Never has anything good to steal. Always smells like vegetable soup. When you're alone with him, he makes you feel sad because he's so pathetic and scared. His mother will call the cops on you. Teachers like him.



Big Boys

by P. J. O'Rourke

PART 1



That summer I was just about the best summer I ever had. Jimmy Nielson is my best friend. And Dave Blair and Gary Buford and Duane Fitch and Louie Dunkle are my best friends, although Duane got killed but that was a lot later. All of us played together all summer long. That was the summer when they built the house that the Albrights moved into and the Kingsleys moved into after the Albrights moved. We played in the hole that they dug for the basement and had dirt fights and everything. And Louie Dunkle got stuck in the mud in the bottom of the hole and Mr. Dunkle had to come over and get him out, and Mr. Dunkle got stuck too because he was wearing galoshes and the mud went over the top of the galoshes and he had to get out of the galoshes and leave his shoes in them to get Louie out. And Louie had to get pulled out of his shoes too so that Louie's shoes and Mr. Dunkle's shoes (that were inside his galoshes) and his galoshes were all in the mud at the bottom of the hole they dug for the basement of the Albrights' house. And the next day before Mr. Dunkle could come back the cement men came and poured cement to make the floor in the basement, and so Louie's shoes and Mr. Dunkle's shoes and Mr. Dunkle's galoshes are all still in the Kingsley basement sort of under where the washing machine is or at least where the washing machine was when the Albrights lived there. And when they were building the house part we played in it all the time except when Mr. Pilter, who lived across the street next to the Dunkles, would come out of his house and yell at us and chase us out of there. But we would run through the back and into Hawkins's Cave, which isn't really a cave but is really bushes that grow over the top of each other and leave this space that's like a cave underneath and which Mr. Pilter couldn't get into without getting down

on his hands and knees. But we didn't get in that much trouble because nobody liked Mr. Pilter very much, not even Duane's dad who used to spank Duane really a lot because, I think, they came from down South.

We dug a fort in the part of Ottawa Park that's on the other side of Ten Mile Creek that summer too. I'm not sure if we were supposed to go over there or not. We couldn't cross any of the busy streets, which were Monroe Street and High Street and Central and Auburn Avenue, which make a big square, and Ottawa Park is in the corner of the square where Auburn Avenue and Monroe Street meet, and the creek runs under Monroe Street and through the park and under Auburn Avenue. And whether we could go across the creek into the corner part near Auburn Avenue and Monroe Street was something we weren't sure about, even though it wasn't crossing a busy street but was crossing a busy bridge. Duane was the only kid who ever asked and they said no to him but they always did. Duane couldn't even cross our street without asking until he was practically in the Third Grade. His allowance was only ten cents. No kidding. And he only had a bike with twenty-two-inch wheels. I used to wonder if his parents felt bad about those things after he got killed but they were really weird and anyway they moved.

We all lived on Wesley Street one block over from Central, right before Wesley crosses High Street. We had four secret clubs that summer. The most secret one was the one that just Jimmy and me belonged to. Then there was the one that we let Gary and Dave into but not Duane and Louie. And then there was a big secret club that had other kids from the next block of Wesley and from Inwood and some younger sisters in it too and had meetings and dues but didn't last long. But the best secret club was the secret club we had for the fort, which had a

continued

BIG BOYS

continued

roof made from the brush that was left over when they were cutting down the elms with Dutch Elm Disease, and had two rooms. And that club had all of us, Jimmy and me and Gary and Dave and Duane and Louie in it. That was the most important club because that was the club where we made the oath that we all swore to.

Well, it was a really good summer like I said. I don't even know if I can make a list of all the things we did that summer. We had rock wars and squirt gun wars and rotten pear and crab apple wars and built a soapbox derby racer, sort of, out of an ironing board and baby buggy wheels, which was just like a real car except when you turned the steering wheel to the right the wheels went to the left but we were going to fix that. And we found a sailcat in Monroe Street, which is a cat that's been run over by a bunch of cars so that it's squashed flat and has kind of fried on the pavement so that you can pry it up and sail it like a pie plate or like Frisbees, which they didn't have till later. And they're especially good to sail at girls. And we read comic books and had a lemonade stand except with Kool-Aid, which made \$1.02, and we collected empty pop bottles and Mr. Nielson took us all to a baseball game, although only once, and I went fishing with my dad but we didn't catch anything. And we went to a summer cottage for a week and Jimmy Nielson and I took swimming lessons at the Y and I learned how to swim the dog paddle and I almost went off the high board. And Mrs. Blair got a new Plymouth. And it rained real hard and the streets flooded and we made dams in the flood and there was a car accident at the corner of Wesley and High Street and one lady was bleeding and everything, and we played Tag and Statues and Keep-Away and Blind Man's Bluff and Hide-and-Go-Seek and Red Rover Run Over, and Mother-May-I sometimes when we had to play with our sisters. And another thing we did was make this oath.

Actually there were some different oaths but first we made a oath that we would all stay best friends. This was a important oath because my best friend of all was Jimmy Nielson, although he was a year older than me and would be starting in the Sixth Grade and at our school the Sixth Graders get to go around and go into the side

door of the school with the Junior High Schoolers. And I was afraid he wouldn't be my best friend after that. And we made a oath that we'd all keep all our model train locomotives and railroad cars together at whoever's house had the biggest train layout, which used to be the one Jimmy's dad built in their basement. And we made a oath that none of us would ever be best friends with Betty Hawkins, who was two years older than me and bigger than any of us except Louie Dunkle who's big but fat. And she could be real bossy and would make you play house even when you didn't want to at all even though she was just as good at playing war as anybody. And sometimes she wanted to play really goofy things like Flying Horses. So none of us would ever be best friends with her even though she had the best comic book collection in the neighborhood. And a couple of other oaths besides that. Then we had to make a really important oath.

The Fitches and the Nielsons lived next door to each other and one day when Duane's parents weren't home and Mrs. Nielson was over talking to Mrs. Hawkins, Duane was trying to get a cement block on top of the Nielsons' garage from the top of his dad's garage, which was right next to it. And I don't know why Duane was trying to get the cement block on top of that garage from the other one but anyway he dropped it right through the windshield of Mr. Nielson's car. And we had to make a really important oath that we'd never tell who did it. Even though Mrs. Nielson was pretty sure it was Duane because he lived next door so she made Jimmy give up all his money from his paper route for three weeks to punish him for them being friends. And we all had to do Jimmy's paper route for him about five times each even though Jimmy and me had been at the Y when it happened and so we couldn't have helped do it. Anyway, we had to make a really important oath because Duane's parents were really strict and they never would have let Duane out again until Thanksgiving, not even right after school after it started again let alone for the rest of the summer.

We had to think really hard to figure out how to make this oath important enough. I said that it had to be a blood oath and Jimmy said that Duane would have to kill one of his hamsters and we'd have to write the oath out in hamster blood and bury it with the hamster's body in a secret

place in the fort, probably, to make the oath important enough. And we'd probably have to do some other stuff too, like do it at night. But we couldn't all get out of the house so we ended up having to do it right before the streetlights came on, and I stole one of my dad's old drafting pens and Duane picked out this one hamster named Butterball that I don't think he really liked that much. We tried to kill the hamster by making it drink Mercurochrome but it wouldn't drink it and it bit Duane and it bit Louie, and Dave finally had to hit it with a hammer about four times before it died, and then it didn't bleed enough to write with so finally we wrote the oath out with a pencil but in code. We had a really good code that no spy could ever break because we picked out different signs to be the different letters of the alphabet. Like A was a plus sign and B was a minus sign and C was a multiplication sign and D was a division sign and all the way to Z, which was two plus signs, a minus sign, three multiplication signs, and a division sign sideways. But by the time we got the hamster killed it was getting too dark to see so we only got to put our last names in the code and then smeared the tablet paper with hamster blood and buried the hamster and the paper and the pencil in a real wooden cigar box that Louie's granddad gave him.

But that summer was just about the best summer I ever had even if Duane did drop the cement block through the windshield of Mr. Nielson's car and, besides, that was a really neat oath that we had to swear to because of it. Which is I guess what made us think of having one more oath on the day before the first day of school. Which was a even more important oath than the hamster oath. Which was a really important oath that we'd always swear to. Which was a oath that we would stay kids forever and never become grown-ups.

I can't tell you what was in the oath because it was a secret oath, but I said that we couldn't do any of the things that make grown-ups into grown-ups. We didn't want to kill any more hamsters but we all took something that we really liked. I took a car model that my dad had helped me make until he got too tired, and Gary took a real fish skeleton that he'd found on vacation and Duane took a fossil and Jimmy took three M-1 bullet shells from World War Two and Dave

PRECIOUS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY THE TWINS' MOMMY DIDN'T COME TO HIS PARTY?...

OH, FLOWER! ISN'T FLOPSIE CLEAN AND PERKY IN HER PARTY OVERALLS!

FLOPSIE SAYS SHE'S ESPECIALLY CLEAN BECAUSE SHE HASN'T TAKEN A CA-CA IN THREE DAYS!

BAMBI AND NATHAN ARE SO CUTE TOGETHER... THEY LOOK LIKE BROTHER AND SISTER.

GEE, I HOPE NOT. BAMBI IS THE UGLIEST BABY I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE!

MOMMY HAD TO GO TO WORK AT THE TUNA PACKING PLANT THIS AFTERNOON.

LAMBY-PIE SAYS SUGAR IS NAUGHTY... WE DON'T LIKE CAKE OR PUNCH UNLESS IT'S MADE WITH HONEY OR CAROB!

APRICOT SEEMS TO THINK LAMBY-PIE IS A LITTLE OLD FOR NURSING!

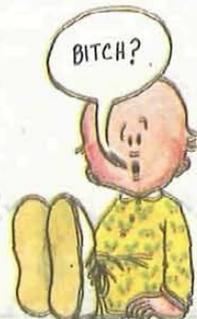
NO NO, PETKINS! SILLY PETKINS WANTS TO EAT THE BIG RED BALLOON.

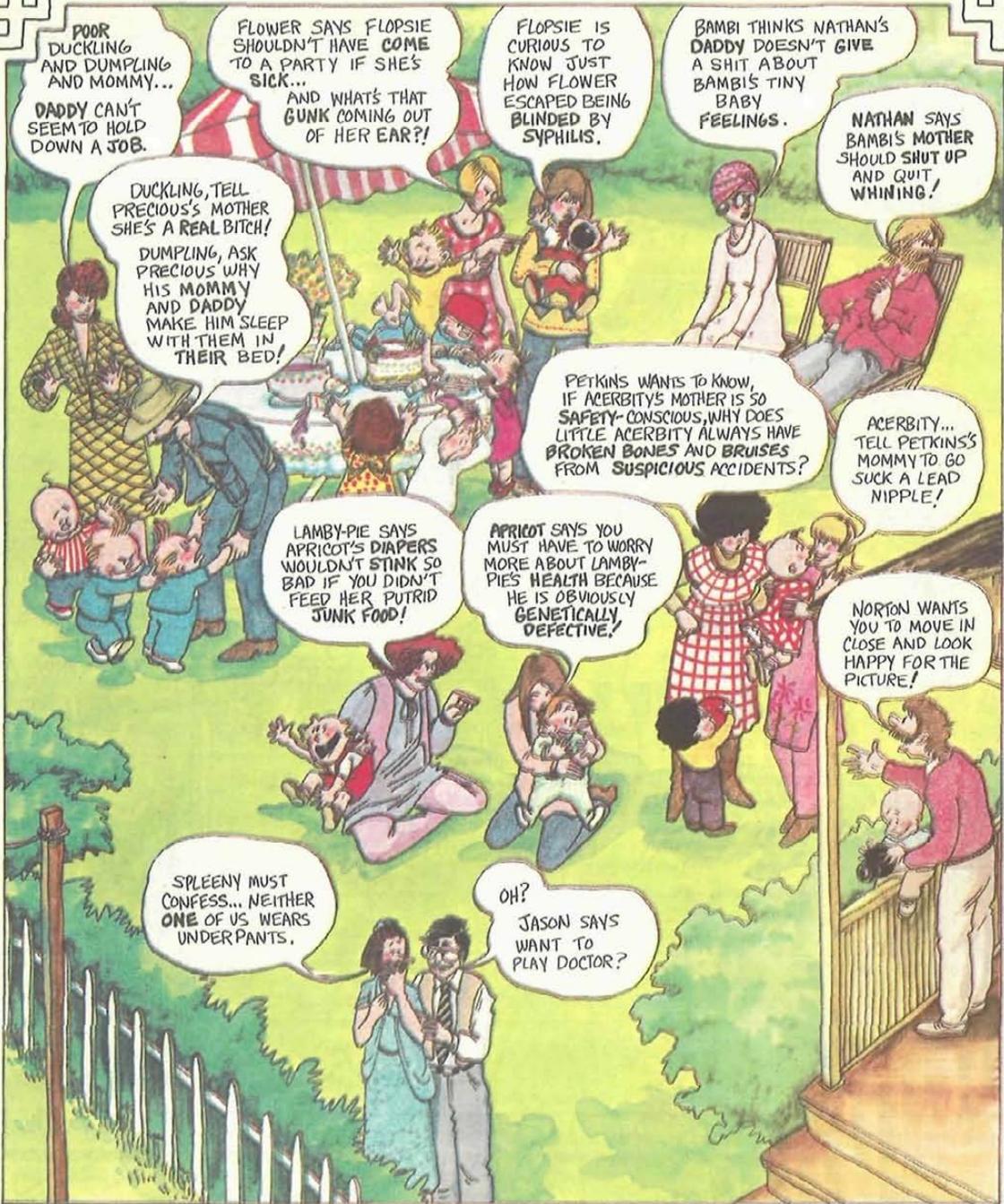
ACERBITY SAYS EVERY MOTHER KNOWS BABIES CAN POP BALLOONS IN THEIR MOUTHS AND ASPHYXIATE.

NORTON SAYS SMILE SO HE CAN TAKE A PICTURE OF THE BABY PARTY!

SPLEENY SAYS ISN'T DIVORCE SAD? HER MOMMY AND DADDY ARE DIVORCED, TOO.

YES... NATHAN SAYS HIS DADDY GETS VERY LONELY SOMETIMES.





POOR DUCKLING AND DUMPLING AND MOMMY...
DADDY CAN'T SEEM TO HOLD DOWN A JOB.

FLOWER SAYS FLOPSIE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME TO A PARTY IF SHE'S SICK...
AND WHAT'S THAT GUNK COMING OUT OF HER EAR?!

FLOPSIE IS CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST HOW FLOWER ESCAPED BEING BLINDED BY SYPHILIS.

BAMBI THINKS NATHAN'S DADDY DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT BAMBI'S TINY BABY FEELINGS.

NATHAN SAYS BAMBI'S MOTHER SHOULD SHUT UP AND QUIT WHINING!

DUCKLING, TELL PRECIOUS'S MOTHER SHE'S A REAL BITCH!
DUMPLING, ASK PRECIOUS WHY HIS MOMMY AND DADDY MAKE HIM SLEEP WITH THEM IN THEIR BED!

PETKINS WANTS TO KNOW, IF ACERBITY'S MOTHER IS SO SAFETY-CONSCIOUS, WHY DOES LITTLE ACERBITY ALWAYS HAVE BROKEN BONES AND BRUISES FROM SUSPICIOUS ACCIDENTS?

ACERBITY... TELL PETKINS'S MOMMY TO GO SUCK A LEAD NIPPLE!

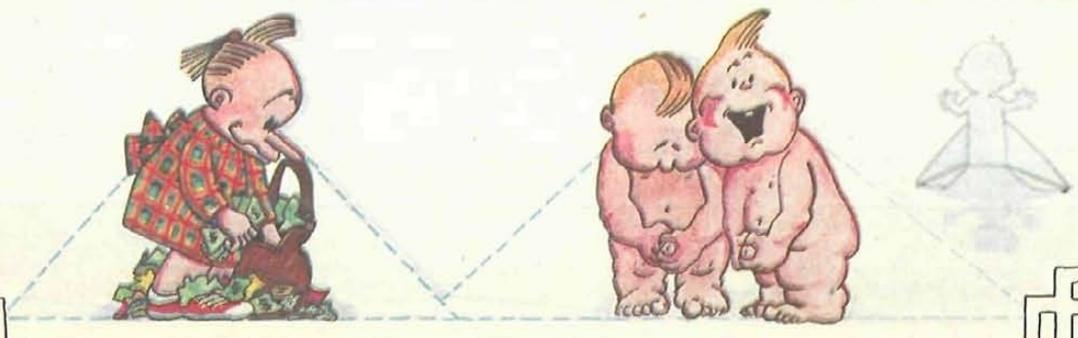
LAMBY-PIE SAYS APRICOT'S DIAPERS WOULDN'T STINK SO BAD IF YOU DIDN'T FEED HER PUTRID JUNK FOOD!

APRICOT SAYS YOU MUST HAVE TO WORRY MORE ABOUT LAMBY-PIE'S HEALTH BECAUSE HE IS OBVIOUSLY GENETICALLY DEFECTIVE!

NORTON WANTS YOU TO MOVE IN CLOSE AND LOOK HAPPY FOR THE PICTURE!

SPLEENY MUST CONFESS... NEITHER ONE OF US WEARS UNDER PANTS.

OH?
JASON SAYS WANT TO PLAY DOCTOR?



OH, DEAR, DUCKLING AND DUMPLING'S DADDY WILL NEVER BE ANYTHING BUT WHAT HE IS... A KISS-ASS WIMP!

FLOWER SAYS FLOPSIE'S ALWAYS SICK BECAUSE FLOPSIE'S HOUSE IS A BREEDING GROUND OF PESTILENCE!

FLOPSIE SAYS HER HOUSE WOULD BE AS STERILE AS FLOWER'S IF FLOPSIE'S MOTHER HAD BEEN TRAINED TO LICK OUT TOILETS LIKE YOU!

BAMBI SAYS SEE IF SHE INVITES NATHAN TO HER BIRTHDAY PARTY!

NATHAN SAYS TAKE BAMBI'S BIRTHDAY AND STUFF IT UP YOUR PLUMBING!

UH OH. NUT BUSTER ALERT! COME, TWINESIES... LET'S SPLIT BEFORE SHE CASTRATES ALL THREE OF US.

PETKINS SUSPECTS YOU BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF LITTLE ACERBITY BECAUSE SHE IS THE LIVING IMAGE OF A CERTAIN DOOR-TO-DOOR COMB SALESMAN!

ACERBITY SAYS HER MOTHER DIDN'T SPEND FOUR YEARS AT VASSAR TO LISTEN TO TRASHY GOSSIP FROM AN EMPTY-HEADED SCUMBAG LIKE YOU!

LAMBYPIC SAYS THE BACK OF APRICOT'S HEAD BEING FLAT IS THE RESULT OF EARLY INFANT CRIB NEGLIGENCE AND A SURE SIGN OF INCIPIENT RETARDATION!

APRICOT SAYS SCREW YOU... YOU KNOW IT ALL, HEALTH FREAK! YOU'RE FAT! FAT! FAT! FAT! YOU COW!

NORTON! YOU LITTLE TURD!

DAH?





ATTENTION, YOUNGSTERS!

The *National Lampoon* is an adult publication intended solely for the enjoyment of our mature readership. The *National Lampoon* contains material unsuitable for young people, including nudity, profanity, and embarrassing things about your mothers. It is not our design to encourage youngsters to read this magazine. We do not want to have to use little words and lots of pictures. We have no interest in writing bunny and blanket jokes. We do not wish to come under fire from parents' groups and the PTA for not having enough colored kids, nutrition information, safety tips, counting lessons, science news, puzzles and games, or Spanish and handicap editions. We do not care to hire a clown, a pediatrician, and an advisory board of teachers and psychologists. We have no interest in going out for

drinks after work with Jim Henson and Mr. Rogers or doing guest shots on "Captain Kangaroo." Nor do the guys in the front office see profit in doing a film about a bunch of gross animal kids at a Montessori day school.

We are and shall remain an adult publication. However, since you may have accidentally picked up this magazine under the impression that it was for you rather than *about* you, we have included the following pages for your enjoyment. We also feel that if you had to spend \$1.50 of your own money, which is roughly equivalent to \$3,650 in the kind of grown-up money we make, you should get a little something "extra." Below, you will find invaluable "secret" adult information plus a joke your dad hasn't even heard yet. Bye, now—we'll see you when you get a little older!

If you're going to steal money from your dad, steal a lot. He'll suspect you if you take a buck or two. But if you take twenty or fifty, he'll accuse your mom.

When a big person gets drunk, it's like being on a skateboard but going around in circles. Then later on it feels like the flu.

If your parents want to hide something, they put it in the car trunk, in the bottom of the garment bag hanging in the guest room closet, in the attic back behind the old clothes, under the mattress on their bed, or in the desk.

Your dad is lying when he says that you can ruin a roof by walking on it. He just doesn't want you to fall off.

If you take a whizz in the basement floor drain, pour a little bleach down after you're done and your mother will never know. It also will kill the urine-eating monsters that live down there.

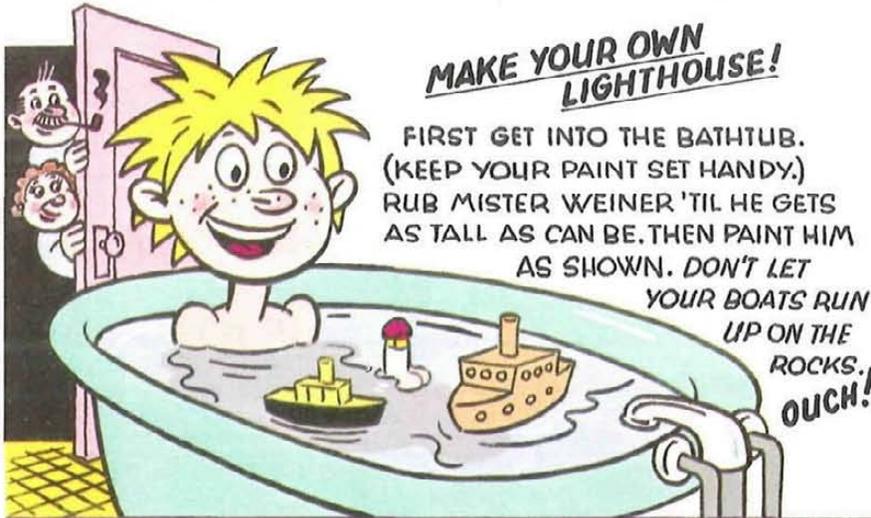
When your parents are away from you they act like real people. They drink and smoke and act real dirty. So do teachers.

Your dad will never ever send you to military school—it costs at least \$3,000 a year.

Here's a brand new joke, fresh out of a prison in Florida:

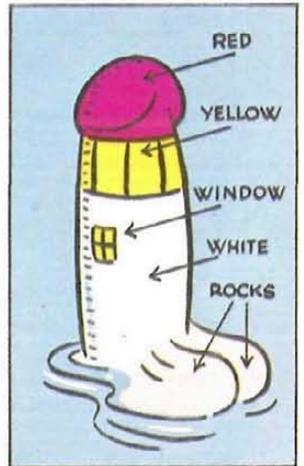
This lady goes into a bar and asks the bartender for twelve martinis. The bartender gives them to her and she drinks them all and passes out colder than a mackerel. The bartender looks around at the other guys in the bar and says, "She'll never know if we fuck her!" So they all fuck her for three straight hours. Then she wakes up and goes home. The next day she goes back into the bar. When the bartender sees her he says, "How about twelve more of them martinis for you, ma'am?" And the lady says, "Oh no, those martinis make my pussy hurt!"

Aunt Ron's **KRAFTS for BOYS**
 BY RON BARRETT



MAKE YOUR OWN LIGHTHOUSE!

FIRST GET INTO THE BATHTUB. (KEEP YOUR PAINT SET HANDY.) RUB MISTER WEINER 'TIL HE GETS AS TALL AS CAN BE. THEN PAINT HIM AS SHOWN. **DON'T LET YOUR BOATS RUN UP ON THE ROCKS. OUCH!**

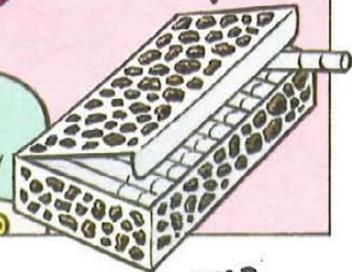


TURN OLD SCABS INTO LOVELY GIFTS!

PASTE A PIN ON THE BACK OF A SCAB. VARNISH IT. A SCAB PIN MAKES A SWELL GIFT FOR SIS OR MOM! WHENEVER SHE WEARS IT SHE'LL REMEMBER YOU AND YOUR INJURIES.



SOME SCABS GLUED TO A SMALL CARTON MAKE A GREAT CIGARETTE BOX.



DRESS UP MISTER WEINER!

HAVE MOM MAKE A NATURAL SHOULDER SPORTS COAT FOR HIM OUT OF A WORN-OUT SOCK. OR ASK DAD FOR ONE OF HIS OLD "RUBBERS." (TELL HIM YOU DON'T MEAN AN OVERSHOE.) AN OLD RUBBER ROLLED UP MAKES A NEAT HAT; ROLLED DOWN, IT'S A RAINCOAT FOR MR. WEINER TO WEAR IN THE SHOWER!

SENT IN BY G. SUSSMAN GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.



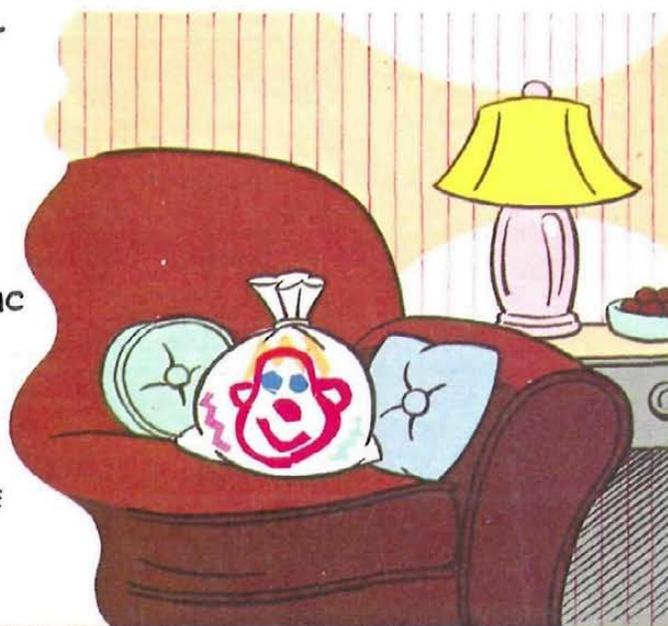
AN EASY-TO-BUILD TIE RACK!

IF YOU LIKE TO WORK WITH YOUR HANDS, YOU CAN MAKE THIS TIE RACK IN A FEW SECONDS. JUST RUB MR. WEINER 'TIL HE STICKS OUT FROM YOUR BODY AS FAR AS CAN BE. HANG SOME TIES, COLORFUL POTHOLDERS - EVEN A HAT ON HIM. **YOU'LL ALWAYS BE WELL-HUNG!**

SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THE SPIT YOU COLLECT-
SPIT PILLOWS!

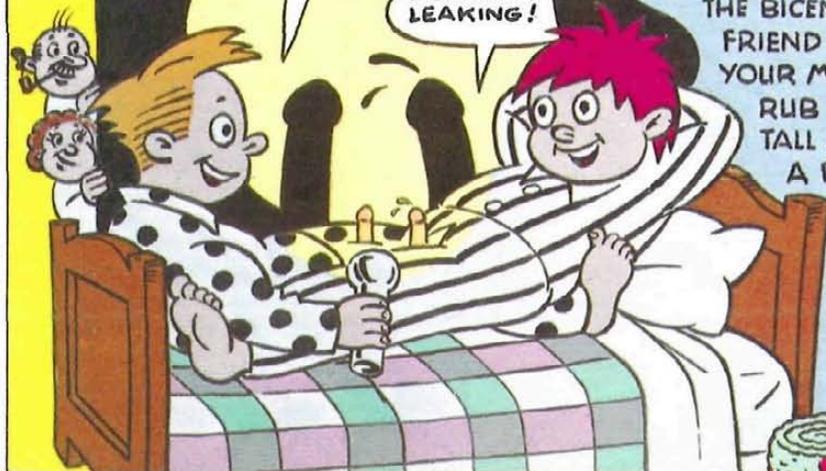
LIKE THE WATER BED MOM 'N'DAD
 SLEEP ON!

SAY "NUTS" TO ORDINARY THROW
 PILLOWS. JUST TAKE AN OLD PLASTIC
 BAG AND GET THE WHOLE GANG TO
 SPIT IN IT. THEN TIE IT AT THE TOP
 AND DRAW SOME FUN DESIGNS
 ON IT WITH A FELT-TIP PEN, OR
 DRAW YOUR PICTURE ON IT AND
 TELL MOM IT'S THE SPITTING IMAGE
 OF YOU. *BET SHE'LL LAUGH!*



PUT ON A
PENIS-PUPPET PLAY!

STARRING MISTER WEINER!
 HERE'S A GREAT WAY TO CELEBRATE
 THE BICENTENNIAL - WHEN A
 FRIEND SLEEPS OVER, TAKE OUT
 YOUR MISTER WEINERS AND
 RUB THEM 'TIL THEY'RE AS
 TALL AS CAN BE. THEN SHINE
 A FLASHLIGHT ON THEM
 SO THEIR SHADOWS
 APPEAR ON THE WALL.
 MAKE UP A PLAY ABOUT
 PRESIDENTS. MAKE THEM
 DANCE. YOUR IMAGINA-
 TION'S THE ONLY LIMIT!

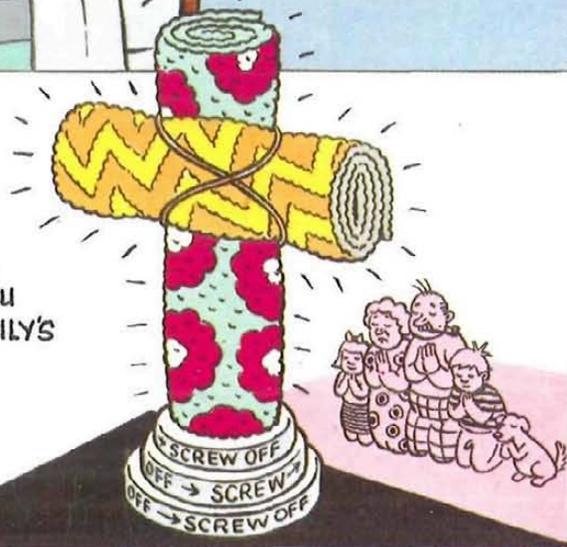


♪ **"I'LL TREASURE THAT**
OLD RUGGED CROSS" ♪

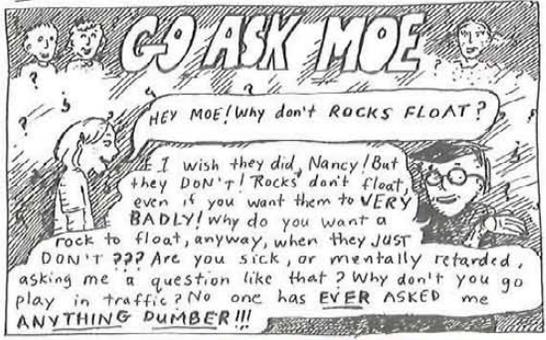
YOU'VE PROBABLY SUNG THAT
 HYMN IN CHURCH LOTS OF TIMES....
 NOW HERE'S A RUGGED CROSS YOU
 CAN MAKE AND PUT ON YOUR FAMILY'S
 ALTAR.

IT'S MADE WITH JAR LIDS AND
 RUG REMNANTS.

IT'S EASY... IT'S RELIGIOUS!



Personality Plus



STOCK EXCHANGE



SOMETHING AWFUL

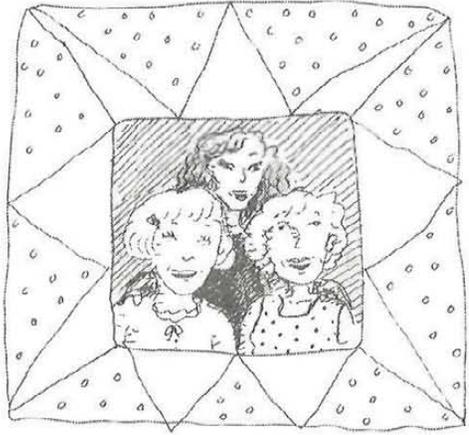


QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



by Roe chest

Can You Draw This Without Hitting Your Pen From the Paper?



Send All Drawings in to:
UNCLE SILLY
HERALD POST-TIMES
BOX 6117
N.Y. C. 100007

BIG BOYS

continued from page 34

took a souvenir of the Prudential Building that his mom had brought back from Chicago that had a little thermometer that ran up the side. The Prudential Building is the tallest building in Chicago. And Louie took his favorite marble, which was a blue clearie shooter. And we wrote the whole oath out in code this time, which took me a hour, and we buried all this stuff together sort of next to the hamster but not so close that we'd have to dig up any hamster guts or anything. And we all swore on a bible and Jesus Christ and pricked our fingers with my Scout knife, and just to make it extra important we snuck over to Mr. Pilter's house when he was at work and broke one of his lawn ornaments with a hammer.

It had to be as important as that because I don't think Jimmy really wanted to swear it and I don't think Gary really did either because he wanted to be a policeman and Jimmy was going to join the Marines and be a Marine Corps officer and you couldn't do those things if you were going to be a kid, too, for the rest of your life until you died. But grown-ups have to go to work every day, even in the summer, and are always mad about something, and nothing is ever neat and clean enough for them, so that even Jimmy and Gary had to agree with us that even if being a policeman or fighting in a war is really neat it wasn't as neat as having summers like this one every summer. And school doesn't last as long as going to work so maybe they'd just let us stay in school. Plus a lot of grown-ups have to go to work or do things around the house on Saturday mornings, which is when all the good shows are on TV. And school wasn't all that hard for anybody but Louie, and Duane and Gary sometimes when they got in trouble. And we figured if you went to it long enough it would probably get to be easy to do the way Louie said Second Grade was when he'd had to do it again after flunking once, although we decided that we wouldn't all start flunking for a while yet because our parents would get really mad. We decided that maybe when we were older they wouldn't be so careful about looking at our grade cards and then maybe they wouldn't notice if we stayed in the Seventh Grade for a while.

Well, all that school year we talked a lot about our oath that we swore to, and what we could do and couldn't do

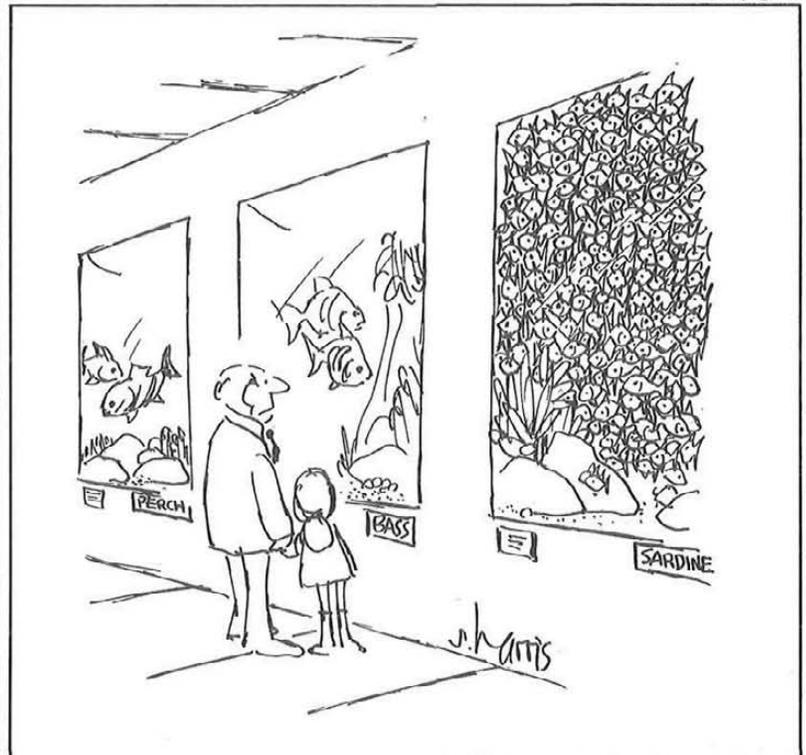
was hard to figure out sometimes so we had to talk about it a lot. As far as doing stuff with girls and putting our private parts into theirs to get kids, I don't think any of us wanted to do that very much anyway. Louie wasn't even sure that it was true that you did that, but I was pretty sure it was true even though that's where girls pee out of. And Duane said it made you want to puke when he thought about his parents doing it even though he guessed it was true too, so even his parents must have done it once for him and another time for his sister. So that was one thing we weren't going to do. Besides, we were pretty sure that you couldn't get married after you swore to the oath that we swore to so that wasn't a problem anyway.

For a long time Jimmy and Gary said you could be a policeman, maybe, and still be a kid or go in the Army or, anyway, maybe help the police solve crimes or help the Army fight in Korea the way Superboy or Robin did. And we agreed that you could help alright but I don't think you could really join. Not join the Army, anyway, even though that would be neat, because our dads had almost all been in the Army and they were definitely grown-ups. Except Mr. Nielson had been a Marine and would play on the train layout or with soldiers with us, so maybe you could join the Marines. We weren't real sure. You definitely

couldn't have a job. I mean, you could mow lawns and shovel snow but you couldn't go downtown to work every day. At first we didn't know if you could go to High School but after a while we decided that lots of kids who go to High School were still kids so that would be O.K. Like Gary's older brother was a Sophomore in High School and never did anything but play with his ham radio set in the basement and that was definitely O.K. Although he said he'd kill us if anybody touched it. You couldn't play with girls either except for Kick-the-Can and Stop Tag sometimes but not inside, so we weren't going to play house with Betty Hawkins anymore unless nobody else was around and she threatened to give you a Indian rope burn. But lately since she got into Seventh Grade she hadn't been doing that much anyway.

So we talked about our oath that we swore to a whole lot and didn't just forget about it like Jimmy forgot about the hamster oath and finally accidentally told his mom that it was really Duane who did it and Duane got whipped and tried to hit Jimmy with his fist in the face when Jimmy wasn't looking so it was really the back of the head that Jimmy got hit on and Gary and me had to break it up. But, instead, we talked about it all the time. Although maybe we would have

continued on page 59



Alice in R



“Alice had become so big that she could hardly get her jeans zipped.”



“...and completely disappeared—except for his gin!”

Alice was beginning to get very tired of jogging with her girl friend in Central Park and of not having any grass or 'ludes when presently a white businessman with blue eyes ran close by her, and she could hear the businessman say to himself, “Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late for the bank to be open!” The white businessman was wearing running shoes with a blue three-piece suit. Alice had never seen a white businessman wearing running shoes with a blue three-piece suit, and she ran after him to see where he was going.

Alice followed the white businessman into a bank, where she found herself falling and falling, down the three steps right inside the door. The businessman was already hurrying out the bank's other door so Alice rushed after him. But he disappeared around a corner, and Alice found herself on a nice street off Fifth Avenue with lots of cute little shops and a cocktail lounge.

On a glass table in the cocktail lounge she found a little bottle with white wine in it

egularland

that just seemed to say "drink me." So she did and it made her grow very high. Then somebody offered her a silver key that opened the door to a beautiful hotel room, but she wasn't feeling together enough to go there and started to cry.

Suddenly, the white businessman appeared next to her. He told her to go to his office and he would get her a modeling job. So Alice rushed off to his office, but when she got there she was too high to leave, and his secretary had to give her some Valium.

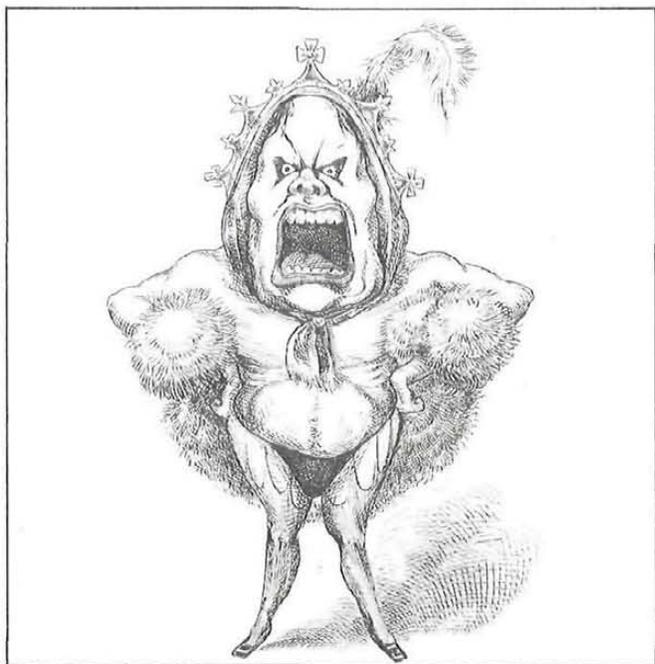
Then she went over to a friend's apartment. And there was a rock star sitting on a davenport smoking a bong! "Who are you?" said the rock star. The rock star was very rude to her, but he gave her some mushrooms that made her get very high again.

After that, Alice took a cab to an actress's loft in Soho, where the actress's male model boyfriend was chopping up lines of coke and giving them to everybody, which made them snort and sniffle. And the actress was bellowing a

continued on page 209



"No room! No room!" the Mad Discotheque Owner cried. "Go back to Queens and Brooklyn!"



"Off with their pants!" screamed the queen."

Now a car stereo that can fix flats and sharps. Panasonic Component Systems II™ with graphic equalizer.

Music from some car stereos can sound like a retread of the original. Because with most car stereos you can't fix the bass without affecting the treble. Or fix the treble without affecting the bass. Add these problems to the problems your car's interior creates and you have an acoustic condition hazardous to your music. Panasonic Component Systems II solves the problem with a 5-band graphic equalizer.

The Panasonic graphic equalizer, CJ-3600, gives you 5 separate tone controls. That's one bass and treble control for every two musical octaves. So you can change the music that sounds too flat or too sharp. And the graphic equalizer is also a power booster, giving you 30 watts of total power. So you'll have both the power and control to steer clear of the

many musical bumps caused by your car's interior.

And there's a lot more to Panasonic Component Systems II. There's a stereo cassette player with auto-reverse, the CX-7200. It has a built-in 2-stage preamp and dual channel power amp for clean stereo separation. And a sensitive AM/FM stereo tuner, the CA-9600, with AFC plus local/DX and auto-stereo/mono switches. They're all designed to fit neatly under your dash.

The Panasonic Component Systems II. Also available with repeat-track cassette or 8-track. They'll give your ears one of the smoothest rides they ever had.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.



PARENTS' PAGES

by John Hughes, Tom Corcoran, Gerald Sussman, and Judy Corcoran

A GUIDE TO THE LANGUAGE OF CHILDREN

When They Say...

My head hurts.

I can't eat this—it tastes funny.

It wasn't me.

Can I have a drink of water?

Can I go to the bathroom?

I think I'm going to throw up.

I can't breathe!

Just one second.

How come?

Do I have to?

Why right now?

I'll be good and clean up my room every single day!

My teacher hates me.

I'm always the one who has to do it!

I love you.

I hate you.

They Mean...

I don't want to do whatever you are about to ask me to do.

I am aware of the concern you and Dad have about the freshness of food, and in an attempt to get something to eat that more suits my taste, like Ravioli's, I am implying that this dish is spoiled.

It was me.

Can I stay up four more minutes?

Can I stay up four more minutes?

Can I stay up all night?

I am merely trying to divert your attention away from this discussion of my misdeeds by the most direct and immediate method available to me.

Just give me twenty minutes.

I'm just stalling.

Stalling again.

Why not later when you'll have forgotten all about it and I won't have to do it?

Promises, promises, promises. Once you do this for me, I don't care what happens. My word isn't worth a dime.

Boy, am I doing lousy in school!

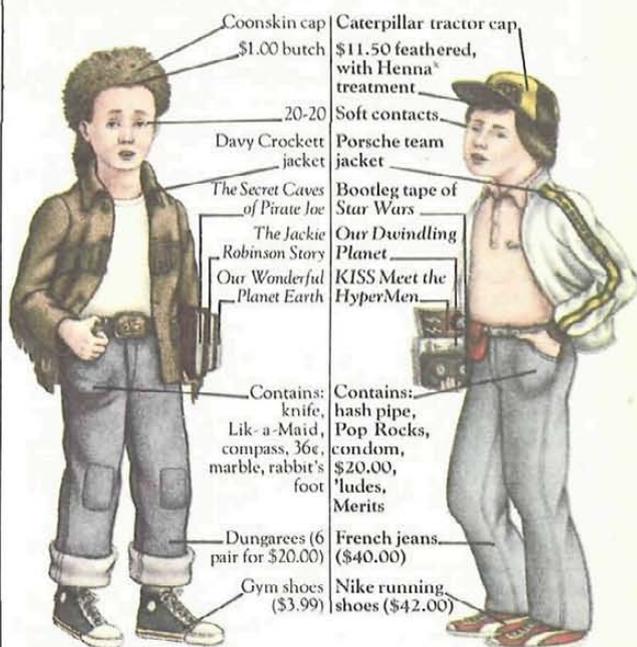
I'm always the one who puts up the big fuss, which is why I'm always the one who gets out of having to do it.

I want something very badly.

I hate you.

US

THEM



FAVORITE TV SHOW

"Sky King,"	"Godzilla Super 90,"
"My Friend Flicka,"	"Battlestar Galactica,"
"Have Gun Will Travel"	"Mork and Mindy"

FAVORITE ATHLETE

Nellie Fox	Björn Borg
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FAVORITE MOVIE

The Alamo	Grease
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FAVORITE SONG

"The Battle of New Orleans"	"Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?"
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TYPICAL SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Climb around construction site, jump off garage roof onto old sofa salvaged from lady's curb two blocks over, crab apple war, mow lawn, shoot a bird.	Sleep late, watch TV, tennis lesson, go to shopping mall and buy albums and new screen for bong, play electronic WW III, watch TV, get high.
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PARENTS' PAGES INTERVIEW: ELLIOT AND WENDI BLACKWELL

A candid conversation with a young married couple who do not see the virtues in having children.

Elliot and Wendi Blackwell have been married for six years. He is thirty-one and an editor of a prestigious scientific journal. She is twenty-six and a designer for a major women's sportswear manufacturer.

On the subject of children they are in complete agreement. They want no part of them. Gerald Sussman, sen-

ior editor of the *National Lampoon*, interviewed the Blackwells for the Parents' Pages. Here are some of the highlights of that talk.

Parents' Pages: Why are you so dead set against having children?

Elliot: Because they're boring.

P.P.: Seriously...

Elliot: Seriously. Kids just don't fit into our gestalt. I can't see screwing up the game plan of my life because I suddenly have to take care of a drooling little snoutface.

Wendi: I read somewhere that the average upper-middle-class

family spends about \$100,000 in raising one child. That's much too low. Take baby-sitting. With steady inflation, you have to figure that rates will go up to three, four dollars an hour. We go out at least twice a week, for about five hours

continued



PARENTS' PAGES



ADOPTING FOR PROFIT

Short-Term Investment

The short-term adoption investment market was very healthy through the first two quarters of 1979. Supplies of easily adoptable product are running ahead of projections, due in part to recent imports of fresh refugee material and continued production gains in minority births, matched by a continued low demand. Product is cheap, easily secured, and in most cases can be on-premises within thirty days of order placement. Turnaround on investment is currently running six to eighteen months with a sweet TV commercial market for funny-looking white kids holding strong 1979 year-end levels. On the average, most of the product is being depreciated over a five-year schedule with liquidation occurring on or about the eighth birthday.

Short-Term Guide

UPSIDE Employment Possibilities	Homely White Boys with Freckles	Homely White Girls with Missing Teeth	Preocious Black Boys	Fat Black Girls	Eastern European Refugees	Misc. Asian Refugees	Bolivian Disaster Kids	Latinos	Handicapped
Commercials	•	•		•					
TV Series			•	•				•	
Live Shows					•				•
Telethons									•
Begging			•		•	•	•		
Contributions							•		
Resale	•	•				•			
DOWNSIDE No Firm Market Established					•	•	•		•
High Product Failure			•	•		•		•	•
Oversaturation	•	•	•	•					
Hazardous Operation			•	•				•	

Long-Term Investment

In the adoption market, the long term investment carries the risk. Two strategies dominate the long-term investment picture. The first strategy is to study the current available product with an eye toward post-adolescent receipts. The bulk of investments made with this strategy involve "fringe adoptables," a group made of the twelve-to-seventeen-year-olds. The "fringe adoptables" provide the investor with a qualified preview of any talents or possible marketable features. In addition, this category is generally pegged by suppliers as slow-shelf goods and is heavily discounted with regard to adoption requirements, regulations, and time costly background searches. The second strategy requires the development of specific skills and abilities with a royalty return throughout the mature life of the product. A lower payout can be expected on a higher total outlay, but a return is almost certain.

Comparative Analysis of Long-Term Adoption Investment Strategies

EXAMPLE STRATEGY A	EXAMPLE STRATEGY B
Product 6' 6" fifteen-year-old black with basketball skill	Product Sixteen-month-old mixed Oriental boy
Objective Multi-year NBA contract	Objective Civil service post
Total Dollar Investment \$26,000 (over 5 years)	Total Dollar Investment \$93,000 (over 19 years)
Total Expected Return (lifetime) \$2,200,000	Total Expected Return (lifetime) \$870,000
Net Receipts \$440,000 (on 20% lifetime royalty)	Net Receipts \$174,000 (on 20% lifetime royalty)
Advantage Short, high yield on low initial investment	Advantage Minimal risk
Disadvantage 88% failure rate	Disadvantage Long capital investment on slow, conservative return

MOM BUYS SHOES

Kids don't believe that parents actually walked miles through slush and snow to go to school. Parents treasured their shoes and boots. Today, every Monday morning, parents are greeted with the news, "I can't find my sneakers!"

Searching back through the haze of Sunday Bloody Marys, piña colodas, martinis, and, later, brandies, Mom vaguely remembers the kid stayed late at the neighbor's barbecue. A frantic call at 7:55 gets no an-

swer. The kid's other shoes are at Grandma's. Screw it. He'll have to pass the President's Physical Fitness Exam in rain-bow flip-flops.

After school, carrying a snide note from the PE teacher, the kid whines for new shoes. And so, it's a trip to the store.

Step One: Call young man working at discount shoe store and offer huge bribe to have him remove cowboy boots and baseball cleats in size three.

Step Two: En route to store, promise kid cleats at any cost, if they are available.

Step Three: Enter store. Size three seems wiped out except for black high-top basketball shoes. \$3.98. Nice try. *No way. Creepy.* Violent tantrum. Respond in well-modulated Montessori voice—"Shut up, moron, or I'll stuff this shoe horn down your throat." Kid will then beg for larger size electric blue "Aspen" sneakers, bright orange "Olympic," and pastel

"Whiplash" models.

Step Four: Mom tries on shoes for size. Struts around store in four-inch stiletto heel lace-up black leather boots, and slips her phone number to young clerk. Arrange late-night rendezvous.

Step Five: Clerk slips the kid a free pair of size three blue, orange, and pastel "Fireball" sneakers.

Step Six: Back at home, seal kid's feet in new sneakers with Crazy Glue. Problem solved. □



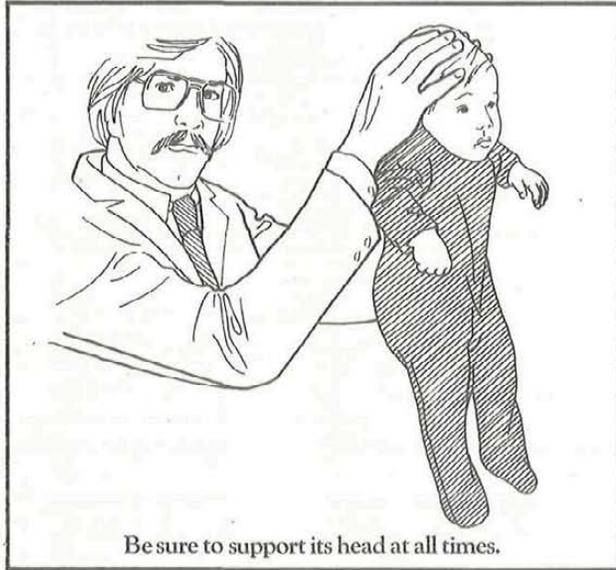
EMERGENCY FATHERING

Many men shy away from taking an active role in the rearing of the children because they feel it isn't masculine. Well, it *isn't* masculine, but unless you want your domicile turned into a second home for fat, cooing, gooing old aunts, neighbor ladies, and any other broad with nothing better to do than wait around to wipe up something that leaks out of a baby, you better learn how those things work.

Equipment You Will Need

Drop cloth or tarp (30 sq. yards)	Friction tape (3 rolls)	Fireplace tongs
Rectal thermometers (10)	Cigarettes (2 cartons)	Nyquil (1 bottle)
Rolling pin	Garbage bags (25)	Lysol (6 cans)
Alcohol (2 qts. rubbing, 2 qts. drinking)	Newspaper (110 lbs.)	Air freshener (6 cans)
Garbage can (50-gallon)	Goggles	Nose plugs
Shovel	Mop	Earplugs
	Raincoat	Funnel
	Sawdust (peck)	Egg tongs
	Rubber gloves	Turkey baster

Holding the Infant



When holding your baby, be sure and point it *away* from you. Never pick it up by one arm or one leg. Never hold it upside-down or by the ears or the scruff of the neck.

Crying

Babies cry when they're wet, dry, hungry, full, uncomfortable, comfortable, sleeping, waking, or just anytime it's finally quiet around the house. About all you can do is throw on "Some Girls" and crank up the Sansui. You'll find that your baby's screeching goes along with the music; sort of like having James Brown sit in on the session.

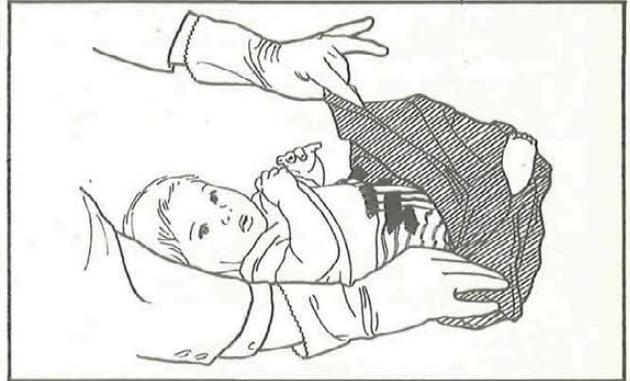
The Bath

There's a lot more to baby's bath than dip, swish, and dry. You first have to clean up all the pubic hair and dead skin and scum you left in the tub after your morning shower. You get your smokes wet, your watch fogs up, and the baby howls like a short-changed Arab. It's not worth it; like discipline and laundry, it can wait until Mom gets home.

Changing the Diaper

Step 1: Dispose of the soiled diaper.

Step 2: Hose the baby down.



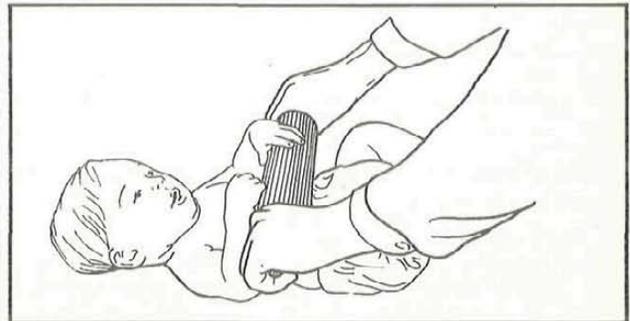
Step 3: Rediaper the baby using a homemade diaper of dish towels and friction tape, which can last up to twenty-four hours without spilling its contents. An improvised panty made of a small garbage bag adds extra protection.

Nursing



While it may be a perfectly abhorrent concept, many men find nursing a quiet, relaxing time to have a smoke and a beer and catch up on what's going on at ABC Sports.

Burping the Baby



Unfortunately, babies swallow almost as much air as they do anything else, and following feeding you have to let that air out of them. It's best to get right on it because that air turns to gas, and it's a lot easier to make them burp than it is to make them fart.



PARENTS' PAGES



BEATING THE CHILD ABUSE LAWS

What was once "good old-fashioned discipline" is now "child abuse," a term no doubt coined by an unmarried fruit college professor who will never find his telephoto lens in the toilet along with a box of Tampax and some ties. A few years back, if a father put a little too much *pow* in his punch and his kid got a shiner for it, it was too bad for the kid; he shouldn't have done whatever he did to make his dad punch him. Today, that father is in the clink, disgraced, discredited, and besieged by psychiatrists and case workers who will try to get the kid into a foster home where he can be abused by a foster father. The laws are on the books. Child abuse is a reality. We Christian-thinking, hard-working par-

ents with firm backbones have no alternative but to try and beat the abuse laws.

1. Never put the child in a cage. While at times the cage seems to be "just what the doctor ordered," it's bulky, and if you leave the garage door up someone's likely to see it and report you.
2. Don't burn the kids. This is strictly a "downtown" tactic that has no great punitive value. It leaves scars, and as your lawyer will tell you, scars make the best witnesses.
3. Join the trend toward mental punishment. Subtle brainwashing and frightening, threat-filled stories about monsters who eat the feet off bad boys and girls stick with the kid long after the sting of the slap has worn off.

4. Keep it quiet! Muffle yelps and cries with pillows and blankets. Perform your "serious" disciplinary maneuvers in the car or out in the country. Never hit your kid in public, in front of a window, or while your wife is talking on the phone.

5. Don't involve yourself in Boy Scouts, Little League, or other youth programs. These are the guys the papers go after first. It makes for good copy.

6. If your disciplinary period should get a little too "spirited" and you damage the "goods," head for the school playground. Position the child beneath the jungle gym and run for help shouting that your child has fallen from a great height. Further divert attention by threat-

ening to sue the school board.

7. Stay out of hospital emergency rooms. Even a legitimate broken arm raises eyebrows. Use your paramedic squad, urge your pediatrician to make a house call, or duck out the back and let a neighbor take the kid to the hospital.

8. Undermine your child's credibility with teachers, clergy, family friends, and grandparents. Establish a reputation for them as "compulsive fibbers" and "storytellers." Make an appointment with their teachers to discuss their "wild imaginations." A visit to a child psychologist about the matter will put the subject on record for future use in legal situations.

BLACKWELL INTERVIEW *continued*

a night. That's forty dollars a week for say, forty-eight weeks a year for the first twelve years. That's \$23,000 just for baby-sitting!

Elliot: We don't have to go into all the boring details. There's food, clothing, schooling, medical care, housekeepers...

PP: You're both, by your own admission, earning good money. Don't you think you'll manage all this? Most people in your income category have children.

Elliot: And at what *real* price? Sure, we can make enough dough—if we knock our brains out.

Wendi: And build up incredible anxiety and tension.

Elliot: Which means three days a week at the analyst, a couple of ulcers, and more and more reliance on alcohol to relieve the strain.

Wendi: Did you ever see a couple who just had a kid? They look like they've just finished a marathon run. They get about two hours sleep every night.

Elliot: I'm a bug about mental alertness. If I don't get my eight hours, I'm a basket case. All I need is a kid keeping me up all night to fuck up my entire career.

Wendi: Me, too.

Elliot: You know, pregnancy is a hell of an experience for a woman. In a way, I can talk about it with more feeling than Wendi because I have a certain sense of detachment. Pregnancy can be very traumatic for a woman. They gain a tremendous amount of weight and they hate themselves afterward for the way their bodies have changed.

Wendi: Every woman I

know who was pregnant had a husband who cheated on her during that time. I almost can't blame them.

Elliot: Let me get one thing straight. I'd never cheat on Wendi if she were pregnant.

Wendi: I'd be going nuts. Besides, I'm very vain about my looks. Having a kid means I'll eventually end up with cosmetic surgery. Who needs it?

PP: But what about the satisfaction of seeing yourself in a child? Of educating and guiding him?

Elliot: I don't think we can control kids anymore. There's a new breed of child out there. They all hate their parents.

Wendi: They're not even spoiled brats anymore. They're way past that. They've got their own cars, motorcycles...

Elliot: They do more drugs than we do. They

drop out of school. They get knocked up...

Wendi: Or they just hang out—for months, years.

Elliot: It boils down to this—you have no freedom left when you have a kid. For instance, I'm halfway through a screenplay and I know a guy at Universal who's dying to buy it. If I had a kid, I'd never get a chance to write a screenplay.

Wendi: And I'm thinking of designing my own line under my own name for a conglomerate that wants to go into the fashion business. And how would I ever get to do it if I were up all night with a kid?

Elliot: Besides, what if the world ends tomorrow? Or next year? We don't need the aggravation. We have enough problems. □

NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT IT PAGES



WANTS

REMEMBER HOW EVERY YEAR YOU HOPED VARIOUS THINGS THAT HAD COME AROUND LAST YEAR WOULD NOT COME AROUND THIS YEAR, BUT YOU KNEW THEY WOULD COME, AND NEXT YEAR, TOO, AND PROBABLY FOREVER.

MY GOD, I FORGOT TO SEW THE NAME TAGS INTO HIS SHORTS!

WE HAVE TO GET HIM TO THE RAILROAD STATION IN AN HOUR, YOU KNOW.

BOOM

MAKE BIG IN YOUR SP... RADIO

WHERE IS HE, ANYWAY?

I TOLD HIM TO STRAIGHTEN UP HIS ROOM. I'LL GIVE IT A GOOD CLEANING WHEN HE'S GONE.

NOBODY BETTER TOUCH THESE COMIC BOOKS!

MRS. WARRER

SAY, MA, WHERE'S MY —

FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHERE'S YOUR T-SHIRT? YOU HAVE TO BE WEARING YOUR CAMP TALL LONE TREE T-SHIRT!!

OK.

LOOK, MADGE, WE HAVE TO LEAVE SOON. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS WEEKEND TRAFFIC.

DON'T RUSH ME, HARRY!

LOUSY, CRUMMY, STUPID SHIRT!

CAMP TALL LONE TREE

I'LL BE BACK! I PROMISE I'LL BE BACK!

WILL YOU, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, PLEASE HURRY UP!

OK.

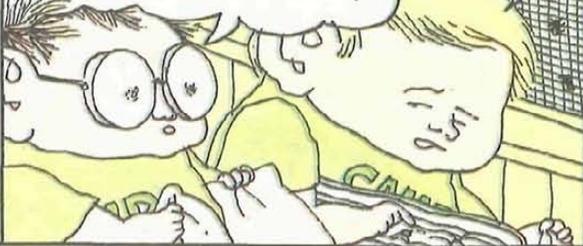
CAMP TALL

HELLO, THERE, BOYS. MY NAME IS OLAF KNUDSON AND I RUN THIS CAMP. MY JOB IS TO TAKE YOU BOYS AND MAKE YOU INTO THE SORT OF MEN YOUR FATHERS WILL BE PROUD OF. IT WILL BE HARD, TOUGH WORK, AND WE WILL SWEAT AND BE COLD AND GET PLENTY TIRED, BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE LAZY BOYS, ARE WE?



IS THIS MR. KNUDSON A NICE MAN? HAVE YOU BEEN HERE LOTS OF TIMES?

NO, YES. THAT'S MY BUNK.



HE'S GONNA MAKE US PLAY CAPTURE THE FLAG THE FIRST NIGHT, ISN'T HE? JUST LIKE ALWAYS.



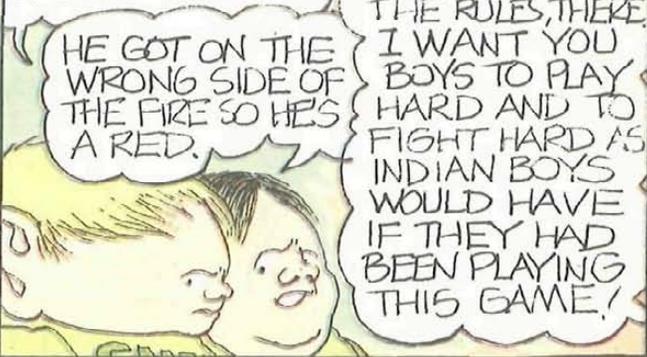
GOODNESS, THIS FOOD IS REALLY HORRIBLE!

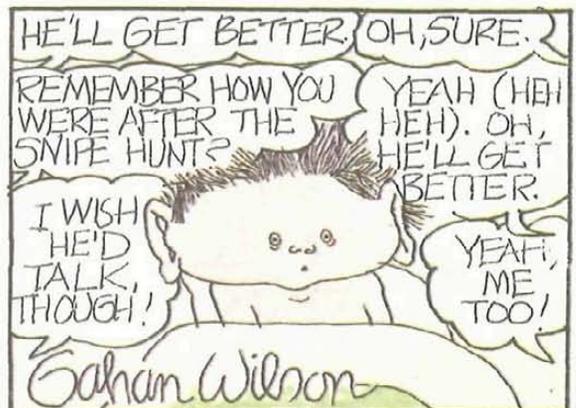
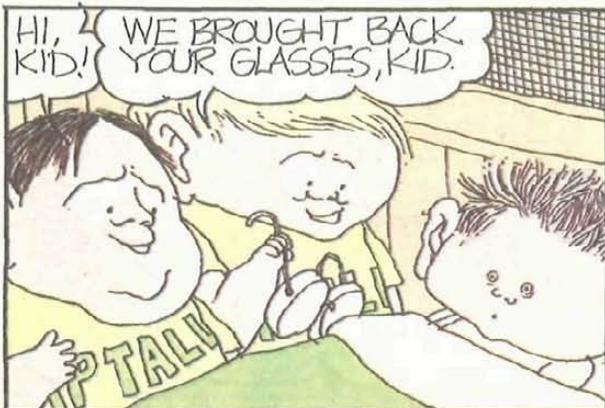
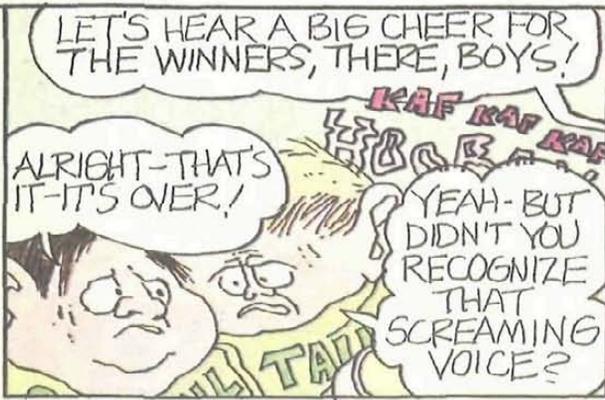
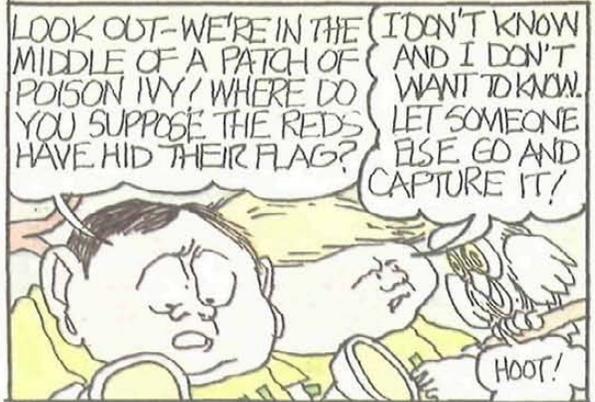
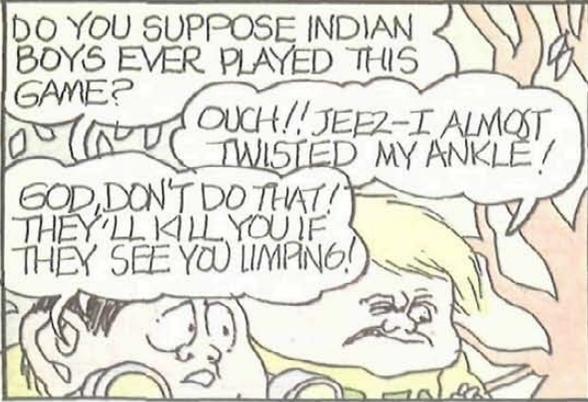


IT LOOKS AS IF THE MAID DIDN'T PACK A FLASHLIGHT.



WHERE'D HE GO?





YOUNG BUMS

by Tod Carroll

A young scholar once wrote: "Civilization is a behavioral sedative humans impose on their young to prevent them from growing into killers." Although societal constraints are pervasive, an occasional adolescent manages to pierce the protective bulkwark and blow someone's face off. Still others crumble under the weight of the mold. They find themselves crimped between an animal compulsion to resist and a perceived lack of alternatives. These are the child casualties of our times; so-called young bums who have abandoned the future for an addled asylum of self-pity, sugar, and malaise.



Photographed by Chris Callis

JOEL MARCUS, 6, CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

"Things weren't always this way for me. I had the playground on a string until I met Wendy Gillette. We hit it off real neat at first, but nothing I ever did was good enough for her. I couldn't hang upside down from the top of drive-in movie screens like her older boyfriends. And all the scar tissue from my heart operations grossed her out. She wanted me to be someone else, and I didn't want to lose her. That's when I turned to chocolate for help. Boy, I was a real bigshot with everyone when I had my chocolate. A lot of good it did me, though. She transferred to another district, and I went to pieces. The chocolate was the only thing I had left in my life that didn't hurt. I got so I was living on Toll House morsels and semisweet cooking chocolate and fudge ice cream syrup until my back teeth got wrecked and I got sick. The other kids saw the warning signs, but do you think I'd listen? No, sir, not me. Not me."



MANDY BLINN, 6, EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

"I used to have everything, you know. I had tea sets and about a thousand miniature ovens and cooking things and little aprons, and about fifty dolls and clothes and furniture for them and a zillion other things, and you know what? They completely wore me out. I mean, I felt like I always had to be playing, and if I played with my pretend vanity mirror, some of the dolls would get jealous and I would have to make up conversations to have with them, especially Margo, who used to be my best favorite, which would mean I would have to remember all of the things I imagined about them on other days so they would have real lives, you know. But then I wouldn't be able to learn my jump rope songs if I spent too much time with my dolls and makeup sets, and plus be able to watch TV and everything else I had to do. The pressure was just too much. So I decided to simplify my life, you know. Now, if I pick up something, it's only because I'm going to eat it or put it on. Real basic. I got out just in time."



CHRIS NELSON, 7, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

"You wanna know somethin'? I been in trouble all my life. Started with a little vandalism—you know the story. They built this new Little League park, and I got right over there and smashed out all the lights and cut up the bases. I always had this feelin', you know, that it was kind of like my job to wreck stuff. Housing developments were my favorite. That and cars. Well, the fuckers finally grabbed me, and I said to myself, 'This is bullshit', and I took off. I began running away ever since. And you can tell those shitheels back at the kiddie joint that Nelson's got a lot more Coke machines to deal with before they ever see me again. You bet your ass."



BOBBY SPANGLER, 5, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"My mommy and daddy used to dress me up in shorts and a blazer, you know. They'd pose me for Sunday afternoon pictures with one hand in my pocket like I was the fucking 'little man' of the house. I think Daddy's family used to have a whole lot of money, and he lost it all someplace. He liked to pretend he was still rich by dressing me up and cramming all sorts of manners down my throat. What is this cutting one bite at a time shit, anyway? Daddy was so far gone he used to call the family room the library. 'Robert, your mother would like to see you in the library.' Jesus Christ! The 'library' had two plastic chairs and a kitty litter box. I had to get out, you know. Out here on the street, nobody puts their bullshit on me. I can eat with a screwdriver for all they care."



TRAVIS DEMAREE, 6, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

"You see, I'm autistic. They run me from one dumb clinic to the next trying to get someone to tell them I wasn't going to gawk like a zombie at their friends for the rest of my life. Tests, tests, and more tests. Hey, if I wanna watch a turntable for a couple of days, I don't need no guilty assholes making a thing out of it. You ever been around adults when they think they made a crazy kid? Half the time they wanna put a plastic bag over your head, and the rest of the time they're screaming and yelling, trying to figure out which one fucked up. I took off and made friends with Wade. 'L.D.', they call him. Learning disability. They put him in this fucking L.D. class where the teacher makes them jump up and down every couple of minutes to drain off their craziness. Where's that at? Can't exactly say we got no Disneyland here, either, but it's O.K." □

BIG BOYS

continued from page 43

forgot about it anyway except for a couple of things that happened that school year to Dave Blair and to this kid Sonny Williams who was Betty Hawkins's age and lived about three blocks away on Wesley on the other side of Auburn Avenue, which is a poorer neighborhood. Sonny was in the Sixth Grade with Jimmy Nielson, but that was because he'd been held back and he was one of those kids who would shove you all the time. He wasn't really big or anything but he needed a haircut lots of times and was kind of a bully and would put you in a headlock and say things like, "You want to know why they call me Sonny? You want to know why they call me Sonny? You want to know why they call me Sonny?" Until you said you did and then he'd say, "Because I'm so *bright*." And things like that. Well, he stole a car, which he wasn't really tall enough to reach the pedals on and see very good out of at the same time. And when the police saw this headless car going down the street they started to chase it until a head popped up to see what the siren was, and then the car slowed down because when Sonny's head popped up he couldn't reach the gas pedal with his feet, the police said they thought. And so he'd scootch down again to get away from them but would have to pop up to see where he was going and slow down, and the last time that he popped up they were so close that he scootched down real hard on the gas pedal and ran right into a oil truck. It was on the evening news and everything. Sonny was always telling you how grown up he was and how he smoked cigarettes and already had hair on his thing, and we could see where that stuff gets you because he's dead. Nobody went to the funeral but everybody said that the undertaker got him fixed up with rubber ears and a nose so that he looked almost regular after getting burned up like that, and it was practically all anybody could talk about for two weeks.

So that was one thing. But also Mrs. Blair, Dave's mother, started having a boyfriend that year, too. Which settled up one fight we were having about whether having girl friends and boyfriends was a grown-up thing to do or not. Not that we wanted any but we figured that since High School kids were kids, kind of, and they all had girl friends and boyfriends, it must be a kid thing to do

since grown-ups got married. But then Mrs. Blair, who's so old that she was Dave's mother and definitely a grown-up, got a boyfriend and we weren't so sure anymore. Dave's dad is dead, although my mom says he was divorced, but I'm not supposed to say anything to Dave about that. Besides, he'd want to fight me because he always says his dad died as a war hero and he's bigger than I am. Well, this boyfriend guy made Dave call him by his first name, which was Ralph and which Dave didn't want to do, and he was a real scary guy with a lot of body odor who drank beers all the time, and Dave really hated him, even if he did have tattoos and a convertible that were kind of neat. My parents made me stay away from Dave's house while Mrs. Blair was having a boyfriend. Plus he hit Dave a couple of times when Dave said something smart-alecky and his mom didn't even yell at the guy or anything. And then one time he hit Dave's mother at night once and Dave says it's really a good thing that he was being made to stay over at his grandmother's because he would have killed the guy with a gun even if he had to go over to the Nielson's house and crawl in a window and break the glass on Mr. Nielson's locked gun cabinet to get one to do it with. And Mr. Hawkins had to go across the street to Dave's house and tell the guy to leave before the police got called, and I think maybe the guy said something pretty bad to Mr. Hawkins but finally he left, and all of our mothers talked about this even more than the kids at school talked about Sonny Williams getting killed in a car wreck and burning up after he hit the oil truck.

So we figured that the oath was really a good thing because there are grown-ups that are a lot worse even than our parents or teachers, which is something I guess we knew from watching TV, but you never really think about things like that until they happen in your own backyard, like my mom said. Although it was really Dave Blair's backyard. There and in the kitchen.

PART 2

Well, that was the summer of 1957 and not much happened for a while after that except the stuff I already told about, about Sonny Williams and Mrs. Blair's boyfriend, and the next summer was a really good

summer, too. We rode our bikes all the way downtown where we weren't allowed to go, and Duane got a flat tire and tried to get his bike on a bus but the bus driver got really mad and yelled at him and he had to walk his bike all the way back and didn't get home until after dinner, and boy did he get in trouble. And Jimmy went on vacation in the car out West with his family and brought us all back a deer antler each, but Gary broke his playing Viking. And we burned out a yellow jacket nest with kerosene and built a tree house that Louie fell out of and he got a really neat cast and a lot of other stuff besides. And at the end of that summer we took the same oath all over again just to be sure, exactly like we had before except this time Dave had trapped a rat down at the dump and he roasted it alive in a half-gallon fruit juice can just to show what would happen to anybody who broke the oath and went to hell.

And then there was another school year, but we decided not to flunk out yet because our parents were still too careful about watching our grade cards, except for Mrs. Blair, maybe. And then another summer, which was fun too because the Bufords' garage fell down and Gary and us got to help his dad bust it up and put it in a truck. And there was a huge windstorm that was practically like a tornado. And I learned to swim really good. And we rented a summer cottage for two weeks that year and I learned to water ski too for almost twenty feet. And we hunted all sorts of stuff with a slingshot and Jimmy killed a squirrel and I wounded about a hundred cats. And we all broke a window at the creepy lady's house who lived behind Gary, and we camped out in Dave's backyard for practically a whole week and snuck out at night and crept around the neighborhood, and I saw Mrs. Hawkins take off her brassiere from the top of the Hawkins's apple tree. And there was a explosion in a factory on the east side and I went with my dad to see it afterwards. And I went to work with him three different times and got to run a drill press and a lathe. And Jimmy and I got English Racer bikes and then Dave got one and, like I said, that summer was fun too. Except that Jimmy started to get hair down there and Dave and Gary did too, and Jimmy said that this automatically made you a grown-up, like it or not, and that our oath wasn't any good for him any more and probably wouldn't be for Dave or Gary as soon as they got

continued on page 70

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

So cool, you can feel it.

Smooth and crisp. Cool and satisfying.
When you feel it, you know it's KOOL.
Nothing satisfies like America's most
refreshing cigarette.



No wonder it's
America's #1 menthol.

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

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CHILD PORNOGRAPHY

by John Hughes

The Pornograph Doctor Visit!

By "Mrs. S.E."
(Created-XXXXX)

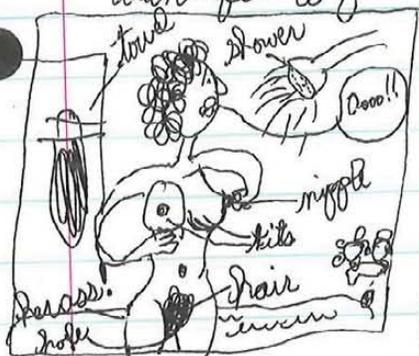
My mums miners allowed
to read this!!!
mum!!!

Not for
parents or
teachers

a. One day this girl
didn't feel too good!

b. So, she went
to the Doctor's.

B. So, she stripped!



c. Then she stripped msa
and was all the way naked!

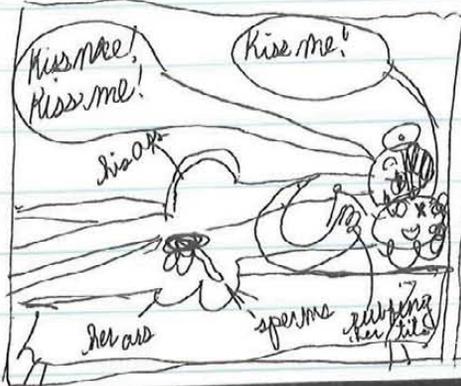
d. But she forgot to have f. so, when she went
her birth control pills! away the doctor too.



g. When she came back,
she was surprized

h. So, then they
had a FUCK!

i. after a while it was
over and she got dressed



CAMP DIRECTORY

THE AUTHENTIC INDIAN CAMP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

CAMP BLACK BEAN

Ages 7-17

- Live on a reservation in Arizona.
- Herd sick sheep.
- Ride in a pick-up truck.
- Get drunk.
- Come home very depressed.
- Watch old people go off into the desert to die.
- Get beaten up by cowboys in a bar.
- Sell cheap Indian crafts.
- See your teeth fall out.

STAFF INCLUDES MEDICINE MAN AND RAIN DANCER.
WRITE: Ira Hayes, Dir., Department of the Interior,
Box 11622 Washington, D.C. 20014

Camp David

IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS OF MARYLAND

The leading camp in the mid-Atlantic region for children and adolescents who like to talk, offering in its fifteenth season:

- 1) Mature, efficient secretarial staff
- 2) Exciting agendas.
- 3) Structured yet semi-flexible environment
- 4) Large conference rooms
- 5) Periodic breaks for banquets.
- 6) Frequent trips home to consult with authority figures
- 7) Nonsectarian admission policy; dietary laws observed.
- 8) Helicopter service.

A loving, therapeutic, and stimulating environment for the child who has a tendency to run off at the mouth. FOR BROCHURE, CONTACT:

CAMP DAVID
Rt 15 Cumberland, Md. 91620

Camp Can-Na-Go

THE CAMP FOR CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Ages 4-10

Since 1932 over 80,000 children of all ages have enjoyed this unique summer experience of being shut up in a very small room and not let out until they've made something. Books and magazines provided. Including the two-ply edition of *Peeple* magazine. No harsh laxatives used. Special Ka-Ko-Pan-Pan program for younger children.

CALL NOW FOR IMMEDIATE PLACEMENT.
Luther Seldin Box 120 Stamford, Cr. 06841

ENJOY THE JEWISH EXPERIENCE AT

CAMP JEWISH

A SPECIAL POCKET OF THE JEWISH WORLD
Jewish Boys 6 to 18
Jewish Girls 7 to 17

Jewish culture, Jewish food, Jewish sports, Jewish drama, Jewish dance, Jewish arts, Jewish crafts, Jewish princes and princesses, Jewish lake, Jewish trees, Jewish grass, and Jewish rocks.

Mature Jewish staff including nice Jewish doctor. Write or call:
Camp Jewish, Bar Mitzvah,
Maine 01730 805-555-3241
Dave Hebrew, Dir.

For boys and girls—ages 6 to 16. Beginners to heavy dudes.

"SU MADRE!"

The South Bronx Survival Camp, Corner of Tiffany Street and Prospect Avenue, Bronx, N.Y.

This unusual camp, nestled in the rubble of the South Bronx, offers a full and varied program of activities including: arson, loud radio playing, creative graffiti, bongo playing, throwing things at commuter trains, dirty language workshop, small arms instruction, hanging around, pushing, shoving, making sucking noises with your lips when a pretty girl walks by, shoplifting and rioting trips to Manhattan. All street and sewer sports.

Don't write or phone—just come up and yell, "SU MADRE!" Pepi and Chico, Directors.

Camp Rubenesque

THE DISTINCTIVE CAMP FOR GIRLS SUFFERING FROM ANOREXIA NERVOSA (AGES 13 TO 32)

Now in its twelfth year of offering a carefully balanced program of psychotherapy, forced feeding, and silicone treatments. Cooking courses, lectures by noted gourmets. Program supervised by trained clinicians who enforce vigorous discipline. Delicious high carbohydrate diet. Pizza Parlor, Carvel, Burger King on premises.

For brochure, write to:
PIERRE ZAFFIQUE
11 SPINDLESHANK ROAD
MARANTIC, MD. 06837

SPORTS AGENT CAMP

For boys and some girls, 12-19
Your child can learn to make big money by representing up-and-coming young athletes. We show him how to spot future superstars in every major profitable sport, how to "sweet talk" them into needing personal representation. Intensive instruction in contract negotiation, tax benefits, investments, and how to make big money in high school and college as an amateur. Lectures by agents representing many of our top baseball, football, basketball, and tennis stars. Also, courses in show business agenting. WRITE TO:

Cy and Manny Dernbaum Acme Representation, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Maidenhead Hollow

HORSEMANSHIP CAMP FOR GIRLS 5-15 Jackson Hole, Wyoming

If your daughter has been seduced or raped and you need a good explanation as to why she has lost her hymen, send her to Maidenhead Hollow Riding Camp. She'll learn to hold an intelligent conversation about horses and misrepresent herself as a virgin in only four short weeks!

The confidence she'll gain will stay with her for the rest of her life, and she will be able to lie her way out of anything. Discreet staff and luxurious facilities in a beautiful secluded setting where no one can find her.

All land and water sports, including douching. Enrollments begin June 27 or one week after penetration. Open Sundays for inspection. Write:
Camp Maidenhead Hollow, Box 12, Low Hills, N.J. 00130
Stuart Clint, Director

Camp Friedrich Nietzsche



Brother-sister camps with shared activities. Ages 7-19

Adjacent facilities on two acres in the Poconos, with jazz and secluded cabins with fireplaces, large fur rugs on the floor, unlimited free play. Inbred staff on premises.

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Hershey, Pa. 96128
CAMP ELIZABETH NIETZSCHE FOR GIRLS Miss Thelma Flahead, Director
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Jackie Schtick's Stand-up Comedian Camp

FOR KIDS AGES 6 TO 25 Full program of put-downs, insults, shpritzes, ad libs, dialects, bits, one-liners, and monologues.

Sleazy nightclub on premises. Dean Martin-type roasts. Trips to Vegas. Cheesecake every day. Special instruction by Buddy Hockett, Jackie Vernon, and Shucky Greene. Staff includes straight men, hecklers, noisy waiters, and hangers-on. Learn to perform to real paying customers every night. Special program for fat kids from Brooklyn. Write for free booklet.

Jackie Schtick
15230 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10036

CAMP NOHAIR

Box 34, Ludlow, Vermont
Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Fishbrick, Co-Directors

FOR THE PREMATURELY BALD

WE COACH BOYS 12-18 ON HOW TO LIVE WITH THEIR BALDNESS.

- Expert advice and guidance. Make your own hairpieces, do hair weaving, or go the opposite way and create a dynamic bald image. Many successful, bald lecturers.
- No sports
 - No dance
 - No arts and crafts
 - No drama
 - No swimming
 - No riding
 - No hiking
 - No rock climbing
 - No canoeing
 - No trips

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No Staff No Food No Jews
CAMP HANGING OUT, TERRE HAUTE, IND. 62144

DEERSLAYER

RIFLERY CAMP
Killington, Vermont
Boys 4 to 17

Deerslayer offers your child a full, exciting summer of killing live animals. Opposum, bear, deer, muskrat, Beaver are all fair game. Advanced students hunt for mongoloid hillbillies. Every boy gets a chance to kill something.

Special attention given to endangered species.
Write: Charles Whitman
Box 327
Great Big River, Vermont
NRA Accredited

FOR THE CLUMSY CHILD WITH A HARD-TO-FIT SHOE SIZE

CAMP BIGFOOT

Our 31st season, BOYS-GIRLS 6-18, 10D-15EEEE

Our patient, understanding staff has had outstanding success with the clumsy, uncoordinated child. Our unique patented method starts your child from scratch (from crawling to early walking, to full walking, trotting, and running, until he is actually strutting, dancing, and doing gymnastics. Many of our graduates are now prominent in ballet and jazz tap

Write: George Treefield, Camp Bigfoot, Pepper Mill, Oregon 65201

CAMP WACK-A-WAY

FOR THE OVERACHIEVER IN MASTURBATION

The only camp to offer creative instruction in the most popular activity of young people. Our instructors show your child how to develop his true sexual identity, how to achieve quality orgasms. How to be in touch with his or her erogenous zones, how to overcome loneliness and achieve maturity through sexual self-reliance. Boys and Girls 10-21. Resident gynecologist. Guest lecturers, visual aids, films, and slides.

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De MORRIS GOOBERMAN'S
ORTHODONTIA CAMP
BOYS-GIRLS 11 TO 18

Dr. Morris Gooberman specializes in all types of oral surgery, periodontics, and endodontics, in addition to orthodontics. He also offers a complete water and land sports program geared to your child's teeth problems. Choice of full, half, and mini-treatments. Write Dr. Morris Gooberman, 21-14 Canal Street, NY, NY

Camp Overbite on Sarajac Lake, in upstate New York.

WHERE DREAMS OF ADVENTURE COME TRUE AND TEETH ARE STRAIGHTENED!

CAMP J.P. STEVENS

AN INDUSTRIAL WORK CAMP FOR TEEN-AGERS AND PRE-TEENS WHO ARE VERY TALL FOR THEIR AGE.

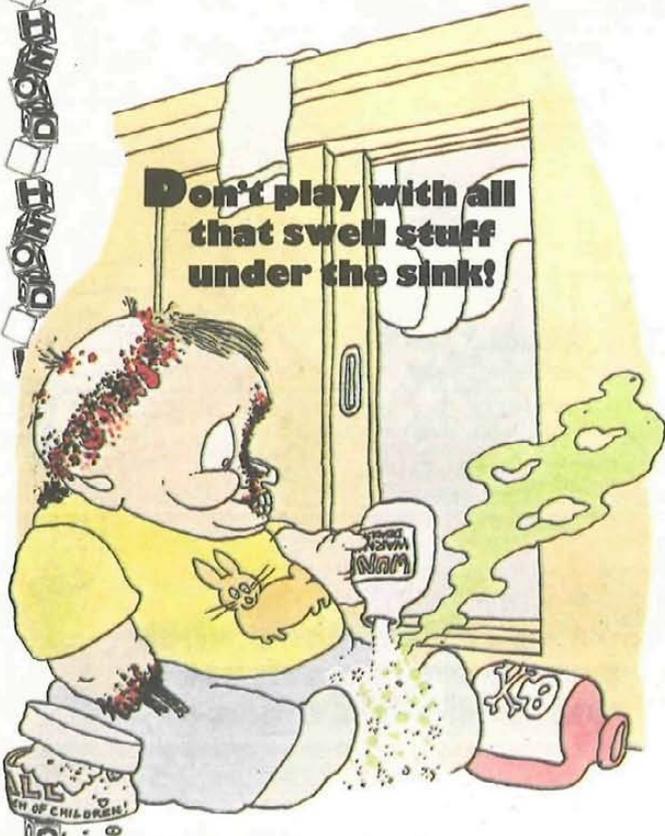
CO-ED 10-16- Your child will learn to work hard, listen to his superiors, and develop high standards of personal discipline. Low starting salaries especially designed to teach youngsters the value of a dollar and encourage saving. No union fees. Write or call, Personnel Director, J.P. Stevens. Come Break. South Carolina.

DON'T

by
Gahan
Wilson

**IS THE IMPORTANT THING FOR KIDS TO LEARN!
DO COMES A LONG TIME AFTER. IF EVER.**

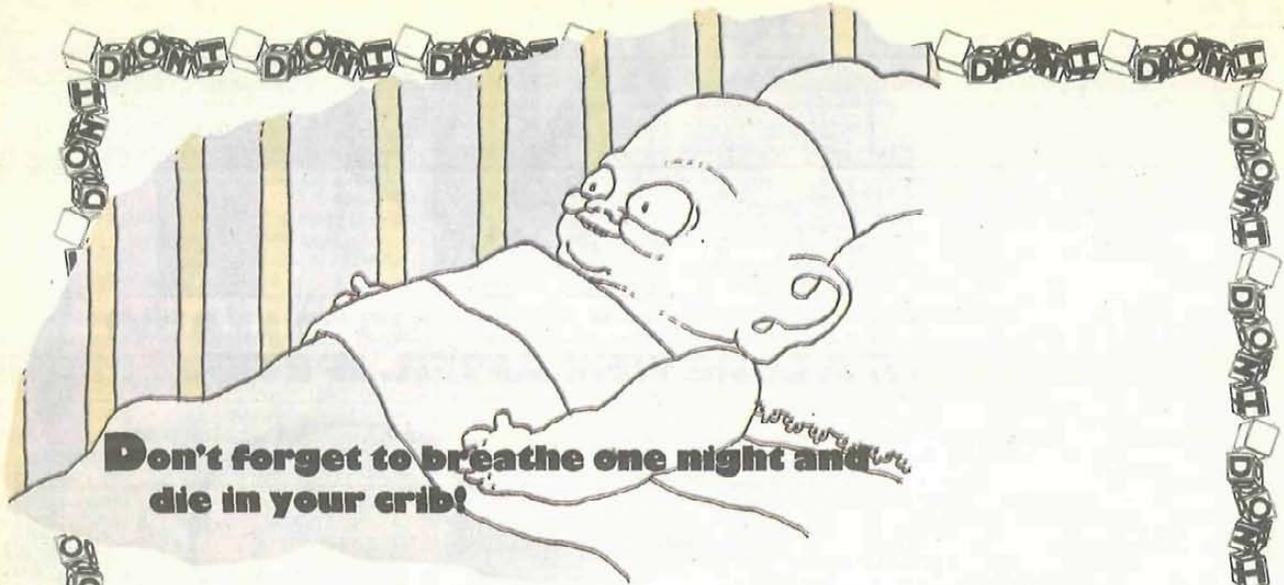
**Don't play with all
that swell stuff
under the sink!**



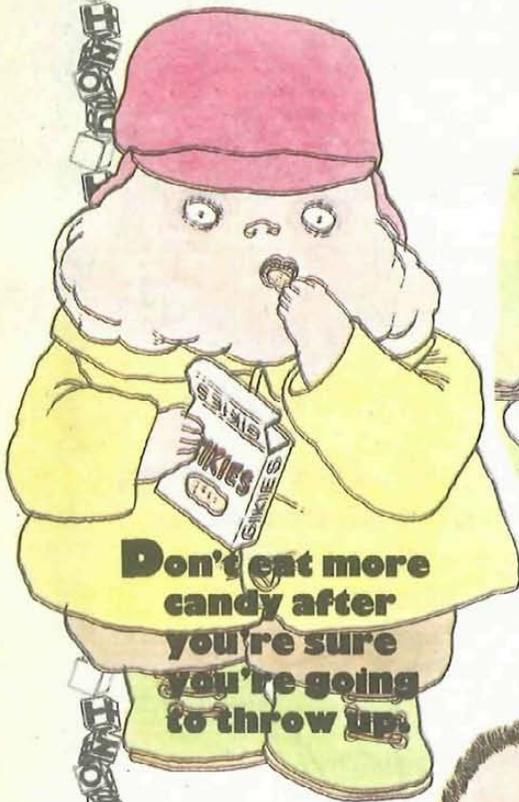
**Don't piss, spit up food,
and shit all at the
same time in your
high chair!**

Don't break things!

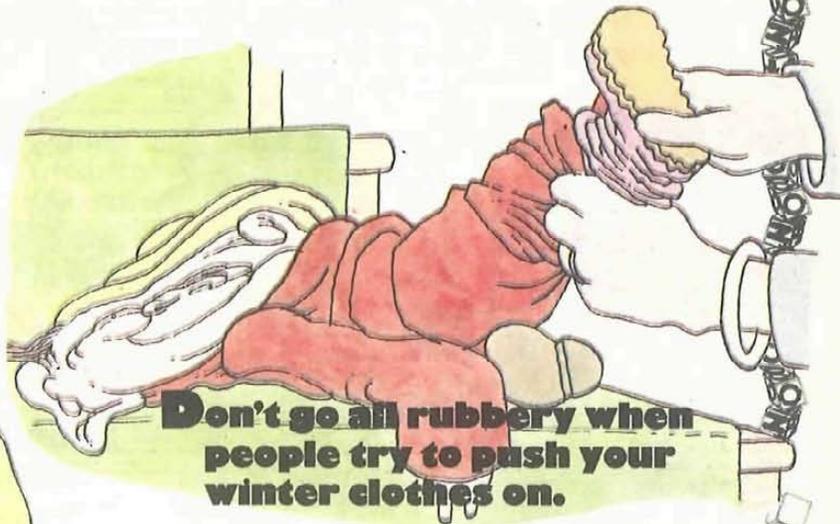




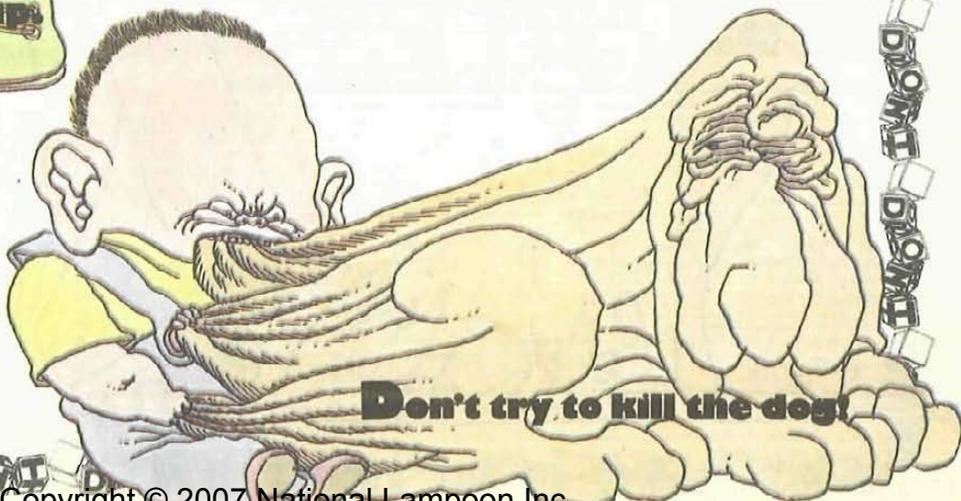
Don't forget to breathe one night and die in your crib!



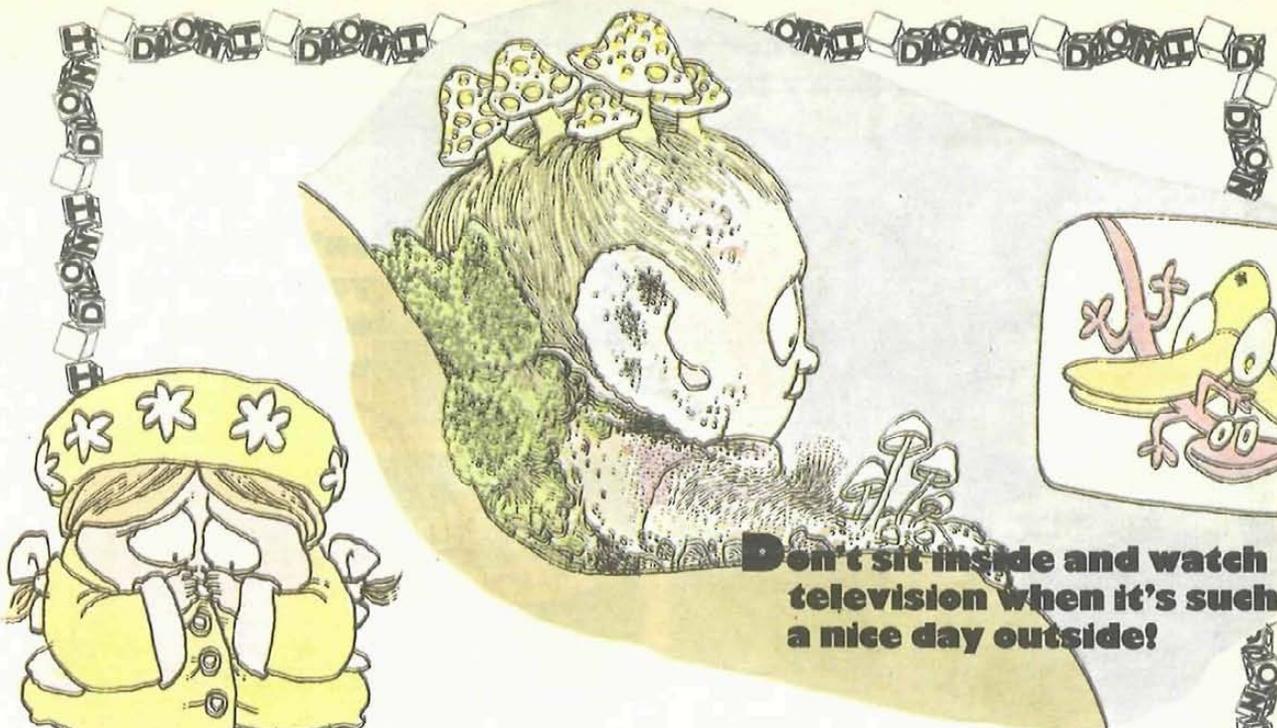
Don't eat more candy after you're sure you're going to throw up.



Don't go all rubbery when people try to push your winter clothes on.

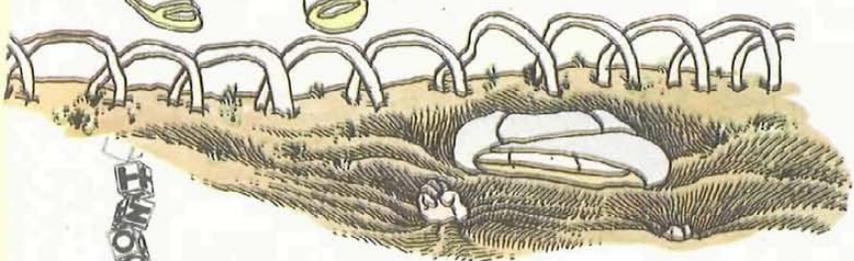


Don't try to kill the dog!

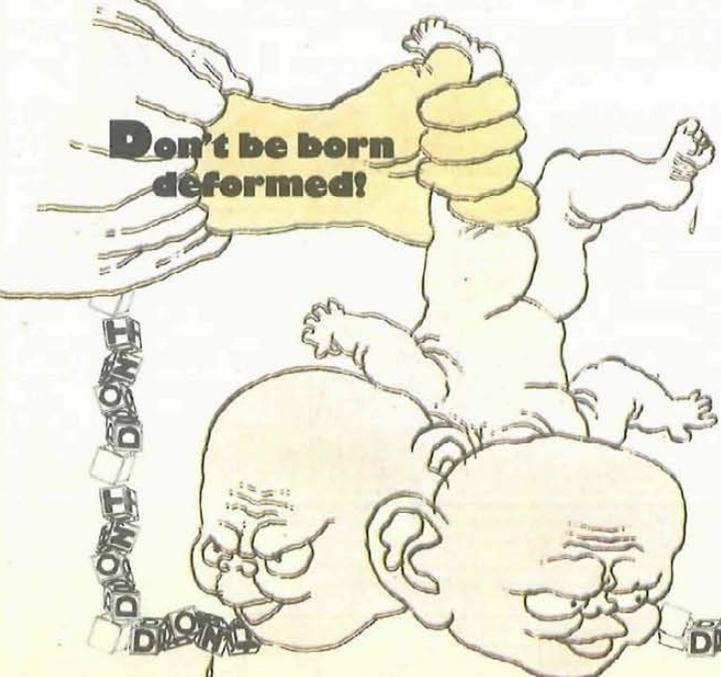


Don't sit inside and watch television when it's such a nice day outside!

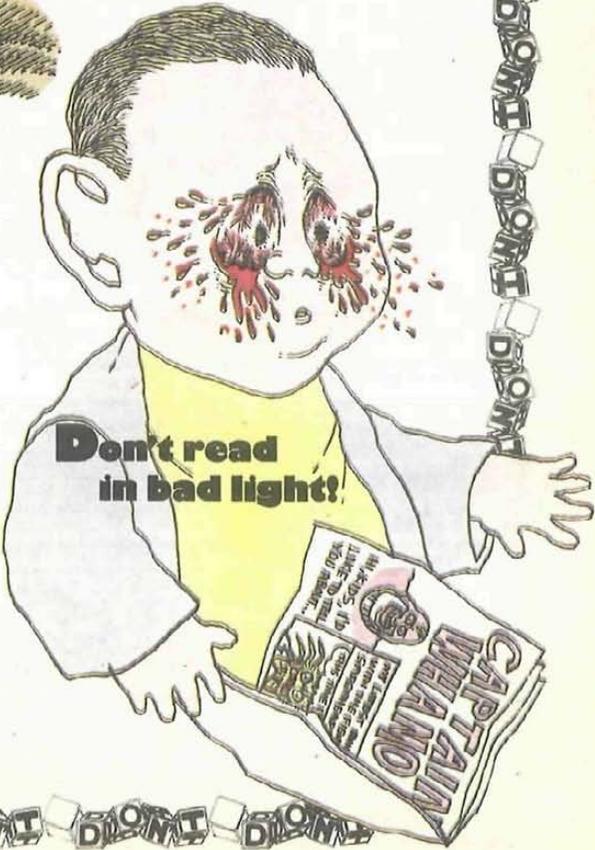
Don't show off in the mud!



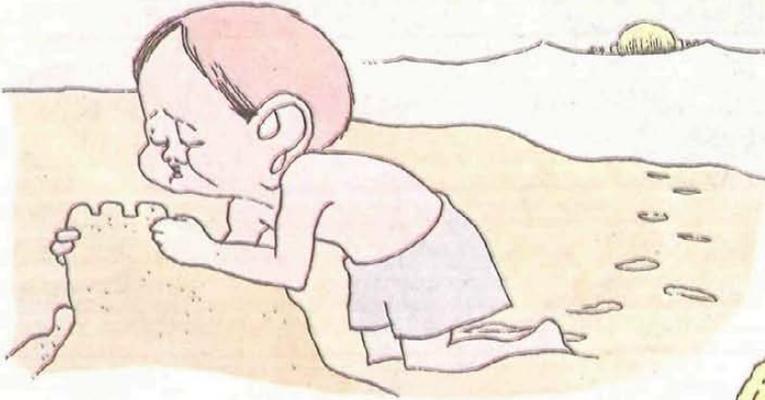
Don't be born deformed!



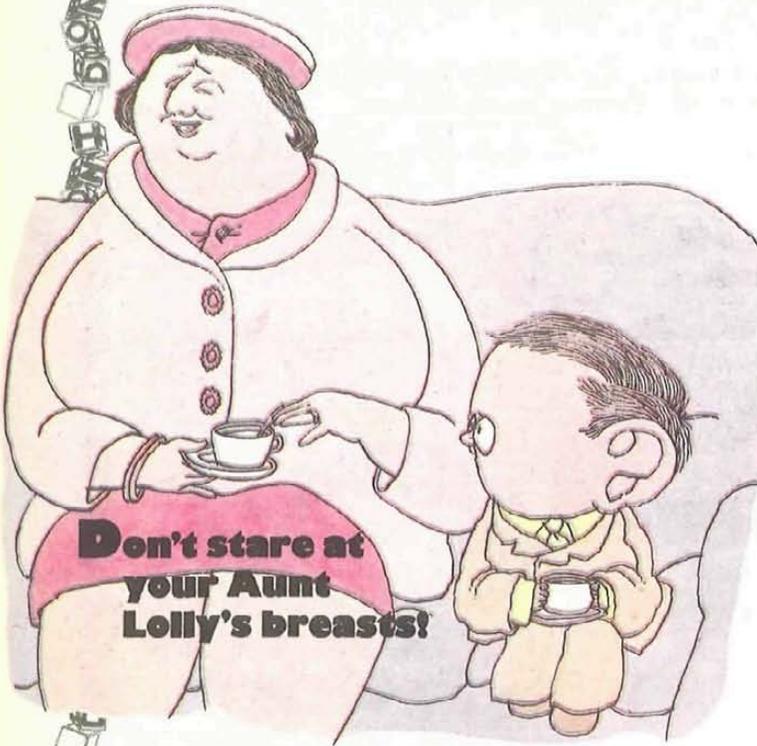
Don't read in bad light!



**Don't forget to watch what
your baby brother's doing!**

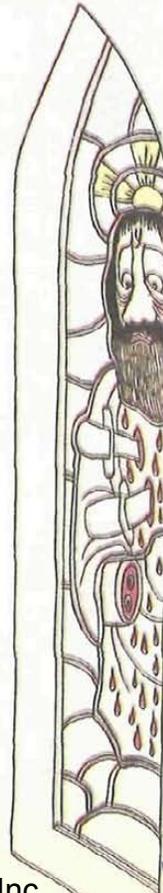


**Don't wish
your mother
and father
were dead!**

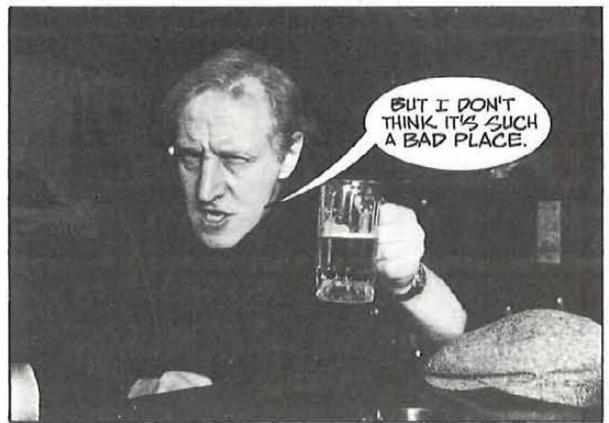
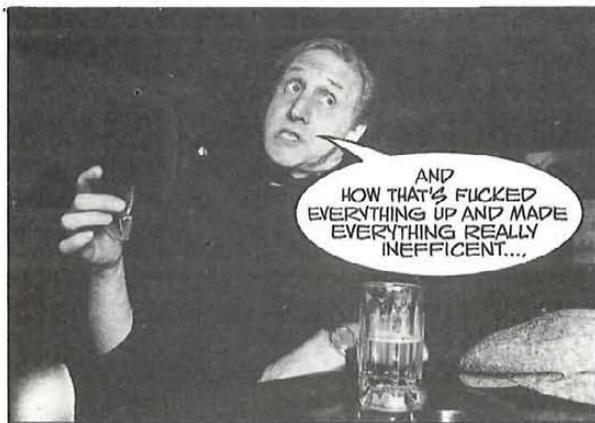
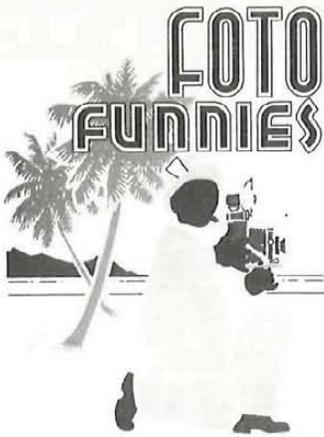


**Don't stare at
your Aunt
Lolly's breasts!**

**And
Don't
get fresh
with
God!!!**



THE END



KIDS

NATIONAL
LAMPPOON

How to Make a Kid of Your Own

Step 1: Find a female.



Step 2: Buy her a meaningful gift.



Step 3: Remove her clothing.



Step 4: Take off your clothes.



Step 5: Hug her all over for a long time until it stops feeling good.



Step 6: Wait nine months or until ready.



It's Extraordinary.



Of course,
it's Angels Flight.™
You know you look
good in their super
fitting separates.
They have that up
and coming look,
yet are at down
to earth prices.
Very impressive.
So let 'em stare.
But be prepared,
for anything,
when you're in—



STYLED BY TOBIAS

Leading the way
in fashion.

Pin-striped separates available soon at fine stores everywhere.

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BIG BOYS

continued from page 59

into Eighth Grade either. And, besides, one of the guys on the Junior High School football team had taught him how to jack off and he'd been to a party after baseball season and had kissed this girl and he was pretty sure she'd let him touch her on her chest outside her clothes if he kept asking her a real lot and kissed her some more, and this was a real problem. We said that if he kissed her some more like that he'd end up getting a mouth full of somebody else's spit. And that could make you puke and that convinced him for a while, but he said only because he didn't want to puke in front of her because she thought he was really neat because he'd probably make the Freshman football team next year. Besides, he really wanted to touch her on her chest the way she was probably going to let him, eventually, and, besides that, jacking off was great and he didn't want to stop doing that because of being a kid or something. Duane said jacking off would make you go nuts and blind but I don't think that's right because I did better in science class than Duane. But all those sperms are definitely alive parts of babies and I told Jimmy that. I mean, I'd never done anything like jacking off yet. I mean, I tried it once but it made me feel like I was going to faint like one time when I had the flu and had a really high temperature and hardly anything came out, so that didn't really count. But jacking off was anyway sort of like killing parts of babies. I mean, it isn't really like killing babies because it's probably all right to do it to look at the sperms under a microscope the way we had Jimmy go in the bathroom to do under mine. But jacking off all the time would be sort of like killing at least part of one baby eventually. Besides, everyone knows it slows you down for sports and that sort of convinced Jimmy because he said the only reason he'd taken the stupid old oath was because of playing sports, which grown-ups like his dad hardly ever got to do except for sometimes on Sundays out in the street with us and then they'd begin breathing real fast and getting red in the face right away and have to go have a beer in front of the TV. But I think some of the guys on the football team had been teasing him about acting like a baby because we still played with cowboy guns just like we always had. And I know that that was the summer when Mr. Niel-

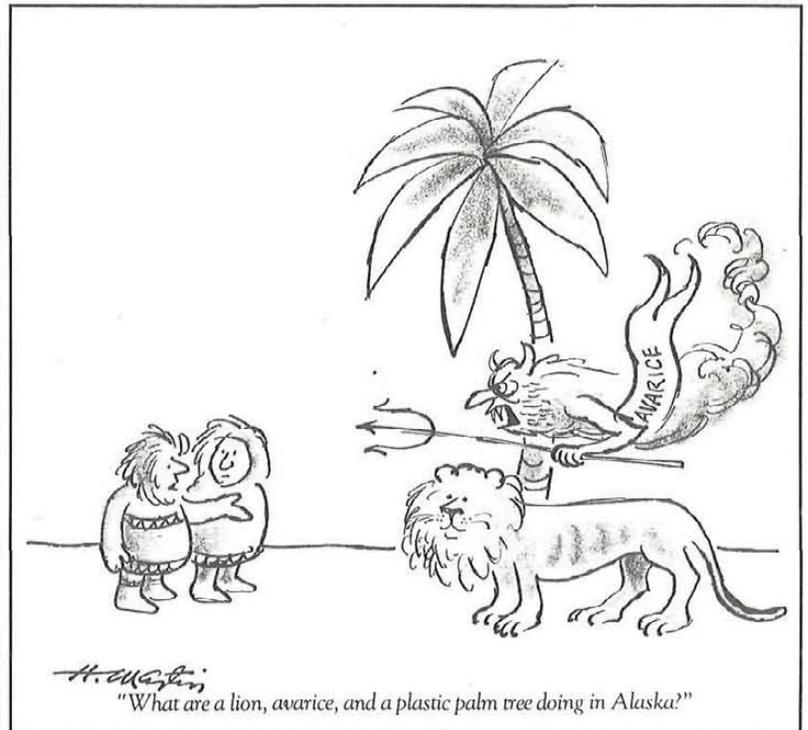
son took Jimmy fishing and made him listen to a long talk they had with each other where Mr. Nielson told Jimmy that he was getting too old to play with toy soldiers and airplanes and stuff and make machine gun noises down in the basement, even though it was Mr. Nielson who taught us how to make machine gun noises the right way, which is the way that my mom says spreads germs and not the other way which is to go *rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat*, which really stinks. And at the end of that summer Jimmy wouldn't take the oath again because he said he was busy beginning ahead of time on his homework for High School, which was starting the next day. And even though he said he was still best friends with me and best friends with all of us I don't think he would have stayed best friends with all of us or even me if he hadn't got cut from the Freshman football team.

That year Jimmy was in High School and me and Gary and Duane and Dave were in the Eighth Grade and Louie was in the Seventh. We still had the fort, although the parks people had moved its roof so that it wasn't really a fort anymore but just a hole in the ground where we went to sit and talk about things, and it wasn't a very good place to hide things anymore either, so we started hiding things down Dave's basement because his mother was really nice and didn't

bother us or ask us what we were doing all the time, or ever really. And she worked and was gone all day and she was gone a lot at night too because she said she had to go meet friends a lot, and plenty of times she didn't come home until way late and sometimes, after that next summer, she didn't come home until the next day because she stayed over at one of her friend's houses all night without even telling Dave, which was really great. And Dave would fix TV dinners for everybody who could get permission to stay over and we could drink all the grape pop and Pepsi we wanted. So we put all the cowboy guns and the army guns and the toy soldiers and my chemistry set and all our trading cards and rock collections and Dinky Toys and dead snakeskins and bird nests and stuff over there in the fruit cellar part of Dave's basement where he said his mother would never go because she'd get her hat dirty getting in there. And most of the time we could go over there and play and not have to worry about Mr. Nielson saying anything or having any long talks with Jimmy or Jimmy's getting teased or any of the rest of us getting teased except Louie, who always got teased anyway because he's so fat. And over at Dave's house we could wear all the army stuff, even upstairs most of the time, because his Mom was away so much.

So that's what we did and we even started building another train layout,

continued



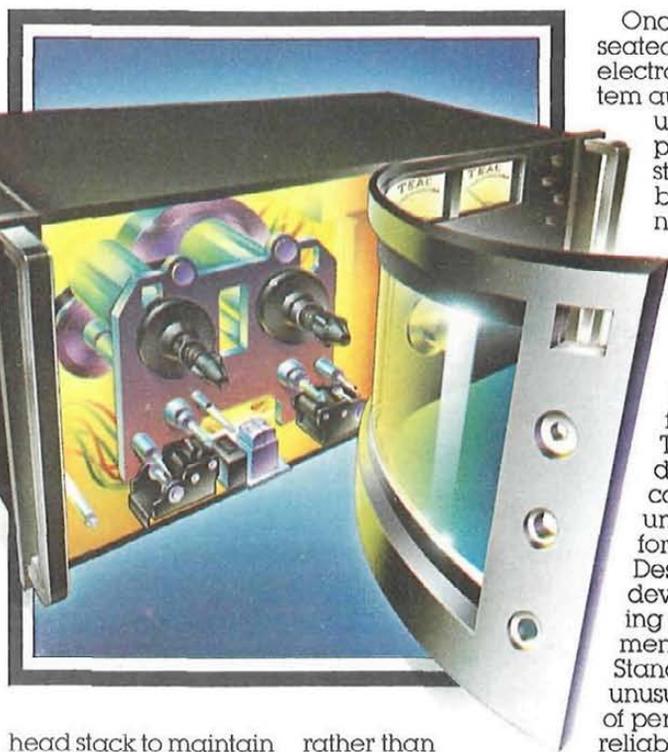
PEEL AWAY THE BELLS AND WHISTLES.

Behind the face plate lies the heart of every tape recorder: The transport mechanism. Its accuracy and stability are crucial. Its weaknesses audible. When it errs, no amount of electronic wizardry can retrieve the lost fidelity.

In the cassette format, margins for error are incredibly small. The cassette tape housing, itself an imperfect mechanical device, becomes a working part of the drive system. So problems are compounded. And sometimes, the limits of audio technology are not broad enough to meet our performance criteria.

That's why we turned to our Instrumentation Group for a more sophisticated technology. One that deals with tape transports built for computer installations. Where mega-dollars are at stake. Where a typical run means 3,000 brutal hours of continuous read-write use. Where reliability is everything.

This is the transport mechanism in our finest cassette decks. It's a dual-capstan isolated-loop configuration. Separate capstan assemblies are located before and after the



head stack to maintain constant tape tension and tape-to-head contact. Each capstan is formed on a computer-controlled lathe, then micro-ground to a tolerance of 0.2 micron (0.000008 inch).

Internally balanced for vibration-free rotation, our DC servo-controlled capstan motor provides unprecedented speed accuracy and stability.

Take-up, back torque and running torque are maintained by coreless-rotor DC reel motors. Braking is electromagnetic

rather than mechanical. In every mode, tape movement is smooth and accurate.

But it's not just the component parts or design that set a TEAC apart. It's the overall balance of each mechanism. The way components are selected, manufactured and mounted to form an integrated whole.

Our transports are anchored to prevent slack, movement or warping. There's no vibration or sonic deterioration even after years and years of hard use.

Once a cassette is seated, an independent electronic control system automatically takes up any slack. So the possibility of tape stretch, tangling or breaking is eliminated before the

Play button is pushed. That's what it takes to be a TEAC.

And while the internal configurations vary from TEAC to TEAC, one fact does not. Our own commitment to unusually high performance criteria. Design habits we developed by building complex instrumentation hardware. Standards that dictate unusually high levels of performance and reliability.

Machine after machine. For many years to come.

To us, it's a matter of craftsmanship. To you, a matter of decision. That's why we invite you to look into the guts of a tape machine. Peel away the bells and whistles and you'll find the real measure of every tape recorder. Especially ours.

For more information, see your TEAC Audio Specialist dealer or write us at Dept. NL-6.

TEAC.

BIG BOYS

continued

although we really didn't know how to do it right at first, and the table was too wobbly so it didn't get finished for a long time. But Mrs. Blair didn't mind and we just played like we always had except we were getting better at it and had some really good games. We had lead soldier molds and we got a box full of old tire weights from the gas station at High Street and Central and melted down the lead and made a whole bunch of new soldiers in Dave's basement, but this time we made our own army uniform for them and they were an International Secret Army to fight Communism and Nazis (if there happened to be any of them any more). But a lot of Germans who'd been in the German army, which was the best army if it hadn't been for Adolf Hitler, were in this one this time and the uniforms were kind of like Nazi uniforms but not with swastikas, and the German guys were in there to make up for what Hitler did. And we built a bunch of airplane models so that they would have a air force that was mostly old Messerschmitts and F4Us, but even if these planes were slower than jet MIGs we figured they'd catch the Russians by surprise and win that way. And we had this real steep hill in Ottawa Park that we rode our old bikes down really fast except that Duane and Louie still only had old bikes, and we played Chicken on the bikes too in this big church parking lot. And we built bombs and rockets that really exploded, especially this one kind that was made from a CO₂ cartridge that you would let the CO₂ out of and saw off the end and fill it with match heads and then put it down a pipe and light the end. Then we took some of Mr. Nielson's shotgun shells and took out the powder and used that in the CO₂ cartridge, but that blew up really bad and Louie got part of it right in the leg and got punished but also got a really neat scar. And we set fire to a cat. And we had real train wrecks on the train layout where we really wrecked some old stuff because it doesn't matter if the table's a little wobbly for that. And we had secret missions when we were staying over at Dave's house where we had to go in Green Beret teams and do something in the middle of the night like sneak into the school and go to the bathroom or climb on top of the gas station and send code messages from a flashlight back to the airing deck on Dave's

house. And one night Jimmy and Dave got on the airing deck with slingshots and Duane and me had to go through five backyards and throw water balloon grenades at them from below while they shot at us, and I got hit four times. And we had a lot of firecrackers. So most of the time keeping the oath that we swore to wasn't such a big deal except for some jacking off stuff and the one time that Mrs. Fitch came over to borrow a cup of something from Mrs. Blair when Mrs. Blair wasn't home, like she usually wasn't, and caught us all in the living room with these pirate clothes on that we'd made from a suitcase full of Mr. Blair's old clothes that he'd left in the attic when he died or got divorced, and we were all painted up with pirate tattoos and had real swords that we'd made from storm window frames with the grinder down in Dave's basement, and we had all of the living room furniture pushed together in the middle of the living room to make a frigate where we'd been marooned or becalmed for weeks, for the past hour. And we were just deciding to eat Louie because he was the fattest, and we had his clothes off him and had him all tied up and were going to carry him down to the basement, which was a desert island, with clothesline poles stuck through the ropes and all of us on both ends of the clothesline poles, which is what it would take to lift Louie and maybe then some, and boil him in the laundry sink, which we were going to build a real fire under, and get the smoke out by unhooking the dryer vent and sucking it all outside. Well, we managed to get a sail that was a bedspread we'd been using over Louie before she saw us but she really wanted to know what was going on, a lot. I told her we were rehearsing for a school play. But that was close.

But, like I said, most of the time it wasn't a big deal until after New Year's Eve in 1962 when Jimmy had his birthday and was sixteen and we had a big fight about driving cars. We had a really big fight about driving cars. Jimmy said it was just too neat a thing not to do and we'd feel the same way in a year when we had a fight with ourselves about whether we could do it or not, and driving cars was about as neat a thing as there was to do. And he said he didn't mind about not doing all sorts of other things like going to college or having his own house someday or even going out with girls because they didn't always mean what

they said when they said things to you, especially if you didn't make the Freshman football team. But driving cars was neater than anything no matter what kind of oath you swore to. Dave said it was illegal for kids to drive a car and that was that. But Jimmy said that that wasn't always true. The Hardy Boys had a car, he was pretty sure, or Nancy Drew did anyway, although we had to go steal some of my sister's Nancy Drew books to make sure, and she did. And Jimmy said, besides, we were special kids anyway and we hadn't sworn to the oath we swore to just to keep ourselves from having any fun. (Although I reminded everybody about what happened to Sonny Williams.) But finally at first we agreed that we could all drive cars but that we couldn't get legal driver's licenses because that was what it was that made it illegal for kids to drive. And we could only drive cars when we stole them from bad people. But this was a problem because it seemed like stealing cars from bad people might be O.K., but there weren't really all that many bad people around that we knew of except maybe Mr. Pilter and he kept his car locked up in the garage. And if we were caught without a license we would go to jail and that definitely would not be a kid thing to do. So finally later we decided that Jimmy could get a driver's license but that every time he drove a car he would have to drive it across somebody's lawn (like Mr. Pilter's, for instance) or do something else great with it. Just like you can't put a genuine Gurkha knife like Gary's uncle brought back from World War Two back into its sheath without it drawing blood first after you take it out, even if you have to spend all afternoon looking for a frog to stick the way we usually had to when we took Gary's Gurkha knife out. Or even have to prick our own finger to get the blood the way we made Gary do that one time. Although the car driving didn't turn out to be such a big problem after all because Mr. and Mrs. Nielson said that Jimmy was such a weird-acting kid that they weren't going to let him drive much anyway except on emergency family errands to the grocery store and so on.

But I guess it was beginning to get kind of hard for some of the guys to always keep the oath that we swore to anymore. Especially since we didn't always know exactly what was in it because the parks people had been



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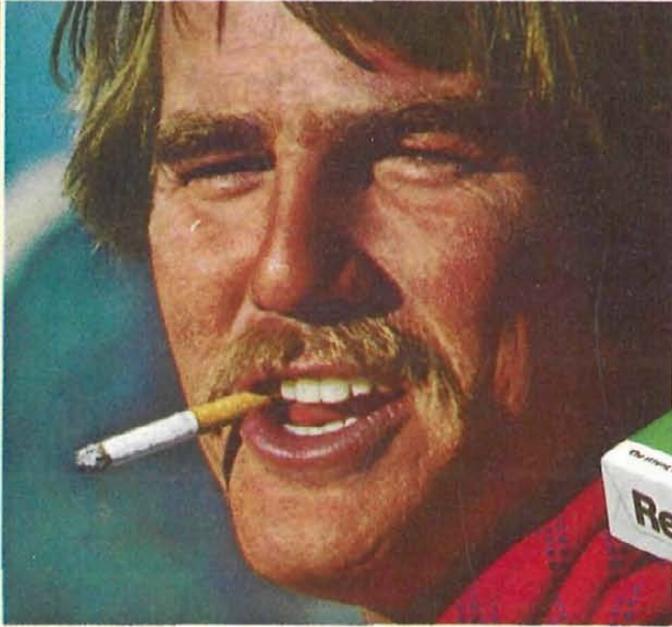
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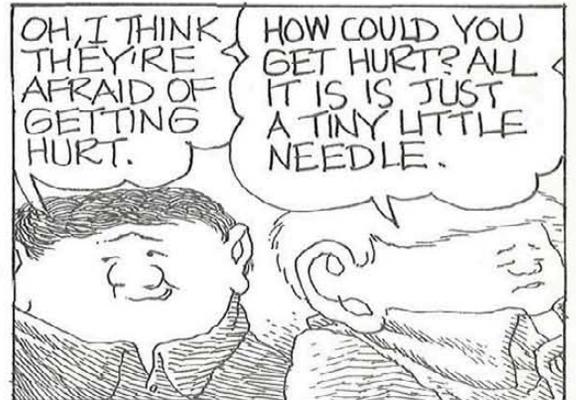
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FUNNY PAGES

NUTS

REMEMBER THE HUGE AMOUNT OF BLUFFING YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE A KID, AND HOW YOU WONDERED WHETHER YOU WERE DOING MORE, OR LESS, OR AROUND THE SAME AMOUNT AS THE OTHER KIDS?



Trots and Bonnie



©79 SHARY FLENNIKEN

the AESOP BROTHERS - SIAMESE TWINS! in the COMMUNIST PARTY!

BUT NOT FOR LONG!

(66 LOVESTONEITE FACTION)

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THE AESOP BROS. VOLUNTEER TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT! THE COMMUNIST SUPPLY CLERK ADVISES THEM THAT THE "OVERTHROWING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT" KITS ARE TEMPORARILY OUT OF STOCK. INSTEAD HE GIVES THEM THE "OVERTHROWING THE BERMUDA GOVERNMENT" KIT.

"...THAT'S AN 'OVERTHROWING THE BERMUDA GOVERNMENT' KIT? IT LOOKS LIKE A JAR OF DEAD FLIES!"

"UPON ARRIVAL IN BERMUDA SURREPTITIOUSLY PLACE DEAD FLIES INTO PLATES OF TOURISTS IN HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS. REVULSION OF TOURISTS WILL CAUSE CANCELLATIONS AND MASS EXODUS RESULTING IN UNEMPLOYMENT, DISORDER, AND RIOTING. SEIZE CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT - DECLARE A SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLIC OF BERMUDA AND REPLACE COVER ON JAR."

GEORGE, DO YOU BELIEVE THAT CRAP?

PUTTIN' FLIES IN PLATES AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHIN'! IT'S STUPID!

I SUPPOSE THE "OCTOBER REVOLUTION" WAS ALSO STUPID?

THE CHAIRMAN!

SO? PARTY DOGMA IS STUPID?

...AND SHOSTAKOVICH'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY SUBTITLED "LENINGRAD 1941" ON ANGEL / MELODYA. A TWO-RECORD SET - YEVGENY SVETLANOV CONDUCTING IS STUPID, TOO?

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, GEORGE. THIS GUY'S NUTS!

OH! LEAVING! CAN'T TAKE PARTY DISCIPLINE!

HE'S CRAZY!

WELL, THAT'S THAT! HEY! I STILL GOT THE JAR OF FLIES!

LET'S SEE IT!

PSSST! SPANISH FLY?

WANT A KICK IN THE ASS?

PSSST! SPANISH FLY?

WANT A KICK IN THE ASS?

JUD

BACK ISSUES

MARCH 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Pavilion* parody, *Susan Soroy* of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

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

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

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

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

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

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miraculous Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandrill.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Irva Test, and Night of the Lelees Capades Massacre.

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

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

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fag Hag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mei Brooks is God, Airport '69, and Gitter Burns.

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rocketeer Art Collection, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *Esquire Parody*.

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody.

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here.

SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer.

OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins and dozens of other comics and cartoons.

NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy Fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption and natural gas.

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody.

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, T.V. magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concordance, and *Dinah's Dumper*.

JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, unworkably by mail, Suszaman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross.

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Life Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance.

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grow-ups Can Do Anything.

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Moptop Faverave Fabgearbeat Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.

NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York.

DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement.

JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World.

FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW: With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro Nazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food.

MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless Games, and Just Deserts.

APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING: With The Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Aulorama.

JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST: With *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.

JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: With a garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Natl.Lamp*, Boris Agan on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky.

AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS: With *Sovvyteen* and Real Teen magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Natl.Lamp* report on education in America.

SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE: With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast.

OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT: With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth*, self-entertainment, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Natl.Lamp* guide to the Big Ten.

NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY: With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pol Mews and Coke Alley, Captain Cadaver by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section.

DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY: With *Modern Menus*, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section.

JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION: With *Psychopages*, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken.

FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY: With Very Married Sex, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife, and a profile of Mr Right.

MARCH, 1979/CHANCE: With Track Rats, Vegas, Unchained Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's risk section.

APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL: With Salacious Items and Lowd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Bulgemobiles, and a *Life* magazine parody.

MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM: With EXPLOR '79, Bone Bond of KGB, Girls of the Communist Bloc, and the ultimate Commie guide: the Pink Pages.

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HI, MULE. I'M REALLY HAPPY TODAY... MY BROTHER TOM CAME HOME FROM THE NUT HOUSE YESTERDAY.

MULE'S DINER

by stan mack

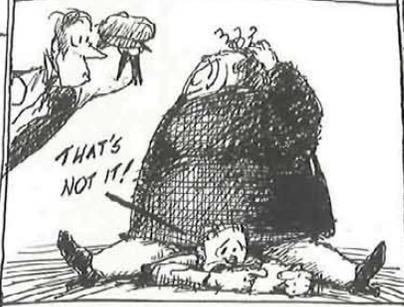
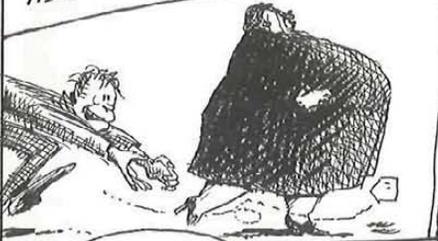
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THERE AT ALL. HE'S AS SANE AS YOU OR ME.



EXCEPT THAT HE WAS ALWAYS RUNNING AROUND PICKING UP SCRAPS OF PAPER, REMEMBER? HE DID IT EVERYWHERE....

HE'D STARE AT THE SCRAP AND YELL, "THAT'S NOT IT! THAT'S NOT IT!"

HE DROVE ALL OF US CRAZY.



THAT'S NOT IT!

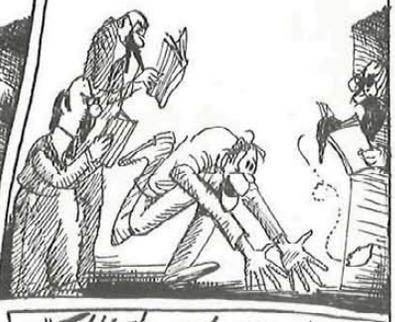
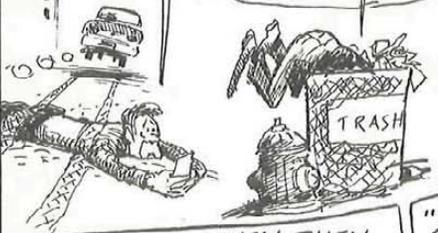
THAT'S NOT IT!

HE WAS NORMAL EXCEPT FOR THAT. THEN THEY PUT HIM IN THE HOSPITAL TO SEE IF THEY COULD FIND OUT WHAT WAS THE MATTER.

HE DID THE SAME THING INSIDE, BUT THE DOCTORS FIGURED HE WAS HARMLESS AND COULD GO HOME....

THAT'S NOT IT!

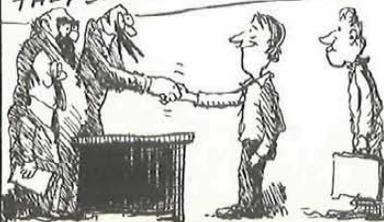
THAT'S NOT IT!

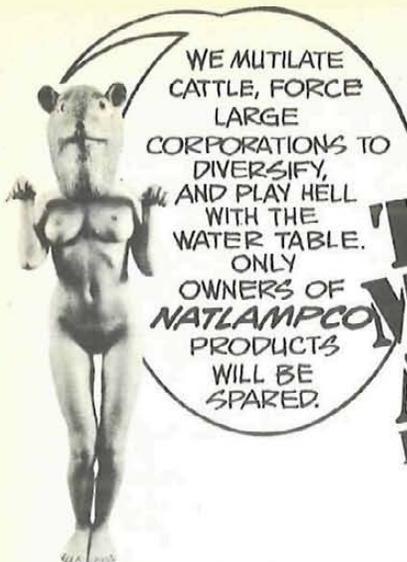


I WAS THERE WHEN THEY BROUGHT HIM INTO THE OFFICE. THEY SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM...

...AND HANDED HIM HIS RELEASE. TOM GRABBED THE RELEASE, STARED AT IT... AND SHOUTED...

... "THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!" AND RAN OUT THE DOOR.



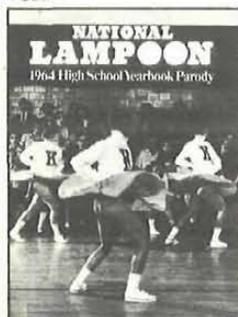


WE MUTILATE
CATTLE, FORCE
LARGE
CORPORATIONS TO
DIVERSIFY,
AND PLAY HELL
WITH THE
WATER TABLE.
ONLY
OWNERS OF
NATLAMP
PRODUCTS
WILL BE
SPARED.

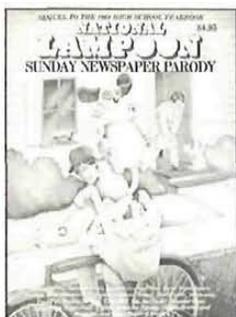
THE ATOMIC MOLE WOMEN ARE COMING

BUY NATIONAL LAMPOON
PRODUCTS BY
MAIL AND BE SPARED.

EVEN IF YOU
HAVE NO CATTLE,
CORPORATIONS,
OR
FINISHED
BASEMENTS,
ONE OF
THESE
BINDERS
IS A
GOOD
IDEA.



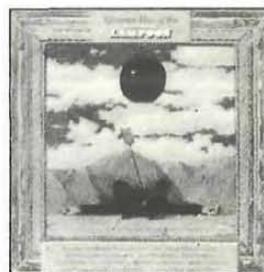
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<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1019 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 TS-1027 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 TS-1026 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1024 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1025 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 TS-1028 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 TS-1029 Circle one	small	medium	large
<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.50 BN-1001 (2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50)			
<input type="checkbox"/> \$15.00 BN-1002	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1003		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$13.50 BN-1003	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1005		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$12.50 BN-1004	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1006		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$11.50 BN-1005	<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1007A		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$10.50 BN-1006	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1008		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1001	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1009		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1012	<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.95 BO-1023		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1016	<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1024		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1018	<input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 BO-1025		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1020	<input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 A-1001		
<input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1021	<input type="checkbox"/> \$7.98 A-1002		

AS WE SAY ON
OUR PLANET,
"HELLO FOR
NOW AND
LONG TIME,
NO SEE."



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON #38D

HOOKERS

THE COMIC ARTIST WHO CAN'T DRAW HOOKERS CAN NEVER HOPE TO SELL HIS WORK TO THOSE HIGH-PAYING MEN'S MAGAZINES. STUDY FIGURES ONE AND TWO CAREFULLY AND SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT THE MISTAKE.



FIG. 1



FIG. 2

Two Year Affair *by Preiss+Reese*

JOIN US NOW AS GAIL AND MICHAEL CONFRONT THE AGE-OLD QUESTION, "WHAT IS LOVE?"

LOVE IS BINDING, MAGNETIC, FLOWING, UNBOUNDED, LIKE A RAINBOW CAPTURED IN YOUR HEART. IT IS A MELDING OF EMOTIONS, AN EXPRESSION OF MAN AND WOMAN TOGETHER.

ASK MY MOTHER.

NEXT: MACAROONS

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TINY TALE #1

R. Chast



TIMBERLAND

Tales
by B.K. Taylor
© 11



DOCTOR ROGERS

KATHLEEN

MAURICE

CONSTABLE TOM

THE HUMAN BOY
RUMORED TO HAVE
A SMALL AMOUNT OF
BRAIN DRAINAGE.

THE MONTH IS JUNE IN CANADA, AND THAT CAN MEAN BUT ONE THING... SPRING IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. OF COURSE, WITH SPRING COMES THE COLD AND FLU SEASON. EVEN A SPRY LAD LIKE MAURICE CAN FALL VICTIM. BUT WHEN ILLNESS STRIKES, TRUSTING FRIENDS HEAD FOR THE CABIN OF DR. ROGERS.

DOCTOR ROGERS, I THINK MAURICE GOT SOME KIN FLU IN MINE STOMACH!

WELL, WELL, YOU DO LOOK UNDER THE WEATHER, MAURICE.

I HAVE MY BAG HERE... LET'S TAKE THAT TEMPERATURE OF YOURS AND WE ...

OH-OH, I'M GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER WITH MAURICE, DOCTOR ROGERS?

SEEMS TO HAVE A FLU BUG, OR BAD EATING HABITS. HMMM...

WHOOOM!

POOR MAURICE!

OW! DIS IS NO FUN!

LET'S ALL HOLD HANDS IN THE CANADIAN WAY OF SHOWING UNITED STRENGTH. WE CAN...

BAFOOM!

TENSE MOMENTS PASS.

I THINK THE WORST IS OVER.

THERE HE IS! STILL SMOKING BUT NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

WELL, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, EH, MAURICE?

YOU BET!

AS THE SUN SETS ON THE CANADIAN TUNDRA, ANOTHER CRISIS FALLS PREY TO HUMAN COMPASSION.

FA-WHOOM!

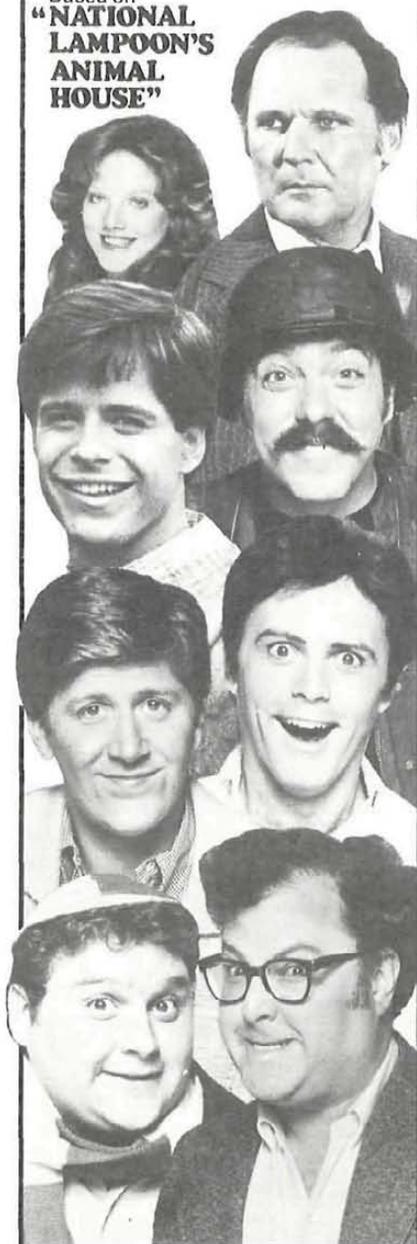
IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

FIN

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LAMPOON'S
ANIMAL
HOUSE"



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for time and channel.

BIG BOYS

continued from page 72

around and dug up the park all over the place to put in tennis courts, so we couldn't even dig up the spot where we'd buried the oath and besides, it was probably all rotted by now. So we made up a new oath, which was secret too and buried too, so I couldn't tell all about it even if I could because we don't have that one either. But part of it was about the cars, like I said, and we stick to that every single time even if sometimes it's the lawn at Dave's house that we have to drive across. And another part of it was about no dirty stuff going on. And no saying what anybody shouldn't do because it's not good for them. And no acting like our parents or like girls or getting in good with teachers or acting like Mrs. Blair's old boyfriend. And no yelling at other kids except about sports or in fights. And no moving away and staying away. And no getting stuck-up. And no telling. And no talking about stupid things and not sharing and a lot of other stuff besides. And we had a initiation this time for the oath so that we would all be sure to stick to it. And we cleared out the fruit cellar space, which was under the porch and real little, and we all got in there together and then set off three Cherry Bombs right in the middle of us, which really hurt our hands that we were covering our eyes with and made Duane so deaf his parents took him to a doctor and made all of us pretty deaf for about three days, and we got some burned places too.

But even the new oath was really hard to stick to. Maybe not for Louie because he really wasn't any different than he ever was. He still didn't even really have a lot of hair down there and his peter was really little and he acted just like a little kid anyway, with a real high voice, maybe because he's so fat. And his parents didn't seem to mind because I guess they were glad to have him out of the house so much. But Gary's dad used to yell at him all the time because Gary didn't go out for sports or start to date girls or anything and just hung around with us all the time, and Gary's dad started calling him a queer and said we were all a bunch of queers, and that just wasn't true even if Duane did get Louie to play with him a couple of times until Louie told because not doing that stuff was right in the new oath. And we made Duane go out behind the garage naked at night in the snow and sit

down for three minutes and then wear a itchy blanket and hold a mouthful of turpentine for one minute and then ask his American Government teacher if she would go on a date to the Sophomore prom with him.

Duane's parents used to yell at him a lot too but they always did do that. I guess Jimmy lied to his parents a lot about what he did with himself after school and why he wouldn't get a real summer job and everything. At least he was always carrying around a bunch of sports equipment for sports he didn't go out for like Indoor Track, which they don't even have at our school. So they didn't bother him a whole bunch except to say that he was weird, but Jimmy and Dave would get real gloomy a lot and mope around anyway and say that this whole oath stuff was kind of for queers like Gary's dad said or something even though Mrs. Blair didn't mind that we were there all the time or even notice very much since she wasn't there hardly at all anyway. And we used to clean the place up as much as we could when we remembered to do it and she had a cleaning lady anyway. But Jimmy and Dave would mope around and talk about how they would go to Florida and get Lifeguard jobs and live on the beach, and Gary began talking about being a policeman again or maybe about robbing the grocery store on Central Avenue with a knife.

We rode around in Mr. Nielson's car when Jimmy could get it and threw stuff at stuff and got the train layout table built right with this whole bunch of power tools that Gary's dad never used anymore. And built some really great models and stuff on it like places where bombs had hit and a building that was on fire. And we spray-painted the word NIGGER on the school and toilet-papered somebody's house. And got together the biggest collection of Marvel comics anywhere that anybody had ever seen because Louie's granddad owned a drugstore and we found out how to open one of the back windows. And we had a bigger army than ever with all the soldiers and models that we had built. Plus we had a slot car model race track and a lot of money because Mrs. Blair was really generous to Dave and, besides, bought him a lot of clothes especially after she'd come back from not being around for a while, and he'd take them back to the department store and get money. And we started to build some toy guns that weren't really toys because they'd shoot real things really hard. And we

continued on page 91

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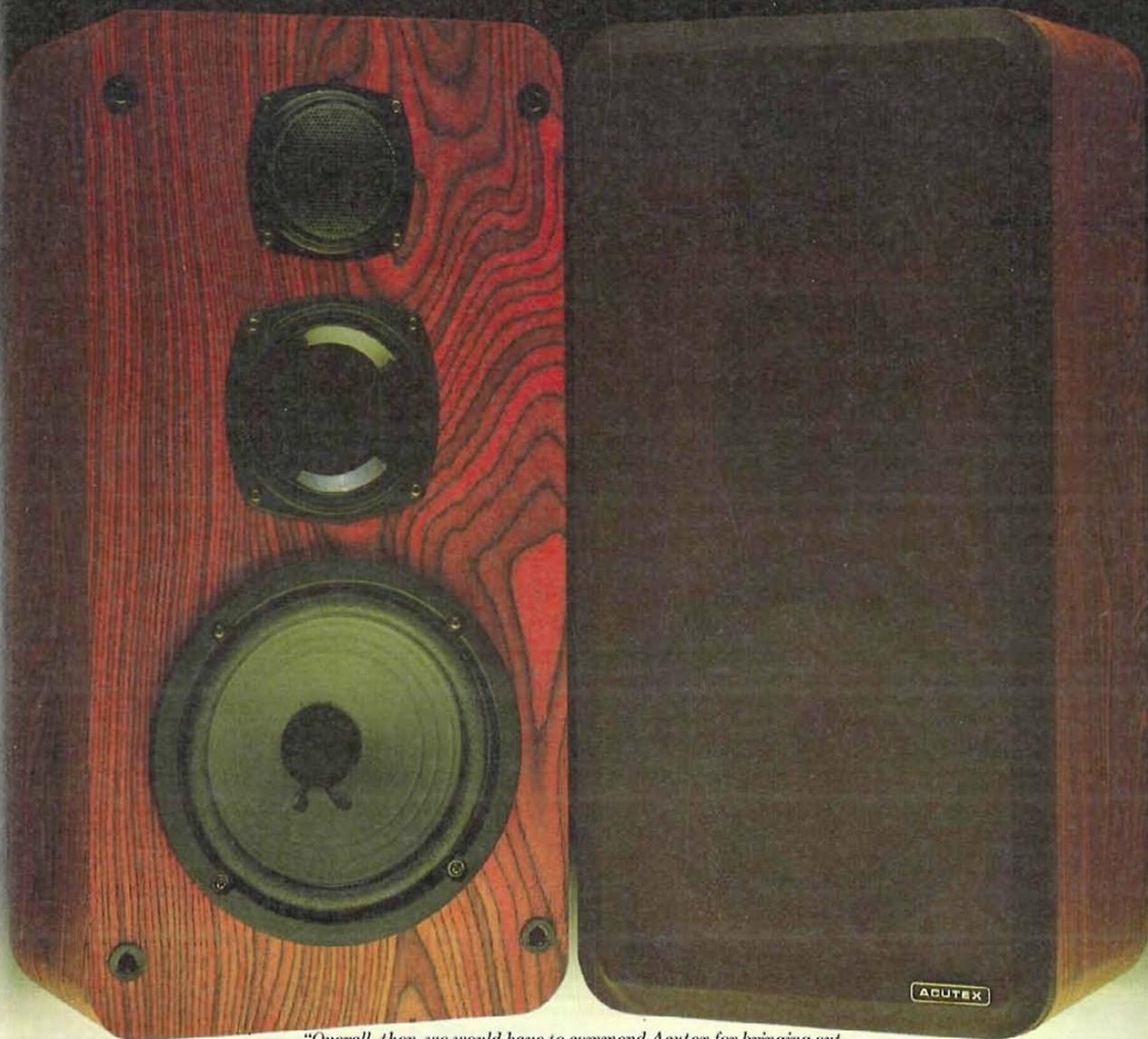
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The Complete Buyer's Guide to Stereo/Hi-Fi Equipment, Speakers '79*

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*Canadian
Corner*



Simple-solution seekers, toadies, sycophants, and cringing, obsequious fair-weather friends will be disappointed to know that once again I have decided not to run for the Canadian parliament. Not simply because the salary is too low, as my worthless opponents would have enfranchised Canadian life forms believe. Nor indeed because of my honored sire's attempts to convince the federal government to spend vast sums of money on a flying Borgward. Neither is my refusal prompted by revelations in the Vancouver gutter press that a Breathometer test showed I had eaten .08 slices of pepperoni pizza before driving and had almost certainly consumed one if not four cans of Tab. I have broken no laws. The police in my federal electoral district will tell you there is nothing illegal about driving home with a case of diet soft drink in your car. Unless, of course, it is Sunday or there is an open can in your mouth. Then your car can be impounded or you may be confiscated or kicked in the head or all three. So watch it.

As I was saying, I have decided not to run. Many Americans who have purchased silver mines, construction permits, and—particularly—casino licenses in my district will be (and understandably) upset. I have bowed out of the contest on compassionate grounds. My prospective opponent was so pathetic that even a Las Vegas pit boss would dump a handful of quarters into the fellow's outstretched hat. He, a former federal minister of fisheries (American equivalent: Secretary of Commerce) was brought low by vindictive reform-style politics. Casino investors, you of all people should understand this.

"Jack" (I'll just call him Jack) was entitled to take a first-class seat on airplanes. The Canadian equivalent of the Secretary of Commerce couldn't be expected to fly standby or dress up like a dog and go air freight like an ordinary Canadian.... So whenever the Minister of Fisheries had to fly from the capital, Ottawa, to his west coast constituency to inspect a dead smelt mysteriously washed up on the beach or oversee test-

ing of a new marine horn said to be useful at sea, he would supposedly fly first-class. Herein lies the rub. While Jack's innocent constituency imagined him floating homeward in a small forward cabin behind a maroon Air Canada curtain, eating complimentary peas on toothpicks, hobnobbing with top mining machinery salesman, and sitting next to six-foot stacks of microwave platters waiting to be served to tourist class... well, Jack was actually back in tourist class. Imagine that, my American friends! The Minister of Fisheries was sitting in "tourist" with a sled of microwave mush on his lap, poking around with the plastic cutlery, and having trouble with the little plastic and rubber earphones.

A Man of the People. I ask you, is there anything wrong with that?

Most of my future constituents would say off the top of their flat heads, "No!" "No," they'd say. "Not unless he was hurt to a farmer, loosened his tie, went to sleep in public, or poked his cock through the bottom of a pie plate and walked about introducing it to everybody."

Jack did none of these things. What he did do, and was convicted of, was... he took the first-class ticket from the government, see? Then he had his secretary cash it in and buy an ordinary ticket. And he kept the difference. The \$19.95. Or so, they say. He might have spent it, for all I know.

The crime Jack committed may not seem like much of a crime to you and me. But the feeling in Canada is that "where there's smoke, there's more smoke." And as my chief political advisor J. Hannon once told me, "Any guy that'd steal less than a thousand dollars is probably dishonest."

So why don't I run against Jack? For one thing, politics is expensive. Every moment you spend campaigning eats into campaign contributions. For another, my heart goes out to Jack. It is one heck of a thing to be smeared as a nickle-chiseling sneak and dime-biter when you know you had it in you to be a thief. Finally, there's Jack's family. Maybe the letter from Pat Nixon when Jack was convicted offered some consolation. Anyway, when some acquaintance affecting a puzzled expression shows them this column they can take solace in the words of J. Hannon of ILLA: "An indictment indicates a possible trend. A conviction means ya miscalculated; but remember, you ain't done nothin' really wrong unless you draw time."

T.M.

Sometimes the guys who get hit the hardest aren't even in the game.



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And Alka-Seltzer rushes relief to your aching head with a fast-acting analgesic.

It isn't often sports fans see that kind of fast action, so here's our instant replay: Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is.

Read and follow label directions.

Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is![®] Fast, fast, fast.

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THE



The Prince Principle works for Pam Shriver, finalist in the 1978 U.S. Open.

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PRINCE PRINCIPLE

We've got a patent on response, and until you've played with a Prince racket, you may never know how good your game can be.

There was a time when all rackets were the same size. There was also a time when the earth was flat.

Wooden rackets evolved to 70 square inches and no further because when you try to bend wood around more space than that, it cracks.

When the inventor, Howard Head, took up tennis, he found conventional rackets unsatisfactory. So he built his own, and revolutionized the game. Which you might expect from the man who took skiing all the way from hickory slats to space-age technology.

The racket Mr. Head developed is the Prince Classic. It has 110 square inches of playing surface. And the Principle that makes the Prince racket so much better than conventional rackets could fill a physics book with meaningful phrases like "co-efficient of response."

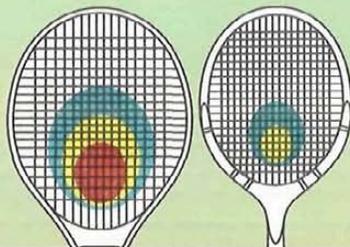
But what really counts is the effect a Prince racket will surely have on your game. You'll hit more, hit faster and with better control. The Prince weighs no more than your present racket. It swings as easily and it never twists. And it has 400% more effective hitting area. This is called the "sweet spot." It comes in sweet, sweeter and sweetest. And the sweetest spot on a Prince doesn't even exist on an ordinary racket.

This is no empty claim. There is a demonstrable difference in response. So demonstrable, the U.S. Patent Office has protected the Prince Principle with Patent #3999756. That means, the only place you can get Prince response is from a Prince-size racket.

If you play with a Prince for a week, we guarantee you'll hit more, hit faster and more precisely. If you don't agree, we'll arrange a membership for you in the Flat Earth Society.



**The Prince Principle at work:
we've got a patent on response.**
Blue = sweet. Yellow = sweeter. Red = sweetest.



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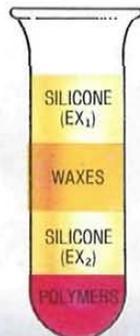
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BIG BOYS

continued from page 84

had great collections of stuff and were even digging a tunnel from Dave's basement to the garage. So we had a really good time lots of times. But it still seemed like something was kind of wrong sometimes too. And my parents sent me to a psychologist but he just said that I was maturing slow but was real normal although not that mature. So that made my folks feel pretty much O.K. But a lot of the kids at school were starting to act really different sometimes although I didn't really pay that much attention. I just sat in class and, you know, sort of sat there and didn't attract attention or anything, which is I guess what the other guys did pretty much too except sometimes Duane or Gary would kind of go nuts and get in fights with real little guys who were in the Ninth Grade but looked even littler. But the other kids in school were beginning to get really goofy trying to act like people on television and being worried all the time about if they were any good at things like school and getting along with people instead of just worrying about if they were any good at sports, which I wasn't ever anyway, so I didn't care. And they began talking about things that didn't make any sense, like the UN or President Kennedy getting killed, which didn't make me cry or anything. I mean, I'm not a baby and I didn't know him or anything and neither did any of those other kids who were just acting like girls. Except this one girl who was in lunch that day that that happened and was sitting next to me by accident, because that year none of the guys were in my lunch period and I pretty much had to eat lunch alone because all the other kids were getting so I didn't feel like I knew them, and not just the day that the president got killed either but all of the time, which I guess was sort of true anyway because I'd been best friends with Jimmy and Dave and Gary and Duane and Louie for so long that I guess I really wasn't much of friends with anybody else. And she wasn't crying or anything and she said to me that she guessed it was real sad but she didn't watch the news at night and know a lot about this stuff and had practically flunked her current events quiz. And she had a real nice smile that sort of reminded you of Betty Hawkins when Betty wasn't being bossy, even if she was wearing braces. And when she got up her chest part brushed against my shoulder and

she smelled really good and pretty soon I had lunch with her every day.

I got this really strange feeling from her like that I wanted to hug her like sometimes you get when you look at a gerbil and they're so sort of neat that you want to hug them really hard except you can't hug gerbils like that because you'll squash them to death. Well, that was sort of how I felt about this girl whose name was Jessie MacClure, and I didn't want to squash Jessie MacClure to death either, not at all, but just wanted to hug her real hard and a lot. And she was real easy to talk to about all sorts of things, though of course I couldn't tell her

about the oath because part of the oath was that it was a secret oath but it wasn't cheating to tell her that I didn't want to be a grown-up and I did want to tell her that although I didn't tell her that for a long time because I was scared she'd laugh. But finally I did tell her that and she didn't laugh or anything. Instead she said she didn't want to be one either and she knew how I felt. And that day I saw her after school and a couple of days later I walked her part of the way home and a couple of days after that I hugged her and I even kissed her and she kissed back and it wasn't like getting a mouthful of somebody else's spit at all.

This kind of stuff is kind of hard to
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BIG BOYS

continued

talk about even though Jessie McClure was really easy to talk to about stuff, but the stuff we talked about is really hard to talk about, if you know what I mean. I mean I really felt that she felt the same way I felt and I think she did too but she hadn't sworn any oaths or anything because I don't think girls swear oaths a whole lot the same way they only have one best friend at a time and that one's usually a different one every school year or more often than that. But anyway I thought maybe we were all wrong about girls after all and that they weren't so different, at least this one wasn't. Just that you want to hug them in a way that you don't want to with your friends that are guys. And you want to touch them and kiss them and even do things that might seem really gross if you didn't want to hug them as much as you do. And also they smell really good. And even if there was some stuff in the oath about girls it really wasn't what we meant. I mean we meant that you couldn't play girl games because girl games aren't really playing at all because what girls want to do is pretend to be grown-up but not grown up like *Soldiers of Fortune* who all have their own planes and get in dog fights with enemy air forces and save each other from being captured and wipe out Communists in Cuba or somewhere. Girls like to pretend to be grown-up like parents and play games like Going to the Store or Having Relatives Over or things like that, and that's not playing, that's practicing. And while it's really fun to play it's no fun to practice at all. Even Jimmy said that after he wasn't on the football team anymore. But anyway I kind of talked about all this to Jessie but sort of differently, but anyway I decided to let her come over to Dave's house this one week where Mrs. Blair had gone to Miami, Florida, for a week, after school one day when everybody but me had played hooky, which was really easy because Louie's voice is so high he sounds just like your mother. Or it would be easy one at a time because then Louie just calls the school and says he's your mom or somebody else's mom and you're sick or he is or whatever but I guess it was kind of hard that day because he had to call for himself and Jimmy and Gary and Duane and Dave too. And make his voice a little different every time, I guess, and remember a different thing that Jimmy made up for him to say

about each of them getting sick, and it isn't easy for Louie to remember all that much at once. And I think he finally just called up and said he was Mrs. Nielson and was going to take us all on a educational trip to a museum. Except me, because I just felt like going to school for some reason, which I guess was to see Jessie at lunch.

Well, maybe that wasn't exactly the right day to bring Jessie over to Dave's house because have you ever seen a movie called *Island of Lost Souls*? Well, it had been on real late on the TV and it's about this mad scientist doctor who has all these animals on this island and he's trying to turn them into people with really painful operations on them to make their claws into hands and stuff, and finally he makes a girl out of a panther and a lot of other stuff, but it doesn't work, and all these animals that are sort of people, but not finished yet, turn on him in the end and all you hear is a lot of screaming when they get him. And it's just about the neatest movie that any of us have ever seen. Anyway while I was going to school Jimmy and Gary and Dave and Duane decided to play like the movie except backwards and pretend to operate on Louie and turn him into a animal. And they had dug up a bunch more stuff in the attic and made themselves all doctor coats out of bed sheets, except it didn't really look so much like they were in doctor coats but more like they were ghosts or something. And they got some old fur stole things and furry mittens and stuff and they'd blindfolded Louie and then they'd made a lot of scientist and doctor noises and kind of pushed him around and pinched him to get him confused while they glued all this stuff on him with Elmer's Glue and locked him up in the linen closet in this space under the bottom shelf, which was too little for him to move around in so the glue would all have time to dry. And by the time I brought Jessie home from school after our last class got over they had Louie believing that they'd turned him into a part animal because it's real easy to make Louie believe practically anything and he was still blindfolded because they told him it hadn't worked real good and it was too terrible for him to look at himself because he'd probably die of a heart attack in his weak state after all the operations he had and that they would try to fix him back to almost normal probably

later although it would probably hurt real bad, which it really did because of the glue. And so he was scared to take the blindfold off and maybe couldn't anyway with the furry mittens glued on his hands, and so he was crawling around on the floor with the mittens and these fur stoles glued on his sides, and also they had made a big cardboard fin to go on his back and a tail out of ropes, and he's really big and fat and white anyway and was crying and making all these animal noises that the other guys had told him to make, and they were standing around in these doctor coats, which looked like ghost sheets without many lights on so the light wouldn't get under Louie's blindfold, and they were making all kinds of more mad scientist noises when me and Jessie came in.

I'm not even real sure about exactly what she did right away because I never let myself remember that because of how it makes me feel, which is really bad. But she didn't ever want to talk to me again and didn't, really, either. I was scared she was going to tell too. But she didn't and I jacked off thinking about her chest a couple of times and after a while I didn't let myself think about it, like I said. But I guess that made up my mind about swearing that we would keep the oath the way we swore we would because I just figured I was too weird for anybody to talk to as far as they were concerned, except the other guys who were as weird as me. So that decided things for me. And I guess Louie never figured at all so that decided things for him. But like I said a couple of times before, it was getting real hard to keep the oath that we swore to and I guess it was so hard that Duane couldn't do it. Because his parents moved away that spring and he came around to Dave's house a couple of times after that and then he didn't anymore. And Mrs. Hawkins told my mom that later he dropped out of High School and joined the Army. And I guess the same goes for Jimmy because he graduated that spring and he didn't say anything or anything but just joined the Marine Corps like he always used to say he was going to.

Although Jimmy came back right away because while he was in basic training and everything they gave him his first machine gun to shoot and he said it was really neat but kind of heavy but pretty neat anyway, and when they gave it to him he just jumped up on top of the foxhole they had him in and started yelling at Japs

continued

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BIG BOYS
continued

and making machine gun noises, except for real, and shooting real machine gun bullets, which he said would practically knock you over shooting them, and the machine gun kind of got out of control and I guess a couple of guys got wounded with stray bullets because they were too dumb to take cover. And he came right back home after getting kicked out and just sat around the house till his parents got done yelling at him and decided that maybe he was disturbed but would maybe get better if they left him alone for a while. So that decided Jimmy and then we heard that Duane got killed in Vietnam and I guess that decided the rest of us.

Well, that fall when we were all Seniors, except Jimmy who was sitting around the house, we decided that we weren't going to college because that definitely would be against the oath unless we all went to the same one and we didn't think Louie could probably ever get in to any of them and maybe not Dave either because he was doing worse and worse in school. My parents didn't say too much because I just went ahead and did all the college applications but just wasn't going to go, but Gary told his mom that he wasn't and she told his dad who really blew up and said Gary could just get out of the house and get a job if he wasn't going to go to college and he could do it right now. Gary kind of already had a job because he had Jimmy's old paper route that Jimmy had had since we were little and sometimes we all helped him do it but it didn't really make much money, and lots of people kind of thought we were too old to be paper boys and wouldn't let us in the yard or made their kids come indoors when we went to collect. But his mom wouldn't really let his dad really throw him out of the house until he got out of High School anyway, but then she probably would. So Gary started staying over at Dave's all the time and Mrs. Blair didn't say anything because she was almost never around anymore. But anyway that just goes to show you, about Gary, that we were all going to be kind of stuck when school got out and after we got done with graduating and everything. Even Louie's parents started talking about him getting a job or something.

And my parents started to talk about me going back to the psycholo-

gist again after I just didn't go to the Junior College in town even after I got in and school started and all that stuff. I mean I went and bought my books but I was just really tired of going to school and I was eighteen and I didn't have to if I didn't want to I guess so I just didn't. And Jimmy was already going to the psychologist and his dad was starting to get really crazy acting too. At least nobody got drafted. Louie was too fat. And Gary had a spleen that wasn't any good or something. Dave just never went down to the draft board place the way you were supposed to but nobody ever came around or anything. I went to the draft physical examination, which really stunk, and when it was all over they sent me to talk to this guy who was a psychologist too, I guess, and he just talked to me for a long time and I kind of liked him O.K., and I just talked to him about things and didn't lie or anything, and when they sent me my draft card it had a 1-Y on it instead of a 1-A, and I haven't heard anything since then and they don't even draft anybody anymore anyway.

So that was good but everything else wasn't and I don't know what we would have done next even though this sounds really lousy to say because it isn't like we wanted it to happen and Dave got really upset for a long time, but Mrs. Blair died in a car wreck. And then later after a whole lot of stuff happened and there was a funeral and everything a guy who was a lawyer and some other guy came to talk to Dave and everything and he had a lot of money from then on and this bank that sort of took care of things where he could go and draw some of it out when he really needed it. Even when we get bills and stuff he can take them down there and get them fixed up so we all moved into Dave's house.

PART 3

And that was in 1966. I guess a lot of stuff has happened since then. Jimmy's parents kind of like said that they never wanted to see him anymore and moved to Florida, and he doesn't hear from them ever or anything. They don't even send him anything for Christmas, which I think is pretty lousy. And Gary's parents are kind of the same way I guess except they just moved into a suburb instead of Florida. Jimmy and Gary mow lawns and shovel snow off of driveways and stuff like that except now they

continued



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BIG BOYS

continued

have a truck and everything. Louie's parents still live down the block across from my house. They never did say anything about Louie moving into Dave's house or about anything else either and I think that's maybe because they aren't a lot brighter than Louie. Anyway, Mr. Dunkle's retired and sometimes he borrows power tools from us. I have to run my dad's business or I'm supposed to have to but I don't really. My sister's husband, Bill, really does that and I just go down there and sit around sometimes, although I've got my own office in the back with a lot of neat stuff in it that was around the shop but too broken to use. My parents used to be really weird because I guess I didn't turn out like they wanted me to, which was as an engineer, but then my dad died in 1973 and now I think my mom is really pretty glad that I live right on the same block and even stay at home plenty of the time because I think she's pretty lonely and doesn't really have a lot to do and my sister never comes around except to get Mom to baby-sit and then she yells at me and calls me stuff because of her husband and all the work he does because I don't do any. But I don't think he really wants me to. I mean, he likes to work because it makes him real important or something.

Jimmy and I share Mrs. Blair's old room and Dave's got his room and Gary's got the other bedroom and Louie sleeps in the den downstairs. Louie's kind of sick. He's really really fat now and had to have a couple of operations so he doesn't feel too good a lot of the time. But everybody else is O.K., although Gary and Dave are kind of fat too but not like Louie. We've done a lot of stuff to the house, especially downstairs where we tore out a dining room wall to make a bigger room and have the train layout up there now all over the whole living room and dining room and it's a better one than even the one we used to have in the basement and has a cable car that goes up the stairs and everything. And part of it is just like the beach at Normandy in World War Two, which we made from photographs taken from airplanes that we got by sending to Washington, D.C. And we have dirt bikes that we put in Jimmy and Gary's truck and take places. And we have a big above-ground swimming pool that takes up practically the whole backyard and is

almost four feet deep. We spend a lot of time down in the basement too, which we built to be just like a bomb shelter except with a color TV. The shows aren't so good on Saturday morning anymore, but we watch movies that are on really late at night and make popcorn, especially Louie. And we're going to get cable TV as soon as they get it in this neighborhood, which is supposed to be real soon. Jimmy's building a real hot rod in the garage that he says he's really going to drag race although I don't know if he really will because he talks a lot about things that he never does like sky diving, which he hasn't done yet. We got Gary's brothers a short wave radio that he didn't want anymore after he got married, and sometimes we talk to guys in Australia and sometimes we pretend to be spies and broadcast secrets but Dave's afraid the FBI will trace us to his house if we do that too much. We built a real firing range in the other part of the basement to fire real guns in that's sound-proofed really good, although the guy that lives next door says it isn't. I found this place where we can rent soldier uniforms and things downtown and I take the bus down there when we really want to play something good like when we make extra money working on lawns and stuff with Jimmy and Gary, and rent the right stuff for it like Civil War stuff, which is really great. And sometimes I write up the whole thing we're going to play first. And we have a speedboat that we keep up at the cottage on a lake that my dad got right before he died, and we all go up there when my sister isn't there with all her kids to yell at us. And we have a lot of other neat stuff too, like a whole bunch of real glass cases up in the attic to put all our collections in. We play commando skin divers with the speedboat and everybody water-skis really good except Louie and Gary and Dave. And we're working on some model battleships too that will have real guns to fire and sink each other with up at the lake in the fall when practically everybody isn't there anymore.

There's lots of new people in the neighborhood including even some colored people such as the Kingsleys, and there are lots of kids and everything in the neighborhood but we don't play with any of them. We used to a little bit but then their dad said we were weird and a policeman came to talk to Gary, I think it was,

because I guess he thought Gary wanted to do something dirty to this kid or maybe just because Gary was picking on somebody a whole lot littler than him, which Gary says wasn't true but might have been anyway because Gary weighs almost 240 pounds and gets real mad real fast. But Jimmy talked to the policeman and said that Gary was just a regular guy and showed the policeman how we had set up the shooting gallery (except he let him in through the side door so he wouldn't see the train layout and maybe think Gary was weird after all) with all the sand bags in the basement so we could shoot real guns. And the policeman thought that was really neat and tried it out with his extra gun that he told us policemen always carry, and then he tried some of the guns that we've got and let us try his and we had a real good time. But also most kids seem like they're kind of different than they used to be. Maybe because a expressway came through and covered up a lot of the park, which was already covered up with a lot of tennis courts, so maybe they don't have as good a place to play war and have forts in. And they don't have a lot of good toy guns, let alone any real ones like we do. And they have dolls, which are called Action Figures but really they're dolls for boys to play with no matter what they call them. These are sort of like toy soldiers but they only have two or three of them, which isn't much of an army as far as we're concerned, and they dress them and undress them and that makes them a doll if nothing doesn't. So we're just mostly best friends with each other the way we have been practically forever. And everything's pretty great most of the time except that Jimmy still gets kind of moody sometimes and I think sometimes he buys beers over at the Elbow Room over across Central Avenue. And sometimes Gary likes to smoke cigarettes but Dave makes him go out behind the garage to do that because he says that's in the oath although I don't remember that part. And sometimes I jack off in the bathroom but hardly ever and I don't really like to do that.

Maybe Louie will get better and then we can go on a trip out West or to Africa. We'd really like to go to the moon but it may be a long time before we can do that, but maybe we'll be able to do it pretty soon anyway if we're lucky.

The End

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EDITORIAL
continued from page 14

hole! My wife's having a baby!" He'll apologize for stopping me, shake my hand, wish me well, and give me an escort to the hospital. If I won't feel like the King of the North Shore! So where are they? You do five miles over and you're nabbed, but do sixty-five over and every cop within fifty miles heads for Dunkin' Donuts for a cup of coffee and a cruller.

What was I saying? Oh, yeah, pregnant women are like owners of rare sports cars who flash their headlights when they pass on the highway. When a pregnant woman sees another pregnant woman they immediately go into lengthy conversations about having babies as if they'd known one another for years and years. "How far along are you?" "Do you get indigestion from rye bread?" "God, do my boobs hurt!" And so forth.

During the pregnancy you are privy to the innermost secrets of womanhood. You find out in gory detail how her body

works. She's forever asking you to look at this vein or that bump, feel this lump, rub that bulge. She shows you things you don't want to see—like breast milk. Women don't realize that you worship tits and asses and vaginas and that you think about that stuff all the time. It's been on your mind hourly since you were thirteen. To her a tit is a mammary gland that produces milk for the nourishment of the offspring. All she cares about her butt is whether or not her tail-bone hurts. She doesn't have a vagina anymore; it's a birth canal.

The clothes she has to wear don't help matters much. Have you ever spent any time with a pair of maternity jeans? They're part pants and part panty hose. Pregnant women don't wear sexy little panties with kittens on the crotch, they wear great big underpants like moms wear. The most amazing birth-related garment is the nursing bra. It's a great huge bra with flaps that open to expose milk-sodden breasts. The rigging on one could baffle Admiral Farragut.

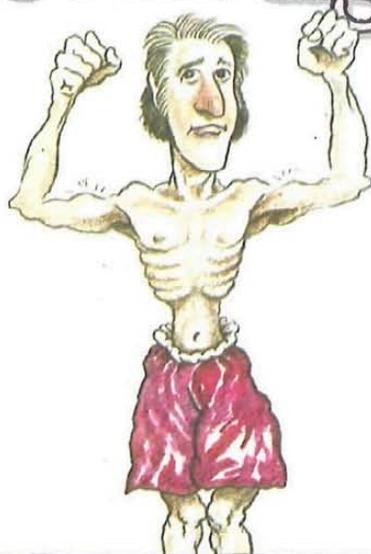
Well, I just ran stoplight number 22;

one more and we're there. Boy, are you sweating, dear! Should I put on the air? No? Should I crack the window? I was just asking, don't get so snappy! Okay, here we are. Huh? Aw, shit! I've pulled into the loading dock! Why the hell can't a major hospital like this that charges \$200 a day for a bed have a sign that says *Loading Dock* instead of those silly ass symbol things with a trash can in a circle. Nothing like coddling the illiterates! Okay, here we go. You want to jump out? I'll pull around and look for a parking place...oh, how insensitive of me! That's another thing: pregnant women need a lot of help, especially when they're in the final stage of labor. They also don't take too kindly to you getting them into that condition just so you can write about it in a humor magazine editorial. You have a point there, darling, but then again, imagine if this had been a "Divorce" issue! Just kidding! Orderly! Call the Federal Express! I have a cassette that has to be in New York by noon tomorrow! Okay, breathe in, breathe out....

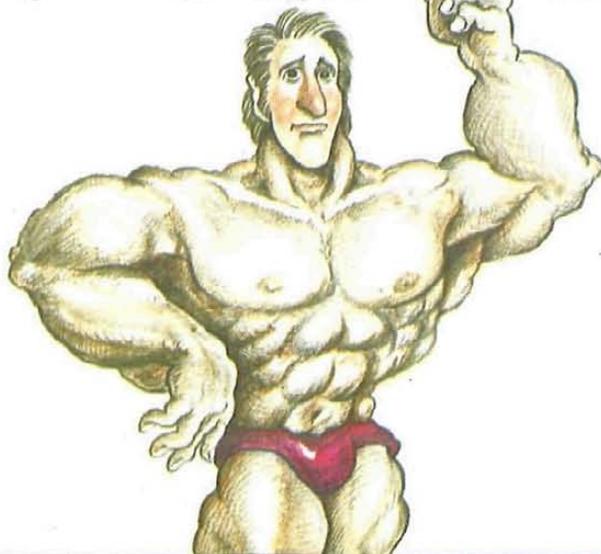
John Hughes

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Coming Next Month



Self-portrait of prominent artist Rick Meyerowitz before drawing his piece for the July National Lampoon with an unusually heavy pen nib.



Mr. Meyerowitz after drawing his piece for the July National Lampoon with an unusually heavy pen nib.

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New York City, N.Y. Mrs. Clara Grayley, formerly a retired seamstress, is working her first day as one of New York's new water tasters, a group of city employees who open fire hydrants and test the quality of the water to be sure it's drinkable. Mrs. Grayley is an unpaid volunteer.



Tokyo, Japan Two engineers try out the new "Whirly-Burly" ride at the Matsubita Amusement Ride Company's testing grounds. Matsubita manufactures most of the amusement park rides for Asia, Australia, and New Zealand. When perfected, the "Whirly-Burly" promises to spin its riders at a speed of over 500 miles per hour.



Phnom Penh, Cambodia The new regime in Cambodia has reintroduced public wife beating, a throwback to the days of male supremacy in the Orient. Disobedience can be punished in various ways. If a wife does not have a hot dinner awaiting her husband when he returns from work, he can put twelve tiles on her head and hit her with a sledgehammer.



Tirana, Albania Sibor Zog, a civil engineer, sits proudly aboard his tank-car, the first of over 500,000 tank-cars that will be built by the Albanian government in preparation for what they think will be an imminent invasion by Soviet Russia. "Eventually, every car in Albania will be converted to a tank, and we will fight the Russians on the streets," said Zog.

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