GEM

49361
JULY 1977
$1.75

Where Sex Is Joy And Everyone
Is Happy, Happy, Happy!
SWINGING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Taking You Behind And Under
The Covers Of Those
Torrid Confession Mags
TRUE TAILS

PRESENTING OUR NEWEST
D-CUP SENSATION EDIE DEE
PLUS TITILLATING TAFI
AND OLD FAVORITES
CANDY AND MARIE

Quickies And Snatches
From The Adult World
Of Entertainment
GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

An Uproarious Yarn
Proving It Pays
To Use Your Head
Hats Off!

THE MACHINE THAT PRINTS MONEY.

One of the first things I learned as a boy was, "You don't get something for nothing."

Today I know that is simply not true!

I make that statement because I have in my hand *the system of the century* — a device that virtually *prints* money!

Now I'm not talking about a party gag, magic show or variety-store item. This method is not a gimmick that will "amaze your friends" until the trick is discovered. What I'm talking about is a fantastic new technique to *invest* — and *re-invest* — your money until the small sum you started with is multiplied into *many thousands of dollars.*

Do I have your attention so far?

Good. Because my method has to do with something that many people find distasteful . . . yes, even *laugh at!* The subject brings out strong opinions in almost everyone — pro or con — and may get a pretty strong reaction from you, too.

The subject is horse racing.

Whoa. Stop right there. I know . . . I've heard everything there is to say about the ponies. "You can't beat the horses." "A fool and his money are soon parted." "Gamble with fate, and you pay the price." "I had an uncle who lost everything . . ."

I don't argue with anybody. If a person is bent on self-destruction, he's simply going to find a way. Booze. Women. Debts. Gambling. Maybe even drugs. Nothing you can do or say is going to change the outcome, and the method that the troubled person takes to beat himself is not the issue.

Over the years horse racing has come in for a big share of the knocks. Everybody knows somebody who has gambled away a living, maybe a fortune, on the sport of kings. Recently I talked to a very solid citizen who told me, "If racing's the sport of kings, *I* never saw any kings out there!"

Again, I don't argue the point. Because I know what I know. I know that a prudent person who has a few dollars to spend can make a very handsome living at the track — with my secret, strictly — and I'll argue *that* point with anybody!

My secret is simple. So simple, in fact, that I am sure some of the so-called racing "experts" will sneer at my method *without* even investigating it. After all, that's human nature. But really, I don't feel bad . . . *why should I?* I have what they don't have . . . what no one has. The *secret* to a machine that virtually *prints money!*

I call my secret "The System of the Century." If you've never played the horses before (in fact, if you've never even been to a race track!), you'll be astounded at the simplicity of this logical, common-sense way to pick winners that return $10, $20, and even $50 bills for a mere $2 wager.

The system consists of four simple rules . . . four rules you can read and memorize in just *one hour* at home. One of these rules — Rule No. 4 — is so elementary that you can go to any race track with an infield turf (grass) course and start writing your own checks tomorrow *as though you'd been a track pro for twenty years!*

Of course, if you're a regular horseplayer, "The System of the Century" will have even greater appeal. How many times have you spent *hours* pouring over a single race, doping out every detail, figuring every angle . . . only to find that the horse you picked to begin with — and decided against for some reason even *you* can't remember — romped home an easy winner? (And paid a whopping $60!) Or how about the time your brother-in-law talked you off that horse you knew would win — and did!

But I'm not here to change anybody's mind or re-open old wounds. What I'm here to do is to tell you about a method, a *technique* that is so *ridiculously easy to understand* . . . a system that will put so much money in your pocket . . . you'll wonder where it's been all these years.

Where *has* "The System of the Century" been all this time? The answer: In my head. I've been in racing all my life, and in that time I've had good years and lean years. Over the years I have become progressively better at what I do: *win money at the races.* (Last year it made over $500,000 for me — yes, over a half-a-million bucks — and I'm only 33 years old!)

One night, when I was bored watching TV, I sat and wrote down on a piece of paper the things that I consider to be *critically important* during the running of a horse race. Would you believe it? I came up with only *four* things — and all so simple a twelve-year-old can master them in under sixty minutes!

That's how "The System of the Century" was born. And I decided right then and there to make the system available to anyone with a "will to win" — with an *honest interest* in getting ahead.

All you need is a grubstake — as little as $20 — and a little patience. "The System of the Century" does the rest. Just follow these four little rules (strictly!) and start cashing those big parimutuel tickets most folks just dream about.

Why, just the other day a fellow approached me at Belmont and asked me what I liked. I normally don't hand out advice at the track, but this player looked as though he needed a break.

So I told him I like a horse named Black Springs, an eleven-to-one shot. The guy pondered that for a moment, then said, "No way. I give the favorite, Counter Gambit, a big edge . . . I guess I'll go bet it. Thanks anyway."

To make a long story short, Black Springs is six lengths in front at the head of the stretch and wins easily, with Counter Gambit running second at less-than-even money. Black Springs pays $24.40 straight, and my player friend comes running up to tell me he'll never doubt me again. He hasn't, either. Armed with "The System of the Century," he'll never need advice or money again.

I recognize that the world is full of skeptics, so I make this proposition to you. Send me $9.95 as payment in full for the "System of the Century." Use this method at your local race track for fifteen days, making sure to follow my rules as outlined therein. Bet all you want — and keep what you take in with my blessings!

And here's the best part. If my method fails to work for you in exactly the manner I've described, *you have risked nothing* . . . because I'll send your original check back to you — uncashed! (Just date your check one month ahead. That way nobody can touch your ten bucks while you prove to yourself that "The System of the Century" is everything I say it is.)

Could anything be fairer?

You owe it to yourself to find out about "the machine that prints money." I'm Mike Warren . . . I'm well-known in racing circles . . . *and I say it's so.*

Act now. Today. *Can you afford to guess that I'm wrong?*

Sworn statement...

This is to certify that all statements made in this ad are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. MIKE WARREN is a professional handicapper of Thoroughbred horses, and his gross income for the last twelve months was in excess of $500,000.00.

A. Belous

WHO IS MIKE WARREN?

America's premier handicapper. Mike Warren is well on his way to becoming a self-made millionaire at 33 . . . because he picks 'em with *uncanny* consistency. Read what his fans have to say . . .

"You are FANTASTIC!!! Absolutely THE GREATEST!!! All four of the horses you gave me at Aqueduct Saturday won and paid real good. Thank you very much . . ."
N.P., Los Angeles, Calif.

"I must tell you . . . it's just fantastic. Both horses (clicked). The first paid $35.40 . . . the second $10.20 — made a nice bundle."
E.A.S., Chicago, Illinois

CLIP & MAIL TODAY

FREE EXAMINATION OFFER

G7

Mike Warren
The Baltimore Bulletin, Inc.
Professional Building
Baltimore, Maryland 21208

Dear Mike:

O.K., I'll try anything once. Please send me "The System of the Century" by return mail. I understand that if your method doesn't make big money for me as you have outlined, all I have to do is return it within a month and my uncashed check will be returned to me.

On that basis, here is my check for $9.95 *dated one month from now.* (If you're enclosing a money order that can't be dated ahead, you have the same money-back guarantee.)

☐ For immediate first class shipment, add 50¢. (in coins or stamps, please).

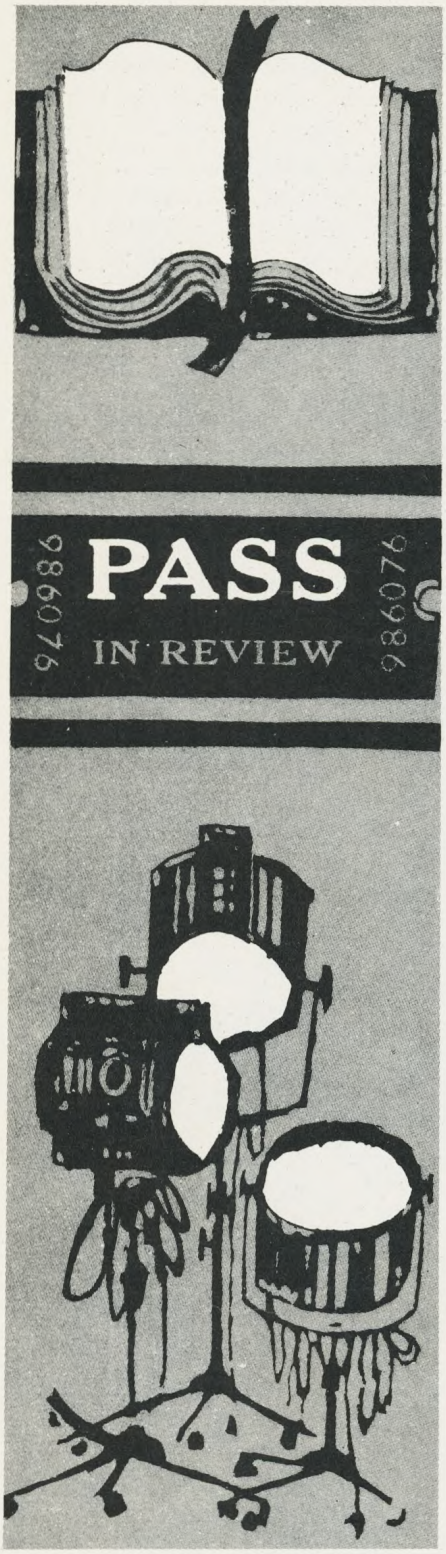
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please make check payable to "The Baltimore Bulletin"



RECORDS

Bill Evans/Eddie Gomes: Montreaux III (Fantasy) is an intimate set recorded at the 1975 Montreaux Jazz Festival. Evans has chosen some beautiful, lyrical material, including Earl Zindars' "Elsa" and John Lewis haunting "Milano." The pianist and bassman play with a rapport that is rarely matched, with Evans exercising his fecund musical imagination throughout. The set tends to become a little too laid-back at times, but this will not deter the died-in-the-wool Evans freak.

Peter Dean in Fun City (Audio Fidelity) is an unusual, good-time album that finds the Bing Crosby-style crooner in a variety of musical settings. Dean injects verve and humor into his renditions of standards such as "The Sheik of Araby," "I'm Sitting on Top of The World," and "Doctor Jazz." An accomplished scart-singer, Dean is a practioner of a style you just don't hear too often anymore. Most bizarre is a disco arrangement of "Pennies from Heaven" combining a funk rhythm section with Dean's crooning. Dean is accompanied throughout by a number of excellent jazz musicians, including Connie Kay, Milt Hinton, Urbie Green and George Duvuvuer.

Mike Auldridge has without a doubt been the most influential practitioner of the Dobro guitar since Josh Graves came on the scene with Flatt and Scruggs. He's taken the instrument into some new territories, and his current release, *Mike Auldridge* (Flying Fish) contains some of his best work to date. Auldridge tackles pop, country, original, and even a bossa nova tune with impeccable taste and a gorgeous tone. He plays with confidence and imagination throught the album. Among the all-star backup crew are Vassar Clements, Boby Thompson, Vic Jordan, Lloyd Green and David Bromberg.

Tasty arrangements and inspired blowing are the order of the day on *Clark Terry's Big B-a-d Band: Live? At Buddy's Place* (Vanguard). Ernie Wilkin's arrangements are just superb, providing a perfect lunching pad for the many talented soloists in the band. Special mention goes to Chris Woods' alto sax work, which is very much in the spirit of Johnny Hodges, Frank Wess, Ron Oldrich, Charles Davis and Richard Williams also make outstanding contributions.

West Coast session sax men Plas Johnson steps into the limelight on *Plas Johnson: Positively* (Concord Jazz). Plas is a master on both the tenor and alto, and finds the right thing to play in any situation. In this set he digs into funky blues, up-tempo standards, and ballads as well. Johnson has a great tone, is full of ideas, and always swings. He's assisted by some of the Concord regulars—Herb Eliis on guitar, Ray Brown on bass, Mike Melvoin on keyboards, Jake Hanna and Jimmie Smith on drums, and Bobbeye Hall on congas. These gentlemen comprise as solid and swining a rhythm section as one could ask for. Melvoin and Ellis contribute some top-flight solo work as well. Highlights include the bluesy title tune and a sensitive reading of "My Foolish Heart."

Early jazz buffs will want *The Original Memphis Five* (RBF/Folkways). The OM5 were proteges of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and created driving, inspired, small-group dixieland in the 1920's. Although their records were quite popular, they remained basically a studio group, never touring or making personal appearances. The real stars here are clarinetist Jimmy Lytell and trumpeter Phil Napoleon. Their collective improvisations are intense and exciting and merit repeated listening. This fine reissue will hopefully focus some attention on this group, too often neglected by jazz historians.

The Songs of Robert Burns, sung by Jean Redpath (Philo) is an exquisite and beautiful recording in every respect. Serge Hovey has provided Burns' songs with lovely musical settings, employing strings, french horn, flute, timpani, harpsichord, and a variety of other instruments. Ms. Redpath, always a

fine interpreter of Scottish folk material, captures the spirit of Burns' poetry and brings out the best in the folk melodies he set his lyrics to. This ambitious project could not have been carried out more successfully than it is here. Conoisseurs of the art song as well as lovers of Scotch and traditional music will take great pleasure in this disc.

There's some hard-swinging violin and guitar to be heard on *Joe Venuti and George Barnes: Live at The Concord Summer Festival* (Concord Jazz). Barnes and Venuti, both flamboyant musical personalities, are a fine match for each other. Support is supplied by bassist Ray Brown, drummer Jake Hanna, and pianist Ross Tomkins, a first-class rhythm section if there ever was one. Venuti is the dominant personality here, charging through the set with boundless energy and ideas. Barnes shines on "I Can't Get Started;" few guitarists can get as much mileage out of a melody as he. The second side of the disc is an Ellington medley, featuring some great Ray Brown on "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," and inventive Barnes on "Take The A Train."

BOOKS

Douglas B. Green's *Country Toogs: The Origins of Country Music* (Hawthorn) is one of the handful of intelligent, knowledgeable works on the many facets of country music. An accomplished country musician as well as a scholar, Mr. Green's book is direct and informative without being overly academic. By virtue of this, it is probably a more appropriate book for the general country fan than Bill Malone's definitive "Country Music USA." Green provides an "interpretative history" of country music, covering its earliest roots, old-timey, Cajun, Cowboy, Western Swing, Cajun Gospel, honky-tonk, and other aspects of the music. Even the most informed country afficianado will relish the wealth of rare photogeaphs Mr. Green has provided. Included is a very early shot of the Monroe Brothers and a later shot of Bill Monroe smiling(!), a rare photo of Cajun great Harry Choates and his band, and an action shot of Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys with Jr. Bernard in the midst of a hot solo. "Country Roots" provides a well-balanced perspective on the vast territory covered by country music. Mr. Green is to be commended for his excellent job.

Thanks to the Empire Brass Quintet, G. W. E. Friederich's "American Brass Band Journal," a collection of 1850's marches, polkas, waltzes and quick-steps, was saved from oblivion and has been greatly appreciated by enthusiastic audiences throughout New England and Europe where the quintet performed the music extensively on a recent five-nation tour. A record company has jumped on the bandwagon and a piece of American nostalgia marked for discard may become a collector's item. [Empire Brass Quintet and Friends, Columbia Records No. M34192]. Members of the Quintet, l. to r.: Rolf Smedvig, trumpet; Samuel Pilafian, tuba; Charles A. Lewis, Jr., trumpet; David Ohanian, French horn; Norman Bolter, trombone. [photo by Flora Iacchia]

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GEM

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NON-PORNOGRAPHY

CODE SEAL

Our Non-Pornography Code Seal is a warranty that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts acts of sexual intercourse, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation, and male genitalia.

This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature the big up front shapes of girls from all over the world, as well as sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories, cartoons and humor.

Picture Credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated.

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TRUE TAILS

by Maury Williams

As a service to any of our readers who have been shocked and taken aback by the brazen sexuality of the titles on the covers of the various confession magazines but have never read them, we're going to take you behind the covers so you'll know the real true truth

Now I consider myself as broad-minded as the next guy. Of course, I'll admit the first time I heard about "I Am Curious—Yellow," I thought it was about a nosy Oriental. However, that notwithstanding, I was shocked out of my socks the other morning in my dentist's office.

Seated between an impacted wisdom tooth and a tiny man with a giant overbite, I began thumbing through the magazine rack. Most dentists have National Geographic, Time, Newsweek, etc. To give you an idea of my dentist's clientele, all he had was rows upon rows of women's confession magazines. Have you seen these lately? The titles are enough to send you raging, panting and screaming to the nearest available housewife.

SHOULD A GIRL GIVE UP OR GIVE IN WHEN THE MAN SHE LOVES SAYS KISSES AREN'T ENOUGH ANY MORE.

I CONFESSED TO MY BOYFRIEND—I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH!

And more. Much more. Oh, yes!

Feeling a crimson flush of pent-up passion rise in my cheeks (they say tooth aches incline to make the sufferer sexually aroused anyway), I glanced guiltily about and began reading these stories in magazines called True Tales. True Talks With Women. True Gossip. True Rumors.

All the stories were about housewives and teen-age girls. If they're true, when do wives do their housework? And how about the teen-agers. Two years ago they were playing with dolls. Now they're playing with married men they baby-sit for.

But—I can tell you now so you can set your mind at ease—they aren't true. These gaudily dressed stories with the come-on titles, have to represent about the biggest fraud ever perpetrated upon a panting public.

I read a good dozen stories with provocatives titles and here's what they were about. Take that first title.

SHOULD A GIRL GIVE UP OR GIVE IN WHEN THE MAN SHE LOVES SAYS KISSES AREN'T ENOUGH ANY MORE?

Know who that girl was talking about? Her husband!

I CONFESSED TO MY BOY FRIEND—I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH!

What do you think she couldn't get enough of? Sleep! That's why, she explained, she kept falling asleep on their dates.

Here are some more titles and their contents:

WHERE DOES MY MOTHER GO AT NIGHT?

How's that for a poignant query? I read 8,000 words to learn that the mother was going out to roll bandages at a lying-in hospital for alcoholics to earn money to put that daughter of hers through charm school.

TONIGHT OR NEVER! HE WANTED MORE THAN SEX! HIS WAS THE MOST IMMORAL DEMAND ANY MAN CAN MAKE!

He wanted to borrow her Diner's Club Card.

I BEGGED HIM—BE MY LOVER FOR A WEEK.

That was written by a 79-year-old lady telling her story about her letters sent to a 60-year-old lifer in the state penitentiary. You know nothing could happen there.

(continued on page 53)

Confe
LOVER
I CANT
GET
ENOUGH...
Billy

WHERE SEX IS JOY AND EVERYONE IS HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY

If you want to get in on the sensual swim of things, take off for southern California where thousands of swinging, devil-may-care chicks on the loose are panting for action

by Dan Bennett

Brad had come to Los Angeles to start a new life and to get far, far away from Philadelphia and the wife he had recently divorced there. He had a good job, being transferred to the West Coast by his firm and the first thing he did after renting a Hollywood apartment was to advertise in the paper for a part-time housekeeper. Help had always been hard to get in Philadelphia and he thought it was the same in California, but he was wrong. The first day his ad ran, the phone rang constantly. At least 25 girls applied for the job. He scheduled interviews for the following day with the six who sounded the best on the phone.

When the first applicant appeared at his apartment door, his eyes bugged in disbelief. He had thought of housekeepers as women of 50 or over, but Ellen wasn't a day over 24 and looked more like a movie starlet than a housekeeper. She was a knockout!

Ellen told Brad she had been born and raised in Paris and had come to Los Angeles a year before. She had tried several jobs she hadn't liked and had never worked as a housekeeper before, but confessed she had had plenty of experience playing house. "I've lived with half-a-dozen men and know how to make a man happy," she said seductively. "I can cook, clean and all the guys I've balled say I'm something else in bed. Come into the bedroom and let me show you."

Brad thought he was dreaming! He had hardly said two words to the girl and now she wanted to give him a free sample of her lovemaking. At first he thought Ellen was putting him on or trying to frame him on a rape charge, but he learned she was really on the level.

Brad needed no further encouragement, and hopped into bed with her and they screwed until his doorbell rang.

"Damn!" he exclaimed, suddenly remembering why Ellen was in his apartment. "It's another girl for an interview. Ellen, baby, sorry I've got to go, but business is business. Leave your phone number on the dresser and slip out the back door."

Of the six girls Brad interviewed that day there was only one who didn't tell him that if he hired her, her sexual services would be included at no extra cost. And all of the girls were young and cute.

It was an amazing introduction to Southern California!

One of the first things Brad learned was that what happened to him after placing an ad for a part-time housekeeper wasn't a fluke—that a man can get almost anything he wants in the way of sex quite easily. The reasons are quite simple. In the first place, girls outnumber guys two to one. Hundreds of girls flock to Los Angeles every month. Many hope to become actresses or models and are fully prepared to bargain with their bodies to land choice jobs.

The Hollywood casting couch routine as a springboard to stardom is well known all over the world and most naive newcomers believe every word of it. Then there are the starry-eyed runaways who end up in Los Angeles looking for romance and excitement they couldn't find in their home towns. Young and middle-aged divorcees also come to L.A. to swing where nobody knows them.

(continued on page 17)

TAFI

Here's an Indiana farm girl who goes in for the outdoor life. Tantalizing Tafi with the big bazooms is the healthy, husky type and goes in for sports, horseback riding, hiking and camping. She also enjoys helping out with the chores on her family's farm. "I've loved animals since I was a little kid. I like to get up with the chickens, eat a big breakfast, and go out and milk the cows. There's nothing that compares to physical labor for keeping healthy and in shape. I'd go bananas with a white collar office job where I would have to sit on my butt in an office all day. Back in high school I had a terrible time concentrating after

two or three hours of classes. I couldn't wait for gym so I could let off a little steam. A lot of people today tend to neglect their bodies; then they wonder why they become sick and overweight. I think everyone should exercise for at least an hour a day, no matter what they do for a living." Don't get the idea that his buxom lass is a lowbrow. Her dad has a well-stocked library of old classics and she reads a couple of hours every day.

Tafi recently received a thoroughbred horse as a birthday present from her folks, and has been practicing her riding technique. She's

named the pony "Indiana Sunshine," and hopes to eventually compete in some of the local races. "Sunshine's my best buddy," says Tafi. "He and I are going to go places together, make it big."

Tafi plans to visit some of our nation's national parks this summer with her parents and younger sister. "Pa's brother Jody is going to take care of the farm for us. We've been planning a cross-country trip for a long time, and I'm really looking forward to it."

WYETH'S
TEXT-BOOK
SURGERY

We're looking forward to seeing more of this far-out front farm gal. As we peruse these photos, we wish we were back home again in Indiana with tempting Tafi. □

WHERE SEX IS JOY

continued from page 9

The majority of chicks who come to L.A. find there aren't enough jobs to go around and become desperate to make ends meet. Most of them try to find a guy to shack up with and support them. Others, who can't land this kind of arrangement, resort to prostitution, full-time or occasional. Let's look at some of the many rackets that are fronts for prostitution. Then we'll look at all the ways a guy can get free sex.

When it comes to sex-for-sale, the newspapers are the tip-off. For example, on one large daily recently, advertisements offered men dates with beautiful redheads and blondes any time of the day or night—and instantly. Single men were informed that they could meet swinging wives merely by picking up a phone and dialing. And men who had a yen for girls of a particular nationality were offered any and every nationality they desired, including German, Irish, French, Italian and Japanese. Many of the ads offered as "dates" girls who were secretaries, waitresses, models and actresses.

Larry, a single stud from Cleveland in L.A. on a week's vacation answered an ad in the paper and got fantastic action. The first one he tried read as follows: "What's your pleasure? A buxom blonde showgirl . . . a teenage Lolita type . . . a copper cutie . . . or a generous playmate. Just dial us for the real stuff and fast service."

Larry called the number and was greeted by a sexy voice. She asked him what type of date he wanted—dinner, dancing, movie, nightclub, etc. What kind of girl he preferred—body type, hair color and nationality. Larry asked for a voluptuous brunette playmate for a dinner date. He was told the price would be $50, payable in advance of the date, in addition to all expenses incurred on the date. He was then given the girl's name and address.

His "date" turned out to exceed his wildest hopes. She had radiated sex. Her body was as curvaceous as any he'd ever seen, and she was dressed like a real lady. She was class all the way and very friendly and intelligent. There was never a lull in the conversation during dinner and not a word was ever said about sex.

They were great friends by the time dinner was over. They had such a good time that Larry completely forgot about sex until the girl asked him in for a drink after he drove her back to her apartment. After she poured the drinks, she turned on the stereo and suggested they dance. She snuggled her body close to his and didn't say a word as they danced.

Her actions spoke volumes, though. She gently massaged the back of his neck and kept rubbing her body close to his. Larry could feel his pecker snap to attention, then he lowered his hands from her back and let them rove over her soft buttocks. In a few moments she looked at him dreamily and said: "Would you like sex right now?"

"I'm all for it," Larry grinned.

"It will cost you $100."

By this time Larry was so hot to trot he couldn't have quibbled at any price.

There wasn't a single thing the girl, Chris, didn't know about physical sex and how to continually thrill a man. She was a pro who didn't act like a pro. She was like the girl-next-door gone ape with desire.

"Do you really love sex or is it just an act?" Larry asked. "If it's an act, then you must be the best actress in Hollywood."

"I just dig sex," she replied. "It's all I live for."

"But why do you sell it? Damn, a chick like you could marry any number of wealthy men and live like a queen for the rest of your life."

"One man could never satisfy me," Chris said. "Maybe I'm a nymphomaniac. I really don't know. But I do know I've got to have sex all the time with lots of different men. That's why I work for this date service. I make over $500 a week, sometimes $1,000 with tips, and I ball a different John practically every night. For me, it's the most beautiful way in the world to live. Variety in sex is the spice of my life."

The really remarkable thing about sex in the "City of Angels" is that you don't have to pay for it if you don't want to: It's practically free for the asking just about everyplace you look. The young girls who populate Los Angeles and environs practice the philosophy that sex is joy and they all want to be very, very happy.

Believe it or not, many of these youthful, swinging, devil-may-care chicks don't want for you to proposition them; they actively take the initiative and go out looking for guys. The most frequent way that pick up guys is by hitchhiking. The streets and highways of L.A. are just full of lovely young things panting for action.

Lee, a young stud from Chicago, had an experience when he gave a lift to hitchhiking girls that came as a shock. He was driving along Hollywood Boulevard when he spied two groovy chicks in their early twenties thumbing a ride. He gave them a lift to be friendly and there was no thought of sex with them in his mind at all.

They jumped in eagerly when he stopped. They were wearing miniskirts and when they sat on the front seat beside him their skirts came up almost to their crotches. He had a hard time keeping his eyes on the road. He was dumbfounded when the girl next to him ran her hand up the inside of his thigh to squeeze his organ and massage it into erection, then say: "How would you like to have some fun with Jeri and me?"

"Are you putting me on?" asked Lee in a choking voice.

"We're on the level, stud. We love to ball strange guys we pick up hitchhiking. It's our thing. How about it? Why don't you stop at a motel?"

Lee was turned on at this point. He checked into the nearest motel while the girls waited in the car. In the room he sat on the bed and watched the girls undress. Both of

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COOL
ALE

RECEPTION

There's nothing like a bottle of ale taken out of the refrigerator to give instant comfort—especially for an aging millionaire who finds out his beautiful young wife is playing around

by Richard Kilner

It was a balmy Monday afternoon in October at the Woodside estate of industrial magnate John Harlan. The intense, hawk-faced Harlan sat stiffly in his usual poolside chair. He pretended to be absorbed in his Wall Street Journal, but squirmed as Sanderson applied sun tan lotion to Edie's back. Harlan's stomach knotted at the soft purring sound from his young bride. How he'd lie to strangle the brazen free-loader with his own long hair! But that wasn't Harlan's style. He believed in planning, weighing the risks against the rewards, the accomplishments against the consequences. In this case, it had to be a sure thing. He had only to wait until Friday to rid himself of Sanderson—forever!

A snag in the offshore oil negotiations had interrupted his honeymoon and kept Harlan in Iran most of the time since. With the deal signed and his son David back in college, Harlan had sent the sevants to the San Francisco apartment so he could be alone with Edie at last. But they weren't alone! And Harlan wondered if he could endure the presence of Sanderson another moment, much less until Friday. "Aren't you afraid he'll rub off your beautiful tan, my dear?" Harlan smiled through tight lips.

It was a beautiful tan, on a beautiful body, every curve dramatized by the clinging white bathing suit. Edie merely rolled her eyes. The smirking, loose-limbed youth beside her pulled himself to his feet. "Think I'll do a few laps." He drained yet another bottle of Harlan's imported ale and tossed the empty on the lawn.

Edie watched him dive into the pool then glared at Harlan. "Really, John! You're jealous of every man that so much as looks at me." She turned away with a haughty toss of her long blonde hair.

"Yes, I'm," he said, setting his tall, spare frame back in his chair. He knew it wouldn't be easy with the big difference in their ages and he tried to ignore the rumors, but by God, he never expected to have another man under his own roof.

"Sandy's a mere boy," Edie said. "Besides, we can't just kick out David's friend. I do want your son to like me."

"David had his nerve telling him he could stay on," Harlan muttered, but he

never refused his only child anything. Sanderson was young—despite that silly beard—but much closer to Edie's age than Harlan. "Guess I'm on edge about these bomb threats."

"Threats?" Edie scrambled to her feet. "You received another one?"

"Just before I came out here." His tone was solemn.

The "bomb threats" were the first step in his plan to eliminate Sanderson—on Friday. Harlan never missed a weekend of duck season and Edie was equally addicted to horse racing. She used the company box at Bay Meadows on Fridays and spent the night with her sister. They would both be gone long before Sanderson stirred—never before noon. It was only a matter of time until he went to his refrigerator for his first ale of the day— and his last!

Harlan smiled to himself. He may have built his business empire with shrewd deals, but it all began with his technical ingenuity. Wiring the refrigerator with explosives while Sanderson slept would be simple—and so satisfying. When he opened the door. . .

"John, you've got to call the police." Edie's doll-blue eyes grew wide with fear.

"The police can't be bothered with—"

"I'm sure Sergeant Gant—"

"No!" he snapped. "I mean, there aren't even any notes, just a couple of crank calls."

"Well, I'm scared, even if you're not!"

Harlan welcomed Edie's display of vulnerability. He regretted frightening her unduly, but felt satisfied that phase one of his plan was a success. One thing he did not want, however, was police hanging around.

When Edie introduced Sergeant Gant the next afternoon, Harlan fought to appear his usual imperturbable self. "My wife exaggerates. Sorry she troubled you when—"

"A threat on your life isn't to be treated lightly," insisted the ruddy-faced detective.

"Comes with the territory—though we no longer produce napalm." Harlan patted Edie's hand. "I do appreciate your concern, my dear."

She teased a tuft of Harlan's stiff gray hair into place. "I was frightened and Sergeant Gant was so helpful when—" She bit off her words. "You know what's best darling. I'll be at the pool."

Harlan's eyes lingered on her slender figure leaving the room, as did Gant's.

"Edie told me how considerate you were at the time of her first husband's death."

Gant shrugged. "Routine. But suicide is always tough on those left behind."

Harlan nodded absently. His attention had drifted to the pool. Through the living room windows, he watched Sanderson pull himself from the water and sprawl out next to Edie.

Gant followed the older's man's gaze. "Good looking kid—your son?"

Harlan's jaw worked silently. Sanderson. was handsome in a barbaric sort of way. "No, a friend of his. David is away at college—U.C. Santa Cruz. Young Sanderson was there, but he's—er—taking time off."

"A drop out!"

Harlan allowed himself a brief smile at the rush of color to Gant's face. He liked the husky detective's no-nonesense approach—and point of view. "It takes a while for some of the young people to find themselves,". Harlan offered charitably.

He proceeded to de-fuse Gant's concern over the bomb threats and promised to contact him should he receive another. When Gant left, Harlan was no longer irritated that Edie had called the police. On the contrary, the detective's visit would lend greater credibility to Friday's happening. Gant could only assume the bomb was meant for Harlan. Of course, he'd be off duck hunting—but a "crack-pot bomber" wouldn't know that.

Harlan slipped from his bed before dawn Friday, thankful for once that Edie preferred separate bedrooms. He crept past the pool area to the guest house. Perspiration formed on his brow. His trembling fingers hesitated on his doorknob. Admittedly tough, even ruthless, Harlan never dreamed he'd take a human life. But this was his property. Edie was his wife!

One glance at the bed told Harlan that even his son's rock records wouldn't rouse Sanderson. David liked the privacy of the guest house and his father liked that music as far as possible. But even David wasn't as sloppy as this. Harlan's aquiline nose wrinkled at the filthy sleeping bag crumpled in the corner, the pile of clothes on the chair, the incense to cover up whatever Sandersom smoked in here. God, he'd have to fumigate the place.

It was almost noon as Harlan sat in his spacious San Francisco office aimlessly shuffling papers. He was anxious to be on his way, but didn't dare break his Friday ritual of lunch with his hunting comrades at the Bohemian Club.

With satisfaction, Harlan reflected on how easy it had been to rig a bomb while Sanderson slept. He was still savoring the prospect of that adulterous parasite reaching for the refrigerator when the jean-clad youth brushed past Harlan's protesting secretary.

With a dogged display of composure, Harlan dismissed her. He crushed the papers in his perspiring hands. "What do you mean by barging in here?"

"Had to catch you before you took off for the pond." Sanderson dumped his back-pack on the oversized mahogany desk. "I need

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SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

Getting Screwed
As a Badge of Honor

Would you believe that the great ambition of many teenage girls is to get knocked up and produce a bastard? A love child is a status symbol among teeny-boppers according to Betty Schwartz, social welfare executive. The stigma that was once attached to having illegitimate children has faded and Little Mothers look upon their live dolls as proof that they have made it sexually—and who could argue with that?

Of course, it's bad news for manufacturers of condoms and the pill.

So the Gent
Was Queer for Apples

Henry Miller's books are quite mild by today's standards but there was a time when they were banned as obscene. You may recall one character who swore he got his greatest sexual jollies out of cutting a hole through an apple and using it to masturbate. Would you call that "hard core pornography?"

Princess vs. Cad
Will There Be a Duel?

Even the youngest subscriber must have heard the phrase, "Kiss and tell." Until a few years ago, the person who would do that was held in low regard. Times change. Now the heroes and heroines are those who uckfay and ell-tay. Nearly all young celebrities of cinema, stage and jet-set mention proudly that they are sleeping with so-and-so. Some present a long list of conquests. If they have a baby out of wedlock, they are even more esteemed.

One who tried to get into the act is Francisco Serpa, a Brazilian playboy who told a TV audience that he had made out with a girl named Caroline.

She is a Princess. She's the daughter of Grace Kelly and Prince Ranier of Monaco. Daddy at once filed suit for personal injury and defamation. That's the reasonable reaction of a civilized papa.

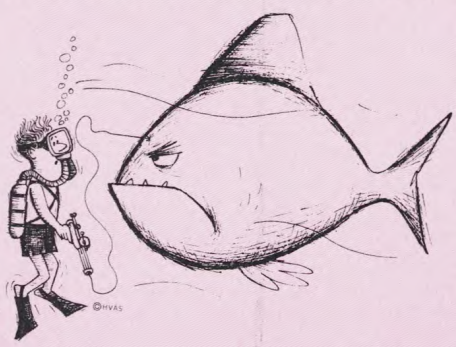
But the Princess has a more rough and ready defender who is no relation. He is Carlos Fernando Astorga Barriga of Santiago, Chile. Carlos challenged Scarpa, the playboy, to a duel on horseback with a lance and sword to defend the honor of the Princess.

Carlos is 60 years old but robust. As of this writing, the playboy perhaps wisely had ignored the challenge. Tune in next issue for further developments.

Barriga, by the way, is a nut farmer. Nut farmers are surely getting into the news nowadays, are they not?

Dancing Doll Decides
To Do Leathernecking

Remember the go-go girl who did a topless dance on the deck of a Navy submarine? Her name is Catherine (Cat) Futch and she got in the news again when she decided to join the Marines and made formal application at the Cape Canaveral base. She says, "There are lots of opportunities for women in the Marine Corps."



Beat Me Daddy
Eight to the Bar

Noel Coward said, "A woman should be beaten regularly like a gong." All his fans said, "How witty!"

But now advertising and exploitation experts are convinced that a sizeable number of females agree with old Noel. In L.A., Capitol of Kooks, an ad for a pants firm showed a man paddling a screaming woman. Sales of women's slacks went up spectacularly.

A giant billboard (also in L.A.) showed a luscious femme, tied up and bruised, saying, "I'm 'Black and Blue' from The Rolling Stones and I love it!" It was, of course, plugging a Stones album entitled "Black and Blue."

Other rock groups are cashing in on the let's-be-beastly-to-the-broads trend. Nelson Slater has an album cover showing a female wearing a chain gag, Pure Food and Drug Act has a babe's bare ass stamped with a title (like a hunk of beef) and Bloodstone features a gang-rape scene. The sadist theme is being used in boutique displays to the extent of bloody murder. (Even in staid Boston).

Since the customers being appealed to by most of these S-M pictures (even hoity-toity *Vogue* is into the act) are women, is it possible that our lovely ladies do prefer the cave-man treatment? Or are they

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GWEN

Meet Gwen, a delightful damsel with a beguiling personality to match her eye-popping figure. Shapely Gwen enjoys meeting people and figuring out what makes them tic. Her career as a psychologist and psychoanalyst allows her plenty of room for exercising her perceptive talents. "I get a sense of satisfaction out of helping people with their problems," she says. "I've been influenced a great deal by Dr. Otto Rank, and I use his

theories together with plain old common sense. Almost all my patients tell me that they're feeling much better adter their first few sessions."

We were feeling pretty good ourselves after our first photo session with this sensuous shrink. Gwen was relaxed and easy to work with, even though she hasn't done too much modeling. "An occasional modeling session lets me get rid of my inhibitions," she told us. "I actually have fun doing them. A woman with a good body should be proud to show it off. Even a psychoanalyst shouldn't take herself too seriously. It helps me keep things in perspective."

Gwen's father, a scholar who specializes in the Middle Ages, named his daughter Gwendolyn because "it has sort of a medieval ring to it." The interest in things medieval has been passed on from father to daughter, and

Gwen is currently working on a new psychological interpretation of Mallory's tales of King Arthur. "It's all very symbolic and relevant to today's problems," says this brainy and lovely damsel. "Diplomacy, politics, and relations between the sexes haven't progressed much since those days, when you get right down to it."

When you get right down to it, we think a guy would have to be crazy not to fall for this sexy psychologist. We'd wager that any of King Arthur's knights would leave the Round Table for a chance to spend a few hours with glamorous Gwen. □

HATS OFF!

by N. T. Pizinger

There's a saying that it doesn't matter where you have it, just so it's there; meaning a guy should always use his head

Richie had a problem. But it wasn't his fault. It wasn't his fault at all. Some strange event in the womb had changed him irreparably. He would always be this way. He would have to learn to live with his problem, since he couldn't do anything about it.

The doctors felt as helpless, too. When Richie was pulled feet first from the womb, the pediatrician thought he was delivering a girl. Then the head popped out, the nurses went, bananas, and the pediatrician threw up his hands in gesture of supplication.

During Richie's first few weeks in the hospital, numerous doctors visited him—famous doctors who were accoustomed to abnormal births. They tested his body, watched his functions, debated as to whether surgical repair work would prove efficacious. But because little Richie's body operated successfully, without any discomfort or signs of possible future dangers, the physicians decided to simply stand back and watch the boy's development. If in years to come any difficulties arose, they could always implement surgery.

So Richie went home and—until he was ready for kindergarten—stayed inside the confines of his parents's home and garden, never allowed to venture out without wearing a party hat shaped like a dunce-cap.

Of course this hat looked so ridiculous that when he walked into school on his first day the other children went delirious. And his teacher, forewarned of Richie's problem—and undoubtedly having fantasized on her own in the meantime, sat behind her desk doing strange things with the hand in her lap.

As a result of his humiliation, Richie's mother gave him a stocking cap to wear instead. Richie grew quite attached to it. It was warm, cozy, and incited riots only in summer.

As Rcihie grew older, his parents became less ready to tell his instructors about their son's problem. They had always felt guilty about Richie's condition—as if it were their fault!—but now they were determined that Richie should learn to face his problem on his own.

Naturally, Richie guarded his head as though it were about to fall off, and he

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"Let me show you my ding-dong!"

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

In Universal's "The Sentinel," Alison, a beautiful young New York model, attending her father's funeral, is tormented by a hideous past experience—finding her dad in fragrante delicto with two naked women. Added attraction: busty Sylvia Myles in an eye-popping nude scene.

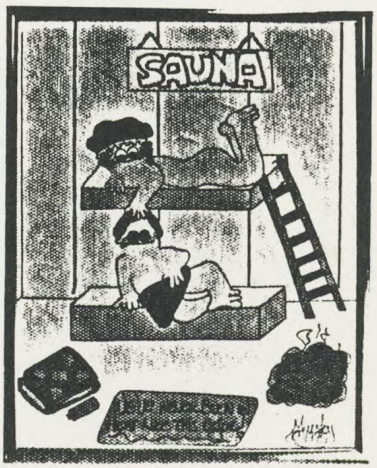
David Mamet was named "best new playwright of the year" by the Obie (off-Broadway) judges. His latest play: "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," is a series of vignettes concerning various sexual encounters among four characters.

"Making love standing up kills your arches," Paula and Dick McDonald point out in their paperback, "Loving Free' (Ballantine). "Whenever we try screwing upright," says Paula, "I end up standing on my tiptoes for at least half an hour, and am usually unable to walk for several days afterwards because my feet lock in that position . . . However, it's a marvellous exercise for flat feet."

The French flick "The Cookies" ("Les Galettes de Pont-Aven") is a Rabelaisian comedy about a 45-year-old umbrella salesman and amateur painter with an obsession for shapely derrieres. Its opening scene features him getting out of a double bed in the middle of the night, gingerly lifting the bedclothes to expose his wife's dimpled bun. Next he spotlights it properly, fetches his sketchbook and proceeds to admire

You don't have to be dirty to bathe with a friend

Since I've grown my moustache I've given 50% more tickles



We've never been in heat like this before

Some of the boffo Whimsatoons by Michelle Nicola Wesley shown at New York's Gift Show.

"The Cookies," a French film ("Les Galettes de Pont-Aven") is about a 45-year old umbrella salesman who has an obsession for shapely behinds—as well as fronts too, as evidenced by the two main photos. Judging by the pix to the right, we would say he has a stomach for all the good things.

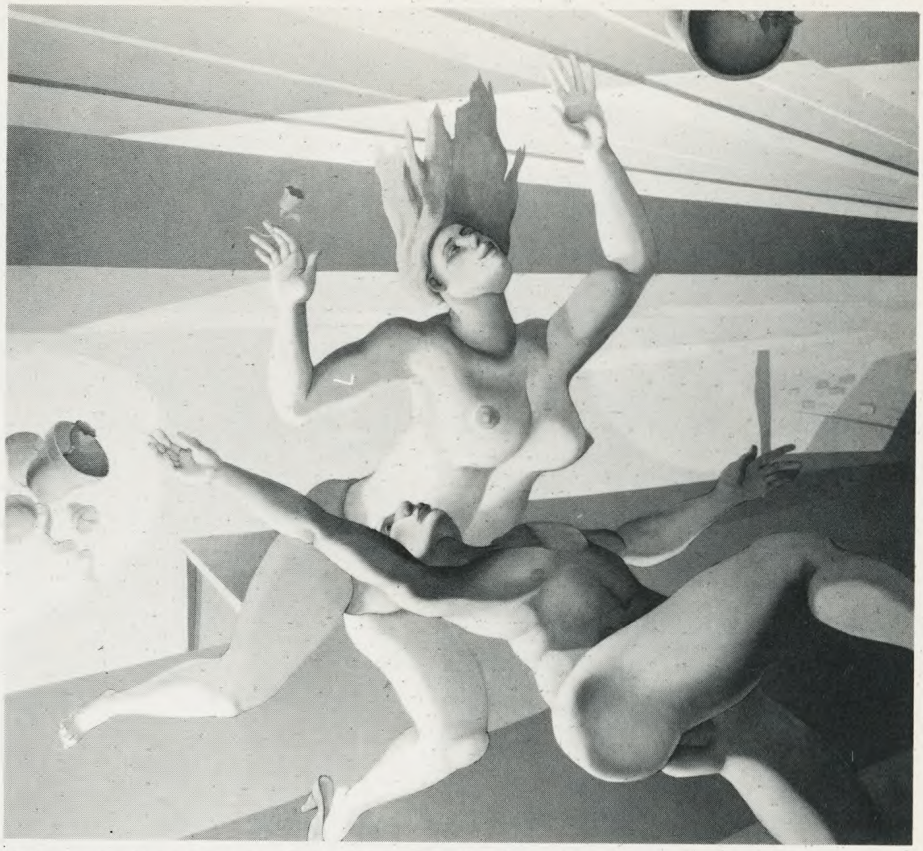
and sketch her buttocks. His spouse howls when she finds out? To more obliging femmes he meets while making his rounds he says: "My wife doesn't even know what a penis is?" Yet, when he returns from weeks of philandering, he finds his "frigid" wife getting her cavity filled by a virile stranger—a stranger at least to *him*. Dropping out to pursue a painter's life in the very village where Gauguin worked ("He was so horny no maid would dare enter his room," locals still recall with relish.) He meets up with such a bizarre characters as a fellow artist who provides bed and board for a sting of nubile Lolitas. One, an especially appetizing dish who walks around the house in the buff wearing only pink stockings confides to the ex-umbrella man: "He always wants his friends to f--k me. That's what turns him on." The sight of her saucy nude bun always turns on the ex-salesman. Excusing himself from a living room guest, he traips upstairs, grinning: "I've got an emergency. Whenever I see an ass like that, I gotta stuff it right away?"

In "The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio" a beautiful girl carves herself a life-sized guy and eventually a Fairy Godmother breathes life into him. As for this Pinocchio's adventures, as Henny Youngman might say, "If Disney were alive, he'd turn around in his grave?" P's pecker gets harder and longer as his sexperiences expand. Eventually he is forced to support it with a huge sling around his neck. At a fancy whorehouse orgy staged on a stage in front of a chi-chi paying audience nubile nudes walk on his long, stiff pecker, balancing themselves like tight rope walkers.

In his outrageous, bizarre novel, "American Mischief" (Farrar, Straus, Giroux) Alan Lelcuk theorizes that "braids on any older woman are exciting . . . arousing . . . Sophie would lie down and spread that long thick chestnut blanket of hair upon my belly and groin. Immediately my penis would shoot up into a white bone, and she'd wind her hair around it and exert pleasing pleasure; then take it . . . and nibble like a greedy dog.

In Russ Meyer's "UP!" a local guy describes a newcomer to town: "Her nipples are as big as the tits other gals wish they had." Sample snatch of "Up!" dialogue. Girl traffic offender to arresting officer: "I give good head." He: "I never had any bad head."

UA's Smile," a great crowd-pleaser at the Museum of Modern Art, deals with teen beauty competitions. One sees the cute young things in various shapes and sizes arrive at a California armory to stay there for the contest's duration. In the privacy of their rooms the teens confide in each other. Says one: "I really prefer a plain tits n' ass contest, none of this talent, personality stuff. I was in one contest sponsored by a horny dermatologist. He just hired a large motel room and ran his own private contest . . ." The teen son of the contest's major local sponsor tries to take snapshots of the contestants dressing or undressing in their rooms. "If we get a shot of two nude or half-naked girls actually kissing or touching we get extra dough for this," he explains. There's also a lot to do about a local lodge's Klan-like Rooster Ceremony, in which members who just reached 35 have to kiss a dead chicken's ass.

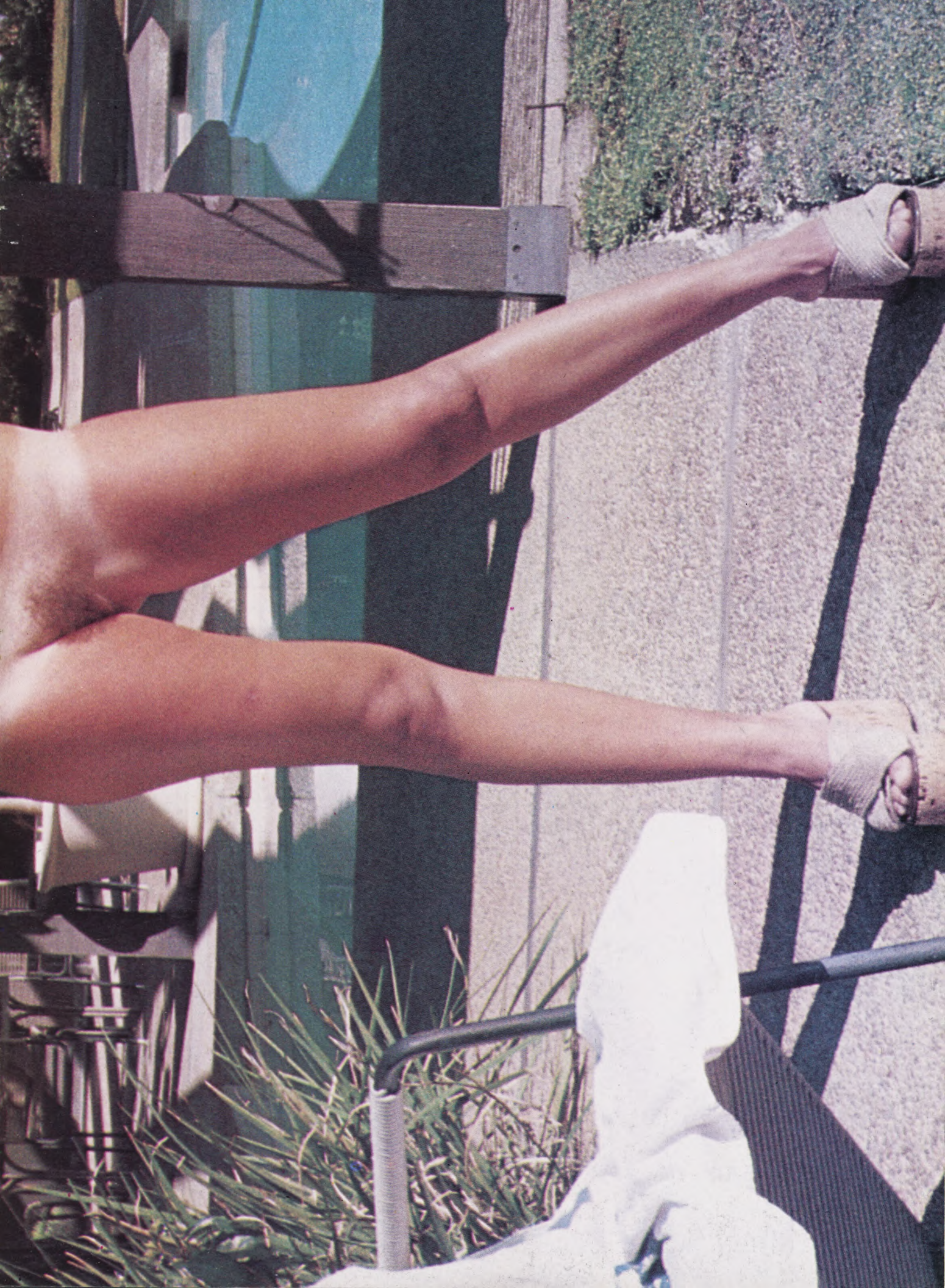


"Foreplay" (above) and "Ascension of the Grass Goddess" (below) by Elias Friedensohn were exhibited at NY's Terry Dintentass Gallery. Photographs by John B. Schiff and Walter Rosenblum respectively.

It is with great pride that we present Edie Dee, a sensational new addition to the Big Up Front brigade. A stewardess by profession, Edie was discovered in flight by one of our continental correspondents returning from a European assignment. As he tells it, he was buried in some heavy reading when an alluring

EDIE DEE

Gem of the Month



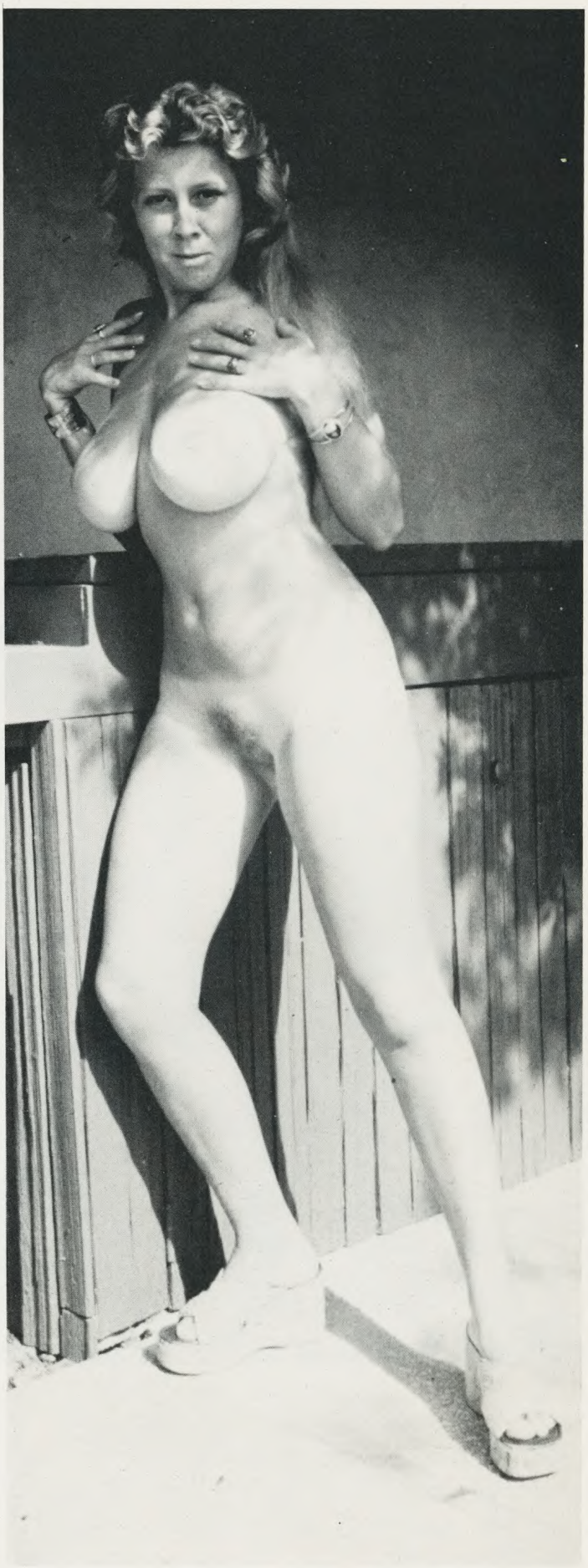
voice declared, "I see you're reading Proust. What's your sign?". Our man forgot all about remembrance of things past as he feasted his eyes on the blonde stewardess' twin BUF knockouts. As she served him his cocktail, our man determined that he must persuade this

gal to pose for us. After discussing Proust and astrology with her, he popped the big question and received an affirmative answer.

"I knew it would work out because we had compatible astrological signs," Edie said. "I'm a Leo and he's Asparagus. Actually, J've always

had a secret desire to model, but the opportunity never came up. Oh, I've had offers, but the vibes were never right."

This California sweetheart gives off nothing but good vibes to all who come in contact with her. Edie's friendly, warm personality is



welcomed by the many air travelers she deals with daily. And you can bet that her spectacular figure and good looks are the highlight of the trip for all the men on board.

Edie enjoys flying and hopes to pilot a plane herself some day. She's already begun training and looks forward to the day she'll be the skipper of a 707. One thing for sure, this sensational new sexpot sets our spirits soaring just looking at her. And even if she decides to become earth borne, she's bound to reach new heights of popularity. □

The KURDISTAN CAPER

by Walt Jaffee

On a new case, our strong-backed but weak-minded private eye, Early Punch, discovers that oil's well that ends well

The steamer's engines slammed astern, setting up a vibration like a hurricane on a high wire. It was like that all the way from Istanbul to Trabzon. The skipper knew only two speeds, stop and full ahead. The ship lurched to a stop next to the dock. Lines snaked our fore and aft like bullwhips. As the gangway clattered down I went back to my room for my luggage.

He was waiting for me. I knew it even before I reached the door. Drawing my rod, I went in low, rolled over twice, and ended up wedged face down against the bunk. My slug buried itself in the mattress. As the roar of the bullet died I heard him laughing.

"Ah, effendi. You certainly do enter the room. Yes? Ready for action are you. Yes? That is good."

Untangling myself from the floor, I saw sitting cross-legged on the chair. He was short, black hair, dark, glittering eyes. "You will come with me effendi," he said, grabbing my suitcases. "The Sha awaits you."

"O.K. hancho, but the name's Punch. Early Punch. Not that Fender moniker,"

"Yes, effendi, we know who you are."

On the dock we fought our way through the youthful wharfrats that warmed around us, begging for money. I didn't relax until our jeep was rolling us out of town. I figured I was lucky. They only got my sunglasses, a new Parker, a Rolex, and my left shoe.

"Effendi, you will find my people do not treat the American so. Pah!" He spit out the window.

"That's O.K. hancho. Plenty more where that came from." Figured I better keep up the American image.

He clammed up the rest of the way to Mahabad.

It all started back in my office, behind the door marked, "Early Punch, Private Eye." I walked in that morning to find my secretary, Goody N. Plenty, bent over the bottom file drawer, her back to me. Her miniskirt was up to you know where. I figured it was my best chance. Quietly taking off my trenchcoat, I unzipped, whipped out my rod, and tip-toed up behind her. I was just zeroing in when

"Never smoke in bed with an inflatable doll!"

several things happened. There was a knock at the door. I turned my head to see my friend Smith N. Wesson walk in. Feeling a movement in front of me, I turned again. My secretary was facing me. Her hand descended in a karate chop. I missed my chance. She didn't miss hers. Her blow struck with all the force of a pile driver on hardpan.

Later, a lot later, Smitty outlined the case for me.

"You see, Earl, the Shah of Kurdistan has come into a large amount of money through the discovery of oil on his province. Being wealthy makes him more desirable dead than alive to his two eldest sons. He wants a body guard to protect him so they will turn their attentions to each other."

"Why would they do that?"

"Elementary, my dear Earl. According to ancient Kurdistan tradition the two eldest sons must match wits and strength against each other until one is killed, leaving the other the inheritance."

"Yeah, but isn't one older than the other?"

"No, not at all. You see, the Shah has sixteen wives and forty-two concubines. The two eldest were born the same day, at the same time, by different wives."

My mind raced like a dust devil. "That's fifty-eight women, how does he satisfy them all?" I asked leering.

"One at a time, Earl. One at a time."

"Some guys have all the luck . . ."

"Anyway, your job is to protect the Shah. He thinks the two sons would rather have him done in and split the inheritance, rather than fight each other for it."

"Fifty-eitght women . . ."

"Whatever you do, don't let the sons get too close to the old man."

"Fifty-eight women . . ."

You seen one Kurdistan town, you seen them all. Plaster houses, all the men wearing dresses, camels all over the place. We didn't stop. The Shah's palace was north of town, on the shores of Lake Urmia.

"This way, effendi," said the driver, almost before he stopped the jeep. I followed him up the marble steps of the palace. Inside, we quickly went through a maze of corridors until we reach my room.

Bowing, my guide said, "Your room, effendi. The Shah's is on one side, the entrance to the harem on the other."

"Yeah, right . . . the harem you say?"

His dark eyes glittered like ice in a cavern. "Yes, effendi, but do not be the one to be caught in the harem."

"Why not, hancho?"

"Ah, effendi. The shah would make a eunuch of you."

I laughed. "They'd have to hit this old private dick pretty hard to make his neck 'U' shaped."

Slipping into a white tropical suit, trenchcoat, and sneakers, I followed my guide to my first meeting with the shah. The sneakers were the only thing I had left. They squeaked on the marble floors like chalk on a blackboard. Let'm squeak I figured. I wasn't about to wear none of them curly-toed fruit boots I saw the rest of the palace guard wearing.

The shah sat on a huge red pillow raised on a platform above the floor. He weighed in at about three hundred. He had a face like that guy you saw on Esquire in the old days.

"Ah, Mr. Punch," he smiled. Come. Join me," he said, gesturing to a pillow on his right.

"Eat, drink," he continued, clapping his hands twice, "while we talk."

A slender broad lay several platters of food between us. I couldn't tell what kind of food it was. That's because I was staring at her. She wore pants made of some kind of cheese cloth with a top to match. There was nothing underneath. My eyes were riveted to her boobs dancing carelessly in front of me. Before she left she smiled and winked. I think she winked. I mean, who ever looks at the eyes?

Pulling my tongue back in, I focused my eyes. I sampled the food she left. As I found something I liked, the shah began.

"Ah, a man after my own taste, Mr. Punch. You like the mustafi. It is my favorite also."

They were little egg-shaped brown things with salt on them. Wrinkled like prunes, they tasted like steak.

"The problem, Mr. Punch, is to prevent either of my sons from killing me in an attemp to take over the thrown. However, you may let one of them kill the other."

"You got it, Shah," I said, helping myself to more mustafi.

"Well, you quickly grasp the situation, that is good."

Our interview over, I rose to leave. "Ah, I really like this mustafi. What is it in English?"

"Mr. Punch," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I believe it would translate as dried goat balls."

I made it back to my room before I threw up.

I woke up in the middle of the night. Someone was in the room with me. I reached for the rod under my pillow. A hand reached for my other rod. It was a warm, soft hand. I didn't move a muscle. Well, maybe one muscle. The hand moved—a lot. I erupted like an oil well coming in for a thousand barrels an hour. In the moonlight I saw it was the girl who served the mustafi. I didn't hold that against her. As she lay next to me I held something else against her.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Scherezade-ben-abdulla-weigh, Mr. Punch, but you can call me Weigh."

"Right toots, you can call me Early."

She giggled. "You certainly were."

"It's been a long time, toots."

"I can tell by the way you are rising to the occasion again so quickly," she said, lowering her head.

"What, but . . ."

Talk was useless. She smothered my questions like a damp washcloth.

(continued on page 61)

CANDY

It is quite possible that over the years no girl has been requested more times than the celebrated Candy Samples. So we've dug deep into our files and hope this photo spread will make you Candy fans from all over the country sigh contentedly and say, "How sweet it is!" More words would be superflous as far as this super sexpot is concerned so we'll clam up and you can let your eyes do the gawking. □

WHERE SEX IS JOY

continued from page 17

them had shapely, trim figures and one had extremely well-developed breasts. Lee couldn't believe his good luck.

"Okay, stud," said Carol, the one with the big breasts. "Stop drooling and get undressed. It's almost showtime."

And she wasn't kidding. Carol told Lee to lie down on the bed and then she got on top of him.

It didn't take Lee long to realize that these chicks had had a lot of sexual experience, and knew all of the wild ways to please a man.

Of all of the sex in Los Angeles, most men find that the freshest, most enthusiastic female lovers of free sex inhabit the apartment and beach houses for singles only. These chicks hold respectable jobs as secretaries, receptionists and airline stewardesses and really put their hearts into sex. They haven't worked as prostitutes, they haven't married and they bring to sex something of a virginal quality that can't be matched.

They're full of fun and fancy free and are out for a fling before they marry and settle down. Sex is a relatively new thing to them and after they have experienced the real pleasures of the flesh they crave more and more of the same. In other words, once they have tasted the so-called forbidden fruit, they can't get enough of that wonderful stuff.

Dave, a 24-year-old bachelor who came to Southern California to work, was a native of Little Rock, Arkansas. Dave was good with the gals but the trouble back in Little Rock seemed to be that there never seemed to be enough chicks who wanted to play around without expecting to get a marriage proposal in return. The second week Dave was on the job in Santa Monica, California, he met Donna, a receptionist with his firm. Then she invited him to a beach party near Malibu.

It started at dusk and went on and on. They toasted hot dogs and sat around drinking beer and joking. There were about 10 couples in the group. They decided to have a dance contest and turned on a transistor radio. They twisted and gyrated on the sand to the pulsating beat of rock groups, then first one girl took off all her clothes, then others followed suit. As the dancing became more animated, tits and asses flopped around like driftwood on a raging sea. Under the light of a full moon the scene resembled a primitive mating rite.

Suddenly someone suggested they all go for a swim. They all stripped naked and raced for the ocean. The icy water revived their perspiring bodies and they bobbed around like playful dolphins.

Dave grabbed Donna from behind and gently massaged her breasts. She reached behind her and fondled his aroused organ, then they made it right there in the water.

Afterwards when they came back up on the beach, they dried each other off, grabbed two cans of beer and went for a long walk on the beach. Almost everywhere Dave looked were couples making love, oblivious to everything except giving and receiving pleasure.

"My God!" Dave said to Donna. "Does this go on all the time at the beach?"

"Of course, silly," she laughed. "Everyone who lives at the beach is completely uninhibited when it comes to sex. The young swinging singles, I mean. We don't have any sexual hangups like they do back home. We all look upon sex as a natural function and consider it as casually as brushing your teeth. What better place is there to make love than on the beach under a full moon.

Southern California may have its smog and crowded freeways and earthquakes, but if a stud loves sex, there's no other place like it in the world. There must be something about the balmy Southern California weather that drives everyone living there a little daffy about sex.

In any case, there are thousands of delicious dames willing and eager to ball—for a price or for free. There's no doubt about it: Southern California is as wide open sexually as any area can be. Everywhere you look, it is having one big gigantic sexual orgasm. □

TRUE TAILS

continued from page 6

$25 A NIGHT BABY-SITTER.

A story about a girl who was paid 50 cents an hour to baby-sit for an Alaskan couple on a long, long, winter night.

HE WAS BAD, I WAS BORED—FOR KICKS WE WENT WILD.

Know what they did? They went out and drew moustaches on subway pictures of Dristan users.

I HAD THE MAKINGS OF A MISTRESS.

The story of a demented scientist who tried to create his own girl friend.

WE DID IT THE HARD WAY—STANDING UP.

The story of a young man and his girl frined who rode the Fifth Avenue bus from one end of Manhattan to the other without getting a seat.

HE WANTED ME TO DO IT IN FRONT OF HIS FRIENDS.

He asked her to play "The Merry Widow Waltz" on the piano for the members of his poker club.

HE SAID 69 WAS FOR HIM—I SAID NO!

They were ordering wine in a restaurant. She wanted an older vintage year wine instead of such recent stuff.

That was it. My reading had to stop. The dentist's pretty nurse called me in. She sat me in a chair and set up the X-ray machine. She held a picture plate on her forefinger and inserted it against my gum, giving me an idea for a confession mag story right there.

THE DENTIST'S BEAUTIFUL NURSE STUCK HERS IN MY MOUTH! □

He was straight and she was a runaway hippy. He knew she was too young but she was wild and pretty — and she was offering herself . . .

JAIL BAIT

by Glenn Pritchard

The scene is common enough in almost any large city these days; the long-haired ones asking for hand-outs on the street corners. Although I'm not much older than most of these kids, and in some instances younger than the professional slobs, I've never been able to identify with them because I'm what you'd call pretty straight. I get haircuts once in a while, don't mind taking showers, have a good job, and enjoy driving an almost new car. But the young girl on the corner near my apartment one evening was especially touching. Her sad but pretty face was stained with grimey smudges, her long hair obviously dirty, her clothes quite ragged. "How about a quarter, mister?" she said as I started to pass.

"You look like you could use more than a quarter," I said.

"Right, I could." Her eyes were clear, a little too bright.

I pulled a dollar out of my pocket. "Here, take this."

She looked at the bill but didn't reach for it. "What's the catch?"

"No catch, just take it, use it for whatever."

Slowly her dirty hand stretched out and took the bill. She looked at it, folded and carefully shoved it into a tight pocket of her jeans. "Thanks," she said.

I started to leave but something about her expression made me pause. Perhaps it was the anguish in those eyes that betrayed a sense of hurt and desperation.

"Are you a runaway?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I guess so. I split from a bad scene."

"Looks like a pretty bad scene now."

She looked at me with the steady, fearless gaze of the very young, and then tears started pooling in her wide eyes. "Yeah,

man," she said, "it's tough."

"Would you go home if you could?"

"I guess so," she said. Tears spilled from her eyes and traced dirty rivulets through the grime of her cheeks.

"So why not go home? I'm sure your parents would be glad to have you back again."

She shuffled her feet, wiped the tear tracks on her young face into a smear with her fingers. "I don't know. I'm not sure."

I made a sudden decision to get involved, to somehow help the helpless. "Want a shower? Get cleaned up? That should help some."

"Where?" she said, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"My place. It's up the street a couple blocks."

"Look mister, I appreciate the buck but I don't feel like any funny business, you know?"

"No funny business," I said. "I just thought you'd like to get cleaned up. I'm not interested in jailbait."

"I'm sixteen, man," 'she snapped.

"Still too young. If you can't accept some friendliness with no strings attached that's all right with me." I turned and started to walk down the street. Little hot at her suspicious attitude, I guess.

"Wait," she said. "You really mean no funny stuff? I've been fooled before and I don't like it."

"I mean it," I said.

She paused a moment, looked at me intently, finally nodded her head. "Okay. I'd like a shower."

At the apartment I showed her the shower, got a fresh towel and old robe for her, then took all her clothes down to the laundry room and put them in a washer. When she came out of the shower in the baggy robe she looked small, even younger than before. But her face was clean, the long hair sparkling when she dried it. She smiled for the first time.

"Hey, that was great," she said.

"Your clothes will be dry before long. Guess you could be hungry, right?"

"Yeah, I'm hungry."

"Okay, watch TV and I'll fry some ham and eggs."

She wolfed the food down, making small noises of appreciation as the meat, eggs, and toast rapidly disappeared. I didn't ask her when the last good meal had been.

"Feel better now?" I asked over a cup of coffee.

"Sure do." She smiled but still regarded me with some suspicion. I'm sure she thought the next move would have something to do with sex. And she was attractive and young; I could easily imagine how satisfying a tumble in the bed would be with this wild young girl. There was something about her helplessness however, that kind of turned me off. She obviously was a mixed-up kid and I didn't want to add to her troubles or create new ones for myself.

"Okay, we better call your folks."

She toyed with the coffee, twisted the cup back and forth between anxious fingers. "I guess so. I wonder—" The question died on her lips, and I figured she was concerned about contacting her parents and going home. A bad scene, according to her estimate.

"What's the number? And what's your name?"

She gave me the number and said her name was Linda. "I don't want to talk to them now," she said. I'll have to talk plenty when they get me home."

"Okay, go watch TV and I'll make the call."

"Hello," a woman said after three rings.

"Is this Mrs. Collins?"

"Yes, who's calling please?"

"This is Charles Stanton. I have your daughter Linda here and she wants to come home."

"Linda? Linda?" The voice broke into a soft crying sound and suddenly another voice, a man, was on the line.

"Linda?" the man said.

"No, this is Charles Stanton and Linda is with me. She wants to come home."

"Oh, that's wonderful," the man said. "This is Linda's father. Where do you live?"

"San Francisco," I said. "Can you come and pick her up?"

"We'll be there tomorrow. Drive all night and be there by morning. This is wonderful, Mr. Stanton. I can't thank you enough for calling us. We've been so worried. How is Linda? Can I talk to her?"

"She's fine," I said. "She doesn't want to talk to anyone at the moment."

"I understand," he said. "Tomorrow morning will be soon enough."

I gave him the address and he thanked me several more times before I could get off the line. I fixed myself a drink and went into the other room. "They'll be here tomorrow," I said.

"How did they sound?"

"Happy. I'm sure they're excited about finding you again. Must have been pretty worried."

"Huh," she said and turned her full attention to the TV, the old movie with endless commercials. She didn't say anything else until I yawned and stood up.

"Bedtime," I said. She shifted uncomfortably in the big chair and watched as I yawned again. "You sleep on the couch out here. I'll get some sheets and blankets."

"Okay." She sounded relieved that I hadn't suggesting sharing the bed with her.

"Look," I said after the couch was readied for sleeping, "don't cut out on me tonight, all right? Going home may not be the biggest ball in the world, but it's a lot better than bumming change on street corners, right?"

"I won't cut out," she said. "Don't worry."

"Okay, Linda. Sleep tight if you can get used to the lumps in the couch."

"It's fine," she said, and I left her fussing with the blankets and went to bed.

Sometime during the night I woke to find Linda kneeling by the bed, her face close to mine. Her presence jolted me wide awake in an instant.

"What is it?"

"Can't sleep," she said in a soft whisper. "And I want to tell you something."

"Tell me something."

"I thought you'd make a pass, I really did. I was happy that you didn't because I guess I trusted you. You said no funny business and kept expecting you to try something anyway. You must have meant it."

"I did mean it. Now go to bed." Her closeness in the dark room was disturbing and my resolve could have weakened rapidly if she didn't get out, especially since I noticed she was in the nude.

"Guess I'm making a pass now," she said, and touched my face with her warm fingers. "You've been real good to me. Don't know what would have happened if you hadn't come along. Can I get in bed with you for awhile?"

I had to swallow before I could answer, and even while swallowing the picture of her rounded curves, the desirable body, filled my mind. I could readily imagine the excitement of her responsiveness, the pleasure of holding her close. And yet, the idea of playing it straight was right; after all, she's only sixteen, I told myself, and I fought down the desires that had so suddenly crowded into my thinking. "Hey, go to bed, Linda. You're a sweet girl but we better get some more sleep."

"Look, I've done it before, I'm no virgin," she said.

I couldn't listen to any more and keep my cool. "Get out of here," I said sharply. "Go to bed right now!"

I saw her stand and leave the bedroom, the slim whiteness of her figure moving away from me in the darkness. I heaved a sigh of relief, laid there feeling like a saint, even thought about calling her back. Resisted the impulse for some strange reason I didn't understand and after a long time fell asleep. The last thing I heard was Linda turning restlessly on the squeaky couch.

The next morning I cooked breakfast while Linda ironed some of the wrinkles out of her clothes. She dressed and we ate in silence.

"I'm sorry about last night," I said.

"It's okay," she said. "Don't mention it."

"It isn't that I don't find you attractive. It's just that you're too young."

"You didn't let me prove how old I really am," she said.

"Things happen for the best and you know it." She didn't say anything more, just stacked the dishes.

Her parents arrived and the tearful reunion provided me with some satisfaction. And Linda's father, a nervous but respectable type, looked around the apartment after shaking my hand. He could see it was a small place, a one-bedroom apartment, and it probably worried him just a bit.

"Linda slept on the couch last night," I said. "All night."

He smiled and nodded; probably didn't believe me. "Thank you," he said.

About a week later I received a brief note from Linda's father with a check for fifty dollars.

"The enclosed should cover the telephone call and other expenses you may have incurred. We are so thankful for your assistance in this matter. Linda has told us of your spontaneous kindness.

"Incidentally, Linda had a medical check-up when we got home and the doctor discovered she had contracted syphilis somewhere along the line. Early treatment will prevent complications and I thought you'd like to know. Once again, thank you."

I sighed, let the letter fall from my fingers. I had a motto made for my bedroom wall: *Staying Straight Is Something Great* and I believe it. I really do. □

"Oh . . . h'ya."

VICE VERSE

by Longfella Dix

I've met a girl who's
warm and willing.
She has a need I'm
quickly filling.

They've invented a love machine;
To say the least, it's simply keen.
It can ball either sex,
Concave or convex,
And screw with itself in between!

An oversexed Lassie, Miss Wright,
Insisted on eight times a night;
A dude named Carrier
Had the guts to marry her.
His chance of survival is slight.

When the doctor balled the nurse,
The patients all felt none the worse.

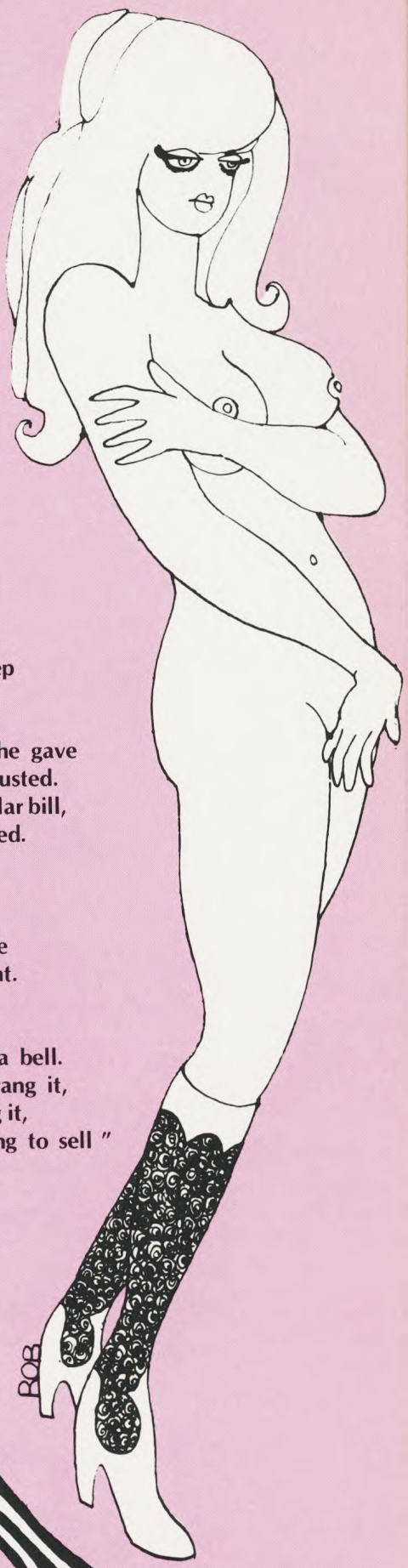
Sally can't hold her liquor?
One for her is the most;
Two, she's under the table;
Three, she's under the host.

If your wife doesn't know
you're keeping a wench,
When you talk in your sleep
Make sure it's in French.

A lazy brassiere was what he gave
To the girl he loved and trusted.
But she sold the gift for a dollar bill,
For she was a gal flat busted.

Kiss me, sweetheart,
Hold me tight.
I need to get some practice
For my date tomorrow night.

A prostitute called Nell
Walked the streets ringing a bell.
When asked why she rang it,
She replied, "Well, dang it,
Can't you see I've something to sell "



WE QUIT

Because of recent court decisions, we're throwing in the towel. . . **closing out ALL our inventory.** Our bulging warehouse is loaded with $1,250,000.00 worth of sexually oriented merchandise which we are offering at **85% to 90% off the list price.** There are **no gimmicks, no catches, no tricks.** This merchandise consists of items we bought for future mailings. **It's all NEW, 1st QUALITY and UP-TO-DATE,** and it must be disposed of immediately, because we are closing this company forever! Here's your chance to get sexually oriented books, magazines, films, novelties, electric gadgets, etc., at below wholesale prices.

SUPERSTARS OF PORNO IN BIG SCREEN FILMS

OFFER A

Sensational porno films like DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES cost **$5 and up** just to see once! Now, for **less than a single theater admission** you can **own** a full-length film with the **same superstar** performing every imaginable sex act for your **private** enjoyment. Not one, but **eight films** so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

We had to change the titles, but the first time you see these films you will understand why. You won't continue to pay $5 or more for a single movie ticket when you can own a film for the **same price** and watch a **top hardcore porno star** perform sexually at your command. . . as many times and as often as you like!

NO. 1 TALENTED TONGUE

If you have seen DEEP THROAT you'll recognize this star instantly. Watch her now, nude and more passionate than ever, perform for you privately, doing things with men that have made her the queen of hardcore. If one of her acts turns you on . . . stop the action and play it again. You can't do that when you watch in the theater!

NO. 2 BIG RAPE OFF

He gets her into a room and she beats and tears at him as he rips off her panties, pushes her skirt up over her breasts and forces himself between her legs. Do her frantic hip movements change from panic to ecstasy as he presses her? Judge for yourself in this super-realistic film!

NO. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands.

NO. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

He tears off her blouse and bra until, her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-goal. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

NO. 5 CLITS AND DICKS

A new, young model is taught every kind of sex by two virile males and her voluptuous girlfriend. At first she seals her lips tight. Then the other girl shows her how, and in a sexual feast you'll want to replay many times, her eager, moist lips show she has learned her lessons well.

NO. 6 WET, HOT AND HORNY

The wedding night and the groom is nervous. She's waited so long that she casts aside all shame and bares her full, luscious body to him. He is startled, then aroused as she bares his manhood with trembling fingers and offers him her maidenhead.

NO. 7 LEZ LESSON

Threatened with death, the terrified bride is forced to perform on the sex-starved gunwoman. But the wife becomes aroused and the gun is thrown aside as a close-up sequence shows how lovers parting silky female hair send the two women into writhing ecstasies of lesbian love.

NO. 8 DR. BLACK JACK

The sex-driven, mentally disturbed girl has masturbation problems that the Richard Roundtree type psychiatrist tries to solve. She uses her hot lust to break his professional calm. The doctor-patient love scenes top anything yet filmed!

Remember, these are not the usual cheapie, badly lit, poorly shot films that are often sold for $25 or more! These are full feature 8mm films **made directly from the 16mm theater-class motion picture film** and are made available to you for only $4.99 each. **But you must act now!**

OFFER B

Would you give us $5.74 for $60 to $100 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise? **Of course you would!** That's right, since everything must go fast, we'll load an **extra large box** to its bursting point and guarantee sexually oriented merchandise valued to $100. . . first come, first served! Orders will consist of **photo books, novels, case histories, oral copulators, unique French ticklers, marital aids, photos, magazines, vibrators, vaginas, penis extensions,** etc. Since this is a true grab bag, not every box will be the same—but you'll sure get the value. **All for only $5.74.**

OFFER C

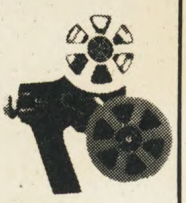
Books. . . all the books you want to read. . . very adult. . . very sexy. . . very spicy! They're all here in this unbelievable grab-bag offer that contains everything from fiction to sex education and explicit case histories. A fabulous buy at a fraction of the original cost. You'll get at least 20 different books. . . **All for only $12.00.**

OFFER D

Same as Offer B. . . except the box will be **gigantic,** and we guarantee $120 to $200 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise **PLUS** an extra surprise bonus absolutely FREE. . . **All for only $10.88.**

We don't want anyone left out of our RARE film offer, so if you don't own a PROJECTOR. . .

We have contracted with a well-known manufacturer to offer you this $24.05 200-ft. viewer at our wholesale cost of only $15. . . **IF** you purchase at least one reel of film. And despite the low cost, we will offer you a **90-day unconditional guarantee** on this precision machine that features an adjustable focus eye piece, nearly automatic 15-second threading, and a large, bright image. **Added bonus:** You can also use it on super-8mm film!



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- ☐ Big Rape Off. $4.99
- ☐ Lez Be Friends. $4.99
- ☐ The Devil In Her. $4.99
- ☐ Clits & Dicks $4.99
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- ☐ Dr. Black Jack $4.99
- ☐ I'm smart. Send me all 8 films $29.95

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- ☐ I've ordered at least one film. Send viewer also. $15.00
- ☐ I just want the viewer. $24.95

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OFFER C

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OFFER D

- ☐ Send me the book grab bag (at least 20 books) $12.00

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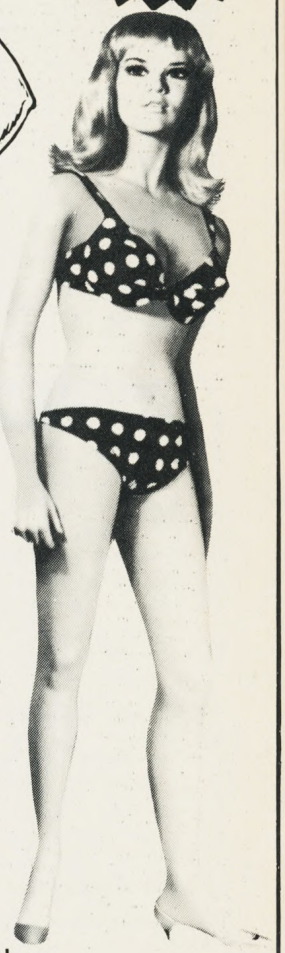

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Send $1.00 extra to cover postage and handling.
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Please rush my Perfect Male Companion Doll,

A ☐ I enclose $29.95 for my Male Companion.

B ☐ I enclose $44.95 for my Electronic Male Companion.

C ☐ I enclose $49.95 for my Male Companion with Electronic Ejaculator.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I have enclosed $3.00 extra to cover C.O.D. fees and handling.

☐ I want Male Companion Doll C, $49.95, and Female Everything Doll C, $45.00, for the special reduced price of $82.95, saving $12.00.

☐ I want Male Companion Doll B, $44.95, and Female Everything Doll C, $45.00, for the special reduced price of $79.95, saving $10.00.

Please rush my Female Everything Doll,

A ☐ I enclose $17.50 for my Everything Doll with one opening.

B ☐ I enclose $29.95 for my Everything Doll with three openings.

C ☐ I enclose $45.00 for my Electronic Everything Doll.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I have enclosed $3.00 extra to cover C.O.D. fees and handling.

THE KURDISTAN CAPER

continued from page 47

She came back the next night, and the next.

She missed the night after that. I got tired of waiting. Throwing on my trenchcoat, I went looking for her. I put my rod in one of the front pockets. I was trying to cover one bulge with another.

Tiptoing past the sleeping guards, I came out the hallway next to the Shah's room, just as a gang of arabs reached his door. They all wore the same kind of turban and carried those curved swords you see in the movies. I caught on fast. These cutups were going to assassinate the Shah. Taking out my rod, I aimed for the crystal chandellier over their heads. One shot would take them all out if my aim was good. It wasn't. I hit the leader in the head. The rest of them turned at the sound of the gunshot and came at me with raised swords. There were seven of them. I know cause I shot six. That left me with an empty gun. The last remaining killer was just hauling back to give me the *crou- de grass* when my trenchcoat fell open. Like I said, I ain't one of them sissies that sleeps in pajamas. I was looking for Weigh. That gun was loaded. The arab laughed so hard he dropped his sword. I picked it up and swung. And missed. He laughed again. I swung again and missed again. He laughed so hard he doubled over—and fell smack on my wildly flailing sword with which I was trying to deliver a final message. The look on his face proved he got the point—all the way. Talk about he who laugh last. That was this murderer's last laugh. And that was the last of this gang of assassins.

Back in Frisco, Smith N. Wesson and I hashed it out in my office.

"The guards weren't asleep, Earl. They were drugged."

"I don't get it."

"That way the Shah's son, Ahmed, and his band of Kurds, hoped to get to his room and bump him off."

"I get it. The old bump him off play, eh?"

"Something like that. Any way, it's a good thing you had your automatic with you. Those Kurds were crazed on hashish. That was the only way you could have stopped them."

"Nothing to it, Smitty."

But tell me, how did you manage to get the sword away from that last Kurd?"

"Something came up that must have scared hell out of him. What about the broad, Weigh? Where did she figure in?"

"She was in with Ahmed. She was supposed to do you in that last night. But the Shah found out about her. She was being questioned in the dungeon. That's why she didn't show."

"Man, that was some caper."

"It certainly was, Earl. When it comes to the middle east, I guess you've had enough *Kurds* and *Weigh* to last a lifetime."

His words echoed through my brain like a door slamming in the statepen. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

just happy to see other and probably prettier women being chained, roped, gagged, lashed and otherwise degraded?

Who knows?

But a word of caution. Before you decide to give your bird a thrill by beating up on her, make sure she's not a karate black belt.

Sex and Politics? Whither are we Drifting?

"Do you feel that sex is in any way political?"

Any day now that question may appear in your mailbox. Shere Hite, book author, is in the business of asking at least 150,000 fellows how they feel about poontang and the politics. She is following up on a best seller, "The Hite Report," wherein she quizzed females.

So you will not be kept in suspence, my answer to the question at the top is "YES." If I was a political congressman. I could employ a secretary who did not know how to type. But what else she could do—oooh!—ooooh!

TV Lessons

A maximum security prison in Michigan permits inmates to watch the TV programs of their choice. One of the prisoners, a lifer, took a survey among his fellows as to their favorite shows. The voters were all in favor of such things as *Baretta, Kojak, Switch* and other crime series. No kudos for Mary Tyler Moore, "All in the Family" or even "Mary Hatman, Mary Hartman."

The cons are not against comedy. It's just that they look at TV for education rather than entertainment. They take notes about robberies, heists and con games expecting to use the info when they get out. One felon told the interviewer he had pulled off several burglaries all patterned on a "blue print" from *Police Woman.* Another said *Adam 12* had tipped him off on how to steal a sporting goods store.

One inmate, a noble fellow no doubt, said, "It's like you have a lot of intelligent, creative minds—all those Hollywood writers—working for you. They keep coming up with new ideas." (Bless that splendid chap, at last giving underpaid overworked writers the recognition they deserve!)

Bright Sayings of Hot-Pants Females

"Cue" gives recognition to leading talents with "Golden Apple Awards." At the most recent ceremony, actress Jean Marsh of "Upstairs, Downstairs," was invited to present the movie trophy to Robert Redford. Jean said, "The heck with presenting the award. I want to sleep with him."

(Liz Smith reported the above. Since her column appears in *The New York Daily News*, the Family Newspaper, it's possible Ms. Marsh didn't exactly use the words "heck" and "sleep with.")

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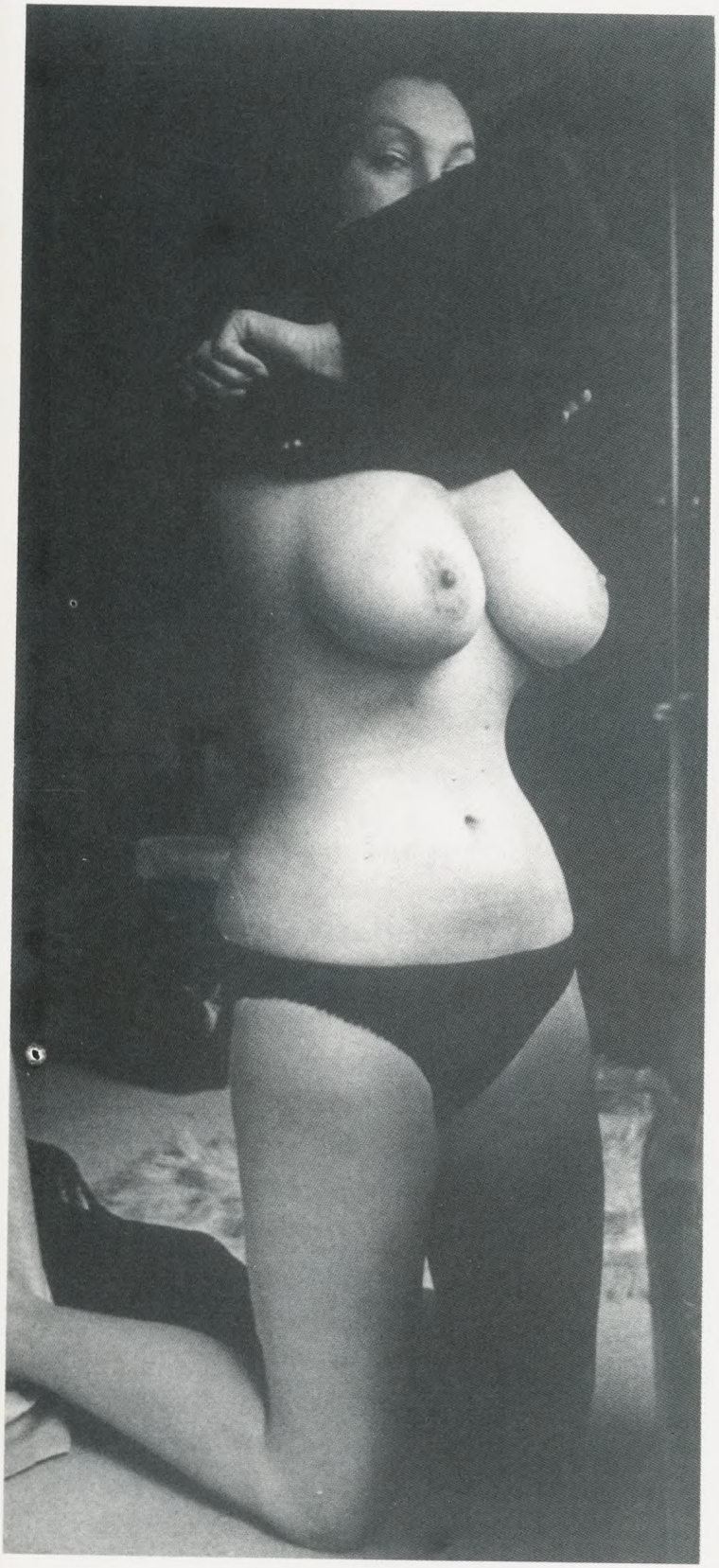

MARIE

Lately we've received some kind words from a batch of fans in Indiana and among their requests was one to do a photo spread of Marie Dumas, a British bird of extra-pleasing plumage. We always do our best to please, so here she is, fellows. Incidentally, we will try to run as many of the other girls you asked for in subsequent issues. Meanwhile, have an eyeball with merry Marie from merry England while we do our best to make Marie ourselves.

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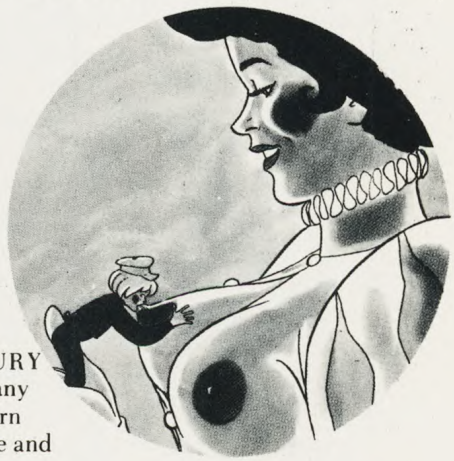

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HATS OFF!

continued from page 29

kept his cap securely anchored under his ears, but the inevitable was indeed inevitable.

One day when Richie was sixteen he met a girl in high school who was physically advanced beyond her tender years. In other words, she was stacked like a ton of bricks. Up to this point Richie had held a vise-like control over his libido, but when he saw Angie he literally flipped his wig!

Angie, sitting across from him in the school's cafeteria, leaning over with her huge mammaries warming fifty square inches of the dining table, suddenly noticed a miracle. Richie's head, half hidden under the stocking cap, was rising in a point!

"Hey!" she said, taken back by this piece of magic.

"Hey!" another girl said, thinking Richie had a bird hidden under his bonnet.

"Hey!" a boy said from the other end of the table, believing that Richie had mastered a new mode of levitation.

"Hey!" a third girl yelled, as she saw Miss Crumpett, the school's old-maid physics teacher, approach Richie's table.

"What do you have under that cap, young man?" Miss Crumpett wheezed in her nasal tone.

"Nothing," Richie answered, oblivious to his metamorphosis, feeling only a slight tug around his ears.

"Well, we will see about that," Miss Crumpett said, happy for the chance to show her authority. She grabbed an edge of Richie's cap and pulled it off.

And fainted!

Wild pandemonium spread through the cafeteria as students fought each other to get a better look at Richie's head.

"So that's why he doesn't play sports!"

"I wonder what shampoo he uses."

"Is it plastic?"

"Geez, it's getting bigger!"

"Hey, I've always heard that two heads are better' one!"

As the lunch-room monitors rushed to the principal's office to report a riot, Richie tried to fold the penis on top of his head and crowd it back under the stocking cap. But Angie just sat there with her mouth open and her tits heaving up and down on the table, shaking it—and Richie couldn't squeeze his stubborn pecker under the cap! So he just wrapped the cap around the organ and ran for the toilet.

The cap looked like a flag waving above his head as he vaulted over Miss Crumpett and sped away.

So Richie's problem was (one might say) out of the bag. It wasn't enough that he had to wait until the Johns were free so he could stick his head near the toilet and urinate. Now he had to face the open ridicule from his classmates! They had already immortalized him in verse:

"Richie, Richie, hard-nosed and frizzy,

Screwed the girls and made himself dizzy."

No one understood. No one cared. He would have to live out his life as a hermit, give up all thoughts of future happiness.

Then one day while he was walking home from classes, Angie came up besides him, asked him if he'd like to drop by her house for a Coke. Oh, well, what the hell, Richie told himself, for he was convinced that this invitation would only lead to more pain and he would have to find something taller than the stovepipe hat which he had by now adopted. With a chin-strap for added security.

Angie's parents weren't home. That made Richie suspicious.

And for good reason, because the minute Angie closed the front door behind them she stripped off her blouse.

As if Richie were a thermometer, blood rushed to his head when she abruptly asked him to unfasten her bra. He felt a headache coming on.

"Let's go to bed," Angie suggested, tweaking her expansive nipples.

Well, Richie had come this far. If she could stand him, he saw no reason for not seeing it through with her, headache or no headache.

When they were both undressed and his head was nestled between her strong legs, then pounding back and forth, Richie wondered why he had removed his pants. But it didn't matter.

They came. Together. Richie thought the ecstatic movement of her pelvis would scalp him. Then his eyes glazed over, rolled in their sockets, and his headache disappeared.

"Are you a unicorn or a Martian with a broken antenna?"

"Is that what I think it is or are you wearing a Kaiser helmet to bed?"

Richie became injured to the jokes of his bed-partners, whose numbers swelled when they saw Richie swell.

His male friends, though, began to slight him, joking maliciously about Richie being the only guy who had to worry that he'd be castrated in a barber shop. Too often they heard their girl-friends complain, "A rubber? Gosh, Richie uses a rain cap!" Or, "How come Richie's got a ram's horn and you've got a wart?"

Actually, Richie didn't mind if he lost a few friends. He *did* mind when girls asked him to tie a plastic propeller to his penis so that his head would look like a helicopter. He knew they were only horny in a strange way, but he still felt a bit shy about his oddly placed organ of affection.

After graduating from high school, Richie decided to take a year off to work as a waiter in his father's restaurant. The constant tensions of trying to conceal his problem as much as possible, of trying to keep up with his homework when he spent most of his nights with his head buried not in a book but in a snatch, had brought about a case of polyuria; i.e., Richie urinated *excessive* amounts and, as a result, had less control of his bladder. He always had to flush a urinal twice.

continued

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After a month of following one of the waiters around to learn the demands of his job, Richie was given a suit and sent out among the clientele.

One afternoon as he bent over a table and laid silverware for a couple of stout matrons, his kidneys suddenly gave way like a dynamited Grand Coulee, his top-hat blasted off for the Moon, and poor Richie drenched both the old women with a concentrated surge of yellow bilgewater.

The next day Richie enrolled in summer courses at a college.

College passed uneventfully, the high-mark being his senior year when Richie was voted "Most Likely to Come Out on Top."

When he graduated, he married Angie—who had promised to be unfaithful to him for as long as milk runs and juices flow. He decided to accept her proposal and married her. And she kept her promise.

Today, Angie and Richie live in Nevada where he works as a tester for a prophylactic manufacturer. They are, at present, expecting their second child, and are—as one might expect—very happy. Richie has proved that a man can learn to live with his problem and Angie is proving that she doesn't have to.

Their first child, Itchy, is now fourteen and feeling the effects of a cold bad enough to put him in bed. As Itchy has fallen in love, Angie is glad to keep him home for a while. At least until she can design some new type of mask to hide his very sexy nose . . . □

COOL RECEPTION

continued from page 20

some bread."

Blackmail? That didn't surprise Harlan; his next words did.

"Loan me five hundred bucks?"

"Loan?" The idea of getting the money back was as ridiculous as the smallness of the amount.

Sanderson leaned over the desk. "I'm in a hurry. My flight to Barcelona leaves in an hour." He flashed a plane ticket and passport.

Sanderson had to be in some kind of trouble, probably drugs again, like that mess he involved David in. It was a cheap price to get him away from David, not to mention away from his house—and Edie. As Harlan handed over the money, he experienced a euphoric relief at not having to take a life.

Sanderson turned at the door. "Tell Dave I'll be looking for him at the Plaza de Toros."

"David's already begun the fall quarter," Harlan said, a sudden tightness in his throat.

Sanderson shrugged. "I called Dave yesterday. Spain sounds good, but he wants to talk to you about it. Bring him home a couple of ducks," he said, opening the door.

"David's coming home? This weekend?" Harlan asked, his voice rising.

The bearded youth winked. "No one schedules afternoon classes on Friday. Could be on his way now. I should too. Thanks for the bread." As his insolent smirk disappeared behind the closing door, Sanderson belched."And the ale."

The refrigerator!

Harlan froze, horrified at the thought of murdering his own son! Frantic, he phoned the house. No answer. Edie would be at the track.

Harlan raced from the building, calling on the mobile phone as soon as he reached his car. He kept on calling as he sped down the Bayshore. He fought off nightmarish visions of an explosion followed by bloody members of David's body flying in the air.

Still no answer. But then David rarely heard anything over his blaring music.

At last, Harlan reached his estate. The car screeched to a stop. He leaped out, swung open the heavy iron gates, raced on foot toward the guest house. Music. His heart sank. Hurry! Gasping for breath, he approached the pool area. Yet he didn't see David's Porsche. And the music wasn't earsplitting rock.

Then he saw them! *Edie and Gant, arm and arm, entering the guest house.* Fighting off the tightness gripping his chest, Harlan crept to the window.

Edie tilted her head back and laughed. "We're lucky Harlan's duck hunting freak—and that I have a cooperative sister."

"Your good luck began when I was assigned to investigate your first husband's death. You'd never have got away with that suicide story. Good thing he'd been despondent over finances."

Edie placed an appreciative peck on his broad nose. "Think how despondent *I* was when I learned he was broke."

"But Harlan is loaded. Low-dead!" Gant rubbed his palms together. "And the kid's perfect fall guy. How much did you give him?"

"Eight hundred bucks and a warning to get lost before I told my insanely jealous husband he'd been making passes at me."

"From what I saw, doll, you were leading him on pretty good."

"I had a job to do." She slipped her arms around Gant's neck. "I can't help it if he found me attractive."

Harlan turned away as the detective devoured his wife's lips.

Gant ran a hand through his unruly brown hair. "And if they ever should pick up the kid, you said he stole the money. That's a big nail in his coffin."

"And it was every penny I could scrape togehter. Made me miss a sure thing in the fifth today."

"Don't pout. Pretty soon you'll never have to scrape again. You'll have the dough you want—and me."

"When?" she demanded. "I'm tired ot putting up with the old geezer. When does he get it?"

Gant grinned. "I've got it all worked out. Ingeniuos. Let's drink to it."

He reached for the refrigerator . . . □

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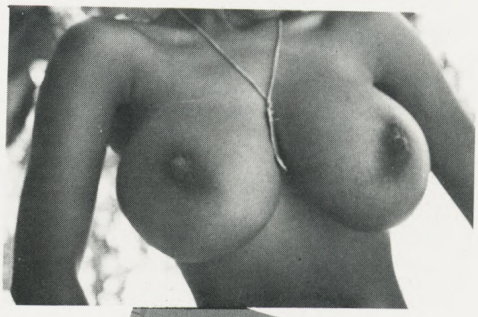

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When you make out your check at the special $9.95 price, date it one month ahead, so it can't be cashed before you've had time to get and judge this for yourself. Then if you're not convinced this is the most unique and worthwhile opportunity *you've ever seen*, simply return it within the month. Your check (which still can't be cashed by anyone) will be sent right back to you. You haven't risked a thing.

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But act *now.* I don't know how long this free examination offer can last. I've promised that if the number of readers of this Guide ever reach a point where they may start diluting its value, I'll immediately end all free examinations AND sales of it on the spot. *Don't let this pass you by.*

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Sincerely yours,

Alan Shawn Feinstein

*P.S. And $2900 in just 3 weeks!

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FREE EXAMINATION OFFER

Alan Shawn Feinstein
41 Alhambra Circle, Dept G7
Cranston, R.I. 02905

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Alan Shawn Feinstein's financial column, *The Treasure Chest*, is syndicated throughout the United States and overseas. He also writes another syndicated feature, *My America* and is listed in "Who's Who in the East."