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GEM

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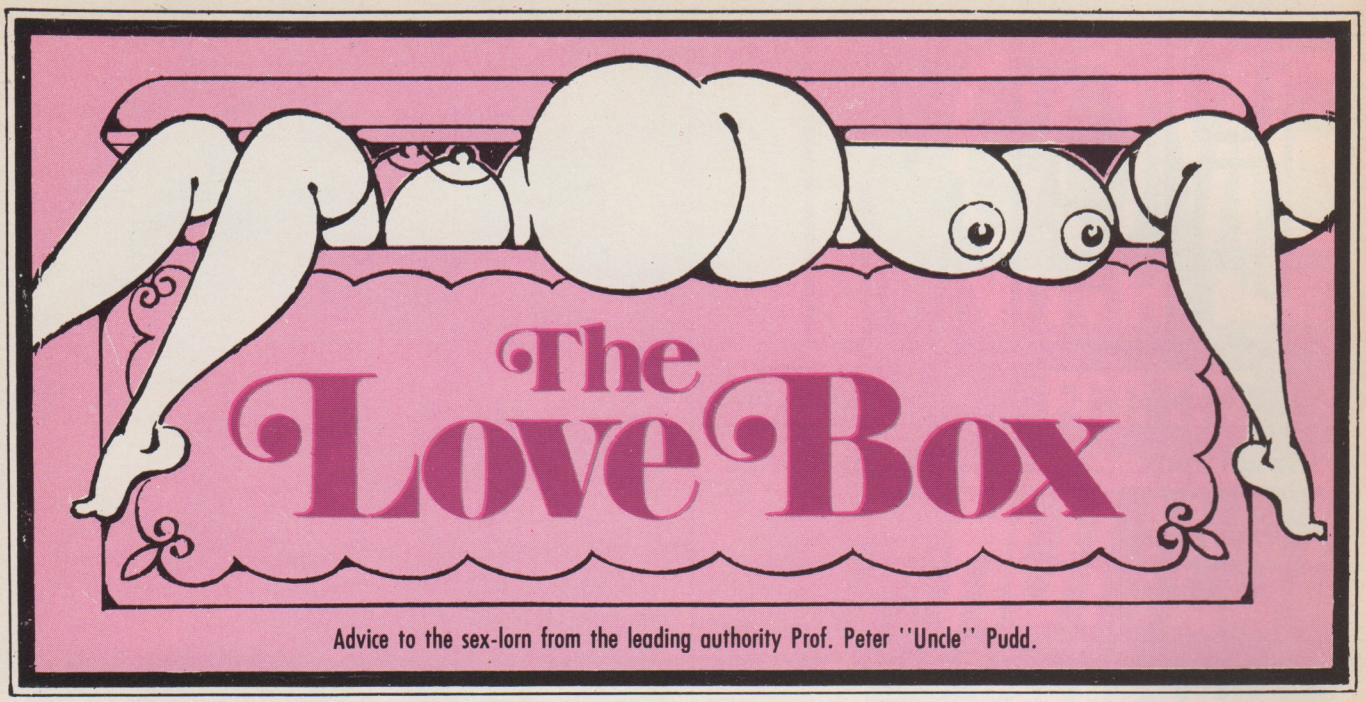


Dear Peter Pudd: A girl in my night class claims that many women achieve "friction orgasms" from activities like bicycling, horseback riding, or even wearing tight jeans! If she's right, doesn't this strengthen the feminist claim that men may become erotically obsolete?—Paranoid in Pamona.

She's telling the truth, but so what? Has the skateboard replaced the Mercedes? I showed your letter to one of Gem's models and asked her to rate a "friction climax" versus the real thing. "Easy," she replied, "it's like the difference between firing blanks and firing live ammunition." Amen, sister—a fart gets lost in a hurricane!

Dear Professor: My lover constantly complains that my...ah, "Lucky Chucky" isn't big enough to give her pleasure. What can I do about this situation?—Rod Little, Chicago.

Best to face the facts bravely, stout lad: ol' Chucky has already got his growth. That being the case, just go on the offensive: tell your girl, if she wants something bigger she'll have to buy a Wurlitzer because your organ wasn't meant to fill an auditorium.

Dearest Peter: Should I leave my girl? Usually she's so modest she eats bananas sideways. But last night I actually overheard her discussing the size of my penis with her girlfriends!—Freaked out in Frisco.

So? Leaving your girl over that is like cutting your arm off at the elbow to cure a hangnail. Why let a little thing like the size of your penis bother you?

Dear Pudd: I just started a new job as secretary to an important fashion designer. Since his label is widely respected, would I be wise to accept his offer of a dress in lieu of my first week's wages?—Dressed Success, New York City.

Only if you bear in mind that next week the boss might want to raise your salary.

Hola, Unkie! I recently read that a group of prostitues in Miami is suing a fellow hooker for unfair trading practices. It seems she offers discounts to "sexually well-endowed customers. Will that charge hold up in court?—Wondering in Wilkes-Barre.

Not if she gets a hung jury.

Dear Peter Pudd: Is it true there's a special holiday for those who strike out in the game of love?—C.D. Windsor, Ontario.

Sure, Ever heard of Palm Sunday?

Dear Prof: Recently I met this really foxy chick whose hot New Wave music would take the paint off your walls! She wants me to loan her $5,000 to promote her music, promising she'll hit the Top Forty and make us both rich. Should I go for it, Pudd?—Starry-eyed in Scranton.

Whatever pops your corn. But when you follow your heart, you should also cover your ass. This chick claims to be heavy metal, but, she may just be a common ore.

Dear Pudd: Is it true there's an underground erotic classic, based on Flaubert's great novel, titled "Madam Ovary?—Ima Wundren, Ph.D.

Never heard of it. You may be thinking of the lost Charles Dickens classic, A Tale of Two Titties, with its classic opening line: "It was the bust of times..." For Pudd's money, though, nothing tops Hemingway's erotic expose of 1930s pimps, "For Whom the Belles Toil."



I'm really doing everything I can to get you out, darling—I'm going to have some sack time with the warden tonight."

KAREN





We'd received a letter last month from one of our readers. It seems that he is curious to know if we had any big-busted girls working for Gem, and if so, would she pose for the magazine? There is only one we could think of and it took some persuading to get our girl, Karen, to peel down to her birthday suit for our staff photographer.







Her current assignment is in the art department where she helps the production director. When she first came to work for us, she worked in the darkroom. But it seems that the fellows took advantage of the darkness to pinch her backside once in a while, so she asked for a transfer to another department.



She loves her work and hopes to work her way up to editor. She attends all the trade shows which deal with publishing. Karen has a cool head on her shoulders as well as an abundance of boobs. She also collects items of interest. She has a dress that was worn by a French movie star in one of the very first sex films. She also has a large library on erotic material. Karen also likes to go hunting. She owns several shotguns and a number of pistols, but the only deers (dears) she's ever bagged were the kind you can climb in bed with.

"I really don't like to shoot any animals, I just like to take a tramp in the woods; besides I have more fun with the tramp. Camping out in the woods is part of the fun." she says. "Camping is fun, but not when it gets cold; it's very uncomfortable for my boyfriend and me to share the same sleeping bag, it restricts our movements." We're sure that our readers will like to see Karen again in a future issue.

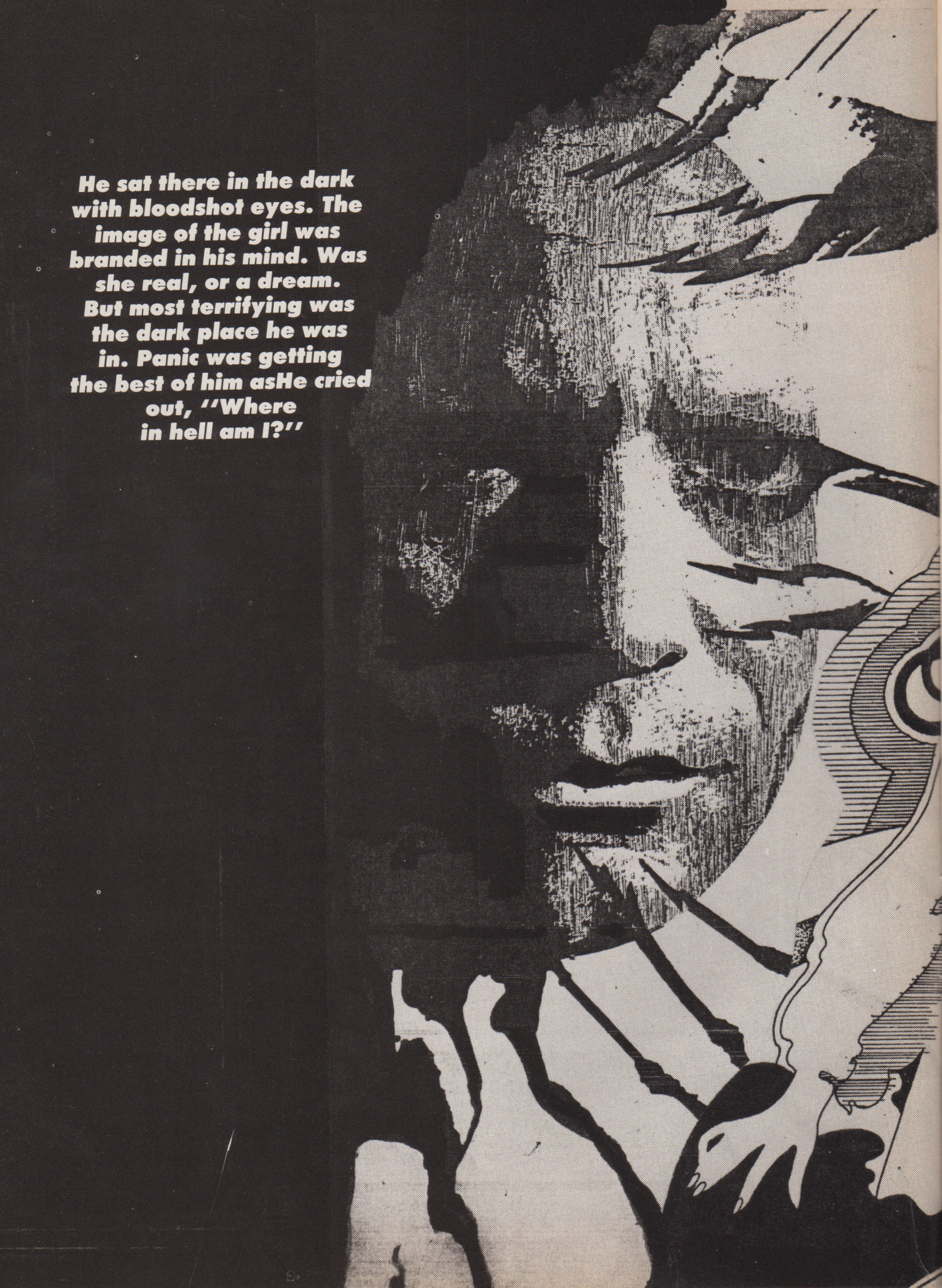











He sat there in the dark with bloodshot eyes. The image of the girl was branded in his mind. Was she real, or a dream. But most terrifying was the dark place he was in. Panic was getting the best of him asHe cried out, "Where in hell am I?"



THE SAD CASE OF JOE TIFFANY

By Mary Goldstein

He sat there with a wild look in his eye. He tried to assure himself that what had happened was real. At first he hesitated to relate the experience to his friends, but when he did, they thought he was nuts or was high on some type of drugs.

It all began when he saw the room for rent in the local newspaper. Being desperate for a pad, he called the real estate office and was told there was a very comfortable, large four bedroom house for rent—for only 800 dollars a month.

He couldn't believe it! At the real estate office, he met the agent, Mr. Struddle, who opened the door with a smile.

"Come in Mr. Tiffany, I've been expecting you." Joe Tiffany looked around the office, expecting to find it full, but the agent was the only person there.

"How many people are ahead of me?" he asked Mr. Struddle.

"None," came the reply, "you are the only person that answered the ad for that particular house."

He couldn't believe his luck. "Are you new in town." asked the agent. "Yes, I got here two weeks ago to work on the local TV station. I'm certainly glad to be moving into a place of my own. The hotel is not the place for a creative writer."

Mr Struddle gave Joe the keys, and the address. Hailing a cab, it took almost one hour to get to the address. He soon stood in front of a house which could have come out of a horror movie.

"Weird looking place, but, its a place to call home," he thought. He lost no time in getting his things out to his new home, and by evening he found himself relaxing in front of a comfortable fire in a large fireplace. Putting a fresh sheet of paper in his typewriter, his mind began to think up the script for the next show.

It was about midnight when he decided to call it a day. He thought that a nice hot shower would be in order before bedding down in his new home.

He had just rested his head on the pillow when he heard the rapping on the large oak front door.

"Who the hell could that be at this time of the night?" he cursed. Putting on a robe, he went downstairs to find to his surprise, a beautiful girl standing just outside the door.

"I'm Maria Vandergrift, and I'm here to help you with your new script." He couldn't take his eyes off her curvy figure. He thought it was nice of the studio to send him some help—but at this time of the night?

"Come in Miss. Vandergrift, let me help you with your suitcase." he said as he looked outside for some sign of one. But there was no sign of any luggage.

"I travel very lightly, and won't

Continued on page 50

STACEY





This lovely lass is a native of a small village just outside of London. She also happens to be one of England's most popular models, and who could argue that point with anyone.

Stacey comes from a large family with roots going back to Scotland. Her mother and father now live in the United States. One of her most prized possessions is a metal bed she saw one day while out shopping for fur-

















niture for her new apartment. She loves the bed, and spends many happy hours in it. Henry, her boyfriend, also loves it.

She also likes to write short stories for men's magazines and at times, she also drives a cab on the very busy London streets.

"I love driving the cab because of the many interesting people I meet. Just last week there was this great big specimen of rugged manhood, just about everything a normal woman would wish for in a bed partner. He invited me up to his apartment to see his collection of paintings. Gee, I thought, this was like striking gold. The guy was big, handsome, with beautiful blonde hair; I mean simply the most fantastic hunk I ever saw.



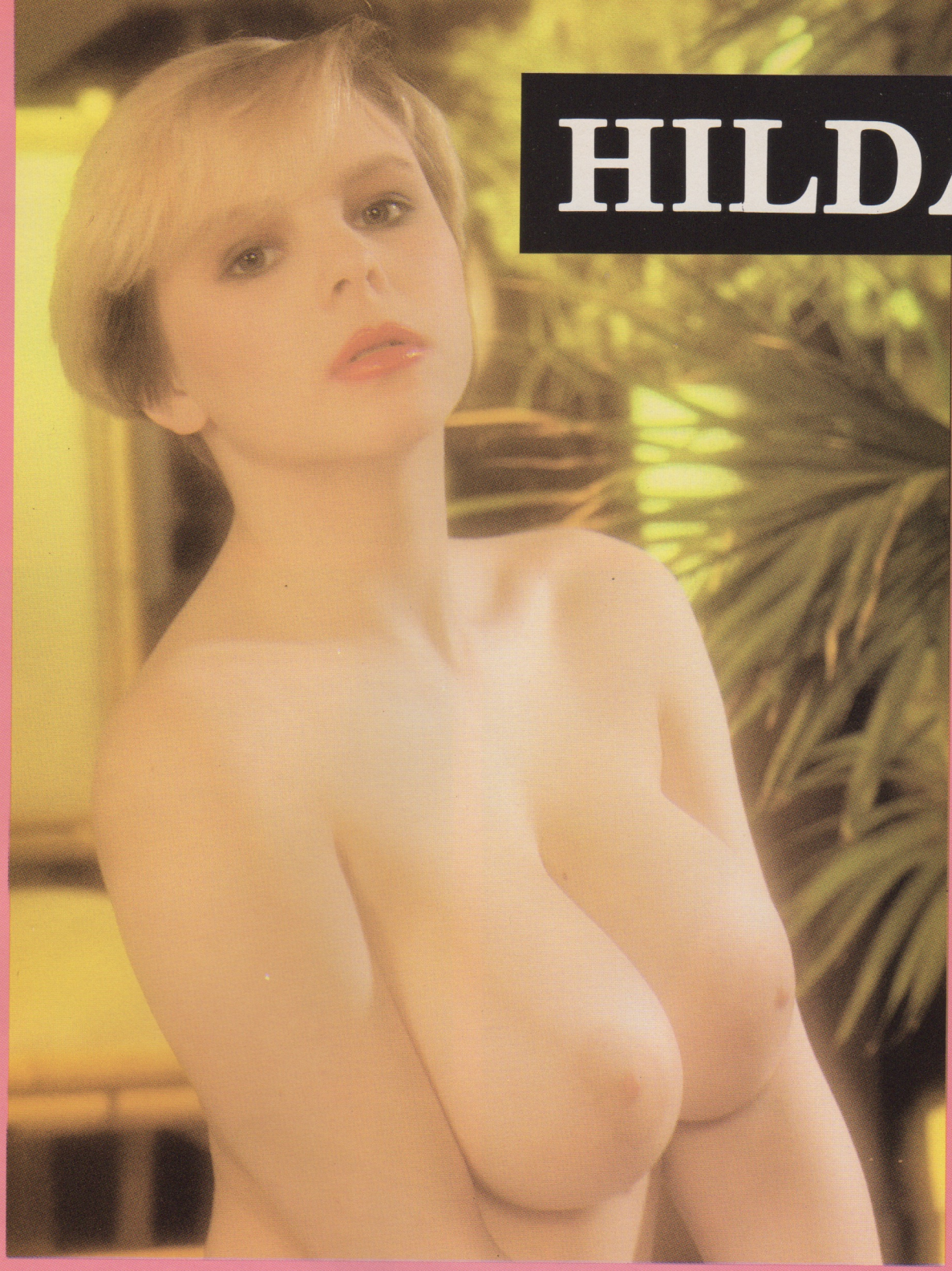


"He kept talking about his beautiful oil paintings and was certain I would enjoy viewing them. Sure enough, that's all he had to show me. You see the dear thing turned out to be a nice gay fellow. Although the dear boy turned out to be a decent sort, I felt cheated. I was dying to have a little action in the sack with this sexy hunk of manhood—a real Mr. Dream.





"Don't worry, if I can't cure your nymphomania, I'll refer you to an excellent procurer."



HILDA

For some reason, women have been fascinated with the color red for many thousands of years. Hilda is no different than her sisters of yesteryear. Hilda claims that all of her clothes are red or have over 60-percent red in them. While we don't know for sure why the gals love this color, Hilda offered some facts to Gem magazine.











As a young girl she just couldn't attract any of the guys in school. Later on she also failed in high school and college. It was while on a vacation in Puerto Rico when she discovered that red was a color which attracted men. She was wearing a bright red bikini while swimming on the beaches of Rio Grande. Every guy on the beach couldn't get enough of her.

She's been into red ever since. She also let us in on another secret. She's been flat chested as a young girl. Just before her vacation, a girlfriend suggested she get a breast enlargement. She was told that the guys these days love big boobs. She took the friend's advice. We will leave it to our readers to decide if it's the color or the beautiful breasts that attracts men to Hilda.







Gem of the Month



LAUGHS AND TITTERS

A father caught his young son peeking through the keyhole of the woman's bathroom.

"Keep that up, Junior, and you'll go blind," was the father's stern warning. "You'll have to stop!"

"How about just till I need glasses?" was the hopeful request.

The following was overheard in the fashion world in Midtown Manhattan.

"Did you hear the news about Larence Farnsworth? He divorced his wife and married his model."

"So what? Lots of manufacturers divorce their wives and marry their models, My brother Sam did that three years ago."

"Yes, but Larence Farnsworth makes men's clothing!"

"Ah, those wonderful girls in Europe!" exclaimed Barry Bimbo, "How they can kiss! One day, while in England, I kissed four girls in a row—Terry, Gerry, Lana and George."

"George?" asked his friend.

"Yes," said Bimbo, "you know, that London fog is incredible."

While having lunch one day, one teenager was heard saying: "It must be wonderful when you're married."

The second girl was heard to pop off, "Nonsense! it's wonderful whether you're married or not."

Louie Marblehead found himself laid up at the Good Samaritan hospital. He was told by a good sister that he was hit by a car, but that he will recover.

Apon leaving the hospital several days later, he was asked by one of the good sisters how he intended to pay for his hospital stay.

"Do you have insurance?" he was asked by the good sister.

"No." came the reply.

"Do you have any family?"

"Only a spinster sister living in Orlando, Flordia. She's a nun." he replied

"Nuns are not spinsters Mr. Marblehead, they're married to God." said the good sister.

"Oh, well, then", he said, with a smile on his face,"send my bill to my brother-in-law."



"Gee, Mr. Benderbust, I wish you'd run out of paint every day!"



David sat on the curb watching his friends with their fancy bikes riding up and down the street. For the past several months he begged both his parents, for a bike. There were several reasons his pleas went unheard. First, there was the fact that he was only eight years old, and too young for a two-wheeler, and second, his parents were too busy planning their divorce.

He could not understand what was happening, only that he wanted a bike in the worst way. His friends would ask him over and over again to get his parents to buy him a bike.

"You're the only kid on the block that still is without a bike, David, when are you getting one?" asked Freddy.

"Maybe tomorrow," came the reply. Although he felt that maybe never.

He headed for the front door and as he opened the door he could hear his mother and father arguing in the livingroom. He approached quietly and from behind the french door, leading to the livingroom, watched them throw bitter words back and forth at each other.

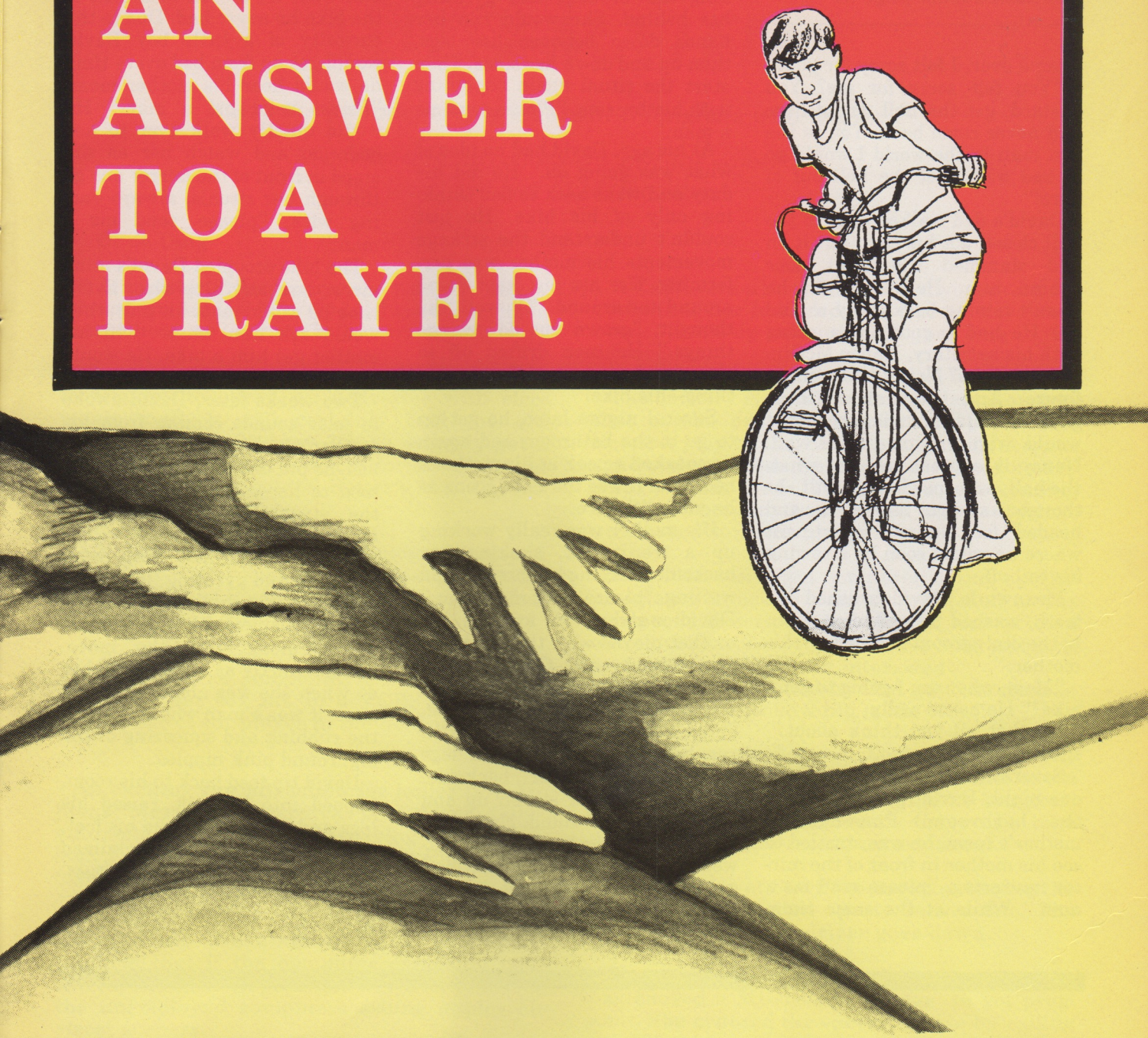
"You're no good, I never should have married you in the first place. I've wasted 10 years of my life on a bum," screamed his mother.

"You could have left any time you wanted, no one was holding you back." came the sharp reply from his dad.

"What, after I gave birth to our son? I tried to stick it out with you for his sake. But had I known you was screwing around with your secretary even before we were married, I would have told you to go screw yourself."

AN ANSWER TO A PRAYER

By Harry Hill



"Quit your bitching; we're parting now, so what's your beef?"

"You've ruined my life, that's what!"

On and on it went. Poor David, he didn't understand. All he could think about was getting them to buy him a bike.

It was several months later when he asked his mother what happdened to Dad. He's been gone for almost two weeks now.

"David, your father has left, and you will understand some day."

"Understand what? I don't get it. Is he coming back? asked David.

"From time to time to visit us. But you'll get used to it," replied his mother.

Shit! he thought to himself, now he may never get his bike.

A month later David was surprised to see his father sitting in the livingroom with his mother when he got home from school. He hugged his dad and popped the question to him.

"Dad, did you bring me a bike?"

"Sorry, kid, I had more important things on my mind, but maybe the next time."

"Go up to your room and get ready for dinner David," barked his mother. Quietly, David went upstairs. But at the head of the stairs he secretly listened to his folks talking, their voices rising.

"You're nothing but a louse," barked his mother to his dad, "All you came home for is to get me between the covers. You happen to be lucky since I needed some sex myself, but you should have thought of the boy."

"Listen," came the reply from his dad, "you called me to tell me that you're hot in the pants and needed sex desperatly, that's why

Continued on next page

I came over, I felt sorry for you!"

"You felt sorry for me? You bastard, get the hell out of here and never come back. You're the last man in the world I would go to bed with. Get the hell out of here!"

David's dad walked over to the hall closet, got his coat, put it on and slammed the front door behind him. He meant it, he wasn't coming back. Why should he? He had a good thing going with his secretary, Nancy McGinnis, didn't he? Nancy had a sharp figure. And what about those great mountains on her chest that would drive any man up a wall. Nancy is a great lay, so, what-the-hell, who needs this shit, he thought as he got into his car and headed for Nancy's apartment where he would soon be screwing his tail off.

Meanwhile David brushed his teeth, washed up and went down to the diningroom to dine with his mother.

"Mom, when am I going to get a bike?" He asked sadly.

"Is that all you think about?" snorted his mother.

Several months went by. Late one night, David got up to go to the bathroom. Passing his mother's room, he was startled to see his mother in front of the mirror muttering, "please send me a man." While at the same time, she was standing there nude, rubbing her breasts, and gyrating her behind. She would run her hands down between her legs, then up and down her sides. Then start the ritual again beginning with her breasts. "Please send me a man."

At his age, David had no idea of what was going on. He did his duty and went back to bed thinking only of his bike. He just couldn't understand the strange movements his mother was performing. Her ass just kept going around and around. "Oh well," he thought, "grown ups do strange things." He soon drifted off to sleep, and to dream of only one thing—his bike.

Several nights later, he got up to go to the bathroom and again he sneaked a peak at his mother's bedroom. It was the same scene as he viewed before.

His mother was really working up a frenzy act, shaking her backside, shaking her breasts and wailing, "please, send me a man." David watched in awe as his mother played with the erect nipples on her breasts. Cupping them both in her hands she squeezed them. Once more she moaned, "please send me a man." She then ran her hands between her legs while gyrating her backside. Soon, he saw her stiffen up and make a strange sound. He watched as she cleaned something between her legs, close the light and go to bed. "I don't get it," he thought, "it must be some sort of exercise." Again he did his duty and went off to bed to dream of the bike he never had. Due to the curiosity of a little boy David would get up from bed every time he would hear his mother moan "Please send me a man." He would quietly walk over to her bedroom and watch her as she stood in front of the mirror and go through her rituals, always ending with, "please, send me a man!".

The bike occupied David's mind more than anything else. Every time he would meet his pals, they would ask him when will his mother get him a bike. He would cry himself to sleep over it.

Two weeks later, David awoke to hear sounds coming from his mother's bedroom. Getting out of bed, he put on his slippers and tip-toed to her room. There he saw the strangest thing yet. His mother was in bed, naked with a man on top of her. Both were pumping and gyrating, just as he had seen his mother doing. He couldn't believe it! His eyeballs moved along with the movements, exactly as he had seen her do when she was alone, only this time, it was a man who was doing the rubbing and squeezing of the big, round pink nipples.

David tip-toed back to his room, hopped into his bed, raised his legs and began to peddle his feet, and at the same time. exclaimed out as loud as he could, *Please, please, send me a bike!*" □

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We've got it all! The best big-boobed girls available, as well as the best fiction, cartoons and departments. Our editors have gone all out to please you. If you can't locate our publication, there's a handy subscription form on inside back cover. Why wait? Do it now, you may miss the next exciting issue of fabulous Gem magazine.



NEWS OF SEX STUFF IN THE MACHINE AGE

AUTO-MATED

It was the hip poet Horny Wadsworth longfella who wrote:

Man's greatest inventions are few: The wheel,
the lever, and best of all, the screw.

By Ozzie Ding

A feminist in Atlanta says she wants to take a vibrator to her lawfully wedded spouse, to have and to hold, as long as the batteries last.

The post office people are working with new technology to speed up deliveries with electronic mail. It will certainly beat the old methods. A man in New Jersey recently got a letter from a relative in California who said they'd just struck gold at Sutter's Mill. The letter was dated 1848.

A house organ for an electronics company in the Silicon Valley sent out their latest issue with a typo in one of it's headlines: "Computer Club Welcomes men with Floppy Dicks."

In her divorce complaint, a Seattle woman compared her sex life to a VCR: "He was a 14-day, one-event player in the bedroom."

An exciting fun attraction for ladies in a Tijuana, Mexico, sex carnival is a clever, fully-automated pinocchio's figure lying on a waterbed. For 100 pesos, women sit on Pinocchio's face and ask him to tell a lie.

A famous Washington, D.C. economist predicts that if the computer explosion continues, the next Depression will find many of the unemployed computers selling apples on street corners.

A computer repair technician explained his problem to the doctor: "About a week ago I fixed this high-tech mouse's Macintosh in her pad. Then she told me she had no chips, but offered to pay by getting on horizontal and taking my Wang, which I said was 4-0. When I got up this morning I discovered I had been invaded by a virus, my main circuit was leaking current, and my PC printed out the word Clap. Is that terminal?"

The government created a machine to test cigarettes, but now they have a problem—they can't get it to stop.

A California wife asking for a divorce told the court that her husband was like a microwave oven: "Heats up instantly and goes ding in just 30 seconds."

The country is so full of mechanical monsters that at the drop of a coin, out pops nuts, licorice, jelly beans, chocolate bars, liverwurst sandwiches, pecan bars, and a vast of assortment of junk foods. To cash ind, one vending machine company has started to manufacture automated stomach pumps.

A woman visiting a computer dating service in Atlanta to selcet a partner watched as the prospect's description of himself was printed out on the screen. "I'm 12 inches long and four inches around. Are you interested?"
"I'm really intrigued by that guy!" exclaimed the woman. "But how big is his dick?"

Whenever an Astoria, Long Island, family goes on vacation they make sure the house looks lived in to scare off would-be burglars. They hookd up an automatic timer to a tape deck and then pre-record an argument.

The gay lads of San Francisco are buying the newest model Italian sports convertible. The top stays up but the driver goes down.

The very latest thing in electronic vibrators has caused a Mississippi woman to get pregnant. She ordered the special device by calling an 800 phone number and the macho expressman who delivered the package talked her out of using it.

A Phoenix company has an electronic brain that's so human when it breaks down from over work they don't call for a repairman, they give it coffee.

A far-out Southern evangelist tells his tent-show congregation that the Good Lord placed computers in the Garden of Eden. The preacher says, "Adam traded Eve a Wang for an apple."

LOLLY





Lolly is a new face in the field. We don't how the other mags missed her, but it's our good fortune to have found her first.

Born on a hog farm in Pueblo, Colorado, she claims to have won several high school and college beauty contests. She left for the big city soon after graduation. Several close friends told her that she should try her hand at modeling.















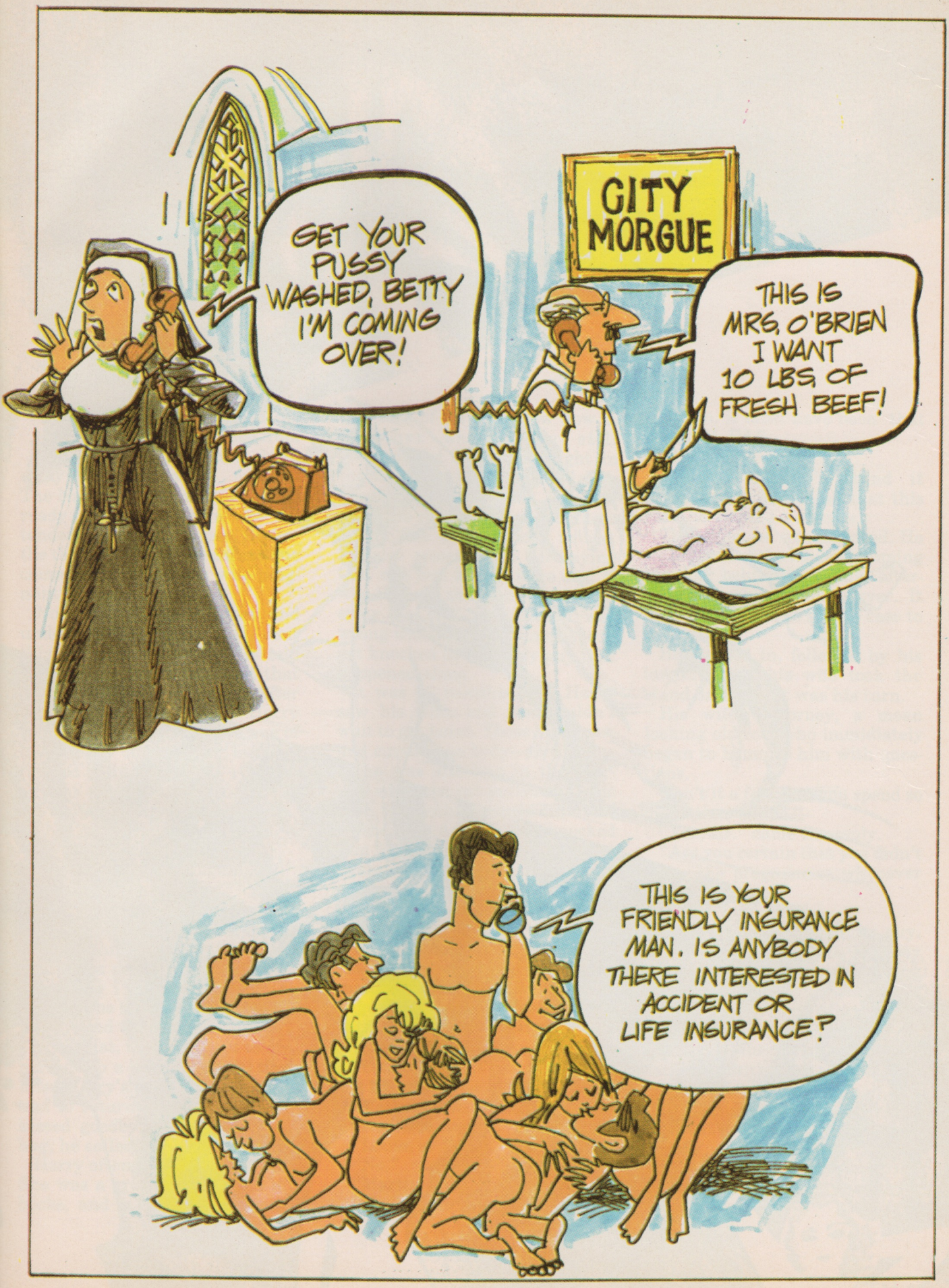
"Well, as you know, I'm from a small town, and not used to big city talk, so after I called the first studio, I was asked if I had big headlights! I told the man that I do not own a car, and that I don't see what my car has to do with getting work as a model." It took some time to get used to New York talk for Lolly, but she seems to have mastered it in little time—only six months since she left Colorado.
She also has a part-time job as a waitress in a fancy topless restaurant

"I soon found out why they use topless waitresses," she said. "The food is so bad that the girls keep the customers' minds off the chow. They'll eat anything shoved in front of them."

Her only complaint is the magazines she works for. While the pay is good, she feels guys should also be interested in her head as well as her breasts. But, come on guys, tell the little woman what you prefer. She also claims the boys in the big town love to kiss in strange ways.

"I soon found out that those hot kisses are an upper persuasion for a lower invasion, so I'm very careful who, and how, I kiss."

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CITY MORGUE
THIS IS MRS. O'BRIEN I WANT 10 LBS. OF FRESH BEEF!
THIS IS YOUR FRIENDLY INSURANCE MAN. IS ANYBODY THERE INTERESTED IN ACCIDENT OR LIFE INSURANCE?



A REAL FRIEND

By Leroy W. Washington III

Harry got the shock of his life when he returned from overseas. He had been away for over seven months. The Navy was his life and he'd already spent six years. He intended to make it a career. But for the third time since he enlisted he came home to find his wife pregnant.

Now Harry was a quiet and understanding individual, but this was the last straw. He told her that he didn't care, but that he wanted her to zip it up. After all, enough is enough. All Harry wanted to know was which one of his friends was father, but she refused to answer.

"Was it Walter?" he asked "or his brother Larry?"

"No, came the reply.

"Was it Leo or Murry?"

"No, she answered again.

"Was it Jack or David?"

"No." she said quietly.

"Ok," said Harry, "I'll try to forget it this time, but if you do it again, I'm going to get real mad. You know I'm an understanding guy, maybe that's why you like to fool around when I'm away."

With that, they went out to dinner and to a movie. Several days later Harry's pass was up and he had to return to his ship. They kissed goodby. Packing his seabag, he called a cab and was off.

Harry often thought of his wife. She was a great looker, with big boobs, and a rather nice figure. But best of all she knew how to use her assets. He still remembered their first night in the sack. She drove him mad with the techniques she used. Her cute little ass rotated like an outdoor motor. She was a demon in bed. He also remembered her saying that she just had to have sex. It was the one thing in life she did enjoy. But shit, what the hell was wrong with her, she didn't have to get knocked up by every guy that happened along.

It was 10 months since Harry saw his wife, and just couldn't wait to get home. Those big boobs, and curvaceous body—all his.

She was standing in the doorway when the cab pulled up to the curb. She looked a little different, he thought. A closer look knocked him for a loop. She was pregnant again!

"Damn it, you've done it again, you just can't control that hot pussy of yours!"

Harry was not a violent man. He was a man full of compassion,but, how much could a guy take. She looked at him with such sad eyes that his anger resided.

"Ok, look I won't be mad if you tell me which one of my friends is the father? Was it Richard?"

"No." she replied.

"Louie, or Pete?"

"No."

"Martin or Arthur?"

"No," again.

"Then, it must have been that shithead, Ed."

"No."

He just couldn't stand it anymore, he demanded that this time he wanted a divorce.

This time, he was annoyed. He walked out of the house slamming the door behind him. That afternoon he consulted a lawyer. It took several weeks for the case to go to court.

He walked in, followed by his lawyer. First his wife took the stand and then it was his turn.

His wife's attorney, a mean looking old coot who immidiately began to hammer him with questions.

"Isn't it a fact that you spend so much time at sea."

"Yes, sir." came the reply.

"Are you certain that you didn't cause the pregnancies whenever you came home?"

"Nope, I did not."

"Look, I'm an easy going guy. She admitted that she had sex with someone. I kept asking which one of my friends was responsible. Was it Marty? Arthur? Louie? Leo? Dick? Ed? or any of my other friends. I lost my patience with her when she replied 'No".

"Is that when you decided on a divorce?" asked the lawyer. "Well, yes." popped Harry, "What the hell, I'm pissed off, aren't my friends good enough for her?" □

need more than I have in my handbag," she replied. He thought it a bit strange since most women he knew took more clothes than they needed when traveling. He figured she left her things at some downtown hotel.

After showing her to one of the large bedrooms, he went back to bed. He couldn't think of anything else after the girl, Marie, stepped into his life that evening. It was 2:30 am, and still he could not fall asleep. He found himself thinking more and more of the girl in the next bedroom. "I'm going to make a pass at her first thing in the morning; what the hell, I've got nothing to lose by trying."

Early next morning Joe shaved and went down to have breakfast with his new assistant, Maria. But, to his surprise, she was nowhere in sight. He went to her room, knocked on the door, and stepped inside. The bed was made up, in fact it looked as it was never slept in. "Where could she have gone so early he thought? Well, maybe she went back to town to get some clothes, and perhaps to the studio. In the meantime he had work to do on his new script.

It was well past 11 pm when he heard the knocking on the front door. "That's got to be her. She certainly picks weird hours to drop in." he thought as he headed for the front door. Sure enough it was Maria. She looked even more tempting standing there in the moonlight with a new white, sexy see-through number which sent mountainous quakes up and down Joe's spine.

"What happened to you, where did you go?" he asked in a loud voice.

"I had to leave rather early this morning; sorry, but I had things to take care of", she answered.

"Ok then, let's get to work, I have my typewriter in the study; go in and make yourself at home while I mix some drinks." He instructed her as he headed for the kitchen. When he returned, he found his guest sitting in front of the large fireplace. He suddenly found himself hot and excited. She had the most sensational figure he had ever seen. Large, well formed breasts, slim narrow waist and a rear-end as round as a basketball.

Walking over to Maria, he sat down on the rug next to her and handed her a drink. He put his arm around her and tried to draw her close. "It seems that we have some work to do, don't we?" she reminded him. "Sure we do, but it can wait, we have several days to complete the script; in the meantime, we have each other to think about, and when I first saw you, I felt that I had to get to know you better," he whispered softly.

He put his arm around her waist, and as he did, lowered one side of her loose-fitted white dress. Slipping one hand inside her dress, he began to fondle her breast which sent him into the highest form of delight. He bent over and caressed the breast with his lips. The hardness in his pants began to cause him some pain. He had to have Maria that night, he thought.

She looked down at him, and with a smile, said: "I must go to my room, join me there in an hour." He waited and rushed up the steps, but to his dismay, found the room empty. He searched the whole house, but she was nowhere to be found.

"Lousy bitch," he exclaimed. Where the hell did she go, and so fast?"

He was in a cold sweat. Looking around the room, he felt someone was playing some game with him. Again his mind drifted to the night of Marie's disappearance. "Who is this Maria?" He was beginning to put thing together. He remembered calling the studio the next day and asking for his assistant. He thought the person at the other end of the line was toying with him. "Sorry, but we never heard of any Maria Vandergrift." Again his mind drifted back. When he answered the door the first time he saw her, she said that she was there to help him with the script but she never said she was from the studio—this he took for granted. As for clothes, again, he figured she had some at a hotel. He was thinking logically now. All she said was that she was there to help him with his script. So, who was she, and where did she come from?

He just sat there staring with bloodshot eyes." What's happening, I feel like I'm paralyzed, I can't seem to be able to get up, or to move my arms." Panic was setting in.

Back at the studio, several executives were discussing Joe Tiffany and his unfinished script.

"It's not a bad script, but he never finished it." Another voice offered a solution. "Look, there's another person who could finish the story. She's a great writer, but just never made it big; let's give her a chance".

Walking into the studio the next day, the new script writer, Mary Griff, lost no time in finishing the story, but funny, you know, the woman called in, Marry Griff could double for Maria Vandergrift.

In another office, a group of people were discussing the strange happenings to Joe Tiffany. His psychiatrist sumed it up as a case of an individual who just worked to hard and cracked under the strain.

"I had advised him to slow down and perhaps take a vacation, but he insisted on pushing himself."

When the doctor got around to talk to Mary Griff, he asked her if she had known Tiffany.

"I worked for him, but it didn't last long, about two weeks. No matter how hard I worked, his mind was on sex. Several times I had to run out of the office."

Meanwhile, Joe Tiffany, the great American ghost story writer, sat in a strange room. His mind kept playing tricks on him. He thought Maria had her arms wrapped around him, but all that held him was a straight-jacket, and what he took for a soft bedroom, was his padded cell.

Also weird was the fact that the script he was writing ended when the hero went up to the strange female's bedroom! □

SPECIAL FROM GEM:

DIRTY DITTIES SING ALONG



Sung to the tune of Red River Valley

By The Screw McBush Four

On her bosom a beauteous young frail
Had illuminated the price of her tail;
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
The same is embroidered in Braille.

Said a beach-chick to Abraham Vossel,
"I thought you were just an old fossil.
You had a small weenie
when I dropped my bikini
But now it's grown simply colossal!"

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a masquerade ball
Arrayed like a tree,
But he failed to forsee
His abuse by the dogs in the hall.

To Marie the touch of male meant
An emotional cardiac ailment;
An acuteness of breath
Caused her untimely death
In the course of erotic impalement.

At the orgy I humped twenty-two,
And, man, was I glad to get through.
A whole night of sexing
Turns boring and vexing
But at orgies, what else can you do?

There was a young man from Berlin
Whose tool was the size of a pin.
Said his girl with a laugh
As she fondled his shaft,
"Well, this won't be much of a sin."

There once was a fellow named Brett
Loved a girl in his shiny Corvette;
We know it's absurd
But the last which we heard
They haven't untangled them yet.

A plumber from Lowater Creek
Was called in by a dame with a leak;
She looked so becoming
He fixed all her plumbing,
And didn't emerge for a week.

NANCY

When Nancy arrived in New York City from her village in South Africa, she had only a very small suitcase and about seventy-five dollars. This was just 5 years ago. Today, she's found a niche for herself as a part-owner in a small motel just outside of Reno, Nevada. She recently visited New York City where she got her first break working in a hotel as maid. It was then that she felt that the hotel business was the kind she wanted to get into. She went to night school for hotel management, and it was there that she met her partner, and future husband. He too took an interest in the hotel business, and at the same time he found time to see her most every day.





Her boyfriend, Milton is also an immigrant. He has been in the states four years. Difference is, Milton's family has been in the hotel business back in Norway for several generations. It was several months before wedding bells sounded.

They spent their honeymoom in Norway where Nancy met his folks. She also learned to ski. Nancy told us that Milton is a marvelous ski instructor. It was while on their vacation last year that they found the little motel. It was up for sale, and at a bargain price. But they lacked the large down payment. One of her husband's friends suggested that maybe she could make some extra money as a topless dancer. He admitted that she did have an extraordinary figure, and the type of breasts that men go wild over. She tried her luck at topless, but just couldn't stand the stares of the customers.















Her boss at the topless bar told her that she should try modeling since she has the body for it, and all she had to do was say "cheese" while posing for the photographer. We don't have to tell you that she was an immediate success. She has posed for several other publications and we hope to have her back here at Gem magazine very soon.









Damn you both, you've opened the last bottle of my favorite Scotch!"

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