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GEM

VOL 33, NUMBER 3

JUNE 1991

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DEAR GEM

Dear Harry:

I do enjoy your publication, but I have some comments that I feel you should take serious. While most of your girls are not bad, I miss some of the jumbos that Gem used to have some time back.

What you need is more fat women! Many of your readers bought Gem because of the fat gals. We love them fat, and would like to see some well stacked fat women—we want meat, understand?

Gus M.
Valley Stream, NY

Dear Gus:

We've ran some darn good heavies in the last few issues. I don't understand what you call fat? Some of our gals certainly have plenty of meat. What do you want with the meat, some potatoes?

Dear Editor:

Where in the world did you get that sexy broad, Dahlia, in your February, 1991 issue. She's got everything a hot blooded guy would love to get his hands on.

I spent so much time talking about Dahlia to my girl friend she stopped seeing me. Now I got no girl because of her. Do you think she will answer my letter if I write to her?

Curt W.
San Diego, CA

Dear Curt:

Maybe she will. Our girls do answer some of their mail. Write to her care of this publication.

Dear Friends:

I don't usually write to magazines, but I read an article in your February 1991 issue which shocked me. It was called *The Psychic*.

You see, my best friend, Rube, is like that guy Jackson, who claims to be a psychic. Rube also guessed things about my wife, I mean things only I would know. Do you think Rube is fooling around with my wife?

Ralph L.
Miami, FA

Dear Ralph:

Relax, pal, that was only a story. If your pal, Rube, is a psychic, hey, that's great. If he's not, then your wife must be great.

Dear Editor:

I first picked up a copy of your magazine while on a trip to Boston. My girl, Blanche buys it and she gave me your February 1991 issue.

I think you have a very entertaining publication. I enjoyed the girls, the stories and the humor. I tried to buy a copy of your magazine at the local news-

stand but they never heard of it. How can I buy it?

Richard L.
Fairbanks, Alaska

Dear Richard:

We have several distributors in your area. Look up magazine distributors in your phone book and give them hell!

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed reading the article on Video Sex Parties (February 1991) so much that I went out and organized several events. There's only one problem—I wind up with my wife all the time. What am I doing wrong?

Charlie D.
Dearborn, MI

Dear Charlie:

It's obvious that the only people at your video sex parties are you and your wife.

Dear Folks:

I want to tell you that your magazine is great! Your February issue had some of the most sexy women I've seen in many years. Please, give us more of the same in the future. I also want to say that my wife wants to be a model, and has asked me to write to you. She certainly has the measurements.

Joel J.
San Jose, CA

Dear Joel:

We never discourage any eligible gals from sending in their photos. We found some real dazzling women this way. Send your photos to the editor, care of this publication. Good Luck.

Dear Editor:

I got a real charge out of your black beauty, Jacky! She's my ideal of what a real woman is all about. She's got great breasts, fantastic figure, and knows how to pose to please a man. She is one of the best models you've had in a long time. Make my day—give us more of Jackie, or girls like her.

Juan D.
Bayamon, Puerto Rico

Dear Juan:

You, and many other readers have written in telling us what a great model Jackie is. Yes, we will try to bring you more of her, or models like her. Hang in there buddy.

NOTE:

When writing to the editor, send your letters to Harry Hill, Editor, Gem Publications, Post Office Box 428, Nanuet NY 10954.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



We've searched through tons of old newspapers and newsreel clips to come up with some interesting items from the past. That's the way it was!

Back in 1750, Casanova de Seingalt, the Italian Stallion stated publicly that an artificial vagina would never replace the real thing.

Birth control in the Fifties wasn't a pill. It was not having a car.

General Ulysses S. Grant posed for many pictures during the Civil War standing there in his Union suit.

Gunfighters in the Old West always wanted to die with their boots on. In those days there was no foot powder and their feet stank.

1002 to 0 was the staggering score of a basketball game played in Paris in 1895. Toulouse-Lautrec played center for the losing team.

A Prime Minister of England once proved just how dignified British politicians can be. He remained aloof during a prostate examination.

Daniel Boone, the American pioneer, was walking through the Kentucky woods one day when suddenly a racoon leaped on his head and tried to rape his hat.

Alexander was great! More than five dozen pregnant women said so.

Many of the townspeople didn't pay too much attention to Paul Revere when he rode through the night yelling, "The redcoats are coming! The redcoats are coming!" They thought he was just another crazy drunk announcing that British soldiers were getting their rocks off.

The eagles on Colonel Saunder's uniform were Southern fried.

The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by heavenly fire and brimstone in ancient times was so spectacular that six fornicating couples stopped to watch it.

The great Greek philosopher Socrates stated to a spellbound audience in 379 B.C., "When things look blackest, send them to the laundry."

Poverty-stricken songwriter Stephen Collins Foster composed "The Sun Shines Bright On My Old Kentucky Home" while looking at the sky through a hole in the roof.

During World War II draftees who said they had worked for Doctor Pepper were immediately assigned to the Army Medical Corps.

Thomas Jefferson did not make the Louisiana Purchase using an American Express card. He left home without it.





BIG BOOBED MARTHA

We spent much time looking for the gals, those which we feel will be the kind of curvy beauties our readers are looking for. Martha is just that kind of gal. She has the right measurements to go with her pleasant personality.

Being a creative person, we had no prob-

lem getting her to hit the right poses. Martha also works as a credit manager. That's how we found her. Lucy, one of our production people applied for credit on some skirts and blouses she bought at a local department store. She took one look at Martha and knew that she would look great in Gem Magazine. Martha didn't mind at all. She



told us that she has already done some modeling for several other men's mags.

At first, she didn't want to do any beaver shots, but we convinced her that there's nothing wrong with beaver shots when done in good taste. But she was against it.

"Look, even Michelangelo did beaver shots," our photographer told her. "Just check it out, all his models were nude, down to the snatch. It was only later when some do-gooders decided to cover the bushes up









with some fig leaves."

Finally, she agreed and the results of the shooting are on these pages.

Martha's other talents are playing the sax and the violin. She especially loves the violin since, she says, it reminds her of her lover. "He just loves to fiddle," she said

with a sly smile.

Martha loves to get mail from readers. She says that the letters, especially the real sexy ones, get her heated up. You can send your letters to Martha DeCarlo, Gem Magazine, Post Office Box 428, Nanuet NY 10954. □

She had one of those figures that drive men wild. She was discovered by accident on one of the many sunny beaches in the West Indies.

She always wanted to visit the big city of New York, and when she finally did, she was in for a few surprises.



TROPICAL FOOJINGLES?

BY HARRY S HILL

It was while on a visit to the island of Jamaica in the West Indies that we happened to bump into the hottest looking chick we'd ever seen. She was working in a small cafe which is located not far from the beach. Even with clothes on she showed off her figure with pride. We noticed the place was packed with young men from the nearby boat club.

"Where else can you get a burger and an eyeful of bouncing boobs like Zenda's?" said one fellow who we happened to be speaking with. "That's right!" said another, "she's the main attraction here, and the guys all love her."

We'd almost forgotten our little encounter with Zenda while at the local beach enjoying some sunshine when my companion nudged me on the arm and pointed toward the water. There, in all her glory, stood Zeena. In a bikini she was even more pleasant to the eyes. We watched as she began to do some exercises which almost caused a small riot. The guys began pushing and shoving to get a better view and before long the local police had to be called in to break it up.

Nick, my companion, and I, both work for Hot-Licks Publications. We've been snapping photos of broads with big mellons for many years. But, Zeena, bless her, had the largest bundles we've seen.

We thought to approach her with a deal to pose for our publication, Hot-Licks Magazine. Nick, who has bigger balls than I do, asked her to join us for lunch at which time we presented her with a check and flight tickets to New York City. She said she was looking forward to seeing New York since she's heard so much about it.

The following week we took some exciting photos of her, and she was real happy to be in the Big Apple. But as time went by we noticed a change come over her, and, in fact, she said that she wanted to go home as soon as possible. We asked her what had

happened to make her change her mind about being in New York City?

"Well," she began, "It happened the second day I was here. I was walking down 42nd Street taking in the sights when some guy walks up to me and says to me 'how about some tricks?' I, said sure, I love magicians, but I soon learned what he meant by 'tricks'. That same night, another bum came up to me and asked me if I wanted a 'fix'. I told him that there was nothing broken." We were sorry to hear about her problems in New York, and tried to tell her that things are different in the big town. "Look, where I come from, we speak English, but the creeps here murder the language. They all keep calling me 'Hey, man,' and I'm a woman. "We told her that it couldn't be that bad. "Then you guys don't know your own people." she replied. "That's all they keep saying to me, 'Hey, man, how about a fix, or hey man, how about some tricks!'"

We had a laugh, because we realized that Zeena had never been exposed to the streets of our big cities.

We tried to explain to her, but she still wanted to go home. "Look," she said, "I was getting over the first few days, but what really annoyed me was the ride on the subway. I was looking forward to the ride because I've heard so much about the New York Subway System. I never want to ride the damn thing again." I asked her if she had a bad experience on the subway. She said, "You bet your sweet ass I did!" I got on the A Train in midtown. Then when we got to 125th Street, the damn train was so crowded that I couldn't do a thing to keep the guys from grabbing at, both, my breasts and my ass. One little bastard even put his hand up my dress! I then retreated all the way to the last car. The train at that end was almost empty. Then I realized that I had made a mistake. There were four young creeps in that train. First, they asked me for some bread. I

TROPICAL FOOJINGLES

Continued from page 13

told them that if they were hungry, they should go home to eat since I had no bread, nor any other food with me. One of the punks yelled at me, "Hey, man, you putting us on or something? We want the long green stuff!" Again, I was puzzled, I thought they were really hungry, and that the long green stuff was some kind of string beans." That's when the little guy yells out, "Come on guys let's screw the broad with the big knockers!" Zeena continued with her adventure on the subway. "I thought they had some tools, you know, such as a screwdriver, and I didn't want to get screwed, so I told them not to come near me because I had 'Tropical Foojingles', and if they caught it their joy sticks would fall off. They looked frightened, and fled at the next station."

I looked at her, "What the hell is Tropical Foojingles?" She smiled and replied, "Just a little something I made up to get those guys off my ass!"

She continued to relate some more bad experiences in the Big Apple. "I was walking down Mott Street in the Village when some rude character comes up

behind me and says, "Whana rap, baby?" Well, what do you do when some madman wants to rap you? I swung at him so hard he went through a plate glass window of a Chinese restaurant." We tried to explain to her that all the guy wanted to do was to get acquainted with her, and that was street talk. But the poor dear just couldn't understand.

We agreed, she did have some nasty experiences, and that we would make arrangements to get her back to her island home.

"Oh, by the way," she added, "I'm also going back home rich!" I was wondering what she meant and asked her, "What do you mean?" With a wink she replied, "I met this gentleman last week who's into stocks and bonds. He sold me some valuable stocks in his gold mines in Alaska. I gave him all my money and he promised to send me all the papers."

We thought it best to put her on a plane for Jamaica as soon as possible—and we did. Last we heard from her she was still working at the cafe where we first saw her—still waiting for word from the creep who took all she had with that gold mine up in Alaska. The bastard, we hope he gets a dose of Tropical Foojingles. □



"I don't know. What could be better than chewing on blubber?"

SCRAWLS ON THE WALLS

GRAFFITI GUS WAS THERE!

BY GRAFFITI GUS

"Keep Washington State green—have sex with a frog."

"Xerox your life—if you lose it, it's nice to have a copy."

"Be creative; invent a sexual perversion."

"Count Dracula, your Bloody Mary is ready."

"To all virgins: thanks for nothing."

"Jack is nimble, Jack is quick, but Jill prefers the candlestick."

"In case of nuclear attack:

- 1) Put hands over your ears**
- 2) Put head between your legs**
- 3) Kiss your ass goodbye."**

"Be bi-sexual—if you can't get it free, go out and buy it."

"Start a new movement. Drink prune juice every morning."

"Eat at Nick's. One million flies and roaches can't be wrong!"

"You don't buy beer, you rent it!"

"If you have wet dreams, take an umbrella to bed with you."

"Join the Hernia Society, it needs your support."

"Virginity is like a balloon—one prick and it's gone."

"May all your ups and downs be in bed."

"Drink wet cement to get really stoned."

"I'm a vampire. Please wash your neck."

"Old fairies never die, they just blow away!"

"If fools had brains as big as their balls, they wouldn't write with crayons on toilet walls."



BETTY'S BOOBS

She used to take a lot of kidding when she dated boys in high school. The guys used to call her Betty Boob. She says she likes the nick name because, as she puts it, "I had the biggest boobs in school"

Her background can be traced

back to the Conquistadors who came to the new world back in 1492. They left Cuba in 1494 and settled in Hispanola which is the only island in the world that contains two nations; Hati and The Dominican Republic. From there she claims that one famous





ancestor, Don Juan, de Diaz de Gonzales, was a captain in Juan Deleon's army, who conquered the Island of Puerto Rico. He also did some conquering in the bedroom. He had no less than 6 to 9 wives from among the Tanio Indians who were known for their beauty. It's on record that he volunteered to go

along with Ponce DeLeon to find the so called Fountain of Youth because several of the local Tanio chiefs were after his ass for seducing their wives and daughters.

She claims that this famous ancestor fathered over 34 children and lived to the age of 92. They found him in bed with one of the





young servant girls. It's said that this fellow loved girls with big tits, and bedded down some of the biggest boobs to be found in the New World.

Her family history does not stop there. There was Captain Juan Deago de Finnigan. His father was an Irish pirate and his mother was

half Spanish and half Indian—a rare combination. This bird was known for being the only pirate to collect women with big breasts. He would raid towns and villages along the eastern coast of the United States for gals who had big knockers. He promised his men all the booty they could carry away,





but the gals with the big jugs were his.

Betty says that her father kept the tradition. While serving with the American Forces in Vietnam, he fathered no less than 21 children. But the gals there were almost titless. Oriental gals are known for little tits, although there are exceptions. Her mother is from the midwest and mom and dad met

while he was in a military hospital and she was a nurse. One look at mom's picture and you can see what made him cave in. She has a size 44-D, and, as his buddies claim, they drove him nuts.

In the meantime, of her 6 sisters, Betty has the honor of keeping up the family tradition—she has the biggest boobs in the family. □



**SECRETS
OF A
WINDOW
WASHER
REVEALED!**

DIARY OF A WINDOW WASHER



Ever wonder what the life of a window cleaner is like? With all the things he sees and hears he could keep you amused for hours. Following is a week in the life of a window cleaner.

BY I.M. WASHER

MONDAY: Peeking Into a Psychiatrist's Office.

10: a.m.

"My wife and I split up because we have too much in common," stated a well dressed man lying on a couch.

"And how is that?" asked the shrink.

"We both like to eat pussy," sighed the patient.

2: p.m.

A woman explained to the doc that she was a true nymphomaniac.

"I really love orgasms," she said. "I do it with my husband, with all the deliverymen, and bar pickups. I masturbate with a vibrator and have wet dreams."

"Which of these activities give you the most pleasure?" the doctor asked.

"Wet dreams," said the sexaholic. "I meet better hung men!"

4: p.m.

A male patient tells the shrink: "I get a lot of satisfaction from holding my own dick, doc. I love it. Why, I often grab my organ and hold it tight, lovingly. It's a habit with me."

The sex therapist said, "In that case, sir, it's a habit you'll have to shake."

5: p.m.

An airline stewardess came in with a confession. "My professional life and my personal life have become interchangeable. The other night when my boyfriend nudged me awake, I said *Welcome aboard.*"

TUESDAY The Ladies Powder Room

8:15 a.m.

"Listen," said one secretary to a group of women in the John, "last night my date had the guts to suggest we make love doggie style."

One of the women asked, "And did you put your paw down?"

10:00 a.m. Coffee Break

"This guy was hard on my heels after work yesterday," a young redhead told a brunette.

"Did he keep following you and try to pick you up?"

"Oh, he picked me up alright," said the redhead. When we went to my apartment, he turned out to be a foot fetishist!"

12:00 Noon

One of the sexy young blonde secretaries put on a full-length mink coat to go to lunch. This shocked another secretary, an animal-rights activist. "Dammit," she bitched. "Do you know how many animals were killed to make that coat?"

"Cool it, honey," snapped the blonde, "Do you know how many animals I had to fuck to get it?"

3:p.m. Coffee Break

An aspiring actress, working as a computer operator, told her friend: "This TV producer tried to tempt me with the promise of a speaking part on one of his shows."

"Did you give in, Doreen?"

"Shit, no! I laughed right in his balls!"

WEDNESDAY: Outside The Lawyer's Office.

9: a.m.

After a tall, beautiful, exotic woman with tits out to there and legs up to here had talked to two lawyers about handling her late husband's estate and as she left their office, one lawyer said: "Boy, I'd sure like to fuck that one."

"Really," said his partner. "Out of what?"

10:15 a.m.

One lawyer's secretary came in and took a little dictation. Then the counsellor suggested that they lock the door, stop the phone calls and fuck on the couch. As the secretary stripped, she asked coyly: "Some men call their dicks Jimmy, Jo, Jimbob, Harvey, or Mac. What do you call yours?"

"I don't call mine anything," chuckled the lawyer, as he put it in the right place. "In a circumstance like this, it comes out without being called."

1:30 p.m.

The two lawyers were in conference.

"My client has a problem with his neighbors' two dogs, and I need to give him advice," said the first lawyer. "The neighbor's poodle humps his leg and then the neighbor's pit bull humps his leg. What should I tell him?"

"He should let the pit bull finish, advised his partner."

2:15 p.m.

A foxy job applicant asked one of the attorneys what her chances for advancement would be.

Continued on page 38

CANDY: THE LICKING TYPE

*How many of you
fellows would like to
lick candy like this?
Would you believe it,
she's been married
seven times!*







What man wouldn't be happy with a package like Candy around the house? Believe it or not, she's been married 7 times! To look at this bundle of fun one would think that a guy would give anything to hang on to it. She gave us some reasons for the breakups.

"The first two guys were very intelligent fellows, both were bankers. But when it came to sex they were bombs. Look, I'm a gal that loves to turn and tumble in the sack and my men must understand that I am hard to please." She says it's her fault since they both looked very macho and didn't have any pre-marriage experience with either of them.

"Then there was Arthur and Lou. Both were loaded with money, and that's the first thing that catches my eye," she explained. "But much to my misfortune they were both bisexuals, and that's one thing I can't stand. Shit, I don't mind if my competition is another woman, but a man? No way, baby." She did say that the guy she liked best was the one she just divorced. "Robert was my ideal guy; tall, handsome, well built and well hung. He knew how to please me, but he also tried his techniques on my sister," she said. It seems that he was playing them both. "He would tell me that he had to go visit his sick dad, and all the while he was screwing my sister at the Happy Times Motel just outside of town. It was by accident that I





found out. My photographer picked the place to shoot some shots, and would you believe it, we had the room next door to them. I could hear them carry on, but had no idea who was in the next room. It was when we finished the photo session and were just leaving I spotted the two of them coming out of their room." I asked him if he had any explanation for screwing around with my sister.

"The bastard said that he just couldn't resist my sister's fantastic boobs. His explanation was that just looking at them straining at her blouse gave him hot-nuts."

She said that she's not giving up on finding true love. Helen likes to make new friends. She loves sex talk and likes hot letters. Send your letters to: The Editor, Gem Magazine, Post Office Box 428, Nanuet NY 10954. □



GEM
OF THE
MONTH







LAUGHS AND TITTERS

"I met my wife at a real wild singles club. I thought she was home with the children."

Gerty rushed down to the kitchen to inform her hubby that she had a wonderful dream.

"I dreamed that you gave me a diamond necklace for my birthday. What do you make of my dream?"

Sam looked at her and said, "You'll know tonight."

That evening Sam came home with a package for his wife. With a smile Gerty opened the package. It was a book entitled *The Meaning of Dreams*.

Jake was riding on the subway when he overheard the following conversation between two women.

"Next week is my husband's 37th birthday," said the first woman.

"Really?" said the second, "What are you getting for him?"

Came the reply, "Make me an offer dearie."

Overheard conversation department: Bountiful Millie saying to her husband as they left the marriage counsellor's office; "Now that we're back on speaking terms...shut up!"

It was rather hard for Jerry Dimwit to hold on to a job, but at last he was hired by the highway department. His job was to paint yellow stripes down the middle of the highway.

On his first day, he managed to paint more than 5 miles. The foreman said, "Hey, you did a great job, keep it up and I'll see that you get a good raise."

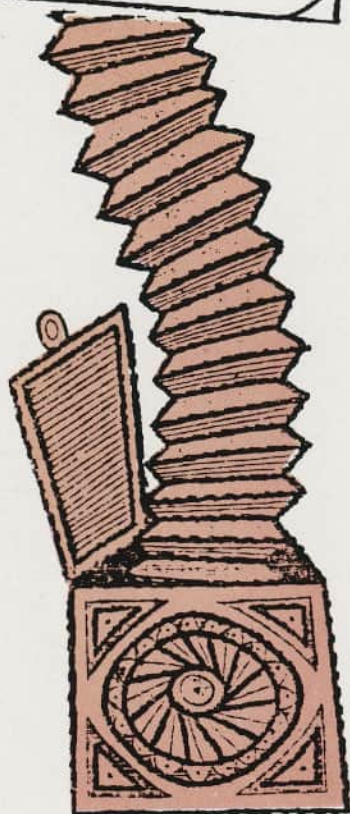
The next day Jerry managed to paint only two miles. The foreman took him aside at the end of the day and asked:

"What happened? Yesterday you was doing great, today you did lousy!"

Jerry looked at the foreman and replied, "It's not my fault, I kept getting farther away from the paint can!"

Knockout Nellie with the bra busters is very sanitary minded. She's trying to take some filthy rich guy to the cleaners.

Hot-box Hortense is our type of gal. When you ask if you can take her home, she replies, "Sure, where do you live?"





"Golly, Zeke, did you ever see such big mountains?"

EXCLUSIVE:

What dad's diary says about..

SEX EDUCATION: CLASS OF '43

Ever stop to think where mom and dad got their sex education? Looking at the poor darlings one would only wonder what they did in their youth. Wonder no longer, for here, a member of class of '43 gives us a rare bit of history.



Do you fellows ever think about what Ma and Pa did when it came to sex education back in the "old days?" Well, while you guys think you discovered something, sit back and let me tell you about the good 'ole days.

My first encounter with sex and what it was all about began in junior high school. While sitting in the lunchroom I noticed several of my buddies head for the bathroom. One of them stood outside like he was watching for teacher. They usually did this when they went in to sneak a smoke. This time I detected something funny about their behavior and decided to investigate.

"Hey Leo," I said to the guy who was standing guard outside the door, "What's going on in there?" He looked at me with a sly smile and replied, "Hooey Books!"

"What the hell is Hooey Books?"

Come on, stupid, you know, Popeye fucking Olive Oil, and Li'l Abner sucking Daisy Mae."

I never heard of these Hooey Books and went in to the men's john to take a look. Shit, was I in for a surprise. The guys were cracking up looking at these little books which had my favorite comics. Each one of them had about 20 small pages with the comic characters screwing the hell out of each other. They were real funny, and they were considered pornography in those days. Many teachers would send for the parents of any kid caught with these little "comic" books.

I still remember the day I went to see Flash Gordon. I remember my first hard-on. Dale was wearing what resembles a belly dancer's outfit. You didn't get to see many belly buttons in those days, but when you did, Man! What a thrill.

I never even knew what masturbation was all about—some jerk my father raised. It was at the local movie house when I was introduced to this art of self fulfillment. I don't remember the movie, but there was some heavy petting by the male and female stars. A voice from behind me whispered, "Look at Jerry, he's jerking off!" It was my friend Monroe sitting behind me and pointing to one of the school's morons, Jerry Depici. Jerry was staring wide eyed at the screen while whacking his joy stick. Last I heard, Jerry, who is now past middle-age, never did make it with any dame. Probably still whacking off.

Then there was the time when Mike McGinnis caught hell from the principal. We had just entered the class, took our seats and waited for the teacher to call our names for attendance. She called the names, and everyone answered except for Mike McGinnis and Alice McLaren. The teacher finished and asked me to get the lesson books from the closet. When I opened the closet door teach almost fainted. There in all their glory were Mike and Alice screwing away like mad. Not even stopping with teach

and the whole class watching them. I envied that guy. The only guy in the school who ever made it with a girl. In those days it was look, but don't touch.

We had dance nite at the local settlement house every Friday. It was alright, but it gave many of the guys blue balls. In those days, slow waltzes and boleros was very popular. The guy would hold the girl close while slowly strolling across the dance floor. Every time I got to dance with big-tit Millie I had to back off while dancing because my stick grew to giant proportions. I walked her back to her seat half bent over, and from the way I walked away I'm sure she knew what was up. But it was fun.

Again, it was in the movie house (where else could one go then, There was no TV or Playboy in those days, and besides, the movie was only a dime) when I finally put my hand on a tit. Sure, it cost me twenty cents but it was well worth it. I waited until the movie, *Dracula*, was coming and when it did I asked Millie-Big-Tits to go see it with me. I led the way to the front row. I was sure the movie would scare the living shit out of her—and it did. She was so scared she hugged me and almost crawled on me. Like a sly little bastard, I slowly put my hand on her breast. I was surprised that she said nothing. I played with her tits for almost an hour. Man, what a time that was.

By the time I was in ninth grade, I managed to get enough money from shining shoes to buy my first car. Now, I was big time! None of the guys had a car, in fact not even their fathers had a car. It was an old car, pre-war 1938 Buick, but in those days very few people had the dough to buy a new car. I was the envy of the school. I was about to get my first lay as well.

I had my eye on this big tit, long legged hot-box for a long time. Seemed she only dated guys with cars. Well, you can bet your sweet ass she said "yes" when I asked Pearl to go for a ride. I took her to a White Castle for burgers. They were a nickel each then. From there I headed for Central Park where the guys in the city used for a lover's lane.

I parked there for about ten minutes before we started petting real heavy. To my surprise Pearl did not resist any of my advances, in fact, she was rather good at getting a guy hot. She almost ripped the zipper on my pants trying to get at my joystick. Being a small car we climbed into the back seat. The only possible position was me on the bottom and Pearl half sitting on the top of the front seat with her legs sitting on the edges of the rear windows. That's how the police found us. I had a rough time in court, especially with her folks there hollering how I deflowered their baby. There was no way I could tell them that their baby had plenty of experience and that she had deflowered me. I later found that just

Continued on next page

SEX EDUCATION: CLASS OF '43

Continued from page 37

about every guy in our class (maybe the school) was "deflowered" by Pearl. I've got to admit, she was a great lay.

The guys loved those wonderful hay rides. Shit, were they great. For graduation we thought we'd get together for a last good time before we joined up to fight the Krauts and the Japs. The Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor (many of the guys used to refer to our gal Pearl as "Pearl's Harbor") and the funny guy with the Charlie Chaplin moustache was not going to get away with the way he was picking on little countries.

We each brought a girl. We also planned in advance to find the girls with the biggest tits in school. Halfway into the ride we all jumped in the hay and grabbed the first girl we could. We would kiss, grab each other and tumble around for about half an

hour. We would then change partners, jump in the hay and continue our fun. At the end of the night, I managed to grab and enjoy no less than 7 pairs of the biggest tits in school.

I joined the Marines while the rest of the guys went for the Army and Navy. By the time the war was over I managed to screw some of the sexiest broads in the Pacific. But, rough as the times were, we had some good memories from those days.

What brought these old memories back was something that caught my eyes while at the local movie house last week. My wife, Sandra and I felt like having a night at a good movie and a pizza. So, why not, our three kids are married, so why sit home. We were sitting about halfway down and enjoying a bag of popcorn when Sandra broke into a smile. I asked her what the hell was she smiling at. She pointed to a small, bald headed guy at the far end of the row—about 8 seats away. The guy was staring at the screen and whacking off. Would you believe it? The dumb bastard, Jerry, was still doing his thing. Like I say, those were the days. □

SECRETS OF A WINDOW WASHER

Continued from page 25

"In this firm, young lady," responded the bar-rister, "a person can go up, up, up. Provided, of course," he added, "that you're willing to go down, down, down."

THURSDAY: Activities In The Doctor's Office **8:30 a.m.**

A nervous patient bent over for a prostate examination and the doc then probed with first one and then two fingers, causing the patient considerable discomfort.

"Hey, doc," yelped the poor guy, "why the hell are you using two fingers?"

"I assumed," said the physician calmly, "that you'd want a second opinion."

10:30 a.m.

"Doctor, I really need your help," said a young man of 26. "I've only had one hard-on in my entire life."

"Yours is a serious sexual problem alright," said the Doc. "Can you recall how long you had the erection?"

"Oh, lemme think," mused the patient. "I was 14 when I first got it up. That makes it more than 12 years altogether." □



"You don't get the distance you used to out of your sex drive either!"

This ebony beauty was raised on 126th Street and Lenox Avenue. It is said that whenever she took in the ball game, even the players would stop to strain their eyes at her.



BILLIE

Could you believe that we found this stunning, big busted, ebony beauty in the heart of New York City selling hot dogs, pizza, and chips? There was this big crowd of guys on the corner of 46th and Fifth

Avenue. It looked like a minor riot but they were all smiling. I pushed my way in to see what the fuss was all about, and was faced with the most unusual hot dog wagon in the city. There, bare from the waist up was the the nicest pair of knockers







I've ever laid my eyes on. Billie was serving her dogs while her jugs dangled in sheer delight.

Well, I couldn't get a word in since the mob was pushing and shoving to buy her dogs, and to look at her headlights. I slipped her a note and

a business card asking if she would like to appear in our magazine. She gave me a wink which I took to mean "yes."

She called and made an appointment for the following day. The next day I was delighted to see her.









She showed up in a tight fitting outfit that revealed the luscious breasts which accounted for her brisk business.

"What do the cops say to your unusual business tactics," I asked. She replied, "nothing, I get a ticket, pay the fine, and that's the end. I pay several fines each week, but, I make enough to cover that, and put a wad away for a cold day."

Keeping my eyes on her tight fitting blouse which seemed like it was about to explode, I asked. "Do any of your customers ever get fresh?" She crossed her legs slowly. Giving me a glimpse of her beaver, she replied, "Sure, every once in a while, but I put a stop to it in a hurry. I yell for help, and the hundreds of men waiting to buy my dogs come to my rescue. Just yesterday, a wise guy from the Iraqi Embassy tried to get fresh, but after my customers got done with him I'm sure he'll never bother me again."

She showed up for several photo sessions, and we do hope you find her as tempting as we did. She would also like to hear from anyone who has a hot dog business. She says that, "Hot dog people are the sexiest to be found, and that they're as hot as their dogs."

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FANTASIES OF AGE

A recent survey shows that although most men past their prime still get the hots for dames, they still dig the younger ones.

I feel alone tonight. I fill my emptiness with fantasy. A fantasy of a lovely face and cherry lips smiling a warm come hither.

As I casually glance across the room, an enticing pair of eyes will not let go. There is no question, I have no doubt, it is I with whom she is enchanted.

The fantasy is filled with people—the noise is happy and excited. Certainly this must be the spawning ground for my fantasy.

I had only been seated at the bar a matter of moments when next to me rested a satin smooth milk white hand of enchanting grace. The satin hand smiled at me most warmly, then turned away. Alongside this lovely apparition intruded a veiny, dried, brown stained hand I knew to be my own.

Was her smile one of personal interest, or was she secure in smiling at a stranger who might have been her father or grandfather?

In the midst of my quandary came a mellifluous voice which asked what I would like to drink. The voice smiled lovingly also, and I responded with some innocuous attempt at humor, to which she laid her hand on my shoulder in apparent amusement.

Did she possibly find me appealing, or was this a mere contrivance used to increase her allowance?

Somehow I have convinced myself that one of these lovely fantasy fulfillers will look beyond the mask I wear and see the me of thirty years ago—because, God knows—I don't feel any different. And, even worse, my taste in beauty has not changed with the years. Why, as we grow older, do not our values change accordingly? Why must I have an appetite of a thirty-year old



and be presented a menu suited for a sixty year old? Why can't I find distended veins, flaky skin, and sun spots sufficiently appealing so that women of an appropriate age could fulfill my affection need?

So, it's home again, alone. Never even to have tried—never to have chanced rejection. Because if I knew, then even fantasies might no longer be possible.

To my mirror, my totally honest companion, I say: "You really don't look so different, you still have a lot of appeal." The mirror responds; "Wear your glasses!" It's just not fair to be 60, appear 58, but feel 30 with tastes appropriate to the younger age.

No—by God, one cannot grow old gracefully, one can only grow old! □



"I tried to give her an organ transplant, but she kept rejecting!"



SOME DAYS YOU CAN'T WIN

BY BUD STUDD

After work you come home thirsty and horny. Your live-in lady greets you with warm beer and a cold pussy.

Your date describes the "ideal man." The description doesn't fit you.

Lying in bed you ask your best girl what she'd like for her birthday. She replies, "A vibrator."

You try to appear real cool as you come out of the skin-flick movie house. But then you discover to your embarrassment that your cap is hanging on your lap.

At a costume party you meet a lush woman, wearing a paper dress made from a map of the United States. You tell her where your home town is and point to it on the map. You get a hard punch in the mouth.

After you take a hot shower you find that there are no towels.

You pick up that great-looking lady at the singles bar and take her to a motel. She's really a vice cop in drag.

This is a real pisser. The stereo goes on sale the day after you buy it.

Because of a room shortage you're forced to share with a 36-24-36, blue-eyed blonde...she's a lesbian. What a cruel world.

You borrow a car from a friend, take a ride in the country and soon learn it has no brakes.

You meet a ravishing Cherokee Indian girl who tells you to bug off. She says she does it only for "big bucks."

In answer to your letter to join a lonely hearts club to meet the girl of your dreams, you receive a short note in regard to your application: "Sorry, buddy, none of our female members are that lonely."

You wander into a gay bathhouse by mistake. To escape you climb through a small window, but get your upper torso wedged in tight. You can't get out to save your ass.

One day when there's little in your pocket but a big hole, you get stuck with the lunch bill. and the gal you're with has eaten like a swarm of hungry locusts.

You suffer a double 'hernia because of a typographical error in a sex manual.

On your wedding night your cork pops before the champagne.

You feel today is your lucky day. You get up at 7 o'clock with \$7.00 in your pocket. You go to a bookie who is on Seven Street. A horse named luck 7 is running in the seventh race with seven horses in it. You bet him to win, place an show. He comes in seventh.

You ask for a raise. You're told your job isn't important enough. You ask for a day off. They tell you you're too valuable. □

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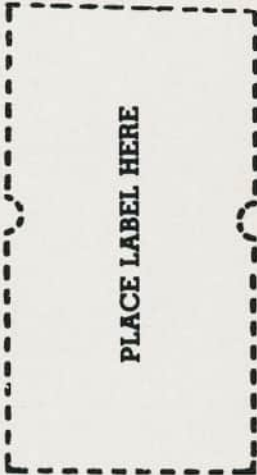
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TRISHA



She was raised under the Big Top. Her father was an animal trainer and so was her boyfriend, Andros. He had to quit the show because one of the lions chewed up his most cherished possessions.

It was on a calm, sunny Sunday afternoon on beach at Daytona where we first spotted the lovely, and sexy Trisha. She was there on vacation. She had such an eye-

filling figure that I just had to stop and make some conversation with her. She was real nice and even invited me to share a beer with her.

I was floored when she told me that she was a professional





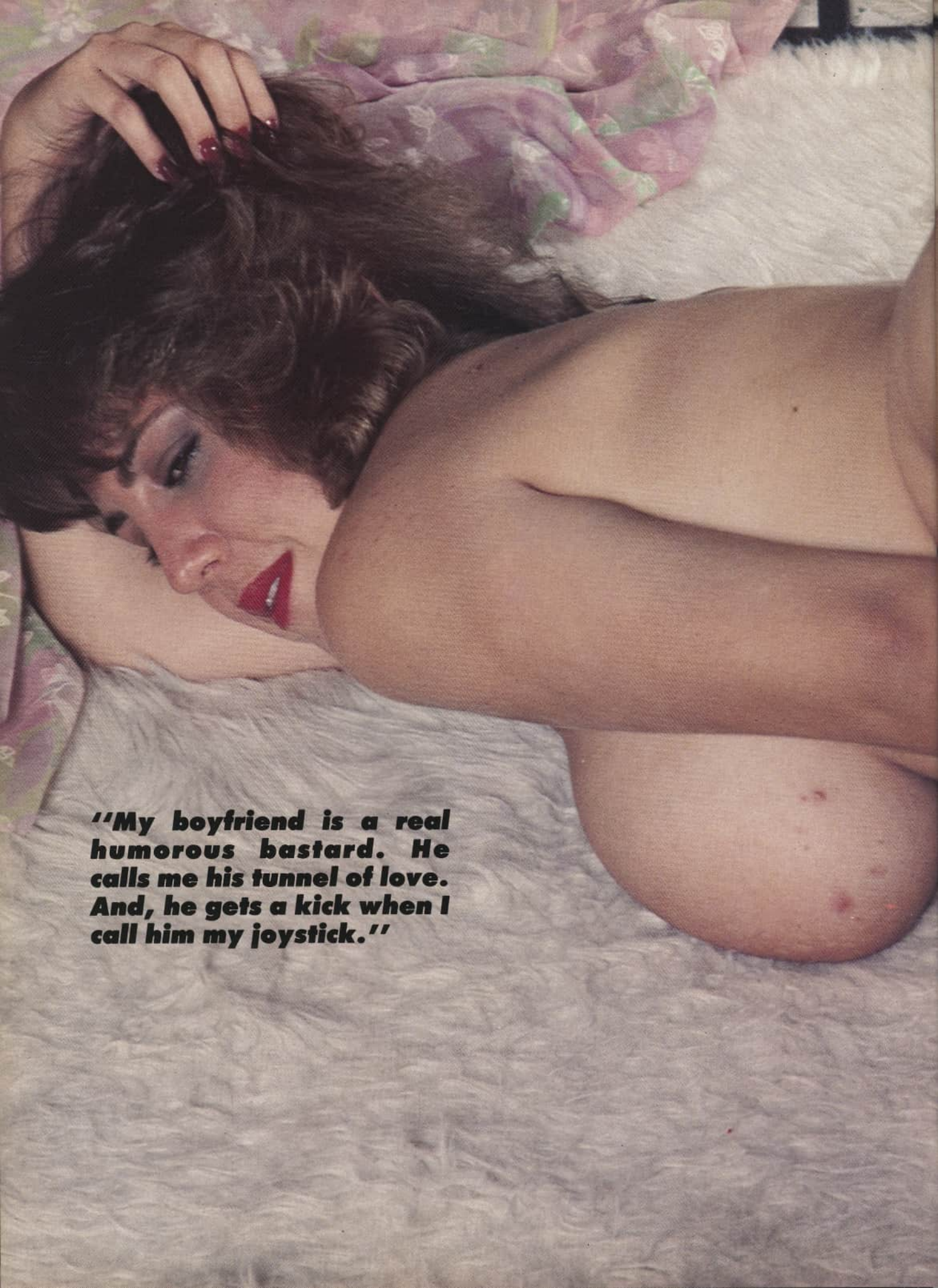
animal trainer. How did you ever get into that field?" I asked her. "I was raised under the Big Top and always admired the animal trainers. My boyfriend, Andros, was one of

the best in the business," she said.

"What do you mean *was*?"

"His father taught us both the art of training wild animals, but when his father



A photograph of a woman with dark, curly hair and red lipstick lying on her side on a white, textured surface. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her right arm is raised, with her hand near her head. A pink and green patterned fabric is visible in the upper left corner. The text is overlaid on the lower left portion of the image.

"My boyfriend is a real humorous bastard. He calls me his tunnel of love. And, he gets a kick when I call him my joystick."





retired, Andros took over the act. He was doing great, but no matter how much I begged to let me join the act, he refused." I motioned to her to go on. "Then one day, while in the cage, Leo, one of the larger lions seemed very upset. Andros tried to control him but in the process, got chewed up a bit by Leo," she said.

After he was rushed to the hospital, he was informed by the doctor that the lion bit off most of the family jewels. That devastated him. He had no choice but to let me handle the cats after that."

I told her how sorry I was to hear that. "Since you've been doing the act have you had any serious problems?" Trisha thought for a few seconds, "Not really, not with the cats anyway. My problem is my figure, and the stagehands do get nasty once in a while. Then there's that darn midget who's always hiding under my bed at night. He's so small that I'm afraid I'll find him in bed with me. But, small as he is he certainly was blessed with some oversized and dynamic sex tools." I asked her how she came about with that information. She said; "One night while passing the tent where the little female midget Nancy, sleeps, I saw and heard everything that went on, and the little hot-box, Nancy, was screaming and raving."

The circus sounds like fun. She claims that she loves her work. Next time you hear that the circus is in town, maybe you can catch her act. □

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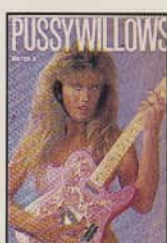
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