

GEM

K49361
FEB. 1986
\$3.95

**FREE
BONUS GIFT!
THE GEM 1986
HALL OF FAME
CALENDAR
FREE!**

HIGHLIGHTING A BRAND NEW SHOOTING OF
OUR SUPER SENSATIONAL COVER GIRL IN
AN EXCLUSIVE GEM "TONI AWARD" SPECIAL
AND A LONG-AWAITED NEW PICTORIAL OF
COLOSSAL BOOBED CYLDA, ALL-TIME
GREAT FAVORITE OF THE 70'S
PLUS AN UNPUBLISHED SET
OF BEAUTEOUS KELI STEWART
AND TITILLATING SPREADS OF
TWO SIZZLING SEXPOTS
BLONDE NEWCOMER GABRIELLA
AND HOT FILM STAR SUE NERO
AS WELL AS A GREAT PAIR OF
MAMMOTH MAMMARED MARVELS
BRITAIN'S MASSIVE MARGE AND
LEGENDARY ANGELA FROM THE PAST

An Amazing Literary Discovery!
Old Ebenezer's Diary of His
Change To A Horny Womanizer
THE SCROOGE CHRONICLES

Short Sex Sagas Of Sundry
Steamy, Simmering Sweeties
EAGER BEAVERS WITH THE HOTS



GEM

VOL. 27 NO. 5

FEBRUARY 1986

FEATURES

5 PASS IN REVIEW

Our critic reports on the latest records and books.

7 CYLDA

A long awaited brand new shooting of one of the all time great Hall of Famers.

14 EAGER BEAVERS Fred Farkus

A series of minuscule sex sagas starring sirens with the hots who love their loving in a big way.

15 GABRIELLA

Here's an exotic-looking, steaming hot blonde bombshell who's brand new to our pages.

18 MARGE

A flying scoop: great shots sent via Air Mail by a marvelous looking mammoth mammaried marvel.

22 KELI

A second scoop! A double D-cup treat—a brand new layout of one of the most beautiful gals around.

26 GEM'S 1986 CALENDAR

Our special bonus this year stars sensational Toni, newest super-stacked Hall of Fame Champion.

40 THE SCROOGE CHRONICLES A. Nicholas

An amazing literary discovery! Old Ebenezer's own diary depicting his change to a horny womanizer.

43 SUE

A sizzling spread of the fiery, brunette sex star.

51 A 60'S MAMMARIED MARVEL

This nostalgic pictorial takes us back to the Big Up Front Hall of Fame's early days.

56 THE INSCRUTABLE SISTERS.. E. Modzelewski

It seemed that no amount of sexual heat could melt their insurmountable and impregnable frigidity.

WILL MARTIN
editor

R.B. KENDENNIS
managing editor

KEN ROGERS
business manager

CHARLES LOTT
art editor

BARBARA AMY LEE
subscription



GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies \$3.95. Canada and Foreign: \$3.95. Subscriptions: 6 issues: \$18.00. Canada and Foreign: \$22.00. All unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Although reasonable precautions will be taken, the publishers can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity with real names and places is purely coincidental. Picture credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated. Entire contents copyright 1985 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE

Our Non-Pornography Code guarantees that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts any sexual acts, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation or male genitalia.

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

SILENCE IS DEADLY.



When someone drinks too much and then drives, it's the silence that kills. Your silence.

It kills your friends, your relatives, and people you don't even know. But they're all people you could save.

If you knew what to say, maybe you'd be less quiet. Maybe fewer people would die.

What you should say is, "I'll drive you home." Or, "Let me call a cab." Or, "Sleep on my couch tonight."

Don't hesitate because your friend may have been drinking only beer. Beer and wine can be just as intoxicating as mixed drinks.

And don't think that black coffee will make him sober. Black coffee never made anyone sober. Maybe it would keep him awake long enough to have an accident. But that's about all.

The best way to prevent a drunk from becoming a dead drunk is to stop him from driving.

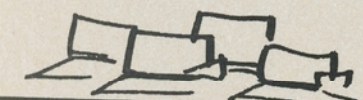
Speak up. Don't let silence be the last sound he hears.

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION • NATIONAL HIGHWAY TRAFFIC SAFETY ADMINISTRATION



CHECK ROOM





RECORDS

Ron Carter and Jim Hall: Telephone (Concord Jazz) is a highly engrossing live set from the bassist and jazz guitarist. Hall's warm tone, unexpected angular lines, unusual voicings, and ability to develop an idea mark him as the most accomplished and imaginative of the post-bop guitarists. Not prone to flamboyance, Hall is a thinking man's guitarist whose playing has a depth and integrity matched by few jazzmen. Carter shares the spotlight space here, spinning out mesmerizing solos while Hall backs him with distinctive comping and rhythm guitar. The bass/guitar dialogue on Hall's "Two's Blues" and Carter's extended exploration of "Stardust" call for repeated listenings.

Hot Rize: Traditional Ties (Sugar Hill) is the bluegrass quartet's first for Sugar Hill, and it's one of their best to date. The band has arrived at its own style while remaining close ties to the roots of bluegrass; they manage to sound contemporary while steering clear of "newgrass" and the like. Tim O'Brien has one of the best voices in bluegrass today, and is a superb mandolinist and fiddler. Pete Wernick plays solid, bouncing banjo with a good drive. Guitarist Charles Sawtelle's rhythm guitar work brings to mind Clarence White in his use of space. Nick Forster may be the first to make the electric bass sound like it belongs in an otherwise acoustic bluegrass band. Among the standouts here are O'Brien's original "Walk The Way The Wind Blows," an

imaginatively arranged gospel standard ("Working On A Building") and a novel arrangement of "Leather Britches".

Wonder Women Vol. 3: Sultry Soul Sisters (Rhino) offers fourteen well-chosen sixties rock and pop tracks by Dionne Warwick, Gladys Knight, Betty Everett, Barbara Lewis, and others. The women represented here are not the gritty pull-out-the-stops R&B wailers like Little Esther, Tina Turner, and Etta James. The gals heard here are all soulful, but there is often a feeling of restraint in their singing (sometimes imposed by the pop arrangements they worked with). In fact, the tension between pent-up emotion and the restraints of the idiom is in part what gives the tracks by Maxine Brown, Kitty Lester, and Gloria Lynne their clout. There are too many fine sides on this collection to list them all. The much under-rated Barbara Lewis' "Make Me Your Baby" and "Baby I'm Yours," the dramatic David/Bacharach productions of Dionne Warwick's "Don't Make Me Over" and "Anyone Who Had a Heart" and the original Bessie Banks "Go Now" are among the goodies.

Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys: The Greatest Hits of Texas (Rhino) is an unusual record consisting of four tunes from the band's 1946/1947 Tiffany Transcriptions. As those who own the three volumes of Tiffanys on Kaleidoscope know, this was one of the band's most inspired periods. Among those featured are steel guitarists Noel Boggs and Herb Remington, fiddlers Louis Tierney and Joe Holley, guitar monster Junior Barnard, electric mandolinist Tiny Moore, and the quintessential western swing vocalist, Tommy Duncan. The record itself is shaped like the state of Texas, with a topographical map of that state imprinted on one side. The cover contains a reproduction of one of the original Tiffany ads, suitable for display or framing. Of the four tunes included ("You're From Texas," "Home in San Antonio," "Across The Alley From The Alamo" and "San Antonio Rose") only the latter is available on the Kaleidoscope series.

Keith Jarrett: Standards Vol. 2 (ECM) is an intense trio date by the pianist with bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Jack DeJohnette. The group explores five well-chosen, not overworked standards and a Jarrett original. The music invites comparison to that of the Bill Evans trio. Jarrett maintains a distinct emotional tone, however, harder-edged than Evans, more stark and austere even when he's displaying his phenomenal chops (which one tends to take for granted by now). One also hears less of the bop influence in Jarrett. There is a sense of real involvement among the three musicians here. One is reminded that Jarrett can be a real melodist when he

solos. Those who have been left cold by some of the pianist's more self-indulgent excursions are likely to find this to be a satisfying set.

Fred Hersch Trio: Horizons (Concord Jazz) is a debut album for the young Cincinnati-born pianist who hit the New York scene in 1977. Hersch is one of the few pianists one hears who has fully digested the innovations of Bill Evans. Here he is heard with Marc Johnson (bass) and Joey Baron (drums) in an absorbing program of standards and an original. Hersch is quoted as saying that "I approach each song differently, and play off the tune." This approach is evident in his stylings. The pianist plays the tunes with warmth and feeling, not merely as exercises in harmony and negotiating chord changes. Among the highlights are "My Heart Stood Still" and "The Star Crossed Lovers."

Gary Burton Quartet: True Life Blues (ECM) presents the vibist and group (pianist Makoto Ozone, electric bassist Steve Swallow, drummer Mike Hyman) in a set of polished and precisely executed compositions by Carla Bley, Duke Ellington, John Scofield, and others. The music conforms to the pristine, often intense style, with tight ensemble heads and quietly burning solos, that one has long associated with Burton's groups. This is the first Burton group in memory to feature piano. The blend is not as successful as Burton's usual choice of guitar or a horn; one misses the vibes comping under the second melody instrument's solos. Ozone is a fine, lyrical player, however, and his ballad "I Need You Here" provides the album's most memorable track. Steve Swallow's Latin-tinged "Ladies in Mercedes," on which Burton is heard on marimba, is another goodie.

Fans of western swing, honky-tonk music, and great steel guitar playing will dig **Ray Pennington & Buddy Emmons: Swingin' From The 40's Thru The 80's** (Step One). Emmons, one of the all-time great steel men, gets to work out on a number of western swing classics, and puts his personal stamp on the ballads as well. Pennington is an amiable country crooner with a bit of Red Foley in his delivery. The band lays down a relaxed groove perfect for country/swing dancing. From Step One, 1300 Division St., Nashville TN 37203.

Classic Tenors (Doctor Jazz) offers material recorded from 1943 through 1950 by four master jazz saxophonists. Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young, the trend-setters, are represented by two cuts each. Hawk soars on "Lover Come Back To Me" and his unusual "Blues Changes." Prez is heard with a classic Kansas City style rhythm section on "I'm Fer It Too," and

"Hello Babe." The remainder of the album is devoted to Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and the relatively obscure Julian Dash. Davis' hard-edged style is heard to good advantage on several originals in a 1950 session that also features some fine guitar courtesy of Bill DeArango (who curiously remains uncredited in the liner notes). On a 1946 date, Dash lays down bluesy sax in a style that later became the staple of many R&B bands.

After the departure of violinist Stephen Grappelli in 1940, gypsy guitar wizard Django Reinhardt began recording with a group that included several horns. The texture and rhythm of this ensemble was considerably different than the style of the string-heavy Hot Club. This group of Django's is the inspiration for *Django's Music* (Stash), a New York group fronted by guitarist Mike Peters. The fare here is mostly Reinhardt originals, with a few standards thrown in for good measure. A number of New York area swing players are heard to good advantage. Trumpeter Randy Sandke, trombonist Herb Gardner, and saxist/clarinetist Bob Wilber all have fine moments. Peters offers an impressive solo rendition of "Micro," and gypsy guitar prodigy Birelli Lagrene shines on "Djangology" and "Porto Cabello."

Tony Purrone: Expansion (Quadrangle) showcases an outstanding young guitarist best known for his work with the Heath Brothers. Purrone is a contemporary jazzman who combines a modern harmonic sense with a great deal of drive while steering clear of the excesses and aimless noodling of the "fusion" players. Bassist Jeff Fuller and drummer Frank Bennett keep things cooking throughout this set, which consists of originals by the band and a thoughtfully rendered "Lover Man." From Quadrangle Music, POB 1322, New Haven CT 06505.

Bassist Buell Neidlinger brings together an eclectic assortment of fine musicians on *Bluegrass: Big Day At Ojai* (K2B2). Mandolin/clarinet virtuoso Andy Statman, fiddler Richard Greene, saxist Marty Krystal, drummer Peter Erskine and the Late Peter Ivers on harmonica join Neidlinger for a set of tunes by Ellington, Monk and others. Much of the playing is straight-ahead, but there are excursions into bluegrass (Green's fiddle on Bird's "Billie's Bounce"), and klezmer (Statman's clarinet on "Mood Indigo"). There is a good deal of R&B influence as well, even in the fiddle and mandolin, instruments not usually heard in that groove. Statman is at his most soulful on his mandolin rendition of "Stardust." Ellington's "Happy-Go-Lucky Local" gets a good funky workout. From K2B2 Records, 3112 Barry Ave., Los Angeles CA 90066.

Bob Wilber and The Bodeswell Strings: Reflections (Bodeswell) is a sterling set from the master soprano saxist. Wilber, a protege of Sidney Bechet's handles the difficult instrument with grace, producing a tone to be envied. He brings out the best in the twelve melodies he's chosen here, backed by a rhythm section and his own string arrangements. "All Alone," "I'll Be Seeing You," and "One Morning in May" are among the gems. From Bodeswell, Box 624, Brewster MA 02631.

BOOKS

Child abuse, transvestite hookers, mercenary soldiers and South Bronx radicals all figure in Andrew H. Vachss' *Flood* (Donald I. Fine). A young woman trained in the martial arts hires an eccentric New York private eye named Burke to track down a child molester so that she can take justice into her own hands. There are passages which invite comparison to Chandler, a wicked sense of humor, and plenty of local New York color. Vachss tends to run on a bit, accentuating the more implausible aspects of his plot. Nonetheless, Burke is one of the more appealing of the current roster of fiction hard-boiled dicks. He takes a jaded look at his surroundings, runs a few illegal (and humorous) scams of his own, but is essentially a romantic. There are enough memorable characters here to populate a series; we hope to see more of Burke.

Just a few years ago novelist Jim Thompson had a devoted cult following but was all but unknown to contemporary readers. A series of reissues and critical acclaim from diverse quarters have now focused attention on Thompson, and new editions of his books, once delegated to drugstore and bus-stop book racks, now grace the windows of artsy bookstores. Thompson produced the bulk of his work as paperback originals in the fifties. Although he is marketed as a "suspense," "mystery," or "crime" writer, it is his peculiar worldview rather than his skill in creating thrills or assembling a whodunit that distinguishes

his work. Thompson's work is permeated by cynicism, black humor, and a curious misanthropy tempered by compassion. Black Lizard/Creative Arts has recently reissued in paperback three more Thompsons. *Nothing More Than Murder*, is an early (1949) effort with heavy shades of James M. Cain. A very workmanlike job, but few of Thompson's personal demons break through the surface here. *Recoil* (1953) is a more typical hard-boiled Thompson tale of a small-time convict paroled, for mysterious reasons, to one Doc Luther and his unsavory cronies. *The Grifters* (1963), the best of the current lot, involves a sleazy con-man and his equally crooked and conniving mother. Those who have caught the Thompson bug will be glad to see these in print. Newcomers might be advised to start with the superior *A Hell Of A Woman*, *Pop, 1280*, or *The Killer Inside Me*, (Quill). From Black Lizard/Creative Arts, 833 Bancroft Way, Berkeley CA 94710.

Blind Date With Death (Carrol & Graf) by Cornell Woolrich is a collection of stories that originally appeared in the pulp magazine *Dime Detective*. Woolrich, a master of the suspense story, also wrote under the names William Irish and George Hopley. He has long enjoyed a cult following, as the past few years have seen a good deal of his work appear in reprint. Woolrich's tales often have a macabre, nightmarish, fatalistic quality, with plot twists that appealed to Alfred Hitchcock, who filmed several of his works. Even at his most far-fetched, Woolrich engages the reader and draws him into his dark world of strange obsessions. "The Case of The Maladroit Manicurist" and "If The Shoe Fits" from this collection are top-notch Woolrich to be savored by mystery buffs.

Oldies buffs and R&B aficionados will want Phillip Groia's *They All Sang On The Street Corner: A Second Look at New York City's Rhythm and Blues Vocal Groups*. The author chronicles the development of the style, pointing out the innovations of The Ravens, The Orioles, The Moonglows, The Cadillacs, and many other groups. Collectors will be pleased by the numerous discographies. An added treat is a nice assortment of photos. From Phillie Dee Enterprises, 515-12 High St., Port Jefferson NY 11777.

The New York jazz scene and drug underworld forms the backdrop for *The Tin Angel* (Charter, paperback) by Paul Pines. The Angel is a Lower East Side jazz club modeled after the now-defunct Tin Palace. When one of the club's owners is murdered, his partner digs for the answers. This tense, tough tale is brimming with well-depicted street life. The author knows his turf and the lingo, and has crafted a suspenseful first novel.



CYLDA

Then and Now



For many years we have been waiting for a new shooting of Cylda, one of the truly great super-boobed champions in our hallowed Hall of Fame. Much

to our extreme pleasure, a brand new set of the famed brunette knockout was recently brought to our desk, with a surprising development—Cylda was





enciente, that is, in the family way. Even more surprising is the fact that her mammoth mammaries are not as huge as they used to be. Whether she had a

breast reduction during the years she stopped posing or it's because of her pregnancy, is something we don't know. But we do know it's great to see her again. To





put the set in perspective we're including some pix of Cylda from her golden days of modeling. We hope to get another brand new set of her after



she gives birth. (Cylda may already have done so, as it takes quite a few months from the time of shooting till a set hits the stands.) It certainly will be interesting to see if her boobs regain their previous huge, fully-packed size. We'll keep you posted. □



EAGER BEAVERS WITH THE HOTS

by Fred Farkus

A series of minuscule sex sagas starring sweet-looking sirens who really love their loving

Complained the sexy stewardess to the chagrined pilot, "Now that you've got me in a hotel bed in New York, it seems you left your hard in San Francisco."

A pollster taking a sex survey asked the pretty apartment dweller, "Do you perform fellatio?"

"That," said the girl, "depends on the fella."

Two cannibal women were eagerly eating a man who had just been cooked. "How you doing?" asked the gal at the head end.

"I'm having a ball," replied the other.

"Dammit," said the first, "You're eating too fast."

After the motorcycle cop gave the woman a Breathalyzer test to see whether or not she had been drinking, he announced sadly, "Lady, you've had a few stiff ones."

"My, that's fantastic!" the woman burped. "You mean it shows that, too?"

A blonde dolly who often accepted a few bucks for screwing the boys was once asked by a stranger in a bar, "Hey, girlie, how about fucking for fifty dollars?"

"Hold on there," she said, "you can't get a lay with a crude approach like that. Why don't you just bet me fifty bucks that I won't put out?"

Ginger, the sexy secretary goes to work late every morning, but doesn't quit until there's a knock on the door of her handsome boss' private office.

Horny Hortense advertises in the personal classifieds for obscene phone calls.

A callgirl who handles twenty or more tricks a day, ends the week pretty bushed.

Elegant Ellen says she never talks while making love . . . unless her husband happens to phone.

A radiant stacked blonde boarded a bus. There were no empty seats, so she told a male passenger she was pregnant, and politely asked for his. The man stood up and gave her his place, but couldn't help remarking that she didn't look pregnant. "I guess not," she smiled, "it's only been twenty minutes."

Hannah, a novice nympho hooker, not only accepts checks but gives refunds if her tricks claim "insufficient fun."

Mae Ellen is sure easy to look at . . . she never pulls down the shades.

The passionate airline stewardess and the horny astronaut went to bed together. A few seconds later the lady cried out in a fury as the sky guy ejaculated prematurely. The spaceman explained in embarrassment, "Sorry, I just didn't have time to countdown before blast-off."

Sally, a lady of easy virtue, visited cocktail lounges and picked up men everytime her truck driver husband was on the road. Following one big motel bang, a traveling salesman asked, "Sal, how many husbands have you had?"

Grunted she, "Do you mean counting my own?"

Love hungry Lily wants to get married in the worst way. Every time she balls a fellow, she asks, "Honey, how would you like to do this every night?"

"What's an orgy?" someone asked Nanette, the nympho. "A horny of plenty" she said.

And there's the sex kitten who's so proud of her conquests she flies guys' jockey shorts from her TV roof antenna.

Nell, the Navy Wave, was asked what she would most like to take along to read if she were shipwrecked on a desert island. Her answer: "A well-hung sailor with a story tattooed on him."



GABRIELLA

Here's a sexy siren who's brand new to our pages. Gabriella is her name and what she's after is punk rock fame. This blonde bombshell hails from Germany where she drives her fans wild; and her en-

ting voice is as sexciting as her sensuous body.

Gabriella goes for hot, bold colors and her personality is just as colorful. Her luscious legs got into their great shape by Gabriella's scintillating dance move-





ments, which she incorporates into her act. Her trim, shapely body and exotically attractive face are a delight to behold. We'd love to be holding her, but as usual we had trouble in our transatlantic conversation... when we asked her to go on a romantic cruise

with us the connection went dead. We called back and the same thing happened a few times. You can be sure the phone company's going to hear about this!

The phone company may never hear of Gabriella, but all lovers of the dazzling female form will. □

MARGE



Talk about a great surprise birthday gift for the boss... and all other lovers of marvelous looking mammoth mammaries. We're talking about these

eye-popping photos sent in by wonderful Marge herself to cheer up the old boy in his dotage. We're not saying he's old, but we all chipped in for a cake with



the correct number of candles... and the ceiling was barbecued. But it was nothing compared to the heat generated by Marge's fabulous shape and boobs. Hey, Marge, we've got a few more birthdays coming up—send more pix! □





"No, I'm not a tsetse fly!"

***KELI
STEWART***





One of the most popular and beautiful models of the last several years is the sensationally shaped Keli Stewart. So it's with great pleasure that we present





this photo set that has never been published before. (We have it on the word of the photographer, and, in this instance, we have no reason to doubt his word.)

Keli is as dazzlingly attractive and sexciting as ever. Our guess is that she'll be thrilling girl-watchers for years to come.



A woman with voluminous, curly reddish-brown hair is posing against a dark, textured wooden background. She is wearing a dark red, spaghetti-strap top that is pulled down to her shoulders, revealing her large breasts. Her arms are raised, with her hands behind her head. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight, enigmatic smile.

Gem's 1986 Hall of Fame Calendar

A Toni Award Special

The vast amount of fan mail that's been pouring in complimenting tremendously titillating Toni since she appeared for the first time in our October issue has given us the idea of making this brand new shooting of the current sensation with the knockout knockers into the star of our 1986 All-Color Big Up Front Hall of Fame Calendar.

JANUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

A woman with curly red hair and purple eye makeup is lying on a bed of straw. She is wearing red lace lingerie and has her arms crossed. A calendar for February is overlaid on the top right of the image.

FEBRUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	



MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 ₃₀	24 ₃₁	25	26	27	28	29

APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			





MAY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



JUNE						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					



JULY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		





AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 ³¹	25	26	27	28	29	30



SEPTEMBER							
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
28	29	30					



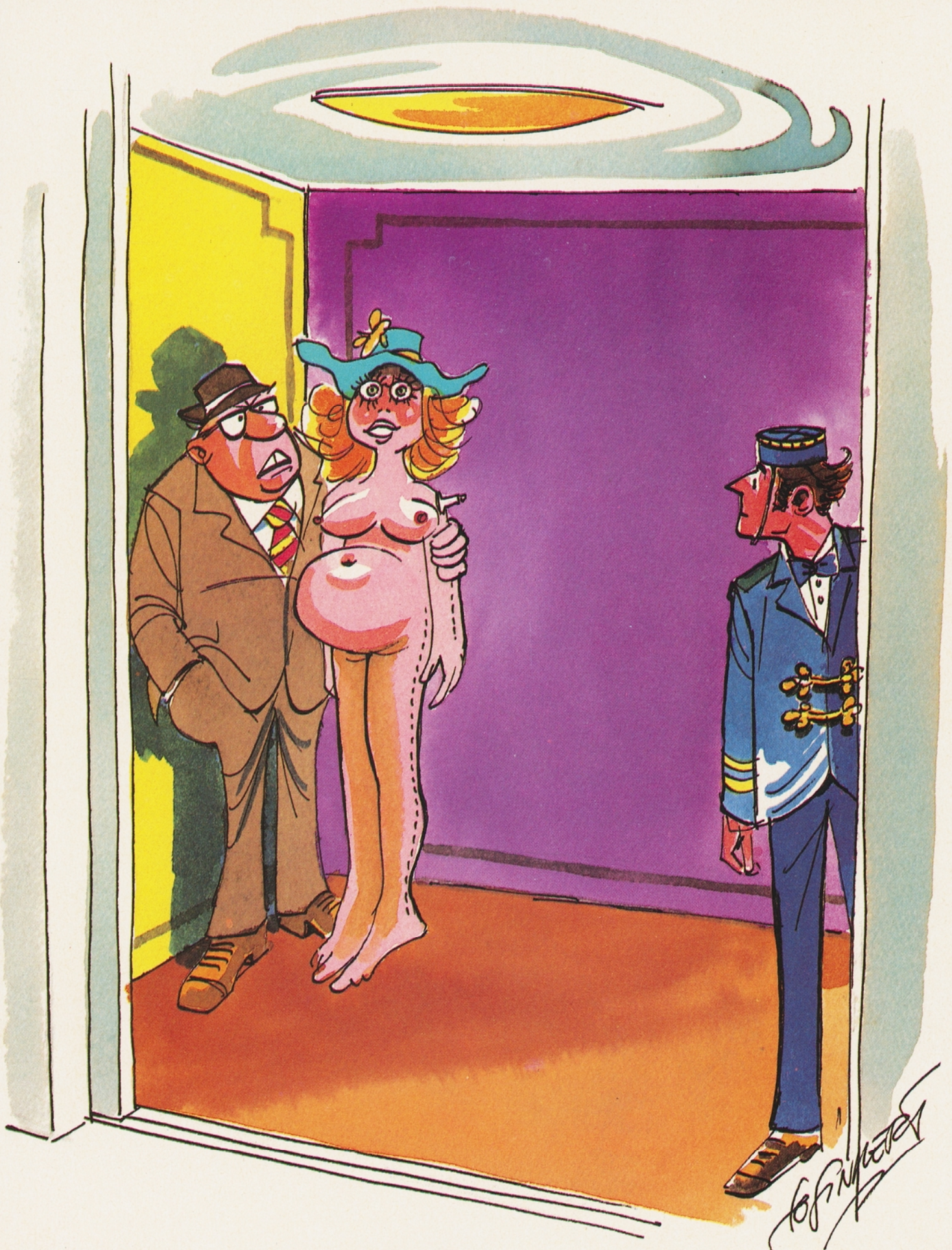
OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 ₃₀	24	25	26	27	28	29





DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



"Complaints, please!"



The Scrooge

by Anthony Nicholas

An exclusive rare discovery! The never-before published memoirs written by Ebenezer Scrooge himself describing in full how, following his change of character at the end of Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol", he became a spendthrift gambler and insatiable patronizer of London's notorious brothels . . .

The packet of papers, which has become known as "The Scrooge Chronicles," was acquired by your's truly accidentally; indeed, the dozen or so sheets of hand-written copy were folded neatly inside the linen paisley lining of a Bombay chest I purchased this past summer from an antique dealer situated in Tippler Street, in the Belgrave section of London. The authenticity of the manuscripts has been documented by several internationally noted antiquarians who, without dispute, attributed them to Ebenezer Scrooge, the infamous grasping and covetous old miser, of the famed "A Christmas Carol", written by Charles Dickens.

In the spirit of sharing, I forthwith present Scrooge's manuscripts, which appear to be written in the form of a dyspeptic diatribe, rendering an account of the years following his presumed change of character at the happy ending of the ever popular Xmas tale.

What proceeds — according to E. Scrooge's memoirs — is purely a case of one extreme to the other, indicating that Ebenezer progressed from a dour, sour old moneylender to a spendthrift, a womanizer, and an inveterate gambler. The following are Ebenezer's own words as penned in his private diaries:

"Yes! It's true I was visited by the ghost of Jacob Marley, my former partner in business. Yes! It's true I was forced to tolerate a visitation by the Spirits of Christmas Past, Present, and Future. Indeed, it's true that I saw the error of my ways, and thus became a surrogate father

to Tiny Tim, a benefactor to Bob Cratchit and his family, and the very mirror of generosity itself.

"The dawn of my demise came in the form of the first vacation I had ever taken in my life. I had become fast friends with Hugh BeDruggen and Sir Lionel Hanky-Panky, both important members of the House of Commons, as well as pillars of the London Stock Exchange. What had attracted me to them in the first place, was their proclivity for cavorting. And so I accepted their invitation to join them on a soiree to Paris. During the first week, I lost seven pounds at the Chamenbaird Racetrack: BeDruggen and Hanky-Panky might have been adroit at identifying stock on the upswing, but as far my wagers were concerned; they infallibly suggested horses that followed other horses.

"But I took my losses in good spirit. (Damn! Whenever I hear that word, my bowels begin to churn!) at all events, the pain of my rotten luck was eased each night in some of the finest brothels that Paris had to offer. Now if you recall the details of Dickens's detestable book, you'll recall that I didn't have much truck with womenfolk. This is not to say I didn't alleviate the tension in my groin, from time to time. Mrs. Dilber, my laundress and housekeeper — who attended to such chores before my transformation — had a formidable rump, and my charwoman, Violet McFuzz, who possessed bouncers of the most enticing quality, conceded (for two pounds, ten) to frolic between the

Chronicles



sheets with me, several times a year.

"But the bordellos of Paris were quite another matter. One tart in particular, a blond, blue-eyed vixen named Lizette commanded my attentions, and a specific part of my anatomy as well. Two weeks later — and two thousand pounds the poorer — I was satiated, and fancied myself a cock of the walk! I'd have continued basking in Lizette's tender caresses, had it not been for a cursed Frog physician, who, noting my exhaustion, ordered me to return to England for a rest. Make it no matter; for by the end of my holiday in Gay Paree, I had become a persona non grata. Indeed, BeDruggen, Hanky-Panky and I had caroused to the limit — we had become engaged in a tussle with several French soldiers in a bistro on the Rue de la Paix which resulted in a general fracas, which in turn turned the bistro to shambles. The gendarmes were summoned and I was required to loosen my purse strings, in order to secure my return to London, rather than spend the next several weeks stewing in a dungeon in the Bastille.

"Now I've exercised a few quims in my time; mostly during my younger days, before ambition and greed became more important to me than fornicating and all. Lizette, however, taught my Old Feller some new tricks, and did it in the most delightful way. The knock shop at which she worked was situated on the Rue de Benoir and its prices for cognac and cheroots were absolutely ruinous! The fee for a feverish quim would have funded the restoration of Trafalgar Square. The madam (who looked rather like a pink walrus stuffed into a corset and wearing a lavender wig) led me into Lizette's room. And after demanding "Cash, up front! Monsieur!", she eased her backside out of the room, but not before casting a final lascivious smirk in my direction.

"I regarded Lizette as she languished across a white satin bed-

spread, her bouncers overflowing her scanty black chemise, her legs long and creamy white. But what shouted most for my attentions were her lips: curved and pouting and ruby red. I began to toy with my ascot not from nervousness, mind you! Damn! For the price I was paying that strumpet, I wanted to get off her rump, to help me out of my breeches. Within seconds, she had me down to my skin without taking her tongue out of my ear. And after she blew out the candles, I began to see The Light.

"Aye, she was a cool piece, alright, well versed in the tricks of the trade. Now you might believe that a man my age would have a devil of a time Rising to the Occasion. But I'm here to proclaim that's nonsense. A scurvy lie! For she coaxed my John Thomas up with her fluttering fingers. And when it began to perk like Queen Victoria's tea kettle, she took my John Thomas and devoured it as if she were feasting on an éclair, covered with chocolate, and filled with whipped cream of the most divine consistency.

"Lizette was a gourmet; her favorite dish, no doubt, was pork. And I porked her grandly, to be sure. For the next two hours she damn near exhausted me! She put me through the drill, and I rogered her frontwards and backwards, and on her side. Each time she heaved a great sigh and murmured, 'Do it again, Mon Cher...')

"I'll be shot, if Lizette couldn't raise the dead. She possessed one trick in particular which damn near

dispatched me to my Eternal Reward. Now I've galloped the sluts from Northern Wales to the Balkan, and I've never encountered the like! As I began to doze into a dissipated sleep, I watched, through half-closed eyes, as Lizette rose to her feet and hovered on the bed above me. She clutched at the crystal chandelier above her head and commenced to swing to and fro, her legs apart, her Perfect Pussy opened wide and ready to descend on the Old Feller who once more began to perk, this time with more force than Claremont's Confounded Steam Engine! She lowered herself on my John Thomas, began to sway in small circles and pumped me into oblivion!

"Of course, after our lovemaking was over. Lizette moaned and groaned, and sucked at my ear. She was a butterfly brain, to be sure, but I'll give her this: she always said the right thing at the right time. She meowed in a French accent sweet as a puff of meringue: "You must promise never to leave Lizette, Monsieur Scrooge. You are — as they say — the perfect fuck! And what makes you all the more charming... is that you remind me of my grandpere."

"Grandfather! I damned her insolence (under my breath). But I remained in her bed for the next two weeks. And when BeDruggen and Hanky-Panky came to fetch me, they couldn't decide whether to call a physician, or a preacher... I was that near to Death's Door! A pretty state, you'll allow! And if you think my escapades in Paris were characteristic of a lecherous bounder — they were nothing compared to my illicit fandangos of the next several years. I had bid adieu to BeDruggen and Hanky-Panky. They were champions at spending money — as long as it wasn't their own! And I began to frequent the bawdy houses of Haymarket and attend the races at Ascot — alone!

"I became the benevolent benefactor to the bookies of Ascot. Aye, I lost twenty thousand pounds dur-



(continued on page 60)



SUE

Here's a shooting of fiery, red-hot, sizzling sexpot Sue Nero that's new to us. Putting on our asbestos eyeglasses, so as not to scald our eyeballs, we put this layout together. As you all know, this torrid brunet-













te is a star of porn flicks. Little wonder she's a great favorite, with her dynamite figure, big knockers and

smoldering sensuality. To sum it up: Sue is one hot number.



PRESENTING
**Miss Keli
Stewart**
40-27-38

★ **HUGE BRAS #3**

The legend continues — starring Candy Samples, Keli Stewart and Christy Canyon. If you are a true connoisseur of DDD cup dolls, then "Huge Bras III" has to find its way into your library of erotica. This riveting video features more top-heavy teasers than you can imagine! Bra-busting queen Candy Samples wraps more than her luscious tongue around gorgeous Kelly Stewart's perk nipples. 60 min VHS #1358 \$59.95 BETA# 1359 \$59.95 Add \$3.00 for postage and handling. ★



◀ **X-RATED** ★

◀ **R-RATED** ★

BIG BUSTY #8

This volume contains Barbara Altman, brand new busty models Randi & Chrissy and the best gets better as Kei Stewart returns to team with Chrissy to deliver a totally erotic and sensual lez love feast. 60 minutes LER VHS #1209 - \$49.95 BETA #1210 - \$49.95 Add \$3.00 for postage and handling.



TO ORDER CHECK EACH TITLE REQUESTED

☐ VHS #1358 \$59.95
☐ BETA# 1359 \$59.95



☐ VHS #1209 \$49.95
☐ BETA #1210 \$49.95

Add \$3.00 for postage and handling

Add \$3.00 for postage and handling

PLEASE INDICATE YOUR METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ CHECK/MONEY ORDER ☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ VISA

Account No. _____

Interbank No. for M.C. _____ Expiration Date _____

SEND TO: H&S SALES, P.O. BOX 126, COLLEGE POINT, NY 11356

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

You must be 21 years or older to order. Please write in your age (above).

ALLOW UP TO 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

420X



ANGELA
*Fabulous
Mammari
Marvel of the 60's*











For The First Time Ever
On Video!

"The Bodacious Peg Moore"

A truly olympian-figured
model whose magazine layouts
had our readers
rolling in the
aisles.

Peg weighs
a sexy and feminine
222 pounds. Measurements
of 48DD-36-50 and what is most
remarkable she is still growing.

Also appearing with Peg on this
tape are other astounding big
busted models exceeding 44DD.

60 MINUTES R-RATED

Mail

H&S SALES

P.O. BOX 126, COLLEGE POINT, NY 11356

To order your video, complete coupon and mail to address above.
Check the appropriate boxes.

BIG BUSTY #14 STARRING PEG MOORE

☐ VHS #1350 - \$59.95 ☐ BETA #1351 - \$59.95

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITH EACH PURCHASE

PLEASE INDICATE YOUR METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ CHECK/MONEY ORDER ☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ VISA

Account No. _____

Interbank No. for M.C. _____ Expiration Date _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

You must be 21 years or older to order. Please write in your age (above).

ALLOW UP TO 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

422X



The two gals looked as if sensuality was dripping out of every pore but nothing could turn them on—until. . .

THE INSCRUTABLE HILL SISTERS

by Ed Modzelewski

The Hill sisters, Peggy and Laurie, were seated on the convertible sofa facing Lou and Mark. Mark was perched on the arm of a well-worn padded chair while Lou was standing and doing the speaking. The two Hill girls appeared to be somewhat fidgety and more than just a bit embarrassed as they listened to Lou.

"How two lovely things like you two can be so damn cold is beyond Mark and me. I mean, we've never seen a pair of girls that were as fantastically stacked as you two are. You Hills look as if the sensuality is dripping from out of every pore in your skins. But yet, when we've gotten you into our sacks, it's been a big zero!"

"Yeah," Mark agreed. "A great big zero."

"Well," Peggy Hill began, "maybe it's not our fault. Some of the blame could belong to you guys. Maybe you just don't turn us on like you should."

Lou's voice screeched. "Turn you on?" Then he cleared his throat. "You two just don't have any life. You both lay there as if you're dead."

"Maybe it's hereditary," Mark offered.

The girls looked at each other and shrugged.

"Could be," Lou said. "Maybe all the Hills were short on sex desire. Maybe this coldness of yours has been handed down from generation to generation."

"Sure," Mark observed, nodding his head knowingly. "Maybe even for centuries."

Peggy Hill spoke up. "Our grandmother on our father's side had twelve children."

"Mother's mother had eight," Laurie Hill said.

"Yeah, but they could have had sex just for procreation. They didn't necessarily have to enjoy it. People, some people, are like that," Mark said.

"Listen, even if they were doing it only to service their husbands, it has nothing to do with us," Laurie Hill said. "Peggy and I think it's just the way you two go about it. Maybe a little more foreplay on your parts and we'd be a little more responsive."

**IF YOU WANT TO SEE
BRAND NEW AND OLD-TIME FAVORITE
CHUBBIES, SUPER PLUMPERS
AND MASSIVE MAMMAS**



**DON'T FAIL TO BUY THE CURRENT ISSUE OF
BUF PICTORIAL
ON SALE NOW**

(BUF IS A BI-MONTHLY AND COMES OUT EVERY TWO MONTHS)

G&S Publications, 1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

THINK BIG! THINK BUF!

If you want to make sure you don't miss out on any copies take out a year's subscription. Please send me 6 issues of BUF PICTORIAL.....\$22.00

Name _____
Street _____ City _____
State _____ Zip (or Postal) Code _____

GEM286

"You've got to be kidding," Lou said. "A little more foreplay? Hell, last time I took almost two hours with foreplay before I balled you, Laurie. And you still moved as lively as a turtle. A lazy, half-dead turtle."

"Must be your style, Lou," Laurie Hill flatly stated.

"Aw, you two are just cold fish," Lou sadly said.

Peggy Hill got up from the sofa. "If that's what you guys think, then why bother with us?"

Mark's voice was hoarse when he replied, "Because you two Hill sisters are so incredibly stacked, and because we really like you girls. That's why."

"Thanks, Mark, but this seems to be leading us nowhere," Peggy said.

Laurie got up and stepped a few paces toward the door, then turned. "We like you two guys, too, and perhaps Lou's right. We may be just two cold fish."

"Could be that someone else could arouse us," Peggy said, spitting out the words challengingly.

"Hey, wait," Mark said. "We're not giving up."

"Let's give it another try, okay, girls?" Lou asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Laurie Hill said. "We've tried it a few times already. . . ."

"And the results were stinko," Peggy Hill concluded, giving with a thumbs-down gesture.

Mark put his arms around Peggy's shoulders. "Don't give up so soon. Lou and I have a great idea."

The girls' faces brightened. "So what's the idea?" they both chorused.

Lou started to work the buttons on the front of Laurie's frilly blouse. "Let's get you out of your things and we'll show you."

"First tell us what you two horny guys have thought up," Laurie said, slapping lightly at Lou's undoing fingers.

"Okay, okay," Lou laughed. He gave her formidable boob a playful

squeeze and said, "Instead of two of us going into the bedroom and two of us staying here on the sofa, we're all going into the bedroom."

"How's that going to help?" one of the Hill sisters asked.

"Mark will try it with Peggy while Laurie and I watch."

"Oohh, that's *sick*," Peggy said. "We may as well call it quits, fellas."

"No wait," Laurie said. "Maybe they've got something. Maybe watching you will turn me on. Then I can do it with Lou and you can watch. Don't you see, if it works we can kill ourselves with sex."

"What a way to go," the fellows laughed.

"Yes, yes," Peggy agreed. "What a way to go."

"Then you'll do it?" the guys asked.

"What do we have to lose?" Peggy Hill wanted to know.

Mark undressed Peggy slowly, with Lou looking on and his temperature rising considerably. Laurie also had her eyes glued to the action, but her face remained impassive.

Lou cleared his throat when Mark removed Peggy's bra. When Mark slipped Peggy's bikini panties down her tanned thighs, Lou had trouble breathing. Laurie glanced at Lou and made a *so what* gesture with her hands.

Mark had Peggy Hill flat on her back on the bed, with both her wondrous boobs pointing toward the ceiling. His mouth went to them as his hands moved to the short curly hair between her thighs. A few minutes later he slipped his body between her legs and was seeking to penetrate.

Laurie called out to her sister, "How are you doing, Peg?"

Peggy Hill replied with a non-committal, "Okay, I guess."

"This just is not going to work, fellows," Laurie Hill said. "Lou is so horny right now he'd jump a pidgeon, I suppose. As for me . . . well . . . it's a big nothing."

"Gee, girls, maybe we could think of something else," Mark said.

"No." Laurie shook her head. "You've tried. You guys really have tried. But it's been of no use. Maybe it's our chromosomes or something. We'll just have to look for new partners."

"Laurie is right," Peggy agreed with her sister.

"Aw, c'mon, girls. We'll come up with something else. You'll see," Mark pleaded.

"No. This is it. The end. But we won't leave you guys like this. You two are so horny right now that you'd probably go out and rape a bear or something. Can't have that on our consciences, you know. We'll let you ball us and then we'll say goodbye."

Laurie had her curvy body out of her clothes and quickly joined her sister and Mark in bed.

"Come on, Lou. Let's get with it," she urged. Laurie made an attempt to look happy, but her sadness showed through.

Mark was on top of Peggy Hill and pounding away at her limp form.

Lou was now on top of Laurie Hill and pounding away at her limp form.

Just then the sound of a neighbor's turned-up stereo blasted into their eardrums. It was hard rock and it was loud! *Very loud!*

Peggy Hill's body jerked in time with the music. Her breathing was no longer normal. She was moaning passionately. Her arms tightened around Mark.

Laurie Hill's hips had suddenly come to life. They moved like they had never moved before. Her form was jerking so spasmodically that it was a wonder she didn't throw her pelvis out of place.

Mark and Lou had all to do to hold onto their wildcats.

Mark looked to Lou and mouthed a, *what's happening?*

Lou began to laugh as he sang out with, "*The hills are alive with the sound of music.*" □

FREE LIVE PHONE SEX

Buy 1 Call, Get 10 Free

■ Live, not a recording ■ Visa / Mastercard accepted ■ Call anytime, day or night ■ No personal questions asked ■ Talk as long as you want ■ No hassle, high satisfaction

■ **(212) 809-4477**

■ **(213) 381-3191** ■ **(314) 361-7117**

Ten Different Models!

40"-54" Breasts, 18 photos—\$6, samples \$3. We also buy big tit amateur photos.

General Supply — Box 128
Depew, NY 14043

Girls, Guys, Couples & BI's names
and phone numbers in your area
who want to meet you.
Call Easy 1-901-327-8811

Call me for some erotic loving over the
phone and have it your way.
Call Easy 1-901-327-8008
P.O. Box 22695 Memphis, TN 38122



FULL BOSOM BEAUTIES

□ Brig — 45" □ Yuma — 47"
□ Candy — 46" □ Michele — 48"
180' Movies \$12. ea, Color \$20 ea.
8MM or Super 8 (Add \$1 postage)
Photo Sets — \$6, All 4 Sets — \$20

ARR-GEE Box 145
E. Amherst, N.Y. 14051



POM-POM GIRLS

OUR TELEPHOTO LENSES BRING
YOU INTO THE WORLD OF CUTE
CHEERLEADERS AND POM-POM
GIRLS with DAZZLING UP-THE-SKIRT
PANTY PHOTOS. FOTO SAMPLE \$2.
NATHER, Dept. GM2
1516 E. TROPICANA, Suite 7A161
LAS VEGAS, NV 89109



THE SCROOGE CHRONICLES

continued from page 42

ing the course of one season! And as far as the trollops of Haymarket are concerned; I galloped them grandly and paid for it dearly. Splendid exercise but damned exhausting! But most bothering and painful was the incident concerning Tiny Tim. He was seventeen years old at the time, handsome and husky, despite his gimpy leg. He was in his fourth term at Rugby School, and was everlastingly grateful to me for funding his education. He was my guest at dinner one night at the Dawkins Club and after taking a considerable amount of port on board, he suggested in his typical boyish fashion that it was time he lost his Innocence.

"I caught his drift and gave the matter some serious thought. Would it be seemly for me to help Tim get his ashes hauled for the first time? No, not quite proper — but wait, if I don't take the lad to a good house,

he probably will consort with a common whore on the streets and become infected! So to protect my surrogate son, I ushered him off to Haymarket, and arranged an ass-nation for him with my favorite mount, a German wench, who went by the name, Gretchen Slitz. How was I to know that he would become "attached" to the lascivious sow, and pass the next two months nestled amidst her awesome bosom? He went scarlet and white by turns, when I tried to pry him from her clutches, and from the sweat on his brow, and the incandescent glow in his eyes, I realized Tim would never be the same as before. Indeed, he was no longer a gimpy cripple! He cast away his crutches, and exclaimed in a voice that still echoes down the years: 'Dear, dear Surrogate Father! The divine Ms. Slitz has cured The Cripple! I've rogered her daily! And I can finally stand on my own two feet!'

"But several weeks later, Tim presented himself at my door, and

in hushed tones, explained that he had, through Gretchen's good offices, gained a dose of the Clap! Needless to say, I became indignant, and after inspecting my organ for signs of a social disease, stalked off to Haymarket and confronted fraulein Slitz. She was tangled in the embraces of a man who appeared to be a rustic ignoramus; a bumpkin who selected to wear his muddy boots while having intercourse. I accused her of having infected my Surrogate Son. And whilst I continued my tirade, the dolt rose from the bed, and brandishing his tattered gloves, swept them across my cheek challenging me to a duel!

"Indeed I am coward to the core of my soul! Considering this memoir will never be read within my lifetime, I can freely admit that my guts were heaving in panic — but I accepted the clod's challenge. We met in Hyde Park at six o'clock the following morning. And although my vision was fuzzy with an abomina-

ble hangover, I popped the bloody bastard into oblivion. Before he expired, he grasped my hand, and as if we had been colleagues for life, rasped with his dying breath: "Bloody Hell . . . I wish there was a way of testing these sows for disease. Perhaps someday they'll have a test where you can press a piece of litmus paper into their hand. If it turns beet red, run for your life!"

"It cost me no less than twelve thousand pounds to buy the silence of the Bobbies, the corrupt City Marshall and the scurrilous Magistrate of London. And forthwith — I began to Circle the Drain!"

"I began to borrow money from anyone who would lend it, in order to settle my gambling debts. I sold my house, and the furnishings as well, along with the brazen red velvet and gold lame draperies. And shortly, I found myself begging cap in hand to Bob Cratchit, the very man I had beleaguered and bullied, whilst he was my lowly clerk. As usual he was compassionate and spouted pious platitudes as he pressed several tattered pound notes into my hand.

"Several weeks ago, I threw myself once more on Cratchit's mercy. 'Thank'ee,' I muttered as he tossed a one pound note across his desk in my direction. 'Would you like to buy my business?' I asked. 'You can have it all for two thousand quid. Lock, stock, and ledgers!'

'But I already own your business,' he stated. 'If my accounts are accurate, as I believe they are, you're already into me for three thousand pounds. I've taken the liberty of putting my name on the door. However, if you'd like a position as my junior clerk for ten pounds a week — you're welcome to it.

(N.B.: At this point in the manuscript, Ebenezer Scrooge's handwriting becomes almost unintelligible. His final scrawl, however, suggests a vow he made to himself "to return — With All Due Haste! — to the mean, money-grasping miser I was, before Dickens charted my infernal change of character."

★ FREE BIG BUSTED PREVIEW VIDEO TAPE ★



★ To introduce our complete line of Big Busted Video Tapes, you're invited to see and view these exceptionally erotic high quality movies **ABSOLUTELY FREE!** You receive a 15 minute preview of 14 Big Busted movies featuring 70 of The World's Biggest Titted Women. ★

★ Yes, you're invited to see and view these quality big bust movies **BEFORE YOU BUY.** ★

The Preview Movie is **FREE**, all we ask is for \$10.00 to cover our costs of handling, packing and shipping it to you. Furthermore, we'll give \$10.00 back in credit to you towards any future video order! And the Preview Video is yours to keep! We're confident that you'll be satisfied and are looking forward to serving you as a new customer.

☐ Send me my **FREE** Preview Video Movie, I enclose \$10.00 to cover the costs of handling, packing and shipping. My format is ☐ VHS 1217 ☐ BETA 1218

★ SEND TO: ★

H&S Sales Inc., P.O. Box 126, College Pt., NY 11356

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____ 421X

Signature _____

You must be 21 years or older to order. Please write in your age (above).

NEW HARDCORE VIDEOS!
BIG TIT GALS
 in hours of
HARDCORE ACTION!



less
 than
\$16
 each

The best selection of the most mammoth tits ever filmed! The hottest hardcore action you've ever seen anywhere! Now you get both together in these unique, sizzling hot new videos! Here at last: Gigantic tits and blistering hardcore action all together and at fantastic bargain prices!

Each cassette approx. one hour in length.

☐ WATERMELONS



Features tits as huge as 56" D-cup! See juicy wet scenes

☐ WET NIPPLES



See 44" D-cup tits and bigger! Enjoy the steamy action

☐ HAMMOCK BRAS



Bra busters as voluptuous as 48" F-cup in a special sex party

☐ BIG PINEAPPLES



Stars a cute Hawaiian with her 48" E-cup in hardcore action.

HARDCORE GUARANTEE!

☐ HUGE BRAS



Watch the lady with the fantastic 44" E-cups seduce the grocery store boy — and others — with a wild tit show

☐ BIG DOLLIES



Watch a huge 260 lb. mama with 48" F-cups. See her luscious, friends take on the sailors! All this in a big-tit, hardcore action show.

Regular retail price \$65

OUR LOW DISCOUNT PRICES:

ANY ONE only \$49 • ANY TWO only \$59
 ANY THREE only \$65 • ALL SIX for only \$95

USE ENTIRE AD AS ORDER FORM

HOW TO ORDER: You must be 18 or older. Age and signature required. Send name, address & zip code. Enclose cash, check or M.O., plus \$1 extra for each title to cover postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6 1/2% sales tax. For C.O.D. send \$5 for P&H only.

Canadians remit in U.S. funds — no C.O.D.'s.

mail to: **RIDLEY PRODUCTS Dept. 320B**
 1626 N. Wilcox • Hollywood, CA 90028

THE NAUGHTY LADY'S
TELEPHONE FANTASIES

FREE SAMPLES

CALL: 24 HOURS
 NEW YORK (212) 929-5056 WASH., D.C. (301) 294-0506
 DETROIT (313) 949-6400 FLORIDA (305) 721-7700



EXTRA INCOME MEN!
 Make Money **SEXY LADIES** pay you for your special services. Details \$2.00 **SPECIAL SERVICES** P.O. Box 210- GM Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302

TASHA'S Live Phone Sex
 I'm all yours "call" and Ball me. "Anyway you like it"
 MC/VISA AMEX 24 HRS.
 1-901-454-6000



SWINGERS CONTACT 1-901-323-9401

FREE PHONE SEX

Get Off Over the Phone! Call our sexy ladies now

Free 1-901-452-5786

SWINGERS HOT LINE

Names and phone numbers of swinging girls, guys, couples & bi's in your area anxious to meet you. Call now.

1-901-458-6593
 P.O. Box 22705, Memphis, TN 38122

TWO GORGEOUS CHEERLEADERS

Sexy B/W photos—Our dresses up & our panties down!
 JILL—Terrific legs
 CHERRY—Gorgeous round ass & 38" boobs.
 B/W Photos \$5/set Color film \$25 ea
 Color Photos \$8/set S/8 or R/8 add \$1 postage
 GENERAL SUPPLY, Box 128, Depew, N.Y. 14043

• **RENT-A-DATE! NOW! ANYTIME!**
 Everywhere you are—or go, America!
 • **HOTLINE 813-923-3406 NOW!**

—or send \$3, age & height, & call-back time...
 —or give girl \$105 upon arrival — after sending \$75 to:
 • **HOTLINE P.O. BOX 38922, USA, 33581**
 *Girls: Be a Rent-A-Date anonymously, part time.
 CALL or SEND profile & phone number NOW!

Directory Of Active Clubs

KELLY - WILLIAMS — Advertising
 P.O. Box 5697 Reno, Nevada 89513



Japanese Girls

Make wonderful wives.
 Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental Beauty. \$3. brings photos, descriptions, details.

JAPAN INTERNATIONAL
 Orangevale, CA 95666

Box 1027-GM

LONESOME

We have in our club hundreds of lonely women and men who want marriage. Nationwide. Write for free details and descriptions sent sealed. Ladies send a picture. Get quick results.

GUIDING LIGHT CLUB
 Box 11434 Fort Worth, TX 76109

ORIENTAL GIRLS

Beautiful, lovely, faithful. Over 1600 nice girls & ladies waiting. All ages. They want friends, romance, marriage. We have a girl for you. Photos, descriptions, names, details, application, guarantee only \$2.00.

Western, POB 625-25
 Kings Beach, Calif. 95719



Oriental ladies seeking loving husbands. Photos, details. Guaranteed satisfaction or return materials and we'll refund your \$10. Credit cards O.K. Phone (808) 961-2114 or order from **CHERRY BLOSSOMS, BOX 1021, HONOKAA, HAWAII 96727.**

Photo Magazine

Exciting NEW Photo Magazine for Singles. Comes complete with Names, Addresses, Descriptions and Loads of PHOTOS. Send your Name, Address and Age. SEND NO MONEY.

EXCHANGE

P.O. Box 3307-P Dubuque, Iowa 52001

Free Photos

Send us your name and address (please print) and we will send you 6 pages FREE of marriage-minded girls — American, Mexican, European, Oriental and other countries.

MOORE

Box 1264K
 Englewood, Fla. 34295

LONESOME?

The World's Greatest Social Publication is now yours for the asking. Love mates photographs, addresses, name, etc. For information send five 2c stamps to —

PHIL-GLADYS ENTERPRISES

P. O. Box 2397, E. Orange, NJ 07019

CHINESE GIRLS

Exciting - Attractive - Loyal. They want men NOW for friends, Romance, Love. Make best companions, finest wives. For complete information, including lovely photos, rush \$2.00 today to:

FAR EAST

P.O. Box 486-E Crystal Bay, Nevada, 89402

**BE LONELY NO MORE!
 OPEN DESTINY'S DOOR!**

\$7.00 brings Cupid's Destiny, World's Greatest Social Publication, including coast-to-coast and international listings with names and addresses, men or women. Captivating descriptions; sparkling pictures — widows, widowers, bachelors, beautiful girls desiring early marriage. (Year, quarterly, \$24.00) **Destiny League, Box 5637, Reno, Nev. 89513**



**FOR MEN WHO
APPRECIATE
THE
BIG THINGS
IN LIFE**

**DON'T MISS
A SINGLE
COPY OF
GEM**

**Gem Features Brand New, Shapely Knockouts
With Huge, Bra-Busting Boobs
And Fabulous Gals Of The 60's And 70's
Plus Humor, Cartoons, Articles And Fiction.
It's Low-Key And Easy-Going And Comes
Out Every Other Month—Six Times A Year
Buy It Regularly At Your Newsstand.
Of If you Prefer, Take Out A Subscription.**

Please send me 6 issues of GEM \$18.00
Canada and Foreign \$22.00

Mail to:

G&S Publications, Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please print your name and address clearly.

GEM286

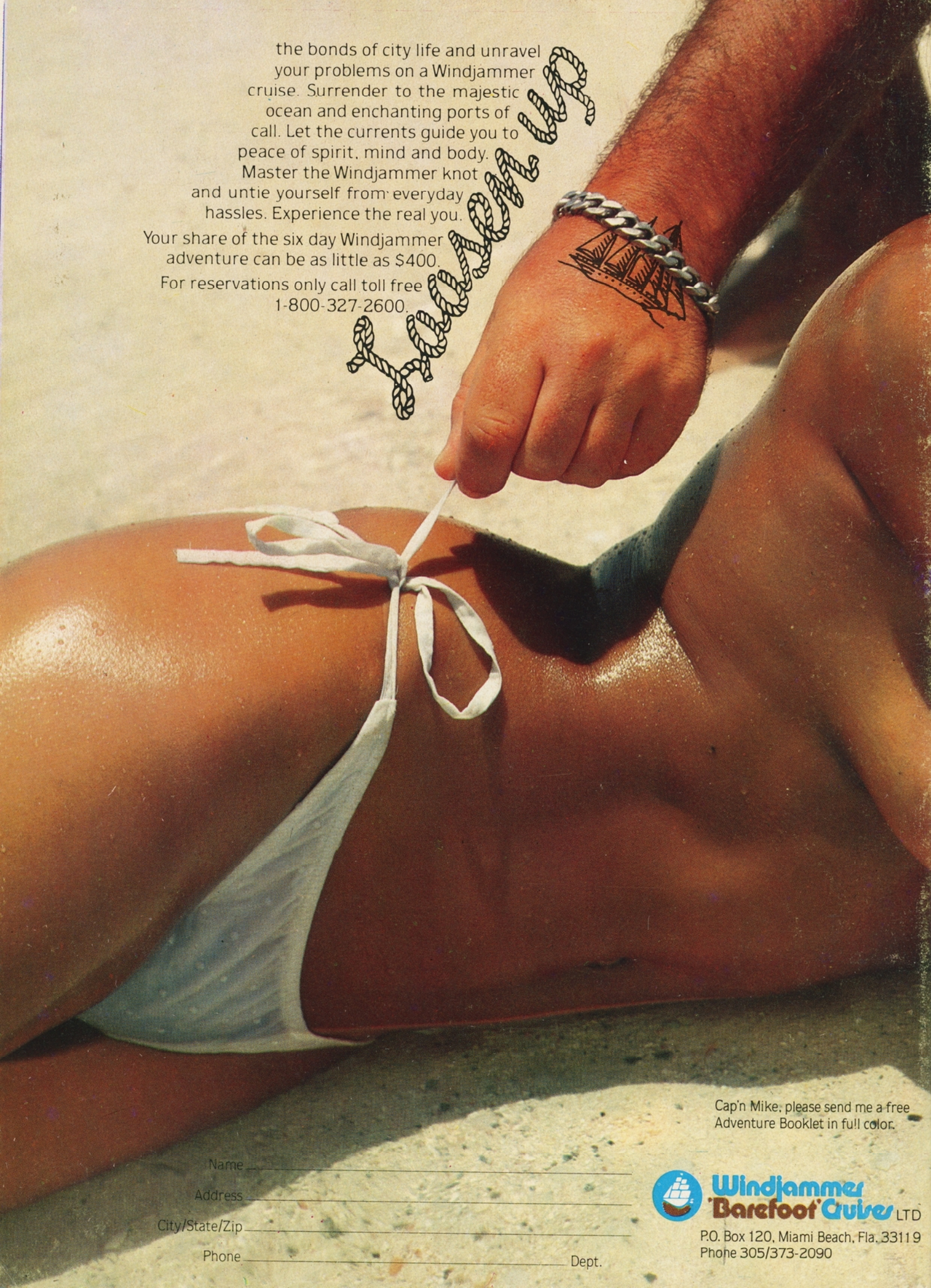
the bonds of city life and unravel
your problems on a Windjammer
cruise. Surrender to the majestic
ocean and enchanting ports of
call. Let the currents guide you to
peace of spirit, mind and body.

Master the Windjammer knot
and untie yourself from everyday
hassles. Experience the real you.

Your share of the six day Windjammer
adventure can be as little as \$400.

For reservations only call toll free
1-800-327-2600.

Unwind
yourself



Cap'n Mike, please send me a free
Adventure Booklet in full color.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone _____

Dept. _____



Windjammer
Barefoot Cruises LTD

P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Fla. 33119
Phone 305/373-2090