

GEM



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GREAT SHAPED, GREAT BOOBED KNOCKOUT
SENSATIONAL COVER GIRL VIRGINIA
PLUS FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME EVER
MASSIVE MAMMARIED "JANE DOE"
AS WELL AS BRITISH BEAUTY BLONDIE
AND A NOSTALGIC LOOK BACK AT
UGLY GEORGE'S PRETTIEST PICK-UP

**She was A Dream Come True: Alone,
A Knockout And Traveling Lightly
JEANIE IN THE BAR**

**Tidbits Of Info For Use At
Parties And During Sex
TRIVIAL STUFF**

**NEW POSITIONS
FOR WOMEN**



GEM

VOL. 28 NO. 1

JUNE 1986

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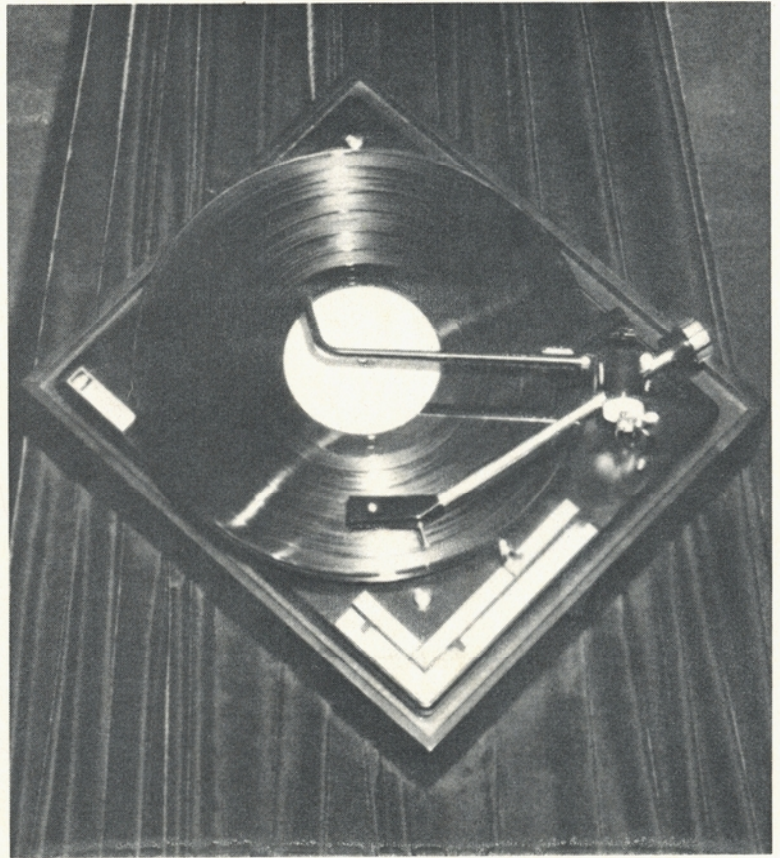
This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature big up front girls from all over the world, and sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories and humor.

A Stereo Shopping Guide

GETTING THE MOST FOR THE LEAST

by Andy Siegler

If you're like most people shopping for stereo components for the first time, a fast-talking salesman telling you about integrated amplifiers, signal to noise ratios and solenoid controls, is about as much help as a broken record. Our expert has written a no-nonsense primer, recommendations for putting together a good sounding system at the lowest possible cost. He also lets you in on the meaning behind the jargon. So, if you're a guy who likes music, but isn't into stereo equipment, read on . . .



First, you'll need a receiver.

Home reproduction systems require a power amp and a pre-amp, which designates which "source" (tape, phono, etc.) is to be amplified. When combined with a tuner (FM or AM-FM radio), the unit is referred to as a receiver. Integrated amplifiers are receivers which don't have a built-in tuner. Since receivers cost little more than integrated amps and much less than an integrated amp PLUS a tuner, you'll be looking to buy a receiver.

Receivers introduce little enough distortion to the signal (or the yet-to-be reproduced sound)—much less than speakers—in fact, you needn't be concerned with the exact amount. More important than this are the necessities of adequate power (volume) and the inclusion of your preferred features. The consumer is advised to go to a listening room at a local stereo retail store and lis-

ten to receivers of various power ratings (20 watts, 40 watts, 70 watts, etc.) to ascertain how much wattage he needs. A receiver should be sufficiently loud when turned up to 4 or 5 on a scale of 10. This is because it endangers speakers when a unit is turned much past 6. Keep in mind, however, that you pay for power, so don't get a receiver which is much louder than you'll ever need. Having listened to a few units and having decided how many watts you need, you can shop for the receiver which suffices at the least cost. Recommended are the Technics and Sony models, (the Technics usually being somewhat cheaper. Estimated cost: \$130 — \$280. Prices are based on info from stores in the New York metropolitan area in 1986.)

Next, you'll need speakers.

Good speakers are distinguishable from poorer ones in two major areas:

1) Breadth of representation of the sound spectrum (low sounds through middle range and high sounds) and the relative loudness of the many different areas of the spectrum. In short, how high and how low do your speakers reproduce, and, how well balanced are the represented areas?

2) Clearness or sharpness of sound. The clearer, the better. The budget-minded consumer's problem is the unhappy fact that speakers which perform excellently in all these areas can't easily be found for less than \$750/pair. The best strategy is to compromise intelligently:

1) Get a speaker which, though possibly doesn't feature the ultra-highs and ultra-lows, manages to perform respectably at fairly high, as well as fairly to very low.

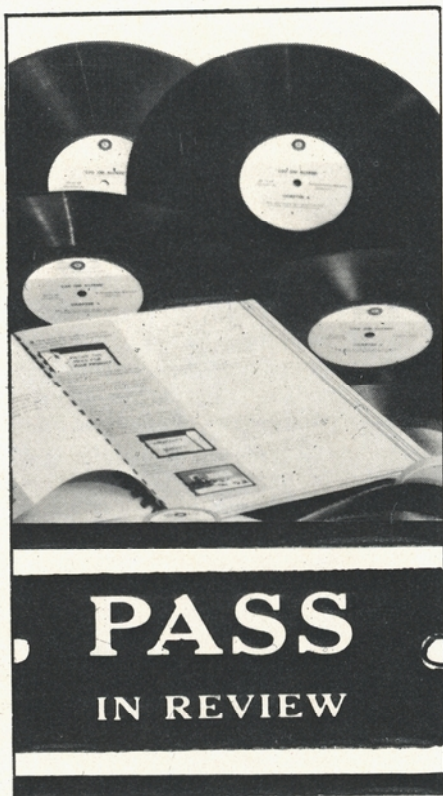
2) If the highs or lows are uniformly quieter than they should be, this problem can be

(continued on page 60)



ENGLEMANO

"She's still not sure who the father is!"



BOOKS

Considering the volume of jazz literature which has appeared in the past decade, it is surprising that until now no full-length treatment of the life and work of tenor saxophonist Lester Young has appeared. Young's cool tone and linear melodic concept (as opposed to the "vertical" approach of Coleman Hawkins) turned people around when he began recording with the Basie band in 1936. Lewis Porter's *Lester Young* (Twayne/G.K. Hall) offers a biography along with scholarly analysis of Young's playing. The biographical material draws heavily on previously published material, but it is valuable to have this information brought together for once. Porter breaks Young's sound into its components (tone, honks, alternate fingerings, glissandos, etc.). He goes on to analyze melodic elements such as motives, formulas (licks), and the contour of the line. Young's solos have even been subjected to computer analysis in order to isolate frequently occurring phenomena. This technique would seem to be of questionable value if the goal is to understand the artist's creative processes. Young, after all, was not a heavy theory man; he almost certainly intuitively rather than consciously utilized the principles of melodic development demonstrated in his brilliantly structured solos. Reservations aside, Porter does offer some astute observations on Lester and the nature of improvisation. He divides

Young's work into early, middle and late periods; his defense of the later work will surely meet opposition in some quarters. Certainly, judged by the criteria by which the early work is prized, the later solos are not as rich in succinct melodic statements. This is not to deny Lester's need to follow his own muse, despite the urging of critics that he return to the style he employed in the Basie/Billie days. One must also consider that the format of the later recordings, where Lester got to stretch out, impose less discipline than the early work in which he had one chorus or less in which to "tell his story." Porter's assertion that Young was "no less concerned with harmony than Hawkins" is also debatable. Lester's work stands on its own, and it does not disparage him to concede that he was not much interested in harmonic exploration. This is an important and thought-provoking book, of value to fans as well as to musicians and scholars. We are still in need of a more in-depth biography of Lester; his impenetrable personality and odd personal lingo continue to fascinate.

Scholars of black music and "race" records (the original term for records manufactured for the black audience in the twenties and thirties) have over-emphasized the blues at the expense of ragtime, the medicine-show tradition, the "songsters", and the singing preachers. Paul Oliver, who has produced some illuminating works on the blues, examines these genres in *Songsters and Saints: Vocal Traditions On Race Records* (Cambridge). Of particular interest are his discussions of various sacred traditions, including those of the Baptists, Sanctified preachers, and "jack-leg" evangelists. In a chapter on the ballad tradition he examines some interesting variants of "Frankie and Albert" and "Stackolee." A nice selection of photos and reproductions of original record advertisements accompanies the text.

Wes Montgomery (Ashley Mark) by Adrian Ingram is the first major treatment devoted to the phenomenal jazz guitarist. Montgomery, who died at the age of forty-five in 1968, is one of the most imitated of guitarists. It is safe to say that no guitarist of his stature, combining an original conception with awesome technique and endless flow of ideas, has surfaced since his death. Ingram's book supplies biographical info, drawing heavily on the recollections of other musicians. There are a good number of rarely seen photos and an extensive discography. Most Wes fans will be surprised to learn of the existence of early recordings by the guitarist with Lionel Hampton's big band. From Ashley

Mark Publishing Co., c/o Summerfield, Saltmeadows Road, Gateshead, Tyne and Wear NE8 3AJ, England.

RECORDS

Maxine Sullivan Sings The Music of Burton Lane: This Lady's In Love With You (Stash) is a well-conceived album containing both well-known and obscure tunes by the classic songwriter. Sullivan's elegant, understated, no-nonsense approach is perfectly suited to Laine's material. Pianist Kenneth Ingram's succinct sextet arrangements are the icing on the cake. The featured musicians include trumpeter Glenn Zottola, guitarist Marty Grosz, and clarinetist Phil Bodner. Among the tunes (many complete with the seldom-heard verses) are "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?", "How About You," and "I Hear Music."

Jo Stafford: Music of My Life (Corinthian) is a retrospective of the singer's work, containing 1960s remakes of several of her numbers with the Tommy Dorsey band, some early Capitol sides, and selections from her later Columbia recordings. It is misleading to group Stafford with other band and pop singers — her emotional depth and no-nonsense approach, the absence of superfluous embellishments and glitzy mannerisms, not to mention her flawless intonation and technique, place her in a class all her own. Stafford delivers standards more effectively than most jazz vocalists, whose purposes are ostensibly more serious than those of a "pop" singer. Among the gems here are "The Night We Called It A Day," "Sunday Kind of Love," and "If It Takes Me All My Life." A nice selection of vintage photos on the LP jacket is a bonus for Stafford fans. From Corinthian Records, POB 6296, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

Robby Krieger (Cafe) is an engrossing rock/fusion album from the ex-Doors guitarist with bassist Arthur Barrow, drummer Bruce Gary and keyboard man Don Preston. The music here is dark and dense. Recorded live (no overdubs or editing), this LP shows off a group of musicians that really play off each other — not a bunch of separately recorded tracks. The tunes are original by Krieger and the band; Preston's "Bag Lady" and Krieger's "Noisuf" are highlights. From Cafe Records, 1260 Holm Road, Petaluma CA 94952.

Peter Rowan: The First Whippoorwill (Sugar Hill) is a tribute to the daddy of bluegrass, Bill Monroe, with whom Rowan worked about twenty years ago. Rowan, along with John Herald, is among the few "Yankee" bluegrass singers who have been able to sing the music with conviction. Since his apprenticeship with Monroe he

has branched out into folk/rock (anybody remember "Earth Operas"?) and other forms, but the bluegrass element has always been strong. On this album he is heard with an all-star lineup: fiddlers Buddy Spicher and Richard Greene, banjo whiz Bill Keith, mandolinist Sam Bush, guitarist/tenor singer Alan O'Bryant, and bassist Roy Huskey, Jr. Needless to say, there is fine picking throughout. Rowan has a tendency to excess at times, but for the bulk of this LP his singing is powerful and soulful; at times he sounds uncannily like his mentor. "When The Golden Leaves Begin To Fall," and "It's Mighty Dark To Travel" are standouts.

Coleman Hawkins, the man who pointed the direction for the tenor sax in jazz, can be heard in 1940 radio broadcasts on *Coleman Hawkins At The Savoy* (Sunbeam) Hawk, already famous for his work with the Fletcher Henderson band and for his classic interpretation of "Body and Soul," is heard performing "Chicago," "The Sheik

of Araby," "The Man I Love" and other standards with his sixteen-piece band. One wishes to hear Hawk stretch out a bit more, but, after all, this is a dance outfit. When he does take off, he demonstrates the big tone, sweeping vertical lines, harmonic inventiveness and wealth of ideas that established him as an innovator. From Sunbeam Records, 13821 Calvert St., Van Nuys CA 91401.

The Mildred Bailey Radio Show (Sunbeam) features the "rockin' chair lady" with a top-notch cast of jazzmen in material culled from three 1944 and 1945 radio broadcasts. Bailey's restrained yet emotional vocal stylings are heard to good advantage. "I Thought About You" and "Stormy Weather" are particularly effective. The Teddy Wilson Sextet gets to work out on two tunes, and trombone act Trummy Young blows up a storm on "Trummin' On A Riff." It's nice to hear these show complete with Mildred's amiable between-song patter.

Duke Ellington: All-Star Road Band Vol. 2 (Doctor Jazz) is a live 1964 set recorded in Chicago. The two-disc package is packed with goodies. A number of obscure as well as well-known Ellington tunes are heard. Tenor sax ace Paul Gonsalves cuts loose on the bluesy "Happy Go Lucky Local." Harry Carney's mellow baritone sax is showcased on "Guitar Amour." A somewhat tipsy Johnny Hodges is featured on three numbers — not executed with his usual precision by worthwhile nonetheless. Trombonist Lawrence Brown contributes a soulful rendering of "Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me," and fellow trombonist Buster Cooper struts his stuff on "C Jam Blues." This relaxed live date gives a sense of Ellington as an on-the-job leader. There is a generous amount of the maestro's spare but always imaginative piano — one can hear that Monk did some serious listening to Duke's piano stylings. Also of interest to Ellington buffs is another Doctor Jazz release, *Happy Reunion*. The Disc consists of a septet date recorded in 1957 and a quartet waxed the following year. The septet yields two gems, "Way Back Blues" and "Where's The Music," both on the melancholy side, featuring Clark Terry, Johnny Hodges, and Jimmy Hamilton. The quartet tracks feature Paul Gonsalves backed by the rhythm section of Duke, Jimmy Woode, and Sam Woodard. The saxist injects the ballad "Happy Reunion" with a great deal of feeling, and wails at length on "Dimuendo and Crescendo in Blue," his hit of the 1968 Newport festival.

Albert Collins/Robert Cray/Johnny Copeland: Showdown (Alligator) is a blues summit meeting with three of the finest contemporary practitioners of the art. There's no shortage of hot guitar when these guys get around to trading solos. Each has his own distinctive vocal style and instrumental trademarks. Cray is a protege of Collins; he has learned his lessons but is clearly his own man. Collins, "The Iceman" is in top form and Copeland, the grittiest of the trio, is at his best on "Lion's Den." "T-Bone Shuffle," a tribute to the trailblazing Texas bluesman T-Bone Walker, is a sizzler and a textbook in blues guitar styles. From Alligator Records, Box 70234, Chicago IL 60660.

Jimmy Johnson: Bar Room Preacher (Alligator) is an intense set from the bluesman. A staple on the Chicago blues scene for over ten years, Johnson shows the influence of fellow Chicagoans Otis Rush and Magic Sam; one might detect a touch of Albert King in his playing as well. In addition to being a sizzling guitarist and forceful singer, Johnson is also capable of writing some interesting material. His original "Heap See" is one of the highlights of this set.



Johnny Copeland, Robert Cray & Albert Collins



BLONDIE

Here's Blondie, a beautiful, shapely gal who's brand new to our pages. Born in Wales, she's currently a fashion model in Paris—and one of the

most strikingly well-endowed of the fashion set. (After all these years we still can't figure out why the designers and buyers want to see clothes modeled



on women who remind us of that old cliché: a carpenter's dream—flat as a board.)

One of our continental talent scouts spotted

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Blondie in a lingerie ad and tracked her down. But her agent was against the idea of Blondie posing for a men's magazine. He thought it would be bad for



her image. (We find that the less she's wearing the better the image gets!) However, our rep was not to be put off and used his gift of gab to finally con-

vince the agent to let Blondie pose for our cameras. But he was adamant about Blondie not taking it all off—she had to keep her panties on. He countered



our man's argument that "the more exposure, the better" by saying, "In many of the best paintings and sculptures, the artist leaves something to the imagination." We'll have to agree with the fellow about one thing—Blondie is a spectacular work of art! □

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY JOB OPENINGS FOR WOMEN

by Don Potter

A partial listing of good, well-paying, traditionally male positions that are now available to females

Women's rights groups have long complained about the treatment of women in the workplace. Women have historically been relegated to the more menial jobs. And when the jobs were equal, they were paid less than their male counterparts for the same work. However, great strides have been made in this area in recent years. Women's salaries are now approaching parity with men's for the same type work and many jobs, previously closed to females, are now open to members of either sex. But much work still remains to be done. This magazine opposes sex discrimination in any form and, in the interest of equal opportunity, has done considerable research into traditionally male jobs that are just opening up for women. A partial list of good, well-paying positions that are now available to the femmes follows.

BOUNCER: Big Hogs Tavern. Working-class pub. Crowd generally well-behaved—before they start to drink. Political, racial and religious arguments encouraged. Management maintains a "boys will be boys" attitude. Peanuts and brass knuckles available on the bar. Hell of a happy hour. Occasional live entertainment by the elbow-benders, male and female, on the floor, on the bar, on the slot machines.

BUSH PILOT: Flies a bunch of guys up to the wilds for hunting and fishing. Return flights can be rough since the boys have been up in the bush without a shower and away from women for a couple of weeks. Guys are rank and horny. Perks include a set of Amelia Earhart Luggage. Caution: Do not fly upside down to make sure you do not have crack up.

HUMAN CANNONBALL: Must be willing to travel. Designer asbestos uniform provided. Opportunity exists to rocket to stardom. At very least you'll have a blast.

NAVY FROGWOMAN: You'll get a charge out of this job. Dynamite personality helpful. Skin-tight rubber suit furnished. Good figure desirable. Good lungs essential.

SPARRING PARTNER: "Bang-Bang" Baxter, heavyweight contender and knockout artist supreme, seeks new sparring

partners to replace hospitalized ones in training for title bout. Good legs helpful. Fast legs essential. Expect to spend a lot of time on your back, so experience in that position is desirable. Trunks furnished. Jock strap optional. Medical and dental insurance provided.

SPOKESPERSON: Gwinn Bicycle Company. You may think a degree in Public Speaking is necessary. Nothing could be further from the truth. Successful applicant will insert metal spokes into tire rims.

STEEPLEJACK: In order to get this job it is helpful to have friends in high places. Lofty position. Looking for an up person. If one of your fellow workers gets stranded on a pinnacle be prepared to help the steeplejack off.

SUMO WRESTLER: Must be willing to relocate and adopt a colorful nickname such as Bonzai Barbara or Samurai Stephanie. Work costume resembles a disposable diaper. Good way to meet men and press the flesh. Mostly yours.

TIGHT END: Birmingham Stallions are looking for a tight end. You get the job, guarantee that's what you'll have most of the time. If you're good at handling passes, ask for a tryout as a wide receiver. You'll run a lot of patterns. Sewing background helpful. No matter what position you're in, don't get caught napping. Remember, they don't call them the Stallions for nothing.

WORKPERSON, NUCLEAR POWER PLANT: Work in Unit 2 Reactor. Unit 1 no longer on-line. Melted down during previous accident. Hard hat job. Good way to get a glow on. Pregnant women need not apply.

INTERNATIONAL SOCCER REFEREE: You dress in short pants and a striped shirt and run all over the field blowing a little whistle. It's a riot. If you like strong rapport with both players and fans, this is the job for you . . . unless you're the sensitive type and bruise easily.



MARGO

Ugly George stepped by the other day to tell us he could see big things for himself in '86. We said he could see big things of himself just by looking in

the mirror. His Ugliness must have put on about twenty-five pounds since he first came up to our office a dozen or more years ago. "That's muscle,"





he replied.

"Then you're certainly carrying a lot of muscle around your middle," we countered.

George was a slim guy back then and we originally thought his chances of picking up good looking, well-endowed chicks on the streets who would pose

for him were even slimmer. But to our amazement, he came up with two dazzlers within a couple of months. Margo is one of them and she's really a knockout as you can see. We found these pix in our archives but unfortunately some others are missing. Ugly says he doesn't have any, but he did film this





great-shaped brunette and he's selling copies these days. (See his ad on page 55.)

George is busy these days on his movie and soon-

to-commence again TV show, but we told him to get out and find some more gals like marvelous Margo. Here's hoping he does. □





VALERIE

Voluptuous Valerie comes from a long line of shoppers... in department stores. She used to work as a cashier in one of them, but quit because she

hated the lines. We couldn't figure out why, since she was behind the counter. Valerie explained, "Not those lines—the lines all the male customers used to







give me! I couldn't take them any more! Those corny come-ons were turning my stomach."

"You mean even a real good line doesn't grab you?," we asked. (We had been hoping to come up

with a winner that would lure this super-stacked lass to our pad.)

"Listen, honey, let me relay some very savvy info I got from my big brother when I was a teenager. I



had asked, 'When a guy gives me a line, how do I know if he's sincere and nice and if I should go out with him or not?' He told me, 'There's no such thing as either a good line or a bad one. If a guy

and a girl find each other attractive, any line will do. If the chemistry isn't right, even a Shakespeare couldn't think up a good one.'"

We guess the chemistry isn't right between huge-



knocked Valerie and us because when we suggested a little rendezvous, she grimaced and said she was getting a stomach-ache.

Talking about stomachs, our sweetie has a slight,

but well-rounded one and bought a couple of sexy corsetlettes for this shooting. Summing up, Valerie has all the right lines... and curves in eye-popping proportions.



THE COVER UP!

by Kent Ames



The internationally famed sculptor, James Reardon, was recently commissioned by The United States government to do a large piece commemorating General Custer's last stand. The brilliant artist agreed to do the sculpture on one condition: that no one was allowed to see it until it was finished. The National Endowment for the Arts, the agency overseeing the project, had no problem with that, Reardon being one of the most renowned artists of the century.

Work on the huge piece went smoothly and some months later, Reardon informed the Endowment that the sculpture was ready for the unveiling ceremony.

Major dignitaries from all over the country came to attend the statue's inauguration into the annals of the history of great art. The mayor of the city gave a speech. The state's governor gave a somewhat longer speech. The President delivered an address of monumental proportions. The assembled crowd of tens of thousands of patriotic, art-loving souls was growing anxious to finally see the work with their own eyes. The media had been building up the statue and the commemoration ceremony as "one of the most outstanding achievements in the history of contemporary artistic cooperation."

Finally, with great pomp the Director of The National Endowment cut the ribbon that held the drapes over the statue. As the covering fell away, great shrieks of shock, dismay, indignation and anger were heard from the assembled officials. Cries of "Cover that thing

up!!," filled the air.

The Director of the Endowment rushed over to Reardon, who had remained calm through the commotion. The Director pointed at the statue and in an apoplectic fit barely managed to get the words out of his mouth, "Have you lost your senses! Are you out of your mind! How could you do a thing like this?!"

The art work was huge and dramatic — in fact epic in scope. It depicted hundreds and hundreds of American Indian braves having intercourse and copulating with bountiful Indian maidens in every conceivable sexual position!

The Director had to repeat his question to Reardon, as the latter was somewhat detached. After a few moments, he spoke up, "I really don't know what all the fuss is about. I have done an extensive amount of research on the general's last words."

The Director, barely controlling his rage, snarled, "What does that have to do with this obscene, voyeuristic obscenity that you have created? How can you explain it to the tens of thousands who have gathered here from all corners of the world and to the millions and millions of parents who have had their children watching this depraved, pornographic spectacle on television?!"

Reardon quietly and firmly replied, "As I was saying," he paused for a moment, "I have done extensive research on the exact last words that the valiant general uttered. Those immortal words were: 'All those fucking Indians!'" □

Poco





VIRGINIA

It's time for some new superlatives! Are there any other words for sensational, terrific, great, etc., etc.? That's what we need to describe Virginia, a brand new discovery with a super superlative shape and a double superlative set of huge, lovely knock-

ers. Virginia hails from England and it's eye-popping, bra-busting birds like her that make Britain great!

Aside from her huge boobs, Virginia is a slender lass and moderately tall. She keeps her great figure







by jogging and working out in a big, lovely park not too far from her apartment. As a matter of fact, it was in the park that one of our London-based photographers first spotted her. He himself

had been spotted by a bird, the feathered kind, a few moments earlier. As he angrily cleaned himself off, he remembered the old-wife's superstition that these kind of incidents bring the victim luck. "We'll



see," he said to himself—and sure enough, he saw Virginia! What luck... for all of us! He introduced himself to her and set up an appointment to shoot her very early the next morning on the roof of her building. The sky was still quite dark when he started to photograph her in a striking red dress.

The sun brightened and so did our lensman as Virginia gradually disrobed. She was down to her sheer panties and about to shed them... when some workmen came up on the roof to repair a disabled

TV antenna. Virginia quickly covered herself with her red dress and that was the end of the shooting.

Our photographer talked her into going to the park to finish the session, and after Virginia donned a pair of jeans in her apartment, they headed there. We're saving the park shots for another issue in the near future. This spread of sensational Virginia is a great treat by itself. But we are presenting a preview of the park shooting to give you a foretaste of the extra pleasure still to come. Just turn the page...







**Gem
of the
Month**



“JANE DOE”

There's an unusual story accounting for the fact that we're calling this super-boobed knockout “Jane Doe” and covering her face so as not to reveal her true identity. “Jane” had posed for the first time for this shooting, her model release was in our files and the set had gone to our printers along with

the entire issue. The color separations had already been made and we were awaiting the proofs when... Zam, the phone rang and it was “Jane” on the phone, telling us she had changed her mind and didn't want to be a model.

Our hearts sank. We always like to accommodate the ladies, but in this case the separations had already been made and that's a costly operation. We explained this to the girl but she was adamant about it. “Listen,” we said, “you signed a model release and we can run the set despite your change of







heart. So you better have a good reason if you want us to oblige you."

We expected her to tell us that she was getting married or that her boyfriend objected, or something like that, but we

were floored when she said, "Well, you see, I won a fortune in the big lottery..."

"So," we interrupted, "that's great.

"Yes, she replied," but there have always been guys







chasing after me before...now that I'm rich, 'it'll be impossible!'"

We tried selling her a major interest in our magazine, but

she wasn't interested. So we compromised. We told her we'd cover her face (which is a shame because she's a very pretty



chick) and not use her name. She said that would be OK, so here's the set. After all, her good fortune shouldn't be a stroke

of bad fortune for lovers of great shaped gals with big beautiful knockers. Let's hope good fortune knocks on all our doors. □

She didn't have light brown hair but she had everything else, a beautiful face, a stacked figure that made you gasp, a pair of incredible legs and best of all—she was alone and available!



Jeanie

by Bernard Kelly

IN THE BAR



It had been one hell of a day and Al was ready for a big drink when he saw the sign down the road "Cocktails."

He drove into the parking lot. Nice looking place, but not much business. Three cars in the lot. Hot afternoon, too.

He could drive on. There was sure to be another bar, and maybe more of a crowd. With some broads. Anything to cheer him up. But hell, it was hot and he was already here.

He locked the car and strode toward the door, looking over the place. Fake Alpine look, steep roof, phony clock tower, dormer windows, lace curtains, flower boxes.

"Bohemian Inn," read a small sign over the door. "Beer, Wines, Liquor"

There was a hostess at the door.

"Dinner?" she asked.

"Just a drink," Al said.

She nodded. "The bar's back there," she said, putting down the menus, and making a gesture with her head.

He walked back there.

It was a small bar. There was one customer, a girl, seated cross-legged on a stool, showing a lot of leg, with one of those fruity drinks in front of her.

She turned to look at him.

Wow! The girl was a pip. Dark hair, brown eyes, clear creamy skin, ripe red lips. She hunched forward over her drink and somehow her dress moved up, showing more leg.

"Hi," the girl said.

"Hi," Al said, sitting beside her.

A bartender came up and put down a napkin in front of him. "What'll it be?"

Al looked at the girl's drink. "I'll have the same as that," he said, "and fix her another."

"That's a vodka collins with extra garbage," the bartender said.

"Two."

"Thanks," the girl said. "You look tired."

"Yeah", he said. "it's been a bitch of a day, and here I am, a thousand miles from home."

"Maybe that's not so bad," the girl said. "Shall we tell our names?"

"Sure," Al said, even though something sent a sudden tingling warning signal through his system. The signal seemed to say "Caution, fella!" But he went on: "I'm Al Cannon, Cannon Enterprises, Inc. Only I don't seem to be able to get the financing to carry out the enterprises."

"Things are tough all over," the girl said. "You just need a change in your luck."

"I sure do," Al said. "What's your name?"

"Jeanie," she said. "Jeanie Goodluck."

"Al laughed. "That's a nice name."

The drinks came up. They touched glasses.

"Want to tell me your troubles?" the girl said.

"Might as well," Al said. And he did. He'd driven all this way out to this God-forsaken



country to try to raise capital for his new idea.

"Which is?" Jeanie interrupted.

"Never mind," Al said. "Let's just say it's the best damn idea that ever surfaced, and wouldn't you know? I can't get a blinking soul to put up a goddam buck."

"What about your own bucks?"

"Ha!" Al said. The way he said it told enough, he hoped. No use letting the girl think he was an easy touch.

They talked a lot. This Jeanie, Al discovered, wasn't any dumb slob, she was a sharp chick. She told him she bet he was unhappy in his marriage too.

"Yes, right," he said. "My wife doesn't . . . understand me."

There was a dry rattle at the bottom of Jeanie's glass.

"Buy you another?" he said.

"My turn," she said. "Fill us up Wallie."

The barkeep silently refilled the drinks. Jeanie paid.

The afternoon wore on. Al looked at his watch. Wow! Five o'clock!

"I got to be going," he said. "Can I give you a lift?"

"Sure," Jeanie said. "My bags are at the door."

"You mean you're hitchhiking?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Sure why not? Let's go."

By now Al was thoroughly aroused, especially when Jeanie slid off the bar stool and really showed her legs. Great! And the low sun shone through her dress, and she wasn't wearing a slip.

They got into his car and Al thought it would be best to make his pitch right away. "I have to stop at the next motel," he said tentatively.

"Suits me," Jeanie said.

"You know, you said all I needed was a change of luck. And here I meet a knockout named Jeanie Goodluck! Amazing isn't it?" he said with just the right amount of skepticism in his voice.

"Hard to believe, eh," Jeanie responded, "but I can change

your luck, you better believe that!"

They checked in, and Al was horny. The girl went into the bathroom and he slid off his shoes, pants and shirt.

"You don't lose any time," she said when she came out. She went over to the bed and lay down beside him.

"Undress me," she invited.

By the time they relaxed Al was having all sorts of fantasies about Jeanie. Was she a whore? No, she was too clean, too well educated. A nympho? No, that couldn't be it either. There was nothing manic about the way she joined in the fun. He guessed she just loved making love.

"You're nice," she said suddenly. "Really nice. But you sure could learn a lot about sex."

Oooh!

"I'm married, you know. I've had a lot of experience."

"You a baseball fan?"

"Yes, but what's that got to do with it?"

"You can get a lot of experience playing in the minor leagues but still not make it as a major leaguer."

"How did we get talking about baseball?"

Jeanie just laughed and nestled against him.

It was still dark when he awoke. He knew at once where he was, and he looked over at Jeanie. She lay face down in her pillow, her dark hair sprawled around her head like a wreath.

"Hey," he whispered. "You're some woman!"

And he went to sleep again.

They had breakfast and he was ready to go on. "Can I drop you somewhere?" he asked.

"I'm going with you," she said.

He didn't really want her with him, but he had a long trip ahead of him, and, well, she sure was a good lay. And good company. "Well, all right," he said. I can always dump her, he said to himself.

So they drove on, away from

the motel. Suddenly she cried out, "Take this side road! Quick!"

Oh, oh! Here it comes! he told himself. It was easy to figure — she had him pegged for a patsy. Maybe she had an accomplice and this was going to be a stick-up! He wished he had a gun. But somehow he felt he wanted to please her, so he turned down the side road.

Down that side road they came upon a woman, waving. "Help me!" she yelled at them as they neared. "My husband fell! Help!"

Al stopped and they both got out and hurried toward the woman. "Oh, thank God!" she said. "He went to get some preserves out of the cellar, and he fell down the steps! I can't move him!"

They ran to the house, a small cabin back from the road, neat as a pin. And in the cellar, a man groaning. "I broke my leg," he said, wincing. "I can't move."

"Don't try," Jeanie said. "Don't move at all! We'll get help. Al, take the car and go back to the main road. I saw a volunteer fire department building just before we turned off. Raise an alarm somehow. I'll stay here with them and do what I can."

Al went. He was a little irked that Jeanie simply took over and started to give orders: A glass of water for the man. A blanket to put over him. A pillow for under his head.

Well, if that was the way she wanted it, okay. Al drove out, and sure enough there was the building: Chapman County Volunteer Fire Department. And there was a bell with a pull rope. He took the rope and gave it a dozen hard pulls.

In about two minutes a car drove up.

A man jumped out. "Where's the fire?" he demanded.

"No fire," Al said. "Man fell and broke his leg a mile down that road up there. He needs help."

The newcomer nodded. He took out a bunch of keys, unlock-

(Continued on page 59)



"Wait till you see Miss Watermelon!"

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known as the "It" girl. Well, Dorie's got "it" also. She's not in the moving picture business, and she



looks like a gal who doesn't talk much, but her body (and what a great body!) movements and eye





*contact speak volumes. As you can gather from these comments, we find her a great turn on.
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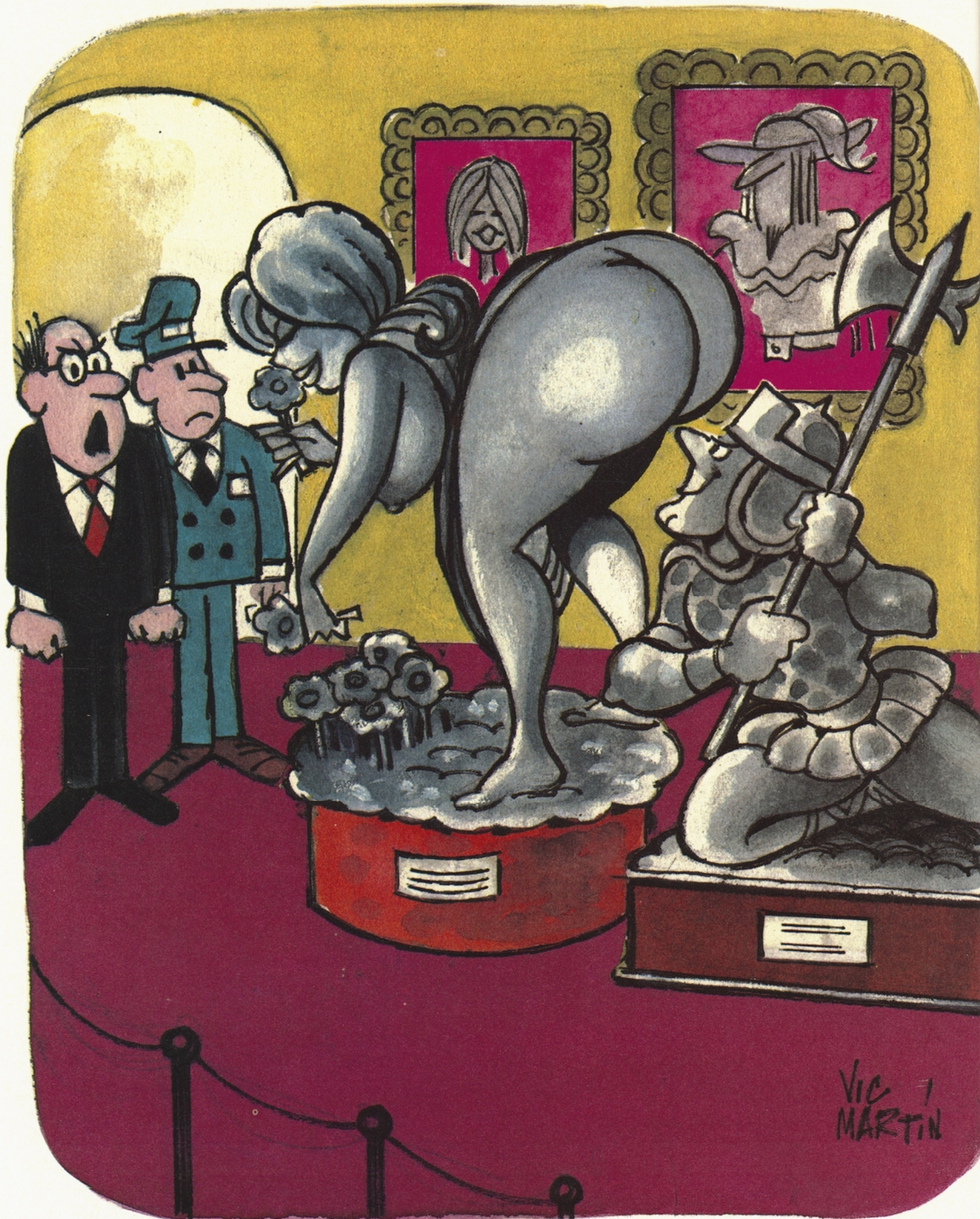
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"Who set up this display?"

It's still the popular thing to do . . . pop out little-known tidbits of information at parties and while having sex. Here are some items to store in your head for use at the proper moment

TRIVIAL STUFF

by Peter Trax



You can get drunk on water — if you mix it with bourbon or scotch.

Female pubic hair is always parted in the middle.

An audience is just a crowd with the price of admission.

The caveman practiced birth control by tying a knot in it.

Screwing was always disappointing to squaws who had sex with the Lone Ranger's faithful Indian companion. Tonto always came pronto.

It takes only a few drinks for a dog to change into a fox.

When Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin he was actually trying to make a fluffy martini.

Most crabs sleep in snatches.

Certain California fruits will try to eat you.

Gentlemen prefer blondes, but will take anything.

The most-used four-letter word in a whorehouse is "Next!"

A wolf can be forced to give a mink to a fox with a beaver.

Wan Long Dong was the Oriental Casanova.

The best legs you'll see have feet at one end and a pussy at the other.

A eunuch is a man cut out to be a bachelor.

When a postage stamp honoring lesbians is available, it can be licked on both sides.

A mirror on the ceiling in a bedroom is put there for shaving in bed.

Girls in Washington, D.C. lay important government officials because they love being under the influence.

An alcoholic is a fellow who goes into a topless bar just for a drink.

A singles apartment house in Florida has gone condom.

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JEANIE IN THE BAR

continued from page 44

ed the doors of the building, and ran in. He immediately started making telephone calls. Meanwhile two other men drove up and ran inside.

He followed the rescue team, and stood by while they splinted the man, got him topside, calmed his wife, and loaded the patient in a station wagon fitted out as an ambulance.

"I can't thank you enough!" the woman called back as they drove away.

Al looked at Jeanie. She grinned. They got in his car and returned to the main road.

They hadn't gone very far when a rather impressive motel loomed ahead. "Let's stop over here," Jeanie said.

"Hey, I think I ought to get farther on," he said.

"I think we better stop here," she persisted.

He had begun to sense that she had some kind of feel for things, like wanting to turn up that side road.

So they stopped.

It was a nice place, quite a way out from the city, but with good rooms, a restaurant and a good bar. They headed for the bar as soon as Al registered.

He and Jeanie ordered two vodka collinses with extra garbage. And they started to sip.

"Hey, Al Cannon!" a voice said.

"Russ! Russ Canavan!"

"Al! Haven't seen you in a long time! You still selling insurance?"

No, Al explained, he'd quit selling insurance a hell of a long time ago. Right now, Al said, he was trying to raise money to promote his new enterprise.

And he introduced Jeanie. Russ Canavan sat down with them, and before long he had heard all about Al's enterprise.

"It sounds great to me," Russ said. "Why in the hell didn't you

let me in on it? You know I've got money."

"Well — it isn't too late," Al said.

And the way things happen when miracles are happening, Al had a backer! Just like that. Great! Even if he did detect Russ trying to cop a feel off Jeanie.

She fended Russ off, but very gently.

Later Russ asked him:

"Who's the girl?"

"A pickup."

"Pickup? Better watch your step!"

"I know!"

The next day they went on. And on the following day he said: "I'm getting near home. I'll have to let you out."

"Why?"

"I'm married. You know that."

"Of course, and you and your wife aren't getting along so well. She doesn't understand you —"

"If she could screw like you."

"I could teach her. Tell her I'm your niece from Chicago, and you just happened to meet me."

"That'll go over like an iron balloon."

"Well, tell her anyhow."

When they drove up in front of his home, Jeanie was still with him. A woman came out to meet them.

"Hi, Helen, I'm back!" Al said.

"Helen, this is my, uh, niece from Chicago, Jeanie. I just happened to meet her."

Helen peered in at Jeanie. "You don't look like him," she said.

"I know," Jeanie said. "Pop said some neat guy must have been delivering milk at our house."

"Well, come on in. And, Al, what luck?"

Al put down the suitcases. "I ought to make you sit down first," he said. "But — Helen, I got a backer!"

That night they had a splendid meal, cooked by Jeanie, and all three of them got pretty smashed

on vodka collinses with extra garbage.

Anyhow they all three landed in bed together. Helen later said she couldn't believe it when Jeanie suggested it, and she just went along with it to see whether the unbelievable woman really meant it!

And Jeanie did. They did the three-in-a-bed thing — but only with Jeanie acting as coach and cheerleader, egging and cheering them on. The results were great! Their sex hadn't been that good in ages.

The next morning Jeanie was packed when Al got up. She and Helen were sitting in the parlor holding hands and talking softly.

"Hey, where you going?" Al asked.

"I got an appointment," Jeanie said.

"Where?"

"At the Bohemian Inn."

"Hey, that's where we met!"

Jeanie grinned. "I know."

Al sank into a chair. "I don't get it."

"Al," Jeanie said. "I'm your good luck genie! You crazy bum, you could have picked up some tramp in that bar that would have given you a dose, and maybe killed you."

"Good luck genie!", Al gasped.

"Yes. Jeanie Goodluck. Get it?" she laughed.

"Yeah, but how come . . . why did you pick me?"

"You won the weekly Genie Lotto, that's why!", she answered smiling. "But I have to go now. There'll be another winner soon."

She got up, gave Al a kiss, gave Helen a kiss, and went out. Al suddenly jumped up and ran to the door, but Jeanie was nowhere in sight.

"Holy smoke!" he said. Then he looked at Helen, who was still sitting there in a short, sheer nightie.

"Holy smoke!" Al said again. "Hey — it's too early to get up. Let's go back to bed!" □

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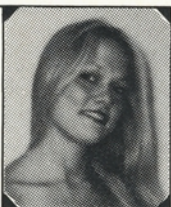
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THE MOST FOR THE LEAST

continued from page 3

resolved adequately by boosting the treble or bass controls found on your receiver.

3) Don't compromise in clearness of sound, as there is no overcoming an inadequacy here.

4) Listen to the way a speaker performs different styles of music. Salesmen will typically try to ascertain your type of music for the purpose of demonstrating a speaker which may perform well in the specified style, but one which may not do as well with other styles. For hard rock, he's likely to steer you towards a speaker with loud highs and loud lows, though not necessarily very good (or even extreme) highs and lows. If he thinks you're into classical primarily, he might recommend a "warm-sounding" speaker, one which most likely is not very clear sounding. Remember the points listed here and listen to all areas of a speaker's sound. Recommended are: JBL 216-A, Altec Lansing Challenger I, Boston Acoustics.

If you want to play cassettes, the important considerations are those of reliability, added features and accuracy. Sony, Teac, and Technics are known for customer support and solid workmanship. Avoid Sanyo and Fischer units.

Regarding features, you are advised to get a deck with Dolby B and Dolby C noise reduction apparatuses. Dolby C is the newer version and is considerably more effective than Dolby B, but you'll need the older version for tapes made with that format. Also, avoid units with "soft-touch" controls, as these sophisticated mechanical controls are prone to breakage. Better than these are the older, though clumsier controls as well as the "feather-

touch" solenoid ones. Solenoid is distinguishable from "soft-touch" in that one does not depress the solenoid significantly, whereas the "soft-touch" control is pushed in about 1/4" and clicks into place.

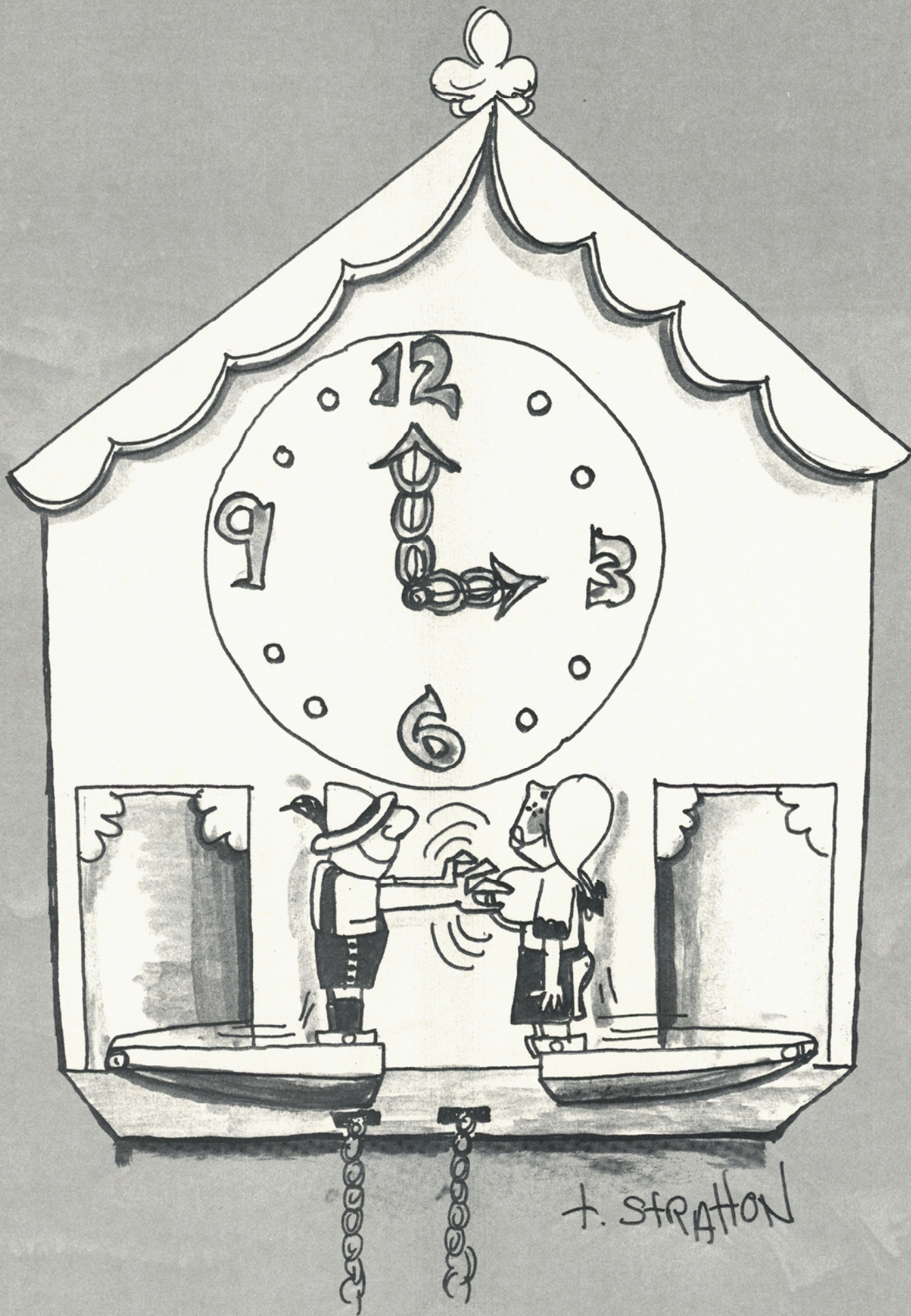
Accuracy in a cassette deck is measured in terms of signal-to-noise ratio; naturally the more music and less noise, the better. Also important is the frequency response rating, which specifies how much the sonic spectrum can be reproduced on a given model. For a budget system, a range of 30-15,000 HZ (the ear can hear 20-20,000 HZ) is excellent.

You should be able to obtain a deck which meets these criteria for \$100 to \$150.

If you want to listen to records, keep in mind the quality of turntables is popularly measured by its anti-skating mechanism. Skating is distortion which arises as the angle between the turntable's tonearm and the record groove changes throughout the progress of a record's play. Much more significant than the various distortions imposed by a turntable's design limitations, however, is the quality of the needle (Needles are purchased separately from turntables as part of a user-mountable cartridge.). Only when one has a very expensive cartridge (perhaps one which costs \$250 or more) can the differences in turntable quality be discerned, so buy a cheap, simple turntable. Technics makes such a model which has a fine-tune pitch (or speed) control, the SBL 200. This feature comes in handy the few times you'll be trying to fit 45'01" of music on a tape which is only 45'00" long. The SBL 200 can usually be found for \$60-\$70, cartridge not included. Ask a salesman you trust for a good cartridge for \$35 or under. Total cost: approximately \$100. □



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