



GENT

home of the D-cups

OCTOBER, 1978

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Inside:
50 Giant
Busting At-
The-Gut Pages
of the World's
Best Hung Women

French Ticklers

That Can Dress

Up Your Joint

And Make Her

Feel Loved!

Call Girls Who

Do What Doesn't

Come Naturally

GINSENG:
FACT & FICTION



Gent

VOLUME 19

OCTOBER, 1978

NUMBER 5

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Our Cups Runneth Over

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**Most
Fearsome
Of
Them
All**







Linda says that she was always getting the big hassle from guys. Apparently, big tits just drive some guys bananas. Fellows would walk right up to her on the street and proposition her. Some of them would even try to grab her. She says subways were a nightmare because no matter where she stood there was always some jerk who would manage to get close enough to rub against her. And, she was terrified of going out at night by herself. Well, Linda solved her problem ... at least she thought she did. She went out and enrolled herself in a karate school. It was only a matter of a few weeks until she could beat the bejesus out of any guy who was foolish enough to make a lewd suggestion or a grab for her fabulous forty-eights. Some of the guys she dated went home with bruises and stiff necks and told their friends not to mess with Linda. Well, every happy story seems to have something wrong with it, and Linda's now lamenting the fact that although she no longer gets molested, she doesn't get very many dates either. She has become too fearsome, she fears. "Sometimes I wish I'd never taken those damn old karate lessons," she says. "I would actually welcome a few passes and a bit of fondling. But men are scared of me." She definitely has second thoughts about the art of self-defense. "You know that women's lib slogan, 'Our bodies for ourselves?'" Well, I have found out that there isn't much you can do with your body alone."

GENT

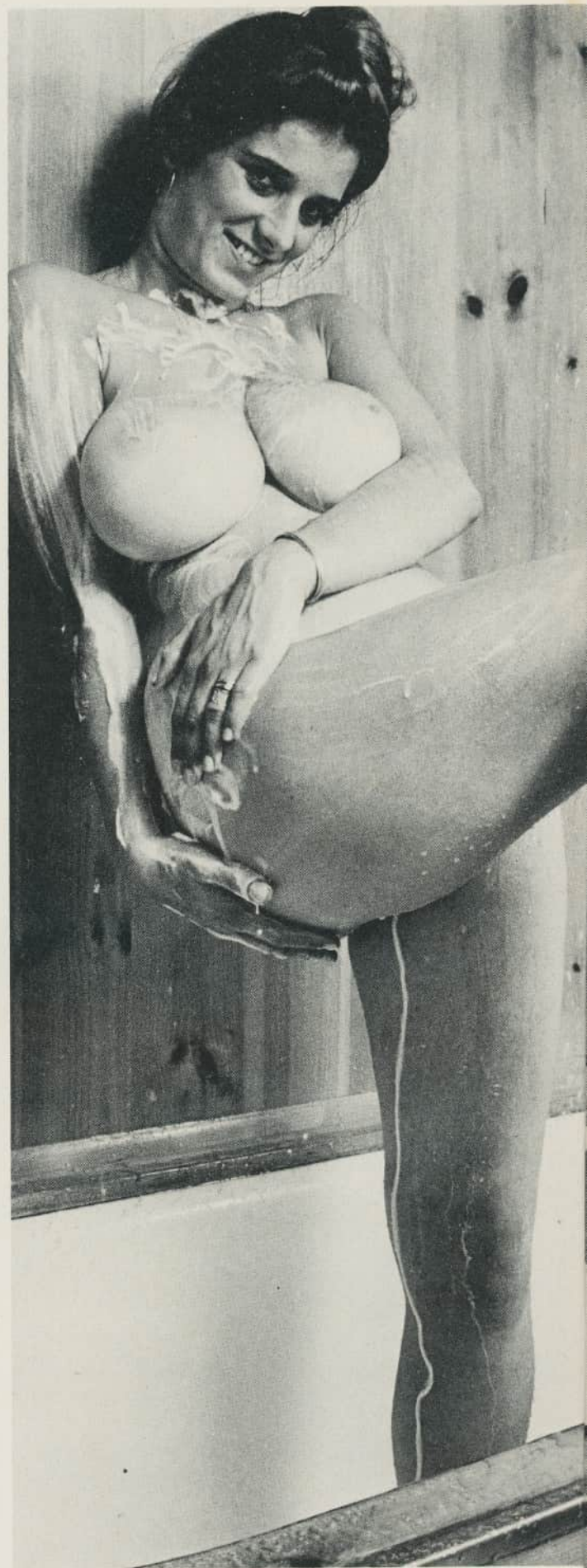




Big & Bouncy

Here's Jane of the jiggling jugs showing us her jumping style which for a girl like Jane ain't easy. One false move and she ends up with a black eye or two. It's not easy to be athletic when you have forty-six inch boobies. All kidding aside our Jane is a physical education major in school and she plans to teach when she graduates. "There's no real problem being well endowed and being athletic at the same time," she says, "only that every time I'm out jogging or running I gather a pretty large crowd of oglers." We shouldn't wonder at that. Just being still, Janie is a wonder to behold, but when she moves, it's enough to make your heart flutter. We hope that Jane realizes her ambition to compete in the Olympics. We'll be watching.









No Jive

Janette Jordan has just the jugs for a feature spot in *Gent*. She measures up to a whopping sixty inches and that's no jive. Our lovely chocolate chick hails from Detroit where she originally went to nursing school and then abandoned that career to become a dancer. She says she originally wanted to be a Ballerina but got too top heavy.





So, Janette now belongs to an interpretive dance group which tours the country doing authentic African tribal dances in wonderful costumes and with lots of drums and wild African music. "Early African songs and dances were the forerunners of what later became American jazz," she says "So anyone with a background of jazz in their family can just naturally dance the African dances." Janette says she'll keep dancing as long as she can and then wants to open a school of international dance where people can come and learn the dances of their homelands. We asked her for a sample of her dancing and she almost drove us nuts.







...and Brains Too

We asked Miss Yankowitz how come she was called "Yum Yum," and she looked at us like we were crazy. "What's the first thing you said when you saw me?" she asked. Then we had to admit that we said Yum! Yum! We're sure that is what most of our readers will say too. Yum Yum is about the prettiest little girl (big in the right places) that we've seen in a long time. Yum is only five feet four inches tall but she has a fifty inch bust which makes her almost as big around the chest as she is tall. We seldom see girls who are as blessed in every way as Yum Yum. She says that she never has regarded her boobies as her most important feature. "I like to think that guys like me for my brains, too."













Trixie always wanted to be a centerfold and here she is. "I know that lots of guys buy magazines and take out the centerfold and pin it up on their walls and throw the rest of the magazine away," says Trixie, "and I wanted to be immortalized at least for a little while." And who are we not to be able to make a few dreams come true. And in this case it was no sacrifice because as you can see, Trixie has all of the qualifications to make it in the middle of *Gent*. She's soft, she's lovely and she measures up to a well over forty bust. Trixie is originally from Oklahoma where she was a cheerleader in high school, head of the pep team, baton twirler and she was Queen of the Rodeo for two years running. Now that Trixie is out of school, she is seriously thinking of becoming an actress and wants to be in musical comedies. She is a big girl with a little girl voice that drives a lot of men nuts. "I can play dumb blondes really well," she says, "but I'm not one myself."

In The Middle













Faking It

When a girl has a body and face like Gladys, she has to develop some defenses to protect herself from all of the horny wolves who prowl around. Well, Gladys says she's basically a non-violent person who wouldn't resort to physical violence. "So I have developed this act that gets rid of guys fast if I don't want them messing around. I fly into this rage. I get meaner than a trapped coyote. I cuss and holler and throw things. And it works. Guys high-tail it right out the door. They don't know that it's just an act unless they see me rolling around on the floor laughing my head off." Guys who know Gladys say that she's about the sweetest, even-tempered gal they know. But she sure has a great act.



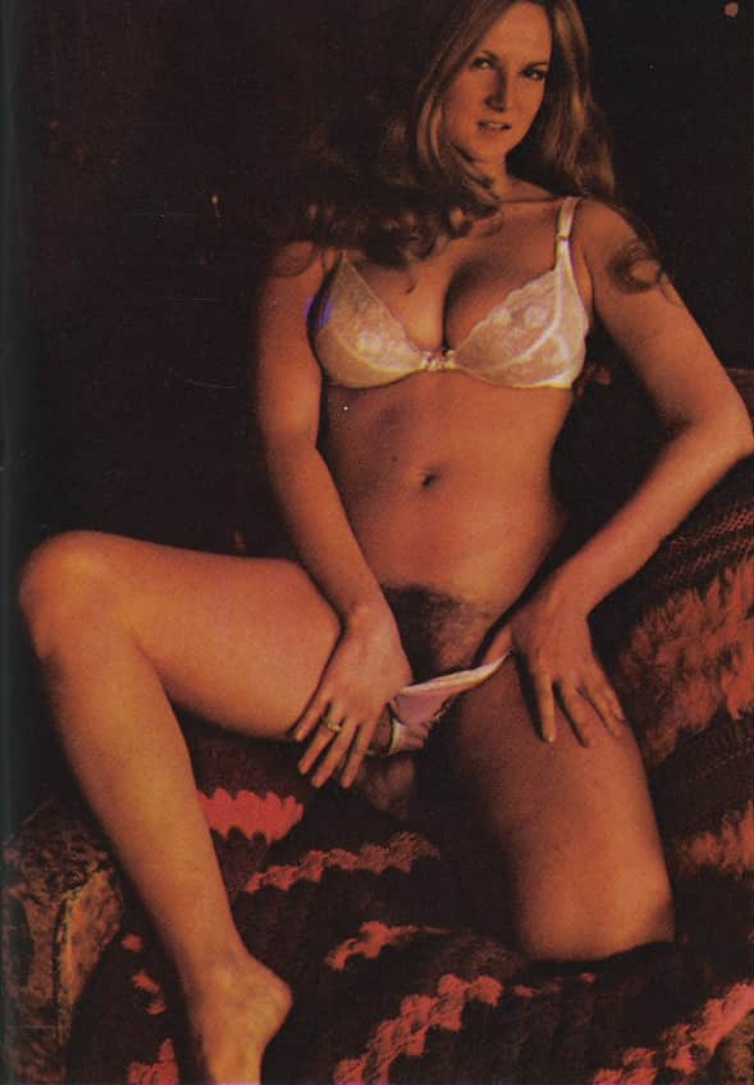












Never Seen Better





We don't normally mess around with girls who have less than a 40-D bustline, 'cause *Gent* just isn't interested in under-D-veloped girls, but when Delores came up for an interview and flopped out her 38s, our photographer allowed as how maybe we ought to bend the rules a bit. "I've never seen better developed lungs," he said. "Look at how firm and white and perky and pink and outstanding they are." We had to send the photographer away because he was beginning to slobber all over his camera, and then we put it to Delores this way. "Delores," we said, "you know you don't quite measure up to *Gent's* D-imensions, don't you?" She hung her head and admitted that maybe she had filched a little on her application. Then we told her that we were going to feature her in our magazine anyway and she jumped up and down and shouted hurrah and her jumping up and down made her boobies jiggle and bounce and so we all got hooked on Delores. She is English, twenty-two years-old, works as a secretary in an import-export house and the reason she wanted to pose for *Gent* is because her girlfriends dared her to. "I would have been so ashamed if I hadn't made it," she admitted.



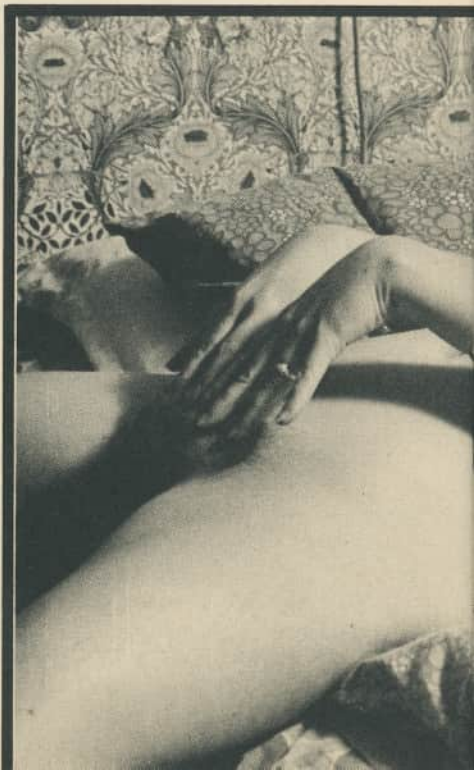
PORTFOLIO



As you might imagine, the guy sitting behind the editor's desk at GENT sees a lot of D-Cups in the course of a 40-hour week. All of the photos are good, but for one reason or another some just stick in your mind as being a cut above the norm. This can be for a variety of reasons. Maybe the model is particularly good, or maybe it's the setting and props, or maybe the photographer was just especially hot that day. In any case, the following four pages are graced with photographs that caught our eye for a second longer than usual and we hope they'll catch your eye too. But, just because we liked 'em doesn't mean that you'll think they're great, because everybody has different tastes and everybody knows what *they* like. Occasionally, though, a picture comes along that turns everybody on who sees it — and then you know you've got a damn good photograph.



On the preceding page is the lovely Gertrude in a classic bra shot from her appearance in last April's edition of GENT. Sigrid Bachman, the big-titted Lolita pictured above, is scheduled for an upcoming issue. At left, the ravishing Debbie McGuire who until recently was better known as actor-comedian Richard Prior's wife. Their marriage recently ended in divorce court. The sleeping beauty below is the well-endowed Susan Peer who is scheduled for a future layout. Until then she's just laying back and biding her time.





Above, displaying a favorite GENT pose — down-on all fours with titties dangling — the gorgeous Janice Hurst gives our lens the evil eye. Janice has appeared in our pages several times and with any luck at all, she'll be back that many times again. Roberta Pedon, below, one of our most popular models of all time, gives us a peek at one of her beautiful pendulous boobs.





Staring up at the business end of a pair of loaded forty-fours can make a man's knees weak, especially when they belong to a sultry cowgirl like Yum Yum. The shot above is taken from her original appearance a couple of years ago but for some brand-new photos and an update on this GENT girl's life, see page 34.



Keep It Clean

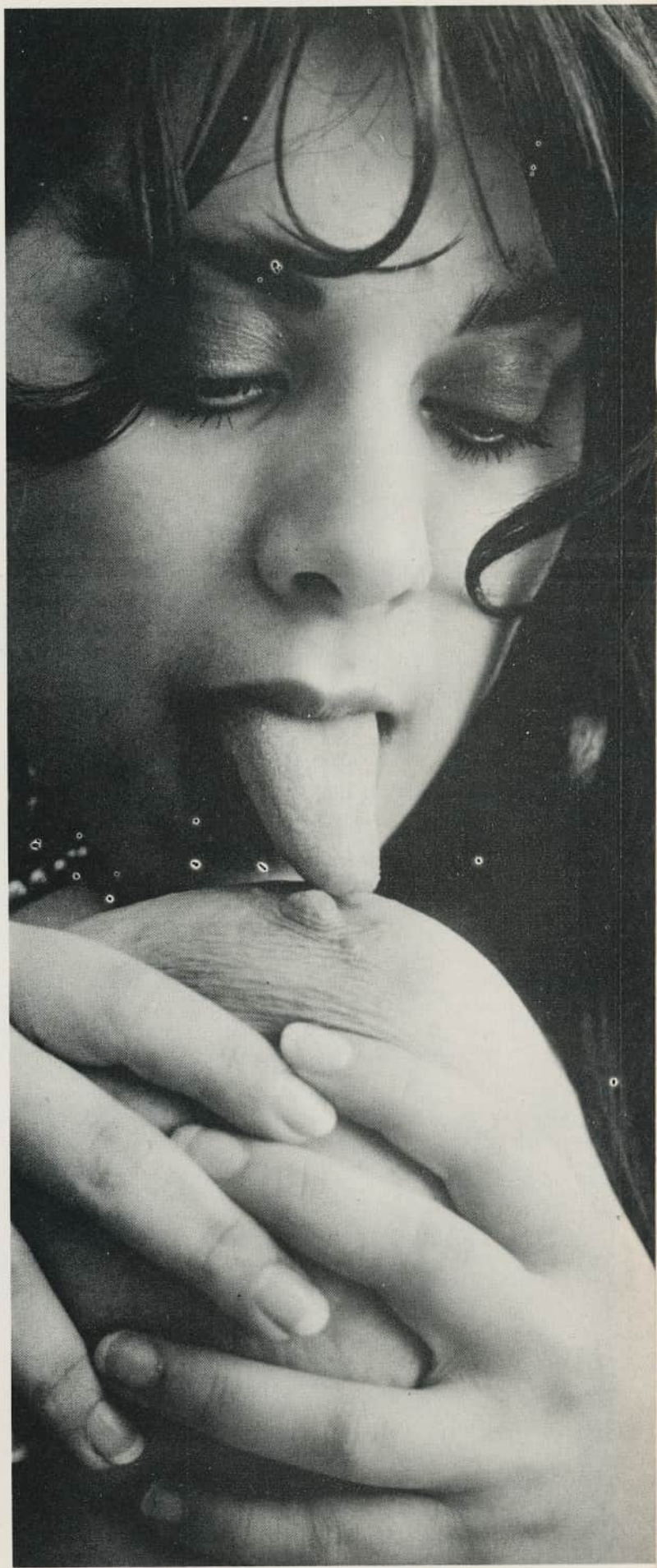
You might recognize our oiled friend Clyda. She was our last issue's cover girl, and a whopping beauty she is too. By popular demand, we thought we'd bring her back for one more go around. Clyda is an exotic dancer who draws the crowds wherever she performs. "My dance of the seven veils is enough to knock your hat off," she says. When Clyda isn't dancing, she takes a lot of baths using exotic oils and perfumes from the Near East

where her family originally came from. "You see, in my profession you do a lot of gyrating and exercising and then you get hot and perspire a lot and then I have to take a bath between every performance. Well, all of that water dries my skin and then I have to put on a lot of oils to make my skin beautiful again," Clyda says. It takes about a bottle of oil just to cover her big fifty-two inchers. We think Clyda is something else.











More of Candy

(in the
December issue)