

# **GENT** **yearbook**

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You Knocker Nuts!**

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# GENT

## *yearbook*

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Some readers may recognize the girl in this pictorial from her appearance in last October's issue. We received a lot of letters requesting more of Ann. Well, there couldn't be any more of Ann than before (she's through growing) but here she is again, and with a new partner. We tried to get the original couple back together for this encore appearance, but no luck. Eric, the fellow from the October issue, dropped out of sight shortly after the first shooting, and no one's heard from him since. "Eric's the restless sort," Ann remembers. "He was constantly trying to talk me into

## second Thoughts

running off to Timbuktu with him. I don't like to travel though, so I guess he gave up and left without me." Any love pains? "No, not really," she says. "I found someone else and Eric, shoot, he's probably some place chasing after a chick with bigger tits than mine—he was some kind of tit freak you know? Couldn't get enough . . . anyway." That's all old news now and the someone new Ann refers to is the fellow with her here. By the way, we neglected to mention Ann's vital statistics in October: she's 5'1", 118 pounds, 42E-24-36. And Eric, wherever you are, do you ever have any second thoughts?















Here she is again, one of *Gents* all-time favorites—that gal with the ten gallon jugs, Miss Roberta Pedon. As you may have read, Roberta is a health food addict and she lives in palatial splendor in Southern California. “I really enjoy my life,” says Roberta “I like being me and I like what I’m doing for a living. I really think I am a fulfilled person and I don’t envy any one else for what they have. In other words, I like being Pedon—Miss Roberta Pedon, that is.” She isn’t particularly interested in being married, but says that if the right guy came along, she would

## Pedon Again

probably give it a go. “I’d still continue working, though. I enjoy seeing my photos in magazines and I don’t think a body like mine should be covered up from view.” We certainly agree with that and are sure our readers would miss our playful miss. She says that if she should start losing her looks, she might retire from nude modeling and become a singer or actress. She could probably put on a fantastic night-club act. She could crawl out on stage and try to stand up . . . you may have noticed that Roberta’s a bit heavy on top—just the way everybody likes ‘em. Right boys?



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# A Blonde And A Gun

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*He knew he'd be her hero, and she'd be grateful—the way women were supposed to be grateful—just like in the books.*

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BY SAM CORD

The big-titted blonde swayed softly as she strolled in my direction. She stopped and peered in through the glass display window of the covered suburban shopping mall's largest and most expensive shoe store. Then she sighed and shrugged her shoulders before coming on again.

I had been watching her for about ten minutes now. I had just stepped out of a record shop and had been glancing up and down the mall when a pair of huge, bouncing tits had ensnared my wandering eyes. Judging from the freedom and authenticity of the bounce, I had figured that her twin beauties were braless, rare for a woman so well endowed as this one.

For a moment as she came toward me, I studied her face and wondered whether she liked the honesty of bralessness or enjoyed turning men on. Or maybe she just liked the freedom. But before I had been able to decide which of the three it was or guess at some combination of them, she had pranced closer

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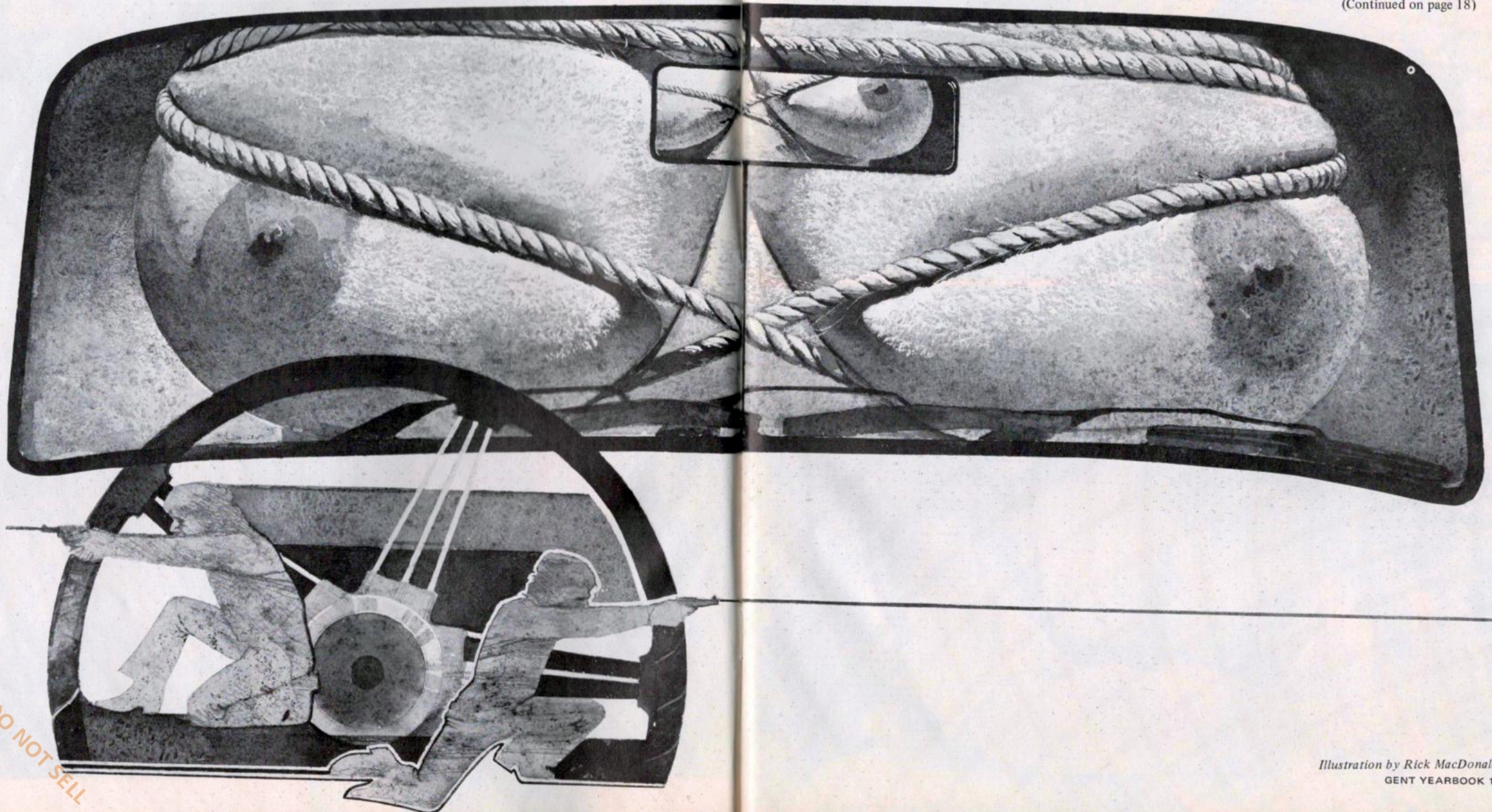


Illustration by Rick MacDonald  
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# PEARL'S WISDOM

Pearl Parks is a big girl—a no-nonsense, outspoken beauty who doesn't beat around the bush about anything. She just comes right out and tells you what's on her mind and if you don't like it—well, as Pearl would say: that's tough, man. We covered a lot of things in one afternoon. Take men, for instance: Pearl says that any man who lets a woman run him around does it because he wants to be dominated. And that, says Pearl, sure isn't her kind of man. She thinks love is a temporary biological urge that fades pretty fast once the flame dies down, so you'd better have a lot more going for you. She thinks women's liberation is silly. She says that she's been liberated right from the start. She also comes right out and tells you her measurements (40-28-40) and, of course we didn't argue. We said that we thought Pearl was really a sweet girl who just put on a tough act for the fun of it. "Yeah?" she asked unsmiling, "You boys wanna arm wrestle?"



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and my eyes had glued to the imprint of her nipples pushing out the flimsy fabric of her low-cut, mini-skirted dress.

She had been walking on the opposite side of the narrow mall, and after waiting for her to pass me, I had trailed along behind her until I had decided that it made better sense to admire her loveliness from the front. So I had scrambled ahead of her and, from my side of the mall, had stared back at her freely moving titties until we had reached the enormous department store at the end of the mall.

I had hesitated at the entrance to this store while she had rampaged into the jewelry department, after which she had faded into china before evaporating into Oriental rugs.

Giving up on her, I had gradually retreated to the fifth shop back up the mall when she had appeared at the big department store's exit. Still package-less, she had checked her watch before coming back up my side of the mall and entering the first shop. When she had come out of it and had headed into the second, she had been walking slower. I had figured her for a housewife window-shopping prior to going home to cook her hard-working husband's sirloin.

As she had worked her way back up the mall toward me, I had dawdled along in front of her and gazed over my shoulder at her jutting tits. She had gone into every store before reaching the crossway at the center of the mall. In the middle of the crossway, she had halted to check her watch again. Unless she had purchased something small enough to go into the handbag slung over her right shoulder, she had bought nothing in any of the stores.

I had given ground ahead of her until I had decided to sit down on one of the benches running lengthwise down the middle of the mall. There I had lit a long, slender cigar and had commenced to puff and chew at it while staring back at the blonde.

She had sauntered up to the window of the big shoe store and looked in and sighed and shrugged her shoulders and was now meandering toward me. She stopped and looked at her watch again and then came on more rapidly. She was walking once more with that same prance and

bounce-of-tit which had first caused me to notice her.

As she went swinging by, I was tempted to reach out and grab a couple of handfuls of that abundant lusciousness. Almost any of the heroes I read about in adventure stories would have done it, but somehow I got the idea that they would never have set foot in a covered suburban shopping mall either; so I entered that as my excuse and refrained from grasping that oh-so-soft-looking body.

I occupied myself with my cigar and took several long draws from it as I rose and strolled idly after her. After a dozen steps, I speeded up to make sure I didn't lose her in the crowd.

I gained on her steadily and was no more than six feet behind her when she swung open one of the glass doors at the end of the mall and walked onto the sidewalk outside. I stopped at the same glass door as it came to and watched her angle out along the sidewalk.

A black limousine swooped to the curb just in front of her. A tall man with wide shoulders, enormous hands, and an ape-like face opened the back door on the blonde's side and sprang out.

As he grabbed her roughly, I opened the glass door and heard him say, "Well, baby, I'm finally gonna get some of you."

She struggled fruitlessly in the big man's grip. I saw him reach behind her and yank down the zipper of her dress. He had the dress pulled down over her shoulders when he shoved her into the back seat of the limousine and jumped in on top of her, closing the door behind him.

As the limousine squalled away from the curb and I bounded for the parking lot, I knew that I would be her rescuer. And she would be grateful the way women were supposed to be grateful, the way they were always grateful to the numerous heroes I had read about. I thought again of the abundant flesh of her titties and smiled at the thought that she had plenty to be grateful with.

The engine to my dark green, convertible sports car fired on the first try. I didn't see the limousine as I roared across the parking lot. At the street I stopped and then decided to gamble that they would head for the country instead of downtown.

A minute later I gambled again and took the freeway going north. I cursed the heavy traffic that forced me to

stop on the entrance ramp and then, when I got an opening, red-lined the sports car in each of the first three gears after pulling out.

Settling down at ninety, there was no sign of them for nearly five minutes, and I started to think I'd figured wrong. But turning back now was useless. If I'd gambled wrong, they were already long gone. There was nothing to do but ride this one out.

Pushing my foot further toward the firewall, I watched the speedometer needle climb past ninety-five and labor toward the hundred mark. "God," I thought, "don't let there be any damn cops on this road."

A hundred-and-five around the next curve, and I saw them! It had to be them, a long way ahead yet, but it had to be them.

I hit the brakes hard and down-shifted as I watched the black car roll down an exit ramp. The engine whined loudly as the lower gear forced my car to slow down. As the whine subsided and the speed nearly stabilized, I down-shifted again and hit the top of the exit ramp at about sixty-five. I saw the black limousine headed down the road to the right. No doubt about it now—it was them.

At the bottom of the ramp, I came to a full stop and waited a few seconds. It would be stupid to get too close. I flipped down the door to the glove compartment, took out the little .32 revolver, and checked to be sure it was loaded.

Sticking the pistol inside my belt, I then pulled onto the winding, two-lane road. The black limousine was out of sight around a curve, and for the next several miles I did my best to stay far enough back so that I would only be able to get a glimpse of it before it rounded the next curve.

But I kept thinking about those luscious, fleshy titties on that blonde. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I crammed the stick-shift into a lower gear and mashed down on the accelerator. By the time I hit fourth again, I was right behind them. As I sailed around them in the middle of a blind curve, I looked over.

The blonde was up against the back door on my side. Apparently in a daze, she was staring vacantly straight ahead. The big man with the ape-like face was smiling and had his left arm locked around her neck. She jerked her head aside suddenly, in my general direction, and I figured he must have

(Continued on page 23)



"Shucks, Ma'm, don't think nothin' of it. Us dude ranch hands gotta be ready to ride anything."



BY PROFESSOR CARL H. GILES

The female breasts vary more in individual sensitivity than any other area of the anatomy. Although many millions of men have a breast fixation, the masses know less about the bust than any other body part. The great breast debate on bigness ignores their physiological reactions during sex acts.

Things happen to the *femme* when her breasts are manually or orally stimulated. Touching, tonguing, squeezing, or sucking on them arouses the nerve endings. The nerve network sends impulses to the pituitary gland at the base of the brain. The pituitary then releases a hormone. The bloodstream carries the body chemical to the uterus causing it to contract. These contractions may be highly arousing and gratifying.

In the vernacular of the average young woman this biological response is stated as, "That went straight to my vagina."

Sexologists are still trying to find out why some women have rather insensitive breasts. The responses to stimulation range from women who climax with just some stroking or mouthing of their breasts to those who feel almost nothing when the same love is given to them.

One theory is that some women have a less sensitive neural structure or that there are other major differences in their anatomy or physiology. Another conjecture is that some women have mental barriers preventing them from enjoying breast loving. There is also the possibility that both physiological and psychological factors may be responsible for the lack of response.

The nipples are the most sensitive part of the breasts. Sexologists William Masters and Virginia Johnson found that the nipples get relatively as large as the male penis when aroused. The amount of nipple erection—relative to their initial size—is as great as the proportion of erection in the male organ.

Behavioral scientists now say that smaller breasts may well be much more sensitive than very large ones. Like any part of the anatomy, the breasts have a set number of nerve endings. In larger breasts, the nerves are not as concentrated since they must cover more flesh. A hand massaging a smaller breast is going to produce more tactile sensations than the same hand would give a bigger one.

## Tit-illating



*How to show her  
your appreciation.*

are performing fellatio. If the woman kneels closely over a man while she is fellating him, the breasts touching him aids in his and her arousal level.

The normal male has an innate desire to make oral contact with the bosom. He may lick, kiss, or suck the nipples and other areas of the breasts. Highly-sexed women say the more passionate they get the more touching and mouthing of the breasts they desire.

Many men prefer intercourse only in positions which give them mouth contact with the breasts. Some women get so aroused during the sex act that they caress their own breasts. Many women who masturbate with vibrators also apply the tingling massage to their breasts. X-rated movies sometimes portray women trying to lick their own breasts. And some with huge ones are able to tongue their own nipples.

Both men and women get pleasure from the penis making contact with breasts. Sex counselors encourage such foreplay. More than one man today will have his penis sandwiched between breasts, and some of them will be delighted with enough friction to climax. The sex scientists have case studies of men who lose their erection during intercourse if they do not keep contact with the breasts. Dr. Chartham advises men to always use their hands on the breasts or other body parts during intercourse to provide the maximum stimulation.

Very few women are aware that the male's breasts are equally as sensitive as their own! Most men do not know their nipples will respond to sexual contact! Some women—usually the accomplished oral experts—know that sucking or tonguing the male breasts will aid his erection and arousal.

Behavioral authorities point out that the small male breasts also have nerves in them. Women who wish to give efficient sexual pleasure should not ignore them. The male nipples will also harden when given attention.

"Males, and particularly American males, may find considerable psychological stimulation in touching and manipulating the female breast," Dr. Alfred Kinsey said in 1947.

Sex research since then shows much more about the physical and mental sensuality of the *femme* breasts. The love laboratories are still seeking more understanding of them, and men are getting more and better loving out of them to the pleasure of both sexes. ○

Breast size difference in women is due primarily to heredity. Not only do the size and shape of the breasts vary from woman to woman, the size of the nipples and the aureolas—the darker colored rings surrounding the nipples—are rarely alike.

Some women have very deep brown aureolas while others have a lighter flesh tone, and there are almost white ones. Nipples come in similar shades, but some have a red hue. Anatomists still don't know why some women have a circle of small bumps surrounding their nipples. Many women

have these raised areas for no known reason. Romantic writers have likened them to little stars on the love moons.

Depending somewhat, but not totally on body build, breasts can be higher on the chest of one woman than on another. Some breasts are closer together than others. Vein shadows show on some breasts while others have the skin unmarked.

As well as can be determined, the responses to stimulation of the breasts are due to conditioning. Men and women have many distorted views concerning bustlines. The man often

gets more excited than the woman when he loves her breasts. Lesbians also employ breast stimulation, but it is not nearly as pronounced as with a man.

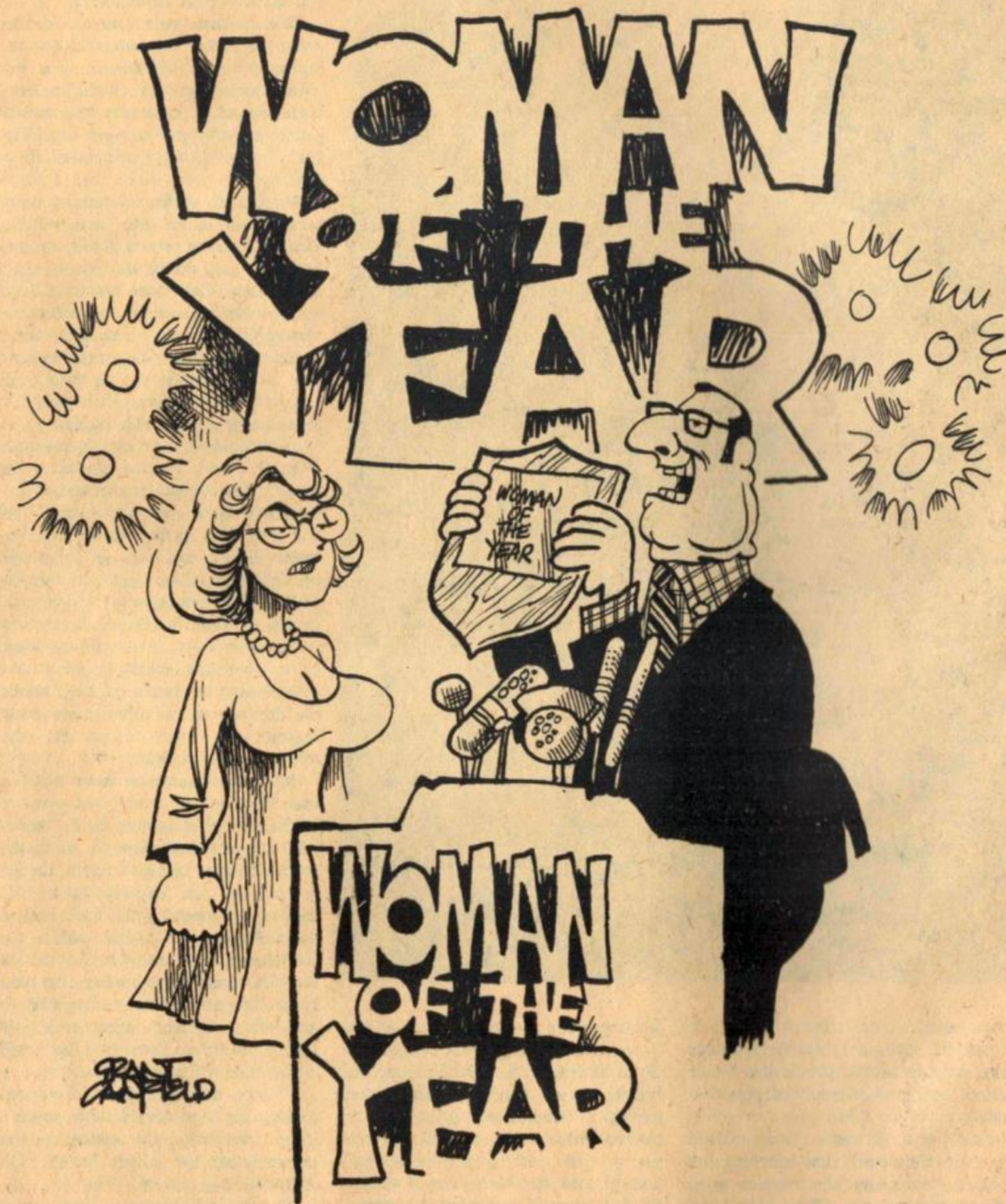
As girls develop into mature women, they learn that touching the breasts, especially the nipples gives pleasant sensations. They also learn that men begin to react to the sights of the growing breasts. So they become synonymous with sexual pleasure and sex appeal.

The breasts may change in size and shape during pregnancy. Some women

get bigger and more shapely ones, and they retain them after childbirth. Other women have high, full beautiful breasts which sag and deflate after having a child. They also may be marred with stretch marks. The breasts get gorged with milk during pregnancy, and the skin suffers if women do not exercise and wear the proper support bras.

Sexologists Robert Chartham and David Reuben, are among the clinical experts who stress breast stimulation during sex acts. Many women desire to have their breasts handled while they





"For outstanding achievements in the fields of consumerism, penal reform, human rights legislation, public affairs and the arts, we are indeed proud to present this award to a chick with great tits..."

## A BLONDE AND A GUN

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jabbed her down below with his right hand.

The driver, a middle-aged man who was greying at the temples, was nonchalant and didn't even look over at me as I passed.

I pulled ahead of them slowly. Occasionally I drifted back toward them before again extending the lead. They had to turn off somewhere, and I wanted to be able to see where in my rear-view mirror.

Seven or eight minutes further on, near the end of a long straightaway, I glanced back and didn't see them. I eased around the next curve, pulled onto the shoulder, and killed the engine. Two minutes, then three; I waited, my heart pounding. Yes, this was it!

I started up again, whipped a U-turn, went back around the curve, and zoomed down the straightaway before nearly stopping again for the curve at the other end. Their turn-off had to be somewhere close.

Fifty yards past the curve, I saw on the left what I was looking for, an almost unnoticeable driveway prac-

tically overgrown with weeds. The weeds were pressed down in two roughly parallel rows about five feet apart. The old driveway led back into the woods. I could already imagine the tumble-down shack that had to be back there.

I parked by the side of the road and hopped out, patting the revolver at my belt and trotting quickly for the woods. As I reached them, exhilaration gripped me and I could feel the softness of her gigantic mounds beneath my fingers.

I hurried on, paying no attention to the noise I was making in the brush. One time I inadvertently crossed the driveway in my headlong rush forward. Realizing the blunder and the noise suddenly, I stopped on the other side, my chest heaving. I pushed the tit memory down in my mind, pulled out the pistol, and tiptoed through the woods alongside the driveway for another hundred yards.

I spotted the clearing and the white-grey wooden shack then and veered further from the driveway. I knelt down at the edge of the woods and saw the black limousine parked beside a well no more than fifteen feet from the house.

Neither the big-titted blonde I

craved nor either of the two men I wanted to kill was anywhere in sight. And I wanted to be doing to her what they must be doing to her inside the house.

I circled around along the edge of the woods, crouched low, and darted forward to come out beside the car. I looked at the pistol in my right hand, stuck up my head, and looked inside the car. Nothing.

Taking a firmer grip on the gun, I scampered around the car to the well. Oh, so close now! Shoot them both and she would be mine!

I sprang for the side of the house, stepped lightly onto the front porch, and edged toward the doorway. I could hear her grunt, and one of the men cursed.

The door was open. I poked my head around and looked in.

Two ropes were looped over a rafter. The blonde, completely naked and straight in front of the door, hung by her wrists from the ropes, her feet dangling a few inches from the floor.

The man with the ape-like face stood just to her front and to one side and was taking off his shirt. He let the shirt drop to the floor and reached out a ham-like hand to fondle one of her titties.

"Now," he purred cruelly, "we'll see what you're like."

He moved between her and me then, but I could tell he had grasped her titties and was twisting them hard. He stepped back and slapped her across the mouth before moving back to the side to take down his pants.

I should have shot him then, but I was fascinated, wanting to see what would come next. My gaze glued to the blonde's proud titties, and I studied their stretch marks and blue veins, evident even from the ten to twelve feet away where I stood peeping in the doorway.

His pants, shorts, socks, and shoes on the floor beside his shirt, the big man advanced toward her again. Again, I could tell that he was twisting those beautiful tits. He dropped his hands and laughed a low, mean laugh.

"Spread your legs, slut!" he commanded hoarsely.

Vigorously, she shook her head no. He slapped her again, brutally, and jerked her satiny legs around his thighs. Then he moved his hands around in front of his crotch, and I knew what he must be doing.

He thrust forward hard, and the blonde groaned in pain.



"Ah, there you are Miss Blenkner, you little scamp—I thought I'd find you under 'F.'"

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GENT YEARBOOK 23





*Posed by professional models.*

# 9 TYPES OF MEN WHO SCORE EASILY

*It may be time  
to adjust your act.*

BY CLARK BASS

What type of man makes the most women with the least effort? Actually, after considerable research, it has been found that no one single type scores significantly more than other types, although it has been narrowed down to nine general types. If you are one of these types, probably you are making it pretty good with the gals. If you are not one of these types, and you are not making it pretty good with the gals, then perhaps you should choose which of these types fit you best, and then strive to perfect it. Any man should be able to be at least one of these high-scoring types without any trouble whatsoever.

## **Super-Cool**

Ben is an example of the Super-Cool type. Not every man can be a Super-Cool type, but research has found that most Super-Cool types get plenty of gals between the sheets, and the gals seem to dig coming back for more.

Ben is kind of a combination between Joe Namath and Burt Reynolds. Nothing ever really threw him to the point where he lost his cool under any situation. Once at a restaurant with a chick he spilled soup all over her brand-new dress. She cried out in horror, not only from the soiled dress, but from the burning liquid as well.

None of this threw Ben. He looked at her with cool, steady eyes, with almost a faint hint of a smile. "You see, baby," he said, "even the soup has

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the hots for you."

Not many men could have come out of that situation in good shape, but Ben rushed the chick out of the restaurant and to his apartment, got her out of her ruined dress and into bed with him. He knew how upset she was, and he comforted her in the way that men have always comforted women best. Ben was cool enough to make the most of the situation. He knew that getting a gal's mind between her legs is the best way to get her mind off her troubles.

He even talked her into spending the night with him, naked of course, and the next day they both took off from work while he took her dress to a one-day-service cleaners and had it all fixed up. The frisky couple screwed like rabbits all night and day, and Ben could only thank his coolness for turning a near tragedy into almost twenty-four hours of fantastic sex.

The Super-Cool type is never hassled, hurried or hustled. He never finds himself in a frenzy. He is calm and collected under all circumstances. He has perfected the knack of gazing into a gal's eyes steadily until she melts into his will. He can get away with anything because he's so confident, so sure of himself, so positive that he knows what he's doing that any woman feels almost foolish for stopping him. He never gets nervous or riled. He is Super-Cool.

#### The Thinker

Charlie is an example of the type man who scores by using his mind. From an early age Charlie knew that he could never depend upon his looks, his build, or his personality. He didn't have that special kind of way about him to be the Super-Cool type. So he became the Thinker.

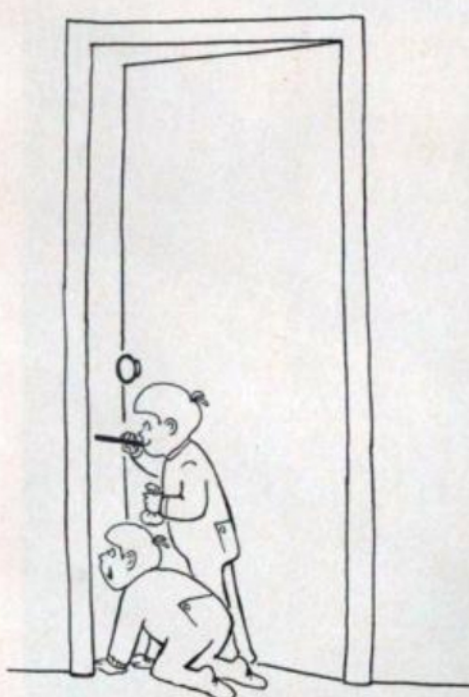
Charlie scored so easily with so many different women because he always knew beforehand that he would. When only a teenager he began studying yoga, mental science, and other forms of mind control, and he learned and proved the value of positive thinking. He knew that the experiences and conditions of his life were determined by the thoughts he entertained in his mind. So he became a creative thinker and, consequently, a creative scorer.

When there was a particular chick Charlie wanted to make it with, he would sit down alone in silent contemplation and visualize in his mind all the things he wanted to do with her. He

would imagine how it would feel to hold her naked body, and he would visualize his tongue flicking an erect nipple and imagine his fingers stroking an extremely wet crotch. Finally, he would make a mental reality of thrusting between her legs. He would become totally familiar with having sex with her first in his mind, and then it was simple to carry it out in reality.

When he was with the girl, he would only trace the steps he had already carried out mentally. His self-confidence was overwhelming, and Charlie never once doubted that his mental creation would come true. Even if she protested at first, her protests were weak and feeble. Her nipples would be erect and her crotch wet, just as he had imagined them. Her legs would open wide as Charlie prepared to thrust. Often, women would comment afterwards that they had no idea why they let him do it, but they never seemed to regret it.

This type man simply thinks what he wants to happen, and refuses to think about what he doesn't want to be true. He knows that his thoughts are creative, that mind over matter is a reality, and that whatever he believes is going to happen is what is going to happen. He knows, also, that his thoughts effect the women he is with, and so he thinks in a sexy way. The Thinker knows that scoring is one of the fine arts of life.



"Not yet!

Wait until they do it doggy style."

#### Great Appreciator

Paul is an example of the appreciative type. He was the Great Appreciator. He appreciated women to the highest degree, and research shows that men who are very appreciative of women tend to score easily and often.

Paul was full of compliments. Not phony compliments, but very real, very sincere compliments. His eyes would light up any time he ever saw a girl, so you can rightfully imagine that his eyes were pretty bright all the time. On a date, he was actually happy to see a gal greet him at the door. He told her how wonderful she looked, and the rest of the night he told her how wonderful she did everything else. He wasn't trying to sound hokey. He really meant it!

Women were always attracted to his way, and they loved his appreciation so much that they took advantage of it just to know that he could appreciate everything. Paul did. He appreciated the way they dressed, the way they danced, and the way her hand felt when he took it to guide her. Then later on he appreciated the way her clothes slipped off her body, the way her boobs bounced freely, the way her legs spread eagerly. He appreciated how wet she got when he inserted himself, and he appreciated how she clamped down so tightly. He appreciated how she squealed and writhed when she came, and he appreciated how she cooed in his ear when he came a few moments later. Paul was extremely appreciative all the way around, and gals loved it.

This type man literally loves women inside and out. He thinks the female sex is the greatest thing going, and they can do no wrong in his eyes. He appreciates everything about them, including the things most men don't even notice. As a reward, women rarely set any limits to the number of things The Appreciator can appreciate. They let him appreciate it all.

#### Hard-To-Get

Brad is an example of the type man who is Hard-To-Get. Instead of making any real effort to get a gal, he would present himself as a challenge. When he met a chick who turned him on, he would show a slight sign of interest, and then wait for her to make the move.

For example, Brad met Linda at a party. He talked to her a few minutes in the way most men do when they're

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## YESTERYEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT HEROS

*Abbott and Costello, Jimmy Durante, W.C. Fields, Bert Lahr: they all worked their way up in burlesque—when it was the best show around.*

BY FRANK THISTLE

One evening not long ago, comedian Red Buttons waxed nostalgic as he looked down upon the glittering lights of Hollywood from his plush, \$100,000 mansion perched high on a hilltop in BelAir.

"This place is so high," he quipped, "I think the next voice I hear will be St. Peter's." Then he settled himself comfortably in an easy chair and reminisced about his old days in burlesque.

"I remember when I was with Minsky," he recalled. "The depression was still on and I was making forty-five dollars a week doing an act with a loincloth and a bunch of strippers. Out of that I gave my mother twenty dollars a week. Things were pretty tough. I had a forty dollar suit and an eighteen dollar topcoat and felt like Beau Brummel. Last year my tailor's bill was \$5,000."

Buttons has certainly come a long way since the days when he was frequenting hash joints where the breakfast special cost twenty-five cents. He struck it rich twenty years ago due to a chance role in the motion picture *Sayonara*. Because of his stellar performance, he captured an Academy Award in his first movie role. Red received \$25,000 for portraying airman Joe Kelly in the film. Now he gets about \$100,000 for a picture.

Like Red Buttons, the majority of today's top comics have gone from rags to riches or, to put it another way, from baggy pants to tuxedos. Their gags and methods of delivery may be different but, with few exceptions, they all have one thing in common—they began their careers in burlesque.

Almost all veteran comedians springboarded to stardom in the movie, television, radio or the nightclub circuit after serving a long and grueling apprenticeship in burlesque. The list is long and includes such famous funnymen as Phil

Silvers, Red Skelton, Milton Berle, Bert Lahr, Eddie Cantor, W.C. Fields, Jackie Gleason, Abbott and Costello, Jimmy Durante, Ed Wynn and a host of others. Let's take a look at how these top comics learned the tricks of their trade in the relaxed, rollicking and risqué atmosphere of burlesque.

Phil Silvers started his career in show business by joining Gus Edwards' vaudeville act as a boy soprano, following in the footsteps of Georgie Jessel and Walter Winchell. When radio caused the death of vaudeville, Silvers got a job on the borsch circuit and later joined Minsky's Gaiety Theater in New York as a humble "third banana" (or number three comedian).

For the next five years Silvers learned the burley technique under the expert tutelage of Herbie Faye, one of the great old-timers. Faye recalls the difficulties Silvers had during this period.

"Silvers had talent," Faye once said, "but he was stiff. He could do anything in a living room, but when we got him on stage, he froze. But he learned fast."

Silvers invariably played the part of the fall guy and was subjected to every conceivable form of rowdy tomfoolery. Wearing baggy pants, a putted nose, and trick shoes, he was forever being hit on the head with folded newspapers, drenched to the skin with buckets of water, pushed over tables and chairs, pasted in the face with custard pies, having his breakaway clothes torn from his body, and was often flung sprawling onto the stage floor. Silvers took it all—and usually in a prone position.

After being the butt of the horseplay for five long years, Silvers was elevated to "top banana" (the comic who gets top billing). Upon becoming the top comedian, he reversed his stage role and cultivated an air of refinement. He wore a crew-cut toupee, always carried a cane, and was the first burlesque comic to doff baggy pants and don ordinary street clothes in his comedy acts. During this period Silvers

*W.C. Fields began his show business career in Atlantic City at the age of ten. He later went on to star in burlesque.*



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26





The famous partnership of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello was born the day of their first meeting in a Brooklyn burlesque house. While still unknowns they performed for twenty bucks the same act they would later stage for \$15,000.

was regarded as a "strange one."

"He gave you the impression that he was always thinking," recalls a fellow comic.

Quite possibly Silvers was thinking about which one of the strippers he would date after the show. Evidently they made quite an impression on him, for he vividly remembers those dates today.

"They were beautiful women who made an adjustment—and got \$1,500 a week for it," he says. "You had to keep your balance on sex because that's all there is in burlesque. They have their morals, although it's an immoral business."

Eventually, Silvers gagged his way to Broadway. From then on, Silvers had millions of Americans laughing with him rather than at him. For his performance in the Broadway show *Top Banana* in 1952, in which he played an ex-burlesque comic who fast-talked his way into TV, he received innumerable awards and much acclaim. He soon became a full-fledged star earning approximately a quarter of a million dollars a year.

Bert Lahr, whose facial contortions and clowning artistry were once familiar to practically everyone in the country, ran away from home in 1910 as a lad of fifteen and began his career as a comic by crashing burlesque. He soon mastered the art of timing and the educated leer, and invented the now famous expressions "Oooooong-Oooooong" and "Boy oh boy oh boy." Lahr never failed to keep audiences "rolling in the aisles" with his uproarious portrayals of the eccentric cop, maniacal artist and bombastic baritone.

After he had mastered burlesque, he switched to the higher plateau of vaudeville, and later conquered musical comedy and became one of the all-time greats of the musical stage. The only two mediums in which he was never successful were radio and the movies.

Referring to his discomfort on the radio, Lahr once said, "I can't stand there with a script. I've got to move."

His first and most successful movie role was the classic lion in *The Wizard of Oz*. Thereafter, he played other minor parts in films but failed to click. Lahr casually dismissed his failure to make a go of it in the movies by saying, "Well, how many lion parts are there?"

Despite his failure in radio and films, Lahr is considered one of the greatest comic geniuses who ever lived. Herbert Berghof, who directed Lahr in Broadway musicals, said of him during his heyday: "He's one of the few remaining primitives. I mean he is unslick, he moved completely according to his own laws. He is a genius."

W.C. Fields, the late bulbous-nosed comic who won renown for ridiculing pomposity in people and institutions, gained his first experience as a stooge and comic actor at the early age of ten at the Fortesque Pavilion in Atlantic City. It was his duty to put on a phony drowning act when the management thought business was falling off.

All he had to do was swim out into the ocean some distance, shout, "Help!" and then dive under the water and come up in a minute and repeat the same cry. Then a couple of "plants" would swim out and tow the blubbling Fields to shore. After a crowd had collected, Fields, who was receiving artificial respiration at the hands of his co-workers, would inject still more realism into the act by spitting out streams of water—usually right into the faces of curious bystanders.

With so much excellent "acting" experience behind him, Fields went on to greater heights. He became one of the leading lights on Broadway, starring in such rip-roaring burlesques as *Twirly-Whirly*, *Whoop-Dee-Doo*, *Hoity-Toity*, and *Wiggledy-Piggledy*.

In later life, Fields reputedly guzzled several quarts of gin daily, starting the moment he woke up. Shortly before he died on Christmas Day in 1946, as he lay in a hospital bed, a doctor told him bluntly that he had the most badly diseased liver he had ever seen. Fields, although suffering intense pain, nodded grimly and wisecracked, "Naturally. It's because you've been making me drink a whitish fluid they force down helpless babies."

Like Fields, Al Jolson had somewhat of a "watery" beginning in show business. His first job was selling water for a penny a glass at Eddie Herman's burlesque show. Jolson, the son of a Jewish cantor, often sang as he walked up and down the streets selling newspapers as a kid in short pants. He kept this practice up when he began selling water in burlesque. Herman, impressed by his strong vocal chords, brought him to the attention of Al Reeves, known as the



Ed Wynn in *Marjorie Morningstar*, also starring Gene Kelly.

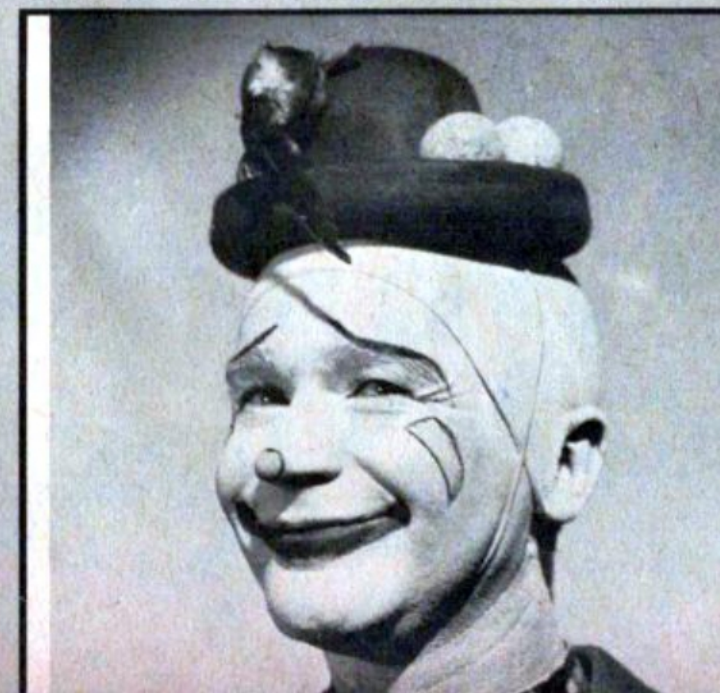
"King of Burlesque" at the time. Reeves invited him to join his troupe, with the result that Jolson left home at the age of fifteen.

Jolson's first job with Reeves was selling songbooks, a task he carried on with a vengeance, singing lustily as he strode up and down the aisles of the theater. Reeves' forte was singing and playing the banjo. He was given the nickname of "Diamond Al Reeves" because of his jewel-studded banjo and his custom of wearing a big yellow diamond stickpin. Reeves' influence had a profound effect on Jolson, and when he struck out on his own he copied Reeves' act to some extent.

Jolson, of course, was later to win renown as a fast-strumming banjo player who displayed his virtuosity in a number of successful Shubert musicals. He soon became identified as a top-flight minstrel man and a glorified replica of the old banjo-singing Negro.

One of his favorite stunts was to play encore after encore, always prefacing them with the words, "You ain't heard nothin' yet." But the stunt for which Jolson became best known and served as his trademark was his practice of dropping suddenly to his knees, stretching out his arms beseechingly, looking up to the heavens and crying, "Mammy!" One of his greatest contributions to the

*Red Buttons hit the big time with his role in Sayonara.*



entertainment world was making singing an integral part of motion pictures through his introduction of songs in *The Jazz Singer*, the first talking film.

Another banjo player who became famous after a long stint in burlesque was Eddie Cantor. Eddie began his career with Frank B. Carr's burlesque show and later worked with Jean Bedini, one of the greatest producers in burlesque. Cantor blossomed into a fine ad-libber who seldom stuck to his lines due to his ability to visualize comic situations as a whole. This special talent of Cantor's created a big demand for his services in musical comedies, blackouts and television sketches in later years.

Red Skelton, the madcap merrymaker of movies and television, came by his talent naturally. His father was a circus clown who died before he was born. Red came from a big family and a poor one. He went to work at the age of eight and, at fourteen was a seasoned veteran of burlesque and vaudeville shows.

Jackie Gleason began his career as a jokesmith as a Coney Island barker. He slaved in the Miami Club in Newark, New Jersey, for eight bucks a week, doubling as a bouncer, then showed up in the city's Empire Theater as a burlesque banana. In between, he toiled as a shill for a troupe of crazy men known as "B Ward Beam International Congress of Daredevils."

Gleason's job was to ride around a track with a helldiver, hurling jokes over a portable loudspeaker and scaring the daylights out of customers. He joined the Daredevils in the East and stuck it out with them as far as Centreville, Michigan, where he was fired because he made the elephants in the carnival nervous. Despite his inauspicious start, Gleason went on to sign a five-million dollar television contract.

During his early days as a burlesque banana, Milton Berle wasn't considered a very good gagster. For example, in 1929, gag writer Goodman Ace, who was then a theatrical critic, reviewed one of Berle's shows:

"Milton Berle," wrote Ace, "a young comedian with old jokes, held down the next-to-closing position. It was Mr. Berle who said, 'A funny thing happened on my way to the theater...' but if it did, it didn't happen on the stage. It must cost a lot of money for material, so here come some newies for Mr. Berle which he can have free of charge."

Ace then listed an entire column of original jokes. Many years later, during a script conference, Berle suddenly stood up, whistled for attention and took out the worn clipping from the newspaper.

"Goody," he said, "I think we can use some of these jokes right now."

The famous comedy team of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, which broke up amicably in 1957 when Costello decided to go it alone, came into being on the day of their first meeting at a Brooklyn burlesque house. Lou and Bud began to work up some routines together backstage, and Lou's "I'm a ba-a-a-ad boy" line was born, to become a household expression throughout the land years later. The idea for the gag actually originated during Lou's grammar school days when the teacher had compelled him to write "I am a bad boy" one-hundred times on the blackboard.

The two comics also worked out their, "Who's on first?" routine, which later helped make them millionaires. This particular sketch, used thousands of times by the team, was performed by them for as little as twenty dollars and, after they became famous, for as much as \$15,000.

Recalling the twenty dollar fee, Lou once said, "We got



it from an amusement park in Philadelphia. We gave our agent his two dollars and spent the eighteen dollars for rides on a miniature train."

After a few years in burlesque, the team was booked into Loew's State Theater in New York, after breaking records at the Atlantic City Steel Pier. At Loew's they were seen by Ted Collins, manager of Kate Smith, the famous singer, and signed for the Kate Smith Radio show, where they became a regular feature, carefully tidying up their burlesque routines.

Next came Broadway musicals and then Hollywood. They astounded movie moguls by clowning through *Buck Privates*, which cost but \$90,000 to produce and grossed almost ten-million dollars. During their comedy partnership of twenty-two years, they made over forty movies which grossed an estimated 130-million dollars and earned for the comics at least 30-million dollars.

In addition to a galaxy of male stars, burlesque also launched two very famous female personalities—Fanny Brice and Sophie Tucker.

Fanny Brice managed to land a job in a burlesque show as a comedienne after earning her living by singing illustrated songs at a nickelodeon house in New York City. Fanny claimed Irving Berlin played a major part in starting her off on the road of destiny.

When she got a job with the College Girls company, Fanny went to Berlin for song material. When Berlin asked her what kind of songs she wanted, Fanny replied she would leave it to his judgment. Berlin sat down at the piano and sang two songs with a Jewish accent. Until then, Fanny had never spoken a line of dialect, but she instinctively followed Berlin's lead and sang as he did.

That was a crucial moment in my life," she said, "though I didn't know it then. If Irving had given me an Irish song and done it with a brogue, I would have been an Irish comedienne forever."

Fanny went on to make theatrical history. Ziegfeld signed her up for the Follies and she became one of the country's most popular comics almost overnight. Her "Baby Snooks" characterization endeared her to millions of Americans.

Sophie Tucker, better known as the last of the Red-Hot Mamas, worked her way up from a red-light district to honky-tonks and eventually into burlesque, where she often delivered her boisterous songs standing in front of the footlights and pointing a gun at the audience. Her amazing ability to shout the blues made her a national institution.

It is not surprising that the majority of today's top comics received their professional education in musty burlesque halls. There were no rules and regulations to adhere to and every comic had ample opportunity to develop his own inimitable style of presentation. Burlesque also afforded novice comics with plenty of experience in learning how to attract and hold the attention of a rowdy and difficult audience; an audience which was ever ready to hiss and hoot and hurl eggs and tomatoes at the performers on stage when they were bored or thought the comics weren't trying hard enough to be funny.

There wasn't a tougher audience to please in those days than a burlesque audience. And keeping them pleased and happy required youth, ability and plenty of guts. In short, burlesque provided comics with invaluable experience which they could not have obtained elsewhere.

All the burlesque comics we have mentioned fell into one of two categories. They were either straight-men or



Bert Lahr, of *The Wizard Of Oz* fame, with Virginia Mayo.

fall-guys. The straight-men were well-dressed, debonair and made it a point to use the King's English and big words. Their counterparts wore baggy pants and were generally very sloppily dressed and acted as though illiterate.

The comics evoked as much laughter from the use of optical effects as they did from their gags and lively, risqué banter. In addition to the ridiculous nature of their grotesque and ill-fitting costumes, they never failed to bring down the house by using pickles, cucumbers, billyclubs, and a wide assortment of other objects as sexual symbols in various skits.

Although burlesque furnished an excellent schooling for neophyte comics, no comic with anything on the ball stayed in burlesque for long. The reason was that after a comic had learned the ropes, burlesque became boring and offered little room for a comic's personal growth. Burlesque frowned upon new material and fresh, original means of presentation.

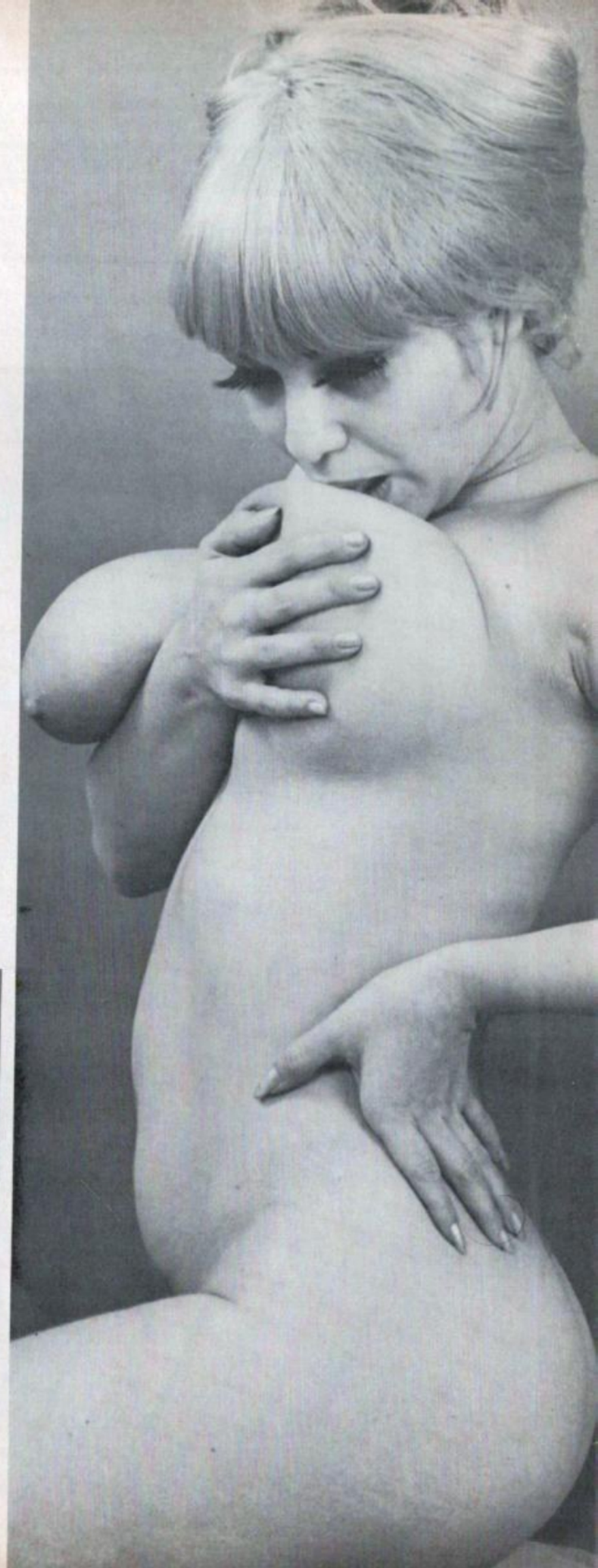
Comics are no longer the main attractions in burlesque shows but serve as fill-ins to break the monotony of a steady stream of strippers strutting their stuff. Burlesque shows today are presented in the belief that customers are only interested in seeing a spicy display of feminine flesh. So today's young comics will have to look elsewhere for more fertile fields in which to serve their apprenticeships.

Phil Silvers and Jonathan Winters. We'll take Jonathan.



## MAMMARY MENAGERIE

As *Gent* becomes bigger and better, we thought we'd give you, our great readers, another look at some of the busty beauties who have contributed to our success—a few snatches of the past, so to speak. And for starts, here's a *Gent* favorite, Devine Danielle. When last featured, Danielle was working at becoming a singer—a huge success, but she hadn't made it yet. Well, she didn't give up, and she's now a featured favorite at many of the country's top spots. "I'm no longer living hand to mouth," she says, and now she can afford all of the pretty clothes she likes, and all of the tight sweaters she wants to buy. Why does she like tight sweaters? "Because I get so much attention in them," she answers. Wonderful Wendy, on the next page, is still living in New Hampshire, entertaining during the skiing season, and making great hot rums for her friends. She doesn't like too many friends over at a time though. "I'm not really a social animal. I get headaches just thinking of big parties," she says. "I prefer staying home by myself and curling up all snug and warm with a good book, or even better, with a good writer. I really like writers. They're nice and quiet and—you know—intellectual." She says she isn't entirely anti-social, but more than three people are more than she can handle. Wendy doesn't ski herself, but she has a lot of other things to offer.







Up top is our 40DD favorite Olga Reynolds who's half-Irish and half-German and we think that's a nice combination. Olga says that it gives her a little trouble though, because her Irish side is too fun loving for her serious side. It's not all that serious, though. Then above is our blonde and buxom nature girl Sherry Newman, an aspiring actress and nature lover who loves her career but says it's hard to get ahead. We can't understand why Sherry would have trouble with her obvious assets. Daring Dottie, at right, who is a real champion at 42-27-35 lives on a farm and works in the city and the combination of a healthy body from good food and a keen mind makes her something else. Careful though, she gives a mean tongue-lashing.



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Twenty-year-old Anne Ali is back once more with her fantastic 36Ds and a lot of fun. Anne is a big girl, but not very tall. She's five feet, two inches in her bare feet and weighs only 110 pounds, but she's still a whole lotta woman, as anyone can see. She watches her weight carefully because she has a weakness for fattening foods. "It's difficult," she says, but so far she's still holding her own, as we're sure you've noticed. Doing likewise, at right, is terrific Terry Jackson, who has been around the world a couple of times. "I love to travel," she says, "and when I was a teenager I used to do a lot of hitchhiking, but now that I'm a big girl, and am making a living modeling and as a secretary in the dairy industry, I go first class." We asked her her bra size, just because we thought you'd like to know and she says it's probably thirty-six, but she doesn't wear bras very often. Last, but not least, on our trip into the recent past is our lovely South Dakota lass Leah who has fled the cold climes for California where she warms her 40Ds by her big pool. And, as they say, until our next big issue, that's all folks. Hope you've enjoyed it.





really going to come on, but instead of coming on, he gradually pulled away from her and then positioned himself across the room from her, although he continued to give her meaningful glances now and then.

Linda was used to men trying to hustle her out of her pants after knowing her for an hour, so she didn't know what to think of someone like Brad who looked interested but did nothing about it. Finally she went back to him herself and initiated another discussion.

This time the talk got more intimate, and Brad told her that sometime she should come to his apartment, but he never mentioned when she should do this. Finally, afraid she would miss out on the chance, Linda suggested that perhaps she should go over following the party. In fact, she said that if it got too dull they could leave early. Brad shrugged and said whatever she wanted was fine with him.

He never said anything more about it, so Linda finally suggested that they leave if they were going to. Brad took her to his apartment, but never tried anything. Linda was frustrated, and tried to win his attention by sitting

and talking sexy, but Brad never seemed to notice. Eventually she sat right next to him on her own accord and made it very easy for him to kiss her. He kissed her and kissed her, but never anything else. Finally she placed his hand on her breast.

And so on it went until at last Linda had gotten Brad into bed and screwed him. Now Linda wasn't normally a forward or aggressive type, but Brad had been so hard-to-get that he was a challenge to her. She had to prove to herself that she could get him, and Brad just sort of went along for the fun. He was used to it. The same exact thing had happened over and over and over.

The Hard-To-Get type subtly lets a gal know that he is available and that he is a little interested, but really does nothing in order to get the girl. Of course, many women don't know how to go after this type even if they want him, but others are so intrigued by the challenge that they will go after him even if they have never been the least bit forward before. Hard-To-Get men score surprisingly often, and some women actually seem more intrigued by this type than they are with many of the others.

#### Originally Bold

Lonnie is an example of the Originally Bold. Research has shown

that bold men, as a rule, don't really score any more often or any easier than men who are a little more reserved, but that when a man is bold in an original way, his percentage shoots way up.

Lonnie was bold in many original ways. Even in the way he met women. Once, for example, he pulled a girl out of an elevator on his floor, even though she was going somewhere else, in order to talk to her. Another time he saw a chick sitting behind the wheel of a parked car, wearing tight hot pants, and Lonnie hopped in beside her and began a brisk conversation. Then once on a bus Lonnie saw a chick he wanted, one whose skirt was squished up around her hips, except she was sitting right beside another man.

Lonnie could tell after a few minutes that the girl wasn't with the guy, so he made his way to her seat and said, "Honey, you didn't save a place for me?" She looked up at him too shocked and caught by surprise to say anything, but the man beside her said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know she was waiting for you," and then rose and gave Lonnie his seat. The girl was so impressed by his ingenuity that Lonnie scored with her that night.

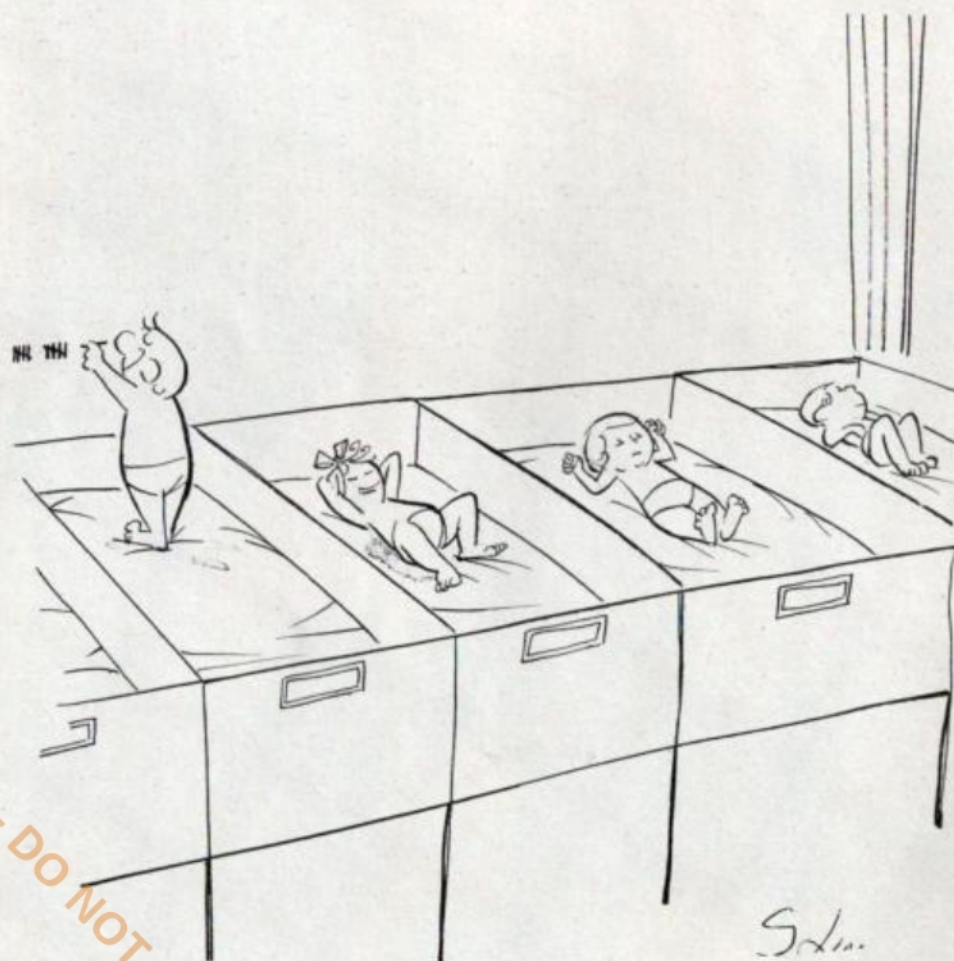
Once he was with a gal, Lonnie continued to be originally bold. Once he lifted up a chick's dress and peered between her legs, explaining that he wanted to see all of her legs, and besides, he was curious as to what color panties she was wearing. Another time he thrust his hand down a gal's top because, as he told her, he wanted to see if she was wearing a bra.

One night he approached a girl at a single's bar, leaned over to her ear and whispered, "I bet you ball good." It worked that time, for she just smiled and said, "That's for you to find out." He did, and found out he was right.

The Originally Bold man suffers a lot of rejections, but if he's fairly careful and pretty cool at what he's doing, he usually scores a lot. Some women are turned off by this type, but others are vastly intrigued. This type man relies chiefly on doing the unexpected at the right time to the right chick for the right affect. Sometimes he gets slapped. Other times he gets told to bug off. But very often he gets laid.

#### Experienced

Wayne is an example of the Experienced. The Experienced man is  
(Continued on page 46)



"Can I call you back, Madge?  
Jim and I are having breakfast in bed."





# CAPITAL HILLS

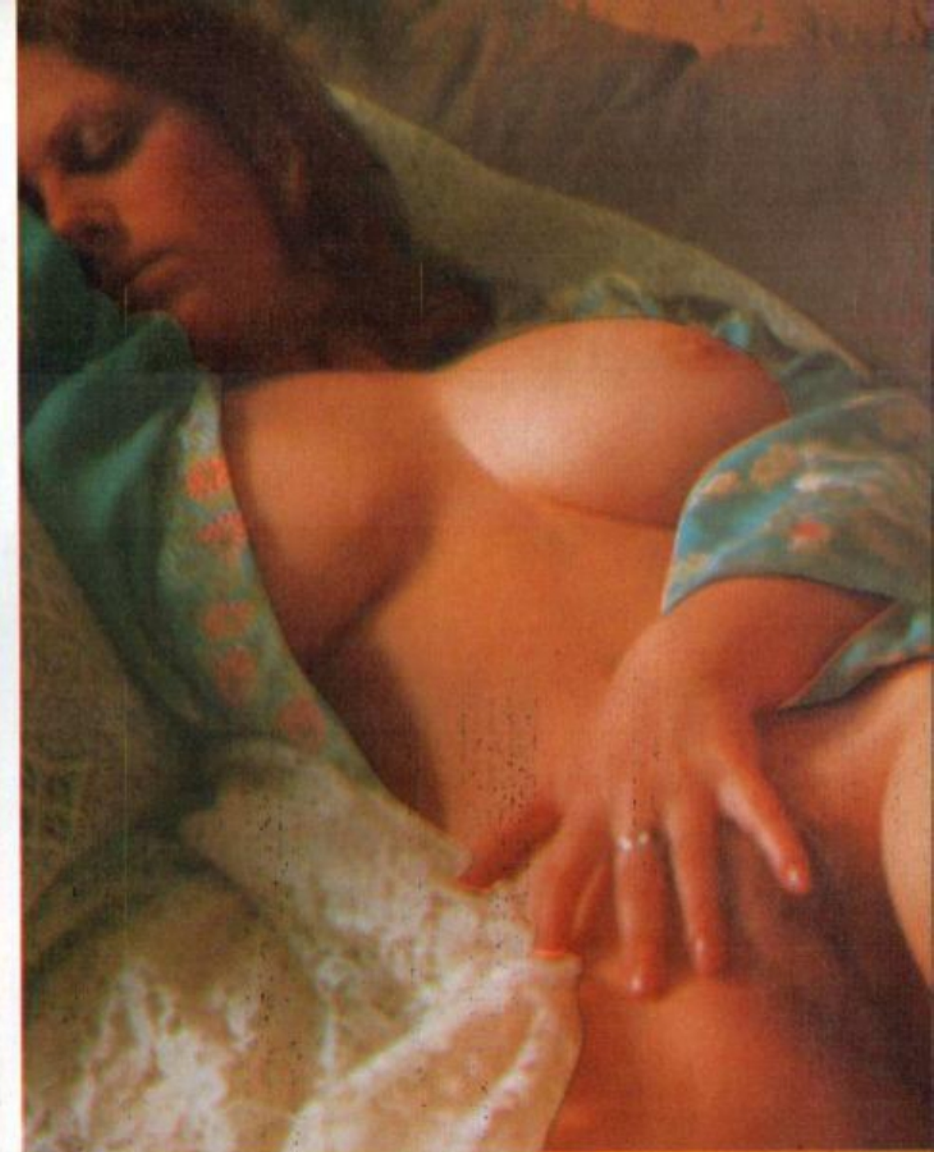
Bunty has been a resident of the city of Washington, D.C. for about two years now, as a lot of people there know. She's a waitress at one of the city's more popular night spots and one reason for it's great popularity is Bunty with her big forty-eight capital hills. She says she moved to Washington because she was interested in politics, and she still hopes to get a job in a senator's or representative's office.

"I think I could be an asset to some big politician," she says. "I know a lot about politics and a lot about law and stuff like that." And Bunty loves to party which is a big thing in Washington and she says she already knows a lot of politicians. "And," she says, "I'm a good listener. I can just sit for hours and listen to those old geezers talk about bills and big caucuses and lobbying and what they are doing for their constituents and all that kind of in political jargon." Bunty says that if she gets the kind of job offer she wants soon, she may go back home to West Virginia and run for office herself.



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## DEE'S DOUBLE D'S

Delightful Delores has many charms, some of which you cannot see—like her lilting South Carolina accent and her great sense of humor. She was born and raised on a peanut farm and is one of the greatest advertisements for peanut butter we've ever seen. "Shucks, honey, I didn't get these thangs from eatin' goobers (as the folks there call peanuts) they just naturally grew all by themselves. By the time I was fourteen I had a thirty-six inch bust and by the time I was eighteen, they were so big I couldn't bend over to hoe peanuts anymore so I just up and quit the farm and went to the city to become a model. I figured these great titties were a gift of nature and I shouldn't waste 'em on peanuts." Right-on Dee.



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## MEN WHO SCORE EASILY

Continued from page 36

simply a guy who has been laid so often that it is extremely hard *not* to get laid. It's almost the same principle in which a wealthy man finds it practically impossible to *not* make more money. It's been wisely said that, "Them that got is them that gets." This is very true. Getting laid can be as habit forming as anything else.

There's not much to say about Wayne except that he had had sexual relations with close to 100 different women, and he was so *conscious* of making it with a chick when he met her that it almost happened automatically. He hardly ever had to try. His experience just seemed to take over for him, almost the same way that something automatically takes over and drives a car while the driver enjoys the scenery or a conversation with a passenger. When a person does something so often and it becomes so natural, his subconscious eventually takes over and does it for him without him even having to think about it. So Wayne always did the right things and

made the right moves to get a girl in bed, even though he never consciously thought about what he was going to do.

Research has shown that if two men of equal appearance, intelligence, and personality had the same opportunity to get the same girl under the same conditions, the man far more likely to succeed would be the one with the most experience. In professional sports, for example, it's well known that a veteran of a few years can usually get the job done more adequately than an inexperienced rookie, even though the rookie may have more size, strength, speed, and agility. There's just something about experience that helps to get something done, and so one category of men who score easily are simply those who have the experience of scoring plenty of times in the past.

### Masculinity-Femininity-Sexuality

Bob is an example of a very interesting type man who scores easily because he is very aware of Masculinity, Femininity, and Sexuality. Most men don't think about such things; yet, research has shown that the more conscious a man is of his own masculine sexuality, and the feminine sexual-

ity of women, the more likely he is to score.

Bob was simply very aware of being a man, and therefore of having something very sexual to offer to a woman, who in turn had something very sexual to offer him. Whenever he was with a woman, he was aware of the great sexual potential that existed between them. He didn't feel that there was anything he had to *do* in order to *seduce* her. He just knew that, because he was a man and she was a woman, chances were good that they would naturally get together. Usually they did. Women were very attracted to Bob, and thought he was very masculine, although they didn't really know why. Also, they felt very feminine in his presence, and any woman is more easily turned on by a man who makes her feel feminine.

Men of this type simply think of themselves as men, almost as a habit, to a greater extent than most men do. If a man isn't conscious of his own masculine sexuality, then his chances of attracting, arousing, and satisfying a woman are extremely limited. The more aware he is of being a man, the more manly he will act, and thus the more attractive he will be to women. The more aware he is that she is a woman, the more feminine he will make her feel, and thus the more aware she will become of her own sexuality. These men seem to score almost effortlessly, because the sexual feelings they radiate to women are very strong, and have a tremendous effect.

Those are the seven types of men who score most easily. Two other types are worth mentioning, because they also graded high, but weren't quite so effective in getting a gal in the sack as the previous seven. One is the Very Nice Guy, who is just all smiles and manners and treats a gal like she is a queen. This type scores fairly easily, but just doesn't manage to come on strong enough to score with all women. The other type is the Toughie, who treats a woman in a rough, bossy manner. Some women like to be treated rough, so this type should be mentioned, although when everything is considered he doesn't even score as easily as the Very Nice Guy.

The main thing learned from all this research is that most women can be scored with by someone, and *most* women react rather strongly to the seven main types. Which category do you fit in? ○



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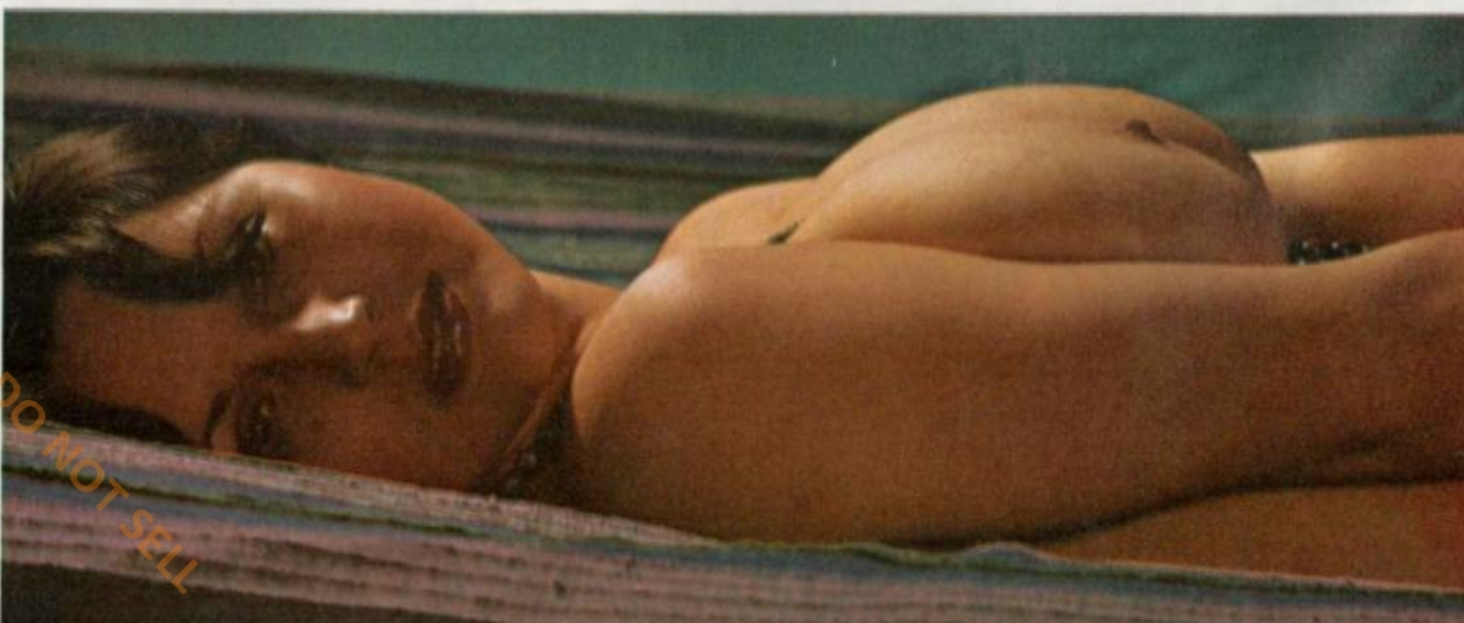
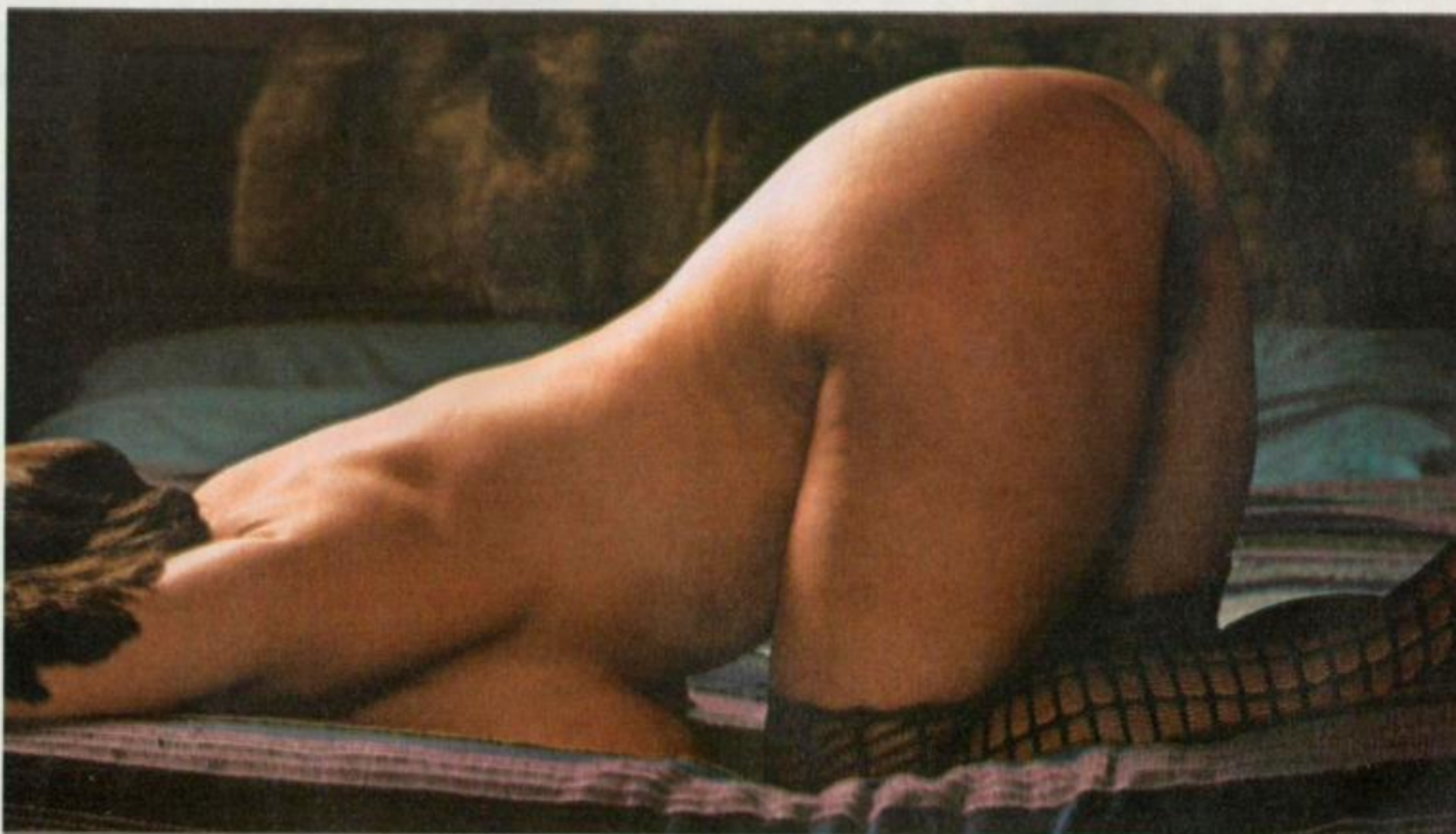






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Magnificent Maureen, who we decided to spread across our center in this issue, is an example of bloomin' English womanhood. Maureen is a country girl and has always had plenty of fresh air, which may explain her great lungs, and she's a vegetarian which proves that you don't have to eat meat to be healthy. But there's one thing about Maureen that we have to warn you about . . . her temper. "I don't know where my terrible temper comes from," she confesses, "because we English girls have a reputation for being sweet and quiet. Maybe there's a little Italian in my background somewhere." Maureen confesses that when she gets her dander up, she can be meaner than a yard dog. "I can clear a room faster than a bomb threat," she says. But don't get us wrong, she isn't always mean. "Maybe the reason I'm so ferocious when I do get mad is because I don't get angry very often. I don't like men who are aggressive, or who think that just because I look kinda sexy that they can take all kinds of liberties with me." If you like a spunky woman, we think Maureen is just fine. Just remember to handle her with a bit of care, and she can be as sweet as pie. With everything understood, we asked Maureen if she'd give *Gent's* readers her measurements. That must have been the wrong thing to say because we suddenly had to flee for our lives.



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Very quietly, I stepped into the middle of the doorway and slowly brought up the pistol. With a fear in my guts, I aimed for his brain, afraid that if I aimed lower, even a weak .32 slug might go through him and kill the blonde.

Hands trembling, I was about to squeeze the trigger when I felt the sap crash into the back of my skull. In the split second before everything went black, I realized that I had forgotten about the nonchalant driver of the black car.

Water in the face, on the neck, shoulders and hands. I tossed my head back and forth to try and shake off the wet, but a sharp, reverberating pain bounced around inside my head, and I nearly went out again. I clenched my teeth and settled my head back onto the floor, waiting for the wild, spear-carrying demon inside my skull to stop galloping around.

"Well, you're awake," I heard a man's voice say. I opened my eyes and looked at him. It was the driver.

"For a while there, I didn't think you was comin' to," he continued. "You was out a good twenty minutes." Then he went to the front door of the house and yelled, "Hey, Kate, Frank, he's awake," and came back and hovered over me.

I heard footsteps on the front porch and propped myself up a little on my left arm. The man with the ape-like face, apparently Frank, came in first. Behind him came a woman clad only in blue jeans and sandals. My eyes, just as they had from the first, went immediately to her huge, hanging tits. It was the blonde.

She walked over to me, put a sandaled foot on my up-raised side, and shoved me onto my back. The throbbing in my head got worse. She bent over me. "You bastard," she hissed right in my face, "you really screwed it up for us. We came out here to have some kicks and you screwed it up."

"But," I said weakly, "I thought..."

"You saw us at the damn shopping center, and you thought you were gonna be a hero," she mocked, the sarcasm biting in her voice.

Frank broke in quietly, "You see, fella, this is just somethin' we do sometimes, to keep things from gettin' so dull."

He walked over to a table, picked up my pistol and unloaded it. "Here, you can have your gun back," he said,

tossing it to the floor beside me, "Now why don't ya get outa here."

"No," the blonde screamed and kicked the revolver away. She whirled at Frank. "Frank, he's gotta pay. He screwed it up and he's gotta make up for it."

Frank stared stonily at the back wall. The blonde turned and appealed to the driver. "Eddie, this guy's gotta make up for it."

"Yeah, Kate, whatever you say," Eddie answered without enthusiasm.

The blonde stood triumphantly. "Oooo," she moaned, her fingers kneading her breasts, "I can hardly wait."

"Eddie," she said throatily, "where's that sap you slugged the sap with?" She giggled at her own joke.

Eddie drew the sap from a back pocket and held it up.

"Great!" the blonde said delightedly. "Now let me see..." Cradling her enormous breasts in her right arm and hooking her left forefinger in her mouth, she walked aimlessly around the room until she came up beside my pistol. She stooped over and fingered the gun with her right hand. Looking back at me, she squeezed her left tit playfully and winked—then she picked up the gun. Striding purposefully to the table where Frank had left the bullets, she began reloading the revolver.

Frank grabbed her left arm roughly. "Now look Kate," he said.

"No, you look dammit," she answered. "He's gotta make up for spoiling it." Her eyes flamed up at Frank and he released her. The big man stomped out of the house, across the front porch, and into the yard. He jammed his hands deep into his pockets, seemed to look up at the tops of the trees for a minute, and then wandered out of my field of vision.

Kate finished loading the gun. "Okay, Eddie," she commanded, "take the guy's clothes off. After I get through with him, we can dump him in the well. Down there it won't make any difference how much he groans and yells. Nobody'll ever hear 'im. And then you and Frank and me can have a good time. Or maybe just you and me, Eddie. I don't think Frank's gonna be much fun anymore. Maybe we'll dump Frank in the well, too."

Eddie bobbed his head a couple of times, his tongue almost hanging out.

The blonde grinned broadly. "After you get his clothes off, Eddie, I want you to string him up the same way

you did me. Only he's not gonna enjoy it like I did. I'm gonna turn him on and then ruin him good. Gimme the sap."

Eddie handed her the sap. "Come to think of it," she said, "you string him up first and then I'll take his clothes off."

Eddie went for the corner where the rope laid. The blonde put the pistol back on the table and drummed the sap in her hand.

Knowing that this was the one mistake a captured man must wait for, I sprang. As the blonde dropped the sap and grasped toward the revolver, I grabbed her and twisted her away from the table, throwing her to the floor.

As Eddie turned, I picked up the gun. My first shot went into his right arm, and he cringed in the corner. The gun bucked in my hand again and spat death into Eddie's heart. He crumpled to the floor.

I swiveled and waited for Frank to come through the front door. His hurrying footsteps pounded on the yard, spanked across the porch. Stunned, he stopped in the doorway, putting a huge hand high on each doorpost. I pumped two slugs into his belly and watched him collapse backward onto the porch.

I turned and looked down at the blonde. She stared up at me, her eyes wide in disbelief. "N-not me, too," she gasped. "I mean, you don't think I meant all that—about throwing you into the well."

I said nothing. Fighting to control her panting lungs, Kate got up slowly. She un-snapped the jeans, pulled down the zipper, and slid the jeans to the floor. "Look," she said, tugging at her pubic hair with the fingers of one hand, "you and me could go a long way together."

"Baby," I answered coldly, "I just killed two men to get at you—two men who didn't deserve killing, except that they knuckled under to you. I just want you to know that I don't knuckle."

She knew that I had finished my brave speech. "Well?" she whispered huskily, her eyes laughing the challenge, "A long way? All the way?"

As they had done so many times on this day, my eyes riveted on her tits. She cupped the great mammaries in her tiny hands and thrust her hips playfully toward me.

I put down the gun. ○

## Mary Jane's Marvelous Moo-Juice

"I high" from down on the farm.

BY TOM STRATTON

"You got dinner yet woman?" Cramble Haggard growled removing an offensive pair of never-washed coveralls on the back porch. He tossed them in a corner and a very pregnant cat staked them out as her maternity ward.

"I said where's dinner, dammit!" He scuffed across the kitchen floor leaving greenish-brown tracks from his old barn shoes.

May Haggard ignored her husband's questions. She turned slowly from the sink and glared down at his trail on the way to the bathroom. It did absolutely no good to nag at Cramble about those old shoes. Except for the Sunday black ones with the bailing twine laces, they were the only pair he owned. There was no use cleaning them; cow shit was the only thing holding them together. (Continued on page 72)







## ***The Party's Choice***

Kitty Cross usually goes around as a shy, retiring type. But when Kitty goes to a party something happens to her insides and she gets wildly excited. "I think it's being around all the people . . . I just turn into such a ham, but the people all love me and I'm on a thousand different guest lists," Kitty says modestly. With this being election year, bi-centennial and all, a lot of Kitty's friends have been urging her to run for office. After all, a life in politics would find her constantly surrounded by exotic people to impress and when it comes to impressing people Kitty is pretty impressive. "Shoot, they're just teasing me," Kitty says. "All I do at parties is run around from guest to guest, shooting the bull and laughing—you know—socializing." Kitty isn't sure whether she could hold down the Presidency for four years, but she'd like to try it for a week. The Washington social scene could use a girl like Kitty.



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## TIGHT FIT

You're right (you probably guessed it already anyway), Jeanette's not a D-cup. We're all poolside in exciting Southern California; we're talking to Jeanette about her boobs. A lot of the models get a little uptight when questioned about their knockers, but not this one. "Never been able to fit a D-cup," she says, "Bounce around too much." Jeanette says that she settles for a tight fit in a C-cup. "I'm in between sizes," she explains. "My bust is actually thirty-nine, but a forty just hangs on me, so I wear a thirty-eight. It keeps me tightened up." Mmmm love it.







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# WHAT FUR?

"Don't you just love my new fur bedspread?" Misty asked us. We told her we loved her spread. "My boyfriend gave it to me," she said. "It feels so good! Now what I want is a fur-lined coat so I can be naked underneath and feel the softness against my skin. I don't want a regular fur coat—just one *fur-lined*." She says she doesn't know why people wear fur on the outside. "The Eskimos wear their furs on the inside." Then she looked perplexed. "But animals wear their fur on the outside. Gee, it's very confusing." Regardless, we hope Misty gets her fur-lined coat because we wouldn't want that great 40-28-38 body to take a chill. We told Misty that, but she was still deep in thought. "Fur out?" she mumbled as we packed our cameras and stole away.



FREE - DO NOT SELL





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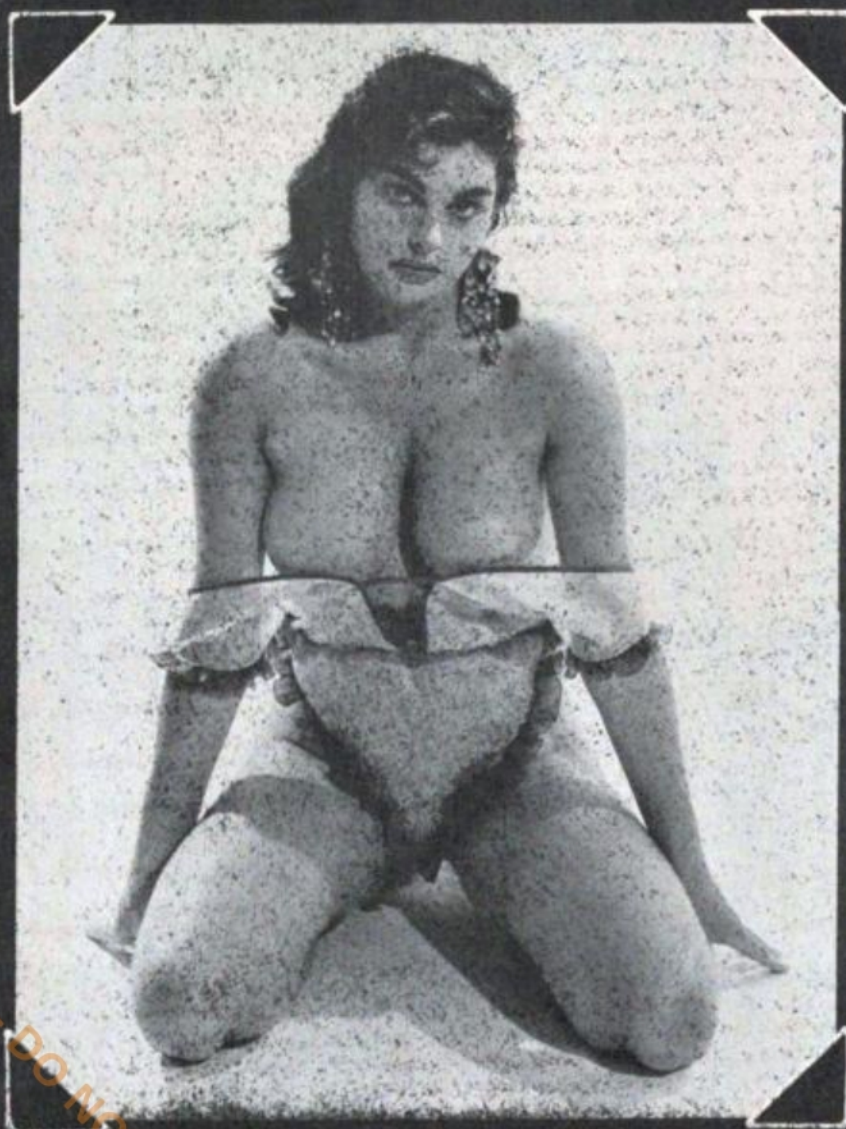


# Times Change But Knockers Remain The Same

The best pages from our photo album.



*Gloria 40-28-42*



*Gent* recently marked its twentieth anniversary of bringing you big-boob fans the best in bighearted knockers. To celebrate the occasion, the staff at the office broke out the old photo albums for a little reminiscing. The old photographs brought back some good memories and we thought we might share a couple with you.

The girls featured on the next six pages are just a few which *Gent* would like to thank for helping us through the last twenty years. Some of the photographs are as old as *Gent* itself, and some are more recent. Try to guess in what year some of these gals graced our pages. The hair styles, makeup, props, poses, they've all changed with the times; but the knockers and the spirit in which they come to you remains the same through the years.

All of these girls have since left modeling behind and gone on to other things. But we thought we'd bring them back for an encore from the past and let you share a little of our nostalgia with us. And thank you readers for making the last twenty years a happy story.



*Anne 48-31-41*



*Rosina 45-28-39*



*Pat 45-28-40*

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*Jane 43-30-43*





*Nina 46-29-42*



*Carol 44-28-41*



*Gee 46-27-38*



*Crystal 40-29-38*



*Betty 40-29-40*



*Ettalie 40-26-38*

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*Olga 49-33-44*



*Shane 47-29-44*



*Carmen 44-26-40*



*Joy 43-29-43*



*Birgitta 41-29-40*



*Ruth 41-28-37*

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Cramble Haggard sulked at the kitchen table. He had about had it with the little farm. He had about had it with the Grange, the farm bureau, Earl Butz, the Department of Agriculture, the whole goddamn country. The meager subsidy check he received each month was not a very respectable bribe.

The lack of money didn't bother him as much as the boredom. Being paid not to grow anything didn't leave him much to do. Sometimes he made up work. He milked his cows, fed his cows, washed his cows and when May had those headaches at night and he was feeling particularly horny, he'd sneak out to the barn and . . . Cows were his friends.

May set the table without speaking. She probably hadn't said two hundred words to him in over twenty years of marriage. His worries didn't bother her. She was descended from a long line of silent farmers' wives and she knew her routine. She burnt his five-thirty toast, darned his damn socks, put iodine on barbed wire scratches and daily washed the greenish-brown shit stains from the splitting flowered linoleum.

"Cramble, one of your cows is eatin' the Chevy," May said glancing out the window with disinterest. He got up and growled and strolled through the screen door without opening it. One of these days he was fixing on buying some screen for it. In the winter he used Glad Wrap.

Molly, probably his best Holstein, was happily munching on the front

seat of the old Chevrolet pick-up. Cramble impulsively kicked her in the udders but instead of bolting away she turned slowly, still chewing on stuffing, and grinned from horn to horn. Molly, usually a little flighty for a cow, had never felt such contentment. She was grooving on vinyl and foam and going out of her bovine head. She had to be drug back to the pasture with a tractor.

Cramble Haggard was worried. His entire herd acted as strange as Molly. They were all sitting in a large circle rocking silently from side to side. They seemed to be smiling at one another. Scenes from *Hud* flashed through Cramble's anxious mind.

"Mind me to call the vet in the morning," Cramble mumbled, sitting down to dinner. He gulped down a cold glass of his own milk before May had finished grace. The milk had a peculiar, not unpleasant, smell and taste to it. He was smothering his acorn squash with butter when some goddamn crazy things started happening. He felt a little numb and tingly and happier than he had been in a decade. He downed another glass of milk and Cramble wasn't there anymore. He became panicky but then, not knowing why or how, he broke into a snappy rendition of "Your Cheating Heart" accompanying himself with a tarnished fork.

"What the hell's goin' on here, woman?" Cramble grinned and looked inquisitively toward May. He burst out laughing. May was building a castle out of mashed potatoes on the tablecloth.

Still chuckling, Cramble became engrossed with the fat patterns in his roast beef. They were all so meaningful, so relevant—thin then wide, then hiding from view in the murky inner depths of the lean rare meat only to reappear suddenly where he least expected them.

Cramble was so involved in the marbling mystery he didn't notice May step out of her gingham dress and begin to dance. She danced totally absorbed, wearing nothing but yellowed panties and sagging nylons rolled down around her knees.

"Dammit, woman, sit down!" Cramble didn't realize he had said it. May laughed and kicked the nylons from her blue and white legs.

Every crumb of food had been eaten and Cramble was still hungry. Everything had tasted terrific and the milk had been delightfully different. He clawed around for his chewing tobacco, then realized he had eaten that too. He sat there and grinned and clapped to the sound of May's heavy feet slapping the old linoleum. Hours and hours (it seemed like hours) later, things became logical again. They didn't even attempt to understand or discuss what had happened but, in her mind, May was certain it had been a religious experience.

In the morning, Cramble found his cattle in the lower pasture grazing quite eagerly on those tall green plants with the narrow pointy leaves. They rocked back and forth like an amateur chorus line in the midst of these weeds. The pasture was overgrown with these plants—it always had been but this was the first season Haggard grazed his cows in this field. He was curious as to what they were. He realized they had something to do with the peculiar milk but they obviously weren't toxic and his cows seemed to enjoy the hell out of them. If anything, Cramble rationalized, they made the perfect food just a little more perfect. He layed down under Molly's teats and squirted himself in the face, then he layed under Elsie, then Myrdle, then Rose . . .

At very high noon Cramble entered the house for lunch. Nothing was on the stove and May hadn't done her chores. There were scores of empty glasses filmed with milk gauze all over the kitchen, two empty pails lay on the table and popcorn littered the floor. He heard hushed sounds of music and laughter in the living room.



JIM  
LINDENSMITH

"How about coming up to my place and checking out my set?"





There on the coarse carpet, all of them wearing milk mustaches, were Mrs. Morgan the neighbor's wife, Carnegie Geezer the postman, a young stranger who had just stopped by for directions and his wife in her yellowed underwear. They were all reclining quietly, undressed, listening to Country Earl and the Wagon Wheels. They smiled at him and beckoned for him to join them. The young stranger flashed him a peace sign and offered him a Popeye glass full of milk. Cramble chugged it then settled near busty Mrs. Morgan. "Farmmm out," Cramble giggled as the gentle mist drifted through his capillaries. He contemplated the freckles on Mrs. Morgan's tits and grooved to Country Earl on the old radio.

Word spread quickly and it wasn't long before the Haggards had more orders for their mind-bending milk than they or the cows could handle. Cramble increased his herd and constructed a permanent roadside stand at the end of the driveway. People from every city in the state converged on the Haggard farm. On Sunday afternoons it was impossible to get within

five miles of the place.

The *cannabis* plants in his pastures grew prolifically and Cramble's cows devoured them with enthusiasm. "It's nature's doin'," he rationalized. Cramble didn't worry much about legalities.

May Haggard made unique cheeses from the milk and cream richer than anyone could imagine. She churned special butter that folks bought up before it had hardened. Then there were the cookbooks and T-shirts, special "high" protein diets and sects of dairyterians (people who eat only dairy food) sprang up across the state. Haggard's corporation, Mary Jane's Marvelous Moo-Juice and Dairy Products, prospered. Large, professionally rustic signs, more numerous than Stuckeys' advertisements, pointed the way to the Haggards' farm. Cramble Haggard, one time bored and under-subsidized dairy farmer, became a millionaire and more of a celebrity than Timothy Leary had been in the sixties.

Success didn't exactly go to his head but certain things changed around the old farm. The shocking pinks and electric blues of the cattle barns contrasted with the weathered

gray clapboards of the delapidated house. Quadraphonic sound was piped into the barns and fields to keep the cows grooving and productive. Every dawn Cramble changed into his silk monogrammed coveralls, his Pucci work bandana and his old pair of shit-covered barn shoes. He wolfed down a bowl of Fruit Loops with plenty of milk then happily strolled into the fields to bring in the cattle.

It was a hot Sunday afternoon and the rude knocking on the screen door was disturbing.

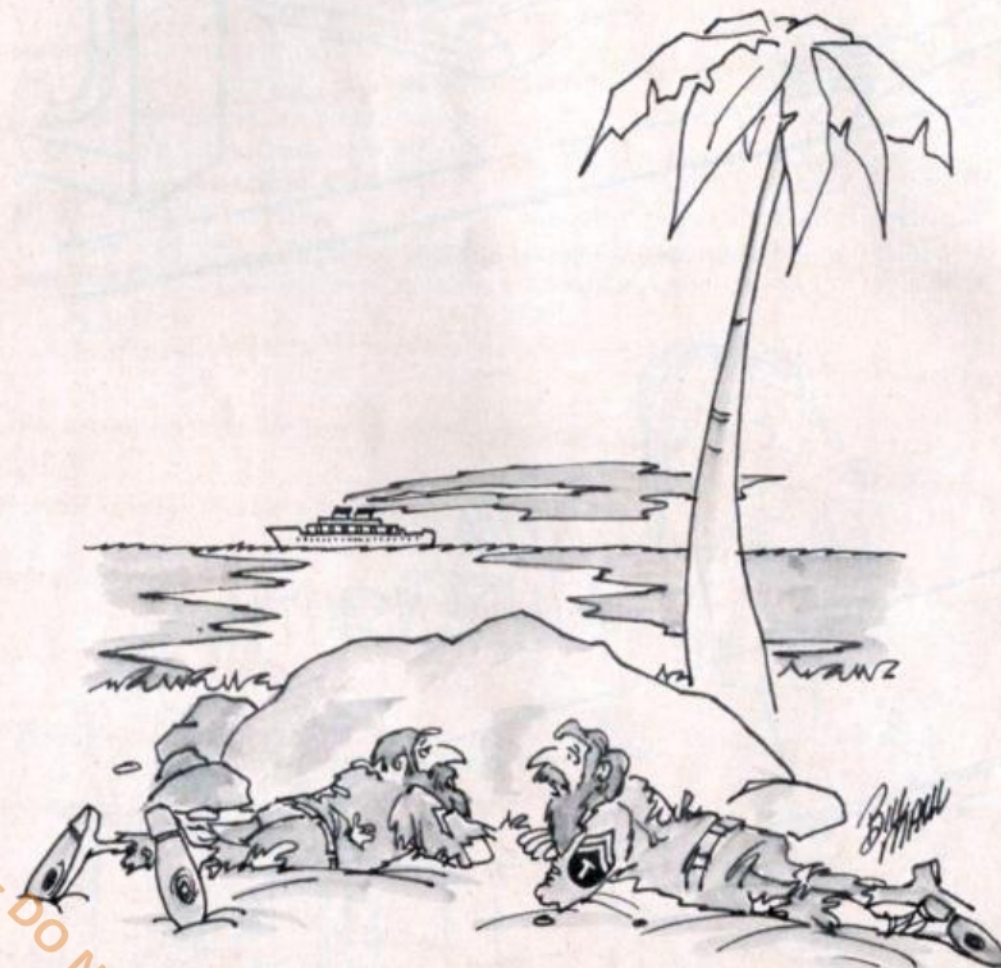
"Cramble Haggard? I have a warrant here for your arrest. I'll allow you time to take care of any last minute details. We'll be back to pick you up this evening." The perspiring federal agent returned to his car with a self-satisfied smirk of a job well done.

Cramble and his wife removed their clothes. They opened the gates and let the cattle roam where they pleased. He ran through his pastures igniting the vegetation and watched as the wonderfully fragrant smoke drifted toward the barns. They retired to the living room with a gallon of cold milk and a carton of Mary Jane's Marvelous Moo-Juice cottage cheese. They were going to make the most out of the last few hours on the farm.

The milk was cold and potent and the familiar sensations ran through their minds and bodies immediately. The sun reluctantly came down from its day-long high as May and Cramble rose to take its place.

There was the noise of crunching gravel and squeaky brakes. Federal agents were in the driveway. A bullhorn boomed asking Cramble to surrender himself. Snickering, Cramble slowly stuck his penis through the curtain and shouted, "Watch it, I gotta gun." He and May laughed uncontrollably, dropping cheese curds from too-full mouths. Outside their world the bullhorn sounded again. "Never mind him now, destroy the cattle first!"

Smoke from the burning *cannabis* fields engulfed the farm and the scowls of determination on the frozen federal faces gave way to silly grins. More milk and Cramble turned on the radio; Loretta Lynn whined out over distant gun crackles. Mr. and Mrs. Haggard leaned back against their stained wallpaper. Lost in giddy tranquility, they watched grinning agents in rumpled suits prance after cattle on the smoking pastures. ○



"Keep down, Nick . . . I think it's a Kraut!"



# The Donkey Show

BY R. D. LEATHERBUTT

Towns along the Texas-Mexico border often seem to display the worst of the two nation's cultures. Restless gringos with money to spend converge on Piedras Negras, Nuevo Laredo, Reynosa, Matamoros and Acuna looking for a good time. It costs two cents to cross the Santa Fe bridge from downtown El Paso to downtown Juarez into another world—the land where "What" is no obstacle and "How Much?" is the only question asked.

Juarez long has been known as "king" of the border towns. The erotic prospects, encouraged by the influx of foreign currency, reached such a frenzy that one night club, The Cave, was said to present a donkey show in which a woman mounted an angry donkey in front of the audience. I was brought up in El Paso and weaned on Mexican beer at an early age while simultaneously touring the brothels of Juarez. The donkey show is no myth and from the furthest reaches of the town's red-light district to the border entertainment on the

main drag, Juarez is one big donkey show.

In my first month as a freshman in high school, I befriended a classmate who had a driver's license and the singular distinction of being the only freshman who had been told by the teacher to shave. We were just a bunch of puberts. One Friday night my friend got his mother's car and we went over to Juarez with another pal of ours to get drunk.

We went to the El Greco Club. I remember drinking that first beer in Mexico (Cruz Blanca). I acted as if I enjoyed it and drank it in anguish as my two friends ordered another round. The Greco was typical of the bars on the Main Drag. As we entered the establishment it was impossible to miss the couch on which thirteen women were sitting. They all had enough makeup on to try out for the role of Frankenstein. When my pre-pubescent mind put two and two together, I realized this had been my first contact with real live prostitutes.

I remember the beers starting to taste good after the third one and then I became unbecoming of a student of



the now defunct, El Paso Jesuit High School. Juarez was really wild back then. Punks like me and anybody who wasn't old enough to buy booze in the states ended up in Juarez when he wanted to have a wild time. We looked our age, and to legally drink in Juarez you had to be eighteen so if we didn't give the waiter a decent tip he'd threaten us with asking for IDs.

Later in my freshman year I became much more aware of the world around me—sex. With promiscuity in mind, I returned to the Main Drag with the intention to see a show. We stopped at the first establishment which is located on the Main Drag—The Follies.

A barker on the front steps greeted us with a big smile. "Come on een boys . . . We got the show goin' on right now." Obliging young perverts that we were, we ascended the stairs which led us into a dimly lit room. Only the stage was astutely visible. I was greeted at the entrance by an attractive young woman who seized me below the belt and slowly escorted me to a table at which we sat for only a brief moment. "You want a fucky or a sucky?" she asked. "Gee," I replied, "I only came to see the show. Besides, I've only got five bucks."

"Hay pinché gringo," she replied as she left to sit with some of the other girls across the way. One of my friends remained seated with the woman who had accosted him and out of interest my other friend and I sat down with him at the table.

At this point I discovered that The Follies was on a strict commission basis. The way you purchased a woman here was to buy her drinks. Each time the bartender brought you and the lady a drink, he gave the woman two white tickets. Theoretically, when the woman compiled the magic number of white tickets she would retire to the chambers upstairs.

Our bartender became enthusiastic about his profes-

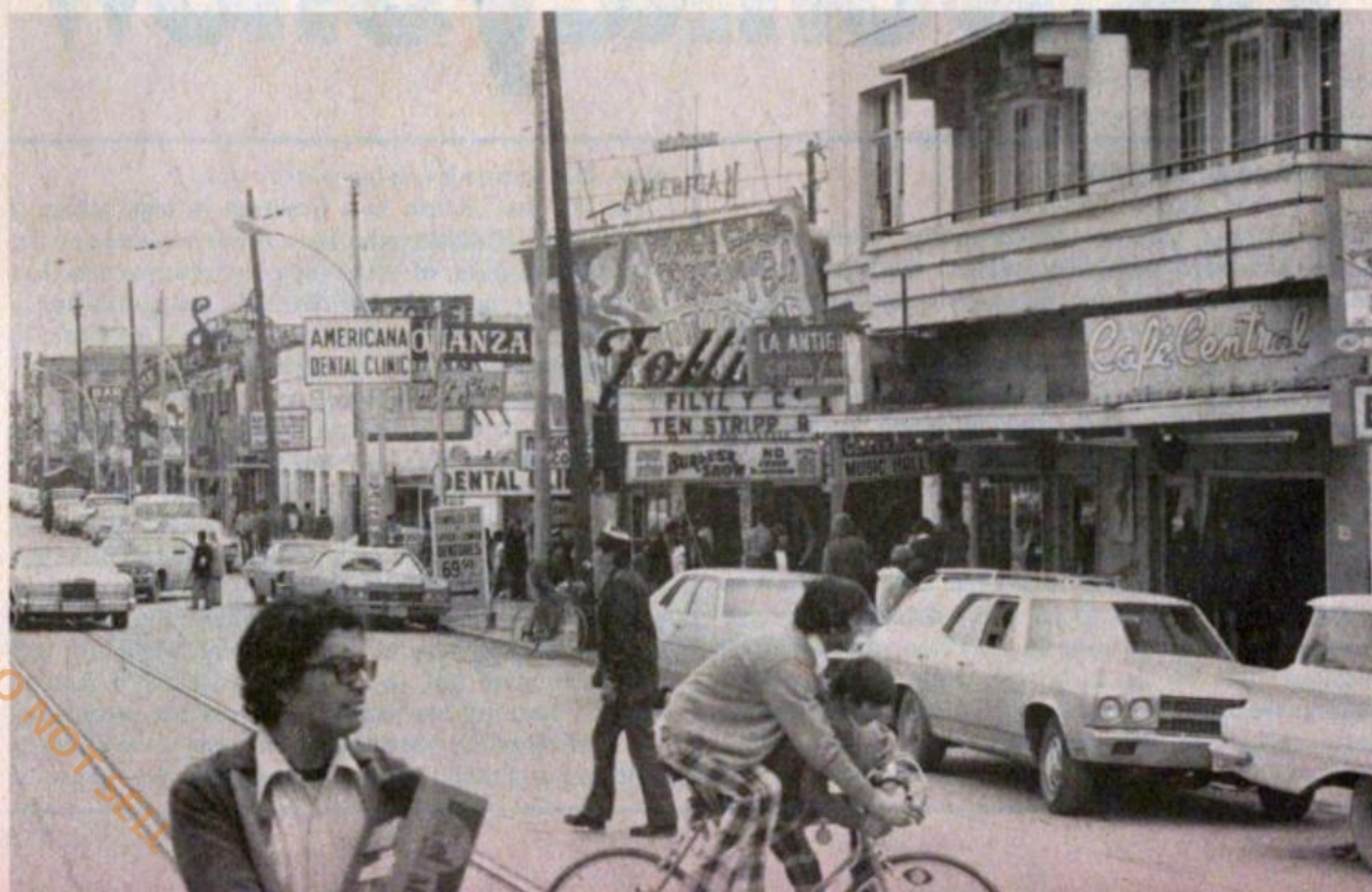
sion and over a short period delivered numerous drinks and white tickets. The bartender already had milked my comrade for fifteen dollars and an uncivilized (or perhaps too civilized) look came over his face. "Let's go fuck," he said to the woman rather bluntly. She kissed him on the forehead and called to the waiter. He announced that my friend was indebted to him for fifteen more dollars.

My friend became enraged, stood up furiously, removed his last fifteen dollars from his wallet and sat down as the woman left to powder her nose. She must have powdered herself to death because we never saw her again. Realizing the disappearance of his investment, my friend went over to the bartender and demanded his money back. A new friend of the bartender appeared. He was 6'5" and weighed close to three-hundred pounds. We decided to leave and I consoled my friend with a pat on the back, telling him to "charge it" to experience.

On another occasion I became vastly amused at the prospect of whoremongering. This time we went to a respectable whorehouse—The White Lakes. It's behind the Main Drag. The Lux and the Doll House are also in the same vicinity.

The White Lakes reminded me of a cattle auction. The lighting was plain and women were seated all around the room engaged in lively conversation. We sat at a table and took the bartender up on the constant happy hour price of ten-cent beer. My friends were the first to move, and each selected a woman and gave a ten dollar bill. Timid soul that I was I remained seated and watched my two friends stand in a long line in front of a bathroom. They went inside when their turn came and then went up the steps followed by their co-copulators. An attractive woman signaled me down and I succumbed. I found that behind the bathroom door awaited

*The Follies is the first club encountered when entering Juarez from El Paso. "You want a fucky or a sucky?"*



*The Lux and the Noches De Oro, two clubs off the main drag. "They had enough makeup on to try out for Frankenstein?"*

a quick inspection by a toothless old woman. On completing her laborious chore, she grabbed my arm and pleaded that I give her a quarter. I did and proceeded to the bedroom in which I had my first tasteless encounter with a prostitute. She rushed me through my deflowering like a business woman on a tight schedule (I use the term loosely).

While drudging through this exercise I recalled the words of one of my Jesuit instructors who I grew to respect: "If you ever get the urge to go over there, boys, just buy yourself a cheap bottle of wine, a smutty magazine and beat off. You'll be doing your psyche a favor."

On another occasion, far removed from this one, I again attempted to buy orgasm. Along with two other companions I decided to try another more expedient route.

A small time pirate cab driver (a driver not registered with a reputable cab firm) offered to take us to the finest whorehouse Juarez had to offer for the low low price of ten dollars each. We agreed, and the driver took us across the bridge and through a few alleyways to the Doll House. He guaranteed success with his group purchase rate and escorted us to the front entrance. He chatted with the bouncer at the bar and had a drink (on the house) as we waded through the money-hungry eyes of the women seated all around the lobby. The cab driver received a commission of one dollar for each customer he brought to the Doll House. The bouncer credited him for three dollars in the books and he went along his merry way. We each selected a partner in erotica and went to the rooms upstairs. The lady showed me to a room and then left. Her absence filled

immediately by the bouncer who asked for three dollars for the room. I explained to him in my best broken Spanish our cab driver's tale of the group purchase rate. After a brief period of loud bickering and cursing in Spanish the bouncer left slamming the door behind him. He scolded the woman outside and she yelled back at him. I had the feeling that neither of them liked me very much.

When the woman entered the room she was annoyed and began to swear at me. I retorted with my best collection of Spanish crudities and she left the room with a slam of the door. I went downstairs and demanded my money back realizing that the threat of writing Ralph Nader would do me no good at this establishment. I was entirely at their mercy for recompense.

I had been drinking heavily and the alcohol added to my loudness. My friends heard the racket and on completing their encounters they entered the lobby to see what the commotion was all about.

My friend placed a hand on my back and said, "Just 'charge it' to experience." Being a notorious sore sport I told my friends my plan to get my money back as we crossed the Santa Fe bridge on foot. My friend with the car stayed behind and my other comrade walked up to the cab driver who had arranged my unfortunate dealing.

"Hey Charlie," I said. "Could you give us a ride to our motel? My other friend was having such a good time he decided to stay over at the Doll House all night."

"Sure boys," he said, "I'll take you for three bucks."

We got in his car and it wasn't until we were on a dark road that I asked him to park the cab so I might relieve myself on the sidewalk. He obliged, and I relayed



to him my first plot of extortion. He would either make an on-the-spot refund of my ten dollars, minus cab fare, or he would be garroted to death. I was only bluffing and I didn't have the means nor the courage of conviction to carry out such an insane threat. He was bluffable though, and being aware that he was outnumbered two to one gave me nine dollars back. He left us at this point and it was then that I discovered the fatal flaw in my planning. We hadn't told my friend with the car where we would rendezvous, so we had to hitch-hike home. I figured I got off lucky and with this last transaction in mind, I ended my dealings with prostitutes. Henceforth I would be no more than a spectator of these treasures of Juarez.

There were many curious things going on in Juarez, and my curiosity would not rest until I filled my eyes with the stories I was told in the locker room on Monday mornings about the donkey show.

"Really . . . This lady gets on stage with a donkey and does a dance that makes you fall right out of your chair."

"You mean she does it with a donkey?"

"Whaddya think stupid? She doesn't ride it around like she was Sancho Panza or something."

Being a member of the 4-H club, my knowledge of a donkey's endowments made the thought unimaginable.

"Nah . . . No way. I don't believe it Mark. She'd choke to death."

"Yeah . . . Really man. It's true."

"Where?" I asked.

"At the Cave."

"I don't know Mark."

"I knew it. Chicken. You're just a chicken shit."

"Okay I'll go. But I still don't believe it."

Mark, two other guys, and I went over to Juarez that

Friday and the town was unusually lively. GIs from Fort Bliss were everywhere—getting drunk, getting laid, and causing a general disturbance any place you turned. We entered a club on the drag to have a drink before going to the Cave to see the donkey show. Inside the bar I saw a GI washing his hands in a sink that seemed to be hanging off the wall on a thread. I guess the GI put the soap back down on it too hard because the sink fell to the floor and smashed all over.

There was immediate commotion and the proprietor began yelling, demanding compensation. Thirty dollars to be exact. The GI punched him in the mouth and a regular brawl began to take place. In a few minutes the "Federales" arrived at the scene and began smashing heads with their sticks. They put five guys in a paddy wagon and one guy who was outside watching the cops at work was also incarcerated following the words of the chief, "And take him for feeling sorry for himself."

After this scene of injustice we finished our drinks and made our way down the Main Drag in search of the Cave. Just a few blocks down the street we were stopped by a cab driver.

"You boys want to see the donkey show?" he asked.

"Sure," we answered. "How much?"

"I take you all there for three dollars."

We whittled the price down to two bucks, and before we knew it we were walking inside the dimly lit entrance of the Cave. We walked down a flight of stairs and found a huge show area with a stage in the back. We sat at a table, and four women immediately approached us. One of them, Sylvia, suggestively asked me to buy her a drink. I refused and told her to leave me alone, to which she replied indignantly, "Whatsamatta with you? You cherry?"

"No, I just don't want to leave Mexico with more

(Continued on page 92)

*The Greco Bar, one block off the Avenida de Juarez, the main drag. "It was impossible to miss the couch."*



## Lazy Lisa Love

Lisa likes to lie around and do nothing, so when she had an opportunity to become a model, she was very happy about it. "I thought all I'd have to do is just sprawl out on a bed and look sexy," she complained, "and then I found out that I didn't know much about modeling. It's really hard work. You have to look your best all the time, learn how to pose, get your hair fixed constantly and run all over town for modeling dates." But Lisa says that she likes her career for the present. "There's only one other profession I know of where you can make money lying around, and needless to say, I'm not interested," she said firmly. Lisa isn't really lazy, she's just tired after two years of travelling with the circus. "I was dating a trapeze artist," she told us, "and he got me a job as a concessionaire running one of those booths where you knock bottles over for prizes." Well, after two years of that—one night stands in cities all over the country—she decided to quit. "My trapeze artist was a real swinger," she says. "In more ways than one. I caught him with a lady snake charmer one night and she was charming the wrong snake, so I packed up and split." What next for Lisa? "Gee, I don't know," she confesses. "I'll think of something when I get tired of this."













# THE DREAMLAND MYSTERY

Now there's modern science to tell you when you're just dreaming.

BY IRWIN ROSS, Ph.D.

Scientists are actually dreaming of the day when human beings will be able to control their own dreams with a pill. Even now doctors are hunting for chemicals which, administered before bedtime, would have the power of preventing nightmares and creating pleasant, entertaining dreams instead.

Fantasy? Up to now, yes, but remarkable discoveries are now being made in the misty, mysterious world of dreams which move this and other eye-popping prospects out of the Never-Never Land.

The fact is that scientists, pioneering in a series of astonishing tests, have actually invaded Dreamland at last and emerged with exciting new findings.

Investigators at one medical center, for example, have learned that:

Some people who dream a great deal actually look forward to sleep with the same eager anticipation as going to the theater.

Persons who are utterly convinced they never dream once they go to bed are dead wrong. They do, but don't remember. Even complicated dreams lasting more than a half hour are forgotten upon waking.

And (good news for insomniacs!) those who swear they lie sleepless are often not only slumbering peacefully but dreaming as well.

Here are some of the questions now being answered by research studies in the Land of Dreams:

*Can you tell if a sleeping person is dreaming?*

Up to the present all you had to go by was a slight smile and even then you couldn't be sure. Now you can tell with certainty, thanks to a pace-setting discovery by scientists.

Take a long, careful look at a sleeper's eyes. If you can see the eyeballs move beneath the lids, he's having a dream. His eyes move because he's actually following a story being unfolded before him. When the eyes are still, the dream is over.

*Do men and women dream differently?*

They do. A researcher at a large Midwestern university collected the dreams of 400 young men and women and learned that the sexes have different opponents in dreamland. The girls had more battles with members of their own families, while the boys scrapped more with friends or strangers.

More: the enemies in male dreams were mostly other fellows while the friends were mainly women. But foes as well as friends in the girls' dreams were of both sexes. One interesting conclusion that can be drawn here is that there isn't much doubt in a man's mind as to who his friends and enemies are—but a woman never knows.

*When do your nightmares occur?*

Nightmares never occur in deep sleep but in lighter slumber. Generally, they come during the first going-to-sleep period, and for a strange reason. To the unconscious mind, sleep is the same as death. Fear of this "psychologic death" is one of the factors that bring on night terrors.

*Can you dream in color?*

Only about one person in twenty has this strange experience. Those who do, moreover, have color dreams only once in a while. Curiously, men rarely report rainbow dreaming.

*Do blind persons "see" in dreams?*

If at one time within his memory a blind person had normal sight, he generally continues to have visual dreams. But the dreams of persons born sightless contain no "sight" at all. They involve sensations of hearing, touch, sound, smell and motion.

A study made by a psychologist several years ago produced some surprising information about the dreams of people who never were able to see. The psychologist interviewed blind teenagers at a special school and learned what a typical nightmare and a typical pleasant dream were like.

In the nightmare, the dreamer was

conscious of being in a large, empty space. He felt himself alone and gradually losing contact with the receding walls and door. Suddenly, he heard something approaching—usually it was described as some sort of animal's footsteps. The creature seemed to come closer and then, just before waking, the youngster had a terrifying sensation of being touched in a rough "sandpaper" way.

In the pleasant dream, the student was conscious of being in a fragrant garden close to a rippling stream. He did not "see" anything but smelled the flowers and felt that he was able to bend down and put his hand in the cool water.

*Can dreams foretell the future?*

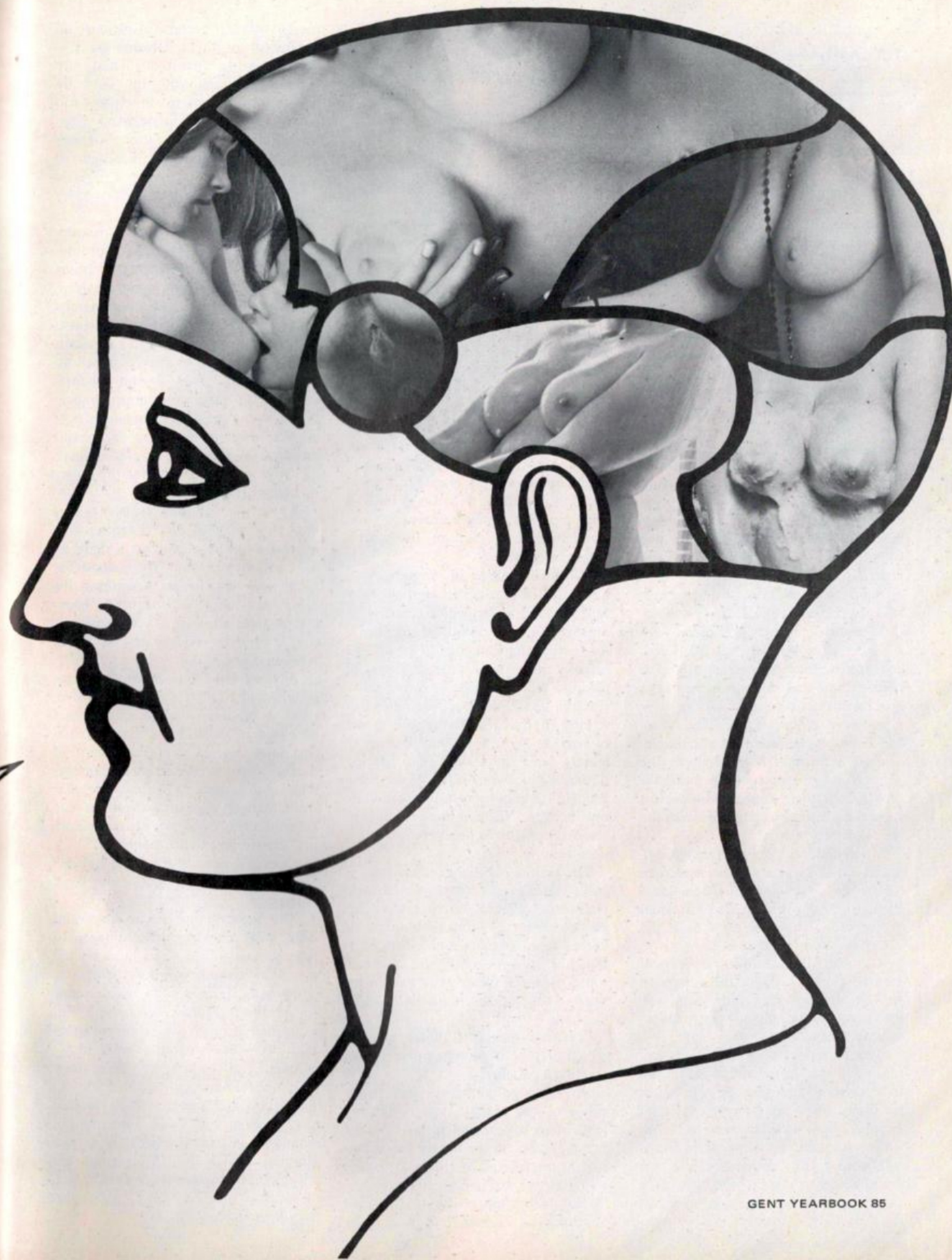
Often people in dreams have amazing experiences which cannot be definitely explained. In a report published in the scientific journal, *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, a doctor tells this incredible story:

I must be dreaming

A patient dreamed his mother-in-law tried to talk him out of going swimming. He didn't heed the warning and found himself dressed in bathing trunks and a robe in the lobby of a New York hotel which he called either the Pennsylvania or the Wellington. He marched through the lobby and entered an elevator which took him to the top floor. Suddenly he felt extremely nervous about being left alone up there.

At this point he awoke. It was 7:30 A.M.

(Continued on page 86)





## DREAMLAND

An hour later, a drum of cleaning fluid exploded in an elevator of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York. It happened on the top floor. The blast burst a water main and cascades of water flooded the lobby, which soon resembled a giant swimming pool. All this was described the following day in *The New York Times*.

Consider the facts: A man, determined to go swimming, finds himself in bathing attire in a hotel, and names two. Neither has a pool but soon one of the hotels gets a pool in the form of a flood. In his dream, the man is taken to a top floor where he experiences intense nervousness. Shortly, a blast raises havoc on that floor.

Did he really foretell the future while he slept?

Of all these excursions into Dreamland, by far the most significant is the discovery that eyeball movements mean a sleeper is dreaming. This was found in a study conducted by the world-famous sleep expert, Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, and his associates at a specially equipped "sleep laboratory" at the University of Chicago.

Night after night, the scientists bedded down subjects, taped electrodes to their heads and recorded their eye movements and brain waves as they slept. Several times each night, when the electroencephalograph machine indicated a dream was in progress, the sleepers were awakened in order to tape record their dreams. The dreams were then carefully compared with the electrical records.

When the results were finally computed, Dr. Kleitman and his associates had found the key to Dreamland. Eyeball movements revealed just when a sleeper is dreaming, how long the dream is, and when it ends.

Using this key in follow-up experiments, scientists sought the answer to an old puzzler: Can outside noises, lights and other nighttime disturbances initiate dreams?

The investigators sounded musical notes while subjects slept, shined lights in their eyes and sprayed cold water on them. But when this was done to people whose eyeballs were still, no dream resulted. In other words, outside sounds and sensations will not manufacture dreams. But when a sleeper is already dreaming, they can send him off on another story line.

For example, a five-second musical note suddenly injected an earthquake sequence into one sleeper's nocturnal scenario. A light in another's face produced a shooting-star scene. Cold water made several patients dream of sudden rainfalls.

The doctors were curious about another thing: What effect, if any, do *internal* factors have? They conducted this interesting test: On five separate occasions, three subjects were told to drink nothing for twenty-four hours. Several went to bed so thirsty they could hardly swallow. Fifteen dreams were recorded but not one involved actually drinking anything! And ten seemed to have nothing at all to do with thirst and fluids.

Only five appeared related to thirst. One sleeper reported: "I started to heat a great big can or skillet of milk—put almost a quart of milk in..." Another said just as he woke: "Somebody raised a glass for a toast. But I don't think I had a glass." A third reported seeing a television commercial with a cartoon used in a popular beer ad.

Another group of investigators, utilizing the eyeball clue, have just called attention to a whole category of dreams which are frequently mistaken for actual happenings. It seems we actually have two separate kinds of dreams—"thought-type" and "hallucination-type"—and they are much different. In the first, the action is not bizarre as in the other. You may merely have the feeling that you are thinking about something. Since these thoughts are not fantastic, you may not recognize them as *dreams* but may recall them later as *memories* of actual occurrences.

On waking, a sleeper who had a hallucination-type dream knows it. He realizes he couldn't have bounded Tarzan-like from building to building or been chased by elephants. But he is not likely to remember as a dream some ordinary thought he had in his sleep—a thought about a building or an elephant.

Yet it's precisely these thoughts which may be of help to a psychiatrist treating a patient.

And this points up the real significance of the eyeball clue to Dreamland. Many psychoanalysts believe that dreams have deep hidden meanings which, interpreted correctly, give clues to a patient's real needs and desires.

But dreams reported by patients are anything but reliable, leading many

psychiatrists to become suspicious and distrustful of them. Dreams are forgotten and distorted. They are "edited," consciously or not, by patients who want to omit parts too painful to recall or relate. And often they do not include "thought-type" dreams which simply aren't recognized as dreams.

How could psychiatry be served by dream research? This way:

A patient could be given a prescription by a psychiatrist reading: "Record seven nights' dreams." Each night, instead of going home to sleep, the patient checks in at a commercial dream-recording laboratory. He turns in at his regular bedtime in a pleasant-looking chamber, electrodes taped to his forehead. They're not uncomfortable, do not prevent normal movements. As he sleeps, a technician sits in another room at an electroencephalograph, a machine the size of a small office switchboard, charting the movements of his eyeballs.

When the machine signals that a dream is in progress, the attendant waits a while, then buzzes a signal in the patient's room. The patient is awakened and begins describing his experiences and the thoughts he's having. A tape recorder at his bedside is turned on automatically and his dream is taken down in full.

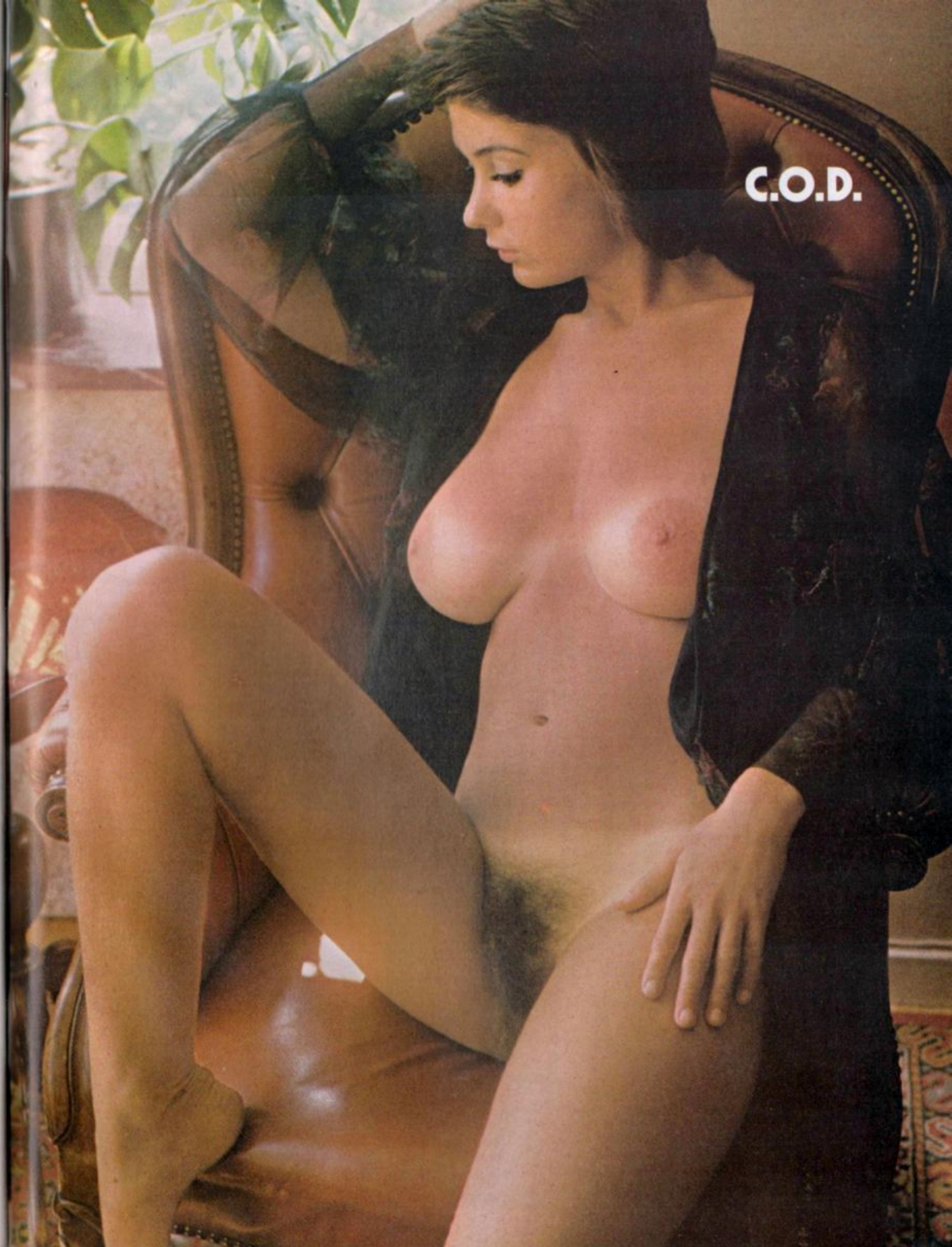
A week later, a package of dreams is delivered to the psychiatrist's office, much as medical labs now send reports of blood or other tests. The psychiatrist now has a complete record of dreams, free of distortions, memory-lapses and patient-editing. He has hallucination dreams as well as the thought variety and is far better equipped to interpret their meaning.

Does it sound like science fiction? So did moon travel just a few short years ago.

The explorations are by no means over. Now that doctors hold the passport to Dreamland, who knows what new wonders they will find there?

Perhaps some day we may be able to perfect "creative dreaming." For example, you have an important problem to solve for the next day's business, but it's late and you're tired. You undress and get into bed. Before falling asleep, however, you present the problem to your subconscious mind, which wrestles with it as you slumber. When you awake in the morning your problem is solved!

Dream stuff? Today, yes. But tomorrow it may be fact. ○

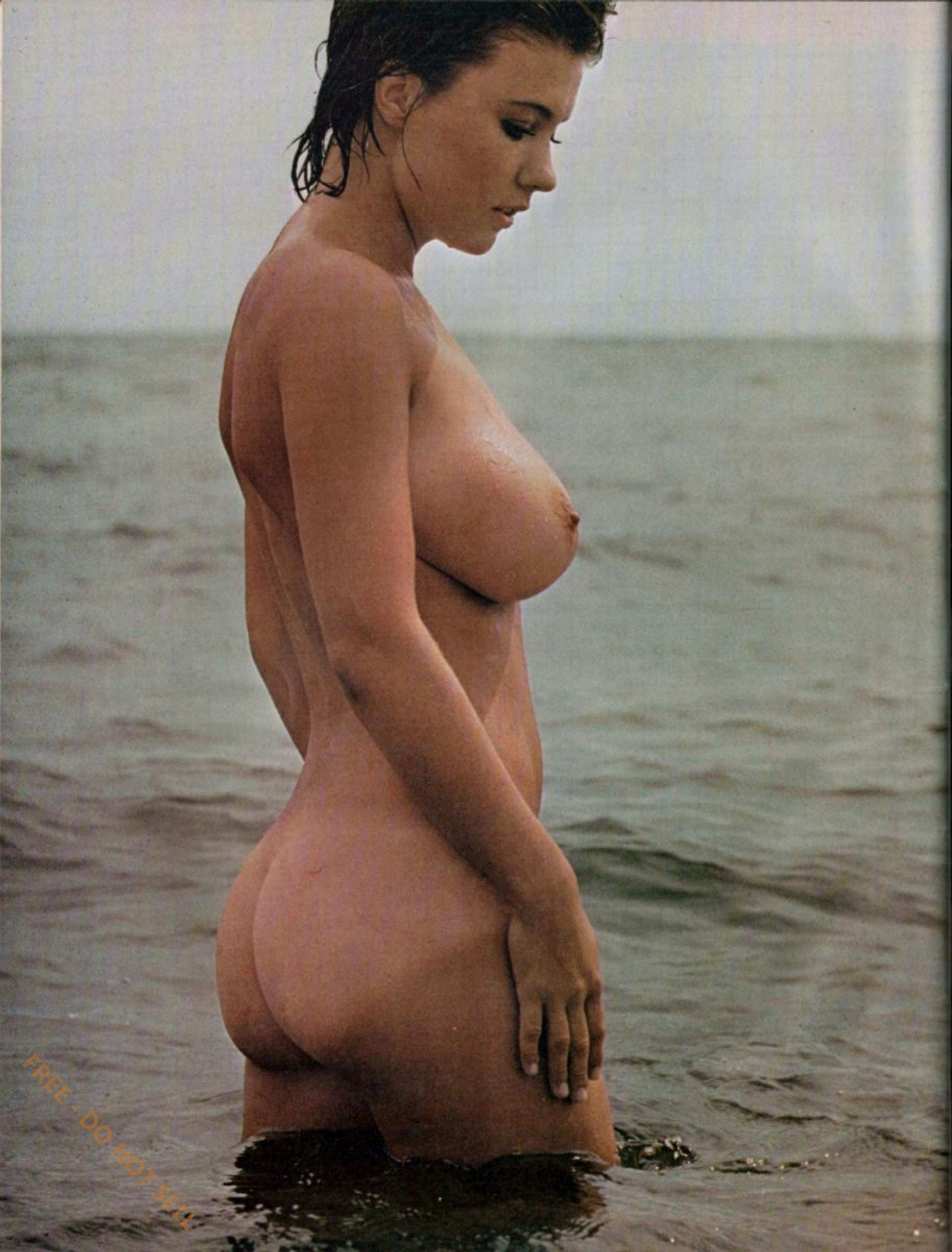






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"I spend so much time in the water that I'm beginning to grow fins," says sensational Christine Olivia Dart (C.O.D. for short). She's a fantastic swimmer and is hoping to be in the next Olympics. Another thing Chris is determined to do is swim the English Channel someday. "I learned to swim at the age of four," she told us, "and I've been a water nut ever since."

She spends most of her time at her pool or at one at the gym where she practices under a swimming coach. Then, for relaxation, Chris goes to the beach and swims. Needless to say, any guy interested in Chris (and what guy wouldn't be?) would have to be a good swimmer.

"But," says Chris, "I am really not interested in getting involved in some hot and heavy romance right now. First I want to win a gold medal and then I'll have plenty of time for other things."

We hope Chris gets what she wants—she's sure a sea-worthy looking girl. We also hope she doesn't get waterlogged from all that swimming. That would be a darn shame.





than I brought over! You know, illegal alien lice."

Sylvia turned to Mark and began pulling his ears. "You want to get a room honey?"

"No . . . I can't," Mark replied, searching for an explanation. "What . . . I mean . . . my girlfriend would kill me if she found out. What if I gave her the gonk or something, huh?"

"Oh gringo . . . Amor de lejos es de pendejos."

Following suit with the other discouraged prostitutes, Sylvia began to retreat to the other side of the room.

"Sylvia, could you tell us a little about the donkey show?" I yelled after her.

"You just watch, cherry . . . I show you the donkey show."

Sylvia walked behind the stage and we sat quietly anticipating the introduction of the donkey. A short man with gray hair, wearing an old woolen jacket and holding a microphone, moved to the center of the stage.

"Buenas noches amigos. You want to see the donkey show? Hell yes! yea yea yea . . ." he chanted. He spoke with a Transylvanian accent, cracked jokes and laughed at them all in the same breath. He had the perfect answers to all of his questions.

Sylvia entered the stage next. The strong lights revealed her legs, which resembled the deformed limbs



The Sante Fe Bridge leads back to Texas. "If you ever get the urge to go over there, just buy yourself a cheap bottle of wine, a smutty magazine and beat off."

of an undernourished crab apple tree. Her breasts, when uncovered, resembled large over-ripe avocados that had been packed at the bottom of a roughly handled crate. As the crowd of more than thirty drunken males began chanting, the music stopped and a semi-nude Sylvia slithered behind the stage.

The little man came back on stage. "Will she take eet all off? Hell yes. Yea yea yea."

The crowd applauded enthusiastically and a large observer on the other side of the room could hardly contain himself. He was probably on the football team that killed the local university team from El Paso. Juarez always gets a little crazy when those jocks come to town. This guy was standing on his group's table jumping up and down, yelling. His shouts were drowned out by the music as Sylvia entered the stage again; this time wearing only the bottom to her bikini. When she finally took off this last garment, the guy on the table was having what appeared to be either an orgasm or an epileptic fit. The whole affair reminded me of the time I walked in on my grandmother when she was taking a bath.

The little man once again came out on the stage. "Who wants to be the donkey eh? yea yea yea . . . Andale gringo vengas!" He was pointing at the guy on

the table, and it wasn't two seconds before that guy was out on the stage with Sylvia. She laid him on his back and removed all his clothing except for his shoes and socks. The yelling continued and Sylvia got off of the football player and began to laugh. Perhaps now the amateur felt a little bit silly as he gathered his clothes and made his way back to the table where his friends were going wild with excitement congratulating their teammate.

The ecstatic audience began throwing coins on the stage; quarters and fifty cent pieces, and Sylvia cavorted about, doing splits and collecting the coins. The master of ceremonies came up in front of Sylvia and placed a large orange on the floor in front of her. Sylvia smiled brightly at the audience as she performed her magic act with the splits, and the orange disappeared.

At this point I remembered I had come with three other guys and looked at them to see their reactions. Mark had his lighter in one hand and removed a quarter from his pocket. Before I fully realized what he was doing, the red-hot quarter landed center-stage-right. Sylvia smiled as she did her last set of splits for the evening. She began to scream and pointed at me and my friends. The women gathered around her and began to come at us, waving their spiked high heels above their heads.

Outside we saw our driver sitting on the hood of his cab. He took us back to the drag, increasing his rates three-hundred percent owing to the urgency of the situation. Once inside the safety of the cab, I questioned my friend.

"Wow . . . that was a helluva gross show. What the hell did you throw that hot coin out there for? You could have gotten us killed."

"Just to liven up her act. She needed some new material."

"You're crazy," I said. "But she didn't do it with a donkey."

"They do sometimes. Last week they did. Don't you believe it?"

"Yeah. I believe it," I said.

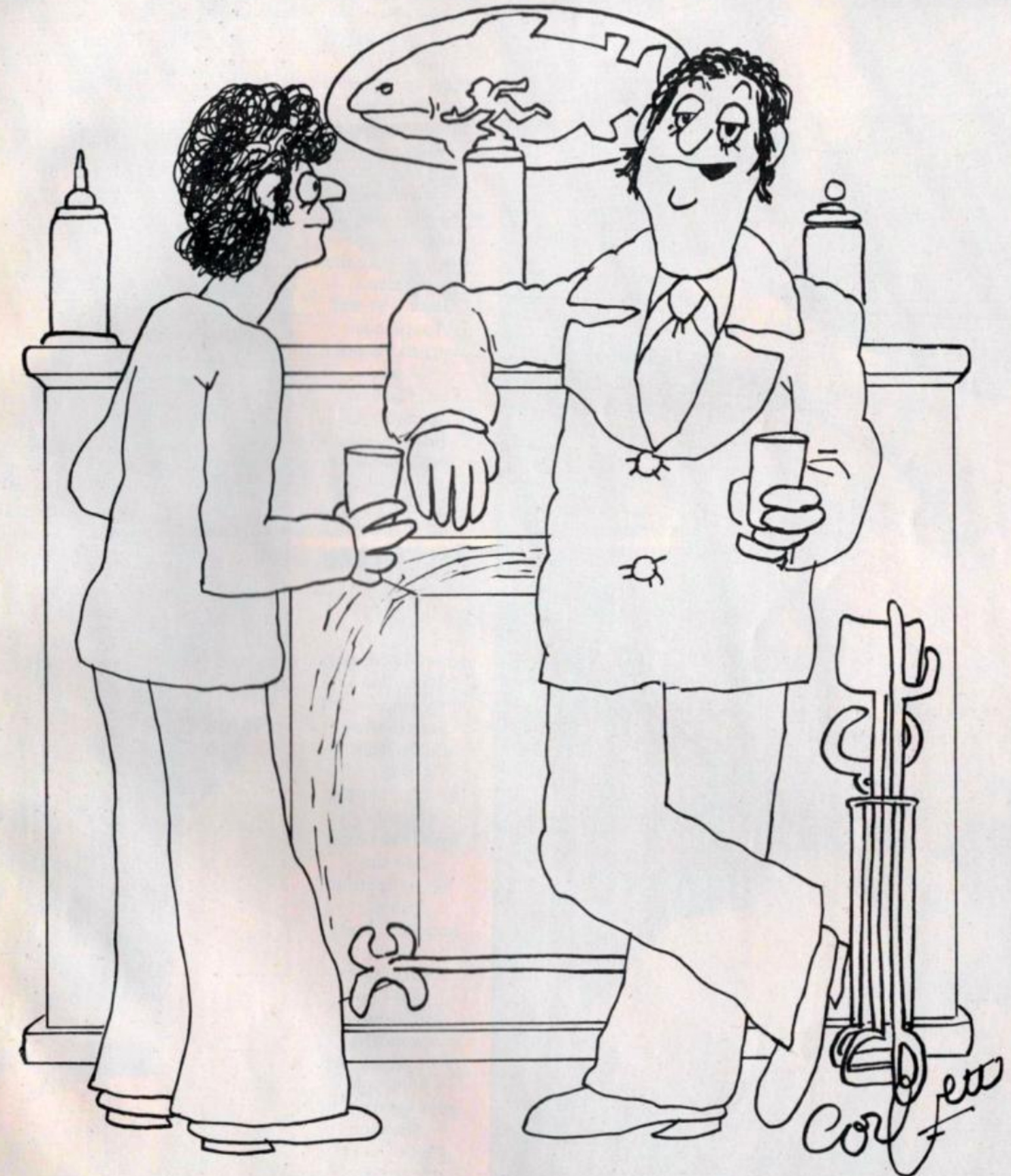
The Cave is still in existence, and the White Lakes, The Doll House, Caesar's Palace, The Lux, Irma's, and all the other dens of iniquity that offer a thrill for the interested eye, but the town has changed a lot. The drinking age is eighteen in Texas now and high schoolers don't have much need for Juarez in the way of alcohol.

I recently visited Juarez. I had a drink in some of my old hangouts with some friends and bought a bottle of Tequila to bring back to the States. After a stay in Juarez of less than an hour, we began to head back across the Santa Fe bridge.

Standing from the top of the bridge, with my feet still on Mexican soil, I looked back at the main drag, Avenida de Juarez. The neon lights flickered dimly from the Follies down to the little shops that line the streets of the drag. The traffic was almost non-existent. Shoeshine boys slept on the bridge, some of them barefoot, all looking cold and hungry. Vendors chatted quietly with the taxi cab drivers. An Indian woman dragged herself over to me with a child in one arm.

"No gracias," I said.

The street lamps made the shadow in the middle of the street look long, and hollow, and I thought to myself—maybe a little over-used. ○



"I was an idealist when I was your age too, Son . . . Hell, I was going to sleep with every girl in town but then I knocked your mother up."





This gal came to our attention last Easter. The entire *Gent* gang was seated around this enormous banquet table ready for an Easter feast, when someone suggested that we should say grace. Well, everyone was a few sheets to the wind and, of course, some guy had to do the old joke. "Grace," he said. Everybody laughed because it was Easter and they were drunk. But one girl, who no one

### Say Grace

had noticed, said, "Yes?" in a sultry voice which caused every head to whirl in her direction. It turned out that the lady's name was Grace and she had a beautiful pair of knockers. Forty on the inhalation and that's no jive. Grace is a wonderful *Gent* gal who we hope you guys appreciate. She was a lot of fun at the banquet and we catch ourselves saying Grace more and more often these fall days.







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FREE-DO NOT SEE