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TITS

172 PAGES OF LOVING BOOBS

**FEATURING THE
LEGENDARY
CANDY SAMPLES**











"WHEN I WAS AROUND FIVE..."

BY CANDY SAMPLES

Now, in her own words, the fabulous Candy Samples tells it all! What it's like to be a stacked celebrity, what she thinks of men, of sex, of show biz and of her own fantastic bod!



When I was around five or six, I was running around up and down the streets the first thing I'd do is take off all my clothes and run away from home. So my mother would tie me to the clothesline on a long leash and I'd run up and down the clothesline.

And then Bobby Mandre—a little boy the same age I was, moved in next door and I taught him how to take his clothes off and run down the street naked. Hand in hand.

"I felt very insecure, like I was deformed or something."

The next interesting thing was that I was illegitimate and consequently my mother watched me like a hawk and kept me out of trouble and one time in the garage—I don't remember what the little boy was trying to do, but it must of been something he shouldn't have been doing. He was like 9 and I was probably 7. So mother came out and all I can remember is mother giving us a



lecture. The next time was in a hayloft on a farm—we were having a family reunion and this cousin was doing something again, probably had me down in the hay because my mother said: “No! No! You don’t do things like that!”

Well of course my bust was completely developed at age 12 and living in Kansas City, Missouri, which is a very conservative area, I felt very insecure, like I was deformed or something, because of my bust line. I remember I was wearing a



halter one day and my father called me in and said: "You can't wear halters anymore," and I said: "Why not?" "Because the neighborhood men will start to pay attention to you too much." "Why?" "Let me put it to you this way," he said, "you know the boys love to play football with you. You know why?" "Yeah, because I'm a good player." "No it isn't, its because they are tackling you a lot and you, well, your busts are completely developed and it's voluptuous to men, especially." I was so furious I still don't understand it.

So at school, because of all the riding they would give me, I would carry my books in front of my breasts to hide them. I was playing the accordion and took lessons for 5 years and I had this huge accordion and with bellows going back and forth. I wonder if

that would have massaged them or made them too large. Of course my mother was busty and my grandmother was busty but it must have been something. Maybe because I had all that weight on me and I was pushing this accordion back and forth. Anyway, I was completely developed at that age and I was already having trouble with husbands of neighbors, that's who I was having trouble with.

I was in an area where you didn't do too much. I was 20 when it got to me. That was a bad experience because my mother all this time was saying don't! I'd go out and neck and have a fantastic time but everyone else did too. The two things my mother said you can't do is: to open your mouth—you have to clench your teeth shut, keep 'em shut all the time and don't dare let anyone touch your breasts.











My first dancing job was in a beer bar—I chose the Spanish and Negro—those are the two nationalities that seemed to go just bananas over busts, especially those two. And they'd all come in and goggle at you, and want to touch your breasts. I'll give you \$5.00 if I could touch your breasts or \$10.00, or just feel your nipple or something. Now where I dance, there is a fellow who comes in and says he'll give me \$5.00 if I just show him my nipples so I'll do that—I mean that's not going to hurt. But the other I don't. It's too dangerous. You know the police have guys in all these places and

"MY FIRST DANCING JOB.."





they watch pretty carefully and you never know when they are there.

I have to watch it after work when I get off at dark. A lot of times there are guys waiting for you or somebody will follow you to your car but luckily I've got a strong enough personality to talk them out of it or scare them away. I had a car follow me down Lincoln Avenue here in L.A. once and I didn't have a bra on. I was just walking down the street.

***"When I dance,
a fellow will ask
me to show him
my nipple for \$5,
and I'll do that."***

It slowly followed me for two blocks. I couldn't figure out what was going on. Then as I stopped at the corner to cross the street, he pulled up to the side real fast and said: "Hey, come here!" It was a young kid, like 18, he said: "Hey, bend down!" and as I bent down and as my breasts kind of flopped out so he could see them I looked down and he was jacking off! He came all over the steering wheel and everything, and said: "Thanks a lot, good bye!" and zoom—he was gone down the street. My mouth was open, wondering about what happened.







And then one guy, I guess he was trying to attack me to try and rape me, I got out of that, too. That was in Culver City when I was at the swimming pool in a bikini and he kept looking and watching . . . then he left. I didn't think anything more about it. He didn't try to talk to me, so when I got up to finish sun bathing to go up to my apartment, I see in the hallway some guy at the end, kind of peeking around the corner and I noticed it was the same guy I saw at the pool. So I just ignored him. I saw a motion down lower so I knew right away he was probably jacking off. And the best thing to do in that case is to probably look the other way, which I did, acted like I didn't even see what he was doing, and as I went by he followed me so now he's following me and I'm almost at my apartment, which is on the 2nd floor. So I'm thinking, I don't want him to see where my apartment is, so as I start up the stairs he grabs my arm and I look

***"I have to watch it
if it's dark when
I get off work."***

around and I notice he's jacking off and it's completely soft. I mean just limp and here he's just jacking off a 100 miles an hour, which I just thought was very strange, then I looked at his eyes which were beady, and knew he had to be on something. Probably 20 or 25 years old. And when he grabbed my arm I just jerked away. I said: "You get out of here, I'm going to call the police!" as I ran upstairs. Before I went to my room I looked around to see if he was watching where I was going. He ran to some place, too, because he was gone. Then I got inside and locked the door and then I started thinking about it and got scared. What was I doing? He



could have had a knife. I finally called the manager to check around and right away he called the police and here came the police. The problem was, there had been like six attacks in that neighborhood and they were trying to find the guy, and they wanted a description and it was the same description.





"THE FIRST TIME..."



The first time, I was 20 and he was 24, the big stud, the big wheel on campus, and his big thing was to get a virgin. He was infatuated with me and was determined to get me and I was determined he wasn't going to get me—eventually one night we were parked out in front of my house and were necking away and somehow he gets through and grabs one of my breasts and it was just like electric shocks going all through my body. If he'd had had a convertible I'd have gone right through the top. If that had happened earlier in my life, I'm sure the guy would have had me because I was just so excited. I

“The first time we were necking and he grabs my boobs, it was like an electric shock to me.”

would have raped him—so we made love there in the car—and then after it was over I was just furious at him because I didn't want to be furious at myself. I never saw him again because I thought he ruined me . . . and it was his fault! Then it was a year again. I liked someone well enough to continue a relationship and so we did go to bed and it was fantastic, beautiful and I think I've been enjoying sex ever since.





Once, when I was working in Las Vegas in the Palomino Club in Northern Las Vegas, there was a guy with a coat on. It was a light-weight coat. I don't think it was a raincoat, probably a wind-breaker and he was just sitting there in the audience and one of the girls was dancing and he jumped up and opened his coat to everybody, then ran up and closed it and ran out. Now there's a lot of times, when guys will talk to you and you'll see their hand moving and they're jacking off and they want you to see them and they want to know if its all right with you that they do that—Shoot, don't ask me . . .

"I've had men come up and ask me to beat them to death and really mean it."

Then there was this guy, he was grisly looking, had a white beard a foot long, sitting next to a friend of mine watching the show and I came out on stage and I start moving and massaging my breasts and it happens. I'm doing this in front of him and all of a sudden he jumped up and said something real loud and had a hold of his something and ran out and this friend of mine was laughing hysterically and she said: "You know what happened? That guy said: 'Oh My God! First time I've had a hard on in 20 years!' and he had a hold of it, jumped up and ran out!" I guess to jack off.

But I've had men come up and ask me if I would beat them to death and they really meant it. How much would I charge? One guy wanted me to tie him up, so I tied him up. I said I don't have any rope but I got the cords from my negligee. He said yes, that will do. He gave me \$25.00.







"LAS VEGAS HAS MORE OPPORTUNITIES..."

Las Vegas has more opportunities for dancing and better money and you are more apt to be noticed especially if you are well built.

One time in Las Vegas, I did a ballet act, dancing with a muscle man really well built. He owned a gym that I worked out in. One of the things he would do is rub oil

"We would get turned on and have sex right on the gym floor or in the sauna."

into my breasts and my whole body. Kind of a sensual fantasy, and a lot of times we would go over to his gym and I worked out there and was trying to keep my bust up looking good and the only way you can do that is to exercise and he would show me how to do that and we would even work out on the barbells and things together, and then we would get turned on and have sex right in the gym or even in the sauna. I fell in love with him in a short time. We would take turns attacking each other. We danced on stage together at several different places and our act became very well known. One incident: instead of rubbing oil into my body he covered me completely with gold paint and that was kind of sensuous; with a paint brush, even on my face.











One of the unusual things about me is that I was 28 years old before I heard about oral sex . . . and the reason was nobody had tried it on me before and the men I was around didn't know anything about it, either. I'd never read about it, never even heard about it, so that was a whole new scene when that happened to me. It was just like discovering sex all over again . . .

My first sexual experience was when I was about 12 years old. I used to take care of my cousin who was several years younger. His mother and father were pretty in on the know—One day when they were gone I found some of those small books or the comic strip with people that were having sex with the dogs and all that, the Tijuana Bible. At that time, they didn't keep dogs leashed and there was a vacant house next door and I whistled

“I got off the horse and tried to jack him off . . .”









for a dog to come in and jacked him off.

Then, when I was 14, my uncle never bothered me but he would always sit around and have his fly completely open but you could only just see hair and I never saw anything else and I thought that was a little strange. First I thought he had a kitten down there . . . So one night I went down to the basement and my uncle came down the steps. He came right over to me and put his hand down my dress and patted my busts—I was 14 and scared to death. I ran up the stairs and didn't say a word to anybody and finally a week later I told my mother and aunt what had happened. They just laughed and giggled which I didn't appreciate.

I must somehow have an animal fetish because I saw a movie where there were horses and donkeys and I always had my own and loved them when I was growing up on the farm, but at the time I didn't think of them sexually, so I came to California and started seeing a lot of dirty movies and I saw this horse act so I ran right away and went out horse back riding and I went out far enough so that no one was around and I got off the horse and tried to jack him off and he wouldn't let me touch him. So then the next thing was, I saw a donkey one night going across Topanga Canyon and it was a burro. I stopped, pulled over and started fiddling with him. Did he get a hard on! He got longer and longer and longer until it was touching the ground and I could not believe that. Now at the same time, I had a girl friend and she was so horny to do this and she jacked off her pony and goat. Now that to me was a little gross—a little more than I wanted to do.

Getting back to the dogs and my aunt and uncle and my little cousin, I used to have to take care



of. A funny thing happened. They had a little cocker spaniel named Lady Bug and they were leaving and she said now don't you let Lady Bug outside all day. Well, naturally Lady Bug gets out and I call her and she comes back and there doesn't seem to be any problem. Then all of a sudden she got out again and it was time for my aunt and uncle to come home. And at the same time across the street, there was this howling and barking. They looked across the street and here's Lady Bug being dragged





backwards by an enormous collie and they are caught together and my aunt was furious and said now your going to have to get them apart. So I said what do I do, and she said I don't know, but you go and do it, and I ran across the street and so I just started petting both dogs and I got them stopped and that worked because they both calmed down and the collie wasn't so scared and his cock went down and she got loose. Then I brought Lady Bug inside and my aunt made me give her a douche . . . I gave the dog a douche and it still had puppies. I don't know why or what I was doing or why both those dogs were hooked up like that—I didn't know nothing . . .

While I was in Las Vegas, there was a male dancer who was very well endowed and I had been to bed with him several times. He was very good but what really turned him on was two girls together and he was living with a Swedish girl who he kept trying to talk into having another girl, and she just couldn't because she was too jealous. The girl and I got together one time. She was still jealous at first, but then she started enjoying it and then we all did.

***"I must somehow
have an animal
fetish . . ."***

I had another girl friend and after she graduated high school, she got married right away. After they got married they were divorced and then I met him. He was very good looking and was nice, so we started dating and we went to bed and I found out right away why they had split up. He was built like a boy. He was twenty and built like he was 5 years old. Couldn't do much for me!







The last five years, I've been living with an engineer. And somehow it seems like when you're living with someone it's almost like being married. I hadn't been with anyone else and I hadn't been dating anyone else. One day I saw my girl friend Ushi in Palm Springs, and we were talking and her attitude, being Swedish, is that as man and wife she and husband can go anywhere they like and do anything they like and they have the most beautiful relationship I've ever seen. Very close, very loving and while they are together, they're together, but if she leaves town, he can go to bed with anybody and while she's out of town, she can date and go to bed with anybody she wants to. Gee—I love it. I love that style of living. I think that's what I would like. So all of a sudden I started thinking about my life and thought about all the relationships I was missing and all of the fun I was missing. Now I date more and promote my work more and do other things just because I am able to date, while before I just did it by dating the producers.



















HOLLYWOOD

"USHI AND I..."



Ushi and I, we are very best friends and we are writing a book together called "Bosom Buddies". The book is not a book on our lives, it's about my reaction to being a busty woman and how people react to us. And what we think about different sexual acts and about the laws and institutions. I think the book will be good. It's never been done before and there is a lot to know about busty women and how hard it is to wear clothes and always look correctly. It's hard when you always have a 48" bust hanging out there. We wear special made clothes or net clothes or one size larger.

Some days when I'm in a bad



mood, I go out to a coffee shop or restaurant. And a guy will turn around and say: "Wow! You're lookin' good today mama! You have a fantastic shape. I'd like to get to know you!" and it will make you feel like life isn't so bad, so you push out your chest and you're an inch taller and feel good. Men are always flattering but it seems that the women are always cackling or make some

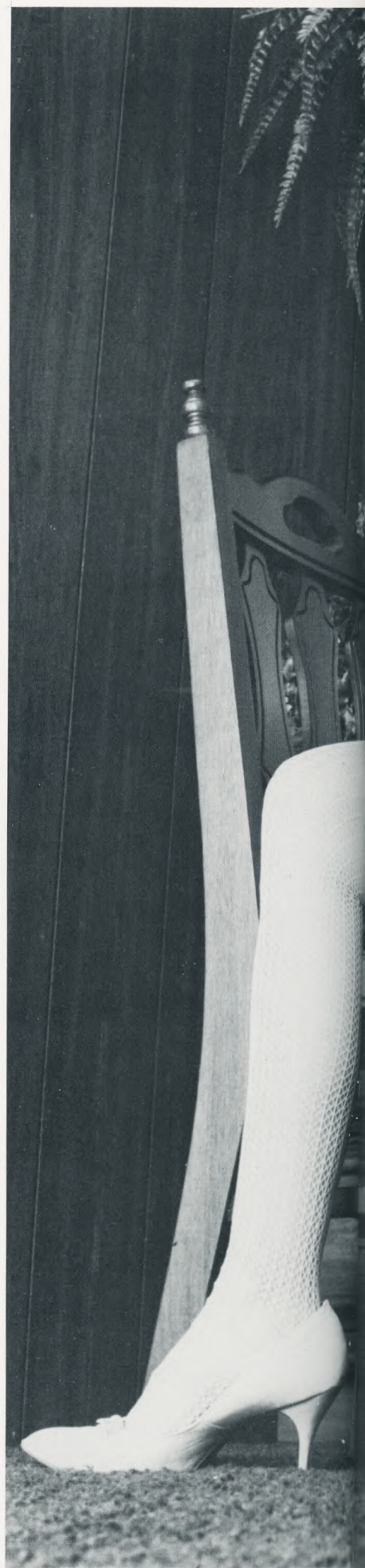




remark like you're a freak and that hurts and makes you very sad, and you have to take it all the time and the best thing to do is make like you don't hear it and that's hard to do.

In 1974, I was chosen as one of

***"It's hard when
you always have
a 48 inch bust
hanging out there."***





the ten finalists in the Jayne Mansfield look-alike contest. They flew us to New York and we stayed at the Essex House for a week and ten of us from all over the United States and recently in 1978, I was in the Dolly Parton Look-alike contest and it will be

"As far as sex is concerned, I love to go see dirty movies and go to motel movies."

televised this year. From that exposure I got a lot of dates.

One guy saw me there, he was a dentist in Beverly Hills. He said if you ever need dental work, please come and see me. All I ask is to lean my elbows on your breasts.







Being busty has created a very exciting life for me (5'5" 125 pounds). I am very much into vitamins and I take protein powder and brewers yeast every day, which helps my skin and use many creams and oil on my skin.

As far as sex is concerned, I love to go see dirty movies and go to motel movies. I like to look at the Tijuana book, very muscular well built men. To go out dancing.

I'm the only woman I know who wears two bras when I play tennis so I don't bounce too much. But if I really want to win, I don't wear any bra and they forget to watch the ball.





