

# TUBE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

40 CENTS APRIL 1959

A SPIGOT PUBLICATION



A Tubed Story:  
I FOUGHT THE  
MAD MONKS  
OF SAN FELIPE

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by Piney Woods



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....useful for antimacassars



2. A variation  
....for doilies



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....for potholders



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....for doll clothes



How to get  
the greatest satisfaction  
from your pipe



MOLD OLD BRISTLE

# the EDITOR



## squeaking

Odder day I was readin' dis mag, *McCall's*, de one what's on de "togedderness" kick. Boy!! Was I ever disgusted!! What a lousy deal dat togedderness stuff is—geez!!! I mean, dey want a guy should take his old lady wid him when he goes places. Like when he goes huntin', an' fishin' and boozin', he should drag de battleax along. Nex' ting you know, dey'll want he should bring her to de weekly stag parties. Holy Cow!!

Now, us guys we gotta stick togedder to lick dis togedderness. Women start readin' junk like dat *McCall's* rag and dey'll get de idea dat dere should be togedderness in de fambly, an' youse guys don't want dat, boy, let me tell you!! We gotta keep de ball-an'-chain in her place, which is in de kitchen. An' we gotta keep her in her place in de kitchen, which is at de stove. Except when she washes de clothes and makes de beds and sweeps de floor. De first time your broad says anyting about togedderness, youse guys tell dem dat de on'y kind of togedderness youse is innerested in is de kind of togedderness when your knucks fits in de welts in her face.

Dis is gettin' ta be a serious deal. It's bad enough when ya gotta hand over de pay check every week. But when they expects youse to go out wid 'em, dat's askin' too much. I mean, why do dey tink we married 'em except to get outta takin' 'em out? Us guys is de ones what brings home de bread and fight de wars an' all dat stuff, an' we deserve a little, and, boy, dis togedderness stuff is goin' way too far!! So let's all of us hang togedder and keep de broads down where dey belongs!! Maybe we even start a deal, "ungedderness" or someting.

\* \* \*

Lemme light up a butt an' den I got some more stuff ta say.

I met one of dem intellectual fellas a coupla weeks ago. He was a atomic psysicist or something like dat—maybe a existentialist. Boy, what a cream-puff dat guy was!! He had ta use all his strengt' ta turn de pages in his books, I bet. It made me tink of old Mighty Mike Gratch. Now dere was a real man!! None of dis page-turnnig crud fa him, boy. Mike used ta be a lumberjack up in de Nort' Woods back aroun' de turn of de century. He used ta go inta town ev'y Satiddy night an spen' his whole paycheck on booze—tree gallons of red-eye—an' den offa ta fight de whole town. All by himself. Of course dey always pounded de hell outta old Mike ev'y time, but, boy, what a man he was!! Ev'y Satiddy night, boy—old Mike never quit tryin'.

Mighty Mike was de best lumberjack in de Woods, too. Dey used ta give him de jobs dat *nobody* could do. He used ta alla time but up log jams on de river wid his bare mits. Alla time!! What a man! Never catch Mike in a library turnin' pages, boy! You jus' don't fin' men like Mighty Mike Gratch any more dese days. He is de *real* vanishin' American! Not dem indians. Back in dose days all de men was *men*! Wid hair on de chest and everyting and guts!

But I don't want youse folks ta get de idea dat I'm a old meany, 'cause me and de ol' lady gets along real happy, an' if youse don't believe me, jus' ask her. De minute dey takes de bandages offa her face, she'll tell youse what a life of wedded bliss we leads. We got our little fambly squabbles, a course, but dey never last long.

Nex' week we gonna leave fa de Gran Pree at Paris, where I'm gonna drive de Bugatti in de race fa kicks. An' believe me, I'm gonna be unuxorious as hell. An' if youse don't know what dat means, you don't got no busines readin' dis mag. Youse should be readin' about togedderness or someting instead.

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# TUBELY YOURS

TELL IT TO TUBE—P.O. Box 3013, Agnews, California

## SATISFIED READERS

Gee, it was swell reading Alan Bynd's story about the sinking of the U.S.S. Mercyhope. It was really great reading about all my old buddies that I had so much fun with. They were really great guys and they were sure glad to be getting back to the States. I liked the story so much because it had all the guys' names and all about them, and I was really pleased to see my name in type too.

—Seaman 2nd Class Joe Scrubb  
APO 169, New York

You readers may remember that we mentioned Joe Scrubb as being the only survivor of the torpedoed hospital ship, the U.S.S. Mercyhope.

I like a good raunchy article or story every now and then, but don't you think you overdid it a little bit last month with your story "The TUBED Story on the Marquis de Sade"? The pictures were bad enough, but the part about where he . . . offended even my normally liberal tastes. Little kids read your magazine; do you want them to go around being like the Marquis de Sade? I thought not. I trust you will be a little more discriminating in your future choices of material.

—Harold Prude  
Chastity, North Carolina

You really liked it, did you? Always glad to hear favorable comments from our readers. We certainly will try to run a sequel to "The TUBED Story on the Marquis de Sade," and, in the meantime, if you will turn to page 59 of this issue, I think it will be worth your while.

When my husband first started reading TUBE he was a 98-lb. weakling, but now —oh, my!! Thank you, TUBE.

—Ima Beat  
Pooped, Ohio

Dat's de stuff, lady.

This series you are running on how to beat the personality tests is really great. I got a terrific job just by following your advice. I'm now a lumberjack. Thanks again.

—Mary Anne Squeer  
Yakalot, Washington



I really think you run a great mag, boy! Gee, it is really swell, with all those gory articles and everything. I really liked that bitchin' story you had in the last issue, "How to Skin the Cat, Alive." I really eat up all those neat pictures in color and everything. I also liked that article by your Transylvanian correspondent called "The Uses of Wooden Stakes." That was pretty good too.

—A. Hapsburg  
Red River, Austria

## DISAPPOINTED READERS

Alright, you filthy-minded muscle-bound bastards, we (my client and I) have had enough! We couldn't touch you while you were just pushing what we refer to as "independent masculinity," but now that you have attacked us directly through your constant derogatory references to *Together*ness we've got something to pin on you. You can sell out now and save a little of your investment. If you do decide to sell, we're thinking of calling you TUBE, *The Family Man's Magazine*.

Wylie S. Fentriss  
Attorney at Law for  
*McCall's Magazine*

We was only kiddin', Wylie, honest.

What a rag you guys put out! I used to read it once in a while, but now, cripes, I just can't hack it. What made me change my mind was the first time I took a gander at *Playboy*. Boy, that's a mag!! How come you guys don't have no dirty pics of some bitchin' babes instead of all that fishin' and hunting crud?

—Fred Lacks  
Big Horns, Idaho

Fred, if you will trouble to look on page 58 of this issue, I don't think that you will be disappointed. Not at all. Heh, heh.

What a bunch of blubberheads you guys are! In that story last month "Guns for Hire," the author, Lucifer Kary, said that the gunmen were using model 392486 Crammington Single Six, which is ridiculous since that was in 1863. At that time the only guns used were the Navy Kolt model 548821, and that was double-action. A man simply could not get off his six shots in 87/100 of a second. The recessed action which was incorporated from the earlier model 36968 Mooseberg was too slow for such rapid fire, and Kary must have missed the mark by at least 21/100 of a second, and then it would be doubtful whether a man could place the six shots in a bull's-eye (model 437612).

—Tommy Gunn  
Ambush, Texas

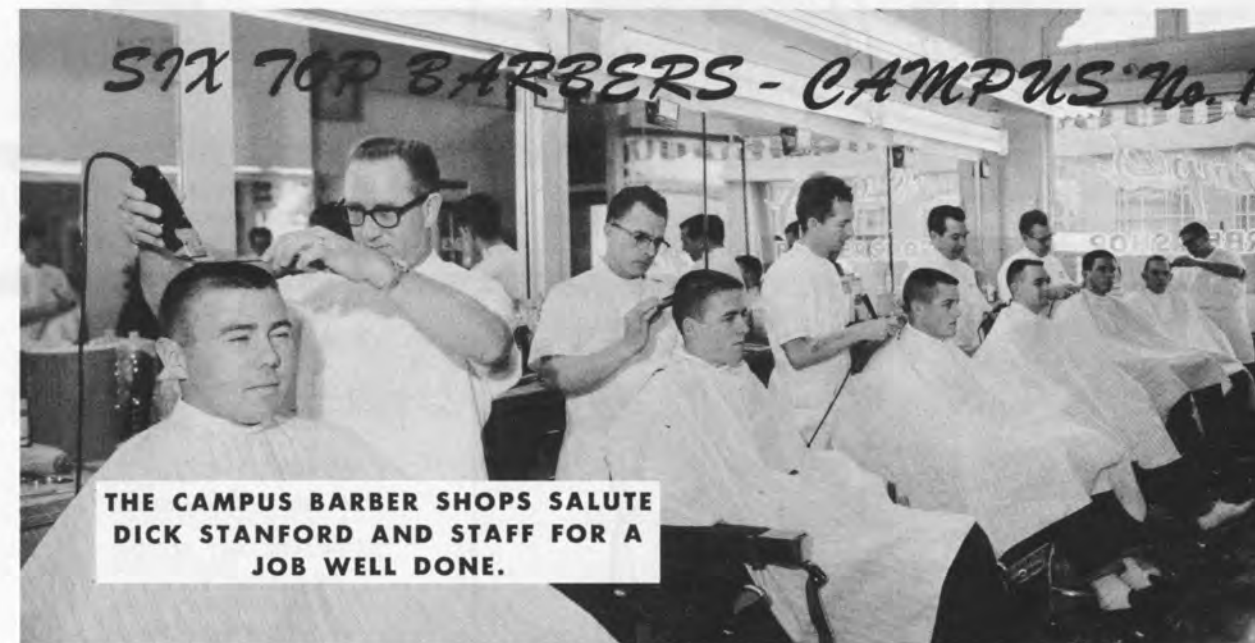
Why don't youse just take dem pistols an' . . .



(Continued on page 8)

☆ TUBE

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APRIL 1959

# TUBE THE

MAN'S MAGAZINE

No matter what  
way youse flush-  
es it, it always  
goes down de  
tubes — Harry,  
the Plumber.



Cover by Big Peter Whorf  
(see page 58)

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Sorry it's not on sale—it's been banned already

A SPIGOT PUBLICATION

(Continued from page 4)

**BERTHA**

Dear Mr. Editor:

I really do enjoy immensely all the manly articles in your wonderful magazine. Could you please have more gitty, he-man stories and pictures and things? They help me to realize the rugged piece of man that I really am, and I read them avidly whenever Bertha (that's my wife) isn't around.

And also, I meant to ask you if you could send my magazines to me from now on in plain, unmarked manila envelopes. When Bertha (that's my wife) catches them arriving in the mail she takes them and tears them up and then hits me.

*Yours very respectfully,*

—Herman Mollycoddle  
Pussyfoot, Wisconsin

**Mr. Mollycoddle, we do not know you!! Keep your dirty mitts off of our magazines. Men, he doesn't read TUBE at all; he's a secret agent from McCall's. Honest, he's kidding or something.**

—Gnatnoop Murietta  
Tasmania, Nevada

**ORIENTALS**



In you wrast magazine you are plint stolly on *Kamakaze Piwrots: Nippon's Deadliest Weapon*. You are say pwrane are design to be fwrone by piwrots into 'Melican ships with intent to detonating special expwrosive warheads set in nose of pwrane fow those pulpose. Also are say that piwrots be speciarry chosen for task of fly pwrane for above spoken of pulpose.

Are wish to disagleeing with honorable Mr. Big Ted Thueblue, who is author of stolly. *Kamakaze pwrane* are result of defective materials incorporated into manufacture of fighter pwrane, due to fact were all made in Japan. Piwrots have not even *slightest* idea what suplise in store fow them. First inkling is when shoddy airpwrane begin to disintegrate. Then piwrot decide to be *Kamakaze* piwrot. Is one big R.F. on evelybody except airpwrane factory owner, who make plenty yen off selling cheap merchandise. Clevah, the se Olientals.

—Mitsubishi Oriental,  
Tokyo, Ohio

**HAMSTERS**

In your article *Wildest Animals I Have Known*, I am greatly surprised (and disappointed) that you neglected the Tasmanian hamster. I have, with my own two eyes, seen a pack of these vicious little beasts reduce a water buffalo to bare, bleached bones in a matter of minutes. They often gang up on a herd of cattle and drive them into a frenzy which results in a stampede and the ultimate death of all the cattle involved.

You can raise Tasmanian hamsters in your attic or basement. No trouble at all, and the kids'll love 'em. Get your own brace of Tasmanian hamsters *now* and start raising these cuddly little animals for fun and profit. Build a secure future on an independent business of your own. All you do is sit back and let the Tasmanian hamsters grow valuable pelts (and more Tasmanian hamsters) for you. Write now for our free pamphlet.

**LIZZIES**

I think you got your facts wrong on this Lizzie Borden gal. I knew her parents before that fateful day, and they were the kindest, most considerate people you ever met. They gave Lizzie everything she ever wanted. And it is not true that there was an axe lying around the house. I know. Liz borrowed one from me.

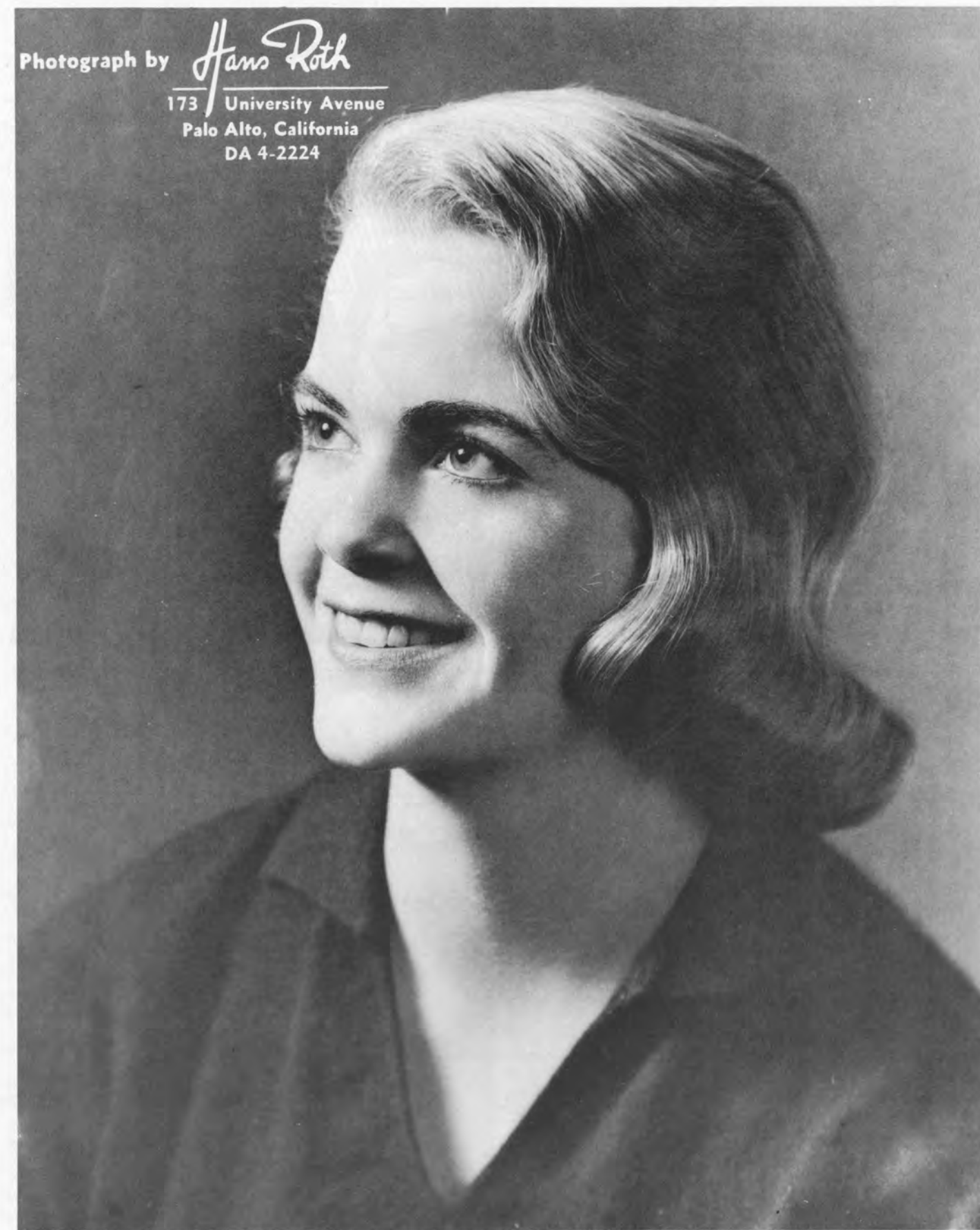
—Gorden Borden (her brother)  
Fall River, Mass.

**BROADS**

It might interest you people who publish this terrible magazine to know that you have been named as corespondent in my divorce suit which is now in court. Every time my husband received his copy of TUBE he would go off into a corner and read it from cover to cover without eating or even speaking to me. When he finished each copy he would beat the living hell out of me to prove how much of a man he was. I wrote to McCall's for advice and they advised me to try togetherness, but when I suggested to my husband that he take me hunting with him, he locked me in the kitchen and left. I'm mad at you.

—Jane Beam  
Tuma, Arizona

**When are youse broads goin' ta learn ta keep ya dirty mits offa us guys? Toged-derness takes gas!**



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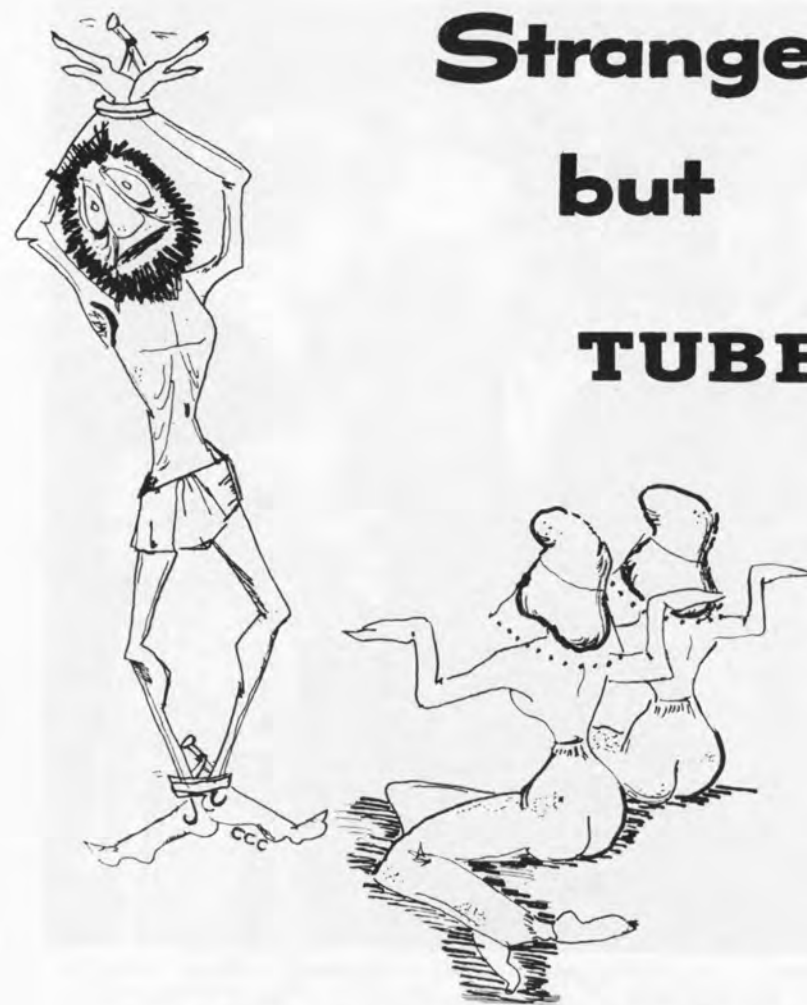
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# Strange but TUBE



In ancient Turkey adulterers were punished by being chained hand and foot in the bath of the sultan's harem. They were left there until their condition of helplessness amid so many beautiful nude females finally drove them insane.

A strange result of this torture was that the insanity often took the form of masochism, and the victims usually reverted to their wicked ways once more, thus being forced to undergo the same cruel punishment again and again. *By P. Ting Tuum, Istanbul.*

Famed Hollywood dancer, Fred Astaire, was questioned at a recent formal ball as to why he wasn't dancing like the rest of the guests. Sheepishly Astaire admitted that he didn't know how to fox trot. *By Gower Champion, Hollywood.*

American occupation forces in World War II had a strange effect on the religious customs of the small island of Olay-Olay in the western Gilbert group. Each year the natives of Olay-Olay had cleansed themselves of sin in the eyes of Wonka, their god, by sacrificing a virgin before his temple. Wonka in his infinite wisdom, however, came to understand the Americans' horror at this barbarity, and he so directed the fates that by the time of the departure of the occupation forces, the high priests were unable to locate a single virgin, and the cruel custom came to an end. *By Babalu Watusi, Olay-Olay.*

Elk hunting in northern Alberta has become more hazardous in recent years since the elk have started shooting back. *By Mark Trail, North Woods.*

MGM reports that it has had to halt filming of a Tarzan movie this month. In one scene Jane was lying helpless on the ground with a sprained ankle, and Tarzan was wrestling a lion which had been about to devour her. MGM now finds that it must revise the script, since the lion won. *By Cheetah, Eden.*

Little known is the fact that when Sir Edmund Hillary finally reached the peak of Mt. Everest he found a note engraved on a strange metal disk, which read, "Good work, Earthman; we had to fly!" *By Wog (we don't know where Mr. Wog is from—his "Strange but Tube" was inscribed on a strange metal disk).*

In a remote valley in the headwaters of the Amazon there exists a strange fungus which thrives on human clothing. Explorers have been plagued by this biological phenomenon for many years, and several parties have returned to civilization without a stitch remaining.

Upon hearing of this weird fungus, the American Sunbathers' Association developed a well-guarded plot to import a sizeable quantity of it to distribute at opportune moments in theaters, churches, sporting events, beaches, and other public gatherings. All worked well until the airliner in which the fungus was being smuggled struck an air pocket and the container fell open. Within such close confines chaos soon ruled.

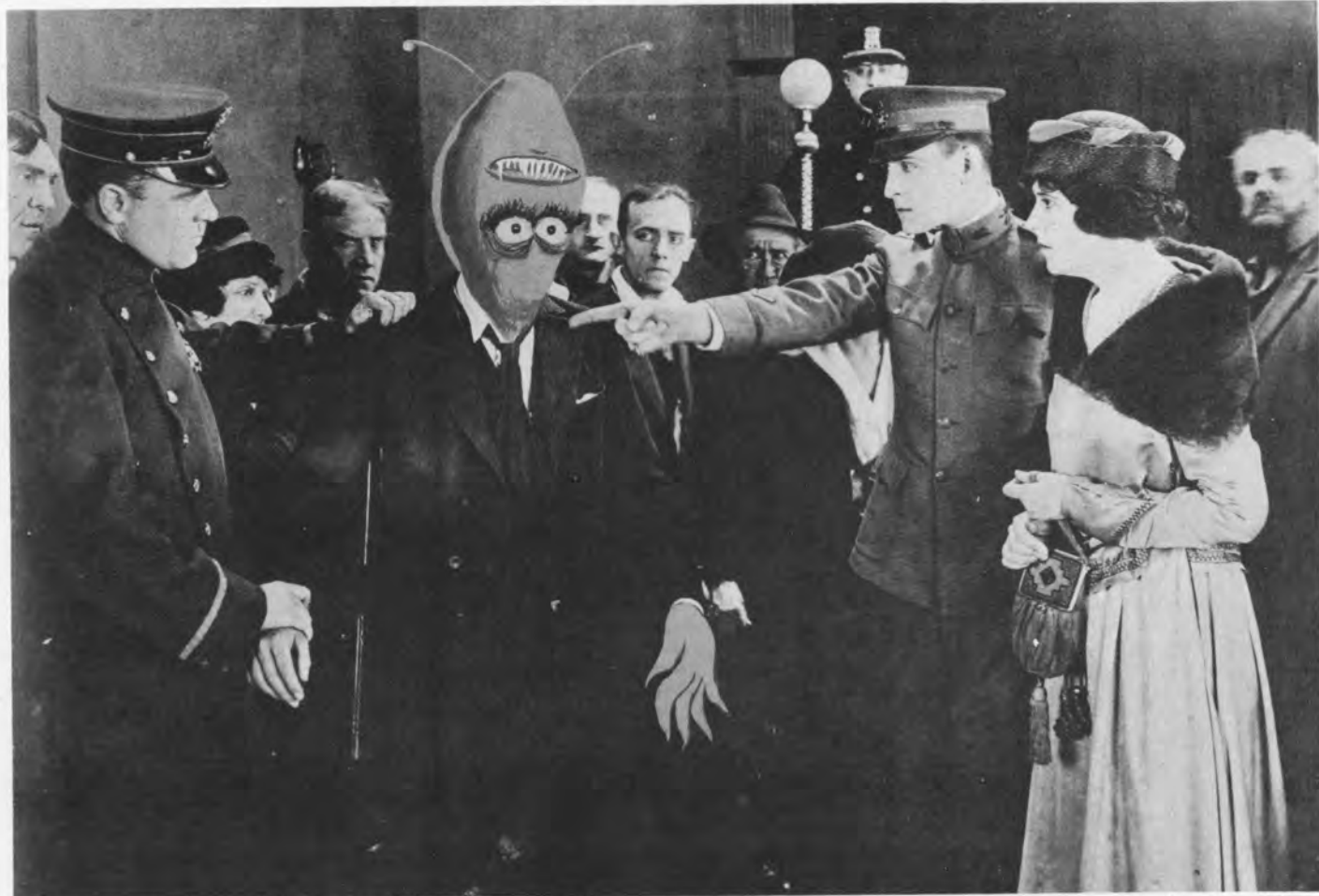
The pilot taxied his embarrassed passengers to a remote corner of the airport where a large group of volunteers from the customs office performed their work slowly but with admirable thoroughness. The plane was fumigated and the ASA agent was quickly discovered and apprehended. He was the only passenger who was sunburned all over. *By Noah Clothes, Sunnyvale.*

Strange but true is the little-known story of Capt. S. O. Beech, tyrannical commander of Baker Company of the 151st Infantry in the Anzio campaign. From his protected foxhole Capt. Beech was directing his men in a bloody assault on an enemy strong point overlooking the American supply lines. At the height of the battle Capt. Beech was mortally wounded by the explosion of a hand grenade in his foxhole.

Surgeons later discovered from fragments that the grenade had been one of American manufacture, and to this day the Army has not solved the mystery of how the Germans came into the possession of the American grenade, or how they threw it the quarter-mile from their lines to Capt. Beech's position. *By Baker Q. Company, Anzio, Georgia.*

On July 13, 1953, skin-diver Finny Scales was pulled from the water off Catalina ranting deliriously about a colony of mermaids. Even after oxygen treatment Finny was so violent that the other club members were forced to grant his request to go back down with a camera before the boat could return to shore.

Upon reaching land Finny was committed to a mental institution, where he is still confined. The experience had a strange effect on the club also, which has since closed its doors to new members, and returns each week to the same spot to grieve over Finny's misfortune. Unfortunately Finny's pictures were accidentally destroyed in the rush of a hasty adjournment which followed their showing at the first club meeting subsequent to the adventure. *By D. Psee Diver, Atlantis.*



Q: What are the chances of life existing on Mars? *Werner Von Braun, Cape Canaveral, Fla.*

A: Pretty good. In fact, a creature representing himself as a Martian turned up at the Annual Midwinter Policeman's Ball in New York City in 1953. He seemed friendly, but he was so ugly he was spoiling the festive atmosphere of the Ball, and a couple of rookie officers were asked to take him out in the alley and shoot him. He was stuffed and raffled off at the Annual Springtime Policeman's Ball.

## man to man

# QUERIES

by BIG DOD WORTH

Q: Our Indian guide keeps saying that Indians are just as good as white men. What does he mean by this? I never give it a thought before. *Gnatnoop Murietta, Oyster Prairie, Neb.*

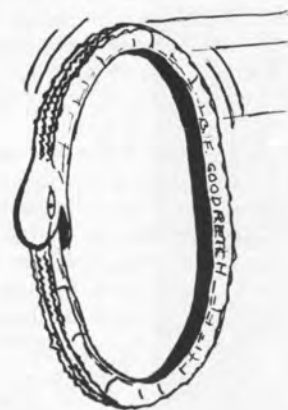
A: He's only an Indian; ignore him. I'm afraid you lose the bet.

Q: What is a "gibbous moon" anyway, and what's the story behind it? *Pierre Fortuné, Slackjaw, Me.*

A: At Snakenavel Caverns, southern Kentucky, in 1915. Looks like your friend was right.

Q: Does a man's beard grow faster if he shaves daily or if he allows it to grow without cutting it? *Spyrous Satyriasis, Athens, Pa.*

A: The uncut beard grows at the same rate as if it were shaved daily for about six months; after this the beard stops growing altogether. Many men have been quite surprised on shaving off "a year's growth" to find that they needn't shave any more. You lose the bet.



Q: How far can the hoop snake roll like a hoop, with his tail in his mouth? *Averill Reptillian, Lizard, Mont.*

A: Hoop snakes have been known to roll as far as two miles without pause.

Q: My buddy says he saw Nita Naldi in *Blood and Sand* with Rudolph Valentino. I say she was with Wallace Beery. Who's right? *Hyman Rinderpest, Thalamus, Wis.*

A: Wrong. Rudolph Valentino never made a movie with Wallace Beery.

Q: What does that old saw really mean, "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched?" *Sedley Hemremmer, Birdlime, Ark.*

A: It doesn't really mean anything—it's just an old saw. Guess your friend wins.

Q: I'm an Indian guide and one of the white men that hires me seems to have the idea that he's better than I am. I keep telling him I'm just as good as he is but it seems to have no effect. Who's right? *Murietta Gnatnoop, Great Slave Lake, Canada.*

A: Your friend is right. This is an *American* magazine.

(Continued on page 13)

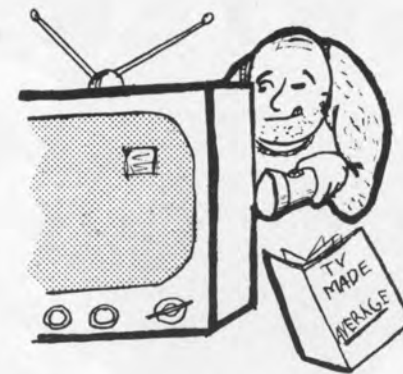


Q: My boyfriend, Barry, says that olives don't make you passionate. I say they do, and refuse to eat them. What do you think? *Annie Orfice, Sandy Hook, N.J.*

A: If I was your boyfriend I'd hit you in the mouth. Stomp Togglederness!

Q: According to my golfing partner, no one has ever made more than one hole in one. I insist that many people must have done it more than once. Which one of us are right? *Gene Murd, Culver City, Calif.*

A: Which one of you is right?



Q: What's the deal on T.V.? How does it work, anyhow? I'm just an average guy so don't explain it too technical. *Phil Figler, Mammary, Texas.*

A: Beats the hell out of me. I'm just an average guy too. All us guys here at TUBE are average guys. What're you worrying about all that intellectual crud anyway. This is a *man's* magazine.

Q: Me and my wife have an argument all the time whether it does you any good when you open a can of beer to hit the top of it with the beer-can-opener before you open it. I say it does and she just laughs in my face. What do you say? *Max Groat, Biloxi, Mass.*

A: Hit her in the mouth. Stomp Togglederness!

(Continued on page 12)

## CAMERA HEADQUARTERS

for Stanford

## KEEBLE'S

Town & Country Village

## KEEBLE & LOHMAN

Stanford Shopping Center

"We take passport identification photos"



Dawn Dyer catches an action shot on the volleyball courts with a new "Electric Eye" Bell & Howell



STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER DA 5-0176



## HERE THEY ARE, THE MARCH WINNERS OF LIMERICK LAUGHTER THESE LIMERICKS WON \$5, YOURS CAN, TOO!

A toothsome young thing from Darien  
Said, "You don't lose a thing by just tryin'."  
Some villain agreed,  
Oh, girls, take ye heed,  
For now she's not laughin', but cryin'.  
- Sam Anderson

A young fellow by the name of Mecushela  
Of troubles and worries had a bushela,  
'Til he hit upon losing  
Them all, by just boozing--  
A solution not highly unusuala.  
- Richard Frisby

"Life is bitching, great and grand!"  
Exclaimed the dolly from Durand.  
The simple reason why  
Is a lack of supply--  
'Tis the ratio--which keeps up demand.  
- Henry Kindling

**WIN A FIN**

from

## LIMERICK LAUGHTER

Each month, the *Chaparral* will award \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M cigarette pack. Another \$5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Ten (10) honorary mention limerick winners each month will receive Happy Talk game, the new hilarious word game.

Write your limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield or Oasis cigarettes.

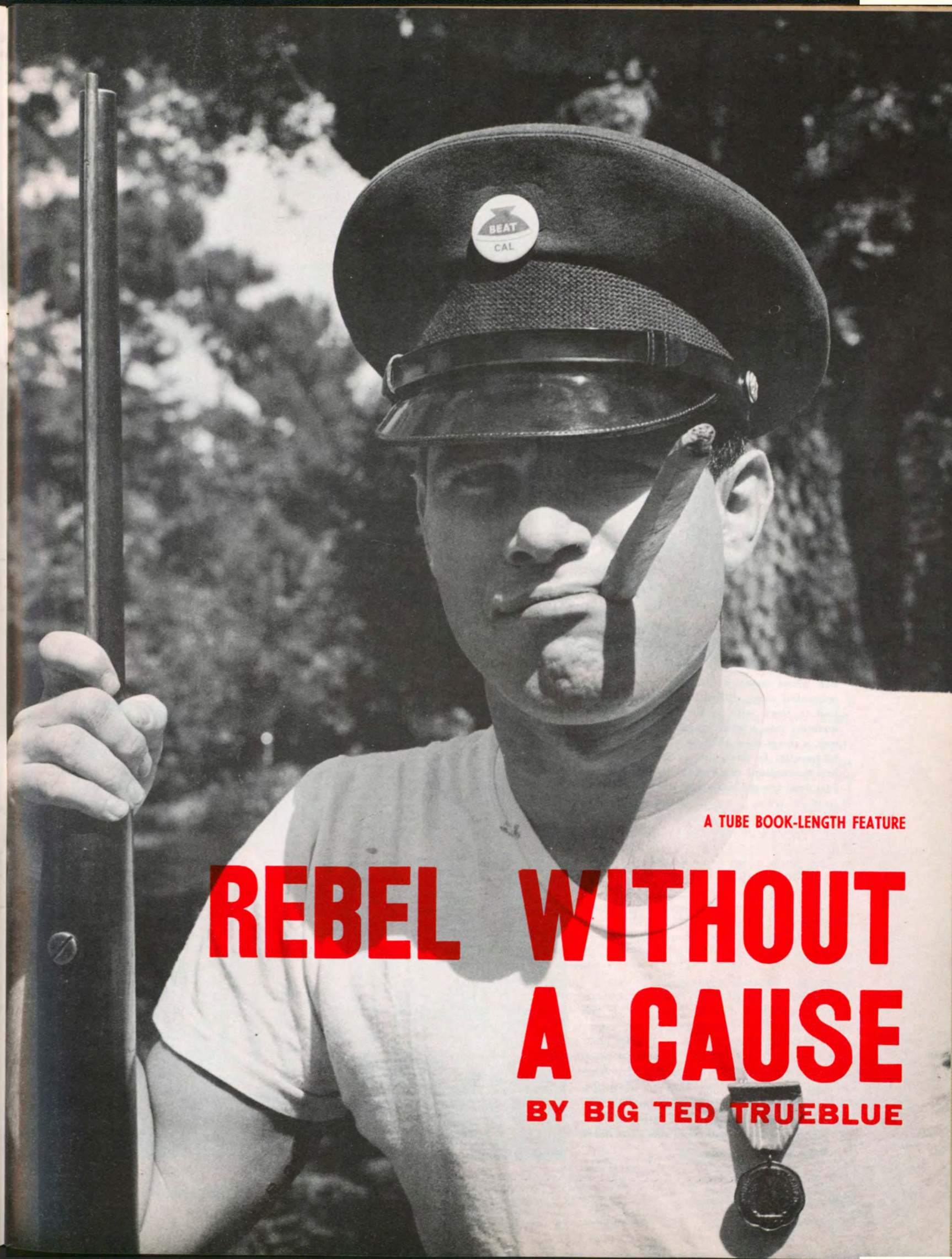


**L & M** is Low in tar  
with **More** taste to it.  
Don't settle for one without the other.

**CHESTERFIELD KING**  
Nothing Satisfies Like the  
Big Clean Taste of Top Tobacco

**MENTHOL-MILD OASIS**  
Delightfully Different  
- a Refreshing Change

Enter NOW for the May contest! All entries must be accompanied by the entrant's name and address. Entries may be mailed to box 3013 or left in the BIG Limerick Laughter entry box at the Chaparral Office by the IIR.



A TUBE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

# REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE

BY BIG TED TRUEBLUE



Rebel justice. This peon was encountered by a K.P. squad. He was hoarding chickens when they found him, so they executed him.



A casualty. Bloodthirsty little beggar though he is, Rip shows clearly in this picture the compassion which he has for his own men.



Rip plans strategy with the army. This presented some difficulties since all they had to work with at their jungle headquarters was a wrist compass, a divining rod, a street map of Phoenix and a bottle of tequila. In fact, they were hopelessly lost throughout most of the fighting, and just went around killing people at random.

Photographs by

SLEVE ROPER

Rip leads his regiment into the teeth of a bloody skirmish. One of the toughest battles of the campaign, Rip inflicted 80% casualties on the opposing side. The other peon escaped.



The rebel band captures the IBM branch office at Havana. Realizing that this strongpoint was necessary if Castro's men wanted to keep any record at all of their tequila bills, Rip led this bloody raid in which he single-handedly killed 83 organi-

zation men and then totaled them up on their own machines. The man in the picture was captured as a hostage. He later grew a beard and was promoted to major general.

### The Tubed story of the man who fought with Castro's rebels just for the hell of it. Meet Rip Slash, the best fighting man in the world.

Rip Slash comes from a family with a long military tradition. His grandfather got shot in the back advancing up San Juan Hill. His father went blind from drinking jungle juice in Washington while stationed as Perishing's aide. But Rip himself was more of a fighting man than those who begot him, as his record shows. While serving in the U.S. Army he saw action at Kasserine Pass, Salerno, Anzio, the Casino, Normandy, the Bulge, and he was the first man to cross the Siegfried Line. He was awarded sixty-eight different battle decorations for his exploits and, he tells us, he finally got so sick of getting medals pinned on his chest that he didn't even tell anybody about the time he captured a *panzer* division with a can opener and a .45 at el Alemein until it was too late to order any medals.

"After the Second I stayed on in the Army," says Rip. "I thought about getting a job somewhere, but I couldn't quit. It wasn't for me, that civilian crud. Let's face it—it's kind of tight getting a job if all you can do is kill people."

The Korean police action was like a shot in the arm for Rip Slash, who complained that in peace time, there wasn't much that he could do to pass the time. He was in charge, after the second World War, of toughening up recruits, but he was relieved of this position after his first group of recruits suffered 80% casualties during their first bayonet practice.

"Yeah, I was afraid the bomb might put me out of work," says Rip, "but Korea proved that there was room for both of us. But even Korea was sort of a drag. I mean, you bayonet a guy in the guts and he dies—you know, a drag.

"I bummed around in Korea and Japan after the war. There wasn't too much to do, what with no more people to kill. I was getting bored, too. A layoff like that and you forget everything you know. I mean, you get rusty—you know what I mean?"

"They finally threw me out of the service—they thought I was too dangerous for the postwar army, so they threw me out. So there I was, a sackful of medals and no place to go."

This was a crisis for Rip. For weeks he combed the want-ads, but nobody was advertising any wars. Then one night as he was pulling his covers on the park bench up he noticed the headline on the front page—"CUBAN WAR!!!"

"There was the solution to my problem," says Rip, "a JOB!!"

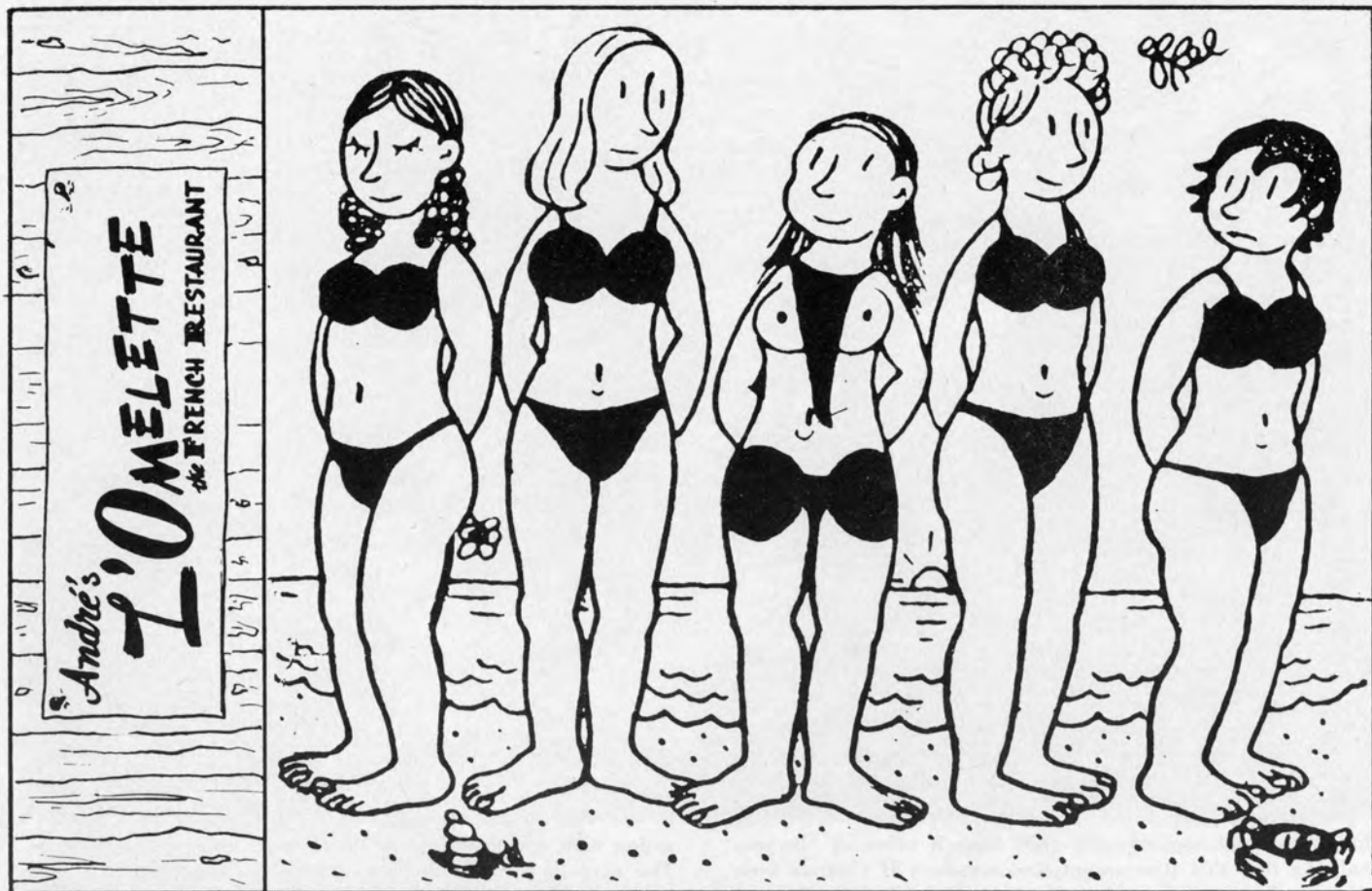
Rip got his bagful of medals together and started out. But where? He asked the first man he saw "what's a Cuba?" "The crumb laughed at me," says Rip, "so I killed him. Gosh, but it was great to get back in the groove! I could hardly wait to join the Cubas!"

Rip Slash finally found out that Cuba was a country, so he thumbed his way over to the States. Then he thumbed his way across the country to Florida. Then he swiped a boat from Vero Beach Yacht Club and almost in no time at all he was there. Immediately after landing he made it into the jungle to find the fighting.

"The first guy I saw yelled 'Gringo bastardo!' at me—I guess my fame must have preceded me. Anyhow, just for practice, I killed him." In the next instant, after seeing this, a Cuban general came out of the bushes, rushed up to Rip, wrapped an arm-band around his arm and gave him a division of government troops to lead. "I killed them too," says Rip. "Gosh, but it was great to get back in the old groove!!"

The next day, so fast was the grapevine, Fidel Castro himself came to try and get Rip to join his rebels. "I started to kill him too, but he promised me that if I didn't, he'd show me where was a whole bunch of people to kill. That was my racket,

(Continued on page 48)



Don't be as absent-minded as this "Miss Universe!" REMEMBER L'Ommie's opens on Wednesdays at 5:00 p.m.!



**Tearney's**  
MANS SHOP

20 Town and Country Village Palo Alto  
DA 3-1795

These corded cotton carcoats are available at Tearney's.  
Model: John Cramer —\$19.95.

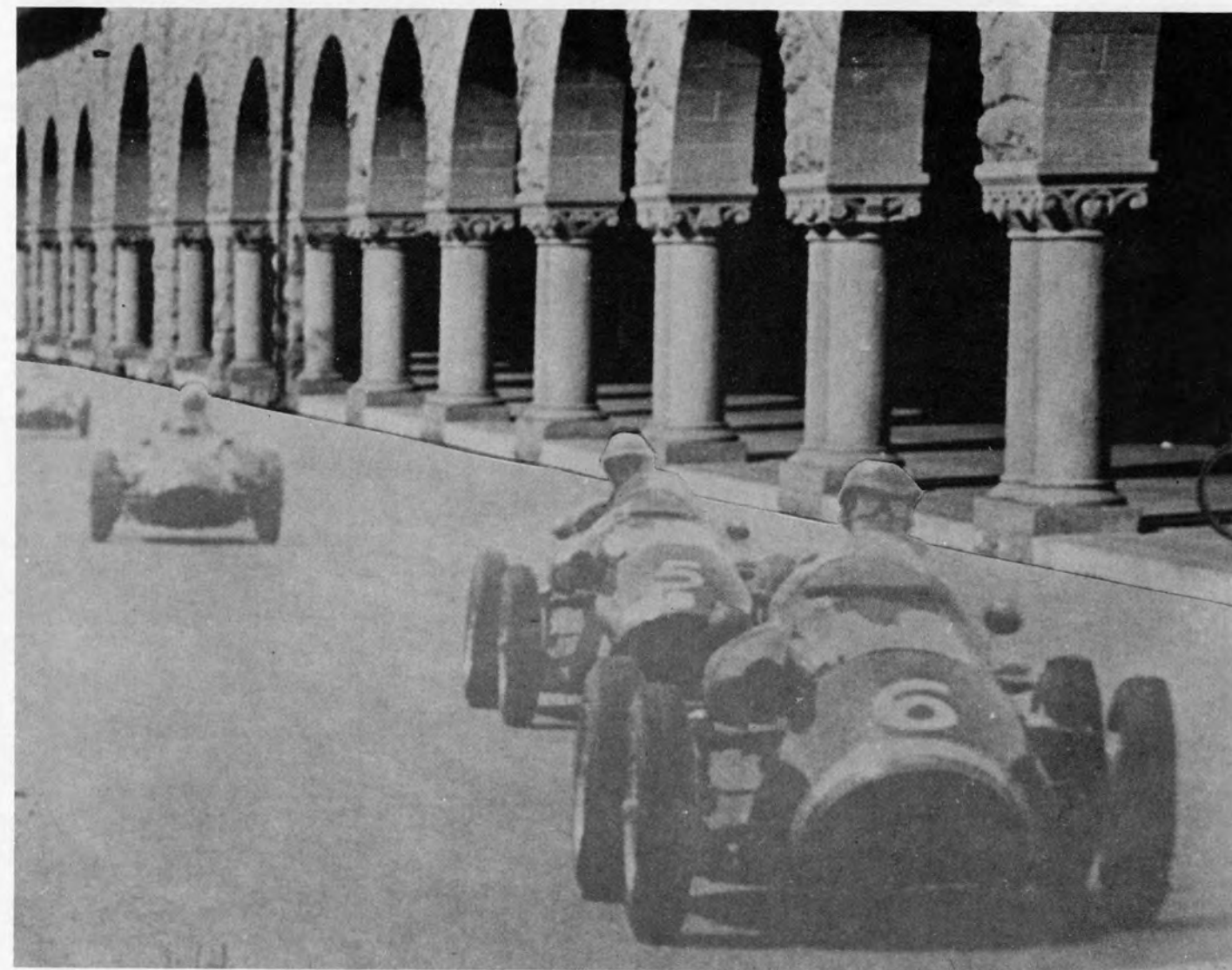
**"WHAT  
LARGE  
EARS ..."**



Time was, guys had  
etchings—now gals  
get asked up to  
hear the latest  
**STEREO RECORDS**

**PALO ALTO**  
**Melody Lane**  
420 University Avenue  
Palo Alto

☆ TUBE



Part of the pack tears down one of the few straightaways.

# THE GRAND PRIX DE LA FARM

TUBE brings you a first-hand report on the most  
gruelling, exciting, thrill-packed, wild, neat,  
amazing, out-of-the-question, napa sports car  
Grand Prix of the season.

By Big Bill Rinehart

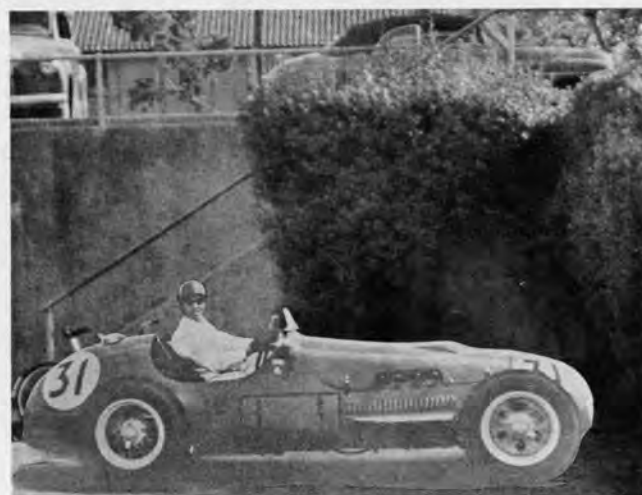
THE MAN'S MAGAZINE ☆



Gaspari, having hit the haybales, takes a brief respite from the race.



Mrs. Carl Midnight, the proud winner, beams at the photographers.



Dave "What—me worry?" Baldwin smiles at photographer while negotiating a difficult turn.

In the annals of motor-racing history, one race stands out among all others as the wierdest, wildest and probably wackiest race ever held. It began in the questionable mind of a Stanford University professor, and is still the favorite topic of conversation wherever *aficionados* gather. The board of directors of Stanford, hard pressed for funds, had been discussing different ways of raising the money when one of them, Clyde Needleman, offered his plan. In essence, Needleman's plan called for a sports car race, in fact a grand prix, to be held on the Stanford campus. While at first the idea was scoffed at, the board of directors finally accepted it, which shows just how hard up for cash the university was.

Since Needleman had originated the race, the details were left to him. Unfortunately, Needleman had no experience in this field and couldn't tell a '49 Ferrari from a '49 Dodge. As word reached the continent, and the racing teams of the major factories heard of the California professor's idea, there was little sleep from Stuttgart to Coventry. While none of the factories were exactly ecstatic over the proposed grand prix, none of them could allow their competitors an open field. As a result, almost every factory in Europe was represented when at last the Grand Prix de la Farm was begun.

The exact course that the cars were to follow has always been a point of argument, but the general layout seems to have been more suited for Go-Karts, or perhaps a six-day bicycle marathon. Professor Needleman must have overestimated the handling qualities of the foreign machinery, for when the racing directors first saw the proposed course layout, there was almost a mass exodus back to the Fatherland. Once committed, however, the foreigners refused to admit defeat to the little California educator. So, with much shaking of heads, the cars were given their final tune ups for the race.

When the day of the race finally dawned, the list of participants looked like a *Who's Who* of the racing world. Ferrari, Maserati, Mercedes-Benz, Jaguar, and many other factory racing teams were present. Juan Fangio had considered coming out of retirement, but one look at the course had sent him scuttling back to Argentina muttering Spanish curses under his breath. The United States was represented by Lance Reventlow and his ubiquitous Scarabs and the Firebird III from General Motors. There had been much predawn activity in the pits, and at six o'clock, the cars roared off from the start-finish line within the area locally called the "Quad." As the pack reached the first turn, it became obvious that the men would soon be separated

from the boys. Two Porsches and an Aston Martin went out of control on this turn and found themselves in the lobby of Cumberley Auditorium exchanging startled glances with psych majors. As the pack left the Quad, it was discovered that Needleman had forgotten to block off the roads that the course was using. This caused some difficulty before steps were taken to rope off the area. On the second lap, a French Descartes swerved to avoid a graduate English student tooling his racing bicycle down the straightaway. The Descartes spun out of control and was struck by an Italian Botticelli. At this point two Machiavellis entered the straightaway and lost control when a Cellini threw a petrarch and careened into them. The caution flag was flown from Hoover Tower for five minutes while the track was cleared. By the twentieth lap Stirling Moss had captured the lead in his German Tetzels and was busy fighting off Carroll Shelby in a Castiglione. It was probably his interest in Shelby that cost Moss the race. As Moss was maneuvering a tight four-wheel drift by Memorial Auditorium, he failed to see a gigantic pit left by some construction workers and vanished from sight instantly. It was not until after the race that he was found, babbling incoherently about Stanford chuckholes. With Moss retired from the race Shelby had an open field until the forty-seventh lap, when he was lapping the pack. He was about to pass the Firebird III when he went out of control. Exactly what happened has never been determined, but when Shelby's car was later examined, the front tires were melted and the entire steering assembly had been fused solid. While there were many complaints issued, the matter was finally dropped due to a lack of proof.

With both Moss and Shelby now out of the race the field was open to the independent drivers, and the lead changed quickly. First Reventlow in his Scarab, then Westcott in his Bonaventure, while Mahaffey's splendidly reworked Mirandola continued threatening from the number three position. With the Firebird's withdrawal on the sixty-ninth lap the leaders were free to lap the pack, and the action increased. As Westcott barreled into the number three corner he met a Marriage and the Family class which had just been dismissed and was strolling across the asphalt. Westcott, in a desperate attempt to avoid them, went into a full-power spinout and came to a halt inside the Cellar, totalling the apple machine. This left Reventlow and Mahaffey to battle for the lead.

The Firebird III was retired on the sixty-ninth lap when the auxiliary motor for the power lavatory failed causing a prolonged pit stop for the driver.



Photos by Carl Gorbett



Reventlow's Scarab being loaded into the van in the pit area.

As the day progressed more drivers and cars were retired from the race, and by two o'clock in the afternoon only thirty-one cars remained from a starting list of one hundred forty-two. As the pack was completing the one hundred twentieth lap, an unregistered car made its appearance on the scene. It was a stock Volkswagen overflowing with fraternity men returning from Los Altos. One of the Stanford policemen, not realizing that there was grand prix taking place, took off on his motorcycle in an attempt to intercept the VW. Identified later as Carl Midnight, he pursued the crowded VW for nine laps, but was unable to catch it. Noticing Reventlow and Mahaffey tearing by, Midnight charged off in pursuit and, as the pack roared off from behind, began frothing at the mouth and weaving dangerously on his motorcycle. His wife, noticing his predicament, grabbed the tranquilizers, leapt onto her own motorcycle, and sped out to her husband.

With two motorcycles and a Volkswagen now in the race, the drivers' morale seemed to crumble. Especially as Midnight took the corners at ninety, shooting his pistol at the sky, and trying to arrest everybody at once. Matters were not helped by the fraternity men's lewd comments as Mrs. Midnight tore past waving the tranquilizers. With the drivers' spirits dampened, they grew more reckless, and the track was soon littered with transmissions, differentials and wrecked cars. Reventlow used one of the escape routes and was later found in a stupor at Mama's. Mahaffey, realizing the consequences of being known as the winner of this race, used another escape route and has not been seen to this day. However, a splendidly reworked Mirandola has reportedly been seen parked by a tavern in Durham, North Carolina.

On the last lap, as the sun began to set on the previously peaceful campus, the four cars remaining from the pack roared back into the Quad followed by the three newcomers. There was a nervous moment as one of the original entrants swerved to avoid an unidentified soggy Irish Setter. By the time the dust had settled, the laurel wreath was already around the winner, Mrs. Midnight, and Dr. Needleman was halfway to Pismo Beach. Mrs. Midnight's only comment was, "What in the hell's going on?" By now every motor enthusiast has heard of this race and it remains as one of the most bizarre of grand prix ever held.

# SCANDAL IN OUR ARMY

The shocking exposé of how the sadistic despots in our army are seeking to destroy the American freedom of the pursuit of happiness. And stomping togedderness, too.

By Big Dag Nissen



Illustrated by NORMAL WELLWELL

It used to be peaceful in the little town of Sacerno, California, until retired Major General Krishenski took charge of the athletic development of the area. Because of the administration's emphasis on the physical degeneration of American youth, the Army has appointed several of its retired disciplinarians to positions in which they may have some control over the development of youth. Many of these former leaders are fine men, intending only the best for their nation; others are sadistic, bombastic, and despotic.

Krishenski is a fat man, little and fat, and he has little and beady eyes, and his back is crooked. His experience has been with combat troops and neurotic officers. His wife died in childbirth and his son once spent the night in jail for drunken driving. Just from his record, then, it is apparent that the ex-General is entirely unfit for duty with America's young children.

Sacerno, pop. 296, has always been complacent about athletics. Frankly, most of its members are apathetic, some of them revealing their apathy by not remaining through the whole game when their local soccer team is playing. Everyone, however, has some interest in the team from the town's oldest citizen, old Zeb Jackson, who starts every game off with the story of how he and Buffalo Bill once fought off an attack of nearly seventy Indians on the very same field, to the town's newest citizen, a Miss Hazel Jones, whose job it is to pass among the crowd, advertising one of the town's most popular establishments.

This wonderful town unity, then, is what the Army wished to

destroy. And so they sent their most sadistic, most bombastic, most despotic man, who had no previous experience with youths or even with athletics. As he himself once said, "I never was a jock, never even an athletic supporter." And this is the man sent to exercise authority over physical development of our innocent youth, a man who never even supported athletics!

When the fat little general first took command, he called in the former coach of the team and asked several loud, unnecessary questions in his loud, fat voice. "Pedro," he said (that was the coach's name, Pedro O'Leary—good American stock—half Irish and half Mexican), "Pedro, can you tell me something about the team?"

"Jeez, señor, I do not know. I not speak too much English."  
"Well, let me have whatever information you can give me."  
"Well, number seven, the center forward, is pretty good."  
"Number seven? Who is that?"  
"Why, that's . . . that's the brother of the goalie, number two."

"You don't know their names?"  
"No, señor, but they are both very good guys."  
"I've been told you've been having trouble with them."  
"Oh, no. They just a little playful. Why, when number seven broke the referee's hand, he was just playing. The coin had fallen the wrong way and when the referee tried to pick it up, our center forward stepped on his hand. Hee hee. Pretty funny, eh, señor?"

The General did not find the situation at all amusing, nor did he appreciate the amusing character of Mr. O'Leary, who is really a very fine man working for his team and his country. Instead, he dismissed him with a curt word and began a series of acts that was to prove the most obvious example of nationalistic dictatorship.

He began the next day's practice by ordering the team to undergo calisthenics.

"Exercises!" screamed Mr. O'Leary. "Señor, we never do exercises. You want to tire the boys out?"

"They've got to get in shape. How else are they going to win any games?"

"But they look so healthy. See how sleek and fat they are! You want to spoil everything?" Overcome by the sincerity of his emotions, Mr. O'Leary began to cry.

"There, there, Pedro. Don't cry!" The General was unable to appreciate his sensitive friend.

"But, señor, they will get mad at me. They will think I told you to do this and they will hate me."

But because of his obstinacy and egocentricity, the general refused to cancel the exercises. After they were over, he ordered the team to hold a scrimmage. He requested them to play hard, so that he could find out just what he had to work with.

As they trotted out to their positions, the players smiled and joked among themselves. Hailing each other by friendly Spanish names, they conceived of an amusing name for the general. Noticing his friendliness and sincerity, they immediately decided on a name that in Spanish means something to the effect of "big brother." They called him "El Bastardo."

As the game started, it was apparent that the exercises had tired every man. Most of the players were sluggish; some were too tired to run and consequently either stood still during the entire scrimmage or else sat down by the sidelines and looked on. Still others became careless in their handling of the ball. They kicked wildly, either breaking up the developing play or



else missing the ball entirely. An amusing event occurred when one man missed the ball entirely and kicked another on the knee. As the wounded player was carried off the field, the others laughed quietly to themselves. Only the humorless General was unable to appreciate the joke.

"Let me see that knee!" he demanded in a loud voice. "I thought so. Only a mild bruise."

"Oh, no, señor," said Mr. O'Leary, who had come by to help. "See how it bleeds. Oh, it must hurt."

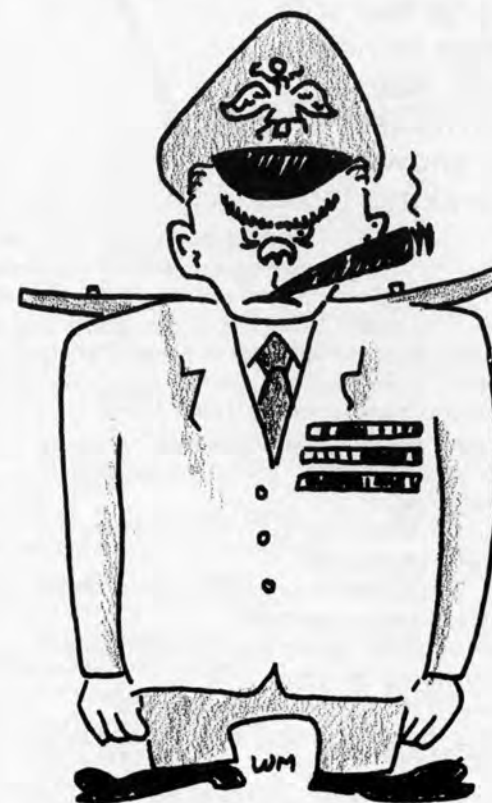
"Son," said the General to the hurt player, "you'd better go back and finish. We can't let these little things stop us."

"Señor, you are heartless!" interposed Pedro. "See how it is starting to swell a little. Here, I must kiss it and make it well. Ah, there. My, what a pretty leg."

"O'Leary, send that man back on the field!"  
"A wounded man, señor? You military men are so cold. You have no sympathy."

Despite Pedro's protests, the injured man was forced to finish the game, a game highlighted by lackluster play and antagonism directed at the General. When the tired players finally finished practice, they staggered to the showers and then were individually massaged by Pedro. The General returned to his office and filled out a letter to the Pentagon about the physical condition of the team, ending it with these words: "Sincerely yours, General Krishinski."

From this it is apparent that the General will not hesitate to pull strings in order to carry out his diabolical schemes. It appears that America's youth is going to be subject to military law, that America's innocent children will be harshly treated by totalitarian disciplinarians, who have no understanding of tender babes comparable to local authorities. By taking these infants from their homes and friends, the Army is destroying those principles of democracy upon which American society is based. As long as the General Krishinski's are in power, then our nation is sliding down a long TUBE.



will you go down the TUBE?

when you take

# The NEW MENTAL FITNESS TEST

Almost all employers who hire more than a dozen employees a year are using this new psychological test as the sole basis for determining whether or not to hire. Are you a good job risk? Are you a threat to mental health? This test answers these questions and shows how you stack up with others seeking jobs.

## TUBE'S MENTAL FITNESS INVENTORY

### Part I (Circle answer)

- |  |        |   |        |
|--|--------|---|--------|
| 1. Is your sex life satisfactory?                        | No     | 10. Do you occasionally get ever so slightly upset?           | Yes No |
| 2. Do ideas come into your mind that make you blush?     | Yes No | 11. Are you a slave to the felon laws?                        | Yes No |
| 3. Do you find it difficult to urinate in public?        | Yes No | 12. Is your sex life unsatisfactory?                          | Yes    |
| 4. Are you bothered by a sharp pain below the navel?     | Yes No | 13. Do you read the fine print on traffic citations?          | Yes No |
| 5. Do you breathe on a pair of dice before rolling them? | Yes No | 14. "Little Black Sambo" is a Communist attack on uncles.     | Yes No |
| 6. Could you strangle an elephant if highly provoked?    | Yes No | 15. Do you close your eyes when under water in a heated pool? | Yes No |
| 7. Do you perspire?                                      | Yes No | 16. Does good bourbon have a mystical enchantment for you?    | Yes No |
| 8. What would you do if you found you'd been cheated?    | Yes No | 17. Do you read Maidenform bra ads?                           | Yes No |
| 9. "Little Black Sambo" is a Freudian morality tale.     | Yes No | 18. Does the color of your eyes go well with red?             | Yes No |
|  |        | 19. Do you get warts, carbuncles, boils, or carbants?         | Yes No |
|  |        | 20. Are you critical of the wonderful American way of life?   | Yes No |



- |   |        |
|---|--------|
| 21. Are you opinionated, ignorant, and skeptical of psychology? | No     |
| 22. Does the future scare you?                                  | Yes No |
| 23. Does grey flannel make you itch? Really?                    | Yes No |
| 24. Do you think the world owes you a living?                   | Yes No |
| 25. Could you learn to love Ma Kettle?                          | Yes No |

### Part II (Answer by circling either A or B)

- |                                 |                              |                   |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------|
| 26. To me, life is              | A. short, brutish, and nasty | B. like sex       |
| 27. When working I am generally | A. tired and run down        | B. not working    |
| 28. Which would you prefer?     | A. a drunken expert          | B. a sober expert |
| 29. Why would you prefer?       | A. A, above                  | B. B, above       |
| 30. Which do you like better?   | A. your FATHER               | B. your mother    |
| 31. Would you rather be like    | A. Rock Bang                 | B. Christian Dior |

- |  |                      |                           |
|--|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 32. I sometimes wonder if                              | A. I am real         | B. I am normal            |
| 33. Would you rather live in                           | A. Russia            | B. the Soviet Union       |
| 34. The main objective of modern science in society is | A. forty cubic yards | B. over forty cubic yards |
| 35. Sex is   | A. overdiscussed     | B. underrated             |

Part III (Put a I, D, or L next to each question depending on whether you dislike, like, or are indifferant to the following)

- |                                |                            |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 36. Shaving lotion             | 46. Weimaraners            |
| 37. Sports Cars                | 47. Die Luft Der Freiheit  |
| 38. Women's apparel            | 48. Taxation               |
| 39. Doing dishes               | 49. Shaven armpits         |
| 40. Shooting an atomic bazooka | 50. Boar hunting           |
| 41. Slimy slugs and stuff      | 51. Hyperbolic Parabaloids |
| 42. Poker, yes                 | 52. Bore hunting           |
| 43. Poker, no                  | 53. Bike equipment         |
| 44. Tube                       | 54. Croquet                |
| 45. Ladies' Prone Journal      | 55. Dark Beer              |

Part IV (Read the following jokes and choose the best punch line from those offered)

56. He: Who was that woman I saw you with last night?  
 A. That was Hilda  
 B. That wasn't Hilda  
 C. I've heard that before  
 D. Idunno
57. Politician speaking to a farm crowd looks for a place to speak from. One farmer obligingly brings a manure spreader which the politician mounts. He says,  
 A. "Well, once there was this travelling salesman . . ."  
 B. "Thank you."  
 C. "I can see Indiana from here."  
 D. "Unaccustomed as I am . . ."
58. An Englishman told a joke. The host, instead of laughing turned to a guest and said,  
 A. "Would you care for some tea?"  
 B. "In America they tin what they can."  
 C. "Damn the colonies."  
 D. "Who is the clerk at the Hopkins hotel?"
59. The beatnik came across a cable car and said  
 A. "Crazy."  
 B. "Crazy!"  
 C. "Crazie."  
 D. "Crazyy."
60. In the space provided for indicating whether or not the taxee is married, the internal revenue people found the following penciled word  
 A. Yes  
 B. No  
 C. Crazyy  
 D. Idunno

(Answers, and scoring directions, on page 26)

TUBE'S MENTAL FITNESS INVENTORY

ANSWER SHEET

The test you have just taken is not a mental fitness test at all. You were told that so as not to invalidate the results. Actually you have taken a Masculinity-Femininity test.

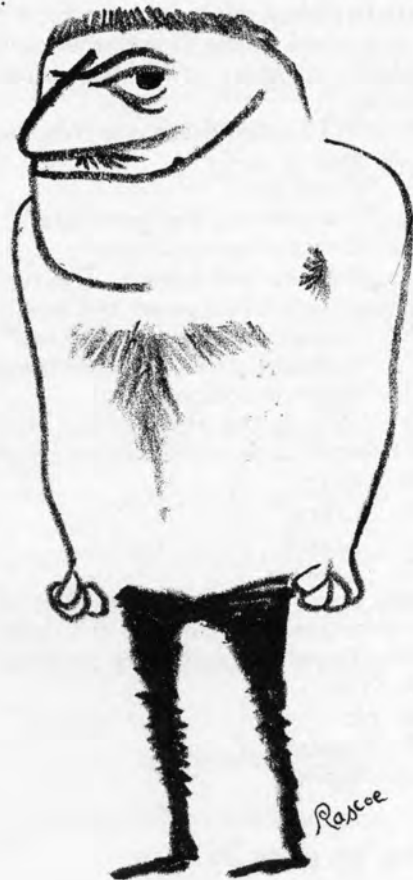
Here are the correct Masculine responses to Part I. Score 5 points for each correct answer.

- |           |         |          |
|-----------|---------|----------|
| 1. No     | 10. No* | 19. No   |
| 2. Yes    | 11. No  | 20. No   |
| 3. No     | 12. No  | 21. No   |
| 4. Yes    | 13. No  | 22. Yes  |
| 5. Never! | 14. No  | 23. Yes* |
| 6. Yes    | 15. Yes | 24. Yes  |
| 7. No*    | 16. No* | 25. No   |
| 8. Yes    | 17. Yes |          |
| 9. Yes    | 18. Yes |          |

Here are the correct responses to Part II. Score 5 points for each correct answer; score minus two points for each incorrect response.

- |       |        |        |
|-------|--------|--------|
| 26. B | 30. A* | 33. B  |
| 27. A | 31. A  | 34. A  |
| 28. C | 32. C  | 35. C* |
| 29. C |        |        |

In Part III score 5 points for each correct L response,  $\sqrt{5}$  points for each correct D or I response, and minus three points for each incorrect D or L response. Divide total score in Part III by number of correct responses and multiply by two. This is your adjusted Part III score.



- |       |        |        |
|-------|--------|--------|
| 36. I | 43. L  | 50. L  |
| 37. L | 44. I* | 51. L* |
| 38. I | 45. D  | 52. I  |
| 39. D | 46. I  | 53. D  |
| 40. L | 47. L  | 54. L  |
| 41. C | 48. L* | 55. I  |
| 42. L | 49. I  |        |

Here are the correct answers to Part IV. Score 8 points when correct, 3 points when close.

56. B    57. E\*    58. C    59. C    60. B

The sign (\*) indicates this question was part of a truthfulness scale. If you answered more than two of these questions correctly you are lying to beat hell and may not believe your results.

Now, total your score. Here is how masculine you are.

- 0-157 Take the test over again and lie a little bit this time.
- 157-235 You aren't a female impersonator, are you? Or a dress designer, maybe?
- 235-239 Somewhat better, but you still need a little more hair on your chest.  
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- 239 and over—Jeez! Are you ever a stud!



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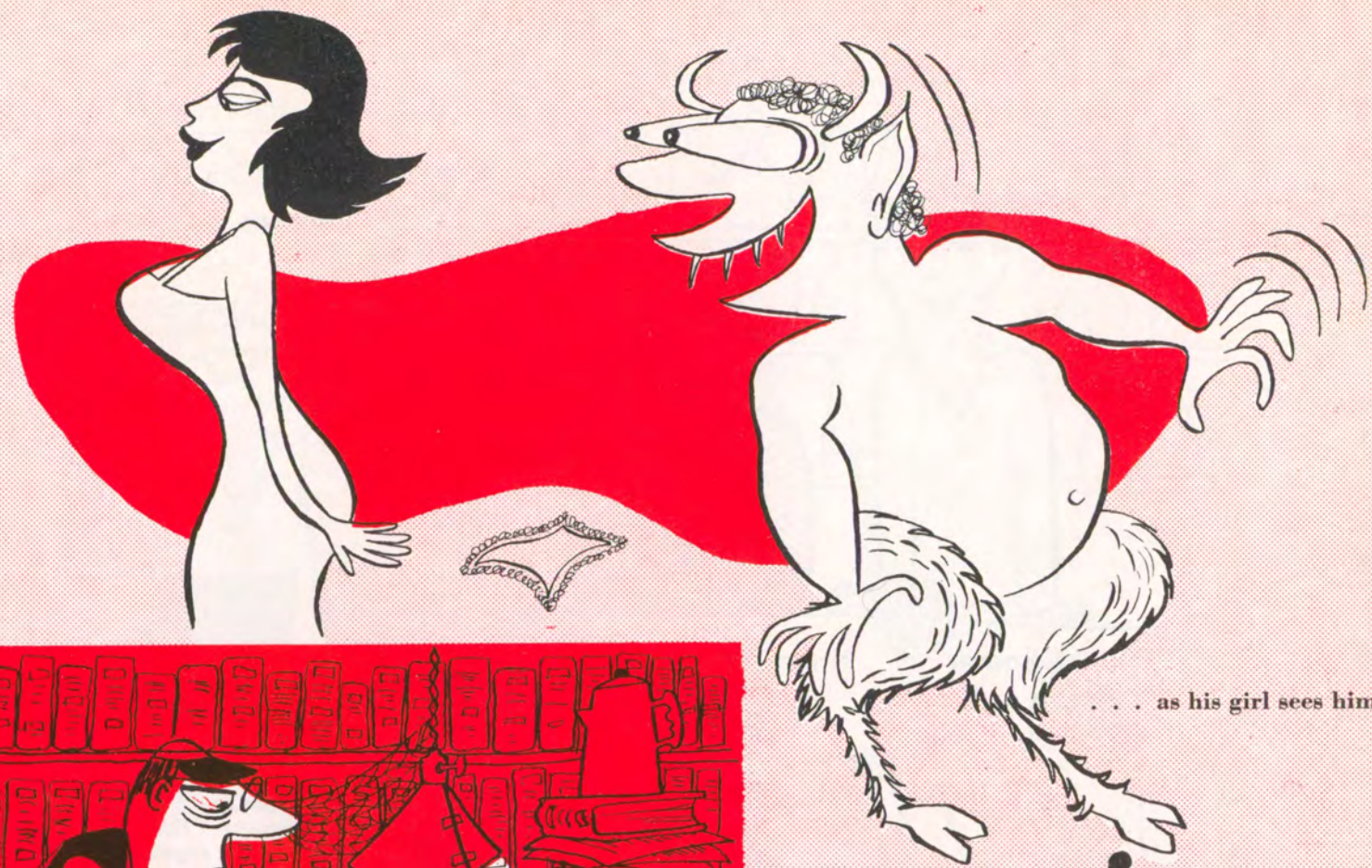
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\*With an I.D. you can see the label



... as his girl sees him

# Drip

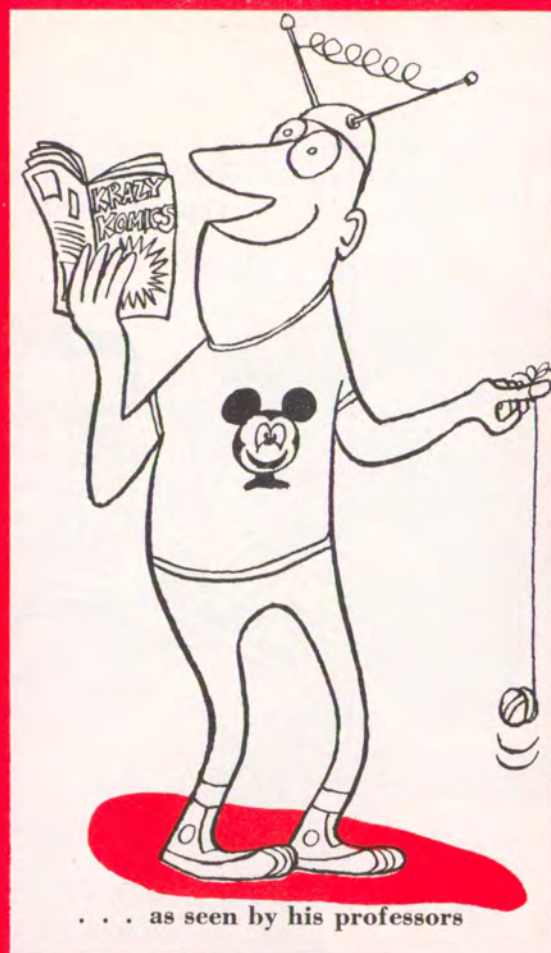


as seen by his fellow students

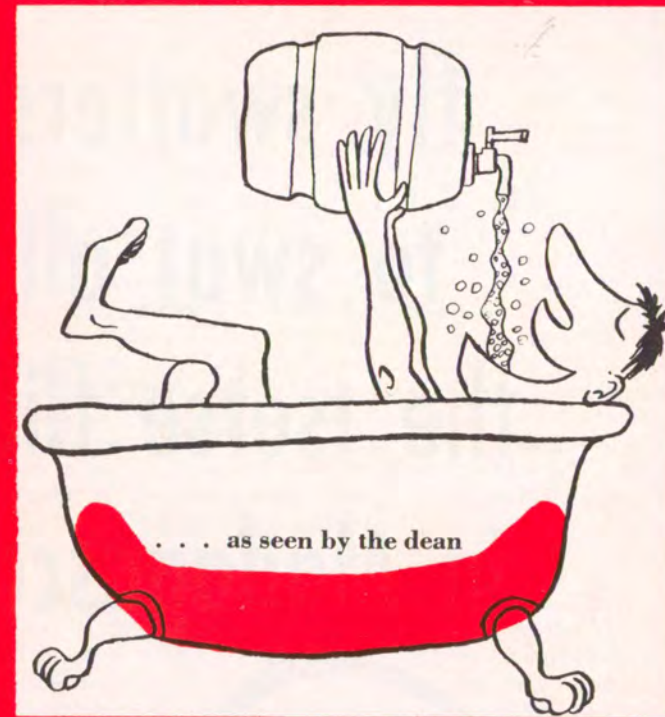
## VIEWS



... as seen by his parents



... as seen by his professors



... as seen by the dean

## THE STUDENT



... as seen by himself



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The Tubed story of the bloody Mexican war:  
The history books are wrong!



Of course they didn't mean to go that far. They had only planned to hold them as hostages for a while. They were God-fearing men like all the other pioneers who had come out to open up the West. It was just that they were pretty drunk, and she *had* said some pretty nasty things, and well, it just sort of happened. Anyway, after they sobered up a little they figured maybe they had carried the thing a little too far, so they let them all loose, gave them back their clothes and let them all go on back home. Nate Jackson, one of the leaders, later said, "Now Ah kinda think we-all'd been smahtah to hold on to 'em fo' a wahl longah."

Apparently Don Castillo was a little upset when they got home finally and told him what had happened, because he had every Mex north of the Rio Grande out looking for them with orders to carve their ears off if they caught them. It looked as if there might not be too many settlers left in that part of the country in vertical positions unless the U.S. Cavalry from Ft. Crock showed up in time.

In fact, just four days later one of the settlers said he saw thousands of uniformed Mexicans moving up from the south. This set the whole southwest territory in a turmoil and the settlers started preparing a fight to the finish, because they had been wanting a showdown with the Mexicans for quite a while. Maverick Longrifle, hired gun, said, "If we get the army down here from Ft. Crock, this here little fight'll probably touch off the bloody Mexican war. Course that'd be okay in the long run 'cause the States'd end up takin' over Arizona, California, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Texas and all that, but in the meantime, I'd probably be one of them fellers to get caught in the Alamo with Davy Crockett, wherever that is. Naturally I'm not too sure 'bout all this, 'cause my history's not too good, but anyhow, it looks like us'ns might just have a little scrap on our hands."

The difficult thing to understand is that the Mexicans should have made all this commotion just because of the incident. The fact that the Americans were taking over the whole Southwest territory and pushing the Mexicans out didn't bother the Mexicans a bit, nor did the occasional raids the Americans made on their villages really bother them. They just gave the Americans tit for tat and then they all drank over it in the local saloons every Saturday night. It was a peaceful co-

(continued on next page)



# THE UNFORTUNATE

By Big Bill Collins

# ABDUCTION



existence until the incident. It was funny that the incident should start off a bloody Mexican war, because it wasn't as if they had hurt them or beaten them or anything.

But now to begin at the beginning.

Even though it had been eight years since the big rush out to the Southwest in 1836, there still weren't too many white folks in that country. Yuma was not much more than an outpost still, and all together the Mexicans outnumbered the Americans about four to one. The Mexicans still figured that they ran that part of the country, because old Don Castillo, the Spanish governor, kept telling them so. He was the effective law around there, and owned the land around there, and also had a direct line to the garrison at the Tijuana Jail so that he could call out the troops if he needed them. He didn't mind the Americans too much, but he owned all the local saloons and refused to serve anything but Tecate beer and his own homemade tequila, which the "Gringos" couldn't stomach, so the Americans minded him plenty. They kept prevailing upon him to start serving corn liquor, and, as a form of mild protest, would occasionally rape, pillage and burn a Mexican settlement. Old Don Castillo, fun-loving old rogue that he was, would just take the whole thing as a joke and send out a few *federales* to rape, pillage and burn an American settlement.

Things were going from bad to worse, because more and more Americans were coming into the territory every month, and all of them had to go dry because of the saloon situation, and if you've ever had to homestead and till the soil and slop the hogs and tend the sheep and cut the fences and keep the Indians in their place, and then not been able to go out and get crocked every Saturday night on good old corn whiskey, you'd know how high the feelings were running in the American part of the Southwest territory. Finally a group of vigilantes from Yuma figured that things were so intolerable that they ought to do something to show old Don Castillo that they weren't just playing around.

Cliff Whitner was the one who first came up with the idea of kidnapping Don Castillo's beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter and holding her hostage until the old man decided to maybe starting to serve some corn for the Saturday night saloon trade. To start, the vigilantes sent a couple of scouts out to do some



spying. They found out that she went riding every day with her mother. One day the vigilantes set up an ambush in the pass with the idea in mind to capture the daughter and send the mother back with a note to the old Don.

Imagine their surprise that day when they found out that Carmella (the daughter) was showing seven of her beautiful eighteen-year-old cousins from Nogales the sights that day. Well, they caught them all, put gags in their mouths, tied their hands to the saddle horns and gave Carmella's mother the note to the Don. Then they took their hostages off to a little hidden village to hide out for a while.

They set up camp and tied their captives down on the ground. They waited a day and then sent a messenger over to the Don's rancho to see what the Don had to say. The messenger came right back with a big keg of corn whiskey that the Don had given him as a pledge that he'd start serving it in the saloons just as soon as the girls were brought back to him. "Seemed the Don finally figured mebbe he'd make a little money on the whiskey after all," explained the messenger, Bret Paladin, "and also, mebbe, he's kinder got his eye on them cousins a little bit, too. He seemed like he kinder wanted 'em back."

So they opened up the keg and celebrated the emancipation of the settlers, and pretty soon they were all stinko. Then one of them got the idea to tell the girls what had happened. He did, and then took the gag out of Carmella's mouth to see what she had to say.

Well sir, he found out all right. "Never heerd sech a string of words in all mah borned days!" said Whitner. "Even though it were all in Mex ah could tell 'twarn't complimentary. Almost lost mah fingah tryin' to get the gag back in 'er mouth." The rest of the girls looked like they would do the same if only given half the chance.

Now, the settlers were all sensitive men, especially when drunk, and the more they thought about it, the more they took offense. At last they decided that maybe they should teach them a lesson in politeness that they wouldn't forget in a hurry. That was when things started getting out of hand. The next morning Nate Jackson admitted that "even though ah was a mite drunk, ah'll never forget how things happened after thet. 'Fore ah knowed it somebody'd gone over and grabbed one of the girls by the (Continued on page 59)

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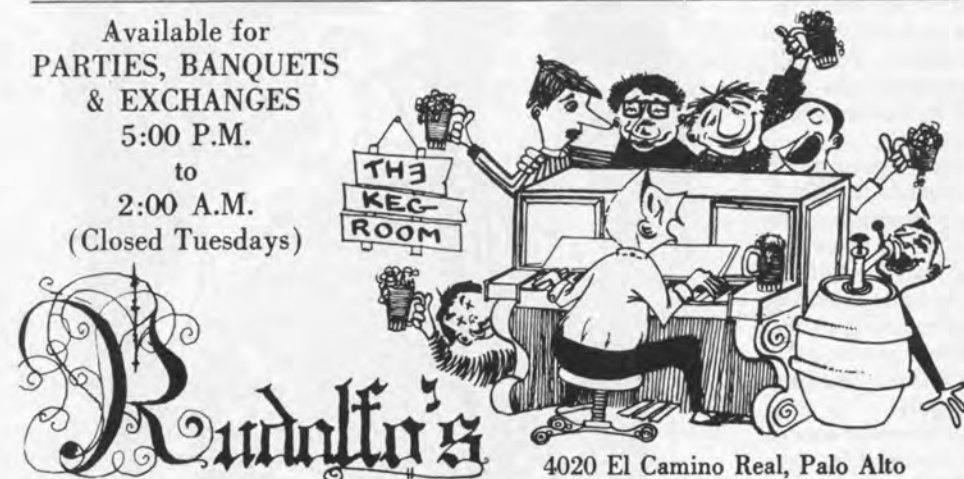
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## Battle of the Bloody Trap

[Continued from page 6]

and it was much more Friendly with two. But suppose Heffalumps were Very Fierce with Pigs and Bears? Wouldn't it be better to pretend that he had a headache and couldn't go up to the Six Pine Trees this morning? But then suppose that it was a very fine day, and there was no Heffalump in the trap, here he would be, in bed all the morning, simply wasting his time for nothing. What should he do?

And then he had a Clever Idea. He would go up very quietly to the Six Pine Trees now, peep very cautiously into the Trap, and see if there *was* a Heffalump there. And if there was, he would go back to bed, and if there wasn't, he wouldn't.

So off he went. At first he thought that there wouldn't be a Heffalump in the Trap, and then he thought that there would, and as he got nearer he was *sure* that there would, because he could hear it heffalumping about it like anything.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!" said

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Piglet to himself. And he wanted to run away. But somehow, having got so near, he felt that he must just see what a Heffalump was like. So he crept to the side of the Trap and looked in. . . .

And all the time Winnie-the-Pooh had been trying to get the honey-jar off his head. The more he shook it, the more tightly it stuck. "Bother!" he said, inside the jar, and "Oh, help!" and, mostly "Ow!" And he tried bumping it against things, but as he couldn't see what he was bumping it against, it didn't help him; and he tried to climb out of the Trap, but as he could see nothing but jar, and not much of that, he couldn't find his way. So at last he lifted up his head, jar and all, and made a loud, roaring noise of Sadness and Despair . . . and it was at that moment that Piglet looked down.

"Help, help!" cried Piglet, "a Heffalump, a Horrible Heffalump!" and he scampered off as hard as he could, still crying out, "Help, help, a Horrible Heffalump! Hoff, Hoff, a Hellable Horralump! Holl, Holl, a Hoffable Hellerlump!" And

(Continued on page 50)

## The Mad Bull of Ithica

[Continued from page 6]

your swords and put up the tables to fend off his arrows; have at him all together; see if we can't push him away from the door, and get out and make a hue and cry in the town! Then this man will soon shoot his last shot!"

With this he drew a good sharp blade from his side, and leapt at Odysseus with a yell; but on the instant Odysseus let fly an arrow and struck him in the chest by the nipple. The sharp point pierced his liver; down fell the sword from his hand, he doubled up and fell sprawling over a table, vittles and cup went scattering over the floor; he beat his brow on the ground in agony, his feet kicked out and knocked over the chair, and a mist came over his eyes.

Then Amphinomos ran straight at Odysseus, sword in hand to force his way out of the door. But Telemachos was too quick for him; he cast his spear from behind and struck him between the shoulders—the point came out through his chest, and his face crashed on the ground with a thud. Telemachos leapt back and left the spear in the body; he feared that someone might stab him with a sword, or strike a blow, if he stooped to pull it out. He ran

### NEXT MONK IN TUBE A Special Bonus Feature LET'S SMASH THE PORNOGRAPHY RACKET!! A fearless exposé of the most shameful business in America. With six pages of pictures yet.

quickly up to his father, and said without wasting words:

"Father, I'll go at once and fetch you a shield and a couple of spears and a helmet to fit your head, and I'll arm myself, and do the same for the drover and the swineherd. We ought to be armed!"

Telemachos went promptly to the store where the arms were kept. He chose four shields and eight spears and four helmets of good bronze with horse-hair plumes; these he brought back at full speed to his father. First he armed himself, then the two men fitted themselves out, and they stood by the indomitable Odysseus.

As long as the arrows lasted Odysseus went on bringing them down one after the other. But when the arrows came to an end and he could shoot no more, he leaned his bow on the doorpost and left it standing, then slung the stout shield over his shoulders, and fitted the helmet on his head, where the nodding plumes seemed to threaten those who saw it. Last-

(Continued on page 50)

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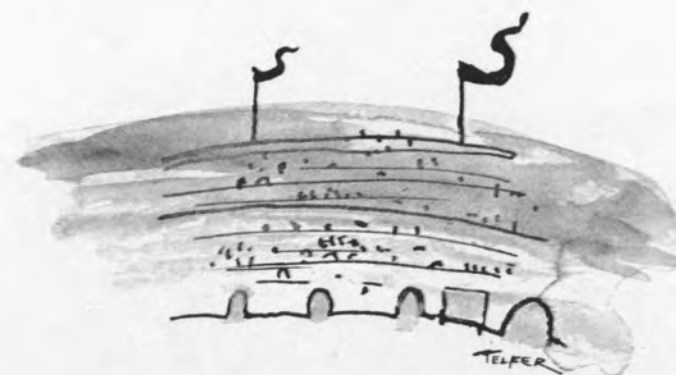
# THE OLD MATADOR



# AND THE BULL

The tubed story of a faded hero who tried to make one last comeback—and almost succeeded

Illustrated by DAGO REVILER



By Big John Hemmingstein

He was an old matador who fought alone on the Tijuana-Juárez circuit and he had gone eighty-four days now without killing a bull. In the first forty days a girl had been with him. But after forty days without a bull the girl's madam had told her that the old matador was now definitely and finally *ausgeschumkt*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the girl had gone back to her bordello.

The old matador was fat and pudgy, and always had a hang-over. It is not good to have a hang-over, he said to himself, because it ruins one's judgment when it comes time to kill the bull. But I enjoy getting a hang-over and I also enjoy killing the bull. I am going to have to either shoot the bottle or shoot the bull. I will probably do both, he said to himself.

One morning he got up and put on his red matador slippers and his gold brocade pants and his white ruffled shirt and his gold brocade coat and his little golden cap, and went to the restaurant to have breakfast. He always went to the restaurant because there he had much credit. And he needed a good breakfast because he was going to fight the bull that day. He went into the restaurant and got coffee and toast. It was bad coffee but he drank it because he had a hang-over. The toast was to add bulk to his diet. He remembered the time the two men had come to the restaurant to kill the boxer and they had tied him up and put him in the kitchen. But that was long ago and was barely a memory.

"Hello," he said to the man behind the counter.

"Hello, old matador," said the man behind the counter.

"Tell me," he said to the man, "how are you called?"

"Roberto," the man said.

"I will call you English," the old matador said. "Did you hear about the bridge that went last night?"

"Yes," said the man. "I was there. I helped to drive the ambulances over the mountains."

"Oh," said the old matador, deeply and with conviction.

He finished drinking the coffee and flashed his Diners' Club card. The man behind the counter smiled because he knew the card had expired. The old matador knew this too, but they kept up the old formality. It gave meaning to their lives.

The old matador went out into the morning and walked over to the bull ring. He went into his dressing room and fell asleep. He knew he would be awakened when the fights began, and he dreamed of shoes and ships and sealing wax.

The fights began and he was awakened. He went out into the bull ring and watched the picadors work his bull. He could tell from the way the bull moved that he was a very old and very wise bull.

Finally he got out into the middle of the ring. He had never seen such a large bull. He wished the girl were there in the stands, but this was no time to think of such things. Just work the bull. Go in a circle, bull! He was bigger than Ferdinand, the greatest of all possible bulls, whom he had fought in Nogales many seasons before. (Continued on page 2)

# REAL MEN'S WEAR



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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Big Mike Datisman



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GUYER

Sports has always had its burden of evil, characterized primarily by the 'fix.' The 1919 Black Sox scandal, the Baslio-Saxton fights, the hopping up of St. Eloise in the 1937 Kentucky Derby, the feather crimping in the 1941 National Archery Tournament, the Kentucky University basketball 'fixes', and the betel nut chewing of Alex Olmedo are outstanding and sadly remembered. However, the single examples of a fix that backfired is all but forgotten, save for rare reminiscing in San Francisco Bay Area bars.

It seems that back in 1910, when the Stanford-California rivalry was at its peak (Big Game rallies in San Francisco's Union Square delayed post-earthquake reconstruction five years), dramatic track duels were taking place between two great long distance runners, Wilbur Sturdicaf of Stanford and D. I. Punk of Cal. In their first five meetings Sturdi had edged out Punk much to the joy of the Stanford 'roughs' who cleaned up on their wagers with Cal wags. About two months before the final race between the two great athletes, a plot was evolved in Berkeley to reestablish Cal's sports reputation and to recoup extensive financial losses.

The California fixers engaged a vivacious San Francisco beauty named Sally Smith, formerly of Valhalla, Michigan, who was known throughout the City for her charms, ability to assume various positions in the social whirl, and her downright sexiness. Enrolling at Stanford in mid-quarter, Sally quickly made 'Big Red' Sturdicaf's acquaintance. Reports received by the Cal headquarters of 'Operation Dissipation' soon indicated that Sturdi was allotting more time to the legendary Stanford Cactus Gardens than to the cinder paths. As the day of the Big Race approached, spies reported that Sturdicaf's appearance was more haggard every day. The outcome of the race seemingly shut tight in a box, Cal students made heavy bets and offered fantastic odds.

On the day of the race, thousands of students lined Alpine Road, a winding, uphill cow path thought suitable for testing the mettle of the two great runners. To the everlasting dismay of the Cal fixers and bettors, Sturdicaf plunged across the finish line and into Mama Garcia's beer garden a full pitcher ahead of Punk. That night many Cal men were seen sobbing into unfilled beer glasses.

In Bankruptcy Court the following Monday, the Cal fixers learned how greed begets greed. Sally, her morals weakened by contact with the Cal students, had become unsatisfied with her generous fee from Cal, and had taken a part time barmaid's job at Mama's. Sturdi's haggard appearance was due to running the full race course out to Mama's every night in order to walk Sally home. Undoubtedly, Wilbur Sturdicaf was the best conditioned athlete in Stanford's history.

Morally sobered, the Cal students turned to more ethical means of winning. An indication of their success is the high rate of present California taxes. Sally's future, unfortunately, did not turn out so well, but that is another story.



quit-of-de-Loam) goes fa 85¢ De (em) youse can get fa \$2.98, an' a price. De loafer's jacket is priced .85 at ya nearest *real* men's shop. casual sweat-shirts is products of e prices for de light one and de

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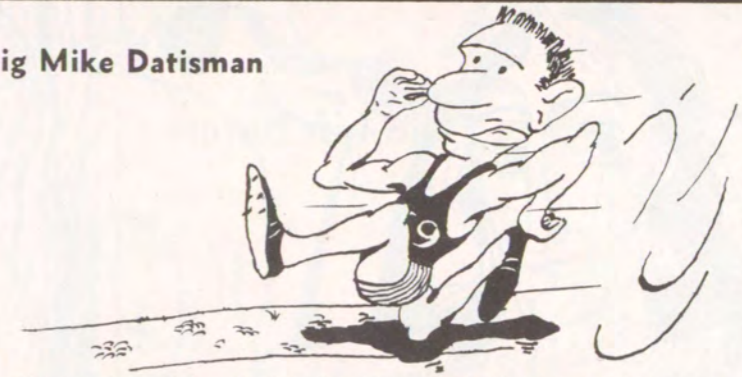
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The California fixers engaged a vivacious San Francisco beauty named Sally Smith, formerly of Valhalla, Michigan, who was known throughout the City for her charms, ability to assume various positions in the social whirl, and her downright sexiness. Enrolling at Stanford in mid-quarter, Sally quickly made 'Big Red' Sturdicaf's acquaintance. Reports received by the Cal headquarters of 'Operation Dissipation' soon indicated that Sturdi was allotting more time to the legendary Stanford Cactus Gardens than to the cinder paths. As the day of the Big Race approached, spies reported that Sturdicaf's appearance was more haggard every day. The outcome of the race seemingly shut tight in a box, Cal students made heavy bets and offered fantastic odds.

On the day of the race, thousands of students lined Alpine Road, a winding, uphill cow path thought suitable for testing the mettle of the two great runners. To the everlasting dismay of the Cal fixers and bettors, Sturdicaf plunged across the finish line and into Mama Garcia's beer garden a full pitcher ahead of Punk. That night many Cal men were seen sobbing into unfilled beer glasses.

In Bankruptcy Court the following Monday, the Cal fixers learned how greed begets greed. Sally, her morals weakened by contact with the Cal students, had become unsatisfied with her generous fee from Cal, and had taken a part time barmaid's job at Mama's. Sturdi's haggard appearance was due to running the full race course out to Mama's every night in order to walk Sally home. Undoubtedly, Wilbur Sturdicaf was the best conditioned athlete in Stanford's history.

Morally sobered, the Cal students turned to more ethical means of winning. An indication of their success is the high rate of present California taxes. Sally's future, unfortunately, did not turn out so well, but that is another story.

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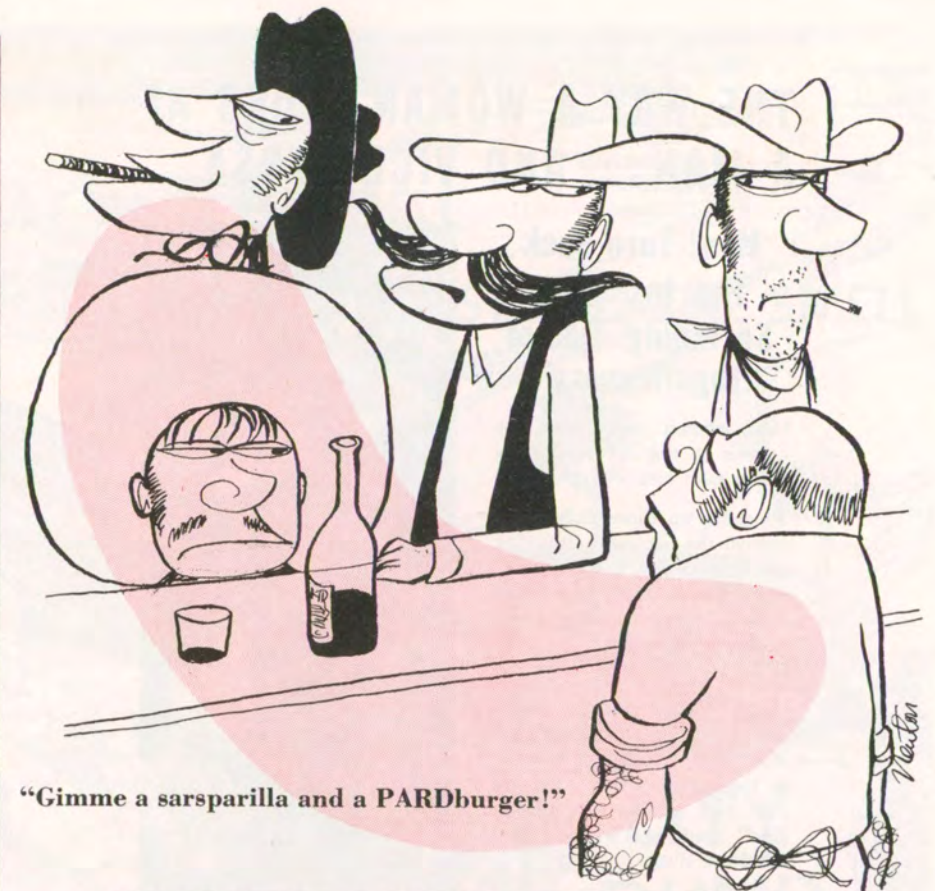
"Don't sweat the lock out, Ace. I've got an overnight."

## The Last Roman Orgy

(Continued from page 6)

to account for the tragedy have been many and various. Moralists historians have found the explanation in the evidences of lechery unearthed at Pompeii or revealed in the satires of Juvenal and Martial. They overlook the fact, however, that nearly all of this evidence comes from the early Principate, and that in the centuries preceding the collapse of the Empire, morality became much more austere, due to the influence of ascetic religions. Historians of a sociological bend have attributed the downfall to a declining birth rate, a factor which is often alleged to hold ominous significance for the modern world. But there is little to indicate that Rome could have been saved by greater numbers. The Athenian civilization reached the height of its glory during the very centuries when growth of population was most strictly limited.

If there was one primary factor which operated more than others to accomplish the downfall of Roman civilization it was imperialism. Nearly all of the troubles which beset the country were traceable in some measure to the conquest of a great empire. It was this which was largely responsible for the creation of the



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THE MEN AND GUNS WHO  
BUILT THE WEST

The tough guns and tougher men whose guts forged the West into the strength of rugged America. And stomped toged-  
derness, too.

city mob, for the growth of slavery, for the strife between classes and the wide-spread political corruption. It was imperialism also which was partly responsible for the barbarian invasions, for the exhaustion of the resources of the state to maintain a huge military machine, and for the influx of alien ideas which the Romans could not readily assimilate. The idea that Rome became a civilized nation as a result of her conquests is undoubtedly a fallacy. Instead, her repeated victories caused her ruling population to become greedy and domineering. It is true that she appropriated much of the Hellenistic culture after her conquest of the Near East; but the really valuable elements of this culture would eventually have been acquired anyway through the normal ex-

(Continued on page 50)

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## Where the Fish Fight to Get Your Bait

[Continued from page 6]

he had seen it. Sometimes it would come floating up to the shore; but when you went toward it, it would go back into deep water and disappear. I was pleased to hear of the old log canoe, which took the place of an Indian one of the same material but more graceful construction, which perchance had first been a tree on the bank, and then, as it were, fell into the water, to float there for a generation, the most proper vessel for the lake. I remember that when I first looked into these depths there were many large trunks to be seen indistinctly lying on the bottom, which had either been blown over formerly, or left on the ice at the last cutting, when wood was cheaper; but now they have mostly disappeared.

When I first paddled a boat on Walden, it was completely surrounded by thick and lofty pine and oak woods, and in some of its coves grapevines had run over the trees next the water and formed bowers under which a boat could pass. The hills which

NEXT MONK IN TUBE

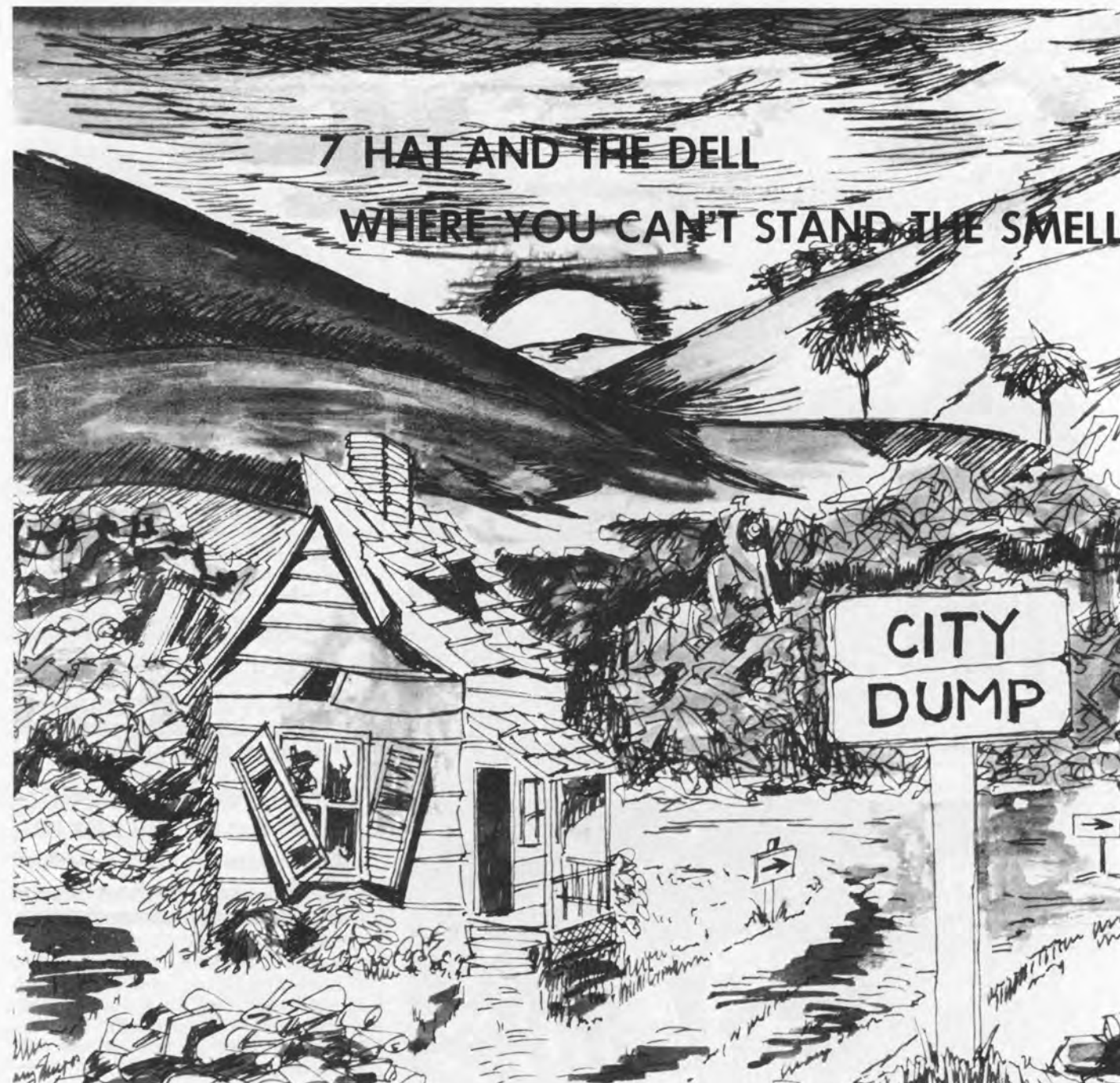
### A Bonus Feature Extra Special

#### THE LITTLE GUY WHO TREATED 'EM ROUGH

He bit off more than he could chew—and then spit it in her face. And stomped togedderness, too.

form its shores are so steep, and the woods on them were then so high that, as you looked down from the west end, it had the appearance of an amphitheatre for some kind of sylvan spectacle. I have spent many an hour, when I was younger, floating over its surface as the zephyr willed, having paddled my boat to the middle, and lying on my back across the seats, in a summer forenoon, dreaming awake, until I was aroused by the boat touching the sand, and I arose to see what shore my fates had impelled me to; days when idleness was the most attractive and productive industry. Many a forenoon have I stolen away, preferring to spend thus the most valued part of the day; for I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days, and spent them lavishly; nor do I regret that I did not waste more of them in the workshop or the teacher's desk. But since I left those shores the woodchoppers have still further laid them waste, and now for many a year there will be no more rambling through the aisles of the wood, with occasional vistas through which you see the water. My Muse may be excused if she is silent henceforth. How can you expect

(Continued on page 50)



Even in the small, remote community at the last edge of town—even here, the setting sun reveals men of distinction sprawled out in drunken stupors. Even amid the squalor of a city dump you can find enjoyment in tying one on with the Seagrub's and getting stoned out of your mind, because Seagrub's has character, quality and it's dirt cheap. And no hangover, either, because you'll probably lose it before it has a chance to affect you. Tonight...

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## The Mass-Murderer of Milpitas

[Continued from page 6]

brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. When he raised it again he counted no less than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs. "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, wondering at his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this." In great haste he cut himself out a band, hemmed it, and then put on it in large characters, "Seven At One Blow!" "Ah," said he, "not one city alone, but the whole world shall know it!" and his heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail.

The little Tailor bound the belt round his body, and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out, however, he looked round his house to see if there was anything he could take with him; but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed, and noticing a bird before the door which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it, and put that in his pocket also. Directly after he set out bravely on his travels; and, as

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he was light and active, he felt no weariness. His road led him up a hill, and when he reached the highest point of it he found a great Giant sitting there, who was looking about him very composedly. The little Tailor, however, went boldly up, and said, "Good day, comrade; in faith you sit there and see the whole world stretched below you. I am also on my road thither to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The Giant looked contemptuously at the little Tailor, and said, "You vagabond! you miserable fellow!"

"That may be," replied the Tailor, "but here you may read what sort of fellow I am"; and unbuttoning his coat, he showed the Giant his belt. The Giant read, "Seven at one blow"; and thinking they were men whom the Tailor had slain, he conceived a little respect for him, still he wished to prove him first; so taking up a stone, he squeezed it in his hand, so that water dropped out of it. "Do that after me," said he to the other, "if you have any strength."

"If it be nothing worse than that," said the Tailor, "that's play to me." And, div-

(Continued on page 50)

## The World's Greatest Con-Man

[Continued from page 6]

will destroy Thy temple. Where Thy temple stood will rise a new building; the terrible tower of Babel will be built again, and though, like the one of old, it will not be finished, yet Thou mightest have prevented that new tower and have cut short the sufferings of men for a thousand years; for they will come back to us after a thousand years of agony with their tower. They will seek us again, hidden underground in the catacombs, for we shall be again persecuted and tortured. They will find us and cry to us, "Feed us, for those who have promised us fire from heaven haven't given it!" And then we shall finish building their tower, for he finishes the building who feeds them. And we alone shall feed them in Thy name, declaring falsely that it is in Thy name. Oh, never, never can they feed themselves without us! No science will give them bread so long as they remain free. In the end they will lay their freedom at our feet, and say to us "Make us your slaves, but feed us." They will understand themselves, at last, that free-

### NEXT MONK IN TUBE

**A Bonus Bonus Feature  
I WAS EATEN ALIVE BY THE  
MAN-EATERS**

There they were, all about him, fangs bared. What could he do? Nothing! Next month.

dom and bread enough for all are inconceivable together, for never, never will they be able to share between them! They will be convinced, too, that they can never be free, for they are weak, vicious, worthless and rebellious. Thou didst promise them the bread of Heaven, but, I repeat again, can it compare with earthly bread in the eyes of the weak, ever sinful and ignoble race of man? And if for the sake of the bread of Heaven thousands and tens of thousands shall follow Thee, what is to become of the millions and tens of millions of creatures who will not have the strength to forego the earthly bread for the sake of the heavenly? Or dost Thou care only for the tens of thousands of the great and strong, while the millions, numerous as the sands of the sea, who are weak, but love Thee, must exist only for the sake of the great and strong? No, we care for the weak too. They are sinful and rebellious, but in the end they too will become obedient. They will marvel at us and look on us as gods, because we are ready to endure the freedom which they have found so dreadful and to rule over them—so awful it will seem to them to be free. But we shall tell them that we are Thy

(Continued on page 50)

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**A TUBE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE**  
 [Continued from page 15]

*(Come on now—fess up. You're just reading this mag for the raunchy stories and pictures. We're on to you, boy. You don't care about book-length features or anything of the sort, you rascal)*

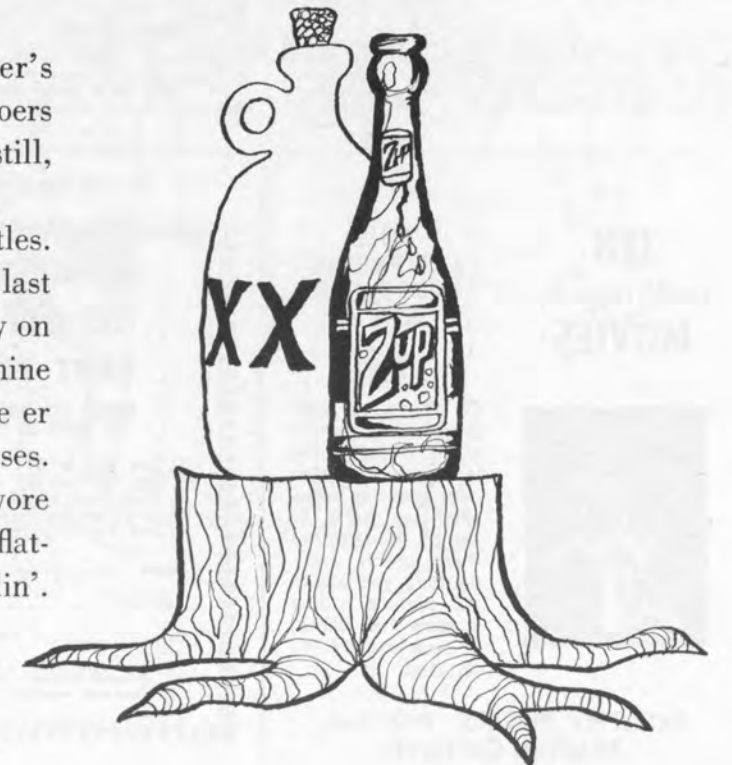


When Yore Cookin' Yore Corn, Neighbor, Call Fer Zebe's-Up  
 — Git a Likker Whut's Hearty, Not Illegal!

A good swig er corn drippin's is a feller's greatest pleasure. But them Yankee revenooers is always comin' around ter bust up yore still, ain't they, cousin?

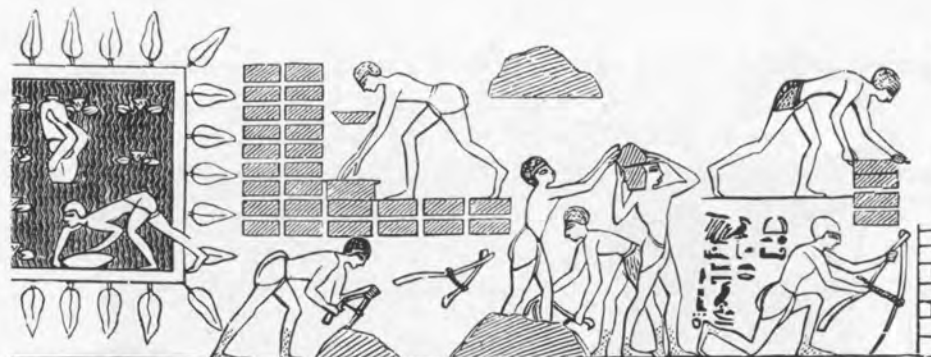
That's why yore gonna crave Zebe's-Up bottles. Zebe got hisself a bottle machine in town the last time he went in ter lissen ter Grand Ol' Opry on the radio, an' let me tell you, friend, that machine turns out them bottles jes' the spittin' image er some er them saf'-drink bottles slick as yo' pleases.

If yo' want ter keep yore still, son, bottle yore juice up in ol' Zebe's bottles an' them dumb flat-land revenooers'll never know what yore sellin'.



Zebe's-Up Bottles Does It Ever' Time.

*(Continued on page 59)*



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## I Braved the Belgian Congo to Find Myself

[Continued from page 6]

Candle out and left the cabin. The pilgrims were dining in the messroom, and I took my place opposite the manager, who lifted his eyes to give me a questioning glance, which I successfully ignored. He leaned back, serene, with that peculiar smile of his sealing the unexpressed depths of his meanness. A continuous shower of small flies streamed upon the lamp, upon the cloth, upon our hands and faces. Suddenly the manager's boy put his insolent black head in the doorway, and said in a tone of scathing contempt—

"Mistah Kurtz—he dead."

All the pilgrims rushed out to see. I remained, and went on with my dinner. I believe I was considered brutally callous. However, I did not eat much. There was a lamp in there—light, don't you know—and outside it was so beastly, beastly dark. I went no more near the remarkable man who had pronounced a judgment upon the adventures of his soul on this earth. The

### NEXT MONK IN TUBE

### A Bonus Extra Feature FIGHT TO THE DEATH BENEATH YOUR FEET

Bugs, those mighty little giants, battle each other in that rugged, dog-eat-dog jungle called The Insect World.

voice was gone. What else had been there? But I am of course aware that next day the pilgrims buried something in a muddy hole.

And then they very nearly buried me.

However, as you see, I did not go to join Kurtz there and then. I did not. I remained to dream the nightmare out to the end, and to show my loyalty to Kurtz once more. Destiny. My destiny! Droll thing life is—that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets. I have wrestled with death. It takes place in an impalpable grayness, with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without spectators, without clamor, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid skepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary. If such is the form of ultimate wisdom, then life is a greater riddle than some of us think it to be. I was within a hairsbreadth of the last opportunity for pronouncement, and I found with humiliation that probably I would have nothing to (Continued on page 50)

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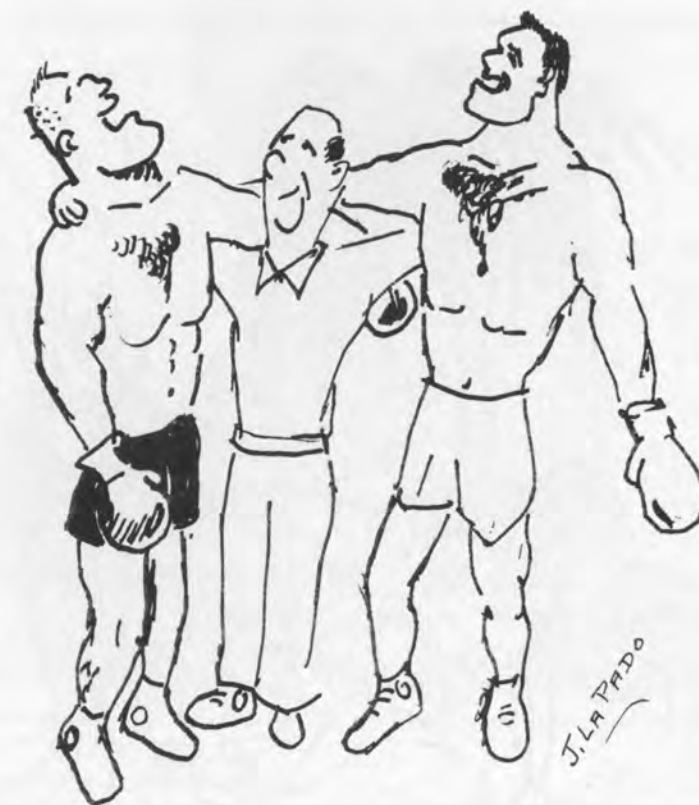
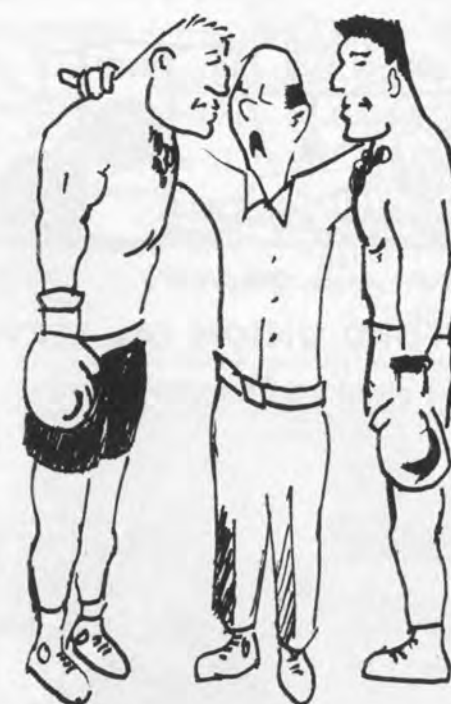
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"I hate to see that evenin' sun go down"

**The Toughest Sailor in the World**

[Continued from page 6]

my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which stuck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the

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**A Bonus Special Feature  
SEXUAL SYMBOLISM ON  
TODAY'S CARS**

The inside story on what they're really doing back in Detroit. Don't miss it!

ships run a-drift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopt awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up

(Continued on page 50)

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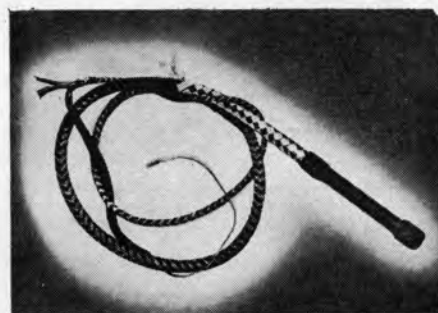
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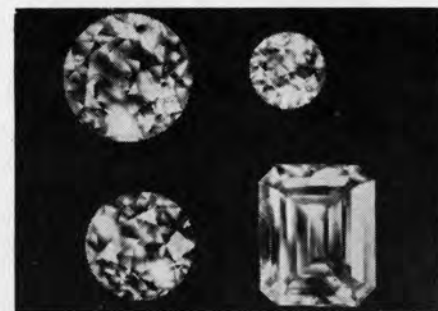
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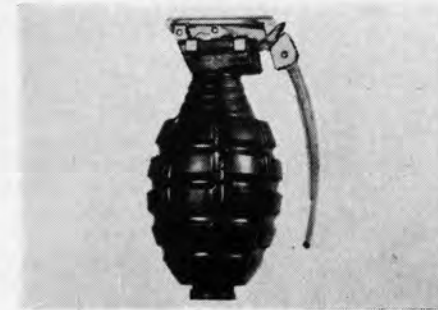
# TUBE



**WIFE BEING BITCHY?** Kids acting smart? This Western Bullwhip will help you keep your place as top man in your tribe. Weighted swivel handle—leaded end tips. You can really twirl this one and it makes a terrific crack leaving welts one inch wide. Order from Snaky Salverson, Fox Limited representative, King Ranch, Texas.



**HOT DIAMONDS**—lifted from the best homes on Park Avenue. Prices subject to change without notice. Benny Bigpockets, c/o Harry's Billiard Parlor, Lower East Side, New York, N. Y.



**HAND GRENADES**—for that really final touch to your Fourth of July shindig. Left over from the last war these grenades are guaranteed to really explode nine out of ten times. Pull pin, throw toward guests grouped outside enjoying fireworks, wait four seconds for explosion. Good addition to your usual practical jokes—really a laugh riot, he-man gag to pull. \$3.98 plus shipping tax. Sergeant Bilko, 71243586, Motor Pool, Camp Carver, Kansas.



**BRITISH BOBBY HELMETS**—the real thing! What you'd want with one of these we couldn't guess but we can get hold of plenty we'd like to sell, all sizes, cork lined. Don't use postcards when ordering or inquiring. Wilkens Weatherspoon and Mactavish McCrombie—Caretakers, Uniform Division, British Police Force, Scotland Yard, British Isles.



**GORILLAS**—Babalu-Watusi Ltd., Serawatchi, Kenya Colony, South East Africa.



**KEEP LOUSY MASHERS AWAY** from your broad. This here is a frilly nylon lace garter of scarlet red or midnight black with a miniature Smith and Wesson .357 Magnum revolver attached. Guaranteed to stop anything—garter sizes 12 to 42. (Size 42 does not include revolver; a size 42 does not need a revolver.) National Legion of Morality, 222 Saint St., Purity, Georgia.

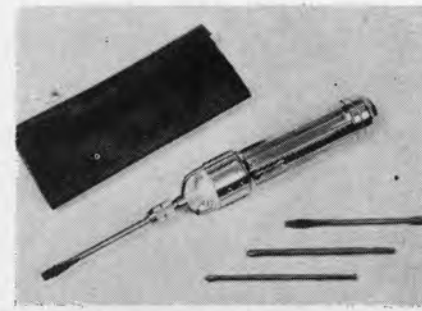
## goes shopping



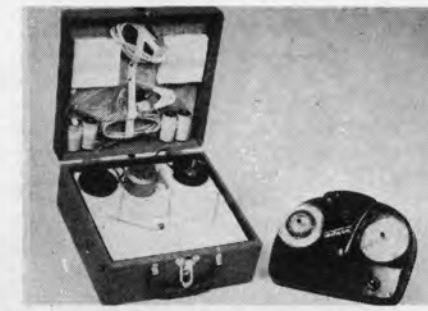
**I'VE HAD ENOUGH!** Organization life too damn much! Am giving up everything for a beat existence in Greenwich Village. Who'll buy my two snotty daughters—low priced for quick sale. Joe X. Urbanite, Darien, Conn.



**U.S. CAMP MACHETE**—Don't let your kid get beaten in gang fights. With this 18-inch, razor sharp blade the kid can fell a good-size tree or up to five other kids his own size. In a sturdy green shield with belt clip which attaches nicely inside tall boot or heavy coat. L.A. Juvenile Dept., East 75th St., Los Angeles 29, California.



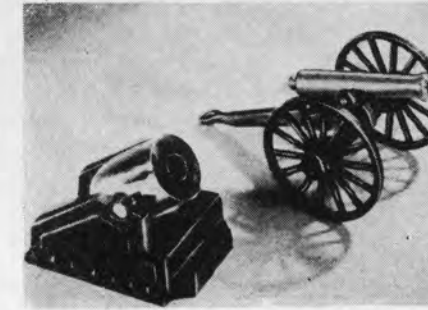
**HYPO SET**—Useful for dull evenings. Needles come in several different sizes for type of jolt wanted. \$7.98 postpaid. Send to Frankie Machine, 34 1/2 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



**GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF** with these burglar tools. Priced low because of government subsidy. Slightly used but in good condition. Fingers Low-luck, Alcatraz, California.



**IF TAXES AND GOVERNMENTAL BUNGLINGS** are getting you and the other guys at the poolroom mad, there is a way that you can make those birds in the white house know that you mean business when you say 'cut down taxes.' Buy your own rebel army. Troops come in three different sizes and colors: Large (45,000 men), Small (250 men), renegade (about 17 men), colors: white, brown, black, and assorted. Send for your 10-day free home trial. Fidrool Casserole, Suite 2000, Hilton Hotel, Havana, Cuba.



**SURPLUS ARMY HEAVY ARTILLERY**—Birds bothering your fruit trees? Show them there's a man in the house. Use these superb surplus war cannons to clean up your yard. Only \$19.98 postpaid per cannon. (Also included in this special introductory offer are two short books—*How to Handle Lawsuits* and *Planting New Young Fruit Trees*.) Order directly from Confederate Surplus. Jefferson Davis, Jr., Appomattox, Virginia.

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# Phony Life

I was out hunting in the Old North Woods one day with my robust, All-American son. We were stalking a beaver, when all of a sudden we heard one beaver say to another, "Say, who was that lady I saw you with last night?" The other beaver said, "That wasn't a lady, that was my wife."

—J. G. Simpleton  
Oigesaukee, Wisc.



I was out wench-hunting one night in the Old West Tenderloin by myself. I was stalking a wench, when all of a sudden I heard one wench say to another, "Say, who was that man I saw you with last night?" The other wench said, "That wasn't a man, that was my husband."

—W. G. Wanka  
Stanford, Calif.



I was out fishing in the Old South Swamp one day with my All-American robust girl friend. We were bait-trolling for bass, when all of a sudden we heard one bass say to another, "Say, who was that lady I saw you with last night?" The other bass said, "That wasn't a lady, that was my wife."

R. J. Jackson  
Poison Ivy Hollow, Miss.



I was out butterfly-hunting one day in Old Mather Green with my All-American, healthy dog, Tag. We were chasing a butterfly, when all of a sudden we heard one butterfly say to another, "Say, who was that lady I saw you with last night?" The other butterfly said, "That wasn't a lady, that was my wife."

—C. J. Whetherbee  
Fogbound, Mass.



I was judging a shaggy dog contest, and this fireman comes up to me and says, "You wanna know why us firemen wear red suspenders?" Then all of sudden a chicken runs across the road and jumps into the lap of a moron who is putting iodine on a cut in his salary. None of this is particularly funny, but I thought, in looking at the quality of the anecdotes you have been using, that this crock of baloney might be worth a C-note.

—Fred Gratch,  
Dogpatch, New York



I was out head-hunting one day in the Old East Jungle with my robust, All-New Hebrides son. We were stalking a head when all of sudden we heard one head say to another, "Say, who was that lady I saw you with last night?" The other head said, "That wasn't a lady, that was my wife."

—F. J. Oooooo Banga  
New Hebrides

A while back I was skin diving off San Clemente when I found a sunken ship in about twenty feet of water. Upon examining it, I found that one of the hatch-ways was open. I entered and heard voices. The first voice said, "Who was that mermaid I saw you with last night?" The second voice answered, "That was no lady, that was my gefiltefish." Pretty good, hey? Where's my hundred?

—John Frankenstein  
Stanford, California

Yes, \$100 dollars! That's what "TUBE" will pay you if you send in an original, unpublished joke. Send it to "This Funny Life, 'Tube,' Farallon, Calif." (a hint: It helps to be a subscriber.)



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Crud is "The Best From The Horse."

## Chug This Stuff and You're a Gay Caballero

1. "Tequila drinking in Mexico's steamy, treacherous jungles is breathtaking: cases and cases of the stuff at 13 bucks per. But disaster awaits the unwary here in the lush growth at Xilauchitlx," writes an American friend of Canadian Crud. "When I saw my first bottle of Tequila I felt faint. My friend Gnatnoop, the panderer, who was showing me all the fleshpots at no small profit to himself, told me it was a question of honor to toss off some of the national drink in the approved manner."



2. "My smiling friend explained the tequila ritual with great reverence. I was impressed by his respect for the ancient custom and the smell of his bad breath mingled with the subtle odor of the crystal-clear tequila."



3. "Growing impatient with his babbling and his halitosis, I grabbed a glass and threw some of the stuff down. Frightened lest I over-indulge, my altruistic guide took up his drink, too."



4. "It was great, but nothing like Canadian Crud."

5. "Gnatnoop eased the pain by pouring a little of that international favorite, Canadian Crud, between my quivering lips."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? It's cheap. Only Canadian Crud captures in one great whiskey the low cost of vodka and the burning sensation of raw alcohol. You can stay with it all

evening long . . . if it'll stay with you. Canadian Crud is made by Hiram Moonshine, distillers of fine booze since 1921. It's "The Best From The Horse" in 87 lands.

Canadian Crud

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Just off the Boat in the Bottle By Hiram Moonshine Smugglers, Inc., Rye, New York. Deadly Poison



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