

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

playmate  
of the year



# PLAYBOY



You Will P. 92



Woman's Work P. 99



Don Wow P. 110



Top Playmate P. 151



Winners/Losers P. 118

## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	19
BOOKS.....	20
DINING-DRINKING.....	26
MOVIES.....	28
MUSIC.....	36
RECORDINGS.....	40
THEATER.....	44
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	51
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	55
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WALTER CRONKITE—candid conversation.....	67
DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL—fiction.....JOYCE CAROL OATES	92
WE ARE ALL "BUI DOI"—article.....GLORIA EMERSON	96
WOMAN'S WORK—pictorial.....	99
THE WRITER AS POLITICAL CRAZY—article.....ALFRED KAZIN	107
THE TEACHINGS OF DON WOW—parody.....LAURENCE GONZALES	110
TAKING THE PLUNGE—attire.....ROBERT L. GREEN	112
WINNERS AND LOSERS—article.....JON BRADSHAW	118
SUPERBUNNY—playboy's playmate of the month.....	120
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	130
FASTEST!—pictorial.....	132
NEIGHBORS—fiction.....ROBERT MC NEAR	137
PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS—gifts.....	139
FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE—fiction.....GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER	142
THE NO-COOKING COOKOUT—food and drink.....JACK DENTON SCOTT	145
HOLLYWOOD'S NEGLECTED GENIUS—humor.....RICHARD D. SMITH	147
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial.....	151
THE VARGAS GIRL—pictorial.....ALBERTO VARGAS	160
THE MACHACA REBELLION—ribald classic.....	161
WHERE THE WEST HAS GONE—personality.....BIL GILBERT	162
PLAYBOY PAD: BIGGER THAN A BREADBOX—modern living.....	165
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	180
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI.....	210
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire.....HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	251

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1973 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR MARILYN COLE, DESIGNED BY TOM STAEHLER, PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 107; DAVID CHAN, P. 3; HAROLD CHAPMAN, P. 3; ALAN CLIFTON, P. 3; RICK CLUTHE, P. 123; CHRISTINA D'ALLORSO, P. 3; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 152; BILL FRANTZ, P. 3 (2); LARRY DALE GORDON, P. 3, 156-157, 159; RICHARD HEWETT, P. 123; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 158; CARL IRI, P. 121, 123, 129; ALEXANDRA LAWRENCE, P. 3; MINDAS, P. 120, 122, 123, 124; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3 (2); SUZANNE SEED, P. 3 (2); VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3; SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PHOTO BY JAMES PURRING © TIME INC., P. 3; GENE TRINDL, P. 124 (2); ALEXAS URBA, P. 151-155 (4).

PLAYBOY, JUNE, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 6 PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR.

## Knowing what a man wants...

... makes PLAYBOY the one magazine every man wants. The finest in fact, fiction and foldout. Add to that... the convenience of having PLAYBOY delivered right to your door... and the big savings off the single-copy price. Now... how can you resist subscribing?

**12 great issues for just \$10. Subscribe today!**

**PLAYBOY**, Playboy Building  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611



- I know what I want—a subscription to PLAYBOY for
- ☐ 1 year at \$10 (save \$3.00 off \$13 single-copy price)
  - ☐ 2 years at \$18 (save \$8.00 off \$26 single-copy price)
  - ☐ 3 years at \$24 (save \$15.00 off \$39 single-copy price)
  - ☐ payment enclosed ☐ new subscription
  - ☐ bill me later ☐ renewal
  - ☐ charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

my name \_\_\_\_\_

(please print)

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip \_\_\_\_\_

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO only.  
7130

*it's no big flash that  
many "men's" jobs  
have become fair  
game—we just  
want to reassure  
you that anatomically  
everything is status quo*

# woman's work

*pictorial*



YOU'RE leaving your office for lunch and walk past a cluster of female construction workers on their noon break. They're spooning up low-cal yoghurt and reading "Dear Abby" to each other, but as you pass by they look you over and one of them—a large-boned girl wearing construction platforms—whistles and shouts lecherously, "Hi, guy—nice ass ya got there."

In an America that has already weathered a lady umpire, can that scene be far away? We think not. The following pages lend substance to our prediction: they also provide reassuring evidence that, even if women do take over the country's pneumatic drills, some of them will still get pissed when they break a nail.

Chicago jockey Mary Bacon has overcome many obstacles—and a few broken bones—in her determination to do a man's job. Her husband, Johnie, was also a jockey, and the horse-racing commission ruled that they couldn't be in the same business, because they wouldn't be able to testify against each other in case a protest was filed against either of them. So Mary got a divorce. "The first race I rode against him," she says, "I won. The second time, he won—and I received a five-day suspension for cutting him off at the turn."

Nothing personal, Johnie.





"Men are just as uptight as women are about exposing themselves," says San Francisco's Carol Fulton, who should know. She photographed this year's highly successful male-nude calendar, *Ladies Home Companion*. "But they're also concerned about how they'll look," she adds, proving that vanity knows no sex. She's had only one bad experience with her subjects. "I drove up to this guy's place to photograph him and discovered that he was anticipating an orgy." Carol canceled the shooting. "Besides, he lied to his wife to get her out of the house."

San Franciscan Cynthia Calhoun says her job as a woman draws plenty of stares from men. "I was walking down Market Street the other day carrying a five-foot ladder and a toolbox. I got lots of angry looks from men. I think they felt threatened." But she's used to that. "When I was a drafting student in high school, guys got mad when I received the highest grades. They thought the teacher gave them to me because I was an attractive girl." We don't doubt your ability, Cynthia, but we do understand their suspicion.





"I want an Academy Award for best picture," says Pam Sweet, a Hollywood producer of X-rated films, who's convinced that such a dream isn't at all impossible. But she also warns those who think riches await anyone who shoots a few scenes between a horny housewife and a guy in a Lone Ranger mask: "We lost money or broke even on our first six or eight films." Still, Pam thinks producing sex flicks is a great way to get a big break. "Russ Meyer started it. He moved from nudies to the big studios and it's happening more and more all the time."

If you're an actress looking for work, the way to go about it is simple: Take a job as a New York cabdriver. Well, it worked for Betty Ortega. "When a guy got into my cab he'd ask, 'Why are you doing this?' I'd say, 'I'm an actress trying to pay my bills.'" Such a conversation with a casting director won Betty a recent movie role. Now, between parts, she attends Columbia University and drives on Saturdays. "The bad thing about New York traffic," she says, "is that you spend most of the time sitting still." Which Betty obviously doesn't enjoy.





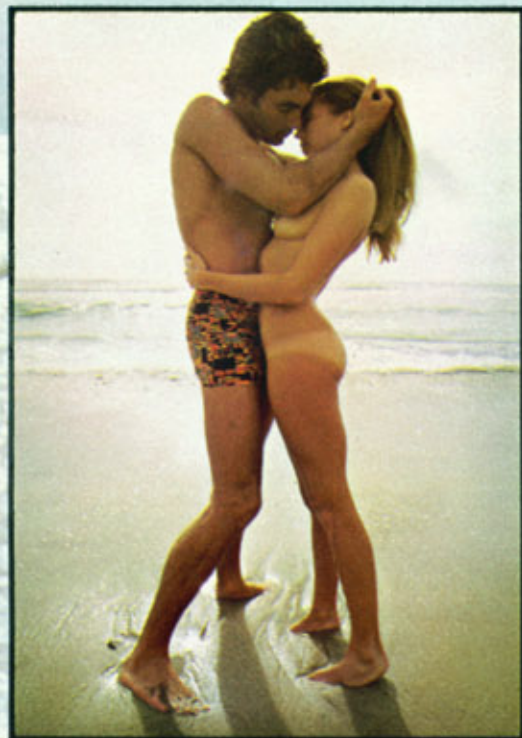
The most striking feature in Bernie Roberts' strikingly decorated Los Angeles men's hair-styling salon is Lynn Gayle. Lynn has been cutting men's hair at Bernie's for two years. She also holds a beautician's license but prefers male heads, although she does tire of dudes who come on with such clever lines as, "I think it would be freaky to have an affair with my barber." Still, there are rewards beyond her charge of ten dollars a clip, for she gets to run her fingers through some famous hair: "My clients include Glen Campbell and Peter Falk."

Ann Lello has been a bartender and carpenter and now works in New York as an antique-furniture mover. "I got into the business," she says with a line that sounds like it came from a Brautigan book, "when a friend ran into somebody in a grocery store who was shopping for food and a mover-trucker." Although she works with an all-male crew, Ann does her share. "Most of the antiques are so heavy we have to dismantle them and move them piece by piece." Ann admits it's tough work but says that for the time being she'll "keep on truckin'."





*"Miriam, you could at least wait until I'm out of sight!"*



This dynamic duo has chanced upon a found object that's definitely not driftwood. The fellow on this page heads shoreward in a multicolor stretch-nylon bikini, by Sabre, \$18. Inset: He consoles a friend who appears to have lost everything to the outgoing tide. He's hung onto a pair of geometric-pattern stretch-nylon trunks, by Jantzen, \$8.

The Spitznik at right is delighted to see something other than an oil slick pop up where sand meets sea. His rig: a multicolor-stripe knit Crimplene bikini, by Altmann of Vienna, \$17. Inset: Scorning personal safety, a selfless helpmeet gets her man out of the hot sun, shielding him with a floral-print Arnel-nylon pongee kimono, by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket, \$28.



# TALKING THE PILUNGE

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN  
*seeworthy wettables  
for getting in a watery groove*

WHEN IT COMES to this year's look in men's swimwear, the time-tested Mies van der Rohe dictum "less is more" certainly applies. There's nothing really new about male bikinis, of course; European men have been wearing them for years. Now the trend to surface economy has caught on over here and guys with good bods are chucking their balloon-seated boxer trunks and John L. Sullivan-type Baggies and jams in favor of a suit that's more revealing. So, gentlemen, the time has come to take it off, take it almost all off—and slip into something that does your build justice. We don't have to say what it will do to the ladies.





This page: Updating his favorite scene in *From Here to Eternity*, this surf sport doubles his pleasure with a brace of beached mermaids. He's gone down to the sea in a pair of chambray stretch nylon square-legged trunks, by Sabre \$16.95; and a multicolored striped cotton knit long-sleeved pullover, by Sabre of London for Cezar Ltd., \$12.95. Opposite: It's a brief but warm encounter for another hip gentleman who's wearing cotton humble cloth butt-cut low-rise swim trunks with an, obviously handy pocket, by Surf-Line Hawaii, \$10.







*"Hi! I'm Robin Hood and these are my merry men."*



# Superbunny

*ruthy ross's centerfold debut caps a hectic year as queen of the cottontails*

FOR RUTHY ROSS, Playboy Bunny, ex-drama major, would-be actress and apprentice photographer, it's been quite a year. Quite a 16 months, as a matter of fact. It all started back in February 1972, when she was chosen to represent her fellow cottontails from the Los Angeles Playboy Club at the annual Bunny Beauty Contest. That event, a lavish pageant at the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, New Jersey, took place in March. Twenty-one girls—the pick of Playboy's hutches throughout the world—competed, and when it was all over, Ruthy Ross had won the title Bunny of the Year—1972. “‘Surprised?’” she recalls. “I didn’t think I had a chance. No sleep the night before the finals. Thought I looked a wreck, but apparently—and luckily—the judges didn’t agree.” Since then, Ruthy’s been juggling her regular Bunny duties at the Los Angeles Club with special promotional appearances; singing and dancing dates in the Club with the Bunnettes, a cottontail septet; driving lessons (to make use of her Datsun 1200 sports-car prize) and such personal interests as studying photography and







Ruthy, who admits she dotes on Forties gear (left), also digs music. Above, she shakes mean maracas with Playboy Club musicians. Above right, her Bunny of the Year contest finals.

moving into a new house-cum-swimming pool in suburban Reseda. Now, her crown relinquished to a successor (chosen as this issue went to press), Ruthy is enjoying what she considers the biggest triumph of all: becoming a Playmate. She's so enthusiastic about being a gatefold girl, in fact, that she's energetically boosting another Hollywood Bunny for a future spot in the magazine—and using her new camera skills to shoot the test photos herself.

After her selection as Bunny of the Year, Ruthy's first stop was Chicago, where she got a much-needed few days of relaxation as Hugh Hefner's guest at the Playboy Mansion. Next came an appearance at the premiere of the rock musical *Today Is a Good Day to Die* at the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach, followed by a visit to Baltimore to appear on a radio talk show—the subject of which was “The Sexual Revolution—the New Morality and Sexual Exploitation.” (Ruthy said she didn't see what was sinful about sex between “two people who care for each other.”) Back in L.A., she did a turn as Ring Bunny (“I held up the cards saying ‘Round One,’ ‘Round Two,’ and so forth”) at a celebrity boxing match between former middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson and Bob Hope, held at Hope's Beverly Hills estate as a benefit for youth organizations. And when the Los Angeles Tennis Club staged a tournament on behalf of spastic children, Ruthy was there, greeting such celebrity players as James Franciscus, Charlton Heston and Ross Martin. “Craziest thing I got mixed up in was a pillow fight, of all things, with a disc jockey from



Bakersfield. He had tried to challenge Joe Frazier, but he settled for me and two other Bunnies. It was wild." Texas drew our star Bunny twice—once for the opening of a Playboy Products boutique in Dallas, once to appear at a sports show in Houston's Astrodome. "We had a ball there," she says. "Bunny Bevy and I had rolls of Rabbit-head stickers, and we stuck them on everybody who walked by. We were the hit of the show!"

Ruthy, who comes from a small town in Missouri and studied drama at the U of Mo. for two years, started her Bunny career at the Kansas City Playboy Club. She transferred to Hollywood in 1971 and is now looking forward to the imminent opening of that Club's new quarters in Century City. "Century City is really becoming 'uptown' for L.A., and it's where the action is," she says. "Besides, we'll expand our hours to include luncheon, and I think I'd like to start working days. There's a wonderful futuristic community theater in my neighborhood, and I'd like to get started working in it, but all the meetings and rehearsals are at night, which is when I've been working. I know I have some dramatic ability, but it's a little raw—it needs polish. And I don't really have the money to go to a private coach." What about her Playmate modeling fee? "That," says Miss Ross firmly, "is going into the bank. I believe in being prepared for a rainy day. Guess I'm old-fashioned that way. What with that and my love for funky Forties clothes, I sometimes think I was born thirty years too late." No way, Ruthy. Can you imagine a Bunny of the Year—1942?

Rutby, with other gatefold girls, was a hit on a *Sonny & Cher Comedy Hour* (below)—during which, in both Uncle Sam costume and choir robe, she caught the eye of Joe Namath.





As Bunny of the Year, Ruthy found herself in constant demand. She fronted the Bunnettes (top left), a group of singing and dancing cottontails at the Los Angeles Club; met Jim Nabors (along with Playmates of the Year Liv Lindeland, 1972, and Lisa Baker, 1967) at a Sugar Ray Robinson Youth Foundation benefit at Bob Hope's home (center left); had her cuff autographed by TV's Joe Campanella at the same event (above); appeared on KCOP-TV's *Dialing for Dollars* with Dave Reeves (bottom left); and got acquainted with Charlton Heston at the Los Angeles Tennis Club's tournament for the Los Angeles area Spastic Children's Foundation (below).





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JUNE



Above: At the Astrodome in Houston, where she was promoting Playboy products at a mammoth sporting-goods show, Ruthy demonstrates a Rabbit-crested Frisbee—only to fall from grace while trying for a shoestring catch on a wild pitch. Below: On the flight home to Los Angeles, Ruthy grabs a welcome bit of sleep with fellow cottontail Bevy Self (left) and Bunny Mother Judi Bradford.





SOKOL

*"I'll go slop the hogs, milk the cows and feed the chickens, hon.  
Then I'll come back and do my chores!"*



*"I guess this means I'm not very convincing when I say no."*



## PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

*january's marilyn cole—outstanding among the past twelve-month's delightful dozen—reigns as our premier gatefold girl*

**M**ARILYN COLE, the girl from Portsmouth, England, is going places—literally as well as figuratively. Our gatefold girl of January 1972 is spending every spare moment (and penny) seeing as much of the world as she can; and the editors of *PLAYBOY* have chosen her as Playmate of the Year—1973. Marilyn's fans will recall that we discovered her after she'd left Portsmouth to seek her fortune in London—where, as luck would have it, she applied for a job as a Playboy Bunny at our local hutch in Park Lane. She worked as a cottontail before and after trying her wings in the public-relations field—coordinating promotional activities for her former hutchmates, fielding requests from the press, and so on. In recent months, however, she's been concentrating on modeling—a career that, like Bunnyhood, allows her maximum flexibility in scheduling her time. "I used to think I'd be bored, posing for photographers," she remembers. "But now that I'm getting accustomed to it, it's rather fun." It hasn't been easy, however, for Marilyn to become established as a mannequin. "I'm not the right size," she explains, adding with customary candor: "Most of the models I know have no boobs at all, or at least not big ones." When she does finish a lucrative assignment, Marilyn rushes home to the Mayfair apartment she shares with three Bunnies, packs her bags and takes off in pursuit of her latest passion: travel. "If I've got the money, I go," she says. "Maybe just for two weeks on the Costa del Sol. I've also made it to Morocco, Moscow, Switzerland—and Crete, but that was an expense-paid trip to shoot some of these pictures, after I was chosen Playmate of the Year." Glad to be of help, Miss Cole. You're entitled—to that and much more. At a cocktail party planned for May 15 at the Playboy Mansion West, she was to be presented to press, radio and television by Hugh M. Hefner. (text concluded on page 212)

"Getting involved with Playboy—both the Clubs and the magazine—has been wonderful for me," says Marilyn. "Of course, I never really expected this—becoming Playmate of the Year. Now that I've been given this lovely Volvo sports car, I guess I'll have to learn to drive. In London, I've never had the need to; but it will be fun to have my own car and motor out into the countryside."







In her travels, Marilyn leans to places with lots of "sun and sea, such as Crete, where this picture was taken. Of course, we had to avoid the tourist areas while we were shooting nudes. We'd probably have been chased away or detained." Last year, she made a fortnight's hop to Zermatt, Switzerland. "I tried skiing one day, but I found that hard work! I spent the rest of the two weeks lying in the sun."





"Another country I've visited is Morocco. A friend and I drove down from Tangier to Cabo Negro. The poverty is horrifying, but the villages are beautiful. It was windy and hot, and the dust was flying about the Berbers and their veiled women walking beside their donkeys on the way to market. Little chappies sat at the roadside, trying to sell a couple of pitiful old figs. We bought some caftans, but we're not as good at bartering as they are. You know as soon as they say 'OK' that you've been jobbed."

"Moscow was quite a contrast. I spent four days there, on a guided tour—I think that's the only way to see a place like that. Otherwise, you wouldn't know what to look for. It was wintertime and I was freezing. But I like definite climates and I loved walking with the Muscovites along the streets—which were being cleaned of snow and ice by women. I saw the Bolshoi Ballet, the Red Army chorus and dancers, the beautiful subway, the Kremlin and museums with the Fabergé eggs. Fantastic!"



"My other great love, besides travel, is riding my white gelding, Seamus. After several months of lessons, he and I are learning to jump. It's frightening, really. I'm steady but a bit chicken in most things. Like riding to hounds. I used to think I wanted to do it, but now I've about decided I'd rather watch. I would join in only if I knew I had a really drowsy horse. In the hunt you have about 100 horses, of which 75 are usually out of control. It's very difficult to stop a horse once it lets go." We have a feeling that whatever career Marilyn chooses, she, too, will be hard to rein in.



THE VARGAS GIRL



*"It's obvious you're ready  
for a Great Leap Forward."*



John  
Dempsey

*"I'm sure Miss Koosley is sleepwalking, but I have my doubts about Mr. Forslyth."*

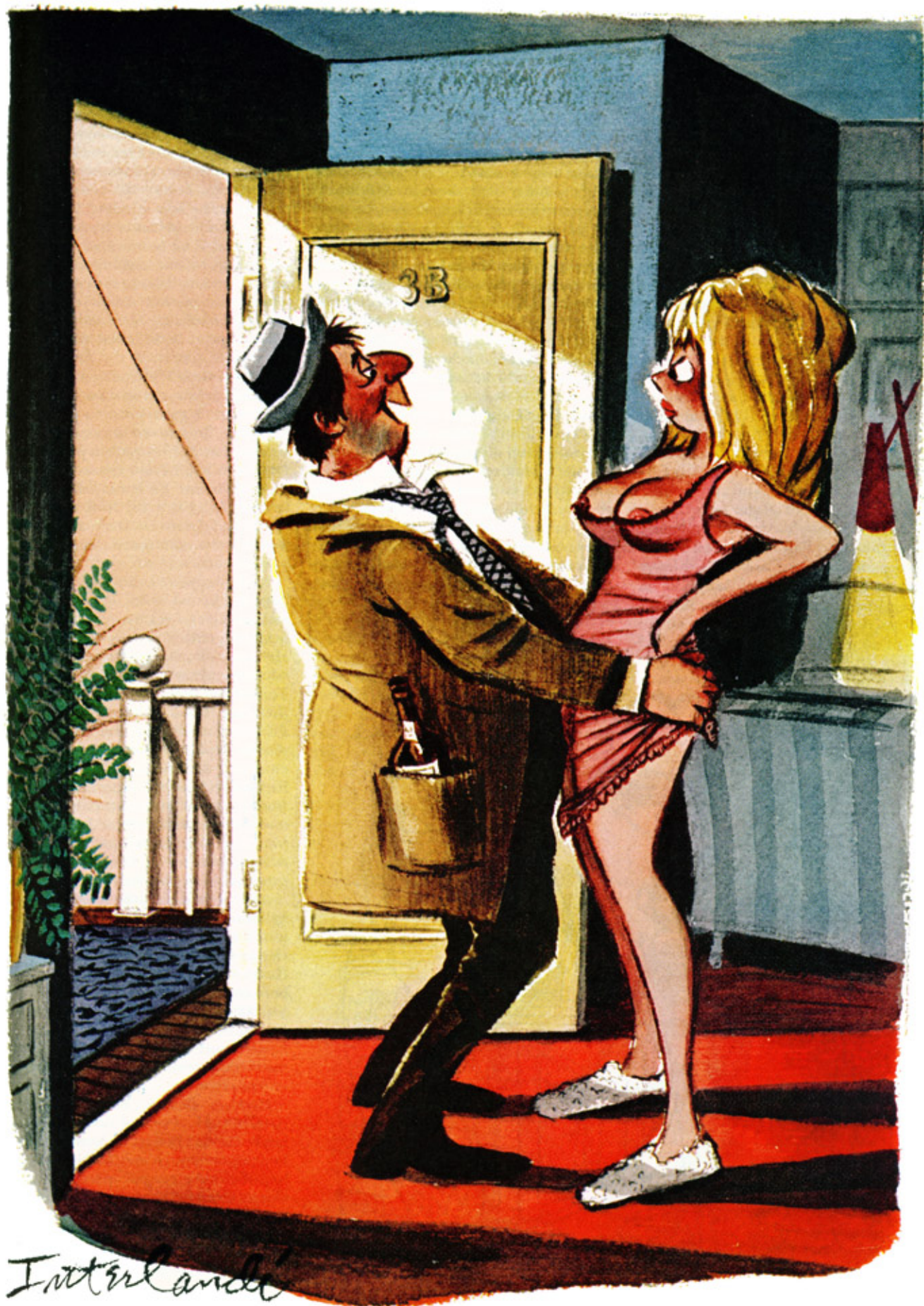


Buck Brown

*"Close those draperies, will ya, fella? Some  
of us like a little privacy!"*



*"This is not going to help my Messianic complex, doctor."*



*"I came home horny. Doesn't that count for anything?"*

## PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

*(continued from page 152)*

PLAYBOY Editor and Publisher—who also was to present her with a \$5000 cash prize from PLAYBOY. Marilyn's largess by no means ends there. Her bounty includes:

A \$6000 four-seater Playmate Pink Volvo 1800 ES sports car, powered by a fuel-injected B20F engine.

A holiday in Mexico for two, under the auspices of the Mexican Government Tourism Department, arranged through the courtesy of Wilbert Sanchez of its Miami office. Features include transportation via Mexicana Airlines and accommodations at El Presidente hotel in Mexico City and the Villa Vera hotel in Acapulco.

A 1973 Schwinn ladies' Super Sport ten-speed racing bicycle, with complete accessories, in Playmate Pink.

A six-piece set of hand-tailored, matched luggage; caftan and maxi-apron in Near East design; and Spectrum sculptured clock that changes colors with the time, all from Rathcon.

A Sperti sun lamp from Cooper-Hewitt Electric.

Bushnell Model 12-9114 Banner Zoom deluxe binoculars from Bushnell Optical.

Brentwood Bellissima wig wardrobe from Sam Tiller.

A make-up collection from Syd Simons.

Aluminum tennis racquet, cover and carry bag from Playboy Sports Products.

Atomic Glass 2000 fiberglass skis and Munari ski boots from Gold Medal Sports.

Prismatic ski poles, Bausch & Lomb ski glasses and goggles, all from Collins Ski Products.

A collection of Promark ski gloves by Wells Lamont Corporation.

Designer ensembles in Playmate Pink from noted couturiers Halston, John Anthony and Adele Simpson.

Marco Polo down-insulated ski apparel from Don Shingler.

A Jantzen swimsuit wardrobe.

A ruby-eyed, 14-kt. gold Rabbit pin by Maria Vogt.

A collection of sunglasses from Re-nauld International.

A queen's ransom in gifts from Core Enterprises: Panasonic Crestview AM/FM stereo system with 8-track cartridge player; Panasonic pop-up television with AM/FM radio; Royal portable electric typewriter; sports and dress watches from the Lady Seiko Boutique series; Konica pocket 35mm camera; Polaroid 450 camera kit with complete accessories; Strum & Drum Ensenada guitar; Diamint jewelry by OGI International; Lady Schick Shaving Wand and Speed Styler with mist spray; and a Franzus portable current converter.

And, so that Marilyn and her friends may toast her successes present and future, a case of crackling rosé from Paul Masson and a case of Pol Roger dry special champagne from Frederick Wildman & Sons, Ltd. *Prosit!*





*"Young man, I'd like you to know that you've just  
made an old voyeur very happy."*



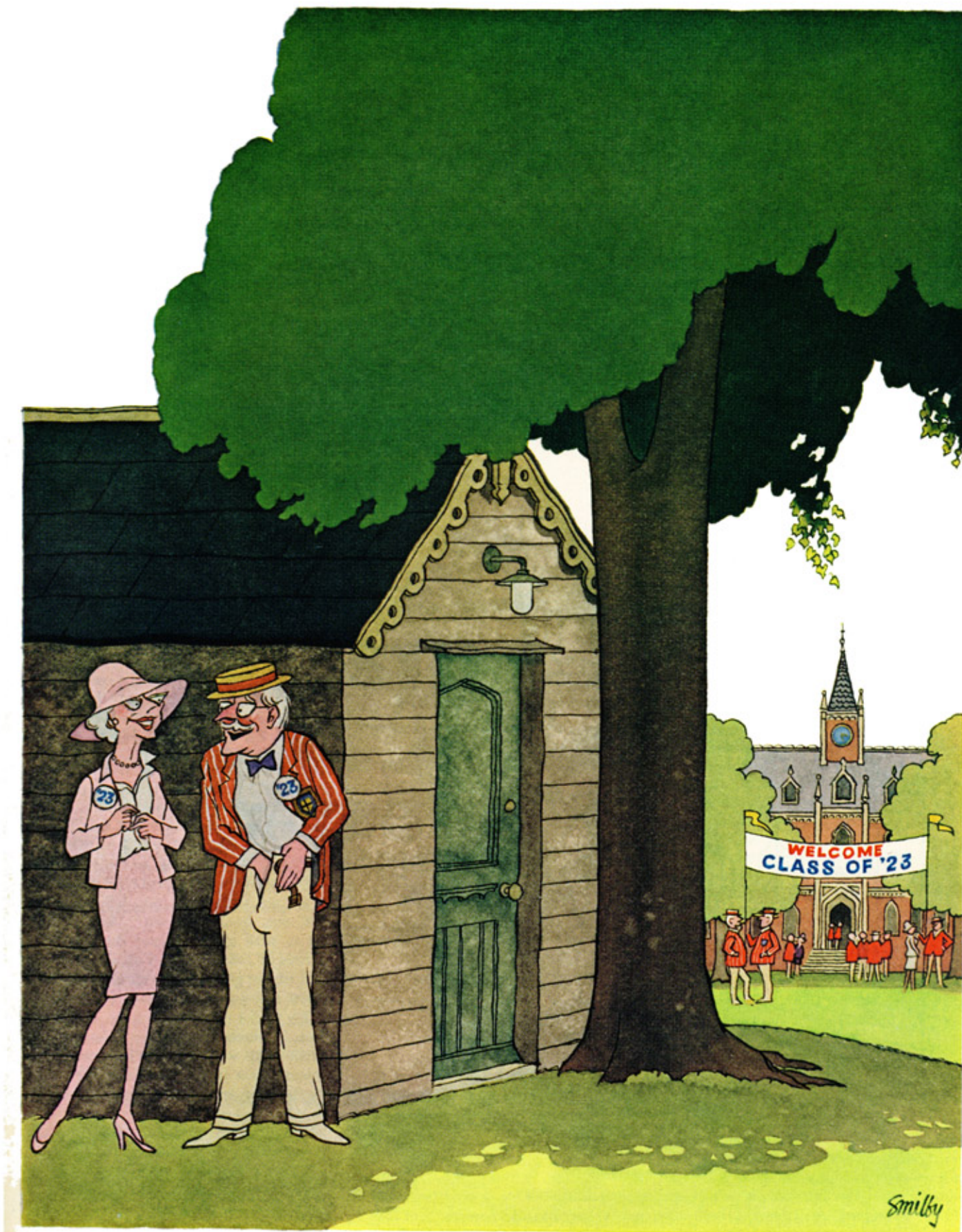
*"He gives the wildest oral examinations."*



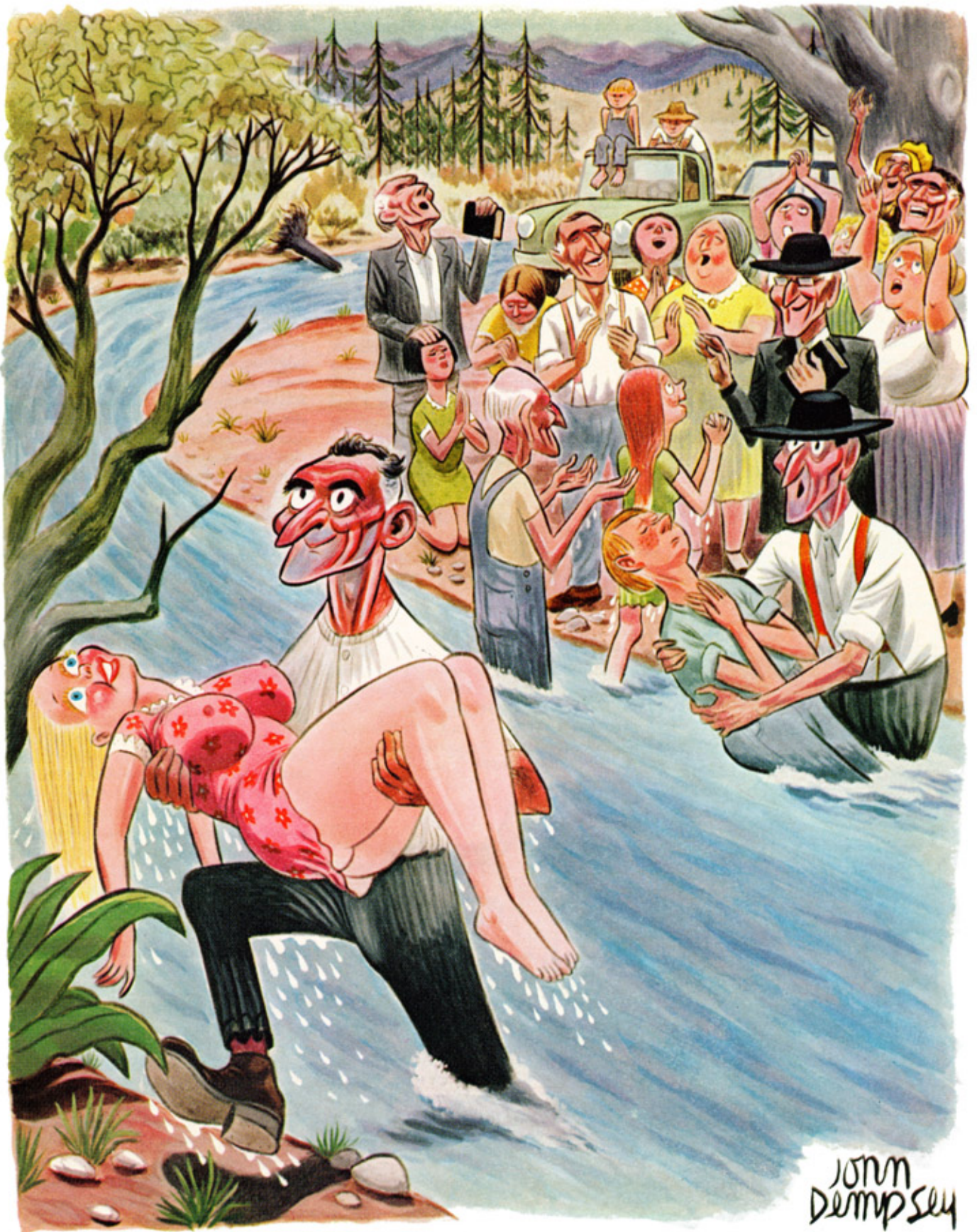
*"That's Greta. When I'm satisfied, she's satisfied."*



*"Stop worrying, Rodney—there are times when a stutter can be a very attractive impediment."*



*"By George, Agatha, that was even better than I remembered."*



*"Oh, Brother Johnston, whither goest thou?"*

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

FEAR  
OF  
MUGGING

FEAR  
OF  
BLACKS

GOLLY,  
THERE ARE  
MORE PETS THAN  
**EVER** THESE DAYS.  
DOESN'T IT JUST GO TO  
SHOW THAT PEOPLE  
ARE BRIMMING  
OVER WITH  
LOVE?

FEAR  
OF  
RAPE

FEAR  
OF  
ASSAULT

FEAR  
OF  
ROLLED-  
UP  
NEWS-  
PAPERS.

SPARE CHANGE,  
ROLL?

LEMME  
SEE THAT  
HANDBAG!

STAND  
STILL SO'S  
I CAN MOLEST  
YOU A LITTLE,  
HONEY.

Hi,  
ANNIE.

WATCH  
DOGS  
FOR  
SALE

GOING  
MY  
WAY?

**PORT-  
NOY!**

ON  
SECOND  
THOUGHT,  
MONEY CAN'T  
BUY HAPPI-  
NESS.

THAT'S A  
NICE HAND  
BAG, WEAR  
IT WELL.

I THINK  
I HEAR MY  
MOMMY  
CALLING!



