

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1976 • \$1.25

# PLAYBOY



*Playmate  
of the Year  
Lillian Müller*

**A Chilling  
Interview with  
Sara Jane Moore:  
"The *Real* Reason  
I Tried to Kill  
President Ford"**

**The Whale War:  
High Noon  
At Sea with  
The Russians**

**Was Richard  
Nixon a Wimp in  
High School?  
Was Ann-Margret?  
Raquel Welch?  
Playboy Tells All**

**Sex Is Good  
For Your Body!  
Speeding  
Is Good for  
Your Soul!**



DAY: Longines G-II. High-visibility Liquid Crystal Display reads constantly. Reads clearly — even in bright sun. Standard functions: date, hour, minute, continuous “hands off” seconds. Quartz accuracy.



NIGHT: Same watch — Longines G-II. LED makes its own light by night. The touch of a button does it. G-II is two watches in one. And only Longines has G-II. \$395 manufacturer's suggested retail price.

**No other watch on earth can do what this new Longines G-II is doing right here. It reads day and night. Repeat: day and night.**

Longines G-II is an engineering triumph. Look close. It's both an LED and LCD. So G-II is brilliantly readable in any light. Day or night. Trust Longines to think of that!

Inside G-II, behind that scratch-resistant mineral crystal, is an advanced computer chip that does the work of 1500 transistors. 1500! And G-II has no moving parts to wear out. Ever. It's pure solid state inside...and outside, the proud look of a Longines.

G-II is a once-in-a-lifetime gift. There's no watch on earth quite like it. Come see this incredibly accurate, 100% solid state timepiece at your jeweler's now. Someone you know is hoping for a Longines and counting on you.

**LonginesWittnauer**  
WATCH COMPANY

*After all, time is the art of the Swiss.*



# "A LESSON IN ARROW-DYNAMICS"

Aerodynamic styling which provides stability in crosswinds, also gives us a very sharp-looking Arrow.

Tilt-steering column and inside hood release.

Standard comfort features like reclining bucket seats and tinted glass.

Arrow prices range from \$3,175-\$3,748. So you can order a straight Arrow or a fancy Arrow.

Arrow comes with a hatchback standard with enough room for over 16 bags of groceries.



The optional Silent-Shaft engine is most likely the quietest and smoothest 4-cylinder around.

Standard power front disc brakes and variable-ratio steering for superb handling.

Like all Chrysler built cars, Arrow is covered by a warranty so strong we call it "The Clincher."

Flow-through ventilation system helps keep the windows from fogging.

Arrow can use leaded or unleaded gas.

NEW PLYMOUTH ARROW has some important points every economy car could learn from. First, Arrow prices start at \$3,175†. And that price includes extras you can't even order on Rabbit, Pinto, and Chevette. But if you want your Arrow packed with even more goodies, order an Arrow GS, priced at only \$3,383†. Or a fancy Arrow GT at \$3,748†.

And Arrow's gas economy is also something to boast about. That's why we put it in those big numbers at the right.

But economy doesn't stop there. Arrow is made to be easily serviced, too.

The oil plug and filter are accessible from above the engine. So, you can change the oil and filter yourself.

And if you've ever listened to the radio in a four-cylinder economy car, you know the engine sometimes gets louder than the radio. Now comes Arrow's available Silent-Shaft four-cylinder engine.

Talk about quiet, it's even quieter and smoother than a six-cylinder engine.

Just because Arrow is a little economy car, doesn't mean it has a little economy warranty. Read Arrow's warranty and you'll see what we mean: For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage. You're only responsible for normal maintenance like changing filters and wiper blades. And a warranty this strong just has to be called "The Clincher."

Congratulations. You've just finished "A Lesson In Arrow-Dynamics." Now the test. Put down this book. Take out an Arrow at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. You'll get the point we've been trying to make.

E.P.A. ESTIMATES\*

**39** **24**

hwy. G city

1600 cc Arrow GT, 5-speed.

**Introducing Plymouth Arrow. What more can a little car give?**



†Sticker price, excluding taxes and destination charges. Options on car pictured: wheel rings (\$32), cloth-and-vinyl seats and stripe (\$48). \*Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, your car's condition, and its optional equipment. Calif. mileage lower.

# DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY



## SCIROCCO. GERMAN SPORTSCAR, ITALIAN-STYLE.

We knew we had a winning combination. Because we were going to produce a true sportscar with absolutely impeccable credentials. German engineering and Italian styling. We gave this automobile a 1.6 liter overhead cam engine. And out on the track, it stormed from 0 to 50 in a mere 7.5 seconds. It knew its way around a corner, too. Front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, and front disc brakes for responsive stopping. The car was hot all right, but not too hot to handle. To match this kind of performance we wanted outstanding design. We went to Signor Giugiaro, the acknowledged master of automotive styling. And the results (as you can see for yourself) were simply stunning. So now there is Scirocco. Earning a reputation on the racetrack, turning heads on the street. Amazing what you can do with a little help from your friends. ©Volkswagen of America.



# MG Midget gets 37 M.P.G. on the highway, 25 M.P.G. in the city and unlimited F.P.G.\* anywhere.

According to Federal E.P.A. tests, the MG Midget gets 37 M.P.G. on the highway and 25 M.P.G. in the city. Naturally these figures are estimates: the results you get may vary, depending on your driving habits, the car's condition and optional equipment.

That's a lot of M.P.G. But what about the F.P.G.?\* That's Fun Per Gallon. MG Midget says the sky's the limit.

Midget gives you F.P.G. from going convertible so you can bask in the sun, view the moon and the stars and feel the wind in your hair.

F.P.G. from the driving excitement that's yours with rack and pinion steering, front caliper disc brakes, radial-ply tires, race-seasoned suspension and a short-throw four-speed gear box linked to a powerful 1500 cc engine.

Put a little F.P.G. in your life! For the name of your nearest MG dealer, call these toll-free numbers: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, NEW JERSEY 07605.

MG Midget. The wide-open sports car.



# For the price of an imitation sports car, you can own the real thing.

There are a lot of spiffy looking little economy cars around today masquerading as sports cars.

They drip with "features" like non-functioning hood scoops. And imitation racing mirrors. And tachometers for automatic transmissions.

The problem is that by the time you've added all the sporty options, you've also added a small fortune to the price of the car.

And you still don't have a sports car. Only an economy car that vaguely resembles one.

Obviously, we have a solution. In fact, we have two.

The Fiat X1/9. Or the 124 Spider.

Instead of tires with raised white letters to make the car look better, you'll find radial tires. To make it drive better.

Instead of a pseudo racing steering wheel, you'll get rack-and-pinion steering on the X1/9. The kind used in racing cars.

And instead of being impressed with a fancy racing stripe on the hood, you'll be impressed by what we've put underneath it.

Because where we come from, a sports car isn't a sports car because of the way it looks.

It's a sports car because of the way it drives.

Which should explain why the 124 Spider comes with a five-speed transmission. And a dual overhead cam engine. And four-wheel disc brakes.

It might also begin to explain why the X1/9, one of but seven mid-engine cars in the world, was named one of the ten best cars in the world last year by Road and Track magazine.

Of course, we still think sports cars have to look like sports cars. In the land of Ferrari, ugly doesn't sell.

So we got the people who design Ferraris to design both these Fiats.

Look at it this way.

If you're going to spend real money on a sports car, the least you should end up with is a real one.

**FIAT**

**A lot of car. Not a lot of money.**





Winner of the 1976  
Motor Trend Magazine  
Car of the Year Award.



# Dodge Aspen R/T. For the person with driving ambition.

There are people who won't settle with just going along for the ride.

And it is to these people we dedicate the Dodge Aspen R/T.

Aspen R/T has a bold look. With a handsome blacked-out grille, wide rallye wheels, and distinctive stripes.

And its actions are quick. Decisive. Thanks to a proven 318 V8 engine and heavy-duty Isolated Transverse Suspension system.

Yet for all its remarkable attributes, Aspen R/T has a surprisingly low price.

As a matter of fact, *Motor Trend* magazine has found Dodge Aspen so unbelievable for its low price they named it Car of the Year.

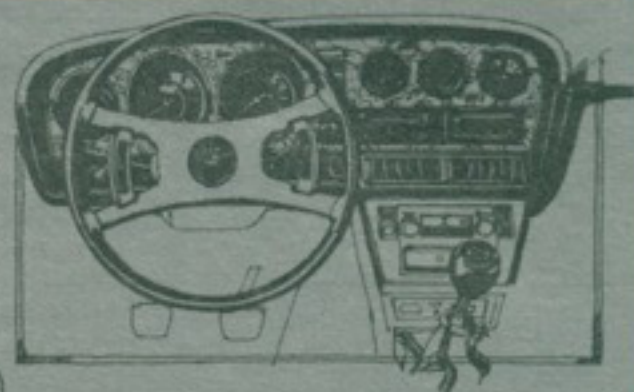
So if you have driving ambition, don't just go along for the ride. Drive the 1976 Dodge Aspen R/T.



# IT'S THE IMPORT CAR OF THE YEAR.

## MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE:

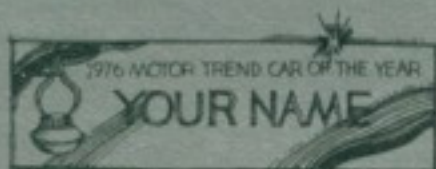
"The winner of the 1976 Motor Trend Import Car of the Year Award is the Toyota Celica. Not just a Celica, or even the new Liftback," but the complete three-car line." Here's just part of what Motor Trend said about the Celica line.



**Execution:** "The Celica has been a significant force on the U.S. automotive scene for several years... so although this award is for the 1976 Celica line, it is also recognition of the quality of all those that have gone before."

**Engineering:** "With only 56% of the total weight on the front wheels, larger wheels, steel belted radial tires and firmer suspension, handling is excellent with no sacrifice in riding comfort."

**Performance:** "... good performance without sacrificing fuel economy..."  
**NOTE:** 1976 EPA tests with 5-speed overdrive transmission; 36 mpg on the highway, 20 city. These EPA results are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending upon your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment.



You can see Motor Trend Magazine's Import Car of the Year at any of nearly 1,000 authorized dealers across the country. And, for a limited time, if this is the year you purchase a Celica, you'll receive an Import Car of the Year Plaque engraved with your name. And if this isn't your year for a sporty car, look into the 19 other Toyota models. Each has been given the same attention to detail, quality and performance that has helped make the Celica the Import Car of the Year.

# WE GOT IT.

Celica GT



Celica ST



Celica GT Liftback



# THE 1976 TOYOTA CELICAS.





# CAUTION: WOMEN AT WORK!

*job opportunities being what they are these days, if you find a woman in the kitchen, she's probably a plumber*



**E**verybody knows window cleaners are actually frustrated voyeurs braving dangerous heights just to get a furtive peek at some junior exec seducing his well-endowed new secretary, *inside* the office. With the advent of the lady window wiper, however, all the spectators will be on the inside looking out.

**T**his conscientious metalworker doesn't really need an acetylene torch to make temperatures rise and sparks fly, but then, you can't melt hard metal with charm alone. By this time, that hunk of steel girder must be getting pretty hot, just like the foreman and the crew and whoever else is watching.

**PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY RICHARD FEGLEY**



**W**hen was the last time you saw a truck driver who looked this fetching in lipstick? When was the last time you commented on a truck driver's legs? When was the last time you lived to brag about it? Times certainly have changed—for the better. One problem, though—the Smokeys are always stopping her and checking out her freight. Can you blame them?





**N**owadays, we fellows can't even walk by a construction site without getting catcalled. What's the world coming to? Unfortunately, the jackhammer seems to be more in control of the situation than its operator; but it's not hard to see how a person could get carried away, what with the vibrations and all.



**Y**ou've heard of oil barons, right? Well, this being the age of the liberated female, the next logical step is obviously the oil baroness. Seems like a good idea. If this pretty, albeit somewhat work-soiled young wildcatter can't bring in a gusher, nobody can. By the looks of her, she's already brought in a few.







*"I'm not interested in modeling for recognition—just for money. And I've never had any desire to act. I don't want to be a star. And I don't like being the center of attention."*

## DEBBIE'S DREAM

*when debra peterson decided she wanted to be a playmate seven years ago, she was too young. later she was too shy. now she's obviously neither*



*"My parents didn't like the first two guys I lived with, but they like my present boyfriend. As they see it, I do a lot of crazy things—and they think he's straight enough to keep me straight."*





**I**T WAS something I'd wanted to do since I was about 14 years old—and, finally, I got up the nerve," says Debra Peterson, thinking back to the day when she went to a photographer and confessed her secret desire to pose for a *PLAYBOY* centerfold. Our ingenuous 21-year-old Californian—she was born in Santa Monica and grew up in Rolling Hills—had no experience before the cameras; but, as you can see, she didn't need any. Her parents weren't exactly enchanted with her move—"You know how it always is with the baby of the family," says Debbie, who's the youngest of four children—but her boyfriend, a technical advisor to film makers, gave her new-found modeling career a quick boost by making a connection for her to do some TV commercials. It promises to be easier work than breaking in horses, which she used to do professionally as a groom and exercise girl for a thoroughbred trainer. She left the job about a year ago, after deciding that the money wasn't enough to make up for the risk of injury. Debbie's been riding since she was six, when her



*"I wouldn't say I'm into women's lib. When I eventually get married, I'd just as soon stay home and putter around the house while my man goes out to work. Of course, I don't plan on getting married for a while."*

parents—like a lot of other people in Rolling Hills, a well-to-do suburb with plenty of trails—bought horses for their kids. When she was about 15, though, her parents split up. Debbie had to give up her horse. She stayed awhile with her mother, then with her dad, before striking out on her own three years ago. Now, in a sense, Debbie's turning back the clock; she's bought a thoroughbred of her own and she's keeping him back in Rolling Hills, which is a 45-minute drive in her VW from the Marina del Rey apartment she shares with her boyfriend. In addition to riding, Debbie also goes in for water-skiing, snow-skiing and flying. Obviously, her fun time is going to be limited as she gets more modeling assignments. And eventually she hopes to go into business: "I'd like to be a fashion buyer or something like that. So I'll most likely be going back to school in a year or two. Actually, I hate school—but everyone says it's necessary if you want a job that pays well." Right—unless you have some superb natural assets and an instinct for where to take them.



*The vibrations are obviously all positive as Debbie—who thanks PLAYBOY for adding a positive new element to her life—looks over the results of a shooting with West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski.*



*"Sex is an important part of anyone's life; if your sex life isn't good, you end up bitching at everyone. I enjoy sex with no qualifications—as long as it's one on one. I don't go for orgies."*



MISS JUNE  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Could you perhaps describe the expression on your husband's face when you're having sex?" asked the marriage counselor.

"Well, usually it's sort of contorted with tension and excitement," replied the woman, "but I remember one time when it was contorted with anger."

"With anger? When was that?"

"That was the time he was peering in through the bedroom window."

Veneral-disease warnings being what they are these days, we've heard about a fellow who wouldn't let his date go down on him, because she had an infectious smile.



A new stewardess was summoned to the office of the head of the airline's training program. "I've been told about that episode on your first flight," clucked the woman in charge. "Look, Miss Larson, from now on when a male passenger feels faint, I'll expect you to push his head down between *his own* legs!"

Maybe you've heard about the marriage of the dipsomaniac and the nymphomaniac. It was nip and fuck all the way.

*I regret," she announced with a smile,  
"That our music must wait for a while.  
I would love a duet,  
But I can't join you yet,  
Because ragtime was never my style."*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *red-light district* as an erogenous zone.

The bereaved widow was eulogizing her late husband to her next-door neighbor for the umpteenth time. "He was so kind, so gentle, so considerate," she sobbed. "He never beat me. He never even touched a hair—not a hair! He was a truly good man."

"Yes," yawned the neighbor, "and what marksmanship."

Hanging on the reception-room wall at his favorite massage parlor, reports a correspondent, is a sampler that reads: HUM IS WHERE THE HARD IS.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vaginal lubricant* as a slitty slicker.

An egotistical and demanding job seeker had exhausted the employment-agency interviewer's patience. "I simply don't have anything matching our clients' needs with your stated requirements available right now, Mr. Clegg," he sighed with finality, "but I do have a suggestion for a young man like yourself who says that he's quite experienced in dealing with women and likes to travel."

"And what's that? Let's hear it."

"Fuck off!"

A furious pounding in a hotel room late one night awakened a number of guests. The house detective was called and he used his passkey to enter the room from which the noise was coming. Inside he found an elderly man banging on the wall with both fists and cursing with every breath. "Here, stop that!" demanded the security man. "You're disturbing the whole hotel!"

"Damn the hotel!" roared the oldster as he continued to pound away. "It's the first erection I've had in years—and both my hands are asleep!"

*Lisped a limp-wristed cowboy named Fay:  
"It's a hell of a place to be gay!  
I must, on these prairies,  
For shortage of fairies,  
With the deer and the antelope play."*

The anthropologist who had just returned from a remote South Pacific island told a gathering of colleagues that the members of the tribe he had been studying used palm-leaf suppositories to relieve constipation. "And how do the results compare with those from the use of civilized medical treatment?" asked one of the group.

"The results struck me as superior," replied the anthropologist. "In fact, with fronds like those, who needs enemas?"

We doubt that you've heard about the 97-year-old prostitute who got herself listed in the Yellow Pages and now claims to be the oldest trick in the book.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Australian abortion* as a womberang.

Quick," shouted a woman as she rushed into the drugstore, "do you have any way to cure hiccups?"

The pharmacist dashed out from behind the counter, dropped to his knees in front of the woman, flipped up her skirt, yanked down her panties and gave her a resounding pubic kiss. Then he looked up with a smirk and said, "There—that ought to have done it. It's the best cure in town!"

"The hell you say!" exclaimed the woman. "Just you wait until I get my husband! He's outside in the car—hiccuping his head off!"

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*





*"Mmm. Tell another lie, Pinocchio."*



# PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

*Lillian Müller created a sensation when she debuted last August—but that was only the beginning, folks*

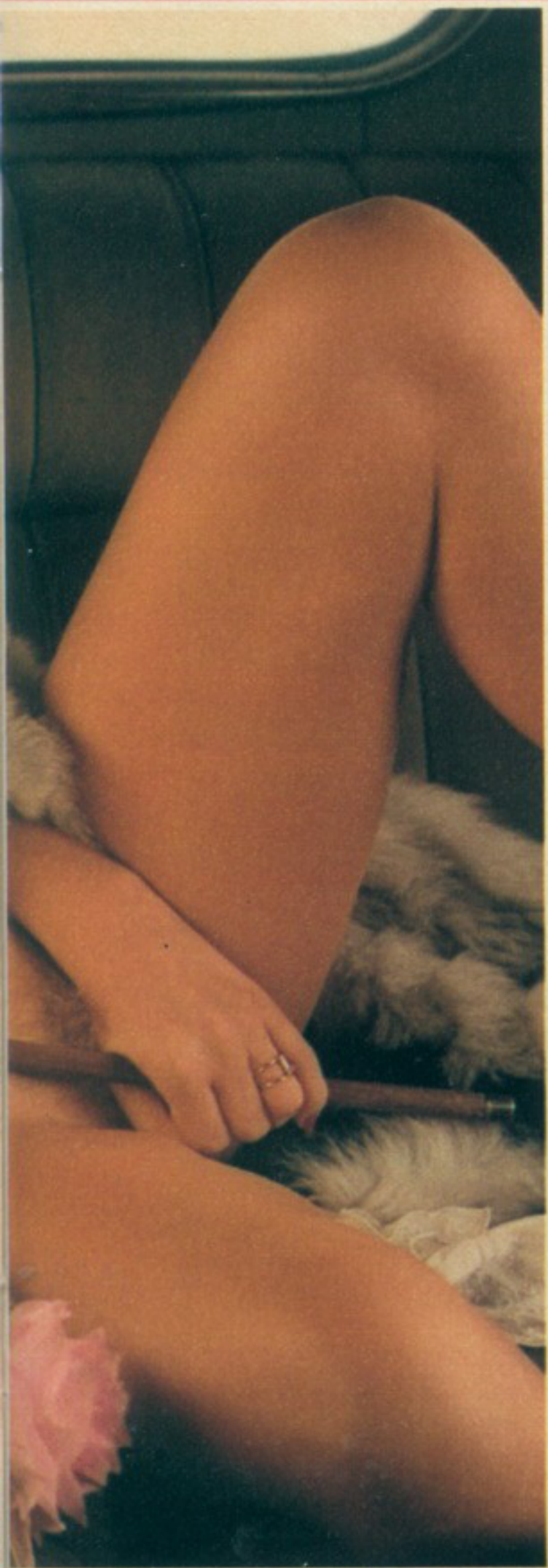


## PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

**A**DMITTEDLY, we are sometimes inclined to overstatement. When Lillian Müller appeared as our August 1975 gatefold girl, we called her the most striking Playmate ever. Ever? Well, if not ever, then certainly within recent memory. It should be obvious to all that we are dealing with a remarkably attractive woman. After a year of observation and appreciation of the 12 beautiful ladies who graced our gatefolds in 1975, our readers felt that it was inevitable and proper that Lillian should receive Playmate of the Year honors. The editors concurred, if for no other reason than her eyes. Yes, her eyes. A correspondent for the German magazine *Neue Revue* met our August Playmate and wrote: "With such a figure, it's amazing that one would first be drawn to her face. Deep-blue, astonished eyes look at you, always a little reproachful, always a little surprised, as if immediately guessing your thoughts." Amazing, indeed, but Europeans have always been subtle. Bruno Bernard, a famous Hollywood glamor photographer (and, incidentally, father of December 1966 Playmate Sue Bernard), met Lillian at Playboy Mansion West. He saw in her a rare and unforgettable combination of eroticism and innocence. "Nobody escapes her eyes," he says. A few months later, he showed the Playmate feature to a friend, Rolf Thiele, a West German director who (text concluded on page 198)



*"I grew up in a small Norwegian village, where there was no such thing as a life of glamor. Now, in Hollywood, I find so many people who are beautiful, erotic, sensuous. They have style. They dress up to make undressing that much more fun. Even everyday gestures are sexy. It's good to celebrate life."*





*"As Playmate, I frequently visited Mansion West. It is everything I love about California. It all sparkles—the sunlight, the fountains, the swimming pools, the gardens and the conversation. It's like a European salon, with one difference: The people you meet are not only intelligent, they are exciting, loose, fun."*





*"I look for certain qualities in a lover. He must be strong, masculine, ambitious. He must be able to guide me and guard me. If a man has these qualities, I will love him no matter what language we speak when we are together."*





*"Some women change men the way they change clothes. Not me. When I love a person, I need him completely. I want someone I can just go to bed with and hold on to. I make love when there is love. If there is patience, care between two people, the sex cannot be bad. Do you understand?"*





*"There has been an explosion in my life and I have been very active, pursuing an acting career. But I'm not living like a nun. I still find time to relax, to be a little bit lazy, to concentrate on my man and spend some time in bed."*





*Mike Winick.*

*"Will that be all, sir?"*



By RALPH KEYES

# IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?



*for those still brooding over not being invited to the sock hop, some short hits on the most significant—and excruciating—four years of everybody's life*

"HIGH SCHOOL," Frank Zappa once said, "isn't a time and a place. It's a state of mind."

Especially in recent years, as we've lined up for *American Graffiti*, watched *Happy Days* on television and made *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen* into a best seller, America has become sort of an ongoing high school assembly.

As the most tribal experience many of us will ever undergo, high school must be memorable. Never again are we ranked so precisely by those around us and on so many scales. Through the popularity polls of our classmates, and their inexperience at tact, daily feedback was conveyed about how we were coming across. Such merciless judgment is not easily forgotten; it's the last time in life we know just where we stand in the scrutinizing eyes around us.

Consequently, insight into a person's high school behavior can usually give us an accurate picture of that person



### POP HISTORY QUIZ

Above are high school yearbook photos of people you should recognize today. Name as many as you can, then turn the page for identification. Anyone caught looking at his neighbor's issue will be kept after school. As always, neatness counts.

today. Knowing what he was like in high school can make, or seem to make, everything fall into place. Because study after study has shown that there is seldom much difference in behavior between adolescence and adulthood. A look at one group of students 13 years after high school reports their "remarkable persistence of personality trends." What this means is that we're probably stuck for life with the behavior we displayed in high school. If noisy then, we'll most likely be talkative now. Self-assured as teens, we'll appear on top of things later. A study comparing one group of physically mature high school boys with another group that took longer to develop found that 15 years later, the first group still acted more sure of itself, even though its physical advantage had declined over the years.

For those who want life to be different after high school, this is discouraging news.

But here is the encouraging news: Although our behavior may not change after high school, the setting does. What succeeds in school won't work later on. Physical gifts, looks, a winning way and an easy smile—except for the occasional Paul Newman or Ann-Margret—are qualities that won't get you two seconds on the evening news. On the other hand, qualities that can lose you status in high school—aggressiveness, imagination and an independent turn of mind—may be just the qualities needed to make it in a larger setting where performance counts more than style. No

study has found any correlation between high status in high school and later achievement as an adult.

To the contrary:

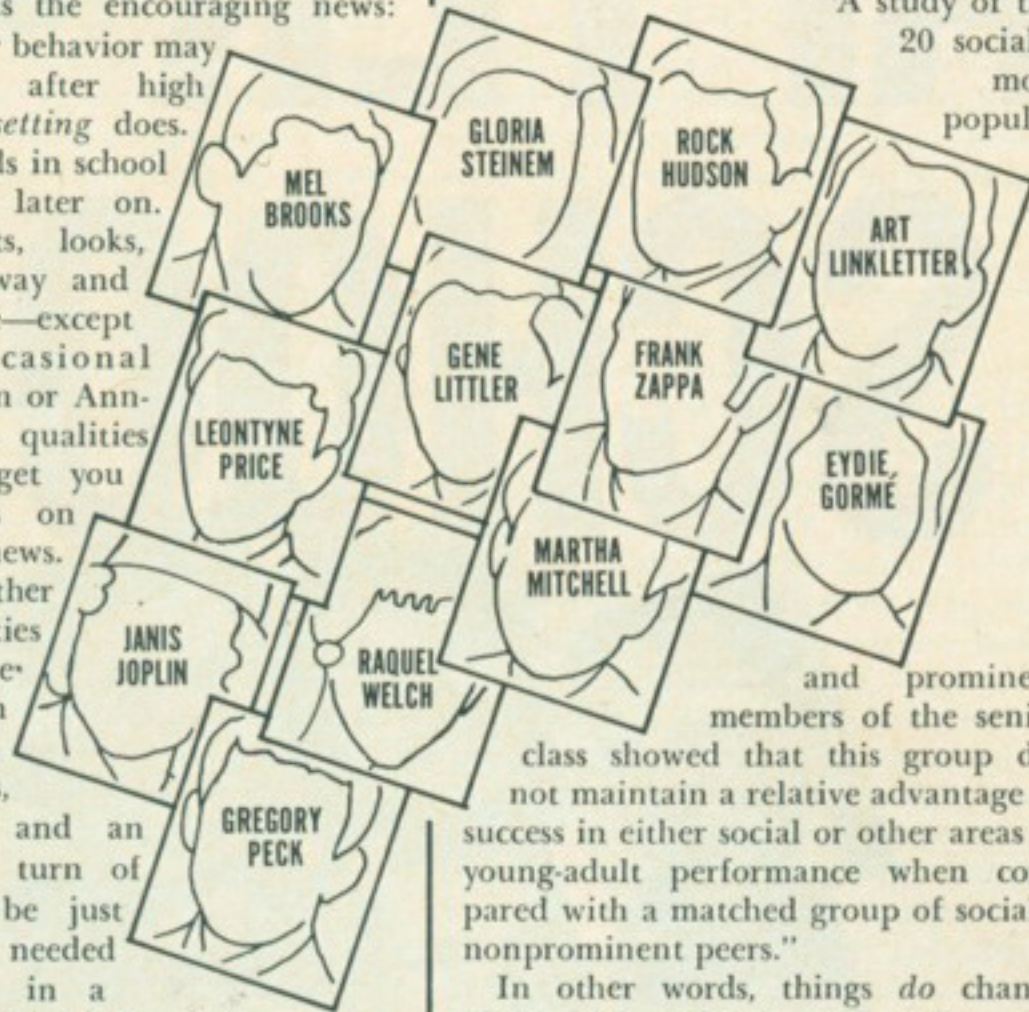
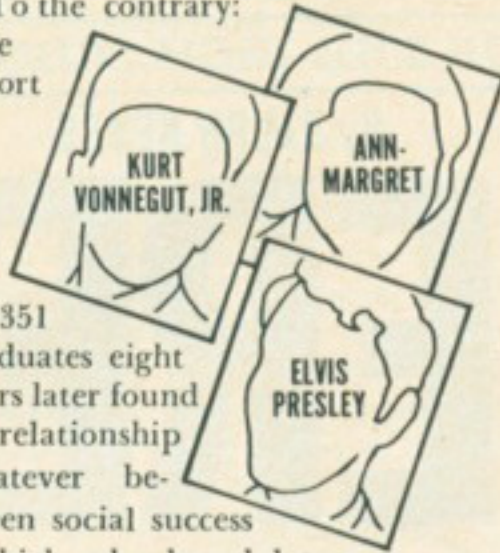
One report

on 351 graduates eight years later found no relationship whatever between social success in high school and later vocational success. "Some of the high school wallflowers are now leading very active social lives," the report stated, "and some of the sociometric queens of the prom now have little social interaction outside their immediate family."

"A study of the 20 socially most popular

and prominent members of the senior class showed that this group did not maintain a relative advantage or success in either social or other areas of young-adult performance when compared with a matched group of socially nonprominent peers."

In other words, things do change after high school and roles can reverse—radically.



Yet the memories, good and bad, persist. Questions such as "What were you like in high school?" "Were you popular?" "How did you feel about your body?" "What do you suppose your classmates were saying about you?" are not questions to which one gets a simple yes-or-no answer. Those struggling to respond are soon caught up in a flood of memories—dates, dances, fights, slights—long dammed by adult propriety. The memories are always personal and usually animated. Masks carefully constructed over the years crumble after a few moments of adolescent reverie. Bodies squirm, voices change.

### Revenge

All the arrogance you read about stems from those days in high school. It all stems from a desire to be nobody's fool ever again.

—BOBBY DARIN

I am totally motivated by—I call it revenge.

—NORA EPHRON

I think for a long time there was an element in everything I did of "I'll-get-you-you-bastards."

—MIKE NICHOLS

Someday, so help me, I'll be so famous none of you will ever be able to touch me again!

—RONA BARRETT

If they don't like me, someday they'll learn to respect me.

—BETTY FRIEDAN

'Cause I was a Jewish girl growing up in a Samoan neighborhood . . . I left . . . and, you know, the old story about "I'll show them" . . . I really felt that way and I had a lot of anger built up in me from those years.

—BETTE MIDLER

Man, those people hurt me. It makes me happy to know I'm making it and that they're still back there, plumbers and all, just like they were.

—JANIS JOPLIN

(continued on page 162)



## RICHARD NIXON

Richard Nixon's stern young face is pictured next to that of president Bob Logue's, in his consolation job of student-body general manager at Whittier Union High School. By the picture Nixon has written:

I have gone to 2 different schools and have had 4 different Student Body Presidents and, no kiddin' Bob, you are the best I have ever had. Really, Bob, you surely have made a big success this year, in everything you have done. You know I've always been crazy about

athletics, etc., but I have never been able to go out. You have certainly done your part in that line. Very few athletes have been able to combine good grades, high office and athletics—but you sure have. Thanks a lot for helping me this year at the gate and in everything you could. Boy, I've sure appreciated it. Remember me Bob, not as an orator, scholar or anything but just as old Dick Nixon, member of the Student Body. Thanx—lots of love an kisses.

Dick Nixon

P.S. Stay away from Blondes.

# LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?

If I had been a really good-looking kid, I would have been popular with my classmates, I would have been smooth with the girls, I would have started scoring at about age 14, I would have been a big fraternity guy in college and I would have wound up selling Oldsmobiles. For sure, I wouldn't have had the bitterness and the fierce ambition I've needed in order to become a successful freelance writer. —DAN GREENBURG

I'd love to do something about all those football players I used to envy in high school. What's with them? They sell insurance and send their kids for karate lessons every Saturday. —ROBERT BLAKE

Thank God for the athletes and their rejection. Without them there would have been no emotional need and . . . I'd be a crackerjack salesman in the Garment District. —MEL BROOKS

I really knew despair.

—LAUREN HUTTON

(continued from page 158)

Why couldn't this have happened to me when I was 16 and needed it?

—DUSTIN HOFFMAN

## Ten Ways to Get High School off Your Back

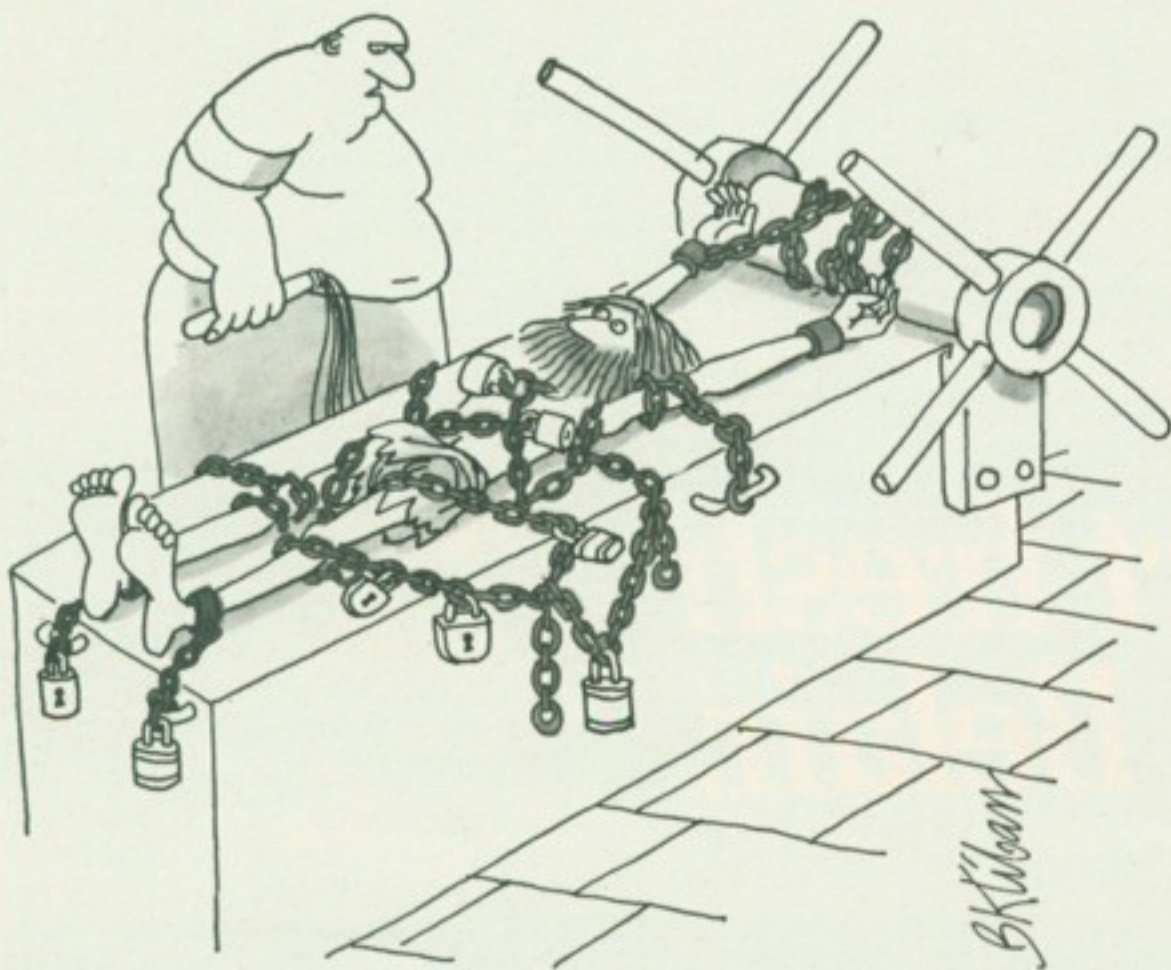
1. Go back to high school. Walk down the up staircase. If anyone asks for your hallway pass, tell him to get fucked.
2. Work in a high school cafeteria. Give smaller portions to students who resemble classmates you didn't like.
3. Become a state governor. Impound funds for secondary education.
4. Send a copy of your doctoral dissertation to the counselor who said you weren't college material.
5. Arrange to be given a nickname.
6. Have your portrait taken as it *should* have appeared in the yearbook.
7. Check the welfare rolls regularly for ex-cheerleaders and ex-football stars from your class.
8. Become a Marine sergeant. Be tough on guys who look like jocks.
9. Buy a team. Cut lots of players.
10. Make a disaster movie about crumbling high school buildings.



"Let me see that. I doubt that she asked if your uncle makes good onions."

## Who's Who of High School Status Groups

<b>Jocks</b>	John Updike Abigail Van Buren Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Warren Beatty Bill Blass James Caan Alice Cooper James Dickey Bill Graham Dennis Hopper Arthur Miller Robert Redford Jason Robards John Wayne	<b>Yearbook</b> Steve Allen Hugh Hefner
<b>Thespians</b>	<b>Honor Roll</b> William O. Douglas Betty Friedan Henry Kissinger Ann Landers Art Linkletter Shirley MacLaine Eleanor McGovern George McGovern William Proxmire Rex Reed Barbra Streisand Abigail Van Buren
David Carradine Johnny Carson John Denver Kirk Douglas Charlton Heston Cliff Robertson Katharine Ross Naomi Sims Robert Young	<b>Hoody</b> Merle Haggard George Lucas Michael Parks Elvis Presley Robert Redford O. J. Simpson Rod Taylor Hunter Thompson
<b>Cheerleaders</b>	<b>Band</b> Jean Seberg Frank Zappa
Dyan Cannon Eydie Gormé Vicki Lawrence Ann-Margret Eleanor McGovern Cybill Shepherd Carly Simon Lily Tomlin Raquel Welch	<b>Dis-Honor Roll</b> Woody Allen Bob Haldeman Michael Landon Arthur Miller Gregory Peck Charles Schulz O. J. Simpson Gay Talese Joseph Wambaugh
<b>Debate</b>	<b>Wallflowers</b> (self-described) Joan Baez Erma Bombeck Mia Farrow Betty Friedan Lauren Hutton Ali MacGraw Joan Rivers Buffy Sainte-Marie Barbra Streisand
Mia Farrow Dennis Hopper Art Linkletter Eleanor McGovern George McGovern Richard Nixon John Wayne Wm. Westmoreland	<b>Pep Club</b> Johnny Carson
<b>Student Government</b>	<b>Class Clown</b> Steve Allen Johnny Carson Dustin Hoffman Bette Midler Carrie Snodgrass Jonathan Winters
Warren Beatty James Caan Johnny Carson Peter Falk Hugh Hefner Bowie Kuhn Ali MacGraw Bette Midler Ed Muskie Pat Paulsen Philip Roth John Updike John Wayne	
<b>Newspaper</b>	
Steve Allen Alice Cooper Howard Cosell Hugh Hefner Ann Landers Philip Roth Jerry Rubin	



"Again you have to pee?"

### George McGovern

Just as Nixon may have spent the better part of his life after high school campaigning for student-body president, his 1972 opponent George McGovern could also have been struggling against the caption under his yearbook picture, which reads: "For a debater, he's a nice kid." A shy introvert in high school, the future Senator went on to be elected president of his class three years out of four in college. McGovern also admits that enrolling in civilian pilot training in college, then becoming a bomber pilot during World War Two was in no small part to refute the taunt of a high school gym teacher who'd called him a coward. "That cut me more than anything anybody has ever said to me," the South Dakota Senator recalls.

### Franklin Roosevelt

In his biography of Franklin Roosevelt, who did not do well at Groton ("I always felt hopelessly out of things," the President recalled), John Gunther hypothesized that those who did do well were rote steppers who marched off into obscurity after graduation. "As a matter of fact," writes Gunther, "the boys who were the best 'Grotties' usually turned out to be nonentities later; boys who hated Groton did much better. The explanation of this lies in the fact that

the boys who became successes were not conformists; hence, they were apt to be excluded from the compact group that made the core of each class. . . . A great many people, even including Presidents, have overcompensated in later life for slights and slurs undergone in school days."

### Jerry Ford

In his inaugural speech before Congress, President Gerald Ford made a confession.

"I am here to confess," said Ford, "that in my first campaign for president—of my senior class at South High School in Grand Rapids, Michigan—I headed the Progressive Party ticket and lost.

"Maybe that is why I became a Republican."

In Washington, William J. Schuiling watched the President's televised confession with consternation. "I was amazed," Schuiling recalls, "absolutely amazed that this little incident would be any part of his mind."

Schuiling is the man who beat Ford in high school. Schuiling today is an investment banker. His office is within view of the White House. On one wall, Ford's picture is inscribed, "With appreciation for our long and close friendship." Beneath this picture, not long after Ford's speech, Schuiling gave his version of their contest in Grand Rapids 46 years earlier.

"You see," he said, "Jerry had a few close friends, while I had many, many friendly acquaintances." The banker leaned back, hands clasped behind his head. "So I thought my root system was stronger than his."

Unlike his opponent, Schuiling was not an athlete. His constituency came from places like the Y Club and Zoological Society—some of whose members got together with him for a strategy-planning picnic in the fall of 1930.

"Let's see, there was Thad Williams," Schuiling ticked off on his fingers. "And a girl; I think her name was Carol Tully. And Burt Salisbury."

"That evening, while roasting our wienies, and so forth"—Schuiling raised his palm in the air—"No beer! That was *unthinkable!* We thought we would gain an advantage by immediately assuming the name of the Republican Party—the reason being that we were from a Republican community."

"This left Jerry at a disadvantage and he picked the name of the Progressive Party. Now, the Republican Party platform seems rather trite today, but it was very important then." Schuiling paused, with a sheepish grin.

What was it?

"Rings and pins before Christmas."

"You see, we were seniors and we thought this would be a way of encouraging our parents to buy our rings and pins for us for Christmas. Very few of us had rings, so we were *very* anxious to get them."

On that platform, and with the added promise of two dances and a spring picnic, Schuiling's Republicans beat Ford's Progressives.

"But I don't think the best man won," Schuiling was quick to add. "I just outplayed him. I got to more of the, the, uh"—the banker pondered his words. "The student who was not *involved* in many things, who liked some *attention*—and I think they realized that the *Varsity Club* would not be appointed committee chairman and that they would all have an opportunity to participate."

Did that happen?

"Yessir! Yessir!"

How did Ford take the defeat?

"Well, he was the first one over to congratulate me. But apparently it made a lasting impression on him, because he mentions it from time to time. And I don't believe ever in the history of an inaugural was such an insignificant personal situation brought out."

Do you remember by how much you won?

"Yes, I do." Schuiling leaned over his desk. "But I'm not gonna tell you. Because it was a very, very comfortable margin."

Do you remember the actual count?

"Yeah." His voice rose. "It was a *very*

comfortable margin. You'll just have to go ask the President and get the figure, but I know what it is."

Is it something you've remembered over the years or did you look it up?

"Oh, I didn't have to look it up. It's a figure that just stuck with me for some reason."

### Kissinger

The young Henry Kissinger is recalled by one classmate as "a little fatso." "What you have to remember about Henry," a colleague once said of our Secretary of State, "is that he's the creep nobody would ever eat lunch with."

#### MATCH THE DESCRIPTIONS

Directions: Below are descriptions of prominent people who have appeared in the press. Following each is a list of possibilities for the person so described. Select the person actually described.

1. "She was pretty and blonde and energetic and, as we used to say in high school, popular."

- A. Jacqueline Onassis
- B. Phyllis Diller
- C. Alice Cooper
- D. Barbara Howar

2. "She was not beautiful in either the hip-swinging or prom-queen sense."

- A. Marilyn Monroe
- B. Barbra Streisand
- C. Valerie Perrine
- D. Mean Mary Jean

3. "Onstage she sometimes projects the air of a spoiled, slightly heartless prom queen."

- A. Lily Tomlin
- B. Karen Carpenter
- C. Moms Mabley
- D. Gloria Steinem

4. "In many ways, she reminds you of the girl you necked with in the back seat after Friday-night high school football games."

- A. Ingrid Superstar (Andy Warhol's stable)
- B. Dale Evans
- C. Julie Eisenhower
- D. Indira Gandhi

5. "She has the waggish air of a Norman Rockwell cheerleader."

- A. Bella Abzug
- B. Chris Evert
- C. Cybill Shepherd
- D. Bette Midler

6. "Her style is pretty much what you might expect from the giddiest girl in the 11th grade."

- A. Erica Jong
- B. Tatum O'Neal
- C. Joni Mitchell
- D. Agatha Christie

7. "He was the class Fat Boy, somehow, without being fat."

- A. Orson Welles
- B. Gerald Ford
- C. Richard Nixon
- D. Robert Redford

8. "He looks like the well-bred right guard on some winning high school football team."

- A. Dick Butkus
- B. Truman Capote
- C. Marlon Brando
- D. Warren Beatty

9. "He is a high school quarterback."

- A. O. J. Simpson
- B. Omar Sharif
- C. Fran Tarkenton
- D. Woody Allen

10. "At 50 [he] is the same gawky, overgrown Irish bookworm-turned-class-clown."

- A. Carroll O'Connor
- B. Don Rickles
- C. William Westmoreland
- D. Steve Allen

11. "[His] mustache looks perennially like a paste-on job for a role in the high school operetta."

- A. Burt Reynolds
- B. Senator Hugh Scott
- C. Telly Savalas
- D. Walter Cronkite

12. "Like a prom king in a high school gym, \_\_\_\_\_ nodded to the subjects trotting back and forth before his throne."

- A. Henry VIII
- B. Abbie Hoffman
- C. Buck Owens
- D. Lyndon Johnson

#### ANSWERS

1. D; 2. B; 3. B; 4. A; 5. C; 6. A; 7. C; 8. D; 9. C; 10. D; 11. B; 12. D.

#### Status on My Mind

##### Mid-Term Exam

Directions: A list of social situations follows. Some contribute to one's status in high school; others don't. Indicate situations that are high status with a T for True, those that are low status with an F for False.

1. Show up at the most popular hamburger drive-in with your parents at ten P.M. on a Saturday night.
2. Be put in charge of yearbook picture captions.
3. Forget your locker combination so a janitor has to open it as the halls fill up between classes.
4. Arrive late to class often, but always with a flurry and a comment that makes the class laugh and the teacher smile.
5. Your mother is elected president of the P.T.A.
6. When you raise your hand in class, a big, round, dark mark is clearly visible around the armpit.
7. Play piccolo in the band.
8. On slave day, bidding is loud and long when you come on the block.
9. When not at McDonald's, always sit at the crowded second

table from the northwest corner of the cafeteria.

10. Consistently be seated in class several minutes before the bell rings.
11. Break your leg skiing and walk around school for a month in a cast covered with autographs.
12. Earn a letter sweater, but wear it only occasionally.
13. Carry a briefcase, usually fat with papers, in the hallways.
14. Show up late to an important party.
15. Make Honor Society your junior year.
16. Ride your bike to school and park it next to the main door as the first bell rings and your classmates stream in.
17. When you cruise the drive-in on Saturday night, there's lots of honking and waving.
18. A girl with a small gold megaphone hanging around her neck asks for an answer on a test and you refuse because "it would be wrong."
19. Be assigned to IIR English, the R standing for Remedial.
20. Tan flakes of Clearasil fall from your face to the floor as you walk down the hallway.

#### Special Status Section for Women Only

1. 30 AA
2. pierced ears
3. anklets
4. cashmere sweater
5. A rumor circulates that you went all the way.

#### Special Status Section for Men Only

1. Your letter reads MGR.
2. '57 Chevy
3. Chess Club
4. chest hair
5. Future Farmers

#### ANSWERS

1. F; 2. T; 3. F; 4. T; 5. F; 6. F; 7. F; 8. T; 9. T; 10. F; 11. T; 12. T; 13. F; 14. T; 15. F; 16. F; 17. T; 18. F; 19. F; 20. F.

#### Women Only

1. F; 2. F; 3. F; 4. T; 5. F.

#### Men Only

1. F; 2. T; 3. F; 4. T; 5. F.

#### SEX IN HIGH SCHOOL

"A cock teaser for sure."

That is how one woman describes herself and fellow cheerleaders at a Southwestern high school in the mid-Sixties.

"We knew damn well what we were doing with those crotch shots," she explains. "The cunt shots, the kicks—we really dug that. We made up so many cheers to expose ourselves. We all

knew. We didn't admit it, but everybody who could put in a kick or show their ass in a cheer they made up, it was immediately giggled over and accepted.

"It's like guys in high school are so horny. So with the pom-poms and lifting your skirt, it's like you're a big fucking sexual image. But it's like 'I'm pure because I'm here in a sweater.'

"It's cock teasing."

The woman saying this has since graduated into stripping and acting in porno films. With her is a former male cheerleader from Minneapolis who also acts erotically in movies and onstage. The two agree that exhibitionism linked their pre- and postgraduate careers, exhibitionism and a taste for crowd control.

(Interestingly, the male cheerleader's background checked out; the female's didn't.)

Breasts, of course, were the focal if not the only point of female comparison. Breast size was the basic medium of exchange, the gold to which all other currency was relative. And woe to the pauper with but two small nuggets.

Yet, while the unluckiest women recall stuffing their bras with Kleenex and trying to get out of P.E., girls at the other extreme were binding their chests in a desperate effort to squelch an abundance of riches. High school is simply not a time when you want to stand out in any way. Actress Dyan Cannon recalls being so embarrassed by a forward-looking

bosom that she stuffed oranges in her bra at night, hoping to hold down the swelling.

"You should have seen me when I was in high school," she said to an interviewer. "My breasts used to be absolutely huge. Really vim vam voom. I used to go around the house with oranges in my bra to make them flatter. I was so ashamed of them. I wished they wouldn't stick out so much. I walked slouched over all the time so they wouldn't look so big."

#### NICKNAMES

In so status-conscious an environment, even something as innocent as nicknames takes on desperate significance: a precise barometer of one's social standing.

In the first place, you have to count enough to be given a nickname. A nickname means you're noticed. It means you're included.

An innocent question asked of a wide variety of people, "Did you have a nickname in high school?" most commonly provoked the response: "No, but I would have liked one."

"I really wanted a nickname," one woman said, "because I thought that having one would make me seem more popular. Consequently, I went around giving nicknames to everyone else in hopes someone would give me one, but no one ever did."

A nickname is not something you can give yourself. Others must bestow it upon you. Even a nickname you don't care for means classmates have recognized your presence, which isn't a bad thing to have recognized.

Those lucky enough to have nickname status could rely on this as a subtle but accurate gauge of status and its evolving nature.

Raquel Welch, for example, as a young teenager was known as Birdlegs because of her long, skinny legs. In high school, this was first changed to Rocky, then to Hotrocks—"after the equipment arrived."

Burt Reynolds says his home nickname Buddy got changed to Greaseball or Mullet by classmates, in recognition of his Italian-Indian origins, then reverted to Buddy after he began to win foot races. Some other childhood nicknames recalled by celebrities include:

- Burt Bacharach—Happy
- Tom Bradley—Long Tom
- Mel Brooks—The Shadow
- Dyan Cannon—Frosty
- Julie Christie—S.O. (Show-Off) and Bugs
- Alice Cooper—Muscles McNasal
- Francis Ford Coppola—Science
- William O. Douglas—Peanuts
- Mia Farrow—Mouse
- Gerald Ford—Junie (for Junior)
- Pam Grier—Hawk
- Isaac Hayes—Bubba
- Dustin Hoffman—Dustbin
- Lauren Hutton—The Yellow Wax Bean



"Please don't mistake us for drug addicts, sir. We're mugging our way through college."



*it doesn't take much to turn the wedding march into a funeral dirge*

# THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

*humor by*

*John Dempsey*



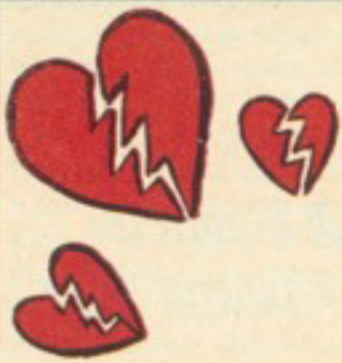
*"Why can't you ever have premature ejaculations, like other men?"*



*"She's entitled to the big O, Pete, old friend, and since you can't hack it. . . ."*



*"Our marriage counseling is doing some good. Warren isn't always telling me I'm full of shit anymore."*



*"If only you'd talk to me. I get so lonely."*



*"Excuse me, doctor, but I definitely do not think you're the right marriage counselor for us."*



*"Don't forget your 'Joy of Sex'!"*



*"Are you trying to tell me something, Mildred?"*



*"Remember, sweetheart—open marriage. Mutual trust. The freedom to grow to the capacity of one's individual potential through love."*



*"Ver-y funny."*



*"Marge, I don't know how you're going to take this, but I'm moving in with Sandra and Freddie."*



GWERC BROWN

*"OK, kid. This one's got a patriotic theme—she's the Statue of Liberty, and as each guy gets off the boat, she turns him on!"*



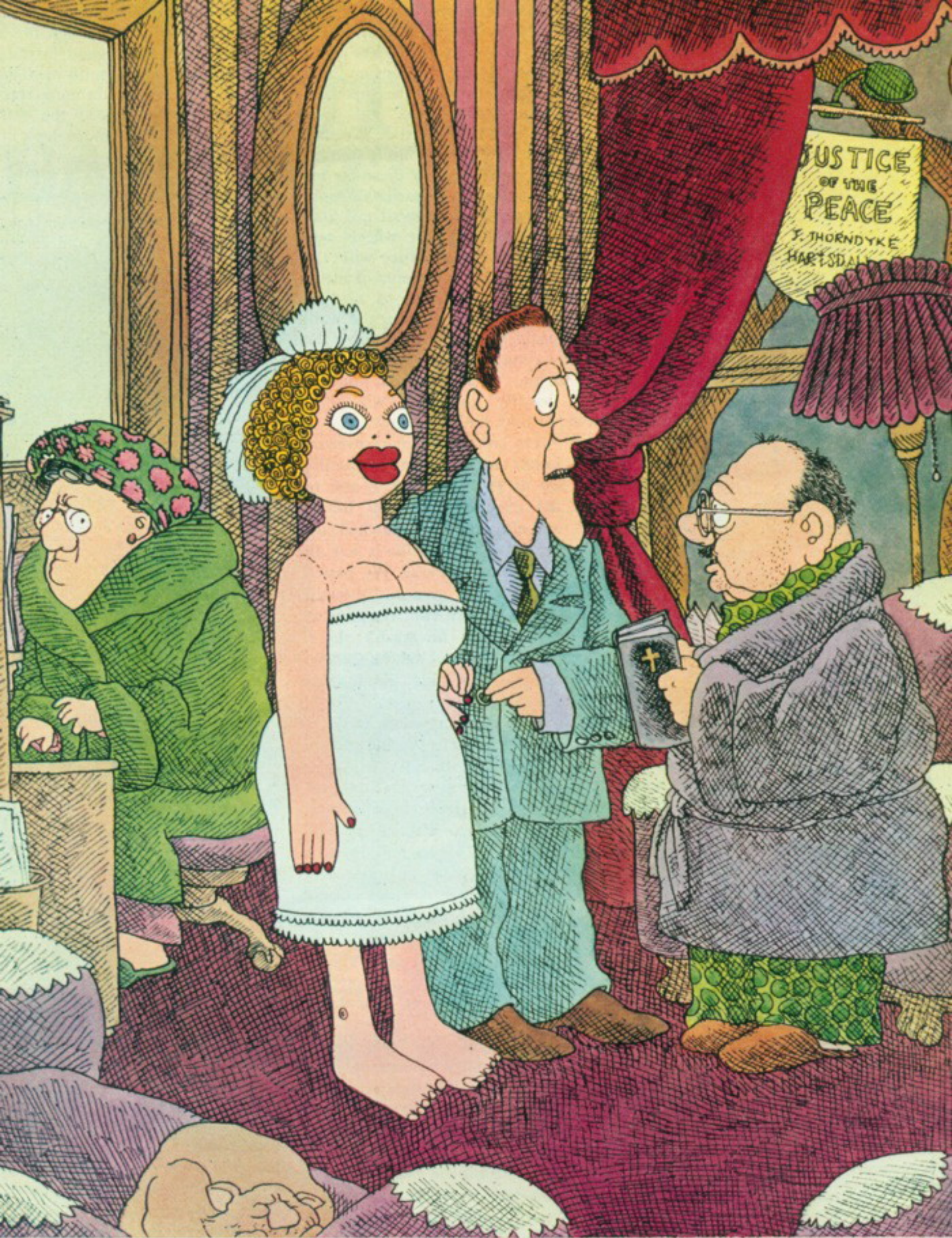
*“Let’s forget the foreplay—my finger is still sore from plugging up that dike.”*



*"If you really loved me, you wouldn't ask me to go to bed with all your friends!"*



*"Don't move—I lost my contact lens!"*



*"I'm sorry, young man, I just can't go through with this ceremony!"*



It comes as close to speaking for itself  
as any car ever built.

Aggressive, unmistakable profile. Strong,  
mellow, no-nonsense sound.  
280-Z, by Datsun.

Its particulars bear out its promise. Under  
the sculpted hood, an efficient 2800cc  
overhead cam engine with computerized  
fuel injection. The 6-cylinder plant has an  
8.3:1 compression ratio for optimum  
performance. The transmission is an all-  
synchro manual 4-speed; an automatic  
is available.

## Perfection. Fuel injection.

Additional GT requisites include rack and  
pinion steering. Power assisted front disc  
brakes. 195/70 HR 14 steel belted radials.  
Reclining bucket seats. AM/FM radio with  
power antenna and electric rear window  
defogger standard, of course.

The fuel injected Datsun 280-Z. 2-seater  
or 4-seater. Commune with one.

*The fuel injected*  
**Datsun 280-Z**



*"Yeah, but where are they when you need one?"*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



## YOU LUCKY DOG

God knows, the English have this thing about animals. So much so, in fact, that one veddy British firm, Denes of England Ltd., is currently expanding its line of pet health foods to America. (Twenty-five cents sent to Denes at Box 92, East Rutherford, New Jersey 07073, will get you a complete brochure.) Products include dietary supplements made from raspberries, parsley, water cress, tree bark, garlic, green leaf and seaweed. Now, how about a doggy bicarb?



## GETTING GOOD RECEPTION

Think you've heard everything? There's a gentleman in Philadelphia named John Quillin who makes electronic receptionist heads (in the image of your choice) for \$3000. Each 15-inch-high head moves its mouth and eyes, notifies you when someone enters the room, asks the visitor to have a seat—or whatever you choose—and then takes messages. (Full figures sell for \$10,000.) Quillin's latest head is on display at The Electric Gallery, 24 Hazelton Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. No, it doesn't polish its nails.

## SHE'S OUR (BLOOD) TYPE

Vampirella, the comic-book industry's "beautiful blood-lusting girl from the stars," does a bit of starring herself in a full-length motion picture due later this year from England's Hammer Films, leading entrepreneur of cinematic horror. The fact that the title role will be filled, amply, by Barbara Leigh (who was featured in the May 1973 PLAYBOY) should make us all suckers for this film fare.



## THE LONG-GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA

For those of you with a yen to see East Africa like some *bwana* from a Hemingway story might, Hanns Ebensten Travel at 55 West 42nd Street in Manhattan is offering a \$2350 (not including air fare), 17-day walking/camel safari through Kenya's Northern Frontier. While foot-loose, you'll see the dik-dik and the elephant play, explore Mount Bysion, home of the kudu, and chew the fat with friendly natives. Hope that fat is nobody we know.





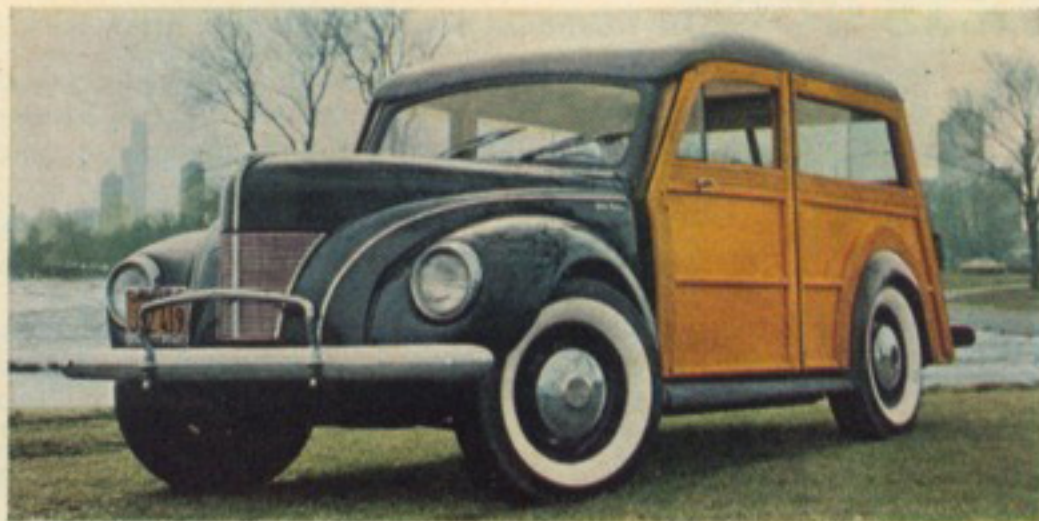
### TAKING OVER THE TOWN

Yes, friend, now you can be the first on your block to own a town. Coming up for auction by Kruse Classic Auction Company of Auburn, Indiana, is something called Frontier Town, an actual place 15 miles from Helena, Montana, that was virtually hand-built over 20 years by a guy named John Quigley. The town includes a saloon, a jail, a church and hundreds of authentic relics of a bygone era. Just think, one day you're mayor, the next, sheriff, then prisoner. . . .



### SHEEPSKIN GAME

Wouldn't it be nice if you could get a college degree without having to put up with all those years of boring education? Find out how you can in a soft-cover book called *College Degrees by Mail*, from John Bear, Drawer H, Little River, California 95456 (\$15). Buckner University, for example, offers a "strikingly handsome Degree Certificate" for only \$27.50. Boola-boola and *caveat emptor*.



### WAGON MASTER

The Beach Boys had a '34 wagon and they called it a woodie. Paul Wilson has an auto business at 2455 N. Sheffield in Chicago and he calls it Miniwoodie. Yes, little wood runabouts resembling tiny '40 Ford wagons (underneath all that gorgeous ash and birch, there lurks a used VW) that Wilson is selling for \$3200 to \$4000 ready to go and including a sun roof. Kit prices start at \$995. Surf City, here we come.



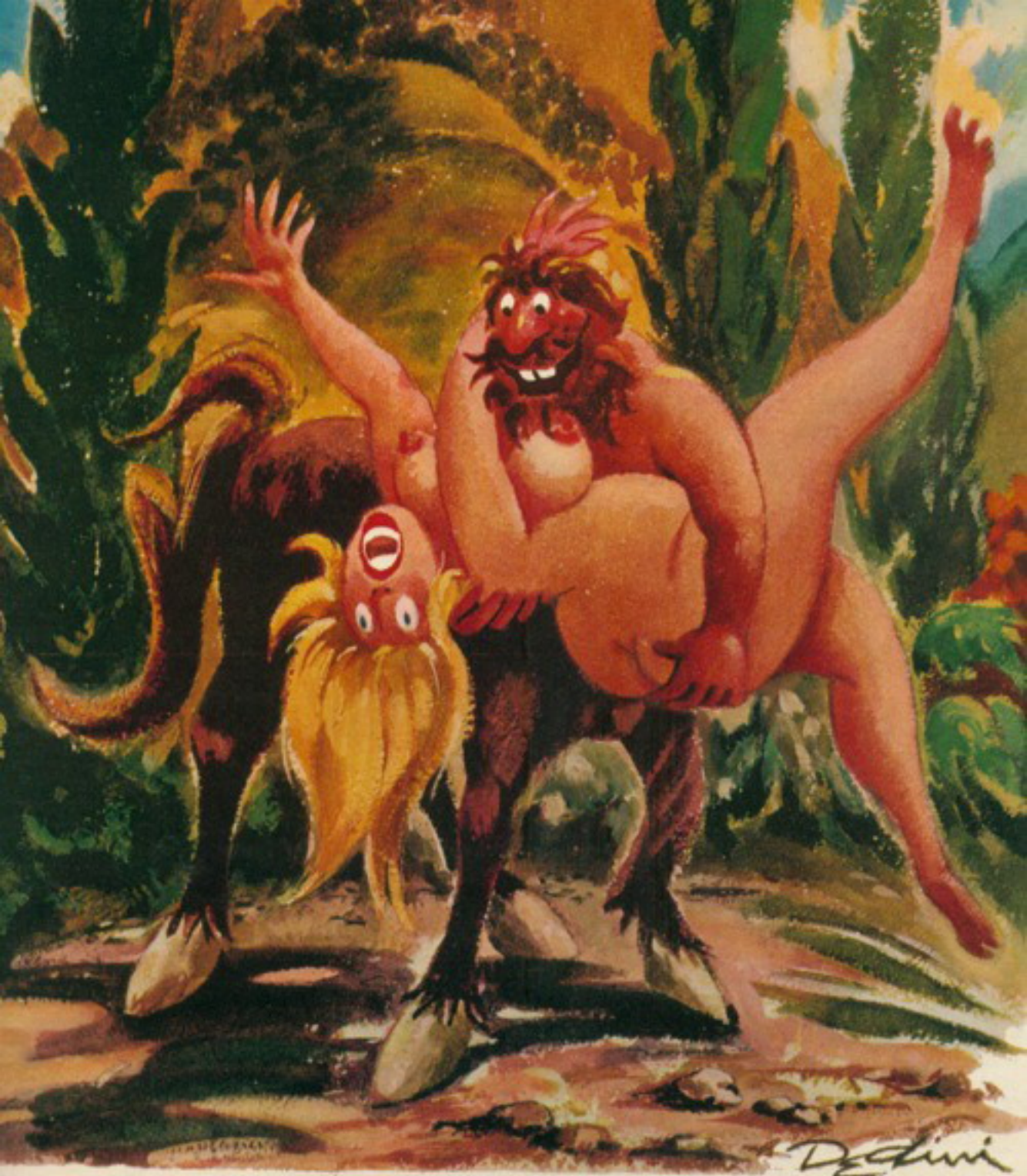
### THE BIGFOOT STOMP

If you think most rock lyrics are so much gibberish, wait until you hear *Bigfoot Sounds Off*, an LP available from Apollo Galleries, Box 81, Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071, for \$5.95. Bigfoot, as if you didn't already know, is the gigantic manlike creature said to live deep in the forests of Northern California and the Pacific Northwest. Now, for the first time ever, sounds attributed to several Bigfoot creatures have been captured on tape for your listening pleasure—plus info on how the record was made (four persons witnessed the performance). Stay tuned for the second album: *Bigfoot Does the Bossa Nova*.

### INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT

The CIA may have supported a few wrong dictators, and it may have spied on a few of the wrong folks back home, but don't let anyone tell you it doesn't know its ass when it comes to weapons. If you get off on thumbing through lists of same, \$5.95 will now get you a copy of the CIA Special Weapon Supply Catalog, from Normount Technical Publications, P. O. Drawer N-2, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358. It's got the dope on all kinds of stuff, from antitank mines to document destroyers. Of course, you can't get hold of the hardware, but just running your fingers over the pictures ought to be a thrill.

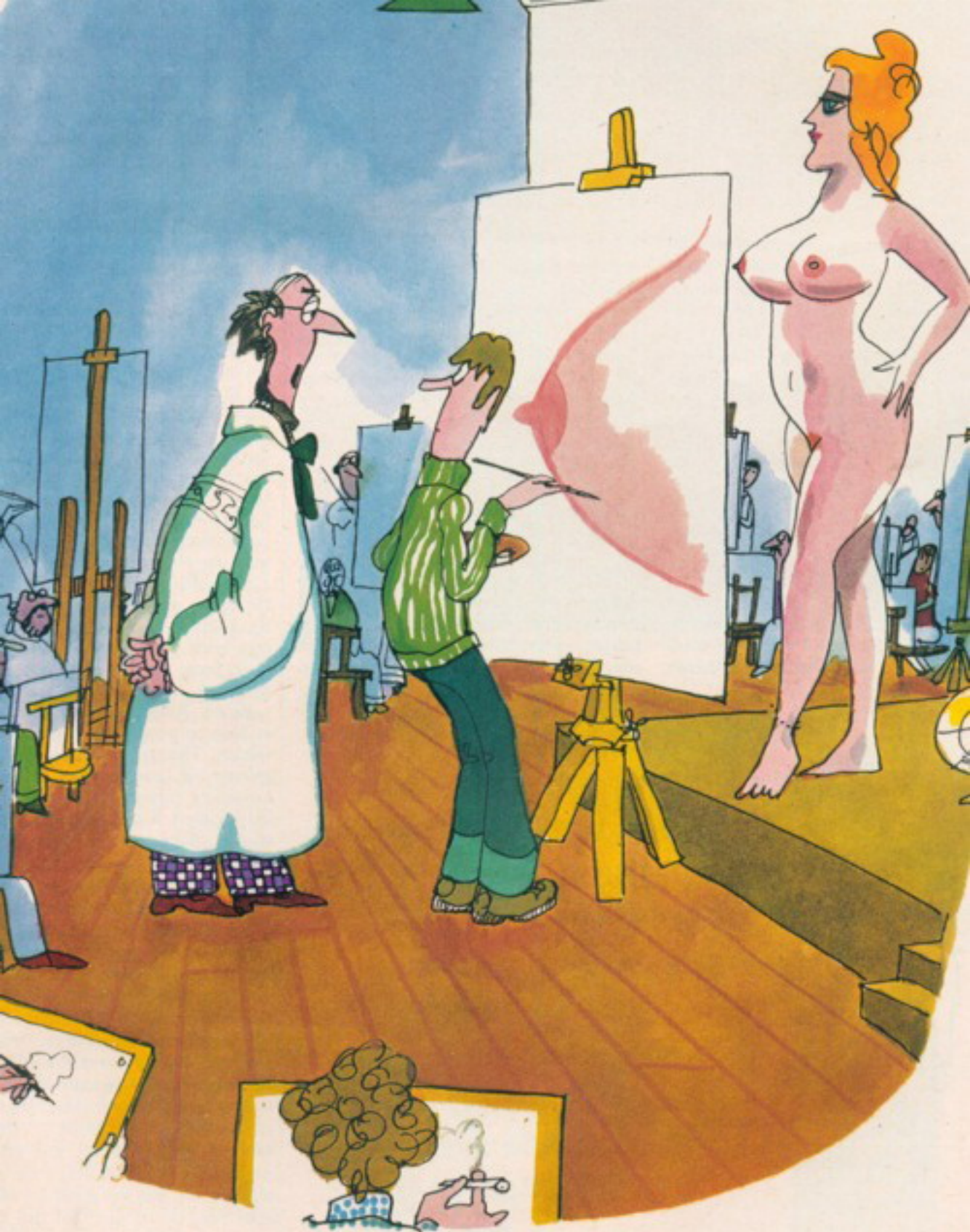




*"You've got it all wrong, baby. I'm taking you home to cook, clean and sew!"*



*"The trouble with you writers today is you have no finesse, no subtlety; you leave too little to the imagination."*



*"You're standing too close again, Ferguson."*



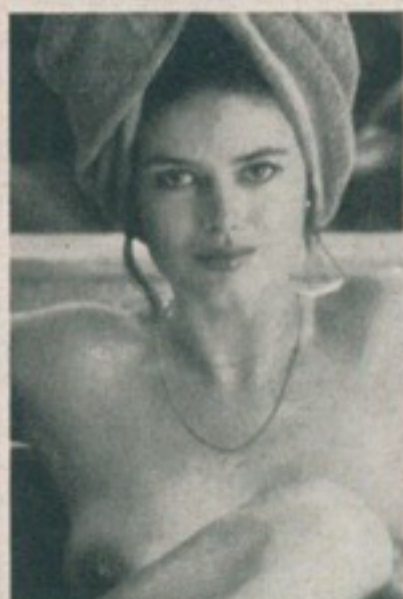
*BUCK BROWN*

*"Ah, here you are, my dear. I hope you aren't still angry about last night."*

## NEXT MONTH:



EROTIC STARS



JAYNE MARIE



BOAT STABLE



HOT DOGS

**SARAH MILES AND KRIS KRISTOFFERSON** STEAM UP THE CAMERA LENSES IN SCENES FROM THEIR NEW MOVIE, *THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA*—AND THEN DO SOME “IMPROVISING”—IN THE SEXIEST STAR PICTORIAL EVER

“**BUCHWALD’S BICENTENNIAL ALBUM**”—TILL NOW, WE NEVER KNEW WHAT THE FOUNDING FATHERS WERE REALLY UP TO. WE’VE BEEN SET STRAIGHT—BY **ART BUCHWALD**

“**EXCUSE ME, DO YOU KNOW WHO LILY TOMLIN IS?**”—ON TOUR WITH A COMIC GENIUS WHO TURNS INTO HER CHARACTERS WITH BEWILDERING FREQUENCY—BY **LOUISE BERNIKOW**

“**BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY**”—AN EX-MARINE SERGEANT TELLS HOW HE WAS BLOWN AWAY IN THE SEARING HORROR THAT WAS VIETNAM—BY **RON KOVIC**

“**THE PLAYBOY BOAT STABLE**”—FOR ONLY HALF A MILLION YOU CAN HAVE SIX (COUNT ‘EM, SIX) SEAWORTHY CRAFT WITH WHICH TO STOCK YOUR PRIVATE MARINA—BY **BROCK YATES**

“**A FEAST OF SNAKES**”—RATTLERS, BATON TWIRLERS AND A HATE-LOVE RELATIONSHIP RUBBED RAW ARE THE INGREDIENTS IN A TOUGH, EROTIC STORY BY **HARRY CREWS**

**KARL HESS**, BARRY GOLDWATER’S ERSTWHILE GHOSTWRITER-GURU TURNED REDNECK ANARCHIST, TALKS ABOUT HOW THE COUNTRY WENT WRONG IN A **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** THAT TOASTS AMERICA’S 200TH BIRTHDAY WITH A TWIST

“**UNPLAIN JAYNE**”—HER MOTHER WAS A MOVIE SEX SYMBOL AND OUR FEBRUARY 1955 PLAYMATE. WE NOW PRESENT THE EQUALLY SPECTACULAR **JAYNE MARIE MANSFIELD**

“**SO YOU WANT TO BE A SEX OBJECT?**”—ARE WOMEN WHISTLING AT YOU? PINCHING YOUR ASS? WHERE WILL IT ALL END? IN CHAOS, GUESSES A NERVOUS **G. BARRY GOLSON**

“**THE FIRE THIS TIME**”—MUSICIAN GIL SCOTT-HERON HAS BEEN CALLED THE BLACK BOB DYLAN: HE DOESN’T APPRECIATE THE COMPARISON. A REVEALING PROFILE—BY **VERNON GIBBS**

“**HOT DOG!**”—WHAT BETTER TIME TO GIVE THREE CHEERS FOR THE ALL-AMERICAN SNACK?—BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**