

COLDER  
BUT NOT  
SO WARM

FULL REPORT  
See Page With  
Full Report

# Wretched American

ECBAIFEAK

(8¢ IN  
PAGE) PAGO

10 Cents BOSTON

IHTFP

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1965

VIII Pages

# Socialite Beats Off Six Stranglers

(STORY ON PAGE TWO)

## Top News Today

**BREWINS** clobber Maple Griefs, even though the Griefs were the first to score, because Ted Spleen was put in the penalty box in his own rebound after for spearing, and Pucyk put Halivah put in Pucyk's rebound, and this certainly clinches the Stanley Cup for the B's.

—Page 8

**DONALD** Duck gets horny.

—Page 6

**SOCIALITE** beats off six stranglers.

—Page 1

**CALLAHAN** indicted.

—Page 2

**FACHAMATA** wedding.

—Page 3

**MAY** day party, the guys dance around their poles.

—Page 9

**CROSS** word puzzle

—Page 7

**MOVIE** guide, for those lost in their local theatres

—Page 7

**DIRTY** pictures. Just hold this page up to the light.

**PLIGHT** of the Shrinking Ecbaipfaks

—Page 7

**PAGE** numbers Pages 1-8

## ENDING IT ALL —

An unidentified student has decided he's had enough. Well over a hundred on-lookers looked on and cheered as the student made his fateful decision at the 150-Smoot line. The crowd continued to cheer for several hours until the police arrived, at which time they began to sing "We Shall Overcome." (Story on Page 3.)

(UAP Photo by Art Kalotkin)



# Patriots' Game Highlights Lost

(FOR NO DETAILS, SEE PAGE 8)

# Finger Six New Suspects

## One of Them Simply MUST Be The Strangler

By I. Strangleyou

The Wretched American's outstanding reporting staff today released the names of six more suspects who might possibly be the mad "Boston Strangler," to grateful Hub police.

Our first lead came from sepulchritudinous Elmira Ugly, who snapped our picture of this sinister chap, while he was fearfully and hurriedly crawling BACK into her dumbwaiter. Said something about having got out on the wrong floor.

Our next suspect, street-car scandal-seekers, is a sneaky fellow, indeed. As a matter of fact, he is just so damned elusive, we failed to get a picture of him. Be on the lookout for his accomplice, though. He's the beady-eyed guy on the left of our second picture. He happened to mention to our hapless victim, the guy on the right—no, the photo hasn't been reversed—that he works for the Boston Strangler. "Oh sure," the poor slob said, "you mean the guy who takes old women by the neck-oh-roo like this . . ." Our designing friend is confident, because just out of sight of our hidden camera the Strangler is preparing to pounce on the unfortunate wretch. We didn't stick around to see the outcome, but it seems the stocking tightened around the top of his shoulders only to breeze clear across the top of his head, which you can see is only about an inch and a half lower than the guy's shoulders, anyway. Poor, malformed fellow!

Close scrutiny of the third frame will reveal a rather burly and threatening old hag strangling her fourteenth victim with—yes!—his own necktie. Our only lead to her identity was the last word her victim stammered out before his timely demise:—"GASP! See also GHASP, GASSP. The Police Department even now is trying to find her in the Telephone book.

Our fourth suspect, known only by the unlikely alias "Slugless Leftbanks" was captured by our candid yameraman (sic) in his



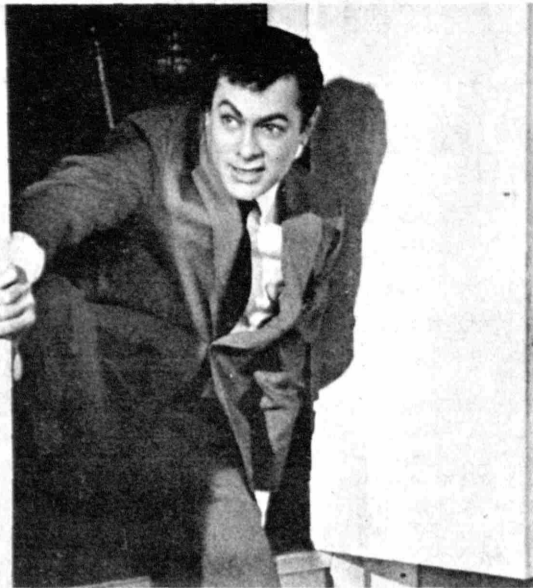
Suspect No. 2

little white liar (sic) upon discovering that his favorite stocking was missing and all he had to suit was a vultured (sic) pearl necklace. Frenzied, he gasped, "I think I'm going to be" (sic).

One of the most ruthless and certainly the most fearsome of all the strangler suspects is Arnold Hall Simmons. The fifth picture on the page (try the one labelled "5") shows his crack lawyer addressing the jury during a recent trial for fragrancy, with the cleverly phrased query: "Is this the face—I ask you, ladies and gentlemen—is this the face that launched a thousand ships?" Our man was acquitted, but his lawyer's question was never adequately resolved. He

was last seen by an elderly Beacon Hill socialite, and was reportedly conducting an independent survey among aging matrons to determine the concensus on the subject. Please give him your full cooperation.

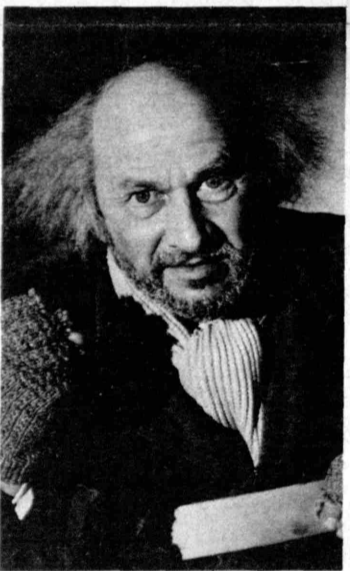
Our final suspect, Christopher Sonovitch, was captured on film while admiring the very comely jugular of a local young beauty. He was overheard cooing, "I need you for my wife!" A still unsubstantiated rumor maintains that his wife is actually an aging and enfeebled vampire, wasting away for lack of nourishment. We wouldn't ordinarily suffer our readers to hear of such unreliable news, but we'll print anything anyway.



Above: Suspect No. 1



Suspect No. 4



Suspect No. 5



Suspect No. 6



Supect No. 3

### Callahan Indicted

Last night it was announced by an undisclosed source that the mayor, chief of police, commissioner of stops and shops, traffic editor, rupture easer, and cornucopia collector were indicted by what's-his-face's grand jury or something — or-other as co-respondents in the case of Watkins vs. Hunter's Lessee. The Wretched American has not yet confirmed this notification, but we'll print anything. A rumor was circulated in several circles that the whole thing was a farce perpetrated by the Voo Doo staff, but this information has not been corroborated by our confidential sources. So it looks like maybe this whole bunch of idiots wasn't indicted after all, but, as we said before, to fill up space we'll print anything.

### Horodowski Bombed

Last night, Mr. Ralph N. Sullivan, of Roxbury or someplace like that, was present at the funeral of his son, Ralph N. Sullivan, Jr., only minutes after Mr. Murishlav Horodowski was allegedly bombed (stink), by Ralph Horodowski. It is believed by several informed sources that Ralph Horodowski and Ralph N. Sullivan, Jr., were in on this thing together, but the final decision rests on what's-his-face's grand jury or something-or-other, who last night indicted the mayor as co-respondent in the case of Watkins vs. Hunter's Lessee.

### Sullivan Malnourished

Mr. Ralph N. Sullivan, of Roxbury or someplace like that, last night was present at the funeral of his son, Ralph N. Sullivan, Jr., only seven minutes after the murder of Miss Ethel Schwartz. There was no connection between the murder of Miss Schwartz and the death of Mr. Sullivan, Jr., who died of malnutrition. Or something.

### Zoo's Beastiest Bird Bugs Out

Boston — A large beastly, commonly known as the epithecarios-reloppilus Depilatoryiarominous was reported escaped from the Buick Park Zoo today. As the beast is missing, its whereabouts are unknown.

Hub police have issued an all-points bulletin for the return of

the animal. It is described as a large bird-like critter with a three-toed foot (actually, four three-toed foets), long thin tail, pointed snou., smooth spotty skin, and a pronounced double chin. She stands semi-erect on her hind legs, using the front legs to grasp and hold her food.

### Wretched American

If in fact you hadn't realized it, the printed matter you are now perusing is actually a parody of that popular Boston newspaper, the Record American, conceived and published by the staff of Voo Doo Magazine, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass. on April 23, 1965, and inserted into the May issue. The guys who helped write this parody include Mike Levine, Charles Deber, Bob Pindyck, Norm Rubin, Walt Rode, Keith Patterson, Wait Kuleck, Jerry Goe, Dave Seldin, Irv Simon, John Marshall, D. F. Nolan, Len Hirschfeld, Art Kalotkin and Bob Pilon.

### Raped and Murdered

Mr. Ralph N. Sullivan, of Roxbury or someplace like that, last night was present at the funeral of his son, Ralph N. Sullivan, Jr., only minutes before somebody's mother got murdered and, of course, raped. There was no connection between the two deaths, or one, as the case may be.

## HE LEAPS INTO THE DEEP:

# Hack Hub Harvie Horridifies Hundreds

Boston (UAP)—An anonymous man committed suicide early today as hundreds watched.

According to an anonymous on-looker who looked on anonymously as the man jumped off the Harvard Bridge, the man had threatened to jump as a large crowd of about a hundred gathered along the edge of the bridge. All the NAGgers in this smootful of people ran with their dimes to the nearest phone booth. Six people were injured in the crowded phone booth.

Within hours the police arrived. Along with them came the MDC and Fire Department. The man stood pitifully on the rail as police and civilians yelled: "Hate! Hate!" An MDC patrol boat was stationed directly under the man in order to catch him. Another onlooker heard him say something about the war in Australia, while another heard him say something unprintable.

Finally, the man jumped. Unfortunately, the patrol boat missed him, as he quickly disappeared into the murky waters. A trace of an odorless, colorless gas was noticed by an MDC official. When bubbled through Ca(OH)<sub>2</sub>, it was found to be CO<sub>2</sub>. No trace of the man has been found yet.

A policeman, when asked why he did not try to save the man, said: "I just didn't want to get involved." Another policeman, when asked the same question, replied: "If I would've had a dime, I would've called the cops, I think."

A fireman said that his hydraulic hook and ladder was of no use because there wasn't en-

ough water in the area. He said that if the man had been on fire, he would have been able to save him.

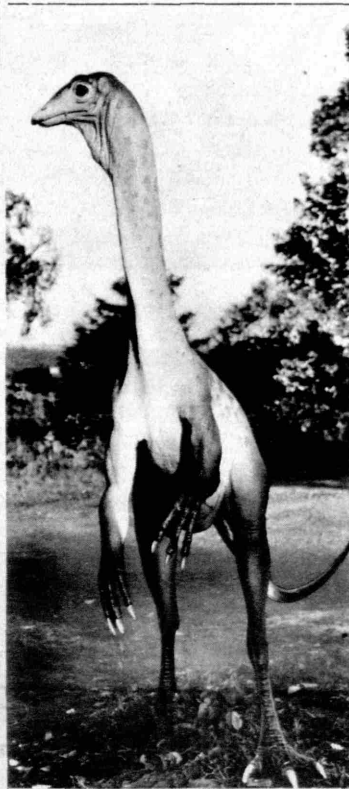
According to authoritative sources, the man's last words were: "IHTFP," which was taken to mean "I Have To Find Peace."

Boston police are looking into the case. So far, they have ruled out Communist and Right Wing plots.

A list of witnesses was compiled and sent to the Readers Digest Subscription Department. Witnesses' fingerprints have been forwarded to the FBI. Reader's Digest and J. Edgar Hoover will compare notes to single out liars.

Notification of next of kin is being withheld pending identification of gaseous remains.

Cambridge businessman J. A. Stratoff was reported missing early this afternoon by his wife, Mrs. J. A. Stratoff. She says she is not worried by his threats to jump off the Harvard Bridge. So far, no clue to his whereabouts has been found.



Actress Olivia D'Ostrich at Logan Airport.

## Much Mayhem At Mighty Messy Marital Massacre

"I've always loved Harold, and I always will." These were the words of Cecilia Hortense Fachamata, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Datzalata Fatchamata of Watzamata-on-the-Hudson. "But Daddy doesn't like Harold."

He says that Harold is too Jewish-looking. And yet, in spite of her father, Cecilia was determined to marry Harold Goldsteinmanberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Goldsteinmanberg of Brookline.

"Daddy said that whatever I did I better not marry Harold, because if I married Harold he would kill me, and then he would kill Harold, and then he would kill Harold's parents, and then he would kill Mother for having such a wicked daughter. But what could I do? I just had to marry Harold, I loved him so. Harold said not to worry, Daddy was only bluffing, and we'd get married anyway. Harold is so intelligent."

The wedding began at 11 a.m. this past Sunday. The bride's fringed lace kabob gown was highlighted by a silk dwinkle mince veil and a beautiful corsage of yellow and green tulips tastefully adorned in red, and surrounded by blue minkles of velvet bordered with linen shickelgrubers of bright satin and yellow-green crimson. Mr. Fachamata was not present, so Mrs. Cecilia Fachamata, the bride's mother, and of known evil repute, presented the girl. At 11:15 Cecilia, Harold Goldsteinmanberg, and Harold's brother, who was also best man, began walking up

the aisle. Suddenly one of the guests screamed out!

**OH NO! CRIED CECILIA!!!**

"Oh no!" cried Cecilia. Mrs. Fachamata gasped. People turned around and asked each other what had happened, what was the matter. And then suddenly they saw: There was blood on Harold's shirt! There was blood on Harold's hands, dripping down his chin, running down his legs, slithering over his shoes, crawling up his pants, rolling down the aisle, repulsing the guests, raping the buffaloes, chasing the little girls! And then Harold screamed! And then he covered his face with a handkerchief. And then he blushed. **HAROLD HAD A NOSEBLEED!**

**HAROLD HAD A NOSEBLEED**

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Fachamata. "Everything's all right," said the minister. "Harold just has a little nosebleed." People sighed, obviously relieved. Just a nosebleed, that's not so bad, nothing to get excited about, no big thing, happens every day. Everybody sat down and the procession started again from the beginning. Harold marched up the aisle in time with the organ music. Harold's aunt Klatza smiled proudly. Cecilia's Uncle Matzoh sobbed ruefully. Harold and Cecilia stood before the minister, and a happy murmur rose from the crowd. Then the minister said, "Cecilia Fachamata, do you take this Harold Goldsteinmanberg to be your lawful wedded husband, till death do you part?" Cecilia replied affirmatively. "You do!" screamed the minister, tearing off his moustache and wig; Cecilia gasped! The minister was really Mr. Fachamata, Cecilia's very own father!

**THE MINISTER WAS REALLY MR. FACHAMATA (in disguise)**

"Good grief; It's Daddy!" screamed Cecilia, and she ran down the aisle. But before she could reach the door, Mr. Fachamata grabbed her and stabbed her dead with his silver dagger. Then he killed Mrs. Fachamata with his machine gun, and cut off Mrs. Goldsteinmanberg's head with his machete. Then he took his .45 revolver and shot six rounds through Mr. Goldsteinmanberg. Boy, was he mad! And then when he saw that Mr. Goldsteinmanberg was mad he hit him over the head with the empty revolver. Then he stabbed Aunt Klatza with his stiletto. Then he stuffed cyanide down Uncle Matzoh's mouth. Boy, oh boy! Then he grabbed Harold, poured gasoline over him, set him on fire, and covered the ashes with ten gallons of sulfuric acid. Then he grabbed Harold's brother and stuffed seventeen hand grenades down his throat. And then Harold's brother cried out, "Oh, no, Mr. Fachamata. Don't stuff all those hand grenades down your throat. You'll hurt yourself!" But it was too late! Mr. Fachamata met his own demise, because in his haste, out of stupid careless haste, he stuffed the hand grenades down the wrong throat! And within hours he was apprehended by the Boston Police. Poor Mr. Fachamata.

## WILL CHARLIE EVER RETURN?

# Latest M.T.A. Victim

Police are searching tonight for a Cambridge man who apparently boarded the M.T.A. this morning at Kendall Square station, but subsequently failed to get off at his intended destination, believed to be either his sister's home in Chelsea, or perhaps his cousin's home in Roxbury.

As the Wretched American goes to press, the man's fate is still unlearned.

The man, identified as Mr. Charles Dooley, of 101 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, was last seen this morning when he kissed his wife and children goodbye. According to his distraught wife, who was barely able to speak to reporters between gasps, sighs and extended periods of sobbing, Mr. Dooley left his wallet home, and it was quite possible that he didn't have the extra nickel necessary to change for a car to Jamaica Plain.

Mrs. Dooley also informed reporters that in accordance with a terrifying vision she had had of her timid husband slinking forlornly twixt the poles of the train wherein he was helplessly ensconced, she was preparing a sandwich for her husband, which she intended to toss in through the window of a passing train, probably from a vantage point she knew of at the Government Center station.

On Beacon Hill tonight, Mr. George O'Brien launched his campaign for the governorship early by promising that, "If I am elected, I promise to do all I possibly can to get Mr. Dooley off the M.T.A."

Undoubtedly, these are times that try men's souls.



Mrs. Dooley chats with Wretched reporters after husband's disappearance.

## Mother Raped

Somebody said that somebody's mother got murdered and, of course, raped, but, as usual, we don't know for sure. If it had really happened, it surely would have been somebody's mother, because that's the only kind of thing that we print, unless we run out of real news and have to print this stuff like that that we really can't understand and gets printed in the Monitor anyway.

## Comet Coming

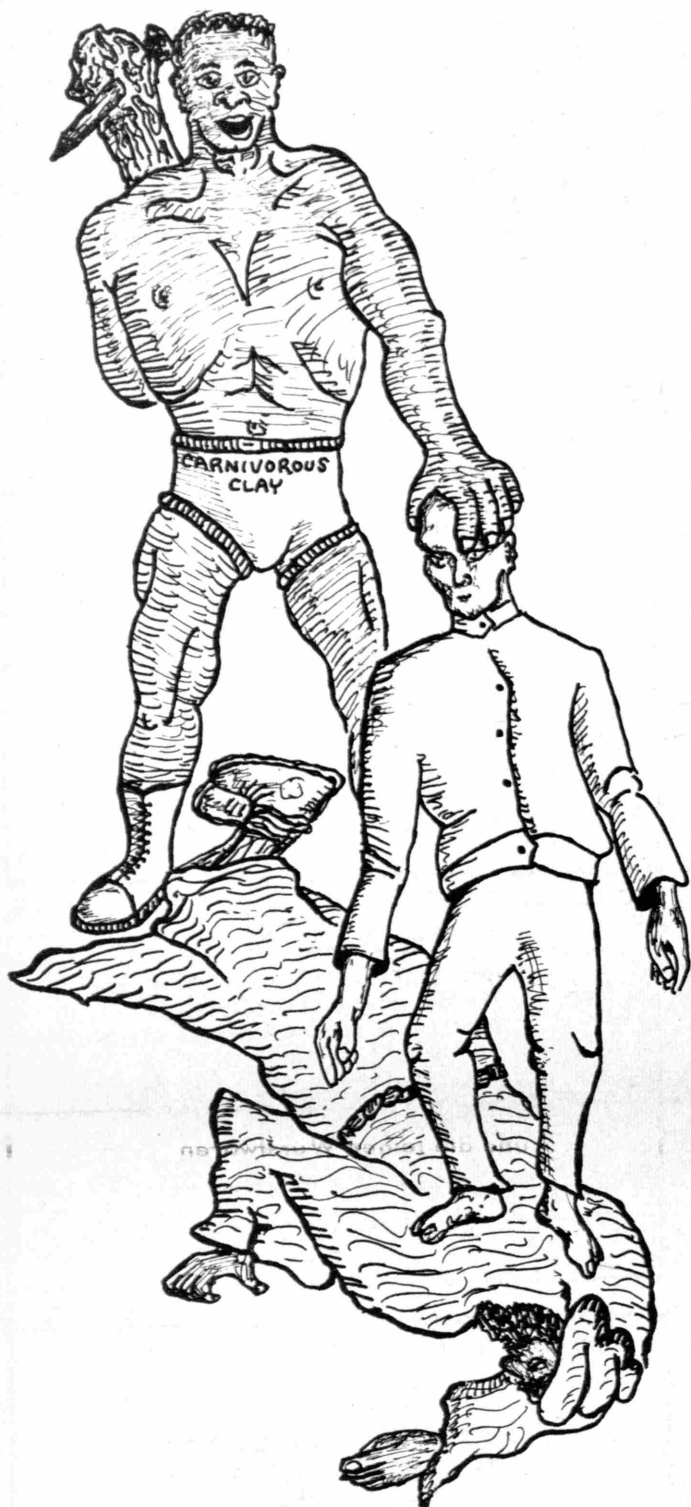
MT. PALOMINE—Noted scientists at the Mt. Palomine observatory here have discovered a large comet headed toward the earth. It is scheduled to strike somewhere outside Boston.

Dr. Virgil Gruesome of the observatory said, "this comet is of the solid-head type, with a gaseous coma which surrounds it. This coma will elongate to become the tail as the comet comes nearer to the sun. The tail will be about 200,000 miles long when the comet strikes earth."

Gruesome then added: "The impact of this comet will undoubtedly shatter the entire planet, breaking it into a series of infinitesimal particles that will assume orbits around Mars."

**EDITORIAL PAGE**  
**Wretched American**  
 FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1965

"Hey, Man, pick on somebodah yo own colah!"



**Ours Are the Safest**

**C**ONGRATULATIONS to the State of Massachusetts for finishing at the very top of the list in the recent National Safe Driving Survey.

In the Survey, conducted by the A. A. A. A. (Alcoholics Anonymous Automobile Association), Massachusetts drivers were found to be the safest in the U. S. A., as a group, as judged by the following criteria:

- 1.) Most right turns at corners which have "Right Turn Only" signs.
- 2.) Most stops at corners which have "Stop" signs.
- 3.) Greatest display of courtesy and caution when entering a large intersection which has no traffic lights.
- 4.) Fewest times cutting diagonally across three lanes of oncoming traffic without signalling.
- 5.) And, a special individual award for successfully negotiating "America's Most Dangerous Traffic Spot," presented to Mr. V. W. Callahan of Cambridge, for "Driving Past the Intersection of Mass. Ave. and Memorial Drive 17,500 Times with Only 3 Accidents."

The Wretched American salutes this phenomenal record of Massachusetts traffic safety, particularly Mr. Callahan's fine history of only one accident every 5,833 times that he drives over the Harvard Bridge. To reward our fine drivers, the Wretched recommends the following reforms: (1) a 50% cut in auto insurance rates, while also making auto insurance non-compulsory, (2) a 50% decrease in the number of existing traffic signals, (3) a 50% decrease in the number of policemen now on traffic duty, and (4) a 50% decrease in the price of gasoline, to reward our magnificent drivers.

**BITE THE MAILBAG**

**PAPER EXCELLENT**



**BRIGHTONE** — I wouldn't line my garbage can with your rag!  
**ISAAC O'HARA**

**DULLONE** — I would line my garbage can with your rag!  
**HARE O'ISAAC**

**NEWTERONE** — Your paper is excellent! I buy three copies every day: one for me, one for my wife, and one for my dog. I have no complaints, but my dog says that he would appreciate it if you would make the paper a bit more absorbent.

**HOUSE B. ROKEN**



**Cans**

**FRAMEDHAM** — With reference to your dubious and singularly unqualified editorial of March 23rd last, I wish to take exception to your ridiculous reference to "unemployed buggy whip manufacturers." That was a totally uncalled for and insulting remark! My great-grandfather's fourth cousin's best friend was an unemployed buggy whip manufacturer after he unfortunately chipped his left front upper tooth in the Battle of Dugan's Bar shortly before the Boston Tea Party, and as he said, "If you've got grass growing under your feet, find an old nail and scrape it off, because you must of stepped in something." Please do not thusly refer to my ancestors or their friends or me and my friends in the DAR will get PO'd. And you know what that means.  
**RALPH N. ETHELINGTON**

**CAMEOVERTHEBRIDGE** — I want to protest against the outrageous practice of allowing out-of-state drivers on our streets! They have no sense of responsibility at all! Just yesterday one driving in front of me stopped for a stop sign and made me have to pass him by driving up over the sidewalk, and the little kid I ran over smeared his sticky chocolate candy bar all over my front bumper! Another one held up traffic on Massav for 37 seconds while he checked to see if the pedestrian lying in the street was really dead! What's the matter with these jerks? Don't they know anything about common courtesy?  
**JOHN O. O'SULLIVAN**

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**Comic Dictionary**

Definition of a bachelor:  
 A man who isn't married.

**FOULMOUTH** — I discovered the other day that our children are being exposed to the most vicious kind of vile, dispicable pornography! They have been reading a book called "Peter Pan" by one of those perverted Englishmen. In this horrible crime against good taste there is vividly described the activities of a bunch of boys living together. As if to make the point even more obvious there are several episodes involving (excuse the expression) a fairy, actually flying around. And then there are some vile references to an alligator (probably a hidden reference to Al Smith) who ate a member belonging to one of the characters. Obviously, Peter Pan is a degenerate dirty old man, and so is anybody who doesn't agree that this base book should be censored!

**RITH M. METHOD**  
 Bingoev Reenight  
 C.W.R.A.D.B.  
 (Citizens Who Read All Dirty Books)

**MILTOWN** — I have a question for your readers. Has anyone seen my little boy Mike, whom I lost in the Lion House at the Zoo last week? I turned away just for a minute, to look at the tigers being fed, and when I looked back, he was gone. He is a good little boy, and I hate to lose him. If anyone sees a small boy with red hair wandering around, that's probably him, unless its someone else.

**MRS. C. K. HUNT**

**Buries Son**

Mrs. Ethel R. Sullivan, of Roxbury or someplace like that, last night was present at the funeral of her son, Ralph N. Sullivan, Jr., only seven minutes after the murder of Miss Ethel Schwartz. There was no connection between the murder of Miss Schwartz and the death of Mr. Sullivan, Jr., who died of malnutrition. Or something.

**STONEHIM** — People are no damn good. I was on the way home from the mortuary last week, when my mother got run over by a beer truck, and nobody even stopped to help us. The driver didn't even offer to take her to the hospital. I hope you all drop dead.

**IRVING O'MURPHY**

**HELL** — My husband has deserted me, and I and my nine kids are starving to death on the lousy welfare payments we get from the crummy City Welfare Agency. It seems to me that in the New Boston you could at least have a decent program of help for us poor folks.

**KATHLEEN O'SULLIVAN**

**SCUMMERVILLE** — My cousin Adolf, who has been missing since the war, just sent me a letter from Argentina. He needs \$300 to pay his passage here, so he can carry on the crusade he so successfully promoted before he had to leave his native Germany. I was wondering if the American readers could help me raise the money for this worthy project.

**S. S. SHICKELGRUBER**

**MISWINTHOPE** — What's all this stuff about all these dumb jerks all the time wanting to fly to the moon? How come we have to keep up with the Russians? I mean, I know it's a tough road to hoe, but if the shoe doesn't fit, it's probably somebody else's anyway. And with regard to that, why don't they?

**GEORGE P. FARBUCK**

**Bomb Home of King's Brother**

Last night it was announced by Mr. Kurishlav Horodowski that a bomb (stink) had been placed at the home of Mr. Horodowski's brother, Mr. Murishlav Horodowski, by Ralph Horodowski, son of Mr. Murishlav Horodowski, who would not have been the King of Horosylvania, if such a country existed.

**BAGLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR BITE**



**COEDS**  
 AT CERTAIN SCHOOLS  
 HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE  
 RATING **GIRLS!**

**YOU ARE SAFER**



**CROSSING MASS. AVE.**  
 THAN IN THE HEART OF A NUCLEAR BLAST!

*The Dolbear Formula-*



**IF YOU TAKE THE TEMPERATURE OUTDOORS, SUBTRACT 40, MULTIPLY BY 24, AND ADD 6; DIVIDE BY 6, ADD 1 AND SUBTRACT 2 YOU CAN PREDICT THE NUMBER OF CRICKET CHIRPS PER MINUTE!**

**NOTE: IF IT IS COLDER THAN 40° YOU MUST CHIRP TO THEM!**

Dear Flabby:

# Chest Hairy Pregnancy Scary



**D**EAR FLABBY: Since I have become pregnant, my problems have grown and grown (groan). I am 50 years old, have had to quit my job, have had to shave twice a day, have had to let my hair grow longer and longer, have become extremely ashamed of the hair on my chest, and frankly, am quite surprised that this could have happened to a person my age. Even my wife is worried about this. Can you help me?

—HEFTY HERBIE

**DEAR HEFTY:** You must be kidding. Obviously a man your age is too old to become pregnant. Surely the affliction is due to overeating, and with your wife's help, can easily be cured.

**DEAR FLABBY:** I just can't seem to get along well with my husband, as I wrote to you a while back. At that time, you answered by suggesting that I try to take an interest in some of his hobbies. Well, honestly Flabby, I've tried, but I just can't stand going down to the city dump to shoot rats.

—HOBBYHATER

**DEAR HATER:** Promise him anything, but give him Mice In, by Lanvin. Ha, ha, ha, I just managed to squeak that one in. Chuckle chuckle . . .

**DEAR FLABBY:** Everybody laughs at me because I have two heads. Now I think that isn't fair at all. Two heads can be useful; when crossing a two way street,

By **FLABBERGAST**  
**MOVING VAN**

you can look both ways at once; when a pretty girl passes, you can turn one head around to see her from the other side while you going; you can eat a meal twice as fast when you're in a hurry, etc. Of course it costs me twice as much for haircuts, and eyeglasses, and dentists, and stuff like that, but Flabby having two heads is nothing to laugh at, is it? Huh? Well, is it? Huh?

—GOT TWO

**DEAR GOT:** I certainly agree that 2 heads is extremely useful; I know in my house somebody is always using the head, and if I had another head, I could accomplish things with less of a squeeze. Use your heads!

**DEAR FLABBY:** My boyfriend is a plumber and I love him very much, but I think he is more dedicated to his work than he is to me. How can I remedy this?

—PLUMBER'S GAL

**DEAR PLUM:** Glad you wrote. The subject of plumbers is ideal for my usual group of lousy puns. I find it easy to plunge right into an answer. Tell him you really do love him, but you think it's drainful watching him unclog toilets, etc., and that unless he pipes down you'll have to flush him.

**DEAR FLABBY:** Last night as I was sitting in the living room with my 18-year-old boy friend (I

am 16), with the lights low and everything romantic, etc., my sister comes running in wearing her shortie pajamas and bites my boyfriend. Now I think that isn't nice at all, since my sister and I were always taught that it isn't polite to bite anyone, and not only that, my boyfriend then chased my sister out of the living room and into her bedroom. Don't you think that it's very bad behaviour on the part of my 19-year-old sister?

—GOTTA CAVITY

**DEAR GOTTA:** Good thing your boyfriend didn't try to scratch her, or else they would've been fighting tooth and nail. As I've said before, boyfriend-biting simply cannot be ig-gnawed, and I don't chews to. Your elder sister is behaving like an old bag, if you ask me, and I think the only way to solve this problem is to Bite the Bag. (Bet you thought we'd never get that in.)

**CONFIDENTIAL TO "OOPS":** I know where you can get one for \$300. (Dist. by King Kong Feat Syn. Inc.).

## CORN COBS

Between Toes?

To quickly destroy corn cobs, grosses, and Virginia Creeper, use Black Leaf 40. At all agricultural supply centers.

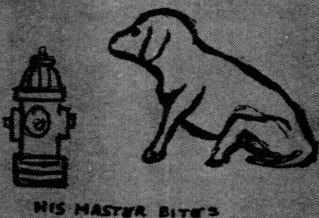


### Black Leaf 40

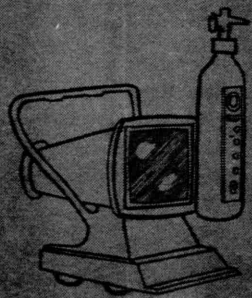
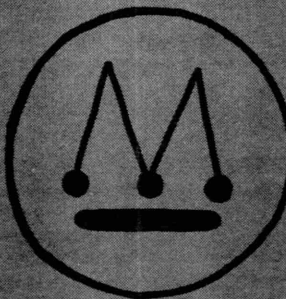
## JORDAN SWAMP COMPANY

REMEMBER...YOU GET **MORE** THAN LOW PRICES AT JORDANS!

You Get...LOST! FOR DAYS! EASY PAYMENTS! OFTEN! DYSENTERY!



HIS MASTER BITE'S



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Profits are our most important product.

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- Creamy nouget center.
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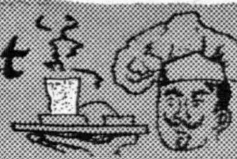
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## Eat Out



This column is in the BOSTON WRETCHED AMERICAN every Friday, and in the WORM RUNNER'S DIGEST on Sunday.

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## Hare Pie Tasty Treat

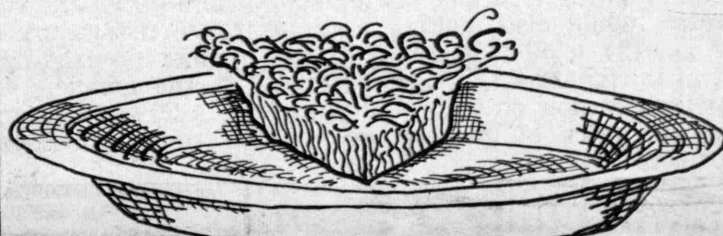
By **Martial Law**

Now that Lent is over, it's time for those meals that are rich in good meat—protein for all the family. Today's recipe combines all the factors necessary for a nourishing post-Lenten meal: preparability, eatability, digestibility, and disability. It is important to remember that adults need two or more cups of Hare every day to provide those vitamins that that are not found in other parts of the diet.

**HARE PIE**

First, take one medium-sized hare (one to two pounds). Remove wrappings, or whatever else might get in the way of the best eating. At this stage, it might be advisable to remove hair, although some gourmets prefer

hairy hare. It is sometimes necessary to serve the hare stewed, although a sober hare, when available, is more delectable. The hare should be warmed in its own juices, but artificial moisture must occasionally be added; polyunsaturated fats are considered to be more nourishing by some. A cherry sauce (see the Wretched American, the first in June, for recipe) goes well with this pie, but is not often available. The hare (boned, of course) should be folded gently into a medium crust, and warmed until well done. The pie should be cut into pieces just small enough to be eaten without a fork. Serve seething thermal pudding as dessert.



# Today's Horrorscope

**APRIL 21 — MAY 20 (Taurus)** — You may find that people are inclined to disbelieve you today (or any other day, for that matter). Ignore them and throw yourself into your work. If you are a good dancer, you might want to get together with some of your fellows and form a Taurus line.

**MAY 21 — JUNE 21 (Gemini)** — Here's a capsule description of today: You will be uplifted by a Titanic figure. Now might be the time to play the daily double (call UN 4-9827, ask for Chuck). You will probably be too late to make a really big impression cause you're not rushin'.

**JUNE 22 — JULY 23 (Cancer)** — Don't bother giving up smoking, but make out your will. Avoid industry; large companies will pretend that you don't exist. Try going to the tropics to get really clean. An investment might help, since you will probably experience wild growth. Above all, avoid being cranky.

**JULY 24 — AUGUST 23 (Leo)** — Your predicament is similar to that of Taurus. You may be king, but try not to be crowned. It might be advisable for you lies to stay away from others today, especially for those who might take you for what you are. Your reputation will proceed you.

**AUGUST 24 — SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo)** — Contact someone born in early June. Do not worry about looks; the more Gruesome the better. Help him with rendezvous and docking procedures. He may become your Apollo; give him the — and change your stars. You will go down in history. (P.S.: Does anyone still read this one?)

**SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23 (Libra)** — You are unusually stable and well balanced. You will make wise and just decisions because you weigh the outcomes. Unscrewful people may try to use you, but they will be all thumbs. People like you were the one who pounded the grandeur of Troy into grains ounce upon a time.

**OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpius)** — Don't worry when things are looking black, for who knows what a black Scorpius may inspire. Your preference in cars should be the new Corvette. Try to avoid stinging remarks which may poison others. But let them know you know the scorp.

**NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius)** — Watch out for your arch enemies, on the one hand, but be prepared to be someone's beau. Be prepared also to be called a hood, and obsolete, too. Be ready to skewer fruitful ideas off the tops of peoples' heads, a telling task. You can gain power by becoming cross.

**DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 21 (Capricorn)** — Don't be attracted to people born in early March or you may find yourself going to Pisces. You will be used by others as a goat. You should join a Cancer in the tropics, for even though you are mirror images, you are not poles apart. You show possibilities of becoming brass hats in the military, reaching as high as colonel.

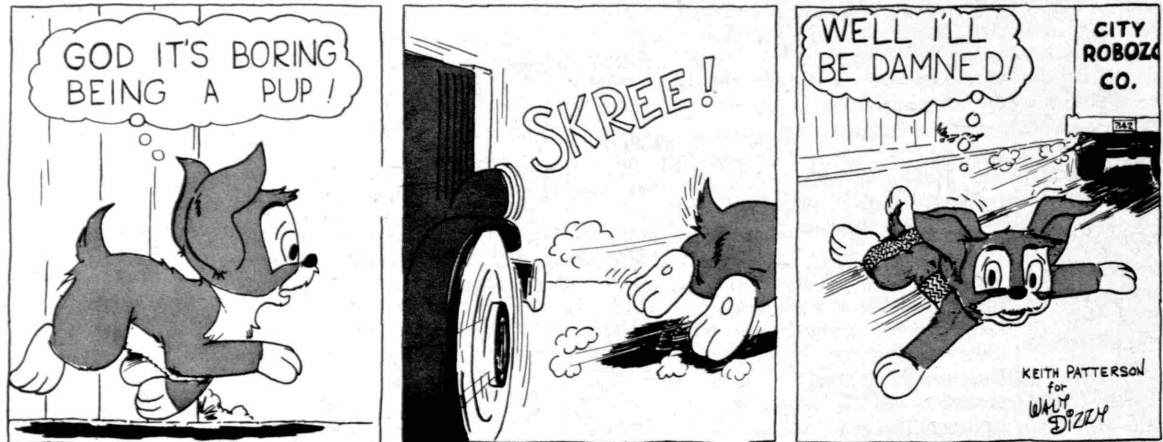
**JANUARY 22 — FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius)** — You feel inferior because your ideas are all wet and people say you are a drip. This is due to your fear of a return to the dry 18th. Remember that aqua can be regal, and that it can handle a —finger better than a Bond. Rest assured that there are those who desperately need you.

**FEBRUARY 21 — MARCH 20 (Pisces)** — See an Aquarius at once! It's a matter of life and/or

## THROWING UP FATHER



## SCRIMP



## NOT-SO-OFTEN, ANNIE



## Mickey Weremouse



## PHAETON



## Horny



# Contact Bridge

By B. J. BEAKER

## NORTH

♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7  
6 5 4 3 2  
♥ Void  
♦ Void  
♣ Void

## EAST

♠ Void  
♥ A Q 10 9 8 2  
♦ A 4  
♣ J 8 6 5 2

## WEST

♠ Void  
♥ A J 10 7 5  
4 2  
♦ K J 2  
♣ A 5 3

## SOUTH

♠ Void  
♥ K Q 8 7 3 2  
♦ A 4 2  
♣ 7 6 5 2

North dealer (how'd you guess?)  
Everyone very vulnerable.

North East South West  
7♠ Pass Pass out Pass

Since South is only dummy, play continues. West leads ace of hearts which falls as North judiciously decides to trump. When North's following spade lead shows East, South and West all void, East gives West a worried nod and wink. West, however, has been talking to a kibitzer and doesn't notice. East, realizing that West has missed his signal when two more tricks have fallen to North's uncanny leads, tries a hard kick under the table, kicking South by mistake (South is still unconscious). When two more tricks have fallen, East, realizing that West has not only missed his kicking signal, but the high-high-low, red-black-red discard (calling for discreet cheating by partner), kicks at West again. East's kick again misses West, but upsets table. "Great defensive play!" says kibitzer. South, now revived, complains bitterly to North, "I told you we'd never make seven spades." West proposes friendly card game for next day, but North suggests bridge instead.



Scene at M.I.T. after recent tuition riots.

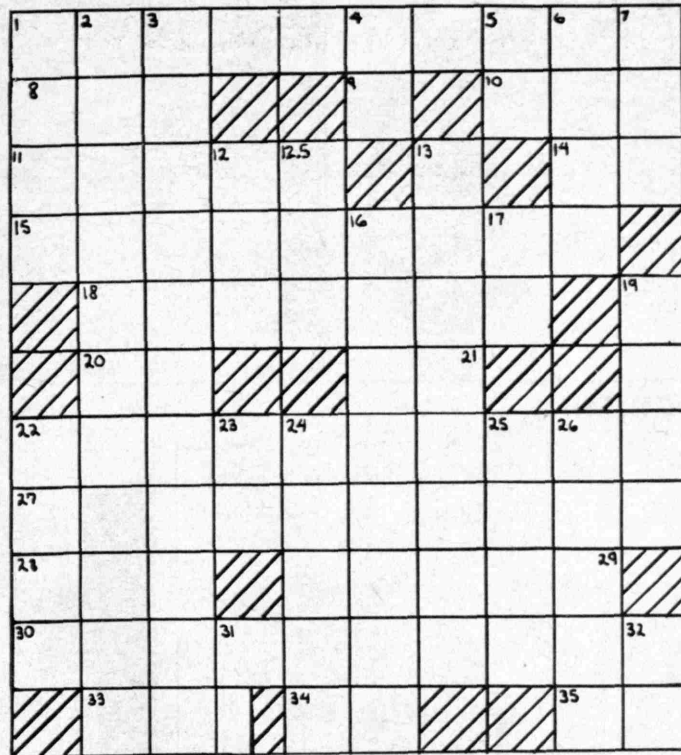
## DAILY QUIZ

Score of 1-4 is terrible, 5-7 is good, 8-10 is excellent, 12 or more impossible.

- Firch is a product of: a) Portsmouth Naval Base, b) South America, c) Pregnant Apes, d) your imagination.
- South America is: a) a plant, b) a tropical disease, c) a continent, d) a concomitant.
- Alcohol is a cure for: a) South America, b) dope addiction, c) radiation sickness, d) pregnant apes.
- The ecbaipfak is commonly found in: a) South America, b) the White House, c) carbonated firch, d) alcohol.
- Thomas Aquinas is: a) a man, b) a mouse, c) a soft drink, d) a pregnant ape.
- The Seven Dwarfs appear regularly on: a) page 7, b) the 5c stamp, c) the cover of "US News and World Report," d) Hullabaloo.
- A warlock is: a) a secret room at the Pentagon, b) the son of a witch, c) a pregnant ape, d) found in South America.
- Apes are commonly found in: a) trouble, b) South America, c) the Bronx zoo, d) a secret room in the Pentagon.
- The Inner Belt is: a) inside the Outer Belt, b) a women's undergarment, c) expensive, d) expansive.
- Harvard Square is headquarters for: a) Harvard, b) squares, c) the Communist conspiracy, d) pregnant apes.

## DAILY CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by Archibald Crisscross



- ACROSS**
- Masticate rather not the receptacle now . . .
  - A weighty atomic term reach a
  - George, lets mature not park relationship —George, lets not etc. Grande
  - A long laugh 29 Dick of St.
  - Symbol of Louis (see Jewish America—the Bald—
  - 30 A fast ale
  - 33 You'll get a bang out of this
  - 14 Really stewed (abbr.)
  - 34 In addition (abbr.)
  - 15 All that VooDoo Stands for
  - 35 Course 495
- DOWN**
- 1 What we all crave
  - 2 Confession of Nikita K.
  - 3 Singular sea-going Suffolk commanded by Annie
  - 4 Cube root of 16 Commons (Jolly Green 17 River in Sweden (no kidding) to live? 19 King of the kittens
  - 6 On Noah count will we 23 What you put be responsible in your mouth for the (abbr.)
  - 24 Well-known initials relating to faculty
  - 7 Aftermath of Commons
  - 25 The rain (Brit.)
  - 26 A Jewish sandbox
  - 31 Eat (abbr.)
  - 13 A 5.0 Pizza Hog (not Isaac)
  - 32 Color of horse (abbr.)
- Note: Contrary to popular belief, there is a solution to this puzzle that is mostly legitimate. We apologize for poor spelling and grammar.

Crossword solution on page 4

## Horrorscope 7

Continued from page 6, col. 1 death. In general, people will regard your advice as fishy, although some will fall for it like a tuna bricks. You will fall for their advice hook, line, and sucker. Dampen your spirits often (it's cheaper). You can find wealth and happiness in a profession if you are a sturgeon.

**MARCH 21 — APRIL 20 (Aries)** — If you're of British descent, exercise caution. Today is likely to be pretty 'airy. Be on the lookout for members of the opposite sex who are just wild about Aries. But don't let them ram anything down your throat (?).

**YOU BORN TODAY** — You have learned to read very quickly. Bully for you. You are a brilliant exponent of modern, scientific thinking. Put your energies into avoiding those who seek to dampen your spirits (like everyone who knows it's your birthday). Help others who have allergies enjoy spring by carrying out operations to remove flowers. Think big; enjoy your dreams while you can. Go to Texas and buy a big spread. Fight and get in. Do as you're told. Send 25c in cash or stamps (and any good jokes) to: Box 1060 Baker House to bring lasting joy.

### (A Dramatization) New Medical Discovery Shrinks ECBAIPFAKS Without Surgery

**Preparation E with Flio-Slyme**  
Hospital-tested on our most patient patients and in case after case patients had 21% smaller ecbaipfaks in 21% fewer hours.  
Use Preparation E for topping ice cream sundaes, as a hair cream, in your soup, or as a deodorant.  
Available at bleeding drug-stores everywhere.

### Quiz Answers

ANSWERS: 1—the John Firch Society, 2—smelly, 3—hangovers, 4—heat, 5—dead, 6—the Enovid Hour, 7—horny, 8—the bathtub, 9—non-existent, 10—the Mattachine Society.

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LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

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AGNES MOOREHEAD  
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Harvard Cube

"WHERE LOVE HAS GONE"  
"CONJUGAL BED"

Dodge City

36 HOURS  
STARTS FRIDAY!  
WHY BOYS ARE BOYS

Lynda

"Kiss Me, Lassie and  
"Sex and the Single Iguana"

0 "BABY THE RAIN MUST FALL  
2 "UNDER THE YUM YUM TREE"

Loe's Oedipus

A LONG HOT ELKE SOMMER



HALF A SIXPENCE

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Suffok

FANNY HILL  
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Caesar's Ghost  
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"WHAT A WAY TO GO"

THIS SAT. & SUN. MATINEES ONLY  
AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES  
NOW - THOSE 7 DWARFS WITH  
SNOW WHITE COME TO LIFE!

"THE 7 DWARFS TO THE RESCUE"  
FULL-LENGTH FEATURE! (NOT A CARTOON!)



ADULTS ONLY!

"LUSTY, EARTHY... Magnificent!"  
—Marjory Adams Globe

**KNICKERLICKERS TRIUMPH**

# Hapless Smelts Edged, 288-69

New Yawk (APE)—The miserable Boston Smeltics continued on the path of their miserable march to their perennial position in the cellar of the Eastern division of the NBA, as they absorbed another trouncing from the first-place New Yawk Knickerlickers, this time by a score of 288 (two gross!) to 69.

Bill Bussell, tall-scoring star of the Smelts, went scoreless again tonight for the

third straight game. "Somebody tied my shoelaces together again," moaned Bill for the third straight game. Havacheek and Heinmoohn were the only two Smelts to score tonight, each dunking 34½ points.

An unusual highlight of the game occurred midway thru the 14th period, when Johnny Least, Smelts play-by-play announcer, suddenly tumbled out of his booth from high above courtside and landed with

a thud right on the head of the key.

S. Jones thought he was the basketball, picked him up, and drove in for a lay-up. However, Least bounced off the rim; but J. Jones hauled in the rebound, passed off to R. Jones, who sent Least over to P. Jones. Jones handed off to O.K. Jones, who passed to B.T.B. Jones, who let go with a 30-foot jump shot from the outside. This time Least bounced off the backboards, off the outstretched hands of Bussell, and up into the

crowd, where he was caught by a happy fan, who mistook him for a basketball because by this time, Least was dribbling.

At this point, referee Victor Borgia called a technical foul on Boston. Coach Ourback jumped to his feet, irate, whereupon a fan yelled, "Hey Boston, why is your coach Red?"

Bob Doozy led the victorious Knickerlickers with 169 points. The box score:

NEW YAWK			
	G	F	T
Climberlain	1	2	4
Wist	1	2	4
Robertasun	0	1	1
Doozy	40	89	169
Pefite	4	2	10
Chambermaid	0	100	100
Dishfought	0	0	0
Alsinder	0	0	0
Wayler	0	0	0
Totals	46	196	288

BOSTON			
	G	F	T
Heinmoohn	1½	31½	34½
Jones, S.	0	0	0
Jones, J.	0	0	0
Jones, R.	0	0	0
Jones, O.K.	0	0	0
Havacheek	2	30½	34½
Jones, B.T.B.	0	0	0
Bussell	0	0	0
Slanders	0	0	0
Gnawlis	0	0	0
Jones, I.H.T.F.P.	0	0	0
Totals	3½	62	69

New York	2	2	280	4-288
Boston	66	1	1	1-69

## Radisch, Yazymrwszki, Monbucket, Sidelined As Sox Start to Gel

Three of the top Red Sox stars will be out of action tonight, when the Bosox meet the Minnesota Vikings tonight at Fenway Park, manager Hilly Berman announced today.

Ace relief pitcher Dick Radisch spilled half-a-cup of hot coffee on his ankle, and is not expected to return to the lineup until early in May. Batting champion Carl Yazymrwszki developed a large pimple on his left pinky which hurt him so much during batting practice that he feels he will be sidelined for at least a month.

Bill Monbucket was struck on the arm — his pitching arm — with a rather large pigeon feather during the 7th inning of last night's game, and will be out indefinitely.

"I think the club is finally starting to gel," added Berman.

## Submarine Races

The Sixty-Ninth annual Cambridge Submarine Races will be run tonight in Memorial Drive Amphitheatre, situated on Memorial Drive along the Charles River bank, beginning at about 10 p.m.

Periscopes will be available at a nominal fee, but with, or without them, the Races can be easily viewed from any parked car along the river bank.

**WORLD'S BEST MOONER**  
**Leon pinky Gotcha**

BORN IN REDEYE, MASS.  
 WINNER OF INTERNATIONAL GOLDEN TROUSERS 10 TIMES  
 "TIENS ET MOONS"  
 WINNER OF FREEZOR ASOR CO THE TRANS-SIBERIA ENDURANCE MARATHON

STARTED HIS CAREER ON TED MACK'S AMATEUR HOUR, CO-INVENTOR (WITH TOWNES OF MIT) OF MOOSER (MOON LASER); AUTHOR OF FEAR DROPS TROU; DIED TRAGICALLY AT AN AERIAL EXHIBITION, WHEN, UNBEKNOWNST TO ALL, HE SUBSTITUTED A BANNER FOR HIS PARACHUTE; FOUNDER OF THE QUASIMODO INSTITUTE FOR PARAPLEGIC MOONERS

GOTCHA  
 W-RODE

## LUCK WITH PUCK

# B's Win Stanley Cup

By MON D. OLEAHAN

Boston—Led by Johnny Pucyk's hat trick, Reggie Flaming's coat trick, and goalie Eddie Johnston's puck-swallowing trick, the Boston Brewins routed the Toronto Maple Griefs 8-1, in a National Hockey League game played here last night before a panting throng of 13,069 S.R.O.

Thus the Brewins managed to hold on to their slim 2-point lead over the New Yawk Grungers in their neck-in-puck-nip-and-tuck battle for first place. The Grungers beat the Black Dawks of Chicago 8-1, while Mountweall bested into Detroit Red Slings 19-0, in a rather one-sided affair.

The Griefs were first to score, as star Andy Takeabathgate fired a wicked shot from the green line as Boston goalie Johnston accidentally got in the way of it; the puck sailed through Johnston's stomach, out his back, and into the net for the score.

But the Brewins wasted no time striking back. With Ted Spleen in the penalty box for spearing, Flaming stole the puck from Mayihavalick, skated over the purple line, came in all alone on Grief

goalie Sawpuk, faked him out of position, and parked the puck in the open corner of the net as he skated over Sawpuk's prostrate body.

From then on, it was Boston all the way. Pucyk put in his own rebound at 10:21; Halivah put in Pucyk's rebound at 10:25; Rebound put in Halivah's puck at 10:30; by 11 o'clock everybody went for a coffee break.

Johnston was spectacular in the Boston nets, making seven saves throughout the entire game, many of them of the spectacular variety. At one point, the Grief's Red "Smelly" Kelly lifted the puck at Eddie from close in; well, Eddie just closed his eyes and opened his mouth, and (Gulp!) swallowed the puck as thousands of wide-mouthed on-lookers choked on their beer.

The crowd was in a more belligerent mood than usual, and kept yelling for the Brewins to start a fight, so they wouldn't have to waste their time playing hockey. However, no major brawl materialized, and the fans had to content themselves with cheering only when two of the Toronto players were seriously injured and had to be carried off the ice on stretchers, bleeding and unconscious. Flaming won applause when, seeking to outdo Pucyk's hat trick, he grabbed an overcoat from one of the fans in the front row and tossed it out on the ice right in front of an on-rushing Maple Grief, who tripped and fell into the boards with a crash. Flaming's coat trick won him also a 5-minute penalty for deliberate-intent-to-injure, but the fans loved it.



**ACTION ON ICE:** Brewins battle ferociously for puck before capacity crowd at Boston Garden.

**BOSTON (8):** G—Johnston, D—Spleen, Awful, F—Pucyk, Halivah, Thrilliams, Alternates—Flaming, The Great Ab McDoughnut, Girlvin, Knobbs, Oceans, Woygofish, Kurtenfront, Snowshoes Johnson, McString, Forbsie, Deano, Shock.

**TORONTO (1):** G—Sawpuk, D—Brewer, Horton, F—Mayihavalick, Takeabathgate, "Smelly" Kellye, Alternates—Hull, Ullman, Howe, Richard, Gilbert, Pilote, Laperierre, Gadsby, Pronovost, Keon, Pulford, Mikita, Ledlie, Gordon, Deber.

**FIRST PERIOD:** Takeabathgate (Mayihavalick, Kellye) 1:53; Flaming (unmolested) 2:45; Pucyk (Pucyk) 10:51; Halivah (Pucyk) 10:52; Rebound (Halivah) 10:53; Coffee Break (McDoughnut) 11:00. Penalties—Spleen (0:17); Spleen (1:52); Flaming (2:46); Flaming, Spleen (16:53); Howe, Knobbs (5 minutes, 19:59).

**SECOND PERIOD:** Kurtenfront (Oceans, Knobbs) (7:05); Knobbs (McString, Thrilliams) (18:17). Penalties—Spleen (0:17); Flaming (0:18); Spleen (2:17); Flaming (2:18); Spleen (4:17); Flaming (4:18); Spleen (5 minutes, 10 minute misconduct) (6:17); Flaming (5 minutes, 10 minute misconduct) (6:18).

**THIRD PERIOD:** Johnston (unassisted) (19:59). Penalties—Spleen (5 minutes, 10 minute misconduct) (1:17); Flaming (5 minutes, 10 minute misconduct) (1:18).

Boston	5	2	1-8
Toronto	1	0	0-1

Saves—Johnston, 2, 3, 2; total 7. Sawpuk, 22, 33, 44; total 99.

Officials: Referee—Frank Stradivarius. Linesmen—George Legstrong, Matt Unravelich.

Attendance—13,069.