

Home & Liberty

May
1957



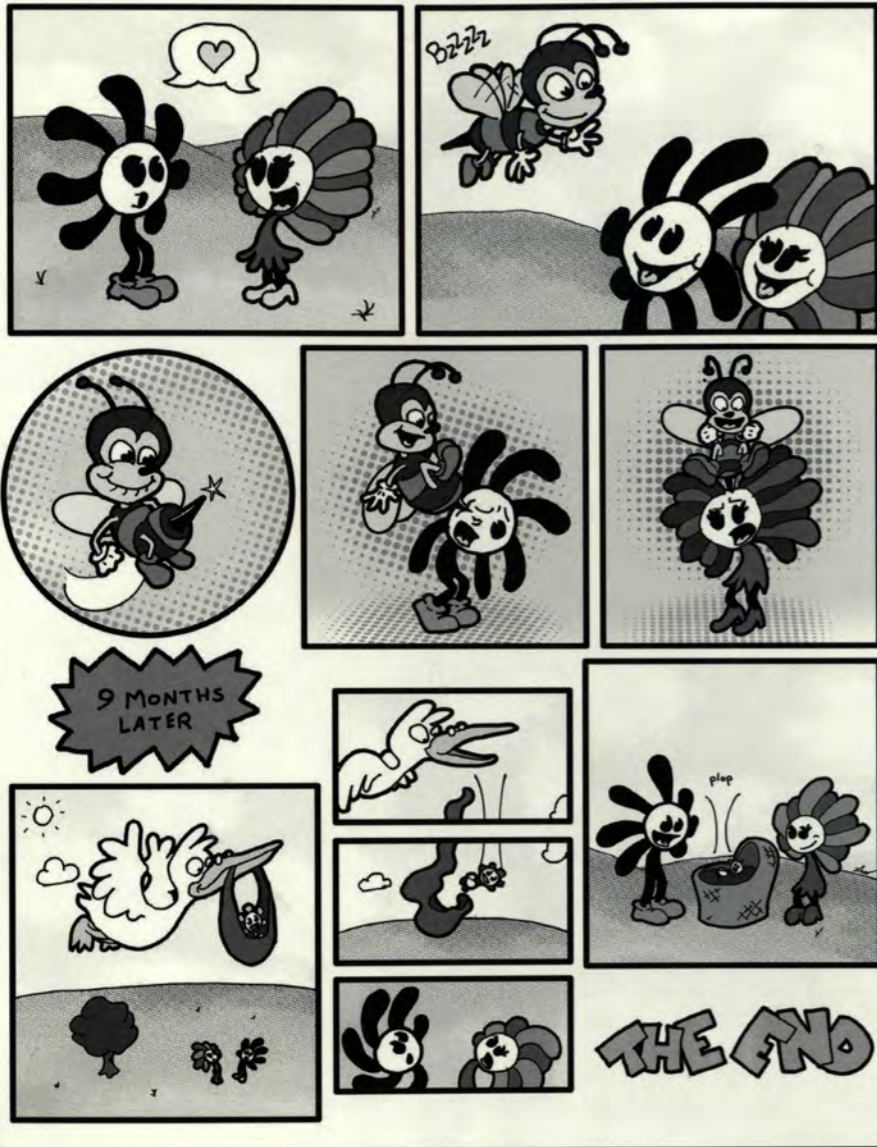
A Day With the Clarks,
an American Family



A Stanford Chaparral Parody

\$4.00

Pete the Flower in: The Birds 'n The Bees



HOME & LIBERTY thanks the following for invaluable help with this and all issues:

The anonymous faculty member who loaned the facade of their home for this month's cover. Dear Sir and Ma'am, you have a lovely home and you should be quite proud.

As always, thank you to Ray, a stand-up businessman and consummate professional, and to the whole of Prodigy Press for the crucial work you do to make HOME & LIBERTY a reality.

Thank you to President Truman for your behavior during the war.

Thank you to President Eisenhower for taking over afterwards and doing all right.

To the VA: thank you for distributing our magazine to all the worthy war vets in your hospitals across the nation. Thank you for doing it for free so that we are not paid for it.

Thank you to our sturdy deliveryman Robert.

Thank you to our freelance photographer Michael Pihulic. We would hire you permanently but you keep refusing.

Thank you gin for your restorative properties.

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Thanks to Owen, Neil, Catherine B., Dustin, and the whole HOME & LIBERTY crew in Los Angeles. They risk their lives in Hollywood so that we may stay at home and enjoy our freedom and for that we should all be grateful.

Thank you Kirsten for the invitation to your birth-day party.



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Home & Liberty

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Creating
 improvements
 in every facet
 of life

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Just one
little pill
To her mouth
from your palm
Takes your wife
from shrill
To perfectly
calm



Valium

EDITORS' NOTE

Now that years have passed since our nation last saw war or depression, it is worth considering if we will ever have to experience these terrible blights again. This is certainly a bold question to ask, but there are reasons to be optimistic. After all, with each passing day our prosperity only grows, we are conquering disease, and we are friends and allies with all of the great developed nations.

Now that's jumping the gun a little bit, to be sure. It would be foolish to ignore our enemies in the East; they are spreading their propaganda at an alarming rate and they have built a formidable war machine. But one glance at their economic strategy is enough for a simple schoolboy to know that they are headed for collapse, and when this happens peace will be left in its wake. Where, then, will we turn our national attention?

Now that's where we come in. Home & Liberty is dedicated to documenting and bettering the American lifestyle as we blaze a trail yet deeper into this modern century. When the world no longer needs our constant supervision, we will be free to focus on improving ourselves, and we will be able to perfect all those parts of ourselves that are, for now, just "good enough". Doesn't that sound nice?

No longer will you have to put up with a pertussal baby or a cluttered sitting room. Your pie crust can be perfect, your car can get 14 miles to the gallon, and your children can be collegians without the help of the GI Bill. And with the increasing domestic efficiency made possible by new technology, you'll never have to miss the newest film or the game on Sunday for the sake of laundry and yardwork.

So is it just that simple? The Sturm und Drang types out there might argue that we better ourselves through struggle, and that without hardship we will end up weak and shallow. The Editors of Home & Liberty firmly believe that these malcontents are just afraid of bliss. This is not to say that bliss is an easy thing to accept—it will take great national bravery to throw aside the traditions of history and move into a new era of unity and harmony.

Now that we've made our mission clear, we invite you to join us. Read our articles and reflect on how you can become a better American. We try to touch on every facet of culture so that no opportunities for improvement escape you and your loved ones. We also invite you to participate: share your newest recipes, and let us hear your stories of neighborly kindness. Think of our nation not as a series of separate meals taken alone, but as one large potluck, free and open to all who care enough to bring a dish to the table. Extend your hand. Make a friend for yourself, or for your child. Home & Liberty is a magazine about you and for you, dear reader, and we hope that what you find between its

covers helps you to gracefully inherit the wonderful future that Lady Fortune has bequeathed to us. God bless America, and God bless this wonderful age we live in.

-THE OLD BOYS



NEW LINGO

by JOHN LYMAN

There's a new wave of style taking hold in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and no one can quite put their finger on what it is. At midtown's Reynolds High School, though, there are reports that it's no longer a crisp crew cut and physician father that reel in the popularity points. We sat down with Curtis "Mulekick" Fonseca, a junior at Reynolds, to find out more about this growing fad.

So Curtis, I graduated from high school a decade ago. Back then, to be popular was simply to be keen. How are things different today?

With all due respect, Mr. Thompson, that is Soc talk you're spewing. Those stitched vests wouldn't know a walk in the park from a matinee date...probably because they can afford both. Money isn't enough these days. Rich or not, you need to act tuff if you want to be popular.

Tough? But are you saying to be popular is simply to muscle others out—to be a fighter?

No, no, not that kind of tough. What I'm talking about is tuff. T-U-F-F.

Well then, what do you mean by "tuff"?

You know, tuff! Like a tuff record. Or, um, a tuff Mustang. You know?

No, not really. How is that different from the other tough? It seems like your style of dress and overall attitude could fall under the "tough"category just as easily.

No no, but it's completely different. My brother Two-Piece Swanson? He's tough. Guys like me and Quentin Ezmeraldo, on the other hand--we're tuff.

But all three of you were wearing leather jackets and sneering when I approached you for the interview.

Yeah I know, but did you see our flasks? Quentin and I, we were wearing some really tuff flasks.

Well I notice now, but only because you are exposing it out of your completely open zipper.

You are hopeless. Hmm, let's try this again.... Have you ever known, like, a tuff cookie?

Yeah, tough cookie. That's like someone who is both strong and matronly, right?

No no, no. That is a tough cookie. Just like Ma. A tuff cookie's gotta be cool.

Got it! So tuff is cool, and it's also cool to be tough--as in, strong and rough.

That's right, both are considered compliments in my neighborhood.

But what I'm asking is, besides being tough, how else might someone qualify as tuff?

Preppy, I've just about had enuff of you. This interview is thruff. ♦

MODERN MOTHERHOOD

Dear Readers,

It hardly seems like a month since we spoke last, but now it's time again to discuss the trials and tribulations and the joys and jubilation of raising a family in this American age. Today my topic is a bittersweet one for me personally, as my daughter Hazel is, next week...GOING OFF TO WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

I know what you're thinking. Time it was, when I was 18, that our ladies wouldn't go off to colleges! And, Mrs. Barnes, you're nothing if not a traditional, ladylike woman. It's true I like my family habits and traditions, but I'm no stick in the mud. I can keep with the times with the best of them. And the fact is, times are changing and some of our women would like to go to places like Barnard and Mount Holyoke to study the great books and the like before they head back to get married.

Now I mentioned two of the most prominent women's colleges in that last paragraph, to demonstrate just how much I have learned about women's education since coming to terms with sweet simple Hazel going away. My daughter is going to Vassar. Vassar is not the most prestigious women's college (Smith is) but I don't mind that Hazel is attending there anyhow. In fact, I'm glad--I have heard the women at Smith are just so aggressive. Hazel could never keep pace with them and it wouldn't be nice to do so. She's too sweet.

"But surely, Mrs. Barnes," you must be thinking, "You can't have supported this from the first! Not a lovely lady such as yourself!" And you'd be right. I did a great deal of angry cleaning around my house in the weeks after my husband informed me Hazel would be attending Vassar. Wouldn't you know? I later found out it was he who had written and mailed in her application in the first place! At that point, what could I have done?

"But Mrs. Barnes!"

I know, dear reader. I worried, and worried. And I clean when I'm worried. My shelves haven't been so dust-free since I was a newlywed! Mostly, I was worried Hazel would find college too challenging. She is a fragile girl. You should have seen how wide her big blue eyes got when Charlie told her she'd be going to Vassar! She started squeaking and ran to her favorite hiding place between the back of the television couch and the wall. Since then, she cries nearly every day. Charlie says she just can't wait. He thinks it's lovely how excited she is to go to Vassar. And as for me, I've warmed to the idea, and I even feel a little jealous I never got the chance to take the sorts of classes I'm sure Hazel will get to take. I can't imagine how large her recipe book will be when she graduates!

This school is in Poughkeepsie, New York, which is just a lovely town. We have visited several times over the summer to measure my daughter's dormitory room for furnishing and to get Hazel acclimatized to the area. The first



time we visited Hazel refused to get out of the car. She just sat in the backseat with the blanket from our davenport wrapped around her head. Charlie spoke harshly to her and the next time we visited we enticed her out of the car with a bit of cherry pie (her favorite) and got her to stand in the door of her room with hands over her eyes. Eventually the excitement became too much for her and we cleaned the cherry pie filling off her lovely little eyebrows and took her home.

Now the time has come to take her to Poughkeepsie and leave her there for good. Charlie has said we'll just open the door of the car and send her and her trunk tumbling and live happily ever after, wiring her money occasionally. We all deal differently with losing our only darling; Charlie has always been one for whistling in the dark. As for me--well, I suppose I'll have to adjust, won't I? Just when I think I've seen everything motherhood could throw at me!

Your family's friend,

Eunice Barnes

P.S. I have heard from my neighbor Mrs. Heath that any good girl who goes to Bryn Mawr will be a Lesbian in just six months' time. Urge your daughters not to attend Bryn Mawr, for this reason. I mentioned this to Charlie before bed the other night and he rolled over and said, "Hazel can munch all the aprons she wants if she gets out of this house." Charlie is quite funny sometimes!

*A reminder from
your representatives in
government...*

*Not all bearded men are
Russians, but all Russians
have beards!*

ON THE LINKS WITH.....



“IKE”

by **BILLY KEMPER**

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I met the President on the first hole, a few minutes before our scheduled one o'clock tee-time. In his typical jocular fashion, the President tapped his watch and shook his head. "You reporters run on a different time than us normal people," he said. When I looked down at my own watch to see if this was true, my glance was interrupted by a good-natured chuckle. "Oh, you're fine, you're fine," he said, "I just always get here fifteen minutes early so I can do my calisthenics."

With intense concentration, the President proceeded to stretch his arms out to his sides, and then brought them together in a clap. He repeated this motion at least thirty times, while I stood to the side, waiting for an opportunity to sneak in my own hand to introduce myself. After finishing his finger stretches, this moment arrived. "Mr. President, I'm Ben Henderson, reporting on behalf of **Home & Liberty**." The President grinned and shook his head, saying "Oh, none of this 'Mr. President' claptrap; it's Dwight! Or as my friends call me, 'Ice.'"

"Ice?" I asked, but the President just smiled and turned to his golf bag. After pulling out his one wood, the President inspected it and decided it needed a little polishing. When he was done with the club, the President turned the rag on his own head, buffing the top of his crown with intense vigor. "Gotta keep it all smooth, if you want to be on the ball!" he remarked. "Speaking of balls, you got any?" I said I did, and turned to my bag to fetch some, but the President stopped me. "Oh no, I was just making sure you had some for yourself. I've got two of my own in my pockets," he said, grinning. He then whipped out three balls, throwing one at me - "Think fast!" he yelled. It was a ping-pong ball. "Ping-pong, Mr. President?" I asked. "No, not now, but maybe I could be persuaded to afterwards. And please, call me sir," he said as he set up his shot.

continued on page 7

He was aimed noticeably to the right, of which I was at first hesitant to point out, but eventually felt compelled to interrupt. He assured me it was fine, explaining that it would compensate for his wicked slice. He turned back to the ball, fixed his stare, and then held his breath before unleashing his swing. The ball sailed far to the right, out of bounds. "Not exactly what I was looking for, but I'll take it!"

I teed up soon after, hitting a modest shot that landed in the fairway. "Didn't see it, but it sure sounded pretty," the President remarked as he spryly picked up his bag and bounded down the course. When we reached my ball, the President immediately picked out a club and hit it, without missing a beat. He played the rest of hole, oblivious to the fact that I was no longer partaking. "Whew," he said, wiping his brow after his last putt. "Well I guess we didn't fare too well on that hole; we'll just say it was a practice," he said while slapping my back.

It wasn't until the fourth hole that I suggested he aim slightly to the left, as his slice already made the ball fly right. The President immediately turned around and scolded me, saying he didn't "talk politics on the golf course, only women and iced tea." For the next four holes we did exactly that; the President gave me his opinions of popular female singers, finally concluding that if Georgia Gibbs and Sunny Gale were related they would be a more talented sibling duo than the "washed-up Beverly Sisters." Interspersed throughout this discussion were brief comments about his love of iced tea - "I just love how cold it is!" - eventually culminating in an allusion to plans for installing an iced tea fountain in front of the White House.

The ninth hole ended up being our ultimate hole; the President said his ankles couldn't take any more beating, and that "Mamie still has no idea where I've been for the past three days." Always one to see a job until completion, the President drew out his scorecard and filled out the rest with numbers that he deemed appropriate. "Two above my personal best; not bad for a Saturday!" he remarked.

The President and I parted ways soon after, though not before we shared a nice cold glass of iced tea together. "I've always said, you never really know a man until you've shared a glass of iced tea with him. It really tells you about his character, primarily that he likes iced tea." When I asked why we had to share out of the same cup, the President explained to me that it was an Eisenhower tradition, from his mother's side. At that we shook hands and went our separate ways. As I watched the leader of our great nation walk into the horizon, it was then that I realized he wasn't wearing any shoes. ♦

A HOUSE BUY

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Dimensions: This house is comfortably sized. But will you think so? If you want more than you have and crave too much you will not be happy here.

If you think you can be happy here, we can discuss the number of bedrooms. Any modest number would be acceptable. Do not be greedy.

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No pictures; trust that a family can live here happily and humbly. If you cannot trust in that the house is not for you.

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A LAUGH A DAY

BY JOSHUA MEISEL AND NICK GARDNER

Hey cats and dolls,
It's May and you know what that means: Memorial Day! So you'd better have your best material for the neighborhood cookout. Try these zingers, zazzers, zoomers and zops (zonk!) out and you're sure to be the life of the party, or at least you'd be a helluva lot funnier than my inlaws! Zing! I'm just kidding, they're great people... to make fun of. Badaboom!

I've been in love with the same woman for 50 years. If my wife ever finds out, she'll kill me!

I have sex with a woman with big beautiful blue eyes. My wife has big beautiful eyes. What a coincidence!

I've been married to the same woman for 30 years. If my wife ever finds out, she'll kill me!

The other day my brother asked me why I look so sad. I told him, "My wife, she's so ugly. And my wife's not too good-looking herself!" The first time I was talking about a monkey!

I was walking my dog the other day. If my wife ever finds out, she'll kill me!

I was walking my dog the other day. Turns out it was my wife!

I was walking my wife the other day. If she ever finds out, she'll kill my dog!

I was cheating on my wife the other day. If she finds out, my dog will kill himself!

I was cheating on my wife the other day. If my dog finds out, he'll tell my wife!

I was cheating on my wife the other day. With my dog!

My wife and my dog left me. For each other!

My wife and my dog ran away. They killed each other!

A man was walking down the street when he saw a group of people running a race. Halfway to the finish line, they all bumped into a tree. Not giving up, they tried to repeat the race, but they all bumped into the same tree again. After a few

more attempts, the man finally approached one of the racers. "How can you keep running the race?! You know you're simply going to bump into the tree again!" The runner replied, "I must be on the stupid pills!!!"

My wife just got home and already, the kitchen's still a mess. I have to go take care of my business! Just don't ask me what my business is. Until next time, until next time...◆



The curtains have opened,
the stage has been set...
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a smart driver's best bet!

TRENDS IN HEALTH

by MEGHAN MCCURDY

In our rapid-change world, it can be hard to keep up with the latest health trends. **Home & Liberty** collects the latest advice from doctors so you don't have to. It is our pleasure to present to you May 1957's up-to-date medical advice, to keep you healthy, happy, and vibrant well into the next decade.

Medical advice on fats: The same fats that make steaks and cakes so delicious are, as it turns out, rather bad for you. Fats get trapped in the hard-to-reach corners of your mouth and can cause pimples and unsightly skin rashes no man or woman wants on the face they present to the world. When eating a cut of meat ringed or sandwiched in moisture-sealing fat, be sure to have a napkin handy to wipe the corners of your mouths. After an especially delicious meal, wash around your mouth with a light white castile bar soap.

Medical advice on salts: Steaks and chickens need a good salting before they can be served on any respectable table, but sodium can bring the doctor running. Salt related wrist injuries have been on the rise in America and American eaters need be conscious. Enjoy the tang of well milled salt without the heart-ache, and the heart-break; most families

use a very heavy hand in applying their salting products. Use a lighter touch. Do not grip the shaker as though it were a steering wheel but rather a delicate eggshell, and tap lightly on the shaker's side to unleash a much healthier stream of salt. For extra health benefits, try a snazzy wrist twist as you dispense the salt. All of this is a healthier way to apply that salt you crave.

Medical advice on fish: While many Americans find enjoyment in eating fish they purchased at the market or even caught themselves in Mother Springtime's abundant rivers and streams, doctors advise urgently that all Americans should avoid eating fish whenever possible. While it is true that many fish are an inexpensive, healthy, and tasty source of meat for your family, the number of fish species in our rivers, streams, and oceans is unfathomable. Scientists have no hope of ever cataloguing them all. Various species have different effects on the human physiology; for every species that provides excellent diet and digestion three more species cause horrible lesions and boils. It is generally safer to avoid fish altogether for this reason.

Medical advice on sweets & sugars: Apple pie in the fall, pumpkin and pecan and mincemeat during the holidays, fruit pies in spring and summer...it seems the calendar is made just to fit in all the delicious varieties of pie Mother Nature has to offer. Yet too much pie can attack the waistline and cause vitamin deficiency, particularly when pie is eaten out-of-season, when the body is unused to its particular nutritional aspect. To combat this problem, only eat the pie that is currently in season. In spring, enjoy all the strawberry pie you want! In November, eat as much pumpkin pie as you can! Listening to the natural rhythms of your body will prevent health problems arising from incorrect dessert consumption.

Medical advice on red meats: The meats we eat are divided into two colors: red and white. Delicate, lighter meats like chicken and fish are considered white meat. More robust meat like steak and pork is considered "red" meat for its undeniably better flavor and blood. Many diners enjoy the rare taste of a piece of red meat barely cooked; however, few diners recognize that it is the blood in this red meat that renders it a hazard to the healthy modern man. Eating red meat too rare can cause heart attack and stroke, to reduce the risk, simply cook your red meat longer to eliminate the amount of blood contained within it. With it, you will eliminate the danger of eating red meat.

Be sure to turn to **Home & Liberty** next month for important medical updates as we turn our appetites towards the impending summer. Until then, be well from all of us at your magazine family! ◆



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Real American Heroes

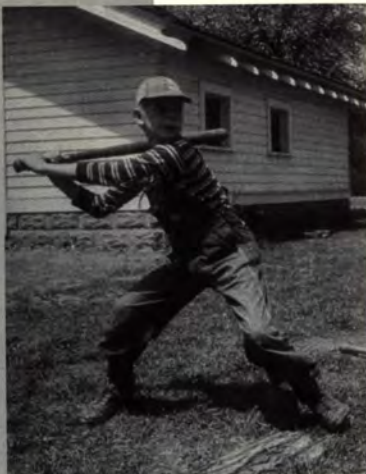
Teens across the country making a difference in their communities

James Lewis

15; Green Hills, Iowa

Why he's a hero: James Lewis was never a big fan of history class – until they started studying the Great Depression, that is. “What Roosevelt did for our country as president was incredible,” he says. “It’s hard to imagine him battling polio that whole time as well.” James wanted to do something for others facing this same difficulty, so he put his best skills to use. “I knew there had to be a way for me to combine saving lives with baseball,” he says. Now, under James’ Pitching Out Polio charity, his Little League team donates all proceeds from their Saturday afternoon games to fighting the disease. “It feels good to know I’m doing something good while I’m doing something I love,” he says.

His Real American Hero: Babe Ruth



Linda Hamerson

13; Apache Springs, Oklahoma

Why she's a hero: When Linda Hamerson was born, doctors thought she would never walk, much less win her school’s hula hoop competition. But she’s proved them wrong time and time again. “I didn’t want to be stuck in a chair for my whole life,” Linda says. Learning to walk at age eight was a major battle, but now playing outside with her friends is one of her favorite activities. “I’ve been working hard so that I can be a regular kid,” Linda says. “Beating the other kids in my school at hula hoop proves that I achieved my dream, and so can everybody else.”

Her Real American Hero: Doris Day

Charles Greer

17; Appleton, Wisconsin

Why he's a hero: When the final school bell rings, Charles Greer’s work isn’t done. Every day, he’s out around his neighborhood, scouting for Communists until dinnertime. “I love my country, and I’m not going to let anybody threaten our freedom,” he says. Equipped with his bike and an 18 mm shotgun, Charles is serious about defending his country. “My dad has been teaching me to shoot since I was seven,” he says, “so I’m ready for any threat.” Charles hasn’t caught anyone yet, but that won’t stop this determined young man. “If those Commies ever try and attack Appleton, they’ve got another thing coming,” he says.

His Real American Hero: Senator Joseph McCarthy



Thomas Lipton

16; Ashby Heights, Texas

Why he's a hero: On weekend afternoons, you’re sure to see boys playing baseball in the park all across the country. Well, not everywhere, according to Thomas Lipton. “Our parks were a wreck,” he says. “There was a trash everywhere, the grass wasn’t mowed, and the police won’t even talk about what was going on in the bathrooms.” The boys of Ashby Heights were stuck without a place to play, so Thomas organized a park cleanup crew. “We’ve been working every day after school and all day on the weekends,” he says. “It’s almost ready and I can’t wait!”

You can be a hero too: “If you do a good thing for the community, you’re still doing something good for yourself.”



Richard Yates

13; St. Sioux Falls, North Dakota

Why he's a hero: In St. Sioux Falls, they call Richard Yates the Cat Catcher. But it’s not what you think. “Last year, my neighbor’s cat got stuck in a tree,” he says. “They called her for hours, but she wouldn’t come down. So finally, I just climbed up there and got her.” Now, whenever someone needs help finding a lost cat or retrieving a cat that has crawled under the house, they know who to call.

You can be a hero too: “Love thy neighbor as thyself.”

Judith Grey

16; Pleasanton, Missouri

Why she's a hero: When Judith Grey saw that teens in her community were getting into trouble on Saturday nights, she knew she had to do something. “There was never anything going on,” she says. “People were bored and so they did a lot of stupid things.” That’s when Judith talked her Home Economics teacher into hosting a quilting bee every Saturday night so that local teens would have a safe place to go and hang out. “I stayed home and quilted most Saturday nights,” she says, “and I thought other kids might like to join me.” The quilting bee has been a huge success; according to Pleasanton Police Chief Douglas Scott, crime is way down in the area.

You can be a hero too: “Don’t worry about being cool, worry about doing the right thing. In the end, that’s all that matters.”



Mary Clark

18; Auburn Hills, Minnesota

Why she's a hero: When Mary Clark heard that her church’s summer Bible camp was being threatened by foreclosure, she knew she had to do something. “That camp has meant so much to me and so many other people,” she says. Mary held a bake sale to raise money for the camp, and the community turned out in droves. Now, she’ll be able to go back next year. “I’m so glad that the bake sales worked,” she says. “I can’t wait too see all my friends again.”

Her Real American Hero: Billy Graham

IN HIS OWN WORDS... "A G-MAN"

by JOSHUA ALVAREZ

The streets are a hard place. Sometimes the only refuge you have is that cup of joe you got at Andy's joint. You got kids running around with their shorts hanging down to their knee caps, rebellious adolescents with their disheveled flat top hair throwing down their turf signs with what they call "high-fives." Some rosy-cheeked kid with a mean-looking grin put his hand up and said, "Gimme five!" I almost did--with my Smith and Wesson.

My system is a Studebaker. I roll on 14-inch white walls that'd put your mother's apron to shame. The sun is always glaring, but it beats down harder on the intersection where I spend my days riding dirty--but with a handkerchief always at the ready. Main Street and Cherry Way is no place for decent people. Collars up, hands deep in pockets, hats tilted down is the way the neighborhood strolls. Boys sit against the gas station's walls, their eyes tripping, with a Coca-Cola peering out of a paper bag. I pulled up alongside a Woody and took a look inside. Sam Cooke's "You Send Me" was rumbling from the stereo. Me? I cruise to the King, and I don't apologize for it.

Amused with my tune selection, the Woody driver, a blonde dame with good posture, glanced up at me. She was styling a frisky leopard fur coat with long white gloves protruding from the sleeves. God Almighty, she was a tight little thing. Boy, I sure wouldn't have minded doing the Hanky Panky with her right then

and there. The light turned green and she peeled away leaving me at Main and Cherry with a woody of my own.

That's how it is out on the streets, Jack. There's no sympathy and there's no second place. Don't pity me though, I knew what I was signing up for. That's just the life of a g-man.

Joshua Alvarez (a pseudonym) works for the federal government in Roanoke, VA.

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AIR CHECK WITH BUDDY DEAL

Buddy Deal, *Home & Liberty's* resident television expert, joins us again to explain the intricacies of our newest, flashiest form of entertainment. Tune up your antennas and tune in to hear what he has to say--then you'll be an expert, too!

"Buddy Deal here! There is no question that our televisions bring us some of the greatest entertainment ever created, but many are surprised to learn that some programs do not present their subject matter with perfect historical accuracy, especially in the superior genre of Westerns. After all, it is Hollywood's job to dazzle us, not teach us facts. But for those sticklers out there who want to know what the TV gets wrong, my crack humdinger of an ace research team has compiled a list of inaccuracies, organized by subject.

Guns

Series like *The Lone Ranger* and *Gunsmoke* always have Indians armed with flintlock rifles, even if they have never previously encountered civilization. Indians didn't have guns before they were introduced by Europeans; they were still using crossbows to hunt and fight. Also, TV gunfights never show anybody reloading. In real life, though, the standard revolver can only fire nine shots before it needs more ammo.

Horses

In *Saddle Men*, hero Buck Chester puts blinders on his horse to make him go faster. Don't try this one at home--blinders make your horse blind, so he can go to sleep! The short-lived *Dueling Constables* featured a scene where an Indian stole a horse by hypnotizing him. Indians can of course talk to most animals, but they can only hypnotize a few species of bird.

Cattle

In *Trails and Tribulations*, Matt Whitaker states that the purpose of the cattle drive is to make the cows more tender. The main purpose is actually to get the cattle to market, and the tenderizing is just a fortunate consequence. *Saddles Ablaze* features multiple scenes where Indians on roller skates are towed into battle behind cows; in fact, only the Algonquins had mastered this technique, not the Navajo who are featured in the show.

Flapjacks

According to *Pistoleros*, more men died over who would get the last flapjack than during the entire civil war. Being set in 1643, the war between the states had not yet happened. *Gun Saddles* makes the false claim that the main motivation for Indian raids was flapjack theft, but the truth is that most Indians found the taste of flapjacks revolting.



Indians

In *Frontier Forever*, Bronco Maverick explains that the Indians had moved west to hide their gold in the Rockies. This migration was actually due to a fair treaty reached by friendly negotiations between the U.S. and the Indians. In *Cowpoke Gunblaze*, a character quips the only good Indians were dead Indians. There were actually two types of "good Indian": the Patuxet tribe, who helped the Pilgrims through their first winter in the New World, and dead Indians.

Well, that's all for this month's Air Check with me, Buddy Deal. Join me next month. Happy watching!" ♦



"How about Greek food? The Marshall Plan, you know."

A DAY WITH THE CLARKS

Here at Home & Liberty, we're concerned with the life of the average American. That's why we sent our photographer to capture the lives of the Clarks, an average family from Indianapolis. We followed them through a typical day, exploring the hopes and happiness of the suburbs. We hope you enjoy this window into paradise.



In the morning, Mr. Clark leaves for work. His wife and son see him off.



The closets are bare, hopefully Mr. Clark makes some sales at work today.



Mrs. Clark decorates while her son waits patiently for his father to come home.



"Papa, you're home!"



No sales today, dinner is a quiet one.



Ms. Clark tidies up during the day. Cleanliness is next to Godliness!



Keeping ahead of the dust is always an uphill battle.



Reading time in the evening helps the family unwind, and escape from their well worn routine.



Time for the son's voice lessons. Perhaps his angelic singing will be the family's ticket out of the rat race.

MONTHLY LIBATIONS

I want to mix my husband a new and surprising cocktail when he gets home from his business trip, but he comes home in one week and I don't have a babysitter to watch the kids before then, so I need to use what I have on hand. We have vodka, bitters, tonic, and some juices. What's a nice vodka cocktail I can make from these ingredients to surprise my husband?

-Bartending Housewife

Why not involve your family in preparations by making a nonalcoholic cocktail you can all enjoy? In a highball glass, mix the ingredients of:

Bitters
Tonic
Juices (the kinds you have)

Kids will thrill at drinking with the grownups, and you and your husband will hardly notice alcohol's absence. If you have time to get to the store, you may add a light rum or a gin, but children do not like vodka--leave that out.

What's a good house recipe for a standard Bloody Mary? My sister will be visiting town next weekend and I'd like to make a nice brunch for her--a batch of Bloody Marys would go very well with our brunch and our plans. I'm willing to pay a little more for a good vodka, but I also want to make sure I get the proportions right.

-Good Sister

Dearest Good, I think your mistake comes in assuming your sister would enjoy a vodka-based drink. Science shows most Americans have a natural aversion to vodka drinks, and your sister might even get sick if unwittingly served a Bloody Mary. Why run the risk of hurting someone you love? Try a mimosa instead:

1 part orange juice
1 part champagne

Mix well in nice glassware and enjoy your weekend together! The best thing about our free market society is the time that families get to spend together.

I'm trying to mix the perfect martini. Would you use vodka or gin? My friends all seem to differ on the issue, but I lean towards vodka myself.

-Red-Blooded Martini Man

Well, Vladimir, how convenient that you "lean towards vodka!" What a nice way that must be to use up the rations you receive on the public dole of the USSR. No doubt you're given vodka on the breadlines to cut the bitter chill of a Moscow winter wait. I'm not a violent man, but don't try to bring your insidious subterfuge here or I might become one. My recipe:

1 part gin
1 part dry vermouth

Don't let your kommandant tell you any differently; the only good vodka martini is a dead martini.

-THE BARTENDER



What I've been tipping on this month:

The Madison Avenue

1 part whiskey
2 parts soda
Garnish with twist of lemon

The Outer Boroughs

1 part whiskey
2 parts soda
Garnish with olive

The Upstate

1 part whiskey
2 parts soda
Garnish with maple stick

The Atlantic Corridor

1 part whiskey
2 parts soda
Garnish with fresh oyster

What
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say
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"Hey kids, it's me! **Don Putman** of the St. Louis Bombers! You want to know how I became one of the greatest ball stealers in the BAA, even at only 6'1"? Well I can tell you it was because of hard work, focus, and staying away from reefer! Basketball players hate reefer, so tell your friends that it's nothing to go ape about!"



"You know what gets me, Basketball Association of America great **Leo Klier** frosted? Marijuana! After playing back seat bingo with your best girl, make sure to let her know how you feel about marijuana. You may feel like a pooper at first, but trust me! It'll really razz your paper shaker's berries!"



"If there's one thing **Fuzzy Levane** can't stand, it's reefer. Only a spaz would touch that wet rag. Tell any squares who offer it to you to cram it up their wazoo. Then sock 'em right in the pucker and light up a flavorful Old Gold cigarette. Tell 'em that's what Fuzzy would do."



"Do you want to know what I, **Earl Shannon**, and the rest of my teammates on the Providence Steamrollers say when someone offers us some reefer to get high? 'No way, nosebleed!' Don't spend your nuggets on that stuff. Instead, enjoy a smooth, refreshing pack of Old Gold Cigarettes! That's what the guys with jets smoke. So don't goof! Next time, make it an Old Gold!"



"Next time you're out for a ride with a fast dolly and she asks you to smoke some marijuana with her, do what your pal **Carl Braun** does and tell her to drop dead twice. Instead, flat out your cherry and take a refreshing hit of an Old Gold cigarette. She may feel clutched at first, but you don't need to fracture that fream! What a fake out!"



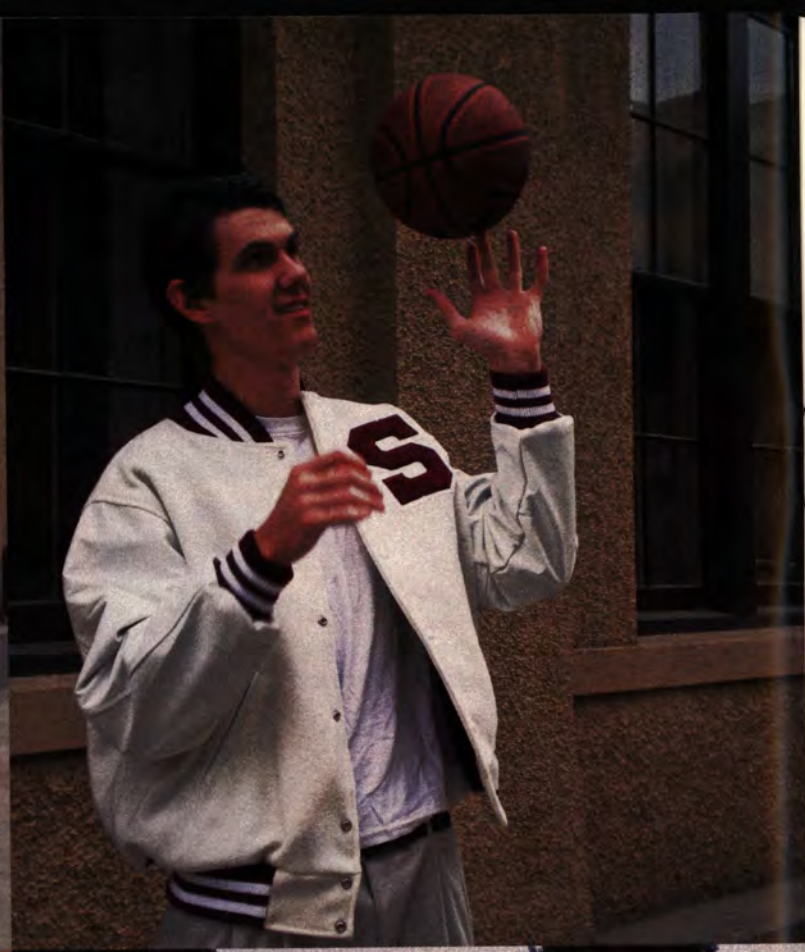
"Hi folks, **Arnie Risen** here from the Rochester Royals. If you want to be exceptionally fast for a big man like me, then smoke Old Gold cigarettes! They're righto!"



"**Price Brookfield** here. My record is 55 refreshing Old Gold cigarettes in one hour. Think you can beat me?"



"Go out and buy some Old Golds."



OUR FINEST ATHLETE

In late March, we at Home & Liberty got to sit down near home run-hitter Frank "Buddy" Bottomley and shake his hands. They were strong and dry, but not as big as you would expect.

Frank "Buddy" Bottomley, the first 10 sport letter winner at the University of Iowa, is the greatest man to ever call himself an American. Tennis, football, wrestling, track, basketball, baseball, indoor track, field, cross country, swimming (Freestyle only. No breast stroke for this man's man!), or diving; you name it, and Buddy can do it.

"My main sports are tennis, football, basketball, baseball, and track, but I can hold my own in the others," says a modest Buddy. "I just go out there and focus, really." That's right, folks! Not only does Buddy participate in organized athletics, but he does a bang up job!

Buddy can hit home runs and serve an ace, often on the same day. He's a real wiz at the overhand pass and has ran his share of races. Why, he even set a school record for the best dive!

When Buddy's not on the field, court, track, or pitch, he's at the local gymnasium, developing new ways of training. He's already developed a new type of 'Jumping-Jack' and three variations on the 'Sitting-Thrust'. The military has brought him in to showcase his modern gymnastics in front of new troops.

"It's an honor to help our boys fighting against those communist no-gooders. If showing our Army-men how pushups can make you a better man, well by golly that's great!"

When asked why Buddy hadn't enlisted in our armed forces, Buddy told us he tries. "Every week in fact! The recruiter always says that they can't accept me. They say I'm too much of a national treasure. They says to me, 'It would be like sending the Constitution in to battle. No doubt it would win, but can we risk it getting a tear? No sir!' And, well, they're the ones who know these things, I guess. I'll just keep trying."

Buddy's athletics have given him quite the reputation, and he's even met a United States Senator.

"Yes sir, I met Senator Styles Bridges just a couple months ago. He was passing through our town, and he stopped to get a spot to eat, down at Ed's Diner. Well, you know Ed. He told Senator Bridges that there was someone he should meet. So Ed calls up my mother on the phone and tells her to send me down to his Diner. Wouldn't you know it? When I got there, Senator Bridges shook my hand. I'm a lying son of a gun if he didn't blink twice when he saw how tall I was. He must not have seen a six-foot-four fella before! Senator Bridges congratulated me on all my athletic success and was on his way. He shook my hand and said America could use more boys like me. Made me awful proud. Just awful proud."

In addition to his fame and athletic championships, Buddy's no slouch in the classroom, folks. Buddy's Industrial Arts teacher, Raymond Wagonor says he's one of the top boys in the shop. "He's mighty fine at sawing. Not bad with a hammer, neither."

But not everything comes as easy to Buddy as a layup or forehand volley. Buddy confesses that he gets nervous around the gals. "My mom and dad want me to find a nice girl to go steady with, but I just don't know. I can talk to girls just fine, but they often try to get all kissy with me. I don't really like that. I'll tell them I really like their shoes, or their hairdo looks especially nice. Then they say, 'How 'bout you and I go to the drive in theatre and do some necking.' I always tell them no thanks. I'd rather go see a picture or grab a malt with one of the guys."

We asked Buddy for the secret to his athletic success. "I'd say plenty of rest. Every night I get at least ten hours of sleep so my wits are ready for the challenges presented the next day by athletics. That, and three square meals a day!" As he said this, he gave a firm yet gentle hug to his mother, the five foot and four inch tall, curly-haired, apron-and-wooden-spoon-donning matriarch of the Bottomley family.

Buddy continued, "Without my mother's cooking, boy but I don't know where I'd be now! Breakfast is mostly bacon. For lunch, my mom's sandwiches are out of this galaxy! Every dinner has meat, bread, and potatoes. A tall glass of milk, and a slice of cherry pie for desert, and I feel like I could take on every Red on the planet. Tell them to come find ole' Buddy! I'd like to see 'em try!"

So would we, Buddy. So would we. ♦



CHILDREN'S TALES FROM OUR NATION'S WARS

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Sargeant Billy Landers
1st Platoon, E Company
Served in Korea 1950-1952

Sgt. Billy Landers is from Yonkers, NY. He is 23 years old with brown hair and blue eyes. Billy's dad went off to fight the Germans when Billy was just 8 years old and returned when he was 11 with two arms and one leg. After graduating from high school, Sgt. Billy joined the Army to help his country fight in whatever wars he could. His parents were very proud of him, even though they were scared that he would get hurt. Sgt. Billy got sent to Korea, to help the Koreans who didn't want to be communists. There were a lot of tough battles, and Sgt. Billy lost a lot of friends, but he was a great soldier and he didn't lose his bravery.

During one battle, Sgt. Billy got separated from the rest of his platoon, and a communist soldier managed to sneak up behind him. The communist, being poor and equipped only with a knife, tackled Sgt. Billy and tried to stab him. The Army taught Sgt. Billy how to handle these kinds of battles, though. Sgt. Billy took the communist's knife and got the upper hand. Sgt. Billy says he doesn't remember the rest of the story, so we can only assume that the communist ran away scared and surrendered soon after.

Sgt. Billy also helped his squad take a communist stronghold in Incheon. Troops were ready to march into the village because they thought it was vacated, but Sgt. Billy noticed movement in one of the houses. Thinking quickly, Sgt. Billy ordered the artillery to fire on the house, and helped keep the rest of the troops safe. Even though they couldn't find any weapons near the remains of the people in the house, they were almost certainly a communist ambush team.

Eventually, the Army gave Sgt. Billy a very nice certificate telling him that he did a good job and brought him back to America. Now Sgt. Billy lives at home in Yonkers with his mom and his dad. The war made him a little sick, and his parents are helping him get better. They tell him every day that they love him, and they help him eat. It is still very hard for Sgt. Billy to eat on his own, because his hands shake badly. We should all thank Sgt. Billy for the help he gave our country. He may weep at night, but that doesn't make him any less of a hero.

A Day in the Life Of

by **GILBERT JONES, A MILKMAN**

Fellas who struggle with girls are fond of complaining that air plane pilots get all the girls. While they exaggerate, it certainly is fact that every eighteen year old girl is at least dreaming of being with a pilot. All day, they imagine being picked up by a pilot on his way to a flight.

Pert and pouty Jane Doe is walking to sixth period biology when Charles Aviator pulls up in his Ford Thunderbird.

"Pardon me, miss. You see, I'm a pilot." With these first lines, the flyboy has already sealed the deal. The last part is just to sweeten the pot, "I'm leaving on a long flight, miss. Going to be awful lonely, up there in the sky. You look to me like an adventurer. Care to join?"

Of course no girl would think twice about missing this opportunity. She tosses her books away, hops in the car, and a short 30 hour flight later, she is being carelessly deflowered by Mr. Aviator in a Paris hotel. If he's a decent man, once he's done, he'll offer her an Old Gold and a plane ticket home. After that, both parties understand that their relationship is over, and both parties are satisfied.

That's the dream. With only so many flights to Paris each day, young girls know their chances are slim of being one of the lucky few abandoned in the City of Lights. The rest grow up like their mothers before them did, desperately praying every night that someone, anyone, will marry her. Once her prayer is answered, she spends the rest of her days happily doing the Two C's, One S, and One B of womanhood: Cooking, Cleaning, Sewing, and Birthing. While content with her four-facted livelihood, there lingers in the back of every American woman's mind the memories of a dream she had...

That's where I come in. My name is Gilbert Jones. I stand about six feet and four inches tall, and I'm a milkman.

The women of America have been robbed of a thrill that their own imaginations promised them. According to their adolescent minds, it was a FACT that they would be having casual relations with men of exotic occupations. Instead, they find themselves married to a sales associate at Marshall-Fields who comes home exhausted every night and doesn't notice she trimmed her hair. This reality leaves a void in these women, one they're desperate to fill. And I'm happy to oblige.

Yes indeed. Why do you think there has been such a boom in baby births in the last decade? It certainly isn't because of the infertile men wed to our nation's child bearers. Who else does that leave besides the mailman or the milkman, and I've got news for you: the mailman is a homosexual.

I have two routes, a Monday/Thursday and a Tuesday/Friday. We milkmen have found that three days is

the perfect length of time to both drive women stir crazy for you and keep yourself interested in the various women. We like to take Wednesdays as a personal day.

The formula is the same for every customer, and it has never failed. For new customers, ring the bell and introduce yourself the the misses. Tell her that you're happy to serve her, and are excited to have her on your route. Then, ask if the man of the house is around, so more introductions can be made. When the lady responds in the negative, frown and tell her "Well isn't that just too bad? He's at work? Well my but it must get just so lonely!" Then tell her you have many more stops to make and that you must be on your way, but it was lovely to meet such an enchanting young woman.

Then continue on your route. Go to the next house, ring the bell, and fuck that wife. This step may be repeated as many as 200 times a day, depending on the size of the route.

The next day, wake up and do it all again. By the time you go back to the new customer, her fantasies about you will have become so pornographic that she won't even care if you bring milk or not. Personally, I haven't delivered a bottle of milk for four months.

That's not to say there aren't dangers to being a milkman. I lost track long ago how many dozens of children I've sired, but I do know that all of them have been taller than their "fathers" by age 13, which has sparked more than just the occasional suspicions. One day, the husband of a loyal customer of fifteen years comes up to me. He says he had hired a private detective to investigate if his two fourteen year old twins, his twelve year old daughter, his eleven and nine year old sons, and his seven, six, five, and four year old daughters were actually his. The detective said he had his doubts, since they were all much taller than his wife and he. The detective apparently had asked the guy, "How tall is the milkman?" The man then began to roll up his sleeves, as a boxer would.

For a second, I thought the jig was up. We milkmen may be fertile and well-endowed men, but we are by no means fighters. Then, in an act of desperation and brilliance on the part of yours truly, I burst out laughing and slapped the man on the back.

"Ha! Well if that isn't the best I ever heard! That is a riot! Funny detective you have there, sir."

The man's stare broke and was replaced by a puzzled look. Then, he too began to laugh.

"Yes! I imagine that I have been duped! I'll have to tell my friends this joke!"

I then shook his hand, apologized for forgetting to bring him any milk today, and went on my merry way. Yes sir. It certainly is good to be a milkman. It's close call like that what makes this job rewarding. That, and the mountains of pussy.♦

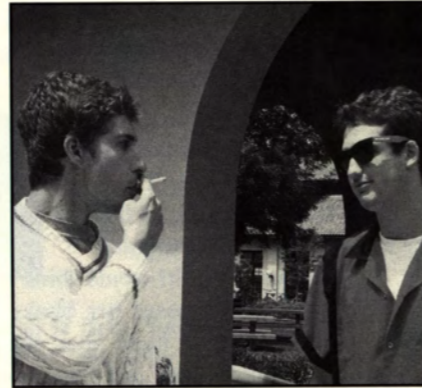
-GOOFUS AND GALLANT-



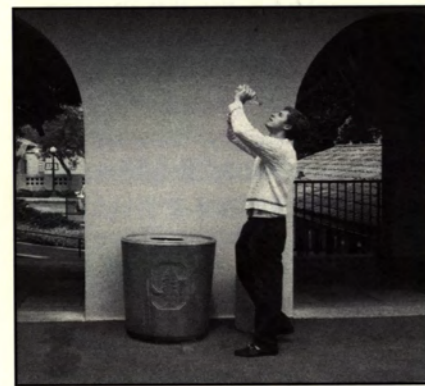
Gallant lights up an Old Gold, his smoke of choice.



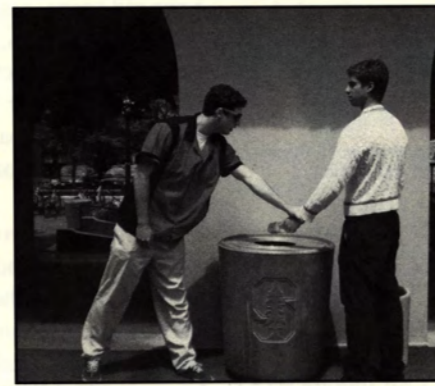
Goofus tells Gallant smoking is bad for him.



What does Goofus know about smooth flavor and good taste?



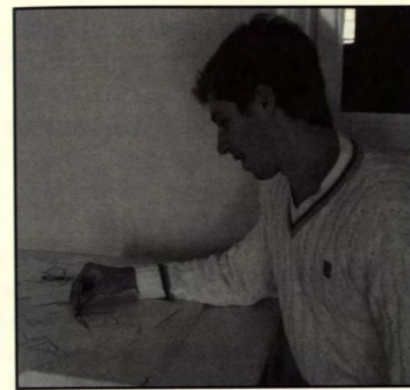
Gallant polishes off a cream soda on a nice spring day.



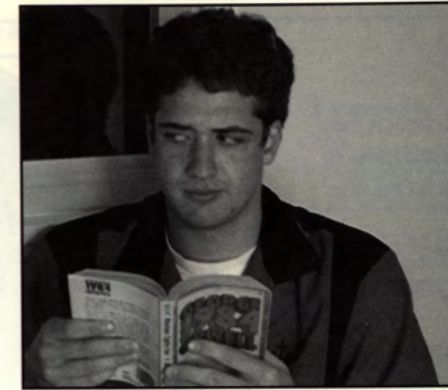
Goofus says, "Stop, you turkey! Recycle that!"



"I'm no hobo, Goofus!" Reusing trash? Gallant knows better.



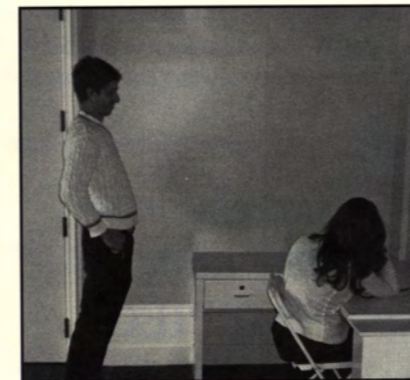
Gallant enjoys drawing pictures of his favorite TV characters.



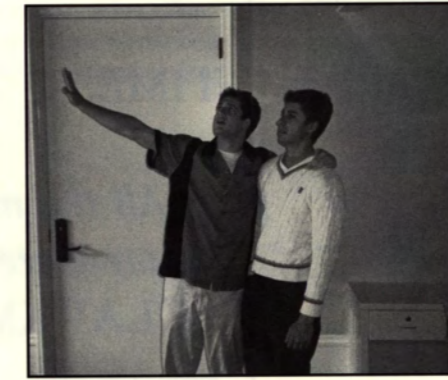
Goofus reads books by authors born east of the Maginot.



"Get that Ruskie garbage out of here, Goofus!"



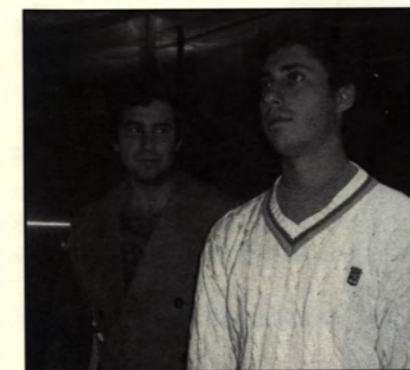
Gallant's no quitter when it comes to asking girls out.



"Women are our equals Gallant, and you have to respect them."



And cheat this poor girl out of a date? Nice try Goofus!



Gallant won't give a dirty pinko the time of day.



Goofus thinks that open trade and communication will end hostilities.



Swell Goofus, why not just hand over our state secrets as well?

FEATURED LITERATURE

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

I lay flat on the white, sandy floor of the beach, my chin on my folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the palm trees. "Paradise," I suggest to no one. There is no one here.

"Why is there no one here?" No answer. Not yet. Soon, there will be people. How do I know? Because.

Cuba is a great place.

Americans will prosper. We have won the war. We have flexed our nervous power from the tiniest elements in pornographic ways. Prosperity grows from the roots of this power.

We will pile our money into beds of unrest. Toss and turn, unable to rest. Rest eludes us. We need more. We must use our beds of money to obtain more. Cuba is where the money should go. Cuba is nice, we can rest there. Buy a plot of land. Buy a dozen plots of land.

Beaches, lined with colorful, art deco buildings. The shouts from their signs ring of success and leisure, popularity. Built with American dollars, here, in Cuba.

Cuba is the future.

In ten years time, all the land in Cuba will be bought up. Money will pour into the early investors' pockets like rain falls in Hawaii. Will you miss this opportunity?

Don't buy land in Hawaii. It will never be a state. Americans for generations to come will laugh at the brief period it was annexed as a territory.

"Why did we do that?" they ask.

"I don't know. Let's go to Cuba."

Don't miss out.

Know you can't just throw money at Cuba. You need to know someone who knows Cuba.

I know Cuba. I will help you buy land. Good, Cuban land. Land that will feed your grandchildren like the supple teet of a cow. Buy a Cuban cow teat. Buy it from me.

Making money is easy in Cuba. You build a restaurant. Call the restaurant "Ernie's Coffee and Pie" after your old pal Ernie. Ernie, who got you that great land in Cuba. Where all Americans want to go. For decades to come.

Americans cast judgement on those without Cuban souvenirs. "You mean you haven't been to Cuba?" A wealthy woman is confused by her servant.

"This is why you serve me. This is why I am wealthy, and you have little. I have been to Cuba, land of riches. I bought land in Cuba. Long ago. From Ernest."

This wealth is yours.

Time is limited.

Set up an appointment.

Invest in Cuba. ♦

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What do blind men want, rich men have, and poor men sell?


TIME.

What can turn a business deal into a business promise?

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RECIPES FOR OUR READERS

Braised Rabbit with Shredded Lettuce and Coca-Cola Marinade

1 whole rabbit (hindquarters), skinned
3 or 4 nicely long carrots
1 head of lettuce

For marinade:

3 cans Coca-Cola
1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce
1 cup red wine
Handful of Hershey's chocolate chips



Mix the Coca-Cola, Worcestershire sauce, and red wine in a saucepan. Bring up to a gentle boil using heat, then stop before the boil becomes aggressive. Slip the chocolate chips in the sauce and stir to ensure chocolate chips melt.

Braise the rabbit in the hottest pan you can (sear both sides.) Slip the rabbit into the saucepan and bring back to the same gentle boil with heat. Eat the carrots while waiting for rabbit to finish cooking.

Shred the lettuce. Arrange all over. Serve.

Beef Loaf

2 lbs ground beef
1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce
1/2 tsp salt
1/2 cup breadcrumbs
1/2 cup catsup
1 good onion, diced
1/4 tsp pepper
1 clove garlic, minced
1 can Coca-Cola



Preheat the oven to a few hundreds of degrees. Combine all ingredients except catsup and Coca-Cola in a large bowl, and mix diligently. Place mixture into an ungreased loaf pan, and spread catsup on top in a hatched pattern.

Bake until aroma fills the house.

Remove from oven, and let cool for 15 minutes. Open can of Coca-Cola, and shove the open end deep into the loaf. Serve immediately.

Orange Candillo "Mexican Cake"

Orange juice concentrate in frozen cans
1 dash chili powder (may be found at local specialty stores)
1 can Coca-Cola
2 cups flour
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 tsp baking soda
Pinch of salt



Sift the grains of the flour, sugar, and soda together with hands. Remove concentrate cans from freezer. Place the frozen cans around the Coca-Cola in order to chill it. Sift the flour, sugar, soda, salt, and chili powder together. Crack the eggs into the cake and beat into a fine batter.

Pour into unlined cake pan and bake at 350 degrees Celsius for 45 minutes. When finished, open the can of chilled Coca-Cola and pour over cake to cool and glaze it. Enjoy!

Super Duper Root Beer Float

1 can Root Beer
1 scoop Vanilla Ice Cream
1 scoop Chocolate Ice Cream
2 cherries
Whipped cream
1 can Coca-Cola



Put the ice cream scoops into a clear glass, chocolate over vanilla. Pour the Root Beer in evenly, allowing time for the drink to settle.

After appropriate settling time, apply whipped cream with a firm hand in circles on top, and embed the cherries in the whipped cream.

Give the drink to a friend, and enjoy an ice cold Coca-Cola to celebrate a job well done.



AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HIGHWAYS

by PATRICK MAHER



Highway 220 in Michigan

Winding its way across the state, this beauty of a thoroughfare is the perfect place to test out your new Ford automobile. In addition to the lovely scenery that frames Highway 220, this road also features some super smooth straightaways where you can really rev your engine. The shoulders of the 220 have a nice, broad slope, and it feels like the lanes have an extra six inches or so of space that really makes your drive a comfortable one. This highway is a perfect example of how much difference little details can make in highway design.



Highway 184 in Arizona

The first you'll notice about the 184, besides the gorgeous desert vistas and the cloudless skies overhead, is how rugged this road looks. This is not one of those modern, paint-by-number jobs. This road has character, and a story to tell. You can see it in the cracking paint on the center divide, and in the skid marks from tires that the road has melted. This highway is a perfect representation of the American West—both rough and awe-inspiring. Seeing the desert air shimmering over the asphalt in the distance is a sight that just can't be put into words.



Route 43 in Kentucky

Plenty has already been written about Route 43: so much history has happened along this road that it's hard to even catalogue it all. Less has been said, though, about the marvelous quality of driving that this road provides. The gentle rise and fall of the road gives the impression of sailing in a calm sea, and this gentle rocking is well-known among the locals to be a wonderful cure for a baby that will not sleep. Due to the kinds of sand and pebbles most common in this region, the road has a wonderful white sheen, resembling a lace ribbon laid ever so carefully on the foothills. Taking advantage of this great canvas, Route 43 is painted not with the sterile white that lines most roads in this country, but with a faintly blue eggshell color that is most agreeable.



Highway 70 in Colorado

This road is a veritable model for perfection. Even under the magnifying glass, it still seems as though every last rock is perfectly in place on this King of Highways. The tar levels in the asphalt are absolutely impeccable, resulting in a bold, rich black surface that seems almost velvety at a distance. There are no potholes or loose gravel to be found on the 70, just clean lines and excellent traction. What curves there are are perfectly banked, so that no tire wears unevenly during your time on this road. The center divide is a pure, eye-catching yellow, a perfect marriage of form and function. If there are highways in Heaven, they're almost certainly modeled after Highway 70.



Helvetica

Some people might be skeptical that a typeface could begin the long and heart wrenching erosion of civilization, but if this new sans-serif menace is all it's cracked up to be, the end is far closer than even the Soviets could hope for. Fresh out of the Haas Typefoundry in Sweden, Helvetica's oppressively monotone stroke weight and horizontally cut spurs stand in square opposition to every principle we hold dear. It's almost as if designer Max Miedinger made the cap heights inconsistent just to spite our superior aesthetic sensibilities. If there's any solace to be had, it's that there is practically zero chance that a godless, sterile font like Helvetica could capture the hearts of our country's great corporations and citizens.



Sweet'n Low

Honestly now, a replacement for sugar? What in Jacob's name is wrong with good, old-fashioned sugar? Next thing you know we'll be throwing out the crushed cochineal beetles and coloring things red with synthetic chemicals. Just take a look at the ingredients of this 'zero calorie sweetener': the only words you'll recognize are 'cream of tartar'. Now it's a darn fact that cream of tartar isn't sweet, and it's obvious that things with high and mighty names like 'saccharin' and 'dextrose' aren't low, so by all means explain to confused old Mrs. Miller why her bunt cake tastes more like a bunt bagel. Perhaps our nation's chemists should let our food be and focus their energy on more important things, like pesticide.



Teflon

It's a reasonable assertion that our nation's women have enough on their hands without having to worry about grease sticking to the pan. But ladies, consider this situation: you've been slow roasting a ham hock the whole day. The kids are playing ball in the back yard and your husband just walked in the front door. You've almost finished preparing dinner for that family you love so much when you're struck with a debilitating panic: now that you're spending less time scrubbing saucers, what exactly will you use your new found minutes for? What if someone invents a self-running vacuum cleaner? Auto-washing clothes? What if all of your daily chores are automated by science and technology? You'll have little more to do than relax on the porch reading romance novels, and it doesn't take an Einstein to tell you that idly stoking the female passions is a recipe for trouble! In this nightmarish world of leisure and 'me time', you'll be robbed of your identity as a loving mother and devoted wife. It may seem benign, but Teflon is a head-first dive down this slippery slope.

DEAD ENDS LEAD THE WAY

by PATRICK MAHER

As little as ten years ago, some experts were predicting that certain areas on the eastern coast had reached a maximum population density, and that our fine country would soon be overly crowded. Any Sam on the street can tell you today that this is preposterous, but few may be able to tell you why these experts were so mistaken.

The answer is both familiar and curious: it is none other than the cul-de-sac. That's right, these cosy coves have revolutionized our suburbs and ushered in a new era of growth. Though they can now be found in nearly every state, and indeed are a cornerstone of the modern neighborhood, their widespread use can be traced back only a dozen years to a man named Ron Sherman.

In 1945, Sherman was working as a city planner in Upper Arlington, Ohio, a suburb of Columbus. Business was booming, and Sherman was in charge of designing a neighborhood. He had heard complaints from many families in the area that speeding cars made it dangerous for children to play outside, and that the standard block geometry did little to foster a sense of community. Sherman decided to do a little research, so he went to a public library and found an old text on experimental town design.

"I leafed through the book, and when I saw the page on the cul-de-sac, my heart skipped a beat," said Sherman, who now lives with his wife and two sons on a cul-de-sac outside of Pittsburgh. "I realized that it was the perfect design for the American neighborhood."

The secluded nature of the cul-de-sac decreases automobile traffic significantly, making it a perfect environ-



ment for children to play and develop friendships. Kids are free to play kick the can without parents worrying about a speeding truck interrupting their fun, and the center of the cul-de-sac provides a natural gathering point for trips to the sandlot and other adventures.

The cul-de-sac also foments neighborly bonding. Each house faces out toward all the other houses, so that each morning fathers may wave to each other as they begin their commutes. Such closeness means that any kind of shouting or other sign of trouble will be heard by all the other houses on the cul-de-sac. No dangerous secrets will be kept from your neighbors!

Even mathematicians are singing the praises of the cul-de-sac. "It is a truly magical geometry," said Princeton Professor Chip Cardigan. "The flexibility of the design at the end of the street makes it perfectly suited to tessellation, and it has provably perfect packing density, under reasonable assumptions. I'd go so far as to say that it's the greatest shape discovered since the cycloid!" Quite a remarkable street design indeed.

Sherman admits that the cul-de-sac is not for everyone, though. "The unwed may still find some use for the apartment building in the city, though of course it is preferable for them to live at home," says Sherman. "By my calculations though, within ten years about 95% of the nation's housing will be located on cul-de-sacs [sic]." Sherman's number is a conservative one, as well. Some have argued that eventually most businesses will be located on cul-de-sacs as well, and indeed that, excepting highways, all streets will be cul-de-sacs. Yes, it's a bright future for this miraculous design, and thanks to the cul-de-sac, there's no limit to the growth of the American suburb. ♦



Behold...

THE SAFETY RAZOR

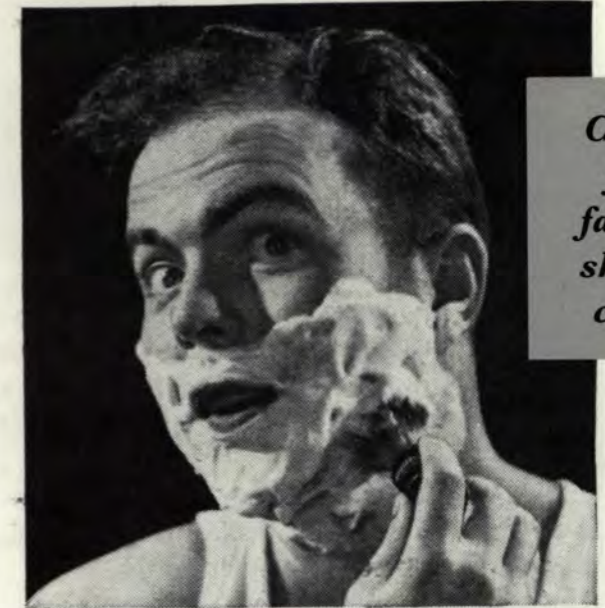
A wonderful new invention from Gillette that helps to prevent cowardly urges during the morning routine.

Today's Man is burdened with many stresses, and it can be a difficult task to face the day. Every now and again, it may seem to be too much, like the load you're carrying is more than was meant for one person. This is a sad fact of modern life, and it is sometimes difficult to cope with. You're not alone if you've ever considered leaving it all behind.

The most difficult part is always the morning, when you're still groggy from the previous night of tossing and turning, worrying if you can even afford this lifestyle you can't remember choosing. Looking at yourself in the mirror, a stranger looks back. You think about how easy it would be, one swift motion and just a second of pain, then perhaps some light-headedness and a slow fade out. It would be so easy....

Well hold up, Bub! That's no way to make a decision! What about your Sally downstairs, fixing your toast? What about Billy and Jane, who drew you a picture today? And let's not forget that you have an afternoon on the links planned with old Chester. No sir, you need to think this through, and your rusty old Schick bare-blade isn't helping one bit.

So pick up the new Gillette safety razor, and put aside those cowardly thoughts. Why, even a mischievous toddler couldn't find a way to hurt himself with this miraculous device. Yes sir, just choose Gillette and remove those hideous temptations from your daily shaving routine!



Choose
your
favorite
shaving
cream



Use
Gillette's
fabulous
new safety
razor



Your beard
is gone and
your life
continues



Learn about...

Linoleum

Tired of your dropped dishes smashing on your tile and hardwood floors? Perhaps it's time for a more forgiving option. Linoleum is the word on the lips of housewives today when it comes to kitchen and bathroom flooring. It is pleasingly soft to the touch, and has a consistency unlike anything found in nature. While Nancy Nextdoor is busy scrubbing her grout with harsh peroxides, your floor could one (almost) seamless mat that needs just a quick wipe down after every spill. And if you're tired of the constant vacuuming and shampooing that carpets require, there are plenty of Linoleum options for the living room. To ice the cake, Linoleum comes in dozens of eye-catching patterns and vibrant colors. Ask your local floor salesman about Linoleum today!