

# **FABBERLASTING STORIES**



## **VOL-1 N°1**

**A SCHRECHLICH PUBLICATION**



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 ----- F B A B B E R G A S T I N G

S T O R I E S -----

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# COMING IN OUR NEXT ISSUE : -

"B E L L E O F T H E S P A C E L A N E S by Hassenfeffer K. Bopp

"---as he opened the door, he stopped for a moment. Was that a mean he had  
 heard coming from the interior of the spaceship? Could it be her? He looked with-  
 in. There, lying on the cold, metal floor of the control room, lay a body, white  
 and naked. As he gazed at the quist, gleaming torso, he gulped, and then, looking  
 around to see that he was not observed, Morty slipped through the portal---

Read Flabbergasting Stories' next issue and see what happens in the control  
 room. This romanco of love between the planets will rock your soul (what there is  
 of it) to its very core. It's magnifioent, it's stupendous, it's enormous! It's  
 gigantic! It's colossal!

For heaven's sake, read it.

# A SCIENTIST'S BABY

by Matilda von Twortch : -

All her friends were shocked when they caught sight of Clarisse Lealand's baby. No one spoke of it at first, but still it came to your attention. As everybody knew everybody else in the little Pennsylvania town of Sloughsburg everybody couldn't help but notice Miss Lealand wheeling that carriage along the streets daily, especially when everybody's attention was called to it constantly. In fact, some of her friends went so far as to avoid her street when walking down to the depot to meet their husbands commuting back to Sloughsburg on the New York train. And of course, Doctor Lealand wondered why her friends and acquaintances came around so seldom, now. Before she had appeared on the streets with the carriage, her house was the most popular one in that part of town and bridge parties, at which the whole black attended, were ever-other-nightly occurrences.

Miss Lealand was quite a well-known scientist, but her intellectual attainments had in no wise impaired her charming manner and feminine ways. Certainly far from it, in the minds of her friends. She had always been a person of great charm, discrimination and decency.

Yet, there she was with a baby.

It was, of course, thought at first that she was taking care of someone else's child, a relative's perhaps, but the neighbors found this theory to be untrue. The first of them to encounter her on the second day she had been seen wheeling the baby around, had asked her whose child it was, and no one can ever realize the shock that was dealt to the friend's conventional, bourgeois mind, when Doctor Lealand answered blithely, "It's mine! Isn't he cute?"

Of course, the other had hastened to exclaim, "But I never knew you were married!"

To which came the utterly flattening reply, "But I'm not married!"

After that, Clarisse Lealand was avoided. The story got around very quickly, as stories will in very small towns and a juicy bit of gossip was daily added to the unwritten town ann-

-als.

But the doctor continued to work in her laboratory as usual and dismissed the (to her) rather unusual incidents as problems to be investigated much later. Right then, she had plenty of other work to be investigated. Her fellow scientists came around from neighboring towns and colleges and discussed erudite questions with her. They smiled once or twice at the baby, each time they came, brought it an occasional celluloid toy, and that was all. Later on, they got really excited when she told them something about the child, but instead of staying away, they came to the house in larger numbers. After a while, several of the men scientists talked to Doctor Lealand and suggested that they should have the care of the baby, remarking this with masculine superiority and other things not apparent under careless scrutiny. From then on, several of them wheeled the child about the brightly sunlit streets of the town, fed it from very scientifically hygienic containers and acted in the main like a group of men pleased to be doing what they were doing. Once or twice, the neighbors heard them talking about the baby as they walked it up and down Doctor Lealand's block and the gist of the conversation was that the child seemed bigger and healthier than most babies.

This much clinched the idea of scandal in the neighbors' minds as the men were all strapping big fellows who had never been sick a day in their lives.

One day, a young professor of biology noticed that Clarisse Lealand's neighbors had ceased coming around. His observation seemed to awaken something in Doctor Lealand's mind.

"I don't understand why they don't come around any more," she remarked to the biologist. "They almost seem to shun the place."

"It is very odd," the young man replied, "and they seem to be afraid of little Paracelsus here."

"Now, why should that be? He's such a nice baby, and I do wish you wouldn't call him Paracelsus. His name is Julius Derwin Lealand." Miss Lealand began to look slightly annoyed.

Just then, the doorbell rang. As Clarisse Lealand opened the outside door by pressing on a stud set in her desk, the biologist peered into the visaview mirror which reflected the face of any-  
(continued on page 4)

## THE BRIDE OF FINKLESTEIN

by Boris V. Burpsovitch. Translated from the Russian by Manimamushka Uscouspensky Prattsky. Copyright, 1885.

Night, stark and black brooded over the old building. High, wooden and of an ugly, box-like shape, it reared its fifty feet toweringly over the wide-stretching plain which seemed to extend for acre on acre before it touched the base of a mighty range of tall trees, rustly softly in the cool breeze that blew from the north. Of windows, the house had twelve, four in front, two on either side and four in back. A high door pierced the front of the old house, set directly between two of the bottom windows. Far above, a ghastly moon sailed the western sky, illuminating the whole wide vista below with a delicate silvery glow.

Suddenly, a faint but discernable roar sounded down the dusty road leading past the old shack. Two glaring headlights appeared from behind a low hill in the road and a huge black limousine rumbled into view, its mighty engine whirling away at top speed. With a scream of brakes, it swerved to avoid a low tree stump projecting into the road, about fifty feet from the house and careened toward the high door, in front of which it stopped with a shaking jar. The rear door suddenly flew open.

Two figures emerged, one tall, the other abnormally short. The small one seemed to be a hunchback and was bent over to a startling degree. Then the tall one strode to the door, listened, birdlike, for an instant and grunted an order to his companion, who reached back into the car and dragged forth, with much straining and puffing a long, muffled object. Draping it unceremoniously over his curved back, he marched stolidly toward the house and walked through the door which the other had in the meantime opened with a rusty key. As the door slammed behind him, the limousine's engines began to purr, then roared into sudden life and the huge machine dashed away into the night.

Within the house, utter silence reigned. The duo glided down a short flight of stairs, kicked open a door at the bottom and stopped short. On the other side of the threshold some-

the other side of the portal, something moved. The tall figure cocked its head again in that peculiar, bird-like attitude. Suddenly he spat disgustedly to the floor.

"Cat! Nothing but a ~~cat~~ cat!"

The two again advanced boldly.

A light snapped on. From a gleaming floodlight arrangement on the ceiling, it blazed down in blinding whiteness on the glittering top of a round, metal tabletop, perhaps six feet in diameter. Beyond its borders, utter darkness began.

The glistening sheen of the table's surface was suddenly obscured by the burden the short man had been carrying. Stretched out on that immense slab, it took on the outside resemblance of a human silhouette. Sharp commands poured from the tall's one lips.

Grasping a loose end of the dark shroud, the other gave a mighty pull and the musty envelop came away, revealing the naked body of a woman, dressed in nothing but a stream of glorious golden hair, which coursed down her sides in a rain of pale gold. From the appearance of the face, the body was rather young. The face itself held an expression of cold immobility. The cheeks were red, the lips carmine, the eyes of a soft, copperish green and her ears were like tiny sea-shells. Beyond the face, the rest of the body was one perfect symphony of softly rounded curves. Her two arms were stretched out, slightly apart and away from the body, as though she had been pushing against something when the stiffness---for the body was to all appearances, as rigid as steel, crept upon her.

"Mam!" A whispered command echoed harshly through the blackness outside the circular rim of the slab, "Bring me the knives and the forceps!"

The short one glided away into the darkness. Presently he returned and placed several clinking, shining objects upon the table, near the woman's head.

"Max! Attend me. The straps!"

For answer, the hunchback reached out to his left and brought into the full glow of the overhead light, two heavy leathern straps which he proceed to buckle about the naked body, passing the ends through small eyelets set in the side of the slab. As he fastened the last strap, he paused and glared leeringly at the body for a moment. Then the other brushed him aside impatiently and he took up his place just within the circle of light.

"Now, watch!" the tall one hissed, and  
(continued on page 4)

# THE GUY THAT AWOKED

A Utopian series by Haggard Harry

5 :- Lechoocracy :-

Summers got out of bed and looked at the electrocalendar on the wall of his tomb. It read, April 1st, 11,935. The guy what awoke made a note on his pad, ate a good breakfast of canned onions from his last awakening, five thousand years before and went upstairs.

He unlocked the crumbling door of his tomb and went outside. Then he took off his shroud. After making his way through the underbrush to the usual ruined road, he set off through the jungle to where he knew must be the city.

After walking for awhile, he thought, "It's about time for something to happen." It did. Three men stepped out of the brush and advanced on Summers. They were almost naked, clad only in rough skins and each bore a club.

"Whoinhellareyousebooids?" Summers asked one of them speaking in the vernacular of five thousand years before.

"We're decent." the man in the lead remarked definitely, in ancient English and stepped back to observe the effect of his words.

"Sure." said Summers.

"Well, you'd better get back to the city where your kind belong." replied the other, "We don't want out decent jungle folk soiled by your filthy Lechoocratic manners. That's why we came into the jungle. We refuse to live under a Lechoocracy."

And the half-clad men chased Summers along the road for about a mile or so.

After they had left off chasing him Summers walked slowly around wondering what a Lechoocracy was. Somehow or other it sounded interesting. Lets more fun that Socialism or Technocracy, he thought. And if the men who lived in the forest and were half naked called themselves decent, just what would constitute indecency? Involuntarily, he hastened his steps.

Presently he came up to the gates of a large and imposing city. On a huge slab of radium riveted to one side of the portal he read the words, "STRICTLY NO MORALS PERMITTED." In a slight daze, he pushed open the gate which swung back easily for all its immense size and went

in. In his head were hazy but ecstatic visions of naked beauties and wild revelry, and all the possible kinds of evil he could think of.

Inside were the streets of the city. They turned and twisted. All the stores were set down in basements (he suddenly remembered buying a necktie twenty thousand feet above the ground during his last awakening and sighed happily) and curious signs hung over their entrances. The architecture of the buildings was the strangest he had ever seen. Set out on every corner were tiny tables and sitting around them on chairs were many people, all sipping what appeared to be water.

A man walked up to Summers.

"What are you doing in the Gutter?" he demanded.

"I'm a visitor from the 20th century," explained Summers, taking in at a glance the man's costume. Suddenly he felt a great disappointment.

The man was clad from head to foot. He even wore gloves, earlaps and a huge hat, though the weather was noticeably warm. And as far as Summers could see, everyone was dressed much the same way, only the woman seemed to be loaded down with twice the amount of clothes the men wore.

"Is this the Lechoocracy?" he asked hesitantly.

"Yes." was the reply.

And Summers walked on through the streets, gaping with astonishment. Nowhere in sight was there anything he could call lecherous. Everyone was fully clothed. Even the dogs and cats were clothed. All the paintings and sculpture he could see were rigged out in raiment to the gunwales.

He sat down at one of the many corner cafes and asked the waiter in attendance for a drink. The waiter brought him a glass of water. Summers motioned him to sit down.

"Why is all this called a Lechoocracy?" he asked, "I can see nothing immoral here. In fact, everyone takes pains to do nothing incorrect."

The waiter smirked.

"That's why it's immoral." he stated.

"They are supposed to go around naked and carry on in wild revelry. That's our standard of living. But since that's our standard, it becomes, perforce, our morals. So if we did what we're supposed to do, we should be decent according to Lechoocracy,

(continued on page 5)

A Scientist's Baby, continued from page 1

One entering the house by means of an ingenious arrangement of mirrors set in specially constructed tubes in the walls, floor and ceiling.

"Hello!" He exclaimed, suddenly, "It's one of your shunning neighbors!"

Then in walked a fat, squat woman, Mrs. Burton, wife of old Doc Burton, Sloughsburg's only druggist. She waddled into the room at a quick pace and continued up to the desk.

"You know, my dear," she gurgled unctuously, at the same time throwing a suspicious glance at the smartly tweeded figure of her male companion, "I just couldn't stay away from you in such a predicament. It wouldn't be fair. I'll stick by you!"

Miss Lealand looked at the other woman strangely for a moment. Then she found her voice.

"Why, whatever on earth are you talking about?" she asked in mystified tones, "I'm certainly not in trouble and why should you have to help me?"

"Well-l-l-l, it's that baby. Really, you know, it's not a matter for pride," and Mrs. Burton glanced knowingly at the pretty young scientist.

"Well! I should say it is!" replied Miss Lealand hotly, "I am very proud of my baby and so are all of my scientist friends. He's the achievement of the century. He's the first Eumouulus baby ever produced. Why I cultivated him from a single cell to a fully grown baby right here in the laboratory. I raised him in that series of glass tubes over there, from a single ovum. He is the first human being to have only one parent and never to have been born.

And so Clariss Lealand regained her friends.

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The Bride of Finklestein, continued from page 2

picking up one of the knives, grasped the right arm of the body and proceeded to lay open the skin all around it until a red line had been cut, completely encircling the appendage at a point about four inches from the beginning of the shoulder. With a short handled, nickled saw, he cut through the rest of the organ, carefully following the inscribed line.

fully following the inscribed line. Throwing it on the floor, where it hit with a dull thud, he regarded the horrible wound with interest. Suddenly he looked up and smiled thinly.

"Now for the other," he whispered, "Watch carefully, Max. This knowledge will be useful to you in our future work!" He leaned over the table and repeated the operation, the other watching his skillful fingers with sensuous pleasure. From time to time, the hunchback allowed his eyes to wander up and down the nude body. Then the second arm thudded to the floor.

During the next five minutes, the tall one repeated the same operation with the keen knife and saw on the body's legs. And through it all, the immobile face held its frozen rigidity.

Suddenly a knock sounded faintly from upstairs. The hunchback hobbled through the blackness to a box, invisible on a further wall, opened it and pressed several glowing studs. A few seconds later, soft, pattering footsteps began on the stairs. The tall figure looked up with eager anticipation.

Then, like a phantom appearing from out of nowhere, a small, rotund figure garbed in a long black coat and bowler hat appeared in the doorway, outlined faintly in a sinister aura of light. The figure peered suspiciously about, then bent a long, searching look upon the two standing near the table with its burden of mutilated horror. Then he stepped forward, stopping at a distance of several yards from the metallic slab. The tall one beckoned him closer and chuckled ghostily. But the one in the bowler hat shook his head slowly and uttered two words.

"You finished?"

The tall one chuckled again and beckoned once more and the black-coated figure advanced. As he reached the side of the table, the tall one pointed down. The hunchback leaned forward suddenly to glimpse a strange look on the intruder's face. The fat figure stopped suddenly, looked down at the table and then he began to stomp.

"Oi, gewalt! Finklestein, you hev made a meestake! You hev rooned de hentire ting! I pay de bast model menuefacturers from wez, dey should make it fur me a statshew from Venus de Milo widout two harms and dey take huff de lags yat!"

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The Guy That Awoked, continued from page 3  
but by not doing what we are supposed to do, we are immoral.

By dressing up to our ears we are violating our lecherous code of morality and that's what pleases us. We like to break morals. We drink water to violate the morals which demand we should drink liquor. Once, of course, it was standard to do as we were expected when we put over the Lecheocracy.

But that was a year ago. We have realized that constitutes immorality since then and have followed it."

Summers gazed at him blankly, then got up and walked away. And he kept groaning to himself, "Too late, too late! If I had only awokened a year earlier!" as he made his way back to his tomb.

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CONFESSIONS OF AN STIF FAN MAGAZINE PUBLISHER, AS INTERVIEWED BY BORIS V. BURNSOVITCH (your favorite reporter) :-

BVB :- I trust that I am interviewing the right person.

STIFLP :- Certainly! I am the---

Q :- Stif Fan Magazine Publisher?

A :- Yeah. How did you know?

Q :- You birds all have a guilty look on your faces.

A :- I'll sue!

Q :- Soothe yourself, friend, soothe yourself. Want to answer a few questions?

A :- A snooping reporter, hey? What do you want?

Q :- Anything I can get. Which in your case won't be much. Now, my friend, how did you start in the Stif Fan Magazine Publishing Business?

A :- It all began several years ago--

Q :- I know. You were so young and she--

Q :- Who's telling the story?

A :- I'll bite. Where were you born?

A :- In Brooklyn.

Q :- Why?

A :- Must I be blamed for everything?

Q :- I hadn't thought of it, but it's a good idea, anyway. At what mental age did you first think of publishing an Stif Fan Magazine?

A :- Four-uh-uh-uh-I mean nineteen.

Q :- And I mean business. Eehhehheh. Outside of publishing the Brooklyn Tattle Talo, how many other crimes are you guilty of?

A :- I don't remember.

Q :- I'll bet you don't. You have a low brow, my friend. Do you read Stif?

A :- There are limitsto which I will not descend, sir! : : !

Q :- You said Joe Brown's mouthfuly brother. You operate a gossip column in your paper, I presume?

A :- My magazine, you mean! Certainly I operate a gossip column in my publication! Why do you think it is as well known as it is?

Q :- Another mystery of the ages. They say Dillinger was pretty notorious, too.

A :- I resent that remark.

Q :- You don't say? Who is the editor of your magazine?

A :- I am.

Q :- And the stenoiller?

A :- I am.

Q :- What about the publisher?

A :- I am.

Q :- Have you ever had your head examined? hat I'm trying to say, is, were you ever dropped on your head when a baby?

A :- My only major accident occurred in 1929 when I jumped out of a window and landed sitting down.

Q :- You did injure yourself mentally, then? Might I ask why you jumped out of the window?

A :- I wouldn't advise you to ask.

Q :- Alright, alright, I'll go peaceably. I'm an awfully nice guy when you get to know me.

A :- Who wants to?

Q :- I'll sue!

A :- Copycat!

Q :- What will you take to haunt a house?

A :- How many rooms--- Say, were you ever dropped on your head?

Q :- Where did I hear that before?

A :- Would you mind if I went now? I'm attending a meeting of the BSFB and I want to get there before they get through talking.

Q :- Say, I thought you didn't like to talk.

A :- I don't. I just get a lot of fun listening to my teeth grinding together.

Q :- Well, it was a nice interview.

A :- Nuts to you!



EDITORIAL : - HOT STUFF, or perthenogenesis, as practiced by the natives of East Lhasa: -

It will be a great surprize to many young Americans to learn that the Twitchinton Sub-Committee 41 For Inquiring Into Everybody Else's Business, has reported through the medium of its founder, Lydia Twitchinton, the true facts concerning sex ignorance in American life.

Though it will be a great shock to you, dear reader, prepare to learn that the elders of America, the backbone and bedrock of the nation, are woefully ignorant concerning even the most elementary facts about sex. Some shock, hey kids?!

As proof of this deplorable state of affairs, allow me (just try and stop me) to quote from a letter I received just last week from a young friend of mine, and incidentally an avid reader of Flabbergasting Stories, residing in Katchekadatchee, Illinois. My young friend was, and is confronted by an appalling state of affairs in his own home and wrote to me, in part : - I strove for weeks, trying this and that idea, but to no avail. I finally hit upon the plan of leaving the latest copy of Flabbergasting around our library where its lurid cover would most certainly attract their eyes. However, my younger sister frusted this well-laid plan. Every time I walked into the library, expecting to see them deep in the mysteries of life and love as explained in FS, I found little Agatha avidly perusing all the latest stuff in your wonderful magazine. This is disheartening. Of course, I have since poisoned Agatha, but even that didn't help. Every time I mention sex to them, they seem to retreat without a mental shell. What shall I do?"

This excerpts showed me plainly that my young friend was attacking the problem from the wrong angle. I wrote him, explaining that far from beginning on the more complicated side of the question, as is explained in detail, if not detail, in FS, he should start with the story about the stork and work his way onward patiently, until he is ready to startle his parents with the news that the stork is a lot of bunk, invented to soothe a grandfather's childish mind, but although

THAT is bunk, the real solution involves biology, politics and the science of making money. Of course, this is apt to be a bit tedious, but diplomacy and patience must be exerted at all times, if real success is desired. Of course, he should realize that by the time the struggle is beginning to show signs of progress, he, himself is liable to be a parent, trying vainly to understand Junior's endeavors to teach HIM the facts of life. But by that time we'll all be dead of neurasthenia or Bright's Disease, or something---so we should worry. Wheepee! Who the hell brought this up, anyway?

So you see, dear fellow Americans and Rotary Club members, what a great problem we are facing in the proper sexual education of our elders. But we must carry on, must fight on to that day when little Johnny is able to ask papa where babies come from without papa falling down in a dead faint or referring his son to the little boy or girl next door.

If you, too, suffer from a lack of sex knowledge in your home, buy a copy of Flabbergasting Stories, the magazine of sex knowledge presented in unreadable form. Don't go on being embarrassed in public as your parents turn into full-rigged mummies at the slightest mention of sex. Act now!

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Are you frustrated? Do you blush every time you look at a girl? Do they turn you down? Do you turn them down? Have you ever kissed a girl? Has a girl ever kissed you? NO? Then you're hopeless. Regain your courage and peace of mind by joining the SSFSA! Our aim is bigger and better orgies. More and blacker lecherats! Dirtier and filthier publications!

---Censored, Editor)

And that's not all. Attend one of our orgies and find out why the SSFSA will help you. They are attended by our best members. You can't miss! Join now! Get the most out of life! Send a ten dollar bill along with your peace of mind (we take cancelled postage stamps, kronen, pounds, lira, rubles, francs and peezozes) DO NOT SEND ANY CIGAR COUPONS! Upon receipt of this money, our treasurer will abscond to Tierra Del Fuego, where the last ten went. To have a date to meet them in 1936.

SCIENCE QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

You ask---we answer : -

Dear Science Editor : -

Knowing your knowledge of the problem that perplexes me, I am writing to you as a last resort. My question is, how do you make a Venetian blind?

Arthur W. Bopp

Dear Bopp : -

Throw acid in his eyes.

Dear Science Editor : -

What is the name of that cute little trick attending the lunch counter at the VLYBRYKBRX CAFE on Interplanetary Street, corner of Mars Avenue in New Chicago, Saturn, between the hours of 14:15 and 63:32? How can I meet her?

Gdhmeews Schlup

Dear Schlup : -

Thanks for letting me know.

Dear Science Editor : -

Enclosed please find, (item) : - one chain letter and (item) : - \$.10 in phoney coin. If you can't be honest when you send chain letters, don't send them at all. The next time I get any phoney money from you, I'll cut your gizzard out and hang it up to dry on the top of the Empire State Building.

Forri Yayackermo

Dear Sap : -

My mistake.

Dear Science Editor : -

Describe the chemical process of manufacturing whiskey.

I. M. Blotto

Dear Blotto : -

YOU'RE asking US?

Dear Science Editor : -

What is a good receipe for bor-sht?

Boris V. Burpsovitch

Dear Burpsovitch : -

Hi, keed! Take two beets, grind up well, mixing with four ounces of arsenic simultaneously, beat together with four old bottles of red ink, boil over a slow fire, let simmer and read FS while letting simmer. Serve in double boilers with parsley. Then throw it all out and take one half teaspoonful of cyanide of potassium.

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