

# RAW GUTS

THE MAGAZINE FOR REAL MEN

A  
HIDEOUS  
YOO  
DOO  
PARODY

I FOUGHT  
1000 SCREAMING  
AMAZONS... in Filene's Basement

I GROSSED  
TREACHEROUS  
MASS AVE.  
— and lived to tell about it!



I WATCHED THEM SACRIFICE  
SCREAMING VIRGINS  
TO THE FLESH-STARVED  
BEAVER - GODS OF THE  
CHARLES RIVER BASIN!

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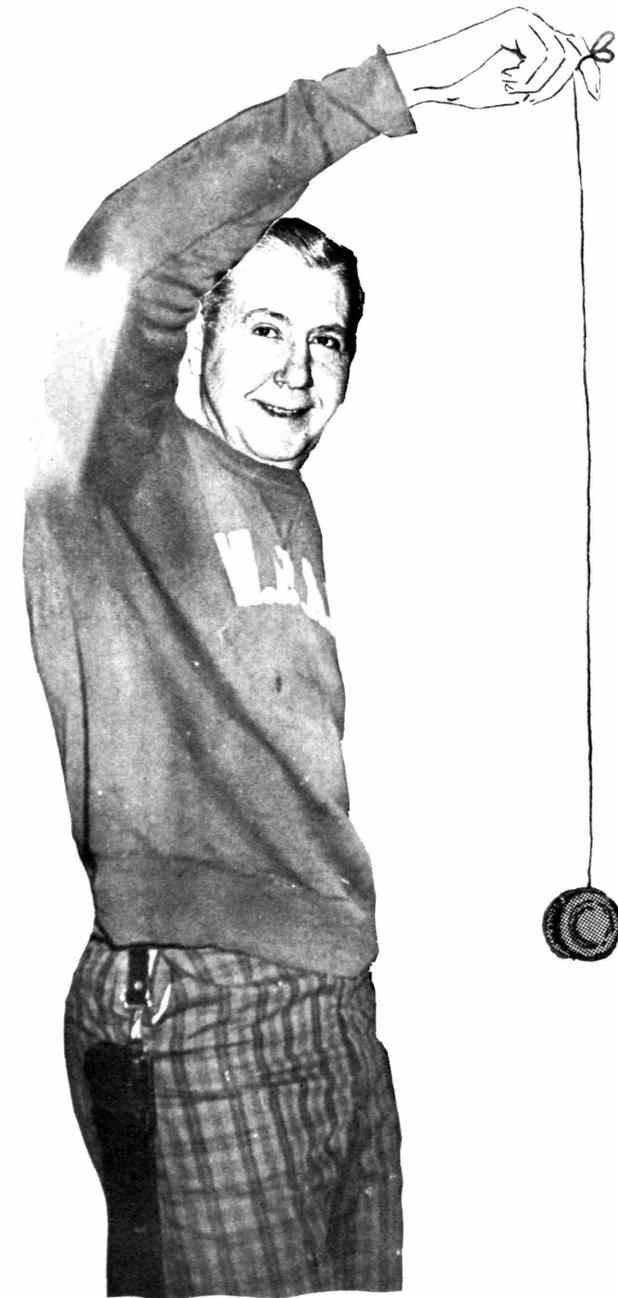
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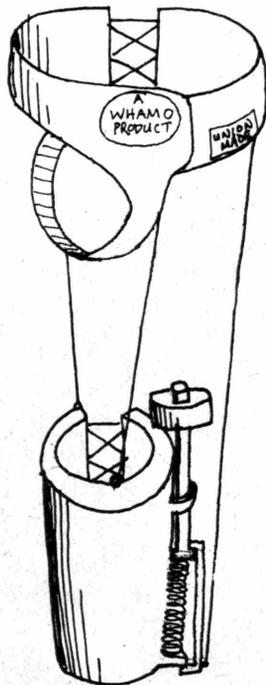
State . . . . .

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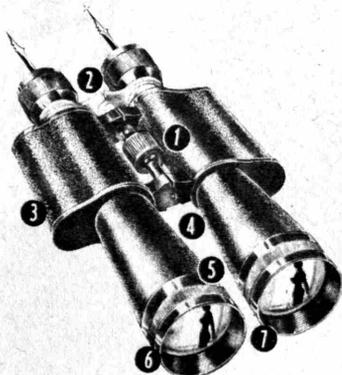
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Please send me postpaid your special binoculars. I understand that I will be deeply impressed.

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# RAW GUTS

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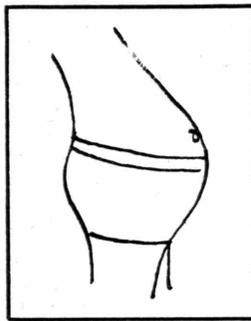
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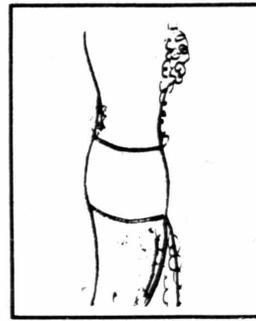
# ARE YOU OVERWEIGHT? THEN USE WAISTE TO SHRINK AWAY EXCESS FAT WITHOUT DIETING!



**MERELY RUB WAISTE  
ON - NO DIETING**

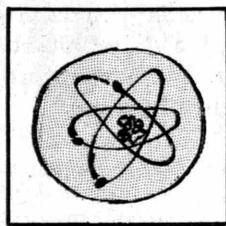


**BEFORE WAISTE**

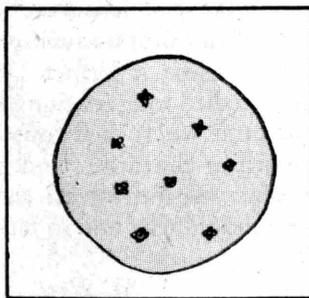


**AFTER WAISTE**

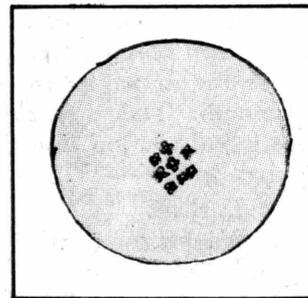
*How WAISTE works:* The human body, just like everything else, is made up of tiny little atoms no bigger than the period at the end of this sentence. These atoms, however, are not packed tightly together as one might suspect. They are, in fact, rather far apart, and just a few atoms take up a large volume of space. WAISTE works by miraculously removing the air from between the atoms, and thus allowing the atoms to take up less space. The microscope pictures below illustrate this.



a tiny  
little atom



**BEFORE WAISTE**



**AFTER WAISTE**



Dr. A. O. Sealer, authentic professional authority, said the following about WAISTE: "My pet parakeet had a pot belly until I tried WAISTE!"



And Dr. Del Hagen, infamous medical savant, said: "I had a fat head until I tried WAISTE, and WAISTE didn't even upset my stomach!"



# TO YOUSE GUYS

## CASTRO'S SECRET PLAN

Dear RAW GUTS:

Boy, you sure told Fidel where to get off. Just what the hell is going on in this country when some two-bit dictator can come up with a secret plan like that and get away with it! I'd like to stomp his face!

J. Hoffa  
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear RAW GUTS:

I thought I knew all there was to know about Castro until I read your article on *Castro's Secret Plan*. Let's have more dirt on that beard with the big mouth. You're sure doing a great job of keeping your readers informed.

D. Rusk  
Washington, D.C.

Dear RAW GUTS:

The only real men in America today are the guys who publish hard-hitting men's magazines like RAW GUTS. All the others have gone soft. Keep up the kind of muscle-bound reporting like "Castro's Secret Plan." That's sure some plan, all right.

C. Atlas  
Chicago

Dear RAW GUTS:

Excellent story on Castro's secret plan. I only wish that this could be brought to the attention of more freedom-loving Americans.

F. Batista  
Caracas

## KILLER OF THE LOWER EUPHRATES

Dear RAW GUTS:

God bless RAW GUTS magazine for printing the truth about the horrors of Euphratian prison camps in 279 B.C. These atrocities have gone unpunished long enough! It's damn well time we cracked down on this Yossarian character, and put him away. Torturing all those men — we should tear him to bits in a salt bed!

H. Wirz  
Andersonville

Dear RAW GUTS:

Cancel my subscription immediately! I don't mind your Nazi exposures, but the atrocities of the Euphrates Valley are too curdling for print. And there's no reason to drag up that old dirt!

A. Schickel  
Buenes Aires

## TRUTH ABOUT SEX PERVERTS

Dear RAW GUTS:

Your article on sex perverts drew much attention to the terrible indecency of naked animals and what can happen when nakedness corrupts. We must all join the fight to clothe animals and protect our children and animals.

G. Clifford Prout  
New York City

Dear RAW GUTS:

How could you claim that fooling around with rabbits may be perverted. I've never heard such nonsense in all my life.

H. Hefter  
Chicago

Dear RAW GUTS:

I am glad to see you print articles which cover the broad range of interests which are found in this country. You would be surprised how many persons are interested in this subject.

B. Looney  
Los Angeles

# HOW TO MAKE YOUR BOSS SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE

One possible way is to be perfect. Do everything right, be personable, friendly, helpful, GET THE JOB DONE, and be prompt. A better way is to swindle him by making him THINK you are on the ball, etc.

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Planing  
Complaining  
Tool-making  
Pile Driving  
Eczema Driving  
Boston Driving

## Inhumanities

TV Programming  
TV Viewing  
TVA  
TP (Indian culture)  
PT (Barnum)  
PT 109  
Parmigans  
Tarmaidens  
Shakespeare  
Wigglesdock  
Ferndock  
Fur'ner  
Fur Coats  
Fur Shlugginer  
Fur Flung  
\_\_\_\_ Flinging

## Fizzix

Uncertainty  
Certainty  
Conservation of Momentum  
Conservation of Woodlands  
Conversation in Fields  
Conversion of Christians  
Aversion to Godsquad  
A Virgin Spring  
A Virgin Dashpot  
Oscillators  
Vaccillators  
Vaccinators

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Hairy Apes  
Harry Trumans  
Integral Relationships  
Marital Relationships  
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# BOOKS!! (The kind men like!)

## CASTILOGNE. BOOK OF THE COURTIER

Don't miss chapter on kissing during the fiery renaissance.

## PLATO. THE SYMPOSIUM

Strange habits of love during uninhibited Greek Republic.

## SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GRENE KNIGHT

Bawdy English story of strange temptations in a mysterious castle when a knight meets his host's wife in bed.

## CHAUCER, SIR GEOFFREY. YE LEGENDE OF GOODE WIMMEN

Updated versions of classic tales of love. Has inspired a movie starring Elizabeth Taylor—many parts had to be cut before it could be seen in Massachusetts.

## THE WEDDING OF SYR GAWAIN

So uninhibited that it couldn't be printed in its original form for hundreds of years.

## THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND ONE NIGHT

Hard to obtain Symmes translation. Unexpurgated tales from the sultry East.

## LADY MURISAKI. THE TALE OF GENII

A woman on the inside records her notes concerning strange deviations in the Imperial Japanese court.

## HOMER. THE ILIAD

Thousands risk death for the love of a goddess-like slut.

## TANGENT

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## THUCIDIDES. THE PELOPONNESIAN WARS

The full story now revealed. Real action!

## SHAKESPEARE, WILLY. KING LEAR

Tragic tale of an old man's perverse love for his daughters. Regan and the Bastard! The famous strip scene! Unexpurgated!!

## MARX AND ENGELS. THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

Searing document that threatened to destroy the institution of marriage, free love! Wow!

## THE PHILATELIST'S JOURNAL (Assorted Issues).

Learn all about the strange practice of "Philately". In plain brown wrapper.

## TWAIN, MARK. TOM SAWYER

Boy meets girl, they get "lost" in cave. Oo-la-la. Torrid tale of the Real South. By the author of 1601.

## GABBARD, SIR GREGORY. YE HEADLESS KNIGHT

Yecch.

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(Include \$15.00 per book mailing charges.)

# I FOUGHT OVERLORDS

# THE DIRTY COMMIE AND THEIR SEX-CRAVED NYMPH ARMY

How did he know that the rotten pig was  
no damn good?

I was fighting in the Czechoslovakian resistance against the rotten Red bosses and their crummy Czech stooges. On one occasion, they had me on the run. I made my way across the frozen fields with the bloodhounds hot on my heels and plunged into the forest.

Deep in the dark woods, I came upon a small hut owned by a hermit. Here, I thought, I could find refuge from my pursuers.

I knocked on the door, and when the hermit peeked out, I asked: "Hello, do you suppose you could cache a rather large Czech?"  
(continued on page 71)



mesjr.



mesjr.

**RAW GUTS EXCLUSIVE!**

**HOW DID HE KNOW THAT THE**

# **ROTTEN PIG**

**WAS NO DAMN GOOD?**

By Boob Pindick



**Hank  
could see  
that the blonde  
bomb was  
looking for more  
than just a  
ride!**

Hank Hardwick flexed his golden brown muscles as he made his getaway from the bank robbery. It was too bad about those fifteen cops he had to kill, yet they should have known better than to threaten him. But he showed 'em—that's the last time they'll intimidate Horrible Hank Hardwick, or, as his mother used to call him, Horrible Hank. Hank jumped into his stolen XKE. He slammed down on the gas, and raced down the street, where he had to stop for a traffic light. "Bite the bag," he screamed, spitting his chewing gum through the windshield. Then suddenly, Hank felt a cool hand on his tawny black hair. "Get your foul extremity offa my tawny black hair!" he shouted, and slapped his hand on the bag of money on the seat next to him. But turning around, he found himself looking at the most beautiful, voluptuous, sensual, fleshy, pulchritudinous girl that he had ever seen. "How about a . . . ride," asked the girl pulchritudinously. "Goddam tomato," roared Hank, but then paused and mulled the possibilities over in his mind. Who knows, she might be useful as a hostage. "Yeah," said Hank, "get the hell in." The girl got in next to him, Hank put the car into third gear, and sped off.

The girl began running her fingers through his tawny black hair. "You got nice hair," she said baldly.

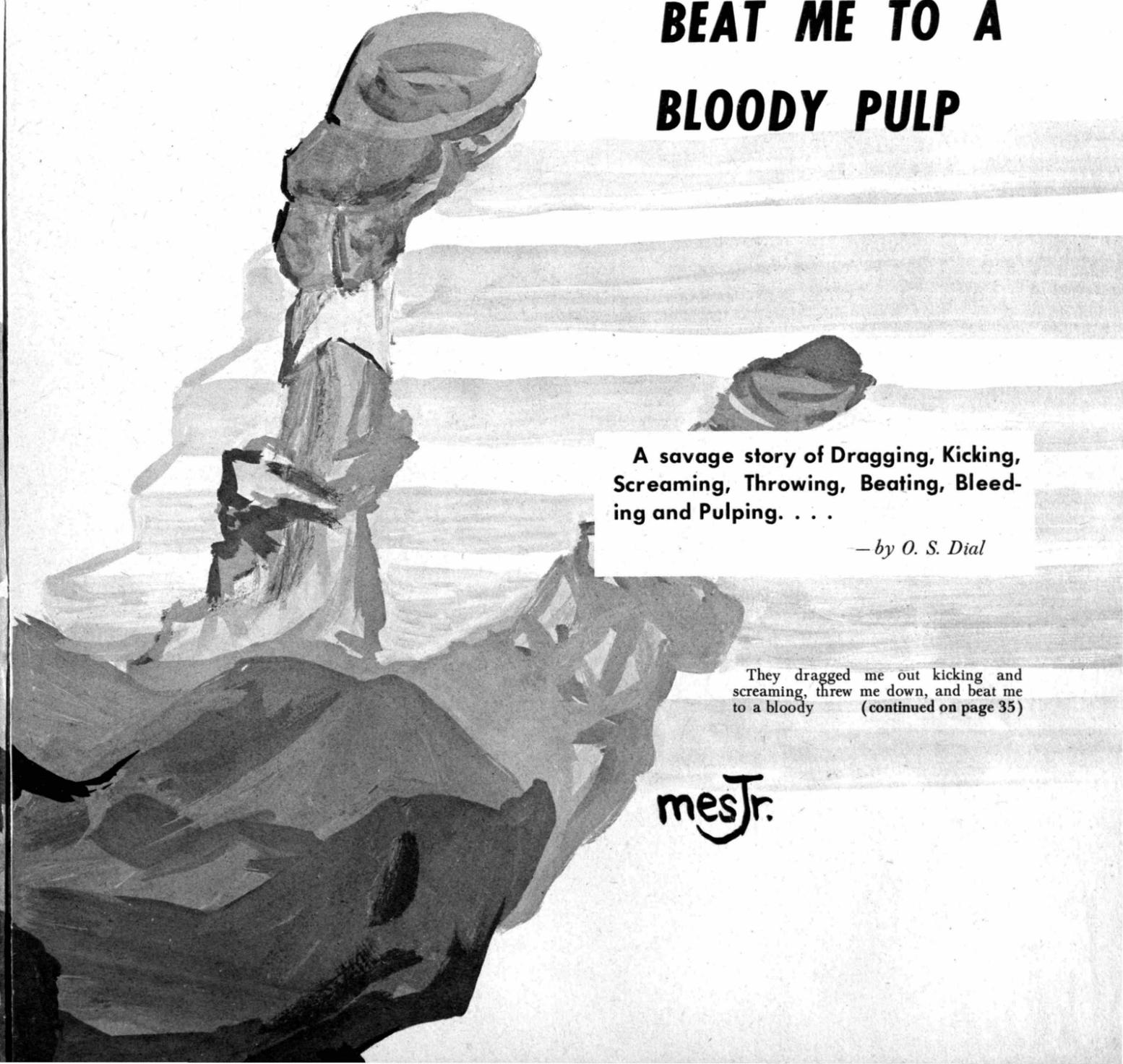
"Yeah," said Hank, swerving the car in an attempt to run over a squirrel that was crossing the road.

*(Continued on page 19)*



**THEY DRAGGED ME OUT,  
KICKING AND SCREAMING,  
THREW ME DOWN, AND**

**BEAT ME TO A  
BLOODY PULP**



**A savage story of Dragging, Kicking,  
Screaming, Throwing, Beating, Bleed-  
ing and Pulping. . . .**

*—by O. S. Dial*

They dragged me out kicking and  
screaming, threw me down, and beat me  
to a bloody (continued on page 35)

**mes Jr.**



mesjr.

**SINGLEHANDEDLY** I FOUGHT OFF

THE ARMY OF **MAN-EATING**

**MACEDONIAN GRAPES**

**and lived to tell about it!!**

by **Rubin Pindyck**

It started out as a vacation. I've never cared much for vacations, but when the boss suggested that I go on a long one, I heard myself say, "Yes, J.B."

So here I was in the middle of the Macedonian jungle, disguised as a mild-mannered business man, trying to catch rare specimens of the Macedonian syph, and seeing how many of them would dance on the head of a pin. After trying unsuccessfully all morning to catch the syph, I decided to relax by taking a tramp through the woods.

Her name was Sonia.

Anyway, there we were, in the middle of the dense, primitive undergrowth, when Sonia screamed, "Help—GRAPE!"

*(Continued on page 21)*

*(Really)*

## DOLL OF THE MONTH



## FERMEZ LA BOUCHE

"I zeenk eet means 'Irma zee sweet,'" she explained huskily. "At least eet's what my mama was always shouting at me."

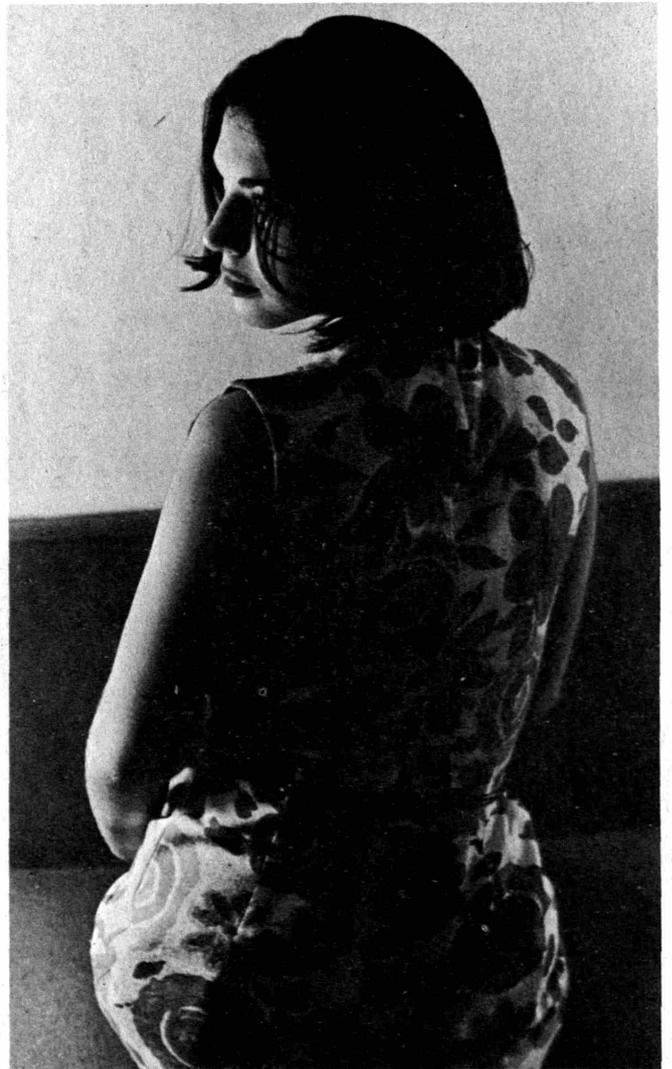
Our Doll is a real highbrow — she graduated from high school — but don't let that discourage you. She says she likes *real* men, not the namby-pamby egghead types like she met in high school. She prefers American men to Frenchmen because "zey have zee, how you say, guts."





Fermez hails from Cornsilk, Iowa. She prefers Boston men to Cornsilkers because, as she says, "zey have zee, how to say, creeping crud."

As we took our reluctant leave of Ferm after our exciting interview, we could hear her voice tinkling huskily "you got chewing gum?"



A Raw Guts Fiction Bonus!!

# KISS ME, SMEDLEY

ANOTHER SPIKE HAMMERHEAD THRILLER

by MICKEY SPITTOON

My name is Spike Hammerhead. I'm so tough that I drive nails with my teeth. I got the biggest cavities in town.

I remember the first time I saw curvy Mabel Zilch. It was five minutes ago. I don't know why she attracted me. Except for the glass fishbowl she wore instead of a dress, she looked like any other girl. But I couldn't tear my eyes away from that fishbowl. There were still fish in it. A chill went thru my spine when she spoke. She was dropping ice cubes down my back. "You've got to help me, Spike," she said, pointing a rod at me. I grabbed the rod and beat her over the head with it. "This

is no time to be hanging curtains," I growled.

We decided to drive to town. In the glare of my naked headlights I saw this naked babe jump in front of my naked car. I plunged my naked foot down on the naked brakes. I got out of my car and looked the broad over. I saw what I liked. I liked what I saw. She saw what I liked and she liked me liking it. I liked her liking what I saw and seeing that I saw what I liked. So I slugged her.

We went into a bar. Gorilla Grogan, the bartender, slapped me on the back. But he was holding a knife in his hand when he

did it. Lucky for me the blade was only two feet long, so it didn't hit a vital spot.

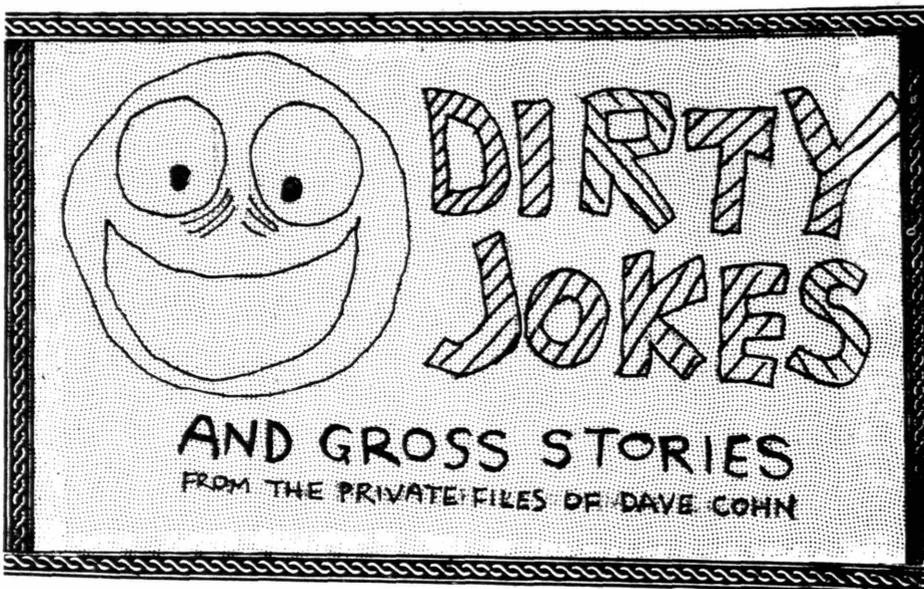
Fiery flames of anger made my muscles swell up into steel bands. My head throbbed like a tom-tom. My lips twitched into a menacing, deadly sneer. I must have looked perfectly frightful.

It was then that I saw Hour-Glass Hannah. When I saw her, the blood began to rush to my head. My eyes popped out. It took me ten minutes to find them and put them back. And all that time Hannah didn't move. She just stood there. No wonder. She'd been dead for six weeks.

*(Continued on page 20)*



mes Jr.



"Why does Bill Pinkerson wear red suspenders?"

"I dunno. Why *does* Bill Pinkerson wear red suspenders?"

"To keep his shoulders down, you ninny!!!"

"What goes 'Mark, Mark'?"

"Carol!!!"

"I'd like two hot dogs — one with mustard."

"Which one?"

First man: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

Second man: "That was my wife."

First man: "Oh!"

Boy: "What has six legs, feathers, and goes bah-bah-bah?"

Girl: "I dunno."

Boy: "*Three Indians singing the Whiffenpoof Song!!*"

Girl: "Bite the bag."

Staffer: "What's the difference between a woman track star and Bill Pinkerson?"

Editor: "*We can't print that!!*"

1st man: "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

2nd man: "Why?"

1st man: "*Because this is a fowl joke!!!*"

Son: "Mother, why are there no bridges in Heaven?"

Mother: "*Because they need engineers to build bridges!!!*"

Meek neurotic telling joke to friend:

"This beautiful blonde was lying on the bed, nude, waving the American flag, and singing the 'Star Spangled Banner'. Have you heard this?"

"No," his friend reassured him.

"*It's our National Anthem, you Communist!!!*"

"The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker — Why can't I?"



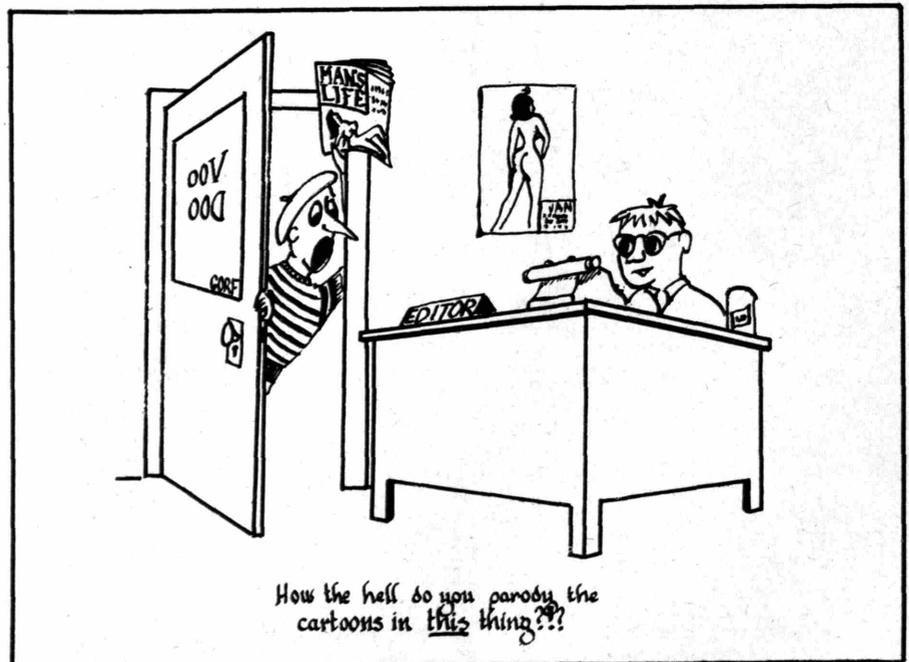
First man: "What was that I saw you with last night?"

Second man: "That must have been a telescope, *I was in Chicago!!!*"

"Here's one Luther Burbank never tried," said the coed as she crossed a grape and an elephant.

First man: "What is the difference between the head of the Institute Judcomm and a pink elephant?"

Second man: "I don't know. *What is the difference!!!*"



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# ROTTEN PIG

(Continued from page 9)

The girl just happened to know of a little cabin out in the woods, so Hank drove there. They went into the cabin, the girl lit a candle, and Hank put the bag of money on the table. The girl started running her fingers through the silver bills. "You got nice money," she said richly.

"Shaddup," said Hank, kicking her in the stomach.

The girl blew her voluptuous nose. She must have known that Hank was like a ravenous, primitive beast. She also knew that there was only one way to tame such a beast, and that she would have to be subtle about it. "How about lying down here next to me on the bed," she said subtly.

This girl's really on the ball, thought Hank, really on the ball. Hank spit a bullet of saliva across the room, drowning an ant that was crawling along the floor, and put out the candle by pressing the wick with his thumb. Seconds later he was lying next to her on the bed.

"You know," she said, "I don't even know your name."

"None of your goddamn business," said Hank, kicking her in the stomach. "What's yours?"

"Suzy."

"Yeah."

Suddenly Hank thought of all that money lying there unprotected on the table. Then he thought some more about all that money. Then he grunted, sighed, and began chewing her right ear lobe.

Next thing it was morning and Hank woke up in a bad mood, for he had forgotten to take off his shoes when he went to bed. Then, looking carefully around the room, Hank noticed that something was missing. The money! "The money!" cried Hank. He jumped into his Bermuda shorts and then noticed that something else was missing. The girl! "The girl!" cried Hank. He ran out to the car, got in, and tried in vain to start it. "That lousy, no-good, miserable, dirty filthy rotten, beautiful, sexy pig," he screamed, kicking in the side of the car. And then, suddenly, there was Suzy, pointing a gun at him.

"All right you dumb idiot, the jig is up. I'm a policewoman undercover agent," she declared. "What's more, I'm putting you under wraps!"

"You know, I really hate to have to do this. You seemed like such an all right sort of guy," she purred pulchritudiously.

Hank grunted and spit on the ground. Being taken in by a lousy girlie-cop like this was too much for him. He kicked the gun out of her hand, knocked her to the ground, and cut her up good with his Boy Scout knife. "Ha ha. That will learn you, you no-good fuzz."

(Continued on page 21)

## NEW HOPE

### FOR THE DEAD

Write 317 Memorial Dr., Dept. RG1, Cambridge, Mass.

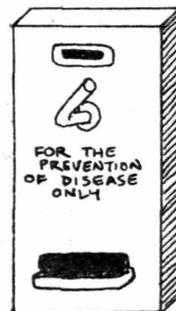
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**Get Eaton  
at the Coop**

# KISS ME

(Continued from page 16)

Red hot anger boiled thru my quivering veins. Sweat poured out of my forehead like a gushing faucet. I clenched my fists

so hard that my sharp, jagged nails cut one of my hands off at the wrist. Like a crazed bull, shouting and cursing, I burst into action. I ran the hell outta there. But Gorilla caught me. He put the muzzle of a sub-machine gun against my back and squeezed the trigger. Lucky for me he was a lousy shot.

Before going out the next morning, I decided to take a shower. But I couldn't. It was too heavy. While I was getting dressed, a big buxom blonde walked in, wearing

only a pair of shorts. But I wasn't interested. He was a man. "I'm gonna beat the living daylights outta ya, Hammerhead!" he roared. "I'm gonna clobber ya until yer own mudder wouldn't know ya!" Years of dangerous living had made my brain razor sharp. I guessed in a flash that this unknown intruder meant to do me bodily harm!

I snarl came from between my clenched teeth. "I warn ya, unknown intruder, I  
(Continued on next page)



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(Continued from preceding page)

play rough." With that, I dug my fingernails into the wall and tore a beam out of the woodwork. "Now I'm gonna split yer head open like an egg!" I growled. I whirled around as I heard a low voice behind me say, "Don't do it, Spike. That beam's got splinters in it."

It was vivacious Mabel Zilch. "The trouble with you, Spike," she purred, "is that you're too hot-headed." And she was right. She was shampooing my scalp with an acetylene torch.

I gently removed the torch from her caressing fingers by the simple expedient of breaking her arms. Then as she turned her limpid, love-sick eyes up to mine, with her soft, moist lips half-parted, waiting for my feverish kiss, I busted a chair over her head.

"Spike," she murmured. "Why do you keep fighting it? It's bigger than both of us." That was all she had time to say before the hemorrhaging began. I couldn't stand there and watch her bleed to death, so I applied a tourniquet. But I made a slight mistake. I squeezed it around her neck. I realized that now; there was only a split-second left to act. So I acted.

I did a few scenes from OTHELLO, and then read some SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE. I was just finishing up with BEOWULF when I could see out of the corner of my eye that my plan was working. Mabel lay stiff as a board; I stalked over to her lifeless figure and stood over her for long, dangerous minutes, studying her charms. That was some nice bracelet she was wearing.

Before I could get away from there, voluptuous Susie Gazut was upon me. She takes me in her arms and crushes me to her. For a while we're both deafened by the sound of cracking ribs, and then a low, ominous silence falls. When she bends down to pick it up, I free myself, and race to the roof, hungrily looking for an avenue of escape and for a salami sandwich I left up there the day before.

But the roof is deserted, except for a smiling red-head who's taking a sun bath. She beckons to me—her eyes shining—her lips quivering—her knees knocking—but I'm suspicious of dames who take sun baths on roofs. Especially when it's the middle of the night.

I turn to leave, taking one last look at her firm, pink, soft, luscious dachshund which is sitting at her side. . . . and suddenly the whole thing falls into place. What a fool I've been. She's the killer.

I grab her by the collar of her dress. She slaps me. I realize she ain't wearing a dress. "You've got me," she sobs. "I know I haven't got a chance. . ." And while she's talking, she coming closer, and closer, until her hands are on my shoulders. . . . then they move down to my chest, my waist, my money belt. . .

Before she can finish her next sentence, I whip out my .45 and let her have it!

But she gives it back. "No thanks," she says. "I don't know how to shoot it."

So I showed her how. I shouldn't have pointed it at her head while I did.

—Charlie "SNAFU" Deber

## ROTTEN PIG

(Continued from page 19)

"Fuzzette," she corrected, gasping. She heaved violently, panted, and expired for the last time.

But Hank had laughed too soon, for he found himself surrounded by cops (similar, in fact, to the fifteen that he had killed). It seems that Suzy Slut, policewoman undercover agent, had called for help. Hank began shooting like crazy. He had killed forty cops when another one of them jumped him from behind. Thirty more jumped on him, shouting "Gotcha!"

Well, Suzy was dead, but thanks to her, they finally caught Horrible Hand Hardwick. Yeah, Hank was tough, but how could he know that the rotten story was no damn good.

## MAN EATING MACEDONIANS

(Continued from page 13)

I said, "What's the matter, honey, don't you like me?" but she could only shudder and point to her horde of round, firm, purple things rolling towards us.

Within hours, we were surrounded. I've been surrounded before, but never by such soft-looking Macedonian man-eating grapes.

"Don't worry, dear," I whispered to Sonia. "Let me handle this."

Sonia kissed me passionately and whispered back, "Sure, mistah."

"Her first!" I shouted.

Looking back, I can justify this seeming act of cowardice by the fact that I was scared purple.

Anyway, I had to stand there helplessly as the grapes devoured Sonia from toe to head.

Ah Sonia, poor Sonia, who died for arousing the wrath of grapes!

As for myself, I was fortunate in that the grapes, who were apparently no longer hungry, had decided to take me alive.

"Listen," I said, "unless you set me free I'm going to turn the sky black in exactly two hours and seventeen minutes."

"Come off it, Jack," the grape wined, "Don't give us any of that eclipse baloney!" Clearly this was no ordinary bunch of grapes.

"Listen Jack," said the chief grape, "I got a joke for you. What's flesh-colored and comes from Macedonia?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"Alexander the Great!"

"Grape balls of fire!" I exclaimed, whipping out my Zippo and igniting the chief grape. The other grapes swarmed around their flaming leader, raisin' leafy arms to grapple with the fire and in the crush I made my escape.

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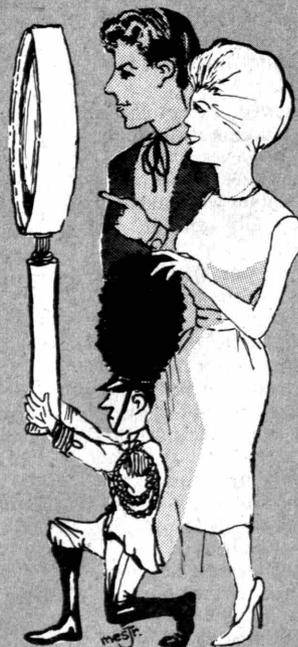
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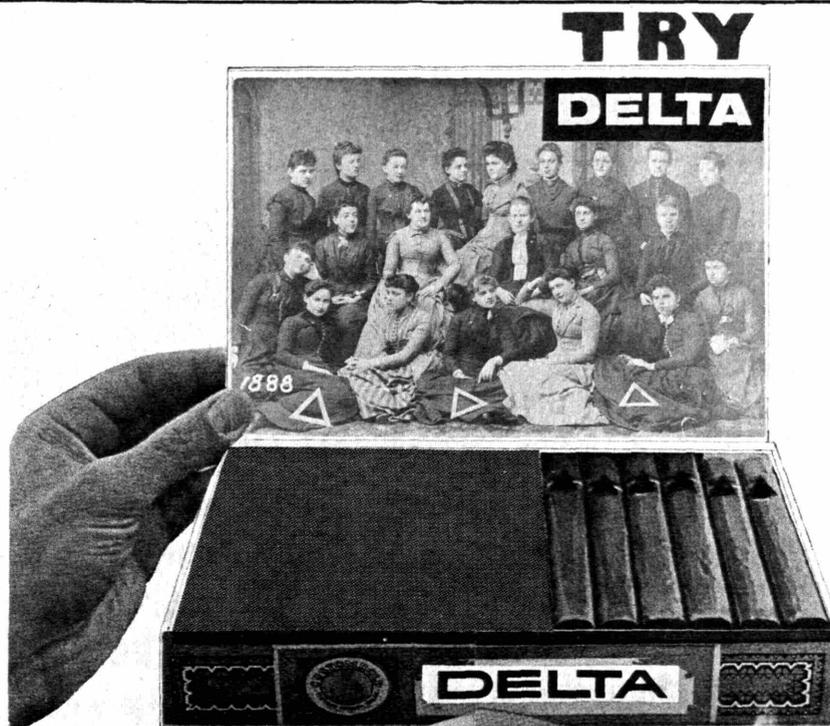
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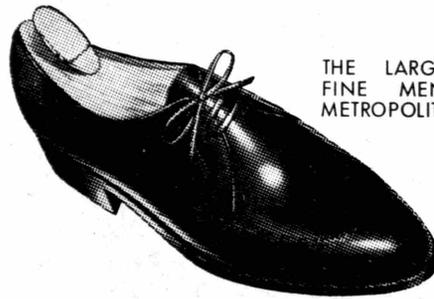
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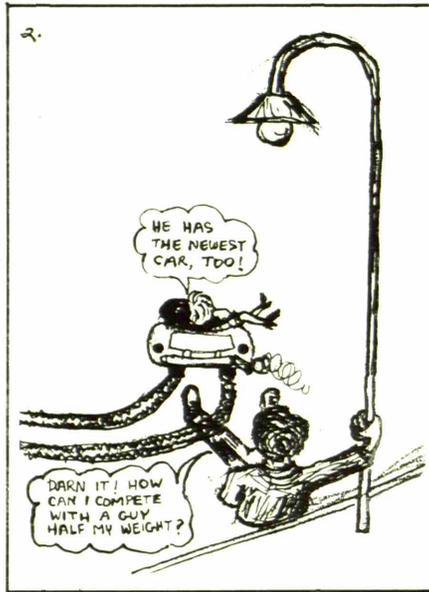
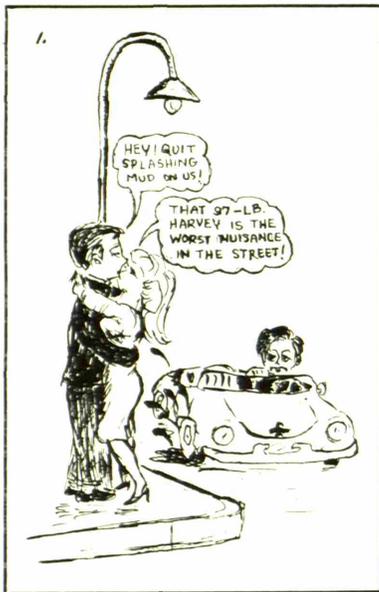
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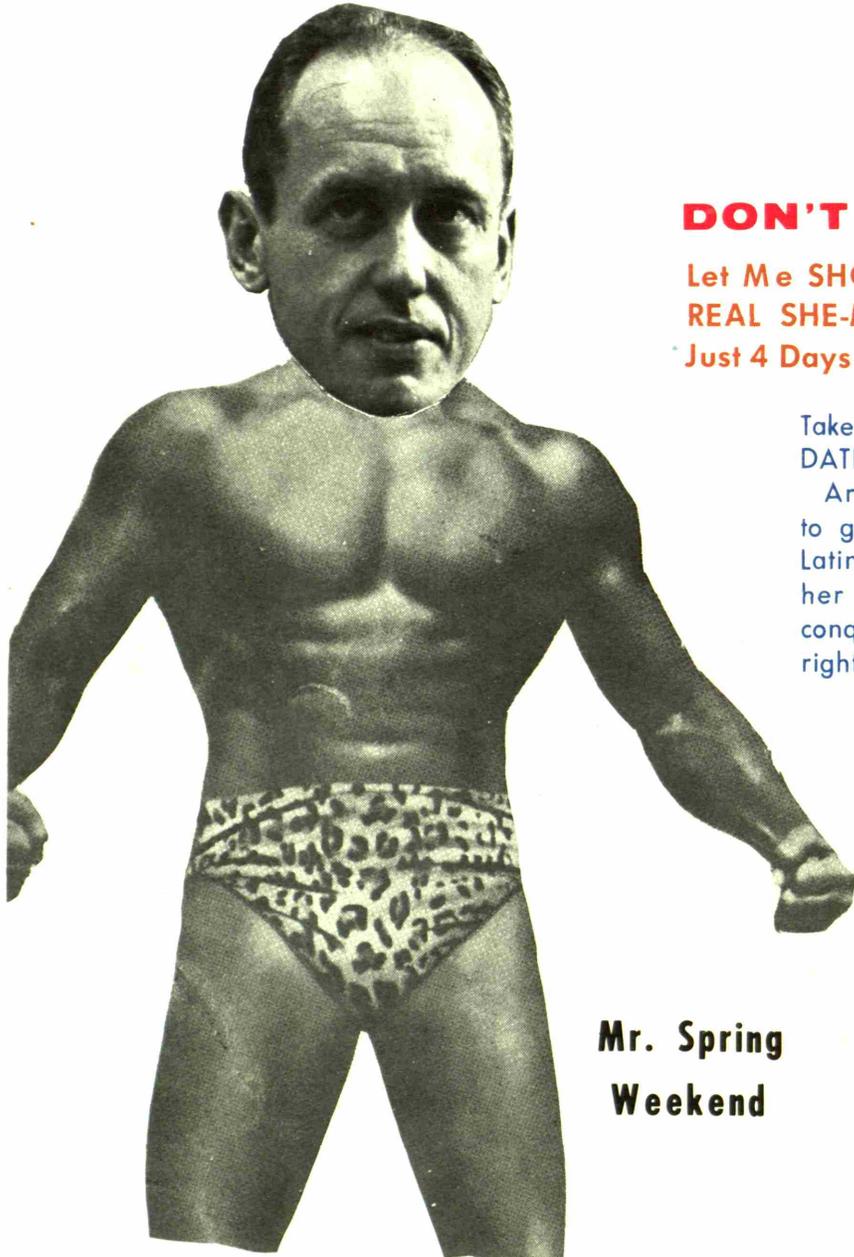
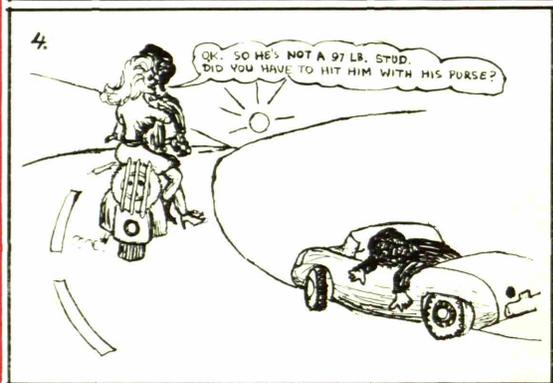


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<p>THURSDAY EVENING APRIL 23 8:00 P.M. KRESGE</p>	<p>A LECTURE</p> <p><b>WALTER SLEZAK</b></p> <p><b>"Show Business is No Business"</b></p> <p><i>Tickets to be distributed in advance</i></p>
<p>WEDNESDAY EVENING MAY 13 8:00 P.M. KRESGE</p>	<p>A LECTURE</p> <p><b>World Correspondent CARL DESUZE</b></p> <p><i>"Empires Revisited, the New Look of Europe"</i></p>



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