

Are you a man or woman?

Take the Renault 10 quiz and see.

4 doors instead of 2 means:

- ☐ A. I can get in the back without making a spectacle of myself.
- ☐ B. It's easier on the car pool.

3 glove compartments mean:

- ☐ A. There's more room to store things.
- ☐ B. There's more room to store junk.

4-wheel disc brakes mean:

- ☐ A. I can stop the car.
- ☐ B. The car stops on a dime.

Engine over drive wheels mean:

- ☐ A. What are drive wheels?
- ☐ B. They get a better grip on the road.

Synchromesh transmission means:

- ☐ A. It won't always make that horrible sound when I shift.
- ☐ B. I can brake by down-shifting.

Independent suspension means:

- ☐ A. Well, I admire independence.
- ☐ B. The car behaves on bumpy roads.

Replaceable cylinder sleeves mean:

- ☐ A. I don't really know.
- ☐ B. Me, either.

12 months/unlimited mileage warranty means:

- ☐ A. I wish Renault made dish washers.
- ☐ B. They're pretty sure of themselves.

35 miles per gallon means:

- ☐ A. I'll never finish my free glass set.
- ☐ B. Gas stations won't get rich on me.



FOR INFORMATION SEE NEAREST DEALER
OR WRITE RENAULT INC., 100 SYLVAN AVENUE
ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, NEW JERSEY 07632



ANSWERS:

If you checked A's and B's, your guess is as good as ours.

in our 1924 Buick touring car with red-wire wheels. "That's all boys," said Mrs. T. and a heated discussion of the merits and demerits of the German lyric poet Rilke ended abruptly. I think the sudden exodus of a dozen young men of Notre Dame must have startled my father and made something of an impression upon him, but he said nothing about it. Also, as was his way, he never forgot it. And years later, when someone mentioned Notre Dame one evening in Long Island, Mr. T. said: "Just what were those Notre Dame guys talking about that day?" "Rilke," said my mother, and then as though to bring everything up to date she added: "Rendall Rilke."

John Lardner, my first cousin and roommate, used to come out to the house on Mondays, our common day off from the *Herald Tribune*, and usually spent the night. John, whom my mother called Thornbush for no earthly reason, was crazy about her and, having a wit of his own, enjoyed moving into the ring with her. One day they fell to talking about people who self-consciously leave out the indefinite article or preposition when they talk, heaven knows why. Mrs. T. said that her cleaning woman liked the wisteria vine that engulfed our front porch. "Mrs. Tobin, your porch," she quoted the cleaning woman, "is just covered wisteria." This delighted John, who said at once, "Well, I won't see you next week. I've got Ann Arbor date, then I'm going Toronto." Mother looked over her glasses: "That's just as well, Thornbush. I'll be Atlantic City." A week later, she got a postcard from the Midwest. It read: "Been Indianapolis all week. Then plan to spend a few days Wisconsin and on Topeka before meeting Bill Atlanta. Love, Thorn." No wonder they loved each other. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1332

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1332 will be found in the next issue.

SYFCF EL HR YUAC MYFCFER

H DHR DEIYS GF YHKN HJJ

YEL JEPF OUAJZ YF PERZ ES.

—IFUCIF YFCGFC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1331

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SR/February 15, 1969

The First All-Label, No-Obligation Discount Record Service to Offer All These Advantages

BIG DISCOUNTS!

Generally at least 33 1/3% ... in some cases up to 75%!

FREE CHARGE ACCOUNT!

Charge all your purchases ... an exclusive Records Unlimited feature!

UNLIMITED SELECTION!

Any record on any label available in the U.S.!

NO MINIMUM PURCHASE REQUIRED!

Order only the records you want...when you want them!

Plus a unique extra bonus...

SELECT ANY RECORD OF YOUR CHOICE—FREE

if you join now and pay the modest *lifetime* enrollment fee

Now... a record-buying service that has all the advantages you've been looking for—Records Unlimited! It gives you big discounts on *all* records, *all* labels—with *no minimum purchase required*. And you buy on *credit* with at-home shopping convenience! What's more, you get your first record *free* for joining right now!

No other service, club or method of buying records offers all this *without obligation of any kind!*

No obligations—No limitations

If you buy records regularly—5, 7 or 12 a year—you probably like to make your selections from a variety of labels. And you don't want the commitment to buy a specified number of records. What you *do* want are the most generous discounts that can be offered on every one of the records you buy!

You get *all* these advantages *only* with Records Unlimited!

Discounts up to 75%

Though you have no obligation to buy any records, every record you *do* buy will have a big discount... generally 33 1/3% off the manufacturers' suggested list price (see the chart).

You can choose *any* 12" long-playing

record of *any* label available in the United States. In some cases we are able to offer discounts up to 75%! And remember, Records Unlimited is the only all-label service that lets you charge your records!

Free Buying Guides

You will learn about these special savings regularly through your *free* copies of the Records Unlimited buying guide, which will carry listings of new releases and best-selling hit records in all fields of music... classical, folk, pop, teen, Broadway, etc. You can take advantage of the *super* discounts, or order *any* record you want at our

regular *low* discount prices (plus a small mailing and handling charge). All records, of course, are brand-new and guaranteed to be in perfect playing condition.

First Record Free

Your first record is *free*, if you join now and pay the modest \$2.50 *lifetime* enrollment fee. And you can select your free record *now* from the best-selling records shown on this page, or you can pick any other record currently available in the United States.

Mail Coupon Today

Just fill out and mail the coupon, along with your check or money order for \$2.50 to cover your *lifetime* enrollment. We'll send the free record of your choice promptly. You'll also receive a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide, listing hundreds of records available to members at special discount prices.

Note: Since stereo records may now be played on monaural (regular high-fidelity) phonographs, and cost no more than monaural records, all of your records will be sent in stereo.



records unlimited
Harmony, Indiana

BIG DISCOUNTS ON ALL LABELS

See for Yourself!

Manufacturers' Suggested List Prices* RECORDS UNLIMITED

\$1.79 through	\$1.98	\$1.19
2.49 through	2.78	1.66
3.49 through	3.78	2.33
3.79 through	3.98	2.49
4.79 through	4.98	3.09
5.79 through	5.98	3.79
6.79 through	6.98	4.49

(Certain hard-to-get records somewhat higher)

Special-Price Records Each Month!

Leading Labels.....\$.99 • \$1.19 • \$1.66
(Originally sold for up to \$4.79*)

*In some areas, records may be purchased at below manufacturers' suggested list prices.

CHOOSE A RECORD FREE—NOW!

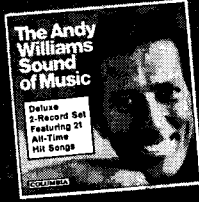
Take any one of these hit albums—or any other record you want!



7085



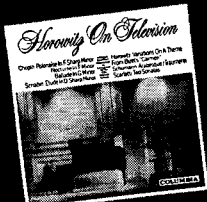
6876



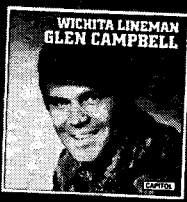
7168



95420



6550



95414



6898



7186

Records Unlimited

Box 500, Harmony, Indiana 47853

I'm enclosing my \$2.50 *lifetime* enrollment fee. Please send me this record—free:

Title.....

Label.....

Catalog No.....

Also send me a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide. I understand that enrollment includes no obligation to purchase any records at any time, but I can order the records I want at Records Unlimited discount prices and charge them to my account.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip Code.....

623-5/73

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Change for No Better

THE SUBJECT for today is air pollution. Or as it is clinically known, "television."

Of course, heckling TV entertainment at this late date is as offensive as speaking harshly to a retarded child. And it becomes progressively clear that we, the viewers, have no forum to which we can address our opinions of the nightly mediocrities to which we are exposed.

Writing to a TV network objecting bitterly to a new program is an exercise in futility. The replies to these complaints—and many viewers have sent copies to this desk—demonstrate the low estate in which our IQs are held by the VPs.

"Dear Viewer," they usually begin. "Thanks for your letter. We hope we will continue pleasing you in the future as we have in the past."

The Big Fear is that after so many years of this constant and corrosive appeal to the lowest common denominator, TV is debasing our taste, polarizing our selectivity, and making LCDs of us all. A sample of this disorder developed re-

cently at a session of the Federal Communications Commission. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, one of the few articulate and sensitive men in the trade, had been invited to defend the medium.

The good doctor was painstakingly explaining to the attendant Congressmen how difficult it is to get a large viewing audience that would appreciate an extraordinary artist. His network, he said, is forced to put "a Horowitz" on the air on a Sunday afternoon.

Congressman Hale Boggs of New Orleans, city of Dixieland music, reviewed this startling piece of news briefly, and then asked, "What is a Horowitz?"

Dr. Stanton explained what a Horowitz is, and then went on to assure the committee that his network is nevertheless constantly striving to better the quality of its entertainment.

Meanwhile, back at the studios in beautiful downtown Burbank, the vice presidents in charge of program planning, with producers and writers, were busily sabotaging Dr. Stanton by de-

veloping a replacement program for another comedy castoff—a half-hour series called *Blondie*, which had turned out not to be exactly comedy. But it was a half-hour. They now came up with a new program, called *The Queen and I*. Well, it turned out not to be exactly a program. It was a half-hour laugh track with actors cavorting about the deck of a luxury ship. Well, they weren't exactly actors, but since I do remember getting a touch of *mal de mer*, I'm sure it was a ship.

Larry Storch, the star of this vaganza (there was nothing "extra" about it), tried valiantly to be heard above the laugh track, which seemed to anticipate his comedy lines. It started laughing before he even began speaking, and laughed again before he ended the jokes. Well, they weren't exactly jokes, but there were writers. Well, they weren't exactly.

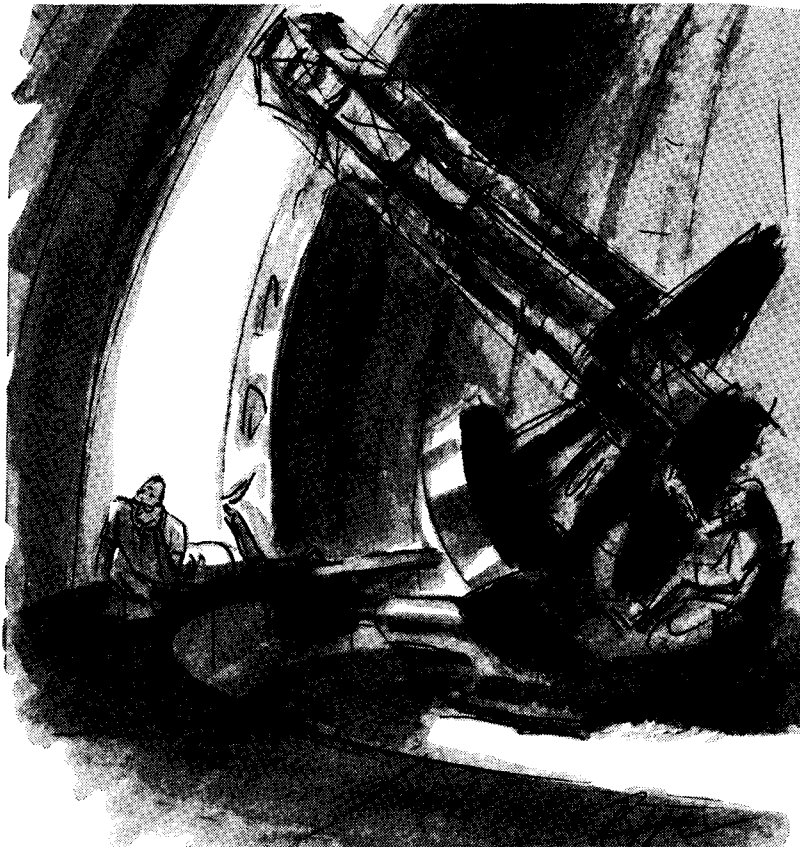
If Mr. Storch, usually a pretty good actor, ever decides to give up his trade, he can always become a critic. In one scene when his shipmates wouldn't go along with his plan to foil the sale of the liner, he said, in fine exasperation, "This is a ship of fools."

Meanwhile, back at the studios in beautiful downtown Burbank, NBC was taking equal time to come up with another half-hour of air pollution. This one is called *My Friend Tony* and is produced by Sheldon Leonard. It is being shown Sunday nights as competition for a CBS program called *Mission: Impossible*. Half of that title should go to *My Friend Tony*.

Sheldon Leonard is a name in TV to be conjured with. In the weeks before *Tony* premiered, he made many appearances on TV talk-shows to plug his latest opus. In these conversations, he airily mentioned some of his former successes—*The Dick Van Dyke Show* and *I Spy*—and spoke glowingly of his new project.

At a time when TV is being maligned for the violence in its entertainment, would you believe this opening scene from *Tony*? A car pulls up in a secluded wooded spot. In it are a beautiful young girl and her short, unsavory escort. He is about to make his pitch to the girl, when another car quietly appears. Out step two gangster-type gentlemen. They say to the man, "Get out of the car." He gets out and walks off camera. The girl remonstrates. The gangster says, "Beat it." She drives away, the gangster nods toward his companion off camera, and we hear a gun shot. One down.

There are several other such scenes, too humorless to mention, in a program which bears the stamp of Sheldon Leonard. Good heavens, if we can't believe in Sheldon Leonard, what's left? Pretty soon they may be asking, "What's a sheldonleonard?"



"According to my calculations, Dr. Hummel, we won't be able to prove that what we saw is what we think it is for another one hundred forty-six years, four months, twelve days, eleven hours, twenty-two minutes and fifty-three seconds."