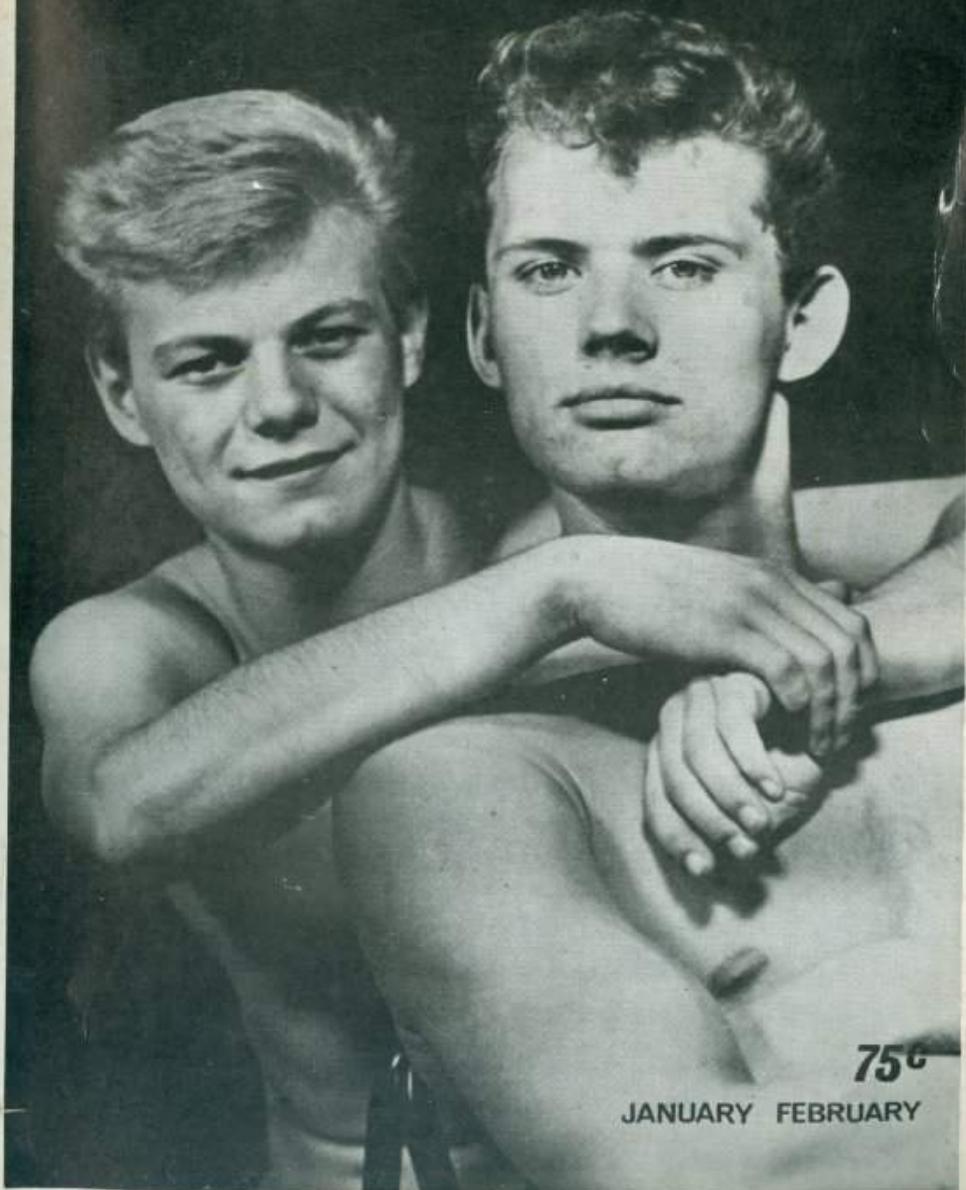




two



75¢

JANUARY FEBRUARY

new
ZIP
service

The hottest name in the physique field announces a new ZIP SERVICE for their exclusive duals. Frank Borck Enterprises, whos work is featured in the sensational new nudist publication YOUTH AT PLAY, now offers return mail service at no extra cost. This new ZIP SERVICE is linked to the introduction of higher quality prints in the new big 5x7 inch size, to bring you every detail of your favorite models. Six 5x7 Custom Prints for \$5.00

Write to:

FRANK BORCK ENTERPRISES

P.O. Box 637, Station 'F', Toronto, Ontario, Canada

two

OUR AIMS AND POLICY

Our purpose is to promote knowledge and understanding of the homosexual viewpoint among the general public and to educate homosexuals as to their responsibilities as variants from the current moral and social standards. It is hoped to find others who will agree with us and join in an effort to establish these rights and responsibilities.

The much-maligned homosexual community has long been in dire need of a voice to speak for itself and offer some rebuttal to the irresponsible attacks periodically made upon it. We hope that TWO will serve this purpose with honesty and integrity. TWO will strive to keep the homosexual community informed on current events of particular interest, and feature light reading and such articles as have some application to the field.

EDITOR: Alex Edmond

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Carol Maynard

Wayne Aitken

Peter Alann

Denis Newcombe

REVIEWERS: Movies- Weston Woodside

Books - Miles Johns

RATES: Single issue: 75¢ mailed first class. Yearly subscription: \$4.50 per year. For mailing outside of North America add 25¢ per issue. Entire contents copyrighted. Not to be reproduced in whole or in part without the written permission of the editor. Submission of material will be construed as permission to publish. All material submitted becomes the property of Kamp Publishing Ltd, unless other arrangements are made.

TWO is published bi-monthly by KAMP PUBLISHING LTD,
292 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

THERE WILL BE A CHANGE IN TWO

Commencing with this issue TWO will become a bi-monthly. Subscriptions will be honoured by sending the equivalent number of issues. The January date line is the result of TWO having to be printed in advance for circulation throughout the United States.

IT'S DIFFERENT WHEN WE DO IT....SOMEHOW?

It has often been claimed that homosexuals not only set fashions but dictate taste in clothes etc. Well some of you campier queens can put out your shingle as having set a new trend. MAKEUP FOR MALES. (My what will they think of next?) August 24th Toronto Star featured a large article with pictures of Bubba Marriott a Toronto Rifles Quarterback having a go with cream mask, lipstick (clear of course) and face powder. In fairness to Bubba, the newspaper admitted that they "had a gun in his back". He was quoted as saying "I don't think it's quite for me. Everything smells like lemon". It occurred to us that had it been strawberry or some other fruit flavour he might have felt differently.

ONE & ONE MAKES TWO?

Well one and one used to make two. Right now it adds up to a real skirmish between two rival factions in the editorial offices of ONE. At the moment both factions are printing a magazine called ONE which is quite confusing really. All we need now is for one of the factions to get with it and reappear as THREE. All right! Altogether now ONE, TWO.....

DIVIDED WE STAND.....UNFORTUNATELY

It would appear that the homosexual minority (if indeed it is a minority) is riddled with minorities of its own. Homosexual organizations fight vigorously with each other for control (control of what escapes us, as there seems to be very little concrete things being done). The organizations criticize the homophile publications (unless it happens to be their own) on the grounds that they are either vulgar, or dangerously outspoken, or uselessly lily livered or in some cases all three. Individuals in each organization fight with each other and with individuals in other organizations.

What does all this activity produce? Conferences (a polite word

for more fighting), public education programs (a more than polite word for a mish mash of distorted and biased personal views, completely devoid of facts in some cases) legal crusades (up till now fruitless, but there are hopes that they will eventually succeed). So taking it all into consideration, we are inclined to feel that perhaps a little concerted effort might be more effective. While we are on this kick may we draw your attention to a letter on page 33 and then the article by the sender on page 5.....
.....Think about it.

CHICKEN ANYONE ?

For those of you who enjoy double entendres, here is a verbatim quote from the L&M Tender Chicken's menu.
"Tender Chicken is what the name implies tender and succulent. Its tantalizing taste and natural flavour are brought out by our own secret recipe and known for that "mouthering" goodness. Enjoy some at home!" Anytime! Anytime!

CLICK PICK

The photographs in this issue of TWO are by FRANK BORCK. This studio has made such spectacular strides in recent months it is hard to keep up with their new achievements. A new issue of Grecian Guild Pictorial features their work and for the first time, a European nudist publication, YOUTH AT PLAY, features their pictures exclusively.

The photos in this issue are the latest releases from Frank Borck and we are pleased to be able to bring them to you.

CAMPY CLEO

Don't miss "Carry On Cleo", the latest movie in the Carry On series.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS ?

An interdenominational minister has made himself available for consultation at two of the after hours clubs in Toronto. It is hoped that by meeting the homosexual community on its own ground that it will be possible to break down the barrier of reserve which apparently exists between the Church and the Homosexual. The editors of this publication wish the minister good luck and hope that his efforts will be appreciated. The economic and social problems facing certain segments of the homosexual community may well be relieved by such efforts, and we urge all who can to give the minister every co-operation wherever possible.

LOVE HONOR & OH BOY!

A few piercing thoughts from the caustic pen of GEORGE MARSHALL, offering some advice on beefing up a tired and worn out relationship.

In an ideal gay relationship lovers are supposed to support each other's dependence. But in practice, one or the other of them is bound to lose interest first. Gay love's got a lot of danger spots.

The biggest one is that usually one of the parties falls out of love before the other one's ready to give up. It's a good deal tougher to salvage a relationship after a wreckage than it is to prevent the wreckage in the first place. That's why we've got to have sense enough to know the gay's lost interest before he goes off chasing somebody else.

Anybody who wants to save an affair from falling apart has got to recapture the advantage. Whoever is more aroused has lost the advantage. The person who's less dependent, holds the bigger advantage. This is nothing more than one-upmanship. If the gay's interest is cooling, then he holds the margin of advantage.

Most gays wonder whether they're getting as much as they give. They're nagged by the thought that the "beloved" isn't as dependent on them as he might be. These jitters can be exploited by the clever cruiser to help keep the affair from falling apart. This brings us to the "little things".

"Little Things": Big Weapons

Occasionally we find ourselves losing our grip, and we're not quite ready to let go. There are certain signs we should look for and recognize before it's too late.

For example, the gay doesn't seem worried any more about how soon we make our next "date". He's no longer in agony when we don't telephone on schedule. These "little things" are

beginning to disturb us. We start watching day and night for signs of a change in attitude in him.

The pattern is broken. Some of the tiny endearments are missing. He doesn't come running with a dry towel when we've had a shower. He doesn't even notice we've taken a shower. He didn't even care if we took a shower. We get a strong feeling that things aren't just what they ought to be.

We grow uneasy. Nothing's really changed, and yet...A kind of supersensitive sixth sense starts working. Call it intuition. Cruisers have it too.

He doesn't have to be going out with someone else. He doesn't even have to be staying away without reason, either. Maybe he's only a little more quiet than usual. Maybe he's vaguely preoccupied, restless, remote, disinterested. That's enough to make our sexual antennae quiver!

We're not able to pinpoint what's happening, but we know something's wrong. It's time to do something drastic.

Two people who've been pretty close for a long time have had a chance to set up a pattern of contacts. This pattern is made up of the whole vocabulary of expressions and sensitivities between lovers. If the gay starts slipping away, we can use this pattern of "little things" as a stick to prod him back into line. We've got to remember that his attention may be distracted, but he's just as possessive as ever!

Occasionally we have to break the old pattern of "little things" ourselves, to keep him hopping. This gives us one last hope of pulling the right strings to bring things back to normal!

Let's concentrate on our new secret weapon: withdrawing the "little things". We've learned from experience how these can be a handy barometer of interest. Now we've got to look at them in the light of a different strategy.

By withdrawing the "little things" we can make a possessive but straying partner come running back in a hurry. All it takes is a little know-how and some ruthlessness!

Sensitivity is one of the "little things". It works on the principle that gays always notice their partner's habitual reactions. If his interest seems to be cooling off though, we don't act sensitive. This worries him. Now he's afraid our interest is slipping and he won't put up with this! He can't because his pride and possessiveness are still there even though his interest is flagging. Once we start playing it cool, his interest is sparked all over again. He's got to get busy and try to get us back in line! He has his pride, too!

The Far-Away Look in Our Eyes

Up until now every time the gay's frowned, we've asked, "What's the matter?" He's gotten into the habit of hearing this. Now, when we want to win back his interest and attention, we just don't notice the frown! As a matter of fact, we pick up a few pensive, mysterious looks of our own! That'll fix him. We've got to become more insensitive to him than he is to us. But it's got to be done subtly. We act as though it were an unintentional slip-up. We forget to say the things he's learned to hear. This troubles and unsettles him, which is exactly the effect we want! It's what helps pull him back in line fast!

There are all kinds of things for us to be insensitive about. Maybe we've worked out a long-standing wordless communication with the gay. Now, we take it away. We just don't use the old code-words or looks anymore. We've always guessed when he was worried, or upset. We know instinctively what tickles him, what makes him mad, and what wounds him. We feel where and when he needs help, and when he wants to help us.

If we suddenly start losing sensitivity to the gay, in nine cases out of ten he'll fight to win it back! Habits have a way of being comfortable and convenient. Even when he's losing interest, he expects sensitivity where he's been used to finding it! When he doesn't get it, he's uneasy. Pride and habit make him forget his own loss of interest. They challenge him to win us back!

Preoccupation and Distraction (Not Hearing a Word He's Saying)

Another little dagger to play with is preoccupation! It's based on the fact that lovers get a big bang out of sharing their thoughts, their troubles, their work and their happiness. They're virtual open books to each other all the time. They've got no secrets from one another and they share every thought, no matter how intimate or silly!

A gay gets used to this openness and communion of spirit. It remains a habit, even when he's losing interest. When we look distracted he wonders what we're thinking about. He can't stand being left in the dark about what's going on in our mind! Being distracted and preoccupied is nothing more than not hearing a word he's saying! This bugs him, no matter how much his own interest is on the wane.

When he notices we're preoccupied he shoots out a barrage of questions like: "What's the matter with you?" "Are you all

right?" "What are you thinking about?" "You haven't listened to a word I've been saying."

To this, we answer: "Hm?" "Oh, nothing. Nothing, at all." "Of course I hear you."

We appear to be right with them for a while again. Then, back to distraction. This gets to him in a hurry! But it's got to be managed casually so as to seem unintentional.

After we've played preoccupied a few times he feels shut out from our thoughts. He can't take this for long. For one thing, his pride doesn't let him. For another, his curiosity is bound to take over! He wonders constantly what we're distracted about. Finally, the idea that we're no longer so much aroused by him hits full-force. All we have to do is appear to listen, but forget to answer on cue. This drives him crazy. He feels he's got to win us back before he's safe in looking elsewhere. It's a funny thing in human nature that a lover can't take the fact that the partner's interest is wandering, even when he's lost his own!

"Time" and "Work" as Weapons of Torture

If the gay's causing us trouble we can still turn back to work for solace and comfort. Most cruisers, from the very beginning of the affair, make work and ambition take a poor second place to love. They keep this up till the battle's won and the gay's been bagged!

Once the fury of the affair has worn out, things change. When passions have cooled, we can turn some of our attention toward mundane things, like work. We do the career bit only when it doesn't interfere with more important things. This takes a little juggling, if we like to eat regularly. In other words, we show the gay that work takes second place to sex. But if his interest wilts, it's time for a big change in tactics! We turn back more and more to our work to the point where he feels shut out of our existence. Going back to our work cuts into the time he's reserved as "sacred", for him and him alone.

When we want to maneuver a straying gay back to complete sexual dependence, we spend less and less "sacred" time with him. Maybe he's been used to working with us. Now we gradually start working alone. This not only violates the "sacred" time, but it keeps him away from us too. As long as we move quickly and smoothly, the chances of him straying too far are slight. The trick is to worry him before he's lost too much interest.

Restlessness: The Itch to be Free

Another trick is restlessness. This is the itch to be free.

The gay is acutely aware that we gave up our earlier, carefree life to devote ourselves to him exclusively. We've said goodby to the Friday night at the club, a quick one at the corner pub with the queens, and maybe even baseball. This constant devotion is one of the quickest ways of undermining his instinctive reluctance.

Unfortunately, however, the gay may begin to take our presence for granted. He may even feel that anything he can get that easily isn't worth very much. This is the time to strike. When the bloom starts leaving the rose, we begin to get restless and seem to long for what used to be. According to the rules, this should make him nervous: he'll begin to wonder if he's losing his fatal charm. It creates just enough worry in him to keep him too busy with winning us back to stray very far.

Digging-Up Old Friends

Restlessness has got to be managed subtly too. We talk casually about wanting to travel. Or, we mention the clubs and gays we knew before. We do this in such a longing way that the gay realizes we miss these old times. To get a really good effect we can even manage to run into some of the old gang occasionally. He assumes that the affair has shut out a lot of people and things from our lives that we've started to miss. We help foster this impression by gently stressing all the good times we used to enjoy with our friends.

"Good Old Days" Before He Came Along

Slinging around all this sentimental hash about the "good old days" leaves the gay with the nagging suspicion that we were a darned sight happier then than now! To him this sounds like the "good old days" before he came along! This eats right into his pride. He'll start to wonder whether we're maybe wishing we were someplace else, with somebody else! We let him think whatever he's insecure enough to think. He's afraid we're beginning to feel the lack of something in the affair. Meanwhile we very carefully play on every one of his fears. This is how we manage to turn his fears to new interest, without the slightest scruple! Along with the new interest comes an uneasiness that unless he watches out, the clubs and gays of our past life will claim more and more of our attention.

Forgetting Everything That's Important

The big joke for years has been about the married straight who forgets birthdays and anniversaries. Don't laugh. This is a very handy tool for making the affair take whatever shape we want, by forgetting everything that's important to the gay. This is one of the subtlest of the "little things".

We already know that people in love find thoughtful little ways of making each other happy. The human animal is a creature of habit and ceremony. Lovers get into habits, performing all kinds of rituals that date from the warmest times of the affair. These become almost second nature. The gay often doesn't even notice when we're going through the ceremonies. But if we forget about them a couple of times, he starts to howl!

Once again, the gay concludes that since we're neglecting the sacred rituals we are not aroused by him anymore. As soon as we no longer go to special trouble to please, he's afraid we're losing interest. There's probably no more tender witness to love than the tiny solicitudes that we've showered on him. We have always put his safety first. His well-being has been uppermost in our mind. We wouldn't let him walk around bare-headed. We didn't like him to get his feet wet in the rain! We've always reminded him to stay out of draughts.

But once the gay's interest starts to go, it's time to stop this solicitude. Now we forget about the thermometer and cold pills every time he sneezes! And we're blind when he waddles around bare-footed on the cold floors, too! When the time is right, we let him wait for that gentle reprimand about his well being. And wait. And wait. And wait. This is worse than the Chinese water torture.

Stop Being Sentimental

We no longer give understanding and sympathy when a friend has unintentionally opened an old wound of the gay. We're suddenly deaf to the music that triggers a half-forgotten memory and gets him all sentimental. Nothing worries him more than a partner who's no longer sentimental. All these extra endearments have got to be put off till we get his interest back.

Love, Honour and Oh Boy will be concluded in the next issue of TWO. Don't miss these paragraphs: "The Dead Fish Treatment", "Insurance Against Desertion", "Fleeting Pin Pricks" and "Drastic Tactics".

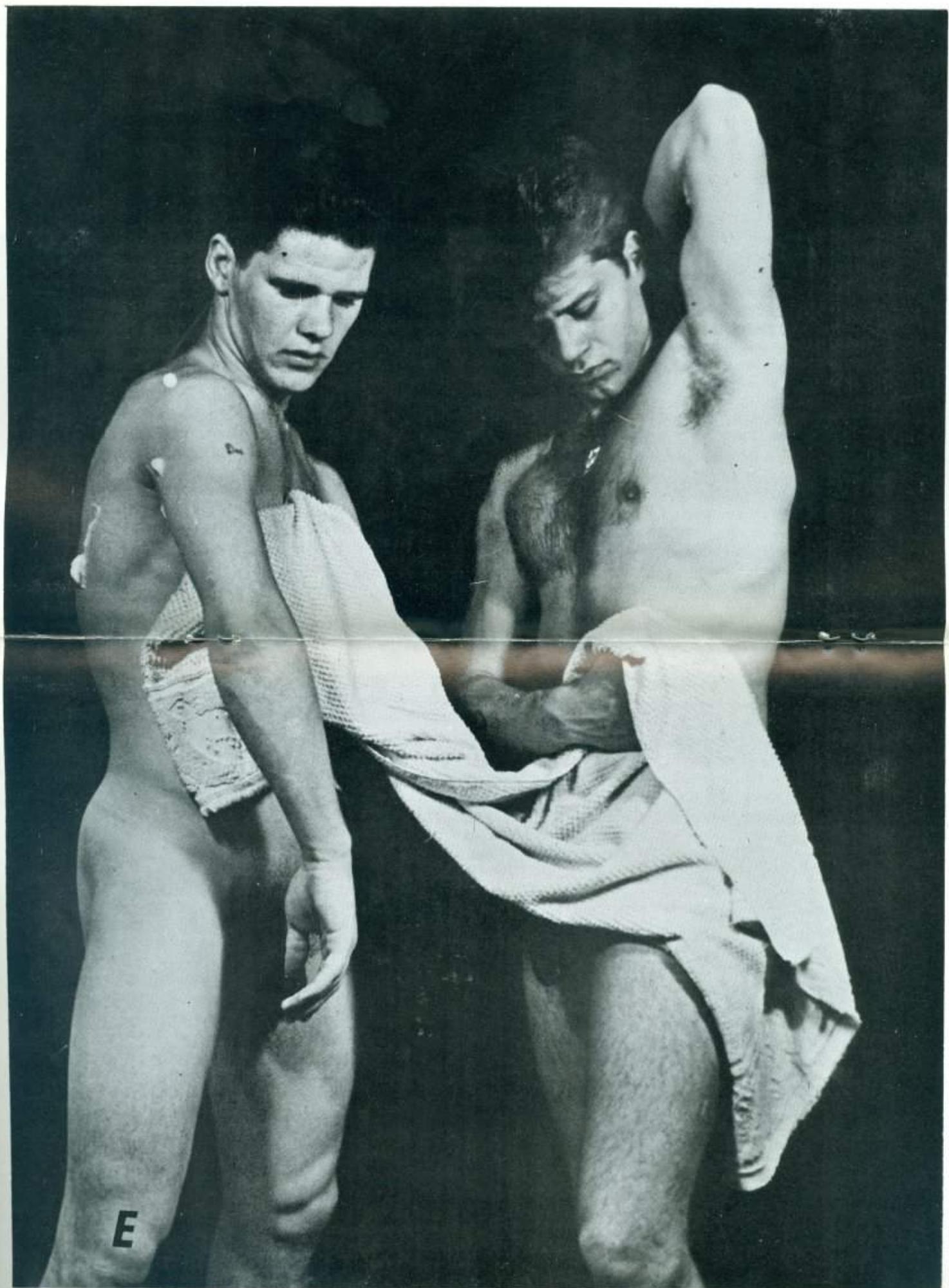
two PHYSIQUE SECTION



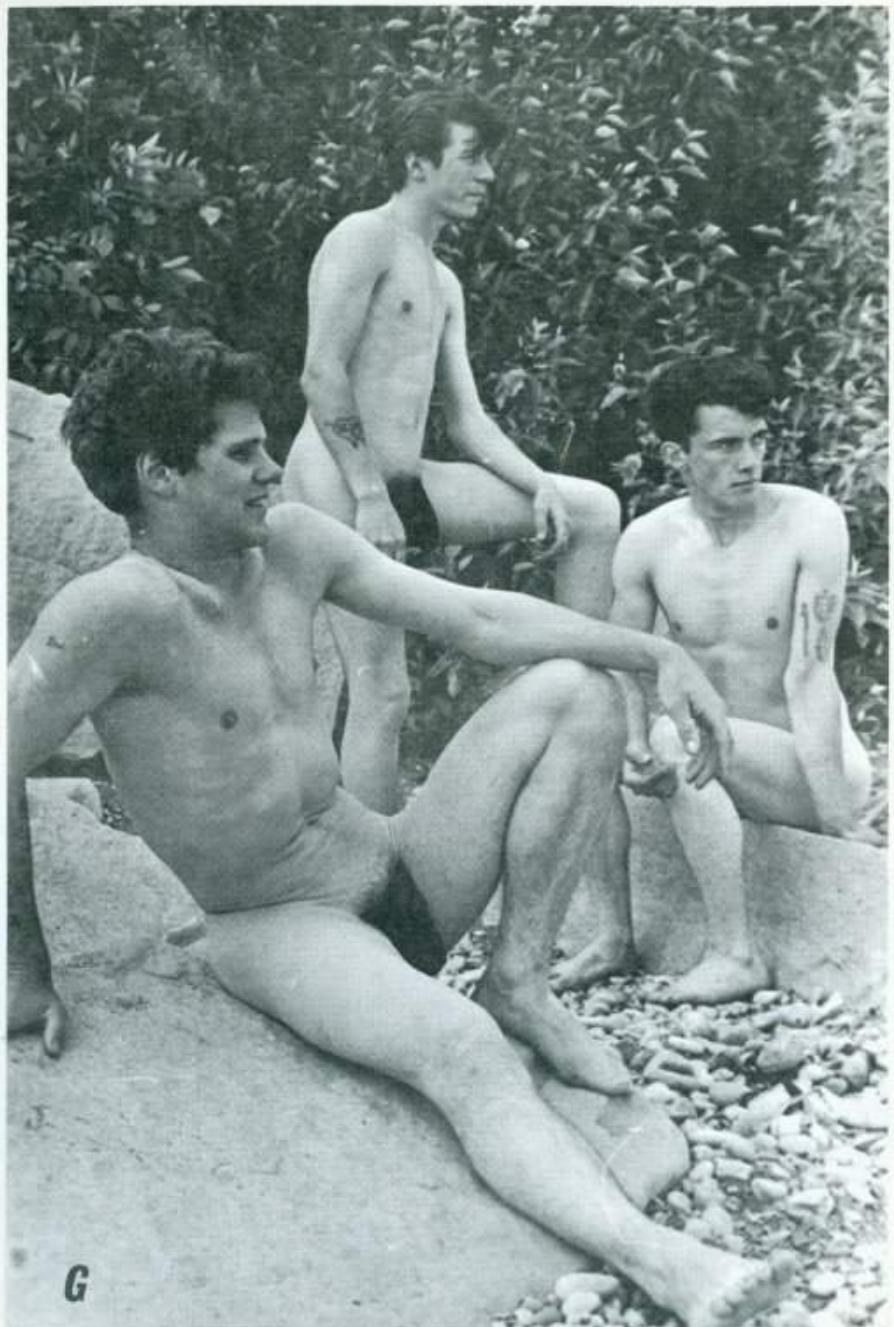


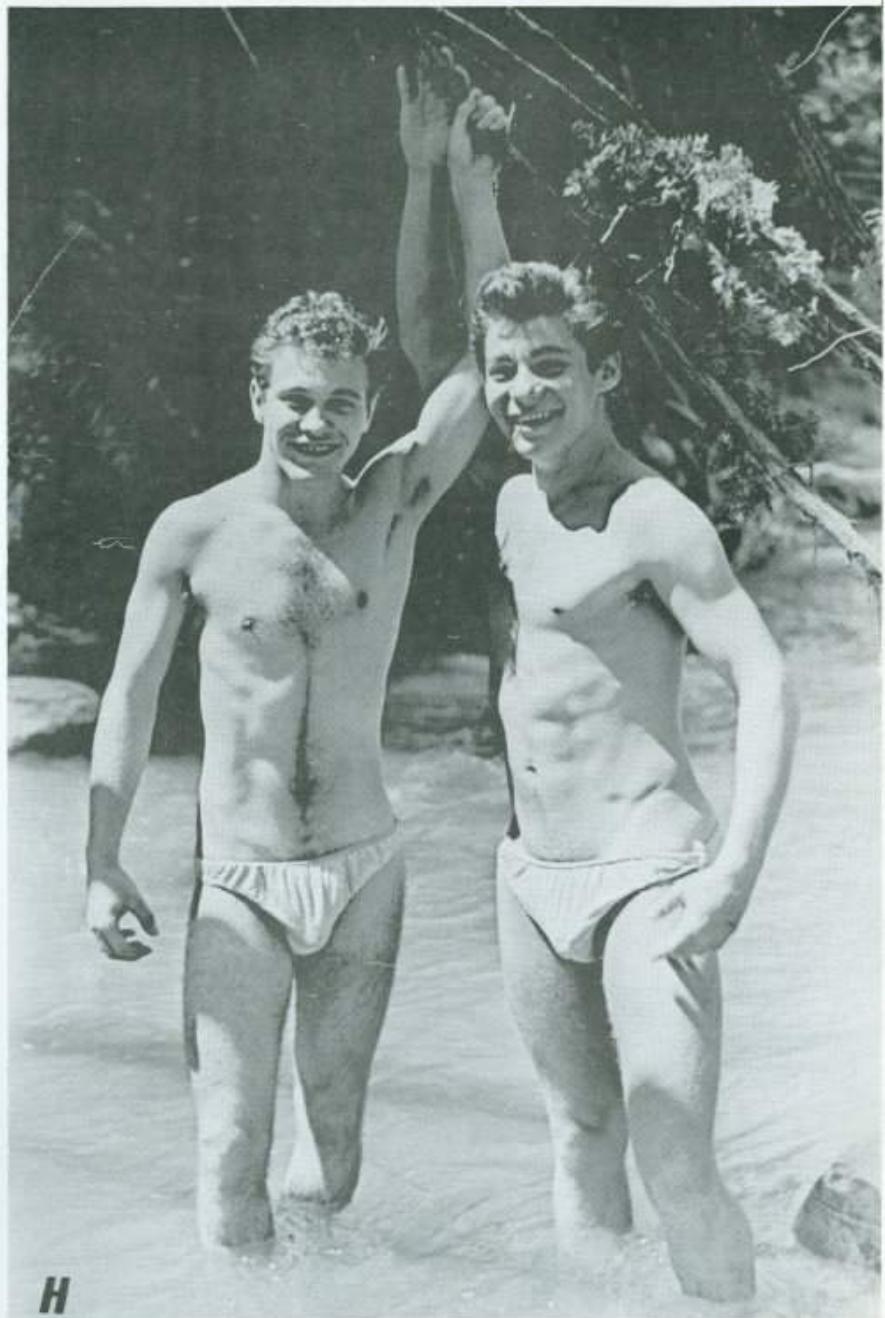


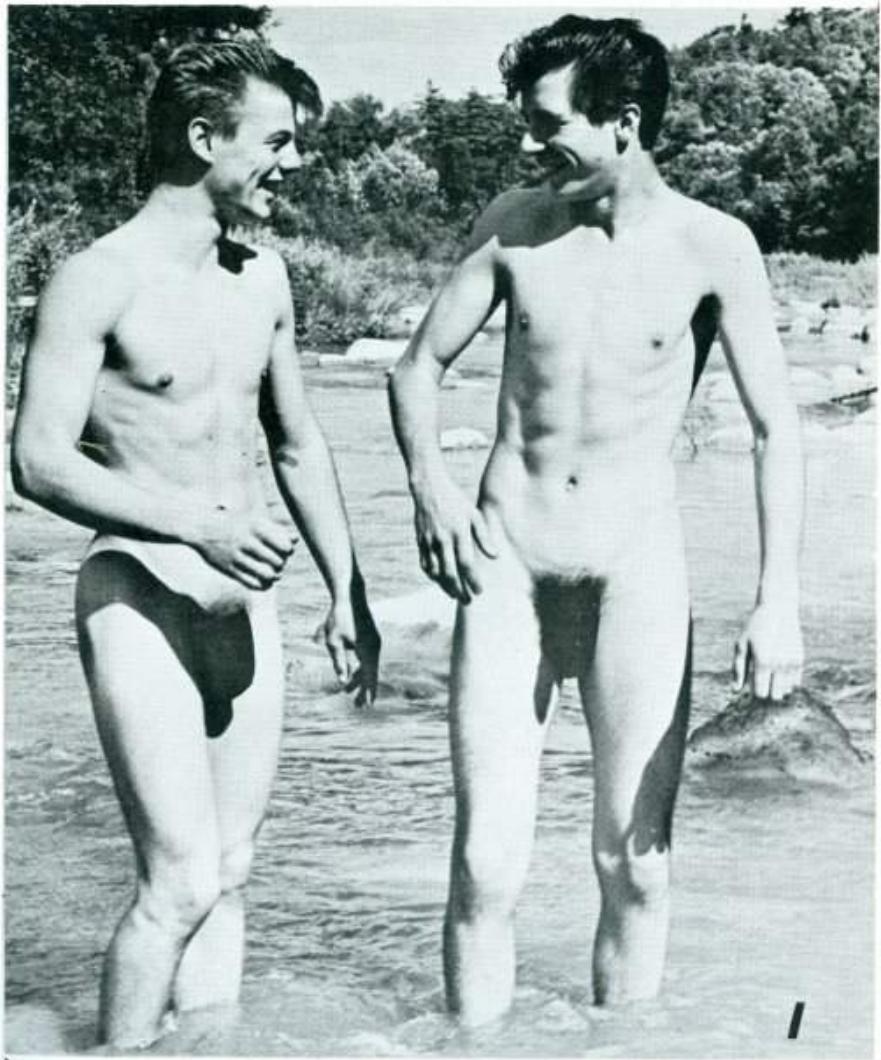












Photographs in this issue
Sets A thro' I by

FRANK BORCK ENTERPRISES

P.O. Box 637, Station 'F', Toronto, Ontario, Canada
See ad on back cover



very much out... and about.

Britain



The first impression on arriving on this tight little island is that there are very few boys. It takes quite a few days before you are able to separate the girls from the boys with their shoulder length, exquisitely waved and curled hair dos. Bulky sweaters add to the impression but a pair of tight jeans usually clears things up. In most cases this dress fad indicates no sexual deviations so one has to be careful.

Overt homosexuality is hard to find except in London. Here male prostitution appears to have its female counterpart licked hands down. The boom business area of Trafalgar Square has scattered under police pressure out into neighbouring side streets. A favourite off duty stroll for the boys is along the Strand under the bright lights but it is rarely used for business. There are innumerable coffee houses (cafes) and we visited three clubs where dancing fast, slow and motionless was underway. We were informed that there were more but that they were less attractive.

Soho which has for years been a place famous for its book stores selling pornography, homosexual type included, suffered a set back while we were there when an M.P. for Newcastle introduced a bill in the House on the subject. Overnight all the "goodies" disappeared. Private strip clubs dominate Soho and the surrounding areas and of course the homosexuals must have one too. Under heavy protection and screening it exists in a fantastic state of luxurious splendour not unlike Chicago's Pump Room. If you can find your way through the maze of referrals and question sessions it will cost you fifty pounds or one hundred and fifty dollars for the evening. For this you get free transportation and Pump Room type dining served by handsome coloured boys in Pump Room like outfits including huge feathered headresses, stripped to the waist with slave bands on their arms. You also get unlimited free liquor and a continuous floor show which defies description.

From the various accents around the room we gathered that this was a tourist subsidized industry. Torquay, a tourist

resort on the South Coast has long been a favourite hideaway but in recent years it has been dropped in favour of a day trip to Ostend in Holland. Here on packed beaches the girls in tiny bikinis are quite safe among the "boys", who somehow or other manage to wear even tinier bikinis.

Except in London it is hard to find other homosexuals although they are there of course. In America all one has to do is follow the first nelly queen to "the bar" but since this type of homosexual is practically non-existent outside of London, that doesn't work.

We understand that the various huge holiday camps throughout the country have the most wonderful collection of student help for the summer months, well educated and "extremely sociable" whatever that means.

Another piece of advertising we dearly wanted to track down but didn't have time to cover was the "organized gaiety at Bognor Regis". One thing we're glad we didn't miss was Peter and Gordon on a TV program called Top of the Pops doing their record "To know, know, know, Is to love, love, love you"



A Noel Coward play currently playing the Queens Theatre in London, Present Laughter, has recurring homosexual overtones of a comedy nature but is well worth seeing even without them. The return jet fare to London is approximately \$500 from New York and you can live quite comfortably on \$15 a day.

This sensational new European nudist publication features the finest in Canadian Physique Photography for the first time. Twenty full page photographs of leading models, completely unretouched, on heavy high gloss paper. A collectors item at \$5.00

YOUTH at PLAY

A limited number have cleared Canada Customs and are available now from KAMP PUBLISHING LTD. 292 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

... in Review. A monthly critique by Miles Johns

SUMMER IN SODOM

written by: Edwin Fay
Argyle Books (Los Angeles, 1964)

A sensationalistic title and a brilliant orange dust jacket try hard to dress up this rather inconsequential tale of three boys and a girl spending the summer, not in Sodom but at a Lake Erie beach. The reader realizes very early that this is basically a Saturday Evening Post story, with beds. Who will get who, and what troubles must they overcome? The cast is rigidly divided into "good guys" and "bad guys" who are reminiscent of the little girl in the nursery rhyme: to paraphrase, "when they are good they are very, very good, but when they are bad, they are horrid". There is no middle ground; the good guys, particularly Jerry, are unselfish, loyal and willing to run all sorts of risks for their friends. The bad guys are callous, money-mad and cause slight problems of blackmail and murder to disrupt the amorous activities of the four protagonists who go to bed together in almost every possible combination. However, in the end the good guys win out and the bad guys are all punished in satisfactory fashion.

The reader tends to sympathize with the girl, Eileen, since she is in there pitching all the time but can't overcome the fact that the three boys are more interested in each other than in her, though Ted in particular is supposed to be doubtful about whether he really is homosexual. There isn't much question, it seems to me; she throws herself at him at the end of the story but he refuses her advances, and leaves her standing forlornly at the station as he takes the bus for home, thinking of Jerry's "black curly hair, deep blue eyes and strong compelling male competence".

On the whole, a story without much literary merit but enjoyable for relaxing reading. One might wish that another title had been chosen.

STATIONS

written by: Burt Blechman
Random House (New York, 1964)

This is the next logical step in the recent trend to non-literature by non-writers. Incomprehensible, salacious, pointless, worthless. The book-publishing business has indeed reached a sorry state if a reputable old-established firm like Random House must sink to this cloacal level to sell its products.



KAMP MAIL ORDER SERVICE

Kamp Publishing offers a wide range of homophile publications from hardbacks to newspapers, including the finest in international physique and nudist magazines.

REVIEW INTERNATIONAL Nos 1, 2&3
8x10 color and black & white photos of
Europe's leading athletes, unretouched.

INTERNATIONAL NUDIST SUN 1 thru 12
5x7 black & white photos of handsome
European models, unretouched.

YOUNG SAVAGES

A 5x7 publication featuring excellent
photos of Europe's younger male models.

For a complete free listing of hardbacks, paperbacks, magazines etc. write to:

KAMP PUBLISHING LTD.

292 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



My Scout Master doesn't
think there is anything
wrong with me!



But I only asked to
see some CUFF LINKS !

WE GET LETTERS

Why not yours? If you have a
gripe, a groan, a titter, or a
bouquet...lets hear from you.



I'm not the bitchy type, so this item may come as a surprise to the select (unfortunate) few who know me well.

Early in 1965, I decided to "step out" as an active member of the North American Homophile Movement. With this in mind, I wrote approximately 30 letters and mailed them to the various and sundry organizations, publications, societies and what have you scattered helter skelter over the continent.

I received exactly three replies.

The first, from an organization in San Francisco, was cordial and chatty. Another simply enclosed a copy of their latest newsletter. The third was an undisguised slap in the face.

It seems my "Beginners Guide to Cruising" hadn't sat too well with this individual ("You are an idealist etc., etc.") and his letter made it quite plain that I would not be acceptable as a member of the homophile movement.

Whether the Homophile Movement wants me or not, I exist and intend to be heard. My second book, the "Advanced Guide to Cruising" has been published and there are many, many more to come.

What the homophile movement fails to realize is that I am not concerned with laws. There are enough people carrying that end of the load already. My chief concern is with PEOPLE. My kind of people...the queens, hustlers, confused, desperate, and, ignorant. And my aim is to give them advice...in the one form completely acceptable to them...candy-coated and easily digestible.

If my books (and articles) appear salacious, disgusting, aimless, and obtuse, then all the better. The people I am trying to reach prefer this type of "literature". For those in the Homophile Movement who HAVE taken the time to study my writings, it should be obvious that there is more to them, much, much more, than just smut and tasteless satire.

May I suggest that the homophile movement make haste slowly in the future when deciding just who is or is not acceptable as a member of their august body.

George Marshall,
Author of Beginners Guide
to Cruising.

A REPORT ON AN INCIDENT WHICH, COULD NOT POSSIBLY, (NO NOT NEVER), HAPPEN..... BUT DID !
Based on a letter received and further investigation by TWO.

A young Toronto man in his early twenties holds a responsible job, makes above average wages, drives a recent model convertible, has his own apartment, and certainly can be regarded as a better class citizen. However he likes to make 'drag' appearances and is so convincing that his arrival in a bar or restaurant is usually a sure fire 'stopper' because of his spectacular wardrobe and sensual appearance.

At this juncture may we point out that he is breaking no law by his public appearance in female attire.

Recently he was having a drink in a well known Toronto niterie where he is well known to patrons and management alike. A Detective Bailie also on the premises was informed that the elegant femme fatale was in fact a man. This produced the usual question and answer period but since no crime had been committed no charges were laid. During this question and answer period the young man gave his real name and address(which he did not HAVE to do). He also gave his place of employment (which he did not have to do and SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE) Having committed no crime the young man chose to be completely honest with the officer.

The following Monday the young man was called before the Personnel Manager of the Public Transport Commission where he worked, and was informed that : AN OFFICER FROM THE POLICE DEPT. HAD CALLED AND INFORMED THEM THAT THE YOUNG MAN WAS A TRANSVESTITE AND A SUSPECTED HOMOSEXUAL.

Fortunately the Personnel Manager was able to distinguish between company and private time, and knew where his legal and moral jurisdiction ended, and did NOT dismiss the young man.

We would appreciate hearing from the Police Dept involved just what code of ethics and which law book gives them the right to conduct themselves in this manner.

MUSIC ROOM
MELODY ROOM

Toronto's original after hours, gay, clubs
where you can swing and dance till 6 a.m.
on the weekends
Out of town memberships
are now available. Write
for information to:
Box 103 Scarborough, Ontario.

If your local news
boy still doesn't
have TWO....
don't yell at him...
especially if he's
cute.

Just drop us a line
and become a subscriber
...which is the next best
thing to being subhuman
...and you will receive
TWO in a plain sealed
envelope every month.

Kamp Publishing Ltd.
457 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

