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165  
March  
'74  
33230

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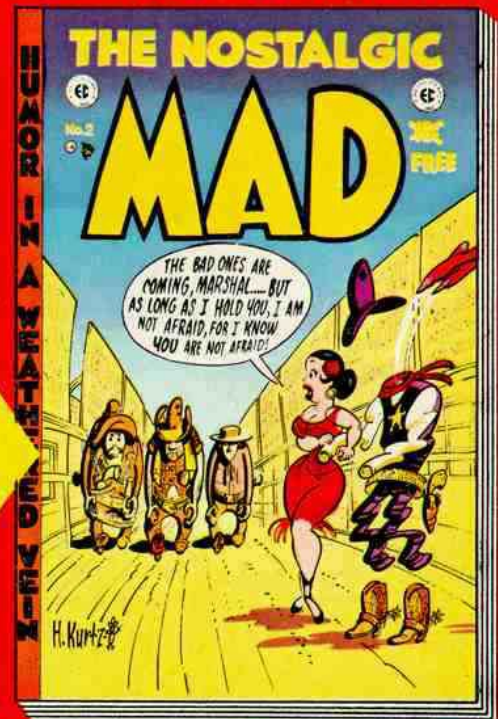
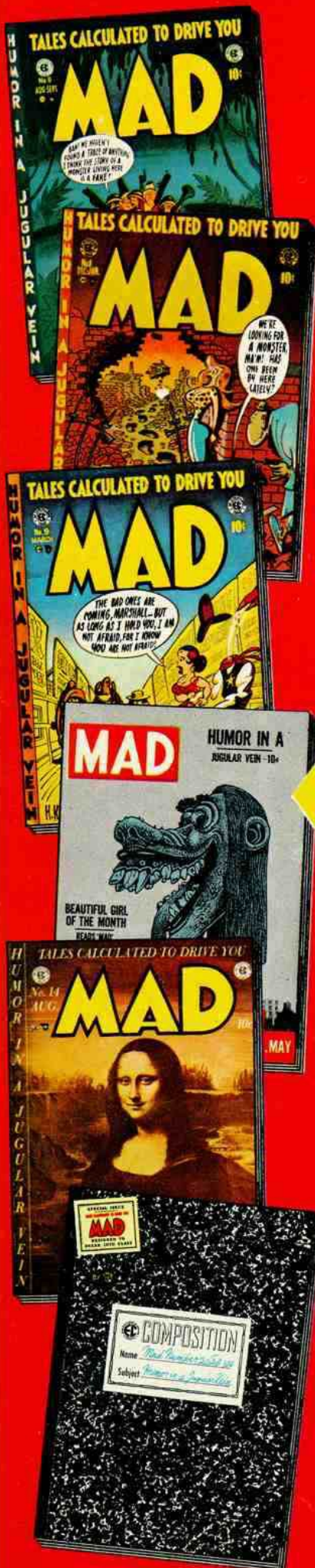
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# MAD

"A Supermarket is where you spend half an hour  
hunting for instant coffee!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,

CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

## DEPARTMENTS

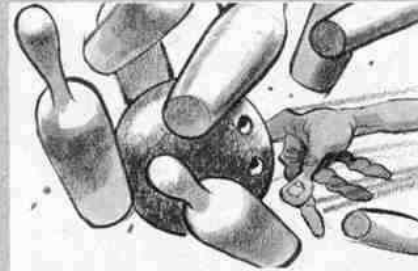
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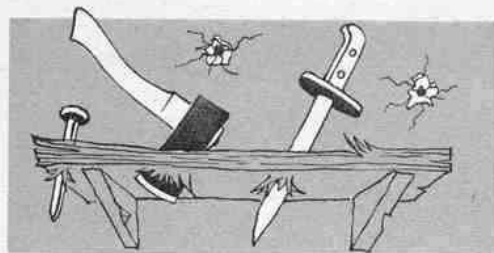
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### LETTERS DEPT.



#### MALICE IN WONDERLAND

Lou Silverstone's selection of Lewis Carroll's work as an exponent of the determining agents and factors of Watergate is sublime. Carroll, as an English mathematician and lecturer, as well as an author, wrote "An Elementary Treatise On Determinants," but I doubt that even his genius could figure out the multiplicity of the Watergate insolubles.

Arthur Greenwald  
Yale University  
New Haven, Conn.

I never really understood Watergate until you compared it with appropriate quotations from "Alice In Wonderland." Thanks!

Roger Miller  
Bergenfield, N.J.

Silverstone's and Clarke's "Malice In Wonderland" sure made me stop and think of what a circus Watergate has become. Such suitable quotes!

Polli Sturtevant  
Paris, France

"Malice in Wonderland" or "Watergate—Through The Looking Glass" is the latest evidence of MAD's uncanny perception of our life and times. It's too bad the Nixon court does not think itself mortal enough to pay attention to the people it supposedly serves. Everyone should have the attitude toward life and politics that you guys do. Congratulations to Lou Silverstone and Bob Clarke. Lewis Carroll would applaud their writing and art insight.

Willard M. Dix  
Amherst College  
Amherst, Mass.

#### LEAST HORIZON

I thought your satire of "Lost Horizon" was great! I'm presently reading the novel version of it in English Class. I showed the Arnie Kogen-Angelo Torres triumph to my teacher and now she wants to conduct a lesson on it. I never thought I'd see the day that MAD would become an educational aid.

Doug McDonald  
Thorndale, Ontario  
Canada

You mentioned that the million-dollar remake of Shangri-la looked like a bad taste Miami Beach Hotel. I didn't know there was another kind of Miami Beach Hotel!

Sarah Giddings  
Paramus, N.J.

#### ALFRED IN THE AIR FORCE

Thought you'd be interested in the appearance of one of Alfred E. Neuman's ancestors on an Army C-47. The photograph was taken by my father, Lyle S. Mitchell, during the early 1940's, at the Hagerstown, Maryland, airport factory of Fairchild Aircraft. No information as to whether it was a good luck plane or not is available at this time. Incidentally, I first began to enjoy reading MAD when I was in the Air Force during 1955-58.

Kent A. Mitchell  
Hagerstown, Md.



We'd appreciate hearing from any World War Two veterans who flew, maintained or loaded Alfred E. Neuman's Army C-47.—Ed.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher



## A MAD LOOK AT KARATE

Having just finished reading Sergio Aragonés's "A MAD Look At Karate," and being a Shorin-Ryu style belt holder, I could enjoy the inherent humor of it. I was so confident after reading it, I went right out and tried to get mugged!

David Merriman  
Albuquerque, N.M.

Sergio's "Karate" proves he's as *whacked-out* as the rest of you idiots!

Salvatore Celeste  
Peabody, Mass.

Don Martin was, is, and probably will always be the finest contributor to your magazine, but that fiend Aragonés keeps running a hard race.

James Cunningham  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

## THE CLODS OF '44

Reading "The Clods Of '44" reminded me of the good old days...like before this issue hit the stands!

Jim Barnes  
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

I liked "Clods" by Stan Hart and Mort Drucker. It's amazing how Mort can make people kiss *and* talk at the same time.

Gina Bynum  
Torrance, Calif.

## LIGHTER SIDE OF CORRUPTION

I truly enjoyed Berg's "Lighter Side Of Corruption." So did my bookie.

Tim Sheehy  
Fresno, Calif.

Berg neglected to mention the most corrupting influence of all. It's called MAD Magazine.

Nancy Lee Beaty  
South Houston, Texas

## MAD IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

Your #163 cover that says MAD is a four-letter word should have been *five* letters...T.R.A.S.H.

Martin Pollitt  
Louisville, Ky.

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**ENERGY  
CRISIS!**

Yep, we're running out of the energy necessary to come up with clever ads for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid... and that's creating a crisis in our stockroom. So if you'd like to order 1 for framing, 3 for wrapping fish, 9 for lining bird cages, 27 for training puppies or 81 for burning because it's dark and/or cold due to the fuel shortage, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022





AND THE BOND PLAYS ON DEPT.

ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS

# 8 "JAMES BOMB"

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" MANIA FIRST SWEEPED THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE **"DR. NO-NO"**



James Bomb! Call for James Bomb! Message for James Bomb!

I'll take it, Son!

Is that THE James Bomb?

Yes... the famous Secret Agent with the incredible knowledge of women, food, and especially wine! I understand that he can not only tell you the vineyard and year—but also the name of the gal who stomped the grapes!

Waiter, I'd like a Chateau Nov ka Pop 1951, stomped by Fat Harriet La Clutz!

I'm very sorry, Sir! We're all out of wine!

Then I'll have a dry Martini... 6 parts gin, 1 part vermouth, 1 dash of bitters... shaken gently with ice, NOT stirred... and strained into a large cocktail glass with a green olive!

I'm terribly sorry, Sir... but we're out of ALL alcoholic beverages!

Hmmm! Then give me a Fresca in a non-returnable bottle... chilled well... with no ice... and two straws!

I don't believe it! James Bomb... drinking FRESCA???

You forgot! These first James Bomb movies were made on very low budgets!

What a man! He's ruthless... yet suave!

They say he has a "License to Kill"!

He also has a "Learner's Permit to Make Out"!

I know! The English don't mind violence, but they're rather stuffy about SEX!



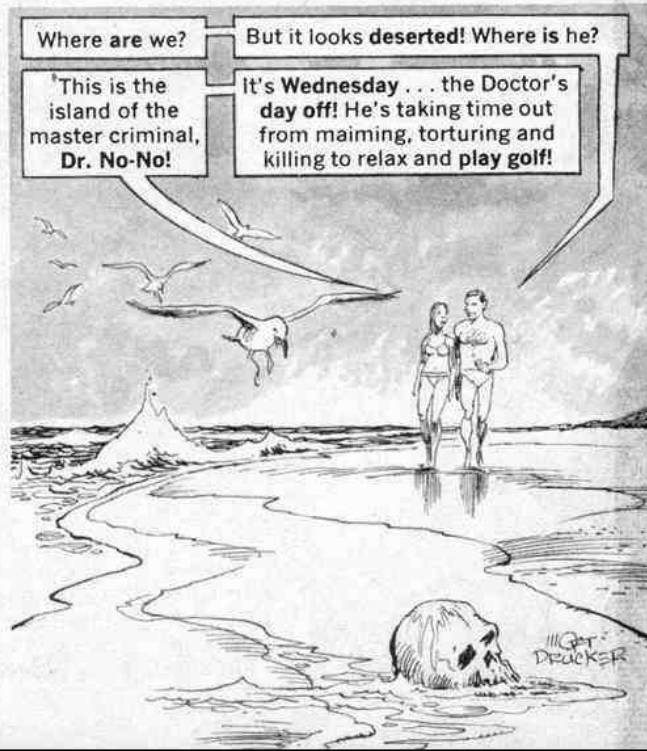
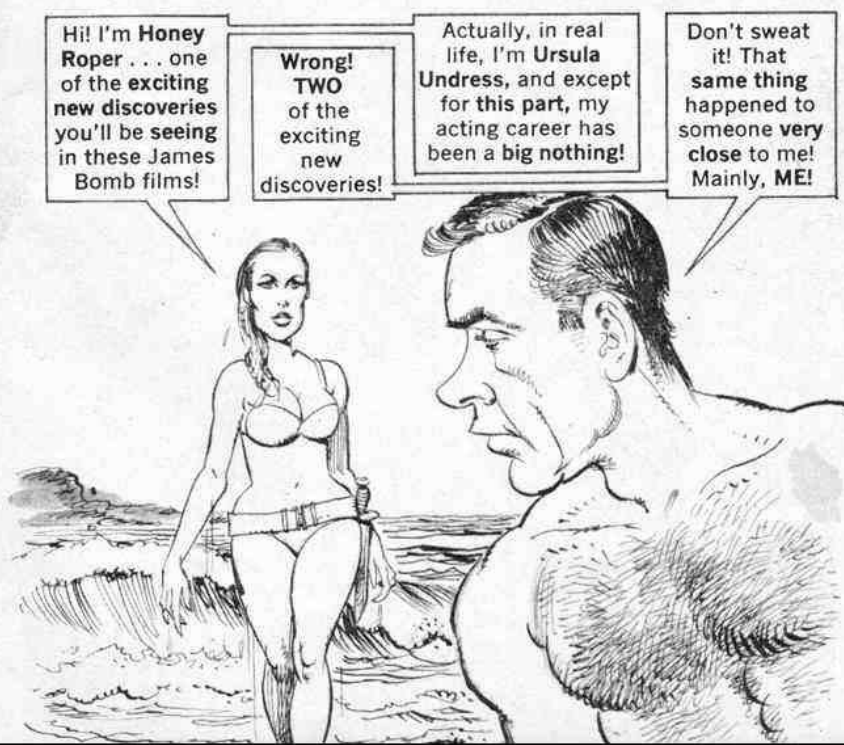
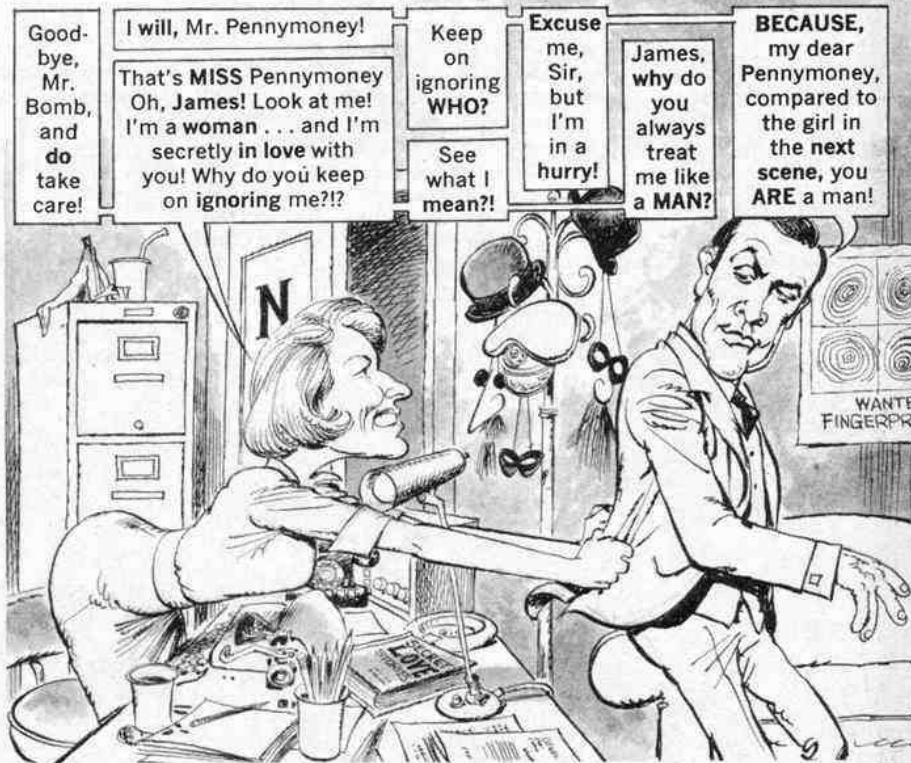
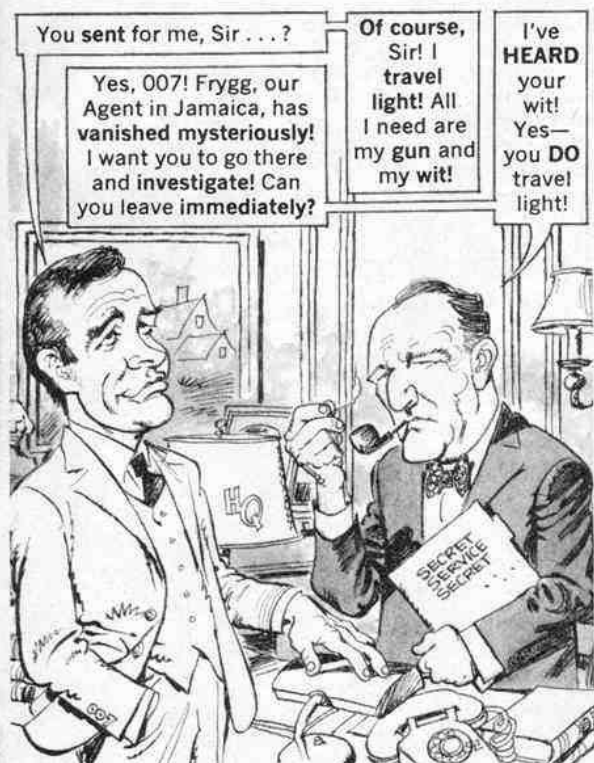
SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON . . .

# "BOMB MOVIES

A MAD RETROSPECT ...WITH NO RESPECT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN





At last we meet! I am Dr. No-No!

I'm James Bomb... and after two nights on your island with me, this is now Miss Yes-Yes!

You like my little home? That fish tank cost me three million dollars!

Boy! You have some thriving practice! The "Acupuncture" business must be booming!!

I am not a Medical Doctor, Bomb! I am a Scientist! A MAD Scientist, who plans to blow up North America! But before I do that, I have an ingenious scheme to torture you with my metal hand!

And what is that?

I am going to snip all your witty lines out of the script!

Tie them up!!

Amazing, Bomb! You not only escaped from a foolproof cell, crawled through a flooded ventilator shaft, ran through fire, throttled forty of my guards, slipped into a disguise undetected, blew up my laboratory and saved the Free World, but you are now throwing me to my death! How do you manage to DO all these things?

Magnificently... of course!



## "FROM RUSSIA WITH LUNACY"

Please James... not here!

Okay... then let's row over to MY place in London!

We have no time! We must each go our separate way! You must rush off to your next adventure...

And you?

I must rush off to oblivion!

'Bye, James! I'll look for you in—



In your first film, we introduced SEX! Now, in this next adventure, we grab the audience with ridiculous gadgets!

Please pay attention, 007! This ordinary-looking attaché case contains a folding rifle, a concealed knife, a tear gas cannister, a grenade, and an atomic bomb for an emergency!

Call me a weirdo, Sir... but I STILL prefer sex to gadgets!



I am the vicious Espionage Agent, Rosa Klobb...

Welcome to Spectre Training Camp! And this is our most promising student!

**POW!!**

He'll do! Have him report to me in Istanbul!

Excellent choice! You are selecting a killer for James Bomb because Spectre has problems?

No, I just like to punch men in the stomach! You see, I ALSO have problems!



...and these will be your quarters here in Turkey, Mr. Bomb!

I have a feeling this room is bugged!

Nonsense! I checked it out!

Good! I'm hungry! Can I call Room Service?

Surely! Just speak into the lamp!

Hmm! By the way, what did you say was the name of this hotel...?

The Istanbul Watergate!





Bomb, I'm going to strangle you with the wire device encased in my lethal wristwatch!

Not before I kill you with my exploding attaché case!

In that case, I'll just beat you to death with my fists!

FISTS?!? What are you . . . some kind of sickie??

You've destroyed all my underlings, Bomb! So now you force me to kill you myself with my poisoned shoe . . . spiked

It won't work! I'm wearing my arsenic-tipped golashes to counteract it!

You're too clever for me, Bomb . . .

For YOU, maybe! But get a load of the fat, shrewd villain in my next movie, called—

## "GOLDFINGER BOWL"

Mr. Goldfingerbowl, this is James Bomb! I'm afraid your sexy blonde spotter finds me irresistible, so you'll have to find another way to cheat at cards! She's taking the rest of the day off . . .

But before I go, here's your last tip! Play the queen and knock with seven!

You shouldn't have done that! Goldfingerbowl hates kibitzing . . . and he has a ferocious temper!

Don't be silly! I'm James Bomb! What could he possibly do to me!?!

SEE?!?

To ME, nothing!

To YOU, plenty!!

Oddblob, tip your hat to Mr. Bomb!

This is my fanatic manservant, Oddblob!

AMAZING! He's the Sandy Koufax of the Derbies!

That's nothing! When he really gets angry, you should see the terrible things he does with his UNDERWEAR!!

I hate to do this, Chum, but—"Bye!

What gadgets on this Aston Martin! The smoke screen, the oil slick, the twin machine guns . . . and now THIS—the ejector seat! Too bad the heap only gets six miles to the gallon!

I could have helped you on that, Bomb! Now you and your kind will live to regret this!

Why? You're only one of Goldfingerbowl's thugs!

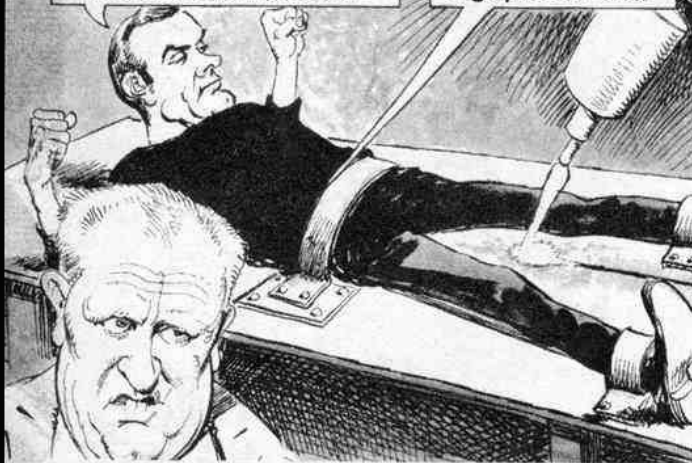
No . . . I'm Ralph Nader!



You're becoming a nuisance, Bond! Tell me what you know about "Operation Grand Slam"!

Hah!! Do you REALLY expect me to talk, Goldfingerbow!??

Oh, you'll talk, all right! And if the laser beam continues moving as it is, you'll talk in a very high-pitched voice!



I'm Tushy Galore, and I'm a Judo expert!

You force me to beat you up, Tushy Galore!

Because I work for Goldfingerbow!?

No... because people are walking out of theaters all over the world talking about YOUR name, not MINE... and I have an incredible ego!

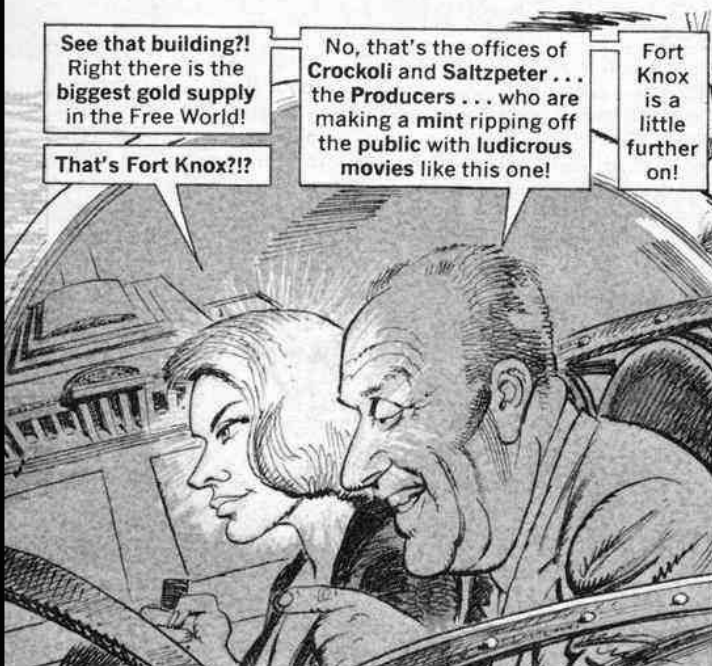


See that building?! Right there is the biggest gold supply in the Free World!

That's Fort Knox?!!

No, that's the offices of Crockoli and Saltzpete... the Producers... who are making a mint ripping off the public with ludicrous movies like this one!

Fort Knox is a little further on!



... and that's my plan, Bomb! I will destroy the gold supply stored in Fort Knox, and turn the American economy into complete and utter chaos!

Why go to all that trouble? Why not just WAIT a few years... until President Nixon announces his Phase I through Phase IV Price Control Programs?!? You want chaos... THAT'S chaos!



And now for one of the all-time classic cinema fights, ranking along with such great battles as Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb's in "On The Waterfront"... John Wayne and Victor McLaglen's in "The Quiet Man"... and Frank Sinatra and Ernest Borgnine's in "From Here To Eternity"!

Actually, it's more like Kitty trying to take on Matt Dillon in "Gunsmoke"!



Hope you get a "charge" out of this, Oddblob! That's one of my "current" jokes!

Please! Enough! Enough!

Enough electric shock?

No, the shock I rather like! Enough clever dialogue!

Sorry... but the clever dialogue will have to carry us through the next few pictures, because we're starting to run thin on gimmicks!

Not yet! Next is probably the most spectacular, but probably the DULLEST one of all—





# "THUNDEBLAHH"

In this big budget fantasy, you get to battle frogmen and an underwater army, 007!

So here's your supply of outlandish gadgets! A scuba suit with hand grenades attached, a geiger counter disguised as a camera, a motorized back pack that also fires explosive spears, and ...

But that stuff weighs over a hundred pounds! As soon as I put it on, I'll sink straight to the bottom!

That's the idea! See, the Stars of THIS film are the lavish sets and the special effects! We don't really need you at all!



Hi! I'm James Bomb! I came to the Bahamas to track down a stolen Army Bomber, and a few missing atom bombs!

I don't have them! Good! Let's make love!

But we're under water! I've heard of making love on a water bed, but this is ridiculous!



That James Bond may be a brilliant Agent on land ... but this underwater assignment seems to be a bit too much for him!

What makes you say that?

He just torpedoed two tuna, punched a flounder and made a witty, offhand remark to a herring!



Well, James, you finally killed the villain Lardo, recovered the two missing atom bombs, smashed the Spectre operation, and now you've ended up in this boat, alone with me! So ... let's celebrate in your usual fashion ...

Dominique, you won't believe this, but I'm not in the mood for love!

Not in the mood? But you ate a dozen oysters! Only six of them worked!

Is there another girl ...? Yes! And WE wind up in a boat, too, at the end of ...



# "YOU ONLY LIVE NICE"

Well, James ... you've foiled your archenemy, Blowhard ... blown up his volcano stronghold ... seduced all his female assistants ... and saved the Free World once more! How do you feel?

Terrible! I'm retiring as James Bomb! You can't be serious! Why, you ARE James Bomb!

I know! But I am also Sean Crockerly! I want to pursue my career as an Actor! I will NEVER play James Bomb again! Who will they get?

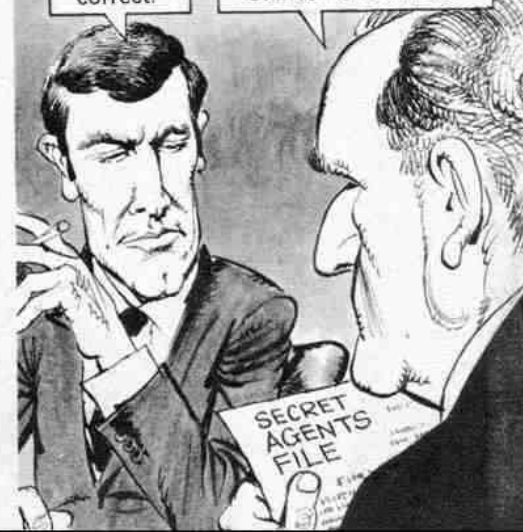
Well ... undoubtedly, they will have to replace me with another "Super-Star" ... like a Richard Burton ... or a Paul Newman ... or a Steve McQueen ... or a ...



G-George LAZYBEE?!

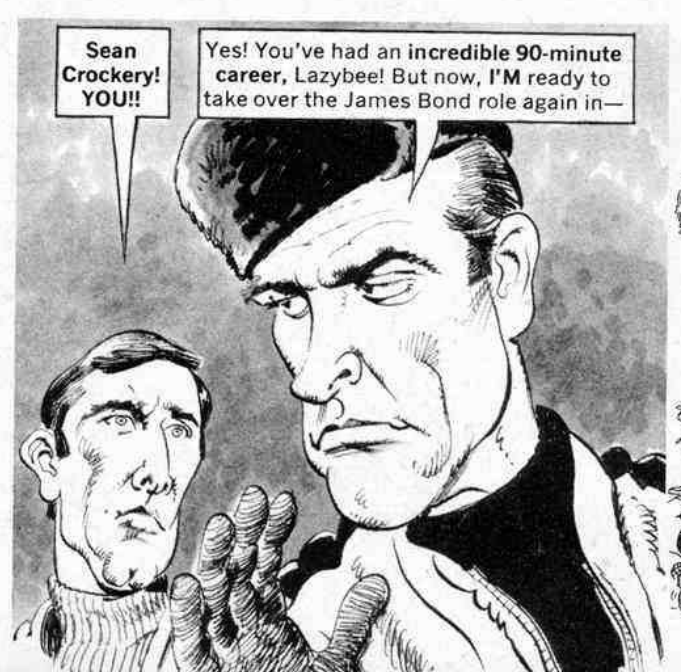
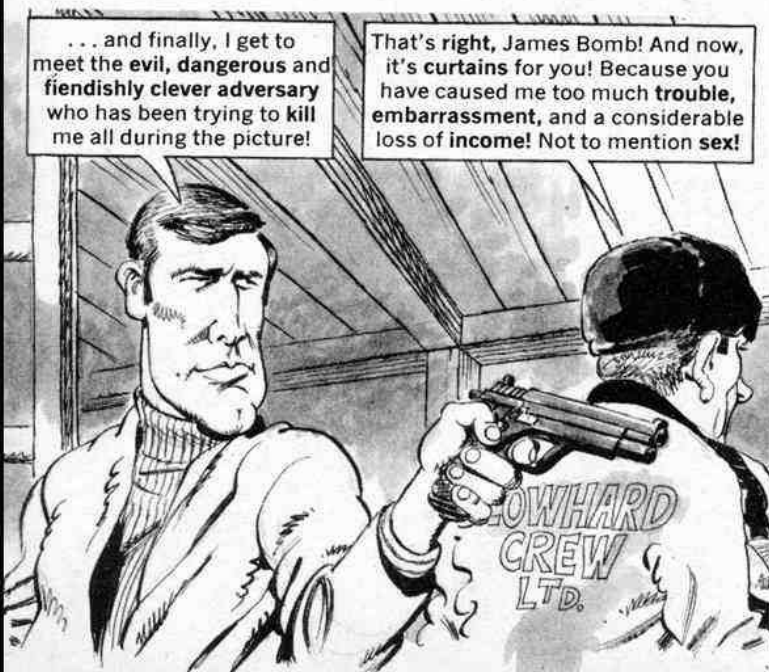
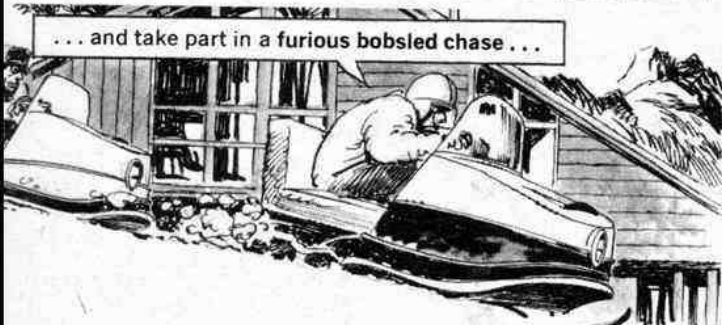
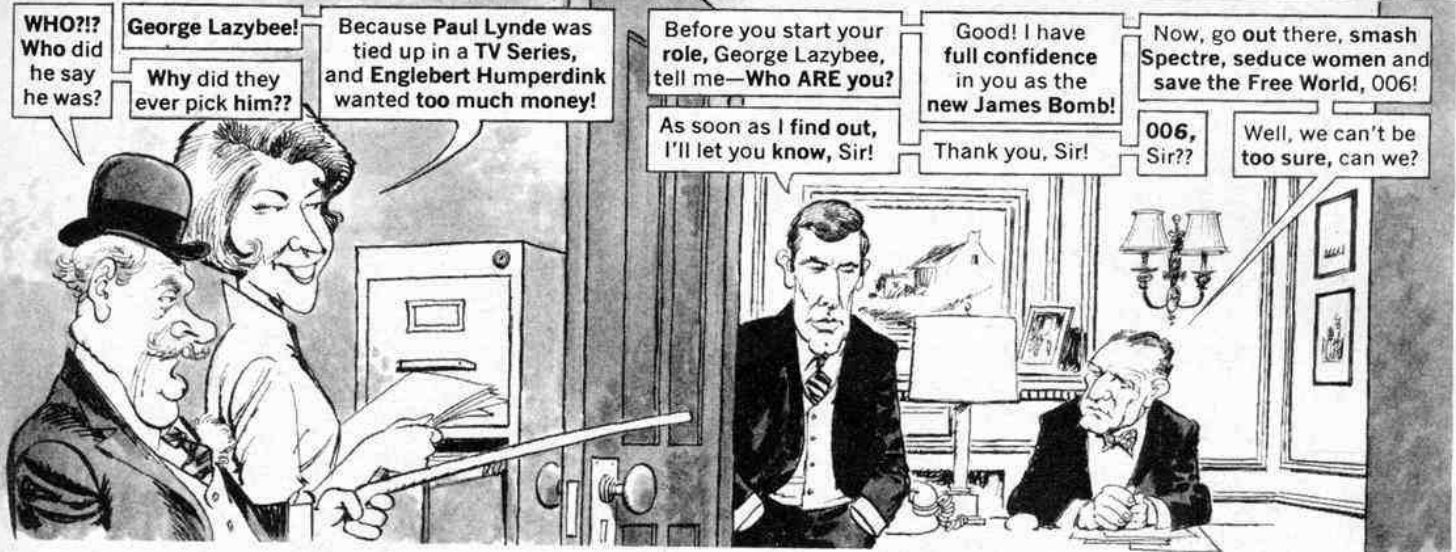
You have been chosen from among all of the "Super-Stars" to be the new James Bomb in ...

That is correct!





# "ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"





# "DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"

Well, Sean? What changed your mind and made you put on your shoulder holster again?

Two reasons! First, the money they offered was incredible—

And the other . . . ?

In two years, the only other career offer I got was a chance to sit in the middle box on "Hollywood Squares!"

But now, you are older and considerably fatter! Do you think you can handle the rigors of playing James Bomb?

W—why not? Of course I can!

Here we are in a zany chase scene, barrelling through Las Vegas!

... And LOOK! James Bomb's car is tipping over on two wheels! What a great Stunt Driver they've got!

That's no Stunt Driver! That's BOMB!! He HAS put on weight!



Say! You're Jill St. Joe, the gal who dates Henry Kissingfool, aren't you?

That's right!

Tell me, how do I compare to him?

Well, he's sexy!

I'M sexy!

He's very witty . . . and charming!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

He has a brilliant future ahead of him!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!



Hurry!! It's hanging by a thin thread!

The rope?

No . . . my career!

Please!! Allow me to end that career, and start MINE . . . in



# "LIVE AND LET SUFFER"

Get dressed, Bomb! You're off on a new assignment! We're predicting that this picture will do fantastic Box Office!

Impossible! You've got a cast of **UNKNOWN**s . . . with me leading them!

Yes . . . but we've got Paul McCartney to sing the Title Song!

My assignment is to find "Mr. Big" of Harlem! I think I'll just lean against this bar with my blond hair and blue eyes, Oxford clothes and English accent, and casually blend in so they won't notice me!

What will it be, Honky?

I'd better give him some funky "Soul Talk" so he thinks I'm a friend!

I say! How about that Hank Aaron! He certainly is a credit to his Race!







What do the Tarot Cards tell you about him, Canasta?

The cards tell me that he will cause you no problems!

Groovy! What else do they tell you?

They tell me that President Nixon did not know about Watergate... that there is no Mafia... that Howard Cosell is modest... and that Totie Fields will be the next Miss America!

I think we're in big trouble! We'd better blow Harlem and return to the Caribbean!



You're a dead man, Bomb! In a few minutes, you'll be torn to pieces! Would you believe that very alligator tore off my arm?

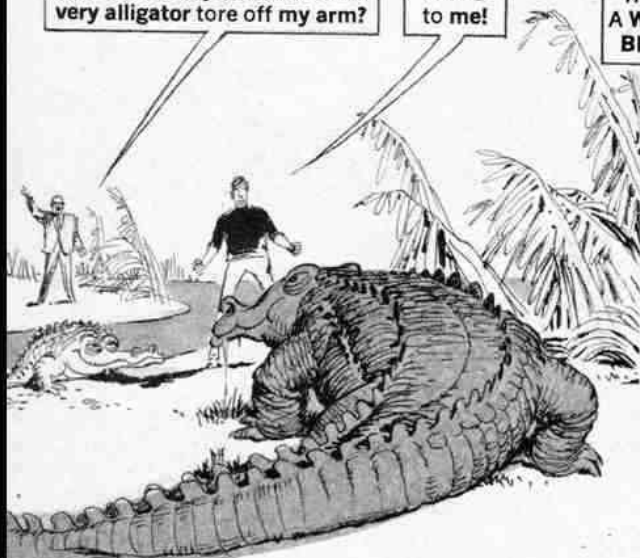
Sounds like a CROC to me!

Uggh! Oooff! You-you've overpowered me, Bomb! What a cultural switch! A White Man beating up a Black in a modern film!

It's a form of sweet revenge!

For the Secret Agents we killed? For subjecting your girlfriend to the pain of Voodoo torture?

No, for the Box Office success of Black Movies like "Shaft"!



Roger Morbid, you've done well in the role of James Bomb!

You've done so well, you're going to be in the next James Bomb film, "The Man With The Golden Gum"!

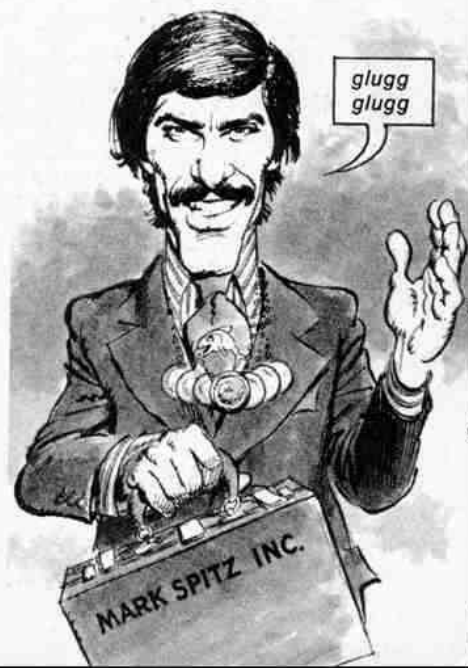
And after that, we're going to do a version of James Bomb's great UNDERWATER adventure, "For Fish Eyes Only"!

No, I'm afraid not! You'll be too old and too fat by then! We're bringing in a NEW young star! One with the acting talent necessary for the role!

Thank you, Sir!

Why, thank you, Sir!

With ME, of course!





**ALLEY BE PRAISED DEPT.**

Now that the war in Vietnam is finally over . . . here is a Primer on Bowling. And if you think this is the most ridiculous introduction to a MAD article you've ever read, wait'll you read the article! Anyway, here's . . .



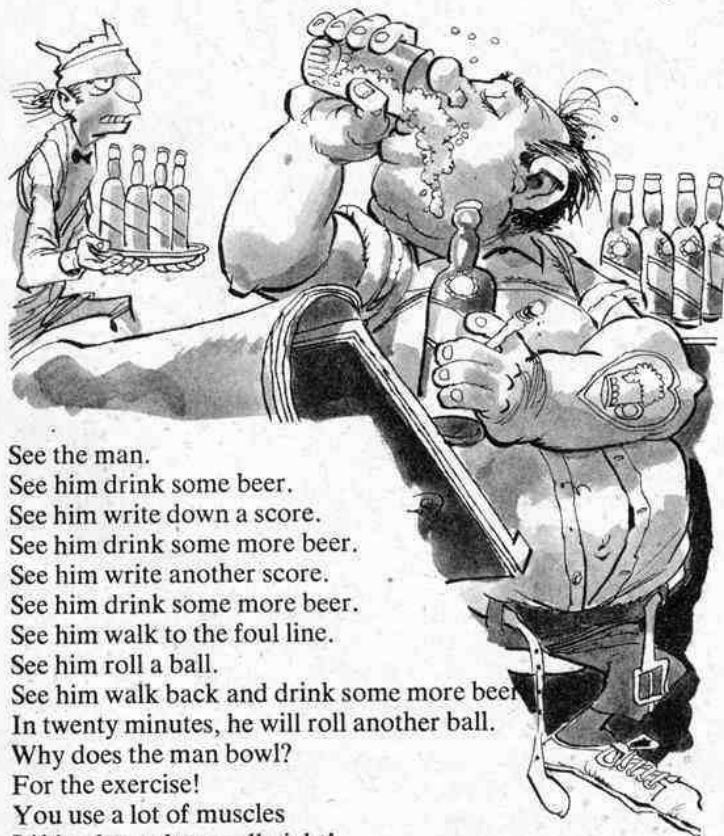
# THE MAD BOWLING PRIMER



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

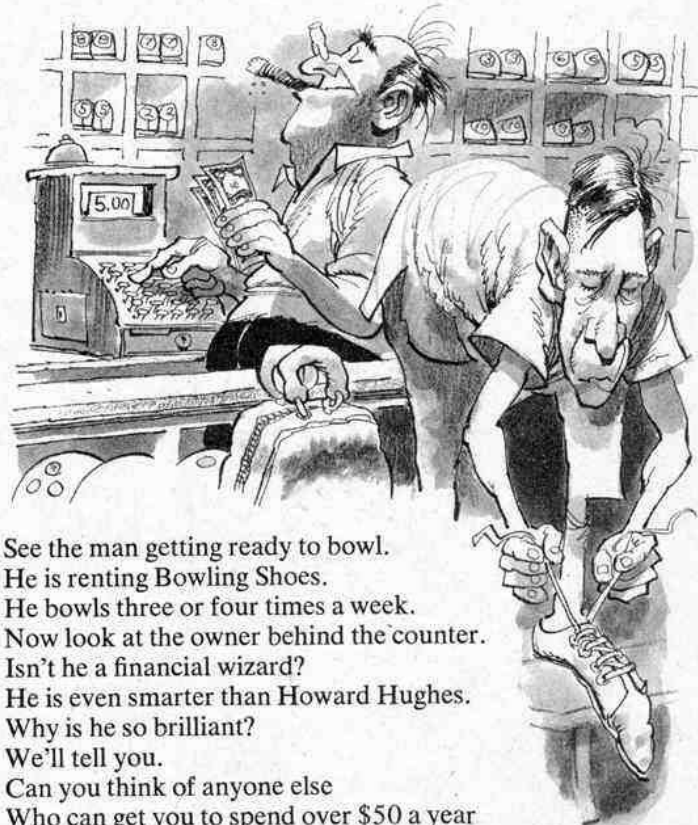
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

## CHAPTER 1.



See the man.  
See him drink some beer.  
See him write down a score.  
See him drink some more beer.  
See him write another score.  
See him drink some more beer.  
See him walk to the foul line.  
See him roll a ball.  
See him walk back and drink some more beer.  
In twenty minutes, he will roll another ball.  
Why does the man bowl?  
For the exercise!  
You use a lot of muscles  
Lifting beer glasses all night!

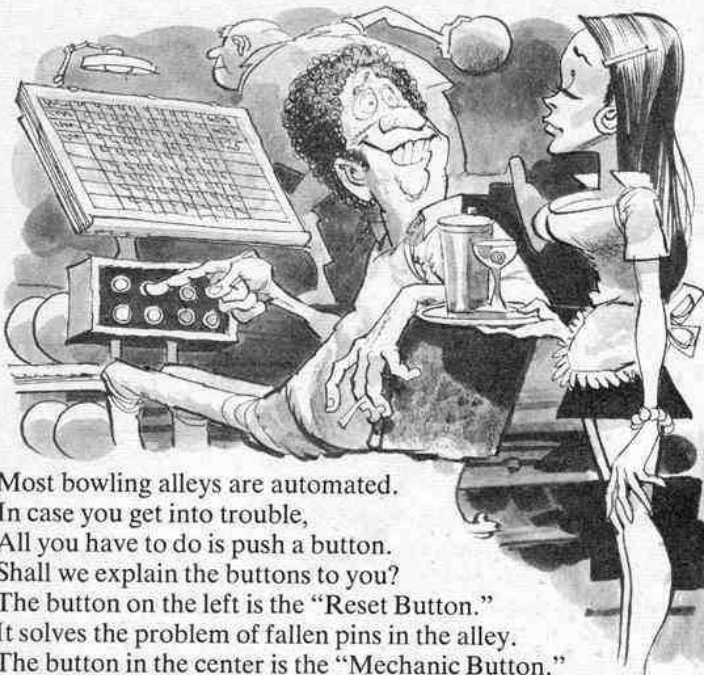
## CHAPTER 2.



See the man getting ready to bowl.  
He is renting Bowling Shoes.  
He bowls three or four times a week.  
Now look at the owner behind the counter.  
Isn't he a financial wizard?  
He is even smarter than Howard Hughes.  
Why is he so brilliant?  
We'll tell you.  
Can you think of anyone else  
Who can get you to spend over \$50 a year  
For a pair of dirty sneakers you don't even own?!



### CHAPTER 3.



Most bowling alleys are automated.  
In case you get into trouble,  
All you have to do is push a button.  
Shall we explain the buttons to you?  
The button on the left is the "Reset Button."  
It solves the problem of fallen pins in the alley.  
The button in the center is the "Mechanic Button."  
It solves the problems not covered by the "Reset Button."  
The button on the right is the "Service Button."  
It brings the waitress with the booze.  
It won't necessarily help you with your bowling.  
But it will help you forget the biggest problem of all,  
Namely, that the other two buttons never work!

### CHAPTER 4.

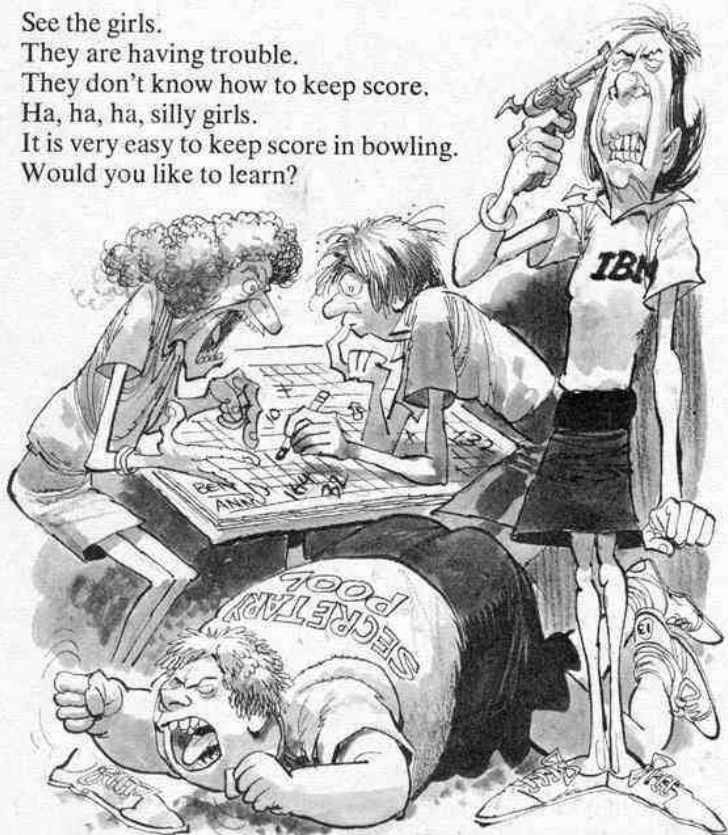


Let us teach you some "Bowling Language."  
If you knock over ten pins with one ball,  
That is a **STRIKE**.  
If you knock over ten pins with two balls,  
That is a **SPARE**.  
If you knock over, say, five pins with the first ball,  
And three pins with the second ball,  
That is an **EIGHT**.  
If you send the ball off the alley  
So it knocks over no pins at all,  
That is a %\*&#\$#@#%!!  
Now you know where the expression  
"Gutter Language" comes from!



### CHAPTER 5.

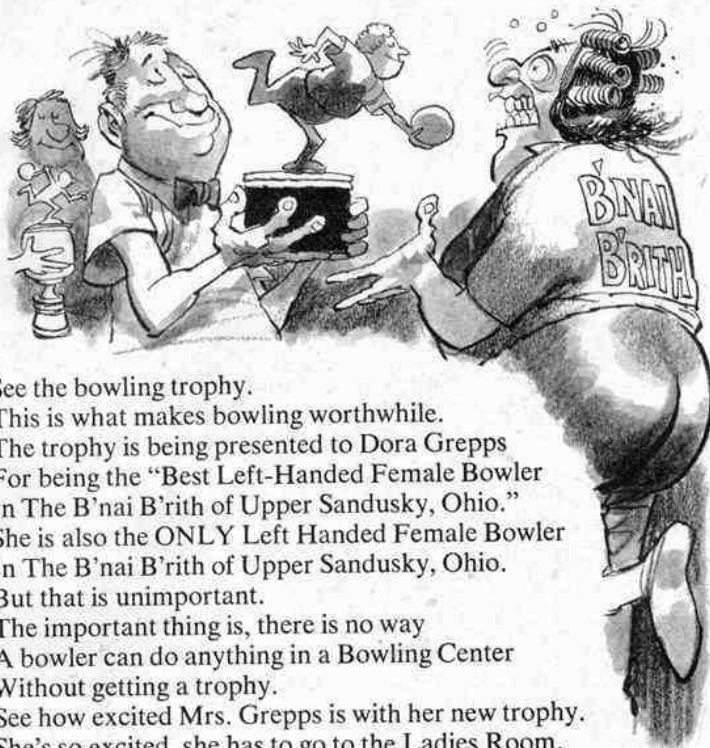
See the girls.  
They are having trouble.  
They don't know how to keep score.  
Ha, ha, ha, silly girls.  
It is very easy to keep score in bowling.  
Would you like to learn?



Okay, in the first frame, enter the amount of pins  
You knock over with both balls in the first inning,  
Unless you get a "Spare."  
A "Spare" is 10, plus what you get on your next ball,  
Which you enter in the first frame,  
And add to it the total you knock over  
With both balls in the second inning,  
Which you enter in the second frame,  
Unless you bowl another "Spare"  
In which case, you repeat the procedure,  
Except if you bowl a "Strike" in the first inning,  
In which case, you have 10,  
Plus what you get with your next two balls,  
Unless the first ball of the second inning is also a "Strike",  
In which case, you have 20,  
But you have to wait for the third inning  
To find out what you knock over with your third ball,  
In order to add it to the 20, and enter it in the first frame,  
And then add the second inning's 10 to that,  
Plus what you get with your third and fourth balls,  
And enter that in the second frame,  
Unless your fourth ball is a "Strike"  
In which case you repeat the procedure,  
Except if you bowl a "Spare" or a "Strike" in the 10th frame,  
In which case, you kill yourself!  
Now, would you like to learn about the blue lines in Hockey?

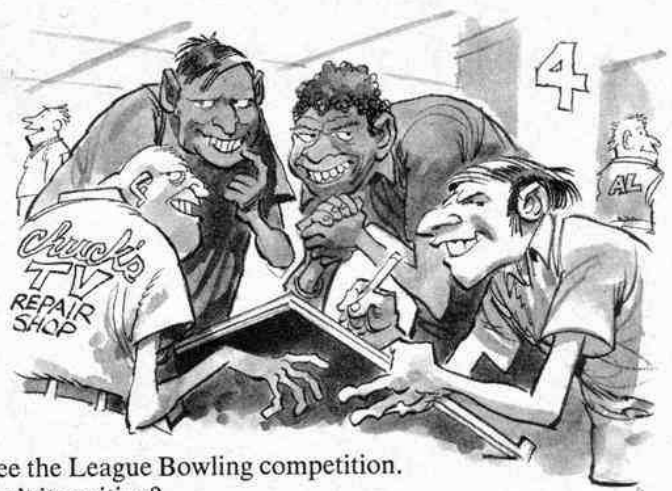


## CHAPTER 6.



\* See the bowling trophy.  
This is what makes bowling worthwhile.  
The trophy is being presented to Dora Grepps  
For being the "Best Left-Handed Female Bowler  
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio."  
She is also the ONLY Left Handed Female Bowler  
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.  
But that is unimportant.  
The important thing is, there is no way  
A bowler can do anything in a Bowling Center  
Without getting a trophy.  
See how excited Mrs. Grepps is with her new trophy.  
She's so excited, she has to go to the Ladies Room.  
When she is finished,  
The matron will give her a towel,  
And a bar of soap,  
And another trophy.

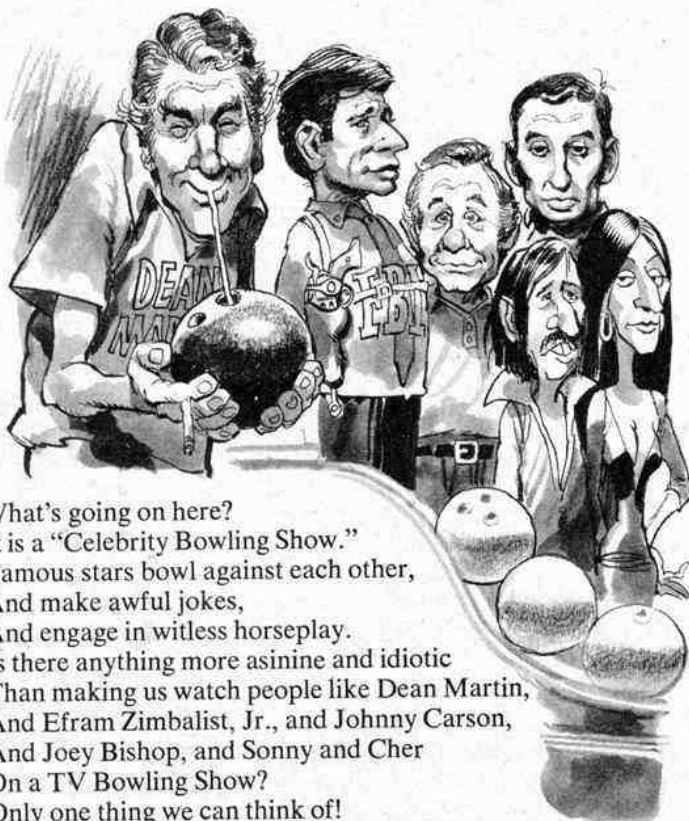
## CHAPTER 7.



See the League Bowling competition.  
Isn't it exciting?  
All the greats and near-greats of Industry are here.  
Look, there's the team from "Al's Service Station",  
And the gang from "Barney's Moving and Storage",  
And the boys from "Cy's Poultry Market".  
See the team in the fourth alley.  
They have just finished a game.  
Their combined score is 421.  
But when they submit their score sheet  
It will read "792"...  
Do you find that hard to understand?  
That's the team from "Chuck's TV Repair Shop"!  
Now do you understand?

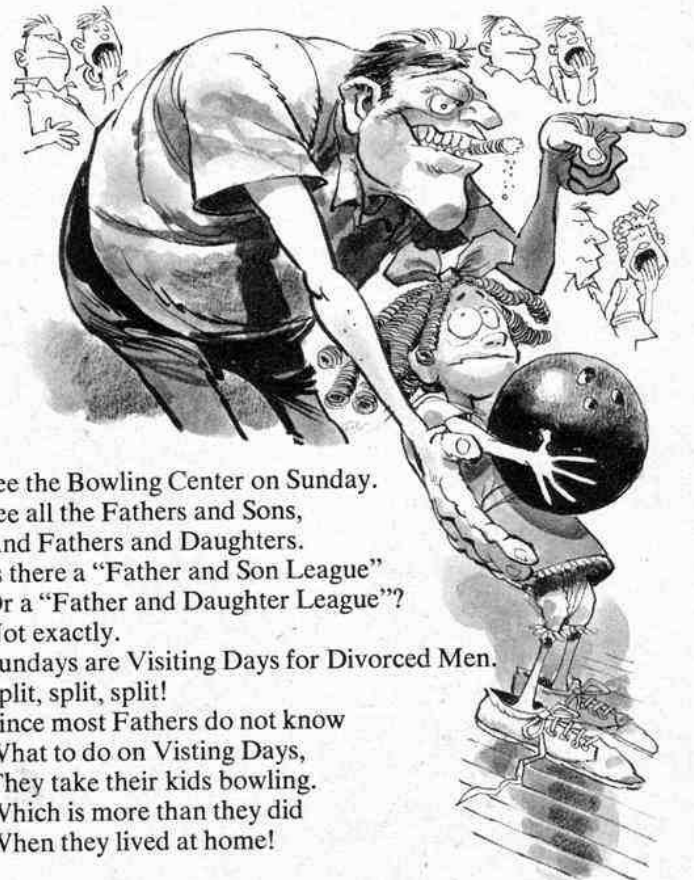


## CHAPTER 8.



What's going on here?  
It is a "Celebrity Bowling Show."  
Famous stars bowl against each other,  
And make awful jokes,  
And engage in witless horseplay.  
Is there anything more asinine and idiotic  
Than making us watch people like Dean Martin,  
And Efram Zimbalist, Jr., and Johnny Carson,  
And Joey Bishop, and Sonny and Cher  
On a TV Bowling Show?  
Only one thing we can think of!  
Making us watch them on their *own* TV shows!

## CHAPTER 9.

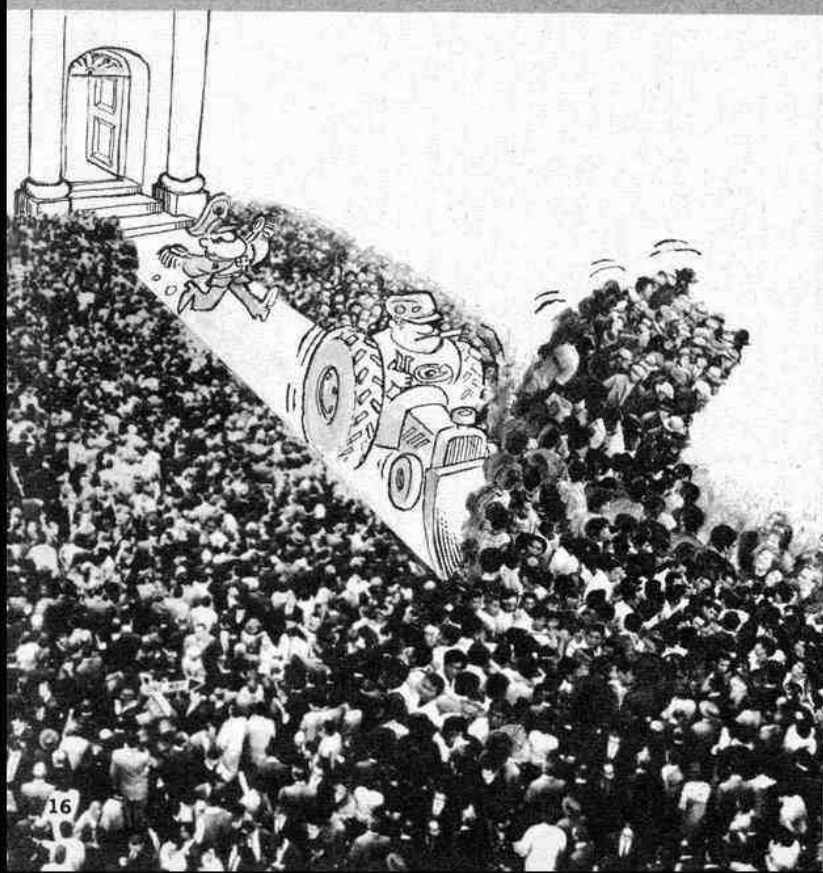
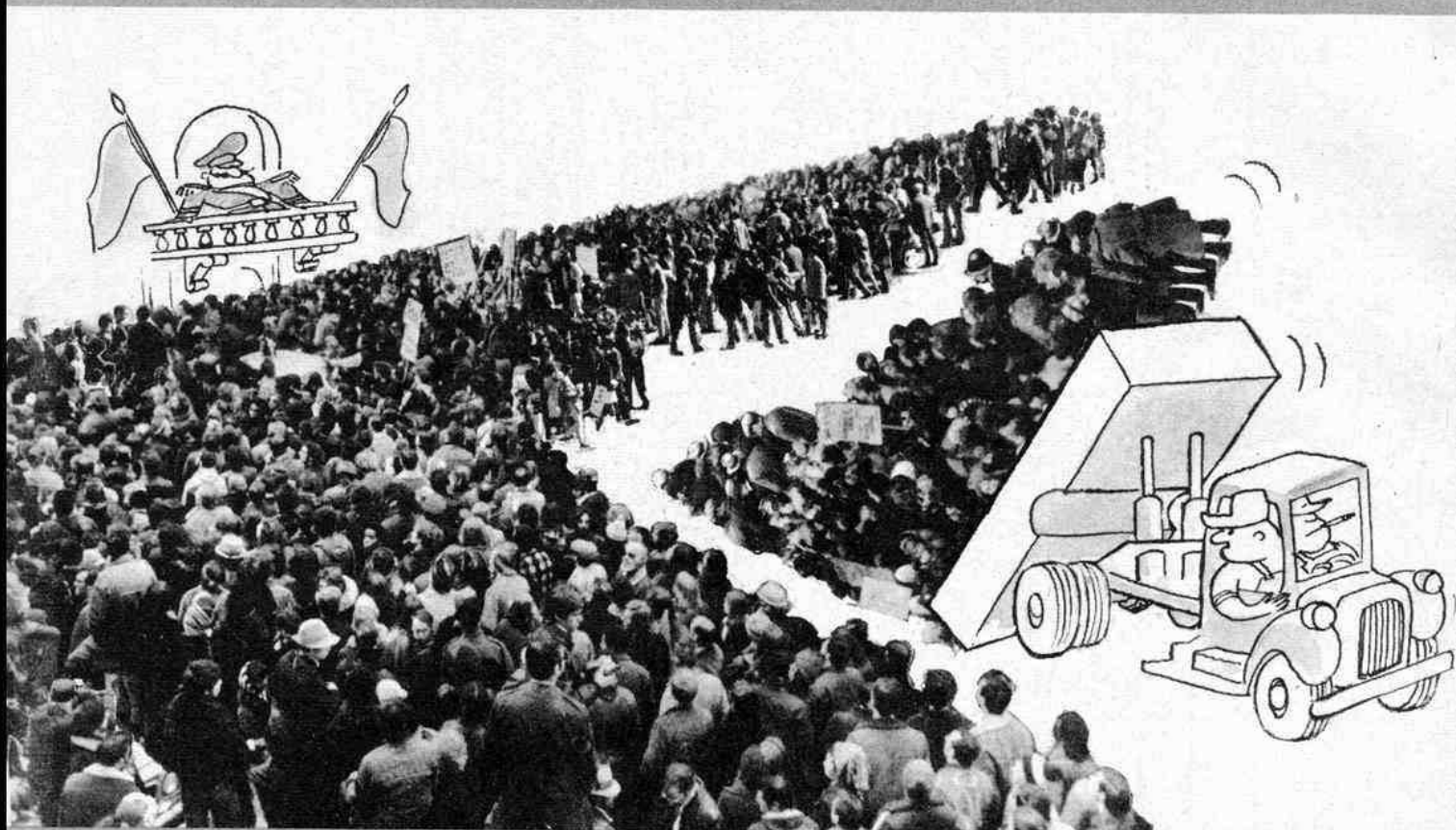


See the Bowling Center on Sunday.  
See all the Fathers and Sons,  
And Fathers and Daughters.  
Is there a "Father and Son League"  
Or a "Father and Daughter League"?  
Not exactly.  
Sundays are Visiting Days for Divorced Men.  
Split, split, split!  
Since most Fathers do not know  
What to do on Visiting Days,  
They take their kids bowling.  
Which is more than they did  
When they lived at home!



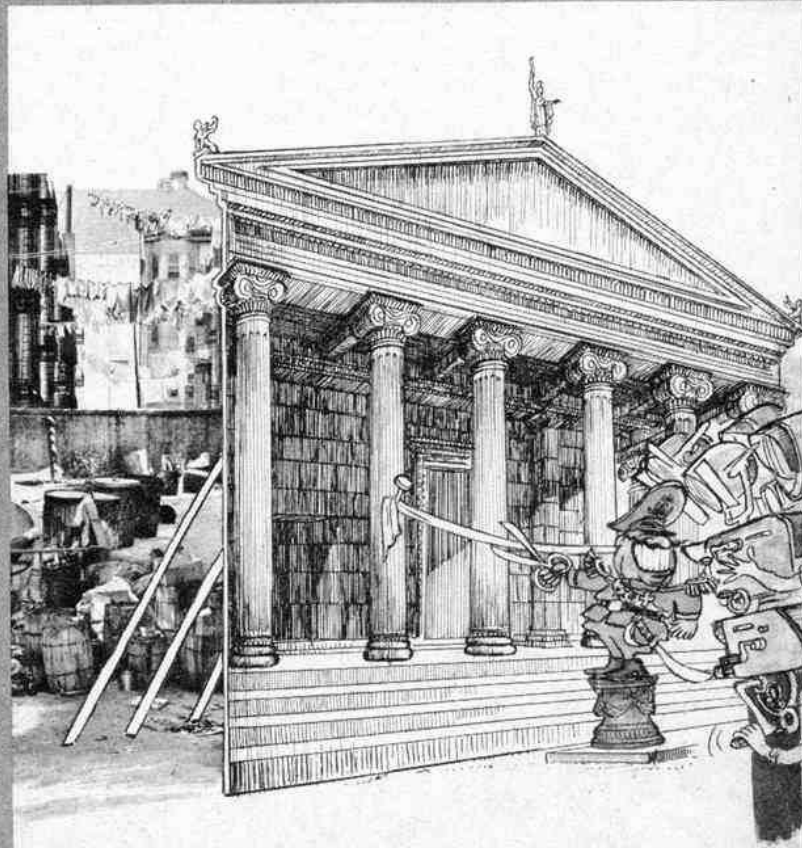
OUT, DAMNED DESPOT DEPT.

# A MAD LOOK

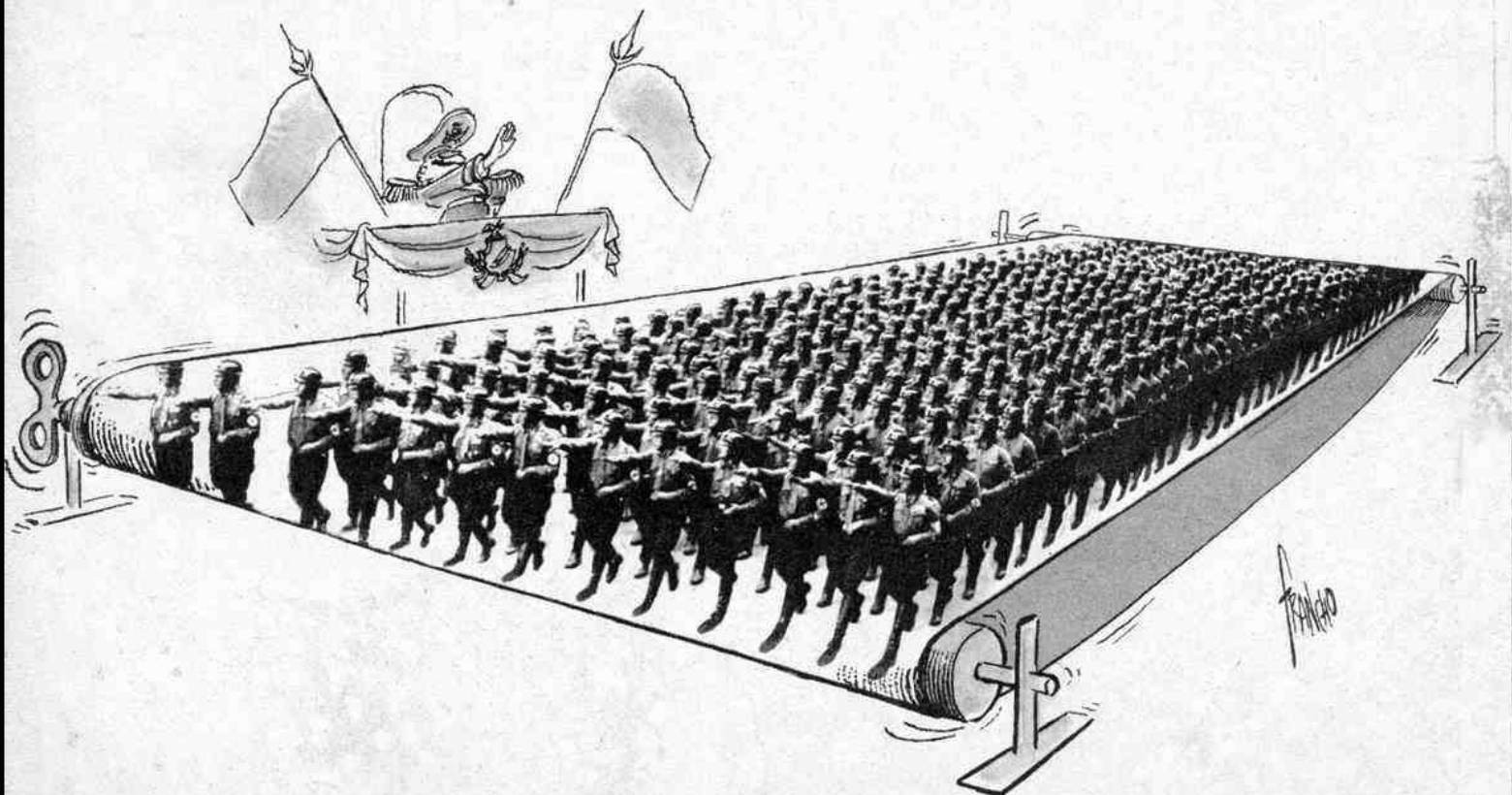


# AT TYRANTS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHOTOS BY: UPI & WIDE WORLD







**BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.**

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# COLD



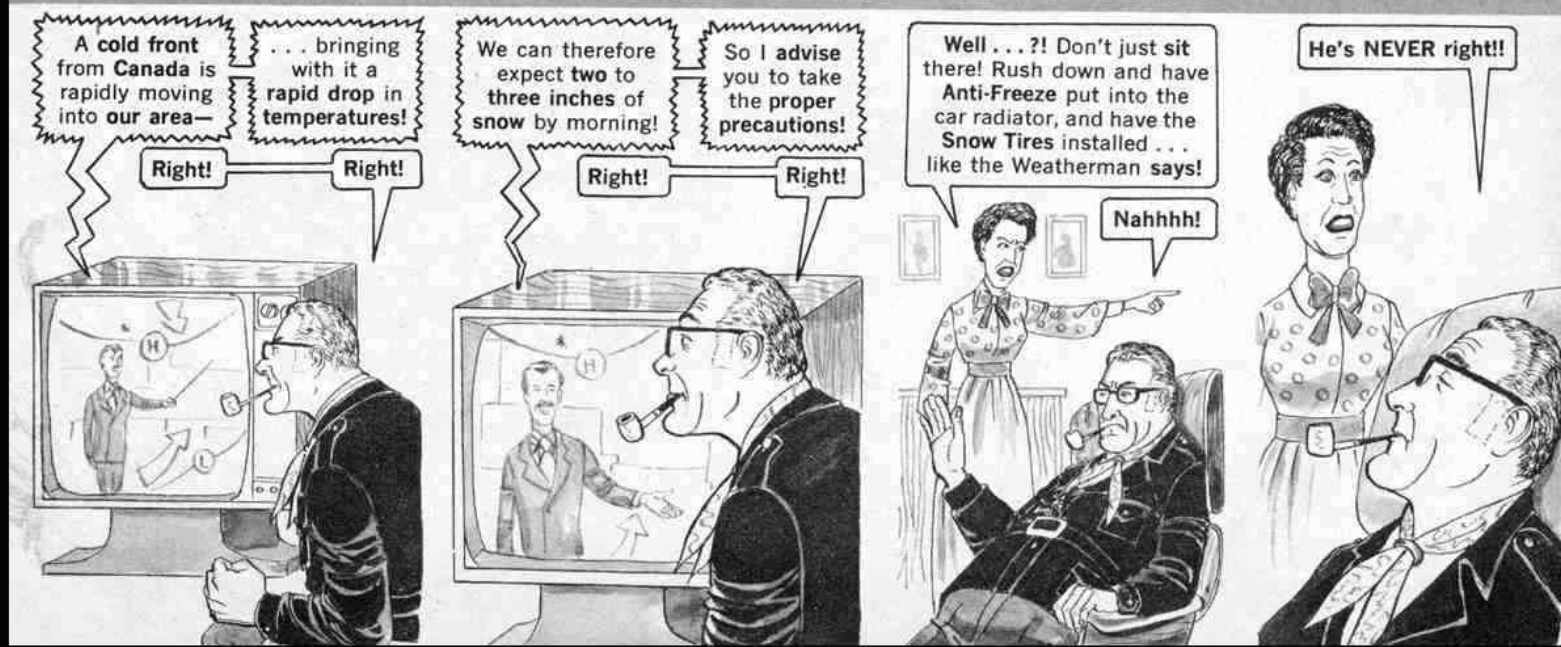


# WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG











**EEEEK! Stop cuddling up to me! Your nose is FREEZING!!**



**And ANOTHER thing! Get your damn paws OFF me!!**



**I only let you come into bed with me because it was so cold and I felt sorry for you! I—I should've realized you'd start acting like the animal you are!**



**SCRAM! GET BACK TO YOUR OWN BASKET!!**



**Last night, the storm was so bad, I had to pull off the highway and walk home! Now, I dread the job of shoveling all that snow from the car!**

**Yeah! So do I!**



**HOLY SMOKES!! MY CAR'S BEEN COMPLETELY STRIPPED!!**

**THOSE DIRTY ROTTEN LOUSY NO-GOOD ROBBING LOCUSTS!!**



**Calm down! Look at the bright side!**

**WHAT bright side??**



**Now we don't have to shovel all that snow from the car!**



**I really can't believe it! Suddenly, after a nice warm Summer, THIS happens!!**

**It's the dead of WINTER!! I'm freezing to DEATH!!**



**Can you imagine!? The temperature has actually dropped down to 69 degrees!!**



# ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY

First ... I connect the cross-body electrodes ...



Then ... I connect the head electrodes ...



And now, I pull the switch ... sending four hundred thousand volts into the body ... more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!



FABA  
DABA  
ZAP



A-ZAP-DAP ... AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN ... AN'-A-HOW'S BY YOU?!? YEAH! YEAH!!



Let's see now! First ... I connect the cross-body electrodes ...



D. MARTIN...



## WINDSHIELD WEEPERS DEPT.

With parking space at a minimum, and charges for parking at a maximum, the poor car owner has been trying various methods to beat the system while avoiding a ticket. Notes, official-looking identification cards, Police Department magazines, business cards, etc., are all

# SURE-FIRE TICKET DEFENSE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

**B**less, O Lord, the keeper of the Peace—the Officer of the Law—who in his own unselfishness, overlooks this minor trespass of another made in Your Image. But let he who rules with an iron hand—who puts him self before and above others—let him feel the pain of eternal damnation. Amen!

Officer -  
I heard on the radio that this make car has been recalled by the factory because a defective part may cause the steering wheel to fly off at any moment. So I immediately pulled over to the curb and left my car here not to take any chances.

Honey,  
Don't forget to drop off this check for me!  
Love, Jack

JOHN DRURY

PAY TO THE  
ORDER OF

*Policemen's Benevolent Association*  
*One Thousand <sup>00</sup>/<sub>100</sub>*

SCHUBERT VALLEY  
NATIONAL BANK  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

No. 110

*2/6* 19 *74*

\$ *1000.00*

DOLLARS

*John Drury*

THIS CAR IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE:  
CATHOLIC URBAN LEAGUE,  
JEWISH NEIGHBORHOOD AID SOCIETY,  
AND THE  
PROTESTANT COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION  
CAR POOL

MILTON ELNICK  
CHIEF AUDITOR  
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE  
(Division of Tax Returns  
Of City and State Employees)

being left in view in an attempt to convince the passing Cop to keep on passing. But they rarely work. Why? Because to really get to someone, you have to appeal to his emotions... to his feelings of guilt and insecurity. With this goal in mind, MAD herewith offers...



# PERRENTS FOR FRUSTRATED DRIVERS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

*Officer -  
Just went to pick  
up my judicial robe.*

*Mildred:*

*If you found my suicide note  
and traced me to the car, don't  
panic - I haven't done it yet.*

*I left the car here to go for a  
little walk to think about whether  
life is worth living. With all  
the setbacks I've had lately,  
all I need is one more bad  
experience to push me over  
the brink...*

*Dear Officer,*

*They just announced over  
the radio that this month's  
quota of parking tickets  
has already been reached.  
Thanks!*

**I JUST RETURNED FROM  
VIET NAM AND I PUT THIS  
SIGN HERE FOR ALL TO SEE  
SO I COULD SAY HOW  
GREAT IT IS TO BE HOME  
IN A FREE COUNTRY  
WHERE YOU CAN GO WHERE  
YOU WANT, DO WHAT YOU  
WANT, *PARK* WHERE YOU  
WANT, AND NOT HAVE SOME  
COMMIE RAT HASSLE YOU!  
LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN WAY!**

*This car is owned by a  
revered mother who just  
ran into the store to buy  
an American flag and  
an apple pie...*

*Madame Olga*

**THE WITCH WHO CAN PUT  
THE CURSE ON ANYONE  
...ANY TIME...ANYWHERE!  
I NEVER FAIL!**

CALL QZ-9-9977

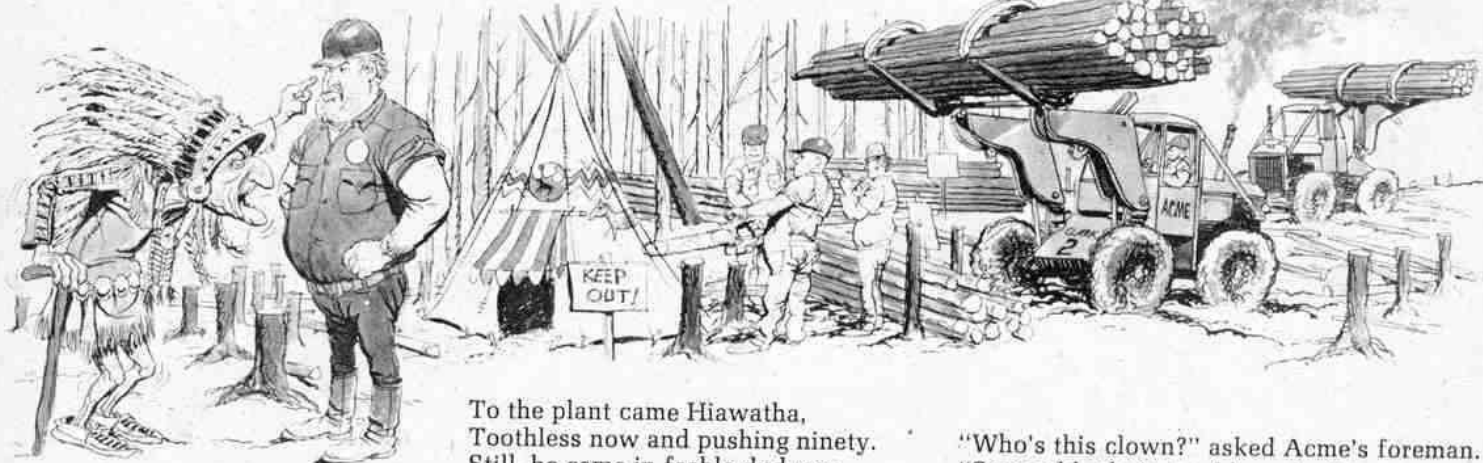


SON OF "ROSES ARE RED" DEPT.

Did you ever notice how every screen writer who comes up with a box office success and every novelist who clicks with a best seller immediately turns out a sequel in order to drain the last possible buck from his one good idea? Well, MAD has noticed it, and we've also noticed that great poets seem to be the only writers who never tried to cash in on success by dashing

# MAD SEQUELS TO

## HIAWATHA'S LAST STAND



By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,  
Near the shack of Hiawatha,  
Rose the plant of Acme Paper,  
Making pulp of birch and pine trees;  
Dumping crud into the water.

To the plant came Hiawatha,  
Toothless now and pushing ninety.  
Still, he came in feeble dudgeon,  
Flailing at the boss of Acme.  
"Os-kee-wa-wa!" screamed the Indian.  
"You polluters killed my fish friends;  
Gave the shaft to furry creatures;  
Even scared the white-fire insects.  
Pack your buzz saws up and beat it."

"Who's this clown?" asked Acme's foreman.  
"Some old ethnic trouble maker?"  
Hiawatha answered swiftly:  
"I'm the grandson of the Moon Child;  
Friend of Ishkoodah, the comet;  
Pal of Naked Bear and Owlet.  
Once a poet wrote my story.  
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

## CASEY AT THE CONTRACT TALKS



Spring training time was close at hand  
for Mudville's hapless nine,  
And all the players had agreed  
on contract terms they'd sign;  
Except, that is, for Casey, who  
was holding out for more  
Despite his batting slump that lost  
the flag the year before.

The Mudville owner met with Casey  
on an April day  
To learn how much his fallen star  
expected him to pay.  
The owner told the press, "There won't  
be much to talk about.  
I can't believe that clod expects  
a raise for striking out."

Yet, who could doubt that Casey held  
the key to Mudville's fate  
As he strode grandly through the door  
to re-negotiate?  
He moved with grace; his biceps bulged;  
his gut was hard and flat.  
Small wonder foes were gripped with fear  
when Casey came to bat.

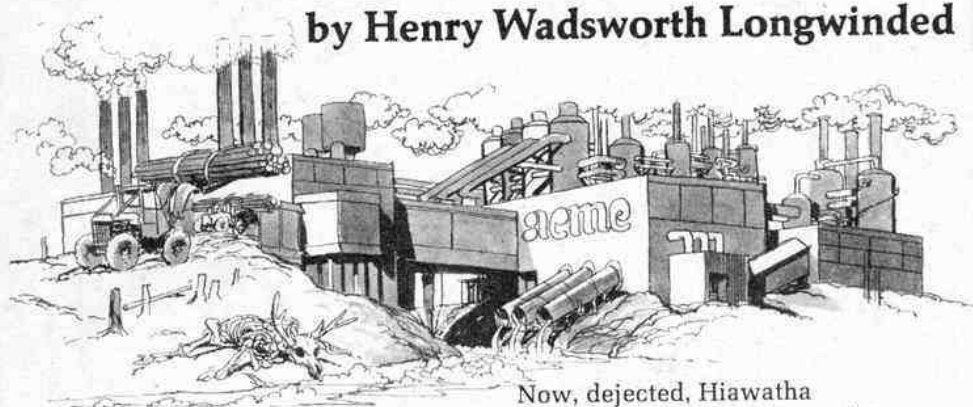
off mediocre follow-ups to their biggest hits. Yep, when it comes to well known poems, there's a million-dollar bonanza awaiting any hack writer who pens what the original poet might have written next. Hack writers happen to be a commodity that we here at MAD possess in abundance, so we plan to go after that unclaimed million right now by presenting our collection of...

# FAMOUS POEMS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

by Henry Wadsworth Longwinded



"Hoo boy!" moaned the boss of Acme.  
Why must I get all the loonies?"  
Then he lectured Hiawatha  
On the rights his firm was granted;  
Rights to turn the whole great forest  
Into paper pulp for "Playboy."  
Hiawatha mumbled something  
Of a broken tribal treaty.  
Patience gone, the foreman shouted,  
"Get thee to a reservation."

Now, dejected, Hiawatha  
Runs a stand to lure the tourists;  
Sells them trinkets made in Cleveland.  
Some pay him a dime or quarter  
Just to have their pictures taken  
With a senile, wrinkled Indian.  
Hiawatha poses proudly,  
Telling all who stop to see him,  
"Once a poet wrote my story.  
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

Strangely, no one ever wants to.

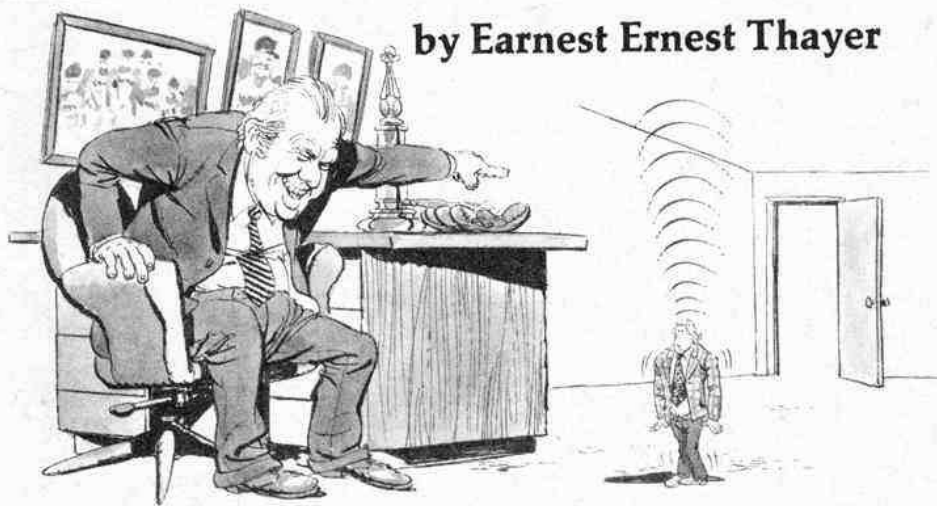
## WE SHOT A MISSILE INTO SPACE

by N.A.S.A.  
Public Information Officer  
H. W. Bullfellow



We shot a missile into space.  
We fear it fell to earth someplace.  
Though we were aiming for the moon,  
Red China claims we hit Kowloon.

by Earnest Ernest Thayer



Now Casey faced the owner with  
his hands upon his hips,  
And now his eyes were cold as steel;  
a snarl had curled his lips.  
Unsmiling, Casey spoke his piece.  
He said, "I've got it planned  
To loll at home this year unless  
I'm paid a hundred grand."

The owner laughed and said, "I've got  
some news that just won't keep.  
We've signed a rookie from Spokane  
who plays both good and cheap.  
He never chokes up in the clutch.  
So, Casey, my advice  
Is practice hard at home this year,  
'cause now you've struck out twice."



Now, Chou En Lai is hopping mad  
Because, it seems, our aim was bad;  
And all our space probe expertise  
Found nothing but enraged Chinese.



## THE BAREFOOT MAN

by John Looseleaf Notebook

Barefoot boy, you're thirty-three;  
Less cute than you used to be.  
Once, I smiled to watch you loaf;  
Now, you're just a six-foot oaf,  
Warbling, childlike, through your beard.  
Day by day, you get more weird.



Curses on thee, barefoot bum!  
You're as shiftless as they come;  
Romp through the woods at play.  
Why not get a job some day?  
Then buy shoes, quick as you can;  
No one like a barefoot man.

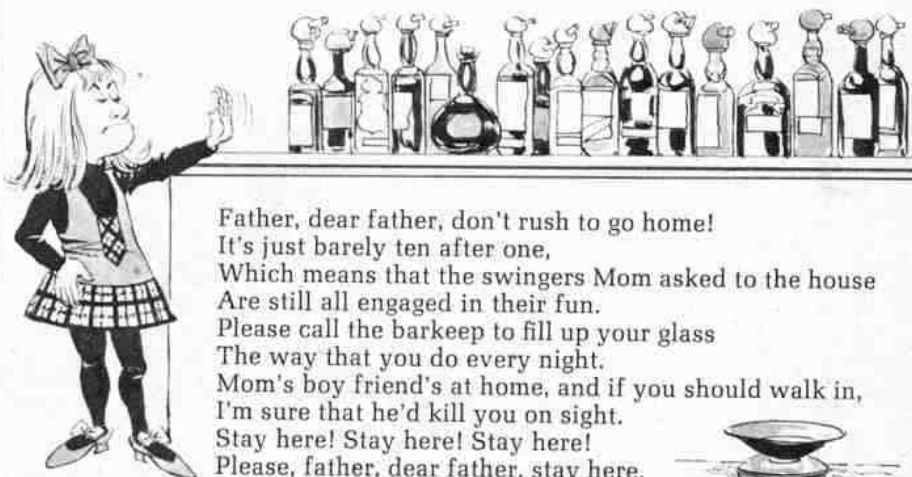
## THE RAVIN' REAL ESTATE



When a house is damp and drafty,  
then a salesman must be crafty  
While he's showing would-be buyers  
all around the real estate.  
Point out how the kitchen's roomy;  
never say it's dark and gloomy.  
Then the prospect may not guess that  
he's been rooked 'til it's too late,  
By which time, you're out the gate.

Though such tactics might be sleezy,  
they made selling houses easy  
'Til I got the job of peddling  
Edgar Allan Poe's old place.  
Poe long since had met his doom there,  
but the raven he let me room there  
I found still alive, atop  
the mantle shooting off his face,  
Loudly, with no style or grace.

## THE NIGHT AFTER FATHE



Father, dear father, don't rush to go home!  
It's just barely ten after one,  
Which means that the swingers Mom asked to the house  
Are still all engaged in their fun.  
Please call the barkeep to fill up your glass  
The way that you do every night.  
Mom's boy friend's at home, and if you should walk in,  
I'm sure that he'd kill you on sight.  
Stay here! Stay here! Stay here!  
Please, father, dear father, stay here.



## FAREWELL TO ORPHAN ANNIE



Little Orphan Annie's gotten sent on her way.  
It happened when the Doctor said she really shouldn't stay.  
The Doc was called to diagnose why we kept having dreams  
That made us kids wake up at night and let out piercing screams.  
Doc had us study ink blots first, to help our minds unfold;  
And each blot dredged up tales of ghosts that Orphan Annie told.

The Doctor took my folks aside and said, "All kids throw fits  
When you let weirdo orphan girls half scare them from their wits.  
She talks a lot of goblins, and of big, black things that roam.  
She'll turn your kids to fruitcakes if you keep her in your home."

# AGENT

by Edgar Callous Snowjob



In my sales pitch, I did mention  
all that might divert attention  
From the raven, for who'd want a  
home with built-in bird that speaks?  
With my manner suave and steady,  
I at last found someone ready,  
Primed to buy, once he had tested  
all the doors for cracks and squeaks.  
Yelled the bird, "The chimney leaks!"

I drank booze and went unshaven,  
driven crazy by that raven  
Who refused to keep his beak shut  
while I forced some clod to buy.  
My employer loudly goaded  
me to get that house unloaded,  
Little knowing how each effort  
merely made the raven cry:  
"Hark! The basement's never dry!"

"Bird," I said, "I can't ignore you,  
so instead let me implore you:  
Hush until I've sold this place, and  
then I will forever go."  
Quoth the bird, "Give up your labors.  
I live here and don't want neighbors.  
Much adjustment is required for  
two to share a home, you know.  
That's why I evicted Poe."

# R DIDN'T COME HOME

by Henrietta Kay Jerk



Father, dear father, keep lapping the sauce!  
It's only a little past two.  
Forget that I urged you to come home last night  
'Cause your youngest child had the flu.  
Baby is peaceful and not crying now;  
Perhaps that's because he is dead.  
At any rate, Mom's entertaining tonight.  
You're not to come home yet, she said.  
Don't go! Don't go! Don't go!  
Please, father, dear father, don't go.

Father, dear father, drink up and enjoy!  
The clock is just now striking three.  
Your wife is unfaithful; your infant conked out;  
But don't let that ruin your spree.  
Mom wants you here, for the house is a mess;  
Men's clothes are all over the floor.  
So give her 'til morning to tidy things up  
While you guzzle down a few more.  
Pass out! Pass out! Pass out!  
Please, father, dear father, pass out.



by James Nitwit Spryly

So Pa helped Annie pack her things, and told her very nice,  
"You're strange, so out the door you go. It's Doctor's firm advice.  
Still, you may like the orphanage; it's got a lovely wall,  
And children packed in every room, and mice in every hall."

Now, Annie writes to say she likes the institution's gloom;  
And, after undergoing tests, she got a private room.  
Though it's equipped with rubber walls, she still hears voices shout,  
"We're goblins who'll get Annie if she

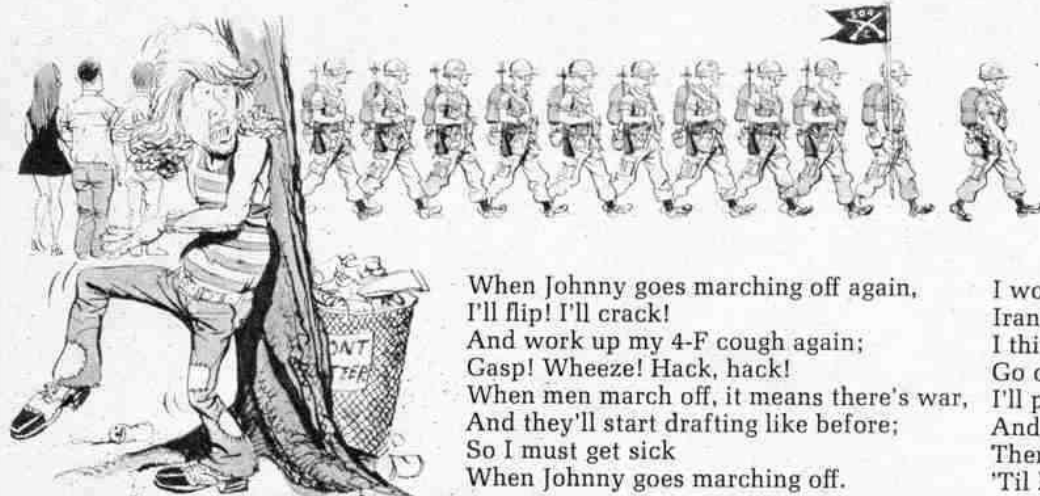
Don't  
Watch  
Out!"





# WHEN JOHNNY GOES MARCHING OFF

by Ratfink S. Fleemore



When Johnny goes marching off again,  
I'll flip! I'll crack!  
And work up my 4-F cough again;  
Gasp! Wheeze! Hack, hack!  
When men march off, it means there's war,  
And they'll start drafting like before;  
So I must get sick  
When Johnny goes marching off.

I wonder where we may fight next time.  
Iran? Siam?  
I think I'll drop out of sight next time;  
Go on the lam.  
I'll pack my bags in dead of night,  
And catch the next Toronto flight.  
Then I'll just lay low  
'Til Kissinger makes a truce.

# WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-FIFTY

by A.E. Drudgeman



When I was one-and-fifty,  
I heard a young punk say,  
"Best watch your step, Old Timer;  
I'll take your job away.  
This firm seeks youth and vigor,  
While you slow down each year."  
But being one-and-fifty,  
I felt no pangs of fear.

When I was one-and-sixty,  
The boss said, "Go relax.  
Retire with a pension.  
Don't wait to get the axe."  
Said I, "I'm much too valued;  
No one could take my place."  
Now I am one-and-eighty,  
And I'm a Welfare case.

# RUDYARD KIPLING



There are some who still recall  
When the British ruled us all,  
And each bloomin' Injian lived in fear o' slaughter.  
They gave me a menial chore  
'Cause that ruddy Kipling bore  
Said, "The heathen's only fit for fetchin' water."

When, at times, the spigot clogged,  
I got taken out and flogged,  
For those English blokes said whippin' helped me learn.  
Once, I really roused their ire  
When the barracks caught on fire.  
They screamed, "Water, boy!" Said I, "Burn, baby, burn!"

# CHICAGO SUBURB

by Carl Sandbag

Hog Barbecuer for the World,  
School Segregator, Mower of Lawns,  
Player with Golf Clubs and the Nation's Wife Swapper;  
Bigoted, snobbish, flaunting,  
Suburb of the White Collars.

They tell me you are lazy, and I believe them; for I have seen your  
women in the super-market parking lots, tipping box boys to load  
their station wagons.

And they tell me you are brutal, and my reply is: At the stations of  
your commuter trains, I have seen old ladies trampled by men in  
quest of seats on the shady side.

And they tell me your soil is rotten and vengeful, and I answer: Yes,  
it is true, for I have seen crab grass killed and rise up to grow  
again.

But still, I turn to those who sneer at this, my suburb, and I give  
them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another town with eight drive-in mortuaries and a  
Colonel Sanders on every block;

Show me a suburb with mortgage payments so high that men worry  
themselves into heart attacks at forty,

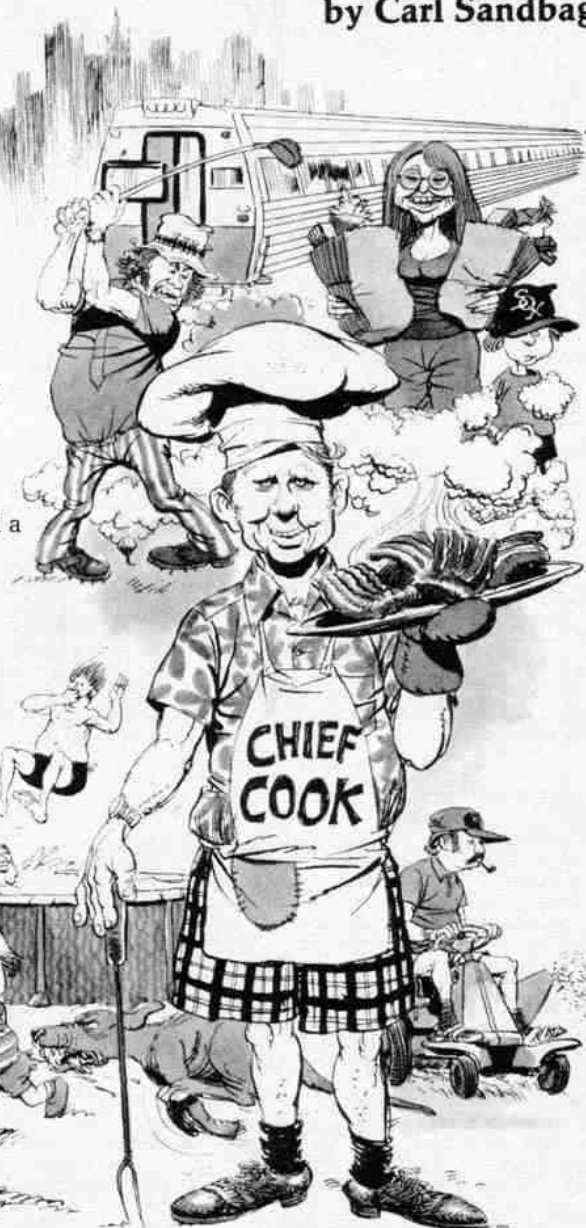
Debt-ridden,

Overdrawn,

Embezzling,

Financing, defaulting, re-financing,

But pleased as punch to be Hog Barbecuers for the World, School  
Segregators, Mowers of Lawns, Players with Golf Clubs and  
Champion Wife Swappers of the Nation.



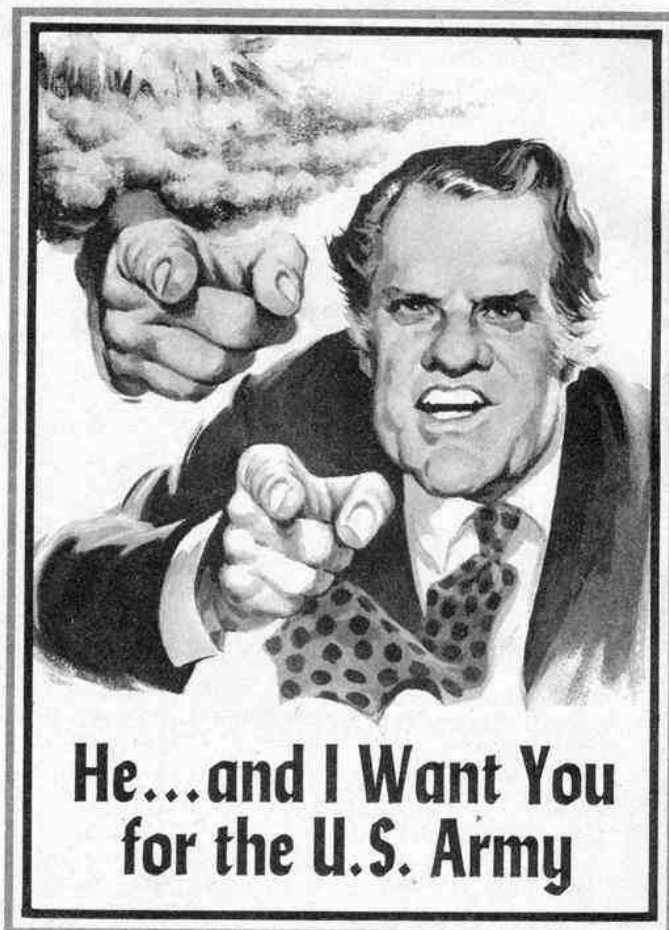
by Gunga Din



That remark caused quite a stir;  
They called me a rebel cur,  
'Cause for Limey rule I lacked appreciation.  
Still, they sensed throughout the land  
We were gettin' out o' hand,  
So they wisely left and gave us back our nation.

Now, we do the best we can;  
Twice we've clobbered Pakistan,  
While the glories that were England have grown fewer.  
Though it may sound harsh and rude,  
All this leads me to conclude,  
Rudyard Kipling, I'm a better man than you were.

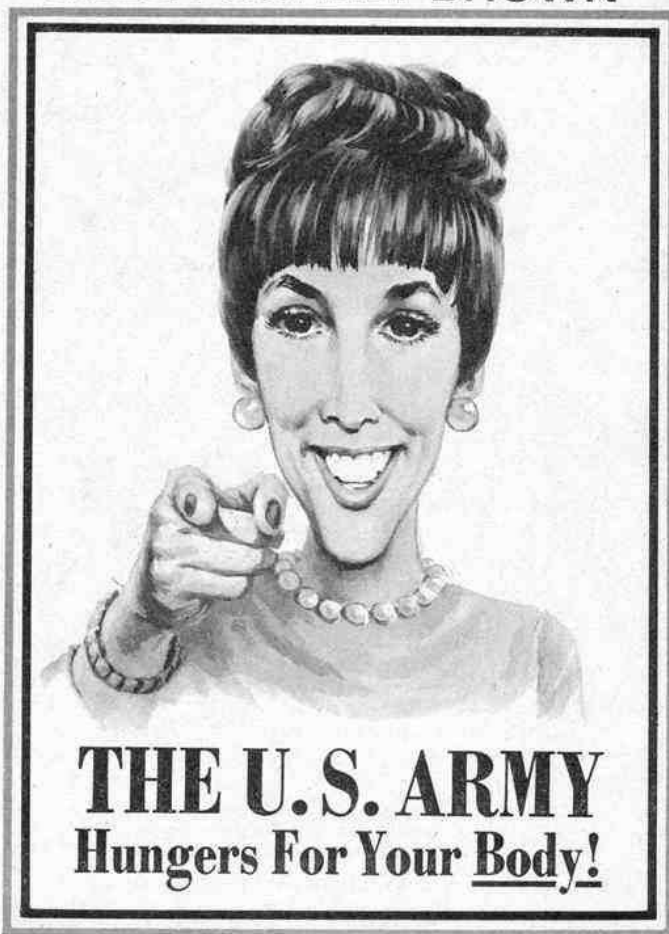




This is the famous U.S. Army Recruiting Poster by James Montgomery Flagg. Now that we're close to having an all-volunteer Army, it's time the Pentagon modernized its recruiting methods. And the first thing the Brass should do is get rid of the old Flagg Poster and replace Uncle Sam and his message with endorsements by current "name" people. Then we'd start seeing these ...

HELEN GURLEY BROWN

# "I WANT YOU" POSTERS STARRING TODAY'S CELEBRITIES



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SPIRO AGNEW

**THIS ITEM  
DISCONTINUED!**



**SHOW UP SNOT-NOSED SNIVELERS  
PREACHING THE PUERILE PAP  
OF THE PAMPERED PEACENIKS!!  
JOIN THE U.S. ARMY!**

DAVID EISENHOWER



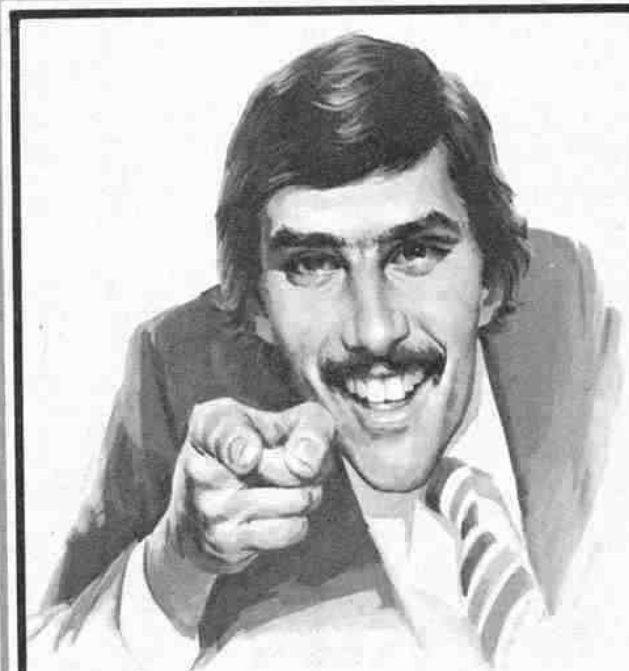
**Julie and I Think The  
U.S. Army is Neat!**

HUBERT HUMPHREY



I believe it's a grand and glorious experience for a young man to join the U.S. Army, yes indeed, I truly do, so my advice to you, young man, is to join the U.S. Army and discover how grand and glorious an experience it really is, because I believe deep in my heart that joining the U.S. Army is as grand and glorious as any experience a young man can have today, I believe that, I truly do!

MARK SPITZ



**JOIN THE U.S. ARMY  
And Discover How Medals  
Can Make You Irresistible!**



ERICH SEGAL



JOINING THE U.S. ARMY  
IS NEVER HAVING  
TO SAY YOU'RE NAVY!

ABBIE HOFFMAN



**If People Like Me  
Disgust You,  
Join The U.S. Army!**

JACK ANDERSON



High-Level Pentagon Sources  
May Deny This, But They  
Want You For The Army!

BOBBY FISHER



**It's Your Move!**

HYPOCRITICAL OAFS DEPT.

# MAD VISITS THE "REALISTIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



This is **Walter Krankheit** for **MAD Magazine**, and I'm here on the campus of the "**Realistic School of Medicine**" talking to the **Dean and Founder** of this unique institution, **Dr. Ernest Cutter**! Dr. Cutter, would you tell the folks out there a little bit about your school?

Be glad to, Walt! I've always felt that today's Medical Schools do not prepare students properly for the practice of **Medicine** in this country! So I founded this school! Pure and simple, I teach it like it **IS** in the Medical Profession! I cut through the fiction of such garbage as "**Healing**" and "**Dedication to Duty**" and prepare the Doctors of Tomorrow for the **REAL** World of Medicine!

How did you start your school, Dr. Cutter?

With money from a rich **Banker** I once operated on!

Oh, it was a **donation** from a grateful patient!?

No . . . a fee from a **DEAD** one! Like I always say, Walt, those who **CAN**—do, and those who **CAN'T**—teach!



You certainly have a beautiful campus, Doctor!

Thanks! We're standing in front of the **Biology Lab**! Behind it is the **Library**!

And what's that large building?

That's our favorite structure! It's in buildings like that, all over America, that the Med Student will be spending most of his time as a **Practicing Physician**! That building is really what **Modern Medicine** is all about today!

That building is a **Hospital**?

No, Dummy! That building is a **BANK**!!

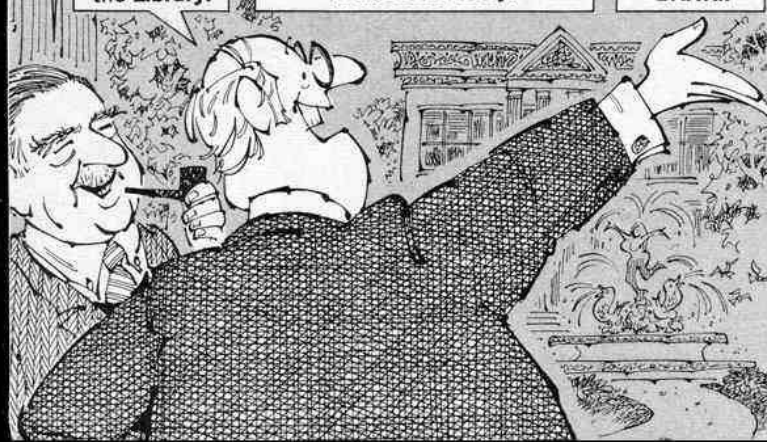
. . . and even if the Patient only had **nausea** and a **105° temperature**, he didn't have to go to the Doctor's office! The Doctor would come to him!

The Doctor actually came to **HIM**!?! Why, that's unbelievable!

It's a fact! Those trips were known as "**House Calls**!"

What's going on in there, Dr. Cutter?

It's a course in **Medical Ancient History**!





I notice that the students don't seem to carry books! Isn't that strange on a school campus?

Not really! They're so busy, they don't have time to read! In fact, one of our own graduates, Dr. Maurice Fiscus, hasn't read **ONE THING** since he left High School!

Dr. Fiscus? He writes those awful articles for "Reader's Digest!" Doesn't he know how **TERRIBLE** they are?

I doubt it! He's too busy writing! I told you he doesn't have **TIME** to read!

How can a **Doctor** learn his profession without reading or studying **Medical Books**??

A Doctor doesn't have to read or study to practice Medicine profitably!

No, I won't buy that!

All he has to do is memorize a few clichés and Medical catchwords!

You're kidding!

It's true! In fact, another graduate, a famous Surgeon, has only used **three words** in over ten years!

**CUT IT OUT!**

How did you **GUESS**?? Let's visit the Language Department and see how it works!

All right, Gentlemen! Let's see how much you remember about yesterday's lesson! Let's say a Patient comes into your office with a **severe case of Lockjaw**! What do you say to him? Thompson ...?

Take two aspirin and call me in the morning!

Excellent!

A Patient has fallen out of a window and has broken both of his legs! Caraway ...?

Drink lots of fruit juice and keep off your feet!

Very good!

A Patient comes into your office complaining of **severe pains in the chest**! Harris ...?

First, lie down on your affected side so we can **immobilize the pain**! Then we'll diagnose to make sure it isn't a **spontaneous pneumothorax** ... in which case, a half grain **codeine tablet** will help to ease the spasm—

Unprepared again, eh, Harris?!

There always has to be one trouble-maker!

Let's move on, shall we?

Now, here's an interesting course at the Realistic School of Medicine, which is important to all future Doctors! Here, they learn to write their **Bills**!

... now then, we take the Patient's income, which let's say is **\$15,000**, and we take him for 10% of that, or **\$1,500**! Then we add **\$25** each time we step into his **room**, even though he's in the Hospital anyway! For argument's sake, that's **\$250** more! Then we determine how much **Blue Shield** will pay him for **Surgery**! Let's say, it's **\$1000**! So we add, let's say, another **\$1000** to our bill on general principles. Then we ...

And what do you call this course?

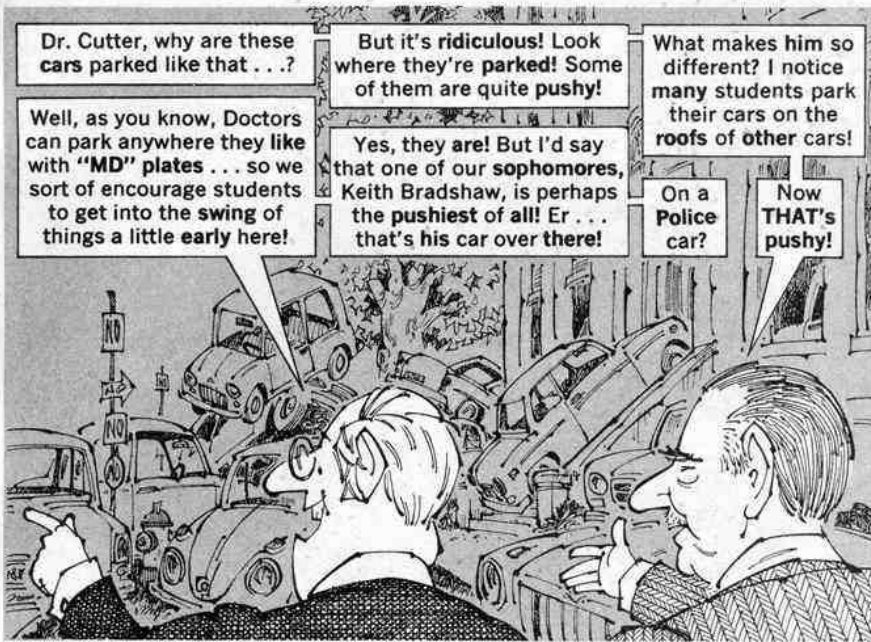
It's listed in our program as "**Medical Math**," but we refer to it as "**Fantasy and Science Fiction**!"

I notice that you have a **blind student** at the school!

Yes ... that's **Cranby**! He's also **deaf and mute**!

**Deaf, dumb and blind**! What's he **DOING** here?

Studying to be an **Insurance Exam Doctor**! He'll make out fine!



Dr. Cutter, why are these cars parked like that...?

Well, as you know, Doctors can park anywhere they like with "MD" plates... so we sort of encourage students to get into the swing of things a little early here!

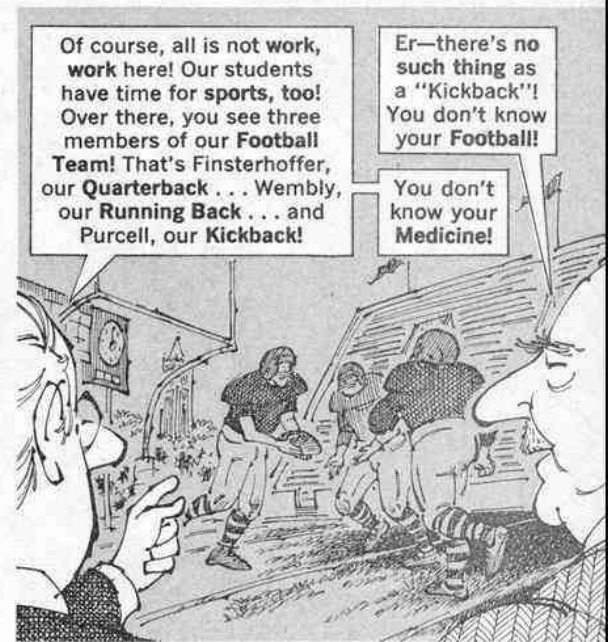
But it's ridiculous! Look where they're parked! Some of them are quite pushy!

Yes, they are! But I'd say that one of our sophomores, Keith Bradshaw, is perhaps the pushiest of all! Er... that's his car over there!

What makes him so different? I notice many students park their cars on the roofs of other cars!

On a Police car?

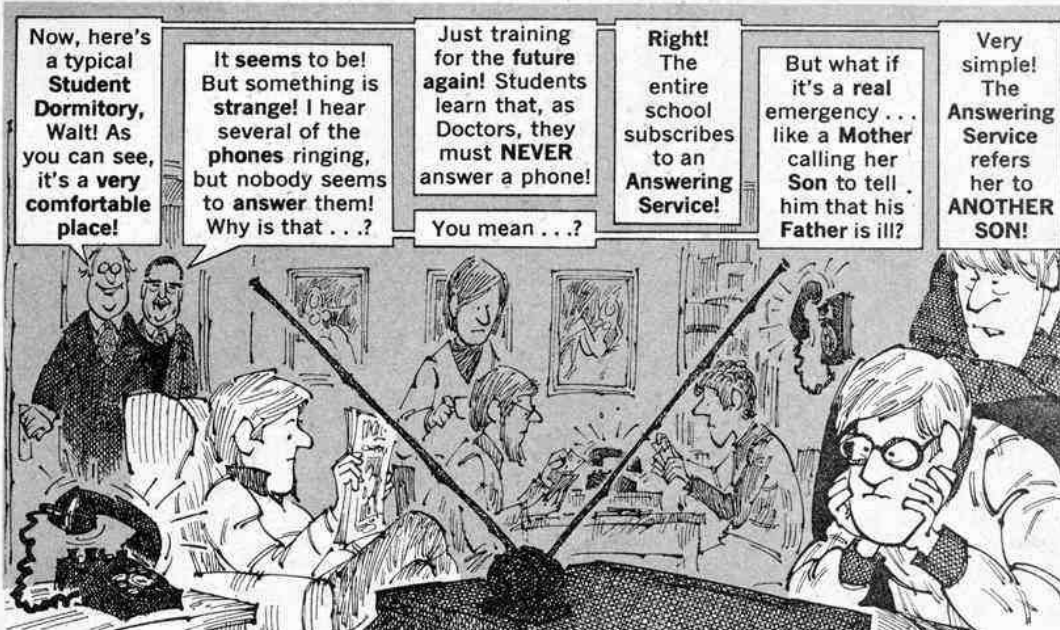
Now THAT's pushy!



Of course, all is not work, work here! Our students have time for sports, too! Over there, you see three members of our Football Team! That's Finsterhoffer, our Quarterback... Wembly, our Running Back... and Purcell, our Kickback!

Er—there's no such thing as a "Kickback"! You don't know your Football!

You don't know your Medicine!



Now, here's a typical Student Dormitory, Walt! As you can see, it's a very comfortable place!

It seems to be! But something is strange! I hear several of the phones ringing, but nobody seems to answer them! Why is that...?

Just training for the future again! Students learn that, as Doctors, they must NEVER answer a phone!

You mean...?

Right! The entire school subscribes to an Answering Service!

But what if it's a real emergency... like a Mother calling her Son to tell him that his Father is ill?

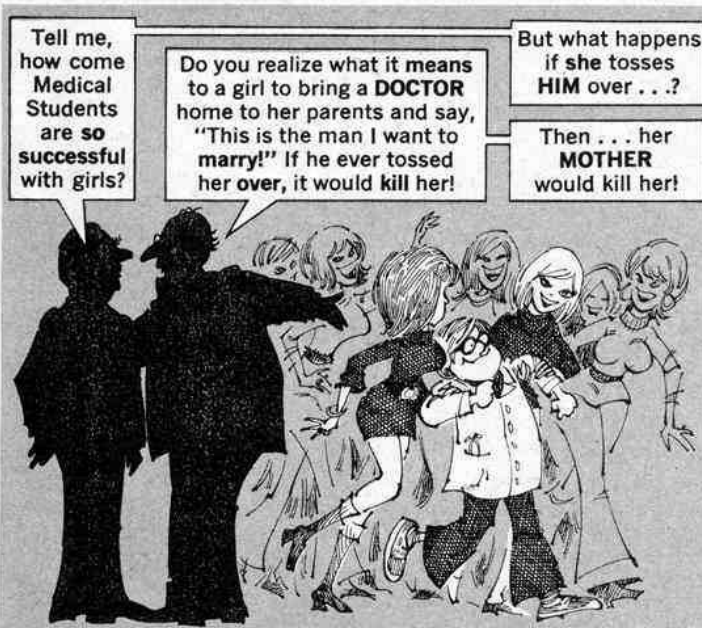
Very simple! The Answering Service refers her to ANOTHER SON!



Doctor, let me ask you something! Do Medical Students have girl friends?

Walt, let me ask YOU something! Does Hugh Hefner have BUNNIES?!

They make out like CRAZY!!

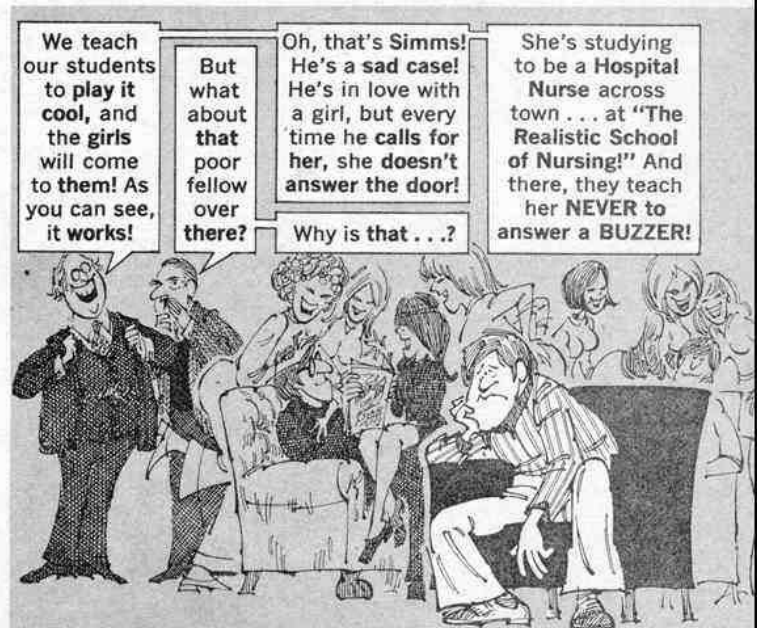


Tell me, how come Medical Students are so successful with girls?

Do you realize what it means to a girl to bring a DOCTOR home to her parents and say, "This is the man I want to marry!" If he ever tossed her over, it would kill her!

But what happens if she tosses HIM over...?

Then... her MOTHER would kill her!



We teach our students to play it cool, and the girls will come to them! As you can see, it works!

But what about that poor fellow over there?

Oh, that's Simms! He's a sad case! He's in love with a girl, but every time he calls for her, she doesn't answer the door!

Why is that...?

She's studying to be a Hospital Nurse across town... at "The Realistic School of Nursing!" And there, they teach her NEVER to answer a BUZZER!



I must say I found my visit here **extremely interesting**, Dr. Cutter, and thank you for your time!

Before you leave, Walt, I'd like you to sit in on our **Graduation Exercises!** Today, our Senior Class is getting ready to go out and **practice Medicine!** They're to be addressed by the most revered figure in the **Medical World**, a man without whom the Medical Profession as we know it today **could not exist!**

And who might that be?

Who **ELSE?! ME!!**



—and so I conclude by wishing you, the Graduating Class of 1973, **good luck and Godspeed** as you go forth into the great World of Medicine!



Well . . . that does it! Now, I give each Graduate something he can **keep and cherish** the rest of his life! A **symbol of the entire Medical Profession!**

Uh . . . a **diploma**, of course!



No, dummy! A set of **golf clubs!**



This must be a **very happy day** for you, Dr.!

It is! But it's also a little sad! I know my Students have received the best Medical Education that money can buy! And yet, I cannot help but **wonder . . .** Will they all remember everything they learned? Will they make it, out there, on their own? Will they be the sort of Medical Men I can be proud of?



Will they . . . ?  
**oh! OOOOHH!!**  
I feel sick!  
My heart . . . !

My God! Quick, somebody, **help me!** This man is having a **heart attack!** Is there a **Doctor** around?



Sorry! He's not my patient!

I'm going out of town! Call my Service!

I wouldn't touch an emergency with a ten foot pole!

Yeah! If he kicks off, who needs a **Malpractice Suit?!?**

Did you . . . gasp . . . hear that . . . Walt? They're gonna be . . . cough . . . all right! They're gonna be . . . choke . . . all right!

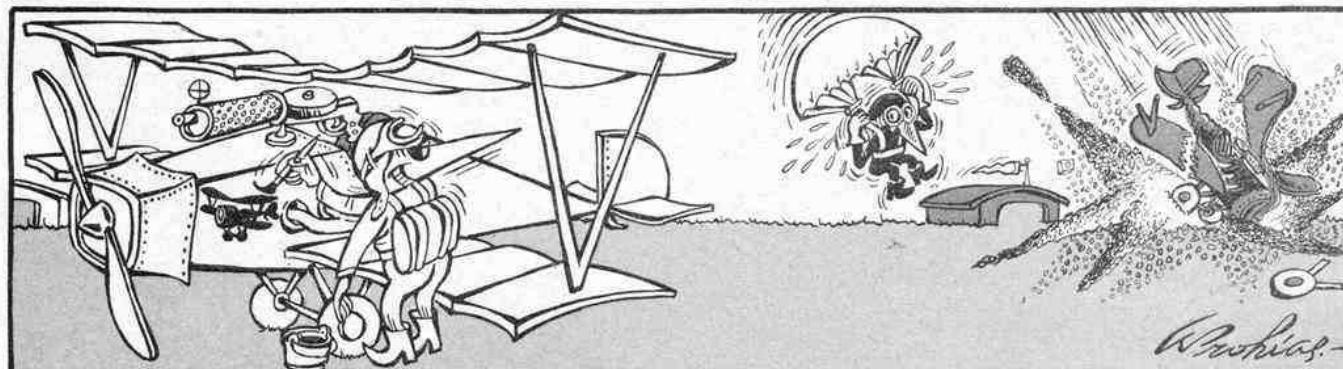
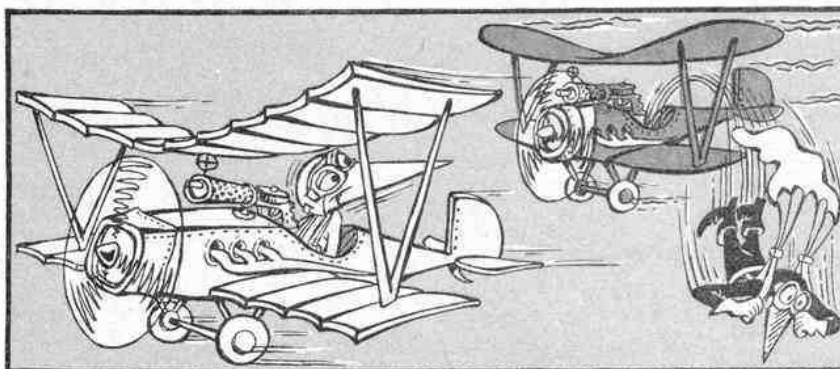
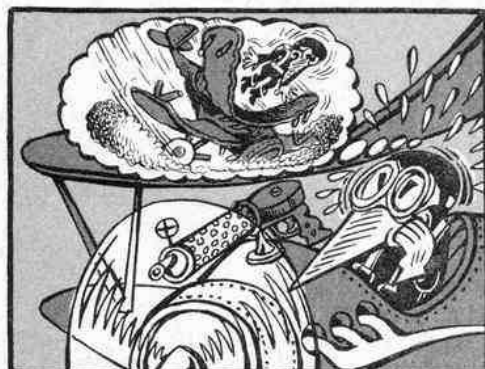
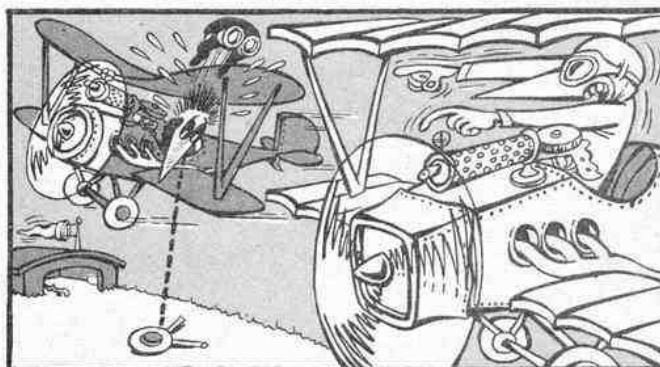
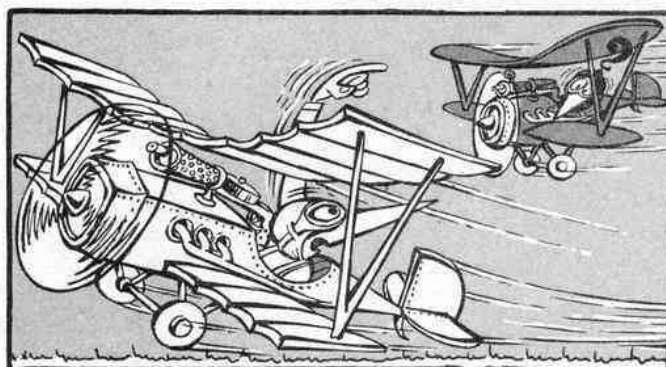
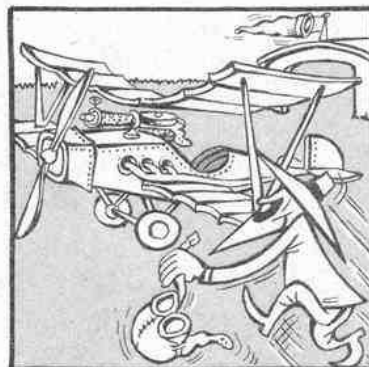
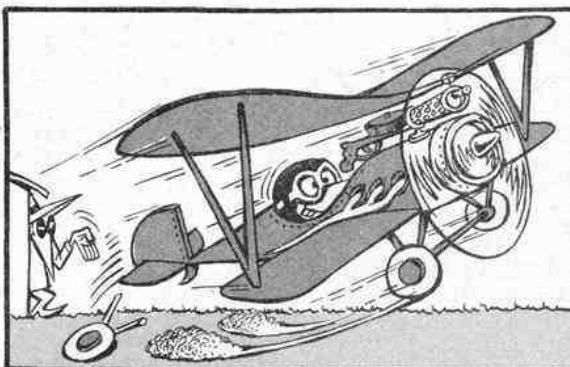
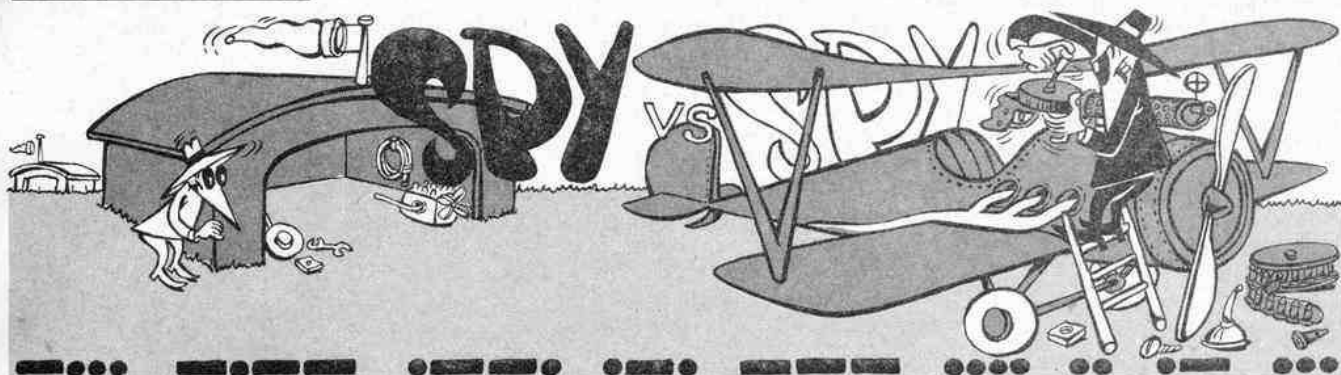
And so, on this sad note, we close our interview at "**The Realistic School of Medicine!**" Remember . . . Dr. Cutter may be gone, but I'm sure that his teachings will live forever!

Hey! What happened here?

Dr. Cutter is dead! Did you hear me? He's **DEAD!** As a **Doctor**, don't you have **ANYTHING** to say?

Yeah! There's a lot of that going around!





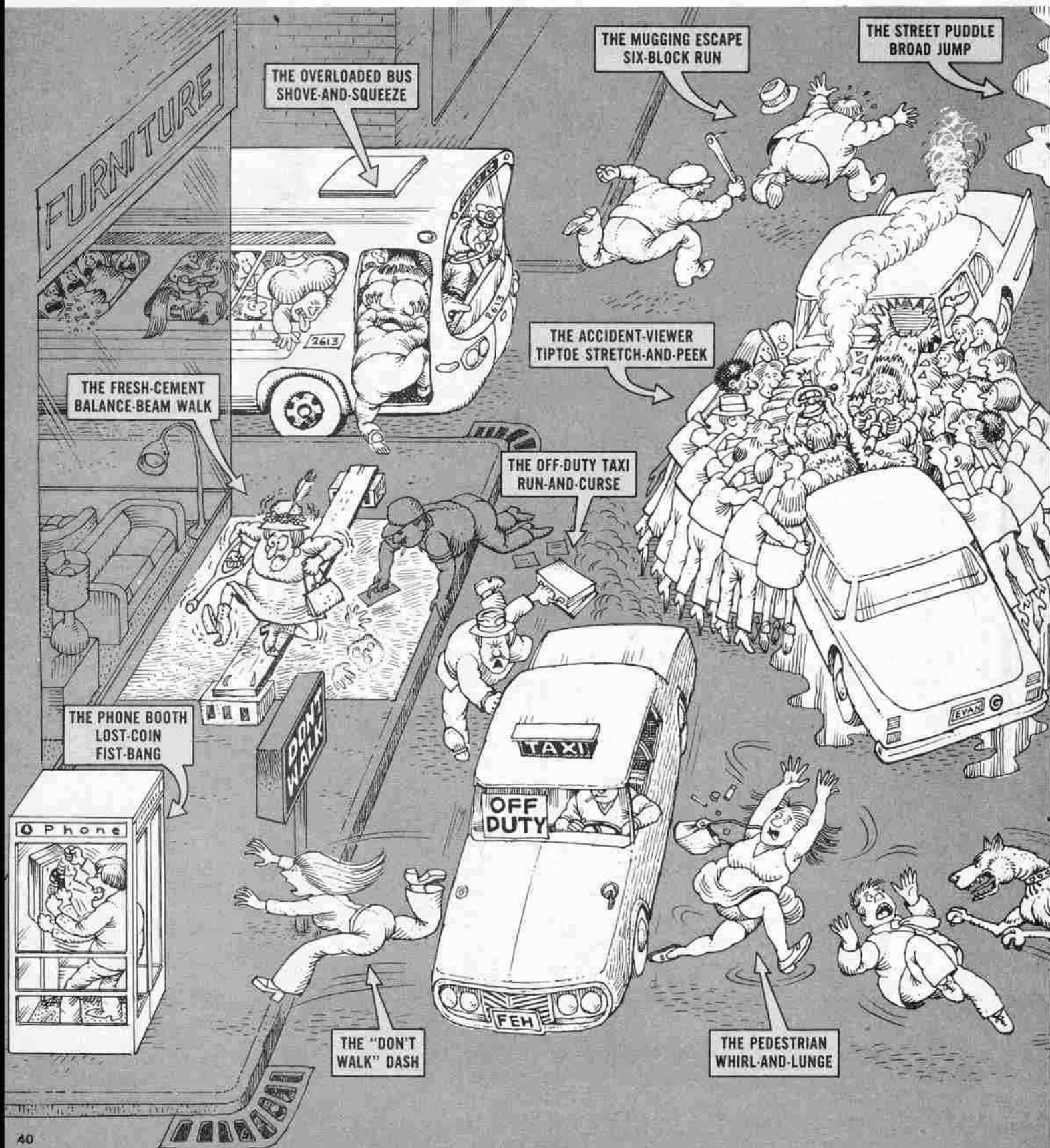
W. B. R. 1934



We've read that people who live in big cities are becoming soft and flabby because of limited opportunities for sports and exercise. Well, we at MAD say that's ridiculous. People who

# UNAVOIDABLE EXERCISES

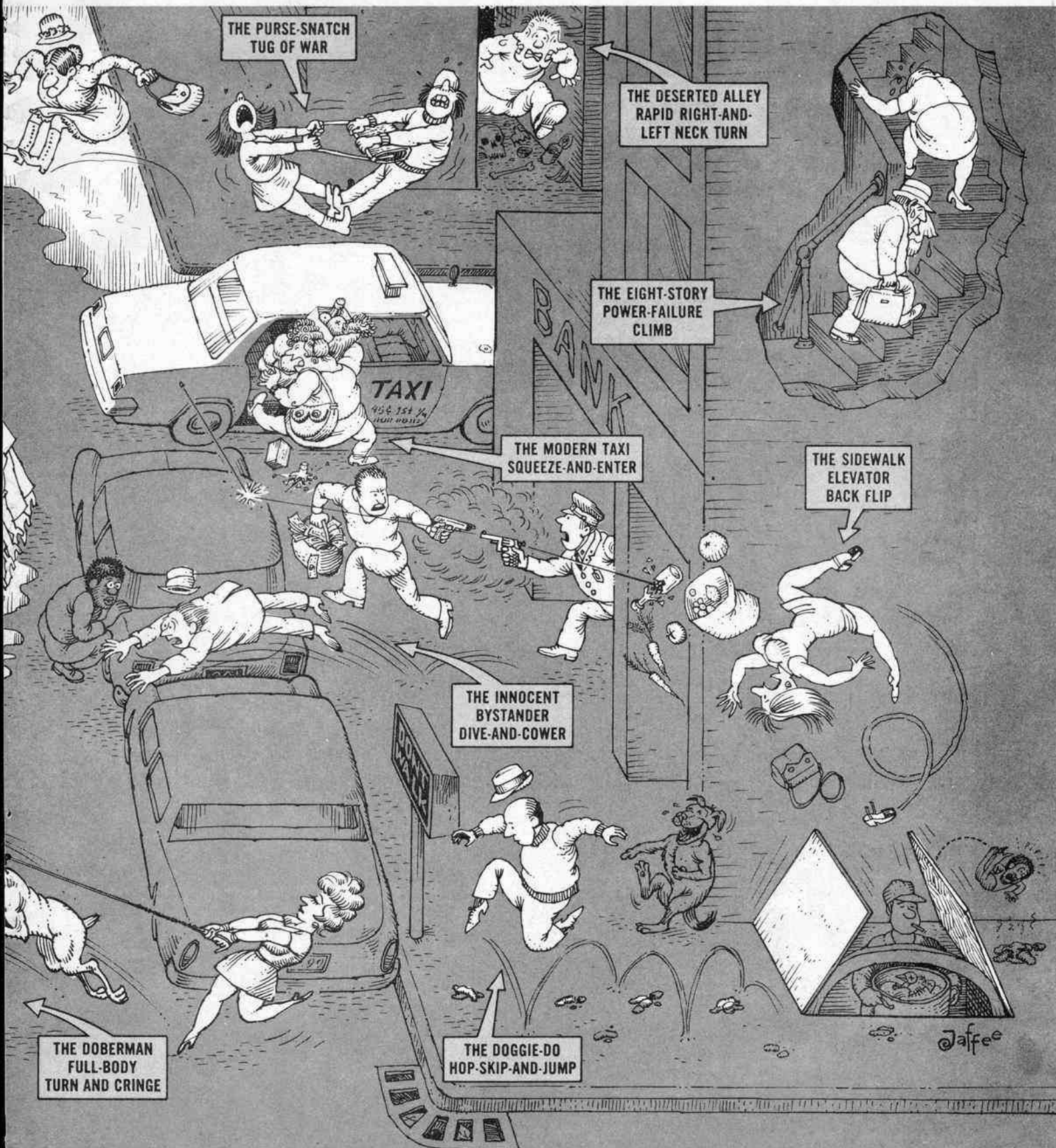
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



live in cities get all sorts of exercise without even realizing it. As a matter of fact, they can't avoid getting exercise, as you'll see in this panorama, depicting many and varied . . .

# FOR THE URBAN DWELLER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS





# ONE NIGHT IN A POLICE STATION



**NEVER TRUST A SHOW ABOUT THE '30'S DEPT.**

Here we go with MAD's version of the new TV series with the revolutionary new approach to TV Programming . . . no violence, no action, no controversy, no cops, no private-eyes, no crime, no bloodshed . . . just a sweet, simple, nostalgic look at the days when people were starving to death during the Great Depression, and life was dull . . . dull . . . dull! Like it is watching

# The Dulltons

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



I . . . I don't feel so good, Mama!

Maybe it's his appendix!

It cain't be that, Daddy! The tramp that was here **LAST** week took **THAT** out!

That's right! An' I think he left my good can opener inside the boy!

If the Good Lord didn't intend for us t' have an appendix, He wouldn't have given us one in th' first place!

Too bad we don't have a phone! We could call a Doctor!

If the Good Lord intended for us t' have a phone He would've put one in our bodies instead of an appendix!

Even if we can't phone a Doctor, it's comforting to know that we live in a time when a Doctor will come to our house if somebody is sick!

I was thinkin' . . . what's the good of havin' a Doctor who'll make House Calls, when he'll only go to folks who can pay—and everybody around here is **BROKE???**

The trouble with you, John-Mop, is . . . you think too much!

That's right! If you spend too much time **THINKIN'** . . . you'll never amount t' anything **USEFUL!!**

I wanna be a writer!

That's what I mean! There's nothin' more useless than a writer . . . 'cept maybe an artist!

Daddy . . . if I'm gonna be a successful writer, I'm gonna need a **Dictionary!** I saw one at the store for \$2.75!

Well, John-Mop, you'll just have t' get a job an' pay for it yourself!

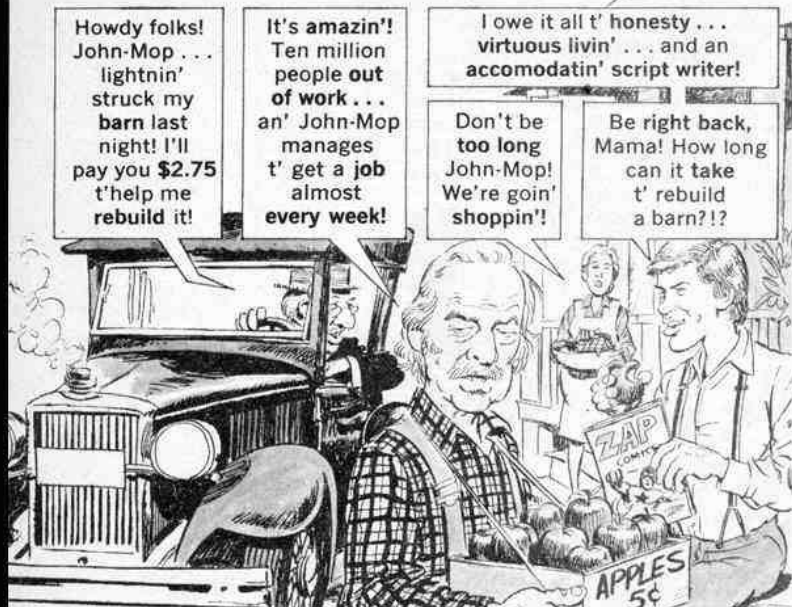
Jobs are mighty scarce! Why, I haven't worked since 1919!

But, Grandpa! The Depression didn't start until 1929!

That's true! But I knew it was comin' . . . an' I wanted to be prepared for it!







Howdy folks!  
John-Mop ...  
lightnin'  
struck my  
barn last  
night! I'll  
pay you \$2.75  
t'help me  
rebuild it!

It's amazin'!  
Ten million  
people out  
of work ...  
an' John-Mop  
manages  
t' get a job  
almost  
every week!

I owe it all t' honesty ...  
virtuous livin' ... and an  
accommodatin' script writer!

Don't be  
too long  
John-Mop!  
We're goin'  
shoppin'!

Be right back,  
Mama! How long  
can it take  
t' rebuild  
a barn?!?



Good  
morning,  
Mr.  
Gatsby!  
Five  
cents  
worth  
of eggs,  
please!

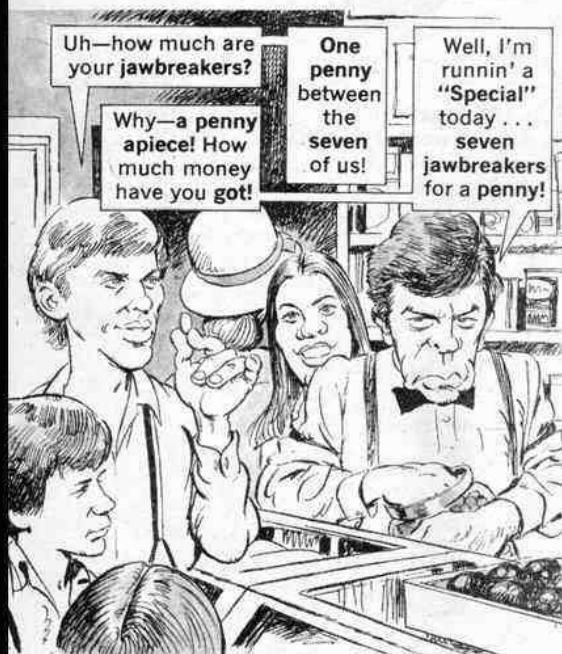
They're three  
cents each,  
Mrs. Dullton!  
Tell you what!  
I'll give you  
a special  
price ... two  
for five!

Sorry! I  
only take  
what I c'n  
pay for!  
Five cents  
worth of  
eggs,  
please!

Okay ... that'll be one  
an' a half eggs! Uh ...  
which half of the egg do  
you want ... the white,  
or the—yecch—yolk?

Get the  
white,  
Mama!

I like  
the  
yoke!

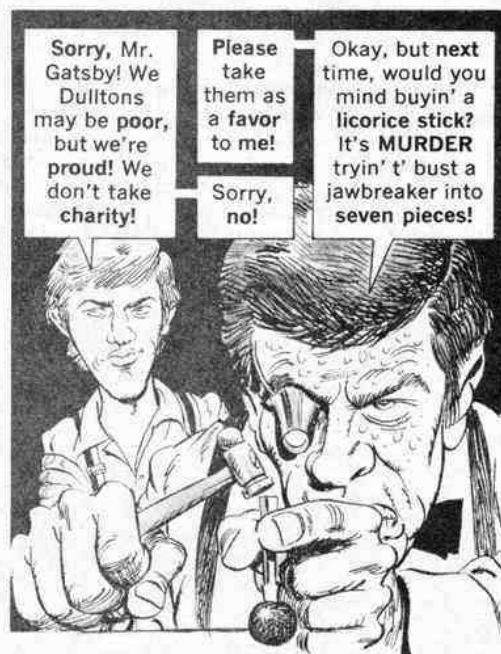


Uh—how much are  
your jawbreakers?

Why—a penny  
apiece! How  
much money  
have you got!

One  
penny  
between  
the  
seven  
of us!

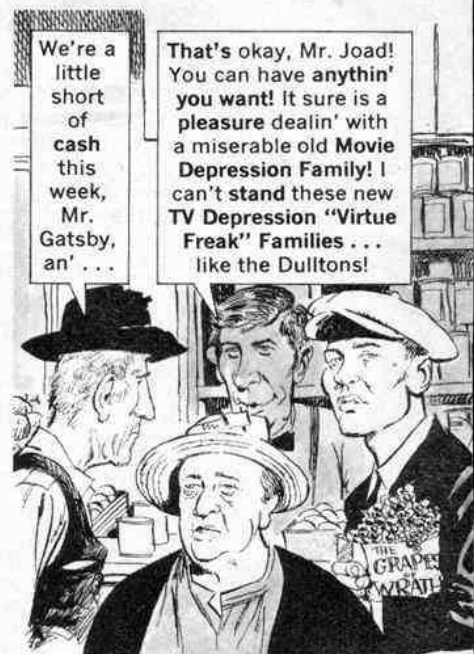
Well, I'm  
runnin' a  
"Special"  
today ...  
seven  
jawbreakers  
for a penny!



Sorry, Mr.  
Gatsby! We  
Dulltons  
may be poor,  
but we're  
proud! We  
don't take  
charity!

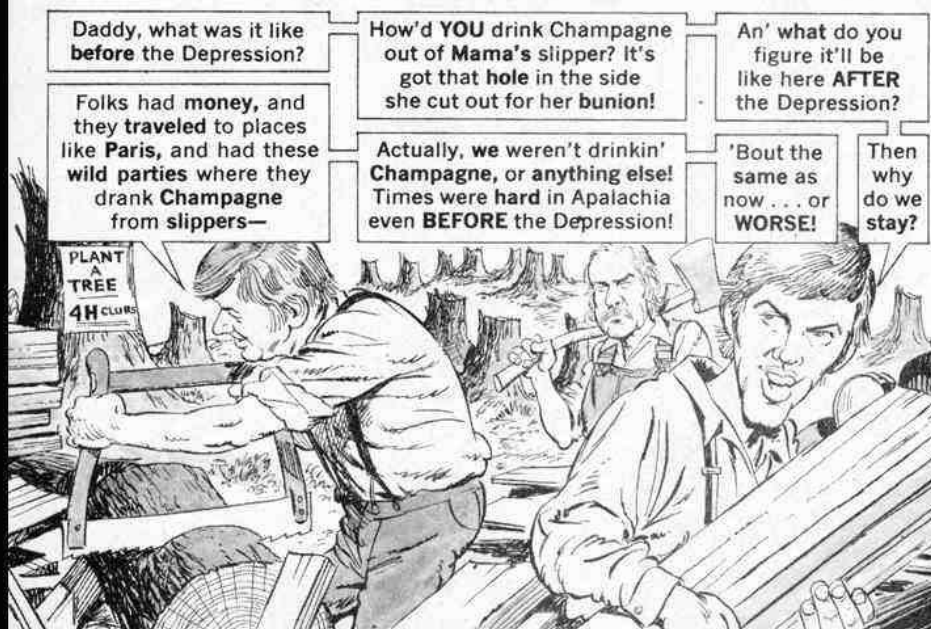
Please  
take  
them as  
a favor  
to me!  
  
Sorry,  
no!

Okay, but next  
time, would you  
mind buyin' a  
licorice stick?  
It's **MURDER**  
tryin' t' bust a  
jawbreaker into  
seven pieces!



We're a  
little  
short  
of  
cash  
this  
week,  
Mr.  
Gatsby,  
an' ...

That's okay, Mr. Joad!  
You can have anythin'  
you want! It sure is a  
pleasure dealin' with a  
miserable old Movie  
Depression Family! I  
can't stand these new  
TV Depression "Virtue  
Freak" Families ...  
like the Dulltons!



Daddy, what was it like  
before the Depression?

Folks had money, and  
they traveled to places  
like Paris, and had these  
wild parties where they  
drank Champagne  
from slippers—

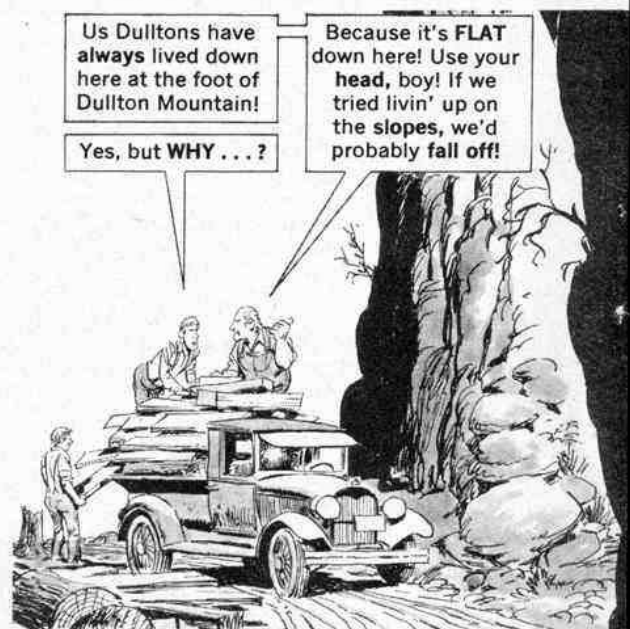
How'd YOU drink Champagne  
out of Mama's slipper? It's  
got that hole in the side  
she cut out for her bunion!

Actually, we weren't drinkin'  
Champagne, or anything else!  
Times were hard in Apalachia  
even BEFORE the Depression!

An' what do you  
figure it'll be  
like here AFTER  
the Depression?

'Bout the  
same as  
now ... or  
WORSE!

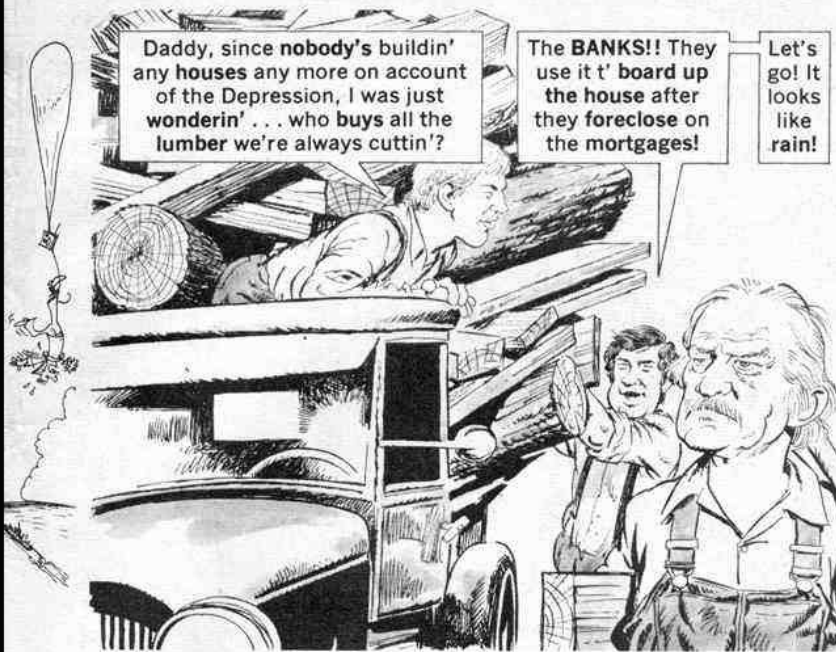
Then  
why  
do we  
stay?



Us Dulltons have  
always lived down  
here at the foot of  
Dullton Mountain!

Yes, but WHY ... ?

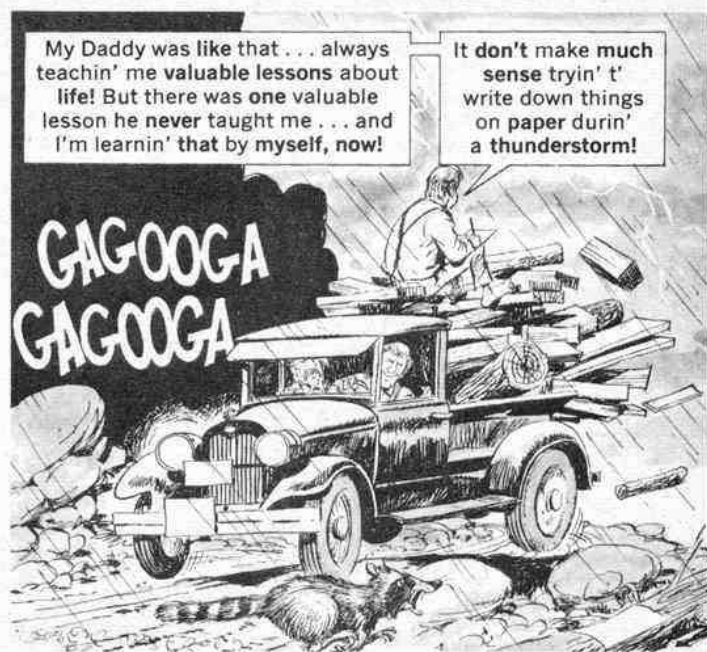
Because it's FLAT  
down here! Use your  
head, boy! If we  
tried livin' up on  
the slopes, we'd  
probably fall off!



Daddy, since nobody's buildin' any houses any more on account of the Depression, I was just wonderin' . . . who buys all the lumber we're always cuttin'?

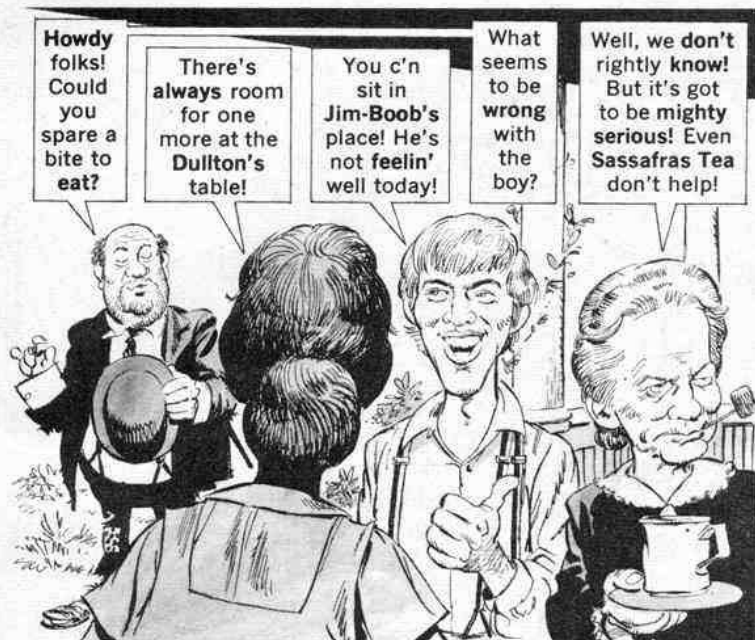
The BANKS!! They use it t' board up the house after they foreclose on the mortgages!

Let's go! It looks like rain!



My Daddy was like that . . . always teachin' me valuable lessons about life! But there was one valuable lesson he never taught me . . . and I'm learnin' that by myself, now!

It don't make much sense tryin' t' write down things on paper durin' a thunderstorm!



Howdy folks! Could you spare a bite to eat?

There's always room for one more at the Dullton's table!

You c'n sit in Jim-Boob's place! He's not feelin' well today!

What seems to be wrong with the boy?

Well, we don't rightly know! But it's got to be mighty serious! Even Sassafras Tea don't help!



Hmmm! This boy needs a Hernia Operation!

Not exactly! I used to work in a Hospital! But I had to give it up!

Yeah! I got depressed by the sight of all the Bed Pans I had to clean every day!

Supper's on the table, everybody! Come an' get it!

Are you a Doctor?

Why . . . on account of the Depression?



I hate to impose on you, but do you think you could operate on the boy?

John-Paw! Where are your manners?! Let him finish his supper first!

Blmmff glimphh jubbim zzzblt!

What'd you say, Mister?

I said, "This is the first time I ever ate Peanut Butter Sandwiches without any bread!"

We're a bit short of funds so we're savin' the bread for Sunday Dinner!

And once in a while, like on a National Holiday, we have JELLY, too!



Say, stranger, do you happen to know any-thing about fixin' cars?

I've messed around with engines some in my time!

Great! Before you operate, maybe you c'n help us repair the truck!



The truck?! But, Daddy! Don't you think he should operate on Jim-Boob FIRST?!?

I know how you feel, Son! But that truck is mighty important to us... financially!

Listen to your Father! If Jim-Boob don't make it through the operation, hirin' a Hearse for the Funeral c'n be mighty expensive!

She's got a flat tire!

You mean t' tell me you don't know how to fix a FLAT?!?

Sure we c'n fix a flat—

—only our Jack broke, and we need someone to hold up the truck while we get the wheel off!

Uh—you folks have been good t' me, an' I don't want you t' think I'm ungrateful, but could you unload the—uh—truck first?



The truck's as good as new! Now, let's see what you c'n do for the young'un!

Hmmm... could I have some more light, please...?

I'd sure like to oblige, stranger, but our electric bill was a whopper last month, and we're cuttin' down on the lights we burn!

Give 'im the light he needs, Daddy! We'll turn off the radio!

Bergen, did you know my Father was wiped out in the Wall Street Crash?!? I didn't know that, Charlie!

Yeah! Somebody jumped out of a window, and landed on his pushcart!

That's right of you kids, turnin' off Charlie McCarthy t' help your li'l brother!

Aw... that's okay! We already heard this program!

Yeah... we got the only radio in the world that gets nothin' but Charlie McCarthy!



While you're messin' aroun' in there, see if you c'n find my can opener!

Don't see no can opener... but here's a pair of pliers!

Pliers?! I was wonderin' where they disappeared to! It's gettin' so, you just cain't depend on anybody t' do a neat kitchen table operation any more! Uh... no offense intended, Mister!

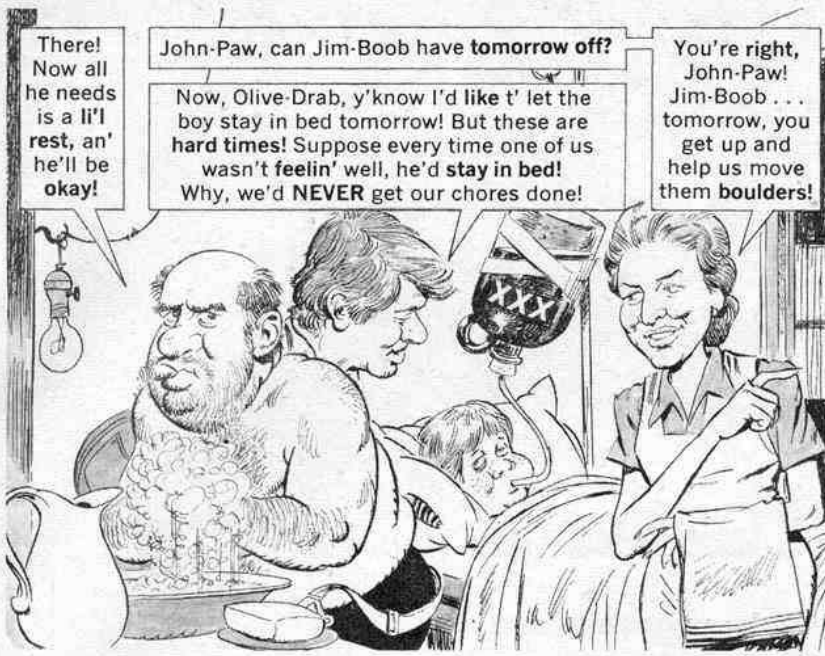
You got some thread so's I can sew him up?

Wouldn't you know? I'm plumb out! But Grandpa's got some string you c'n use...!

Dawgone it, Old Hag... you know this string is my private collection! But this is an emergency!

All right, but don't use too much of it, or I'll never make Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column!





There! Now all he needs is a li'l rest, an' he'll be okay!

John-Paw, can Jim-Boob have tomorrow off?

Now, Olive-Drab, y'know I'd like t' let the boy stay in bed tomorrow! But these are hard times! Suppose every time one of us wasn't feelin' well, he'd stay in bed! Why, we'd NEVER get our chores done!

You're right, John-Paw! Jim-Boob... tomorrow, you get up and help us move them boulders!

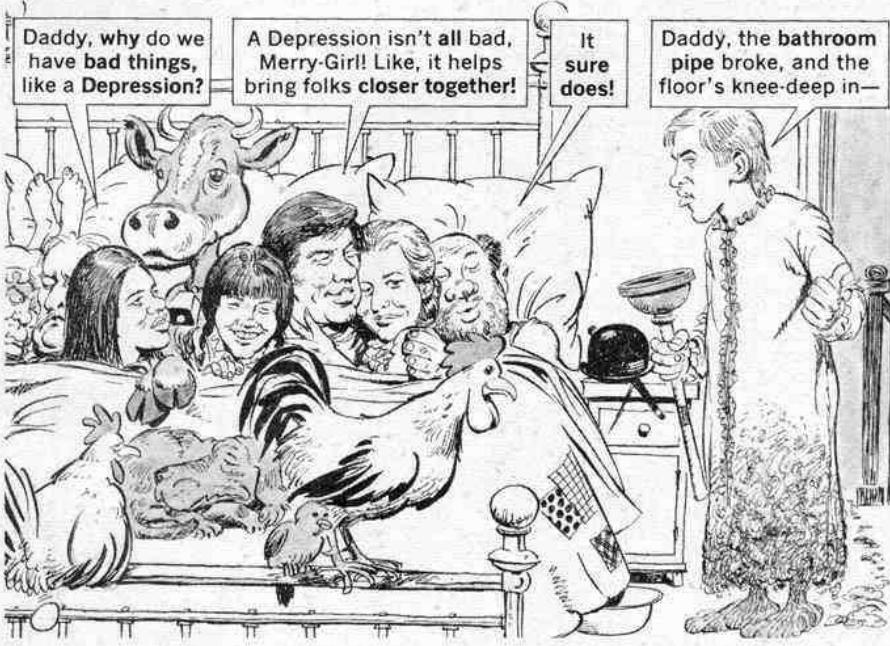


Well, I reckon I'll be on my way!

We won't hear of it! You'll spend the night with us!

You sure you got room?

We'll MAKE room! The more bodies there is, the more HEAT there is!

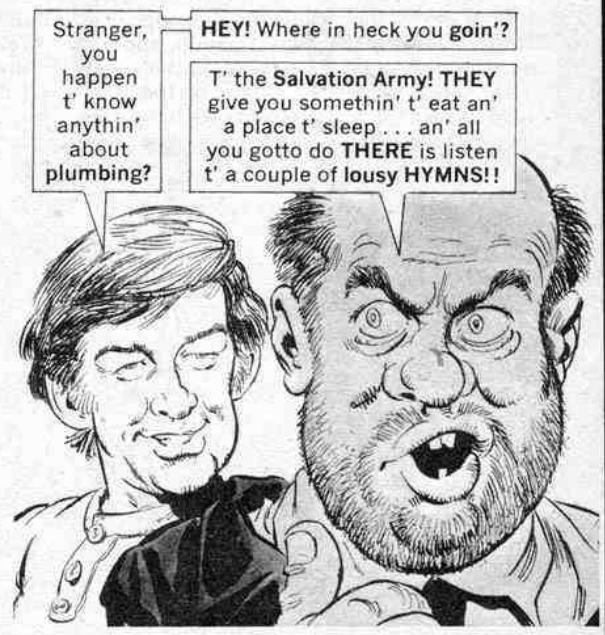


Daddy, why do we have bad things, like a Depression?

A Depression isn't all bad, Merry-Girl! Like, it helps bring folks closer together!

It sure does!

Daddy, the bathroom pipe broke, and the floor's knee-deep in—



Stranger, you happen t' know anythin' about plumbing?

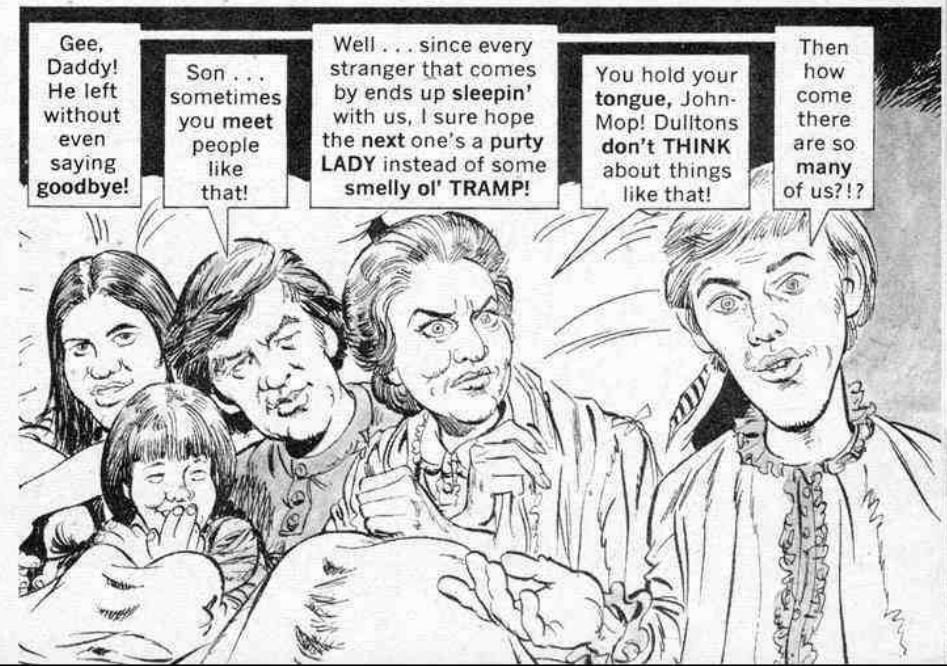
HEY! Where in heck you goin'?

T' the Salvation Army! THEY give you somethin' t' eat an' a place t' sleep... an' all you gotto do THERE is listen t' a couple of lousy HYMNS!!



You want HYMNS?!?

Rock of ages... cleft for me... Let me hide... myself in thee...



Gee, Daddy! He left without even saying goodbye!

Son... sometimes you meet people like that!

Well... since every stranger that comes by ends up sleepin' with us, I sure hope the next one's a purty LADY instead of some smelly ol' TRAMP!

You hold your tongue, John-Mop! Dullitons don't THINK about things like that!

Then how come there are so many of us?!?





Lan' sakes!  
I don't  
know where  
the boy  
gets those  
ideas!

For havin' those  
terrible thoughts,  
young man, you  
are to memorize  
ten chapters  
of the Bible!

Okay, Mama! But  
the Bible's  
where I begat  
them terrible  
thoughts in the  
first place!



Look, Daddy!  
Champ just  
had a baby  
CALF, right  
here in bed!

Can we  
keep  
her?!?  
Can we,  
Daddy?!?

I'm afraid not! I'm  
gonna hafta sell  
the calf so's I can  
buy a new pipe for  
the toilet!

But, John-Paw! That  
calf's like a member  
of the family!  
So's the toilet!



We don't have t'  
sell the calf!  
I'll sell my  
Memory Quilt!  
That should  
fetch enough t'  
buy a new pipe!

But, Mama! That Memory Quilt means  
so much to you! It's made up of  
precious things . . . like one of my  
soiled diapers, an' Daddy's old  
work socks, and Grandpa's worn-out  
truss, an' Grandma's old surgical  
stockings, an' old underwear, an'—

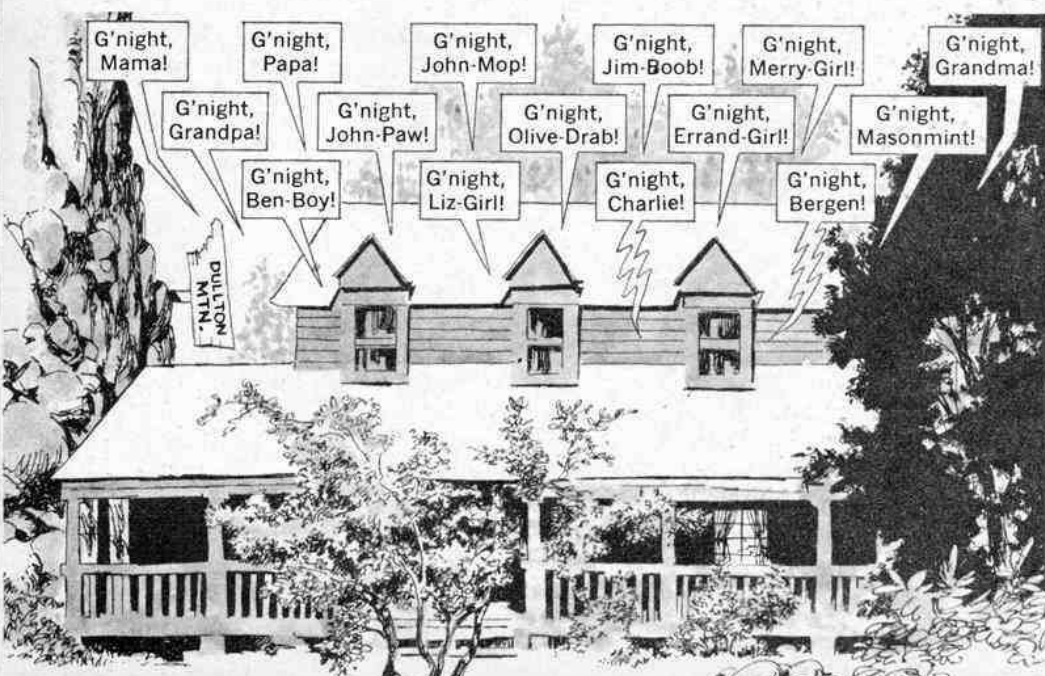


My mind's  
made up!  
I'm selling  
the quilt!

I'm—sniff—  
gonna MISS  
that quilt!  
—sniff—

Why . . . I didn't  
know you were  
so sentimental!

I'm NOT! I'm cold!  
That quilt is the only  
warm blanket we  
got in the house!



G'night,  
Mama!

G'night,  
Papa!

G'night,  
John-Mop!

G'night,  
Jim-Boob!

G'night,  
Merry-Girl!

G'night,  
Grandma!

G'night,  
Grandpa!

G'night,  
John-Paw!

G'night,  
Olive-Drab!

G'night,  
Errand-Girl!

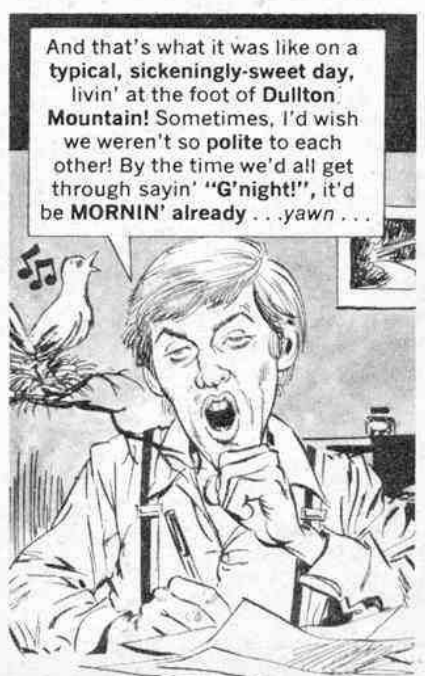
G'night,  
Masonmint!

G'night,  
Ben-Boy!

G'night,  
Liz-Girl!

G'night,  
Charlie!

G'night,  
Bergen!



And that's what it was like on a  
typical, sickeningly-sweet day,  
livin' at the foot of Dullton  
Mountain! Sometimes, I'd wish  
we weren't so polite to each  
other! By the time we'd all get  
through sayin' "G'night!", it'd  
be MORNIN' already . . . yawn . . .



WHAT  
IS  
BELIEVING  
IN  
HONEST  
POLITICIANS  
LIKE?

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Many naive people still believe that most Politicians are honest, that they have integrity, and that their main concern and motivation is to "serve the people". If you believe in that, you're off your rocker! To find out what believing in that is like, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

LATELY, POLITICIANS CRY THAT CRITICS STRIKE BELOW THE BELT. SOME PRETEND MARTYRDOM, GRIEVING IN SANCTIMONIOUS SELF-PITY. OTHERS PRODUCE DATA CLAIMING EVERYTHING THEY DID WAS GOOD FOR US.

A▶

◀B



ANOTHER  
MAD  
MINI-  
POSTER



**HEADS...YOU LOSE!**