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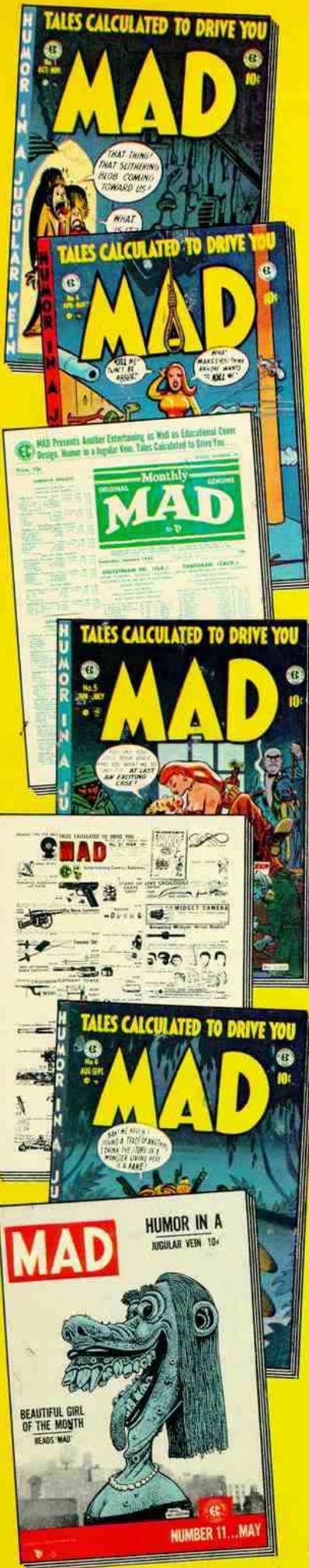
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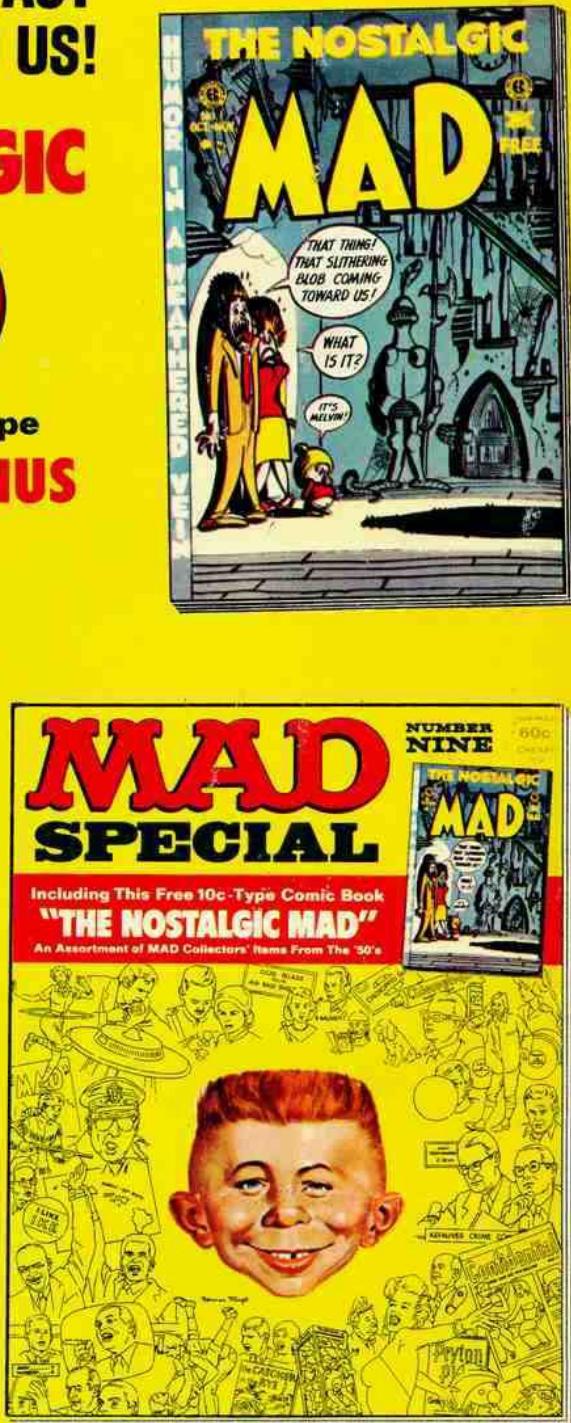
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NUMBER 157.

MARCH 1973

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the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—March, 1973, Volume 1, No. 157. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 19 issues \$7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues \$8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1973 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

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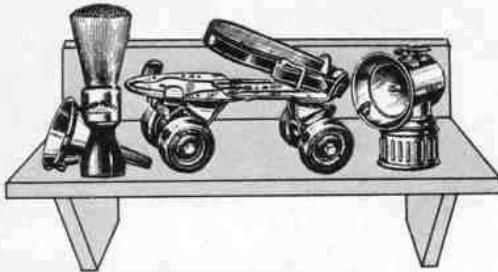
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ARE YOU REALLY SHELF-SATISFIED?



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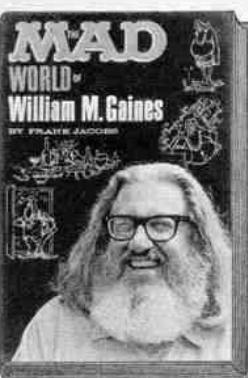
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MONKEY BIG BUSINESS DEPT.

There's a wise old expression that goes: "Leave well enough alone!" It seems that everyone in the world has heard the expression except a certain movie studio that gave us a brilliant science-fiction epic a few years back . . . and then proceeded to give us sequel after sequel, each one more tiresome and boring than its predecessor. And it doesn't look like there's any end in sight, because we hear they've got at least two more sequels planned. Well, we think they should put a stop to this monkey business! Yep, it's time they quit

THE MI PLANET

FIRST CAME THE ORIGINAL...

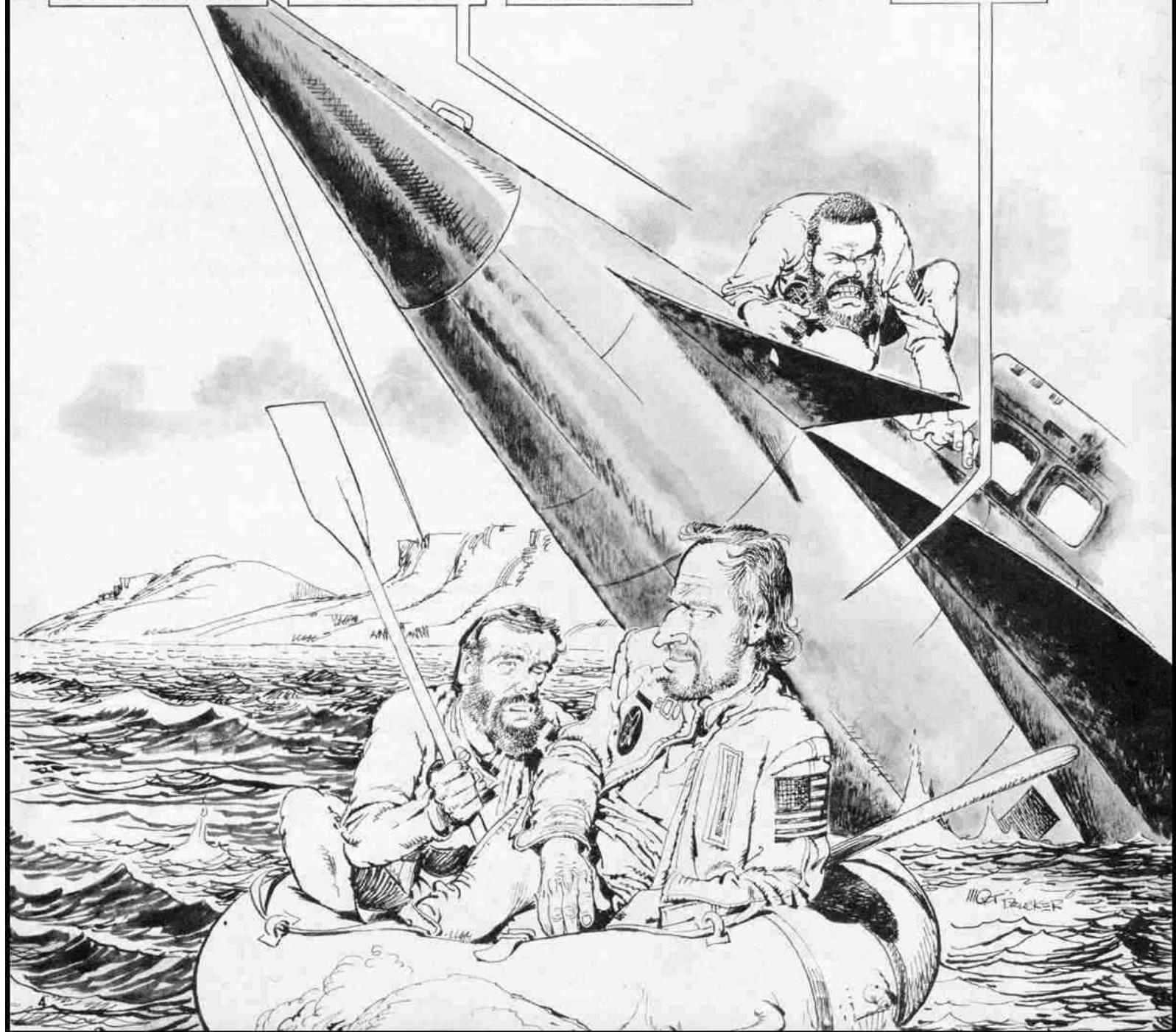
Here we are . . . 18 months away from Earth . . . and stranded on this **strange planet**! Just the four of us—three men and a girl!

Wrong! The girl astronaut is . . . **yeccch . . . dead!** Her "Suspended Animation Equipment" failed!

Well, unless one of you guys can **dance backwards**, our social life is in big trouble!

We'll never get out of this forbidden place! It'll take a **MIRACLE!!**

Don't look at **ME**, fellas! I used up my quota of miracles in another movie!





LKING OF THE THAT WENT APE

"THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

HUMANS!
GET
THEM!

THERE'S ONE!
KILL
HIM!!

I don't believe it!
A planet where apes
ride horses, and have
superior intelligence!

Listen! Thank God for
small things! It would
be pretty ridiculous
the other way around!

I'm at
a loss
for
words!

Because of
my primitive
beauty . . . ?

No, because
I was shot in
the throat!

It's amazing! He
even delivers
his thoughts in
a monotone!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

Hi! I'm Zora! And this is Cornelius! We are understanding, compassionate apes, and we'll be with you for the next 3 or 4 pictures, depending on our availability!

Maybe you don't recognize me, but I'm actor Rowdy McDowellstick, and I'm very available!

But why are we talking to this human? He doesn't understand what we're saying!

With all this makeup we've got on, it's a wonder anyone does!



I am Dr. Zaydius, the head ape! Let me briefly describe our society! You see, on this planet apes are superior . . . and humans are animals! We have a descending social order here! The orangutans are on top, then come the chimpanzees, then gorillas and baboons, then humans, then used car salesmen!

That was a brilliant speech, Dr. Zaydius! Would you repeat that?

Not unless you give me a banana



Tyler has escaped! He's in our Museum Of The Humans!

And his throat wound is all healed! He's about to utter his first words!

LET MY PEOPLE GO!!

Boy! Once he gets hold of a hot expression, he doesn't let up, does he?!

Order! Order! Order in the Court!

Shouldn't that be "Odor in the Court"!?

I'm suddenly sorry you got your voice back!

Well, you have to admit it does get pretty gamey here on The Planet That Went Ape!

You're lucky! If your ship had gone three million miles further, you'd have landed on The Planet Of The Diseased Buffaloes!



I hereby order this trial to begin, and that it be conducted under Ape Law Number 77-K22!

What law is that?

That if you try anything funny, the Sergeant At Arms will hit you over the head with a coconut!

This trial is unfair! I don't want APES judging me! I want a jury of my peers . . . my equals!

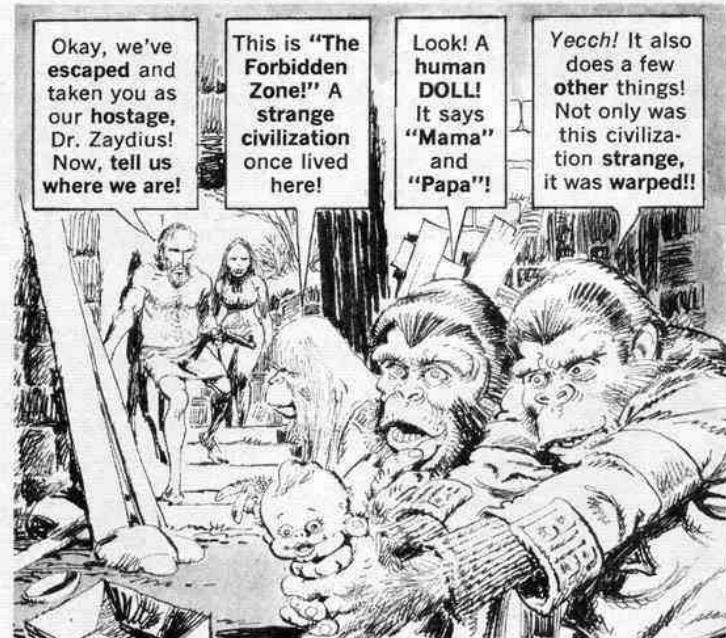
Please! Don't be ridiculous! Where are we going to find 12 millionaire blond actors who speak in a monotone?

Okay, we've escaped and taken you as our hostage, Dr. Zaydius! Now, tell us where we are!

This is "The Forbidden Zone!" A strange civilization once lived here!

Look! A human DOLL! It says "Mama" and "Papa"!

Yecch! It also does a few other things! Not only was this civilization strange, it was warped!!



Well . . . it's the end of a long and tiring journey! Goodbye, Zora . . . and thanks!

Uh—I'm Cornelius! Zora's over there!

I TOLD you it was a long and tiring journey! Besides—go tell apes apart!

How did it feel . . . kissing an ape?

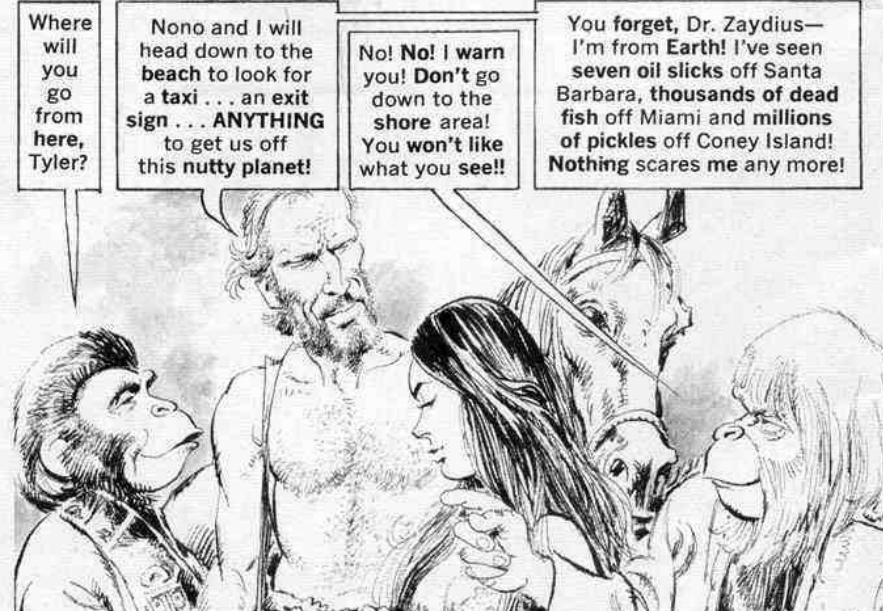
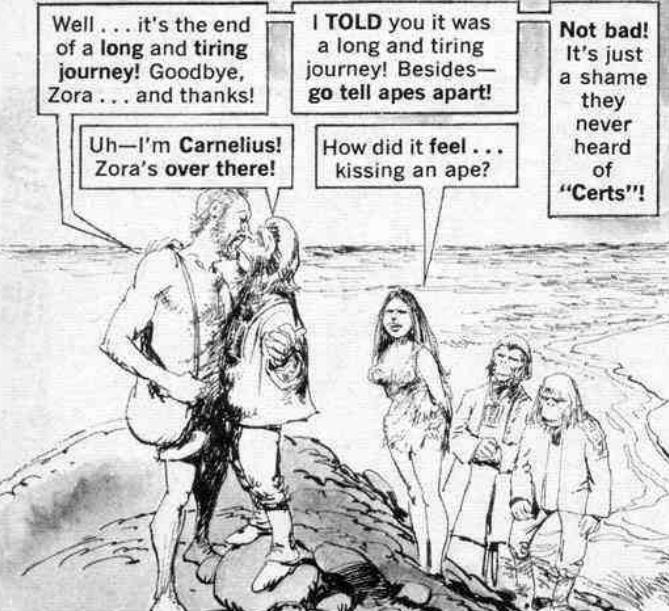
Not bad! It's just a shame they never heard of "Certs"!

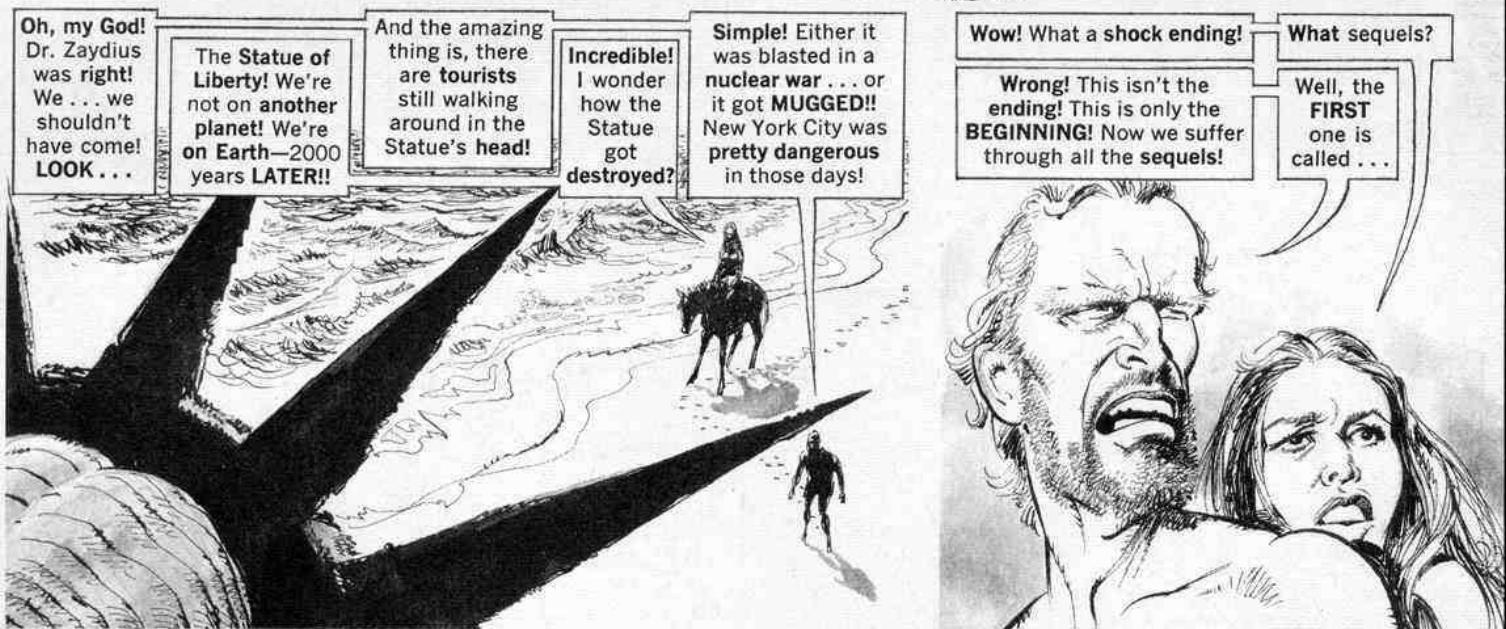
Where will you go from here, Tyler?

Nono and I will head down to the beach to look for a taxi . . . an exit sign . . . ANYTHING to get us off this nutty planet!

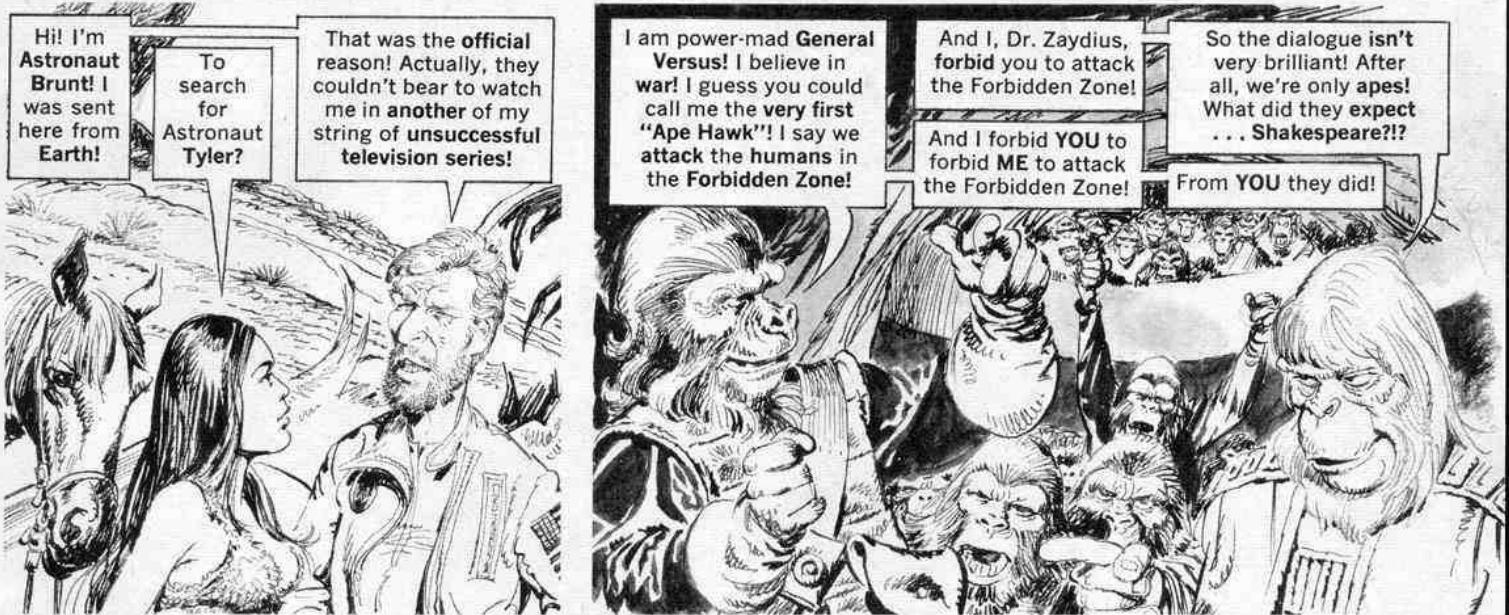
No! No! I warn you! Don't go down to the shore area! You won't like what you see!!

You forget, Dr. Zaydius—I'm from Earth! I've seen seven oil slicks off Santa Barbara, thousands of dead fish off Miami and millions of pickles off Coney Island! Nothing scares me any more!





"UNDERNEATH THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"



We are the humans who live here in the Forbidden Zone! You have stumbled into our Cathedral—our Temple—where we worship the mighty NUCLEAR BOMB! The Bomb is our God!!

Boy ... I sure hope I'm not here for your HIGH HOLY DAYS Services!

We are mutants whose faces have been destroyed by the radiation from nuclear war!

There! We took off our masks!
Now, you take off your mask!
But I'm not wearing a mask!!

C'mon! Quit kidding! No one can show such a limited range of expression and emotion with a REAL face!

Wait! Stop! Why are we fighting, Brunt? I thought we were old friends!

We are! But through thought-tranference and hypnosis, that Inquisitor is making us hate each other—and all human beings!

You're right! I was always a Liberal! But now, for the first time in my life, I'm ANTI-busing!



Look! The apes are attacking the Temple! They want the Doomsday Bomb!

I ... I can't take any more! I've had it up to here with allegory, fantasy and social comment! I'm going to press these buttons and END IT ALL!!

You're going to activate the Doomsday Bomb?!!

No, I'm going to call my Agent! He's got to get me out of this idiotic series!

You mean there's gonna be another sequel?!!

Yes, and anyone surviving on this planet is in it!

Here! Let ME detonate that blessed Bomb!



"ESCAPING FROM THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

It's an alien spacecraft! It just landed here ... off the coast of California!

How convenient! With this next sequel located right at home, and no fantastic sets to worry about, 20th Century Farce will really rake in the ol' profits!

I'm going crazy keeping track of the role-changes! Who plays Cornelius this time?

Good news, folks! I'm back!!
Rowdy McDowellstick! It's YOU!!

Yes! My Agent advised me to take this role again because he doesn't want the public to forget my face!

I'm Sal Moneyo! And MY Agent advised me to take THIS role because he wants the public to REMEMBER mine!!



This Ape Press Conference will now begin! First question—

What ever happened to Sal Moneyo? He only had a ten-minute part!

Which was probably five minutes too long!

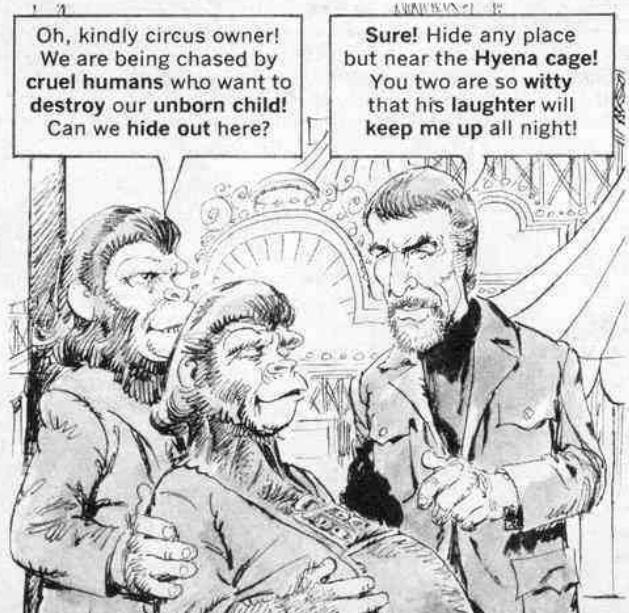
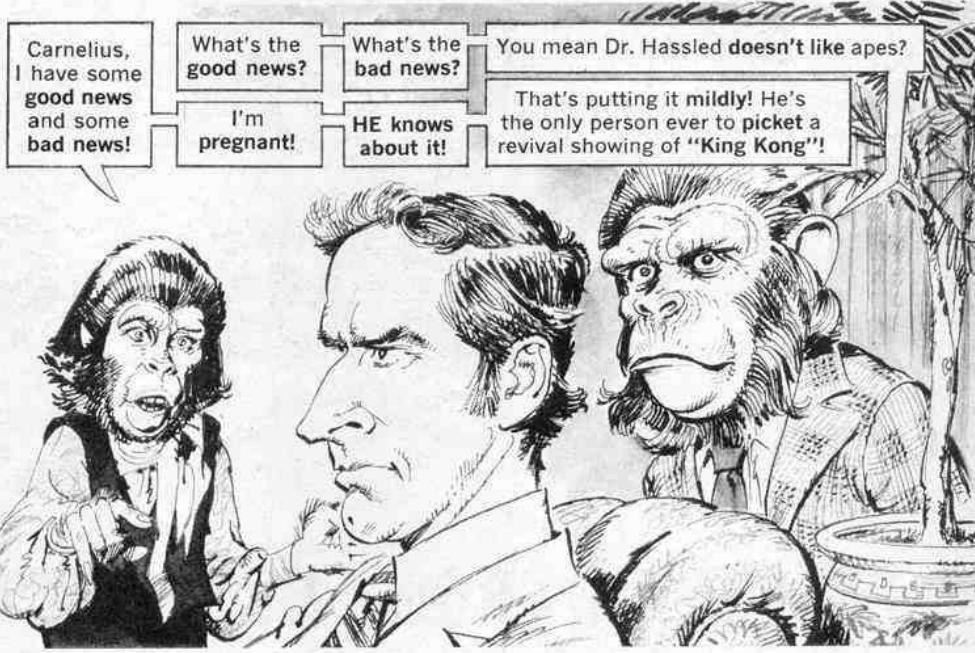
It's amazing! Not only do these chimps TALK, but they're also very amusing!

They're so delightful and witty! What should we DO with them?

I'm personally torn! I don't know whether to put them on The Johnny Carson Show—or execute them!

Welcome to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel! I hope your stay here will be a pleasant one! The elevators are right down the corridor . . .

No, thanks! We're in a hurry! We'll just climb up the side of the building!



What a novel way to end this, the wittiest of the ape flicks! You, me and the baby—shot to death!

Good! Then this finally ends the series!

Not exactly! WE'RE dead . . . but the scriptwriter is still quite active!

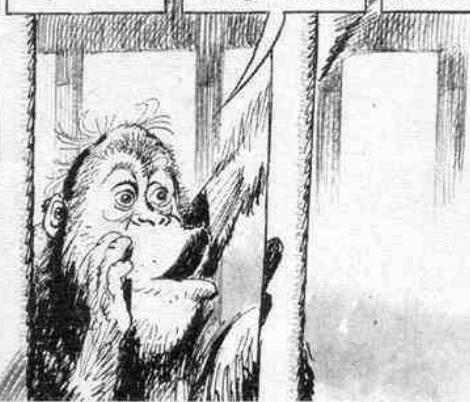
What a brilliant twist! We cleverly switched chimps so the REAL baby with unbelievable intelligence will survive here with me!

I know that he's unbelievably intelligent . . . because it was HE who suggested the idea in the first place!

Isn't that right, Julius? Come! Say something! Show the audience how intelligent you are!

TARZAN! JANE! HELP! I want to get out of this mess and into a respectable "Jungle" movie!

It's too late! They've already started plans for . . .



"CONQUERING THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

Are you sure this is the last one of the series!

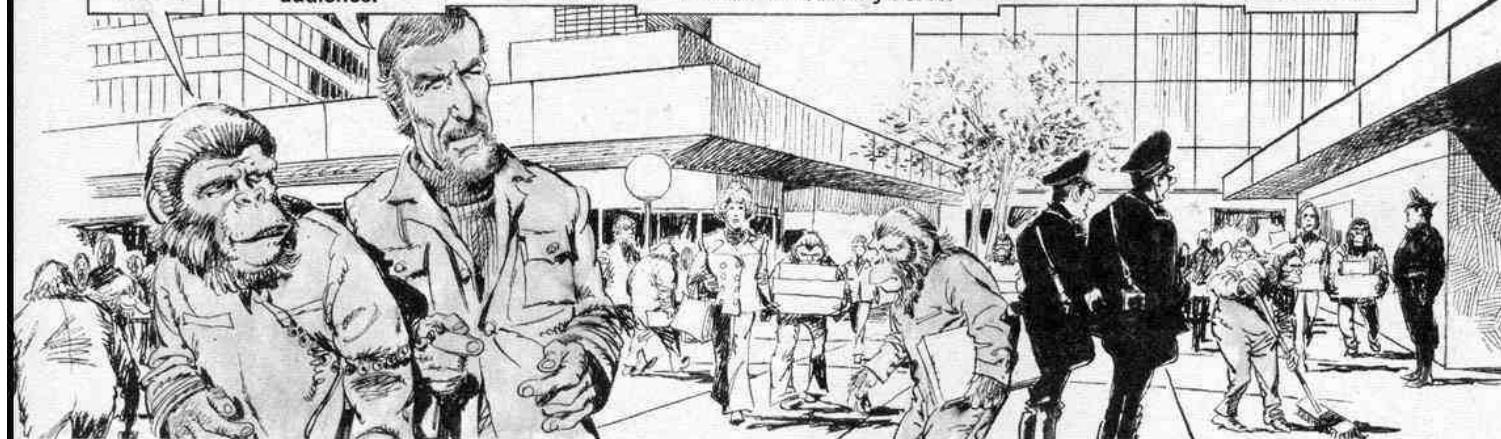
No one is sure! But this one is certainly the most ingenious! It will have a vast audience!

Yes! It can be enjoyed by six-year-olds of ALL ages!

Now, remember, Julius! This is 1990! We are living in a Police State! Don't let anyone hear you speak, or we'll be arrested by The Central Security Force!

And don't let anyone hear YOU speak, or we'll be arrested by The Actors Guild!

Thank God he hasn't lost his parents' quick wit and sense of humor!

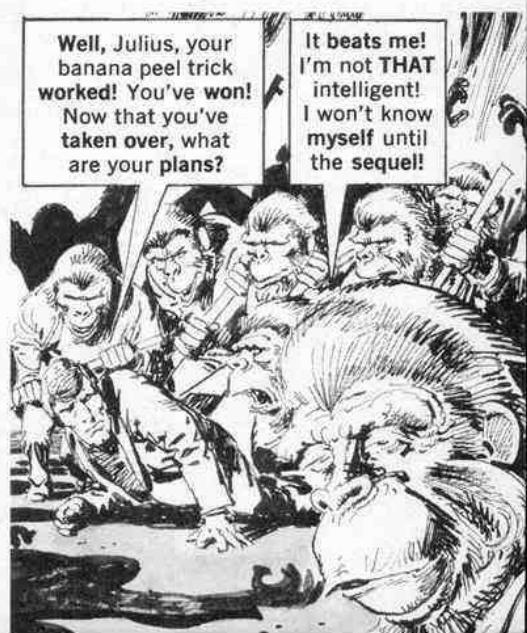
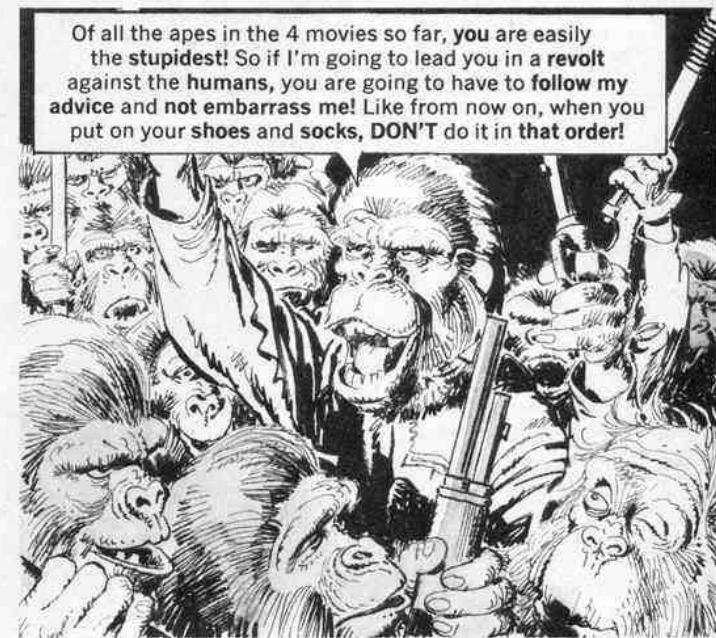
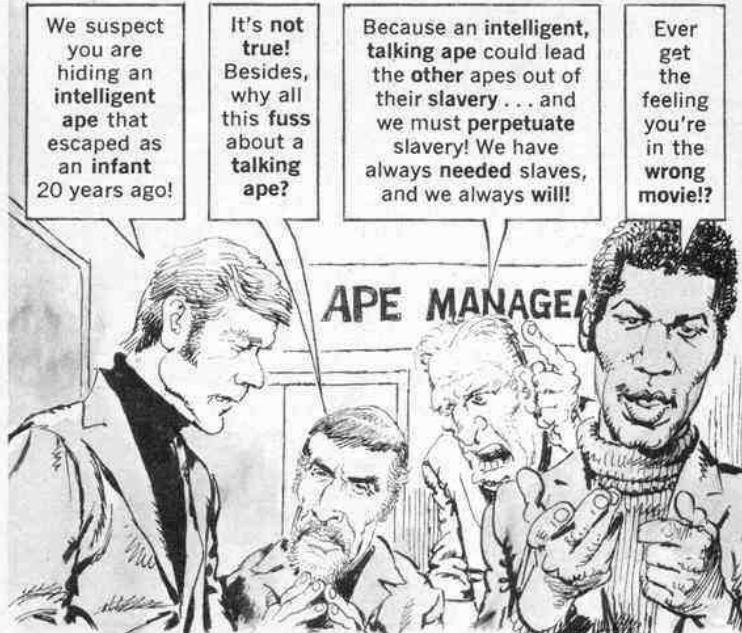
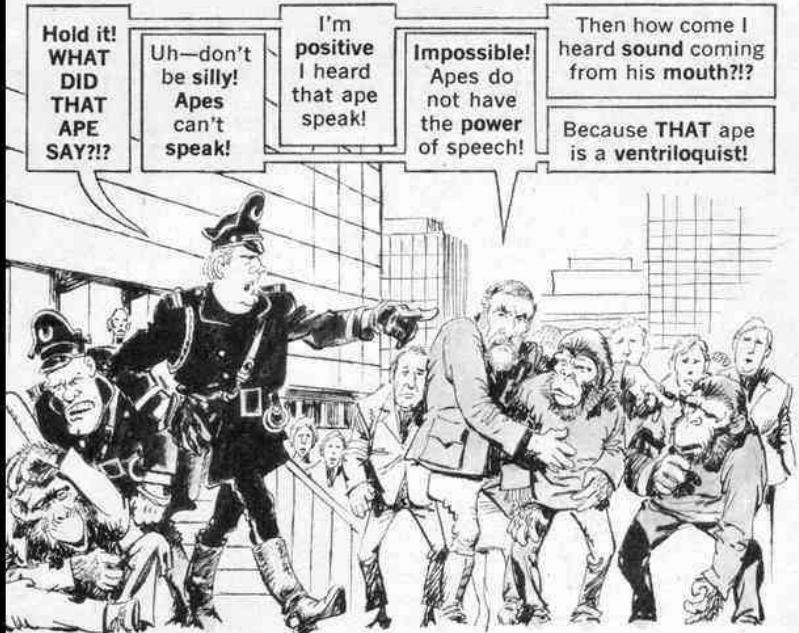


We've come full circle from that very first ape movie! In this society, the apes are the slaves! They're taught to shine shoes, run errands, wait on tables, make the beds and sweep the streets!

Why are those apes being beaten?

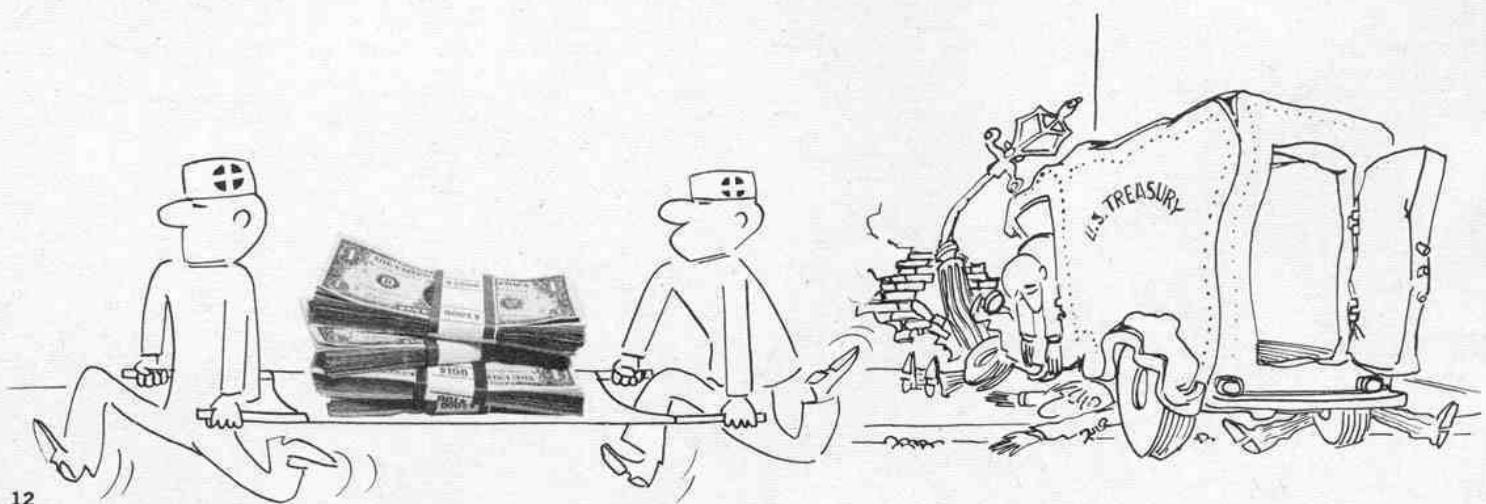
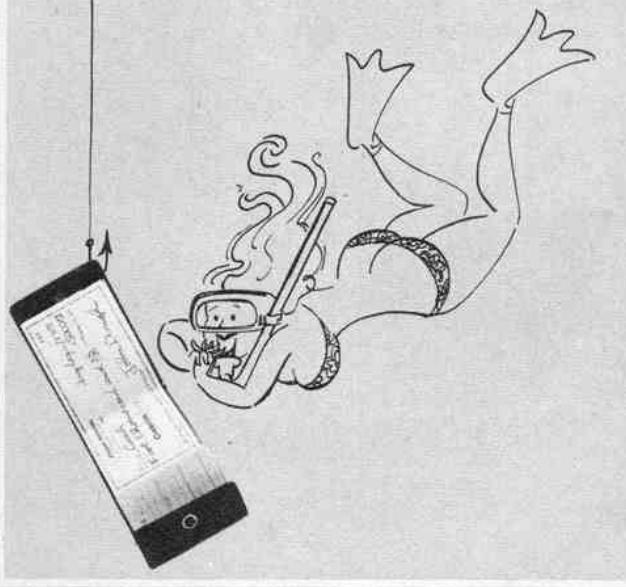
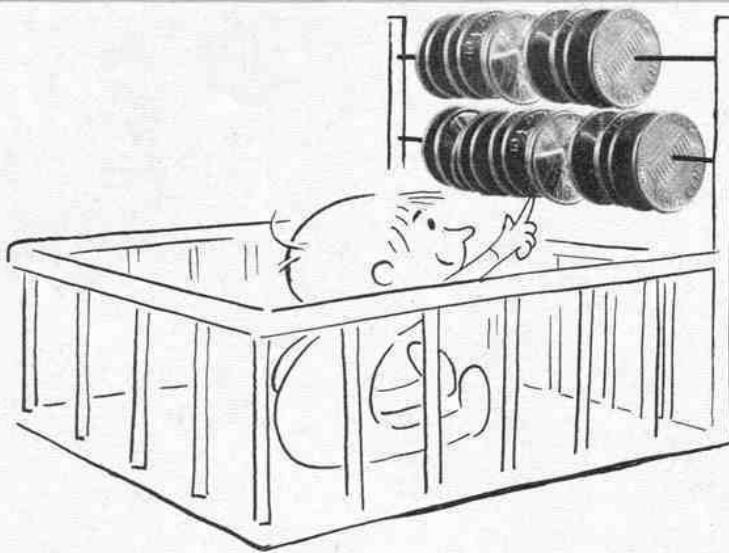
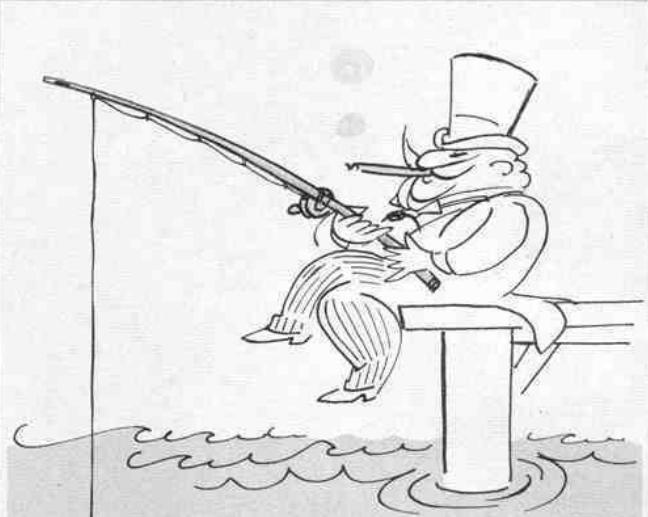
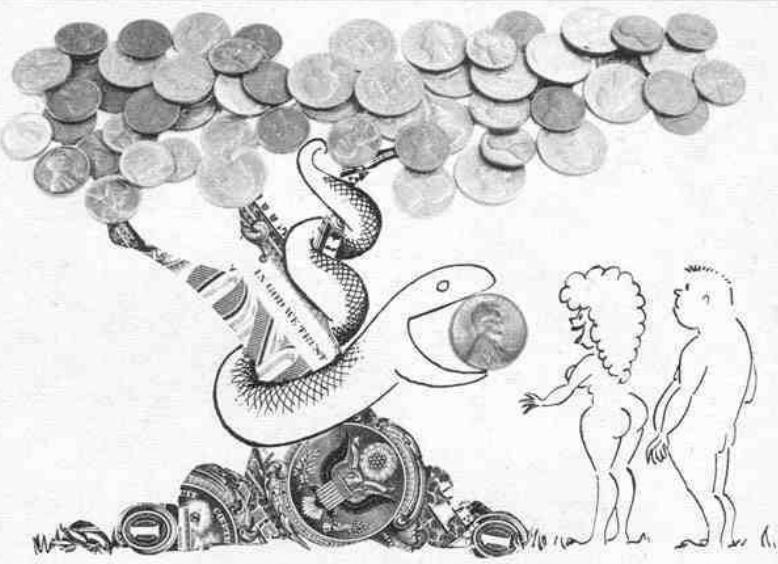
They're not very bright! They're making the streets and sweeping the beds!





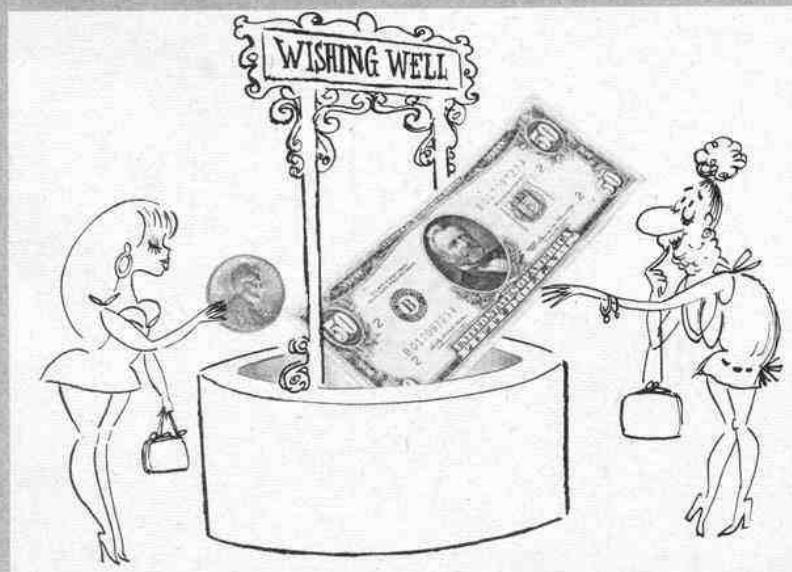
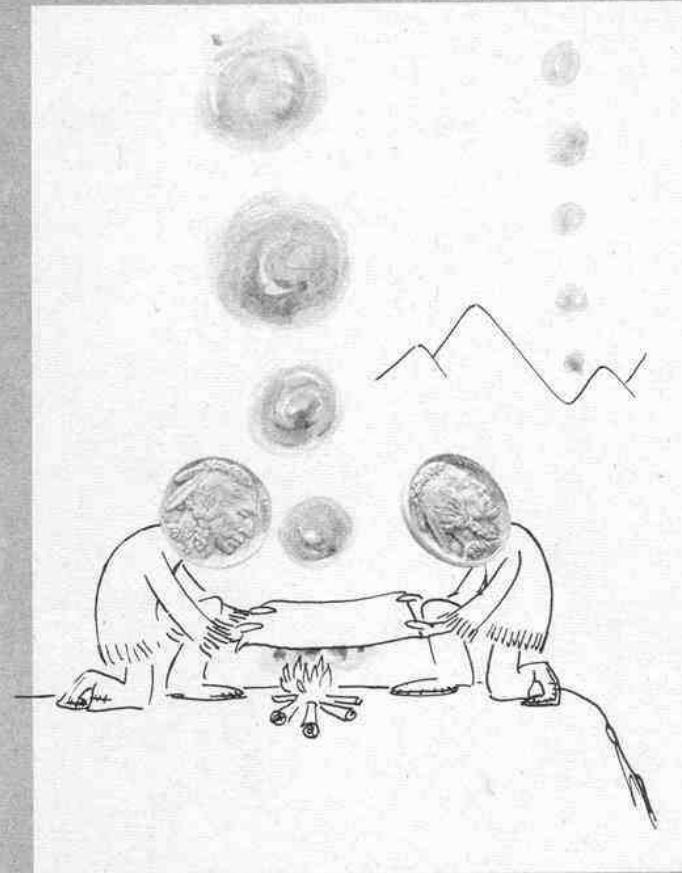
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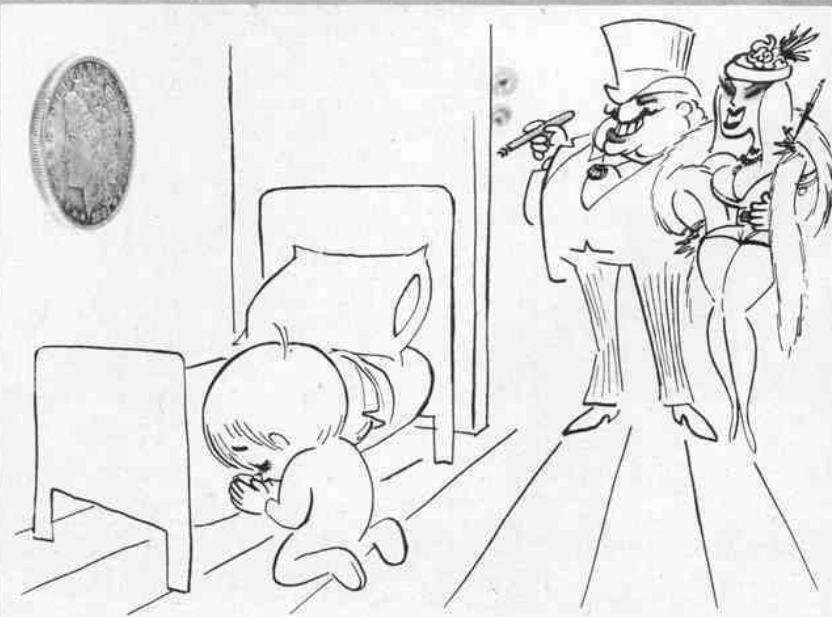
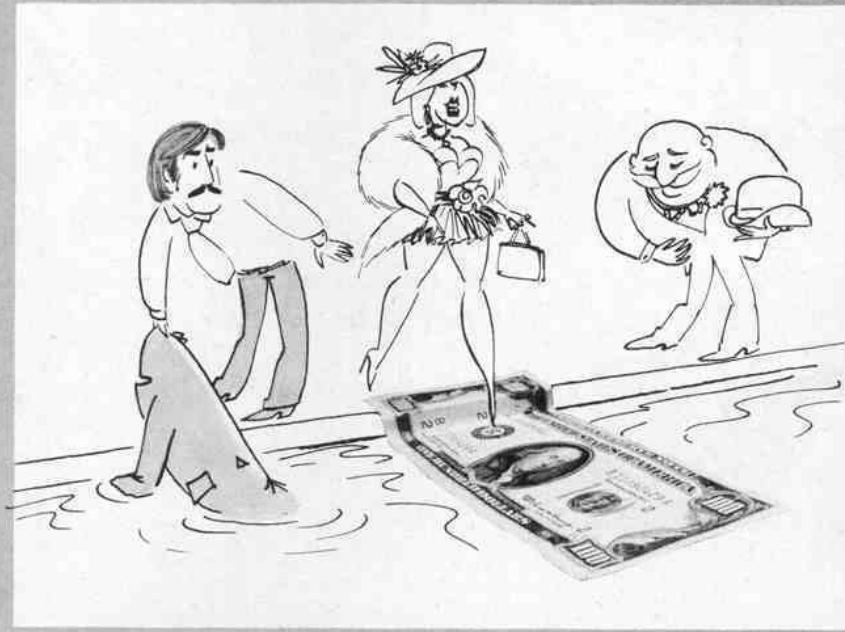
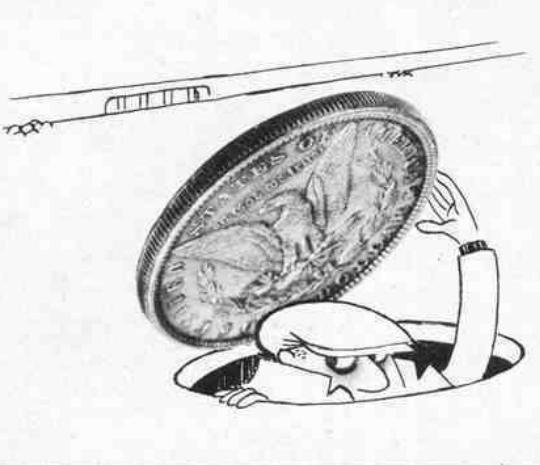
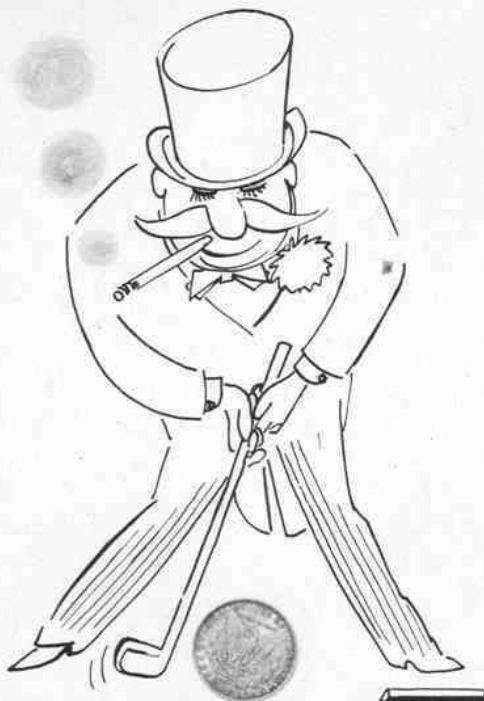
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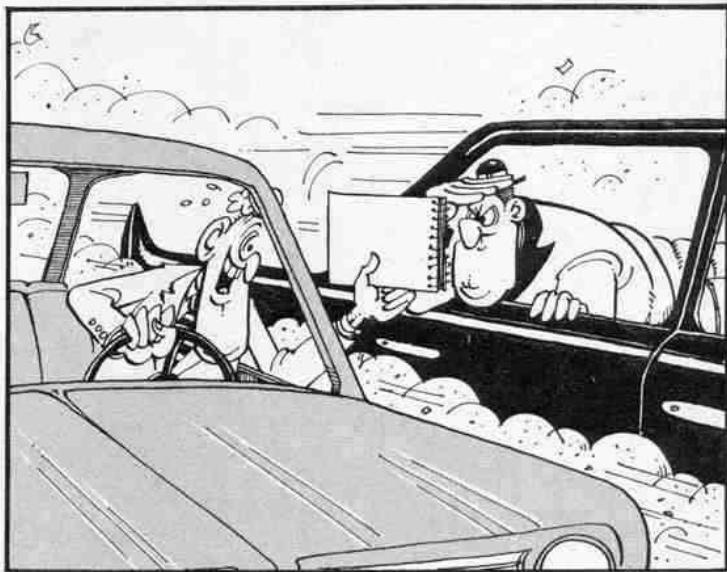
ANONYMOUS

ARTIST & WRITER:
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI





ONE DAY ON THE HIGHWAY





IN THE IRE OF THE BEHOLDER DEPT.

Ever meet a "Bigot"? Ever try to talk sense to him? If you have, then you know it's a losing proposition. Because no matter what you say, he has an

YOU NEVER CAN W

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

Two out and the bases are loaded! A hit now would tie the game!

Forget it! A Nigger's comin' t' bat! They always choke up in a tight spot!

He hit a home run!

Whaddya expect! All them Coons are strong as apes! Comes from all those years in the jungles!

That big party at my table is leaving!

Lousy penny-pinching Jews! I'll bet they stiff you on the tip!

Ben Muncrief is 75 years old today!

We oughta get rid of all them old people! They're a drain on Society!

Do you know he still puts in an eight-hour day at the store???

Them old crumps should be forced to retire so the young men coming up can have their jobs!

That car ahead is slowing up!

Lousy women drivers! They're always screwing up traffic!

I think we're lost! I'd better ask directions in Kelly's Store over there!

You're gonna ask a dumb Mick? They're so stupid, they couldn't give you the right time!

He gave me very precise, complete directions on how to get back to the main road!

I knew he would! Give an Irishman a chance to talk and you'll never get him to stop!

Did you hear about Bill? He was named Vice-President of his firm!

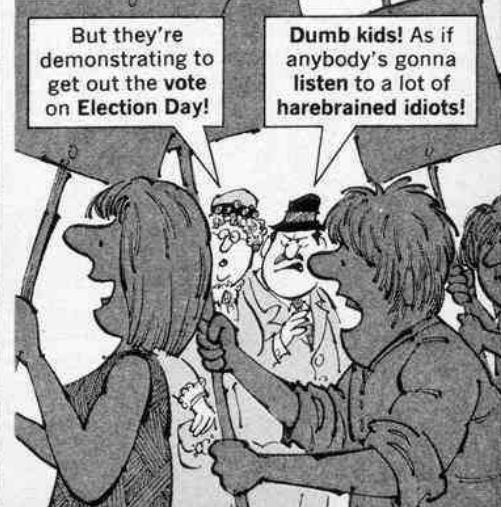
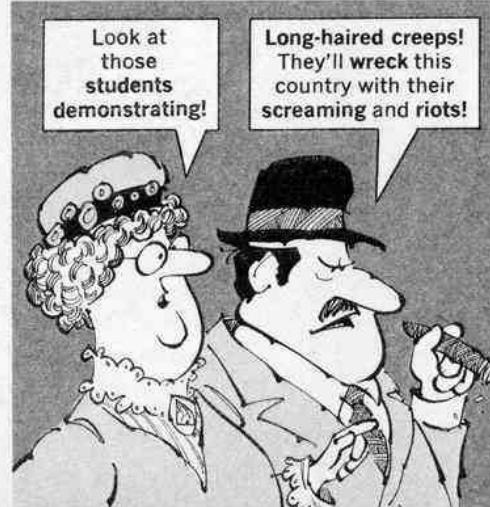
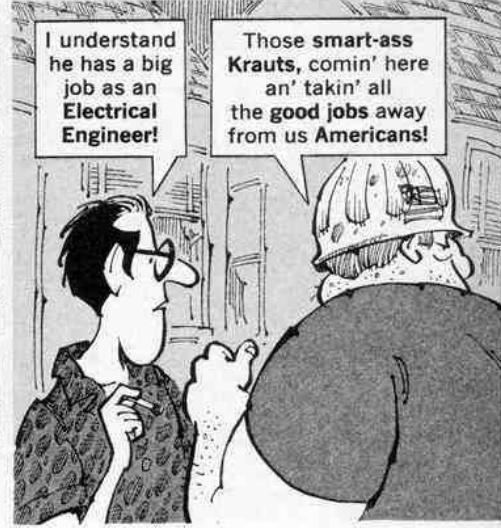
Big deal! His family's been in this country for 300 years! You can bet he got it through knowing the right people!

answer that supports his warped point of view. If you don't believe it, then try reading the following examples which clearly demonstrate exactly why...



IN WITH A BIGOT!

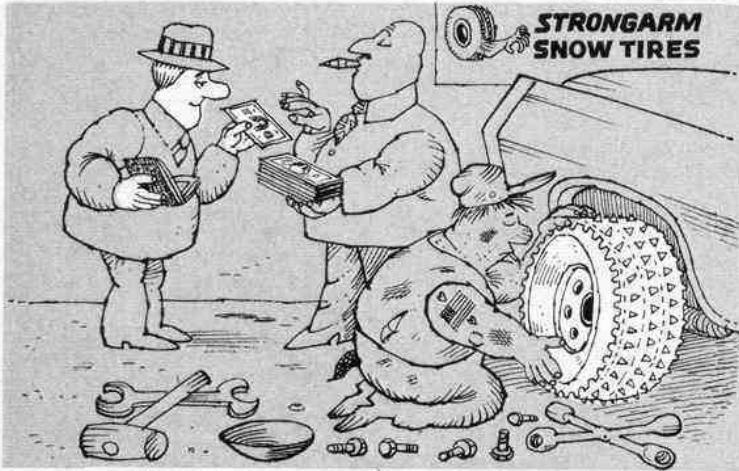
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



MISFORTUNE KOKIE DEPT.

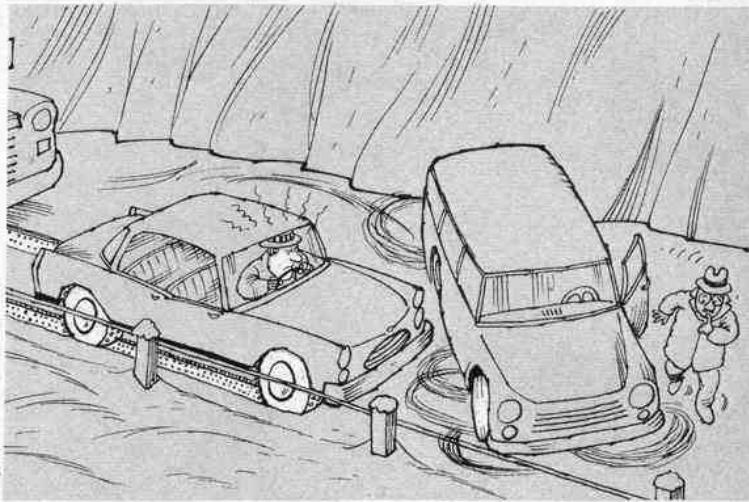
It always happens! You plot and you plan and you work to carve out a perfect little life for yourself. But no matter how carefully you look before you leap, and save

Don't You Feel Li



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK ...

... preparing for winter with the best snow tires money can buy ...



... and winding up stuck behind a guy who didn't!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK ...

... eating fish to cut down on cholesterol ...



... and accumulating enough mercury in your system to kill a whale!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK ...

18 ... putting on an expensive exotic perfume ...



... and the person you're spending the evening with smells like a goat!

for a rainy day, some event—completely beyond your control—brings the whole scheme tumbling down. And as you sit there in the rubble and ruin of your best-laid plans—



ke A Schmuck?!

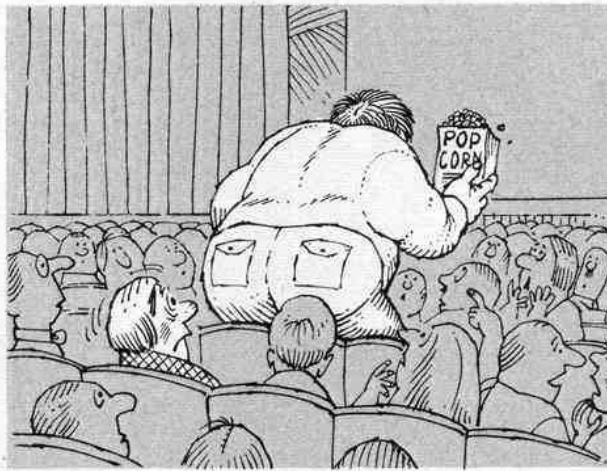
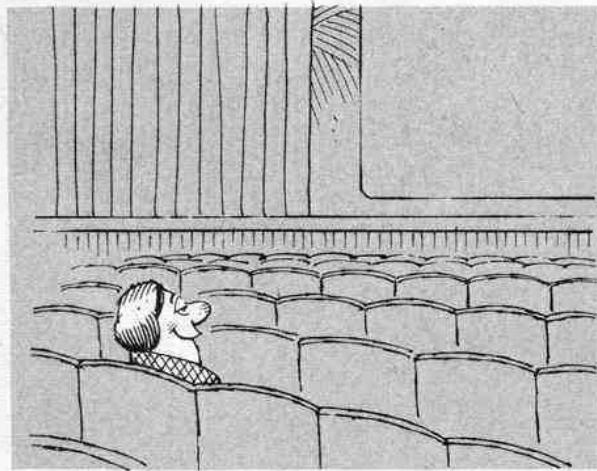
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

...obeying your County's anti-pollution laws...

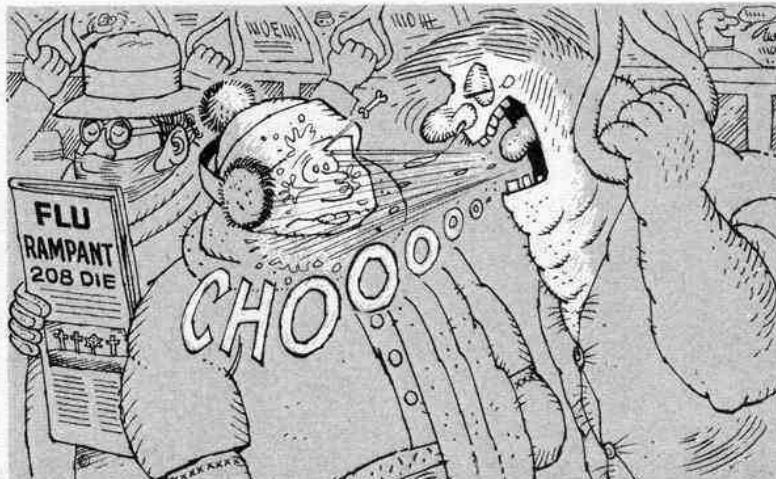
...when your water comes from another County with no such laws!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

...getting to the theater early to get a good seat...

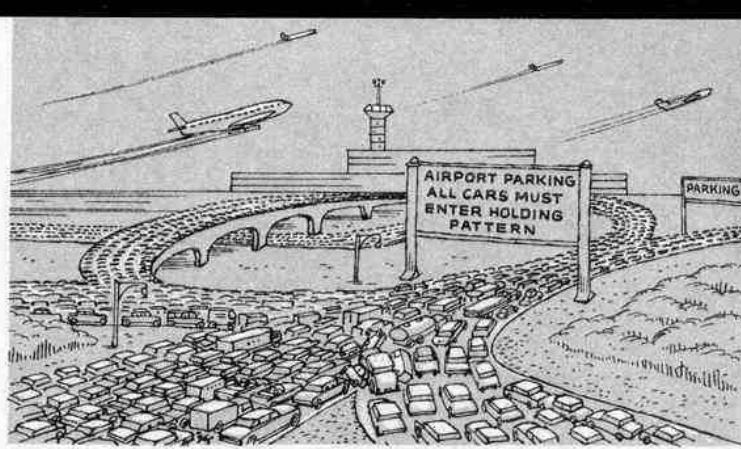
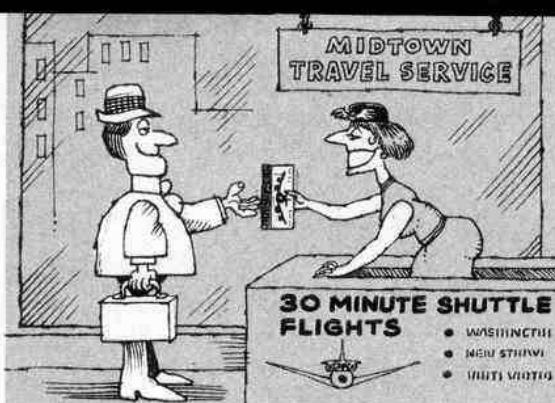
...and at the last minute, an eight-foot giant picks the only empty seat left... the one directly in front of you!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

...doing all you can do to avoid catching a cold...

...and some careless, sick slob coughs right in your face!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK ...

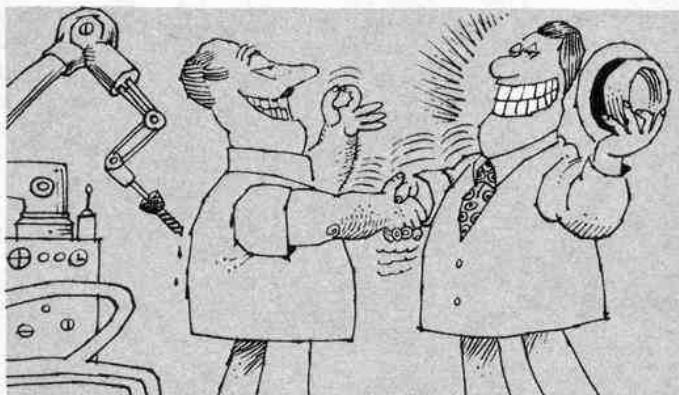
... paying a fortune to fly in order to save time and spending the time you save in an airport traffic jam!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK ...

... spending months, training your dog to "go" in one special out-of-the-way spot ...

... while your neighbor lets his dog loose to "go" wherever it pleases!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK ...

... taking perfect care of your teeth for thirty-three years ...

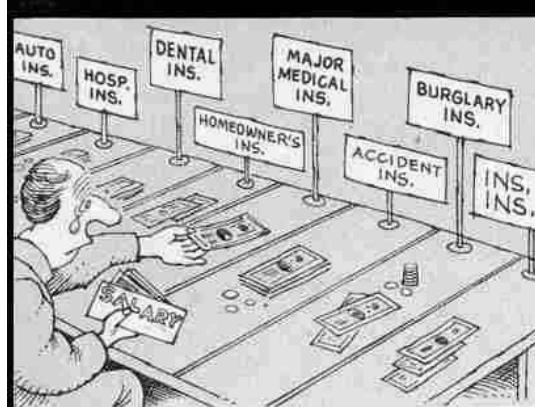
... and blowing it all on one stupid barroom argument!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK ...

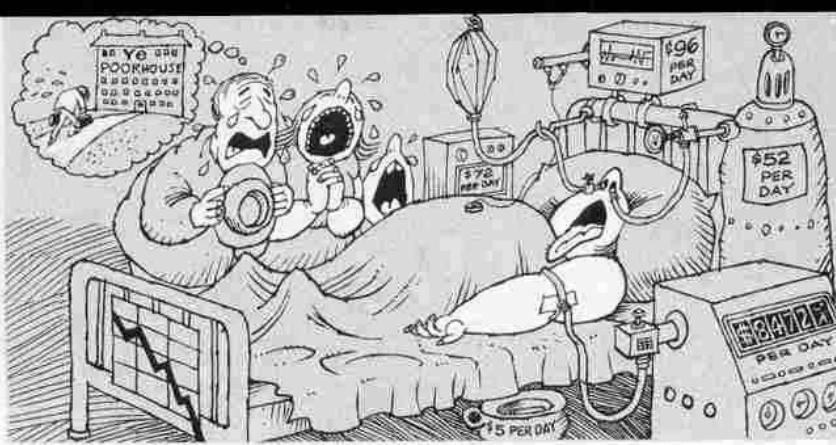
... compressing your garbage into neat little packs ...

... and the neighbors' loose stuff ends up all over your lawn!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .

... making sure you're insured to the hilt...

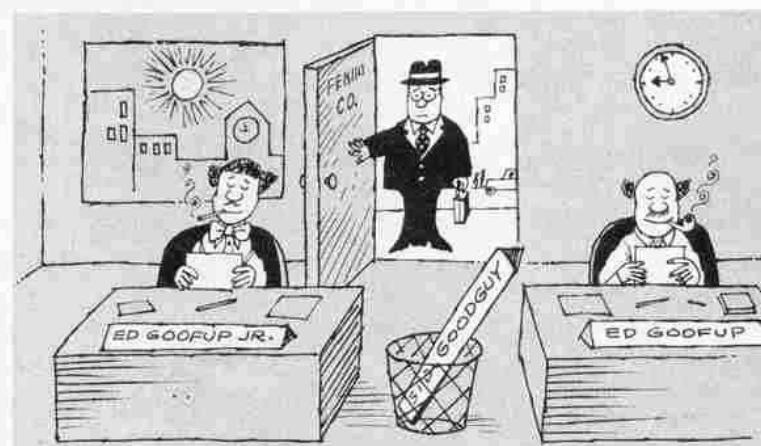


... and your *uninsured* Mother-in-Law's 14-month illness wipes you out!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .

... coaching, advising and helping your fellow worker for years, because he's sending his son through college ...

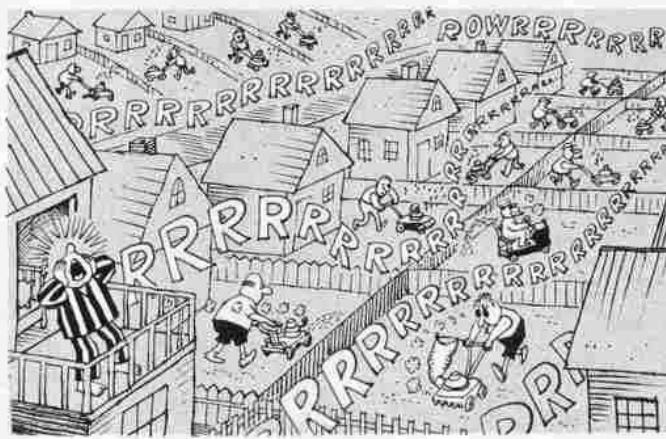


... and the kid finally graduates ... right into your job!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .

... moving to the country to escape the sounds of the city . .



...without first checking out the sounds of the country!



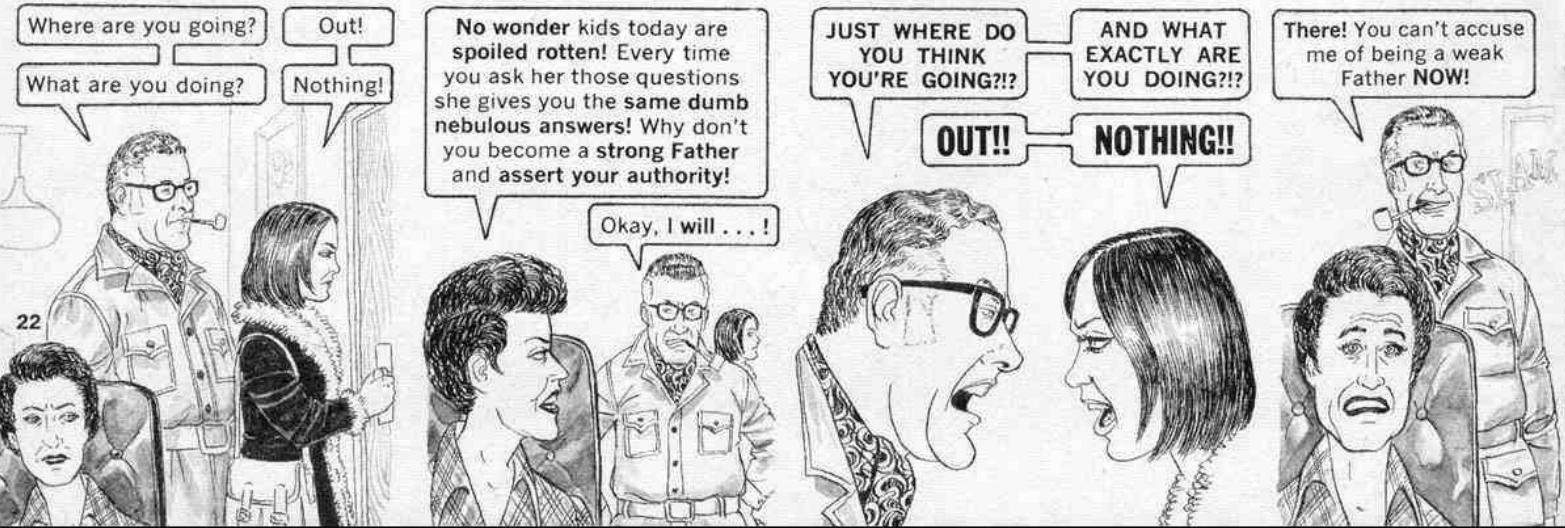
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .

... buying a new garment with a special washing instruction label sewn right into the lining ...



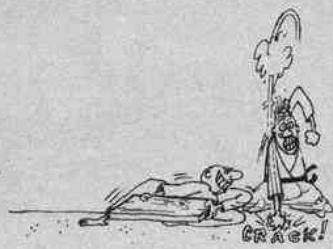
and the first moron who launders it completely ignores the label!!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... PERM



ISSIVENESS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



I was a deprived kid, so I was determined that my kids would have everything I never had!

I worked like a horse, and I finally made it!

Now, my children have everything I never had!

Drug addiction, venereal disease, loss of identity, aimlessness . . . and a long list of Police arrests!



**I DON'T CARE
WHAT YOU THINK,
I'M GONNA DO
IT ANYWAY!**

If I'd shouted at my Father like that, he'd have taken off his belt and whipped me bloody! How come you let your Son shout at you that way?

The "Generation Gap" has become so WIDE . . .

. . . the only way we can communicate is to shout!!



Is it true that you're living with a tall, handsome blond fella?

Is it ever true? Like, oh wow!

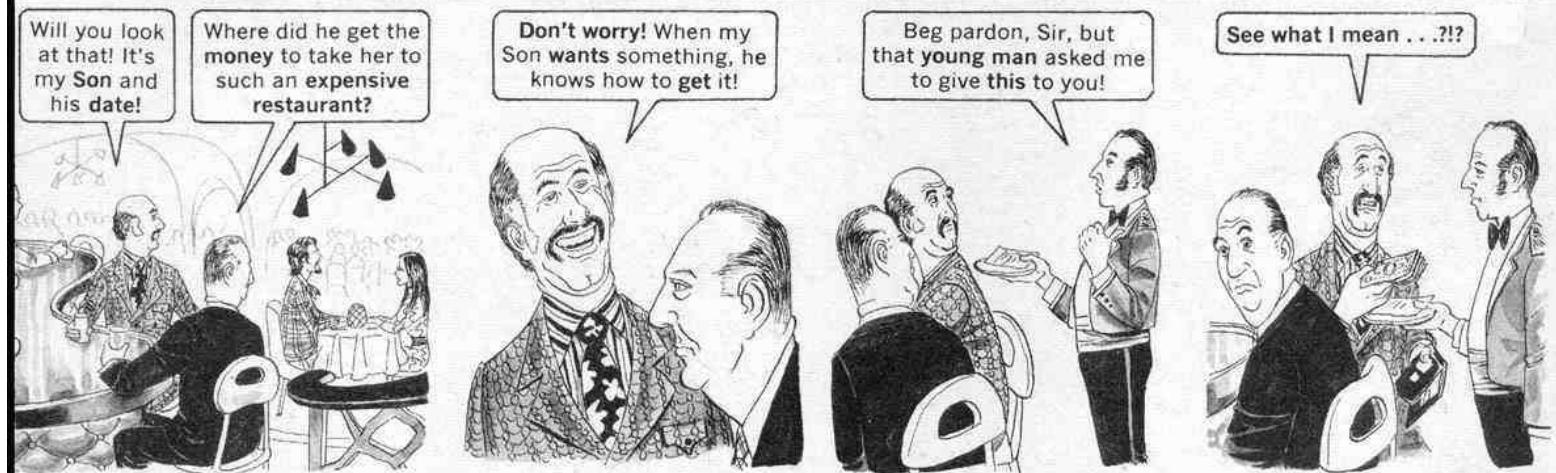
Don't your parents object?

Oh, they object, all right!

But so far they haven't hassled me! Because if they ever did, I'd stop living with the tall, handsome blond fella . . .

And go live with a tall, handsome **BLACK** fella!!







Today, with all this new sexual permissiveness, there are so many **BAD GIRLS** running around!

And the **worst** of it is, they get **AWAY** with it!

On the **other hand**, take the case of my **Niece**! She's only 18! Twice, now, she's become pregnant . . . and twice, now, she's had to have an **abortion**!

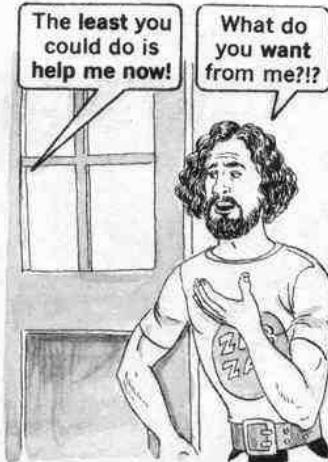
How come it's only the **NICE** girls that get caught?!!



Maybe the trouble is we never gave you any **responsibilities** around the house . . . like **chores** and things like that!

The least you could do is **help me now!**

What do you want from me?!!



I'm going to the **greatest school**! We can take any courses we want!

So I worked out a real "fun" program: "Ceramics," "Flower Arrangements," "Snorkeling" and "Basket Weaving"!

Oh, wow! That's wild! What do you expect to be when you graduate?

Unemployed!!



Okay, so now you know the truth! I'm hooked on a fifty dollar a day habit!

My God! Where do you get fifty dollars a day?!!

Where do you think? I steal it!

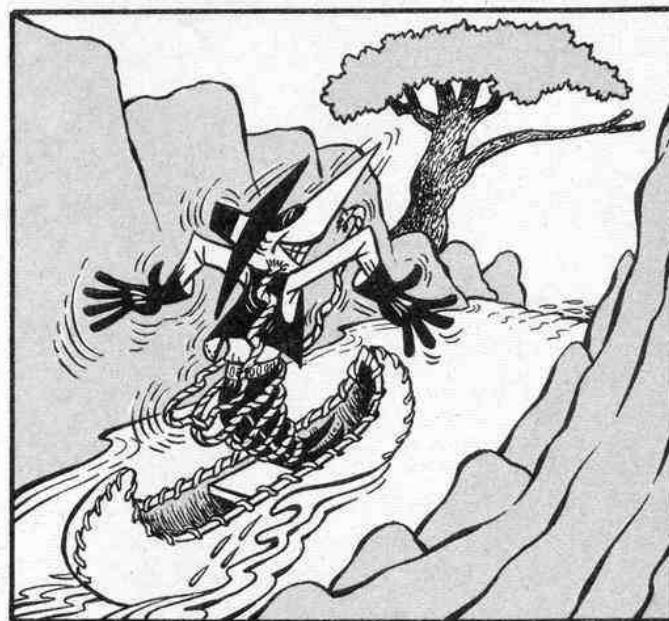
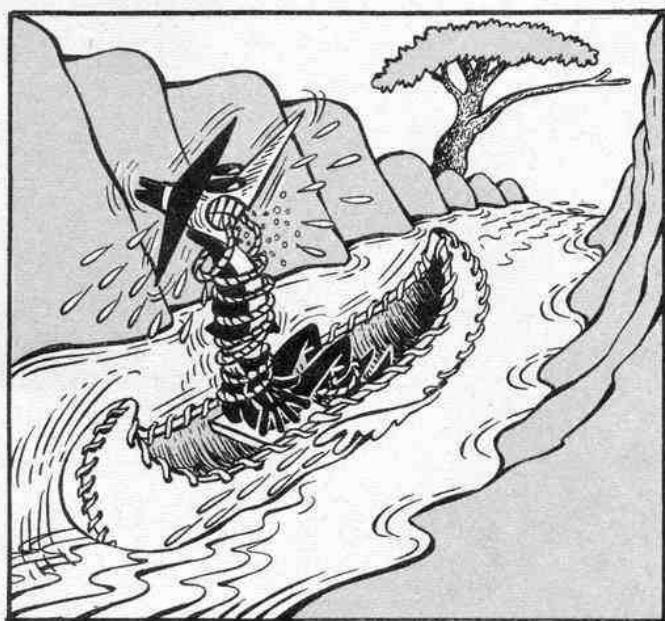
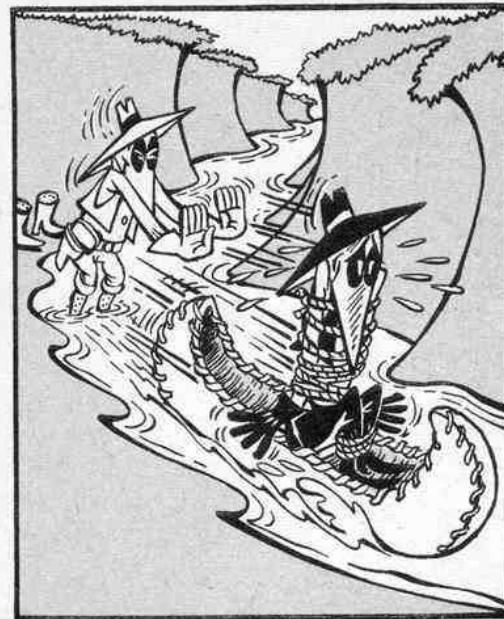
My God!! Don't steal any more! You could get ARRESTED . . . and ruin your life!

WE'LL give you the money!

HAH! Where are YOU gonna get that kind of bread?!!

WE'LL STEAL IT!!





TIGHTENING THE MONEY BELT DEPT.

You've heard of "Inner City Poverty" and "Appalachian Poverty" and "Old Age Poverty." And yet, millions of our citizens are being inflicted with another kind of poverty. We're referring, of course, to the great American Middle Class...working...paying bills and taxes...and somehow, just about making it through from payday to payday! They know—and you know—we all know that...

MIDDLE CL

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



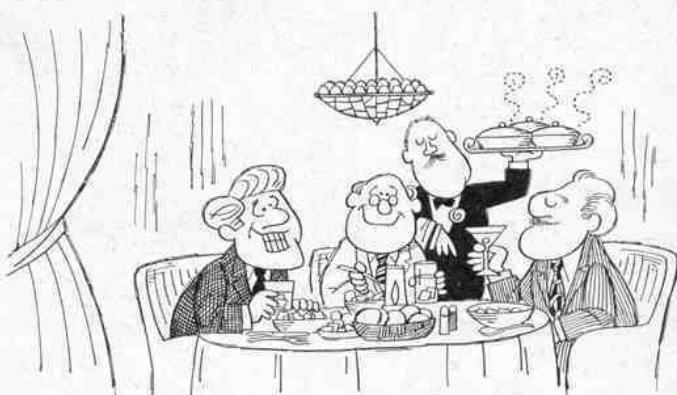
...hiding inside your \$30,000 house because you don't have the money to pay the paper boy.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...sitting all alone at the end of the bar so you won't have to buy a round for your friends.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...having lunch with clients on your Company's expense account



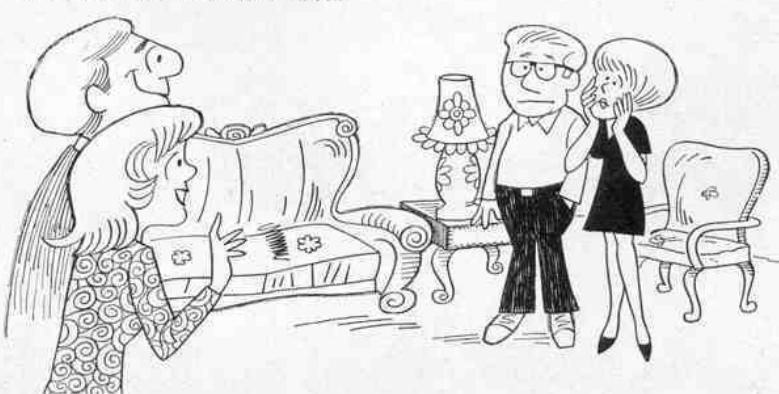
...and having lunch on your own.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

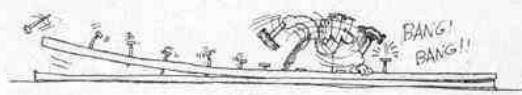


...wearing an old suit from 1948 and hoping it looks like the new mod style.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...receiving compliments from your friends on your antique furniture...and you never even knew you owned any antiques.



ASS POVERTY IS....

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS....



... expounding the virtues of your new little economy car to your neighbors... when you actually were dying for a Cadillac.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS....



... getting a moonlighting job at your local gas station, and hoping none of your neighbors show up.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS....



... pouring a Brand-X Scotch into an empty fifth of the good stuff.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS....



... having to return something to the shelf at the Supermarket.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS....



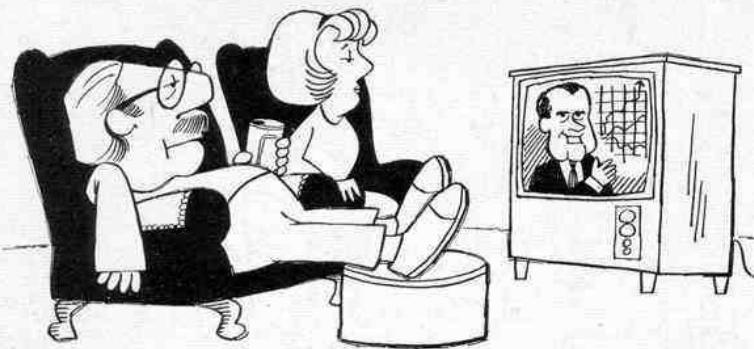
... spending your vacation just relaxing at home.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS....



... discovering an expensive restaurant is not on the Diners' Club.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...watching the President on TV announcing that the recession is over...the same day you were canned.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



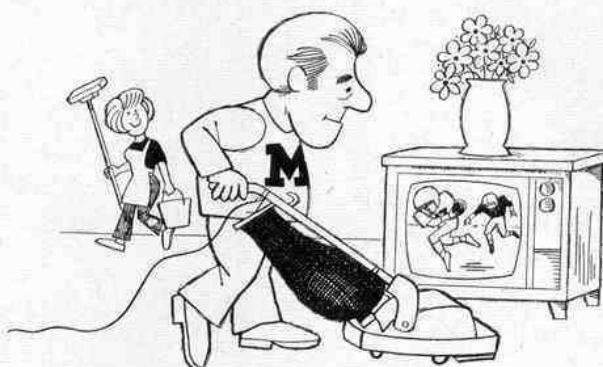
...having to say "No!" to a girl scout.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...encouraging your daughter and her fiancee to elope.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...helping your working wife clean the house on Saturday.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...having to wait to read the latest best seller until it comes out in paperback.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...not being able to scream at your kid to get a haircut because you can't spare the three bucks.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...spending a quiet evening at home reading your time payment books.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...being a contributor to MAD Magazine.

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE DEPT.

In recent years, there has been a lot more violence in prisons with miserable living conditions and a lot less violence around industrial plants with miserable working conditions. How come? Much can be attributed to those tricky company magazines that are handed out to every employee every month, full of cheery articles all designed to brainwash the poor, underpaid slobs into believing that they're really lucky to be working in such a "fun" place! Why shouldn't it work on convicts, too? MAD herewith offers

Your Monthly "PEN" PAL.

No. ~~111~~ 11
Vol. ~~11111~~ 1

**ABSOLUTELY
FREE**

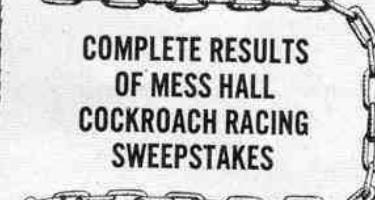
(But Guards Will Be
Happy To Accept
Voluntary Contributions
of 25c Per Copy)

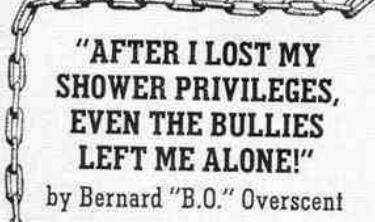
Lovingly Published for the Joyful Cons at San Dismal State Penitentiary

IN THIS ISSUE:

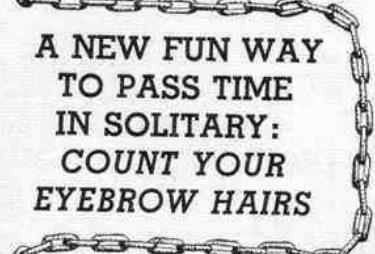

"I CAME TO VISIT
A FRIEND IN A
STOLEN CAR AND
STAYED TEN YEARS!"

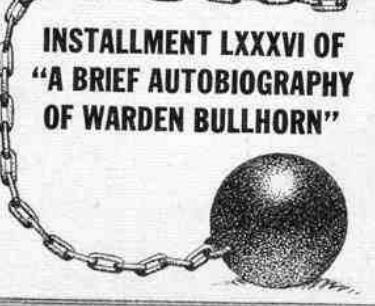
by Daniel "Dummy" Clodinsky

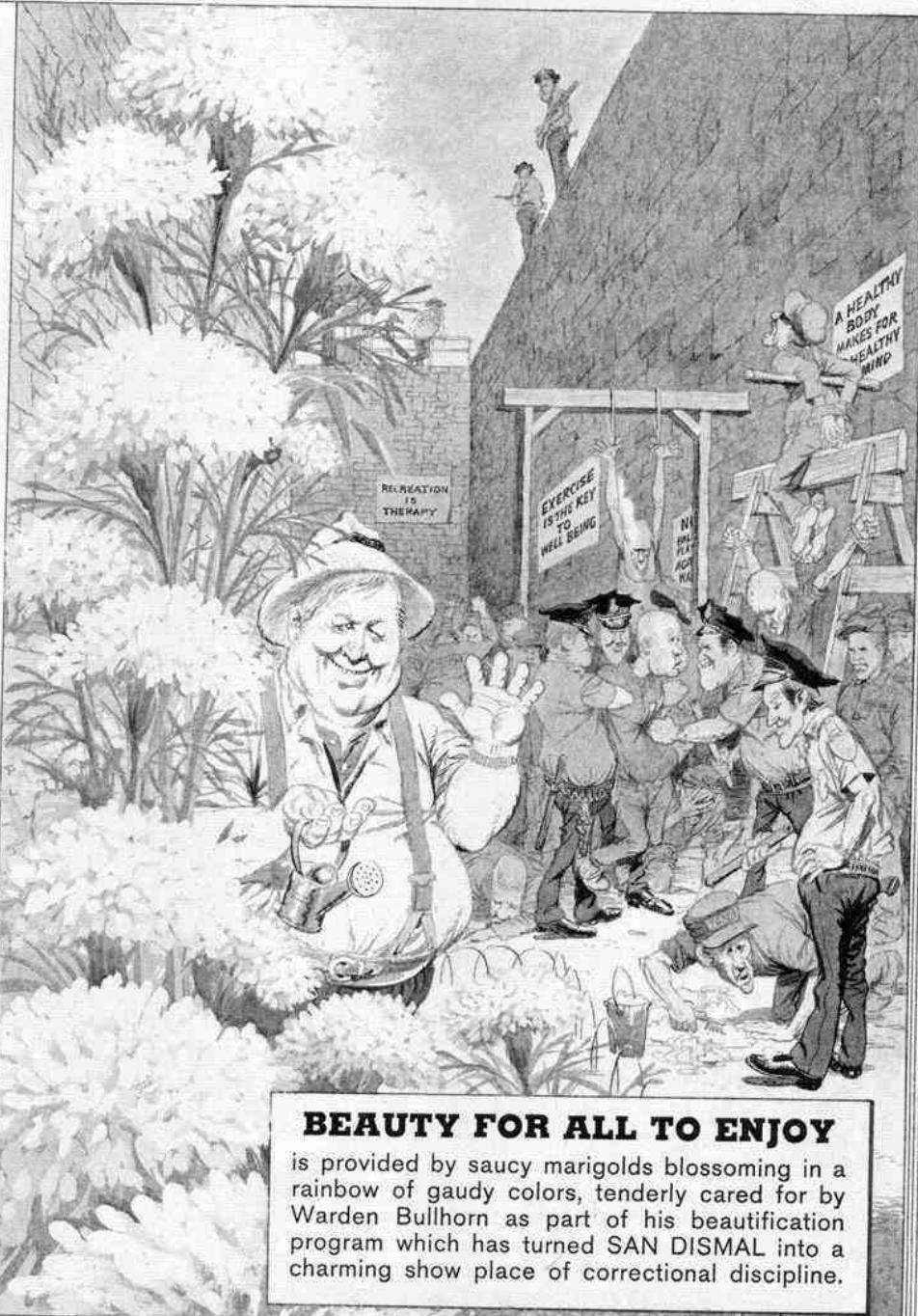

COMPLETE RESULTS
OF MESS HALL
COCKROACH RACING
SWEEPSTAKES


"AFTER I LOST MY
SHOWER PRIVILEGES,
EVEN THE BULLIES
LEFT ME ALONE!"

by Bernard "B.O." Oversent


A NEW FUN WAY
TO PASS TIME
IN SOLITARY:
COUNT YOUR
EYEBROW HAIRS


INSTALLMENT LXXXVI OF
"A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF WARDEN BULLHORN"



BEAUTY FOR ALL TO ENJOY

is provided by saucy marigolds blossoming in a rainbow of gaudy colors, tenderly cared for by Warden Bullhorn as part of his beautification program which has turned SAN DISMAL into a charming show place of correctional discipline.

THIS MONTH'S RECREATION & SOCIAL CALENDAR



FEB. 2—NATURE HIKE—Residents are invited to join guards for an all-day stroll along scenic Highway 14, observing and repairing chuckholes, road washouts, etc. Picks, shovels and leg irons furnished free. No charge for stew at noontime picnic.

FEB. 4—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: State Police Public Relations Film #74 entitled, "Receiving Traffic Citations Makes You a Better Person." Admission—75¢. Attendance required.

FEB. 7—INTRA-MURAL BASKETBALL—"C" Block Inmates vs. North Guard Tower Gunners for the league championship. The "C" Block team is advised that the Gunners wish to win by at least 25 points. All "C" Block residents will provide halftime entertainment by dancing energetically for 45 minutes.

FEB. 8—MAIL CALL—Copies of the *Reader's Digest*, appeals from charities, seed catalogues and similar uncontroversial mail will be distributed to inmates with good conduct ratings. Personal letters from loved ones will be burned by guards in the regular monthly bonfire ceremony.

FEB. 11—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: the first and third reels of "Lassie, Go Home." (Due to the immense popularity of this film classic, advance ticket reservations will be needed. All seats—\$3.50. Attendance required.)

FEB. 12—LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Formal Dinner-Dance in the Main Auditorium for management personnel only. Inmates will observe the occasion in their cells by facing Springfield, Ill., and saluting from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FEB. 14—VALENTINE DAY PARTY—All are cordially invited to the Central Interrogation Room to enjoy lengthy probing into the personal habits of inmates caught sending valentines to each other.

FEB. 15—CHESS TOURNAMENT—Members of the Chess-By-Mail Club will be permitted to send out post-cards describing their 46th move in the current games which began in 1967. Spectators may gather at the main mail chute to cheer the action. No admission charge.

FEB. 18—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: "Career Opportunities in Your Wyoming National Guard." Admission—75¢. Attendance required.

FEB. 20—AMATEUR TALENT NIGHT—Guards will search all cells and judge the talent of suspected amateur tunnel diggers. Participants will then be taken to the Central Interrogation Room to demonstrate their singing talent. First prize—an unforgettable two-month vacation downstairs.

FEB. 22—WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Buffet and Cocktail Party in the Main Auditorium for management personnel only. Inmates will re-enact a famous feat of our first president by trying to throw silver dollars across the Exercise Yard. Anyone succeeding will get his silver dollar back.

FEB. 25—DAY OF REST—(For medical experiment volunteers only.) All will report to the Infirmary for inoculations of typhus, cholera and plague germs. Volunteers will then be allowed to rest until it can be determined which of the fatal diseases they have contracted.

FEB. 27—WARDEN BULLHORN'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Gala pork fat and beans banquet in the Main Mess Hall. Presents from inmates to our beloved warden are optional. However, names will be taken and gifts appraised at the door.

FEB. 30—TELEVISION NIGHT—Original plans called for permitting residents to watch the set purchased with their pooled savings until 9:30 P.M. Upon discovery that there is no Feb. 30 this year, TV Night has been tentatively re-scheduled for June 31.

NOOSE BRIEFS

GRATEFUL SAN DISMAL-ITE GIVEN 30-YEAR ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE

Veteran Minimum Security Wing Resident Seymour (The Mouse) Slipdigit was recently honored for his 30 years of faithful incarceration at a gala creamed chipped beef on toast luncheon hosted by genial Warden Lamar L. Bullhorn.

Generously digging into the Convict Recreational Fund to provide liquid refreshments for the executive staff and a party hat for Slipdigit, Warden Bullhorn was praised by all for making the occasion a social success. The Warden, in a further display of his unstinting nature, presented Slipdigit with a lifetime library pass, a well-preserved cigarette butt and two handsome sheets of notebook paper.



Long-time Inmate Slipdigit (at left) shown receiving lifetime library pass from Warden Bullhorn at festive ceremony.

In a tearful acceptance speech, the guest of honor said he would use the note paper to write one final appeal to the parole board begging for his release. Slipdigit entered San Dismal in 1942 to begin a two-year sentence, but has remained with us ever since due to a clerical error which indicates that he was set free on schedule and is no longer here.

Warden Bullhorn, in his remarks to the gathering, made only a brief reference to Slipdigit's whining complaint of mistaken imprisonment. "You have long been a credit to the uniform you wear," he told Slipdigit, "so I'm willing to forget that your little outburst of insubordination today ever took place."

In a final exhibit of his humanitarianism, the Warden permitted Slipdigit to keep his party hat when he was returned to his cell. The other gifts were, of course, confiscated. However, good behavior could result in the issuance of a new library pass as early as 1977.

MID-WINTER CLEARANCE ON LUXURY ITEMS AT "LE AVANT" SUPPLY DEPOT BOUTIQUE



Come In and Browse Around During
Your Next Ten-Minute Lunch Hour

Use that idle cash slipped in by loved ones for Xmas to stock up NOW on those little extras that make cell life even more palatial. Up to 50% off while they last!

GENUINE LYE-FREE SOAP	40¢ a bar
USABLE PENCIL STUBS	10¢ ea.
FAIRLY NEW RAZOR BLADES	25¢ ea.
NEAR-NEW COPIES OF "PLAYBOY"	\$2.50
SLIGHTLY WATER DAMAGED MATCHES	15¢ a box
BENT CIGARETTES	5¢ ea.
PLAYING CARDS (Nearly Complete Decks)	\$2.98
GOOD USED TOOTH BRUSHES	75¢

Cash and carry as always. WARDENCHARGE credit cards accepted on non-discount items only.

"LE AVANT" SUPPLY DEPOT BOUTIQUE

Lamar L. Bullhorn, Prop.

Meet Your Guard

THIS ISSUE:

Residents Of "E" Block Look To Mr. Jukes For Fatherly Guidance And Advice

To mid-day strollers in the warm, grey shadows of the "E" Block exercise yard, Enforcement Officer Virgil (Boss Man) Jukes and his lovable hound, Mangler, have long been a familiar sight. This month's featured member of the San Dismal management team recently launched his third memorable decade of counseling and guidance work here by counseling four unruly inmates to remove their caps when spoken to, and then guiding them to "that room" when they were slow to comply.

Such unswerving dedication to the hallowed traditions of San Dismal is typical of Officer Jukes, who gave up a promising career at a Chicago slaughterhouse in 1952 to devote his life to "learning you boys a little respeck for them as is better 'n you." Mr. Jukes' tireless pursuit of this goal has earned him the groveling gratitude of all who have benefited from his fatherly instruction over the course of two decades.

Mr. Jukes, who originally joined the San Dismal family as a Gas Chamber Cyanide Dispenser, nearly retired in discouragement when the state outlawed the death penalty in 1961. "I figgered I'd never get to see a man crawl and beg for mercy again after they quit draggin' 'em to the green room," he says now with some amusement. "But then, I started walkin' the exercise yard with this big, mean dog to protect the men from theyselves, and a funny thing happened." Mr. Jukes did not elaborate on the funny thing that happened, but the crinkly little smile appearing on his face indicated that the event must have been quite amusing.

The veteran guard also declined to say much about his private life and interests. Always shy and fearful of boring his listeners, he merely stated that he lives alone in a cottage nearby. Mr. Jukes reportedly brought a wife and six children with him when he came to San Dismal, but no one knows their whereabouts—and no one is about to ask.



NEW ACCIDENT POLICY PAYS UP TO \$10 A WEEK IF YOU'RE DISABLED

Don't be lulled into the false notion that just because you've been "safely" put away, you can afford to be without the protection of accident insurance! San Dismal records show that many inmates take nasty falls each year while working on the road gang. What's more, those long hours spent in your cell are not always 100% free of disabling mishaps either. Right now, some homicidal fellow con may be waiting to attack you the moment your friendly guard turns his back! Yes, friends, such unfortunate things do happen.



Why take a chance when low cost accident coverage by SAN DISMAL MUTUAL INSURANCE Co. can now be yours? SAN DISMAL MUTUAL's all-purpose policy guarantees to pay you up to \$10 a week in cash benefits if you are badly injured on the road or anywhere within these hallowed walls. And what is even more important, our records show that 97% of all accident victims at San Dismal last year were the thoughtless inmates who failed to sign up for this vital coverage.

A mere coincidence? Of course! But consider these two important facts before you buck the odds: (1) Full accident coverage by SAN DISMAL MUTUAL can be yours for only about 50¢ a day, and (2) Your cellblock guard is also your SAN DISMAL MUTUAL AGENT.

Think about it.



SAN DISMAL MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

LAMAR L. BULLHORN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Your Signature Here And First Half A Buck Starts It Rolling

PEN PAL SALUTES:

San Dismal's CON of the Month

The boundless appreciation felt by San Dismal residents for their easy life and luxurious surroundings was graphically demonstrated recently when Solomon (Solly the Songbird) Blabbinsky begged for permission to stay here even though he had been granted parole. Solly's unprecedented plea made him a unanimous choice to receive the latest "Con of the Month" award, just moments before his tearful appeal was rejected and he was shoved out the main gate.

Blabbinsky took up local residence in 1966 to begin a scheduled ten-year term. However, the Parole Board voted to reduce his sentence shortly after he cooperated with the District Attorney by supplying ample evidence to convict 23 Syndicate big-wigs.

The talkative little "Con of the Month" award winner is best remembered by his fellow inmates for the many near-fatal accidents he suffered here following his meeting with the D.A. In addition to being grazed by heavy falling objects at least four times in the past few weeks, Blabbinsky clumsily backed into ice picks on three other occasions.



Solly's accident prone behavior continued to plague him upon his release as he stumbled into a barrage of gunfire just outside the Main Gate and was killed instantly. However, he went down still clutching his "Con of the Month" plaque to his bosom. This final gesture of appreciation to the San Dismal staff and its revered leader, Warden Bull-

(cont. on Page 83)

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS CORNER

MODEL LINCOLN MEMORIAL MADE OF BREAD CRUST IS 12-YEAR HANDICRAFT PROJECT OF TALENTED INMATE



A handsome replica of the Lincoln Memorial made entirely of stale bread crust has been unveiled by its creator, Maximum Disciplinary Section Resident Gerard (Mad Dog) Klavverman. The project, which Klavverman worked on for 12 years while being temporarily confined to "The Hole" for sassing a guard, was inspired by the picture on the back of a penny.

"I found this penny in my pants cuff after they threw me down here," Klavverman explained in a note he was permitted to hand up to your reporter. "For a few months, I just stared at it to keep my mind occupied. But then, the guards kindly encouraged me to begin work on my model by feeding me bread crusts that nobody could possibly eat."

Warden Lamar L. Bullhorn, long known as a patron of the arts, paid a special visit to Klavverman's cell to view the intricate accomplishment and pronounced it "pretty damn good for a maniac like that who's really nothing but an animal." Unfortunately, the Warden also found that Regulation 2977-B, which prohibits an inmate in solitary from harboring luxury items (which, of course, would apply to any form of sculpture), made it necessary to order the model demolished at once.

However, in a humane gesture that is typical of Warden Bullhorn, Klavverman's penny was merely confiscated, and will be returned to him when he is released in 2054.

YOUR PHINKING PHOTOGRAPHER

QUESTION: Which of the many recent improvements made at San Dismal by your beloved Warden, Lamar L. Bullhorn, has drawn your most heartfelt and sincere appreciation?

This month's loaded question was submitted by Bobby Joe Bullhorn, Absentee Administrative Assistant and Full-Time Golfer. The favorable-or-else answers were offered by inmates in the North Exercise Yard.

BIG EDDIE KLUTZ, SAN DISMAL MACHINE SHOP



Putting a real, bona fide pre-med student in charge of the Infirmary meant a lot to me a few days ago when I got caught in a power saw with no safety guard and was hacked up real bad. This new medic found some rags on the floor right away to bandage me with, and I was back at work in an hour. Of course (GASP) the bleeding still hasn't stopped... (WHEEZE) but I'm (GURGLE) feeling much (GAAAAAAAAK) better.

SOL (Senile Sol) TREMBLE, LICENSE PLATE SHOP



I haven't had near as much time to sit around and get depressed since the warden decided to let us all work 16 hours a day, seven days a week. I was even too busy to get the blues on Christmas Eve like I usually do. It's simply wonderful how thinking about what will happen to me if I don't meet my work quota helps keep my mind off really unpleasant things.

MORTON (Morty the Meek) FUTZ, LAUNDRY ROOM



For a man like me who's only got a little more time to serve on a 99 year term, the main thing is to keep out of trouble. That is why I'm grateful to Warden Bullhorn for his announcement of a new policy to avoid protest demonstrations. The young hotheads should realize by now that grabbing hostages and making demands is pointless since the Warden's told them he'll never give in, no matter who happens to get killed.

OLIE DUMBKOPF, KITCHEN FLOUR SACK STACKER



I think that Warden Bullhorn has taken a big step forward in prisoner education by giving those weekly lectures to inform us of our constitutional rights. Until Mr. Bullhorn was kind enough to explain the subject, I had not even understood why nothing that is guaranteed by the Constitution applies to a con like me anyway.

PEN PAL'S CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER

**Brutally frank answers to your questions
by Frank Brutally,
Assistant Chief Disciplinary Officer**

Dear Frank,

During my three years at San Dismal, I have been gathering data for the exposé I plan to write after I'm released about the horrible prisoner treatment here. I still need to collect a little more evidence, but now I'm scheduled for a Parole Board hearing next month. If I'm let out early, do you think I should go ahead with my book based on what I already have?

J.Q.

Dear J.Q.,

No need to worry. I have just turned your letter over to the Parole Board, and since only one prisoner with the initials J.Q. is scheduled for a hearing next month, I'm sure you'll still be here gathering data for many years to come.

Dear Mr. Brutally, Sir,

About 20 years ago, I heard that inmates who show the "proper attitude" toward officials are given special consideration for work assignments in the library and infirmary. Since then, I have sent our beloved Warden the most expensive gift I could afford every Christmas, and have voluntarily shined the shoes of all the guards in my cellblock daily. What more do I have to do?

H.G.

Dear H.G.,

Your question is a hard one to answer, due to the fact that cry babies and ingrates who write to this column begging for cushy jobs automatically have their names dropped down to the bottom of the list.

Dear Frank,

I read somewhere that a person who has been forced to eat food with bugs crawling all over it can contract terrible diseases, like beri-beri. Is this true?

Weak and Sickly

Dear W. & S.,

Of course not! The whole idea is ridiculous. Beri-beri is a nutritional disease caused by improper diet especially lacking in vitamin B. What you probably read is that people suffering with beri-beri often hallucinate and imagine they see bugs crawling all over their food. Feel better now?

J.J. Woodstock

Dear Jay-Jay,

This column is always happy to assist residents who wish to take part in recreational activities. Therefore, we have already signed you up for the rock festival. Just report to the Road Gang Foreman next Monday at 7 A.M. and he will give you all necessary information and a sledge hammer.

Dear Frank,

I was convicted on a bum rap and I can prove it. But whenever I write my lawyer asking how to present new evidence to the Appeals Court, his answers come back with so many parts blacked out by the prison censors that I can't understand what he means. Can you advise me?

Railroaded

Dear Railroaded,

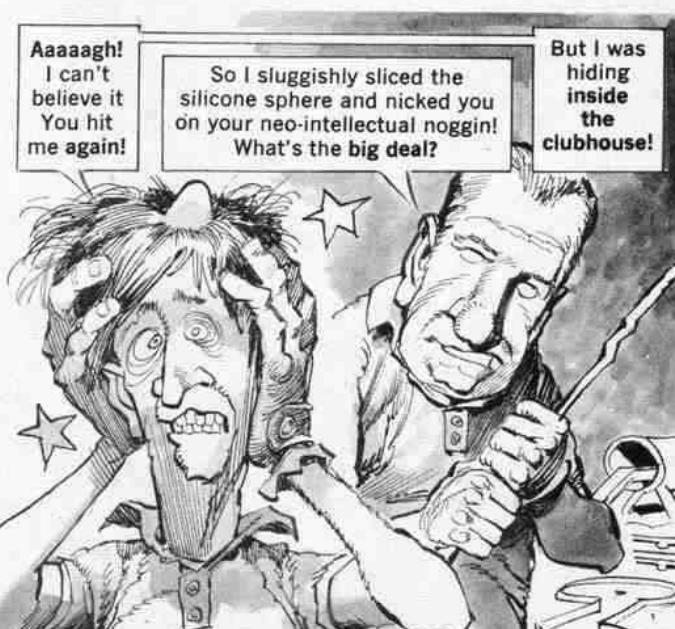
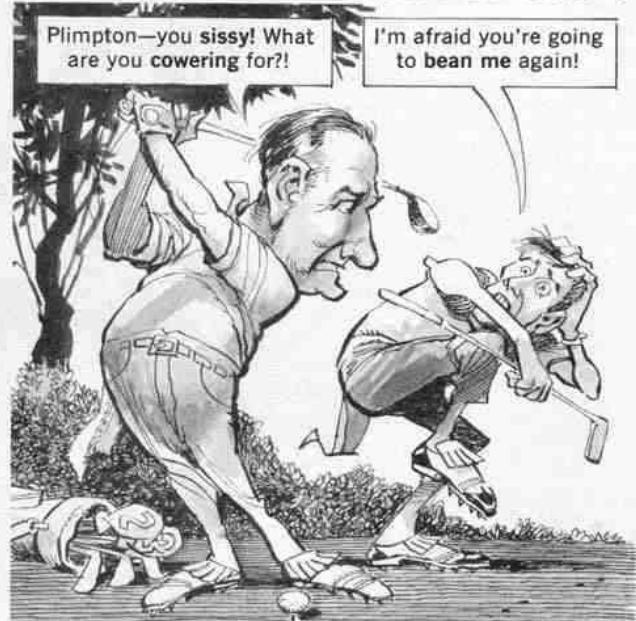
Any wrongfully convicted person has the right to appeal. Merely submit written proof of your innocence to [REDACTED] Within 30 days, you should receive a [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] If not, notify the [REDACTED] that you wish to [REDACTED] and they will promptly [REDACTED] See how easy and democratic it is once you stop complaining and just follow the normal procedures?

LET GEORGE DO IT! DEPT.

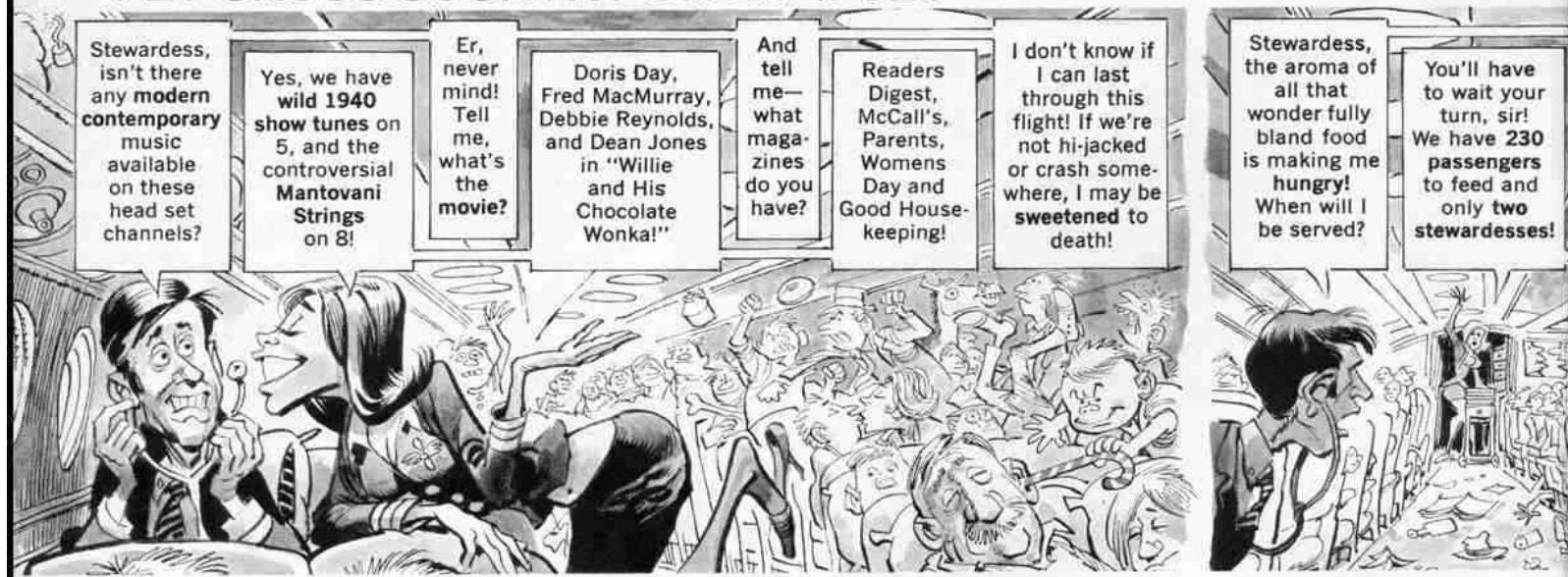
The new adventure hero of the day is George Plimpton. Not a typical hero type, George displays more brain than brawn. Usually. Sometimes he doesn't. Like when he stepped into the ring to fight Archie Moore, when he played quarter back for the Detroit Lions, and then later for the Baltimore Colts, and when he took a leap on a trapeze, and when he hunted big game in Africa. At times like those we questioned the man's intelligence, if not his sanity. But if he *must* take on these suicidal self-assignments, then why no go ALL THE WAY!? Why not take on some real toughies? In other words, we at MAD now suggest...:

SOME REALLY DANGEROUS JOBS FOR GEORGE PLIMPTON

PLAY GOLF WITH SPIRO AGNEW



FLY CROSS-COUNTRY ON A 747 JET

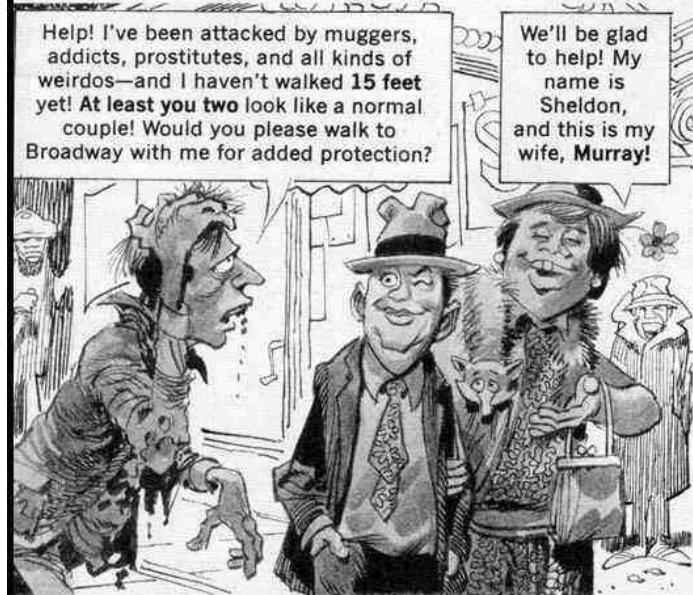


LIVE WITH JERRY LEWIS FOR A WEEK

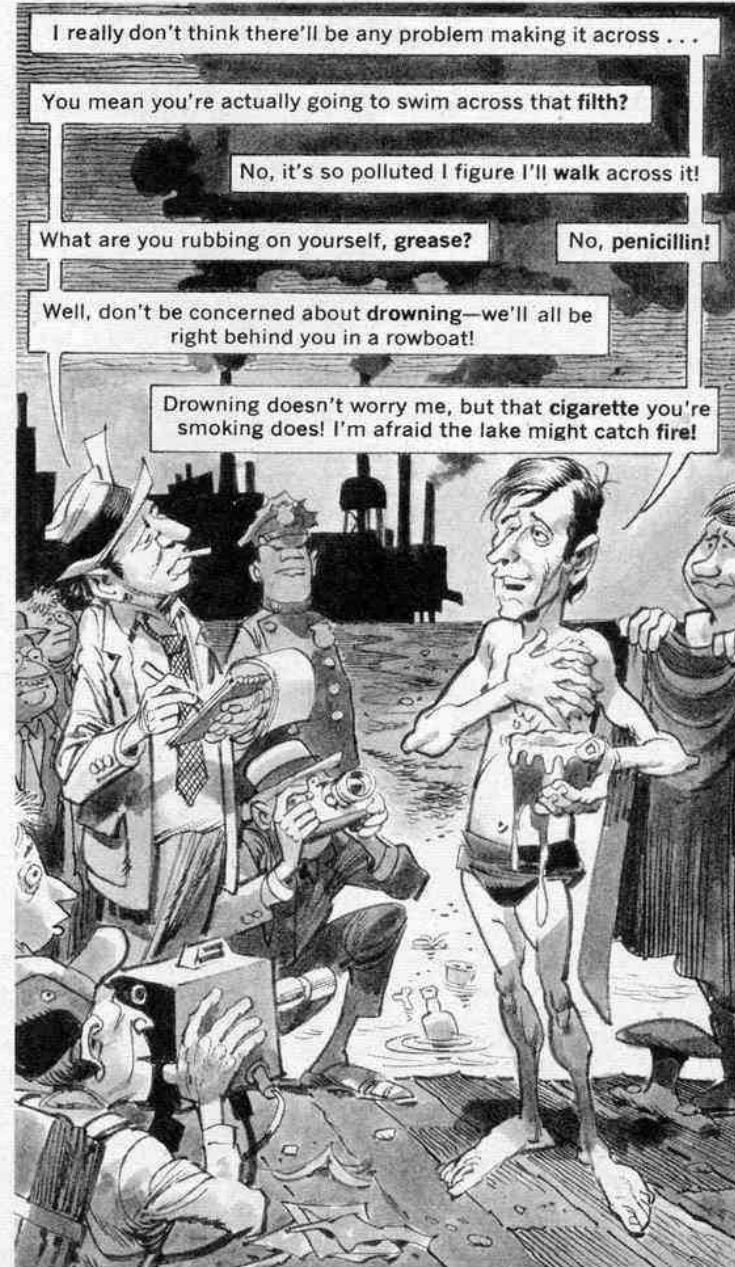


WALK ON 42nd STREET FROM 8th AVENUE TO BROADWAY



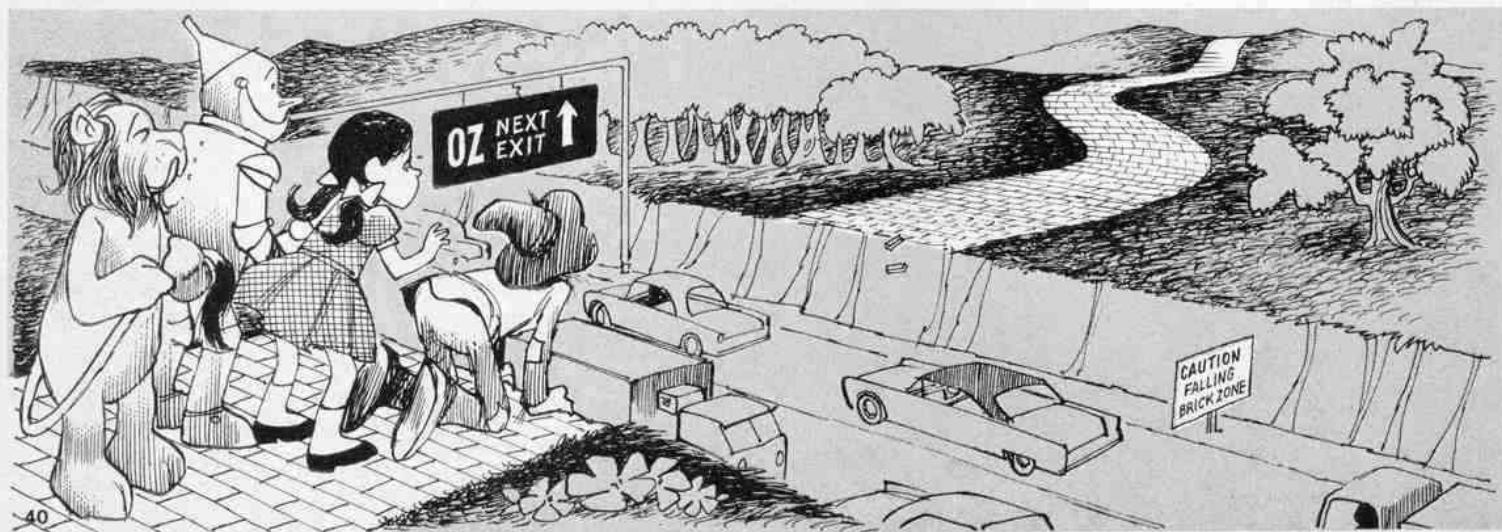
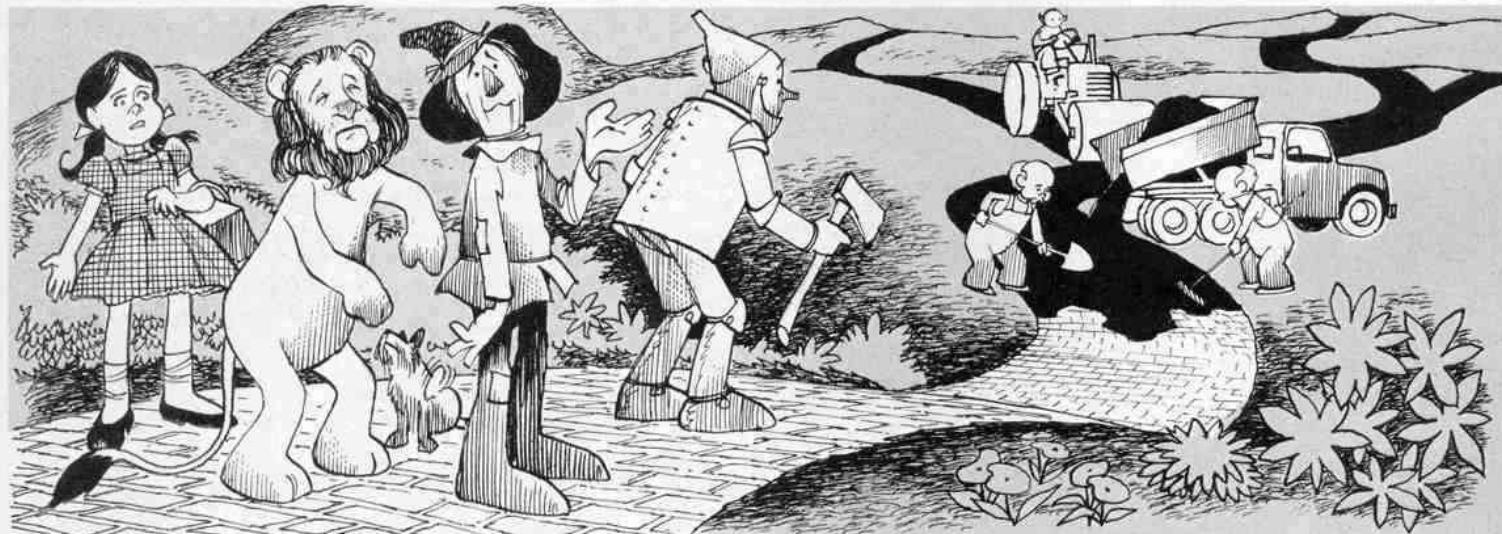
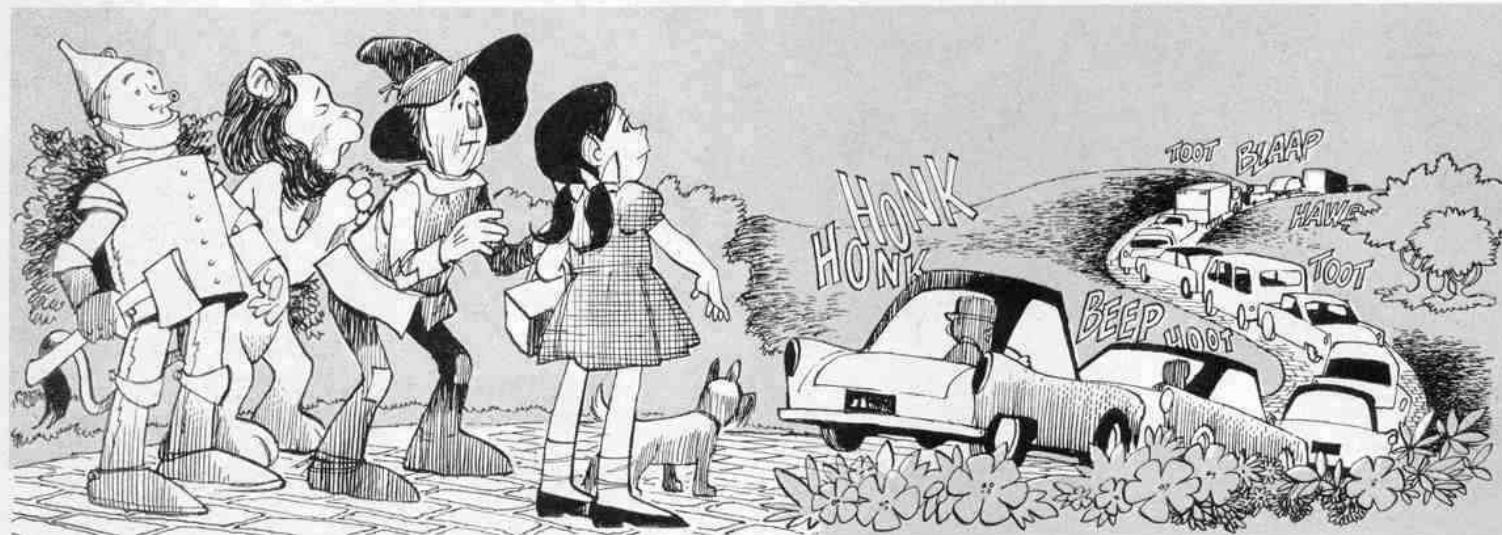


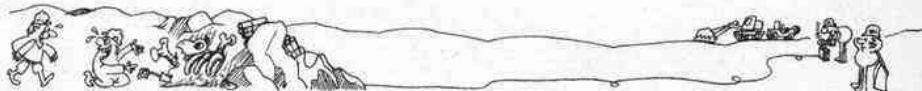
SWIM ACROSS LAKE ERIE



GEE, WIZARD! DEPT.

OZ-revisite

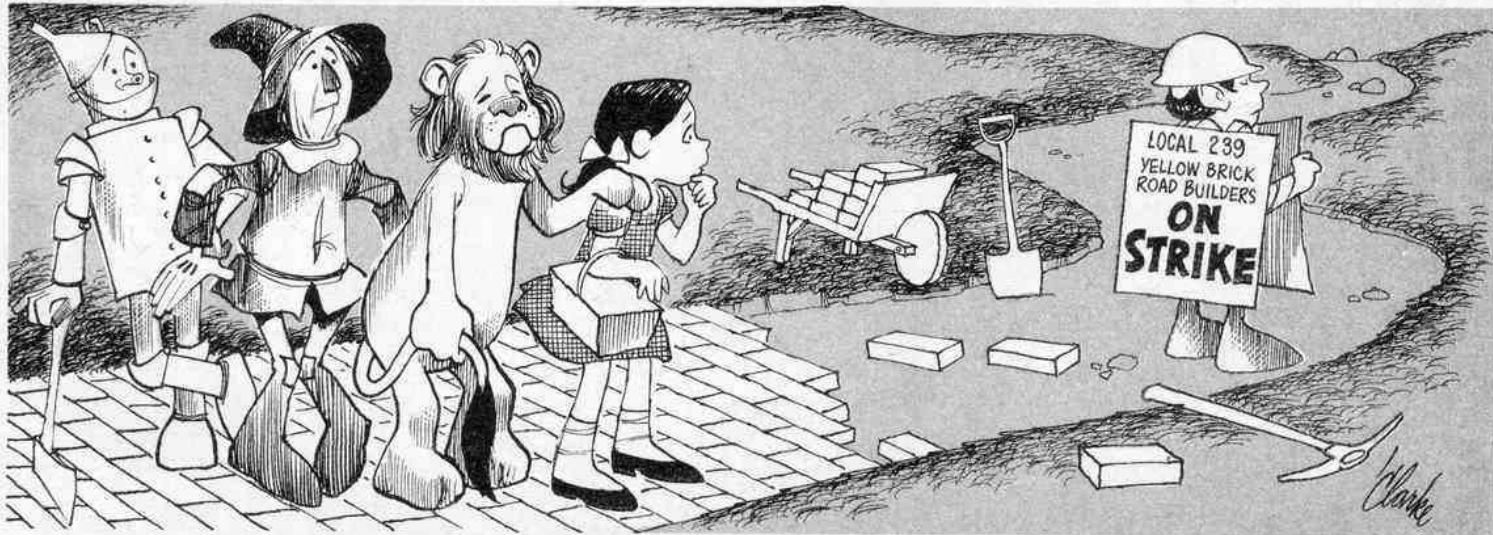




OR...LET'S FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD AGAIN...IF WE CAN!

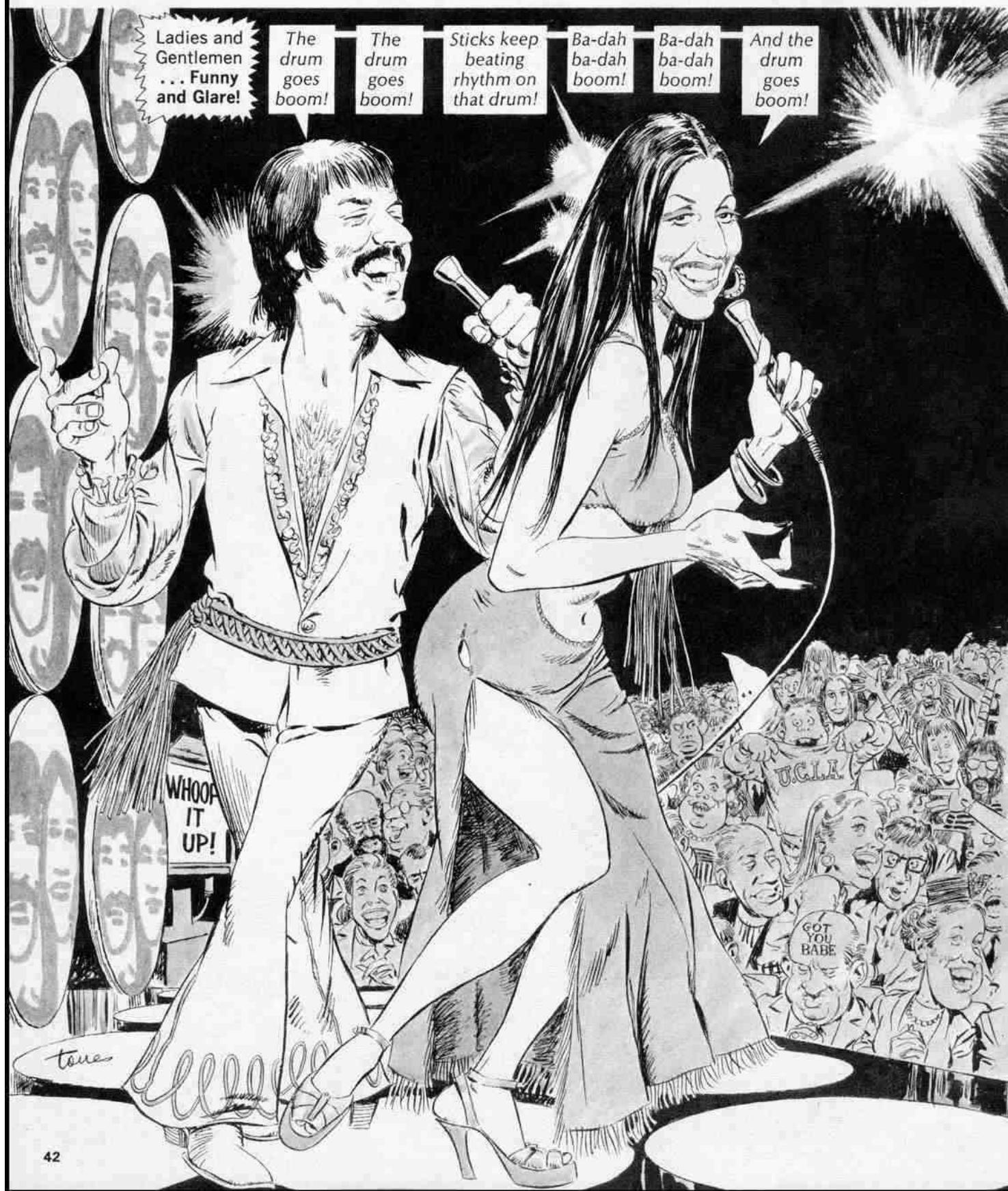
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON EDWING



THE MOD COUPLE DEPT.

Each year, television networks seek out new faces and fresh talents to build shows around. Last season, CBS had a unique inspiration: to bring before the millions that comprise the viewing public a married couple with verve, charm, charisma and drive. We're referring, of course, to John and Martha Mitchell. But since they had other commitments, CBS brought us instead . . .



THE FUNNY & GLARE SHOW

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Hi, everybody, and welcome to our show! My name is Funny . . . and this is Glare . . . and we—

Hey, MY name is Funny! YOUR name is Glare!

I beg your pardon! I'M Funny . . . and YOU'RE Glare!

You're wrong! Funny is the GUY!!

Well, I AM the guy! Just look what I'm wearing! Sheer tricot bellbottoms with gold piping, a low-cut see-through blouse with bolero sleeves, and a slightly-teased page-boy hair-do . . .

See what I mean?! You call that an outfit for a GUY??!

Well, that's what happens when we wear the same size outfits! Er—c'mon, Glare, what shall we talk about this week?

Since this is our opening monologue, there's only one thing we CAN talk about: your Guinea background, your garlic breath, or your meatball intelligence!



That's right! We do it every week! Do you think that people will accuse us of stealing this kind of humor from "All In The Family"?

We're nothing LIKE "All In The Family"! They do the racial shticks for 30 minutes, and we do 'em for 60 minutes and sing in between!

Understand, you garlic-breathed Guinea meatball?

That was great! All three in one sentence!

Hey, you forgot something! What happened to the joke about my nose, in return? C'mon, Funny. Shape up! We've got a formula to follow!

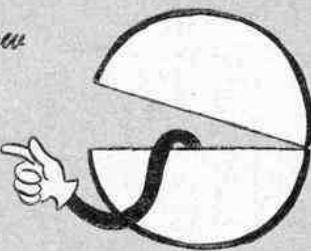
Y'know, Glare, your nose is right on your face!

That's no joke! Yeah, but didn't you notice? With this audience, it gets the same amount of laughs as any of the funny lines!

You're right! Then why do we bother to do funny lines? I guess you didn't notice that either! We don't!!



*The Funny & Glare Show
will continue
in just one moment—*



Don't you envy me? All I have to do is come out for a few seconds a couple of times during the show!

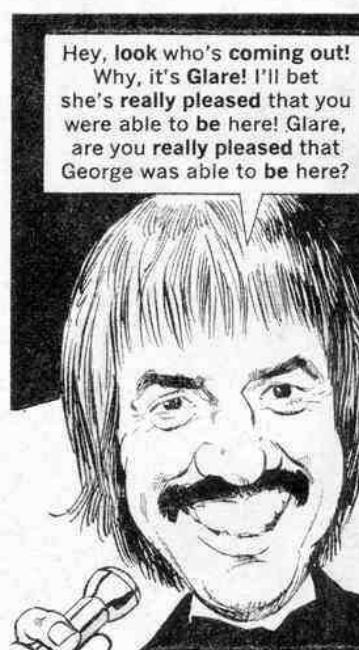
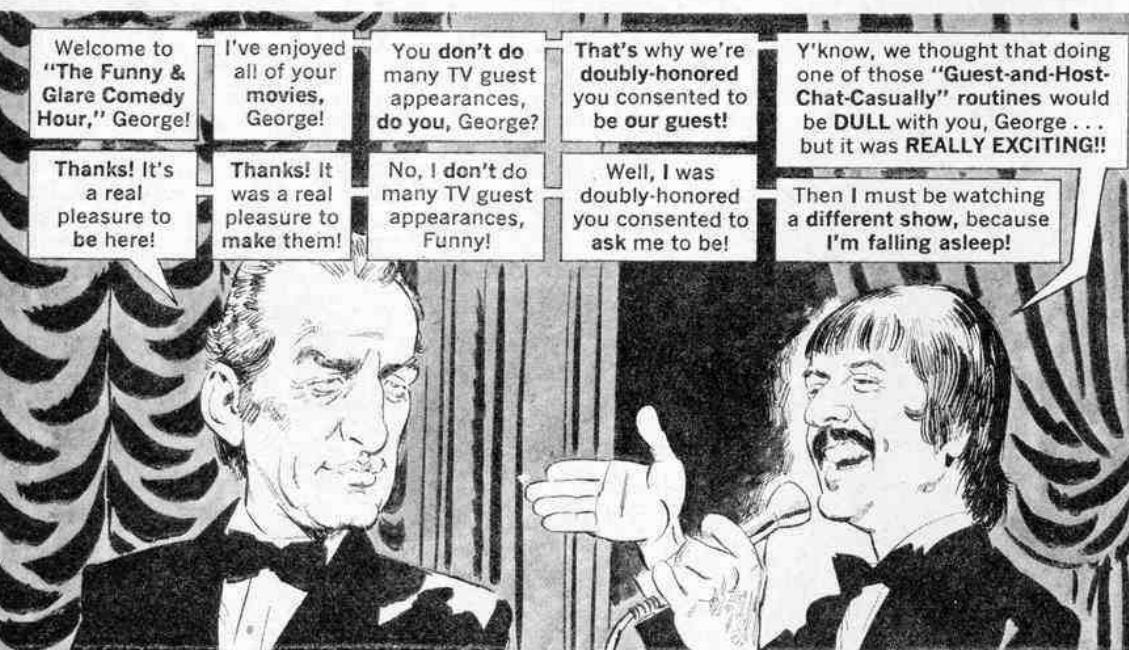
You folks at home have to watch the **WHOLE THING!**

SLAMM!

This is the "Guest Portion" of the program and—as you know—we never announce our guest's name at the beginning of the show!

Because we want it to be a surprise! And also because we don't want to confuse you! See, we only have our picture on-stage here **78** times, and we only have them flashed on screen **57** times, and we only have our names flashed on screen **42** times, and we only have them announced **21** times—and we wouldn't want you to forget whose show it is by hearing another name like our guest's mentioned once!

But enough talk about modesty! Let's meet this week's guest, George C. Scott!



Wow! First time this show, 80th time this season, and that line is still great!

You're not!



Okay! Enough of this feverish comedy pace! It's time for George C. Scott to perform! And if you've been watching our show, you know that we try to have our guests do things they've never done before! On past shows, we've had George Burns perform opera, Lorne Green recite Shakespeare, and Dinah Shore do comedy sketches! Well, tonight, George C. Scott will SING!

Aw, c'mon, George... Glare! You can quit the kidding now!

Who's kidding??!



Sing, George! And you folks at home— Enjoy the **Special Effects** we always employ to take your minds off the terrible things we make our guests do!

Don't... know... why...
There's no sun up in the sky...
Stormy weather—

Oh, my
Dear!
What
happened?

Uh... just a little
surprise I worked
out with the **Special
Effects Director!**

I wasn't talking
to you, meatball!
I was talking to
George! Didn't you
hear me say "Dear"?



Well, anyway, that was our guest doing his **UN**usual thing! To give you an idea of the unusual things we plan to have future guests do... we expect to have Annette Funicello ACT... and Frankie Avalon SING!

But right now, Glare and I would like to do a brand new number! It's rather a departure for us from our usual "beat" songs like "The Drum Goes Boom" and "The Brass Goes Bamm"! Also, please note our special choreography...



Thanks! Thanks very much! It sure is good to see our studio audience here finally start to warm up!



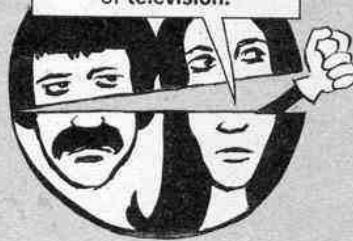
Hi! It's me again! Have you noticed that I'm only on the screen for about five seconds at a time?



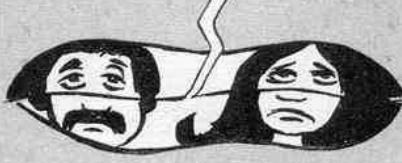
And right after those five seconds, Funny & Glare show up in totally different clothes and totally different hair-dos?



That, folks, is the magic of television!

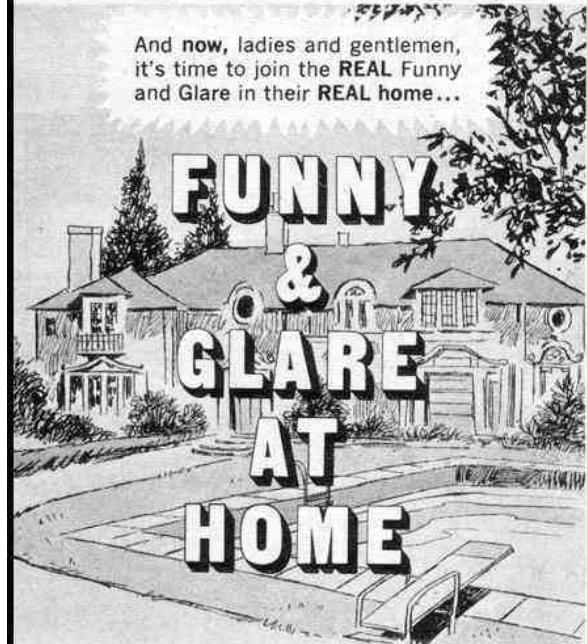


But for the idiots here in the studio audience who have to sit for seven hours while they tape this one hour show, the magic is somehow fading!



And now, ladies and gentlemen, it's time to join the **REAL** Funny and Glare in their **REAL** home...

FUNNY & GLARE AT HOME



Oh, you're gonna get it!

You're not! And besides—

Hey, you didn't wait for the laugh that line always gets!

We're at home now, remember, linguini mouth? The only laugh here is you!



Glare, are you going to continue to cast doubts on my manhood, even in the privacy of my own real home?

Not if you'll do me a favor!

Sure! Anything! Just name it!

If I give you those high-heeled shoes you want for your birthday . . . can I wear 'em sometimes?





Well, that's our show, folks! But before we go, I'd like you to meet our TV Director! He's the one responsible for all those out-of-focus, fuzzy, way-out arty shots!



And here are our writers . . . the two guys responsible for our fresh, new format of having one lead star as the underdog, and the other lead star constantly insulting him . . .



Mother always liked you best!

Oh, yeah! Well, when we get home, you're gonna GET it!

Gee, I hope not!!!

May God bless each and every one of you . . . and keep His Eye on all the banks we have money deposited in! And now, here's our theme song . . .

The dough rolls in!

The dough rolls in!

TV's adding millions to our wealth!

Ca-ca ca-ca cash!

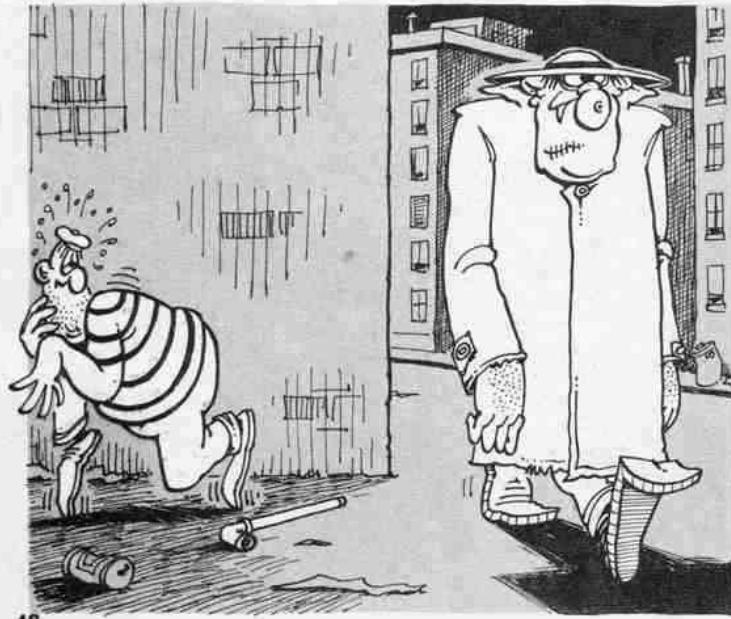
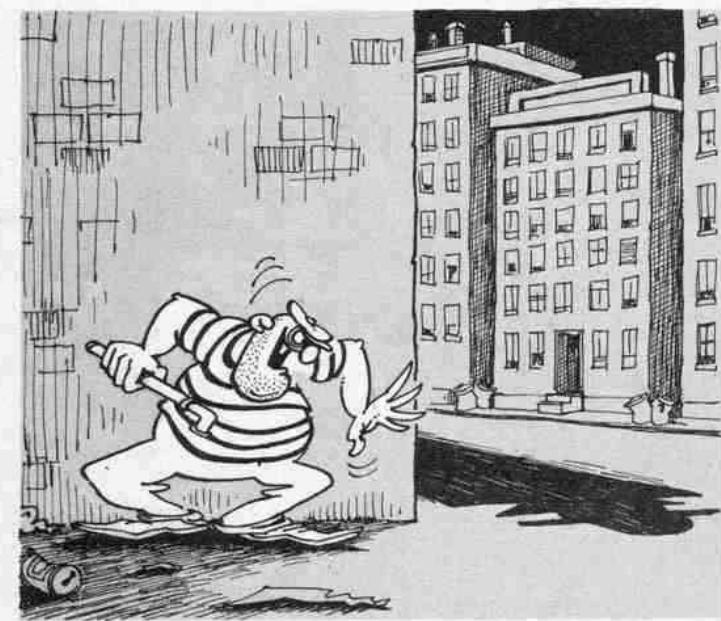
Ch-ch ch-ch checks!

And the dough rolls in!



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

LATE ONE NIGHT ON A DARK AND SCARY STREET



**WHAT
CRAZY
NEW TRIPS
ARE THE
FREAKS
INTO
LATELY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

The weirdos of the world always seem to come up with wild new ways to freak out. To discover what these crazy nuts are up to now, simply fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



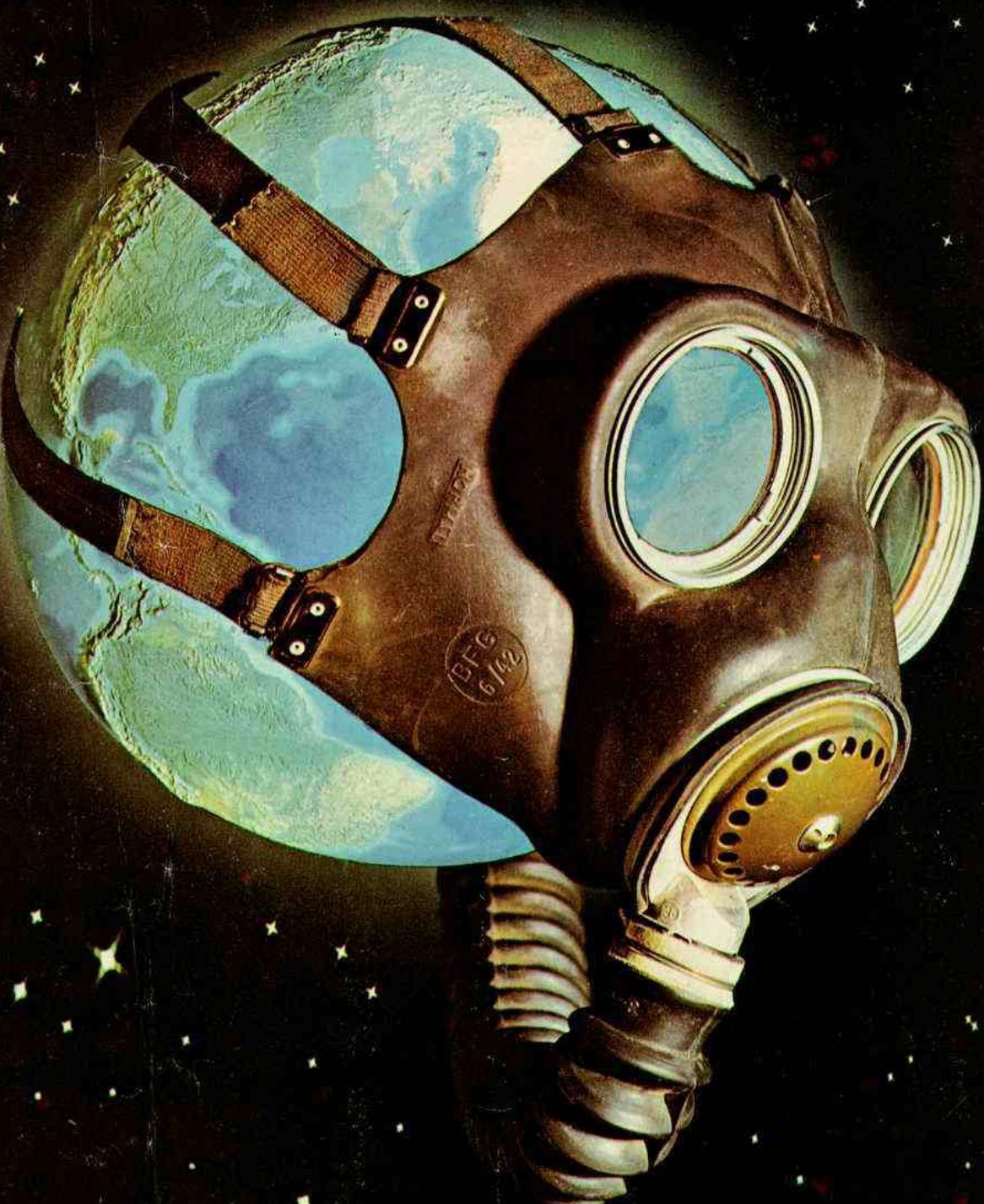
**SKIRTING SICKNESS-EVEN DEATH-BLEARY
EYED FREAKS "TRIP" WITH ANY NEW
JUNK THAT'S MIND-BLOWING AND BODY-WRACKING**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A

B

THE CHOKE'S ON US!



PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING SCHILD
CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL