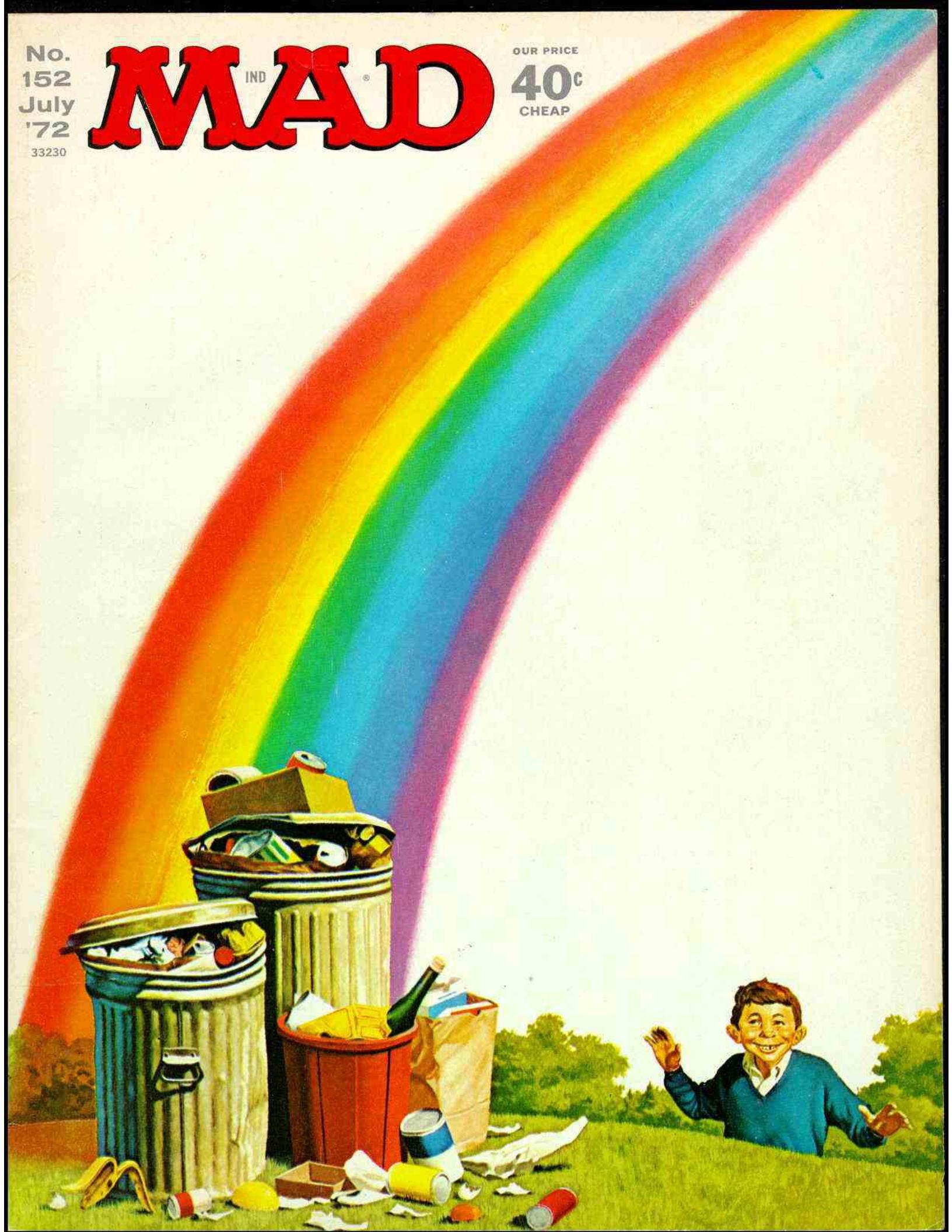


No.  
152  
July  
'72  
33230

# MAD

OUR PRICE  
**40¢**  
CHEAP



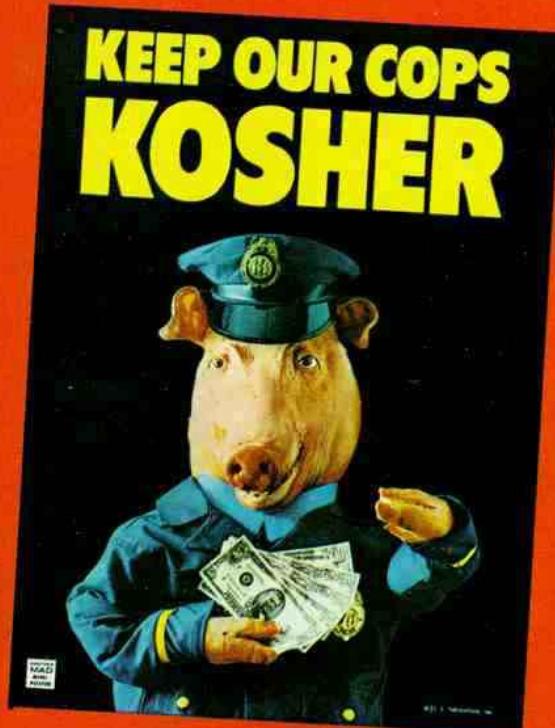
HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH MORE HANG-UPS!

YOU GET:

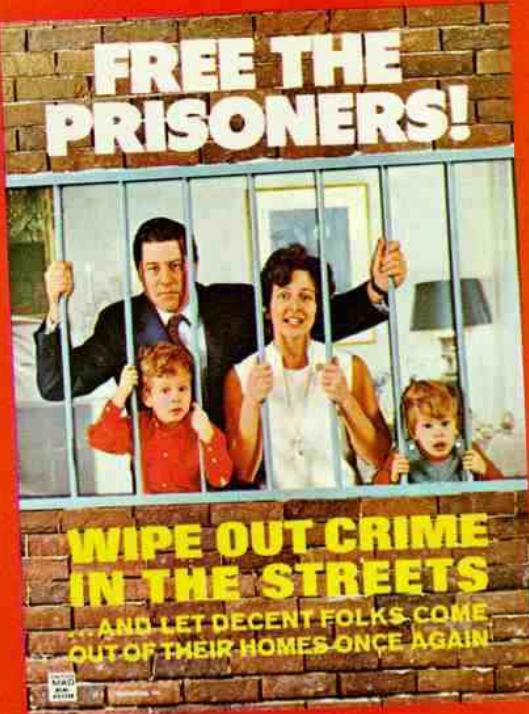
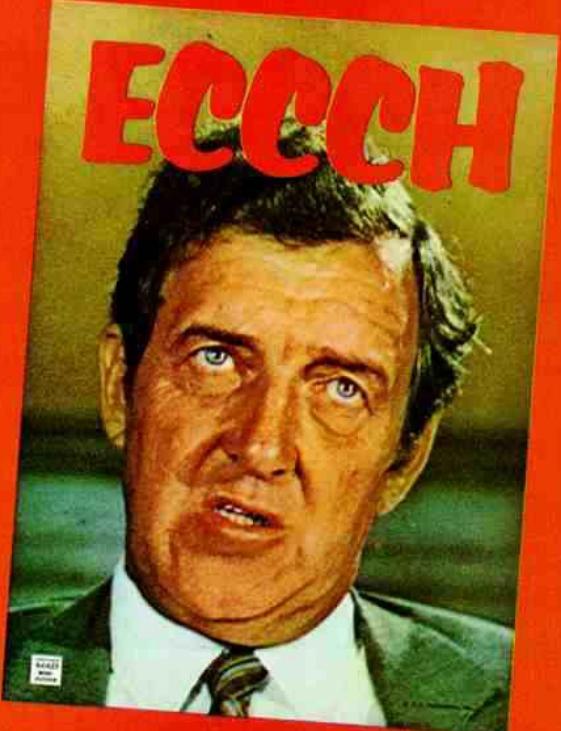
8  
SHOCKING  
MESSAGE  
POSTERS  
PLUS  
8  
PRESI-  
DENTIAL  
CANDIDATE  
POSTERS

for a total of

# 16 MAD MINI-POSTERS



AS THE  
FULL-COLOR  
BONUS IN  
THIS LATEST  
SPECIAL  
ISSUE:



## “MAD SPECIAL NUMBER SEVEN”

NOW ON DISPLAY WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD (OR RIPPED OFF!)

# MAD

"The trouble with modern apartments is: the walls are too thin when you try to sleep, and too thick when you try to listen!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*  
 JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*  
 JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*  
 GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,  
 CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVE FRASER *subscriptions*  
 CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

## DEPARTMENTS

### BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of Weddings ..... 26

### CHAIN REACTION DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Bicycling ..... 32

### CRIMINAL TYPES DEPARTMENT

Suicide ..... 40

### DEAR MONEY AND DADDY DEPARTMENT

The Art Of Writing Home For Money ..... 22

### DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

One Day At Campsite 39-B ..... 12

One Fine Day At The Pyramids ..... 39

### INSIDE DOPE DEPARTMENT

"What's The Connection?" (A MAD Movie Satire) ..... 4

### JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT

Spy Vs. Spy ..... 25, 31

### LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail ..... 2

### MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

Drawn-Out Dramas By Aragones ..... \*\*

### NETWORK-OVER DEPARTMENT

A Treasury Of Television Poetry And Prose ..... 34

### PHOTO-FINISHES DEPARTMENT

MAD Photoons ..... 14

### PROGRESSIVE JAZZ DEPARTMENT

MAD's Educator Of The Year ..... 17

### VIOLENCE IS GOLDEN DEPARTMENT

"Manic" (A MAD TV Satire) ..... 43

\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

WHAT'S THE  
CONNECTION?  
(A MAD MOVIE  
SATIRE)  
Pg. 4



MAD'S  
EDUCATOR  
OF THE  
YEAR  
Pg. 17



THE  
LIGHTER  
SIDE OF  
WEDDINGS  
Pg. 26



A  
MAD  
LOOK AT  
BICYCLING  
Pg. 32



A TREASURY  
OF TELEVISION  
POETRY AND  
PROSE  
Pg. 34



MANIC  
(A MAD  
TV  
SATIRE)  
Pg. 46



# ARE YOU SHELF-CONTROLLED?



Expand Your Horizons With Any Or All

# FIFTY-FIVE **MAD** PAPERBACK BOOKS

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTANDS—  
OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 60¢ EACH

use coupon or duplicate

**MAD**  
485 MADison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

PLEASE SEND ME

- The MAD Reader
- MAD Strikes Back
- Inside MAD
- Utterly MAD
- The Brothers MAD
- The Bedside MAD
- Son of MAD
- The Organization MAD
- Like MAD
- The Ideas of MAD
- Fighting MAD
- The MAD Frontier
- MAD In Orbit
- The Voodoo MAD
- Greasy MAD Stuff
- Three Ring MAD
- Self-Made MAD
- The MAD Sampler
- World, World, etc. MAD
- Raving MAD
- Boiling MAD
- Questionable MAD
- Howling MAD
- The Indigestible MAD
- Burning MAD
- Good 'n' MAD
- Hopping MAD
- The Portable MAD
- MAD Power
- The Dirty Old MAD
- Polyunsaturated MAD
- The Recycled MAD
- DON MARTIN Steps Out
- DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- MAD's Captain Klutz
- DON MARTIN Cooks
- DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
- DAVE BERG Looks at the USA
- DAVE BERG Looks at People
- DAVE BERG Looks at Things
- DAVE BERG Modern Thinking
- DAVE BERG Our Sick World
- The All-New SPY vs. SPY
- SPY vs. SPY Follow-Up File
- 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY
- A MAD Look at Old Movies
- Return of MAD Old Movies
- AL JAFFEE'S Snappy Answers
- More AL JAFFEE'S Snappy Answers
- The MAD Book of Magic
- Aragones's "Viva MAD"!
- Aragones's MAD about MAD
- MAD for Better or Worse
- Sing Along With MAD

I ENCLOSE 60c FOR EACH  
(Minimum Order: 2 Books)

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....  
STATE..... ZIP CODE.....

On orders outside the U.S.A. be sure to add 10% extra. Allow at least six weeks for delivery. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred!

## LETTERS DEPT.



### WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES

"White House Follies" was definitely your finest work to date. You needn't apologize to Gilbert and Sullivan. You are the very models of modern intrepid satirists!

Barbara Little  
Tampa, Florida

How could you usurp the beautiful melodies of Gilbert and Sullivan to such a degree by putting them in the mouths of such inane characters? A brilliant job!

Mark Packer  
Los Angeles, Calif.

"The White House Follies Of 1972" was incalculably epigrammatic. Congratulations to Mort Drucker for such realistic caricatures and to Frank Jacobs for his lyric style.

Herbert Buchsbaum  
Savannah, Ga.

### ADS THAT TURN PEOPLE OFF

Your article "Ads That Turn People Off" turned me on. I agree that companies that have too much business shouldn't advertise for more business.

Dennis Paul  
Marion, Ind.

### COSMOPOLITAN PIECE OFFERING

We of the Radcliffe College Varsity Basketball Team, being justifiably incensed at our sisters on "Radcliffy" being referred to as "five easy pieces", got mad, and went out and won our first game by 12 points. Until your slur on poor "Rad-

### THE PUTRID FAMILY

As a recent witness to the most sickening and plastic show to hit the tube since its invention, I must thank you for "The Putrid Family". It hit me right in the eye!

Matt Putnam  
Hull, Maine

I'd like to lavish some reader praise on your crummy mag. I congratulate you for your strike into one of America's most hated of bubblegum groups. Angelo Torres and Arnie Kogen have mercifully cleared the air of TV's most "Putrid" faction.

Jim Mayer  
Wichita, Kansas

Congratulations to Arnie Kogen for capturing the true meaningless story of a plotless show.

Chris Nicholls  
Orillia, Ont.

### HOWARD COSELL UNLIMITED

Everybody's ridiculing Howard Cosell and his mannerisms. Why can't they leave the poor man alone?

Stacey Port  
Flushing, N.Y.

Just a note to tell you how much the entire Cosell family enjoyed the article; including 2 1/2 year old grandson, Justin, who was thrilled to recognize Pappa chatting with Ernie. Justin is quite the Sesame Street buff.

Mary Edith Cosell  
(Mrs. Howard W.)  
New York, N.Y.

clyff", our team had lost four straight games; one of them by 61 points!

Perla Hewes  
Basketball Coach  
Radcliffe College  
Cambridge, Mass.



#### COSMOPOLITAN VIEWS

I have five children ranging in age from 8 to 20. The older children have always enjoyed MAD and I always assumed it was good entertainment for them. When they showed me your Cosmopolitan satire, I was astonished that your magazine would be so tawdry. It would be a shame if such an old friend as Alfred E. Neuman became just a dirty old man.

Mrs. Frank De Lizza  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"If Other Magazines Copied Cosmopolitan's 'Sex' Formula" is the most *embraceable* article you've ever done. I hope to read it soon.

Mart Butler  
Northvale, N.J.

#### MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS

I learned quickly from Al Jaffee's "More Snappy Answers. . . ." Asked by my friend, peering over my shoulder, if I was writing a letter to MAD, I *snappily* replied, "No, I am writing *many* letters and stringing them together to make *words* which I am sending to MAD."

Peter Hyman  
Queen's University  
Kingston, Ontario

#### CLASSROOM COMMENTARY

For several years I have been borrowing from MAD for teaching ideas. It has the best collection of relevant satire and parody. I've made transparencies for use with overhead projector, using such teaching aids as "The Rime Of The Modern Surfer", "Casey At The Dice", and other efforts of your Poer Lauridiots. Many thanks.

June Beattie  
South Hadley, Mass.

#### MARTIN'S HIGHWAY RESTAURANT

Don Martin's "One Busy Day In A Highway Restaurant" is a tasty serving, just made to order!

Jim Randleman  
Fair Oaks, Calif.

#### CALLIGRAPHER'S DELIGHT

The Chinese phrase, over President Nixon in the April FOLD-IN, reads: "Would you buy a used rickshaw from this man?" Such an unexpected discovery is a calligrapher's delight!

Bob Compton  
Henrietta, N.Y.

#### DICK'S RECORD BROKEN

I'm an avid reader of MAD and notice that Dick DeBartolo has had at least one article in every issue for the past eight consecutive years. However, in the April issue there was nothing written by him. Was this a mistake?

Teresa Laughlin  
New York, N.Y.

No, running at least one article in every issue for the past eight consecutive years was a mistake!—Ed.

Please Address All Correspondence To:  
MAD, Dept. 152, 485 MADison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

# WHY NOT HAVE THE NEXT ISSUE SENT DIRECTLY TO YOUR HOME?



## SUBSCRIBE TO **MAD**

use coupon or duplicate

**MAD**

**485 MADison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

ZIP CODE.....

I enclose \$7.00\*. Enter my name on  
your subscription list, and mail me  
the next 19 issues of MAD Magazine.

\*In Canada, \$7.00 in U.S. Funds, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, \$8.75, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails, so **CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED**!



You can end the draft by stuffing one or more of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, into the cracks! Or you can also line the bottom of bird cages, train puppies and wrap fish with them! Or you can also hang 'em on your wall, because they're suitable for framing! Merely send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



## INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:



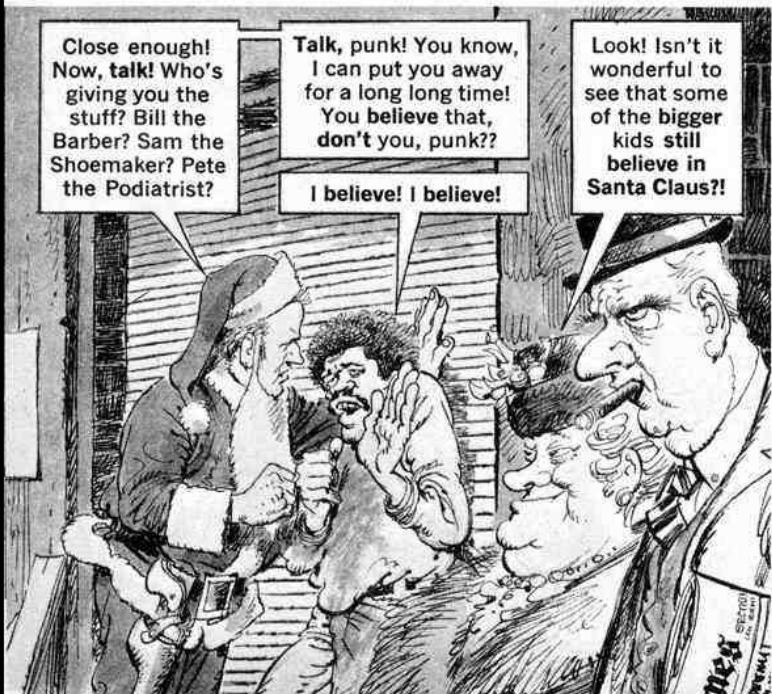
Okay! So I walked around Marseilles! So this brown Mark III Lincoln Continental followed me! So I bought a French bread, and I bought a pizza, and I stepped into this doorway, and now I'm being—GAAAK! —murdered! So after the picture is all over, maybe somebody will tell me ...



# WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Hey, Birdie!  
Did you see?  
That guy gave  
the waiter a  
\$100 tip!

It's not even  
his waiter! And  
now he's giving  
the hat check  
girl a \$50 tip!

Well? What's  
so unusual  
about that?

Well? What's  
so unusual  
about that?

He doesn't even have a  
hat! There's something  
fishy going on here! That  
kind of tipping makes me  
suspicious! And the fact  
that they're all wearing  
GUNS doesn't help!  
C'mon! Let's follow 'em!

Cockeye, the last  
time we followed  
someone, we stayed  
up for 3 days and 3  
nights, went 48 hours  
without food, and  
accidentally killed  
a Federal Agent!

Well . . .  
I can't  
promise it  
will be as  
much fun  
as THAT—  
but let's  
give it  
a whirl!

Gee, Cockeye,  
you're doing a  
great job of  
staying right  
on their tail!

No problem,  
Birdie! I  
tied our  
bumpers  
together!



But don't you  
think they'll  
get a little  
suspicious—  
seeing the same  
car behind them  
five hours in a  
row—especially  
in deserted  
Brooklyn???

Naw! I keep  
changing my  
expression  
and they  
think I'm  
someone  
different  
each time  
they look!

Hey! The guy drives a  
Caddy, his girl is  
loaded down with  
expensive clothes and  
jewelry, and they  
come home to a dumpy  
little Candy Store  
like that! What do  
you think, Cockeye?

I think that  
Candy Store  
is a GOLD  
MINE! We  
should open  
one right  
across the  
street and  
steal his  
customers!

I'm  
going  
to New  
York!  
I bought  
you a  
new coat!  
That's great!  
Now tell me,  
what's the  
connection?



I got the scoop on those  
Candy Store sweeties! His  
name is Salvatore Giuseppe  
Bocciballo, and his wife's  
name is Angelina Bocciballo!

Oh, they're  
Italians?  
No,  
Wops!

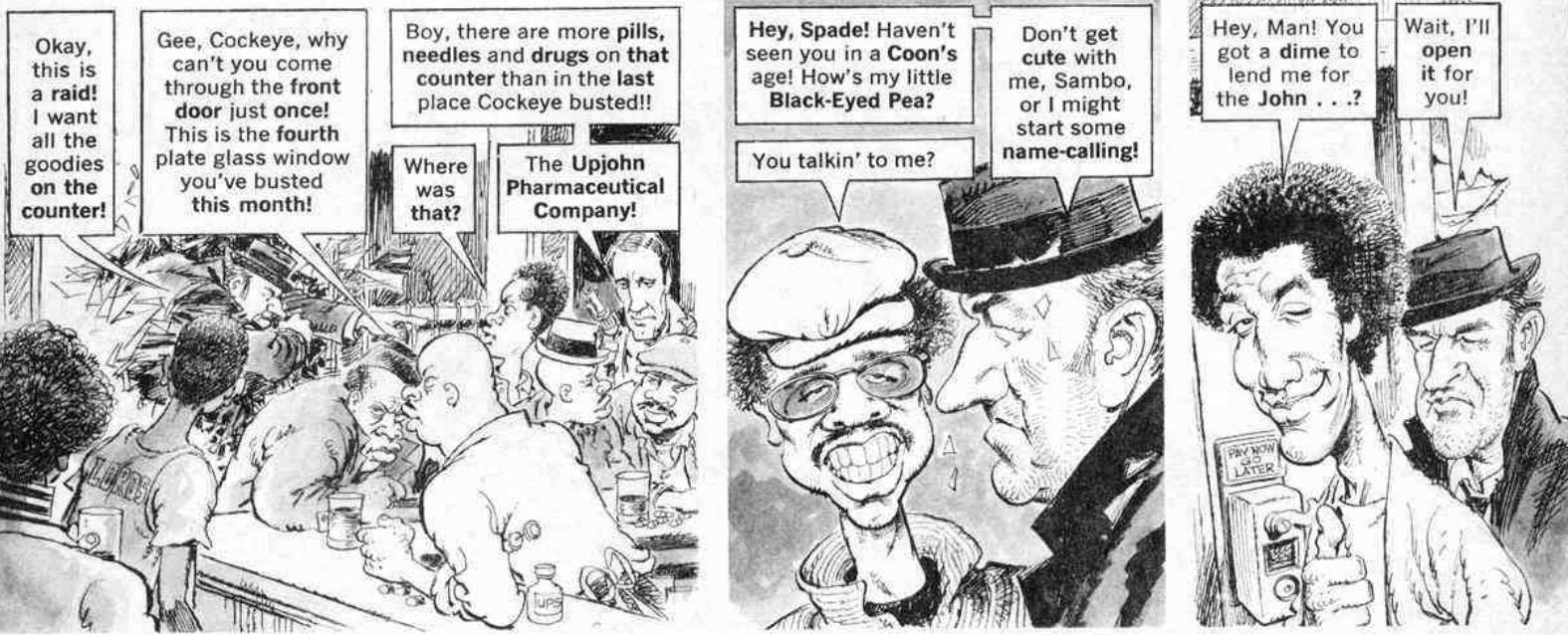
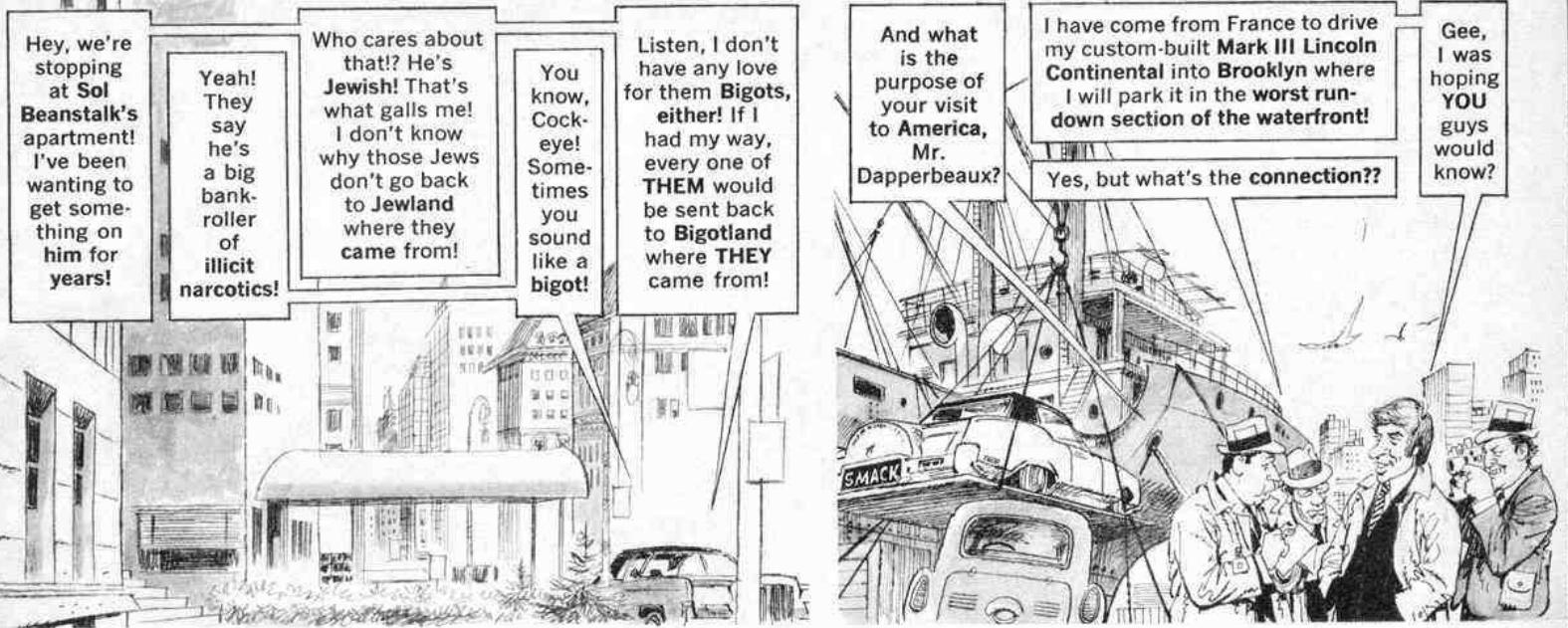
Wasn't this a great  
idea of mine? I  
figured Bocciballo  
was getting a little  
suspicious of seeing  
a car behind him all  
the time, so I came  
up with this . . .

Yeah, but  
don't you  
think that  
sitting in  
his BACK  
SEAT is  
a little  
dangerous?

Not so loud! He'll  
hear you! Now this  
is what I found out  
so far! Bocciballo  
and his wife make  
about \$7000 a year  
from the Candy  
Store . . . and they  
spend \$80,000!

Boy,  
I wish  
MY  
wife  
could  
stretch  
a buck  
like that!





But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm sure I'm on to something **BIG!!**

Cockeye, the last time you were on to something big, you cost the Department \$40,000, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent . . . !

Yeah, but last time, I just had a "feeling"! This time, I got a real "HUNCH"!

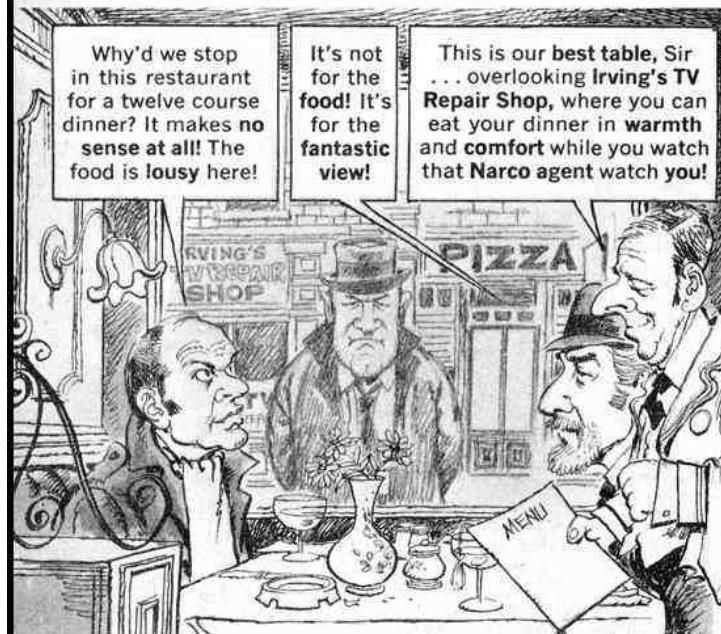
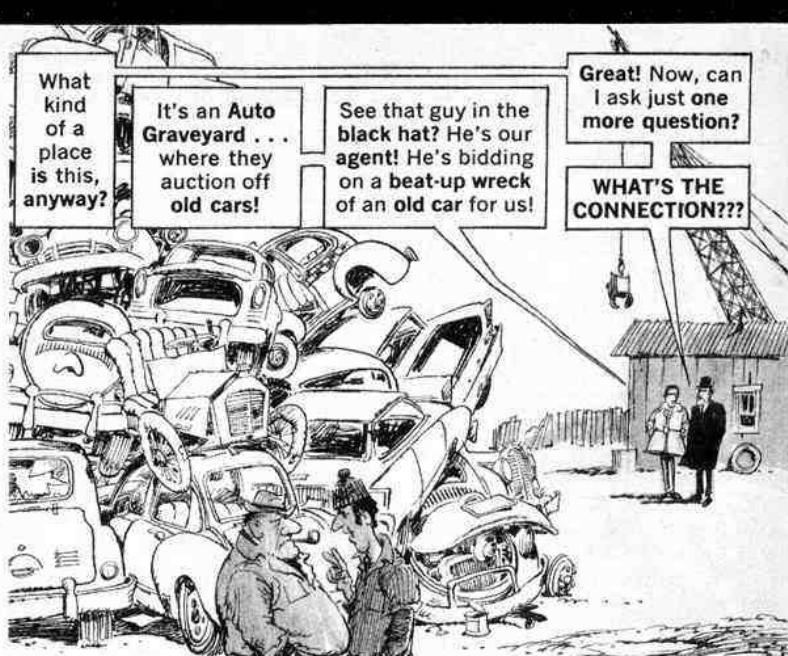
Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a Fed to help! Let's see, who won't I miss if he gets shot accidentally??

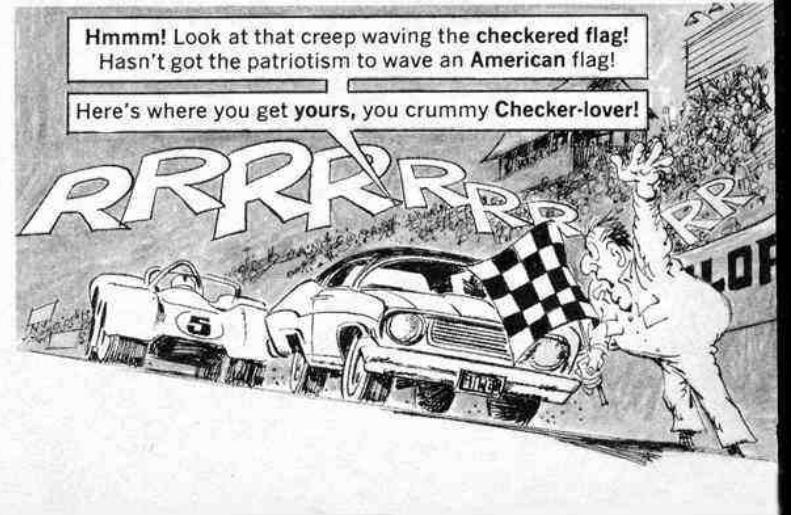
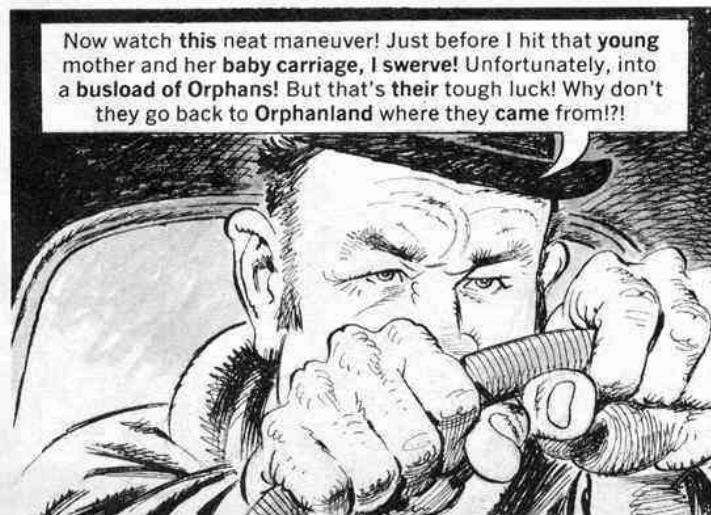
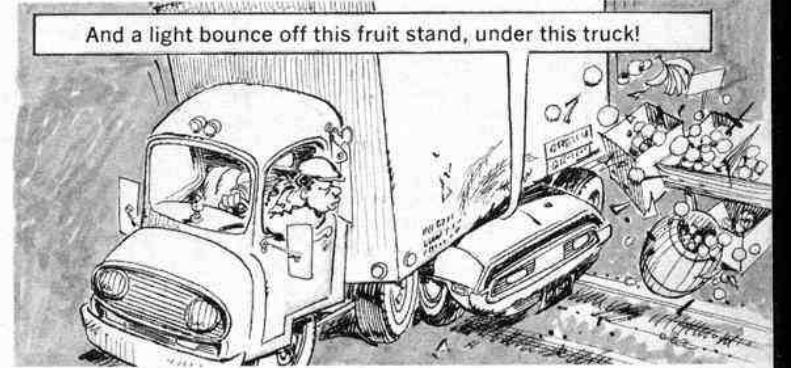
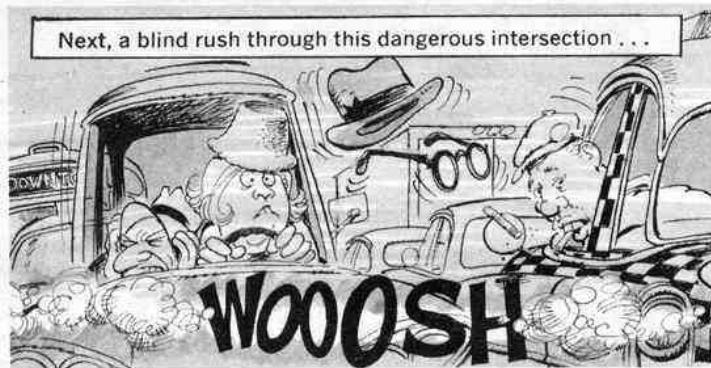
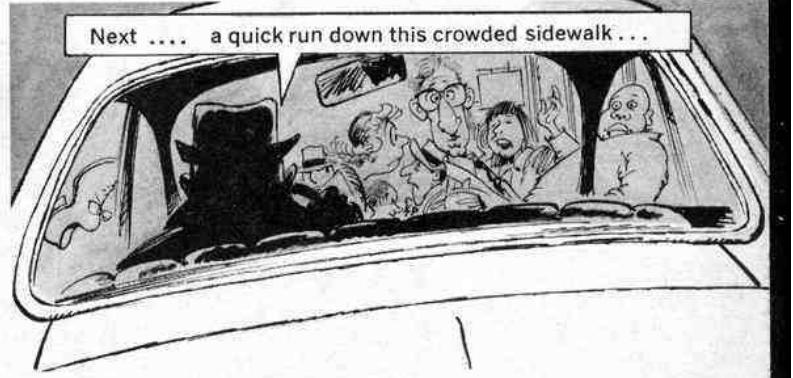
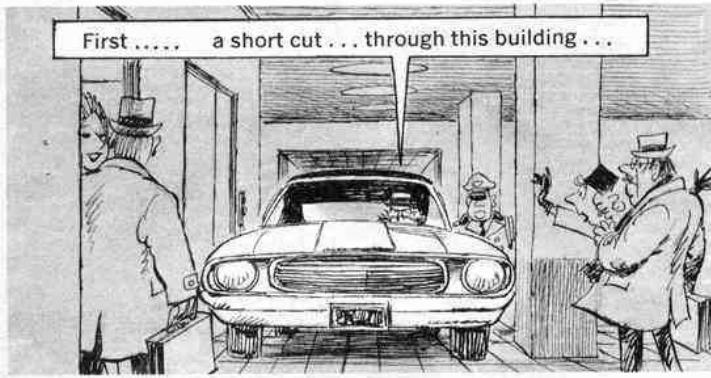
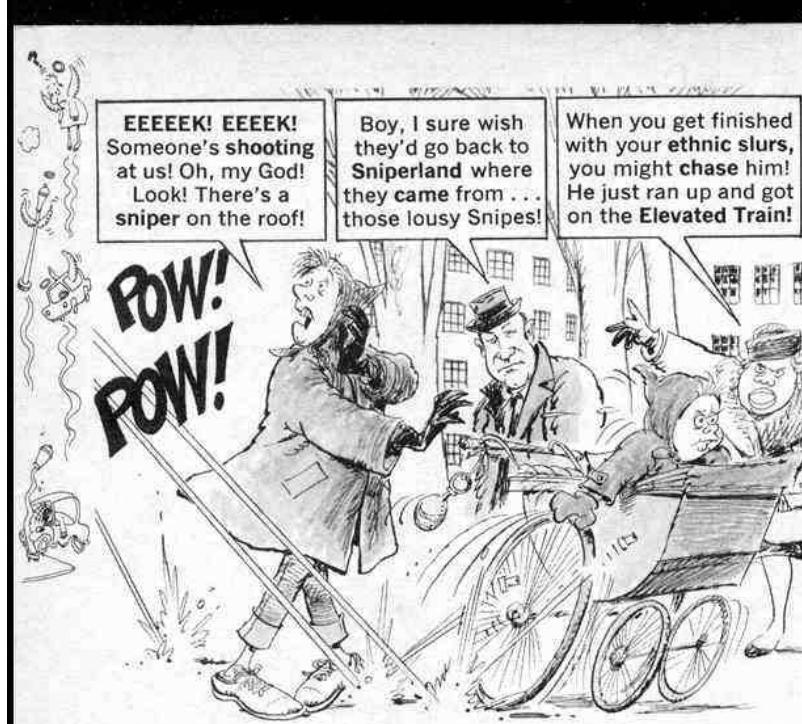
What kind of a place is this, anyway?

It's an **Auto Graveyard** . . . where they auction off old cars!

Great! Now, can I ask just one more question?

**WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???**





C'mon, buddy! Put down the gun, will you! These poor people have been held up six times already . . . and we've only gone **two stops!!**

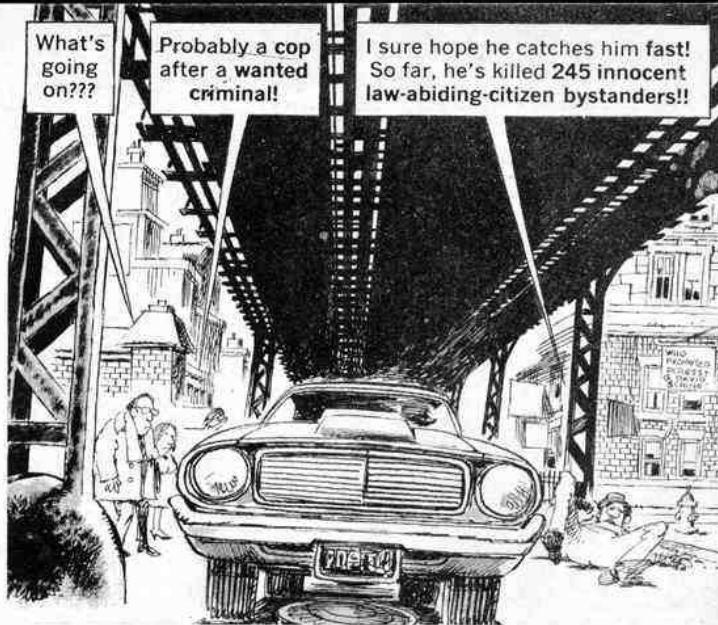
Don't stop at any station or I'll shoot!

Actually, I hadn't planned to! What do those dumb New Yorkers expect for 35¢ anyway!?! Scheduled stops!!!

What's going on???

Probably a cop after a wanted criminal!

I sure hope he catches him fast! So far, he's killed 245 innocent law-abiding-citizen bystanders!!



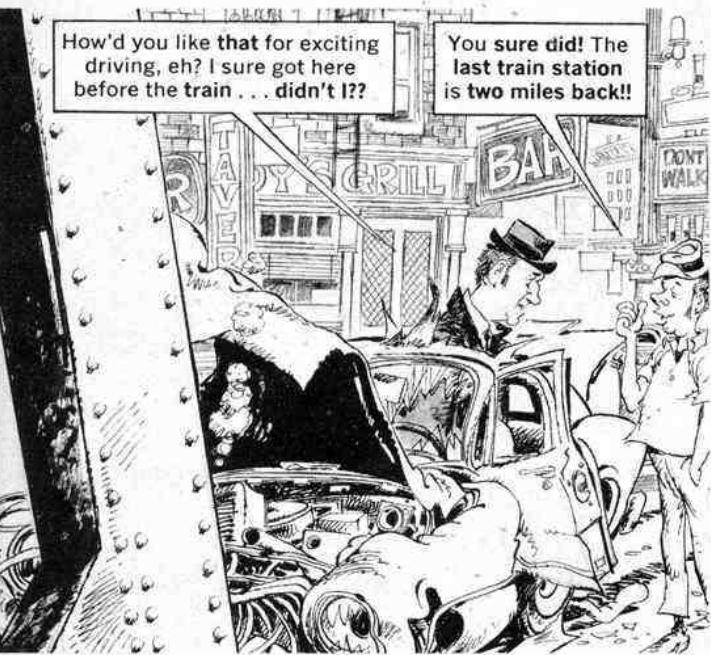
How'd you like that for exciting driving, eh? I sure got here before the train . . . didn't I??

You sure did! The last train station is two miles back!!

Take that, you lousy Snipe!

Now you know what it feels like to be shot to death!

Maybe next time, you won't be so quick to try to kill somebody!



Okay, so we sit here all night staking out the **Mark III Lincoln** that Dapperbeaux brought from France! So tell me . . . what's the connection?

Search me!?! But here come a gang of Spics looking to strip it! Isn't that **GREAT**!??

What's so great?! It spoils the stake-out!

Yeah, but it gives us a chance to hit Spics! We haven't hit Spics once so far!

#\$%¢ Spics! Why don't they go back to Spicland where they came from!??

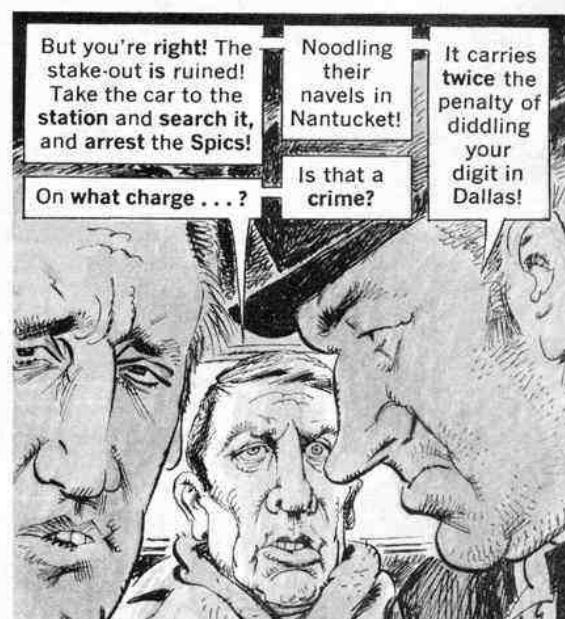
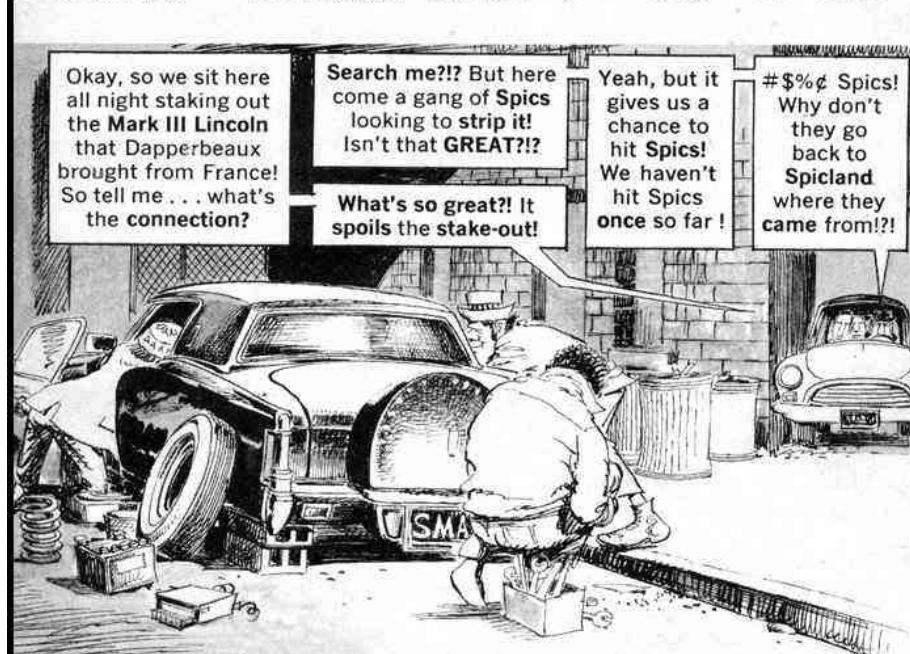
But you're right! The stake-out is ruined! Take the car to the station and search it, and arrest the Spics!

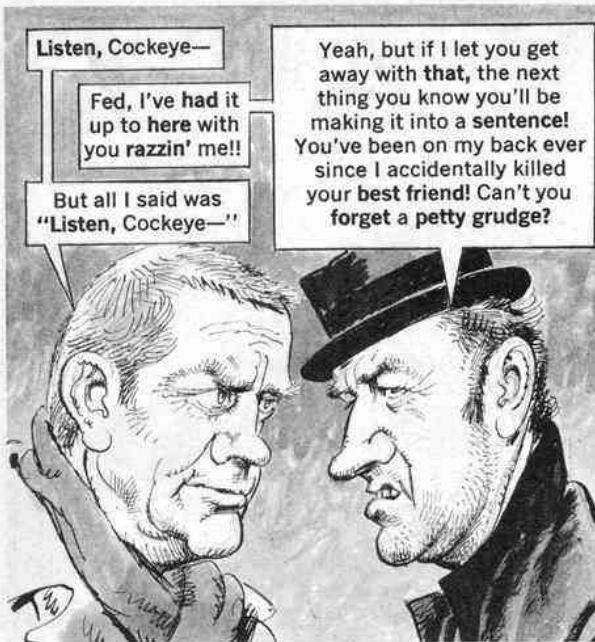
Noodling their navels in Nantucket!

It carries twice the penalty of diddling your digit in Dallas!

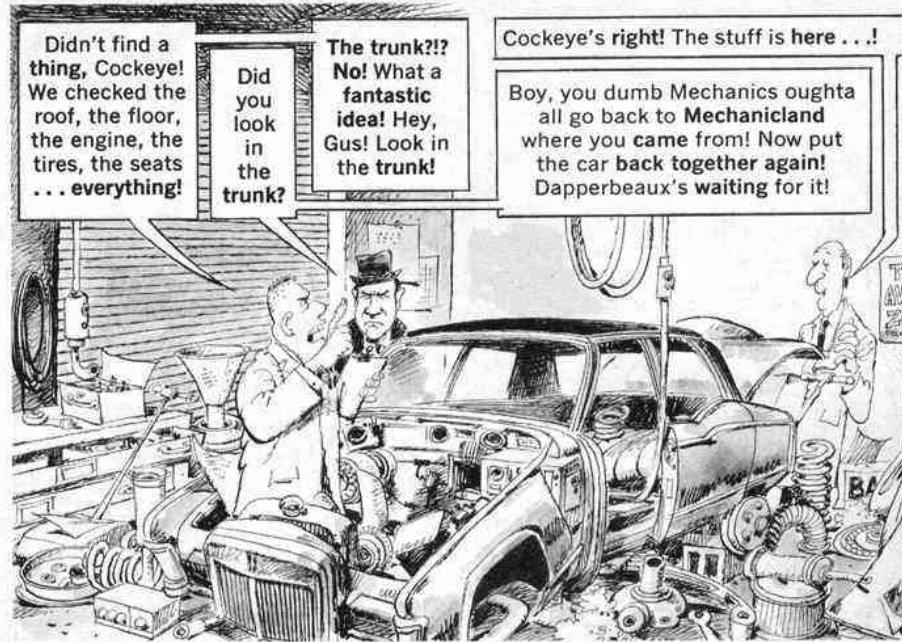
On what charge . . . ?

Is that a crime?



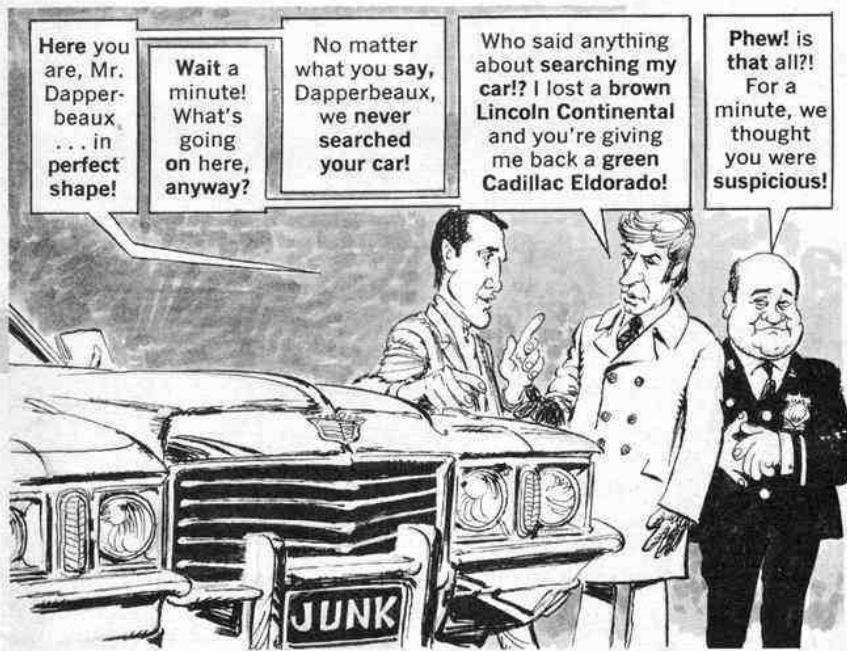


Yeah, but if I let you get away with that, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a sentence! You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your best friend! Can't you forget a petty grudge?



Cockeye's right! The stuff is here . . .

Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to **Mechanicland** where you came from! Now put the car back together again! Dapperbeaux's waiting for it!



No matter what you say, Dapperbeaux, we never searched your car!

Who said anything about searching my car?! I lost a brown Lincoln Continental and you're giving me back a green Cadillac Eldorado!

Pew! is that all?! For a minute, we thought you were suspicious!

Well, you've got your heroin . . . and I've got my money! Outside of a few million loopholes, it was the perfect crime!

**HOLD IT!**  
**THIS IS THE POLICE!**



Sorry, guys, but this isn't the perfect crime! And we still have three more loopholes to create!

I'm going to run and hide on this tiny, escape-proof island, and never be found by any of the 200 cops you have here!

That's loophole #1!

And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be accidentally shot by Cockeye!

That's loophole #2!

And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for "insufficient evidence"! I thought shooting at a cop would at least be a misdemeanor!

And that's loophole #3!

Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to thank you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!

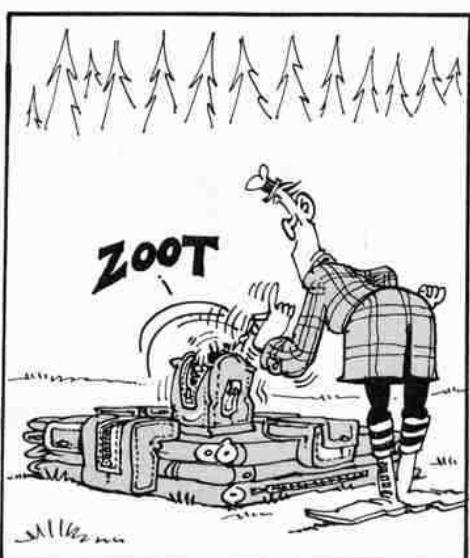
Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it wasn't me alone! No, sir, it was a combination of guys . . . a regular potpourri of Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .



Yeah, but what's the connection??

# ONE DAY AT C

OUTDOORSMAN  
COMPLETE  
ZIP-UP, FOLD-OUT  
CAMPER  
Every Convenience  
Imaginable!



# AMPSITE 39-B

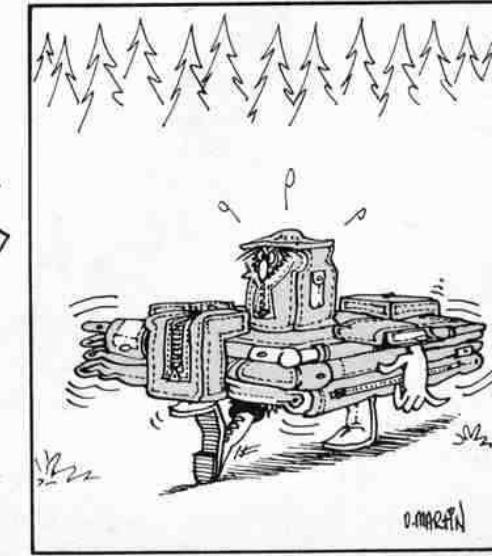
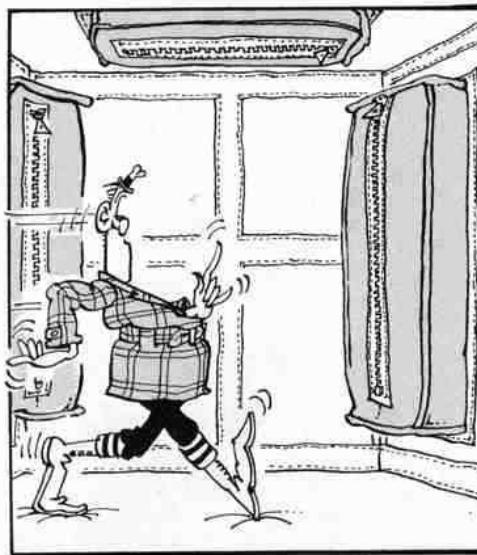
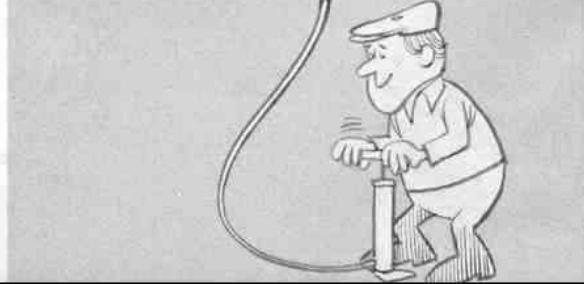


PHOTO-FINISHES DEPT.

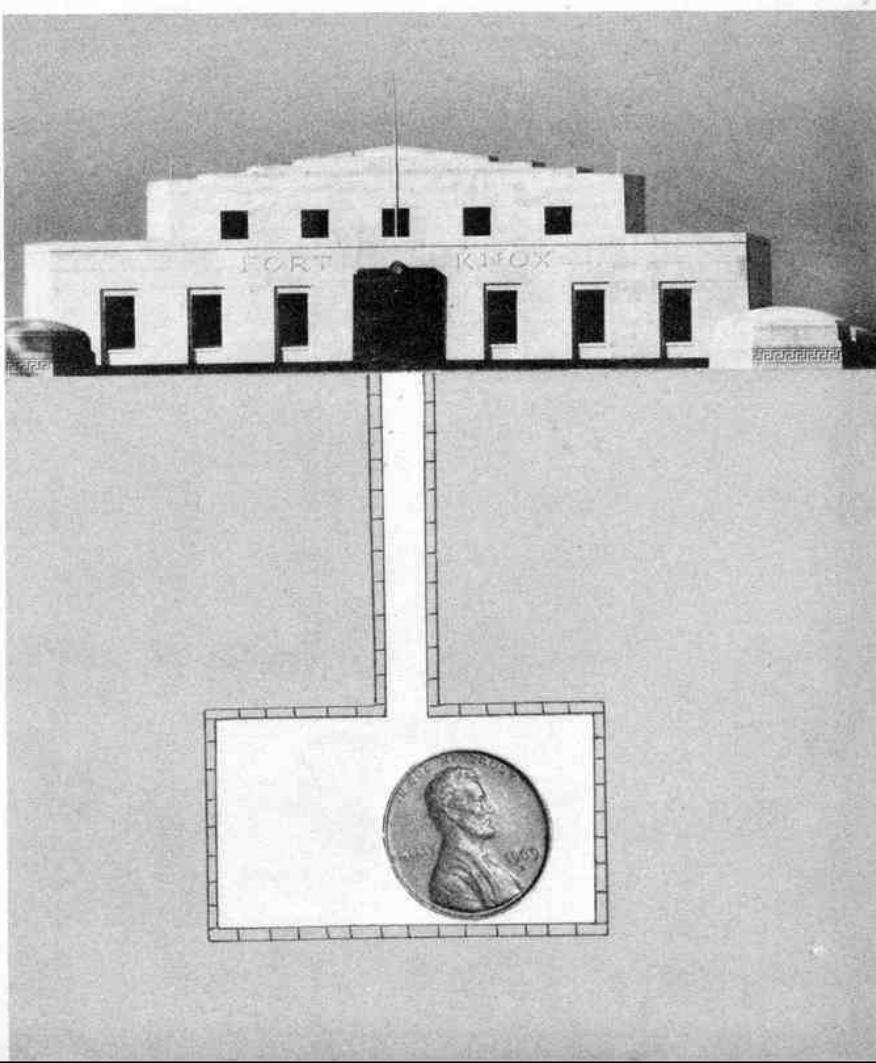
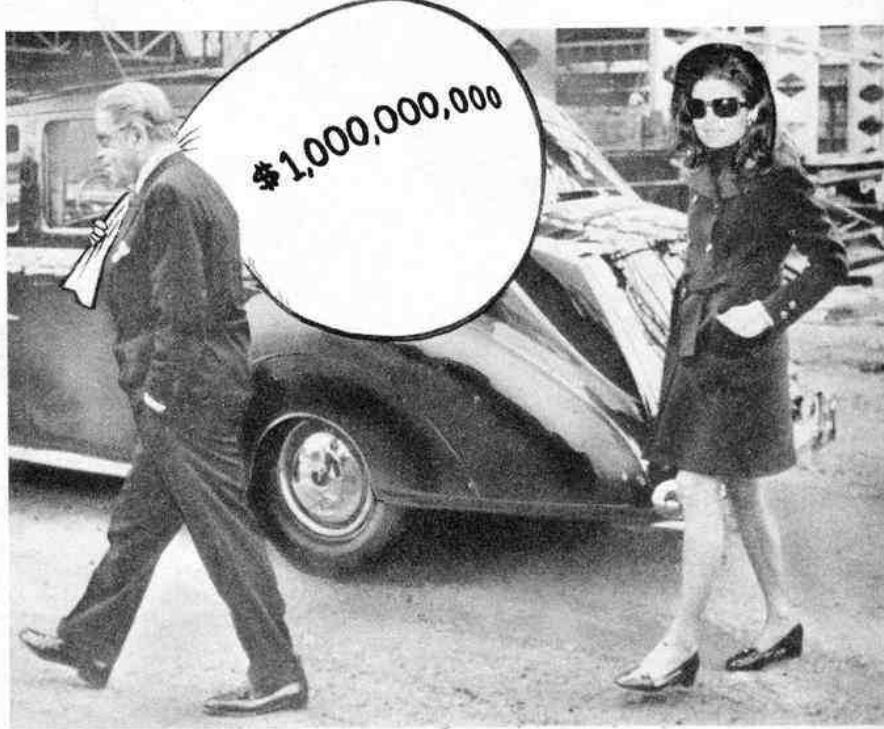
# MAD PHO

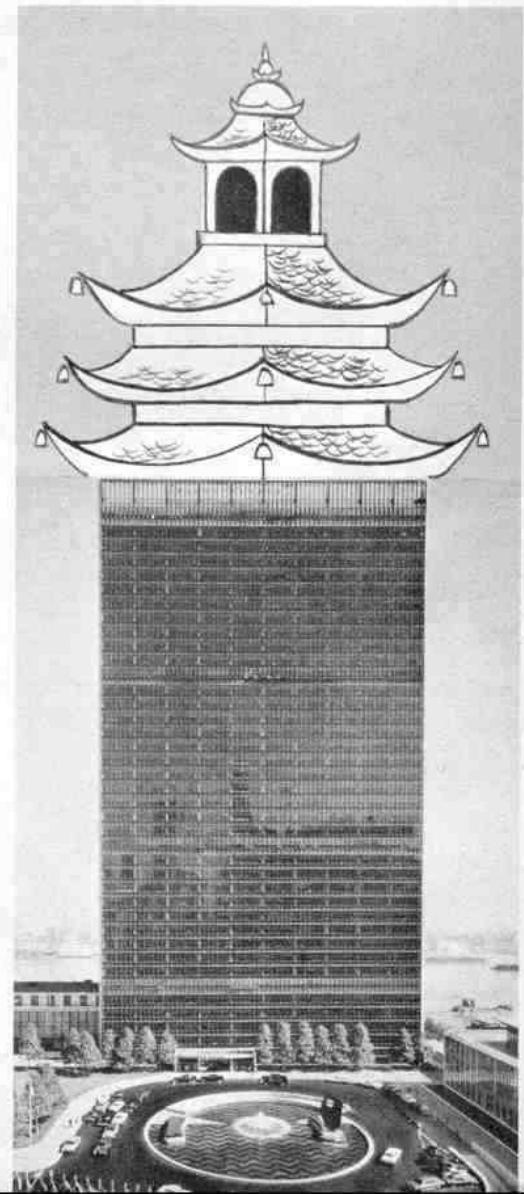
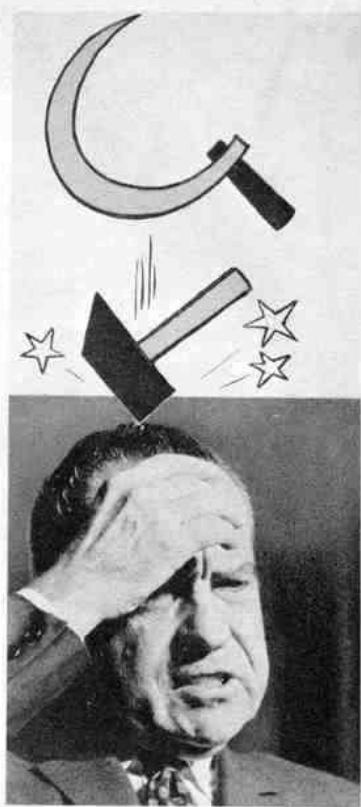
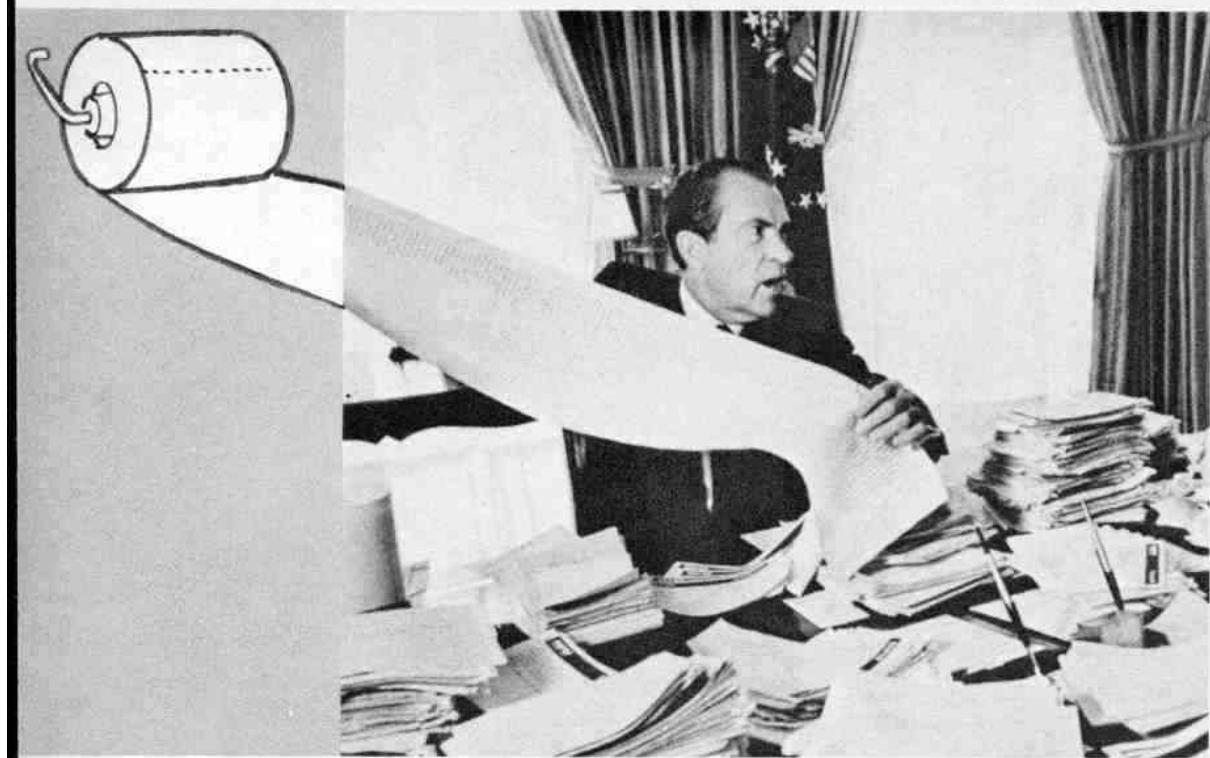


PHOTOS BY:  
UPI AND  
WORLD WIDE

# TOONS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE  
CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL





PROGRESSIVE JAZZ DEPT.

Hi! I'm **David Slushkind** . . . and I've been asked to conduct another of those idiotic interviews for **MAD Magazine!** In this issue, we'll be talking to **Mr. Nathan Chaos**, Principal of the **Nirvana Open School**, who has recently been named as

# MAD'S EDUCATOR OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

You see, David, the Students here are receiving a different type of education from the old-fashioned "Three R's"! We're interested in the **TOTAL** child! And that means not just what he learns, but more important, how much he **enjoys learning it!**

Right on, Man!

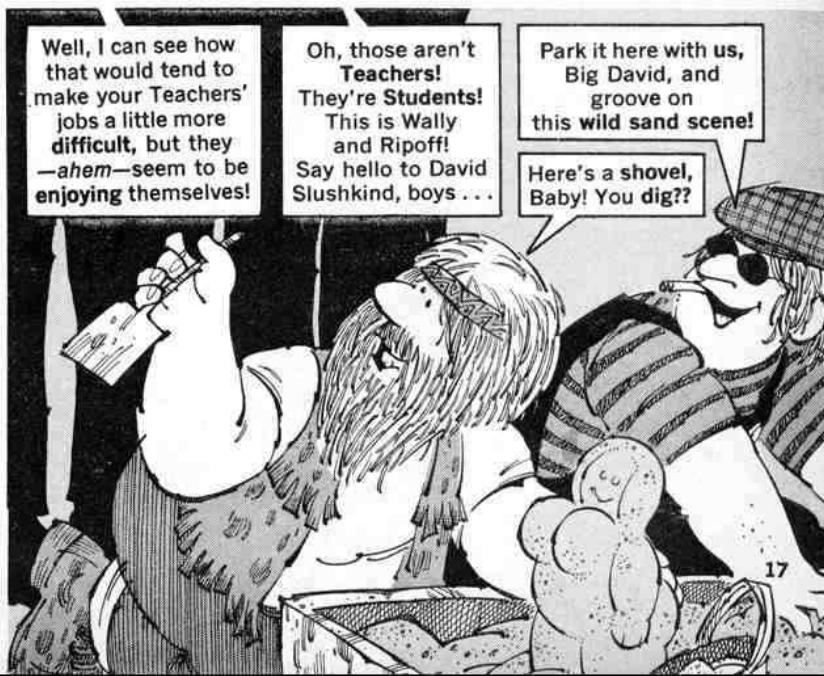
We dig it, Big Nate!

Well, I can see how that would tend to make your Teachers' jobs a little more difficult, but they —ahem—seem to be enjoying themselves!

Oh, those aren't Teachers! They're Students! This is Wally and Ripoff! Say hello to David Slushkind, boys . . .

Park it here with us, Big David, and groove on this wild sand scene!

Here's a shovel, Baby! You dig??



Aren't you boys kind of big to still be in Grade School?

Man, we like it here!

You better believe it! Baby, we ain't never gonna split from this Disneyland!

Like, I dropped out last year to do the "job" scene, and it's brutal on the outside! People telling you what to do . . . when to be at work . . . when to split for lunch! It was a drag, Man!

Yeah, we found ourselves a home here at old Nirvana!

Now, David, let's look in on a typical classroom!

Good Lord! There's a riot going on here!!

A riot? Oh, heavens, no! This is a class in Self-Expression! It's one of the many courses students choose for themselves!

Well, don't these kids have to take any Required Courses?

Of course not! When a child is forced to study, it takes all the pleasure and fun out of the learning experience! The modern concept is: When a child feels like playing, let him play! And when a child feels like studying, let him study!

But . . . wouldn't most kids rather play than study?

At first, yes! But children have a natural curiosity, and we find that they eventually get bored with play and begin to express a desire to learn! That's when we place them in our "Reading-Readiness Class . . ."

See? These kids are here because they WANT to learn, not because some Teacher or Parent forced them!

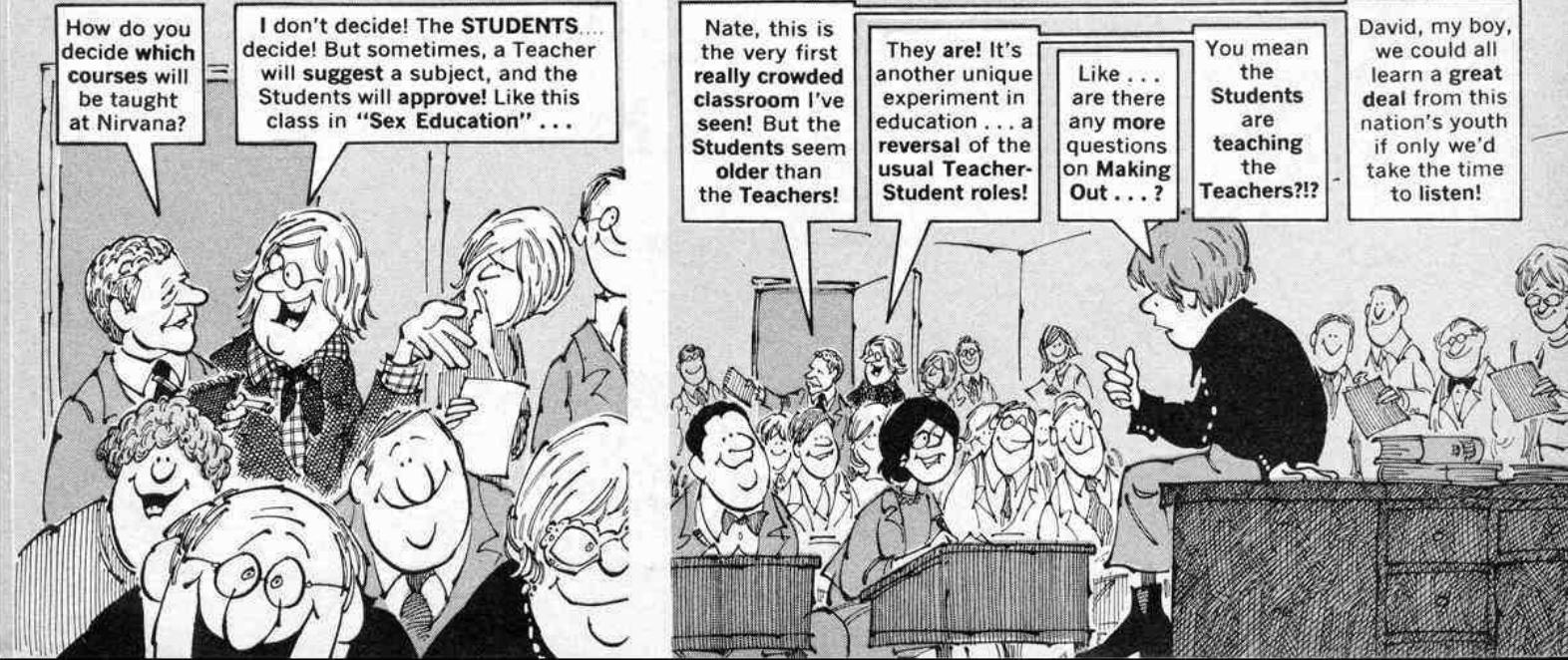
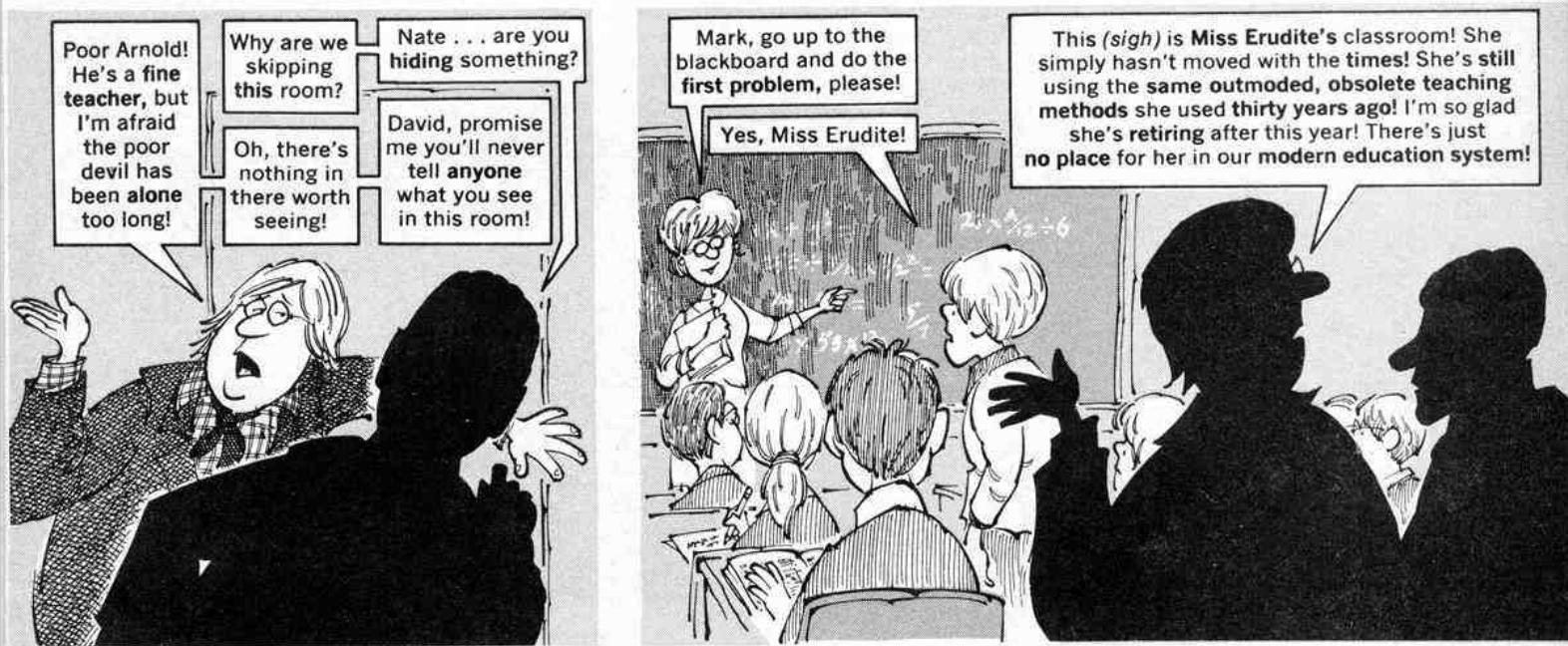
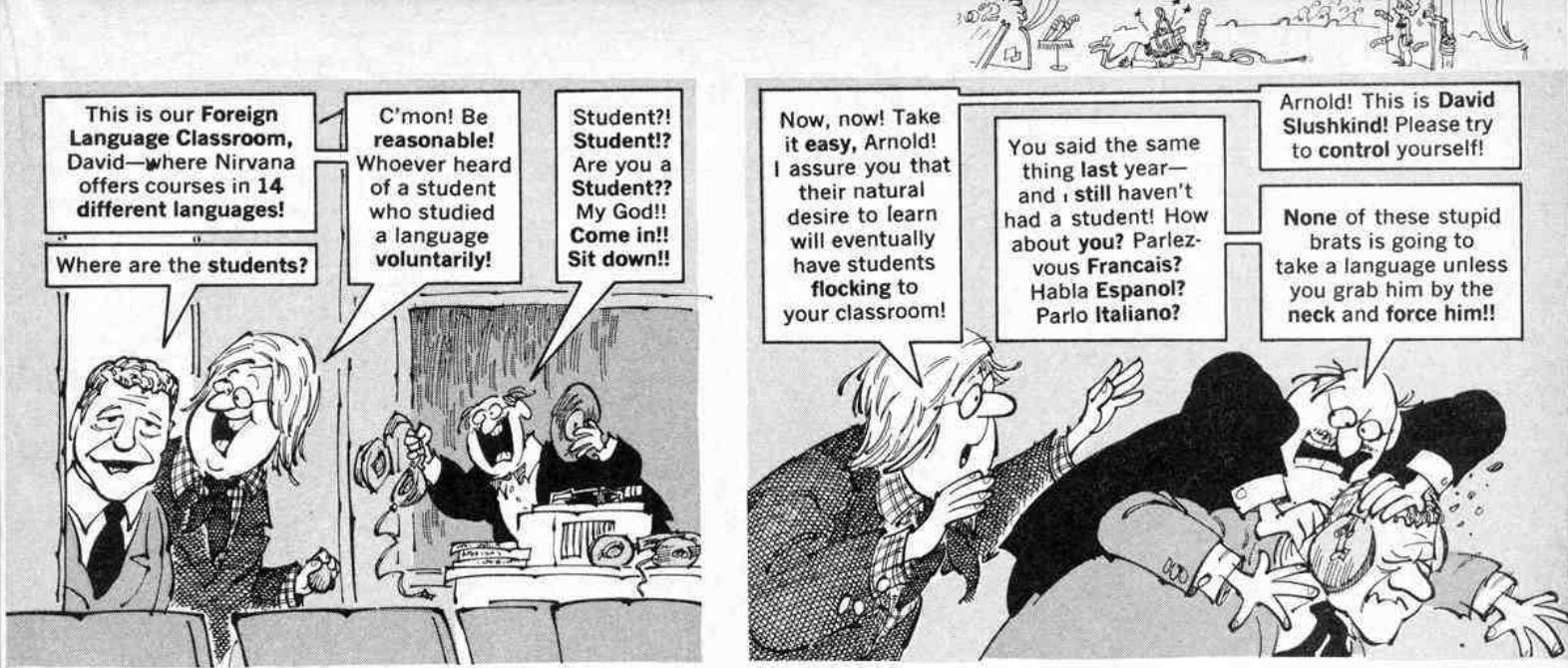
Aren't they a little too OLD to be learning to read?

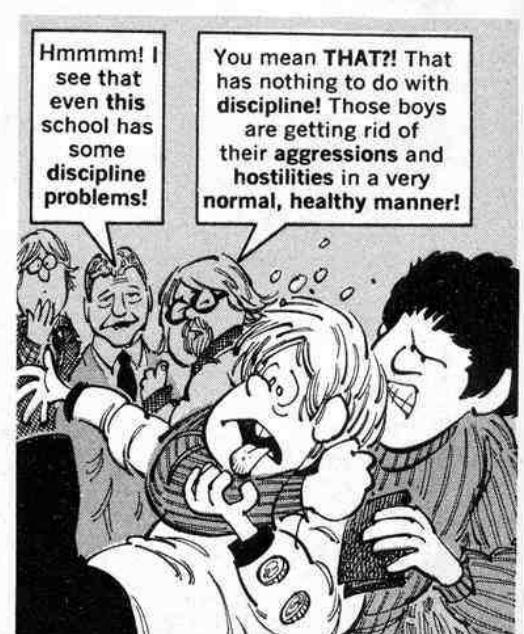
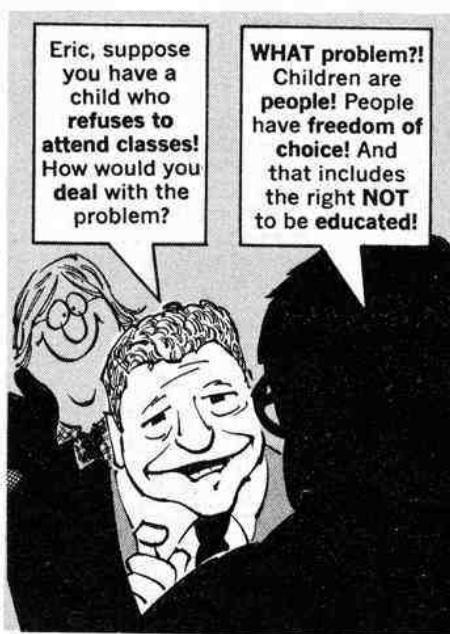
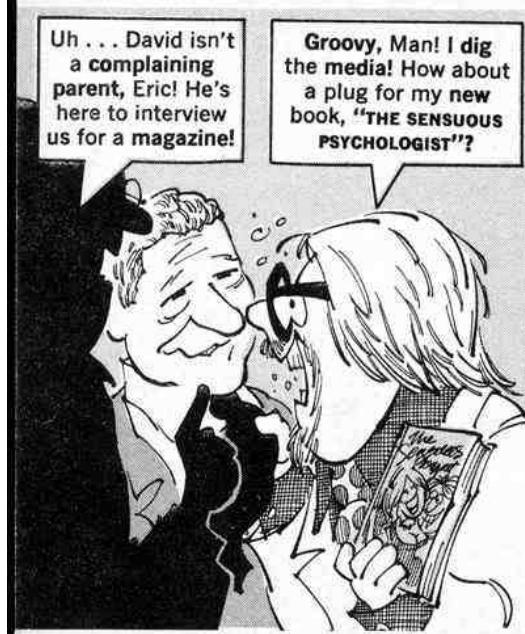
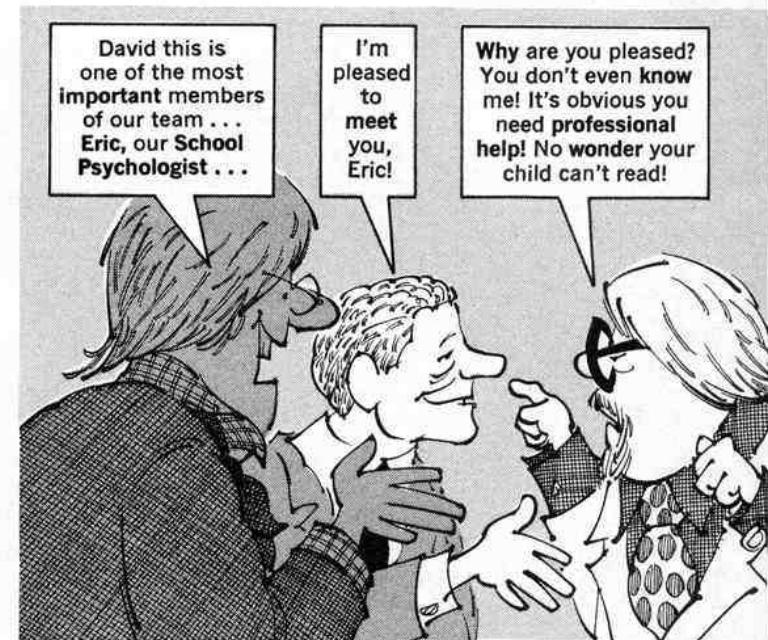
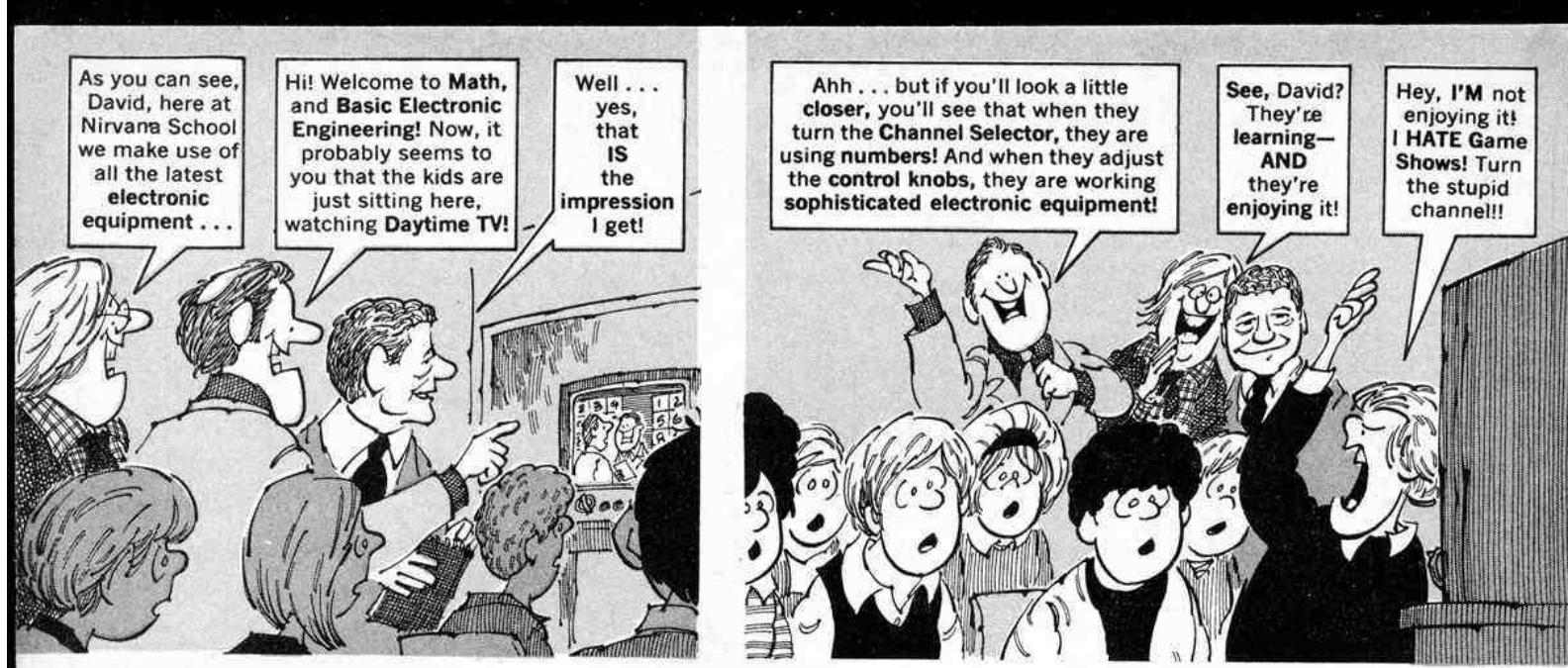
You're NEVER too old to learn, David!

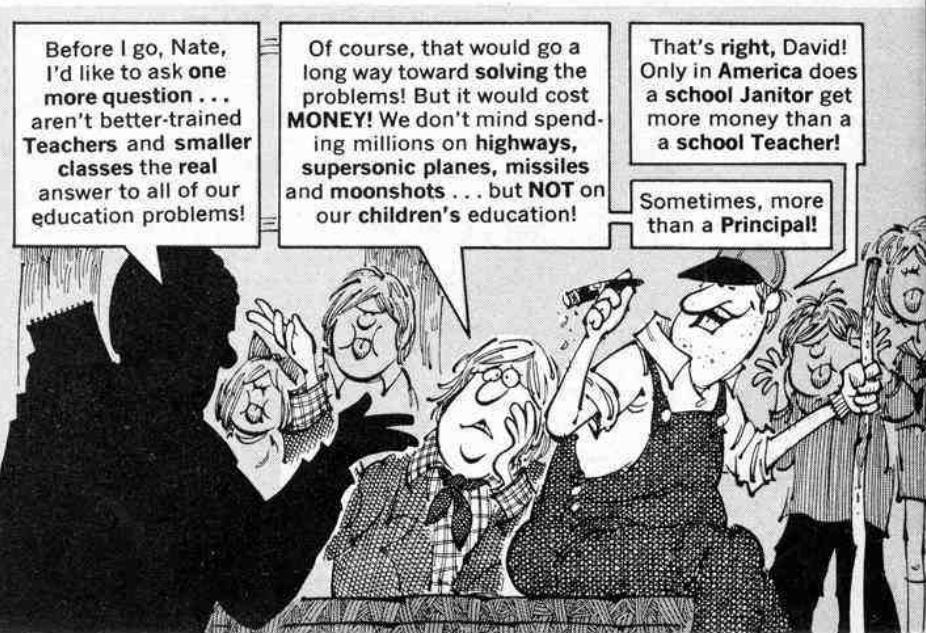
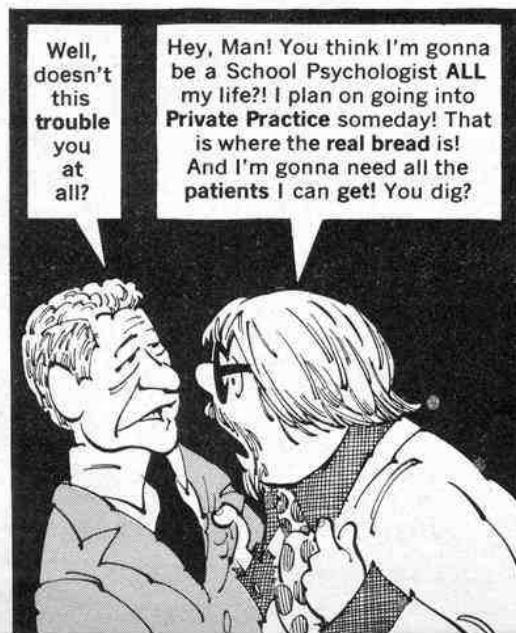
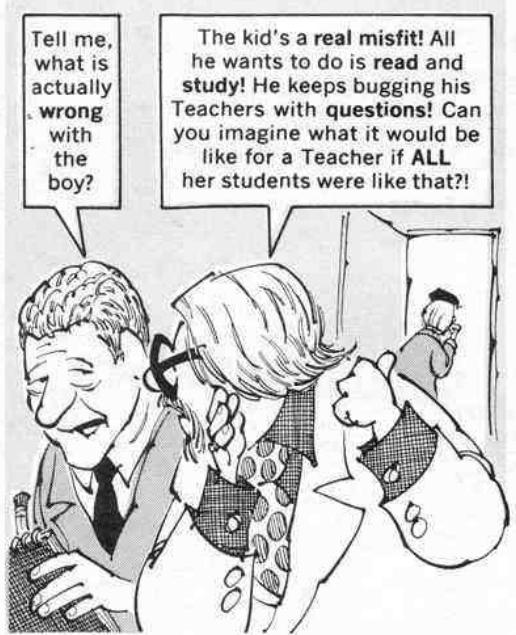
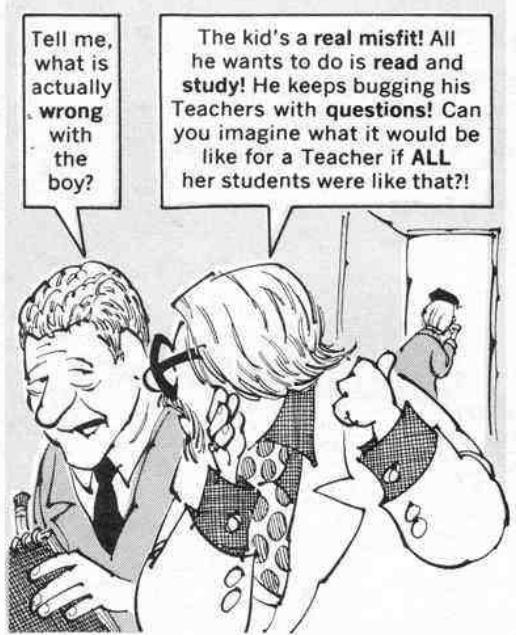
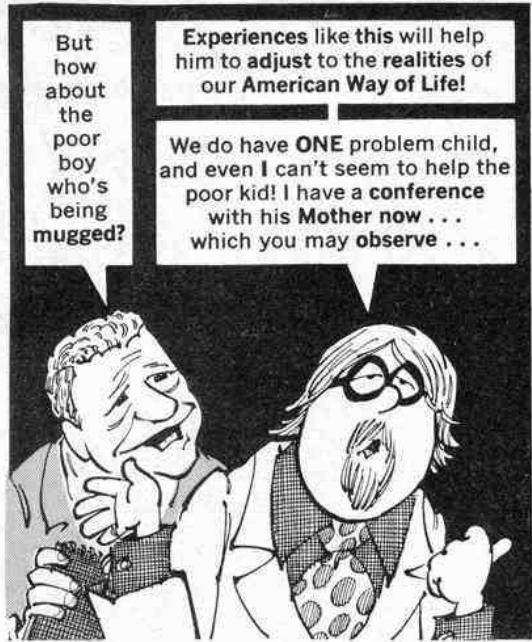
I'm especially proud of the new program we've instituted which has eliminated almost all racial problems here in Nirvana School! This is our "Black Studies" classroom!

But there are no Black Students in here!

See how effective our new program is?! Actually, Black Pressure Groups don't really care who takes the subjects, just as long as they are included in the curriculum!







DEAR MONEY AND DADDY DEPT.

For generations, college students have been struggling with the problem of writing home for extra money and coming up with the same general results: failure. Now, MAD has developed a foolproof formula for finagling a fast fifty from the folks. It consists of subtly tailoring your appeal to the prejudices,

# THE ART OF WRITING

## Emily Dickinson Hall

Dear Mom and Dad,

Good news! You can forget all about the \$200 I mentioned needing for my sorority initiation fee. I've lined up a part-time job so I can earn the money myself. Mr. Bonducci (he's my new boss) says I probably can make \$200 the very first week. Imagine!

Best of all, it won't interfere with my school work since I don't have to start sitting at the bar until 9 P.M. Then, Mr. Bonducci says all I have to do is "be nice" to men who want to buy me drinks and things. He says some of his girls make even more than \$200 a week if they act real friendly to the customers.

Just wanted to dash off a quick note so you wouldn't worry any more about sending the \$200 I need so desperately.

Your loving daughter,  
Prudence

Dear Mother and Father,

I hope this finds you and members of the congregation all in good health. I was happy to hear that your prayers for new hymnals were answered, thus strengthening your belief in the power of the Almighty to provide.

I try to cling to the same faith, even though my plea for Divine help in guiding my classmates to the True Path still goes unheard.

Of course, it's hard to spread the Word around this whole campus without a car. I have located a serviceable MG-GT (in black, of course) that I could get for \$25 down. But so far, my prayers for even this small amount (plus tax and license) have gone unanswered.

It's hard to understand why Providence lets others live in sin and darkness just because I can't reach them in a small, cheap car. Also, I note that many Jewish and atheist students get cars without even praying for them, and hope this doesn't cause me to re-consider my own position.

Your loving son,  
Joshua

## BERT FALVY

Experienced Student Call Day or Night

ITEMS CHARGED TO Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Falvy, Sr.

ADDRESS c/o A-1 Auto Repair Shop, Newton, Ind.

3 Germill palzers (#07J3251)	5.40
Refurbish finnick	12.00
Replace #774R middle timer	11.50
Klemark alignment valve (rech & refit)	7.00
Labor	22.00
Tax and Misc. etc.	3.47

\$61.37 PLEASE REMIT

fears, aspirations and dull occupational interests of your own particular set of parents. In other words, simply put it in terms they can understand, and they'll fork over every time! If you have any doubts, just check over these examples of sure-fire winners, and you too, can soon be achieving success in . . .

# HOME FOR MONEY

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Dear Father:

Realizing the time pressure of your legal practice, I regret the need for further correspondence regarding the groovy \$85 jacket I wrote about recently. However, in denying my appeal for funds, you have stated that "the very idea of a jacket being worth \$85 is unprecedented."

In rebuttal, I wish to cite as my precedent the case of TENNESSEE vs. MUHLFORD (Vol. 38, Tenn. Cir. Court, pg. 847). In this criminal proceeding, one Virgil I. Muhlford was convicted on a grand theft felony count for stealing a jacket valued at \$110 from a Chattanooga men's shop on or about May 11, 1967.

True, the verdict was reversed on appeal (see MUHLFORD vs. TENNESSEE, Vol. 42, Tenn. Sup. Court, pg. 306), but even then, the case was dismissed solely because Muhlford was innocent; not because the jacket had been over-priced at \$110.

Therefore, I allege that \$85 would constitute a proper settlement in the matter now under consideration, and trust that your check in that amount will be forthcoming immediately.

Yours very truly,

*Sonny*



Dear Folks:

I was delighted to hear that Dad finally managed to sell off the last of those 60 "retirement home lots" in his Everglades Estates development. I too, have some good news to report:

Now, for a LIMITED TIME ONLY, you can participate in America's fast growing RECREATION BOOM for the unheard of low, low price of only \$179.95! Yes, you read it right, friends. A mere \$179.95 is all it will take to finance my social activities FOR AN ENTIRE SEMESTER!

Now think of it! Just \$179.95 PAYS FOR EVERYTHING for your son in a fraternity house where neighboring students are demanding \$300--\$400 --even \$500 from their parents!

But you must ACT QUICKLY to take full advantage of this great OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME. Such an offer can't last long. And believe me, friends, the price will NEVER be lower. So... ACT NOW! Mail that check for \$179.95 TODAY! You'll be glad you did.

Fondly,

*Gerald*

Deah Big Daddy . . . I do declare that y'all were sure 'nuff right in wawnin' me this Nawthuhn college wouldn't be nuthin' but a hotbed of pointy headed radicals. I sweah, a propah-bred young Suthuhn lady like me nevah heard tell of such goin's on. They got Nigras in most all my classes, includin' some of 'em men. And I declare, nobody seems to think a thing about it. I'd truly admire to fly a Confederate flag out my dawmitawry windah so's none of them Nigra men would dare come round. And Lawd knows, I'd love to be passin' out Wallace buttons to all the tacky,

misguided white trash that's heah. Of cawse, it'd take maybe thuty or fawty dollahs to alert everybody to the menace befaul it's too late. And it just makes me downright sick I can't affawd to do it. So I guess I'll just have to stand aside and watch all our hallowed traditions die. Your devoted dawtah . . .

Annabelle Maudie Lou

Dear folks,

Glad to get your letter and learn that Pop's business has been so good, he's bought two new service trucks for the TV repair shop.

No such good news to report from here, I'm afraid. Last month, I took my plaid skirt in to be cleaned and have a broken snap replaced. As it turned out, the snap was an old 3/16-inch type, and they had to send back to the factory for a replacement. Then, they had to place a special order for #387KL24 orange thread to repair the hem. And worst of all, the cleaner said the main zipper was weak and might go out anytime. He said I'd better have his best quality stainless steel replacement (with 24-month warranty) put in right away.

I didn't know anything about it, so I took his advice. Therefore, please send \$58.75 so I can get my skirt out of the cleaner's.

Love,  
Shirley

Dad--

Thought you might be able to use this in your next issue!

Rudy

PUBLISHER'S SON LATEST SPEED

TRAP VICTIM

Champaign, Ill., Oct. 14 -- Rudolph C. Whittleby, son of the editor and publisher of the *Weekly Advocate*, today became the latest victim of the notorious speed trap set up by police in this city.

The clean cut young student was ticketed for allegedly driving 67 miles an hour on a deserted suburban street where a 30-mile limit had been maliciously posted. Police denied that Whittleby was singled out for harassment because of his father's well-known, courageous editorial stand on behalf of justice and fair play. However, arresting officers admitted that the \$45 fine levied for the minor infraction was "somewhat high".

The young/ youth indicated that he lacked funds to buy his way out of the bum rap, but he expressed hope that relatives would come to his aid rather than let him go to jail and rot.

NORMAN C. UNDERSHAW ΣΔΦ  
REGISTERED STUDENT  
Michigan State University

Doctor & Mrs. W. W. Undershaw  
Saginaw, Mich.

Dear Parents:

As you will note from the enclosed statement, you are now being billed an additional \$25 per month for Social Involvement Experimentation, Co-ed Consultation fees and Misc. Making Out.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to explain these items in simple terms which the adult can understand. However, I'm sure you are aware that the cost of first-rate adolescence, like everything else, has increased greatly.

Also, I am certain that you wish to continue to be provided with the most experienced offspring that money can buy.

Therefore, please remit at your earliest convenience. If you have any questions regarding this matter, feel free to call and discuss them with my answering service.

Very sincerely yours,  
Norman C. Undershaw R.S.

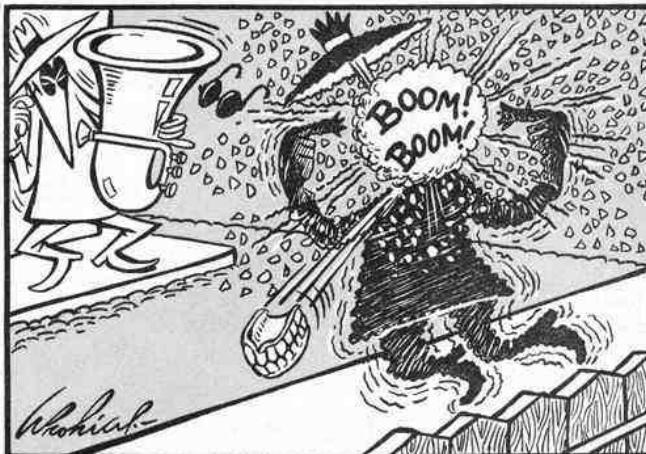
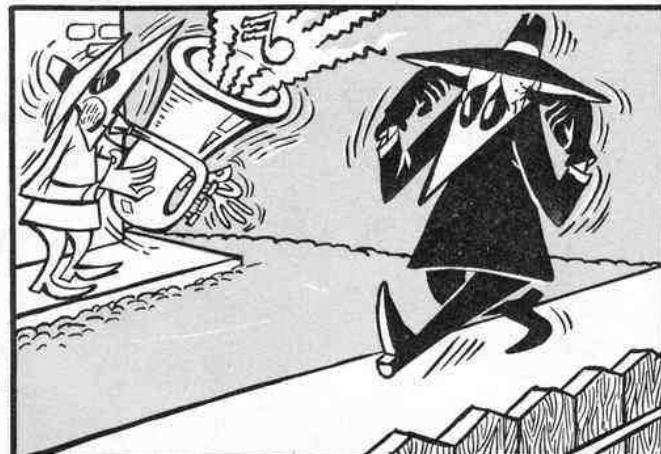
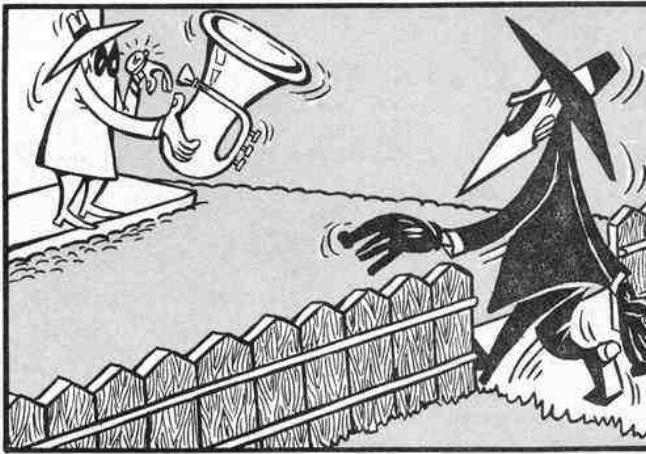
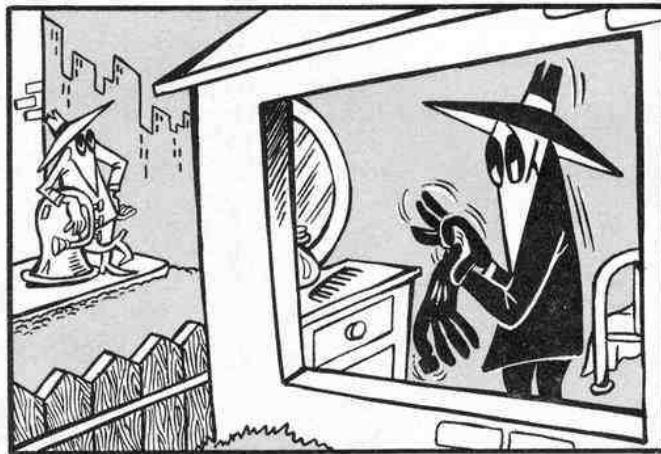
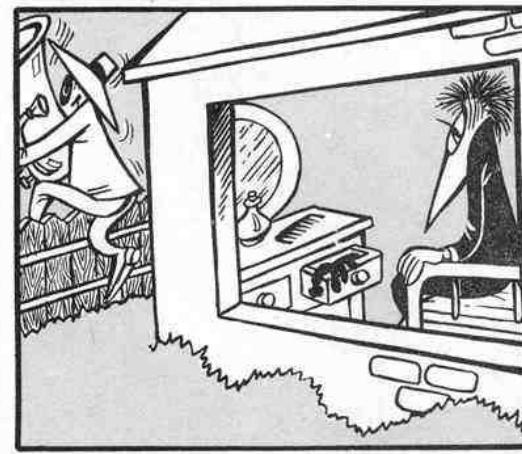
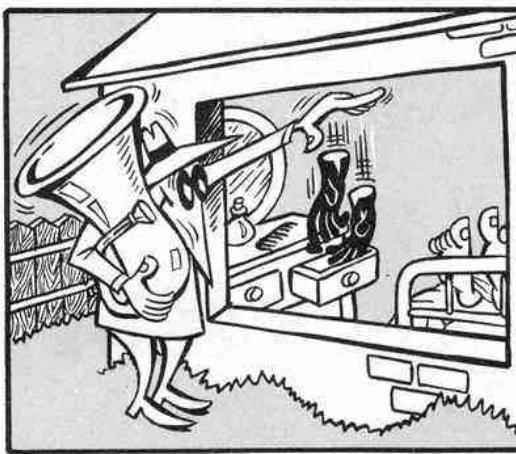
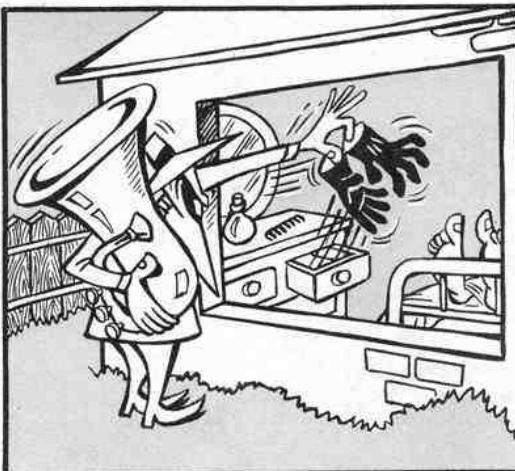
25 Oct. 1972  
0830 Hours

Brig. Gen. & Mrs. Zachary L. Frobisher  
1427 Pentagon Parkway  
Washington, D.C.

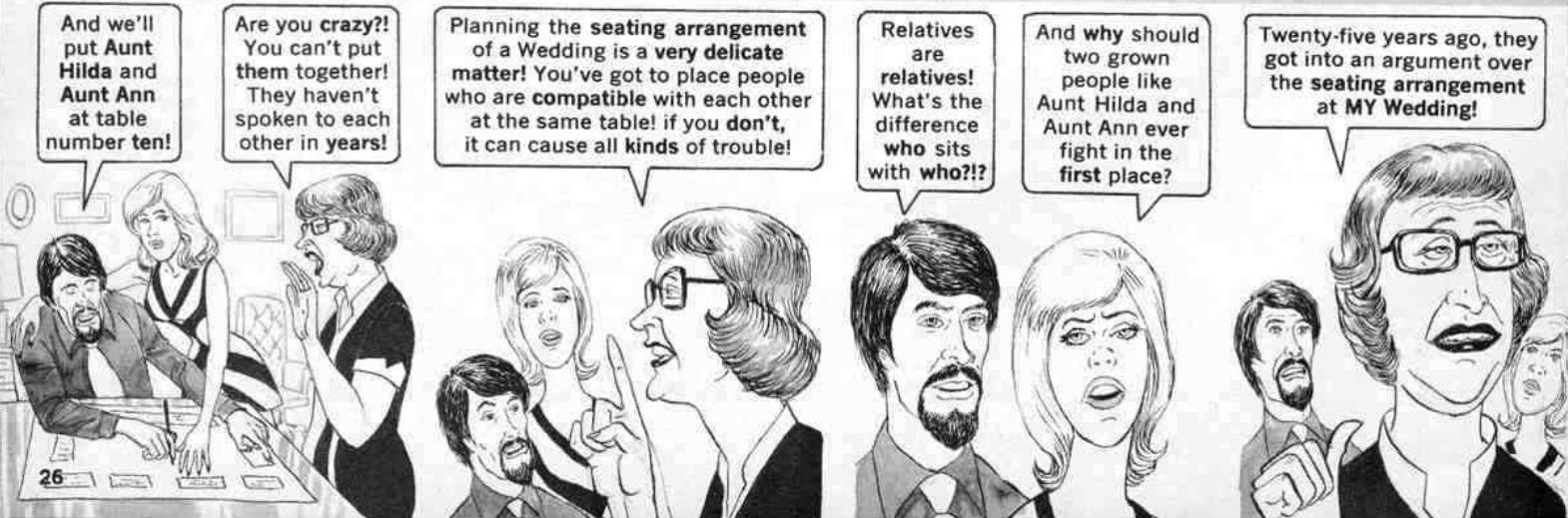
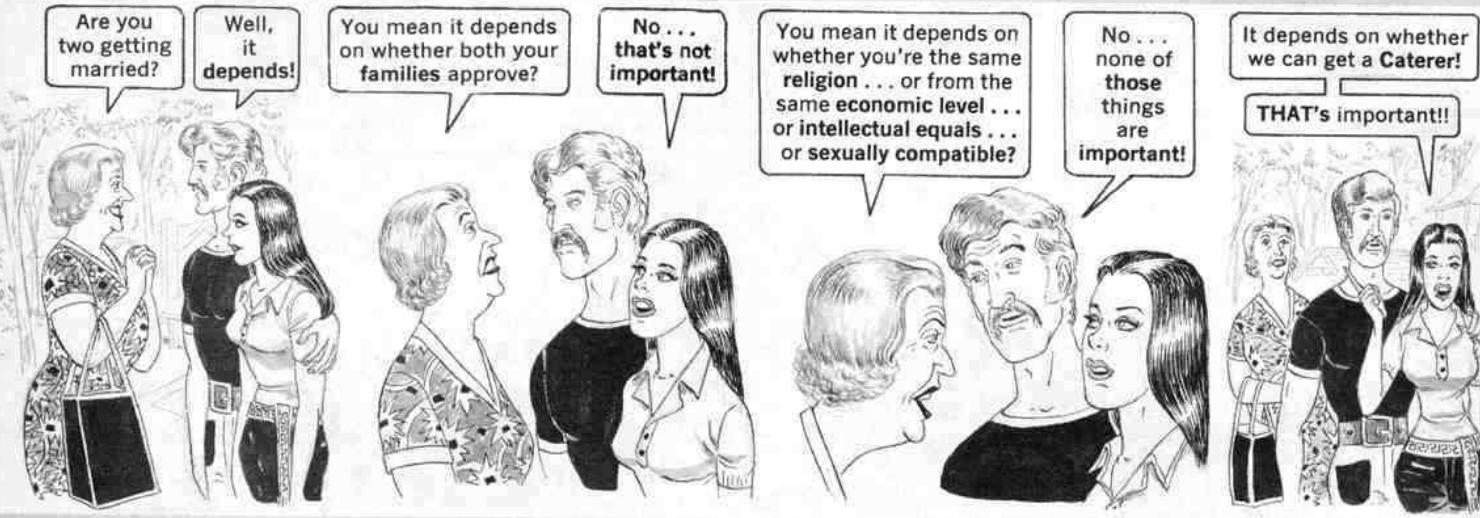
Now hear this!

1. Notification is hereby made of the expanding "first strike" social capability of monolithic international Communism at this strategic U. of C. dormitory location.
2. Exchange students from Bulgaria living across the hall have been observed stockpiling a huge arsenal of mod slacks, sport shirts and suede jackets for the assumed purpose of making out with defenseless females.
3. In order to mount a major retaliatory effort on behalf of the free world, it is recommended that your office approve a supplemental wardrobe appropriation at once.
4. I am aware, sir, that my clothing allotment for the current budget year already has been expended, but it now appears that actions of the atheistic Marxist conspiracy have left me dangerously under-funded. Therefore, I appeal for an additional \$100 immediately to re-affirm the superiority of our American way.

Respectfully submitted  
Z. L. Frobisher, III  
Z. L. Frobisher III



# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... WE



# DDINGS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



B-being a Bridegroom on my Wedding Day has made me one heck of an absolute nervous wreck!

I-I couldn't even get dressed! I kept losing things and dropping things and fouling up and forgetting things!

Calm down! We're almost at the Church!

No! I can't go through with it, I tell you! I can't go into that Church! I'm getting cold feet!

EVERY Bridegroom gets cold feet at the last minute! C'mon . . .

Anyway . . . it's no WONDER you're getting cold feet! You FORGOT YOUR SHOES!!

The way those two were fighting over the petty details of the Wedding, I'm surprised they've gotten to the altar at all!

Do you, Janet, take Anthony Monteleone to be your lawful wedded husband?

And do you, Anthony, take Janet Dodin, to be your lawful wedded wife?

Place the ring on her finger, and Anthony—say these words to Janet:

"With this ring, I do thee wed . . ."

I'm not saying ANYTHING to her! We're not talking!!

Pssst! Hey, Kathy is Catholic, isn't she?

That's right!

And Kevin is Protestant, isn't he?

That's right again!

Then . . . why are they getting married in a JEWISH SYNAGOGUE??

They compromised!!

Uncle Milton, have a cigar!!

Here! Let me light it for you!

Are you having a good time at my 'Daughter's Wedding'?

Not particularly . . .!!

What's the matter?! Don't you like Weddings?

I LOVE Weddings!

I hate CIGARS!!

Young folks' clothes are so ridiculous these days that it's a welcome change to see them dressed nice and formal for a Wedding!

Here comes the Bride! Isn't she beautiful???

And here comes the Groom! Isn't he . . .

... RIDICULOUS!??



And do you, Alan Weiss, take Susan Bates to be—

Pssst!

What happened? Why did the Priest suddenly stop the ceremony . . . ?

A higher authority just ordered a temporary halt to the proceedings!

What's higher than a Priest?

The Photographer! He ran out of film!!



Oh, boy! Look at this spread! Everything I love! Chopped liver, hors d'oeuvres, pigs in blankets, chow mein, spare ribs, potted meatballs . . .

. . . marinated herring, shrimps, lobster salad, shish kabob, roast beef, fruit salad, jello . . .

Okay! Enough already with the fancy Reception Table!

WHEN DO WE EAT?!!



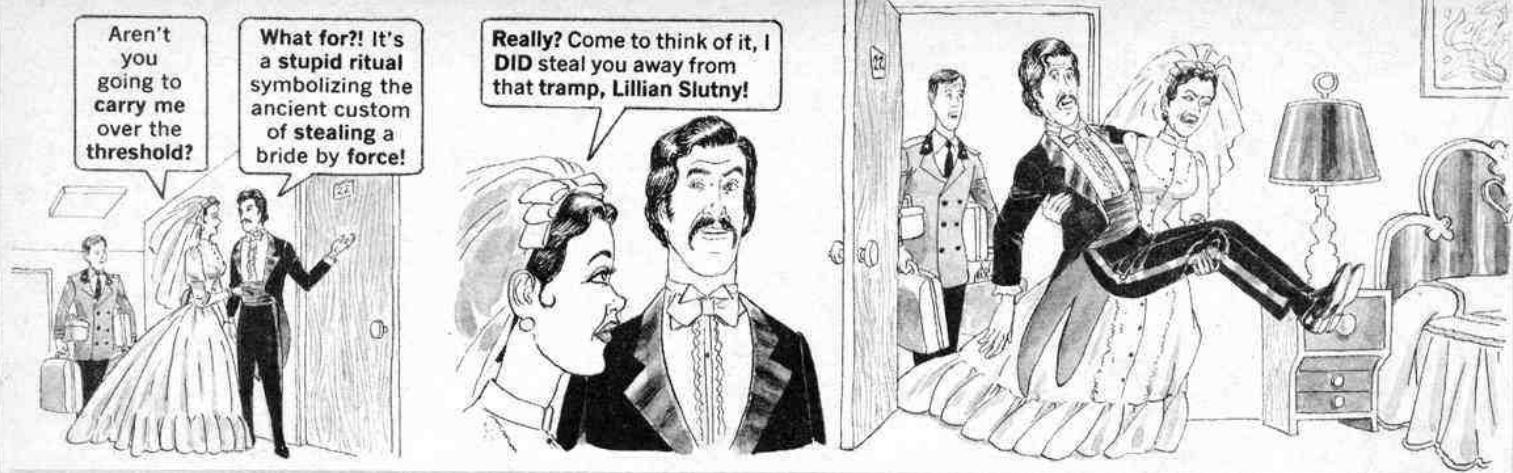
Mr. Bandleader, for the first dance—where my Bride and I dance together for the first time as Man and Wife—we'd like you to play a special number . . . one we are very sentimental about! It's, like, OUR SONG!

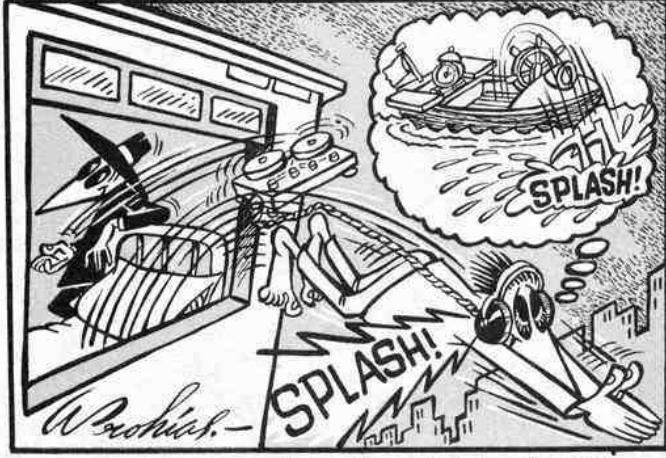
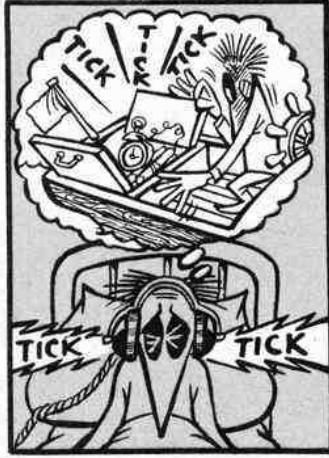
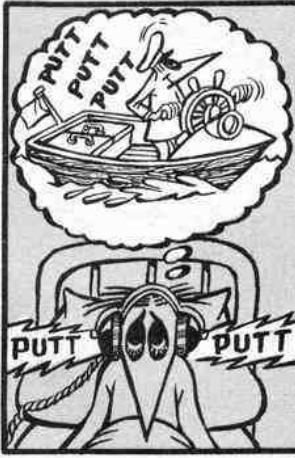
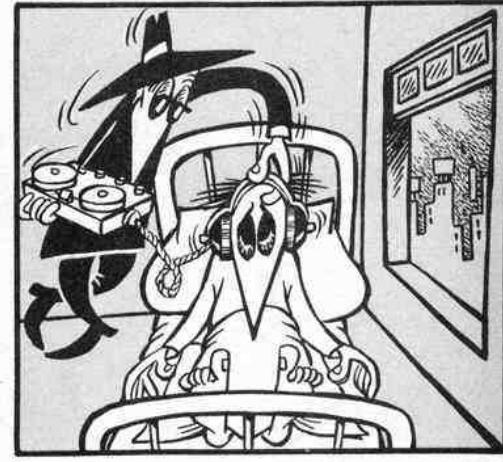
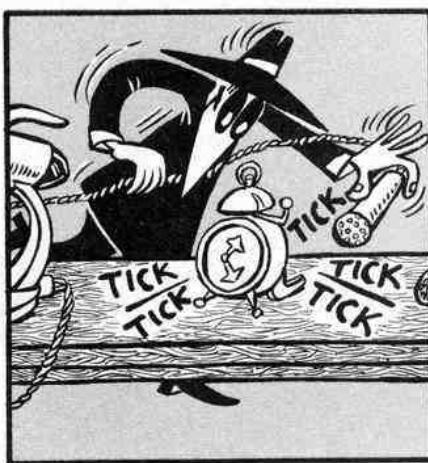
Surely! What is it . . . ?



SOCK IT TO ME, BABY!

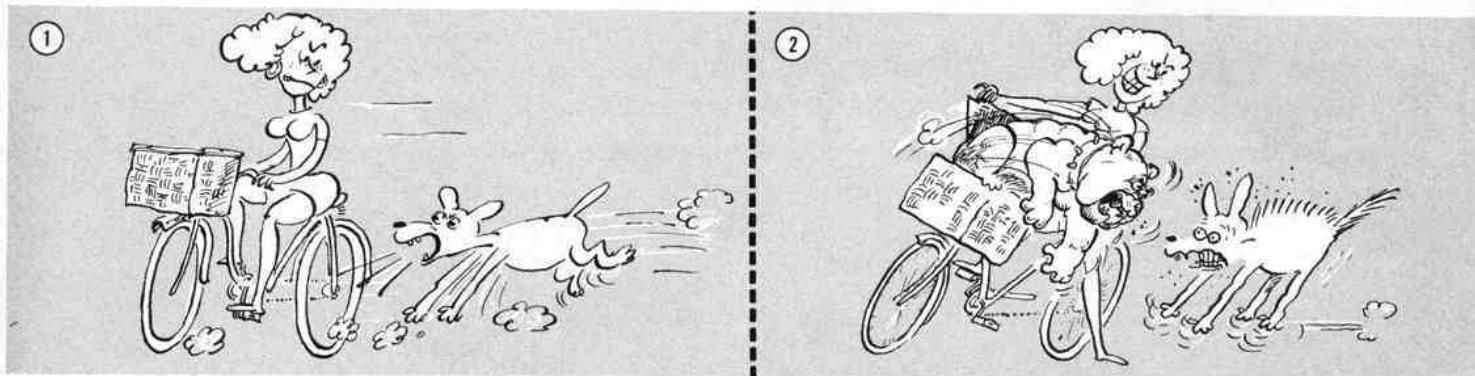




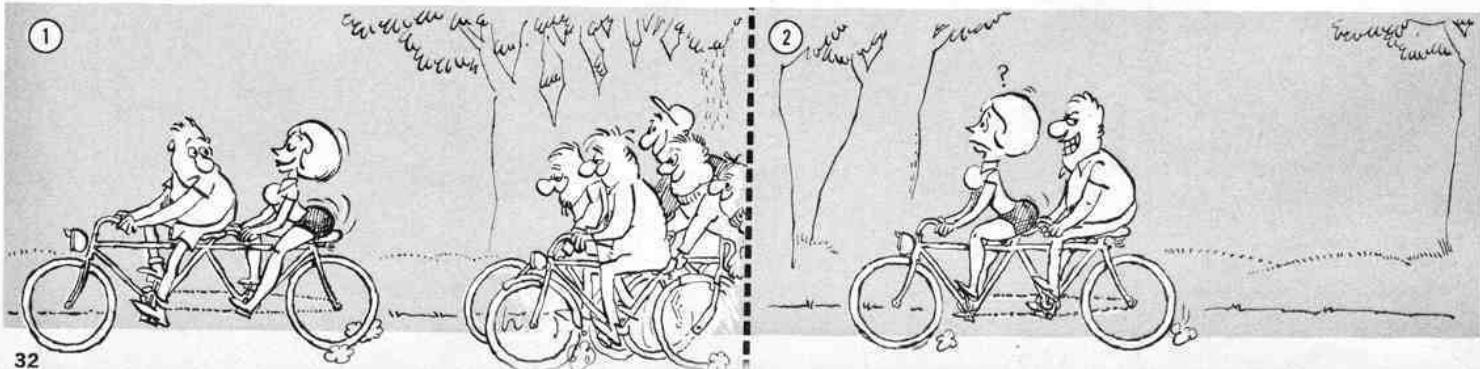
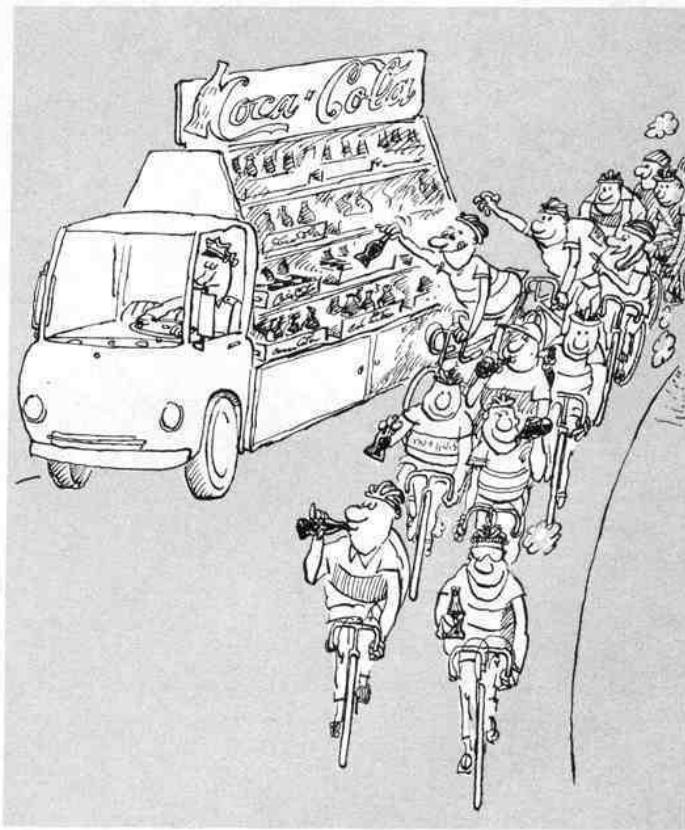
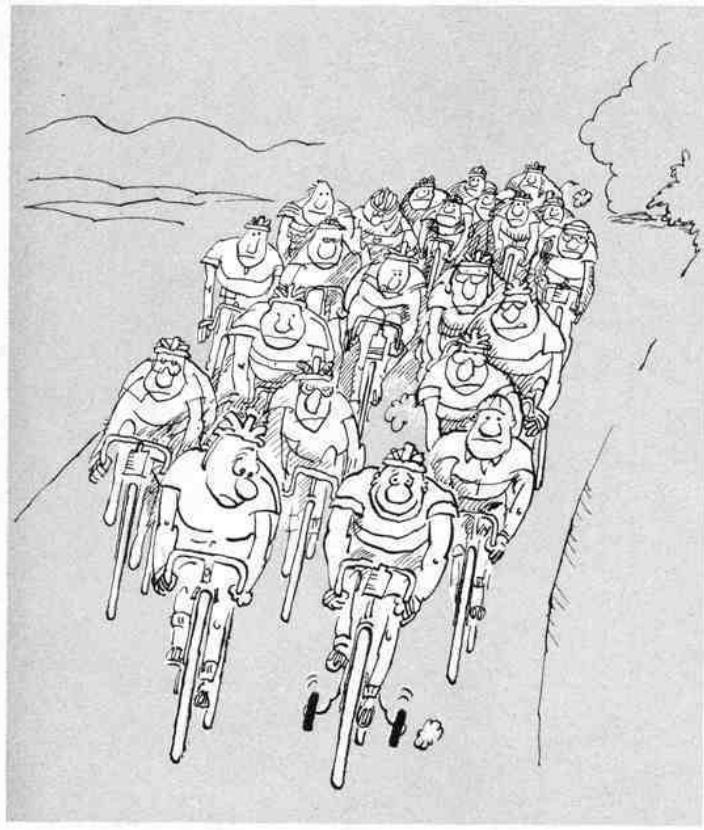


CHAIN REACTION DEPT.

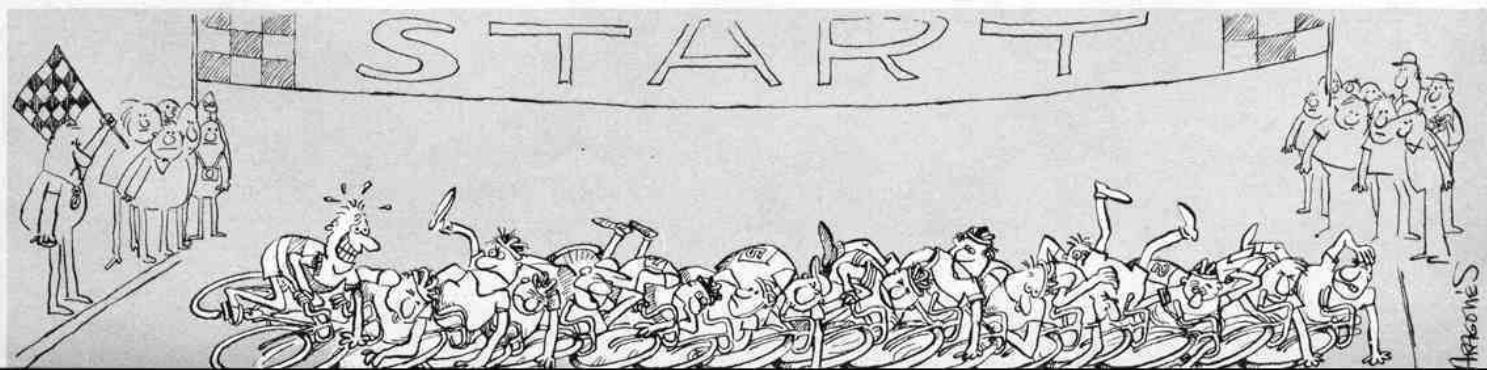
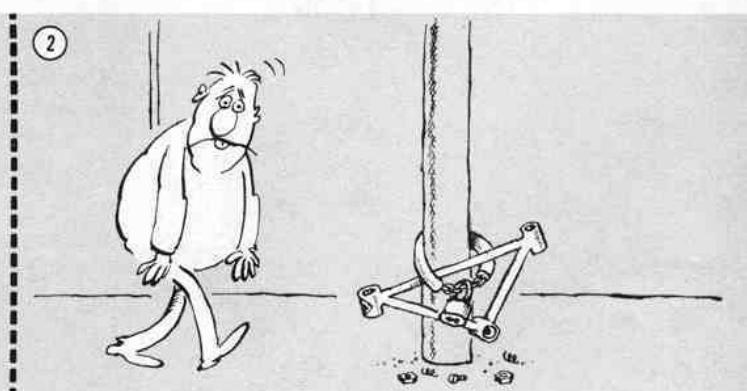
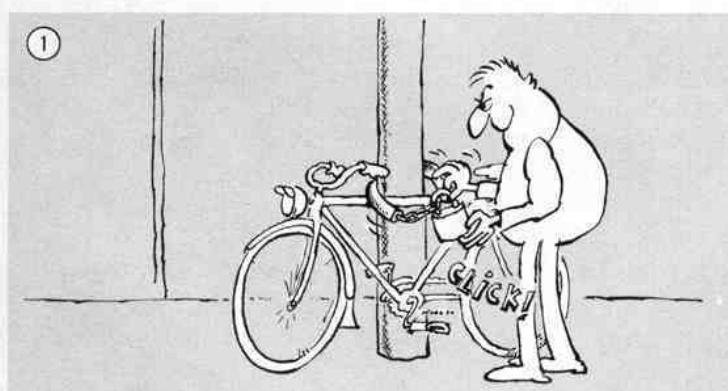
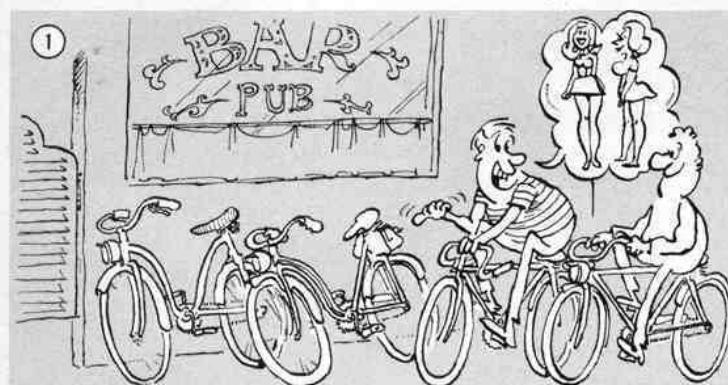
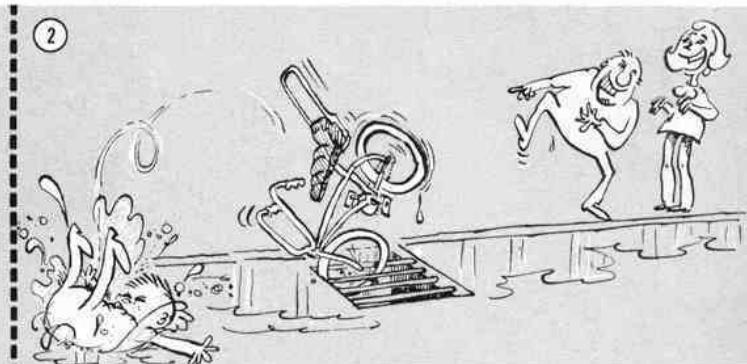
# A MAD LOOK



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



# AT BICYCLING





#### NETWORK-OVER DEPT.

For years, scholars have been bemoaning the fact that most people would rather watch television than read classical literature. To us at MAD, the reason is obvious.

# A TREASURY OF TELEV

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

## OH BOY, DO I EVER REMEMBER by Thomas Noodnick



I remember, I remember,  
The T.V. days of yore,  
When Milton Berle lit up the tube  
With jokes and laughs galore;  
And Jerry Lewis would perform  
With great good taste and tact,  
The highlight of his weekly show:  
A spastic moron act.

I remember, I remember,  
Rod Serling's golden day;  
It took him twenty minutes just  
To introduce a play.  
Then Andy and the Kingfish came,  
Two comics for the books;  
They showed with great hilarity  
All colored folks are crooks.

I remember, I remember,  
Pat Paulsen's visage dour;  
His show would always start low key,  
And stay there half an hour.  
And surely, music fans recall  
The old Fred Waring Show,  
With fifty Pennsylvanians,  
All playing very slow.

## MARY TYLER MOORE by James Flitcan Wryly



Mary Tyler Moore is in the newsroom to stay,  
To decorate the teletypes with flowers bright and gay.  
And sometimes in the evening, when the local news is done,  
We sit amid the ticker tape and have the mostest fun.  
Then Mister Grant brings out the booze, and screams his lusty cry,  
And all the fellahs swear a lot, and Mary bakes a pie.

Then we all reminisce about the golden days of yore,  
When Lou typed up the sports report, and Ted mis-read each score;  
And Murray worked to help the fuzz seek out the Fogel bunch,  
While, graciously, the gang was taking Mary out to lunch.

Still, Mary's handy 'round the place as any girl might be,  
Forever chatting on the phone or brewing pots of tea.  
And when she's told to hurriedly find something in the file,  
She always greets the order with a charming, vacant smile.

A newsman's life may be your lot before your days are through.  
And who's to say some pretty girl won't seek a job from you?  
So best be on your guard if you've a mind what you're about,  
'Cause Mary Tyler Moore'll get you if you

Don't  
Watch  
Out!

Until now, there hasn't been any classical literature dealing with the average person's favorite subject: television. The crying need finally is met as we herewith present...

# VISION POETRY AND PROSE

WRITER: TOM KOCH



I remember, I remember,  
Pat Buttram and Pat Boone,  
The Munsters and Car Fifty-four,  
And Snooky Lanson's tune.  
And when I sit and meditate  
Upon the shows we've had,  
I realize that TV today  
Is really not so bad.

## BLABBITING FOR CASH ON A SNOWY EVENING by Robert Permafrost



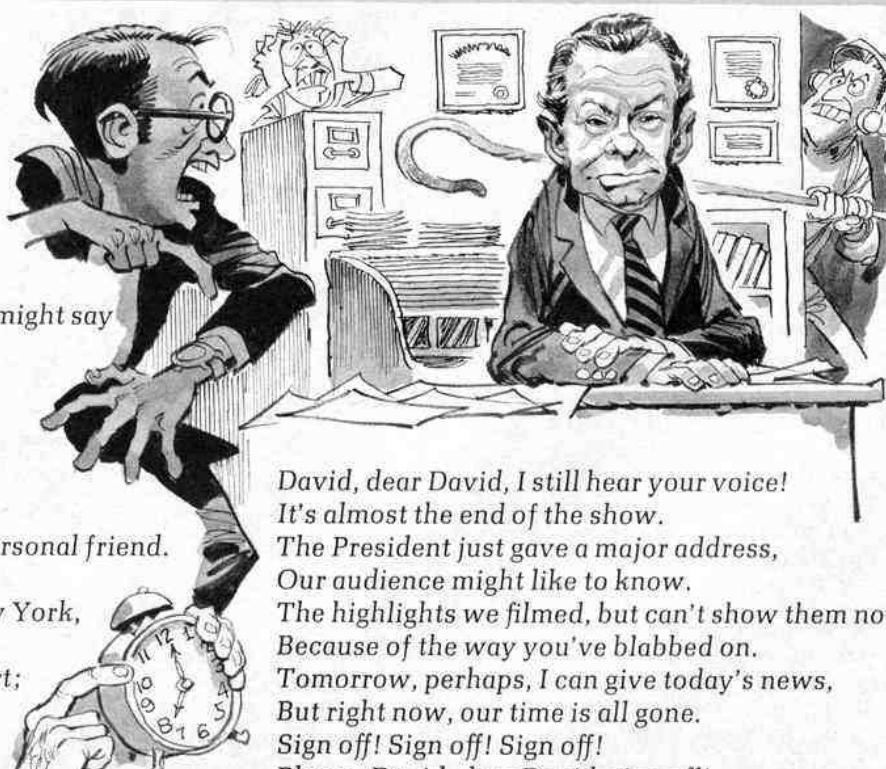
Which talk show's this? I sure don't know!  
My agent just said be here, so—  
Near Johnny, Dick or Merv I'll sit,  
And prattle on with sparkling wit.

I'll throw in dirty words to bleep,  
For I've a contract I must keep,  
And hours to talk before I sleep,  
And hours to talk before I sleep.

## DAVID, DEAR DAVID by John Chancelor

David, dear David, please stop talking now!  
You've babbled for half of the show.  
Your "Journal" is only your view of events,  
While I give the news, as you know.  
Three items I've cut of major import,  
Along with a film from Saigon,  
While you've been predicting what Agnew might say  
Next month when he visits Ceylon.  
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!  
Please, David, dear David, shut up!

David, dear David, you're still rambling on!  
You're ten minutes over your time.  
Name-dropping each big shot who's your personal friend.  
I've news of the year's biggest crime:  
Twelve people were killed in mid-town New York,  
Including the heir to a crown.  
It's earth-shaking news I'd sure like to report;  
I can't because you won't pipe down.  
Pipe down! Pipe down! Pipe down!  
Please, David, dear David, pipe down!



David, dear David, I still hear your voice!  
It's almost the end of the show.  
The President just gave a major address,  
Our audience might like to know.  
The highlights we filmed, but can't show them now,  
Because of the way you've blabbed on.  
Tomorrow, perhaps, I can give today's news,  
But right now, our time is all gone.  
Sign off! Sign off! Sign off!  
Please, David, dear David, sign off!



## PREAMBLE TO MIKE CONNORS' CONTRACT

We, the producers of "Mannix," in order to film a more violent program, depict the evasion of justice, insure scenes of perpetual hostility, provide for weekly groin-kicking of the defenseless, portray eternal gangland warfare, and secure the blessings of affluence to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this contract for Mike Connors, on condition that he miraculously survive the troupings, shootings and concussions accorded him by our adventure-loving script writers.

## THE BALLAD OF SHOWS THAT FAIL

by Oscar "Wild" Ideas

High in the halls of C.B.S.,  
We met that fateful day,  
To learn the schedule for the fall:  
Which shows would go or stay?  
And though each man feigned confidence,  
Each face was prison grey.

We filed into the Conference Room;  
Each tried to mask his fear,  
But nervous coughing filled the air  
As zero hour drew near.  
And soon, the pounding of my heart  
Was all that I could hear.

In time, the Program Chief arrived,  
A man of steely eye;  
And as he glared at one doomed soul,  
I heard a stifled cry.  
"I'll make this brief," our leader said.  
"Green Acres" has to die!"

Some felt relief that they'd been spared,  
While tears were shed by some,  
And others sat there glassy-eyed  
As if they'd been struck dumb.  
Beside me, one wretch murmured, "wait!  
The worst is yet to come!"

At least, the Program Chief went on;  
His tone was sad and slow:  
"To tell the truth, we've put the axe  
To every rural show.  
I won't delve into reasons now,  
But 'Hee Haw' has to go!"

"The Beverly Hillbillies", too,  
Have just closed out their stay,  
And I decree the Clampett clan  
Shall all be put away.  
Let's hear no more of squirrel stew  
Henceforward from today!



"In truth, I loved those rural shows;  
Each yokel I adored.  
But each man kills the thing he loves  
By look or word or sword.  
Some kill for gold; some kill for lust;  
Some just because they're bored."

"Some men kill for the joy of it,  
To watch the blood ooze pink.  
But I kill for a reason that  
Is different than you'd think.  
I've only killed these shows because  
The ratings say they stink!"

## WIRETAP FEVER

by Greg Morris

I must go out and bug phones again  
In the home of some evil guy,  
And all I ask is a fake I.D.  
So the guards will let me by.

I must go down to the basement, too.  
Where the wiring all will be;  
And I'll change each fuse and pull each plug  
'Til this hostile land's set free.

I've never known how a tyrant thinks,  
Or what lights his inner fires.  
I only know that he'll flee in fear  
Once he finds I've switched his wires.



## MATT DILLON, MY SON

by Mrs. M. J. Dillon, Sr.

"O where ha'e ye been, Matt Dillon, my son?  
O where ha'e ye been, my lanky young man?"  
"I got shot near Topeka at least sixteen times.  
Now I'm weary wi' bleeding, and fain wald lie down."

"Why rode ye so far, Matt Dillon, my son?  
Topeka's not close, my tin-badged young man."  
"When Sioux warriors pursue me, I go where I'm chased.  
Now pull out these darned arrows so I can lie down."

"Ye fought with the Sioux, Matt Dillon, my son?  
There's none within miles, my roving young man!"  
"When some crooks tried to hang me, I fled the wrong way.  
Get this rope off my neck now; I fain wald lie down."

"Why seek out danger, Matt Dillon, my son?  
Why not stay in Dodge, my foolish young man?"  
"I must roam o'er the prairie each third episode.  
'Tis a clause in my contract. Now let me lie down."



"But 'Gunsmoke's' filmed here, Matt Dillon, my son!  
How come you blow town, my mixed up young man?"  
"So I need but appear in two shows out of three.  
To be frank, Ma, I'm lazy, so let me lie down."



## LINCOLN'S UPDATED CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Four years and thirteen weeks ago, our network foisted off upon this nation "The Doris Day Show," conceived by one of the producer's children, and dedicated to the proposition that all viewers are idiots. Now we are engaged in a great ratings war, testing whether this program, or any program so conceived and so dedicated, can endure for five or six more seasons.

We are met today on the C.B.S. parking lot. We have come to dedicate a portion of that lot in memory of those who gladly jumped out windows rather than watch even one more hilarious episode of the fun-filled mis-adventure of a gorgeous, irresistible, middle-aged career girl and her two adorable moppets.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this asphalt. Rather, it is for us, the living, to here highly resolve that the "Doris Day Show" shall have a new burst of sponsorship, and that drivel of the people, by the people and for our profit shall not perish from the tube.

## HOWARD AT THE MIKE

by Ernest Lawrenth Thayer

The Colts opposed the Cowboys on an autumn Monday night,  
And thousands gathered in the stands to watch the gala sight;  
For who would win this awesome clash, no one for sure could tell,  
Except, of course, that visionary: A.B.C.'s Cosell.

For never once had Howard failed to keenly analyze  
Each move and bit of strategy, for Howard was all-wise.  
Oft-times, his voice betrayed the fact he found the game a bore,  
For, in advance, he'd sensed each play and guessed the final score.

This Monday night found him prepared to share his wizardry  
With all the stupid slobbs at home, now watching on TV.  
"The Colts' defense," Cosell intoned, "will take an awful toll!"  
Then, Dallas ran the opening kick-off back to score a goal.

A moment later, Baltimore was on the Dallas two.  
"They'll smash off tackle," said Cosell. "I'm sure that's what they'll do!"  
Instead, the Colts fired off a pass that scored a quick T.D.  
"A rotten call there," Howard said. "Not one approved by me!"

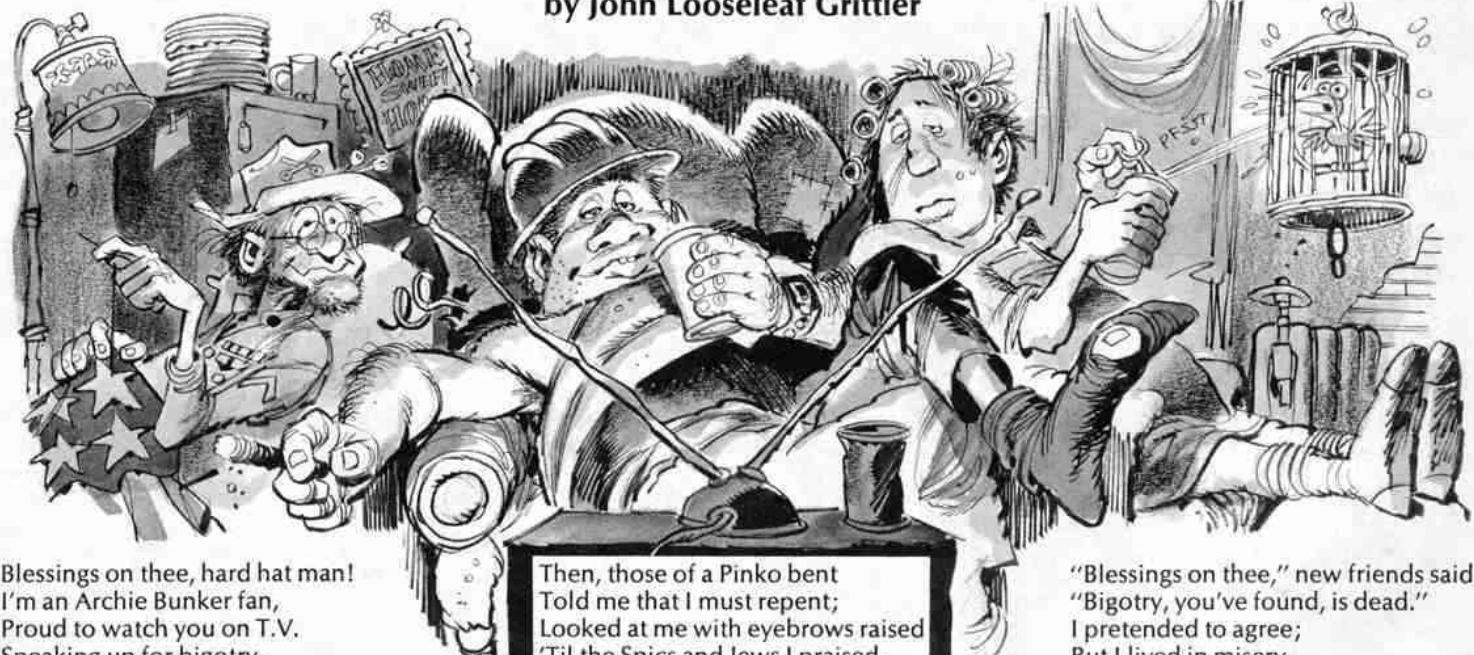
Then, just before the halftime gun, the Colts faced third and five.  
"They've got to pass," announced Cosell, "to keep this march alive!"  
But Baltimore stayed on the ground and gained a first and ten.  
Cosell screamed out in righteous rage, "Their coach has goofed again!"

And so it went for Howard through the whole disastrous fray.  
His only good prediction came on what the band would play.  
Next morn, he got his notice he'd been fired by A.B.C.  
"A grave mistake," he said. "It seems the whole world's wrong but me!"



## ODE TO "ALL IN THE FAMILY"

by John Looseleaf Grittier

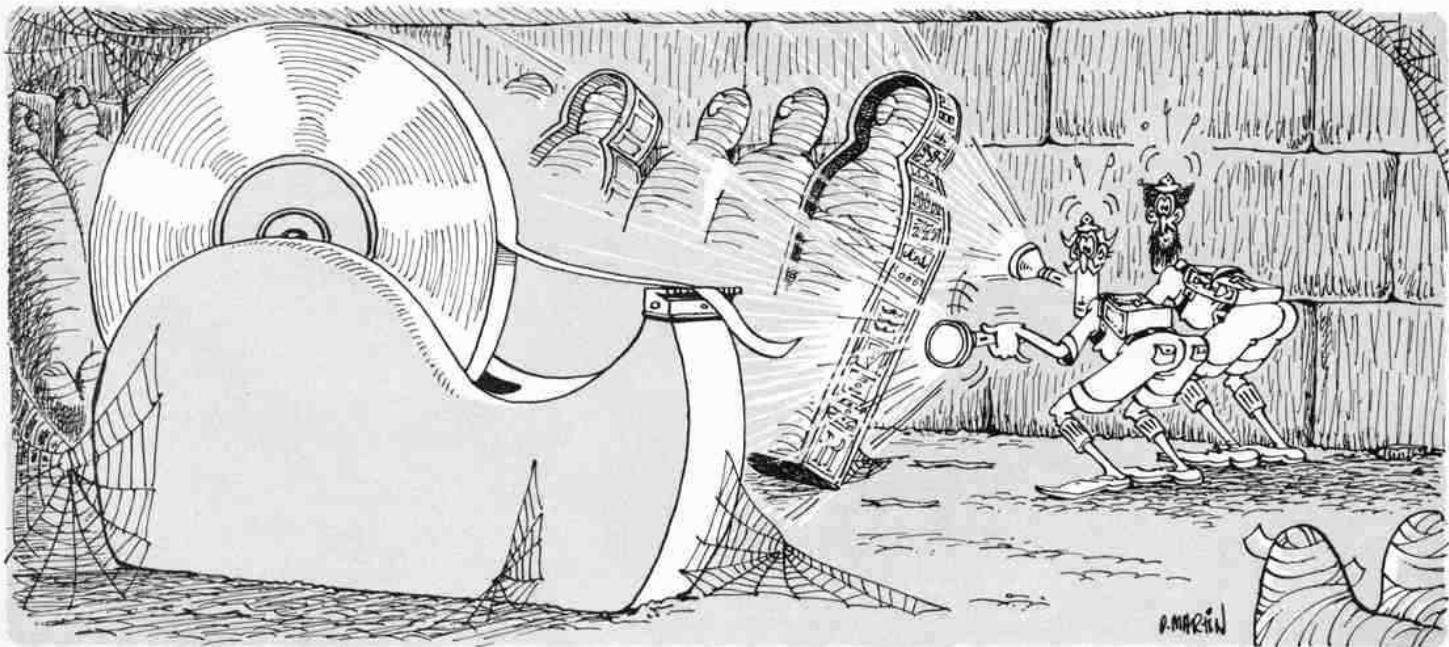
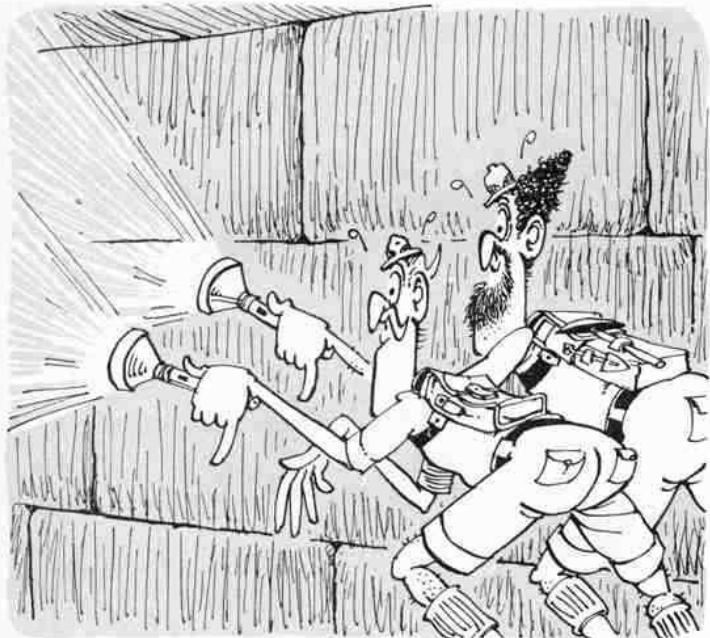
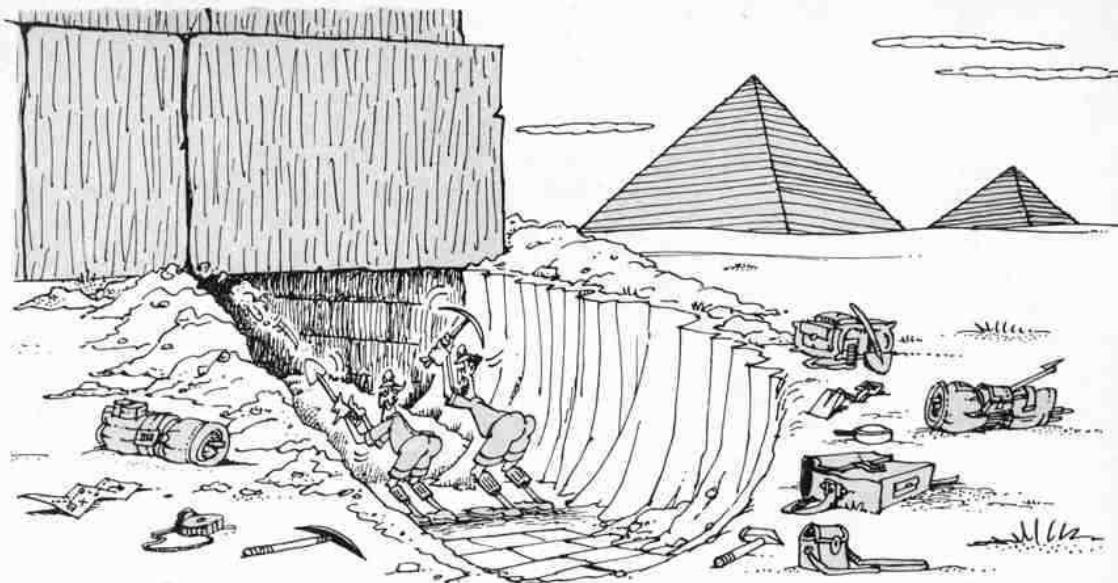


Blessings on thee, hard hat man!  
I'm an Archie Bunker fan,  
Proud to watch you on T.V.  
Speaking up for bigotry.  
In my mind, you are the tops,  
Ranting out against the Wops;  
Warning of the Commie goons;  
Choosing not to mix with Coons.  
Though I'm sure it can't show through,  
I was once a Bigot, too.

Then, those of a Pinko bent  
Told me that I must repent;  
Looked at me with eyebrows raised  
'Til the Spics and Jews I praised.  
Oh, the price in friends I paid  
When I called a Spade a Spade.  
Neighbors scarcely talked to me  
'Til I loved Ted Kennedy.  
Sadly, I admit it's true,  
I became a Liberal, too.

"Blessings on thee," new friends said.  
"Bigotry, you've found, is dead."  
I pretended to agree;  
But I lived in misery,  
Knowing in my secret fright  
I still loved the far-out Right.  
Now, bless Archie Bunker's soul,  
I can play my natural role.  
See what laughs his comments bring?  
Bigotry's the new "in" thing!

# ONE FINE DAY AT THE PYRAMIDS





# CRIMINAL T

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

## OIL COMPANIES



BP  
ESSO  
SHELL  
HUMBLE  
GULF  
GETTY  
MOBIL  
TEXACO  
AMERICAN

## TOBACCO COMPANIES



LARK  
LUCKY STRIKE  
WINSTON  
OLD GOLD  
  
CAMEL  
PALL MALL  
TARREYTON  
CHESTERFIELD  
KENT  
RALEIGH

## FACTORIES ON RIVERS



COLUMBIA  
OHIO  
SNAKE  
TENNESSEE  
ARKANSAS  
MISSISSIPPI  
MISSOURI  
RIO GRANDE  
CANADIAN  
POTOMAC  
RED  
HUDSON

PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER

# YPES DEPT.

WRITER: DON EDWING

## SOAP COMPANIES



TRIUMPH  
CHEER  
RINSO  
SURF  
COLD POWER  
PUNCH  
AJAX  
TIDE  
DRIVE  
BURST

## HUNTERS



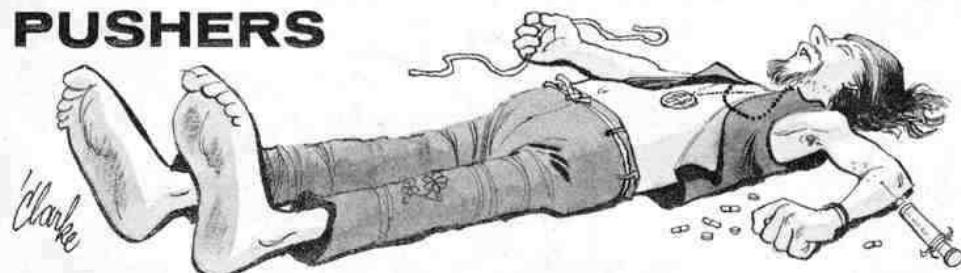
SEAL  
FOX  
TIGER  
LION  
RHINOCEROUS  
COUGER  
ANTELOPE  
CROCODILE  
MOOSE  
ELEPHANT

## AUTO MANUFACTURERS



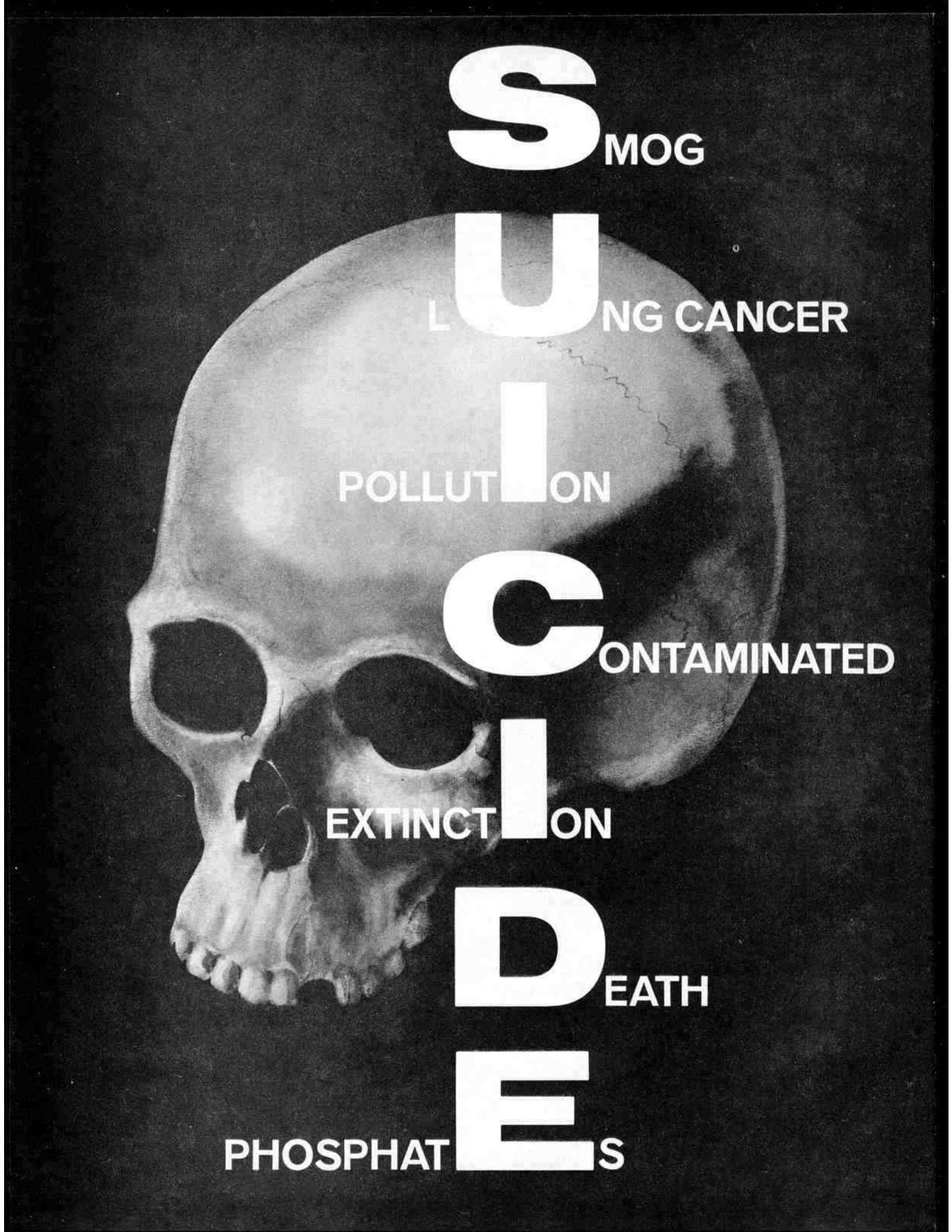
CHRYSLER  
AMERICAN  
FORD  
GM

## PUSHERS



LSD  
BENZEDRINE  
COCAINE  
METHEDRINE  
HEROIN

HER, THEY SPELL...



**S**MOG

**U**NG CANCER

POLLUTION

**C**ONTAMINATED

EXTINCTION

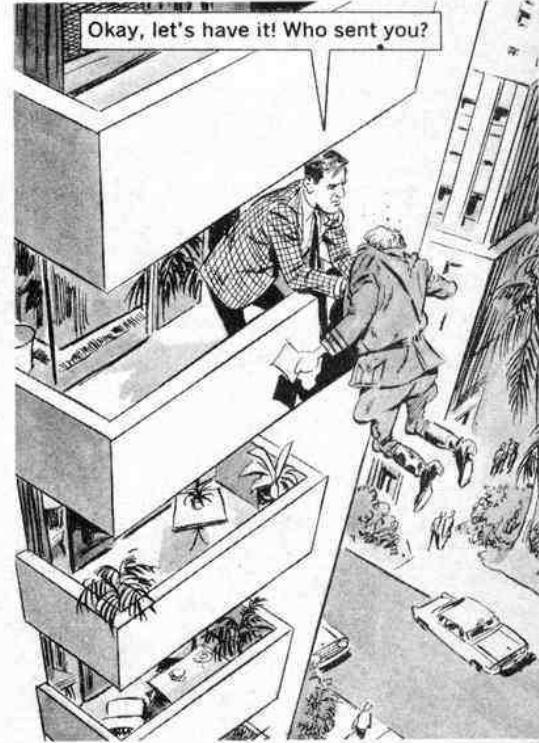
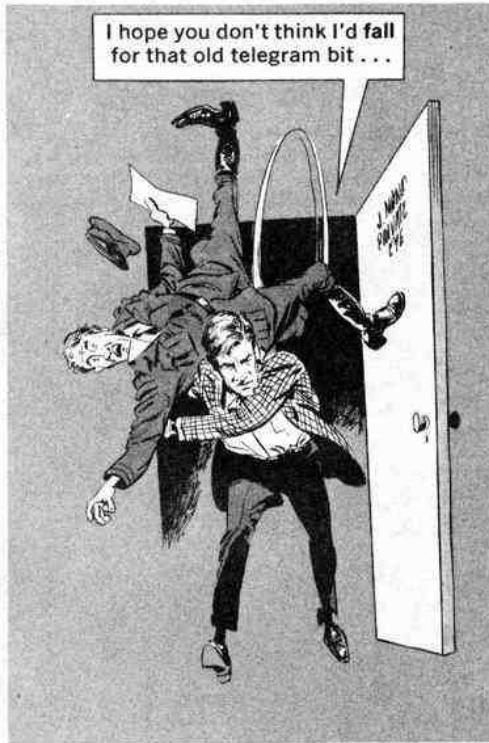
**D**EATH

**P**HOSPHATES

Nowadays, a lot of people are beginning to feel that if we'd only let the forces of Law and Order take over, crime and violence would be eliminated. But after watching some of the so-called Law Enforcement Officers and Private Eyes on TV, we're not so sure. You'll see what we mean as we take a MAD look at TV's top Crime-Fighter . . .



# MANIC



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



W-W-Western  
Union!  
Honest!

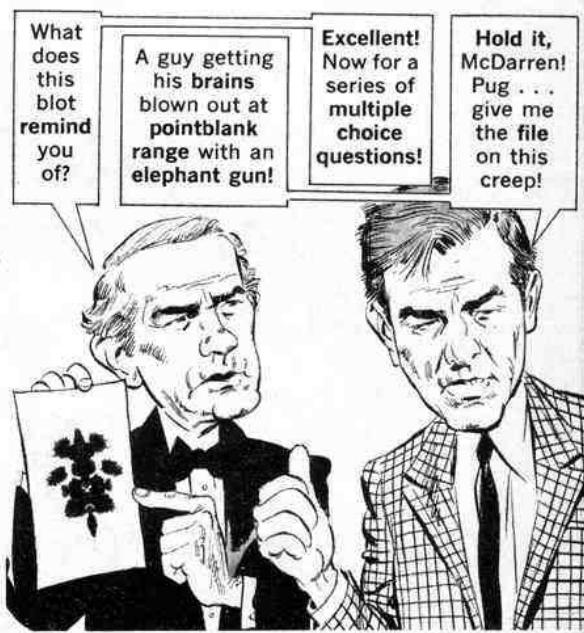
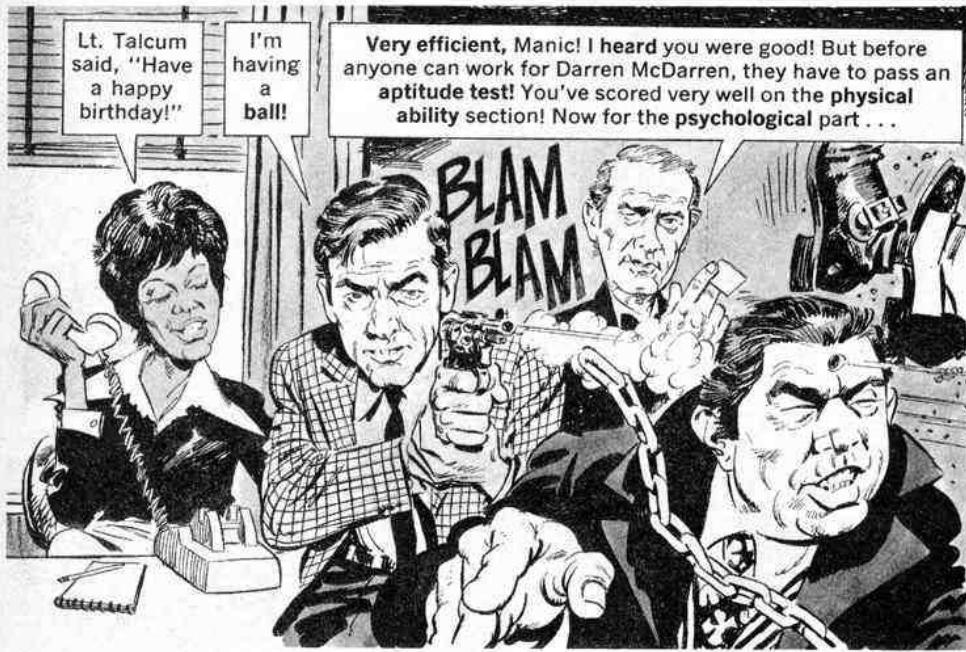
I got a singing  
telegram  
for you!

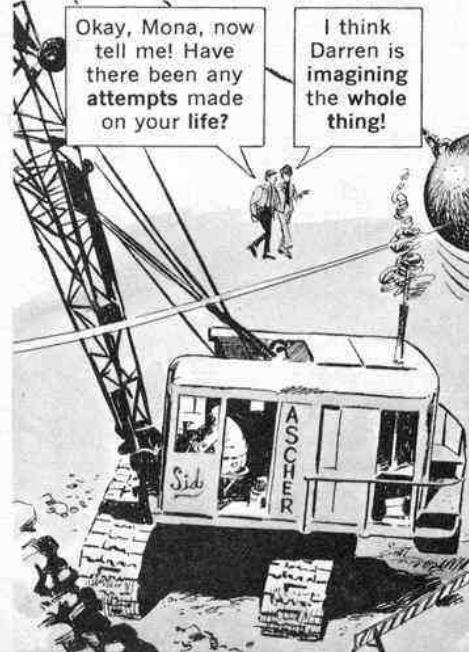
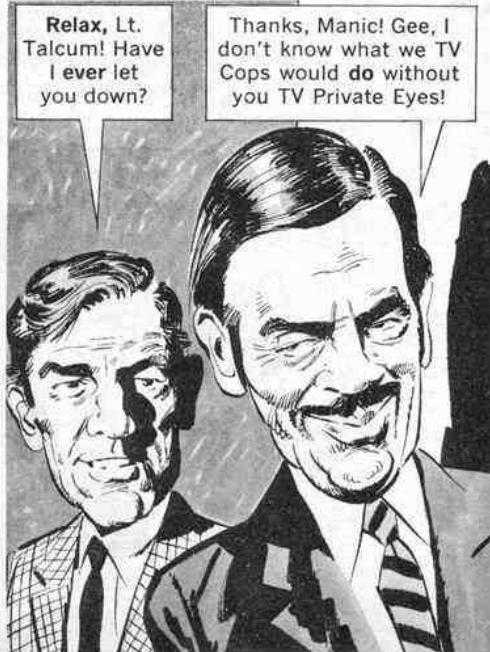
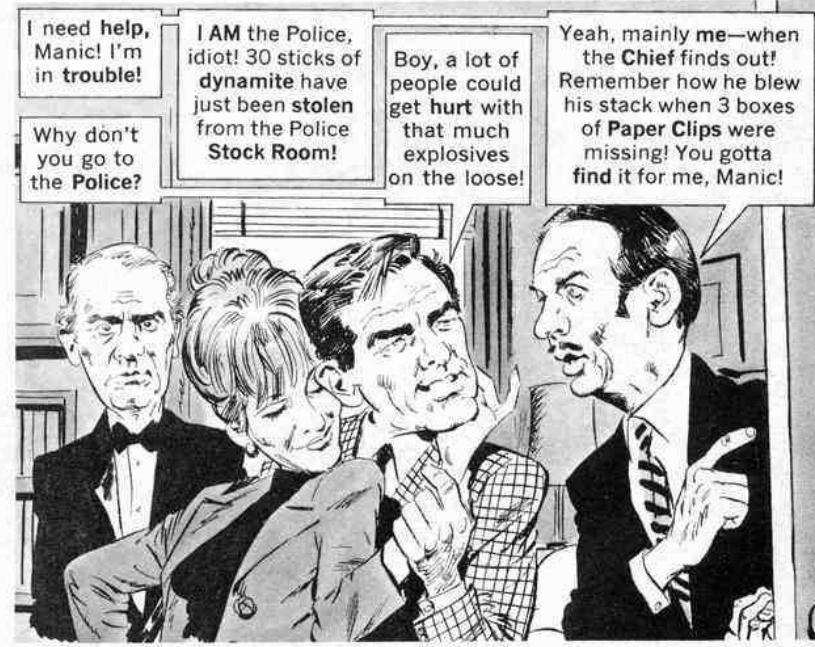
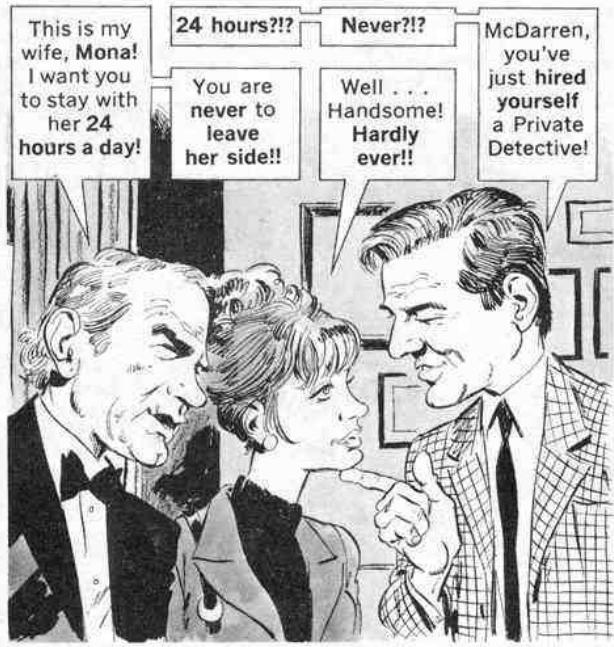
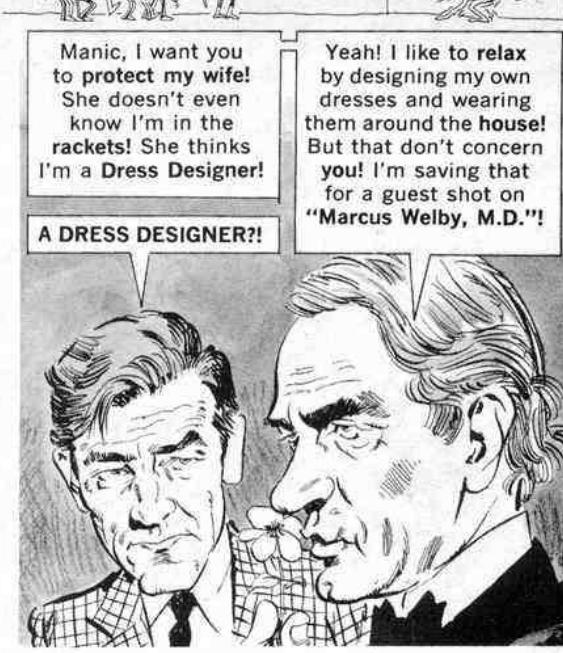
Happy birthday to you . . .  
Happy birthday to you . . .  
Happy birthday, dear Manic . . .

Surprise, Manic!  
Many happy returns!

Huh?? Aw, Pug, you  
shouldn't have . . .!

Happy  
birthday  
to y---





Y'know something, Manic! Now I **DO** think somebody's trying to kill me!

What made you change your mind??

The wrecking ball that almost hit me! And the bulldozer that just missed me! And now, this airplane that's strafing me!

Now, don't start imagining things yourself, Mona! Those are just common, ordinary, everyday occurrences!

Sorry, Manic! I guess I'm getting jumpy!

If you're jumpy **now**, what's gonna happen when you find out about the car tailing us? I'd better try to **lose** him!

Think hard, Mona! Who would stand to gain by your death?

Er . . . Darren's cousin, Sidney!

He's named in your will . . . ?

No, he's an **Undertaker**, and whenever there's a death in the family, my husband spends a small fortune on the funeral!



Oh-oh! That car looks suspicious!

But it's just a family out for a drive . . .

You may be right, but I can't afford to take any chances! My job is to **protect** you, so—



Is there anybody **ELSE** who'd like to see you dead?

There's my **HUSBAND**!! You see, Darren is an **Art Collector**, and I'm the **Great Granddaughter** of the famous artist, **Vincent Van Gogo**!

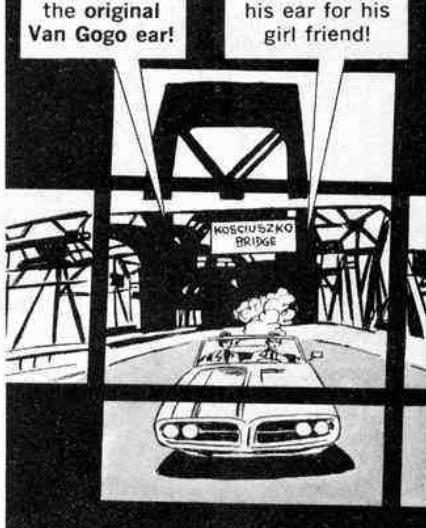
If anything happens to you, he gets your **Van Gogo** paintings!!

My **Van Gogo** paintings he's got! No, **THIS** is what he's after . . .

Holy cow, it's an **EAR**!! So your Ol' Man's an "Ear Freak"!

This isn't just **ANY** old ear, Manic! This is the **original** **Van Gogo** ear!

Then the legend is **TRUE**! He **DID** cut off his ear for his girl friend!



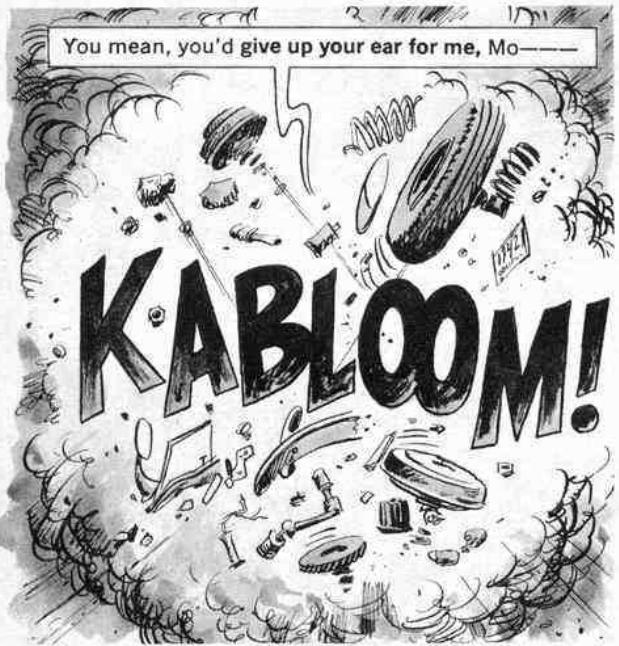
No, that's just a story his Agent dreamed up! Actually, my Great Grandpa was **near-sighted!** He was trying to even off his **sideburns** one morning when his razor slipped! Now, his ear is a priceless Art World Treasure!

That figures! He did hundreds of paintings, but how many **EARs** did he cut off! And that gives McDarren the motive—but why hire me as your bodyguard??

Manic, I don't know about all this **Detective** stuff! All I know is how I feel about you!

But, Mona! You're . . . **MARRIED!!** The Network doesn't mind if we show violence and brutality and murder! But they frown on showing **Adultery** on a Prime Time Family Series!!

If I give Darren the ear, he'll give me a **Divorce!**



I heard about my wife, Manic! Tell me, is the **EAR** alright?

Not **YOUR** ear, you Dummy! I mean the **Van Gogo** ear!!

Well, I still have a little ringing in it from the explosion!

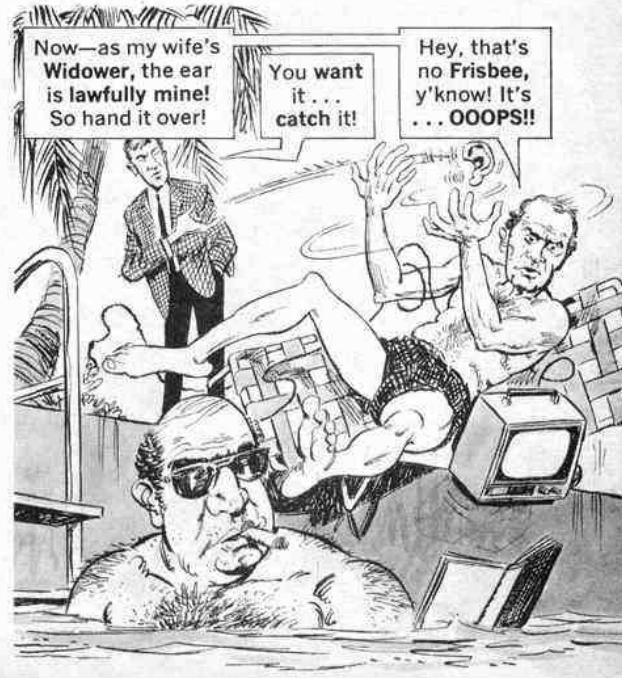
Is this ear worth killing your wife over, McDarren?

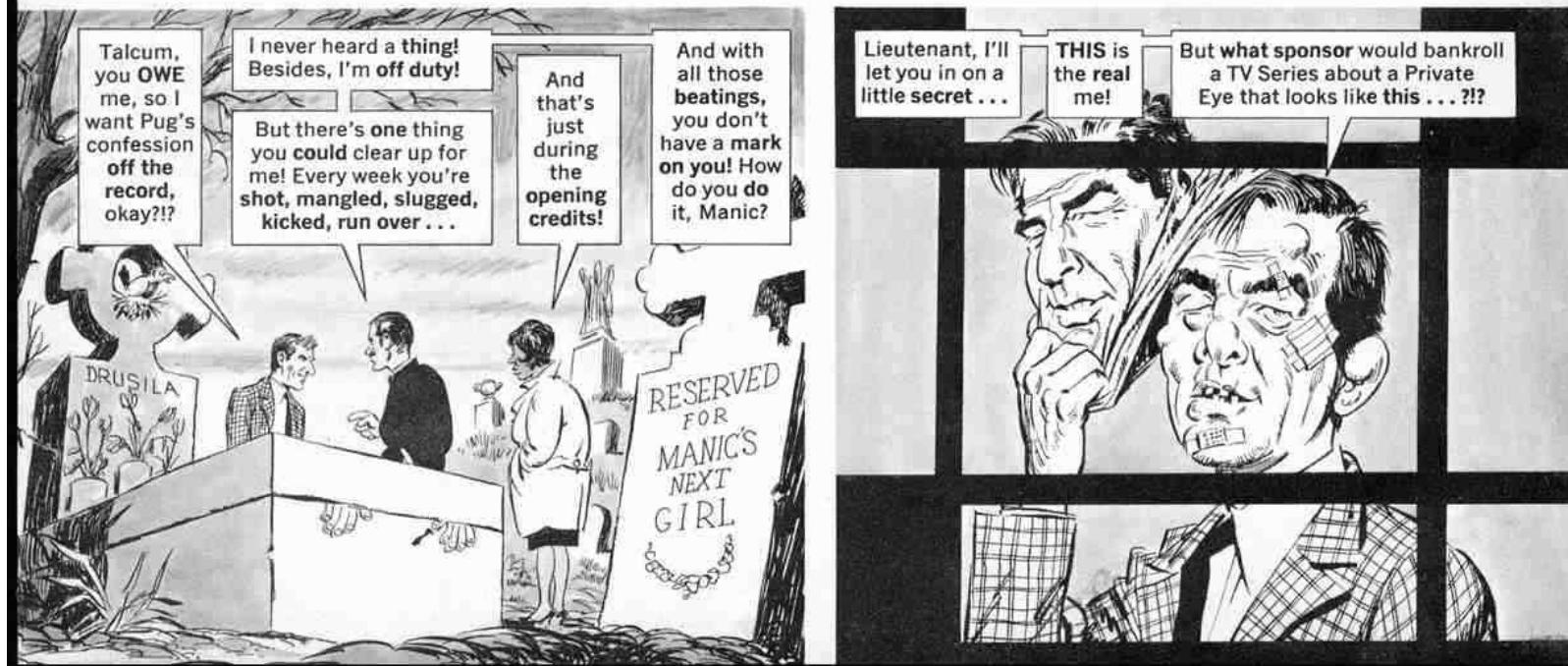
Of course it is . . . but I didn't kill her! That's the reason I hired **YOU!** See, Manic, every time you get involved with a dame, she has a **fatal accident!** It's **cheaper** and surer than putting out a **contract** on her!

Now—as my wife's **Widower**, the ear is lawfully mine! So hand it over!

You want it . . . catch it!

Hey, that's no **Frisbee**, y'know! It's . . . **OOOPS!!**





WHAT  
INSTITUTION  
GRADUATES  
SUPER-  
SPECIALISTS  
IN THEIR  
CHOSEN  
FIELDS?

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

Many of our finest Colleges and Universities graduate students who are ill-prepared for the careers they seek. But there is one particular Institution that consistently turns out alumni who are effectively educated there and become well-trained experts in their chosen field. To find out which remarkable institution this is, simply fold in the page as shown on the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



SOME INSTITUTIONS PRESCRIBE IRRELEVANT  
COURSES THAT DETER STUDENTS FROM THEIR  
PRIMARY CAREER OBJECTIVES. A VERY GOOD LESSON  
CAN BE LEARNED BY OBSERVING THE WELL-  
TRAINED GRADUATES OF ONE INSTITUTION.

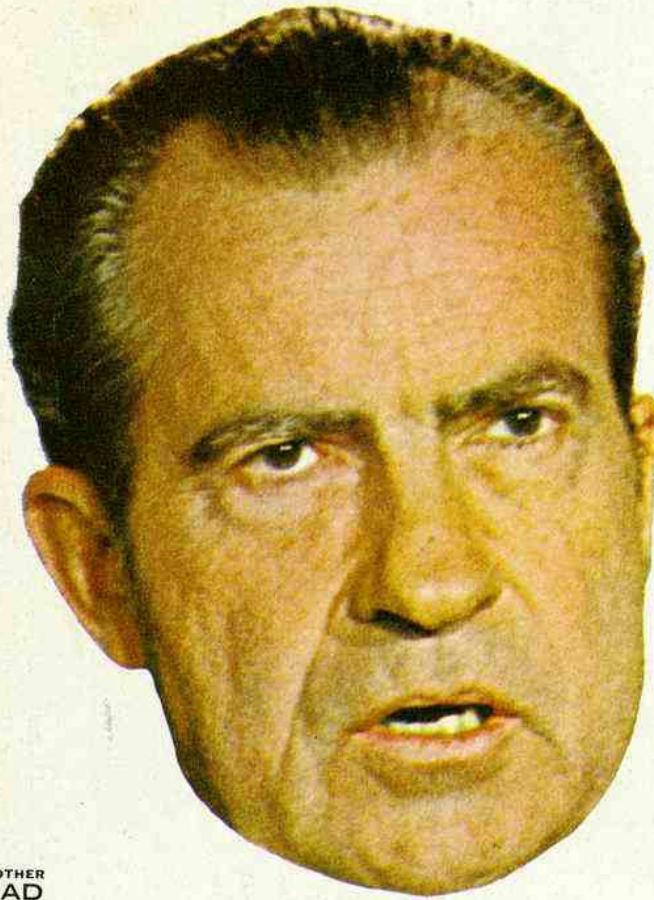
ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

A

B

# NIXON & BUNKER

PHOTOS BY:  
UPI



ANOTHER  
MAD  
MINI-  
POSTER

IN '72!

