

No.  
150  
April  
'72

33230

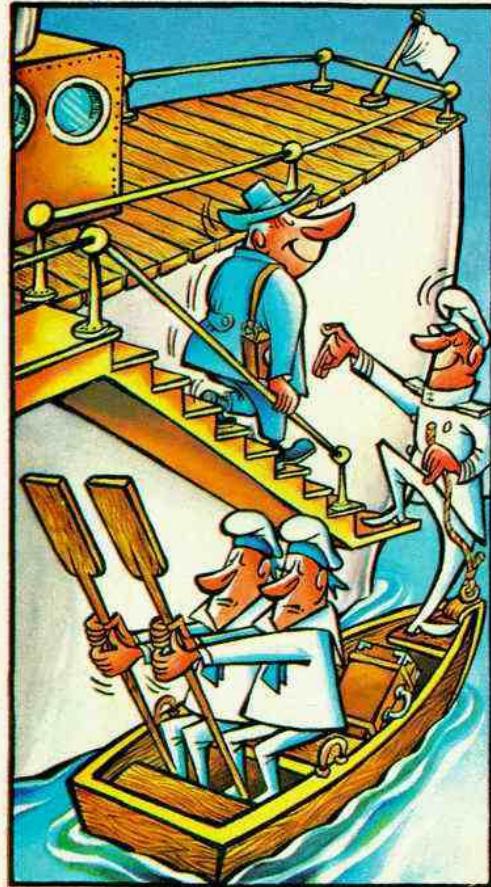
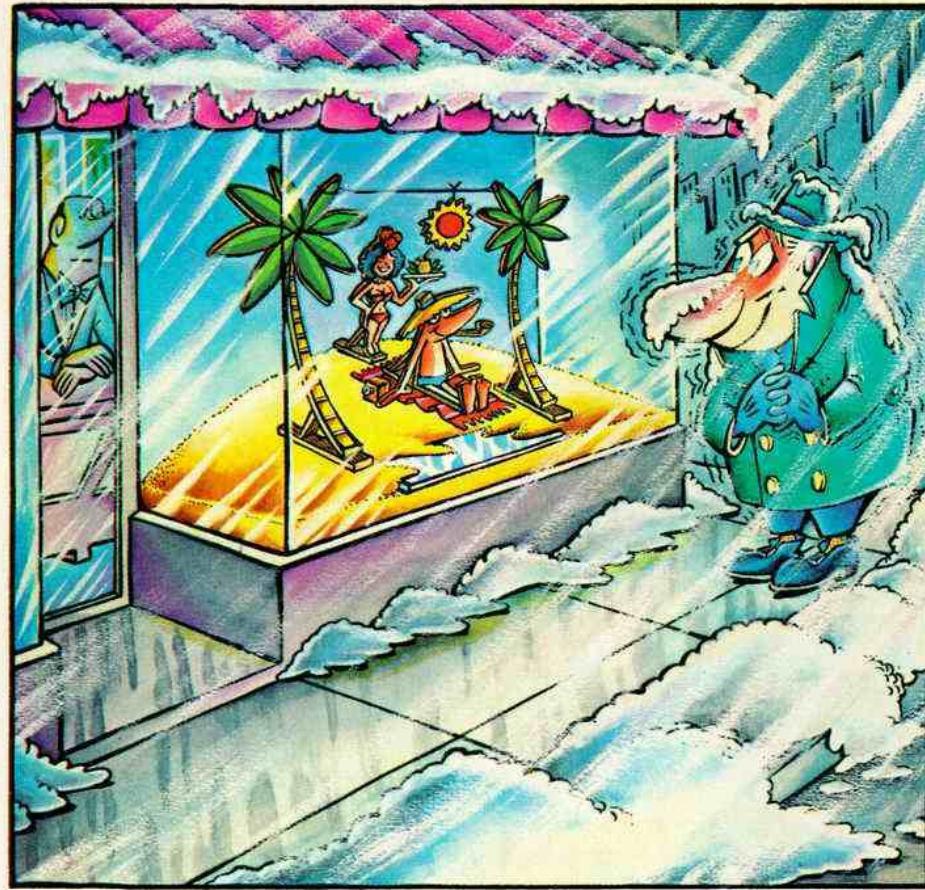
IND

# MAD

OUR PRICE  
**40C**  
CHEAP



# THE TOURIST



# MAD

"Marriage is like a bath; once you're into it and you've gotten used to it, it's not so hot!"—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 *subscriptions*  
 CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

## DEPARTMENTS

<b>A DISCOURAGING WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR DEPARTMENT</b>	
Ads That Turn People Off	12
<b>BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT</b>	
The Lighter Side Of Air Travel	32
<b>BIG TIME OPERETTA DEPARTMENT</b>	
The White House Follies Of 1972	4
<b>DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT</b>	
One Fairly Nice Day Downtown	19
One Day While Touring Florida	42
One Busy Day In A Highway Restaurant	48
<b>FINE FETID FRIENDS DEPARTMENT</b>	
The Putrid Family (A MAD TV Satire)	43
<b>GURLEY BOOKS DEPARTMENT</b>	
If Other Magazines Copied "Cosmopolitan's" Sex Formula	37
<b>LETTERS DEPARTMENT</b>	
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail	2
<b>MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones	**
<b>MASH COMMUNICATION DEPARTMENT</b>	
Love Letters From Celebrities	20
<b>PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPARTMENT</b>	
More "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions"	16
<b>SLAY RIDE DEPARTMENT</b>	
A MAD Look At Snowmobiles	29
<b>SPLITTING HEADACHES DEPARTMENT</b>	
You Know You're Really Divorced When	40
<b>SPOIL-SPORT DEPARTMENT</b>	
When TV Makes Full Use Of Howard Cosell	25
<b>THE NOSE HAVE IT DEPARTMENT</b>	
A MAD Message To The Leading Democrat Candidates	22
**Various Places Around The Magazine	

**MAD**—April 1972, Vol. 1, No. 150 is 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 the 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 © 1972 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.

## VITAL FEATURES

WHITE  
HOUSE  
FOLLIES  
OF 1972  
Pg. 4



MORE SNAPPY  
ANSWERS  
TO STUPID  
QUESTIONS  
Pg. 16



A MESSAGE TO  
THE LEADING  
DEMOCRAT  
CANDIDATES  
Pg. 22



WHEN TV MAKES  
FULL USE OF  
HOWARD  
COSELL  
Pg. 25



YOU KNOW  
YOU'RE  
DIVORCED  
WHEN...  
Pg. 40



THE  
PUTRID  
FAMILY  
(TV SATIRE)  
Pg. 43

# 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

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

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

CITY.....

STATE..... ZIP CODE.....

\*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!



Yep, this full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or lining bird cages—is rated "GP" . . . (Guaranteed Pollutant)! It's worse on your eyes than smog! So join those contributing to "air pollution", "water pollution" and "noise pollution" with MAD's "visual pollution"! Order yours now! Send 25¢ for one, 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

## LETTERS DEPT.



### THE TRAUMA OF '42

"The Trauma Of '42" was really superb! My compliments to Mort Drucker for the fantastic art work, and especially to Stan Hart for the realistic ending.

Michael Ginther  
Marshall University  
Huntington, W. Va.

Although I usually laugh myself sick at your movie satires, I was plain sickened by your job on "Summer Of '42." Stan Hart took a beautifully intimate story and turned it into an apparent piece of smut. The final punch line was still hilarious and Mort Drucker is a genius.

John Michaelis  
Carson, Calif.

Your "Summer Of '42" version is a work of genius. Thanks to you I really socked it to my parents about when they were kids. Now I got to stay in my Kleenex box for a week. (*whisper, whisper, whisper*)

Barry Blakely  
Miami, Fla.

Stan Hart's fantastic satire "The Trauma Of '42" answered my question why my parents wouldn't take me to see the movie. They wouldn't want me to tell *their* parents that they had been to an R rated movie!

Bill Chasey  
Phoenix, Ariz.

One of the funniest scenes in the movie was the drugstore scene. Writer Stan Hart made the same scene hilariously funny and even better.

Larry Roth  
Rego Park, N.Y.

In your satire, "Trauma Of '42," in the third frame, you show some girls wearing bikinis. This is incorrect, since the bikini was not introduced until *after* the atomic explosion on Bikini, for which it was named. In 1942, no one had hardly heard of the atom.

John Kleeberg  
New York, N.Y.

Do we tell you how to outfit your flashback sequences . . . ?—Ed.

I must admit being satirized in MAD was both a shock and a thrill to me, thanks to Mort Drucker and Stan Hart. "Summer Of '42" was my first movie of note and I hope to see myself on your pages again.

Jerry "Husky" Houser  
Studio City, Calif.

### IF "PEANUTS" AGED . . .

I thought your satire on the Peanuts characters was funnier than the stuff I read in the newspaper every day. Peanuts at the age of 19 is much more relative than all the strips about footballs and kite-eating trees put together.

Joni Hulman  
Rockville, Md.

DEAR "MAD",  
I LIKED YOUR  
PEANUTS STRIPS. WHY  
DON'T YOU GUYS TAKE  
OVER THE WHOLE THING,  
AND I'LL QUIT?

SCHULZ

WHAT?!  
ME  
WORRY?

You ridicule Charles M. Schulz and ask him to "wise up" by letting his characters age. I haven't noticed your superstar, Alfred E. Neuman, getting any older. What's the catch?

J. Paul Johns  
Houston, Texas

### SOCKO BACK COVERS

Why is it your most pointed satire always is to be found on the *back cover*?

Carol Hodes  
George Washington U.  
Washington, D.C.

### CONGRESSIONAL OFF-THE-RECORD

If your "Congressional Off-The-Record" were the official publication, you can be certain there'd be more Political Science majors than there are now.

Mark Parker  
Ohio State U.  
Columbus, Ohio

Your "Congressional Off-The-Record" reminds me of the fools that are elected to office in my own community.

Jonathan Stein  
New York, N.Y.

### FACE SAVING DEVICE?

I would like to thank your brilliant and heroic publication for saving my life. Unbelievable? My mother was driving me home and I was reading her a satire you guys did on one of Liz & Dick's flicks. We got into a three car collision and my head went into the windshield. I got six stitches. If I hadn't been reading your magazine, I would have done serious damage to my face and neck.

Nannette Filler  
Paradise Valley, Ariz.

#### MESSY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE

Last night I had insomnia. I got up and read your "Messy's Thanksgiving Day Parade." I was so bored I fell asleep. Thank you.

Barbara Stutz  
Chico, Calif.

I was greatly dismayed... appalled... by the scornful treatment accorded to the entire concept of marching bands in your investigation of the "Messy's Thanksgiving Day Parade." Such frivolity, which unfortunately passes as humor, is totally out of keeping with the amount of hard work, sacrifice, and dedication involved in the consistently high level of quality of every serious marching unit. And, only someone who had never seen a marching band would include in the ranks a marching bassoonist.

Bobbi H. Cohen  
Newtown Square, Pa.

#### RHYMING GUIDE TO PRO FOOTBALL

In reply to "MAD's Rhyming Guide To Pro Football," here's a rhyme for Mr. Jacobs...

You call Fred Cox a "flabby blob,"  
Even though he does the job.  
Do not insult him any more  
Or the Purple Gang will be at your door.  
Larsen, Marshall, Eller and Page  
Will use you in a practice Quarterback Rage!  
Cuozzo will heave you into the wild blue  
Then Snead will get a chance at you.  
At the end, with a smile,  
Fred will boot you half a mile...

D. Cassaro  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
(where else?)

I think your "Rhyming Guide To Pro Football" is great. It was really funny, too, as the game is not all that brutal. I happen to play football on a *Junior High team*. It's really cool. The snap of the ball, the smash of bodies, the plucking of teeth from your forearm, it's great.

Edward Stoken  
Texarkana, Texas

Ed "Smasher" Stoken, Coach Darrell Royal of the University of Texas wants you... now!  
—Ed.

#### RENEWAL OF FAITH

I am most impressed and gratified by the considerate statement on your MAD subscription renewal card: *We will not supply your name to list-renter, mail-order advertisers, and we will not annoy you with additional re-subscription literature. This will be your only notice!* I'm delighted to know you keep subscribers' addresses out of the hands of mail-order companies and similar junk-mailers, especially since it is a universal practice to sell mailing lists to other firms.

Mrs. James Keesler  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Please Address All Correspondence To:  
MAD, Dept. 150, 485 MADison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

# WE'RE MAKING ANOTHER FANTASTIC COMEBACK!

IN FACT, WE'RE  
MAKING ANOTHER  
WHOLE BOOK OF  
THEM... AS...

## MAD'S AL JAFFEE Spews out "MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS"

(On Sale Now At All Bookstands—Or Yours By Mail)



use coupon or duplicate

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

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

PLEASE SEND ME:

MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS  
TO STUPID QUESTIONS

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THE BOOKS CHECKED BELOW:

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

I ENCLOSE

60c FOR EACH

(Minimum Order: 2 Books)

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!

**BIG TIME OPERETTA DEPT.**

In recent years, MAD has published musicals featuring such way-out characters as mobsters, hippies, student rioters and Barbra Streisand. Now we'd like to present a musical featuring the most far-out characters of all, namely Dick, Pat, Spiro, Henry, Martha and all the other zany cut-ups who wander around that crazy executive mansion down in Washington, D.C. Which is as good a way as any of introducing . . .

# THE WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES OF 1972

(With Apologies To Gilbert & Sullivan)

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Mr. President, before we begin our Cabinet meeting, we'd all like to hear the stirring, heart-warming story of your life in politics, and the amazing secret of your great success!

As if we hadn't heard it six times this month already!

Good old Spiro—sucking up to the Boss again!

For this, I had to give up a safe seat in Congress!

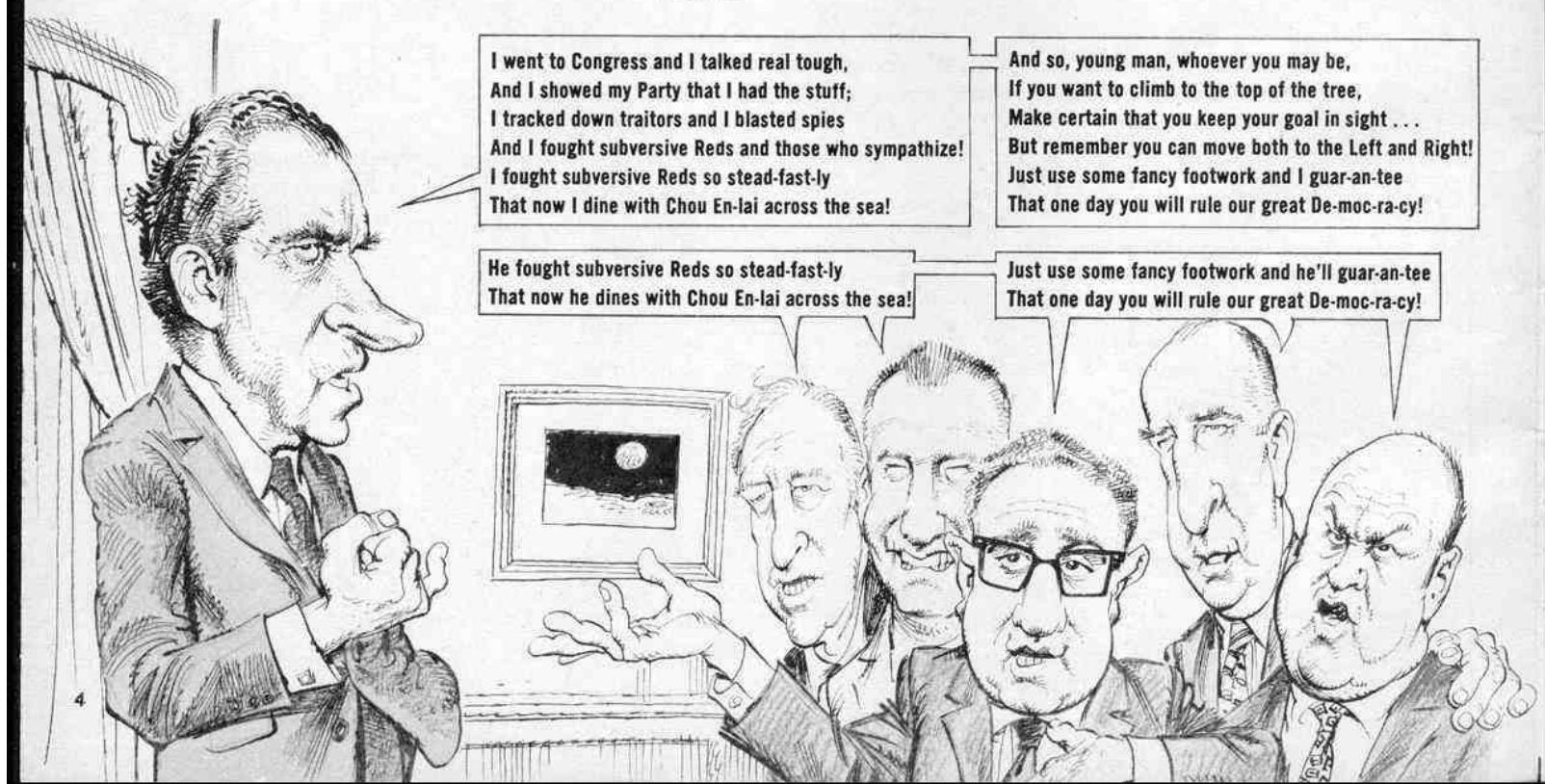


I went to Congress and I talked real tough,  
And I showed my Party that I had the stuff;  
I tracked down traitors and I blasted spies  
And I fought subversive Reds and those who sympathize!  
I fought subversive Reds so steadfastly  
That now I dine with Chou En-lai across the sea!

And so, young man, whoever you may be,  
If you want to climb to the top of the tree,  
Make certain that you keep your goal in sight . . .  
But remember you can move both to the Left and Right!  
Just use some fancy footwork and I guar-an-tee  
That one day you will rule our great De-moc-ra-cy!

He fought subversive Reds so steadfastly  
That now he dines with Chou En-lai across the sea!

Just use some fancy footwork and he'll guar-an-tee  
That one day you will rule our great De-moc-ra-cy!



Thank you, Spiro! You can stop groveling now! Well, gentlemen, to begin with . . .

\*When I was a lad, I learned the score  
As a grocer's helper in my father's store;  
I packed potatoes and I stacked each can,  
And I came to know the problems of the working man;  
I came to know his problems so ex-pert-ly  
That now the Unions call me a ca-tas-tro-phe!

I went to college where I worked my way,  
Then I joined a law firm where I earned my pay;  
I grew successful and I showed much pluck,  
And I understood the value of the U.S. buck;  
I understood its value so tho-rough-ly  
That last year I devalued all our cur-ren-cy!

He came to know their problems so ex-pert-ly  
That now the Unions call him a ca-tas-tro-phe!

He understood its value so tho-rough-ly  
That last year he devalued all our cur-ren-cy!



That was a truly inspiring message, Sir!

Actually, the song wasn't my idea! It came from my most trusted advisor, Henry Kissinger!

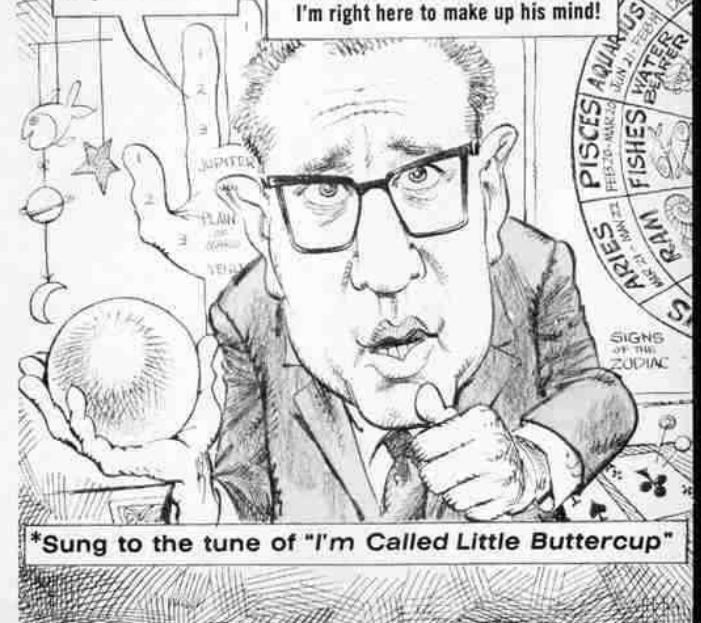
Kissinger again! We're his Cabinet! You'd think Dick would ask our advice sometime!

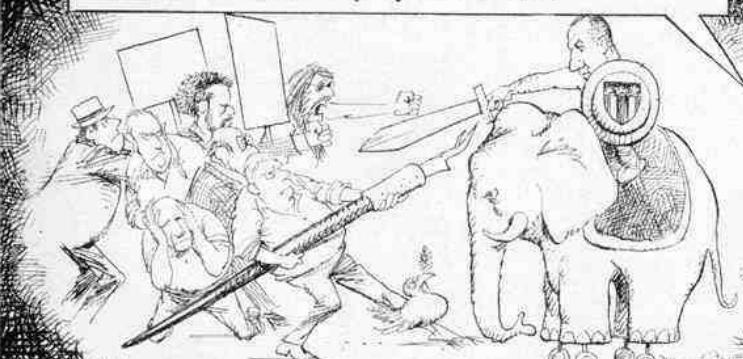
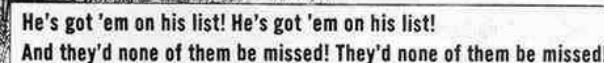
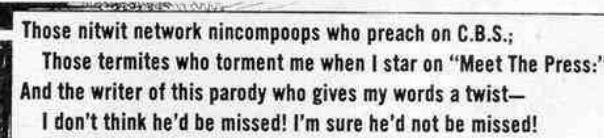
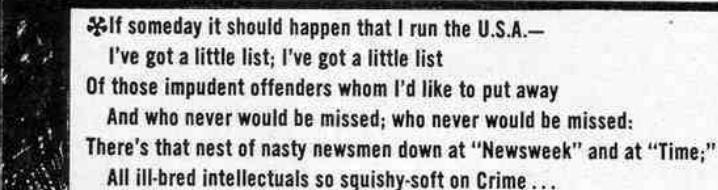
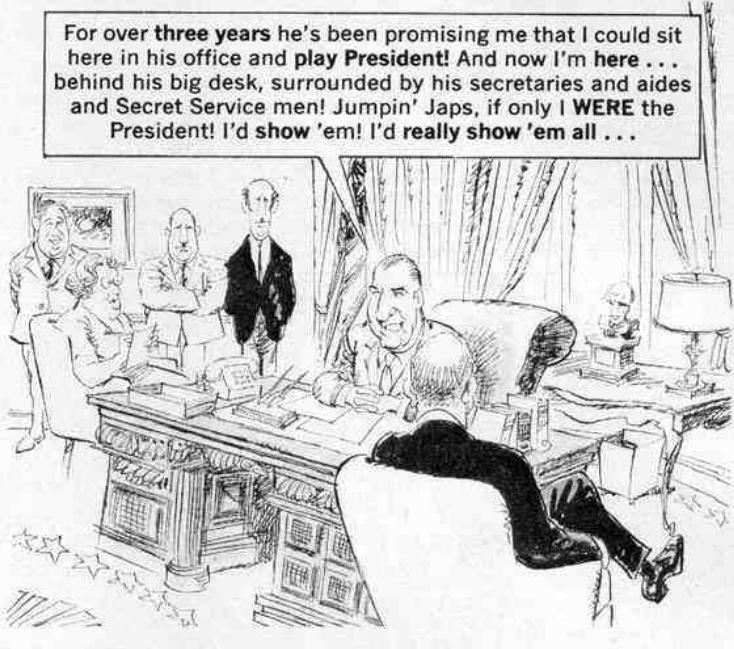
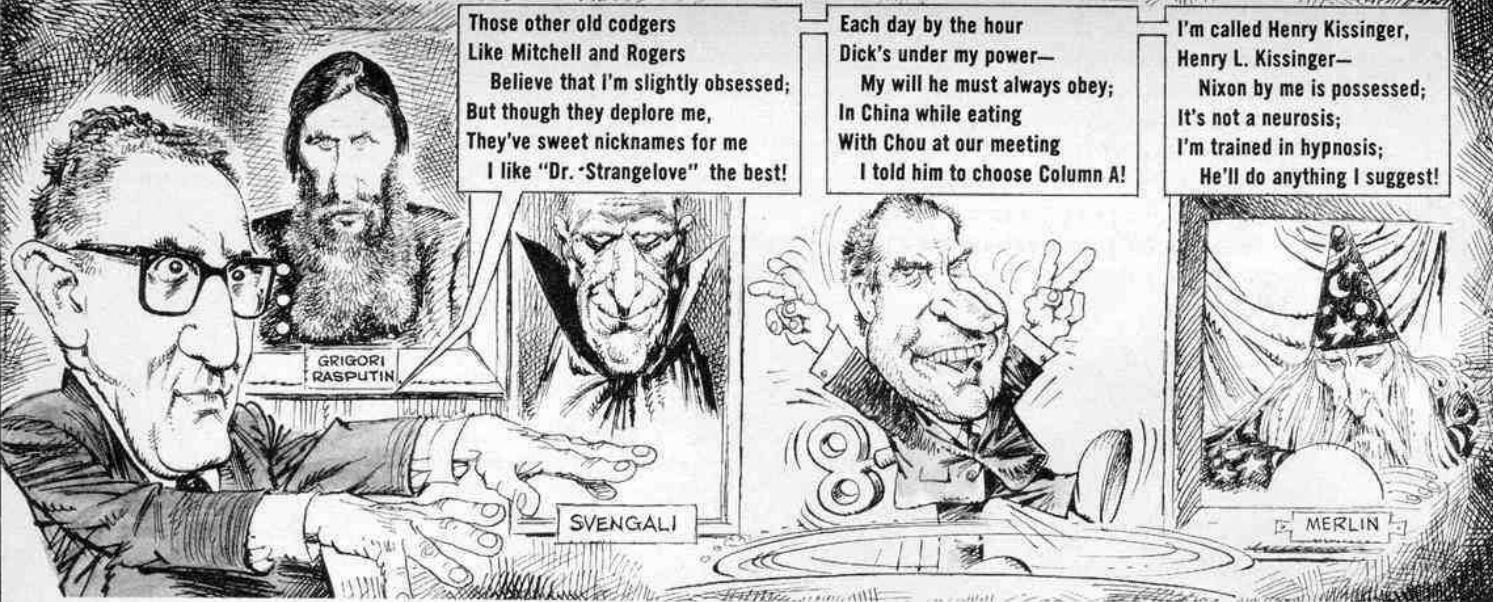
Kissinger's got some weird power over him! I wish I could figure it out!



Gentlemen, the answer is quite simple! Whenever the President needs any advice . . .

\*He calls Henry Kissinger; Me—Henry Kissinger— Each time he's caught in a bind; In talks with the Russians, Or Mid-East discussions I'm right here to make up his mind!







There's that screaming snotty student and his misbegotten mob,  
And that college journal-ist—I've got him on my list;  
Plus the paranoid professor and his friend, the bearded slob;  
They never would be missed; they never would be missed;  
There's that critic of my tennis game who likes to sneer and scoff;  
Those pinko golf professionals who duck when I tee off . . .



All folks who disagree with me—who have divergent views—  
Like Catholics and Protestants, Mohammedans and Jews;  
Yes, it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,  
For they'd none of them be missed! They'd none of them be missed!

You can put 'em on the list! You can put 'em on the list,  
And they'd none of them be missed! They'd none of them be missed!

You have a  
nice baritone  
voice, Spiro,  
and I think  
more people  
should  
hear it!

You mean  
you're going  
to let me  
make a  
nation-wide  
TV address?

Not exactly!  
I'm sending  
you on a  
goodwill tour!  
Where? London?  
Paris? Bonn?

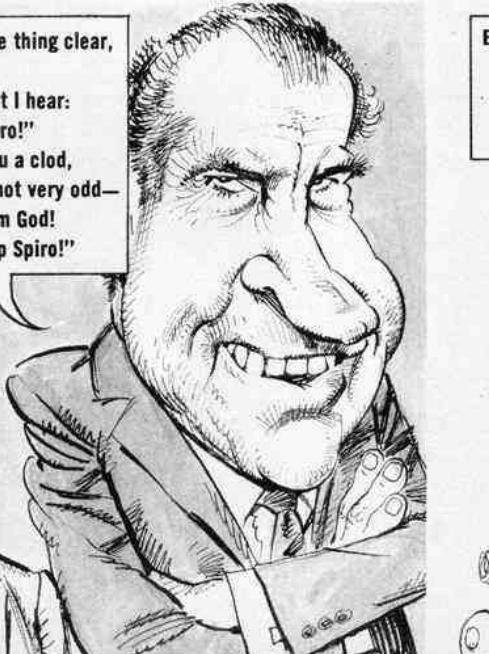
Actually, I was thinking of a more  
strategic place—like the Azores!  
You'd be back by early November!

But that means I'll miss the election  
campaign! What will you do without  
me to warm the hearts of the voters?

Spiro, there's something you should know . . .

\*On a chair in my office, Lou Harris told me:  
"Dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro!"  
And I said to him, "Louie, why should I agree  
"To dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro?  
"All the grown-ups adore him when Hippies he scolds,  
"And the Legion's impressed when the flag he upholds;"  
Louie said, "There are votes now for 18-year olds!  
"Dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro!"

\*Sung to the tune of "Titwillow"



Now I hope you'll allow me to make one thing clear,  
Dear Spiro, dear Spiro, dear Spiro;  
That I don't really listen each time that I hear:  
"Dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro!"  
I don't care when the Lib-er-als call you a clod,  
And that Cronkite should blast you is not very odd—  
But a Lou Harris poll is an order from God!  
"Dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro!"

Excuse me, dear, but the  
girls and I are going  
shopping now—and I  
want to be sure that we  
pass inspection!

You all look fine! But  
are you sure you remember  
everything I've told you?

Of course we do . . .

HELP  
STAMP  
OUT  
POVERTY  
SHOOT A BEGGAR!

\*Three little Nixon wives are we,  
Dressed as a Nixon wife should be,  
Straight out of 1953!—Oh!  
Three little Nixon wives...

We look prim  
in a  
knee-length gown!

We never read  
Helen Gurley  
Brown!

Women's Lib's  
an improper  
noun!

Three little Nixon wives!—Oh!



Three little wives, here's where you'll find them,  
Trained by our men to always mind them;  
That's why we walk three steps behind them!  
Three little Nixon wives...  
Three little NIX-on wives!

One Nixon wife  
wed a man with  
power!

One made the  
White House her  
bridal bower!

One grabbed the  
grandson of  
Eisenhower!

Three little Nixon wives!



Should...  
Three little wives throw  
their bras away,  
March for their rights and  
demand their say,  
You can be sure we'd no longer stay  
Three little Nixon wives!



\*Sung to the tune of "Three Little Maids From School Are We"

Three little wives, here's  
where you'll find them,  
Trained by their men to  
always mind them;  
That's why we walk three  
steps behind them!  
Three little NIX-on wives!

What a nice trio they  
make! Of course, I'd be  
happier if Tricia didn't  
wear those daring  
form-fitting gloves!

Oh, Mr. President, sir!

And I worry  
about Julie  
revealing her  
bare wrist!

Excuse me, Mr.  
President, sir!

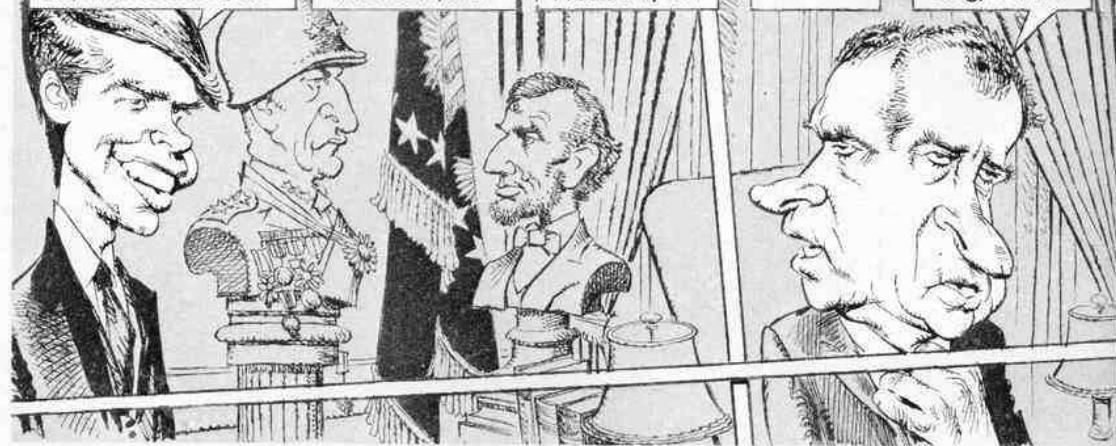
And sometimes  
I think Pat's  
snood is a bit  
too radical!

Please, Mr.  
President, sir!

Oh, it's  
you, David!

Is it  
time for  
my song,  
yet, sir?

It's time for  
SOMETHING  
in this musical  
to appeal to  
the younger  
generation!  
Sing, David!!

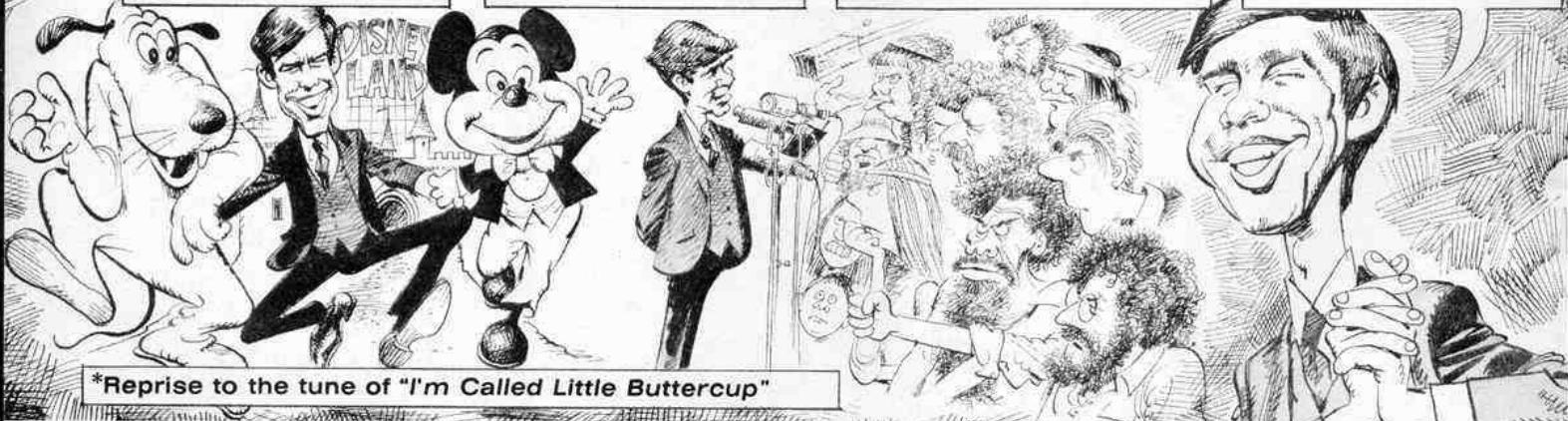


\*I'm called David Eisenhower—  
Son-in-law Eisenhower—  
Making the scene coolly dressed;  
My gear is quite daring;  
You'll note that I'm wearing  
A very loud black suit and vest!

I'm flipped over Julie,  
Which may seem unruly;  
In truth, we are both very hip;  
We think every movie  
By Disney is groovy,  
And when we go dancing we dip!

I hope it won't leak out  
That sometimes we freak out  
From all those "New Sounds" of today;  
My mind I am blowing  
'Cause next week I'm going  
With Julie to hear Johnny Ray

I'm called David Eisenhower—  
"Cool David" Eisenhower—  
That's what the Nixons both say;  
My status is growing  
Like, man, 'cause they're knowing  
I speak for the youth of today!



\*Reprise to the tune of "I'm Called Little Buttercup"

David's such a vibrant personality! Hmm! I AM looking for a new Vice-President! It sure would make a keen ticket: **NIXON and EISENHOWER!**

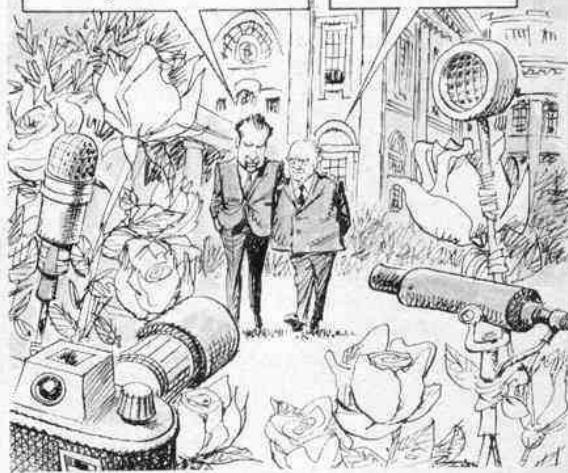
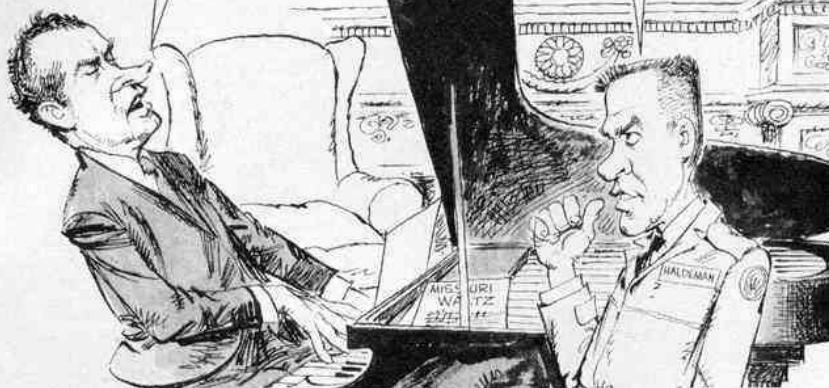
But, no! People would say I was playing politics! Anyway, I need someone who tunes in on the people!

Sir! J. Edgar Hoover is waiting for you in the rose garden!

Hoover! Now THERE'S someone who REALLY tunes in on the people!

Hello, Edgar! I've called you here because Pat is complaining that you're bugging her jewel case!

Well, that's Security, Dick! You can't trust ANYONE these days!



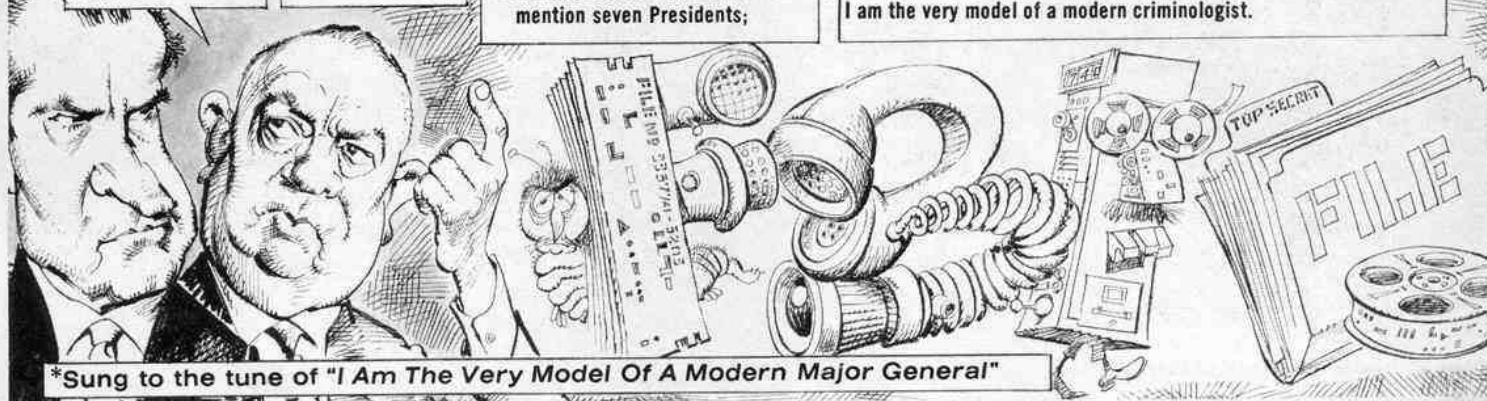
But she's the wife of the President! How would it look if you bugged MY possessions?

Better take a look at your cufflinks!

As head of the F.B.I., I must use the latest techniques so that the Press won't think I'm too old for my job! You see . . .

I am the very model of a modern criminologist; My instinct for survival would intrigue an anthropologist; For more than forty years I've clung to my official residence, Outlasting Walter Lippman, not to mention seven Presidents;

Yet rather than remove me from my post proprietorial, They'd rather put the hammer to the Jefferson Memorial; It's known, you see, I have the goods on Congressmen and Senators, Including information on their children and progenitors; And should I be tormented by some critic of the media, The file I've got on him would fill a small encyclopedia. Of course, in my position one must think like a psychologist; I am the very model of a modern criminologist.



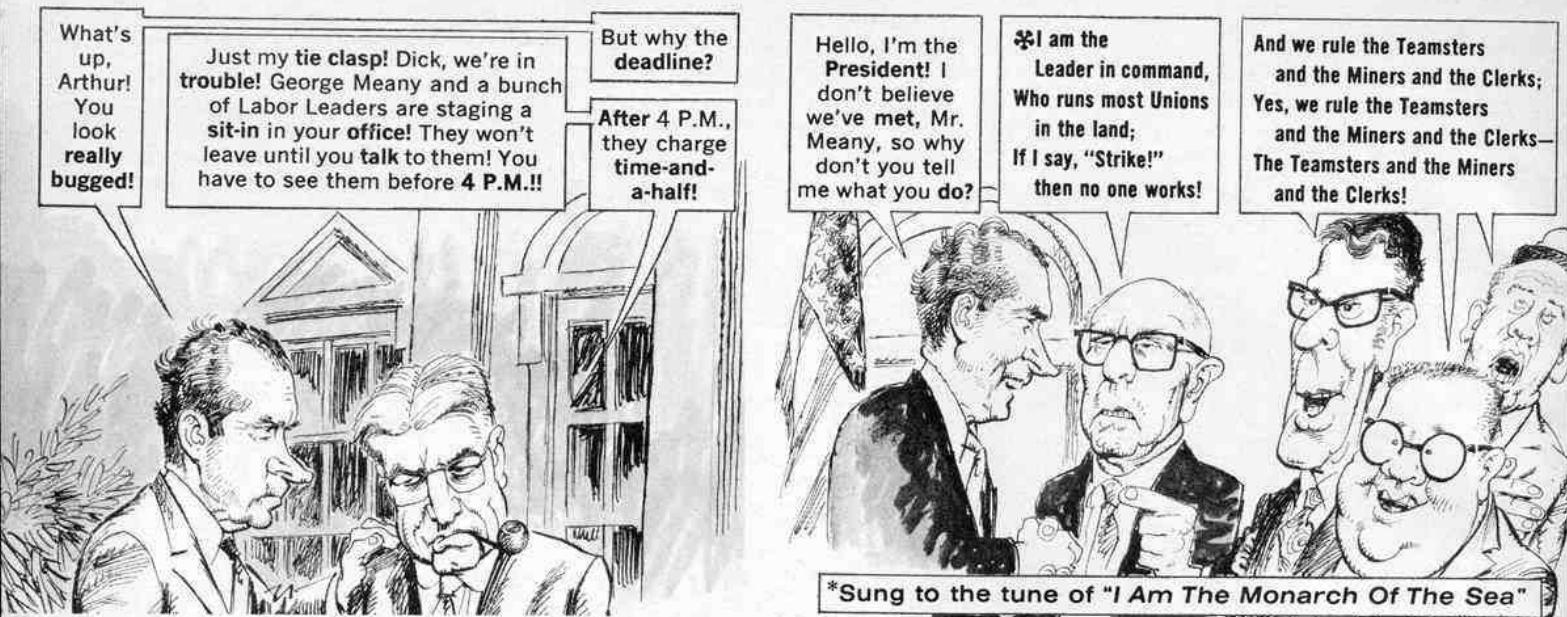
\*Sung to the tune of "I Am The Very Model Of A Modern Major General"

I am the very model of a modern criminologist, As thorough in his findings as a Harvard archaeologist; I do not care for idle talk; I weigh the facts judicially; The Mob did not exist until I broke the news officially;

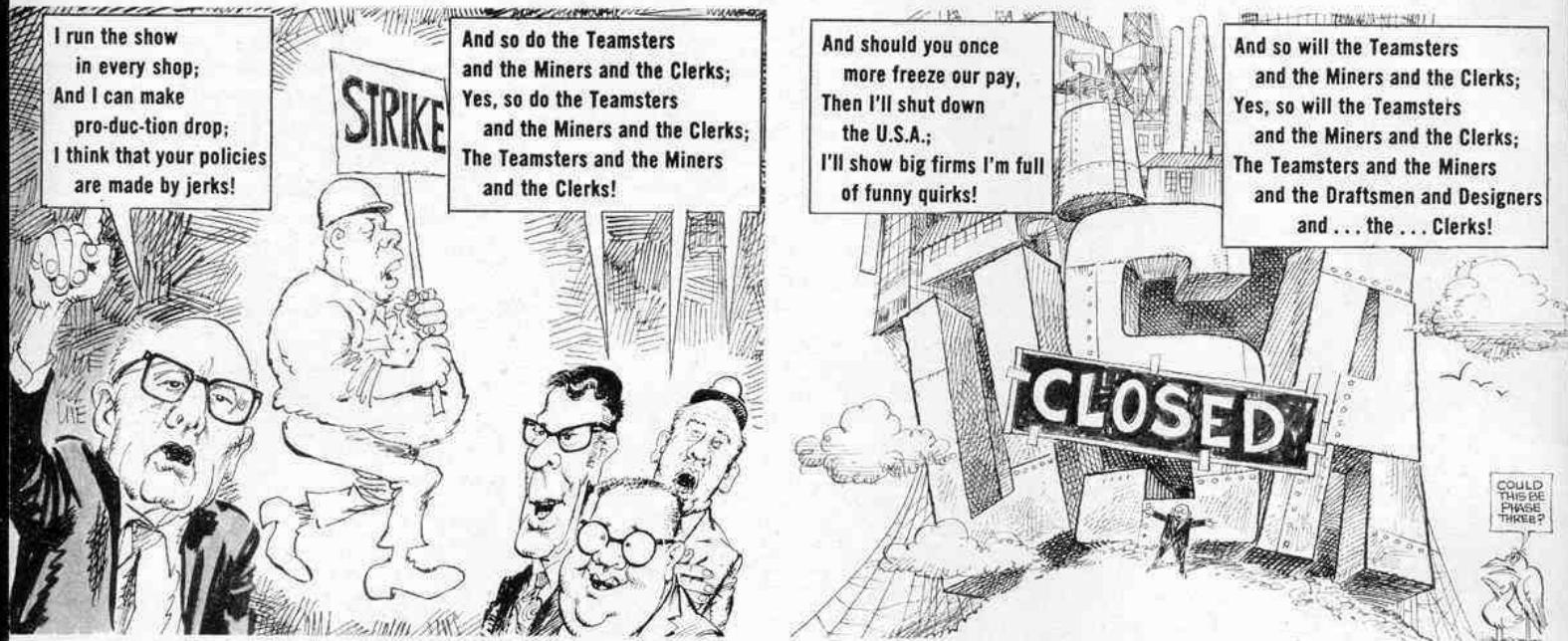
Each agent that surrounds me must possess the right ingredients Of reverence, fidelity, devotion and obedience, And should one doubt my wisdom it could lead to the extremity Of putting him on duty on a mountain in Yosemite; My men I much prefer to take their exercise unraveling The evil web of Communists and others fellow-traveling, Or, failing that, to trail some bearded student idealogist; I am the very model of a modern criminologist.

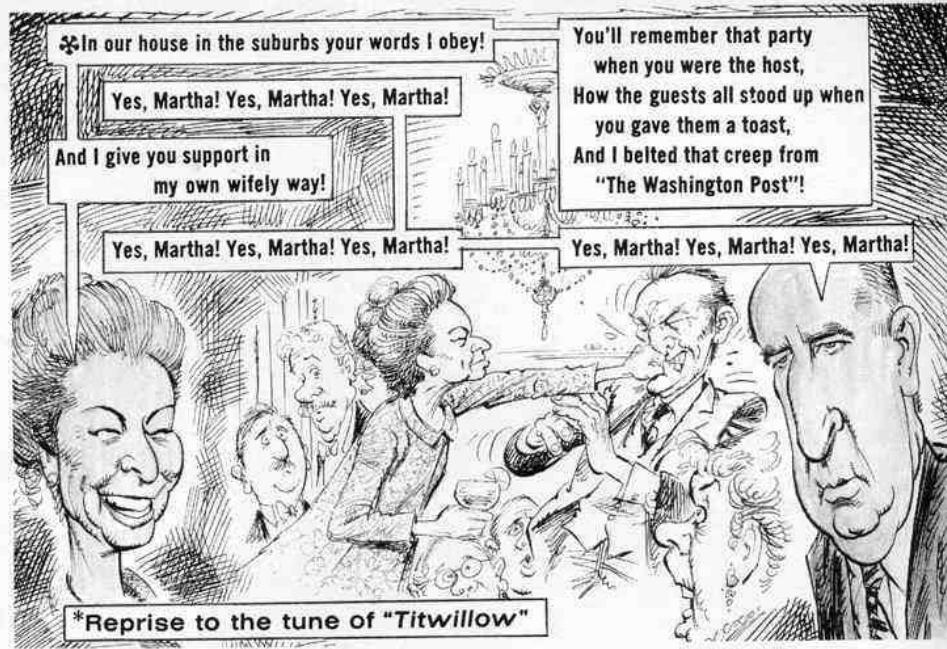
Golly! Here comes my economic advisor, Arthur Burns! I haven't seen him so upset since David Rockefeller forgot to send him a Christmas card!





\*Sung to the tune of "I Am The Monarch Of The Sea"





Now I think when one's married to such a big man—

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

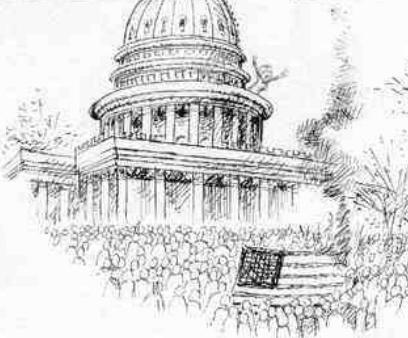
That a wife has a duty  
to help all she can!

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

When that mob burned our flag  
on the Capitol Mall,  
And a full-scale rebellion you  
tried to forestall,  
Weren't you glad when I got up and  
screamed, "Hang 'em all!"?

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

You know something, Dick! It's amazing! You've  
gone through this entire MAD musical without  
once making an embarrassing speech or getting  
into trouble with reporters! If you don't watch  
out, you may end up being LIKED!



It took me a long time, Pat, but I finally  
found the formula! The trick is to surround  
myself with a bunch of blabbering clowns and  
eccentrics! With THEM around, who's going to  
attack ME?! Let me make the whole thing  
perfectly clear in this final rousing number—

\*When I made it big in pol-i-tics,  
I found it helpful knowing all the tricks;  
I changed my image—now I play it cool  
And I let some guy like Spiro play the White House fool!  
I mastered all these tricks so care-ful-ly  
That now I am the head of our De-moc-ra-cy!

He . . .  
mastered all these tricks  
so care-ful-ly  
That . . .  
now he is the head of our  
De . . . MOC . . . RA . . . CEEEE!!



\*Reprise to the tune of "When I Was A Lad"

Things are going from bad to worse. Wherever you turn, there are power failures, phone tie-ups, late mail deliveries, and a million other screw-ups. Nothing seems to be running as good as it used to. Any idiot can see that the telephone companies, the utility companies, and all the other organizations that service the public simply cannot handle the business they've got now!

# ADS THAT TUR

## FROM FIRMS AND SERVICES THAT CAN'T HA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

**FOR A MOTHER'S DAY  
SHE'LL REMEMBER...  
DON'T SEND A CARD!**



**See Mom  
In Person!**

**THE UNITED STATES  
POSTAL SERVICE**

**J. PAUL GOTSTIT  
IS WORTH OVER  
\$200,000,000<sup>00</sup>**



**...AND HE NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE!**

Yes, many great, self-made men made it big without ever going to college! Men like Henry Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Bob Hope, Walt Disney, Adolph Hitler, Thomas Edison, Daniel Boone, King Arthur, Montezuma, Marco Polo, Moses and Sabu. They hustled, and they did it on their own! They worked their way to the top in their chosen fields without wasting their precious young manhoods in packed classrooms on overcrowded campuses!

Harry Truman, Arthur Godfrey, Napoleon Bonaparte, The Wright Brothers, Milton Berle! Not a bad bunch to follow! Consider how successful they were before you toss away four years of your life!

**THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION  
OF COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES**

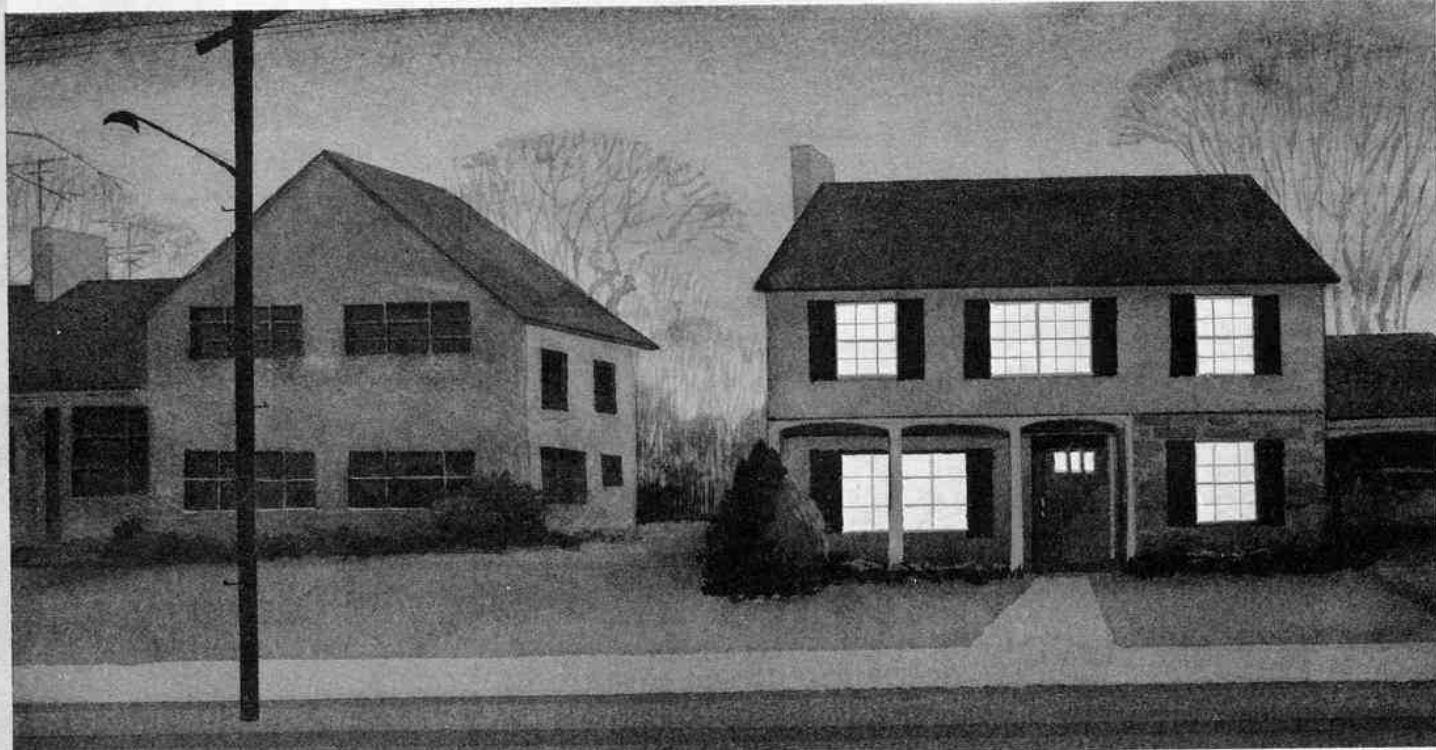


So what do they do? They run ad campaigns to get even MORE business! Isn't that stupid?! Isn't that irresponsible?! Isn't that a great subject for a MAD article?! Wise up, all you corporations and institutions that can't do your jobs efficiently! The answer to your problems is to run ads that discourage more business, not encourage it! In other words, dum-dums, start running

# N PEOPLE OFF NDLE THE BUSINESS THEY'VE GOT ALREADY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## Which Family Lives Better Electrically?



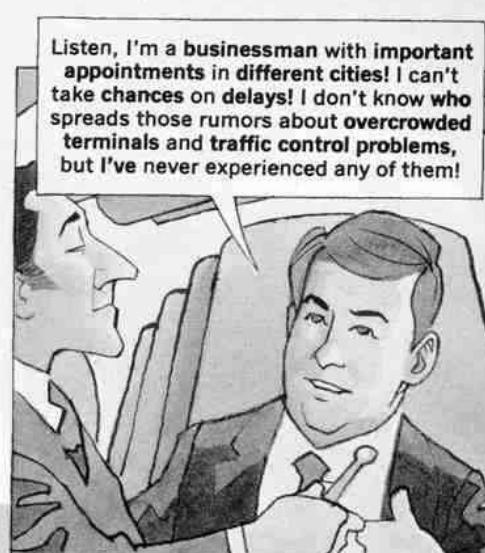
The family in the house on the left, of course! They've got seven air-conditioners, electric heating, a washing machine, a clothes dryer, a dish washer, four color TVs, a refrigerator-freezer, an electric stove, five electric clocks, an electrified fire and burglar alarm system, an assortment of small electrical appliances including fry pans, toasters, broilers, can-openers, knives, etc., and an electrified kennel, hamster cage, greenhouse and bird-feeder in the back. They live better electrically, except for times like now . . . when they've been blacked-out for an entire week-end by their over-burdened local Electric Light and Power Company.

The family on the right only uses 12 electric lights, a broken-down Kelvinator refrigerator and a 1959 11-inch black-and-white Zenith TV set. Instead of buying a lot of power-draining appliances, they put their money into their own private generator, which they've installed in their basement. Electrically, they may not live better, but they'll survive better . . . because they're the only family in town right now that can go from one room to another without walking into a wall.

**Think About That Before You Buy Your Next Appliance!**

## AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER COMPANIES

"Over 100 Years Of Failing To Keep Up With The Increasing Demand"



## HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE WITHOUT A PHONE?

Hmmmm, hello, baby! This is (slobber) your neighborhood degenerate! I'm getting (pant) sensual pleasure out of flogging myself with the extension cord while I wait for the ultimate ecstasy of hearing you call me vile and crude!

Hello there! If you can answer this question, you'll win a free "Cha-Cha" lesson at the world famous Arthur Klutz Dance Studios! Ready—? Here's the question . . . Which side won the Civil War? I'll give you a hint . . .

Is this Helen? This is your old boyfriend, Nutty Charlie Foster! I've been trying to find you for 14 years! Why did you stand me up that New Year's Eve in '57? It nearly drove me crazy at the time, but I've been released now, and . . .

Hello, this is the National Hangnail Foundation! We are conducting our bi-annual Cuticle Crusade to help find a cure for this dreaded disease which afflicts four out of five Americans! Our representative will be calling you every night for the next month until—

This is Lulu, the cheap blonde your husband's been having an affair with! Will you please tell him I've been to the Doctor, and it looks like I'm . . .

Hi! I'm a religious fanatic, and I've called you because when I add up the digits in your phone number, it comes to 33, which is the mystic symbol of the Ancient Cult of Phoenician Public Accountants, of which I am the living reincarnation of the God, Murray . . .

**MOST LIKELY, A LOT BETTER**



The Bell System



# YOU CAN WIN \$10,000

IN THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN HOSPITALS' 1971 DO-IT-YOURSELF

## HOME SURGERY CONTEST

IT'S FUN! IT'S CHALLENGING! IT'S REWARDING!

Any family can compete! All that's required is some friend, some relative . . . *anyone* with a major physical ailment who may suddenly require hospitalization and surgery. From that moment on, it's up to you! YOU diagnose his ailment! YOU prescribe the treatment! YOU perform the operation—right in your own home! YOU save him the tremendous expenses of hospital bills and surgeons' fees! And, at the same time—YOU become eligible for any one of these fabulous prizes:

First Prize	\$10,000
Second Prize	\$5,000
Third Prize	\$2,500

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND ENTER TODAY!  
IT'S THE CHANCE OF SOMEONE'S LIFETIME!

Home Surgery Contest  
P.O. Box 1971  
Ganglia, Utah

Yes, I want to enter your contest! I pledge that I am a complete medical amateur, and that I will not use any hospital facilities or trained medical assistance whatsoever. Send me complete details, plus the helpful contest booklet, "Vital Organs And How To Find Them".

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

Check here if between the ages of 8 and 18 for entry in  
Special 1971 Do-It-Yourself Junior Home Surgery Contest

### MEET LAST YEAR'S HOME SURGERY CONTEST WINNERS

L.H., of Chicago, Illinois, won

\$10,000.00



... for performing a delicate brain operation on his late Mother-In-Law.

R.B., of Omaha, Nebraska, won

\$5,000.00



... for exchanging the kidney of his nephew with an utter stranger's.

A.K., of Butte, Montana, won

\$2,500.00



... for removing the pancreas of his mailman just before dinner.

Are you reading a magazine? Are you reading MAD Magazine? Are you reading the introduction to this article? Then you know what "Stupid Questions" are, because we just asked three of the stupidest! Are

you sick and tired of being asked stupid questions? Would you like to put them down? Then this article (by Al Jaffee) is for you! So were the first two articles on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee)

# MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS



No, just pay me \$50 an hour, and let me tell you my troubles!

No, tell me some jokes! I've heard all the troubles I can stand for one day!

No, tell me about your Mother's troubles! Start out with the klutz she got stuck with for a son!

Is this blank balloon here for any reason?  
Yes, it's waiting to collect "Unemployment"!



Why? Are you falling down?

No, it's just that I have this fetish about armpits!

No, I'm looking for apple pickers for my orchards, and this is how I test out people's reach!

Is this blank balloon for the reader's use?  
Yes, so he can enjoy reading dotted lines!



No, I'm a delivery man for an Ironing Board Company!

No, this is just a new style hat I've created!

No, I once had a dreadful experience with a flight of Canadian Geese, and I'm taking no chances on that ever happening again!

Is this for the reader's own snappy answer?  
No, it's for making out his laundry list!

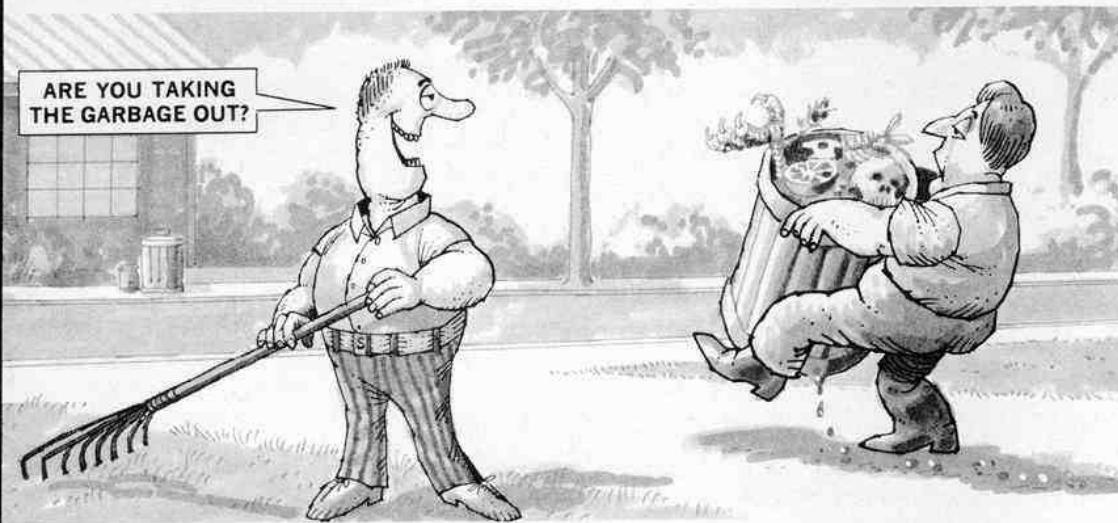
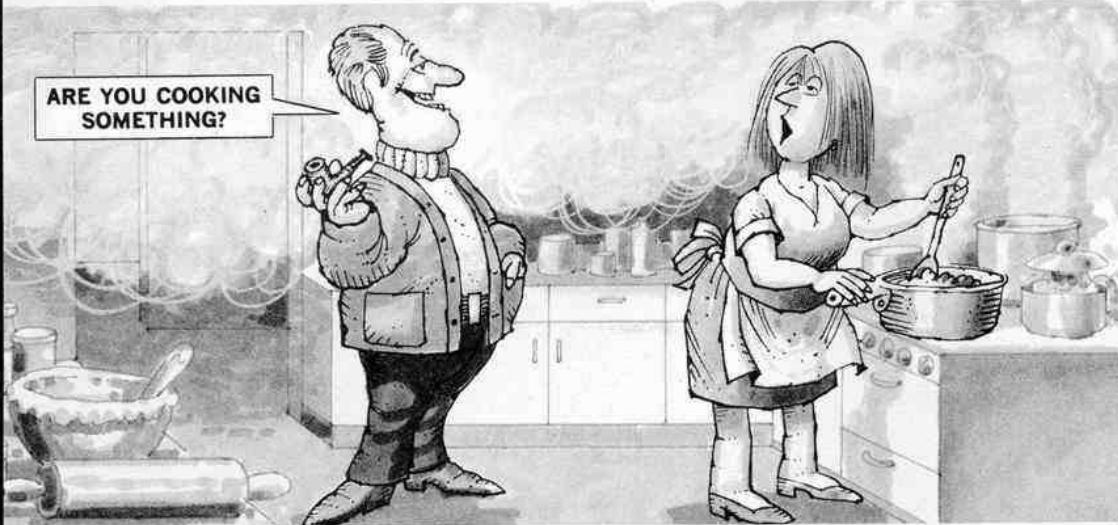
that we ran several issues back! So was the first MAD paperback book on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that we published several years back! So is the upcoming all-new MAD paperback book on

the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that's about to be published! Which means that, besides the ad for it on the Letters Page, this article is nothing more than another plug for Al's new collection of

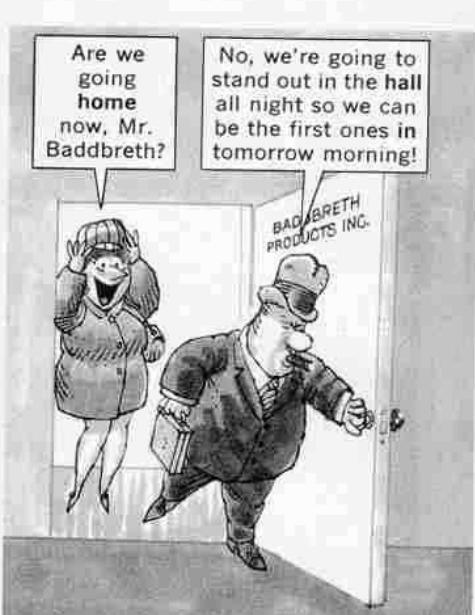
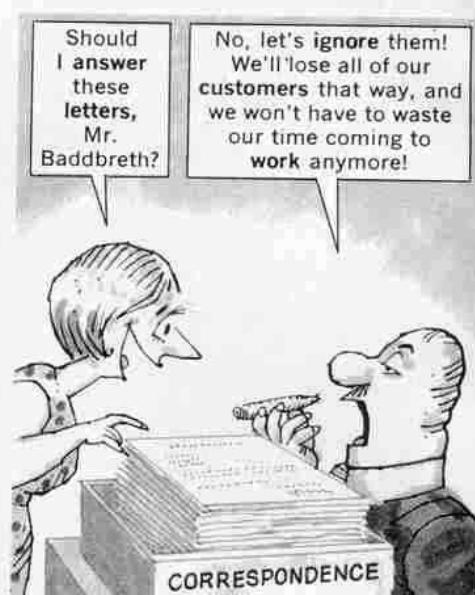


# TO STUPID QUESTIONS

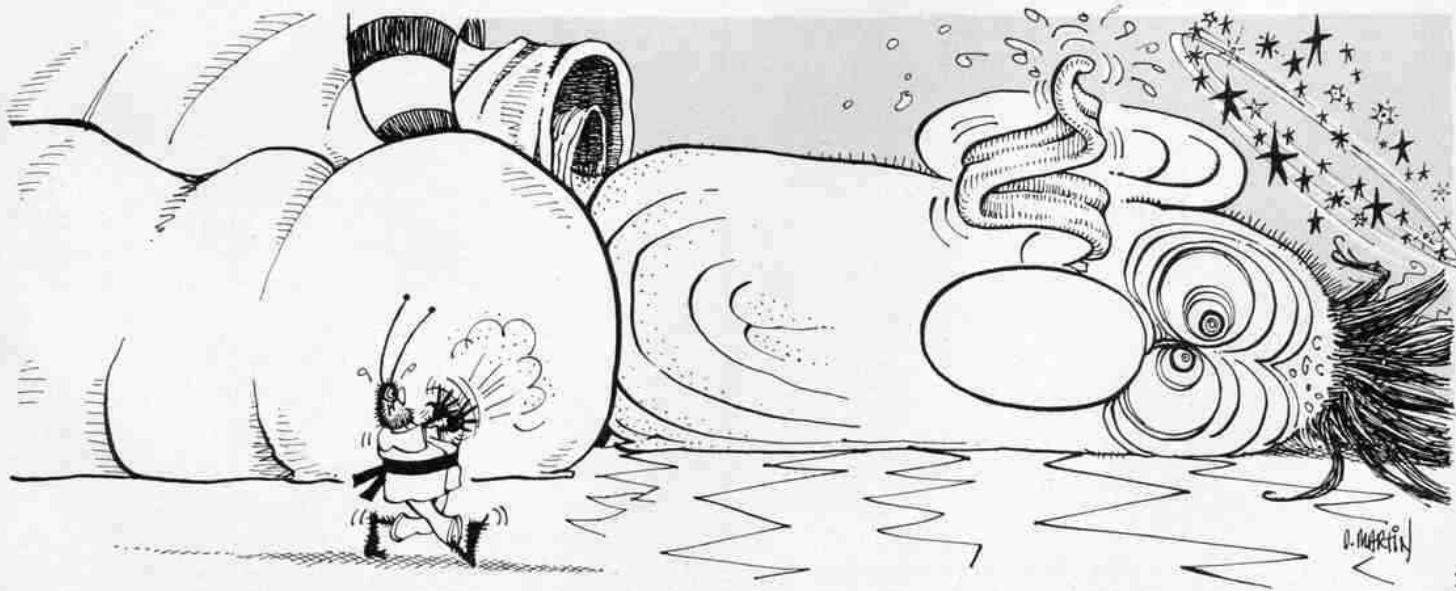
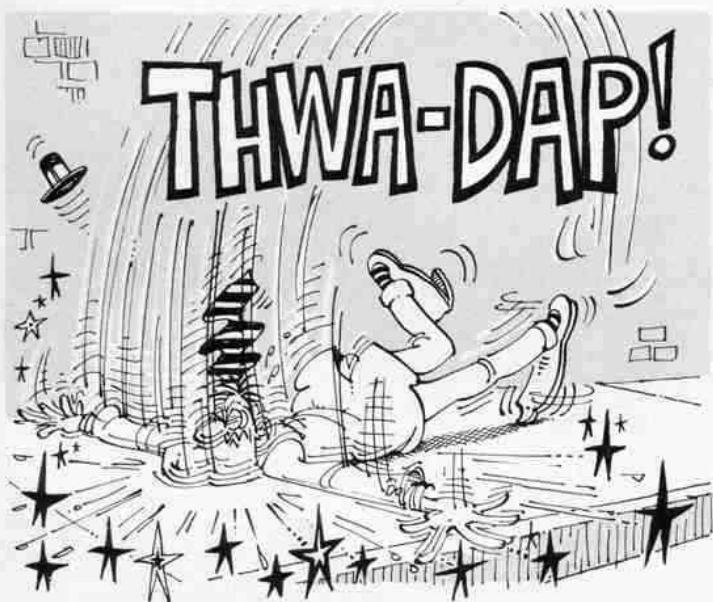
ARTIST &  
WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE



# A "SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS" OFFICE SAGA



# ONE FAIRLY NICE DAY DOWNTOWN



With everyone sending out cold, impersonal, store-bought Greeting Cards to express their feelings these days, we got to wondering: Whatever happened to the old-fashioned "Love Letter"? Mainly, the individual personal message that captured the style and the personality of its author, instead of some professional card-writer. You'll see what we're talking about when you read these MAD versions of

# LOVE LETTERS FROM CELEBRITIES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

FROM RICHARD NIXON

Dear Pat,

January 23, 1932

Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I am your boyfriend. Make no mistake about that. And I feel it perfectly safe to say that I love you. That is, I believe I love you. This is not to preclude the possibility that I may like you a whole lot. Or that I may even have a heavy crush on you. Or that I am simply hot to trot. However, since this is a "love letter", I think I should correctly state, for the time being at least, that I love you.

Now, about that other matter: Let me say that within one year, I hope to withdraw from all my other girlfriends. You can readily understand that, for safety's sake (They may beat me up after school!), I cannot withdraw from them all at once. My plan is to gradually stop calling them, and to date them less and less.

As for last night, I hope you will forgive me for what may have seemed like a surprise attack in Lovers' Lane. Let me make clear my position on this. I believe that only by advancing upon and holding unprotected parts of your body can I protect the commitment I have made in time and money. I believe it is morally just. And, more than that, it is the American thing to do!

Do I make myself perfectly clear?

Another thing. About your acne. Please don't feel self-conscious about it. I have been studying your condition closely, and let me state that within a month I believe it will be perfectly clear!

Is this perfectly clear?

I am your boyfriend,  
Dickie

## FROM WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

Millbrook  
Preparatory School  
Millbrook, New York

December 18, 1940

Miss Selina Van Renssalaer  
Foxcroft School  
Sweetbriar, New York

Dear Selina:--

It is with warm exudation that I dedicate this missive to you, the love of my life, the apocalypse of my being and the lustful cornucopia of all my hedonistic dreams. How ironic that this passion for you should exist, yes, flourish under a left-wing state whose invidious ideological posture is the antithesis of a renaissance romanticism and, ergo, contains absolutely no aesthetic vision except a perfunctory ersatz.

Under this arduous tyranny, with Mr. Roosevelt the provocateur of legislative egregiousness, I nevertheless, have dedicated my puerile existence to satiating my concupiscent and pubescent lust.

To put it more succinctly, Selina, baby, I'm hot for your body. And if there's no action Friday night, you can shove off!

Warmest personal regards,

*William F. Buckley*  
William F. Buckley

## FROM ERICH SEGAL

July 18, 1963

Dear Gladys,

What can you say about a sixteen-year-old girl who loves Mozart, Frankie Avalon, Chubby Checker, and is suffering from an incurable disease... the heartbreak of porosiasis?

That's right, Gladys! I know all about your terrible skin condition!

But it doesn't matter to me because I love you in spite of your faults. What DOES bother me is that you've been secretly seeing my best friend, Solomon Fleischman, behind my back!

Is this love? As far as I'm concerned, love means never having to say you're with Solly!

This letter is too sad to continue. Tears are welling up in my eyes, and like this strange itch is spreading over my body.

Some love story! I'm catching your disease!

Your boyfriend,  
Erich

## FROM BURT BACHARACH

Oct. 3, 1947

Dear Angie.

What's new, pussycat?

I just want to say that this guy, this guy's in love with you! And, gosh, if there's one thing the world needs right now, it's love... sweet love!

What a great summer it's been! We had some real crazy times together. Remember when we took that trip and got lost and we didn't know our way to San Jose? What made it really crazy was we were standing in the middle of the Bronx at the time!

And then, there was that silly day in the country when we stopped at that roadside fruit-and-vegetable stand! Remember? You bought a pound of cumquats, and I bought a head of lettuce. And then there was that sudden thunderstorm. It poured all over your cumquats, and raindrops kept falling on my head. We laughed and laughed. And we made promises, promises that we'd never part.

Then, he came along!

Tell me, Angie... what's it all about with you and Alfie???

Close to you,  
BURT BACHARACH\*

\*Letter written with the help of Hal David

## FROM DON RICKLES

Miss Shirley Plotkin  
4755 Ocean Parkway  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sept. 12, 1945

Dear Dummy,

That's right! You're a "Dummy"! You're also a Creep! And a Slob!

As all the guys on the block know, I only insult the people I like. And I'm crazy about you, you miserable hockey puck!

I love everything about you!

I love the way you eat a cookie, and the crumbs get all over your moustache! (By the way, there's a new thing out. It's called "Electrolysis." Look into it!)

And I love the smart outfits you wear. The J.C. Penney calico dress with the stains under the armpits. And the sweat socks. And the gym boots. And the torn underwear.

And the funny way you lean out your apartment window and say, "Psst! Hey, Sailor! Up here!"

And the time last Summer when you forgot to bathe for three weeks, and I couldn't dance with you because there were too many flies around.

And the first time I met your father. He was nasty to me until I fed him a piece of raw meat, and he went away.

And the time you sold kisses at the Bazaar for a dollar each, and you gave everyone that strange disease.

And the cute way you walk along the beach and we all laugh because you keep forgetting to shave your legs. And arms. And back.

Yes, it's a thrill for me to date you, Shirley. Almost as much of a thrill as the time I was held hostage by the Japs on Iwo Jima.

Let me wrap it all up by saying I think you're an ugly, fat, bowlegged, four-eyed, moronic, hideous-looking Dum-Dum... and I hope you feel the same way about me.

All my love, Don

## FROM HENNY YOUNGMAN

Feb. 27, 1930

Dear Gloria,

Now take my girlfriend, Gloria Lifschultz... please!!

I think about you every moment, Gloria. When I see you, my heart beats so fast I need a Doctor. Speaking of Doctors, this Doctor opened the window wide and said to the Patient, "Stick out your tongue in front of this window." The Patient said, "What for?" And the Doctor said, "I'm mad at my neighbor."

Whenever I'm near you, Gloria, you drive me crazy. By the way, want to drive somebody crazy? Send him a Telegram saying "Ignore first Telegram."

You're gorgeous, Gloria. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Not like my friend's Mother-In-Law. She went to a beauty parlor and had a mud pack. For two days, she looked great. Then the mud fell off.

I think the two of us are meant for each other. Have you ever noticed how we're always holding hands? Because if we ever let go, we'd kill each other.

I'm saying all this in a letter, Gloria, because you know how I am in person. I can never get serious.

Love, Henny

## FROM RALPH NADER

April 21, 1950

Dear Chevelle,

I love you, honey. You are built fantastically, and you are the sleekest-looking thing to come out of school this year.

But you must realize that there are specific standards and specifications I have set for my "ideal girl", and these must be met. Therefore, before we get serious, I must call to your attention certain defects you suffer from--which will have to be corrected immediately.

They are as follows:

Your right ear lobe is  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch longer than your left, and should be adjusted.

When you walk, your chassis is out of line. The caps on your teeth should be rotated.

On our last date, I ascertained that your bra was padded with foam rubber. This is a deceptive practice and violates my personal "truth in packaging" law.

I also find noticeable defects in your rear end, your paint job, your headlights and some of your accessories.

And to top it all off, I am not getting the mileage out of you that you led me to believe I'd get after our first date.

I know you're supposed to be the fastest girl in school, but as far as I'm concerned, you're "unsafe at any speed"!

I hope you understand that this is not a personal reflection on you, but just that I am taking every precaution to see that I do not go steady with a "lemon".

Expecting a callback on this, I am

As ever,

Ralphie



# A MAD MESSAGE TO THE LEADING DEMOCRAT CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT...



MUSKIE



LINDSAY

BASED ON A SURVEY OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE IT IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE, MAD

Study this handful of people who have achieved success in their chosen fields! You don't



Charles DeGaulle

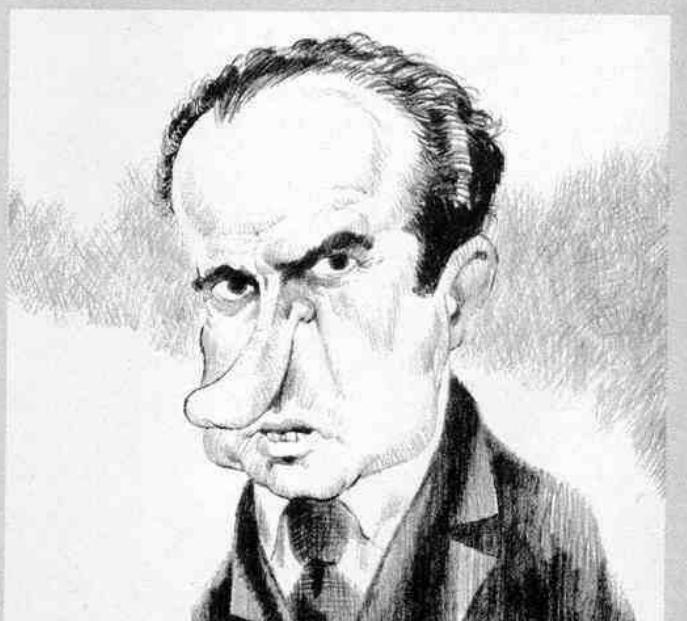


Golda Meir



Joe Namath

TAKE LYNDON JOHNSON AND RICHARD NIXON, OUR LAST TWO PRESIDENTS! BIG, EH?

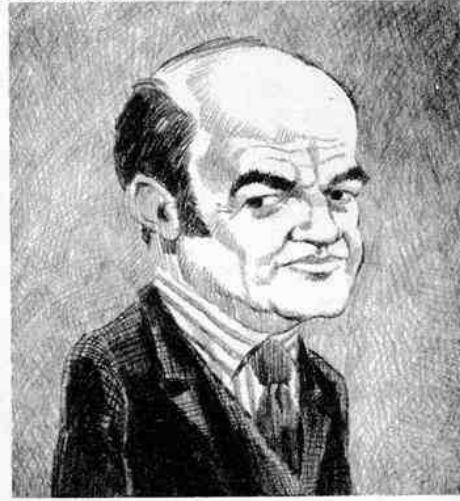




**HUMPHREY**



**KENNEDY**



**McGOVERN**

**HAS DISCOVERED THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT NECESSARY TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS TODAY!**  
need a magnifying glass to see that they all have one thing in common: A BIG SCHNOZ!



**Bob Hope**

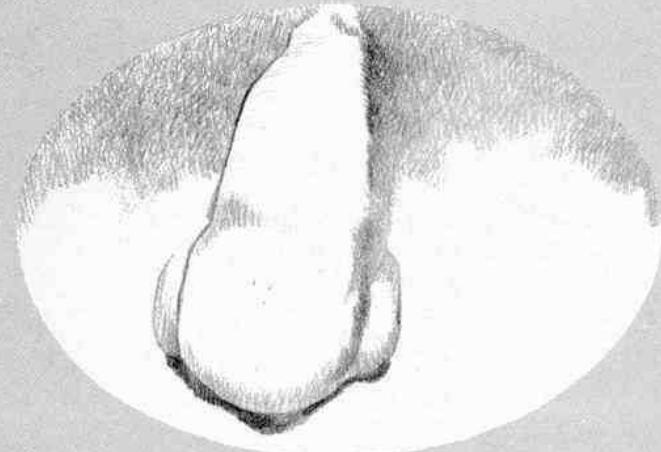
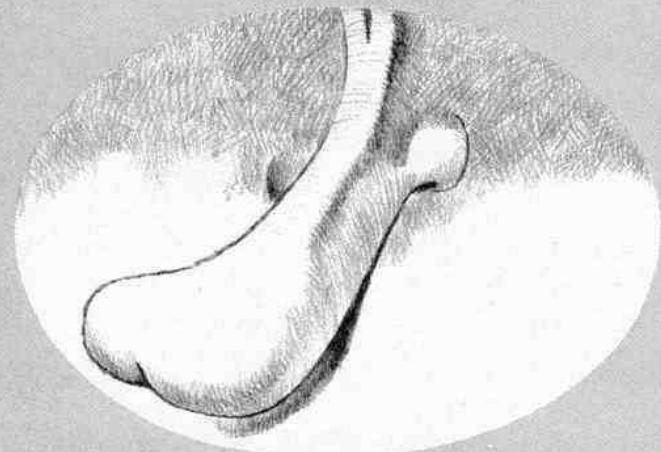


**Spiro Agnew**



**Barbra Streisand**

**WELL, BY OUR YARDSTICK, NONE OF YOU CHALLENGERS STANDS A CHANCE AGAINST  
THIS AND THIS**



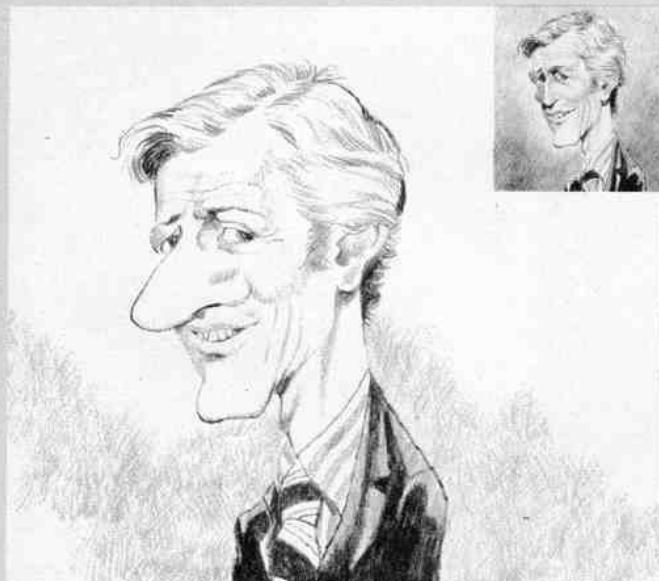
**...UNLESS YOU TAKE MAD'S ADVICE, AND...IN THIS AGE OF SUPER SURGERY...**

# GET A NOSE JOB

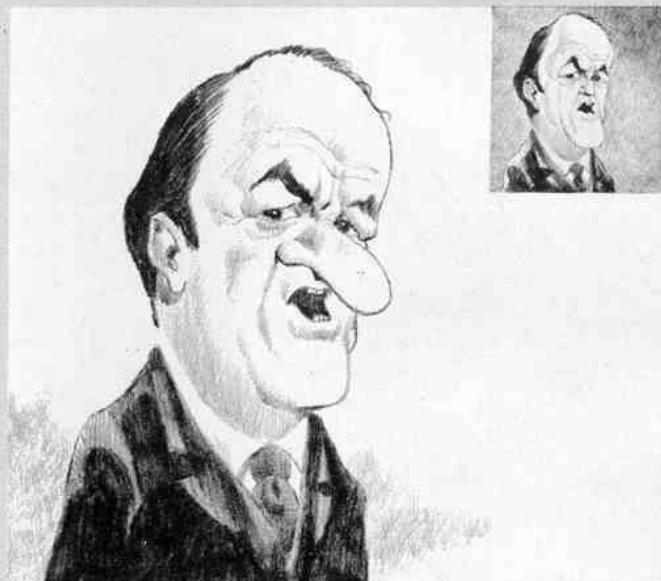
**...AND INSURE YOUR  
POLITICAL SUCCESS!**



**MUSKIE...with the Nixon-Hope Ski Jump**



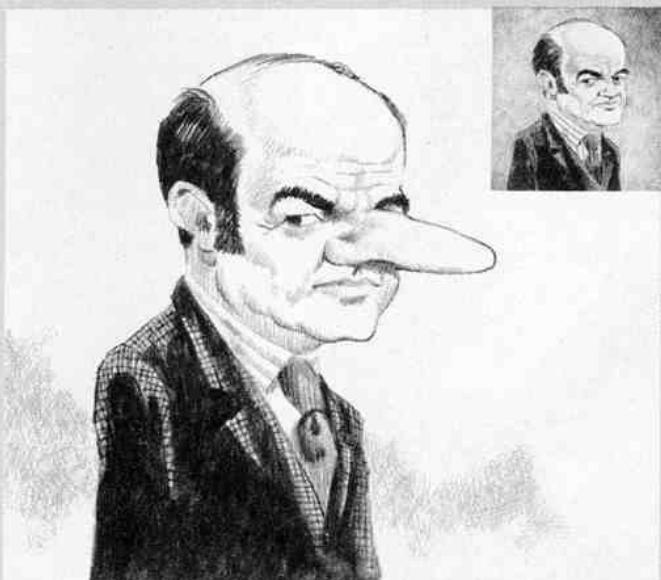
**LINDSAY...with the Namath Forward Pass**



**HUMPHREY...with the Johnson-Meir Bulb**



**KENNEDY...with the Streisand Bronx Hook**



**McGOVERN...with the DeGaulle Whopper**



As any Pro Football TV fan knows, the most dramatic moments do not take place on the field. No, the really gripping, super-charged moments occur on the sidelines during those interviews by ABC's Howard Cosell! For those of you who don't know him (and for those of you who do, but can't believe what you see), let us say:

**Howard Cosell speaks with heartfelt emotion . . .**

I'm here at halftime with "Mr. Football" himself . . . the veteran quarterback of the Fresno Coyotes, a dedicated athlete, and a warm, sincere human being . . . **Floyd Freen!**

Floyd, you've played 12 seasons, and you've become a legend in your own lifetime!

And now . . . right here . . . today . . . I want you to tell me, once and for all, straight from the shoulder . . . exactly why you stink as a passer!



**Howard Cosell brings a rare warmth to the game . . .**

Marty Meef, you're thirty-seven years old, you're fat, you're flabby, your reflexes are slow, and you can't remember the plays!

I know that! You know that! The teammates you've let down know that! But these things aren't important!

What IS important, Marty Meef, is . . . how does it feel to have a Mother who's an ex-convict?



**Howard Cosell shows tact and understanding . . .**

Vic Cowznofsky, your left knee is crushed . . . a gruesome mass of shattered bones and nerves and cartilage that can never be repaired! You'll never play another game of football!

Right now, you're heartbroken, desolate, worried about your future and how you're going to provide for your wife and family!

Vic, now that you're washed up, I want you to answer one final question: What's it like to be a quitter?



Love him . . . or hate him . . . one thing is certain: Howard Cosell's unique style and approach certainly makes the TV ratings zoom! Therefore, it's only a matter of time before all the Networks start using him, and not just for Sports coverage! So let's step into the future and see what we'll be looking at and listening to—

# When TV makes FULL USE of HOWARD COSELL

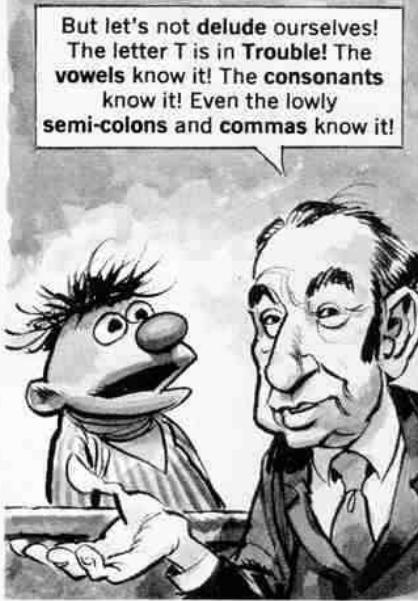
## HOWARD COSELL on "SESAME STREET"...

Today's show is brought to you by the letter "T"! Howard, can you think of a word beginning with T?

Ernie, I can remember when the letter T was one of the strongest consonants in the dictionary! Two years ago, if you recall, it was a unanimous choice for "All Alphabet"!

But let's not delude ourselves! The letter T is in Trouble! The vowels know it! The consonants know it! Even the lowly semi-colons and commas know it!

It's common knowledge that T leads the other letters in Trying! And that T is the first letter to show up for Training! But despite this, T is the first letter mentioned whenever there's Talk of a Trade!



## HOWARD COSELL on "LET'S MAKE A DEAL"...

It's time to play "Let's Make A Deal," a program of so-called entertainment—but actually a sorry spectacle that pays grim tribute to the materialism and greed that corrupts our society!

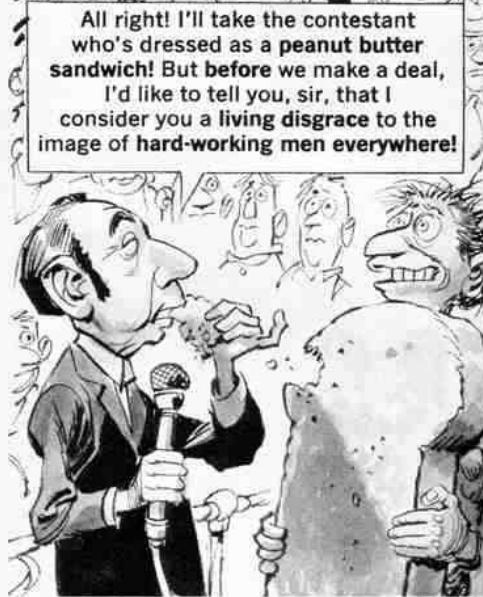
Okay . . . Who wants to make a deal?

I do, Howard!

Take me!

Me, Howard!  
ME!!

All right! I'll take the contestant who's dressed as a peanut butter sandwich! But before we make a deal, I'd like to tell you, sir, that I consider you a living disgrace to the image of hard-working men everywhere!

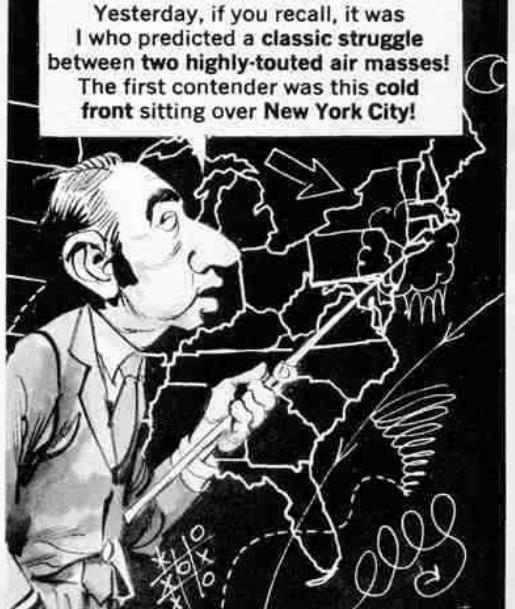
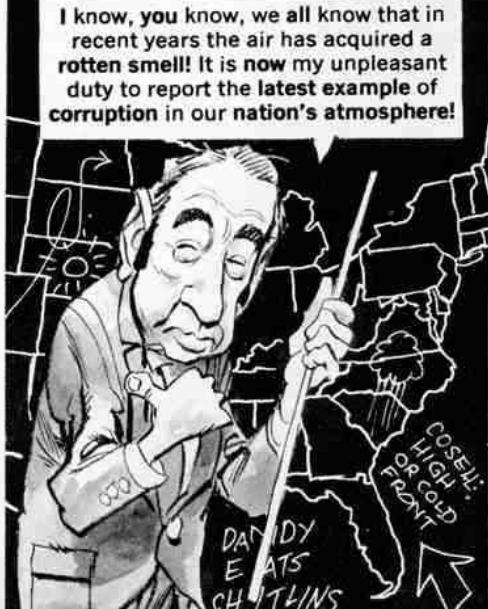


## HOWARD COSELL on "THE SIX O'CLOCK WEATHER REPORT"...

We've all heard talk that the weather is through . . . that clear skies have had it . . . that storms are being fixed . . . and the barometer is on the take!

I know, you know, we all know that in recent years the air has acquired a rotten smell! It is now my unpleasant duty to report the latest example of corruption in our nation's atmosphere!

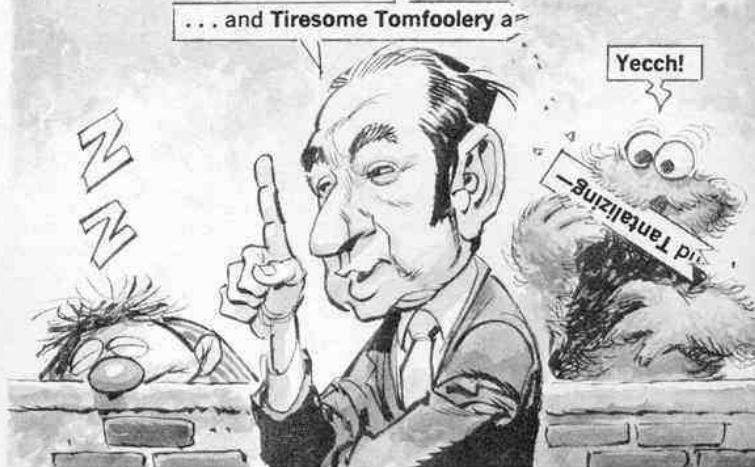
Yesterday, if you recall, it was I who predicted a classic struggle between two highly-touted air masses! The first contender was this cold front sitting over New York City!



And so we must ask—"Why?" The answer can be traced to the hatred and rancor and bigotry that pervades our alphabet today! T is being treated as an outcast because T is a minority letter! T is ostracized by the vowels, ignored by the numerals, and even tormented by his fellow consonants!



They say that T does not know its place! Well, let me say—once and for all—that T is an upstanding letter! That without T, we would not have **Tedious Talkers on Television** ... and **Tripe** and **Twaddle** and **Tirades** and **Titillation** ...



I have here three boxes! Two contain worthless items! The third contains \$750, an amount equal to the average yearly income of a Mississippi sharecropper! While you ponder your choice and this inequality in our society, I'd like to inform the studio audience that their behavior today is more sickening and childish than ever!



You, sir, have chosen **Box No. 2**, which contains 12,000 imitation salamis! This should convince you that not only are you a lamentable example of American manhood, but that you're also a rotten guesser!

Now get out of my sight! You disgust me!



His opponent was this powerful warm front, a mass of moist air, churning out of Chicago! It's no secret that this was where the big money was!



Well, we all know what happened! The cold front chickened out over Ohio! And the warm front turned into Bush League drizzle and took a dive in Pittsburgh!

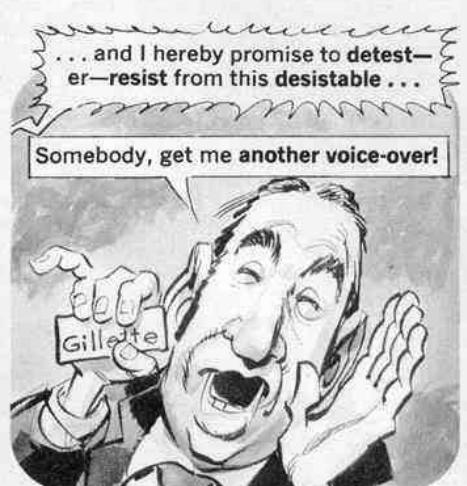
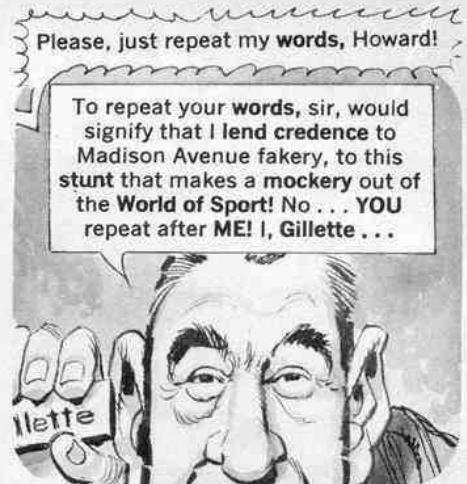
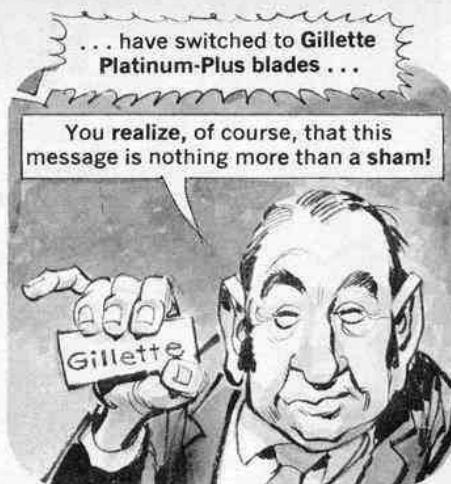
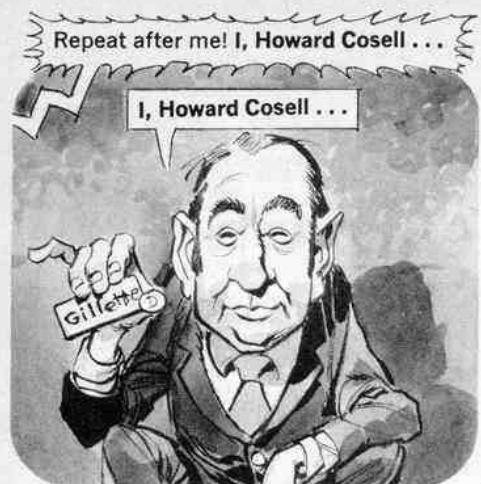


And to think that there are people who still have faith in the weather!

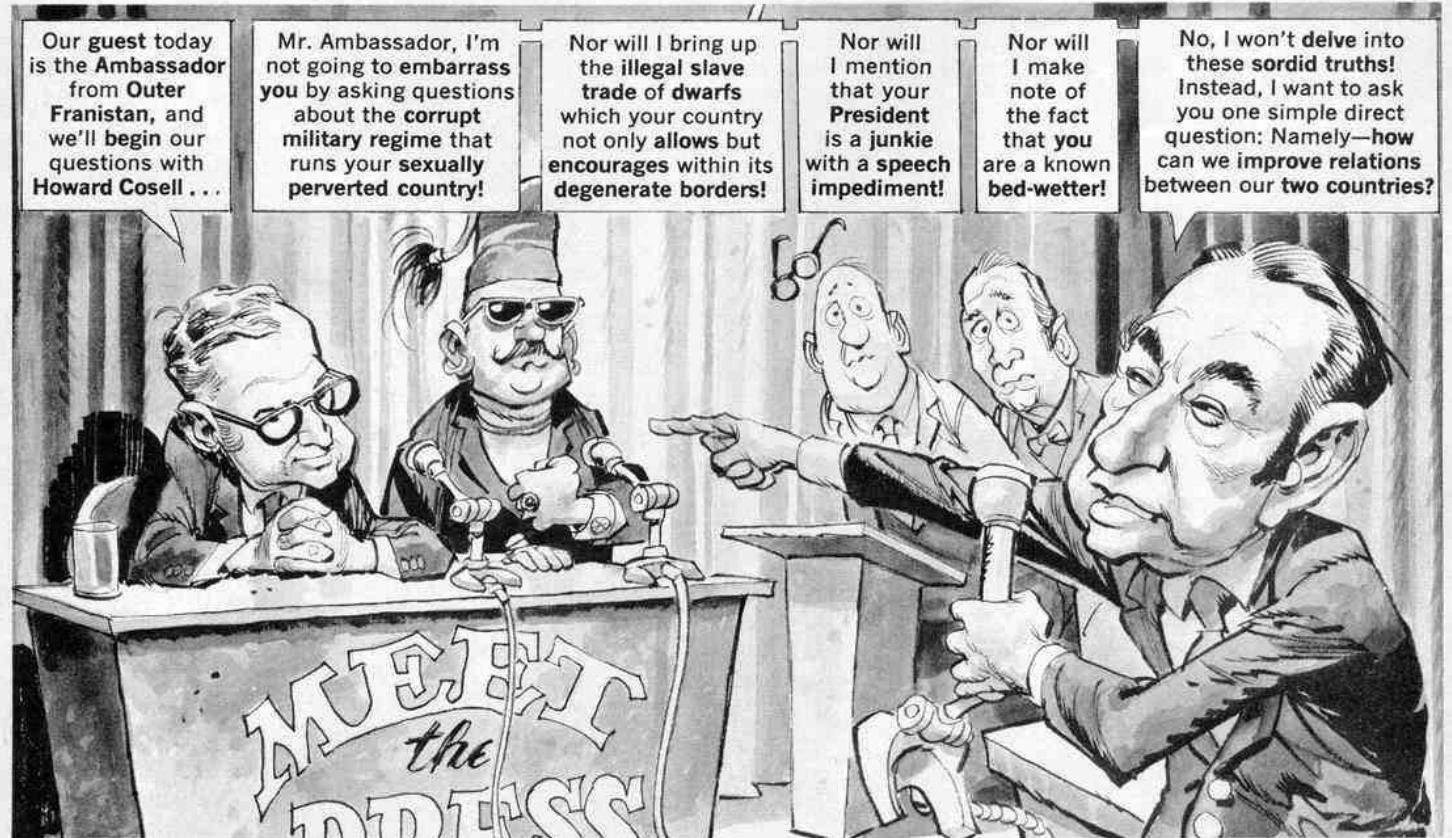
I'll be back again at 11:00 P.M. to humiliate the Jet Stream!



## HOWARD COSELL on "THE GILLETTE COMMERCIAL"...



## HOWARD COSELL on "MEET THE PRESS"...

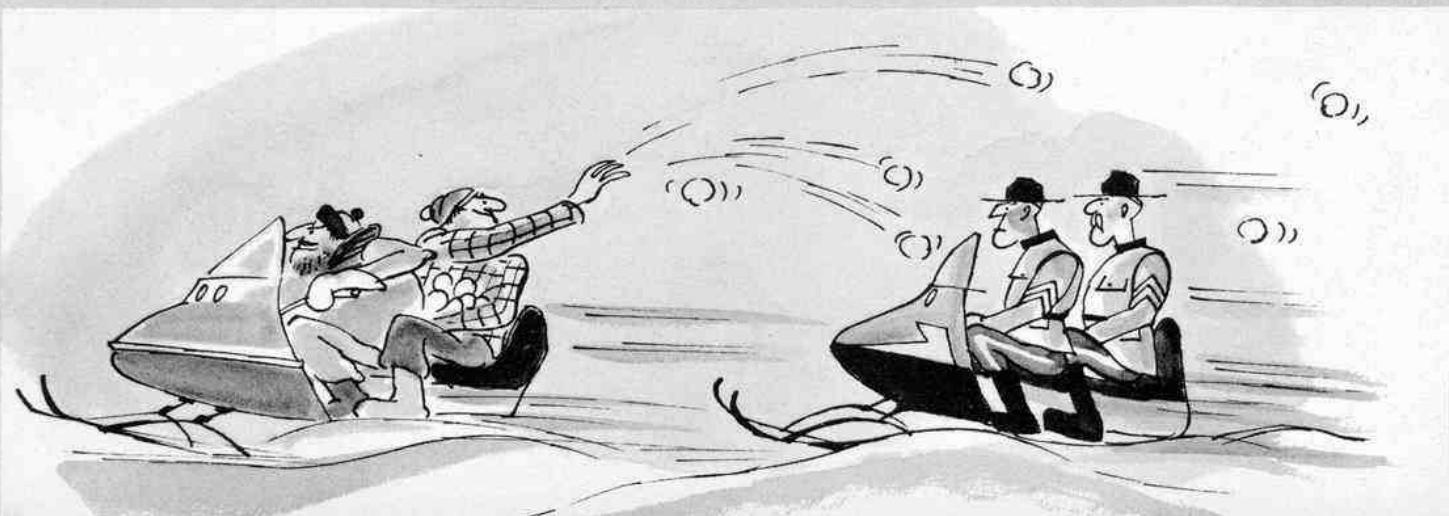
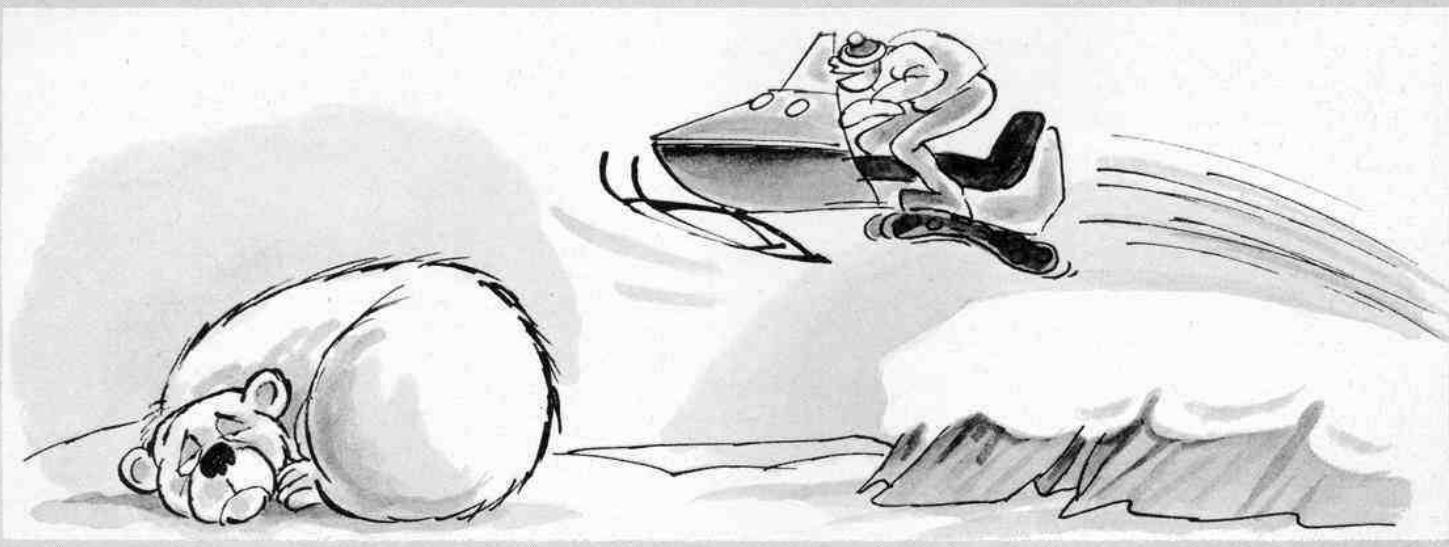


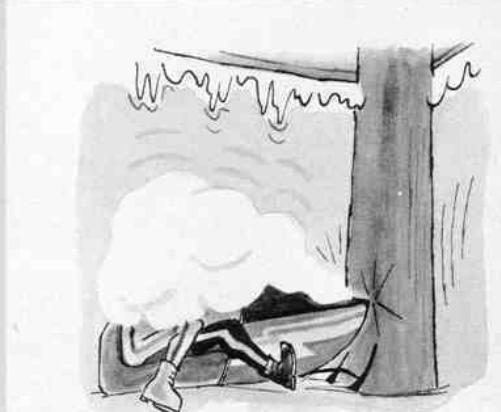
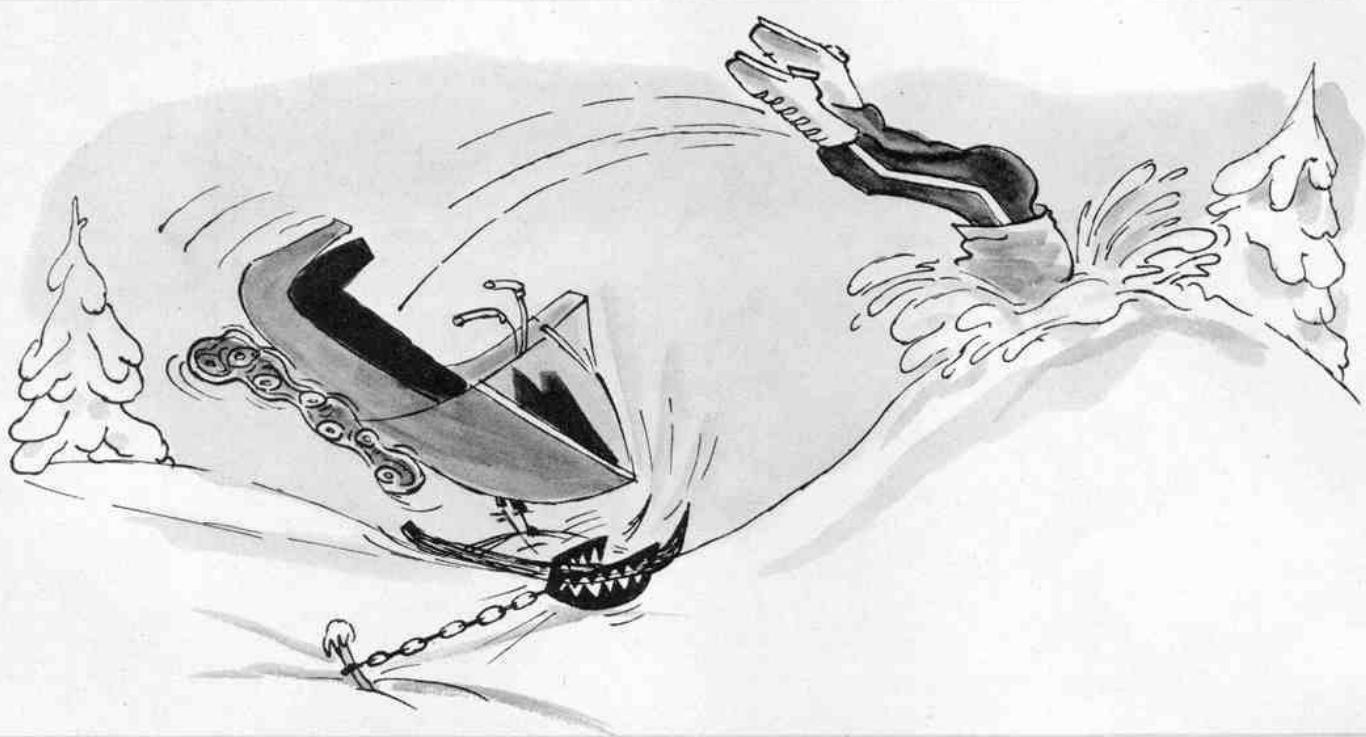
SLAY RIDE DEPT.



# A MAD LOOK AT SNOWMOBILES

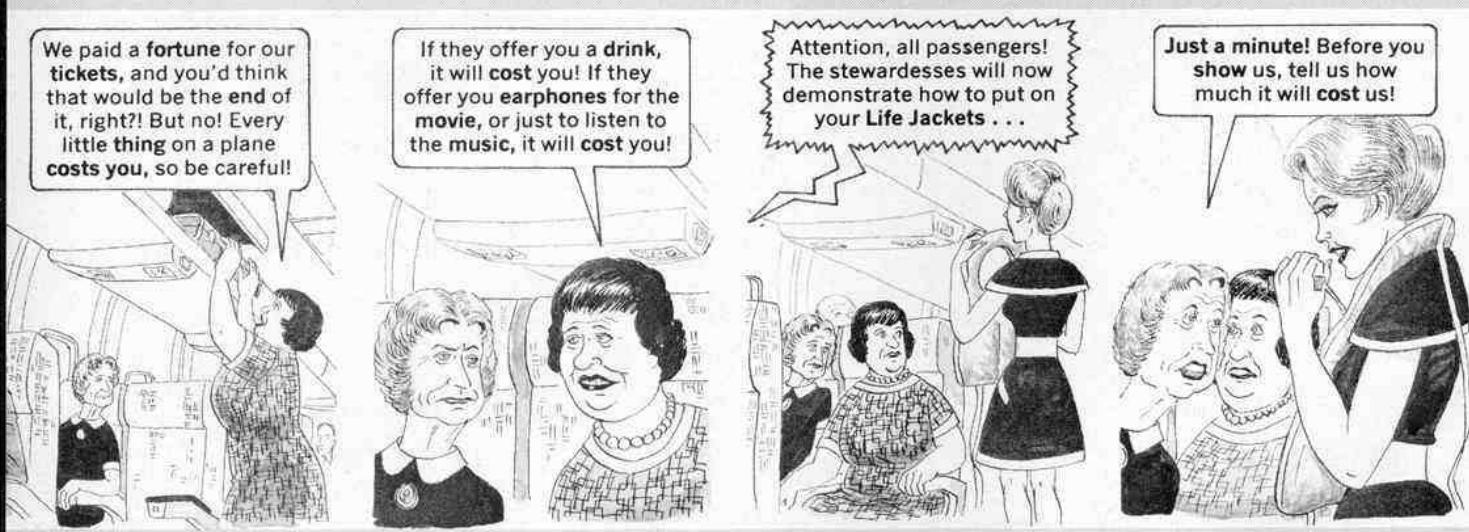
WRITER & ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGES



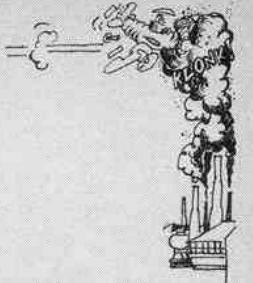




# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AIR



# TRAVEL



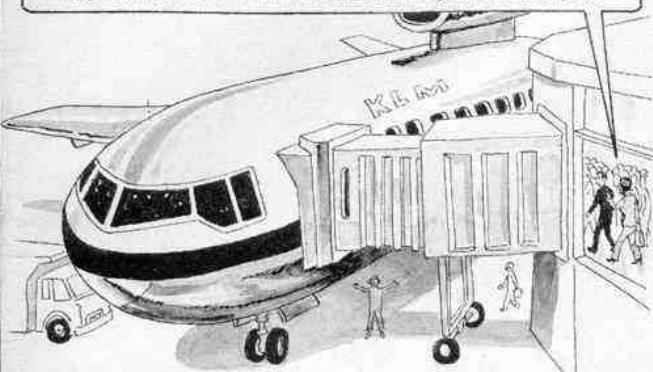
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Now, listen to me, Milton! The airlines have been plagued with hijackings and bomb threats, and they have no sense of humor about the subject! So, knowing you and your sick jokes, I'm warning you! It's a serious business! Don't make any funnies about it, or they'll arrest you on the spot!

Okay! Okay! So stop bugging me already! I'll just sit quietly and watch the movie!

What's the movie . . . ?  
"The Omega Man"!  
Oh, not THAT bomb!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!



Yes, Ma'am!  
You rang?  
What can I  
do for you?

I don't want to see  
you, Stewardess!  
I want to see the  
Captain . . . and right  
now before take-off!

I'm the  
Purser,  
Madam!  
May I  
help  
you . . . ?

If I wanted to see  
the Purser, I'd ask  
to see the Purser!  
I want to see the  
Captain! You hear?  
ONLY the Captain!

I'm the Captain,  
Madam! Is there  
something you want?

There  
sure  
is!

I want you to be  
a good boy and  
DRIVE CAREFULLY!



Will you look at all these  
teenagers flying to Europe!

How could  
that be?

Simple! The airlines  
offer them special fares  
at cut-rate prices!

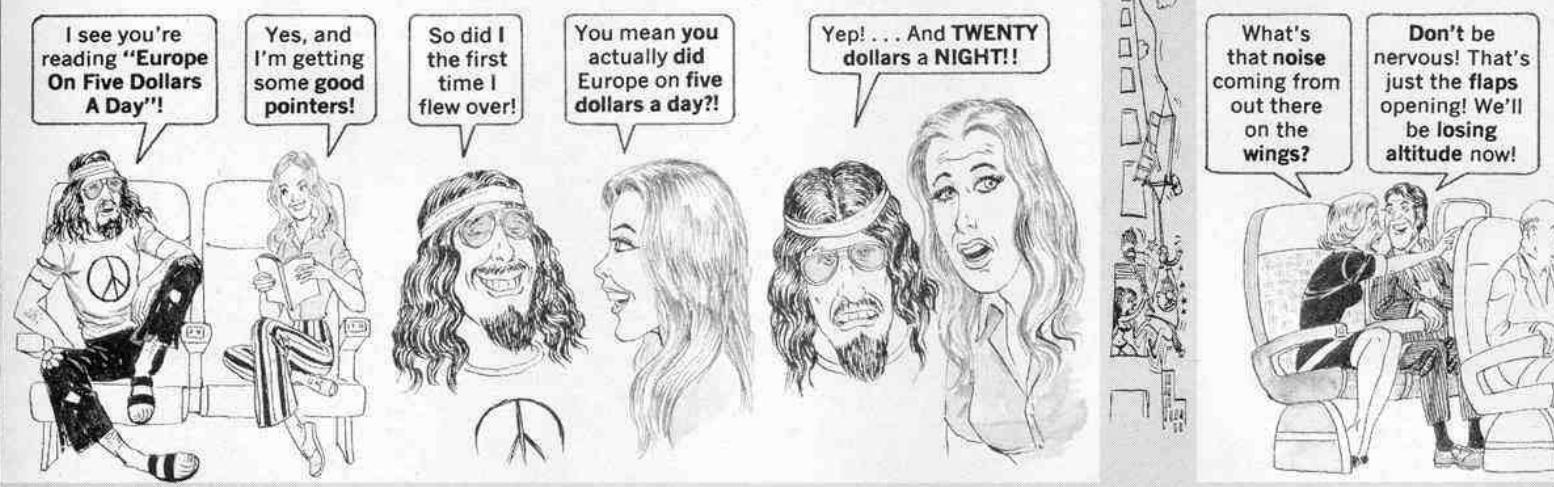
They do?  
That's so  
stupid!

Kids today have more  
money than anybody!!





I'm taking her to DINNER and a MOVIE!!



What's that noise coming from out there on the wings?

Don't be nervous! That's just the flaps opening! We'll be losing altitude now!



Oh—uh—that! I—that is—heh—heh!

That will be forty dollars duty, plus a fine for violation of the Customs Laws!



ATTENTION, PASSENGERS! THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING! WE ARE RUNNING INTO TURBULENCE! PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR SEATS AND FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS!



ATTENTION, CAPTAIN! THIS IS YOUR PASSENGERS SPEAKING! NEVER MIND US! IS YOUR SEAT BELT FASTENED??!



What's that noise coming from under the plane?

Don't be nervous! That's just the landing gear dropping! We'll be touching down now!

What's that noise coming from the engines?

Don't be nervous! That's just the roar of the reverse thrust! We'll be stopping now!

What's that noise coming through the open doorway?

That's just the roar of traffic on the Freeway! We'll be driving home in it!

NOW YOU CAN BE NERVOUS!!



Well, that's what you get for SMUGGLING ...

DOPE!!



I really hate flying in these jumbo jets! They cruise so high, you can't see any scenery!

Boy, are you wrong! You can see fantastic scenery! aboard these jumbo jets!

Try watching the Stewardesses!



Oooh! My ears feel funny!

This must be your first flight! It's caused by the change of air pressure at this altitude!

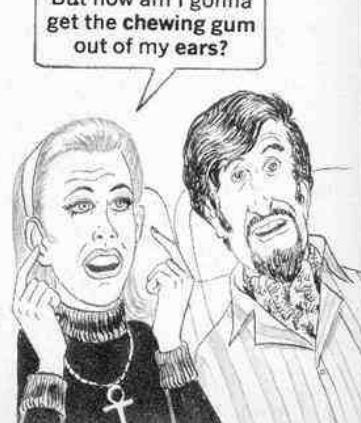
But it's so annoying!

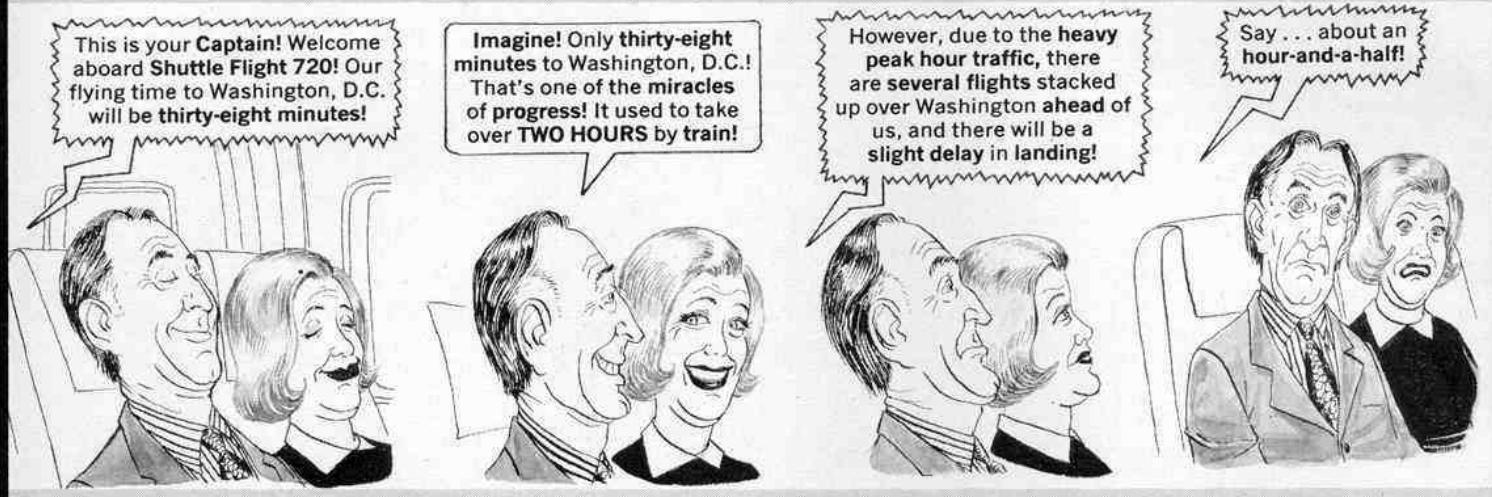
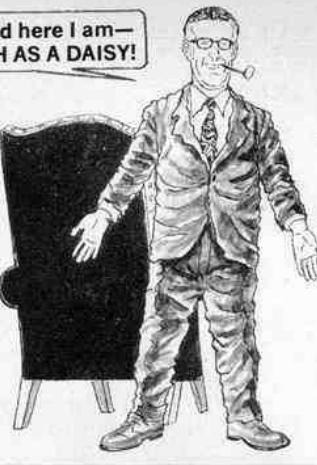
They say that chewing gum relieves the pain! Here ... have a piece!

How do you feel now?

I feel great!

But how am I gonna get the chewing gum out of my ears?





Imagine! Only thirty-eight minutes to Washington, D.C.! That's one of the miracles of progress! It used to take over TWO HOURS by train!

However, due to the heavy peak hour traffic, there are several flights stacked up over Washington ahead of us, and there will be a slight delay in landing!

Say ... about an hour-and-a-half!



Those guys in First Class have it made!

What idiots we are! For \$150 more, we get one fancy meal! That same money could buy us SIX fantastic meals in the best restaurants in Madrid!

Yeah! Those guys in Coach have it made!





Nowadays, most magazines are not only struggling for advertising and circulation, but for survival. There is, however, one notable exception. It's a zingy "Woman's Magazine" called **COSMOPOLITAN**. If you want to know *why* this particular magazine is reaching new heights while others are floundering, it's because a typical issue looks something like this . . .

# COSMOPOLITAN

Cook Him A Chinese Meal  
He'll Never Forget.  
(Do It In The Nude!)

Fifteen Clever Things  
To Say To Your Lover  
On A Water Bed

Thirty New Kooky  
Zany Ways To Cheat  
On Your Husband

How To Have  
A Swinging  
Menopause

Cosmo's Guide To  
Forty Discount  
Abortionists

101 New  
Erogenous Zones  
(All Above  
The Neck)

How To  
Seduce  
A Midget



**ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION**  
How To Avoid Getting Emotionally  
Involved With The Syringe

Yes, there's no doubt about it. **COSMOPOLITAN** has become the "Female" **PLAYBOY**. Under Helen Gurley Brown, the magazine has gone to ridiculous lengths to be sexy, sensuous and titillating to its young woman audience. And it's worked! Circulation has zoomed and the advertising dollars are pouring in. Which is why we at **MAD** can predict that it won't be long before other types of publications will attempt to cash in on this success-formula by featuring articles with racy, suggestive titles. Here, then, is what we might see . . .

# IF OTHER MAGAZINES COPIED COSMOPOLITAN'S "SEX" FORMULA

## Better Homes and Gardens

HAVE YOURSELF A  
COLOR ORGY:  
20 Wild Things You Can  
Do With A Roller And A  
Can Of Kem-Tone!

How To Decorate An  
18th Century Bedroom  
For 20th Century Love

WHAT TO DO  
IF YOUR LOVER  
CLASHES WITH  
THE RUG

CARRARA MARBLE  
FLOORS:  
Are They Too Cold To  
Have An Affair On?

Do You Really Have To Take  
The Pill If You're Working  
With An Interior Decorator?

10 EXCITING NEW DRAPES  
FOR HIM TO HIDE BEHIND  
WHEN YOUR HUSBAND COMES  
HOME UNEXPECTEDLY!

## THE INDIANAPOLIS 500:

"How I Had An Affair With All Of Them"

Exclusive  
Blueprints

NOW - IT'S POSSIBLE  
TO MAKE LOVE IN  
THE BACK SEAT OF  
A CUSTOMIZED,  
TURBO-CHARGED  
SOUPED-UP  
KAISER-FRAZER

## MOTOR TREND

A LONG ISLAND  
HOUSEWIFE  
CONFESSES:

"I Rotate My Husband's  
More Than My Tires"

•••

EXCITING NEW  
GIMMICK TO  
SHOW HIM  
THAT YOU'RE A  
"FAST GIRL":

Paint A Racing Stripe  
Down The Center  
Of Your Back

•••

NICE GIRL'S  
DILEMMA:

Should You Let Him  
Strip Your Gears  
On The First Date?

**SHORT  
STORY**  
"PROMISCUTY  
IN THE PITSTOP"



# Sports Illustrated

10

SECRET RECIPES  
TO MAKE YOUR  
BALLPLAYER

MORE ROMANTIC

★ ★ ★

THE

BOSTON CELTIC  
FASTBREAK:

They Score Each Time  
... But Is There

Adequate Foreplay?

★ ★ ★

A NEW YORK MET  
WIFE'S COMPLAINT:

"How Could He Find The  
Strike Zone When He  
Couldn't Even Find My  
Erogenous Zone?"

★ ★ ★

NEW SEX TRICK TO  
ENTICE ATHLETES:  
Dab Some "Gatorade"  
Behind Each Ear!

★ ★ ★

SLUGGER'S WIFE  
CONFESSES:  
"He Lacked Home Runs  
... Because I  
Lacked Hormones!"

A REVIEW OF  
"FIVE EASY PIECES"

(Not The Movie—The Radcliff  
Varsity Basketball Team)

# Field & Stream

12  
EXCITING NEW  
WAYS TO MAKE  
LOVE IN A  
LOUISIANA  
DUCK BLIND  
(3 Of Them Without  
Drowning!)

"I Trapped A Grizzly  
Bear In My North  
Woods Cabin—But  
He Was Impotent!"

TEASING HIM ON  
THE TRAIL:

When That Campfire  
Dies Down, Try  
Burning Your Bra!

"I SURVIVED WITHOUT  
A SCRATCH WHILE LION-  
HUNTING IN AFRICA . . .  
BUT I WAS MAULED TO  
DEATH WHILE HUSBAND-  
HUNTING IN THE  
CATSKILLS!"

"Be Gentle, It's My  
First Time!"  
The Sensuous Story Of  
A Young Career Girl  
And A Montana Moose

HOW TO TELL  
WHEN THE  
AFFAIR IS OVER:  
When He Catches A  
Swordfish . . . And  
Asks YOU To Take  
The First Bite!

# You Know You're REALLY

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you're watching a football game on TV and listening to a hockey game on the radio while you're reading the Sports section ... and nobody's yelling at you.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



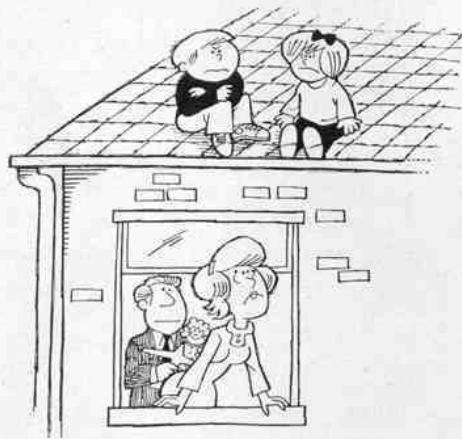
... you can spend as much time as you want with your old buddies, whom your ex-wife always referred to as a bunch of good-for-nothing idiots ... and you find out she was right.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



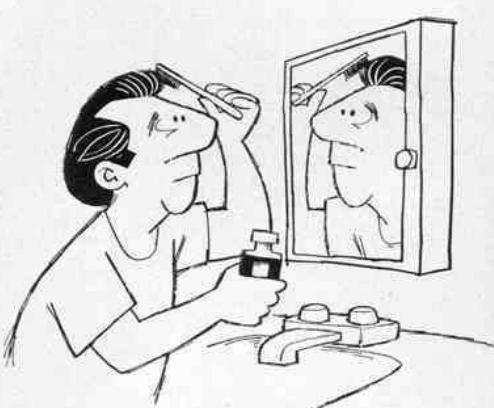
... you gather all your courage and join a computer dating service ... and they send you only one name ... your ex-husband's!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you invite your new boyfriend over to meet your children ... and they won't come down from the roof.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



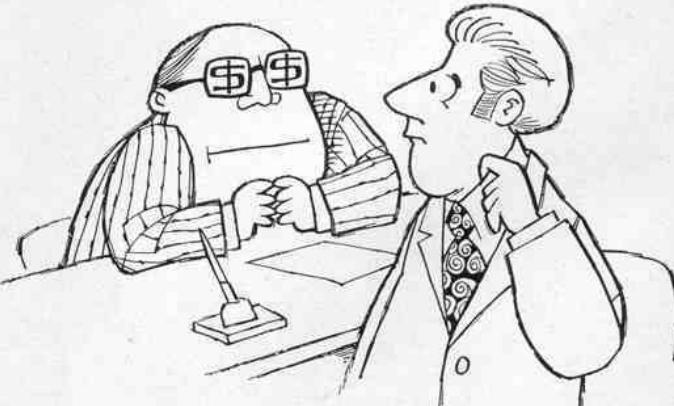
... you start touching up those gray hairs.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you let your dog sleep in your bed because you discover you miss the sound of somebody snoring.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... your ex-wife's lawyer calls you in to discuss your alimony payments ... and you wish he were your lawyer.

# DIVORCED When...



ARTIST AND WRITER:  
LLOYD GOLA

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you're finally free to do all the things you've always wanted to do ... but now you can't afford it.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
DIVORCED WHEN ...



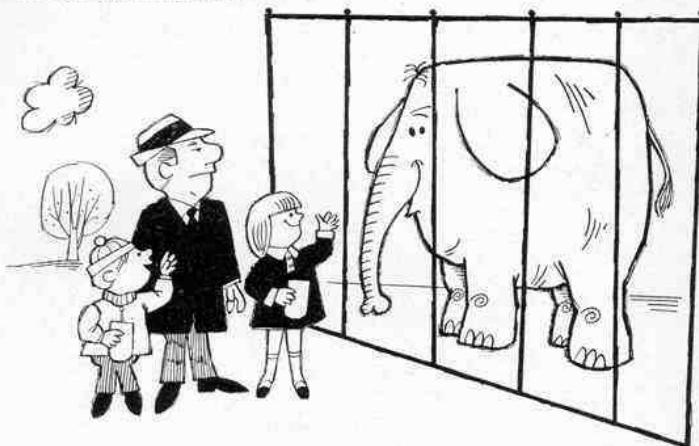
... you fix a leaky faucet all by yourself.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you miss a movie you really want to see because you can't stand to go alone.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you've run out of ideas of things to do with your kids on visitation days, and you've gone to the zoo so often you're on a first-name basis with all the animals.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you consent to let your married friends fix you up on a blind date with their dear, sweet bachelor pal ... for the first (and last) time.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



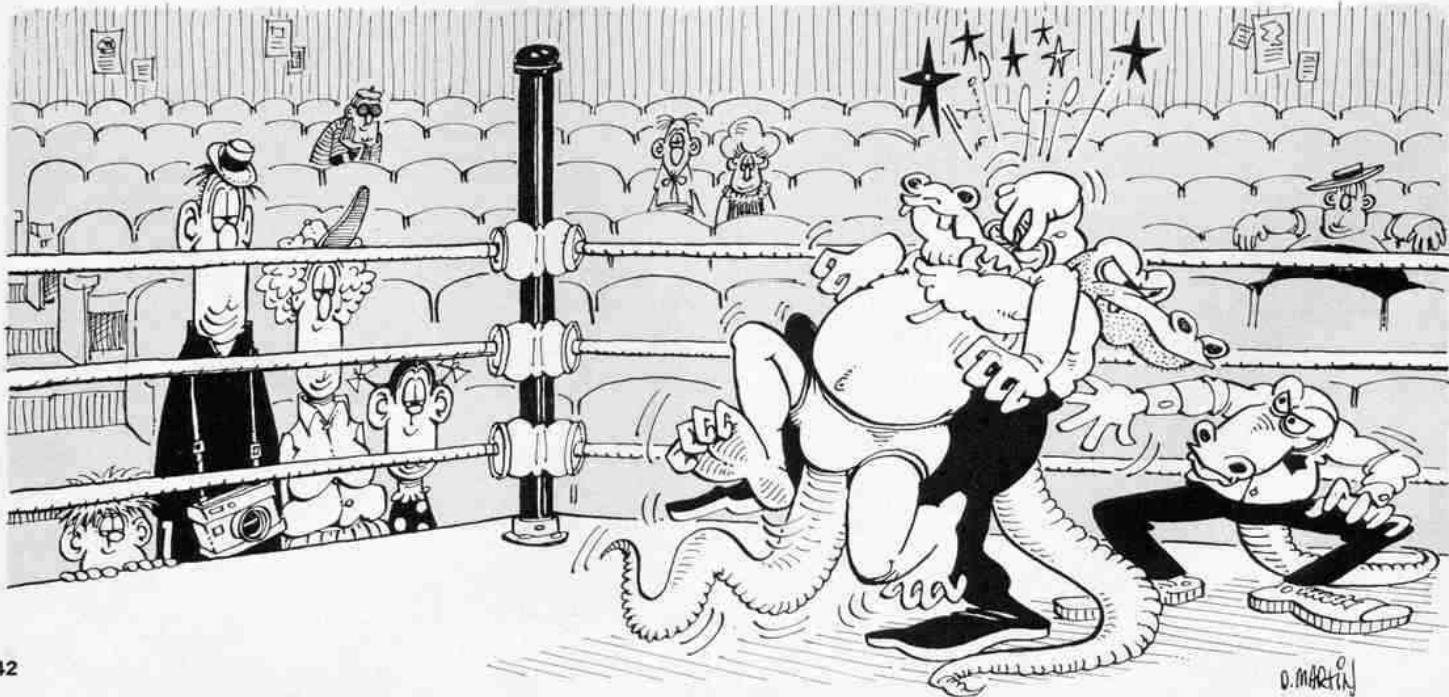
... you're propositioned on your first date as a divorcee.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you date a widow.

# ONE FINE DAY WHILE TOURING FLORIDA



**FINE FETID FRIENDS DEPT.**

Every now and then, a TV Situation Comedy Series comes along that captures the hearts and imagination of the country by depicting contemporary American life as it really is! Like the comedy series about a bus . . . and the wonderfully real and believable people who depend upon it for a living. Naturally, we're talking about "The Honeymooners." However, if you want a show about a bus . . . and some unbelievably unreal kids singing off-key, try watching:

# The Putrid Family

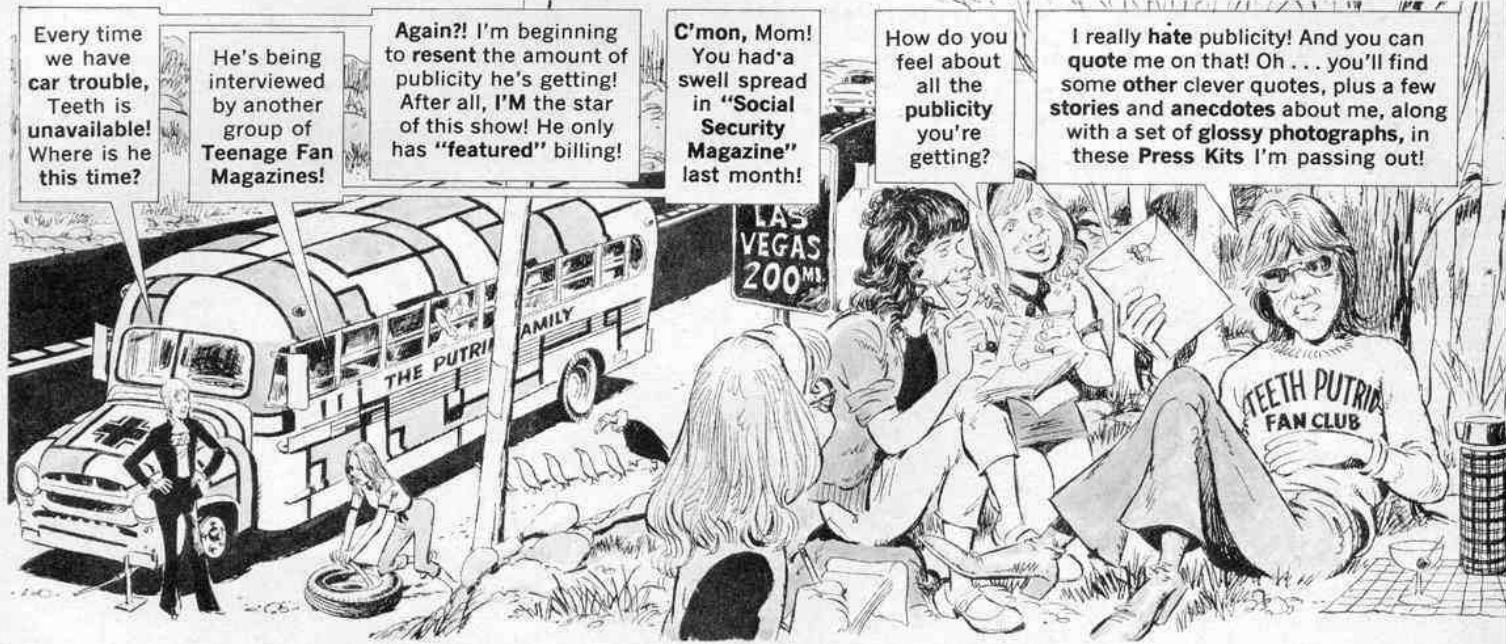


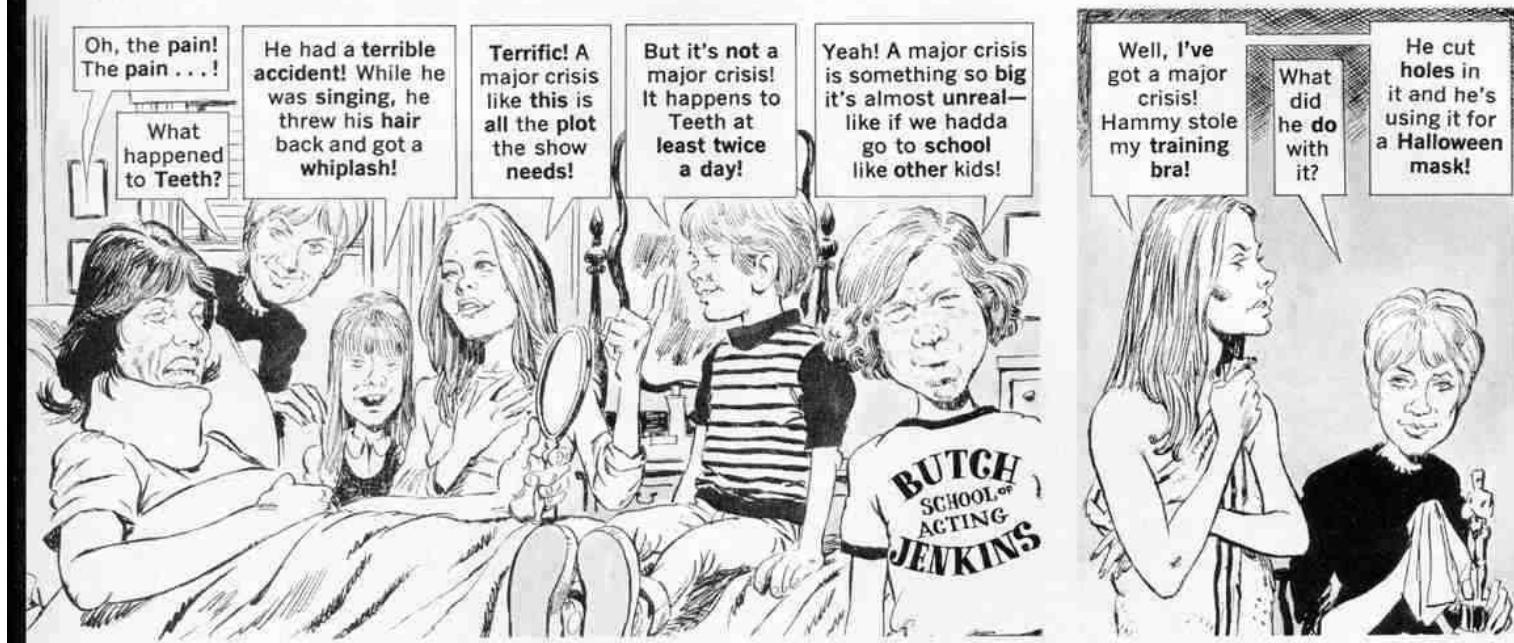


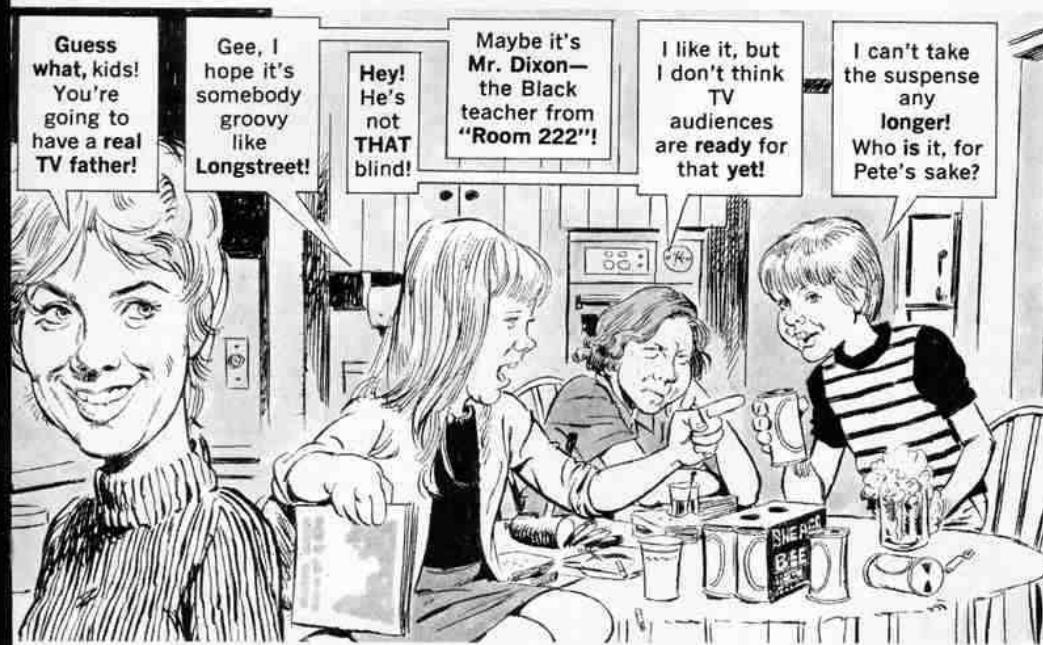
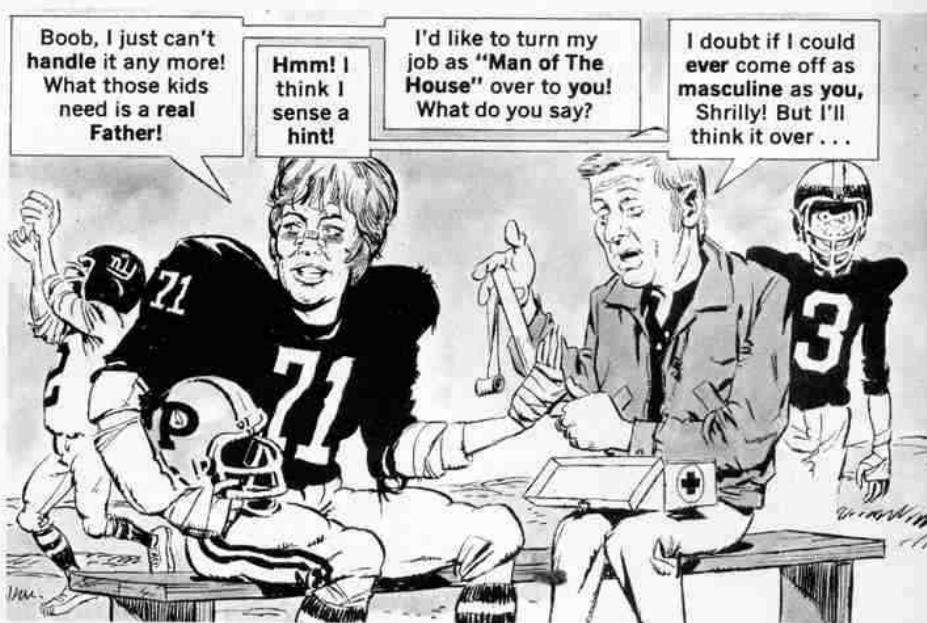
Last evening,  
I woke from sleep in horror,  
'Cause I'd had an awful nightmare  
That I was just a nameless average kid—  
Not famous, God forbid—

With little girls not screaming!  
I'm glad I was only dreaming,  
'Cause I dig that I'm so big!  
I think I love me!  
I think I love me!









# ONE BUSY DAY IN A HIGHWAY RESTAURANT



JUST WHAT IS  
RICHARD NIXON  
REALLY HOPING  
TO FIND ON  
HIS HISTORIC  
TRIP TO CHINA?

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

All sorts of hopes are being raised by the President's visit to Red China. But the real hope ... Nixon's own personal dream ... is a very special one. To find out what it is, fold in page as shown.

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



PRESIDENT NIXON APPARENTLY HOPES, IN  
GOING TO CHINA, TO CREATE A FAVORABLE MOOD  
FOR PEACE. THUS, IN THIS MOMENT OF OPPORTUNE  
COOPERATION, WAR CLOUDS SHOULD FLEE THE SKIES

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

A

B

# AT THE MOVIES

