

No.  
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April  
'72

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# MAD

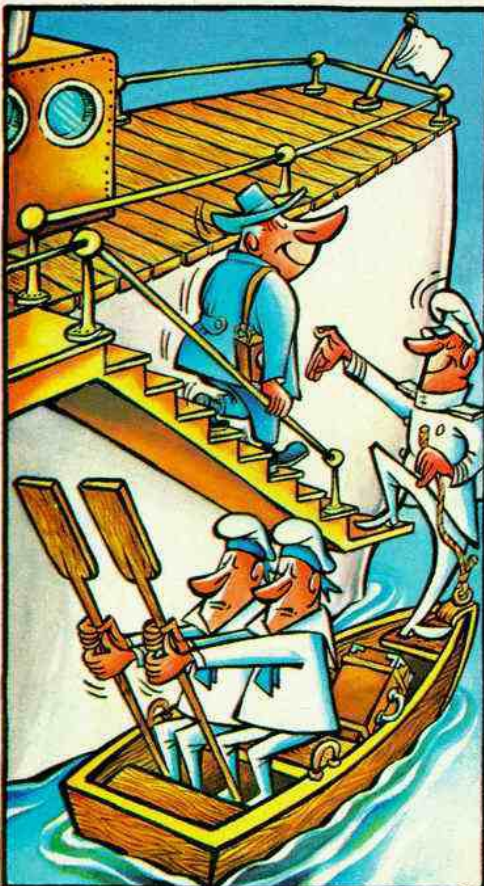
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# THE TOURIST



ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS



# 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

### A DISCOURAGING WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR DEPARTMENT

Ads That Turn People Off .....12

### BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of Air Travel .....32

### BIG TIME OPERETTA DEPARTMENT

The White House Follies Of 1972 ..... 4

### DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

One Fairly Nice Day Downtown .....19

One Day While Touring Florida .....42

One Busy Day In A Highway Restaurant .....48

### FINE FETID FRIENDS DEPARTMENT

The Putrid Family (A MAD TV Satire) .....43

### GURLEY BOOKS DEPARTMENT

If Other Magazines Copied "Cosmopolitan's" Sex Formula...37

### LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail ..... 2

### MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

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

### MASH COMMUNICATION DEPARTMENT

Love Letters From Celebrities .....20

### PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPARTMENT

More "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions" .....16

### SLAY RIDE DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Snowmobiles .....29

### SPLITTING HEADACHES DEPARTMENT

You Know You're Really Divorced When .....40

### SPOIL-SPORT DEPARTMENT

When TV Makes Full Use Of Howard Cosell .....25

### THE NOSE HAVE IT DEPARTMENT

A MAD Message To The Leading Democrat Candidates....22

\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

## 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



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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  
Reno 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.

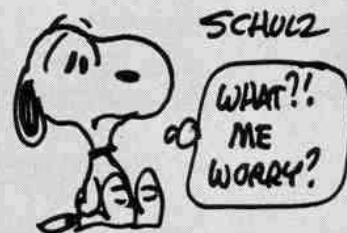
Jerry "Husky" Houser  
Studio City, Calif.

## 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?**



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 Strutz  
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 Ragel!  
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.

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# 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!

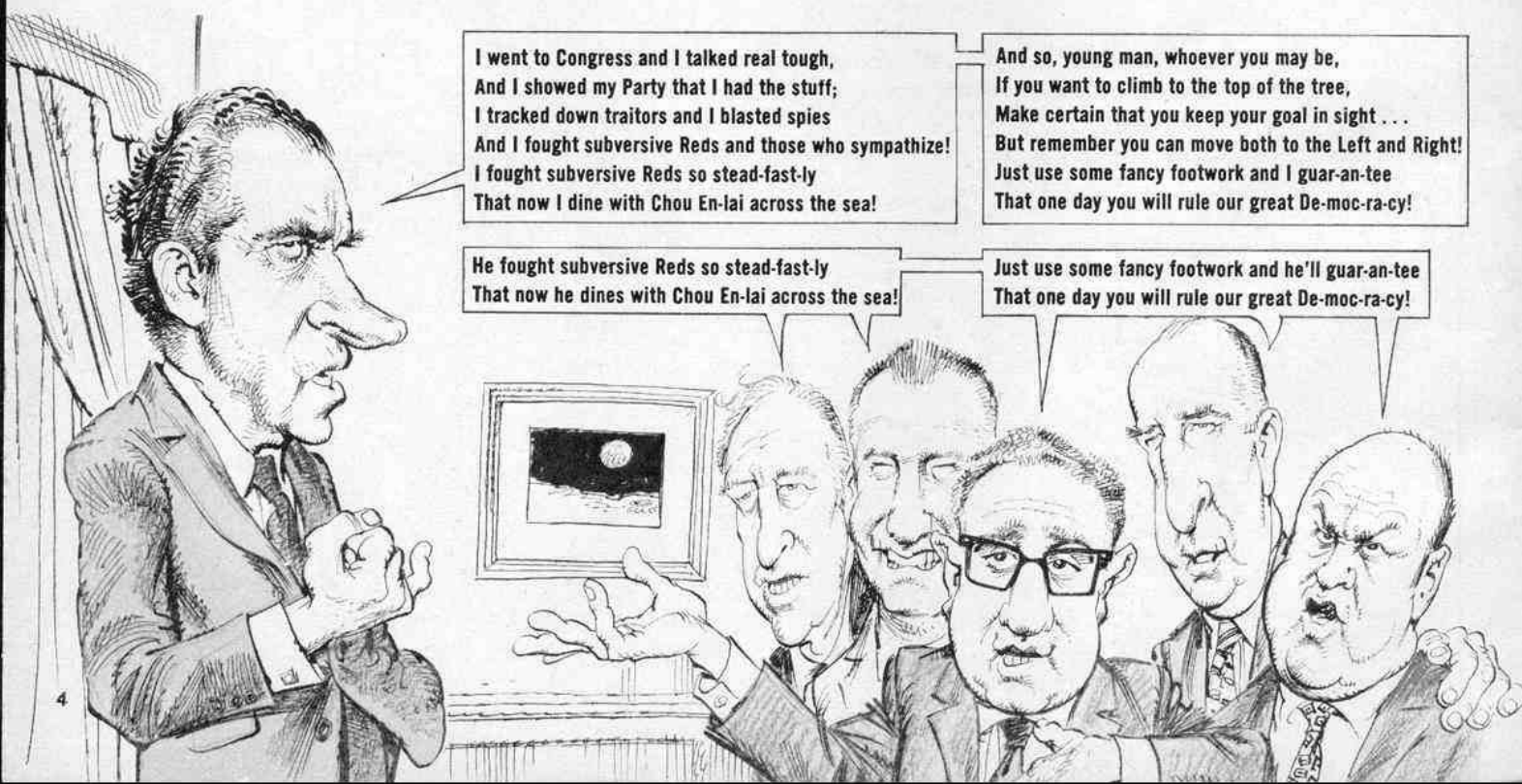


I went to Congress and I talked real tough,  
And I showed my Party that I had the stuff;  
I tracked down traitors and I blasted spies  
And I fought subversive Reds and those who sympathize!  
I fought subversive Reds so stead-fast-ly  
That now I dine with Chou En-lai across the sea!

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 stead-fast-ly  
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!





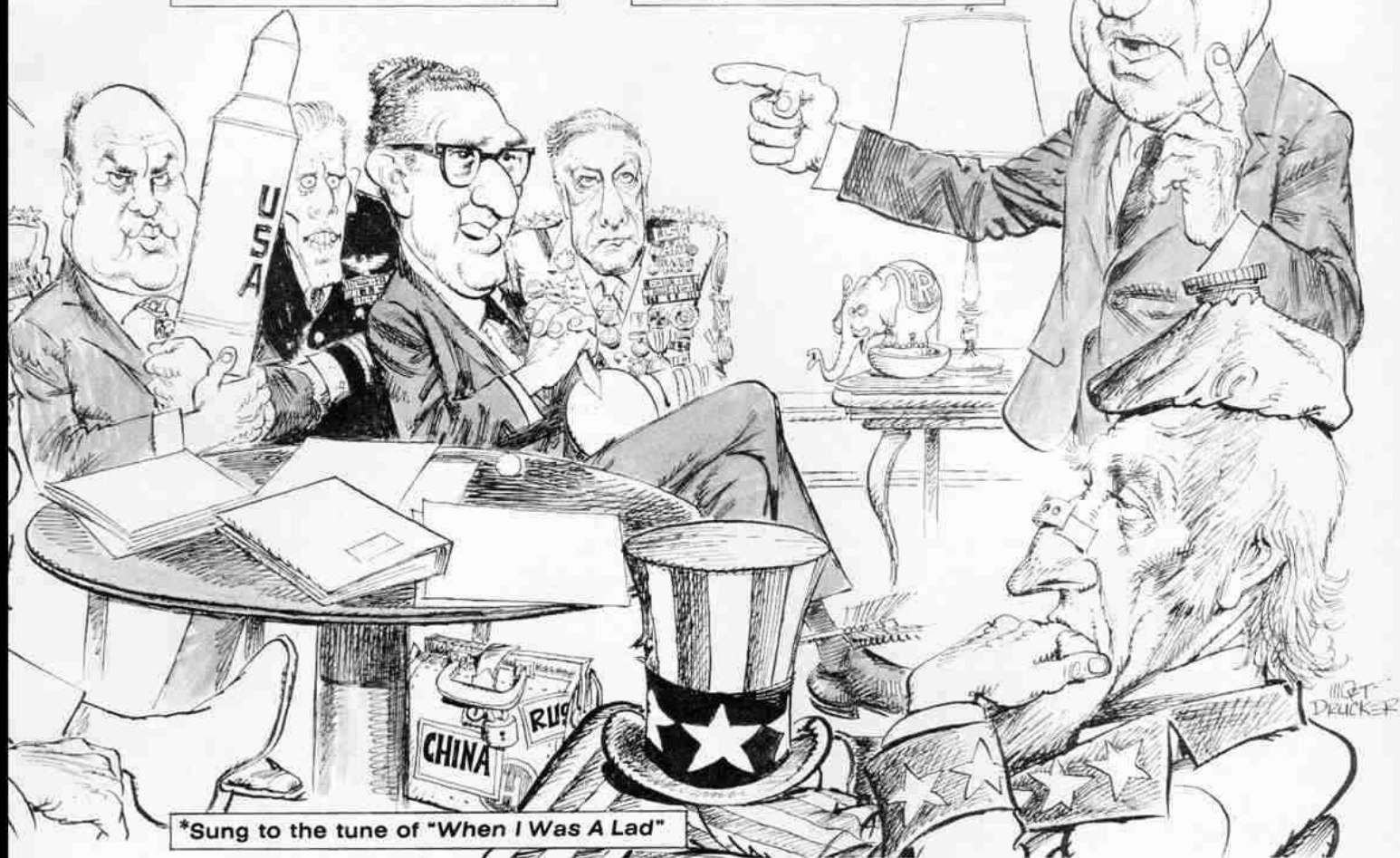
Thank you, Spiro! You can stop groveling now! Well, gentlemen, to begin with . . .

♣ 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!



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

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!



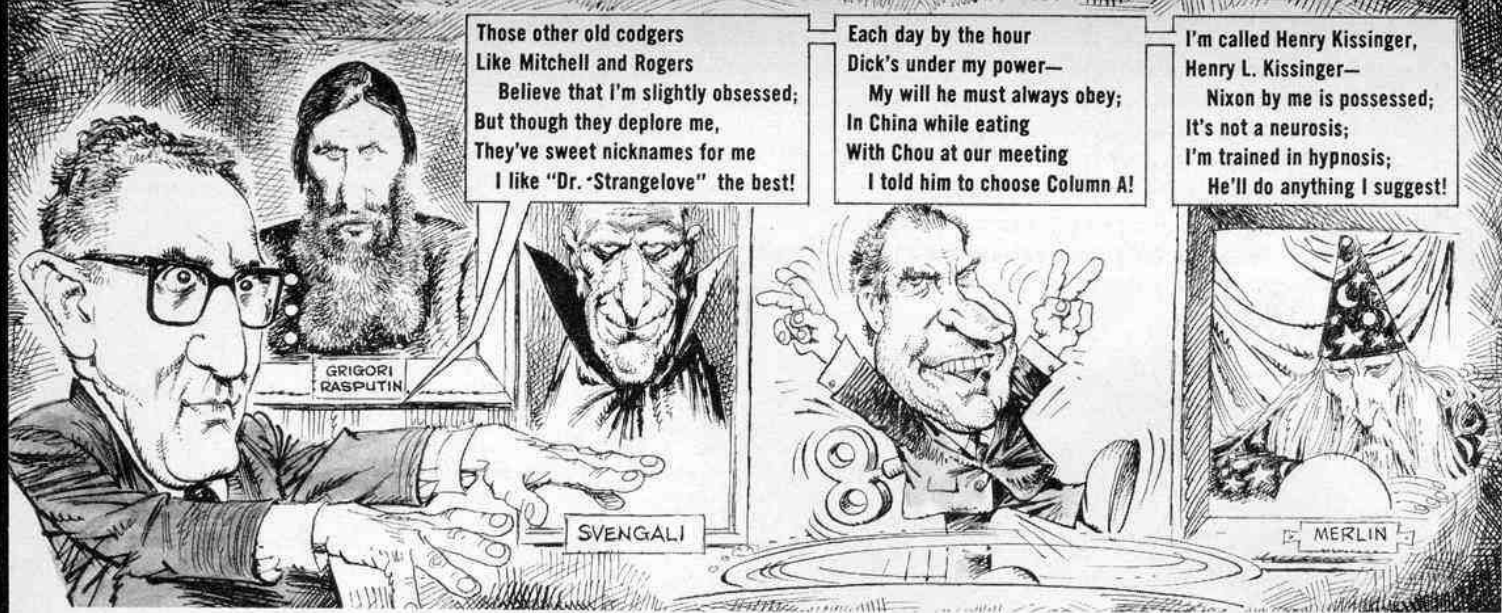
Gentlemen, the answer is quite simple! Whenever the President needs any advice . . .

♣ 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!



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





Those other old codgers  
Like Mitchell and Rogers  
Believe that I'm slightly obsessed;  
But though they deplore me,  
They've sweet nicknames for me  
I like "Dr. 'Strangelove" the best!

Each day by the hour  
Dick's under my power—  
My will he must always obey;  
In China while eating  
With Chou at our meeting  
I told him to choose Column A!

I'm called Henry Kissinger,  
Henry L. Kissinger—  
Nixon by me is possessed;  
It's not a neurosis;  
I'm trained in hypnosis;  
He'll do anything I suggest!

GRIGORI RASPUTIN

SVENGALI

MERLIN



Boy, have I got responsibilities:  
Vietnam, Poverty,  
Unemployment, the  
Economy! Thank  
goodness I have no  
**CRITICAL** problems

Mr. President!  
I must talk  
to you!

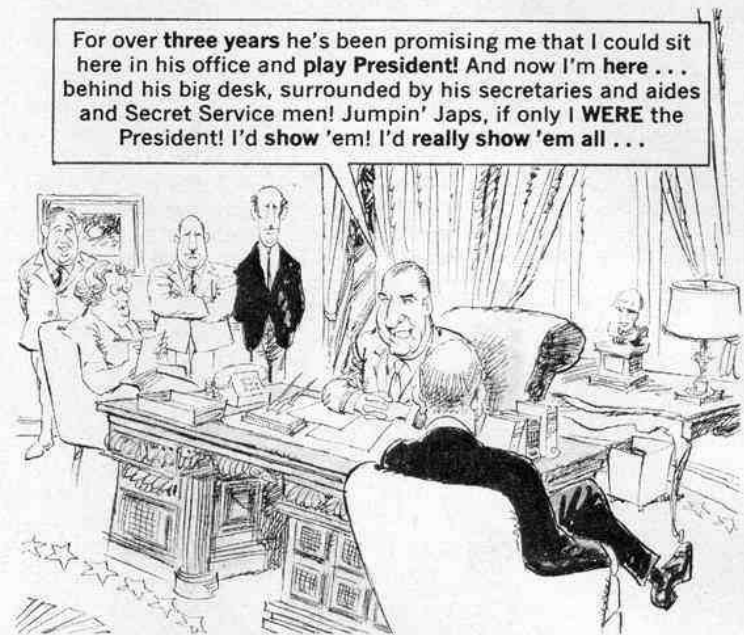
Today's the day!  
You promised me!

... except  
one! What  
is it, Spiro?

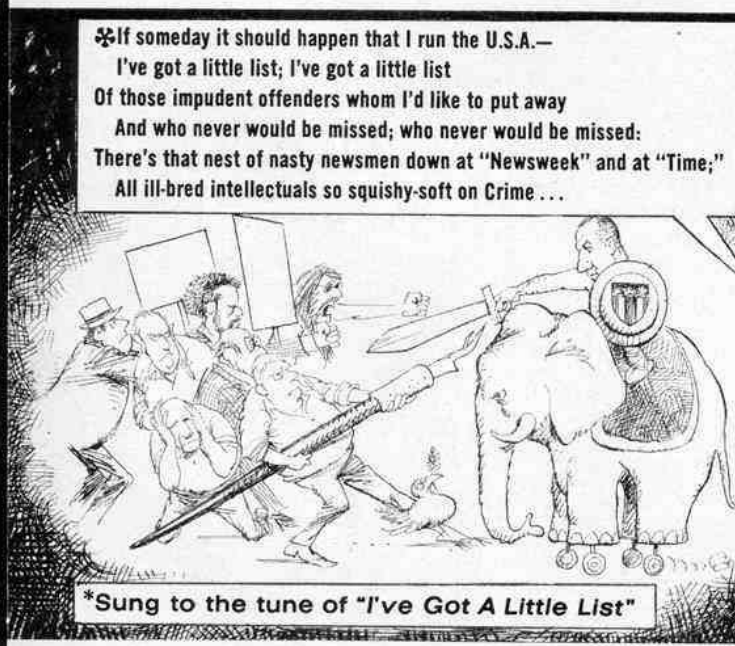
Well, okay,  
Spiro! But  
only for  
ten minutes!

I LEFT SOME  
NOTES IN MY  
DESK!

BEBE



For over three years he's been promising me that I could sit  
here in his office and **play President!** And now I'm here ...  
behind his big desk, surrounded by his secretaries and aides  
and Secret Service men! Jumpin' Japs, if only I **WERE** the  
President! I'd show 'em! I'd really show 'em all ...



❁If someday it should happen that I run the U.S.A.—  
I've got a little list; I've got a little list  
Of those impudent offenders whom I'd like to put away  
And who never would be missed; who never would be missed:  
There's that nest of nasty newsmen down at "Newsweek" and at "Time;"  
All ill-bred intellectuals so squishy-soft on Crime ...

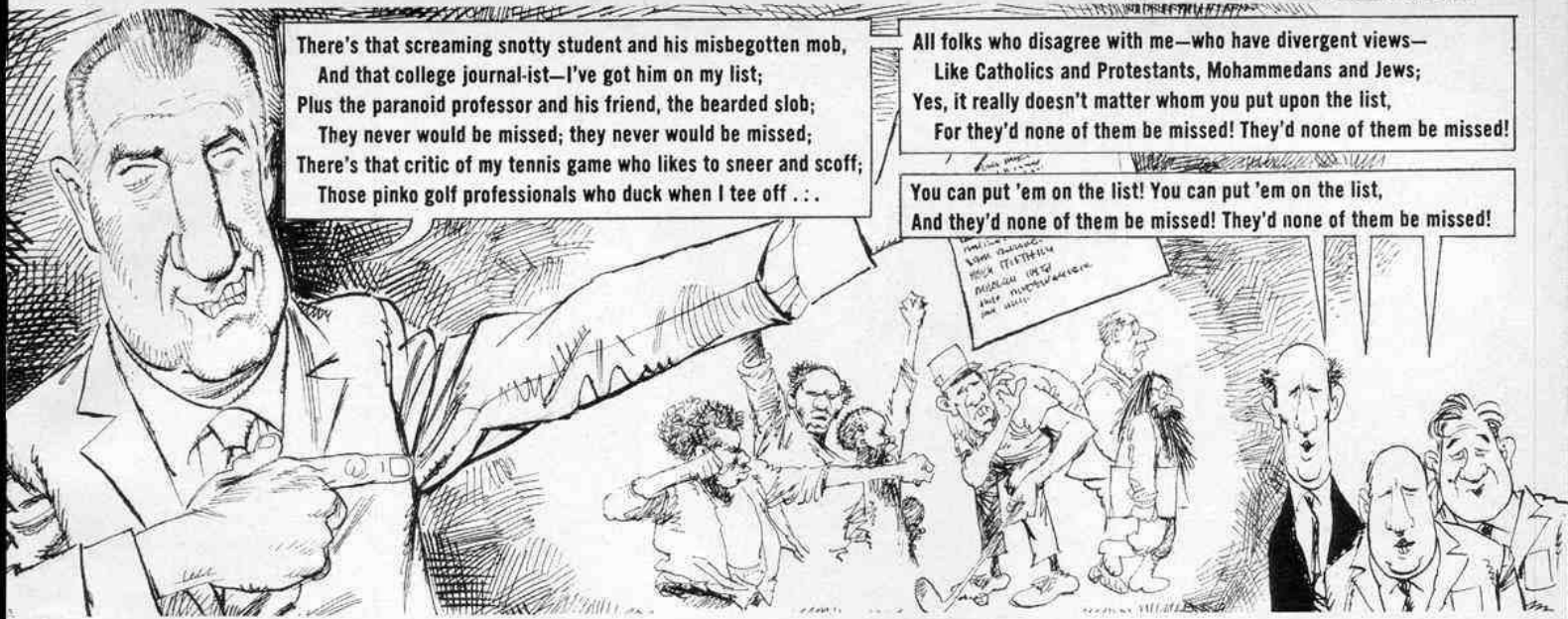
Those nitwit network nincompoops who preach on C.B.S.;  
Those termites who torment me when I star on "Meet The Press;"  
And the writer of this parody who gives my words a twist—  
I don't think he'd be missed! I'm sure he'd not be missed!

He's got 'em on his list! He's got 'em on his list!  
And they'd none of them be missed! They'd none of them be missed!

\*Sung to the tune of "I've Got A Little List"







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!"

HELP  
STAMP  
OUT  
POVERTY.  
SHOOT A BEGGAR!

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...





❖ 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!



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

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!



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!

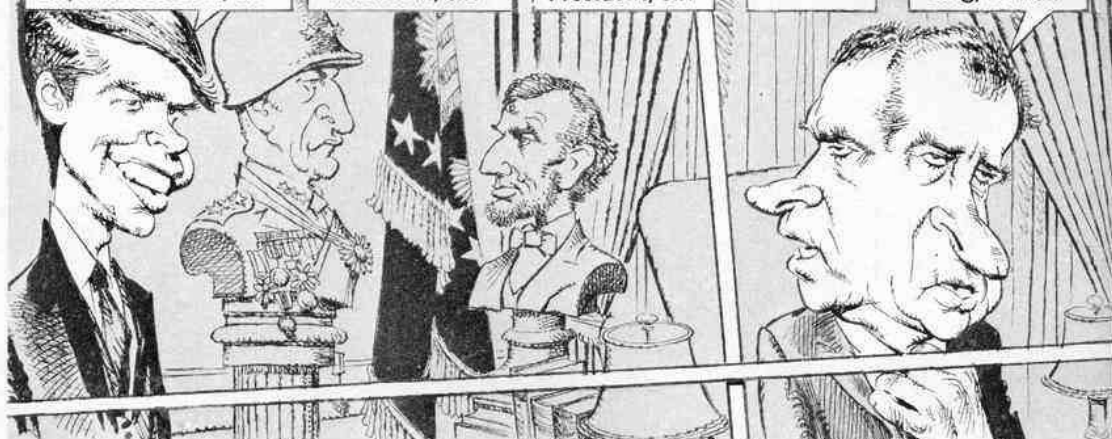
And sometimes  
I think Pat's  
snood is a bit  
too radical!

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"



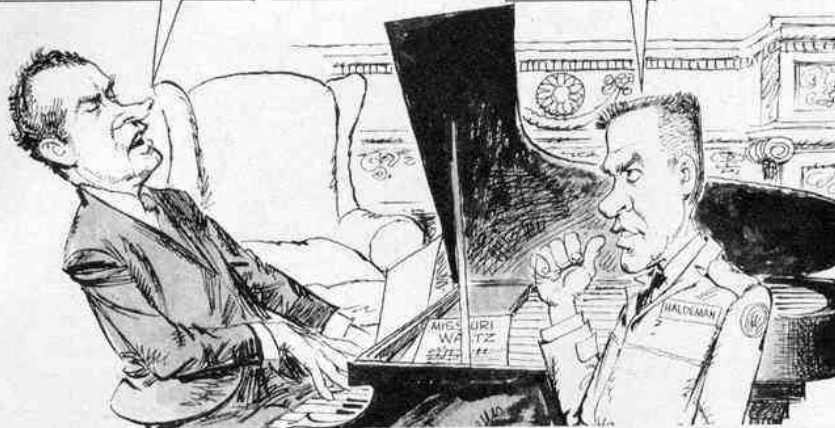


David's such a vibrant personality! Hmm! I AM looking for a new Vice-President! It sure would make a keen ticket: NIXON and EISENHOWER!

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

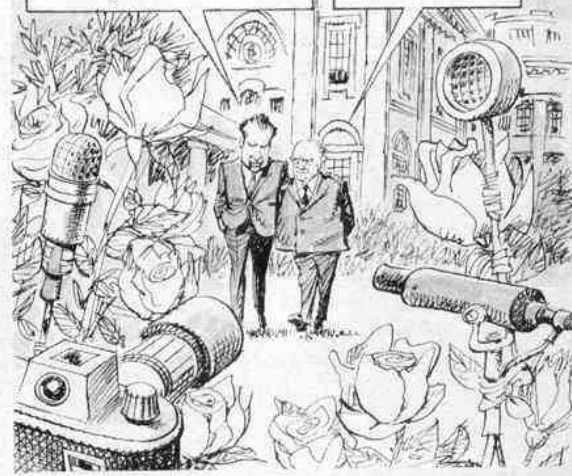
Sir! J. Edgar Hoover is waiting for you in the rose garden!

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!



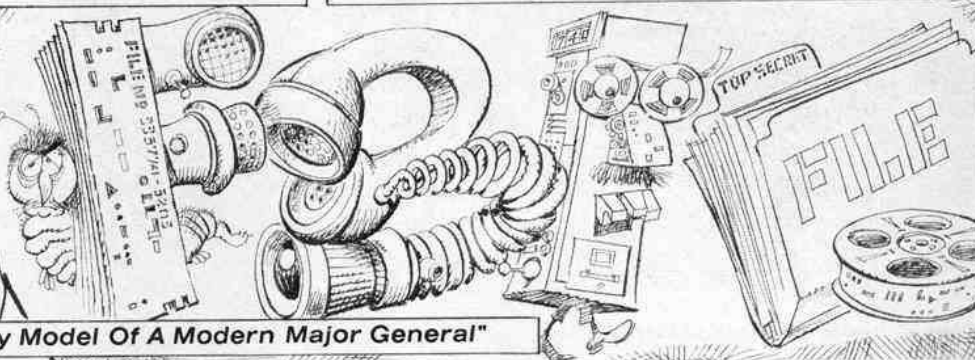
But she's the wife of the President! How would it look if you bugged MY possessions?

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 year's 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.

Better take a look at your cufflinks!



\*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 ideologist; 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!





What's up, Arthur! You look really bugged!

Just my tie clasp! Dick, we're in trouble! George Meany and a bunch of Labor Leaders are staging a sit-in in your office! They won't leave until you talk to them! You have to see them before 4 P.M.!!

But why the deadline?

After 4 P.M., they charge time-and-a-half!



Hello, I'm the President! I don't believe we've met, Mr. Meany, so why don't you tell me what you do?

\*I am the Leader in command, Who runs most Unions in the land; If I say, "Strike!" then no one works!

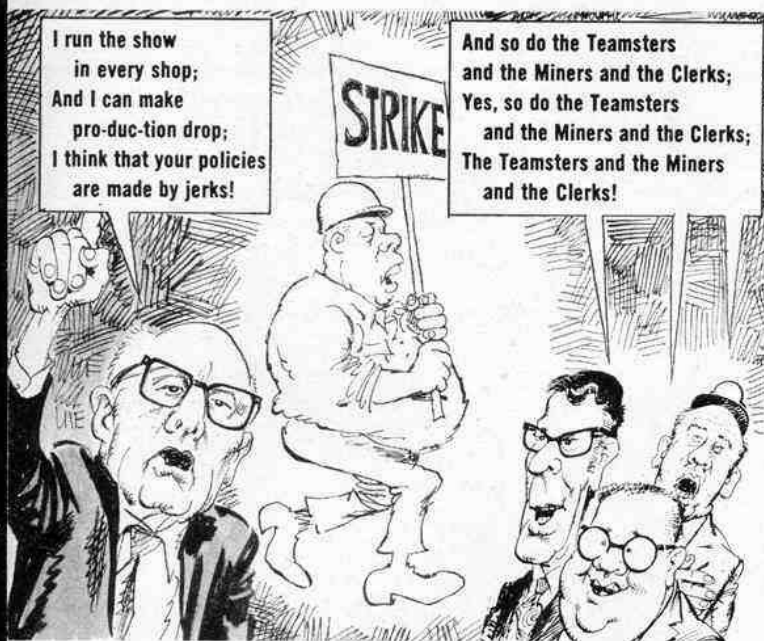
And we rule the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks; Yes, we rule the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks—The Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks!



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

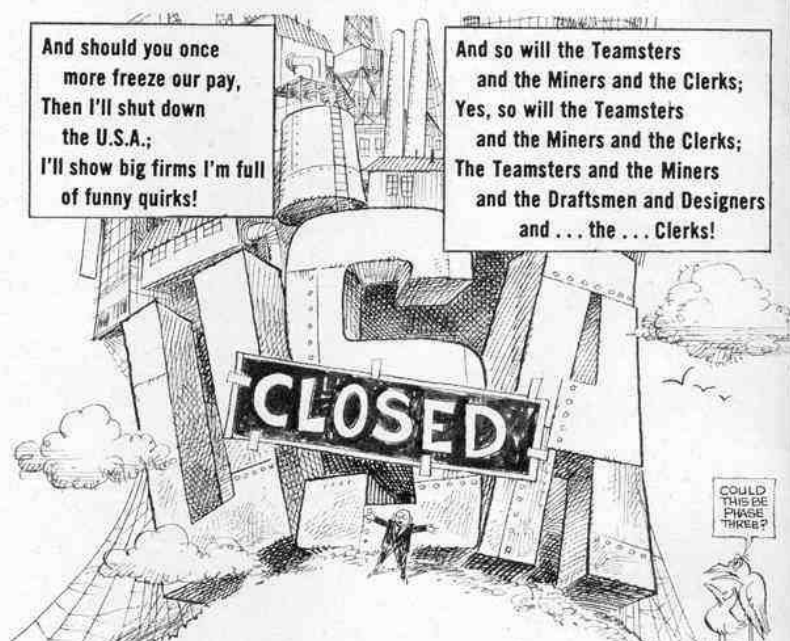
I run the show in every shop; And I can make pro-duc-tion drop; I think that your policies are made by jerks!

And so do the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks; Yes, so do the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks; The Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks!



And should you once more freeze our pay, Then I'll shut down the U.S.A.; I'll show big firms I'm full of funny quirks!

And so will the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks; Yes, so will the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks; The Teamsters and the Miners and the Draftsmen and Designers and ... the ... Clerks!



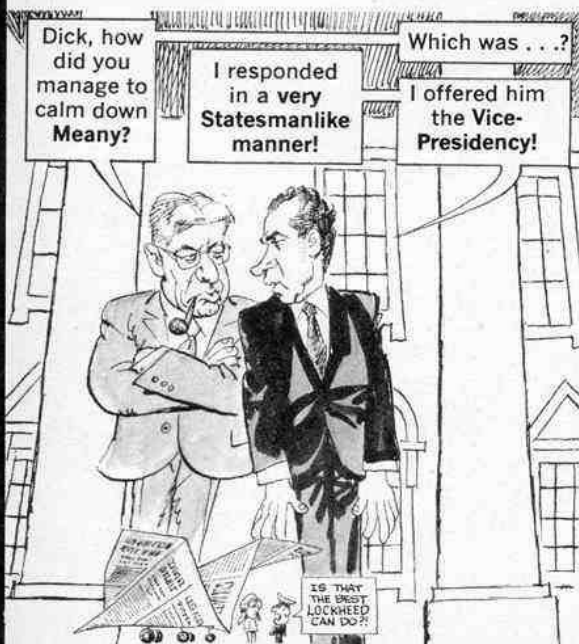
COULD THIS BE PHASE THREE?

Dick, how did you manage to calm down Meany?

I responded in a very Statesmanlike manner!

Which was ... ?

I offered him the Vice-Presidency!



Oh-oh! Here comes the one person I have no control over whatsoever!

You mean Attorney-General, John Mitchell?

No, I mean the woman who's leading him—his wife, Martha!

Hello, Dickie-boy! John and I thought we'd invite ourselves to dinner! Isn't that right, John? Speak!

Yes, Martha!







Er—well, make yourself at home! You know, Martha, it must be interesting being married to such an important Cabinet member! I've often wondered what your home life is like!

Don't let anybody kid you, Dickie-poo! John runs the show in our family!



\*In our house in the suburbs your words I obey!

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

And I give you support in my own wifely way!

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

You'll remember that party when you were the host, How the guests all stood up when you gave them a toast, And I belted that creep from "The Washington Post"!

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



\*Reprise to the tune of "Titwillow"

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

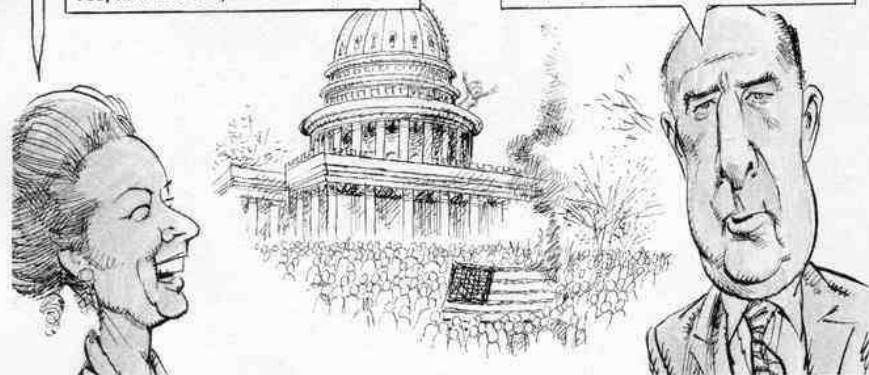
Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

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

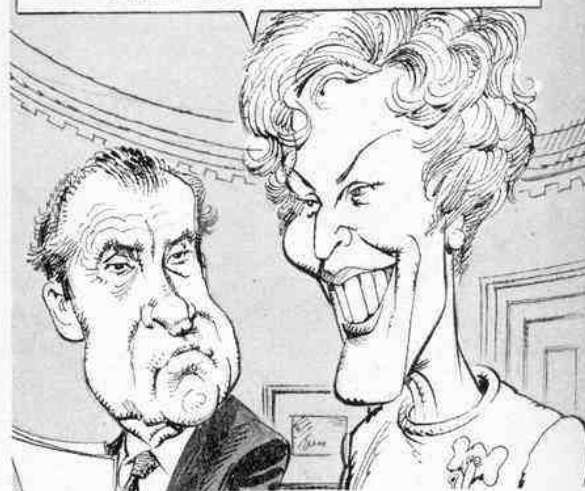
Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

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 GOTTIT  
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**

[Illustration of a dog and a cat]

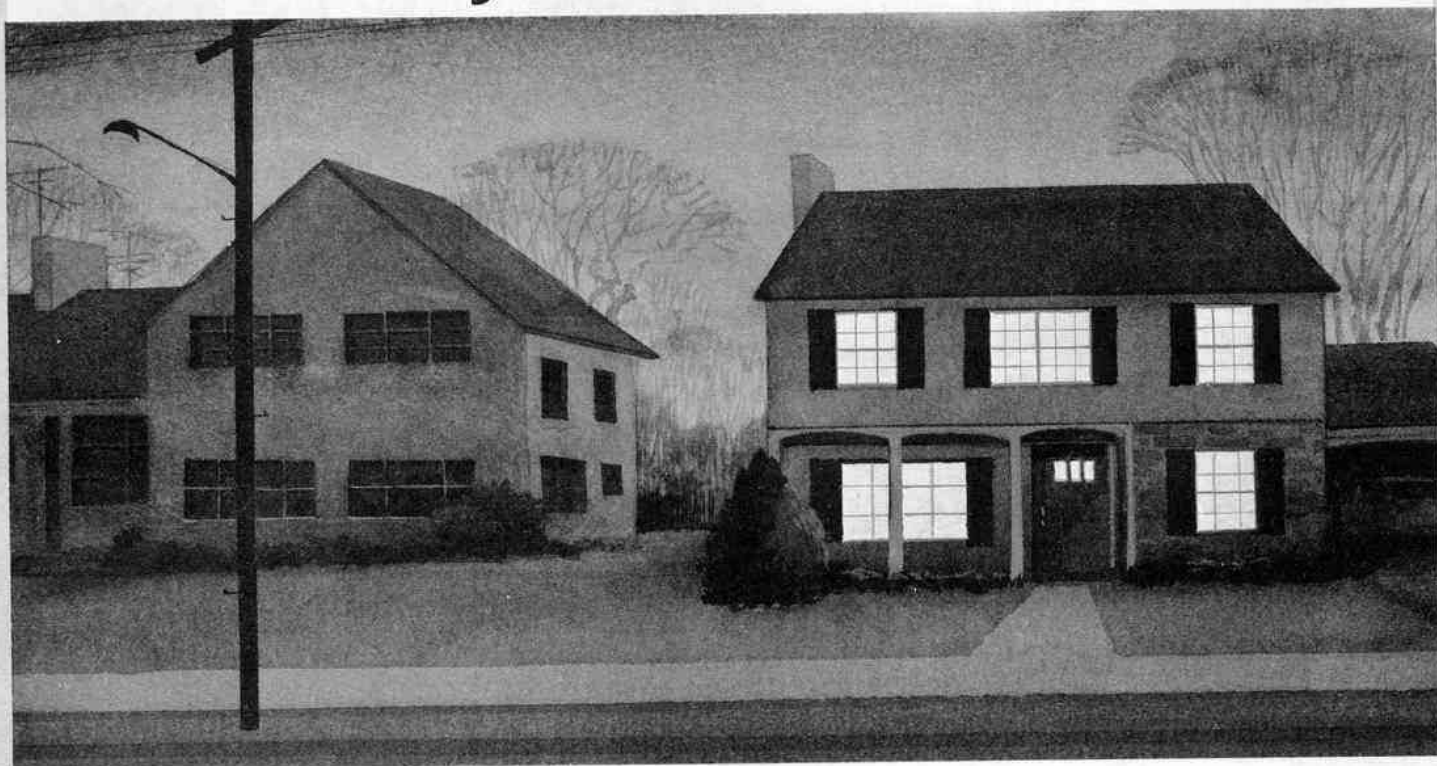
So what do they do? They run ad campaigns to get even MORE business! Isn't that stupid?! Isn't that irresponsible?! Isn't that a great subject for a MAD article?! Wise up, all you corporations and institutions that can't do your jobs efficiently! The answer to your problems is to run ads that discourage 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"



Hi! This is Philo Forsythe for the Nation's Airlines! And this is Elmo Freen, a typical passenger! Has the trip been pleasant so far, Mr. Freen?

You better believe it, Philo! I'm 6 foot 7, and weigh 271! I'm as big as a house, but these seats are wide and comfortable—with lots of leg room, too!

Mr. Freen, there's a lot of talk about departure delays...

Are you kidding? We left right on the dot! And according to my watch, we're gonna arrive right on time, too!

Listen, I'm a businessman with important appointments in different cities! I can't take chances on delays! I don't know who spreads those rumors about overcrowded terminals and traffic control problems, but I've never experienced any of them!



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

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...

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!

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—

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...

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...

## MOST LIKELY, A LOT BETTER



The Bell System

It's good to meet a satisfied customer!

Darn tootin' I'm satisfied! I love riding these babies! At the holiday rush, when one's filled up, you know there'll be another one loading up right after it!

Let's face it! Here, the passenger comes first! Look how they handle baggage! Your suitcases are waiting for you practically the minute you arrive at the terminal! You can't beat that! And with the really low fares they're offering, I can afford to take my wife along if I feel like it!

Thank you, airline passenger Elmo Freen!

WHAT airline passenger?! We're on a GREYHOUND BUS, stupid!



# 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



ARE YOU COOKING  
SOMETHING?

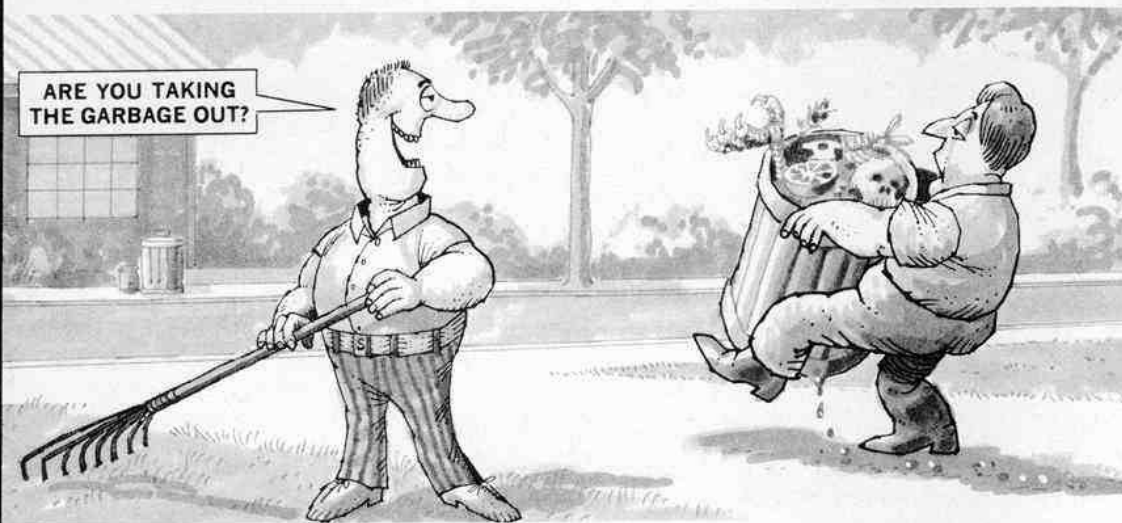
No, I've decided to  
turn our kitchen into  
a **Sauna Bath!**

No, I'm burning pots!

No, I'm drawing a hot  
bath for a **chicken!**

Does the reader write his snappy answer here?

No, he writes "The Lord's Prayer" here! He  
writes his snappy answer on the head of a pin!



ARE YOU TAKING  
THE GARBAGE OUT?

No, I'm taking our dinner  
out! I put the garbage  
in our **refrigerator!**

No, I'm taking my **wife**  
out! But she's **shy**, and  
this is the **only way**  
she'll go anywhere!

No, I'm taking this  
**picnic basket** out!  
Anytime you're hungry,  
feel free to dig in!

After he fills in the balloon, what happens?

He hangs on and tries for an altitude record!



ARE YOU DIGGING  
A FOXHOLE?

No, I've got a **three-day**  
**pass**, and I'm digging a  
tunnel home to **Chicago!**

No, I'm building a **swimming**  
**pool** to relax in during  
those pleasant moments  
between **mortar attacks!**

No, I'm digging a **final**  
**resting place** for **idiots**  
who ask **stupid questions!**  
By the way, how tall are you?

After he's finished, should he mail them in?

Yes, to the proper Mental Health authorities!



# 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 KOGEN

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 heart break of psoriasis?

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 Lolly!

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 HENNY YOUNGMAN

Dear Gloria,

Feb. 27, 1930

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 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 RALPH NADER

Dear Chevella,

April 21, 1950

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,

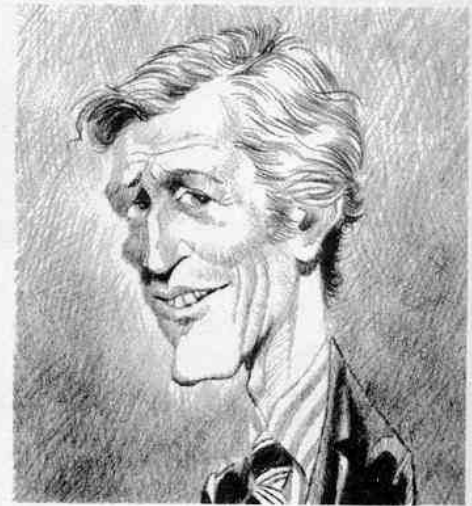
Ralphie



# 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**

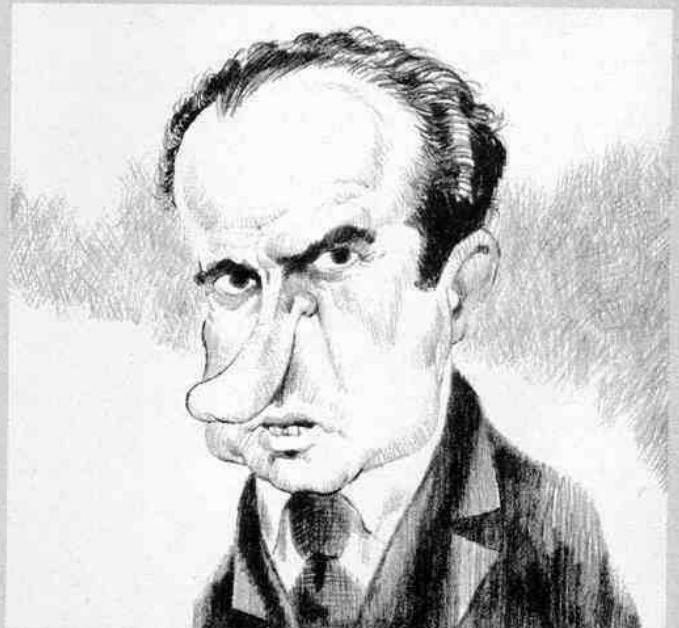
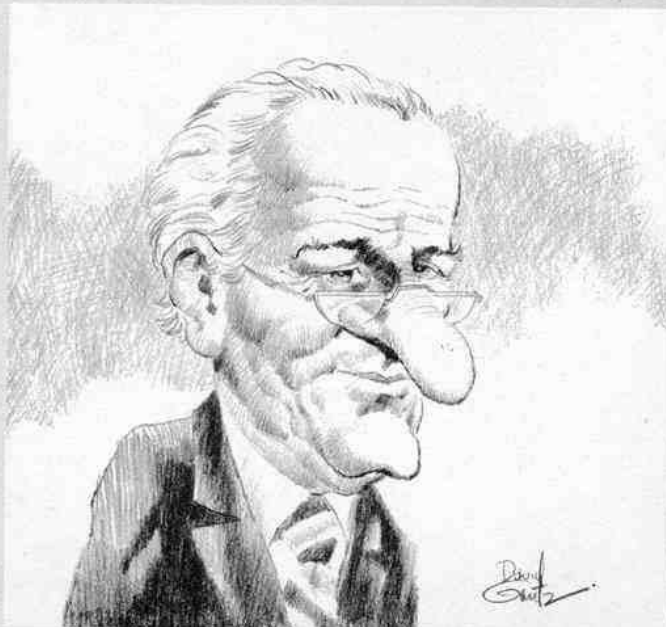


**Golda Meir**

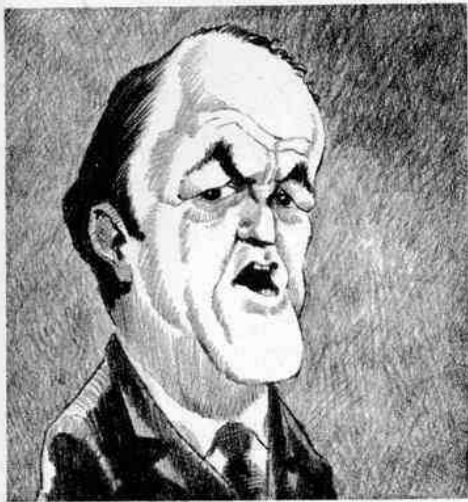


**Joe Namath**

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



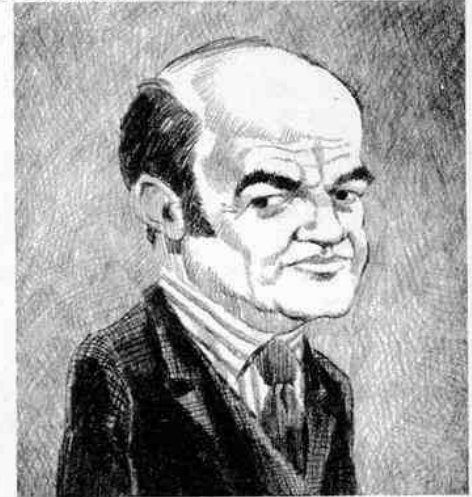
ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE GANTZ



**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**

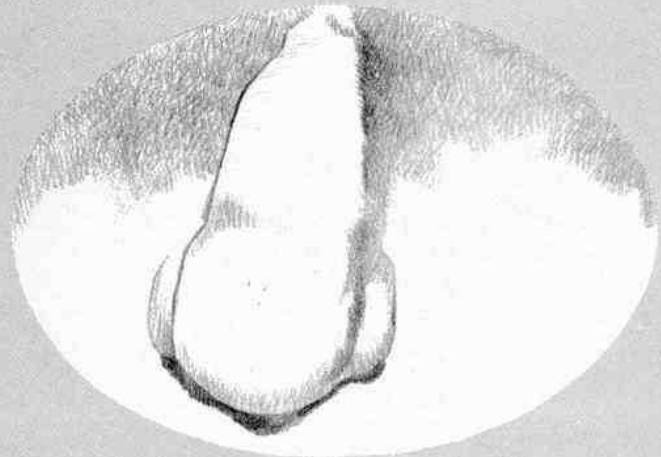
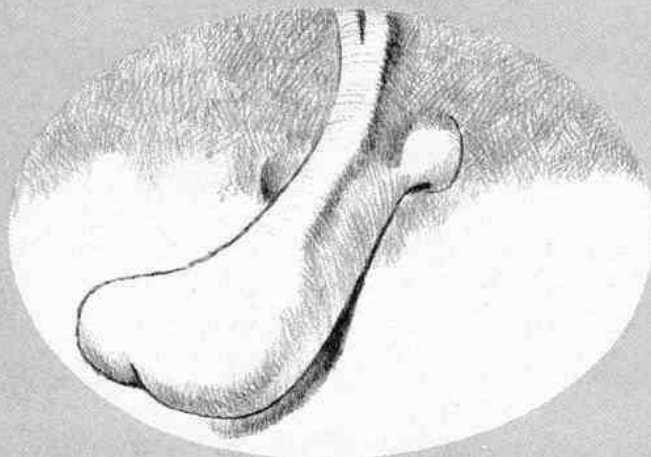


**Spiro Agnew**



**Barbra Streisand**

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

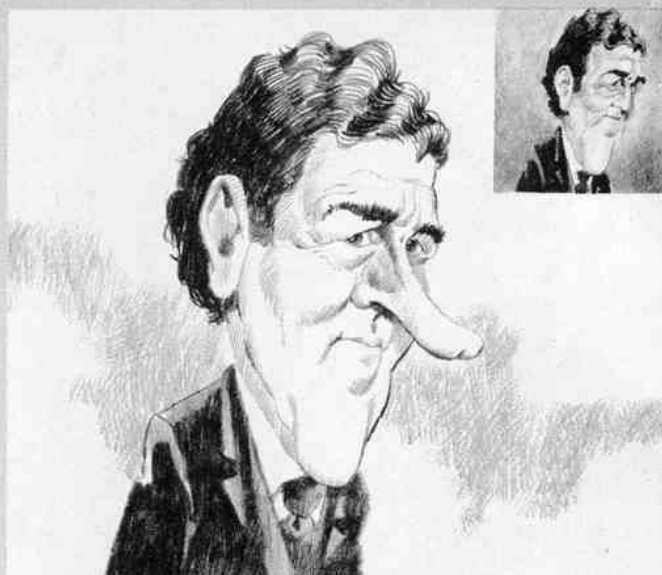


**...UNLESS YOU TAKE MAD'S ADVICE, AND...IN THIS AGE OF SUPER SURGERY...**



# GET A NOSE JOB

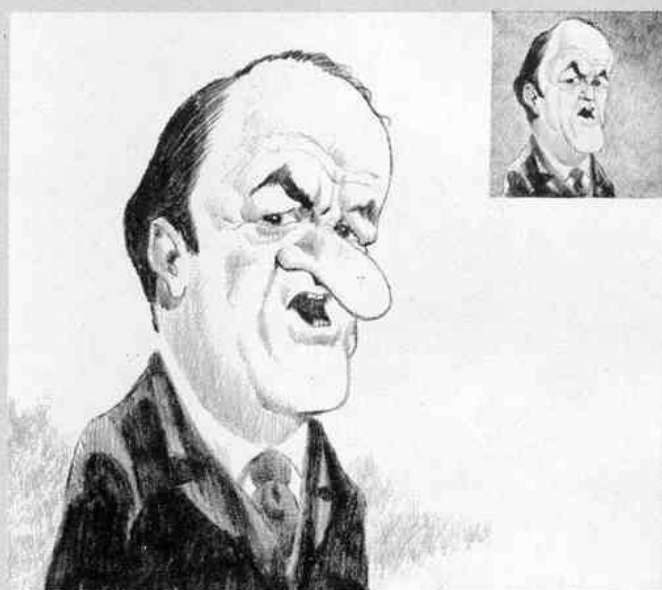
**...AND INSURE YOUR  
POLITICAL SUCCESS!**



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



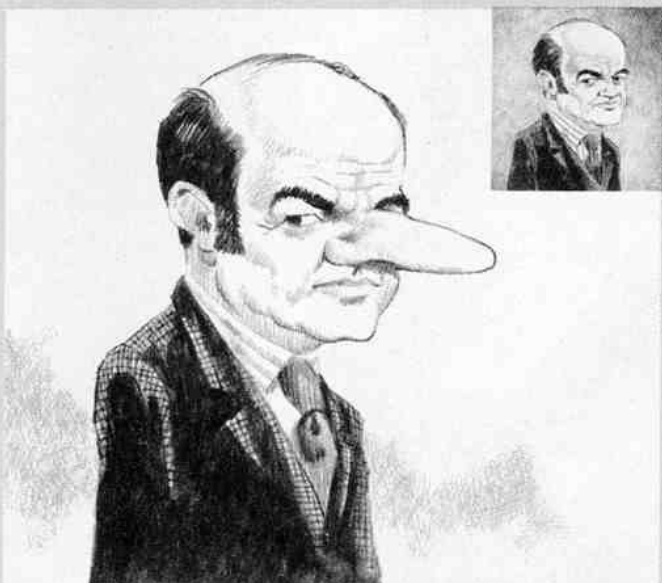
**LINDSAY...**with the Namath Forward Pass



**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...

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

### Howard Cosell shows tact and understanding...

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!

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?

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

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



## 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 ...

... and Tiresome Tomfoolery a~



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!



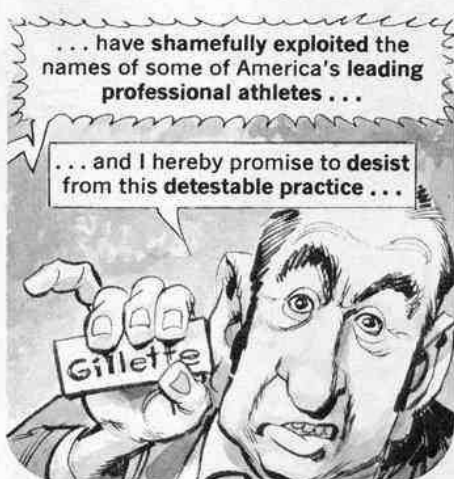
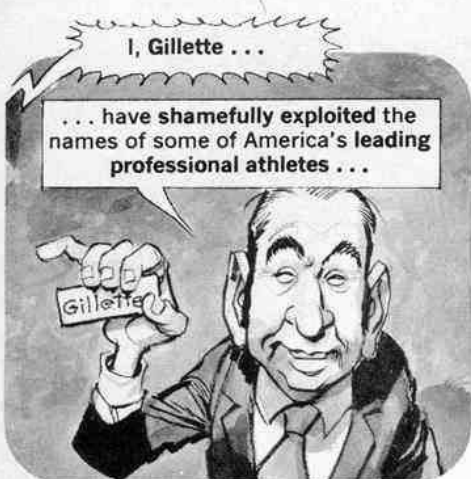
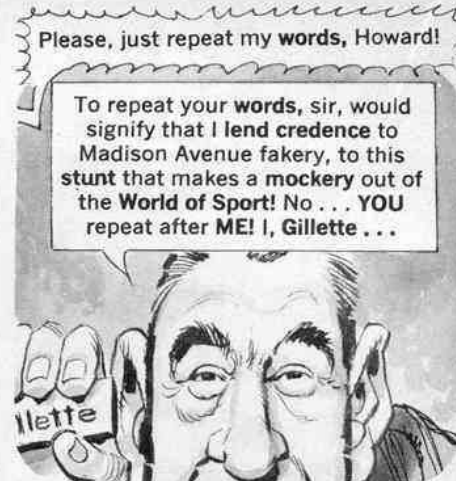
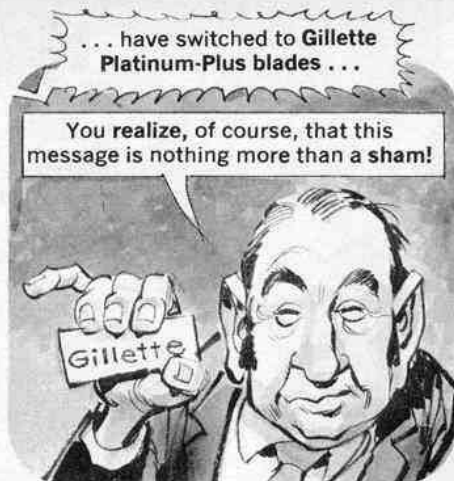
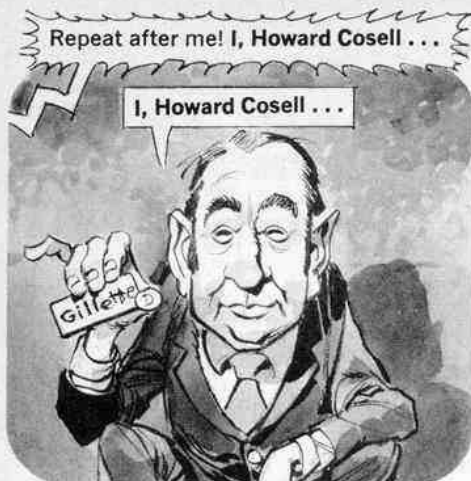
And to think that there are people who still have faith in the weather!

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

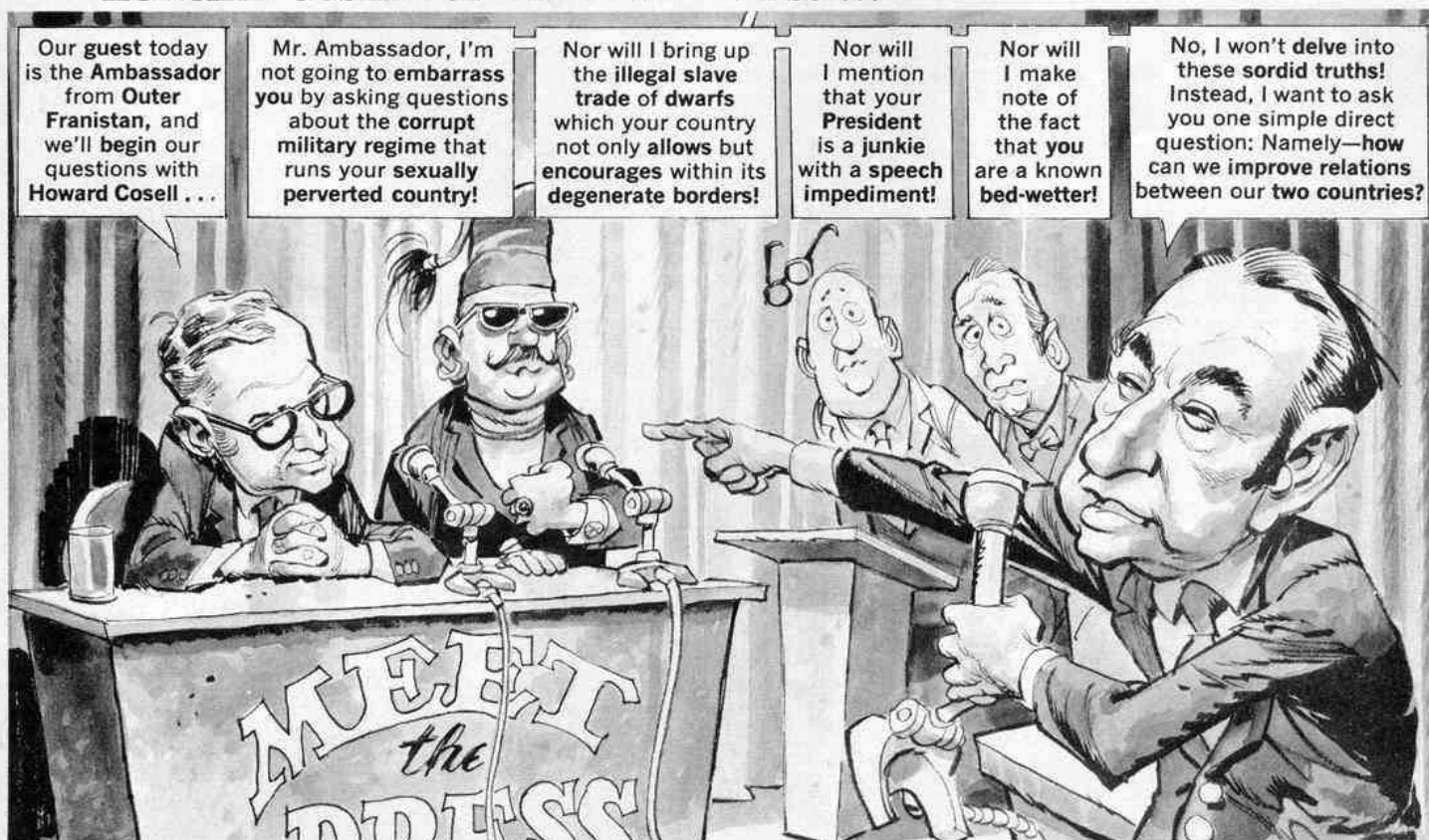




## HOWARD COSELL on "THE GILLETTE COMMERCIAL"...



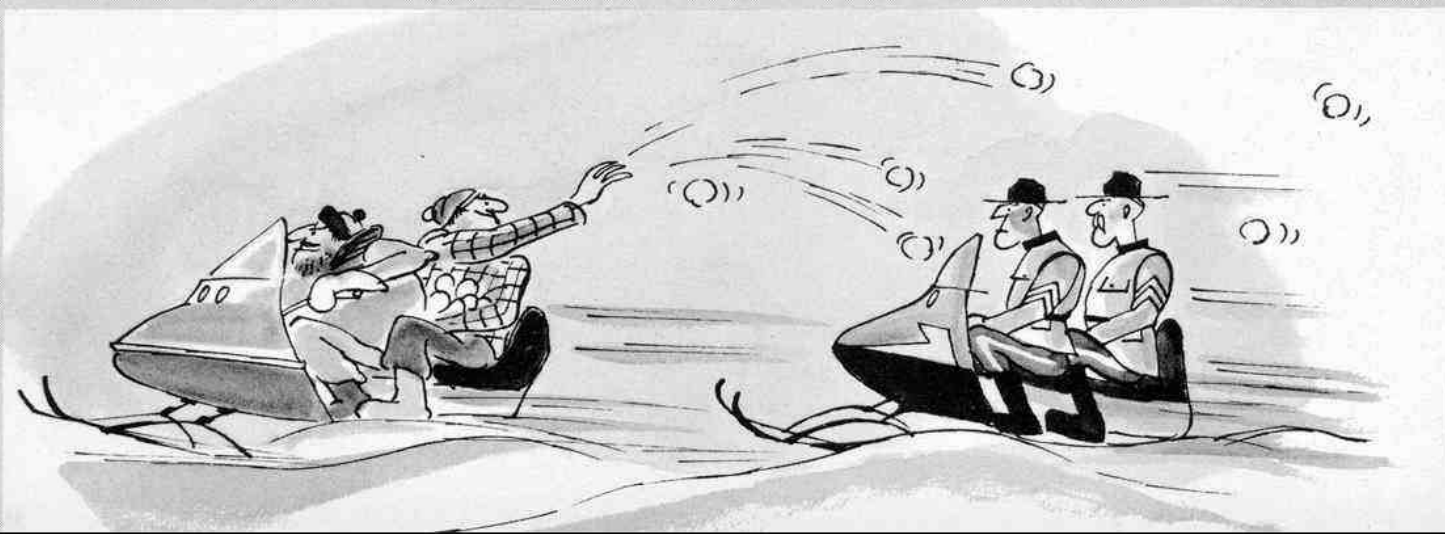
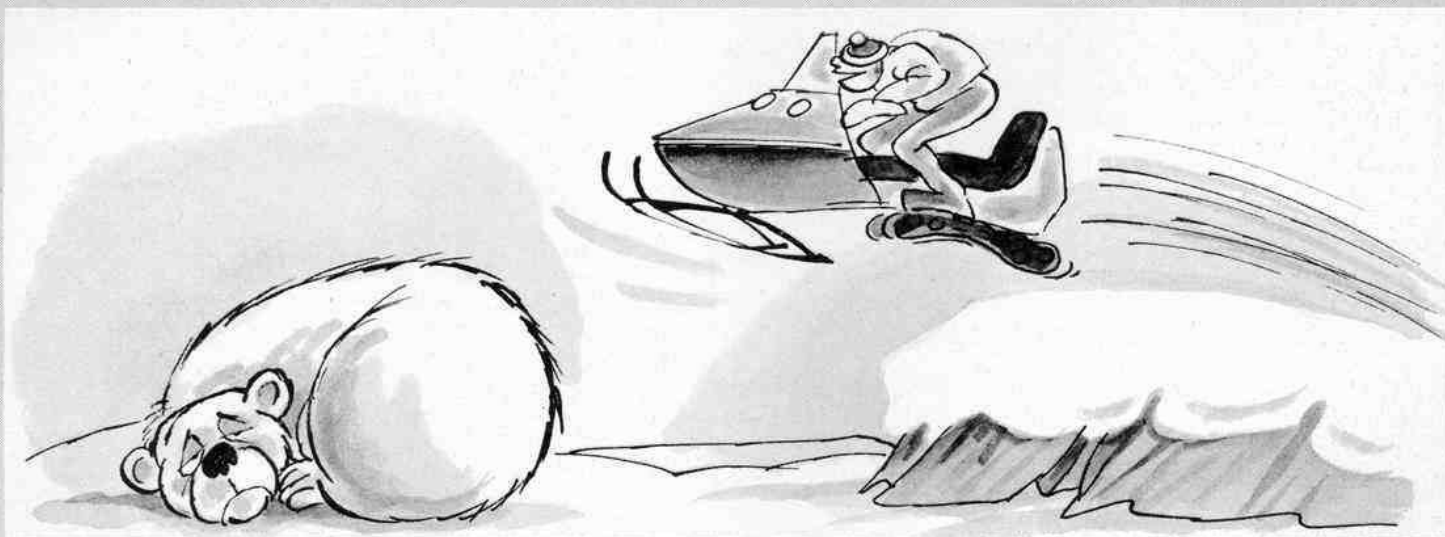
## HOWARD COSELL on "MEET THE PRESS"...



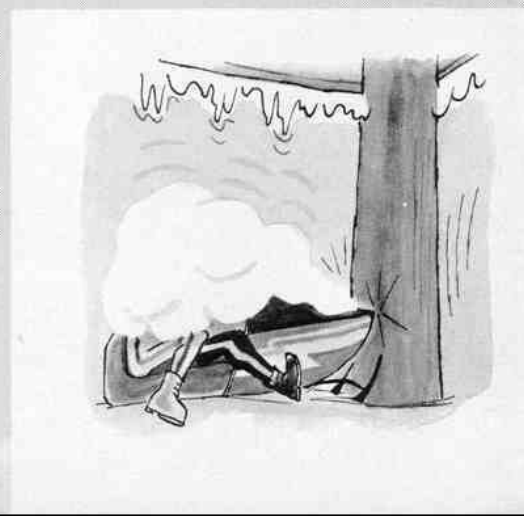
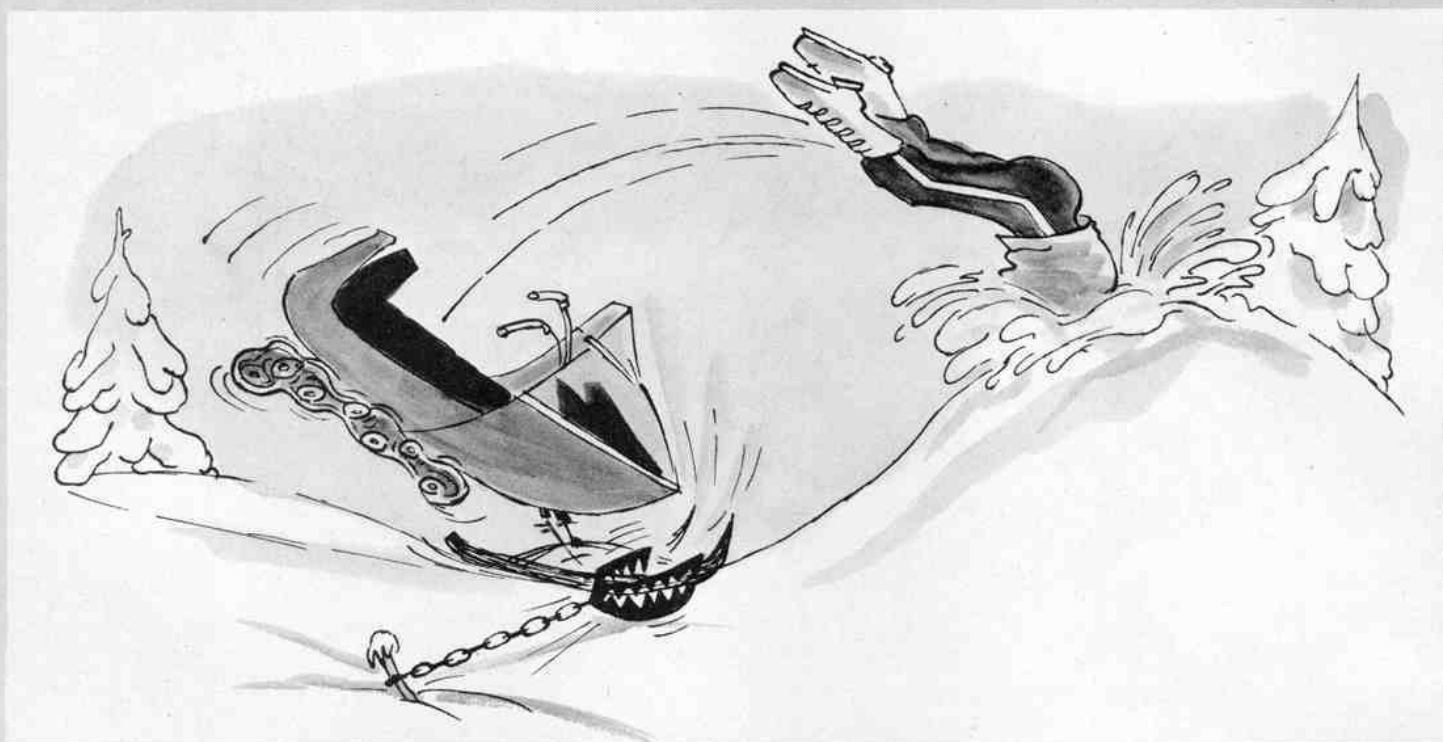


# A MAD LOOK AT SNOWMOBILES

WRITER & ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGES



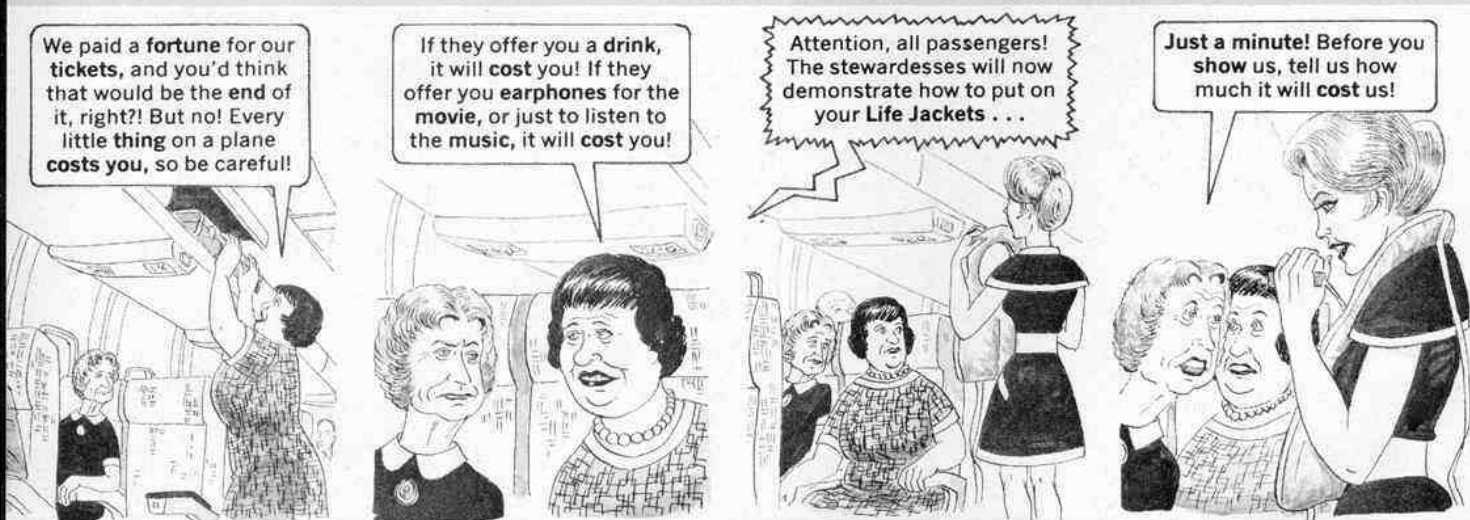




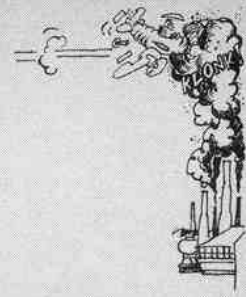




# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... *AIR*



# 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 Captain! 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!!





Hey, where you headed? I thought we were gonna play some cards!

I met a girl on this flight, and I made a date with her!

You made a DATE with her?! What are you going to do with a girl on a date aboard an airplane?

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

I see you're reading "Europe On Five Dollars A Day"!!

Yes, and I'm getting some good pointers!

So did I the first time I flew over!

You mean you actually did Europe on five dollars a day?!

Yep! . . . And TWENTY dollars a NIGHT!!

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!

I'm warning you, Harry! Don't try to fool the Customs Inspectors by wearing that expensive watch you bought in Europe! Just pay the duty!

Are you crazy?!? They're not gonna bother me! I look too honest! Besides, they're looking for guys who are smuggling DOPE!

Hi, there, Mr. Inspector! I'm not smuggling dope, and I've got nothing to declare, so—

Sure, Mister! Now let's take a look at that watch you're wearing! It seems brand new . . . and very expensive!

Oh—uh—that! I—that is—heh-heh!

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

These seats are awful! They're so uncomfortable! They're too straight!

Pardon me! I know it's none of my business, but I couldn't help overhearing what you said!

If you push that button there and lean back, your seat will recline!

Hey! It really works! Thanks, Mister!

Arnold, why don't you get up and stretch your legs for a while!

I can't! I'm stuck here—minding other people's business!

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 touch-  
ing 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!!**

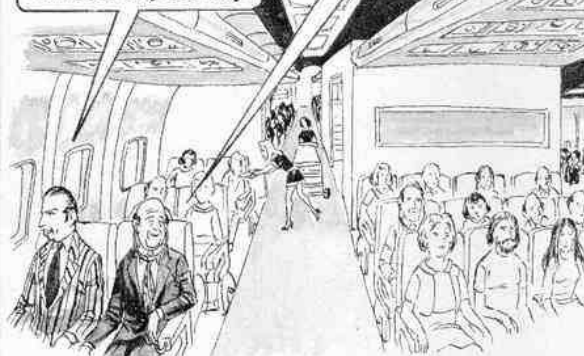


Well, that's what you  
get for **SMUGGLING ...**

**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?



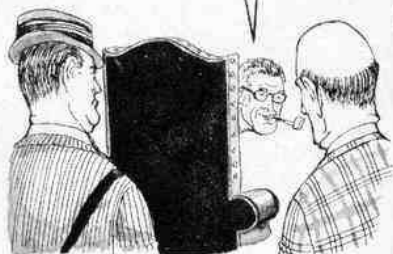


So you finally got here! I told you guys to pack light! I told you to get a compact one-suiter like I did, take it on the plane with you, slip it under your seat, and take it off when you land!

While you guys were going down to "Luggage Pick-Up," and waiting for your bags to come off the plane and onto the conveyor belts, I was on my way to the hotel!

I've already checked in, gone to my room, unpacked my one suit from my one-suiter, changed ...

... and here I am—**FRESH AS A DAISY!**

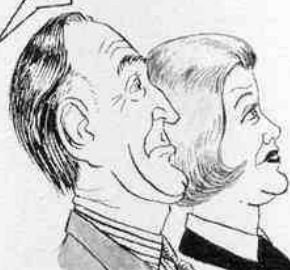


This is your **Captain!** Welcome aboard Shuttle Flight 720! Our flying time to Washington, D.C. will be **thirty-eight minutes!**

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!**

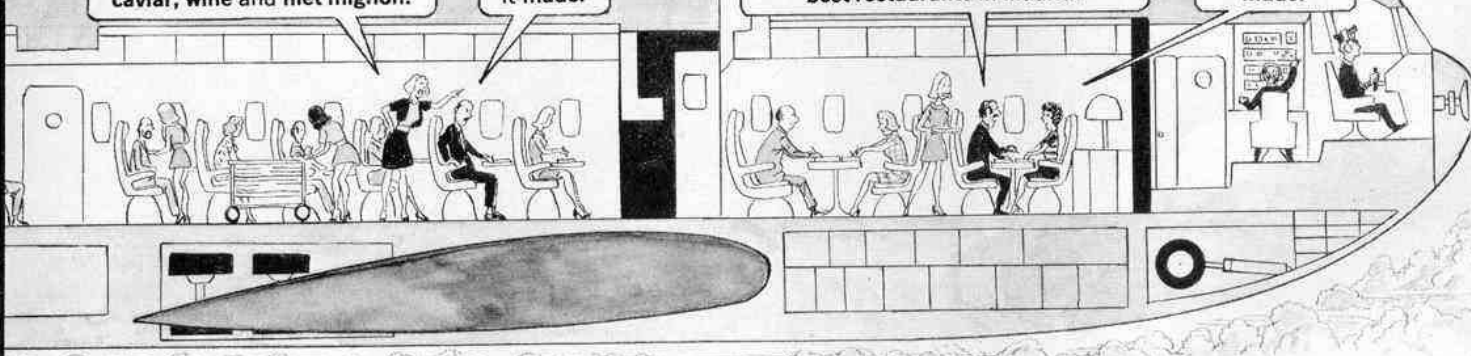


I just got back from peeking through the curtain up front! They're getting **free Champagne, caviar, wine and filet mignon!**

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!



Well, here we are in **Paris!** Now, remember! Everything is figured right to the penny!

**\$350** for the hotel!

**\$250** for lunches and dinners!

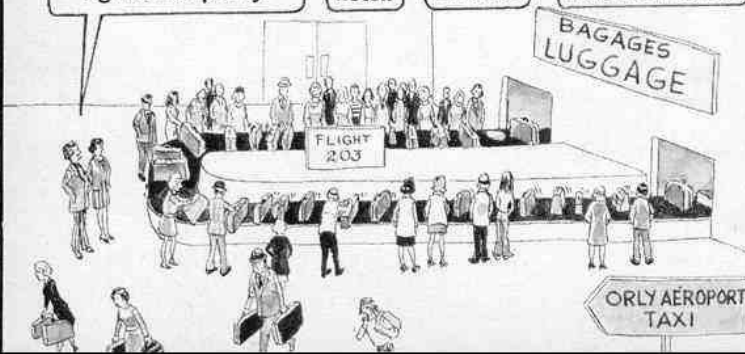
**\$150** for taxis, sightseeing tours and incidentals! And **THAT'S IT!!**

You forgot about the other **\$500!**

**WHAT \$500?!!**

The **\$500** for a new wardrobe!

**OUR LUGGAGE IS MISSING!!**





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 Husbands  
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**  
"PROMISCUITY  
IN THE PITSTOP"



# 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!



# 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 Radellyt  
Varsity Basketball Team)





# 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 ...



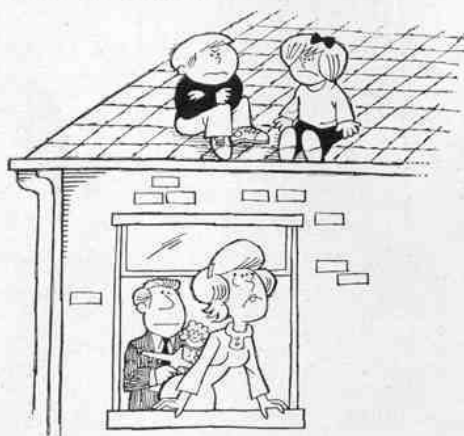
... you can spend as much time as you want with your old buddies, whom your ex-wife always referred to as a bunch of good-for-nothing idiots ... and you find out she was right.

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 ...



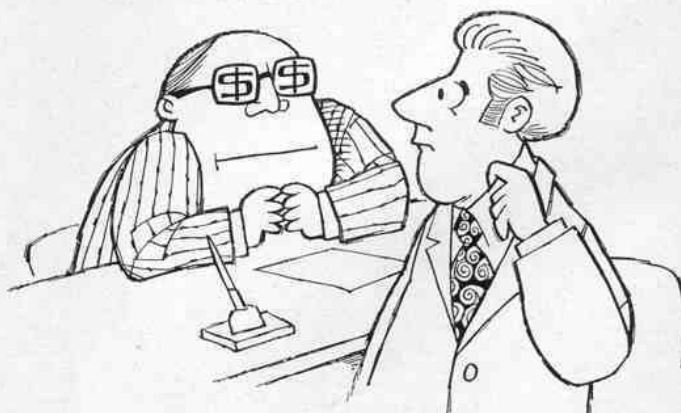
... you start touching up those gray hairs.

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 KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
DIVORCED WHEN ...**

**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.



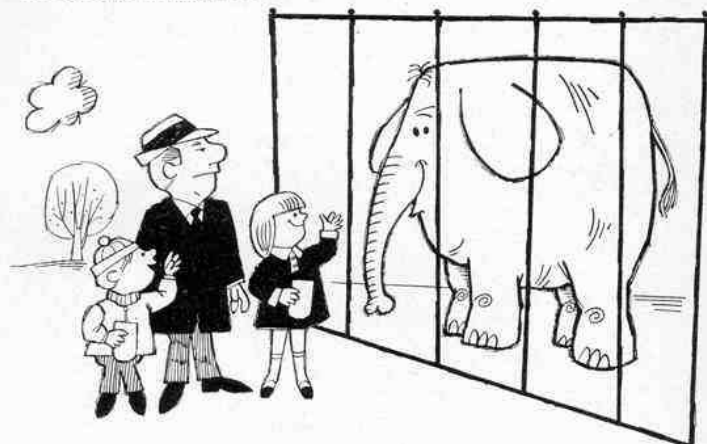
... you fix a leaky faucet all by yourself.



... 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 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.



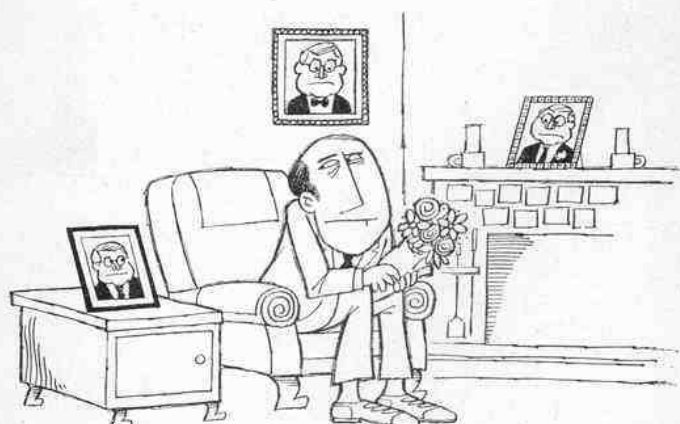
... you consent to let your married friends fix you up on a blind date with their dear, sweet bachelor pal ... for the first (and last) time.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...**

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...**



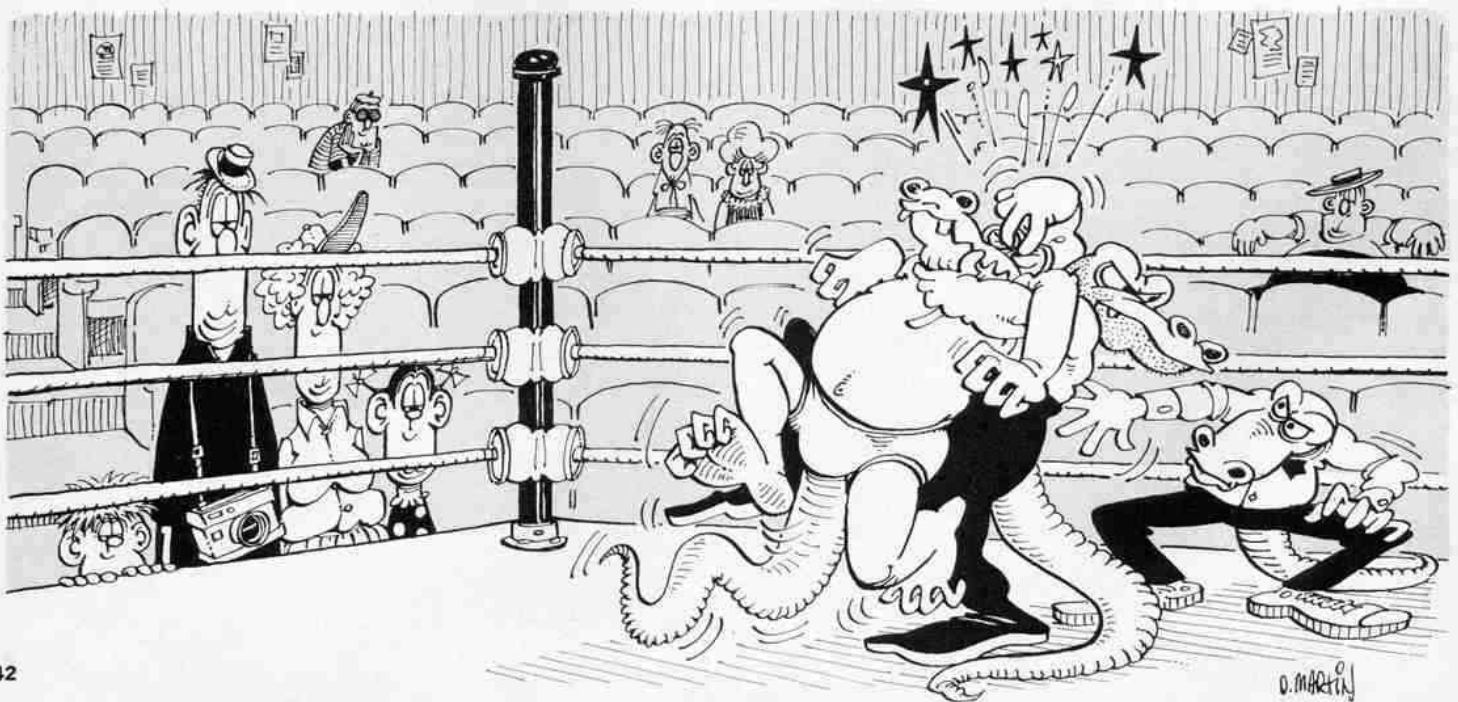
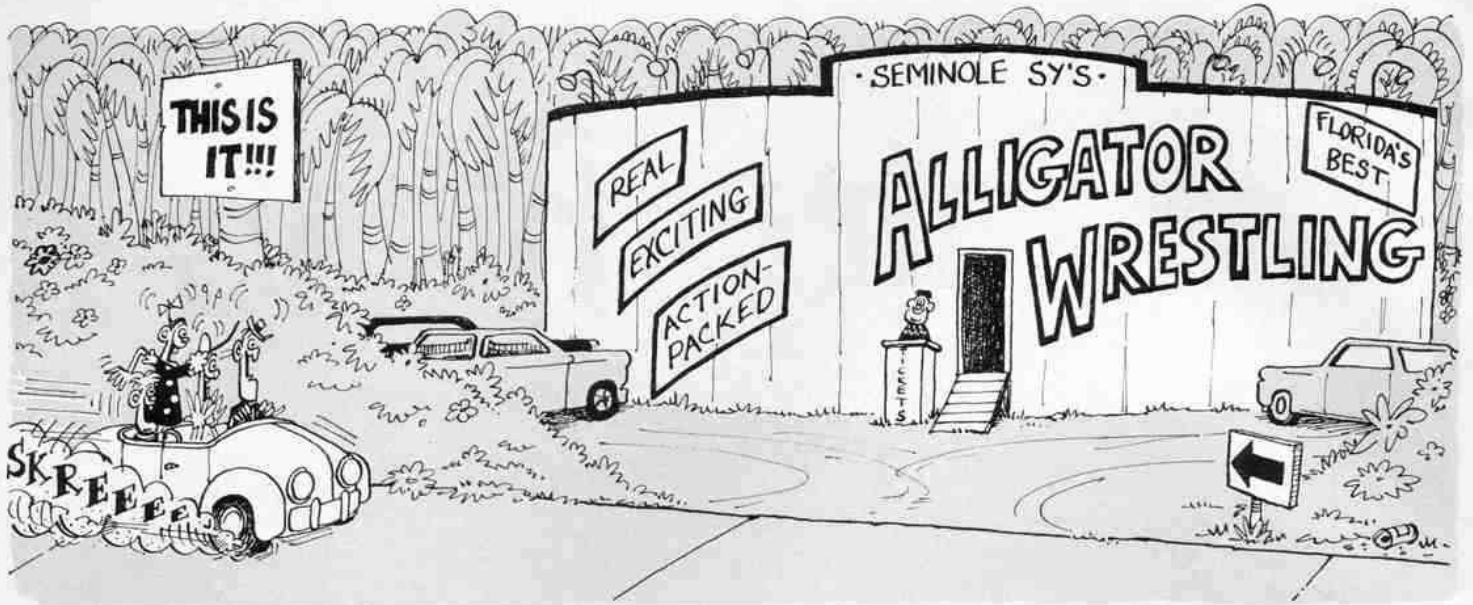
... you're propositioned on your first date as a divorcee.



... 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



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Teeth Putrid! Are you inferring that you're prettier than I am?

Not only is he prettier! He's richer!

I'm not vain, Mom! It's just that we have a concert to do, and if I drive, the wind will blow my hair in the wrong direction!

How about in the direction of over your face?! That would be an improvement!

Watch that smart stuff, Subby! The way we replaced last year's kid, we can get someone to replace you!

That's how we open each show, folks! We dazzle 'em with our banter!

We'd better dazzle 'em with **SOMETHING**, considering there's never any plot! What's our little crisis going to be tonight, anyway?

Don't sweat it! Something is bound to turn up!







I wonder if any of the other groups are as witty as we are?

The Four Aces have more topical humor!

The Four Aces?! But they were popular twenty years ago!

I know!!



Teeth, why is Tricky carrying the drums?

We have to give her something to do! She hardly has any lines!



Hmmm! That's a very strange-looking drum she's carrying!

That's not a drum! That's something we gotta have with us at all times!

What is it?  
A giant jar of ACNE CREAM! When you've got this many young people on a show, it's a necessity!

And now, the **Rated-X Club** is proud to present its midnight act—**The Putrid Family**...

How come them kids can play a **midnight show** in the middle of a **school week**, huh, Charlie?

Never mind **that!** Who wants to pay these **prices** to see a bunch of no-talent kids when I'm trying to forget my **own brats!** Hey... bring on the **stripper!**



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!



He thinks he loves him...

He thinks he loves him...

He thinks he loves him...

He thinks he loves him...

Teeth is "lip-snyc"ing exceptionally well tonight, don't you think?

We should talk! At least he's mouthing to his **OWN voice!**

That's right! I wonder who they have singing for us?

I can't tell! I'm tone deaf!

No plot yet, but still they manage to work in at least one song per show!

It's because we get tons of mail asking that we do more music and less dialogue!

From who...? Music lovers?

No, dialogue lovers!



K-CHAH  
K-CHAH



Oh-oh! My fans are getting out of control!

You're fab, Teethie!

You're the groovies! You make my socks melt!

I'm gonna run away from home and live in one of his dimples!

I'll join you! There's room for both of us in one of his dimples!

Look! I have my fans, too!

Hubba-hubba, Shrilly!

Sing the score of "Carousel"!

She makes my Davy Crockett hat melt!

There's two people I groove to: She... and Rosemary Clooney!

She's so fresh and wholesome! She kinda makes me want to re-enlist... in World War II!



Every time we have car trouble, Teeth is unavailable! Where is he this time?

He's being interviewed by another group of Teenage Fan Magazines!

Again?! I'm beginning to resent the amount of publicity he's getting! After all, I'M the star of this show! He only has "featured" billing!

C'mon, Mom! You had a swell spread in "Social Security Magazine" last month!

How do you feel about all the publicity you're getting?

I really hate publicity! And you can quote me on that! Oh... you'll find some other clever quotes, plus a few stories and anecdotes about me, along with a set of glossy photographs, in these Press Kits I'm passing out!



Hi, gang! How'd things go? Did you sock it to 'em? Did you bet your bippy? Was it verrrry in-ter-es-tink?

Boy, when "Laugh-In" dropped him, they really lost a company man!

I never quite understood why we need a Manager instead of an Agent!

Because of the special bookings I get! When you were nothing, I booked you on a major TV show!

And I booked you into a fantastic outdoor concert!

And I just sold the magazine rights to Teeth's next three dreams!

And I'm also the show's Father image!

The "Jim Nabors Show"—... after it was cancelled!

Santa Barbara—during the oil slick!

Yeah! You sold 'em to "Look Magazine"!

YOU are?! I thought I was!!





Be honest,  
Boob!  
Your main  
concern is  
your 15%  
commission!

That's not true,  
Shrilly! I think  
of you all as my  
family! I couldn't  
care less about  
the money!

Look!!  
Hammy's  
marshmallow  
has caught  
fire!

FIRE! FIRE!  
Don't worry,  
Teeth! I'll  
carry you  
to safety!

HIM??  
What  
about  
ME??

Sorry, Shrilly! Teeth's records  
are on the charts! I can't make  
a living off the original sound  
track recordings of "Oklahoma"!



Oh, the pain!  
The pain...!

What  
happened to  
Teeth?

He had a terrible  
accident! While he  
was singing, he  
threw his hair  
back and got a  
whiplash!

Terrific! A  
major crisis  
like this is  
all the plot  
the show  
needs!

But it's not a  
major crisis!  
It happens to  
Teeth at  
least twice  
a day!

Yeah! A major crisis  
is something so big  
it's almost unreal—  
like if we hadda  
go to school  
like other kids!

Well, I've  
got a major  
crisis!  
Hammy stole  
my training  
bra!

What  
did he do  
with it?

He cut  
holes in  
it and he's  
using it for  
a Halloween  
mask!



So kill me!  
So send me to  
the Arizona  
Home For  
The Rude!

Gosh, what a  
loveable scamp!  
I just adore the  
cute mischief  
he gets into!

Yes, he has all  
of the makings  
of a great  
future "TV Game  
Show" host!

Mom, I'm  
worried  
about  
Lowly's  
date  
tonight!

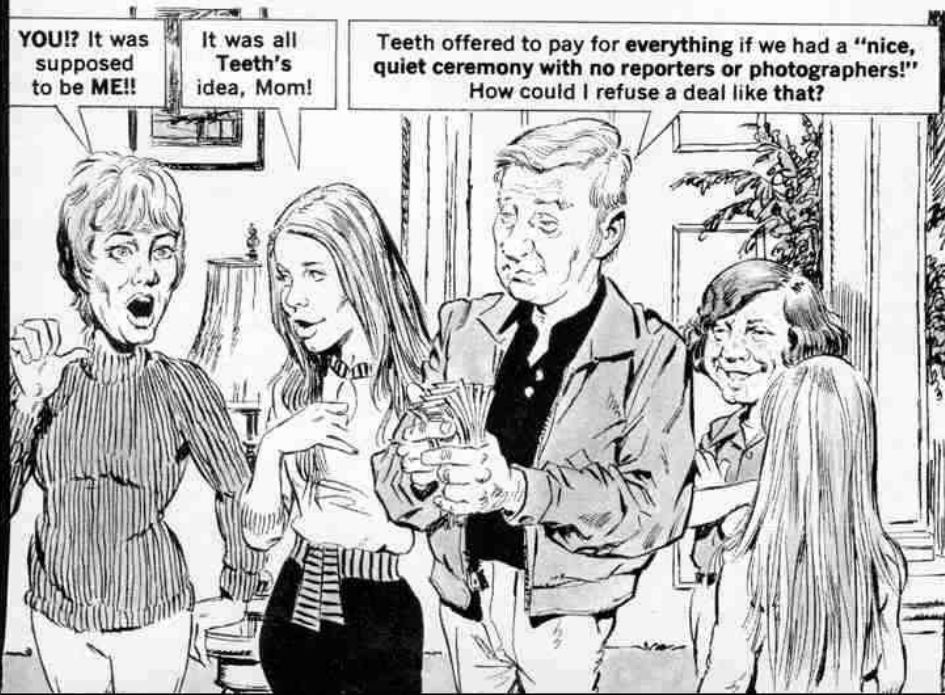
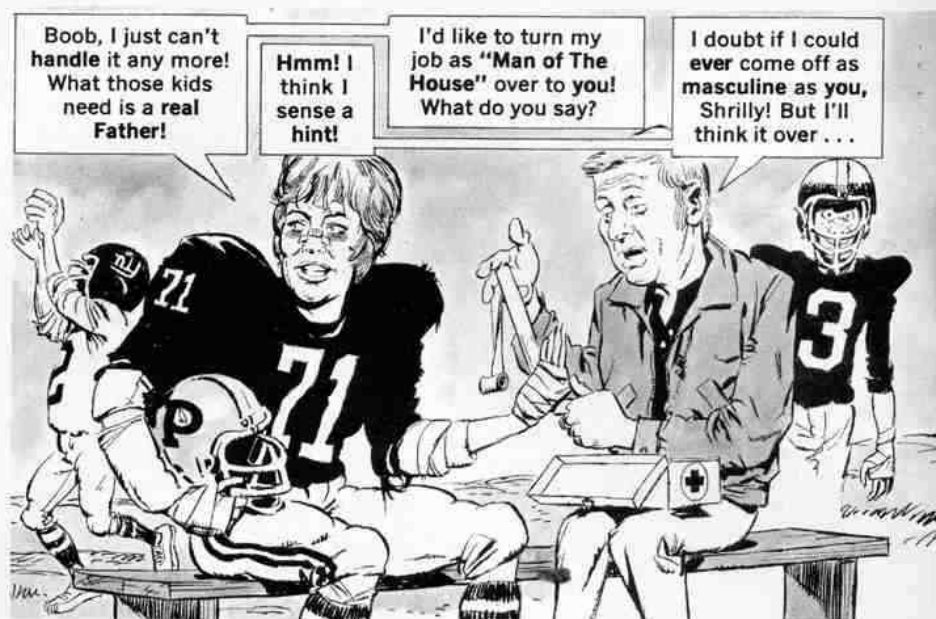
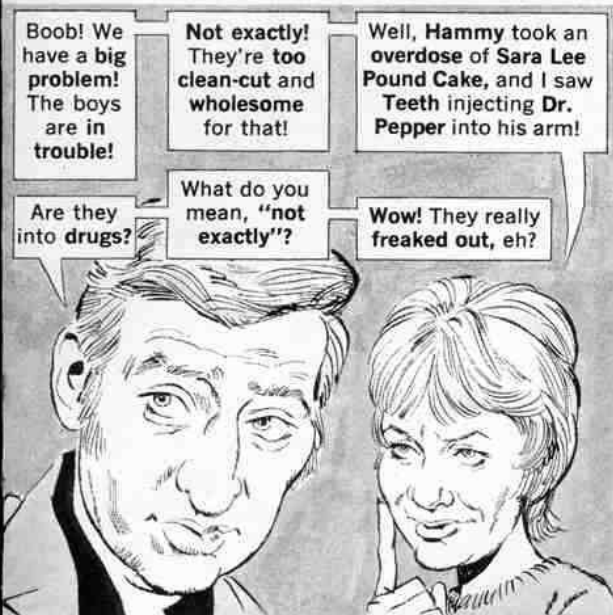
You always  
worry too  
much about  
Lowly's love  
life, Teeth!

But what if  
she gets  
serious and  
decides to  
get married?

Lowly's much  
too young for  
that! But I'm  
touched by  
your concern!

I couldn't care  
less about Lowly!  
It's all the  
publicity her  
wedding would get  
that worries 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.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

**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

