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147
Dec.
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MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

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THE KING FAMILY AND JIM NABORS,

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AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

STARE AT THIS MOVIE
STILL FOR ONE MINUTE

IT IS THE RAREST OF OPTICAL ILLUSIONS



IT'S FROM A "NOW" FILM THAT
DOES **NOT** STAR ELLIOTT GOULD!

CONSUMER CRUSADER

RALPH NADER

ONCE WENT THROUGH AN
ENTIRE MONTH
WITHOUT DEMANDING THE
RECALL OF A SINGLE CAR!



HE WAS **8 YEARS OLD** AT THE TIME.
(He did, however, demand the
recall of **297 Schwinn Bicycles!**)



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE **SPIRO AGNEW** **WATCH**

DOES **NOT** SAY, "TICK-TOCK, TICK TOCK!"



WHAT IT SAYS IS, "DUMP-DICK,
DUMP-DICK!"

Clarke

...THEY WERE TRYING
TO GET OUT !!

37 CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE **TOMMY SANDS** **FAN CLUB**

HAVE MET CONSECUTIVELY
EVERY YEAR FOR THE PAST
17 YEARS!



HOWEVER, NOT ONE OF THEM CAN REMEMBER "WHAT FOR!"

MAD

"It's what you learn after you know it all that really counts!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Dec. 1971, Vol. 1, No. 147 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., 13 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A. 13 issues \$6.25. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1971 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.

Printed in U.S.A.

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Bet you thought our supply of corny fake-out gags for these ads offering these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or training puppies—was limited. Well, it's not! The only way we'll quit is to sell out our stock. You can help by ordering your copies today. Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



FIVE EASY PAGES

You blew it again! Must you always distort the content of the pictures you choose to satire? As usual, your "Five Easy Pages" was more exciting than the movie.

Jim Reynolds
Seattle, Wash.

Some dumb clods will see that movie, come out of the theatre, and not know what the heck they saw. Some people (like me) will come out and love it, ponder it, sympathize with the characters, and understand it fully. You may not know this, but the funny scene in the diner, where Bobby couldn't get toast, besides being funny in itself, had a lot to say about our society, as all the scenes in "Five Easy Pieces" did. You really goofed at trying to make fun of such a significant and beautiful movie.

Donna Martin
Willingboro, N.J.

THE FOUL AND THE PRISY CATS

Bravo! Your satire, "The Foul And The Prissy Cats", really gave Barbra Streisand what she deserved for stooping to the depths of that movie! Why she did it after such box-office smashes as "Funny Girl" and "Hello, Dolly" I'll never know.

Kris Kisling
Eaton, Ohio

The barbs for Barbra were more masterful than ever!

Masha Sinkevitch
Hollywood, Calif.

Barbra Streisand may be the first performer to escape MAD's usually intelligent criticism. She had to make three movies before you could find one fault, and that one (lack of versatility) was entirely fabricated. Now you describe "The Owl and the Pussycat" as "nothing more than vulgarity and sordid sex"; it is nothing less than hilarious. In both satires you've done on her, the artwork is magnificent. It may have been unintentional, but Mort Drucker and Angelo Torres actually conveyed the appeal of THE totally beautiful woman.

Joseph Weiss
Valley Falls, N.Y.

I think you are doing a tremendous job on Barbra and I'm her biggest fan. Do a scoop of "What's Up, Doc?", her new one she's working on with Ryan O'Neal.

Mary Ann Slavin
West Haven, Conn.

"What's Up, Doc?" . . . ? Is Ryan still pestering the medical profession . . . ?—Ed.

MAD ORTHODONTIA PRIMER

Congrats to Larry Siegel and Paul Coker on their brilliant "The MAD Orthodontia Primer". It was truly one of their most honest pieces of satire. Just ask my mouth!

Elizabeth Francis
Wollaston, Mass.

I was shocked by your expose of orthodontics. I thought that information was locked in my office, marked "Top Secret". I have been a subscriber to your trash since 1953 and I have your magazine in my reception room. So, as I straighten the children's teeth in one room, I warp their minds in the other room.

Dr. Norman R. Goodman
Phoenixville, Pa.

Thanks to Mr. Siegel and Mr. Coker, I can skip next month's appointment. I laughed so hard, I tightened my wires!

Frank Johnson
Arlington, Va.

After 3½ years of lipping through braces and elastics, and of having everything taste like stainless steel, I greatly appreciated your article. I'm still wearing my retainer.

Mary Ann Beckett
Arvida, PQ

You left out a few things. Like how, when you first come into your orthodontist's office, he cracks *sick jokes* to make you feel better. But, two months later, he yells at you for not wearing your night brace or your rubber bands. And how, when you sleep on one side of your face, the night brace makes a line that doesn't leave for days. And how your rubber bands go PING! in your mouth. And how . . .

Ellen Berger
Flushing, N.Y.

I might have to get braces, and if the darned orthodontist treats me like that, I'll give *him* crooked teeth!

Scott Falls
Hanover, Md.

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

"Prison Record Albums Of The Future" was great, but Kogen and Rickard forgot "Dean Martin At The Manhattan Drunk Tank," featuring the hit single, "Because You're Mine, I Walk The Line"!

Mark Stevens
Port Huron, Mich.

THAT SINKING FEELING

The writer was the funniest I've ever read in your magazine. Why don't you hire him as a regular, let's say in 1972?

Mark Warkala
Point Pleasant, N.J.

There was no need in repeating the Nixon speeches in "That Sinking Feeling". I got the joke the first time I heard them.

Dave Puckett
Cave City, Ky.

THE MODERN CRUCIFIXION

The back cover of MAD #145 conveys a frightening and powerful message in "The Modern Crucifixion", concerning the dangers of drug abuse. Thank you and Max Brandel and Irving Schild for helping spread the word on the terrible possibilities of heroin addiction, a dreaded menace which has claimed the lives of three of my longtime friends.

Kevin Moriarty
New York, N.Y.

I want to express to you a "bravo" for probably the most pointed (in the right direction) anti-drug admonition I have ever seen. The gentleman who conceived the idea, Max Brandel, should be highly praised for his effort.

Rudy Benda
New York, N.Y.

There should be a picture of "The Modern Crucifixion" in every high school and college classroom in the United States. Maybe it would help some young people make up their minds the next time the pusher comes around!

Albert La Fon
Sarasota, Fla.

SEXUAL REVOLUTION CARDS

As Secretary of the Membership of the Homosexual Information Service, I feel our minority group was maligned in your "Greeting Cards for the Sexual Revolution." What disappoints me is that a magazine as traditionally broadminded and forthright as MAD would print such appalling hypocrisy. If, however, you sincerely feel that Gay people are less oppressed, less in need of liberation than the socially acceptable minorities, perhaps you should consider this: When was the last time you heard of someone facing arrest and conviction as a "practicing Indian or Black" ...?

Glenn M. Larson
Philadelphia, Pa.

MAD FLAG POSTER

Congratulations and commendations are in order for your "MAD Flag Poster" which appeared in the latest *MAD Special*. It takes a magazine which belongs to no group (because it satirizes all groups) to point out that the American dream belongs to everybody, not just bigots and self-proclaimed "super-patriots."

Charles Belov
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ITALIAN ICING

I've been buying MAD for more than six years and it's worth every cent or lira I spend. You are one of the very few people in this world who makes me smile. Don't you ever stop publishing or I'll die!

Valerie Schettini
Milano, Italy

No doubt you've seen our new Italian edition, Valerie, wherein Alfredo says: "Chi, lo, Prendermela?". — Ed.

Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 147, 485 Madison Avenue
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FATHEADS
and
FAT CATS
living off the
FAT OF
THE LAND!

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lambaste 'em in
our usual
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AND ANOTHER REDSKIN BITES THE DUSTIN DEPT.

Sir, I'm from **MAD Magazine**, and I'm here to interview you about your strange past!

YOU'RE from **MAD Magazine** and you think **I'VE** had a strange past?!!

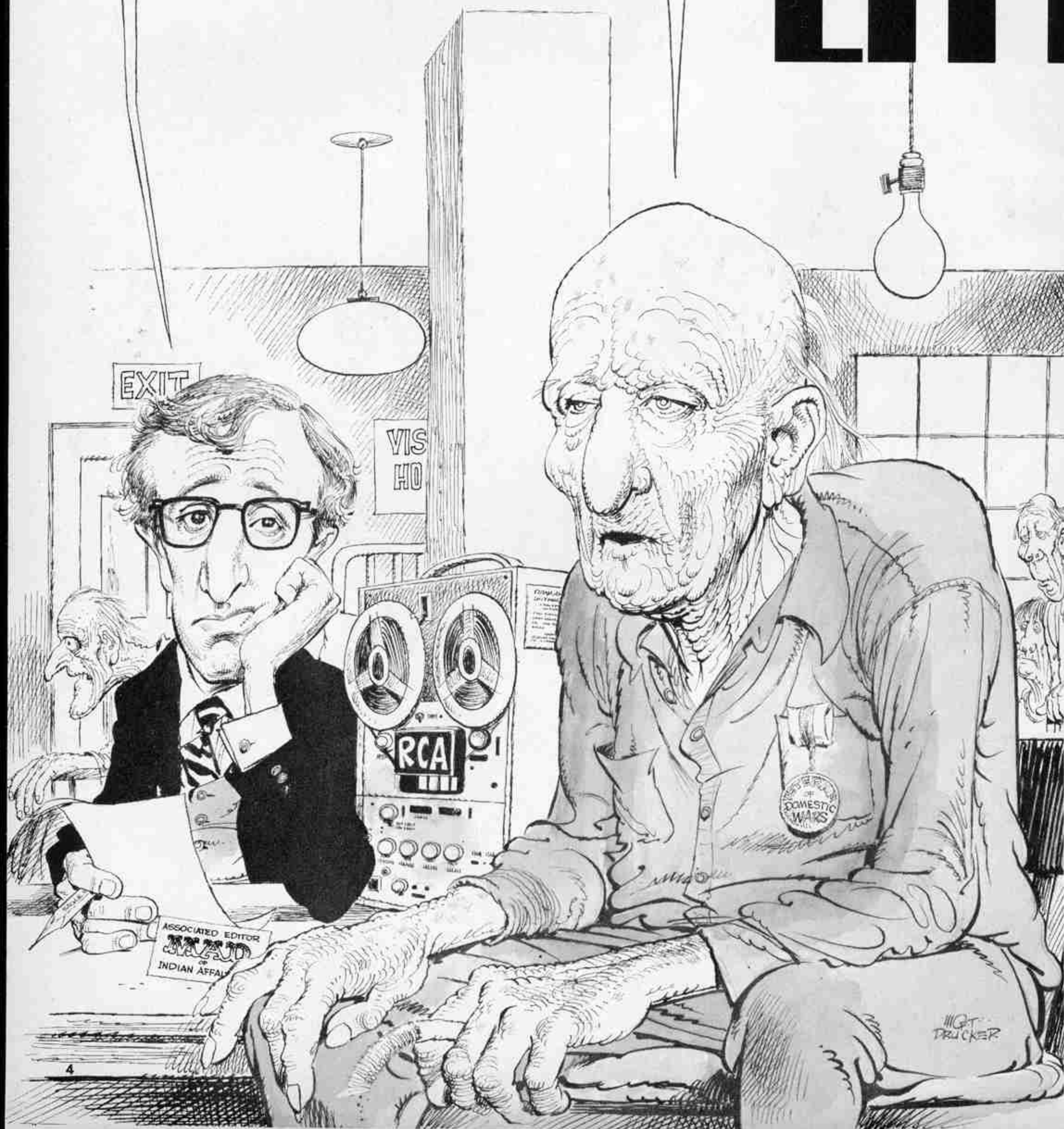
Can you tell us the whole bitter story? How you suffered . . . how you endured many injustices . . . how you became one of the most neglected heroes of our time?

Sure I can! My name is **Dustin Hoffman**! A few years ago I scored big with "**The Graduate**" and "**Midnight Cowboy**" and was touted by the Critics as the new **Paul Newman**! But then I co-starred with **Mia Farrow** in "**John and Mary**" . . . and after that, **Elliott Gould** and **Richard Benjamin** started getting all the good roles! And then my house was bombed! And then . . .

No, No! I mean, can you tell us about the **PART** you play in the epic movie we're about to satirize?

Oh, that! Well, my name is **Jerk Crabby**! I am the oldest living survivor of the **Battle Of The Little Big Horn**! I am 121 years old!

LITT





121 years old . . . ?!
You don't look it!

Actually, I'm 131 years old, but the Producers made me lie about my age so the "kids" in the audience could relate to me!

Is it true that you actually **KNEW** General George Custer?

Yep . . . I knew **General Custer** for what he was! I also knew the **Indians** for what they was! And they all knew me for what I was . . .

Say, could you hurry up with your **legend**, Mr. Crabby? For some reason, I seem to be **dozing off!**

See . . . ? That's just it! That's what I was! That's why they called me . . .

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

LE DULL MAN

"It all began out on the plains! Our entire wagon train had been ravaged by the Pawnee. All that was left was me and my "strange" sister, Carryon . . ."

"My sister eventually fled, probably to become the first 19th Century "Groupie", and the Cheyenne welcomed me as one of their own! Their leader was played by a real Indian, Chief Dan George."

I'm afraid, Jerk!

Don't be frightened, Carryon!

It's the **Pawnee** who are savages! This is a friendly **Cheyenne**! He won't lay a finger on you!

That's what I'm afraid of! Can't we wait here for a **savage Pawnee**???



Welcome, my son! We are the **Cheyenne**! We are not as violent as the **Cherokee** . . . more compassionate than the **Navajo** . . . and cuter than the **Pueblo**! Therefore, we call ourselves "**Human Beans**"!

Throughout this epic Western, you will be my **adopted Grandson**!

During the course of our relationship, we will have many **personal difficulties** and **problems** to overcome!

No . . . because I get an **Academy Award nomination** . . . and **you don't!**

You mean because I am a **White Man**, and you are a **Red Man**?

Thank you Grandfather!

But—but where do I fit in?



"So I became a Human Bean, and the Cheyenne taught me to do all the things Indians are famous for . . ."

"They taught me how to shoot a bow and arrow, how to read a trail, and how to take over abandoned prison islands . . ."

"Once, I saved Little Grudgeholder from being scalped by a Pawnee Brave . . ."

We teach you how to shoot the bow and arrow! Here—hold this!

This scene is **very symbolic**! It's the first of many times in this film that I get the shaft!



Who—or what is that?

Why doesn't he ever go out hunting with us . . . ?

He is an **Indian Queen**! He has many names! We call him "**Little Gay Wrist**"! The elders refer to him as "**A Boy Named Sioux**"!

We do not let him! His **high-heeled moccasins** make too much noise in the forest!



You saved my life! Therefore, by some strange Indian logic, I owe you a life! I will now **noodger** you for the rest of the picture until I can pay you back and take that life!

If the dialogue continues to be **this pitiful**, the life you take can be my **Agent's**!



"The Chief . . . my Grandfather . . . Old Large Skin . . . was impressed with what I'd done . . ."

You have done many brave deeds and become a true Human Bean, my son! You remind me very much of another man who fought for us many moons ago!

You mean the brave and fearless Geronimo . . . ?

No, I mean the bad actor, Sal Mineo! And, if anything, your performance is even more wooden! Therefore, you shall be known as "Little Dull Man"!

I will try hard to live up to my new name, Grandfather! I will now join you in your fight against the White Man—and monotone him to death!

I am so happy, I will utter my inane running expression: "My heart soars like a bored bird!"

Why THAT silly expression?

Well, I pre-tested "My heart spurts like a flicked chicken!", but it just didn't have quite the same ring to it!

How about this as a running expression? "Love means never having to say you're Tonto!"?

Gosh, but I sure do miss that Sal Mineo!

"However, in my first encounter with the White Man, I found out I wasn't a Red Man . . . I was a Yellow Man!"

"And so I returned to the White Man's world where a Reverend and his wife taught me religion. It wasn't my religion . . . but I loved it!"

God Bless Abe Lincoln! God bless America! God bless the Erie Canal . . . opened on Oct. 25th, 1825 . . .

Those tricks won't work with me, Cheyenne!

But I'm NOT a Cheyenne! See . . . ? I'm Dustin Hoffman! I'm a White, Jewish actor!

Yeah? That makes it even worse for you! I'm a WASP anti-Seminole!

I shall wash this poor dirty boy! It is my Christian duty!

Remember, my dear, to observe the Eleventh Commandment!

Which one is that?

Thou shalt not make out in the bathtub!

Why, Jerk, I do believe you're falling in love with me! I didn't know you go for older women!

Obviously, you never heard of Mrs. Robinson!

Gee . . . I thought I played a loser in this picture! But look at YOU!

That's right, kid! I've got one eye, a missing hand, a peg leg, and to top it off, I suffer from the heart-break of psoriasis!

So stick with me, kid! I've got a great little racket here! First I swindle the people! Then, afterwards, I drown my sorrows in a bottle and a woman!

YOU go out with women?!

Sure! There are still some parts of me that work!

What's happening now, folks, is the first of many more "return appearances" by featured players! I'm being tarred and feathered by my own long lost Sister!

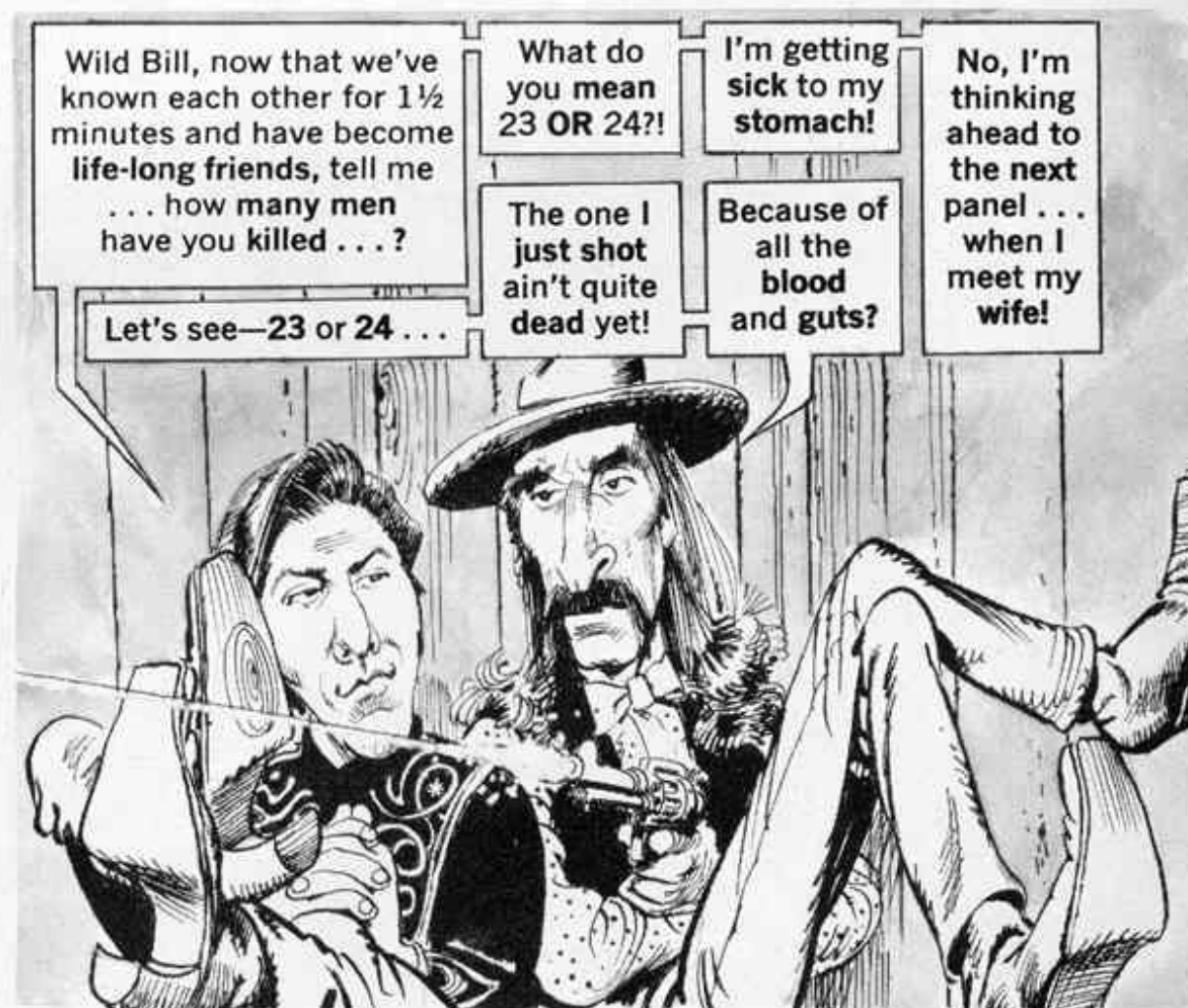
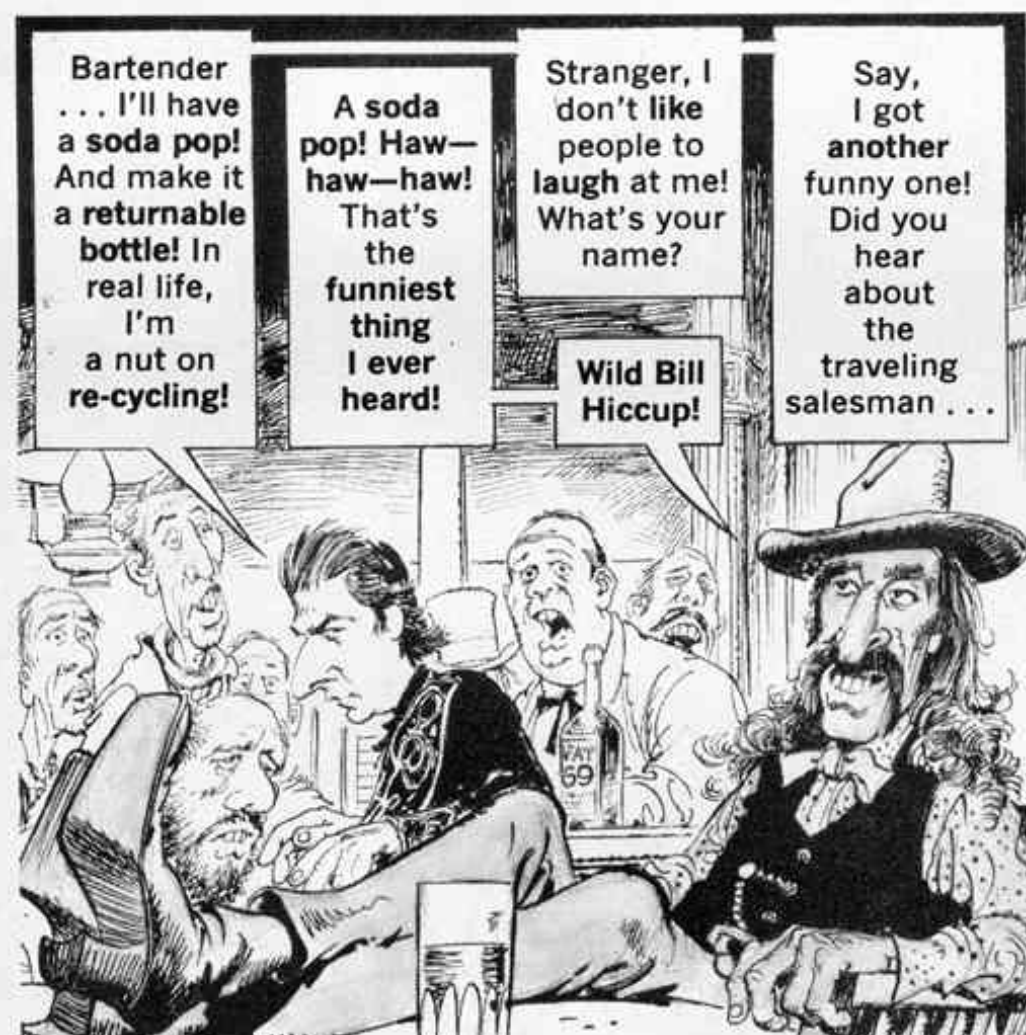
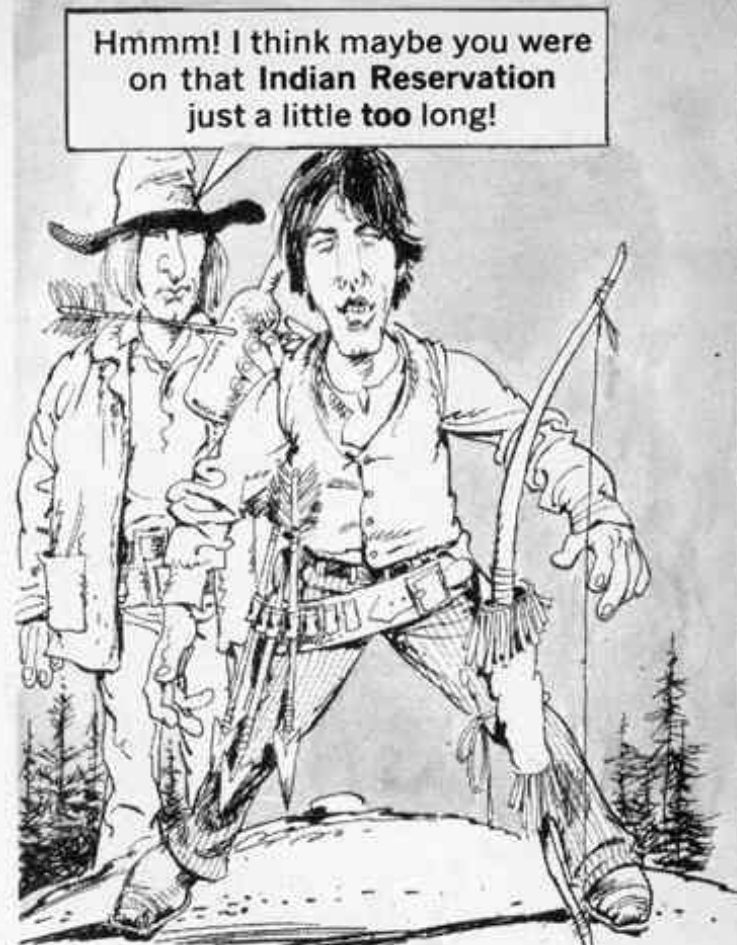
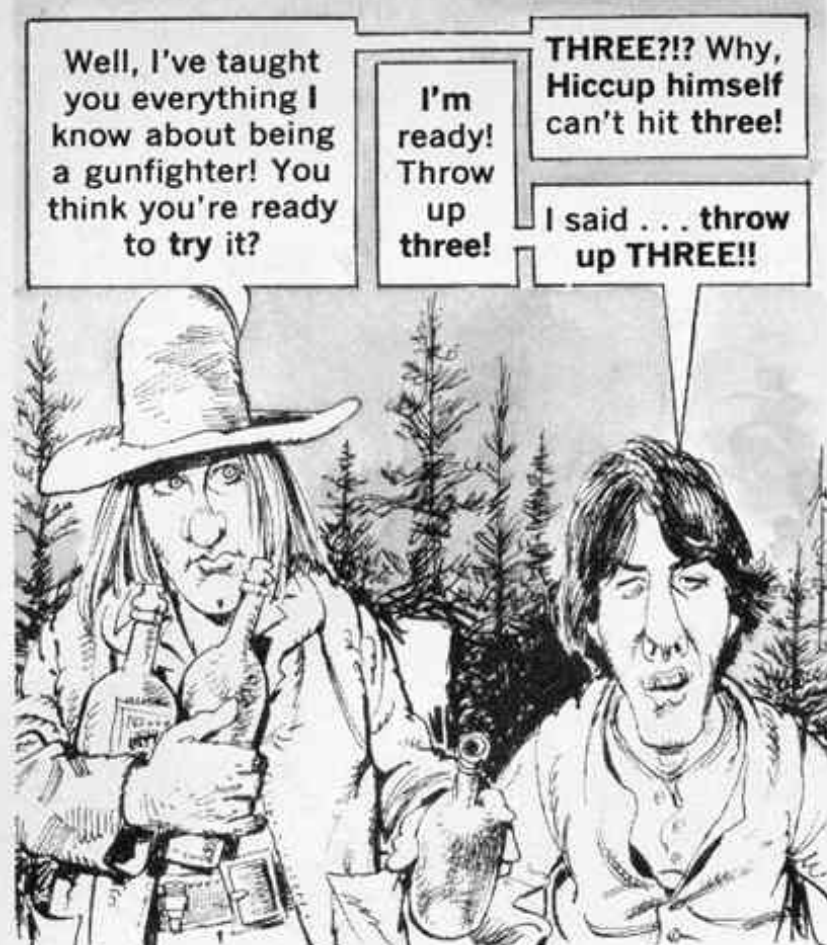
Yep! I'm back! How does it feel to finally have a girl in your life?

I wouldn't know! All I've got is you! Say—where you been all these years?

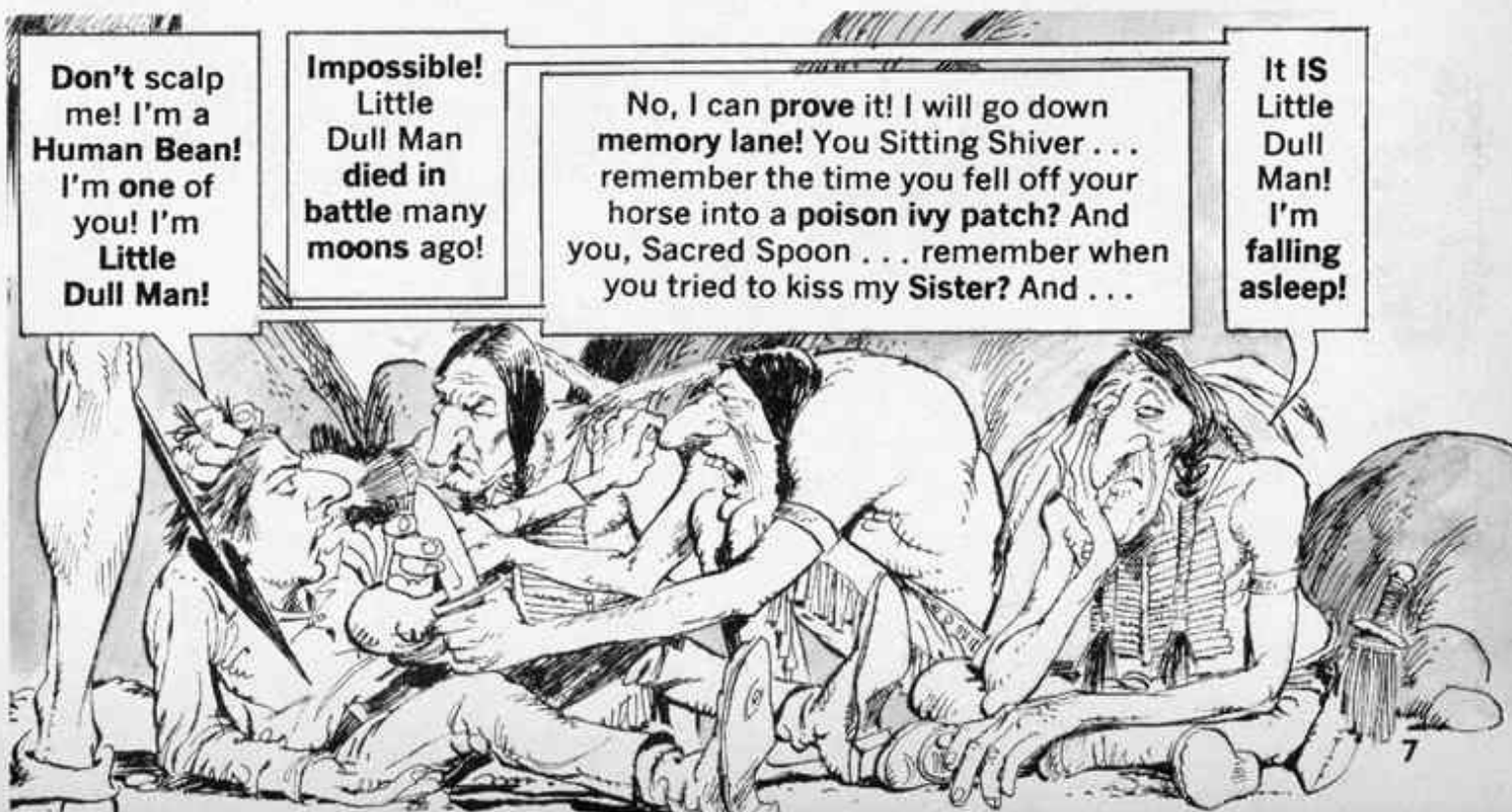
Dodge City! But I had to leave suddenly!

How come?

I got a guy in trouble!



"After my wife, Ugly, was captured by Indians, who mistook her for an Oklahoma Reservation, I went deep into Cheyenne territory where I was captured by my friends who mistook me for a White Man. Meanwhile, the author of this film was captured by the Beverly Hills police, and was committed to a Rest Home—after he re-read his screenplay and mistook it for a Three Stooges picture."



It is good to have you back, my son! Because as confused, alienated and bewildered as you are, you are a "Mental Health" poster compared to this assortment...

Little Gay Wrist is as perverted as ever! Last week he was caught sending obscene smoke signals to his own brother—

Oh, my! It's that thimply adorable Li'l Dull Man...

Never you mind "How", Thweetie! Just tell me "Where"!

How... Little Gay Wrist!

!Man Dull Little, Goodbye

What's with HIM?!

?movie stupid this of out get I do how—me Tell

Little Grudgeholder has become a "contrary"! He does everything backwards! He talks backwards, walks backwards, says "Goodbye" when he means "Hello", washes with dirt, dries with water, puts on his shoes and socks... in THAT order... and when his wife gives birth, nine months later she conceives!

"I left the Cheyenne to look for my wife and if you think I've known a lot of nuts in my life so far, look who I met up with now... "Mr. Maniac"!"

General Custard, I'd like to join your Army!

Good! We can use a mule skinner!

But I've never been a mule skinner in my life! If... if you must know, I'm really an Actor!

I've seen your acting! You're a mule skinner!!

Spare the women and children and any other Indians who have blue eyes and a blond goatee like me! Kill all the rest!

Boy, am I confused! White soldiers who I despise are killing Indians who I love! My best friend is dead, yet his daughter is giving birth! Hate, love, birth, death—symbolically tied in with American History! What does it all mean?

It means Ed Muskie loves Pat Nixon!

But that doesn't make any sense!

In this kind of movie, what DOES make sense?

I am happy you have come back to us! My heart soars like a bored bat...

What happened to "bird"...?

I am blind now, my son! You dig?

The White Man did this to you, Grandfather? Do you hate the White Man? Tell me in brilliant philosophical terms as only a wise old Indian Chief can... What do you think NOW...?

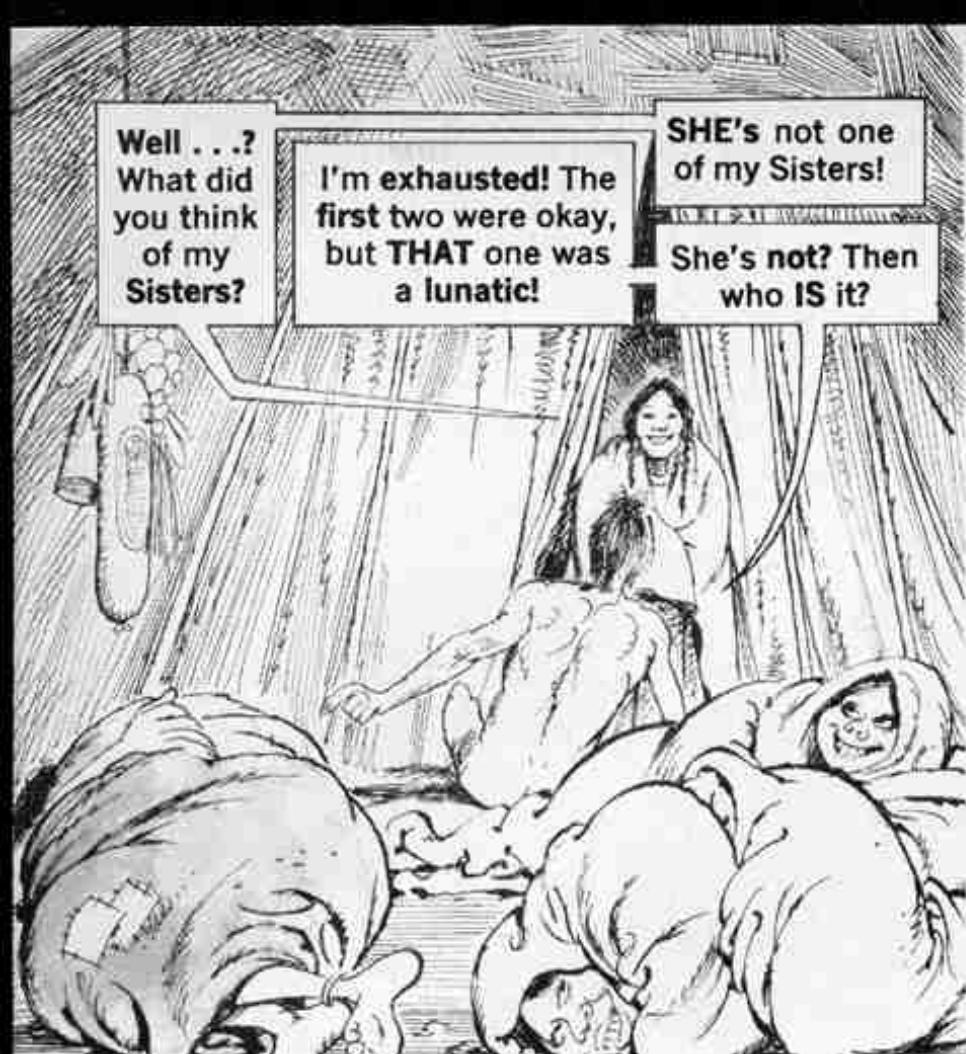
I think maybe the Indians should have had much stricter Immigration Laws!

Husband, these are my three Sisters! They have lost their husbands! They want you to... entertain them!

Gee, I'd love to... but I lost my harmonica during the massacre!

Idiot! They want you to sleep with them! Do not worry! It is our custom!

Some custom! "Sister Swapping"! I'm lucky I didn't marry into the King Family!



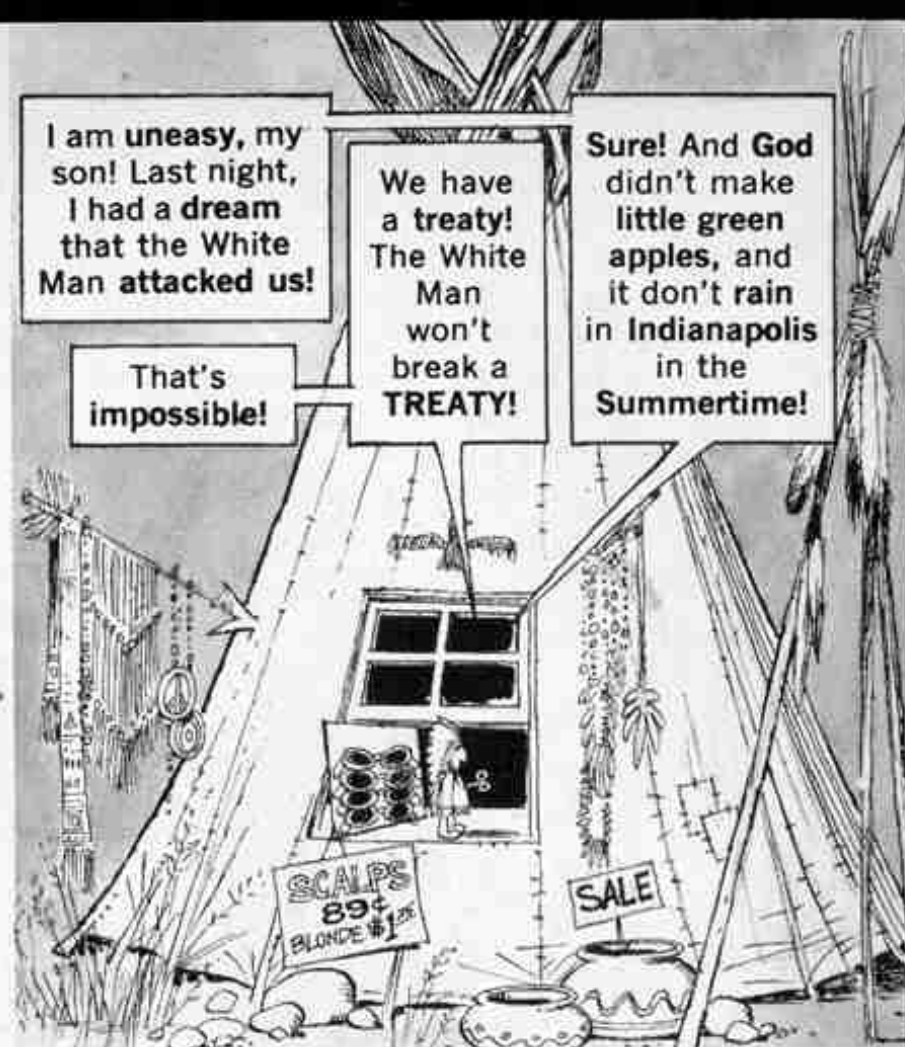
Well...? What did you think of my Sisters?

I'm exhausted! The first two were okay, but THAT one was a lunatic!

SHE's not one of my Sisters!

She's not? Then who IS it?

I don't know about you, Li'l Dull Man thweethie... but I feel like singing "The Indian Love Call"!



I am uneasy, my son! Last night, I had a dream that the White Man attacked us!

That's impossible!

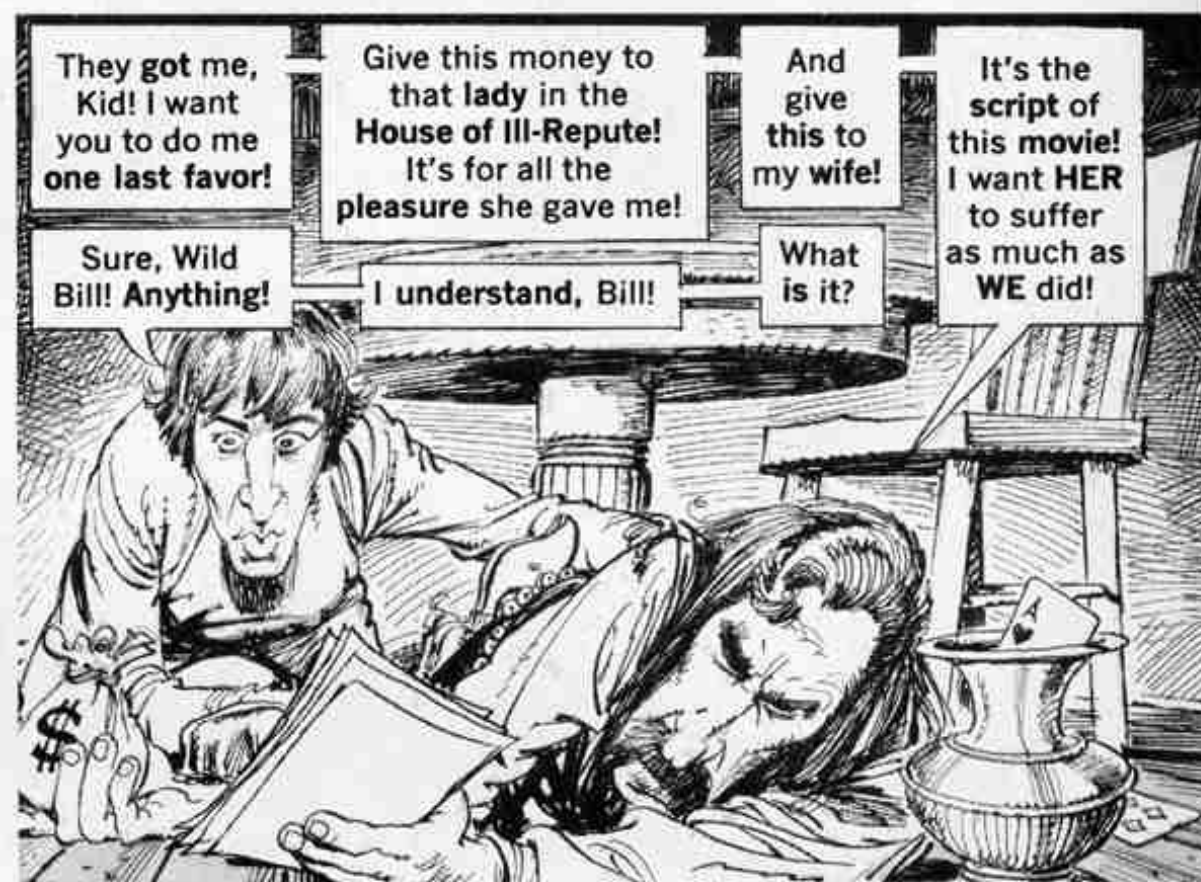
We have a treaty! The White Man won't break a TREATY!

Sure! And God didn't make little green apples, and it don't rain in Indianapolis in the Summertime!



Boy, Old Large Skin... Grandfather of mine... you sure can call 'em!

"By this time, both the Whites and the Indians were sick of me. Then, 3 old friends made startling re-appearances, and all the pieces of plot were suddenly tied together in one loose knot."



They got me, Kid! I want you to do me one last favor!

Give this money to that lady in the House of Ill-Repute! It's for all the pleasure she gave me!

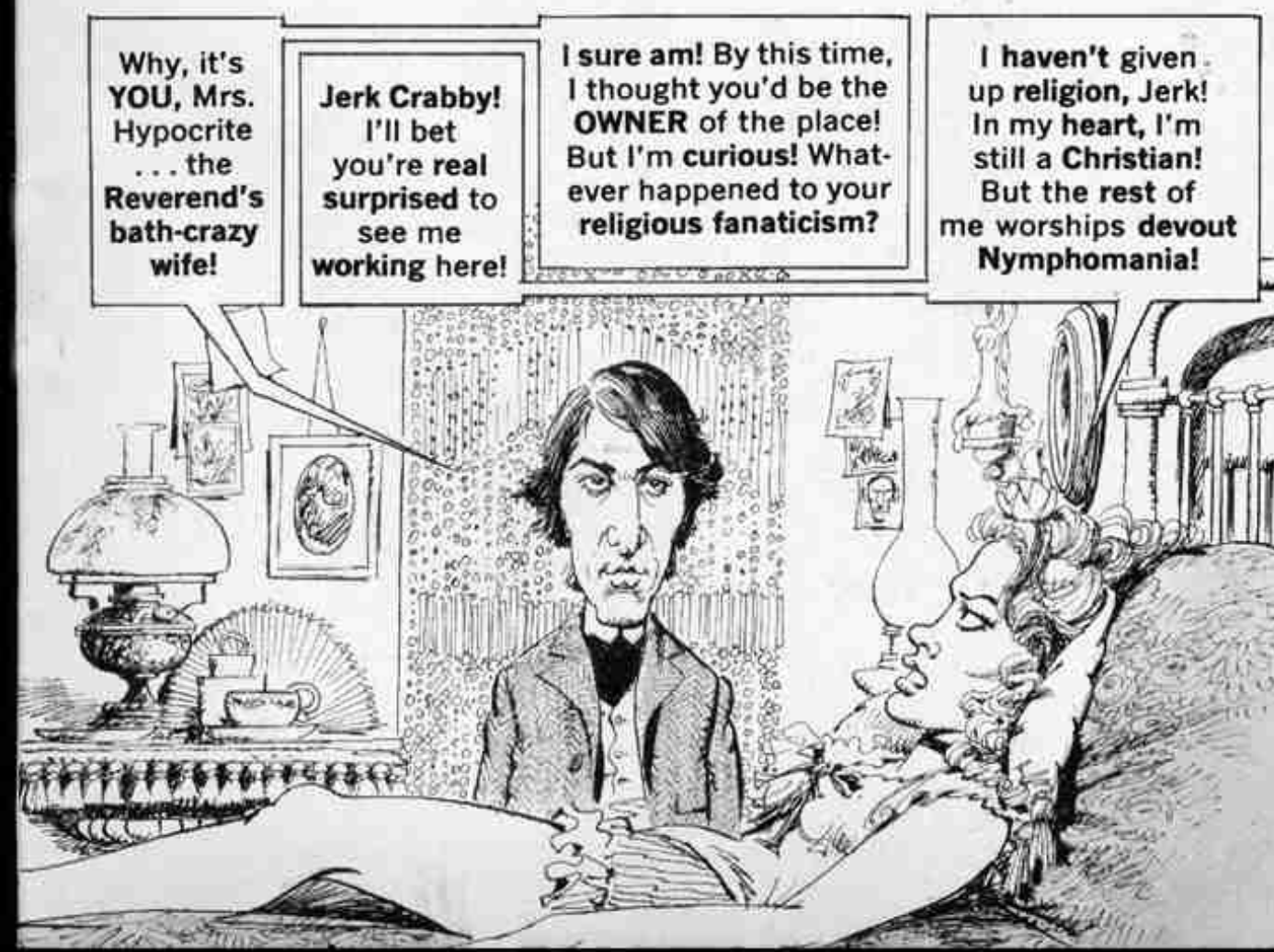
And give this to my wife!

It's the script of this movie! I want HER to suffer as much as WE did!

Sure, Wild Bill! Anything!

I understand, Bill!

What is it?

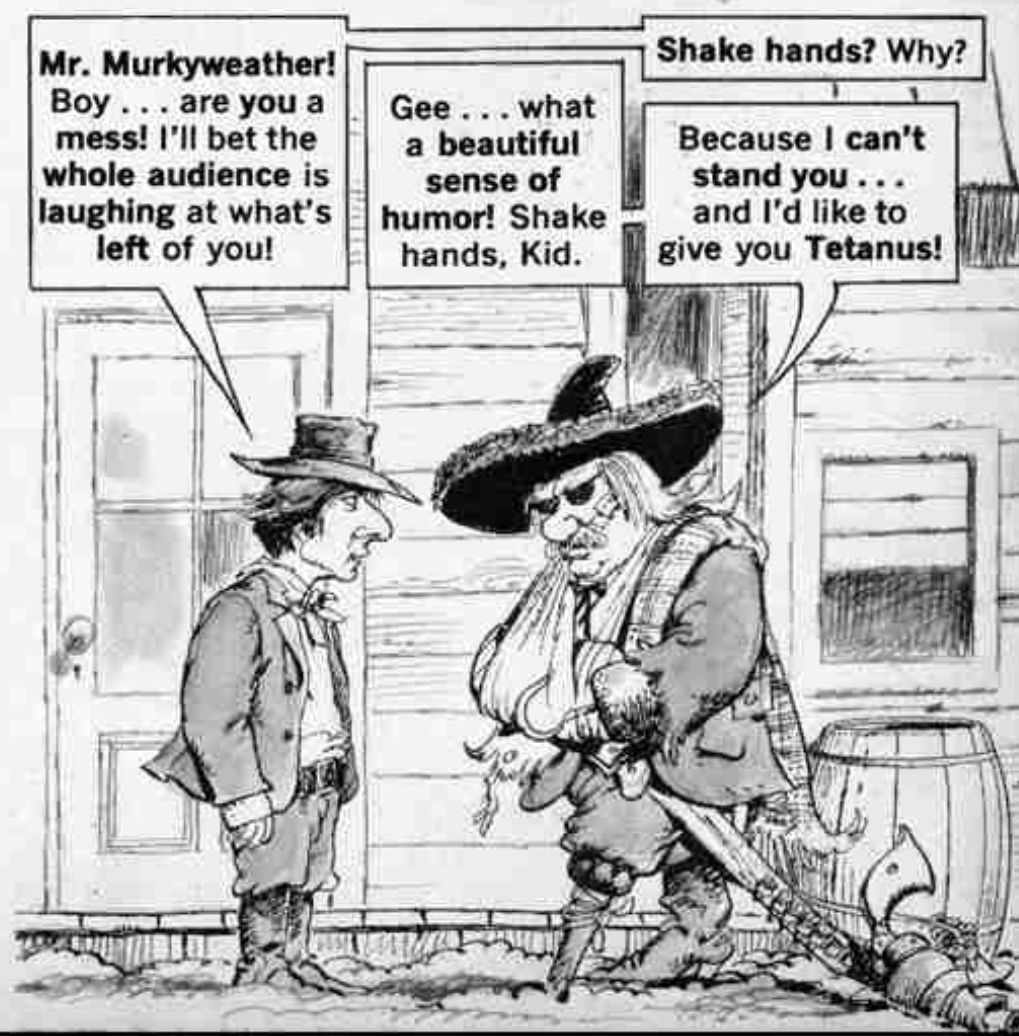


Why, it's YOU, Mrs. Hypocrite... the Reverend's bath-crazy wife!

Jerk Crabby! I'll bet you're real surprised to see me working here!

I sure am! By this time, I thought you'd be the OWNER of the place! But I'm curious! What-ever happened to your religious fanaticism?

I haven't given up religion, Jerk! In my heart, I'm still a Christian! But the rest of me worships devout Nymphomania!



Mr. Murkyweather! Boy... are you a mess! I'll bet the whole audience is laughing at what's left of you!

Gee... what a beautiful sense of humor! Shake hands, Kid.

Shake hands? Why?

Because I can't stand you... and I'd like to give you Tetanus!

"I was now seeking revenge—on Gen. Custard for destroying the Indians I loved, and on the scriptwriter for destroying the career I loved."

Follow me, men! We're heading for Little Big Horn... via the Painted Desert!

But General! The Painted Desert is in Arizona, and Little Big Horn's in Montana, over 1000 miles away!

I know... but I look strangely beautiful against the colors of the Painted Desert... and I only look so-so against the dull, drab mountains of Montana!

Where did General Custard get his military training? West Point...?

No, Liberace Military Academy!



Onward to victory!

Take no prisoners!

What a nut! And what a Military fiasco! It'll be a long time before the U. S. blunders like this again!

Oh, yeah! Wait about 90 years... in a place called Indochina!

I have not yet begun to fight!

Damn the torpedoes! Full steam ahead!



Little Grudgeholder!! Just in time! You saved my life by killing him! Oh, what bitter irony! Oh, what a strange, twisted turn of events!

Why are you making such a production out of it? I simply paid you back the life I owed you!

Yes, but what a life! It was Old Large Skin... my Grandfather... who was just about to kill me!



But, why, Grandfather? WHY??

I just couldn't take one more return visit from you, my son! Enough is ENOUGH!!

No, I mean why are you dragging out your final death scene?

'Cause I'm making a bid for an Oscar... and if Ali McGraw can drag out HERS, then I can drag out MINE!



... and that's my story! After that, I stopped drifting bitterly between the White Man and the Indians... and I settled down!

And now you're the oldest survivor of Little Big Horn!

Well, not exactly! I'm the oldest WHITE survivor!

You mean there's still an INDIAN survivor!

Yep... the person I settled down with, and lived with all these years...

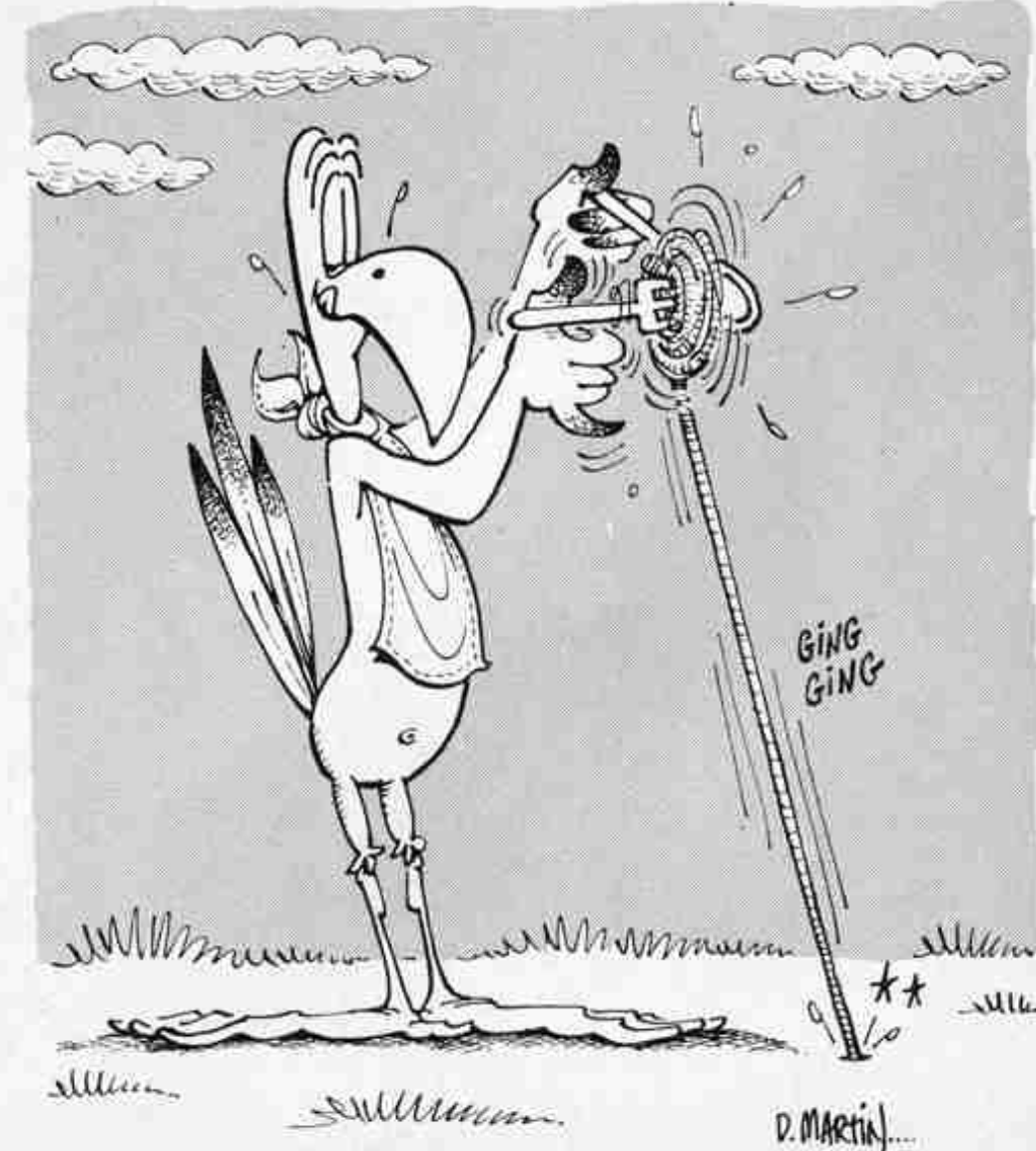
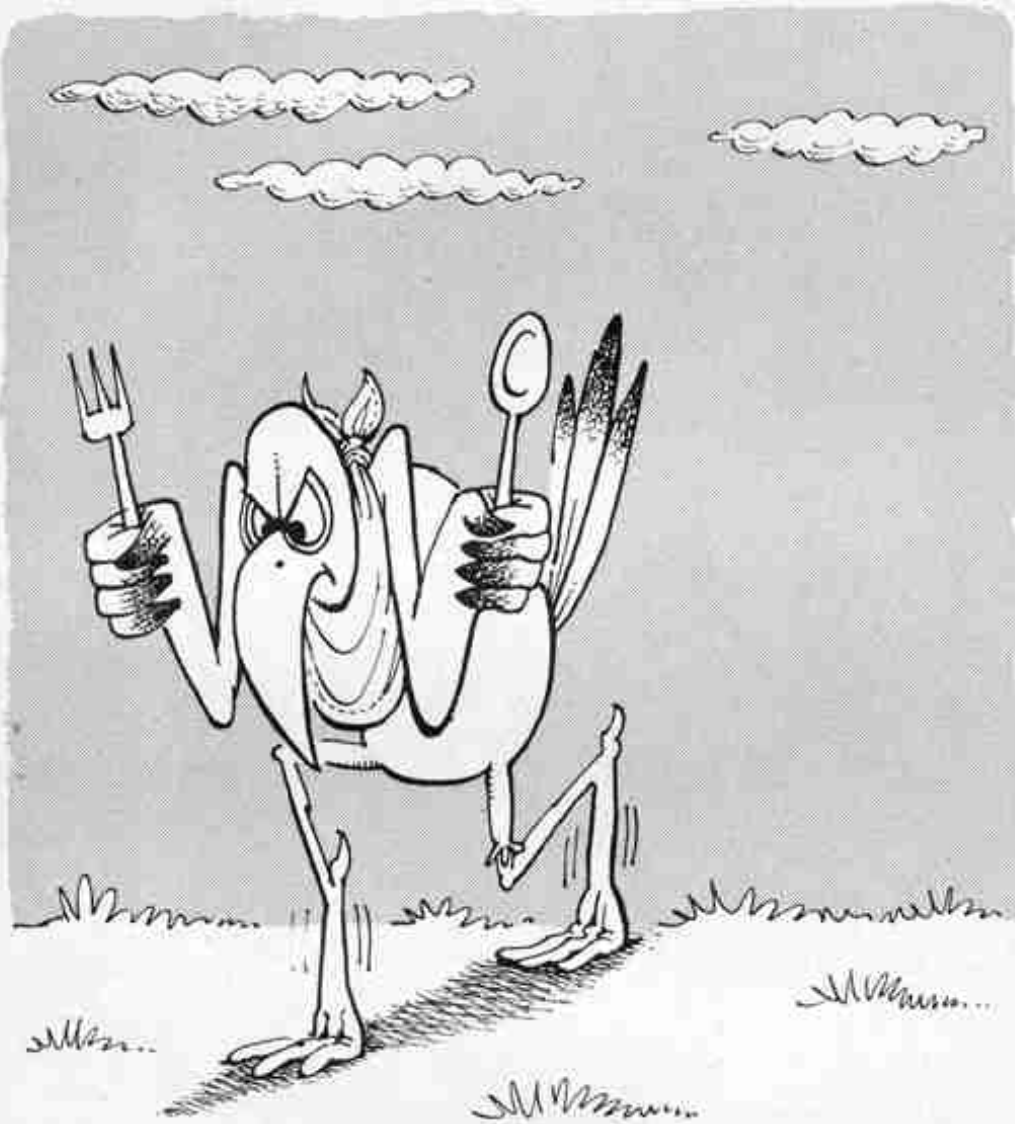


My roommate... Little Gay Wrist!

Hi, thweetie! Aren't you cute! Listen... you got any Geritol?



AN ITALIAN ROBIN CATCHING A WORM



D. MARTIN

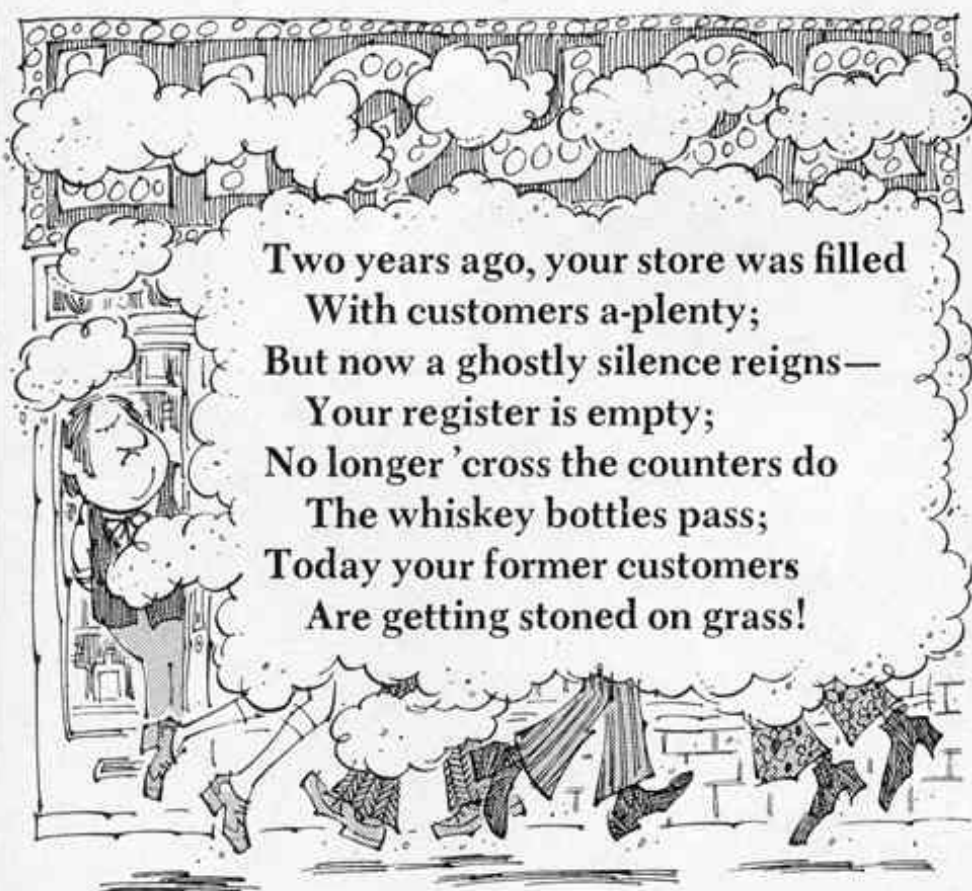
In case you happen to be the kind of MAD reader who eagerly devours every word, we think it only fair and

proper to inform you that what you are reading now is another of our meaningless introductions, this partic-

CONDOLENCE FOR BUSINESS PROFESSIONAL TR

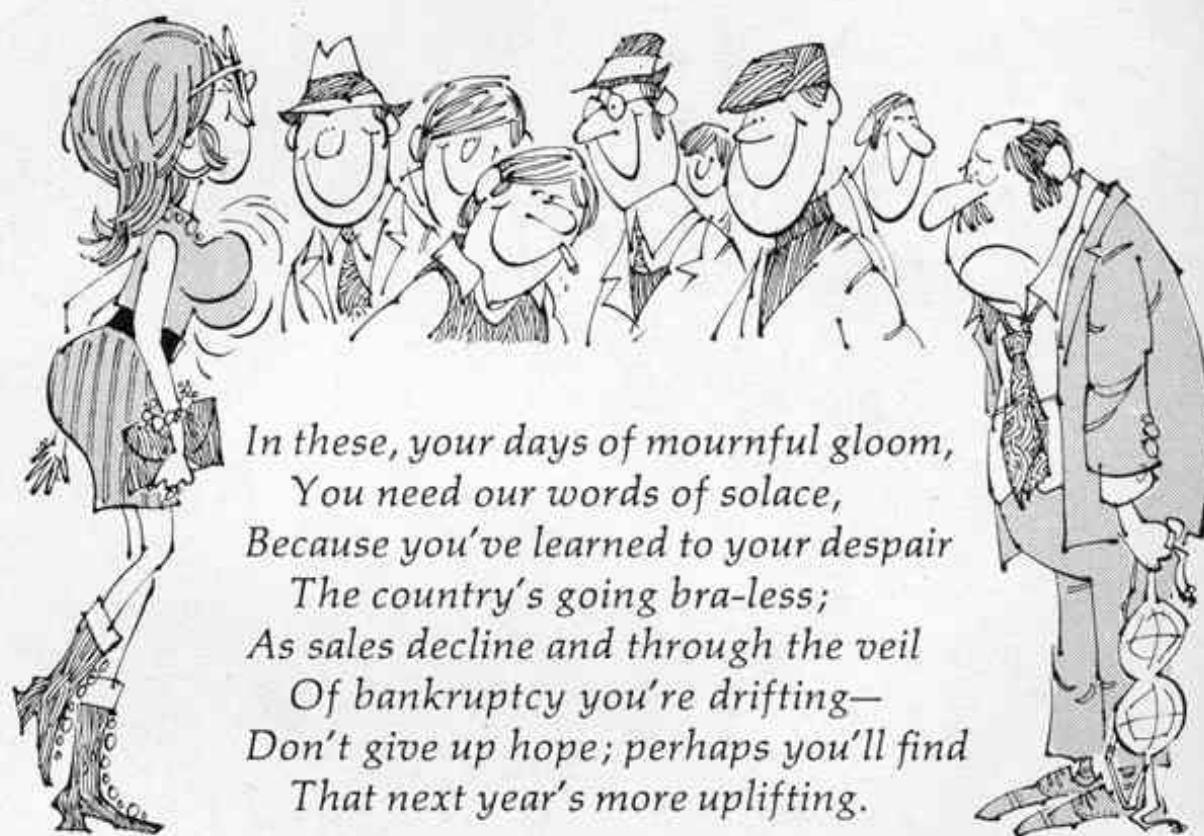


To a Neighborhood Liquor Store



Two years ago, your store was filled
With customers a-plenty;
But now a ghostly silence reigns—
Your register is empty;
No longer 'cross the counters do
The whiskey bottles pass;
Today your former customers
Are getting stoned on grass!

To a Brassiere-Maker



In these, your days of mournful gloom,
You need our words of solace,
Because you've learned to your despair
The country's going bra-less;
As sales decline and through the veil
Of bankruptcy you're drifting—
Don't give up hope; perhaps you'll find
That next year's more uplifting.

We are wearing black, we're full of gloom,
We're sorrowful this day;
We weep, we sob, we sing sad songs,
We also moan, "Oy vey!"

O friendly Grocer that we love,
You'll soon exist no more;
Because today, an A & P
Is opening next door.

To a Corner Grocer

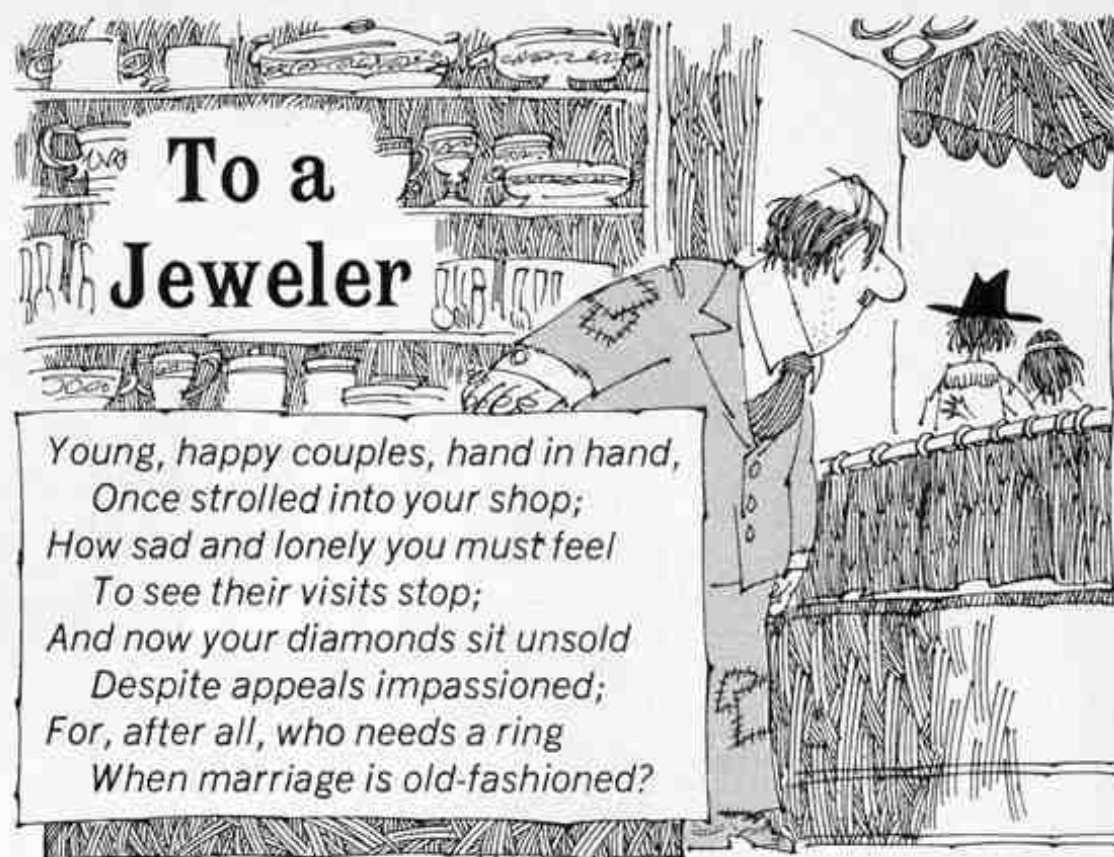


ular one serving no purpose whatsoever except to balance out the page and precede the title, namely . . .

CARDS AND AGEDIES

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

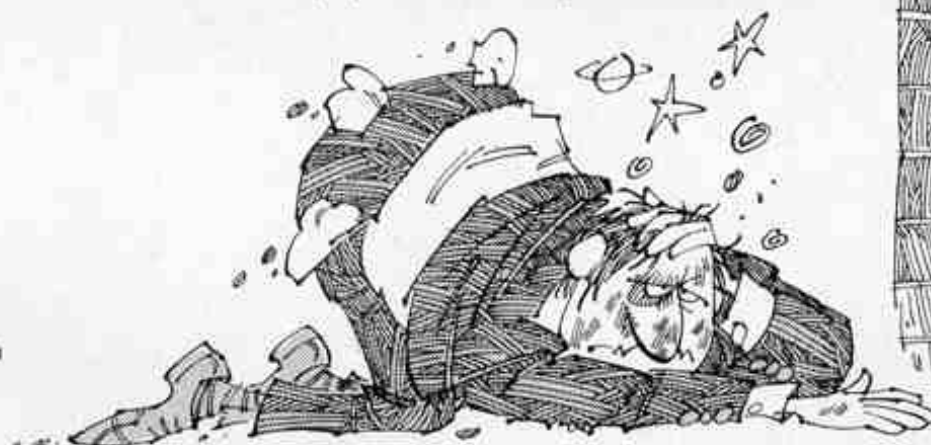


To a Jeweler
Young, happy couples, hand in hand,
Once strolled into your shop;
How sad and lonely you must feel
To see their visits stop;
And now your diamonds sit unsold
Despite appeals impassioned;
For, after all, who needs a ring
When marriage is old-fashioned?

To a New York Streetwalker

Dear painted ladies of the night,
We grieve that your profession
Has suffered from a lack of work
Brought on by the recession;

To make things worse, no matter how
You sweet-talk and beseech them,
Whatever clients that are left
Get mugged before you reach them.



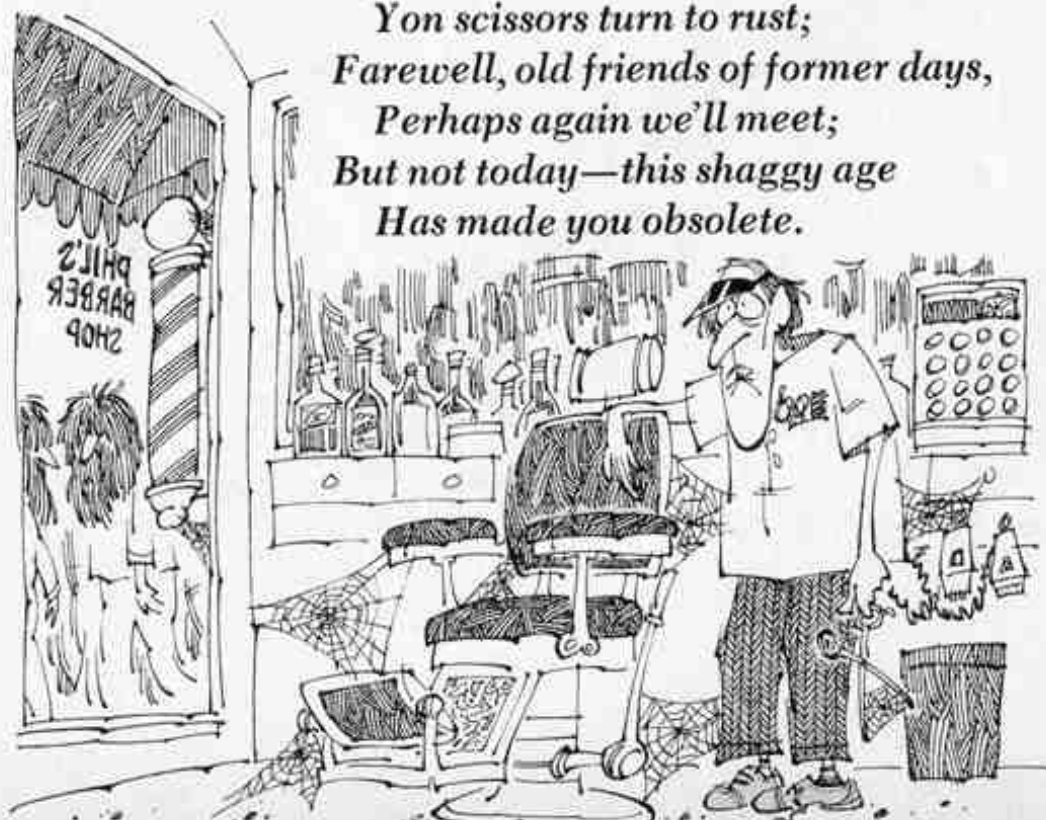
To an Arms Manufacturer

The rebels in East Pakistan
Adore your new grenades;
The Arabs find your six-inch shells
Are great for border raids;
The mortars the Israelis buy
Are just the kind they seek—
We can't express how sad we feel
There's no new war this week.



To a Barber

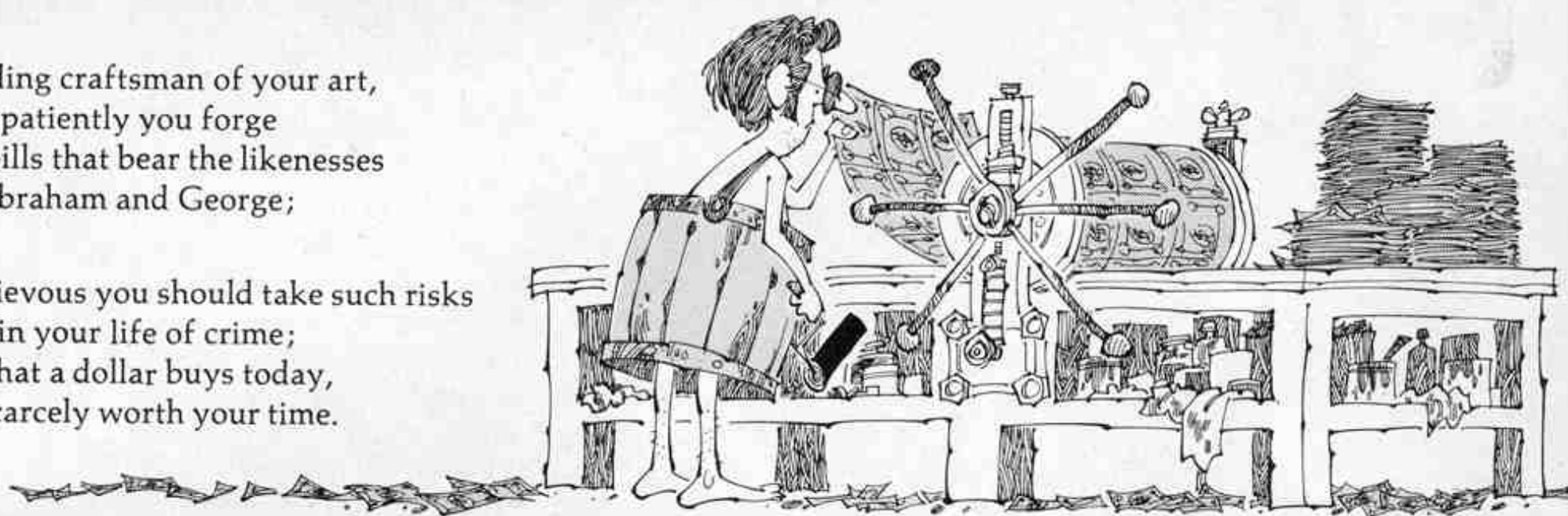
Yon combs remain within their drawer;
Yon razor gathers dust;
Yon chair is but an empty throne;
Yon scissors turn to rust;
Farewell, old friends of former days,
Perhaps again we'll meet;
But not today—this shaggy age
Has made you obsolete.



TO A COUNTERFEITER

O plodding craftsman of your art,
How patiently you forge
Those bills that bear the likenesses
Of Abraham and George;

How grievous you should take such risks
Within your life of crime;
With what a dollar buys today,
It's scarcely worth your time.



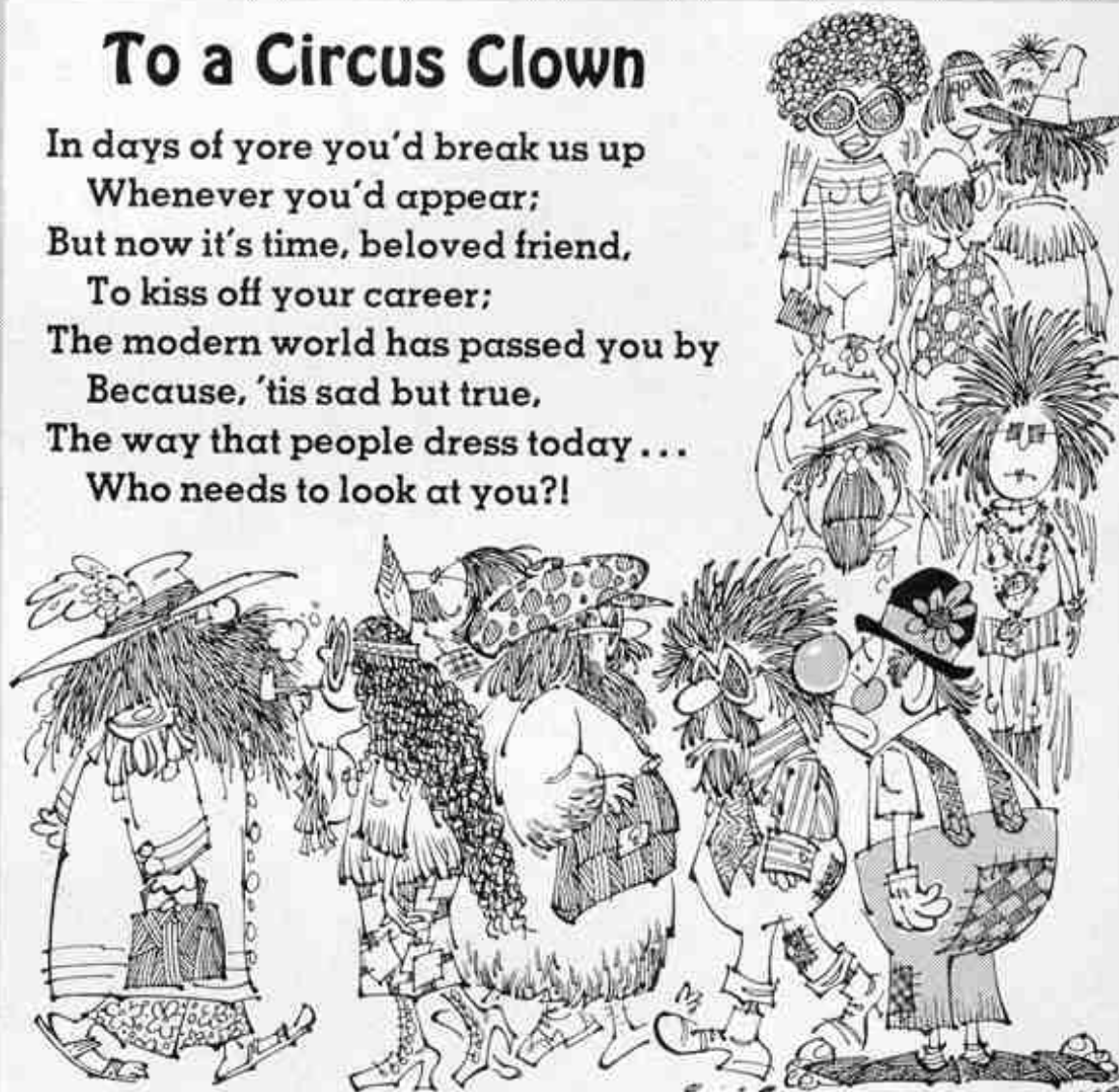
To a Major League Baseball Owner



The joys a man may feel today
He may not feel tomorrow;
The surge of gladness in his heart
May turn to bitter sorrow;
Please know that we're prepared to share
Your grief, despair and strain,
Because we've heard a rumor that
You've traded for McLain.

To a Circus Clown

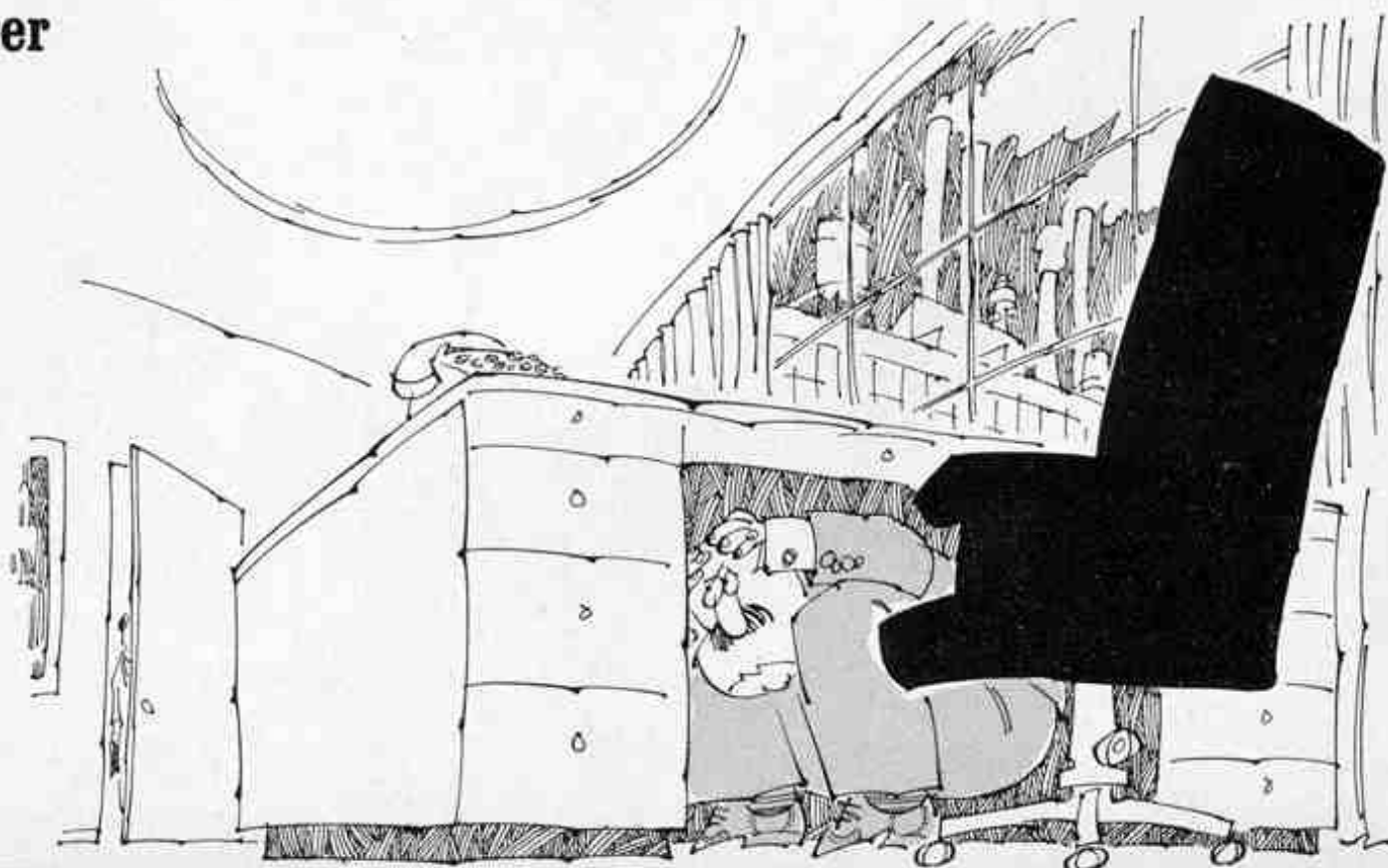
In days of yore you'd break us up
Whenever you'd appear;
But now it's time, beloved friend,
To kiss off your career;
The modern world has passed you by
Because, 'tis sad but true,
The way that people dress today ...
Who needs to look at you?!



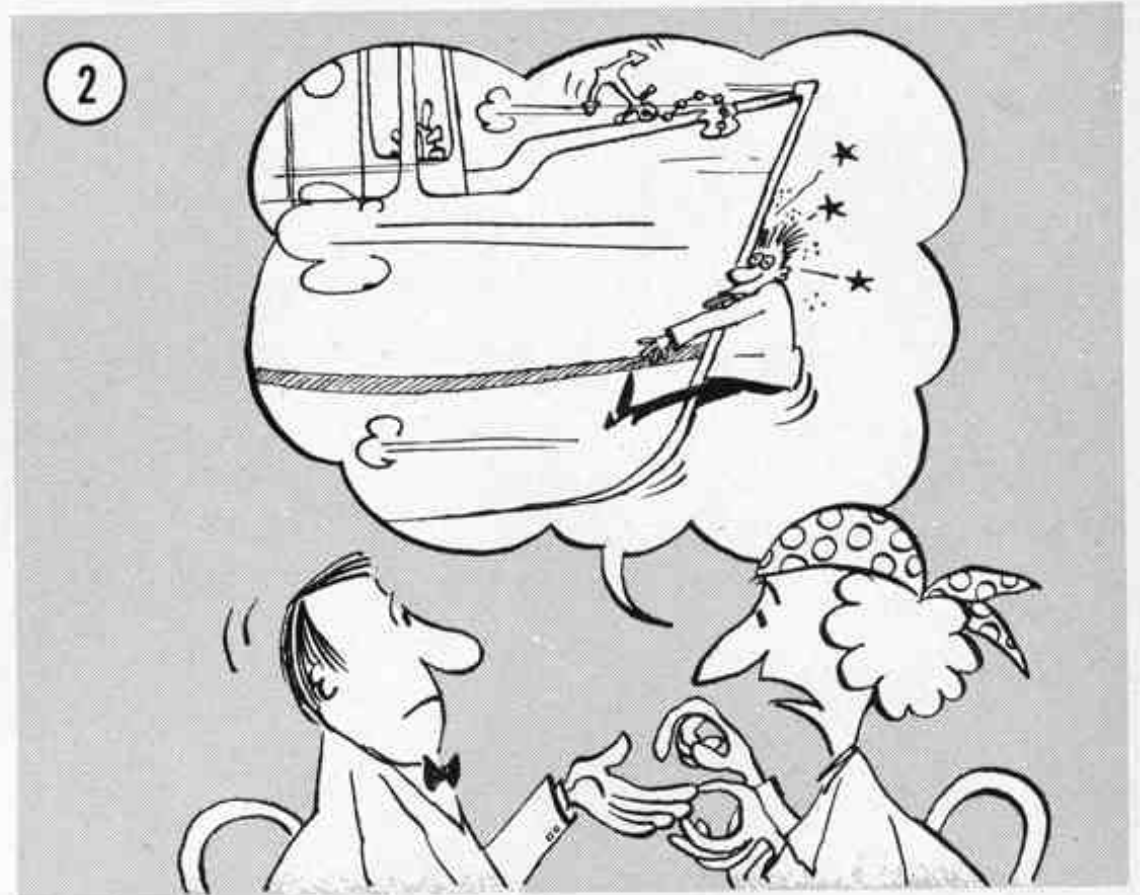
To an Automobile Manufacturer

You've suffered, yeah, these many years
At other people's hands;
From soaring costs and overhead
And labor's great demands;

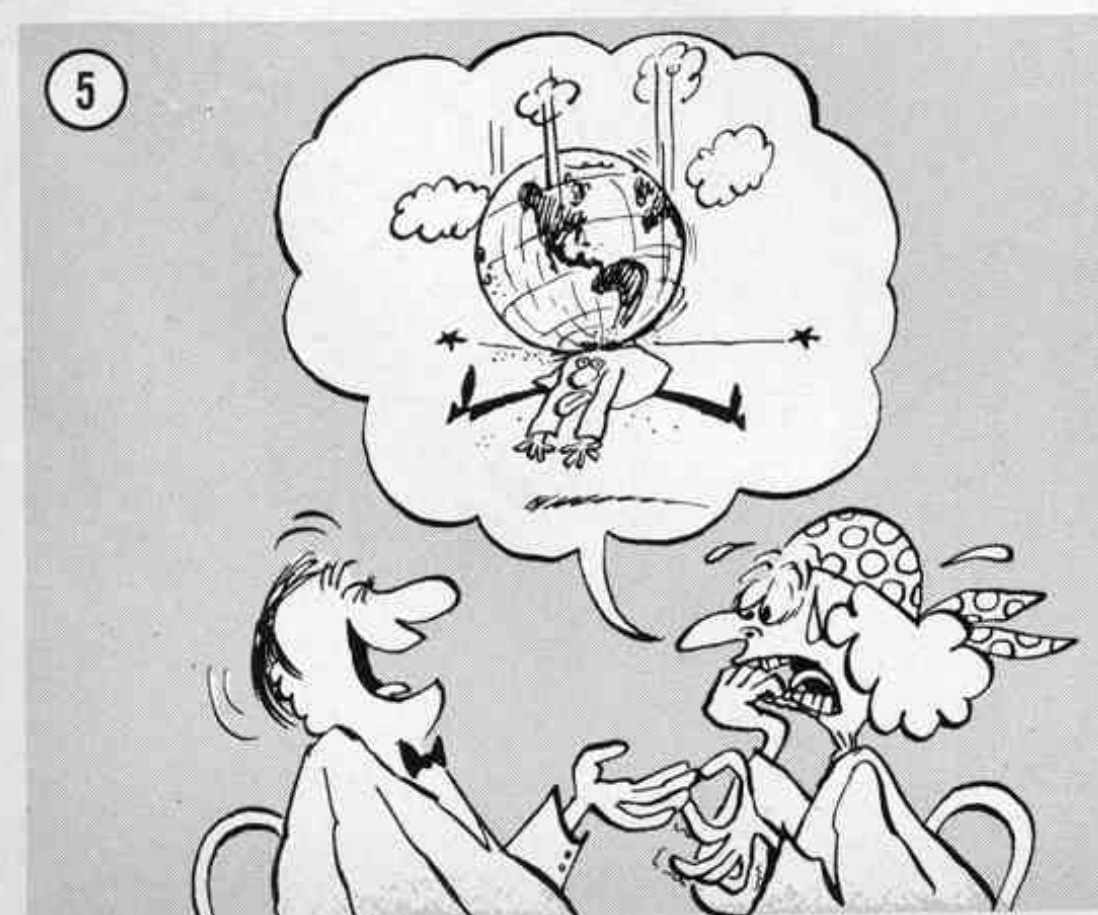
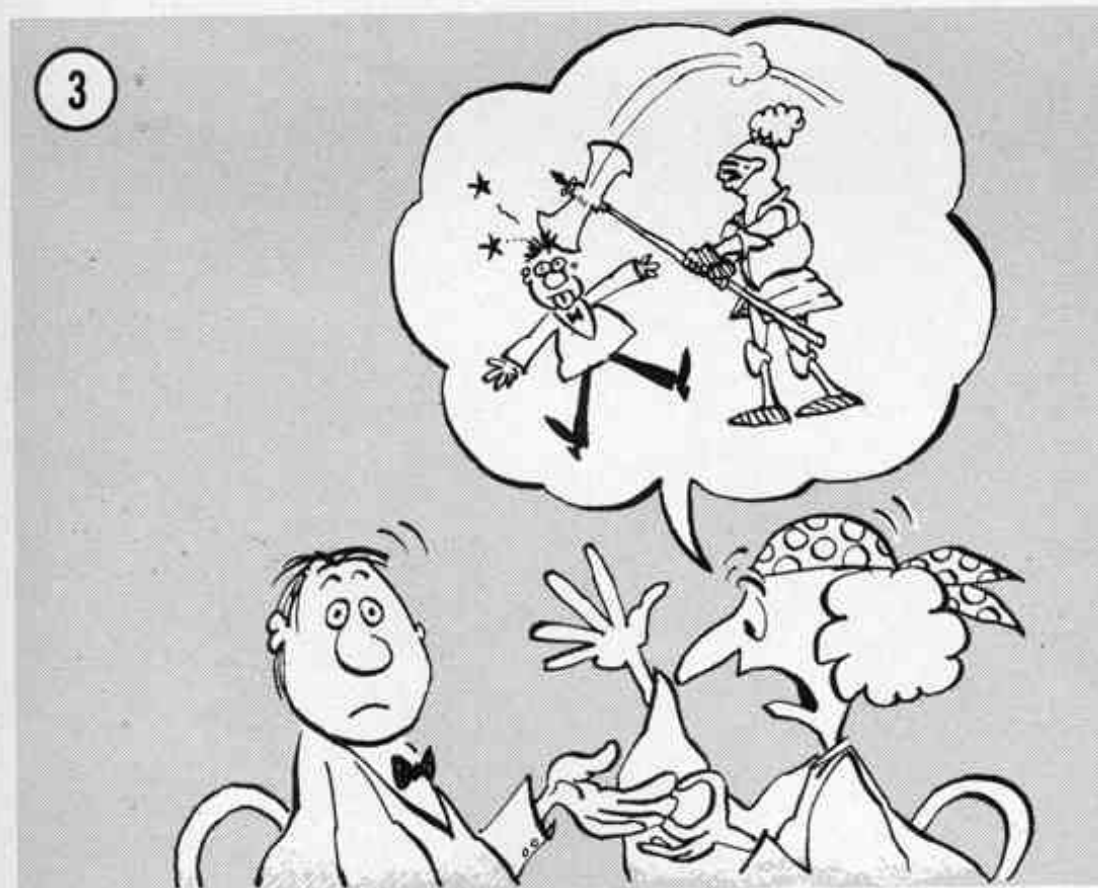
You've faced the flood of foreign cars,
Enduring each invader;
How tragic that you must now face
A visit from Ralph Nader.

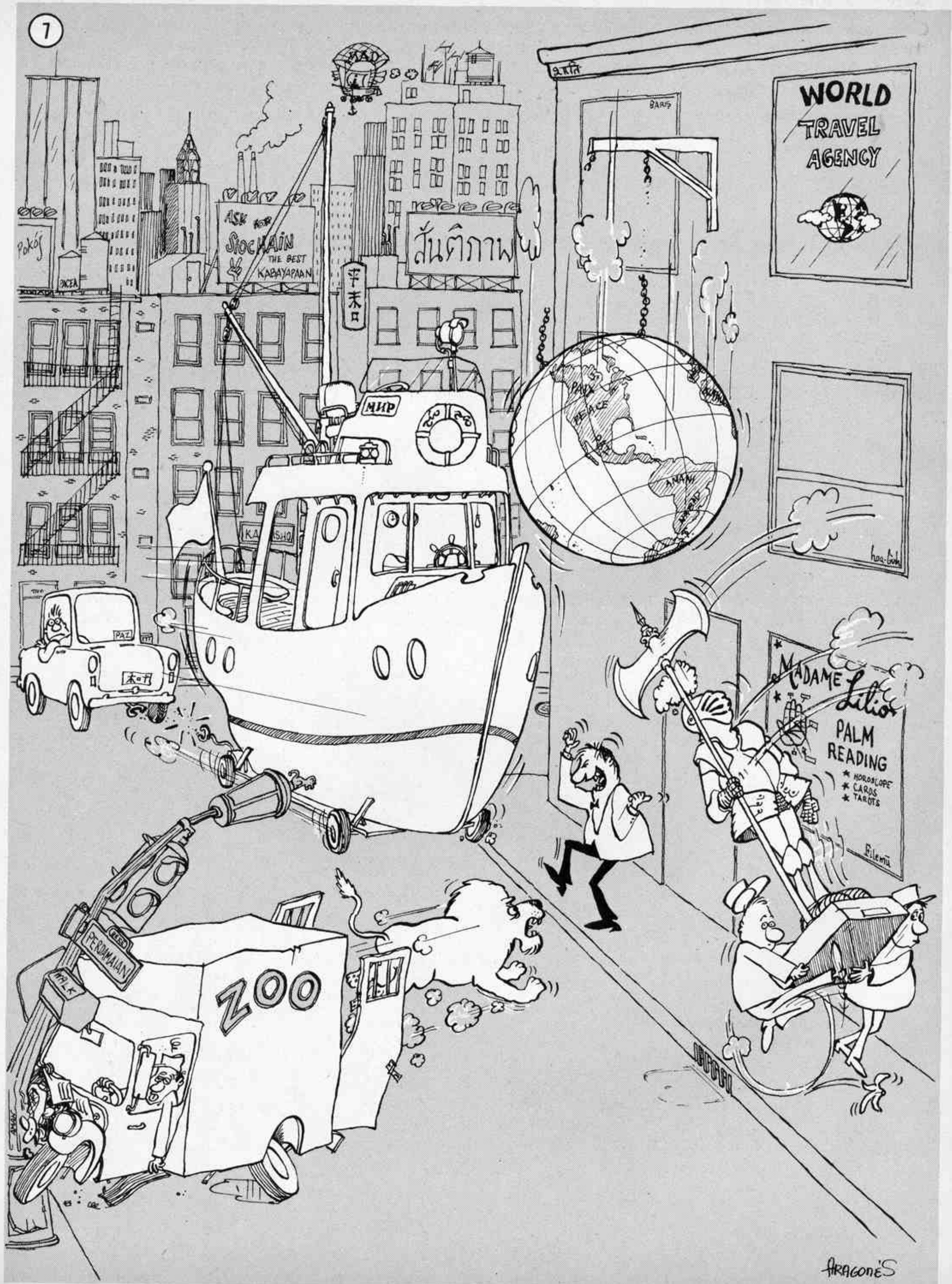


FUTURE SHOCK



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







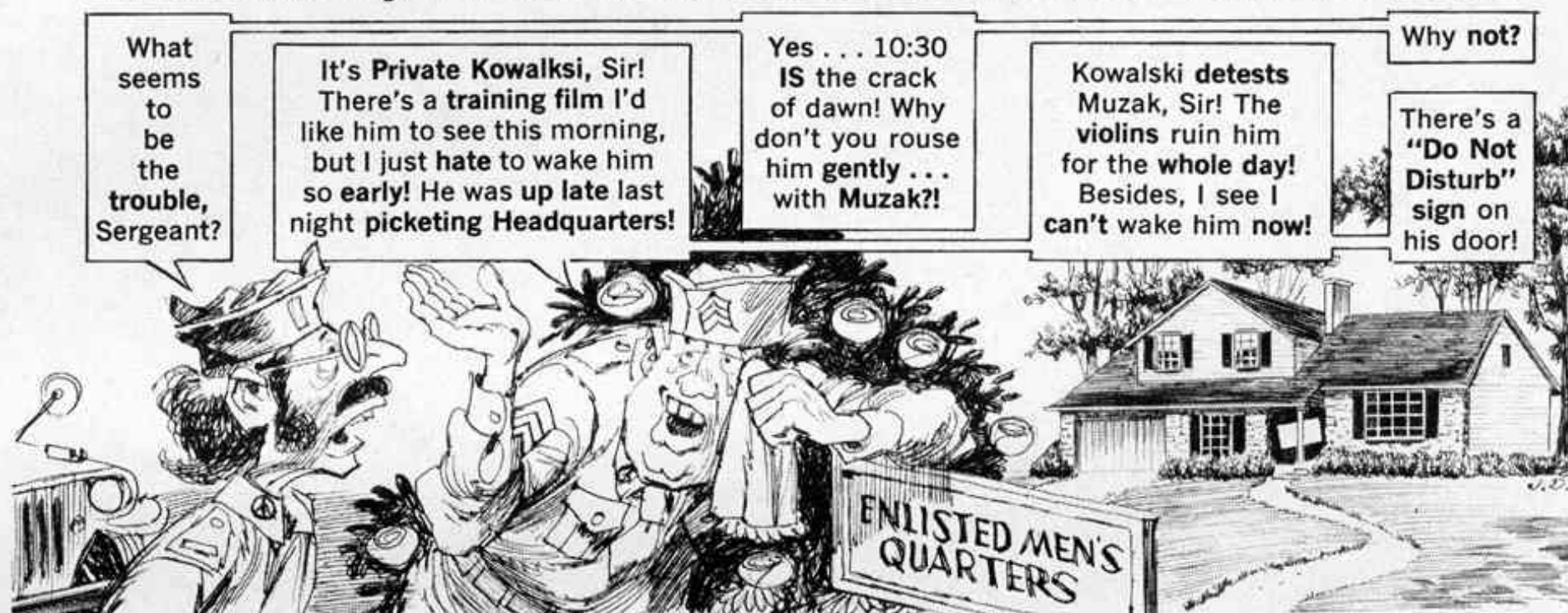
Once upon a time, there was a terrible place where young men were sentenced for two, three, sometimes even four years. It was called "The OLD Army". Today, there is a wonderful place where Draftees decorate their private rooms with peace posters and Enlisted Men chat about politics with their Commanding Generals. It is called . . .

THE NEW ARMY

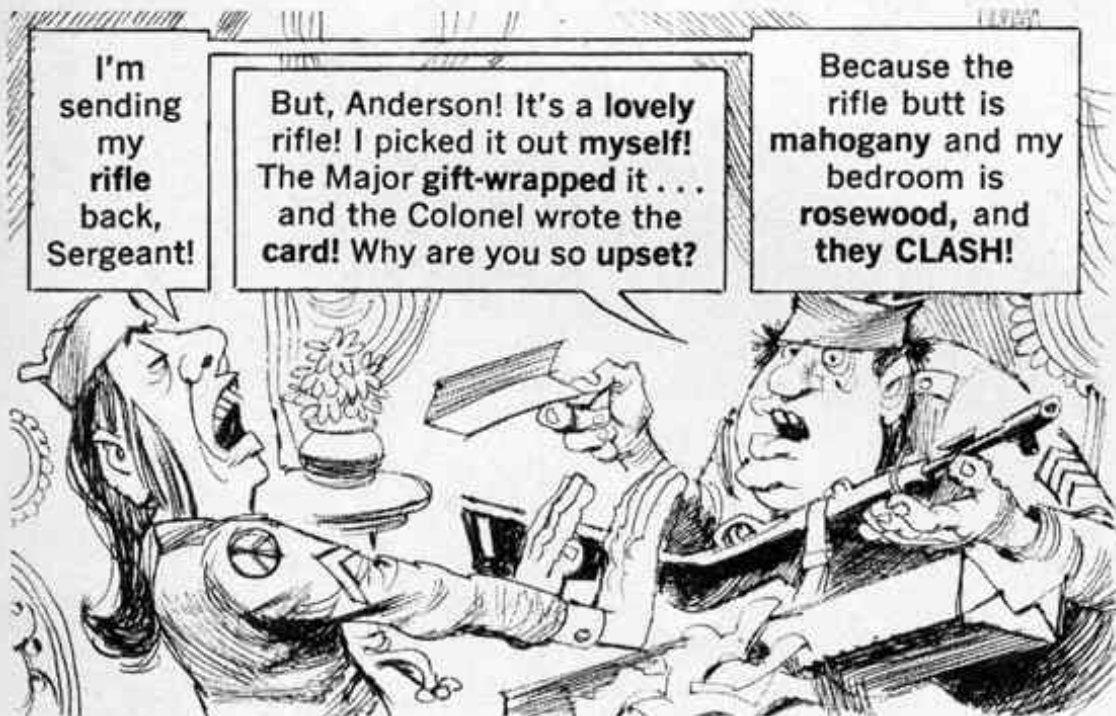
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The New Army believes that Enlisted Men are sensitive human beings



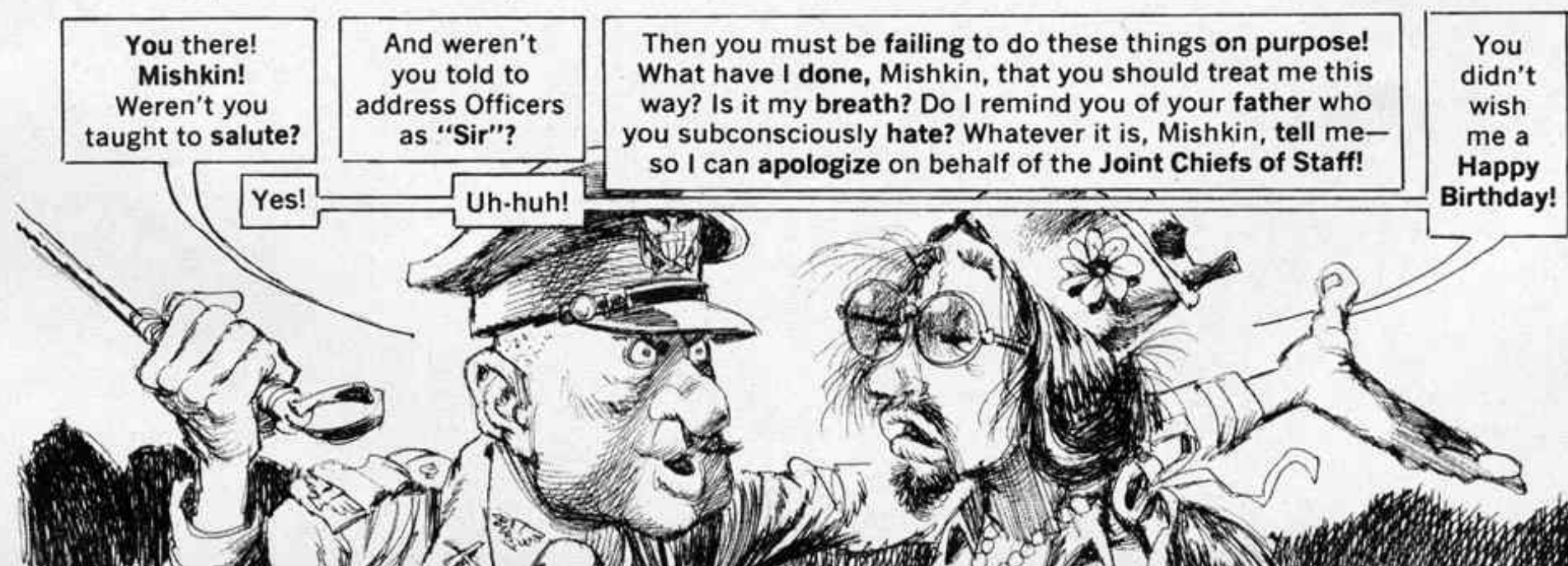
The New Army wants its Enlisted Men to feel at home in their new quarters . . .



The New Army appeals to the culture and vocabulary of the "Now" Generation . . .



In short, the New Army wants its troops to feel that they're understood . . .



Yessir, the Army has changed a lot in the past few years. To show

THE WAR MOVIE OF THE PAST &

...AS FOUGHT BY THE OLD ARMY

THE "FIRST DAY OF TRAINING" SCENE

O.K., knock it off! I'm Grulnik! Call me either "Sergeant"—or by my nickname... "Psycho"!

For the next four months, I'm gonna drill you cruds till you drop! Yeah, you'll wind up hatin' my guts! But one of these days, you'll be sittin' in a stinkin' foxhole with Japs all around you... and you're gonna think back to these 18-hour days of back-breakin' sadistic torture...

An' ya know somethin'? You're gonna hate me even MORE!!

Good day, Gentlemen! I'm Sergeant Grulnik! You can call me "Waldo"!

True, I have a higher ranking than you, but this does not mean that we are not equal in the sight of God! Naturally, you may have different ideas than mine on how to run this platoon! Therefore, each evening, we will have a discussion session to encourage debate and self-expression!

We'll chat more about it tonight... at the General's reception for new recruits!



THE "PLATOON'S FIRST INVASION" SCENE

S-Sarge... I'm... I'm s-s-scared!

YOU, S-Sarge... SCARED!!

Listen, kid! This is my ninety-fifth invasion, an' let me tell you—I'm ALWAYS scared!

Sure, I'm scared! Listen, I'd be scared if I wasn't scared! 'Cause if I wasn't scared, I'd be scared that I was scared to be scared! So... sure, I'm scared!!

Y'know somethin', Sarge? I'm not scared any more! I'm BORED!!

S-Sarge... I'm... I'm scared!

You're not scared of the guns, or the grenades, or the possibility of instant death by mines or shells or bombs? You're not scared of those things?

I'm not scared!

Why aren't you scared?

'Cause, man... I'm STONED!!

I'm not scared!



you how big a change there's been, let's look at some scenes from

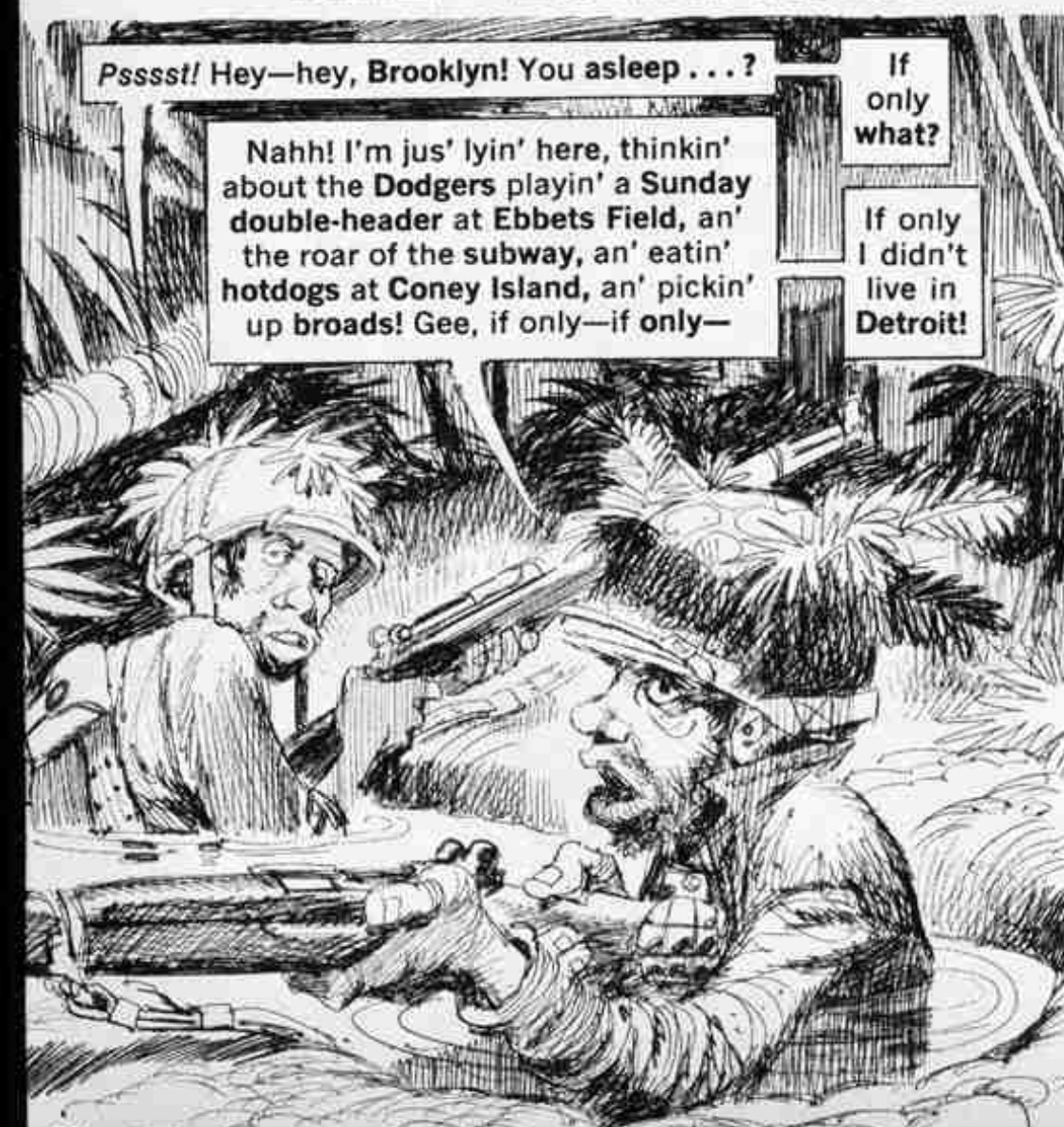
THE WAR MOVIE OF THE FUTURE

...AS FOUGHT BY THE NEW ARMY

THE "ODDBALL IN THE BARRACKS" SCENE



THE "LONG NIGHT IN THE FOXHOLE" SCENE



THE "BIG ARTILLERY BARRAGE" SCENE

Aim good, Charley Boy!
Each one of these babies
costs 1700 bucks!

Don't worry, Brooklyn!
We're gonna blast Mr.
Jap right off the map!

1700 dollars a shell! What a waste!
When you think of all the slums that
could be renovated . . . all the schools
and highways that could be constructed
. . . all the underprivileged people
that could be helped with the money!

Yeah,
but
dig
that
crazy
sound!!

THE "ALL LEAVES ARE CANCELLED" SCENE

My men haven't slept
in five days! They're
dead on their feet!
I promised them a rest,
and they've earned it!
You can't make them go
back into action now!
It—it isn't fair!!

I know it isn't fair, Jim!
WARS aren't fair! But
they've got to be **WON**!!
Your men are going back
into action because I'm
ordering 'em to! And they'll
follow my orders—or **ELSE**!!

Or else
WHAT?

I dunno!
Nobody
ever
refused
before!

Sir, you
can't send
us back
into action
again! I just
couldn't do
that to my
men!

Sorry,
Jim,
but
those
are
my
orders!

But it—it
isn't fair!
The men
have
already
voted
against it!

Hmm! That
makes things
different! We'll
just have to
scrape up a
patrol among
the officers at
Headquarters!

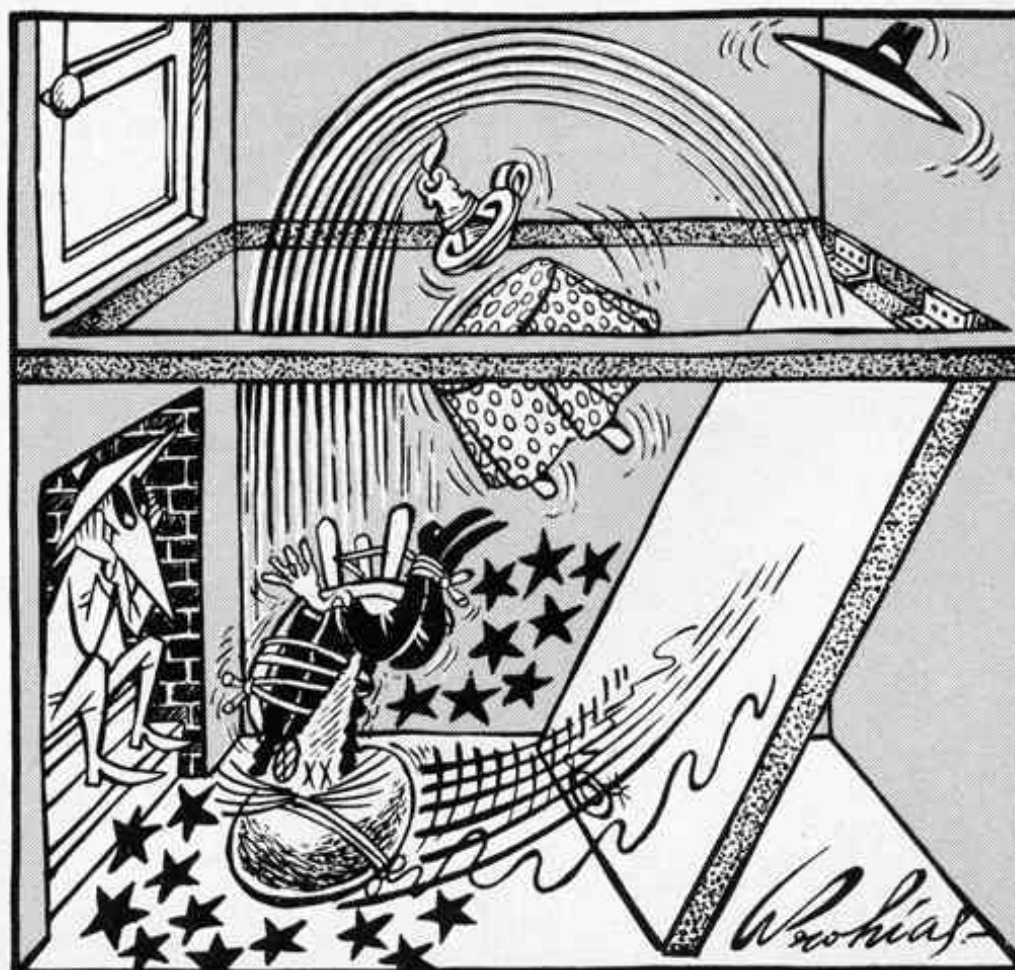
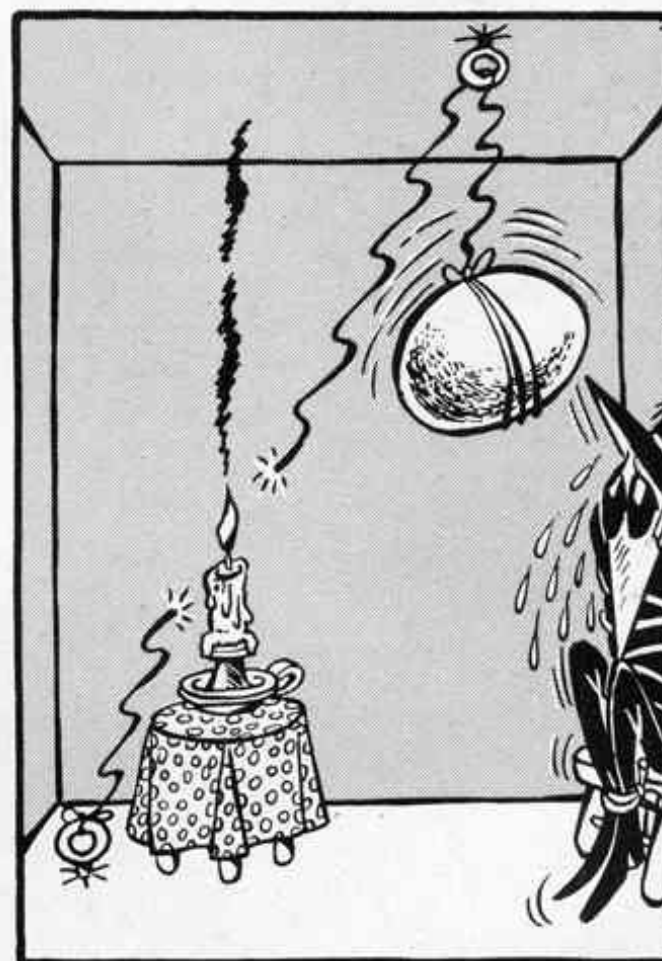
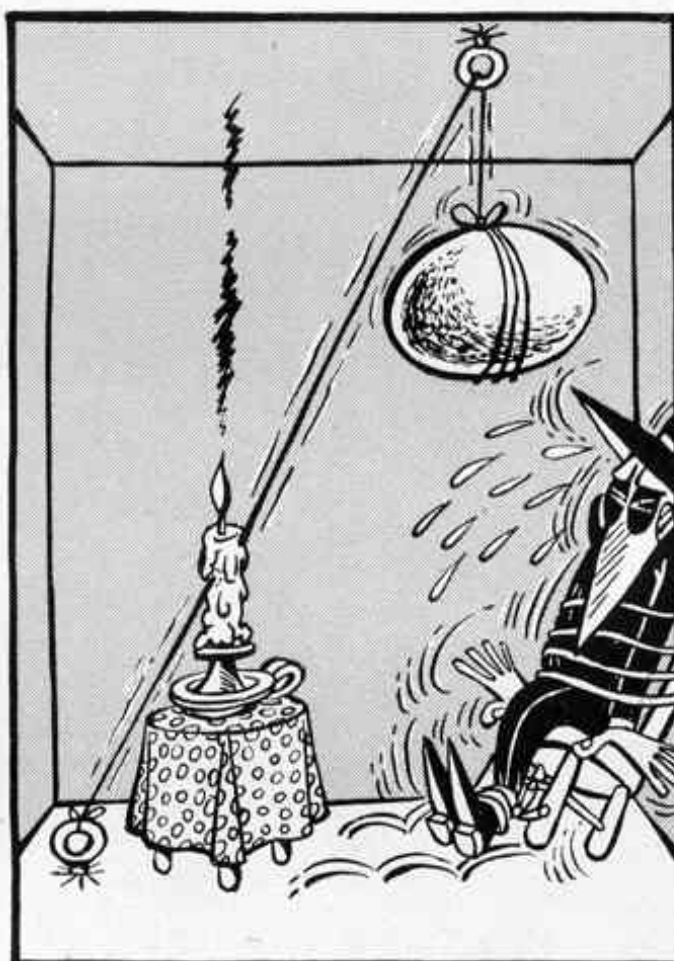
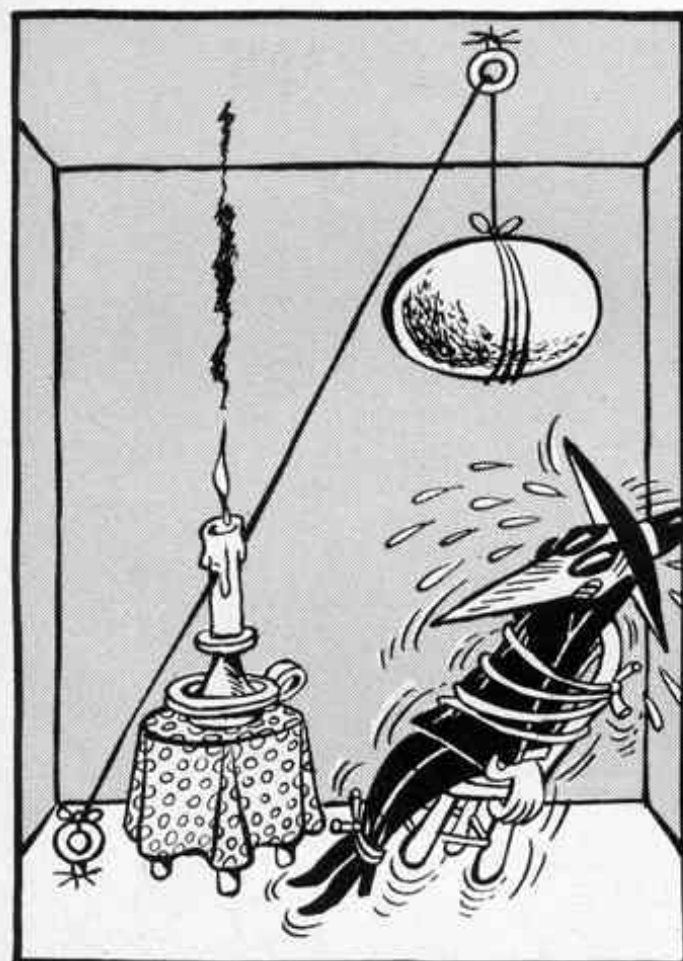
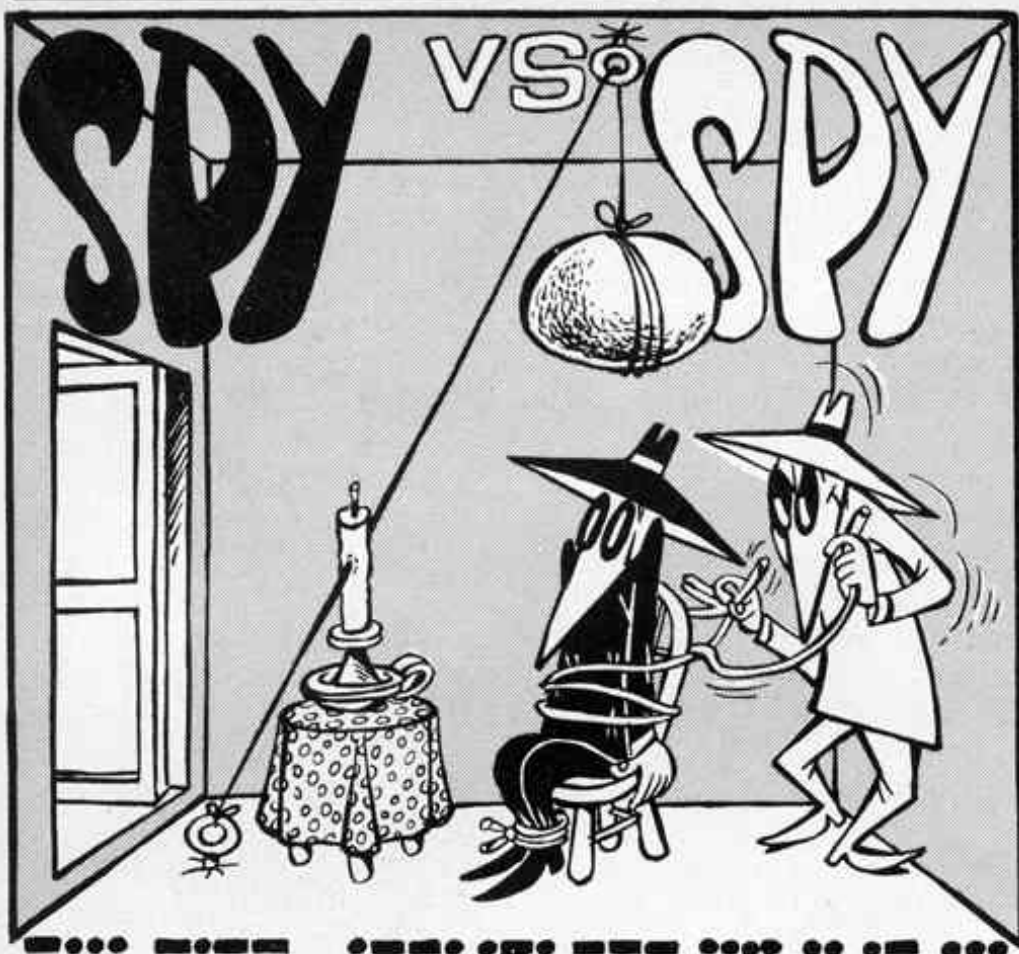
THE HEART-RENDING "LOST BUDDY" SCENE

A minute ago, Hawkins
was here . . . talkin'
to me . . . showin' me
a picture of his
girl back home! An'
now he's gone, Sir!
And for **WHAT**!?!?

For what, Smedley? So the rest of us
can live in a world that's free . . . a
world where we can say what we want,
and pray where we want, and live how
we want! A lot of fine men are gone,
son . . . Hawkins, O'Reilly, Silverstein,
Spinelli, Smith, MacTavish, Furd . . .

Hawkins is
GONE, sir!
He was
here a
minute ago,
and now
he's gone!
Why,
Sir? **WHY??**

Knowing Hawkins, he went **over the hill**!
Because he **abhorred violence**! He chose
to go that way so he wouldn't have to fight
a war he **hated**! Sure, I'll miss his anti-war
speeches, and his **freaky imitations of the**
General, and his **flag-burning**! But don't
mourn him, Smedley! **Remember him!**
And **avoid fighting**! He would have
wanted it that way!



As a satirical demonstration of how the present Administration widens

IF NIXON WERE DURING CUSTER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Gentlemen . . . before we start the questions, I'd like to show you this **arrow** . . . one of the many enemy weapons we captured at Little Big Horn!

But Mr. President! That's an **Iroquois** arrow! We were fighting the **Sioux** at Little Big Horn!

Well . . . Um—as the **Vice-President** says, "When you've seen **ONE** **Redskin**, you've seen 'em all!"

Mr. President, what was the **reason** for our sudden invasion at Little Big Horn?

Our main objectives in this incursion . . . and I use the word "**incursion**" instead of "**invasion**" because incursion doesn't sound as bad . . .

Our objectives in this incursion were to destroy **SHIN** . . . **Supreme Headquarters** for the Indian Nations . . . to cut enemy supply lines . . . and thereby shorten the war!



Mr. President, did we have many **casualties** as a result of this operation?

Let me say this: As far as I'm concerned, **one** American casualty is **one too many!** However, in a mission of this magnitude, we expected to suffer some losses—and we did! Mainly, **General Custer** and his men!



But, Gentlemen—I would like to add that the latest official body count of **enemy dead** is **three hundred and seventy-seven!**

Three hundred and seventy-seven **Braves?**

No . . . that figure includes **thirteen Indian ponies** and a **herd of Buffalo!**





the "Credibility Gap", MAD wonders what it might have been like . . .

PRESIDENT R'S LAST STAND

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

And, Gentlemen, let me make **one thing perfectly clear!** This is not **Nixon's war!** I inherited it! We were fighting Indians before **George Washington** was President! I'm just trying to bring that fighting to an **honorable end!**

Mr. President, do you feel that we **accomplished** all of our main objectives at Little Big Horn?



I'm glad you asked that question! For the record, we captured **seventy-nine arrows, thirteen bows, two totem poles, three peace pipes, six beaded loin cloths, a dozen blankets, five tomahawks, a bushel of feathers, fifteen bags of corn and twenty pairs of moccasins!** There'll be a lot of **cold, barefoot, hungry Indians** running around!



PHOTOS BY: UPI AND WORLD WIDE

Many people are saying that this operation was a **colossal failure!** Would you say that Little Big Horn was a **success?**

As your **President**, let me assure you that the operation went **exactly according to plan!** The effects of **arrow depletion** and **supply dissipation** will, without a doubt, **debilitate** and **thoroughly enfeeble** the enemy's **future assault potential** in this critical area of **American involvement!**



But the **Indians** are saying that Little Big Horn was a **massacre!** They're claiming a **great, decisive victory!**

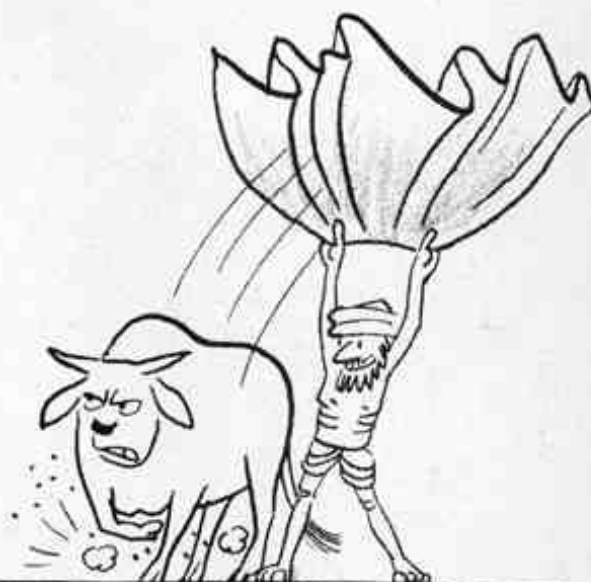
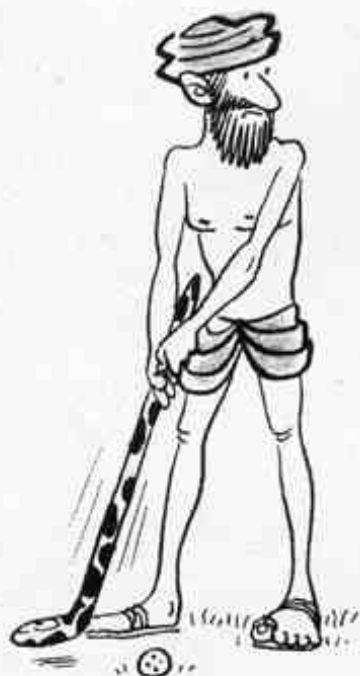
Who . . . and I ask you this in **all sincerity . . .** who are you going to **believe?** Some **savage Redskin**—or **YOUR PRESIDENT?!**



NEW DELHI-CATESSEN DEPT.

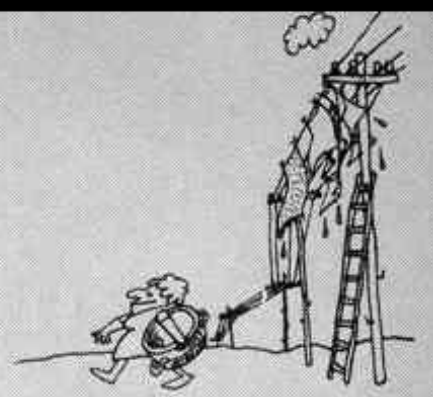
Some time ago (MAD #110) we introduced you to the delightful cartoons of a delicious Brazilian "nut" named Ziraldo Pinto. Now, we'd like you all to...

MEET इन्द्र

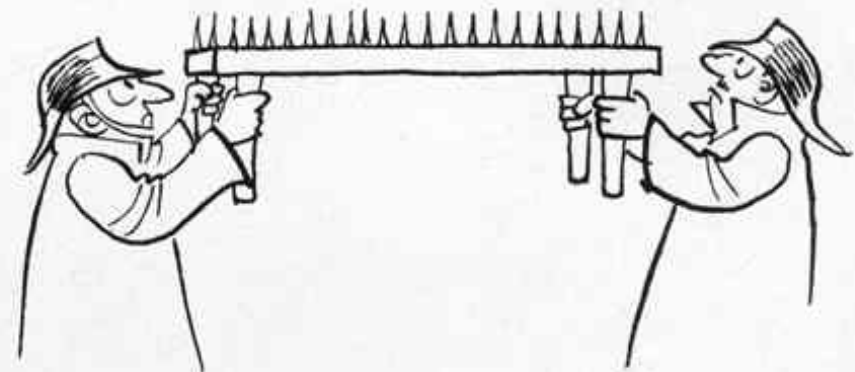


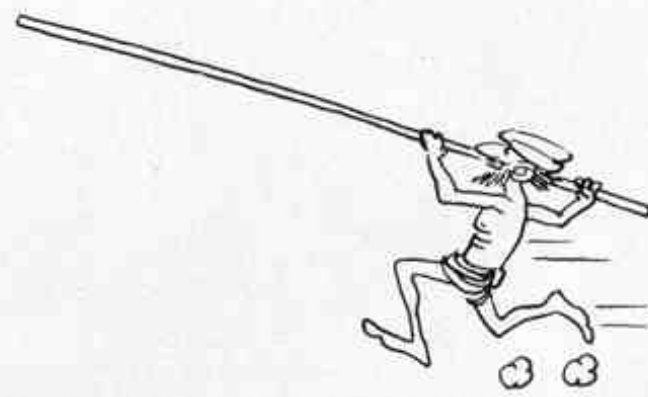
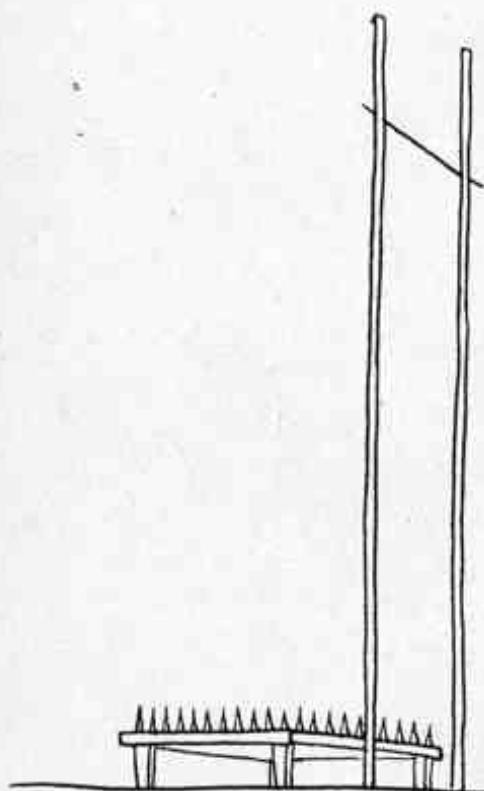
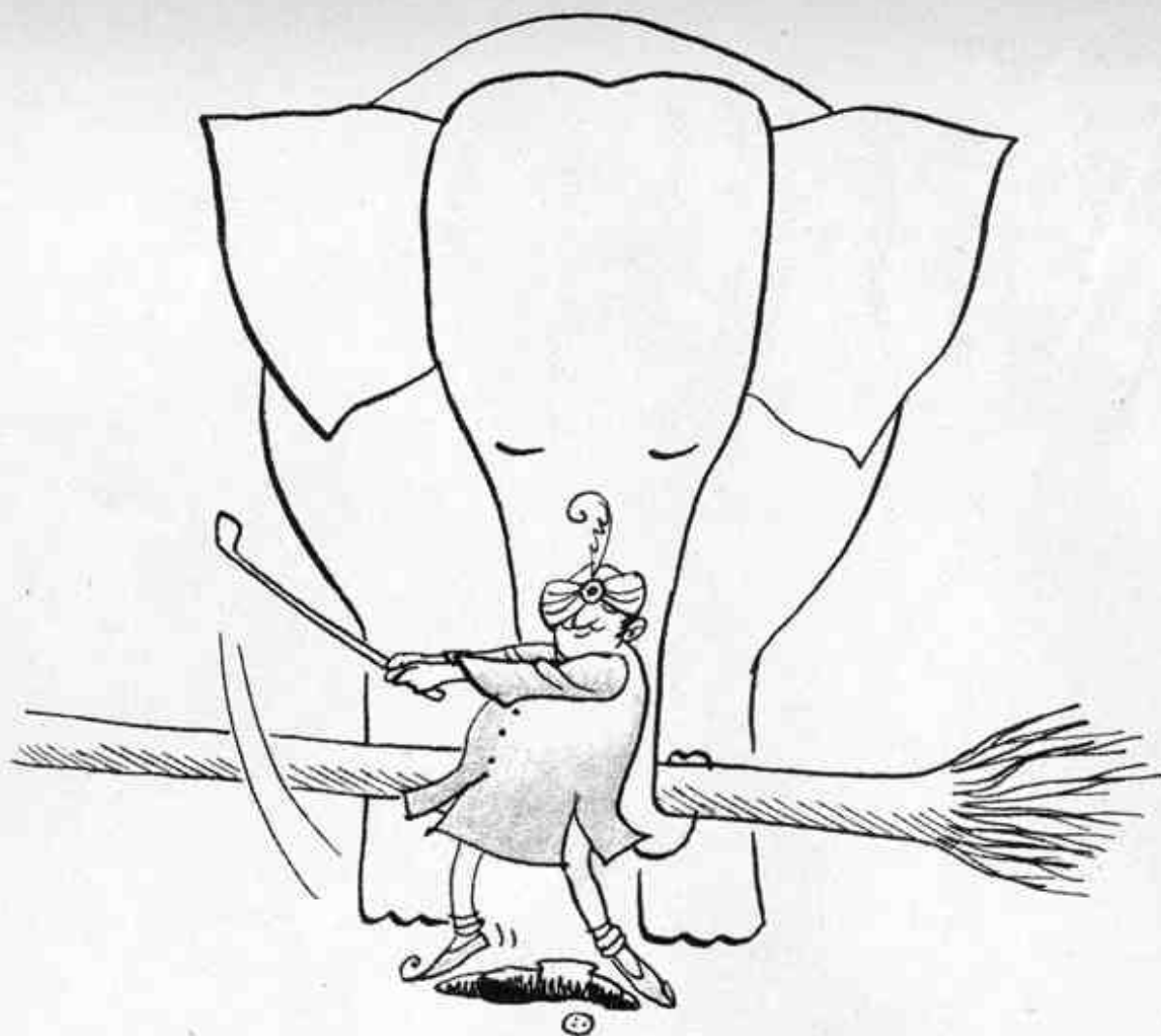
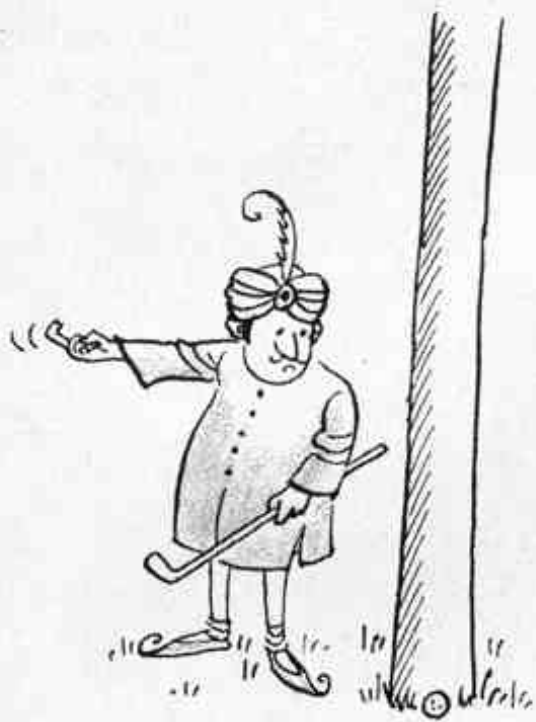
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A TASTY
INDIAN
"NUT"

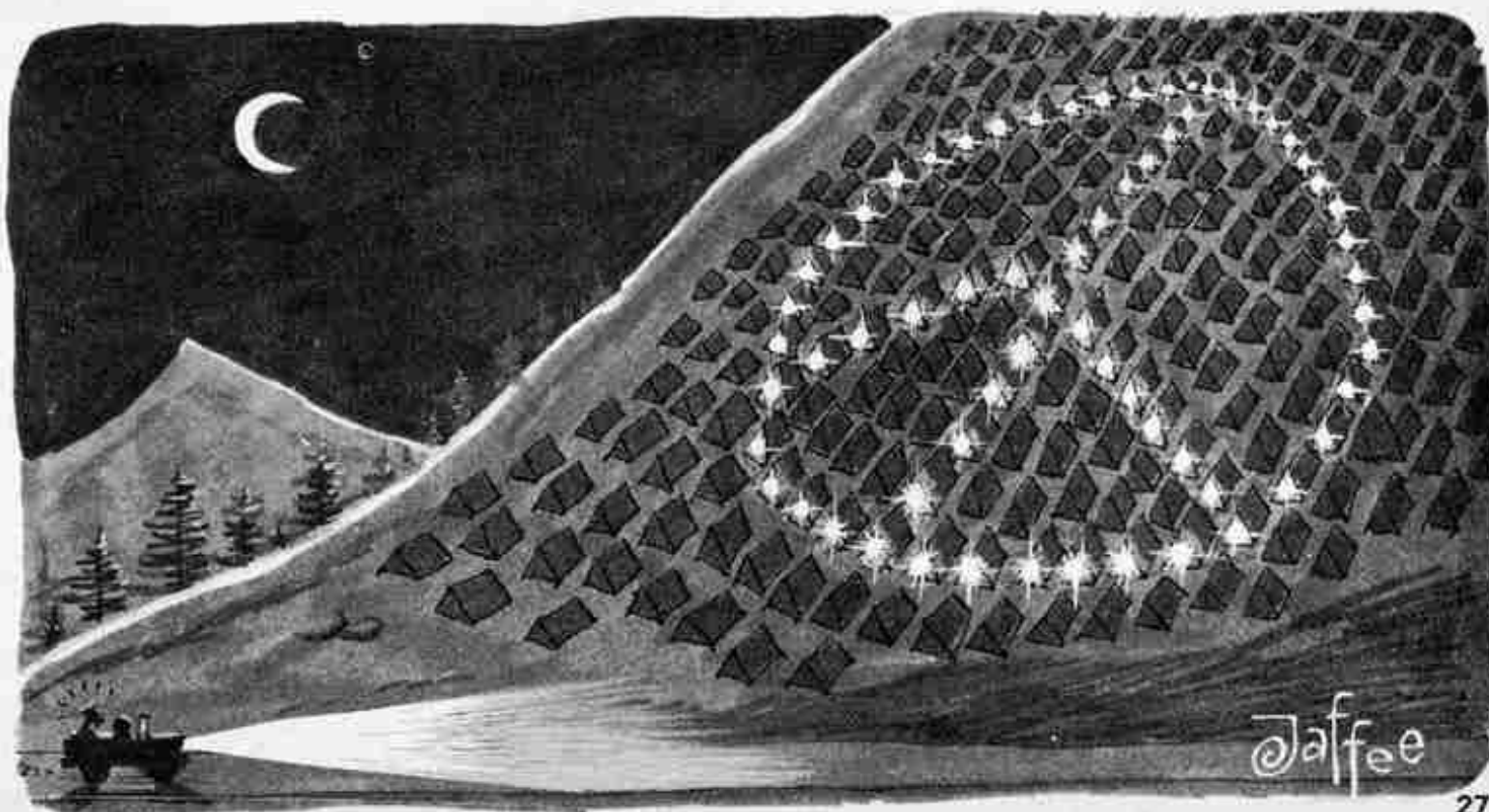


CUSTOMS



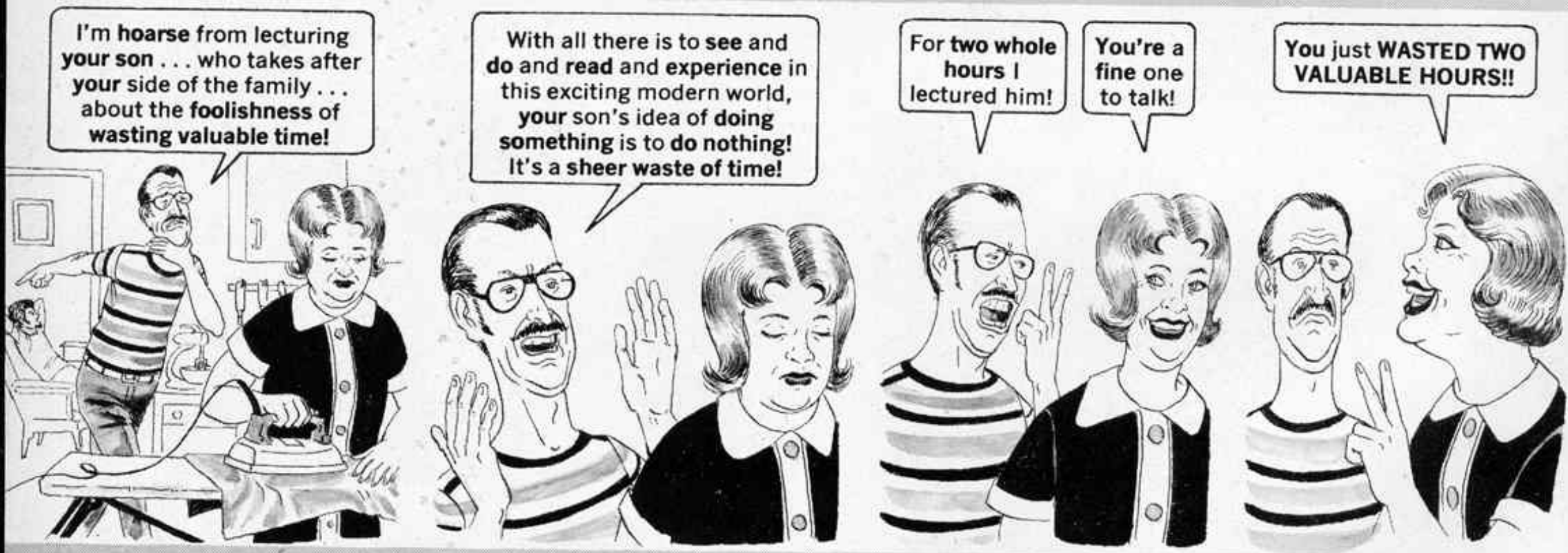
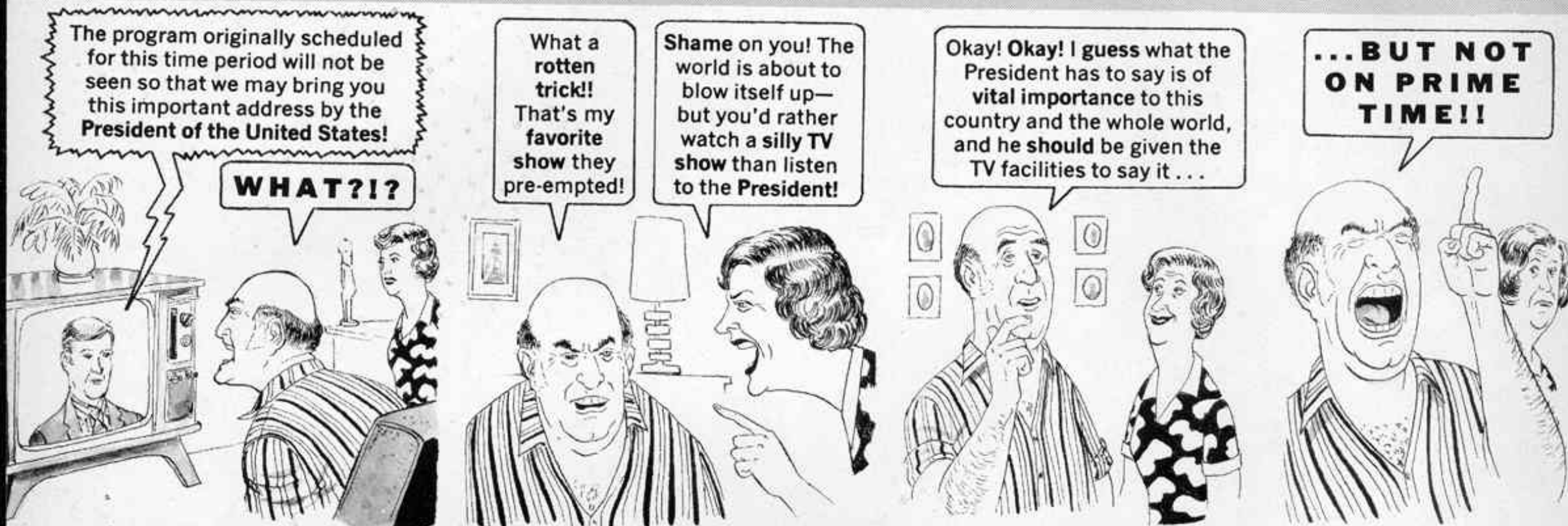


ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

TV



ME



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Oh, won't this period ever end? This is the longest 45 minutes in the history of time-keeping! C'mon, bell—ring already, so I can go on to the next period!



RING

Oh, boy! At last!



Oh, won't this period ever end? This is the longest 45 minutes in the history of time-keeping! C'mon, bell—ring already...



Man, I got this real hang-up about Dentists! I get, like, uptight, and I really go to pieces in a Dentist's chair!



Not only that, but I get psyched out every time I have a Dental appointment! My mind blocks it, and I forget to go! It got so bad, my Dentist started charging me for appointments I don't keep!



That's why this time I'm making sure I don't forget my next Dental appointment! See? I've circled the date with a red pencil! Tomorrow... Tuesday, the sixth... at two o'clock!



TODAY is Tuesday, the sixth... and it's **FOUR** o'clock!!



Ten—nine—eight—seven—six—five—four—three—two—one...



... blast off!



Roger Kaputnik!! Good ol' dependable, precise, punctual Roger Kaputnik! In our entire circle of friends, there is nobody who is always on time like Roger Kaputnik! Invite him to an eight o'clock dinner party, and on the dot of eight, there's Roger! You know what, Roger....?



YOU'RE A BIG FAT PAIN IN THE NECK!!





Uh—Dad, I don't know how to tell you this, but I—er—put a dent in the car!

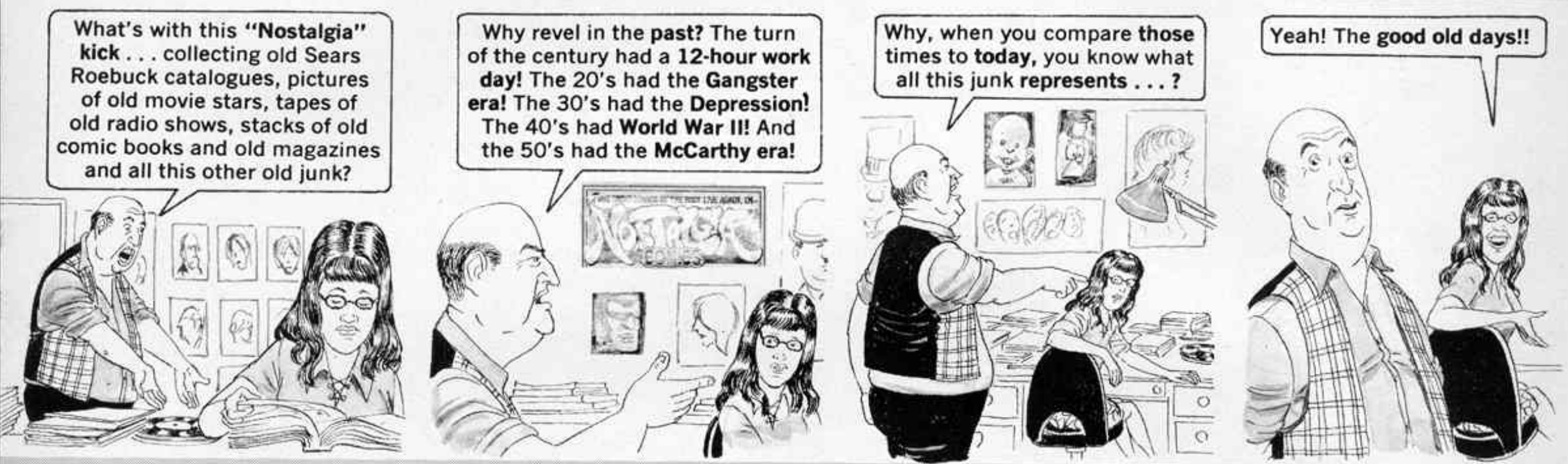
You WHAT?!

Don't you realize that car is **not completely ours!** We bought it on "time"—three years to pay—and we've only paid eighteen months on it!

So, actually, we only own **HALF** the car! The **BANK** owns the other half!

Gee! what are we worried about?!

Just call the bank and tell 'em I put a dent in **THEIR HALF!!**



What's with this "Nostalgia" kick... collecting old Sears Roebuck catalogues, pictures of old movie stars, tapes of old radio shows, stacks of old comic books and old magazines and all this other old junk?

Why revel in the past? The turn of the century had a 12-hour work day! The 20's had the Gangster era! The 30's had the Depression! The 40's had World War II! And the 50's had the McCarthy era!

Why, when you compare those times to today, you know what all this junk represents...?

Yeah! The good old days!!



What time have you got?

It's—uh—twenty-five after nine!

Oh-oh! Le'me see your watch!

Just as I thought! Boy is that ever **SLOW!!**

What?! According to that bank clock, it's only about half a minute slow!

Are you kidding? It's twenty-four hours and half a minute slow!

Today is the **FIRST!!**



Today, I'd like to talk about my financial problems...

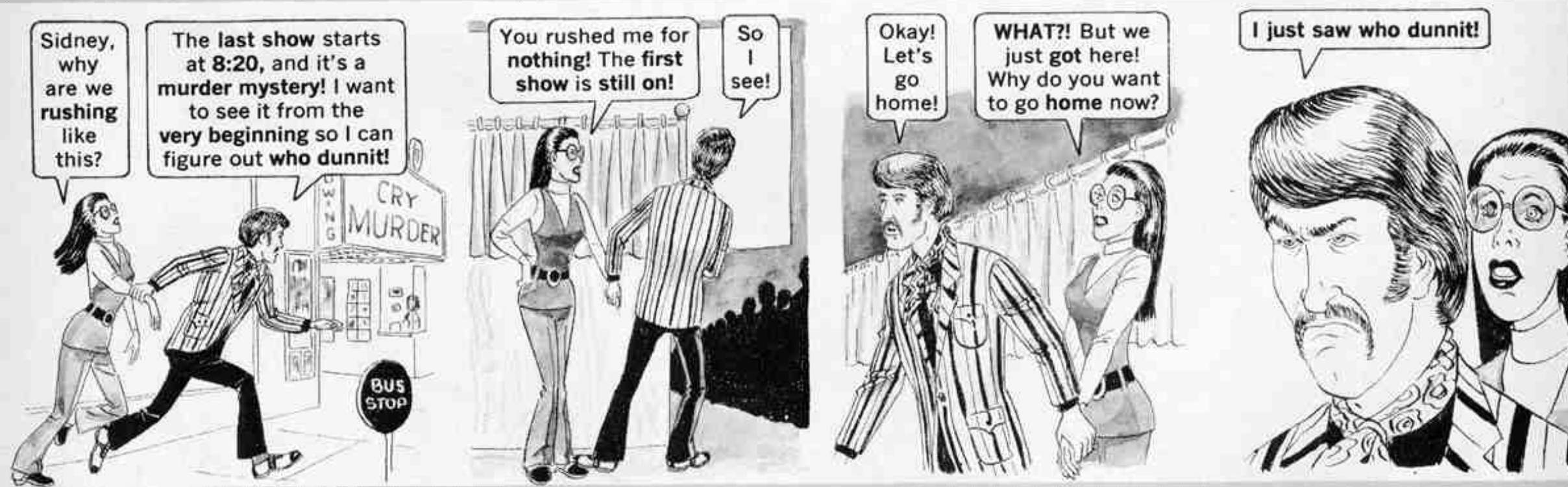
Er—excuse me while I answer the phone!

Hello... yes... yes... I see! Well, suppose you come in and we'll talk about it! Can you make it tomorrow at two? How about Wednesday at three! Fine! I'll see you then! Good-bye...

You were saying you have financial problems?

Yes! It seems I have these exorbitant telephone expenditures!

You see, Doctor, I go to this Psychiatrist who charges me \$40.00 for fifty minutes! So every time he gets a phone call, it costs me **FIVE BUCKS!!**



Hey!
What time
is it?

Gee, don't
you have
a watch?

Nope! I
refuse to
own one!

Really?
How
come?

I'm protesting against our
time-oriented society with
its schedules and controls
and organized rituals that
entrap us and enslave us!

Then
why do
you want
to know
the time?

Because I'm leading a Protest
March against that sort of
thing, and its scheduled
for three o'clock . . . sharp!!

Charlie! You son
of a gun! What's
it been . . . thirty
years? You haven't
changed a bit!

Neither have
you, Sid! I
would have
known you
anywhere!

Gee, I can't
get over it!
You're still
the same
Charlie—just
like you were
Graduation Day!

I've got a picture
of both of us, and
it looks like it
was taken yesterday!
Look, we've got to
get together real
soon, okay . . . ?

My God! How OLD he got!!

Just like
that!? You're
dropping out?!

Yup! But not
completely! I'm
not on drugs!

Well, thank God for
that! But, is—is that
all you're going to
DO from now on? Just
lie there like that?

Yup!
I'm just
gonna
bide my
time!

Bide
your time
for
WHAT. . . ?

After all
the other kids
have blown
their minds . . .

...THEN
I'M GONNA
TAKE
OVER!!

See? By stopping to eat at
a hamburger stand instead
of going to a restaurant,
we saved at least an hour!

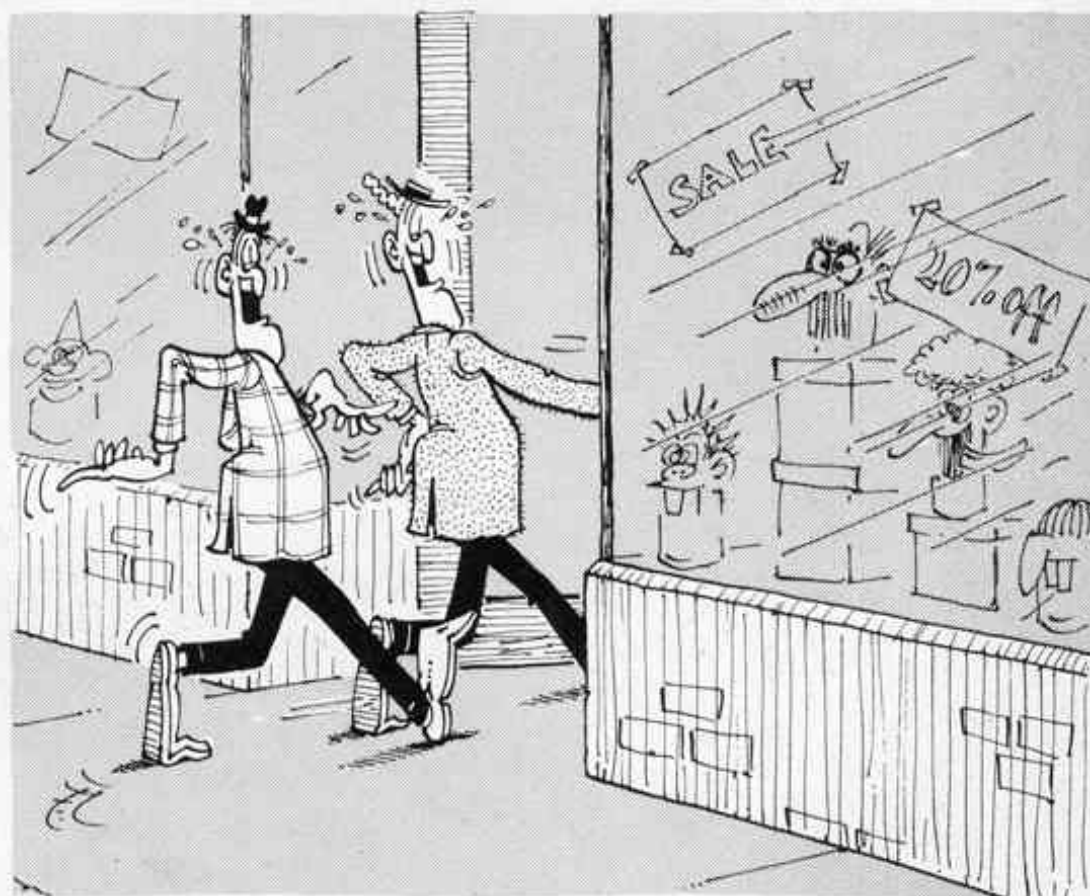
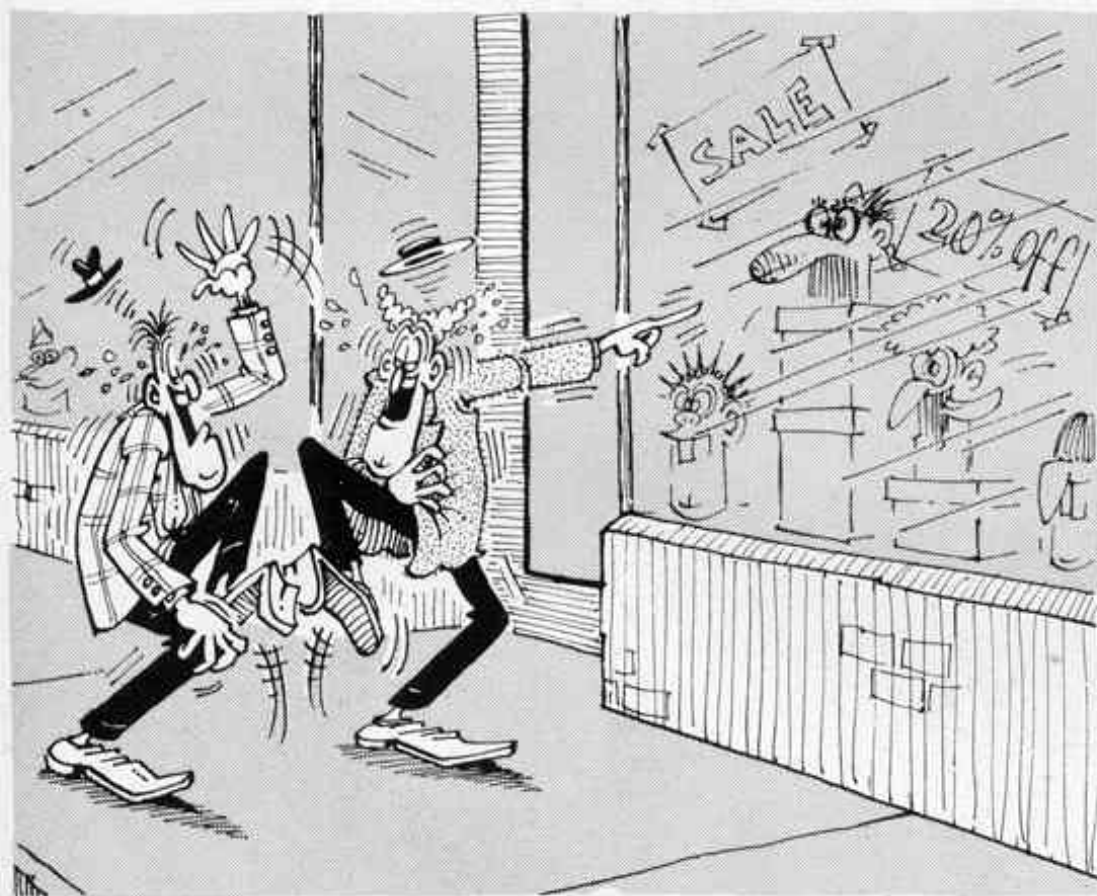
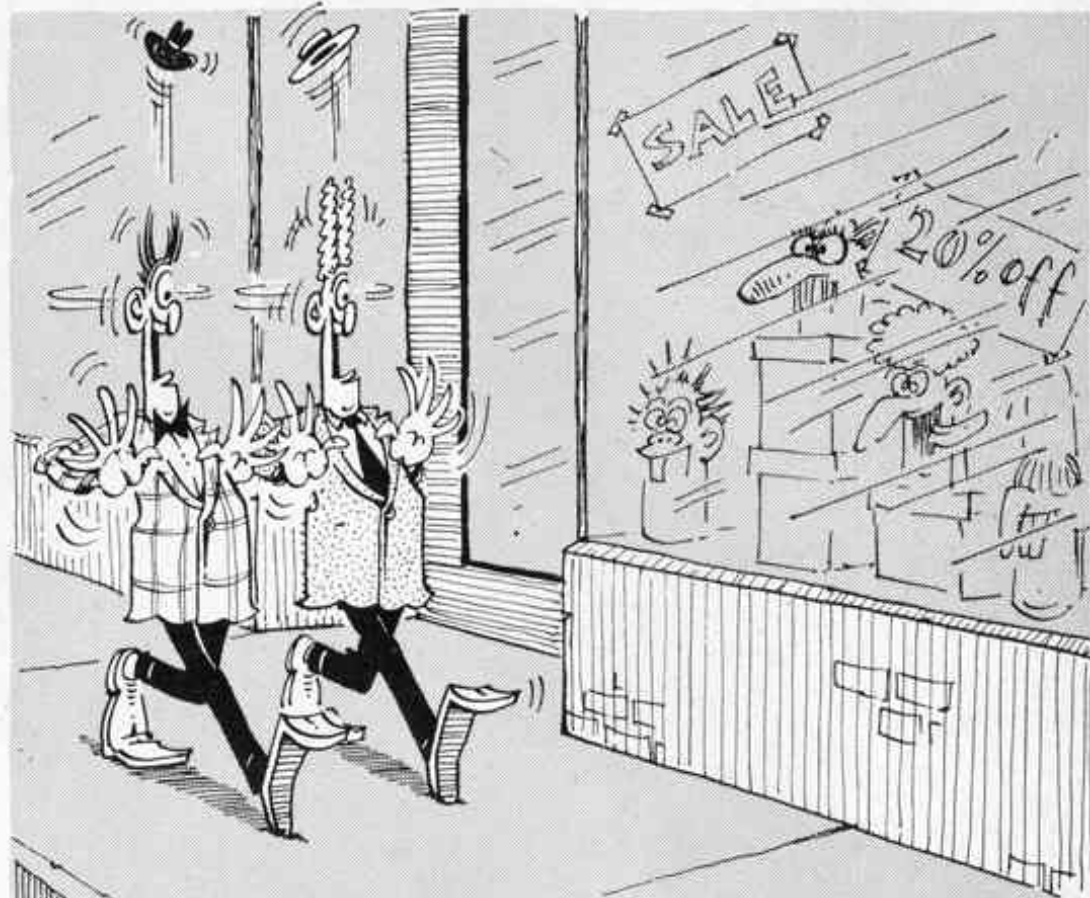
And by taking the River Road
into town, and by-passing the
slow-moving traffic on Main
Street by using side streets,
we saved another half-hour!

And by going into the
house the back way,
thereby avoiding Joel
Finkel, our talkative
neighbor, we saved
another half an hour!

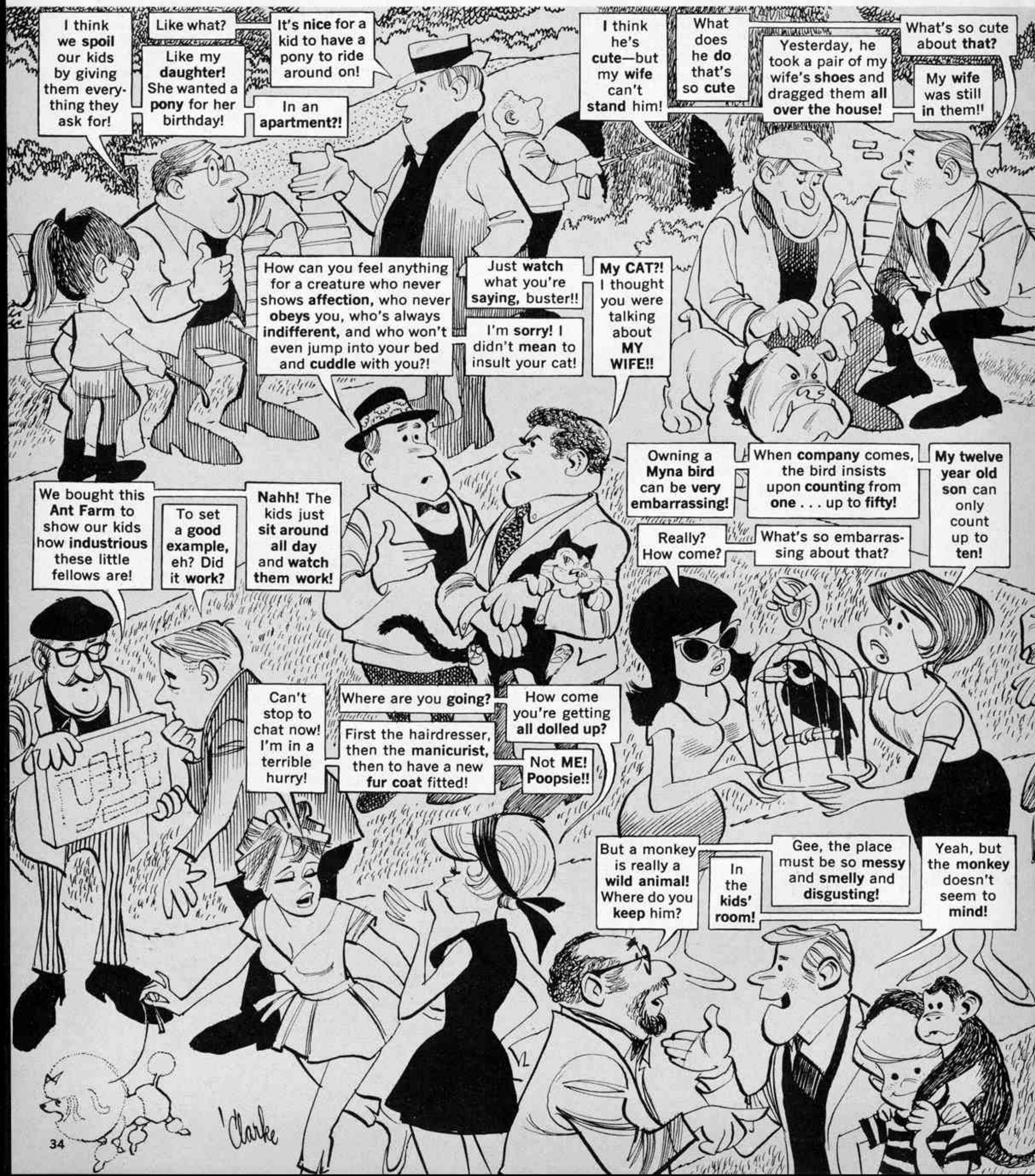
Okay! So now
that we saved
all that time,
what are we
going to DO
with it?

Find some way to
KILL it!

ONE MORNING ON MAIN STREET



A MAD LOOK AT



I think we spoil our kids by giving them everything they ask for!

Like what?
Like my daughter! She wanted a pony for her birthday!

It's nice for a kid to have a pony to ride around on!
In an apartment?!

I think he's cute—but my wife can't stand him!

What does he do that's so cute?

Yesterday, he took a pair of my wife's shoes and dragged them all over the house!

What's so cute about that?
My wife was still in them!

How can you feel anything for a creature who never shows affection, who never obeys you, who's always indifferent, and who won't even jump into your bed and cuddle with you?!

Just watch what you're saying, buster!!
I'm sorry! I didn't mean to insult your cat!

My CAT?! I thought you were talking about MY WIFE!!

We bought this Ant Farm to show our kids how industrious these little fellows are!

To set a good example, eh? Did it work?

Nahh! The kids just sit around all day and watch them work!

Owning a Myna bird can be very embarrassing!

When company comes, the bird insists upon counting from one . . . up to fifty!

My twelve year old son can only count up to ten!

Really? How come?

What's so embarrassing about that?

Can't stop to chat now! I'm in a terrible hurry!

Where are you going?
First the hairdresser, then the manicurist, then to have a new fur coat fitted!

How come you're getting all dolled up?
Not ME! Poopsie!!

But a monkey is really a wild animal! Where do you keep him?

In the kids' room!

Gee, the place must be so messy and smelly and disgusting!

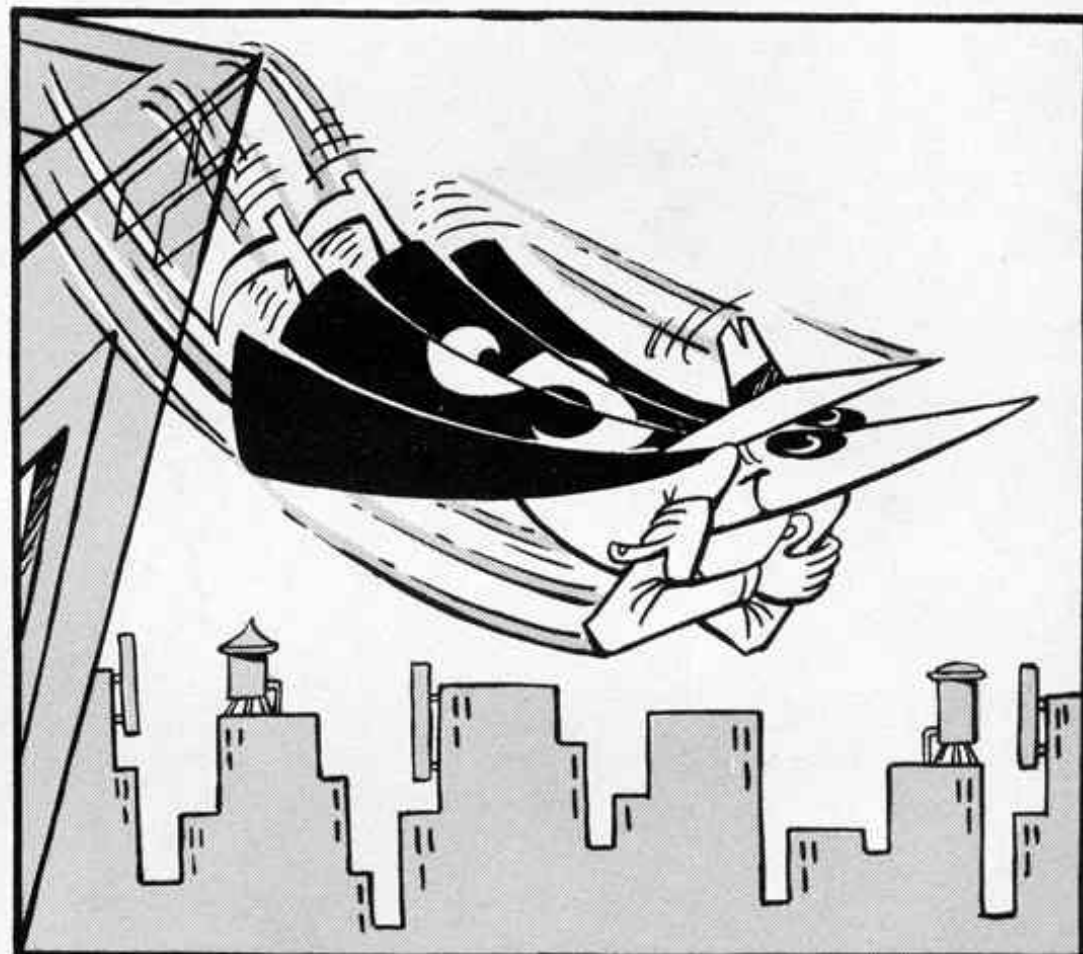
Yeah, but the monkey doesn't seem to mind!

PET OWNERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: STAN HART







Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their bodies! Flex those muscles between your ears a bit by concentrating on MAD's prototype of today's typical body-building monthlies, like f'rinstance

MODERN MUSCLE MAGAZINE

Dec.
'71

75¢
per lb.

The Body-Beautiful Bible for Today's Muscle-Minded Men and Women and Those In-between

The Art Of Posing

Show off your body in fifteen classic poses that earned me many awards and a two year jail sentence
by Seymour Alltogether



I Follow Vitamin E With Vitamin I Only After Vitamin C

by Hans Kranz,
Leading Nutritionist
and Grammarian



Your Big Toe— The Body's Most Neglected Muscle Area!



Get Off Your Fat gluteus maximus And Develop Those DELTOIDS

by Dirk Dense



You Can Live Forever Without

SEX

by Dr. Benson
O'Conner



Why I Left My Husband

by Mrs. Carol
O'Conner



Can Too Many Hormones Affect Your Body?

by (left to right) Robert Richmond & Chuck Tischler

Take away INCHES
from around your
waistline! Add
mounds of beautiful
**RIPPLING
MUSCLES**
to your chest & arms!

**You
Can
Look
Like
This!***

in just 2 SHORT WEEKS!



AFTER



BEFORE

*Same photo BEFORE expert retouching job!

Can't wait for the regular body-building systems to show results? What you need is Joe Weedgerm's miracle course in **PHOTO-RETOUCHING!** Yes, for just a few hours a night, you can learn this fabulous art in the privacy of your own home! Learn the tricks of the trade in no time flat! Within 2 weeks time, you'll be able to doctor up photos of yourself the way Joe Weedgerm has been doing for years! Send for his giant free booklet today!

Joe Weedgerm Photo-Retouching Course
Department 34, Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Monthly Editorial

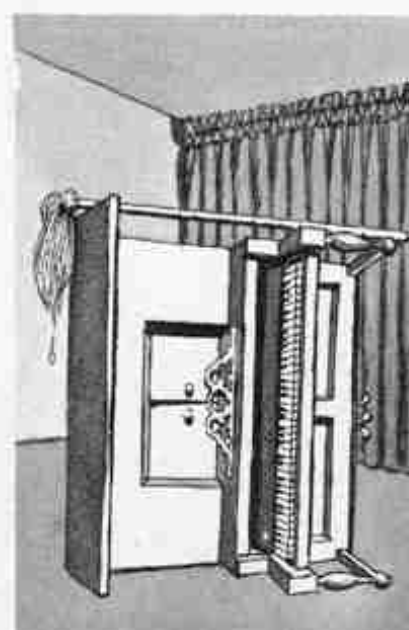
YOUR BODY, THE CAR

YOUR body is not unlike a machine in design. Compare it, if you will, to the car. The food you eat is your fuel. (And sometimes it gives you gas—get it? I couldn't resist that funny aside.) Your eyes are the headlights, your eyelashes the windshield wipers, your nose the hood ornament (some bigger than others), your heart the carburetor. I can go on and on—but can *your body* the car? What are you doing to take care of it? When was the last time you had a check-up? 5,000 miles ago? 10,000 miles ago? If you want to keep your system in top running condition, you must keep all the working parts in tip-top shape. Why not take your body down to your local service station? Do some chin-ups on the grease rack! Some sit-ups on the mechanic's dolly! Some arm-tension exercises by stretching the air hose! You'll also get plenty of badly-needed sprinting exercise when the station manager starts chasing you with a wrench!

If you accept my theory that your body is no different than a car, you will take better care of it. It has helped me tremendously! Just ask my wife—the prettiest little Oldsmobile in town!

Hy Octane
Editor

BUILD A PROFESSIONAL-TYPE GYM IN YOUR OWN HOME AND SAVE CASH!



Joe Weedgerm, once a highly regarded interior decorator, shows you how to turn common, everyday household items into fabulous gym equipment without costing you a dime! Detailed diagrams show you how to make an Olympic size chinning bar from a mop handle and an upright piano standing on end, etc.

SAVE! SAVE! SAVE!

Just \$3.95 for
each volume of
this idea-filled
26 volume set!

JOE WEEDGERM GYM-DANDY BOOK SET
Dept. 55, Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Exclusive to MODERN MUSCLE:

"MR. HAND" finals

Unlike the finals for "Mr. Back and Shoulders," staged last month at the Hollywood Bowl, which Lats Dorsi won easily, or the "Golden Calves" finals won by Frank Corelli at the Metropolitan Cow Palace the month before, the "Mr. Hand" elimination finals had no shoo-in contenders. Thus, suspense and excitement reached a fever pitch when the contestants were narrowed down to the last three.

The crowd quieted down for the final pose-off. Dave Drapeless stepped onto the darkened stage, the spotlight focusing only on his impressive, clenched fist. The audience buzzed with obvious approval at the gleaming knuckle structure. Drapeless revealed the pinky and was applauded enthusiastically. Spurred on, he then revealed both his ring and center fingers. The crowd responded with four minutes of cheers and roars! They could sense the hours, the heartache, the sacrifice, and the nail polish that went into the making of a prize fist!

And then the entire hand was bared—naked and unashamed—for all the world to share! The orchestra took the cue and struck up "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You" (despite the California locale) and the audience responded with a standing ovation. John Forbotten, a former trophy winner turned coach, stepped out from the wings and placed a satin robe over his protege's hand as they made their exit.

And now it was time for Artie Zelda to take the spotlight. And take it he did! Hardly giving the audience a chance to catch their breath from the sight of his massive, rippling knuckles, Zelda suddenly exposed every finger in one flip of his limp wrist. The gasps had to be heard to be (continues on page 73)



DIGIT GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
Dave Drapeless displays exciting extremity before SRO crowd.



Dave Drapeless



Artie Zelda



Marvin Edam



"Give me your poor, your tired,
your wretched mass of flesh
and bones yearning to be firm—

**...AND I'LL GIVE YOU A
BODY OF STEEL!"**

(Provided you also give me \$89.95!)

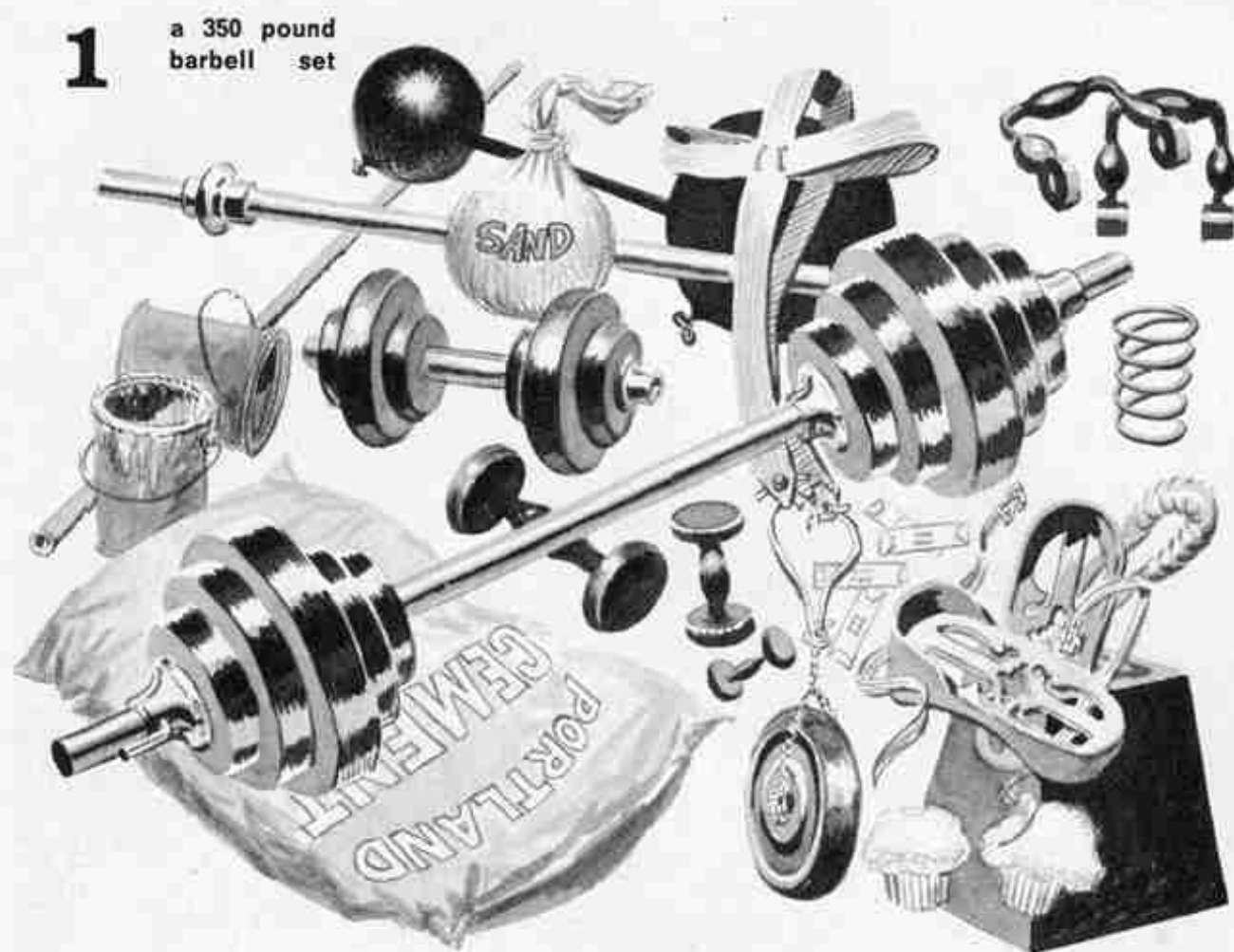
**says Joe Weedgerm,
Builder of Champions**

GUARANTEED RESULTS!

I will add 3" to your arms! I will add 6" to your chest!

I will take 2" off your wallet!

"I never met a man whose body I couldn't do something with," says Joe Weedgerm, body-building expert and part time hairdresser. "Just look at the goodies you get with my Weedgerm Home Gym Training Kit:"

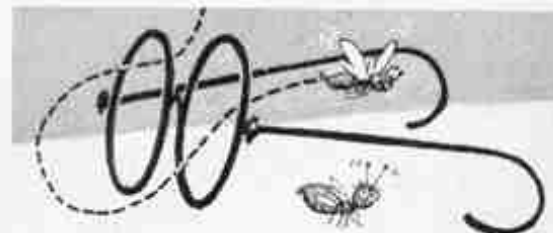


1 a 350 pound
barbell set

2 Hernia belt for
your Postman!



3 Fake eyeglasses for avoiding
fights with those who order
the Super De Luxe 450 lb. set.



4 A complete instruction book
with over one hundred easy
exercises photographically
illustrated by Jerry Fooch,
"Mr. Journal Square", and
Janis Rage, "Miss Action."



Rip out the coupon below **NOW!** If you can't rip it out, better send for Joe Weedgerm's book for beginners: "Rip Phone Books—A Page At A Time!"

JOE WEEDGERM BARBELL & HAIRDRESSER SUPPLY CO., VEGAHOOGIT, PENNA.

Dear Joe:—

I love your body and would like to have one just like it. Please send me one. If the supply is exhausted, then please help me build my nothing frame into a Herculean one!

- ☐ 350 lb. De Luxe set\$89.95
☐ 450 lb. Super De Luxe set\$99.95

- ☐ "Rip Phone Books" (paperback) ..\$7.95
☐ Special Hairdressing Kit\$24.95

NAME _____ AGE _____ SEX (yes or no) _____
ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

SPOTLIGHT ON

SEX

MODERN
MUSCLE'S
Monthly
Interview
Conducted
by
Rock River

QUESTION: Can too much sex make you crazy?

ASKED OF: Dr. Errol Virile, B.S., M.S. (Bachelor Swinger and Master of Sex)

Interviewer's note: In every issue of Modern Muscle we probe into some aspect of sex. Why? Well, as anyone in the magazine trade can tell you, the word "sex" appearing on any cover can mean the difference of 10,000 readers! And since we sell only 10,102 copies a month, we got little choice! But perhaps more important is the fact that today's bulging-biceps-ed, tapered-torsoed, gorgeous-looking muscle builder is too often thought of as being "less than a man," usually in words too demeaning or disgusting to print here! Just because that someone labors feverishly to improve it

by lifting weights or shaving the ecchy hair from his body, or oiling his body with skin lotions and balms so that his body shimmers gloriously in the sun as he struts about the beach, that's no reason for people to laugh and point and say nasty things about his "masculinity"! I'm a body builder and proud of it! And I'll scratch the eyes out of the first person who says anything nasty about me!

With this in mind, let us begin our candid interview with this month's guest, Dr. Errol Virile, Head Researcher at the Jasters and Monson Sex institute.

MM: Dr. Virile, it is obvious from your background and experience that you have been involved in many, many sexual encounters, and certainly a lot more than the typical average person. Does this in any way affect your stability or mental state?

VIRILE: Good morning.

MM: Your biography states that you were a top scorer at college, yet there are no sports listed. Does this imply something?

VIRILE: Fine, thank you.

MM: Speaking specifically, Doctor, what, in your professional opinion is the "healthy" frequency for normal sexual activity?

VIRILE: I take it with milk, one teaspoon of sugar, thanks.

MM: Doctor, in one of your lectures at the Institute, you were quoted as (Cont. on page 92)



"I hold to the belief that there is nothing abnormal about a man and a cow living together, provided they both have their respective parents full consent!"



"Freud once said, just before he died, or maybe it was after, I forget . . . anyway, he said, "'Oh, to be Jung again!' And who dares to say otherwise, right?"



"In the final analysis, a man is nothing more or less than what he believes himself to be, without introspection, without guilt, and without Cheese Danish!"

MODERN MUSCLE Classified Ads

FOR SALE

Okay, he-man. So now you're beautiful... on the beach—but in clothes you look like a slob! Come to Sol. I'll fix you in a suit you'll be a king. Expensive? Of course! But you should have thought of that *before*, bubbie! Sol, suit-maker of Samsons, N.Y.C.

Slightly used barbell set, lifted only three times, dropped once. Inquire Sy Shmendrick, 434 18th Ave. I'm on the 6th Floor. Set is on the third, or possibly the second floor.

LOOK-TRIM shorts keep your middle section firm. Never a bulge from these stainless steel wonders. Perfect for the beach, providing you don't swim or sit down. \$9.95

LOOK-TRIM PRODUCTS,
Trala, La.

"Mr. T" muscle tee shirts. A new, miracle fibre of fortified elastic pushes your excess weight up into your shoulders for extra height and massive upper areas. For instance, if you are 5'6" and weigh 300 lbs., a "Mr. T" shirt will push your frame into an impressive 9'6" height. Blow-out kit included with each order.

"Mr. T" INNER TUBE Co.
Box 22, Retread, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Make money in your spare time by selling "Looks Easy" to your weight-lifting buddies. This unique transparent plastic sheet will support up to 500 lbs. at any height. Pose for pics! Exercise where people can see you! Looks like you're holding up a ton with no strain. Write today to "Looks Easy", Box 500, Modern Muscle

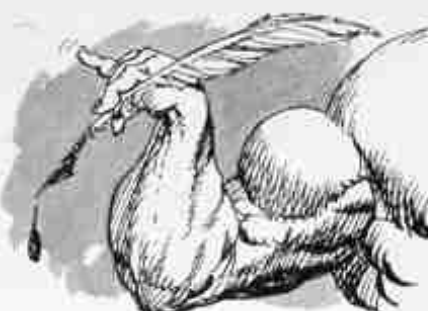
SERVICES

Do you want to tear a phone book in half? If you live in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or any other big city, you've got problems. Why not let us supply you with phone books from Death Valley, Cold River and other towns with few listings until you build up to the biggies? Join "Phone Book-of-the-Month Club", Skimp Hill, Pa.

POSITION WANTED

Muscle-man seeks part time job. Lived exclusively on King Kong banana diet for last five years. Seeks odd jobs like lifting subway trains, crushing cars, climbing atop skyscrapers, fighting old two-wing planes, etc. Write Mighty Joe, Hollywood and Vines, California.

MALE BAG



In the last issue you published 45 different poses of me. I sent you 100. What was wrong with the other 55? Give the public a break, will ya! Also, you mentioned I was "Mr. All-American Man", "Mr. North American Hercules", "Mr. Far East Atlas", and "Mr. Shaker Heights Adonis". But you forgot to mention I was also "Miss Nebraska".

Verily truly,

Sonny Capistrano
Muscle Bitch, California

A few months ago I read your ad about how the skinny guy's girl friend would say, "Hey, skinny!" to him and guys would kick sand in his face. Then he sent away for your barbell set and he became strong and not skinny anymore. Well, there was this guy in my neighborhood who always made fun of me and called me, "Hey, skinny!" so I sent for your barbells and I really fixed him. One day I challenged him to weight-lifting contest. I put 120 lbs. on the bar. He went first and lifted it easily over his head. Then I tried but I couldn't get it past my waist. So I dropped it on his foot! And now he's stopped making fun of me because everyone calls him, "Hey, gimpy!"

Thanks,

Skinny Atlas
Syracuse, N.Y.

I always thought the health food and exercise bit was just so much bull. But then one day I decided to give it a try, and boy, what a difference it made! I feel like a new man! I look like a new man! My friends don't recognize me! My father doesn't know me! My bank won't cash my checks anymore! Last night my wife had me arrested as an intruder! I've been fired from my job as an imposter! Just one question—how can I get back the *old me*?

A new and lonely man,

Englewood, N.J.

In your magazine you always show adonis-type people. Quite frankly, I am ugly and very badly proportioned. I have extremely short legs, long arms, and I'm grossly overweight. I've tried to work out in the gym, but people laugh at me, so I've stopped going. Should I be content and just accept myself as I am? I enclose a recent photograph of myself so you can judge.

Please help,

Ill Chick
Chic. Ill.

Dear Ill, Do not give up! There is no reason why a physical fitness program won't help you! And do not let the fact that people laugh at you affect your purpose. Their laughter is a reflection on themselves, not you! Hope we've been of some help to your tortured ego. Just one favor from you now, okay? Could you please send me a few more copies of your photo? They make fantastic gag postcards.

Thanks,

Joe Weedgerm,
Editor

OVERWEIGHT?

I went from a 280 lb. overweight slob to a streamlined 78 lbs., thanks to TAKE-OFF Weight Reducing Formula!



Says Lou Rickets
of Gaines, Indiana

Each 6 oz. can of TAKE-OFF contains only 1/10th your daily minimum requirement of the important vitamins and minerals. This is by design! The result is simple — you become too weak to pick up a spoon or fork! Opening the refrigerator becomes an impossibility! What better way to lose weight FAST!

TAKE-OFF

Weight-Reducing Formula

\$3.95 per 6 oz. can

Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

SKINNY?

I went from a 78 lb. weakling to a 280 lb. dynamo of strength, thanks to PUT-ON Weight-Gaining Blend!



Says Lou Rickets
of Gaines, Indiana

Each 6 oz. can of PUT-ON contains 10 times your daily minimum requirement of all the important vitamins and minerals — and the un-important ones as well! You'll get so much phosphorus you'll actually glow in the dark! Yes, you'll get so much starch you'll be stiffer than your shirt collar! You'll get energy running through your body 10 times quicker, you'll be 10 times as active, and you'll die 10 times sooner! What better way to fill out!

PUT-ON

Weight-Gaining Blend

\$3.95 per 6 oz. can

Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Stay just as you are with

STATUS QUO

A new product from the famous Weedgerm laboratories designed for those who want to stay as lovely as they are! And just what is this miracle ingredient? You guessed it—"Take-Off" and "Put-On" (see above ads) in equal proportions to counter-balance each others effect! A new first for famous

WEEDGERM
LABORATORIES

STATUS QUO

\$4.95 per 6 oz. can

Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Ever since Television began, situation comedies have been, more or less, the same. Now, all of a sudden, a new situation comedy has come along . . . and it's entirely different from the old-fashioned family fare. It doesn't deal with the same old stupid subjects involving idiotic, unbelievable characters. Instead, it concerns itself with relevant "now" subjects, involving even more idiotic unbelievable characters! Here, then, is MAD's version of . . .

GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE

This Week's Episode: "A Visit From A World War II Buddy"

Hi, there—and welcome to the Middle American home of TV's first and foremost foul-mouthed father-image, Starchie Bunkerhill . . . and me, his incredibly stupid wife, Meathead . . .

Each week we bring you another episode in our lives . . . filled with hilarious controversy and uproarious vulgarity! Oh—our "Special Guest Shock-Word" for this week is "FAGGOT" . . .

And now, before Starchie arrives home from work and starts his usual tirades against everyone . . . regardless of race, creed or national origin . . . let me tell you a little about myself! I was born of Spanish parents, and I . . .

Hey, you dumb Spick! Di'n't you hear me ringin' the doorbell?

And here he is now, folks! AMERICA'S BELOVED BIGOT . . .



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Well, how did it go today, Dear?

What a day!! I punched a Dago, I belted a Coon, and I kicked a Mick!

See, Starch? It all evens up! Yesterday you complained you had a BAD day!

I'll get the phone . . .

BRRRING

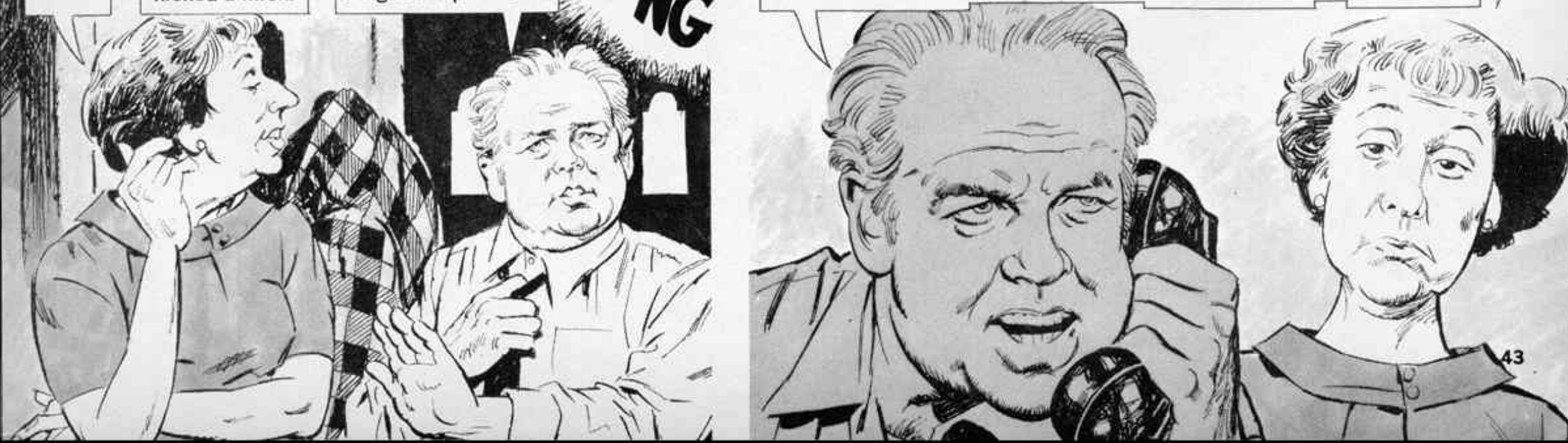
Listen to me, you dirty rotten Hebe! I had it with you pushy Jews! When you seen one Kike, you seen 'em all!

Starchie, who's that on the phone?

My FATHER! Boy, I hate all kinds of Jews! Orthodox . . . Reformed . . .

But, Starchie . . . Your Father is Protestant!

They're the worst kind!!



Isn't he simply adorable, folks? See why America loves him so much?

Shut your ugly mouth! We only got half an hour, and we got a lot of ground to cover! Tonight, I plan to scream about Law and Order, Sexual Freedom, all Major Religions, and Gum Disease!

What's so controversial about Gum Disease?

You know anyone ELSE besides me who's for it?

Well, well! Here come the two dummies who live with us!

Hi, there, folks! I'm Starchie's moronic daughter, Gloriosky!

And I'm her nebbish husband, Meek!

We've got a special function on the show! While Conservatives in the audience identify with him, the Liberals can identify with us!

Now you know why Liberalism is dying in this country!

And what have you two young Liberals been up to today?

We were out collecting money for a worthy cause! We're fighting hard to liberalize the Abortion Laws for men!

But MEN can't have abortions!

We KNOW that! That's why we're fighting so hard!

You know something, Gloriosky! You're the spittin' image of your Mother!

Mother, tell him to stop saying things like that!

WHY, dear? You ARE the spitting image of me!

Yeah, but he always spits after he says it!

Hocccch... PTUIII!

What's new, you stupid Polack?

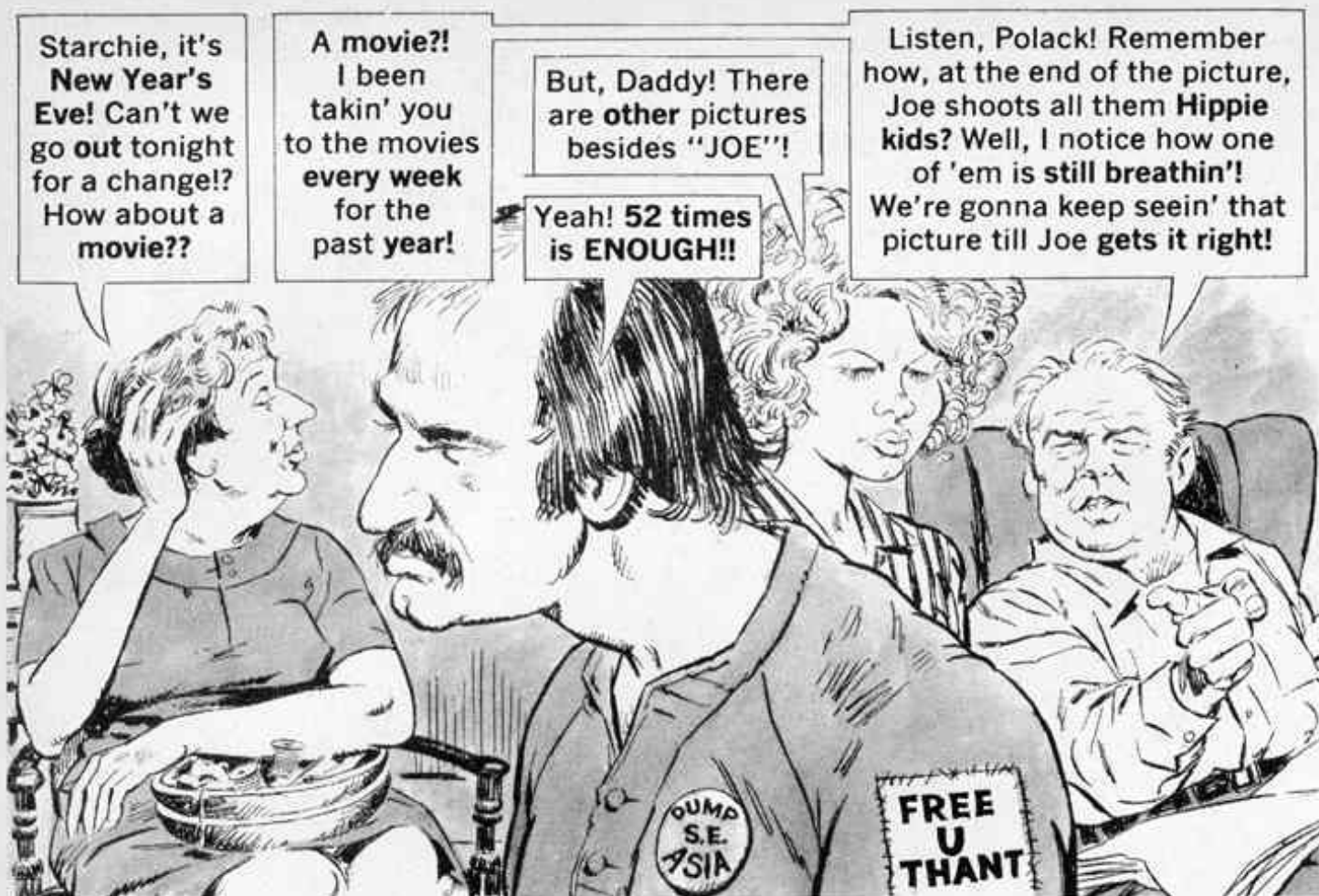
Starchie, MUST you say that?

Why not? I always say it! And then you call me a reactionary pig! And then I yell at you and you yell at me! Look, I work hard all day! Ain't I entitled to a LITTLE pleasure?!

But not tonight, Starchie! It's New Year's Eve!

New Year's Eve?! Why didn't you SAY so?!

What's new... you stupid Polack?



Starchie, it's New Year's Eve! Can't we go out tonight for a change!? How about a movie??

A movie?! I been takin' you to the movies every week for the past year!

But, Daddy! There are other pictures besides "JOE"!

Yeah! 52 times is ENOUGH!!

Listen, Polack! Remember how, at the end of the picture, Joe shoots all them Hippie kids? Well, I notice how one of 'em is still breathin'! We're gonna keep seein' that picture till Joe gets it right!

Aw, Daddy! Please let's go out to-night! Meek and I are all dressed for New Year's! He bought himself a new used sweat-shirt, and I just had my hair set!

Some hair set! You look like Shirley Temple's idiot sister! Will you stop wearin' that Shirley Temple hair-style, already! Shirley Temple is DEAD!!

She's NOT dead! She's at the U.N.!

Same thing!



RI-I-I-N-N-G!

I'll get it! I'm expectin' a visit from an old World War II buddy of mine! He's the dearest friend I ever had!



RI-I-I-N-N-G!

COMING ...



RI-I-I-N-N-G!

Will you hold your damn horses ... you &@%\$#@*! dearest friend I ever had?!



Hi! We're the "Brady Bunch" kids! Anyone for a pillow fight?

Whoops! Oh-oh! I think we're in the wrong house!

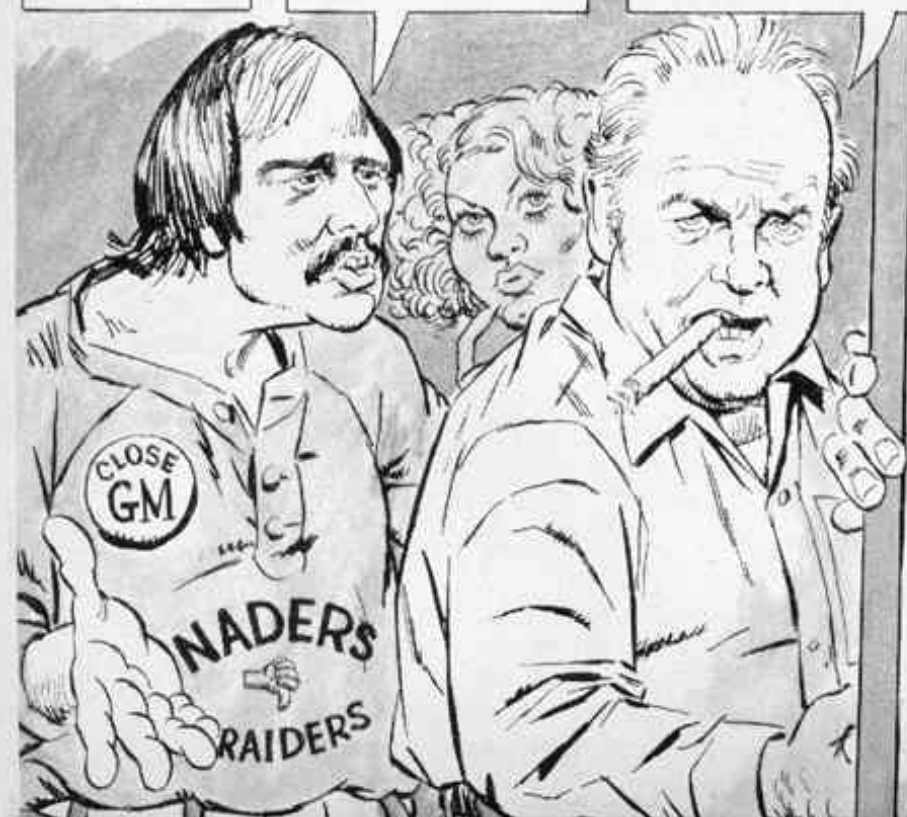
Boy ... are you EVER in the wrong house!



More Hebes! I can't stand Jews, I tell you!

Starchie, the Brady Bunch kids aren't Jewish!

Who's talkin' about kids?! Did you see that pushy, hook-nosed DOG?!!



Le'me know when my World War II buddy gets here!

Wop ... Jig ... Sheeny ... Queer ... Commie ... Belly Button!

What's he doing in there, Mother?

Reading the script for next week's show! It's gonna be the most controversial episode yet! It's called, "A Visit From A Gay Black Jewish-Italian Commie Rapist With A Sinus Condition"!



Next week's show is gonna be a pip!

Starchie, don't you think we're **overdoing** this business of using foul language and doing disgusting things on TV?

You're kidding!? This is an **important show!** It's "**Now**"! It's "**Today**"! It shows what America is **REALLY LIKE!**

All of a sudden, I'm beginning to miss the reality of "**Nanny And The Professor**"!

Can't you see we ain't even scratched the surface yet? Do you realize that on this show we can do any **disgusting thing** we want to do? Maybe I'll belch now! No, I got a **better idea!** I'll scratch myself around my private parts! Wait, I have it! I'll throw up ...

There's a switch! A television performer throwing up at the **AUDIENCE!**

No, I know what I'm gonna do! All of you! **Come inside!** I wanna show you somethin'!

This here is a toilet! You see this **handle?** When you **pull it**, all the water shoots in! And this seat here goes up and down! And you know what this paper over here is used for ... ?

Starchie, we've all seen toilets before!

Yeah, but never on **Television!** Hey, out there in TV land ... **TOILET!!**

TOILET!

It's like your father always says, dear ... When you've got it, flaunt it!

Did you enjoy that little demonstration, Starchie?

Yeah, but boy, am I bushed! I think I'll just relax and think beautiful thoughts!

Doodie ... Peepie ... Kah-kah ... Ehh-ehh ... Poo-poo ...

Awww ... ain't that cute! He's reminiscing over his childhood!

I don't care **WHAT** Starchie says, Gloriosky! It's just **too much** for a Television audience to **believe** that anybody could be such a **vulgar, reactionary bigot!**

There's one thing that's even **harder** to believe!

What's that?

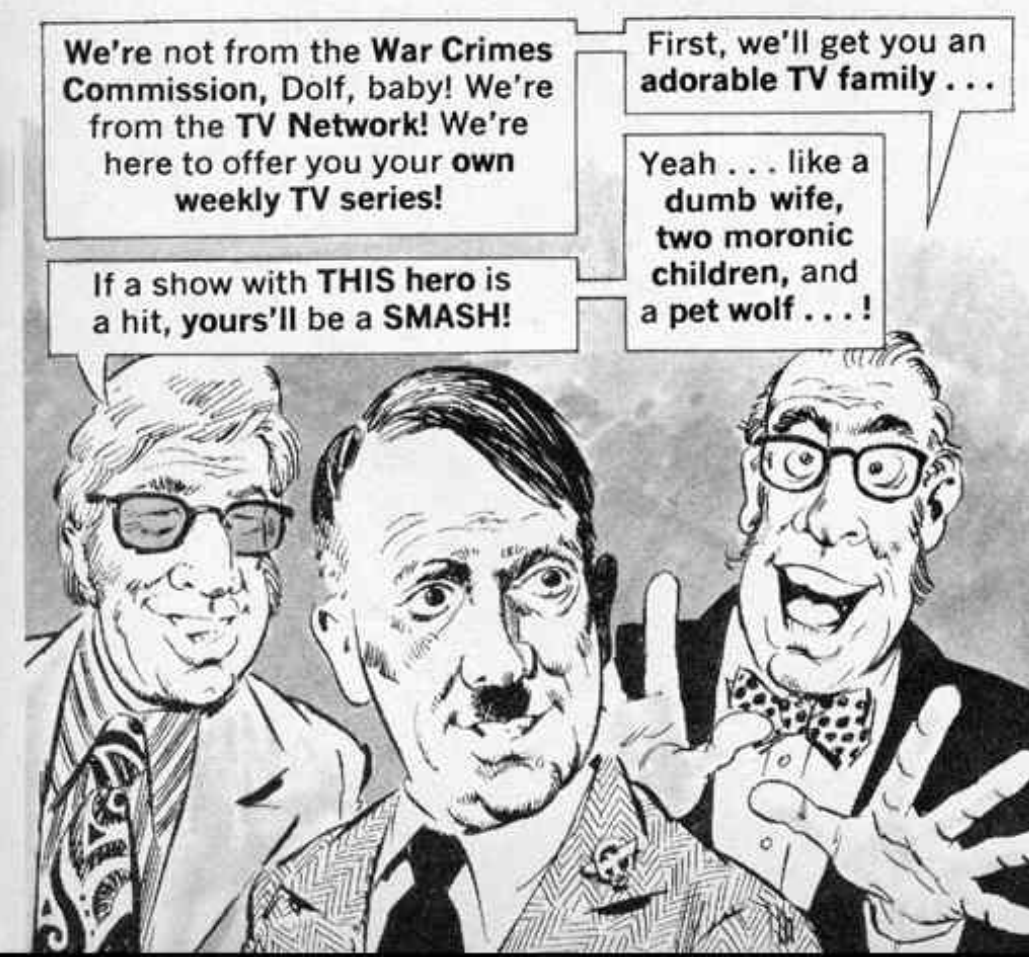
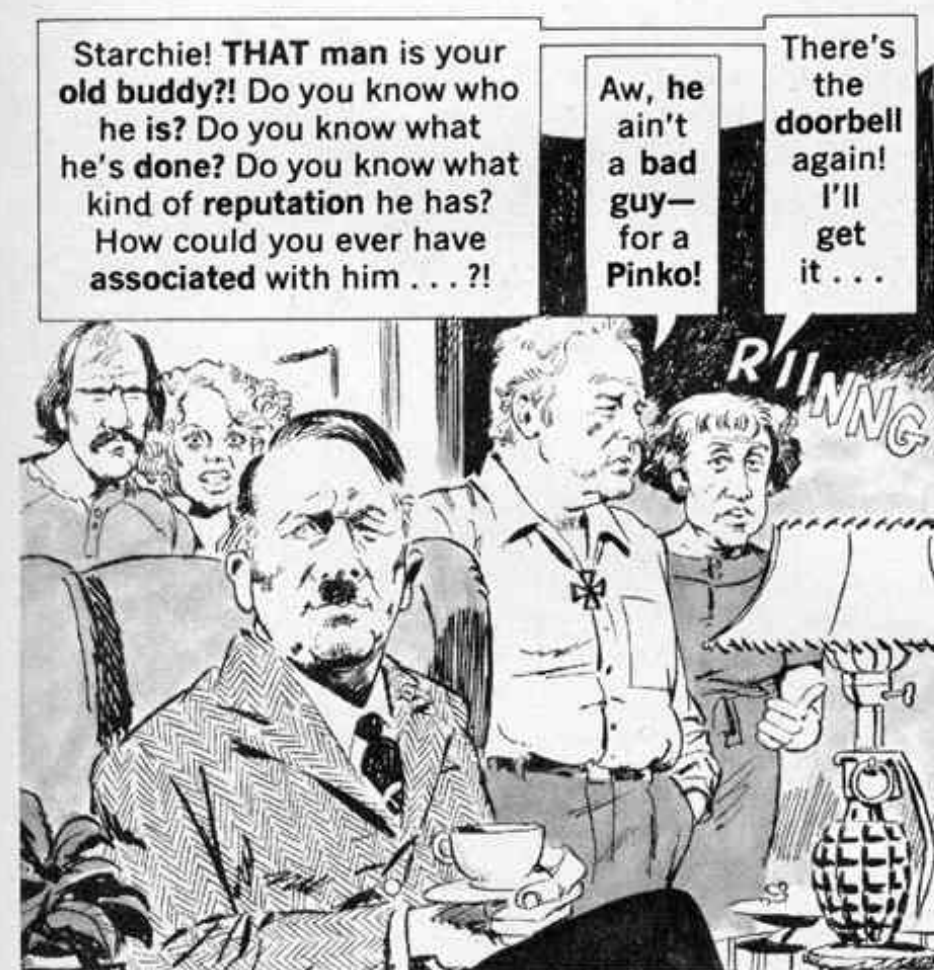
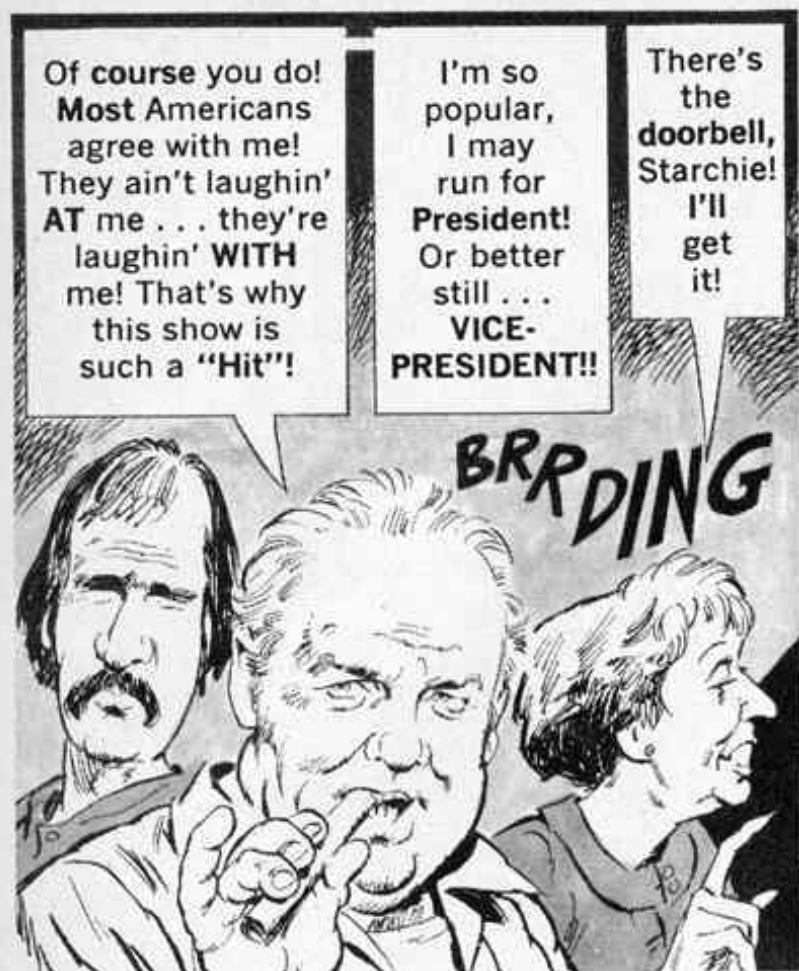
That two normal young people like us could be stupid enough to **LIVE** with such a **vulgar, reactionary bigot!**

Hey, Polack! I heard what you said! You better watch who you're callin' names! There ain't nothin' wrong with me! I just **don't trust Jews** ... I like to put the **Blacks** in their place ... and I don't feel comfortable with **Homos!**

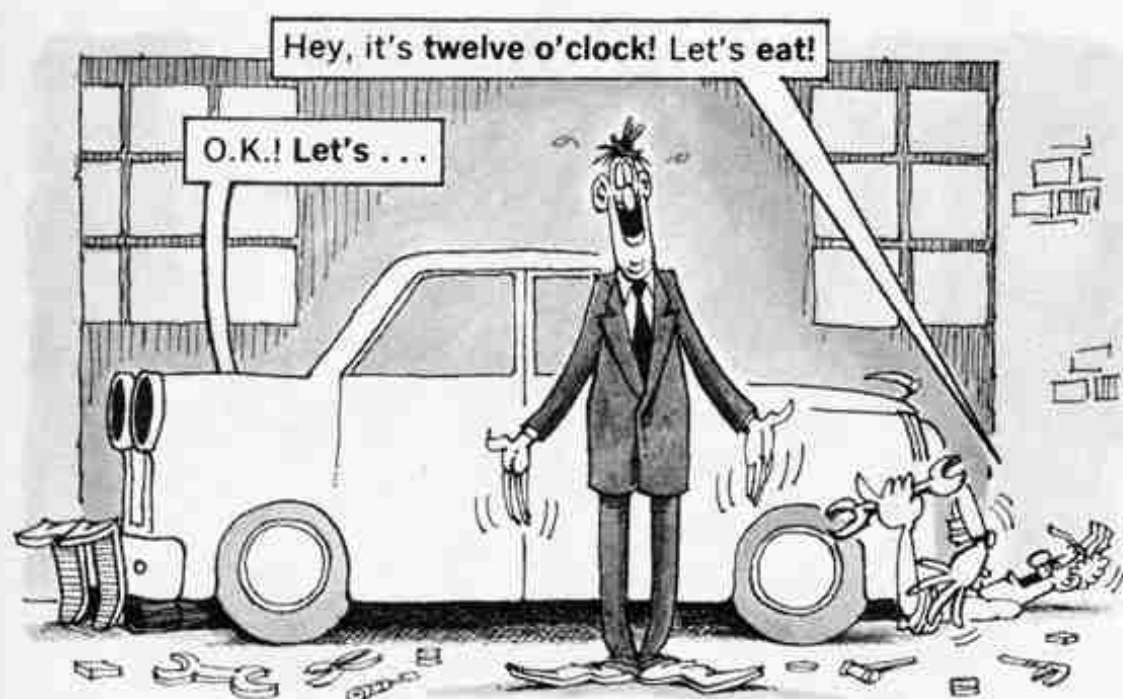
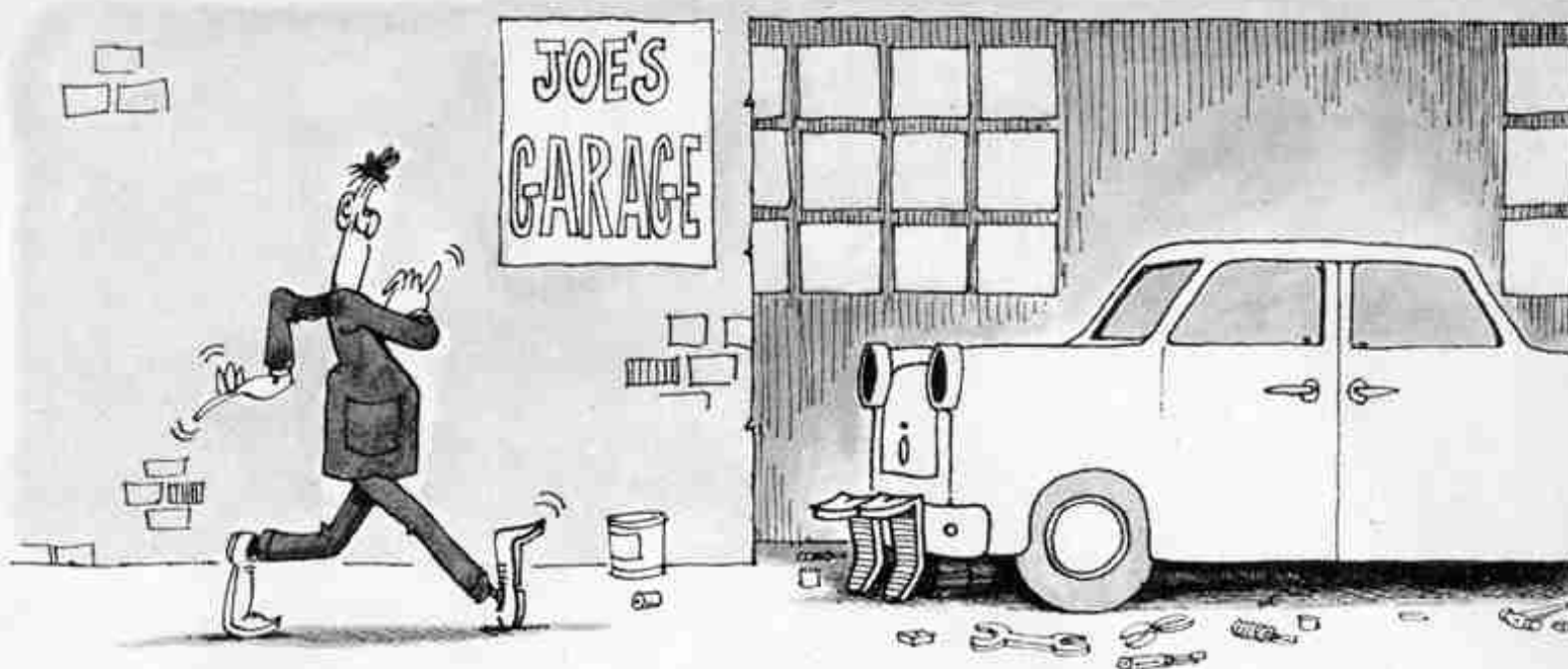
Starchie ... as a Liberal, I'm really worried!

You don't hafta worry about me!

Who's worrying about **YOU?** I'm worrying about **ME!!** Deep down, I agree with you!



LATE ONE THURSDAY MORNING— DOWNTOWN



**WHAT KIND OF
POLITICAL
BANDWAGON
WOULD MANY
REPUBLICANS
LIKE TO SEE
PREPARED FOR
OUR V.P.?**

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

Our outspoken Vice-President has roused many Republicans who are now assessing the chances of their party in the upcoming political war. As far as the V. P. is concerned, many of them feel they have a bandwagon strategy that would prove effective in winning that war. To find out what type of bandwagon it is, fold in page.



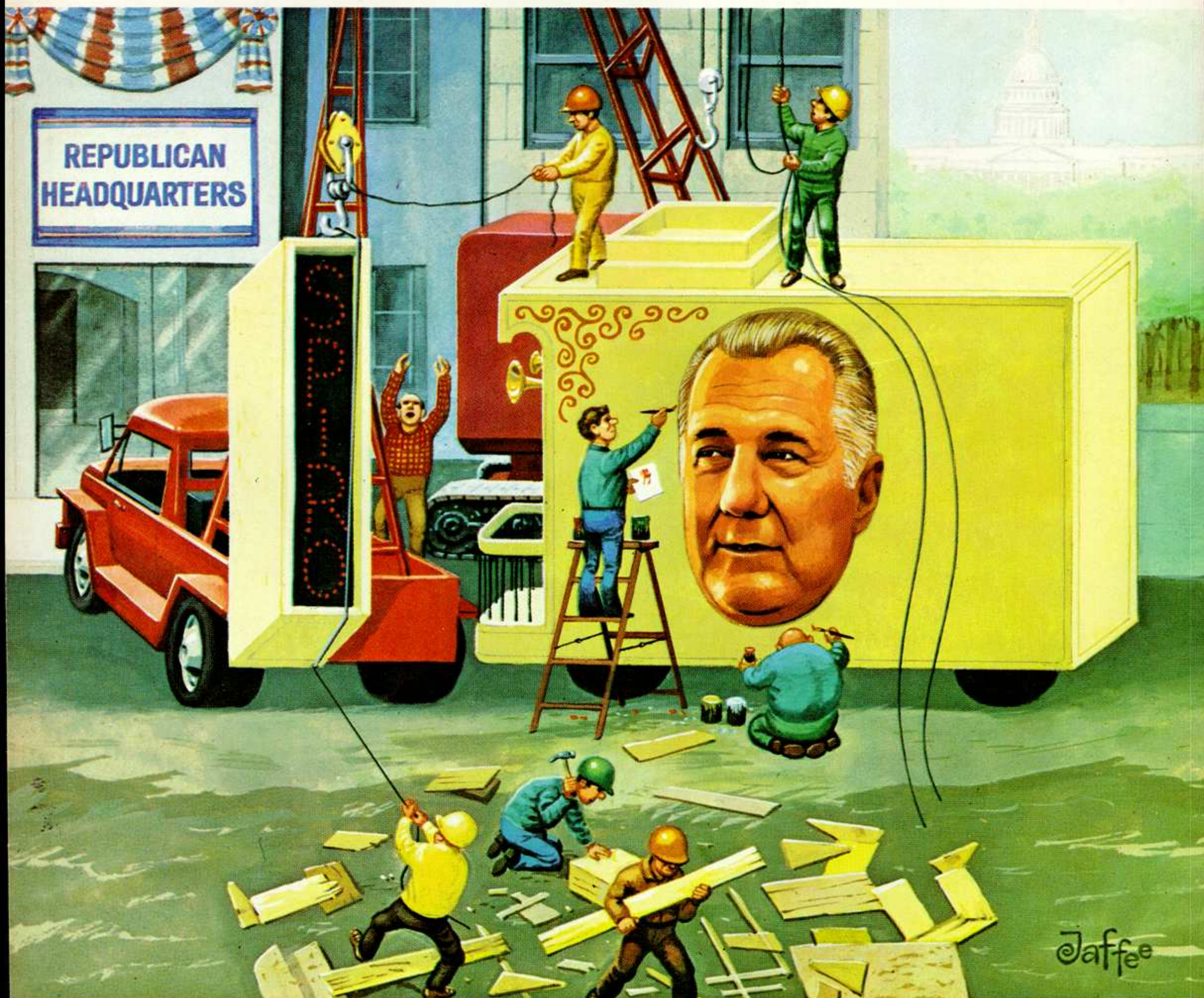
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**A DUTIFUL GROUP OF STRATEGISTS IN THE GOP CAMP
IS PREPARING FOR THE '72 ELECTION. THEY
TRULY FEEL THAT THEIR PLAN WOULD DO THE TRICK**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀B



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LARRY GORE