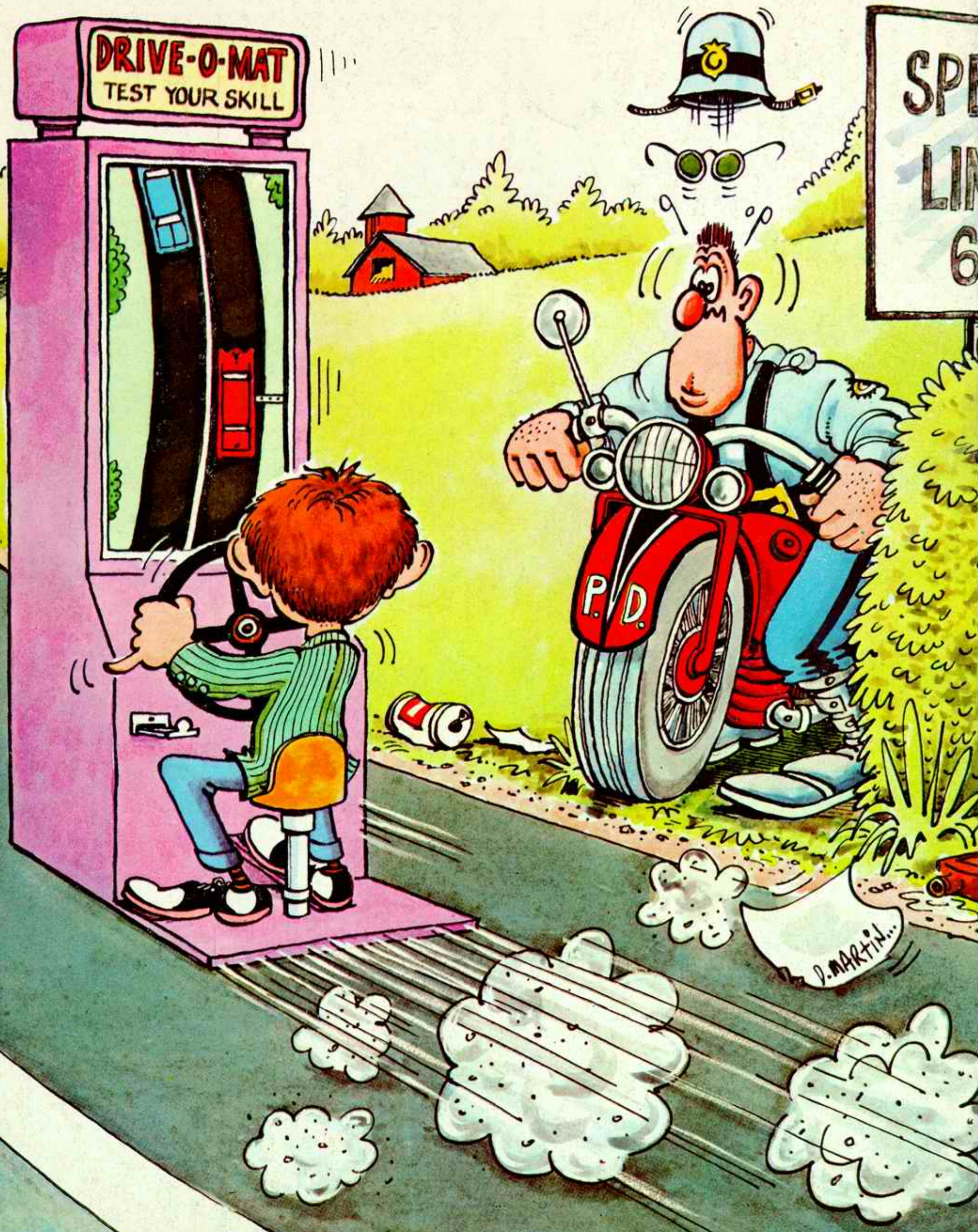


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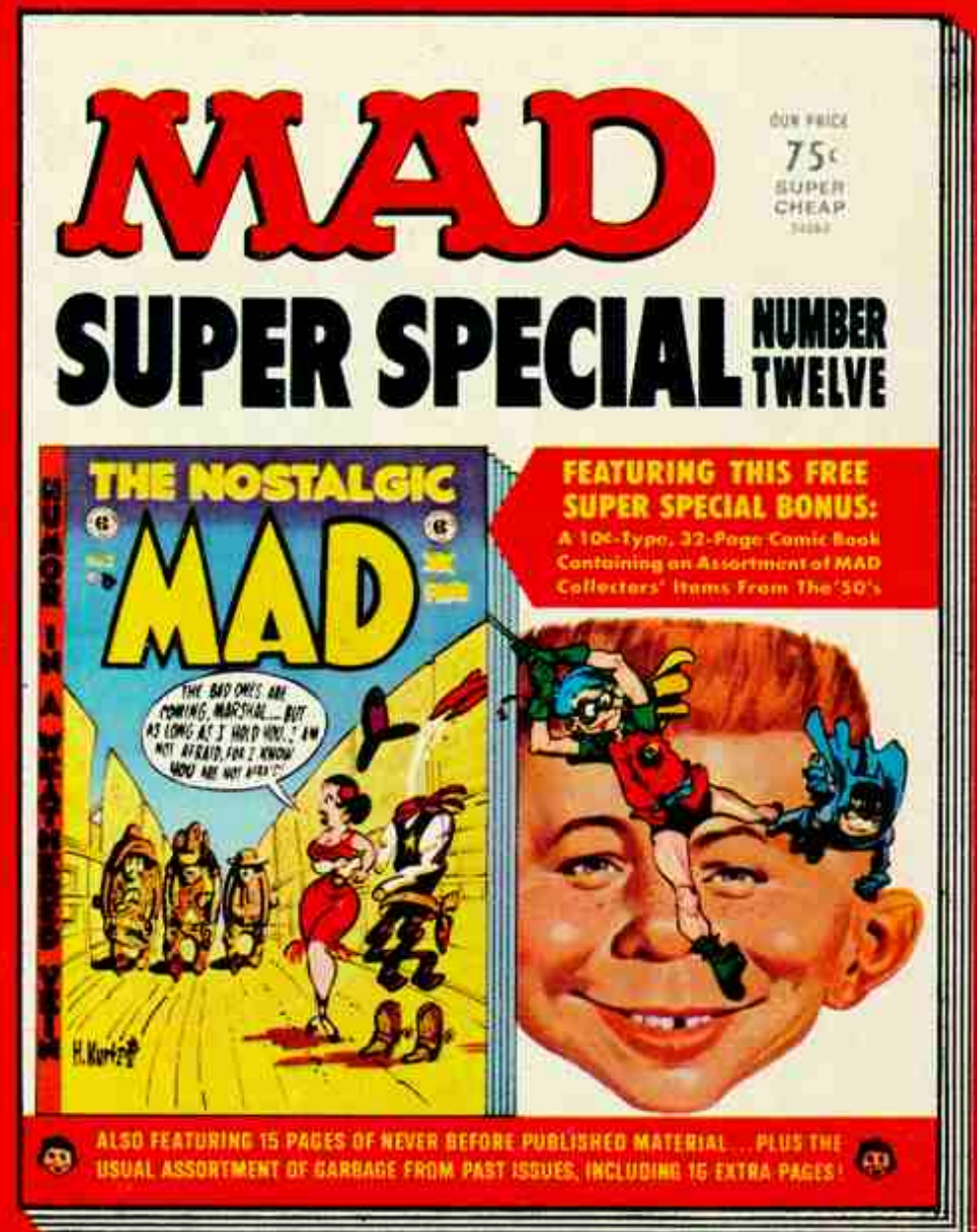
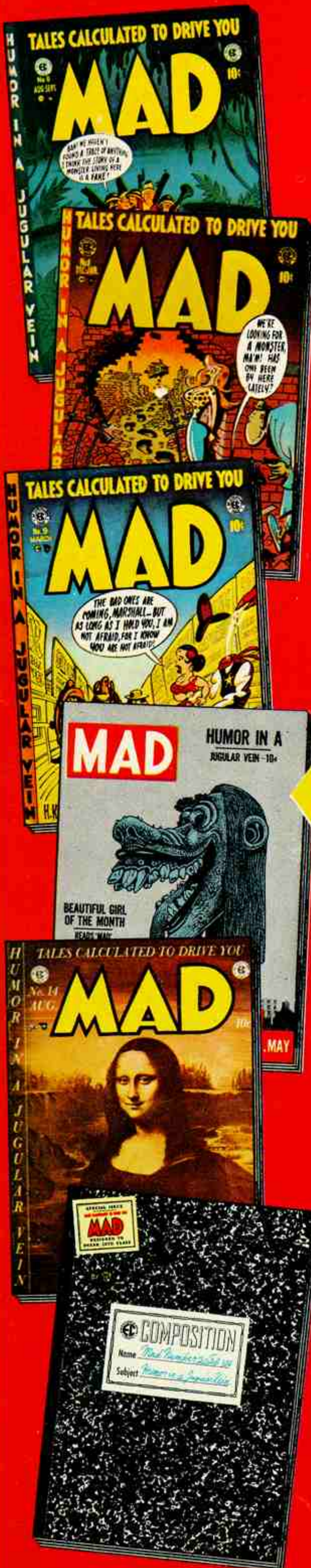
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CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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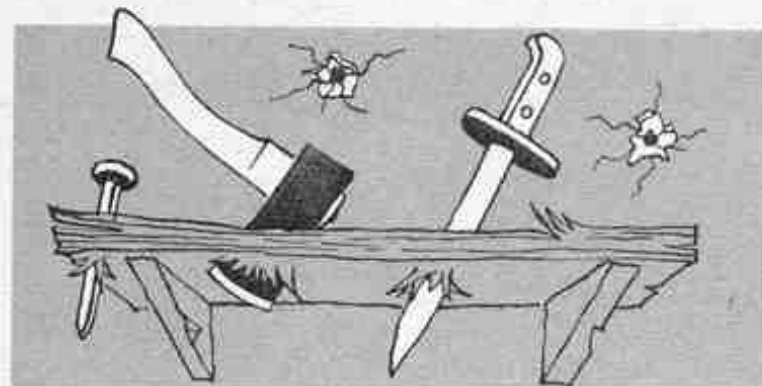
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LETTERS DEPT.



MALICE IN WONDERLAND

Lou Silverstone's selection of Lewis Carroll's work as an exponent of the determining agents and factors of Watergate is sublime. Carroll, as an English mathematician and lecturer, as well as an author, wrote "An Elementary Treatise On Determinants," but I doubt that even his genius could figure out the multiplicity of the Watergate insolubles.

Arthur Greenwald
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

I never really understood Watergate until you compared it with appropriate quotations from "Alice In Wonderland." Thanks!

Roger Miller
Bergenfield, N.J.

Silverstone's and Clarke's "Malice In Wonderland" sure made me stop and think of what a circus Watergate has become. Such suitable quotes!

Polli Sturtevant
Paris, France

"Malice in Wonderland" or "Watergate—Through The Looking Glass" is the latest evidence of MAD's uncanny perception of our life and times. It's too bad the Nixon court does not think itself mortal enough to pay attention to the people it supposedly serves. Everyone should have the attitude toward life and politics that you guys do. Congratulations to Lou Silverstone and Bob Clarke. Lewis Carroll would applaud their writing and art insight.

Willard M. Dix
Amherst College
Amherst, Mass.

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LEAST HORIZON

I thought your satire of "Lost Horizon" was great! I'm presently reading the novel version of it in English Class. I showed the Arnie Kogen-Angelo Torres triumph to my teacher and now she wants to conduct a lesson on it. I never thought I'd see the day that MAD would become an educational aid.

Doug McDonald
Thorndale, Ontario
Canada

You mentioned that the million-dollar remake of Shangri-la looked like a bad taste Miami Beach Hotel. I didn't know there was another kind of Miami Beach Hotel!

Sarah Giddings
Paramus, N.J.

ALFRED IN THE AIR FORCE

Thought you'd be interested in the appearance of one of Alfred E. Neuman's ancestors on an Army C-47. The photograph was taken by my father, Lyle S. Mitchell, during the early 1940's, at the Hagerstown, Maryland, airport factory of Fairchild Aircraft. No information as to whether it was a good luck plane or not is available at this time. Incidentally, I first began to enjoy reading MAD when I was in the Air Force during 1955-58.

Kent A. Mitchell
Hagerstown, Md.



We'd appreciate hearing from any World War Two veterans who flew, maintained or loaded Alfred E. Neuman's Army C-47.—Ed.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

A MAD LOOK AT KARATE

Having just finished reading Sergio Aragones's "A MAD Look At Karate," and being a Shorin-Ryu style belt holder, I could enjoy the inherent humor of it. I was so confident after reading it, I went right out and tried to get mugged!

David Merriman
Albuquerque, N.M.

Sergio's "Karate" proves he's as *whacked-out* as the rest of you idiots!

Salvatore Celeste
Peabody, Mass.

Don Martin was, is, and probably will always be the finest contributor to your magazine, but that fiend Aragones keeps running a hard race.

James Cunningham
Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE CLODS OF '44

Reading "The Clods Of '44" reminded me of the good old days...like before this issue hit the stands!

Jim Barnes
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

I liked "Clods" by Stan Hart and Mort Drucker. It's amazing how Mort can make people kiss *and* talk at the same time.

Gina Bynum
Torrance, Calif.

LIGHTER SIDE OF CORRUPTION

I truly enjoyed Berg's "Lighter Side Of Corruption." So did my bookie.

Tim Sheehe
Fresno, Calif.

Berg neglected to mention the most corrupting influence of all. It's called MAD Magazine.

Nancy Lee Beaty
South Houston, Texas

MAD IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

Your #163 cover that says MAD is a four-letter word should have been *five* letters...T.R.A.S.H.

Martin Pollitt
Louisville, Ky.

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CRISIS!**

Yep, we're running out of the energy necessary to come up with clever ads for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid... and that's creating a crisis in our stockroom. So if you'd like to order 1 for framing, 3 for wrapping fish, 9 for lining bird cages, 27 for training puppies or 81 for burning because it's dark and/or cold due to the fuel shortage, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



AND THE BOND PLAYS ON DEPT.

ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS

8 "JAMES BOMB"

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" MANIA FIRST SWEEPED THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE **"DR. NO-NO"**



James Bomb! Call for James Bomb! Message for James Bomb!

I'll take it, Son!

Is that THE James Bomb?

Yes... the famous Secret Agent with the incredible knowledge of women, food, and especially wine! I understand that he can not only tell you the vineyard and year—but also the name of the gal who stomped the grapes!

Waiter, I'd like a Chateau Nov ka Pop 1951, stomped by Fat Harriet La Clutz!

I'm very sorry, Sir! We're all out of wine!

Then I'll have a dry Martini... 6 parts gin, 1 part vermouth, 1 dash of bitters... shaken gently with ice, NOT stirred... and strained into a large cocktail glass with a green olive!

I'm terribly sorry, Sir... but we're out of ALL alcoholic beverages!

Hmmm! Then give me a Fresca in a non-returnable bottle... chilled well... with no ice... and two straws!

I don't believe it! James Bomb... drinking FRESCA?!?

You forgot! These first James Bomb movies were made on very low budgets!

What a man! He's ruthless... yet suave!

They say he has a "License to Kill"!

He also has a "Learner's Permit to Make Out"!

I know! The English don't mind violence, but they're rather stuffy about SEX!



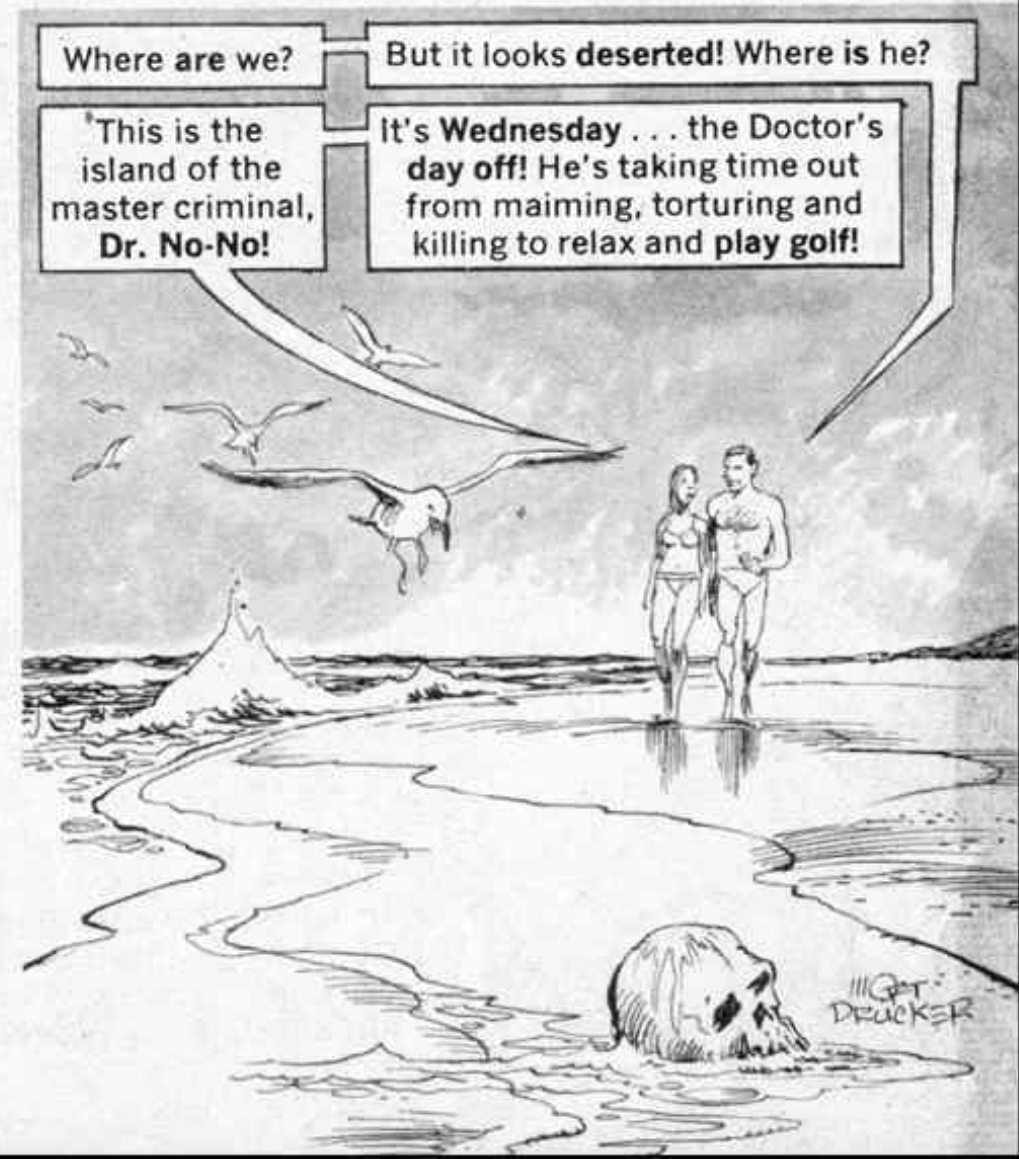
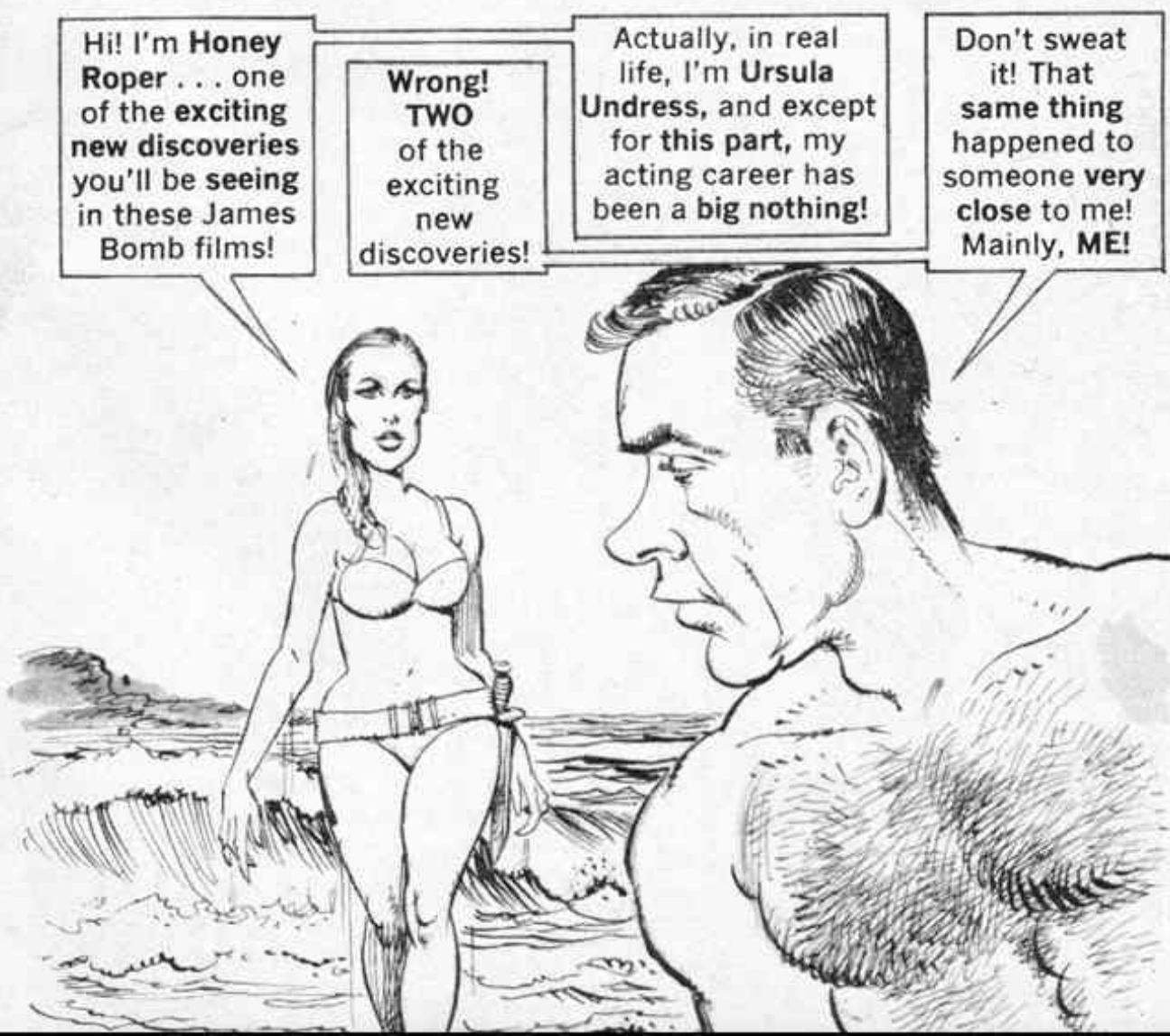
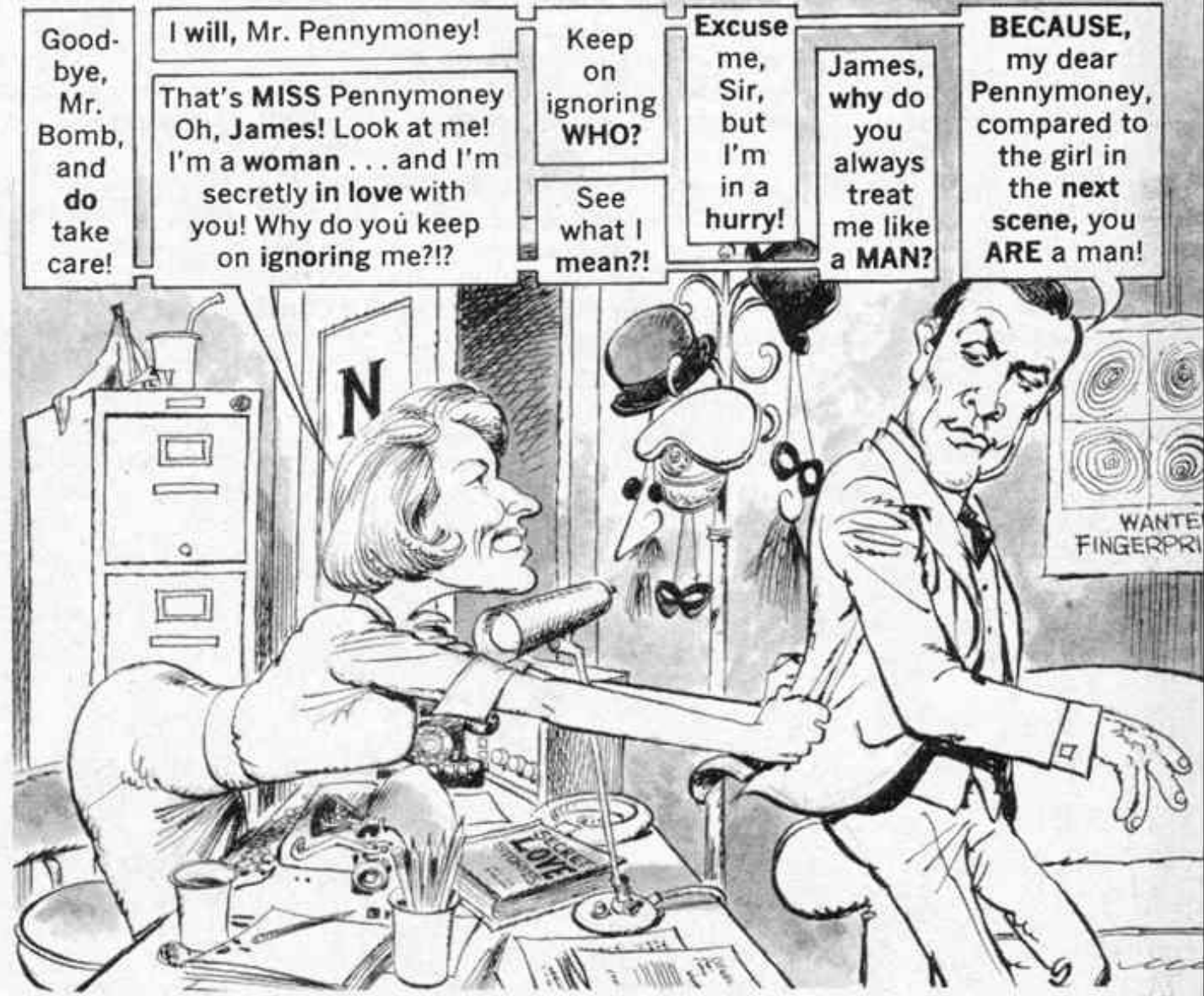
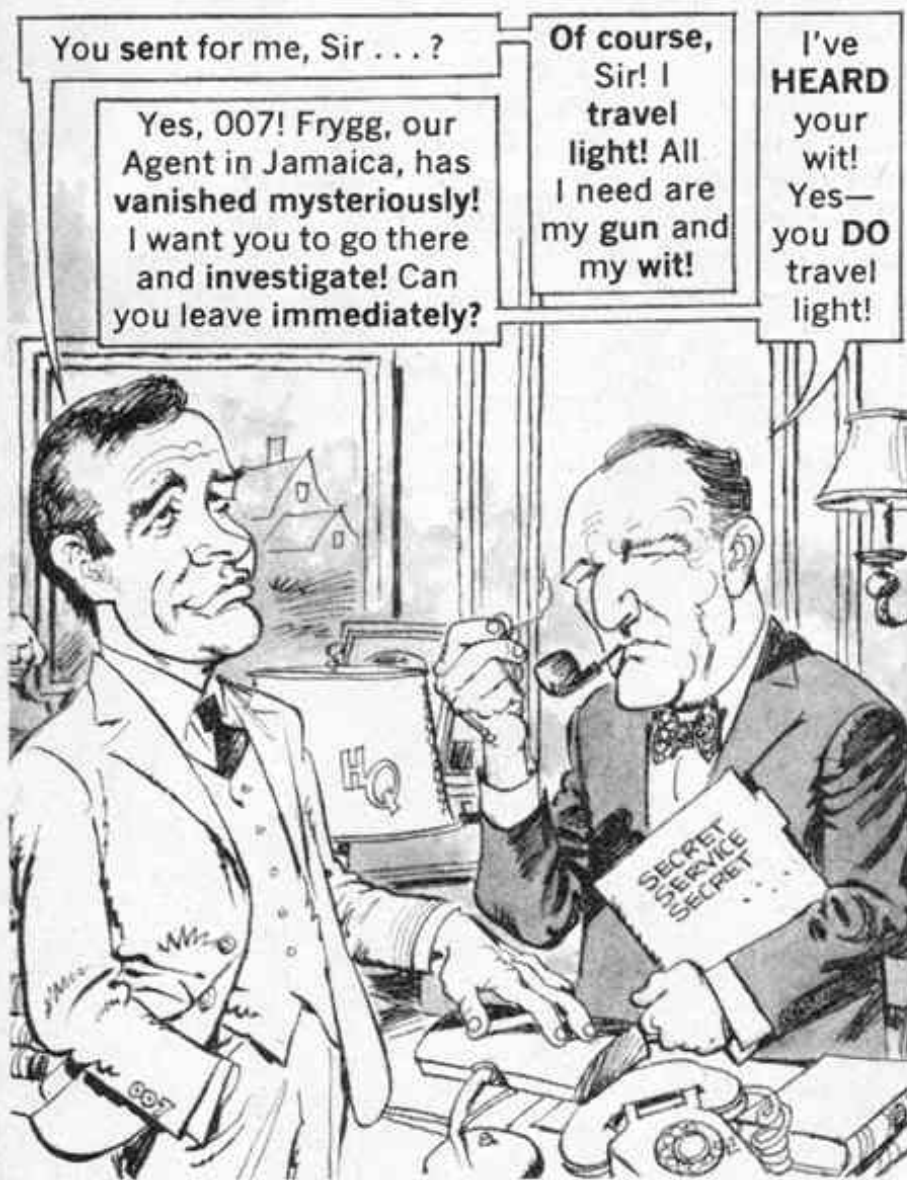
SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON ...

"BOMB MOVIES

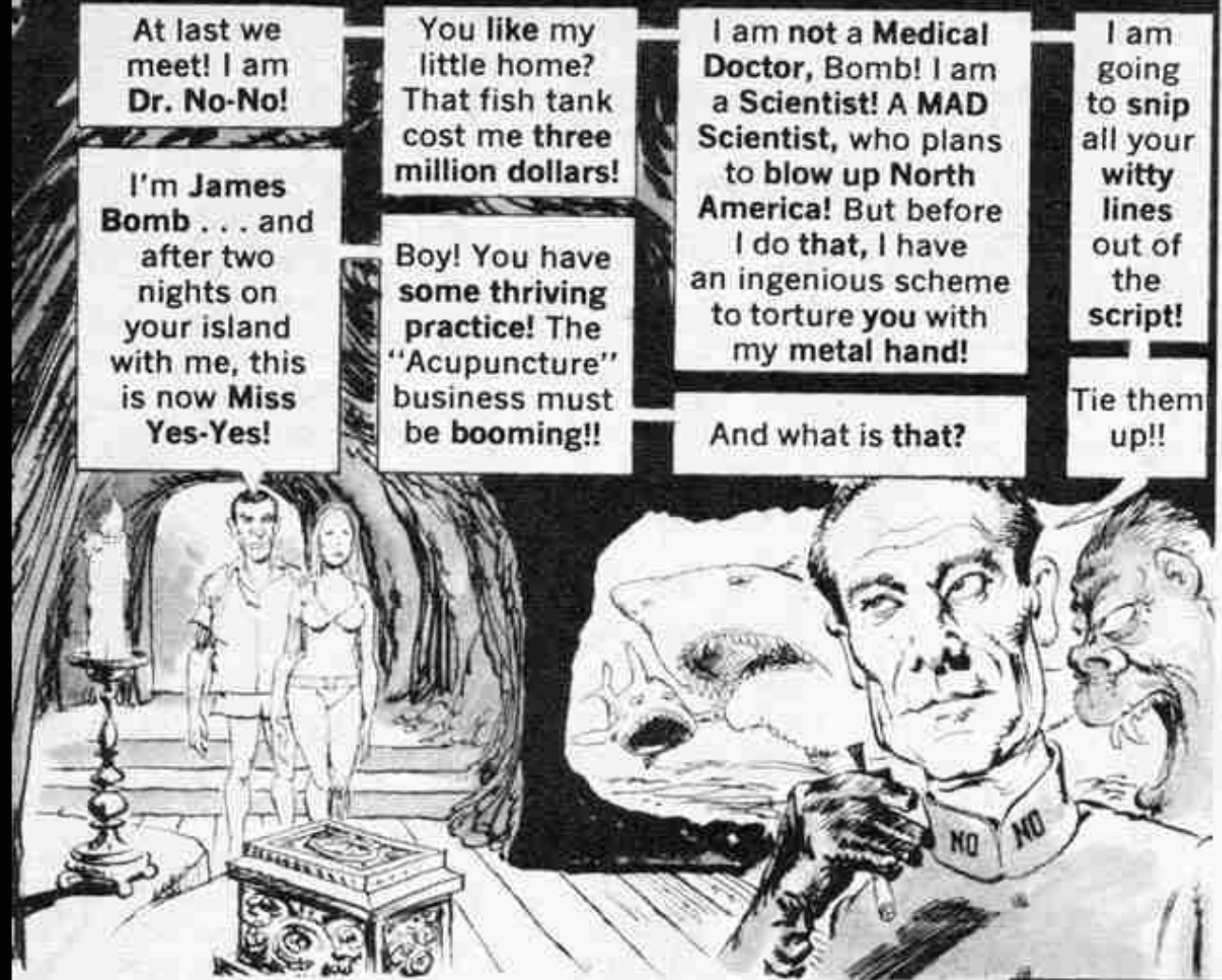
A MAD RETROSPECT ...WITH NO RESPECT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



MORT DRUCKER



At last we meet! I am Dr. No-No!

I'm James Bomb... and after two nights on your island with me, this is now Miss Yes-Yes!

You like my little home? That fish tank cost me three million dollars!

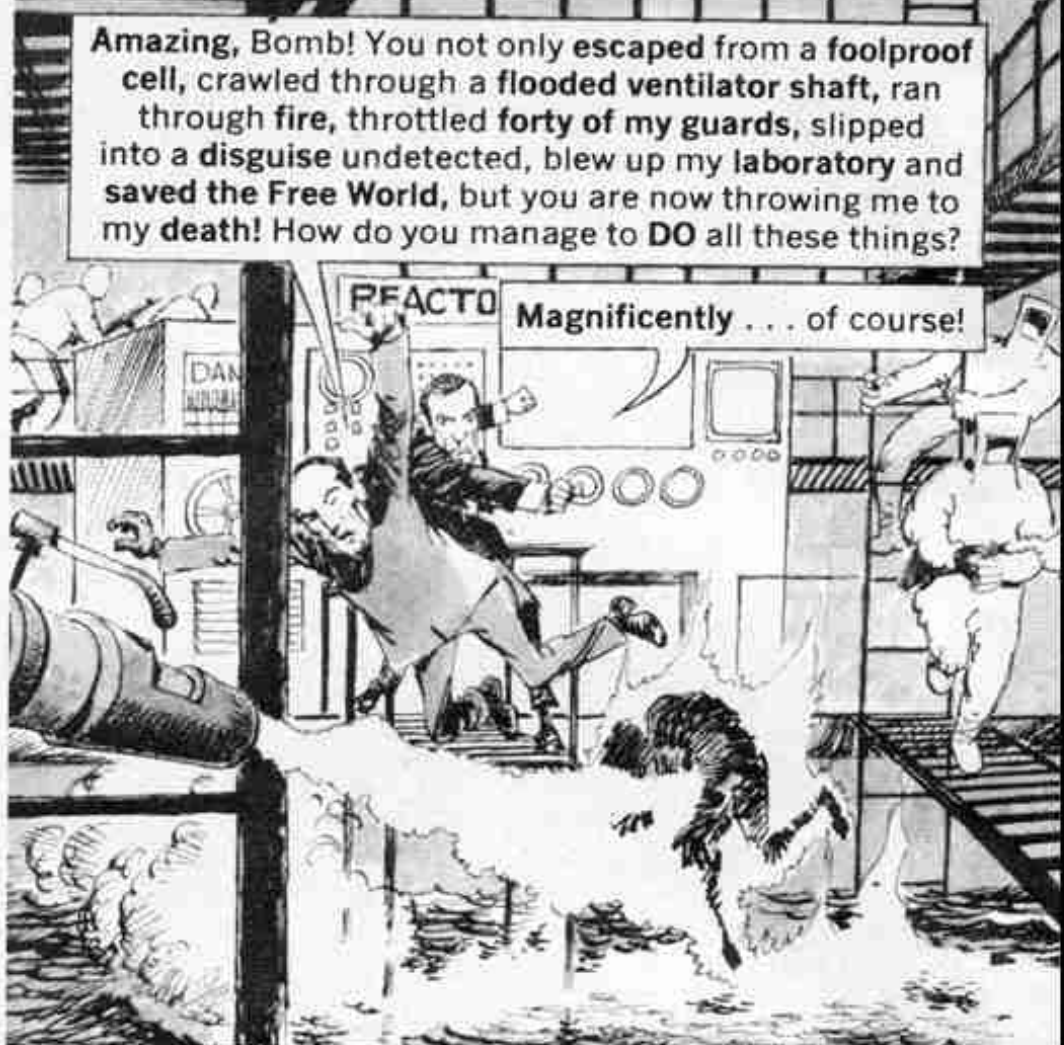
Boy! You have some thriving practice! The "Acupuncture" business must be booming!!

I am not a Medical Doctor, Bomb! I am a Scientist! A MAD Scientist, who plans to blow up North America! But before I do that, I have an ingenious scheme to torture you with my metal hand!

And what is that?

I am going to snip all your witty lines out of the script!

Tie them up!!



Amazing, Bomb! You not only escaped from a foolproof cell, crawled through a flooded ventilator shaft, ran through fire, throttled forty of my guards, slipped into a disguise undetected, blew up my laboratory and saved the Free World, but you are now throwing me to my death! How do you manage to DO all these things?

Magnificently... of course!



Please James... not here!

Okay... then let's row over to MY place in London!

We have no time! We must each go our separate way! You must rush off to your next adventure...

And you?

I must rush off to oblivion!

'Bye, James! I'll look for you in—

"FROM RUSSIA WITH LUNACY"

In your first film, we introduced SEX! Now, in this next adventure, we grab the audience with ridiculous gadgets!

Please pay attention, 007! This ordinary-looking attaché case contains a folding rifle, a concealed knife, a tear gas cannister, a grenade, and an atomic bomb for an emergency!

Call me a weirdo, Sir... but I STILL prefer sex to gadgets!



I am the vicious Espionage Agent, Rosa Klobb...

Welcome to Spectre Training Camp! And this is our most promising student!

POW!!

He'll do! Have him report to me in Istanbul!

Excellent choice! You are selecting a killer for James Bomb because Spectre has problems?

No, I just like to punch men in the stomach! You see, I ALSO have problems!



... and these will be your quarters here in Turkey, Mr. Bomb!

I have a feeling this room is bugged! Nonsense! I checked it out!

Good! I'm hungry! Can I call Room Service? Surely! Just speak into the lamp!

Hmm! By the way, what did you say was the name of this hotel...? The Istanbul Watergate!



Bomb, I'm going to strangle you with the wire device encased in my lethal wristwatch!

Not before I kill you with my exploding attaché case!

In that case, I'll just beat you to death with my fists!

FISTS?!? What are you ... some kind of sickie??



You've destroyed all my underlings, Bomb! So now you force me to kill you myself with my poisoned shoe ... spiked

It won't work! I'm wearing my arsenic-tipped golashes to counteract it!

You're too clever for me, Bomb ...

For YOU, maybe! But get a load of the fat, shrewd villain in my next movie, called—

"GOLDFINGERBOWL"



Mr. Goldfingerbowl, this is James Bomb! I'm afraid your sexy blonde spotter finds me irresistible, so you'll have to find another way to cheat at cards! She's taking the rest of the day off ...

But before I go, here's your last tip! Play the queen and knock with seven!

You shouldn't have done that! Goldfingerbowl hates kibitzing ... and he has a ferocious temper!

Don't be silly! I'm James Bomb! What could he possibly do to me!?!?



SEE?!?

To ME, nothing!

To YOU, plenty!!

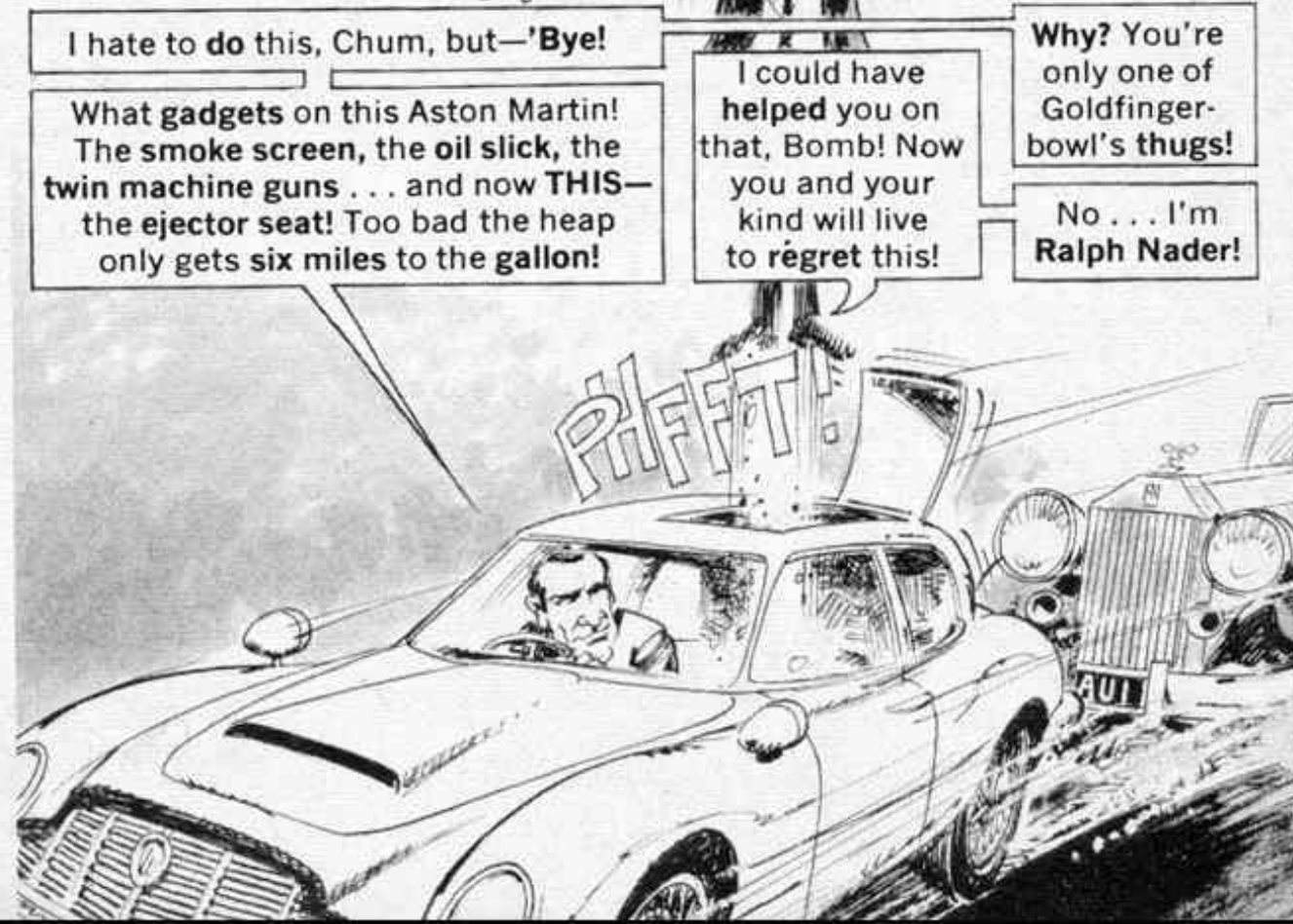


Oddblob, tip your hat to Mr. Bomb!

This is my fanatic manservant, Oddblob!

AMAZING! He's the Sandy Koufax of the Derbies!

That's nothing! When he really gets angry, you should see the terrible things he does with his UNDERWEAR!!



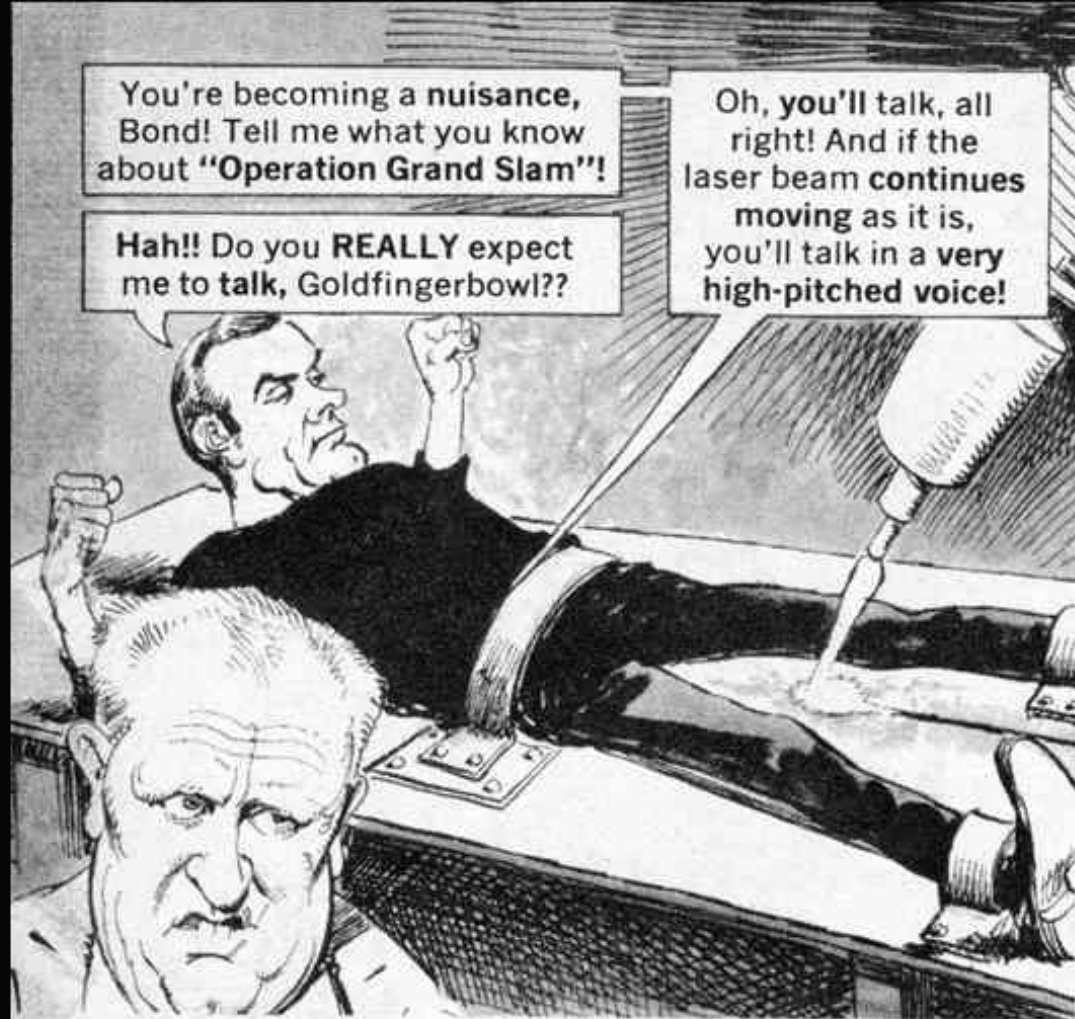
I hate to do this, Chum, but—'Bye!

What gadgets on this Aston Martin! The smoke screen, the oil slick, the twin machine guns ... and now THIS—the ejector seat! Too bad the heap only gets six miles to the gallon!

I could have helped you on that, Bomb! Now you and your kind will live to regret this!

Why? You're only one of Goldfingerbowl's thugs!

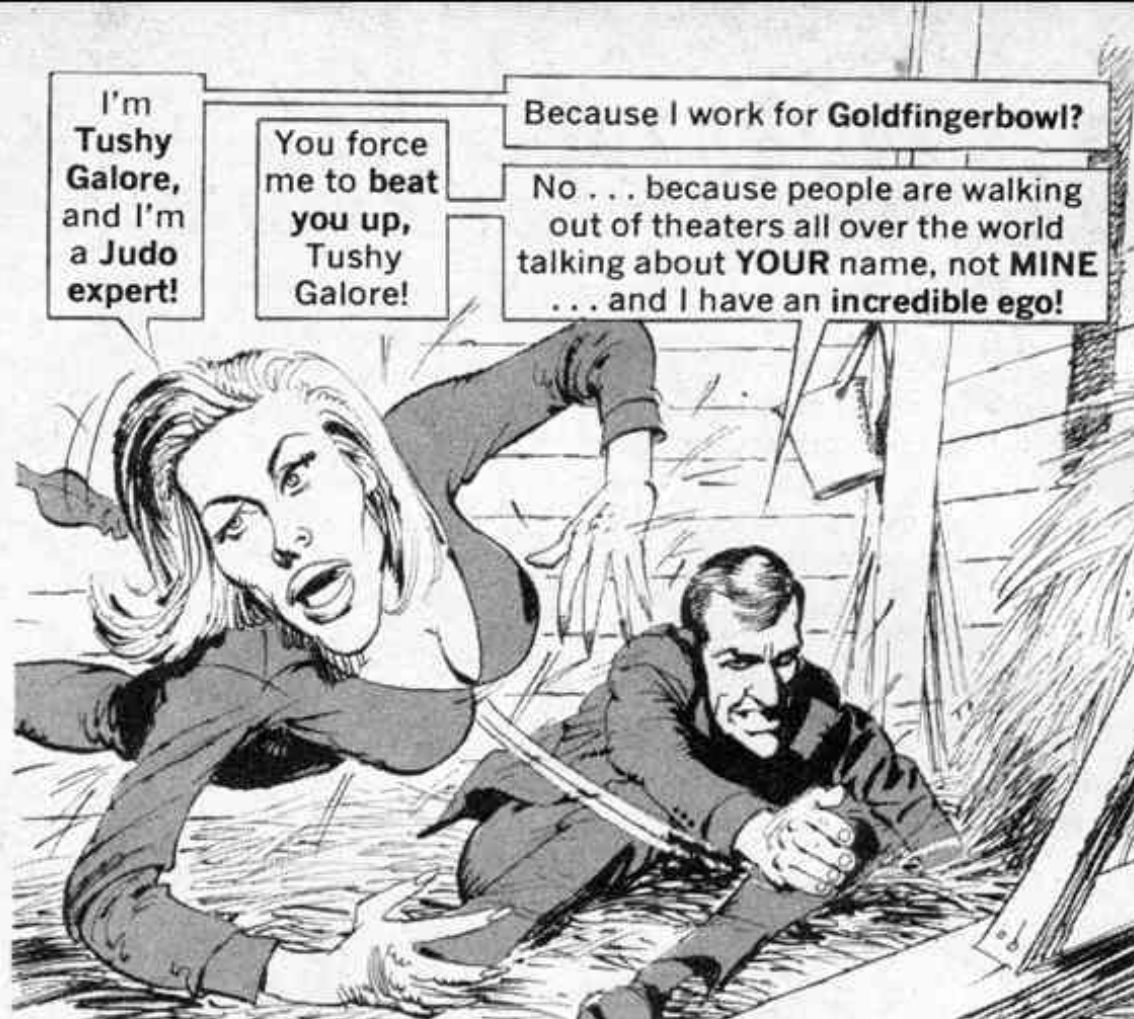
No ... I'm Ralph Nader!



You're becoming a nuisance, Bond! Tell me what you know about "Operation Grand Slam"!

Hah!! Do you **REALLY** expect me to talk, Goldfingerbow!??

Oh, you'll talk, all right! And if the laser beam continues moving as it is, you'll talk in a very high-pitched voice!

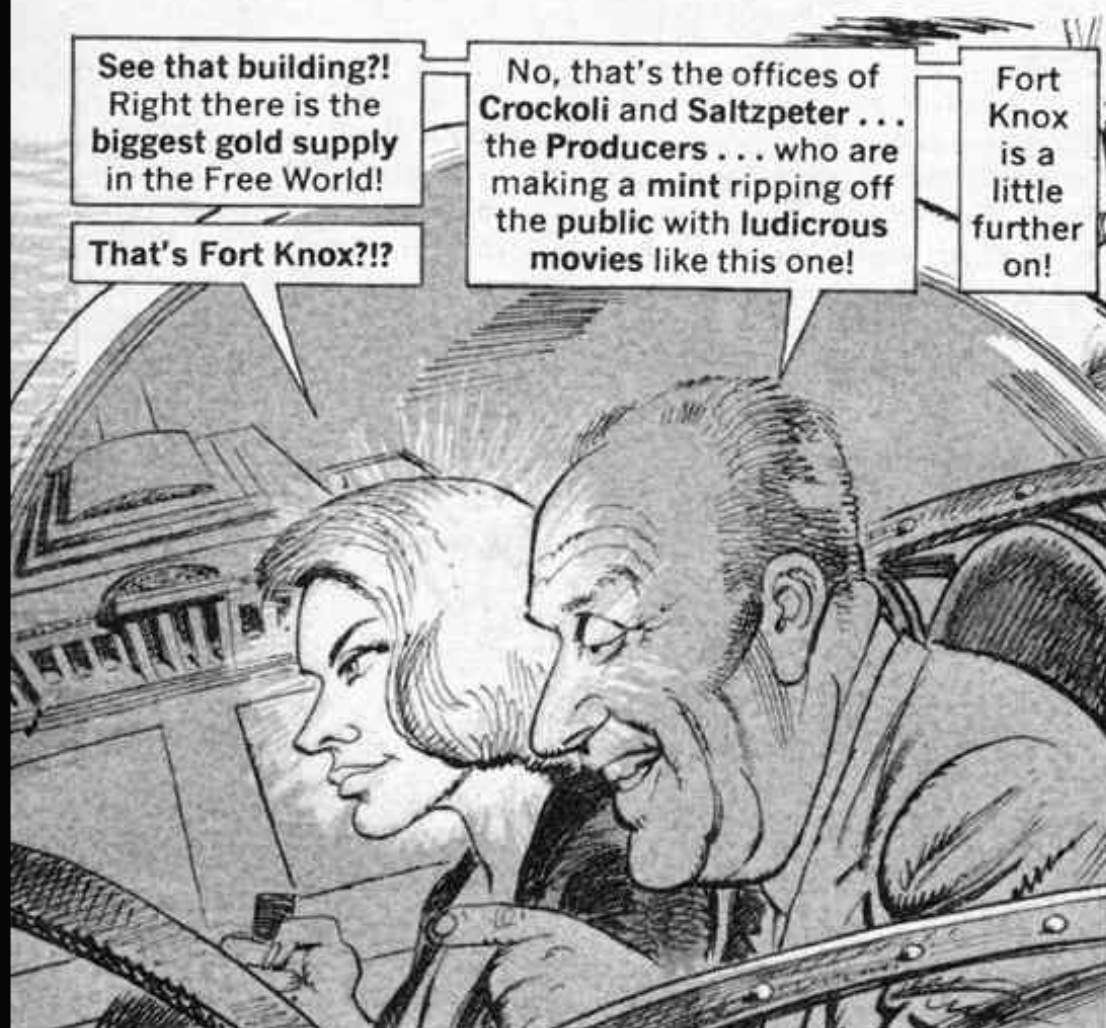


I'm Tushy Galore, and I'm a Judo expert!

You force me to beat you up, Tushy Galore!

Because I work for Goldfingerbow!

No... because people are walking out of theaters all over the world talking about **YOUR** name, not **MINE**... and I have an incredible ego!

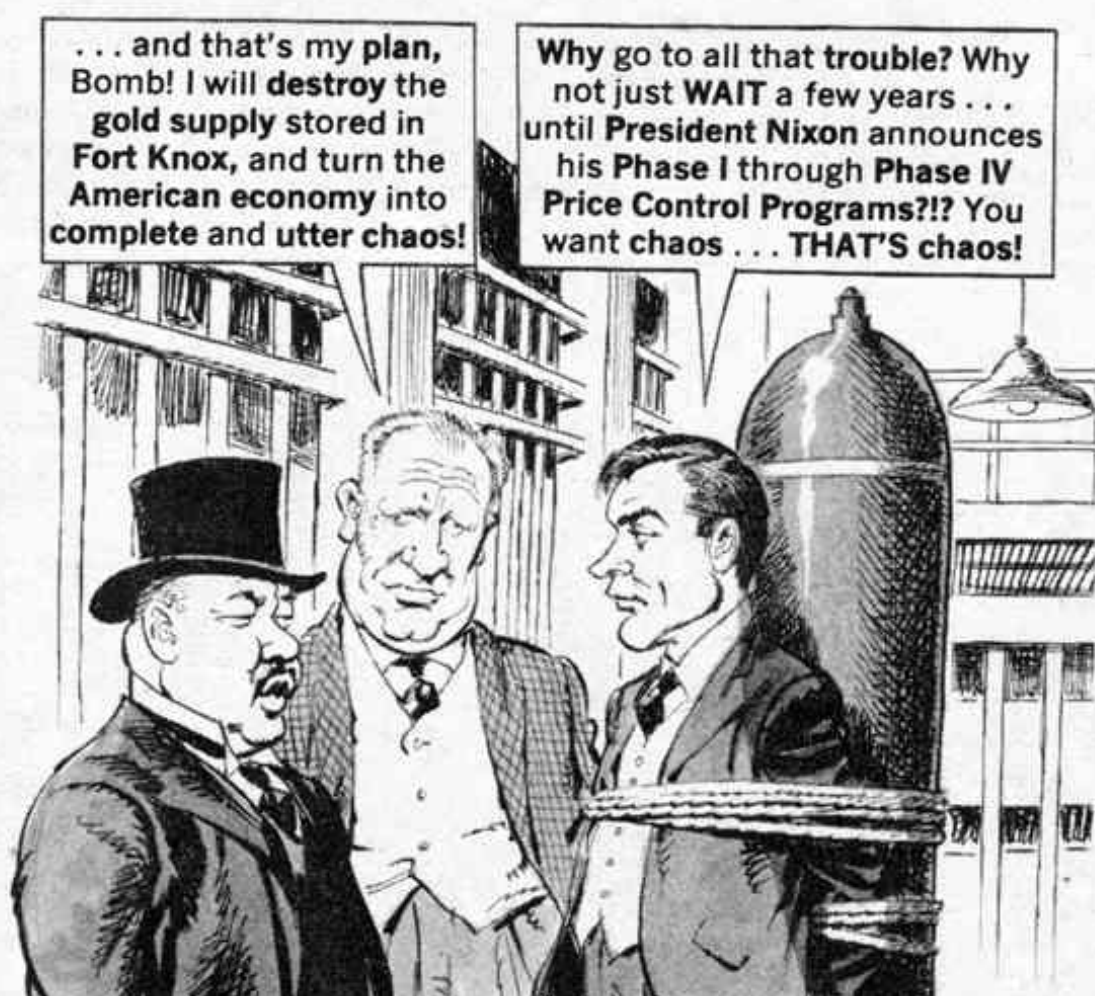


See that building?! Right there is the biggest gold supply in the Free World!

That's Fort Knox?!?

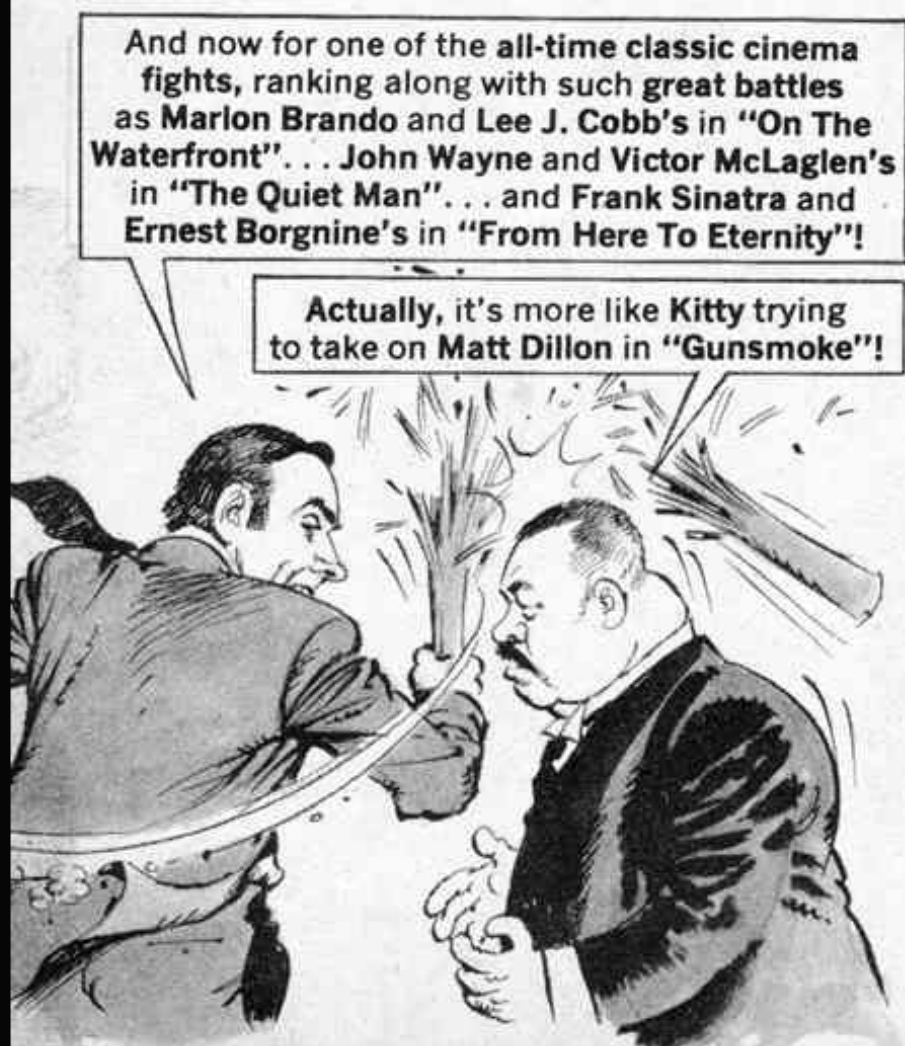
No, that's the offices of Crockoli and Saltzpetter... the Producers... who are making a mint ripping off the public with ludicrous movies like this one!

Fort Knox is a little further on!



... and that's my plan, Bomb! I will destroy the gold supply stored in Fort Knox, and turn the American economy into complete and utter chaos!

Why go to all that trouble? Why not just **WAIT** a few years... until President Nixon announces his Phase I through Phase IV Price Control Programs?!? You want chaos... **THAT'S** chaos!



And now for one of the all-time classic cinema fights, ranking along with such great battles as Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb's in "On The Waterfront"... John Wayne and Victor McLaglen's in "The Quiet Man"... and Frank Sinatra and Ernest Borgnine's in "From Here To Eternity"!

Actually, it's more like Kitty trying to take on Matt Dillon in "Gunsmoke"!



Hope you get a "charge" out of this, Oddblob! That's one of my "current" jokes!

Please! Enough! Enough!

Enough electric shock?

No, the shock I rather like! Enough clever dialogue!

Sorry... but the clever dialogue will have to carry us through the next few pictures, because we're starting to run thin on gimmicks!

Not yet! Next is probably the most spectacular, but probably the **DULLEST** one of all—

"THUNDEBLAHH"

In this big budget fantasy, you get to battle frogmen and an underwater army, 007!

So here's your supply of outlandish gadgets! A scuba suit with hand grenades attached, a geiger counter disguised as a camera, a motorized back pack that also fires explosive spears, and ...

But that stuff weighs over a hundred pounds! As soon as I put it on, I'll sink straight to the bottom!

That's the idea! See, the Stars of THIS film are the lavish sets and the special effects! We don't really need you at all!



Hi! I'm James Bomb! I came to the Bahamas to track down a stolen Army Bomber, and a few missing atom bombs!

I don't have them!

Good! Let's make love!

But we're under water! I've heard of making love on a water bed, but this is ridiculous!



That James Bond may be a brilliant Agent on land ... but this underwater assignment seems to be a bit too much for him!

What makes you say that?

He just torpedoed two tuna, punched a flounder and made a witty, offhand remark to a herring!



Well, James, you finally killed the villain Lardo, recovered the two missing atom bombs, smashed the Spectre operation, and now you've ended up in this boat, alone with me! So ... let's celebrate in your usual fashion ...

Dominique, you won't believe this, but I'm not in the mood for love!

Not in the mood? But you ate a dozen oysters!

Only six of them worked!

Is there another girl ...?

Yes! And WE wind up in a boat, too, at the end of ...



"YOU ONLY LIVE NICE"

Well, James ... you've foiled your archenemy, Blowhard ... blown up his volcano stronghold ... seduced all his female assistants ... and saved the Free World once more! How do you feel?

Terrible! I'm retiring as James Bomb!

You can't be serious! Why, you ARE James Bomb!

I know! But I am also Sean Crockery! I want to pursue my career as an Actor! I will NEVER play James Bomb again!

Who will they get?

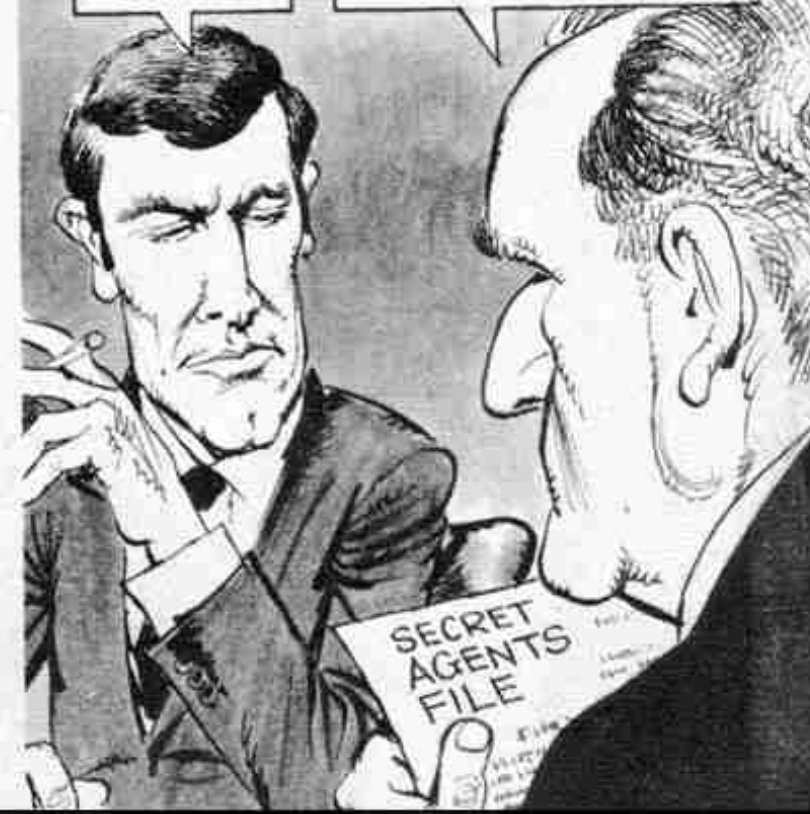
Well ... undoubtedly, they will have to replace me with another "Super-Star" ... like a Richard Burton ... or a Paul Newman ... or a Steve McQueen ... or a ...



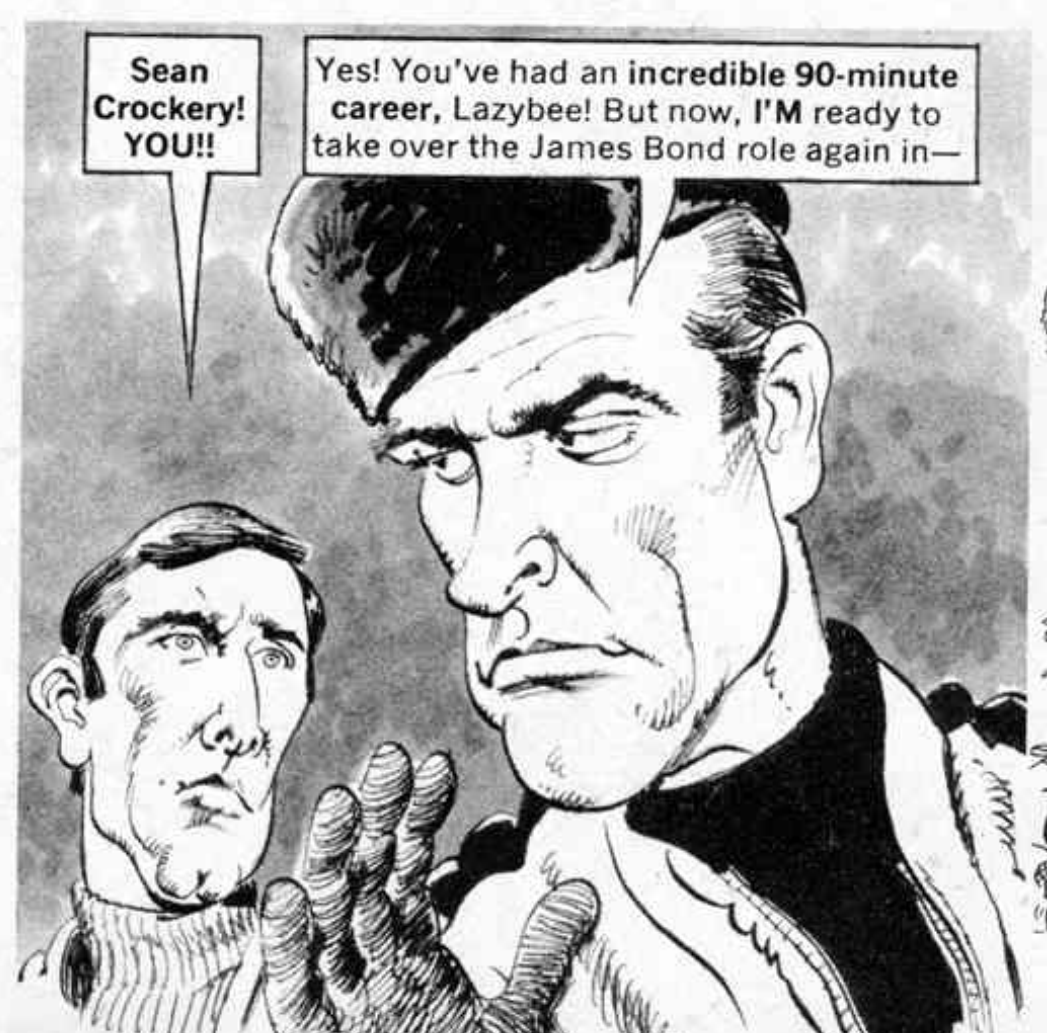
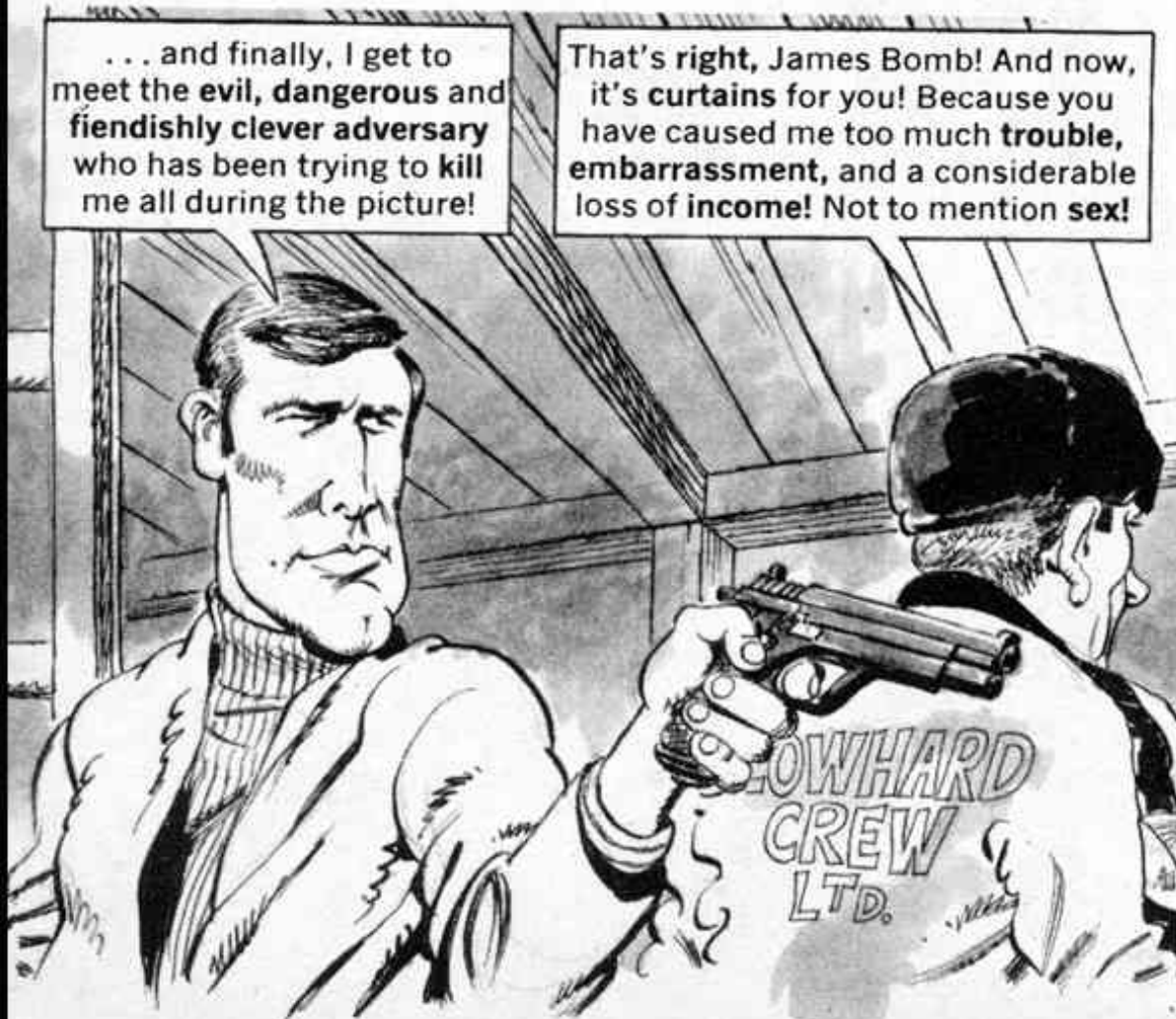
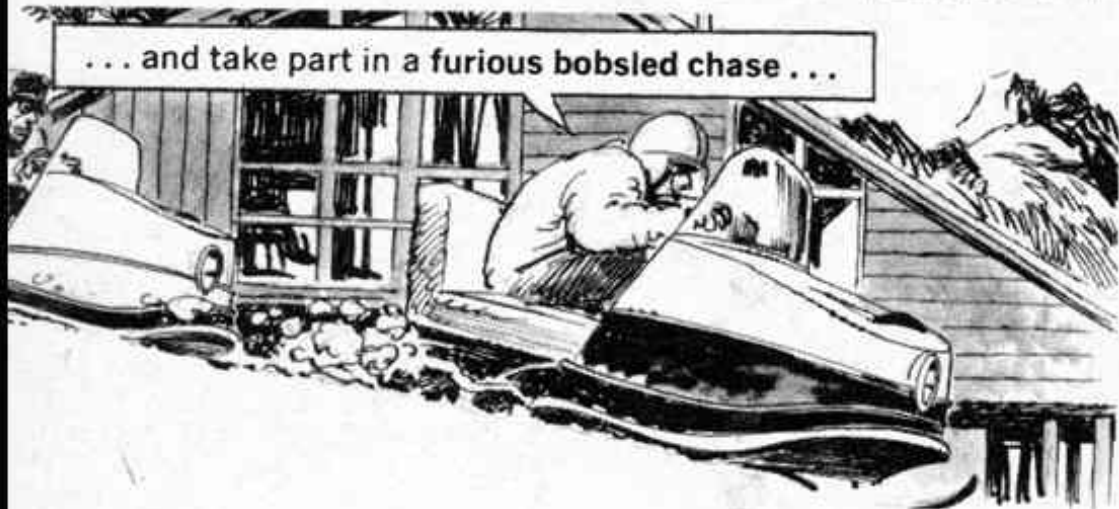
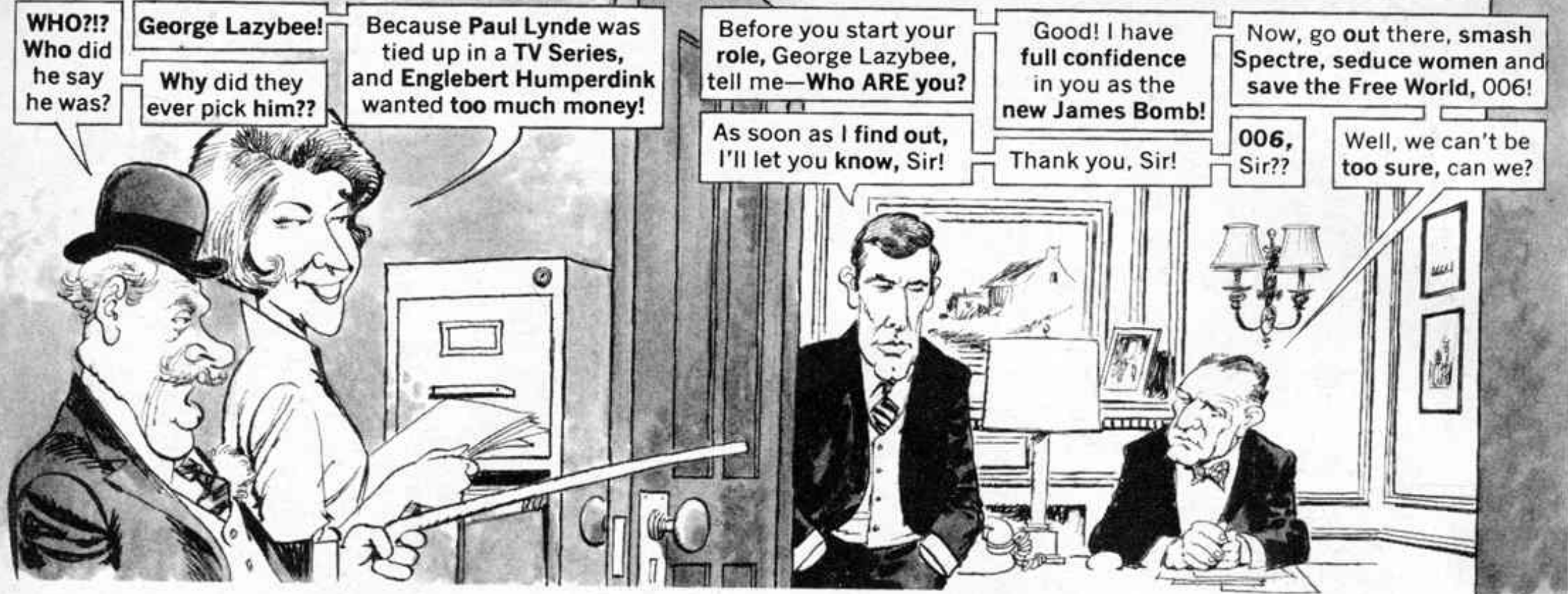
G-George LAZYBEE?!

That is correct!

You have been chosen from among all of the "Super-Stars" to be the new James Bomb in ...



"ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"



"DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"

Well, Sean? What changed your mind and made you put on your shoulder holster again?

Two reasons! First, the money they offered was incredible—

And the other . . . ?

In two years, the only other career offer I got was a chance to sit in the middle box on "Hollywood Squares!"

But now, you are older and considerably fatter! Do you think you can handle the rigors of playing James Bomb?

W—why not? Of course I can!



Here we are in a zany chase scene, barrelling through Las Vegas!

. . . And LOOK! James Bomb's car is tipping over on two wheels! What a great Stunt Driver they've got!!

That's no Stunt Driver! That's BOMB!! He HAS put on weight!



Say! You're Jill St. Joe, the gal who dates Henry Kissin'fool, aren't you?

That's right!

Tell me, how do I compare to him?

Well, he's sexy!

I'M sexy!

He's very witty . . . and charming!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

He has a brilliant future ahead of him!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!



Hurry!! It's hanging by a thin thread!

The rope?

No . . . my career!



Please!! Allow me to end that career, and start MINE . . . in



"LIVE AND LET SUFFER"

Get dressed, Bomb! You're off on a new assignment! We're predicting that this picture will do fantastic Box Office!

Impossible! You've got a cast of **UNKNOWN**s . . . with me leading them!

Yes . . . but we've got **Paul McCartney** to sing the Title Song!



My assignment is to find "Mr. Big" of Harlem! I think I'll just lean against this bar with my blond hair and blue eyes, Oxford clothes and English accent, and casually blend in so they won't notice me!

What will it be, Honky?

I'd better give him some funky "Soul Talk" so he thinks I'm a friend!

I say! How about that **Hank Aaron**! He certainly is a credit to his Race!





I guess it wasn't funky enough!



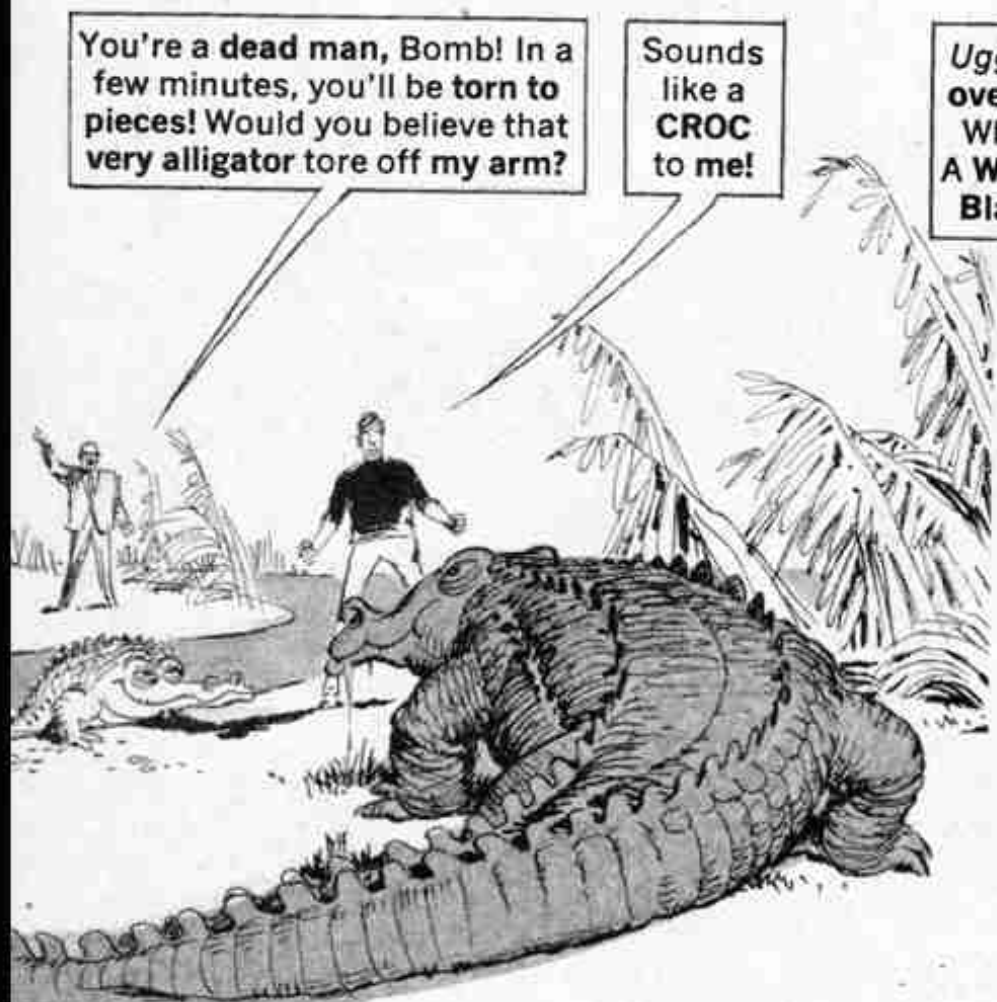
What do the Tarot Cards tell you about him, Canasta?

The cards tell me that he will cause you no problems!

Groovy! What else do they tell you?

They tell me that President Nixon did not know about Watergate... that there is no Mafia... that Howard Cosell is modest... and that Totie Fields will be the next Miss America!

I think we're in big trouble! We'd better blow Harlem and return to the Caribbean!



You're a dead man, Bomb! In a few minutes, you'll be torn to pieces! Would you believe that very alligator tore off my arm?

Sounds like a CROC to me!



Uggh! Oooff! You-you've overpowered me, Bomb! What a cultural switch! A White Man beating up a Black in a modern film!

It's a form of sweet revenge!

For the Secret Agents we killed? For subjecting your girlfriend to the pain of Voodoo torture?

No, for the Box Office success of Black Movies like "Shaft"!



Roger Morbid, you've done well in the role of James Bomb!

You've done so well, you're going to be in the next James Bomb film, "The Man With The Golden Gum"!

And after that, we're going to do a version of James Bomb's great UNDERWATER adventure, "For Fish Eyes Only"!

No, I'm afraid not! You'll be too old and too fat by then! We're bringing in a NEW young star! One with the acting talent necessary for the role!

Thank you, Sir!

Why, thank you, Sir!

With ME, of course!



glugg
glugg

ALLEY BE PRAISED DEPT.

Now that the war in Vietnam is finally over . . . here is a Primer on Bowling. And if you think this is the most ridiculous introduction to a MAD article you've ever read, wait'll you read the article! Anyway, here's . . .



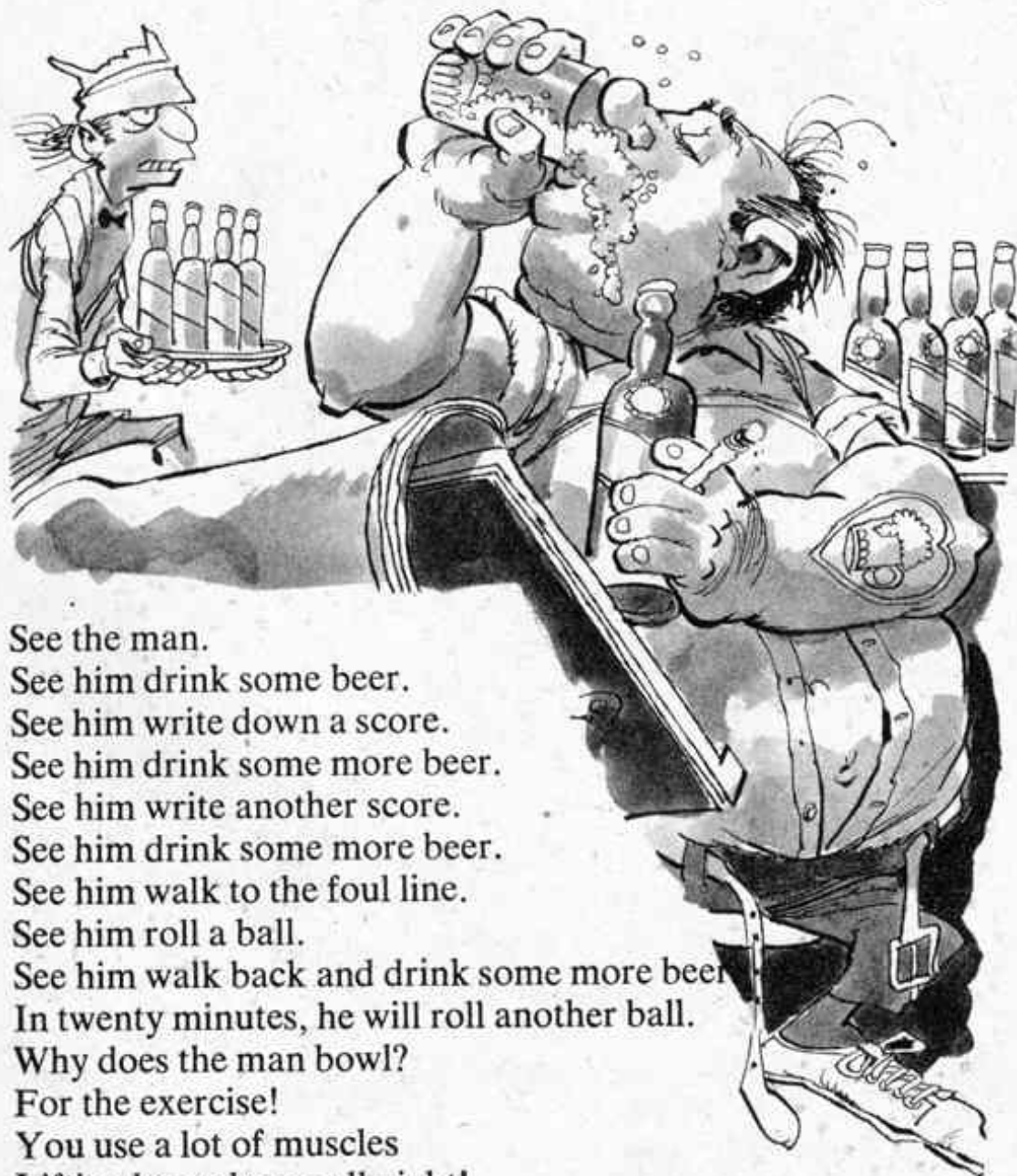
THE MAD BOWLING PRIMER



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

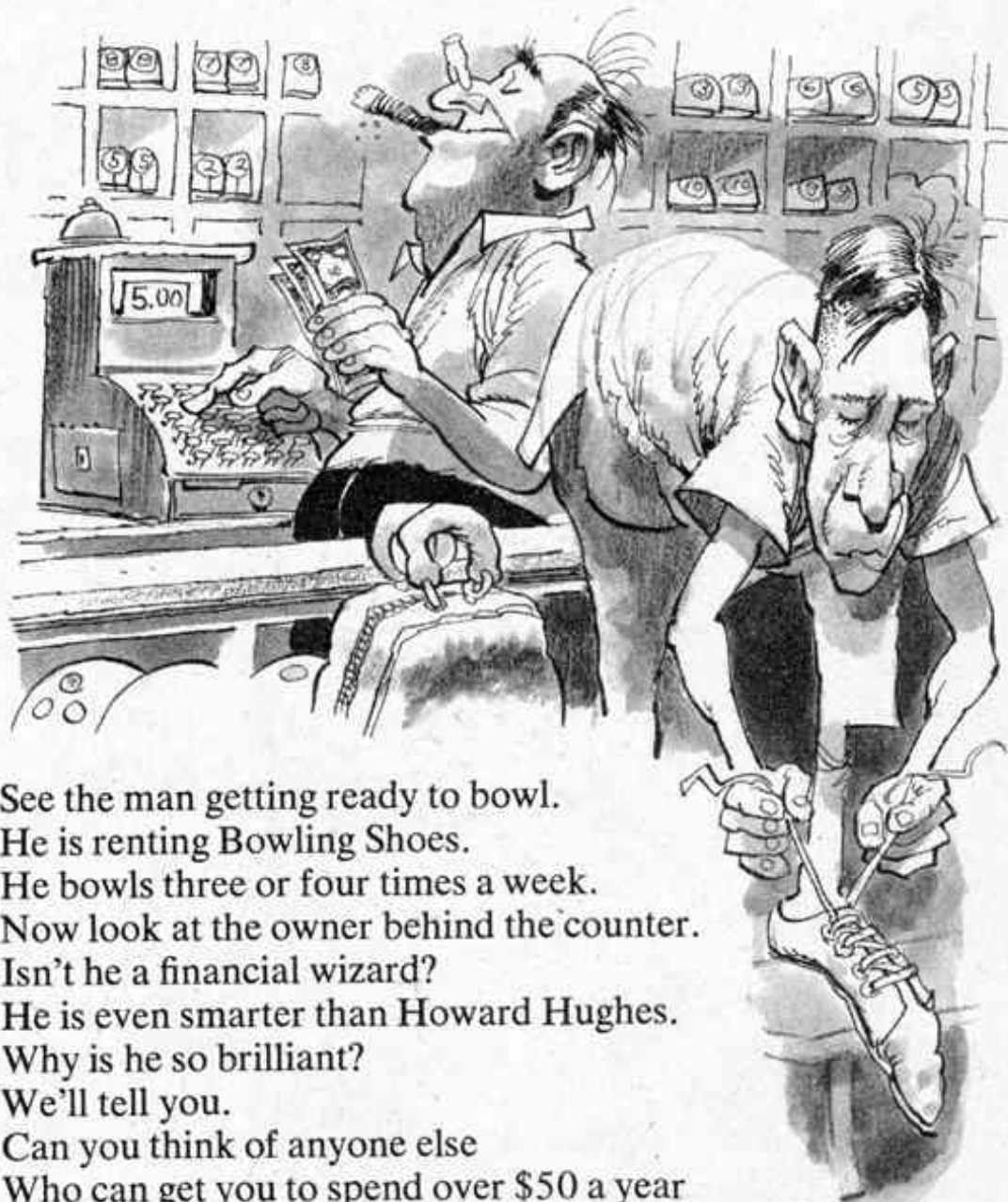
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1.



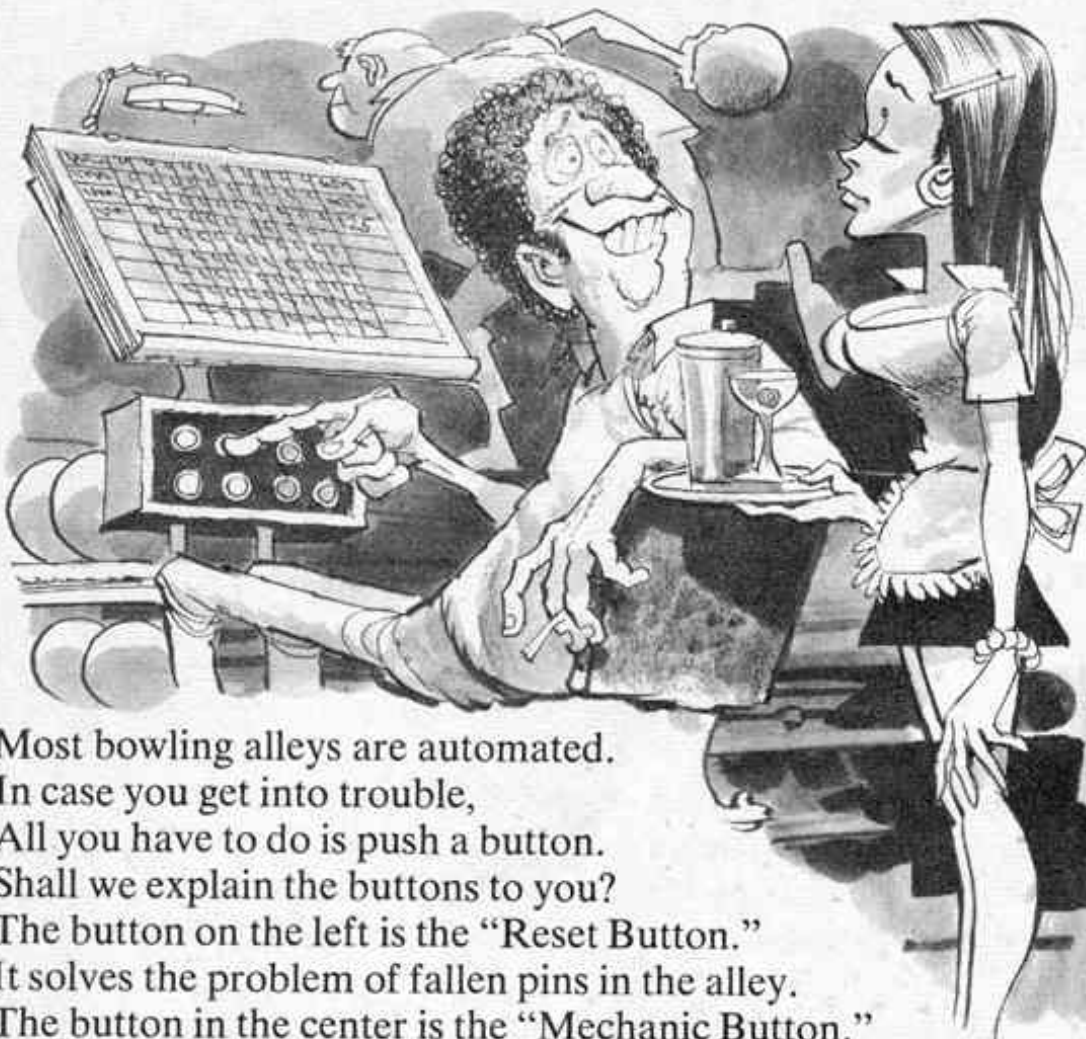
See the man.
See him drink some beer.
See him write down a score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him write another score.
See him drink some more beer.
See him walk to the foul line.
See him roll a ball.
See him walk back and drink some more beer.
In twenty minutes, he will roll another ball.
Why does the man bowl?
For the exercise!
You use a lot of muscles
Lifting beer glasses all night!

CHAPTER 2.



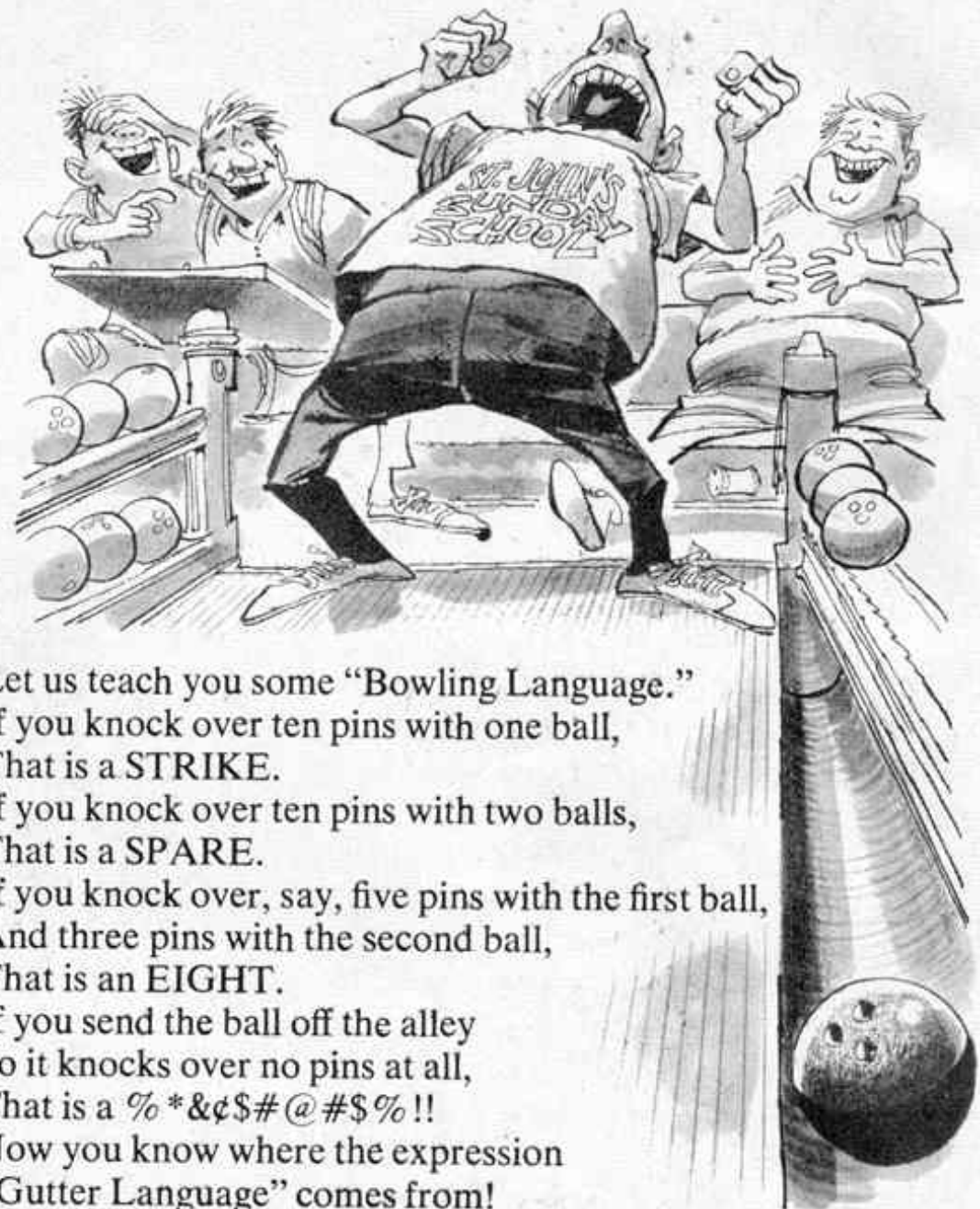
See the man getting ready to bowl.
He is renting Bowling Shoes.
He bowls three or four times a week.
Now look at the owner behind the counter.
Isn't he a financial wizard?
He is even smarter than Howard Hughes.
Why is he so brilliant?
We'll tell you.
Can you think of anyone else
Who can get you to spend over \$50 a year
For a pair of dirty sneakers you don't even own?!

CHAPTER 3.



Most bowling alleys are automated.
In case you get into trouble,
All you have to do is push a button.
Shall we explain the buttons to you?
The button on the left is the "Reset Button."
It solves the problem of fallen pins in the alley.
The button in the center is the "Mechanic Button."
It solves the problems not covered by the "Reset Button."
The button on the right is the "Service Button."
It brings the waitress with the booze.
It won't necessarily help you with your bowling.
But it will help you forget the biggest problem of all,
Namely, that the other two buttons never work!

CHAPTER 4.

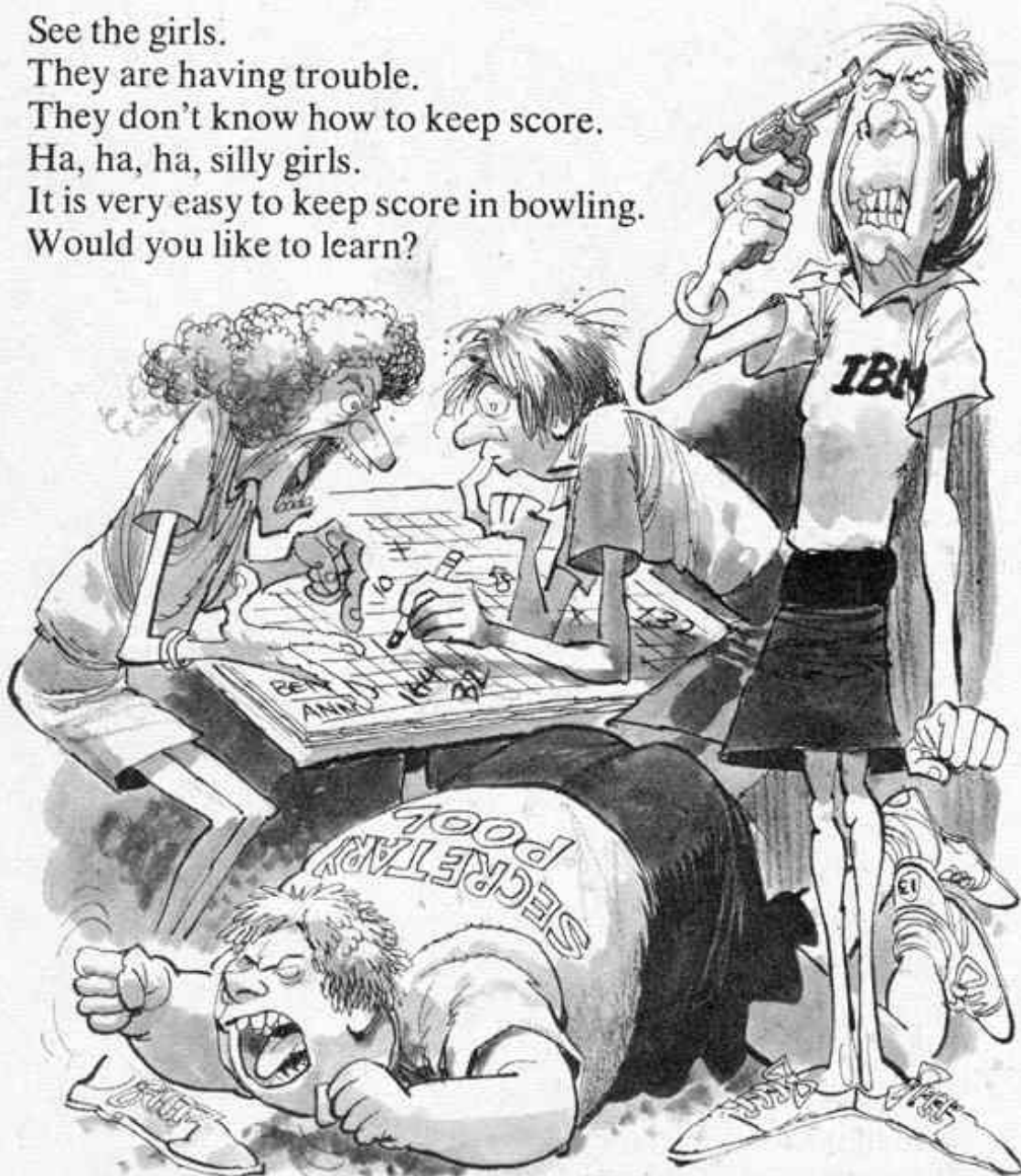


Let us teach you some "Bowling Language."
If you knock over ten pins with one ball,
That is a **STRIKE**.
If you knock over ten pins with two balls,
That is a **SPARE**.
If you knock over, say, five pins with the first ball,
And three pins with the second ball,
That is an **EIGHT**.
If you send the ball off the alley
So it knocks over no pins at all,
That is a %*&#\$#@#%!!
Now you know where the expression
"Gutter Language" comes from!



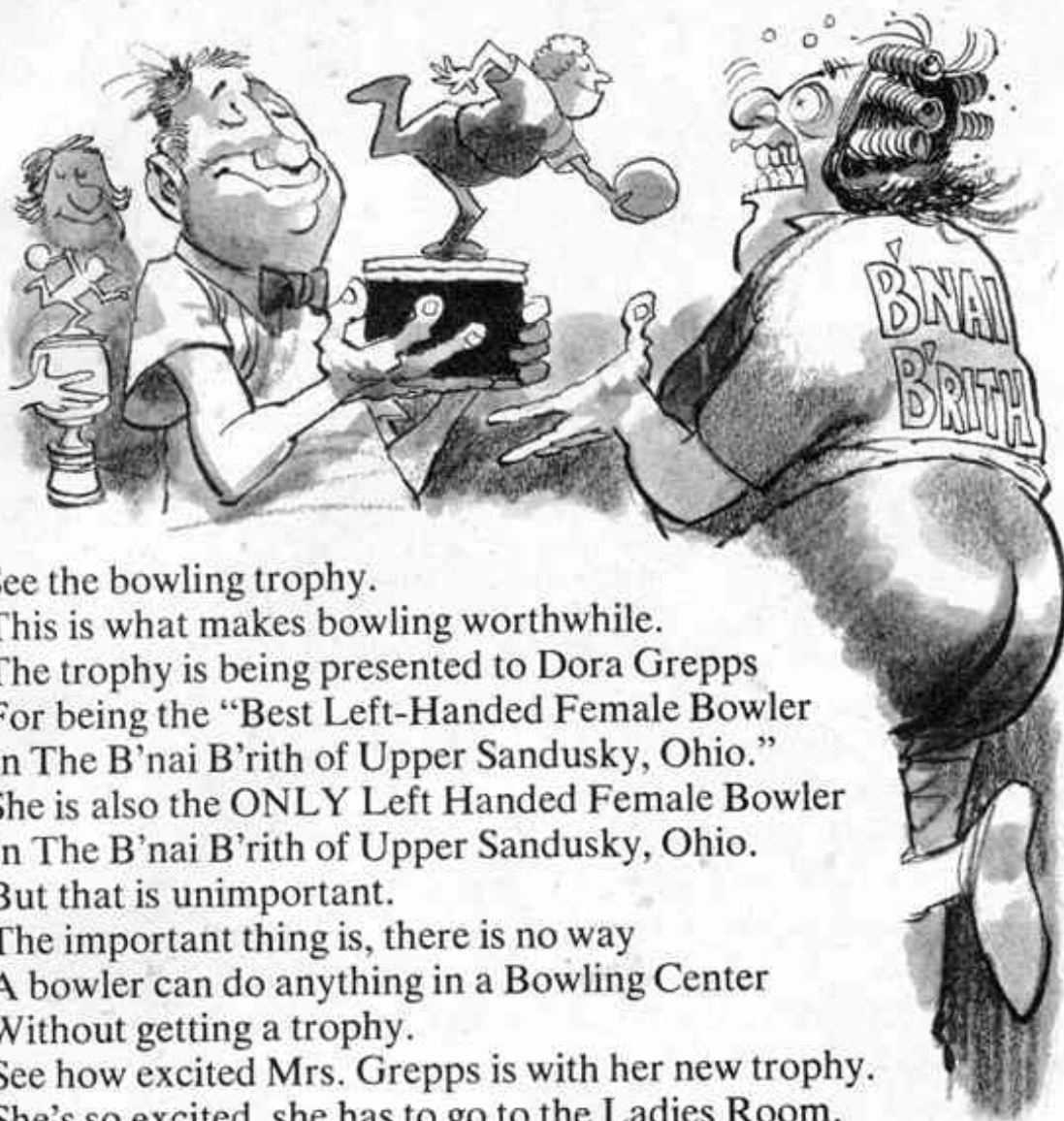
CHAPTER 5.

See the girls.
They are having trouble.
They don't know how to keep score.
Ha, ha, ha, silly girls.
It is very easy to keep score in bowling.
Would you like to learn?



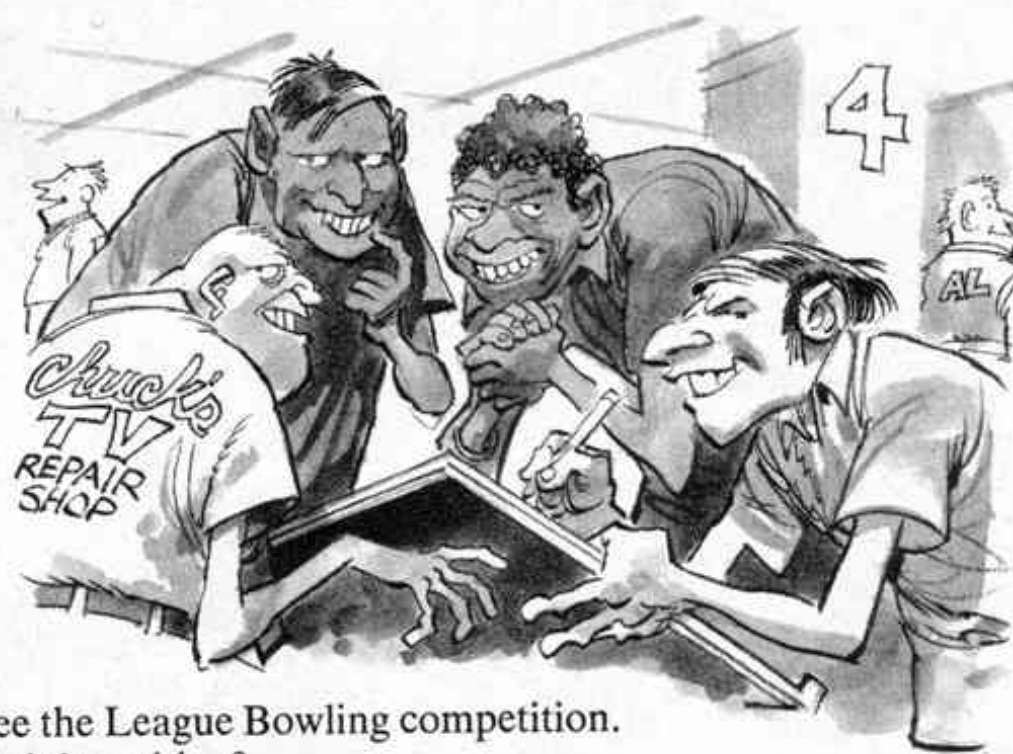
Okay, in the first frame, enter the amount of pins
You knock over with both balls in the first inning,
Unless you get a "Spare."
A "Spare" is 10, plus what you get on your next ball,
Which you enter in the first frame,
And add to it the total you knock over
With both balls in the second inning,
Which you enter in the second frame,
Unless you bowl another "Spare"
In which case, you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Strike" in the first inning,
In which case, you have 10,
Plus what you get with your next two balls,
Unless the first ball of the second inning is also a "Strike",
In which case, you have 20,
But you have to wait for the third inning
To find out what you knock over with your third ball,
In order to add it to the 20, and enter it in the first frame,
And then add the second inning's 10 to that,
Plus what you get with your third and fourth balls,
And enter that in the second frame,
Unless your fourth ball is a "Strike"
In which case you repeat the procedure,
Except if you bowl a "Spare" or a "Strike" in the 10th frame,
In which case, you kill yourself!
Now, would you like to learn about the blue lines in Hockey?

CHAPTER 6.



* See the bowling trophy.
This is what makes bowling worthwhile.
The trophy is being presented to Dora Grepps
For being the "Best Left-Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio."
She is also the ONLY Left Handed Female Bowler
In The B'nai B'rith of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
But that is unimportant.
The important thing is, there is no way
A bowler can do anything in a Bowling Center
Without getting a trophy.
See how excited Mrs. Grepps is with her new trophy.
She's so excited, she has to go to the Ladies Room.
When she is finished,
The matron will give her a towel,
And a bar of soap,
And another trophy.

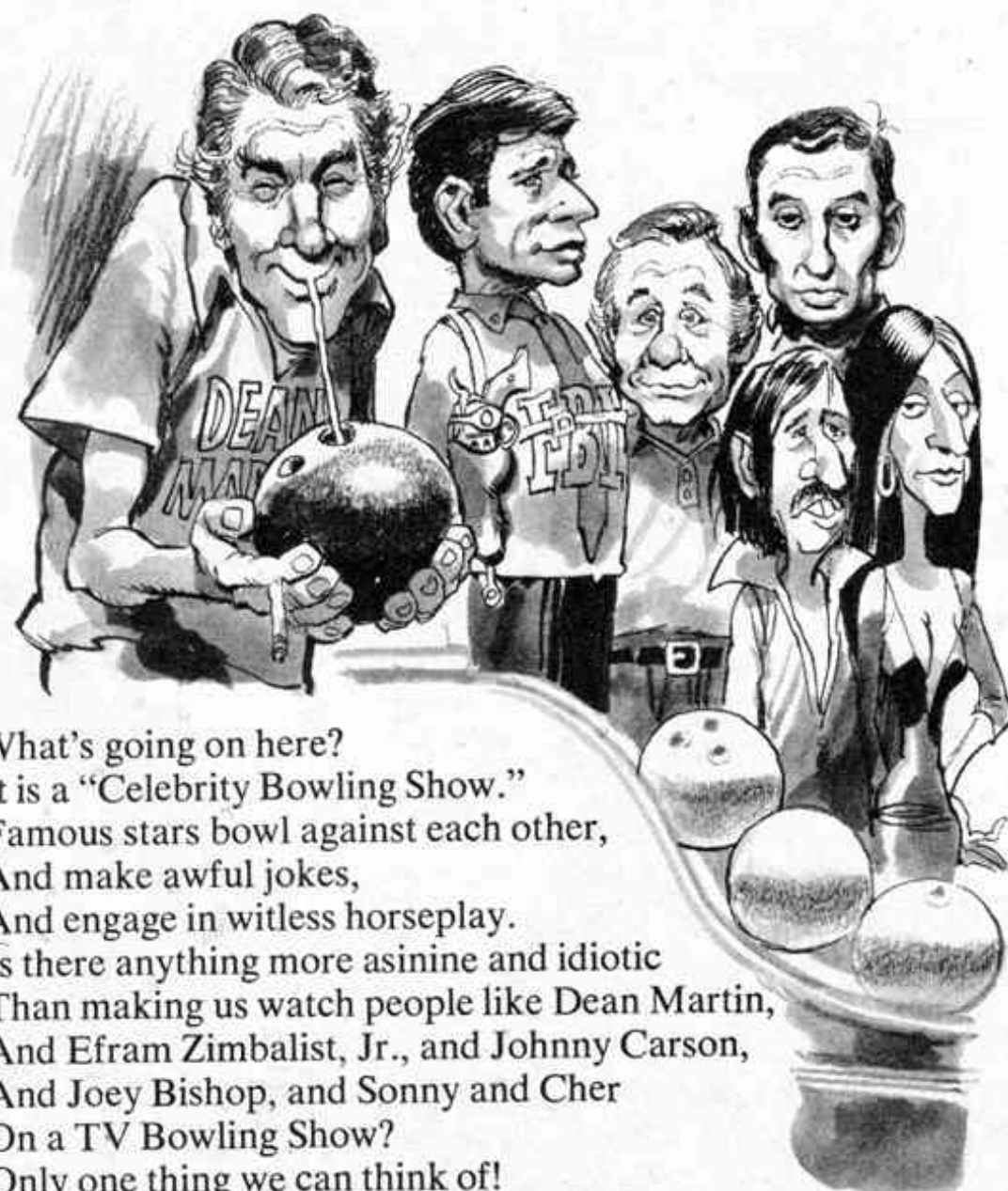
CHAPTER 7.



See the League Bowling competition.
Isn't it exciting?
All the greats and near-greats of Industry are here.
Look, there's the team from "Al's Service Station",
And the gang from "Barney's Moving and Storage",
And the boys from "Cy's Poultry Market".
See the team in the fourth alley.
They have just finished a game.
Their combined score is 421.
But when they submit their score sheet
It will read "792"...
Do you find that hard to understand?
That's the team from "Chuck's TV Repair Shop"!
Now do you understand?

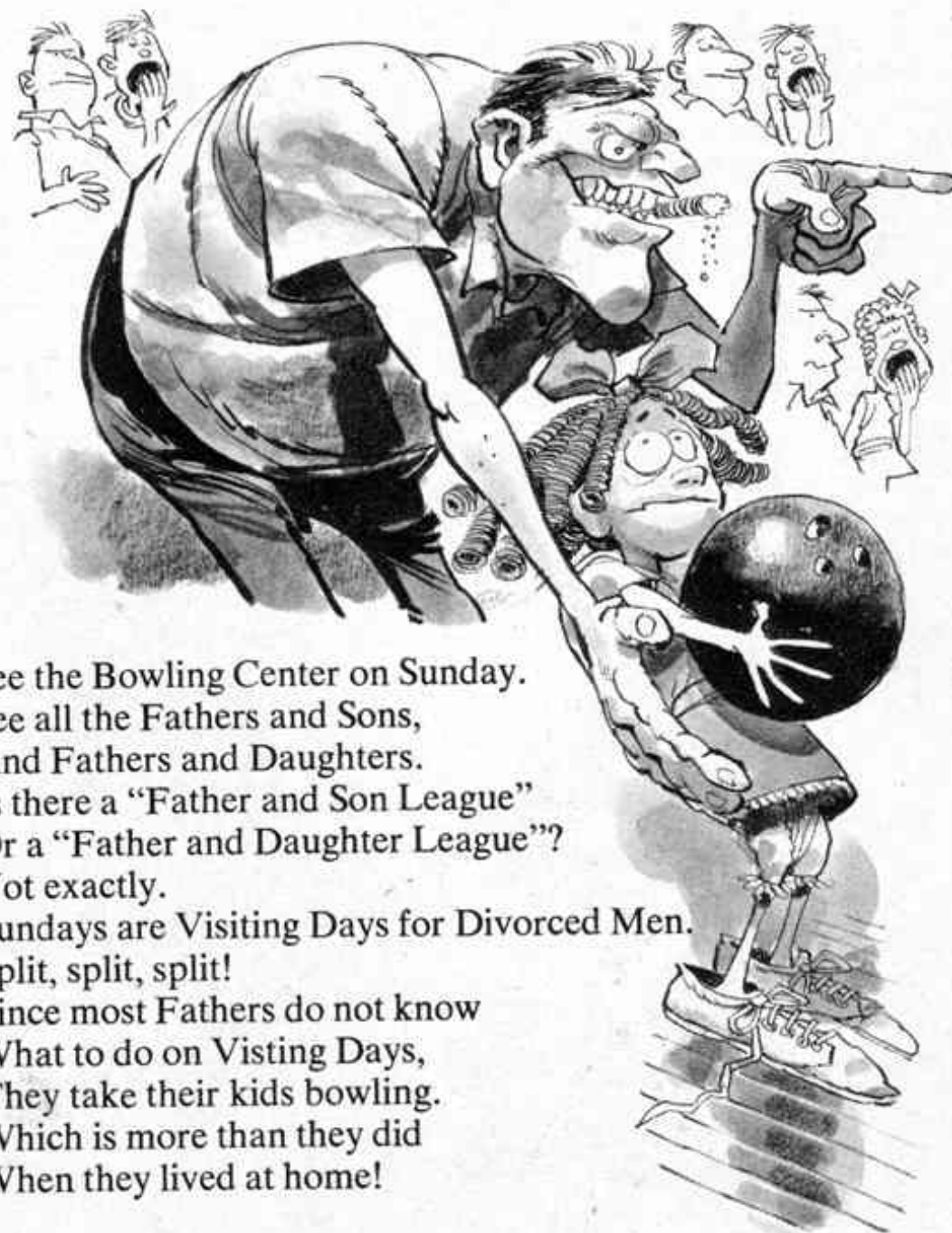


CHAPTER 8.



What's going on here?
It is a "Celebrity Bowling Show."
Famous stars bowl against each other,
And make awful jokes,
And engage in witless horseplay.
Is there anything more asinine and idiotic
Than making us watch people like Dean Martin,
And Efram Zimbalist, Jr., and Johnny Carson,
And Joey Bishop, and Sonny and Cher
On a TV Bowling Show?
Only one thing we can think of!
Making us watch them on their own TV shows!

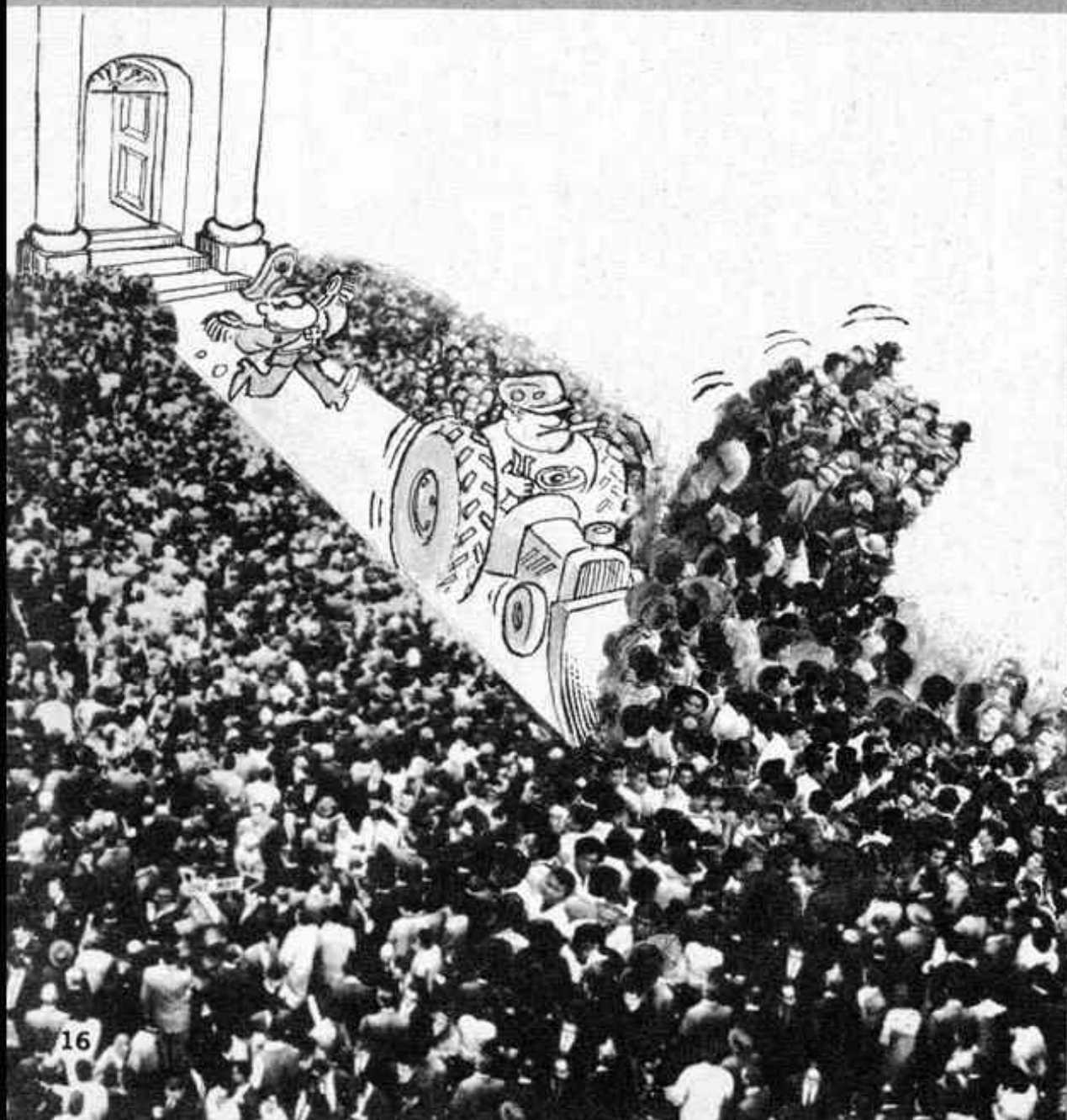
CHAPTER 9.



See the Bowling Center on Sunday.
See all the Fathers and Sons,
And Fathers and Daughters.
Is there a "Father and Son League"
Or a "Father and Daughter League"?
Not exactly.
Sundays are Visiting Days for Divorced Men.
Split, split, split!
Since most Fathers do not know
What to do on Visting Days,
They take their kids bowling.
Which is more than they did
When they lived at home!

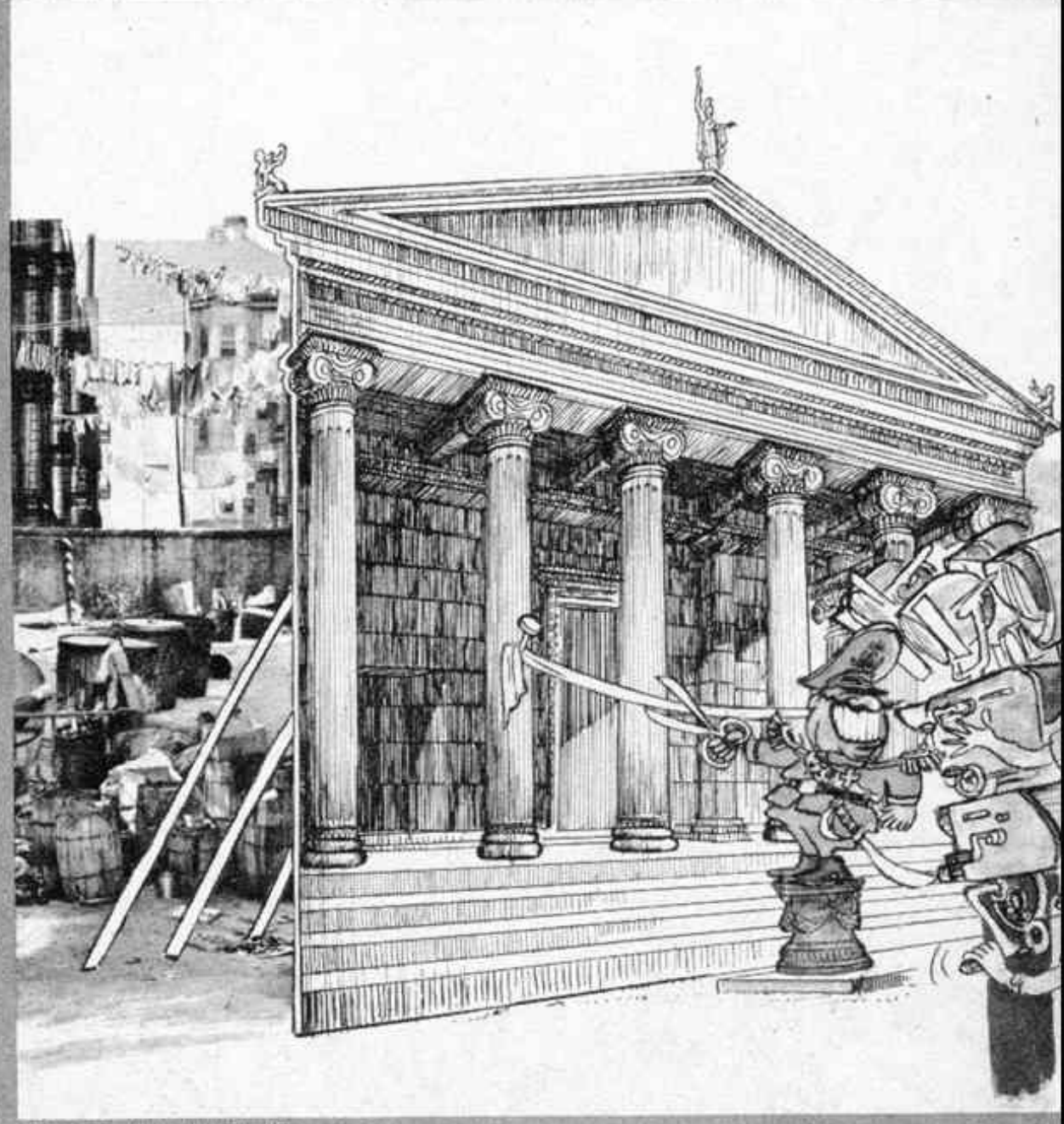
OUT, DAMNED DESPOT DEPT.

A MAD LOOK

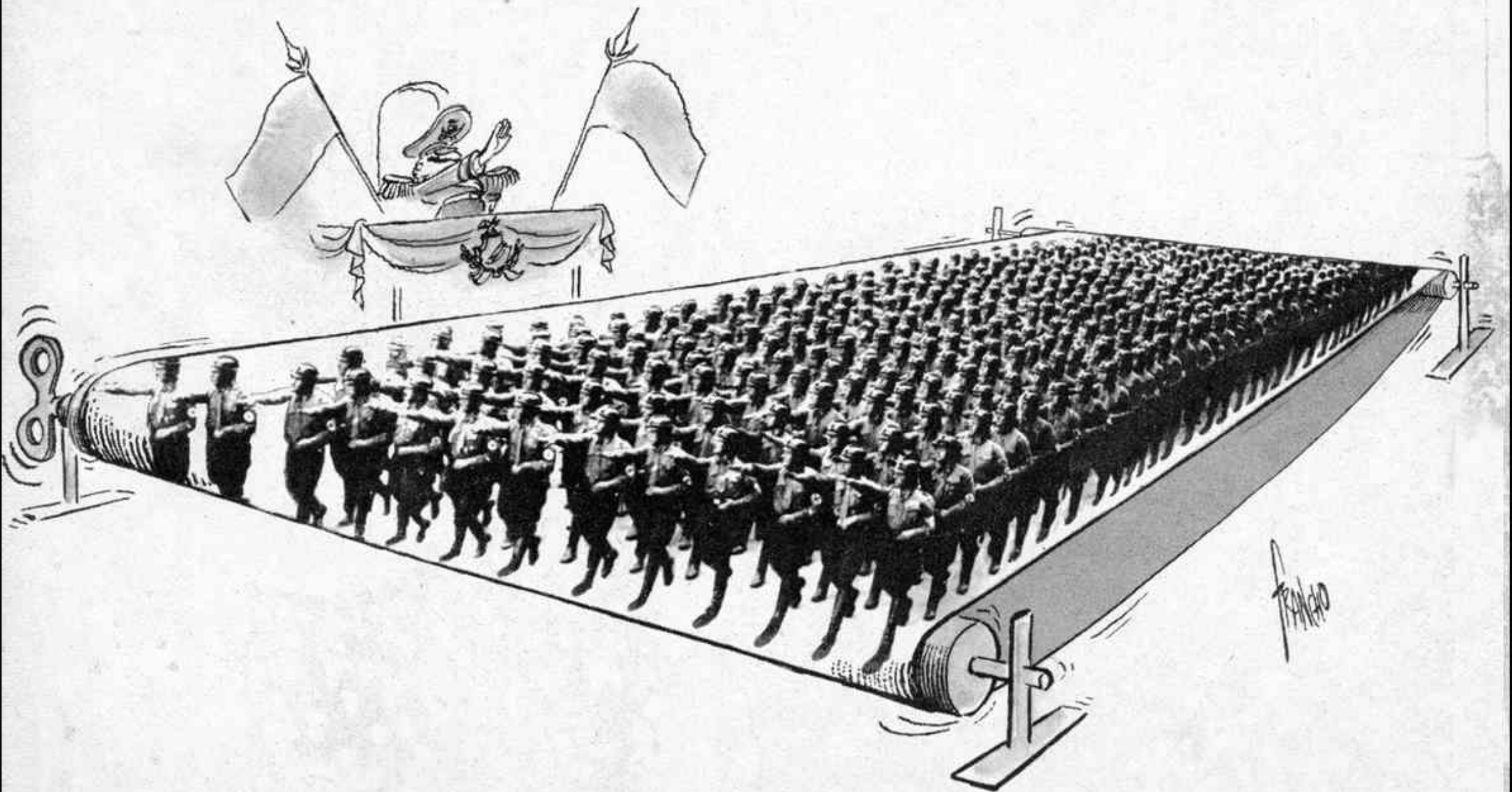


AT TYRANTS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHOTOS BY: UPI & WIDE WORLD





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

COLD

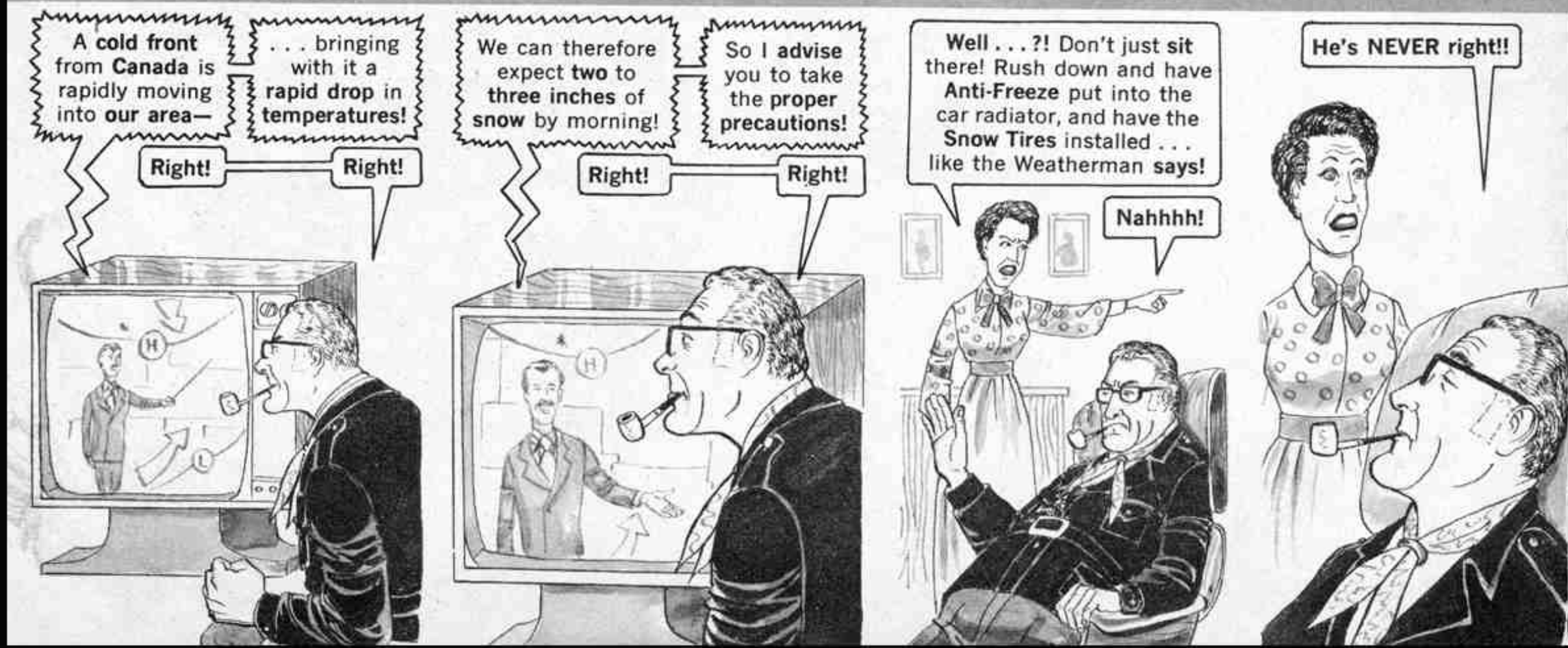




WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG







EEK! Stop cuddling up to me! Your nose is FREEZING!!

And ANOTHER thing! Get your damn paws OFF me!!

I only let you come into bed with me because it was so cold and I felt sorry for you! I—I should've realized you'd start acting like the animal you are!

SCRAM! GET BACK TO YOUR OWN BASKET!!



Last night, the storm was so bad, I had to pull off the highway and walk home! Now, I dread the job of shoveling all that snow from the car!

Yeah! So do I!

HOLY SMOKES!! MY CAR'S BEEN COMPLETELY STRIPPED!!

THOSE DIRTY ROTTEN LOUSY NO-GOOD ROBBING LOCUSTS!!

Calm down! Look at the bright side!

WHAT bright side??

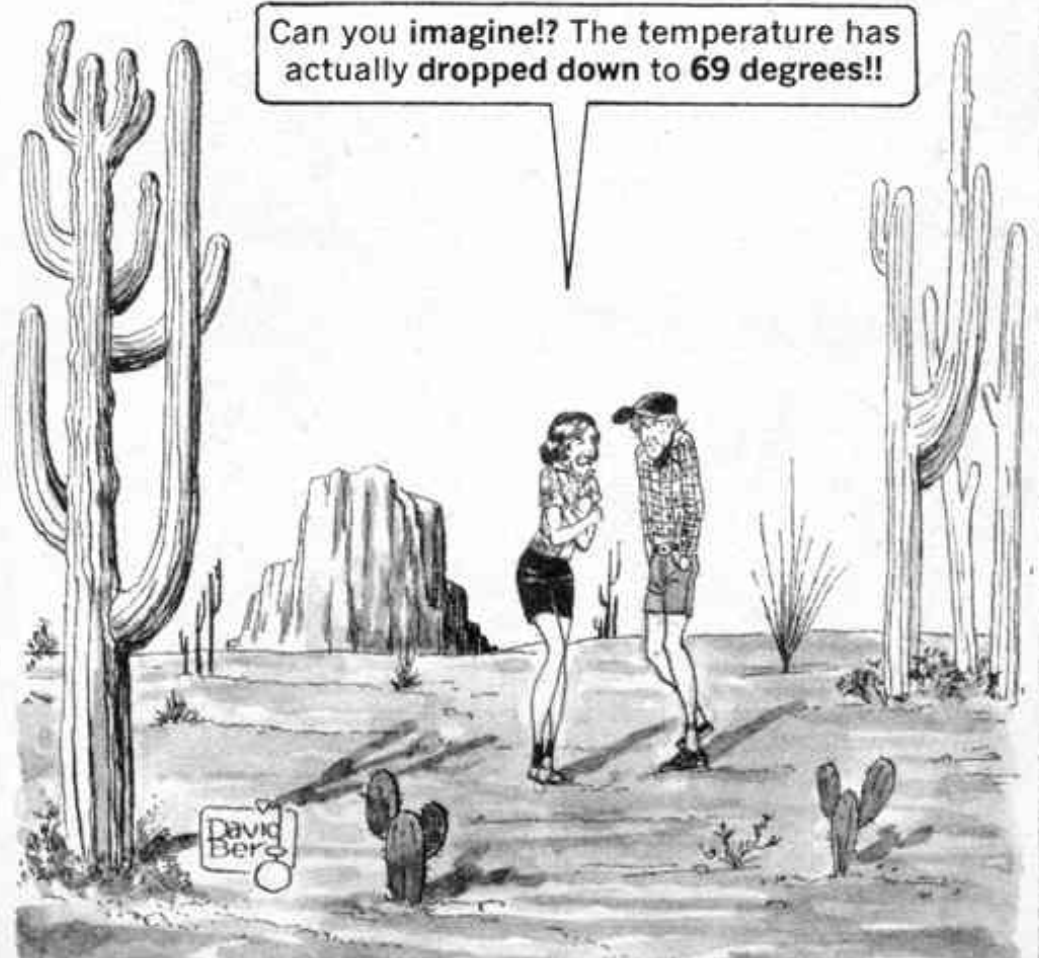
Now we don't have to shovel all that snow from the car!



I really can't believe it! Suddenly, after a nice warm Summer, THIS happens!!

It's the dead of WINTER!! I'm freezing to DEATH!!

Can you imagine!? The temperature has actually dropped down to 69 degrees!!



ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY

First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



Then . . . I connect the head electrodes . . .



And now, I pull the switch . . . sending four hundred thousand volts into the body . . . more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!



YEAH!!



A-ZAP-DAP . . . AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN . . . AN'-A-HOW'S BY YOU? !? YEAH! YEAH!!



Let's see now! First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



D. MARTIN...

WINDSHIELD WEEPERS DEPT.

With parking space at a minimum, and charges for parking at a maximum, the poor car owner has been trying various methods to beat the system while avoiding a ticket. Notes, official-looking identification cards, Police Department magazines, business cards, etc., are all

SURE-FIRE TICKET DEFENSE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Bless, O Lord, the keeper of the Peace—the Officer of the Law—who in his own unselfishness, overlooks this minor trespass of another made in Your Image. But let he who rules with an iron hand—who puts him self before and above others—let him feel the pain of eternal damnation. Amen!

Officer -
I heard on the radio that this make car has been recalled by the factory because a defective part may cause the steering wheel to fly off at any moment. So I immediately pulled over to the curb and left my car here not to take any chances.

Honey,
Don't forget to drop off this check for me!
Love, Jack

JOHN DRURY

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

Policemen's Benevolent Association
One Thousand ⁰⁰/_{xx}

SCHUBERT VALLEY
NATIONAL BANK
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

No. 110

2/6 19 *74*

\$ *1000.00*

DOLLARS

John Drury

THIS CAR IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE:
CATHOLIC URBAN LEAGUE,
JEWISH NEIGHBORHOOD AID SOCIETY,
AND THE
PROTESTANT COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION
CAR POOL

MILTON ELNICK
CHIEF AUDITOR
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
(Division of Tax Returns
Of City and State Employees)

being left in view in an attempt to convince the passing Cop to keep on passing. But they rarely work. Why? Because to really get to someone, you have to appeal to his emotions... to his feelings of guilt and insecurity. With this goal in mind, MAD herewith offers...



PERRENTS FOR FRUSTRATED DRIVERS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

*Officer -
Just went to pick
up my judicial robe.*

Mildred:

*If you found my suicide note
and traced me to the car, don't
panic - I haven't done it yet.*

*I left the car here to go for a
little walk to think about whether
life is worth living. With all
the setbacks I've had lately,
all I need is one more bad
experience to push me over
the brink...*

Dear Officer,

*They just announced over
the radio that this month's
quota of parking tickets
has already been reached.
Thanks!*

**I JUST RETURNED FROM
VIET NAM AND I PUT THIS
SIGN HERE FOR ALL TO SEE
SO I COULD SAY HOW
GREAT IT IS TO BE HOME
IN A FREE COUNTRY
WHERE YOU CAN GO WHERE
YOU WANT, DO WHAT YOU
WANT, *PARK* WHERE YOU
WANT, AND NOT HAVE SOME
COMMIE RAT HASSLE YOU!
LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN WAY!**

*This car is owned by a
revered mother who just
ran into the store to buy
an American flag and
an apple pie...*

Madame Olga

**THE WITCH WHO CAN PUT
THE CURSE ON ANYONE
...ANY TIME... ANYWHERE!
I NEVER FAIL!**

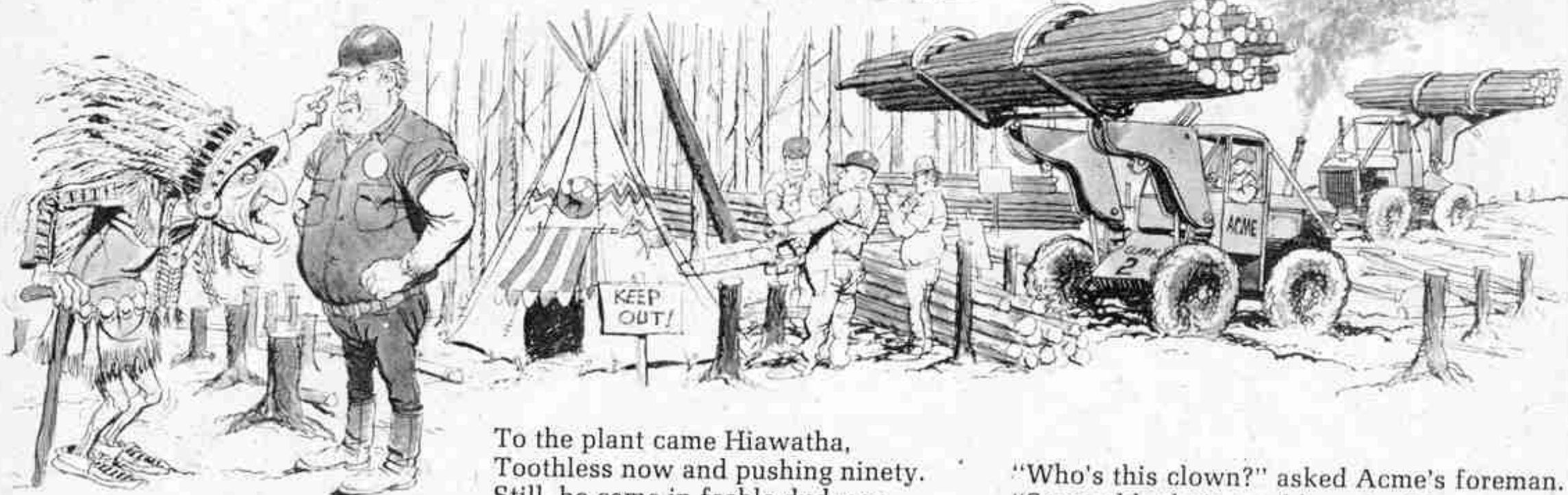
CALL QZ-9-9977

SON OF "ROSES ARE RED" DEPT.

Did you ever notice how every screen writer who comes up with a box office success and every novelist who clicks with a best seller immediately turns out a sequel in order to drain the last possible buck from his one good idea? Well, MAD has noticed it, and we've also noticed that great poets seem to be the only writers who never tried to cash in on success by dashing

MAD SEQUELS TO

HIAWATHA'S LAST STAND



By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
Near the shack of Hiawatha,
Rose the plant of Acme Paper,
Making pulp of birch and pine trees;
Dumping crud into the water.

To the plant came Hiawatha,
Toothless now and pushing ninety.
Still, he came in feeble dudgeon,
Flailing at the boss of Acme.
"Os-kee-wa-wa!" screamed the Indian.
"You polluters killed my fish friends;
Gave the shaft to furry creatures;
Even scared the white-fire insects.
Pack your buzz saws up and beat it."

"Who's this clown?" asked Acme's foreman.
"Some old ethnic trouble maker?"
Hiawatha answered swiftly:
"I'm the grandson of the Moon Child;
Friend of Ishkoodah, the comet;
Pal of Naked Bear and Owlet.
Once a poet wrote my story.
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

CASEY AT THE CONTRACT TALKS



Spring training time was close at hand
for Mudville's hapless nine,
And all the players had agreed
on contract terms they'd sign;
Except, that is, for Casey, who
was holding out for more
Despite his batting slump that lost
the flag the year before.

The Mudville owner met with Casey
on an April day
To learn how much his fallen star
expected him to pay.
The owner told the press, "There won't
be much to talk about.
I can't believe that clod expects
a raise for striking out."

Yet, who could doubt that Casey held
the key to Mudville's fate
As he strode grandly through the door
to re-negotiate?
He moved with grace; his biceps bulged;
his gut was hard and flat.
Small wonder foes were gripped with fear
when Casey came to bat.



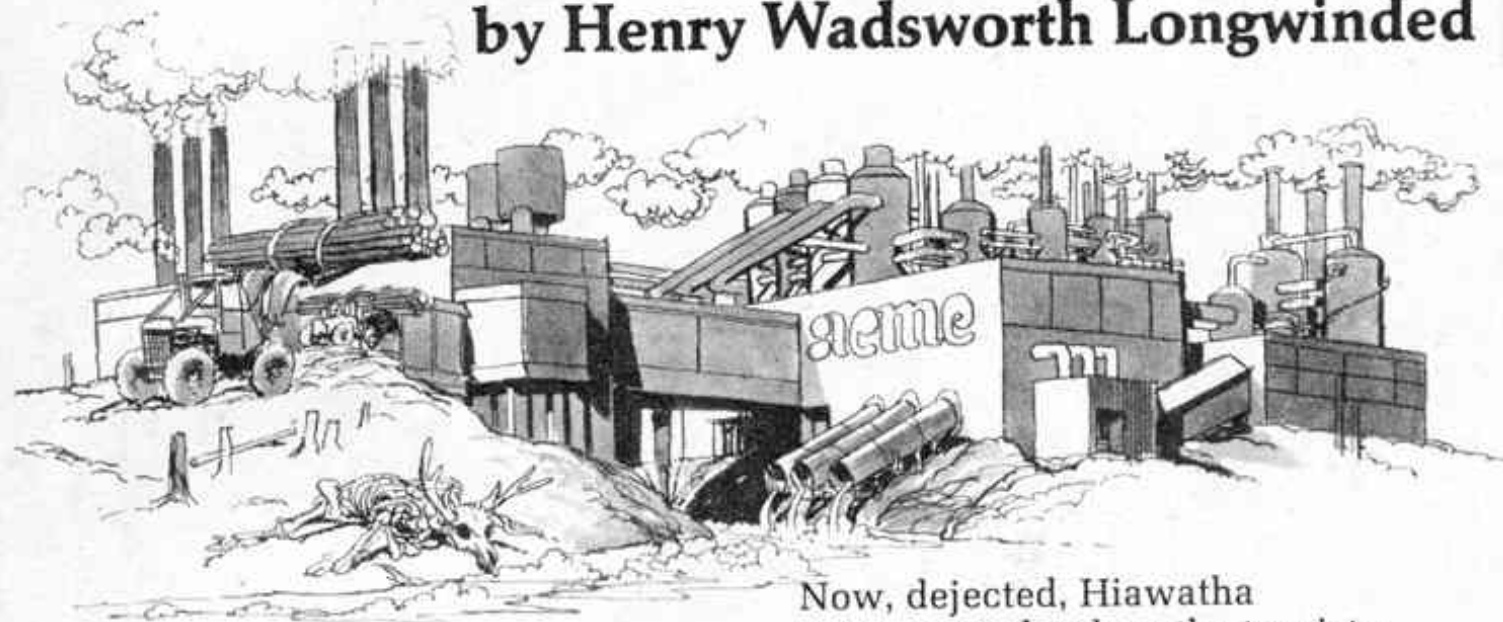
off mediocre follow-ups to their biggest hits. Yep, when it comes to well known poems, there's a million-dollar bonanza awaiting any hack writer who pens what the original poet might have written next. Hack writers happen to be a commodity that we here at MAD possess in abundance, so we plan to go after that unclaimed million right now by presenting our collection of...

FAMOUS POEMS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

by Henry Wadsworth Longwinded



"Hoo boy!" moaned the boss of Acme.
Why must I get all the loonies?"
Then he lectured Hiawatha
On the rights his firm was granted;
Rights to turn the whole great forest
Into paper pulp for "Playboy."
Hiawatha mumbled something
Of a broken tribal treaty.
Patience gone, the foreman shouted,
"Get thee to a reservation."

Now, dejected, Hiawatha
Runs a stand to lure the tourists;
Sells them trinkets made in Cleveland.
Some pay him a dime or quarter
Just to have their pictures taken
With a senile, wrinkled Indian.
Hiawatha poses proudly,
Telling all who stop to see him,
"Once a poet wrote my story.
Wanna see my scrapbook clippings?"

Strangely, no one ever wants to.

WE SHOT A MISSILE
INTO SPACE

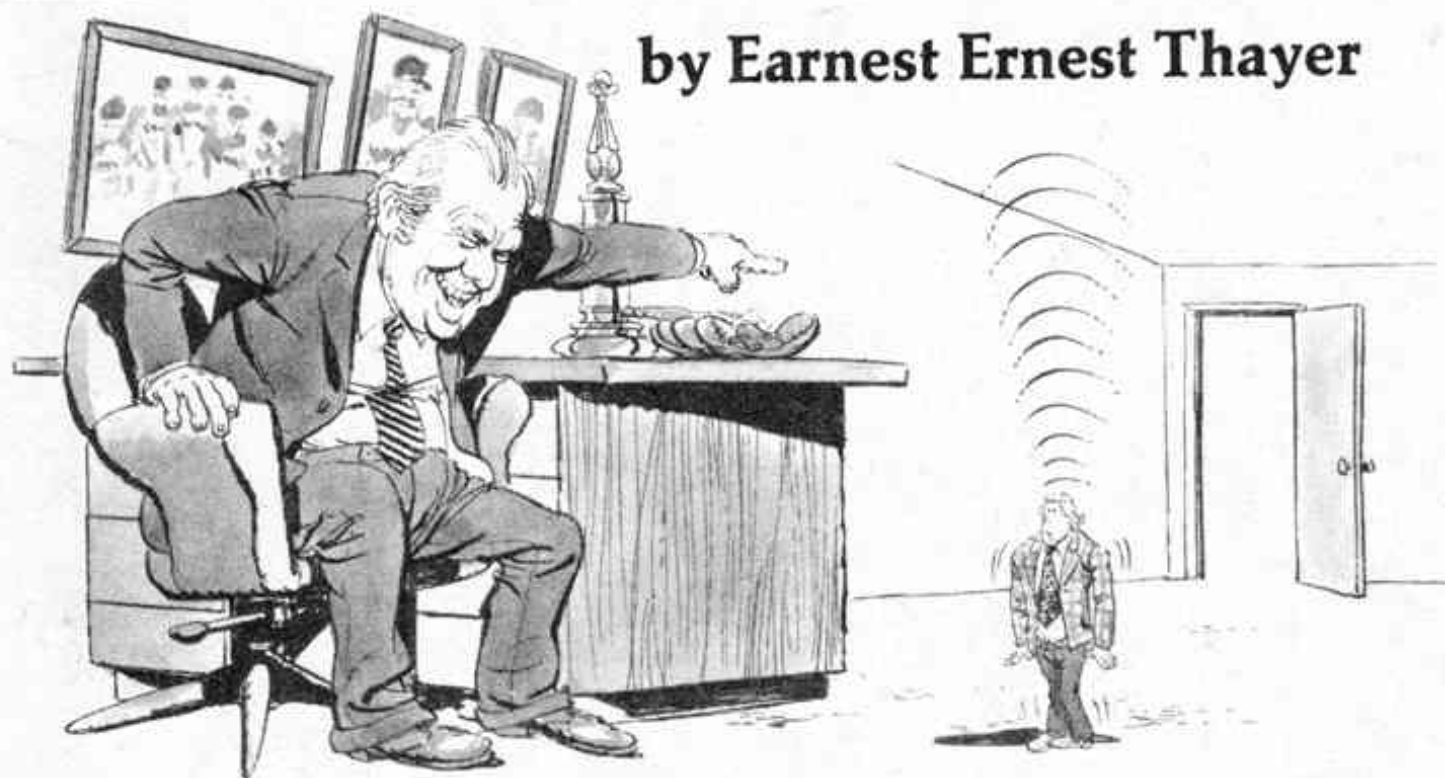
by N.A.S.A.

Public Information Officer
H. W. Bullfellow



We shot a missile into space.
We fear it fell to earth someplace.
Though we were aiming for the moon,
Red China claims we hit Kowloon.

by Earnest Ernest Thayer



Now Casey faced the owner with
his hands upon his hips,
And now his eyes were cold as steel;
a snarl had curled his lips.
Unsmiling, Casey spoke his piece.
He said, "I've got it planned
To loll at home this year unless
I'm paid a hundred grand."

The owner laughed and said, "I've got
some news that just won't keep.
We've signed a rookie from Spokane
who plays both good and cheap.
He never chokes up in the clutch.
So, Casey, my advice
Is practice hard at home this year,
'cause now you've struck out twice."



Now, Chou En Lai is hopping mad
Because, it seems, our aim was bad;
And all our space probe expertise
Found nothing but enraged Chinese.

THE BAREFOOT MAN

by John Looseleaf Notebook

Barefoot boy, you're thirty-three;
Less cute than you used to be.
Once, I smiled to watch you loaf;
Now, you're just a six-foot oaf,
Warbling, childlike, through your beard.
Day by day, you get more weird.



Curses on thee, barefoot bum!
You're as shiftless as they come;
Romp through the woods at play.
Why not get a job some day?
Then buy shoes, quick as you can;
No one like a barefoot man.

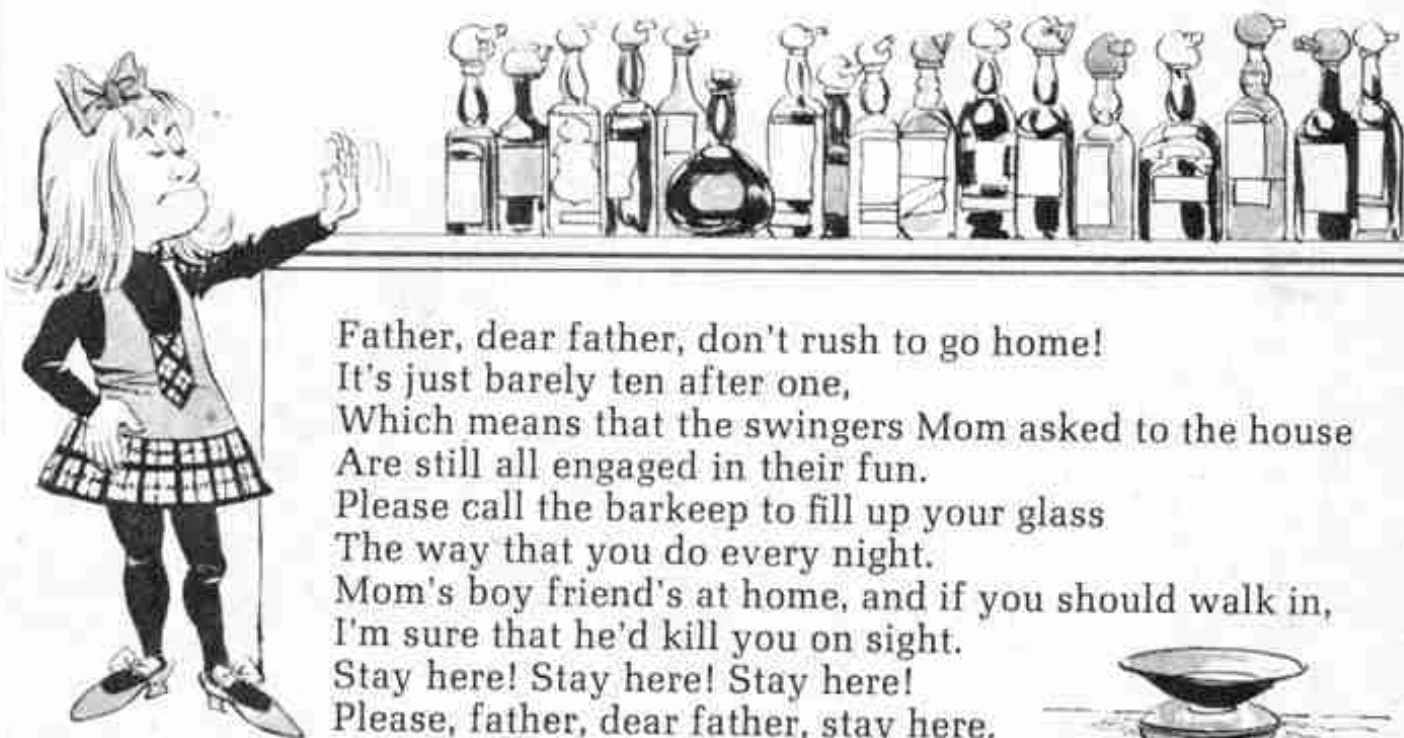
THE RAVIN' REAL ESTATE



When a house is damp and drafty,
then a salesman must be crafty
While he's showing would-be buyers
all around the real estate.
Point out how the kitchen's roomy;
never say it's dark and gloomy.
Then the prospect may not guess that
he's been rooked 'til it's too late,
By which time, you're out the gate.

Though such tactics might be sleezy,
they made selling houses easy
'Til I got the job of peddling
Edgar Allan Poe's old place.
Poe long since had met his doom there,
but the raven he let me room there
I found still alive, atop
the mantle shooting off his face,
Loudly, with no style or grace.

THE NIGHT AFTER FATHE



Father, dear father, don't rush to go home!
It's just barely ten after one,
Which means that the swingers Mom asked to the house
Are still all engaged in their fun.
Please call the barkeep to fill up your glass
The way that you do every night.
Mom's boy friend's at home, and if you should walk in,
I'm sure that he'd kill you on sight.
Stay here! Stay here! Stay here!
Please, father, dear father, stay here.



FAREWELL TO ORPHAN ANNIE



Little Orphan Annie's gotten sent on her way.
It happened when the Doctor said she really shouldn't stay.
The Doc was called to diagnose why we kept having dreams
That made us kids wake up at night and let out piercing screams.
Doc had us study ink blots first, to help our minds unfold;
And each blot dredged up tales of ghosts that Orphan Annie told.

The Doctor took my folks aside and said, "All kids throw fits
When you let weirdo orphan girls half scare them from their wits.
She talks a lot of goblins, and of big, black things that roam.
She'll turn your kids to fruitcakes if you keep her in your home."

AGENT

by Edgar Callous Snowjob



In my sales pitch, I did mention
all that might divert attention
From the raven, for who'd want a
home with built-in bird that speaks?
With my manner suave and steady,
I at last found someone ready,
Primed to buy, once he had tested
all the doors for cracks and squeaks.
Yelled the bird, "The chimney leaks!"

I drank booze and went unshaven,
driven crazy by that raven
Who refused to keep his beak shut
while I forced some clod to buy.
My employer loudly goaded
me to get that house unloaded,
Little knowing how each effort
merely made the raven cry:
"Hark! The basement's never dry!"

"Bird," I said, "I can't ignore you,
so instead let me implore you:
Hush until I've sold this place, and
then I will forever go."
Quoth the bird, "Give up your labors.
I live here and don't want neighbors.
Much adjustment is required for
two to share a home, you know.
That's why I evicted Poe."

R DIDN'T COME HOME

by Henrietta Kay Jerk



Father, dear father, keep lapping the sauce!
It's only a little past two.
Forget that I urged you to come home last night
'Cause your youngest child had the flu.
Baby is peaceful and not crying now;
Perhaps that's because he is dead.
At any rate, Mom's entertaining tonight.
You're not to come home yet, she said.
Don't go! Don't go! Don't go!
Please, father, dear father, don't go.

Father, dear father, drink up and enjoy!
The clock is just now striking three.
Your wife is unfaithful; your infant conked out;
But don't let that ruin your spree.
Mom wants you here, for the house is a mess;
Men's clothes are all over the floor.
So give her 'til morning to tidy things up
While you guzzle down a few more.
Pass out! Pass out! Pass out!
Please, father, dear father, pass out.



So Pa helped Annie pack her things, and told her very nice,
"You're strange, so out the door you go. It's Doctor's firm advice.
Still, you may like the orphanage; it's got a lovely wall,
And children packed in every room, and mice in every hall."

by James Nitwit Spryly



Now, Annie writes to say she likes the institution's gloom;
And, after undergoing tests, she got a private room.
Though it's equipped with rubber walls, she still hears voices shout,
"We're goblins who'll get Annie if she

Don't
Watch
Out!"

CHICAGO SUBURB

by Carl Sandbag

Hog Barbecuer for the World,
School Segregator, Mower of Lawns,
Player with Golf Clubs and the Nation's Wife Swapper;
Bigoted, snobbish, flaunting,
Suburb of the White Collars.

They tell me you are lazy, and I believe them; for I have seen your
women in the super-market parking lots, tipping box boys to load
their station wagons.

And they tell me you are brutal, and my reply is: At the stations of
your commuter trains, I have seen old ladies trampled by men in
quest of seats on the shady side.

And they tell me your soil is rotten and vengeful, and I answer: Yes,
it is true, for I have seen crab grass killed and rise up to grow
again.

But still, I turn to those who sneer at this, my suburb, and I give
them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another town with eight drive-in mortuaries and a
Colonel Sanders on every block;

Show me a suburb with mortgage payments so high that men worry
themselves into heart attacks at forty,

Debt-ridden,

Overdrawn,

Embezzling,

Financing, defaulting, re-financing,

But pleased as punch to be Hog Barbecuers for the World, School
Segregators, Mowers of Lawns, Players with Golf Clubs and
Champion Wife Swappers of the Nation.



That remark caused quite a stir;
They called me a rebel cur,
'Cause for Limey rule I lacked appreciation.
Still, they sensed throughout the land
We were gettin' out o' hand,
So they wisely left and gave us back our nation.

Now, we do the best we can;
Twice we've clobbered Pakistan,
While the glories that were England have grown fewer.
Though it may sound harsh and rude,
All this leads me to conclude,
Rudyard Kipling, I'm a better man than you were.

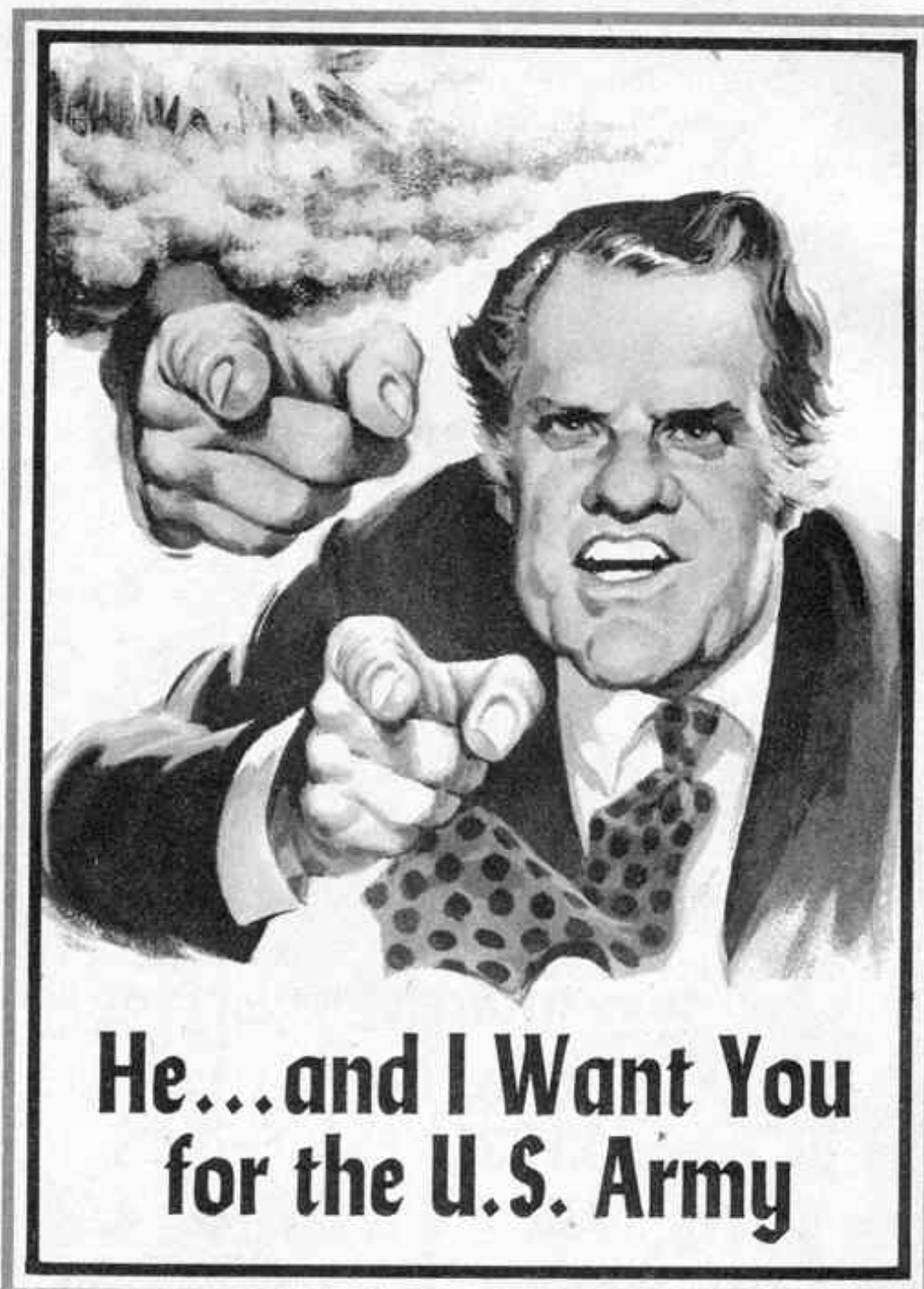


This is the famous U.S. Army Recruiting Poster by James Montgomery Flagg. Now that we're close to having an all-volunteer Army, it's time the Pentagon modernized its recruiting methods. And the first thing the Brass should do is get rid of the old Flagg Poster and replace Uncle Sam and his message with endorsements by current "name" people. Then we'd start seeing these...

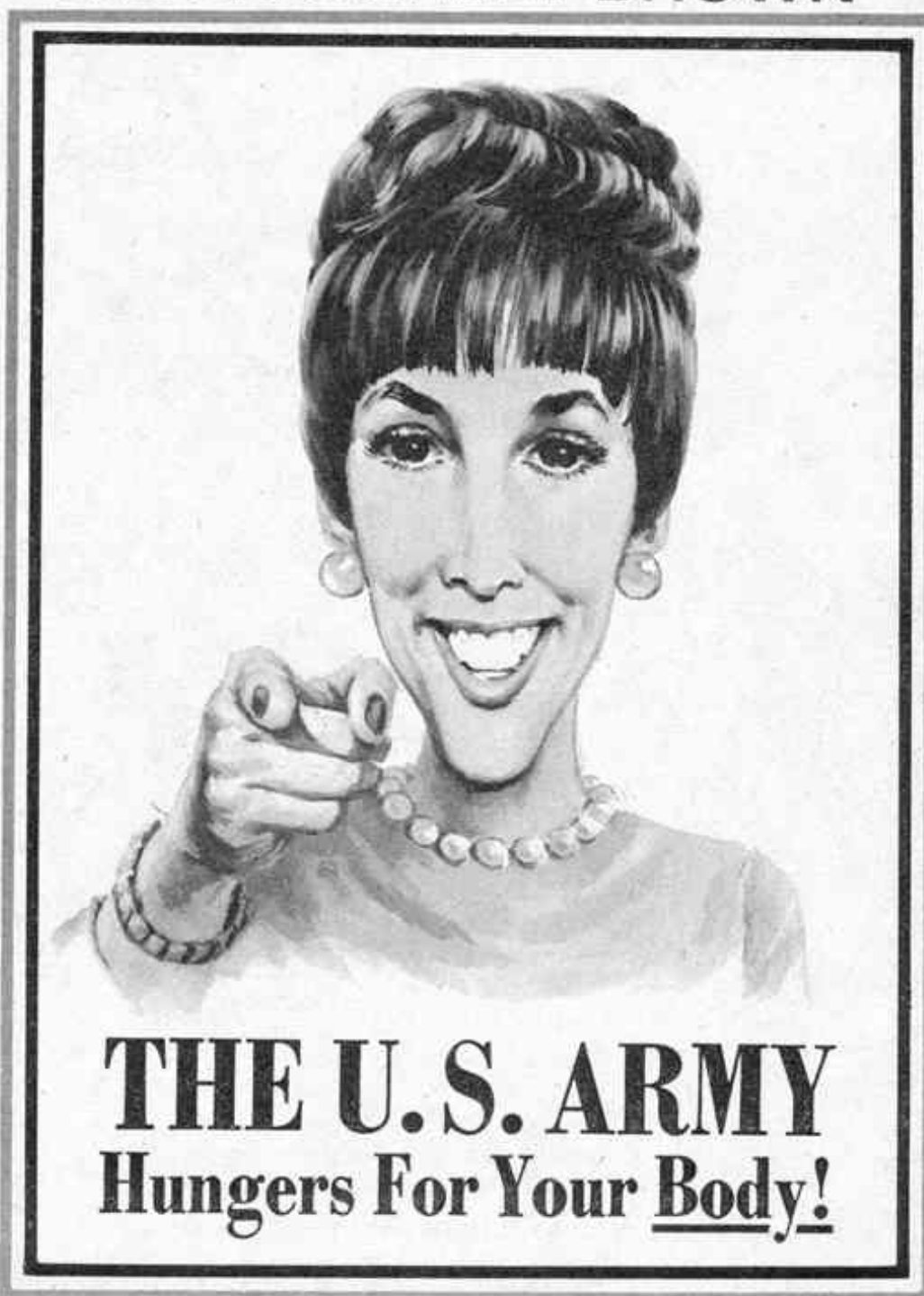
"I WANT YOU" POSTERS STARRING TODAY'S CELEBRITIES

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BILLY GRAHAM



HELEN GURLEY BROWN



SPIRO AGNEW



**SHOW UP SNOT-NOSED SNIVELERS
PREACHING THE PUERILE PAP
OF THE PAMPERED PEACENIKS!!
JOIN THE U.S. ARMY!**

DAVID EISENHOWER



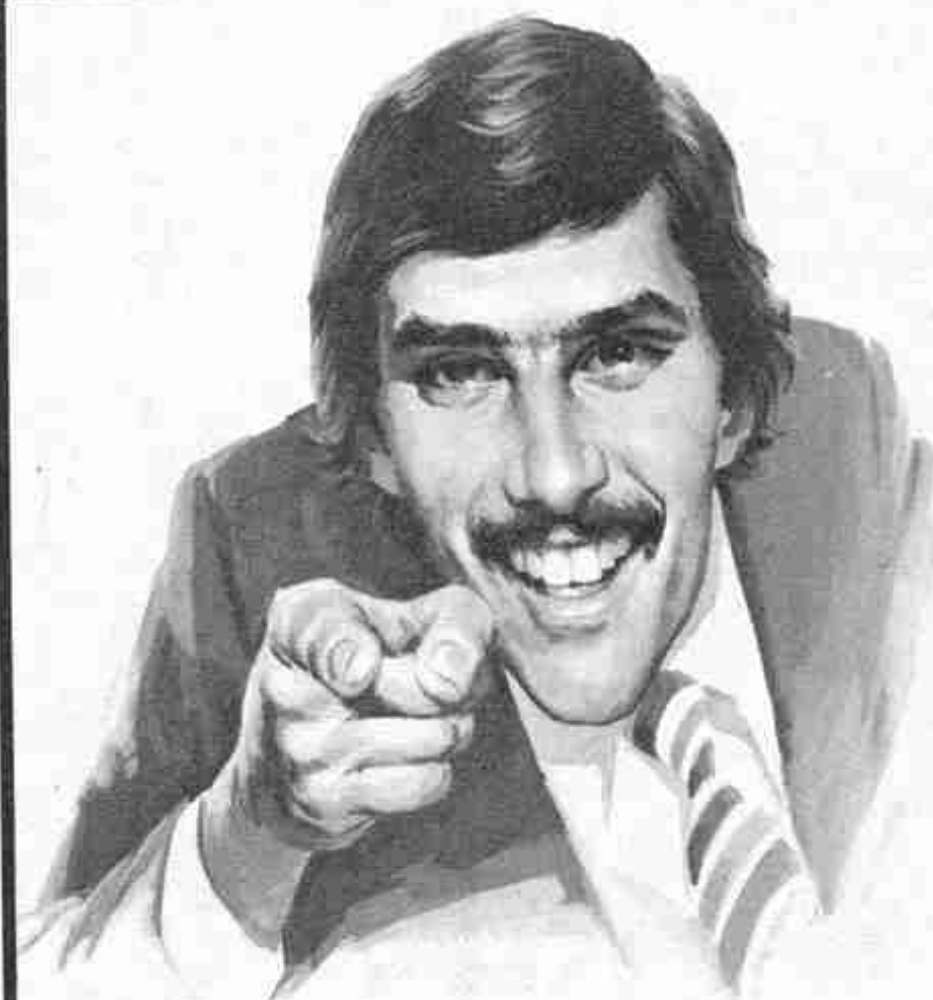
**Julie and I Think The
U.S. Army is Neat!**

HUBERT HUMPHREY



I believe it's a grand and glorious experience for a young man to join the U.S. Army, yes indeed, I truly do, so my advice to you, young man, is to join the U.S. Army and discover how grand and glorious an experience it really is, because I believe deep in my heart that joining the U.S. Army is as grand and glorious as any experience a young man can have today, I believe that, I truly do!

MARK SPITZ



**JOIN THE U.S. ARMY
And Discover How Medals
Can Make You Irresistible!**

ERICH SEGAL



JOINING THE U.S. ARMY
IS NEVER HAVING
TO SAY YOU'RE NAVY!

ABBIE HOFFMAN



**If People Like Me
Disgust You,
Join The U.S. Army!**

JACK ANDERSON



High-Level Pentagon Sources
May Deny This, But They
Want You For The Army!

BOBBY FISHER



It's Your Move!

MAD VISITS THE "REALISTIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



This is Walter Krankheit for MAD Magazine, and I'm here on the campus of the "Realistic School of Medicine" talking to the Dean and Founder of this unique institution, Dr. Ernest Cutter! Dr. Cutter, would you tell the folks out there a little bit about your school?

Be glad to, Walt! I've always felt that today's Medical Schools do not prepare students properly for the practice of Medicine in this country! So I founded this school! Pure and simple, I teach it like it IS in the Medical Profession! I cut through the fiction of such garbage as "Healing" and "Dedication to Duty" and prepare the Doctors of Tomorrow for the REAL World of Medicine!

How did you start your school, Dr. Cutter?

With money from a rich Banker I once operated on!

Oh, it was a donation from a grateful patient!?

No... a fee from a DEAD one! Like I always say, Walt, those who CAN—do, and those who CAN'T—teach!



You certainly have a beautiful campus, Doctor!

Thanks! We're standing in front of the Biology Lab! Behind it is the Library!

And what's that large building?

That's our favorite structure! It's in buildings like that, all over America, that the Med Student will be spending most of his time as a Practicing Physician! That building is really what Modern Medicine is all about today!

That building is a Hospital?

No, Dummy! That building is a BANK!!

... and even if the Patient only had nausea and a 105° temperature, he didn't have to go to the Doctor's office! The Doctor would come to him!

The Doctor actually came to HIM?? Why, that's unbelievable!

It's a fact! Those trips were known as "House Calls"!

What's going on in there, Dr. Cutter?

It's a course in Medical Ancient History!



I notice that the students don't seem to carry books! Isn't that strange on a school campus?

Not really! They're so busy, they don't have time to read! In fact, one of our own graduates, Dr. Maurice Fiscus, hasn't read **ONE THING** since he left High School!

Dr. Fiscus? He writes those awful articles for "Reader's Digest!" Doesn't he know how **TERRIBLE** they are?

I doubt it! He's too busy writing! I told you he doesn't have **TIME** to read!

How can a **Doctor** learn his profession without reading or studying **Medical Books**!?

A Doctor doesn't have to read or study to practice Medicine profitably!

No, I won't buy that!

All he has to do is memorize a few clichés and **Medical catchwords**!

You're kidding!

It's true! In fact, another graduate, a famous Surgeon, has only used **three words** in over ten years!

CUT IT OUT!

How did you **GUESS**!?! Let's visit the Language Department and see how it works!

All right, Gentlemen! Let's see how much you remember about yesterday's lesson! Let's say a Patient comes into your office with a **severe case of Lockjaw**! What do you say to him? Thompson ...?

Take **two aspirin** and call me in the morning!

Excellent!

A Patient has fallen out of a window and has broken **both of his legs**! Caraway ...?

Drink lots of **fruit juice** and keep off your feet!

Very good!

A Patient comes into your office complaining of **severe pains in the chest**! Harris ...?

First, lie down on your affected side so we can **immobilize the pain**! Then we'll diagnose to make sure it isn't a **spontaneous pneumothorax** ... in which case, a half grain **codeine tablet** will help to ease the spasm—

Unprepared again, eh, Harris?!

There always has to be **one trouble-maker**!

Let's move on, shall we?

Now, here's an interesting course at the **Realistic School of Medicine**, which is important to **all** future Doctors! Here, they learn to write their **Bills**!

... now then, we take the Patient's income, which let's say is **\$15,000**, and we take him for 10% of that, or **\$1,500**! Then we add **\$25** each time we step into his room, even though he's in the Hospital anyway! For argument's sake, that's **\$250** more! Then we determine how much **Blue Shield** will pay him for **Surgery**! Let's say, it's **\$1000**! So we add, let's say, another **\$1000** to our bill on general principles. Then we ...

And what do you call this course?

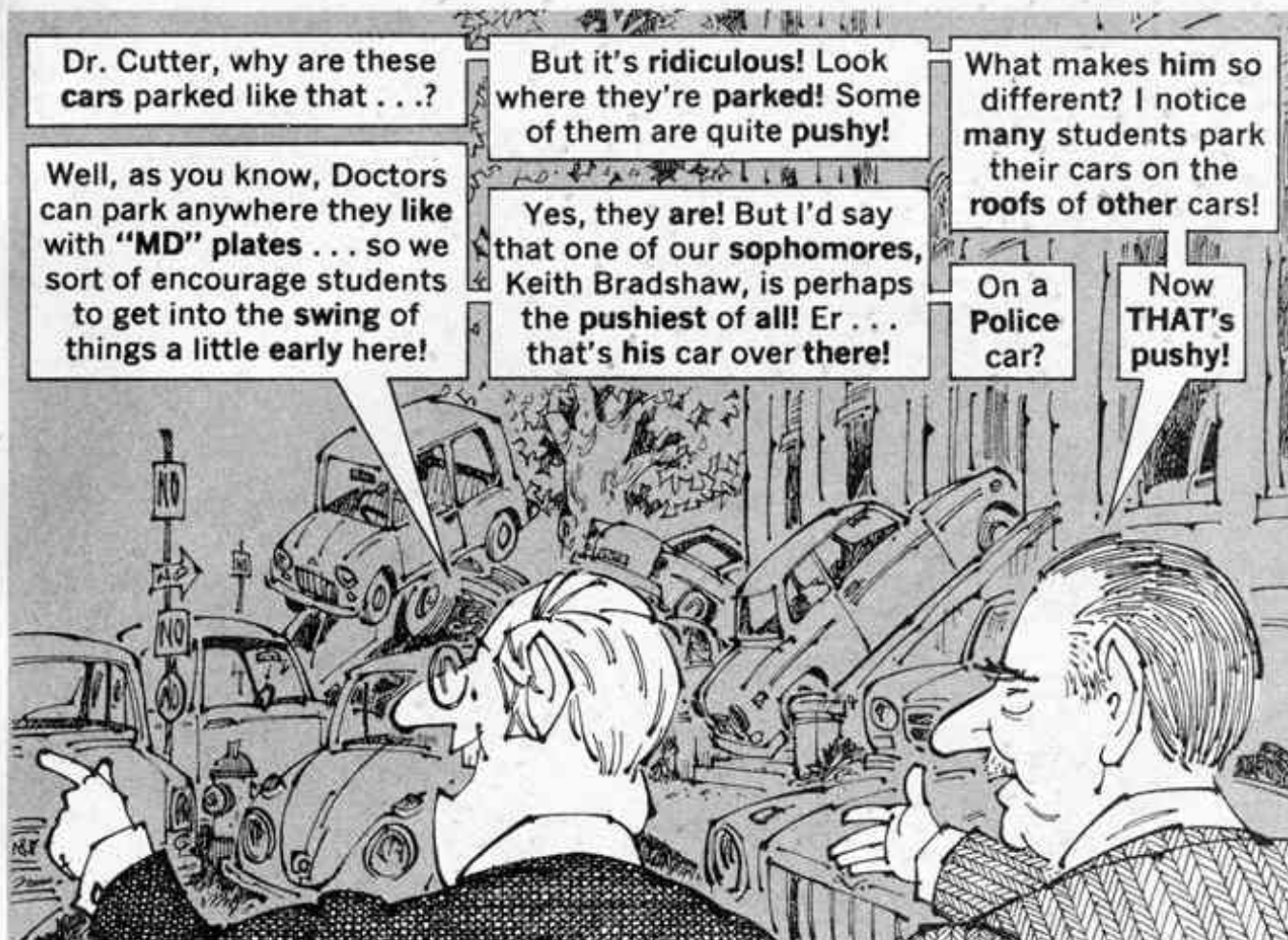
It's listed in our program as "**Medical Math**," but we refer to it as "**Fantasy and Science Fiction**"!

I notice that you have a **blind student** at the school!

Yes ... that's **Cranby**! He's also **deaf and mute**!

Deaf, dumb and blind! What's he **DOING** here?

Studying to be an **Insurance Exam Doctor**! He'll make out fine!



Dr. Cutter, why are these cars parked like that . . . ?

Well, as you know, Doctors can park anywhere they like with "MD" plates . . . so we sort of encourage students to get into the swing of things a little early here!

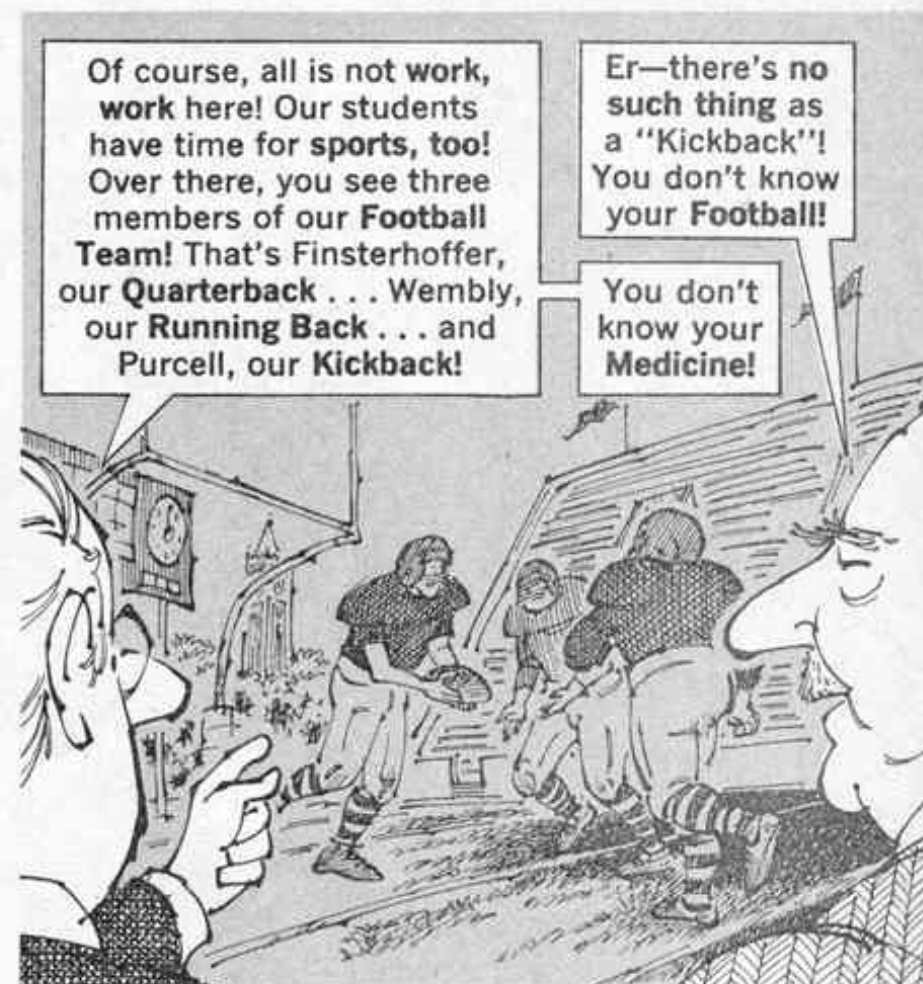
But it's ridiculous! Look where they're parked! Some of them are quite pushy!

Yes, they are! But I'd say that one of our sophomores, Keith Bradshaw, is perhaps the pushiest of all! Er . . . that's his car over there!

What makes him so different? I notice many students park their cars on the roofs of other cars!

On a Police car?

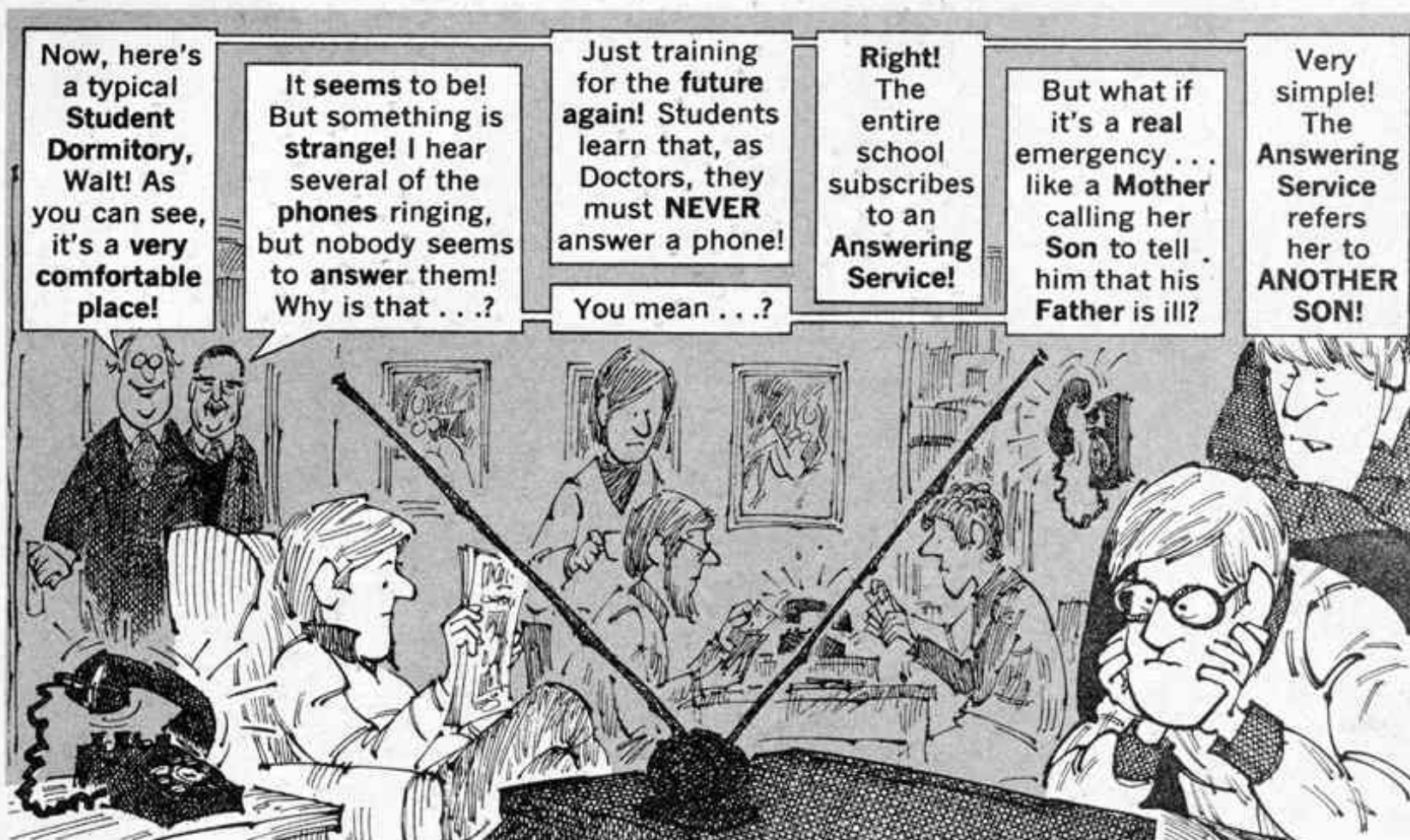
Now THAT's pushy!



Of course, all is not work, work here! Our students have time for sports, too! Over there, you see three members of our Football Team! That's Finsterhoffer, our Quarterback . . . Wembly, our Running Back . . . and Purcell, our Kickback!

Er—there's no such thing as a "Kickback"! You don't know your Football!

You don't know your Medicine!



Now, here's a typical Student Dormitory, Walt! As you can see, it's a very comfortable place!

It seems to be! But something is strange! I hear several of the phones ringing, but nobody seems to answer them! Why is that . . . ?

Just training for the future again! Students learn that, as Doctors, they must NEVER answer a phone!

You mean . . . ?

Right! The entire school subscribes to an Answering Service!

But what if it's a real emergency . . . like a Mother calling her Son to tell him that his Father is ill?

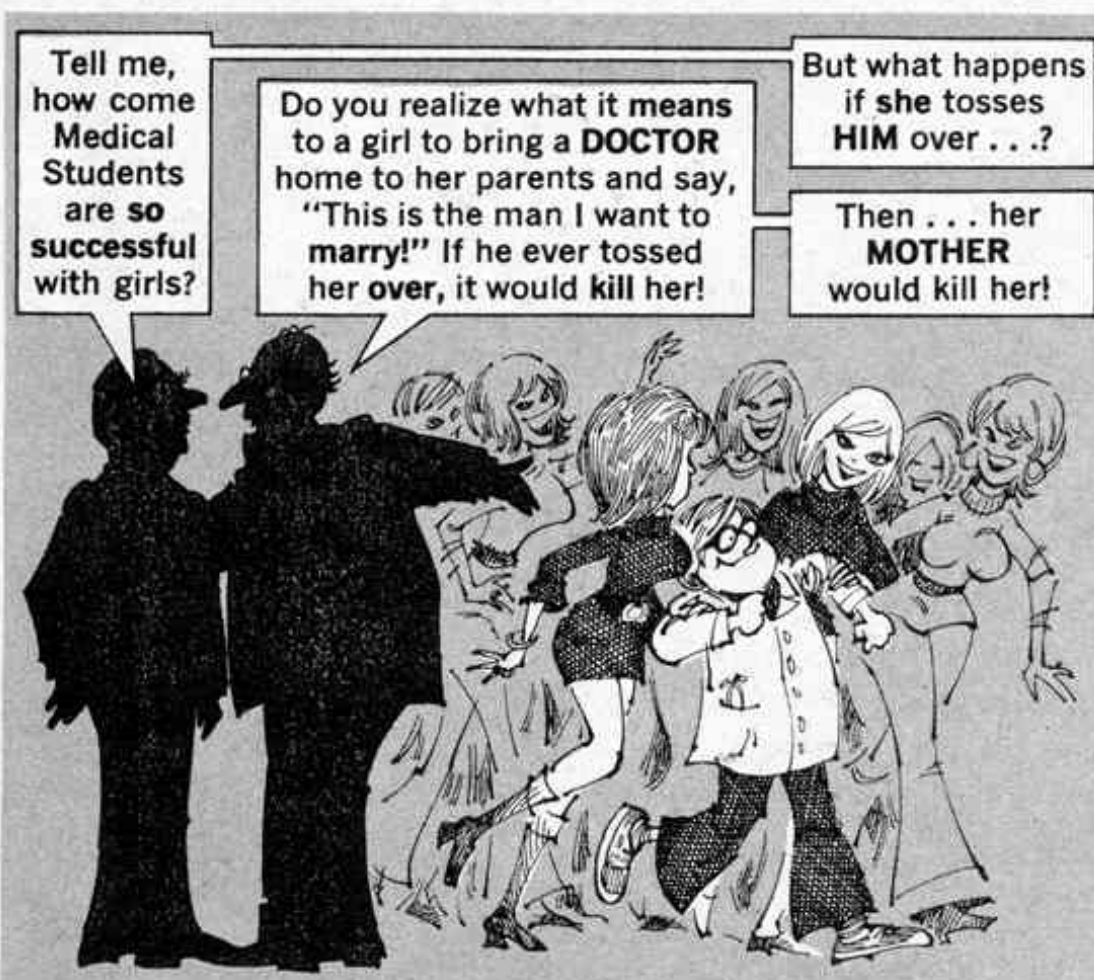
Very simple! The Answering Service refers her to ANOTHER SON!



Doctor, let me ask you something! Do Medical Students have girl friends?

Walt, let me ask YOU something! Does Hugh Hefner have BUNNIES!?!?

They make out like CRAZY!!



Tell me, how come Medical Students are so successful with girls?

Do you realize what it means to a girl to bring a DOCTOR home to her parents and say, "This is the man I want to marry!" If he ever tossed her over, it would kill her!

But what happens if she tosses HIM over . . . ?

Then . . . her MOTHER would kill her!



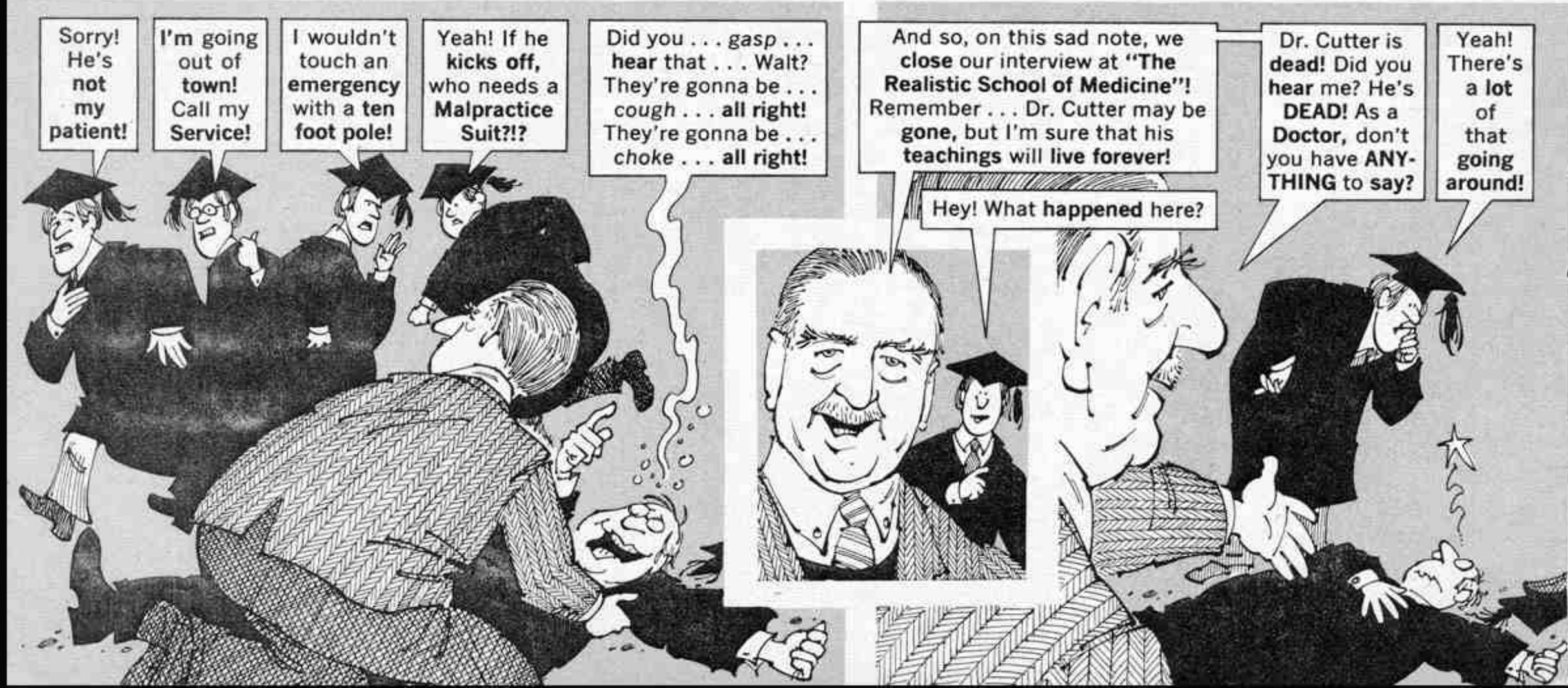
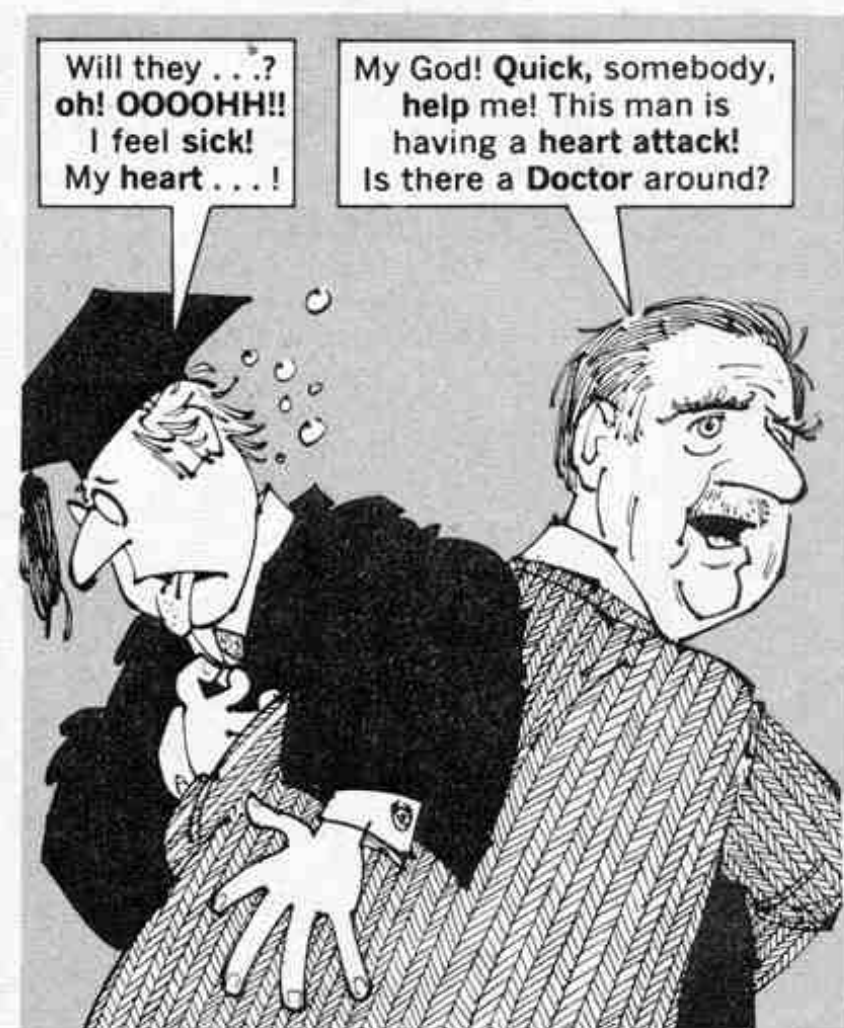
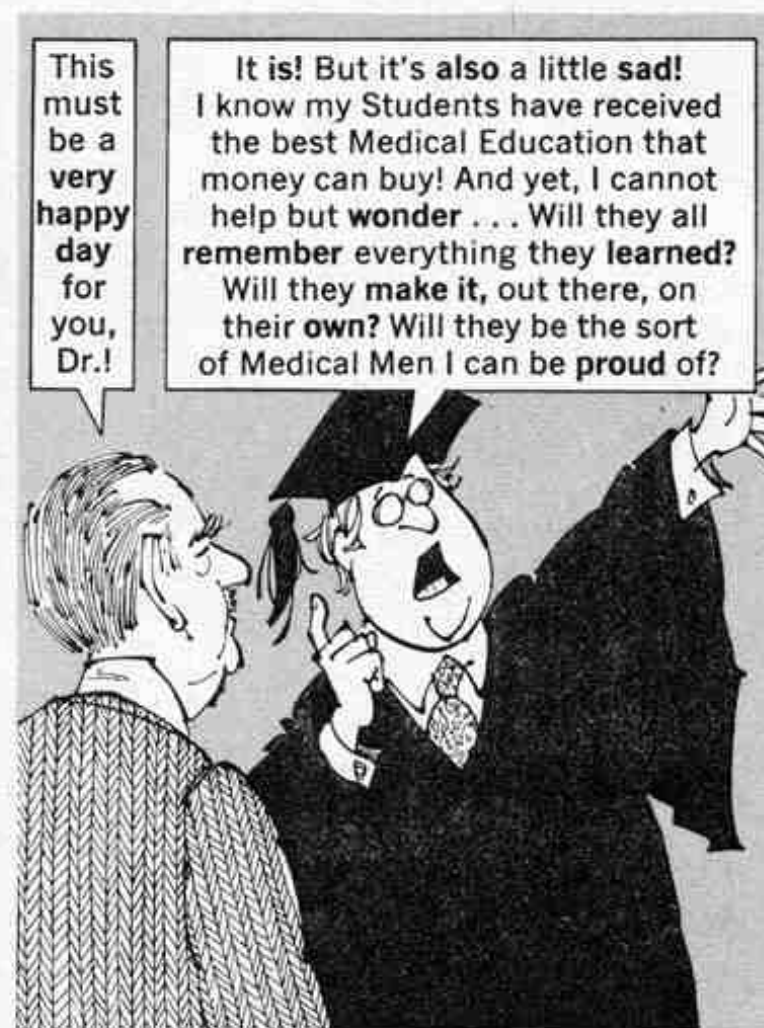
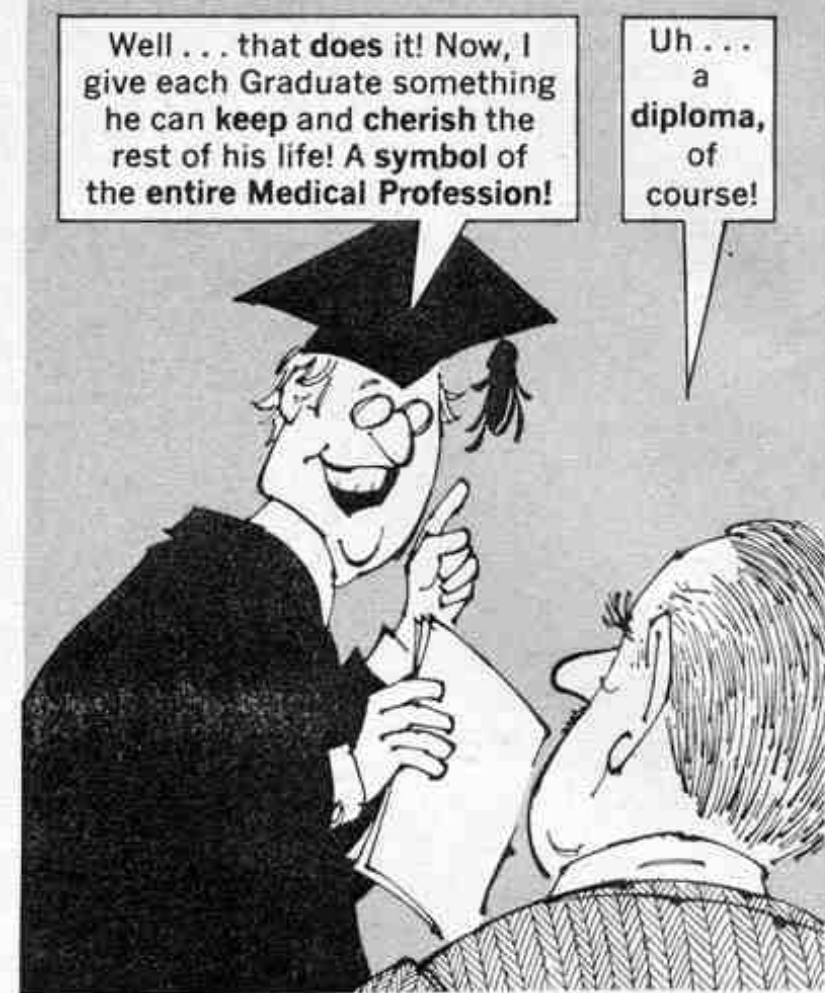
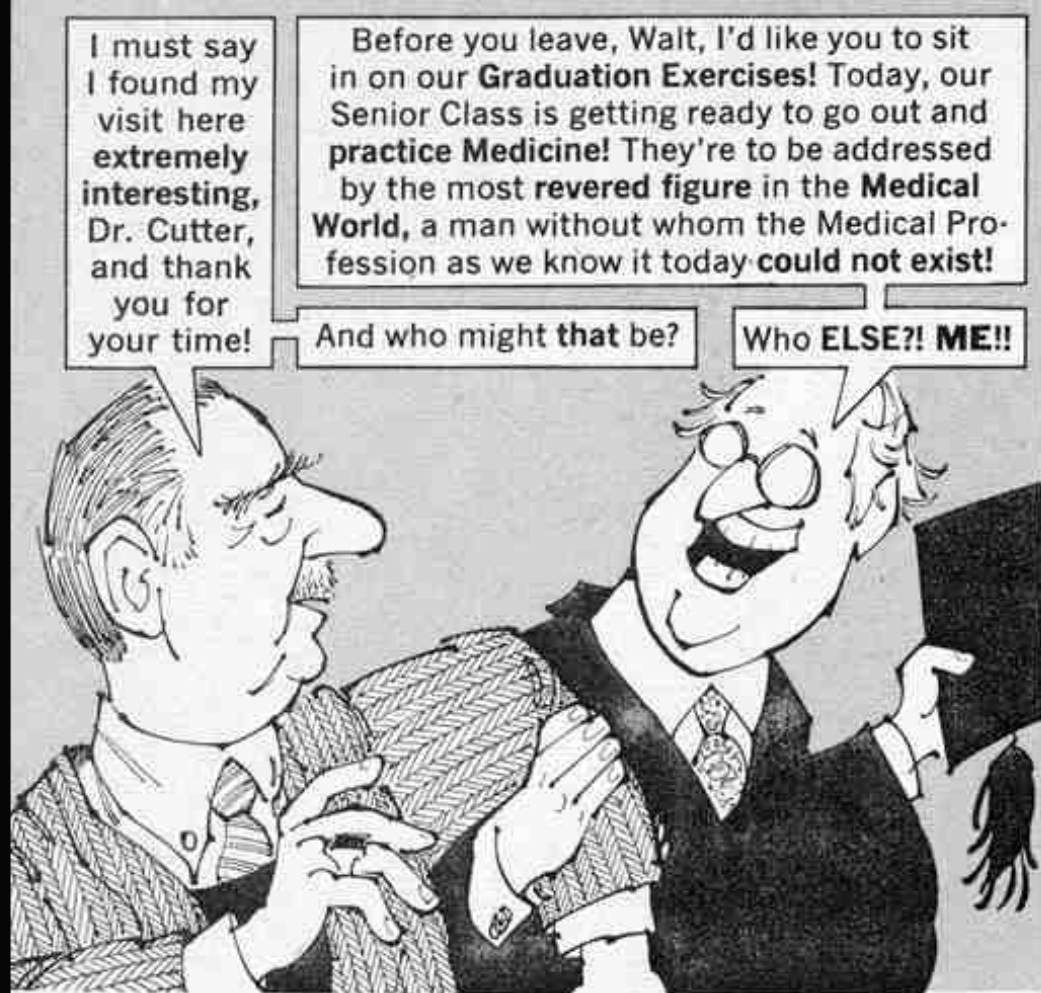
We teach our students to play it cool, and the girls will come to them! As you can see, it works!

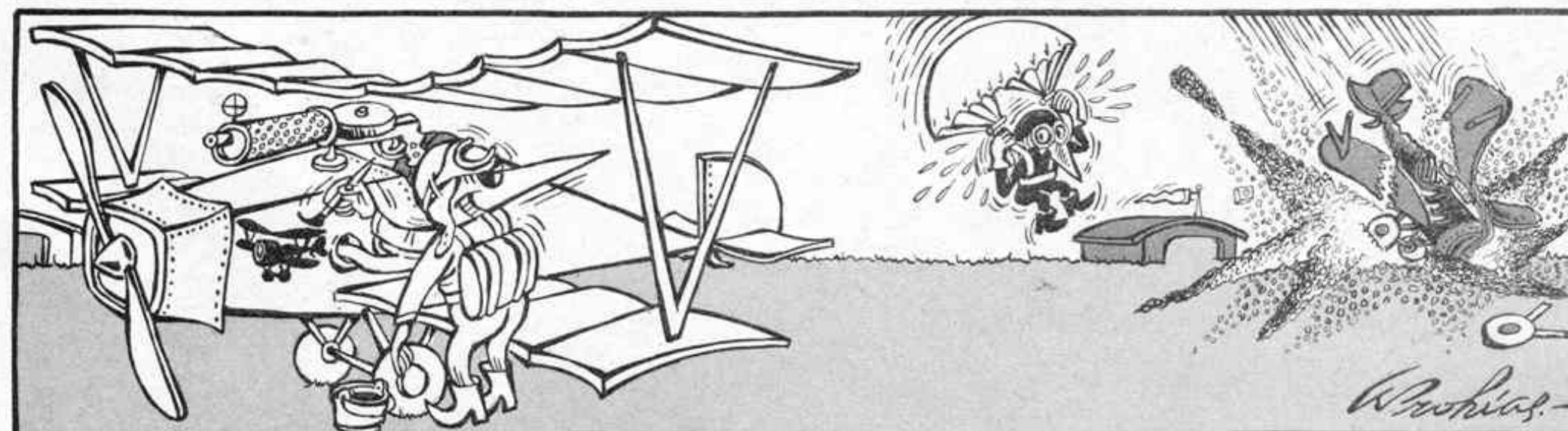
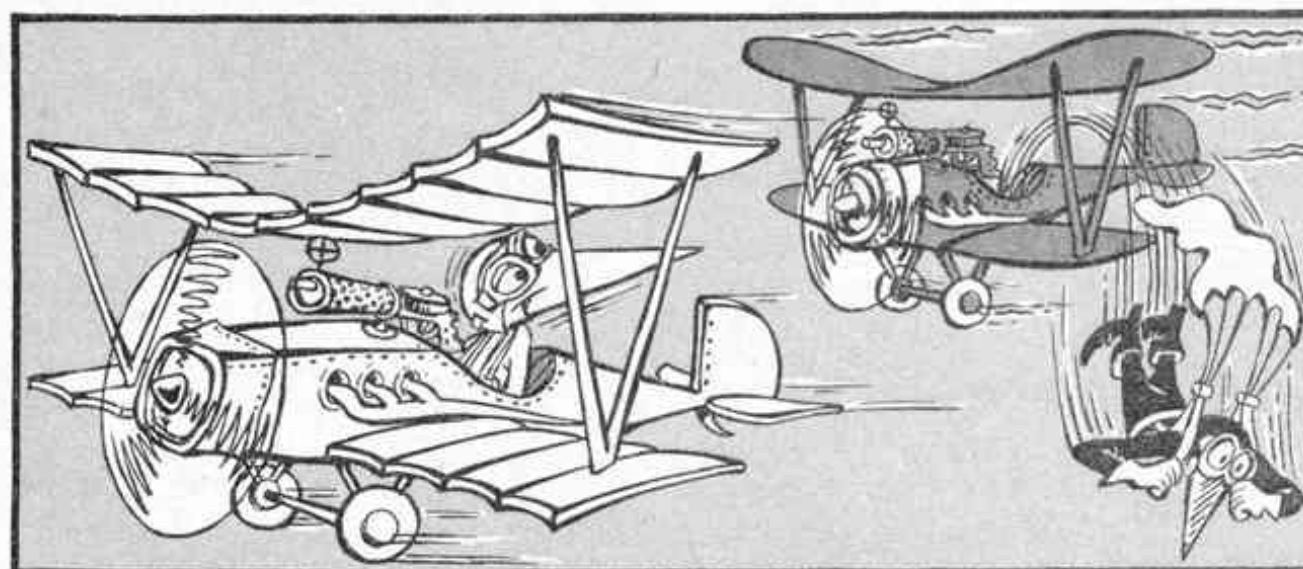
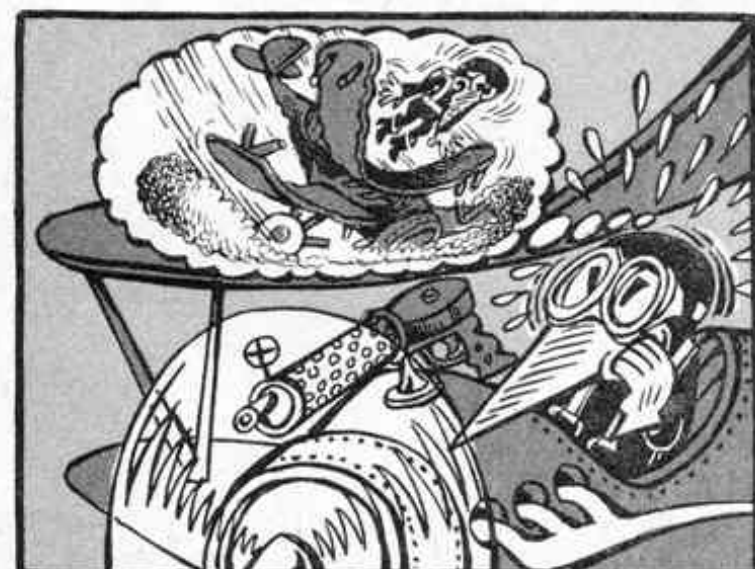
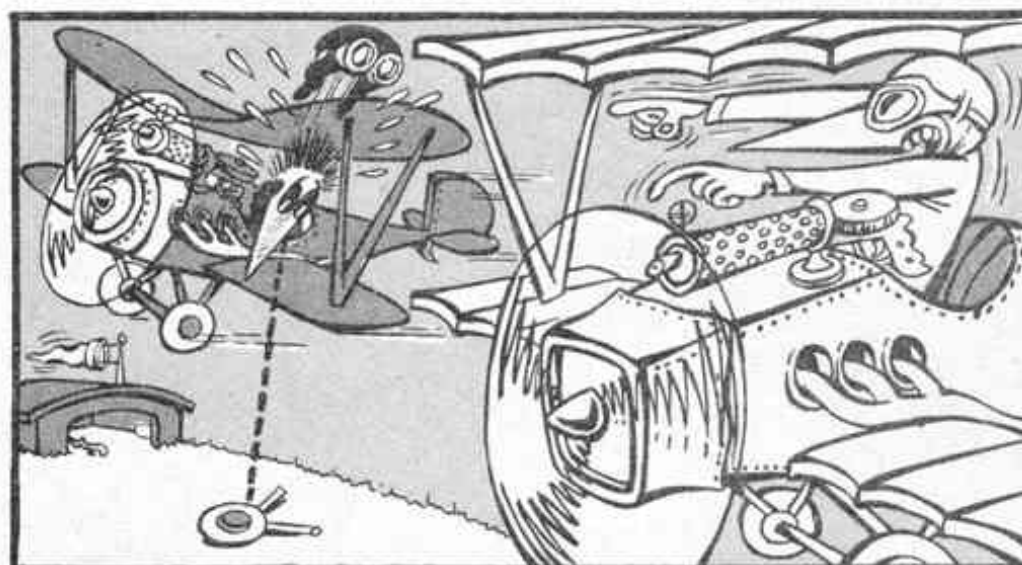
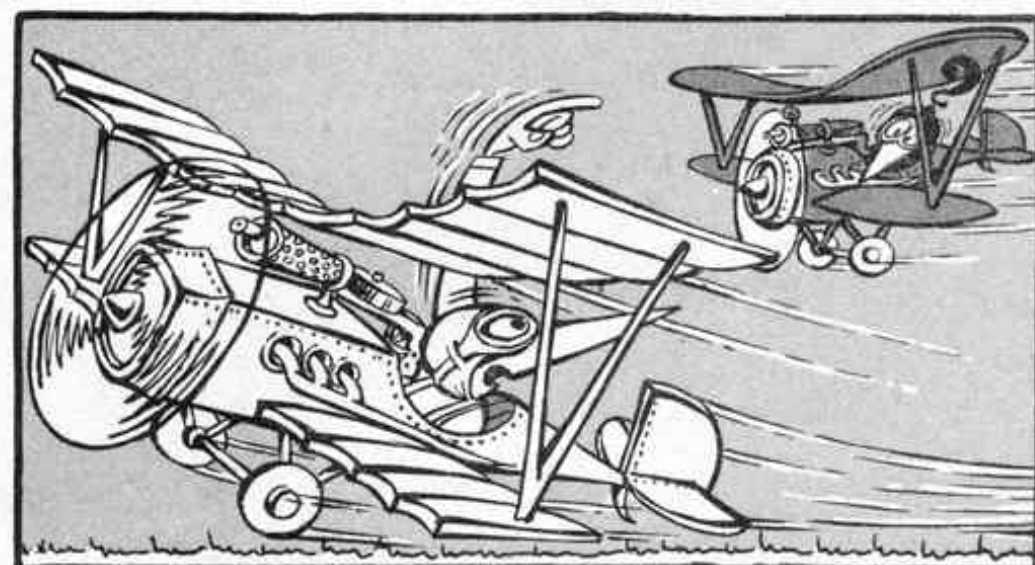
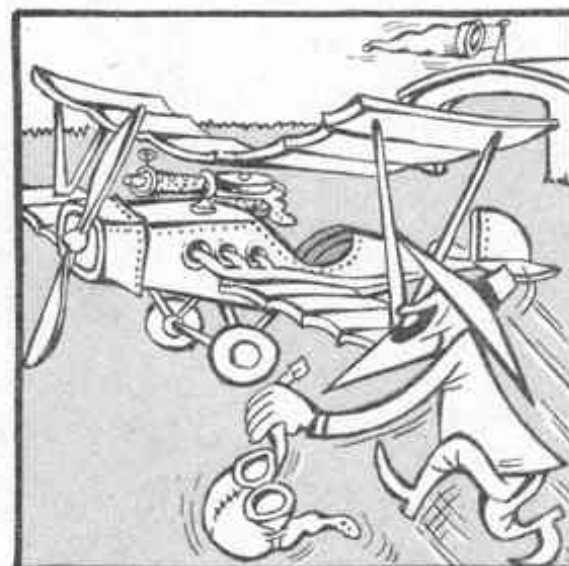
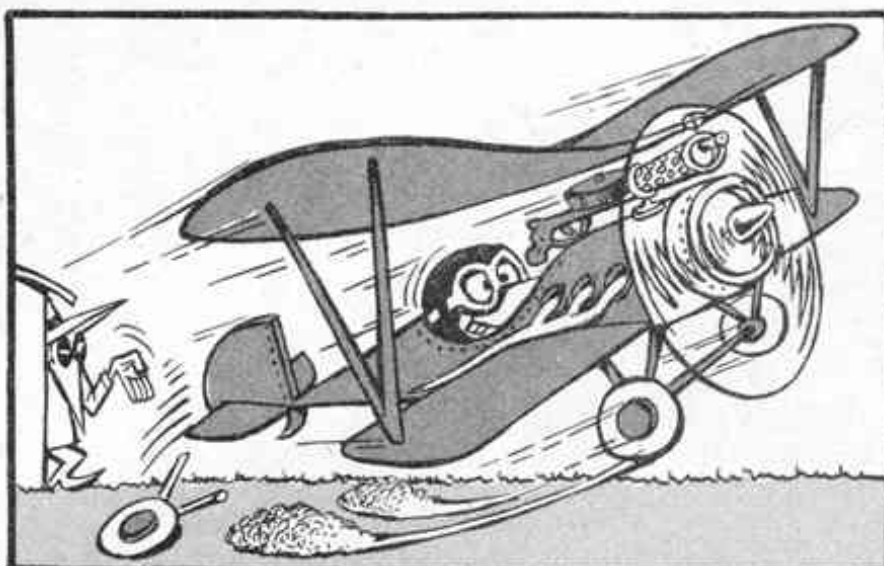
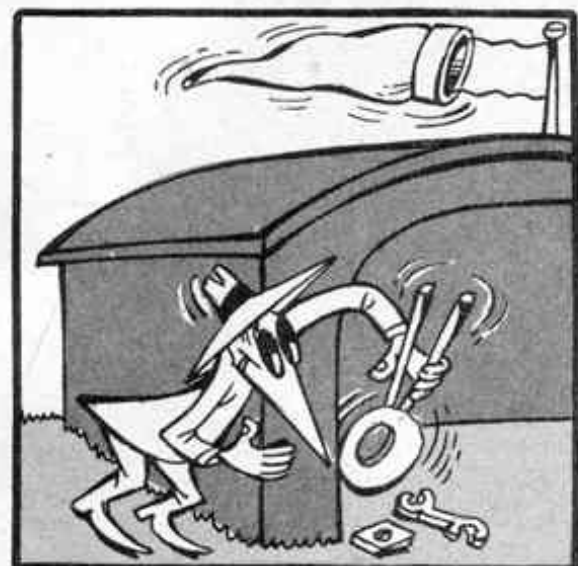
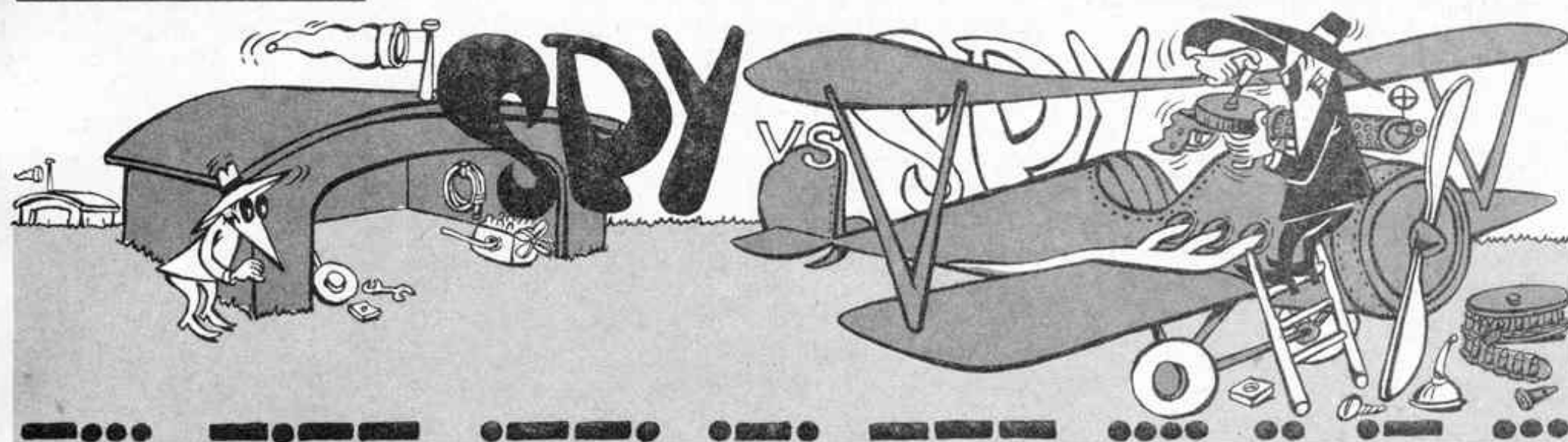
But what about that poor fellow over there?

Oh, that's Simms! He's a sad case! He's in love with a girl, but every time he calls for her, she doesn't answer the door!

Why is that . . . ?

She's studying to be a Hospital Nurse across town . . . at "The Realistic School of Nursing!" And there, they teach her NEVER to answer a BUZZER!



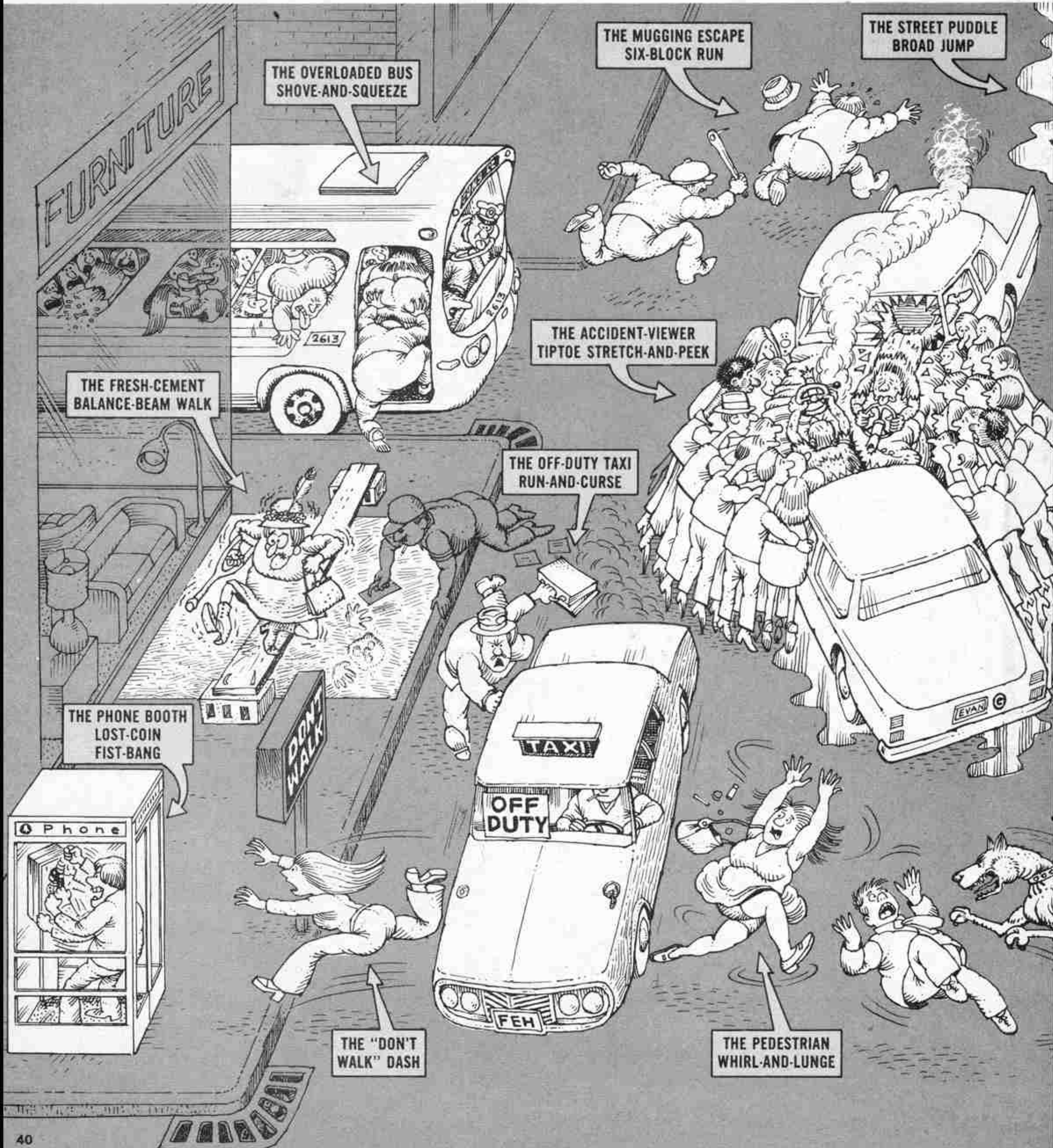


HOP, SKIP AND SQUISH DEPT.

We've read that people who live in big cities are becoming soft and flabby because of limited opportunities for sports and exercise. Well, we at MAD say that's ridiculous. People who

UNAVOIDABLE EXERCISES

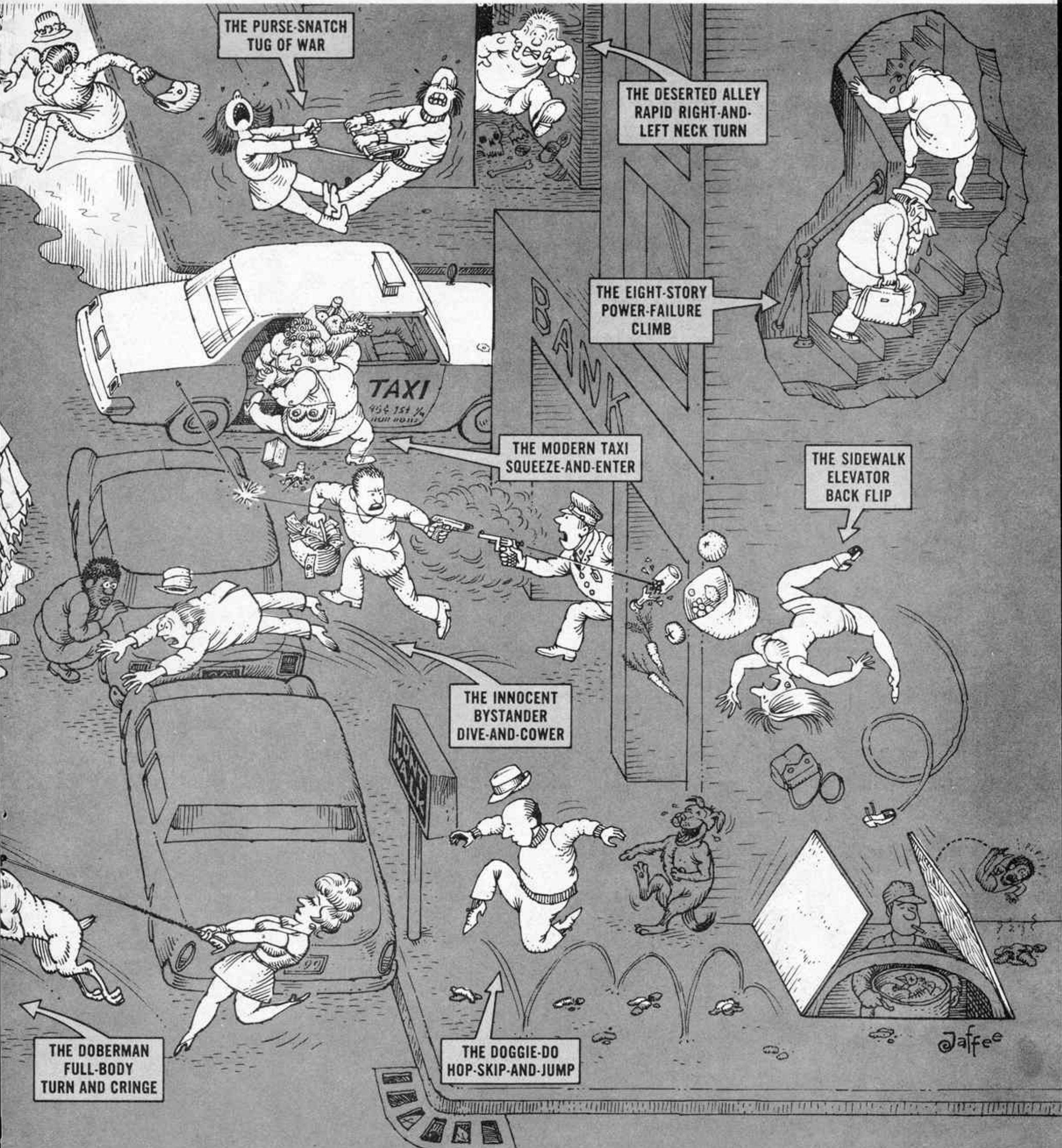
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



live in cities get all sorts of exercise without even realizing it. As a matter of fact, they can't avoid getting exercise, as you'll see in this panorama, depicting many and varied . . .

FOR THE URBAN DWELLER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



ONE NIGHT IN A POLICE STATION



NEVER TRUST A SHOW ABOUT THE '30'S DEPT.

Here we go with MAD's version of the new TV series with the revolutionary new approach to TV Programming . . . no violence, no action, no controversy, no cops, no private-eyes, no crime, no bloodshed . . . just a sweet, simple, nostalgic look at the days when people were starving to death during the Great Depression, and life was dull . . . dull . . . dull! Like it is watching

The Dulltons

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



I...I don't feel so good, Mama!

It cain't be that, Daddy! The tramp that was here **LAST** week took **THAT** out!

That's right! An' I think he left my good can **opener** inside the boy!

If the Good Lord didn't intend for us t' have an appendix, He wouldn't have given us one in th' first place!

Too bad we don't have a phone! We could call a Doctor!

If the Good Lord intended for us t' have a phone He would've put one in our **bodies** instead of an appendix!

Even if we can't phone a Doctor, it's comforting to know that we live in a time when a Doctor will come to our house if somebody is sick!

I was thinkin' . . . what's the good of havin' a Doctor who'll make **House Calls**, when he'll only go to folks who can **pay**—and everybody around here is **BROKE?!?**

The trouble with you, John-Mop, is . . . you think too much!

That's right! If you spend too much time **THINKIN'** . . . you'll never amount t' anything **USEFUL!!**

That's what I mean! There's nothin' more useless than a writer . . . 'cept maybe an artist!

Daddy . . . if I'm gonna be a successful writer, I'm gonna need a **Dictionary!** I saw one at the store for **\$2.75!**

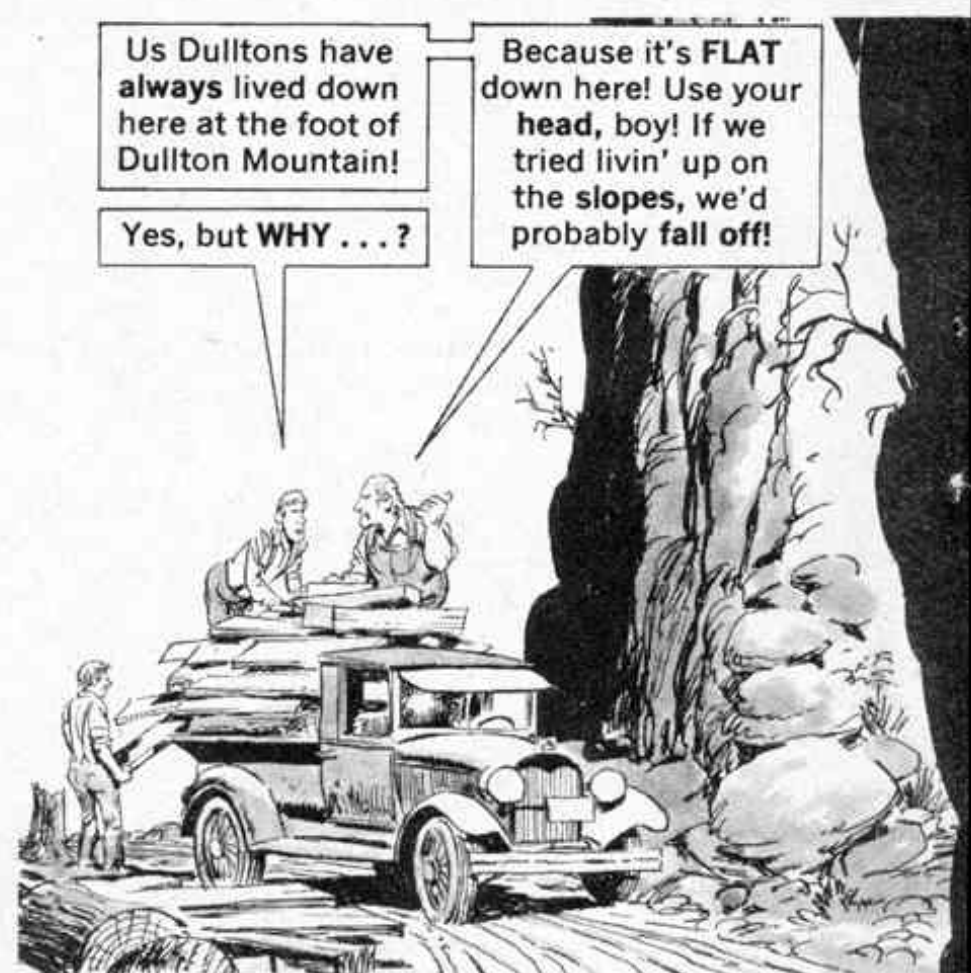
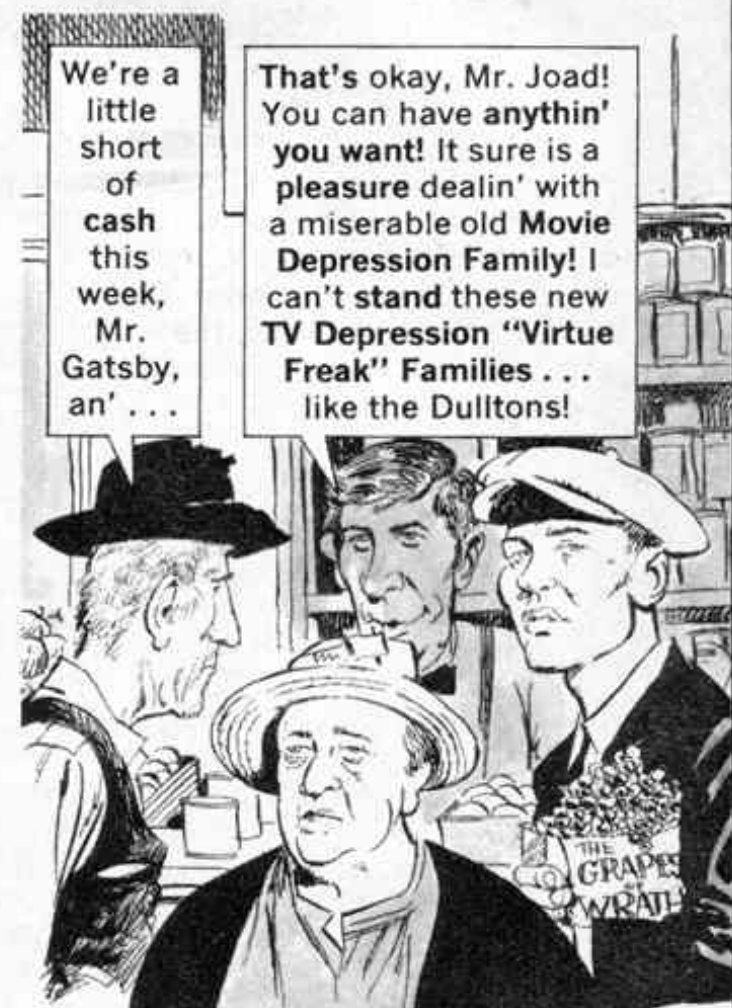
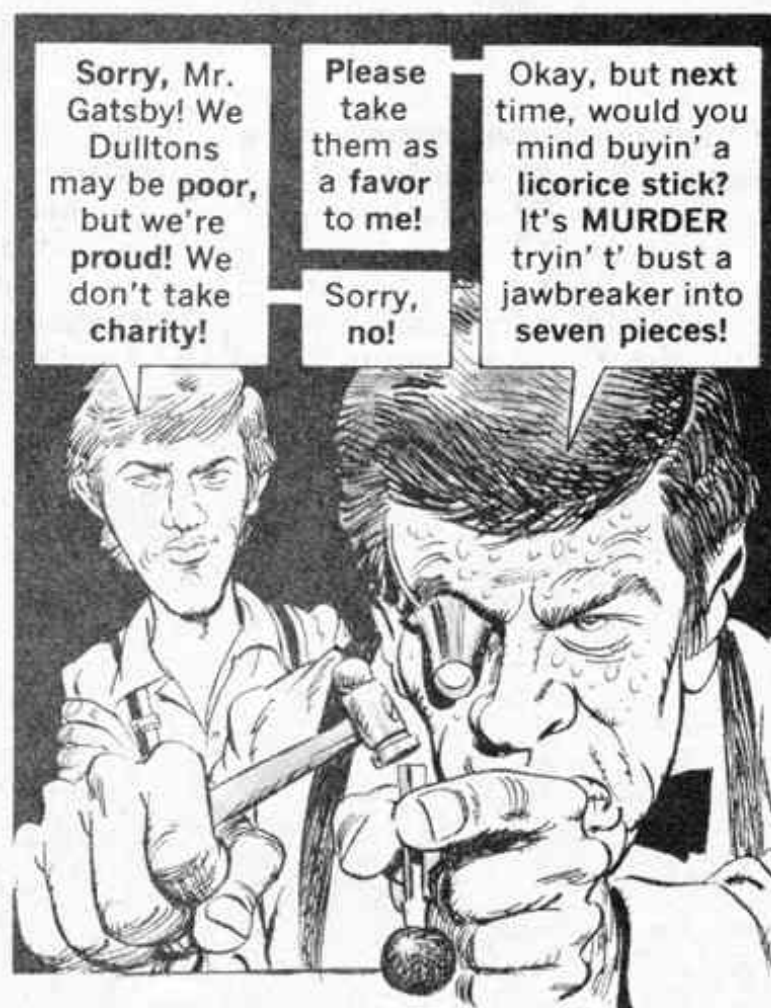
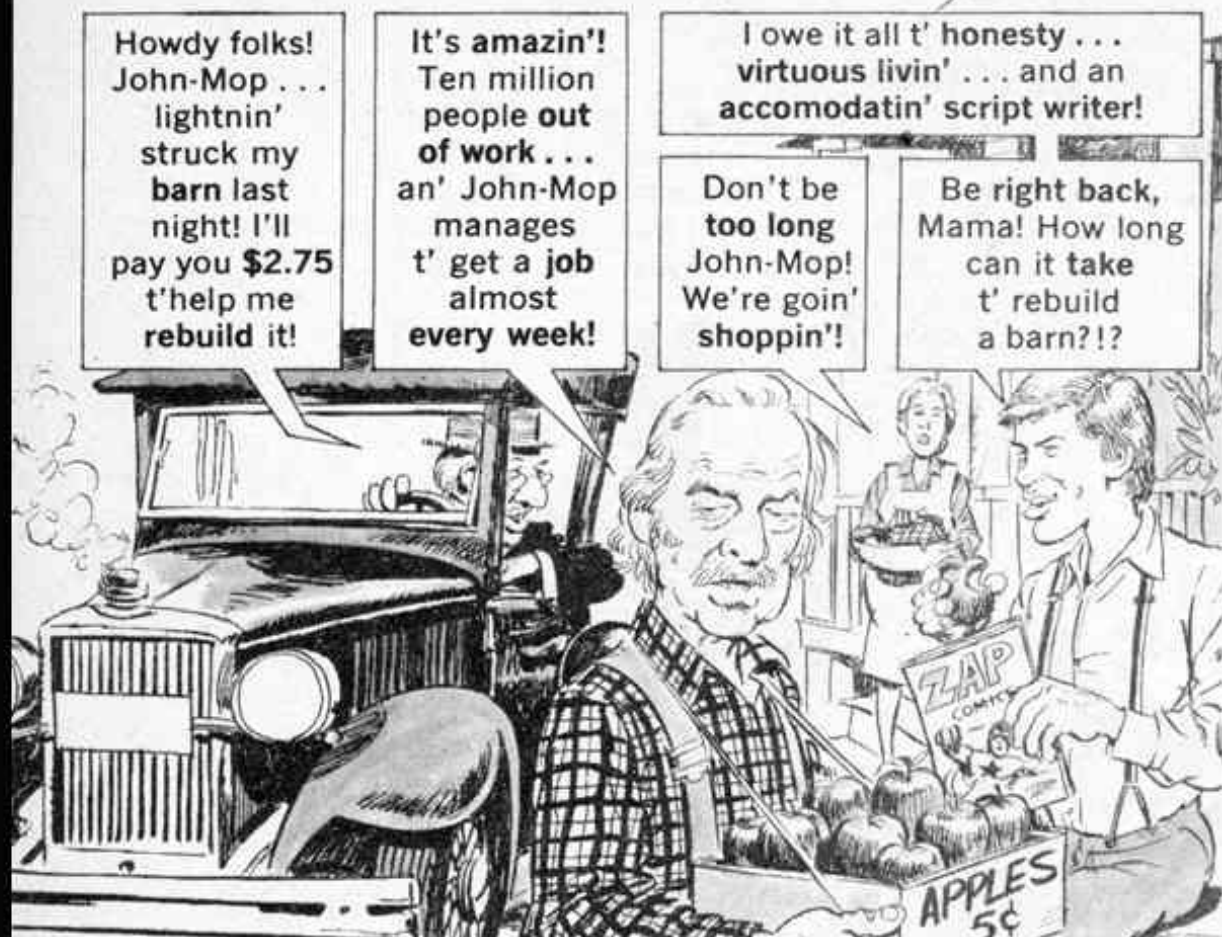
Well, John-Mop, you'll just have t' get a job an' pay for it yourself!

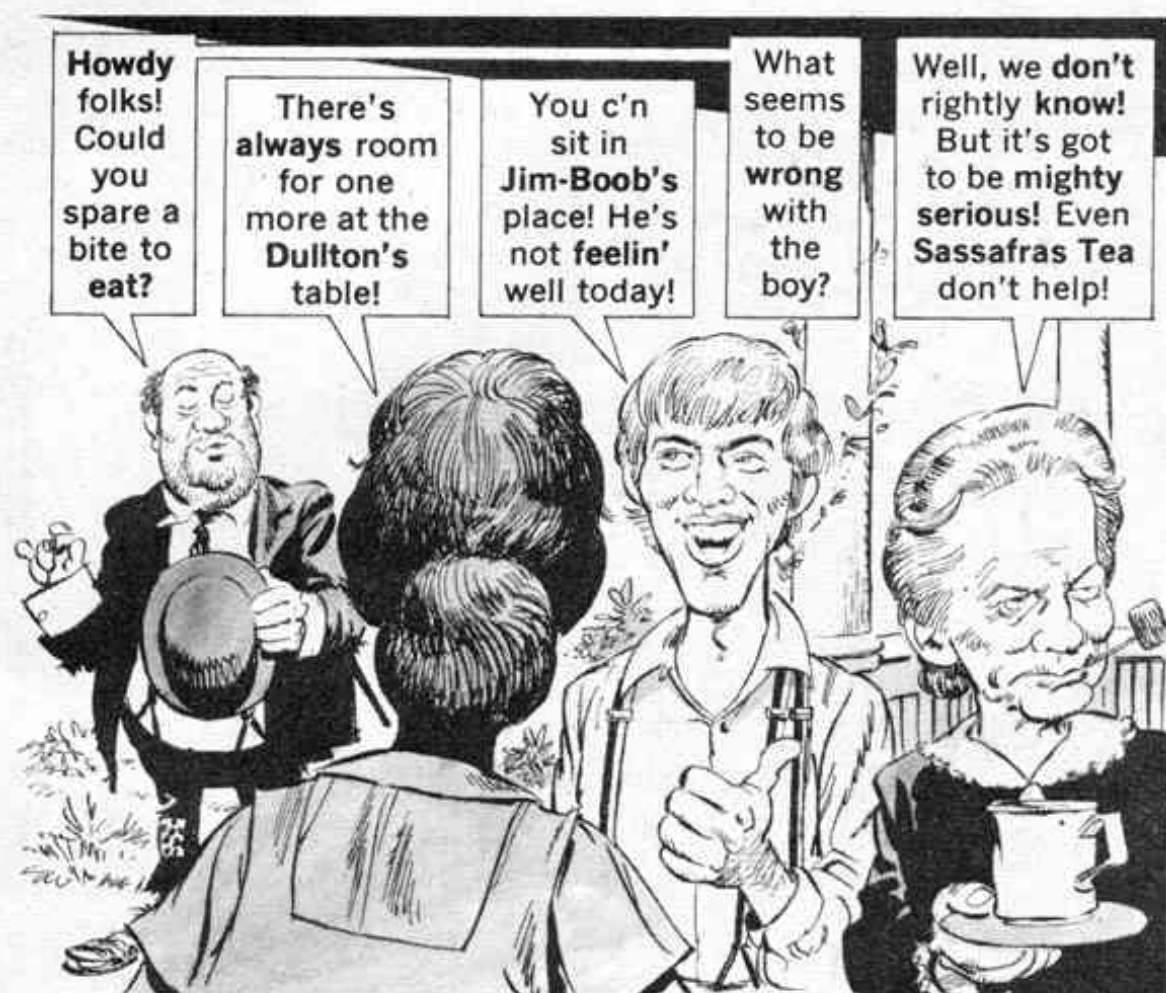
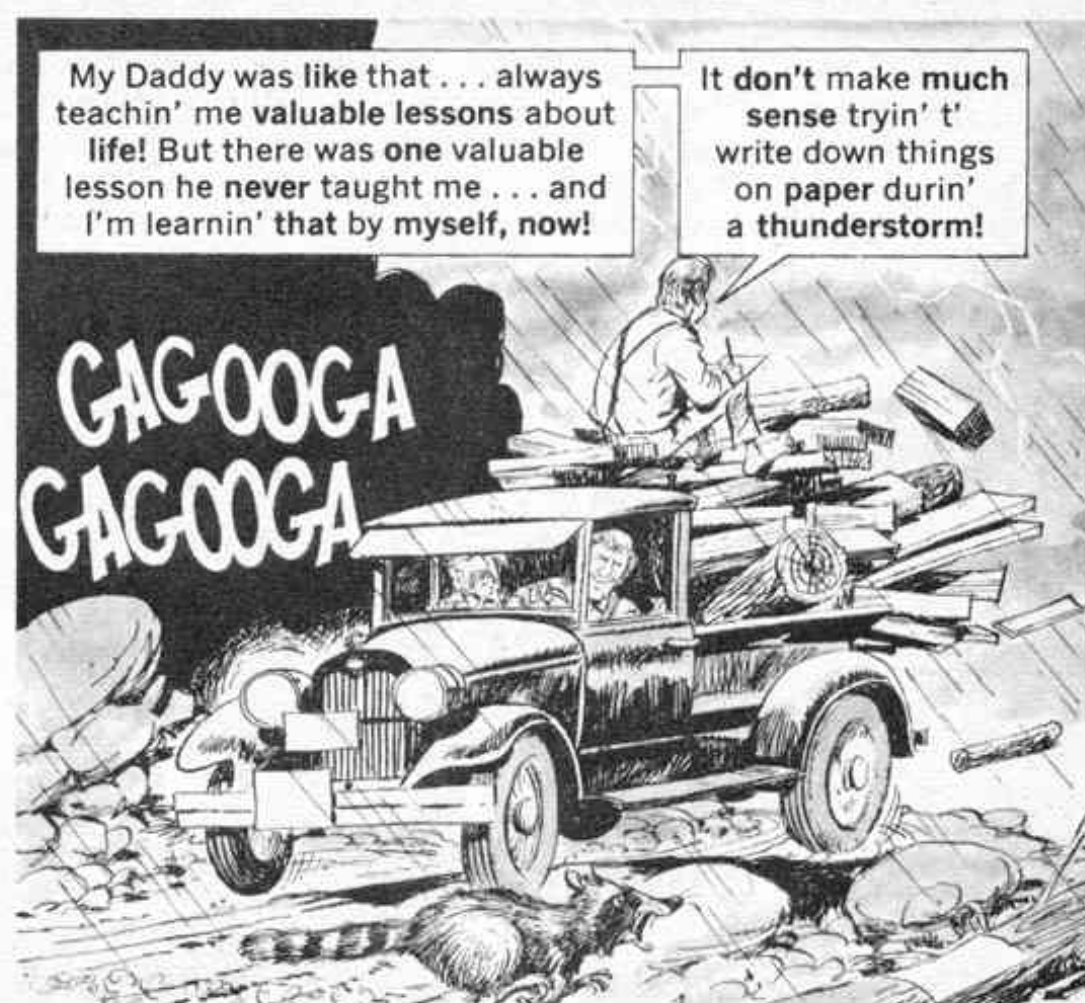
Jobs are mighty scarce! Why, I haven't worked since **1919!**

But, Grandpa! The Depression didn't start until **1929!**

That's true! But I knew it was comin' . . . an' I wanted to be prepared for it!







The truck?! But, Daddy! Don't you think you should operate on Jim-Boob FIRST?!?

I know how you feel, Son! But that truck is mighty important to us . . . financially!

Listen to your Father! If Jim-Boob don't make it through the operation, hirin' a Hearse for the Funeral c'n be mighty expensive!

She's got a flat tire!

You mean t' tell me you don't know how to fix a FLAT?!?

Sure we c'n fix a flat—

—only our Jack broke, and we need someone to hold up the truck while we get the wheel off!

Uh—you folks have been good t' me, an' I don't want you t' think I'm ungrateful, but could you unload the—uh—truck first?



The truck's as good as new! Now, let's see what you c'n do for the young'un!

Hmmm . . . could I have some more light, please . . . ?

I'd sure like to oblige, stranger, but our electric bill was a whopper last month, and we're cuttin' down on the lights we burn!

Give 'im the light he needs, Daddy! We'll turn off the radio!

Bergen, did you know my Father was wiped out in the Wall Street Crash?!?

I didn't know that, Charlie!

Yeah! Somebody jumped out of a window, and landed on his pushcart!

That's right nice of you kids, turnin' off Charlie McCarthy t' help your li'l brother!

Aw . . . that's okay! We already heard this program!

Yeah . . . we got the only radio in the world that gets nothin' but Charlie McCarthy!



While you're messin' aroun' in there, see if you c'n find my can opener!

Don't see no can opener . . . but here's a pair of pliers!

Pliers?! I was wonderin' where they disappeared to! It's gettin' so, you just can't depend on anybody t' do a neat kitchen table operation any more! Uh . . . no offense intended, Mister!

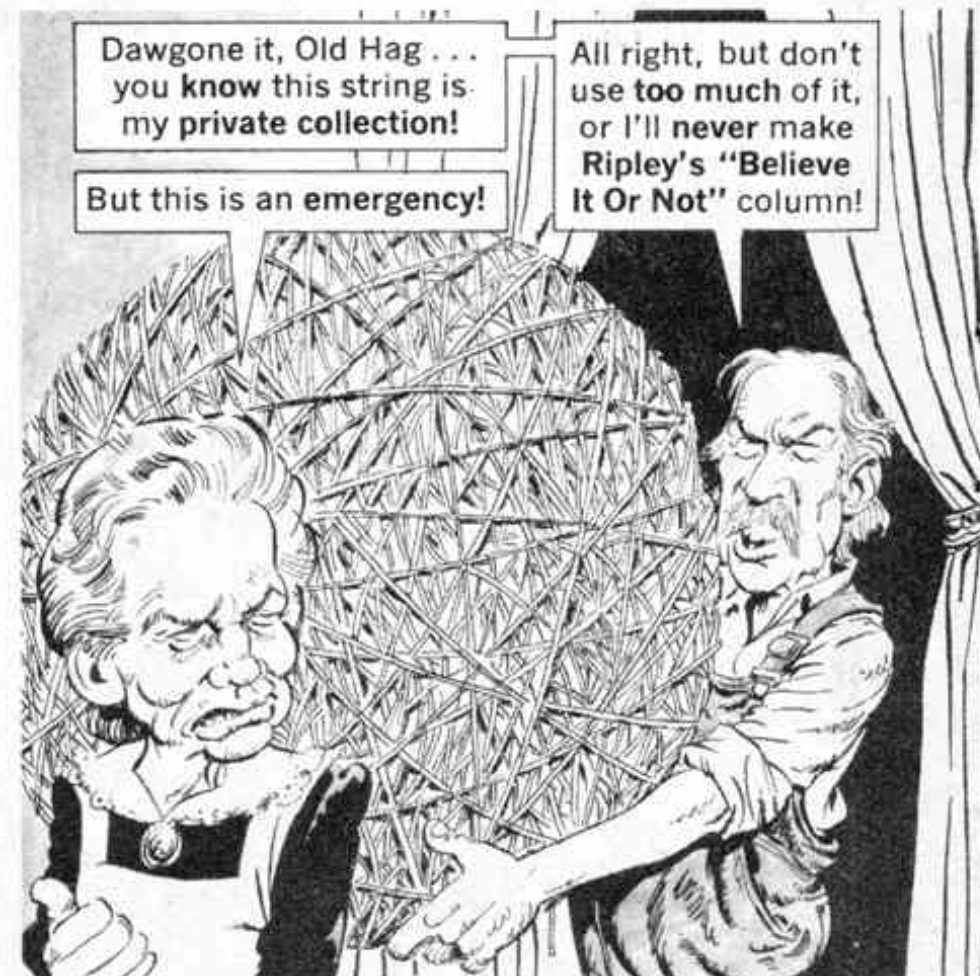
You got some thread so's I can sew him up?

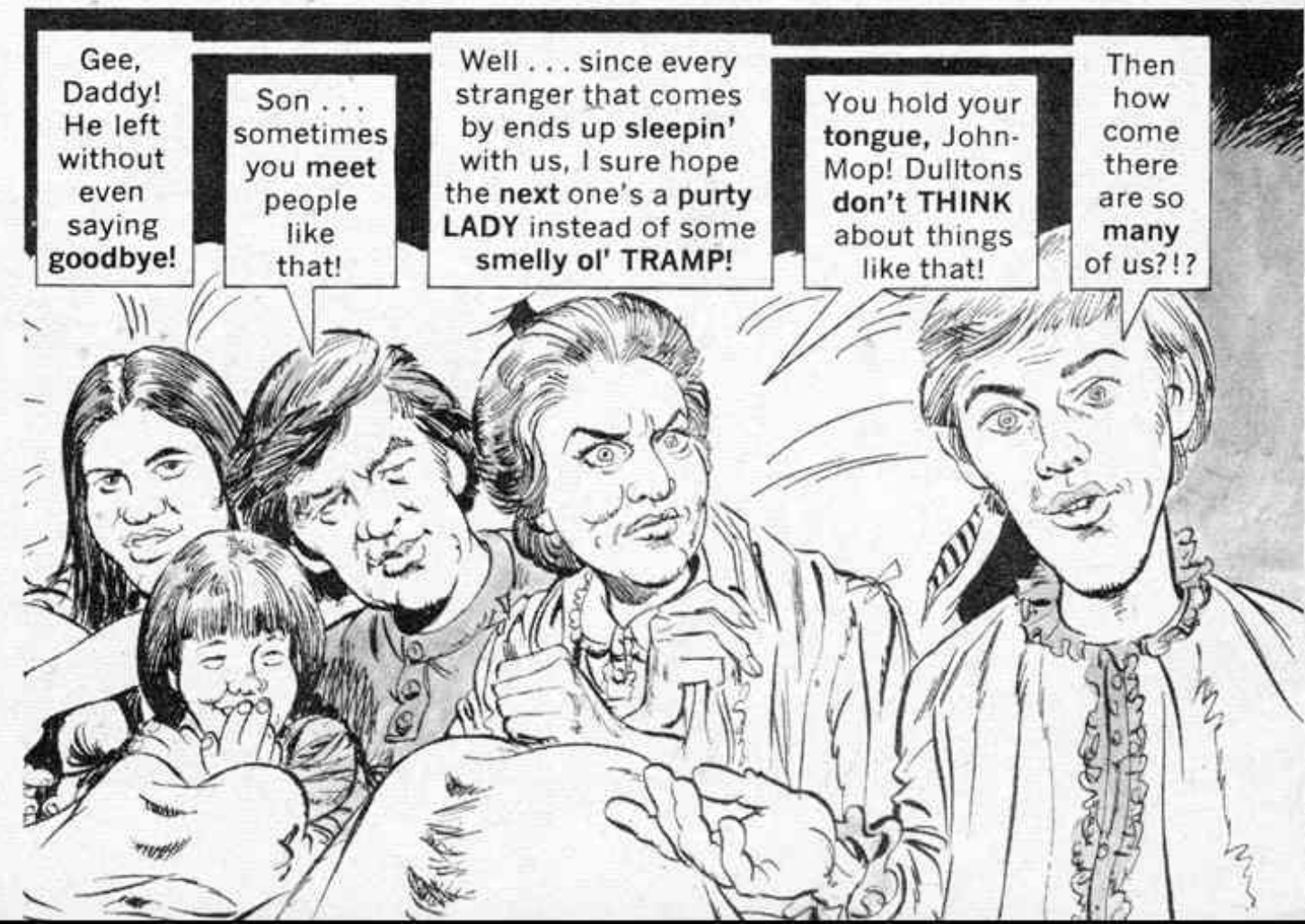
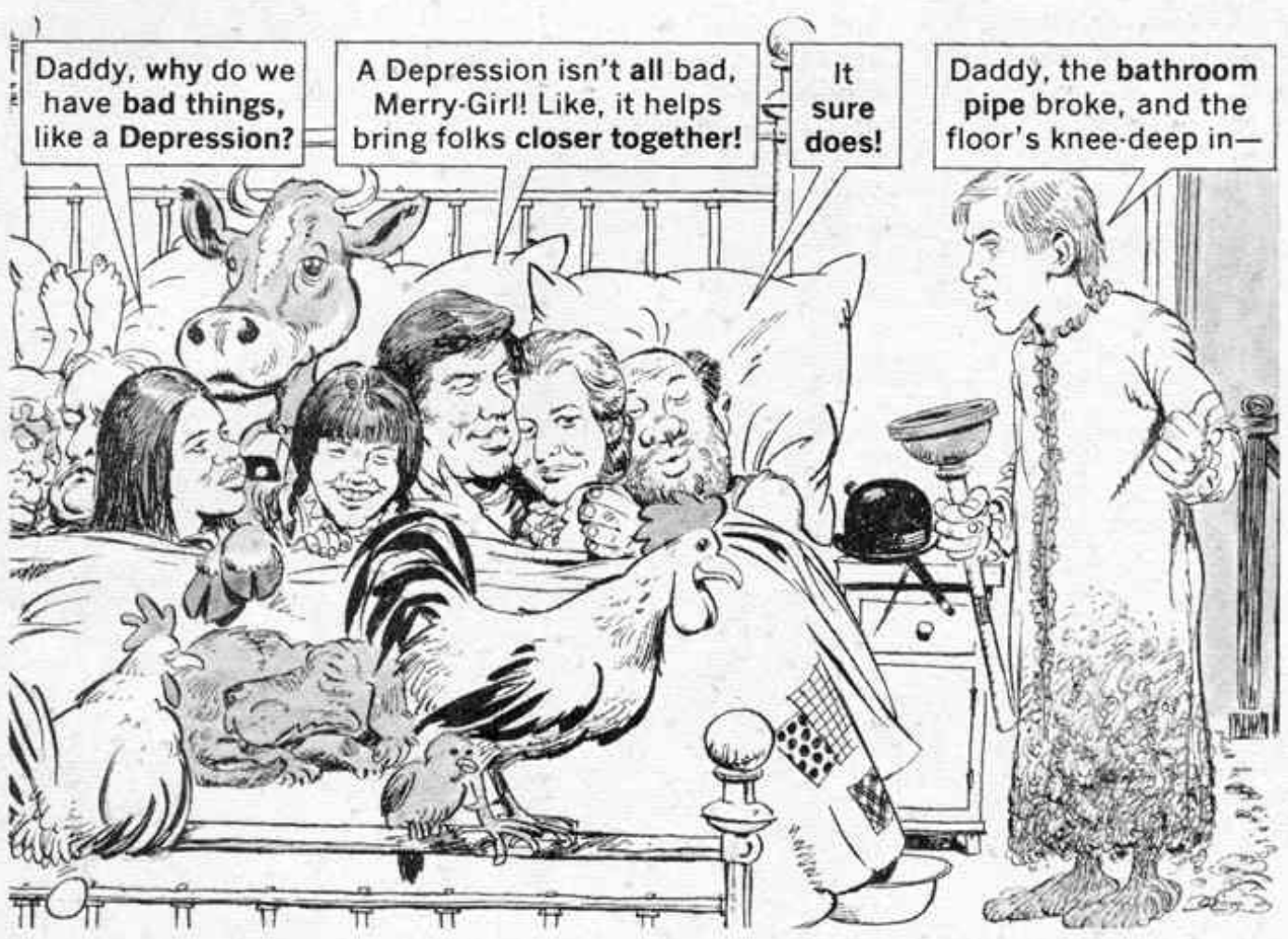
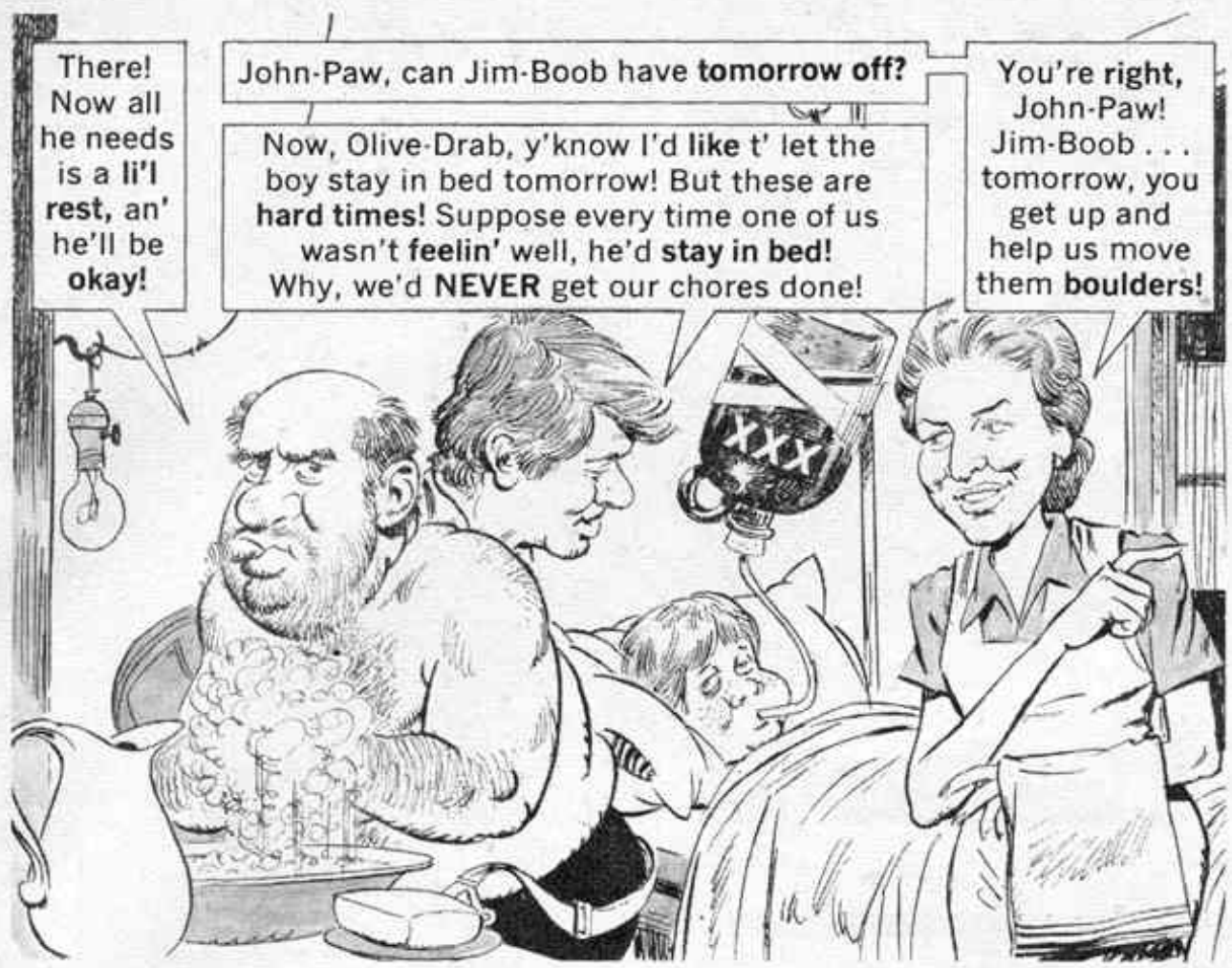
Wouldn't you know!? I'm plumb out! But Grandpa's got some string you c'n use . . . !

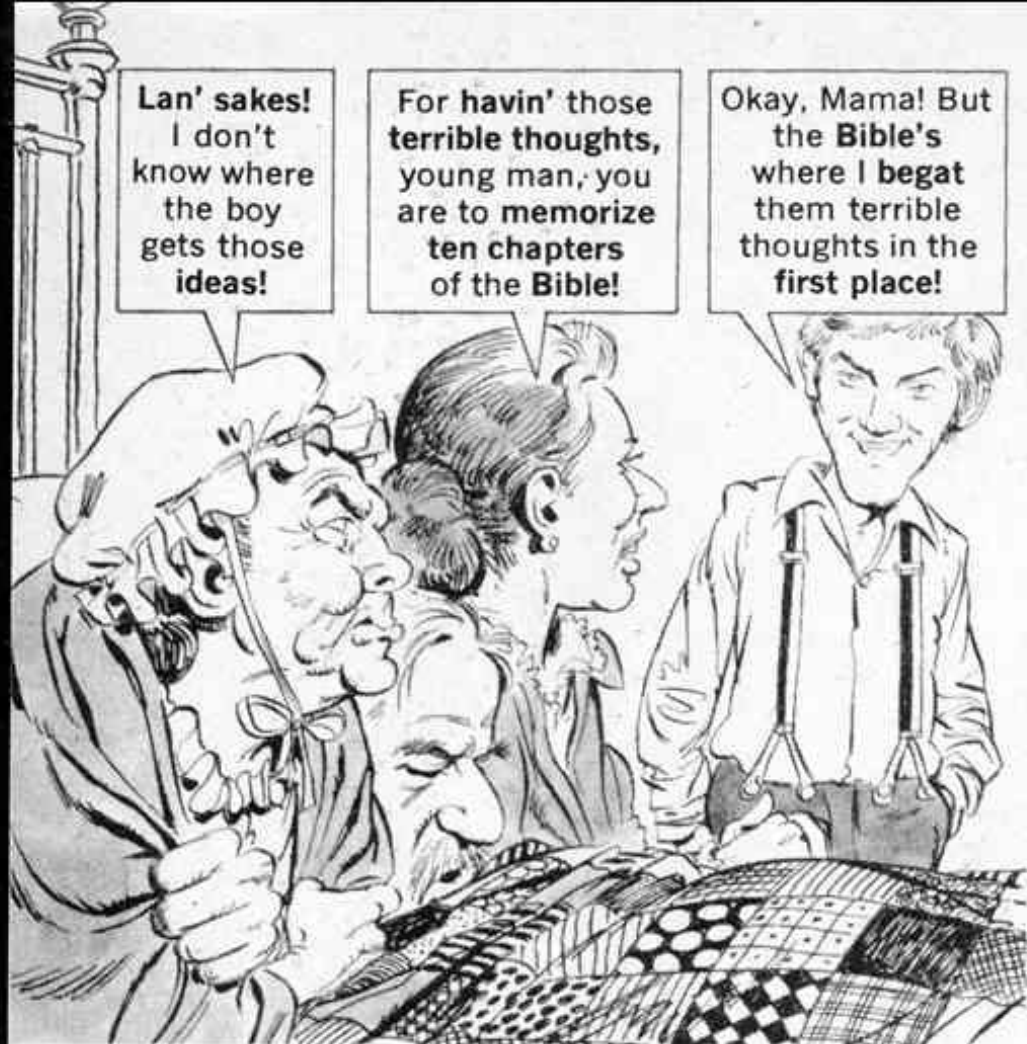
Dawgone it, Old Hag . . . you know this string is my private collection!

But this is an emergency!

All right, but don't use too much of it, or I'll never make Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column!







Lan' sakes!
I don't
know where
the boy
gets those
ideas!

For havin' those
terrible thoughts,
young man, you
are to memorize
ten chapters
of the Bible!

Okay, Mama! But
the Bible's
where I begat
them terrible
thoughts in the
first place!



Look, Daddy!
Champ just
had a baby
CALF, right
here in bed!

Can we
keep
her?!?
Can we,
Daddy?!?

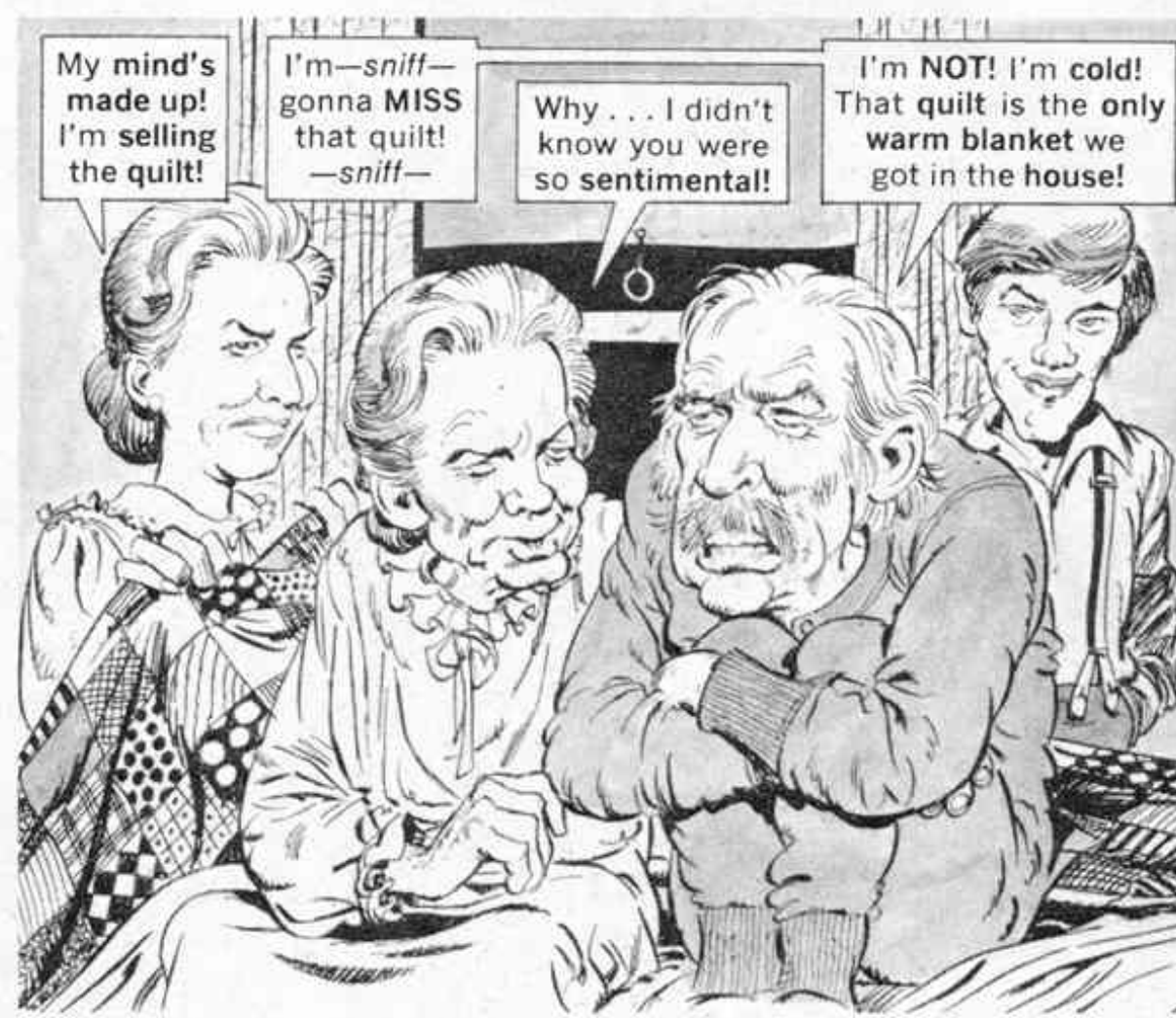
I'm afraid not! I'm
gonna hafta sell
the calf so's I can
buy a new pipe for
the toilet!

But, John-Paw! That
calf's like a member
of the family!
So's the toilet!



We don't have t'
sell the calf!
I'll sell my
Memory Quilt!
That should
fetch enough t'
buy a new pipe!

But, Mama! That Memory Quilt means
so much to you! It's made up of
precious things . . . like one of my
soiled diapers, an' Daddy's old
work socks, and Grandpa's worn-out
truss, an' Grandma's old surgical
stockings, an' old underwear, an'—

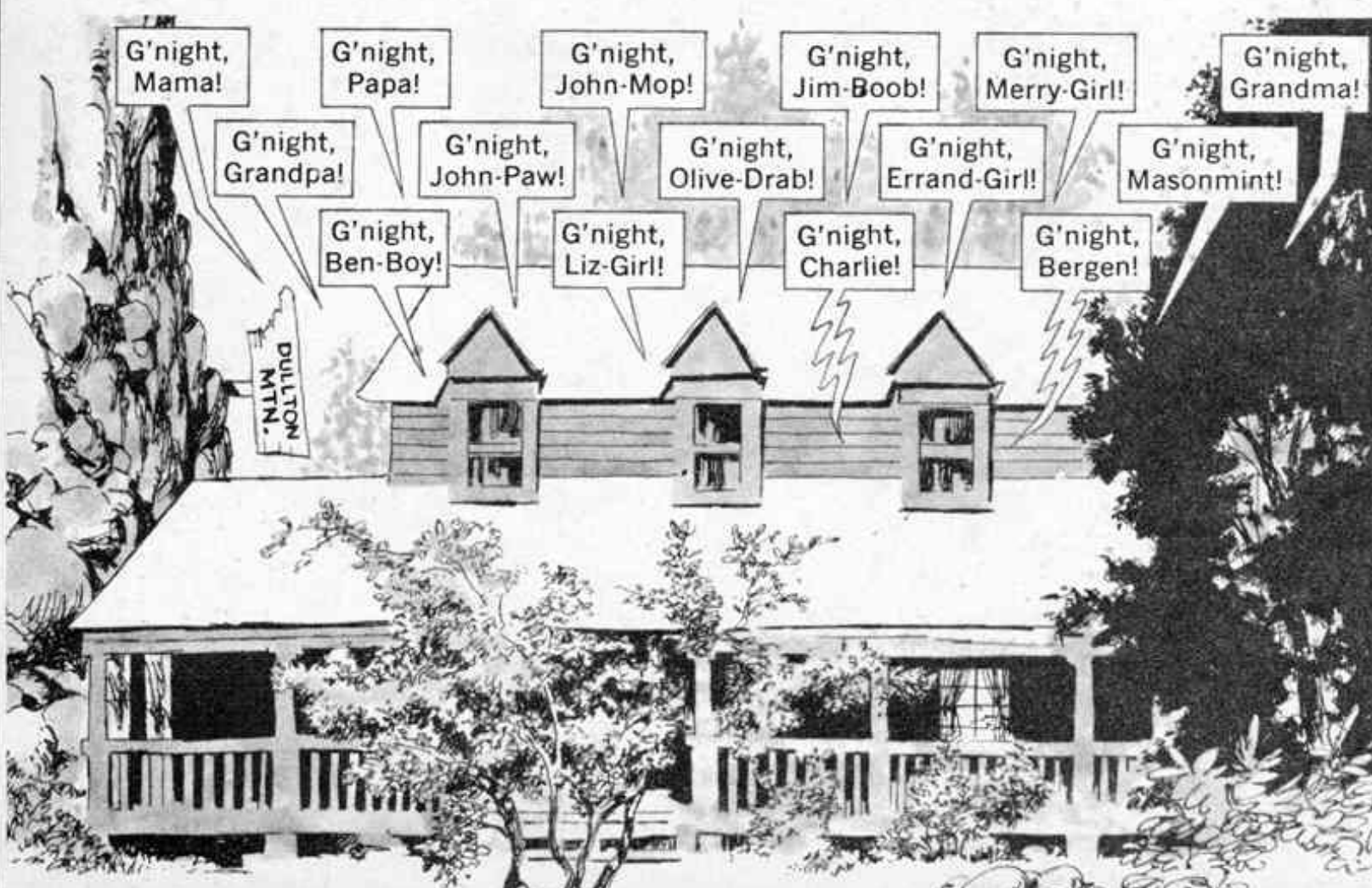


My mind's
made up!
I'm selling
the quilt!

I'm—sniff—
gonna MISS
that quilt!
—sniff—

Why . . . I didn't
know you were
so sentimental!

I'm NOT! I'm cold!
That quilt is the only
warm blanket we
got in the house!



G'night,
Mama!

G'night,
Papa!

G'night,
John-Mop!

G'night,
Jim-Boob!

G'night,
Merry-Girl!

G'night,
Grandma!

G'night,
Grandpa!

G'night,
John-Paw!

G'night,
Olive-Drab!

G'night,
Errand-Girl!

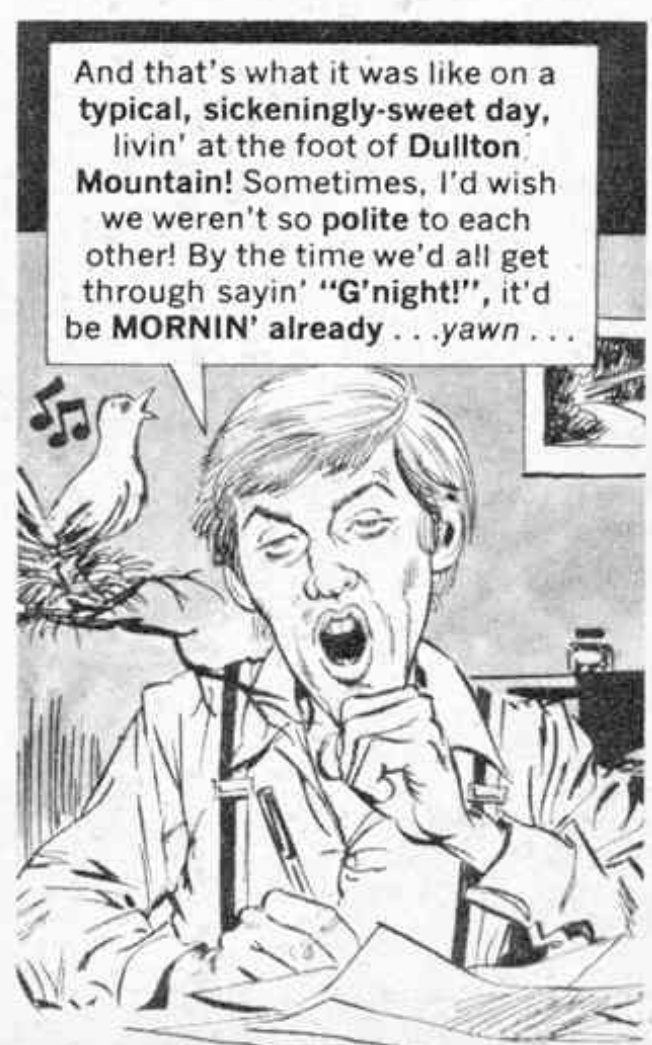
G'night,
Masonmint!

G'night,
Ben-Boy!

G'night,
Liz-Girl!

G'night,
Charlie!

G'night,
Bergen!



And that's what it was like on a
typical, sickeningly-sweet day,
livin' at the foot of Dullton
Mountain! Sometimes, I'd wish
we weren't so polite to each
other! By the time we'd all get
through sayin' "G'night!", it'd
be MORNIN' already . . . yawn . . .

WHAT
IS
BELIEVING
IN
HONEST
POLITICIANS
LIKE?

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

Many naive people still believe that most Politicians are honest, that they have integrity, and that their main concern and motivation is to "serve the people". If you believe in that, you're off your rocker! To find out what believing in that is like, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

LATELY, POLITICIANS CRY THAT CRITICS STRIKE BELOW THE BELT. SOME PRETEND MARTYRDOM, GRIEVING IN SANCTIMONIOUS SELF-PITY. OTHERS PRODUCE DATA CLAIMING EVERYTHING THEY DID WAS GOOD FOR US.

A▶

◀B



HEADS...YOU LOSE!