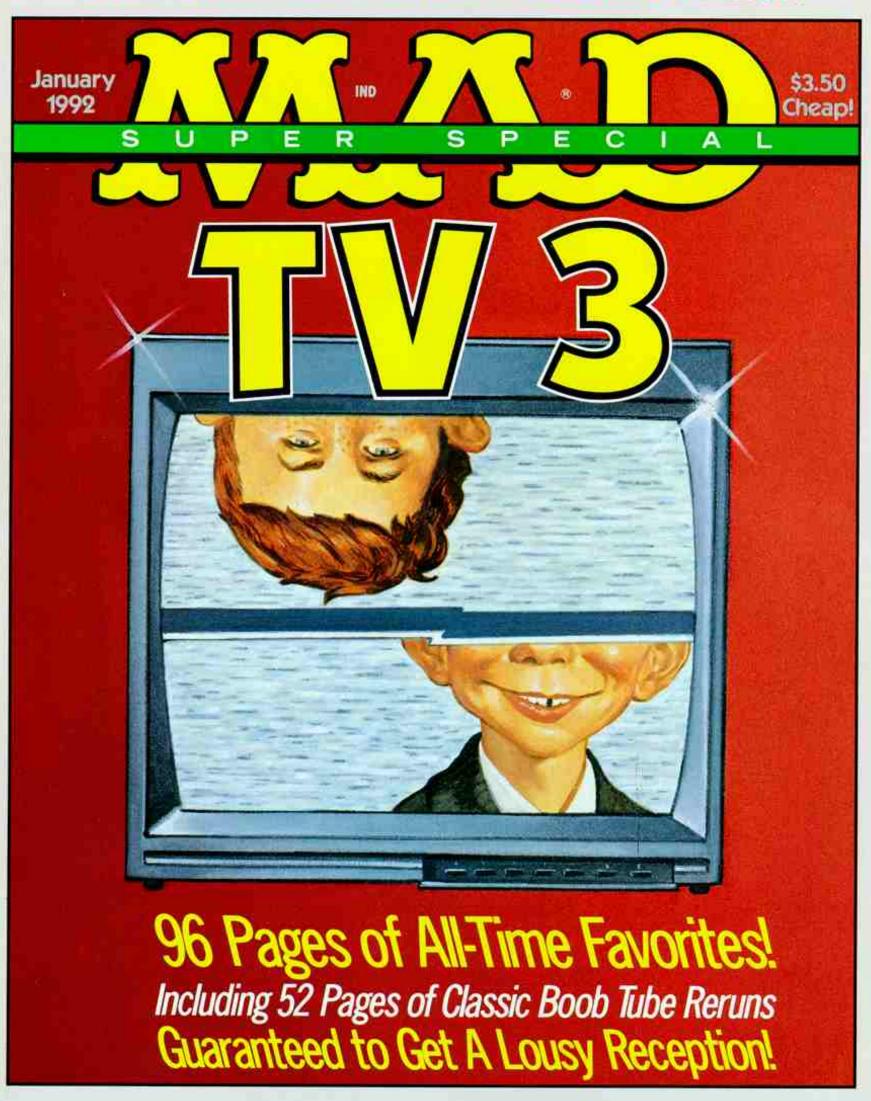




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A COUCH POTATO'S DREAM... ... AT A NIGHTMARE PRICE!

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SEPTEMBER 1991



"Elections are when people find out what politicians stand for, and politicians find out what people will fall for!"

-Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher

NICK MEGLIN, JOHN FICARRA editors

LEONARD BRENNER art director TOM NOZKOWSKI production

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LILLIAN ALFONSO, M.C. GAINES subscriptions

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

BACK COVER WRITERS: CHARLIE KADAU and JOE RAIOLA PHOTO RESEARCH: ROGER GLAZER

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WITH
WOLVES"
(A MAD
MOVIE SATIRE)
Pg. 4





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AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"







A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

Each Pin is east in Space-Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things)!

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

An Important Reminder! Each Official MAD Pin is so valuable it will be personally delivered to your home by an official United States Government Employee, dressed like a mailman!

This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

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New York, New York 10022

- ☐ I enclose \$53.75 for a 40-Issue Subscription.
 I'll save \$16.25 off newsstand price and get all three MAD Pins shown above absolutely free!
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 I'll save \$8.25 off newsstand price and get the official MAD Logo Pin absolutely free!
- ☐ I enclose \$13.75 for an 8-Issue Subscription.

 I'll save a paltry 25¢ off newsstand price and get to look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't send me any!
- ☐ CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS_

CITY

STATE

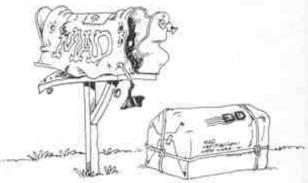
Zin

Our Pledge: MAD will not sell or give your name and address to anyone for any reason!

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USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE ----

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



AND THEY CALL IT PUPPY LOVE?

Well, it's obvious that you guys have never had a dog, since on page 39 of issue #303's 'A MAD Guide to How Simple Things Work Part II," you refer to a male dog as "in heat." Only FEMALE dogs have a "heat" cycle! Male dogs are always "in the mood"!

> Jerry Greenberg Bronx, NY

Oh yeah? If you're so smart, then answer us this: If male dogs don't go into heat, where do we get hot dogs from?!—Ed.

NICK-AT NIGHT

I just read the letters section in issue #302 about MAD Co-Editor Nick Meglin appearing on the TV show thirtysomething. What kind of nonsense is this? If Nick did appear on the show, why didn't they kill him off and let Gary live??

Toni Adams Santa Barbara, CA







It's true, Tonil Nick appeared on this season's "costume party" episode of thirtysomething, as these photos of him and Tim (Elliot) Busfield prove. Actually, since Nick's appearance, other cast members refer to Gary as "Mr. Lucky"! Watch for Nick (looking only slightly more animated than he does here) when the episode is rerun!

THE SIMPSONS"

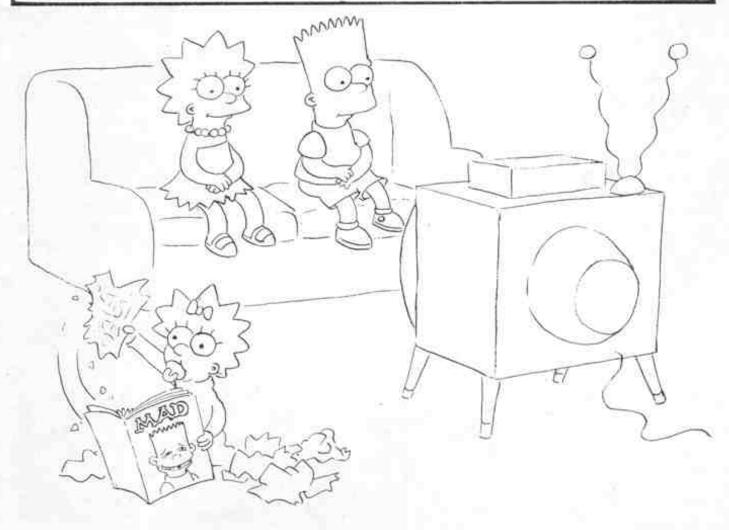
Dear Clods,

Thanks for putting me on the cover of your magazine.

haven't read the article yet, but Maggie seems to be
enjoying it.

Sincerely,

Bart Simpson



This letter and original artwork from The Simpsons recently arrived in our mailbox. Oddly, while Maggie was busying herself with another underachieving issue of MAD, Bart and Lisa were parked in front of their TV set, engrossed in another hilarious episode of The Cosby Show! Go figure!

FRIEND OF WILDLIFE?

As a hunter, trapper and fisherman, I was very disappointed to see your anti-hunting and anti-trapping comments in MAD #302 ("Babar's Final Adventure" and "The Lighter Side"). Your articles showed the same naive and narrow-minded views about wildlife that most animal-rights people have. This is an issue that you know little about, and until you print articles like "The Lighter Side of Overpopulated and Starving Animals" or have Duck Edwing do some cartoons about fox and mink dying from mange, I suggest you stay away from it.

Jonathan Carson Chosebury, WI

Jon boy—We have printed articles like the ones you suggest. It's obvious you missed MAD #274, from which the following panel is reproduced.

MORON MAIL

Oh boy! Oh boy! I love lemonade, don't you?

Mike Hall Royal Oak, MI

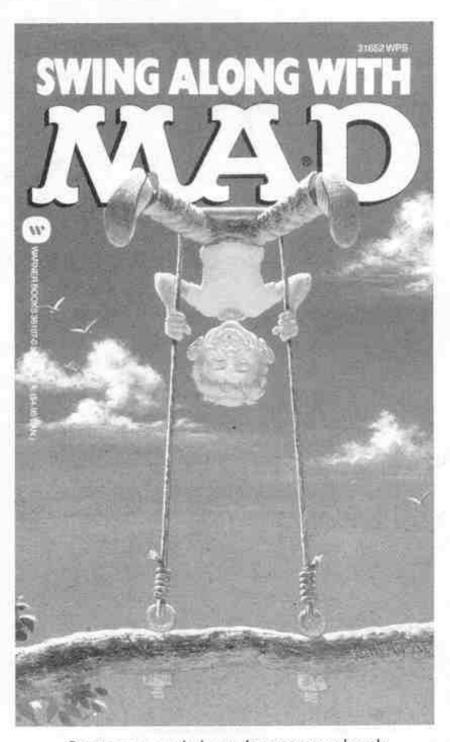


Please Address All Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 305, 485 MADison Avenue New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope or a note wishing Sara best wishes on her move to Russia!

AWESOME! GREAT! HILARIOUS! TOPICAL! WITTY!

is a list of words in alphabetical order. Unfortunately, none of them apply to ...



But since research shows that most people only read the large words in book ads, we're hoping that you'll skip over these small words which reveal that this book is ill-conceived, poorly written and intellectually vapid, and instead that you'll skip to these other large words ...

ZANY! FUN! INSPIRATIONAL! BUY IT!!! BUY IT!!!

Mike-That isn't lemonade.-Ed.

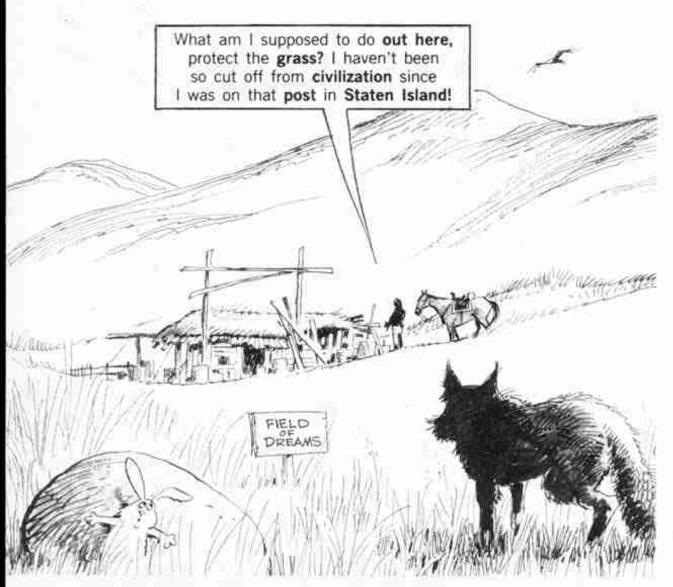
TRIBE AND TRIBULATIONS DEPT.

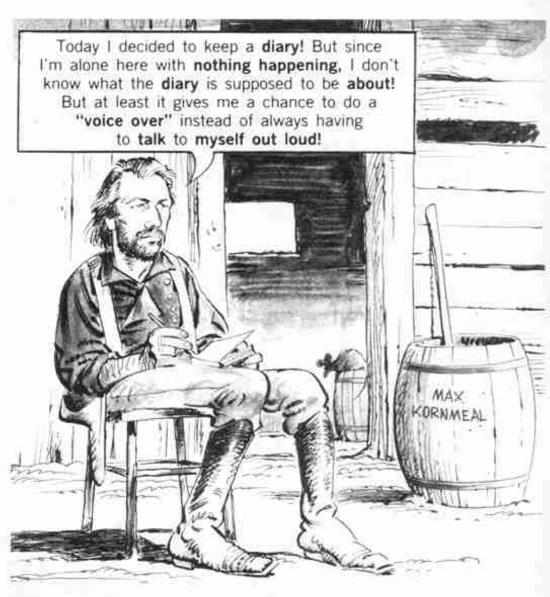
What do Flashdance, Dirty Dancing and the following film have in common? The fact that they all have the word "dance" in the title? No...The fact that they were all spoofed in MAD by artist Mort Drucker and writer Stan Hart? No...Perhaps it's that in each of these films the star dances with a dangerous hairy animal? Close...but still not the "Bingo!" answer. How about that none of these films dealt seriously with the plight of the American Indian? Bingo! Here's...











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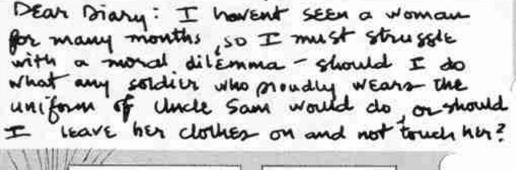


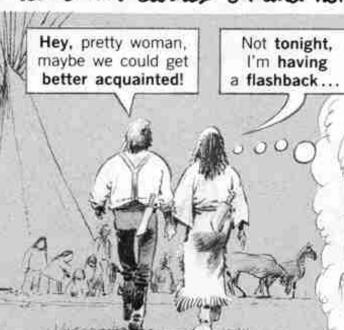
Dear Many: Today I saw some humans for the first time. They were sioux children playing "cowboys and Indians." In their version guess who won?



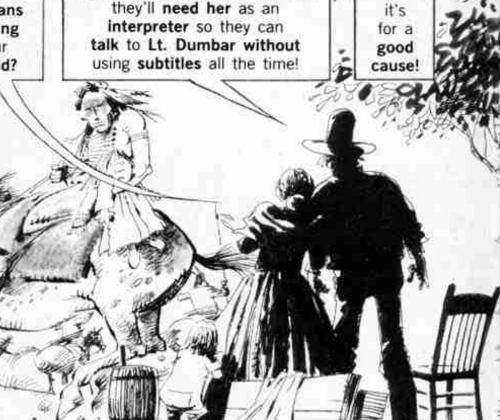
Dear many: I have found a wounded white woman who was dressed as a Sioux! I've heard of cases like this, where Endians raised a white child they found when it was young!





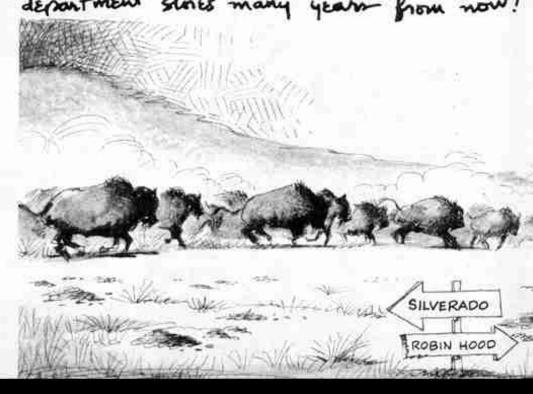


Sam, why Because twenty years from now are the they'll need her as an Indians interpreter so they can taking talk to Lt. Dumbar without our using subtitles all the time! child?

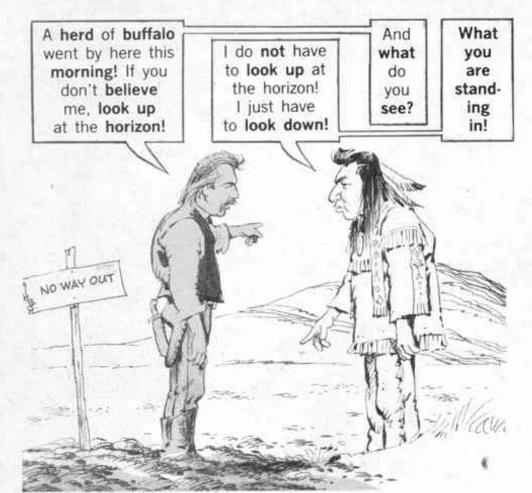


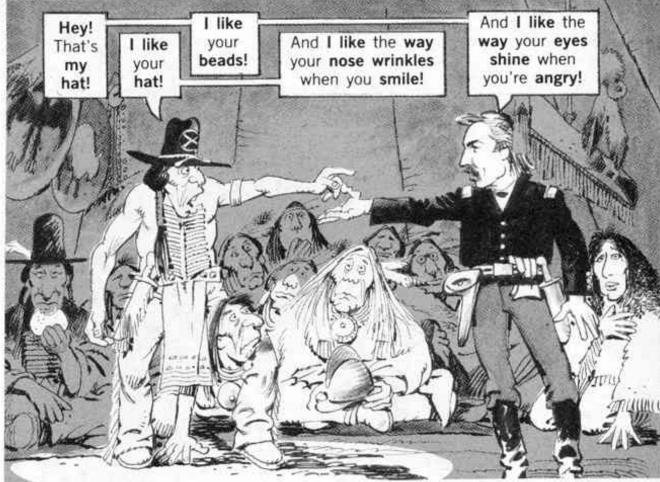


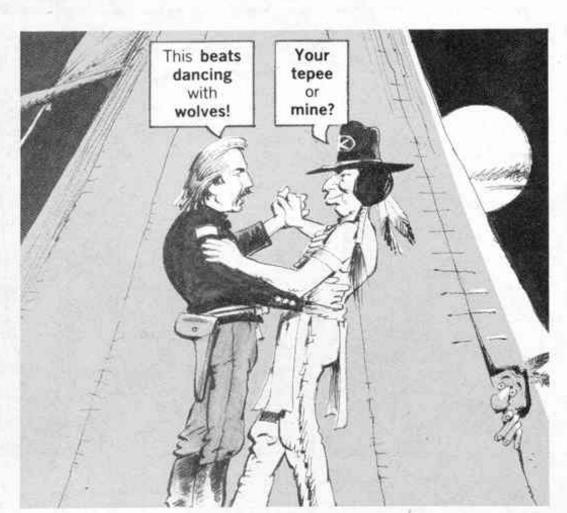
Dear Diary: The rampaging buffalo is a magnificent spectacle to be not. It is sad that we will see nothing like this stumpeds





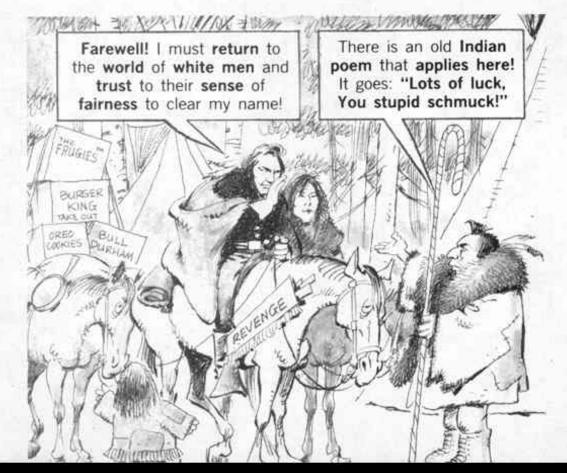






Dear Diary: Today I morried the woman I love. She locks heautiful in her very hest out fit. I won pretty good in her second best out fit!



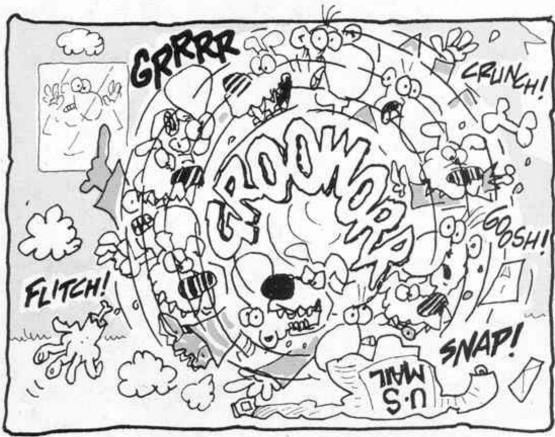




THE PROVERBIAL POSTAL/POOCH PARABLE PART I

















HEADS OF GRATE DEPT.

Question: Aside from sitting and scratching themselves on national TV, what do athletes in the NBA, the NFL and Major League Baseball have in common? Answer: Commissioners! Yep, from football to hockey to baseball to golf, every really big-time sport has a commissioner, a person who can arbitrate, mediate, dictate and investigate every situation, big or small. But if commissioners are such a good idea for organized professional sports, why shouldn't other well-established groups have their own commissioners? Something like the people that we have featured in this incredibly exciting and mentally stimulating feature entitled ...

COTHER? COMMISSIONERS

ARTIST: JOHN POUND

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

Commissioner of

Commissioner of





hue to be a sensitive supporter of

LATEST RULING: Suspended two

feminists from the National Orga-

nization of Women for having a

"women's causes."

sense of humor.

NAME: Fred Teeman NICKNAME: "The Screamer"

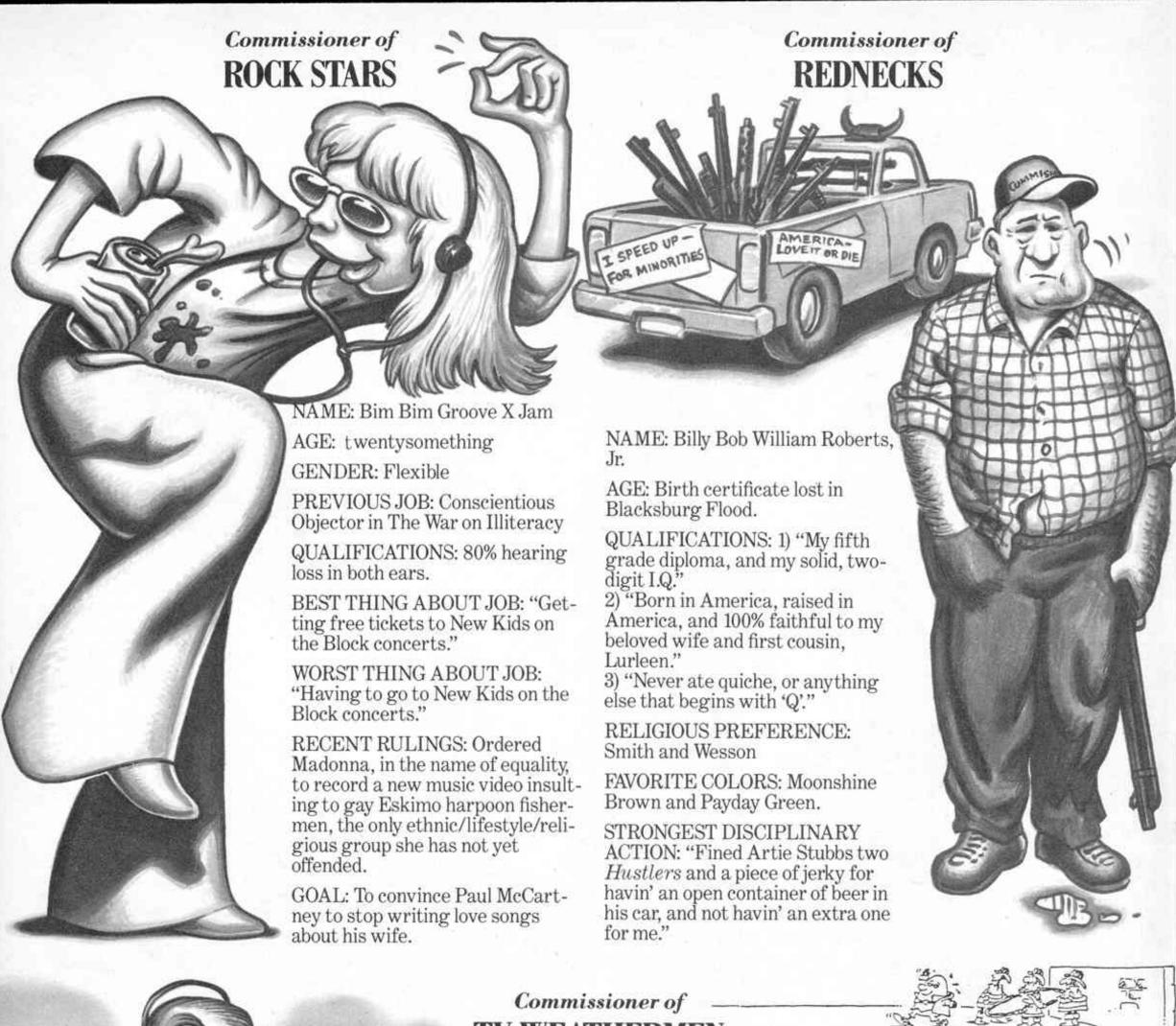
AGE: 38 chronologically; 11 emotionally

HOW ELECTED: Voted loudest and most obnoxious parent at league championship game.

FAMILY: Wife Midge ("A great General Manager"); Sons, Jimmy, 10 ("The next Nolan Ryan"), Ricky, 8 ("The next Robin Yount"); Daughter Molly, 5 ("The next Margo Adams").

LAST BOOK READ: How to Make a 12-Year-Old Shortstop Cry without Leaving the Dugout

PHILOSOPHY: "If your team is actually enjoying Little League, you're not putting enough pressure on them."





NAME: Marty "Thunderclap" Bickerman

NICKNAME: "Mr. Warm Front"

AGE: "29-and like the barometric pressure, rising! Yuk, yuk!"

HOW ELECTED: Wrote winning slogans in TV weatherman bumper sticker contest for last two years:

1) "May the Closest You Come to a Drought Be a Dry Martini!" 2) "Flood Victims are All Wet!"

PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT: Was the first weatherman to identify "Hurricane Shecky."

LENGTH OF TERM: Until the station manager tires of his sophomoric schtick and replaces him with a new weather guy with a totally different sophomoric schtick.

RECENT ON-AIR QUOTE "To a lot of people, weather conditions are significant. What a bunch of losers!"

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "Keep your weathercast light. For every person killed in a tornado, thousands are having barbecues someplace else!"



HOW ELECTED: Defeated incumbent "Big Johnny" Lugnuts by revealing that in 1986, Johnny failed to pad the bill on a brake job he did for his mother.

FAVORITE SONG: "The sound of an engine that needs a tuneup."

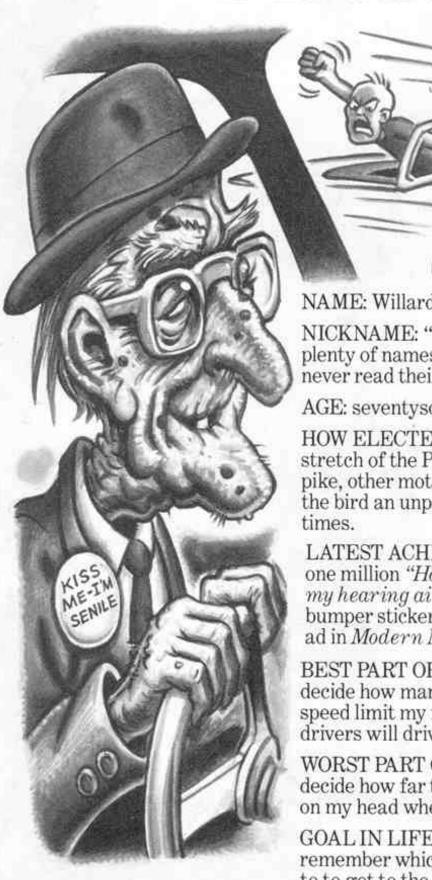
LENGTH OF TERM: 5 years, or 5,000 creative excuses why a customer's car "Won't be ready till Monday."

LATEST RULING: Fined Eddie "The Dipstick" Miller \$100 for having insufficient grease under his fingernails.

PERSONAL CREED: "I use only the finest replacement parts, whether a customer needs them or not."







NAME: Willard "Pops" Watson

NICKNAME: "Other drivers have plenty of names for me, but I can never read their lips."

AGE: seventysomething

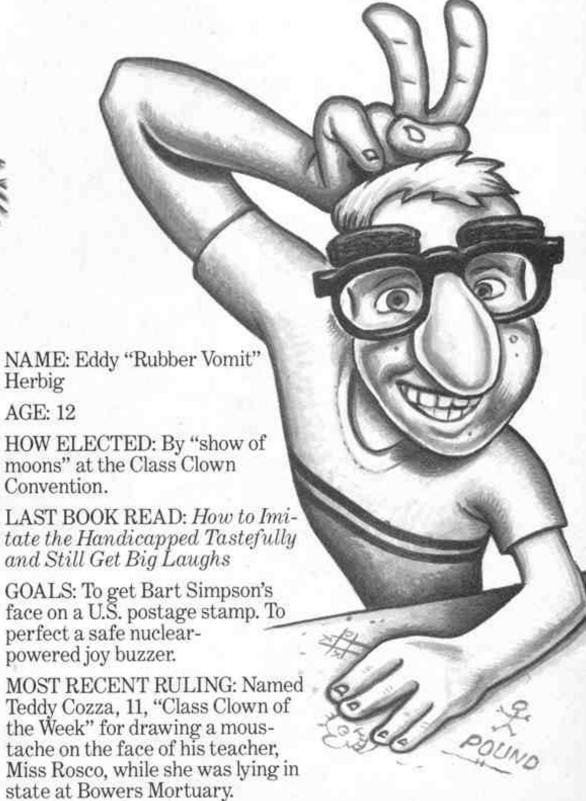
HOW ELECTED: Over a five-mile stretch of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, other motorists flipped him the bird an unprecedented 39

LATEST ACHIEVEMENT: Sold one million "Honk if you wantmy hearing aid's turned OFF!" bumper stickers through a single ad in Modern Maturity.

BEST PART OF JOB: "Getting to decide how many miles under the speed limit my fellow senior drivers will drive each week."

WORST PART OF JOB: "Trying to decide how far to pull my hat down on my head when I drive."

GOAL IN LIFE: "Trying to remember which exit I have to go to to get to the General Store."



11

ONE-SENTENCE OUTLOOK ON

LIFE: "When in doubt, burp real

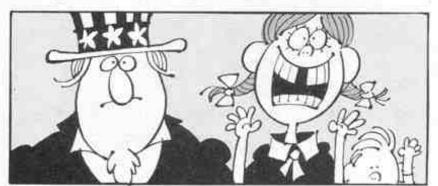
loud."

MAIM THAT TUNE DEPT.

Each year, millions of tiny kids are herded into day care centers and Sunday schools where they are commanded to join in the singing of traditional songs and carols before they are old enough to read and understand the lyrics. The result is tragically predictable. They sing the words they think they hear, and form a pattern that often lasts a lifetime. Many preoccupied grownups keep right on singing the same muddled words to the same songs in the same way. This, of course, makes us sound like a nation of idiots as we stand reverently at such somber events as patriotic rallies, church services and even baseball games to fill the air with ...

AS THEY SOUN

My Uncle, Liz And Me



My uncle, Liz and me



Eat ham with liberty. Of tea, we sing.



Ham that my father fried; Ham when the children cried.



On every mountainside, Let's clean 'til Spring.

The Star Strangled Grandma



No way can you see through this song's early light What had sounded like hail at the night light's loud screaming.



Who brought tripe and Mars bars to the last Eastern flight On the rampage with scotch while the gals were all steaming.



And our pockets were bare
When they first hit the air
As they proved we were right and our bags were still there.



No way does that star strangled Grandma smell Dave, For the mandolin is free,



ARTIST: PAUL COKER

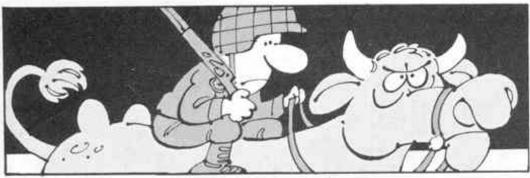
WRITER: TOM KOCH

D TO FIVE-YEAR-OLDS

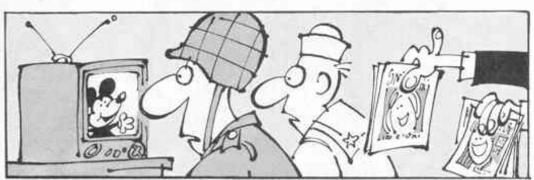
That Marine! Him!



From the Halls of Minneso-ota To the doors of misery,



We will ride on grumpy ca-attle In Iran and Italy.

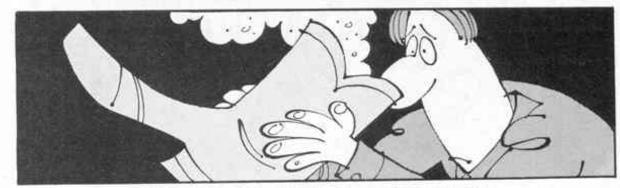


If the Army or the Navy Ever look at magazines,



They will find the creeps with garden tools Have been smashed to smithereens.

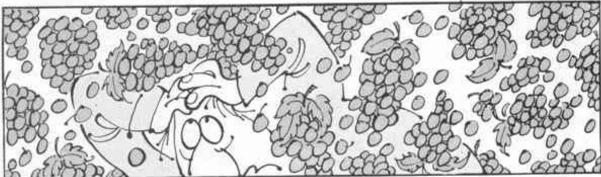
America, The Boot Is Full



Your boot is full of spacey guys, And candles made by Jane,



From curdled mounds of macramé Above the flutes in Spain.

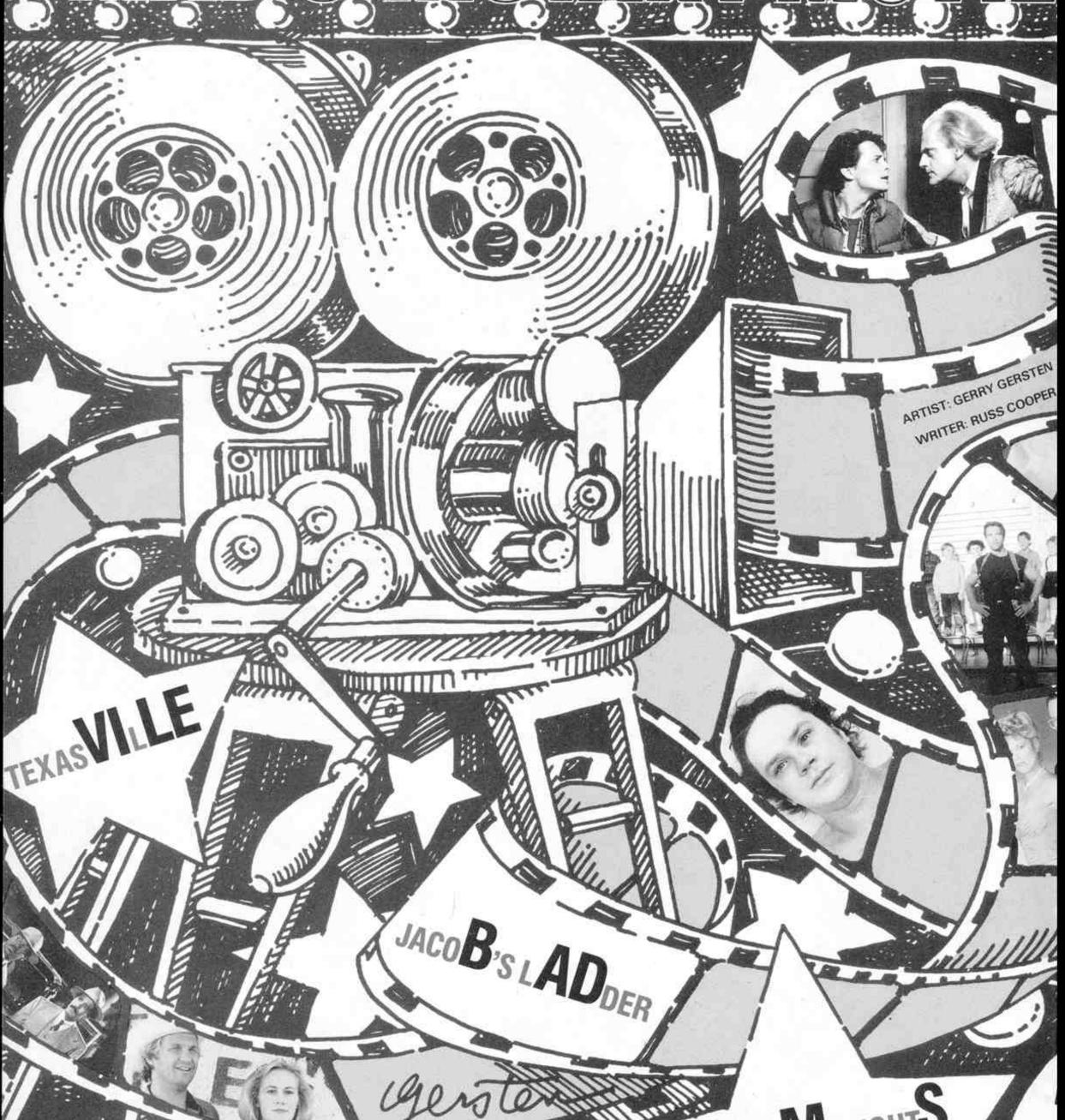


America! America! Go shed your grapes on me.



Your clown's no good at motherhood. We'll see what we shall see.

What's in a movie title? Maybe a hidden, true review! Here's ...



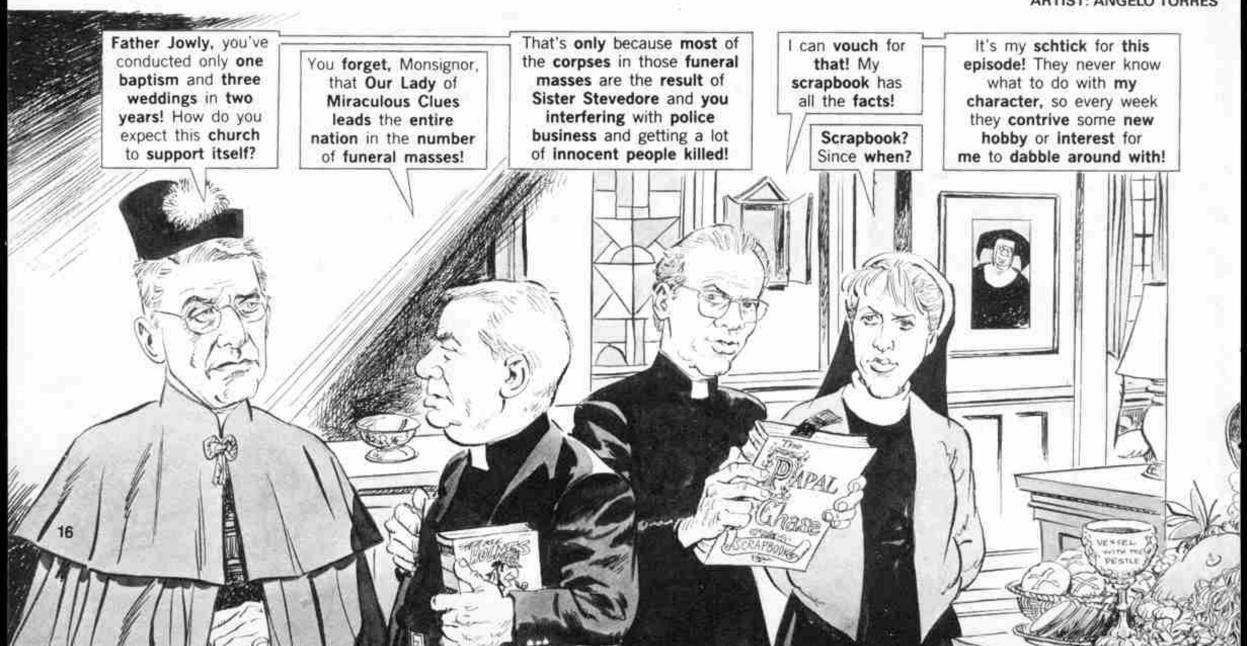
A PEW TO A KILL DEPT.

Some skeptics question, is there a God? Some TV viewers question, if there is a God, how could he let a show like this get on the air? Of course, we're talking about...









CODLY Miseries

Are you staring at me? Well, I'm Father Pestweak! I may be a strange, bumbling priest, but I'm responsible for winning thousands, perhaps millions of converts! They all converted to other religions, but hey, converts are converts, right?

We're the local police! You may think it's bad form for us to be playing cards while on duty, but there's nothing else for us to do in Chicago since the "Holy Duo" started their crusade on crime!

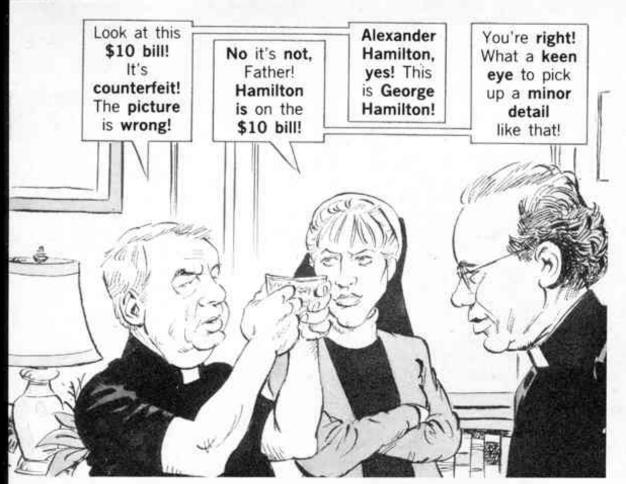
Stop talking to those idiots out there and play! I open for a quarter... I'm Jessica Fletcher! No, I'm not in this series, but sometimes it's so similar to my show, Murder, She Wrote, I forget who I am and put on nun's clothes! Evidently Father Jowly is against all crimes except plagiarism!



WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO









Here's your clean

vestment, Father



Yeah! It was a man at 75 Fudge



Okay, so I'm

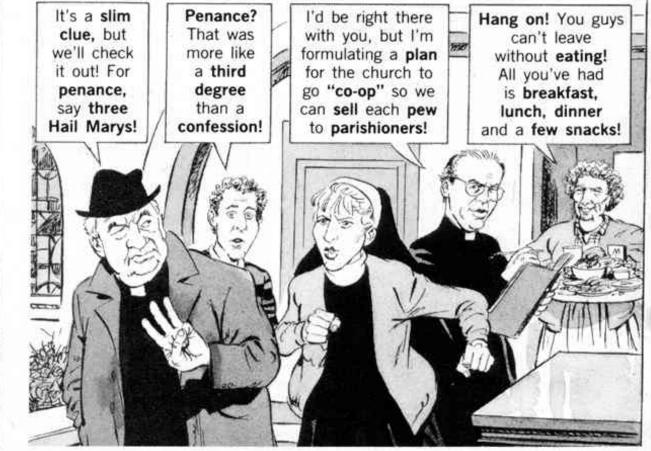
You gotta be

kidding! |

Pete,

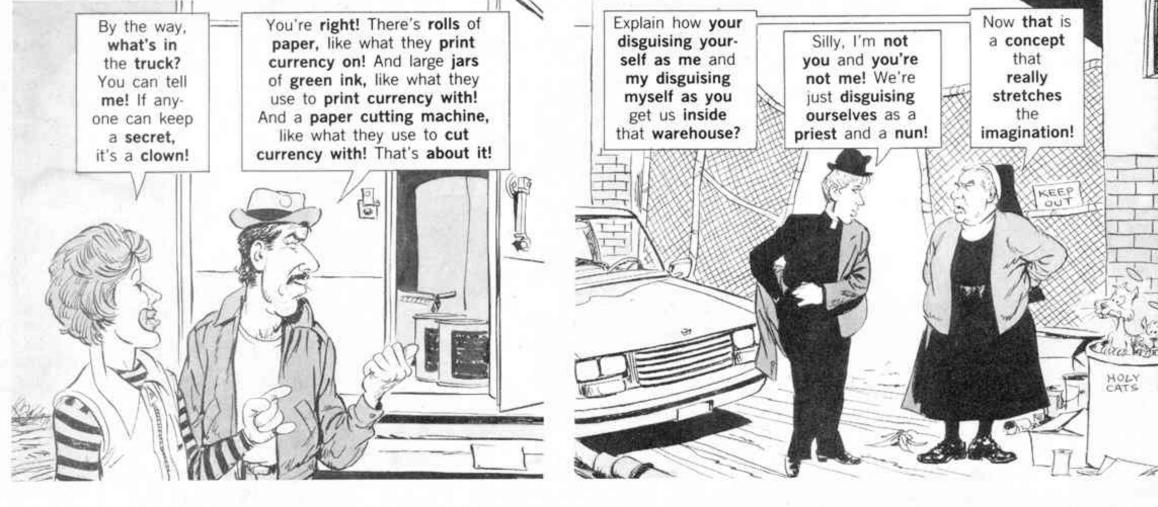


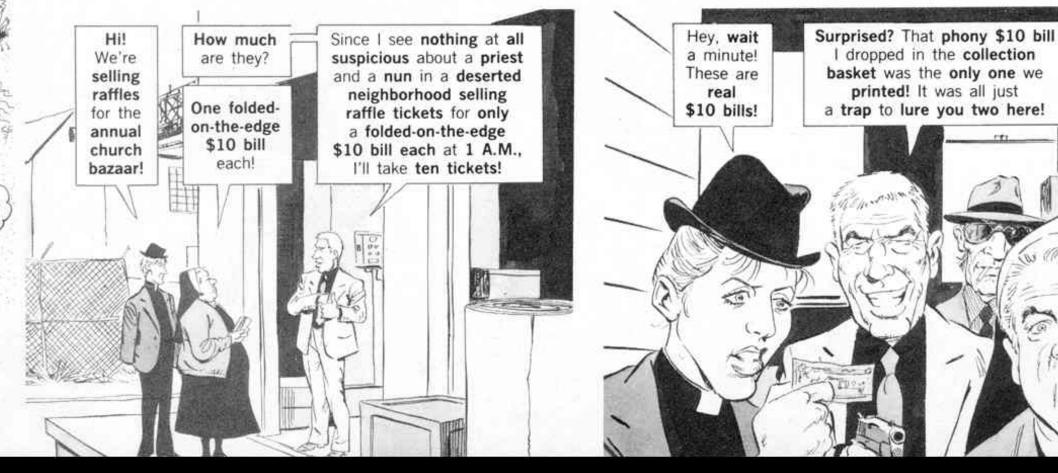
C'mon, Pete, think!













THE PROVERBIAL POSTAL/POOCH PARABLE PART II













SPORTS! On and Off the

The "PICK AND ROLL" ... on the Court



The "PICK AND ROLL" ... in the Stands!



The "BLITZ" ... on the Field



"PILING-ON"
... on the Field



"PILING-ON"
... in the Stands!



The "SUICIDE SQUEEZE PLAY" ... on the Field



Guide to PICS ASSES Playing Field ARIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER MIKE SNIDER

The "BLITZ" ... in the Stands!



"BODY CHECK"
... on the Rink



"BODY CHECK"

... in the Stands!



The "SUICIDE SQUEEZE PLAY" ... in the Stands!



"BANK SHOT" ... on the Court

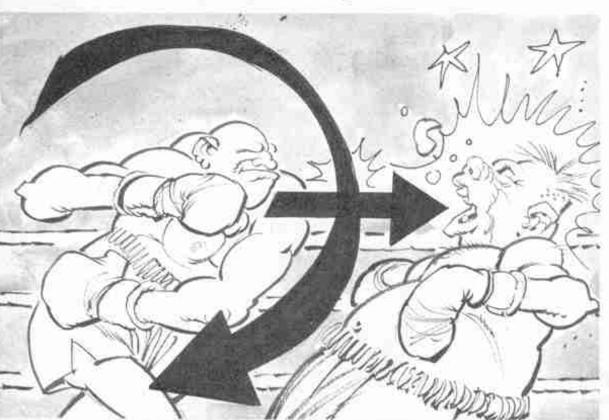


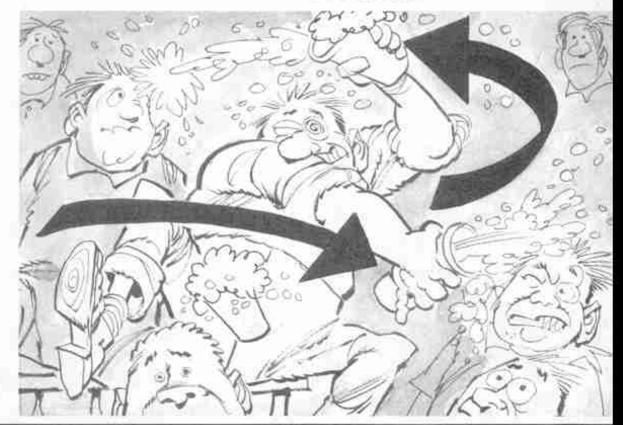
"BANK SHOT" ... in the Stands!



A "LEFT-RIGHT COMBINATION" ... in the Ring







"HOLDING" ... on the Field



"HOLDING" ... in the Stands!

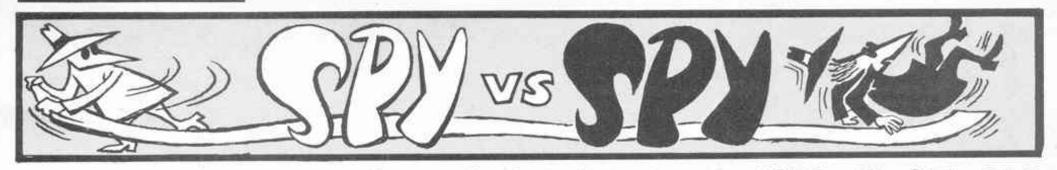


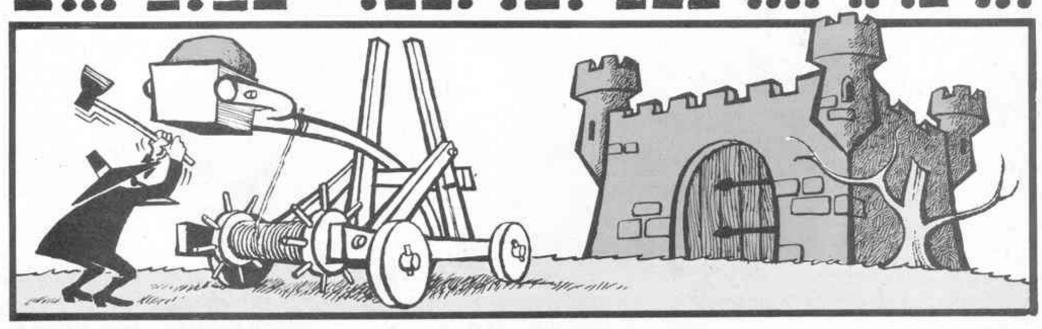
"FAST BREAK" ... on the Court

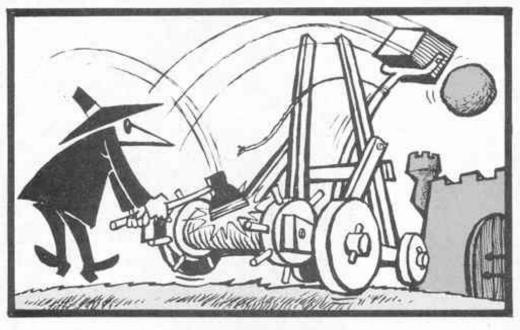


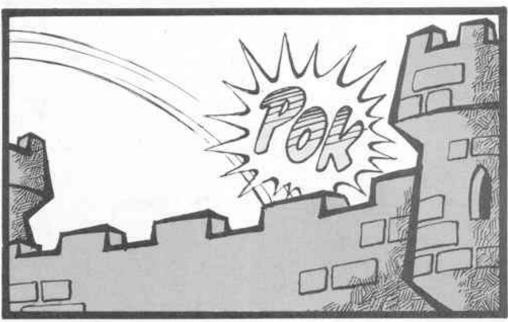
"FAST BREAK" ... in the Stands!

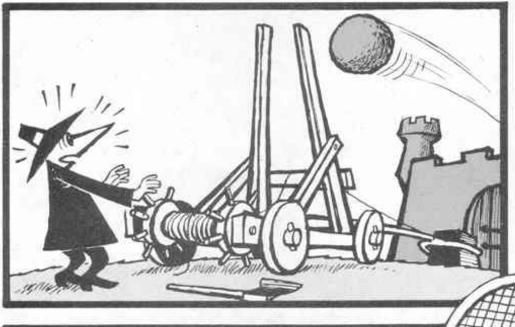




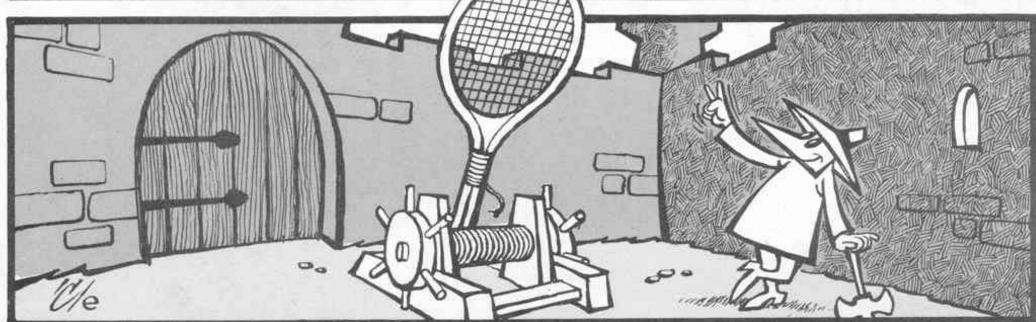












INCENTIVES



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THELIGHTE

WAITERS



PHYSICAL FITNESS

Sometimes I wonder about the way we kill ourselves with all this exercising just so we can get slimmer!

Well, I for one don't work out just for vanity! There are many other reasons why today's modern woman must be stronger!





图图图图图.

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

CURRENT EVENTS





EDUCATION

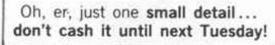




BANKING

I hope this check allays your fear about the bad press we savings and loan banks have gotten lately! It sure has, Mr. Chasanoff! Thanks a lot!









SELECTIVITY



PRACTICALITY







PARENTING







ATHLETES



MAKING CHOICES





THE OFFICE



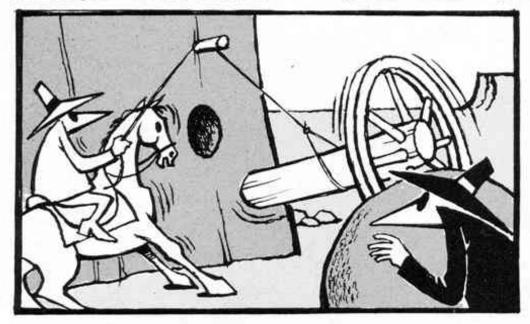
KNOWLEDGE

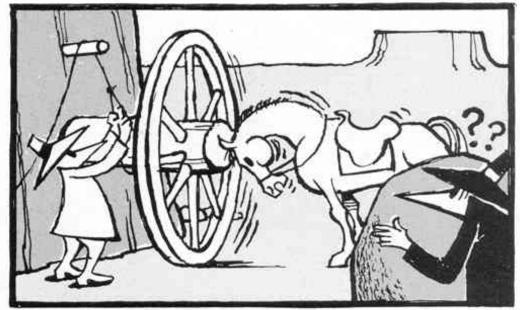


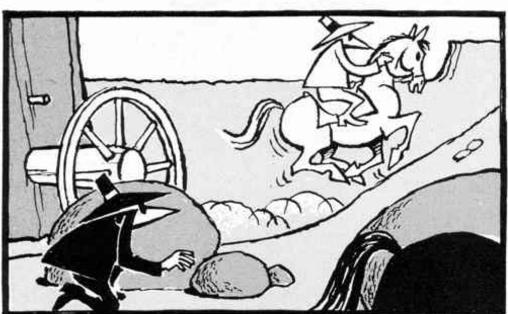
DOCTORS



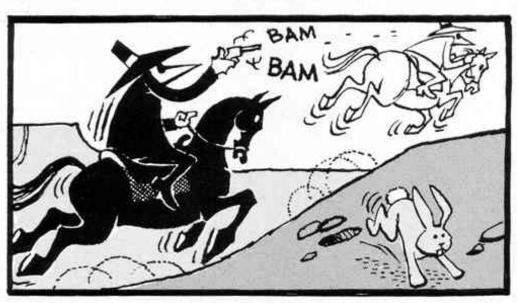
TO SPANNING TO SERVE SPANNING

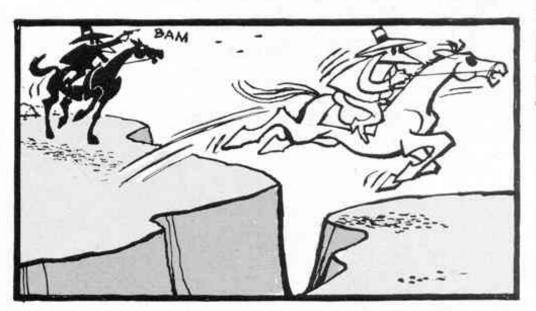


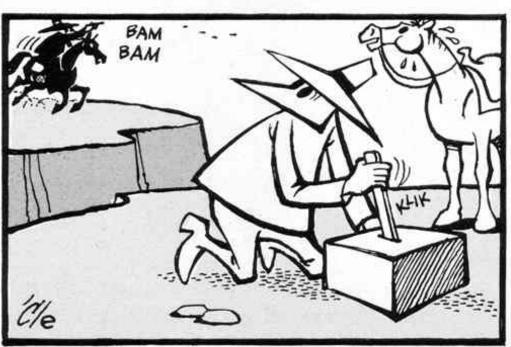


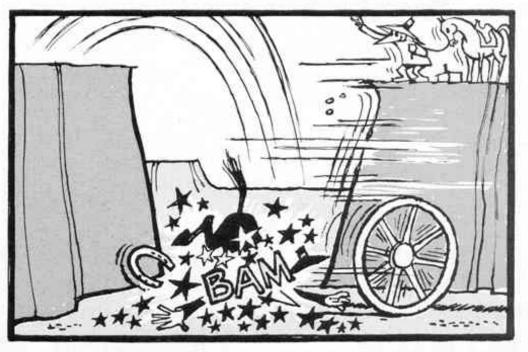












Every year around Christmas, magazines are filled with articles about how millions of people suffer from Christmas depression (brought on, no doubt, by those very same articles!). Unlike

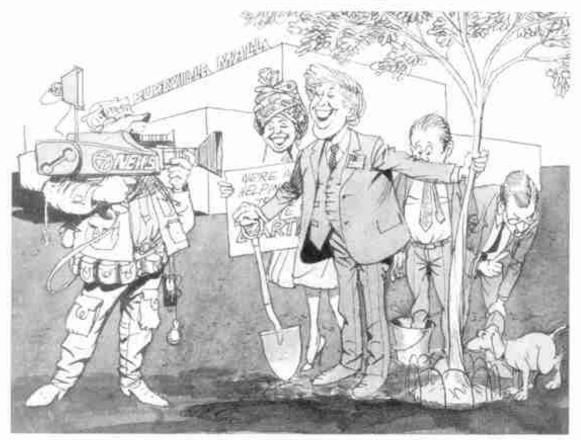
WHY WE GET THE

Valentine's Day



... is the time of the year when our loved ones show their affection towards us by giving us a 20 lb. box of chocolate that's been sitting in a warehouse all year long.

Arbor Day



... is the time of the year when politicians who have passed legislation that's destroyed rivers and forests show their concern for ecology by planting a tree at a shopping mall.

President's Day



... is the time of the year when greedy store owners honor a President who never told a lie by running deceptive ads, and a President who freed the slaves by keeping American consumers in continual debt.

Memorial Day



... is the time of the year when television announcers tell us to drive carefully so that we can watch race-car drivers kill themselves during the Indianapolis 500. other magazines, though, MAD would <u>never</u> print depressing articles about Christmas. No, we'd rather run a depressing article about <u>every</u> holiday! So get ready as we give you a rundown of...

HOLIDAY BLAHS

St. Patrick's Day

WRITER: BARRY LIEBMAN



... is the time of the year when we show our respect for Irish-Americans by getting stinking drunk in their honor and throwing up our guts at their parade.

Labor Day



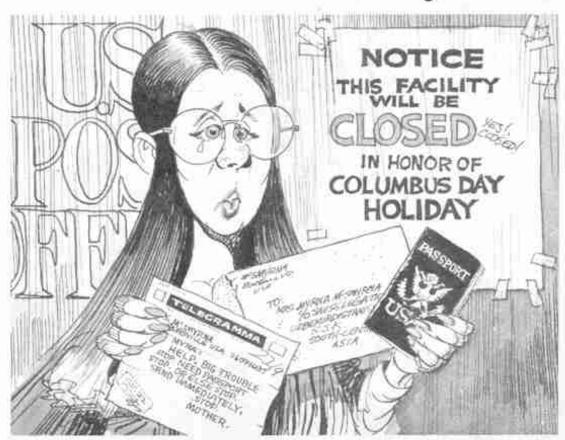
... is the time of the year when we celebrate our last remaining days of vacation by going out and enduring endless traffic jams, or staying in and enduring twenty hours of Jerry Lewis.

Mother's and Father's Day



... are the times of the year when every piece of junk that can't be unloaded on anybody at any other time is advertised as being "perfect for both Mom and Dad."

Columbus Day



... is the time of the year when we commemorate a man who lost two boats and ended up totally off-course by keeping the post office closed.

Halloween



... is the time of the year when stories of ghosts, goblins, and things that go bump in the night pale next to stories about psychos poisoning Trick or Treat candy.

Veteran's Day



... is the time of the year when we show our appreciation to all the old soldiers who hated marching in 10-mile hikes by allowing them to march in 10-mile parades.

Christmas



... is the time of the year when parents have to explain why the same Santa who's so worried about kids being naughty or nice is urging them 34 to smoke and drink in cigarette and liquor ads.

Election Day



... is the time of the year when we officially give someone who has spent \$20 million to get a \$100,000 job the chance to manage our money.

Thanksgiving



... is the time of the year when we honor the notion of sharing by recounting how the Indians fed the same people who would eventually steal their land away from them.

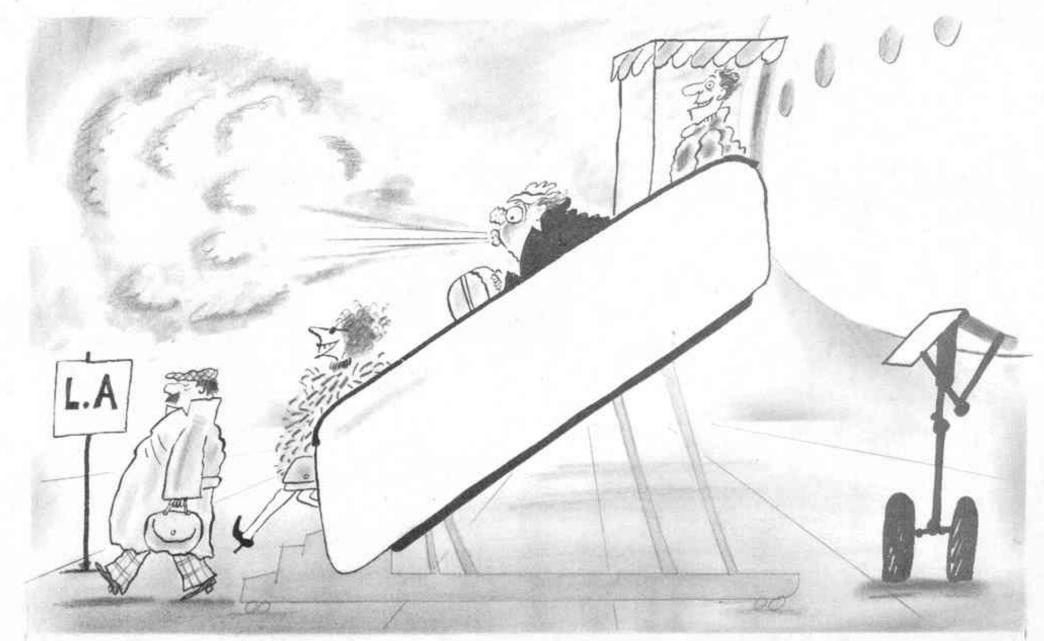
New Year's Eve

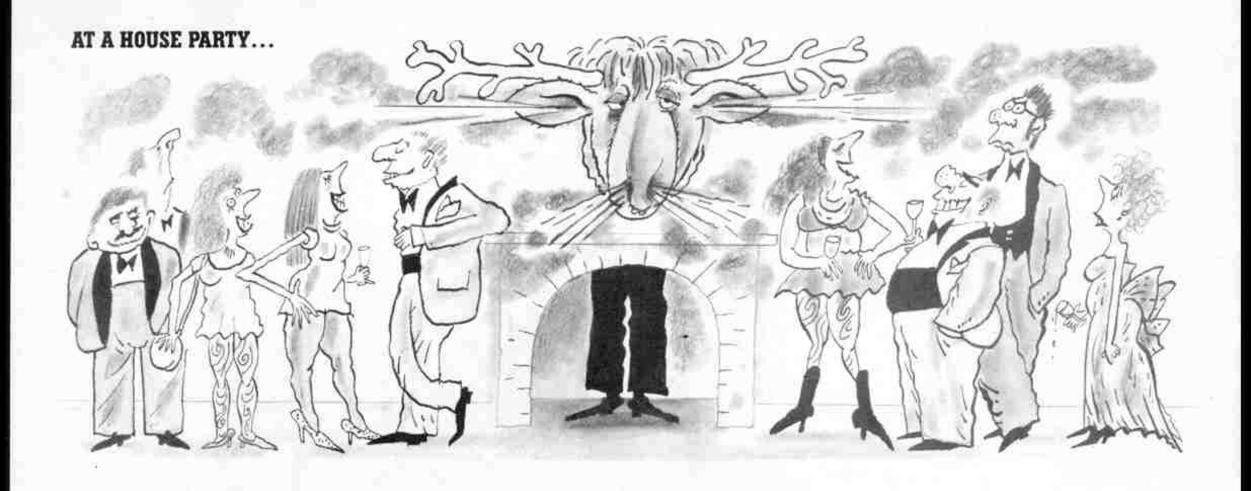


... is the time of the year when all the restaurants and night clubs show their holiday spirit by handing out noisemakers and raising their prices 400%.

CALICAN VIJERE SKEAKY SMOKERS CALICAN VIJERE SKEKY SKOKERS







AT 20 BELOW ZERO ...



ON THE ROOF OF A HIGH RISE APARTMENT DURING A SMOG ALERT..

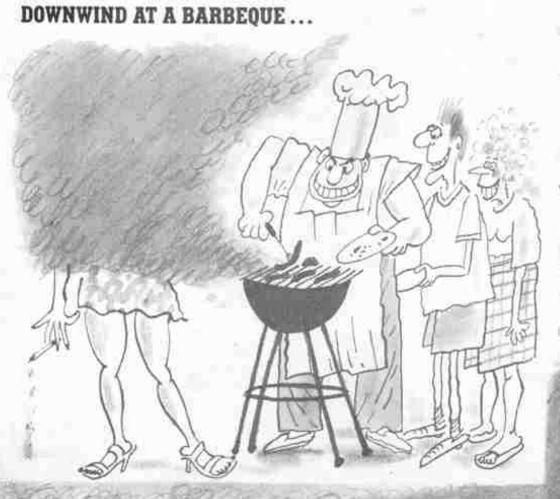
DURING A TWENTY-ONE GUN SALUTE...

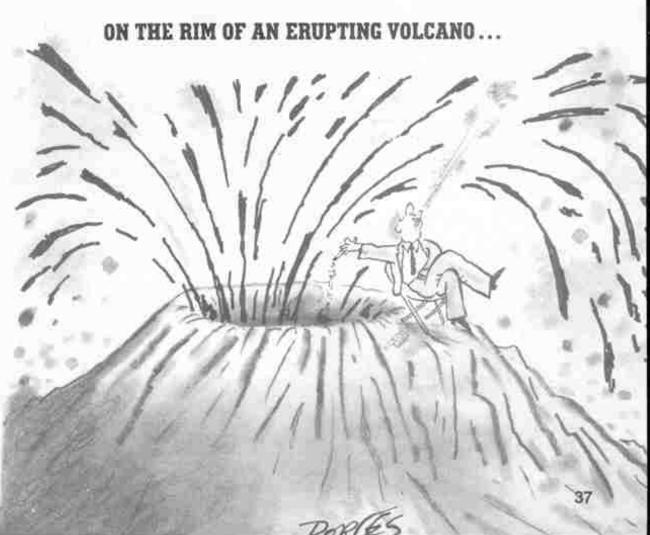






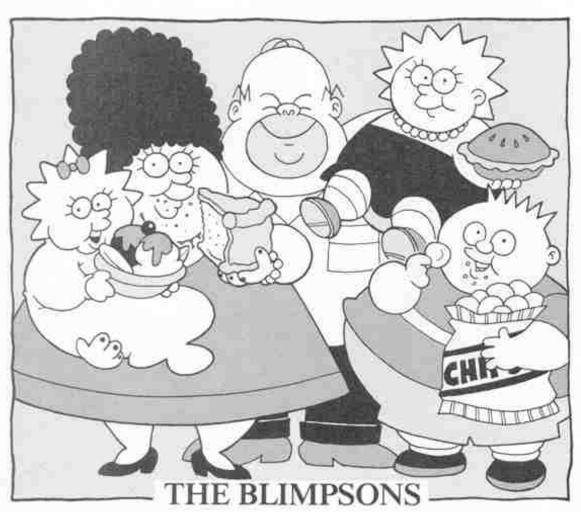








They're big, they're brawny, they're Biblical-they're the Samsons, a family of Old Testament toughies who can bring down the house. Head of the clan is dad Hunker Samson, the "Canaan Crusher," whose hobby is slaying heathens with the jawbone of an ass. "Actually," he says, "I use the jawbone of a Philistine; but any dumb animal will do." Constantly getting in trouble is long-haired son Beef Samson ("Eat my curls!"), who likes punching out camels and destroying any village with a name he can't pronounce. Beef lusts for a girl-friend, but he's yet to learn that arm-wrestling doesn't make for successful foreplay. It's a half-hour of Holy Land hilarity, Mondays on ABC.



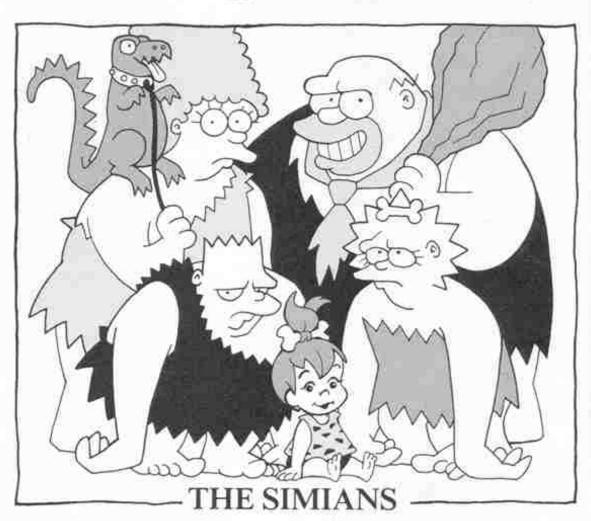
Move over, Roseanne! The Blimpsons-all 985 pounds of them—have arrived to fatten up the new season with gags by the gross. It's worth the weight as Barge-she's the gourmet of the family-serves up aged oxen under glass, thereby aiding the diet of husband Hogger, who's trying to bloat up to a respectable 350. To maintain her beachball figure, Barge waddles in to her beautician's for a four-hour flab-fold and hydraulic body-waxing. As she says, "A family that's gross together, stays close together," which isn't all that difficult, considering they live in an RV. You'll eat it up Tuesdays on 38 NBC.

TOON AGE MUTANTS DEPT.

Once a TV show is hot, it's only a matter bandwagon with a rip-off of the original. celebrated animated series. With this in mind

SIMPSON WE'LL UNDOU





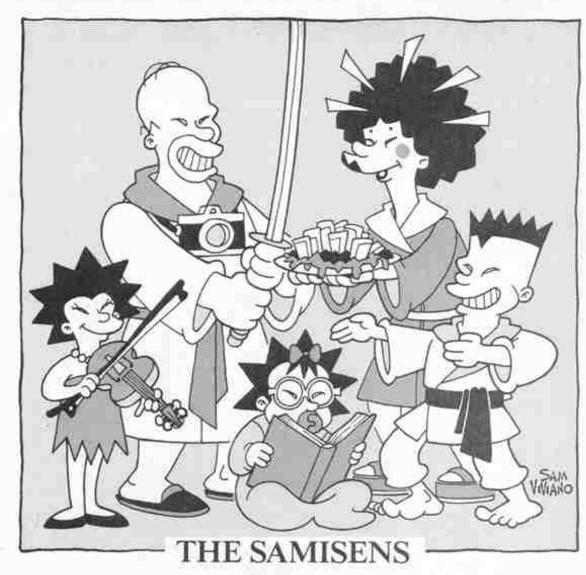
Searching for the "missing link" to primetime comedy? Then make way for the Simians, a cockamamie cave-dwelling clan of Misozoic misfits. "Evolution sucks," grunts eight-year-old Blog, whose favorite sport is granny-knotting the prehensile tails of troglodyte girls. This upsets sister Weeza, who looks forward to when she'll grow hair all over and be "a real woman." There's more pre-hysterical madness when clubswinging Humonga (he's a plus-16 handicapper) saves mate Mog from the clutches of an amorous iguanodon, then topples into a volcanic geyser and invents bathing. Catch all the howling Sundays on NBC.

of time before the other networks leap on the Such will surely be the case of the nation's most let's look ahead to the future to some really lame...

RIP-OFFS EDLY BE SEEING WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Here come the Symptoms, as klutzy a crew of clinical cut-ups as ever invalidated an invalid. Boasting the lowest operating rates in town ("We Hack and Slice at Half the Price!"), the staff is headed by chief surgeon Tumor, who constantly loses his patients, especially when young intern Botch shows off his enema-bag juggling during a hernia transplant. Head nurse Mange takes pride in her collection of gallstones ("The blue ones make exquisite earrings!") and sings spirituals to ease the pain whenever the anesthetics run out. "I love practicing medicine," boasts Tumor, "and I'll keep practicing till I get the hang of it!" Catch the fever Thursdays on ABC.



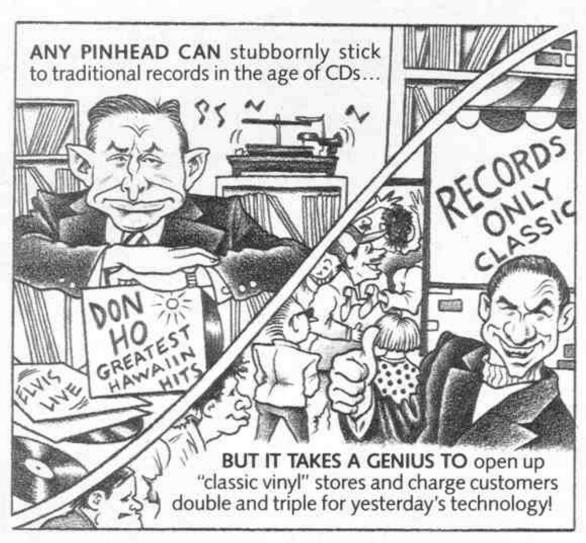
Have a yen for laughs? Then prepare for the nutty, Nipponese, totally dis-Oriented world of the Samisens. You'll meet young Bot-san, a Ninja dropout, who celebrates the anniversary of Pearl Harbor by exploding a sushi bomb in Dad Homa-san's kimono. Dad encourages Bot-san to take up hari-kiri ("Keep trying—you'll get the hang of it!"). Trying to keep the peace is wife Moj-san, who dutifully serves up meals of microwaved kelp while still clinging to her life-long dream of being a Sumo roadie. Making its bow Fridays on CBS.



Ready for a hit? Then take a wild shot with the Simpseones, the Mafia's First Family of disorganized crime. Head of the clan is Godfather Don Homero, who loses what little respect he has when he starts hijacking garbage trucks ("I'll make them an offer they can't refuse for their refuse!"). He's aided by his young, blood-crazed capo, Barf, who's been declared an illegal substance by the Feds and shows his muscle by snapping the heads of small birds and putting out contracts on relatives he hates having to kiss. Barf does his killing in the local deli, where, as he puts it, "They can sleep with the knishes!" Taking over Wednesdays on CBS.

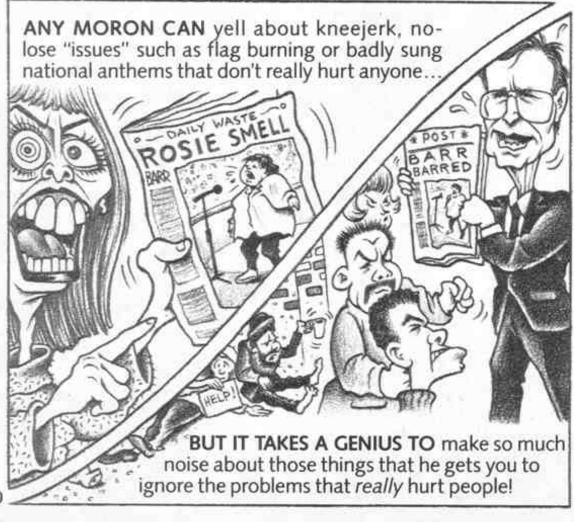
Sure, everyone's heard of Albert Einstein. We all know who Leonardo DaVinci is. Even Sparky Anderson is a household name. But what about folks like Hecky Peckersmith, Waldo Zipper and

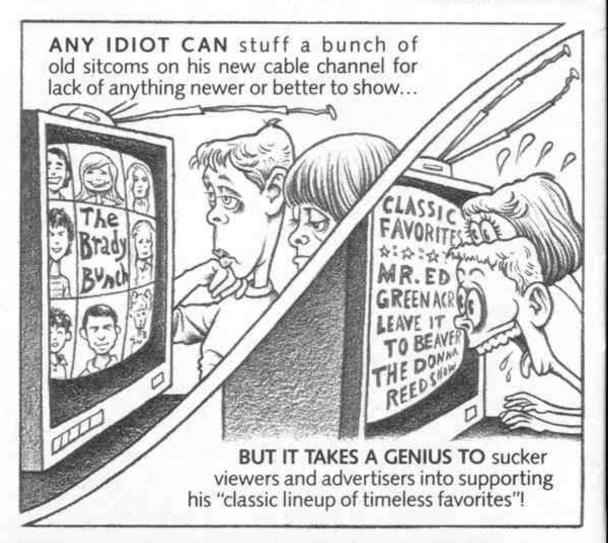
ANY BOZO MORON CRESTON SCHMENDRICK





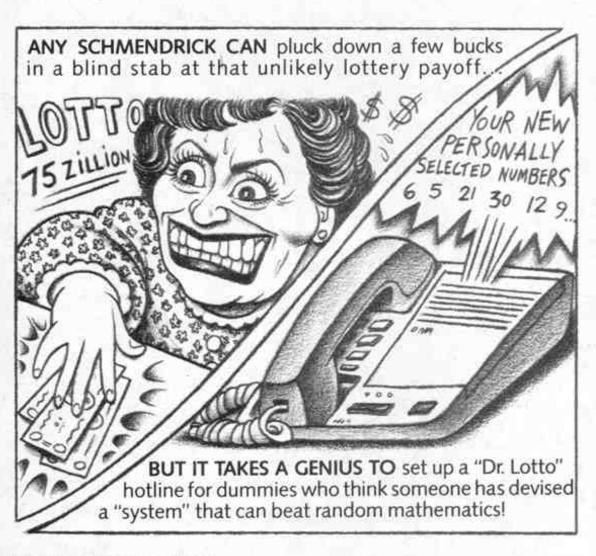
ARTIST: RICK TULKA

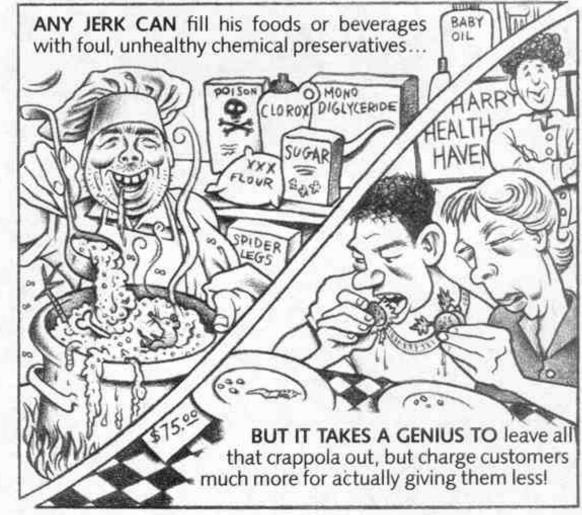




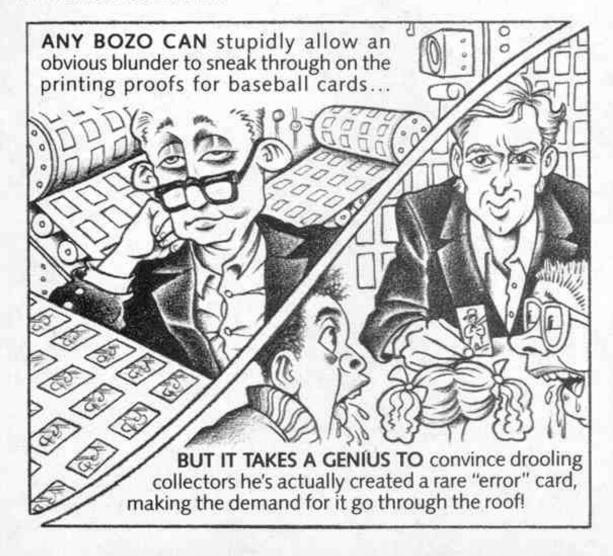
Clyde Bosco. We never hear a word about them—and why not? Because there's a fine line indeed between fame and anonymity, success and failure, brilliance and stupidity. For example...

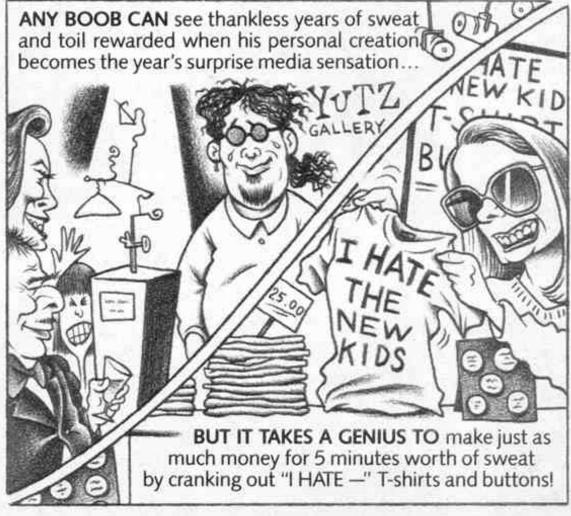
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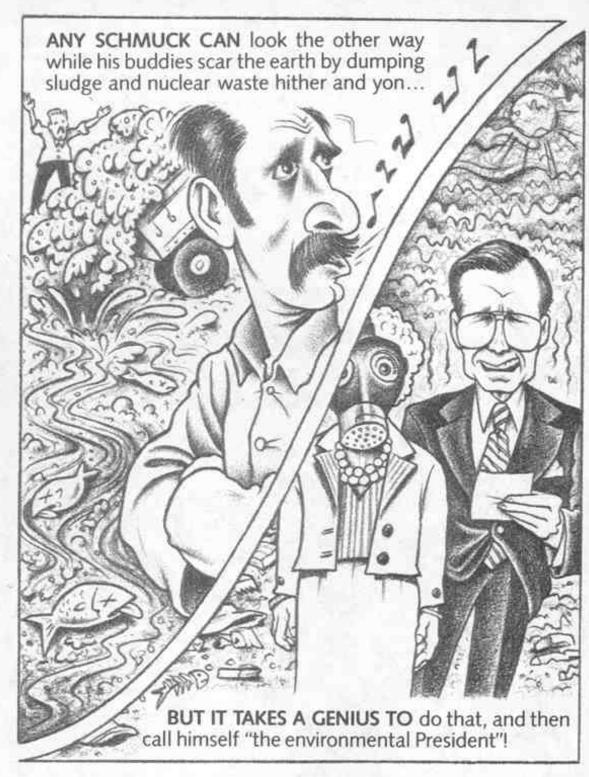


WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

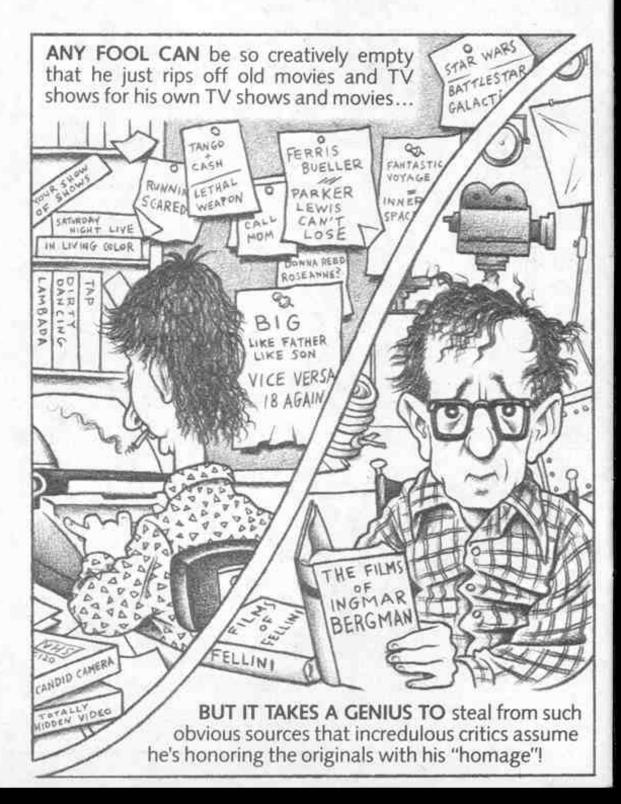


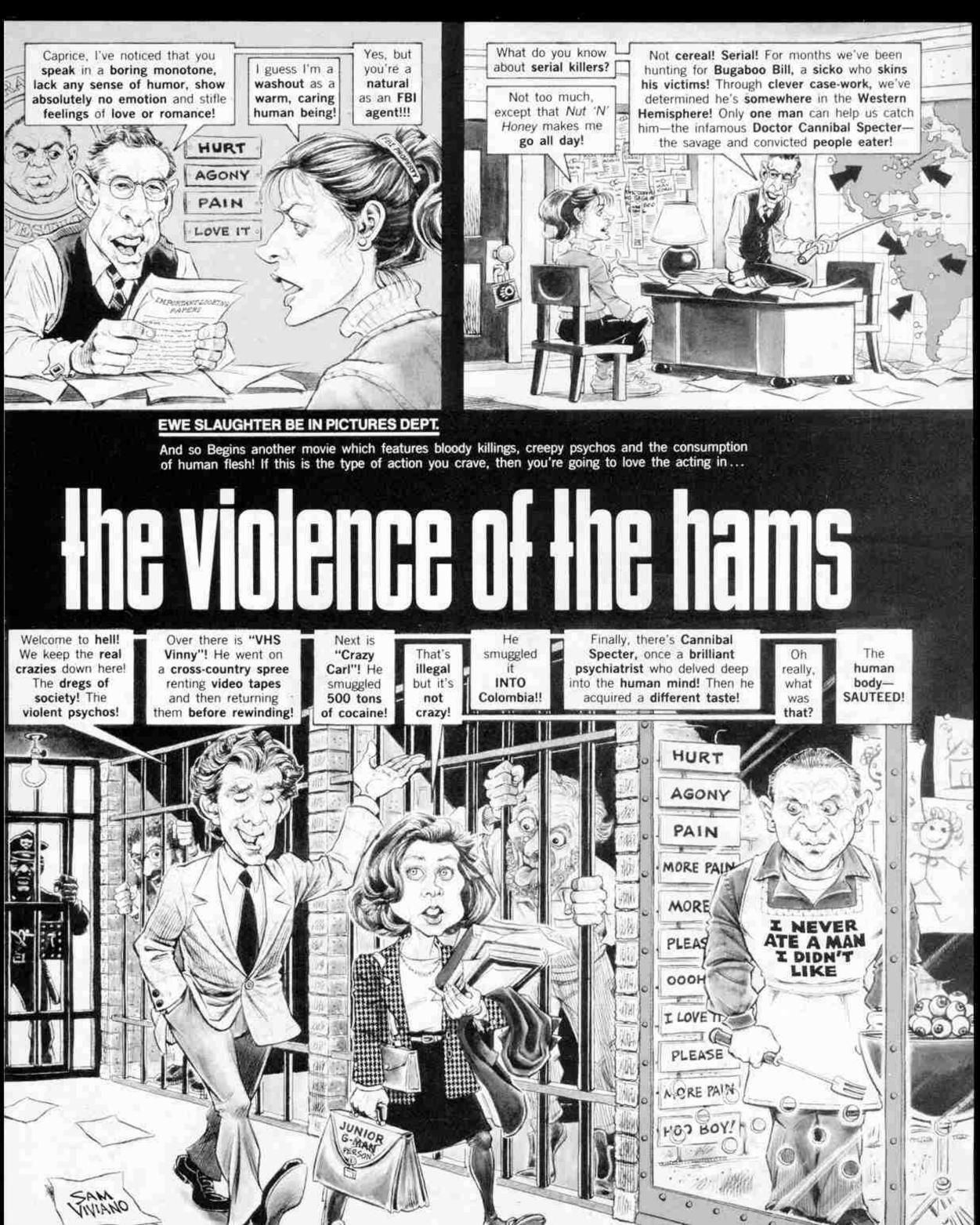






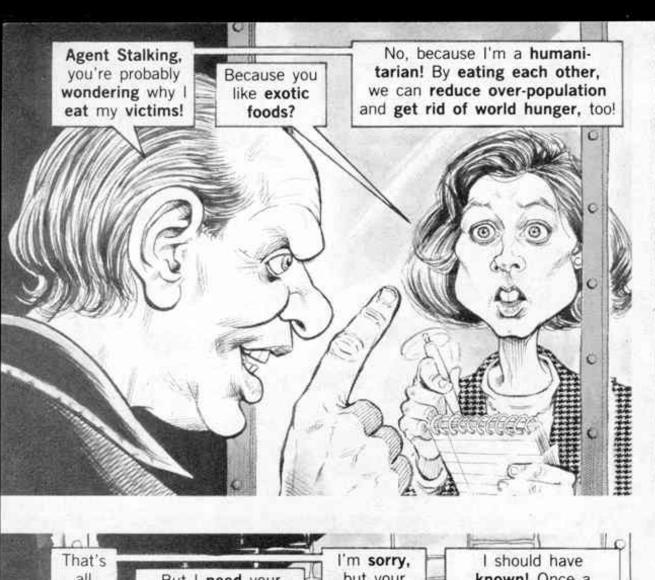






WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO



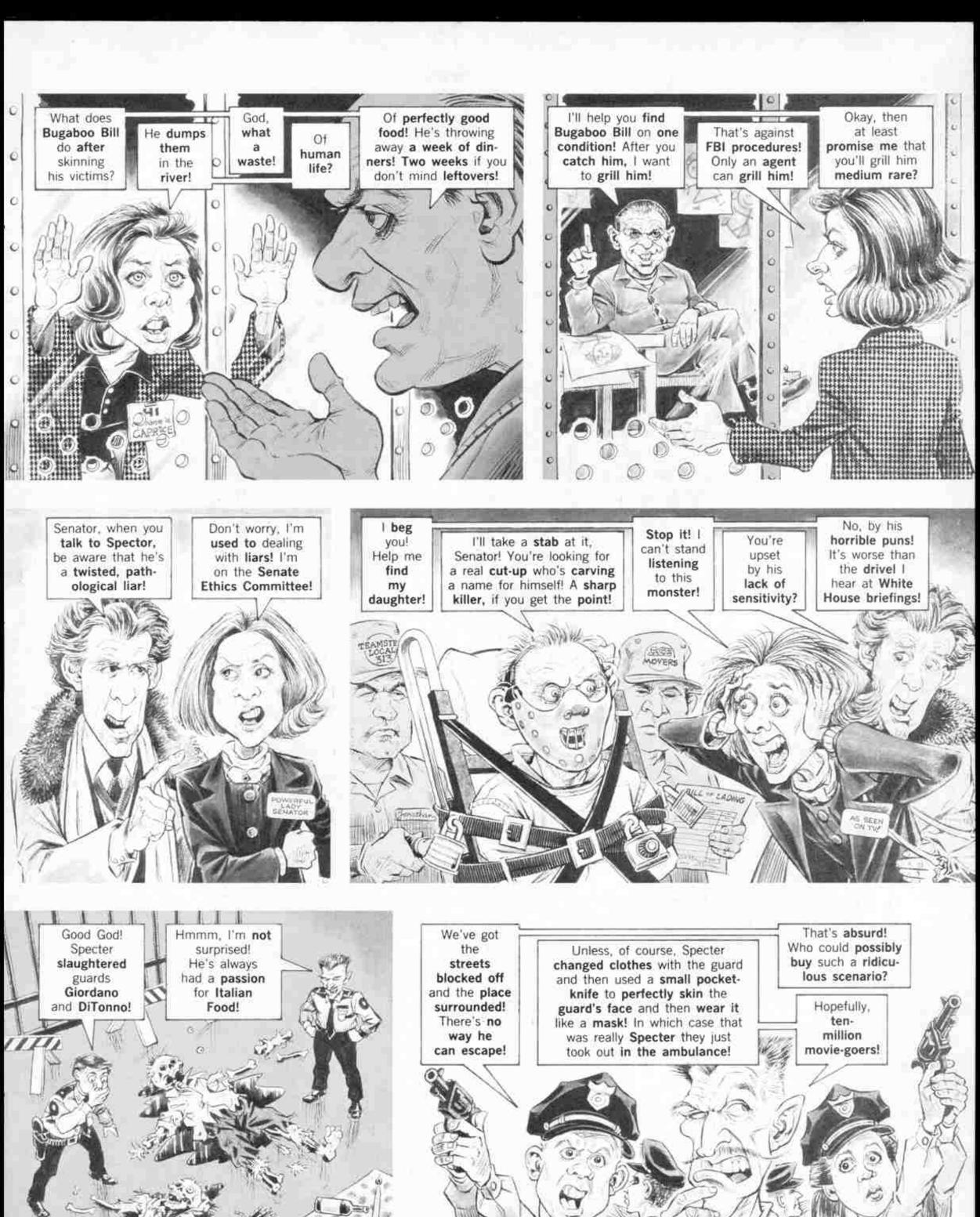














THE PROVERBIAL POSTAL/POOCH PARABLE PART III



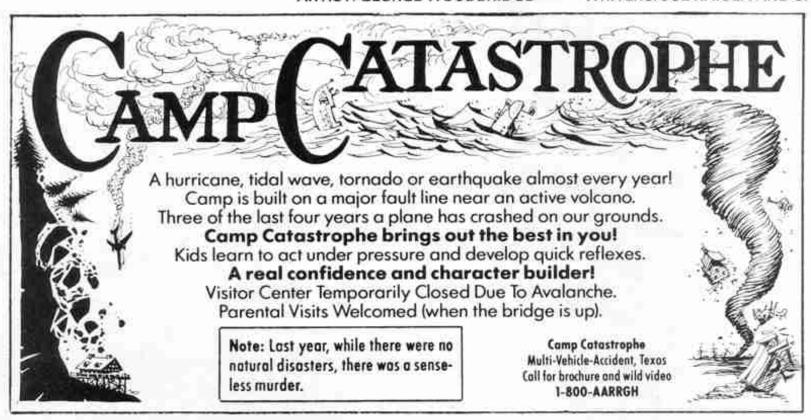




THE MAD SUMMER CAMP GUDE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU



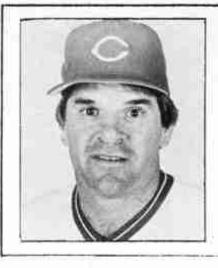
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CO-ED AGES 10-17

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"Spend a Summer in the Great Indoors"
Camp Mall Route 46, Willowbrook, NJ



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Minimum



CAMP KONOWOPONAMACDONOMIPOPACK

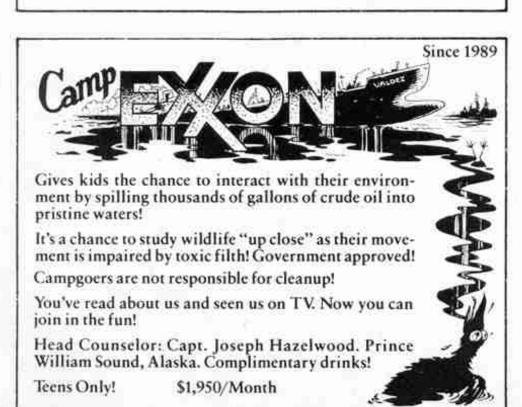
Our 39th year boys and girls 5-16

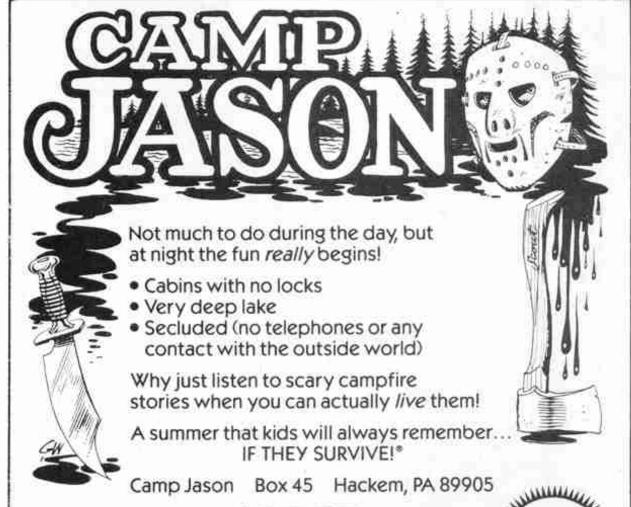
Complete Summer Session-\$3000

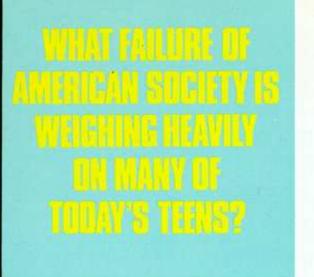
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HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

AD FOLD-II

Teenagers today are worried sick about their future prospects. To find out how society has failed them, simply fold page in as shown in diagram at right.



A P

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

■ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



In spite of what our leaders say, there is no adequate success formula that doesn't get overly complex every time it's tried. Still it's always a seductive idea to quickly train youngsters in our nation

