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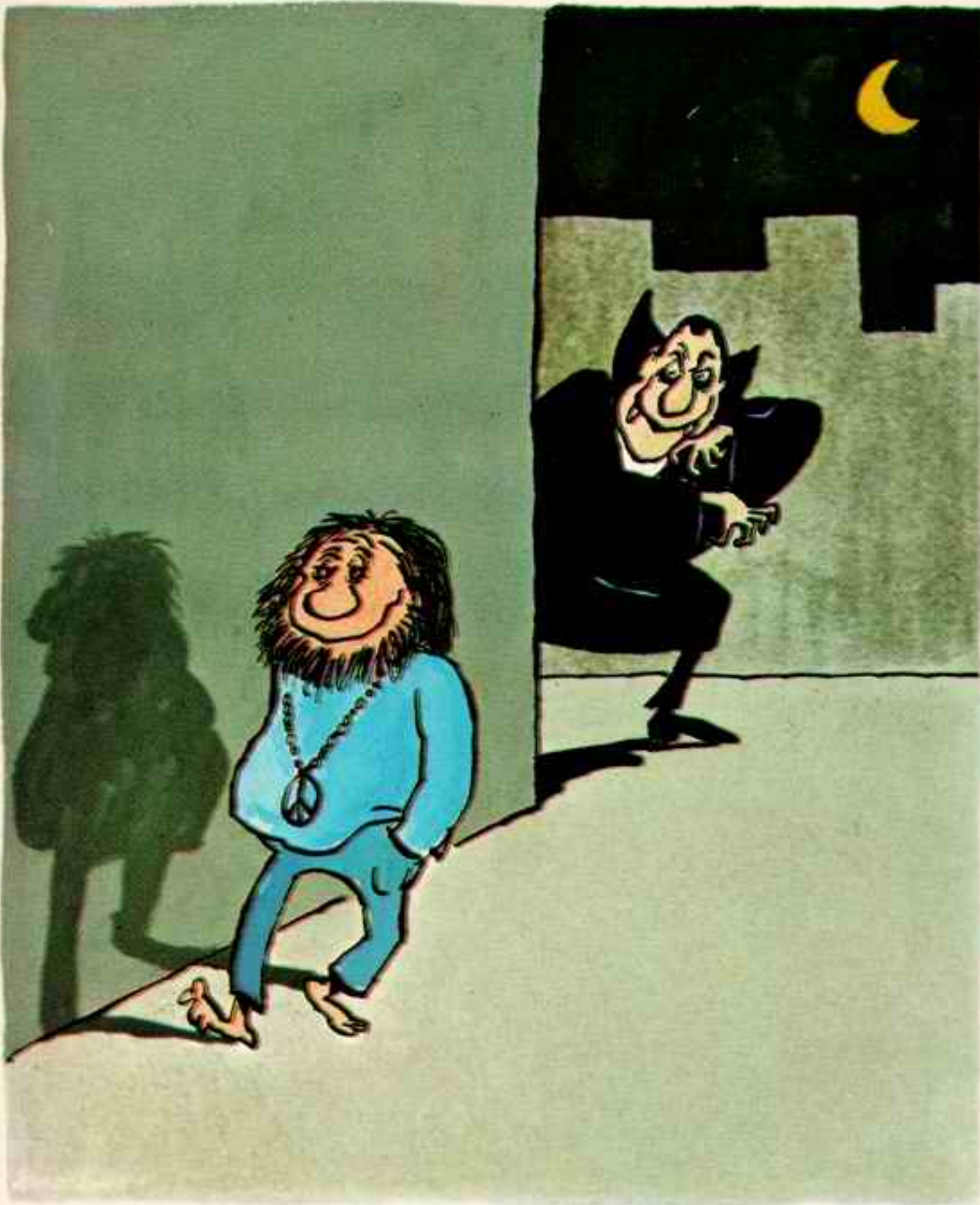
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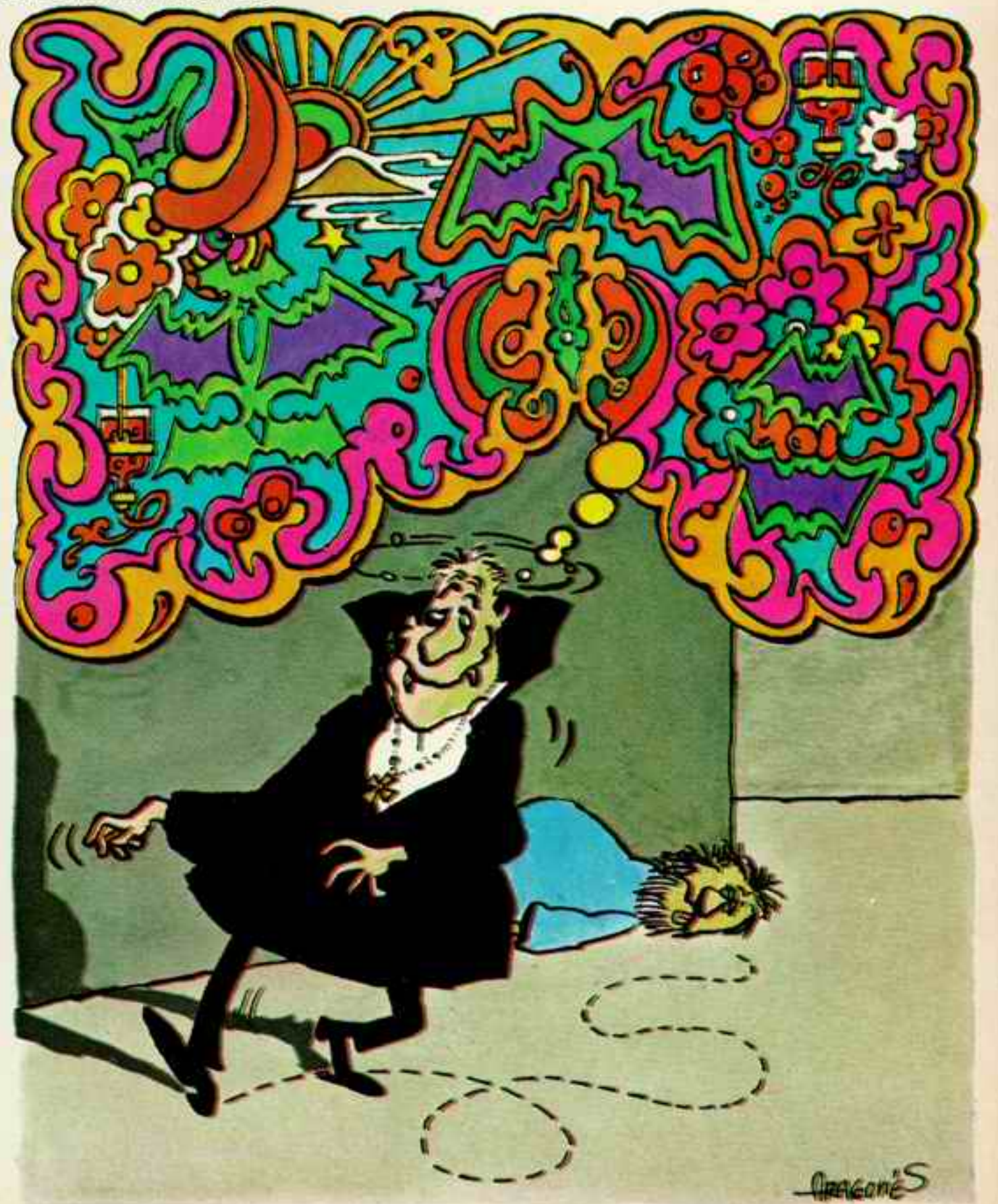
THE MAGAZINE OF THE LOUD MINORITY



The Vampire



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



Aragones

MAD

"Most people are too lazy to open the door when opportunity knocks!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher*

ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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(A MAD
TV
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Pg. 43

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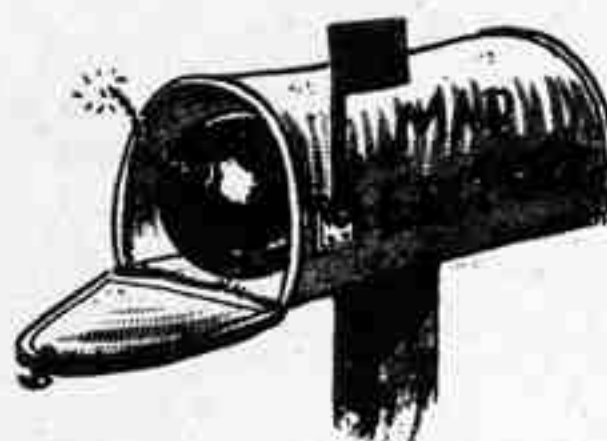
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FILTHY PICTURES!

Yep, those dirty pictures we offered back in issue #135 . . . mainly our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish—which were lying around our stock room for so long getting dirty, are still there—getting filthy! So help us clean them up (and clean up on them!) by sending 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



BOOB & CARNAL & TAD & ALAS, ETC.

I thought your "Boob and Carnal and Tad and Alas and Lenny and Emily and Herbie and Margie and Mal and Judy and Sy and Joan and Buzz and Elaine and Joe and Pat and Dick and Phoebe and Jessie and Sally and Gene and Thelma and Albert and Shirlee and Seymour and Teddy and Marty and Carol and Bernie and Seena and Gary and Leslie and Toan and Susan and Tom and Jamie and Warren and Rose and Walter and Ellie and Curt and Gloria and Chris and Wendy and Stan and Cathy and Jerry and Anybody and John and Ricky and Lonnie and Iris and Donnie and Jo-Ellen and Scotty and Melanie and Mark and Skip and Larry and Helen and Morty and Barbara and Sergio and Lenny and Claire and Nick and Lucky and Dave and Vivian and Bill and Nancy and Jack and Francis and George and Janette and Arnie and Sue and Steve and Edie and Tarzan and Jane and Popeye and Olive and Charlie and Lucy and Harry and Carrie and William and Mary and Abercrombie and Fitch and Max and Bea and Back and Forth and To and Fro and Al and Lee and Everybody In The World and Alfred" stunk!

Brian Hanley
Union, New Jersey

I thought your "Boob and Carnal and Tad and Alas and Lenny and Emily and Herbie and Margie and Mal and Judy and Sy and Joan and Buzz and Elaine and Joe and Pat and Dick and Phoebe and Jessie and Sally and Gene and Thelma and Albert and Shirlee and Seymour and Teddy and Marty and Carol and Bernie and Seena and Gary and Leslie and Toan and Susan and Tom and Jamie and Warren and Rose and Walter and Ellie and Curt and Gloria and Chris and Wendy and Stan and Cathy and Jerry and Anybody and John and Ricky and Lonnie and Iris and Donnie and Jo-Ellen and Scotty and Melanie and Mark and Skip and Larry and Helen and Morty and Barbara and Sergio and Lenny and Claire and Nick and Lucky and Dave and Vivian and Bill and Nancy and Jack and Francis and George and Janette and Arnie and Sue and Steve and Edie and Tarzan and Jane and Popeye and Olive and Charlie and Lucy and Harry and Carrie and William and Mary and Abercrombie and Fitch and Max and Bea and Back and Forth and To and Fro and Al and Lee and Everybody In The World and Alfred" was great!

Michael Altman
Maitland, Florida

21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE

"21st Century Outdoors Magazine" was refreshingly different, uproariously funny, and terrifyingly true.

Tom Rogers
St. Louis, Missouri

I usually do not care for your articles depicting magazines, but I must admit that "21st Century Outdoors Magazine" was right on. I think that you hit home with a lot more punch than the junk mail the government sends out. You deserve an A+ for this great piece.

Andy Heyman
Falls Church, Virginia

"21st Century Outdoors Magazine"—especially that part about the Giant Redwood Stump Park—was tree-mendous! Keep chopping them up! The clods of the world—not the trees!

Helen Andrews
Erie, Pennsylvania

Congratulations to Dick De Bartolo and George Woodbridge for a gem. The interview with "Loreen Taylor, Fashion Designer of the Month" was devastating.

Grant Hicks
Scotch Plains, New Jersey

Your "21st Century Outdoors Magazine" had me laughing so hard, my gas mask slipped off. Please, for a dying fan, print this letter so I'll have something to remember when I go to that big garbage heap in the sky.

Oscar Gelpi
Miami, Florida

Keep writing articles like "21st Century Outdoors Magazine" and maybe our future world won't be like that!

Katie Campbell
San Francisco, California

The best piece I've read on the subject . . . tragic and true and barbed with sarcastic wit.

Susan Shapiro
New York, New York

No book, no article, no news program, no "Earth Day" had as much effect upon me as your article did. It was the most magnificent, exceptional, extraordinary, truth-filled document ever published on the subject.

Helen Mars
Brooklyn, New York

With "21st Century Outdoors Magazine", you have undoubtedly "told it like it's going to be"!

Lynn Rainwater
Sapulpa, Oklahoma

CONTRIBUTING TO POLLUTION

If you're so uptight about pollution, how come you keep dumping all that trash on the newsstands?

Geoffrey T. Babbitt
Northford, Connecticut

BETTER THAN 99-44/100%

Your magazine is nothing but pure drivel. In fact, it's the purest drivel I've ever read. And in this age of pollution, that's saying something.

W. True
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

SPORTS CARS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

"Sports Cars We'd Like To See" was a gas!

Lynn Grubbs
Malvern, Arkansas

A BOY-DOG NAMED LASSIE

Your magazine has a fine reputation for humorous songs and poems, but when you made "A Boy-Dog Named Lassie" it was a milestone. Living where I do, I have grown weary of "A Boy Named Sue", and your satire was a truly welcome relief.

Dale Belcher
Nashville, Tennessee

IF GREAT PAINTERS DREW COMICS

"If The World's Great Painters Drew The Comics" was a masterpiece... a work of art.

Raven Amporan
Hollywood, California

LIFELONG IMPROVEMENT

If MAD's material continues to improve as it has over the last five or six issues, then the best issue I will have read will be the one before I die.

Polly Boyd
Steubenville, Ohio

GREAT (NON-VIOLENT) GUNS!

Don Martin's "Great (Non-Violent) Guns" was sensational! I got a real big



out of it!

A. J. Cantor
Montreal, Quebec

Wouldn't it be great for peace if the whole world switched to Don Martin's "Great (Non-Violent) Guns"? But, I'm afraid Mankind would rather fight than switch!

Joseph Martin
Cherry Point, North Carolina

GROOVIER PART

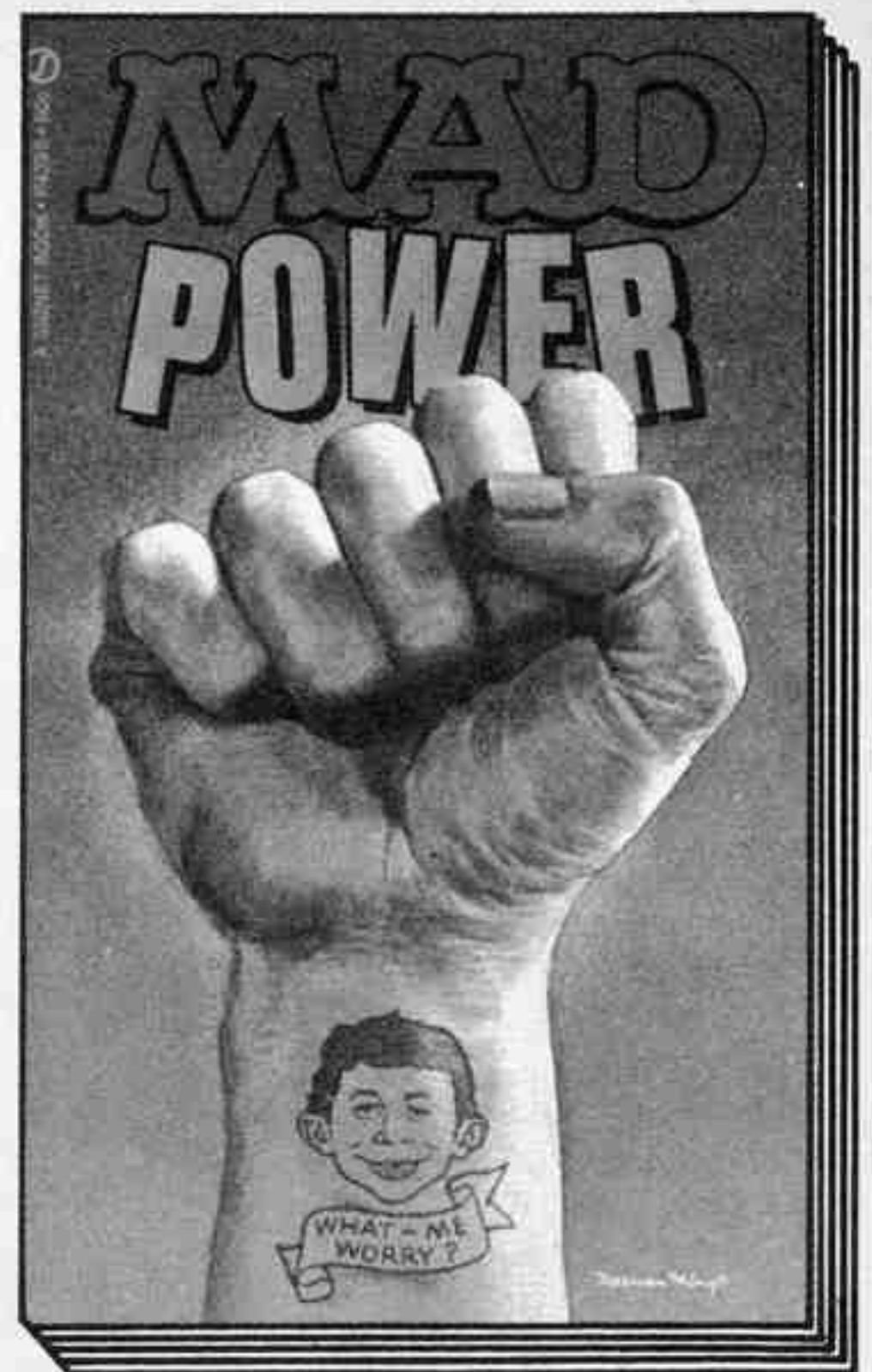
The rest of MAD is—well, okay—but I think your Letter Page is the grooviest part of the magazine... mainly because you guys don't write them!

Mark Bronsveld
Stockton, New Jersey

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| ☐ Inside MAD | ☐ World, World, etc. MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at the USA |
| ☐ Utterly MAD | ☐ Raving MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People |
| ☐ The Brothers MAD | ☐ Boiling MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things |
| ☐ The Bedside MAD | ☐ Questionable MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Modern Thinking |
| ☐ Son of MAD | ☐ Howling MAD | ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY |
| ☐ The Organization MAD | ☐ The Indigestible MAD | ☐ SPY vs. SPY Follow-Up File |
| ☐ Like MAD | ☐ Burning MAD | ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies |
| ☐ The Ides of MAD | ☐ Good 'n' MAD | ☐ Return of A MAD Look at Old Movies |
| ☐ Fighting MAD | ☐ Hopping MAD | ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers |
| ☐ The MAD Frontier | ☐ The Portable MAD | ☐ The MAD Book of Magic |
| ☐ MAD in Orbit | ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out | ☐ Aragones's "Viva MAD!" |
| ☐ The Voodoo MAD | ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back | ☐ Aragones's MAD about MAD |
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COFFEE, TEA AND MILKED DEPT.

Hey, gang! Getting sick of all those "Now" films with little or no story-line? Pictures like "Midnight Cowboy", "Easy Rider", "Alice's Restaurant", "MASH", etc. Do you sometimes wish that somebody would bring back stories in motion pictures like they had in the *old days*? Well, *somebody has*! Boy, **HAVE** they! They've come up with a movie that not only has a *plot*, but enough left over for 37 more "Now" pictures! We're referring, of course, to MAD's nomination for an Academy Award "Oscar"...namely a 1946 Academy Award "Oscar"...

AI

I'm Mule Bakersdozen, Manager of Crisis International Airport! You are about to join me in an evening of fun and crises you won't believe! Oh-Oh, there goes the Crisis Phone!

Hello? State your crisis! What's that? The airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, and 27 planes are stacked up...?

Okay! So much for the fun! What about the crisis?!

There's the other Crisis Phone... Hello? I'm a busy man! This better be a real crisis!

Mule, this is your wife, Cinderblock!

It's a real crisis!

Mule, when are you coming home? You're never home! Twenty-four hours a day, you're at that Airport! What kind of a life is that? You think it's easy for me? You think I like nagging you over the phone like this?

Cinder, why do you want me to come home?

I want to nag you in person for a change!

I know why you don't come home! There's someone else! Someone has come between us!!

Don't be foolish, Cinder! Who could possibly come between us?

Hi, there—remember me?





RFPLOT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm Tango Livingdoll, your beautiful but cold, wooden assistant who is secretly in love with you, and who you secretly love, too—but we won't reveal our true feelings about each other until 42 crises from now!

Ahh . . . when you've seen one cold, blonde, immaculately-dressed, impeccably-coiffed, expressionless Assistant Airport Manager, you've seen 'em all!

Mule, there's no future for us! I was offered a job in 'Frisco, and I think I'm going to take it!

Doing what . . . ?

Working as a Dress Manikin in a Store Window! The one they have now is too emotional!

Oh, Mule, I'm so upset—so overwrought by our secret love that I'm a washed-out wreck! Look at my face!

Your face looks fine to me!

All I see are two flawless eyes, a perfect nose, two lips and a dimple!

That's a WORRY dimple!!

Look closer!



Oh-Oh! There's the Crisis Phone again!

Oh, Mule! How I've cried!

But your face is dry!

That's just it! I cry INSIDE! You should see the sockets behind my eyeballs! They're filled with tears!

Hello? State your crisis! What's that? There's a plane stuck on Runway 28? That's no crisis! Taxi it off! What? You can't taxi it off? Well, tow it off! Listen, I've got the 4th of July holiday rush to worry about and—What? The plane is stuck in SNOW?! On the 4th of July?! Listen, who am I talking to? What's your name?

Who was it, Mule?

Boy, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a recorded crisis!



I think flying is fabulous! I think it's much safer than driving, and a lot more fun! I love to get up in the air! I feel so free—so alive—so wonderful! And I have worlds of confidence in the planes and the fantastic men who fly them!

Er—Who is that?

That's Vermin Swinger—one of the pilots here!

I'm taking a train!!

Oh-Oh! We've got a **NEW** crisis! Verm is cheating again!

Who's the girl?

His **WIFE**!! When his Stewardess girlfriend finds out about this, she'll kill him!

Another crisis, Mule! You've got to close the Airport! Residents for 20 miles are complaining! The jet noise and sonic booms are driving them crazy!

Close the Airport, Commissioner?! That's insane! Where are those Residents! I want to talk to them!

You can't! They're all deaf!! I'll write them letters!

That's no good either! How come?

It's impossible to read when you're vibrating like that!

Commissioner, I have a dream . . . a new Airport that will solve all of our problems!

Hmm! A new Airport! What size is this model scaled to?

Model? That's no model! That's the **ACTUAL AIRPORT**! I see tiny hangars—teensy-weensy planes—and trained ants to fly them! We won't annoy **ANYBODY**!!

Bakersdozen, you're **INSANE**!!

Okay! Okay! We'll build a real Airport right here! An Airport so new . . . so modern . . . that it will never bother those Residents from 20 miles around again!

How large do you figure this Airport to be?

About 20 miles around!

New crisis, Mule! We just picked up this stowaway on our L.A. flight!

Hello! I'm **Ida Cutesy**! I'm 75! I sneak on planes, I forge passports, and I steal!

Why do you do these things, Miss Cutesy?

I'm a rebel! I'm the oldest, cleanest Yippie in the world!

What are you rebelling against?

The Administration! President Coolidge has **GOT TO GO**!!

Miss Cutsey, President Coolidge is **GONE**!!

See?! It's paying off!!

Isn't she adorable, Mule . . . ?

What'll we do with this irresistible little pixie . . . ?

FLOGGED?! Mule! She's just a little old lady!!

She sure is! Ha-ha-ha . . . Chuckle-chuckle!

Chuckle-chuckle! Take her out and have her flogged!!

Use a little old whip!!

Let's see—just to recap our crises up to this point: The Airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, 27 planes are stacked up, my wife may leave me, Runway 28 is closed, it's snowing, they may close the Airport, and we just caught a stowaway! What could possibly happen next?

Attention—passengers holding tickets for "Ill-Fated Flight 73", which departs at 7:10 and either arrives in Rome tomorrow at noon—or NEVER!—may now board at Gate 12!

HEY, HOW ABOUT NEWARK AIRPORT?

Is this "Flight 73"? My name is B. Carria! I'm a free-lance demolition expert and part-time out-patient at Matawan!

Let's see . . . B. Carria . . . What does the "B" stand for, sir?

BOMB . . .

Mr. Bomb Carria—? Oh, yes! Here we are! Seat 17C! Have a nice flight! Oh, I almost forgot! May I see your ticket!

I'll hold your funny little traveling bag with all the cute wires and things hanging out while you look for it, sir!

My ticket? My ticket? Here it is! No—that's my four million dollar insurance policy! Er—ticket? Ticket? Ah . . . here it is! A half-way ticket to Rome!

Ha-ha! No, sir! You mean a **ONE-WAY** ticket to Rome! **HALF-WAY** to Rome would be right smack in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!

You worry about **YOUR** destination, and I'll worry about **MINE**!

Say—did you notice anything **STRANGE** about that passenger!

Yeah, come to think of it! Who wears two-toned shoes nowadays?!

GATE 33

Welcome aboard Flight 73, folks! I'm your Hostess, Gryn Mayday . . . and I'm pregnant!

Hi, folks! I'm your Captain, Verm Swinger, and I did it!

I don't mind a good crisis, but this is too much!

I guess they figure—when you've done it, flaunt it!

I don't know about you, but I'm not looking at the movie on this flight! I'm watching **THEM**!!

Before we take off, I have to check our Stock Company of airline passengers! Please answer to your cliché type—

Panicky Loud Mouth?

Very Obnoxious Kid?

Adorable Nun from an old Barry Fitzgerald religious movie?

Bing Crosby-type Priest, only even phonier?

Little Old Lady Stowaway?

Wide-eyed Group Sikkie?

The Kid From Brooklyn who's too young to die ... ?

Whoops!! I'm sorry! That's from an old World War II movie Stock Company!

Here!

Here!

Giggle ... giggle ...

I'm here ...

That's me!

Choke ...



Okay, Verm—she's all yours! Take her all the way to Rome!

Right! Here goes! Switch off! Switch on! Contact! Start the propellers!

Wait, hold it! **HOLD IT!** I really hate to get personal, Verm—but where did you learn to fly jets?

At the University of Malibu!

Malibu! That's no University!! That's a **BEACH** in California!!

No wonder the campus was always flooded!!



This is Captain Antsin Hisspantz speaking! We are now cruising over the mid-Atlantic! Our altitude is 35,000 feet, our speed is—

Quick! We've got to **DO** something! There's a **BOMB** on board!!

I know! I **SAW** the "Inflight Movie!"

No, idiot! There's a **MAN** with a bomb! You've got to stop him!



Don't anybody come near me, or I'll blow us all up!

Go ahead, Verm! Do it! Gain his confidence! But first, gain the confidence of the other passengers!

Okay ... how do I do that?

Take off your parachute!

Okay, here goes ... Now, listen to me, maniac, ol' buddy—

Wait, sir! He didn't mean that! Er—take it from the top again, Verm!

Don't come any closer! I'll blow us all up!

DO something, Captain!

We're counting on you!

Our lives and the lives of everyone aboard are at stake!

Distract him!

Amuse him!

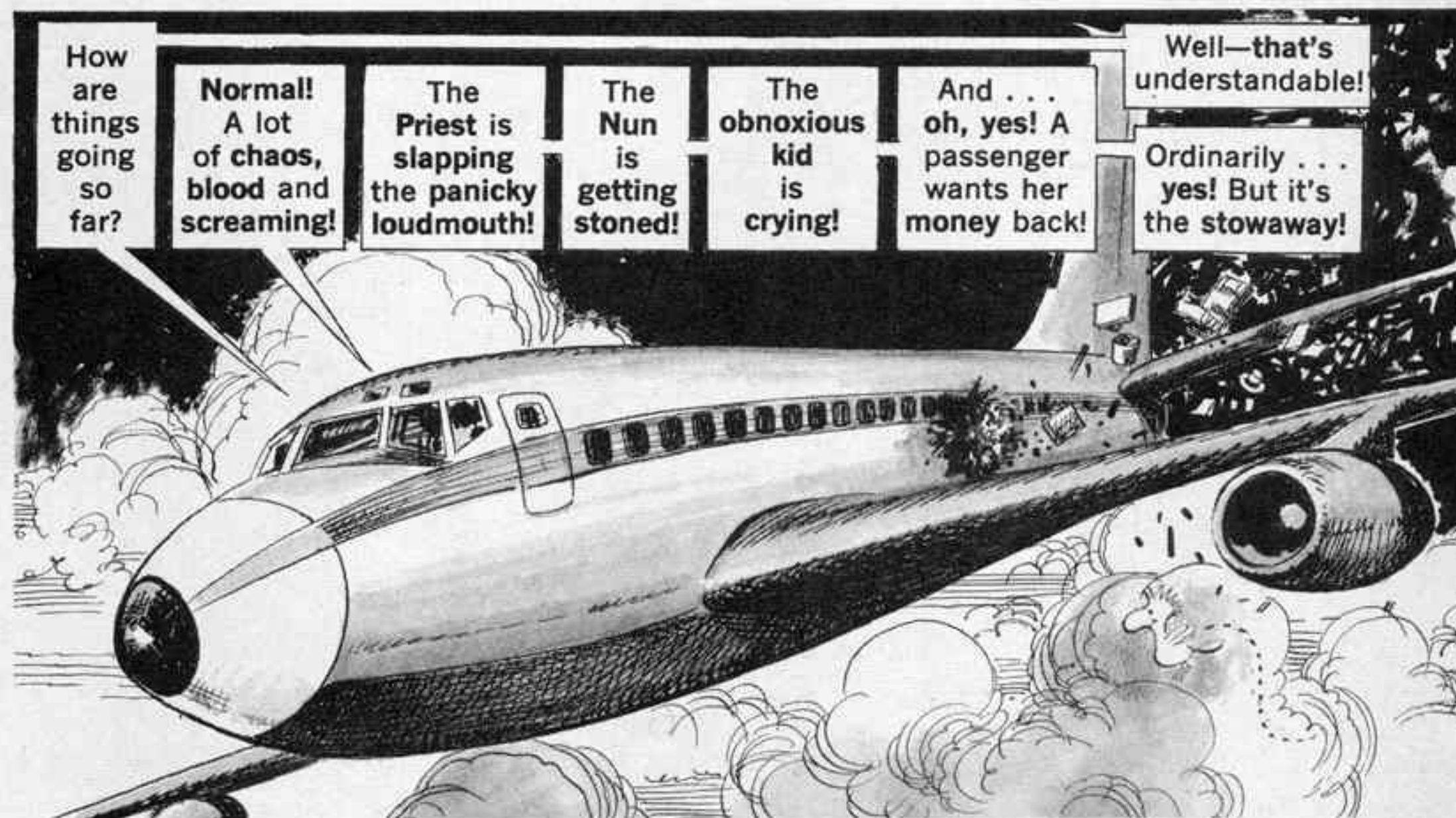




Hey ... Hey ... What do you say ... ?
A little game of Musical Questions!



I admit that the bit does get to people at times, but I still think he over-reacted!!



How are things going so far?

Normal! A lot of chaos, blood and screaming!

The Priest is slapping the panicky loudmouth!

The Nun is getting stoned!

The obnoxious kid is crying!

And ... oh, yes! A passenger wants her money back!

Well—that's understandable!

Ordinarily ... yes! But it's the stowaway!



How is she, Doc? Give it to me straight!

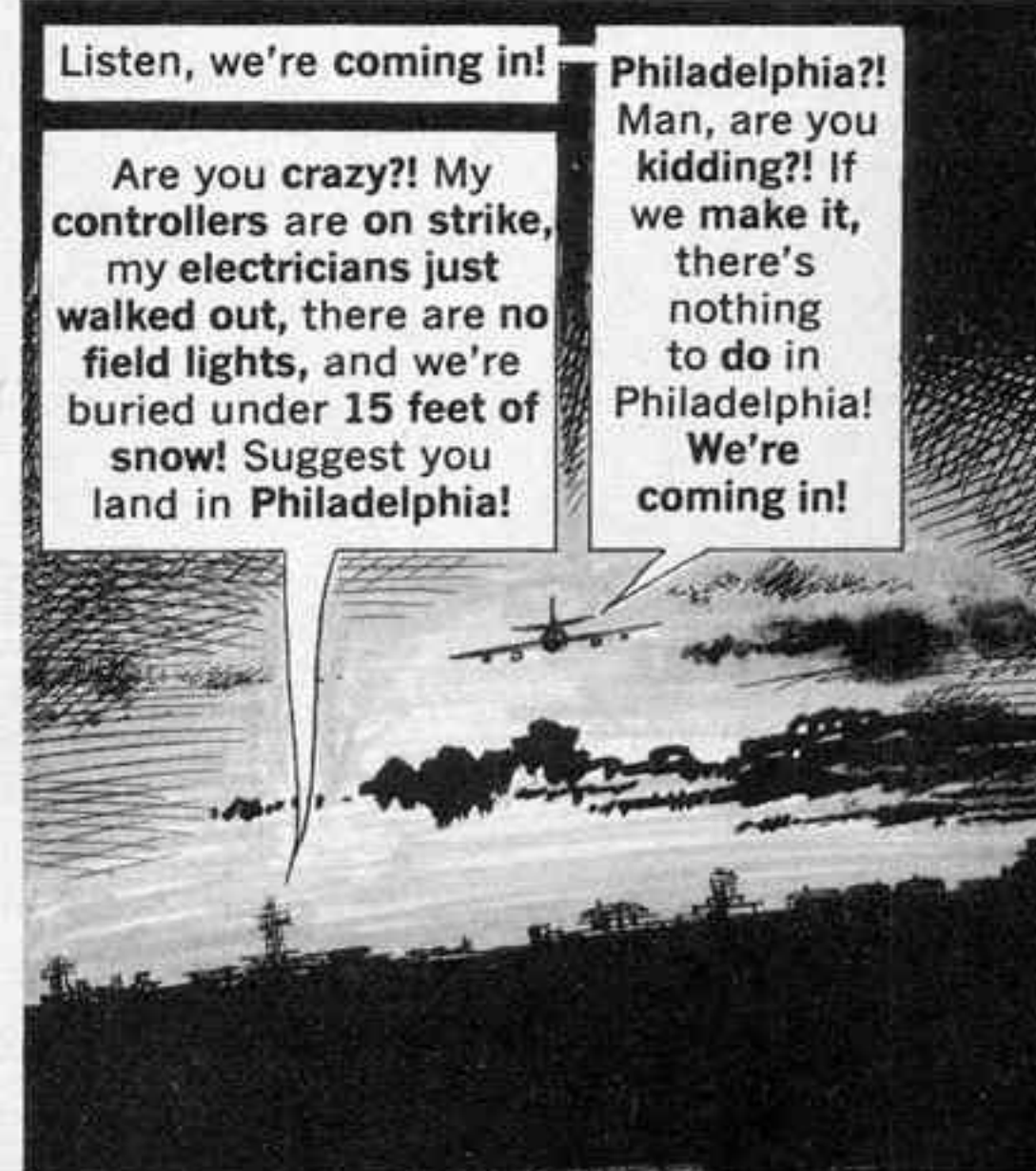
I'm afraid she's got Mantovani's "Begin The Beguine"!

Idiot! That's not your stethoscope! You're using a Stereo Head Set!!



Flight 73 to Crisis! We have a hole in our side, two engines gone, we're out of fuel, and we have injured passengers aboard! Requesting permission to land immediately! This is an **EMERGENCY!!**

Sorry, guys, but you'll have to wait your turn! You call that an "Emergency"?! Around here, that's just a **COFFEE BREAK!!**



Listen, we're coming in!

Are you crazy?! My controllers are on strike, my electricians just walked out, there are no field lights, and we're buried under 15 feet of snow! Suggest you land in Philadelphia!

Philadelphia?! Man, are you kidding?! If we make it, there's nothing to do in Philadelphia! We're coming in!

This is suicide, Antsin! We'll never make it! Even if we land okay, we'll be buried in snow! And there are no plows, and no lights! We haven't got a chance! What a shame! All my dreams . . . everything I ever hoped to be someday—all gone—up in smoke—

What did you hope to be someday?

A grown-up!!

Look, Verm! The snows have magically parted! There's a clear, dry runway down there . . . and an emergency crew to guide us in!

What happened, Father!? We had so much more drama we could've wrung out of this situation . . . so much more blood, and screaming, and carrying on by passengers! I was planning an exciting belly-landing! Maybe even flipping over! But it ended so fast—so easy! How do you explain it?

You may find this hard to believe, my son . . . but God got BORED!

What those poor people have been through! A mid-air bombing, a wrecked plane, a harrowing flight, and a miraculous landing . . . cheating death! Well, Mule—that's it! I guess the crises are over for tonight!

Oh, yeah?! Let's get back to my office!

Hello? No, I don't know when the rest of the baggage will be unloaded! Give it until Wednesday—then call me back!

Hello? Some baggage arrived? Good! People left with the baggage? Great! Oh, the people who left with the baggage were not the people who own the baggage! Well, check with our Security Police! Oh . . . THEY walked off with the baggage!!

Hello? What? I'm sorry it cost you \$48 to park your car! You should've parked in the "Long-Term Parking Lot"! Oh, you DID park there! And the CAB you had to take to it cost you \$48!!

Hello, what's that? Traffic leading from the Airport is stacked up for 30 miles! No, you mean BACKED UP! Planes get stacked up in the air! It doesn't happen to cars on the ground! What? Oh . . . these cars ARE stacked up!!

What an idiot I am! I should have known! For the "Arriving Passengers", this is when the crises first begin!



THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD DEPT.



When the boys on Madison Avenue put their collective minds to work, they can really get the job done. (Like electing a President, f'rinstance!) And so, after having their collective arms twisted for so long by various Civil Rights Groups, they finally came up with "Tokenism," a policy which reluctantly acknowledged that Black People did, indeed, exist, and should be represented in ads. Then, when sales improved, they went at "Tokenism" with a vengeance, and today there is hardly an ad or a commercial involving more than two people that does not have an obligatory Black face in it. In fact, in their overzealousness, Madison Avenue often carries things a bit too far and loses sight of just who they're trying to reach and with what! Take for example . . .

TAN NOW PLAY LATER WITH

Cop-a- tan

Why waste precious play time suffering from painful sunburn? Use "Cop-a-tan's Instant Tanning Lotion" and tan as you play!

**Tan And Play The
"Cop-a-tan" Way!!**



Which brings us to this article. Since the Black People's nation-wide campaign for greater participation in advertising proved so completely effective, it stands to reason that other racial, religious, and special interest minority groups will start pressuring Madison Avenue into giving *them* representation, whether appropriate or not, and chances are we may be subjected to *even more ridiculous situations* than those we have suffered through already! So here we go with . . .

A MAD LOOK AT "TOKENISM" Of The Future

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

WRITER: VIC COWEN

EBONY

IN THIS ISSUE
EBONY

Examines The
"Afro Look"
In Men's
Fashions



DIAHANN CARROLL
tells what
LLOYD NOLAN
is really like!

BLACK CAPITAL INVESTS
IN THE MOTEL BUSINESS
with a chain of
"UNCLE TOM'S CABINS"

EBONY RECIPE
OF THE MONTH:
How To Cook
FILET OF SOUL

"I CAN BEAT
THAT
COMPUTER!"
by Muhammad Ali

Love America Or Leave It!

SHOW YOUR TRUE COLORS: RED, WHITE & BLUE!

Attend The Giant July 4th

MOTHER, FLAG & COUNTRY

☆ PARADE & RALLY ☆

Stand Up And Be Counted!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED (APPLE PIE, OF COURSE!)

GUEST SPEAKERS INCLUDE:

Vice Pres. Spiro Agnew
Gov. Ronald Reagan
William F. Buckley
George Wallace
Curtis LeMay
And A Token Liberal

**COME
ONE!
COME
ALL!
AND
BRING
A FLAG!**

THIS RALLY SPONSORED BY:

The John Birch Society
Young Americans for Freedom
Friends of the Domino Theory
The Drop The Bomb Society
Natnl. Ass. of Arms Mfgs.
And A Token Pacifist Group



*There's less
than meets
the eye...*

*...when you wear the
new "Beguile Body-
Stocking" by Haymes*



With Haymes "Beguile Body-Stockings," today's uninhibited females* can wear the new "See-Through" styles without actually being seen . . . or arrested!

*Or token females

Beguile by Haymes

\$4.95 at most stores

THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR AT LINCOLN CENTER'S PHILHARMONIC HALL



**RECORDED LIVE DURING THEIR
SENSATIONAL NEW YORK APPEARANCE!**
SELECTIONS INCLUDE:

ROCK OF AGES	* ABIDE WITH ME	* BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES	* ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	* WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER	* JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE	* MY YIDDISHE MOMMA
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**You don't have to be Canadian to join this club . . .
You just have to love booze !!**



Whether toasting a winner or just unwinding after a hard day's work, you can't beat the mellow-aged taste of **CUTTYSHARK SCOTCH!** And our patented new "Accelerated Aging Process" enables us to make our genuine 25-year-old Scotch in only a week and a half! Try a shot! See if your taste buds can tell!

**THE GANG AT "P. J. CLUCK'S" . . . ALONG WITH
TOKEN TEETOTALER, ERNEST BLUENOSE . . .
OFFERS A CUTTYSHARK VICTORY TOAST TO THE
"TOAST OF THE TOWN," THE NEW YORK METS.**

**COMING TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN'S FELT FORUM
In Their Only New York Appearance:**

GASTRO-INTESTINAL & THE FLU

THE SENSATIONAL GROUP OF MEDICAL SCHOOL DROP-OUTS



FEATURING:

FRANKIE CUPCAKE
on
Drums

MARC BRENNER
on
Lead Guitar

ERIC CHIPNEIL
on
Bass Guitar

HOWIE LIFLAND
on
Loud Guitar

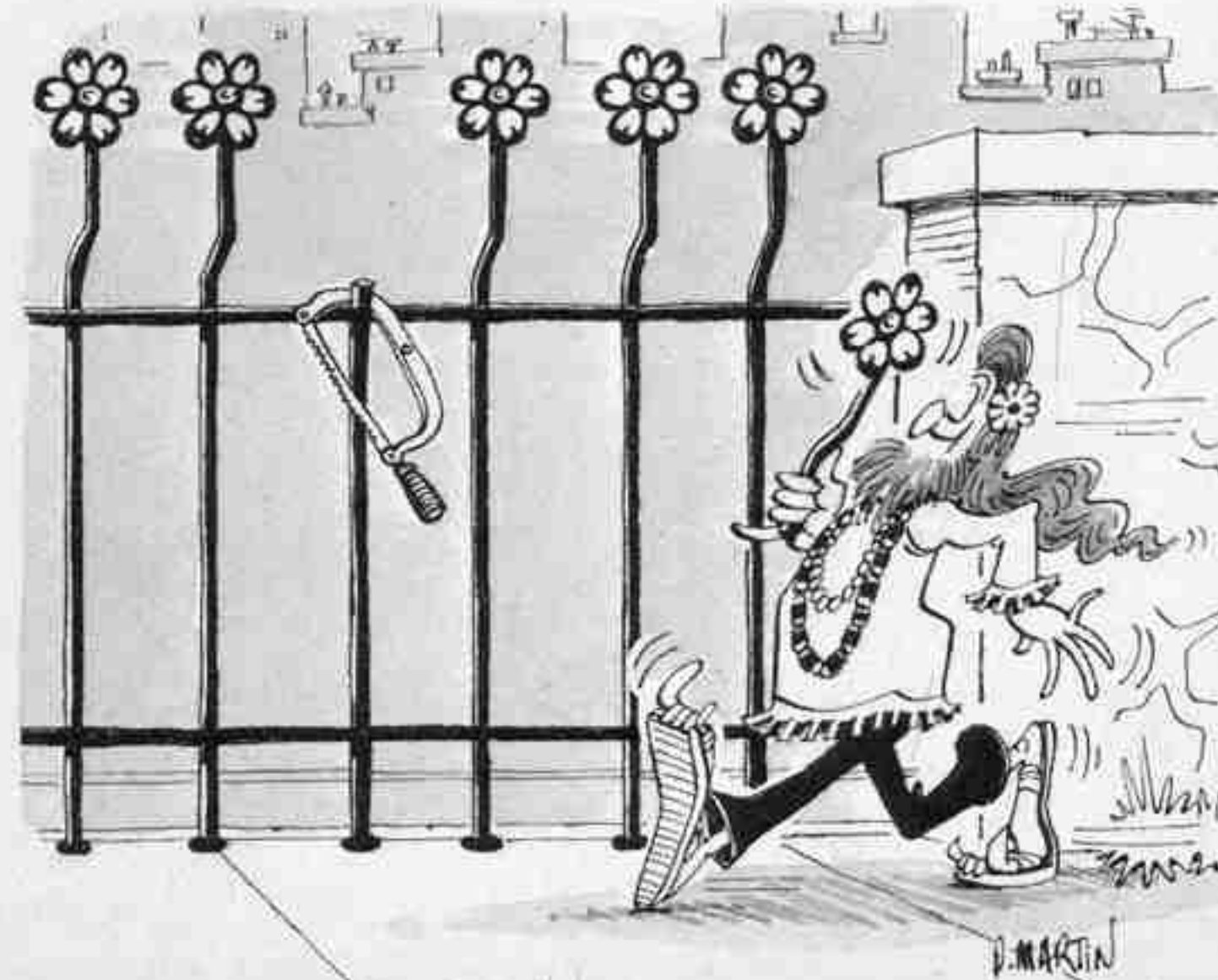
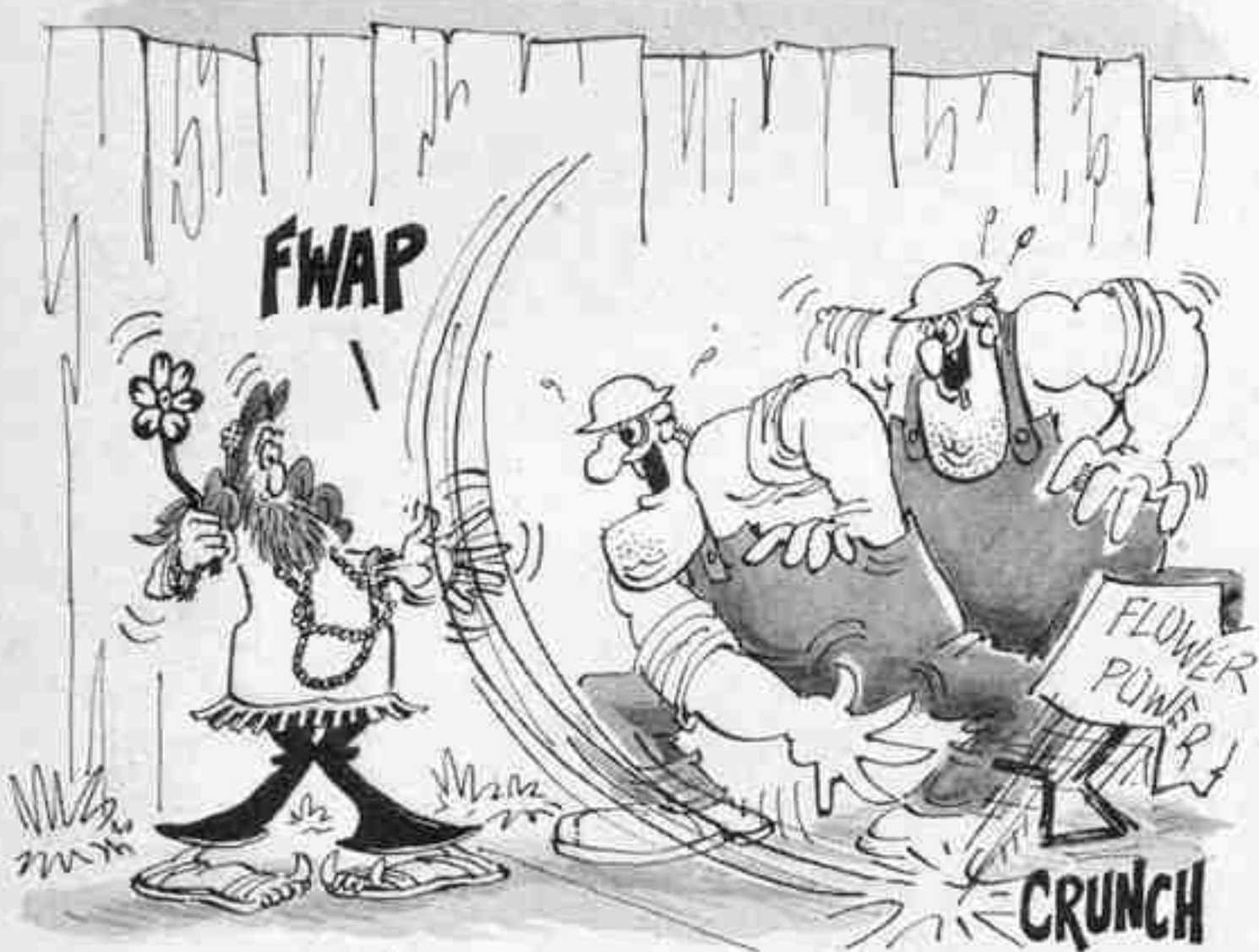
&

PERCY SQUARE
on
Token 'Cello

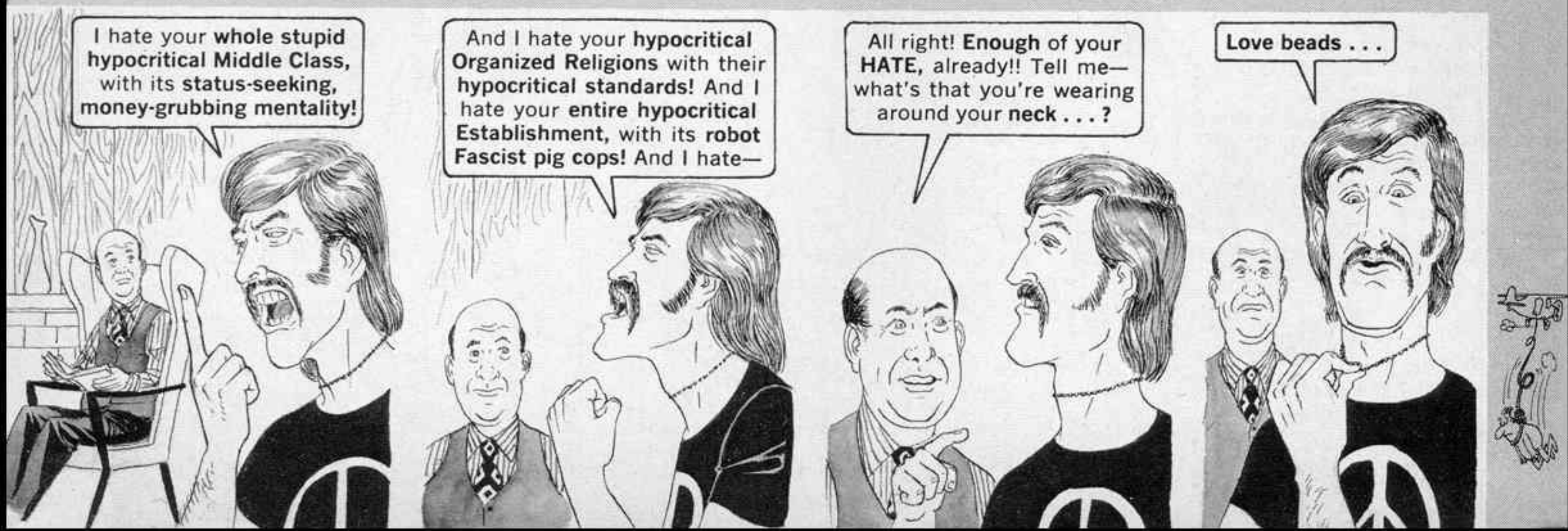
Playing "The Sick Sounds Of The Seventies," Including Their Nauseating Golden Record Hits:

"POST-OPERATIVE PAINS" • "POST MORTEM BLUES" • "IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT'S GOING AROUND" • "THE HEMORRHOID HOP"
"DON'T THROW THAT UP ON ME" • "GREPPSE SUZETTE" • "IT WAS CONSTIPATION, I KNOW" AND MANY MORE!

ONE DAY AT A CONSTRUCTION SITE

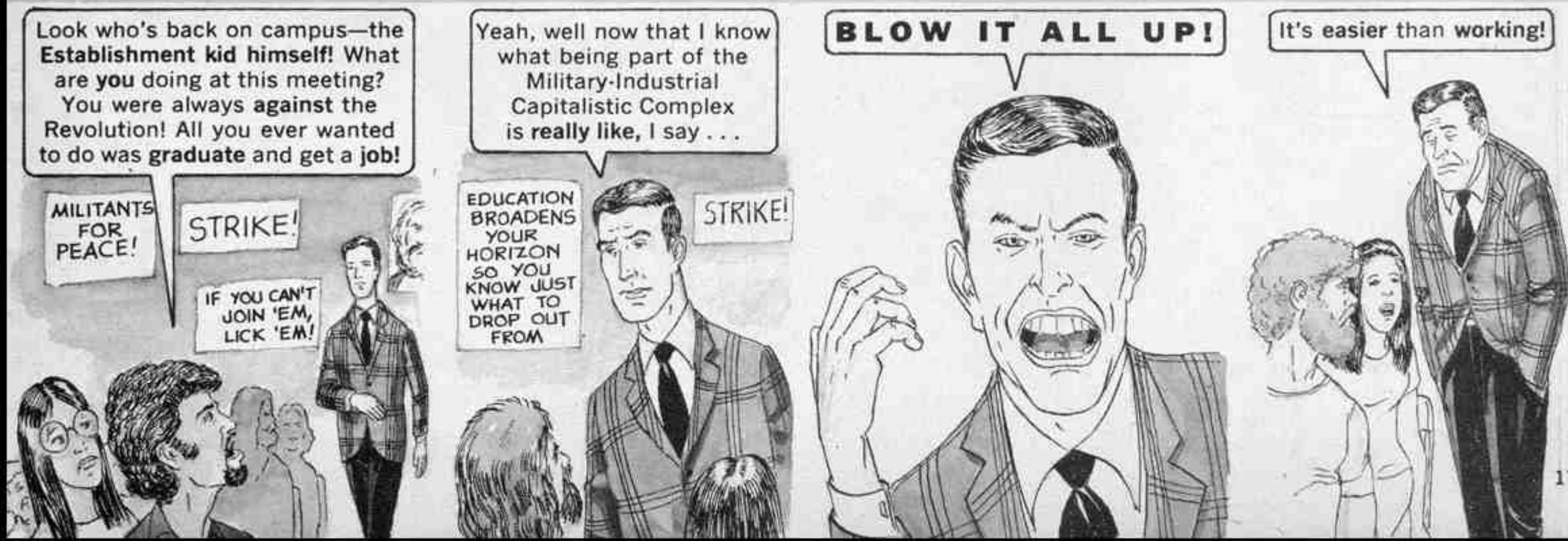
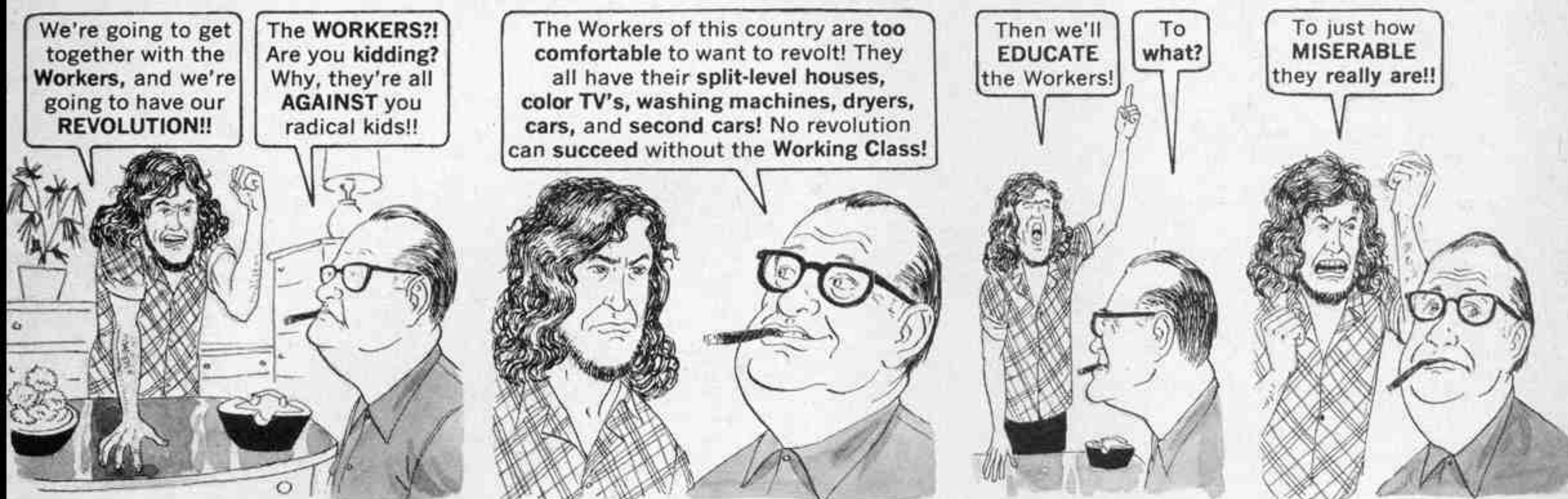


THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



T*i*ONARY MOVEMENT

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



What happened to you, Sally? You used to be such a quiet, withdrawn loner! Now, all of a sudden, you've become a wild-eyed Leftist fanatic!

Did you become a Leftist fanatic because you believe in Student control over College Curriculum and College Policy . . . ?

Did you become a Leftist fanatic because you believe in Open Enrollment . . . or Women's Liberation . . . or Legalizing Marihuana . . . or Ending the War in Asia?

Naah! None of them things! I became a Leftist fanatic because I believe it's a great way to meet fellas!



Maybe you think I'm some kind of radical nut . . . but I'm for bombing all important symbols of Capitalism!

Oh, no! I think that's terribly wrong!

Well, you ain't heard nuthin' yet! I'd like to see this whole darn country burned to the ground . . . then start all over again! How does THAT grab you?

Not very well! I think you're absolutely wrong! You're just children PLAYING at Revolution . . .

What you propose is "kid stuff"! I say . . . **BURN THE WHOLE WORLD TO THE GROUND, AND DON'T EVEN BOTHER TO REBUILD IT!**

What's he . . . some kind of radical nut?!



FASCIST PIGS!!



HELP! POLICE!!



Ain't nobody here but us Pigs!!



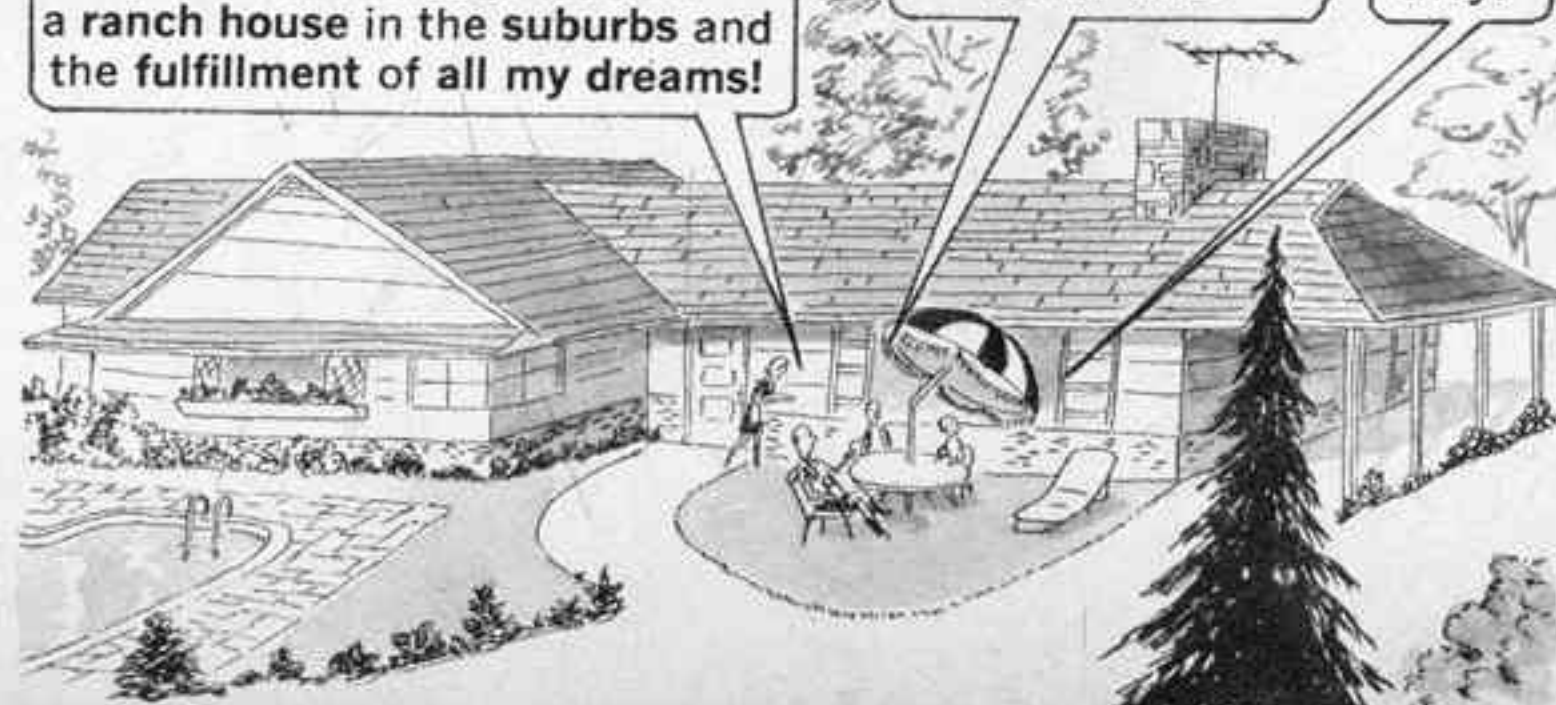
I was born in a cold-water walk-up tenement in the East Village! The memory of the poverty and filth I had to live in still haunts me!

That's why I vowed my kids would never suffer the way I suffered! And that's why I worked days and went to school nights and busted my back till I finally made it—a ranch house in the suburbs and the fulfillment of all my dreams!

Well, as radical as your children are, they must be grateful to you for all this.

By the way—where are they?

They moved out! They're living in poverty and filth . . . in a cold-water walk-up tenement in the East Village!



Will you tell our television audience why you're all Revolutionaries?

But we're not all Revolutionaries! Most of us have come to College to learn, not to burn!

Actually, the Revolutionaries are only a very small minority—

Cut the mike, Bill! These are a bunch of likeable kids! They're not news!!

Turn the cameras on that noisy obnoxious bunch over there!

Looks like nobody likes likeable kids any more!



It's no wonder I'm a Revolutionary! My parents disgust me with their middle-class status-seeking drives! My father never uses his garage! He leaves his Cadillac out in front so everyone will know he has one!

You think that's bad?! My parents are so status conscious, they bought an expensive sailboat, and never even learned to sail it! They just sit around and entertain on it in the Yacht Club!

I've got you all beat! My father bought my mother a mink coat so she could wear it to their Beach Club in 90° heat to impress people!

Er... don't look now, fellas, but you're no different than your parents! You're each seeking a kind of "status"!



Tell me, my Hippie Intellectual son—what did you take in College last year?

Oh, I took quite a bit!

I took the Administration Building, and the Library, and the ROTC Building, and—

Look who's home!

"Mr. Ivy League!!"



You know, you adults are ridiculous—the way you imitate us young people! Like Mom wearing mini-skirts, and Dad wearing long hair and sideburns!

The trouble with you middle-aged people is... you're not growing old GRACEFULLY!

And I suppose you young people ARE?!

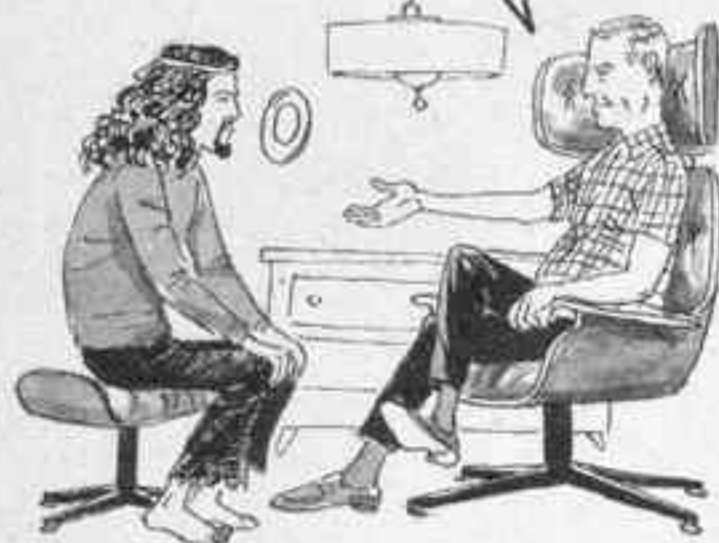


As obnoxious as you radicals are, I have to begrudgingly give you credit for fighting for the rights of minorities like Blacks, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and the Indians . . .

However, in your zeal, you're overlooking the one minority that's being the most maligned, the most put down, the most abused and the most oppressed!

Really? Like, quick—tell me! What minority is that?

The Establishment!



R.O.T.C.
RESERVE OFFICERS
TRAINING CORPS
BUILDING



Here he is, guys! He's the one who threw the Molotov Cocktail at the Imperialistic Military Aggressors' R.O.T.C. Building! Shake his hand! He's a HERO of our REVOLUTION!!

What revolution . . . ?!
I'm a PYROMANIAC!!



Why do you two always have to fight when you get together?

Because he represents everything I'm against!

He's over thirty, middle-class, respectable, successful, proper, Establishment! He's against pot, promiscuity and revolt!

Is that what I am?!

Absolutely!!

Gee, son . . . I didn't know you thought that highly of me!



Look at 'em! Those insane college kids . . . protesting, rioting, burning over the War in Asia! And THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT!!

Look at 'em! Screaming and yelling . . . demanding equal rights for Blacks! And THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT!!

Look at 'em! Carrying signs and demonstrating . . . making a noise about Pollution and junk like that! And THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT!!

The worst of it is . . . they're right!





MAJOR HAWKS

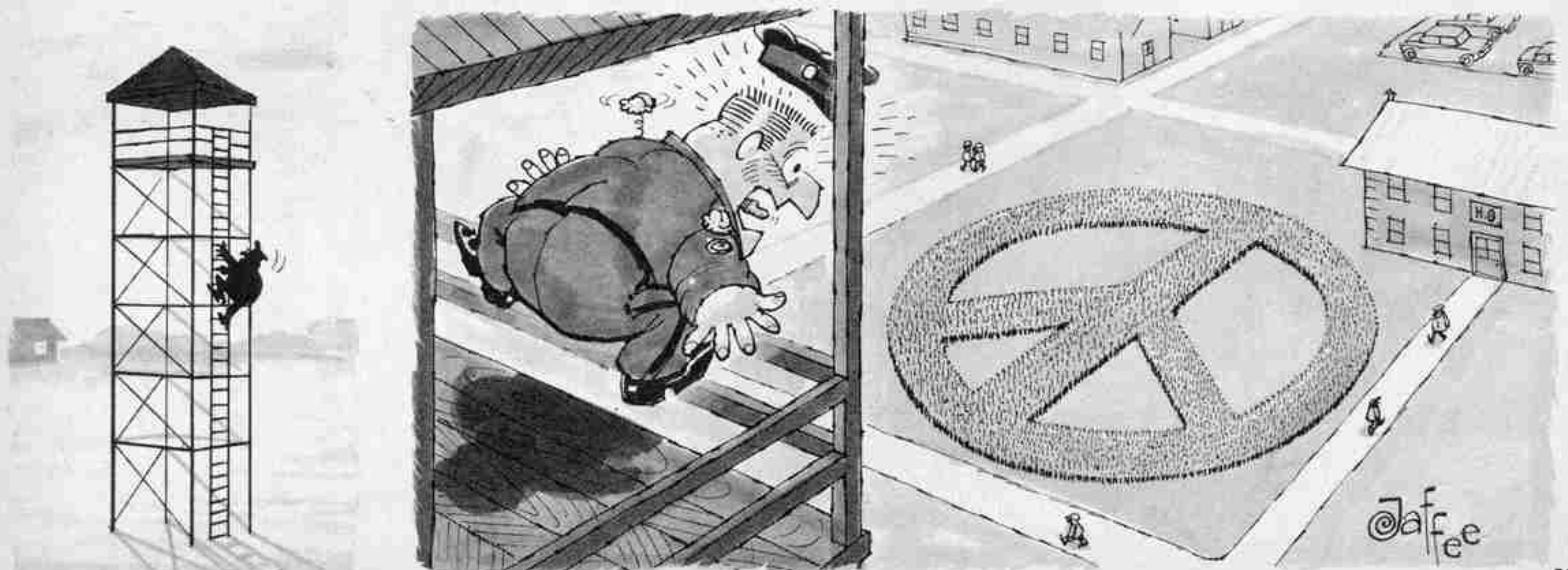
HAWKS & DOVES



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES

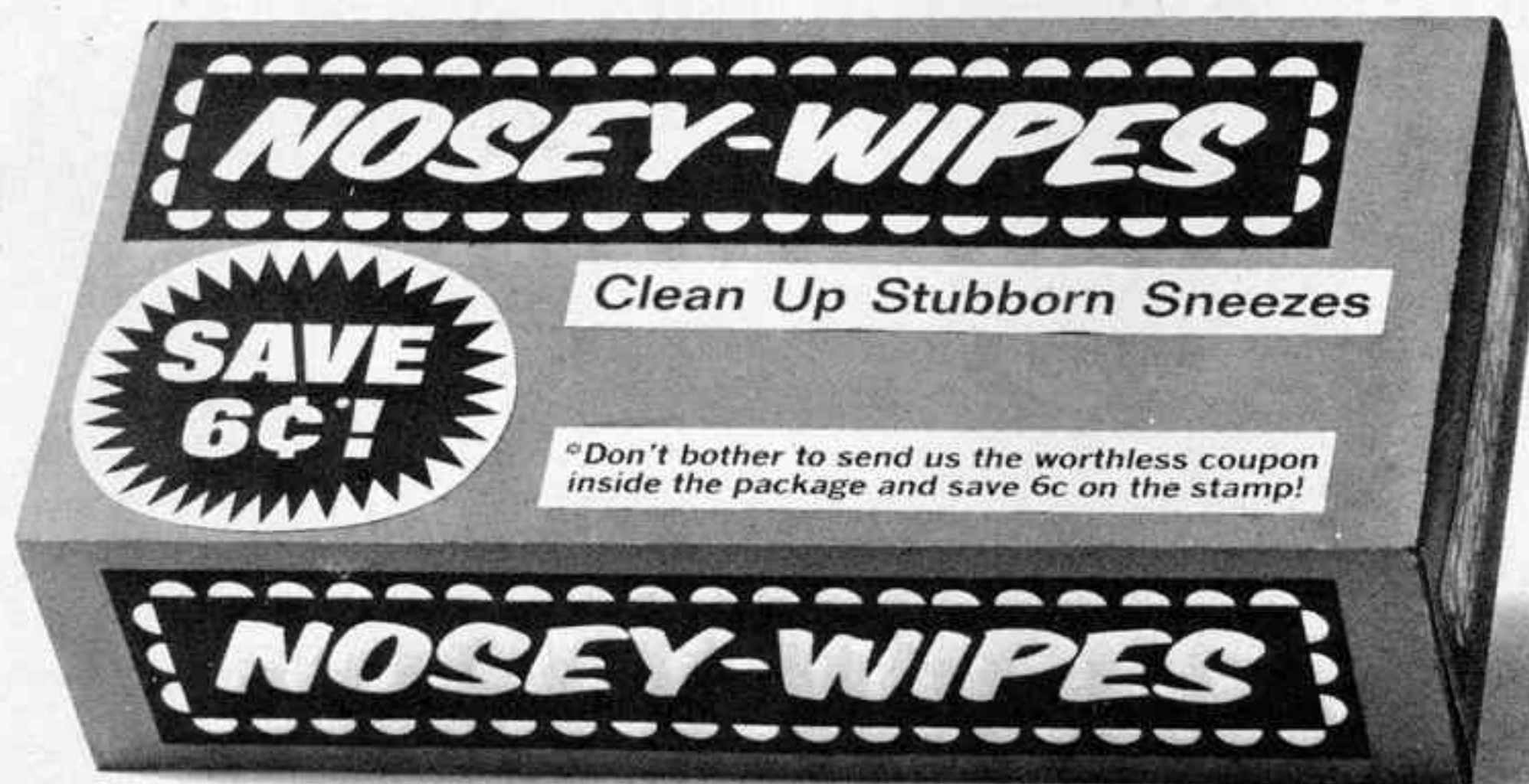


Jaffee

THERE WAS ONCE A TIME WHEN YOU BOUGHT A PRODUCT MARKED "10¢ OFF" ... AND YOU SIMPLY GOT 10¢ OFF! TODAY, ALL THAT HAS CHANGED! TAKE A LOOK...



DECEPTIVE MONEY



PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



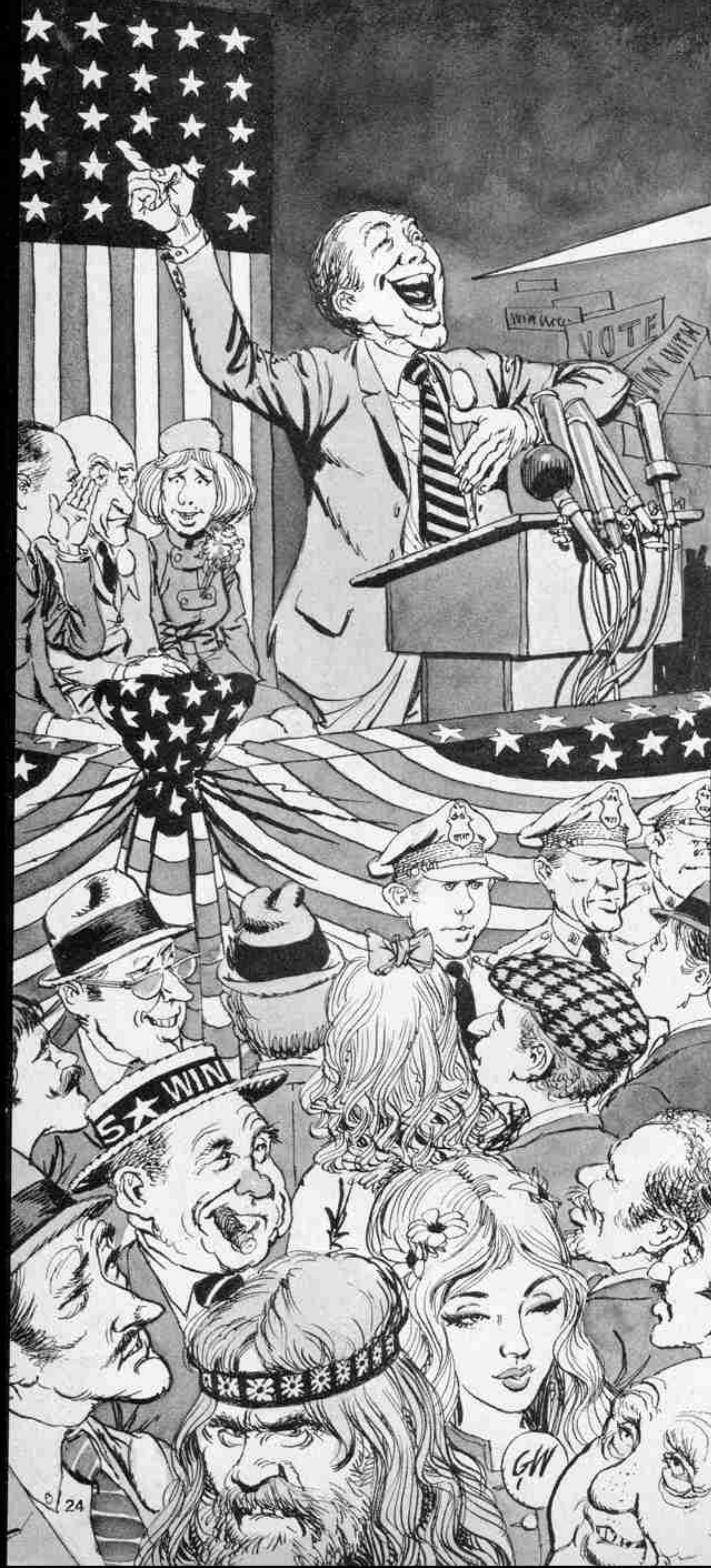
TODAY, THERE ARE HITCHES, AND CATCHES, AND QUALIFYING STATEMENTS IN SMALL PRINT! TODAY, YOU HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL YOU DON'T FALL FOR:

Y-SAVING LABELS



DEATH BY ELOCUTION DEPT.

MAD'S GUARANTEED EFFECTIVE ALL-OCCASION NON-SLANDEROUS



My fellow citizens, it is an honor and a pleasure to be here today. My opponent has openly admitted he feels an affinity toward your city, but I happen to *like* this area. It might be a salubrious place to him, but to me it is one of the nation's most delightful garden spots.

When I embarked upon this political campaign I hoped that it could be conducted on a high level and that my opponent would be willing to stick to the issues. Unfortunately, he has decided to be tractable instead—to indulge in unequivocal language, to eschew the use of outright lies in his speeches, and even to make repeated veracious statements about me.

At first I tried to ignore these scrupulous, unvarnished fidelities. Now I will do so no longer. *If my opponent wants a fight, he's going to get one!*

It might be instructive to start with his background. My friends, have you ever accidentally dislodged a rock on the ground and seen what was underneath? Well, exploring my opponent's background is dissimilar. All the slime and filth and corruption you can possibly imagine, even in your wildest dreams, are glaringly nonexistent in this man's life. And even during his childhood!

Let us take a very quick look at that childhood: It is a known fact that, on a number of occasions, he emulated older boys at a certain playground. It is also known that his parents not only permitted him to masticate excessively in their presence, but even urged him to do so. Most explicable of all, this man who poses as a paragon of virtue exacerbated his own sister when they were both teen-

POLITICAL SMEAR SPEECH

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: BILL GARVIN

agers!

I ask you, my fellow Americans: is this the kind of person we want in public office to set an example for our youth?

Of course, it's not surprising that he should have such a typically pristine background—no, not when you consider the other members of his family:

His female relatives put on a constant pose of purity and innocence, and claim they are inscrutable, yet every one of them has taken part in hortatory activities.

The men in the family are likewise completely amenable to moral suasion.

My opponent's second cousin is a Mormon.

His uncle was a flagrant heterosexual.

His sister, who has always been obsessed by sects, once worked as a proselyte outside a church.

His father was secretly chagrined at least a dozen times by matters of a pecuniary nature.

His youngest brother wrote an essay extolling the virtues of being a homo sapiens.

His great-aunt expired from a degenerative disease.

His nephew subscribes to a phonographic magazine.

His wife was a thespian before their marriage and even performed the act in front of paying customers.

And his own mother had to resign from a woman's organization in her later years because she was an admitted sexagenarian.

Now what shall we say of the man himself?

I can tell you in solemn truth that he is the very antithesis of political radicalism, economic irre-

sponsibility and personal depravity. His own record *proves* that he has frequently discountenanced treasonable, un-American philosophies and has perpetrated many overt acts as well.

He perambulated his infant son on the street.

He practiced nepotism with his uncle and first cousin.

He attempted to interest a 13-year-old girl in philately.

He participated in a seance at a private residence where, among other odd goings-on, there was incense.

He has declared himself in favor of more homogeneity on college campuses.

He has advocated social intercourse in mixed company—and has taken part in such gatherings himself.

He has been deliberately averse to crime in our city streets.

He has urged our Protestant and Jewish citizens to develop more catholic tastes.

Last summer he committed a piscatorial act on a boat that was flying the American flag.

Finally, at a time when we must be on our guard against all foreign isms, he has coolly announced his belief in altruism—and his fervent hope that some day this entire nation will be altruistic!

I beg you, my friends, to oppose this man whose life and work and ideas are so openly and avowedly compatible with our American way of life. A vote for him would be a vote for the perpetuation of everything we hold dear.

The facts are clear; the record speaks for itself. Do your duty.

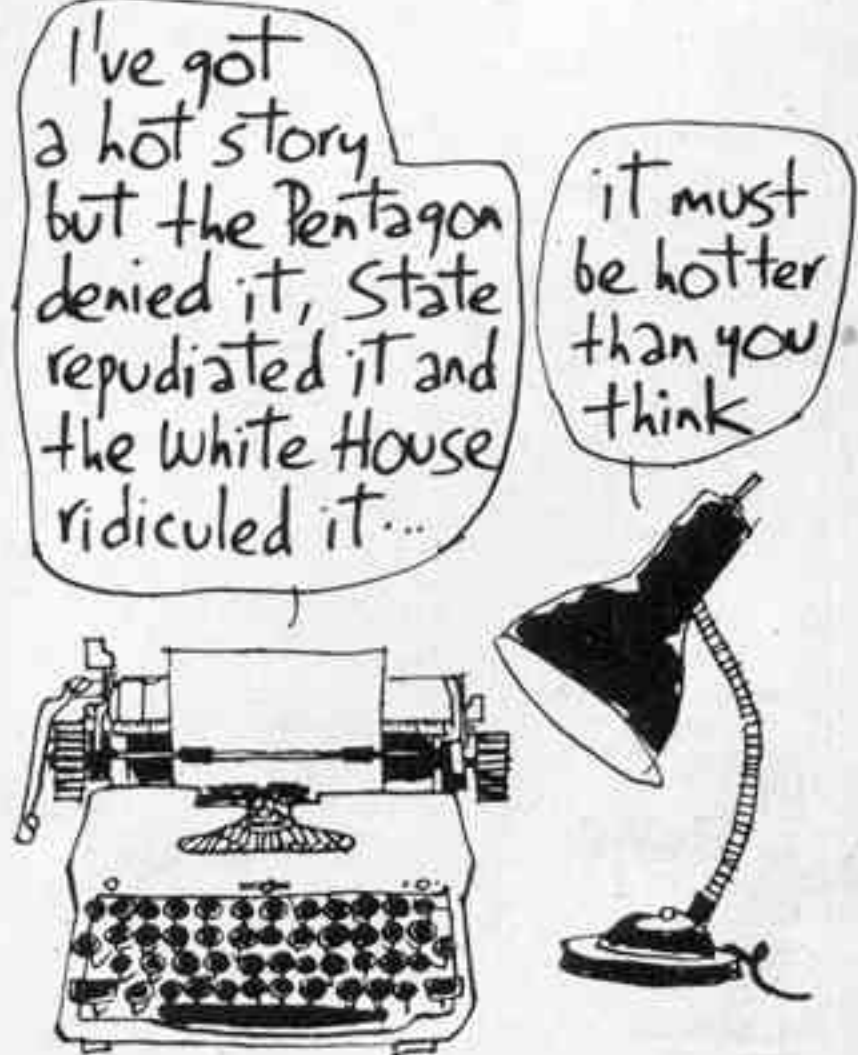


HERE'S TO YOU, MR. ROBINSON DEPT.

In 1963, a talented cartoonist named Jerry Robinson decided that "people had *had* their chance" and it was time we heard from the *inanimate objects* around us. "After all," he theorized, "fire hydrants aren't *afraid* to say what they think!" The result was a delightful single-panel syndicated feature entitled "Still Life," which appears today in many leading newspapers throughout the U.S.A. Unfortunately, it doesn't appear in *enough* newspapers, and you'll see why . . . as we present this hard-hitting collection of

sti

BY JERRY



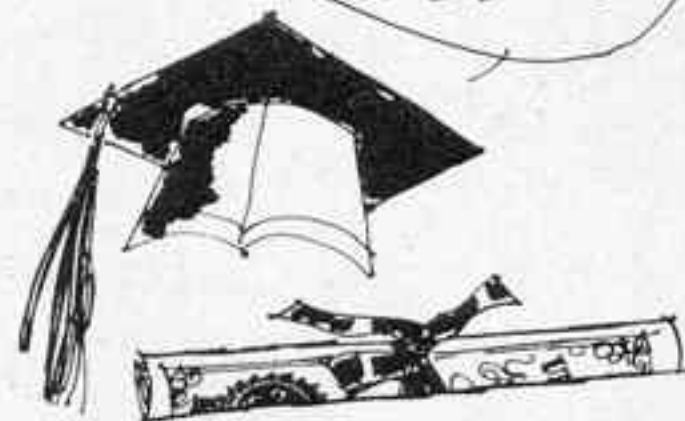
Life

ROBINSON

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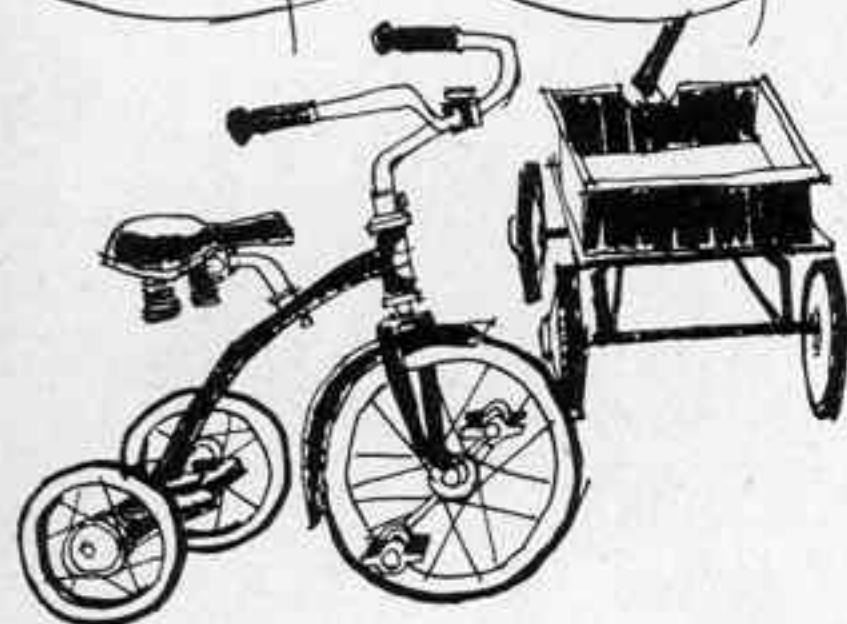


I've been offered
a teaching job at
the University...but I hate
to give up all my rights
as a student



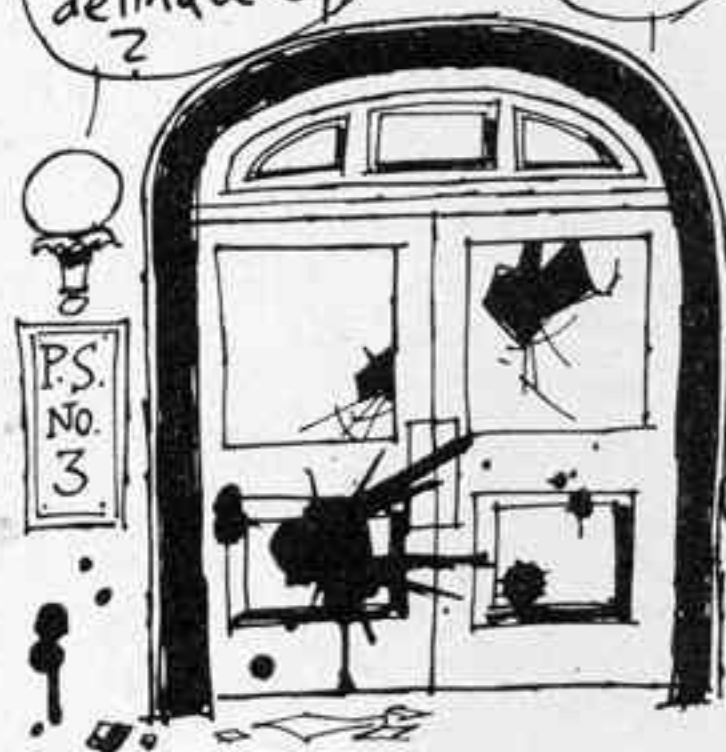
what do you
think of all the
sex and nudity
in films today?

it's just
a phase adults
go through!

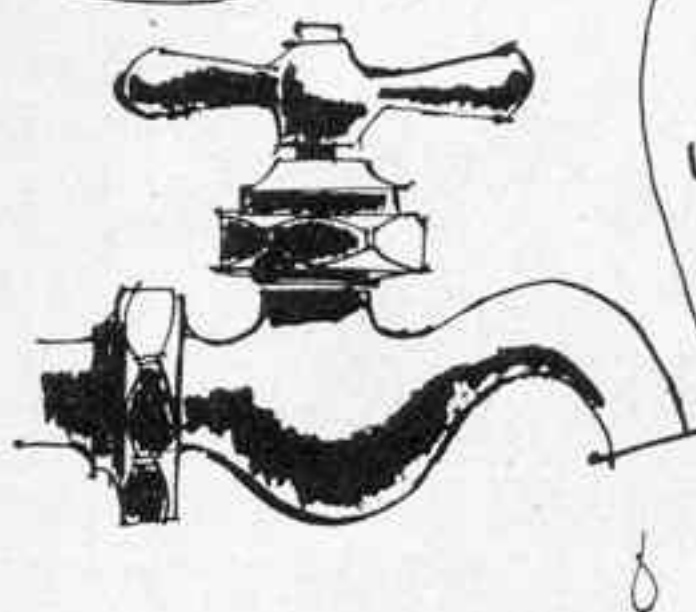


is there
any cure
for juvenile
delinquency?

old
age



Unless this country
faces up to the problem
of water conservation
we'll be in real
trouble...

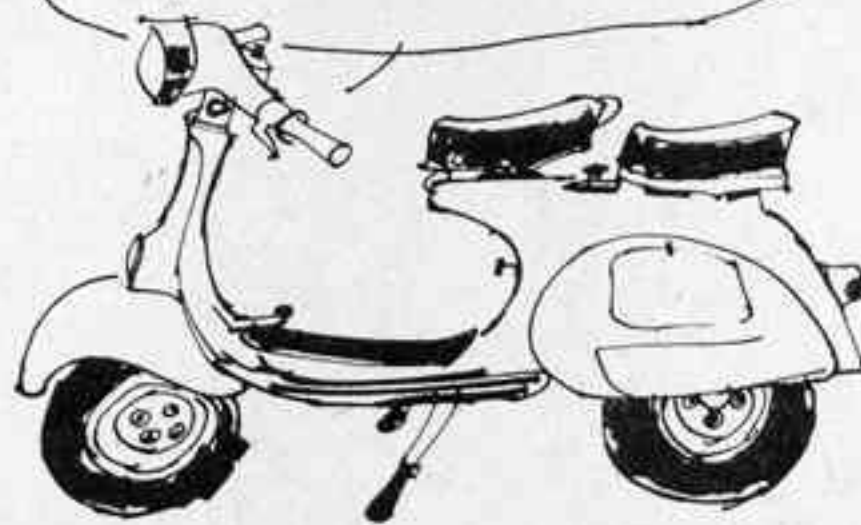


where
will
we put
all the
pollution?

if only we could
work out a peace that
didn't depend on
ending the war

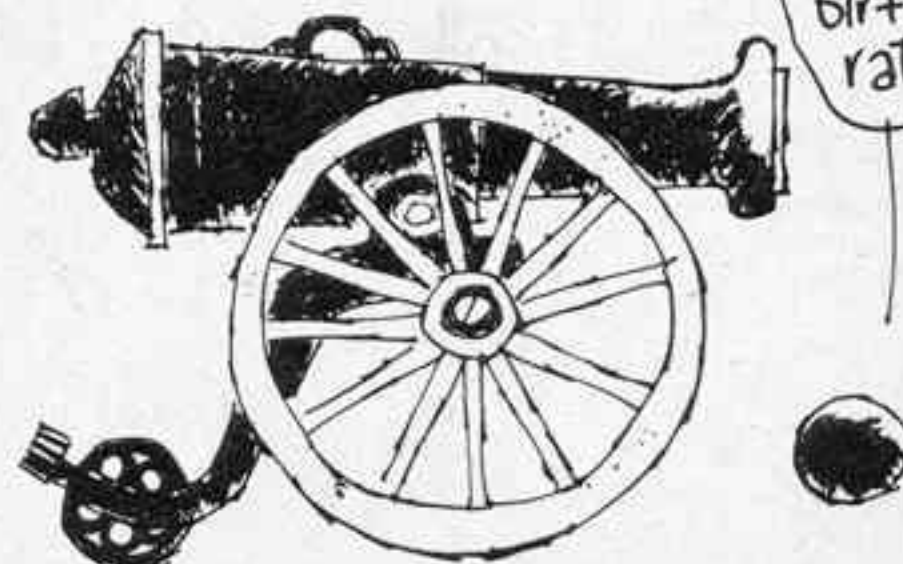


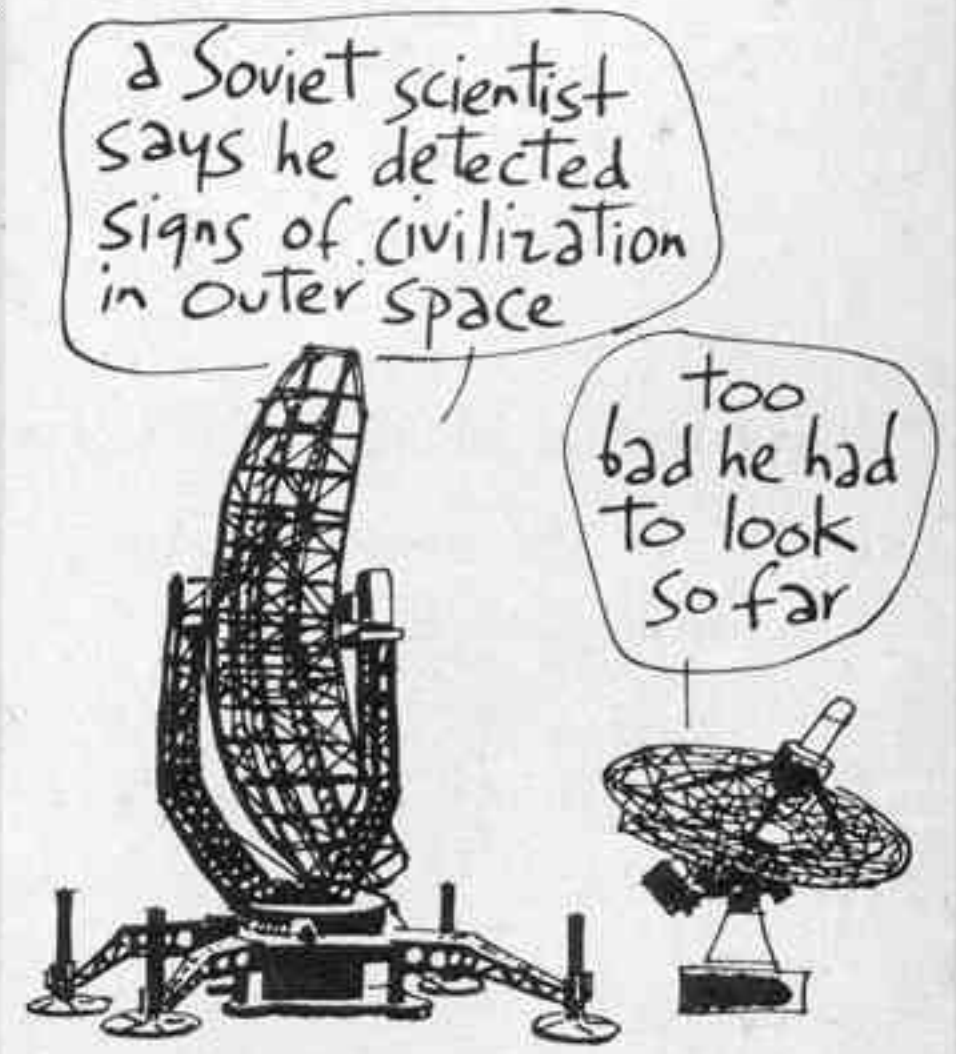
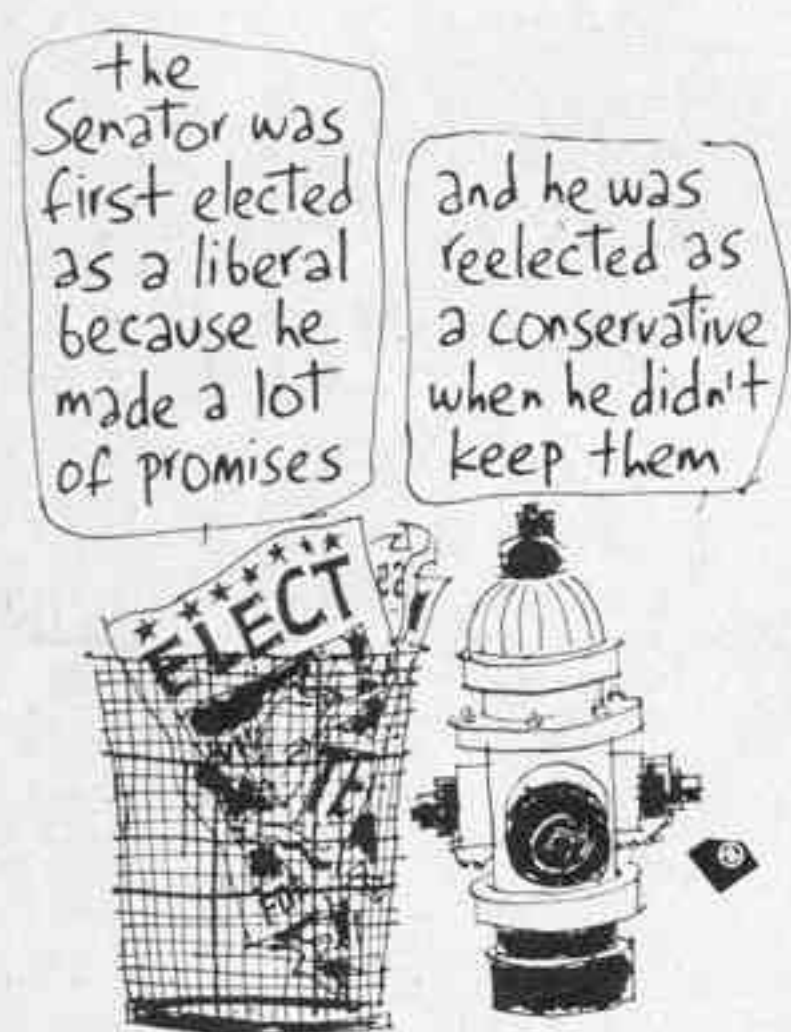
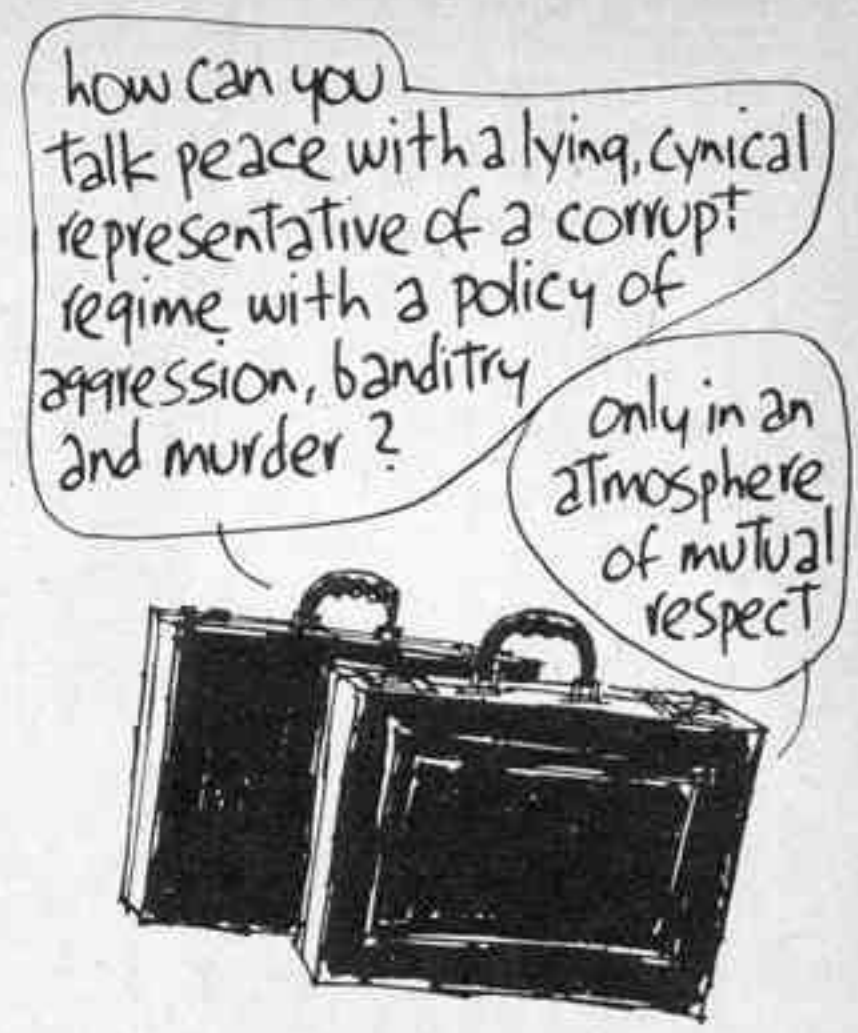
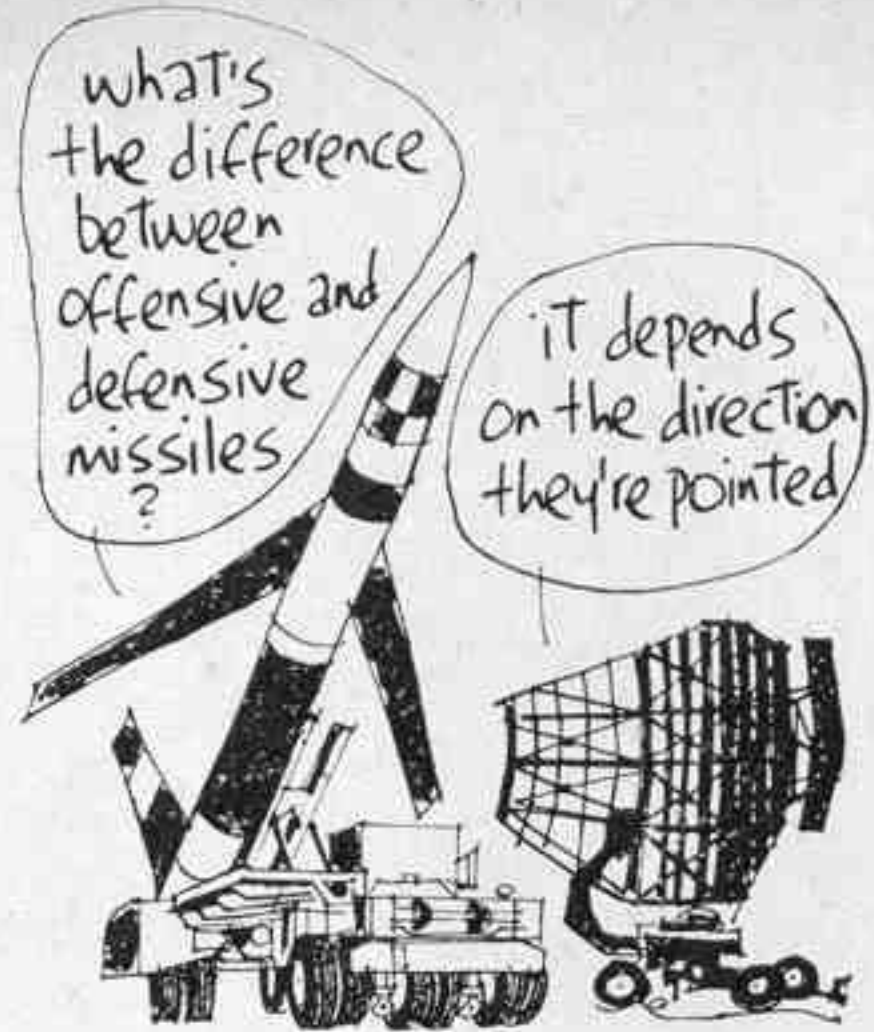
I hear
a Syrian agent is offering
an Italian arms merchant in
Yugoslavia spare parts for
Russian tanks captured in
Egypt for sale to Israel...



what is
a
limited
war?

that's one
where the
casualties
don't exceed
the
birth
rate





PUTTING THE RIGHT ON DEPT.

As we all know, the Hippies, the Yippies, the SDS, the Black Panthers, and just about every activist group in the country has its own newspaper. Yes, the Underground Press is flourishing with such publications as "The East Village Other," "The Berkeley Barb," as well as other titles too numerous to mention, as well as still other titles we wouldn't dare mention! Well, whether you know it or not, the enemy is starting to fight back. Ever since Spiro Agnew came along, and Time Magazine named "The Middle American" as "Man of the Year," the pendulum has begun to swing in the other direction. So, Underground Press—Beware! Watch out for things to come—like THE OVERGROUND PRESS, and sickening publications like

SILENT MAJORITY

The Magazine for Middle America 50¢

(Each penny of which says, "In God We Trust" and those Commie kids better believe it!)

"I CLAWED MY
WAY TO THE TOP
—WHY CAN'T THOSE
OTHER PUNK KIDS?"
by David Eisenhower

★ ★ ★

"I Moved Out of Montana
When A Negro Family
Moved In Next Door—
In Idaho!"

★ ★ ★

"Make War, Not Love"
The heart-warming memoirs of
General Westmoreland

★ ★ ★

"Is Jim Nabors
Too Controversial
For Prime-time Television?"
by Lawrence Welk

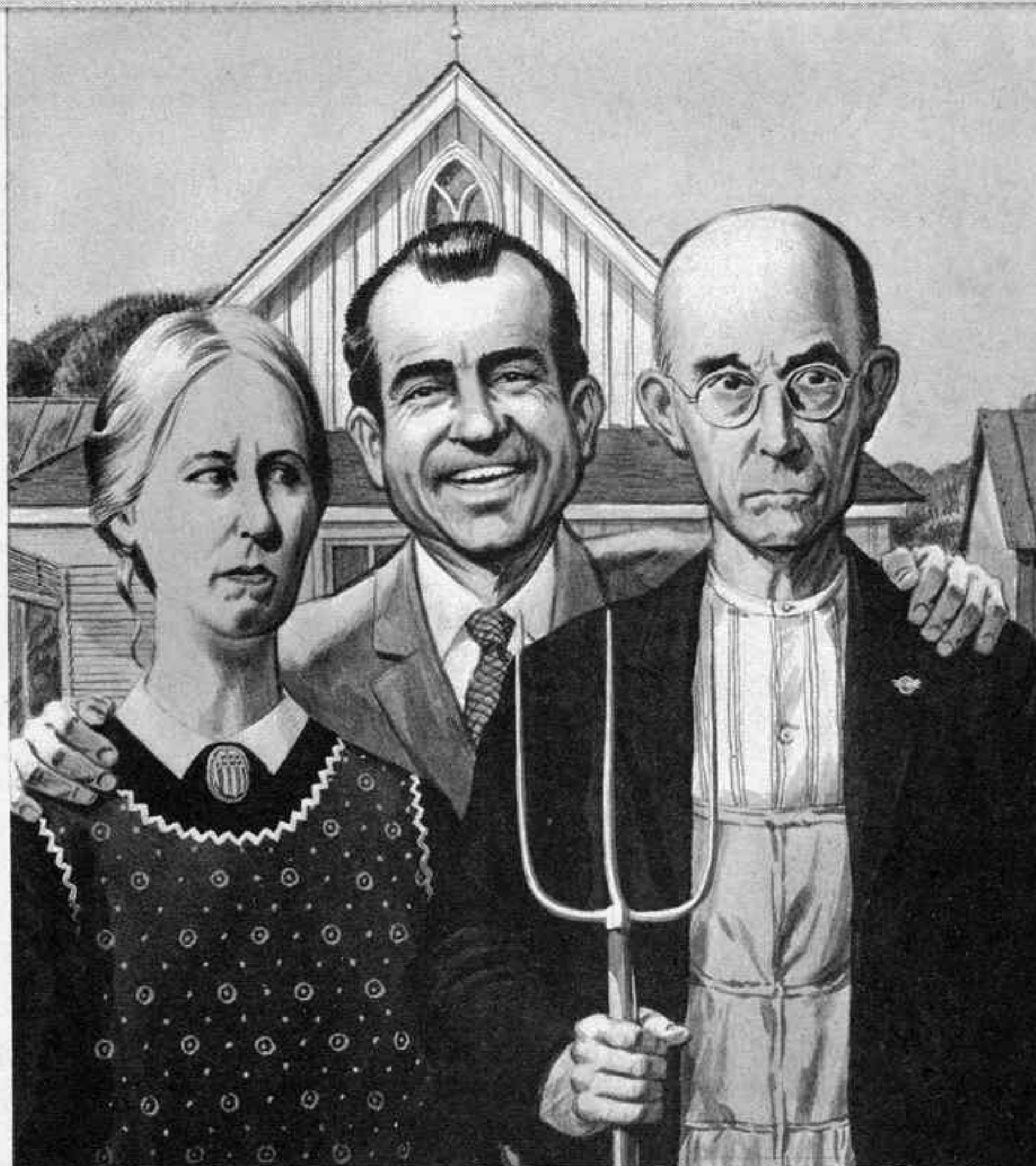
★ ★ ★

"SEX: A Time and a Place For it"
Part 6 of the 10 part series deals with

"SHALL WE WAIT TILL
WE'RE MARRIED TO KISS?"

★ ★ ★

"Don't be afraid to beat the Ten
Commandments into your kids!"



SPECIAL BONUS OFFER:

A Genuine 33 RPM record entitled, "PAT BOONE SINGS
HAPPY ENDINGS TO JOAN BAEZ'S PROTEST SONGS"

Are you a bumbling idiot at parties?
Do you always say the wrong things?
Contact the MORRIS WILLIAMS AGENCY!
We'll supply you with a top writer
who'll transform you from a
BUFFOON into a STATESMAN overnight!



Read what one of our many satisfied customers has to say about our agency:

"I was always shooting my mouth off and saying ridiculous things like 'fat Jap' and 'when you've seen one slum, you've seen them all.' Then one day I fired my old writer and got a new one from Morris Williams. Well let me tell you that in practically no time at all I was a fountain of wisdom. I was saying things like 'effete snobs' just like I knew what it meant. And in no time at all I was the second most popular man in the nation, an outstanding statesman, and a living legend in my time."

THE MORRIS WILLIAMS AGENCY

New York, Beverly Hills, Chicago, London

Is your teenager endangering his health by smoking dreaded grass? Do you, as a parent, ever say, "If only I could get him to stop smoking marijuana?" NOW YOU CAN!!

With POT-O-BAN

Slip Pot-O-Ban into his joint when he's not looking. It's not magic, not a gimmick! Just a simple, all powerful filter that captures the grass fumes in its tenacious center and doesn't let them through to blow his mind!



Before you know it, your teenager will not be inhaling dreaded grass anymore—just pure, clean tobacco into his lungs, just like you and me! You owe it to your kids!

Try POT-O-BAN!

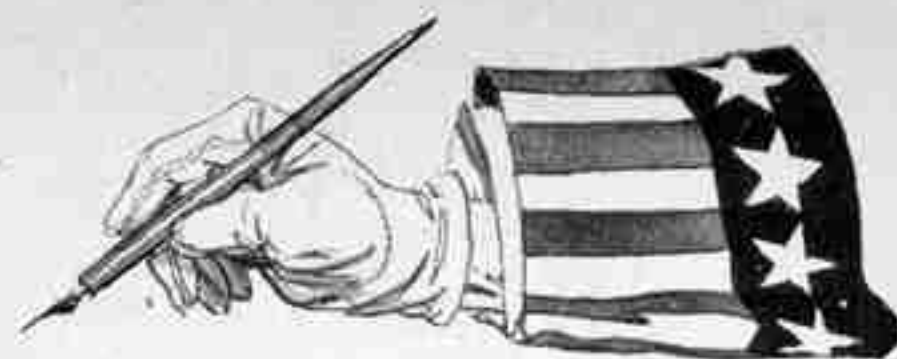
Giving a party for some liberal friends?
No minority groups in your neighborhood
(lucky you) to invite? Call...

HEARST RENT-A-NEGRO



Take your choice of our collection of clean, light-colored token models, or try one of our darker models. All guaranteed to be well-mannered, no trouble, and non-violent. (Extra charge for tap-dancing or banjo playing). Remember, when you rent from HEARST, you're not just renting a token Negro, you're renting the entire membership of the NAACP and CORE!

"SILENT SAYS"



Each month, editor Sam Silent answers questions and tries to solve problems submitted by our readers.

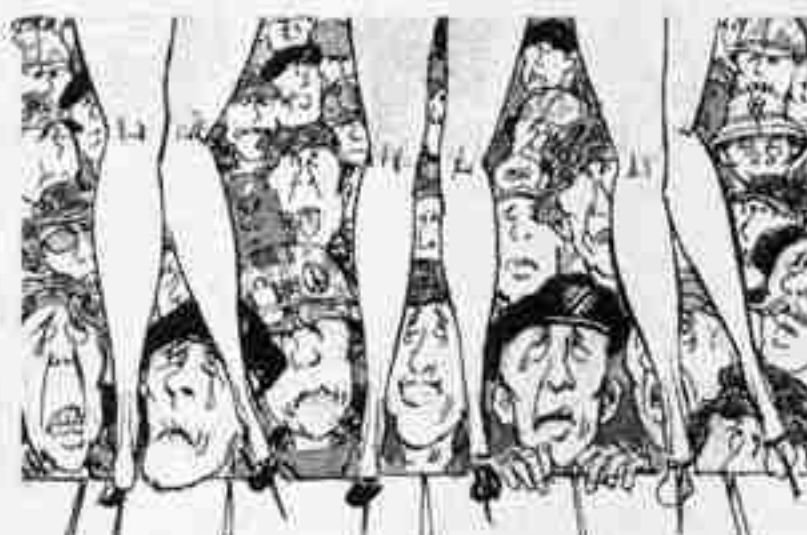
Dear Silent:

I find it hard to tell one Cabinet member from another. In fact I heard a rumor the other day that you'll never see Sect. of State Rogers and Attorney General Mitchell photographed together because they're the same man. Is this true?

Brandon Edwing
Spokane, Washington

Dear Mr. Edwing:

I checked the rumor out with Sect. of Defense Laird (or as he is laughingly referred to by his friends—"Sect. of the Treasury Kennedy") and he said "That's ridiculous. They're talking about Sect. of Health, Education and Welfare FINCH!"



Dear Silent:

I think those anti-war demonstrators should be tarred and feathered. I think we should do all we can to help our boys in Vietnam. We send them letters and food packages and every Christmas Bob Hope goes to see them with Ann-Margret, Pamela Tiffin, and Raquel Welch. And yet when I see the boys on TV, they look disturbed. Why are they disturbed?

Grace Warbler
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Dear Miss Warbler:

They're disturbed because every Christmas Bob Hope goes to see them with Ann-Margret, Pamela Tiffin, and Raquel Welch.

Dear Silent:

As a decent Middle American, I, like you and the editors of this magazine, do not believe in prejudice (only last month I swam in the same Pacific Ocean the Mexicans were swimming in). Which is why I find those Polish jokes that are going around so offensive. Some of our

finest citizens are Polish-Americans. Who started those Polish jokes anyway?

Oliver Brack
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mr. Brack:

It could have been a recalcitrant college youth, or perhaps an effusive monologist with a sense of perverse levity. And then again it might have been some Wop.

Dear Silent:

I have just returned from the South Pole, where I spent the last 10 years, and I feel a little out of touch with things. I'm looking for a new career to go into and I'm considering that of a College Policeman. I think it would be splendid to patrol a nice, friendly campus, smile a cheery hello at the students, and call them by name while they address me warmly by mine. What do you think of my idea?

James Pigg
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Mr. Pigg:

Have you ever considered going into the plumbing business?

Dear Silent:

As a conscientious Middle American citizen living in Wyoming, I thought it might be a good idea to bring the world a little closer to my children. So next Christmas, instead of taking them to Disneyland again, I thought I would take them to look at a Negro. Can you help me? What do Negroes look like? Where do I find one? Are they friendly? Is it a good idea to feed them? Do they bite?

Ned Womber
Laramie, Wyoming

Dear Mr. Womber:

I admire your wonderful plan and think you have an excellent idea. However, I don't think you are ready for it just yet. I suggest you do something as traumatic as that GRADUALLY! Instead of jumping right in, and possibly "over your head," why not BUILD UP to a Negro by taking your children to see a Jew first?

"Silent Majority's"

Prize Fiction

STORY OF THE MONTH

Every month this magazine awards 10,000 Red, White, and Blue Stamps to the fiction piece which best mirrors the clean, decent, patriotic thoughts of today's Middle American. We are pleased to present this month's winning story.

DICK DECENT, College Student

by Norman Vincent Rightson

"Like to go for a walk, Jane?" said Dick Decent to his coed girl friend Jane Wasp, as they met on the campus of State Agricultural College. She nodded cheerily and they began to stroll.

Dick was a clean-cut, handsome lad of 19. He had a neat crew-cut and wore a red and white tennis sweater and white buckskin shoes. Jane, a lovely, fresh-looking girl of 18, had long, neat hair and wore a simple, fresh-laundered pinafore with a tiny American flag sewn in the upper left hand corner near her heart. Together they looked like any two, plain, average, ordinary, American college students.

"What-a great day it is," said Dick. "And what a grand school this is, and how lucky we both are to be here. Golly!"

"Dick, must you use *profanity*?" said Jane.

"Sorry," said Dick.

"Oh, look," said Jane, "there go some ROTC cadets."

"How tall and strong they look," said Dick. "What a great bunch of fellows."

"They send a tingle of pride up and down my spine," said Jane.

"I doubt if anyone on campus is more beloved by the student body than they are," said Dick simply, as a tear of joy crept out of his eye. He quickly brushed it away.

"Oh, say, Jane," said Dick, "would you like to go

to the Prom with me?"

"I'd like to, Dick," said Jane, "but..."

"I'm sorry about last night, Jane," said Dick. "I didn't mean to do what I did."

"It's not that I don't want you to kiss me," said Jane. "And I realize that there must be at least four or maybe five 'fast' girls on this campus who *do* kiss. It's just that I'm saving my kisses for Mr. Right."

At that moment along came Chancellor Valleyforge accompanied by another man.

"Hello, Dick and Jane," said the Chancellor.

"Hi, Chancellor," said Dick. "Classes are better than ever these days and we have *you* to thank for it."

"Pshaw, Dick," said the Chancellor. "I'm only doing my job. It's a pleasure working for you wholesome kids. By the way, Dick and Jane, I'd like you both to meet Mr. Eric Novotney, of the Dow Chemical Company."

"Mr. Novotney," said Jane, wringing the man's hand, "I can't tell you how proud we students here are of the wonderful job you're doing for our nation."

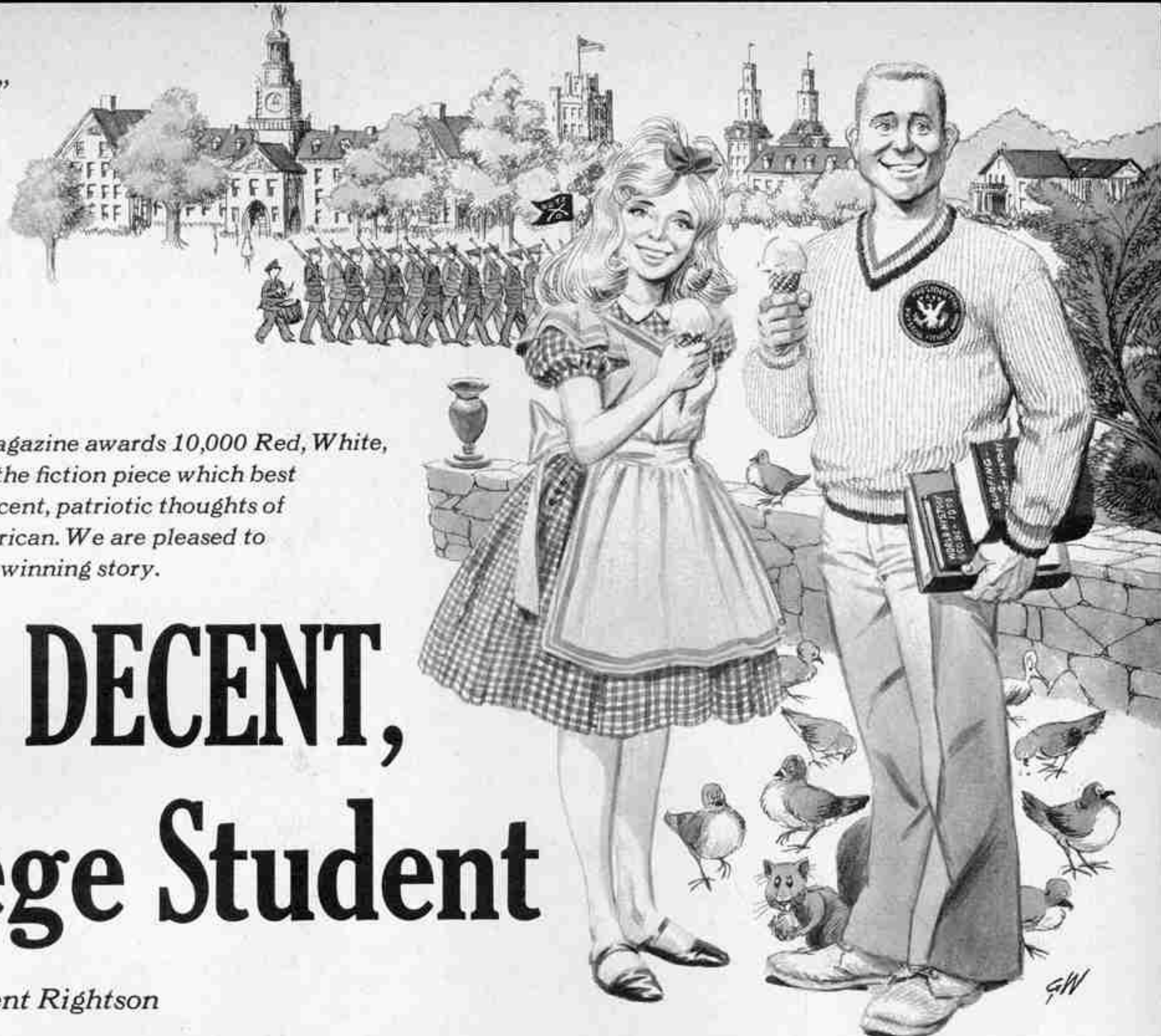
"Love your napalm," added Dick sincerely.

"We hope you'll join our company after you graduate, Dick," said Mr. Novotney.

"Nothing would give me more pleasure," said Dick, "but first I must go to Vietnam."

"If the Army will only have me," he added hopefully.

"What a nice man he seems (*Continued on Page 53*)



STATUS QUO-TES

Our roving cameraman gets opinions on the burning issues of the day from random Middle Americans. This month's question:

"How do you feel about today's attitudes towards sex?"

Fred Sashay, Fire Island, N.Y.

I don't pay much attention to today's attitudes towards sex. *My* attitude towards sex has been the same since I was four. My mummy took care of that. But I can't complain—I've got a good interior decorating business going and my sweetheart and I recently rented a beautiful new apartment which we will move into as soon as his divorce comes through.



Harry Trefflick, Salem, Oregon



Maybe I'm a little different from most people in my generation, but I'm all for this new freedom of sexual expression for kids. I've always encouraged my son Ted to bring girls home to the house, ever since he was 15. Now that Ted is older and off to college, I miss him. I also miss the girls he used to bring home. Now if I can only think of a way to get my wife off to college!

Caleb Flint, Saginaw, Michigan

I think today's attitudes are disgusting. These kids are sick. We're raising a generation of perverts. I'd like to string up a few by their thumbs and whip 'em. But not just an ordinary whip. No, a nice, freshly oiled whip that's laid across their shoulders in clean, even strokes, until their skin welts and a little blood wells up in the gashes. That'll teach those sickies a little decency.



Paul (Pop) Armbruster, St. Petersburg, Fla.



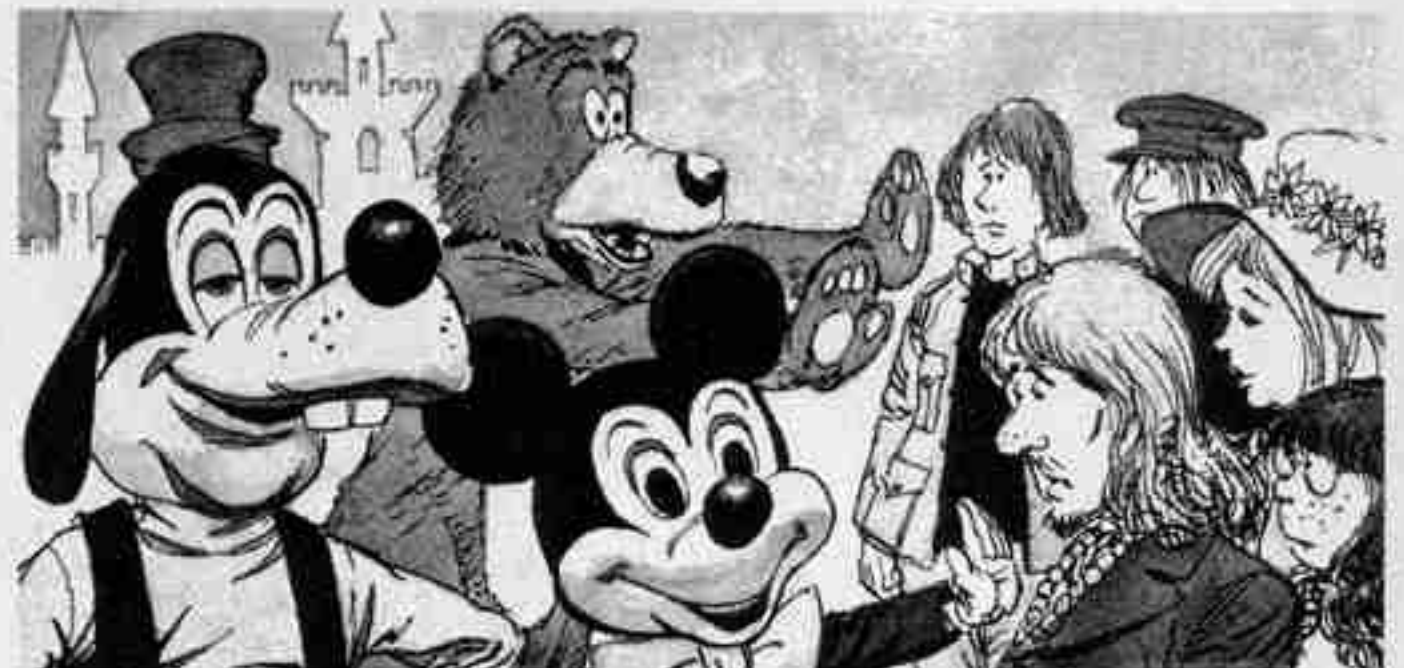
I'm glad you stopped me, young feller. Yes sir, always like to talk to folks. I'm just 84 years young and still the picture of health. Would you believe it, my mind's still as quick as a steel trap. Yes sir, I can remember clear back to the Blizzard of '88. Course I don't remember recent things too well. Now then, concerning your question . . . what's sex?

Along Middle America Avenue

What's Cooking With the Guys and Gals of the Establishment
by GRAY LIFESTYLE, JR.

Let's hear it for the congregation of Furd Township Church, Maryland. For the past eight Sundays they've given up services to picket the Supreme Court Building over the school prayer ruling. Atta-way, Furd Township! Let's get prayers out of the church and back into the public schools where they belong . . . Bad news and good news and bad news from Hominygrits, Georgia. Mel Duff, County Chicken Plucker, was just fired. Now for the good news. Mel has decided to throw all his experience behind his candidacy for Governor. Now for the bad news again. The new state constitution for Georgia dictates that a former chicken plucker cannot succeed a former chicken restaurant owner as Governor of the state. So now it looks like Mel may have to settle for the Supreme Court. You can't win 'em all . . .

Tragedy Department: Friends of Hattie McLish were shocked to learn of her untimely death due to an overdose of sleeping pills. They say she'd been very despondent lately because she found out her children were taking drugs . . . Attention critics of Pres. Nixon who have been complaining about spending \$26 billion to put a man on the moon instead of using that money to wipe out poverty. We've got news for you pinkos: There is no poverty on the moon . . . Trouble comes in double doses: Silent Majorityite Sandra Debbs was not only heartbroken to discover that her maid just left her, she also found out that her teenage children ran away from home last Christmas.



How about a word of praise for those patriots at Disneyland who refuse admittance to punk kids with long hair and silly mod clothes. Said Asst. Disneyland Manager Walt Lancer (in the "Goofy" costume on the left), "If they can't look like civilized human beings we don't want 'em in here!"

Three cheers for Dan and Philomene Humbolt of Biloxi, Mississippi, who have been educating their children at home since the Supreme Court school desegregation ruling in 1954. The Humbolt's oldest boy, 24 year old Donald, is already up to long division, and 23 year old daughter Billie Mae hardly moves her lips anymore when she reads . . . Soon-to-wed, hard-working D.A. Ed Shtarp has been so busy lately confiscating "I Am Curious—Yellow," "Medium Cool," and other filthy films being exhibited in his county that he was almost late for those fabulous showgirls performing at his stag party last Friday night!

It looks like Spiro's pressure campaign against the TV networks is paying off. Following Pres. Nixon's next address to the nation, instead of a critical analysis, CBS has agreed to present a 15 minute program containing "The Best of Hee Haw" . . . It's a brand new six pound baby for the Felix Ungers. He's head of the National Clean Morals Committee and she's a noted anti-nudity crusader in Wesselville, Arizona. Obeying its parents wishes, the baby was born fully clothed. Keep an eye on this column in late 1983 for word of the baby's s-x!

THE ESTABLISHMENT IN ACTION

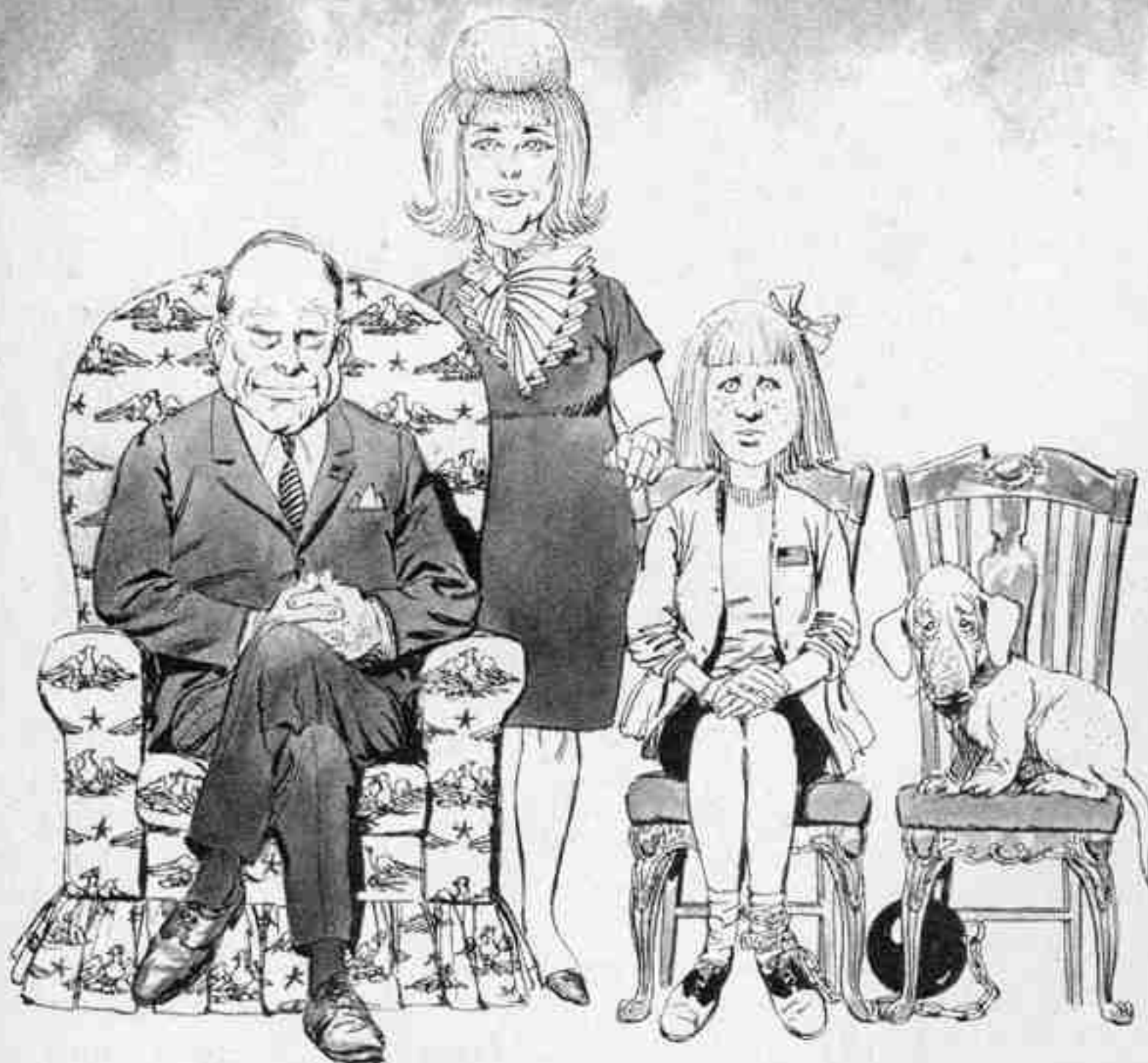
A Pictorial Run-Down of What's What in Middle Americas-ville



ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN: Was ULCA campus cop Bull Bernie's face red the other day! That large group he thought was radical campus demonstrators and which he hosed, clubbed, and sprayed with Mace, turned out to be the Establishment's own lovable King Family who were showing up on campus to do an Arbor Day concert. Try not to worry about it, Bull. You'll have real fun next Friday afternoon when the Black Students Union have their meeting!



RALLY ROUND THE FLAG: American Legion Post #23, in Canton, Ohio, had a great Americanism rally Saturday night. Although scheduled keynote speaker "Chub" Freely couldn't make it because he's up on a drunken driving charge, and Hank Endicott is laid up with cirrhosis of the liver after his recent 19 day bourbon binge, the rally was still a great success. The theme of the rally was "Let's get pot out of our highschools before our kids ruin themselves."



MIDDLE AMERICAN OF THE MONTH: Cheers to Henry Cotter and his wife Wilma, who are working side by side, building for the future by drawing from the past, like all Middle Americans. They are instilling the ideals they grew up with—Clean Living, Hard Work and Our Country, Right or Wrong—into their own children, with fantastic success. The Cotters are (l. to r.): Henry, Wilma, their 15 year old daughter Nancy, and Spiro. Their 12-year-old son Henry, Jr. wasn't available for our staff photographer, having run away from home the week before.



EXTREME DEDICATION: Our hats are off to the dedicated parents of School District #53 in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. They have been holding regular meetings to try and determine ways to improve school conditions in their area. No solutions yet, but the group will meet again Thursday, right after they're expected to vote down the new school appropriations bond issue for the seventh time in over two years.

Okay, gang, here we go again with another visit behind the scenes of an American institution

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



Hey—who are **THOSE TWO FAT SLOBS?**

That's the slender mother and daughter you couldn't tell apart in our TV ad for "Grape Nuts"... you know, the cereal that fills you up, not out!

I warned them! I told them a million times: Swim! Play volley ball! Do anything... but don't **EAT** the stuff! There are 400 calories in one cup!!

Well, don't feel **too** bad! There's **one** consolation! You **STILL** can't tell them apart!

Have you noticed how many washed-up personalities we're using as the "voices-over" on our television commercials lately? Joseph Cotten, Jose Ferrer, Richard Carlson, Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith...

E'scuse me, but mah agent said you had a Waldorf Bathroom Tishas commercial fo' me t' read...

Oh, Lord—where will it all end?

How about **this?** "When your new Duster is recalled for faulty brakes, you'll get better gas mileage driving it back to your Plymouth dealer than the average Maverick owner will get driving his car back to his Ford dealer for faulty transmission repairs!"

I **ADMIT** it's honest, but I **STILL** don't like it!

... and remember—in this agency, we always use our clients' products! So I want you guys to drink Coke, smoke Winstons, eat Kelloggs "K", brush with Crest and...

Good news! We just landed the Preparation-H account!

Oh-oh! I'm in trouble! I don't suffer from hemorrhoids!

I've got that **token Negro** for the backyard detergent commercial scene...

Negro?! You call that a **NEGRO?** Look at those thick features, that bushy hair, that jet-black skin! What do you want to do—**OFFEND** people?!

You go get me a **REAL Negro!** Like Diahann Carroll or Lena Horne... or Leslie Uggams!

Here is where we invent the names for **secret ingredients**—

You mean after a new formula is developed for a product...?

Don't you understand the ad game **yet?!** We never develop new formulas! We merely invent new names for the same old junk! Listen—

Marlboro Cigarettes contain the miracle ingredient, "**Cellulo Multipli**"!

I got one! Marlboros contain the magic ingredient, "**Tissue Roticide**"!

Here's a great one! Marlboros contain the fabulous additive, "**Maligno-7**"!

Sorry, but I don't like any of those!

Okay, wise guy! You come up with a better name for **CANCER!**



to discover what new and inventive ways we the people are being shafted. Won't you join us for

THE SCENES

At An Ad Agency

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Once upon a time, there was an ordinary Lipton tea bag. One day, a handsome ad executive decided that if the bag was divided into **two parts** and called a "**Flow Through**" tea bag—that even though it contained the **same amount of tea**, he could convince people that it was much **better than an ordinary tea bag**. So...

Shhh! Armbruster's kid can't sleep so he's telling him a **bedtime story!**

Why not? The public's been buying it for **YEARS!!**

Do you think his kid will **believe** that Fairy Tale?

I tell you, this drug problem is **terrible!** Something ought to be **done** about these—these **ANIMALS** running loose on the streets who ruin people's lives by selling dope, pushing marijuana, filling people with lethal poison...

Hey, Artie—we're all set with the new **\$3-million Seagrams Whiskey** campaign!

Our Volkswagen Account Executive just called in. He'll be late for the meeting...

What happened...?
His **Cadillac** broke down!

Now, here's how "**planned obsolescence**" works: The flimsier a product is, the faster the public has to **replace** it. The faster it's **replaced**, the more **profit** the company makes and the more money we make advertising the product for them! It's all there, numbskull!

But I can't read it! The light bulb just went out! And I don't understand it! I put in a new bulb only **this morning...**

God bless our client, the General Electric Co.!

Oh, **NOW** I get it!!

I'm writing new ad copy for that sleep-inducer!

No, Arthur Godfrey!
Nytol?

How's this: "Just wait till you see the **new model!** It's ideal for the middle income family that doesn't want any **trouble!** It's so quiet, you can hardly believe it's **moving!** And it has an incredible ability to go **forward** and **reverse** at the same rate of speed! So..."

... if you liked the **1970 model**, you'll just **LOVE** the **1971 model!**"

Ad copy for the **1971 Volkswagen?**

No, ad copy for the **1971 NIXON!!**

Why—sob—why'd you hit me, Daddy?! All I did was—sob—break into your conference and announce that I only had **one cavity!**

It's bad enough I **WROTE** that stupid commercial! I don't have to **LIVE IT!!**

SACK RICKARD

"X" PLOY-TATION DEPT.

Take a look at the ads for movies, and you can sure tell what sells films these days: Sex! Nudity! Drugs! Wild living! That's what brings the crowds to theatres! Well, this may work for the free-wheeling flicks of today... but what about the revivals of all those "square," mild movies of yesterday?

ADS FOR MO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

YOUNG, RESTLESS, YEARNING, GROPING FOR LOVE...
SHE FOUND HERSELF ALONE IN A CABIN WITH
SEVEN SEX-STARVED MEN!
AND EVEN THEY WEREN'T ENOUGH TO SATISFY HER!

SEE ... The Misshapen Monsters Who Whistled While They Shared Her Insatiable Love!

SEE ... The Strange Cravings Brought On By Irresistible "Apple Of Passion"!

SEE ... The Sadistic "Queen" Possessed With The Unnatural Urges Of Dark Desire!

SEE ... Snow White Physically Aroused By The First "Real" Man To Come Along!

Vrede!



Clarke

SEE!

**"SNOW WHITE AND
THE SEVEN DWARFS"**

IN LURID COLOR

"Makes 'Cinderella' look like a *fairy tale*!" Mc Diviate,—POST



How do you advertise a re-release of something like . . . say . . . "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" or "Born Free" to modern movie audiences? The answer, my friends, is written in these ads . . . the answer is written in these ads. So follow their example, and stretch the truth, like we've done with these

VIE REVIVALS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

**He was A MAN
DRIVEN MAD
by a DESPERATE
LONGING
To touch—
To fondle—
To possess
THE FORBIDDEN
FLESH THAT
TORMENTED
HIS DESIRE!**



AHAB—

A Man of the World Consumed by Waves of Passion! He had All He Desired—EXCEPT The One He Desired Most of All!

MOBY—

A Shimmering Creature of Abnormal Appetites Whose Soft, Curved, White, Tantalizing Body was TOO WILD Ever to be Possessed!

**A RAW, NAKED STORY—
PULSATING WITH PASSION!
MOBY DICK**

"Goes to great depths . . . a whale of a climax!"—De Generate, STAR

THEY "DROPPED OUT" OF LIFE ON A 40-YEAR FREAK-OUT IN THE DESERT!

They were the Now generation of 1200 B.C.—a far-out cult of Flower Children who thumbed their noises at the establishment until one cat with long hair, beard and sandals offered them "Tablets" that turned them all on! Where did he get them? Out of sight, man!



SEE MIND-BLOWING SCENES IN PSYCHEDELIC COLOR!



See the Red Sea split, then return to "zap" the Pharaoh's Pig Army!!



See Moses rap with God on Mount Sinai

GROOVE ON

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"

"The bad trip with the Golden Calf flipped my wig!" Moss, ROLLING STONE

SHE BEHAVED LIKE A SHAMELESS ANIMAL!

Running unclad and unadorned through the grass,
Stretching her long, lean legs,
Flaunting the curves of her lithe, willing body!
They called her "wild"...
They called her "man-eater"...
She could tear your heart to shreds if she wanted to!
Ordinary men froze at the mere sight of her, others ran!
But one man wasn't afraid to hold her—
to tame her—
to call her his own!

SHE WAS BARE!
SHE WAS BRAZEN!
SHE WAS...



"Born Free"

"She has a lot to show, and she seems to like showing it!"—Oggle, PLAYBOY

MINOR ADJUSTMENT DEPT.

Several issues back, we ran an article comparing College life in the '40's with life on the Campus today. Since this article received an overwhelming response of utter silence from our readers, we've decided to try again... this time by showing the changes that have taken place with respect to the teenagers of the '40's and the teenagers today. So join us now as we take

A MAD LOOK AT TWO HIGH SCHOOL GENERATIONS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

MOVIES...THEN...



...AND NOW...



CLOTHES...THEN...

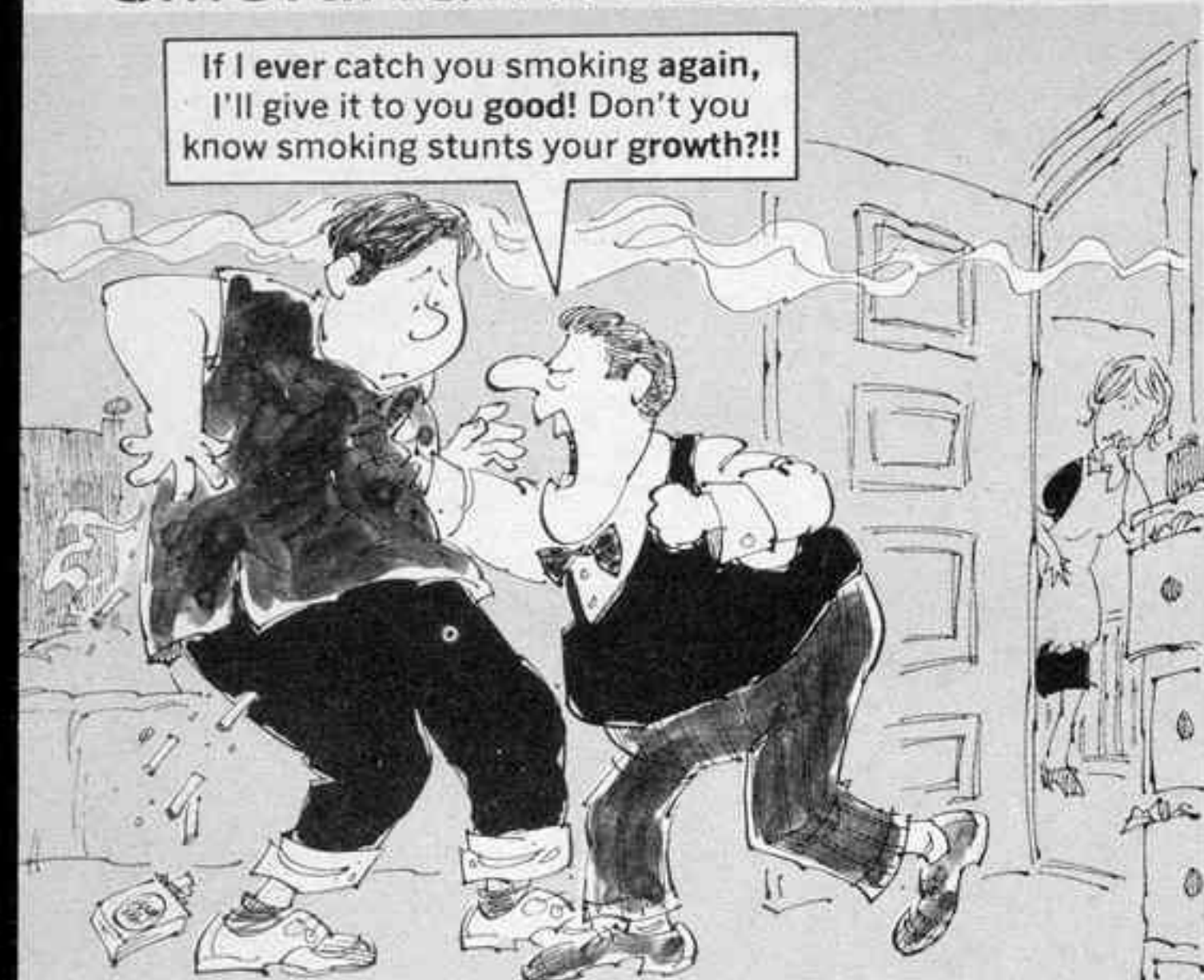


...AND NOW...



SMOKING...THEN...

If I ever catch you smoking again, I'll give it to you **good**! Don't you know smoking stunts your growth?!!



...AND NOW...

Thank God, Sam ... he's smoking **CIGARETTES**!!



WAR...THEN...

Boy, I sure wish I were old enough to join up!!

Me, too!



...AND NOW...



HAIR...THEN...

Hey, Dad, can I have some money for a haircut?

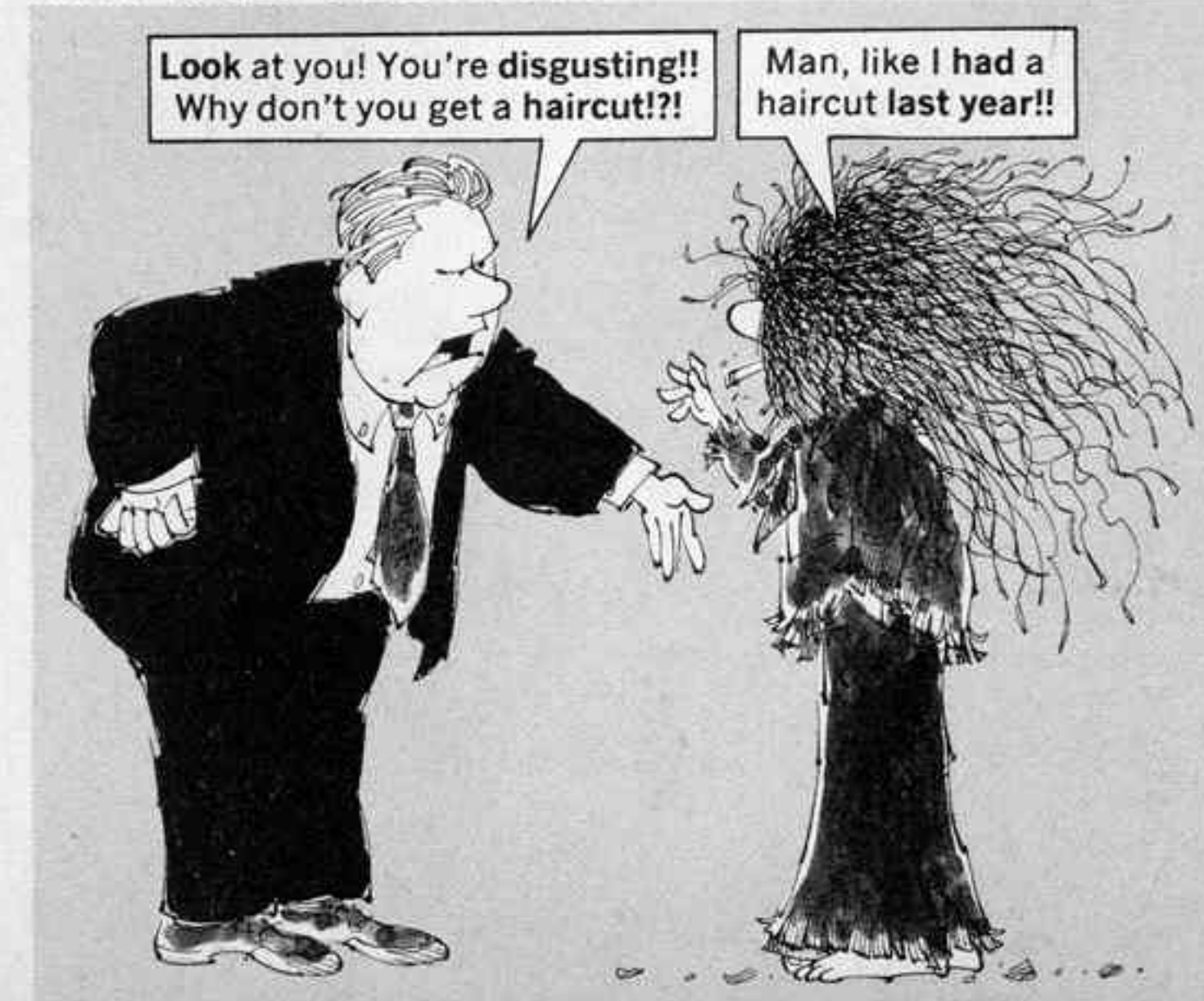
What are you, a movie star? You just had a haircut two weeks ago!!



...AND NOW...

Look at you! You're disgusting!! Why don't you get a haircut!?!?

Man, like I had a haircut last year!!



SCHOOL AUTHORITY...THEN...



...AND NOW...



THE FAMILY CAR...THEN...



...AND NOW...

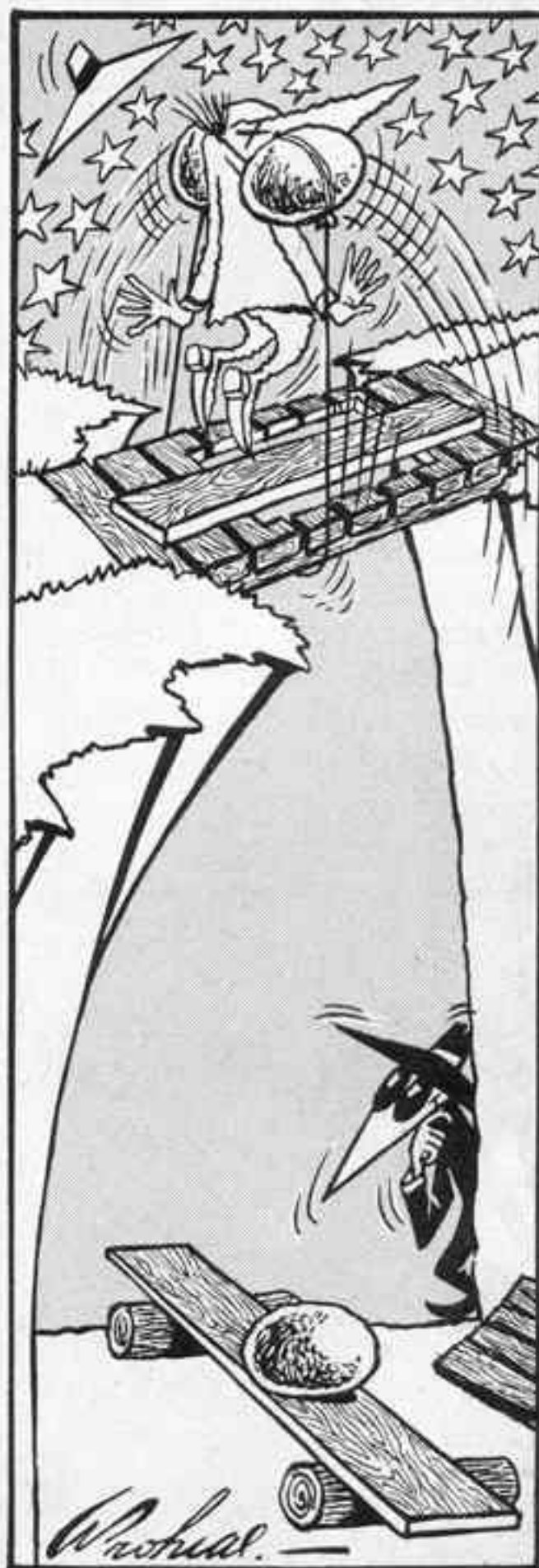
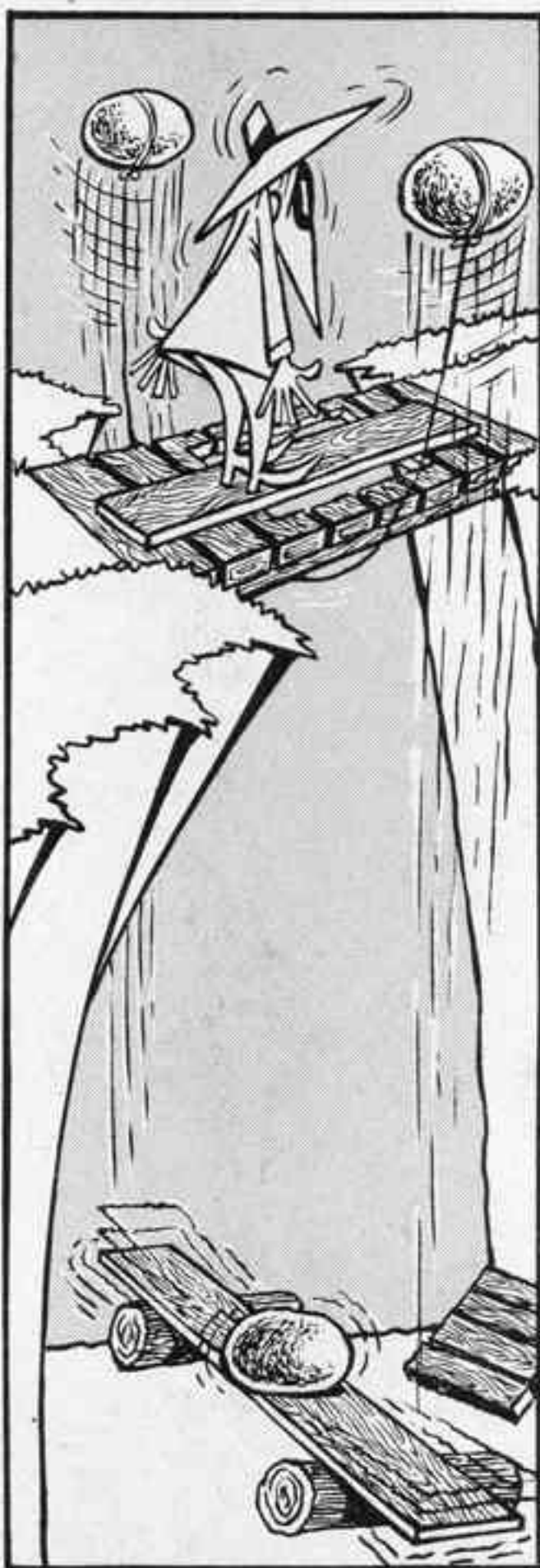
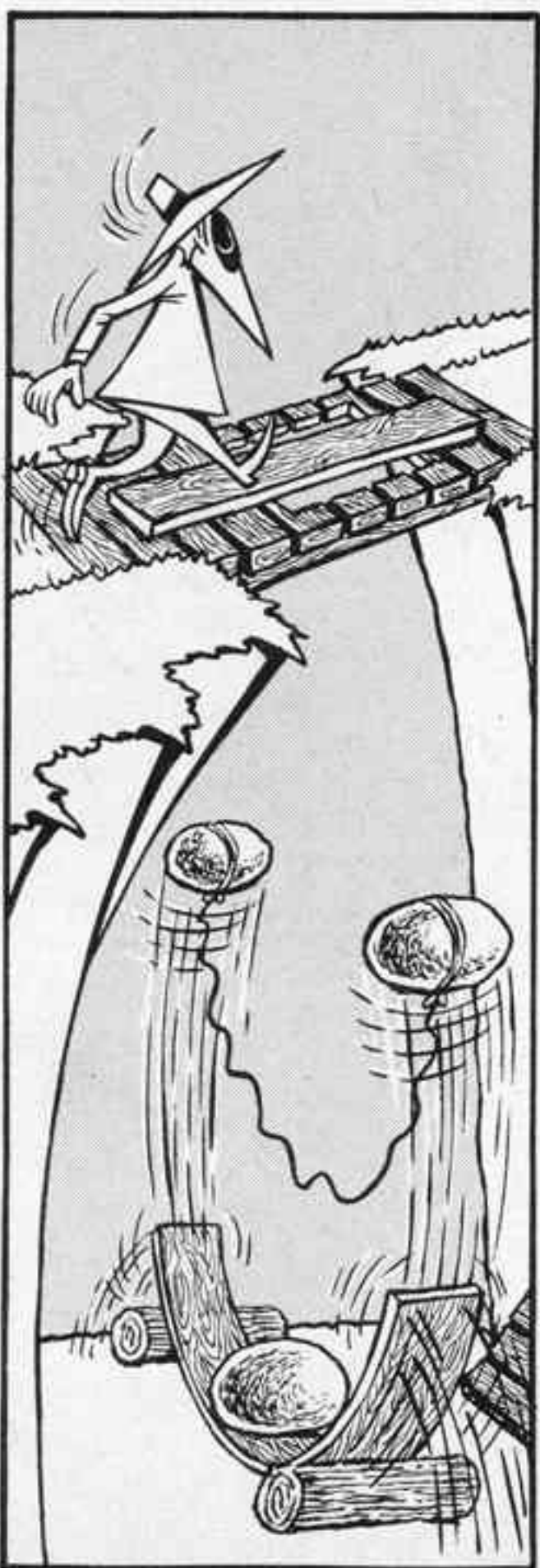
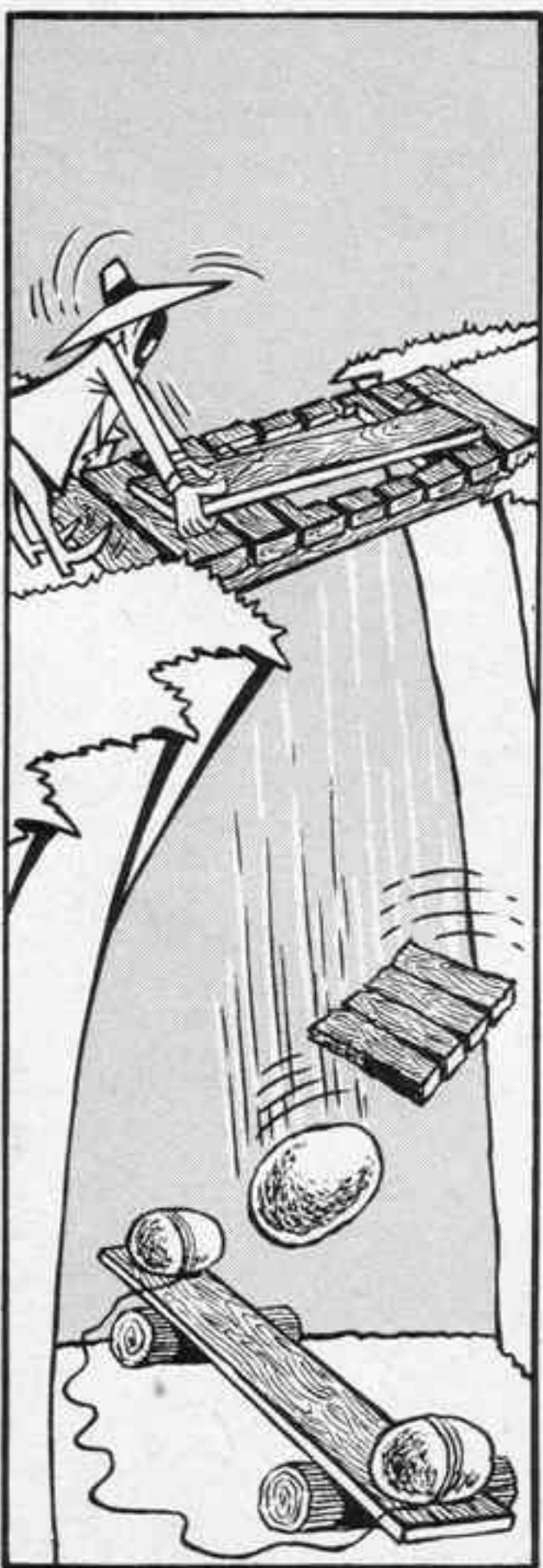
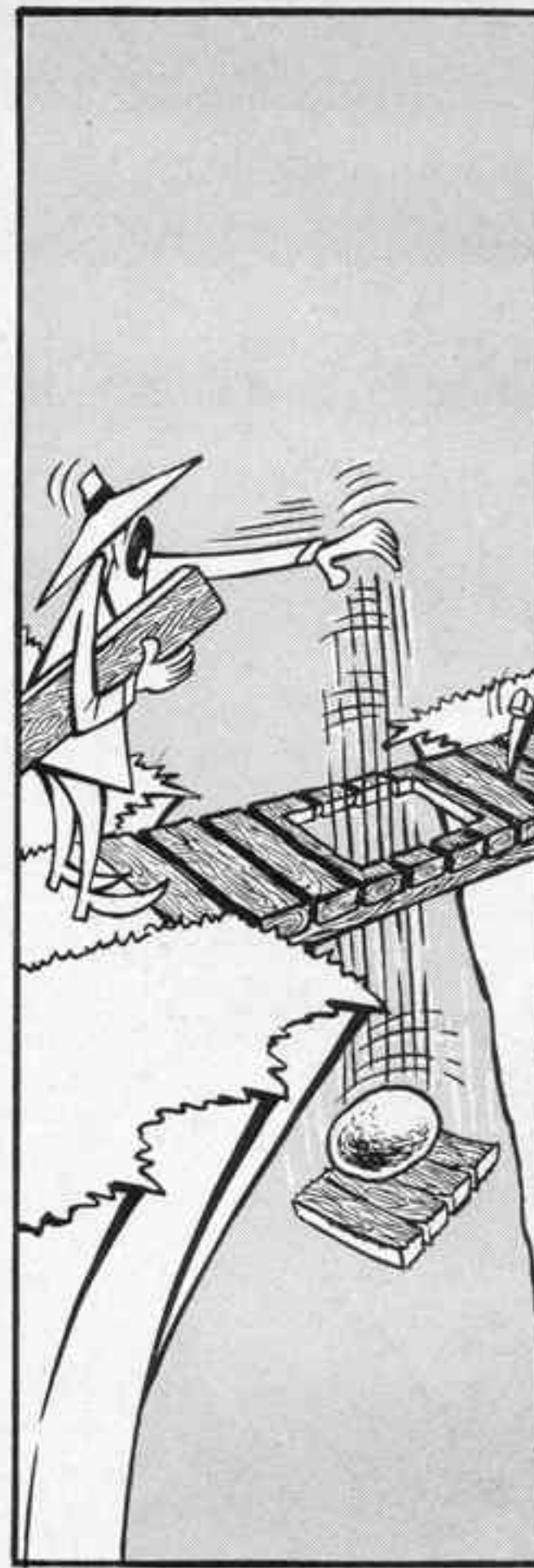
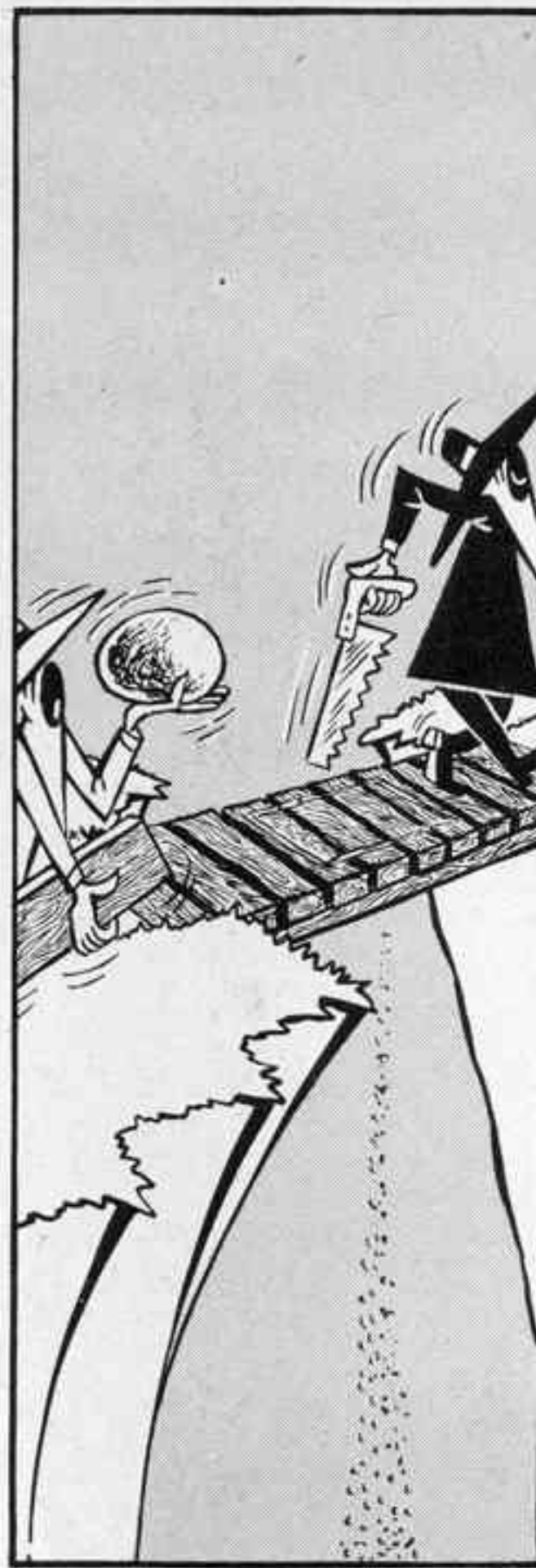
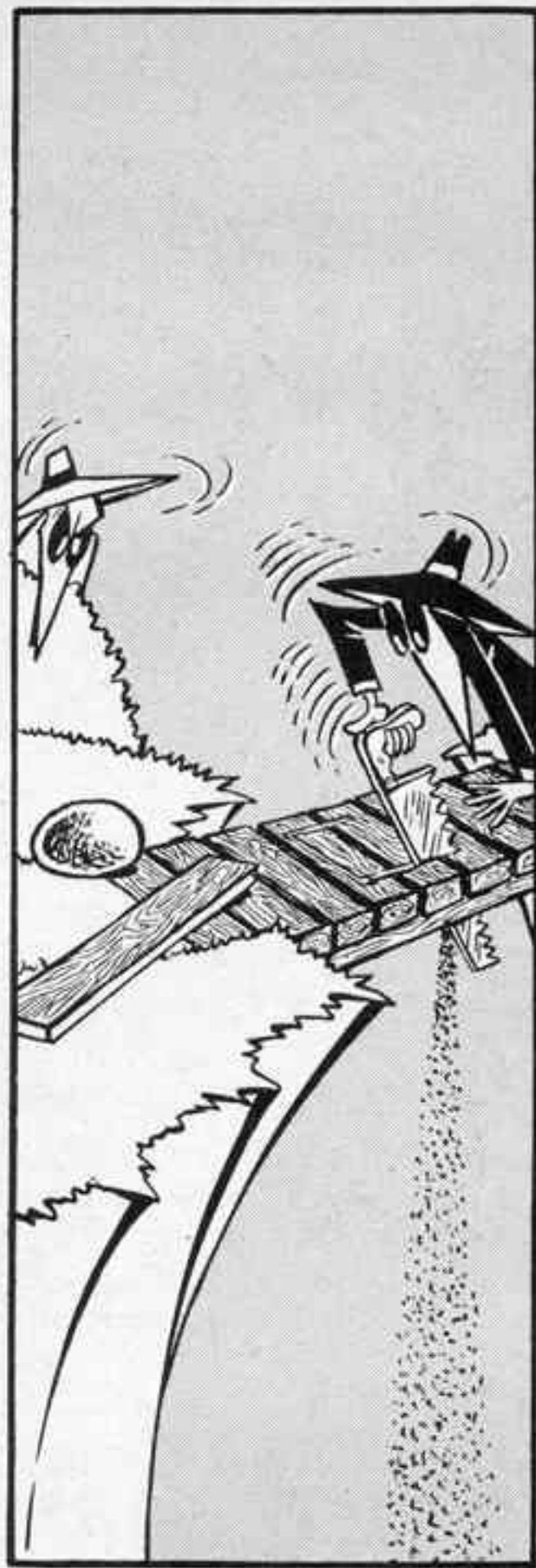
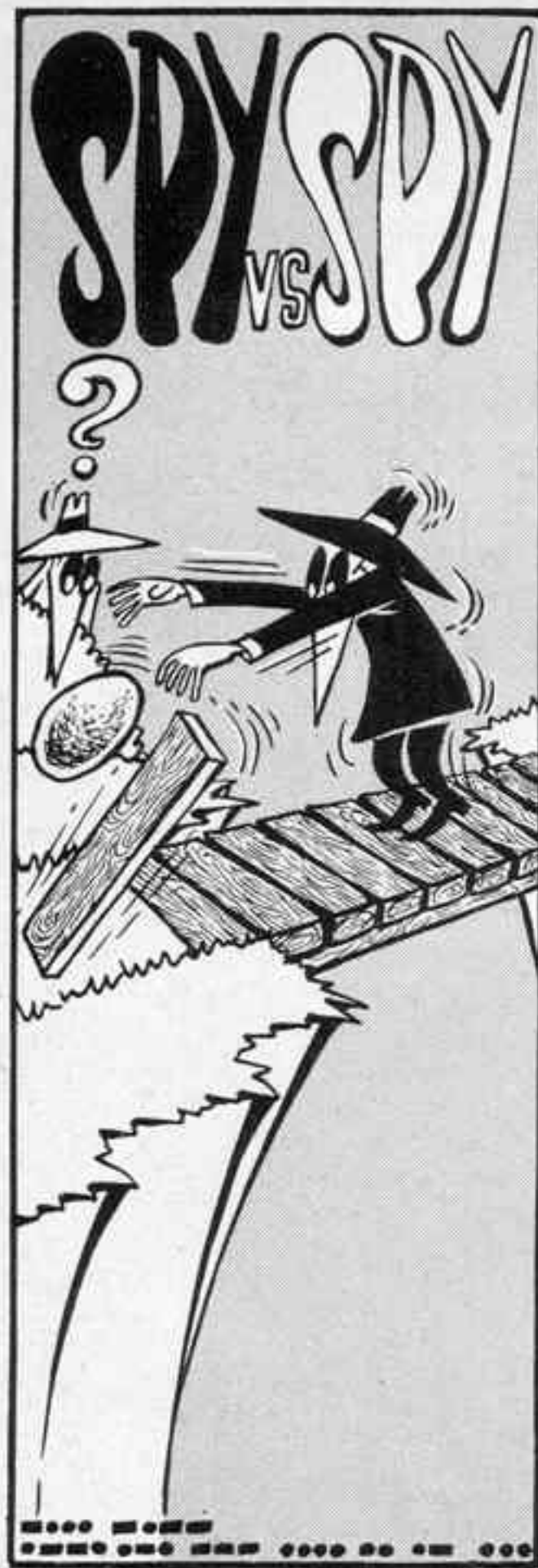


THE SCHOOL PAPER...THEN...



...AND NOW...





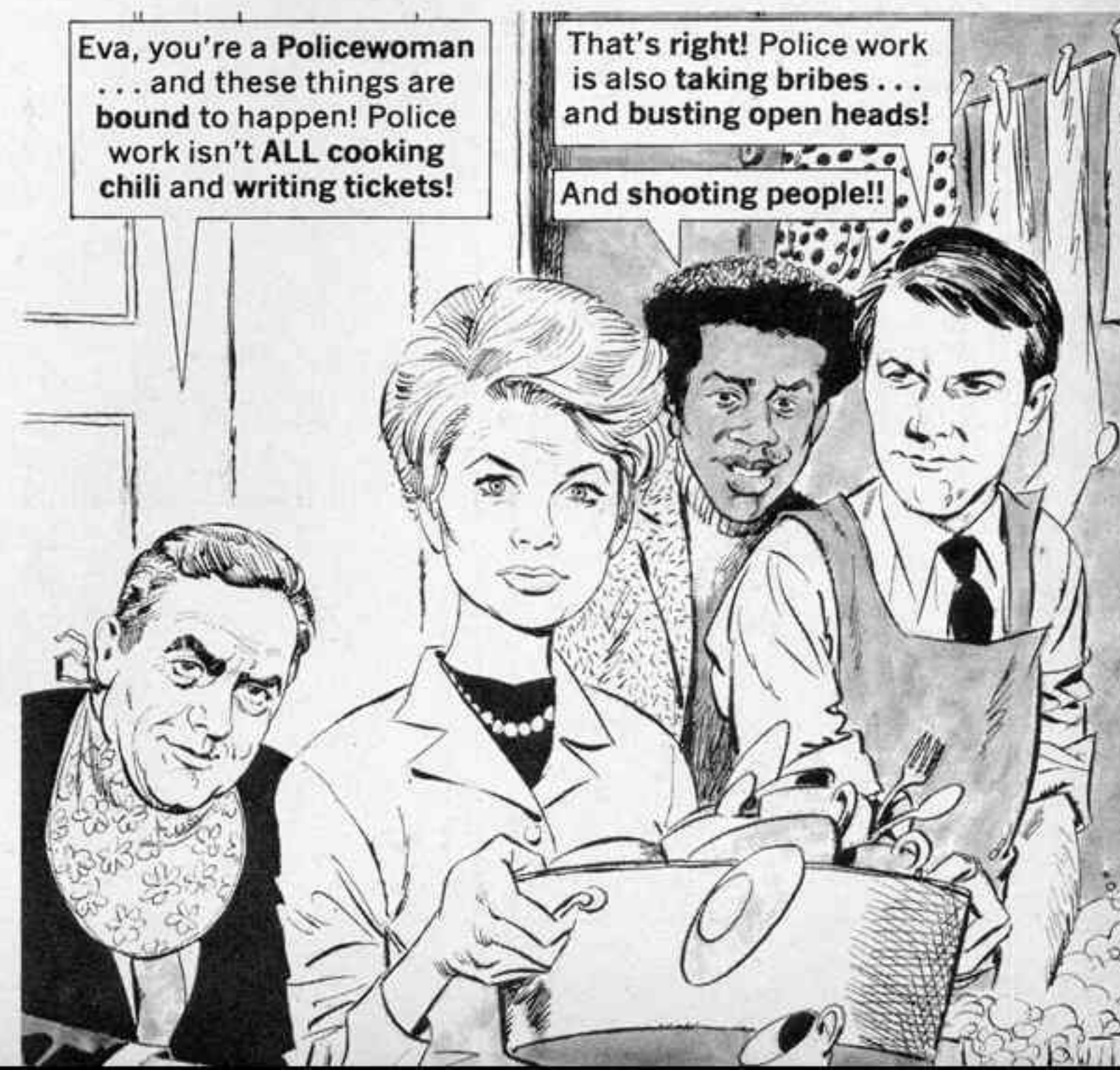


Can a beautiful Debutante from Nob Hill find happiness living in a Police Station with an ill-tempered but lovable Chief of Detectives, a former Juvenile Delinquent, and a handsome but dull Police Sergeant? For the answer to this and other equally ridiculous questions, join us now for MAD's version of "One Cop's Family", namely

IRONRIDE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Tell me, Eva—why **DID** you join the Force, anyway?

I was bored with the Jet Set life! I wanted to do something useful—to help my fellow man—like cooking chili, writing tickets, taking bribes and busting open heads!

You **DID** something useful! You zapped a crook!

But he **WASN'T** a crook! I zapped my Pistol Instructor!

I accidentally mistook him for a **Silhouette Target!** Got him right through the heart!

That's great shooting, Eva! He would have been proud of you! I'm going to recommend you for a **Sharpshooter's Medal!**

Gee . . . thanks Chief! I feel better already!

Sergeant . . . exactly what are you doing?!

Nothing?! A crime is committed every twelve seconds in this town—and you can't find anything to do?!

Why don't you help Eva with the dishes?!

Don't lean on Edd, Chief! He's uptight because his chick got killed today!

N-nothing, Chief!

Oh, I'm sorry, Edd! But don't worry! I promise you we'll get her killer!!

How can you be so sure?! According to statistics, over half of all major crimes go unsolved!

That's in **REAL LIFE!** Not on TV, they don't!

ACME
DEMOLITION
WORKS

Chief, you won't have to look very far! The killer's right here in this room!

You mean you were **target practicing** on somebody else besides your Pistol Instructor, Eva?!

Muck! You're not supposed to shoot anybody! Besides, you're not even a Cop!!

And it wasn't Muck! It was **ME!** I did it! I killed the girl I love!

It wasn't Eva, Chief!

Maybe you'd better tell me about it, Edd!

Well, Doctor . . . I mean, **Chief** . . . it happened this morning. I was walking past the **Bank**, when this great-looking chick came running out. It was love at first sight. And then I noticed that the **Bank Manager** was running after her . . .

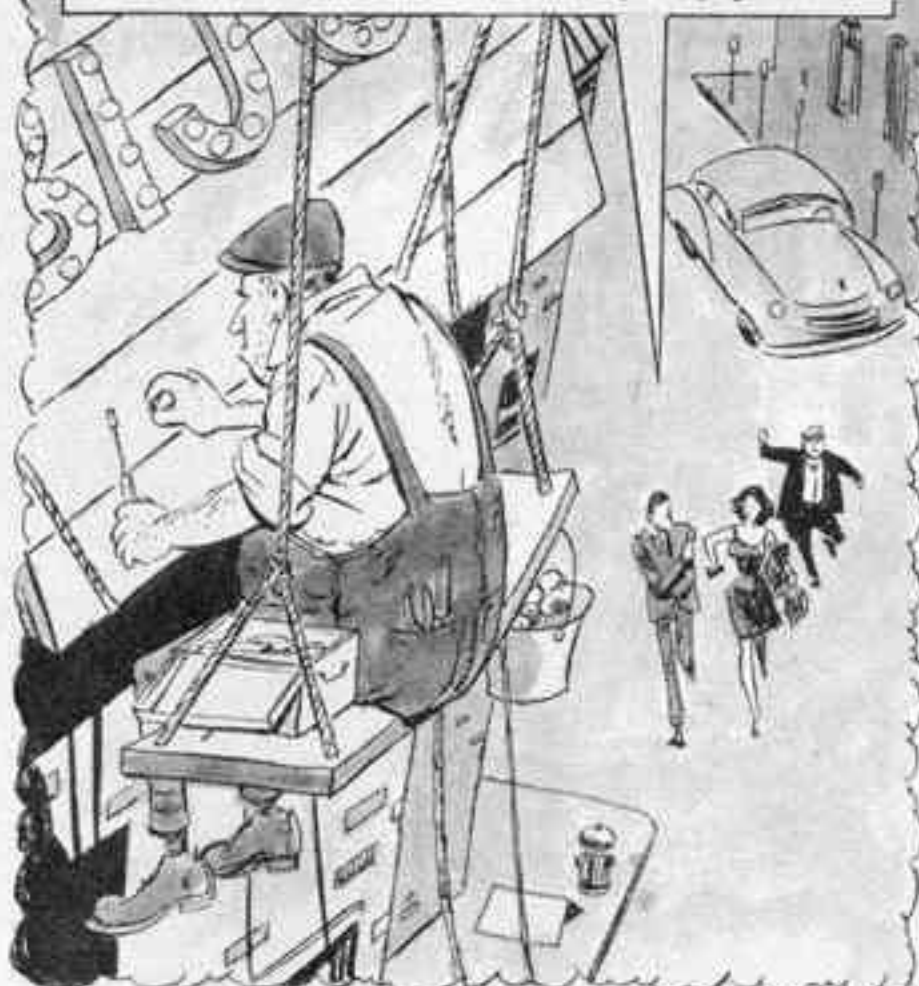
STOP!!
STOP HER!!!

"Naturally, I followed Regulations . . ."

Let's see . . . ah, here it is . . .
"When you observe a suspicious person running from a Bank, do the following:
(1) Identify yourself immediately.
(2) Shout 'Halt!' loudly and clearly.
(3) Fire a warning shot overhead . . ."



Hi, there! I'm a Police Officer! See? This is my badge! Er—I mean, this is my gun! My badge is here somewhere! Ahh—here it is, holding up my pants!



HALT . . . LOUDLY AND CLEARLY!!



My warning shot killed one Bank Manager, one great-looking chick, a workman hanging a sign, and a swallow flying back to Capistrano!



Man, you ought to set that to music!

It wouldn't have worked anyway, Edd! You're a Cop, and she was a Bank Robber!

But that's just it, Chief! She wasn't robbing the Bank! She was running out to put a dime in the Parking Meter! The Bank Manager was chasing her 'cause she'd forgotten her Bankbook!



You went by the book, Edd! You can't blame yourself because a Civilian failed to act according to Regulations! Besides, that Parking Meter's time had expired!

Right!! Which means she was committing a crime!! Gee, thanks, Chief! It's good to know you have somebody you can count on when you need help!

Chief, there's another riot at the University! I want it stopped, and I want the inciters arrested!

Did the Governor ask the Police to move in?

How could he? The rioters kidnapped him!!

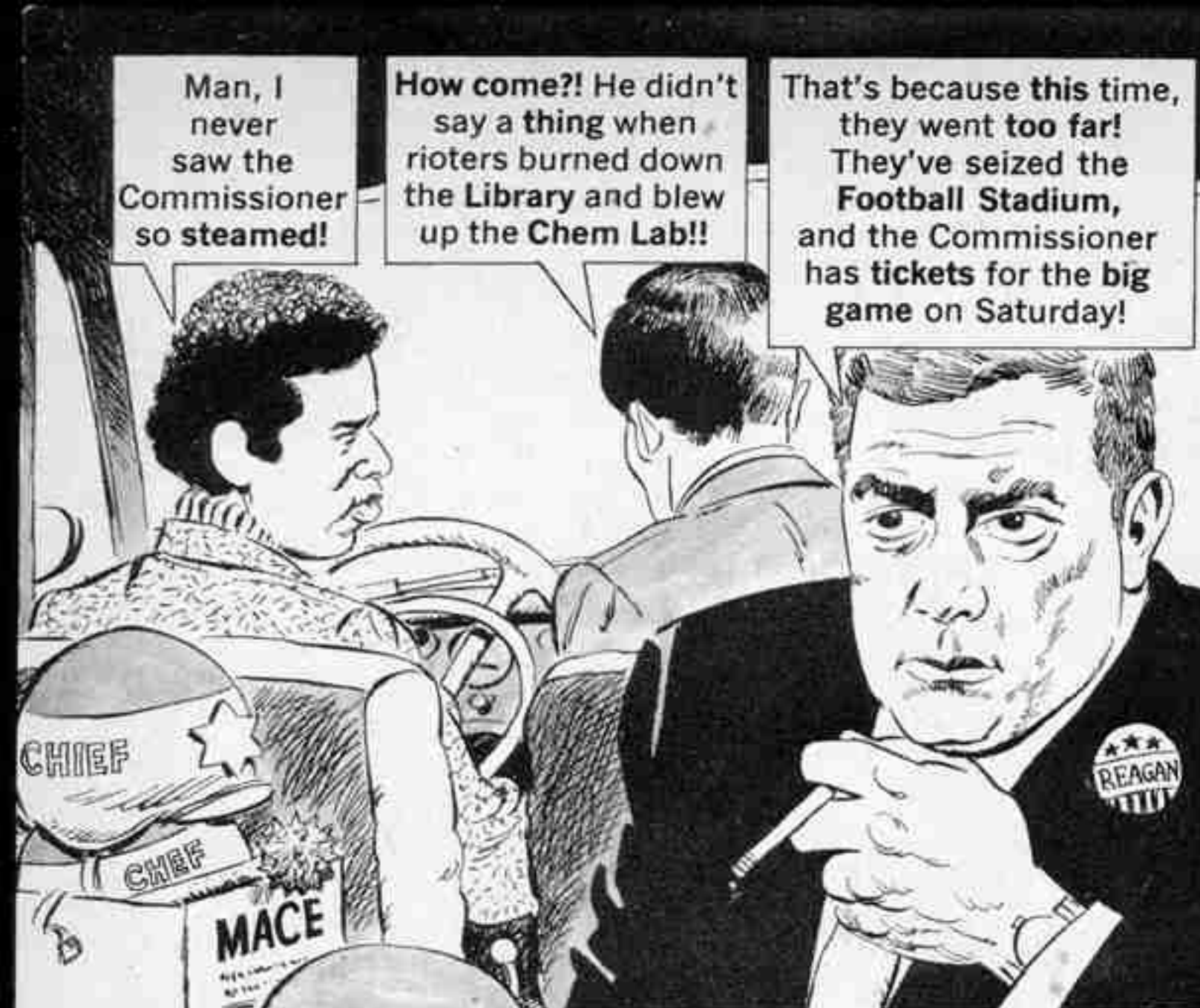
Well . . . ?! Are you three going to goof off all day?! Let's get a move on!!

Ooooo! I just love it when the Chief hollars at us!!

Lay it on us, Chief!!

More! More . . .

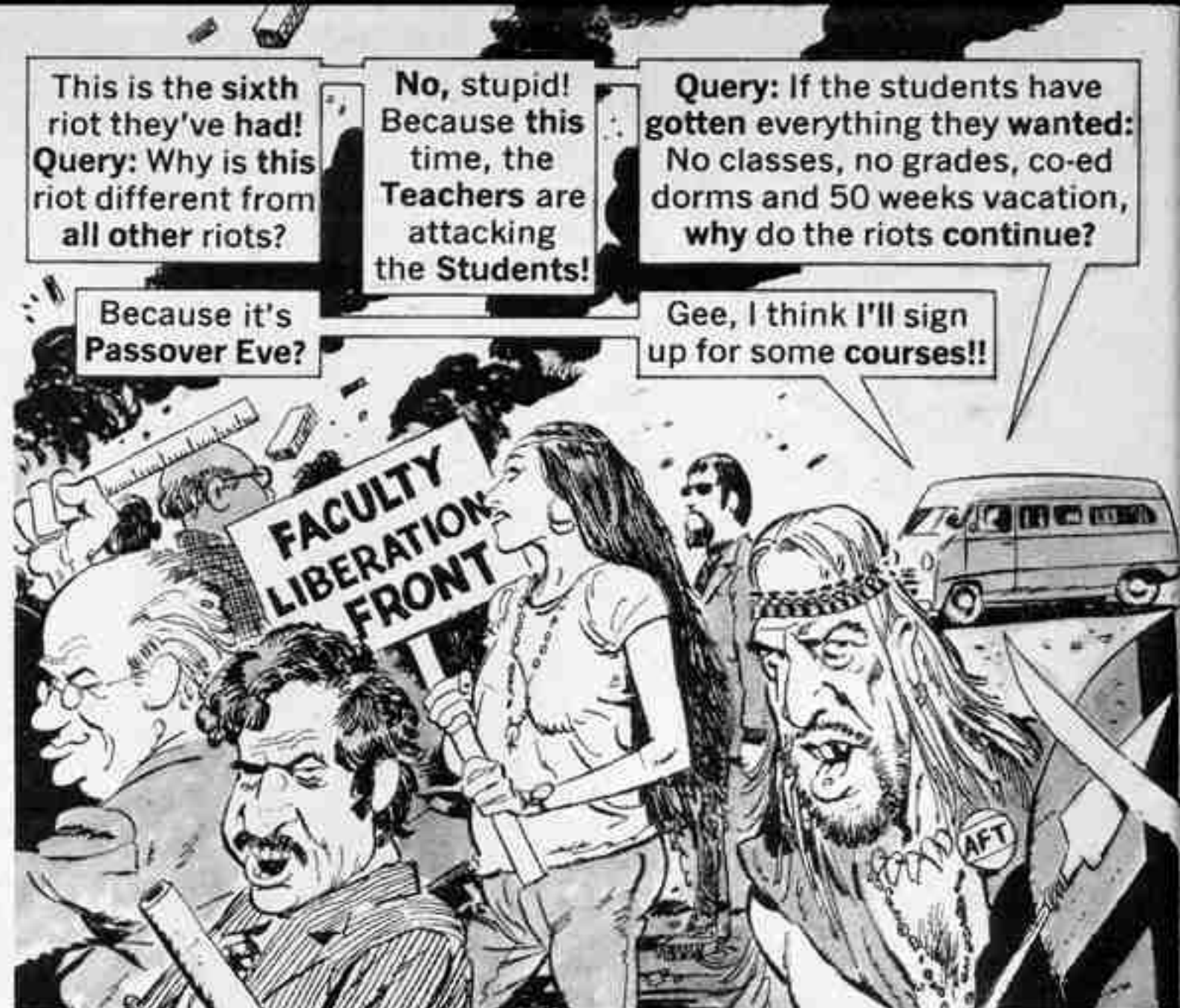




Man, I never saw the Commissioner so steamed!

How come?! He didn't say a thing when rioters burned down the Library and blew up the Chem Lab!!

That's because this time, they went too far! They've seized the Football Stadium, and the Commissioner has tickets for the big game on Saturday!



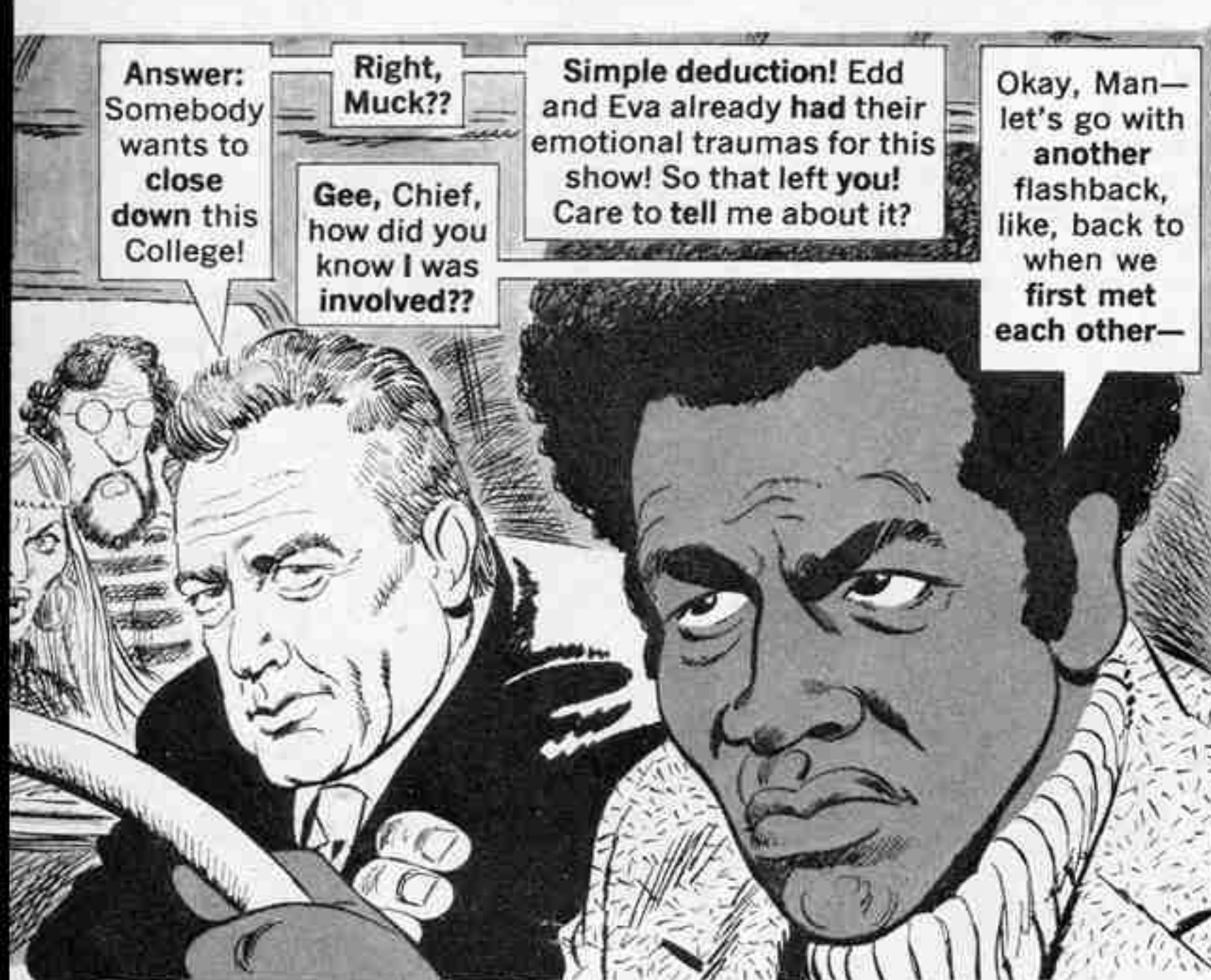
This is the sixth riot they've had! Query: Why is this riot different from all other riots?

No, stupid! Because this time, the Teachers are attacking the Students!

Query: If the students have gotten everything they wanted: No classes, no grades, co-ed dorms and 50 weeks vacation, why do the riots continue?

Because it's Passover Eve?

Gee, I think I'll sign up for some courses!!



Answer: Somebody wants to close down this College!

Right, Muck??

Simple deduction! Edd and Eva already had their emotional traumas for this show! So that left you! Care to tell me about it?

Okay, Man—let's go with another flashback, like, back to when we first met each other—

Gee, Chief, how did you know I was involved??



We picked up this J.D. for Car Theft again! He's a bad one, Chief!

I once remember reading, "There is no such thing as a bad boy!"

Who said that? Mark Twain in "Huckleberry Finn"?

No—Joe Namath in "Bachelors III"!



Muck, you're a drop-out and a car thief, but I can tell you're basically a fine, decent human being! How would you like to work for me and live here instead of going to jail?

Man, do I have a choice? Gi'me jail!!

Chief, he's all yours . . . to have and to hold . . . in sickness and in health—
Somebody getting married . . . ?

No—we've just gotten a brand new roommate! This is Muck Swinger—

Oh, Muck and I are old friends! I've arrested him many times! Hi! Glad to hear you'll be cleaning the place out!

Hey, Man—I don't do no housework for nobody!!

What housework?!? I'm talking about cleaning the place out of valuables!!



Muck, how come you steal cars?

'Cause I can't afford to buy 'em!!

It's obvious that you like cars, so I'm going to enroll you in an **Auto Mechanics' School!**

School?!? Not on your life! I demand **JAIL!** Gi'me jail!

"It was wild—but I really dug that school! I discovered that working with engines and ignition systems was my bag!"

The cam shaft's connected to the crankshaft...
The crankshaft's connected to the piston rod...
The piston rod's connected to the cylinder head...

Muck, do you have to do your homework on the table?! You're getting grease in my chili!!

TODAY'S SPECIAL
CHILI
CON CARNE

"And then it happened... that terrible day when the **TV Network Official** stopped by..."

I'm **Finster**—Vice-President in charge of "**Images**"! We're getting a lot of mail from **Civil Rights** groups about YOUR "**Image**"! Turn in your coveralls, Muck! We're transferring you to **Law School**!!

So that's it, Chief! Studying to be a **Lawyer** just isn't my thing! I tried to flunk out, but —Man, they wouldn't let me!

So you tried to close the school? I'm sorry, Muck—but even I can't help you! The **sponsors** feel that the public will no longer accept a **Black TV Auto Mechanic**!

How about arresting me for starting a riot?

Muck, I'd really like to... but the **Network** granted you amnesty!

These things take time, Muck! Maybe someday, your **TV kids** can once again become **Auto Mechanics** or **Waiters** or even **Porters**...

... and have **natural rhythm!**

... and eat **watermelon** if they want to!

So remember, when you walk through a storm, keep your head up high—

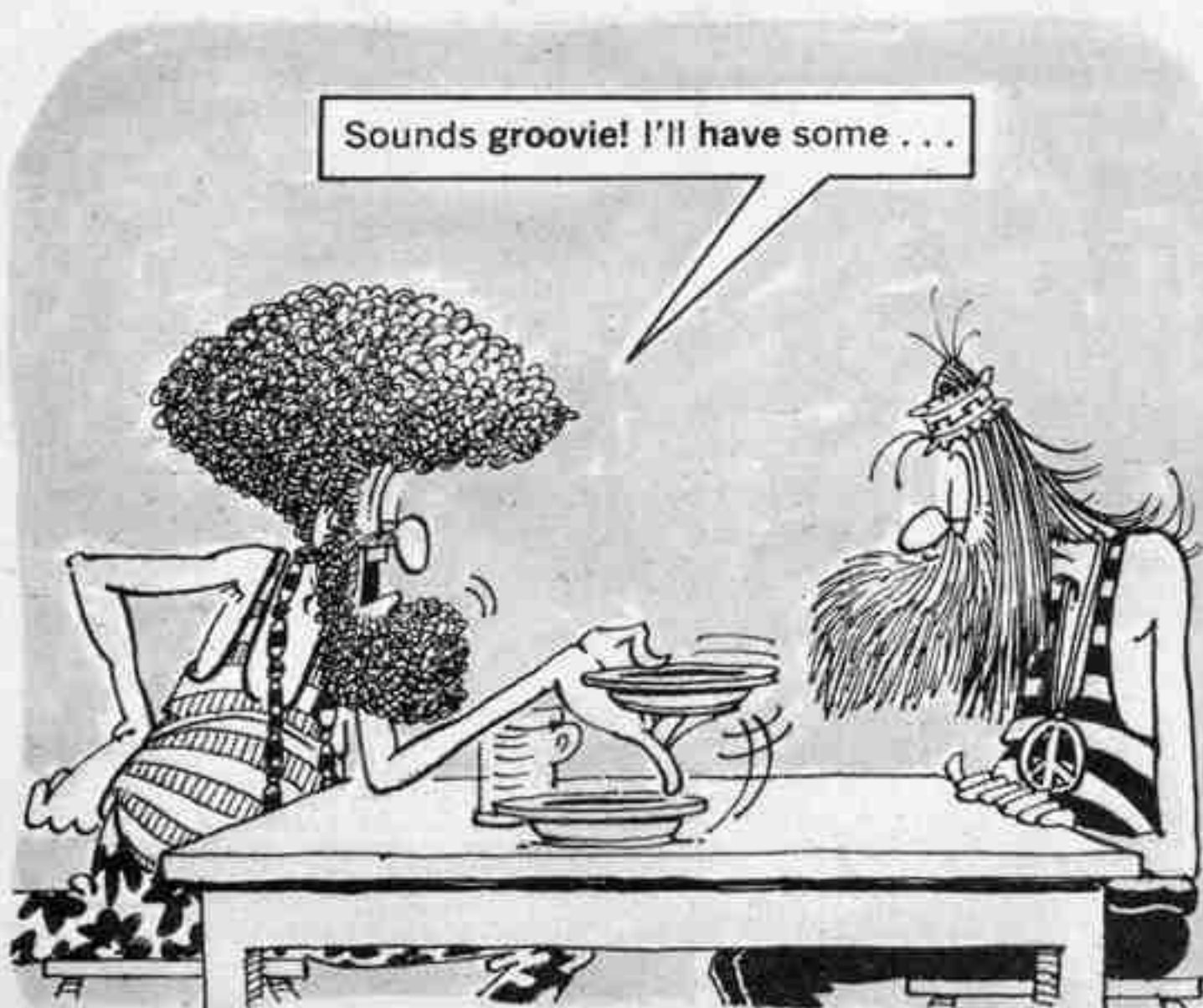
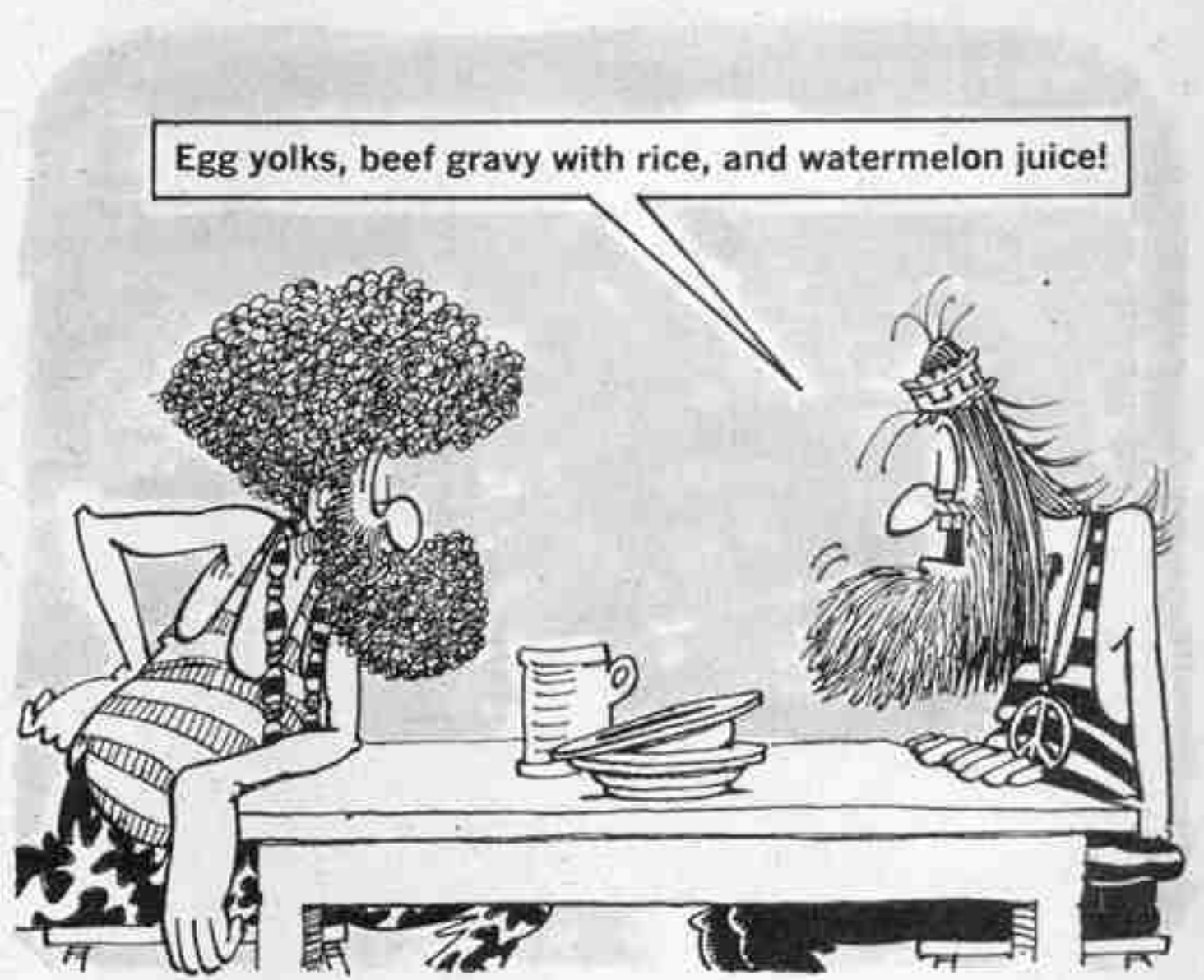
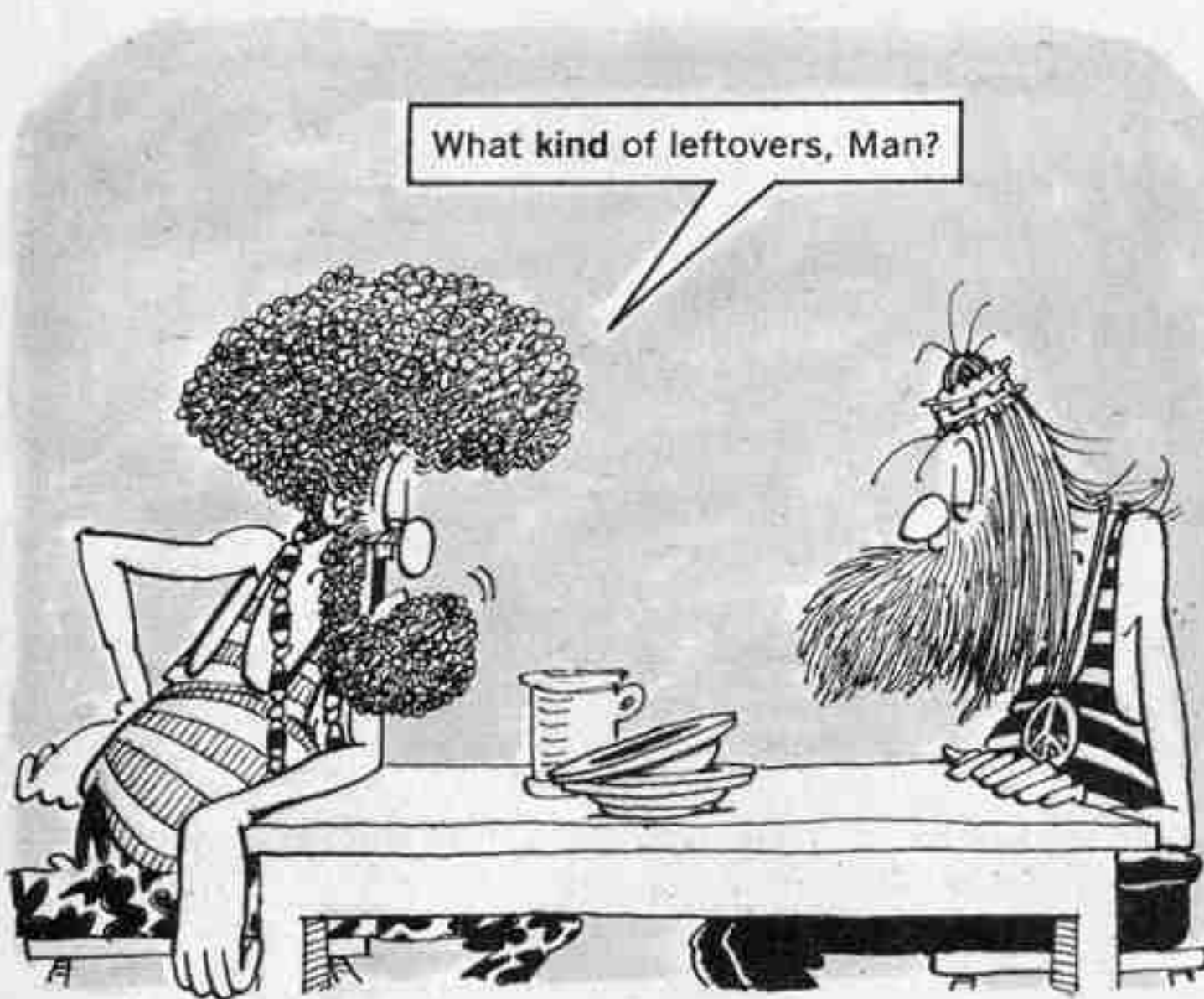
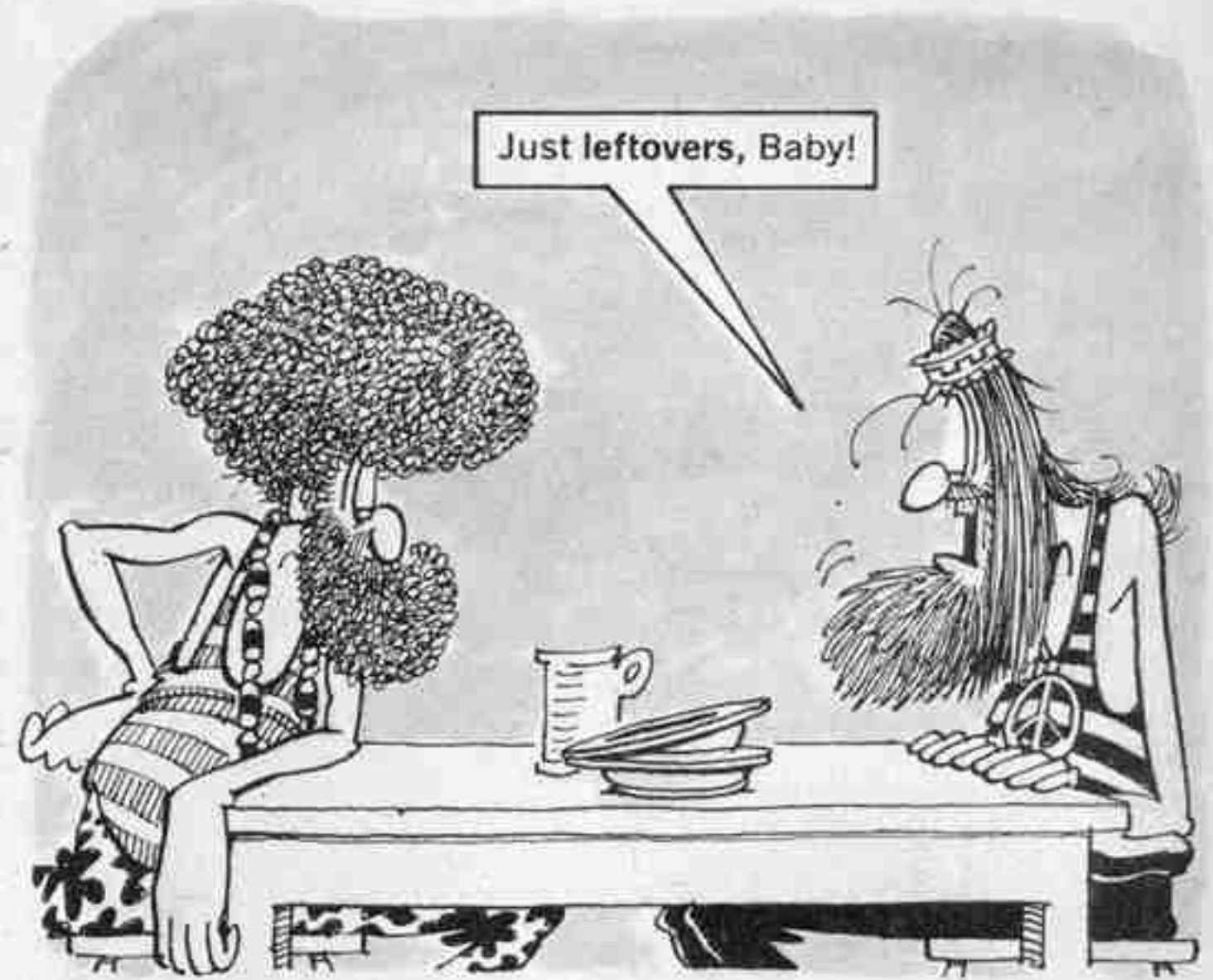
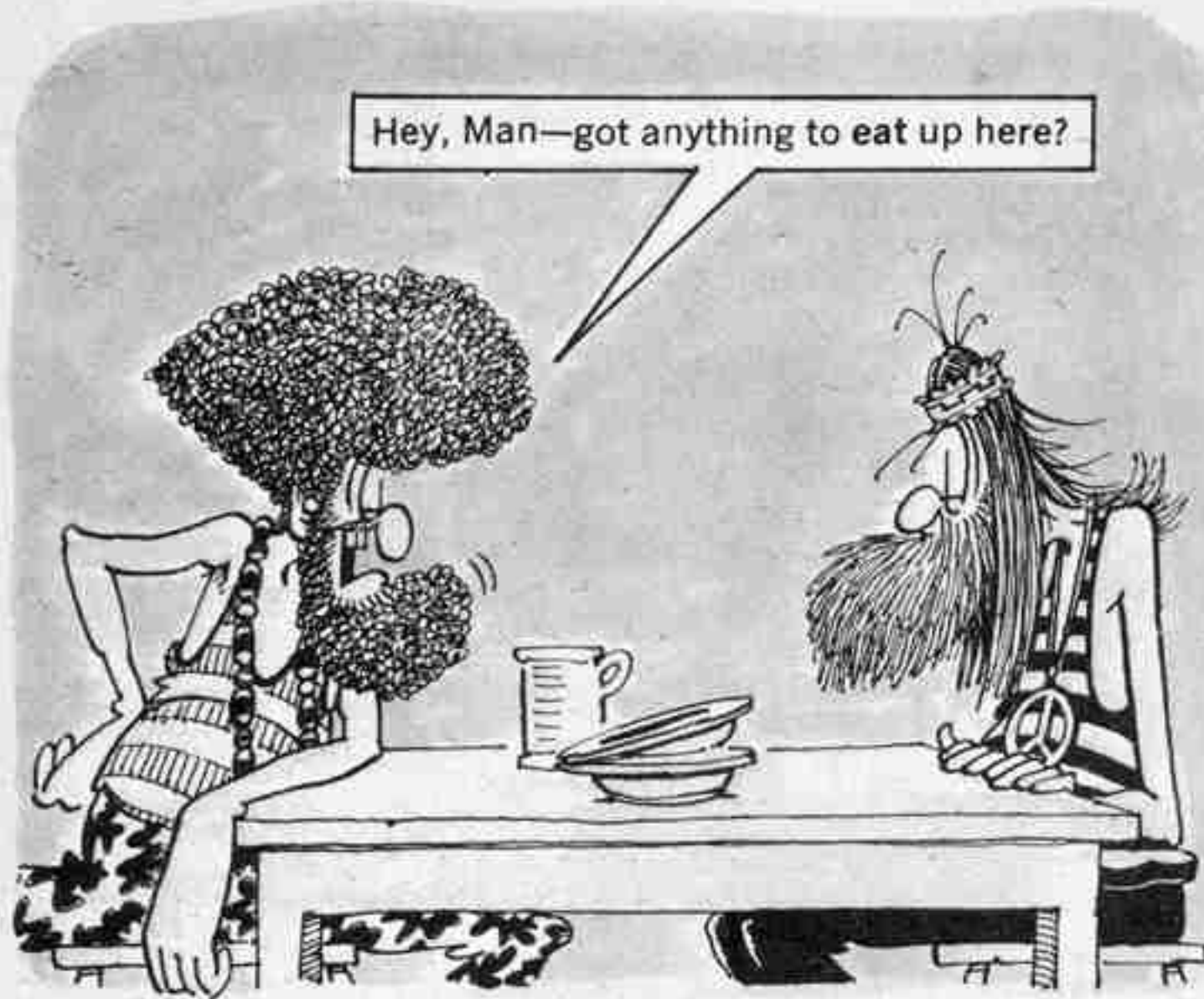
—and don't be afraid of the dark...

Hey, Chief! Wait for us!!

AAAE

ANGER

ONE DAY IN A CRASH-PAD



◀B

Unless Mr. Nixon dumps Mr. Agnew as his running mate in '72, the Vice-President will almost certainly develop Presidential aspirations, and we'll be sure to see this as

A FUTURE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN POSTER



ARTIST: NORMAN MINGO WRITER: BILL GARVIN