



MAD^{IND} **MAD**[®]

No. 148
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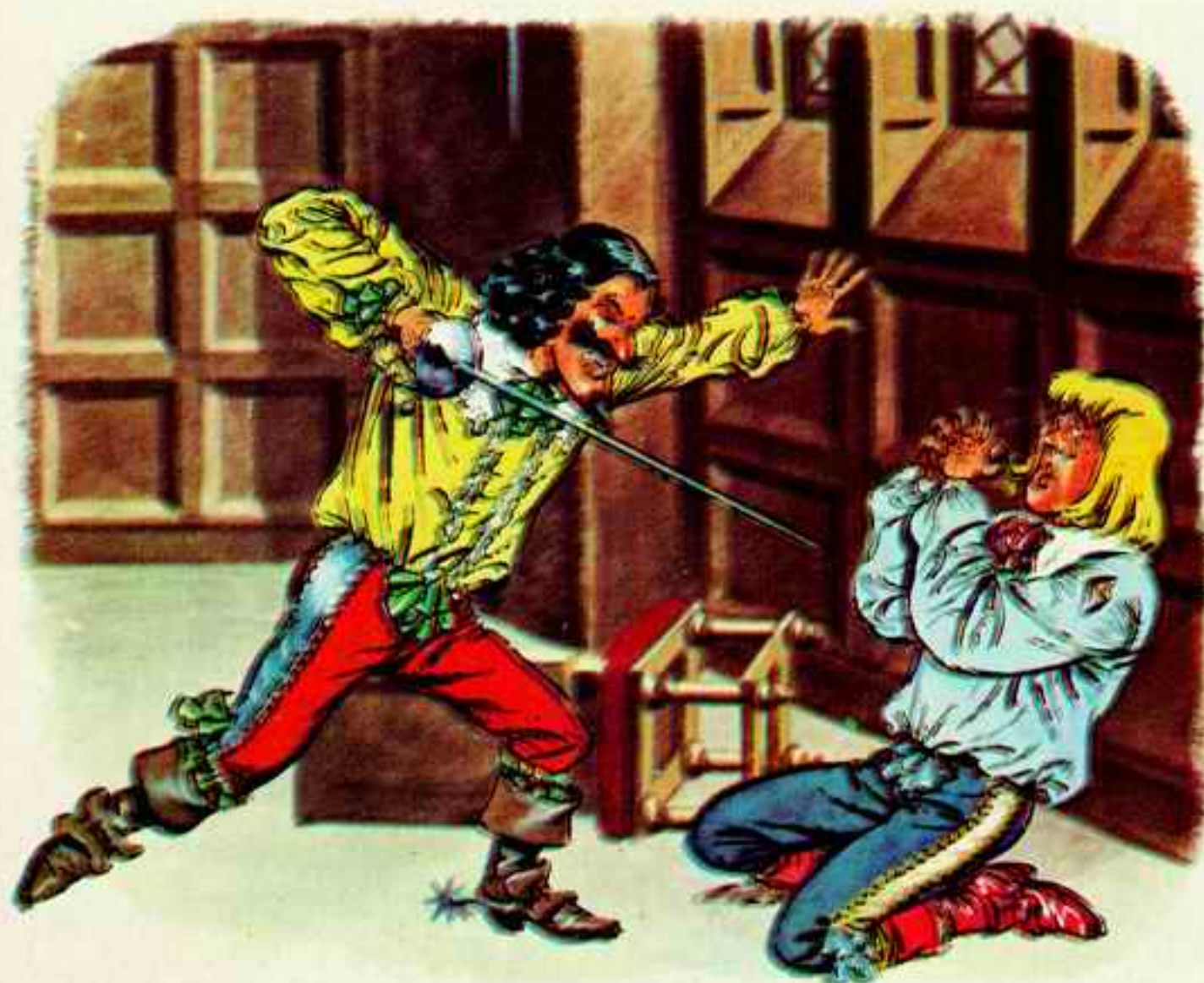
Norman Mingo

A MOVIE SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: AL JAFFEE



MAD

"Many a self-made man was constructed by forced labor!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
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JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
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CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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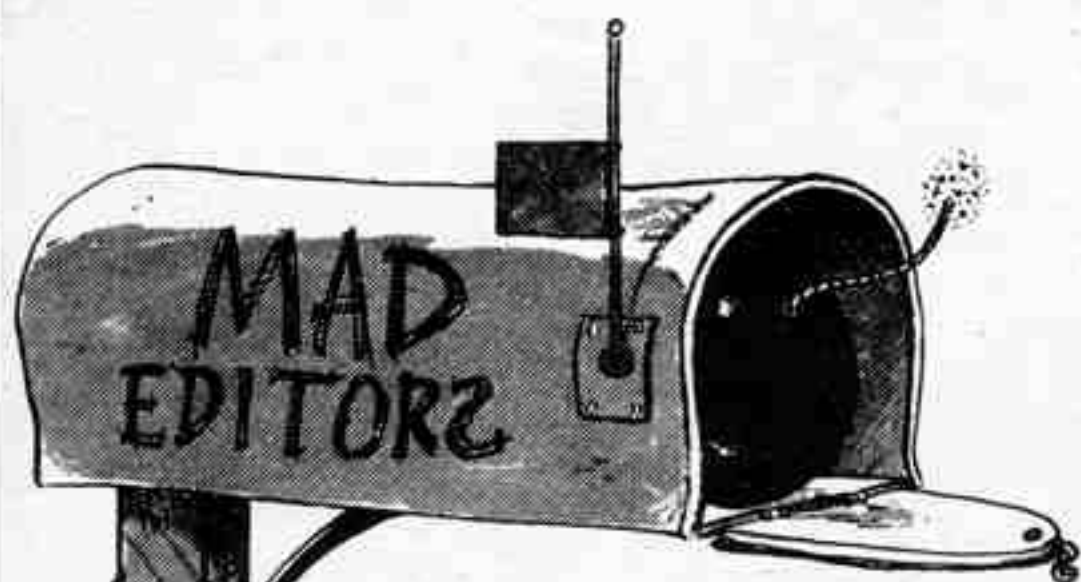


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POLLUTANT PRODUCER

Some types of pollution are named for the combination of pollutants in them, such as "smog" (smoke and fog). Now, MAD has created a new type of pollution called "Moke," which is a result of two million copies of MAD going up in smoke each month when they're burned by disgusted readers.

Dennis Norris
Siler City, N.C.

Having read every issue for the past 12 years, I can say without reservation that the "Special Polluted Issue" was definitely the "heaviest." Hope the many powerful toes you've stomped will fail to still your voice of sanity.

J. D. Lewallen
Atlanta, Ga.

LOVER'S STORY

I think it was the worst and poorest excuse for "Love Story." I do believe you missed the whole point of that wonderfully expressed emotional experience.

Pixie Broadley
Reading, Mass.

Your satire of "Love Story" was even funnier than the original!

R. Chast
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I cried more at your "sorry" satire than I did at the movie.

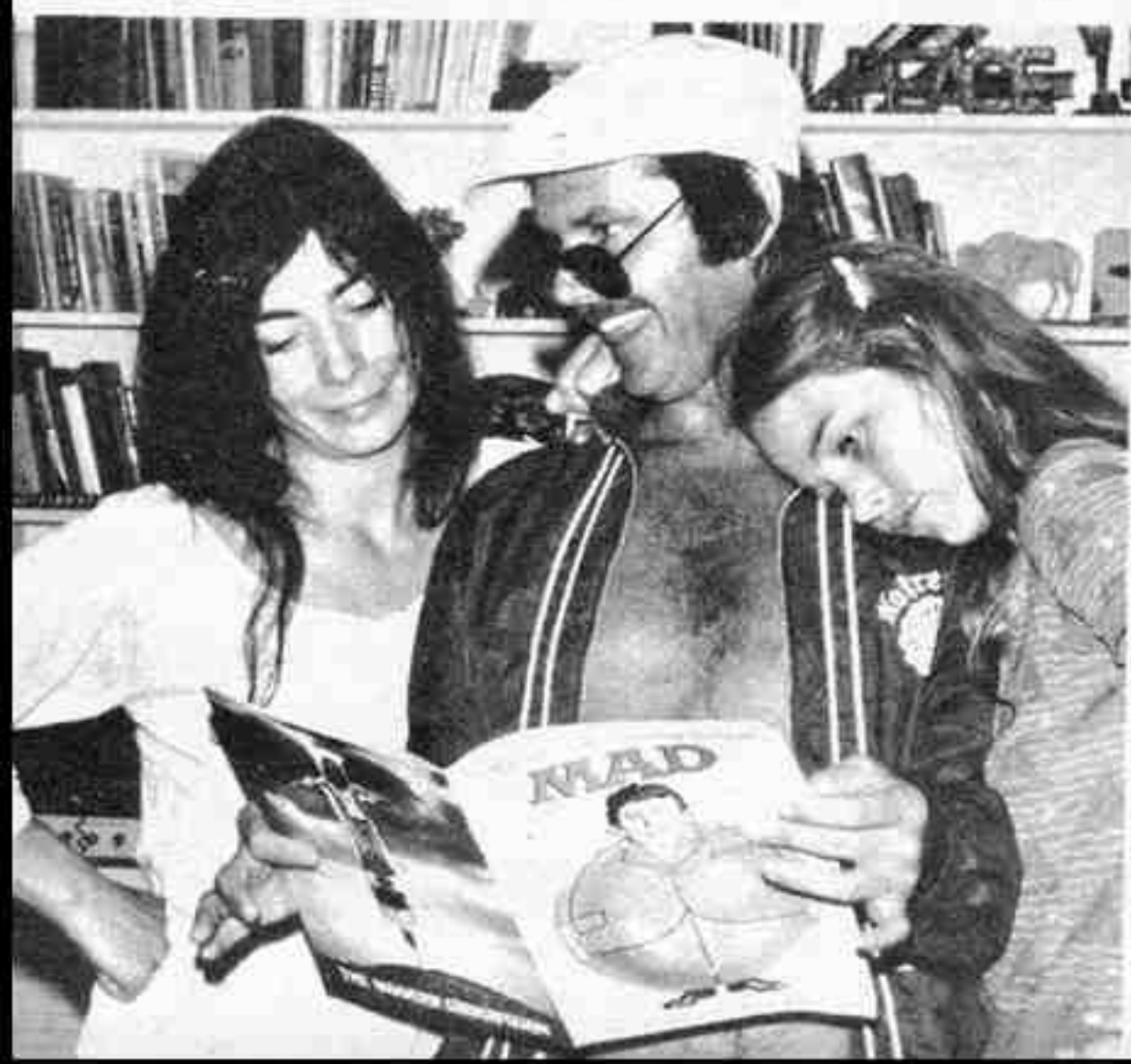
Curt Roemer
Valley Stream, N.Y.

Your "Lover's Story" made me laugh so hard, I *Preppied* in my pants.

Pete Morris
Cleveland, Ohio

NICHOLSON & CO. GOES MAD

Jack Nicholson, star of that other "Five Easy Pieces," shares his issue of MAD, containing our version, with lovely actresses Helena Kallianiotes and Michele Phillips.



WEINSTEIN ON WRY



When I'm not writing superlative sex manuals such as "Everything You NEVER Wanted To Know About Sex" (Paperback Library, one dollar; available at leading bookstores), or when I'm not trying to sell Hollywood film scripts like "Son of Love Story" (Ali MacGraw lives after all, her illness being diagnosed from the *wrong* X-rays, but Ryan O'Neal dies from touching an infected hockey puck), or when I'm not having my knees recapped (I do it every 20,000 miles) . . . I read and delight in MAD. It was MAD which taught me such proverbs as "A Rolling Stone gathers no moss, because Mick Jagger is too busy trying to cop some grass." Or, "A stitch in time stops a hernia." Or, "Being Erich Segal means never having to say you're poor." How odd that the MAD people are among our sanest global residents, while some of our so-called sane people, the ones who louse us up on this mortal coil, are "mad"! But that's the way the Astro-turf mildews.

Sol Weinstein
Woodland Hills, Calif.

THIS IS AMERICA . . .

Concerning "THIS IS AMERICA . . .", I think your magazine is normally (or abnormally) hilarious. However, this article struck a nerve. The part concerning the Apollo program vs. the slum program ruined it. It should be known that for every dollar that goes to NASA, *twenty-three* go to the slum program. Why should we halt lunar exploration? Consider this: What if Columbus had decided to turn back and not "waste" any more of the Queen's money?

Gary Karpinski
Valley Forge, Pa.

I have just read your "THIS IS AMERICA . . ."! In all its ugliness, it is beautiful.

Greta Meyerhof
Pasadena, Calif.

REALITY STREET

"Reality Street" is a MADsterpiece! Just like the real thing.

Phil Hurd
Westport, Conn.

FOUR HORSEMEN OF METROPOLIS

Jack Thurston brought on "The Four Horsemen Of The Metropolis" with thundering impact. If you look through the fire and brimstone, you can almost see the *jackasses* at City Hall, too!

Nancy Maranzano
Bayside, N.Y.

MIDDLE AMERICAN FAMILY

Although your special issue on pollution had many fine points, such articles on the "Middle American Family" exemplify the bias, twisted trash which is dominating your issues. To imply that my family are tax-evading, hypocritical drunken war-mongers is an outrageously disgusting insult. On my behalf, I'm sick of all these "Wars of Liberation." The Communists laid down the law of the jungle when they said: "We will bury you!"

(17 year old)
Richard Majuk
Kings Park, N.Y.

I thought your interview of a typical "Middle American Family" was absolutely great! The characters seemed so *real*.

Elaine D'Amore
Cranston, R.I.

STEADFAST NEW ZEALANDER

Congratulations! After ten years, I *still* get a kick out of MAD and *still* like the U.S.A.

Richard Marshall
Auckland, New Zealand

INTRODUCTIONS REQUESTED

I was sad to hear your introductions writer was kidnapped, somewhere in #146. I hope you guys wise up and pay the ransom of nine cents because, along with the sickeningly clever names of the departments, the introductions are some of the best features of MAD.

Susan Mahaffy
Newport News, Va.

BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

Do you know that the Bureau of Internal Revenue accepts our MAD subscription deduction under "Occupational Expenses"? They agree with us that reading MAD "improves our skills" as American History teachers.

Mr. & Mrs. Tim Colwell
Collegeville, Pa.

NEW MAD CHECKLIST

Fred von Bernewitz has just completed a *third edition* of his Complete MAD Checklist, a mammoth index and cross-reference of MAD #89 to #136, including all the annuals and books published from 1964 to 1970. It contains 126 pages of information and is available for \$3.50 from: Phil Seuling, 2883 West 12th St., Brooklyn, New York 11224.

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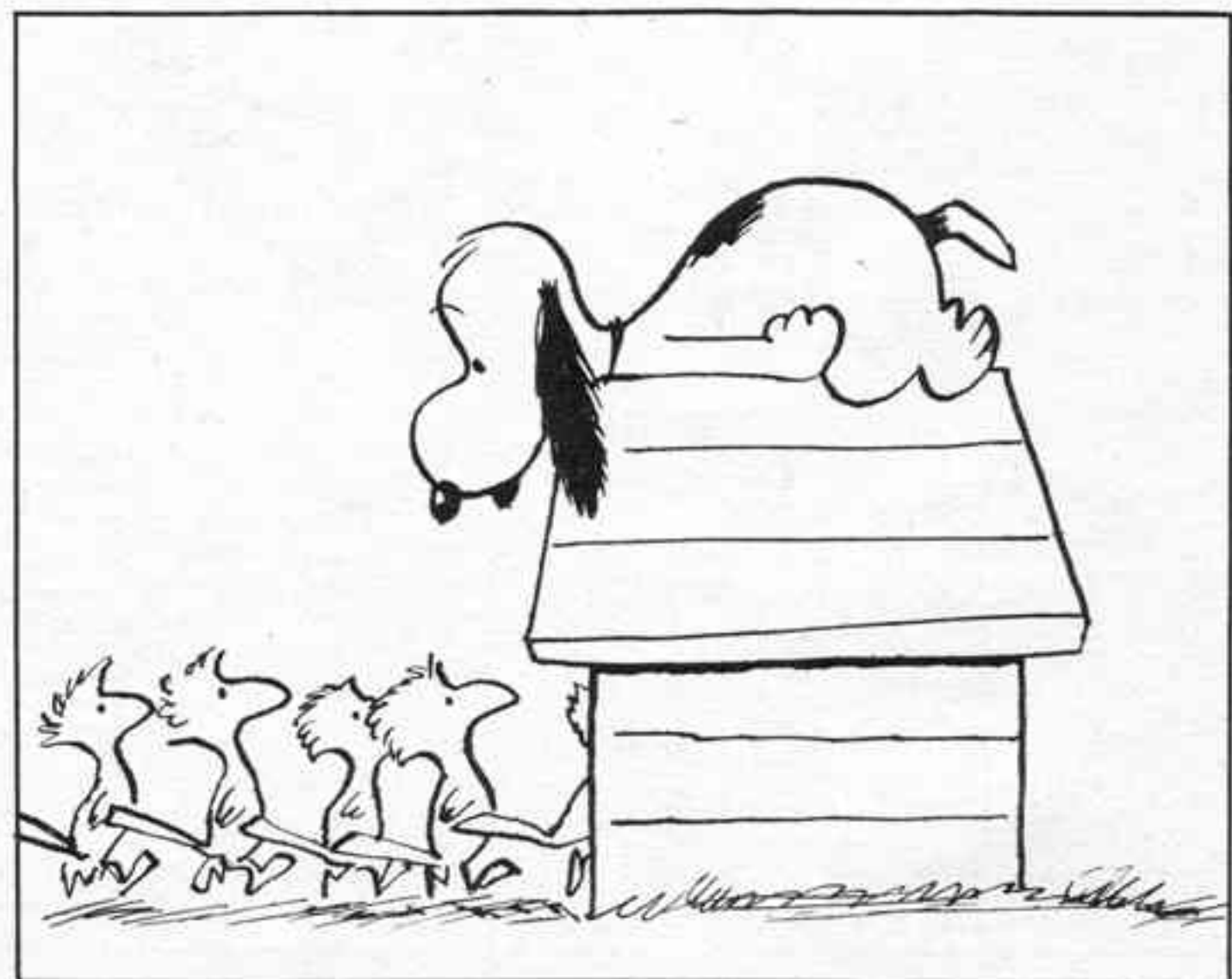
ADDING A NEW WRINKLE DEPT.

Charles Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts", is headed for disaster! He's making the same mistake the creators of "Little Orphan Annie" and "Dondi" and a hundred other cartoonists have made! He's not letting his characters grow up! So, wise up, Charlie Schulz! If you want to stay up there on top, study these samples of future daily strips you could be doing—

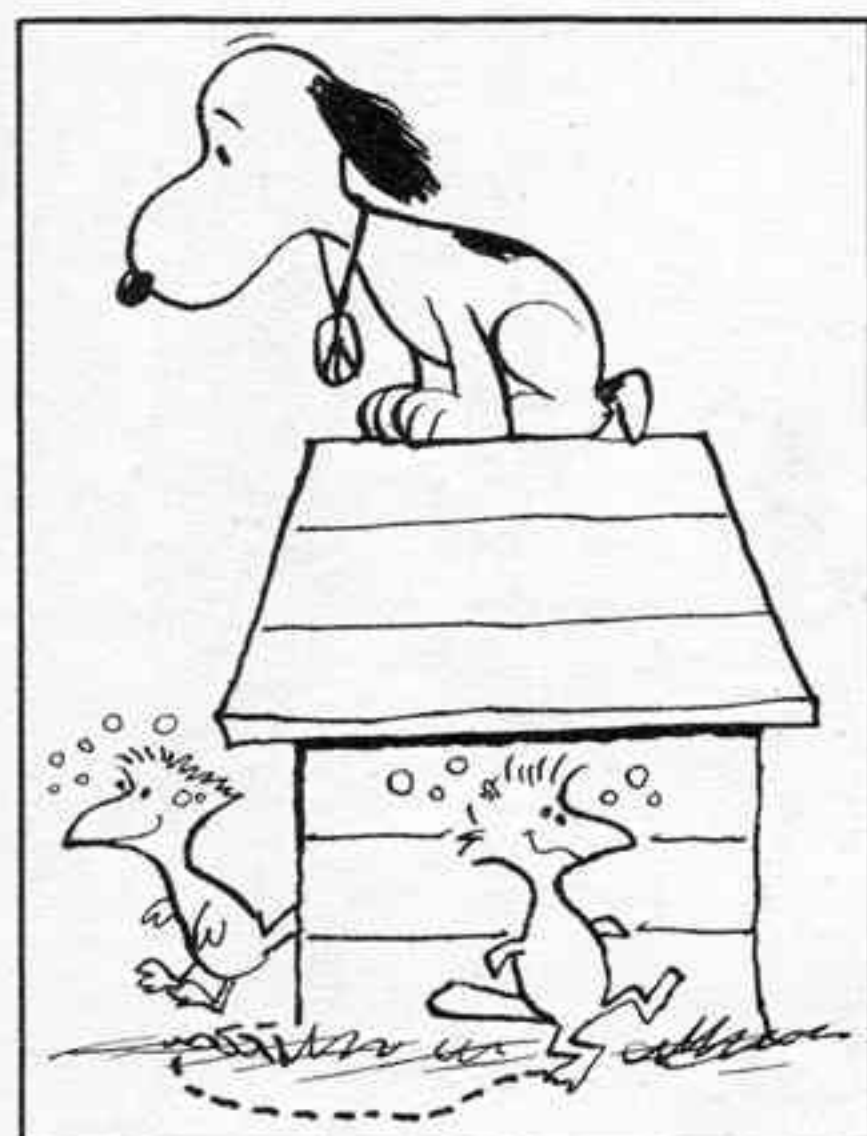
IF THE CHARACTERS IN "PEANUTS" AGED LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE



PEANUTS...



at the age of 19



PEANUTS...at the age of 35



PEANUTS...at the age of 65



THE AIRLINE AD ON TV

Why should **YOU** fly Pan Am . . . the world's most experienced airline? Let's ask arrested 747 hijacker, **Pablo Freebish!** Pablo, why'd you choose Pan Am?

Because Pan Am's got **everything!** To begin with . . .



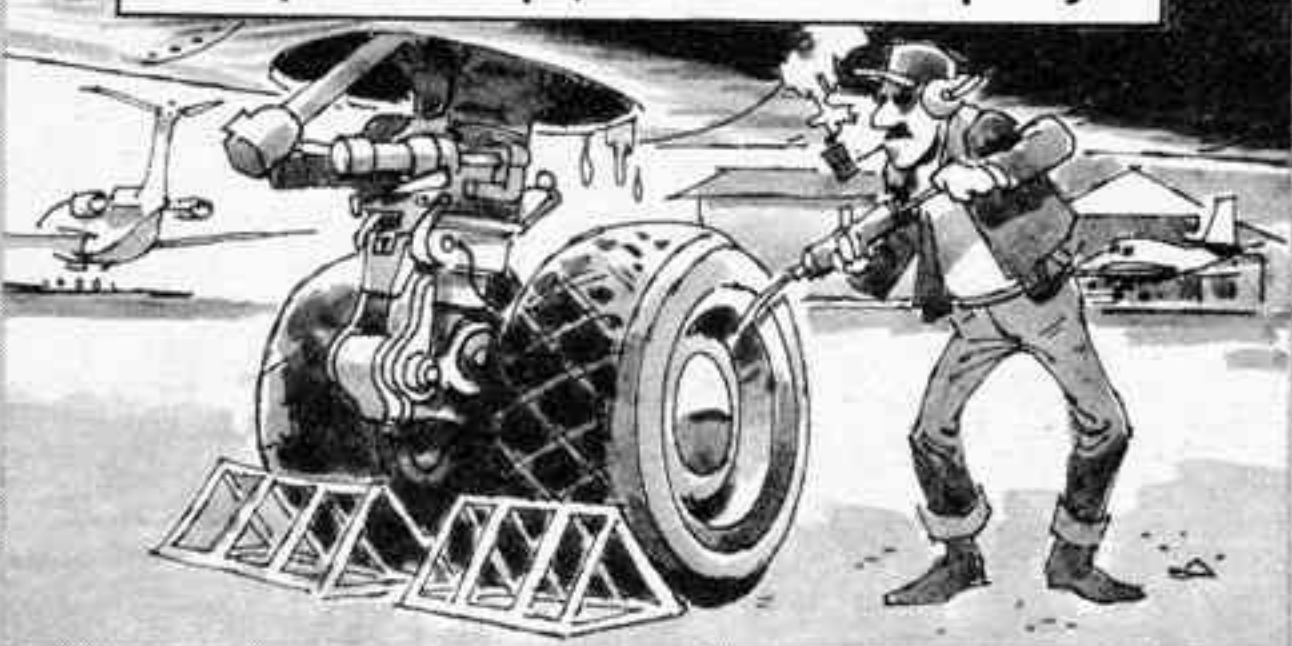
Pan Am's round-the-world pilots each have an average of 20 year's flying experience. They know the landing patterns in Havana, Beirut, Cairo and other popular hijack destinations!



Pan Am's stewardesses are multi-lingual, and can better understand heavily-accented shouts, threats and ravings . . . and Pan Am's stewards stock a full supply of wines and whiskeys for keeing up your **courage** while you're waiting for the right moment to take over the plane!



But most important, Pan Am's ground crews are constantly checking landing gears and other key parts of the planes in case of an **out-of-the-way** landing on a remote desert plateau, or a polar ice cape, or a Chinese rice paddy!



HARD-CORE-SELL DEPT.

Back in the old days, radicals and extremists were poor, down-trodden members of the masses without a dime to their names. Today, however, the typical extremist is pretty well-heeled—with financial backing from indulgent parents, maniac philanthropists, subversive organizations, or (God forbid!) a job. So he's got the cash to buy dynamite before he blasts a building. He's got a credit card to buy an airline ticket before he hijacks a plane. Whether on the Far Left or Right, the extremist of today has purchasing power. Which, as we all know, is just what the boys on Madison Ave. are looking for! After all, who cares about a man's politics as long as he has a buck to spend!? Any day now we'll be seeing these ads and commercials

WHEN MADISON AVENUE APPEALS TO EXTREMISTS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

No wonder knowledgeable world travelers like Pablo Freebish agree . . . "Pan Am makes the going great!" Right, Pablo?

I dunno! I never got there!

Ask me when I get out in 20 years!



THE GASOLINE AD ON TV

We're here at the Civic Auditorium in Jersey City . . . where Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew is addressing a "Dump Nixon For Agnew—Or Wallace—Or Both" Rally . . . for the Shell Mileage Test!



Car No. 1, carrying five screaming Maoists and a token Black Panther, has one ounce of Super Shell **WITHOUT** Platformate! Now, the driver is pushing his foot to the floor, and he's speeding toward the crowded auditorium!



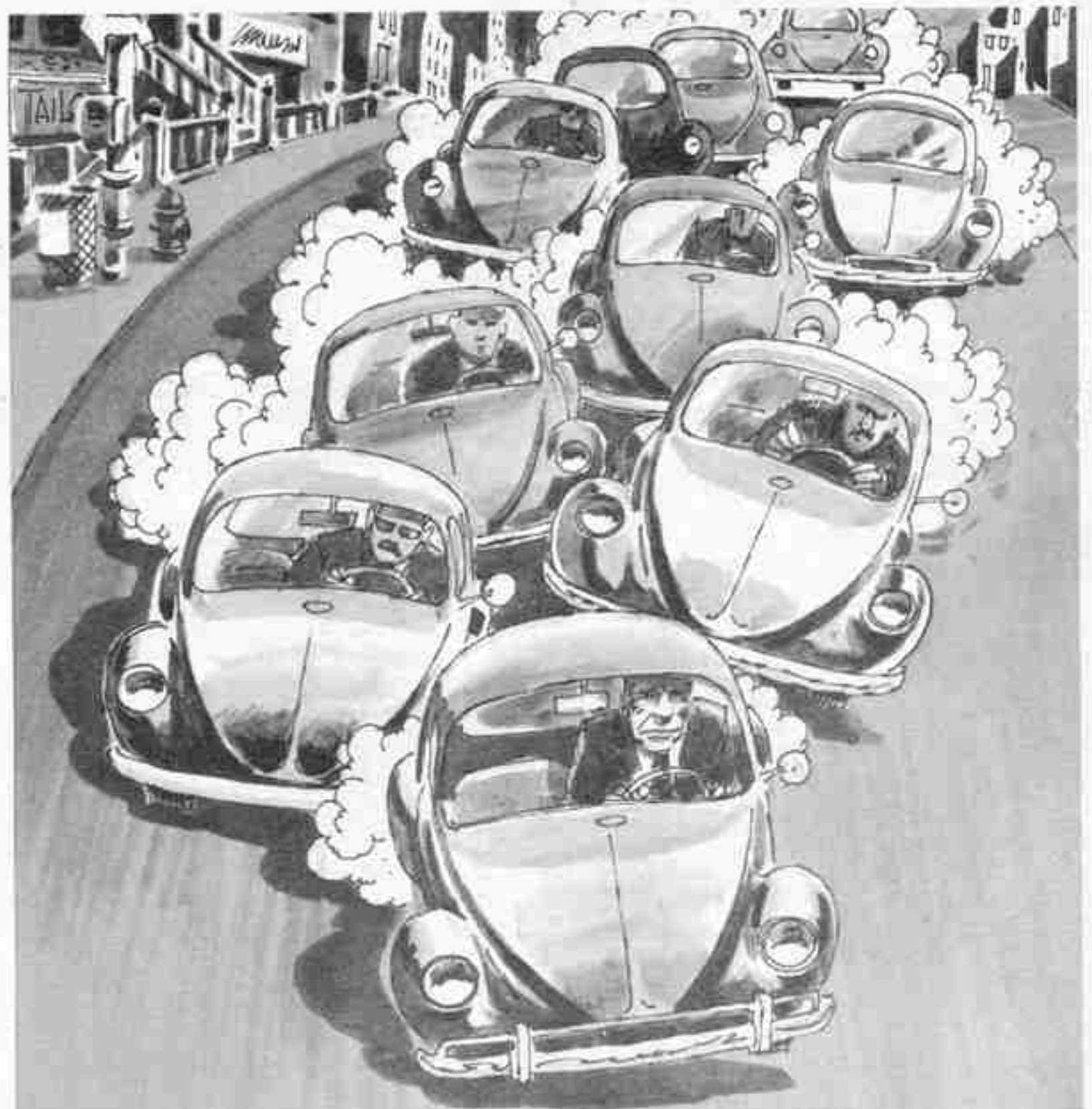
Car No. 1 crashes through the police barricade outside the auditorium, and stops—out of gas!



Car No. 2, which also carries five screaming Maoists and a token Black Panther, has one ounce of Super Shell **WITH** Platformate! Once again the driver zooms toward the auditorium!



THE CAR AD IN MAGAZINES



The Perfect Get-Away Car

One of these Volkswagens contains a band of KKK night-riders who just dynamited the house of a black family that moved into a white neighborhood.

But which Volkswagen?

It's impossible to tell! Because every Volkswagen looks like a million others! For over 25 years, we've been turning out the same ugly model.

The night-riders are making a safe get-away, secure in the knowledge that even if their car were identified as a Volkswagen, it

would be impossible to discover which Volkswagen! So—fear not, white supremacists and vigilantes! Continue to protect your clean, white, holy way of life!

Bomb, burn, murder and destroy like Hitler did . . . in the car Hitler invented!



Volkswagen

Look! The car powered by Shell with Platformate has burst through the police barricade, keeps on going across the sidewalk, and still has enough gas left to plow halfway into the crowded auditorium! **Proof . . . the militant leftists in cars using Shell with Platformate can GO FURTHER!!**



THE CAR AD ON TV



THE INSURANCE AD IN MAGAZINES



What if the Pigs get you?

Or if a Molotov Cocktail goes off in your hands? Or if you're buried alive in a munitions factory? You won't be around to take care of *them!* Your old lady will have to raise the kid without you!

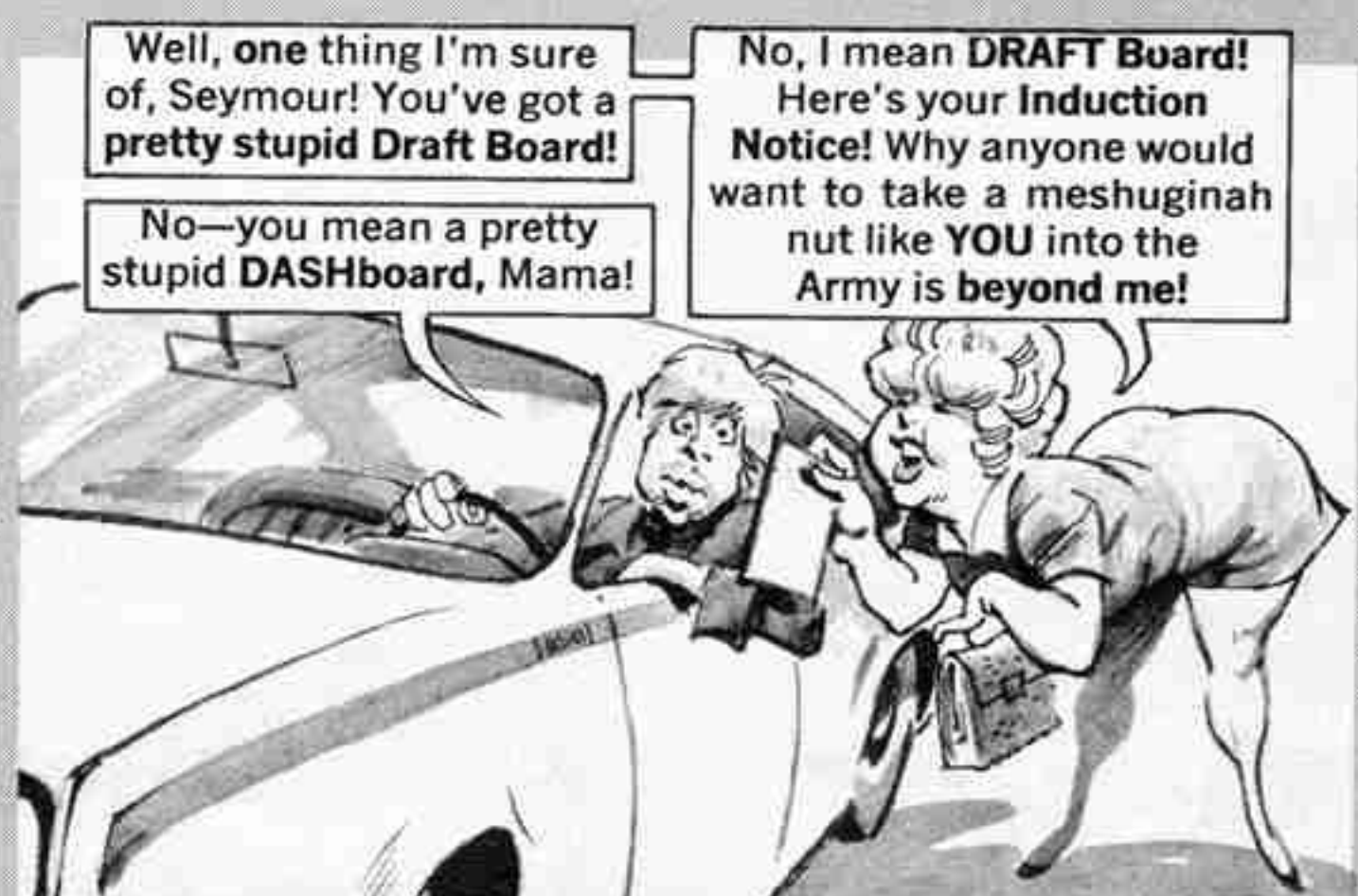
Worst of all, she may meet some square who'll want to marry her!

And your kid won't have an old man who'll teach him how to bring

the war home by blowing up the Bank of America! He may never learn about Che—and Mao—and Bobby—and Bernadette!



Your New York Life Agent grooves your bag. He digs your scene. Call him. Rap with him. He'll show you a plan that'll still bring in the bread should you happen to crash into that Big Freak-Out In The Sky.



THREE TO GET READY DEPT.

Hey, Gang! If you think your parents are uptight and inhibited now, you should have seen them when they were young. You wouldn't believe it! So the next time your old man says, "When I was your age . . ." and starts telling you about the days when he was so square, he could have slept in a Kleenex box, tell him you can now understand why he has all those hang-ups—because you read this MAD version of the movie that shows how he got that way . . . mainly by suffering . . .

THE TRAUMA OF '42

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

Ah, yes . . . I remember it so well! It was 1942, and I was 15! World War II had just started, and we'd already lost Bataan, Corregidor and the entire U.S. Pacific Fleet . . .

Yep . . . those were the good ol' days!

I remember the two crazy pals I had—Husky . . . and Beanie . . .

. . . and I also remember the crazy way things always get all watery and wavy and out-of-focus every time I think back to that miserable Summer I spent with those two idiots—trapped on this God-forsaken, boring island . . .



What do you want to do today?

Let's go down to the gas station and watch them change tires!

But the War's on! There ain't no tires to change!

Just as well! I don't think I could stand all that excitement!

What do you say we stand around and talk dirty?

Armpit!

Belly button!

Crotch!

Lipstick!

Rouge!

Number two!

Gee, you always have to OVERDO it, Husky!

Yeah, watch that stuff! I got a picture of my MOM in my wallet!





Hey, look, you guys! I swiped this Sex Manual from my folks' dresser drawer!

Wow! Does it tell everything? Does it have pictures?

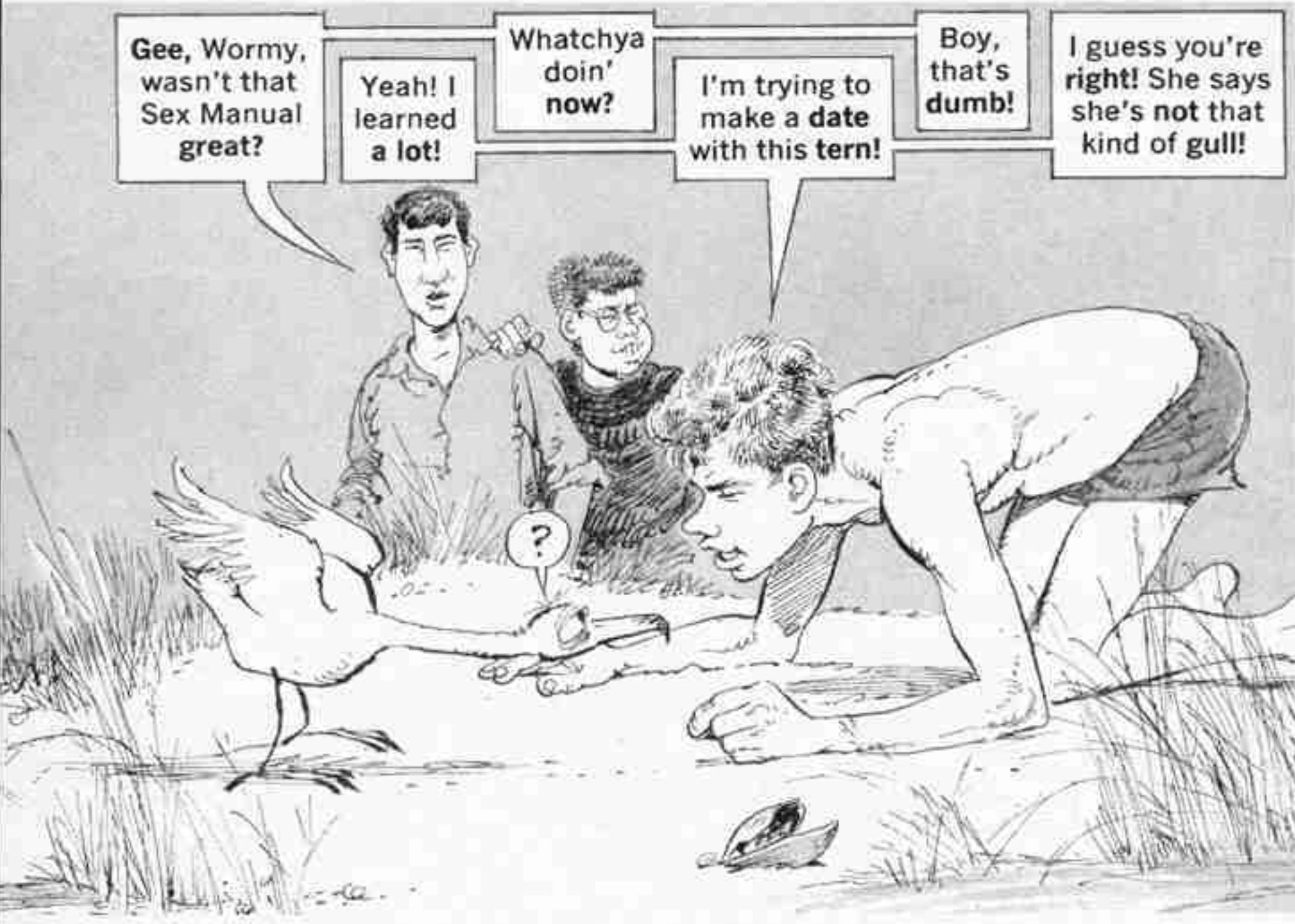
Of course, you dumb jerk! Ain't you ever seen a Sex Manual before!? They all have pictures! Of Popeye ... and Mutt and Jeff ... and Tillie The Toiler ...



Gosh! I never saw my parents do THAT!!

Sure they do!

Yeah, but not with each other!



Gee, Wormy, wasn't that Sex Manual great?

Yeah! I learned a lot!

Whatchya doin' now?

I'm trying to make a date with this tern!

Boy, that's dumb!

I guess you're right! She says she's not that kind of gull!



Wow! Look at that!

Wow! Do you know what I could do with her if she'd let me?

No ... what?
I dunno! I was asking YOU!!



I wonder if they do the kind of stuff we saw in that book?

Naw ... ! I got the only copy!



I'll bet he really loves her!

Sure! That's why he's leaving her here, all alone on this island—with no one to talk to except some horny kids!

I wonder if he'll see any action?

I think he just saw plenty of action!

What in heck does THAT mean?

I dunno, but it sounds grown-up when I say it!



Take a look at those girls over there, Wormy! They look pretty wild! Let's ask them to go to the movies with us! I got a feeling we'll do great with them!

You mean?

We'll get everything but ... !!

Everything but WHAT, Husky?

Everything but SEX!!

Hi! I'd like to take you to the movies ... if we go DUTCH ...

Okay ...!

Great! My name is—

Oh, I know your name! It's Hans Brinker!!



Put your arm around her ... and then work down!

Golly, I'm so nervous!

POP CORN

POP CORN



Keep going! You're doing great! You're almost there!

I could die ...!



I DID IT! I DID IT! I GOT MY HAND ON IT ... NOW!!



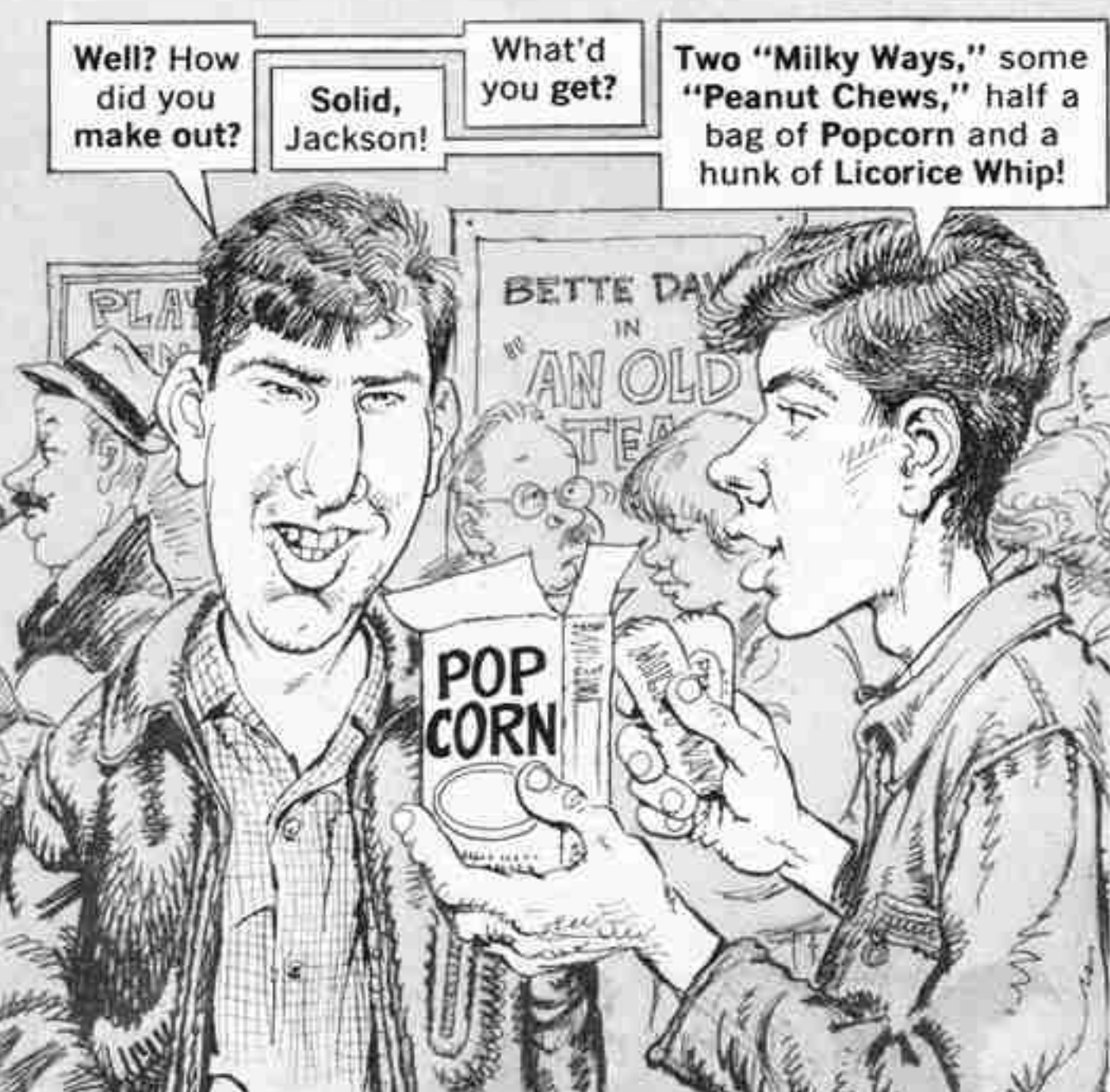
Well? How did you make out?

Solid, Jackson!

What'd you get?

Two "Milky Ways," some "Peanut Chews," half a bag of Popcorn and a hunk of Licorice Whip!

POP CORN

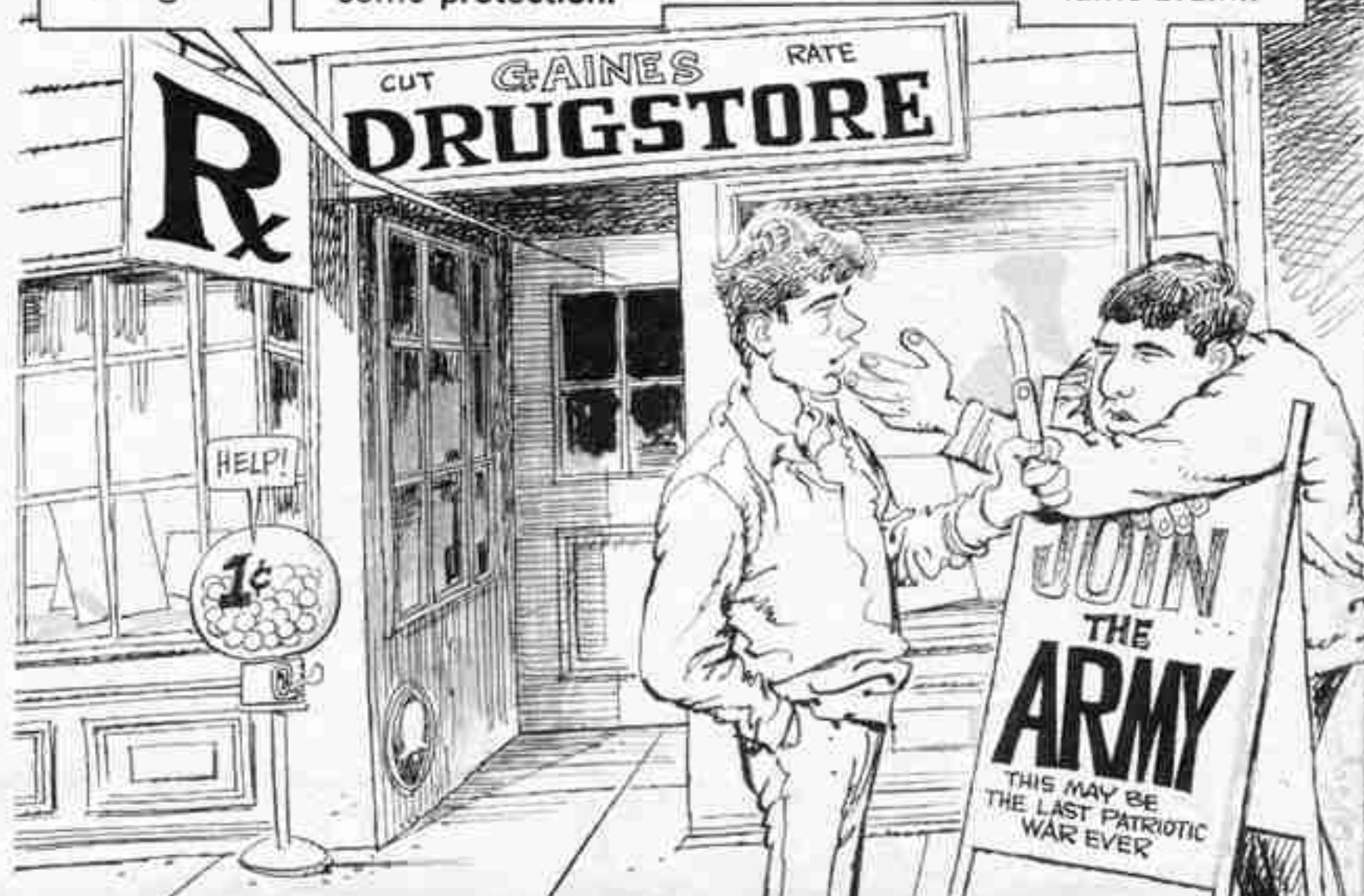


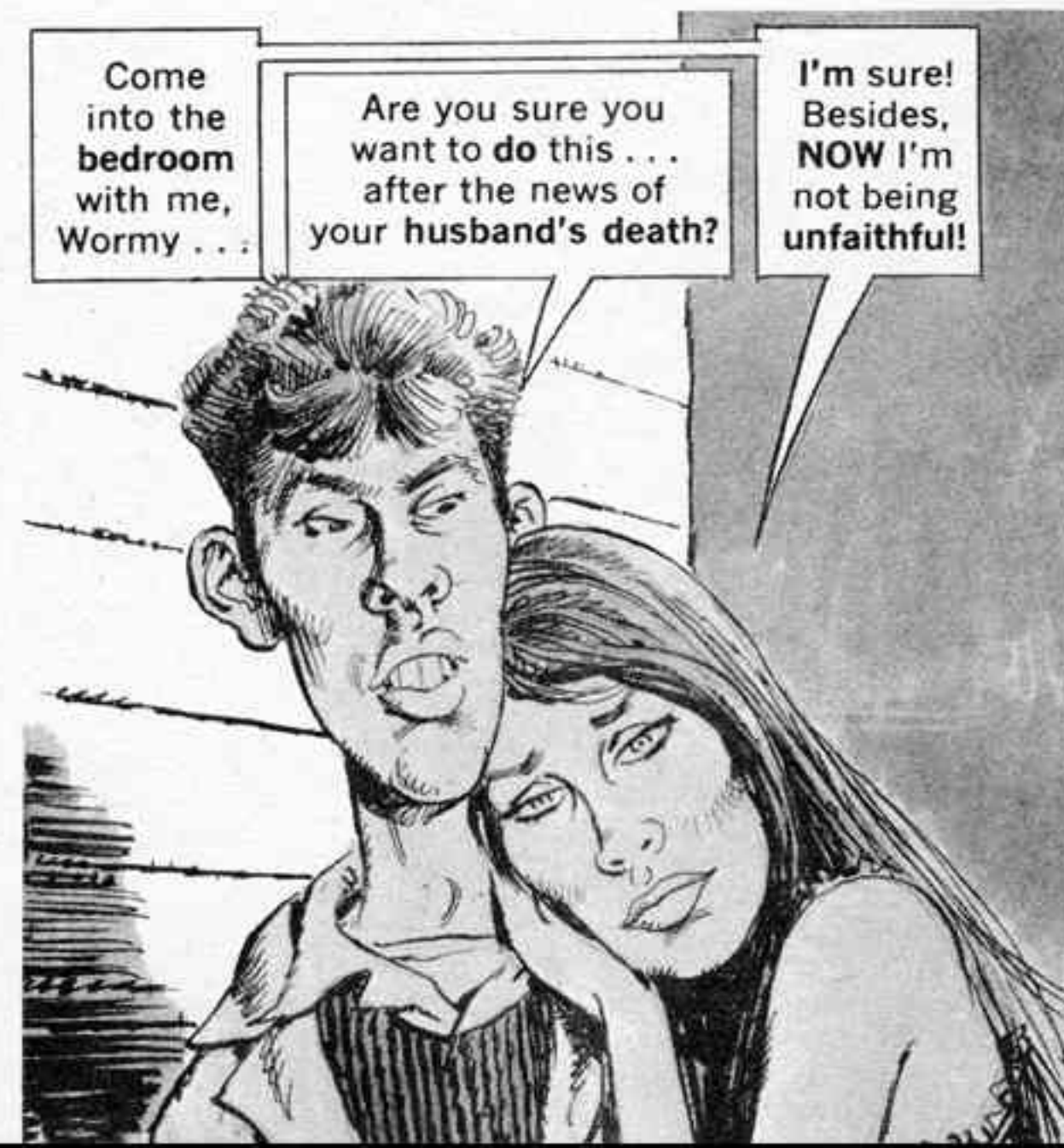
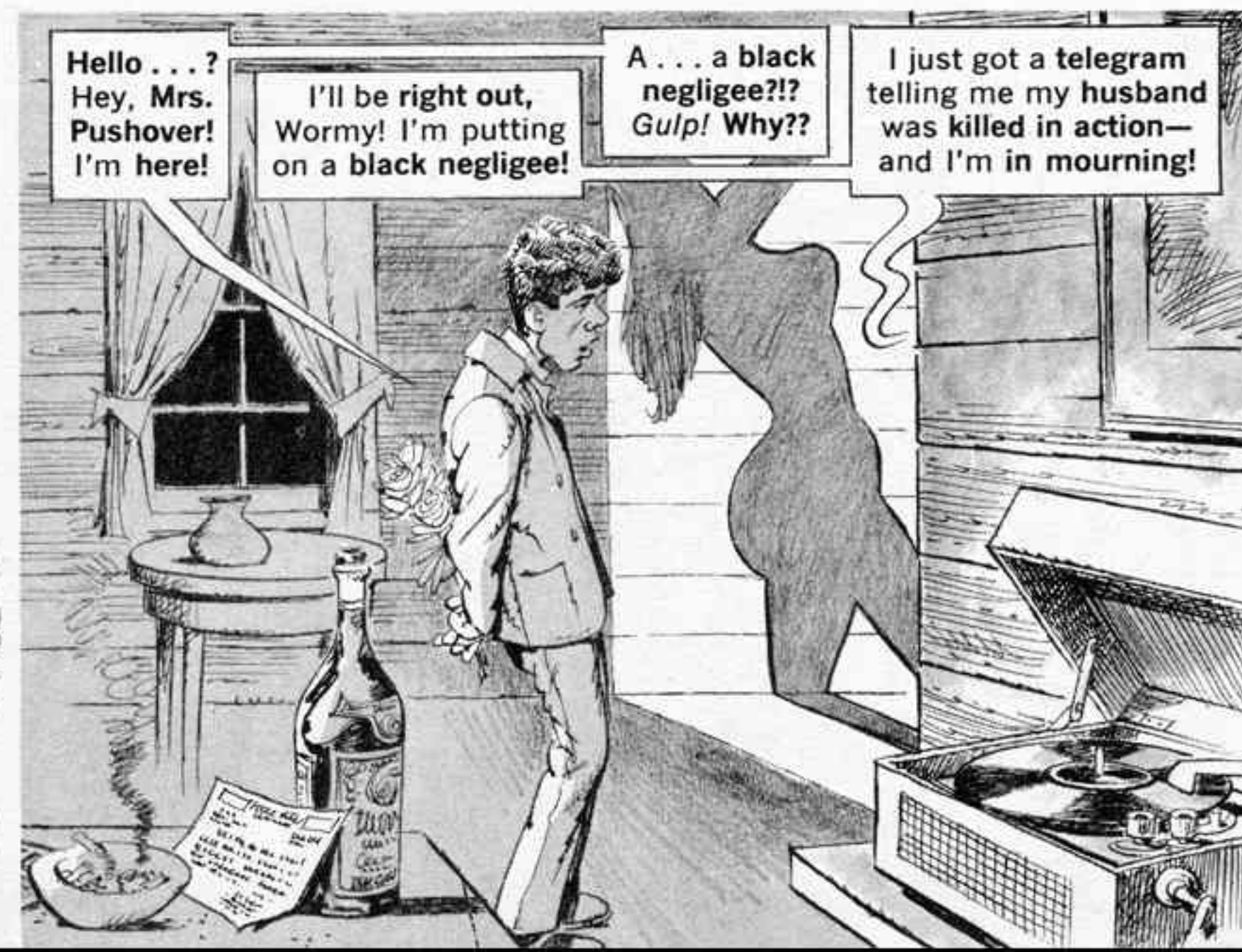
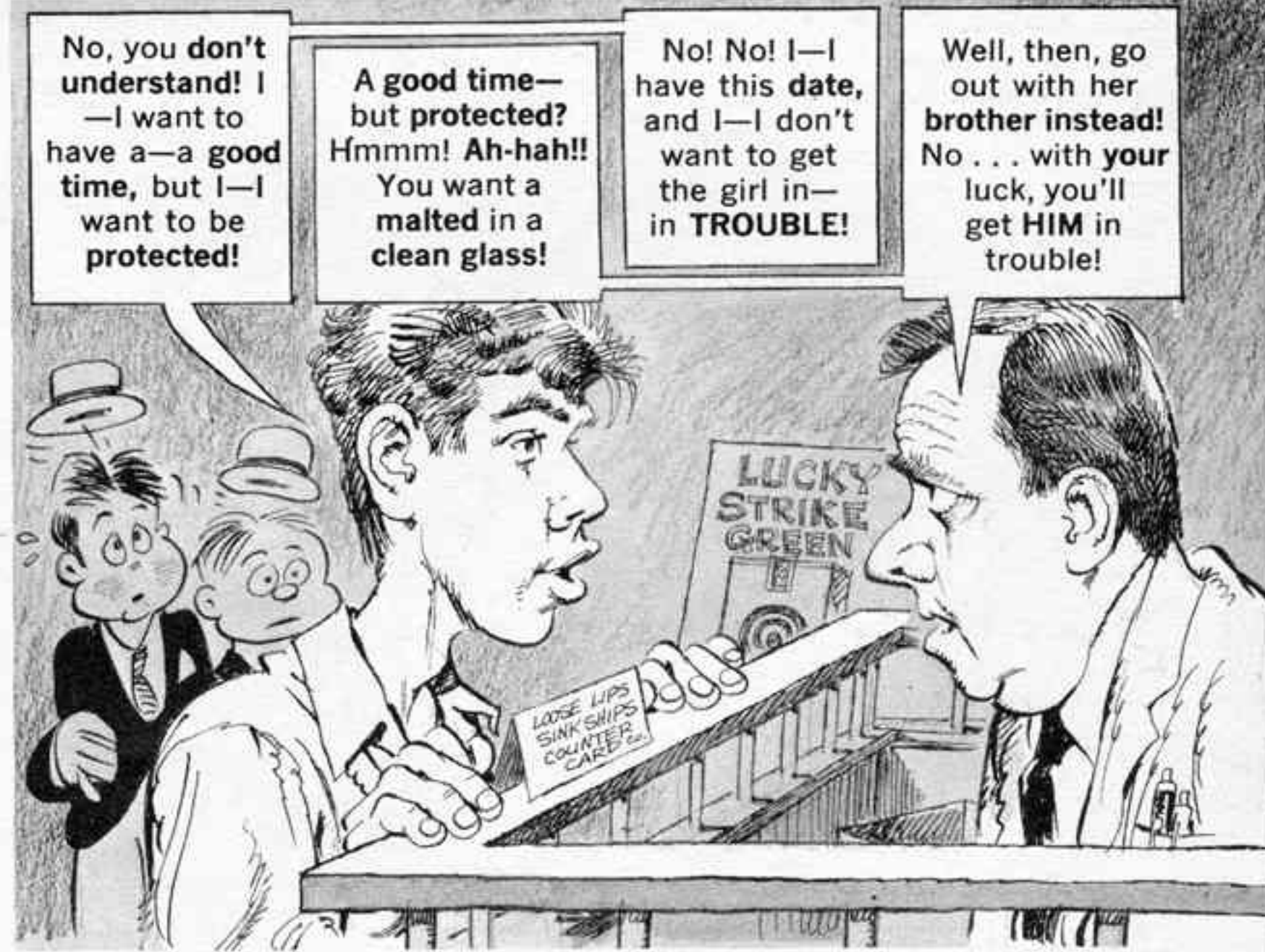
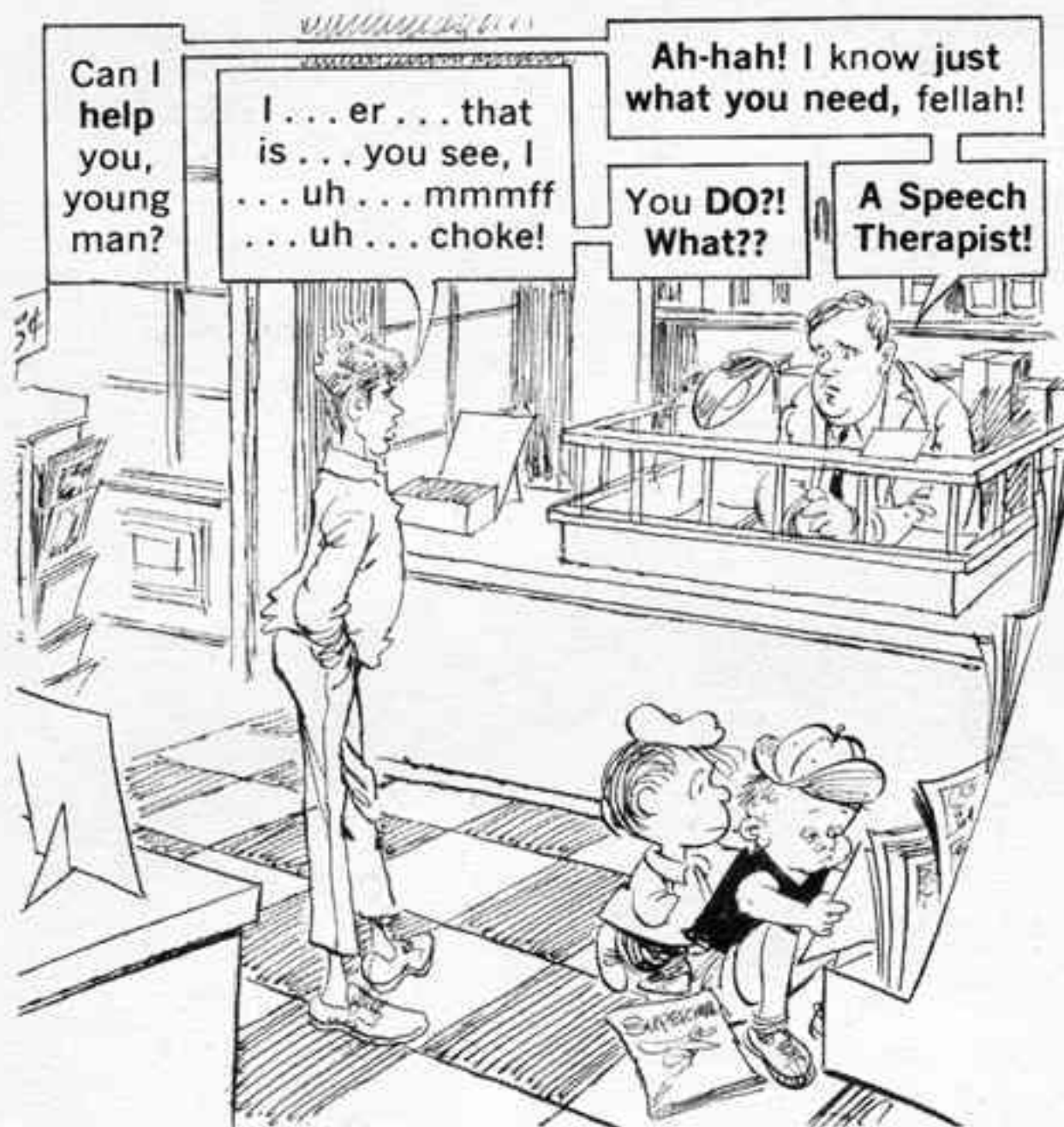
I'm going to see that woman tonight!

Well, if anything happens, you'll need some protection!

Good suggestion! I'll bring along my Scout knife!

I'm not talking about that kind of protection, lame brain!!





Please, Wormy . . .
Don't make me ask
you! Get undressed
and get into bed!

Aw, gee, whiz!
What's the
matter . . . ?

It's Friday, and it's
only 8 o'clock! I don't
have to be in bed on
Fridays until 10 o'clock!

Wowwee! This sure is fun!!

It'll be even more fun when
I get in there WITH you!

Gee, Mr. Mulligan! Won't
this kind of a scene get
us an "R" rating??

I certainly hope so!

But that will mean
kids under 17 won't be
able to see a film that's
about kids under 17!

Precisely! You think
we older folks want
the kids of today to
see how dopey their
fathers really were??

I love you, lady!
Please wait for me
to grow up, and we
can get married??

But, Wormy! I'm
at least 10 years
OLDER than you!

It won't
matter!
Honest
it won't!

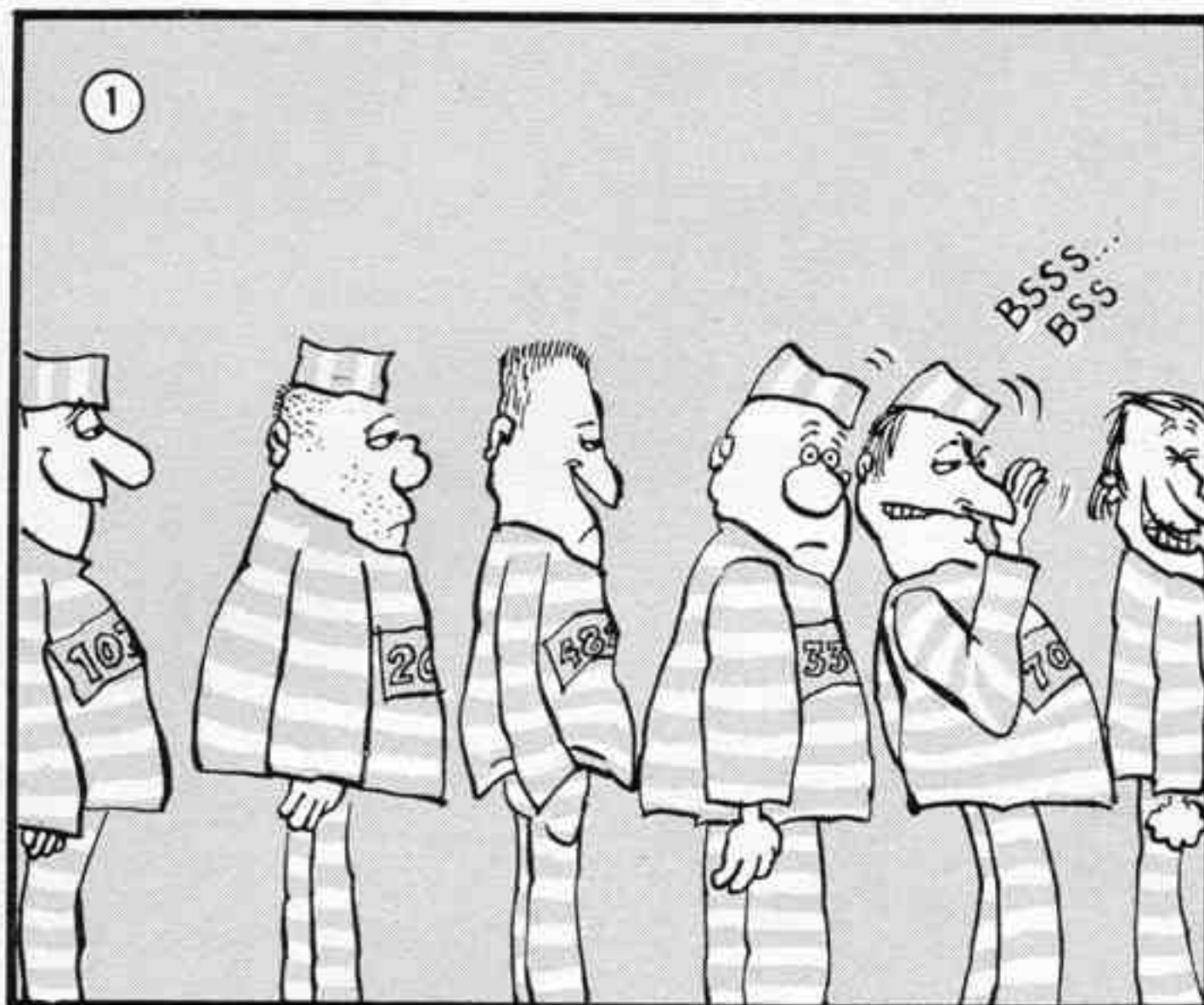
But I was wrong! It DID matter!
Yes . . . I was 15 . . . and she was
26 back in the Summer of '42 . . .

Now, it's the Summer of '72!
And I'm 45 . . . and she's an
old bag of—yecch—57!!

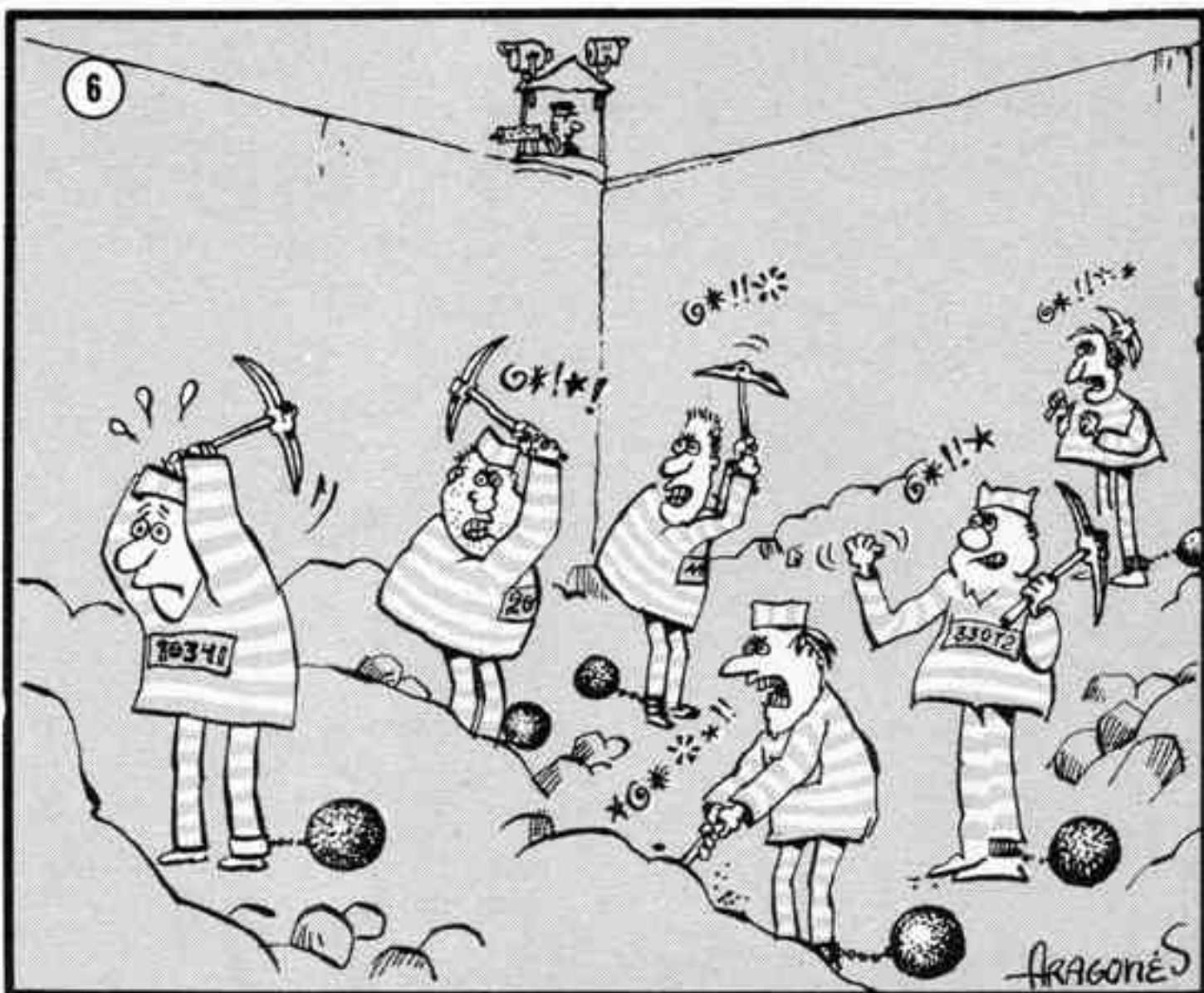
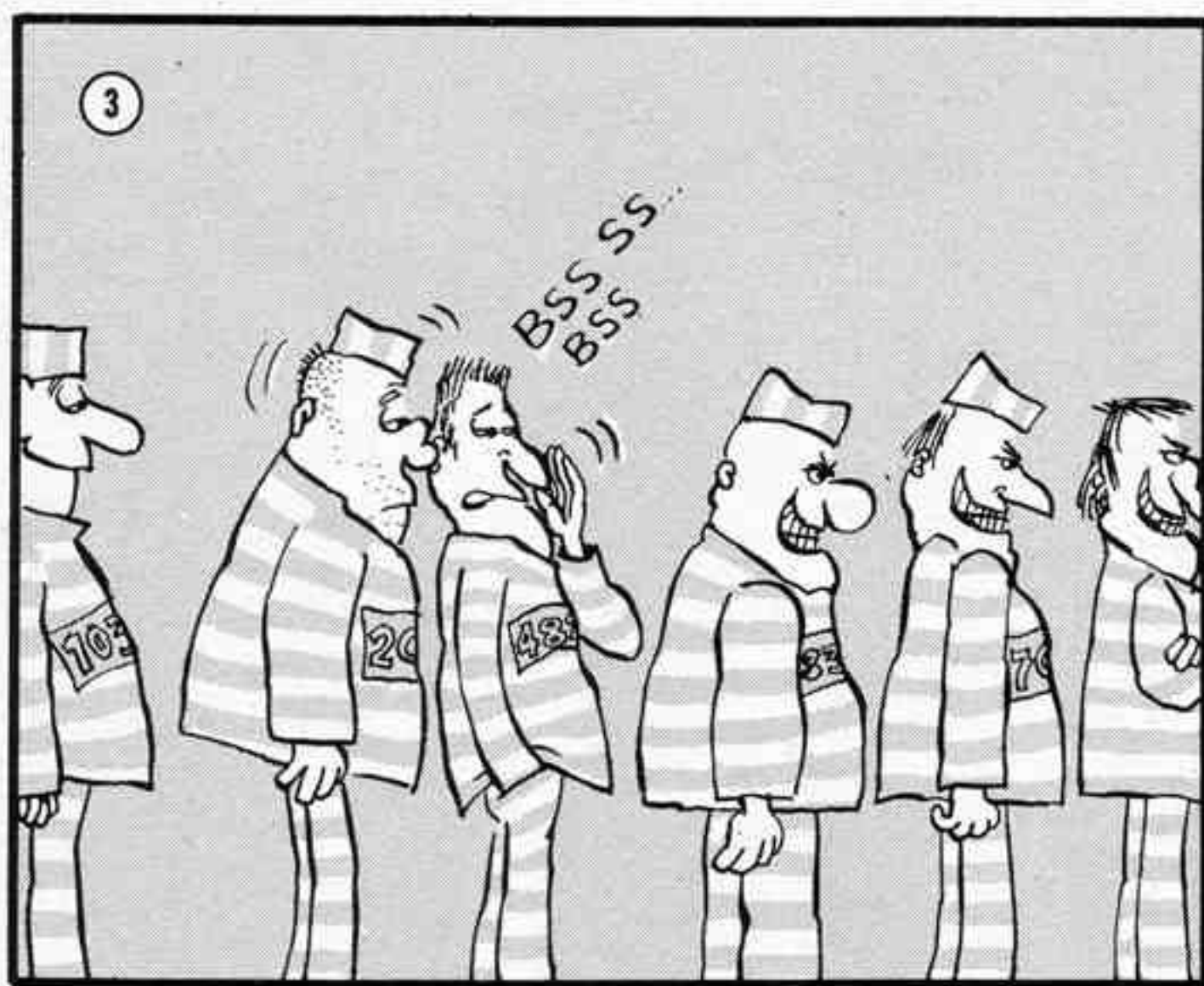
Tell me you
love me, Wormy!

All right! I love you!
Now, shut up and let me
enjoy the scenery!!

THE GREAT ESCAPE PLOT



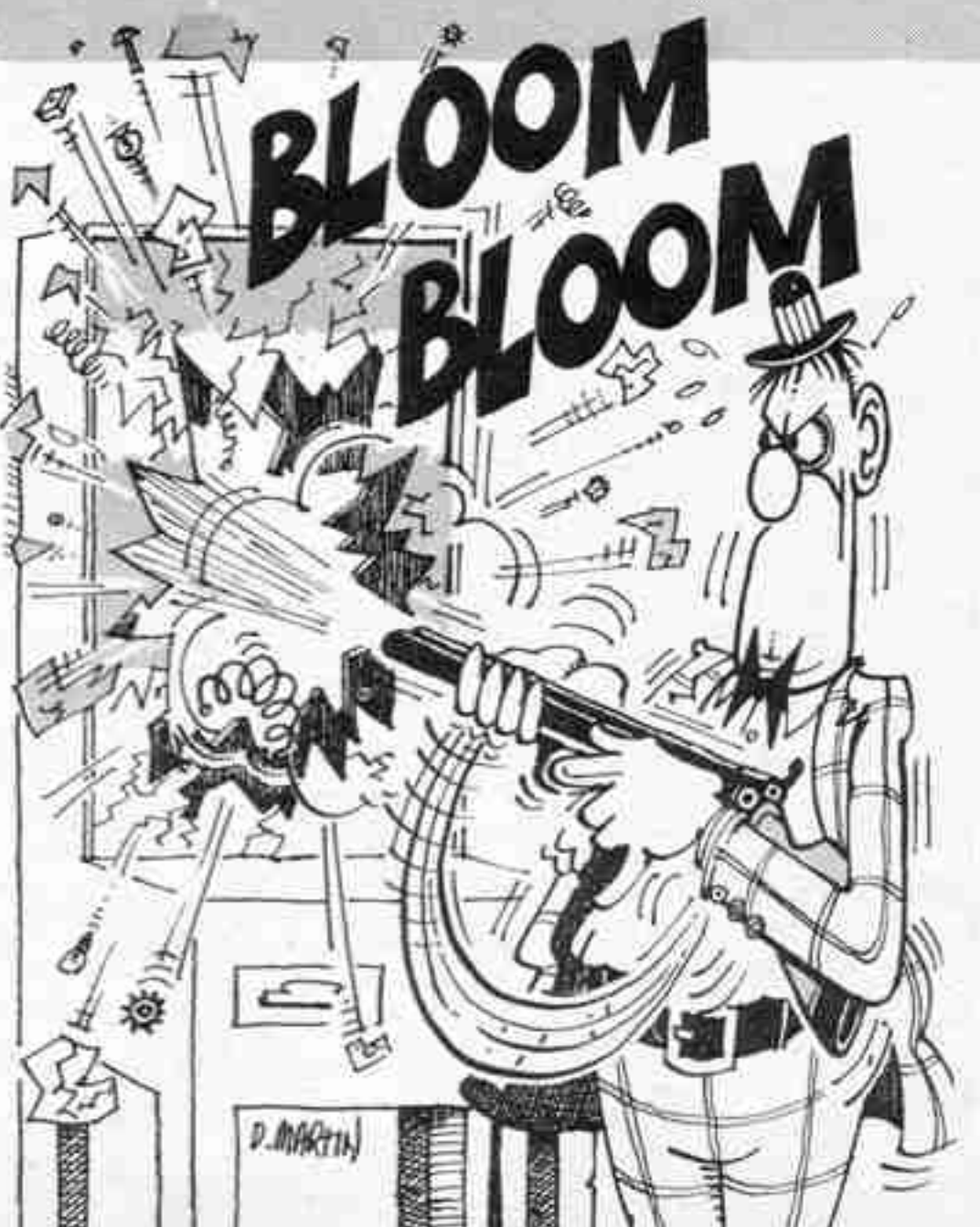
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



ARAGONES

DON MARTIN IN A PLAY- LAND





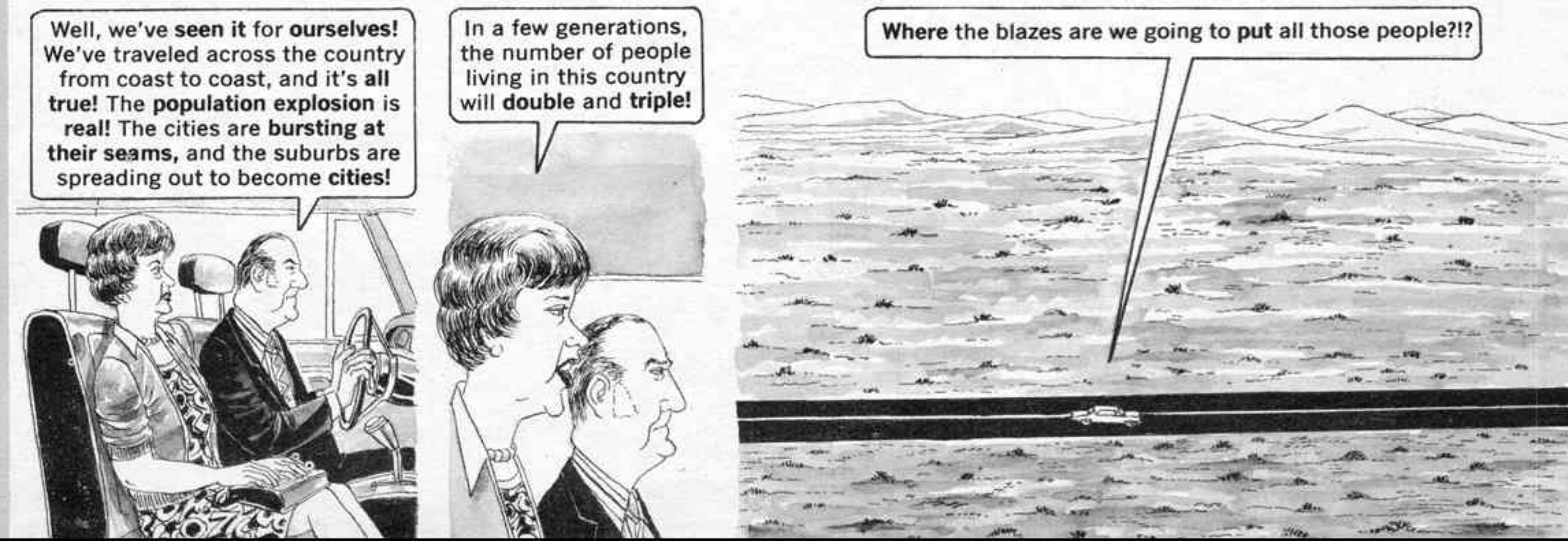
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

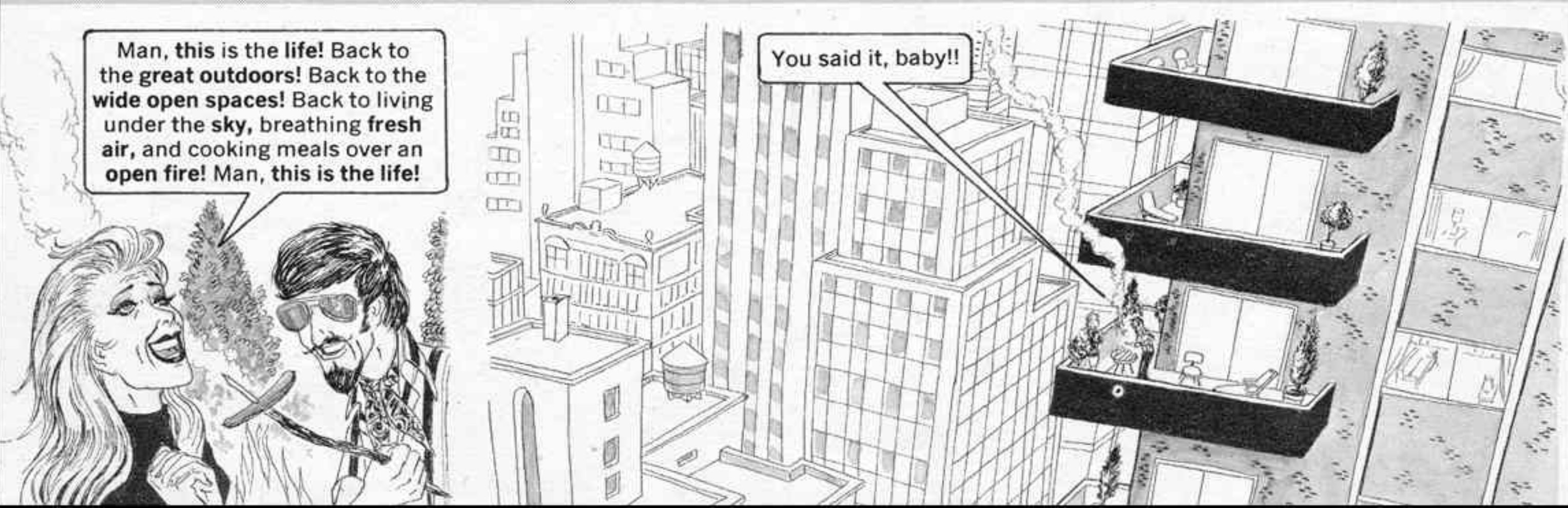
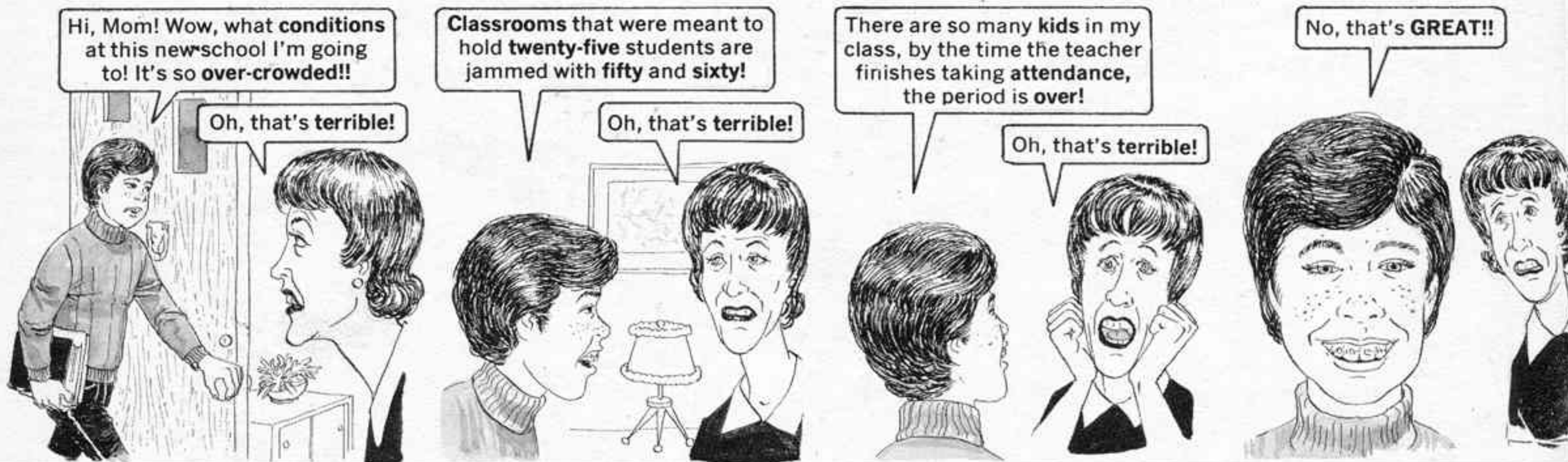
LIVING



SPACE

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG





Oh, wow, how I hate these lecture halls! Everybody sits in the back so they can hack around! Well, I hate being hemmed in! Today, I'm sitting up front, all by myself!



Testing... one... two... three...



THE MIKE SEEMS TO BE DEAD, SO... **EVERYBODY MOVE UP FRONT!**



I'd **BUY** this house in a minute, except for one thing! The living room is too small!

Just leave that to me! All we have to do is line one wall from floor to ceiling with mirrors! That will give the illusion of a very large living room!

And where, pray tell, do we get all these mirrors to create this great illusion?

We buy them, silly!

And where do we get all the money to buy this great illusion?

Oh, that's easy!

From the same place that you illusioned you could afford to buy this expensive house!



Well? How do you like living alone?

I'm not living alone!

Oh? You have a room mate?

No, there's a whole bunch of us living here!

Oh, wow! It must be a blast!

Not really! It keeps me busy, though!

I'm sharing this apartment with a nest of cockroaches!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE LIVING ROOM?! GET OUT OF THERE THIS INSTANT!!

DON'T YOU EVER LET ME CATCH YOU IN THE LIVING ROOM AGAIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'S FOR??

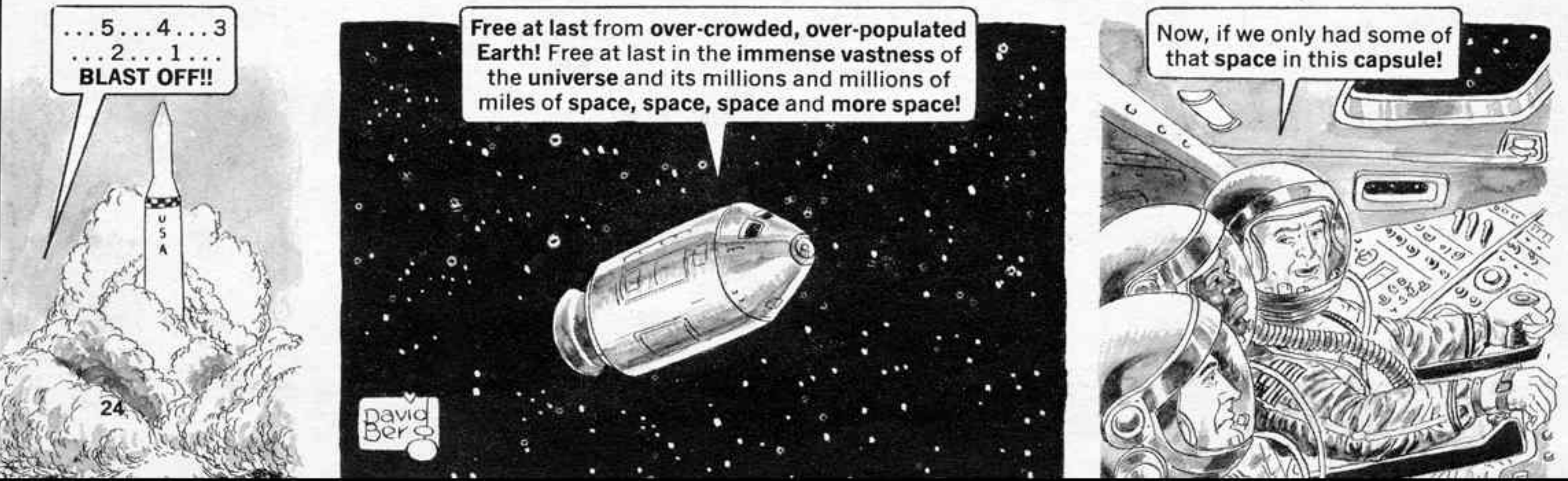
Er... for people to live in...?

THAT SHOWS HOW IGNORANT YOU ARE! A LIVING ROOM IS NOT FOR LIVING, AND IT'S NOT FOR PEOPLE!

Then what's it for?

COMPANY!!







MAJOR HAWKS

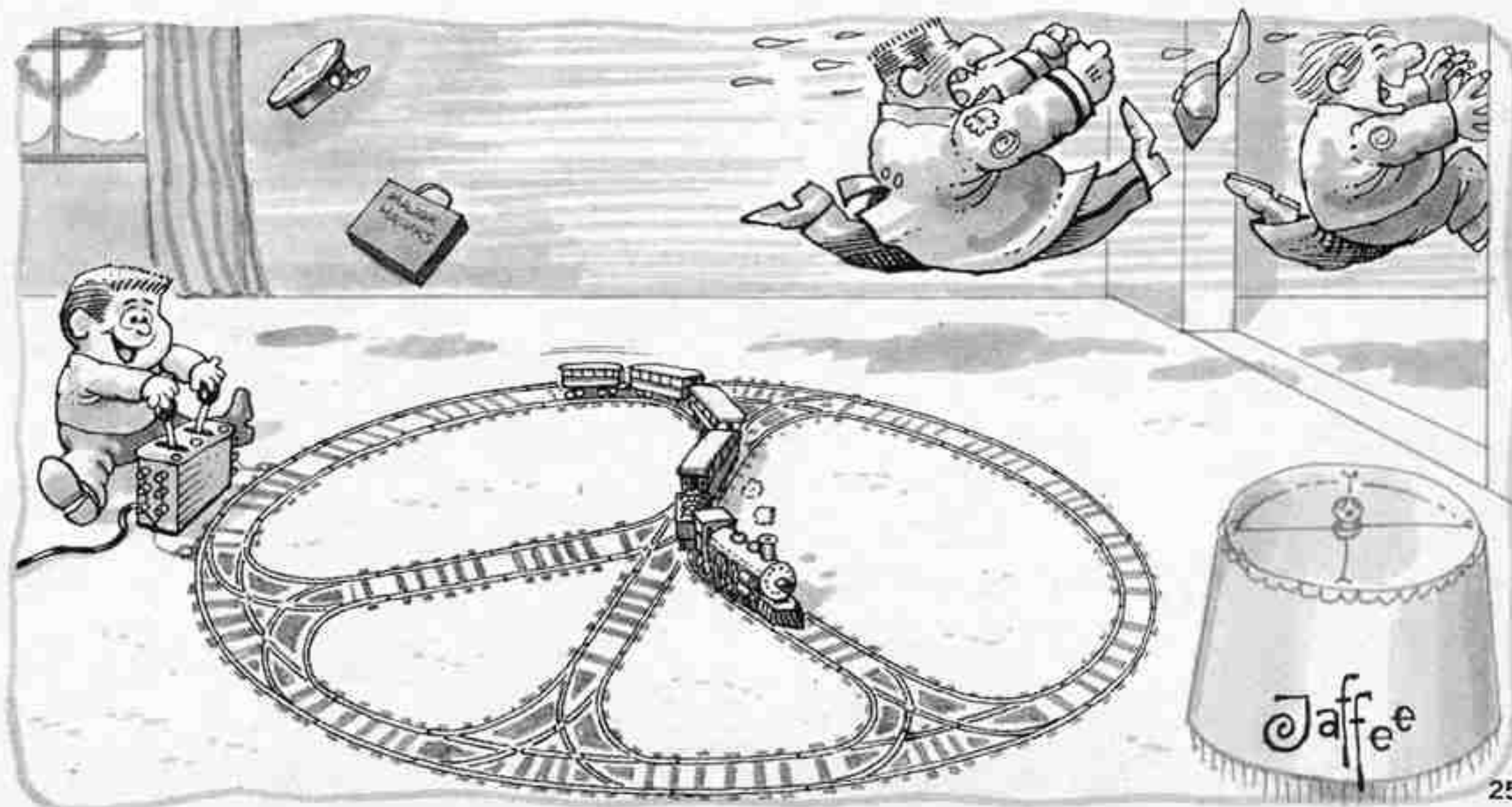
HAWKS & DOVES

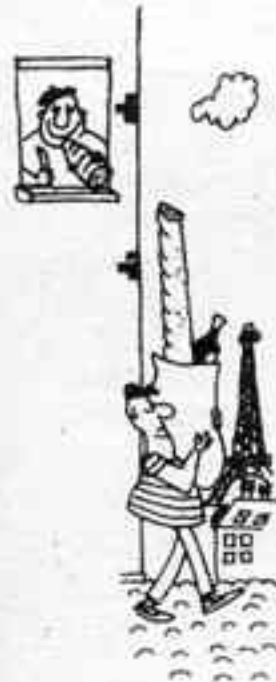


ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES





ESCAPE CLAUS DEPT.

A few issues back (MAD #142) we observed there were an awful lot of one-way letter-writing by children—to God. To remedy this situation, we published some "Answers To Children's Letters—

Answers To Children's

WRITERS: DICK De BARTOLO & DONALD K. EPSTEIN

Dear Susan,

Thank you for your photograph and your kind offer, but you are a little too young for me.

By the way, who is that older girl to your immediate left?

Curiously,
Santa

Dear Lester,

I know that you've been a "darling, sweet boy" all year, but are you sure that your parents want you to have a pair of high heels?

Very truly your,
Santa

Dear Jill,

Of course I am an American! It's just that I get a better deal on toys made in Japan.

Best regards,
Santa

Dear Owen,

Are you sure you want a train set just like the Long Island Railroad? Or would you rather have one that runs?

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Glenn,

I'm sorry, but what you asked for cannot be transported across State lines.

Best regards,
Santa

Dear Harvey,

I am taking the liberty of bringing you a box of Scott's "Utility Lawn Seed." Isn't that what you had in mind when you asked for some "grass"?

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Pam,

Santa only brings presents. I'm afraid I cannot take away your baby brother.

Fondly,
Santa

Dear Peter,

Yes, I have the "dirty books" you mentioned. But if your Daddy really wants them, he's going to have to write me his own letter.

Respectfully,
Santa

Dear Michael,

That was not me you saw your Mommy kissing on Christmas Eve! I don't wear a sailor suit.

Sincerely,
Santa

From God." With the Christmas Season upon us, there's an awful lot of one-way letter-writing by children to another busy person—mainly Santa Claus. To remedy this situation, MAD presents...



s Letters—From Santa

PHOTO BY: DPI

Dear Brad,

I think you take some of the spirit out of Christmas when you ask for "Cash--or ELSE!"

Yours truly,
Santa

Dear John,

I would have been happy to bring you a kiddie car this year, but unfortunately, they've all been recalled by the factory.

Respectfully,
Santa

Dear Bobby,

Thank you for being so considerate. Although I appreciate your wanting to save me work, I will still have to know exactly what you want. I cannot just bring you your own "Master Charge Card."

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Eugene,

I have a lot of interesting things with which to fill stockings, but Raquel Welch is not one of them.

Love,
Santa

Dear Jodi,

No matter what your parents found in your backyard last year, I can assure you that before we left the North Pole, I curbed all the reindeer.

Best wishes,
Santa

Dear Dick,

Bringing you a SCUBA outfit is easy. But finding a lake that's clear enough to see something in is going to be your problem.

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Jerry,

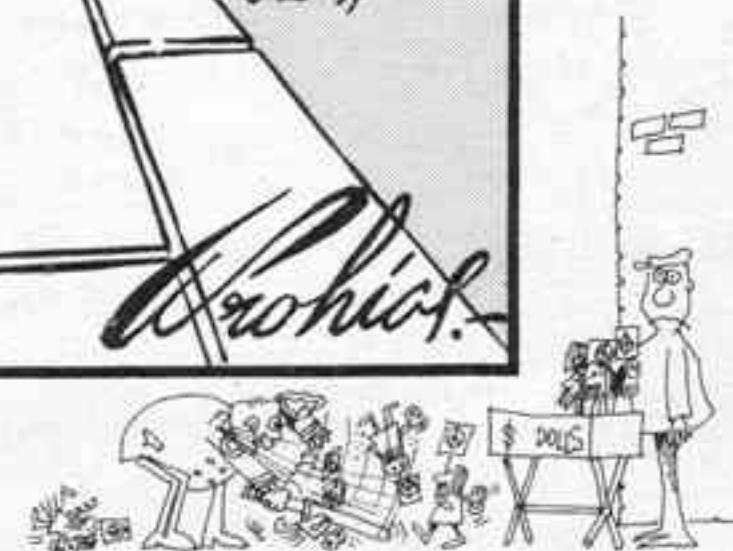
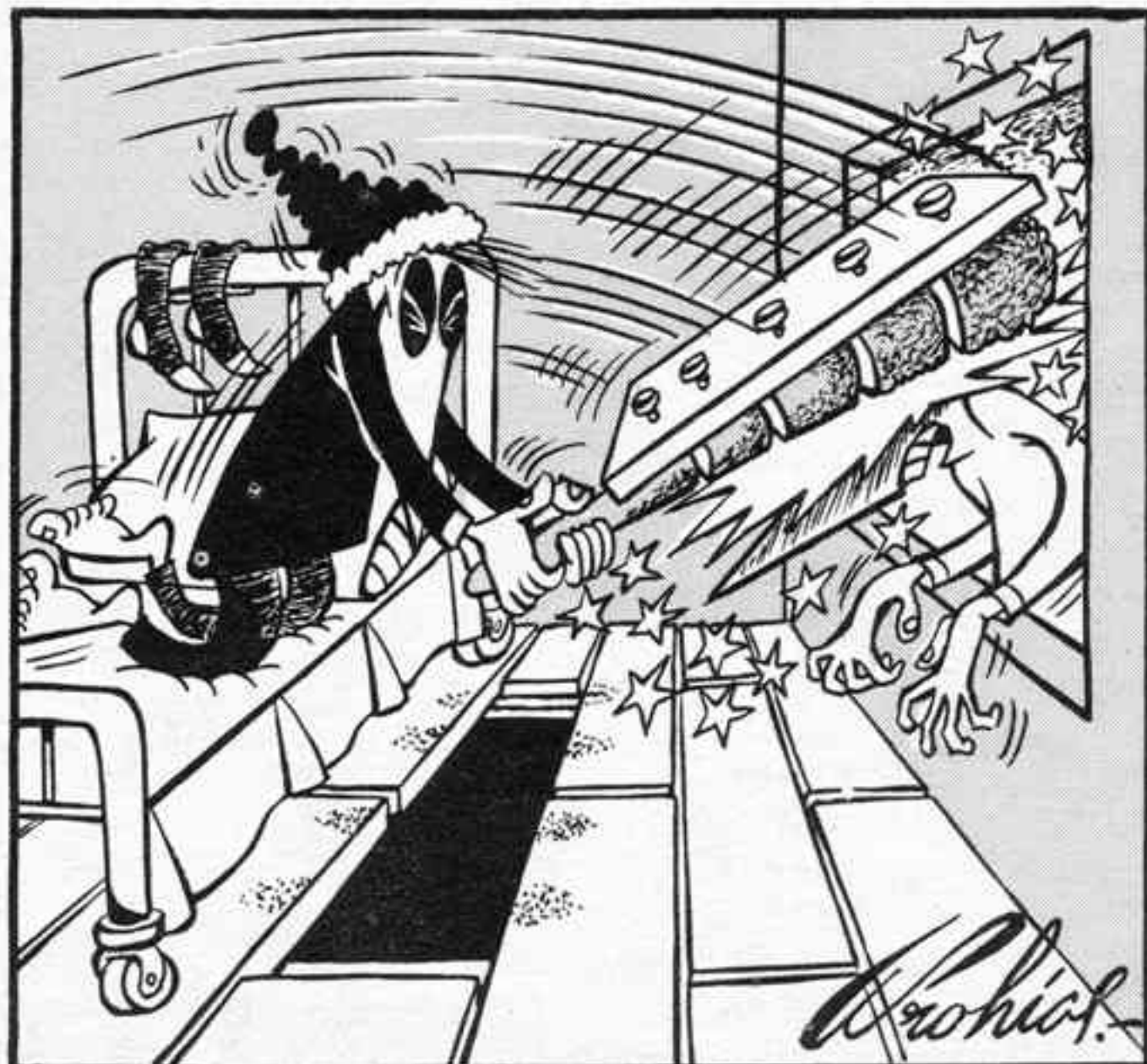
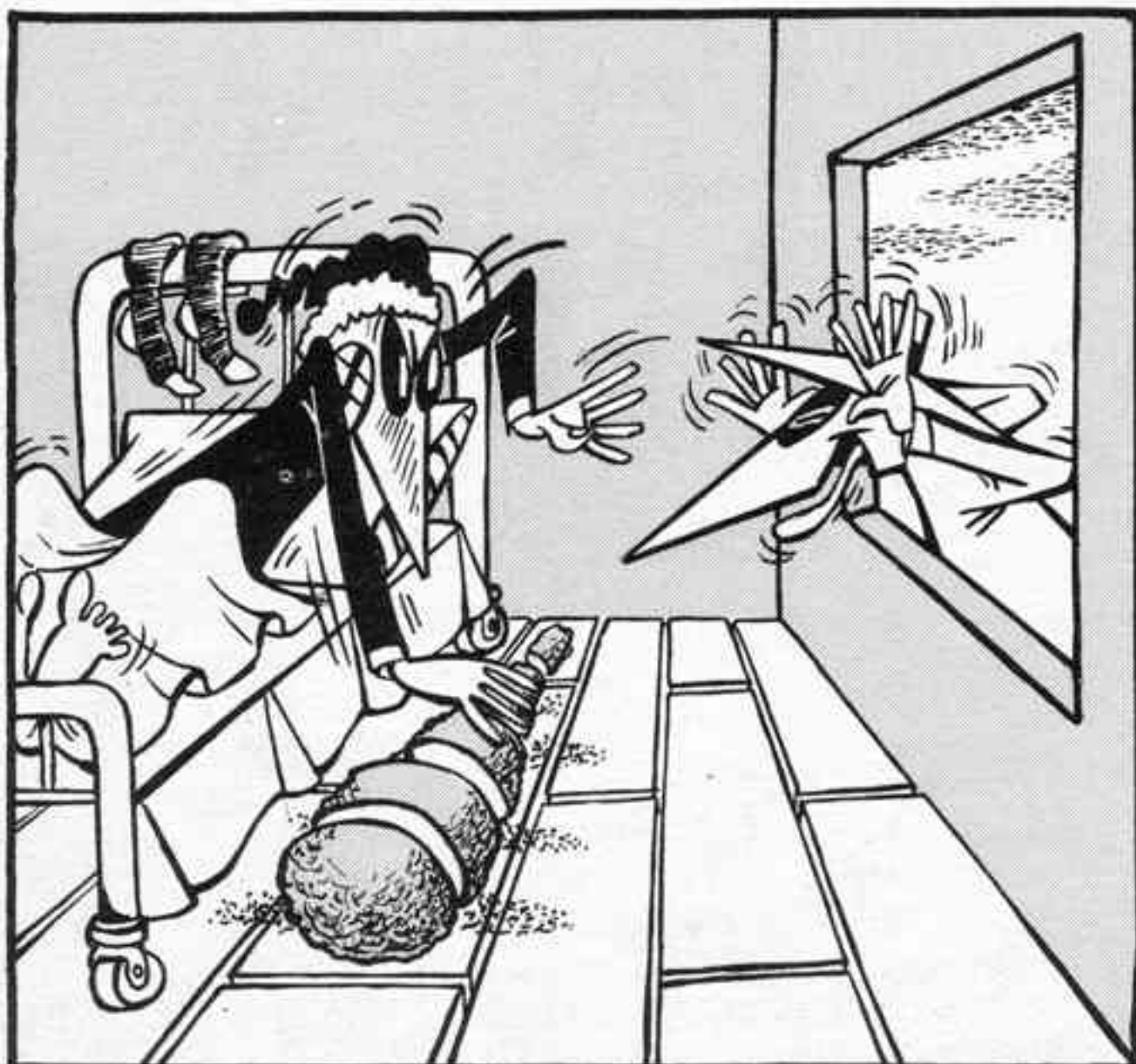
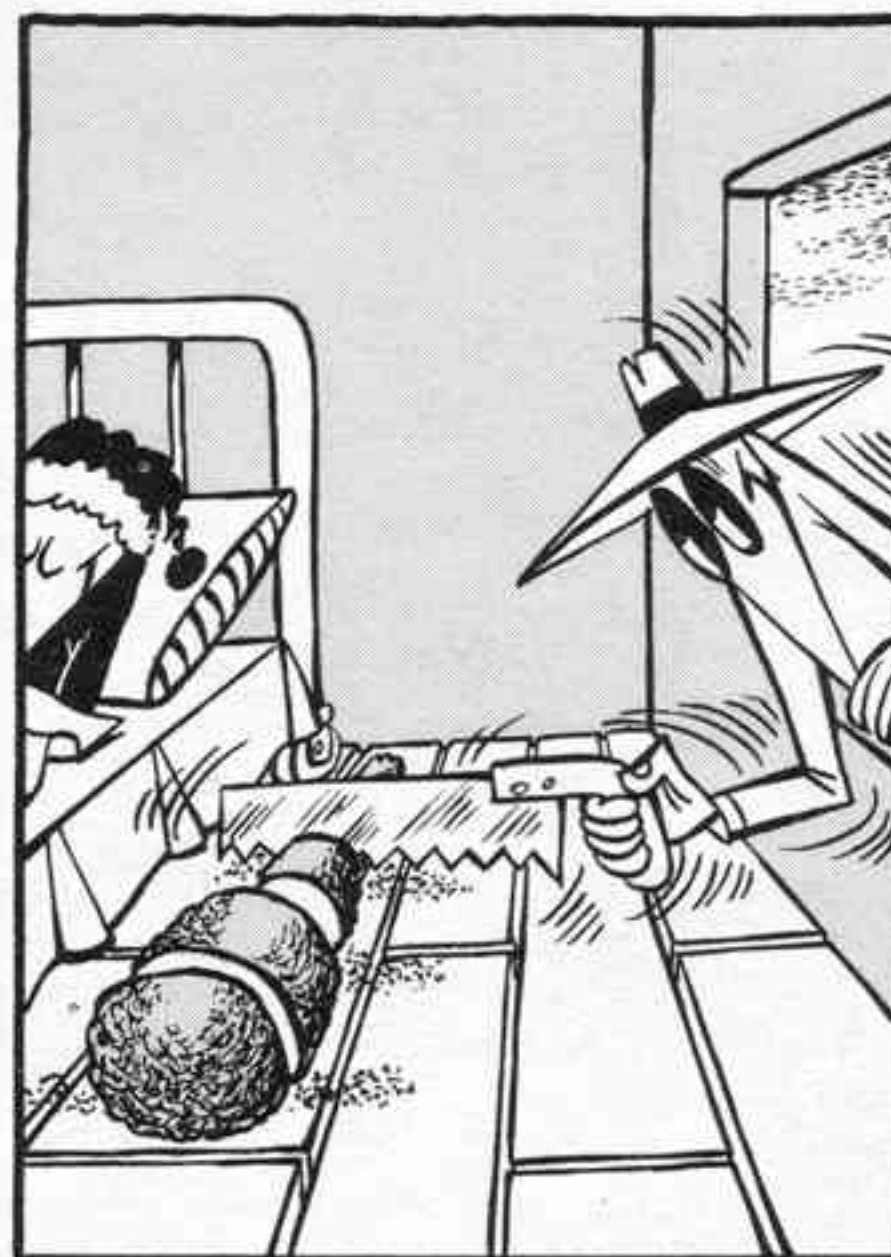
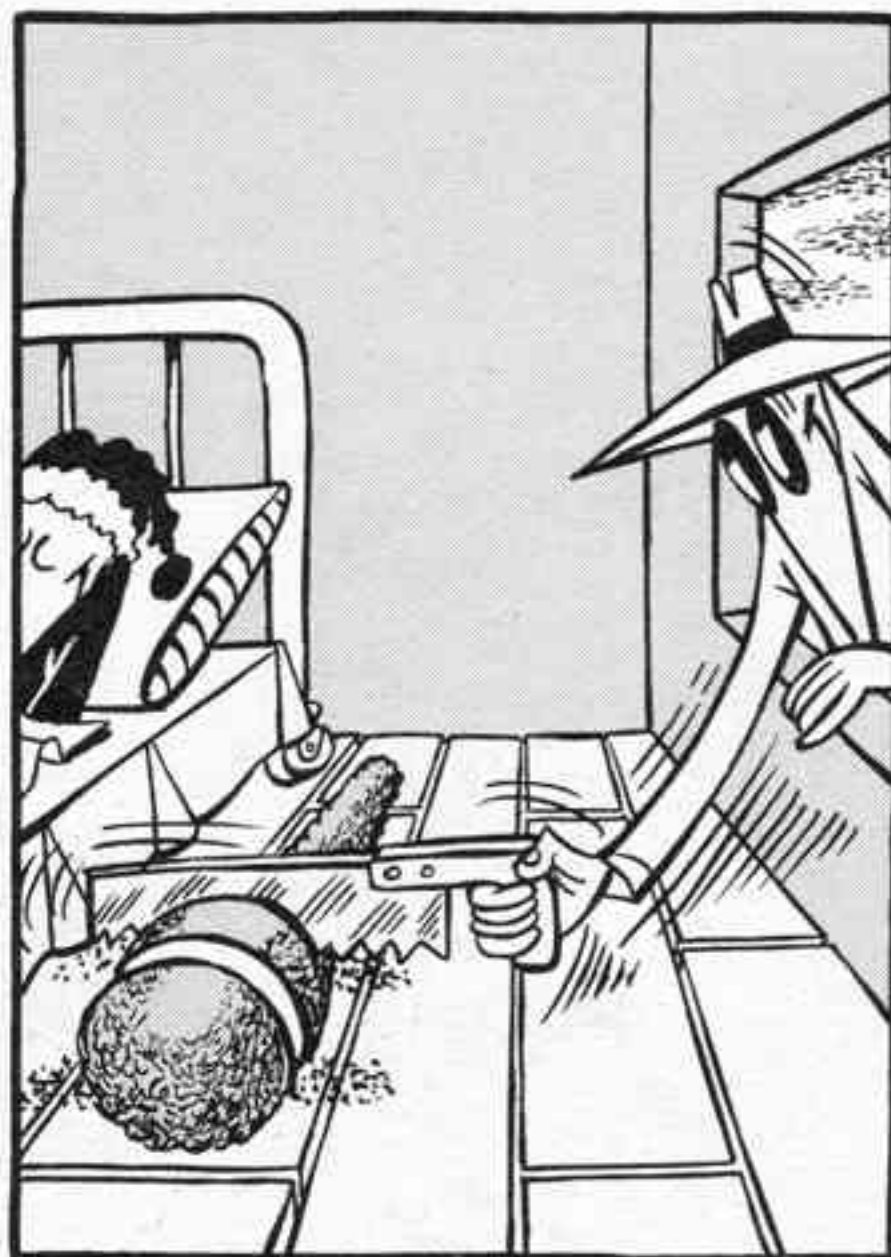
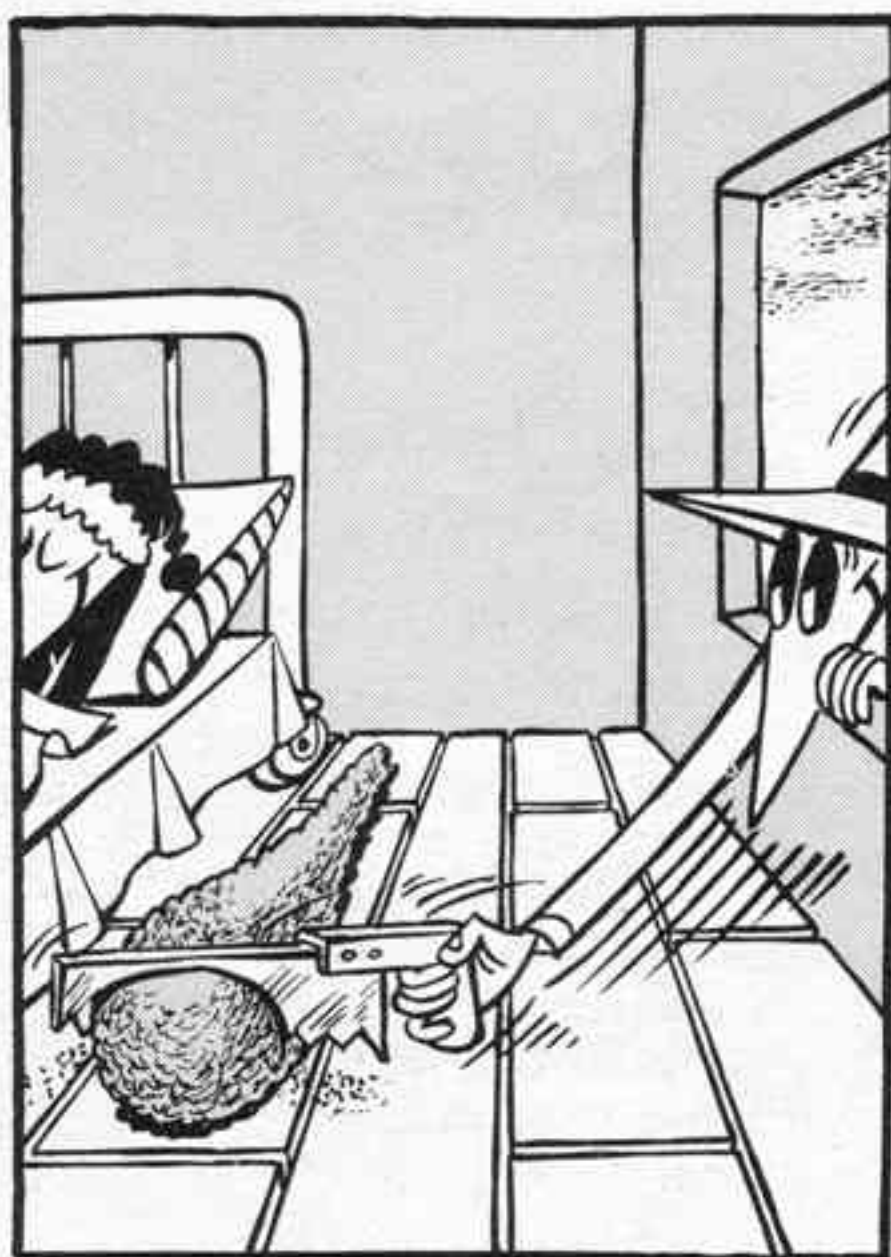
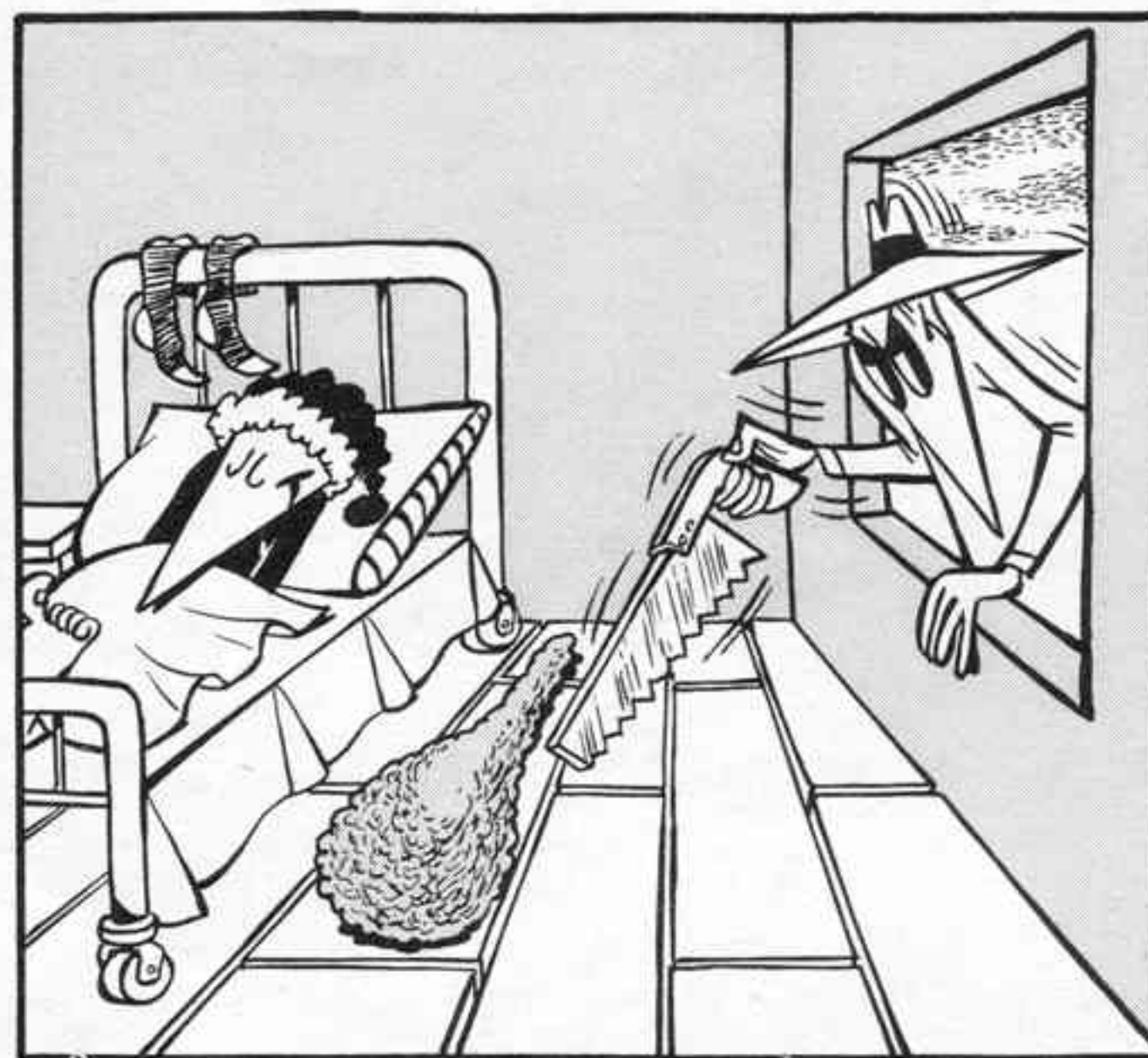
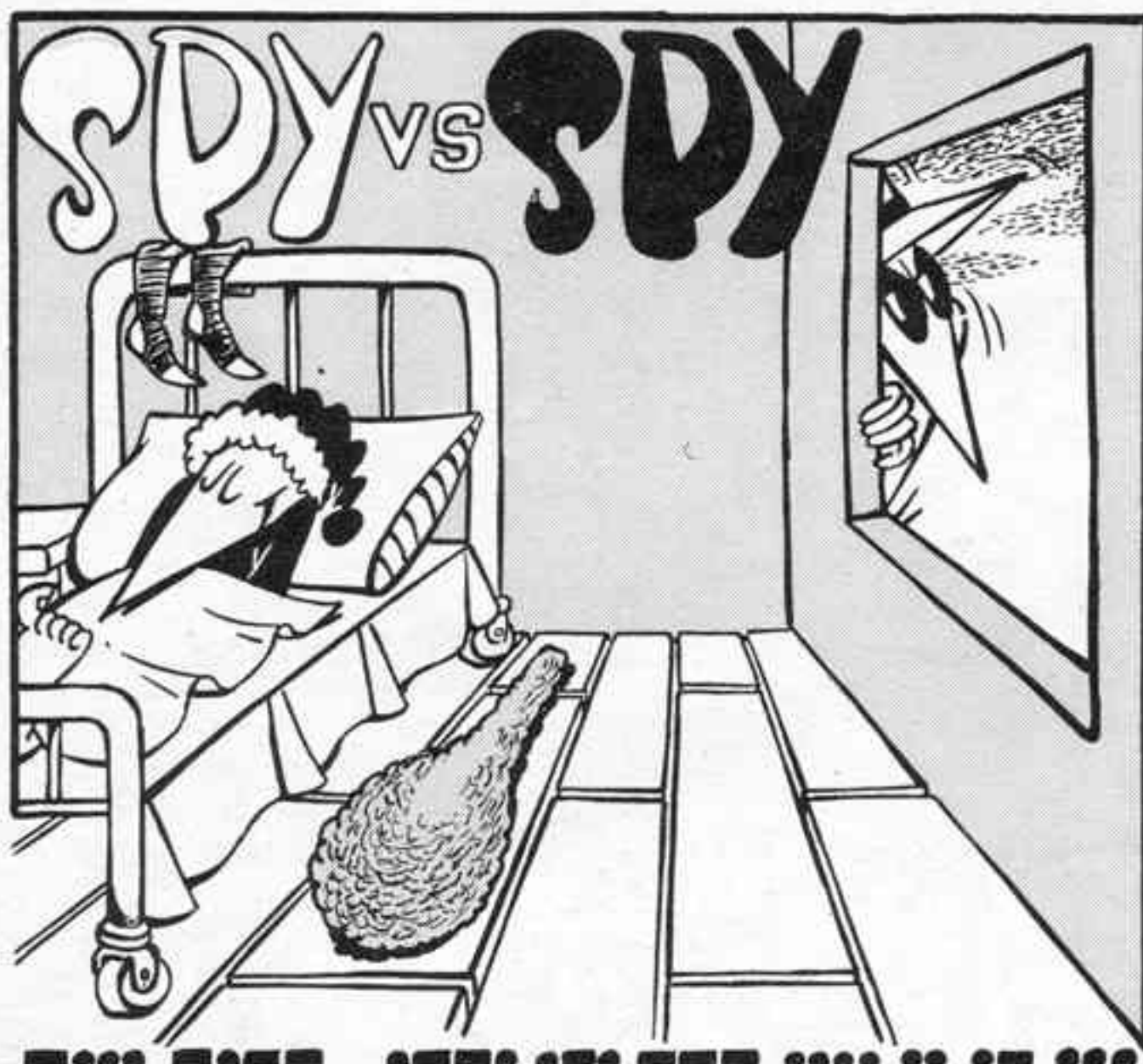
I'm sorry, but I cannot give you part of a Slot Car Racing Set for being good some of the time.

Cordially,
Santa

Dear Karen,

I'm sorry that the "Talking Doll" I brought you last year didn't work. Now, will you please get the Better Business Bureau off my back?

Cordially,
Santa



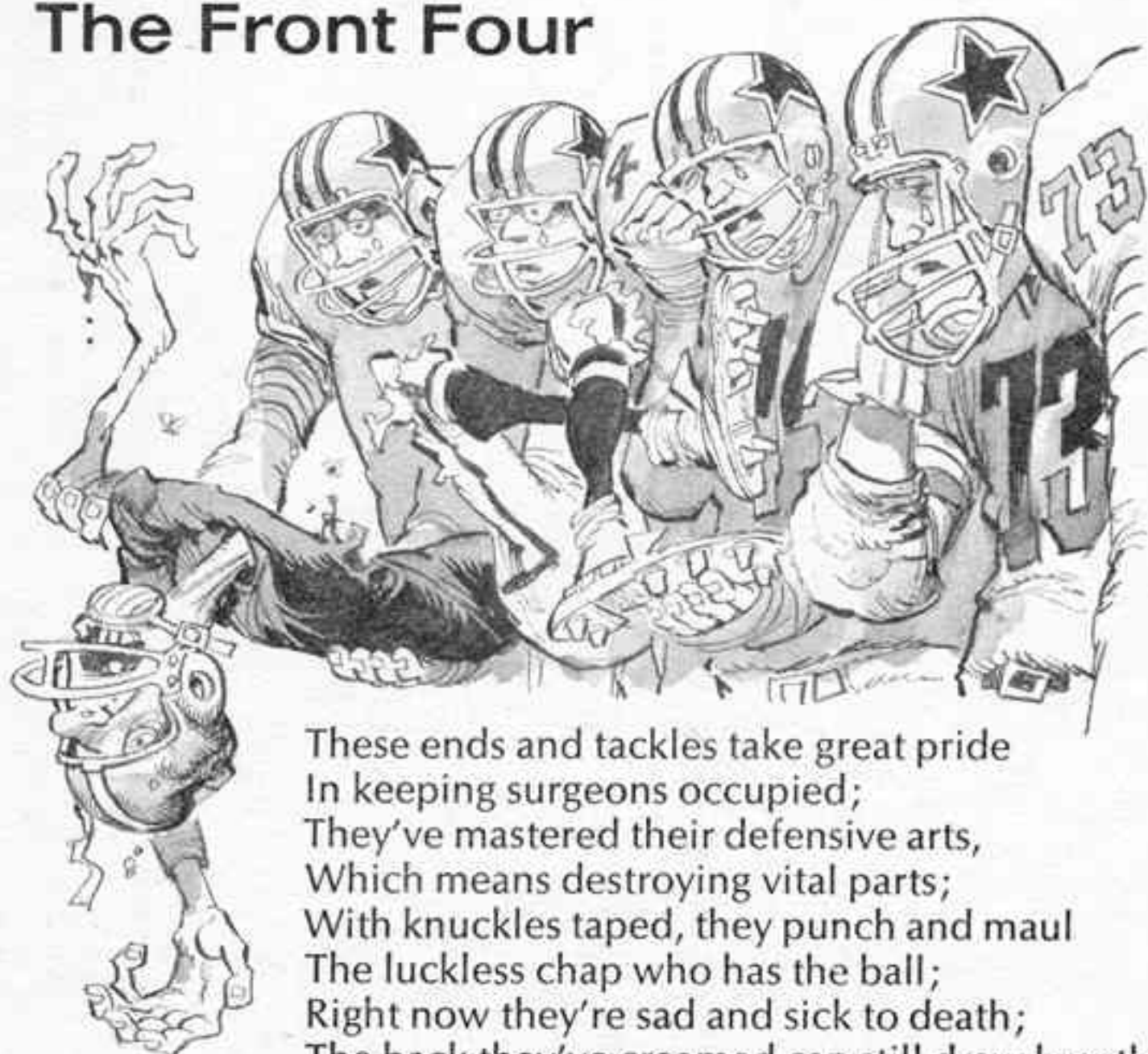
MAD'S RHYMING GUIDE TO PRO FOOTBALL

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

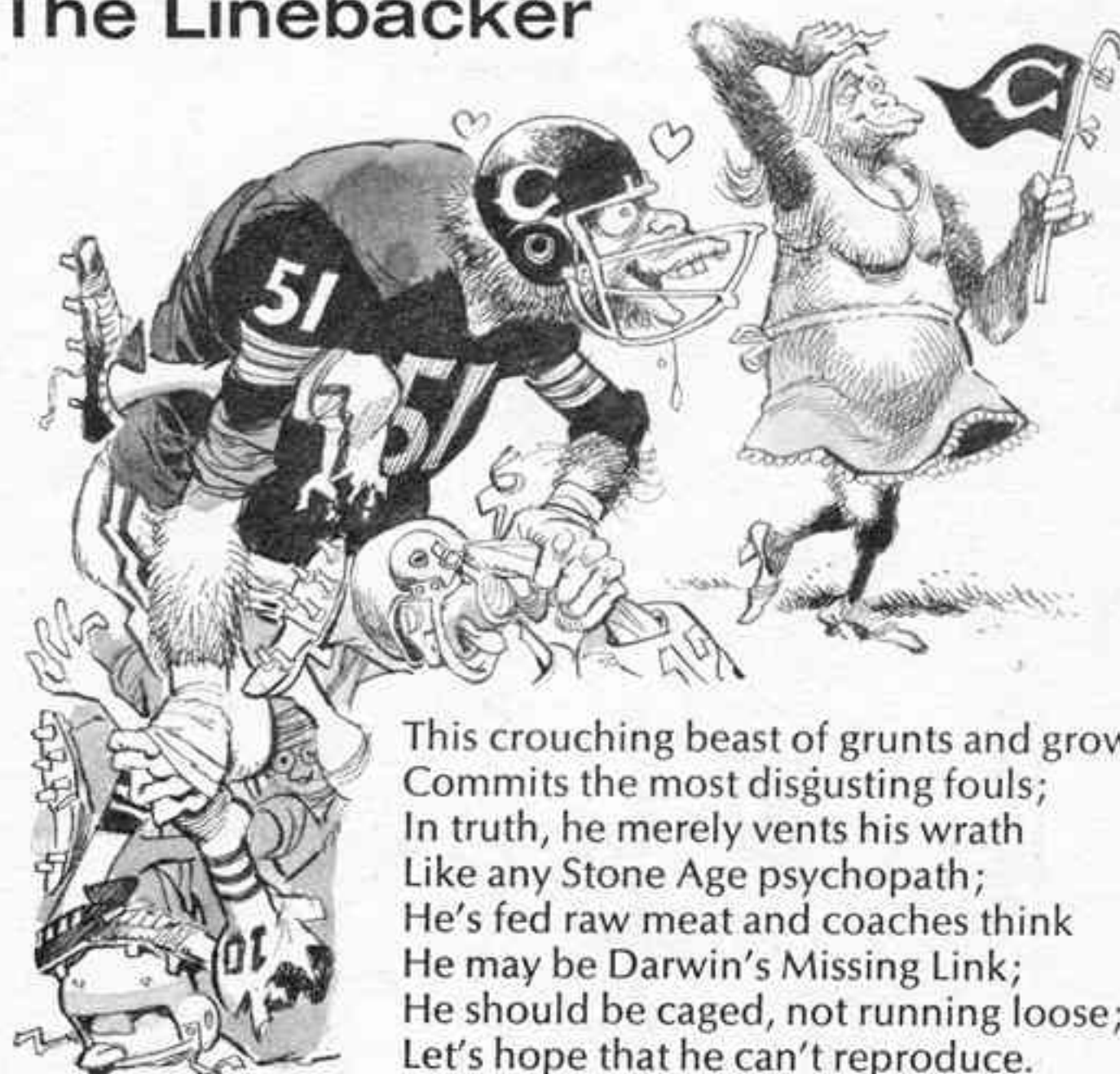
I—The Defensive Team

The Front Four



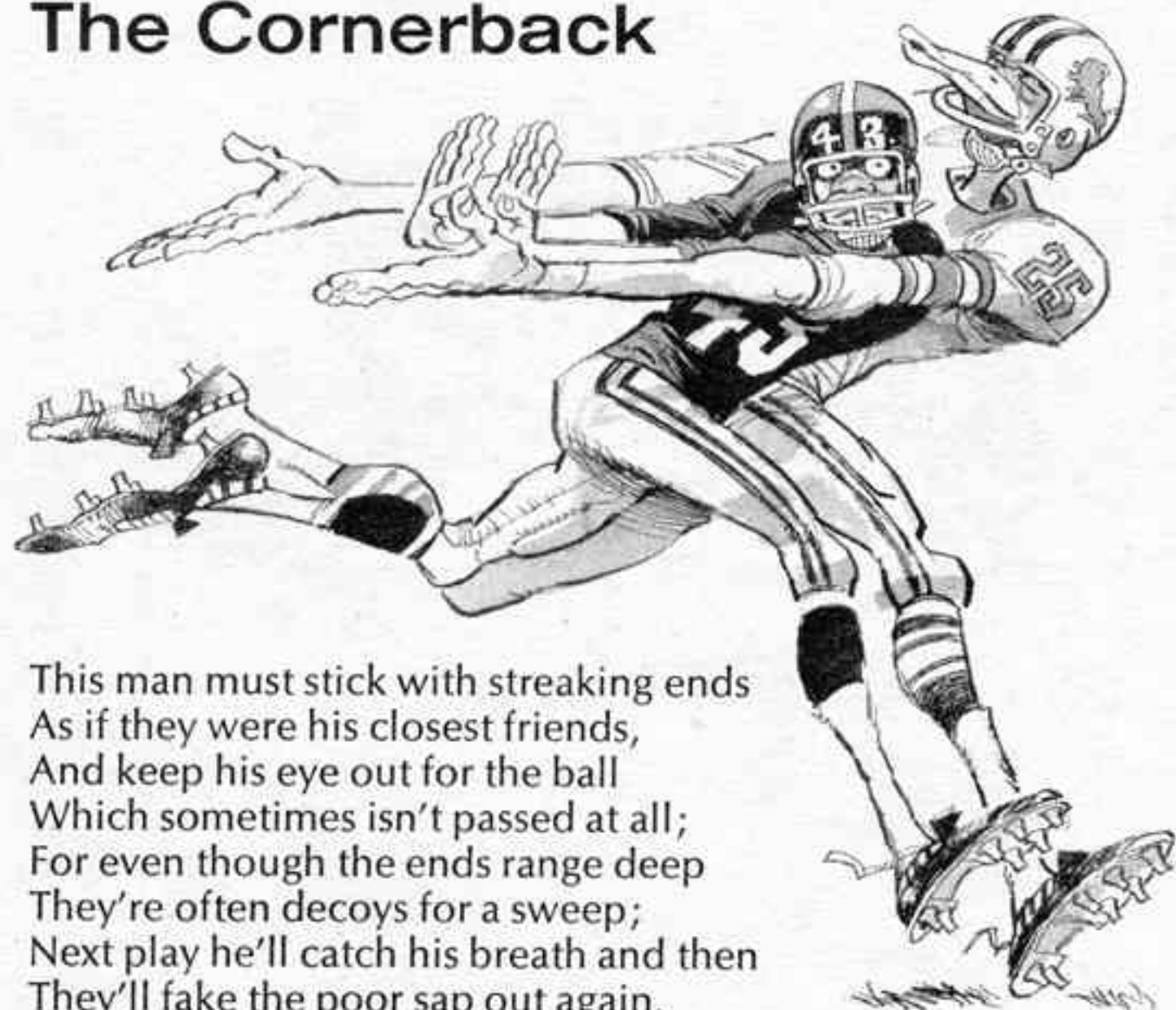
These ends and tackles take great pride
In keeping surgeons occupied;
They've mastered their defensive arts,
Which means destroying vital parts;
With knuckles taped, they punch and maul
The luckless chap who has the ball;
Right now they're sad and sick to death;
The back they've creamed can still draw breath.

The Linebacker



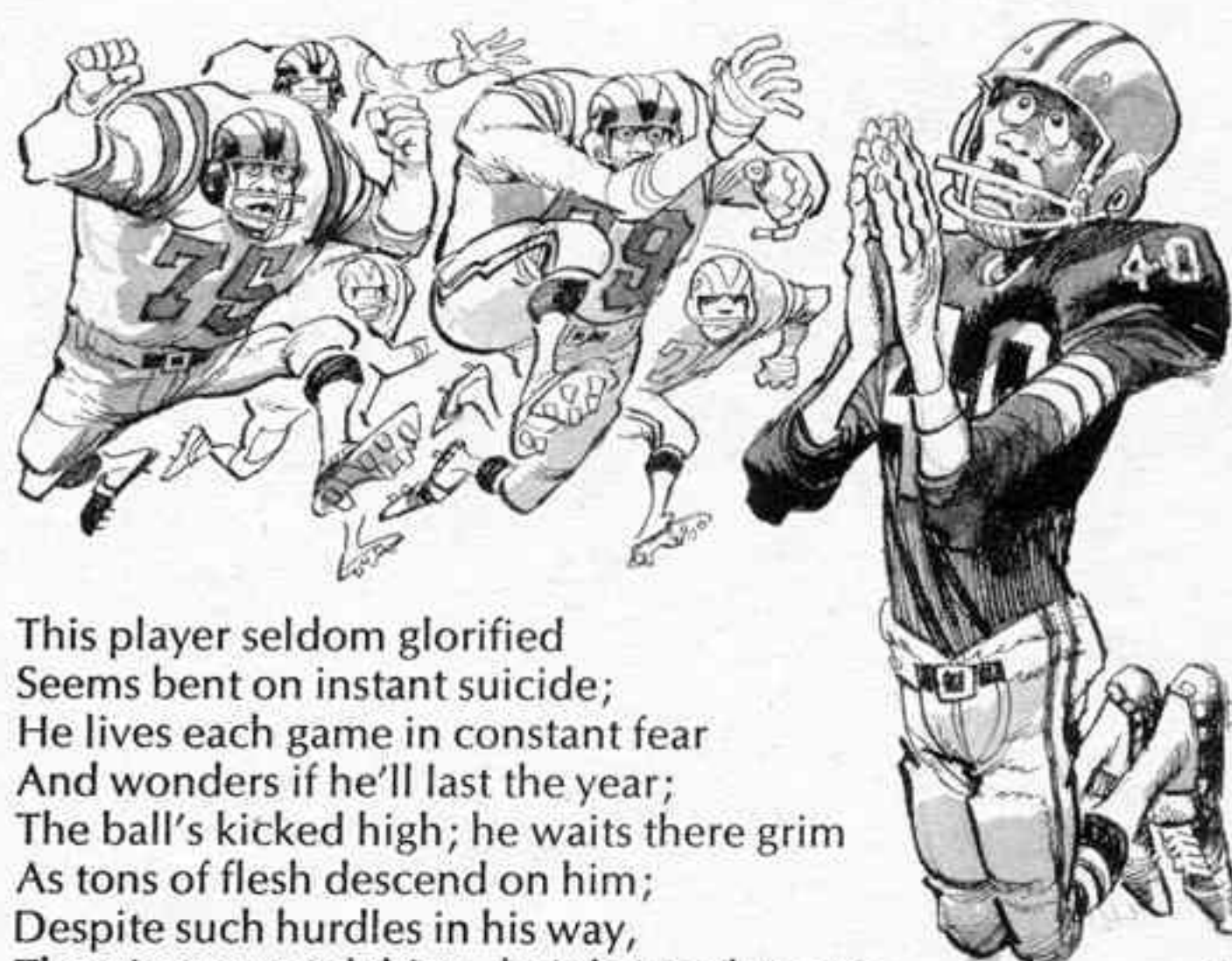
This crouching beast of grunts and growls
Commits the most disgusting fouls;
In truth, he merely vents his wrath
Like any Stone Age psychopath;
He's fed raw meat and coaches think
He may be Darwin's Missing Link;
He should be caged, not running loose;
Let's hope that he can't reproduce.

The Cornerback



This man must stick with streaking ends
As if they were his closest friends,
And keep his eye out for the ball
Which sometimes isn't passed at all;
For even though the ends range deep
They're often decoys for a sweep;
Next play he'll catch his breath and then
They'll fake the poor sap out again.

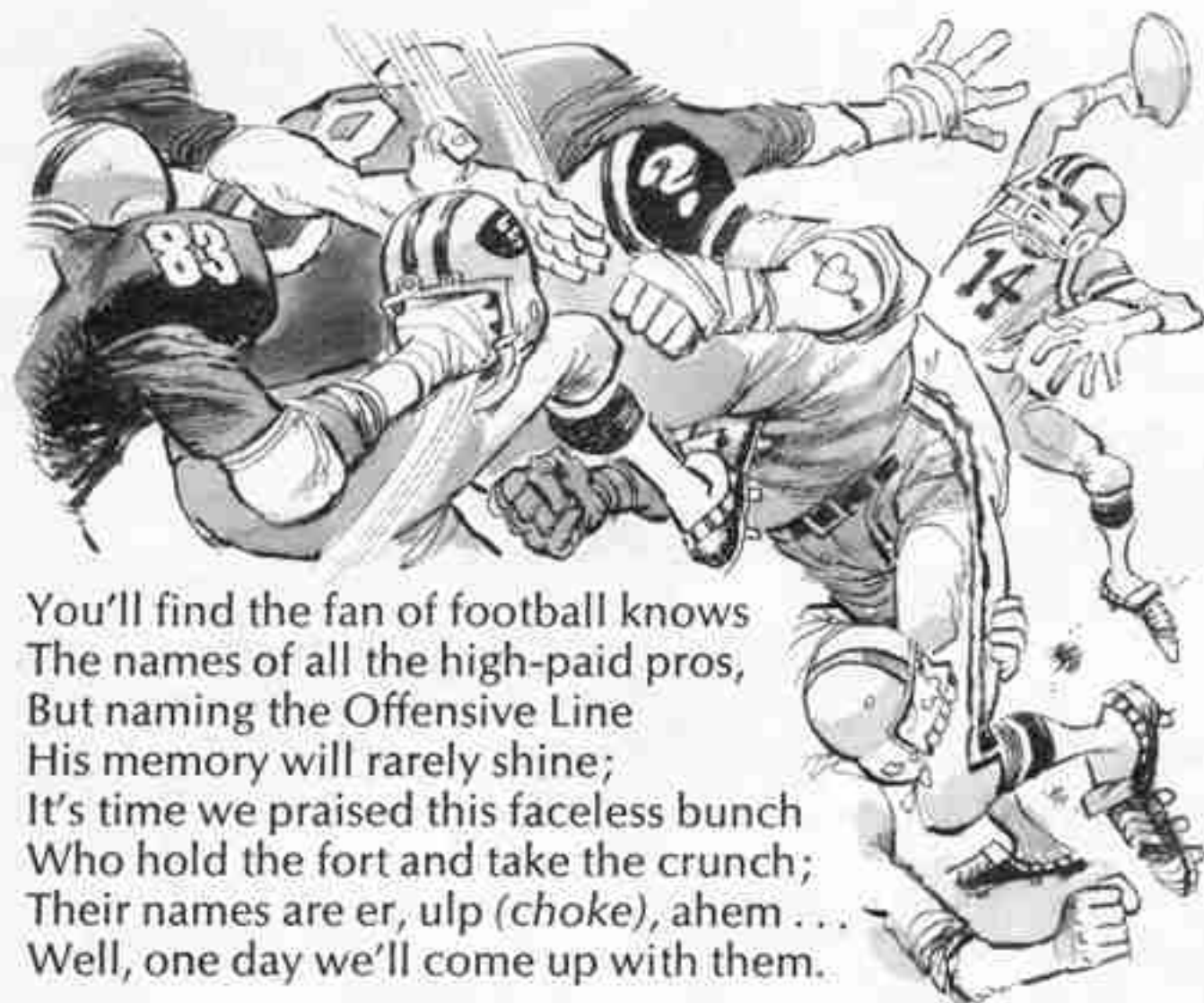
The Kick Return Specialist



This player seldom glorified
Seems bent on instant suicide;
He lives each game in constant fear
And wonders if he'll last the year;
The ball's kicked high; he waits there grim
As tons of flesh descend on him;
Despite such hurdles in his way,
There's one good thing—he's learned to pray.

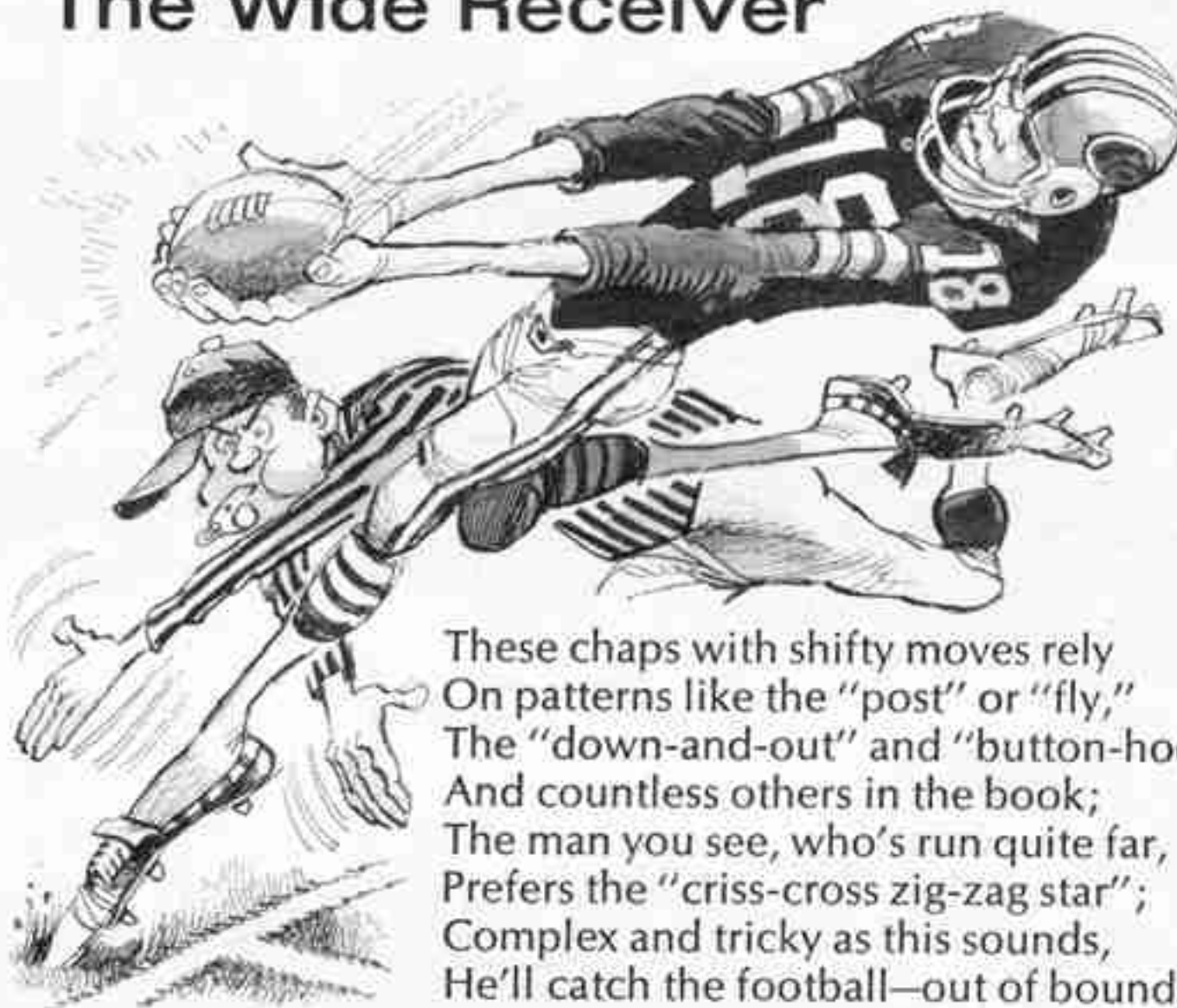
II—The Offensive Team

The Offensive Line



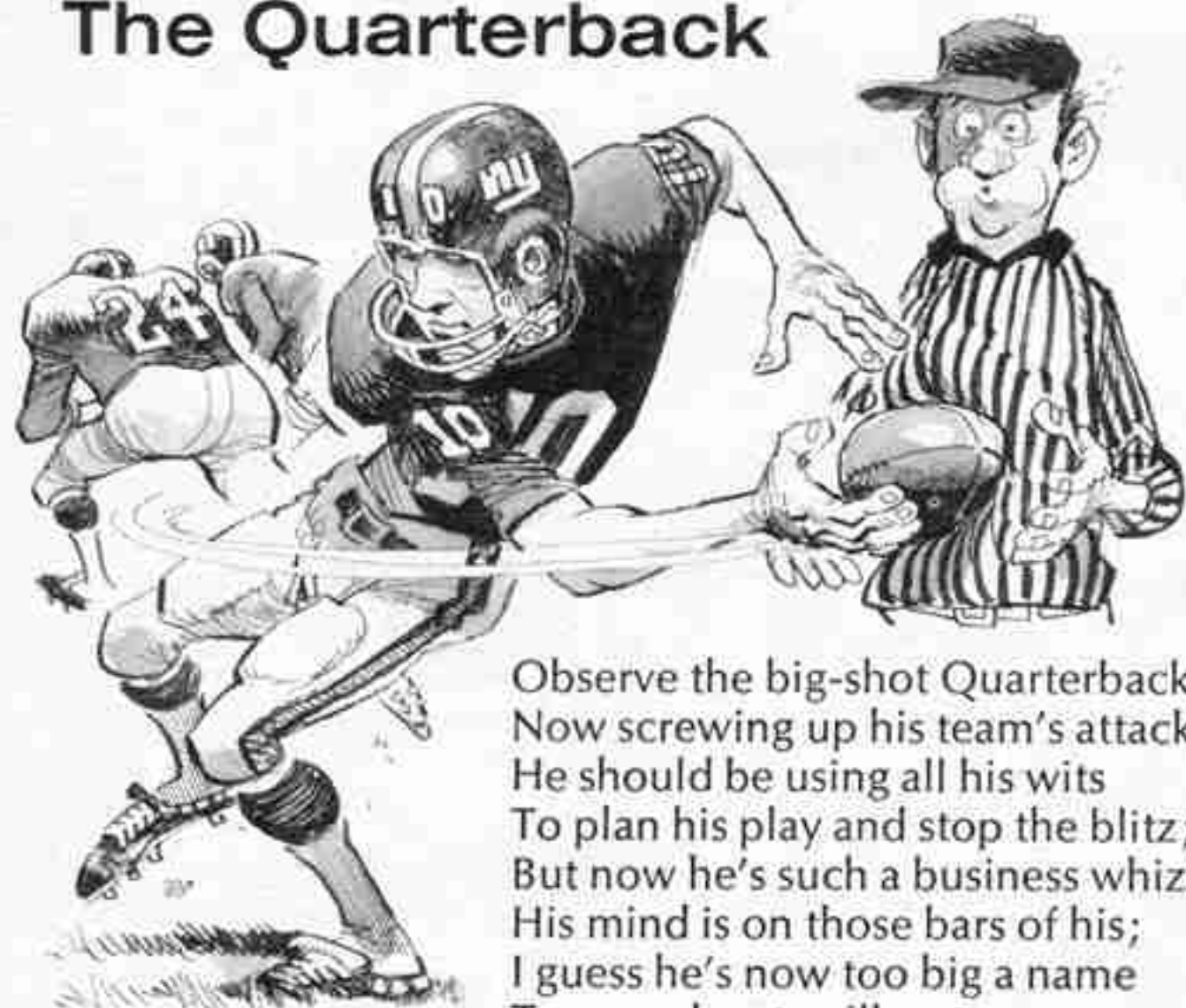
You'll find the fan of football knows
The names of all the high-paid pros,
But naming the Offensive Line
His memory will rarely shine;
It's time we praised this faceless bunch
Who hold the fort and take the crunch;
Their names are er, ulp (*choke*), ahem ...
Well, one day we'll come up with them.

The Wide Receiver



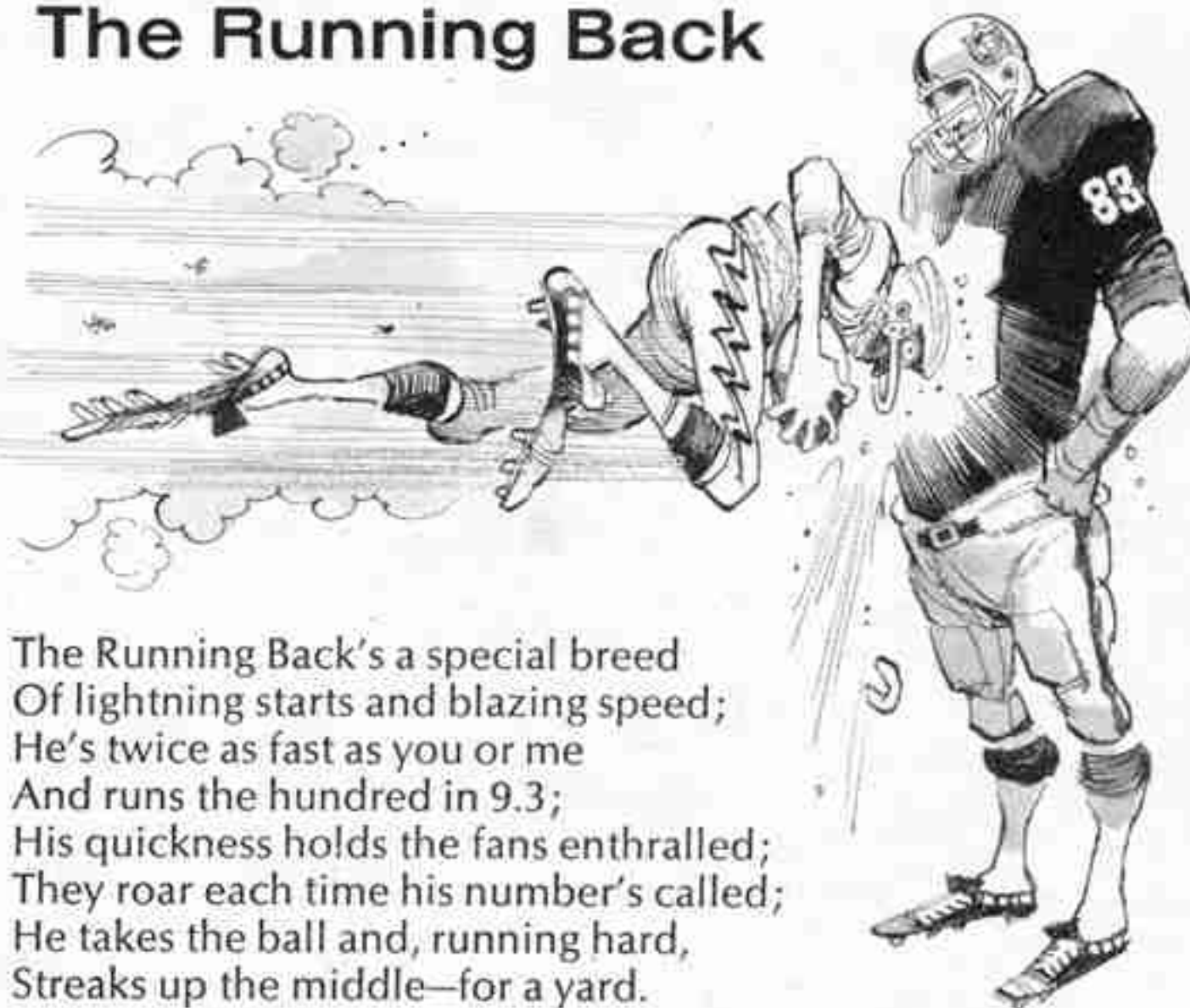
These chaps with shifty moves rely
On patterns like the "post" or "fly,"
The "down-and-out" and "button-hook"
And countless others in the book;
The man you see, who's run quite far,
Prefers the "criss-cross zig-zag star";
Complex and tricky as this sounds,
He'll catch the football—out of bounds.

The Quarterback



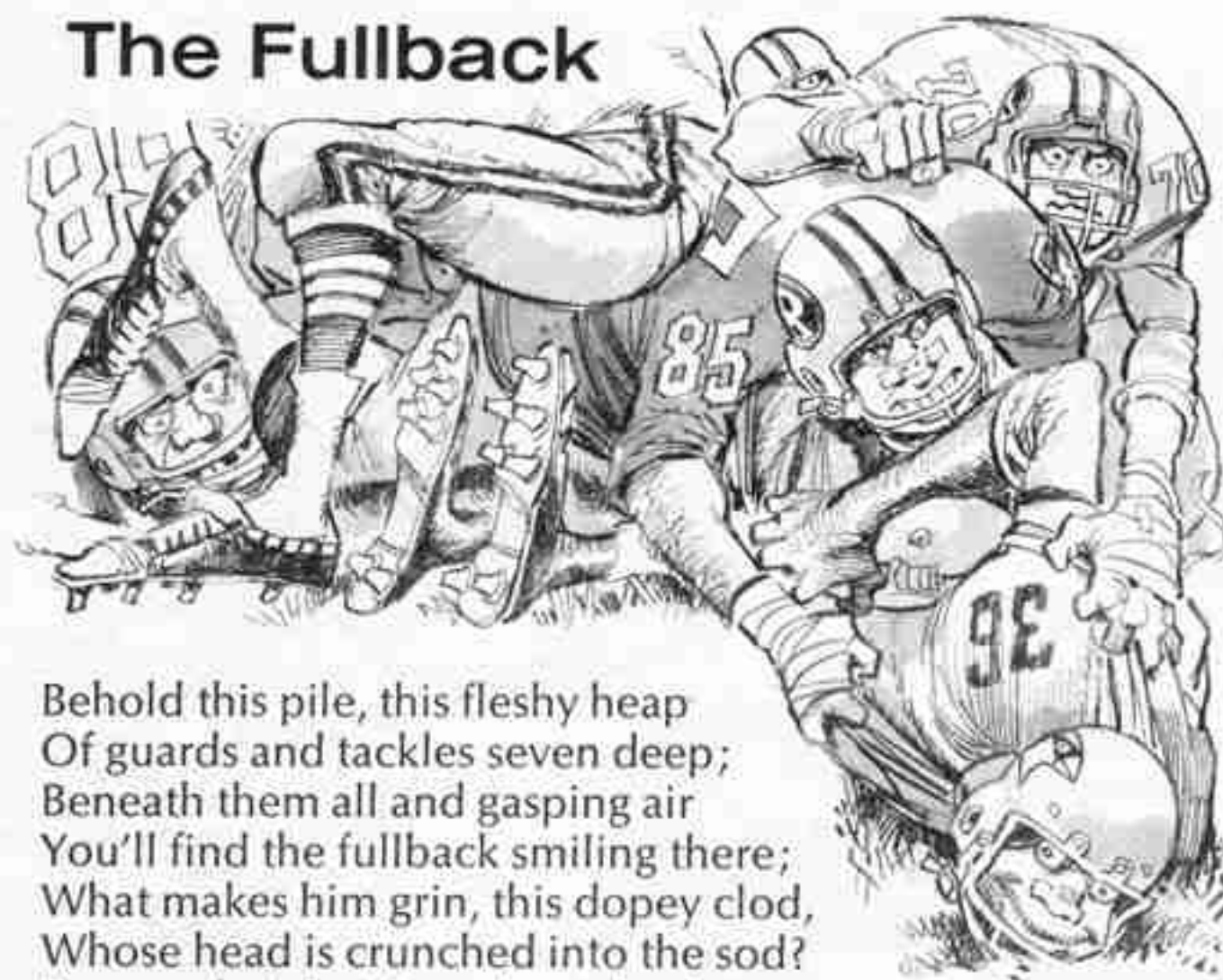
Observe the big-shot Quarterback
Now screwing up his team's attack;
He should be using all his wits
To plan his play and stop the blitz;
But now he's such a business whiz,
His mind is on those bars of his;
I guess he's now too big a name
To care about a silly game.

The Running Back



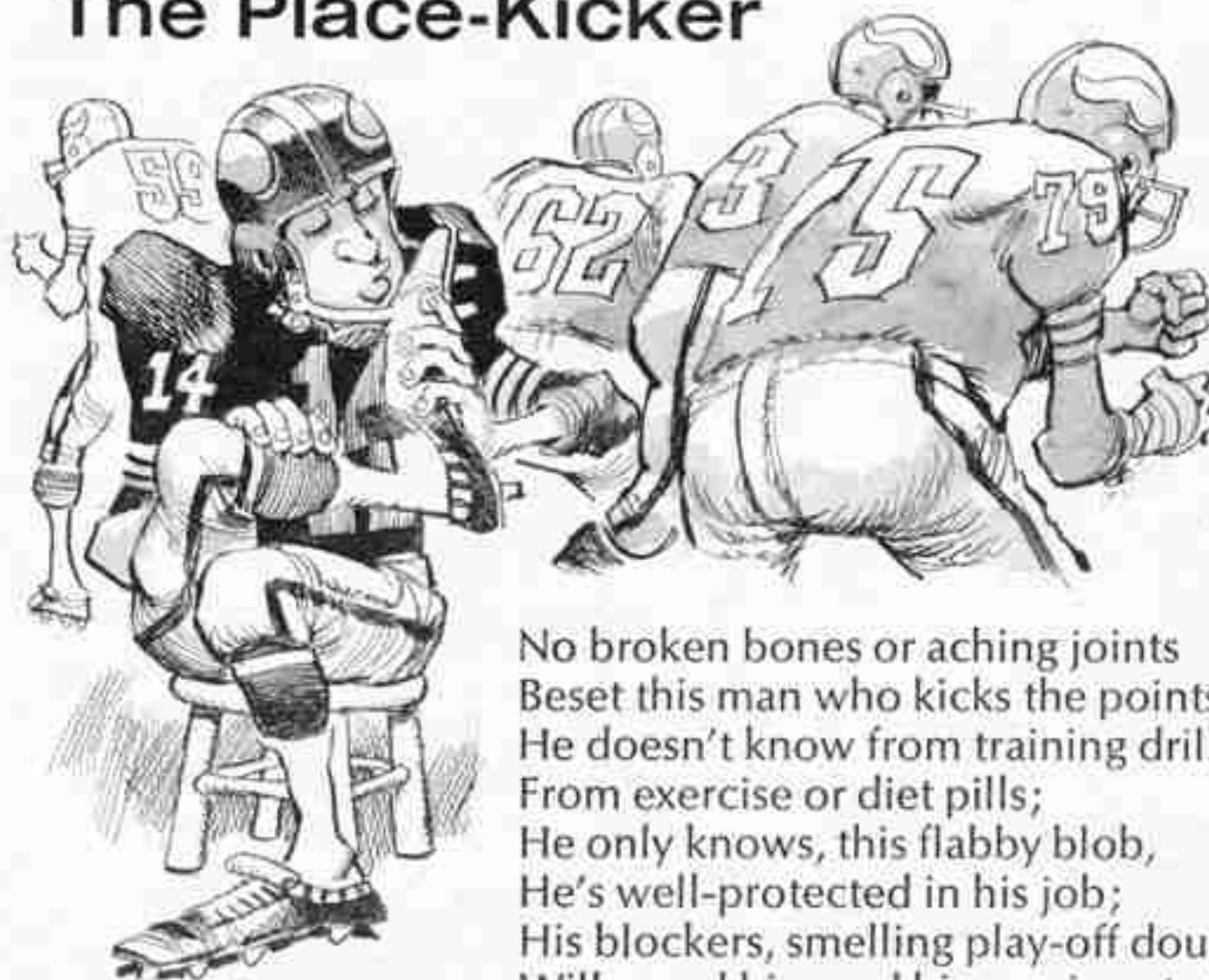
The Running Back's a special breed
Of lightning starts and blazing speed;
He's twice as fast as you or me
And runs the hundred in 9.3;
His quickness holds the fans enthralled;
They roar each time his number's called;
He takes the ball and, running hard,
Streaks up the middle—for a yard.

The Fullback



Behold this pile, this fleshy heap
Of guards and tackles seven deep;
Beneath them all and gasping air
You'll find the fullback smiling there;
What makes him grin, this dopey clod,
Whose head is crunched into the sod?
Because he's just found out that he
Is lying on the referee.

The Place-Kicker

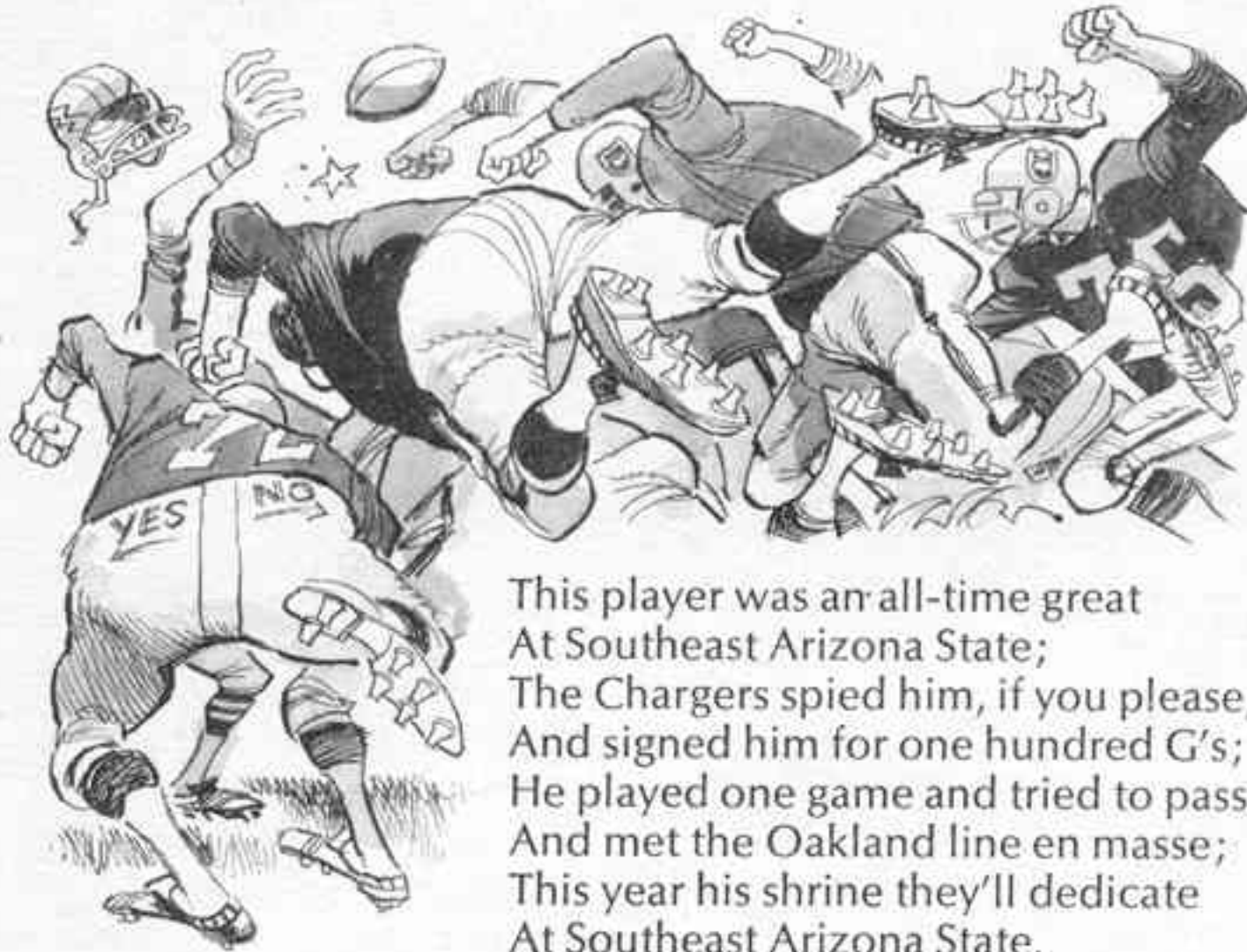


No broken bones or aching joints
Beset this man who kicks the points;
He doesn't know from training drills,
From exercise or diet pills;
He only knows, this flabby blob,
He's well-protected in his job;
His blockers, smelling play-off dough,
Will guard him and his precious toe.

III-The Failures

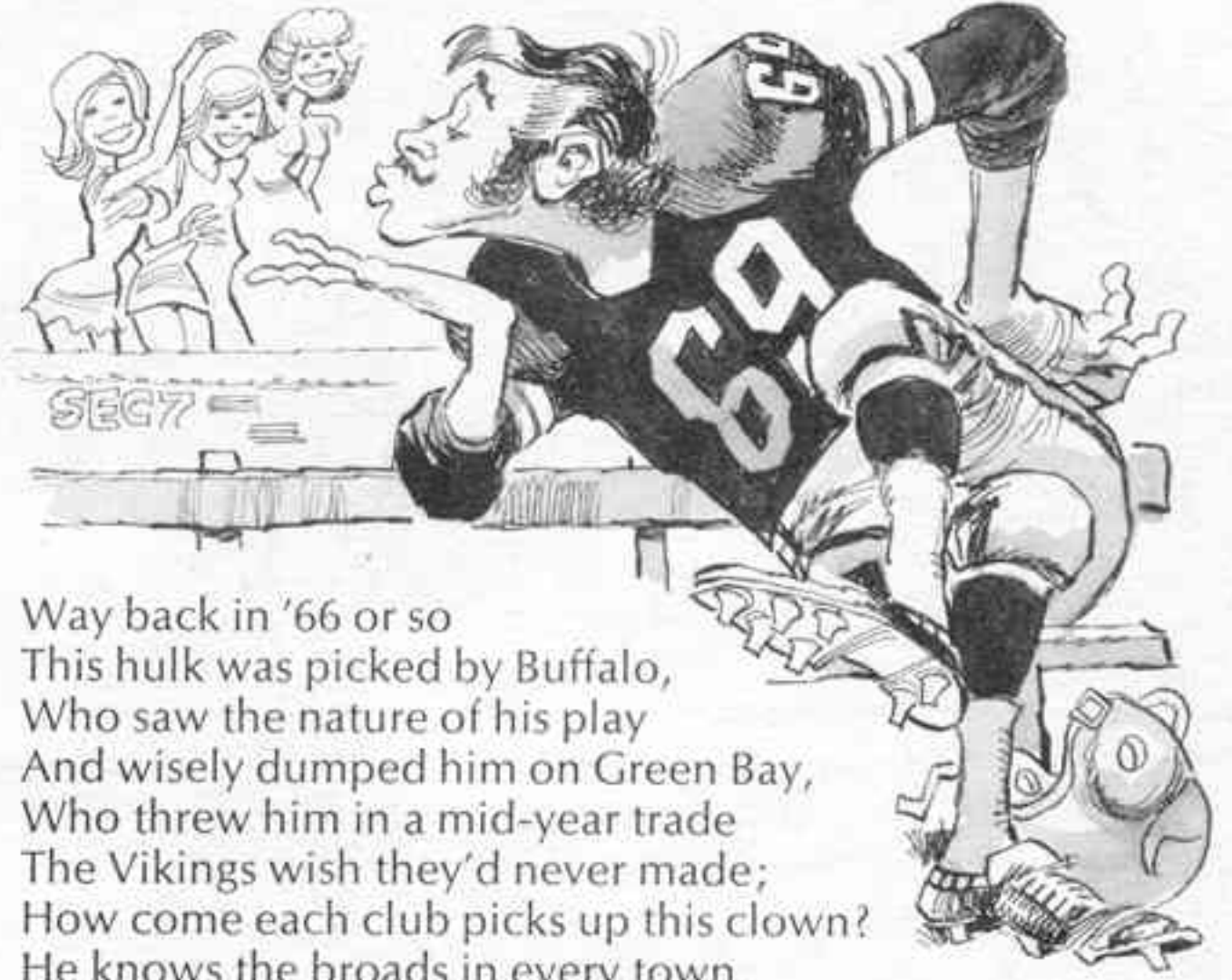


The High-Priced Rookie



This player was an all-time great
At Southeast Arizona State;
The Chargers spied him, if you please,
And signed him for one hundred G's;
He played one game and tried to pass
And met the Oakland line en masse;
This year his shrine they'll dedicate
At Southeast Arizona State.

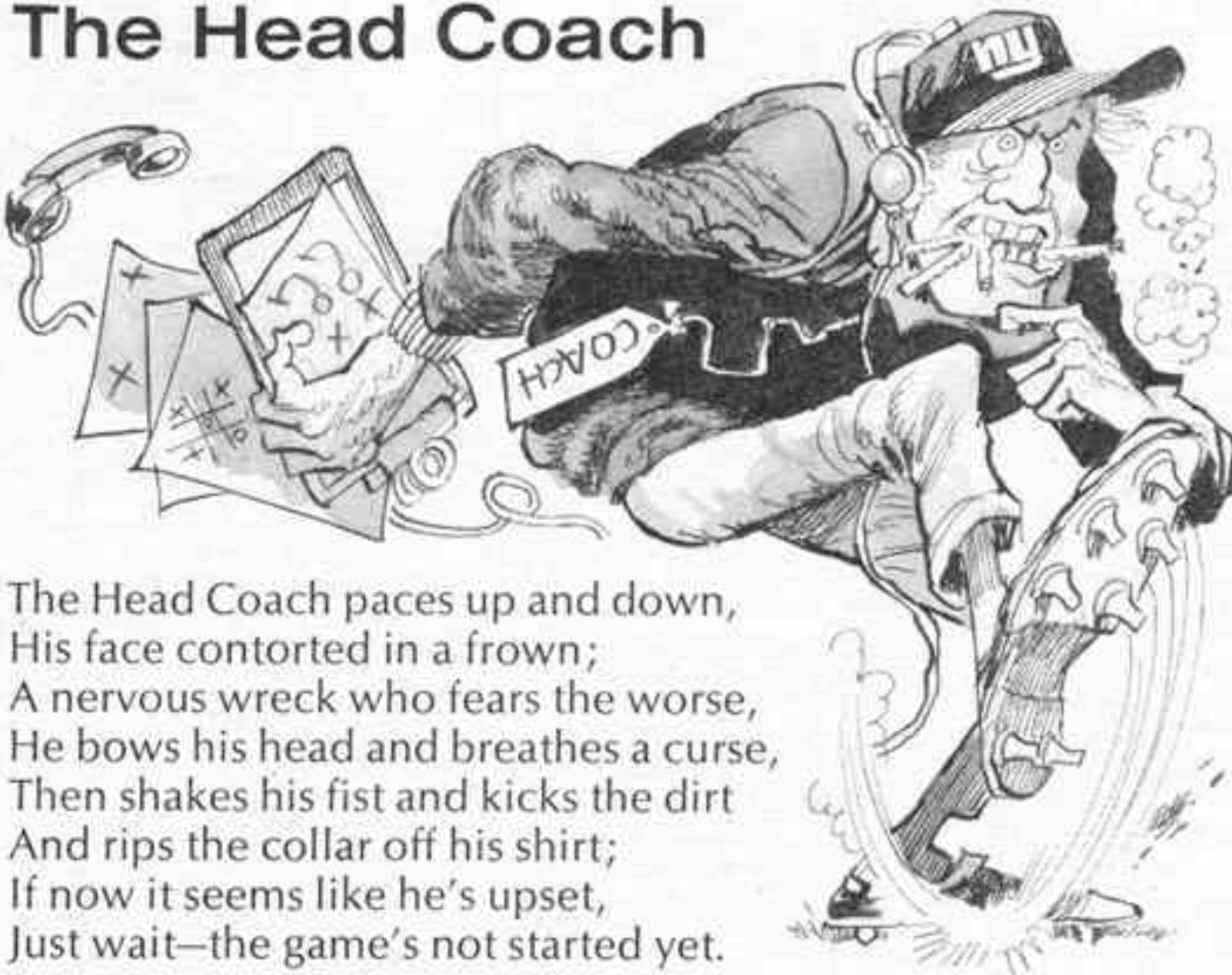
The Bench-Warmer



Way back in '66 or so
This hulk was picked by Buffalo,
Who saw the nature of his play
And wisely dumped him on Green Bay,
Who threw him in a mid-year trade
The Vikings wish they'd never made;
How come each club picks up this clown?
He knows the broads in every town.

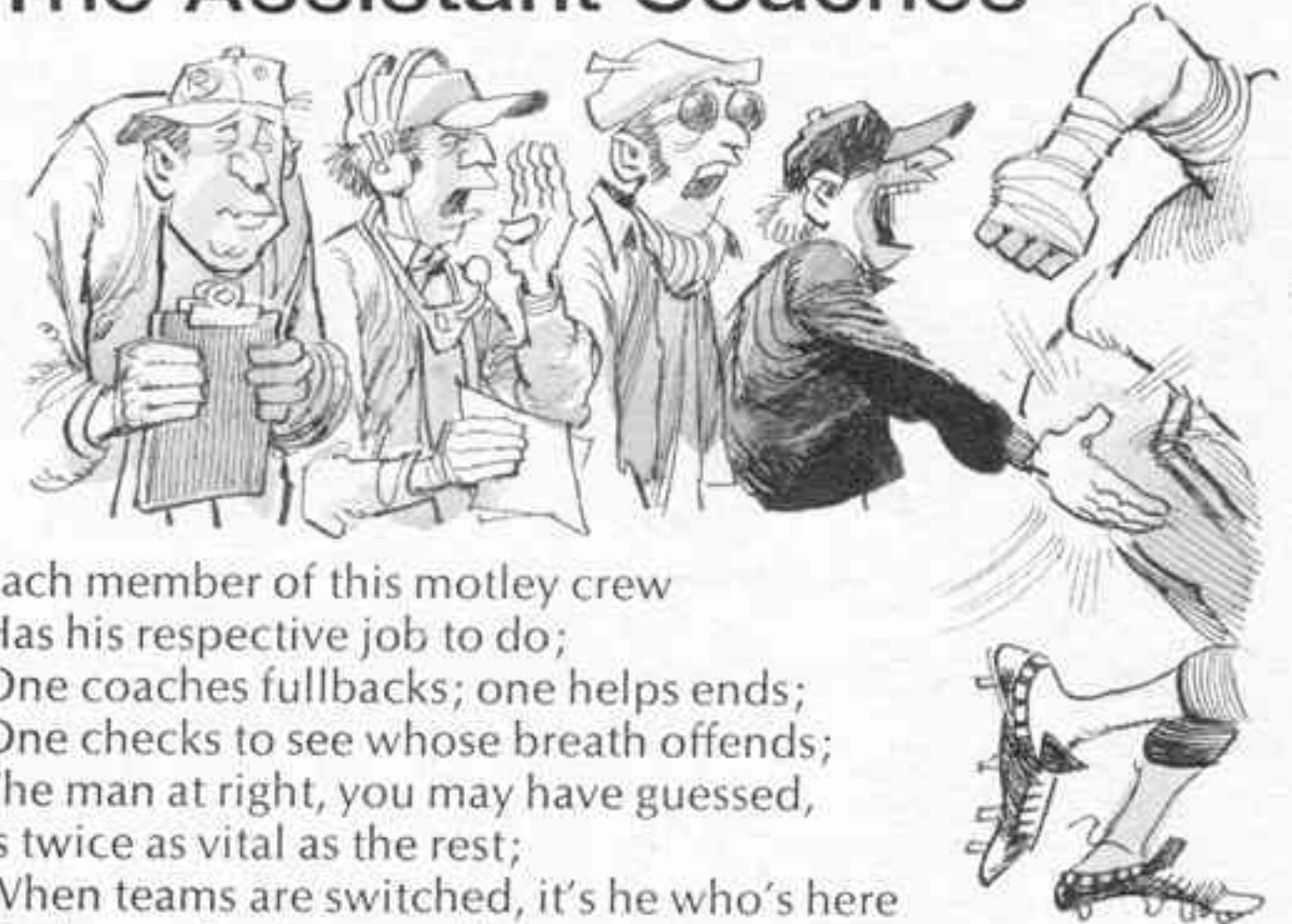
IV-The Coaching Staff

The Head Coach



The Head Coach paces up and down,
His face contorted in a frown;
A nervous wreck who fears the worse,
He bows his head and breathes a curse,
Then shakes his fist and kicks the dirt
And rips the collar off his shirt;
If now it seems like he's upset,
Just wait—the game's not started yet.

The Assistant Coaches



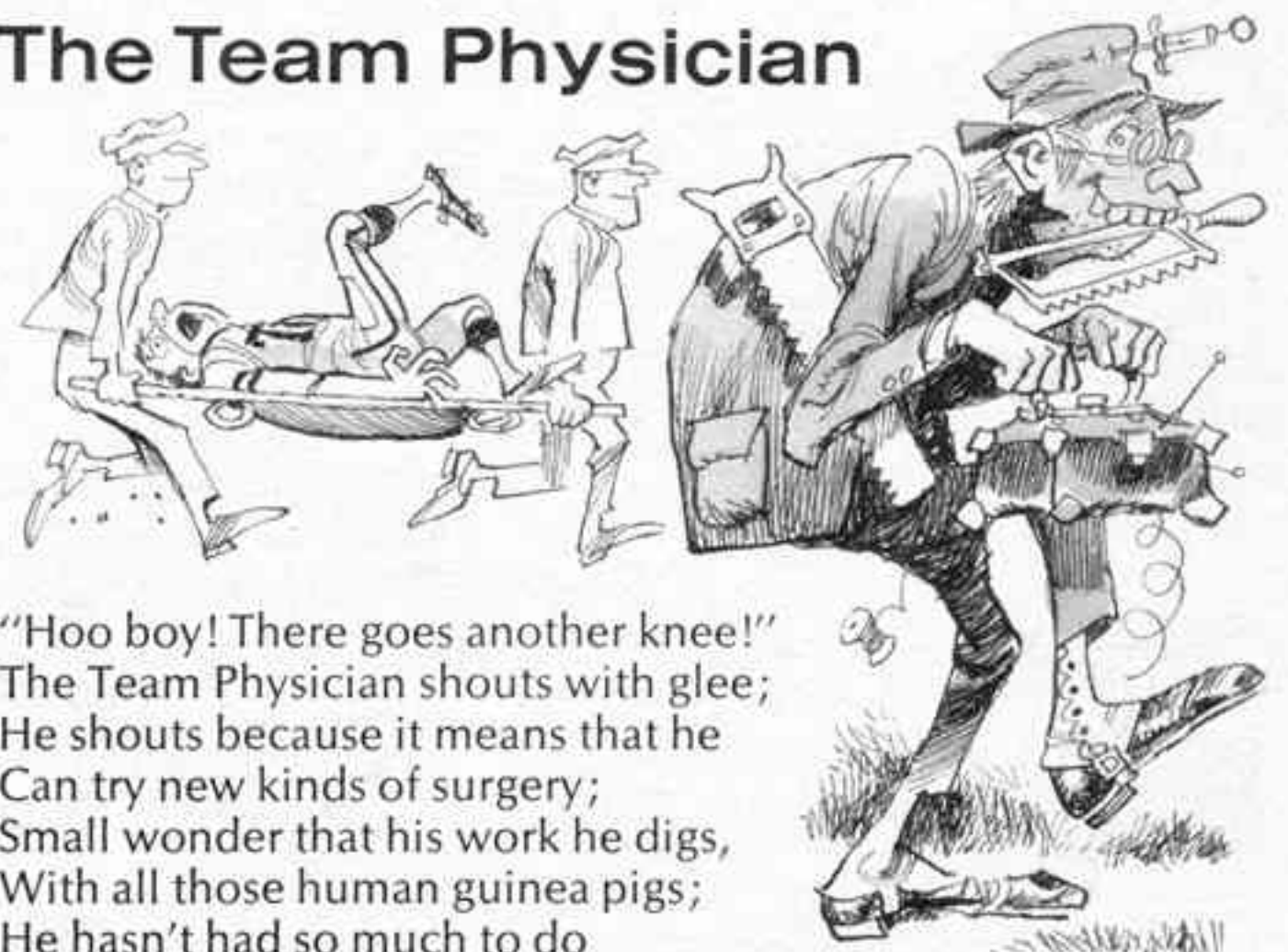
Each member of this motley crew
Has his respective job to do;
One coaches fullbacks; one helps ends;
One checks to see whose breath offends;
The man at right, you may have guessed,
Is twice as vital as the rest;
When teams are switched, it's he who's here
To slap each player on the rear.

The Trainer



Whenever players lack the will
They ask the Trainer for a pill;
He's got a red one that will dull
The aching of a broken skull;
He's got another colored blue
For yellow fever and the flu;
Of course, the players will attest
They like those groovy green ones best.

The Team Physician



"Hoo boy! There goes another knee!"
The Team Physician shouts with glee;
He shouts because it means that he
Can try new kinds of surgery;
Small wonder that his work he digs,
With all those human guinea pigs;
He hasn't had so much to do
Since D-Day back in World War II.

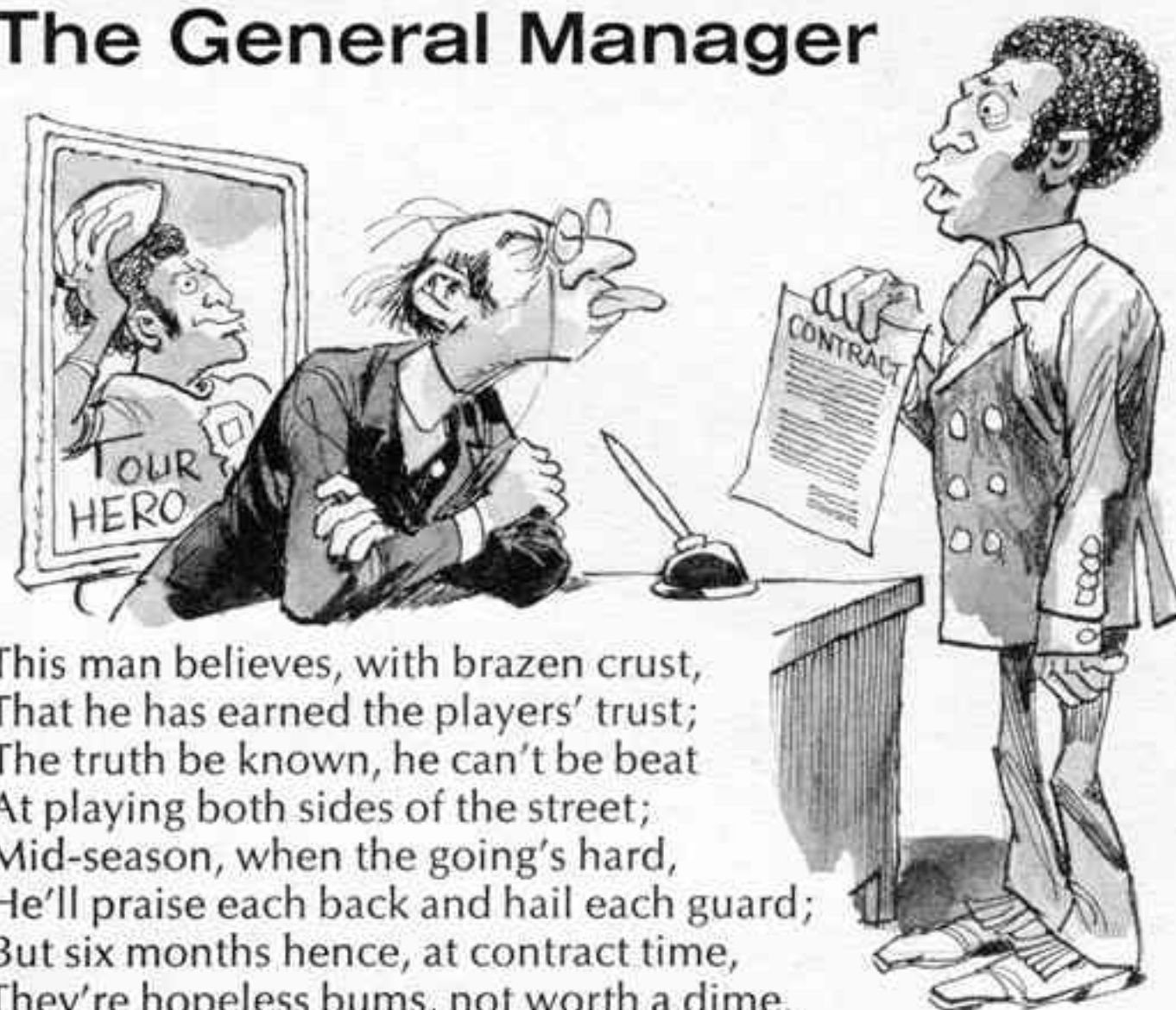
V-The Front Office

The Team Owner



It may appear a bit extreme
To pay 10 million for a team;
The Owner, who's a well-heeled gent,
Does not begrudge a penny spent;
He didn't put the money down
To be a big-shot in his town;
He only had a single aim—
To get a seat to watch the game.

The General Manager

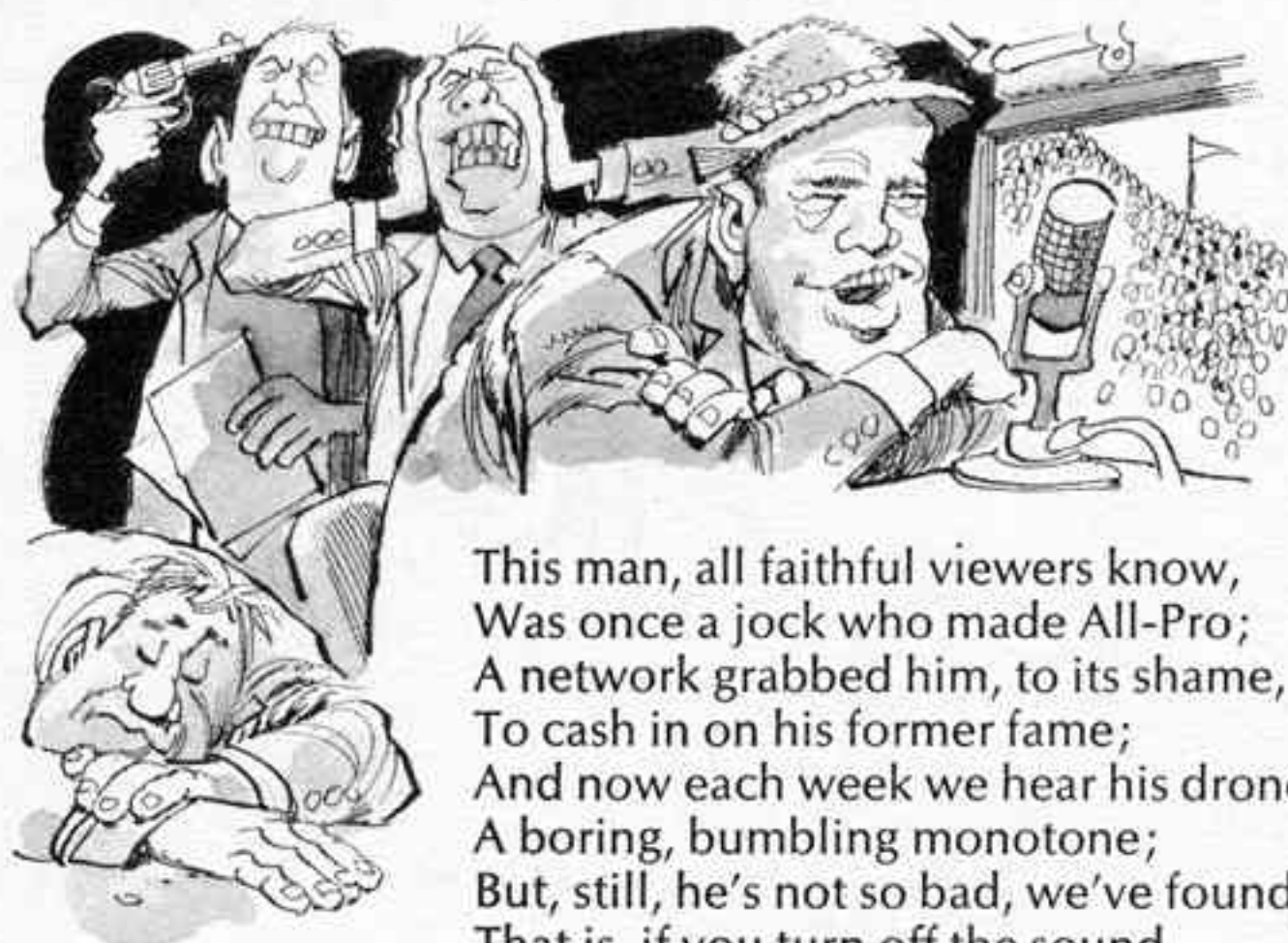


This man believes, with brazen crust,
That he has earned the players' trust;
The truth be known, he can't be beat
At playing both sides of the street;
Mid-season, when the going's hard,
He'll praise each back and hail each guard;
But six months hence, at contract time,
They're hopeless bums, not worth a dime.

VI-The TV Crew

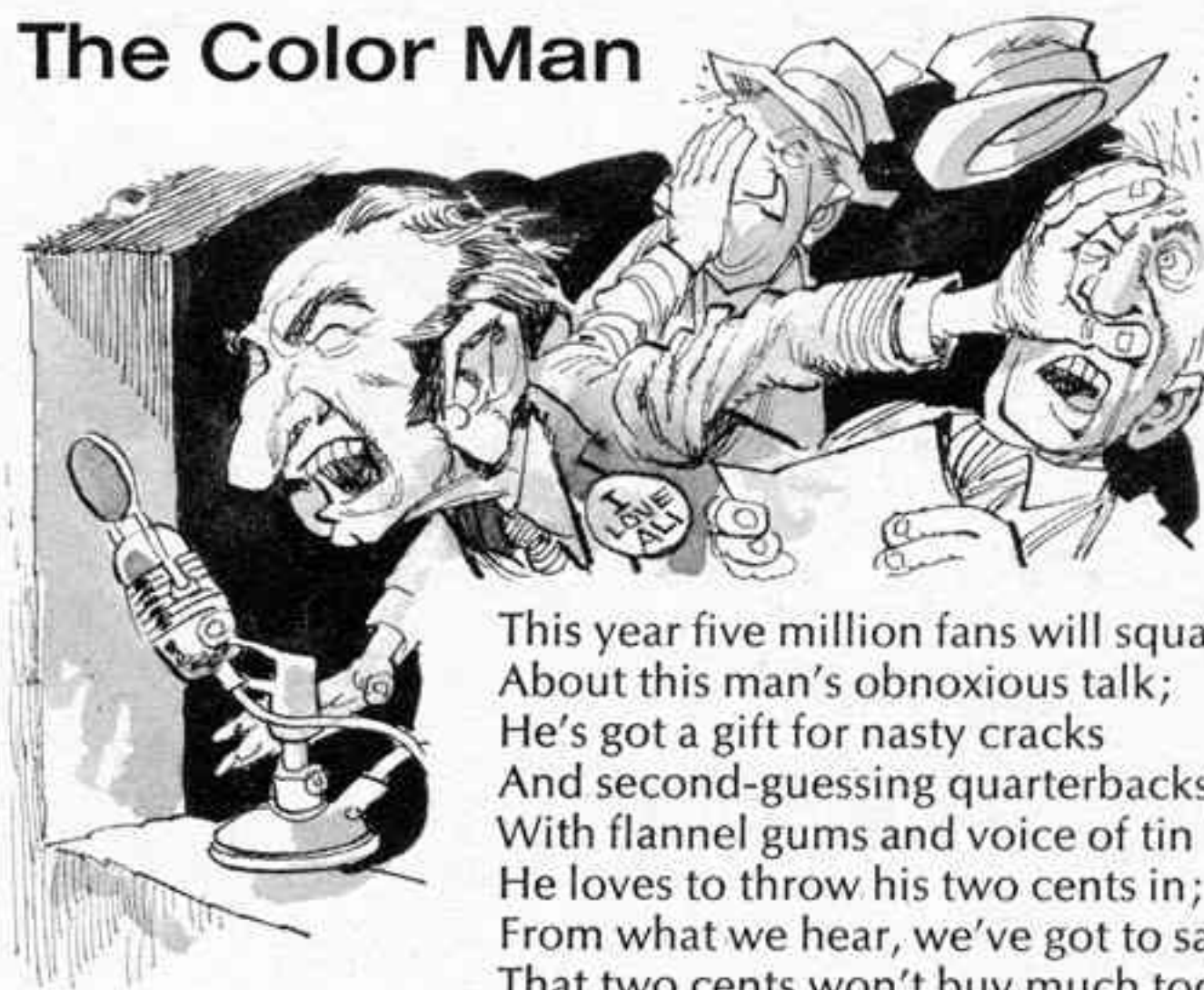


The Play-by-Play Announcer



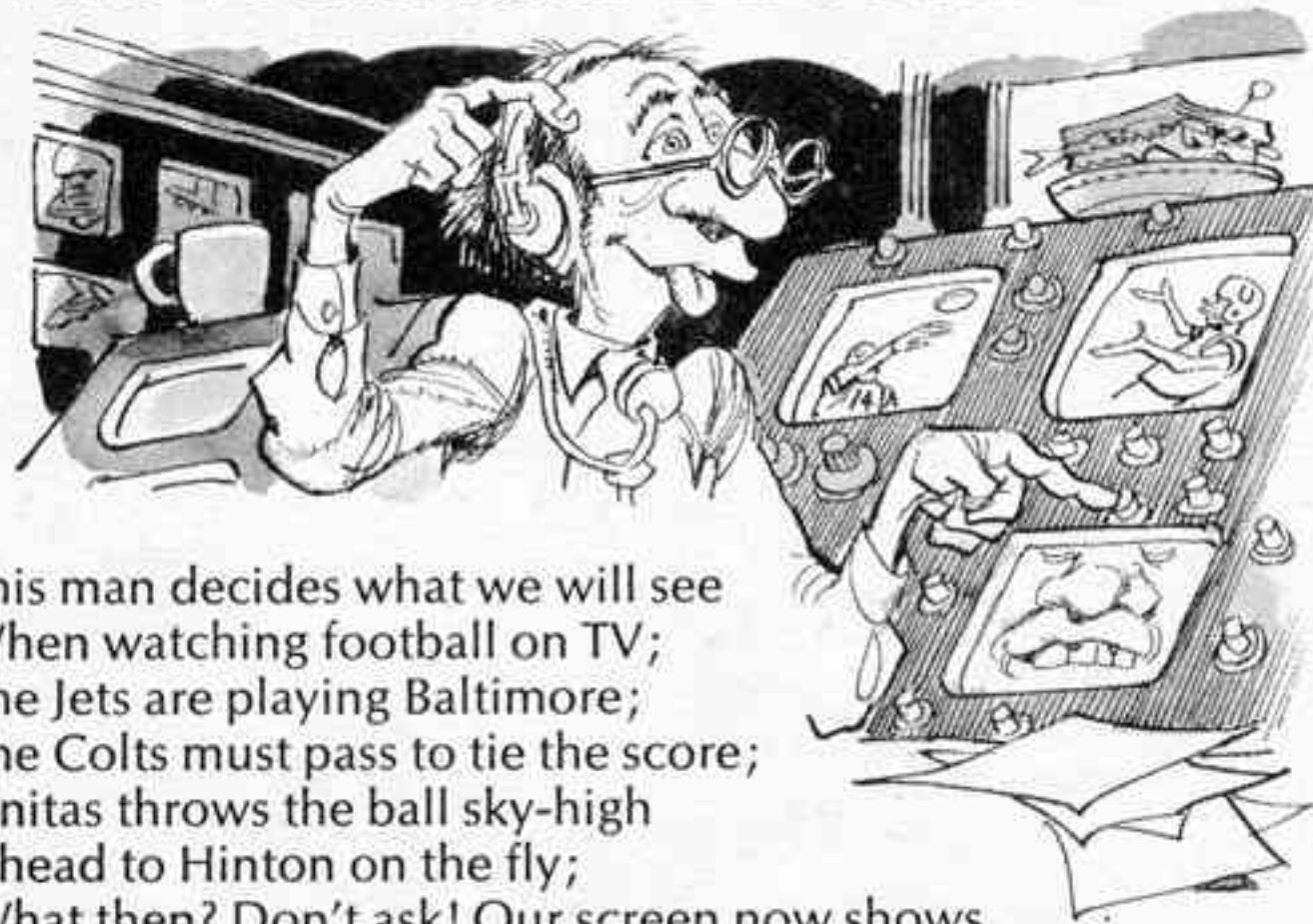
This man, all faithful viewers know,
Was once a jock who made All-Pro;
A network grabbed him, to its shame,
To cash in on his former fame;
And now each week we hear his drone—
A boring, bumbling monotone;
But, still, he's not so bad, we've found;
That is, if you turn off the sound.

The Color Man



This year five million fans will squawk
About this man's obnoxious talk;
He's got a gift for nasty cracks
And second-guessing quarterbacks;
With flannel gums and voice of tin
He loves to throw his two cents in;
From what we hear, we've got to say
That two cents won't buy much today.

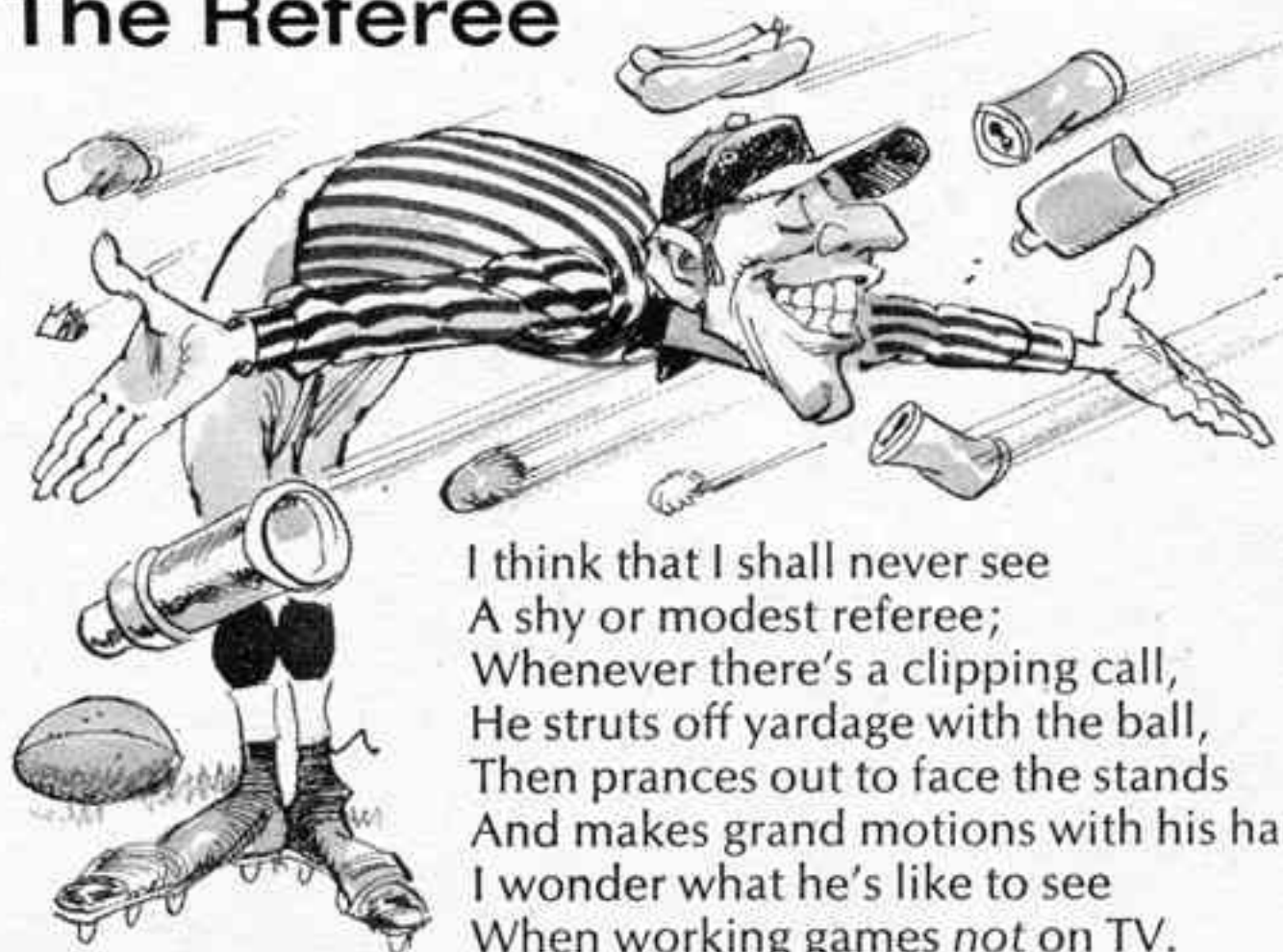
The Technical Director



This man decides what we will see
When watching football on TV;
The Jets are playing Baltimore;
The Colts must pass to tie the score;
Unitas throws the ball sky-high
Ahead to Hinton on the fly;
What then? Don't ask! Our screen now shows
A close-up of Weeb Ewbank's nose.

VII-And Last and Least...

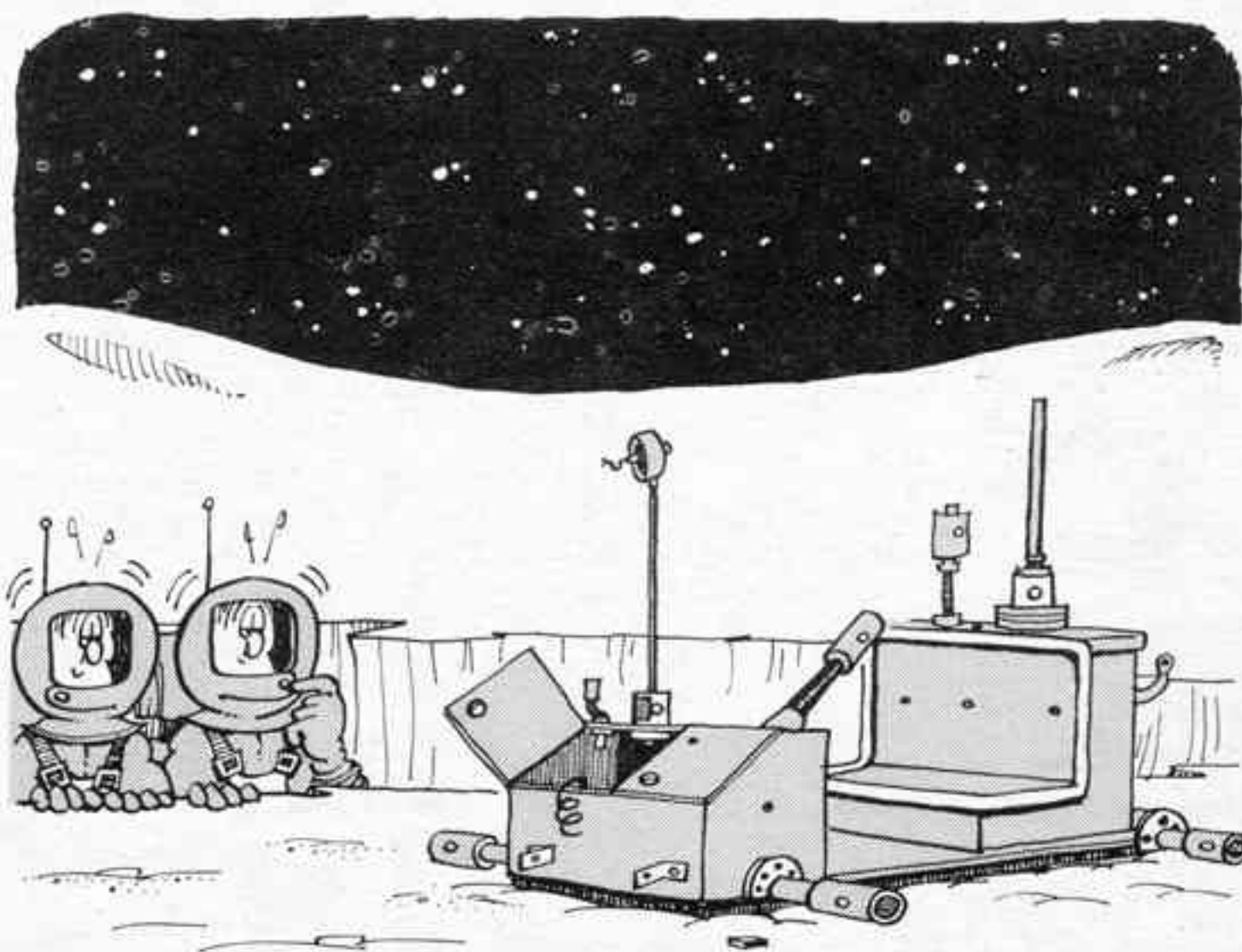
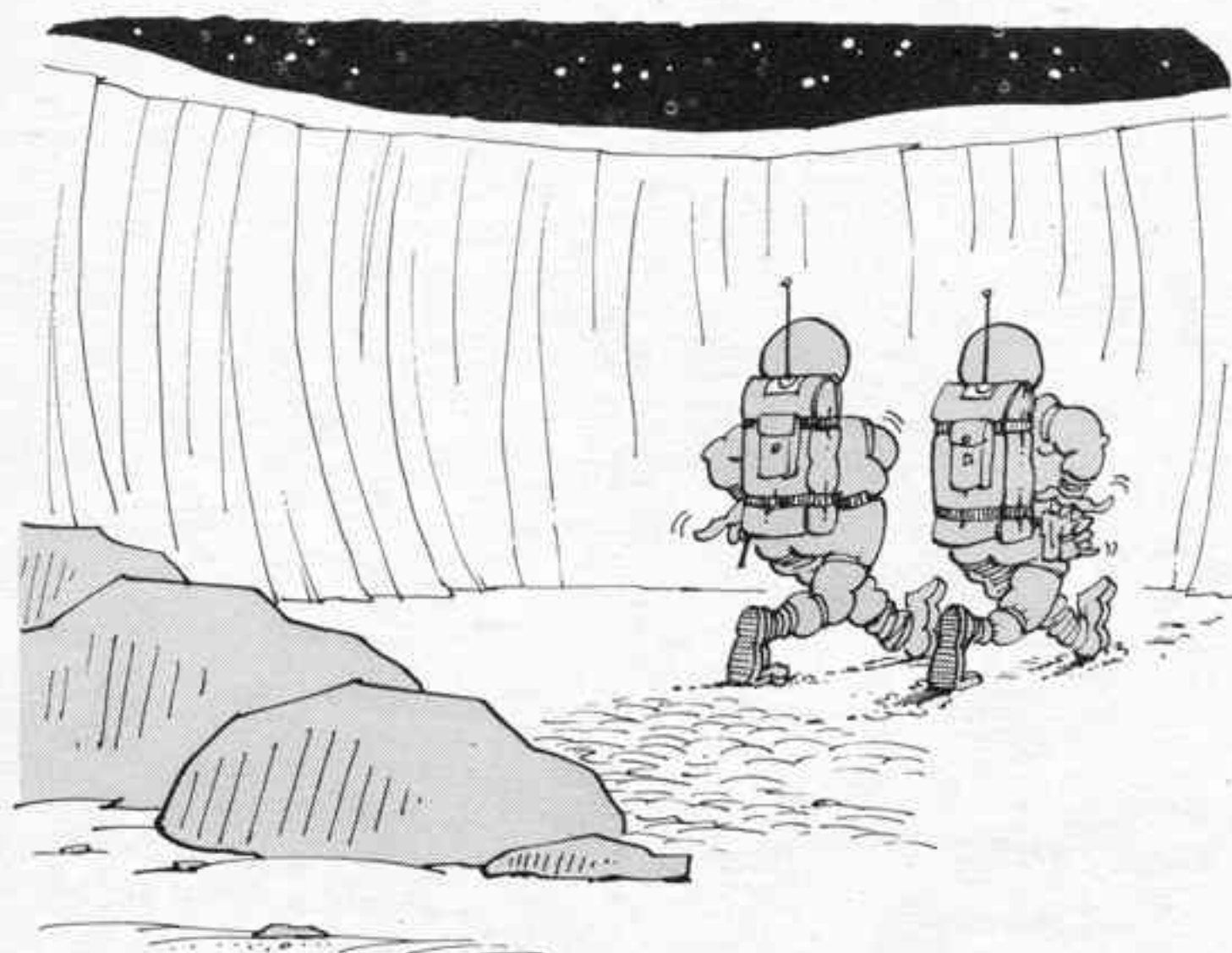
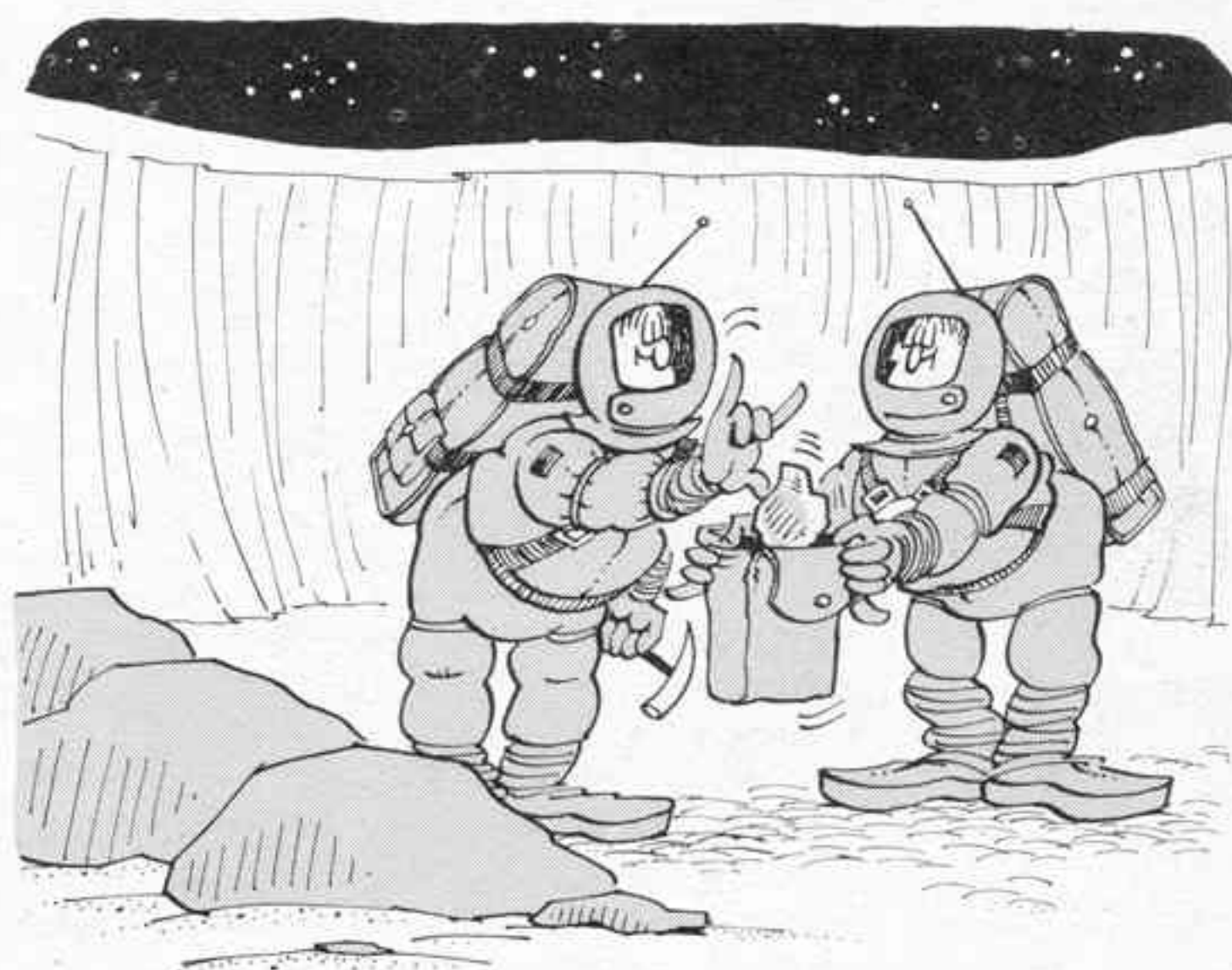
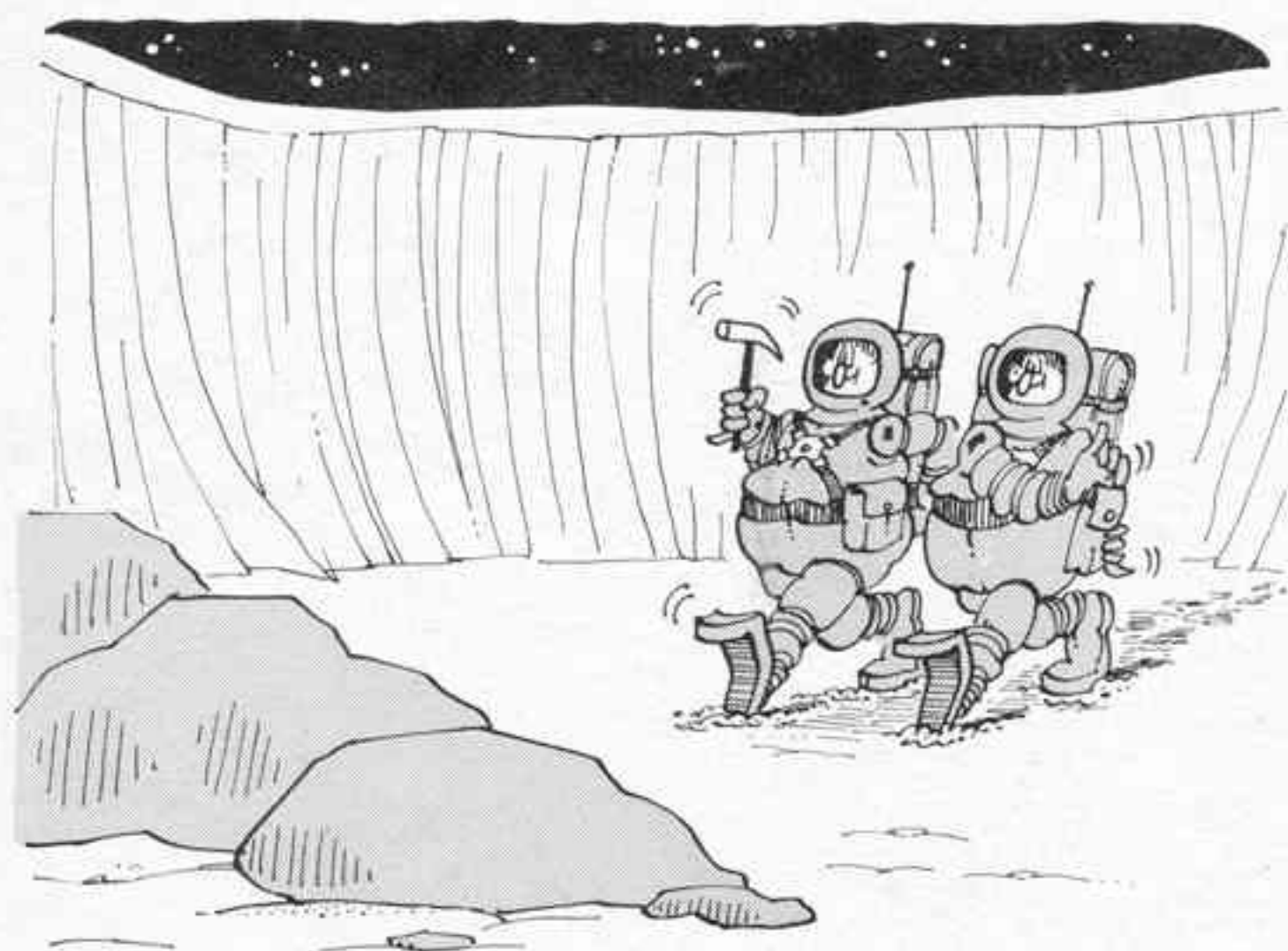
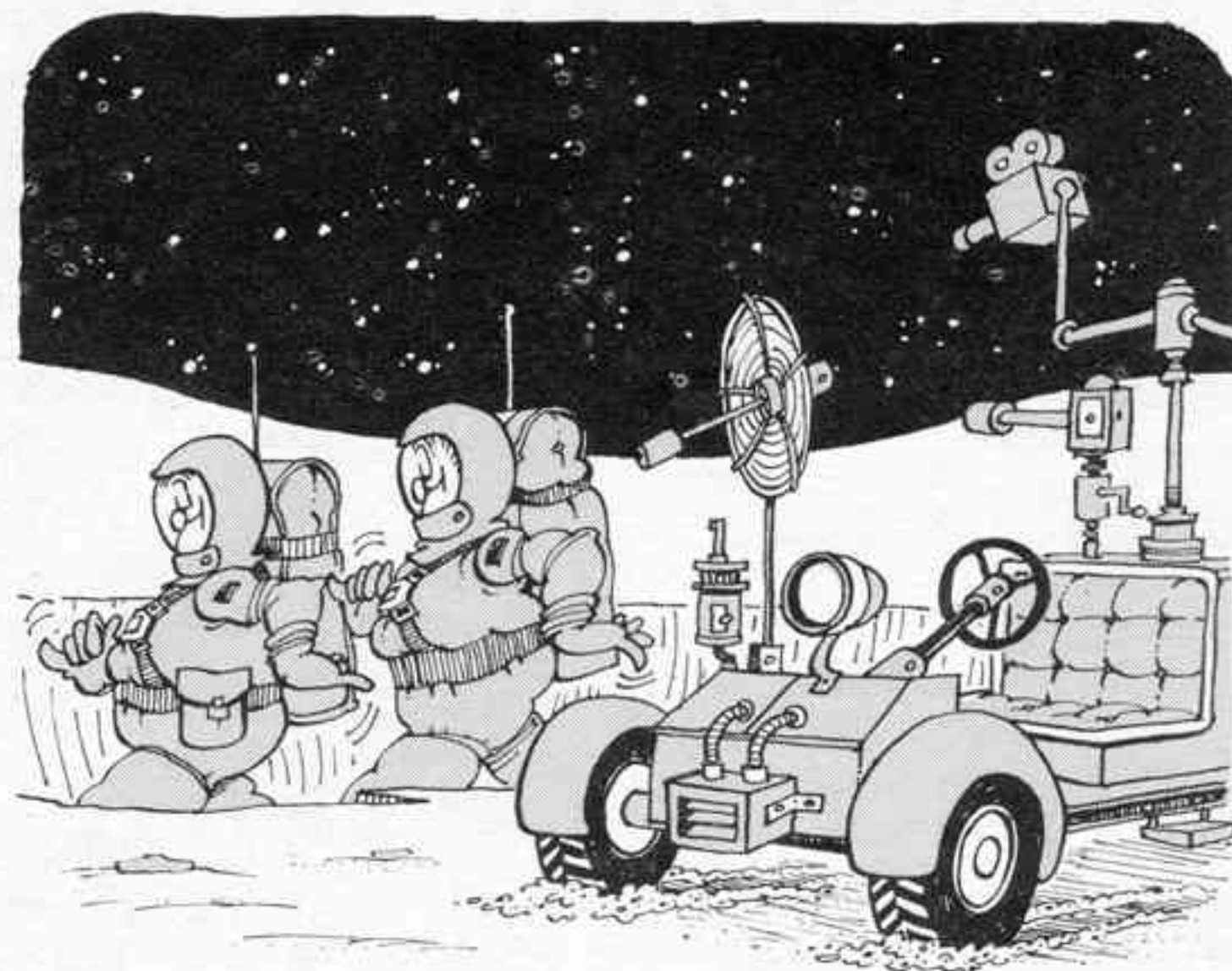
The Referee



I think that I shall never see
A shy or modest referee;
Whenever there's a clipping call,
He struts off yardage with the ball,
Then prances out to face the stands
And makes grand motions with his hands;
I wonder what he's like to see
When working games *not* on TV.



ONE THURSDAY AFTERNOON ON THE MOON



INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

In many ways, the "Sexual Revolution" is just that—REVOLTING! But don't

BEHIND THE SCENES AT AN

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

That was our Printer! The next issue is going to be late again!

What happens? Does the press keep breaking down...?

No—it keeps throwing up!

Some of these "Personal" ads are revolting! Listen to this: "Clean-cut young man, age 24, looking for clean-cut young girl. Object: Matrimony."

What's "Matrimony"?

I don't know, but it sure SOUNDS sick!

The Mayor, the Chief of Police and the D.A. are screaming about the stuff we print!

You mean, they want us to clean it up?

No, they want us to mail it to them! They keep missing it at the newsstands!

Fellows, we're slipping! Our last issue only brought in 3 subpoenas, 5 court orders and 127 anti-pornography letters from the D.A.R.!

You're a good photographer, Wemblish, but you have no imagination! Who wants to see pictures of a normal man and a normal woman making normal love???

Tell the truth, would you let your daughter read this—this trash?

She has to! She's the Editor!

I've got a groovy new promotion gimmick! With every new subscription, we give away a free obscene phone call!

I've got almost everything necessary for our upcoming Orgy Photo Article—whips, chains, branding irons, leather jackets and boots, whipped cream, and the volunteers themselves! Now, there's only one more thing I need...

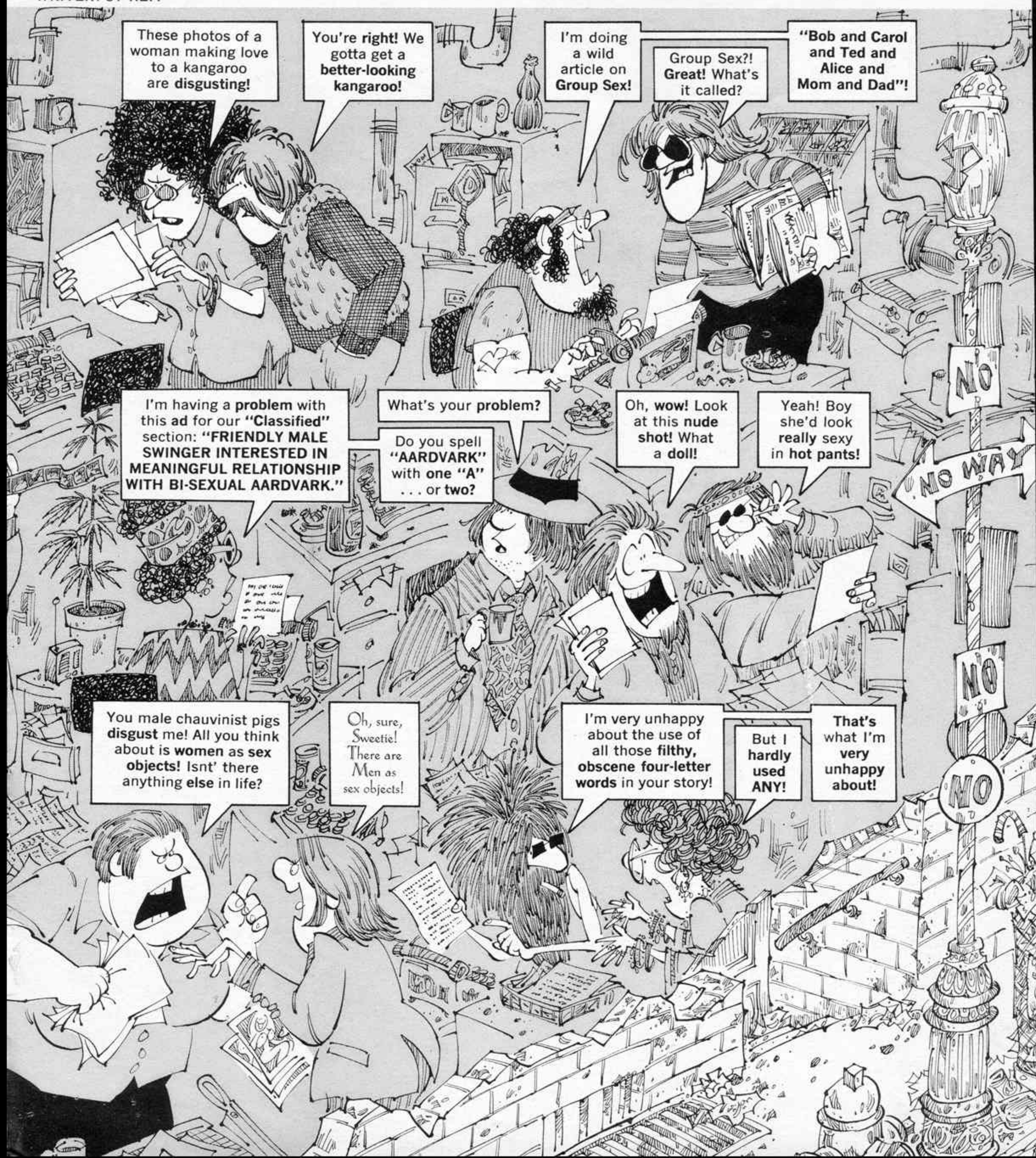
What's that?

A photographer SICK ENOUGH to take pictures of the whole thing!

take our word for it! See for yourself as MAD conducts this special tour

UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER

WRITER: SY REIT

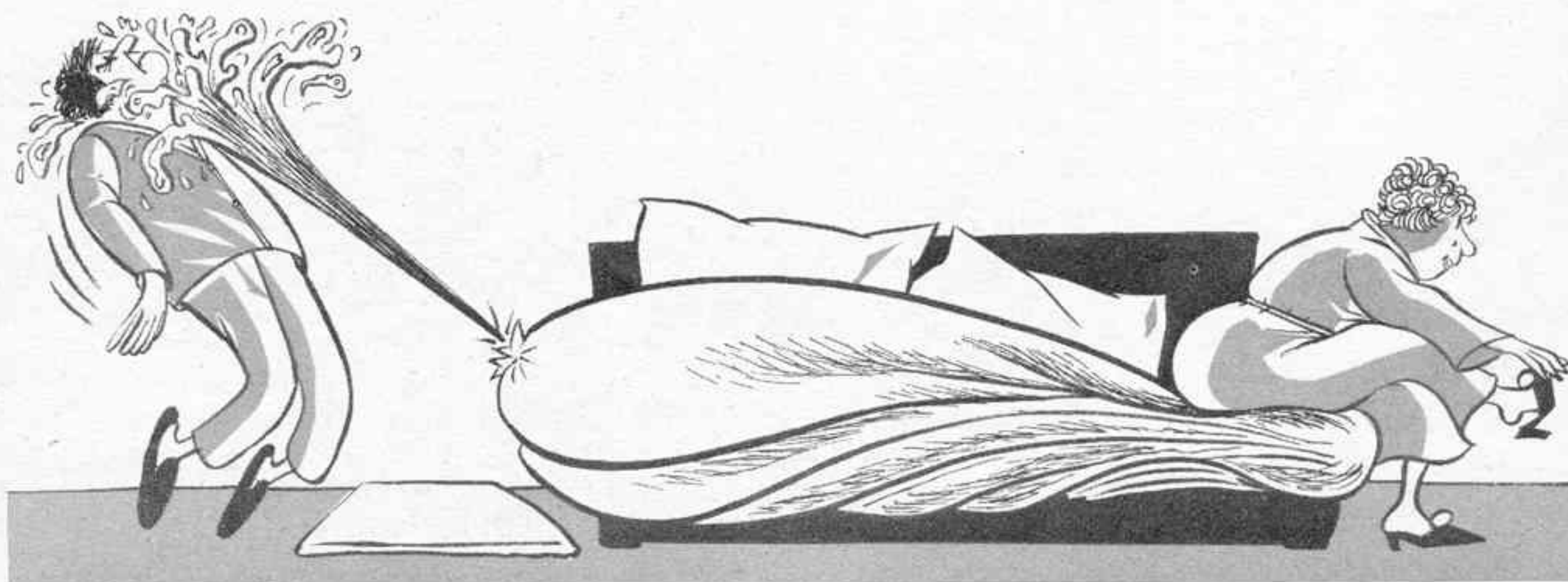
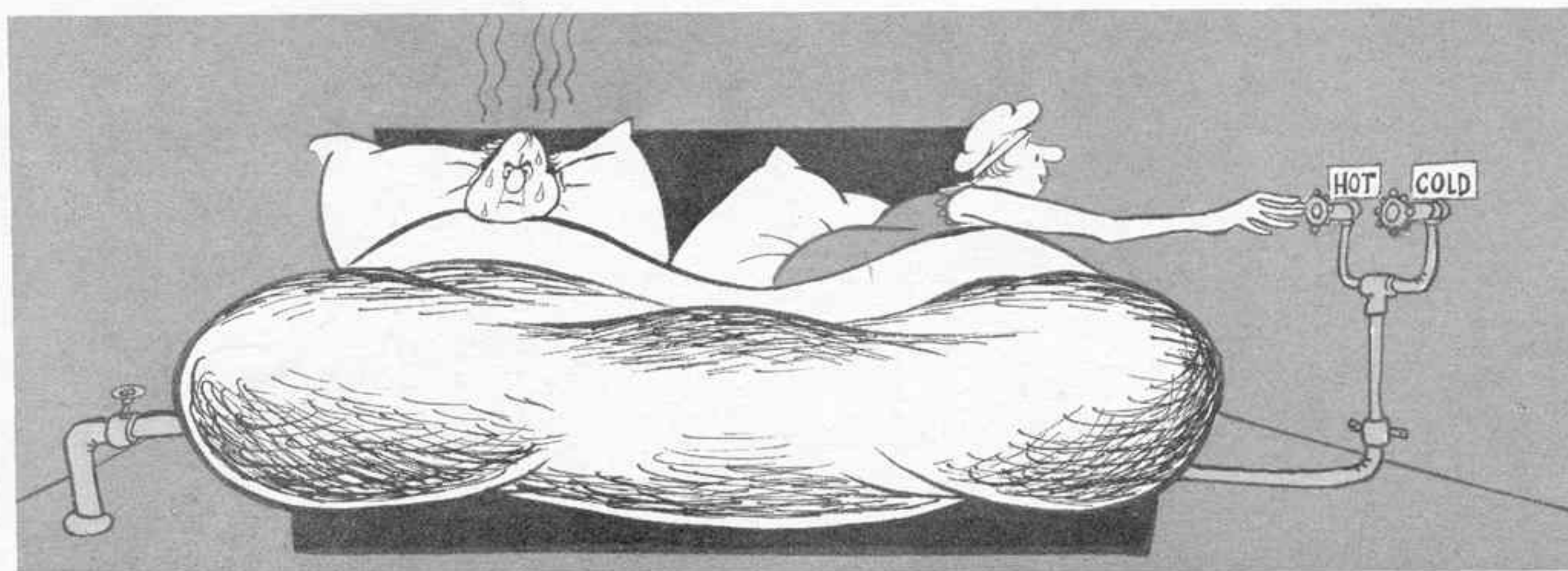
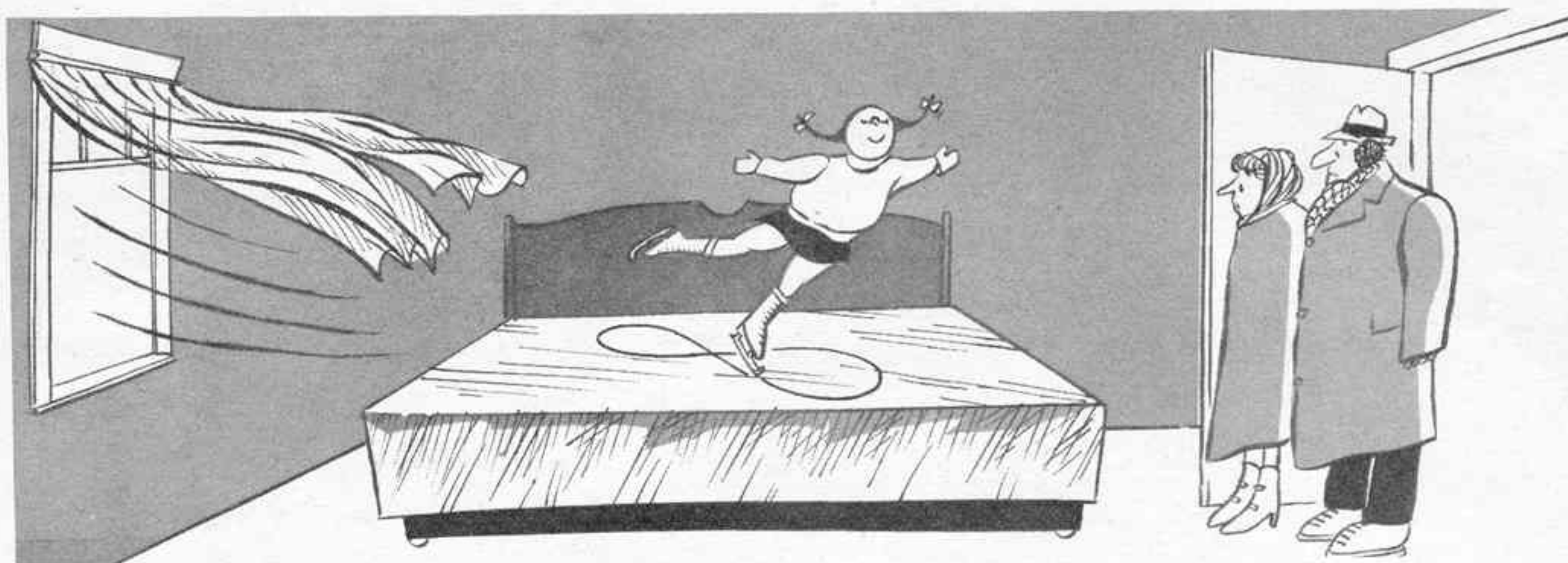


ASLEEP ON THE DEEP DEPT.



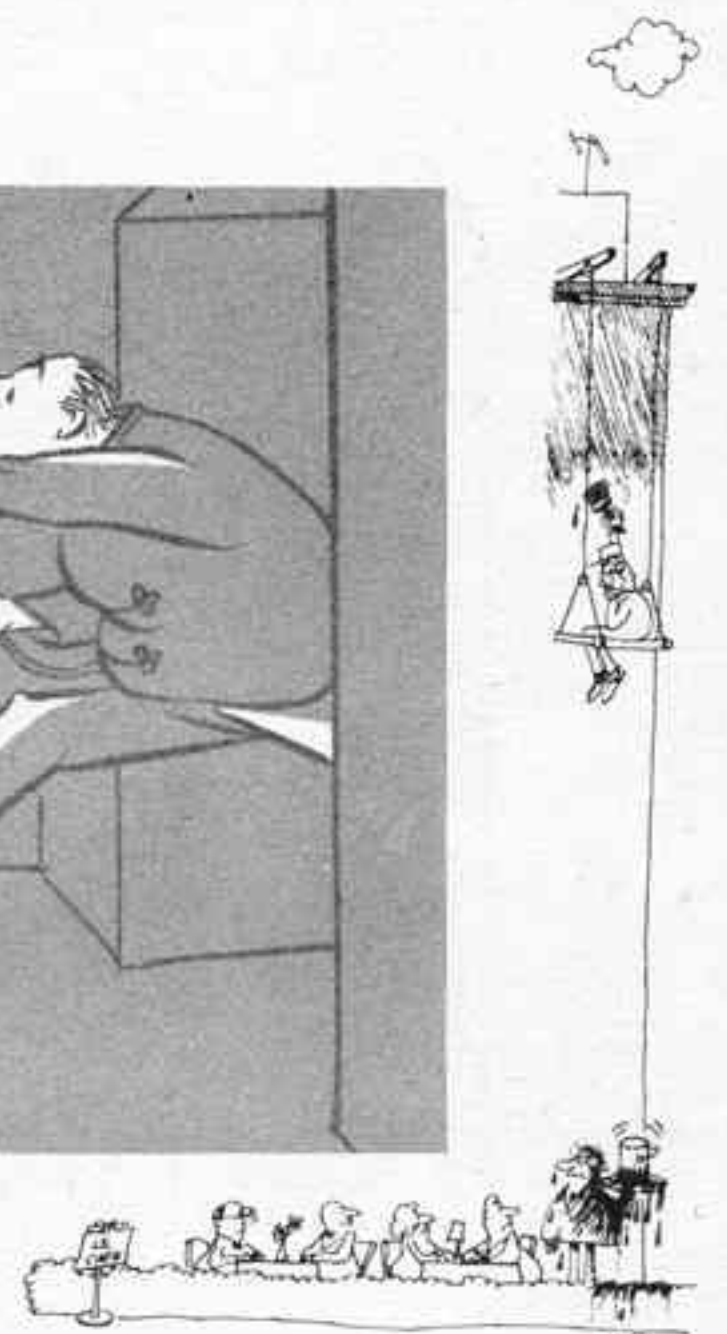
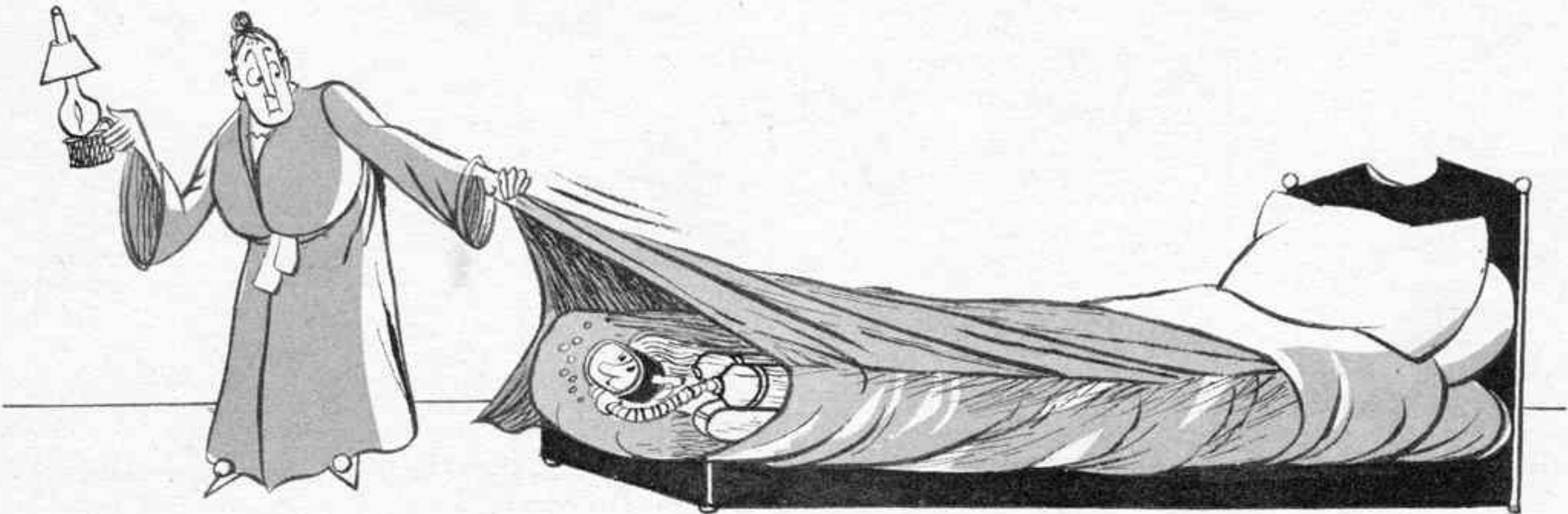
A MAD LOOK A

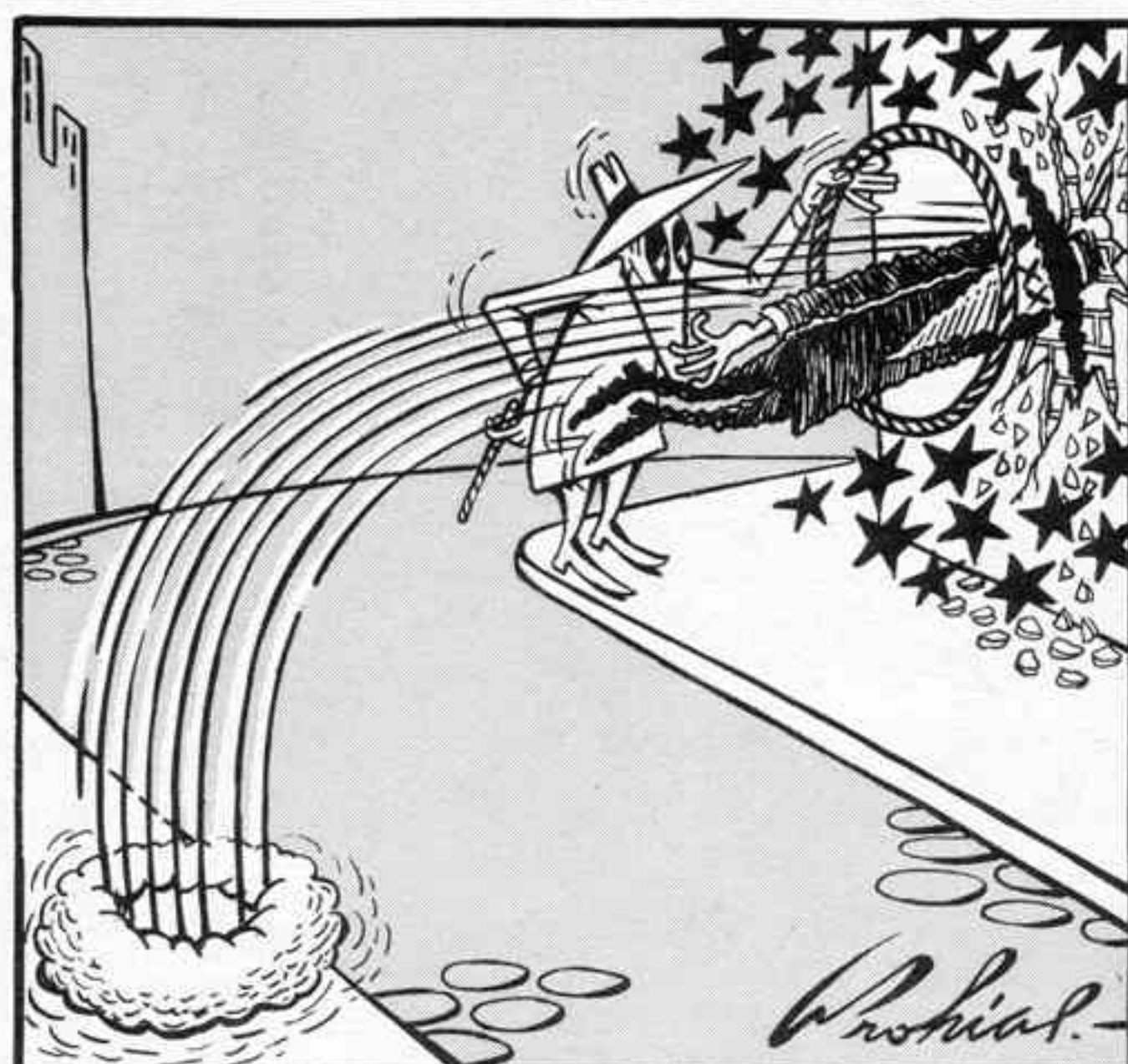
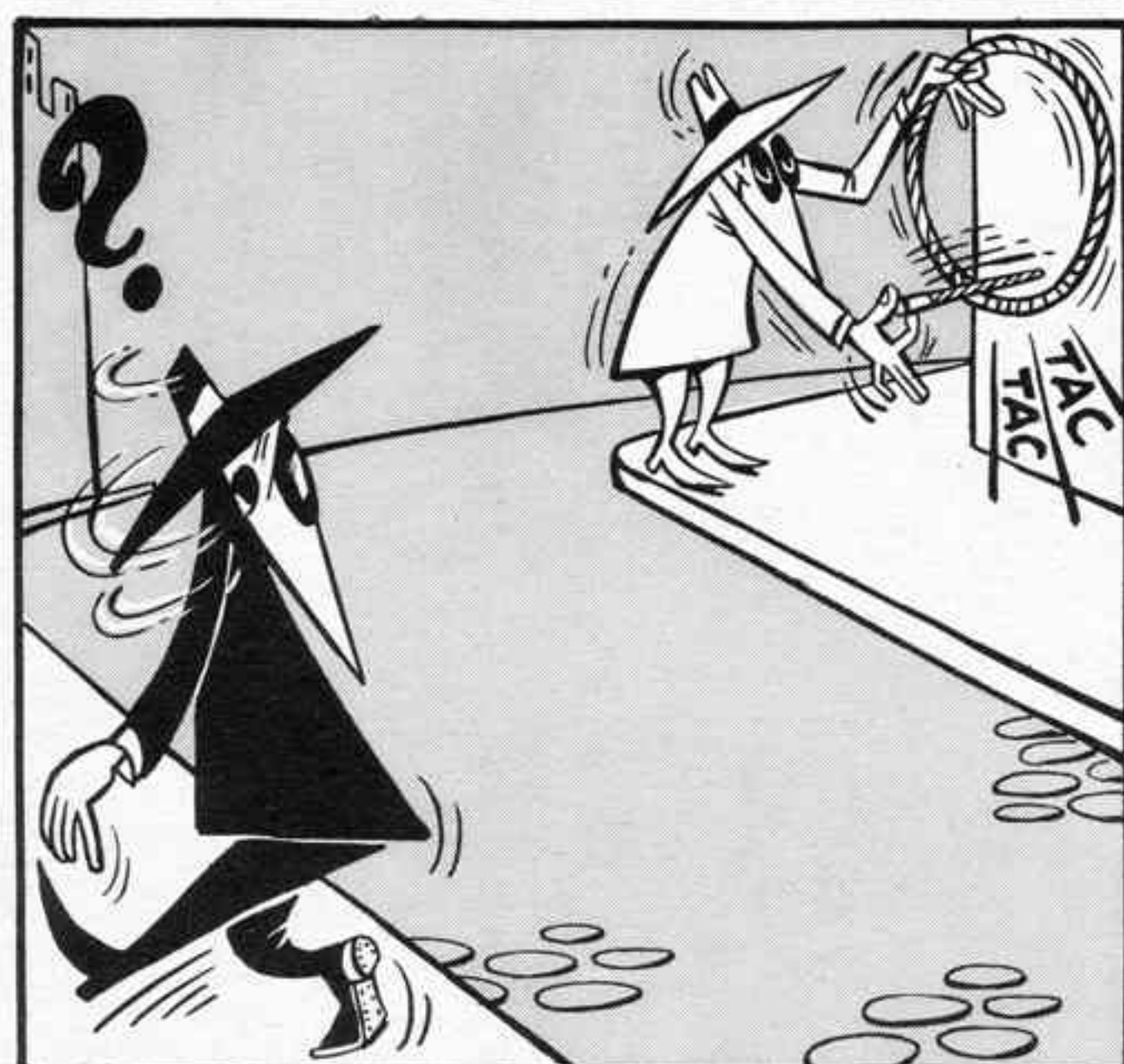
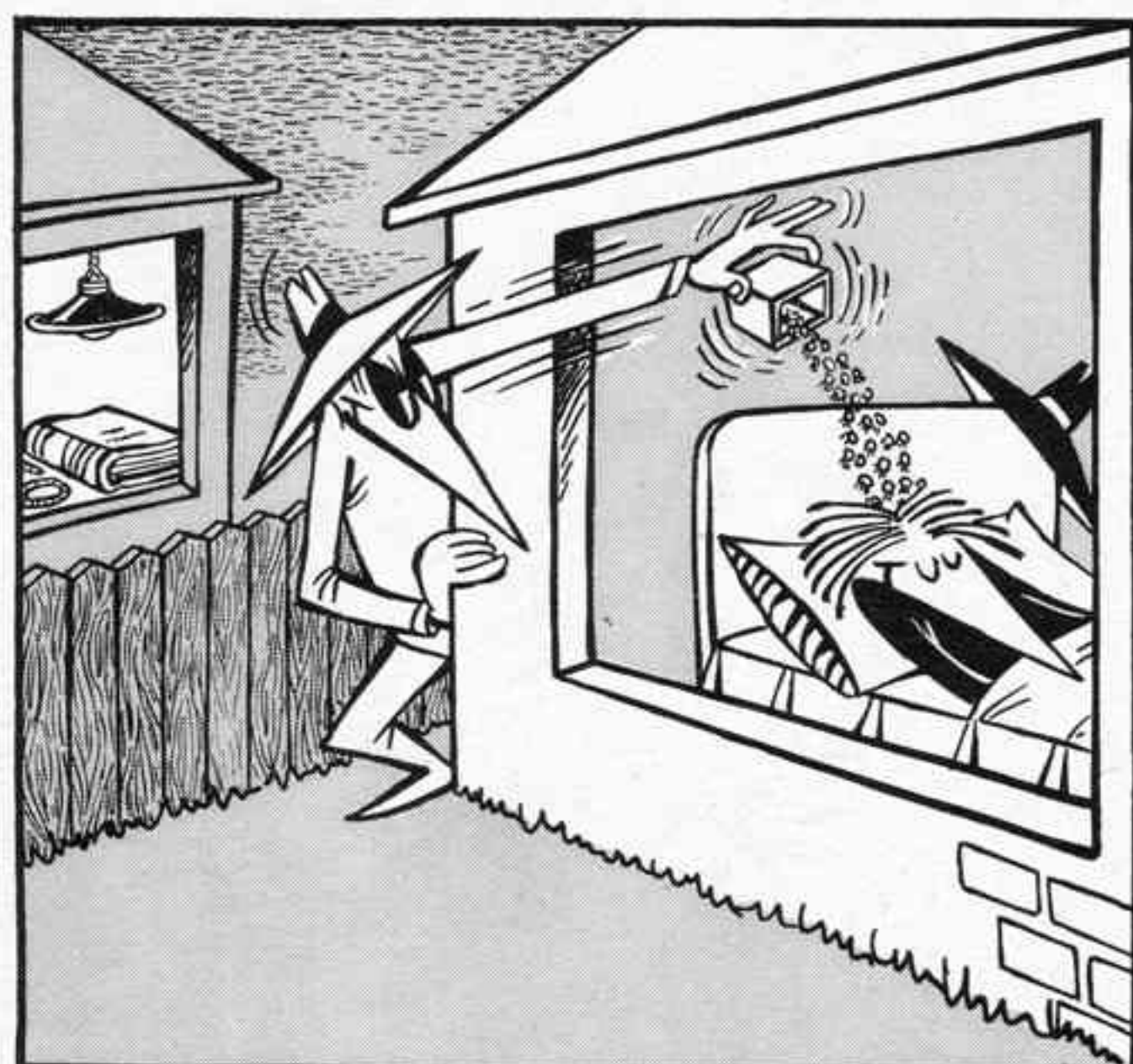
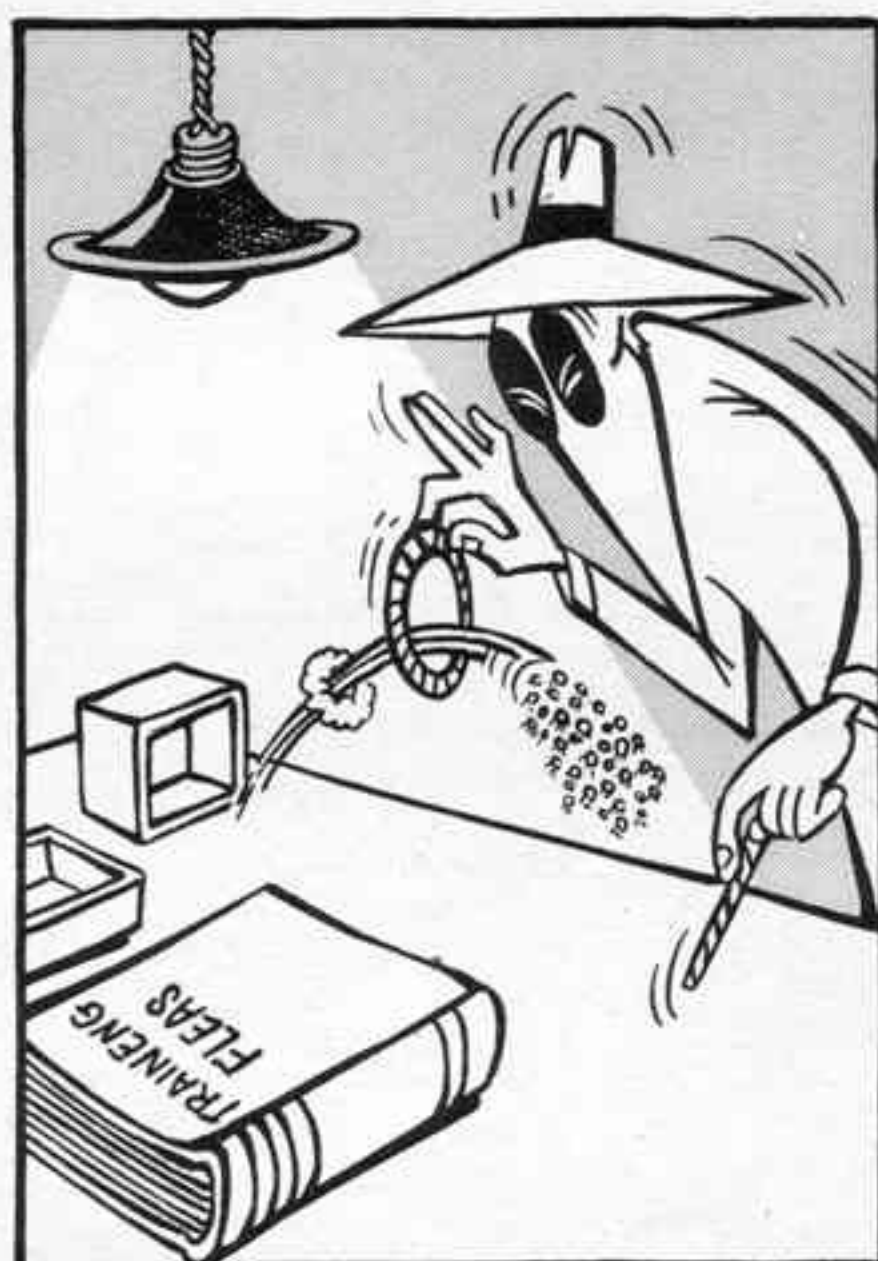
ARTIST & WRITER:



T WATER BEDS

PAUL PETER PORGES





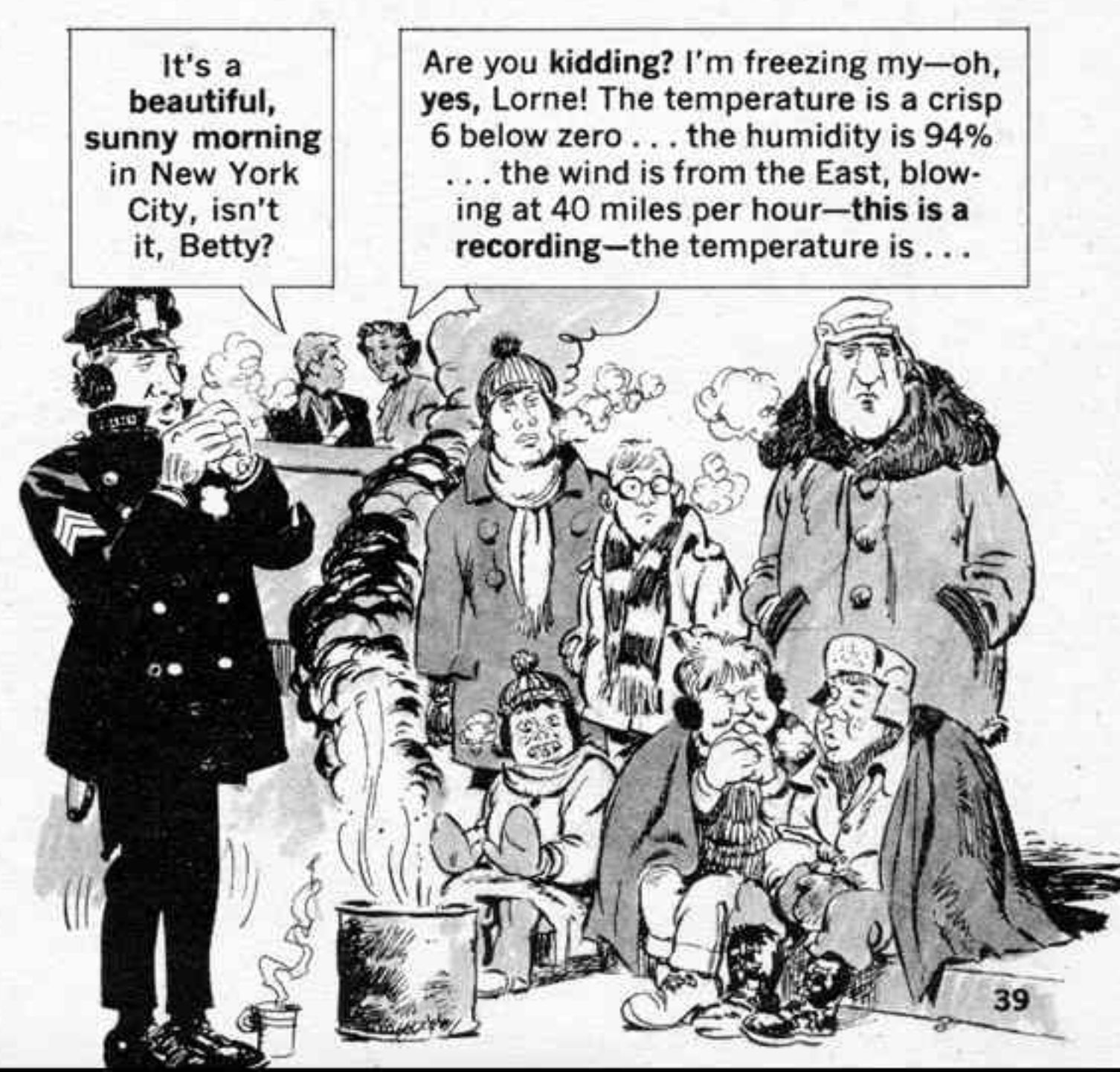
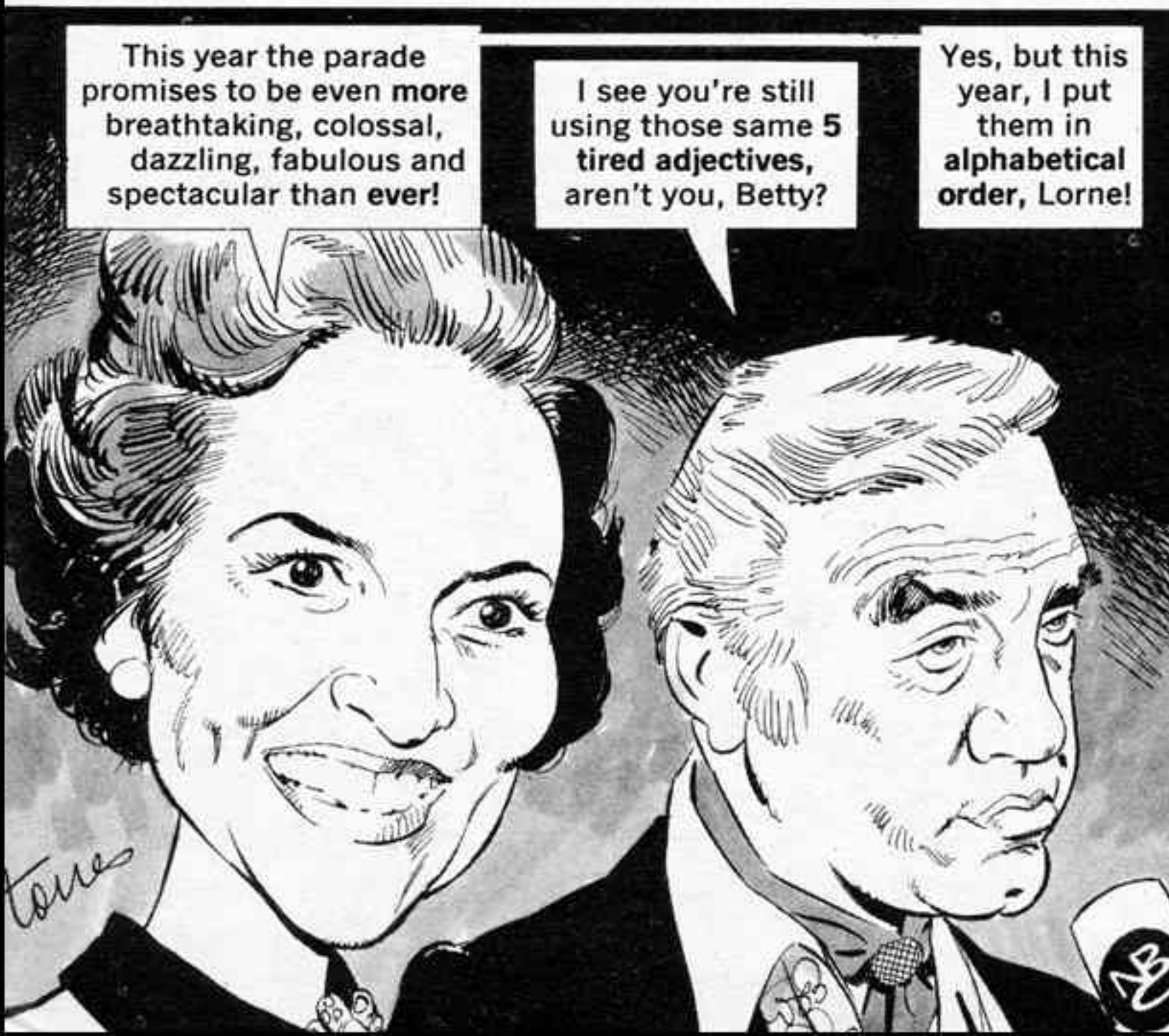
Thanksgiving Day—the day for giving thanks—started out as a good idea! But somewhere along the way things started to change, a little at first, and then a little more, and then—well, it's hard to give thanks when the day begins with the idiot box blaring out the annual event called . . .

MESSY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITERS: DICK DE BARTOLO & KEDZIE NORTH



What's in store for all our TV viewers this morning, Betty?

You won't believe it, Lorne! 14 continuous hours of elaborate floats, marching bands, and gigantic balloons!

Same old breathtaking, colossal, dazzling, fabulous, spectacular plate of beans, huh?

Yup! And of course that jolly old man with the beard will be here at the end of the parade...

You mean Fidel Castro?

No, silly! Santa Claus!



Santa Claus? On Thanksgiving? Isn't that like introducing the Easter Bunny on Lincoln's Birthday?

Yes, but without Santa, this whole, obviously commercial farce would appear obviously commercial!

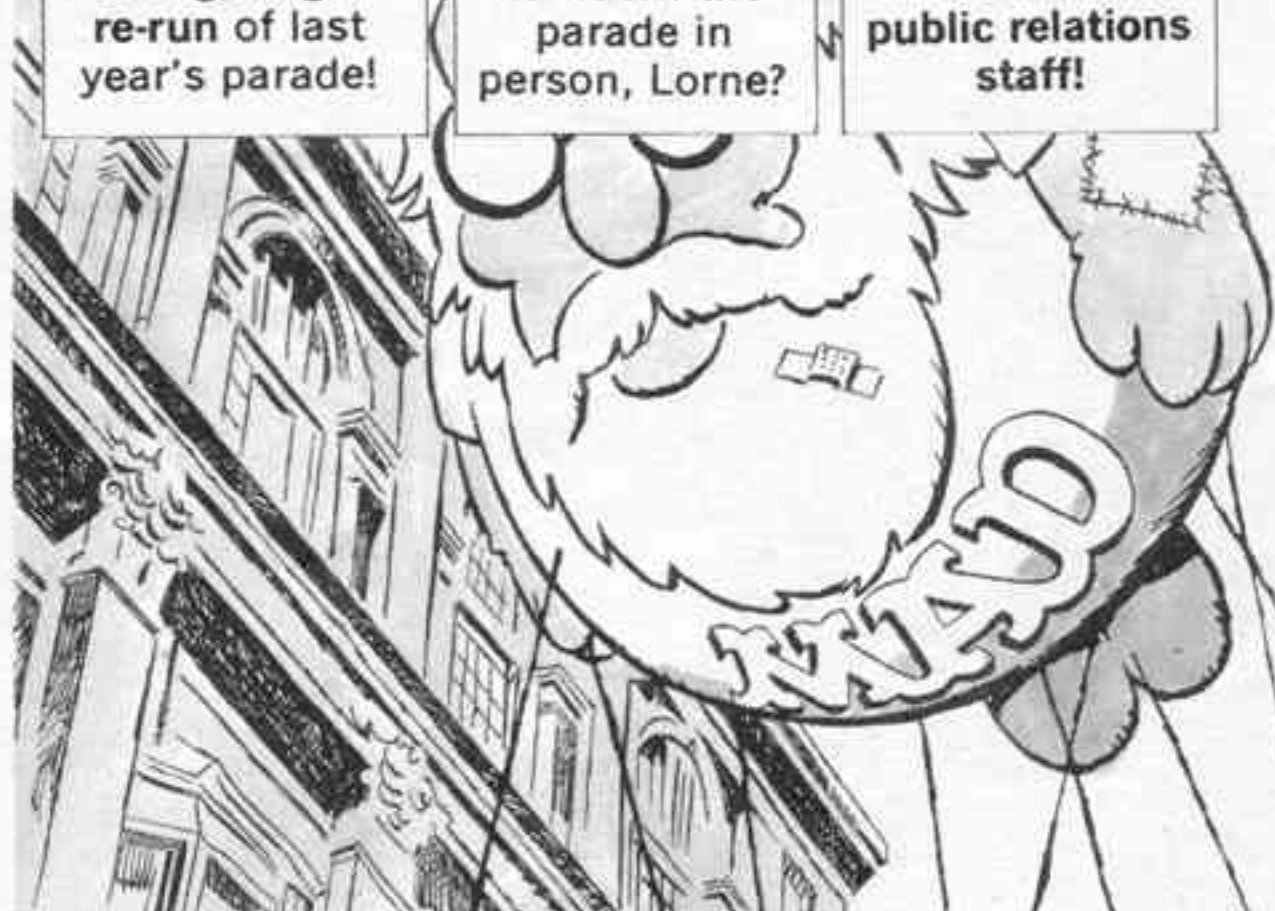
Well, so long as the parade is chock full of surprises, however inappropriate!

Right! And the biggest surprise will be if you and I shut up for more than five seconds!

Anyway, from what I've seen so far, this will be a new, unique, exciting, original re-run of last year's parade!

How many people do you think braved the chill, and came to watch the parade in person, Lorne?

Well, I counted 12, but I think some of them were part of MESSY's public relations staff!



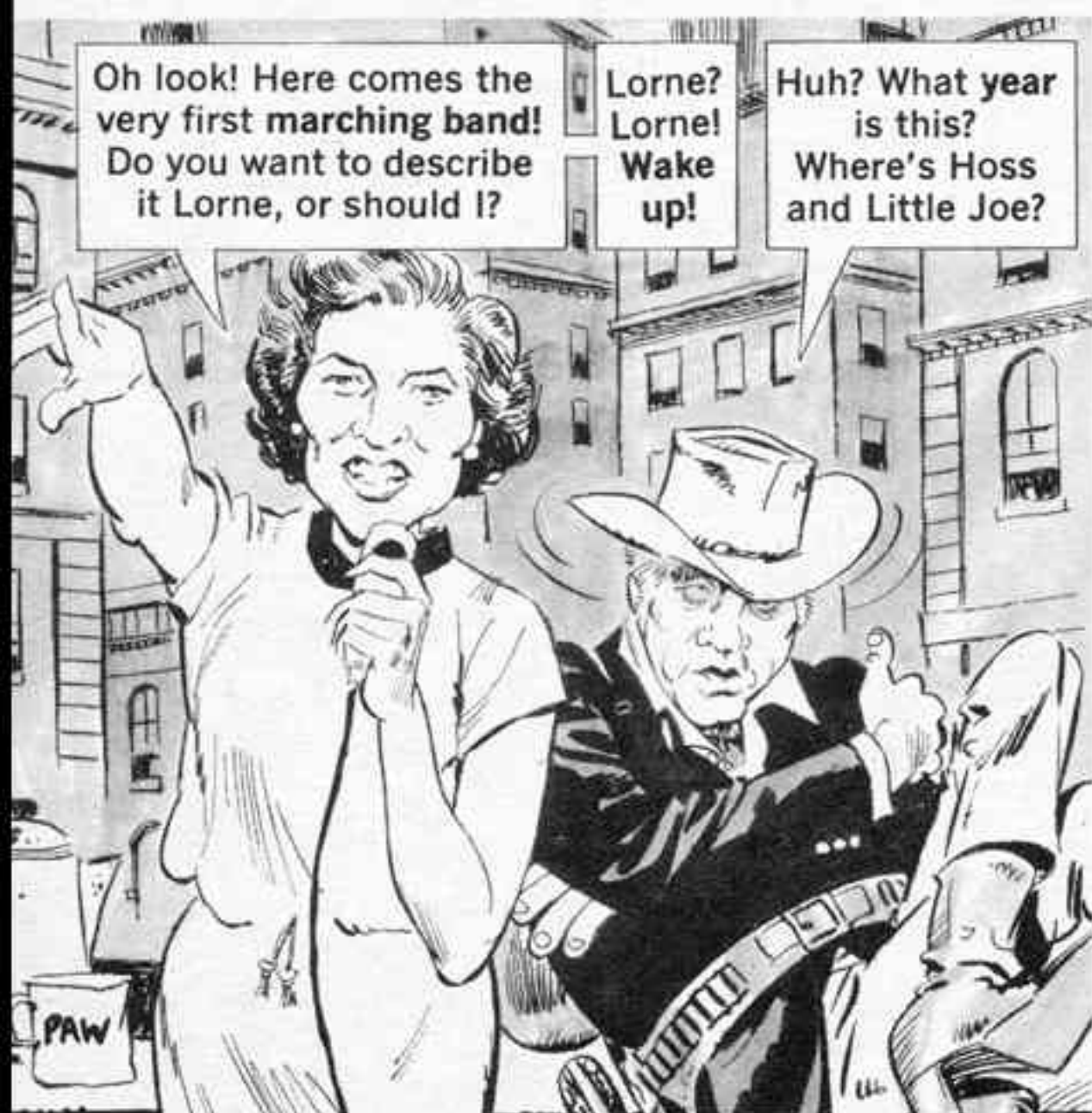
Oh look! Here comes the very first marching band! Do you want to describe it Lorne, or should I?

Lorne? Lorne! Wake up!

Huh? What year is this? Where's Hoss and Little Joe?

Here they come—the Drum and Bagel Corps from Shennawocky Jr. High School in Shennawocky, Tennessee! The group is 147 strong— and 14 weak! Lorne?

This is really an amazing group, Bet! These youngsters spent the last 8 months selling toasted marshmallows door-to-door in order to raise money for this trip to New York! Last night they stayed at a luxurious hotel!



No wonder they look so pooped! Kids of today sure know how to liven things up! Which hotel did you say it was, Lorne?

Er, yes, they're a great bunch, Bet! And when I heard they had no money to get back home, I personally donated fifty cents to their fund!

Why that's breathtaking, colossal, dazzling, fabulous, and spectacular, Lorne! Not to mention cheap!

Hey! Look what's next in the line of march—one of MESSY's fantastic balloons! I think it's Superman ... no, I think it's Doris Day ... or is it the Partridge Family ...



Well, whatever it is, it's interesting to note that it takes 38 men to guide this giant balloon down Broadway!

And what's so interesting about that?

It's interesting that 38 grown men would get up on a holiday morning and walk 10 miles with an ugly mass of inflated rubber!



Here's our next marching band, Bet! It's the Chuckapocky High School in Chuckapocky, Rhode Island, U.S.A.! These boys and girls sold pickled herring from door to door to pay for their trip to New York!

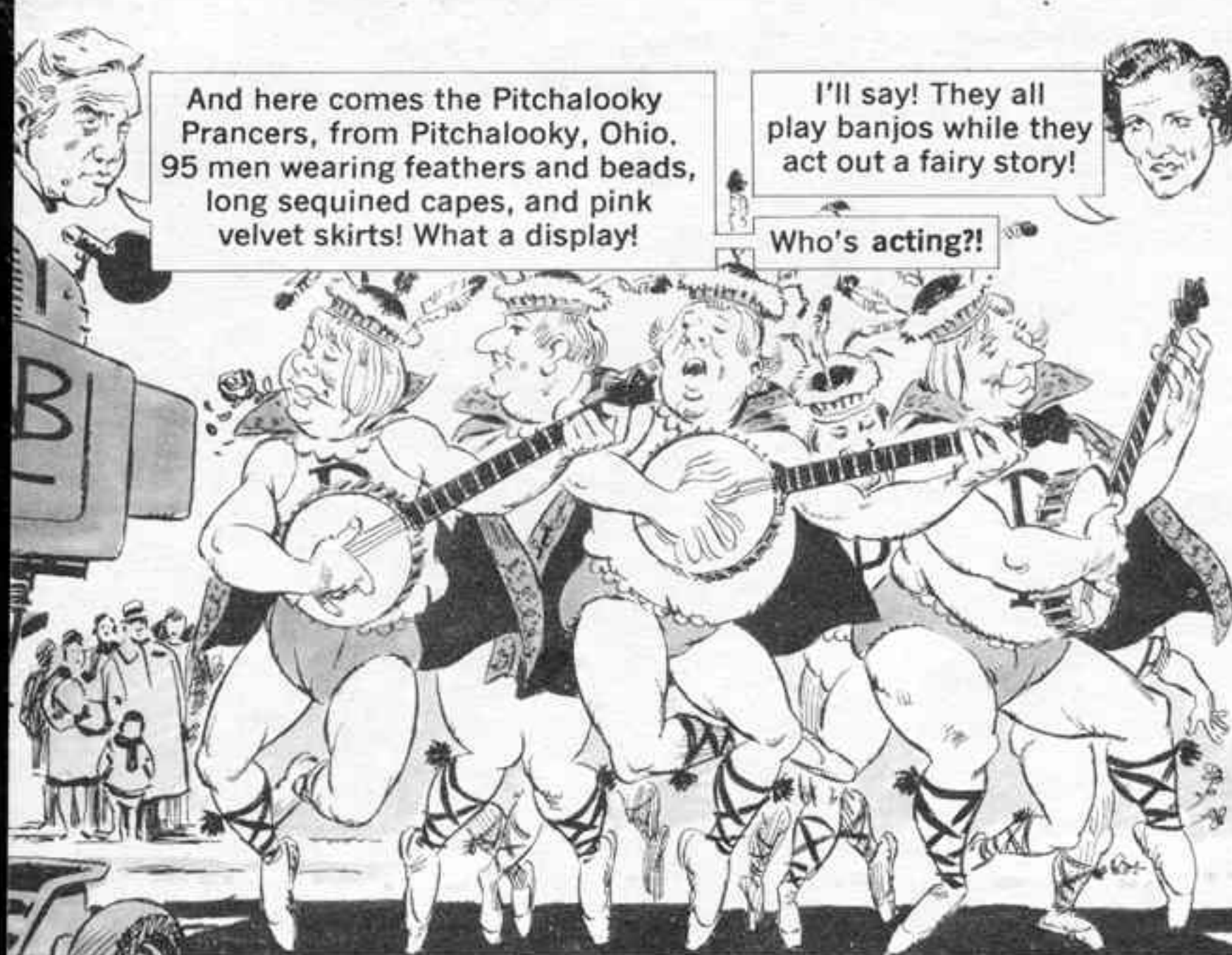
That's obvious!



Here's one of MESSY's extraordinarily beautiful floats. It's called "Fantasy of Springtime", and if I didn't know better, I'd swear somebody slapped a new coat of paint on last year's "Fantasy of Summer" fiasco! Bet, why don't you describe this gorgeous float to our viewers who are not watching this extravaganza in color ...

Good idea, Lorne! It's black on the bottom, white on top, and gray on all four sides!





And here comes the Pitchalooky Prancers, from Pitchalooky, Ohio. 95 men wearing feathers and beads, long sequined capes, and pink velvet skirts! What a display!

I'll say! They all play banjos while they act out a fairy story!

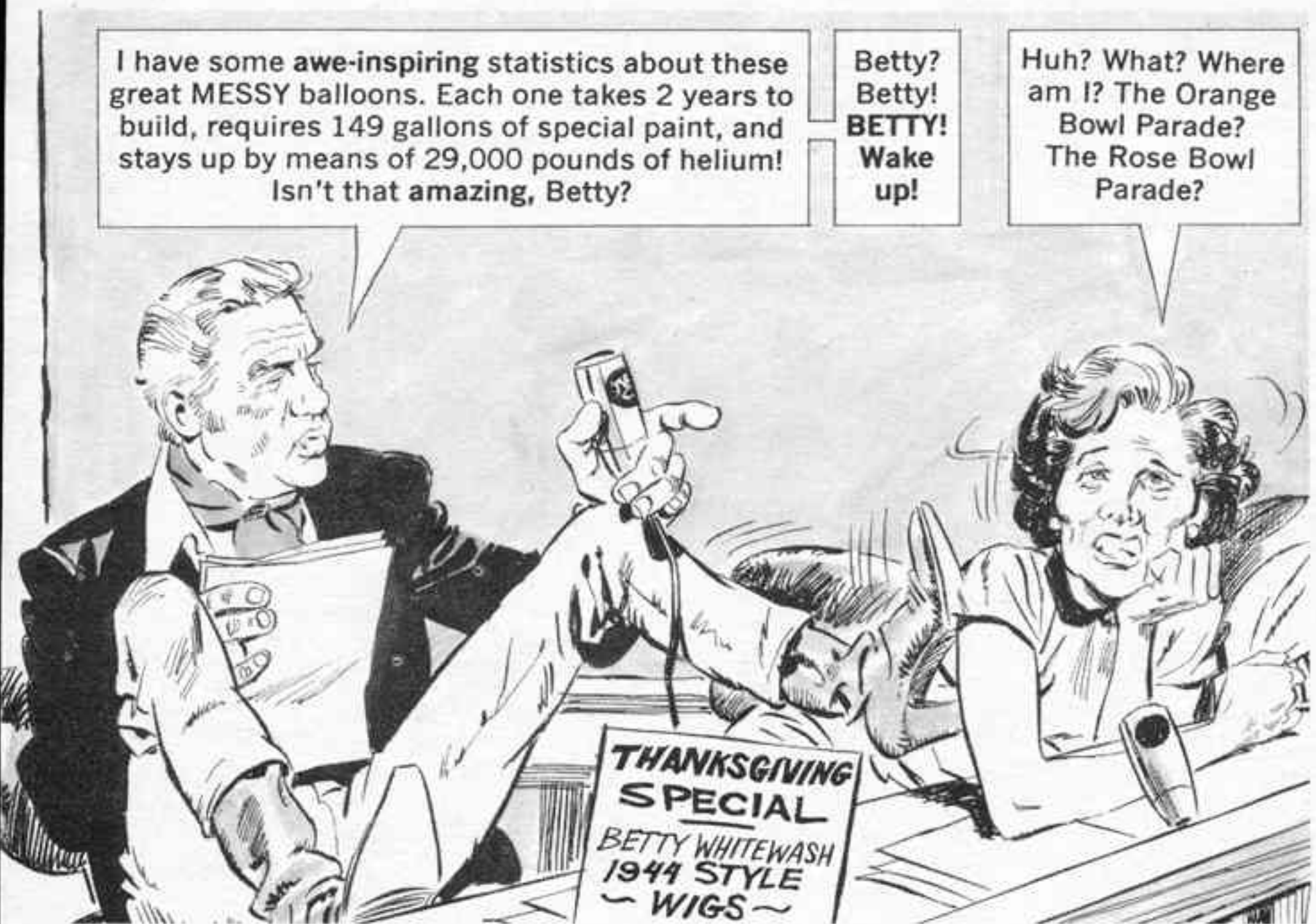
Who's acting?!



And here's another sensational balloon! Can you guess who it is this time, Lorne?

Charlie Brown? Spiro Agnew?

No! It's the Smothers Brothers!



I have some awe-inspiring statistics about these great MESSY balloons. Each one takes 2 years to build, requires 149 gallons of special paint, and stays up by means of 29,000 pounds of helium! Isn't that amazing, Betty?

Betty? Betty! **BETTY!** Wake up!

Huh? What? Where am I? The Orange Bowl Parade? The Rose Bowl Parade?



Here it comes now, folks! The moment we've all been waiting for... here comes Santa!

I hope he found a way to keep warm during his long ride down Broadway...



Happy St. Patrick's Day! Happy Arbor Day! Happy Bastille Day! Happy ...



Well, another MESSY's parade is over, and we want to thank you for joining us for all the fun and excitement...

... and for letting us into your homes with this special Thanksgiving turkey!

See you next year!

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Ex-Congressman Lowell Brook

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ATTENTION!

All Members of Congress Recently Elected! Sure, you're sitting pretty NOW! But what would it be like if you had lost?! And what happens if you lose next time around?! Bye-bye to free insurance, hospitalization, and the rest of the goodies! So use your vote while you've got it! Let's all get behind the legislation now pending that allows Members of Congress to maintain ALL their privileges for life. We deserve at least that, sacrificing two or more of the best years of our lives! Join us in our common cause!

The Lame Duck Committee For
A Free Lifetime Ride

THE INQUISITIVE PHOTOGRAPHER

Today's question was submitted by Sid Ascher, Paramus, N.J.

QUESTION: Should a Congressman or Senator who is a major stockholder or on the payroll of an oil company or other large industry vote on legislation concerning that industry?

PLACE: Capitol Hill Restaurant

REP. HAROLD SCHNORRER, DEMOCRAT, N.Y.

That's a very good question and I'm glad Mr. Ascher asked it. This shows that the American people are aware of and deeply concerned with the issues. There is a crying need for people to ask questions. It's the American way to get the facts before the public. You can quote me on that.



REP. LESTER MAUDLIN, REPUBLICAN, IOWA

While my voting record down the line shows I'm against everything Rep. Schnorrer is for, I have to push party politics aside and declare myself definitely and absolutely in Rep. Schnorrer's camp. That's what it's all about today—concern. And that's what the American public is—concerned.



SEN. WILLIAM COMATOSE, REPUBLICAN, CAL.

Where else but in America can two diametrically opposed Congressmen join together and rally behind a principle, a concept, a belief, an idea...no, better—a dream! The dream of our forefathers come to life! I too stand wholly and fully behind Mr. Ascher's right as an American to ask questions.



SEN. LAMED DUCK, DEMOCRAT, MAINE

What more can I say? In all honesty, what can be added to that which has already been said? Why must we gild the lily? Let it suffice to say that many questions must be asked. Pertinent questions. Soul searching questions. Relevant questions. You owe it to your country to ask them. So be it.



THE CONGRESSIONAL ADVISOR

Questions are answered and answers are questioned by Phil E. Buster

Dear Phil,
Last month I visited Washington, D.C. and was run over by a Congressman who had gone through a red light. The police arrested me for obstructing traffic. I didn't think this sort of thing could happen in the States.

Bruised and Bewildered

Dear B.B.,
It couldn't happen in the States, but D.C. is something altogether different. The next time you visit our little playground, make sure you get run over by an average slob like yourself and not someone with Congressional Immunity!

* * *

Dear Phil,
Frustrated in my boyhood dreams of becoming a politician, I naturally hoped my son, Norman, would someday be a Congressman or Senator. But recently I've learned that he has been lying and cheating and stealing. What should I do to set him on the right course?

N.L.

Dear N.L.,
Stop interfering and let well enough alone! The kid knows what he's doing! He can't miss!

Dear Phil,
I keep writing letters to my Congressman on all the important issues. He never answers, except at election time when he sends me pamphlets on crop rotation and farm pest control, which is odd considering I live in downtown Chicago. Could it be he doesn't read my letters?

Skeptical

Dear Skeptical,
Please direct all requests for pamphlets on crop rotation and farm pest control to the Government Printing Office, not to me! I'm here to answer questions, not fill your mailbox with freebies!

* * *

Dear Phil,
I've been trying to call my Senator for the past 3 months but all I ever get is a busy signal. Is there something wrong with the phones in the Senate building?

Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz

Dear Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz,
There's nothing wrong with the phones. The problem is basic—each Senator is allowed 2,400 long distance calls per year in office, plus unlimited local calls. It takes a heap of calling to use up his allotment, but, like any good Senator, your man is obviously in there trying!

KNOW YOUR REPRESENTATIVES

An intimate look into the average day of your elected spokesmen

TODAY'S PROFILE: Jerry Mander, Democrat, Connecticut

Congressman Mander and family at play



Reading from left to right: Representative Mander; wife June; son Basil (age 17); son Joel (age 15); daughter Gail (age 12); daughter Amanda (age 9).

Congressman Mander and personal staff



Reading from left to right: Representative Mander, Personal Secretary, Special Assistant, Researcher, Special Assistant Researcher, Chief Filing Clerk.

Mander addressing constituents in ghetto area



Rep. Mander tells voters in downtown ghetto area he is in favor of more civil rights legislation.

Mander attends "hard hat" rally



Rep. Mander assures members of local Locals that he is against any further civil rights legislation.

Mander's name appears on important legislation

CIVIL RIGHTS ACT OF 1971	
Name:	Vote:
Rep. Kvetch, Dem., Pa.	For
Rep. Lint, Rep., N.Y.	Against
Rep. Mander, Dem., Conn.	Absent
Rep. Milhous, Rep., Calif.	Against

Mander on the go

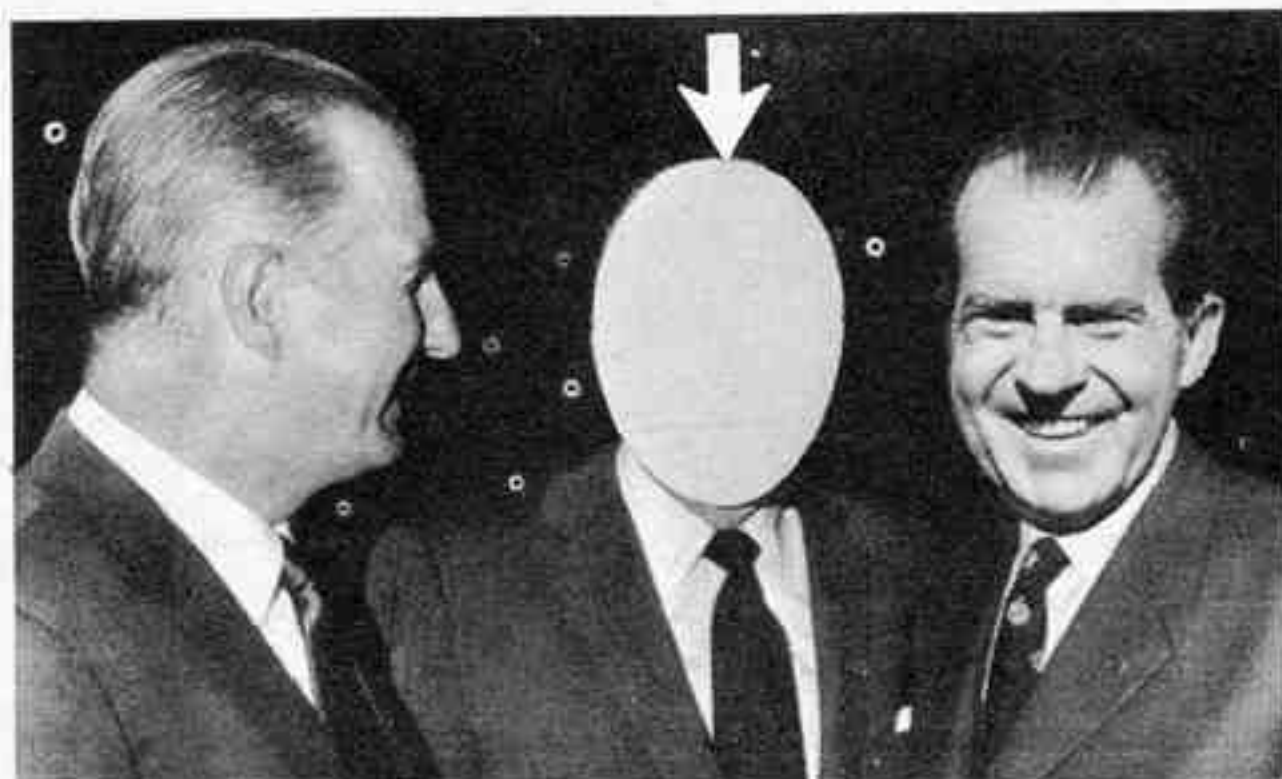
Congressman Mander and special investigator Miss Lily LaRose, board Air Force plane for Paris. Top priority assignment: to investigate communist infiltration in the Place Pigalle and Moulin Rouge.



SURE-FIRE VOTE GETTER

Improve your image by having your picture taken with one of the BIG BOYS! A shot of you and Muskie, Spiro, Ted Kennedy, Humphrey, Lowenstein, Rockefeller, or Mister Big himself—Mayor Daley! Or even Dick Nixon, if you prefer. It's up to you who you "want to be seen with" in your campaign literature. Do what the smart cookies are doing, order one representing each opposing view and mail them out to the appropriate neighborhoods! Just send your photo—we do the rest!

YOUR PICTURE HERE



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Shill Studios Washington, D. C.

THE LATEST FROM BOREMASTERS THE POLITICIANS PAL

Long-winded speeches getting to you? *Tune in* to BoreMasters' latest import from Japan and *tune out* everything else around you! These ear plugs are tiny transistor radios—and they're practically *invisible*! Music, ball games—you name it—can be yours while your colleagues drone on and on and on and on.



SOUND-OFF TRANSISTOR EAR PLUGS \$49.95



**Looks convincing,
even under glasses!**

Trouble sleeping at night, but *not during the day* while your colleagues drone on and on and on? Then BoreMasters' latest import from West Germany is for you! These eye caps with *open eyes* fit right over your closed lids, giving the impression that you're wide-eyed and alert while you grab the badly-needed sleep you missed by going to a wild party the night before!!

EYE-OPENERS \$14.95

THE BACK ROOM

A Keyhole View of Washington

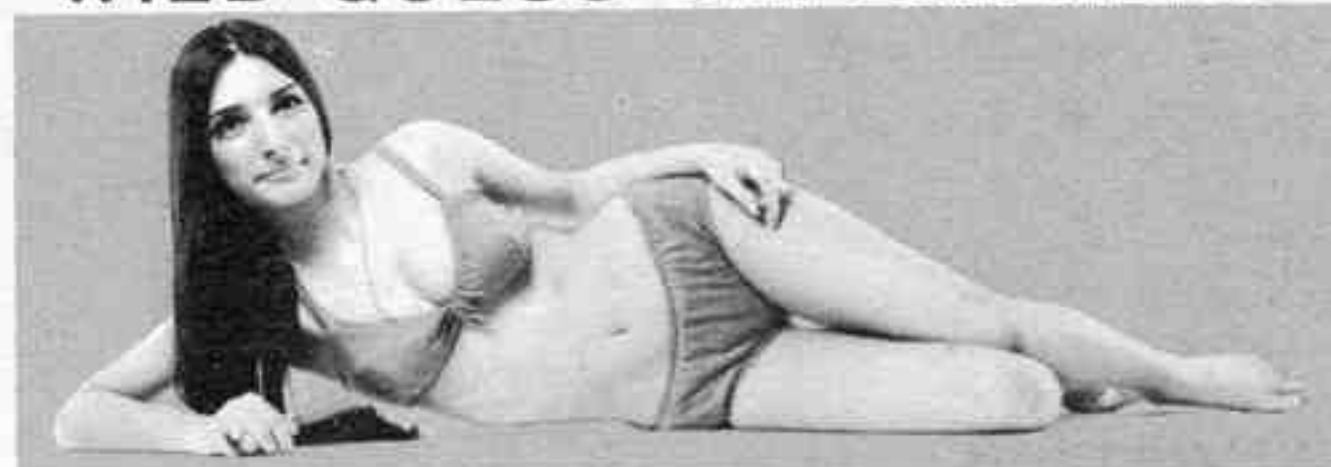
by LEONARD LYINGS

Congressman Harvey "Pork" Barrell did *not*—repeat—did *not* break his 15-year record of never having introduced a Bill. The Bill he is rumored to have introduced was none other than his new son-in-law, Bill Shleppe, at a cocktail party, hopefully looking to get the lad started in business. At the top, of course . . . Travel notes—Space doesn't permit us to list all the travelling members of Congress who are off and running on some Government-sponsored-and-paid-for pretense or other, so we'll list the ones who were present at roll call this morning: Reps. Marcus, Slothman, Mulch, Mendacious, Kugel, and Bialymaster. Shame, shame, fellas. Surely there's *someplace* out there that needs your personal inspection!

* * * * *

WISH I'D SAID THAT DEPT. Senator Orville "Red" Neck, in a stirring speech said, "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn." Movie fans will recognize the line from "Gone With The Wind" which Senator Neck delivered on the floor of the Senate in his filibuster against civil rights legislation. He also read the Jersey City, New Jersey classified phone book (which was understood by all) and "Catch 22" (which wasn't) in his record-breaking 36-hour effort . . . The whole town is buzzing about the performance of rookie Congressman Huey Short who recently held his first press conference and didn't answer one question directly. Reminds Congress watchers of a young Dick Nixon. They're forecasting a great career for Huey!

WILD GUESS DEPARTMENT



What caused Representative Ralph Stepaniak to change his vote on the Firearms Control Bill? Could it have been a certain lobbyist whose measurements are 42-26-36? That ole son-of-a-gun!

Congrats are in order for Senator Eric Chipneil (Ariz) who continued his drive to cut government spending. Senator Chipneil spent only \$125.79 of his yearly \$3000.00 office supply expense allotment. Joy Chipneil, the Senator's lovely young wife of 5 months said the unused balance would be "put to use in a local depressed area—like my wardrobe." Way to go, Eric! . . . **PLOY OF THE MONTH DEPT.** Representative Arnie Bile limits his "inspection and research" junkets to places permitting unlimited liquor gift sending, ordering all the booze he needs (and ole Arn needs plenty!) in the names of friends, neighbors, and relatives, thus building up a good supply for the huge liquor cabinet he had built in his new sub-bourbon home!

OFF-THE-RECORD INTERVIEW:

A candid conversation with one of the senior ranking members of the Senate

Senator Lester J. Mildew

Born in 1891, Senator Lester J. Mildew has held numerous posts and was chairman of many committees in his long reign in Washington. His effectiveness and his performance have, of course, nothing

to do with becoming a chairman, as that honor is bestowed according to seniority and not on merit. With this in mind OTR (Off-The-Record) began its questioning...

OTR: Do you think the seniority system should be changed to offer younger men the chance at a chairmanship?

SEN.: You cain't trust important jobs to them young 50-year-olds. They got wild ideas. If the senility system... I mean seniority system was good enough for my pappy, then it's good enough for me!

OTR: As chairman of the Economic Affairs Committee, do you think we're heading for a depression!

SEN.: No sir! It's just like President Hoover's been telling the people, "Prosperity's just around the corner!"

OTR: What does it mean to a Senator to be appointed the chairman of a committee?

SEN.: A Lincoln Continental instead of a Chrysler

Imperial.

OTR: I'm afraid we don't understand.

SEN.: It's simple. For \$750 a Senator can use a Chrysler for a year, but if he's a committee chairman, he can have a Lincoln Continental at the same price, compliments of the Detroit Automobile Manufacturers Association. Heh, heh! Why do you think we always vote against all those expensive safety and anti-pollution features for cars?

OTR: What do you think is the single most important problem facing a Senator or Congressman today?

SEN.: Getting re-elected. A man in office cain't get bogged down by issues and wars and economics, 'specially in an election year, 'cause if he does

(Continued on page 52)



"I think every real American should be proud to display his country's flag. I'm introducing a bill to give flag manufacturers special tax write-offs."



"Now that you mention it, I do happen to be a majority stockholder in the Gung-Ho Flag Company. Our plants are in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Tokyo, Japan."



"Forget about conflicting interests, wise guy! Better you should do some explaining yourself, like how come you ain't wearing a flag in your lapel? You some kind of commie peacenik...?"

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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A)

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



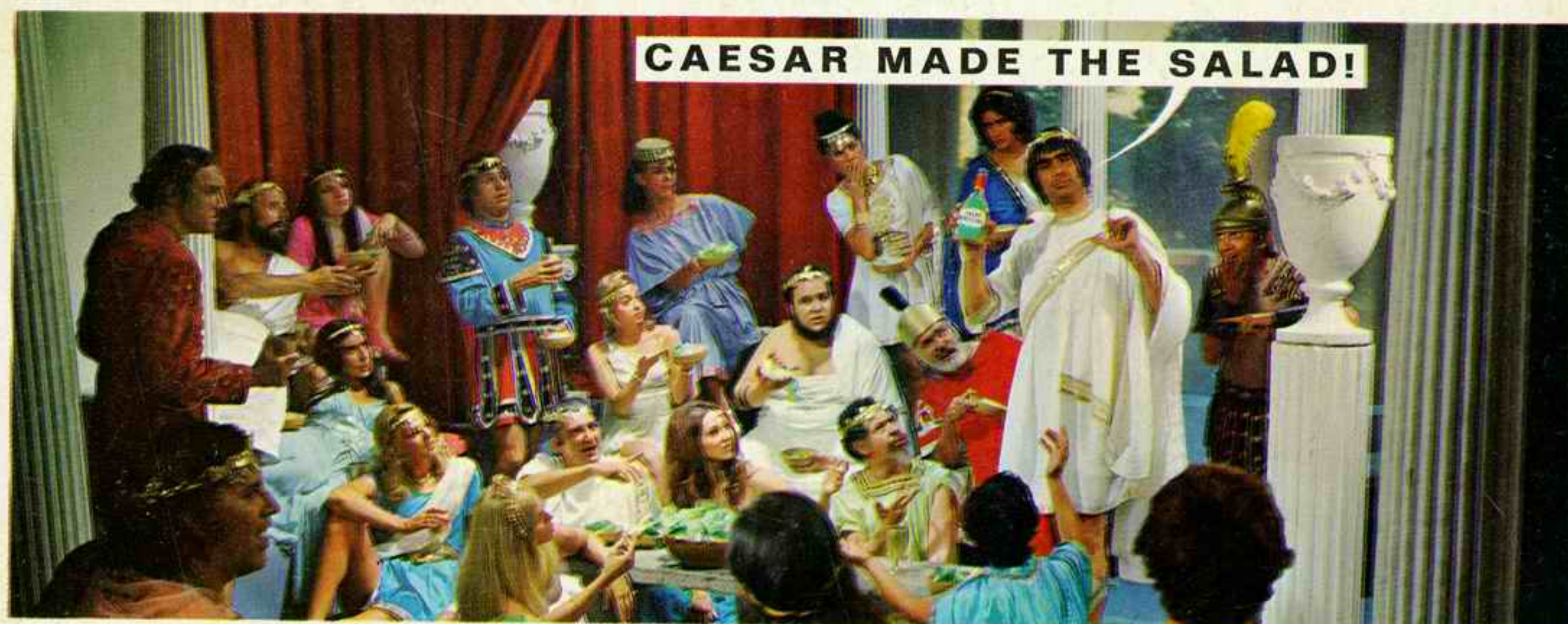
THROUGHOUT THE LAND, PEOPLE ARE LEARNING TO FACE FRUSTRATING DAILY PROBLEMS AND COPE WITH THEM. BUT THEY ARE MINOR CALAMITIES THAT SHRINK INTO INSIGNIFICANCE COMPARED TO THIS CATASTROPHE.

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A)

B

A **TV** SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



WRITER: AL JAFFEE

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD