

No.
149
March
'72
33230

MAD

OUR PRICE
40¢
CHEAP?



IN THIS ISSUE WE TEAR APART "WILLARD"

IF YOU CAN'T
BRING YOURSELF
TO JOIN 'EM...
LICK 'EM!

MAINLY, LICK THEM

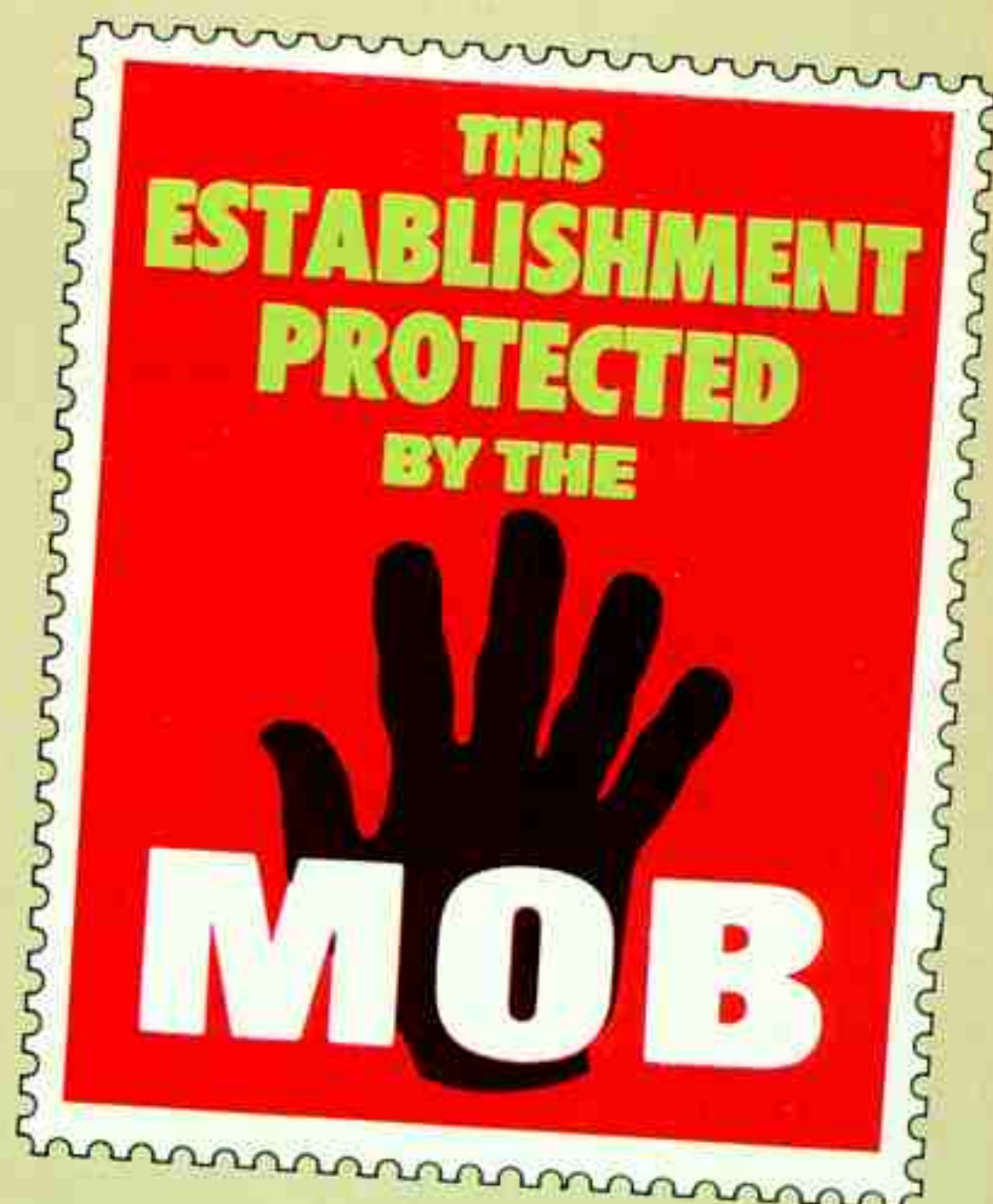
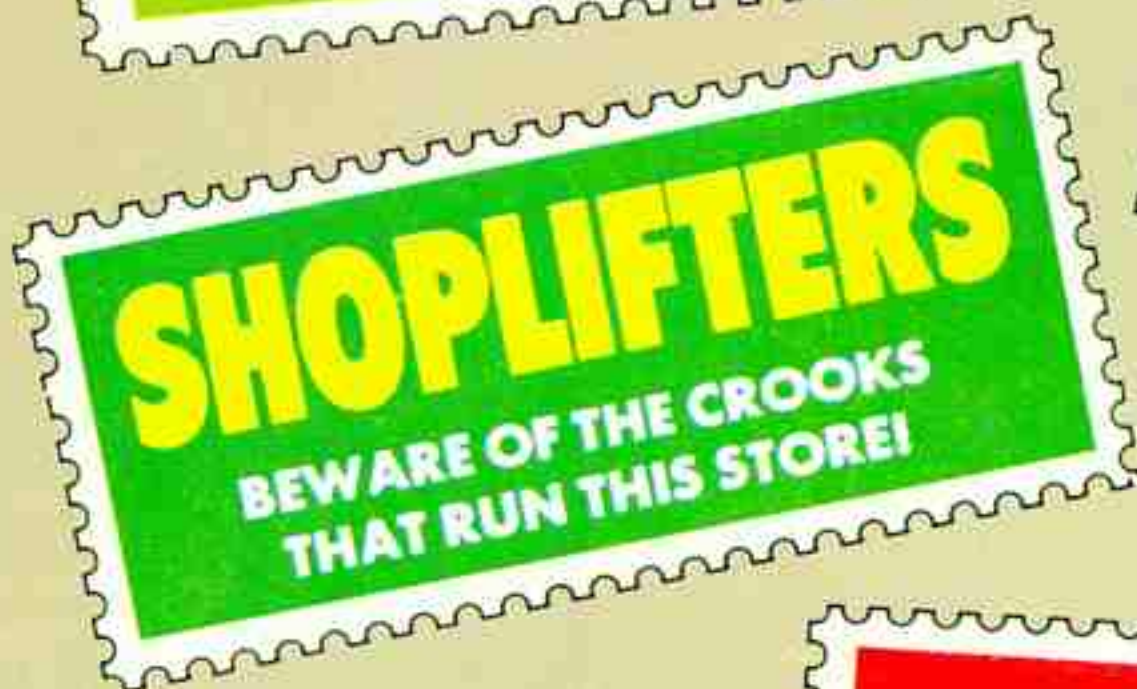
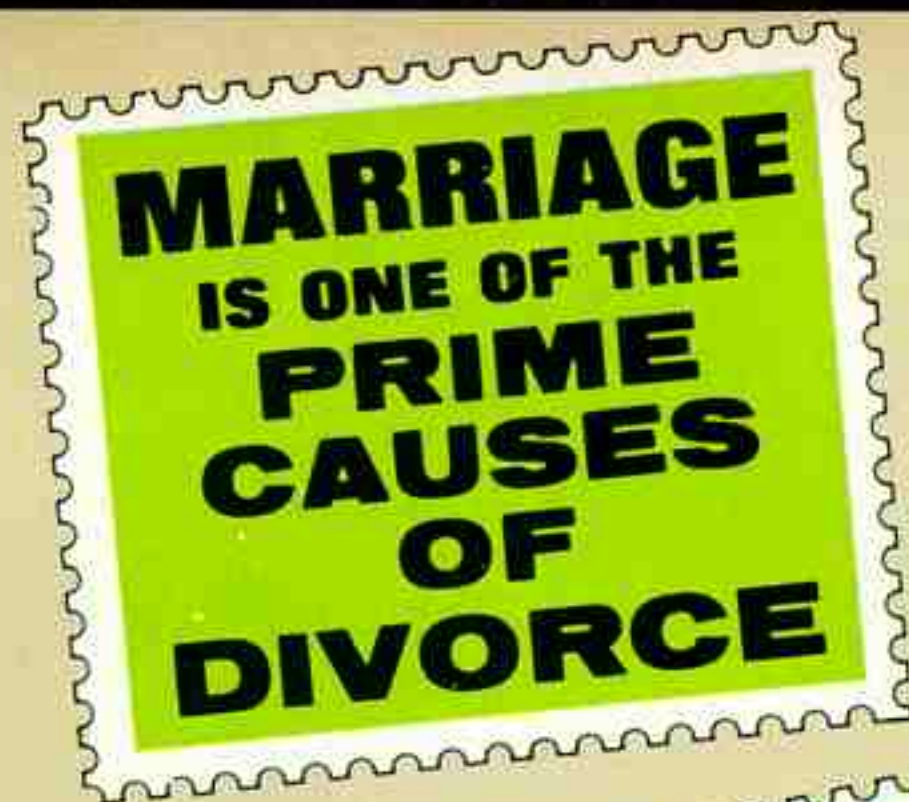
MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS

HELP STAMP OUT SOME OF YOUR
PET PEEVES WITH OUR LATEST
FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT BONUS!



YOU GET 24 ALL-NEW "MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS"—
PRE-GLUED AND PERFORATED FOR IMMEDIATE USE,
MISUSE AND ABUSE... PLUS A PILE OF ARTICLES,
AD SATIRES AND OTHER GARBAGE... IN THE NEW

MAD SPECIAL NUMBER SIX



NOW ON DISPLAY WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD (OR SWIPED)!

MAD

"Alimony is the high cost of leaving!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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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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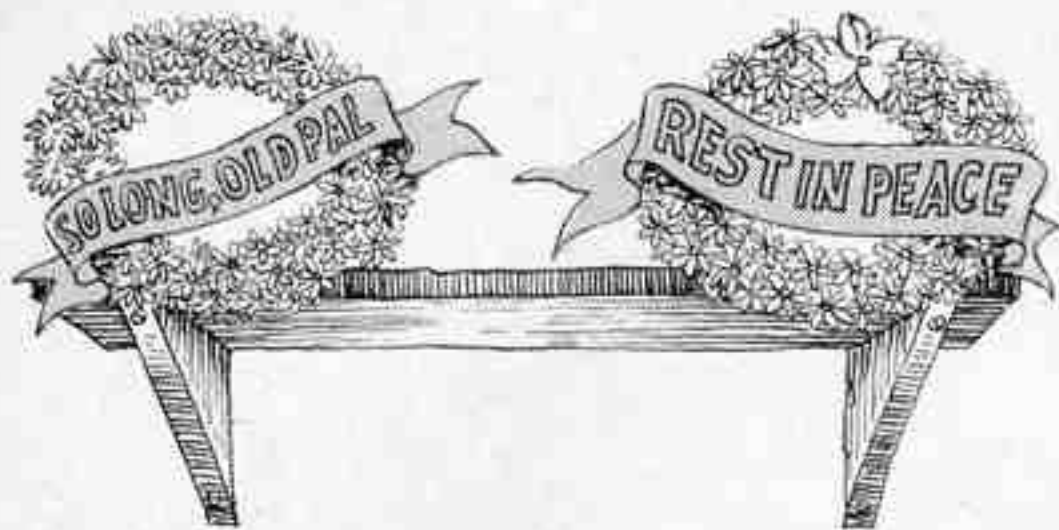
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ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SHELF-PITY?



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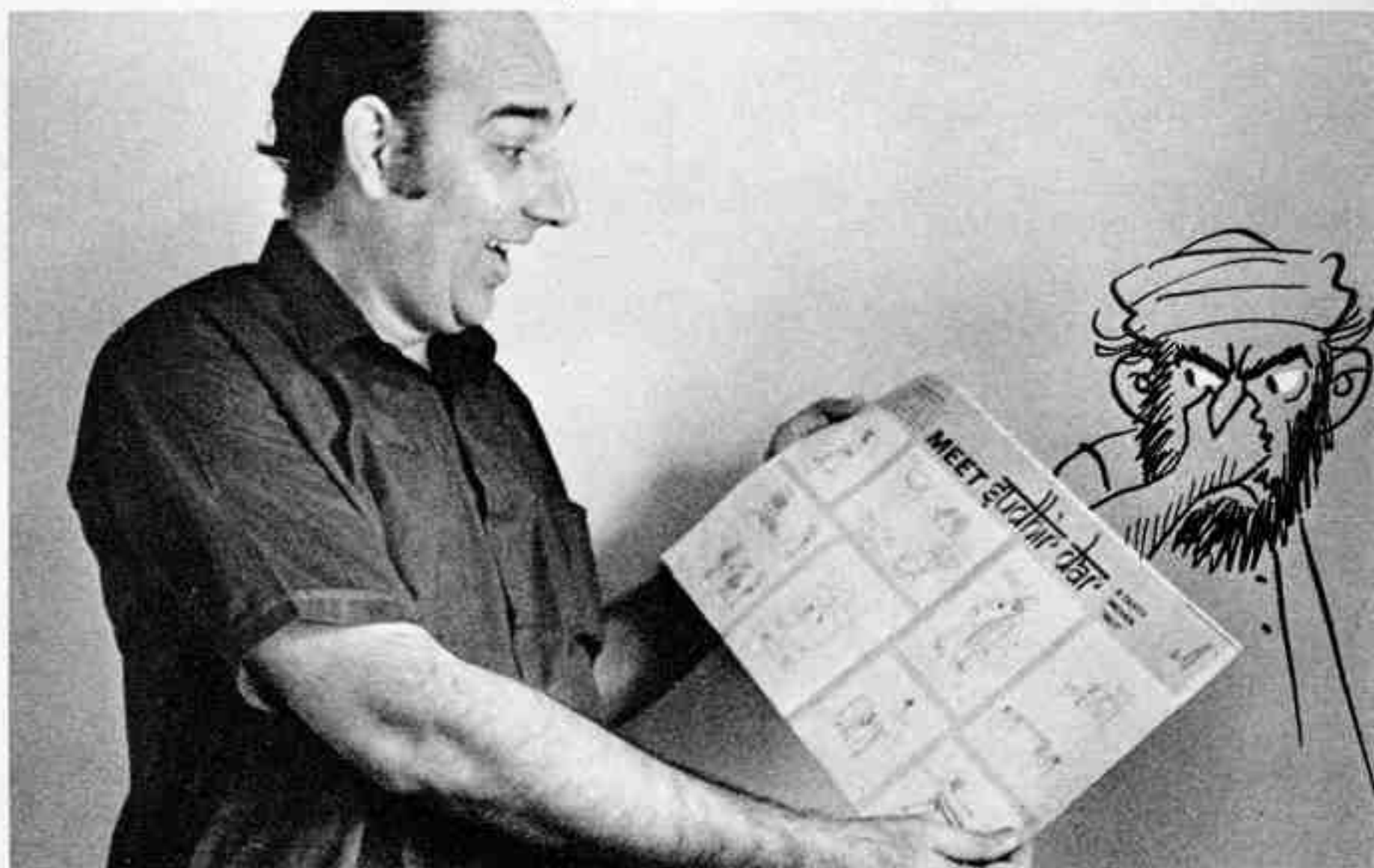
LETTERS DEPT.



MEET SUDHIR DAR

As you can see from the photograph, the reaction here to "Meet Sudhir Dar" has been rather mixed! Aw, these damn critics!! Everyone who has seen my feature in your issue has been struck dumb by the brilliant lettering of the title. No one believes it wasn't done by an Indian. Even I was fooled for a while. You guys are professionals to your fingertips. I only hope guest appearances in MAD aren't those once-in-a-lifetime flings. Can one do it again? Give it to me gently now. Some of us "under-developed" nuts have over-developed egos.

Sudhir Dar
New Delhi, India



One good showing deserves another, Sudhir. As for your appropriately lettered title,

it's another quiet coup for our incomparable Art Director, John Putnam.—Ed.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685. Title 39. United States Code) 1. Title of Publication: MAD. 2. Date of Filing: Oct. 1, 1971. 3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly, except Feb., May, August, and Nov. 4. Location of Known Office of Publication: 485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022. 5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022. 6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: William M. Gaines—485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein—485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022; Managing Editor: None. 7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.) E. C. Publications, Inc.—485 MADison Avenue NYC 10022—wholly owned by Kinney Services, Inc., a Publicly Held Corporation—10 Rockefeller Plaza NYC 10022. 8. Known bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities: None. 9. For Optional Completion by Publishers Mailing

LITTLE DULL MAN

I found it hard to understand why you missed so badly with the satire of "Little Big Man". Perhaps if I hadn't seen the movie, I would have found the satire more amusing. The movie was primarily concerned with portraying as accurately as possible (and this indeed was a "first" for Hollywood and a milestone in the way of the traditional Western flick) the existence of the Indians and the atrocities they were forced to endure by our government. Whoever you sent to see the film has no ability to see through the secondary aspects of the plot. The fact that Dustin Hoffman was the main object of your wrath shows quite plainly that you failed to see him in a very good role as a type of updated choral commentator, a dramatic device as old as ancient Greek drama. You have certain obligations to the material to stay within the context of it.

David Heitner
Wagner College
Staten Island, N.Y.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

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G. TOTAL	2,557,776	2,897,200

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

William M. Gaines, Publisher

NIXON & CUSTER'S LAST STAND

At your "Custer's Last Stand" press conference, none of the reporters inquired as to the role of the CIA, Counting Indians Accurately, in the action. Actually, through imperfect information, provided by his scouts, Custer figured his men could handle the "only 1,200 or 1,500 Indians" reported. Silverstone and Schild have created a biting parallel in this feature, exposing two eras of American History, in which the heads of State couldn't care less whom they sent to the Unhappy Hunting Grounds.

C. H. Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE

"Gall In The Family Fare" really reeked! How can you satirize a satire, anyway? In all my years of reading MAD, this is the first time I've ever been disappointed in one of your articles. Don't you realize Archie Bunker shows how narrow-minded people can be even in *this* day and age? The people who can't see the humor in Archie are the *real* problem.

Betsy Bangs
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

It is appalling to think that the very same TV network that banned "The Smothers Brothers" would now come up with the most insensitive and controversial "comedy" series on the air. Thank you for opening our eyes to what this show really is.

Nancy Beiman
Cranford, N.J.

MAD "NO!" COVER

I want to thank you all for that lovely large "NO!" on your cover. It's just perfect for the front of my refrigerator. And while the magazine helped to keep me in stitches, the cover is helping me to keep off the inches. Thanks again.

Masha Sinkevitch
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your cover was another example of careless reporting by MAD. My girlfriend has been saying "NO!" to my marriage proposal for years.

Wayne Leake
Orlando, Fla.

NIXON MONKEYSHINE

The back cover by Jack Rickard and Larry Gore is great! The question remains, did MAD make a monkey out of the President, or did we make a President out of a monkey . . . ?

Mike Shank
Gonzales, La.

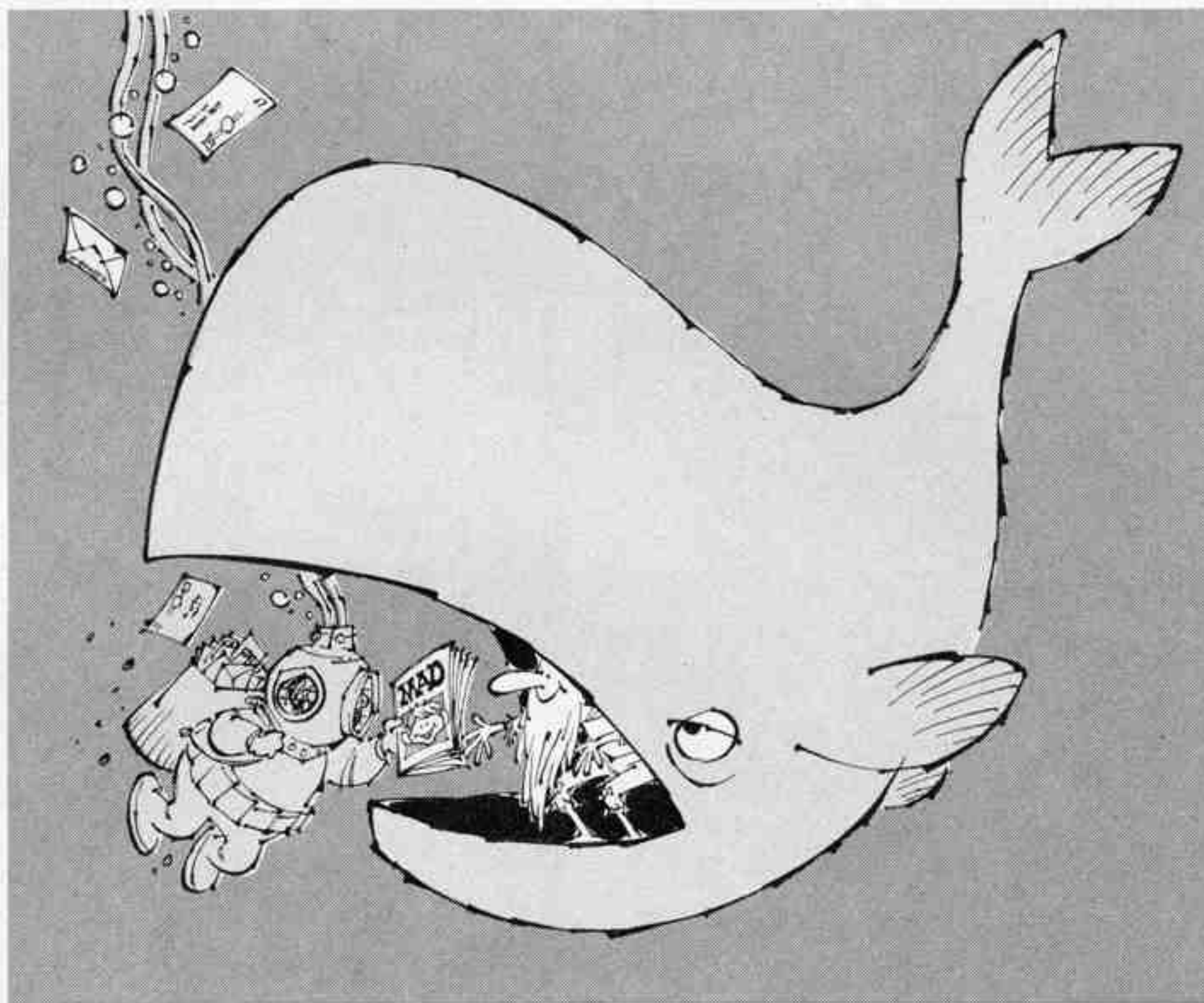
NEUMAN IN NEVADA

You've gone too far! I was recently on a trip cross-country and went into a bar in Las Vegas, Nevada. What, pray tell, did I see? An Alfred E. Neuman slot machine! It all goes to show MAD will *take you* any way it can.

M. Wize
Flushing, N.Y.

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New York, New York 10022

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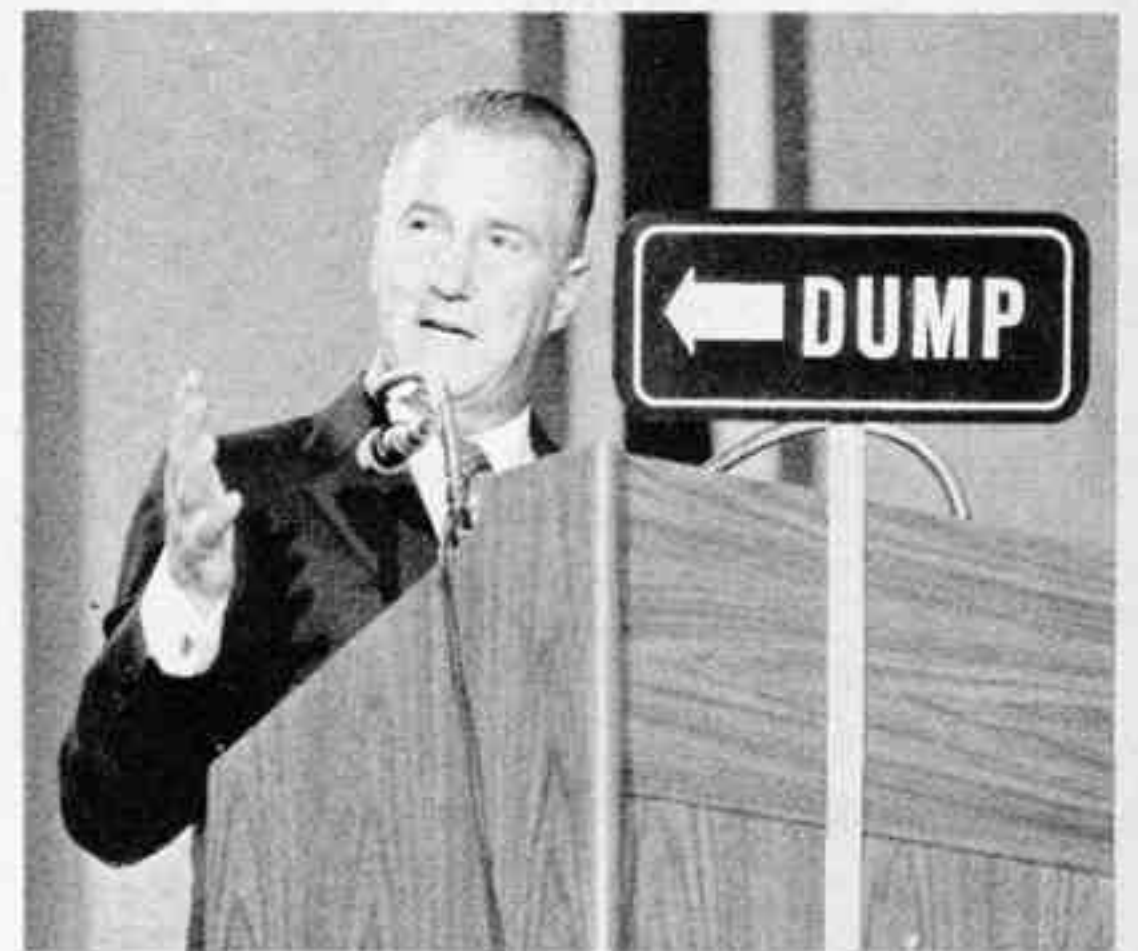
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**WE'RE
DOPE
PUSHERS**

Yep, we've been pushing full-color portraits of this dope, Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, for years! So if you're dope enough to want some for framing or wrapping fish, just send money: 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81! Mail to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

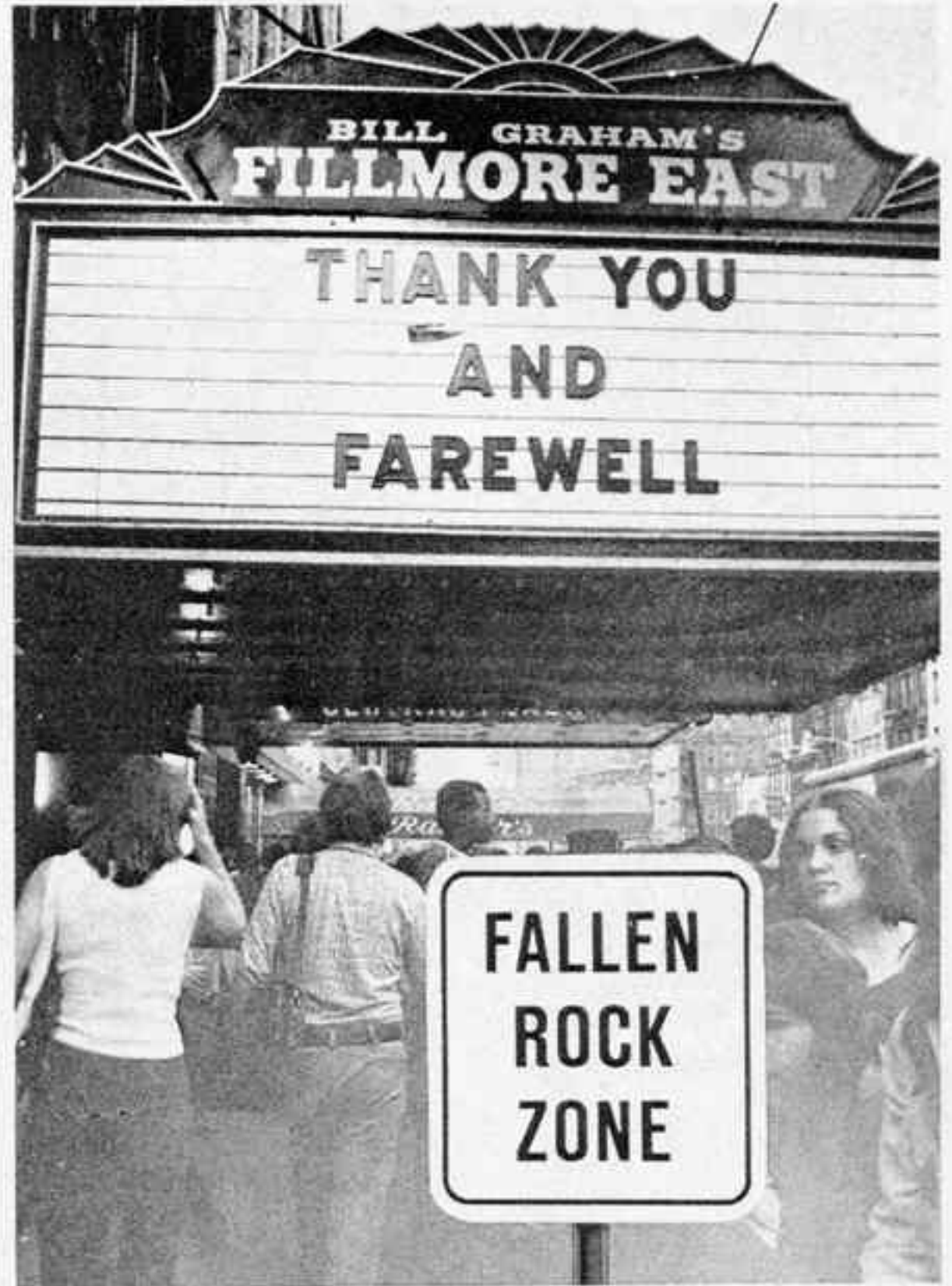


ROAD SIGNS WE



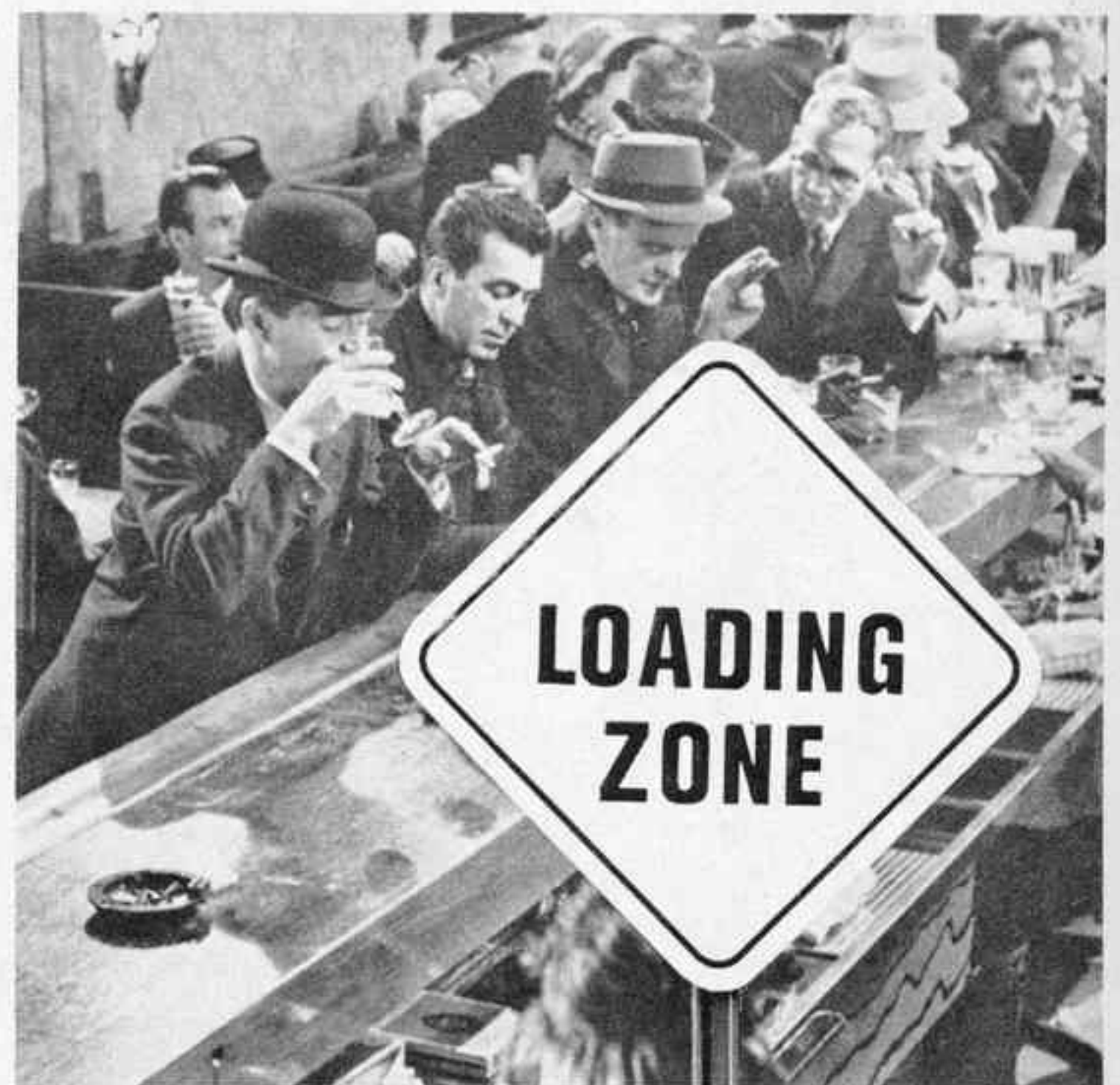
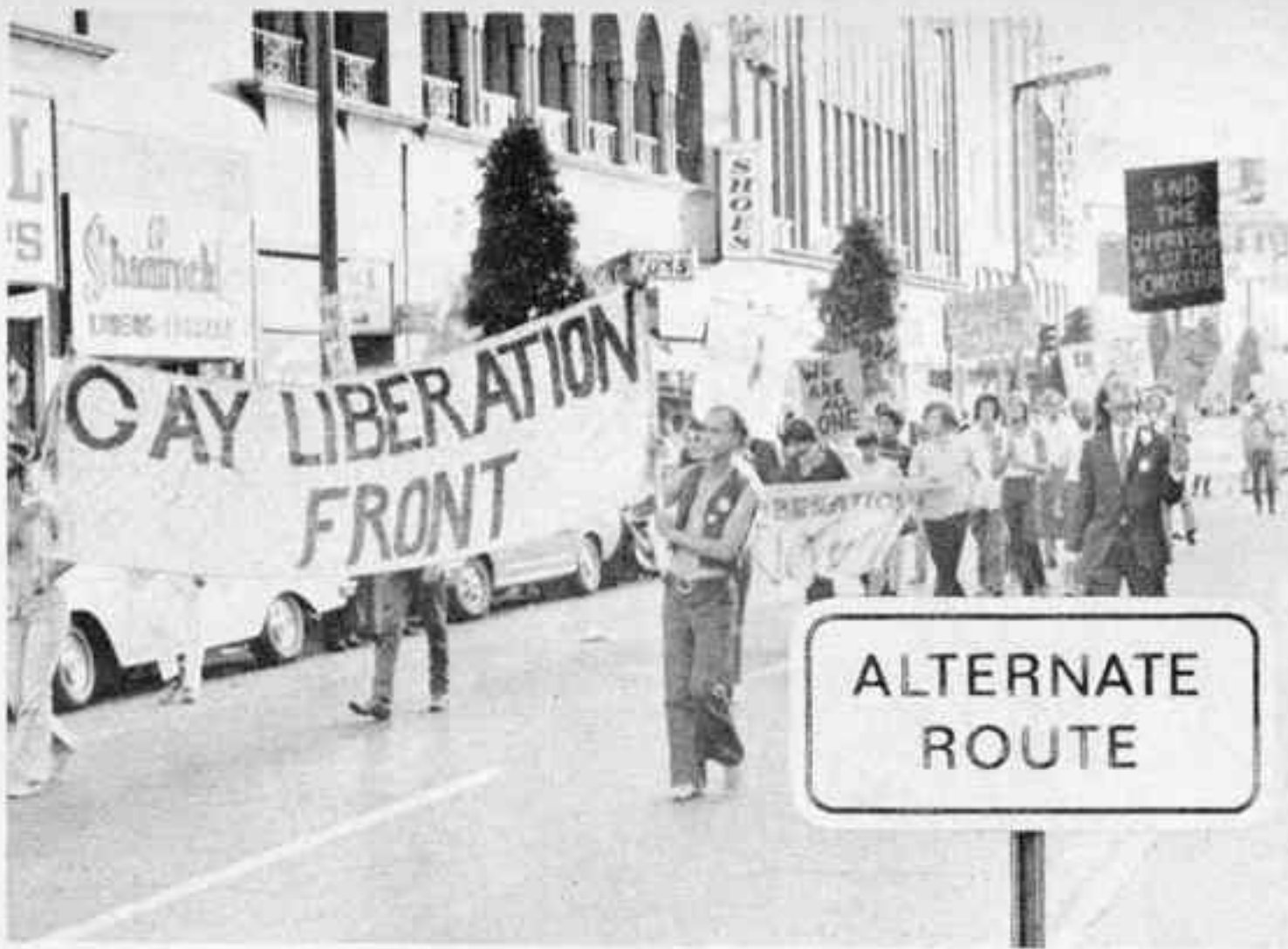
WOULD LIKE TO POST

DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL



PHOTOS BY:
UPI AND
WORLD WIDE





ONE DARK AND LONELY NIGHT



INDECENT EXPOSURE DEPT.

In case you haven't noticed, this has been the year on Television for what the Networks like to call "Relevant" programs. What this means is "telling it like it is" on every dramatic show that hits the tube. And what that, in turn, seems to mean is portraying all anti-social misfits as being confused victims of cruel exploiters ranging from greedy grape growers to crooked construction contractors. But have you ever noticed that these

TRULY "RELEVA

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

STOREFRONT BROADCASTERS

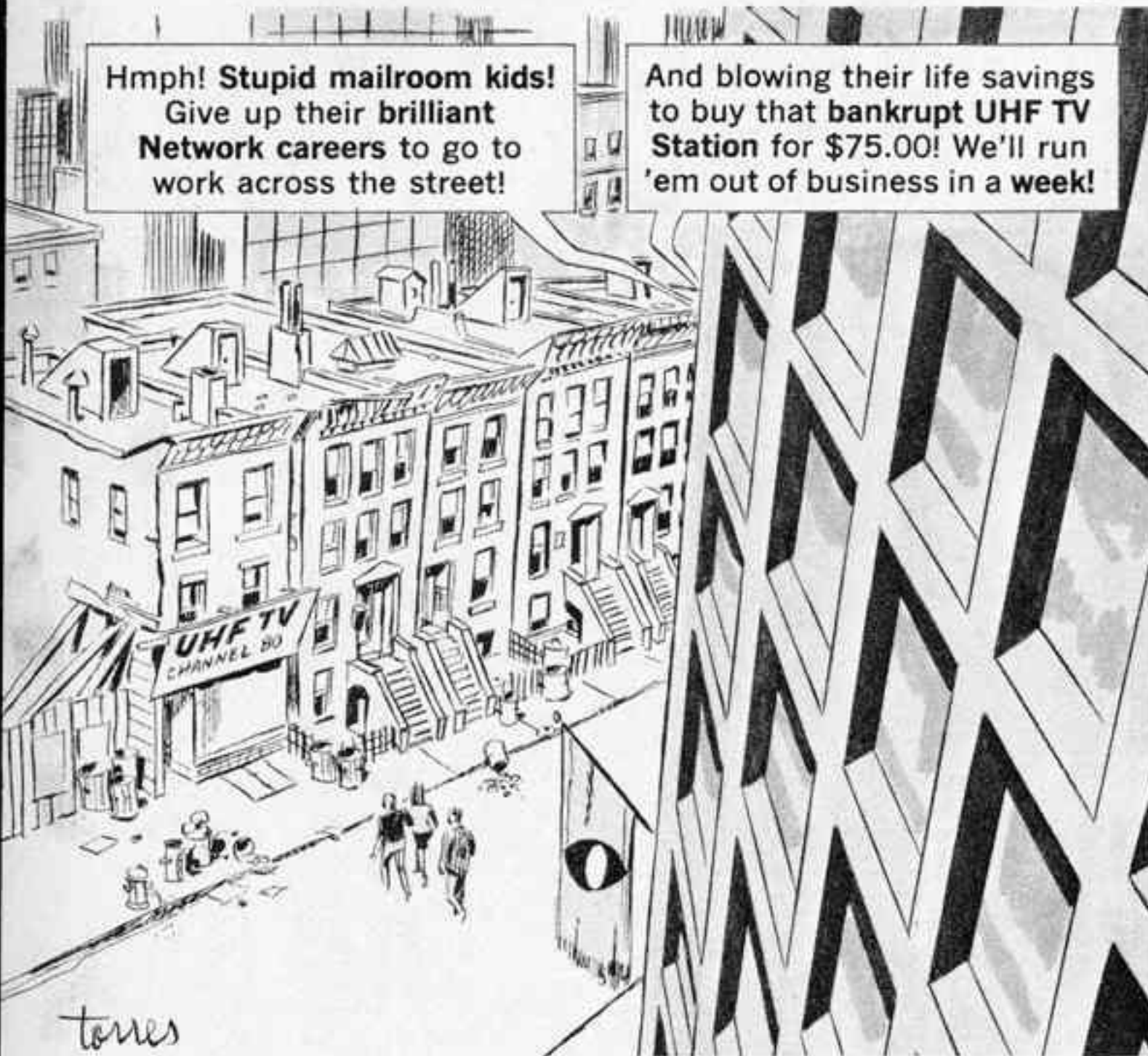
Hmph! Stupid mailroom kids!
Give up their brilliant
Network careers to go to
work across the street!

And blowing their life savings
to buy that bankrupt UHF TV
Station for \$75.00! We'll run
'em out of business in a week!

It may not be
much, but it's a
first step in
giving Television
programming back
to the people!

And taking it
away from the
money-grubbing
Establishment
... Power
Structure!

Right on! Now—
if we only had
a wall socket
so we could
plug in the
transmitter . . .



Bless you for re-running "Playhouse 90" opposite
"Monday Night Football"! Now my kids don't have
to grow up talking like Howard Cosell!

It was nothing! Now move on so our
other 30,000,000 viewers waiting
outside can get in to bless us!



so-called "Relevant" shows never quite get around to taking the worst exploiters of all to task? For some mysterious reason, broadcasters haven't yet discovered a single thing wrong with the Television Industry itself, or the Sponsors that support it! And so, MAD envisions the day when TV finally gets around to scrutinize itself, and finds a whole new source of material for spine-tingling drama. Then, maybe, we'll start seeing some . . .

NT" TV SHOWS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Well, we did it!
We blew our last
ten bucks on old
episodes of "Star
Trek" and "Alfred
Hitchcock Presents"!

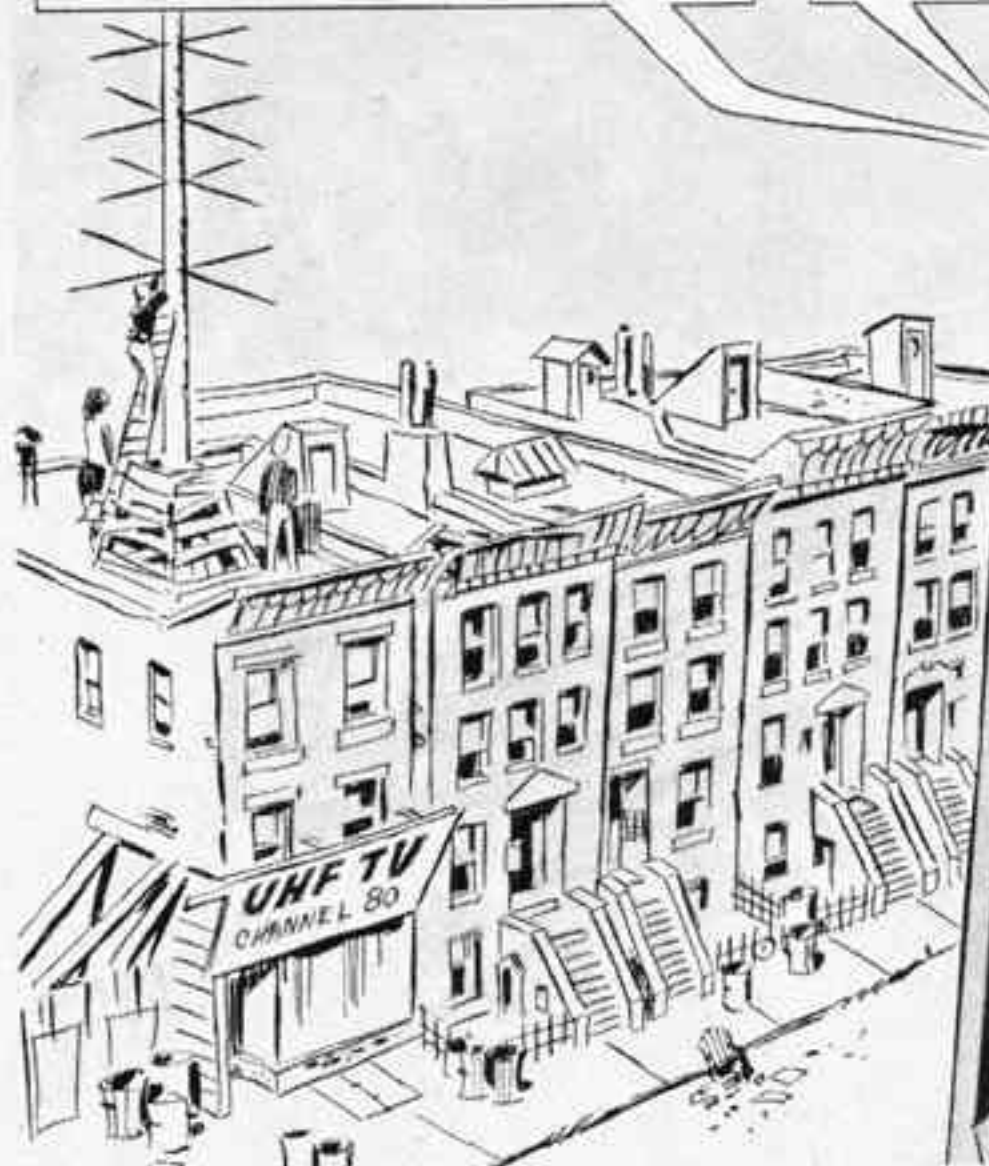
Seems like a lot
to pay for shows
the big Networks
dropped because
they were
unprofitable!

We know that! But we've
foolishly dedicated our-
selves to broadcasting
top-notch TV programs,
even if everybody hates
them except the viewers!



Dumb kids! Imagine . . . trying
to compete against our beloved
"Green Acres" with old re-runs
of "The Dick Van Dyke Show"!

It's ridiculous!
So how come they're
beating us in the
ratings, 37 to 7?!



See?! I told you
we'd run 'em out
of business in
a week!!

It's for their own good! They were
even reviving "Studio One" to compete
with "Hee Haw"! People like that
just don't belong in the TV industry!



THE MARY TAILOR-MADE SHOW

Sit down, Mary! I want to talk to you!

NOW, Mr. Grump?! There's a plane crashing right outside the building . . . !

That's what I want to talk to you about, Mary! The airlines are big advertisers on this station, so be sure we don't cover the story on "The Six O'Clock News"!

Hey! I hear the Mayor was just arrested for embezzlement!

I didn't hear about that! Did you, Maury?

No! I never hear anything bad about the Station Manager's relatives!



I'm going out to lunch! I sure hope that brutal cop downstairs doesn't charge me with loitering and beat me up again!

Bite your tongue, Mary! Irresponsible talk like that can blow our good public relations contacts with the Police Department!

What's shaping up as our lead story for "The Six O'Clock News", Maury?

A late flash! The biggest company in town just lost its Government Contract and laid off 75,000 workers!

Forget it! I own stock in that firm, and I could lose a bundle if word leaks out before I sell!



That sadistic cop got me again, Mr. Grump . . . !

Nonsense! Don't blame your clumsy falling down on our dedicated men in blue, Mary!

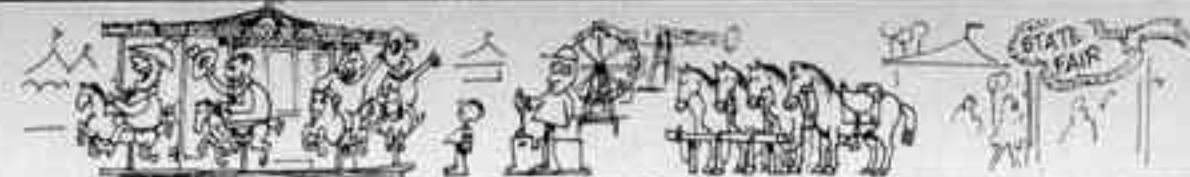
Hey, is the script ready for "The Six O'Clock News"?

Yeah! Just one story tonight . . . but we've got 20 minutes of film footage to go with it!

. . . and here's the news at six! The year's first Robin was sighted in the City Park today, and our award-winning WZZ-TV camera crew was on hand to capture all the color and excitement for this exclusive film report . . .



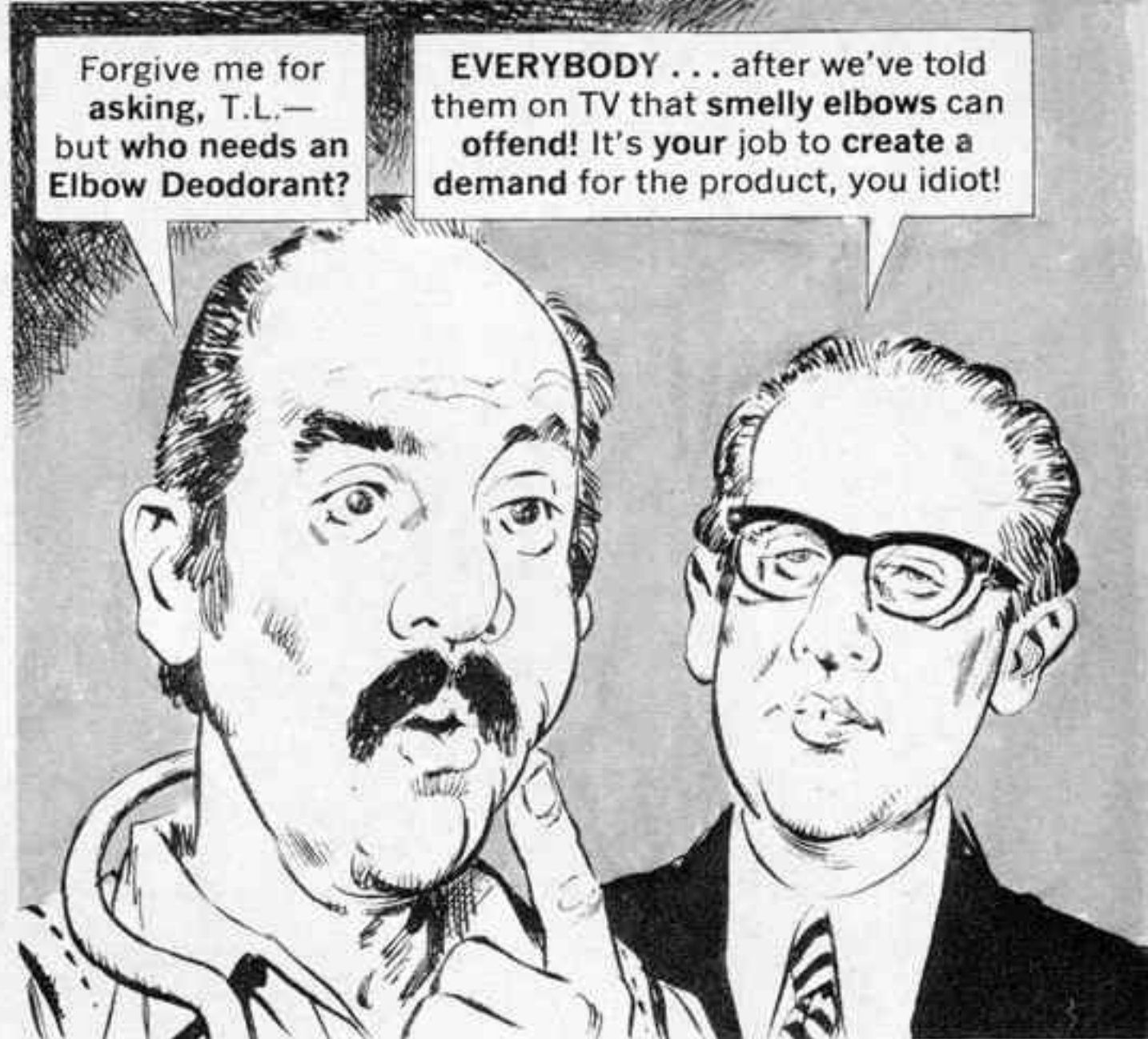
BARNEY



Barney... we're promoting you from the Loading Dock to Manager of the Agency's big new TV ad campaign!

Imagine! Me an Account Executive! Who's the client?

Furdley Products! They're introducing a revolutionary new Elbow Deodorant!



Forgive me for asking, T.L.—but who needs an Elbow Deodorant?

EVERYBODY... after we've told them on TV that smelly elbows can offend! It's your job to create a demand for the product, you idiot!



... and the commercial ends with the guy using Furdley's Spray-On Elbow Deodorant... and getting elected Captain of the Football Team!

No good!! This stuff costs our company 18¢ a can to make—and we're selling it for \$3.98! We need VOLUME SALES!!

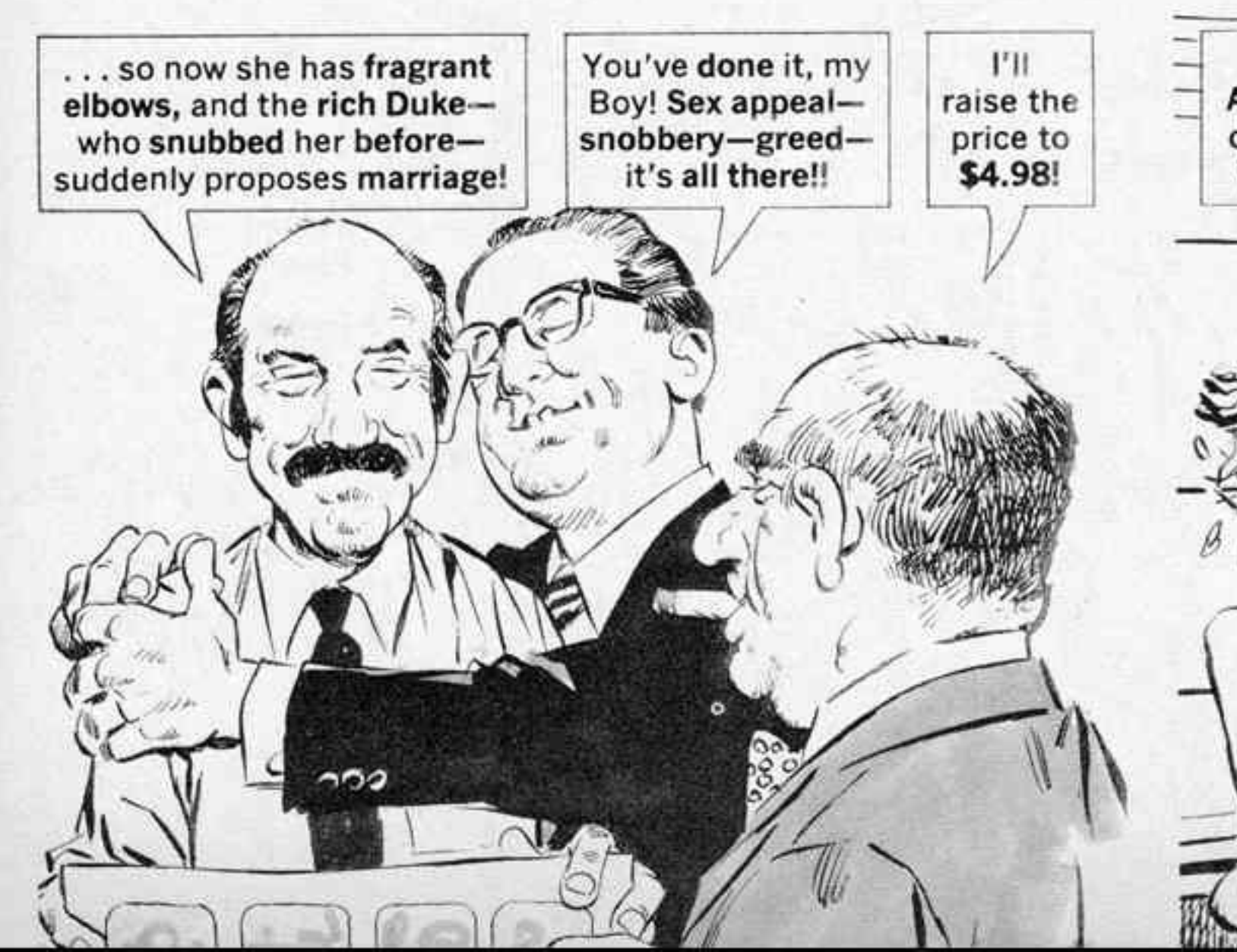
You goofed, Barney! Anybody who gets rid of smelly elbows has to become MORE than just a Captain of a Football Team!!



But I sniffed everybody's elbows on the bus coming home, and there's absolutely no connection between the stench factor and success!

Forget logic and honesty! You're a TV advertising Executive now!

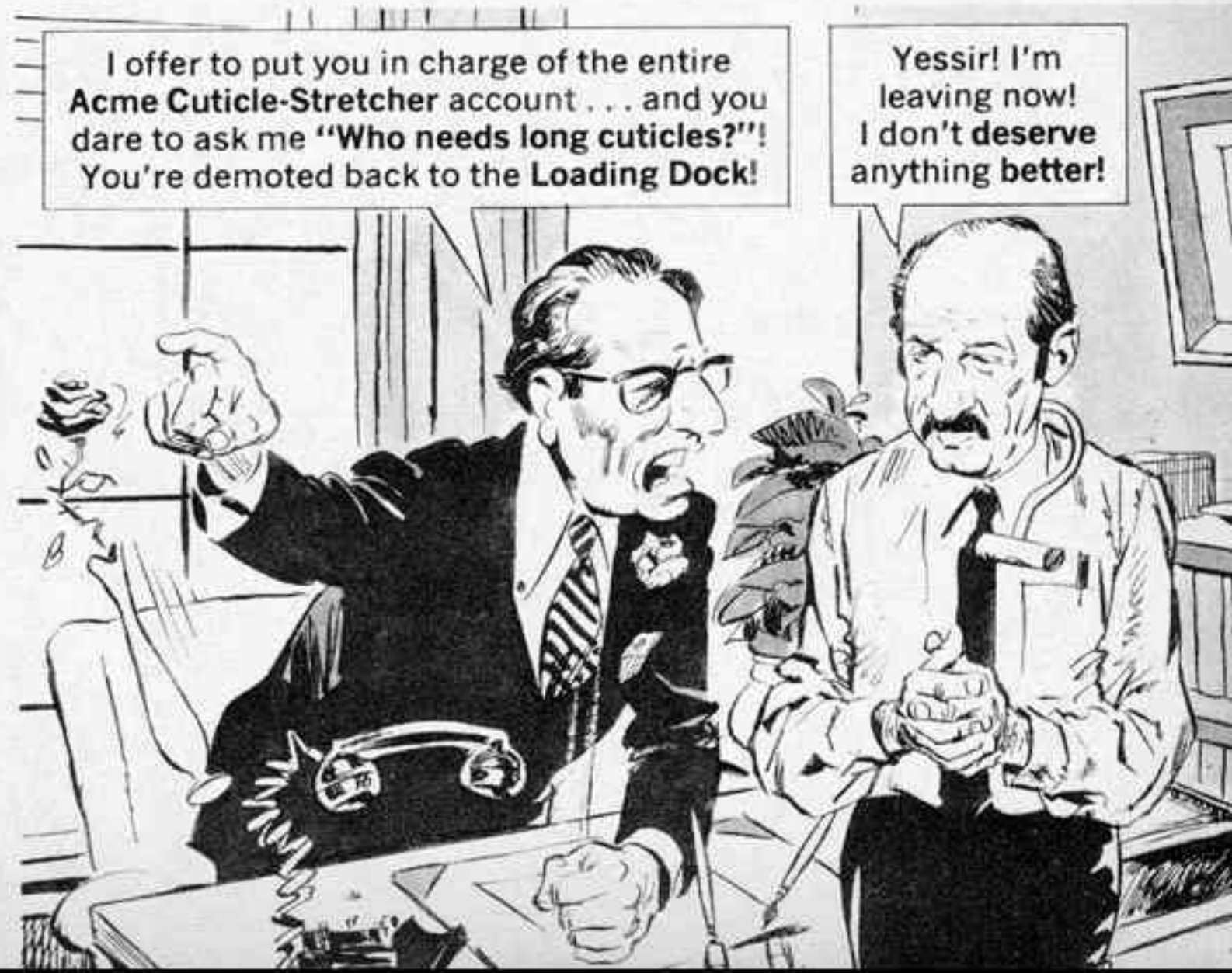
You're right! I'll try harder to be a crook tomorrow!



... so now she has fragrant elbows, and the rich Duke—who snubbed her before—suddenly proposes marriage!

You've done it, my Boy! Sex appeal—snobbery—greed—it's all there!!

I'll raise the price to \$4.98!



I offer to put you in charge of the entire Acme Cuticle-Stretcher account... and you dare to ask me "Who needs long cuticles?"! You're demoted back to the Loading Dock!

Yessir! I'm leaving now! I don't deserve anything better!

THE F. D. A.

Our lab report confirms it, Chief! Those "tiny time capsules" don't bring twelve hours of blessed relief at all!

More like twelve minutes! It's a clear case of fraudulent TV advertising!

Okay... let's go nail the Mr. Big who's behind this swindle!

DISTRICT DIRECTOR
FOOD • DRUG
ADMINISTRATION



Be ready for anything! Remember, he's already gypped the television viewers out of millions!

Right...! He could be as desperate as that rat who claimed his mouthwash kept your breath fresh ALL DAY!



Mr. Arbuthnot will see you now, gentlemen!

Thank you! You've been most helpful!

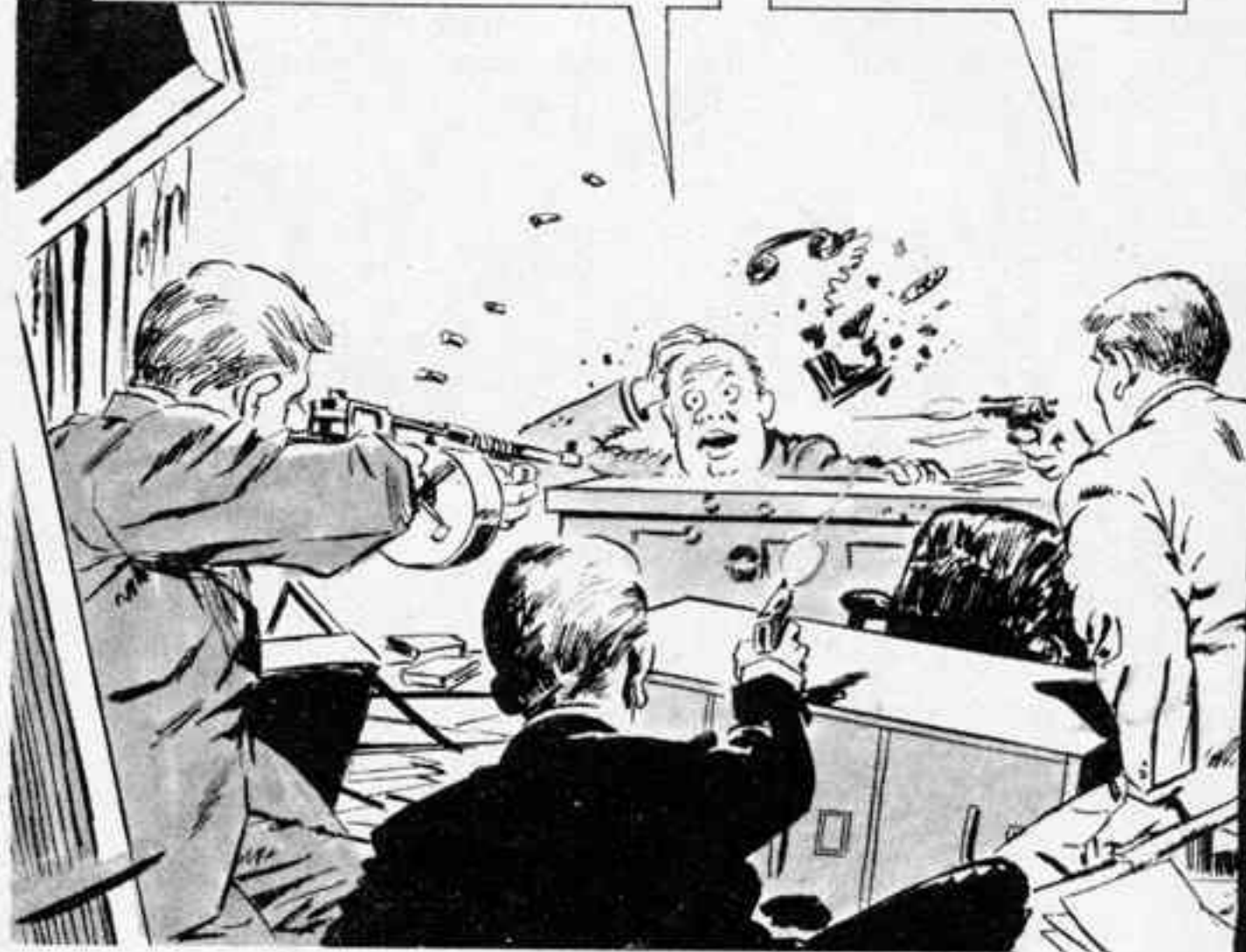
Our apologies for not phoning for an appointment!

Likewise, I'm sure!



But we never guaranteed twelve hours of relief! We only said UP TO twelve hours of relief!

It's the Criminal intent that counts! Go ask Ralph Nader!



Good work, men! This evil fiend has duped his last innocent TV viewer!

I'm sure glad we never give his kind a chance to surrender!



What's wrong, McFinster? You're sniffing?

Just minor nasal congestion, Chief! What's that stuff they advertise to clear out all fourteen nasal cavities?

You can't buy it any more! We shot the manufacturer last month... remember?



HAWAII CHANNEL FIVE-0

We just sold six new commercial spots . . . four for an arthritis cure, and two for cemetery plots! So chop out a few more scenes from the "Feature Length Movie"!

Excuse me, Mr. McGrabbit, but there's someone here to see you!



How do, McGrabbit! I'm Turdley . . . from the **Federal Communications Commission!** We hear you've been broadcasting 38 commercials every hour! That's a no-no!

Gee, a guy has to make a buck! Besides, they're all **Public Service** commercials!



Oh? Like soliciting donations on Television for "The Volcano Worshippers' Church" . . . when **YOU'RE the ONLY MEMBER!!**

Oh, that! Well, suppose we went halvie's on the take? Say, **\$50,000** for you to forget about it?



You know, you could lose your **Broadcaster's License** for attempting to bribe an **F.C.C.** man!

No kidding?! In that case, maybe I better let you have the whole hundred grand!

That's more like it!



Good-bye, Mr. McGrabbit! Maybe I'll see you again some time!

I wouldn't count on it if I were you!



Lots of complaints here on our "**Youth Elixir**" swindle! Also a crank letter from the **F.C.C.** about a missing investigator!

Throw 'em all out! And have the **Newsroom** put on a **Public Service Editorial** tonight protesting against **Junk Mail!**



Hey, muckraking fans! Here is a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to make a thorough study of the contents of

RALPH NADER'S WALLET

Spector & Bobrick

Music Publishers
Brill Building
New York City

Dear Mr. Nader:—

We are in receipt of your recent letter.

As publishers of "In Your Merry Oldsmobile", we think you've gone out of your gourd, Man!

Your claim that this song is "unsafe" and should not be sung "at any speed" is, like, ridiculous! No doubt about it, Man, you are a "nut" and a "fanatic"!

Groovingly yours,
Sam Bobrick
Sam Bobrick
President

Mrs. Agatha Nader
135 Hamden Road
Winstead, Connecticut

Dear Ralph,

You were always my favorite nephew. I remember as a boy you were always polite, obedient and well-mannered. That is why it is hard for me to understand this sudden change in your behavior.

It was with all good intentions that I invited you to my dinner party last Friday evening. But instead of being grateful, you came and embarrassed me in front of all my guests.

First, you claimed that my fruit salad contained monosodium glutamate. And then you had the nerve to stand up and demand the recall of my meatloaf!

How dare you act in such a boorish manner!

This will not be forgotten, dear Nephew! I am seriously considering recycling you in my will!

Angrily,
Aunt Agatha

RALPH NADER

"The Nation's Conscience"

Washington, District of Columbia

Dear Mr. Bobrick:

I repeat my claim that your song is "unsafe" and should not be sung "at any speed"—as indeed ALL songs are unsafe and should not be sung at any speed--BY ROCK GROUPS! Rock Groups have a tendency to perform at extremely high decibels, this increasing the already intolerable "noise pollution" that is permeating our atmosphere and posing an increasing danger to our nation's consumers. So you see, I am not a "nut" or a "fanatic"!

Alertly yours,
Ralph Nader
Ralph Nader

P.S. I have conducted tests on the stationary you use, and have discovered that it is made from trees illegally cut from the Maine forests. Thus, you have contributed to the destruction of our environment. Next time I am in New York City, I will place you and your partner under a Citizen's Arrest!

R.N.

Slik, Imidge and Sellers

Public Relations Consultants
Washington, D.C.

Ralphie, Baby!

We're in luck!

We've just located another Men's Haberdasher with a limited supply of "ill-fitting suits".

We suggest that you go there immediately and buy three or four so that you can continue to project that "homespun"—"too-busy-to-care-about-clothes" image to the public.

Also, don't forget to pick up the usual "square" accessories...the 1957 style skinny ties, the drab wash-and-wear white shirts, and the ankle socks with the clocks on them.

Remember, the public digs the image of a simple man wearing ill-fitting clothes. Look what it's done for our last two Presidents!

Sincerely yours,
Budd E. Sellers
Bud E. Sellers

IDENTIFICATION

NAME Ralph Nader

ADDRESS Washington, D. C.

TELEPHONE Tapped (Usually)

MAKE OF AUTOMOBILE Are You Kidding?!

OCCUPATION Lawyer, Consumer Crusader,
Ecologist, Recaller of Cars, Destroyer of Detergents,
Busy-Body, and Long-Shot Presidential Candidate

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY

Me! I'm The only one The country can trust!

NOTES ON SPEECH BEFORE "MARKETING CONVENTION" PAGE 8

And so, let me conclude by saying that there is no excuse for carelessness and deceit.

Every corporation and every individual must be held responsible for his actions.

Too many people today attempt to get away with putting something over on the public for the sake of a buck.

Yes, the innocent consumer must be protected against carelessness, deceit, shoddy business practices, dishonest merchandising, tainted foods and



SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.
Washington, D.C. Branch

Dear Customer:

MR. RALPH NADER Acct. #2-714-062-N

It was probably an oversight on your part, but your check number 573 dated 2/17/72 in the amount of \$78.53 was returned to us by your bank for lack of sufficient funds.

Would you kindly correct this error by sending us a new check in the above amount and making sure that it does not bounce this time.

Thank you,
Ward Montgomery
Ward Montgomery,
Accounts Division

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
NBC-TV STUDIOS
OLIVE STREET BURBANK, CAL.

Dear Mr. Nader:

This time, you've gone too far! We've been hearing about your investigations into television programs, but we didn't believe you were really serious. First, you put down the Galloping Gourmet for violating the "Wholesome Meat Act of 1937". Then, you declared the Partridge Family Bus as "structurally unsafe." And then you shocked Doris Day by claiming her smile "contained cyclamates." But now, you've gone beyond all reason with your latest attack. It is utterly ridiculous for you to demand that Ironsides rotate the tires on his wheelchair every 13 weeks!

Sincerely yours,

A. Chermak
Cy Chermak
Executive Producer
Ironsides

Things To Do Today!

1. Investigate the NBA. Suspected of pumping polluted air into Basketball.
2. Check Kosher Food Industry. Make sure they recall all Gefilte Swordfish.
3. Research "Safety In Prisons." Check to see that they install seat belts on all Electric Chairs.
4. Investigate reports that McDougle Hamburger Stands are recycling their leftovers as "Hashburgers."
5. Go to New York City and kick the G. M. building.
6. Then write obscene things on the Chrysler Building.
7. Then attend Old Timer's Day at Yankee Stadium and beat up Whitey Ford.
8. Sell the Edsel.

ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS DEPT.

Y'know what gets us sore? The annual foolishness perpetuated by the Sports World in awarding countless trophies, All-American honors and Hall of Fame nominations to athletes who have already been subsidized through college so they could turn "pro" and make millions for playing games a few hours a week! Why hand out prizes and praise to those lucky bums when it's the loyal sports fans who really deserve recognition? Whether he's a "professional



THE SPORTS SPECTA

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

PROFESSIO



SALTONSTALL CABOT-LODGE III

EX-MILLIONAIRE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Cited for incredible philanthropy after voluntarily paying standard N.F.L. ticket prices to attend all 1970 home games (including 16 meaningless pre-season exhibitions) played by the Boston Patriots, Cabot-Lodge charitably squandered the balance of his family fortune on 75¢ Dixie cups of beer and 50¢ hot dogs during lulls in the action, which earned him further honors as the patsy most responsible for enabling the Patriots to buy Joe Kapp.

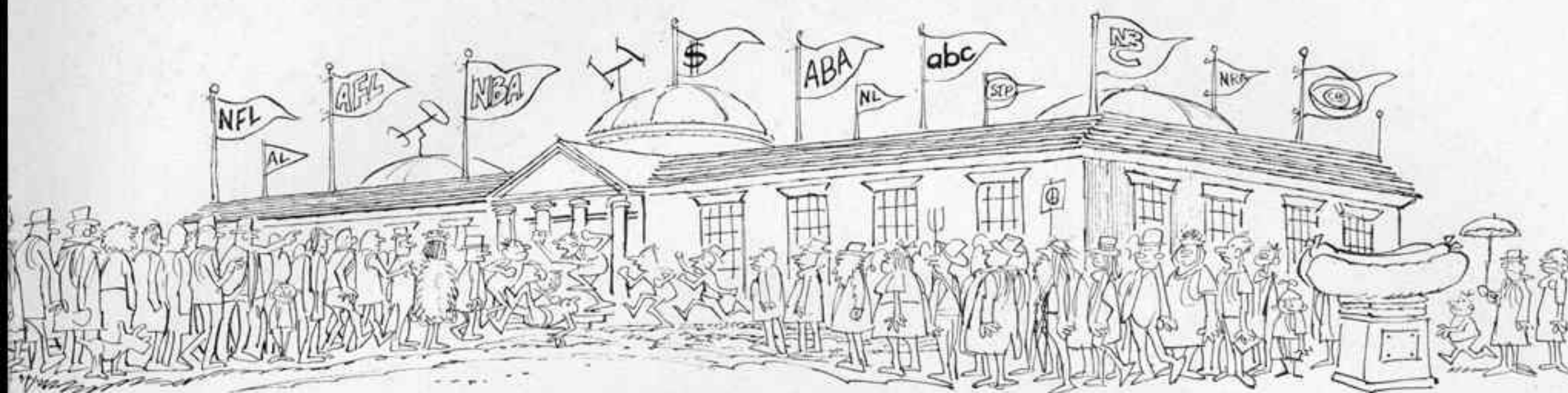


MRS. HARMON HULABALOO

MATERNAL SCAPEGOAT TULSA, OKLA.

Mrs. Hulabaloo earned the sympathy of the nation and the hatred of her neighbors while grimly attending all 29 Little League games loused up by the rotten playing of her son, Harmon, Jr., last year. Harmon's consistency was a major factor in winning Hall of Fame honors for his mother, having batted .112, fielded .112 and had 112 "accidents" brought on by umpires' repeated refusals to stop play while he ran home to go to the bathroom.

fan" who pays his way into the stadium knowing he'll be fleeced and inconvenienced at every turn, or merely an "amateur" enduring dreary week-ends of TV sports viewing at home, he suffers far more than the players who never have to stand in ticket lines or watch commercials during time-outs. Yessiree, MAD thinks it's high time we started honoring our true heroes, and we hereby nominate these outstanding fans to charter membership in . . .



TORS' HALL OF FAME

WRITER: TOM KOCH

NAL DIVISION



STAN "THE MASOCHIST" KRUSIAL
UNEMPLOYED SNUFF SALESMAN CHICAGO, ILL.
 The failure of Comiskey Park's management to provide adequate parking facilities enabled Krusial to set a new Major League record in 1970 by having his hub caps swiped 55 times, his battery heisted 26 times, his entire car stripped 17 times and stolen completely on 14 occasions. As further evidence of his Hall of Fame qualifications, Krusial established this new mark while suffering through all 81 home games of the Chicago White Sox.



LUTHER "COLD-HARD LUKE" GLENGG
ITINERANT OTTER BREEDER HUMPHREY, MINN.
 While attending a December Minnesota Vikings home game, re-scheduled from a 5-above-zero Sunday afternoon to a 20-below Monday night to accommodate ABC-TV, Glengg became Pro Football's all-time Champion Frostbite Victim. His \$16,000 hospital bill for treatment of double pneumonia and brittle ears surpassed the old mark of \$13,750 (including funeral expenses) set by a Green Bay Packer fan caught in the great End Zone Snow Slide of 1952.

AMATEUR DIVISION

BRONCO "THE GAPER" NIJINSKY

DIVORCED HERMIT WIDE FLANKER, PA.

Set the all-time television endurance record during the Summer-Autumn-Winter-Spring-1970-'71 Football Season by watching 116 complete games, 97 dull, predictable pre-game shows and 82 inane post-game wrap-ups. Nijinsky's crowning achievement came on New Years Day when he logged 8 hours 43 minutes of consecutive football viewing, despite the fact that his wife left him to enter a Convent between the Cotton and Rose Bowl Games.



MARVIN "MAD DOG" STEEBLEMAN

ITINERANT SHOE CLERK AKRON, OHIO

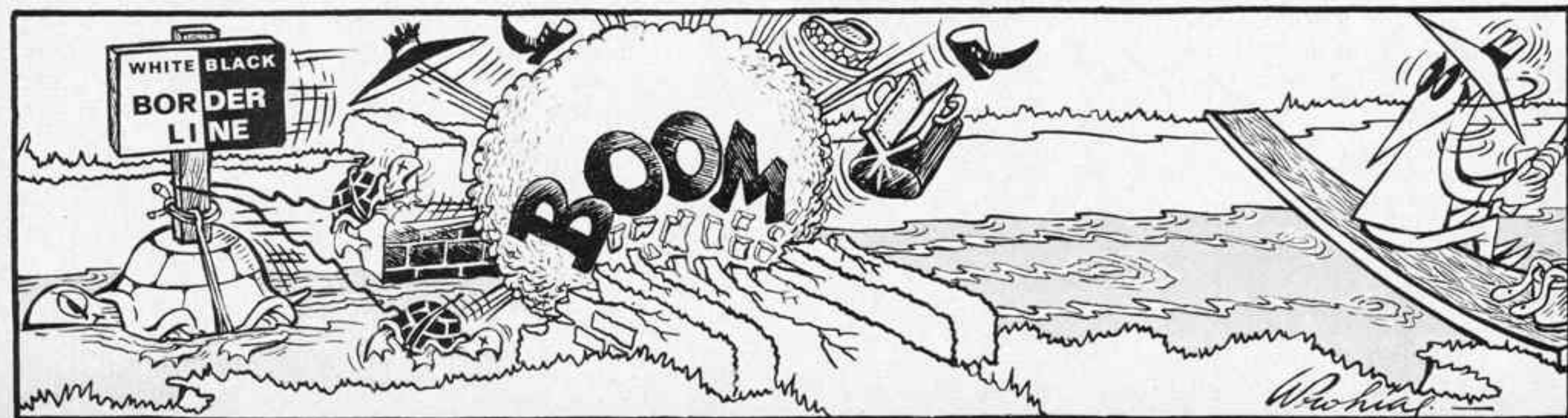
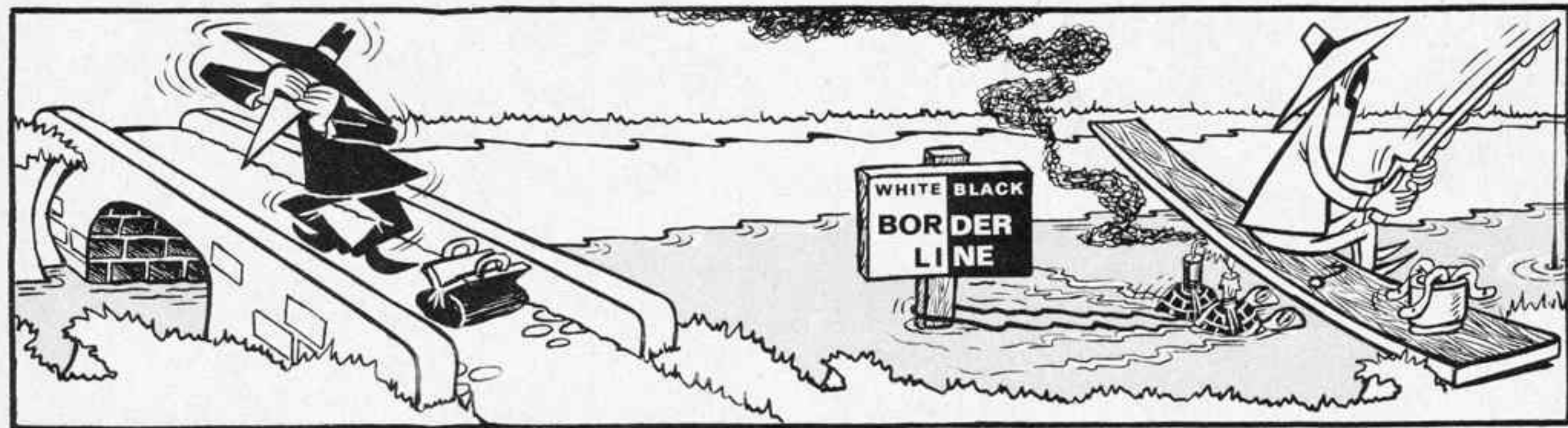
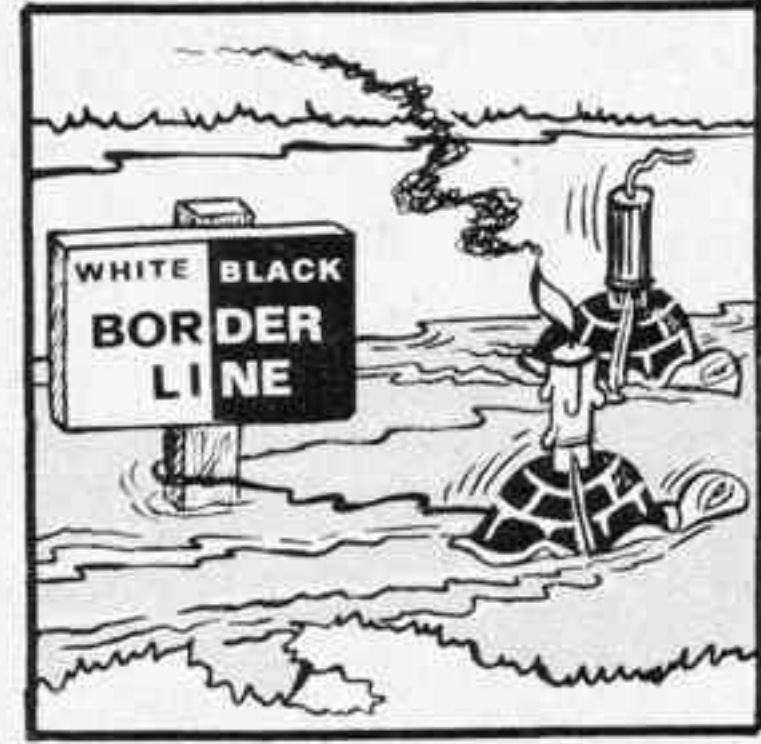
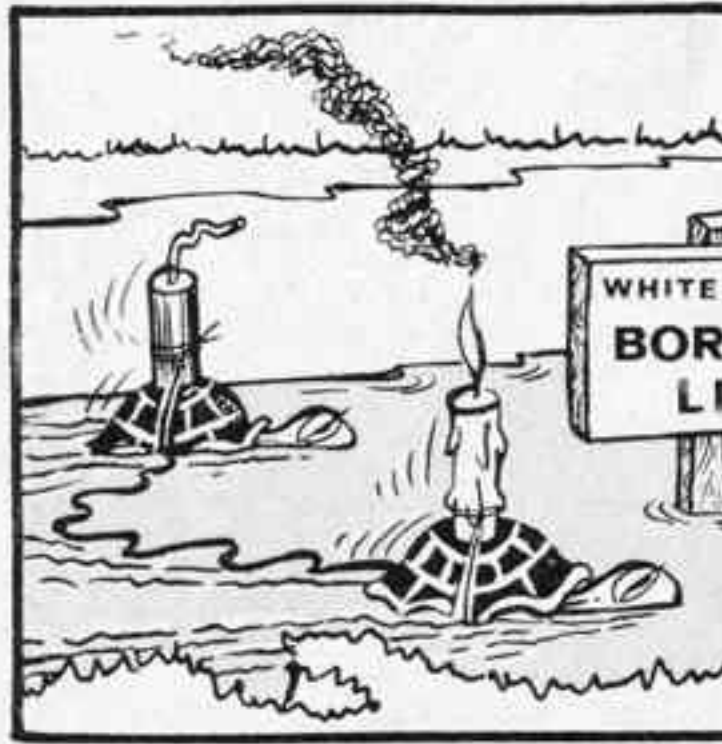
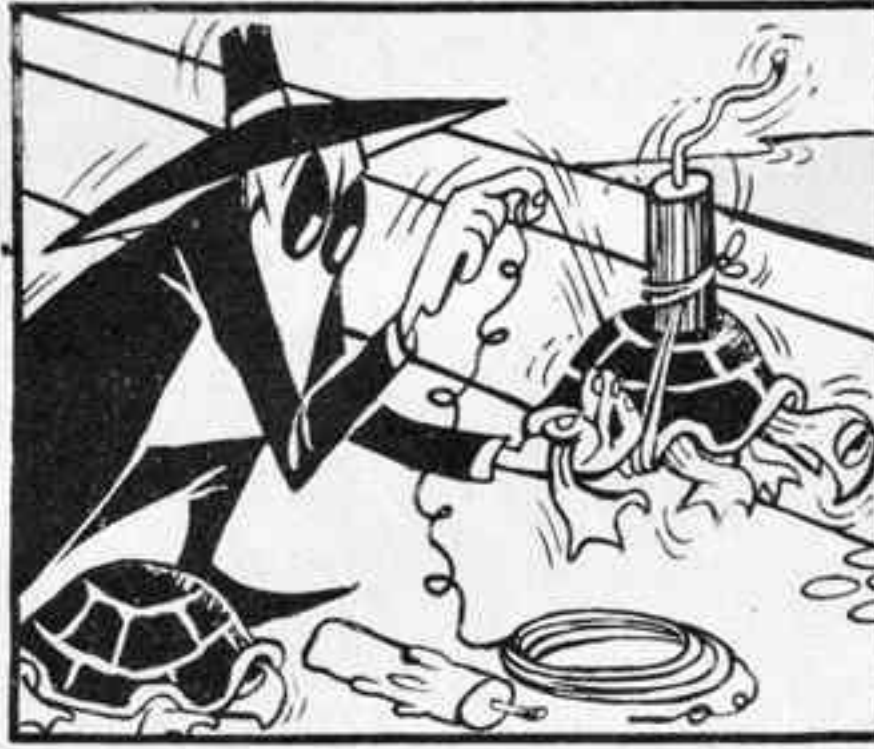
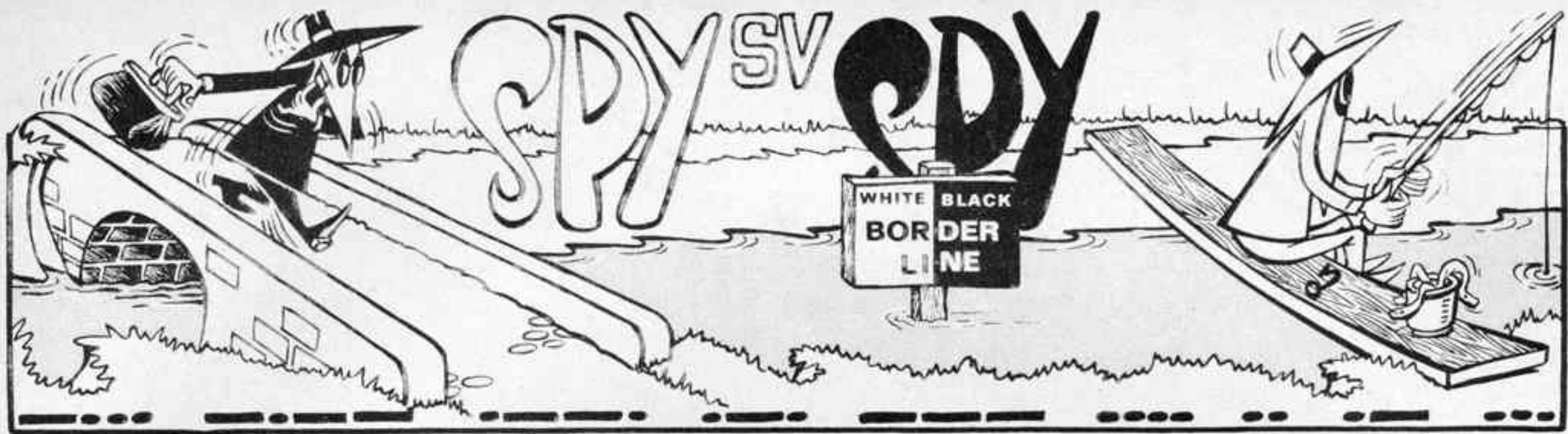
Trapped on a rainy Saturday in the same house with a wife, five kids, nine in-laws and only one TV set, Steebleman valiantly fought off the demands of the whole mob to switch to a Three Stooges Film Festival and, armed with just his bare fists and a fireplace poker, held out through a Phillies-Expo baseball game, the third round of the Azalea Open Golf Tournament and 27 laps of a Stock Car Race before being subdued by the police.



LLEWELYN "THE GULLIBLE" WRETCH

PREVIOUSLY RICH PLUMBER POLYGLAS, FLA.

The only fan to show true appreciation of TV Sponsors by rushing out and buying everything he was commanded to rush out and buy during the 1970-71 season, Wretch is now the debt-ridden owner of \$8,000 worth of hair tonics, deodorants, shave creams and Rocky Graziano's favorite beer . . . in addition to having made down payments on 34 Dodge Chargers, 21 lawn-mowers and 17 power saws for the basement workshop he doesn't even have.



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

DROPP

I'm quitting school . . . because with all the good my teachers are doing me, I might as well not go!



Listen, the average person goes through twelve years of public school and four years of college! Yet, in all that time, it usually only takes **ONE** right teacher who comes along and cares enough to change that person's whole life!



I know! I have such a teacher this year!



So speak to him about what you're planning to do!

I did! We're dropping out **TOGETHER!!**



What will you do in the future?



As little as possible!

And what are you doing now?

Getting on-the-job training!



Why shouldn't I drop out? The world is coming to an end, anyway!



You hear what kind of defeatist thing your son is saying?

This is the **worst** generation that ever was! They won't go to school! They won't work! They won't fight for their country, right or wrong! All they do is riot, spread V.D., and blow their minds on drugs!



Who's going to take over from **MY** generation? Not **THEM!!** They're **SPOILED TOO ROTTEN!** They haven't got the **DRIVE!** They haven't got the **AMBITION!** They haven't got the **NEED!!** I tell you, the world as we know it is **COMING TO AN END!**

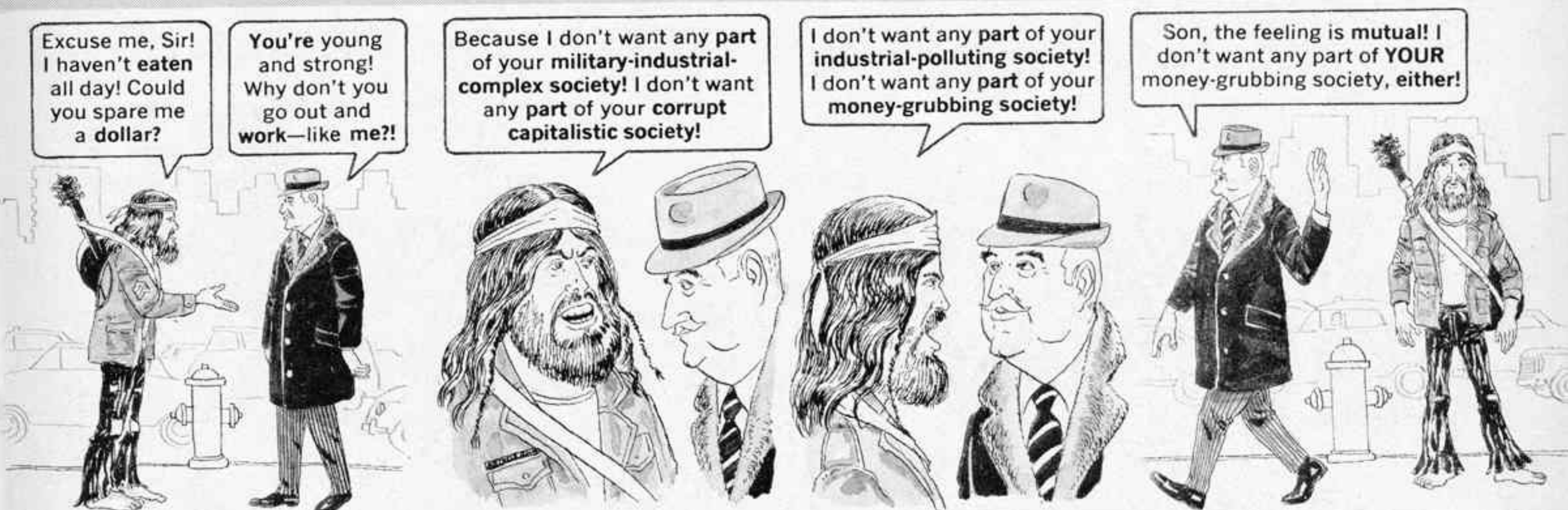


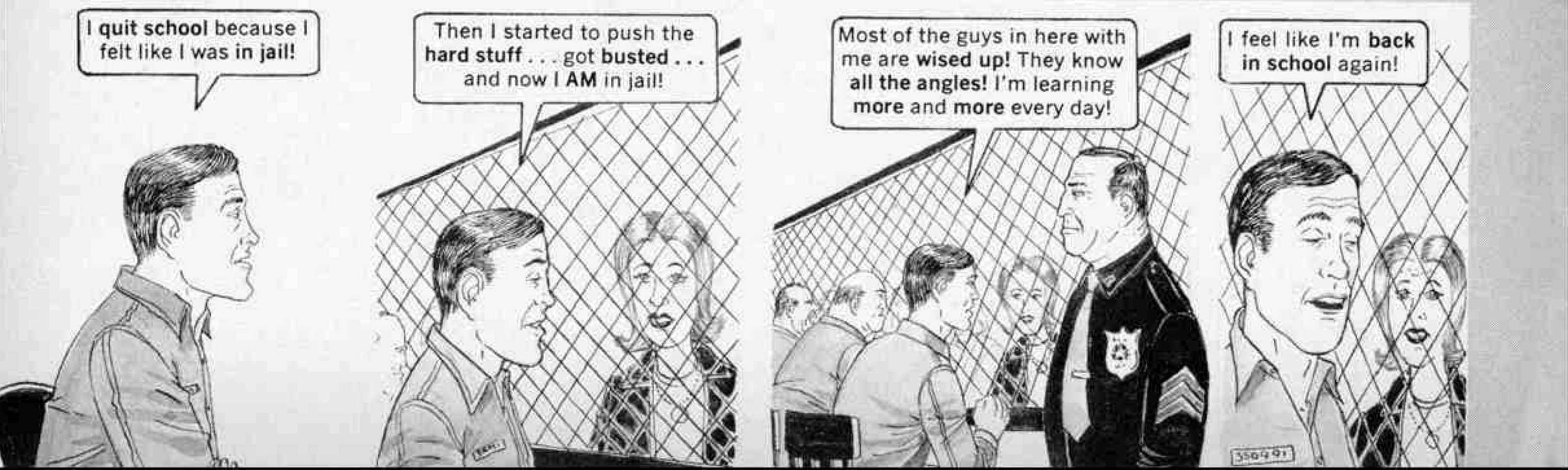
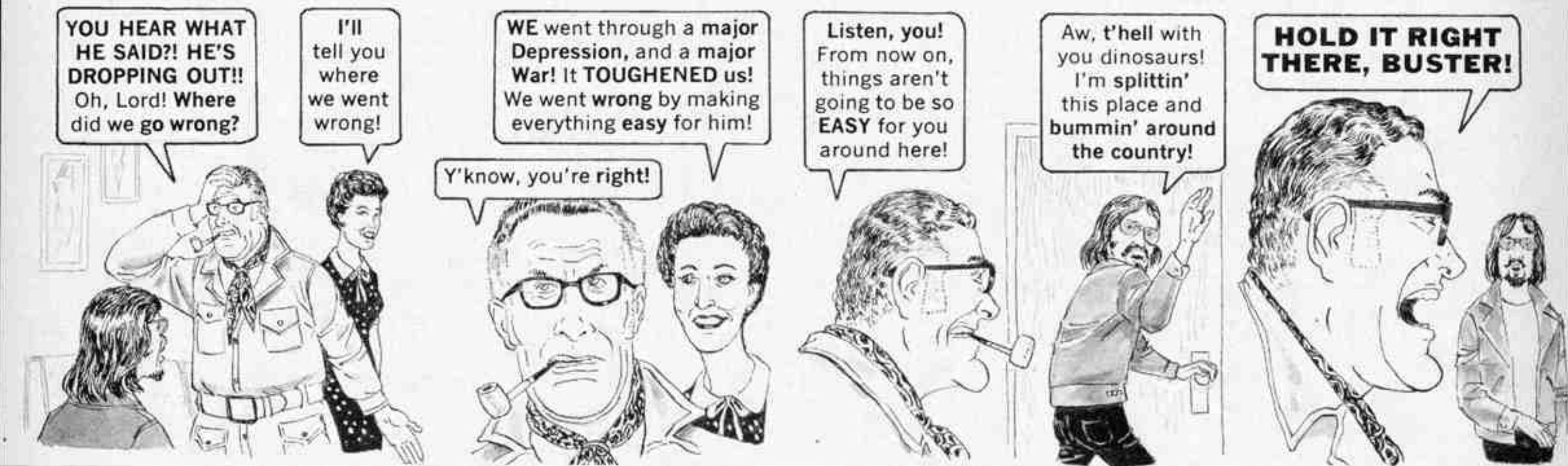
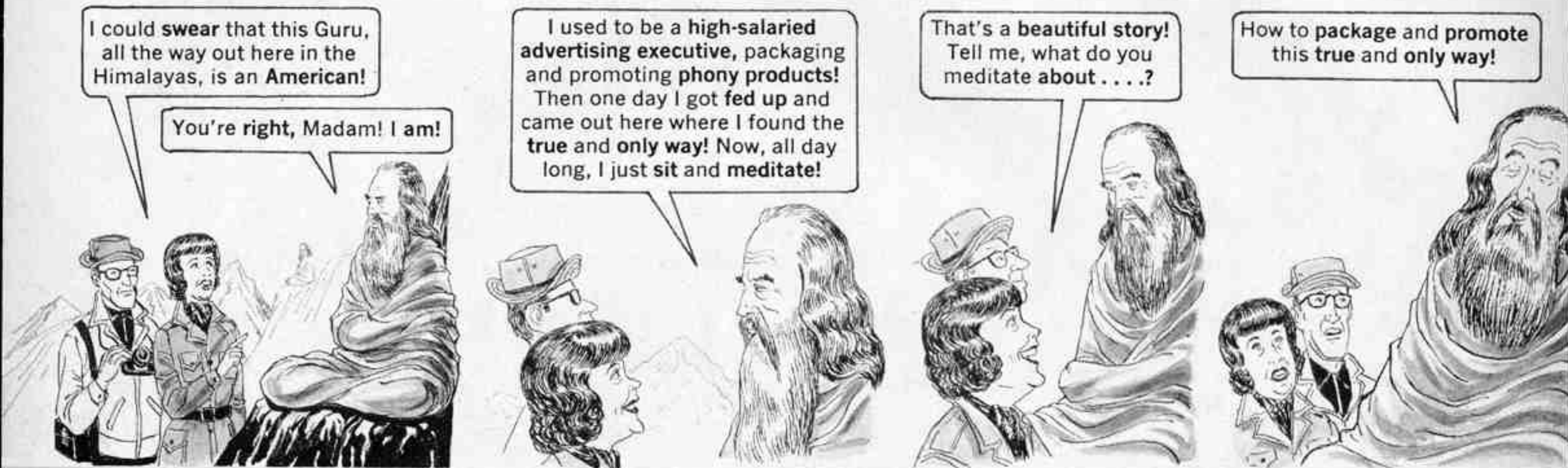
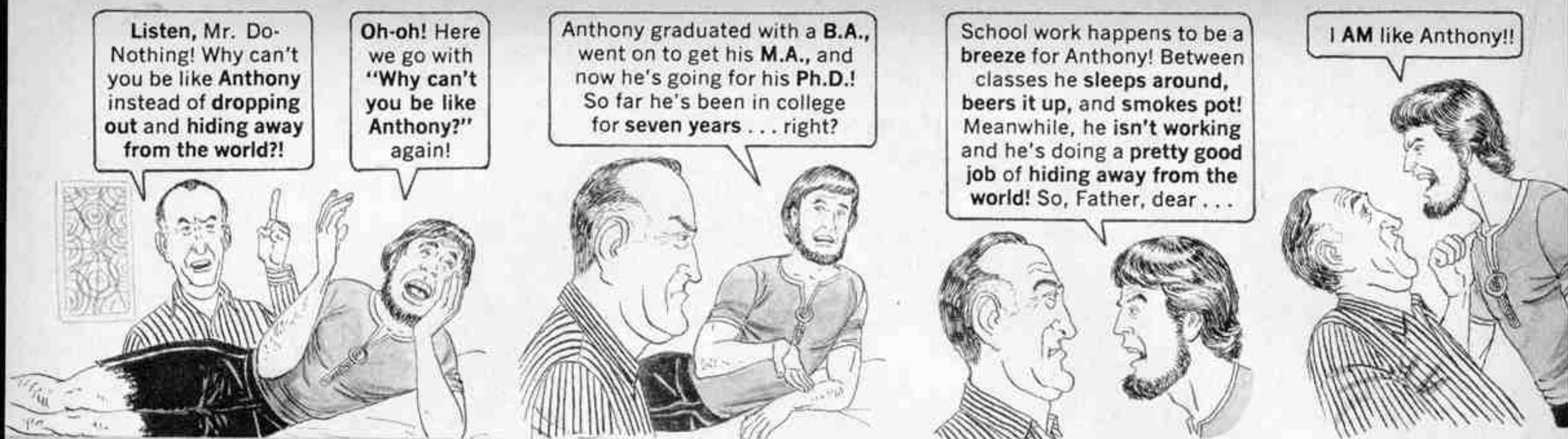
See!? You agree with me!



ING OUT

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG





Right! I'm dropping out!
Let's face it! The only
reason I went to college
was to avoid the Draft so
I wouldn't go to Vietnam!



And to maintain my college
deferment, I worked like a
dog and did well! I studied
Math, Physics, Chemistry
and all that other garbage!



NOW I find out I've got a
HERNIA, and the army would
never have taken me anyway!!



Can you imagine?! The three
years I've spent in college
was an ABSOLUTE WASTE!!



Will you get off my back?! You
told me yourself that high school
graduates are not always mature
enough to go to college right away!
You told me yourself that I could
wait a while before I start college!



That's right!
I DID say
that, didn't I!



SO GET OFF
MY BACK,
ALREADY!!

Okay! Maybe I should! After
all . . . your back isn't as
strong as it used to be . . .



. . . NOW THAT YOU'RE
THIRTY!!



You forgot the keys
to the car . . . !

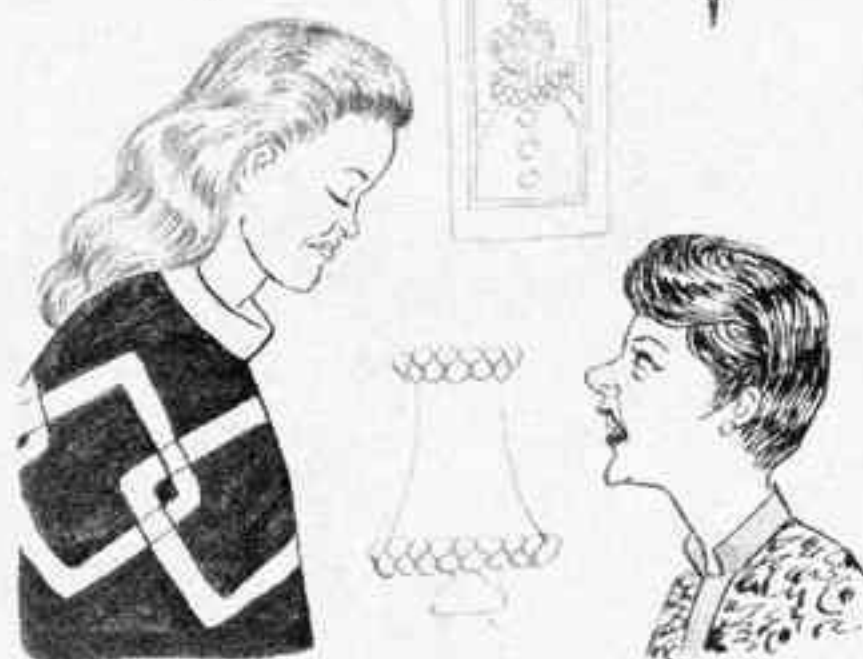


I
dropped
out of
school!



YOU DID?!? So
how come the
school didn't
notify me?!?

They don't know
about it, yet!



But, how could
that be . . . ?

I still go to classes!



**YOU CAN'T
DROP OUT!!**



Why not?! What if I did finish
school, then went out and worked
like a dog? What would it get
me? An ulcer? Not me! I'm not
going to become a slave to the
acquisition of material things!



Y'know something? You're right!
What did my hard work ever get
me? An ulcer! Who needs those
material things!? Who needs to
buy my kid his own car and his
own hi-fi and clothes and food
. . . and give him an allowance?!
Yep—I'M DROPPING OUT, TOO!



**YOU CAN'T
DROP OUT!**



I went to the **State University**, and I quickly discovered that everything I was learning was **irrelevant and meaningless** in today's world! So I **dropped out**!



Then a group of us drop-outs got together and formed a "**Free**" University of our own, and we got **Professors** to teach us **meaningful subjects**!



How marvelous! And to think that adults are **bad-mouthing** you youngsters! Why, you're to be **admired**! Tell me, how is your **Free University** doing?



I dunno! I **dropped out**!



I identify with you, my **Black brother**! That's why I adopted your **music, your dress, your language and drug culture**!



You come from a "**slum ghetto**" of the **Inner City**, and I come from a "**golden ghetto**" of the **Suburbs**! We both have **one thing** in common: **DESPAIR**! You, the despair of **not having enough**! And I, the despair of **having too much**!



That's why I **dropped out** of my ghetto . . . to come and share the despair of your ghetto with you!



Listen, Man! I got a **much better idea**! Let's go back . . . so's I can share the despair of **YOUR ghetto** with you!



What's the use of going to school!? Everything we learn is **irrelevant**! Like what good is it to learn **History**?!



It's like they're saying . . . "**THE PAST IS DEAD** . . ."



"**THE PRESENT STINKS** . . ."



"**AND EVEN THE FUTURE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!**"



I'm so **ashamed**! My son **dropped out** . . . and I'd just like to go and **hide**! I'm ashamed for my **family and my neighbors** and—

You shouldn't be ashamed! Look at it this way . . .



Remember that this "**Dropout Disease**" happens mostly to kids of **successful fathers**, and to kids who usually have **above average intelligence**!



Are you saying that because my son is a **failure**, it means I'm a **success**!? Having a kid that **drops out** is a **status symbol**!?

You could put it that way!



HEY, CHARLEY! DID YOU HEAR? MY SON IS A **DROP OUT**!!

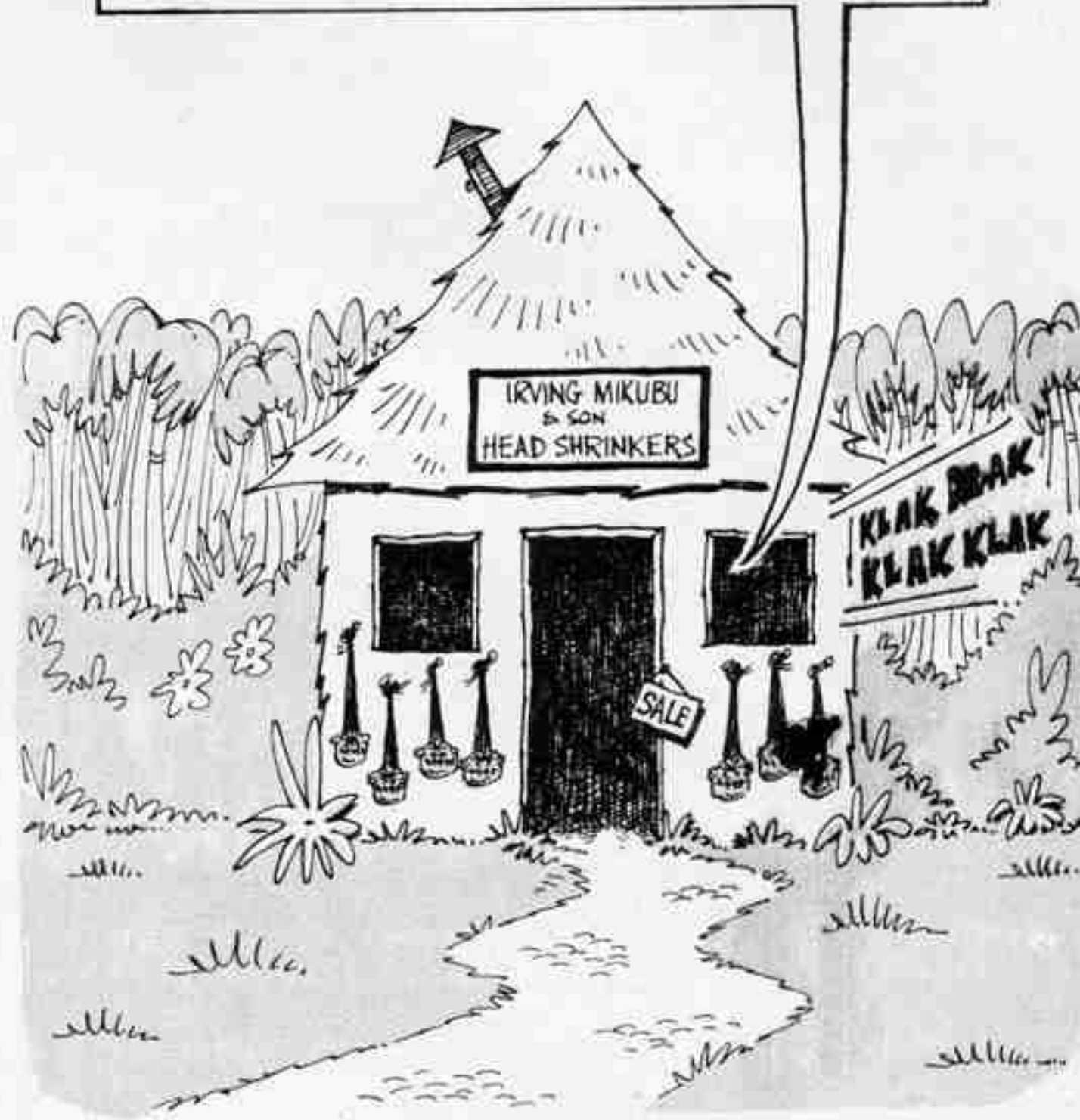


THE ENTERPRISING YOUNG AMAZON

Listen to me, Dad! Business is just not going to pick up! People aren't interested in shrunken heads anymore! There's nothing you can DO with them! Hang them on the wall for decoration . . . and THAT'S IT!!



We've got to come up with another use for shrunken heads, Dad . . . a NEW gimmick that people will go for! And I've got just the thing right here . . .



If you really want to find out how life is going for someone, don't bother to investigate him or tap his phone.

Harry Grepser's NEW YEAR'S

1962

1. I will try to be a better husband to Marge.
2. I will stop looking at other women.
3. I will not yell at the kids.
4. I will not let my boss push me around.
5. I will read at least 20 good books a year.
6. I will not get upset when Charlie and Sam make jokes about my baldness.
7. I will get my weight down below 180.
8. I will not take a drink before 5 p.m.
9. I will not spend money frivolously.
10. I will see my dentist this year.
11. I will go to church every Sunday.
12. I will not be so self-destructive.
13. I will work out at the gym at least twice a week.
14. I will follow all of these resolutions to the letter.

1965

1. I will not leave Marge.
2. I will not get involved with Wanda.
3. I will pay more attention to the kids.
4. I will stick up for my rights when my boss bullies me.
5. I will read at least 10 books a year.
6. I will not get annoyed when Charlie and Sam kid me about my toupee.
7. I will watch my calories until I get below 190.
8. I will not touch the bottle before noon.
9. I will pay off my bank loan promptly.
10. I will have my cavities filled this year.
11. I will go to church as often as possible.
12. I will stop wrecking my life.
13. I will play 18 holes of golf at least once a week.
14. I will make a serious effort to follow these resolutions.

All you have to do is study his New Year's Resolutions. They tell all. If you don't believe us, just study . . .



RESOLUTIONS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

1962-1972

1969

1. I will try for a reconciliation with Marge.
2. I will not let Wanda pressure me into another marriage.
3. I will visit the kids every Sunday.
4. I will not let my sadistic boss drive me to the point of suicide.
5. I will read 5 books a year.
6. I will not lose my temper when Charlie and Sam tell the guys I wear a girdle.
7. I will follow my new diet religiously until I get below 200.
8. I will not become a "problem drinker."
9. I will pay off my bank loans promptly.
10. I will have my root canal work done this year.
11. I will set aside time each day for prayer and meditation.
12. I will work to escape the living hell I've created for myself.
13. I will go to the pitch-and-putt course whenever I can.
14. I will try to bat .500 with these resolutions.

1972

1. I will try to be a better husband to Wanda.
2. I will stop looking at other women.
3. I will not yell at Wanda's kids.
4. I will tell Dr. Hodges and the group about my boss.
5. I will finish "Airport."
6. I will not speak to Charlie and Sam.
7. I will try to develop a realistic attitude about my weight.
8. I will not miss any AA meetings.
9. I will begin making a strong effort to get out of debt by 1975.
10. I will get rid of my denture breath this year.
11. I will try to catch the late night sermonette on TV.
12. I will accept the fact that some men are winners and others are losers.
13. I will improve my game of bridge.
14. I will learn to live with my weaknesses.

If you're a "TV Late Show" film buff, you're probably aware of the important roles certain "props" played in old movies. In fact, some of these "props"

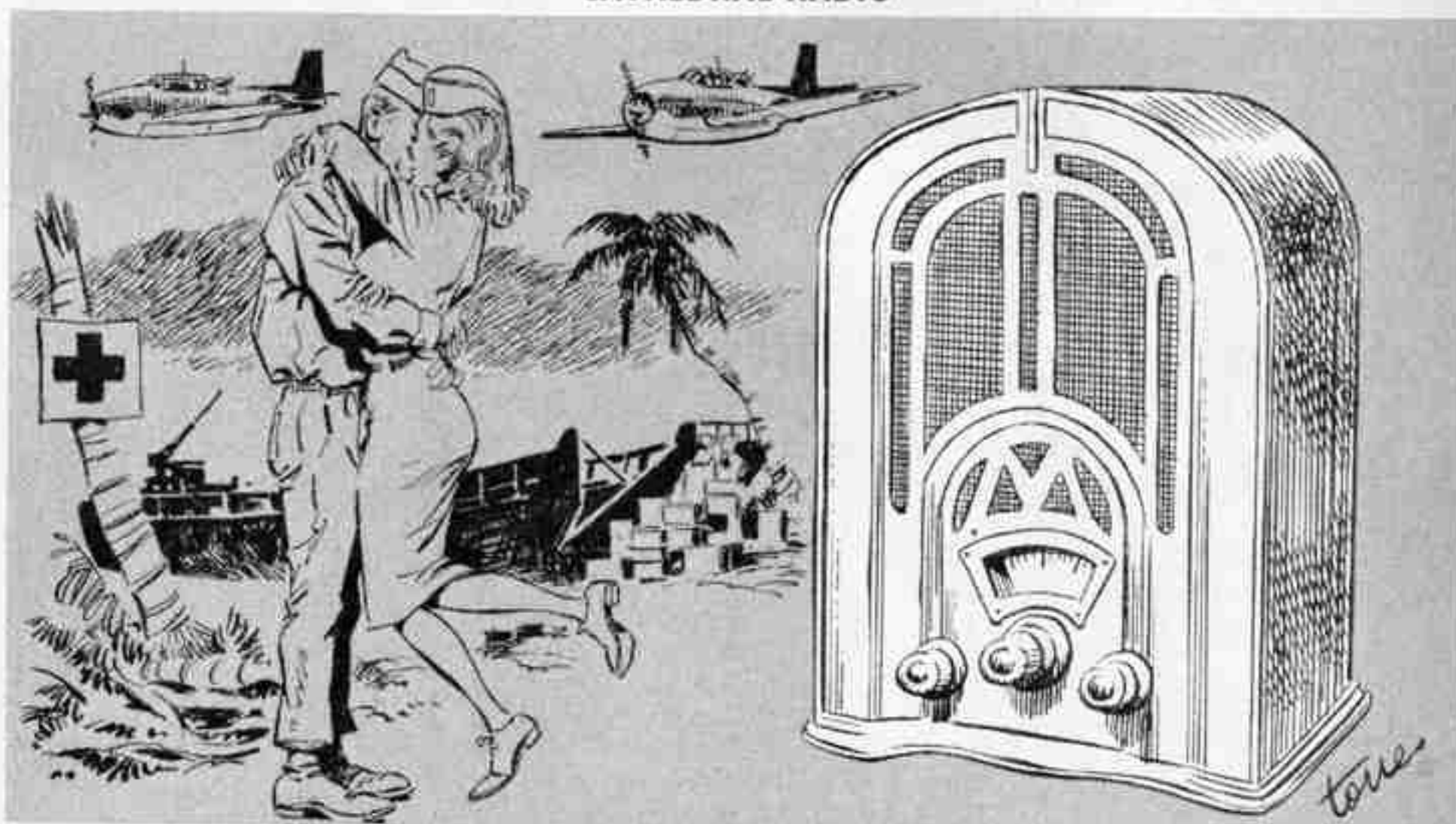
A MAD GUID SHOW" CLICK

MONSTER MOVIE TORCH



Always used by hunchback-assistant to antagonize monster . . . and always used again later on by villagers to track down monster-murderer of hunchback-assistant and other assorted victims.

CATHEDRAL RADIO



Device used to interrupt love scenes . . . and engagements . . . with announcement that the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor. Hero and heroine defer

marriage plans until the world can be made a better place to live. At film's end, they are reunited in Guadalcanal—he's a Navy pilot and she's a nurse.

NOBLE PILOT WRENCH



Test pilots Tom and Jim both love Sue. One of them has to test the dangerous X-14. Jim, convinced that Sue loves Tom, pretends to let him take up the X-14. But when Tom looks up to check the weather, Jim hits him on the head with the prop wrench, takes the X-14 up himself, and is never seen again.

BROKEN AMULET NECKLACE



Handsome Arab beggar boy defies death by scaling wall of Caliph's palace in wild attempt to reach Princess who he loves. Evading guards, he finally gets to her, only to discover . . . by fitting together their broken amulet necklaces . . . that they are brother and sister! Love affair is over before it begins.

TRAGEDY-IDENTIFYING LIFE PRESERVER



Used several ways for dramatic effect. For example, we see a wreckage-strewn oily sea. Prop life-preserver floats by. It says . . . "Lusitania"! Or we see a young honeymoon couple smooching on deck. They move off, revealing ship's name on prop life-preserver. The poor kids! They're sailing on the "Titanic"!



were used so often, they actually achieved "cliché" status. For those of you who don't know what in heck we're talking about, we now present this article:

E TO "TV LATE É MOVIE PROPS

ARTIST:
ANGELO TORRES
WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES

SUSPENSION MICROPHONE



Used effectively by the Announcer at the ballpark to tell the little boy with the fatal illness who's lying in the hospital, holding the autographed baseball, that the Slugger has hit one over the fence just for him—bringing on a sudden miracle cure for the boy.

**THIS-WILL-MAKE-YOU-TALK
HYPODERMIC NEEDLE**



After brutal torture has failed, the sadistic Nazi officer has one method left to make Allied undercover agent reveal location of Gen. Eisenhower's headquarters and the time, place and size of upcoming invasion of Europe: the injection of — gasp — truth serum!

TIN CUPS, TIN PLATES AND UTENSILS



Invariably used by inmates in Prison pictures to bang on mess hall tables and clang across cell bars to register their dissatisfaction with the lousy food, the indifferent Warden, the cruel guards, the intolerable working conditions, and the impossible script.

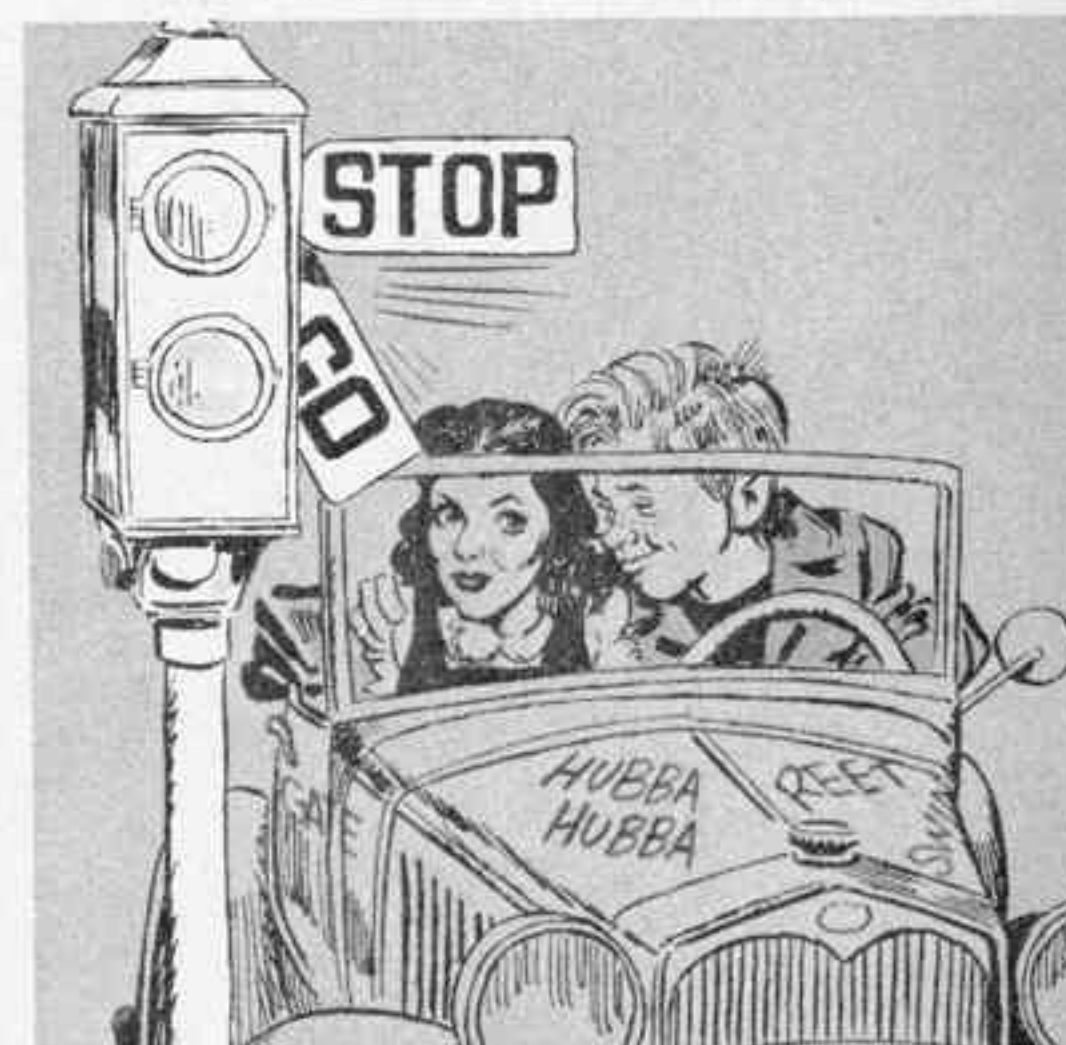
BAIL OF NEWSPAPERS



This prop is invariably dropped from a truck at the feet of our hero who, as the newsstand dealer cuts the string, learns by the headlines that (1) the

killer he'd helped convict (who swore revenge) has escaped from prison, or (2) the girl he was with last night is dead, and he's wanted for her murder!

SMALL TOWN TRAFFIC CONTROLLER



Humorous romantic prop used in family comedies so Andy could stop his jalopy and kiss Polly while sign changed from stop to go to stop to go to stop to—

RE-BREATHING BAG



Invaluable in helping lay movie fans follow the progress of an operation. Everything is going along fine while bag expands and contracts regularly. Any faltering or collapse is signal for Surgeon to whisper, "Quick, Nurse

— the adrenalin!" If injection works, bag will resume expansion and contraction. If bag remains deflated, Surgeon will snap off rubber gloves and throw them to the floor in disgust while the Nurse solemnly pulls a sheet over body.

EXTENSION TELEPHONE



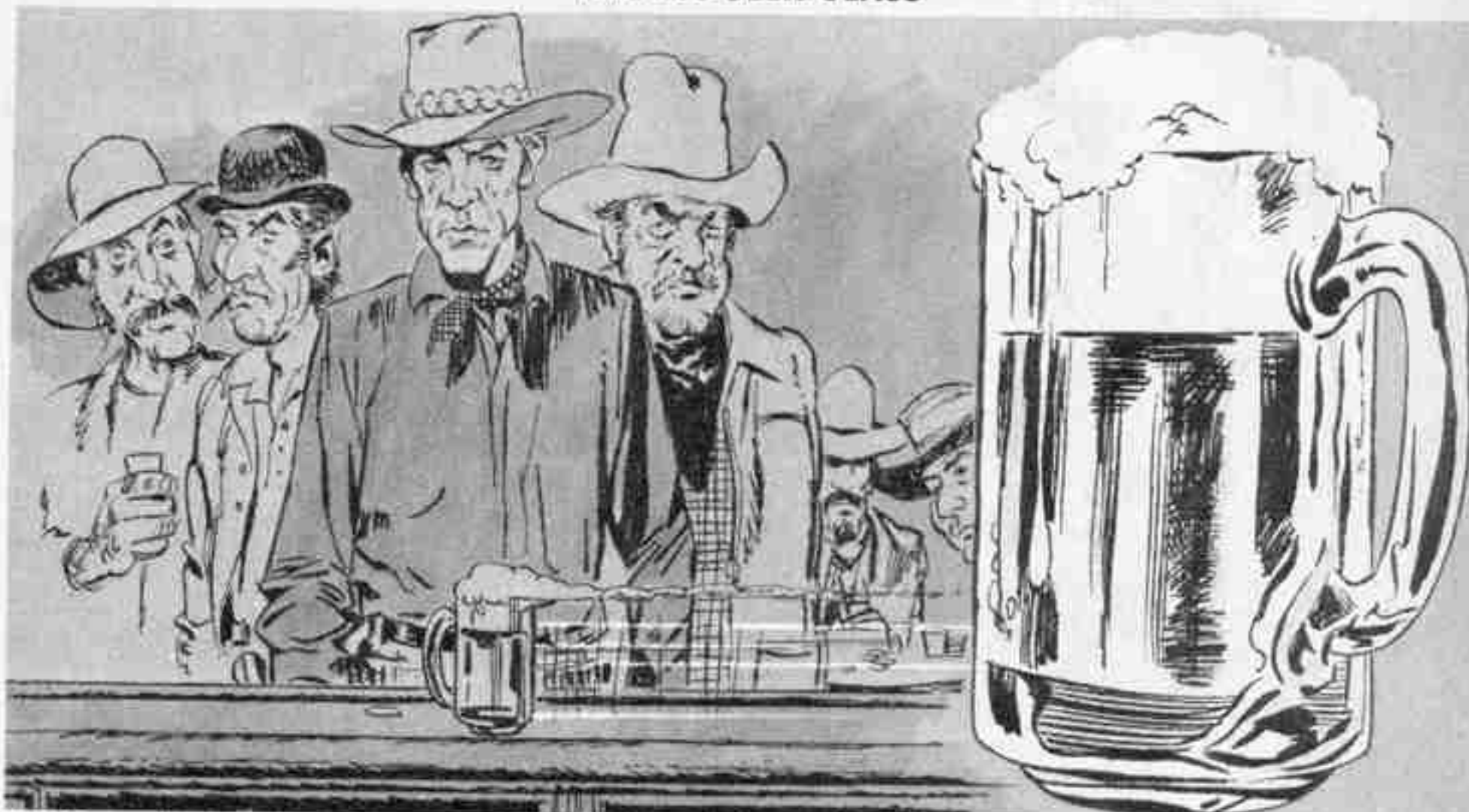
Usually grabbed by Old Timer in green eyeshade who calls ahead and stops the "Cannonball Express" from crossing the dynamited trestle. Sometimes grabbed by hotshot City Editor who yells, "Stop the press! We're re-making Page One!"

EASILY-SMASHED MIRROR



It's a sure bet that at some point in the big Broadway Star's career, she'll reach that low point when she'll look at herself in the mirror, filled with self-contempt and loathing, and fling her whisky glass at her reflection . . . smashing the mirror into smithereens. However, like mirror, her life will be almost impossible to put back together.

SLIDING BEER GLASS



A favorite prop of Western movies for bringing the noisy festivities in the saloon to a dead stop, the beer glass

always slides 30 feet down bar and comes to rest right in front of tall lonesome stranger who just walked in.

PAINTING WITH EYEHOLE



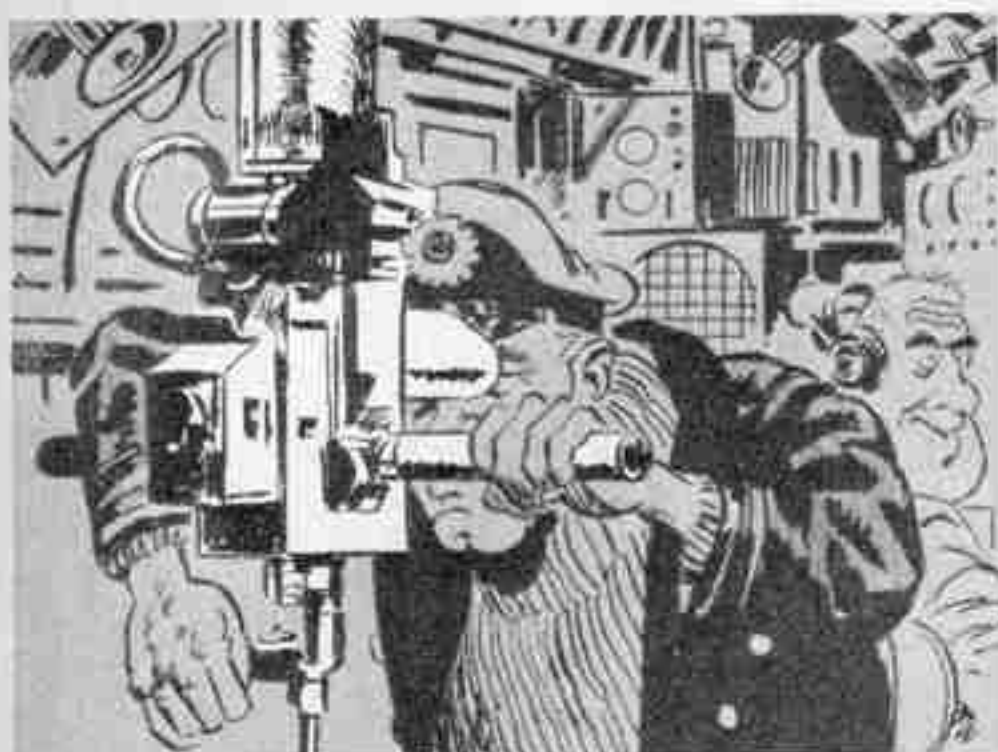
You can bet your life that in almost every mystery-horror film that takes the cut-out eyes of the old portrait place in a creepy old house, our hero or heroine will be spied upon through the cut-out eyes of the old portrait hanging over the fireplace . . . or bed.

BROADWAY-BOUND DANCING SHOES



Some eager youngsters have put a show together in a barn. Our hero, wearing two-tone prop shoes, knocks everybody dead with his dance routine including famous talent scout who just happened to be out front. Shoes are then shown dancing across country in a series of montage shots, bound for Broadway and that big break at the Palace Theater.

"AMERIKANISCHER SCHWEINHUND" PERISCOPE



After several touching scenes aboard the troop transport in which the boys have exchanged memories, jokes, bits of homespun philosophy and photos of loved ones, film always cuts suddenly to this prop. Look for the evil Nazi Sub Commander, followed by a torpedo.

HOT TOWEL BROILER



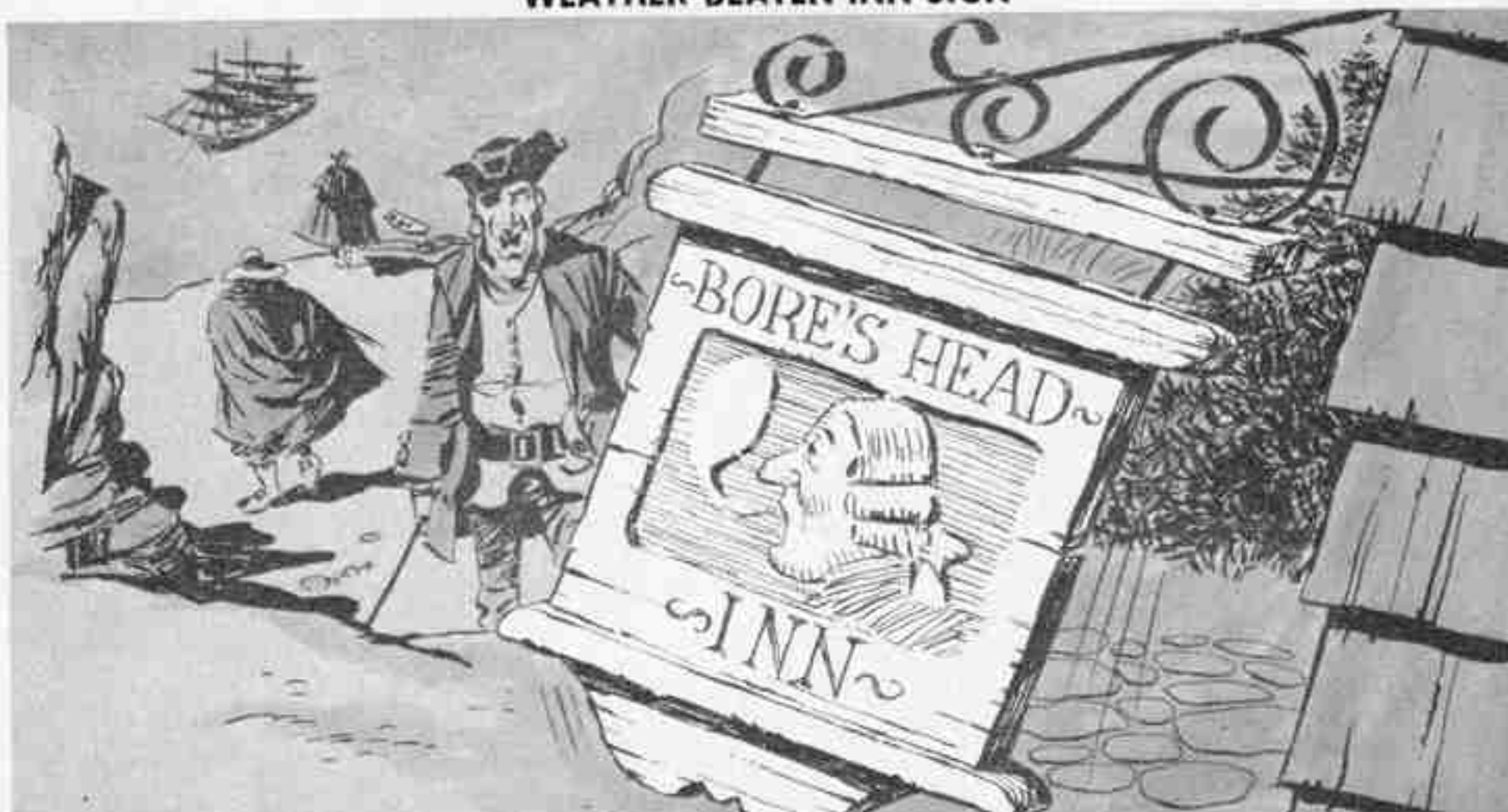
Back in days when men's "hairstylists" were known as "barbers," they not only cut hair, but they also shaved people. In comedy films, the fun started when the barber turned to the broiler prop, took out a steaming hot towel, did a little painful dance, and dropped it on the face of a prone and helpless villain — like a crusty bank president, a skinflint landlord or a city slicker.

TELL-TALE CIGARETTE BUTT



Main character always spots prop when dropping in unexpectedly. If the main character is a detective, it means he surprised the girl and the murderer. If the main character is a woman, the butt is usually lipstick-smeared, and it means her lover is cheating on her.

WEATHER-BEATEN INN SIGN



Creaky old gimmick that's always used to establish the scene (usually on the English coast) where the smugglers or the ship-wreckers are meeting to make

plans or split the swag. You can bet that the sign will be swinging wildly in a torrential downpour and suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning.

SLOWLY ROTATING CEILING FAN



Always used for setting the scene in either a steaming tropic jungle or the Casbah. The slower the fan turns, the

more oppressive the heat (and the plot) becomes. Look for intrigue, treachery, spies, murder — and Sidney Greenstreet.

TUMBREL CART



Prop wagon always seen in movies about French Revolution. It was used to carry condemned to Guillotine and was geared to move painfully slow to give inhuman jeering crowd an opportunity to hurl insults at prisoner, and also to give prisoner time to do a final voice-over — like maybe, "Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done . . ."

You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you understand how your car is going to get through that tiny little tunnel way up the road ahead.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you always recognize the things under your bed, and you're not afraid to go to sleep at night.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you don't have to wait around for someone to open the peanut butter jar when you're hungry.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



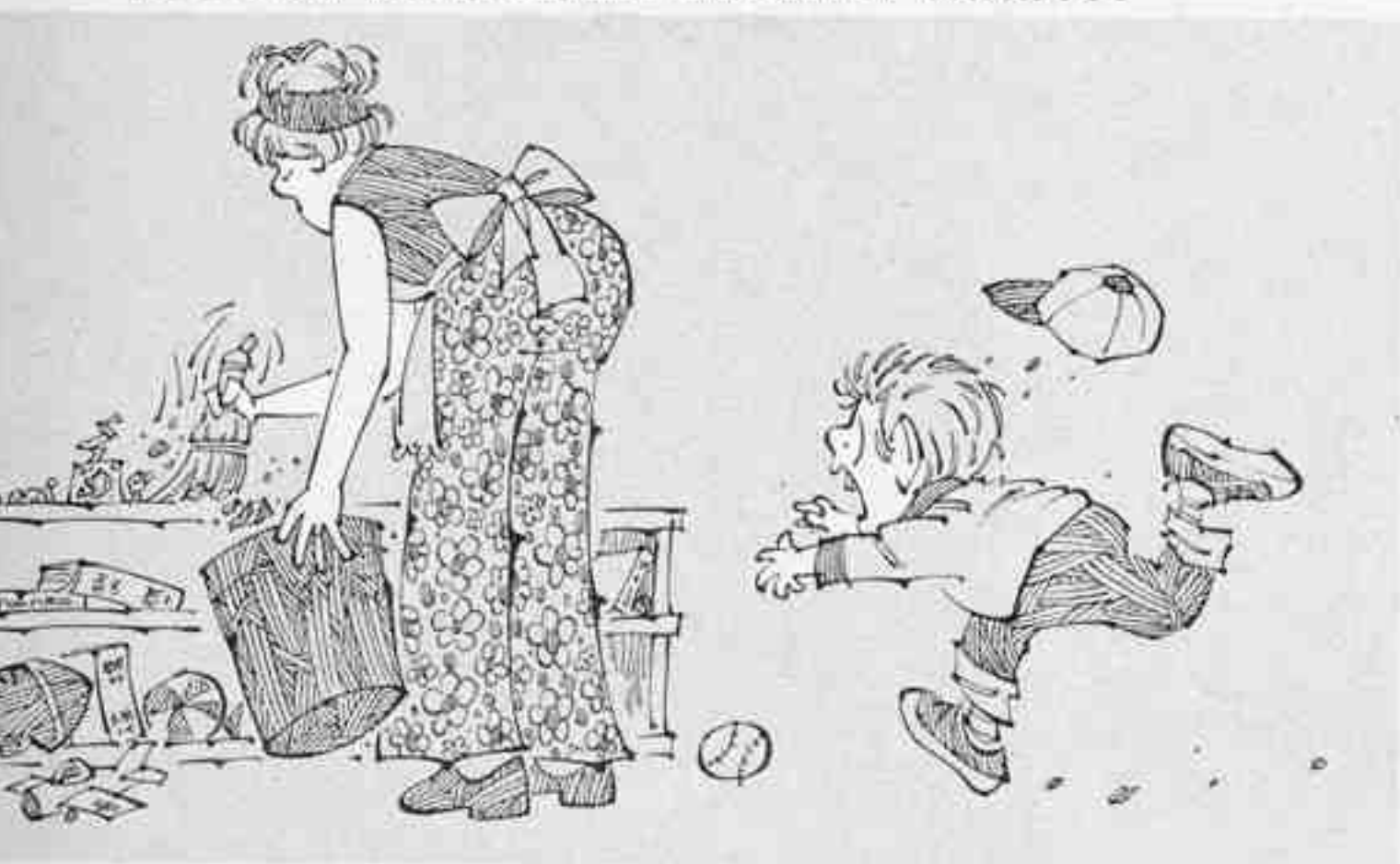
... your legs don't stop halfway to the floor when you're sitting down, and you don't have to get a stool to reach the light switch.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you just go to the Bank if your allowance isn't big enough ... and they give you more.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...

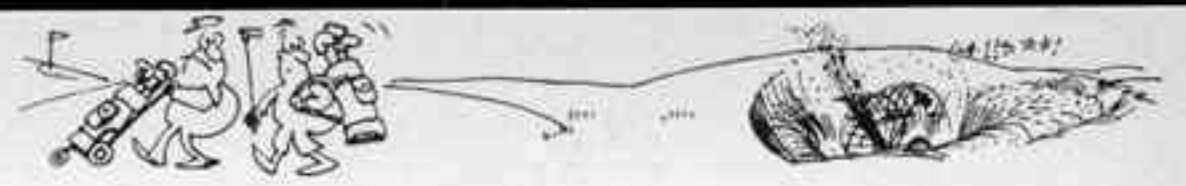


... you can display all your "collections"—and they're not thrown out or called "junk".

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you have lots of excuses for playing with the hose and getting all wet.



GROWN UP When...

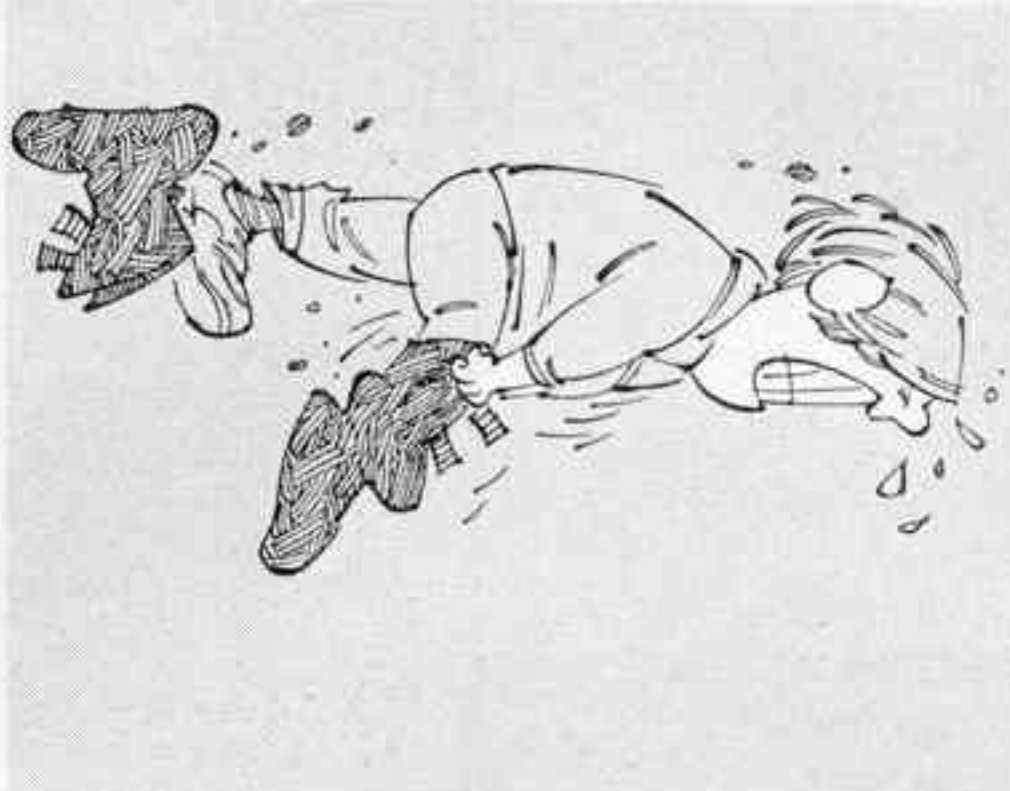
WRITER: ALIS ELLIS
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



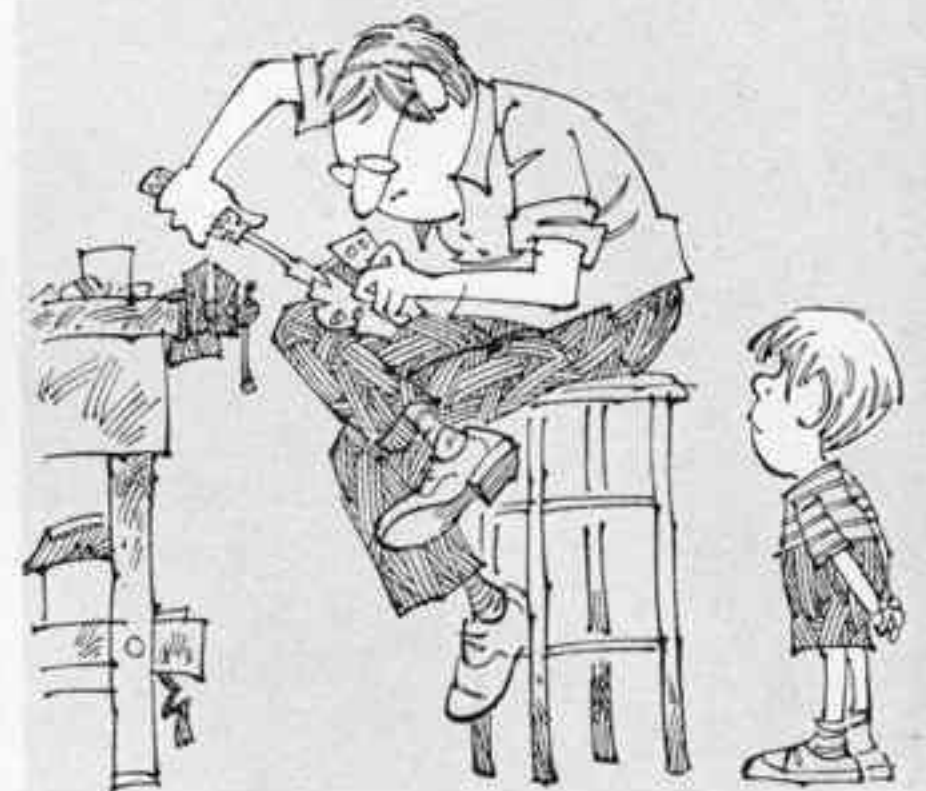
... you can keep anything you want in your dresser drawers.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



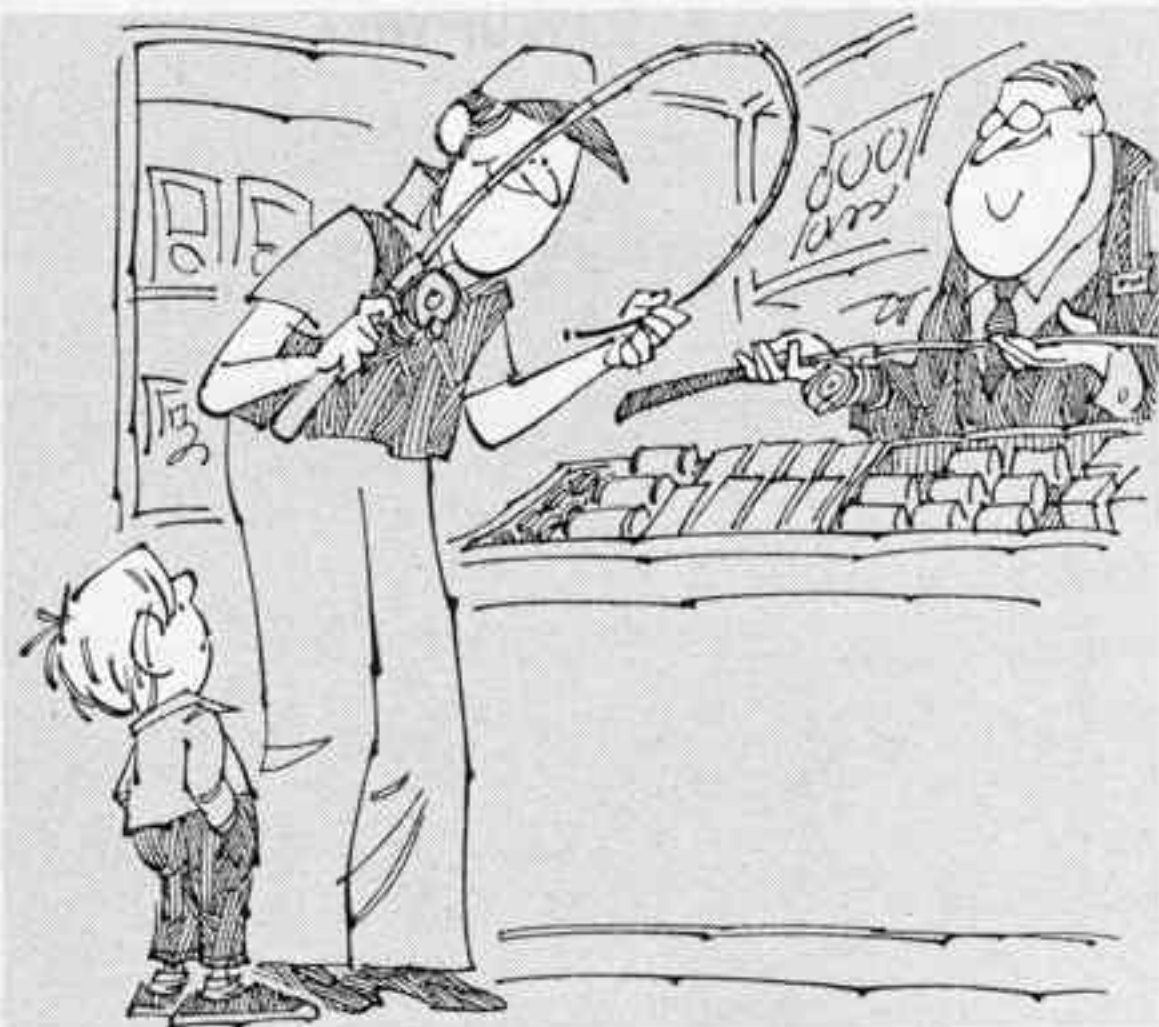
... your feet quit outgrowing your shoes, and your shoes quit outgrowing your boots.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... nobody yells at you when you break something, and you know how to fix it.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you can buy all the toys you want.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



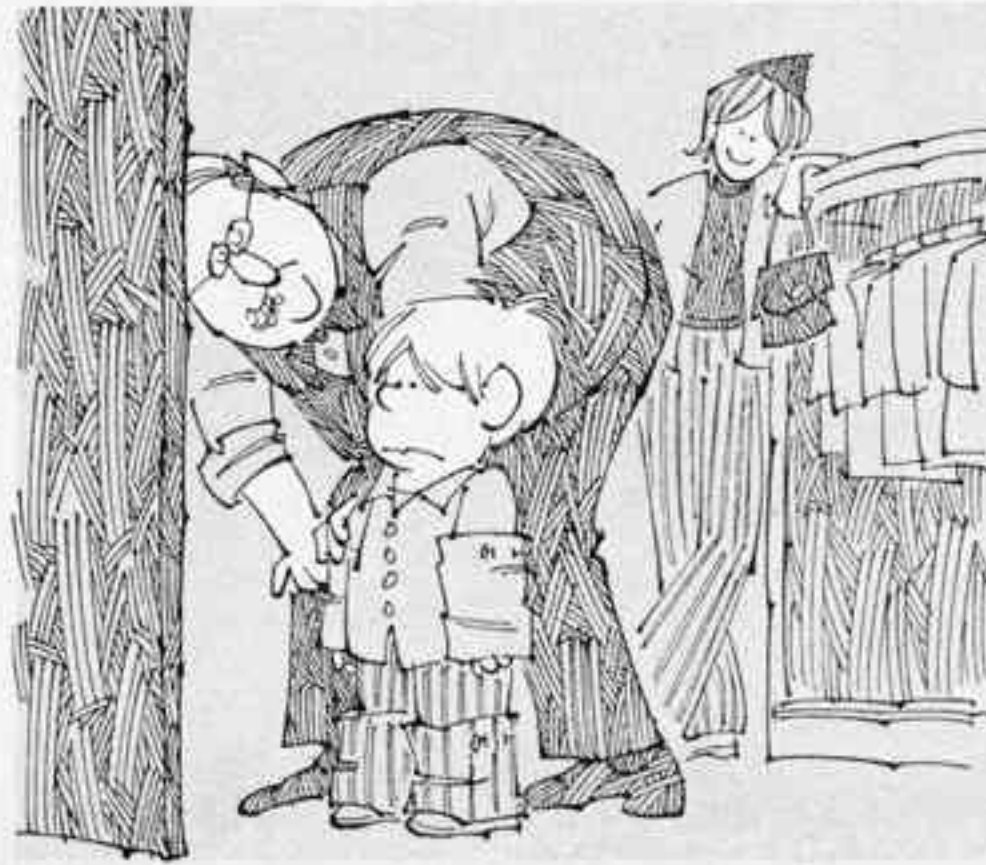
... you act up at a party, you're something called the "life" of it ... and you don't have to go back the next day to apologize for your behavior.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you can make up, and nobody yells at you to wash your face.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you can buy clothes that fit you now ... instead of six months from now.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When ...



... you can stay as clean as you like, and go outside in your best clothes without getting dirty.

DISTINCTIVE BIRTH

WRITER:

FROM A WOMEN'S LIB MEMBER

Mrs. Wilma Flensch
announces resentfully
that, after suffering
through nine months of an uncomfortable
pregnancy, culminating in 37 hours
of labor and a difficult delivery in order
to satisfy the male chauvinistic
paternalism of her husband Harold,
she has given birth to a daughter
Floyd

July 29, 1971

FROM BELIEVERS IN BIRTH CONTROL



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whiffle
their faith in medical science
shaken if not destroyed completely
are stunned to announce
the birth of a daughter
Ova
May 20, 1971

FROM A HORSE-PLAYER



Mr. & Mrs. Charlie ("Odds") Gritzlik
are pleased to announce
that they've just hit an 87 to 1
longshot
namely twins
Dwayne Damascus
and
Arthur Nashua

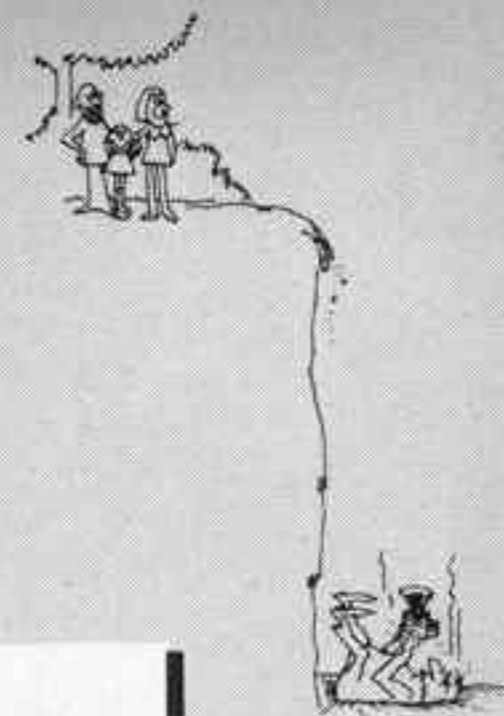
August 5, 1971

FROM AN ASTROLOGER



Mr. & Mrs. Arcturus Shapiro
regret to announce the birth
of a Cancer=Leo cusp
with Aries rising, the moon in Sagittarius,
Mars in Scorpio, and Saturn in opposition
to Mercury, Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto

July 23, 1971



ANNOUNCEMENTS

FRANK JACOBS

FROM A DOG KENNEL OWNER

*Mr. Oscar Roy Haverstraw
is pleased to announce
that his wife, Penelope
has whelped
a six pound, nine ounce bitch
Jennifer*

June 26, 1971



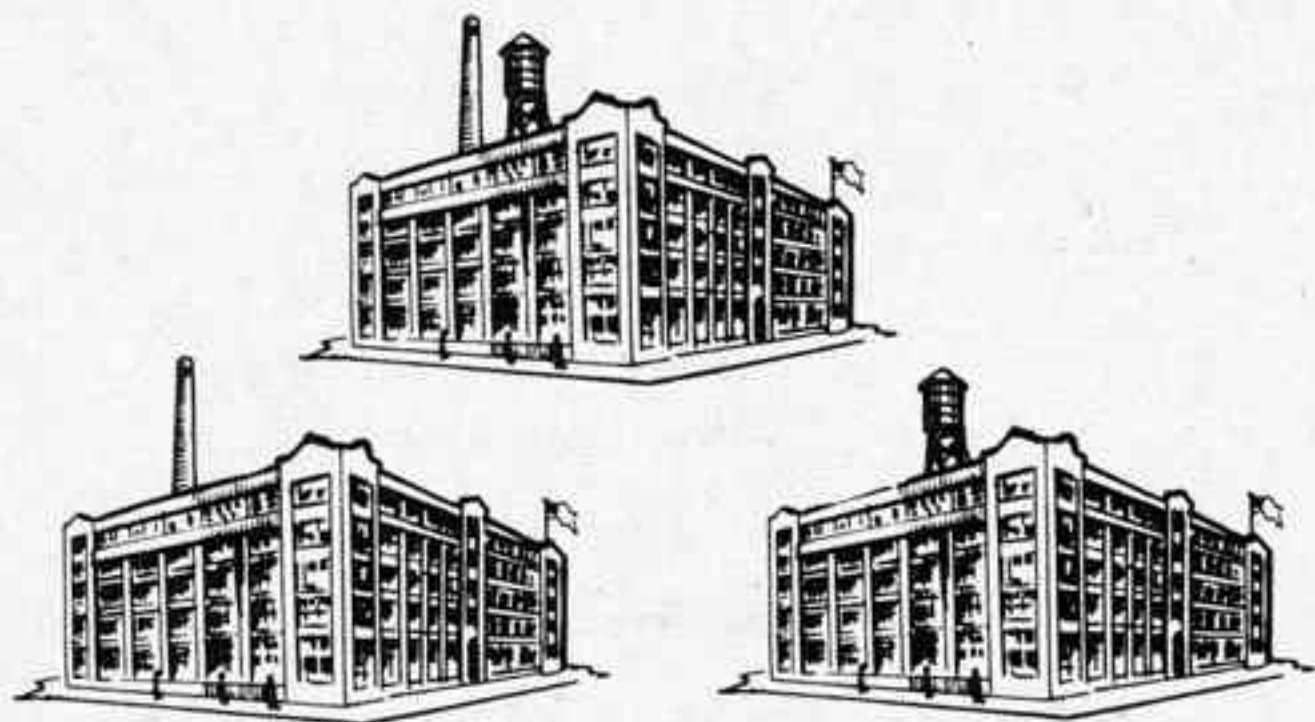
FROM AN HISTORIAN

*Mr.¹ and Mrs.² Esterhazy³
are pleased to announce
the birth⁴
of a son, Boris⁵*

October 14, 1971⁶

- ¹ George.
- ² Ernestine.
- ³ No relation to French army officer Ferdinand Esterhazy, who figured prominently in the Dreyfus Affair.
- ⁴ At Mercy Hospital, 5th floor, Delivery Room B.
- ⁵ After Boris III, ruler of Bulgaria (1918-1943).
- ⁶ Nine hundred and fifth anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, in which William the Conqueror led the Normans against the Saxons, under Harold, and won, after an entire day's fighting, a decisive victory, in fact the most important of the Norman Conquest of England, which led to massive changes in English politics, trade, architecture, religion and way of life.

FROM A COMPANY MAN



*The Ajax Group
Whose Holdings Include
Pitkin Foundaries, T & R Roofing Tiles,
the Acme Tool & Die Works, Folsom's Aluminum Sidings,
and Wembley's Industrial Detergents
proudly announces
the acquisition of a son
John Ajax
to management trainee Byron Brumly
August 1, 1971*

FROM A MEDIUM



*Madame Olga
and her husband
Max the Mystic
are profoundly awe¹
to announce the
reincarnation
of
Alexander the Great*

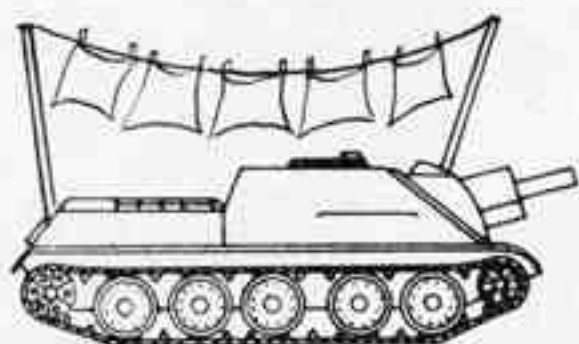
*Six pounds, seven ounces
July 11, 1971*

FROM A CAREER ARMY OFFICER



Freen, Major Julius Augustus, West Point '61
tactically supported by
Freen, Henrietta Dorothy, wife
announces the birth, Caesarian
of
Freen, Dwight Douglas Ulysses, West Point '93
Infant, male, bouncing, 8 pounds, 3 ounces

5 August 1971



FROM AN UNWED MOTHER

Miss Phoebe Muldoon
is happy to announce
the birth of an additional weekly
Welfare payment of \$47.50

City Hospital
July 2, 1971

FROM A PSYCHIATRIST

Dr. Sigmund Pomerantz
is gratified to reveal
that his wife, Wanda,
having rid herself of her deep-rooted fears
of maternity brought about in childhood by
resentment and suppressed hostility toward her
schizophrenic mother and her paranoid father,
has given birth to a daughter
Sigmunda

April 30, 1971

FROM A POST OFFICE EMPLOYEE

MR. & MRS. FELIX SLEED
ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THE BIRTH
OF A DAUGHTER
LAVINIA

OCTOBER 14, 1956

FROM A MOVIE PRODUCER

**9 MONTHS
IN THE
MAKING!**

*His Terrifying Screams
Pierced The Dark Of Night!
He Was An Uncontrollable Creature
Who Knew What He Wanted
And Knew How To Get It!
Would They Give In To His
INSATIABLE DEMANDS?*

SUDDENLY IT'S CLARENCE

STARRING

Dr. Quincy Fernfeather

WITH

Nurse Elma Forbush

AND

**The Maternity Ward Staff Of
St. Theresa's Hospital**

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Mr. & Mrs. Harry Waxwire

BASED ON AN IDEA

Mrs. Waxwire

PREMIERE: MAY 3, 1971

FROM AN ACCOUNTANT

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Windrush
are pleased to announce
the birth of an exemption
Donna Sue
at a cost of \$1,411.75 of
which \$903.54 is deductible.
May 24, 1971

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A MOVING COMPANY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



That's right, lady! It's just like we say in our ads! We move you for ten bucks an hour! Of course, there may be a few little extras!

Like a **TRUCK**! It'll cost you more, but you'll save money in the end! And you'll need a driver! Uh—you got any furniture?

Then you'll need **two** men besides the driver to carry the furniture! Are there any stairs?

Three steps is a lot when you're carrying heavy furniture! Let's see . . . that comes to **\$45 an hour**, plus an hour's travel time!

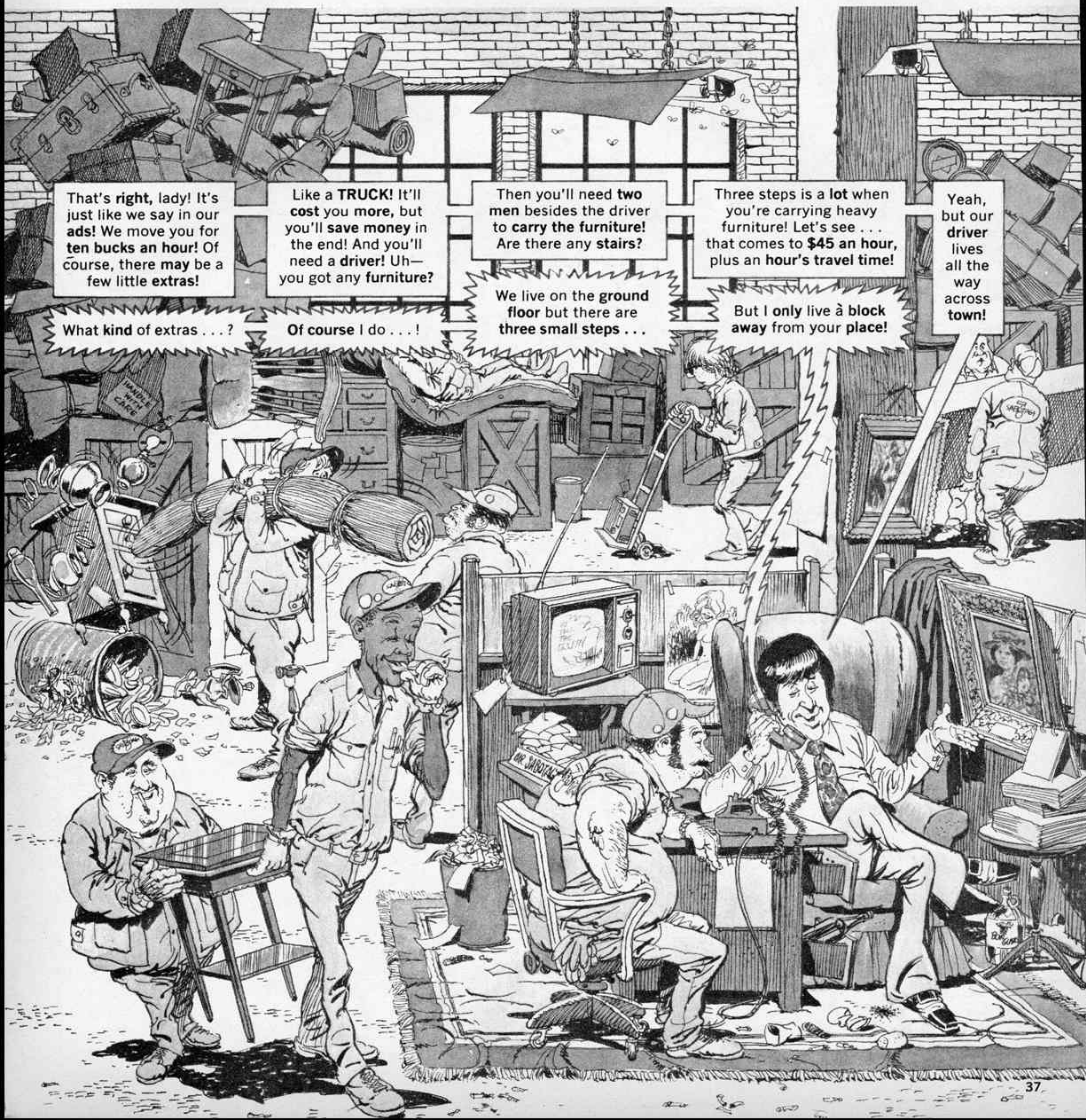
Yeah, but our driver lives all the way across town!

What kind of extras . . . ?

Of course I do . . . !

We live on the ground floor but there are three small steps . . .

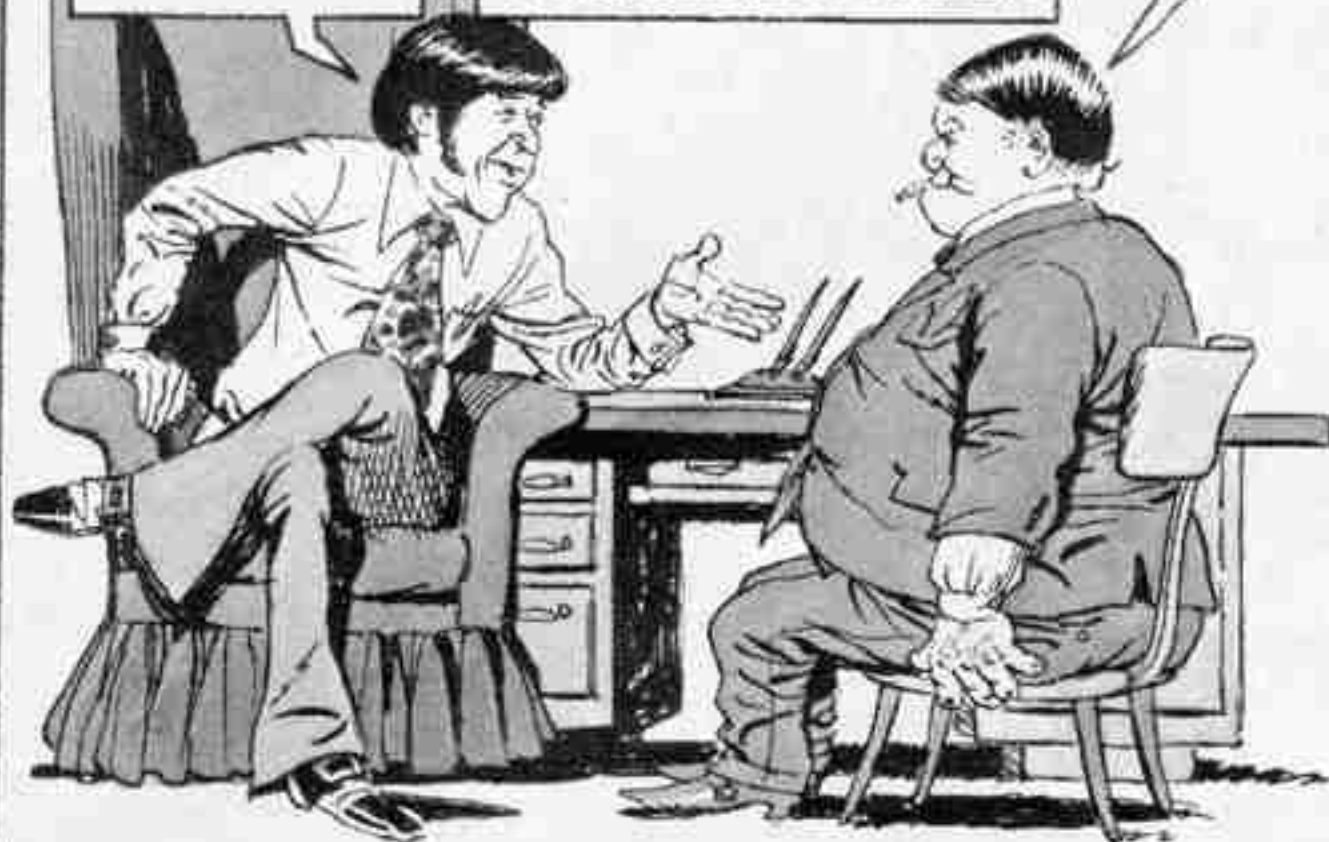
But I only live a block away from your place!



This is highly skilled work! Have you had any experience?

Well, I worked as a housewrecker! You know... we smashed down old buildings! Before that, I worked in a junk yard, busting up things!

Fantastic! You're hired!!



Sorry, Harvey... but you're fired! You know the rules... Never carry more than one thing at a time!

But all I was carrying was this lamp!

That's two items, Harvey! First... you carry out the lamp base! Then... you carry out the shade!



Slow—! Take it easy—! Gently—! Watch it, now...!

Since when is Pete getting so careful? He usually don't care **WHAT** he breaks!!

Except for mirrors! He's superstitious! He'll break anything but a mirror!



Hey, look! I didn't know they **WORE** these any more!

Man, dig **THIS!** A size **38-C!** **WOW!!**

Okay, you guys! Cut the clowning and put all that stuff back in those sealed personal cartons!



Bad news, guys! Mrs. Finster is taking her stuff out of storage! We gotta pack all these things up!

Aw... an' I finally got this couch broke in right!

Gee, I'm gonna miss this color TV set!

Well, it's about time she took her stuff! The needle on this crummy stereo set of hers is shot, and it's ruinin' my records!

—klik—dream the impossible dream—klik—dream the impossible dream—klik—





Hey, take it easy back there! The lady said it was a **very** valuable piano!

It don't sound so valuable to me!



Okay, lady! If you say we scratched your piano you'll have to bring it in and let our **Claims Department** look at it!

That's right! You have to bring it in!

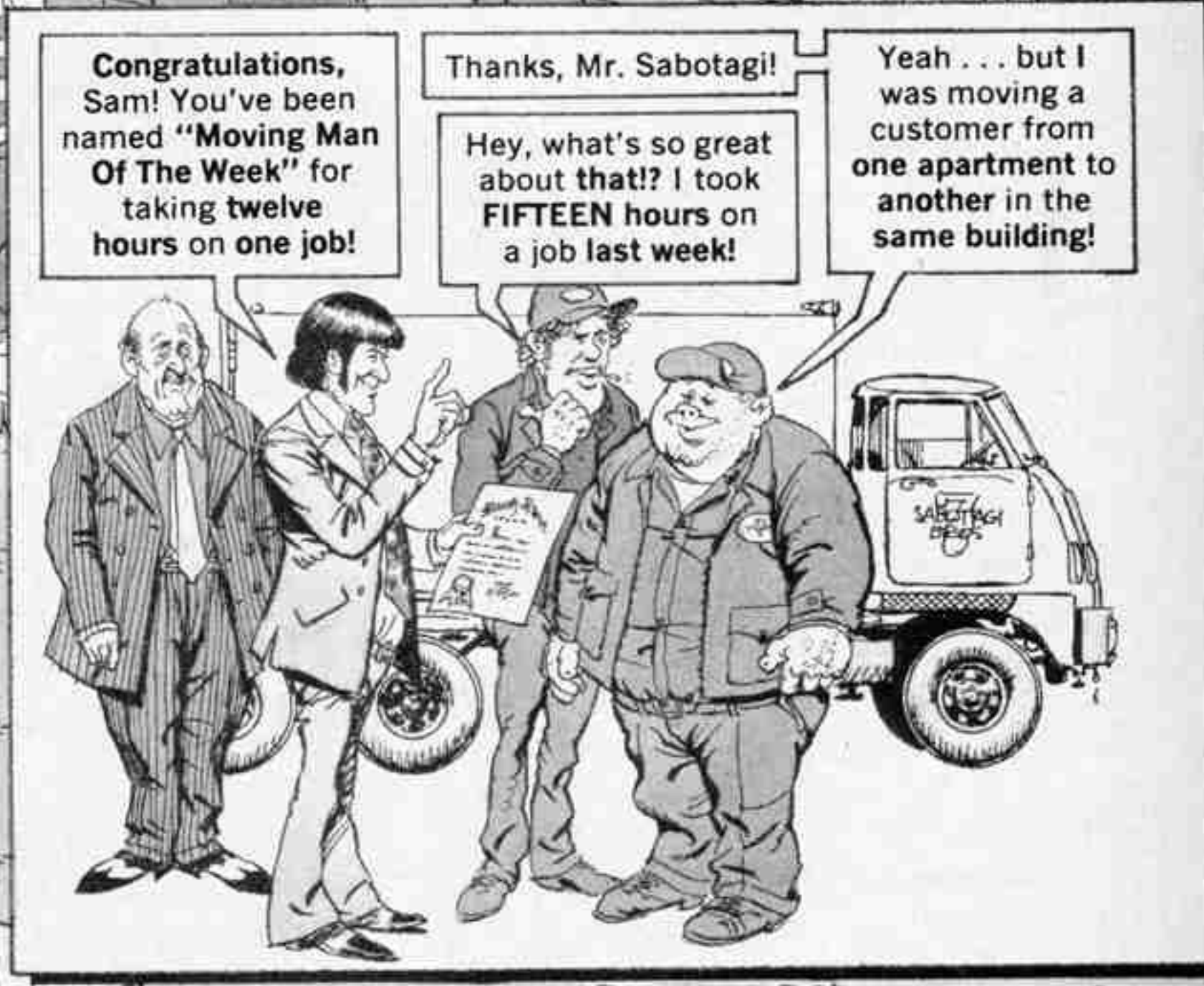
Sure, I know we moved you to **California!** But rules are rules, lady!

Sure we can bring in the piano, lady! But you'll have to pay **pick up and delivery charges both ways!**



Hey, why are we stopping here at the **Warehouse?** This guy's stuff ain't supposed to be stored!

We gotta kill some time, don't we? We charge by the hour, don't we?



Congratulations, Sam! You've been named "**Moving Man Of The Week**" for taking **twelve hours** on one job!

Thanks, Mr. Sabotagi!

Hey, what's so great about that!? I took **FIFTEEN** hours on a job last week!

Yeah... but I was moving a customer from one apartment to another in the same building!



What do you mean you're not **responsible?! Your ad said you're insured against any damage!!**

That's right, lady! All our moving men have insurance policies covering themselves against any **personal injury or damage while working!** A guy can get hurt pretty bad lugging heavy stuff around!



Joe Fingerhut called and said he won't be in to work today because he's moving!

That's strange! He's not on our list of people we're moving today...!

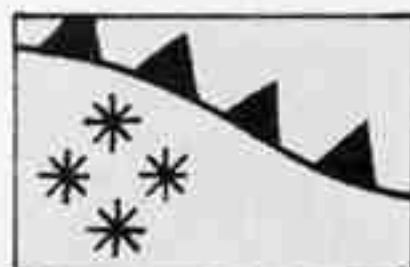
Are you crazy? He's hiring a "**U-Haul**" truck and he's doing the whole job **HIMSELF!**

He **KNOWS** what it would be like if **WE** moved him!

A Mad Guide To The Poli

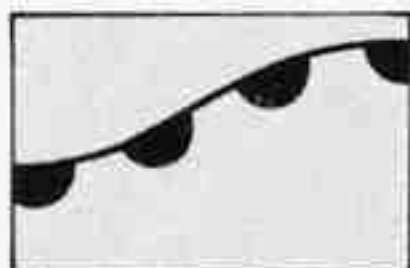
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

PRESIDENT NIXON SNOW



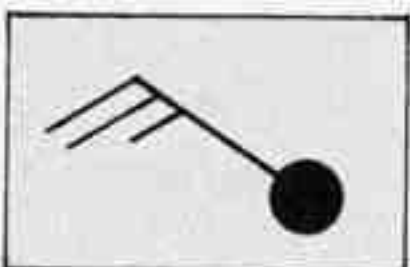
Comes down thick and heavy, especially during news conferences. Covers almost all vital issues with a blanket of pat answers. Tends to drift to the right no matter which way wind is blowing.

PENTAGON SECURITY THAW



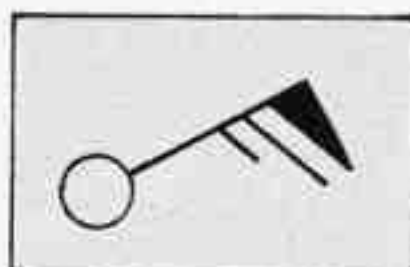
Shows up whenever the winds that blow away appropriations start to stir. The thick coat of ice around the Pentagon softens, and information leaks appear which show how far we are behind the Russians in ICBM and ABM strength.

WILLIAM FULBRIGHT GUSTS



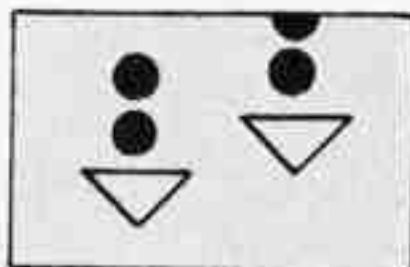
These chronic blasts of wind are most prevalent near Washington, D.C., where residents have come to regard them as part of the unavoidable drawbacks of the area. They are said to be capable of blowing over half the U.S. Senate.

MARTHA MITCHELL GALES



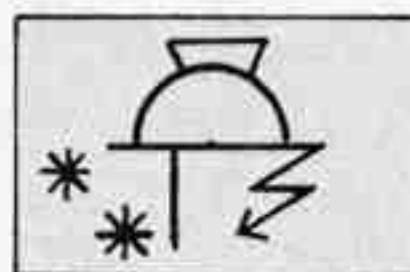
These explosions of hot air most often develop after a series of FULBRIGHT GUSTS. Completely unpredictable, the blasts are prone to dissipate after a short period of time, wasting their energy by blowing in all directions.

FIDEL CASTRO RAIN



Similar to the rain that has fallen on Russia for years, this downpour hits with such force that raised voices in opposition cannot be heard. Recently, it has been casting a shadow over the rest of the Caribbean . . . particularly on those islands which do not have the protection of a nuclear umbrella.

AGNEW THUNDER

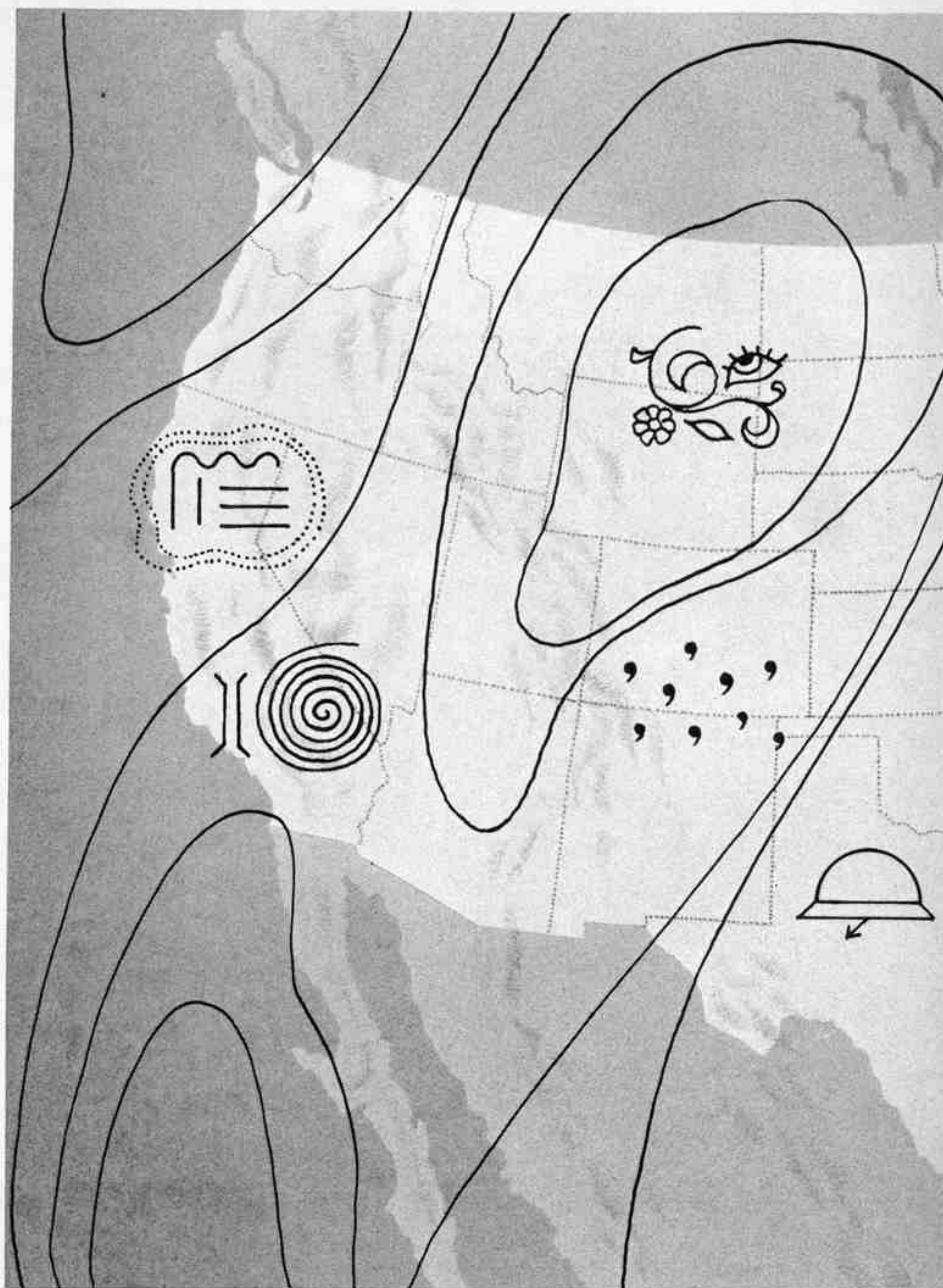


These menacing rumbles are constantly exploding over critical areas of the country, especially when the criticism is directed against the Administration. Sometimes drowned out by a LIBERAL SQUALL, its noise is almost always followed by a storm of NIXON SNOW.

FONDA TORNADO

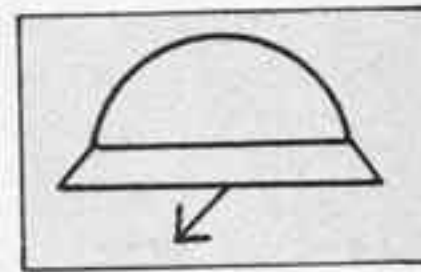


Blowing from an inconsequential breeze into a howling whirlwind, it lashes out at anything trying to block its path. Although its actions were once thought to be controlled by a superior form of intelligence, its recent radical left movements have disproved that theory.



 TT 180

HARD HAT STORM



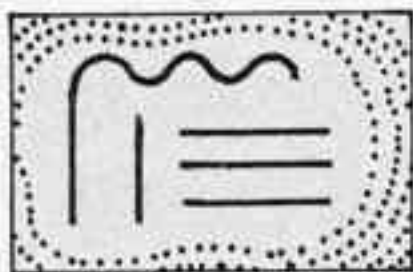
**TIMOTHY
LEARY
FOG**



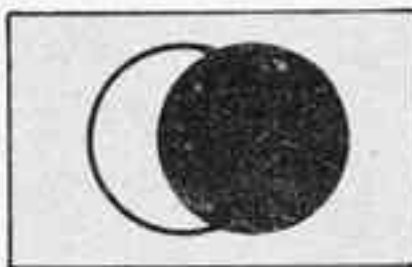
**GENE
McCARTHY
DRIZZLE**



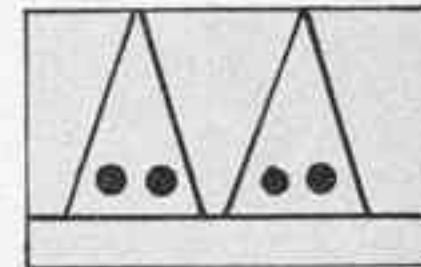
RONALD REAGAN SMOG



**STOKELY
CARMICHAEL
ECLIPSE**



GEORGE WALLACE SLIME



Most prevalent in the South and other Conservative areas, this scourge begins low and then rises to cover heads with a bitter white cloak. It is especially prone to sink into cracks and gaps and push them further apart, creating great obstacles for racial bridge-builders.

RAT-PACKING THEM IN DEPT.

Every once in a while, a movie comes along that makes you feel crawly all over! Every once in a while, a movie comes along that's so disgusting, it makes you climb the walls . . . that's so nauseating, it makes you scream in hysteria . . . that's so sickening, it makes you run from the theater, retching. We're talking, of course, about "Love Story"! But since we did that one already, here is MAD'S version of another recent movie . . . one that simply gives you the . . .

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Hey, Willies! Didn't I tell you that you'd forget to take home those important invoices?!

I didn't forget, Mr. Martinet! They're in my briefcase!

Great! Where's your briefcase?

Er . . . Uh . . . I forgot it!

You know, Willies . . . everything you do is half-way, except one! You're a **COMPLETE IDIOT!!**



Is Mr. Martinet coming to Willies' party?

I invited him, but he said he had something more important to do! He had to take back some deposit bottles!

Why did you ask Mr. Martinet!? I can't stand him!

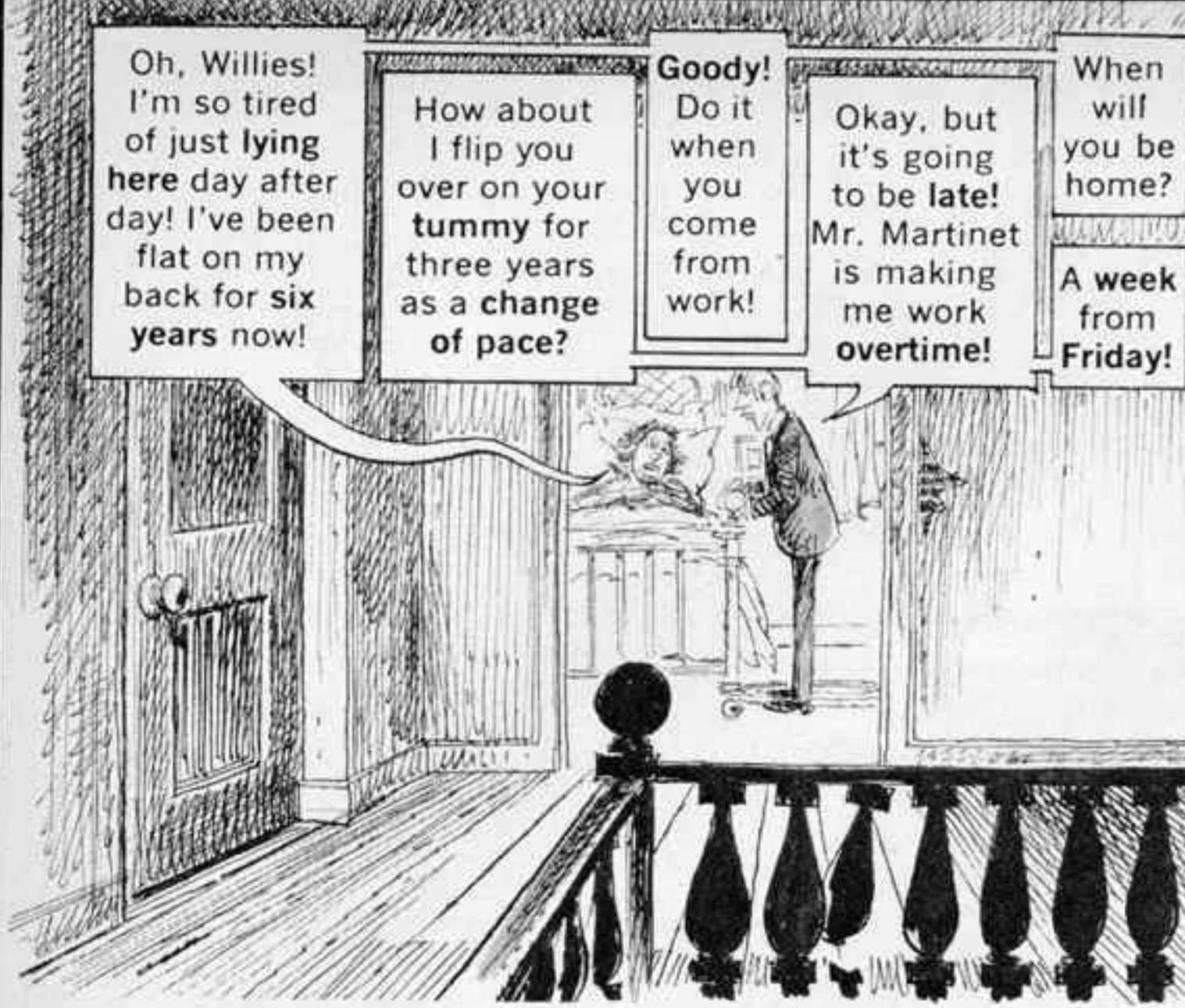
Now, now, Willies! That's no attitude! You've got to start taking a stronger stand with him! Be firm! Be tough! Be a man! Don't take orders from anyone!

Now, cut the cake, pour the coffee, and clean up the place after we're done!

Nobody understands me . . .

Maybe YOU understand me, li'l fella? Come here and sit on my lap!





Oh, Willies!
I'm so tired
of just lying
here day after
day! I've been
flat on my
back for six
years now!

How about
I flip you
over on your
tummy for
three years
as a change
of pace?

Goody!
Do it
when
you
come
from
work!

Okay, but
it's going
to be late!
Mr. Martinet
is making
me work
overtime!

When
will
you be
home?

A week
from
Friday!



Willies,
I told you
to be here
at **9:00 AM
SHARP!!**

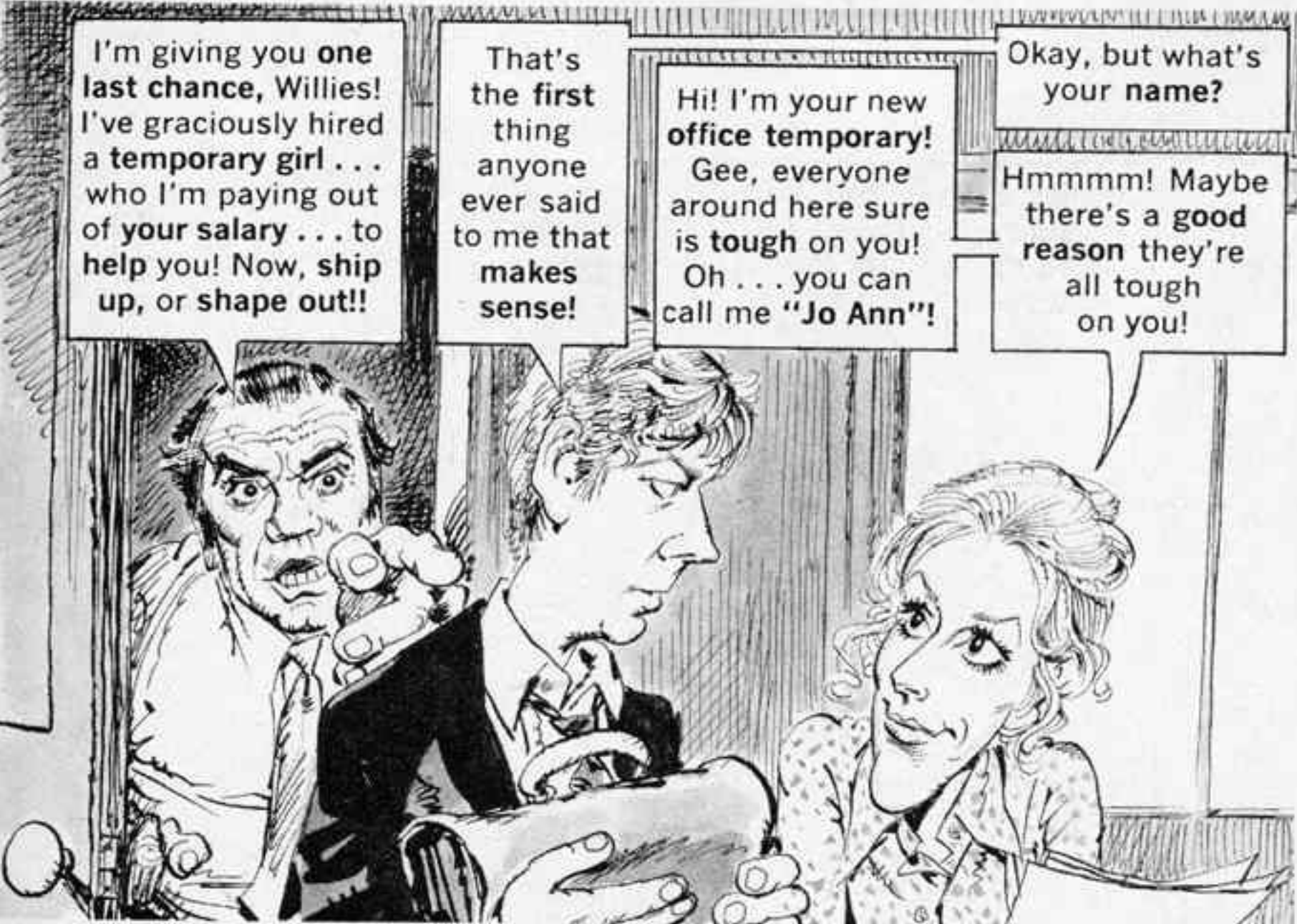
But
it's
only
8:30!

That's what I mean!
Can't you ever get
to work **ON TIME?!**
Now, where are the
invoices I gave you
to do this weekend?

Here's most of them!
I'll finish the rest
of them right now!

Finish the rest **NOW?!?** Willies,
I'm **warning** you! I'm very unhappy
with your work! You're **ruining my
business** by costing me orders and
slowing production! **AND** you have
an uncanny knack for **saying and
doing the wrong thing** at the wrong
time! What have you to say to that?

Mr. Martinet, can I have a raise?



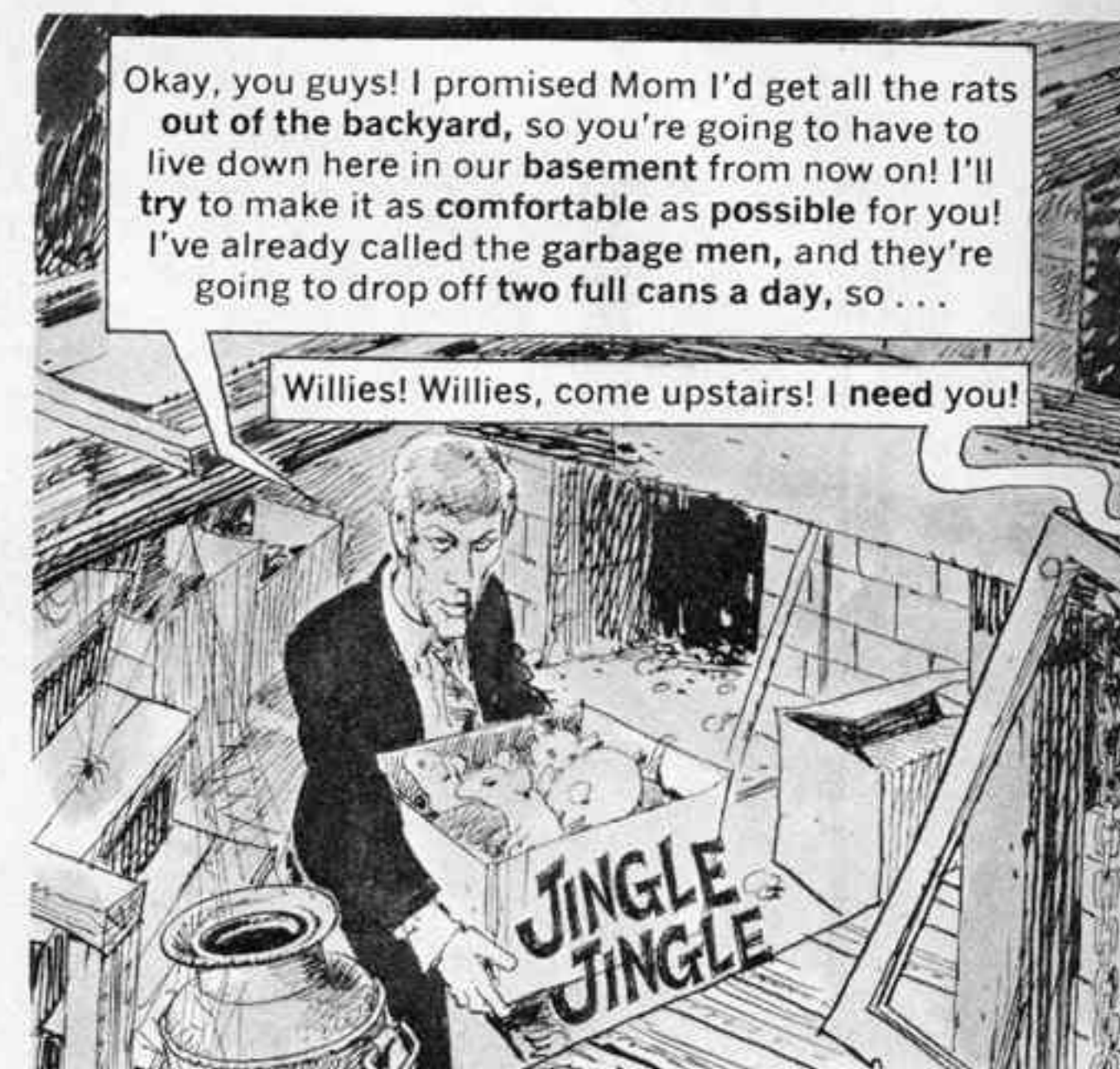
I'm giving you **one
last chance, Willies!**
I've graciously hired
a **temporary girl** ...
who I'm paying out
of **your salary** ... to
help you! Now, ship
up, or shape out!!

That's
the first
thing
anyone
ever said
to me that
makes
sense!

Hi! I'm your new
office temporary!
Gee, everyone
around here sure
is **tough** on you!
Oh ... you can
call me **"Jo Ann"**!

Okay, but what's
your name?

Hmmmm! Maybe
there's a **good
reason** they're
all tough
on you!



Okay, you guys! I promised Mom I'd get all the rats
out of the backyard, so you're going to have to
live down here in our **basement** from now on! I'll
try to make it as **comfortable as possible** for you!
I've already called the garbage men, and they're
going to drop off **two full cans** a day, so ...

Willies! Willies, come upstairs! I need you!



JINGLE
JINGLE



Willies, please come here!



JINGLE
JINGLE



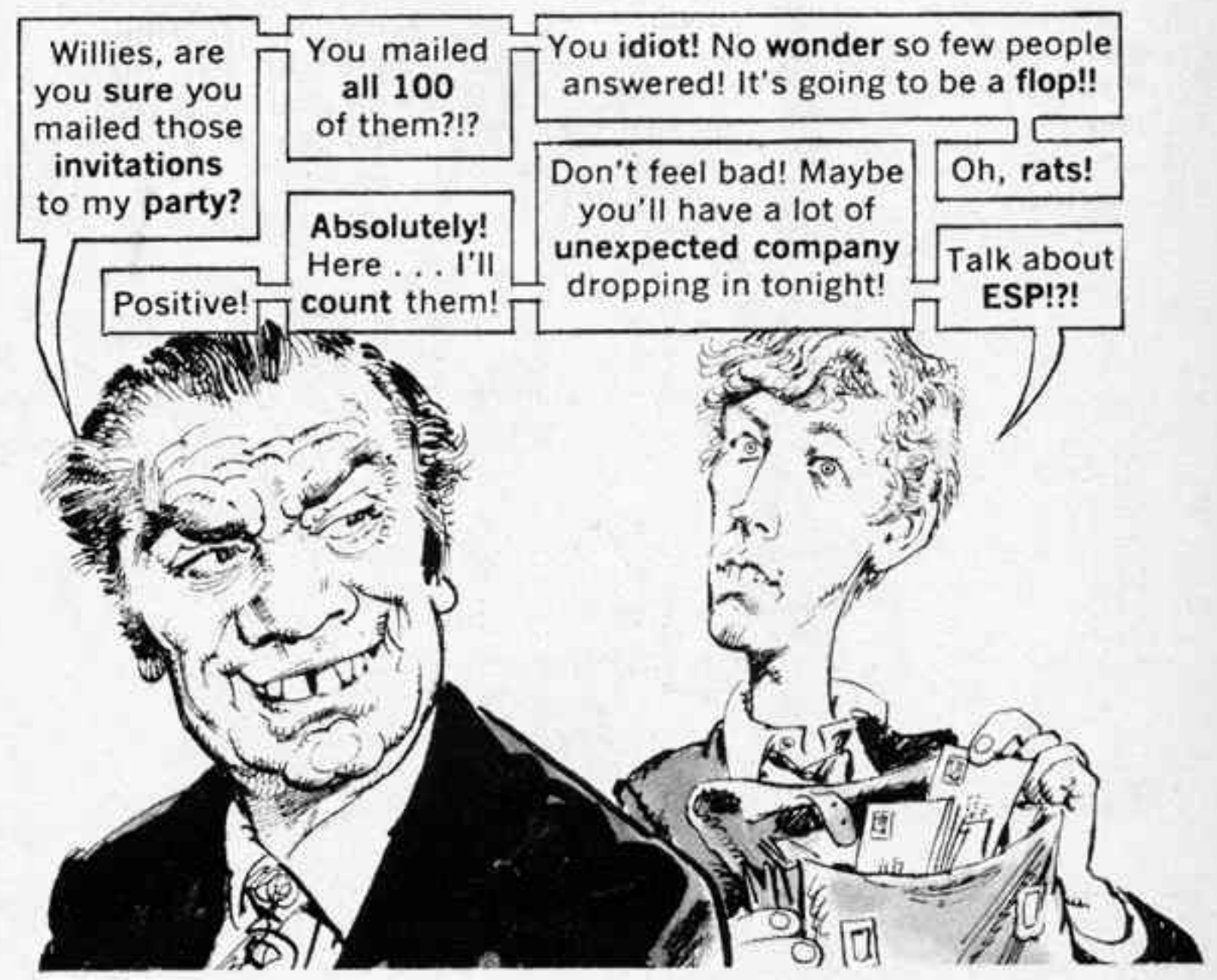
Willies ... are you coming?



Willies ... gasp ... I'm ...
exhausted ... gasp ... from
ringing this ... bell ...

I came as quickly
as I could Mother!
What's wrong!

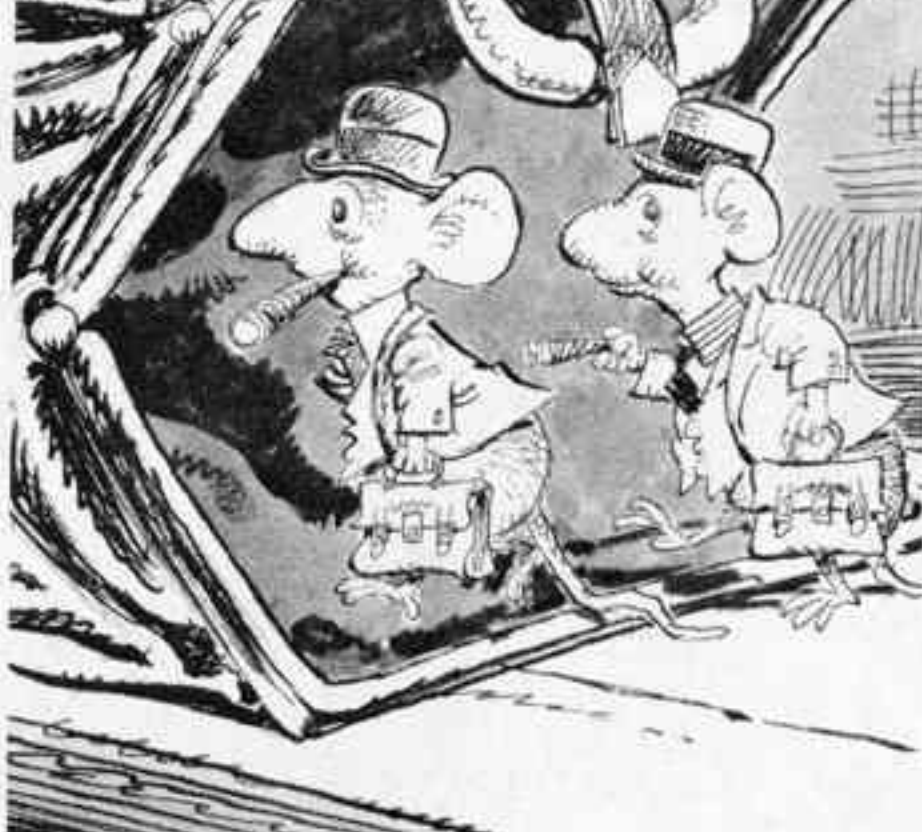




You all did a great job last night! And today, instead of leaving you all home, I'm going to take Bem and Socratty to the office with me! They'll fit right in with the rats that work there! So . . . into this attache case, you two . .

Smart?!? Hoo-boy, are they smart!!

It's about time you got here, Willies! First, get these invoices finished! Then, file these orders! Then, make out these production reports! Then, sweep the plant! Then, go home . . . your Mother's very sick!



Wh-what happened to my Mother?

Don't hand me that! She hasn't had a boyfriend in years!

No—she DIED! And her last words were, "Charlatan, take care of Willies!"

Boy! Talk about your "SPITE"! Well, I don't want you here! Get out!! I can handle everything myself! Just—uh—just help me get this door open!

Willies, I've probated your late Mother's will, and she left you this house!

Yes! Three mortgages, four years of back taxes, and an unpaid bank loan! If you sell the house, you can settle everything and still have enough money left to stay at the "Y" for a week!

Thanks, but I'll pay off everything WITHOUT selling the house!

Where will you get the money to do THAT?!!

Just watch this next unbelievable scene . .

Anything else?



Alice, run down to the bank and get Mr. Spender, here, \$80,000 in cash! Yes, I said cash! Easy-to-steal, hard-to-trace CASH!! Mr. Spender desperately needs it to put in his dresser drawer in his home at 16-22 Stagg Street . .

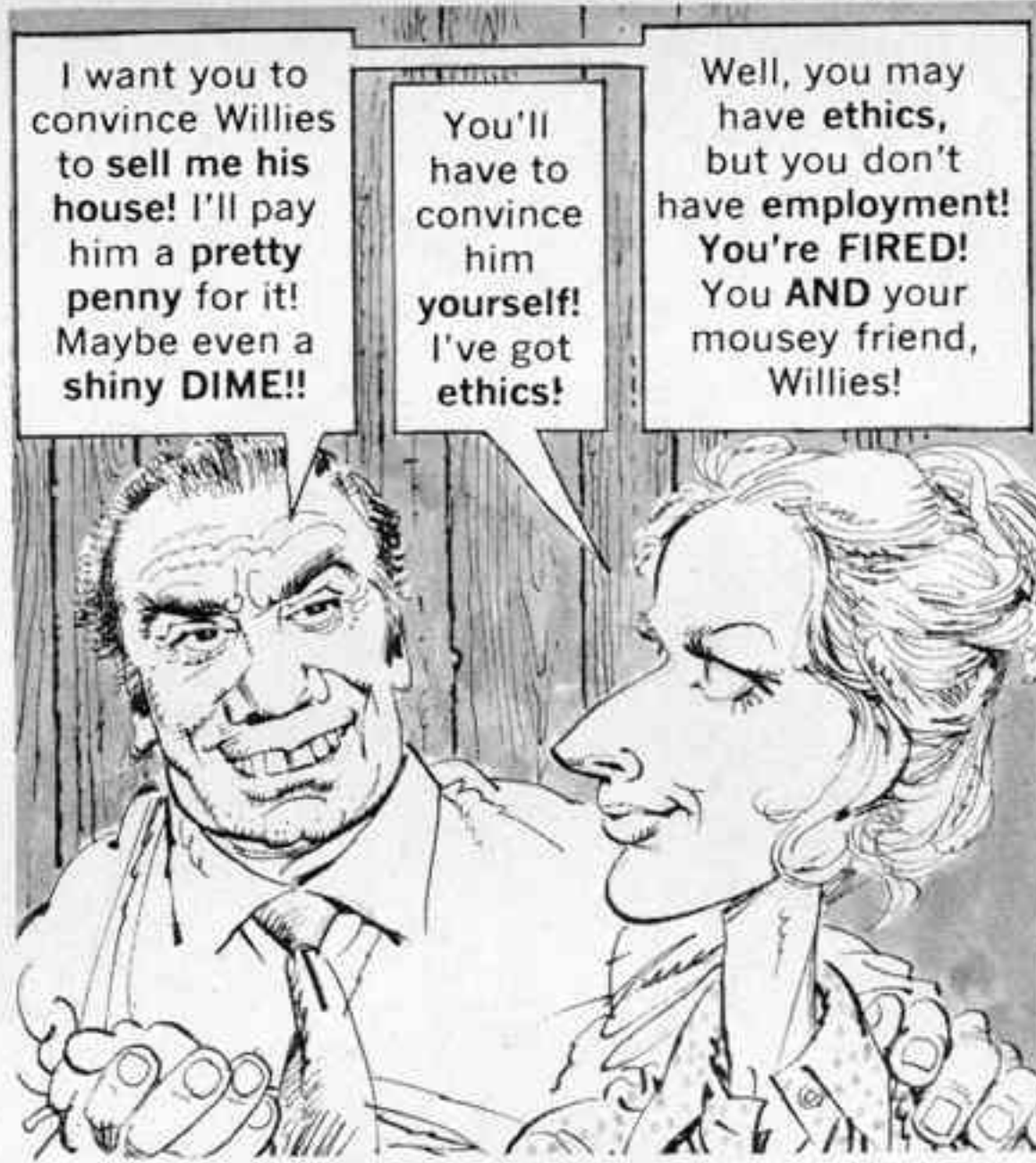
Okay, guys! Tonight, I need your help in getting some cash from a dresser drawer at 16-22 Stagg Street! We—

Hoo-boy! Talk about SMART . . .!!





Now, Bem ... Socratty ... you two will be safe in here! No one **EVER** comes in here! It's the Accounts Payable Office!



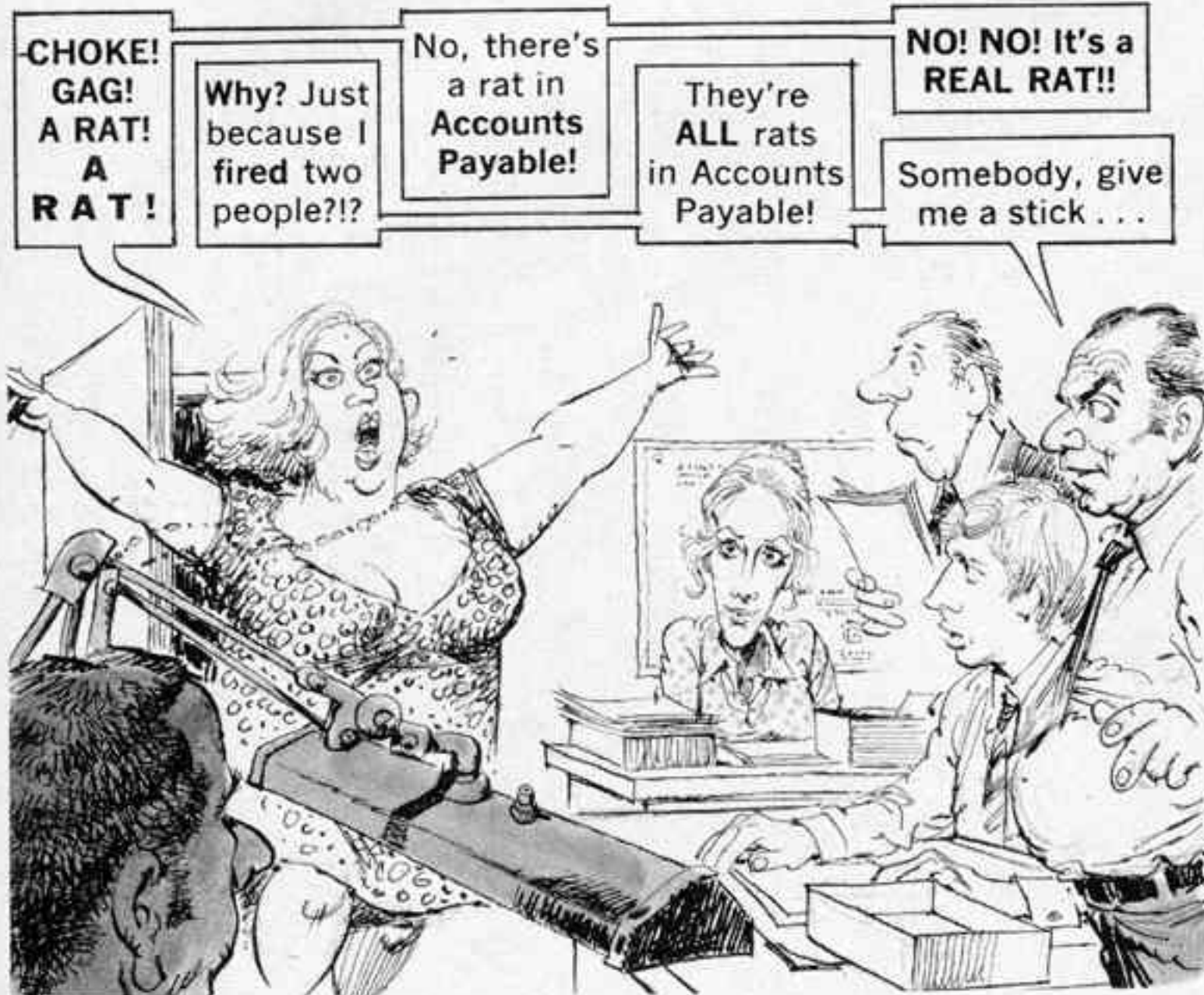
I want you to convince Willies to sell me his house! I'll pay him a pretty penny for it! Maybe even a shiny **DIME!!**

You'll have to convince him yourself! I've got ethics!

Well, you may have ethics, but you don't have employment! You're **FIRED!** You **AND** your mousey friend, Willies!



SCREECH!



CHOKE! GAG! A RAT! A RAT!

Why? Just because I fired two people?!!

No, there's a rat in Accounts Payable!

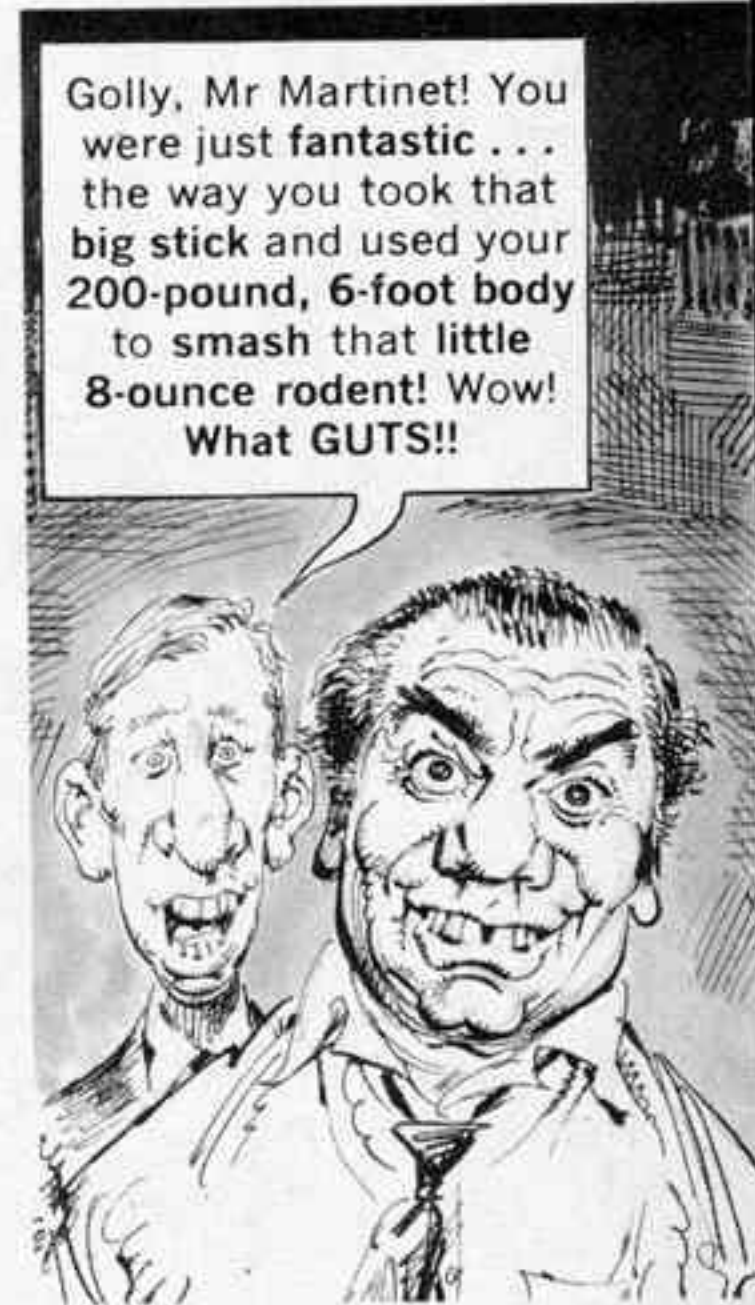
They're **ALL** rats in Accounts Payable!

NO! NO! It's a REAL RAT!!

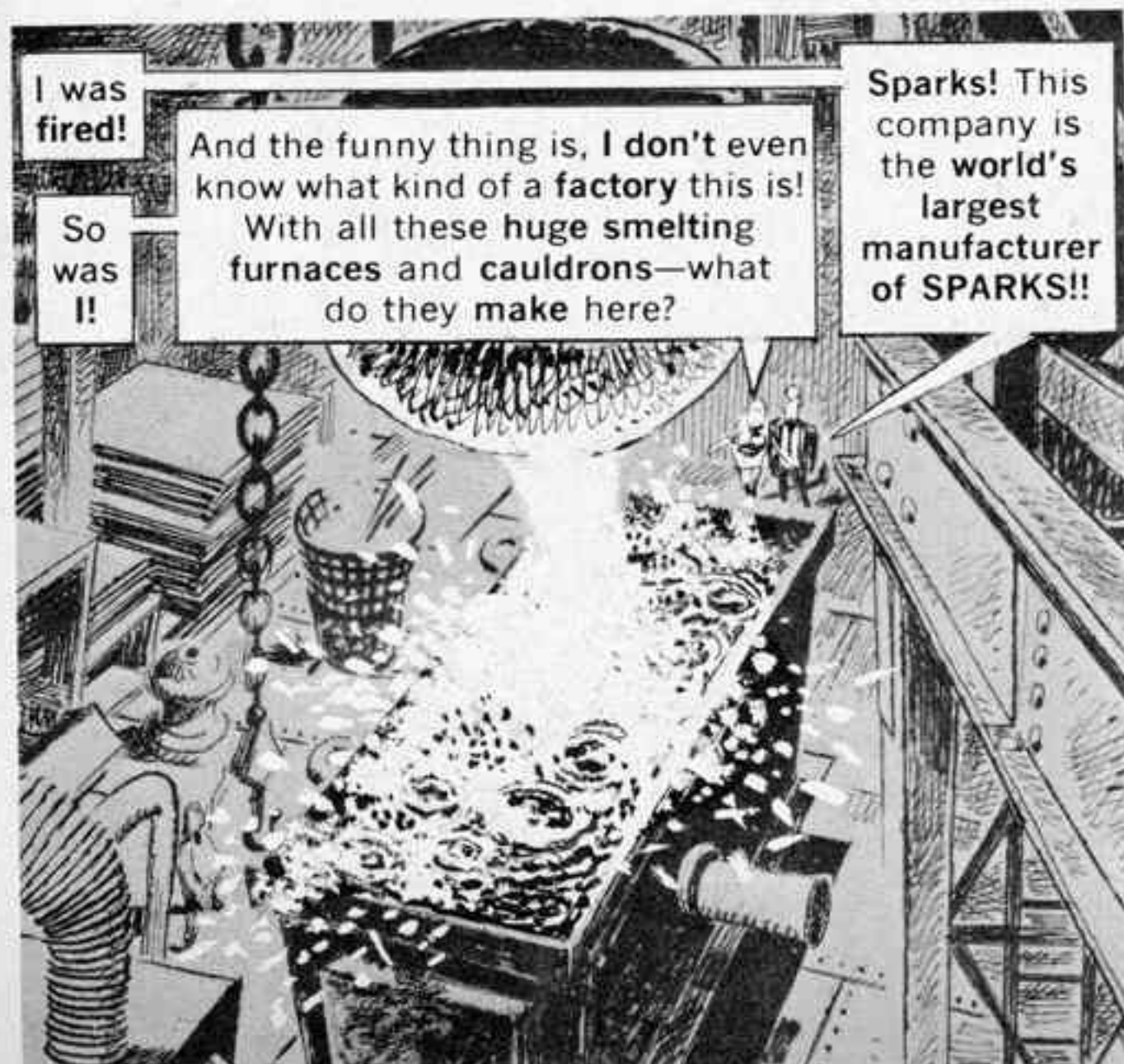
Somebody, give me a stick ...



Take that ... and that ... and that ... and that ... and that, you cute, adorable thing!!



Golly, Mr Martinet! You were just fantastic ... the way you took that big stick and used your 200-pound, 6-foot body to smash that little 8-ounce rodent! Wow! What **GUTS!!**



I was fired!

So was I!

And the funny thing is, I don't even know what kind of a factory this is! With all these huge smelting furnaces and cauldrons—what do they make here?

Sparks! This company is the world's largest manufacturer of **SPARKS!!**



Bem, I'm—I'm furious about what happened to Socratty! I think it's about time we all paid a little visit to Mr. Martinet's office! Get the message ... ??



Smart?!? **WOW-WEE**, they're smart!

Sit down, Mr. Martinet! Me and the boys want to have a little chat with you!

You and WHO?? The boys—**CHOKE!**

Talk about your repulsive sights!!

Yes! I know! But I described what you looked like to them, and they decided to brave it anyway!

Now! I want a raise!

Well, I won't give you one! But I tell you what! I'll ask the Accounting Department to let you deduct those rats as dependents!

No, thanks, Mr. Martinet! Okay, guys! You've seen his acting performance...

GET HIM! TEAR HIM UP!



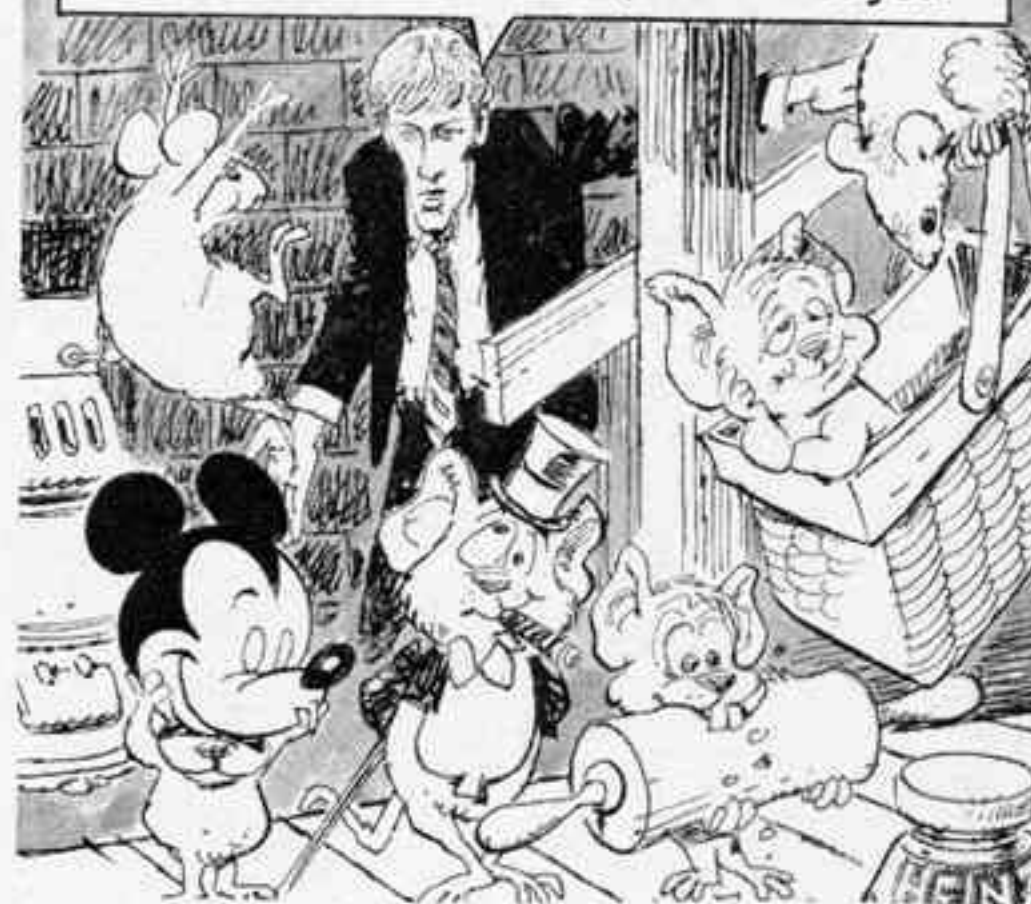
Gee, that's really a shame!

Yeah! You'd think they would give the **STARS** of a movie something better to eat than **HAM!**



Okay, everybody, listen! I'm afraid you all have to leave!

I want you all packed and out by morning! I can't afford to keep you any more! You ate all the food in the kitchen! Then, you even ate the **KITCHEN!** So, out! All of you—



WAIT! NO! WAIT! DON'T ATTACK ME! NO! PLEASE! GIVE ME A CHANCE...

Why should we give you a chance?! We've spent years trying to make people aware of the terrible rat problem in our slums, and now **YOU** come along and ruin all our work!

We've made \$5000 TV Commercials showing how hideous, destructive, and dangerous rats are... and **YOU** make a \$5,000,000 movie showing how sweet, smart and cute they are!

RATS ARE HORRIBLE! NOT LOVEABLE LIKE YOU'VE MADE THEM!

GET HIM! TEAR HIM UP!!



Boy, Human Beings can really be disgusting!

WHAT RECENT
BY-PRODUCT
OF AMERICAN
INDUSTRY
IS WINNING
THE PUBLIC'S
CONFIDENCE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Throughout history, many unforeseen and unintentional developments have changed the course of business in America. Recently, however, an unexpected bi-product of our industrial community has captured the public's imagination. To find out what it is, fold in the page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

RECENTLY, CONSUMERS ALL ACROSS OUR GREAT
NATION, TIRED OF CONSTANTLY HAVING TO SQUANDER
LOOT ON POORLY-MADE PRODUCTS, HAVE REACTED
POSITIVELY TO THE APPEARANCE OF A NEW AND
HOPEFUL BI-PRODUCT OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY

A▶

◀B

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN

hurrah, hurrah!

