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168
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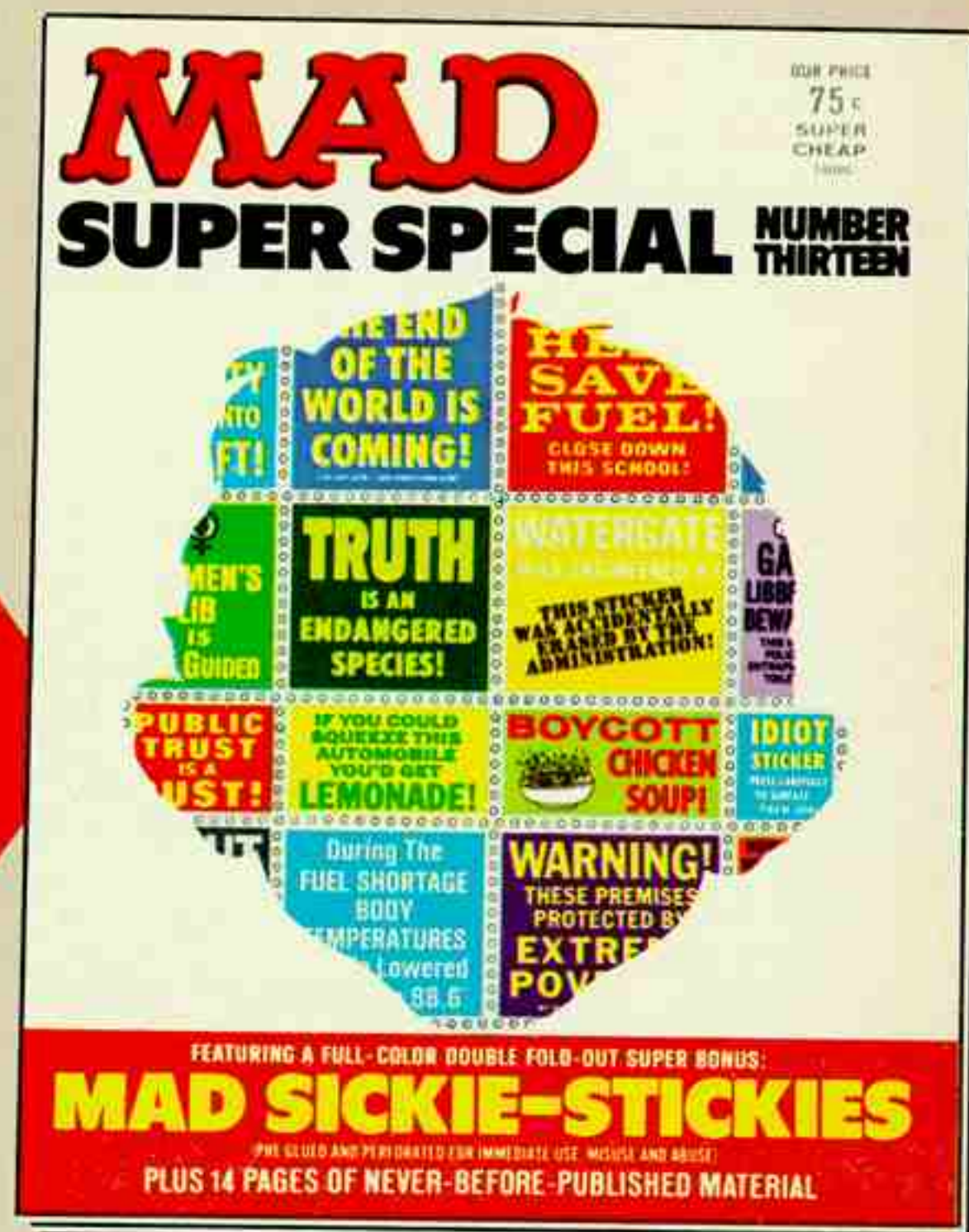
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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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BILLY JOCK
(ANOTHER
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LETTERS DEPT.



AMERICAN CONFETTI

"American Confetti" was an incredibly
amusing article. It was reminiscent of a
de luxe cheeseburger at Hamburger Heav-
en or Eddie Haskell of the "Leave It To
Beaver" show at his best.

Jim Schoppet
Lynchburg College
Lynchburg, Va.

Mort Drucker is certainly true-blue to
MAD! He illustrated the original "Amer-
ican Graffiti" movie poster PLUS your
own witty satire, but he did an even bet-
ter job of it for MAD.

Artie Hondros
Winston-Salem, N.C.

I was terribly disappointed that you
tore an excellent movie into little pieces.

Linda Sorrell
Milwaukee, Wisc.

I fell out of my Edsel while laughing
at Mort Drucker's and Larry Siegel's
flashy flashback!

Caren Croland
Glen Rock, N.J.

Larry Siegel can take his "American
Confetti" and cruise up Main Street and
down Elm with it!

Ron Barchi
E. Detroit, Mich.

Really, when you think about it,
"streaking" doesn't pollute or waste gas
like "cruising" did!

Linda Copersino
New York, N.Y.

OUR FLOUNDERING FATHERS

Your back cover was great! Thanks for
cutting down Nixon!

Dan Kunkel
Marshfield, Wisc.

Regarding "Our Floundering Fathers",
by Jaffee and Rickard, who's *under* the
fallen tree? Dean??

Bill Montgomery
Middletown, N.Y.

I see where Tricky Rick (Jack Rick-
ard) gave our "Floundering Father" an-
other residence; Mount Vernon, Virginia.
San Clemente South . . . ?

Thomas Pritchard
Ocean Grove, N.J.

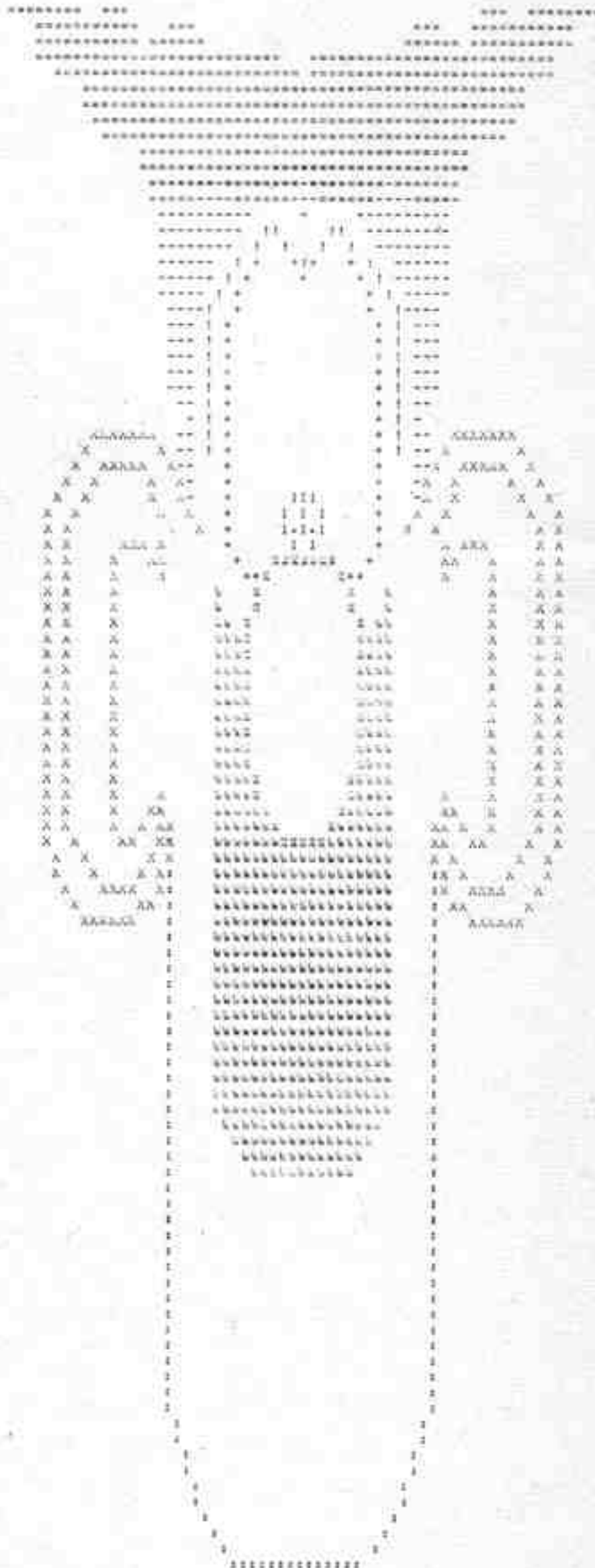
I cannot tell a lie. "Our Floundering
Fathers" tells it like it probably is!

Ernie Warren
Lenoir, N.C.

ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY COMPUTER

The computer at St. Lawrence Univer-
sity came down with a mysterious ailment
last week. It appears to be hysterical. It
giggles and issues unreadable printouts,
one of which is enclosed. The professors,
technicians, and students are baffled. Hav-
ing already consulted all the intelligent
people we know, we are turning to you
for some explanation.

Eric Hudson
Canton, N.Y.



Your printout indicates you are attuned to
one of the truly great intellects in the uni-
verse, Don Martin. Feel honored!—Ed.

A MAD LOOK AT MISS LIBERTY

I bet the French, who gave us the Statue
Of Liberty, never thought she'd be a dam-
sel in distress. (Gasp!)

Ted Fels
Los Angeles, Calif.

What's a nice gal like "...Miss Liberty"
doing in a place like *this*?

Yoli Stassinopoulos
Potomac, Md.

M*A*S*H*UGA

Since the MAD satirists usually understand the theme of the show they cleverly skewer, it is pathetic that writer Stan Hart misses the point of M*A*S*H so utterly. Saddest of all is the fact that none of his gags come close to the wit of even the most minor M*A*S*H wisecrack. What happened? The only thing which eased Hart's failure was Torres's usual excellent drawings.

Barbara Bergstrom
Waltham, Mass.

LIGHTER SIDE OF POLARIZATION

While reading Dave Berg's "Lighter Side Of Polarization", my opposing group (names withheld) gave me the ol' pulverization to the jaw!

Bob Derhay
Bricktown, N.J.

IF PEOPLE WERE LABELED LIKE PRODUCTS

You left out the following two in "If People Were Labeled Like Products"...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Ingredients

Frustration Over Not Becoming A Famous Painter	35%
Frustration Over Having to Work For MAD Magazine	35%
Frustration Over Having To Illustrate Frank Jacobs' Writing	30%

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Ingredients

Frustration Over Not Becoming A Famous Author	35%
Frustration Over Having to Work For MAD Magazine	35%
Frustration Over Not Having Drucker Illustrate All His Writing	30%

But all kidding aside, Jacobs and Clarke are a great team. Let's see more.

Fred Patten
Long Beach, Calif.

After reading "If People Were Labeled Like Products," here is how I'd label it:

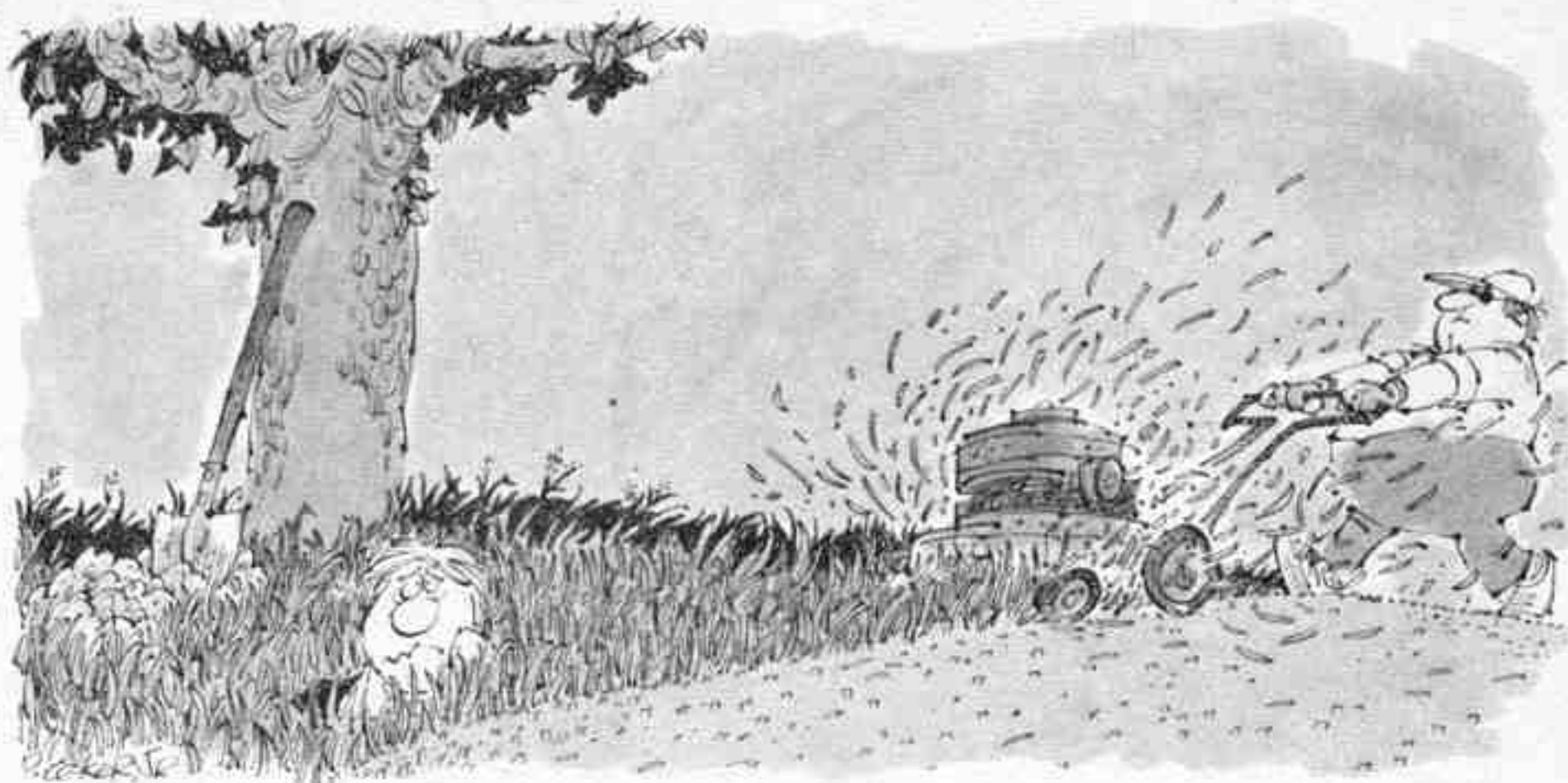
Satire	35%
Inventiveness	25%
Good Taste	25%
Originality	15%
Humor	5%

Seriously, though, it was great. Keep up the good work. You make many people happy.

George Webster
St-Hubert, Quebec, Can.

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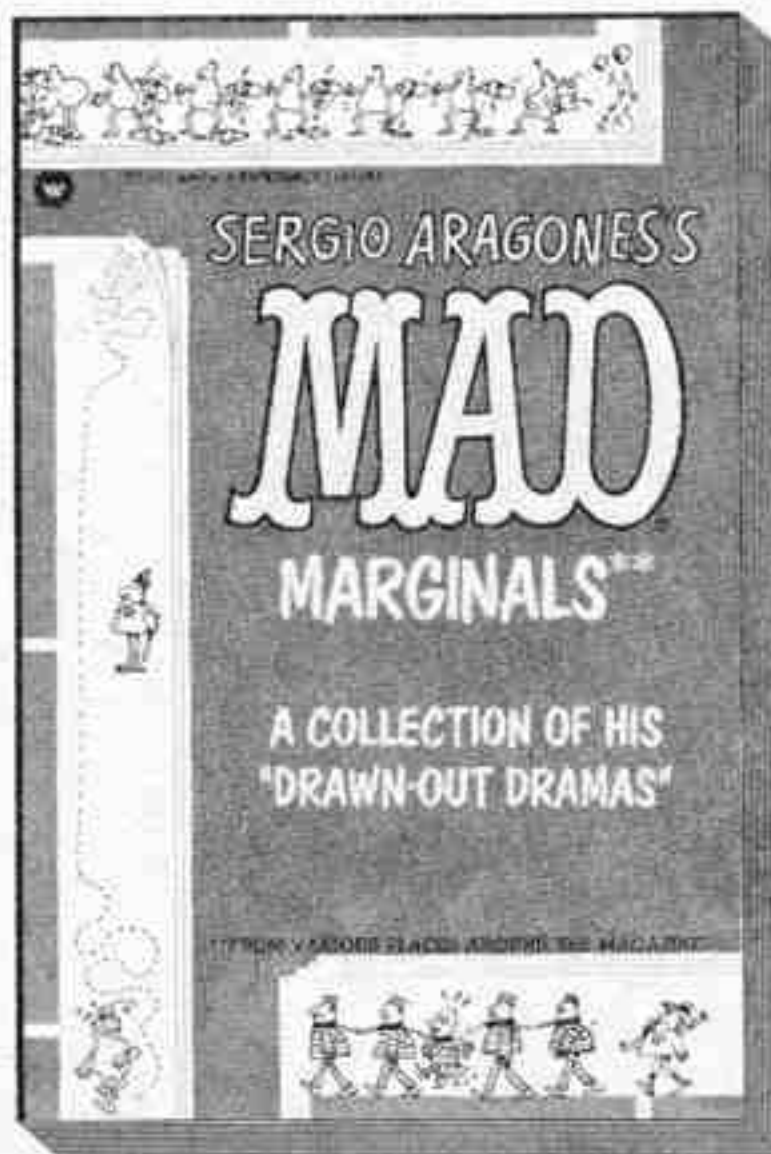
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STREAKING!

Yep! The naked truth is simply: These full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, have been sitting in our stockroom—unsold—for so long, they're getting streaked with dust! So since they're suitable for framing, here's your chance to dress up your walls... and strip our shelves bare! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



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SORRY, NO MAIL ORDERS!

They put us together
... the two biggest
stars in Hollywood
... Barbara Strident
and Robert Redbird!

You'd think we'd spark
excitement? You'd think
we'd generate drama?!?
Nothing doing! Here's
MAD's version of ...

A LEFT JABBER AND A RIGHT UPPERCRUST DEPT.

THE WA

Oh, no! Don't
tell me! Not
another movie
that takes
place in the
'40's! What
IS it with
film-makers?
What's their
big hang-up
with the '40's?

Don't you see? In the
'40's, we had **World War II**, our boys were all
overseas, fighting and
dying, food and gas were
rationed, apartments were
impossible to get, Hitler
was overrunning Europe,
throwing everybody into
Concentration Camps ...

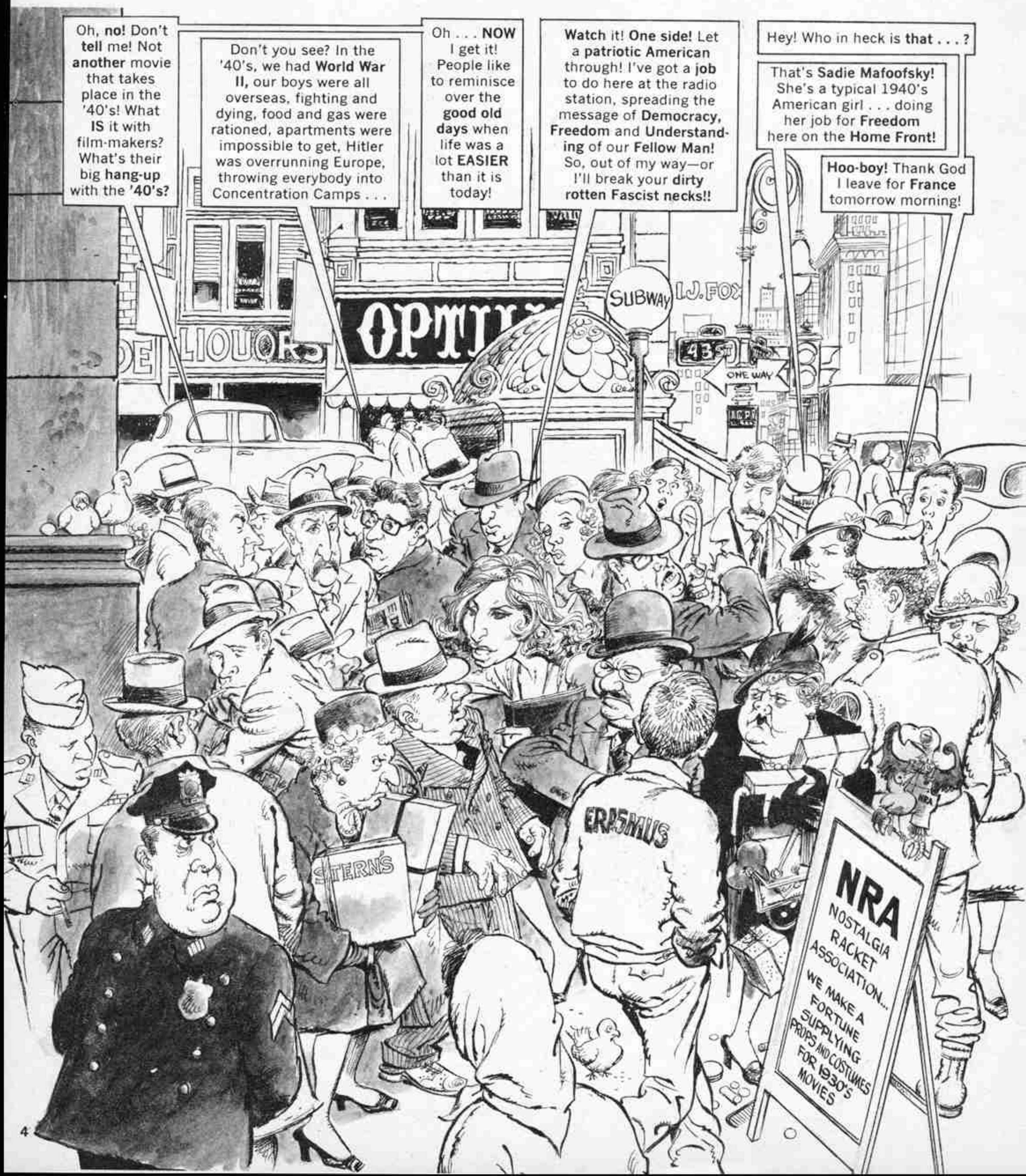
Oh ... **NOW**
I get it!
People like
to reminisce
over the
good old
days when
life was a
lot **EASIER**
than it is
today!

Watch it! One side! Let
a patriotic American
through! I've got a job
to do here at the radio
station, spreading the
message of **Democracy**,
Freedom and **Understand-**
ing of our **Fellow Man**!
So, out of my way—or
I'll break your dirty
rotten Fascist necks!!

Hey! Who in heck is that ... ?

That's **Sadie Mafoofsky**!
She's a typical 1940's
American girl ... doing
her job for **Freedom**
here on the **Home Front**!

Hoo-boy! Thank God
I leave for **France**
tomorrow morning!



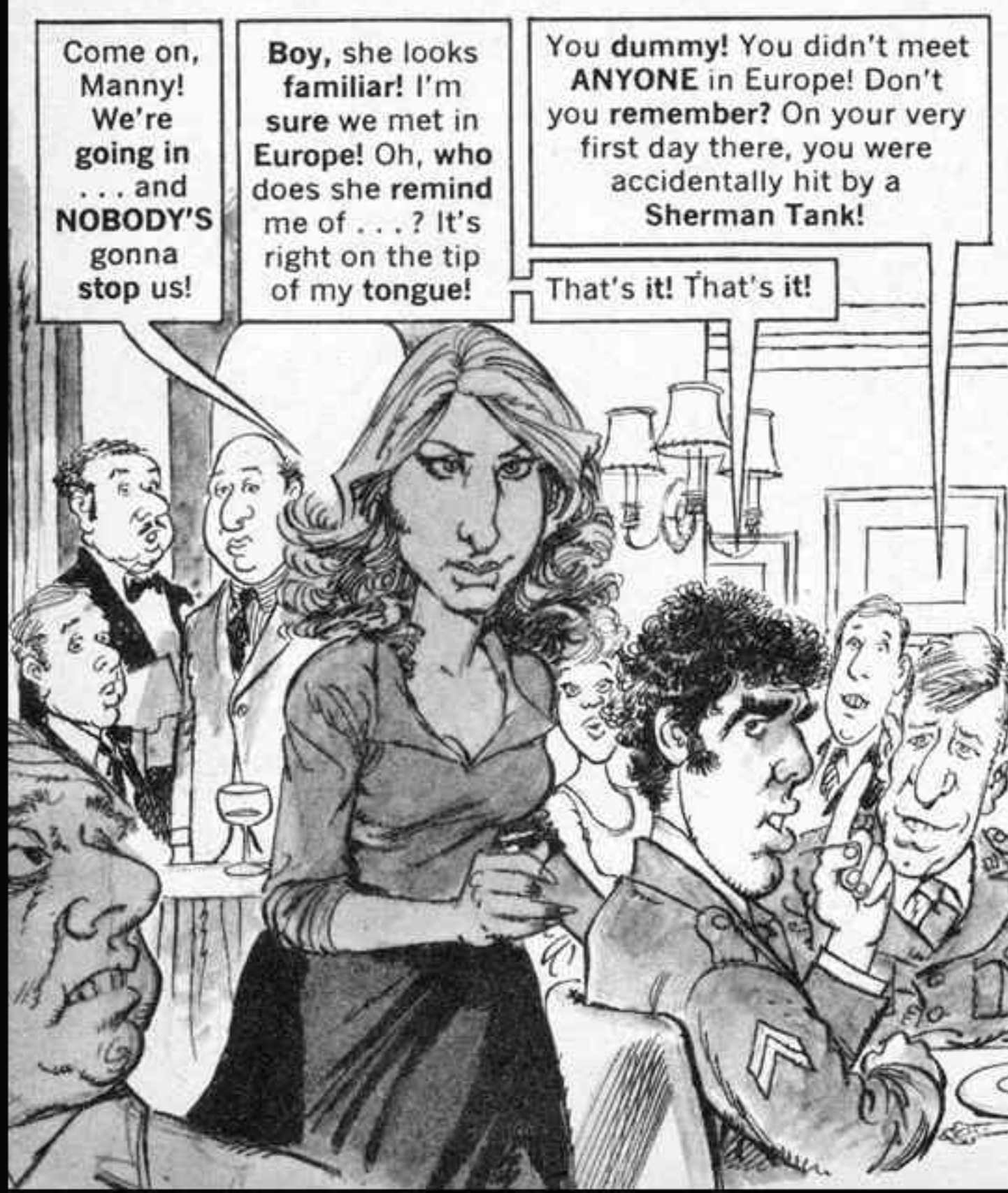
Y WE BORE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



We are now going to have a flash-back to the '30's, and I'll show you how I met Hubbard in college! I realize that it's hard enough to look at me from a distance in this ridiculous '40's hair-style, so this close-up must be murder! But just wait till you see me in my 1930's hair-style!



Er... anybody wanna try for the 1920's?

Anyway, it's 1938, and I'm working my way through college where I'm majoring in Math, History and Advanced Rabble-Rousing!



And now, for our next campus speaker, that star of stage, screen and radio... namely she stages revolutions, screens Fascists and sings with the Don Cossack Chorus... the next Commissar of the U.S., Sadie Mafoofsky!

Who wants to hear HER!? Send her back to Russia!

No, no! Let her speak! Sadie, tell us about the great Civil War which is raging, and how it could be the forerunner of World War II!

That's right! Fellow workers, we must join the forces of good in that Civil War, and destroy the oppressors!

That's telling 'em!

Okay, now here's my plan! We must get more guns to General Grant and more horses to General Sherman! General Lee must be smashed, and—

Dummy! THAT Civil War was over long ago! We won... remember?

Hey! No kidding? See what Communist know-how can do?



BOOO!

HSSSS!

Get that Commie Pinko OFF!!

Gee, too bad! I had such a great speech, too! It went like this—"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth..."

You didn't write that speech!

Oh, no?!? Take a look at the back of this envelope!



Boy, is she stupid... mixing up OUR Civil War with the Spanish Civil War!

Hey, Hubbard! How come you're staring at her like that?

There's something about that girl, A.K.! I—I think I'm in love with her!

W—with HER!?

Yes! When I look at her, I—I think of my Mother!

But—but your Mother is Protestant, she's Jewish! Your Mother is refined, she's coarse! Your Mother is beautiful, she's homely! How COULD you love her?!?

Easy! I HATE my Mother!!



Please try to understand, Hubbard! I'm lying here impassively while you're making love to me because I'm a nice Jewish girl—and we're not married! To us Jewish girls, marriage is **VERY IMPORTANT!**

Is that when you finally enjoy sex?

Not really! But we sure enjoy getting married!



We've been living together for a month, and it's been great since I stopped being religious! And I love you in your Naval Uniform! Which leads me—and the movie audience—to a rather personal question! Namely, just what do you **DO** in the Navy, anyway??

I'd rather not say! I don't want to worry you!

Please tell me! I can take it! War has hardened me!

Well, if you must know, I write books! I'm a **Novelist First Class!**

I read your last book! You're a **Novelist Third Rate!**



Sure! Make fun of a poor G.I.—writing for his country!

Sorry! I know how rough it can be—slogging through blocked thoughts, never knowing if your next sentence will be your last!

God, War is Hell!

Hubbard, you could be a great writer!

But I **AM** a great writer! Everyone says I'm the most creative writer in the **Brooklyn Navy Yard!**

You—you could be even **BETTER** with the right girl to inspire you! Imagine how great you'd be, married to a beautiful girl! Imagine that beautiful girl being me!

I'm not **THAT** creative!

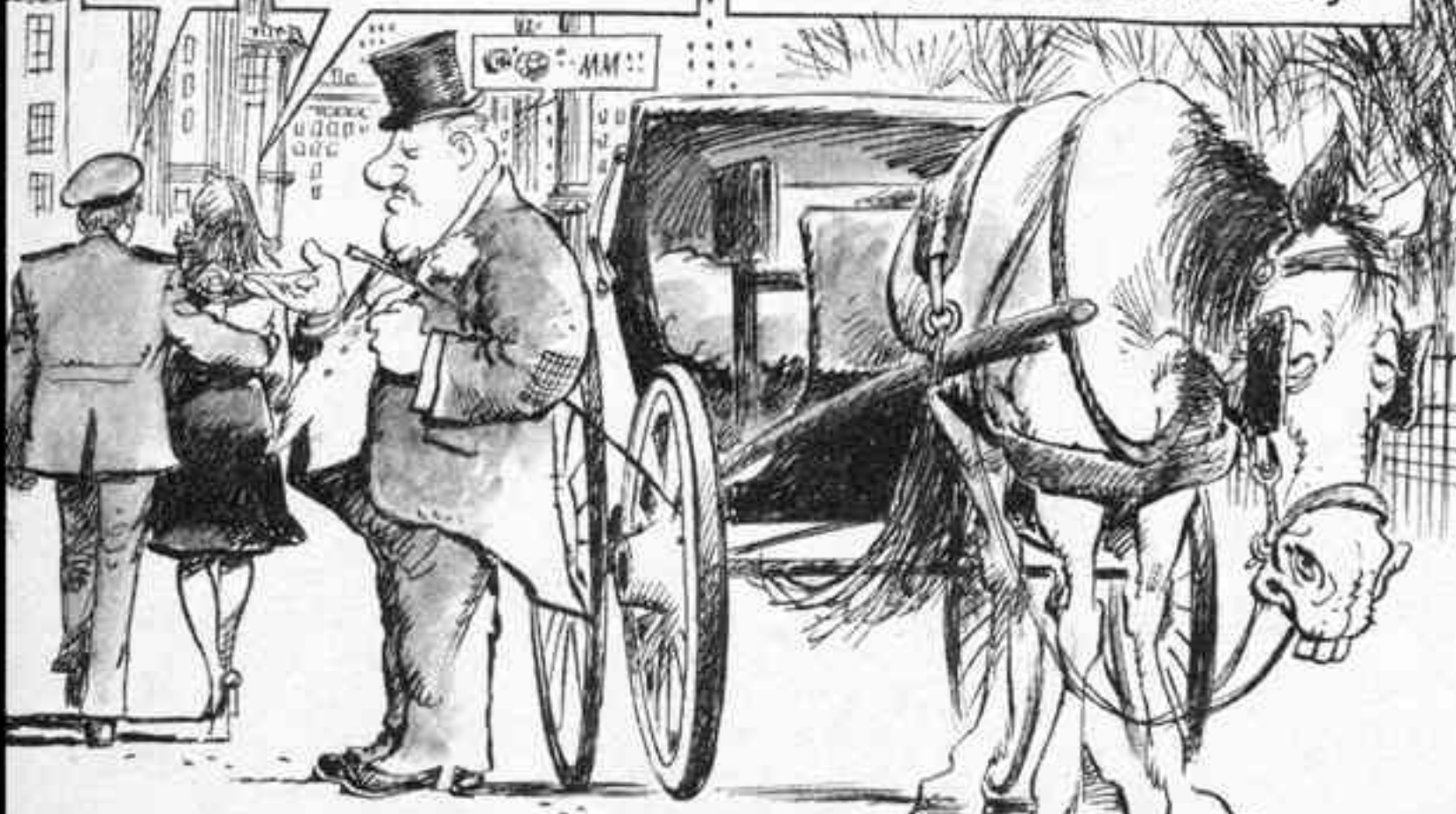
Enough of this! Let's spend a full, glorious day together... and show the audience how our love is growing!



Hasn't this been a **FUN DAY**, Sadie?

Some fun! A seven-second rowboat trip in Central Park, a two-second Italian meal and a three-second hansom ride!

No, you dummy! That's just an old movie trick to show the passage of time, and... oh, forget it! Listen, some of my swinging **WASP** friends are having a wild party! Let's drop in! I warn you—**ANYTHING** goes! It's a **Switch Party!**



Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah! Someone's in the kitchen, I know—ow—ow—ow—

This is a **SWITCH PARTY???**

In a few minutes, they'll switch to "**Red River Valley**"! Then... **ANYTHING** can happen!





It's no use! I don't think we're going to make it together!

Why? Because I don't fit in with your WASP friends? Because I'm coarse and vulgar? You think I'm too pushy, don't you?!!

Don't lie to me! I know you think I'm pushy! WHY do you think I'm pushy? What did I ever do to make you think I'm pushy? Tell me! You DO think I'm pushy, don't you?!? Say I'm pushy, or I'll kill you!!

No, Sadie... I don't think you're pushy!

OKAY!! I think you're pushy!!

Boy, are YOU an anti-Semite!

I'm leaving you, Sadie!

Don't go! I'll change! I'll get a nose job! I'll become a WASP! I'll take courses at Southern Methodist! Look! I'm eating a whole loaf of White Bread! It's GREAT!!

No, Sadie! When two people living together have nothing in common, when they hate each other, when they're at each other's throats all the time, what are they SUPPOSED to do?!

They get MARRIED!!



Hasn't this been great fun, Sadie?

You DID that schtick!!

Some fun! A two-second boat ride off Malibu, a three-second dip in the Pacific, seven seconds of unpacking, and—

Look, those scenes are supposed to show we're married and living in Hollywood in the '50's, where I'm a successful writer! Now, get dressed! Our typical Hollywood friends are coming over!

Hi, typical Hollywood friends! What's new?

We're in big trouble, Hubbard! Congress is cracking down on the Film Industry! They claim it's loaded with COMMUNISTS!!

That's ridiculous! Where did you get that idiotic and vicious rumor?

Right here in Sadie's copy of "The Daily Worker"!

Sadie... you've got to stop this rabble-rousing!

I understand! But selling atomic secrets to the Russians?

But I gotta do SOMETHING while you're at the studio all day!

It helps pass the time! I hate Mah Jongg!

Now listen to me! We're invited to a big shindig tomorrow night! It's a kookie kind of Hollywood Masquerade Party where all the guests come as their favorite Marx Brother! I'm working late, so I'll meet you there! And for God's sake, behave yourself!

Hi, Everybody!

Hi, Hubba! I'm Groucho, too!

I'm Chico!

I'm Harpo!

KARL!

That does it!

Hi, Sadie! Uh—er—WHICH Marx are you?



Sadie, what are we doing at a station, welcoming "The Hollywood Ten"? I don't even know what "The Hollywood Ten" IS!!

Neither do I! They never really explain it in the script! Just cheer! Here they come!

Look! There's Bernie Bigelow, who wrote "Abbott And Costello Meet Their Dentist"!

And there's Hi Plettz, who wrote "Ma And Pa Kettle In Cleveland"!

And look! Al Lumox, who wrote "Blondie Gets A Stove"!



Sadie, I think we had it this time! We've got nothing going for us, and it's best we get a divorce!

Yeah! I guess you're right, Hubba!

I'll go on here in Hollywood to build my writing career! What about you . . . ?

Don't worry about me! I'll go on to Berlin to build a WALL!



Peace now! Ban the Bomb! Ban the Bomb!

Sadie, you're such a troubled girl! Have you ever been in love? Married??

Yeah, ONCE! But I haven't seen the guy in ten years! Which means he should be showing up unexpectedly any minute now!



Hello, Sadie!

Hello, Hubba! What's been keeping you?

I got held up by two traffic lights . . . and a second marriage!



Oh, Hubba, I've missed you! It's been hell all these years without you! Absolute hell!

I write for TV now!

Wow! Talk about hell!



Well, I just wanted to say, "Hello!" My wife is waiting for me! Good luck, Sadie!

Yeah, you too! Oh, well! Back to work . . .

Ban the Bomb! Ban the Bomb!

Sadie, I got bad news for you! You think you can take it?

What is it?

I'm afraid it's too late! The Bomb has already fallen!

Oh, no! Where? WHERE . . . ?



All over the country!

Oh, God! What a holocaust!

BARBARA STRIDENT & ROBERT REDBIRD in THE WAY WE BO

BARBARA STRIDENT & ROBERT REDBIRD in THE WAY WE BORE

BARBARA STRIDENT & ROBERT REDBIRD in THE WAY WE BORE

PHOTOS

ONE FLIGHT UP

NOW PLAYING

ONE EVENING AT A COCKTAIL PARTY

Say!! Aren't you Fonebonski, the great Animal Trainer? Didn't you used to lie on the floor and let an Elephant put his foot on your face??



That's right! But I don't do that particular act any more!



A MAD LOOK AT MARRIAGE...

BEFORE

You're so cute when you've had a couple of drinks!



AFTER

If you have one more drink, you're sleeping on the couch!



BEFORE

Don't worry! You look great in anything!



We'll always respect each other's opinions!



That's the stupidest idea you ever had!



You look so precious when you're sleeping!



Your cheek feels so good next to mine!



When on earth did you shave last?!



Oh, it feels so good when you do that!

BEFORE AND AFTER

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: GEORGE HART

AFTER

You're not going to wear that thing again!



BEFORE

A gift for me?!? Oh, how thoughtful and beautiful!



AFTER

Why are you giving me this . . . guilty conscience?



Your dumb snoring kept me up half the night!



I'm just crazy about that little laugh of yours!



That stupid, nervous giggle of yours is driving me nuts!



Will you stop doing that?!? Can't you see I'm trying to read!



I'm so content . . . just to be alone with you!



If we don't go someplace tonight, I'll go crazy!



STRIKE UP THE BLAND DEPT.

A lot of things are wrong with Television, but there's one improvement that could be made with very little trouble. Namely, begin every show with a singable Theme Song so people would walk out of the room humming the tune on their way to the bathroom during commercial breaks. Which is as good as any way of introducing this assortment of...

SINGABLE THEME SONGS FOR TV SHOWS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Kung Fu

(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")

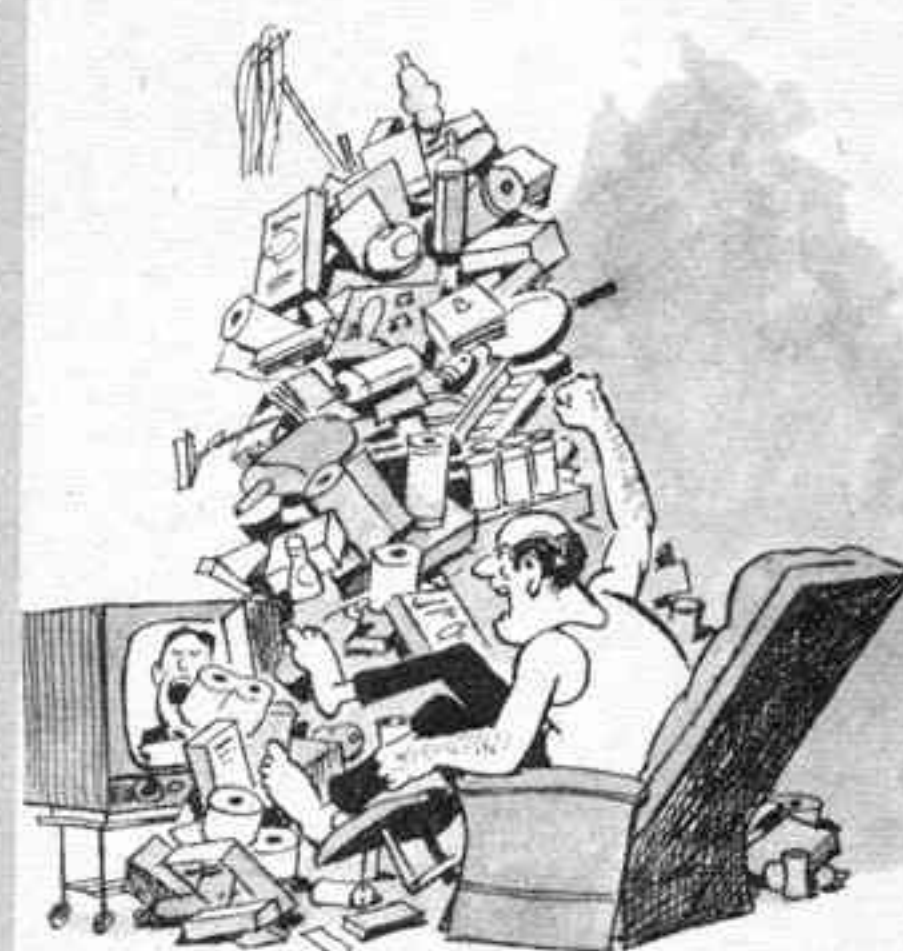
Kung Fu—
For highbrows it's groovy,
Like some new-wave movie,
But much more mystic instead;
Kung Fu—
For lowbrows there's killin',
Then seein' the villain
Get sev'ral kicks in the head;
Kung Fu—
It's nothin' like "Gunsmoke;"
The hero's some kind of priest
From the far-out Far East;
Kung Fu—
A Western that's screwy—
As clear as chop suey,
For you—
Kung Fu!



The Mary Tyler Moore Show

(Sung to the tune of "More")

Moore
Plays a meddler who is full of mirth;
Moore
Is part Lucy and part Mary Worth;
Moore
Plays a low-paid TV typist-clerk;
Moore
Makes you wish it were her real-life work;
Moore
Has a boss who's tough,
Yes, Moore
Loves that Hackneyed stuff,
'Cause Moore
Knows what viewers go for,
Else what would they watch her show for?
Moore
Is the girl for whom the show is named;
Moore
Through America is now acclaimed;
Moore
Gets those close-up shots galore,
Is the one that fans adore,
'Cause the show is owned by... Moore!



The Tuesday Movie Of The Week

(Sung to the tune of
"Strangers in the Night")

Movies Tuesday night
To give you pleasure;
Movies Tuesday night
That you will treasure;
Epics of the world
You rarely get to see!
They were filmed wide-screen—
The ends are missing;
We don't show the sex—
Just heavy kissing;
Should they run too long
We cut them for TV!
Movies Tuesday night—
Don't mind the brief commercials;
Movies Tuesday night—
With plugs for Charmin Tissue,
Ajax, Auto-Lite,
Ban and Ultra-Brite,
Coca-Cola, Listerine,
Plus thirty short ones in between!
And should the film get dull
We'll never leave you;
We'll just break the lull
With next week's preview!
It's so out of sight—
The Movie Tuesday Night!

Columbo

(Sung to the tune of
"They Call the Wind Maria")



You may prefer
A character
Like Donald Duck or Dumbo;
This guy's for real,
A true schlemiel,
And we call the clod Columbo!
Columbo! Columbo!
We call the clod Columbo!

He bumbles through
Each show we do;
His brain's like chicken-gumbo;
And yet this schnook
Tracks down each crook,
And we call the clod Columbo!
Columbo! Columbo!
We call the clod Columbo!

So sit and gawk
While Peter Falk
Goes through his mumbo-jumbo;
He's here, we fear,
Another year
As the clod we call Columbo!
Columbo! Columbo!
We call the clod Columbo!



The Firing Line with

William F. Buckley

(Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things")

Views perspicacious and low-keyed invective,
Steeped in omniscience with views introspective,
Extracts archaic no sage can divine—

Prithee, stay tuned to The Fi-r-ing Line!

Gleanings from Homer, quotations from Horace,
Words so obscure they defy a thesaurus,
Phrases sententious of Latin design—

Cum grano salis The Fi-r-ing Line!

Should it happen
These digressions
Strain your clod-like head,
Then kindly replace Buckley's Firing Line
With Johnny or Merv
INSTEAD!



The CBS Evening News

(Sung to the tune of "Love Is Blue")

News! News!
It's time for news!
Cronkite is here, so what can you lose?
News! News!
Domestic News
News of the Mob that you can't refuse!
News! News!
We've worldwide news
News of the Arabs, news of the Jews!
News! News!
World leaders' views—
Brezhnev's and Mao's and George Pompidou's!
When we're through
And the world's picked clean,
Sev-er-eid
Will explain what you've seen!

News! News!
All kinds of news!
Bribes and corruption—who's getting who's!
News! News!
We've so much news—
Chancellor takes the stuff we don't use!



The Late Night Sermonette

(Sung to the tune of "Cabaret")

What good is wishing for one more old flick
Here on your TV set?
Come watch the Sermonette, my friends,
Come watch the Sermonette!

No use in giving your dial a click—
We're all that you can get;
Come watch the Sermonette, my friends,
Come watch the Sermonette!

Come hear The Word!
Come praise the Lord!
Come say a prayer—
All kinds we dish up!
Easter week you'll see a Bishop!

Last week we preemed a Mohammedan chant
Straight from a minaret—
Come watch the Sermonette, my friends;
We'll try to save you yet, my friends;
Come watch the Sermonette!



Marcus Welby, M.D.
(Sung to the tune of "Call Me")



If you have tu-ber-cu-lo-sis,
Measles or a head that's aching,
You can trust his di-ag-no-sis;
House-calls he is even making—
Welby!

Stay tuned and watch Marcus Welby!
Rob-ert Young plays Marcus Welby!
Greatest of all the MDs!

Treating folks with kind attention,
Heart filled with compassion tender,
Though it's only fair to mention
Bills you'll never see him render—
Welby!

Stay tuned and watch Marcus Welby!
Rob-ert Young plays Marcus Welby!
Greatest of all the MDs!

He isn't lazy;
He works like crazy,
Filling up his prime-time slot;
He hands out ointments
And makes appointments
Even when he sails his yacht!
To his patients ded-i-cat-ed,
Never seeming a-var-i-cious,
Loved by all and ven-er-a-ted,
You can bet that he's fic-ti-tious—
Welby!

Stay tuned and watch Marcus Welby!
Rob-ert Young plays Marcus Welby!
Greatest of all the MDs!

Gunsmoke

(Sung to the tune of "Ol' Man River")

Ol' Matt Dillon,
That ol' Matt Dillon—
He's still there shootin',
He's still there killin',
He just keeps ridin',
He keeps on ridin'
Along;
He's still town marshal,
An' heaven rest us,
He's still got Kitty,
He's still got Festus,
'Cause ol' Matt Dillon
He just keeps ridin' along.

Other shows
They have their runs—
"Gilligan's Island" and "My Three Sons,"
"Twilight Zone," "Peyton Place,"
"Petticoat Junction" and "Lost in Spa-ace."

Ain't no logic,
Ain't no good reason
Why 'Gunsmoke's' now in
It's eighteenth season—
But ol' Matt Dillon
He just keeps ridin' along!



Monday Night Football

(Sung to the tune of
"From the Halls of Montezuma")

From the Oilers in the Astrodome
To the Packers in Green Bay,
We've got football ev'ry Monday night
With remarks on ev'ry play;
We've got Dandyroo and Gifford, too,
But what makes our program sell—
If you find your fav'rite team has lost,
You can blame it on Cosell!



Let's Make A Deal

(Sung to the tune of
"This Guy's in Love With You")

You see... this nut
Encased in styrofoam—
You see... that schmuck
In costume as St. Peter's Dome—
Yessiree! They're for real
Because they want to Make a Deal!
What makes... them do it?
What's here that drives them to it?
Well,
If you believe
They're here 'cause they're in need,
That's not the case—
They're here 'cause they're so full of greed!
When they scream,
You can tell
They'd kill to get a Caravelle!
Though it's de-grading,
They don't... need much persuading,
So
Let's Make a Deal!
Let's Make a Deal!
Let's Make a Deal—it doesn't take work;
Just act like a jerk!



SHIFT OF GAB DEPT.

What's with parents, anyhow? Why can't they ever talk about what *you* want to talk about? Why won't they ever let you off the hook? Why, if you do one thing wrong, is it a life sentence without any possibility of pardon? What's this introduction about, anyway? We'll tell you: Parents are the ones responsible for "The Generation Gap"! Is there any doubt? Hands, please! Three . . . four . . . five . . . okay! Here's why: Whenever you tell them something, no matter how important it is to you, it becomes nothing more than a lead-in for them to zap you with a criticism. Right? Hands, please! Seven million . . . eight million . . . nine million . . . okay! In other words, parents are the acknowledged masters of the "non-sequitur" . . . which is Latin for . . . "saying what *they* want, no matter what *you* say to them!" Understand? Hands, please! None . . . okay! Here's what we mean by...



PARENTAL NON-SEQUITURS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: STAN HART

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

Great news, Mom! I just got a full scholarship to Harvard University!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

Just think! An Ivy Leaguer in the family! I'm so happy, I could cry!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

Sure . . . you can get into an Ivy League School . . . but you can't even keep your room clean!!



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I've decided to join the Peace Corps!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

That's really touching . . . my little girl devoting her life to helping those less fortunate than herself!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

What are *you* going to teach the Zambians? How to stay on the phone for hours and run up big bills??



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

Someday, I'm gonna be the **President of the United States** . . . !



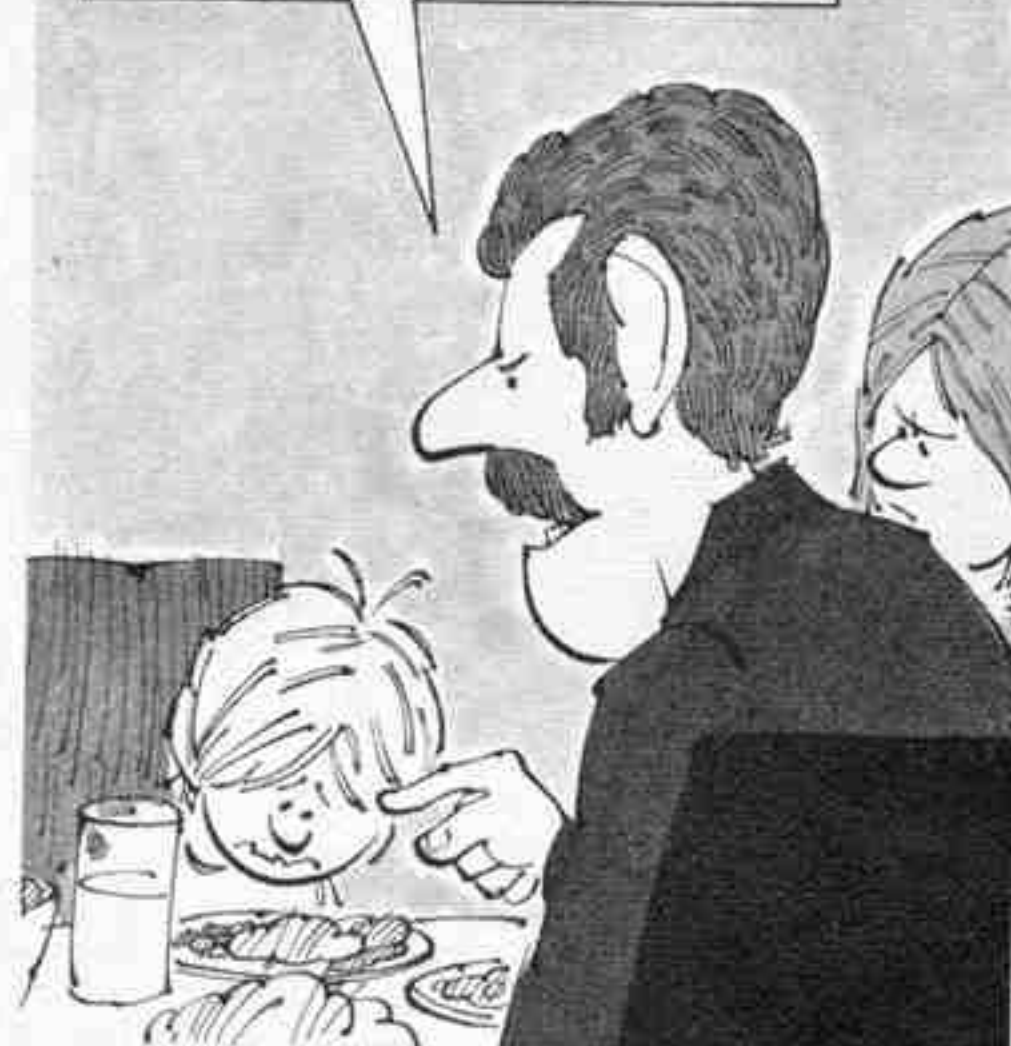
WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

Son . . . I know you'll make a fine President . . . and you'll usher in "**The Great American Century**"!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

That's all we need . . . a President who won't eat his vegetables!!



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

My picture's gonna be in the paper! They took it when I hit a **home run**!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

Our hero!

He's a born **Big Leaguer**!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

They should take a picture of you wetting your bed!

Then they'd know what a big shot you **REALLY** are!!



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I'm going to be a **Poetess** . . . like **Edna St. Vincent Millay**!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

And you will! You're so sensitive . . . so aware of the true meaning of life!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

You'll make some **Poetess** with your face breaking out from all the junk you eat!



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I plan to become a Nuclear Physicist!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

I'm—I'm so happy! If only your Great Grandfather were alive to hear this!!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

I never heard of a Nuclear Physicist who won't go to her Uncle Al's house for a visit at least **ONCE** a month!



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

Guess what?! That aptitude test I took says I'll make a fine Doctor!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

I tell you, Ida, if anyone can find a cure for Cancer, it'll be my Sheldon!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

A Doctor?!? You think they'll let you become a Doctor when they find out how you tease your Sister?!?



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I just saved four people from a burning building!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

God, we're proud of you! You always were a good boy . . . never thinking of yourself . . . always thinking of others!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

Sure, you can save some strangers! But do you ever help ME with the dishes?!



SUBJECT TO CHANGE DEPT.

"The times, they are a-changing..." observed Bobby Dylan. And just how drastically they are a-changing can be demonstrated by examining magazine

MAGAZINE ARTICLE

PET & HOME MAGAZINE June 1959



YOUR NEW DOG How To Train Him To SIT and BEG

So you've finally broken down, and now you've purchased a little, delicious doggie that you feel will love you and surely offer you years of fun with friendship.

Well, teaching it a few simple tricks on a simple command can be easy and

PET & HOME MAGAZINE June 1974



YOUR NEW DOG How To Train Him To MAIM and KILL

So you were finally broken into, and now you've purchased a huge, vicious mongrel that you hope will protect you and insure you years of added life with safety.

Well, teaching it to "attack" on a simple command can be tricky and

HOME COOKING June 1959

HOME-MADE BREAD

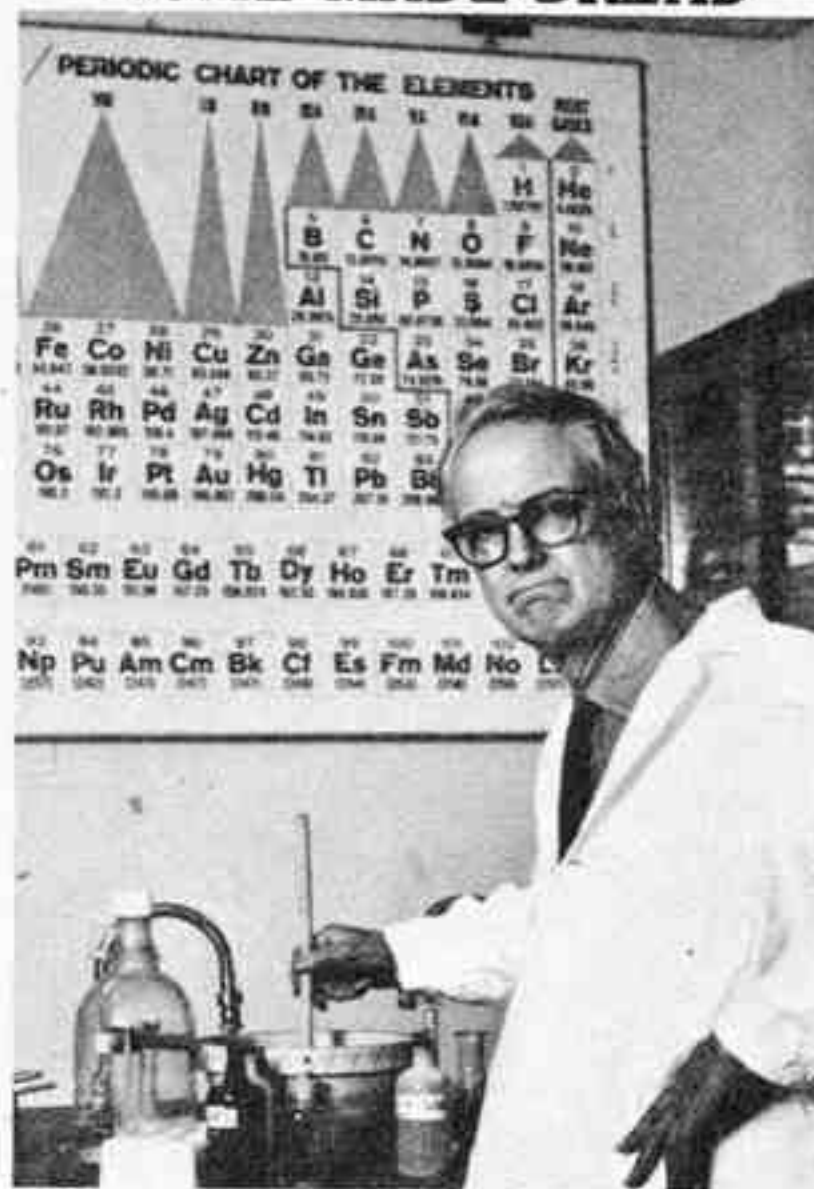


Most home bakers shy away from making bread, because they feel they cannot duplicate the loaves turned out by Professional Bakers.

The answer, of course, is not in the Baker, but in the ingredients. By simply duplicating the standard recipe... whole grain flour, pure butter, natural yeast, fresh milk, with

HOME COOKING June 1974

HOME-MADE BREAD



Most home bakers shy away from making bread, because they feel they cannot duplicate the loaves turned out by Professional Bakers.

The answer, of course, is not in the Baker, but in the ingredients. By simply duplicating the standard chemical formula... Polyoxylene Stearate, Gliadin, Glutamin, Calcium Propionate, Potassium Sorbate and

HOME WORKSHOP June 1959



WORKING IN METAL

Make Your Own Attractive Candle Stick

Impress visitors who enter your home with this hand-crafted Candle Stick, designed to elicit cries of delight and words of praise.

You can turn your spare time into production time by following these easy directions: First, go to a Silversmith and try to

articles on specific subjects, say, fifteen years ago... and articles on similar subjects in magazines today. You'll see what we mean with these...

S... THEN... AND NOW

PHOTOS BY DAVID ALLARD, U.P.I. AND D.P.I.

TODAY'S TEACHER June 1959

WHEN TO SEND FOR THE PARENTS



There's no doubt about it, we have entered an "Age of Disrespect" in the classroom. Reports from all over the country attest to this fact. Students often answer their Teachers back, and there have even been cases of obscenities directed at Teachers.

In one shocking case, an actual physical attack on a Teacher

TODAY'S TEACHER June 1974

WHEN TO SEND FOR THE POLICE



There's no doubt about it, we have entered an "Age of Disrespect" in the classroom. Reports from all over the country attest to this fact. Students often swear at their Teachers, and there have even been cases of physical attacks directed at Teachers.

In 73 shocking cases last year, death occurred as the result

HOME WORKSHOP June 1974



WORKING IN METAL

Make Your Own Practical Window Bars

Distress burglars who attempt to enter your home with these hand-crafted Window Bars, designed to elicit groans of despair and curses of frustration.

You can turn your spare time into protection time by following these easy directions: First, go to a Blacksmith and try to

CAREER June 1959

TO BE PRESIDENT?



What man would not want for himself, or for his son, the supreme position—Leader of his Country?

Admired by his fellow Politicians, loved by the people and respected by the Leaders of other Nations, he is able

CAREER June 1974

TO BE PRESIDENT?



What man would want for himself, or —God forbid—his son, the supreme position—Leader of the Country?

Rejected by his fellow Politicians, mistrusted by the people and ridiculed by the Leaders of other Nations, he is

TV GUIDER June 1-7 1959

Wednesday

MORNING

9:00 ② I LOVE LUCY—Comedy
Lucy, unable to land a part in Ricky's new musical, pretends to be a stage hand. (Repeat)

TV GUIDER June 2-8 1974

Wednesday

MORNING

9:00 ② I LOVE LUCY—Comedy
Lucy, unable to land a part in Ricky's new musical, pretends to be a stage hand. (Repeat)

THIS IS A STICK-UP!!

Ha! I
sure
fooled
you!

Yeah, *heh-heh*! You're
always kidding around!
I—uh—just came in for
a little gas! Got any?

Sure! All the gas you
want! For a **DOLLAR** a
GALLON! And I ain't
kiddin' around now!!

A—a
DOLLAR
a
GALLON?!?

THIS IS A STICK-UP!!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

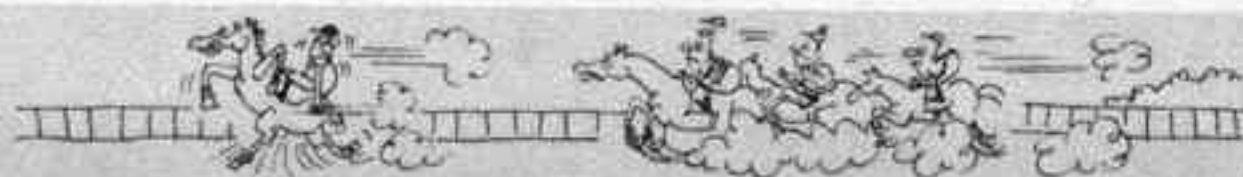
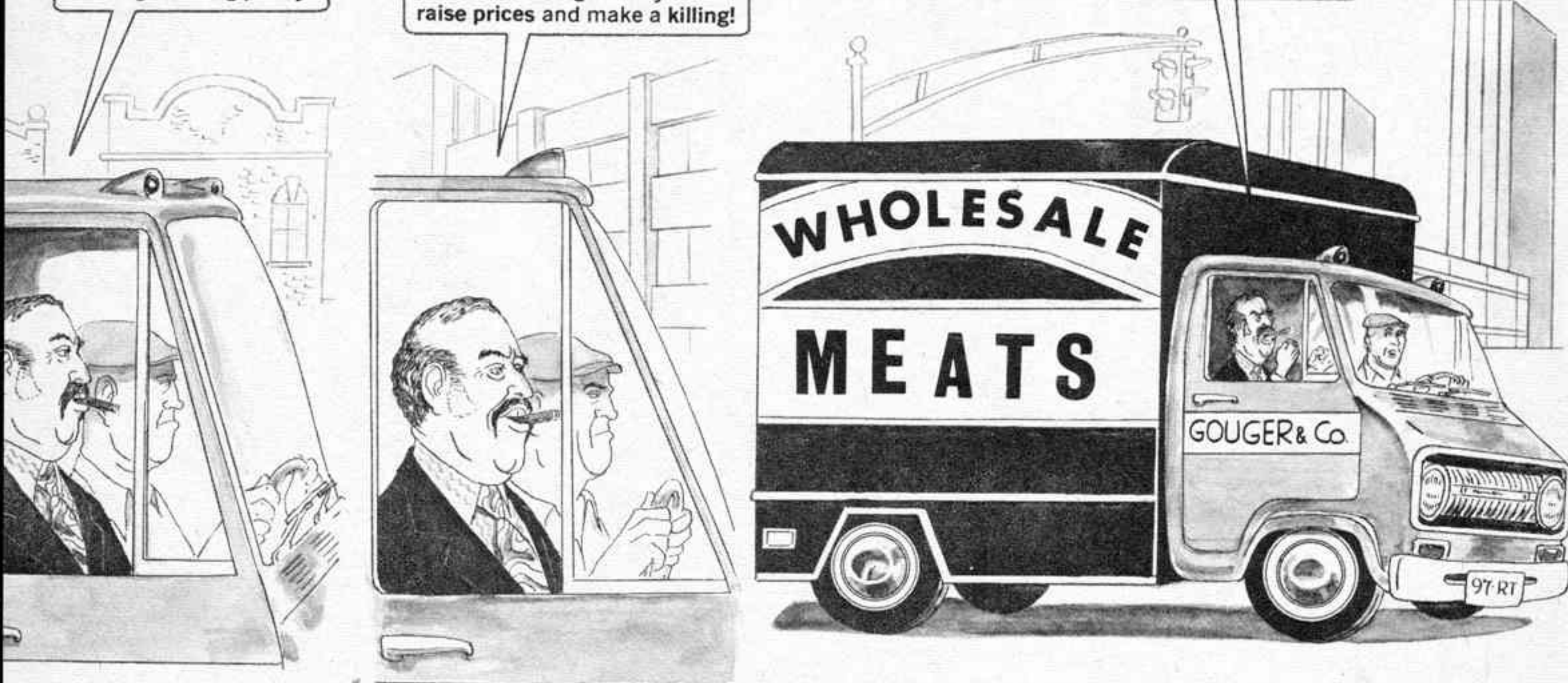
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

THE EN

I think this so-called gas
shortage is a big phony!

The big oil companies invented
the whole thing so they could
raise prices and make a killing!

Those dirty *&¢%\$#@! CROOKS!!





What in heck is this country coming to? There are shortages of **everything**!

I freeze in Winter because there's a shortage of heating oil! I can't cool off in Summer because there's a shortage of electric power! I can't drive my car or boat because there's a shortage of gasoline. . . !

There's only one thing left that I can do! I'm going to the "Reading Room." . . !

You can forget that, too!

There's also a shortage of **TOILET PAPER**!

ERGY CRISIS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Here's a room with **nobody** in it! Yet the **LIGHTS** are on! The last one out of a room should shut the lights off!!

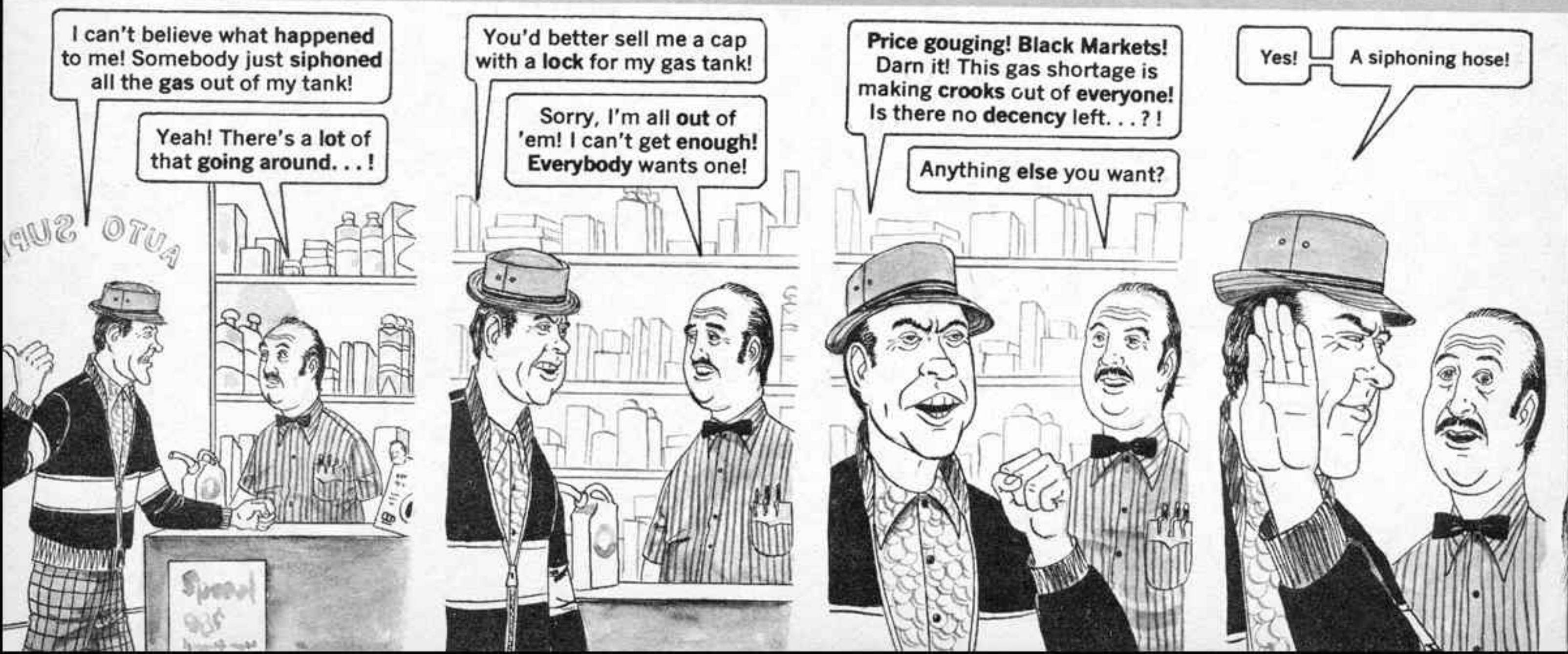
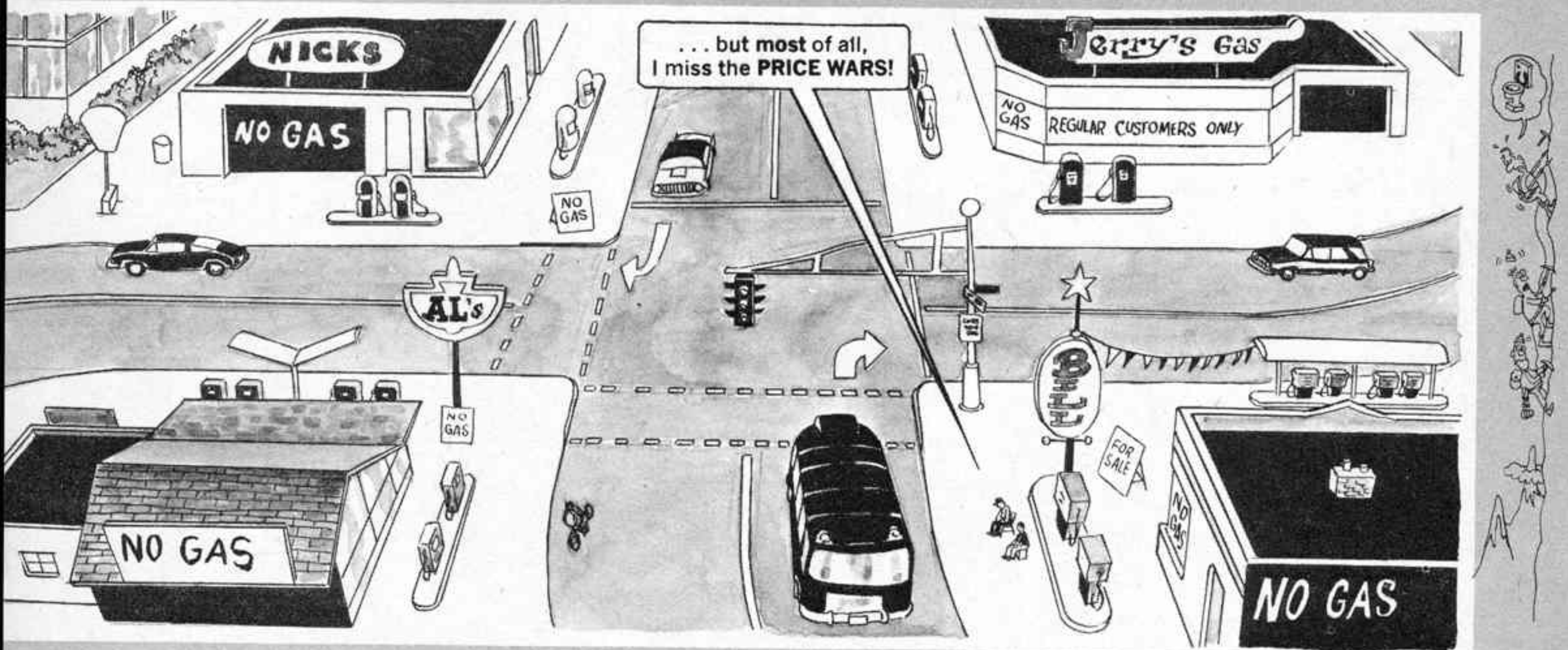
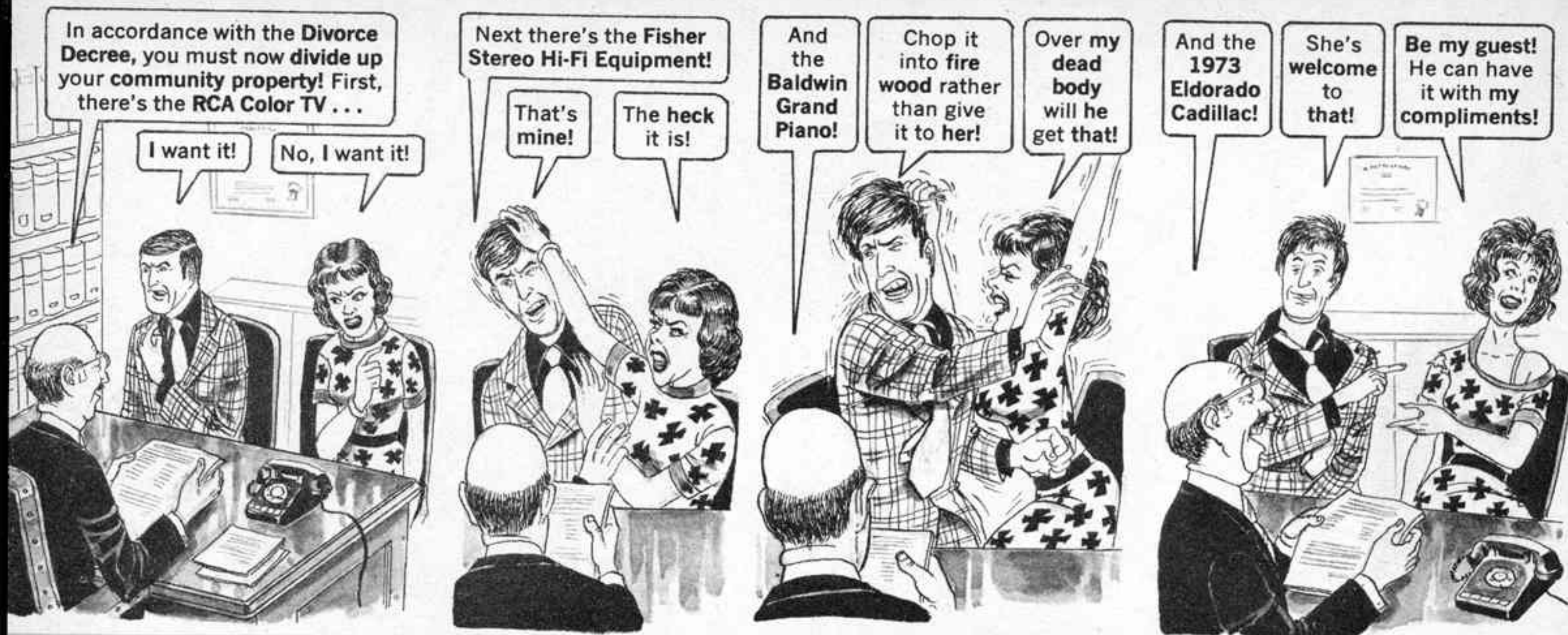
It's only **EIGHTY DEGREES** outside! We can certainly do without the Air Conditioner!

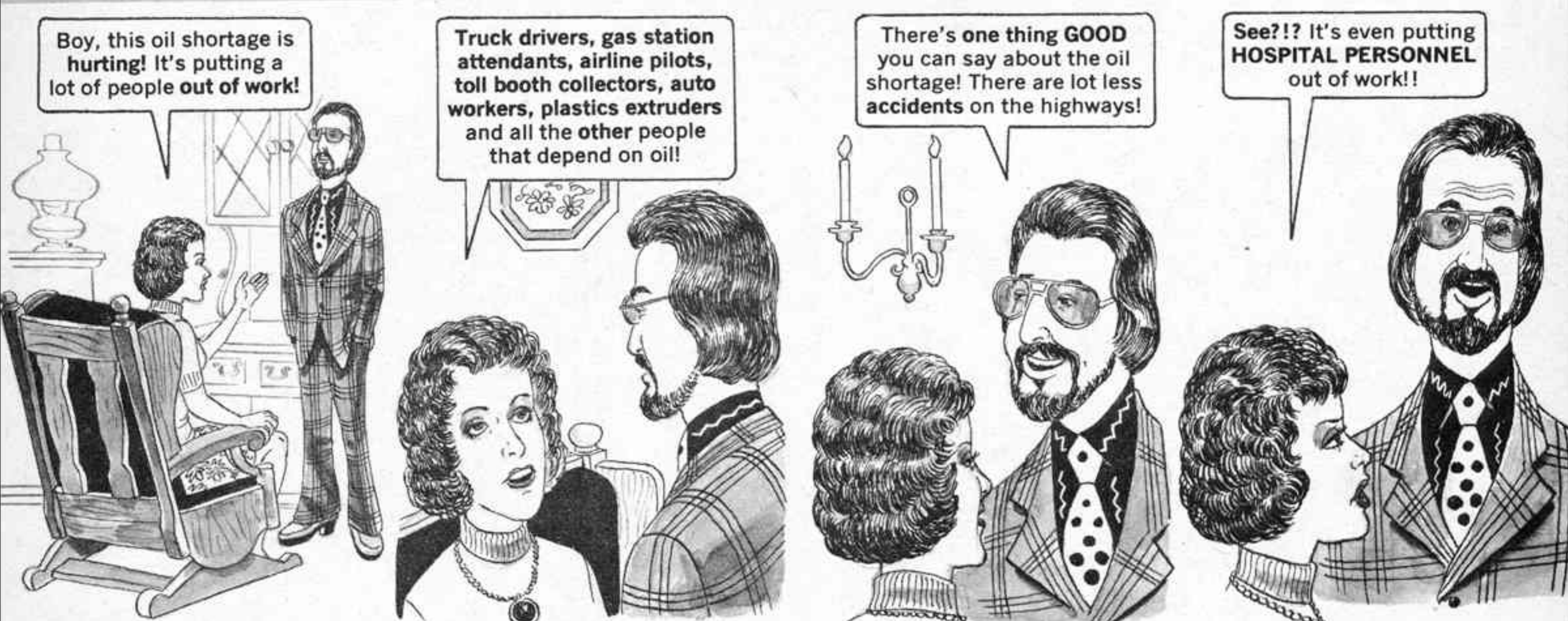
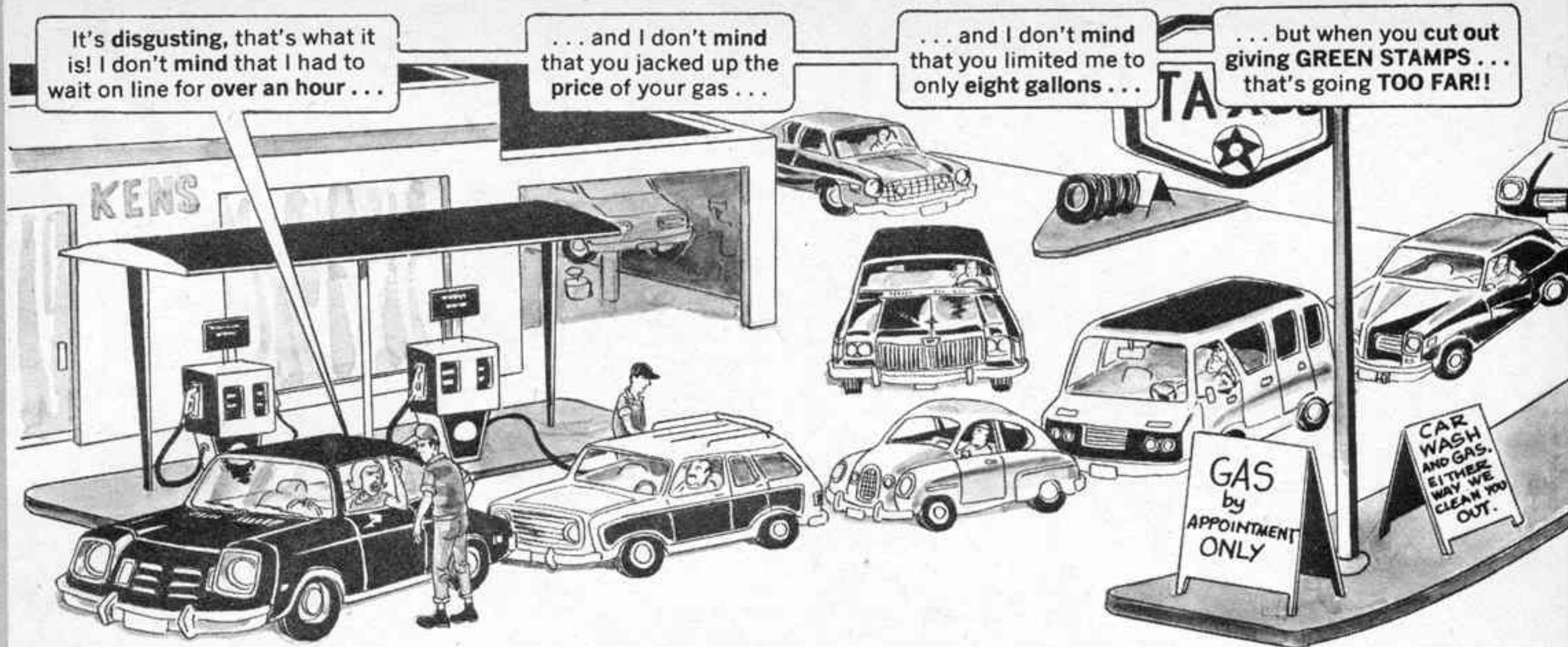
I must say, your husband is **very** diligent about saving watts! I'd call him a "**GOOD CITIZEN**"!

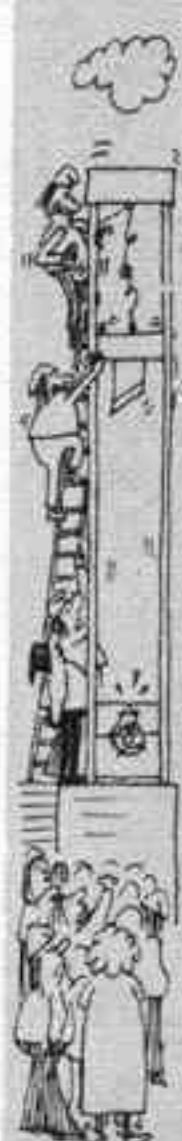
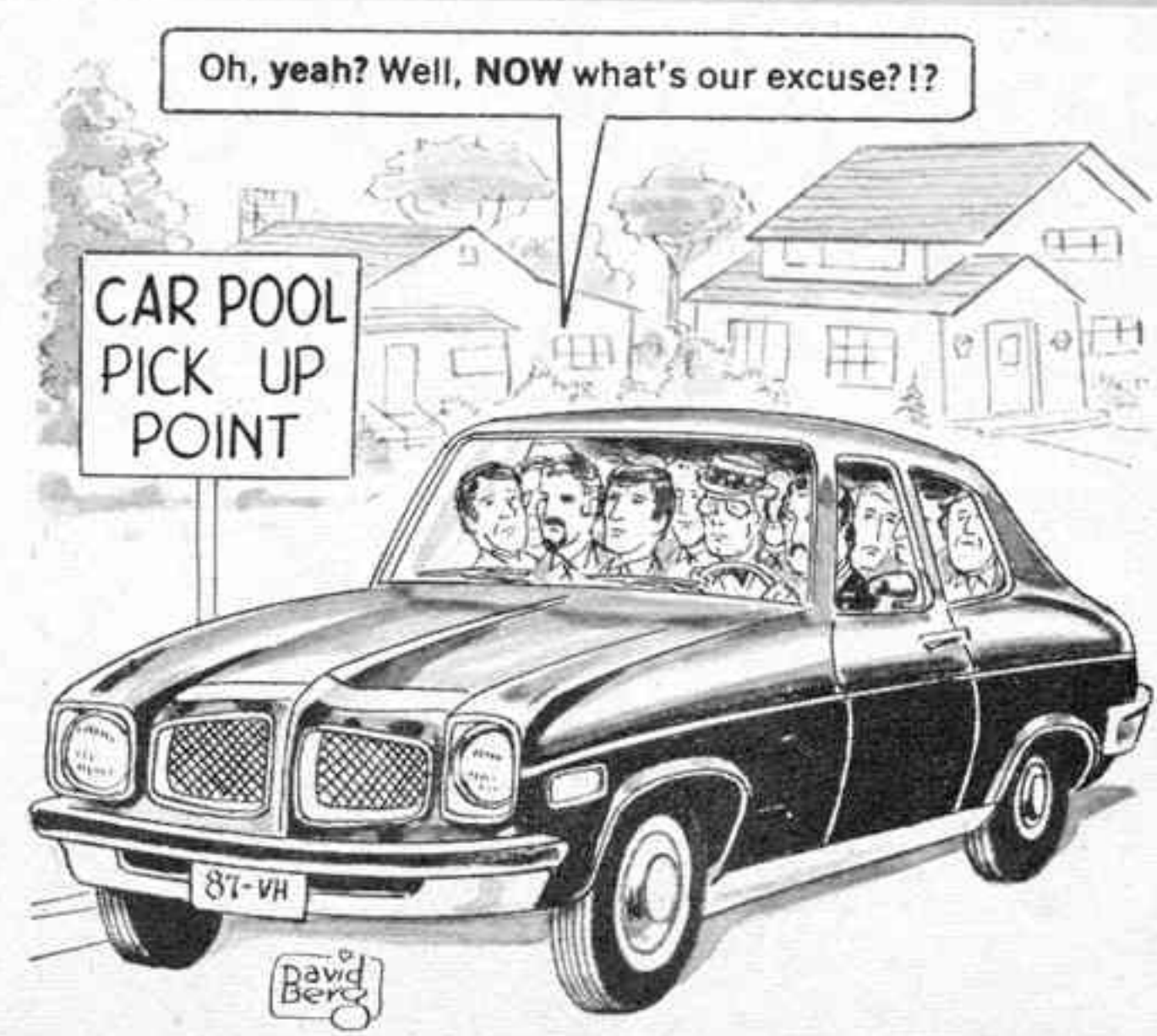
He was **always** this way!

Only **BEFORE** the energy crisis, you would have called him "**CHEAP**"!!









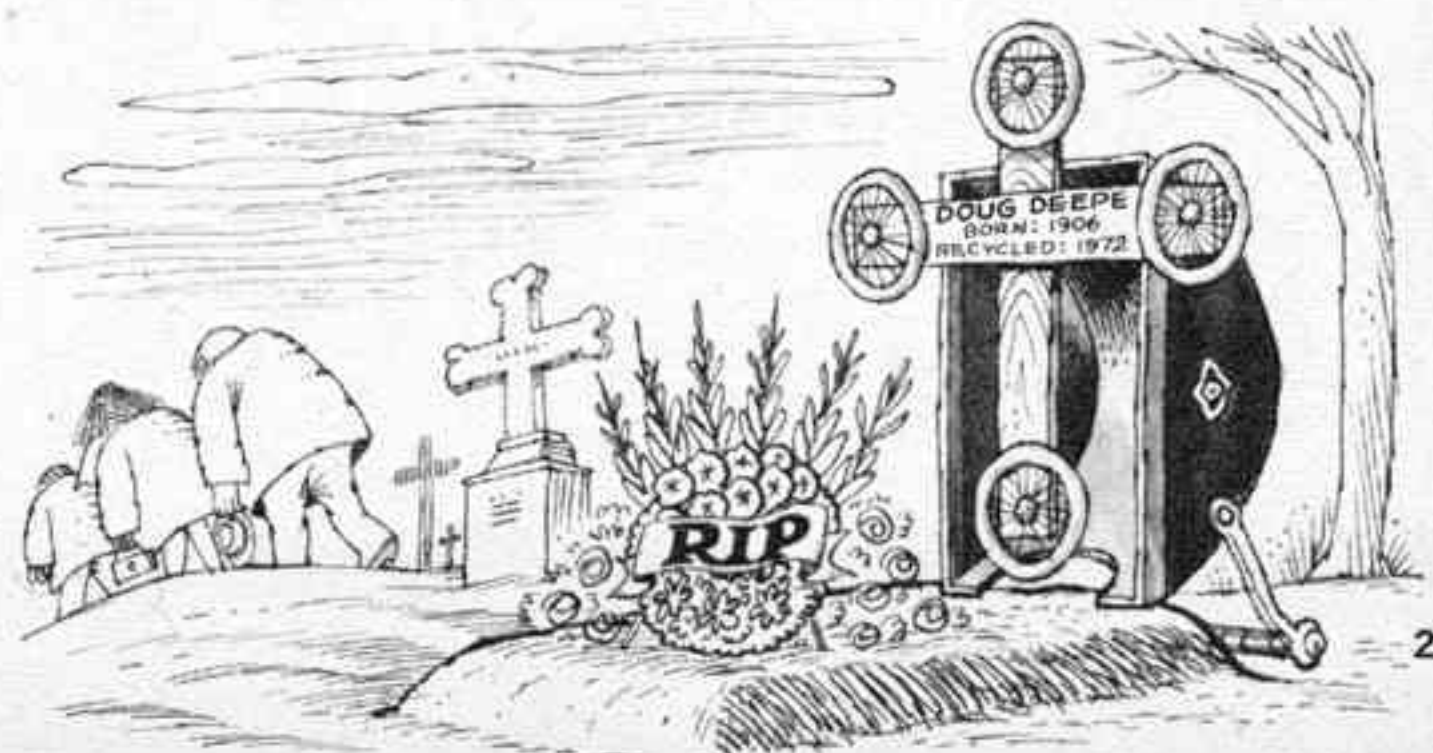
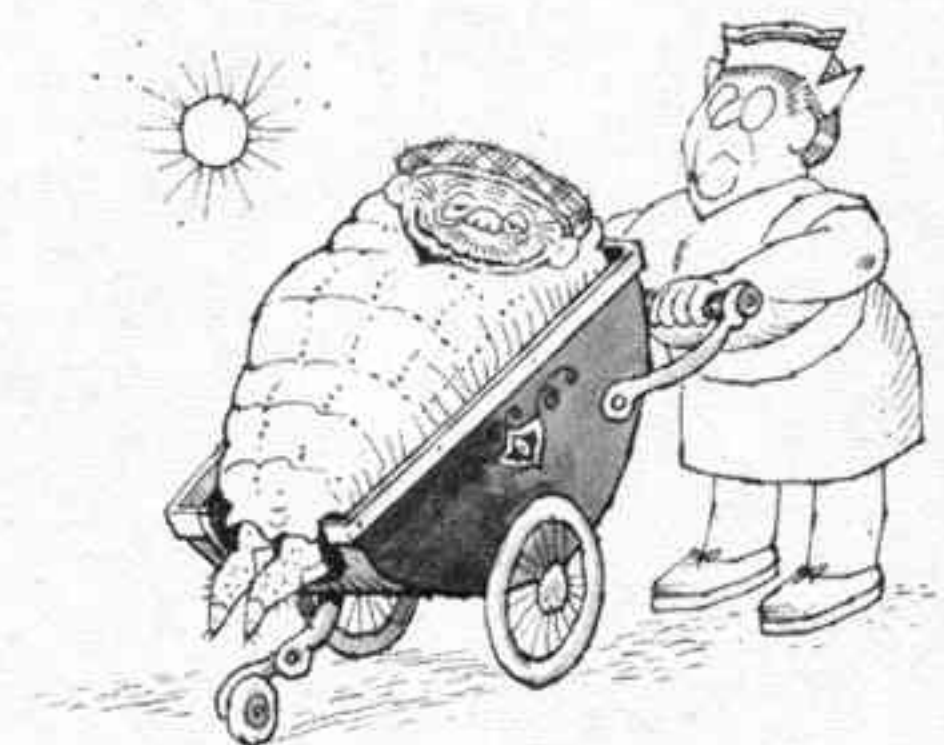
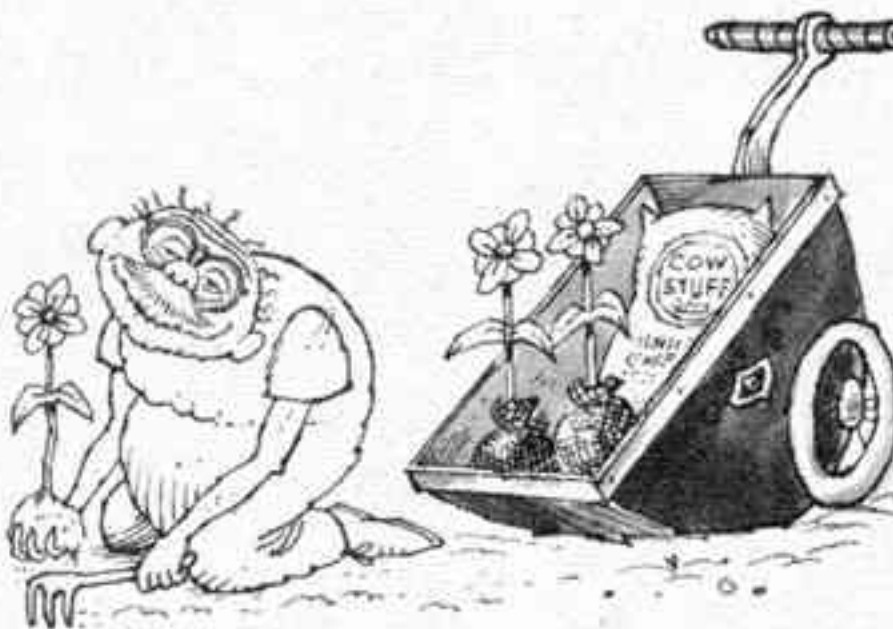
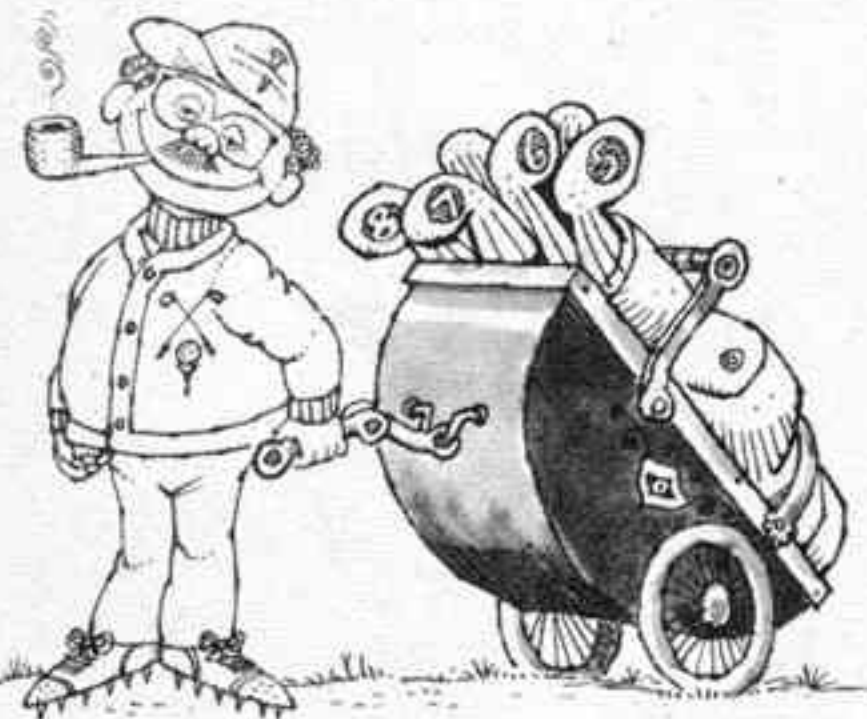
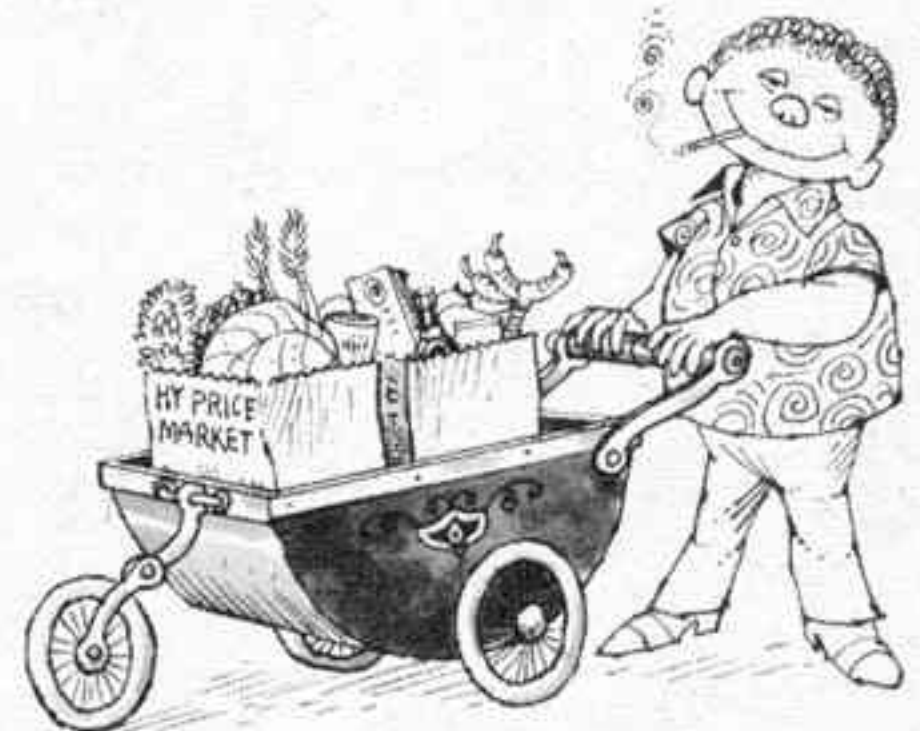
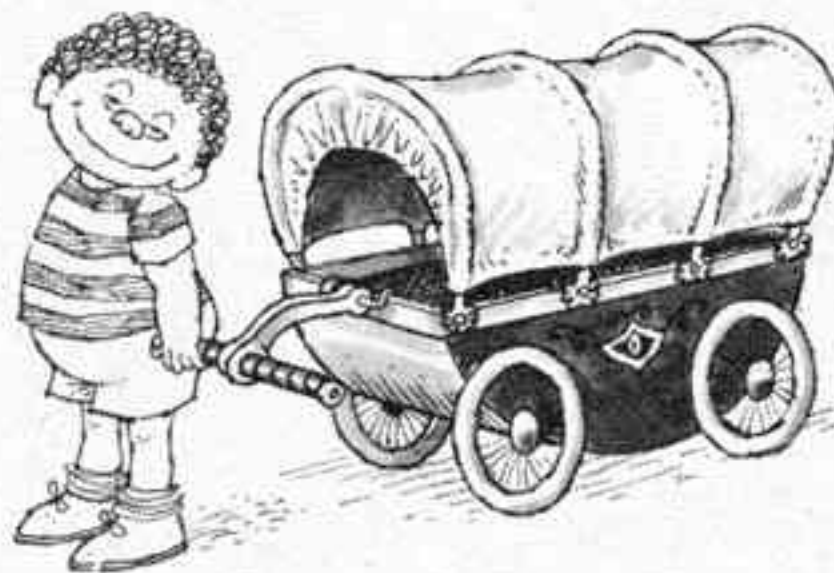
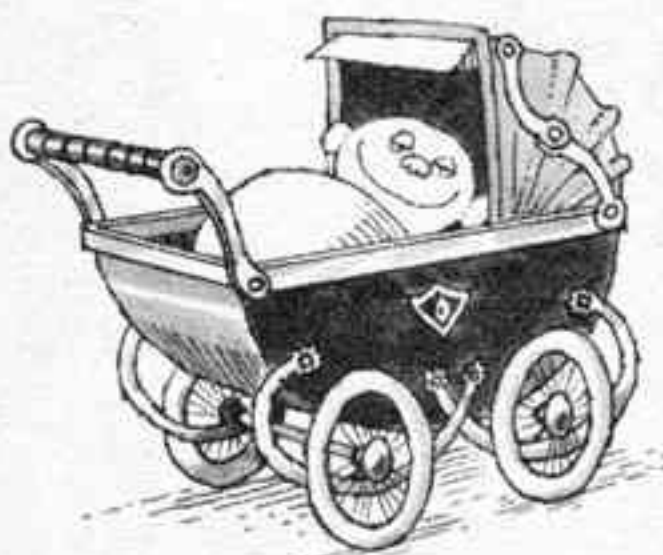
ALTERING THE WASTE DEPT.

Experts tell us that the only answer to our critical "Garbage Problem" is something called "Recycling." But what does "Recycling" mean? It means we must return our garbage to the manufacturers so they can re-use it in their products instead of creating all-new products that soon become more garbage. Sounds like a good solution, but there's one catch: Each manufacturer is interested only in the garbage he can use. Like glass makers only want bottles, and can manufacturers only want cans. Obviously, it would take ten million Boy Scouts to collect, sort and distribute the garbage we create in just one day. And so the answer is not so much in recycling our garbage back to the manufacturers, but in recycling it right where it is . . . in the home, in school, in the office, etc. To give you an idea of how this can work—and to get the country started on this noble endeavor—here is . . .

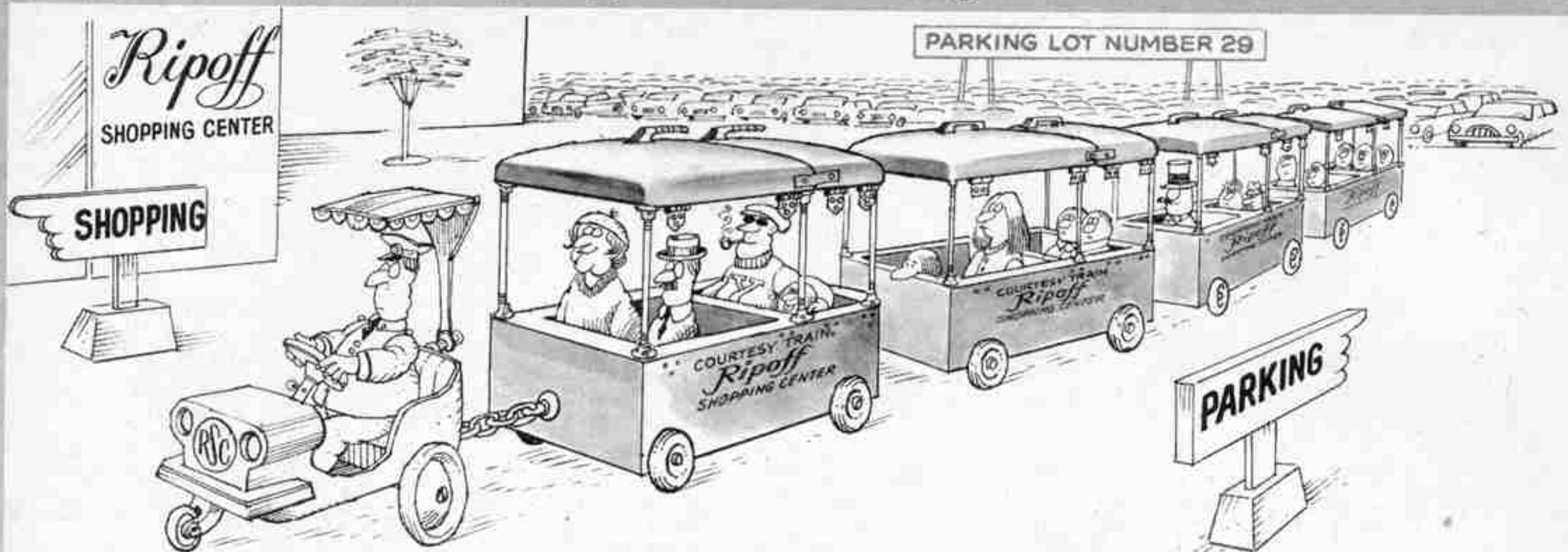
A MAD GUIDE TO RECYCLING GARBAGE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

How It Works: An Example of Complete Recycling
(Or "A Cradle-To-Grave Recycling Story")



Recycling Discarded Refrigerators

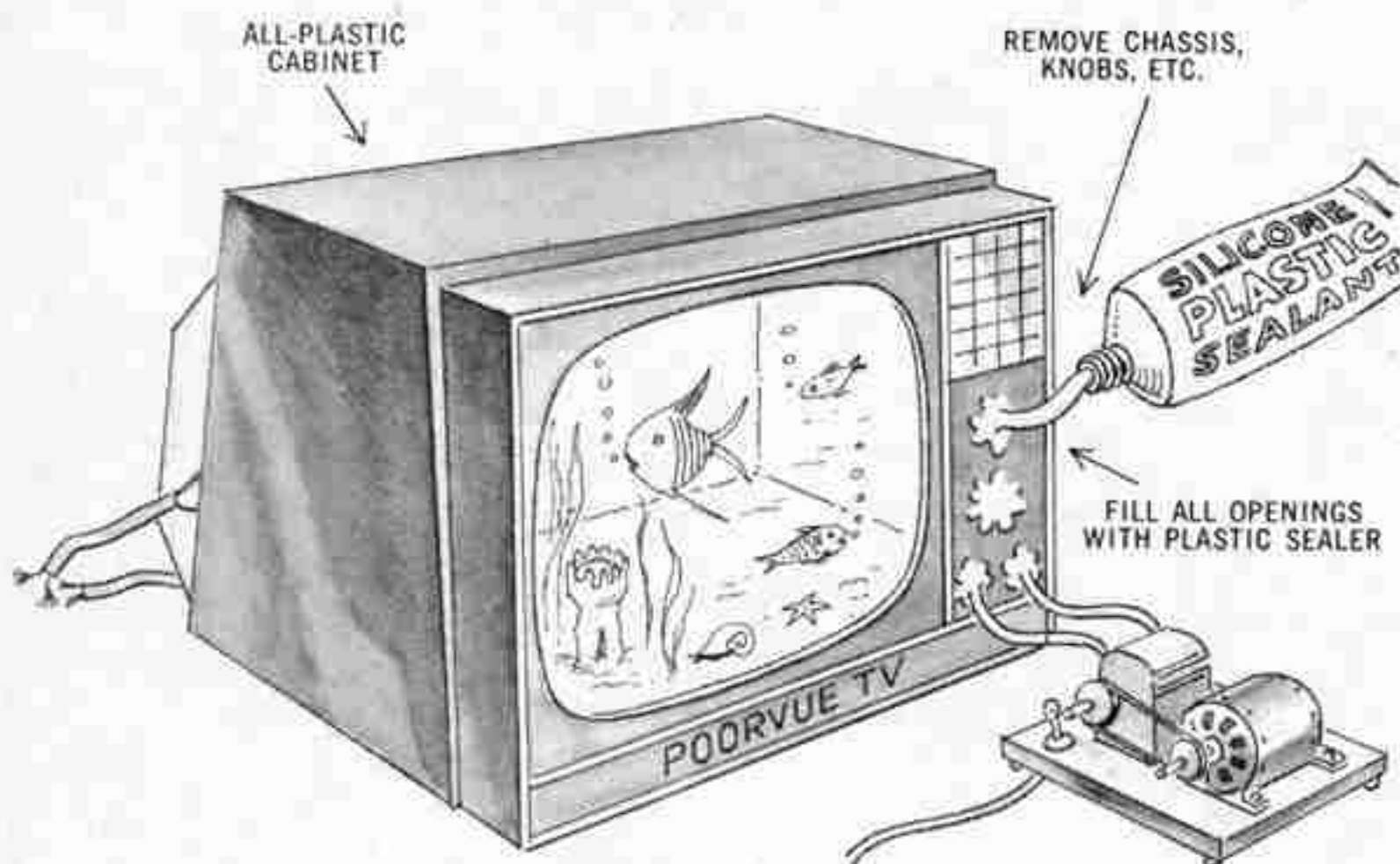


Millions of old refrigerators are discarded each year. By simply raising the doors on pipes, upholstering the insides with seats and adding wheels, they can serve

as excellent cars for mini-trains that haul customers to and from distant parking fields in shopping centers, or as play-trains in amusement parks, fairs, etc., etc.

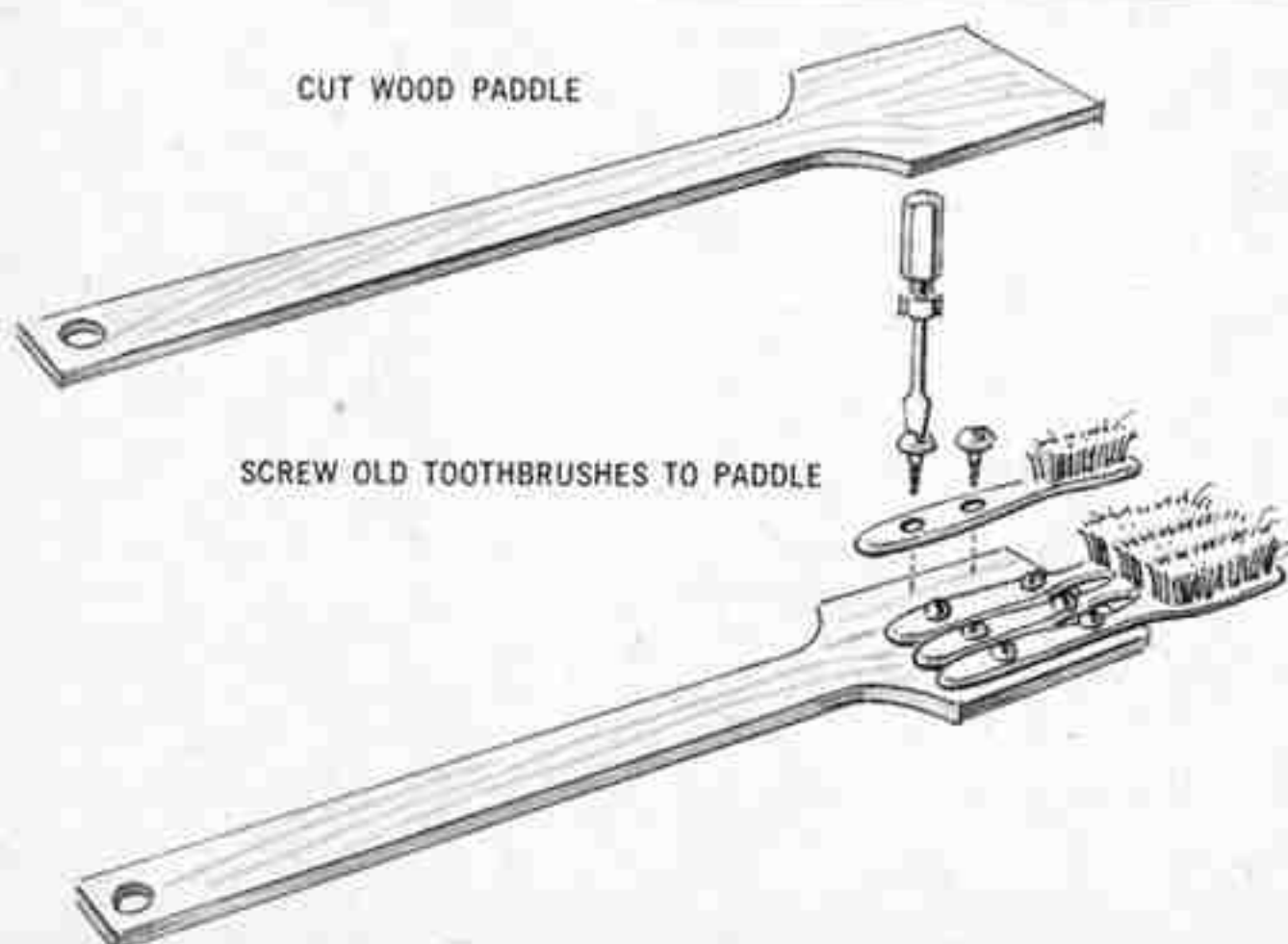
Results: All-Weather Shopper's Transportation and Amusement Park Play Trains

Recycling Old Television Sets



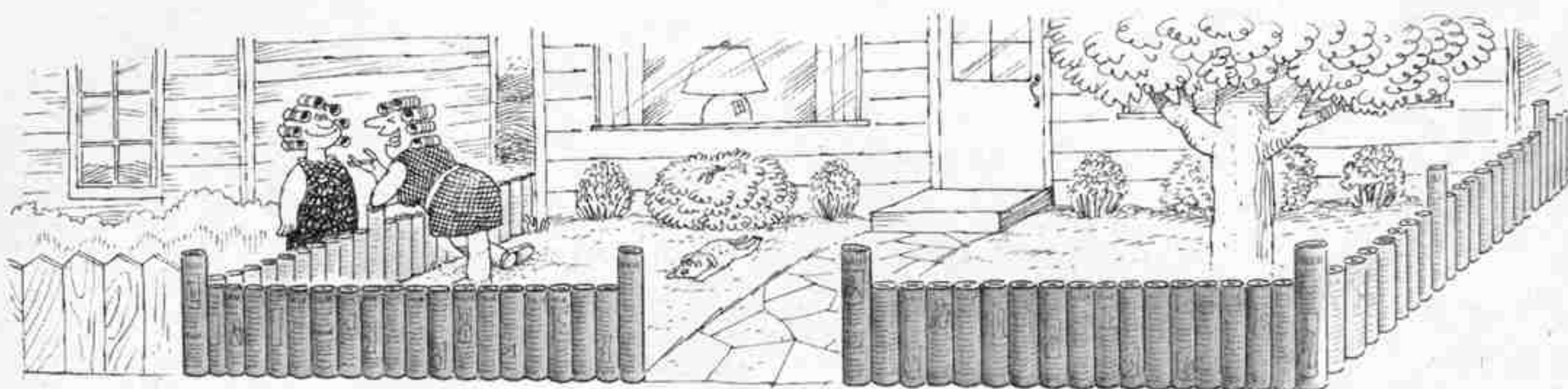
Results: Modernistic Tropical Fish Aquarium ... and Sports Fan Rain Hood

Recycling Old Toothbrushes

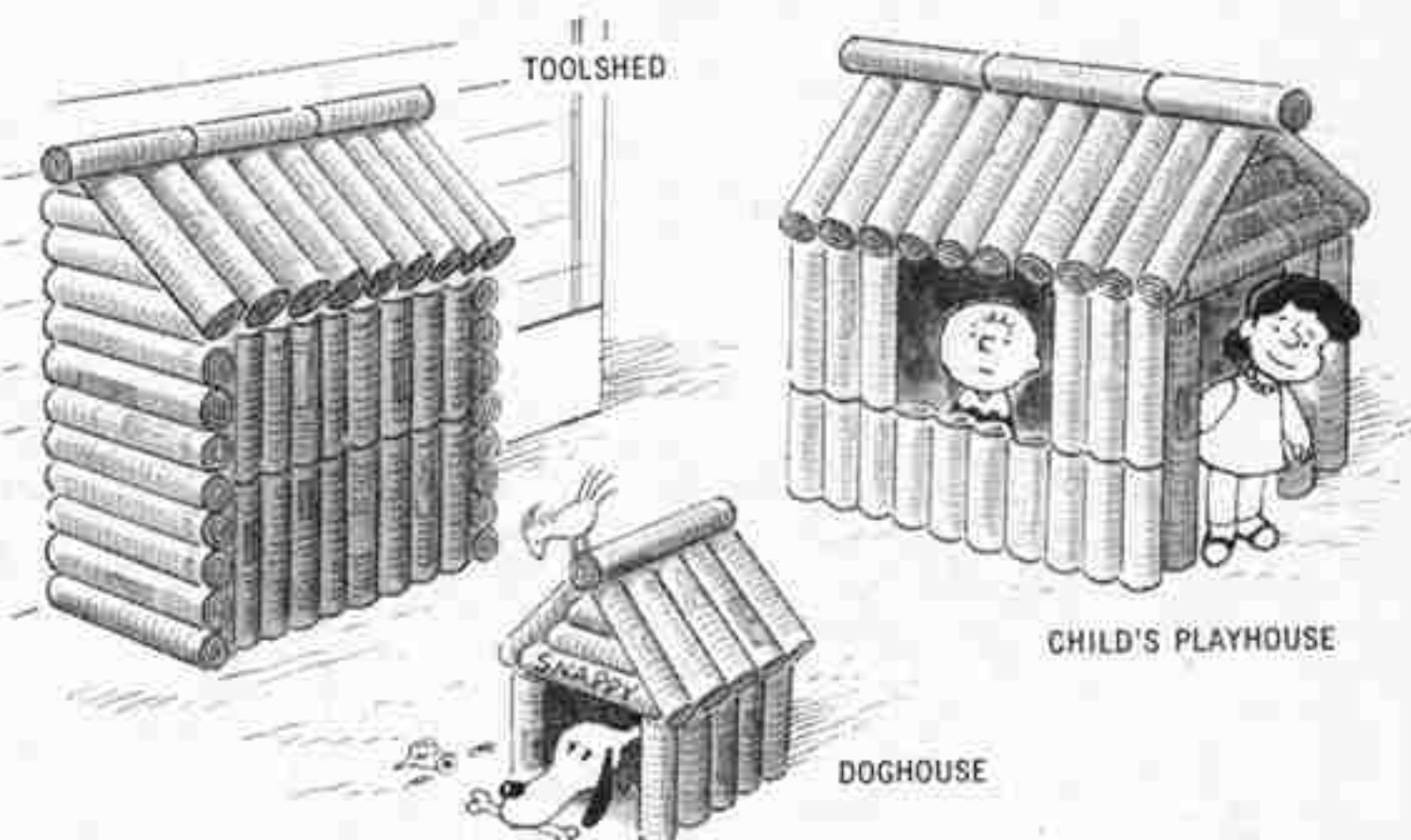
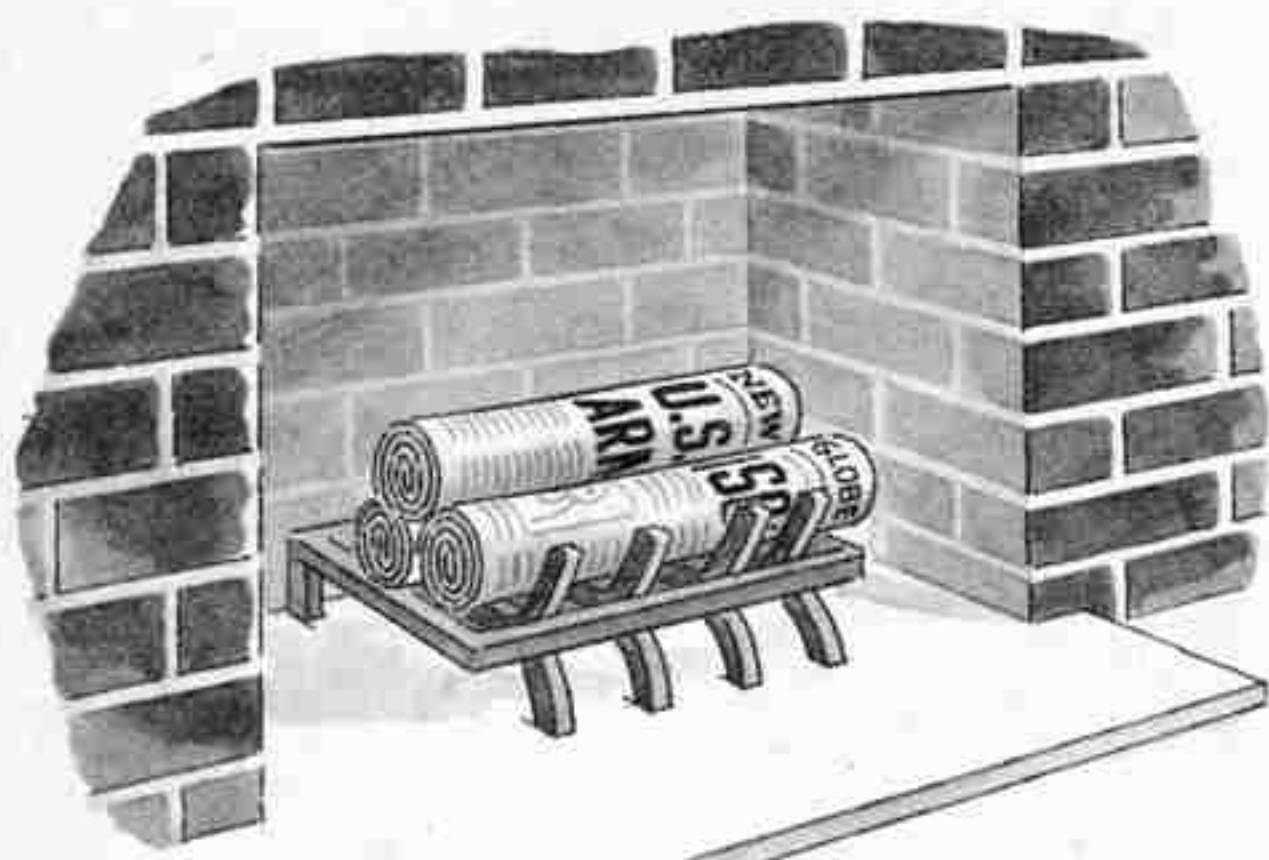


Results: An Efficient Bathroom Backscrubber

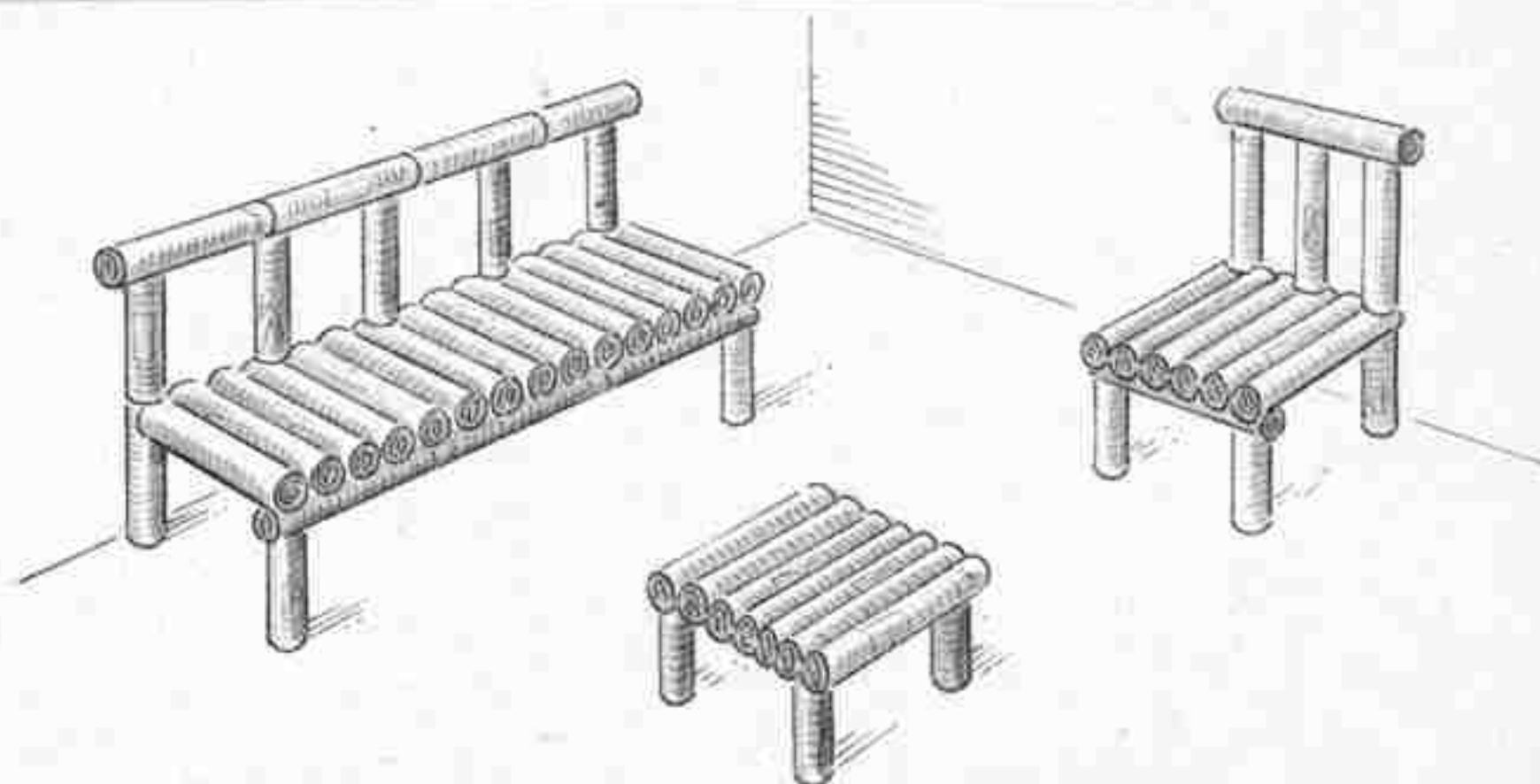
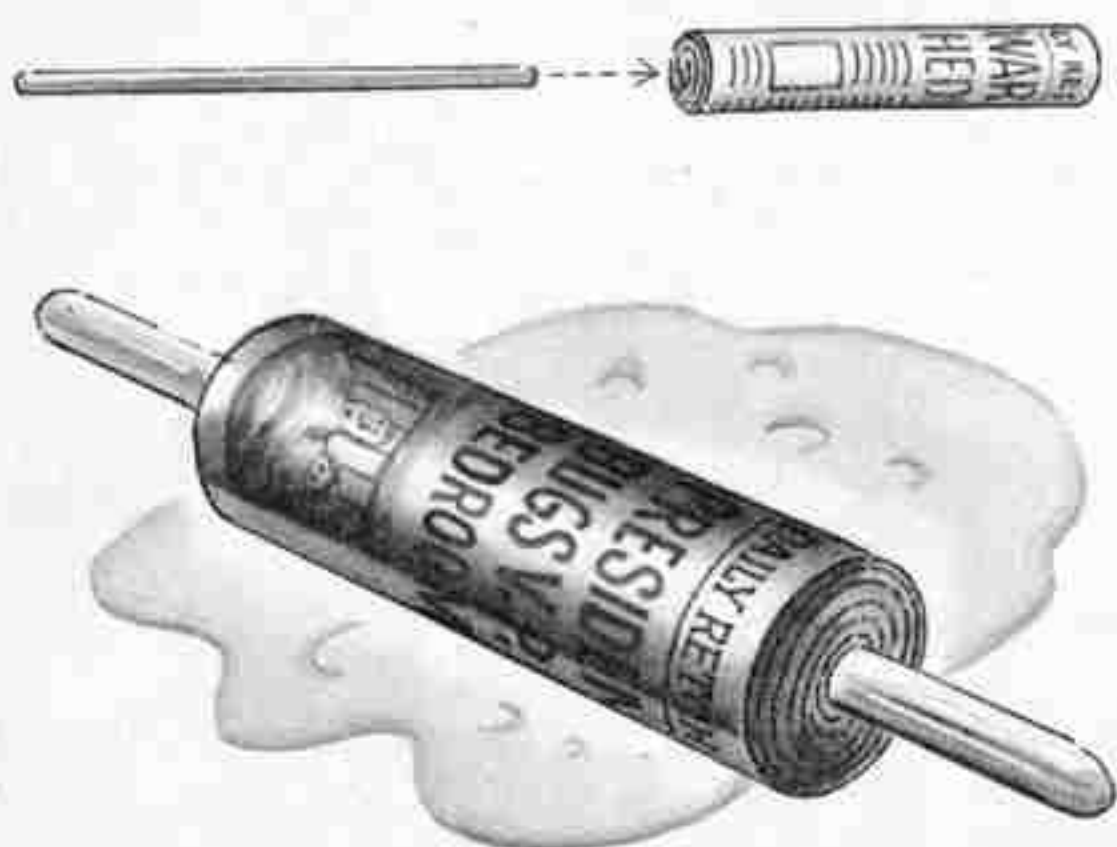
Recycling Old Newspapers



Results: Coated Rolled Newspapers Can Be Used To Erect Lively Colorful Fences

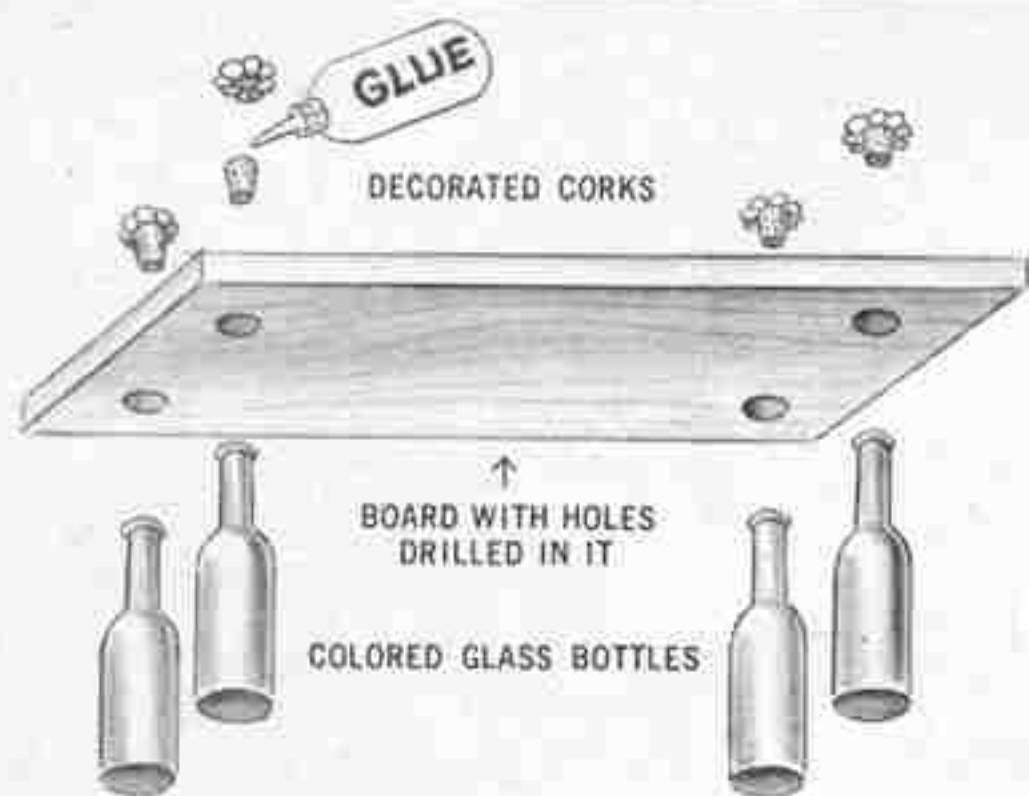


... Or As Decorative Fireplace Logs Or To Construct Small Structures ...



... Or As Household Utensils Or Used To Make Simply-Styled Furniture.

Recycling Old Glass Bottles



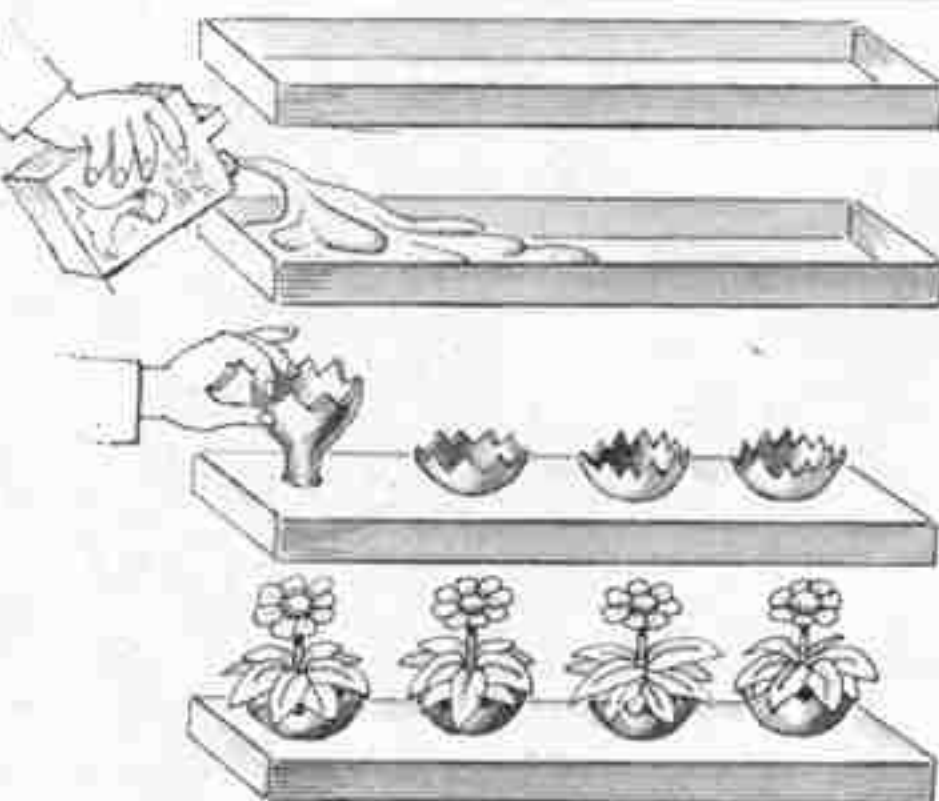
Results: Bottles Make Colorful Legs For Charming Coffee Tables And End Tables.

MAKE CARDBOARD TRAY TO FIT WINDOW SILL

FILL TRAY WITH PLASTIC COMPOUND OR CEMENT

ARRANGE BROKEN BOTTLES NECK DOWN AS SHOWN

FILL BOTTLES WITH SOIL AND PLANT FLOWERS



Results: A Decorative Burglar Discourager



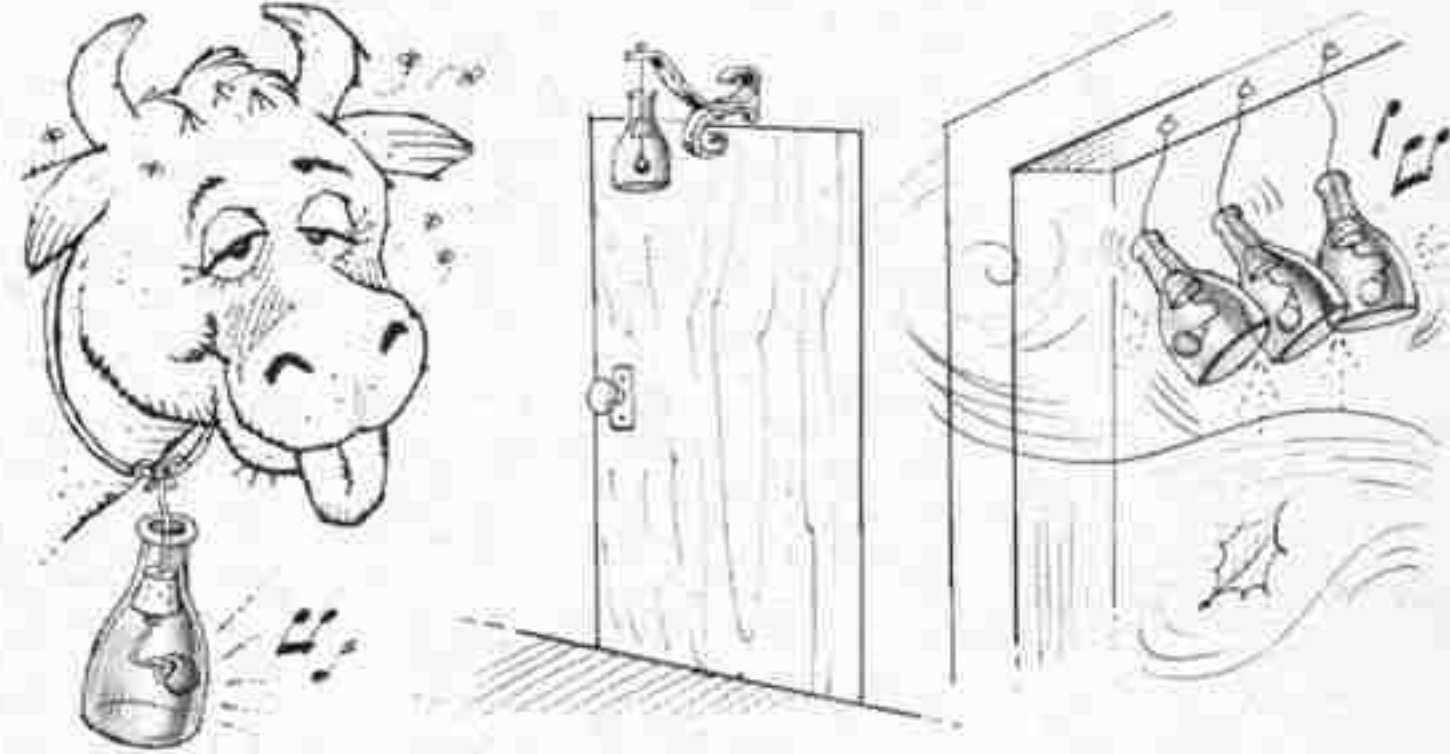
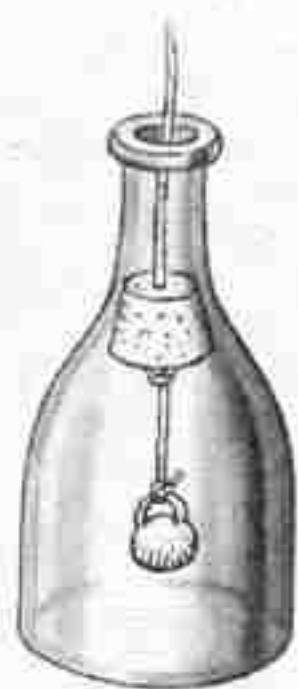
STRING

UPSIDE DOWN CORK

KNOT

LEAD SINKER

INSERT THIS INTO BOTTLE LIKE THIS



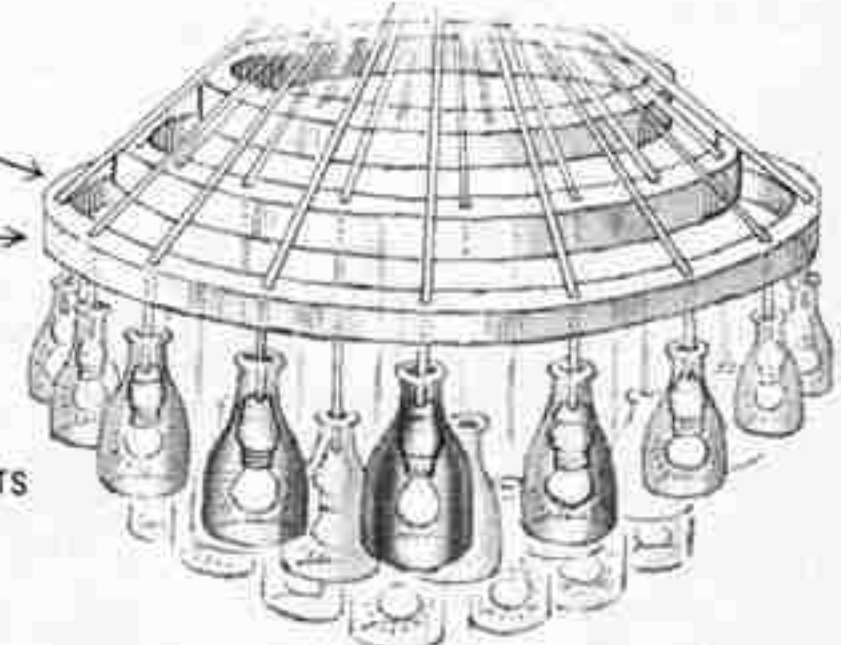
Results: Ear-pleasing Bells and Chimes



WIRING

PLEXIGLASS HOOPS

BOTTLES WITH BULBS IN SOCKETS



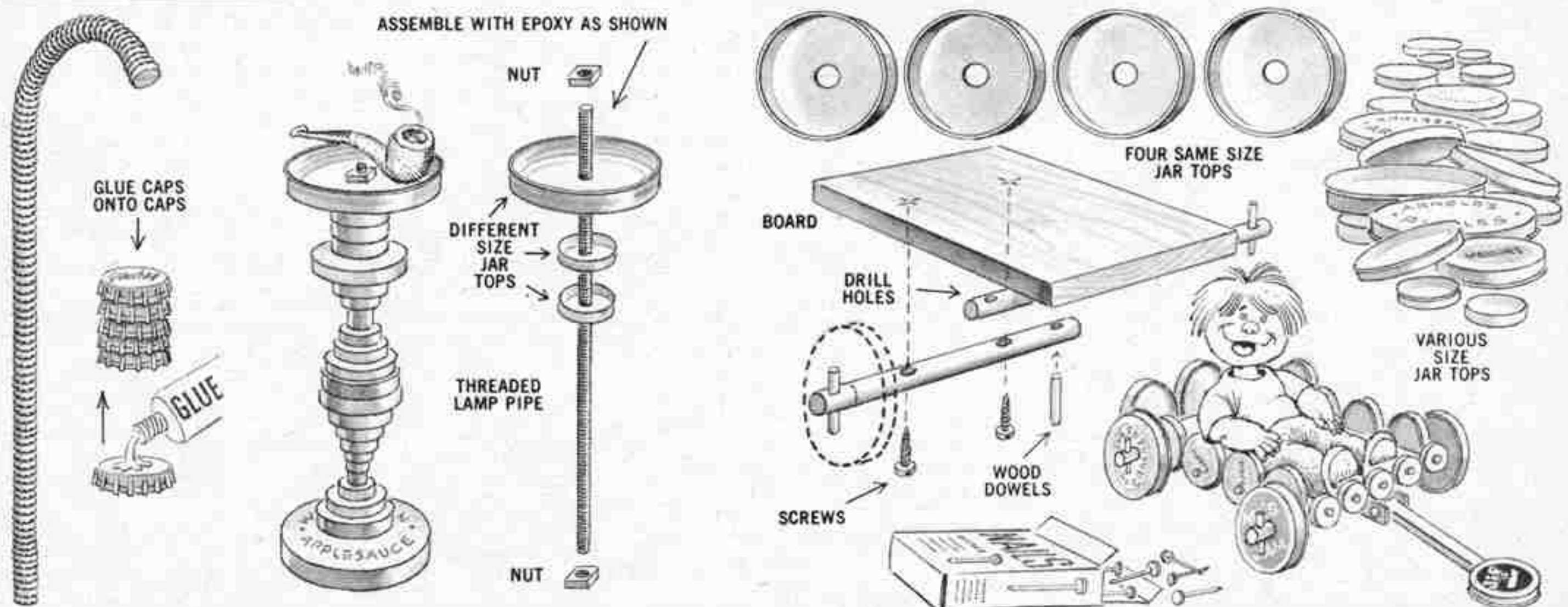
... Or Practical Windproof Candleholder ... Or Fancy-Looking Glass Chandelier.

Recycling Bottle Caps and Jar Tops

Imaginative painting, carving and designing can do wonders with the millions of bottle caps and jar tops discarded daily.



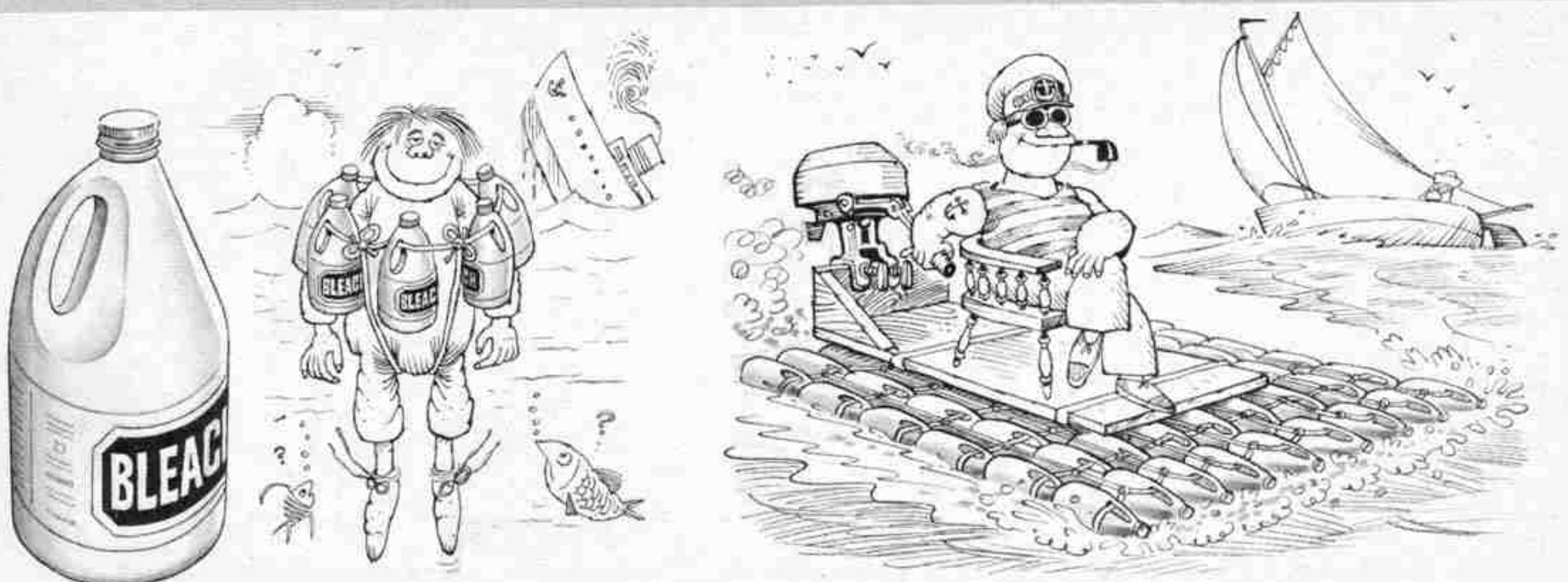
Results: Attractive Earrings, Necklaces, Rings and other Creative Jewelry.



Results: Canes ... Ash Tray Stands ...

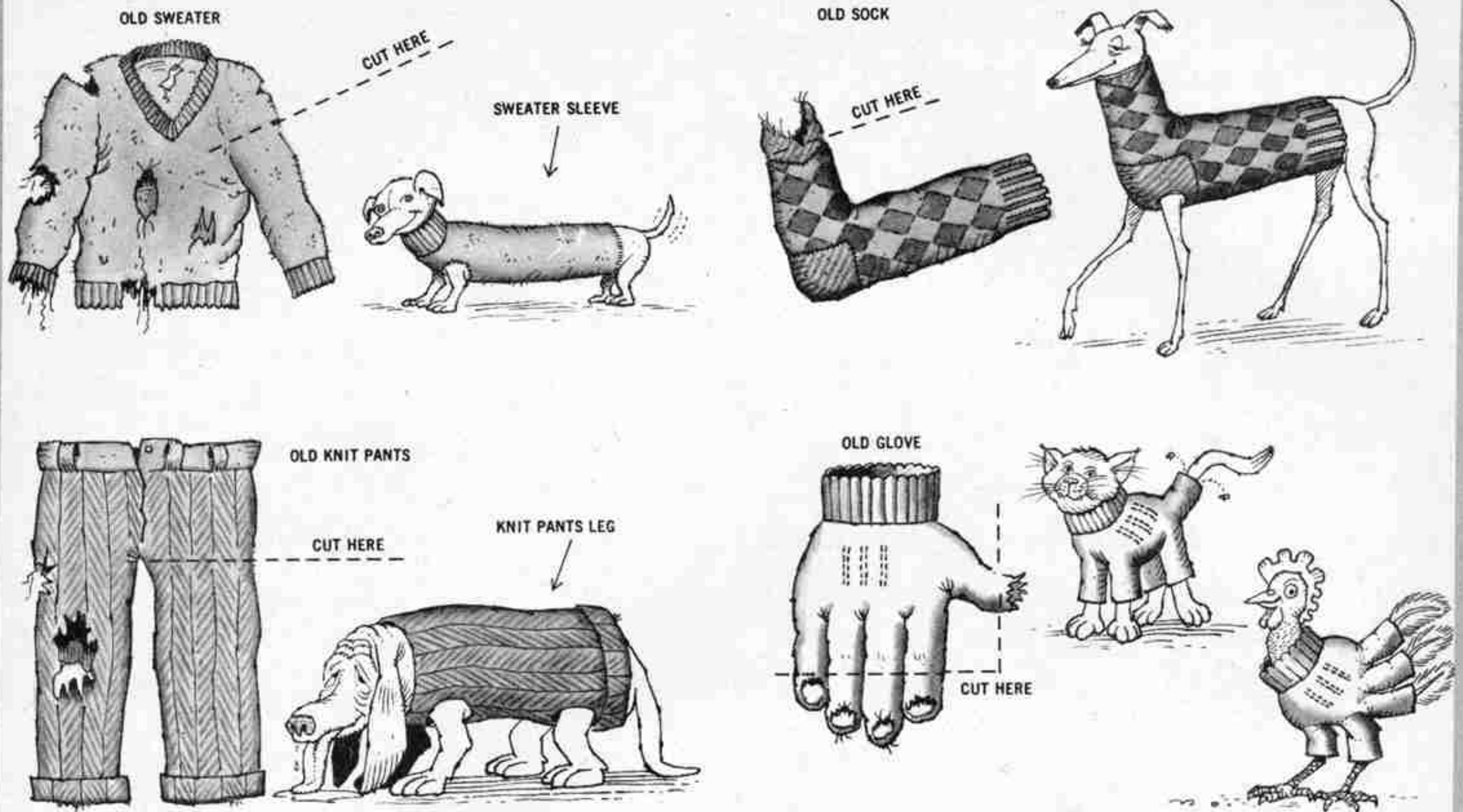
And A Clever Child's Toy Wagon.

Recycling Old Plastic Bottles



Results: Buoyant Life Preserver ... And Unsinkable Outboard-Powered Raft.

Recycling Old Clothes and Ties



Results: Stylish, Practical Winter Pet Clothes for Dogs, Cats and Roosters.



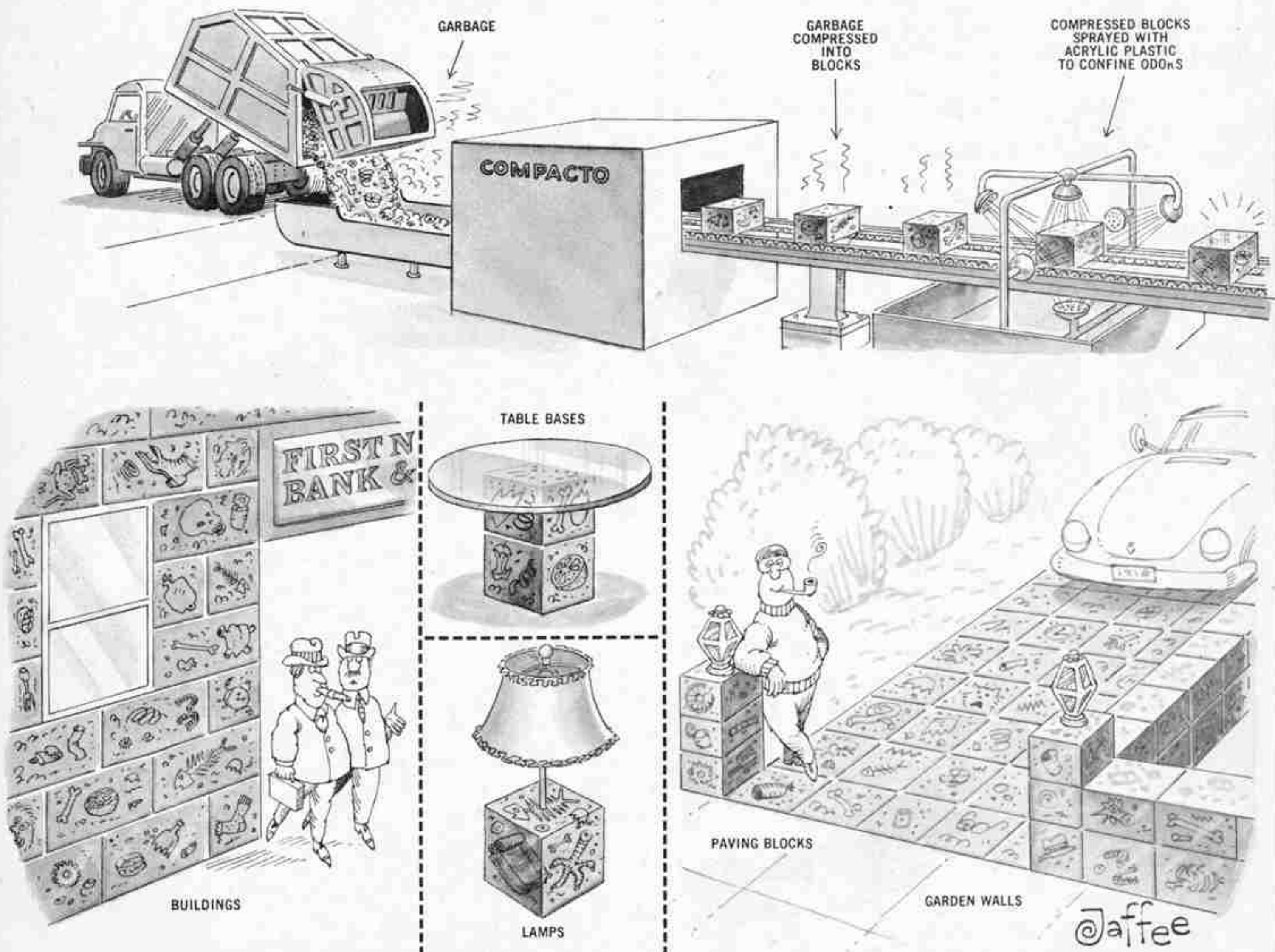
Results: Beautiful, Colorful Table Cloths, Skirts, Throw Rugs and Curtains.

Recycling Old Fluorescent Tubes



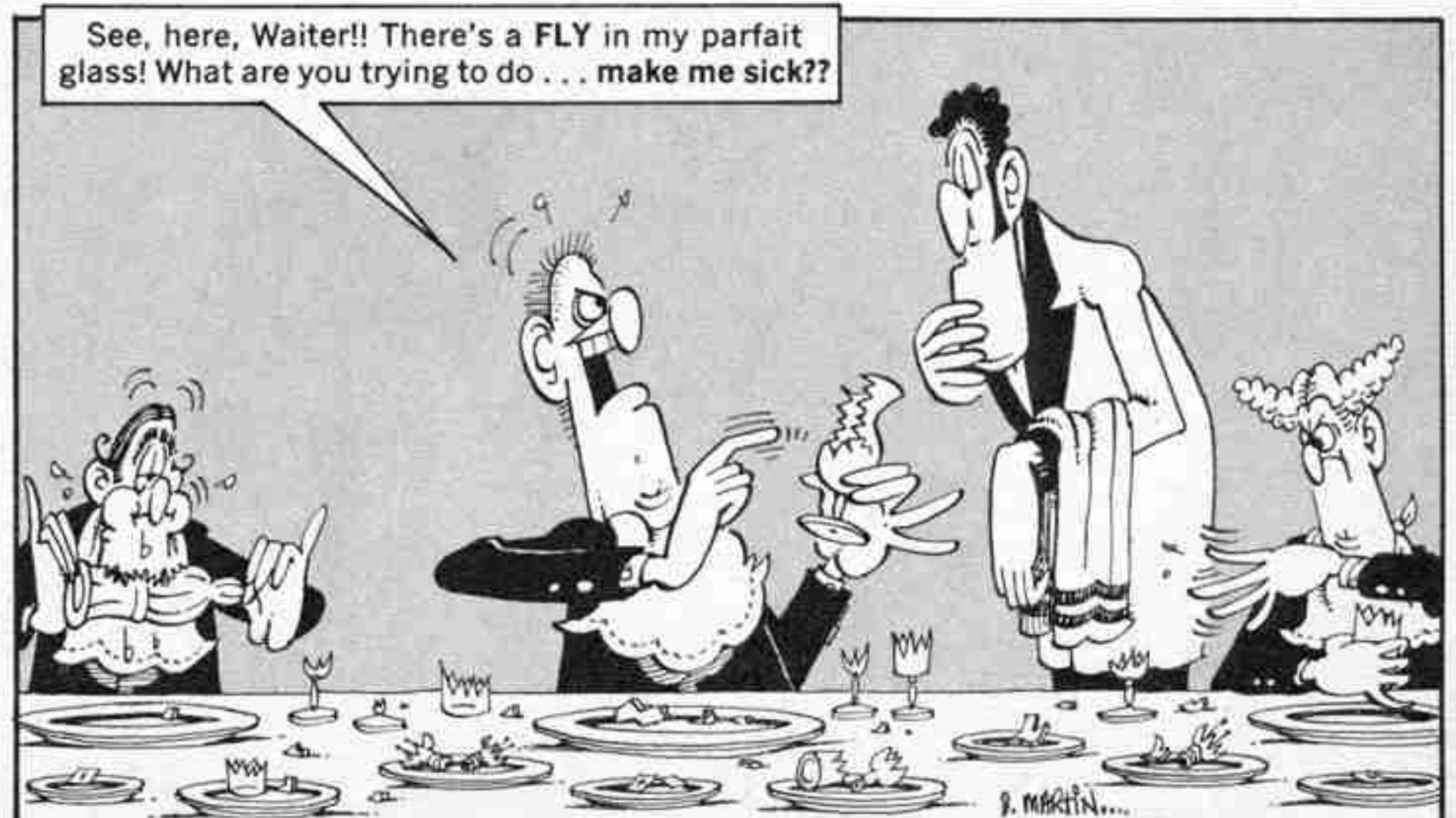
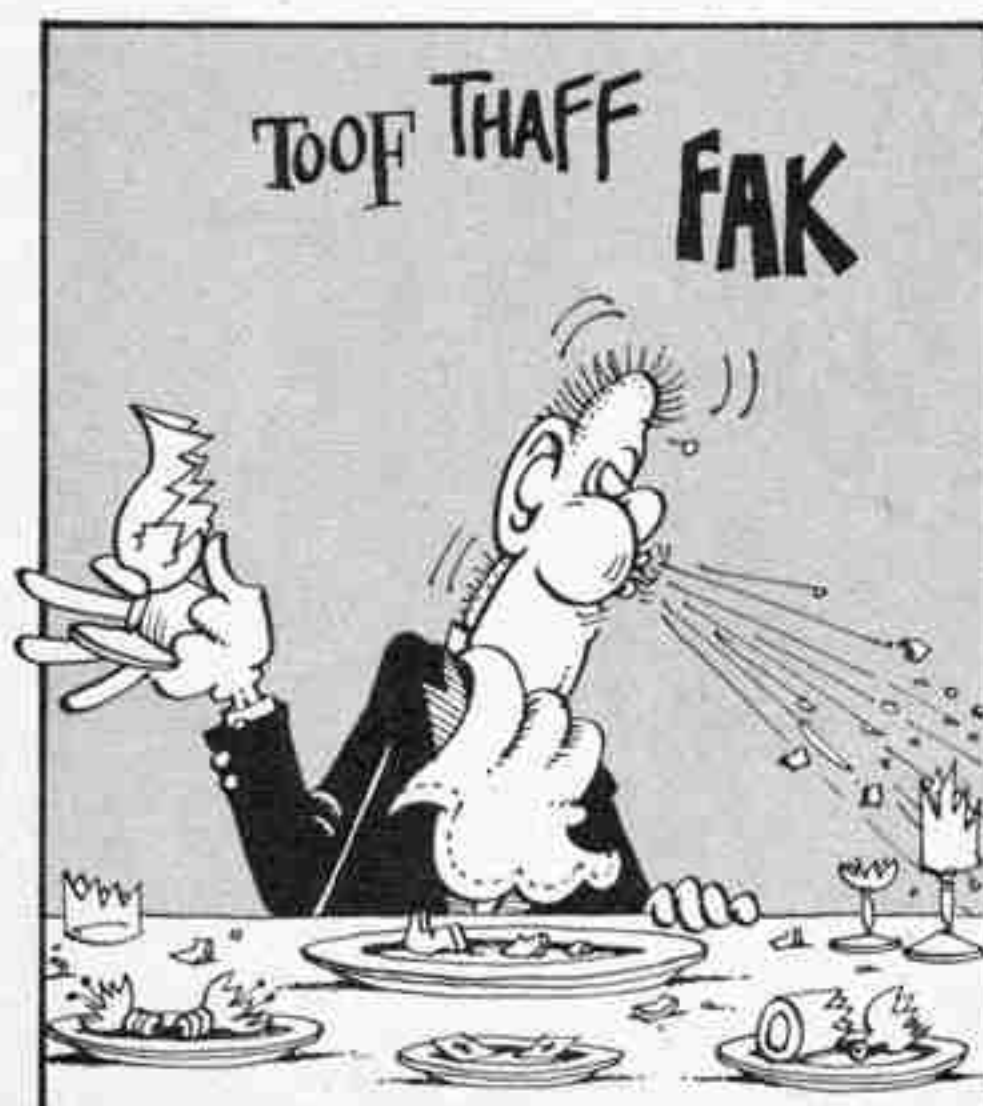
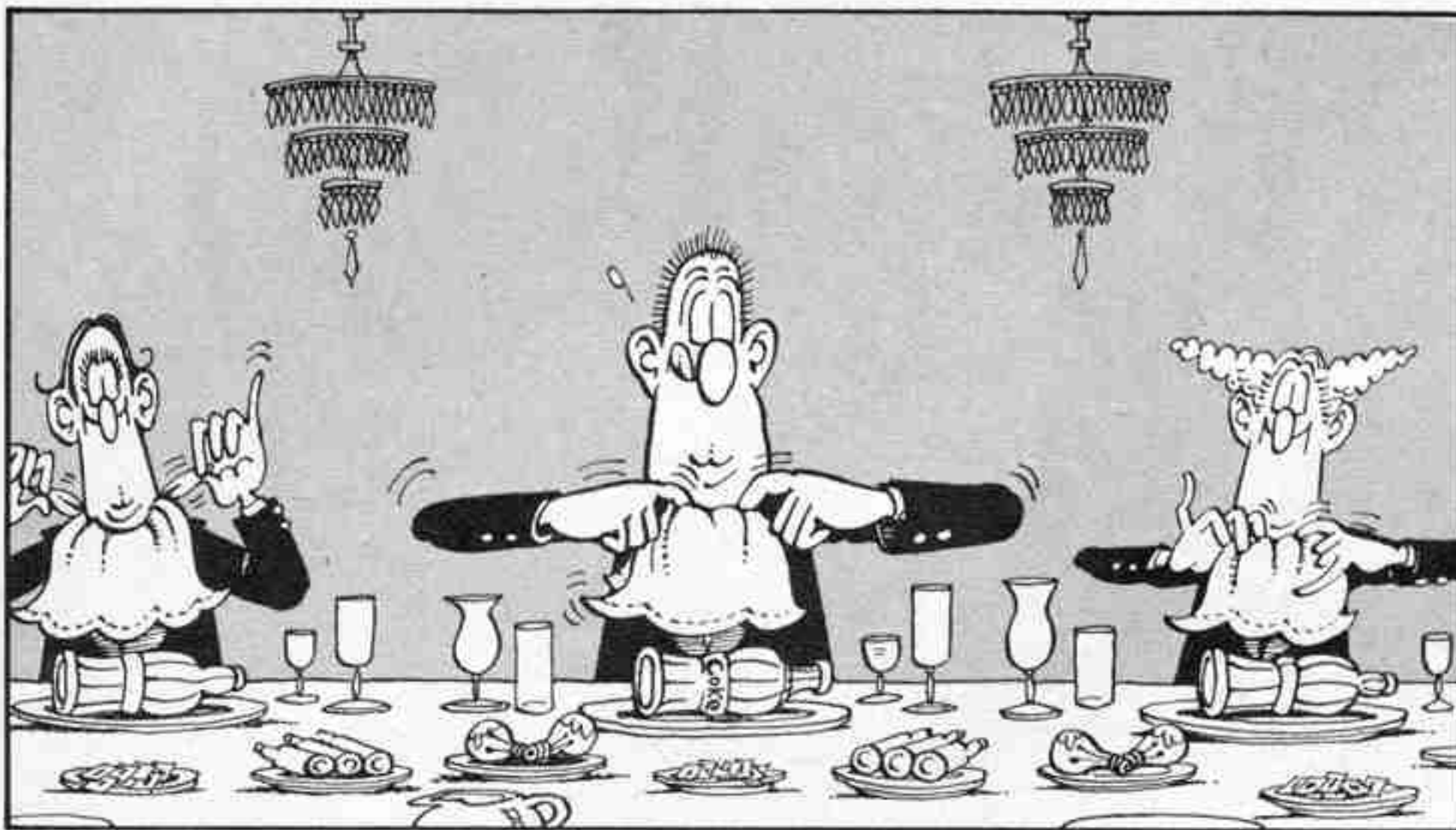
Results: Can be used as Decorative Room Dividers and Novelty Picture Frames.

Recycling Miscellaneous Garbage



Results: Colorful and interesting-looking Acrylic-Coated Compressed Garbage Blocks are impervious to fire, water, etc., and can be used in construction.

AT "THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL GLASS-EATERS" BANQUET



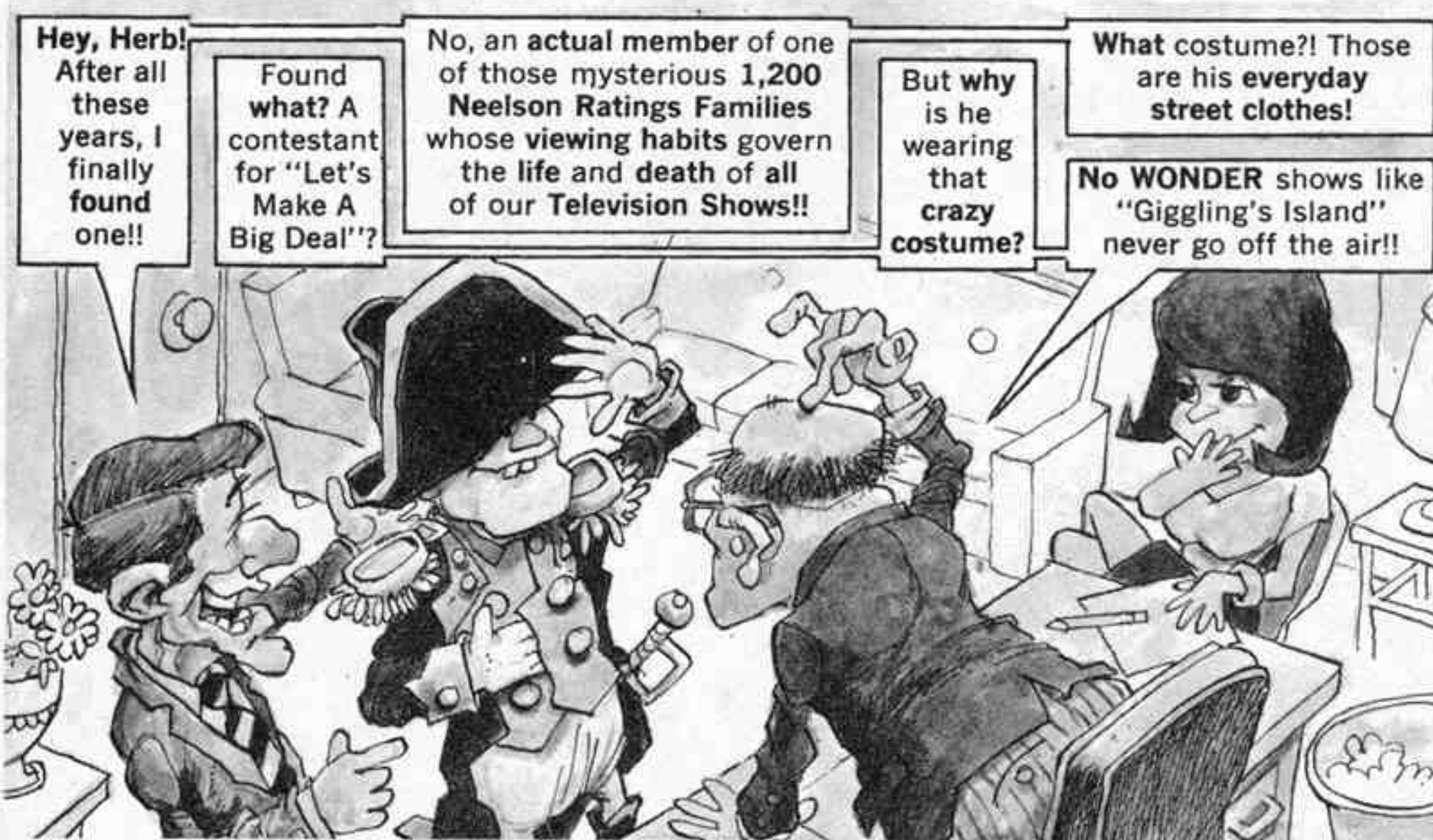


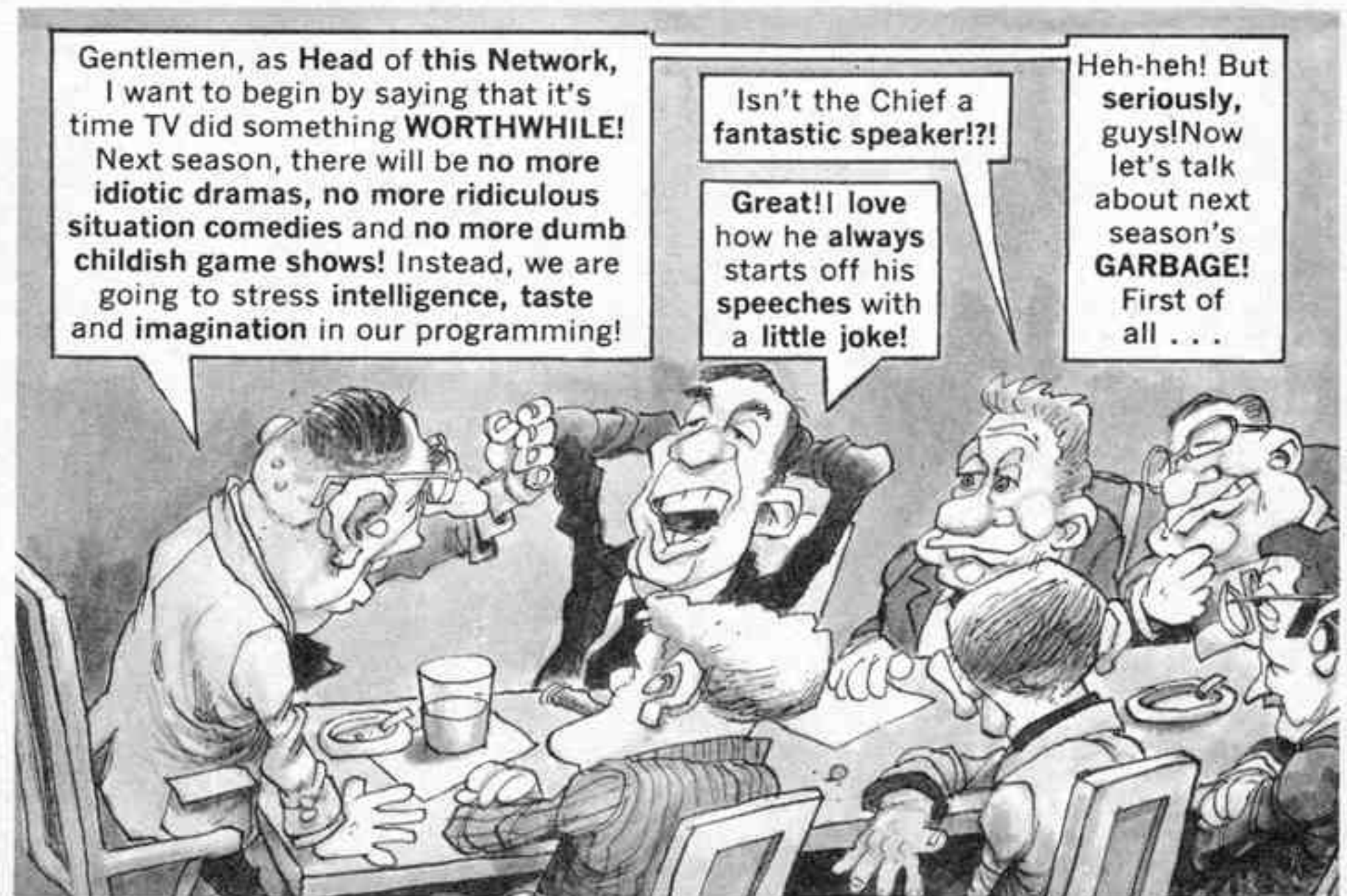
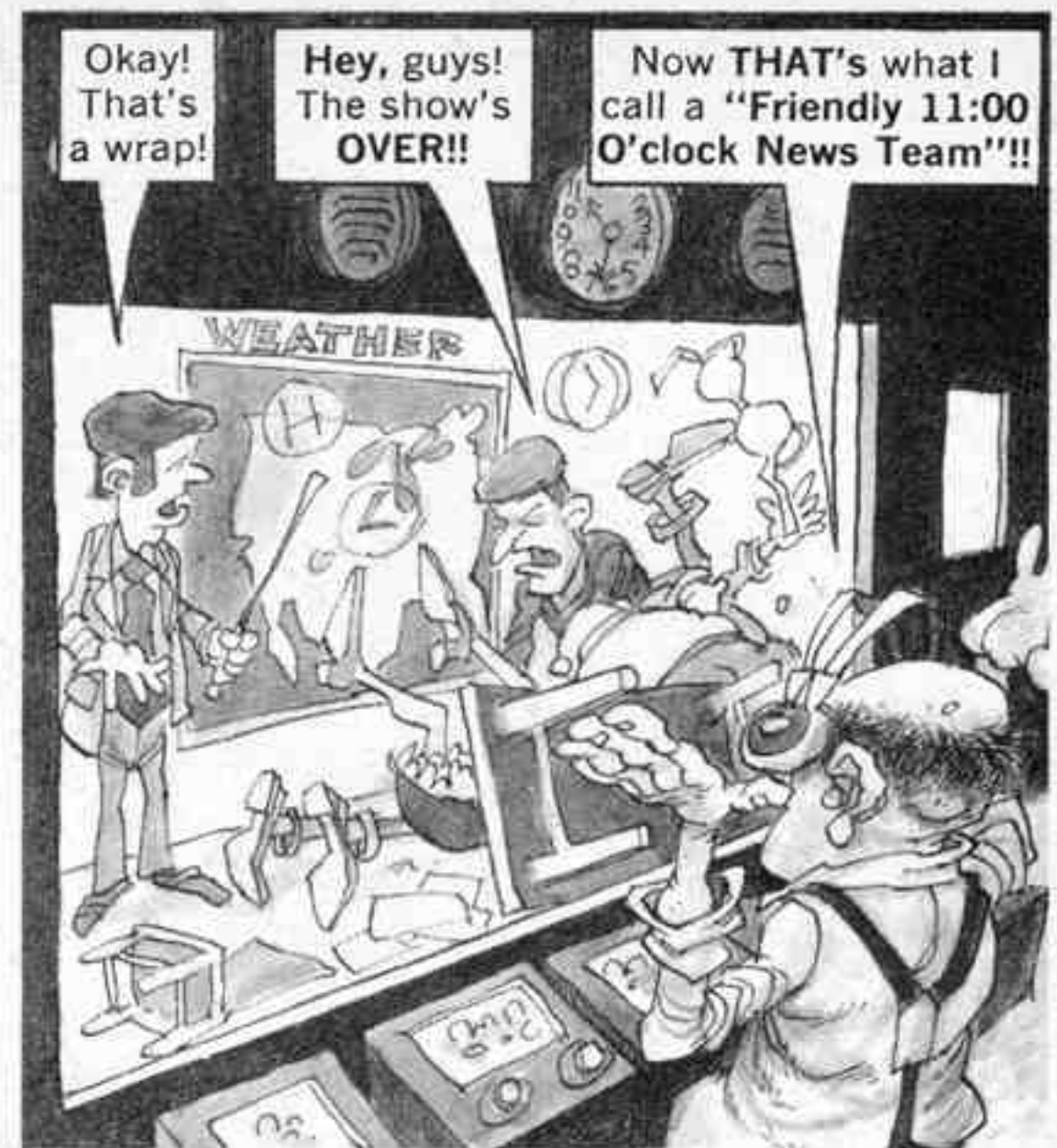
A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A TV NETWORK

ARTIST: BRUCE DAY

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







THEN AND OWW! DEPT.

AND NOW, FOR YOU NOSTALGIA FANS, A LOOK BACK AT

REMEMBER

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

REMEMBER WHEN...



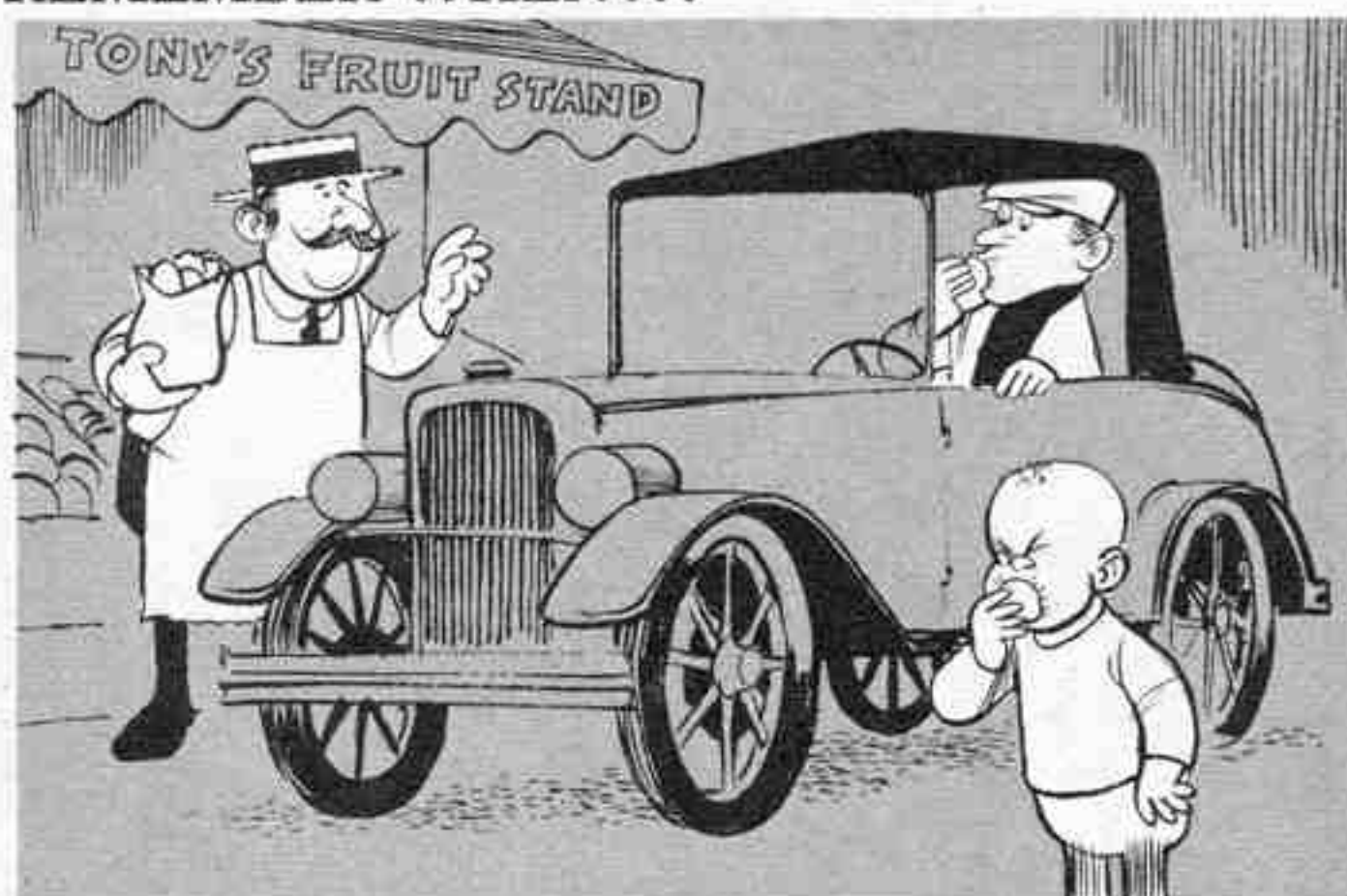
... there were no fold-outs in magazines, and the biggest sex thrill was sneaking a look at "National Geographic" in your Dentist's waiting room!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... a "Pot Party" was a social gathering where women came to buy teflon fry pans!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... we used to suck lemons, not drive them!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... "Energy Crisis" meant you forgot to eat your *Wheaties*!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... George Washington's birthday was actually celebrated on George Washington's birthday!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... you not only didn't watch "Kung Fu"
... you weren't even allowed to say it!

THE OLD DAYS WHEN THINGS WERE A LOT DIFFERENT!

R W H E N...

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

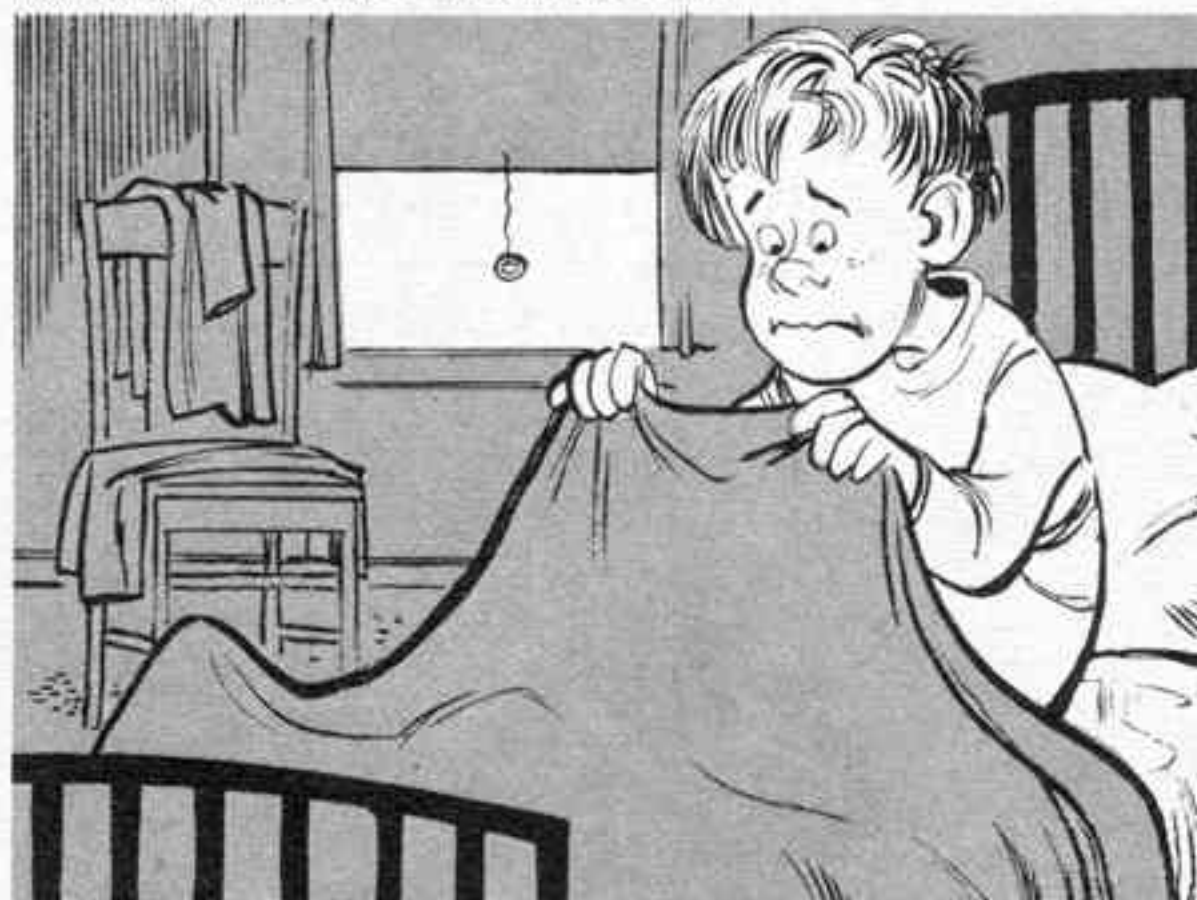


REMEMBER WHEN...



... girls wore long skirts? And how, if you wanted to know if a girl was knock-kneed, you had to listen!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... you slept on a "Water Bed"? No... not intentionally! You just woke up that way!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... baseball teams used to trade players, not wives!

REMEMBER WHEN...



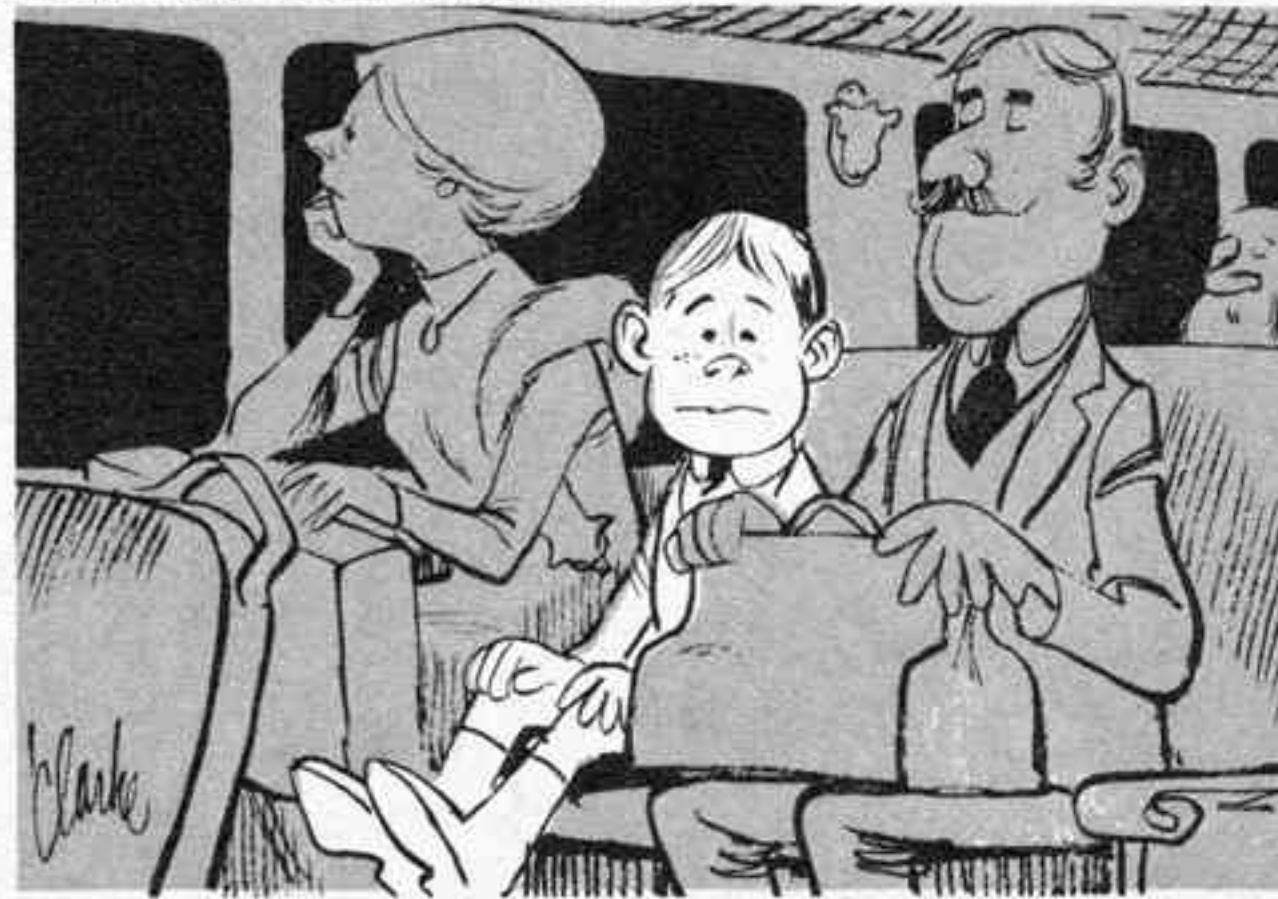
... Rest Rooms were simply marked "Men" and "Women"!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... we used to settle our problems over coffee and cigarettes? Now, *those* are our problems!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... a "bad trip" was an overnight train ride to visit your cousin in Schenectady!



Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

MAY

		THURS 16	MAD goes on sale. Newsstand dealers hope it will sell as well as TV Guide, Playboy and Penthouse.	
FRI 17	Elmo Griff turns on with a friend, figuring that two heads are better than one, 1970.	SAT 18	German who walks around corner to restaurant generally takes a turn for the wurst.	
SUN 19	Being a pyromaniac isn't too bad a profession if you don't mind having to scratch for a living.	MON 20	Sonny announces he'll cut wife's hair, becomes television's first Cher-cropper, 1972	
TUES 21	Physician Harley Oxmount hears Henny Youngman routine, discovers the gag reflex, 1955. GAAAAAK!	WED 22	Queen Elizabeth considers a new husband, figuring Britain has had its Phil, 1966.	
THURS 23	Siamese man who falls in vat of artificial coloring winds up Thai-dyed.	FRI 24	Levi-Strauss releases annual report, announces record overall profit, 1965.	
SAT 25	Boston bans porno movie about a pro football tight end, titled "Deep Threat", 1972.	SUN 26	John Wayne's birthday. Take a horse to lunch.	
MON 27	Memorial Day. National Safety Council predicts record 2,000 highway fatalities.	TUES 28	Highway toll only 1,999. Safety Council staff draw straws to see who will drive into a tree.	
WED 29	Jockey Underwear sues Munsingwear, 1953; lawyers exchange briefs.	THURS 30	Italian Wife-Swapping day. "One man's mate is another man's paisano."	
FRI 31	Vladimir Vonsk kills 300 in Moscow purge, wins gold medal for Marxmanship, 1917.			

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

JUNE

SAT 1	Mercury flips out on speed, Mount Olympus, 4015 B.C.	SUN 2	Tarzan's birthday. Take an ape to lunch.	
MON 3	Lawrence Welk to salute rulers of Argentina and South Viet Nam with "a Juan and a Thieu."	TUES 4	Pompeii songsmith Lucius Lupus pens hit song "Lava Come Back To Me," 79 A.D.	
WED 5	Eve turns down Adam, says she prefers someone more experienced, 6014, B.C.	THURS 6	Actor who's losing his hair invariably winds up with small part.	
FRI 7	Whistler finishes portrait of his father, originates Pop Art, 1888.	SAT 8	Today marks the 125th anniversary of June 8th, 1849.	
SUN 9	Annual Dwarf-Flogging Day, begun in 1874 for people who feel a little strapped.	MON 10	New Haven students invent special kind of smoked salmon, call it Yale lox, 1954.	
TUES 11	Jacques Cousteau's birthday. Take a bathysphere to lunch.	WED 12	Pants-pressers stage mass walk-out, 1940, chanting slogan, "Strike while the iron is hot!"	
THURS 13	Prospector Morris Meezer abandons search for gold, deciding it's a vein attempt, 1849.	FRI 14	Woman who gets mad when she can't buy sirloin for 79 cents a pound has no beef coming.	
SAT 15	200th anniversary of the invention of the monogrammed truss.	SUN 16	Erich Segal's birthday. Turning 37 is never having to say you're 36.	
MON 17	Archimedes draws his first circle, decides it's easy as pi, 269 B.C.	TUES 18	Banks that advertise quick loan service usually have your interest at heart.	
WED 19	Scientist Waldo Pitkin mates two disturbed insects, develops nervous tick, 1922.	THURS 20	Polish Groundhog Day. If you see your shadow, the groundhog is in for a rough summer.	
FRI 21	The longest day of the year, except in Philadelphia where everyday is.	SAT 22	Gay Lib Amateur Night ends in disaster when star comedian shows up with straight man, 1971.	
SUN 23	When a French newspaper man agrees with you, he's most likely using the editorial oui.	MON 24	Today, at 3:17 p.m., a man you do not know will suffer a severe attack of toe fungus in Scottsbluff, Nebraska.	
TUES 25	Myrna Depew drops brooch into bread dough, is applauded for cameo roll, 1955.	WED 26	MAD goes off sale. Newsstand dealers report it sold as well as Life, Look and Collier's.	

DIATRIBAL LEGEND DEPT.

As long as I live, I'll **always** remember every second, every minute, every hour of those terrible days. It all started on a Saturday morning ... no, it was a Sunday afternoon ... maybe a Tuesday evening ... anyway, it was in a remote part of New Mexico ... or was it Arizona ... or maybe it was Rhode Island ... well, it was in one of those Western States! A gang of poachers were rounding up and shooting mustangs for dog food ... or were they rounding up and shooting **dogs** for **mustang** food? Well, anyway, I'll **never** forget it ...

Yahoo! Start shooting!

Whoopie! I haven't had this much fun since the hunting season opened on **Fawns and Puppies!**

Barnyard, I want you to become a **MAN** ... so start shooting!

I can't shoot them, Pop! I can't! **I can't!**

Why not?

'Cause you can't shoot a **horse** in a movie!

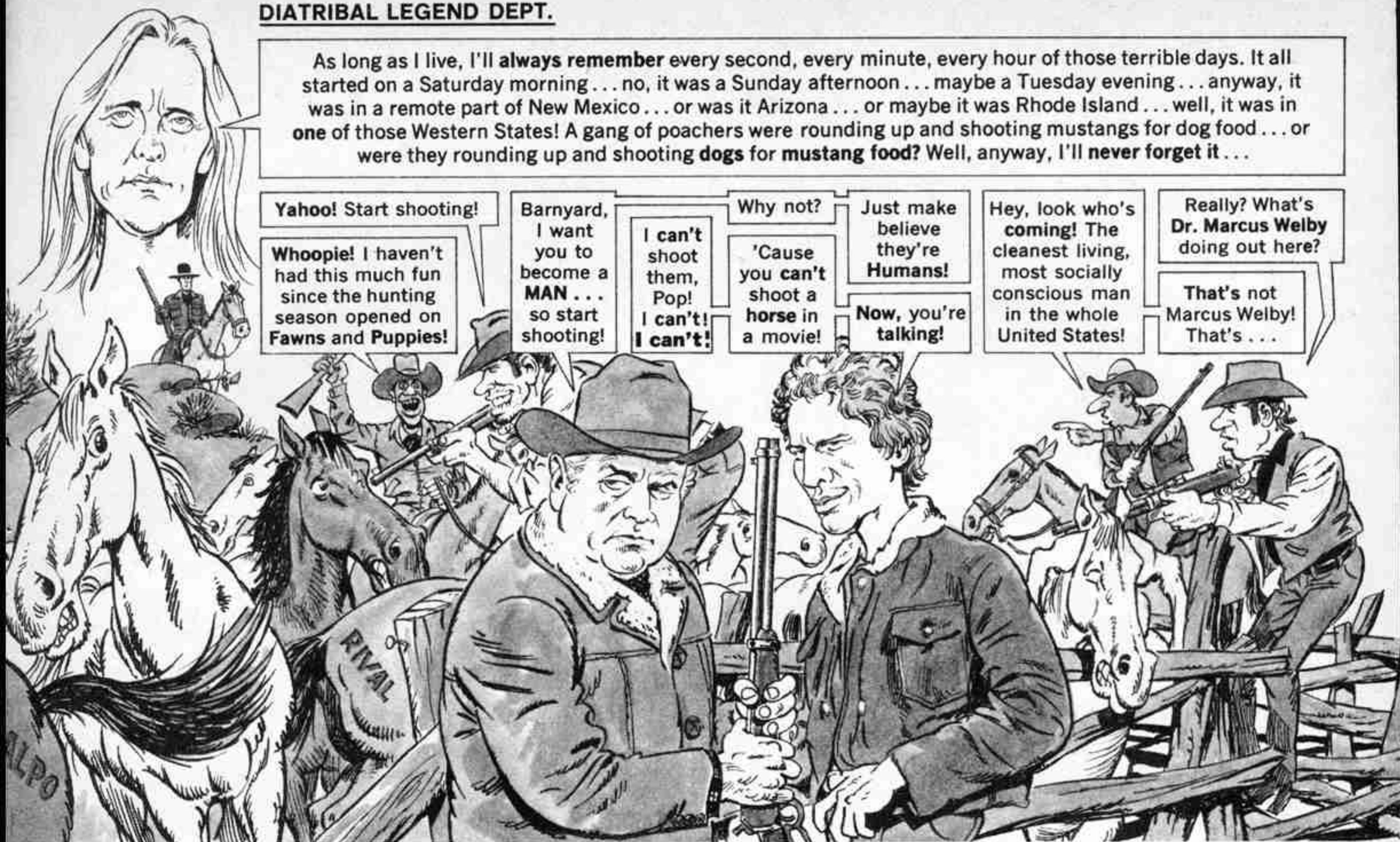
Just make believe they're **Humans!**

Now, you're talking!

Hey, look who's **coming!** The cleanest living, most socially conscious man in the whole United States!

Really? What's **Dr. Marcus Welby** doing out here?

That's not Marcus Welby! That's ...



BILLY JOCK

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART

Poser, I want you to get off this land!

Oh, yeah? How you gonna make me get off?

I warn you! I'm slow to anger—so I'm gonna count to **THREE!**

And then what?

And then I'm gonna count to **39,004!**

How come?

I just **TOLD** you!! I'm slow to anger!

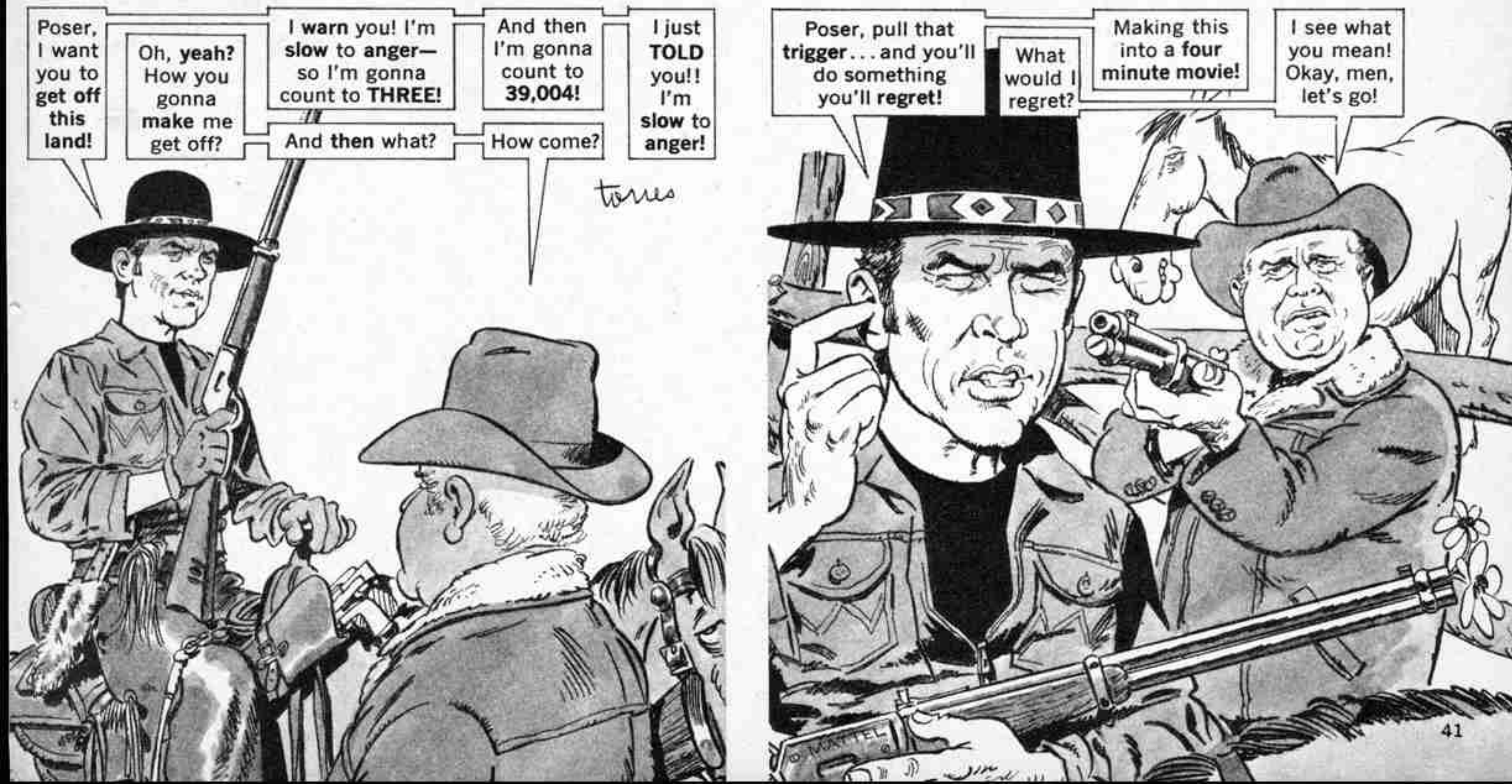
Torres

Poser, pull that **trigger** ... and you'll do something you'll regret!

What would I regret?

Making this into a **four minute movie!**

I see what you mean! Okay, men, let's go!



Who **WAS** this half-breed Indian named **Billy Jock**? He was like a force of nature who, in some mysterious, mystical way, always showed up when you least expected him!

Hi, Blue Jean . . .

See what I mean!?

Billy Jock . . . you're beautiful and good and clean! You love life and respect Nature so much!

No more'n any other right-thinking person!

No, no! Much more! Who **ELSE** would go around putting huge plastic covers on the trees to protect them when it rains?

It's a big job, but I love it!

So you've finally come home, huh? Well, I'll teach you not to run away again!

Don't hit me! I'm pregnant!

Well, first he blew in my ear . . . and then he . . .

Stop it! You're torturing me, and I need all the strength I have!

Oh, yeah? For what?

For **THIS** . . .

SLAMM!

Who are you?

Oh, yeah? Where were you when he was beating the **daylights** out of me?

Nuts!

Actually, I was hoping for a little action!

I'm Billy Jock, and I'm always there when you need me!

Better late than never! I want to show you what life can be like! I want to give you **understanding and comfort and sympathy!**

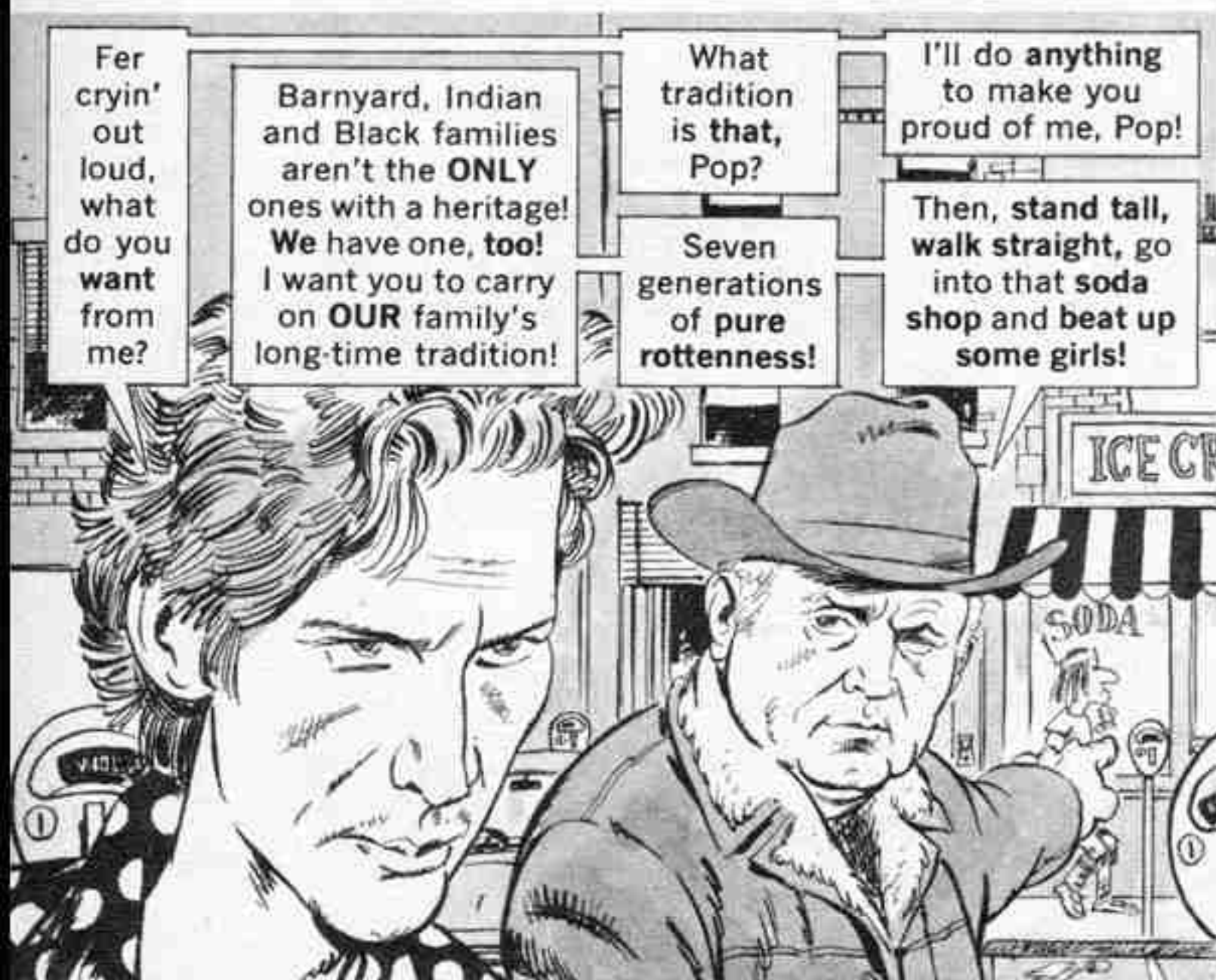
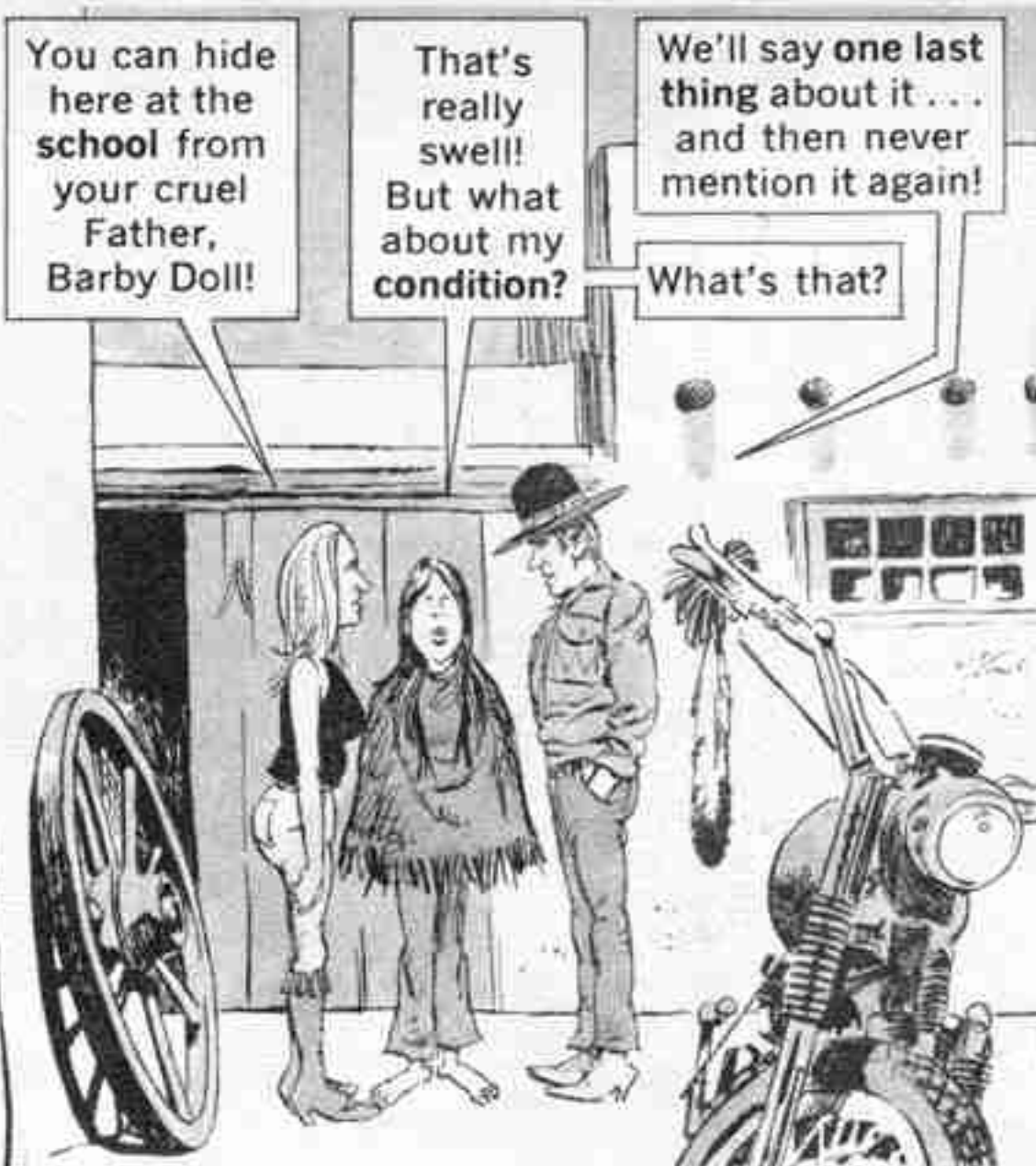
Don't you **WANT** kindness and love?

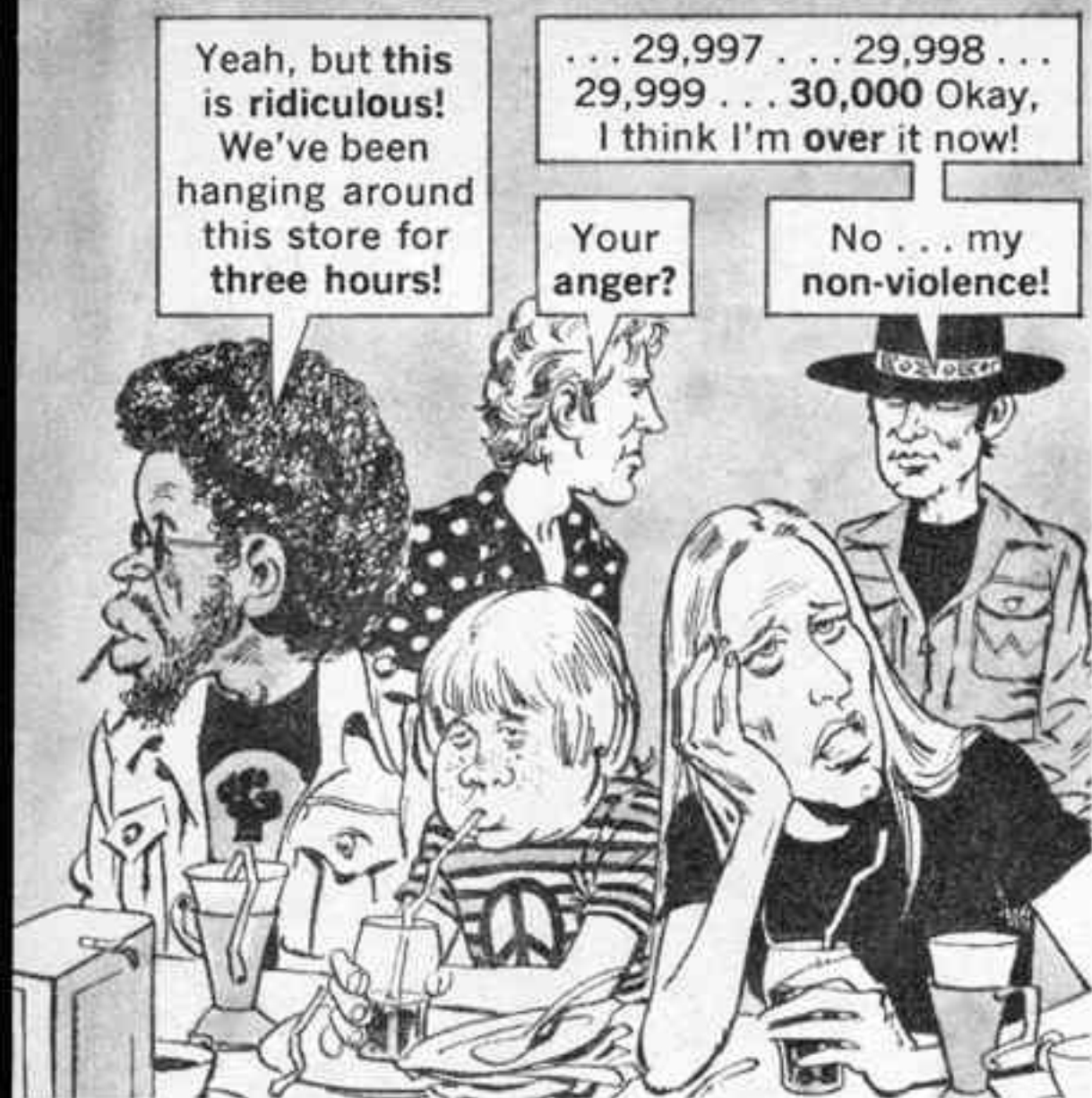
Sorry, kid! I'm taking you to Blue Jean's school . . .

Here at my school, I encourage the kids to **create** things that will show pride in their **Heritage** . . .!

That's Kareem . . . making a Tribal Drum, because his Great-Grandfather was an **African Warrior!**

And that's Skylark . . . weaving a **Blanket**, because his Grandfather was an **Indian Chief!**





Yeah, but this is ridiculous! We've been hanging around this store for three hours!

... 29,997 ... 29,998 ... 29,999 ... 30,000 Okay, I think I'm over it now!

Your anger?

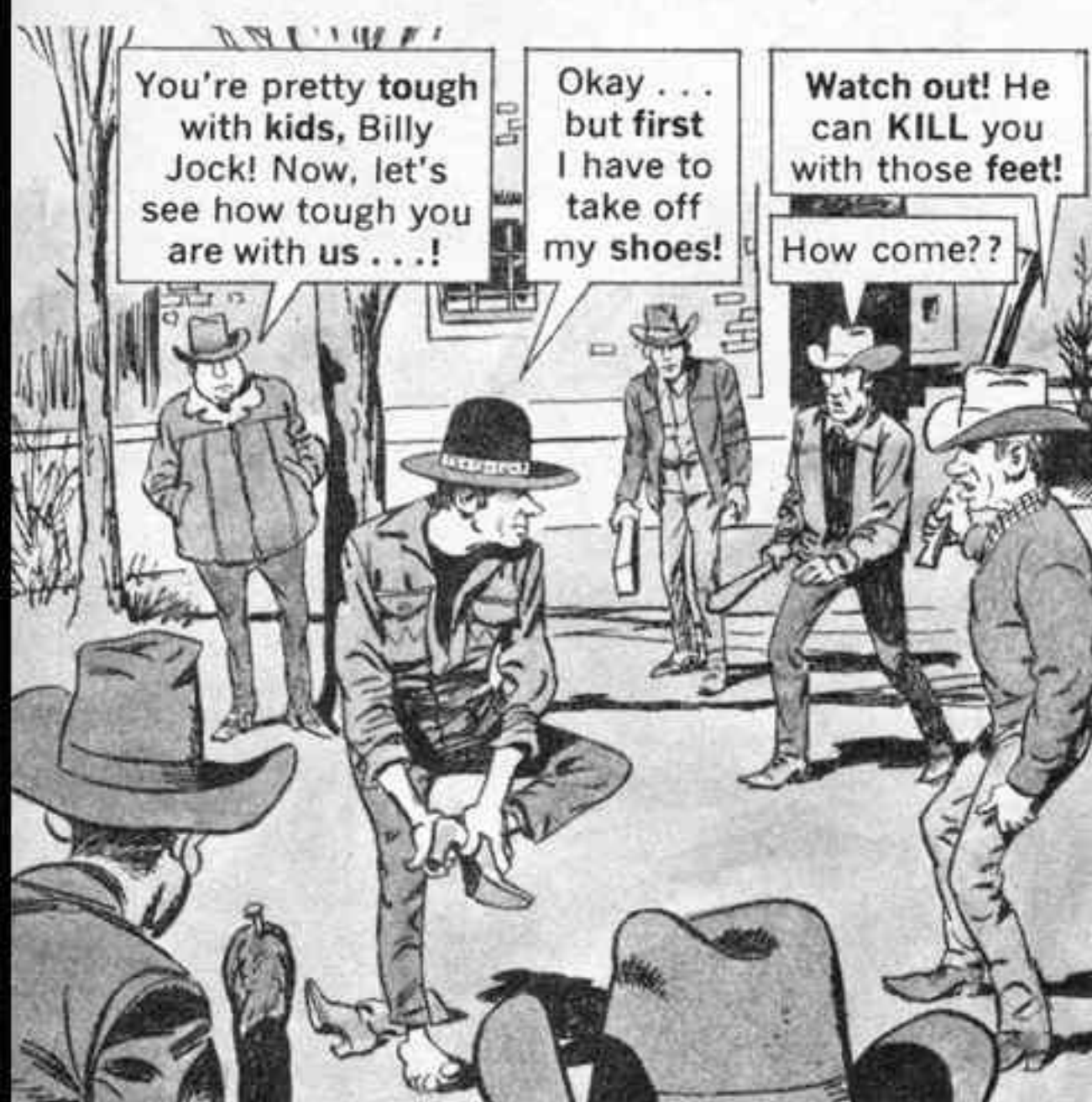
No ... my non-violence!



I go crazy when I get angry! I go berserk! I show no mercy to enemies



... or to friends, for that matter!!



You're pretty tough with kids, Billy Jock! Now, let's see how tough you are with us ...!

Okay ... but first I have to take off my shoes!

Watch out! He can KILL you with those feet! How come??

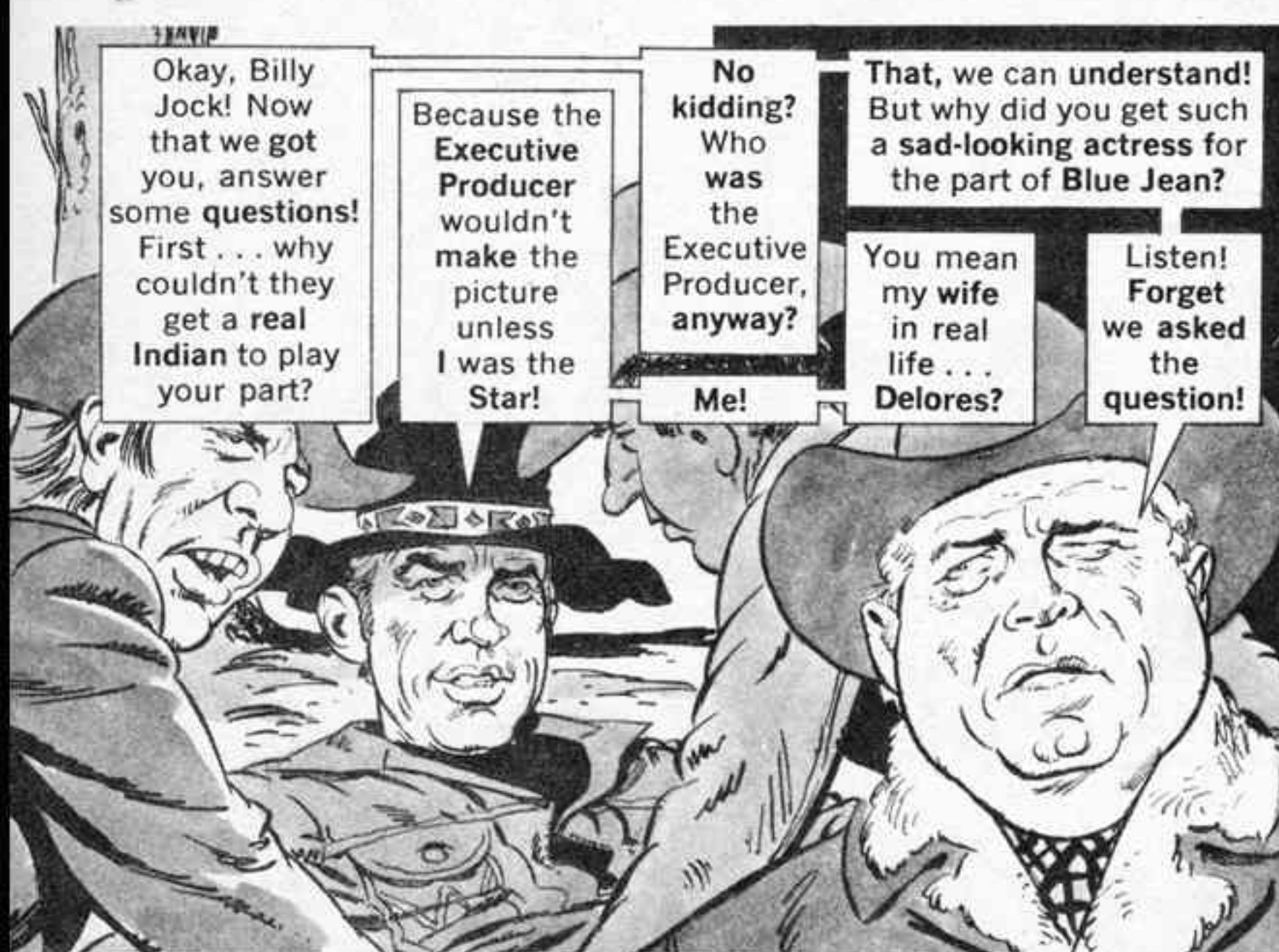


He hasn't washed them in two years!!

Oh, yeah!!

gagghh!

Pee-yoo!



Okay, Billy Jock! Now that we got you, answer some questions! First ... why couldn't they get a real Indian to play your part?

Because the Executive Producer wouldn't make the picture unless I was the Star!

No kidding? Who was the Executive Producer, anyway? Me!

That, we can understand! But why did you get such a sad-looking actress for the part of Blue Jean? You mean my wife in real life ... Delores? Listen! Forget we asked the question!



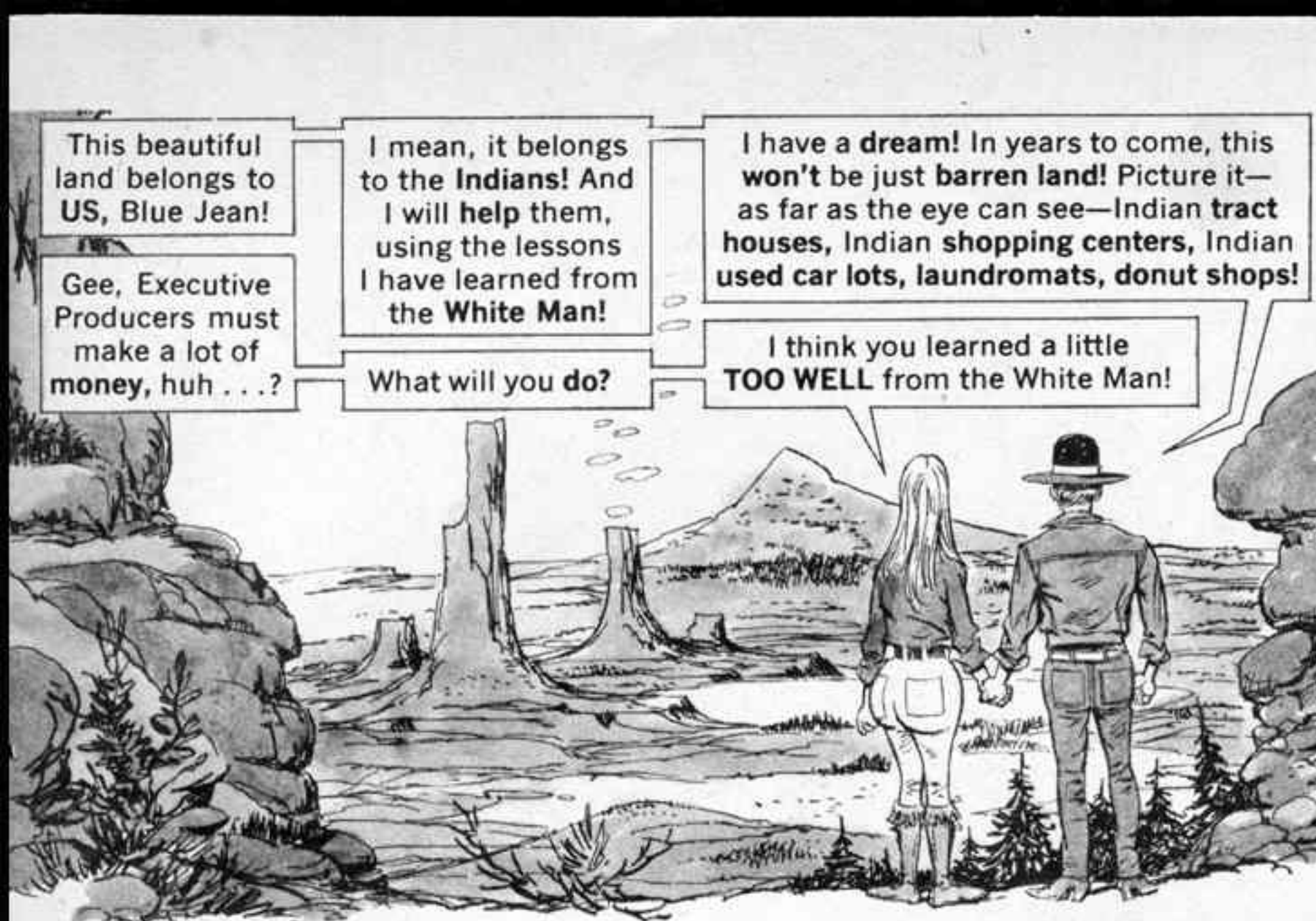
Marvin, don't you want to make love to me?

No ... it is against the laws of my Tribe!

Which Tribe is that? The Great Plains Eunuchs!

Just my luck! Well, I'm going away with Billy Jock because my Father is coming here to look for me! Er—he's not from your Tribe, is he?

GESUNDHEIT!



This beautiful land belongs to US, Blue Jean!

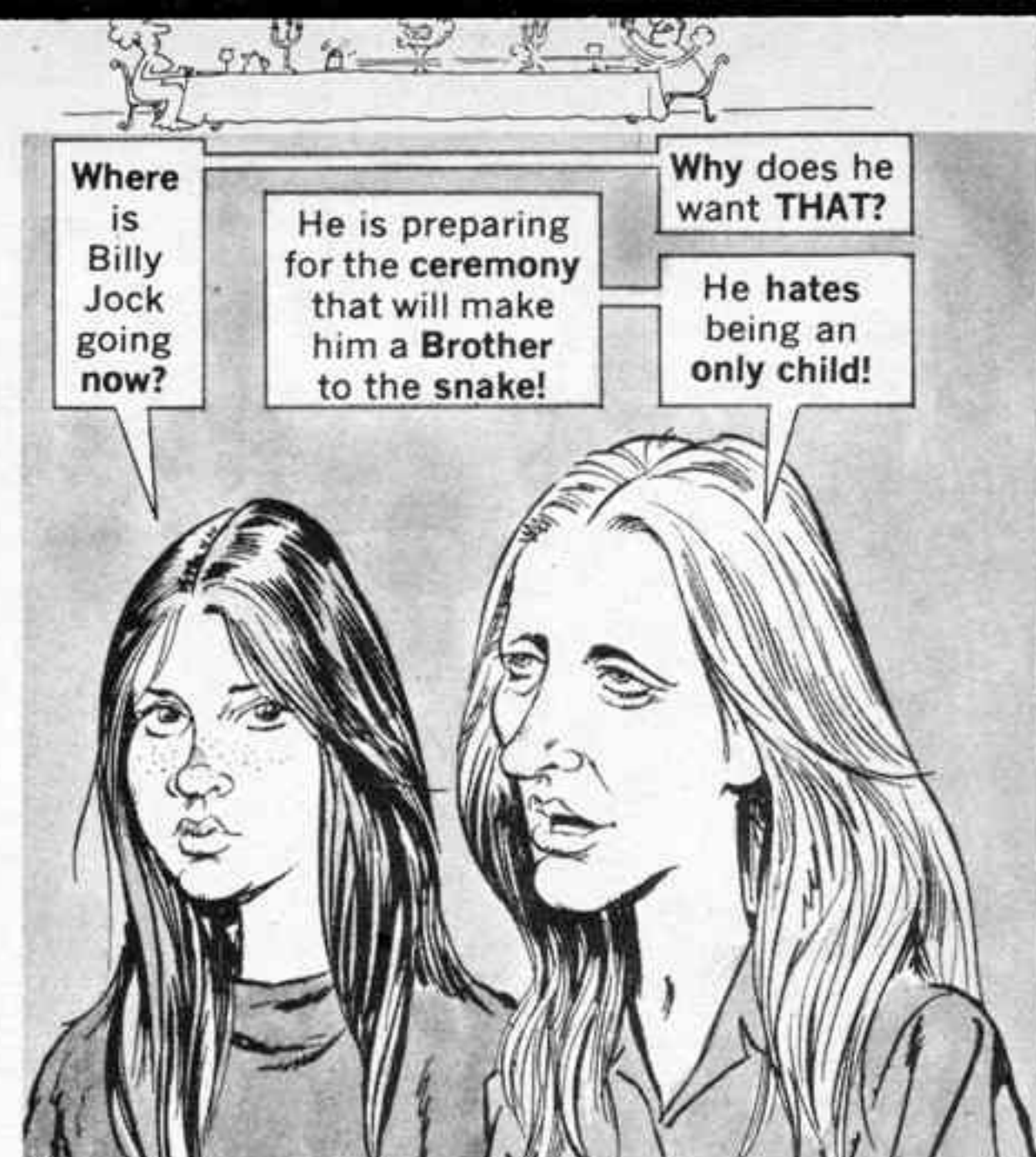
I mean, it belongs to the Indians! And I will help them, using the lessons I have learned from the White Man!

I have a dream! In years to come, this won't be just barren land! Picture it—as far as the eye can see—Indian tract houses, Indian shopping centers, Indian used car lots, laundromats, donut shops!

Gee, Executive Producers must make a lot of money, huh . . . ?

What will you do?

I think you learned a little TOO WELL from the White Man!

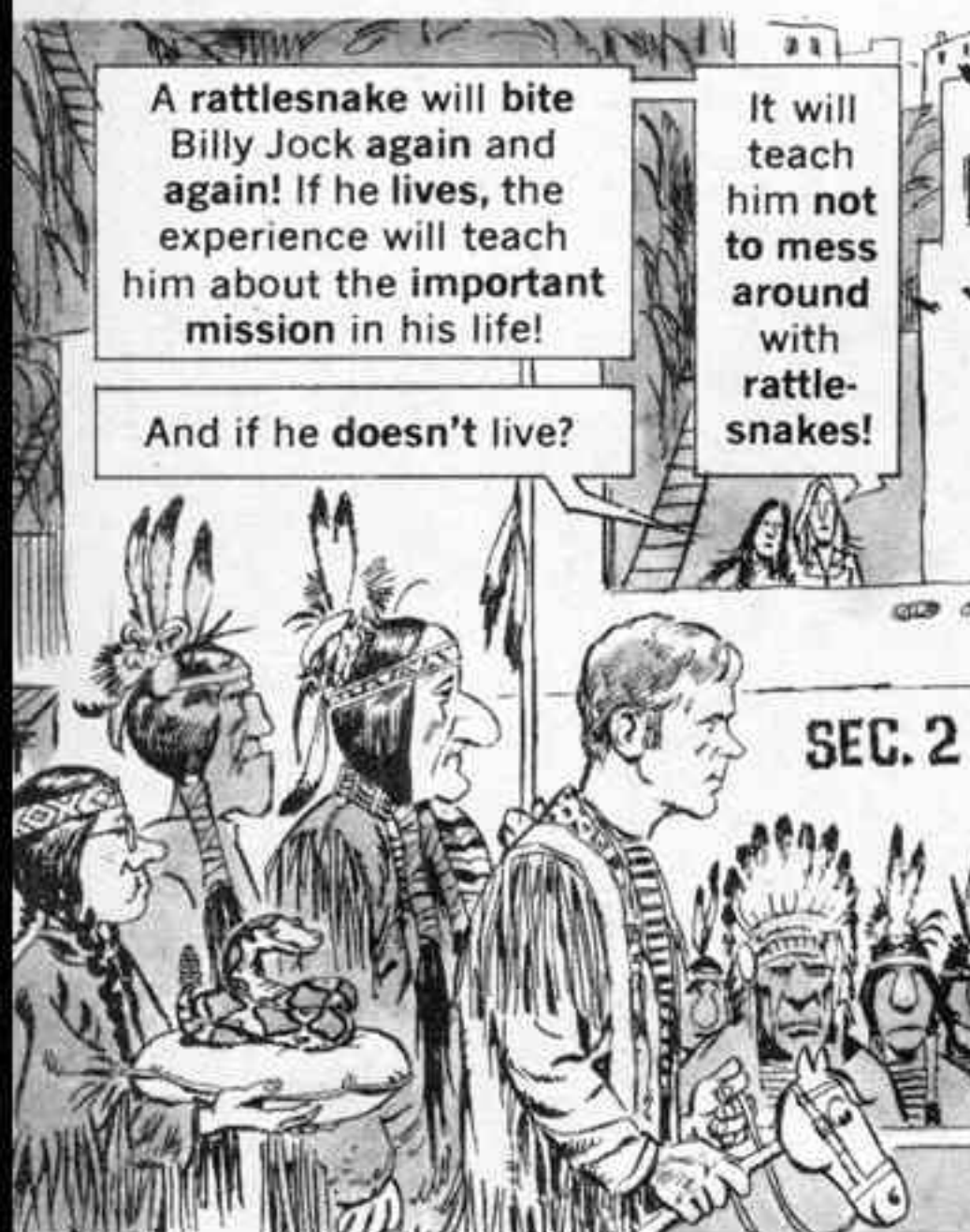


Where is Billy Jock going now?

He is preparing for the ceremony that will make him a Brother to the snake!

Why does he want THAT?

He hates being an only child!



A rattlesnake will bite Billy Jock again and again! If he lives, the experience will teach him about the important mission in his life!

And if he doesn't live?

It will teach him not to mess around with rattlesnakes!

SEC. 2



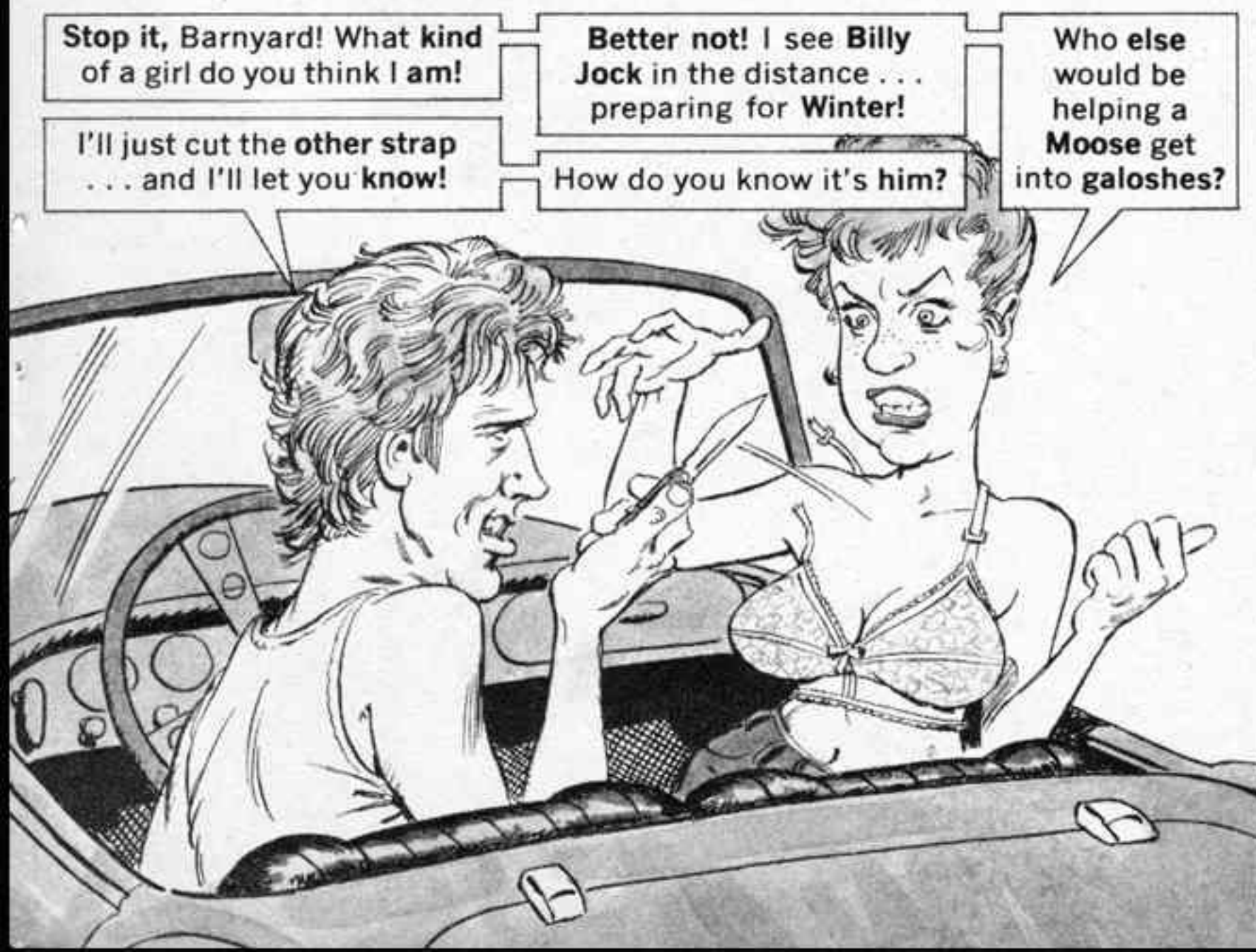
Snake . . . snake . . . make me your Brother!



YIIPE!!

That's some way to treat a Brother!!

ZAP!



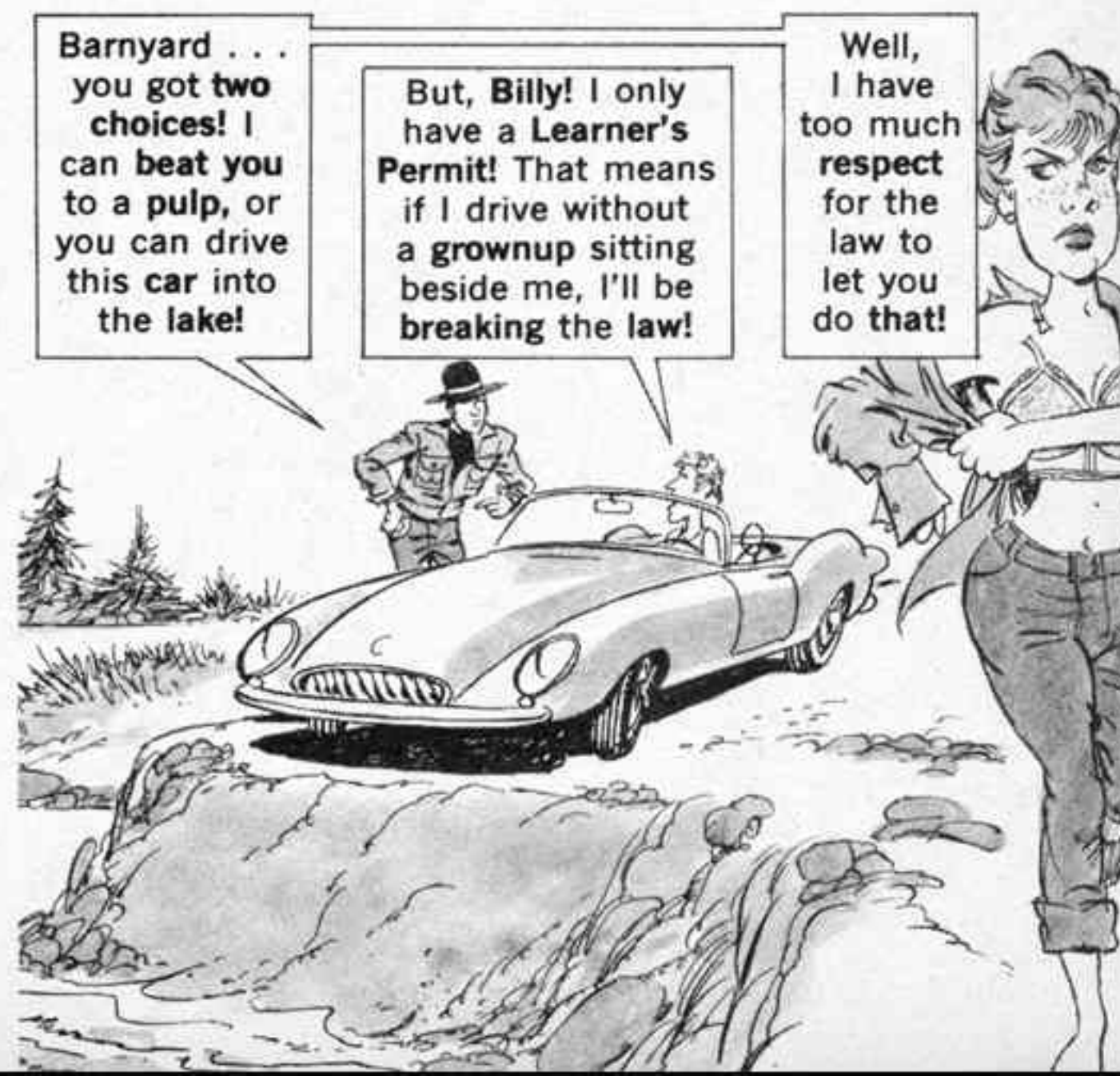
Stop it, Barnyard! What kind of a girl do you think I am!

Better not! I see Billy Jock in the distance . . . preparing for Winter!

Who else would be helping a Moose get into galoshes?

I'll just cut the other strap . . . and I'll let you know!

How do you know it's him?



Barnyard . . . you got two choices! I can beat you to a pulp, or you can drive this car into the lake!

But, Billy! I only have a Learner's Permit! That means if I drive without a grownup sitting beside me, I'll be breaking the law!

Well, I have too much respect for the law to let you do that!

It—it
ain't
always
easy
being
a
grownup!

I know what you're
doing in that lake,
Billy Jock! You're
such a devoted
family man!

What do you mean?

You're
visiting
your
COUSINS
... the
Water
Snakes!

I think I'll get undressed!
That way, I can get a sun-
tan ... and also get some
SEX into this picture!

Barn-
yard!
What
are
YOU
doing
here?

I'm
gonna
rape
you,
Blue
Jean!

Coward! You
wouldn't
do this if
Billy Jock
were here!

Would, too!

How can you say that?

'Cause he's so slow
to anger that I'd
be finished and out
of the country
before he got mad!

Marvin,
I'm here
as usual,
when you
need me!

Yeah, just
like you
were when I
needed you!

Why
doesn't
he answer
me?

He would,
but he's
too busy
being dead!

Oh, good!
I thought
he was
angry
with me!

I'm going
after
Barnyard.
He killed
Marvin and
raped you!

How did
you find
out that
Barnyard
raped me?

I can't
tell
you!

Why
not?

Because if I
told you, then
the audience
would know!
And they'd tell
EVERYONE!

How
can
you
keep
coming?
I just
shot
you!

Remember I told you I was slow
to anger? Well, I'm even slower
to bleed! And now, Barnyard,
you **KNOW** what I'm going to do
to you! And you know how much
I'm going to **HATE** myself in the
morning for **DOING** it to you!

Yeah, but I
don't know
how I'm going
to feel in
the morning!

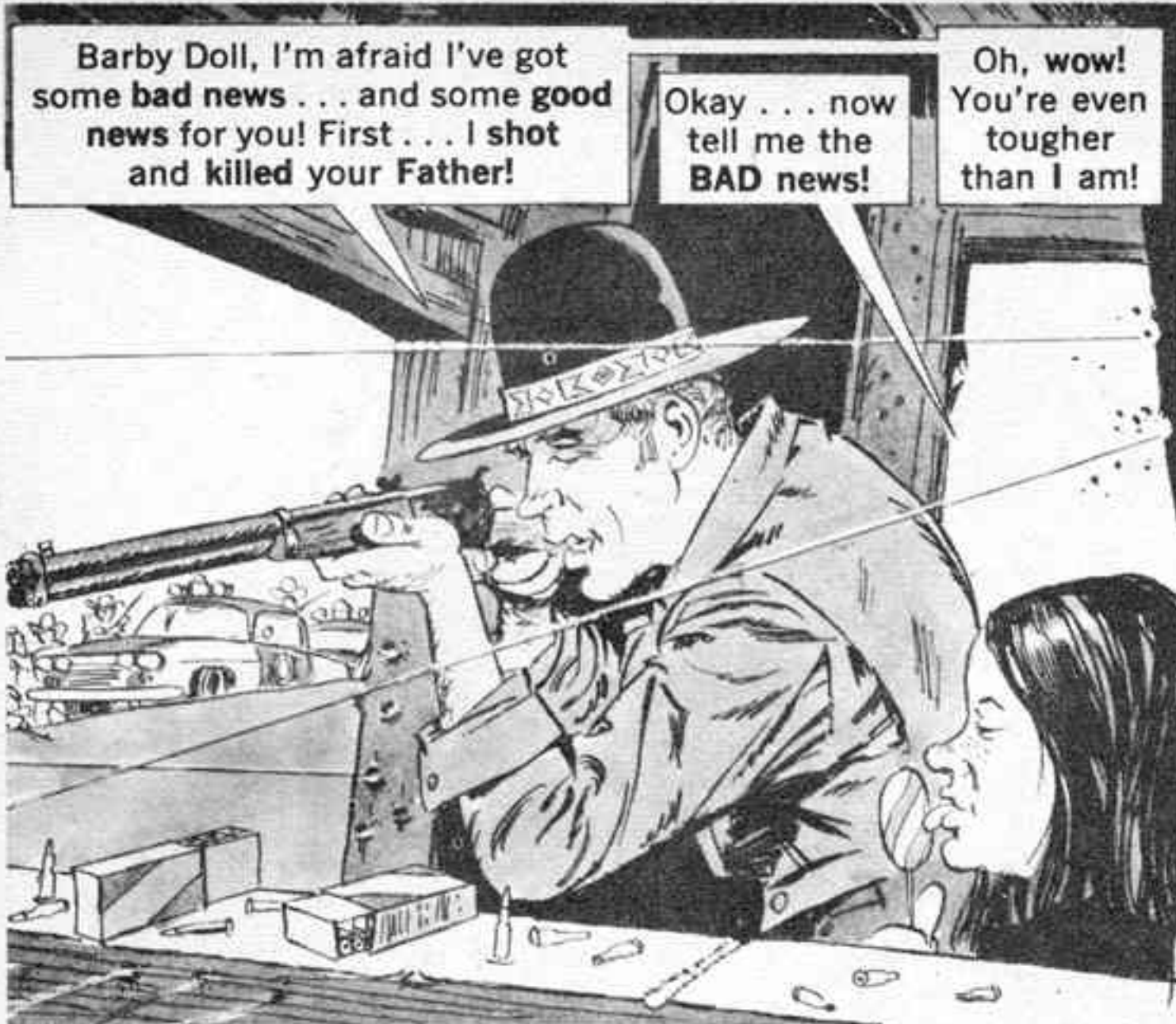
A lot like
Marvin!

David Carradine ... eat your heart out!

KLONNGG

CRA-AAM!

WHAM!



Barby Doll, I'm afraid I've got some bad news . . . and some good news for you! First . . . I shot and killed your Father!

Okay . . . now tell me the BAD news!

Oh, wow! You're even tougher than I am!



Billy Jack, you have to give yourself up! If you don't, you'll get yourself killed!

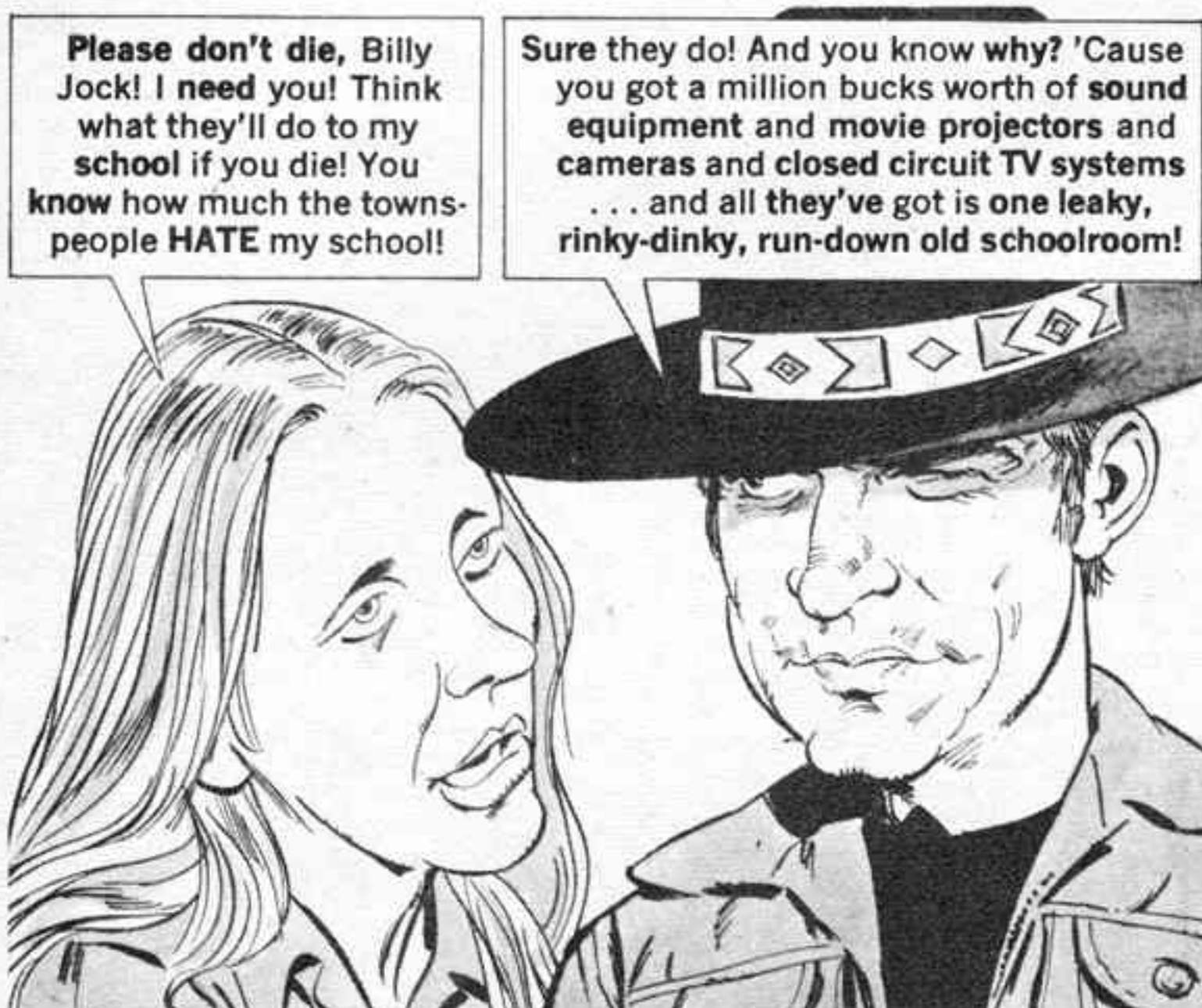
I'm not afraid, Blue Jean! I'm gonna make a run for it!

Do you think you can make it?

Oh, I can! But I'm not sure that Barby Doll can . . .!

Why not?!?

'Cause I'm gonna use her as a shield!



Please don't die, Billy Jack! I need you! Think what they'll do to my school if you die! You know how much the townspeople HATE my school!

Sure they do! And you know why? 'Cause you got a million bucks worth of sound equipment and movie projectors and cameras and closed circuit TV systems . . . and all they've got is one leaky, rinky-dinky, run-down old schoolroom!

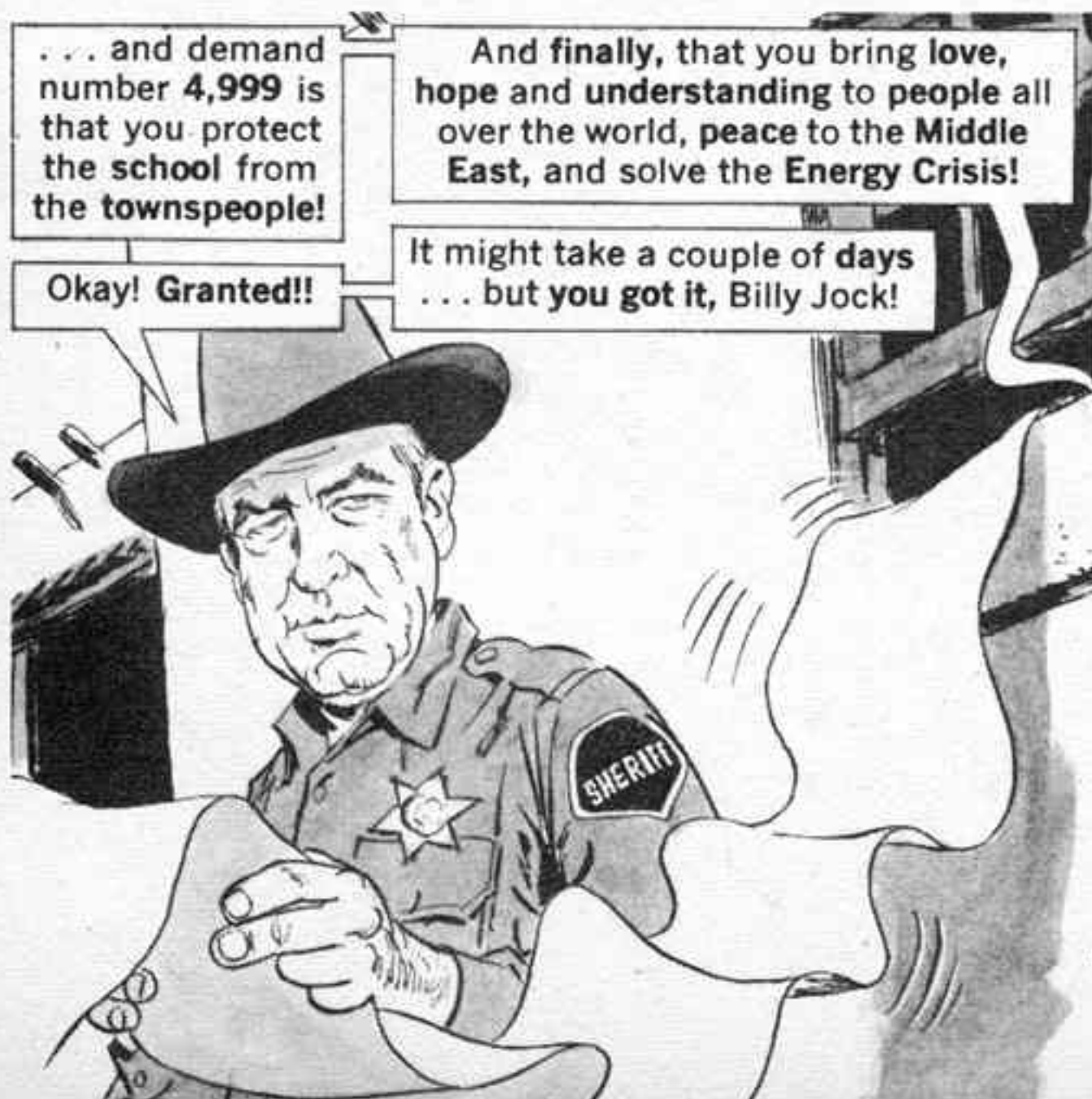


I won't come out till you promise to meet my demands!

Okay! Anything you say, Billy Jack!

He's wanted for TWO MURDERS! How can he make demands!?

Search me! Listen, this is no time to question the logic in this movie!

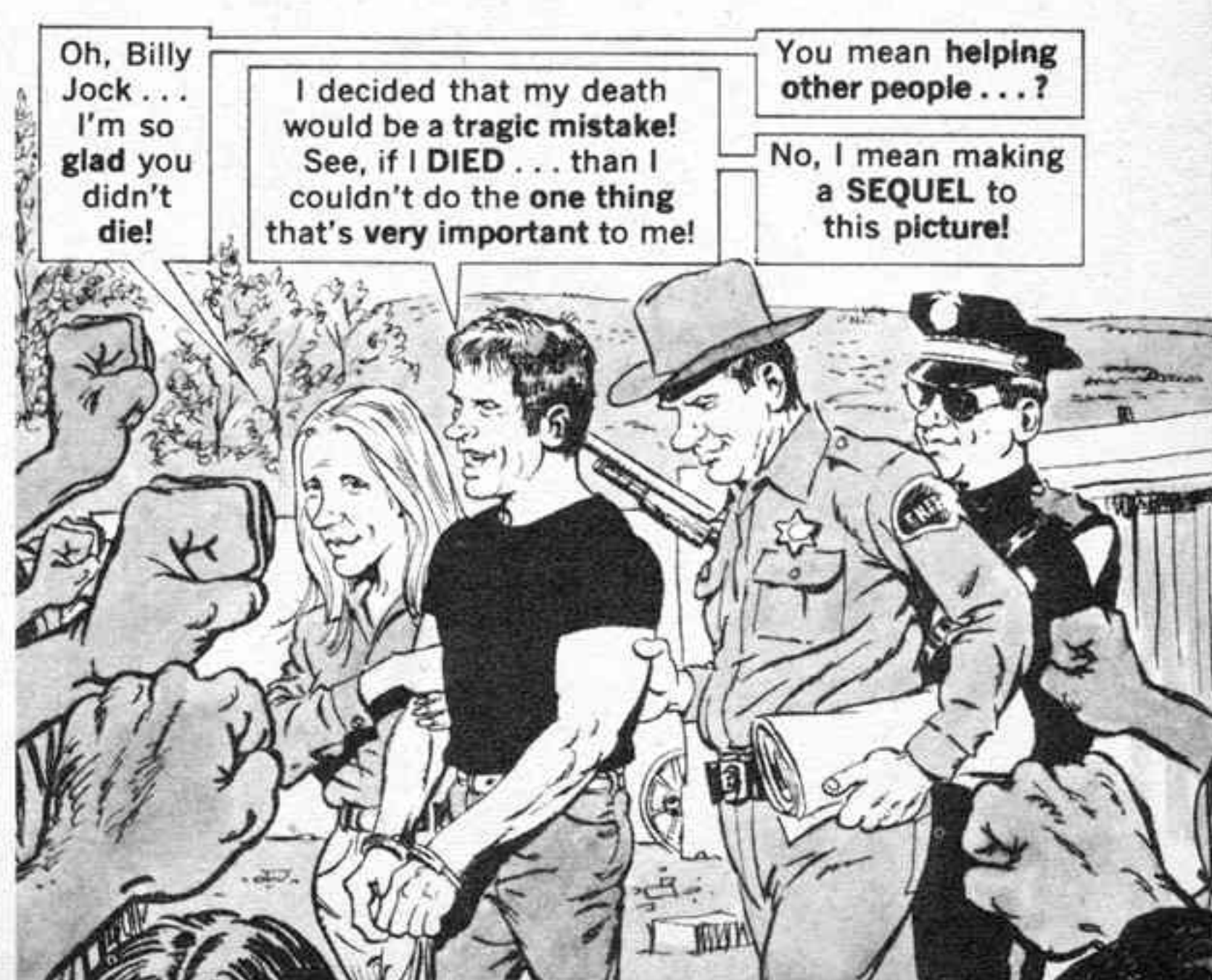


. . . and demand number 4,999 is that you protect the school from the townspeople!

Okay! Granted!!

And finally, that you bring love, hope and understanding to people all over the world, peace to the Middle East, and solve the Energy Crisis!

It might take a couple of days . . . but you got it, Billy Jack!



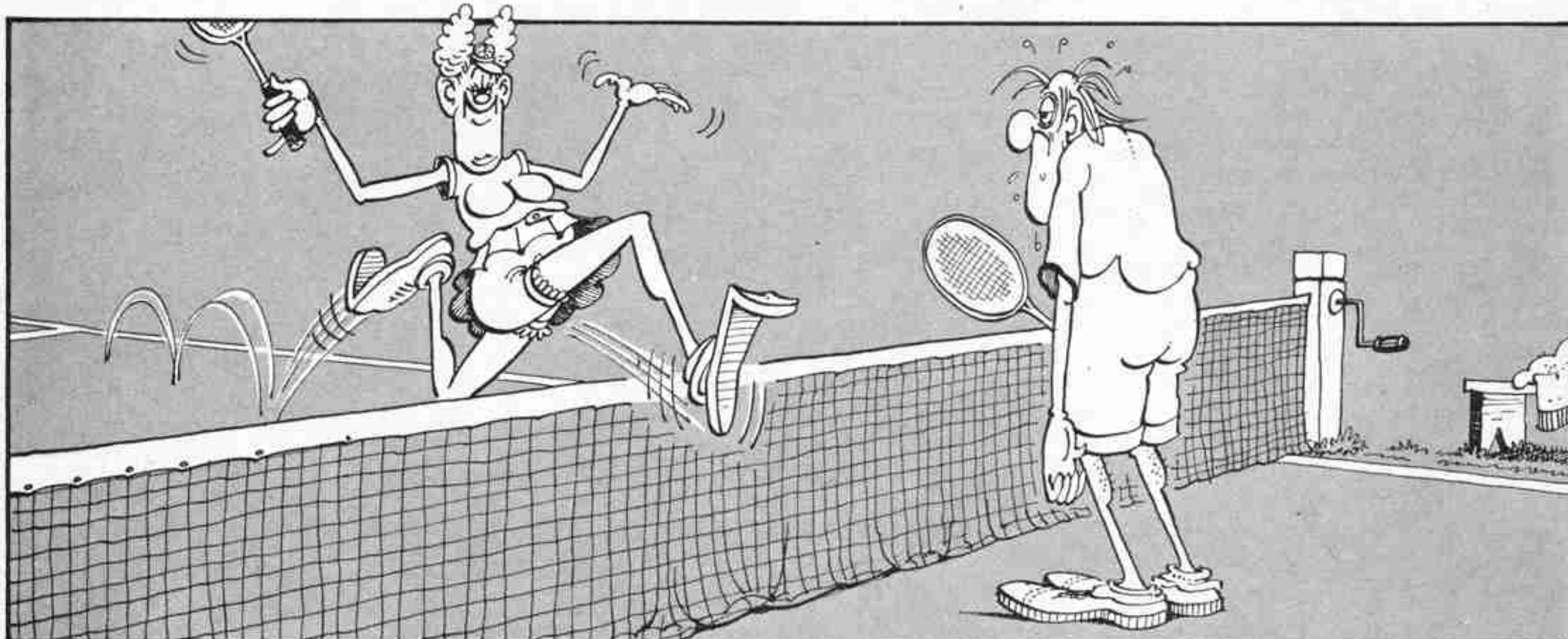
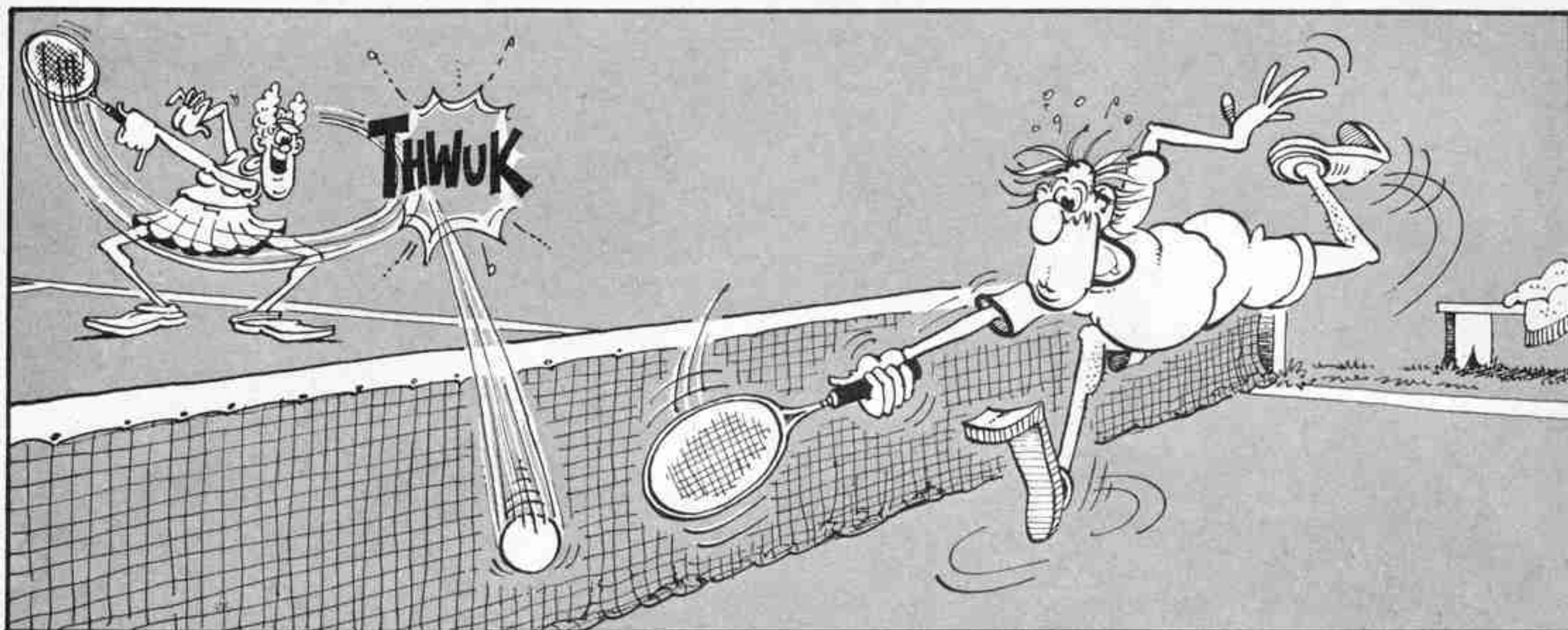
Oh, Billy Jack . . . I'm so glad you didn't die!

I decided that my death would be a tragic mistake! See, if I DIED . . . than I couldn't do the one thing that's very important to me!

You mean helping other people . . . ?

No, I mean making a SEQUEL to this picture!

ONE DAY ON A TENNIS COURT



**WHAT
BIG CAR
FEATURE
WILL SOON
BE INCLUDED
IN SMALL
ECONOMY CARS?**

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

For generations, Americans have been conditioned to "Big Car" thinking. But now, the energy crisis has ended that. Yet, the "Big Car" appeal still lingers on. One feature that's sure to appear in smaller cars will also appear when you fold in the page as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THOUGHTFUL BUYERS WANT CARS THAT WILL SAVE
PRECIOUS GASOLINE BUT FOR SOME TO SACRIFICE
THE BIG CAR'S LUXURIES COULD BE A BIG DRAG

A▶

◀B

A MAD MEDICAL REPORT

NAME: Uncle Sam

ADDRESS: U.S.A.

AGE: 198

OCCUPATION: National Symbol

HEAD

Subject suffers chronic headaches of increasing drug abuses, rising crime and urban blight, worsened by the pressures of civil strife.

EYES

Fuzzy vision prevents the subject from focusing on his short-range problems. Also prevents subject from perceiving long-range goals.

NECK

Red in some areas, stiff in most, preventing subject from accepting good advice from his Right or Left.

HEART

Shrinking in size, and hardening, thus weakening his entire system. Fortunately, subject is blessed with a very strong Constitution.

LUNGS

Gasps and wheezes indicate subject is suffering from trade imbalance, as his intake exceeds his output.

STOMACH

Turned, by evidence of corruption and graft on all levels, resulting in occasional internal upheavals.

BUTTOCKS

Bruised and sore from kicks and beatings delivered by nations once considered to be subject's allies.

LEGS

Appear to be atrophied. Patient is unable to keep stride with rapid pace of his overseas competitors.

BRAIN

Signs of severe damage caused by corruption at the top. Possibility of a dangerous major stroke exists unless drastic surgery undertaken.

EARS

Apparent loss of hearing. Subject seems deaf to needs of the economy and pleas of the under-privileged.

SHOULDERS

Sagging from years of carrying the rest of the world. Now weakened to point of being unable to carry self.

CHEST

Partially caved in, indicating the possibility of a future depression.

MUSCLE

Severe deterioration and softening of muscle of subject is obvious, due to a lack of National Purpose.

HANDS

A creeping paralysis is apparent, preventing the subject from grasping his role in a changing world.

INTESTINAL TRACT

Clogged with bureaucratic waste, causing overall sluggish behavior.

KNEES

Fortunately, in good shape, since subject may be forced to his soon.

FEET

Arches collapsing. Feet unable to bear weight of over-inflated body.

