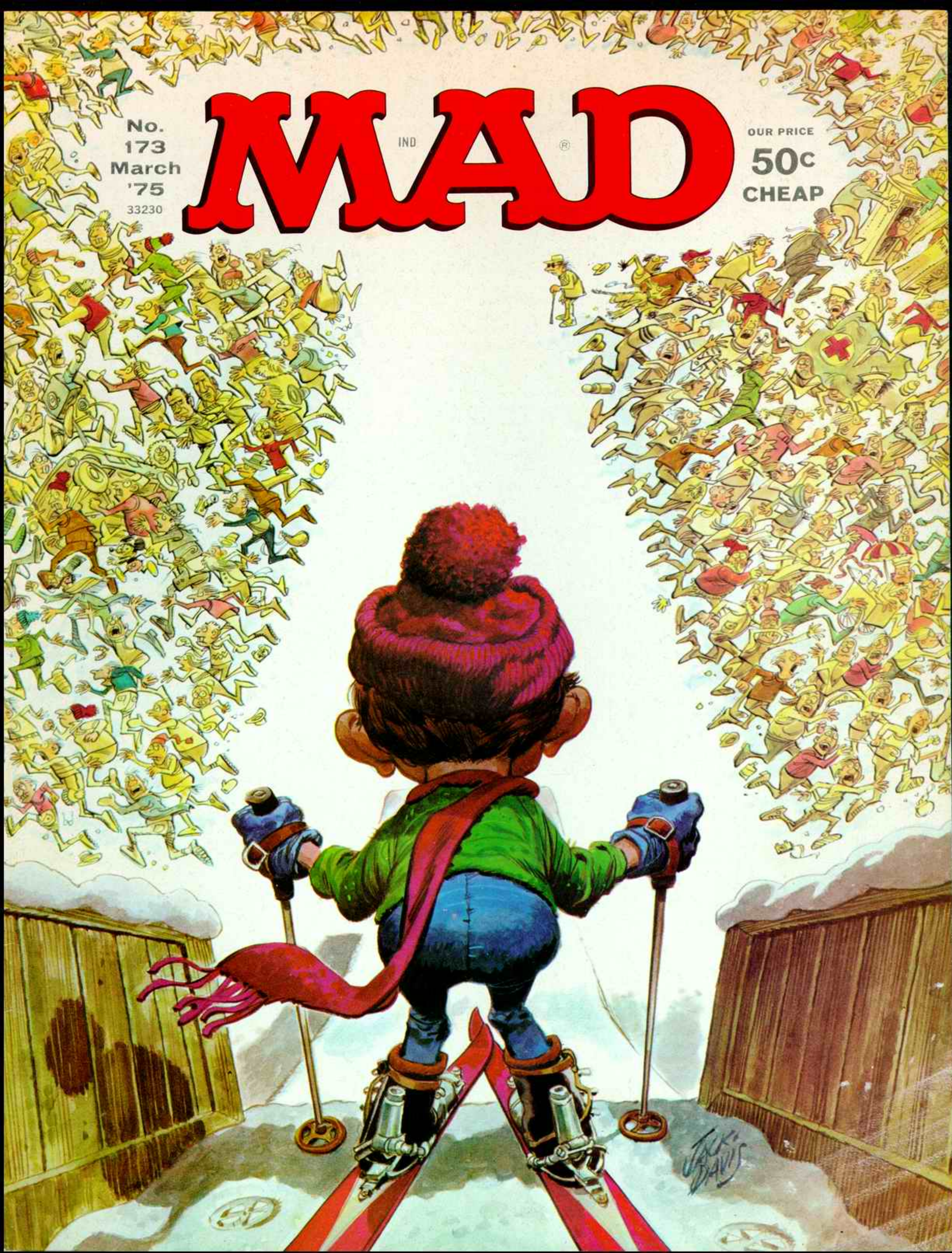


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—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



THE ZING

If "The Zing" isn't your greatest satire,
it's close enough.

Tony Bill
Producer "The Sting"
Hollywood, Calif.

I saw the movie, "The Sting," but your
version was so confusing, I had to read it
twice before I put it back on the store rack.

Eugenia King
Baton Rouge, La.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOKE?

Recently, I visited MAD Magazine's
office to give them a laugh. I dressed up
like William M. Gaines, Publisher of
MAD, by stuffing a pillow in my shirt
and wearing a beard, wig and glasses. I
had a lot of fun and may even go back
again, in the guise of Alfred E. Neuman.
I am the one on the right.

Aaron Fricke
Cumberland Hill, RI



Gaines & Fricke—Mammoth and Mite

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MINGO'S "BIG CON" COVER

Norman Mingo's "The Big Con" cover
is a justifiable "insult" added to "infamy!"
Paul Nichols
New York, N.Y.

The cover of your "Big Con" issue is
as much of an American classic in its
shameful reference as "Washington Cross-
ing The Delaware" is in its patriotic
reference.

Kevin Crisler
Patchogue, N.Y.

Let me make this perfectly clear: Nor-
man Mingo is a genius!

Brian Leibowitz
Harrison, N.Y.

The Mingo cover "The Big Con" was
only outdone by your "Poor Richard's Al-
manac," which was only outdone by your
spoof "The Zing," which was only out-
done by its subtle visual truism of "Scott
Joplin—Music; Marvin Hammish—Ex-
ploiter," which was only outdone by the
biggest "con" of all, your new inflated
price! I always thought your magazine
was too much; now I *know* it's too much!

Joel Rosenkrantz
Flushing, N.Y.

MAD didn't raise the price of MAD, inflation
did!—Ed.

YOU'VE REACHED APATHY

You know "You Have Reached A State
Of Apathy When..." you receive "Mod-
ern Funeral Parlors" instead of MAD,
and you don't notice any difference!

Paul Sundick
Great Neck, N.Y.

"Apathy"...when you go to a well-
stocked magazine rack and you pick
MAD.

Chris Fleming
Rockville, Md.

"Apathy"...when newsdealers still carry
MAD after 171 issues.

Mark Siegel
Beverly Hills, Calif.

BIBLE RAVE

God'll get you for that "Bible Rave"!

Janet James
Philippi, W.Va.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Mr. Silverstone has just dealt the final fatal blow to the wooden stake with his excellent satire, "Poor Richard's Almanac." It was a perfect sequel to "Malice In Wonderland," issue #163.

O. M. Nierstrasz
Toronto, Canada

LIGHTER SIDE OF DIETING

Dave Berg's "Lighter Side Of Dieting" was such a side-splitter, it took three inches off my waist!

Thomas Casale
Chappaqua, N.Y.

I would suggest that any one planning to diet read Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Dieting." It made me so sick, I couldn't eat for a week.

Tony Long
Crawfordsville, Ind.

THE MAD CRISIS PRIMER

After reading "The MAD Crisis Primer" by Stan Hart and Paul Coker, Jr., I won't laugh any more when the old man across the way comes outside with his gas mask and gloves to walk his cellophane-covered mutt!

Mark Paalman
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Regarding Stan Hart's "Crisis Primer," I can't wait until the "Paper Crisis." There won't be anything to print MAD on anymore!

Steve Henry
Bonita, Calif.

Stan Hart forgot to mention the "Humor Crisis" which was so apparent in his stupid "Crisis Primer"!

Mark Schneider
Barrington, Ill.

THE ROOKERS

"The Rookers" was excellent. Once again, Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres did some nice "police work"!

David Willis
Warwick, RI

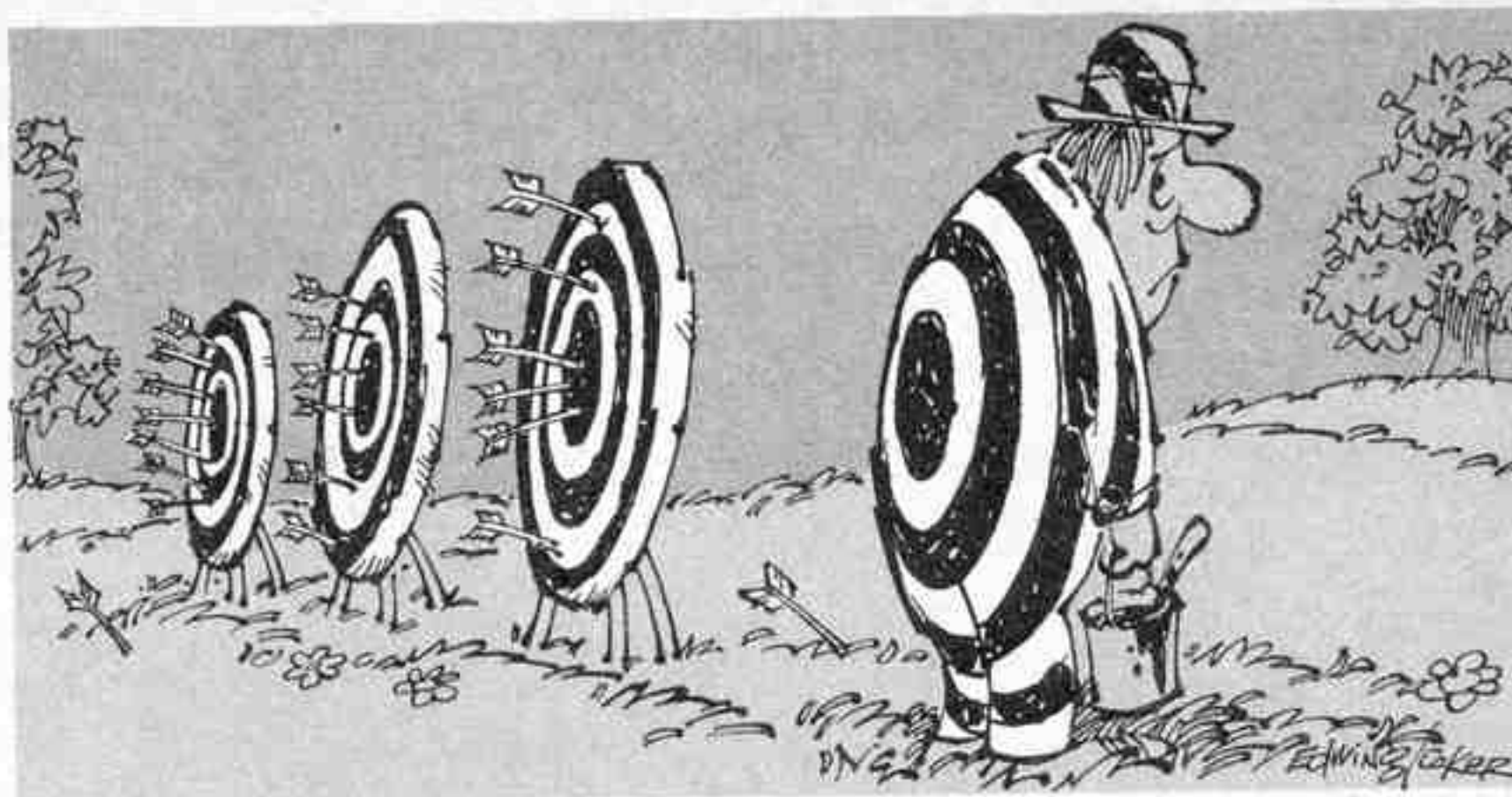
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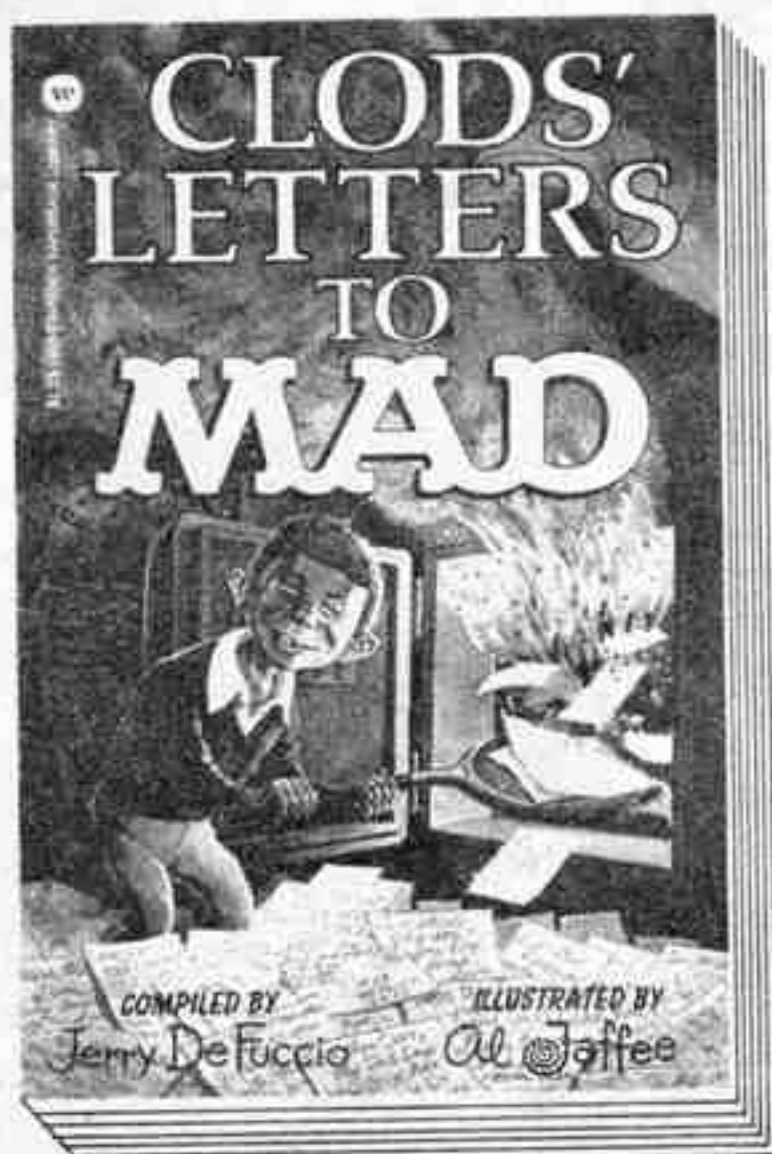
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SPACED OUT!

Yep, the orders for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, (suitable for framing or training puppies) are spaced out at such long intervals (like a week apart), that we're blowing our minds... trying to figure out how to get rid of them. So help us to get this freak out of our stock room by mailing in your 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



YOU CLODS WROTE THIS BOOK!



Mainly, we've collected all the kookie comments, screwy suggestions, asinine advice, ludicrous laments, zany zingers, crackpot criticisms, ridiculous rebukes, queer queries...and other censorable scribblings you've sent over the years!

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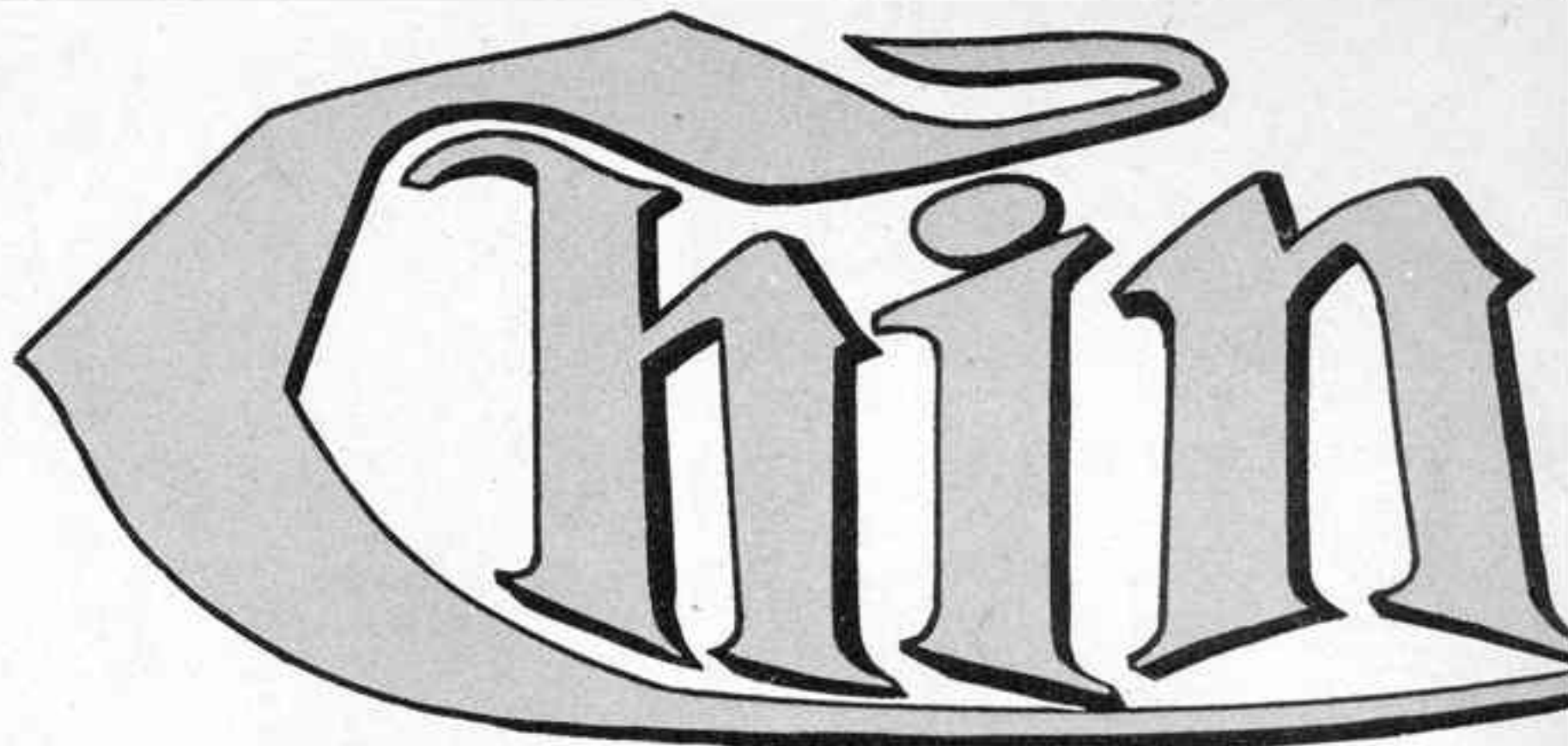
CLODS' LETTERS TO MAD

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CHINESE WATER TORTURE DEPT.

Recently, some of the big creative brains in Hollywood decided to revive the old-fashioned "Private Eye Mystery Movie!" At least, that's what the publicity releases about the picture say. Actually, the only old-fashioned things about this picture are the clothes and the cars! The rest is very "today" . . . complicated, long-winded and dull! And the hero? Well, he's a . . .



Mr. Burley, I have **bad news** for you! My boys and I have tailed your wife . . . and these **photos** tell you all you want to know!

Now . . . here's a shot of her making out with her lover in a **1936 Packard!**

Oh . . . no!

And here they are, fooling around at a **Marx Brothers movie!**

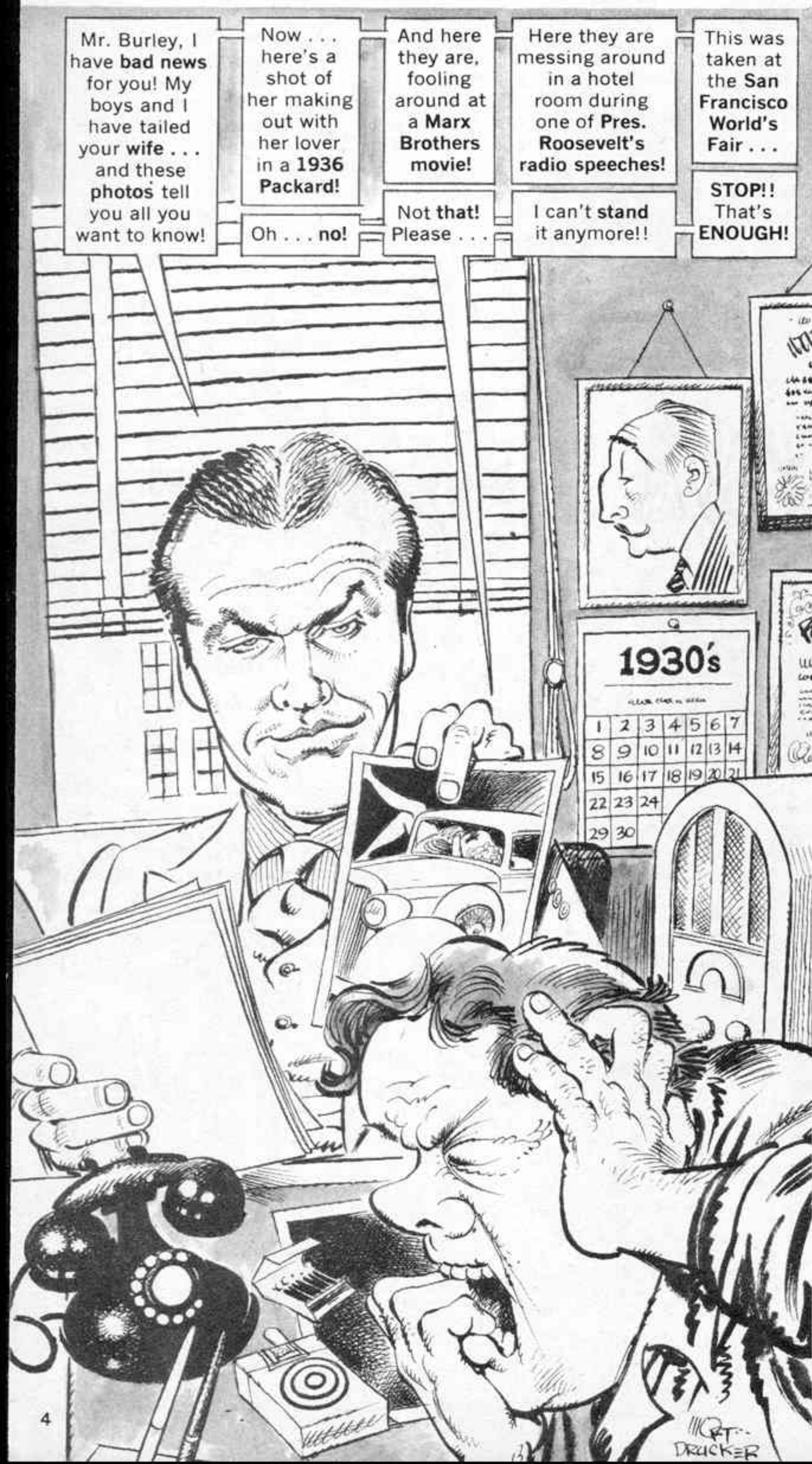
Not that! Please . . .

Here they are messing around in a hotel room during one of **Pres. Roosevelt's** radio speeches!

I can't stand it anymore!!

This was taken at the **San Francisco World's Fair . . .**

STOP!! That's **ENOUGH!**



I'm really sorry, Mr. Burley! I know it's **tough** to find out that your wife is fooling around with another man!

I don't **CARE** about that! It's **THIS!** Don't tell me this is gonna be **another 1930's MOVIE!!** My God, how much **more** nostalgia can America **TAKE?!?**



Well . . . I'm the **"Fastest SUIT in the West!!"**

That's ridic—**Hey!** What happened to the **white suit** you were wearing two seconds ago . . .?!?

AH-HAH! You see . . . ?

Say! Maybe it's gonna **work out** after all!

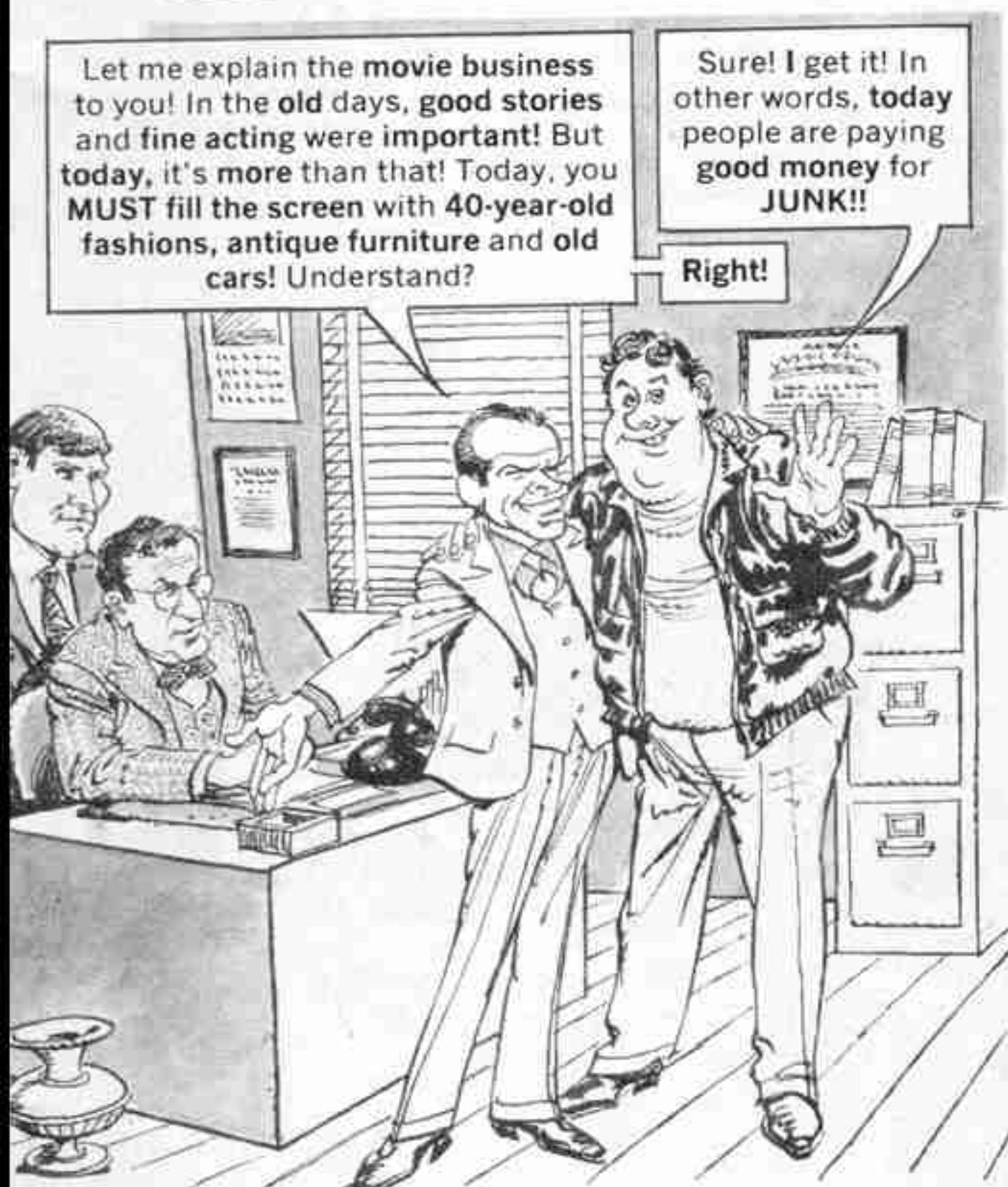
Sure it is! **Trust** me!



gallowa

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Let me explain the **movie business** to you! In the **old days**, **good stories** and **fine acting** were **important!** But **today**, it's **more than that!** Today, you **MUST** fill the screen with **40-year-old fashions**, **antique furniture** and **old cars!** Understand?

Sure! I get it! In other words, **today** people are paying **good money** for **JUNK!!**

Right!

But this film's gonna be **different!** It's gonna be a real old fashioned **"Private Eye Movie!"** It takes place in **Los Angeles** in the **late 30's** ... and I'm **Joke Giddy, Private Eye!**

Big deal! If you're a **Private Eye**, what's your **gimmick?** All them old-fashioned **shamuses** had **shticks!**



I know! **Humphrey Bogart** owned **"tough"** ... **William Powell** owned **"suave"** ... **Brian Donlevy** owned **"short!"** So I needed something **NEW!** And here it is! My **shtick** is **"Snappy Dressing!"**

You've heard of the **"Fastest GUN in the West?"**



Mr. Giddy, I want you to get the goods on my **Husband!** He's fooling around with **another woman!** Perhaps you've heard of him—**Horace Mulebray**, the **Chief Engineer** with the **Los Angeles Water Dept.?**

Wow! A case dealing with the **Water Dept.** and **Reservoirs** and **Inside Doings** in the **City Government!** What a **dynamite plot** for a **Private Eye** movie! **William Powell** never had anything like it!

No ... **DICK Powell** did! He solved it in a **Busby Berkeley Musical!**



As you can see, **Los Angeles** is in the midst of **severe water crisis!** There's nothing we can **do!** The city is in **trouble!**

We can't! We're operating on a **shoestring!** We have **no money**, **no material** and **no personnel!** We can't even build a **DAM!**

You're **exaggerating!** How about putting up more **reservoirs?!?**

Why not?

Our **beaver** is **sick!**

Now, that's **trouble!!**

And now, to tell us more about our water system, here is Chief Engineer, Horace Mulebray—

It's about time! Now, I'll finally get a chance to see this dynamic swinger in the flesh! I wonder who he's fooling around with...? A chorus girl? A fan dancer...?

Hi, there, all you Water Department fans...

A middle-aged mah jongg player?

As you know, the volume of storage in our reservoirs is expressed in millions of cubic meters—

Grandma Moses??

Can you remember the last time you had so much fun...?

I think it was in June, when I had a hernia operation!

Hey, look what's running down the aisle of this water Department hearing!

I can't believe it!!

... 53 ... 54 ... 55 SHEEP!!

Boy, our Director is brilliant...!

Yeah! What a switch! Having the audience count sheep to STAY AWAKE!!

This case is getting more puzzling by the minute! All those unanswered questions!!

Exactly who is Mulebray fooling around with?

How come he's secretly inspecting all of the reservoirs?

Why am I walking through a dry river bed in a tuxedo?

Shouldn't I be wearing a white dinner jacket in the afternoon?

Joke... I found the broad Mulebray is fooling around with!

Good work, Daffy! Let's tail the old codgers for a month and get plenty of pictures! We'll take our time, and do the job right!

She's a gorgeous 20-year-old blonde!

Quick! Grab the camera! He may not live through another night!

Well, the papers are full of the scandal I uncovered! But the case isn't really solved yet! There's some connection between Mulebray, the blonde, and the water shortage! Yep, there's one small piece to this puzzle that's missing! If I could find it, everything would fall into place!

Mr. Giddy, I am Mrs. Horace Mulebray! The REAL Mrs. Horace Mulebray! I never hired you to check up on my Husband! I love him, and he loves me, and I'm going to sue you for libel, slander, defamation of character and—

No... that's not it!!

LOS ANGELES TIMES
WATER DEPT. DRIPS WITH SCANDAL!

BANGOR NEWS
CITY OFFICIAL GETS HIMSELF INTO HOT WATER

If you're the REAL Mrs. Mulebray, why did that woman hire me to prove your Husband is messing around like crazy?

Are you kidding? He's been spending all his time with this gorgeous young blonde... in hotel rooms... in the backs of cars... all over town! He never leaves her side... night or day!

Well, I'm gonna see your Mr. Mulebray myself, and get to the bottom of this!

Mr. Giddy... my Husband is faithful!

I TOLD you he was faithful!





Can you tell me where the **Horace Mulebray** house is...?

That's it... on top of the hill!

WHAT?!? That one?!?
I—I can't believe that a guy who works for the **City** lives in a plush villa like that!! How do I get there?

You make a right at the **Police Chief's** mansion, go past the **Fire Chief's** chateau, and turn left at the **Garbage Commissioner's** estate...

I'm sorry, Mr. Giddy, but my Husband is not at home!

Gee, I still can't get over this incredible place! How does a man who works for the **Water Department** build a house like this!

He didn't build it, silly!

Aha! I knew it!

Actually, he bought it from the **Dog Catcher**!

ENOUGH already!

I wonder where **Mulebray** is? I lost his trail at this dam! Well, if it isn't my old friend, **Lt. Escargot**!

Hi, Joke! I haven't seen you since we both walked a beat in **Chinatown**!

Don't remind me of **Chinatown**!! Understand?!? Never, never say **ANYTHING** that reminds me of **CHINATOWN**!

Okay! Okay! So you still can't face life, can you, Joke? So you're still yellow?

YELLOW! I told you not to remind me of **Chinatown**! No, whatever you do... don't say "lechee nuts!"

Why the hell should I say "lechee nuts?"

You said it! You said it!

Okay, now what are you doing here, Joke?

I'm looking for **Horace Mulebray**, the dullest, most boring man who ever lived!

There he is! He's **DEAD**!

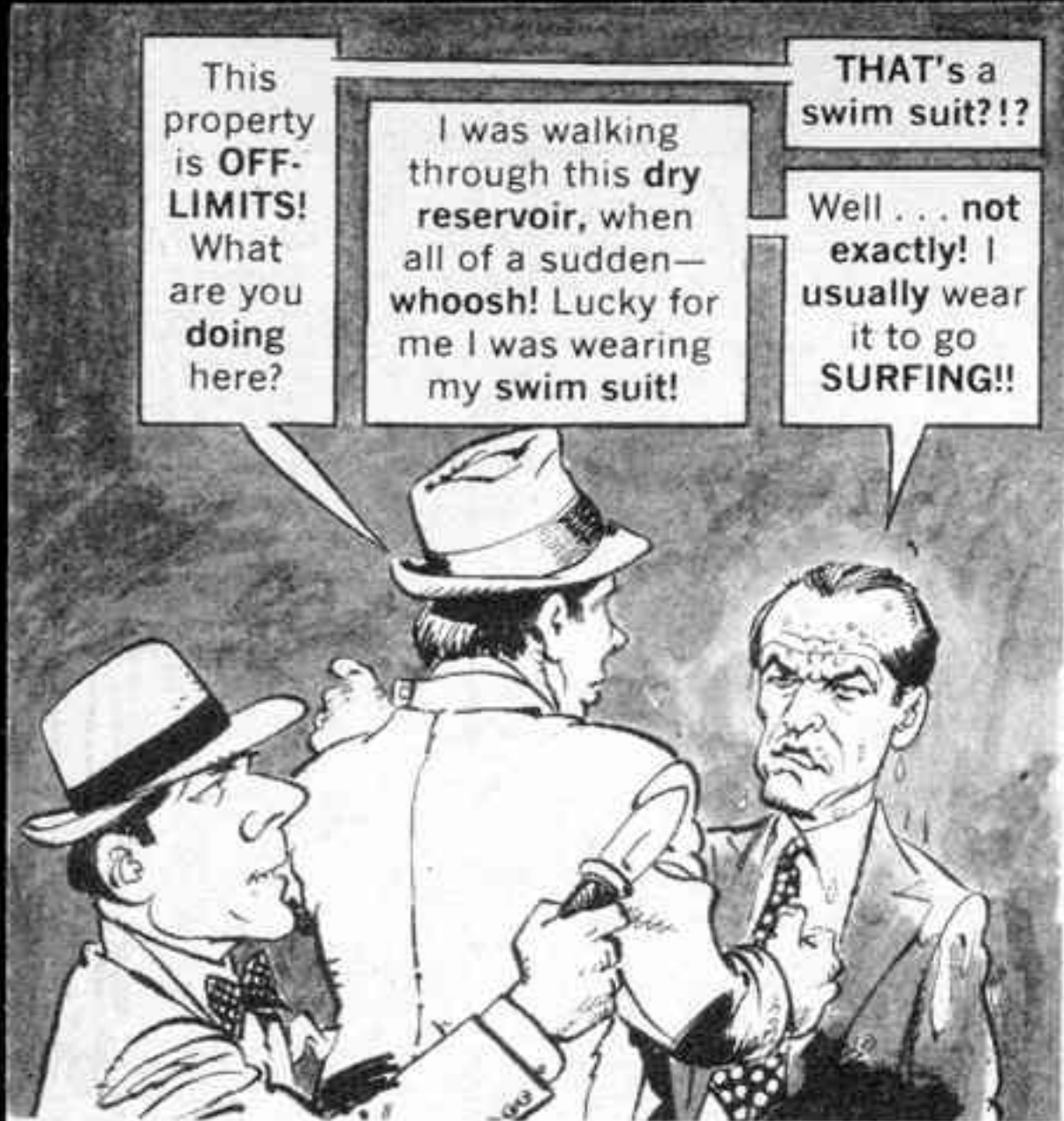
How can you tell?

Don't get smart! We found him drowned, with a **one ton** weight tied to his feet!

WON-TON! WON-TON!
You did it again! !

I wonder how **Mulebray** could have drowned! Let's see... the last time I saw him, he was walking through this **reservoir**, which has been **bone-dry** for the past five years! Then...

Wait a minute! glub glub It may not be much... glub glub ... but I think I've got a clue!!



This property is **OFF-LIMITS!** What are you doing here?

I was walking through this **dry reservoir**, when all of a sudden—**whoosh!** Lucky for me I was wearing my swim suit!

THAT's a swim suit?!?
Well... not exactly! I usually wear it to go **SURFING!!**



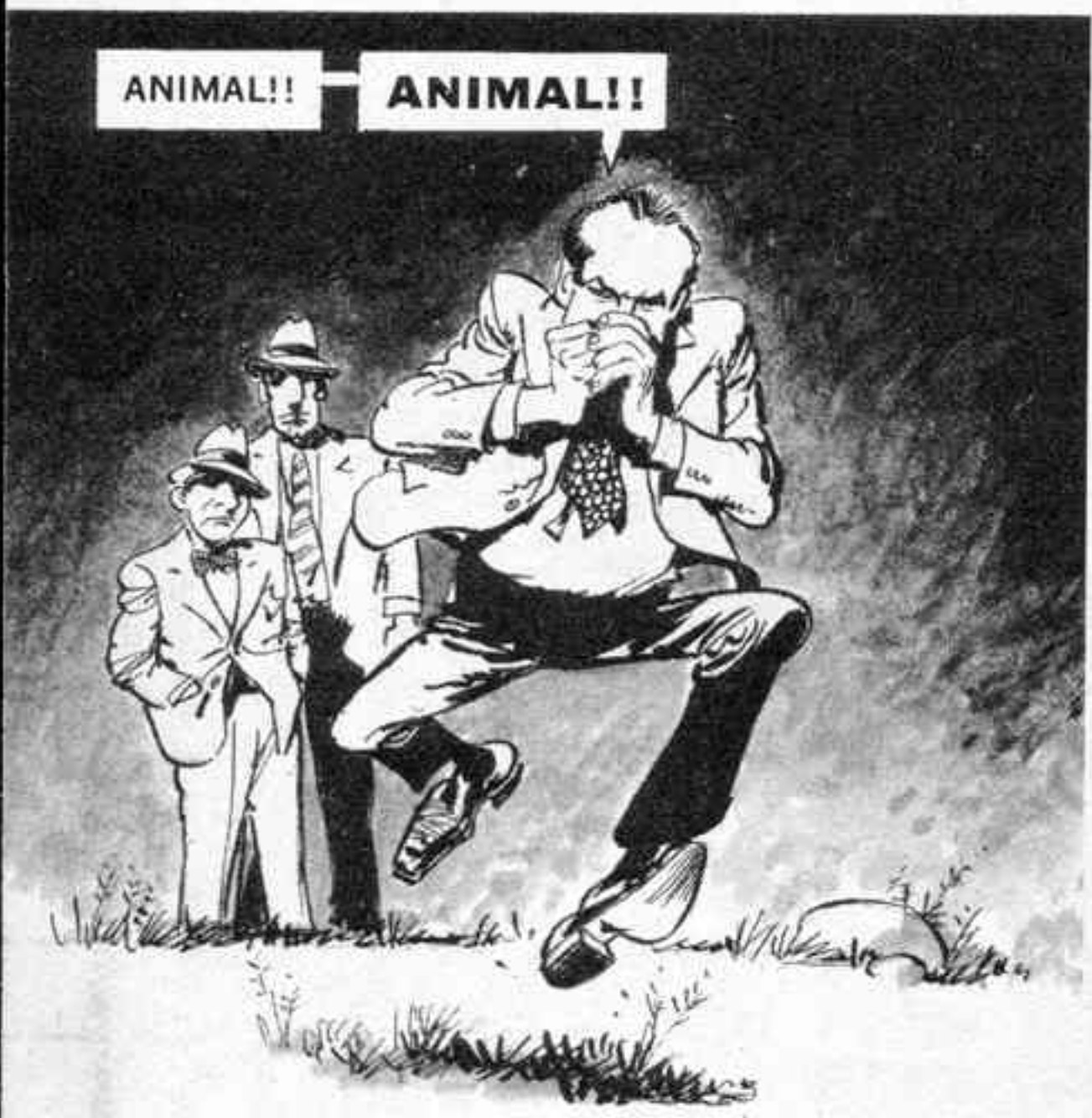
You know what happens to wise guys who stick their noses into other people's business?



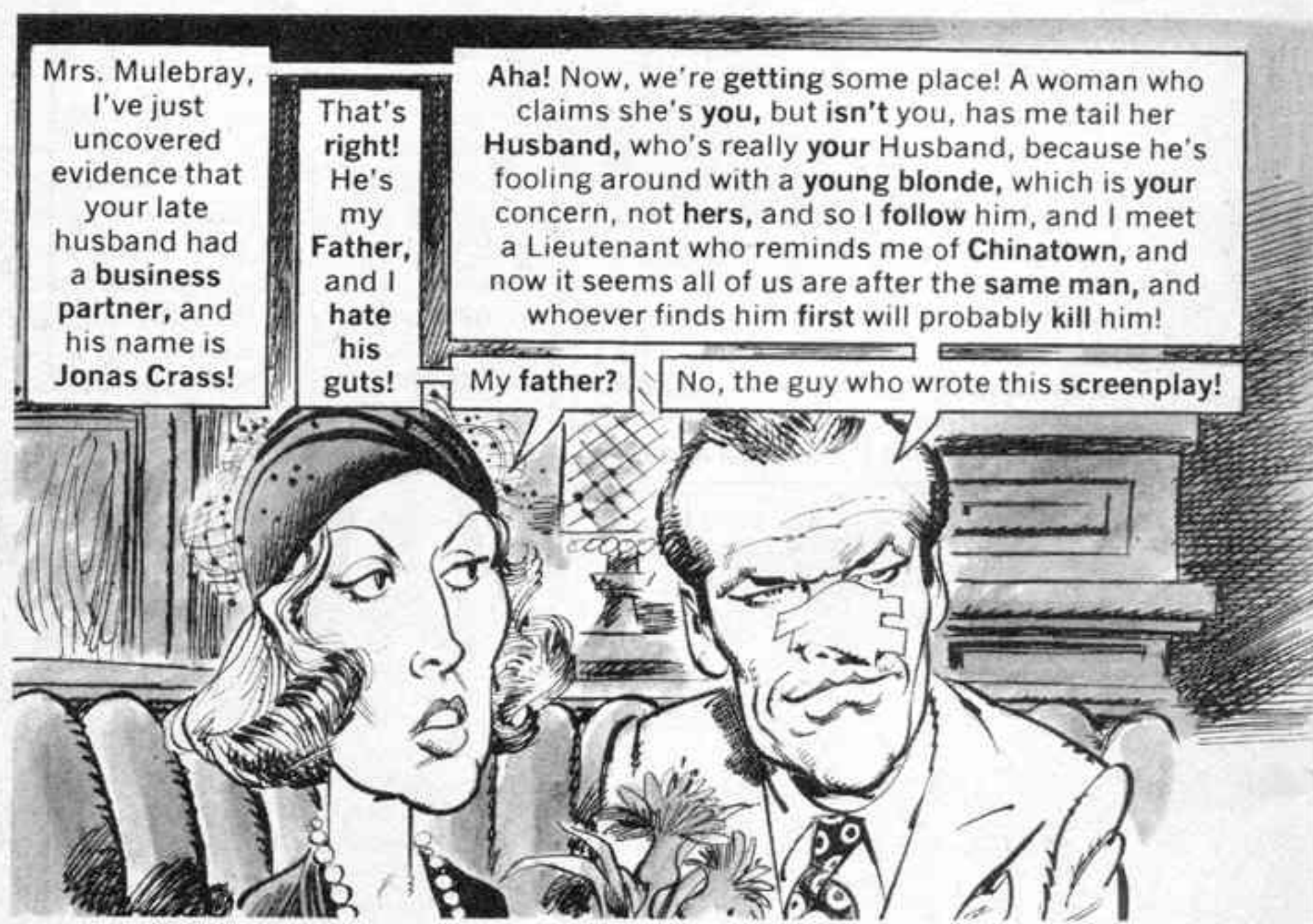
They get their noses **cut off!** And that's just a sample! If you don't beat it right now, I'm gonna do something a lot worse!

You don't frighten me, you punk!
I don't, eh? Well, y'know what I'm gonna cut off next?!?

You can save your breath! I'm staying!
I'm gonna cut off your **polka dot tie!**



ANIMAL!! ANIMAL!!



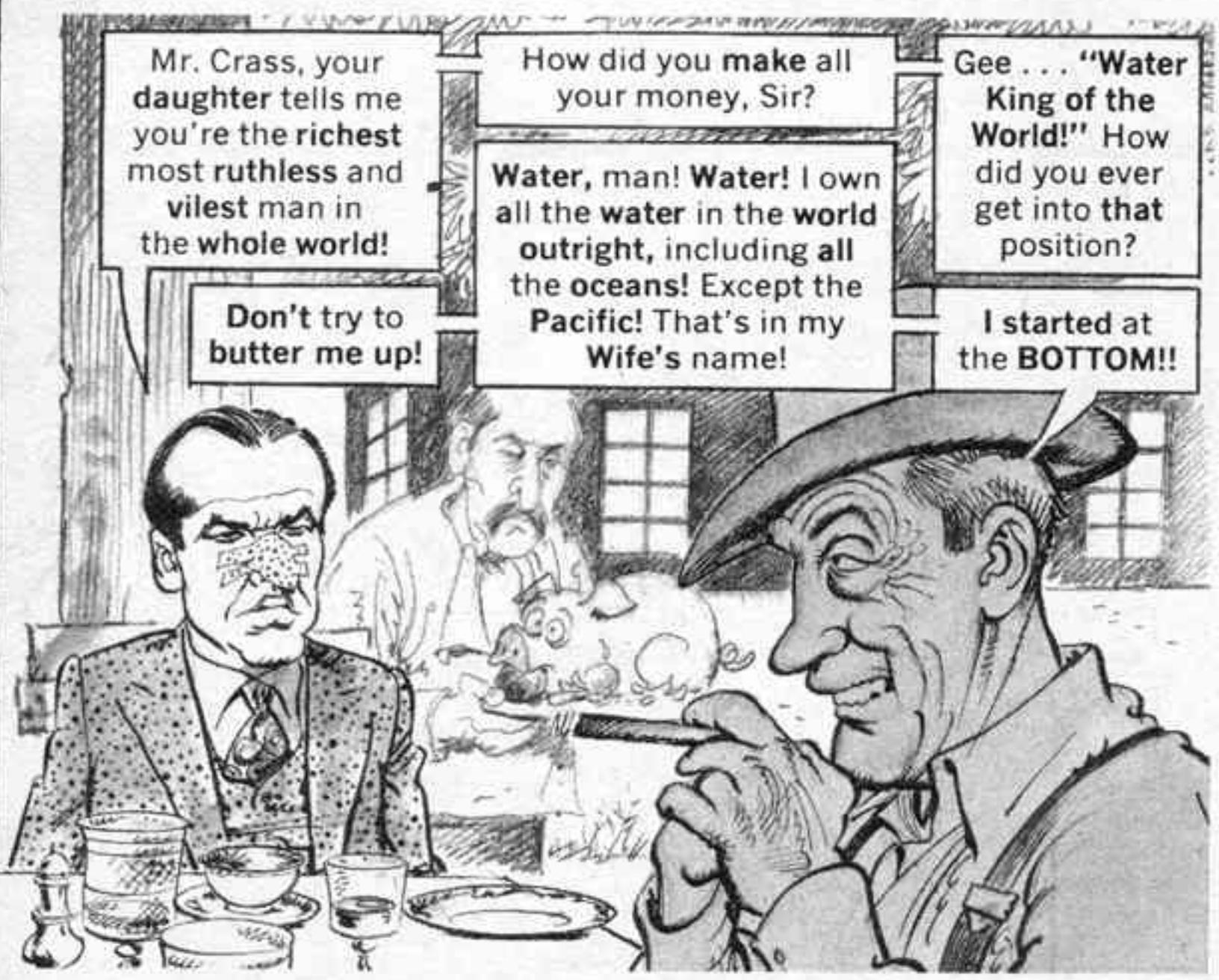
Mrs. Mulebray, I've just uncovered evidence that your late husband had a **business partner**, and his name is **Jonas Crass!**

That's right! He's my **Father**, and I hate his guts!

Aha! Now, we're getting some place! A woman who claims she's **you**, but isn't you, has me tail her **Husband**, who's really **your Husband**, because he's fooling around with a **young blonde**, which is **your concern**, not **hers**, and so I follow him, and I meet a Lieutenant who reminds me of **Chinatown**, and now it seems all of us are after the **same man**, and whoever finds him first will probably kill him!

My father?

No, the guy who wrote this screenplay!



Mr. Crass, your daughter tells me you're the richest most ruthless and vilest man in the whole world!

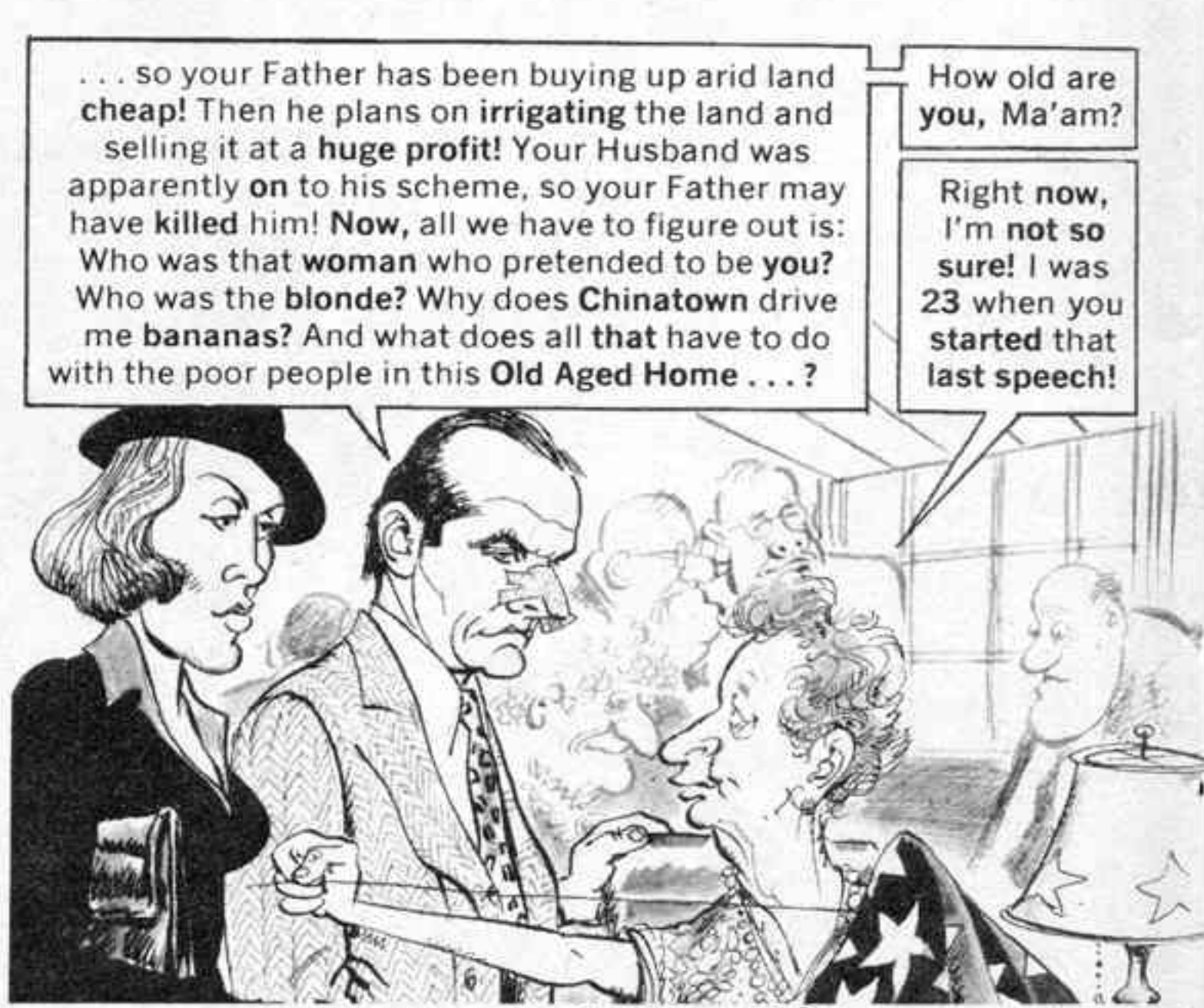
Don't try to butter me up!

How did you make all your money, Sir?

Water, man! **Water!** I own all the **water** in the world outright, including all the **oceans!** Except the **Pacific!** That's in my **Wife's name!**

Gee... "**Water King of the World!**" How did you ever get into that position?

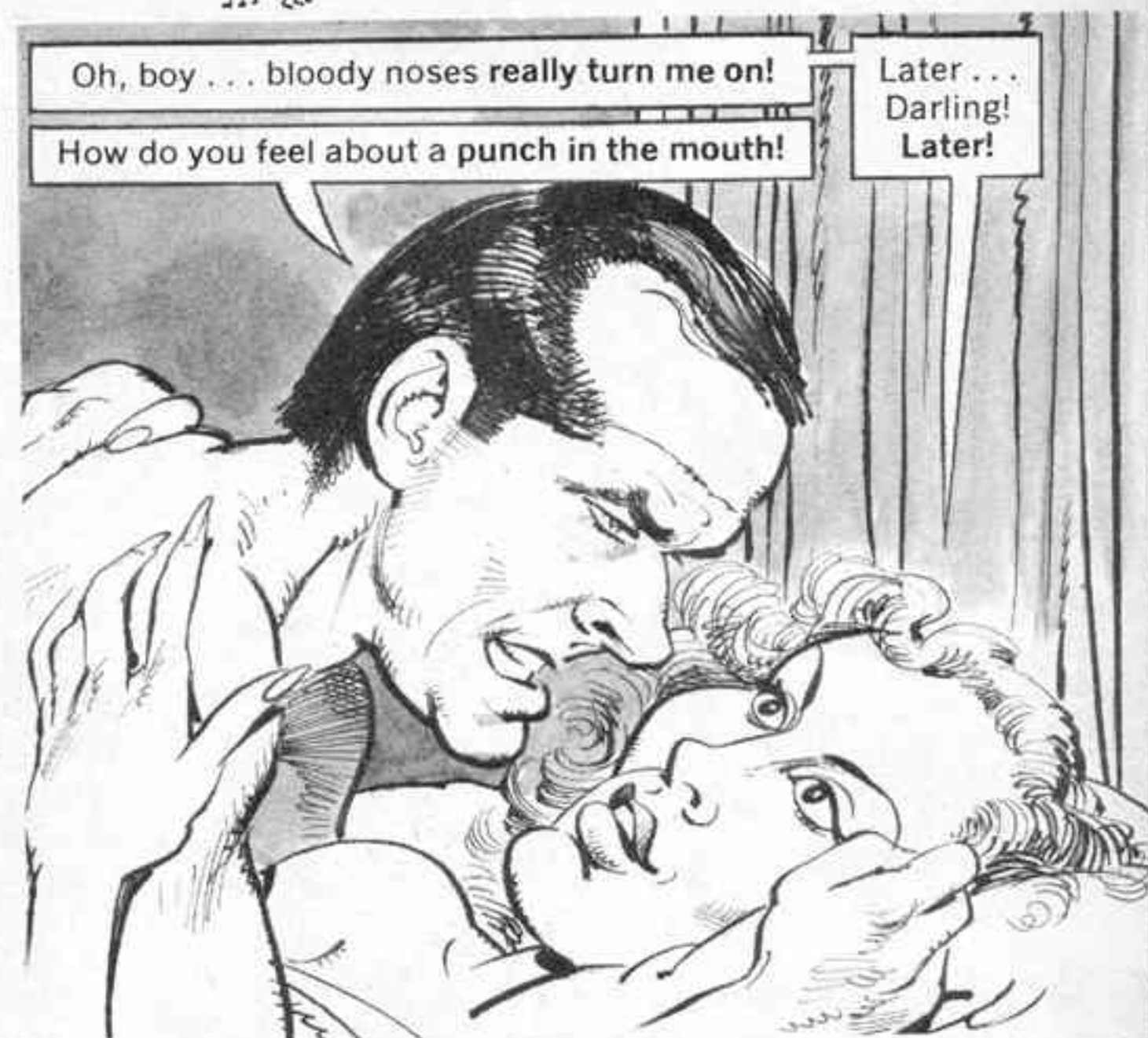
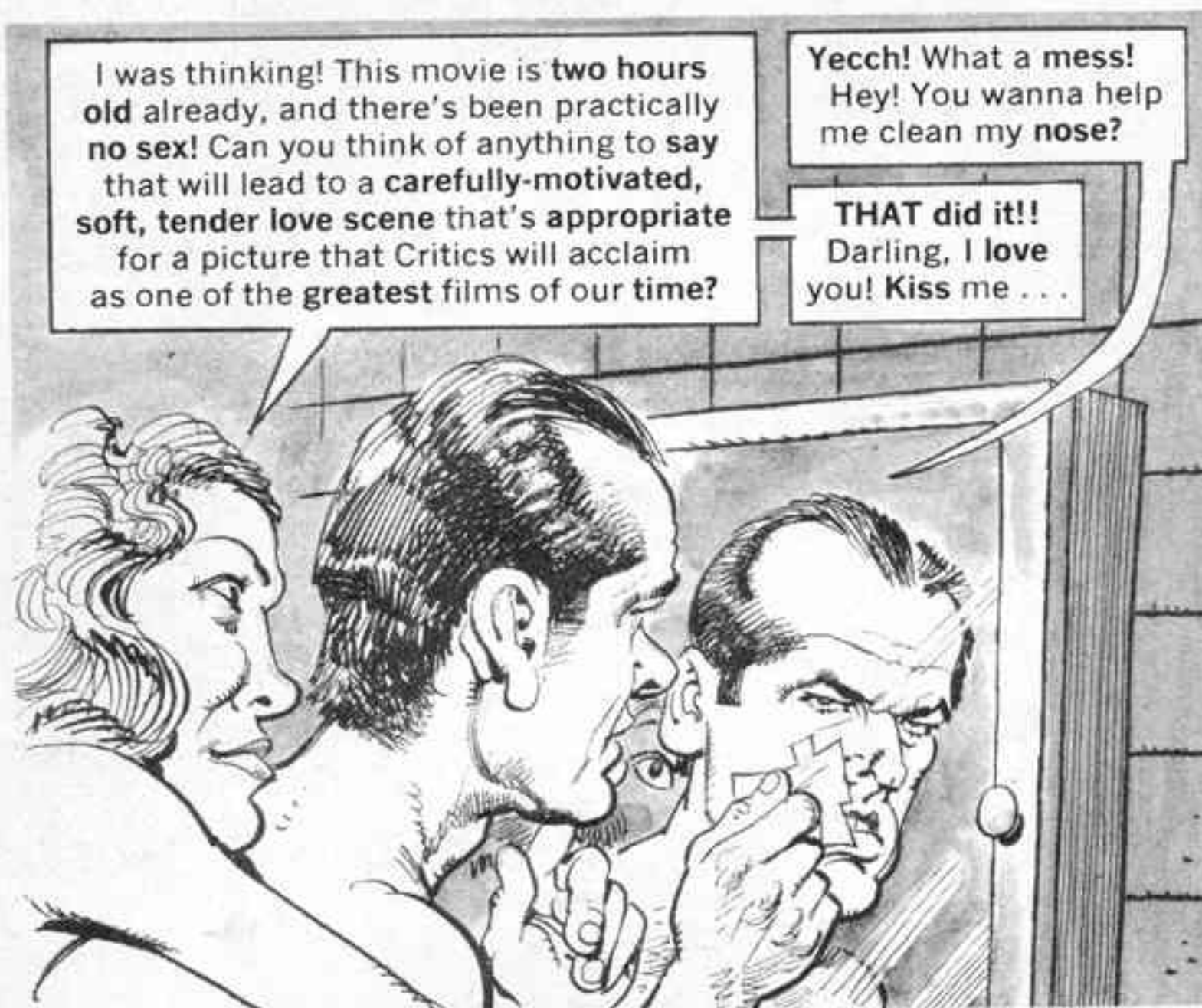
I started at the **BOTTOM!!**



... so your Father has been buying up arid land cheap! Then he plans on **irrigating** the land and selling it at a **huge profit!** Your Husband was apparently **on** to his scheme, so your Father may have killed him! **Now**, all we have to figure out is: Who was that **woman** who pretended to be **you?** Who was the **blonde?** Why does **Chinatown** drive me bananas? And what does all that have to do with the poor people in this **Old Aged Home**...?

How old are you, Ma'am?

Right now, I'm not so sure! I was **23** when you started that last speech!





Shouldn't that be **ONE** slap?!



Sorry! That's better!



Well, Joke! The case is **just about solved!**

Mrs. Mulebray gave her husband permission to fool around with her **Sister— Daughter** so she could fool around with **other guys!**

Crass hired the **fake Mrs. Mulebray** to frame **Mr. Mulebray**, who was on to his **land-swindle**, and because he also wanted to fool around with his **Daughter— Granddaughter!!**

Then Crass killed Mulebray! And now, we're ready for the **big showdown!** And guess where we all meet for the **Grand Finale!** C'mon, take **ONE TEENSY GUESS!**



Golly, gee, I haven't the **vaguest idea!!**

AUDIENCE...???
Hmmm! They're all **asleep** out there, so I guess I'll have to tell you!



CHINATOWN!!
No! **No!** Not **Chinatown!** I can't go back there! It's too **painful!!**

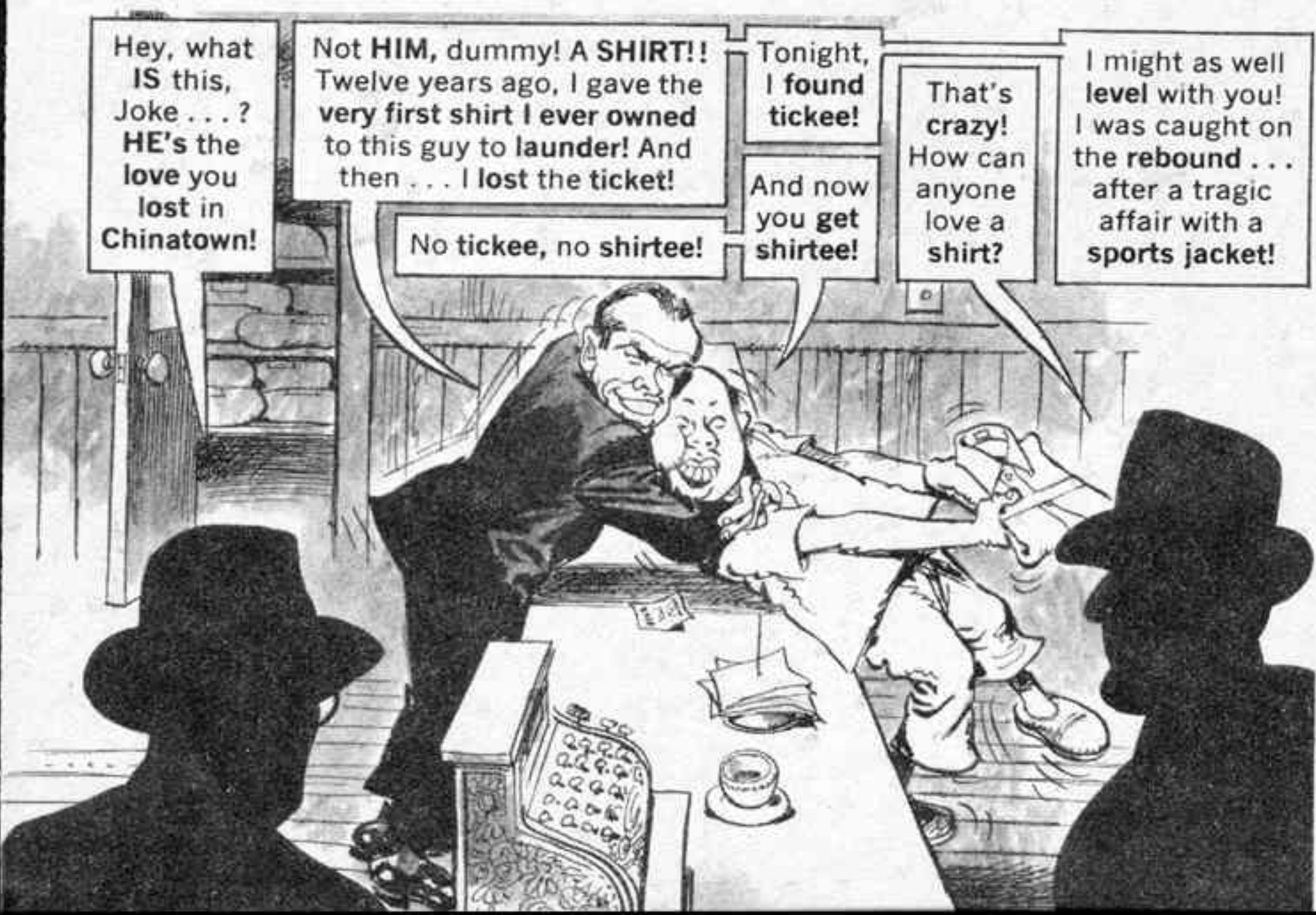
Pain?! Pain?! What do YOU know about pain?!? Look what that **Audience** out there has been through!



W-what happened?
Bad news ... and good news!

What's the **bad news?**
THIS horrible scene ...

And the **good news ... ?**
Joke just found his **lost love ... here in Chinatown!**



Hey, what **IS** this, Joke ... ? **HE's** the **love** you **lost** in **Chinatown!**

Not **HIM**, dummy! A **SHIRT!!** Twelve years ago, I gave the **very first shirt** I ever owned to this guy to **launder!** And then ... I **lost** the **ticket!**

Tonight, I **found** **tickee!**
And now you get **shirtee!**

That's **crazy!** How can anyone **love** a **shirt?**

I might as well **level** with you! I was caught on the **rebound ...** after a **tragic affair** with a **sports jacket!**

No **tickee**, no **shirtee!**



Gee ... I guess all's well that ends well!
Er—not quite!!

IDIOT! Can't you remember **ANYTHING?** I said **NO STARCH!** **NO STARCH!!**

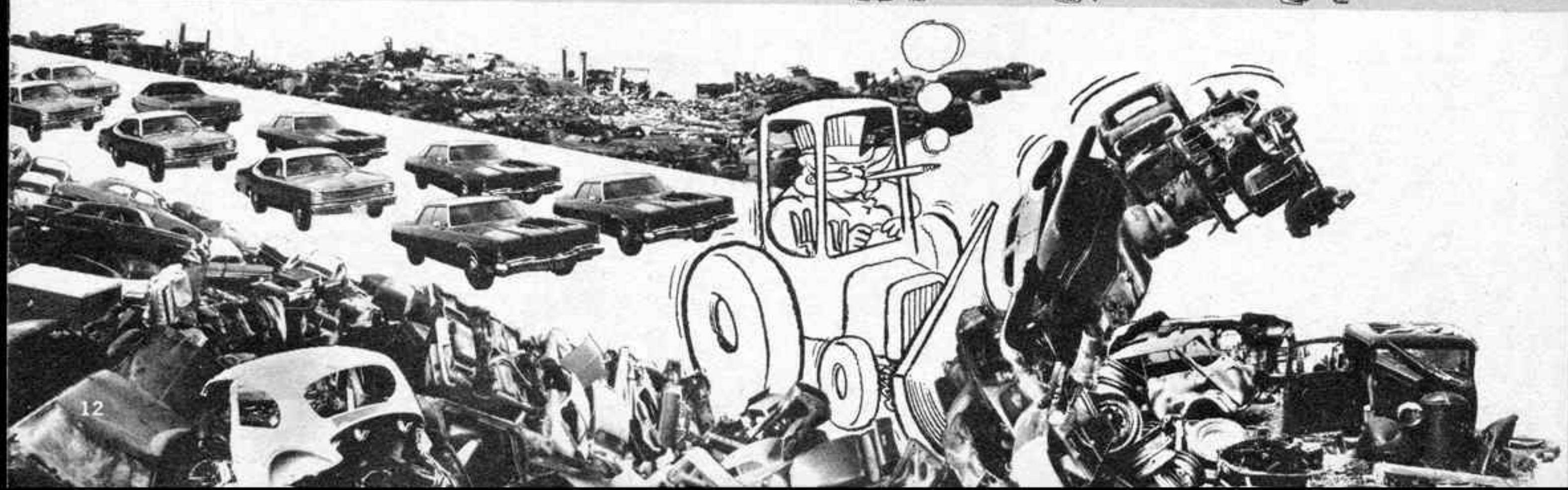
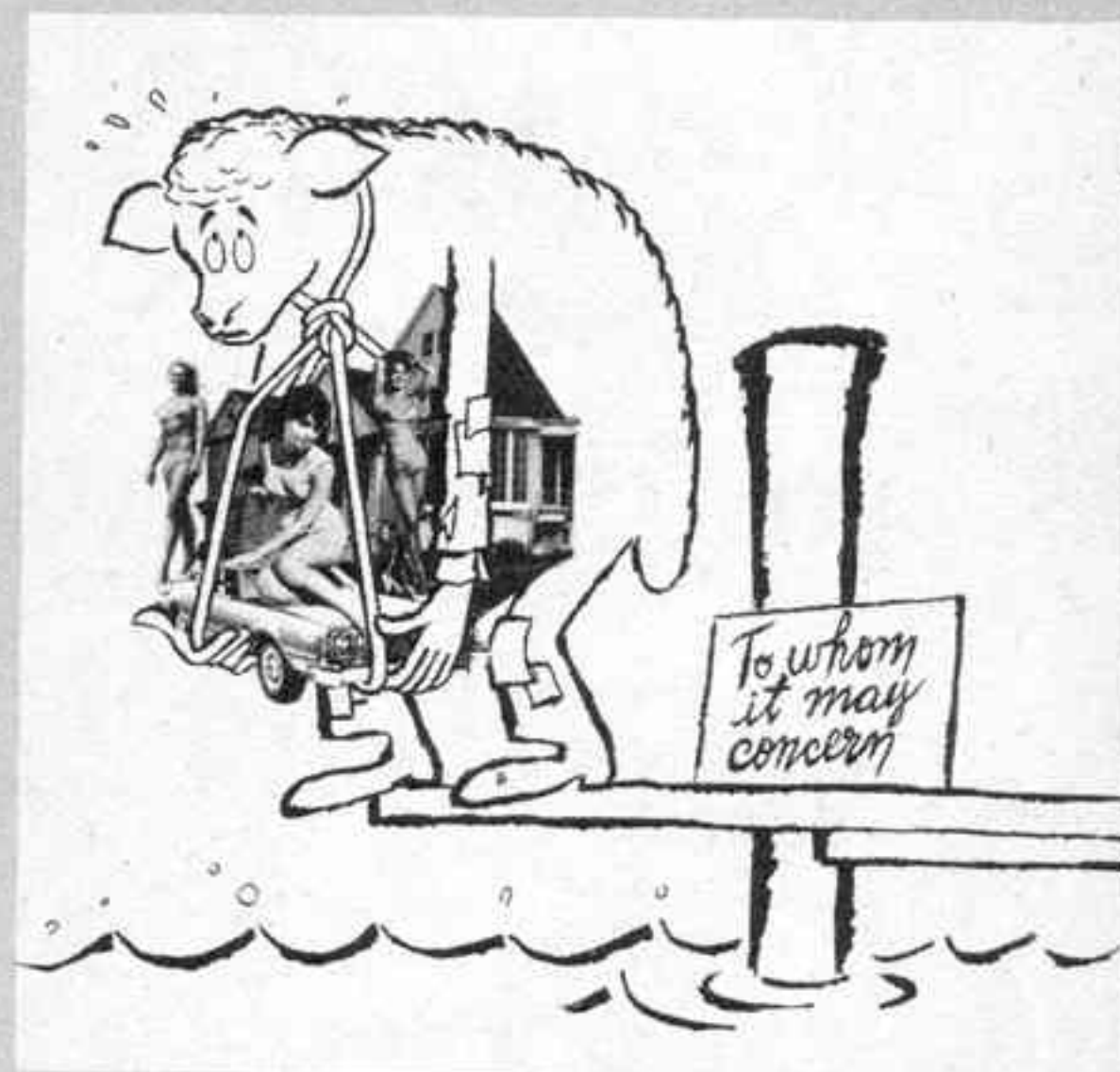
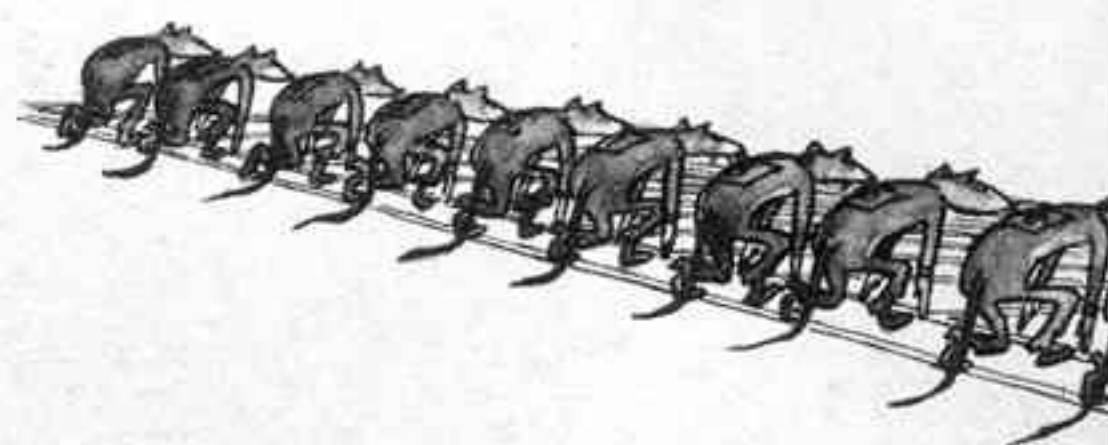
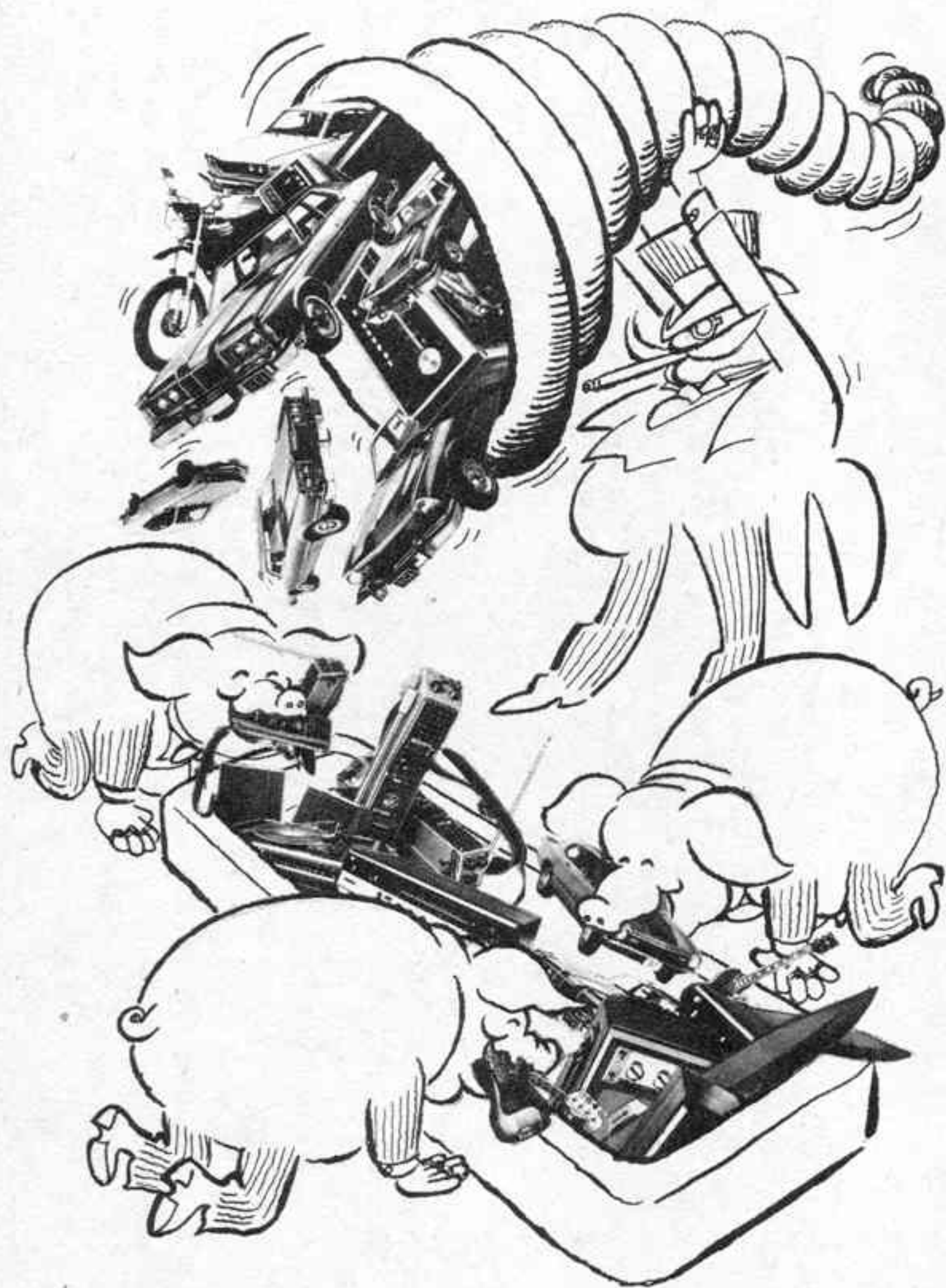


ONE SATURDAY MORNING IN A SUPERMARKET



POSSESSION IS 9/10THS OF THE LURE DEPT.

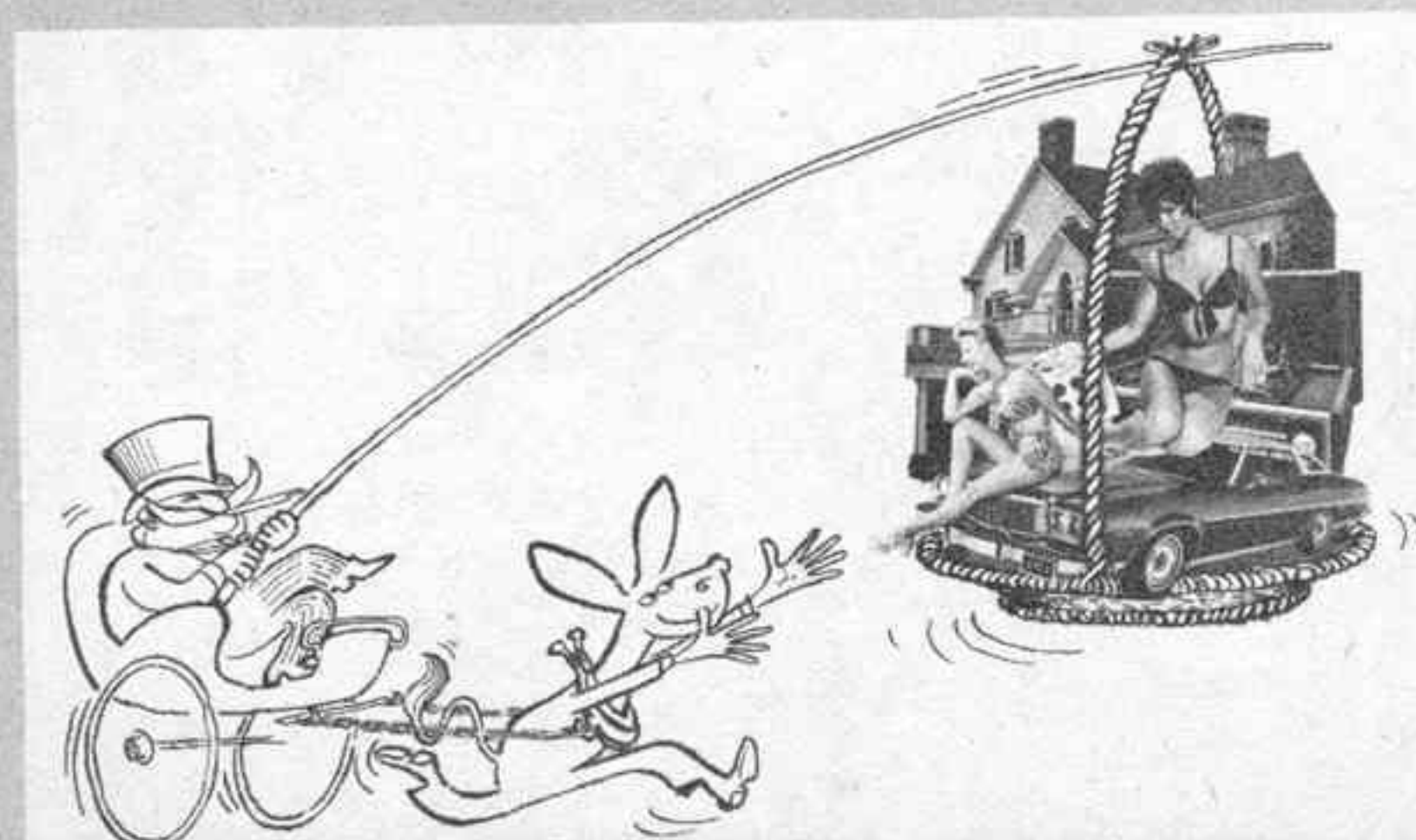
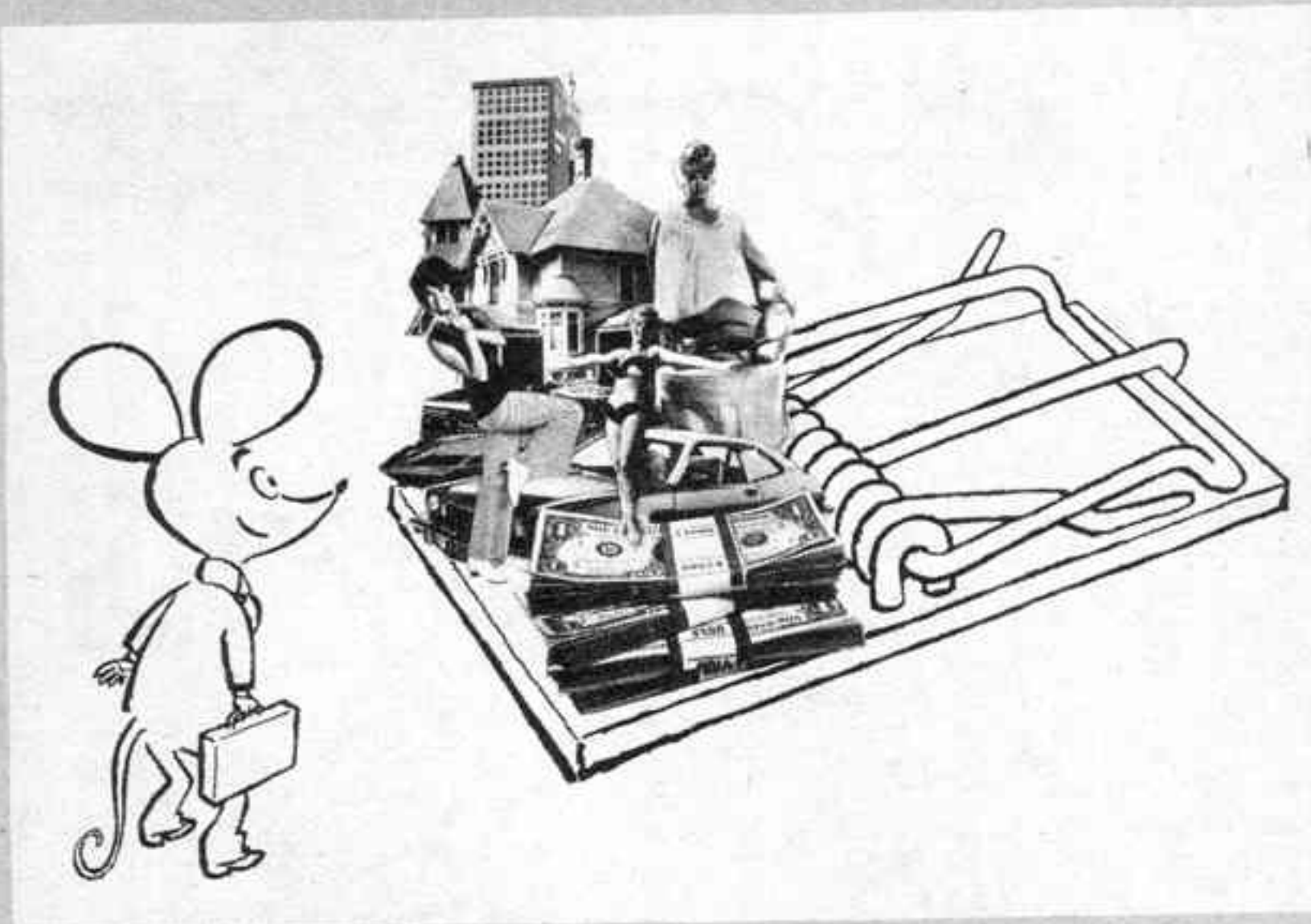
A MAD LOOK AT OUR



CONSUMER SOCIETY

WRITER & ARTIST: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

PHOTO CREDITS: U.P.I., BETHLEHEM STEEL, FUJI CORP., SONY CORP., CHRYSLER MOTORS, FORD MOTOR CO., VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, R.C.A., HARLEY DAVIDSON INC.



MEDICAL CONFIDENTIAL

THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM MAGAZINE

Colds and
Flu Season
1975

ARE YOU
EMOTIONALLY
PREPARED FOR
IMMEDIATE
HOSPITALIZATION?

.....
A Grateful Patient
Speaks Out:
"IT WAS WELL
WORTH \$185 TO
HAVE MY BOIL
LANCED!"

.....
Why Blue Cross
Does Not Cover Our
Fee For Filling
Blue Cross Forms

.....
INSTALLMENT 19
OF A 47-PART
SERIES:

"Those Painful
Ailments You Can't
Expect Medical
Science To Cure"

.....
If You Have To "GO"
... Don't! The
Nurse May Be Asking
You For A Specimen!



SETTING UP FOR THE BILL DEPT.

ANYONE who has ever been trapped in an office waiting room quickly realizes that there are two basic things wrong with the magazines piled there: they are inevitably old, and they are incredibly dull. Strangely, the doctors, businessmen and other people who maintain those waiting rooms never seem to realize that, from their own standpoint, too, the magazines actually have two basic things wrong with them: they don't do a thing to increase business, and they don't even

SPECIALIZED FOR OFFICE W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

EYES RIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR OPTOMETRY PATIENTS

HOW CONTACT
LENSES CAN SPARE
YOU FROM BEING
CALLED "FOUR EYES"

.....
A Dramatic
First Person Account:
"UNBREAKABLE \$75
LENSES SAVED MY
LIFE IN THE ALASKA
EARTHQUAKE!"

.....
Your Alternative To The
Rising Cost Of Glasses:
A \$2,000.00 GUIDE DOG

.....
THE OLD RELIABLE

**E
CB
DLN
PTER**

.....
CHART HAS BEEN
CHANGED SO DON'T
TRY TO GUESS!

.....
Another Miraculous
20-20 Vision Story:
"NOW I CAN READ ALL
SIX PAGES OF MY
ITEMIZED OPTOMETRY
BILL CLEARLY!"

.....
A DELIGHTED
WIDOW TELLS HER
OPTOMETRY STORY:
"I Found Independence
By Being Able To Look
Up My Own Phone Numbers!"



OCCASIONAL
BLURRED VISION
MAY MEAN YOU NEED
EXPENSIVE BIFOCALS

REPAIR ROUNDUP

THE AUTO MECHANIC'S WAITING ROOM COMPANION

WHY COSTS HAVE RISEN
SHARPLY SINCE YOU GOT
THAT REPAIR ESTIMATE
YESTERDAY MORNING

Why 4-Cylinder Cars
Often Require
8 New Spark Plugs

NEVER ARGUE WITH
YOUR MECHANIC!
Anybody Who Can Lift
An Engine Block Can
Fracture Your Pelvis!

The Victim Of A
Major Mechanical
Breakdown Tells All:
"I NEGLECTED TO
HAVE MY GRIMMISH
REPLACED EVERY
10,000 MILES!"

Why An Overhauled Car
You Pick Up Today Can
Develop Serious New
Trouble On The Way
Home From The Garage

IGNORING THAT
STRANGE RATTLE
MIGHT COST YOU
YOUR LIFE!

AL'S AUTO
REPAIR

MAY 1975
(July At
The Latest!)



This Month's Special Article:
A \$400 OVERHAUL NOW COULD
SAVE YOU FROM
A BIG REPAIR BILL LATER!



prepare the waiting room inmates psychologically for their coming appointments. In short, there's nothing in an old copy of "Good Housekeeping" or "Sports Illustrated" that enables a professional person to go "one up" on his patient or customer before the two ever meet. Yes, MAD thinks that a golden opportunity is being missed. The captive audience is there, ready to be frightened or even fleeced, and what the situation clearly calls for is a whole brand new, cleverly angled line of . . .

MAGAZINES WAITING ROOMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Body English

Cold Grey Winter 1975

The Funeral Home Browser

FUN THINGS TO READ WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR GRIEF COUNSELOR

SUPPOSE YOU DO RECRUIT AMATEUR PALL BEARERS—AND THEY DROP THE BOX?

Insisting On Your Own Minister Could Result In A Bush League Eulogy

WHO SAYS THE DEAR DEPARTED CAN'T ENJOY \$50 WORTH OF ORGAN MUSIC?

A Young Couple's Tale Of Devotion: "WE SOLD OUR HOME AND BOUGHT A MAUSOLEUM SO THAT GRANDPA COULD HAVE HIS OWN ROOM!"

Why Risk Letting Mourning Relatives Drive With Tears In Their Eyes When They Can Drive Safely In Chauffeured Limousines?

AN IOWA WIDOW SHARES HER COMFORTING MEMORIES: "Claude's Funeral Was The Nicest Thing That Ever Happened To Him!"



THE MONTH'S BEST IN MORTUARY HUMOR
Turn To Page 84

Making Waves

Kinky Reading For The Beauty Shop Patron

Dry, Bleached Summer Issue 1975

BLONDES PROBABLY HAVE MORE FUN, AND IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH \$25 TO FIND OUT

* * *

A PATRON WHO ORDERED THE CHEAPEST DYE JOB REPORTS: "Now Everybody Mistakes Me For A Movie Star . . . Yul Brynner!"

* * *

SHOULD YOU GET EXPENSIVE PEDICURES IN WINTER WHEN YOU ONLY WEAR HIGH BOOTS? The Story Of One Woman's Embarrassment When She Slipped On The Ice, Turned Her Ankle, And They Removed Her Goggles In Public

* * *

THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOUR MALE HAIRDRESSER: Gold Lame Socks

* * *

"Making Waves" Survey Report: "PROFESSIONAL MANICURES; WHY THEY TURN MEN ON!"

* * *

How Trading Mean Gossip With Your Beautician Releases Tension And Makes You Look Lovelier



This Month's Exciting Cosmetic Tip: HOW YOUR BEAUTY SHOP'S SPECIAL CONDITIONING TREATMENT SHRINKS YOUR SKIN TO FIT YOUR FACE

IMPACTED WISDOM

FACTUAL FEATURES OF VITAL INTEREST TO DENTAL PATIENTS

HOW BAD BREATH CAN ANGER THE DENTIST INTO DRILLING UNMERCIFULLY!

How Gumming Mushy Foods For The Rest Of Your Life Can Be Fun

WISE ADVICE FROM AN ORTHODONTIST: "Put Your Money Where Your Kid's Mouth Is!"

YOUR BEST HEDGE AGAINST RUNAWAY INFLATION: A Mouthful Of Gold Inlays

Why A Tropical Cruise Helps To Keep Your Dentist's Hands From Shaking

SWALLOWING LITTLE BITS OF SILVER FILLINGS CAN'T KILL YOU!



Six-Month Check-Up Time 1975

SPECIAL REPORT

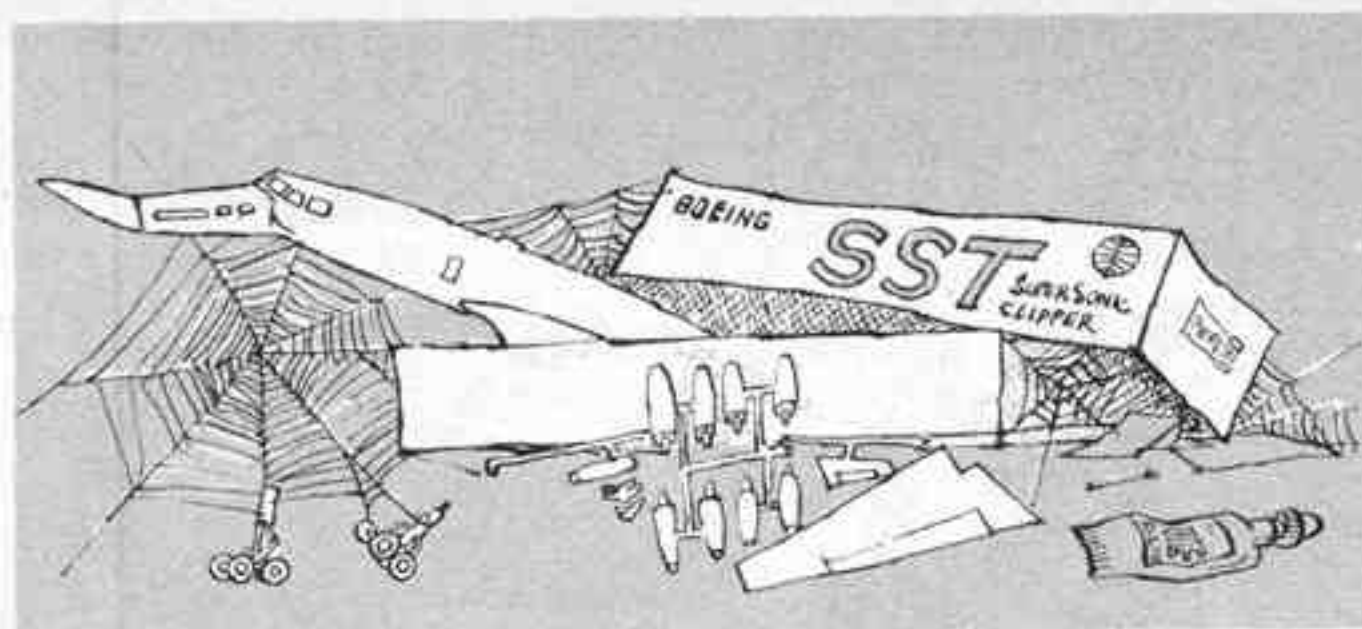
"There's No Truth To The Rumor That They Turn Up The Muzak To Drown Out The Sound Of Screaming!"

A MAD LOOK AT...

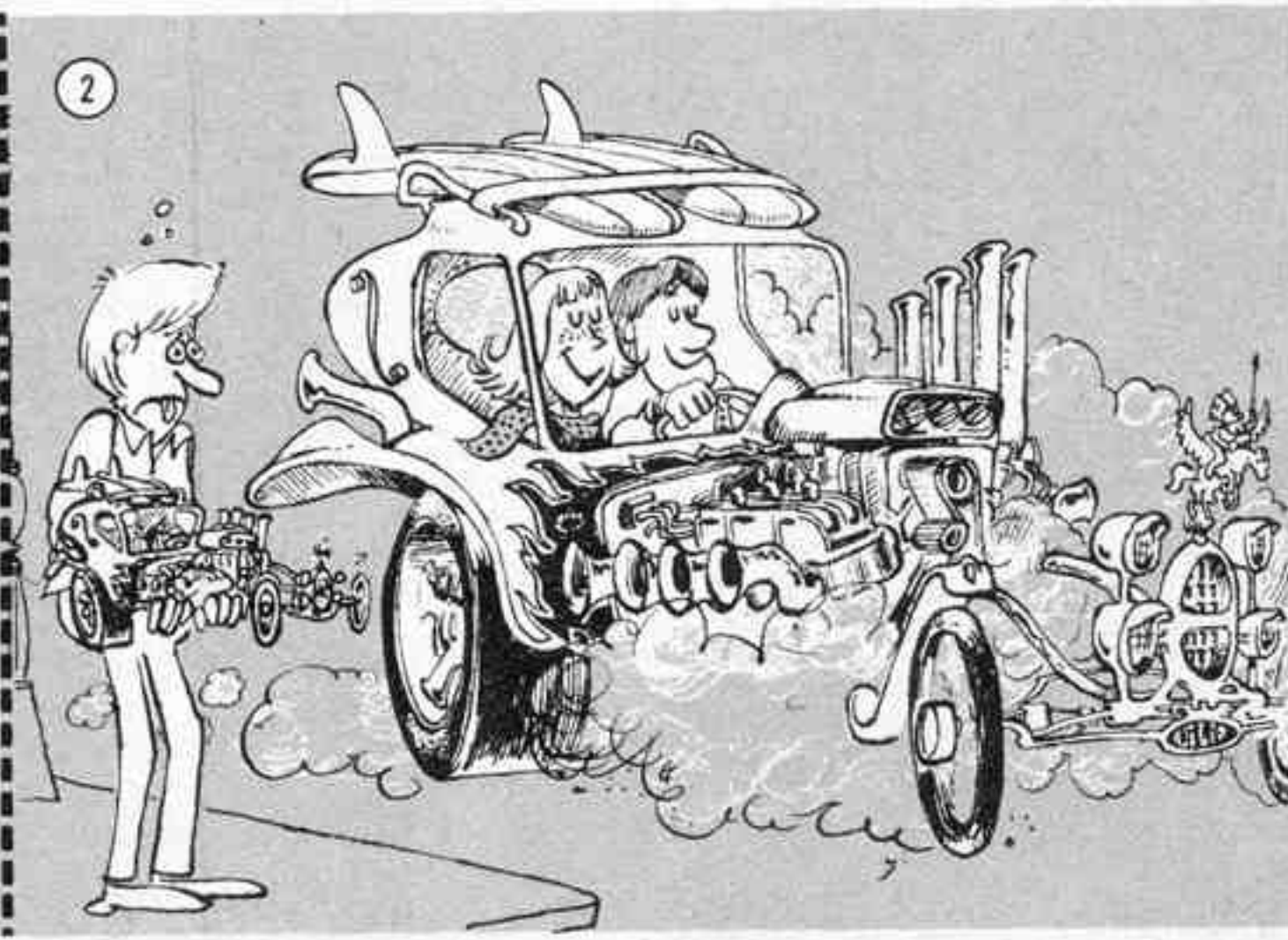
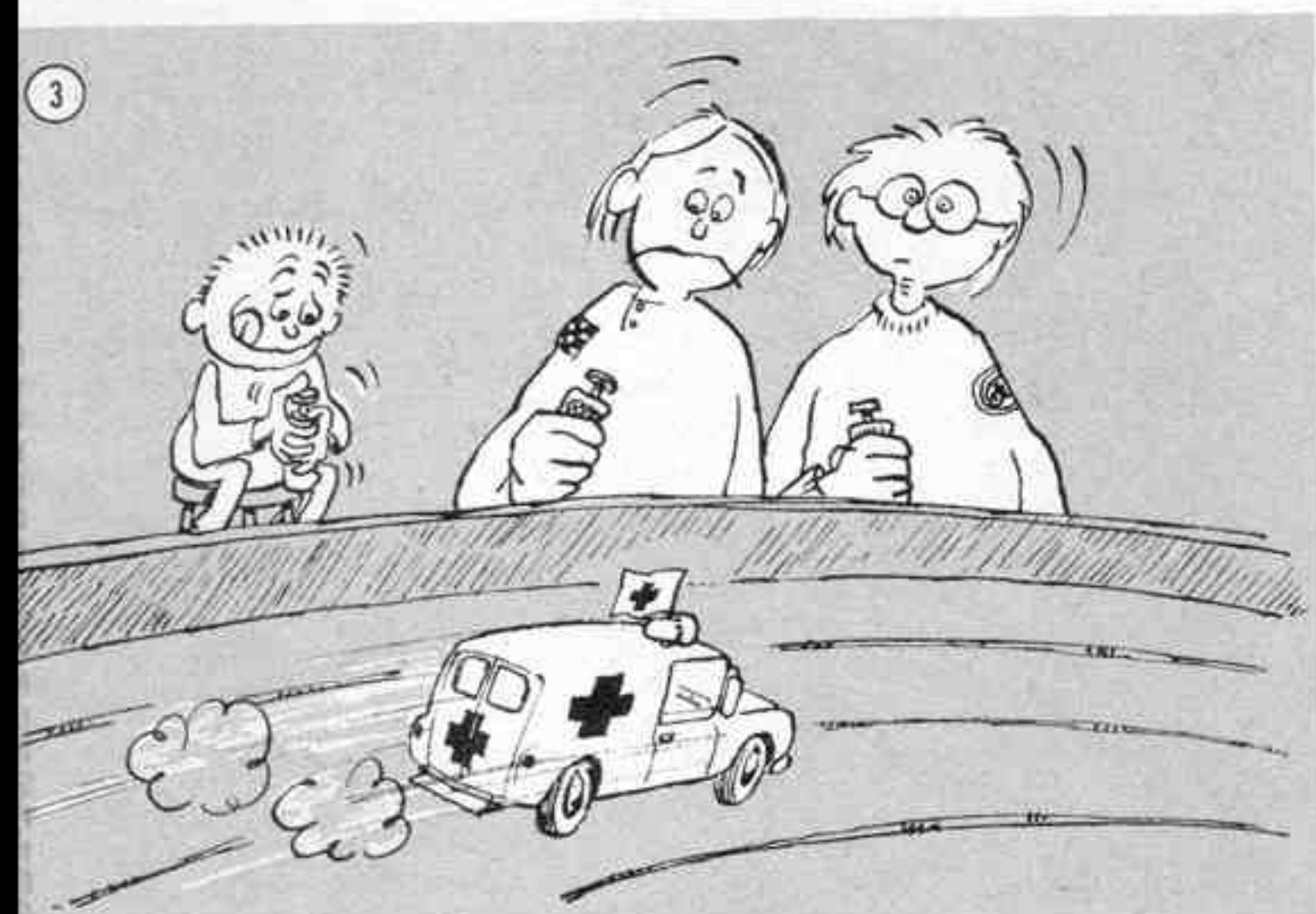
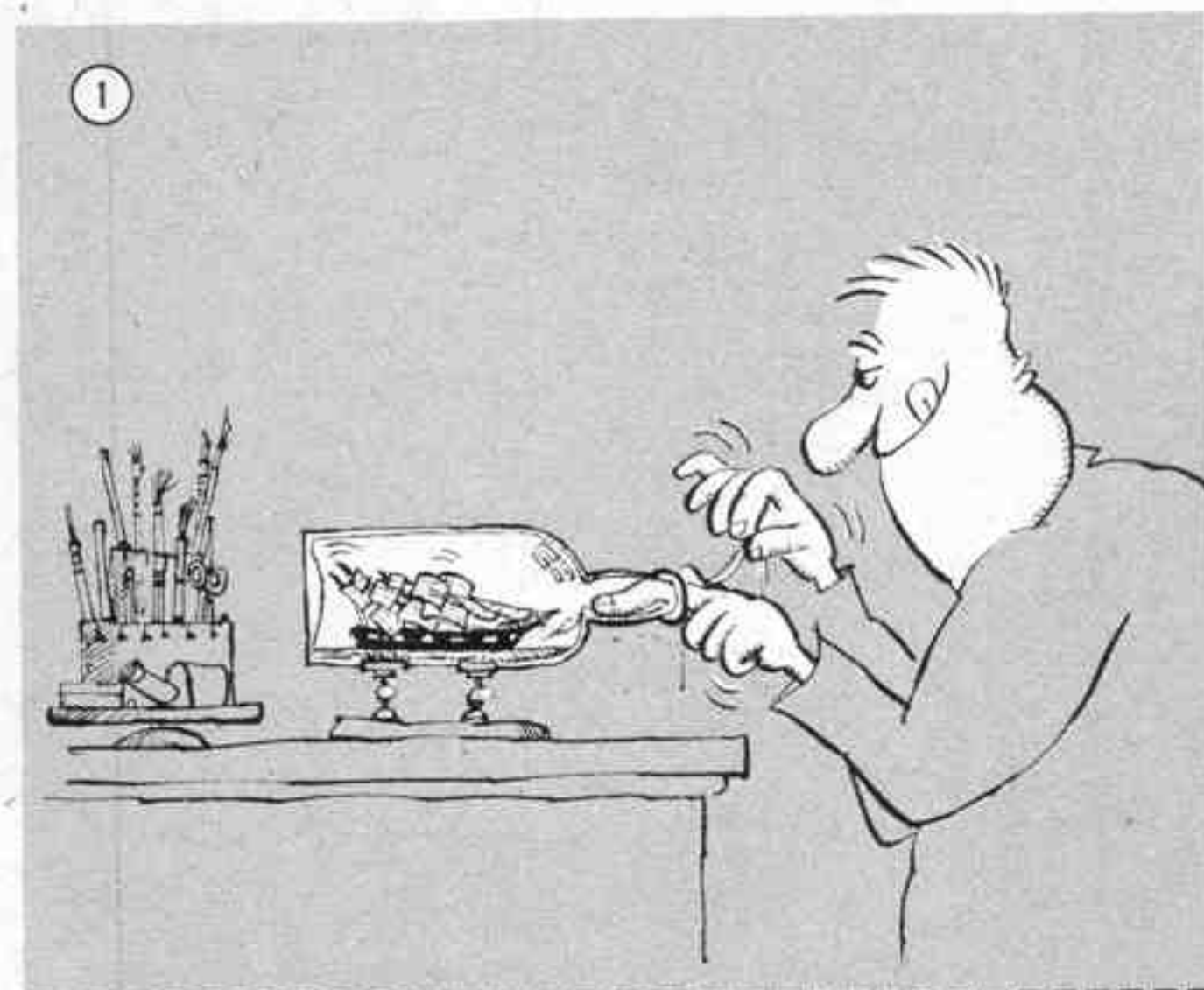
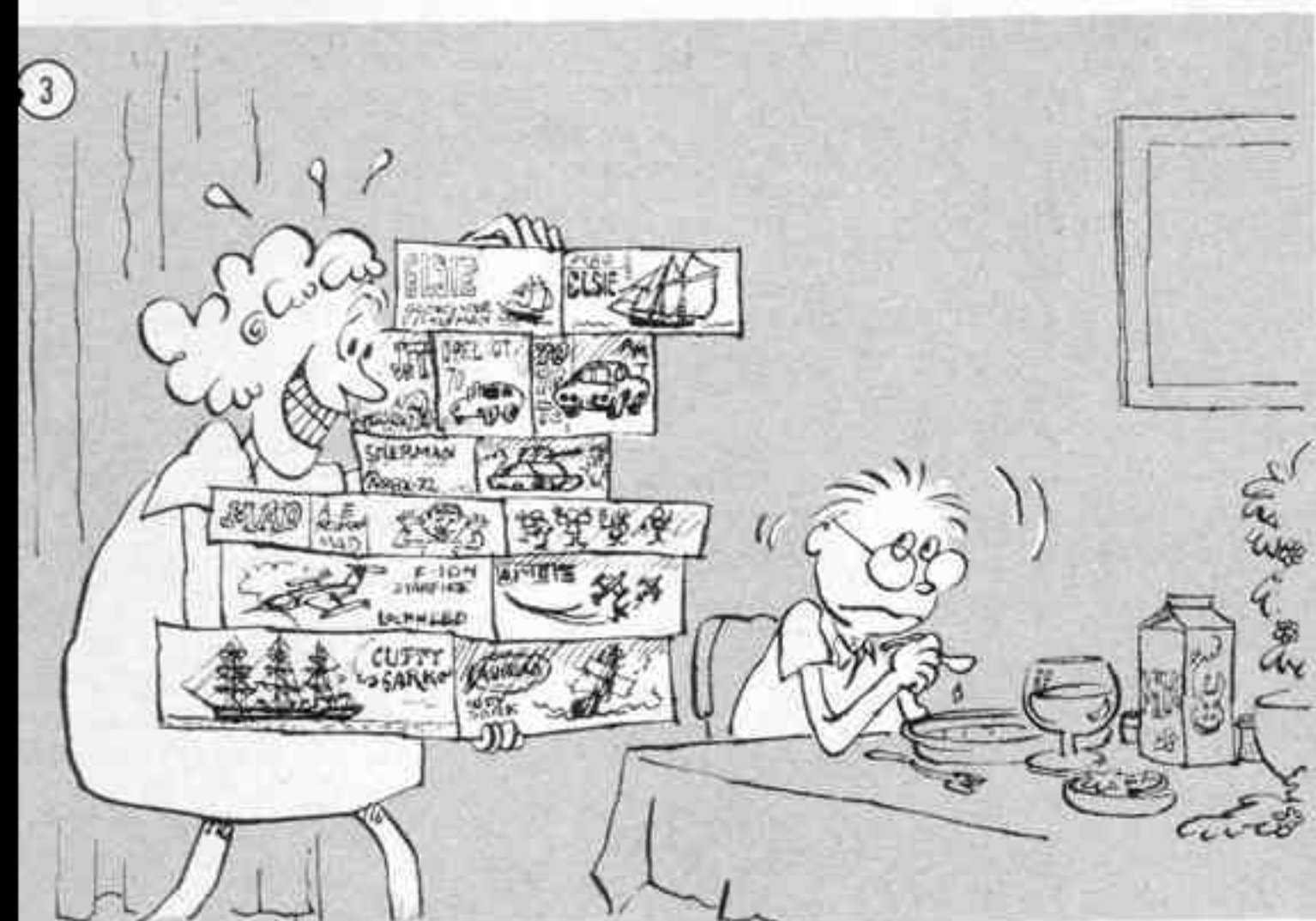
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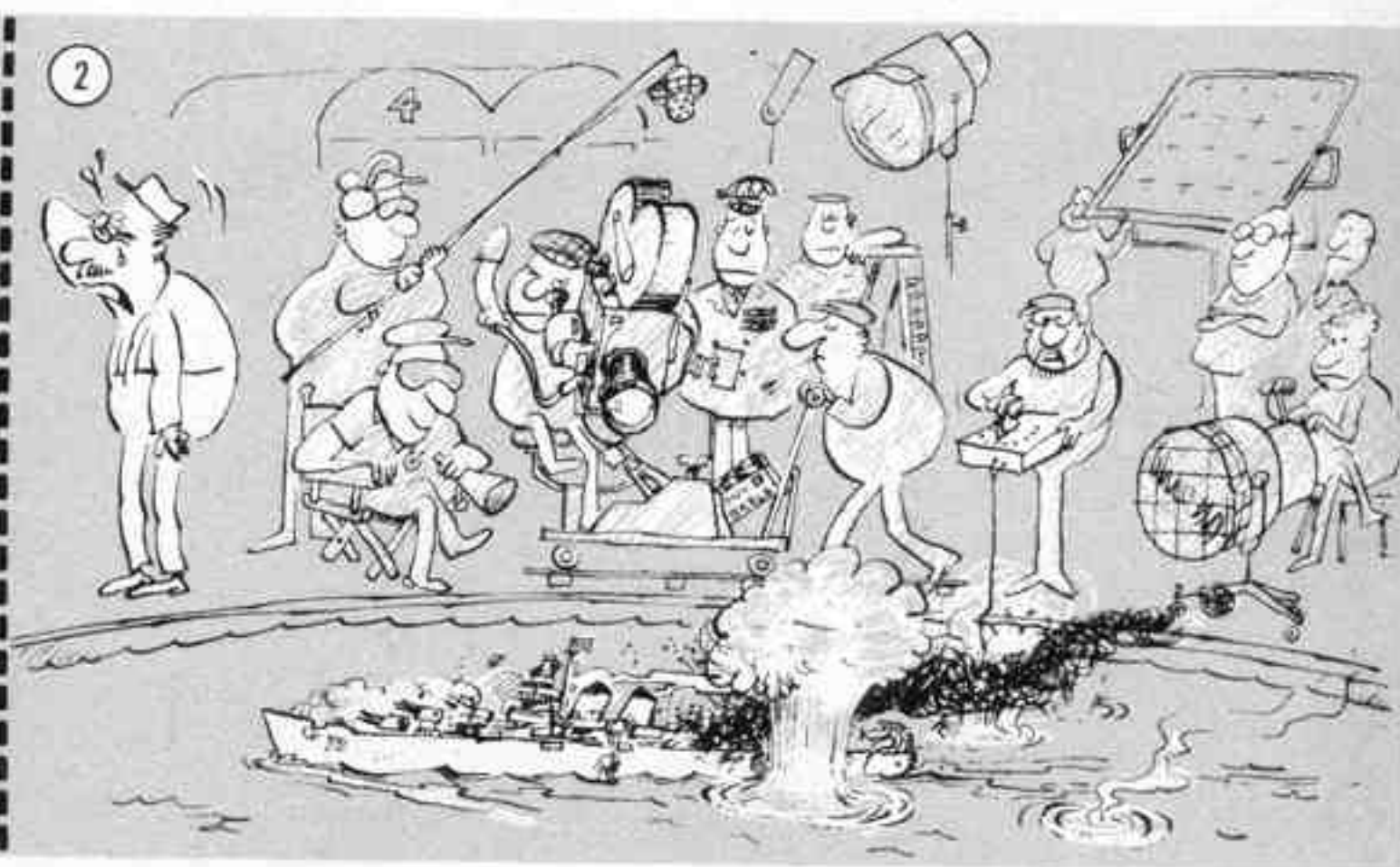
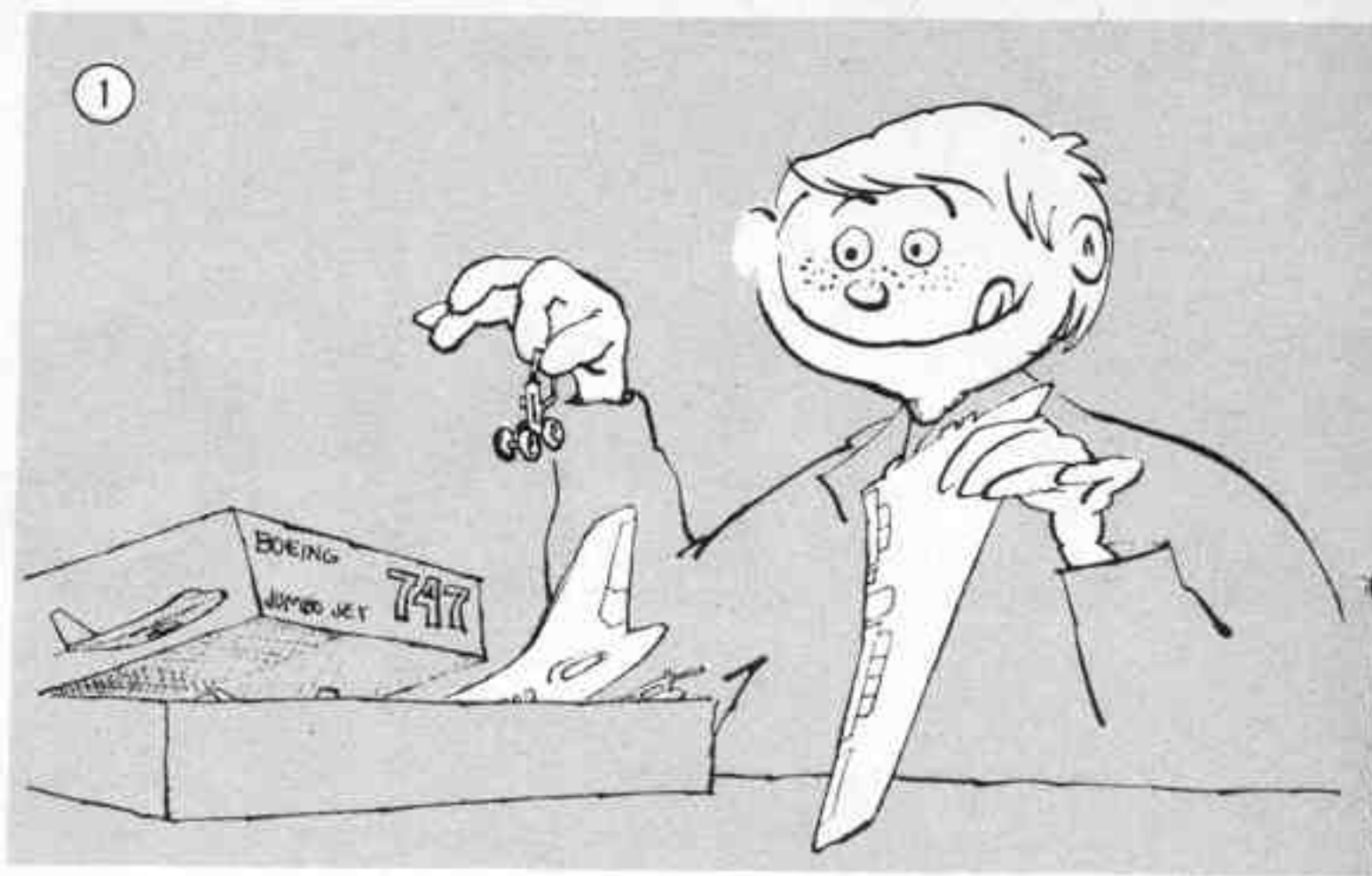


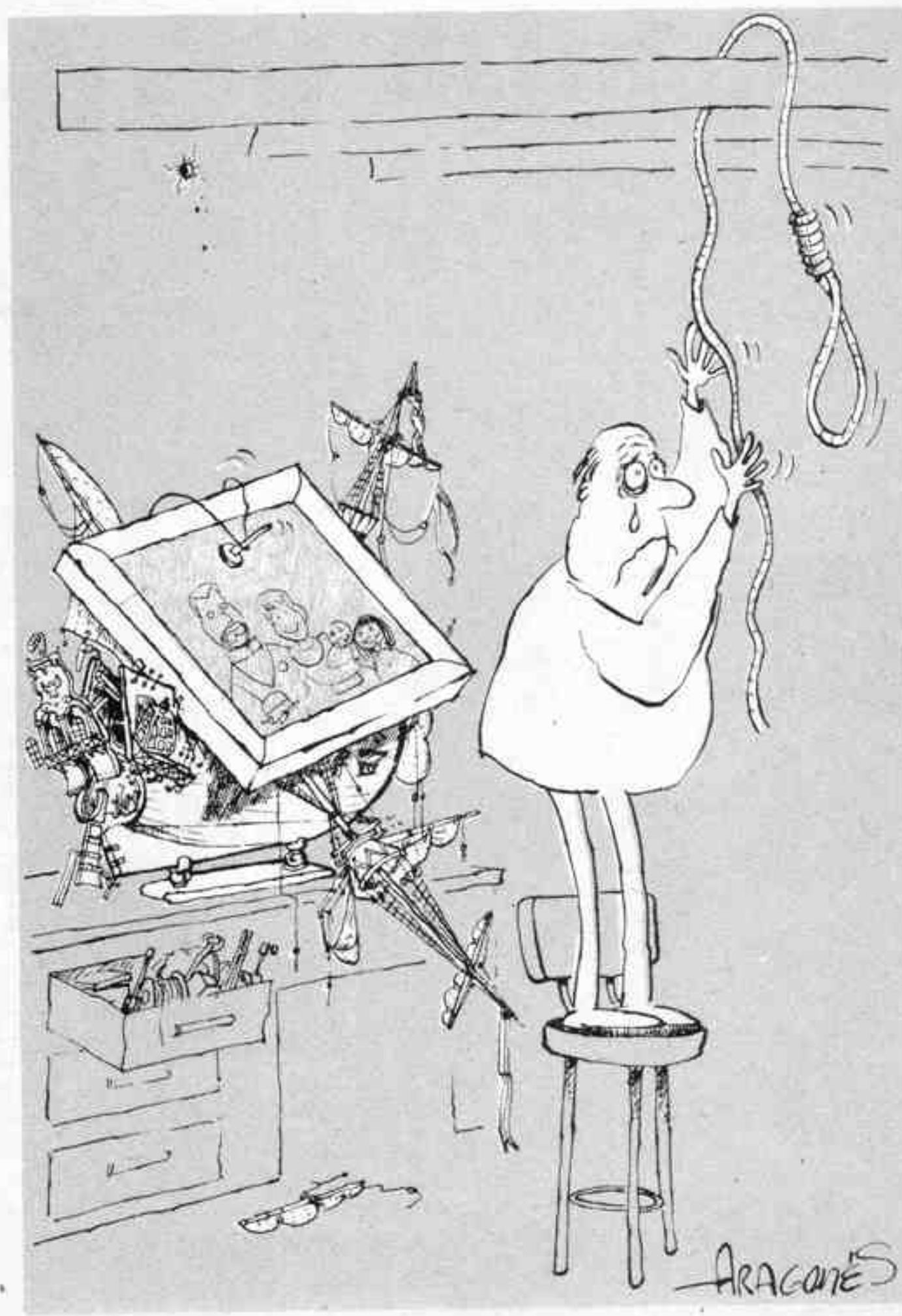
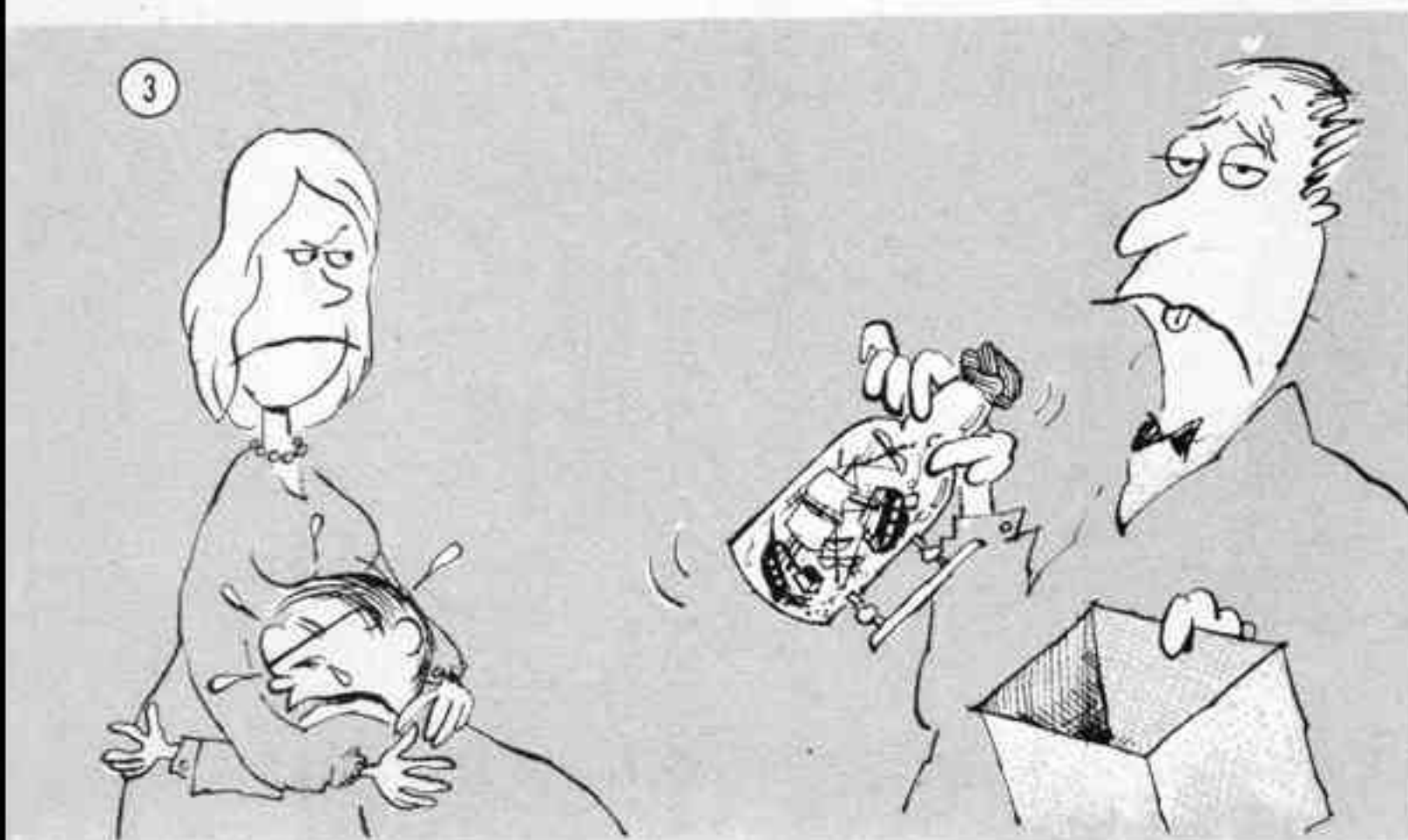
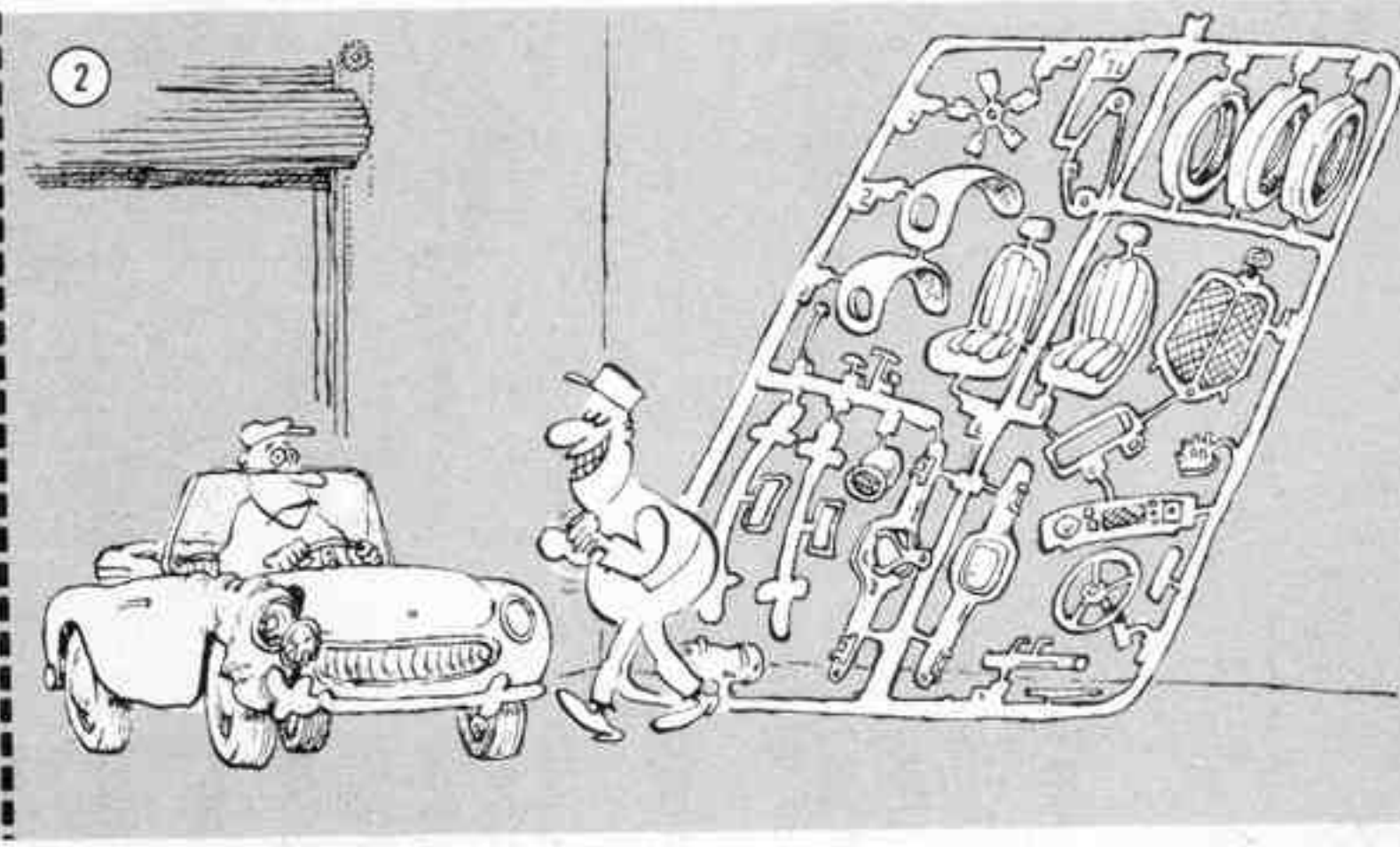
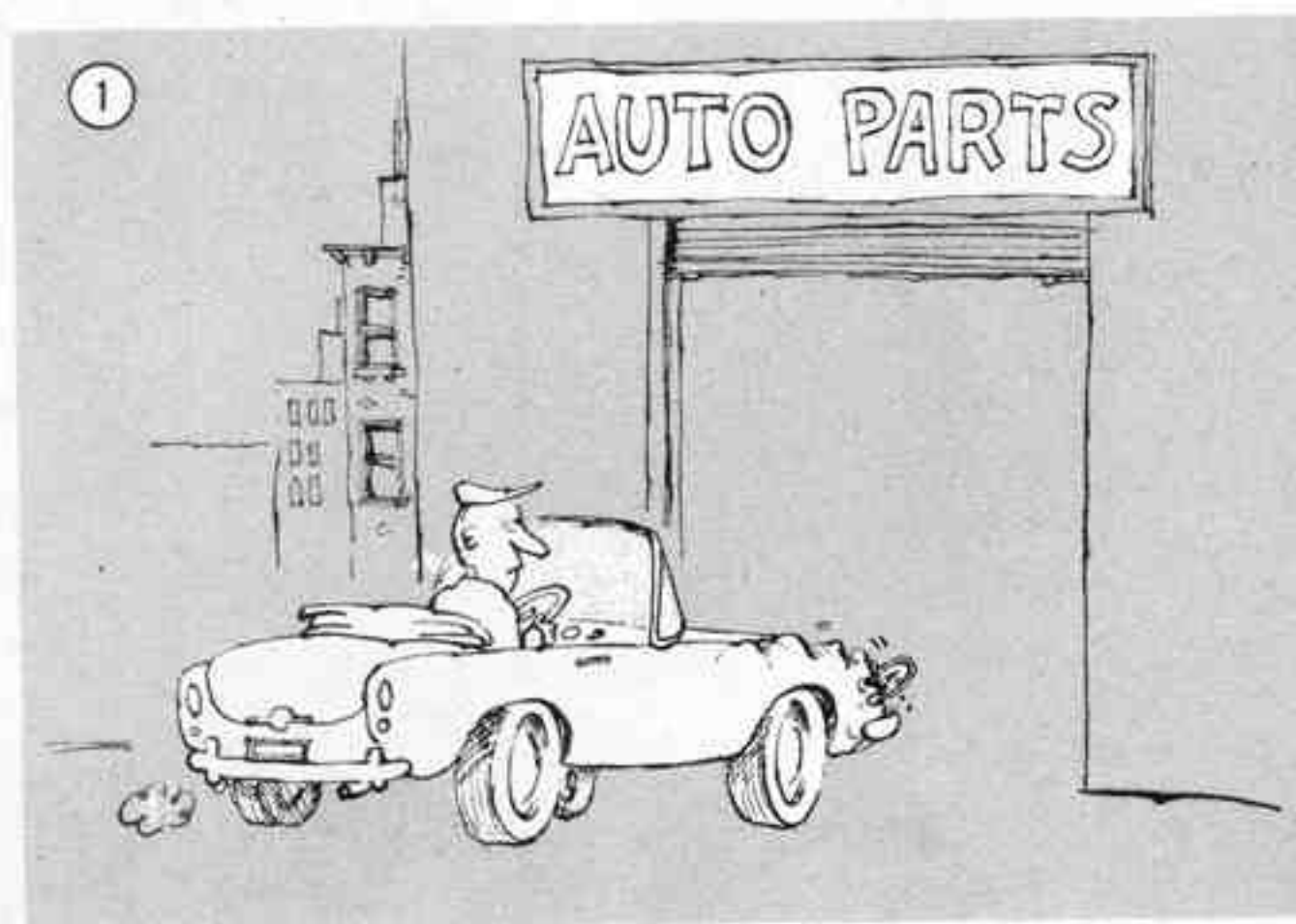
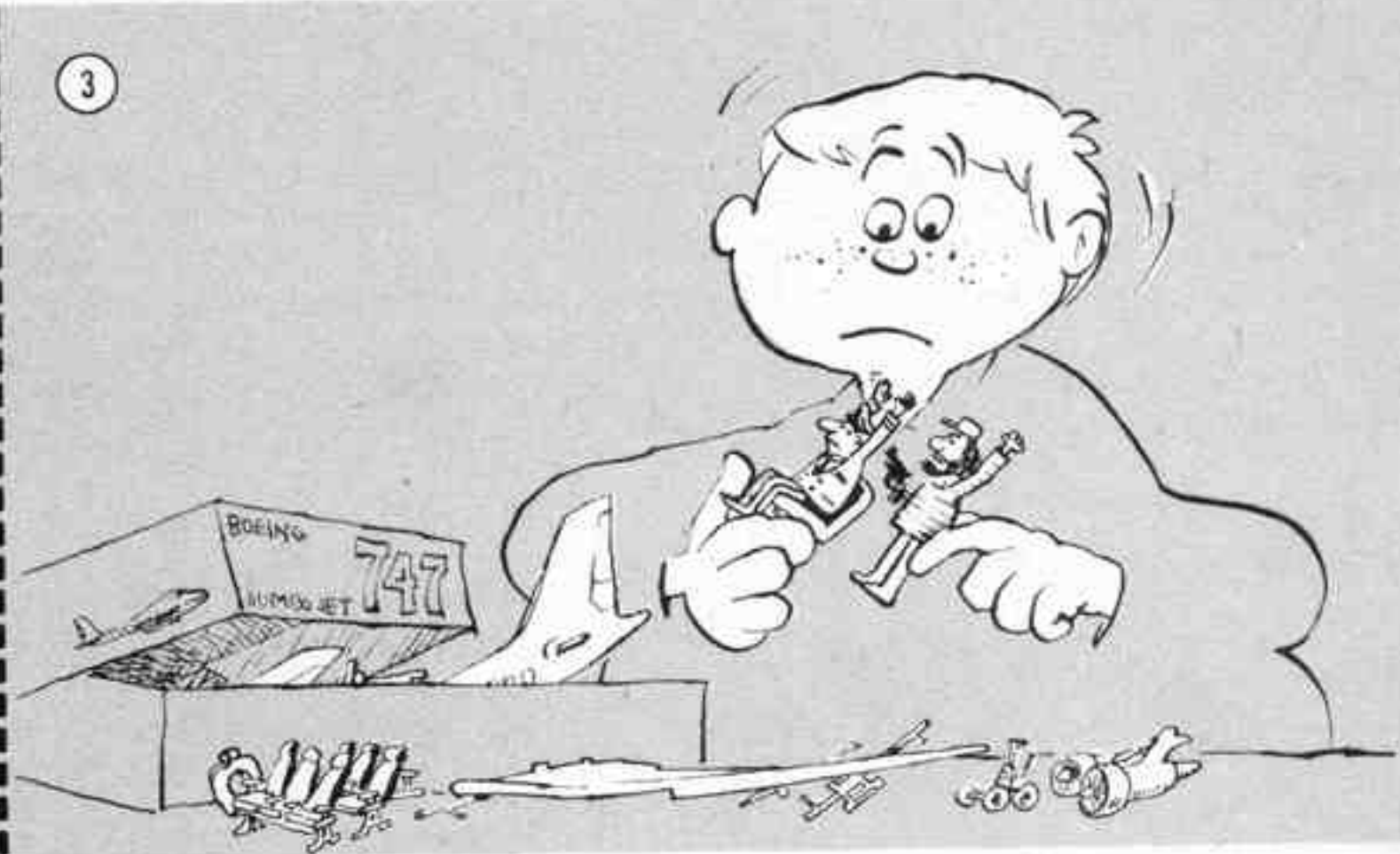
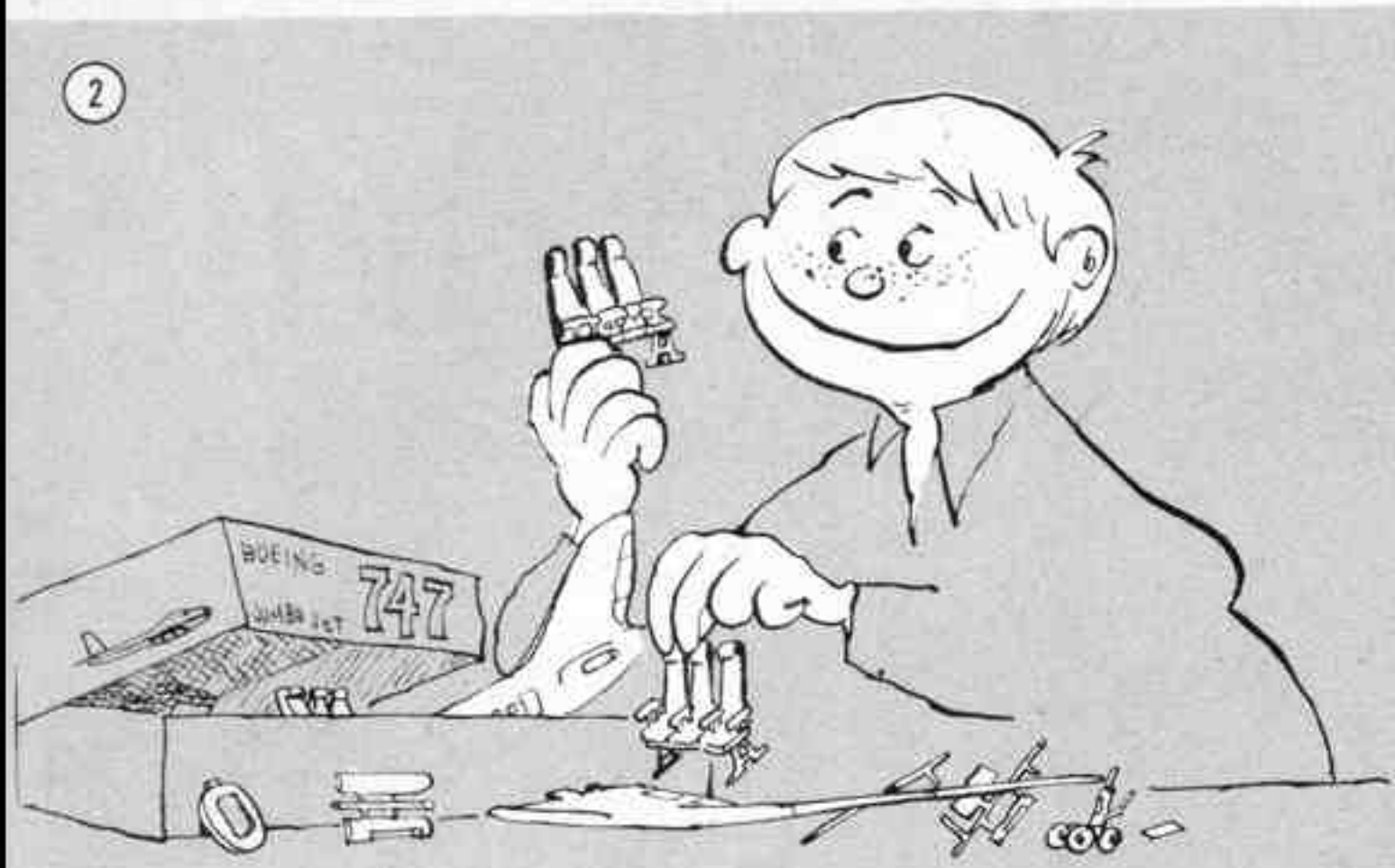
BUILDING

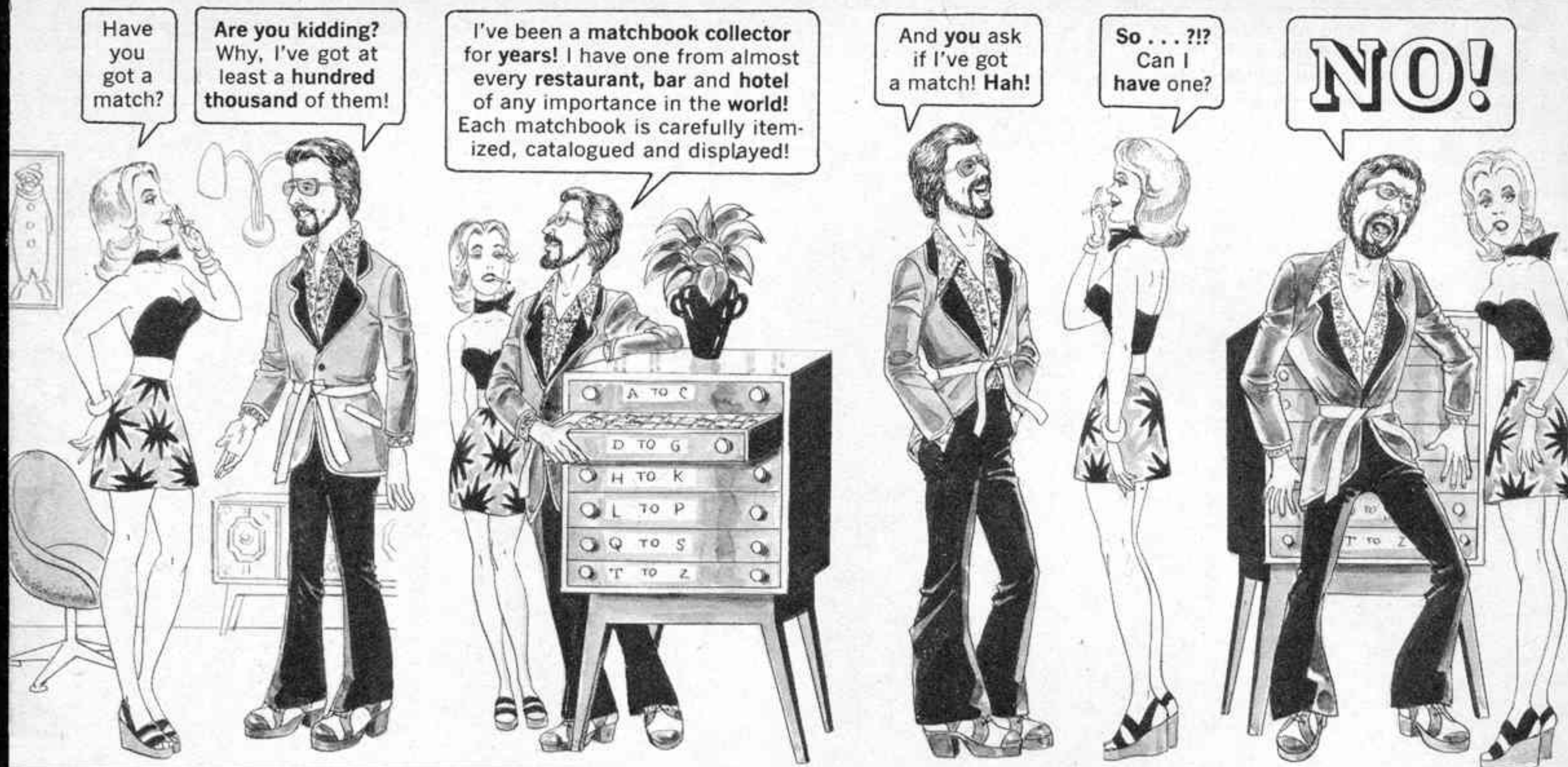


ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES









BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

COL



Oh... I see you're collecting pennies! Tell me, what makes something into a "collectable"?

Anything that's rare... or that isn't made any more... or that there's a shortage of becomes a valuable collectable!

That's right! I hear that some banks are giving a DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE for a dollar's worth of pennies! So there really must be a terrible shortage of them!

... because I created the shortage!!

Yeah... I know...



LECTING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Why the heck don't you throw out all this junk?!

I'm AFRAID to!! With this current "nostalgia" craze, it's really hard to figure out what's JUNK... and what's VALUABLE!!

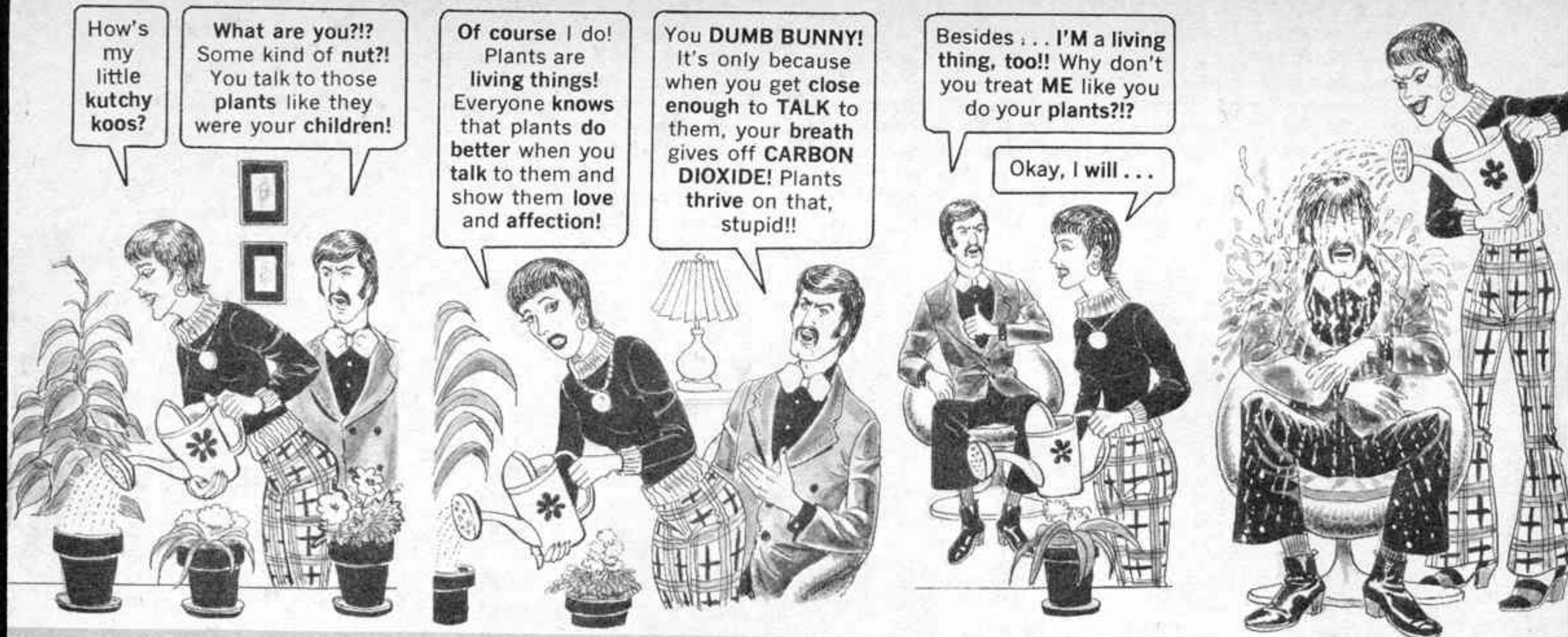
Today, people are paying good money for Big Little Books and Shirley Temple Dolls and Mickey Mouse Watches and Little Orphan Annie Shake-Up Mugs!!

Now that you mention it, looking at this stuff DOES bring back a flood of nostalgic memories!

It's kinda NICE, isn't it?

Oh, yeah?!? Well, what's so NICE about memories of "THE GREAT DEPRESSION"... and "WORLD WAR II"?!?





How's my little kutchy koos?

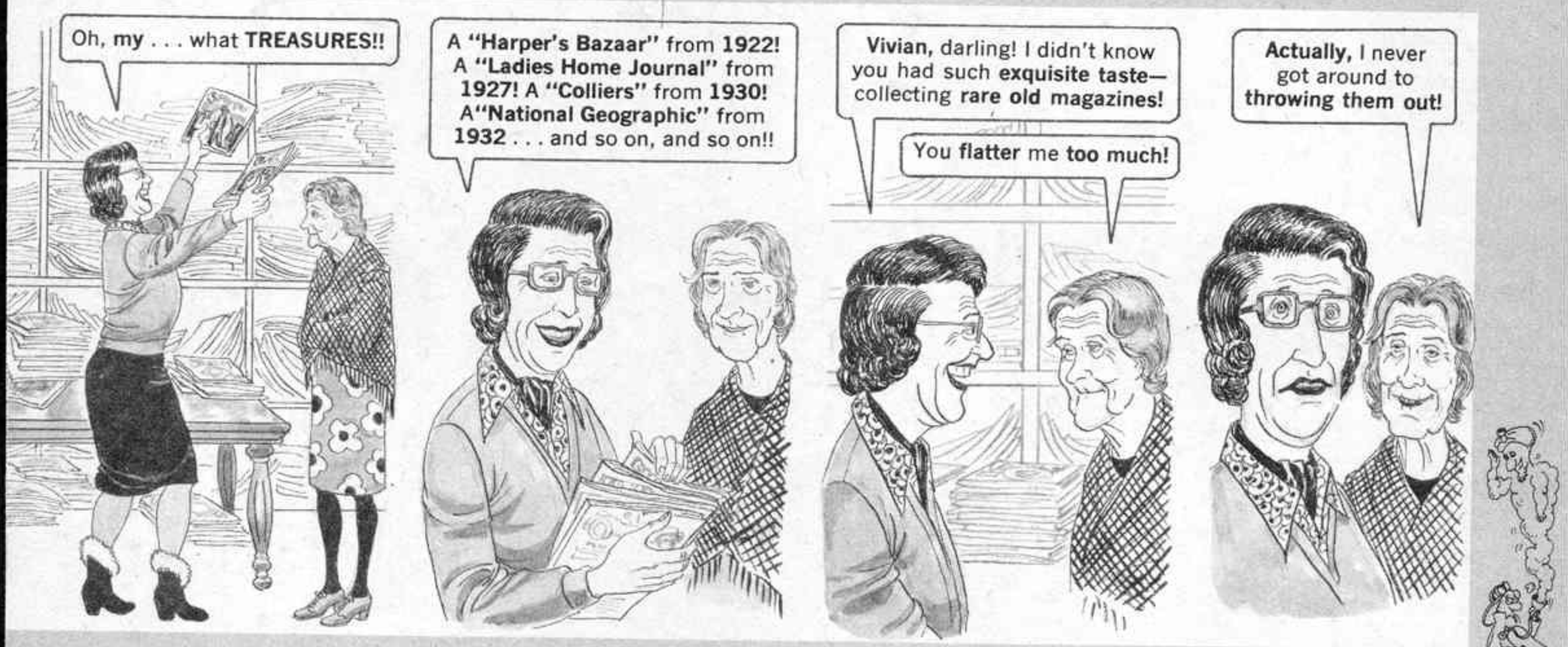
What are you???
Some kind of nut?!
You talk to those plants like they were your children!

Of course I do!
Plants are living things!
Everyone knows that plants do better when you talk to them and show them love and affection!

You **DUMB BUNNY**!
It's only because when you get close enough to TALK to them, your breath gives off **CARBON DIOXIDE**! Plants thrive on that, stupid!!

Besides . . . I'M a living thing, too!! Why don't you treat ME like you do your plants???

Okay, I will . . .



Oh, my . . . what **TREASURES!!**

A "Harper's Bazaar" from 1922!
A "Ladies Home Journal" from 1927!
A "Colliers" from 1930!
A "National Geographic" from 1932 . . . and so on, and so on!!

Vivian, darling! I didn't know you had such exquisite taste—collecting rare old magazines!

You flatter me too much!

Actually, I never got around to throwing them out!



I save precious metals! Just look at all these gold, silver and platinum ingots! Prices keep changing, but you'd be amazed how much just one ounce of this stuff costs!

That I can understand! But what about all this junk?

Junk?? Are you out of your skull? These old brass plumbing fixtures and copper drain pipes are worth a **FORTUNE!!**

With all these pieces of precious metal lying around, aren't you afraid of being robbed?

Nahh! For that I've got another piece of precious metal!

A **GUN!!**

Holy cow! Look who's roaming the streets ... free as a bird!

Who is he?

That's Willy "The Greek" Manicotti! He's number one on your "Top Ten" list of Syndicate Racketeers! He's probably responsible for more deaths per year than the Jersey Turnpike!

Oh, wow! He's a celebrity! I gotta ask him something!

Hey, come back!! Are you out of your bird?!

Can I please have your autograph, Mr. Manicotti? It's for my collection!!



That 18-year-old brother of mine is **WEIRD!** He collects records!

What's weird about that? Doesn't **EVERY** kid?

But he's got so many of them!

What's weird about that? Doesn't **EVERY** kid?

But he plays them so **LOUD!**

What's weird about that? Doesn't **EVERY** kid?

Bach ... Brahms ... and Beethoven?!?

THAT's weird!!



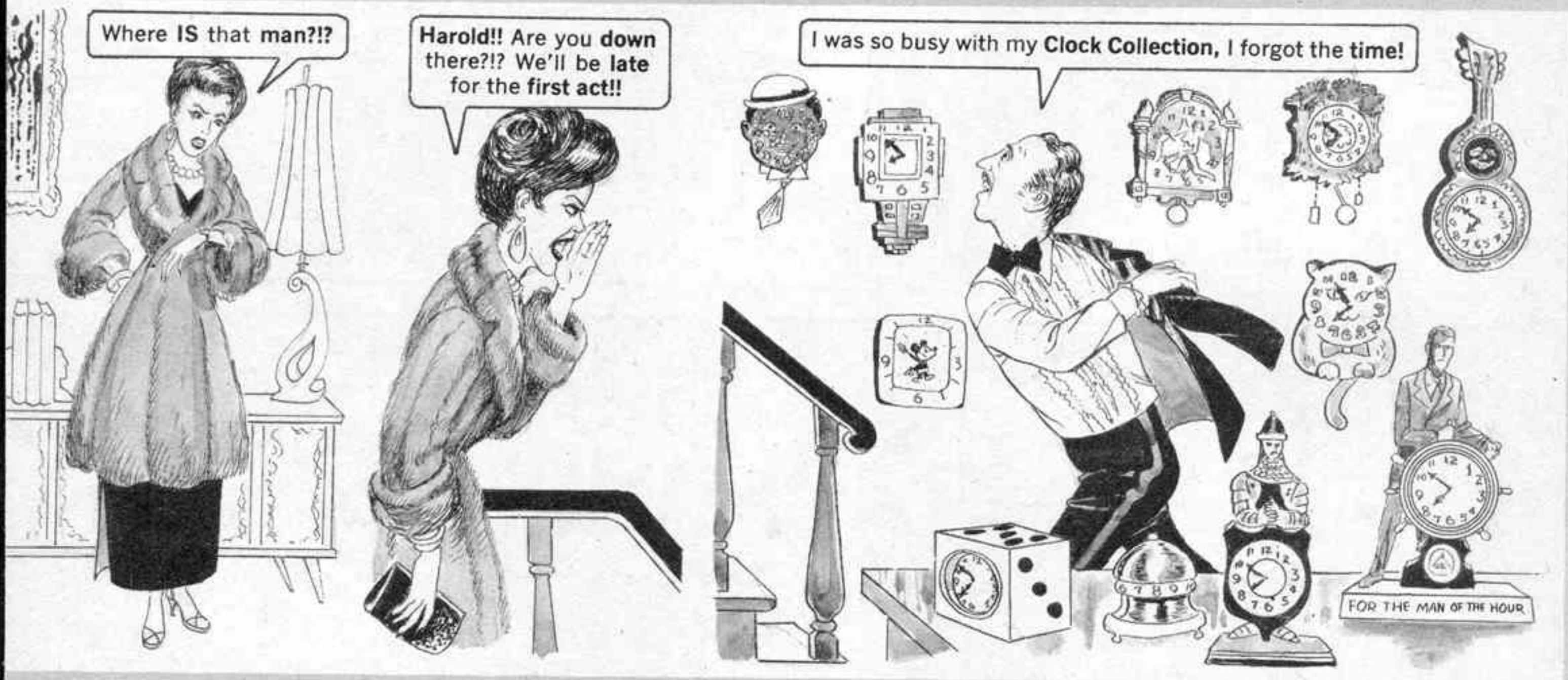
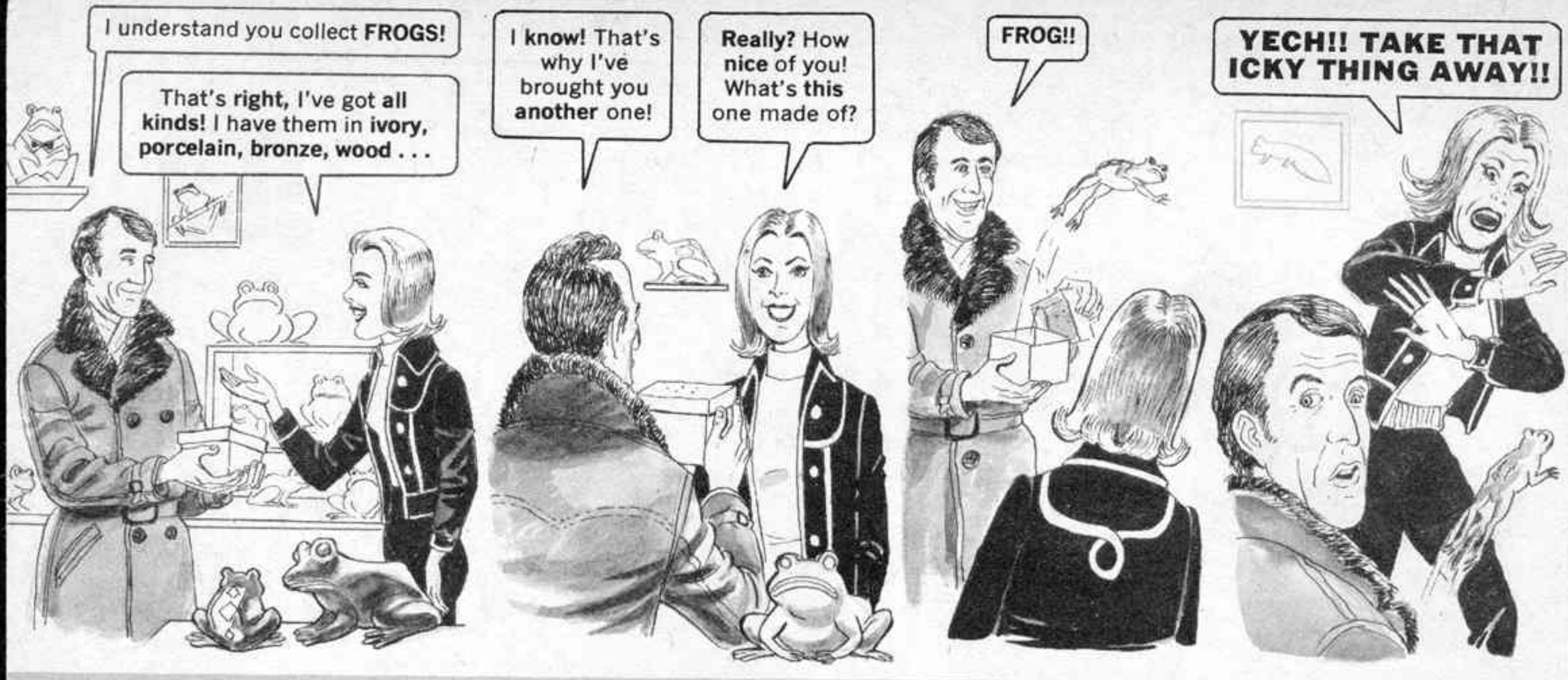
What a magnificent array of dolls!

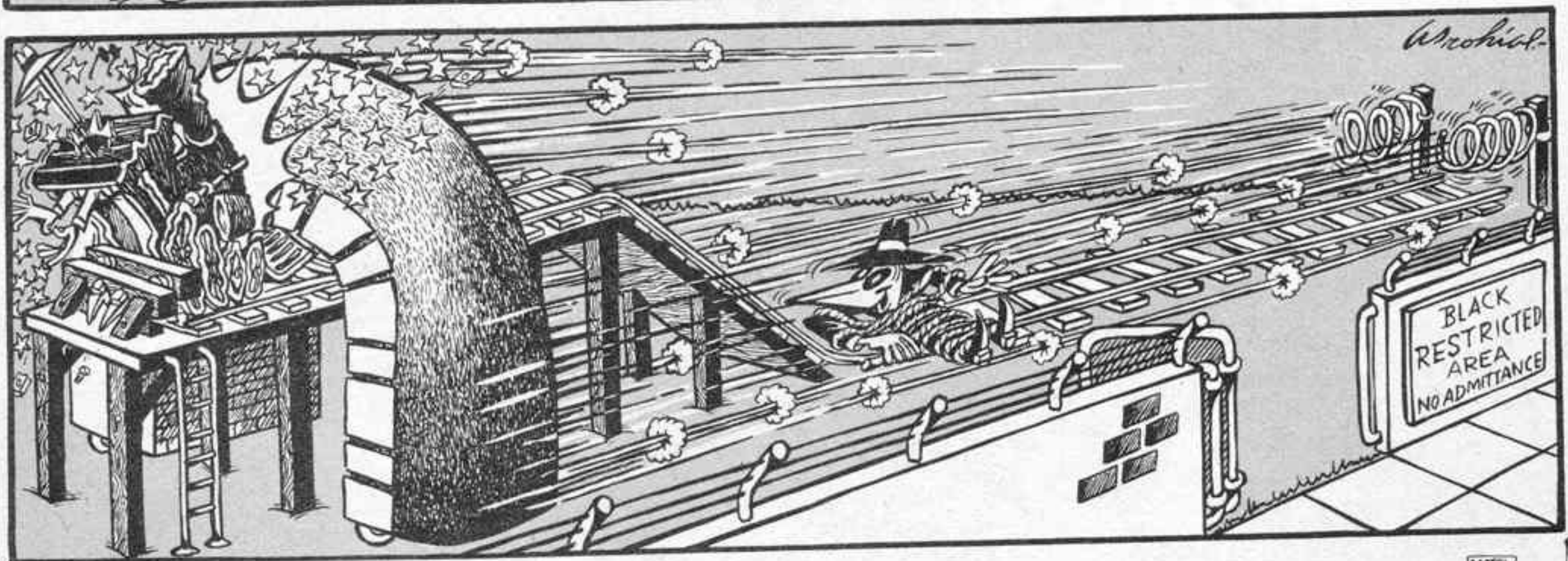
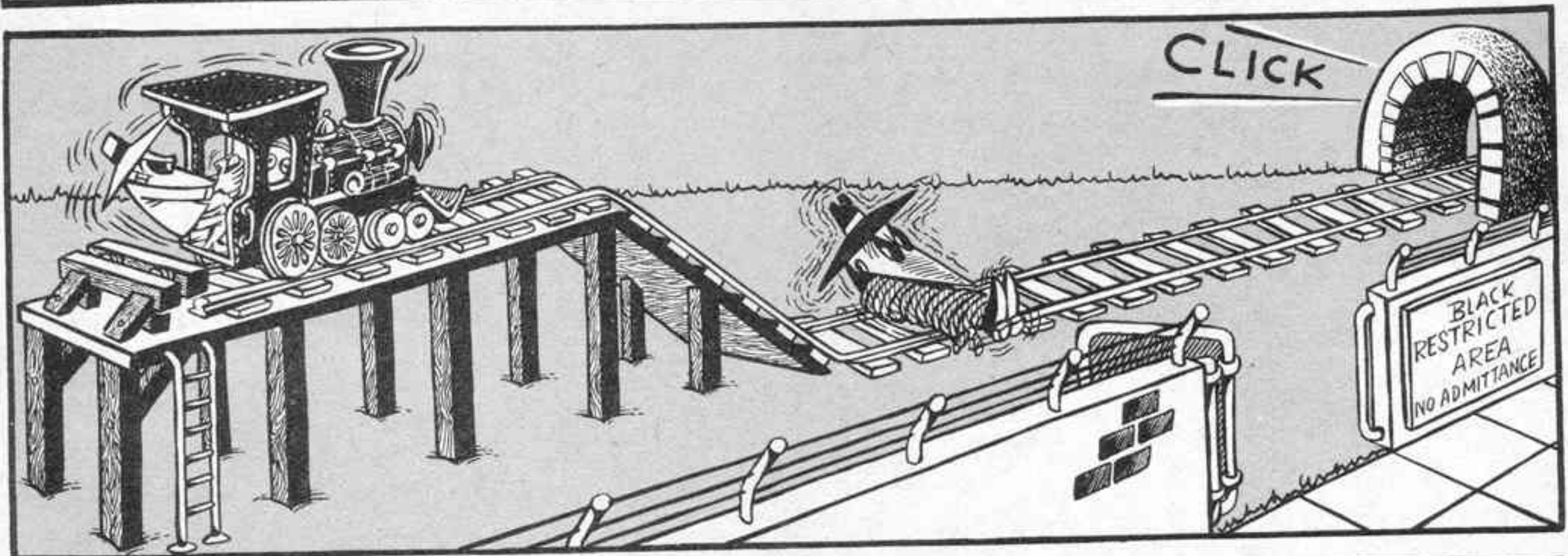
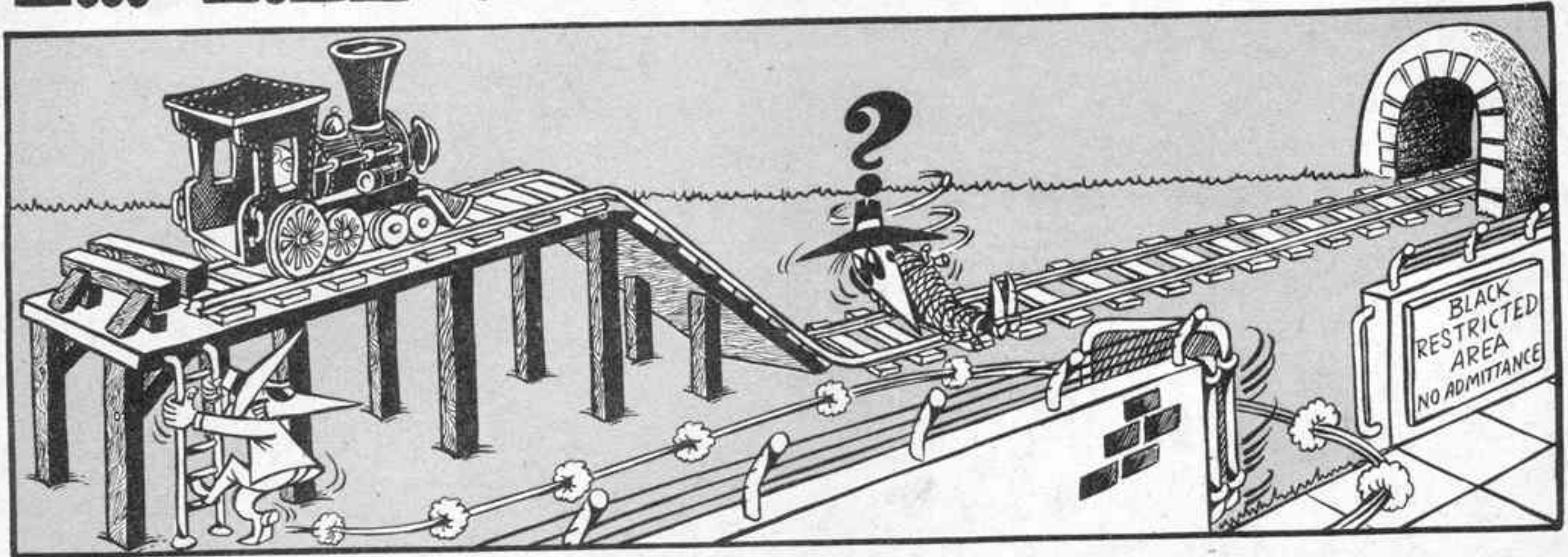
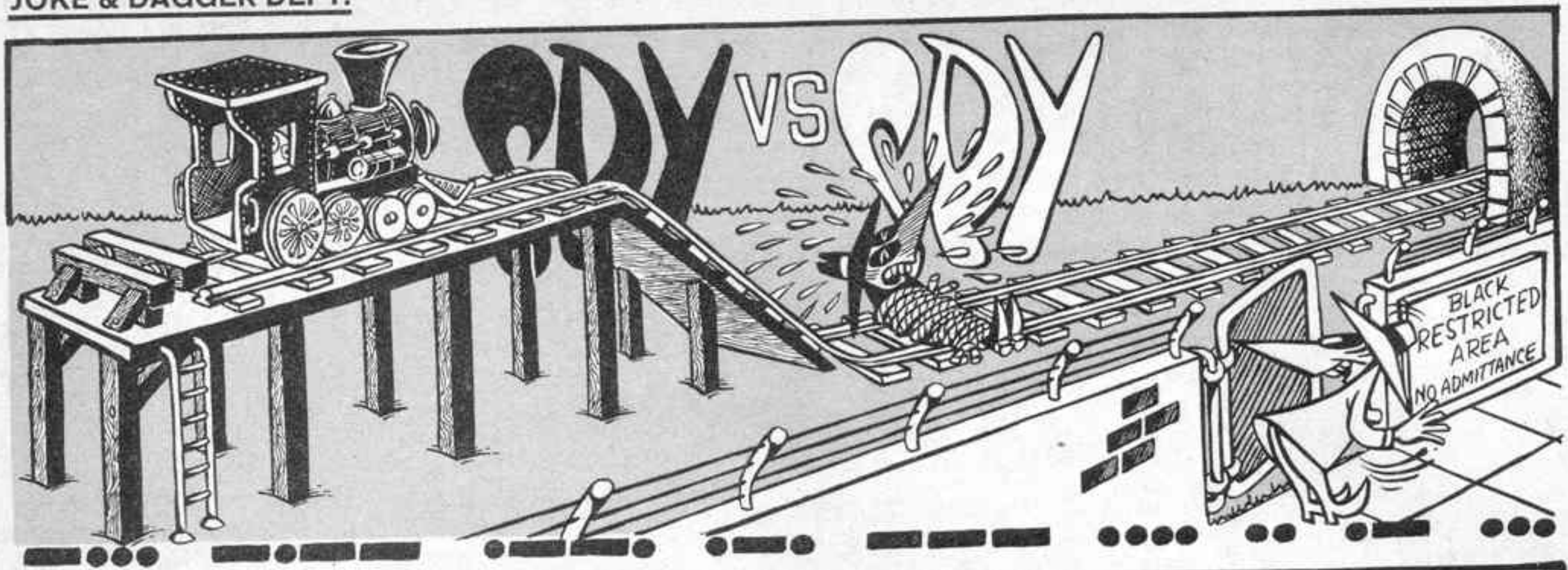
It's my daughter's! I've been collecting them for her for years, even before she was born! They come from all over the world!

You're a very lucky girl to have so many beautiful dolls to play with ...!

If she so much as **TOUCHES** one, I'll **BREAK** HER ARM!!







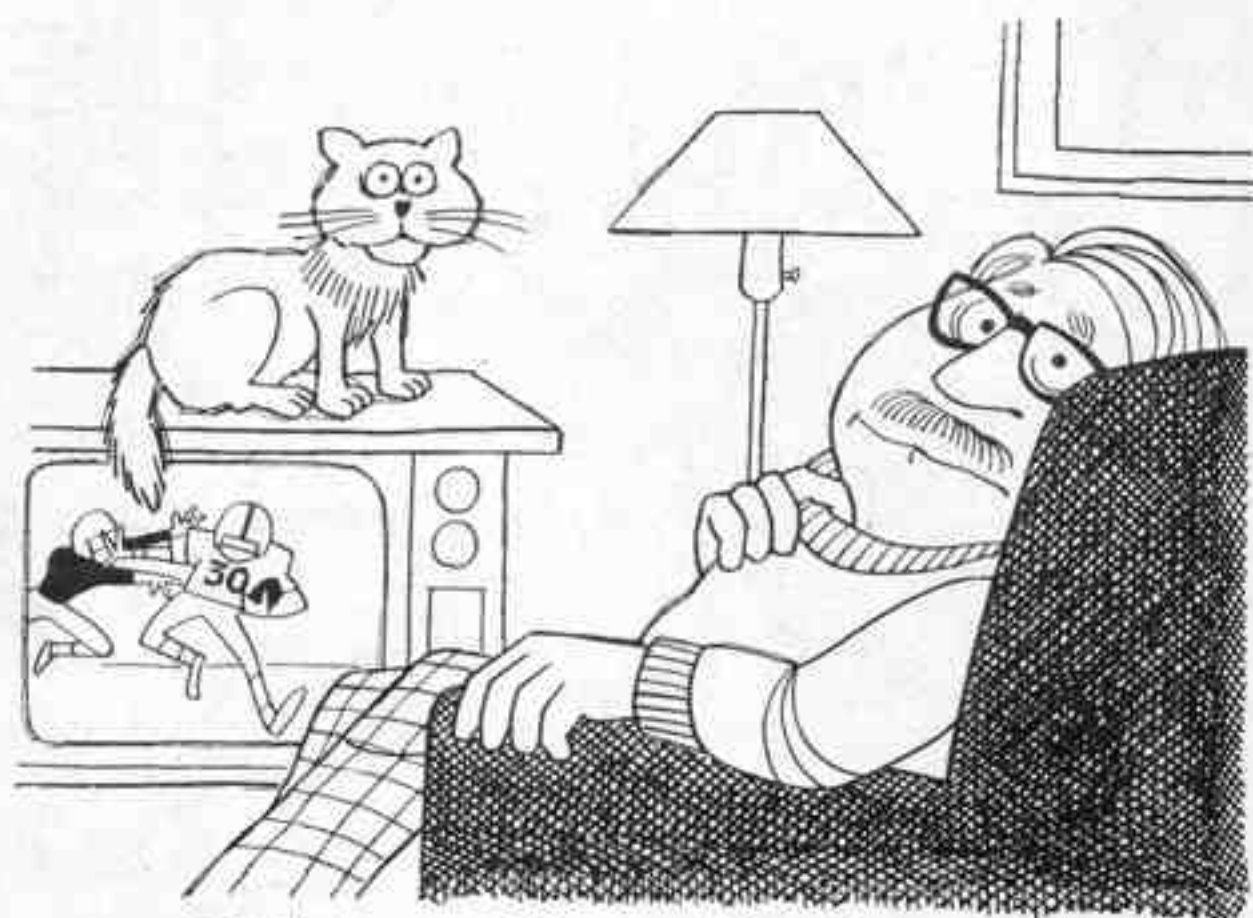
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REAL

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you're constantly taking your dog to the Veterinarian for a check-up... and you haven't seen your own Doctor in years.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you have your Tomcat "fixed"... and now all he does is sit around and stare at you.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

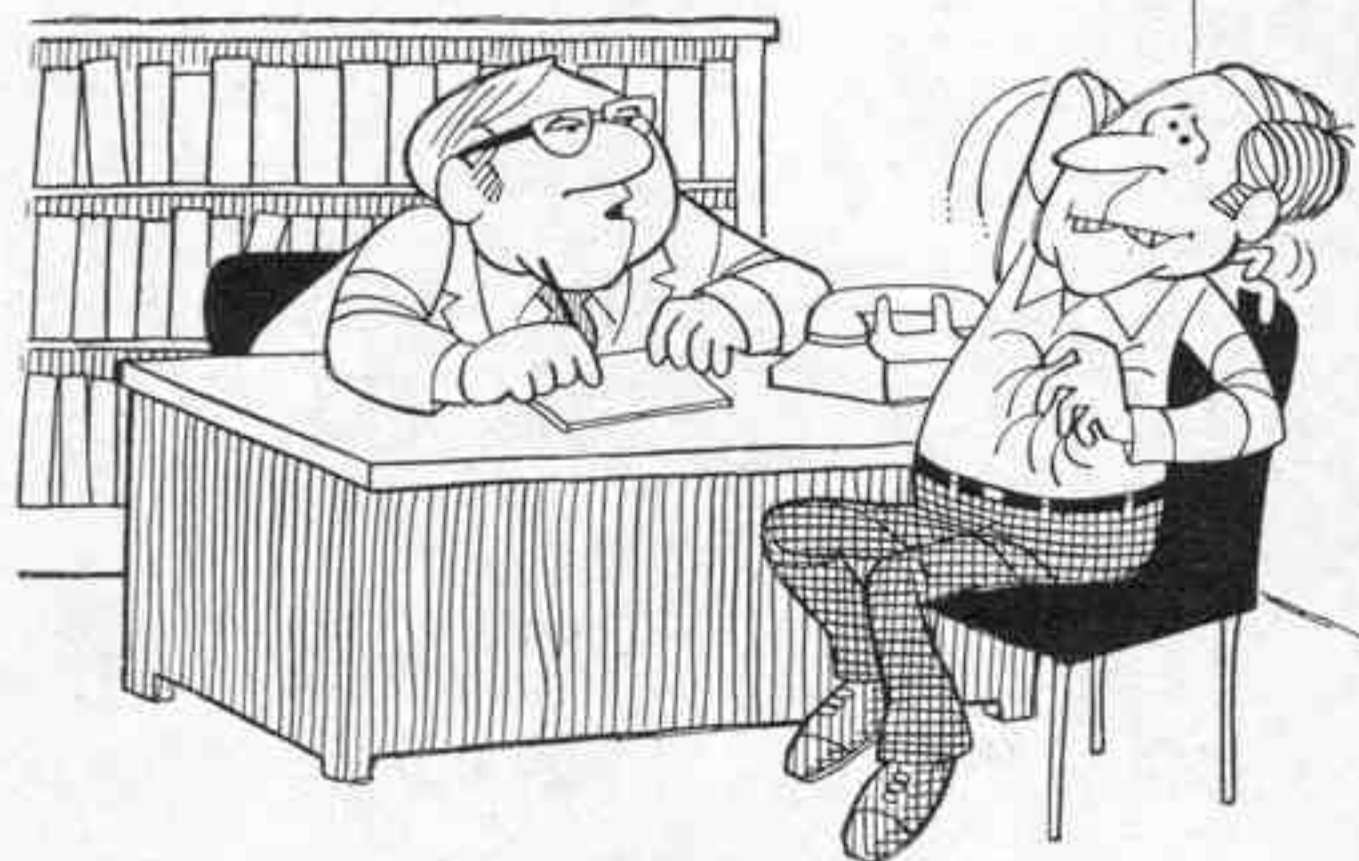


... you force yourself to venture out during a howling blizzard because you discover you're out of cat food...



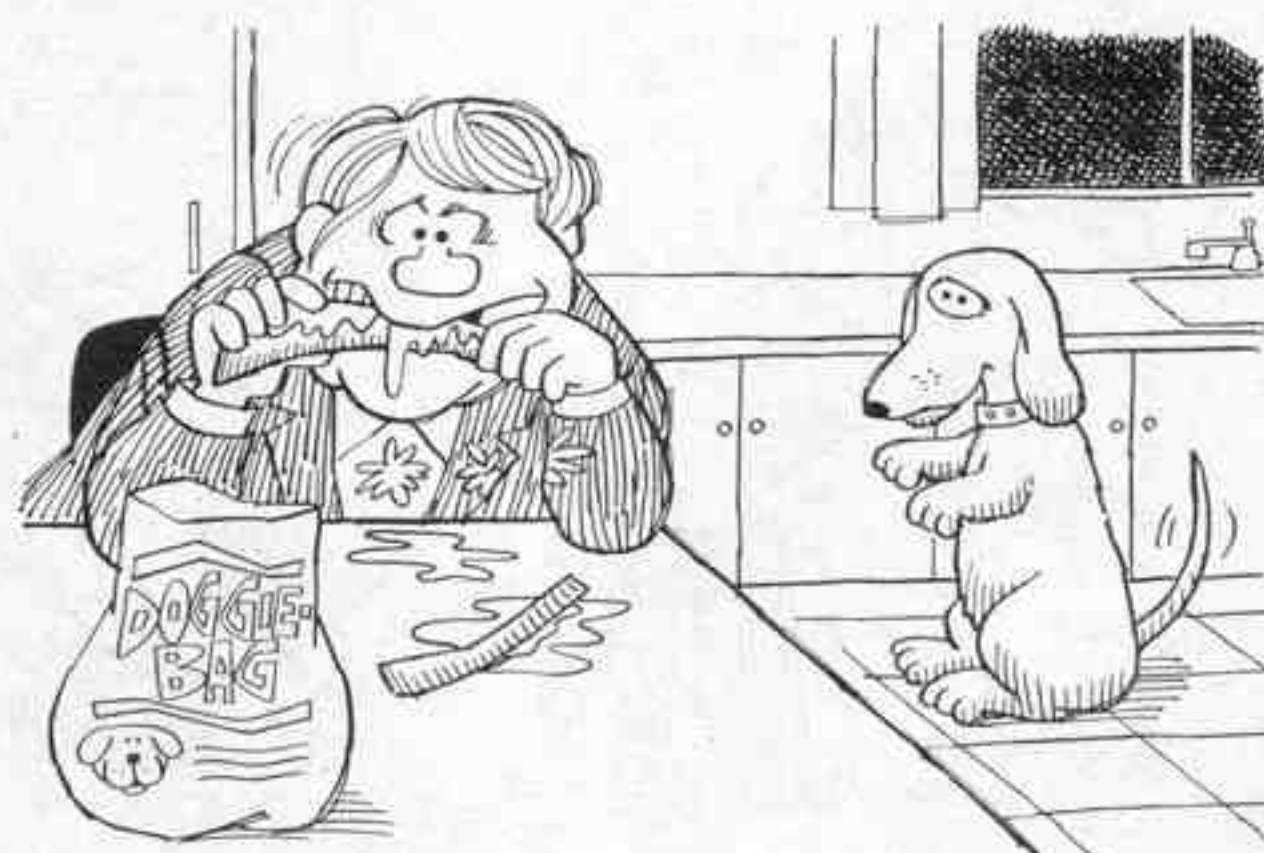
... and then she refuses to eat!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... a Dermatologist charges you twenty-five bucks to come up with a diagnosis of your skin problem... mainly, fleas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you decide that the stuff you brought home in the Doggie-Bag is too good to give to a dog.

LY A PET OWNER WHEN...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you go on a vacation, and you have to stay in third-rate motels because they're the only ones who will accept your dog.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you buy a dog because you're lonely
... and he sleeps for twenty hours a day.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you get a "Poop-Scoop" for Christmas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you're asked to say a few words at a gerbil's funeral.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



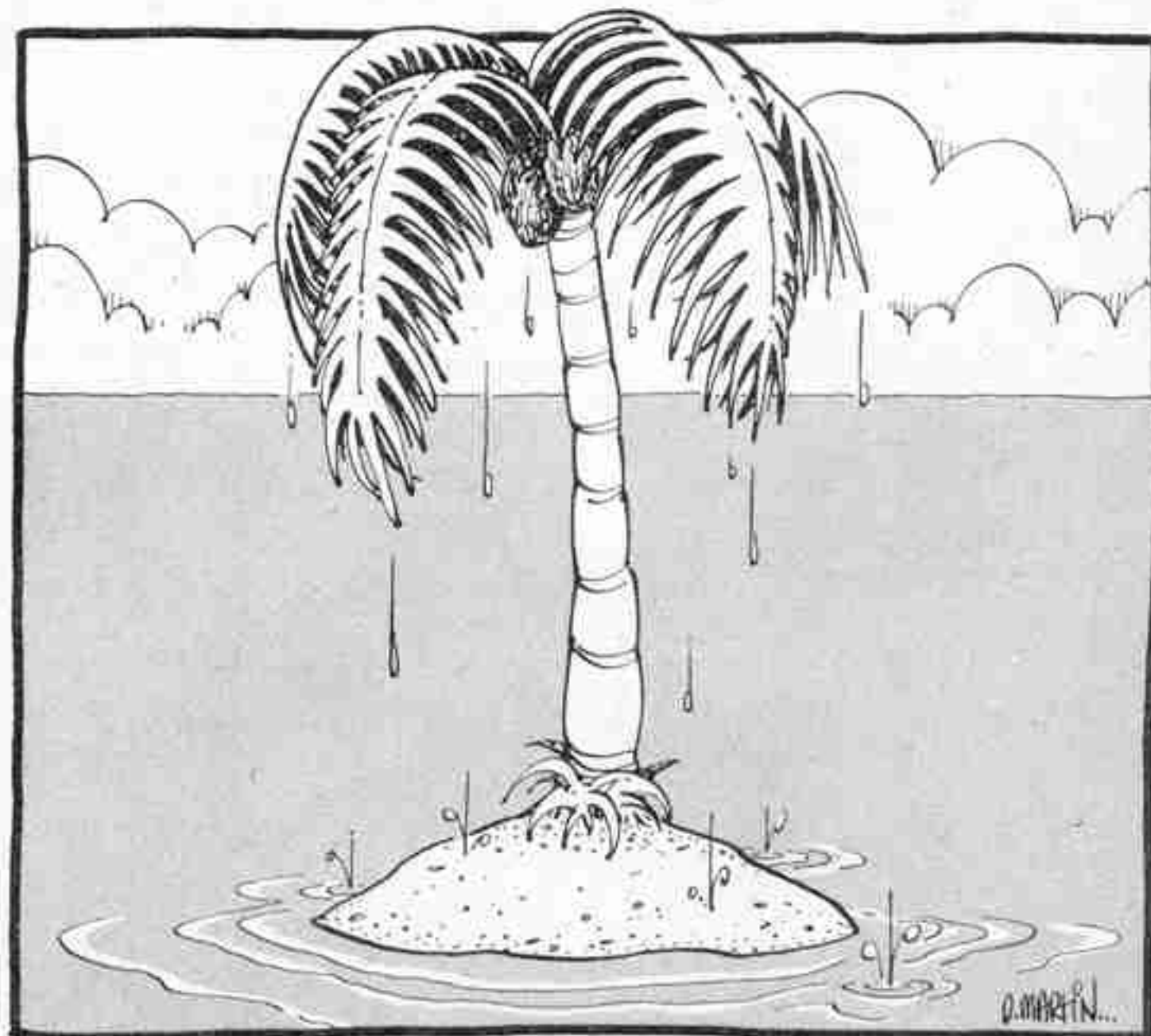
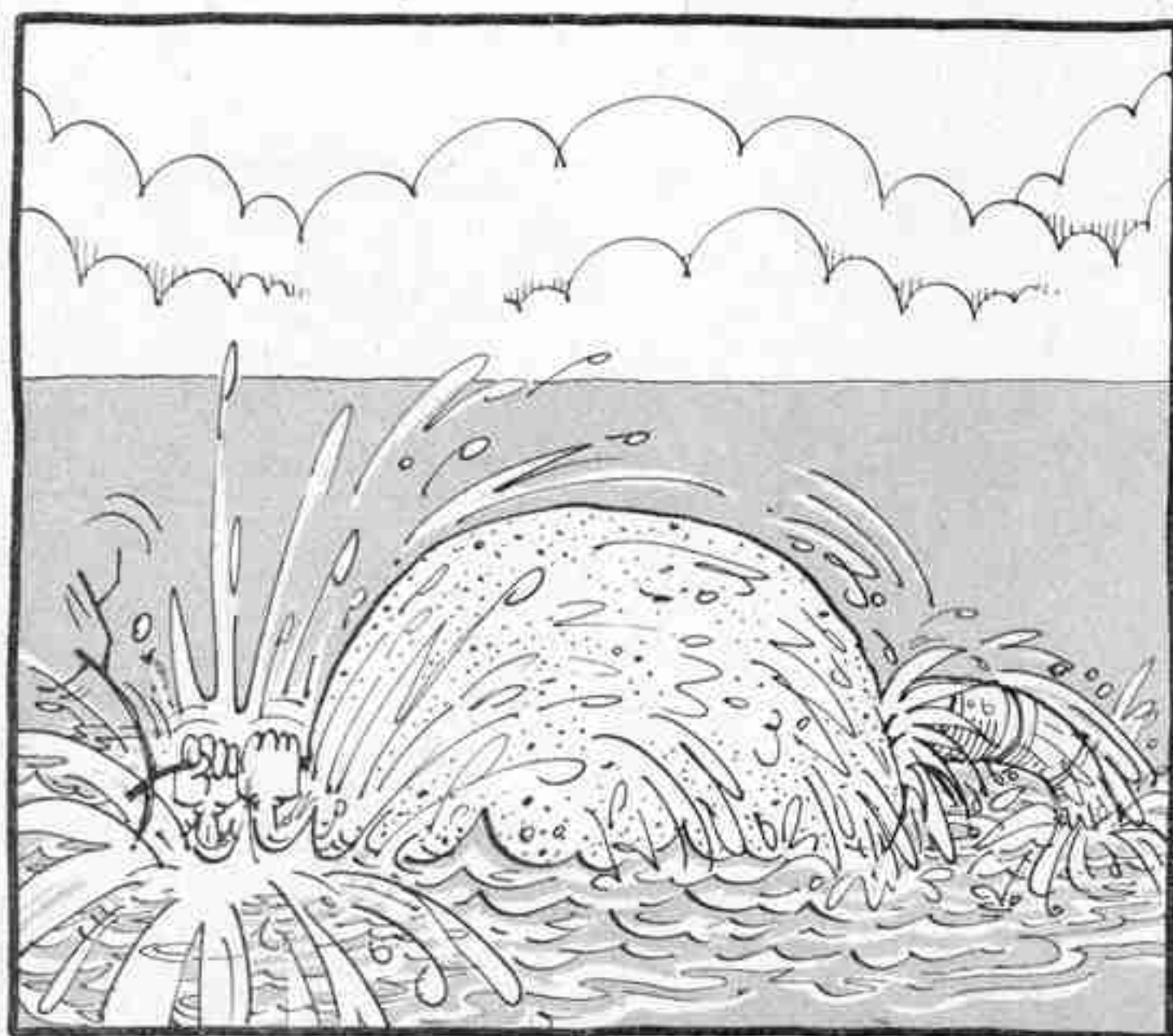
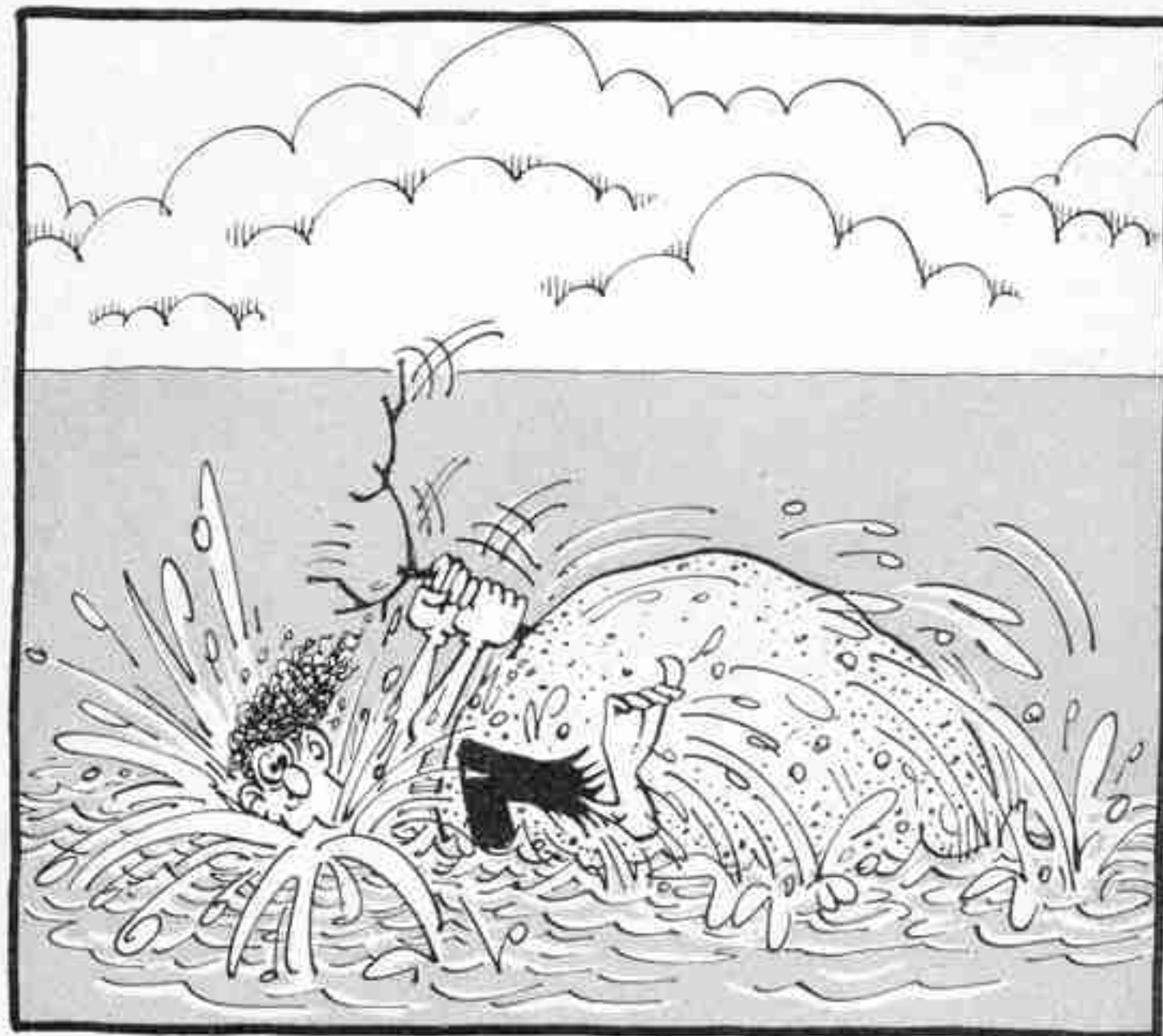
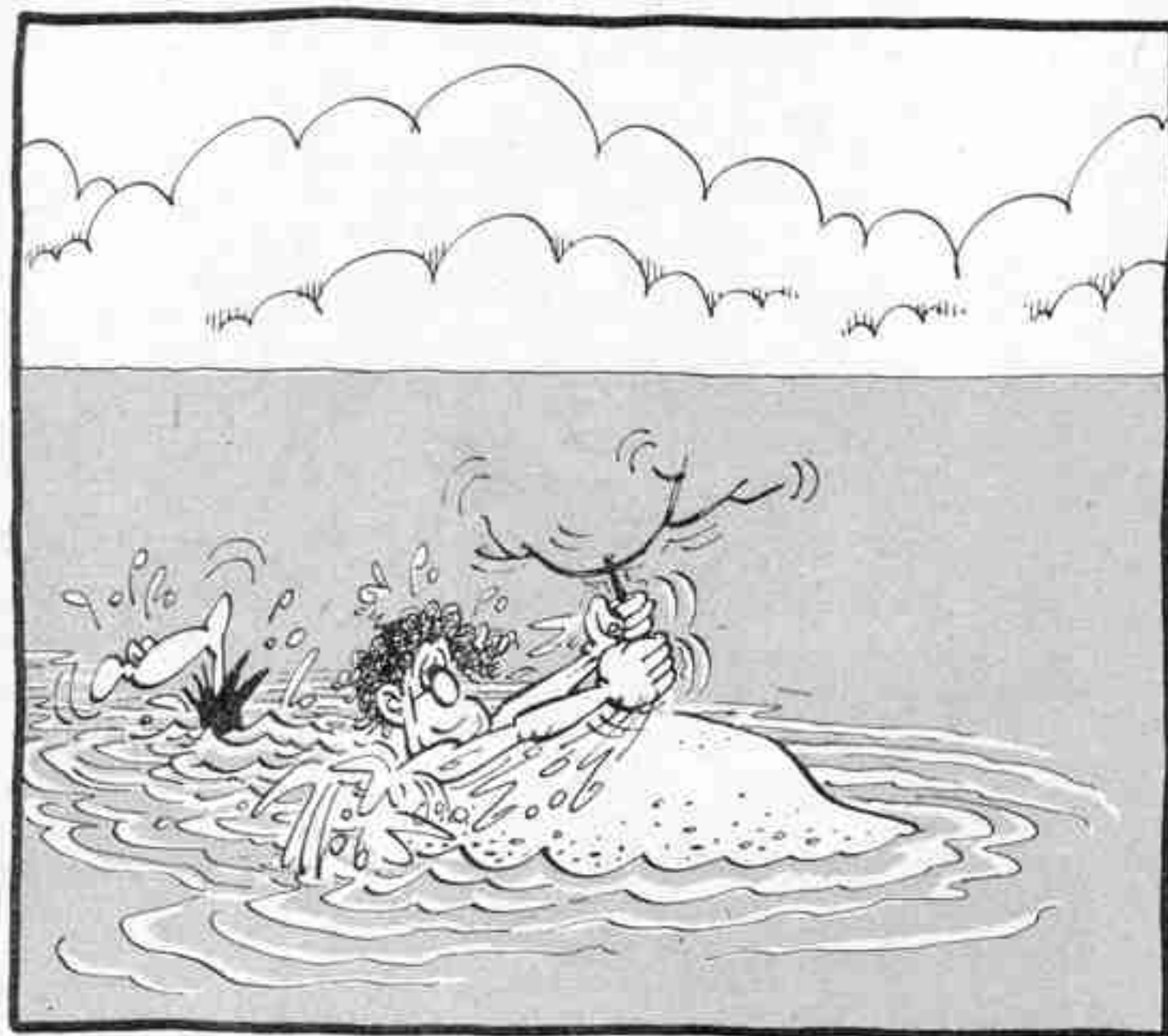
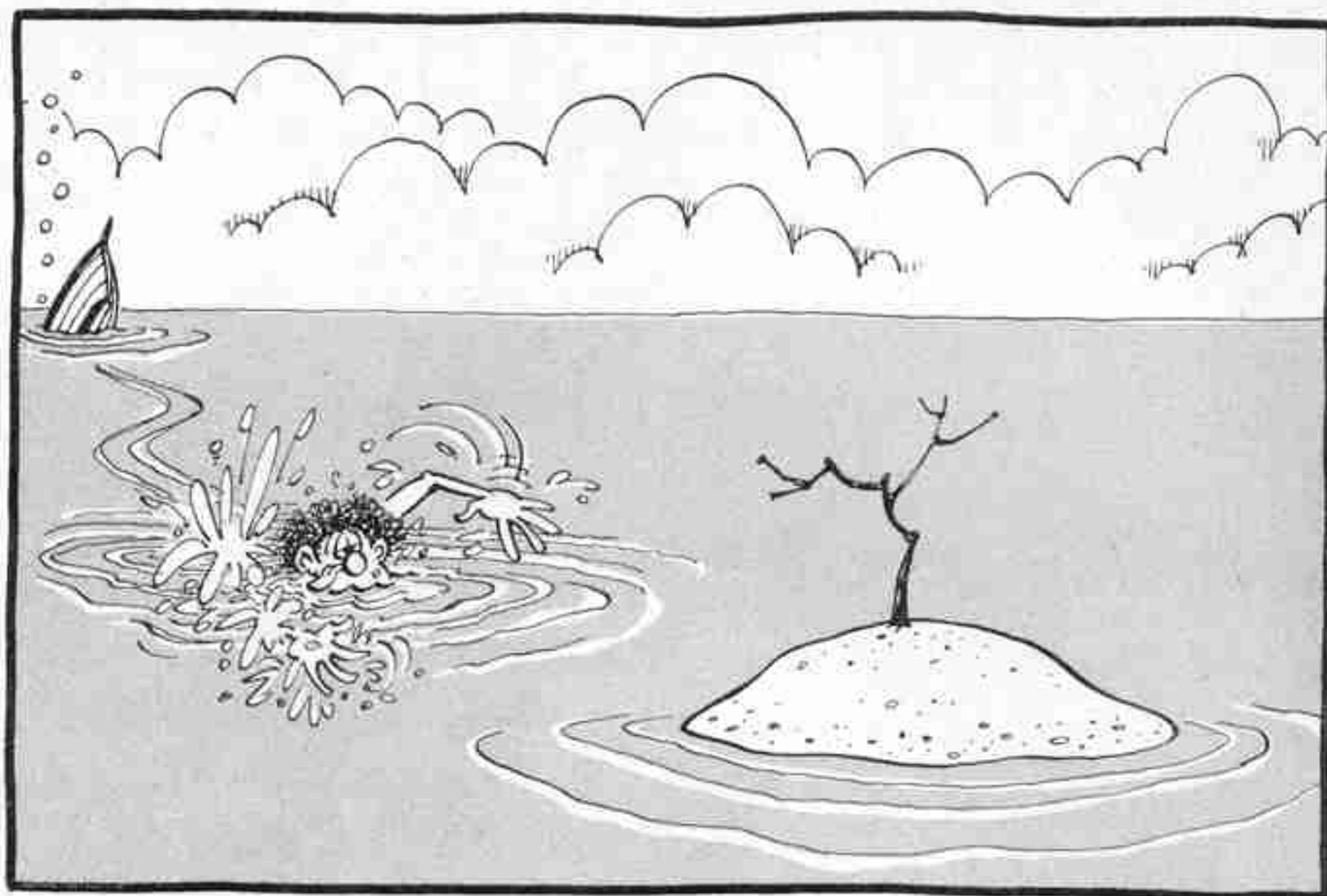
... you have to explain to friends that you weren't in a horrible accident, but merely tried to give your cat a bath.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... your aged Bulldog spoils your big love scene by suddenly making the air unbreathable.

ONE HOT SUNNY AFTERNOON IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN



NUMBERS RACKET DEPT.

Public Opinion Polls and Surveys are playing an increasingly important role in America today. If someone decides to run for President, or introduces a new toilet bowl cleaner, the first thing he does is have a Poll taken to see what his chances are of being elected . . . or having his product dumped into the nation's Johns. Are these polls necessary, and do they give a true cross section of public opinion? Well, you sure won't find out the answers to these questions by reading this article! But join us anyway as we interview

MAD'S POLL-TAKER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE



Hi! I'm Bill Mussel, and I'm here to interview "MAD's Polltaker Of The Year," Dr. Garner Trivia, President of the Institute of Scientific Statistical Research Opinion Survey! Man, that's quite a mouthful! What does it mean?

It means **money** in the bank! I used to call my outfit "The Trivia Poll," and I was starving! Then I discovered that people would be more impressed and shell out more bread if I used a name with a lot of scientific words!

That's cool! How did you make this amazing discovery, Dr. Trivia? By taking a poll??

Don't be an idiot! Who listens to polls?!? I read it in a **Freshman Psychology** book!

And please—don't refer to us as "Polltakers," Bill! We're "**Opinion Researchers**"! It's the same as calling you **Sports Announcers** who fill in between **beer commercials**: "**Sports Analysts**" or "**Color Men**"!

Smile when you say that, Man!

Huh? Oh . . . heh-heh! No offense!



This is our **most important Department!**

Oh? Is this where you keep the **money**?

No! But if it weren't for this key Department, we wouldn't **MAKE** any money! This is our **Public Relations** section! It's their job to convince the **Public** that by polling a **few hundred people**, we can actually tell what over **200 million** are thinking!

What are these computers for?

They impress my customers, and they're a great **tax write-off!**

Actually, this is our most important piece of equipment!

Yeah . . . I see what you mean, Doc!

I'm talking about the **TELEPHONE**, Bill! This young lady is taking a **telephone survey** of opinion on a **vital issue!**





Do these families get paid?

Man, that is unbelievable!

No... that you found 1000 people who would do something for 50¢! I can't even get my kid to guard my hubcaps for less than a buck!



I never met anyone that has been questioned by a poll! How do you decide who you are going to interview?



We use what is known in statistical circles as the Law of Probability! We choose a typical neighborhood at random...

What typical neighborhood did it land in?

Hey, it landed in HARLEM!

Hmmm! I'd better try again! THAT neighborhood is just a little TOO typical!!

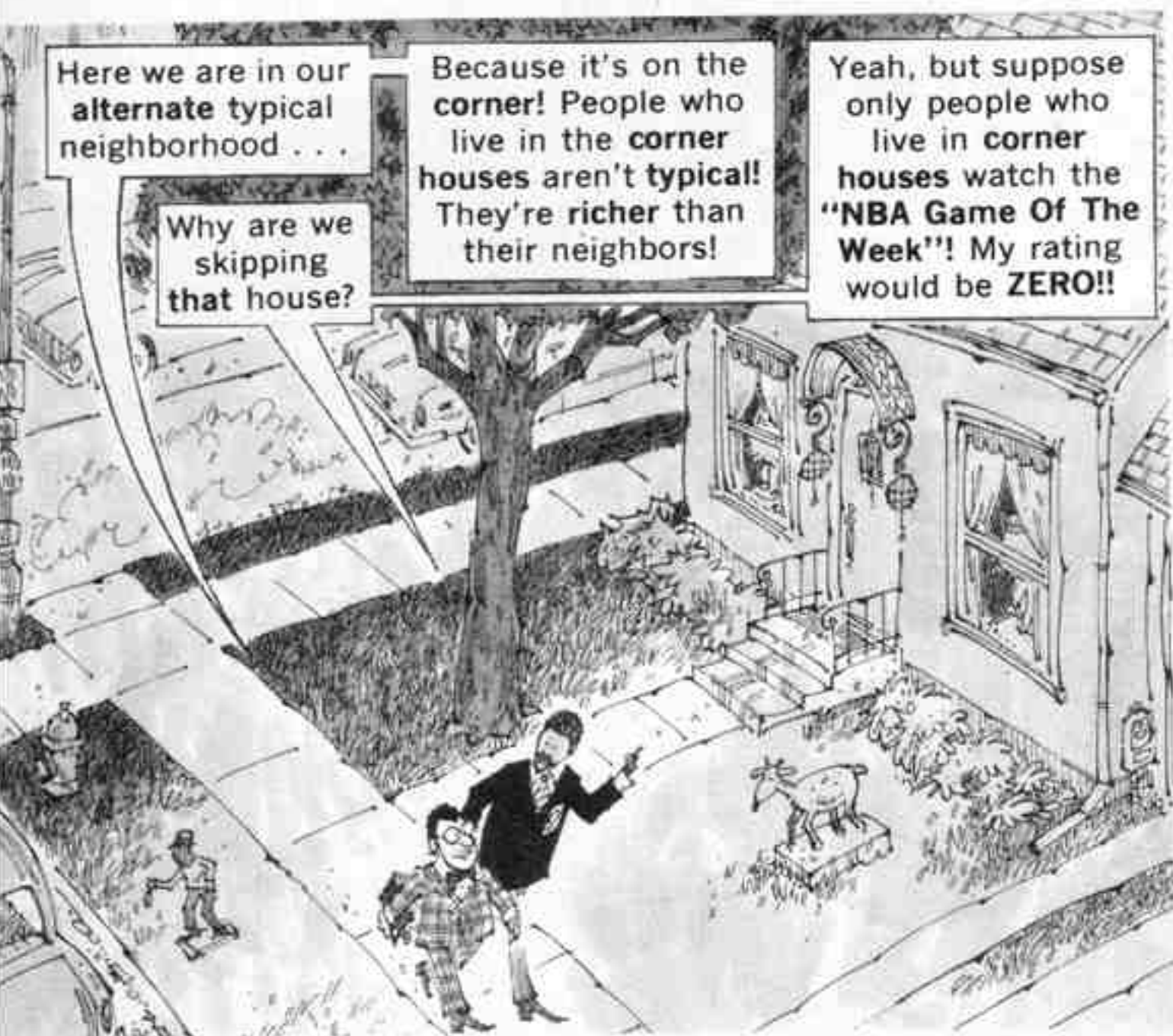


Here we are in our alternate typical neighborhood...

Why are we skipping that house?

Because it's on the corner! People who live in the corner houses aren't typical! They're richer than their neighbors!

Yeah, but suppose only people who live in corner houses watch the "NBA Game Of The Week"! My rating would be ZERO!!



Who's out there? Go away! We don't want any!

I'm not selling anything! I just want to ask you a question!



Boy, this business is getting tough! People used to tell you anything! Today, they won't even open the door!

Whether they felt that it was safe to walk the streets?

What question were you going to ask?



Suppose that most people just do not understand an issue? How can you get an accurate survey?

We phrase the question so it can be answered by a moron! Then people can express opinions on things they don't know a damned thing about! Listen...



Pardon me, sir! I'd like to ask you a question: Do you think the U.S. should devalue the dollar to make it more competitive on the international money market? Answer "yes" or "no"!

Duhh—yes, dey should devalue—uh—like you said!

And the U.S. Government makes decisions on information like THIS???



Let's go back to the office! I'll finish the rest of these surveys myself!

Hey... that's cheating!!

Ahh, nobody'll know the difference! Besides, on what I pay my Field Men, I'm sure most of them fake their surveys anyway! So why shouldn't I enjoy the same privilege as my hired help??





The average American Family has one thing in common with the average American Corporation: both bicker constantly about money because neither seems capable of showing a satisfactory profit despite ever increasing income. The Chairman of the Board can't really explain what happened to this year's extra billion dollars any more than the Head of the House can figure out where this year's extra thousand went. But Corporation Executives do have a decided edge when it comes to silencing money squabbles. They cover up their extravagant mistakes with vague references to "non-recurring costs" and optimistic predictions for a brighter tomorrow. MAD sees no reason why Families shouldn't utilize the same sneaky device. Just think how the shouting would be stifled if Moms, Dads and kids were given yearly opportunities to write up their dreams for a better future as each of them busily blames the present financial mess on somebody else in....

ANNUAL REPORTS TO FAMILY MEMBERS

THE FLAXBENDER FAMILY



Members of Flaxbender management team proudly display the year-end capital surplus. Pictured (left to right) are Prime Breadwinner: Elroy N. "Dad" Flaxbender, Director of Motherhood: Ethel "Mom" Flaxbender, Chief Male Teen-ager: Sonny, Non-member of the Family: Thomas Jefferson, Chief Female Teen-ager: Martha Jean and Associate Moppet: Leonard Theodore. (Note the new gutters and downspouts on the family headquarters in the background, installed for the general enjoyment of all in 1973 at a cost of \$429.)

ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT 1974

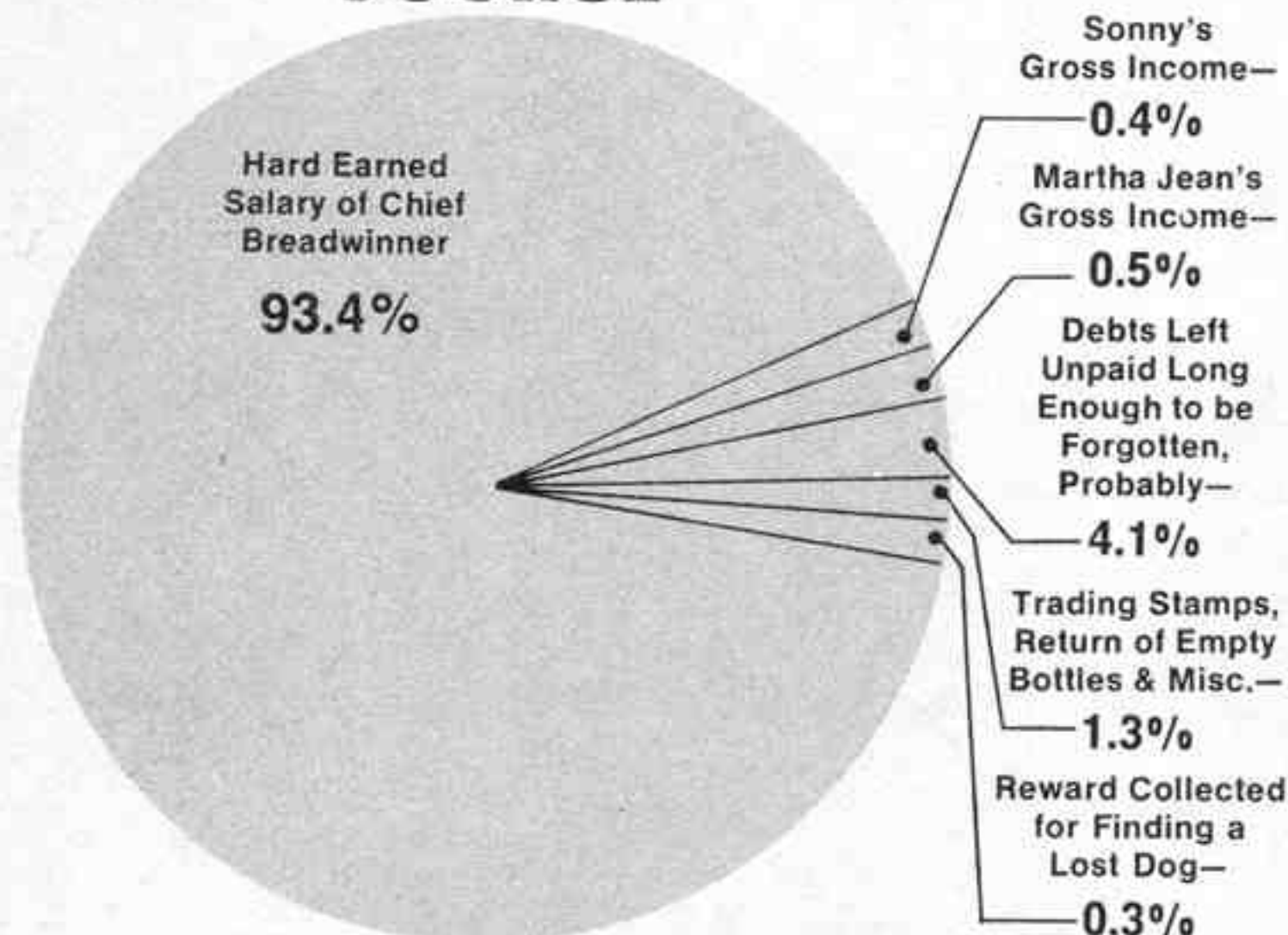
WRITER: TOM KOCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IRVING SCHILD

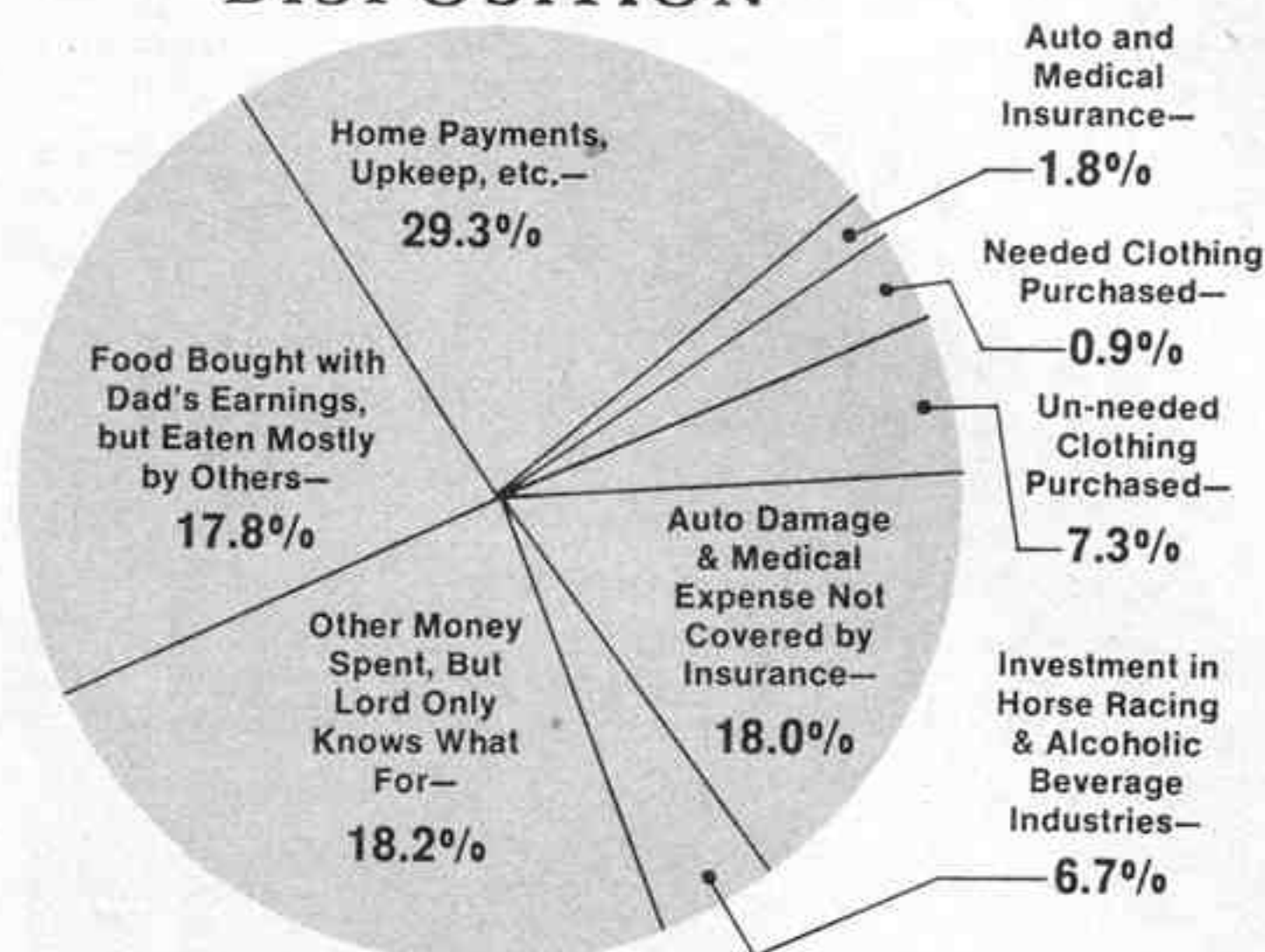
1974 Financial Highlights At A Glance

Source And Disposition Of Family Revenue

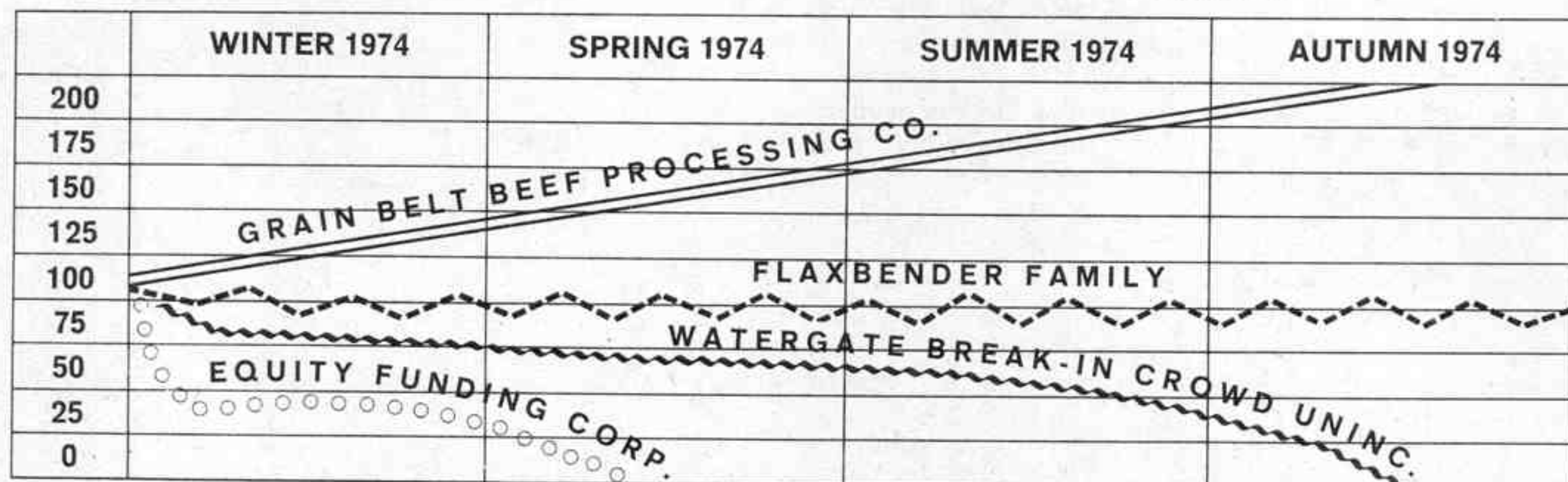
SOURCE



DISPOSITION

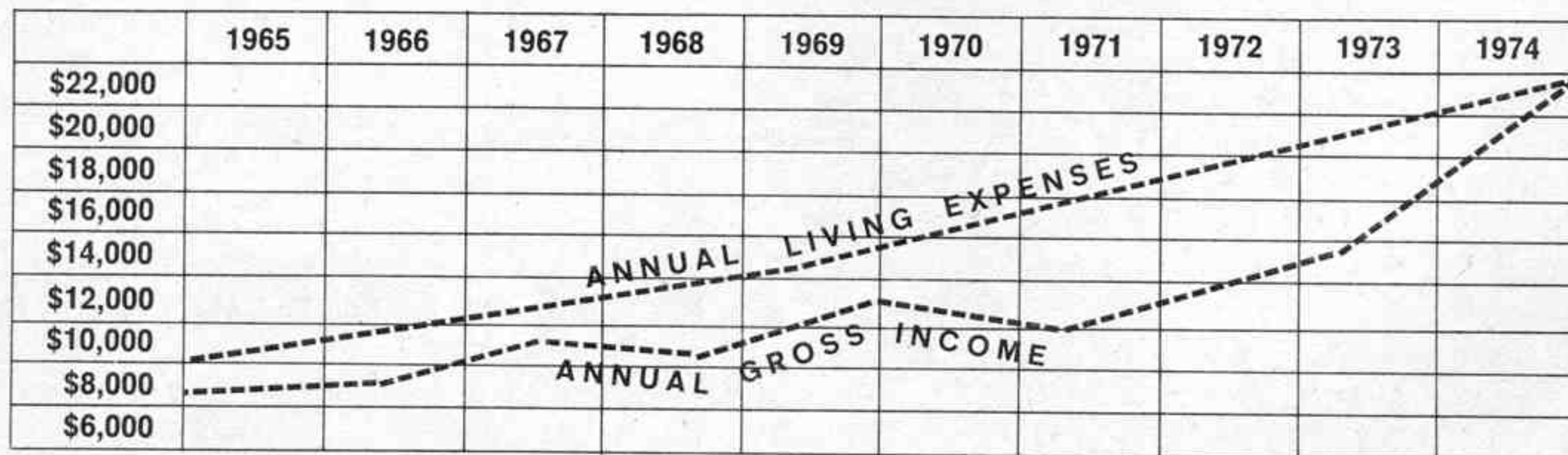


COMPARISON OF 1974 FLAXBENDER REVENUES WITH THOSE OF OTHER SELECTED UNDERTAKINGS



Encouraging graph (above) shows that last year Flaxbenders performed better financially than two out of three comparable organizations picked entirely at random for an intensive study.

LONG TERM COMPARISON OF ANNUAL INCOME & OUTLAY FIGURES



A tremendous upsurge in Dad's earnings from overtime and moonlighting coupled with leadership decision to misplace almost \$700 in unpaid bills, resulted in an unprecedented 1973 prosperity that created the wonderful illusion we finally broke even.

Annual Message From Dad

As you already have been notified verbally, the Flaxbender "team" finished fiscal 1974 with results that were not satisfactory to your leadership. Such unprofitable undertakings as Martha Jean's dental work, Sonny's totaling of the Buick, and Mom's idiotic purchase of a muskrat coat combined to wipe out an anticipated surplus, despite record gross revenues of \$21,658 contributed by Yours Truly.

In topping the magic "twenty grand" figure for the first time in history, Dad again operated at 100% of his maximum work capacity throughout the calendar year, and was the financial stand-out in an otherwise lack-luster family effort. By giving up golf to put in more Saturday overtime at the plant, and devoting most free week-nights to moonlighting in the aluminum awning sales field, the Head of the House clearly risked a heart attack in order to make up deficits reported by all subsidiary Flaxbenders. Additionally, it should be noted that Dad's Poker Night losings were pared to a few lousy bucks in the year just ended.

Chief disappointments among the new financial ventures undertaken by junior members of the team were Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service, which grossed only \$32.75 after a \$149.00 outlay for a power mower, and Martha Jean's baby sitting, which fell an incredible \$216 short of covering the cost of new clothes needed to do the work properly. It is to be hoped that both endeavors can turn the corner profitwise in '75. Or else!

Over all, the year ahead appears to hold some promise for achieving our first measurable surplus since we started having children. The recent death of the dog happily relieves us of a burdensome Purina Chow bill, and also enables us to skip paying the veterinarian for past services. On another front, the news that Ethel's brother lost his mind and was committed leads management to the cheery conclusion that he probably forgot about the \$500 we owe him. Therefore, that debt is now being written off as paid, in compliance with the family's normal accounting procedures.

In the final analysis, however, hopes for putting the Flaxbenders into the black for '75 depend chiefly upon subsidiary family members and their desire to cut costs in all operating areas. To achieve that motivation, all that any of us need do is ask ourselves one simple budgetary question: How badly do we really want that A-1 Bench Power Saw that old Dave Gleckny down at the plant is willing to let me have for only \$150?

Respectfully submitted,
Elroy N. Flaxbender,
Devoted Husband & Father



CHIEF FAMILY BREADWINNER Elroy N. Flaxbender poses for formal portrait in his newest suit, a \$39.95 Robert Hall clearance special purchased in 1962. During fiscal 1974, Dad's gross outlay for clothing and booze amounted to less than \$1,000.



CUTTING FISCAL DEFICIT. Dad is shown returning home from a rough day of working overtime in order to pay for thoughtless extravagances of family subsidiaries. (Note baggy trouser knees incurred to save sixty cents for professional pressing.)

GOLDEN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY IS MISSED. At recent Auto Show, Dad spotted blue chip growth potential in this underpriced \$4,600 camper. Purchase was not made due to opposition by Motherhood Division manager. The very same vehicle is now selling at \$4,950, its all time market high.



REPORTS FROM SUB

The Homemaking & Motherhood Branch Recaps 1974



RESISTING HIGH BEAUTICIANS' CHARGES, Mom here displays results of cheap home permanent that saved family \$15, and also required her to wear a wool ski cap in public all through months of July and August.

As we close out another year, it remains a mystery to me how a person is supposed to feed and clothe a family of five on the miserable household allowance I get. Lord knows I do the best I can. But it simply gets to the point where, I mean, good grief!

Even that little fat fellow with glasses hired by the president to go on Walter Cronkite and tell us how prosperous we are has finally admitted that prices are outrageous. As if a person wouldn't already know when all you have to do is walk into the market with a twenty-dollar bill to find out how far it goes. Noplace! That's how far it goes!

And yet, there's our family leader, Mr. Big Mouth Zipwallet, sitting across the dinner table yammering about not being able to stomach a main dish of cauliflower au gratin two nights in a row. In addition to which, that's after I've slaved away sprinkling parsley over the top to make it look nice. And also after I've gone without the clothes any woman needs to put on her back, which is another story altogether.

In closing, may I say that doing the marketing in an old VW with bent fenders that won't start half the time is no picnic for a sensitive person either. If the Homemaking and Motherhood Dept. were provided with even half-way decent transportation, there is no doubt that a large number of ingenious cost-cutting operations could be put into effect in fiscal 1975. Especially if it should happen to be a lavender Mustang.

(Mrs.) Ethel Flaxbender
Chief Drudge

A Word From Sonny On Fiscal '74

Writing as a scholar whose good marks in high school already have qualified me for admission to a top rated college, I shall begin my report by paraphrasing a deep thought of Karl Marx written in a book I glanced through recently: "The desire of capitalists to conserve cash is the big thing that will make their system collapse from inner rottenness."

Since Karl Marx was a known Communist with a beard and long hair of the type Dad hates, I have assumed the patriotic task of putting all but \$8.45 of my money back into circulation in the year just ended. I feel sure Dad would have wanted it that way, if he could only understand that I am just striving to help him fight off the Red Menace.

However, we now enter 1975 with the family again falling into the trap of Kremlin schemers by preparing to enroll me at tuition-free Inner City Junior College instead of dipping into capitalist savings to send me to Fraternity State. Let all God fearing Flaxbenders devoutly pray that this reactionary plan may yet be changed, especially since a couple of coeds at Fraternity State are already expecting me there.

On other matters of significance for fiscal 1974, I point with pride to my vastly enlarged record collection, my guitar amplifier purchase, and my proven talent for faking affluence on less than \$20 a week. These accomplishments have done much to prevent the world from learning that my father's financial policies are hastening the day of the Marxist revolution in America.

With deepest alarm,
Bertram (Sonny) Flaxbender
Eldest Son & Logical Heir



ENTERPRISING JOB SEEKER. Sonny frequently put in long hours poring over Help Wanted column in desperate search for work. Unfortunately, no ads ever appeared for film critics, Geeks or apprentice bongo drummers.

SIDIARY DIVISIONS

This Year's Comment From Martha Jean

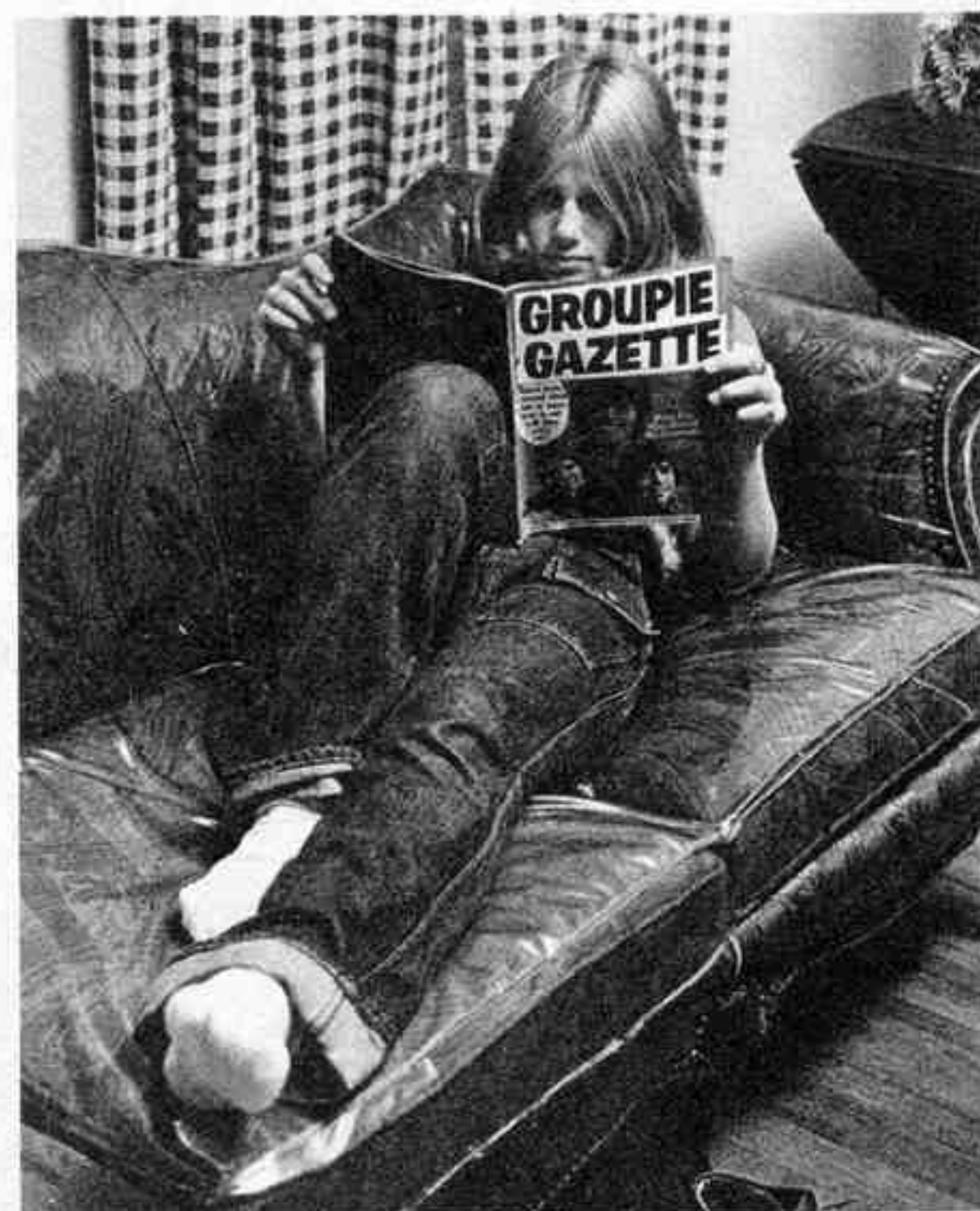
As the family spokesperson for exploited young womanhood everywhere, I tragically report that I sacrificed all my chances for future happiness in 1974 in order to save Daddy a few paltry dollars which he could well afford. This disaster was achieved by: (1) Not going to Daytona Beach with the crowd for spring vacation; (2) Letting another whole winter pass without even learning how to ski, and (3) Simply staying home while Wanda Warthberger went up to the lake the very same week that Roger Newby was there.

Although locking myself in my room to cry my eyes out probably pleased Daddy because it didn't cost him any money, this department thinks it's short sighted to raise a charming daughter who will now have to spend her entire life as an old maid librarian or an old maid nun. It was this very same lack of vision by parents that caused them to start World War II when they were my age.

Despite having no future to look forward to, this division continued to contribute greatly to family income in 1974 by baby sitting on at least four occasions, knitting almost half a sweater to save on the clothes budget and, as previously indicated, not having any dates with Roger Newby which might have entailed going Dutch.

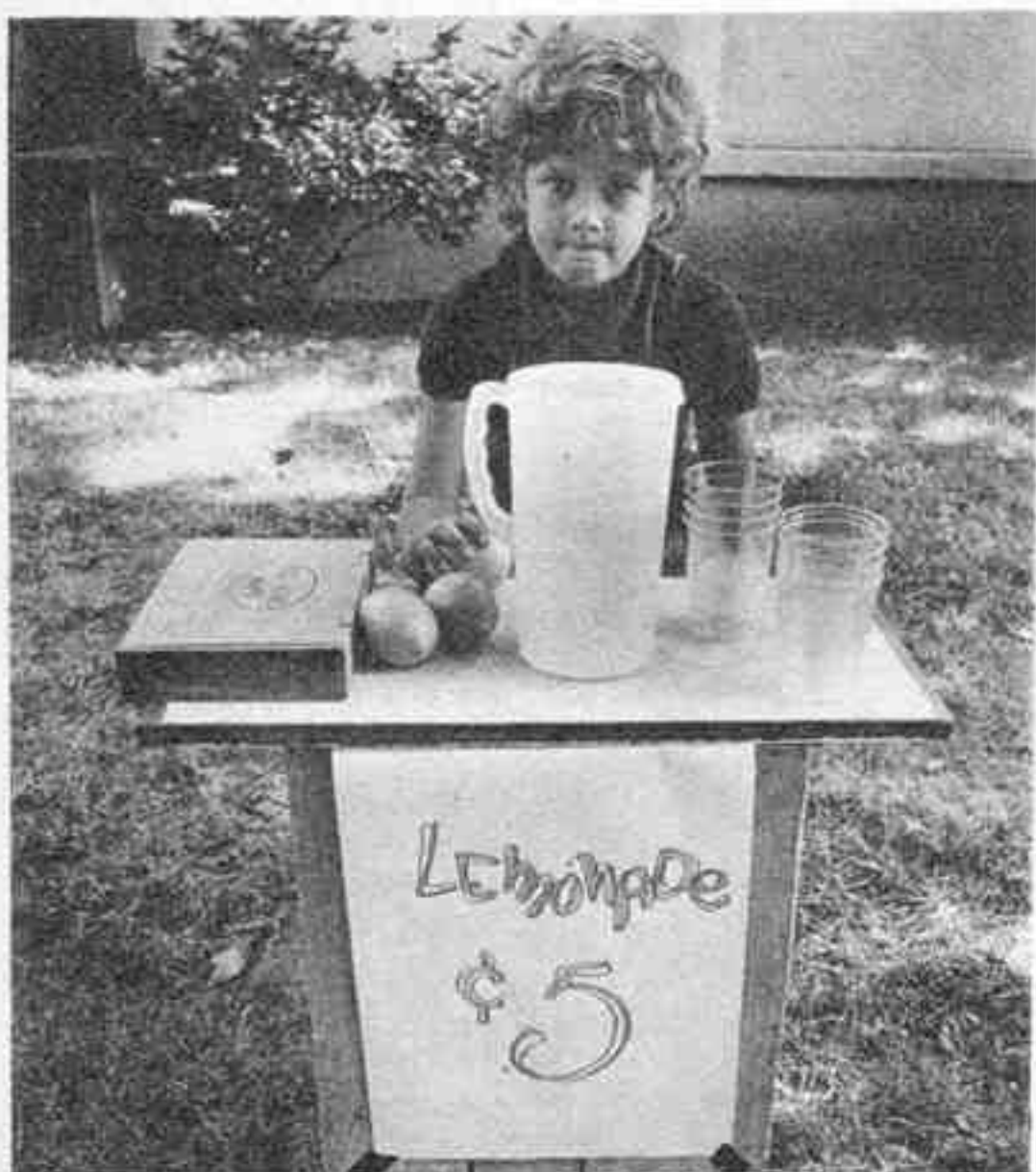
In the year ahead, I plan to write either a novel or a sonnet based on my tragic life, which I will then sell for a lot of money to make Mom and Daddy aware of the fact that I exist as a person.

Very courageously yours,
Martha Jean Flaxbender
Chief Unappreciated Individual



MARTHA JEAN PUTS UP BRAVE FRONT. Pictured here reading a fan magazine bought with her own money, the Flaxbenders' lovely daughter consoles herself with the knowledge that many gorgeous male recording stars also came from underprivileged homes and backgrounds.

Leonard Theodore Speaks Out Financially



ENTERPRISING LEONARD THEODORE is shown here operating summer vacation lemonade stand which contributed almost 35¢ to family income, not counting cost of 48 lemons, 2 lb. sugar and 5 broken glasses.

I didn't spend hardly anything on anything last year, excepting for things which were very important. Like the five-dollars which all the kids in Miss Runk's home room had to bring for Xmas pageant costumes, and which Miss Runk said was very important because without the five dollars, we couldn't show how much we love the Baby Jesus. Daddy thought this was important, too, because when I told him I needed five-dollars, the first thing he said was, "Sweet Baby Jesus!"

Also, five-dollars isn't hardly anything compared to what Stanley Zimmerman's father plans to spend. He is only a City Councilman, which probably doesn't pay much, but he came to home room one day and told us how he wants to spend a couple of million dollars on a new playground for our school. That is much more than five-dollars, although Stanley Zimmerman says his father also owns a company that builds playgrounds, so he will probably get one wholesale.

Except for my Baby Jesus money, I didn't spend hardly anything on anything. Only just for popsicles which now cost five-cents more but are smaller, even though Daddy doesn't give me any more money to buy them than he did when they cost five-cents less and were bigger.

Which is mainly why my main financial plan for 1975 is that I plan to ask for a dollar a week allowance instead of fifty-cents, and also plan to hold my breath until my face turns black and I die if I don't get it.

Love,
Leonard Theodore Flaxbender
Cub Scout & Grade 3 Eraser Monitor

Statement Of 1974 Income & Expenses

INCOME:

Gross earnings by Dad (Before extraordinary losses)	\$ 21,658.00
Extraordinary losses (See Footnote 1)	125.00
Net earnings by Dad after extraordinary losses	\$ 21,533.00
Total receipts, Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service	32.75
Total receipts, Martha Jean's baby sitting	46.00
Contents of ladies' purse found by Leonard Theodore. (See Footnote 2)	14.00
Estimated gross value of trading stamps saved by Ethel	18.00
Less cost of extra gas needed to shop only at stores that give stamps	16.90
Net value of trading stamps saved by Ethel in 1974	1.10
Cash received for 1973 Christmas gifts from Grandma and Grandpa returned to store in early 1974	52.50
TOTAL INCOME	\$ 21,679.35

EXPENSES:

Food and beverages (See Footnote 3)	\$ 3,148.15
Payments on house	1,200.00
Mortgage interest payments on house	2,986.18
Insurance on house	480.00
Repair work on house	644.00
Upkeep on house	538.25
Cost of unsuccessful ad to try to sell house	13.80
Children's medical care, clothing and other extravagances	2,177.30
New billiard table for game room and other necessities	1,485.00
Overhead expenses, Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service	149.00
Overhead expenses, Martha Jean's baby sitting	262.00
Cleaning and laundry (See Footnote 4)	587.95
Outrageously priced muskrat coat purchased by Ethel	800.00
Razor blades, bridge tolls & misc. (See Footnote 5)	2,116.00
Cost of having this Annual Report printed and distributed in order to get a little peace and quiet	350.00
TOTAL EXPENSE BEFORE TAXES	\$ 16,937.63
TAXES (Federal, state, property & sewer)	4,741.67
TOTAL EXPENSE AFTER TAXES	\$ 21,679.30
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES (1974 Net Profit)	\$.05

FOOTNOTES TO STATEMENT:

1. Extraordinary losses include very extraordinary loss of Dad's three aces to Ernie Glisner's full house on Feb. 7 costing family \$25, and extremely extraordinary loss of \$100 investment when Sure Thing Baby stumbled and fell out of the starting gate in the fourth at Belmont on May 18.

2. Does not include \$100 fine levied after Judge ruled that Leonard Theodore found ladies' purse before lady let go of it.

3. Beverage figure includes money squandered on cola drinks

by kids, but excludes Dad's investment in vintage gin as a hedge against inflation.

4. Cleaning and laundry total includes \$73 for cleaning yard and laundering windows after Sonny retired from household chores to devote full time to making out.

5. Miscellaneous expense includes Dad's \$1,200 Las Vegas vacation to recover from shock of Ethel's \$200 muskrat coat purchase.

Consolidated Family Balance Sheet

TOTAL ASSETS AS OF DEC. 31, 1974

Cash in bank	\$ 638.14
Cash in pockets and old coffee can	51.30
Cash under sofa cushions	0.35
House at current market value	19,500.00
Household furnishings & appliances at present re-sale value	1,624.00
1966 Buick automobile	775.00
Martha Jean's prospects for marrying a millionaire. (Computed on basis of million-to-one odds against it)	1.00
Potential earnings by Dad before he goes on Social Security. (21 years @ \$20,000 per year)	420,000.00
Postage stamps on hand	.16
TOTAL ASSETS	\$442,590.45

TOTAL LIABILITIES AS OF DEC. 31, 1974

Theft of cash by Martha Jean's boy friend from old coffee can and under sofa cushions	\$ 16.35
Unpaid balance on house	17,210.00
Unpaid balance on household furnishings & appliances. (Including interest and carrying charges)	2,918.70
Depreciation on family-owned 1966 Buick incurred during Sonny's smash-up	750.00
Depreciation on non-family-owned 1973 Pontiac, 1971 Yamaha and 1972 Dodge police car incurred during Sonny's smash-up	7,225.00
Potential cost of supporting Sonny until he goes on Social Security. (48 years @ \$10,000 per year)	480,000.00
Owed to Leonard Theodore by the tooth fairy	.25
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$508,120.30

INDEPENDENT ACCOUNTANT'S REPORT

Having glanced over all these figures thrown at me by the Flaxbenders (a Delaware family), I can positively state that I guess they probably may be okay.

I mean this stuff is nothing like the examples printed in our text for Bookkeeping II where all the figures come out right at the end and like that. But as Mr. Flaxbender explained to me, it's easy to get numbers to come out right when you're just making them all up to put in a textbook, and don't have to pay any attention to how things

would have come out if they had actually happened to real people.

That seems to make sense. Besides, these are all Mr. Flaxbender's figures, and if he isn't worried about getting them to come out right, I don't see why I should get upset.

In addition, he told me that everything in here conforms with accounting procedures that are normal for him, so I guess that means the whole thing probably may be okay.

Bryce Watermouse
Fairly Independent Box Boy &
Very Independent Undergraduate Accountant

FLAXBENDER

A NAME TO BE A LOT MORE
RESPECTED IN THE FUTURE



Frequent vow by Ethel's doddering, infirm parents that "Someday this will all be yours!" prompts management to envision a solvent, worry-free fiscal status by 1977.



Leonard Theodore, fortunately unaware that Presidential wage guidelines don't apply to his allowance, is warned that seeking an increase will prompt Ford to come get him. This lie will save the family about \$3.00 per year.

Despite past difficulties in bringing capital outlay into phase with net receipts, your leadership remains confident that brighter long range prospects can eventually result in acquisitions that will be the envy of the neighbors. This projected status turn-around could begin as early as the fiscal third quarter of 1975, especially if Sonny and Martha Jean get off their duffs and land summer jobs once school lets out.

Looking further into the future, a management study of actuarial tables reveals that Ethel's parents are due to wheeze their last gasp sometime between late 1976 and early 1977. The resulting juicy inheritance will go far toward putting the family on Easy Street. Plans for the long awaited flake-out already have been made, and call for the Flaxbenders' prompt entry into such diverse activities as yachting, summer cottage acquisition, and possibly even maid hireage. This forthcoming show of affluence obviously will raise the stock of the entire family in the eyes of such neighbors as those loud mouthed Flanagans down on the corner, who are forever bragging about their fat, sissy kid attending Dartmouth.

Holding even greater future promise is Dad's brilliant plan for quitting his job to buy a Pizza Paradise franchise. With Ethel manning the oven to cut overhead expense, the sale of as few as 3,000 pepperoni and mushroom specials each week could produce wealth undreamed of, even by those loud mouthed Flanagans down on the corner.

To summarize, your trusted leader feels strongly that past family performance should be ignored in assessing future potential. This will be especially true if our rich relatives in Omaha come through with a requested loan to tide us over until Ethel's parents finally konk out. Such brilliantly conceived financial transactions have made Flaxbender a name to be reckoned with in the neighborhood before, and can do so again.



Dad admires Pizza Paradise outlet similar to the one he soon hopes to open and reap fabulous profits. New franchises are still available for only \$10,000, excluding minor costs of building, equipment, supplies and labor.



Ethel's contribution to coming affluence will be a color TV set, due when she saves another 216½ books of trading stamps. At present rate of collecting, the family can look forward to watching the 1989 World Series in living color.

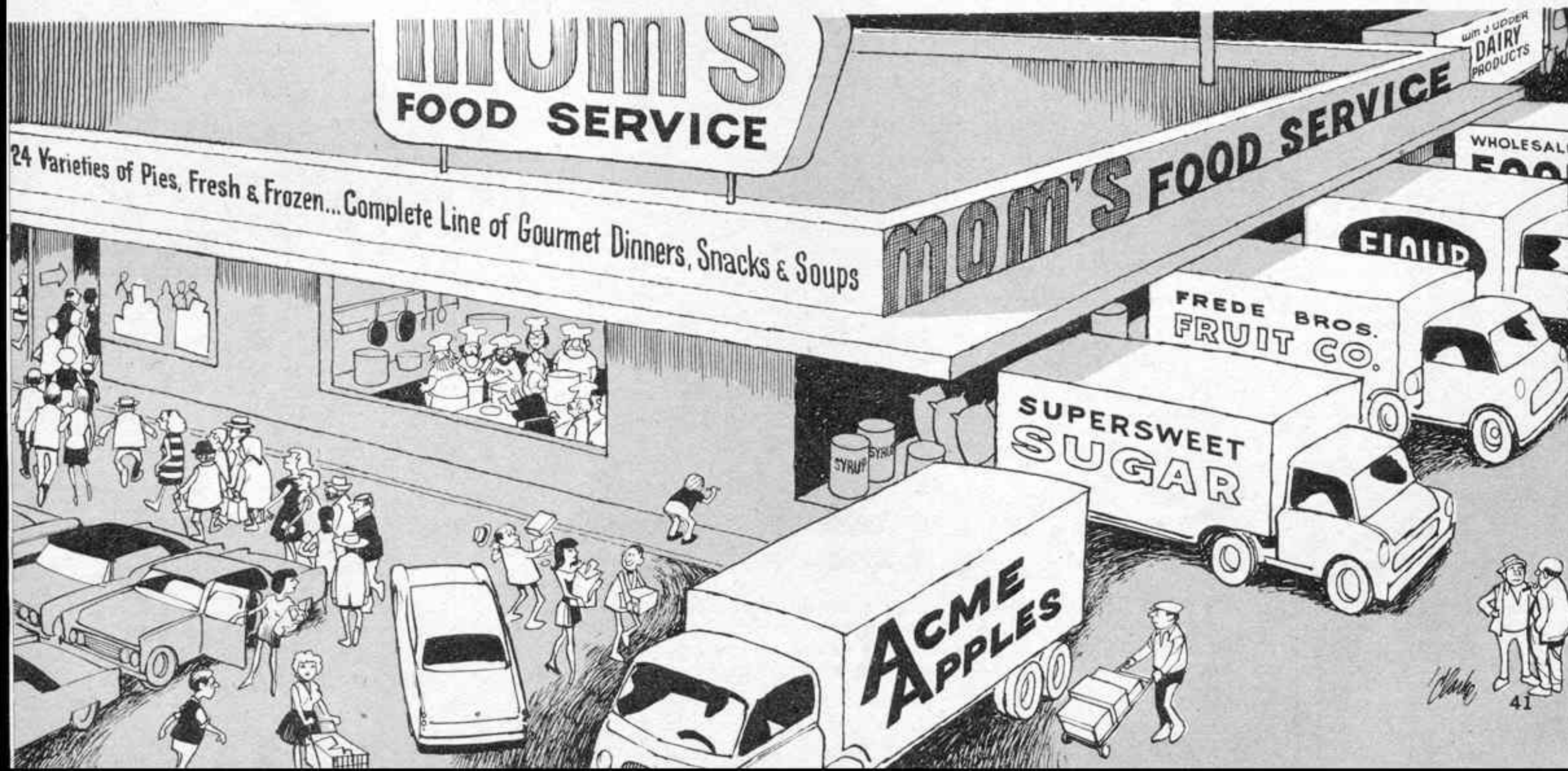
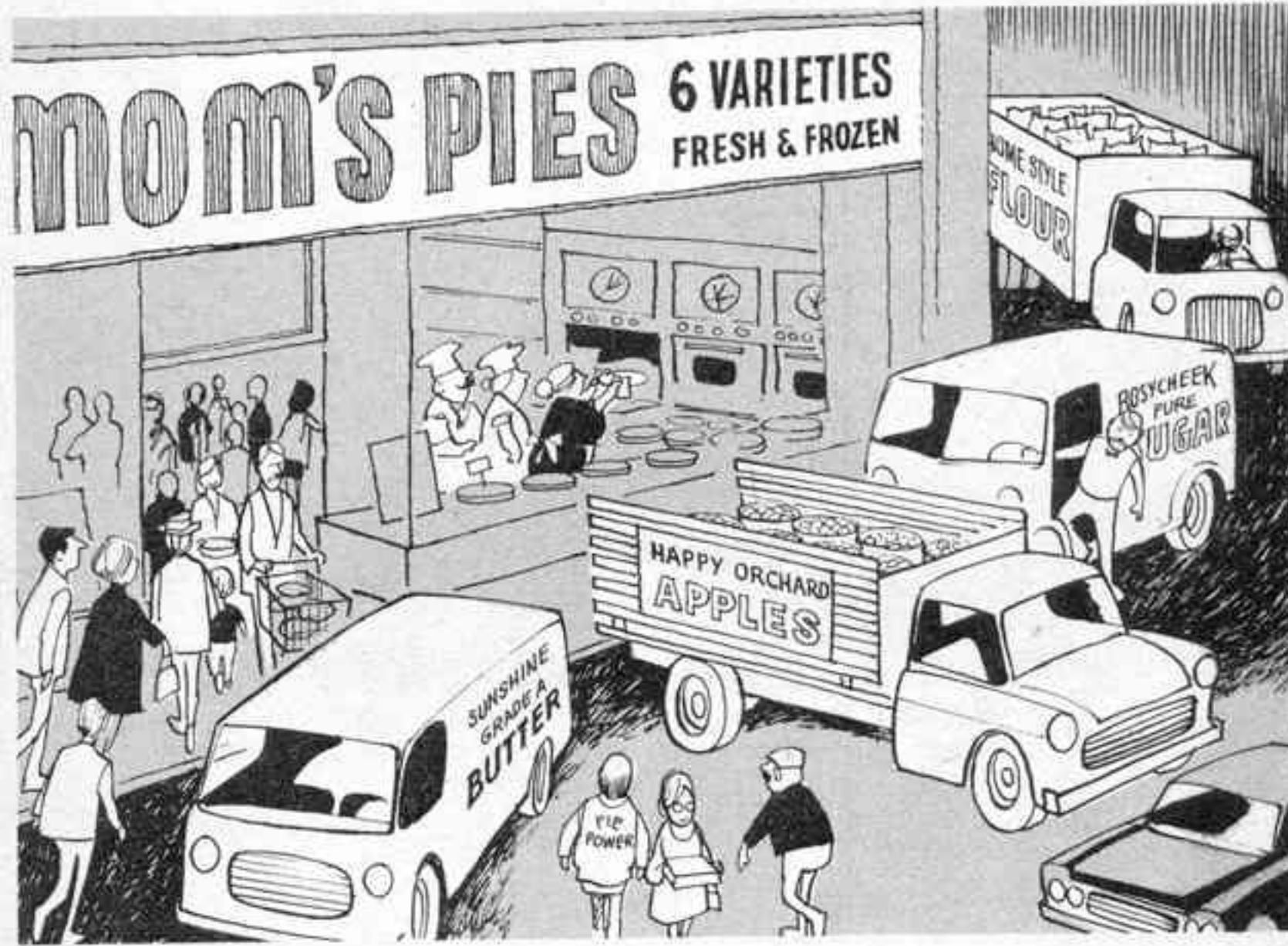
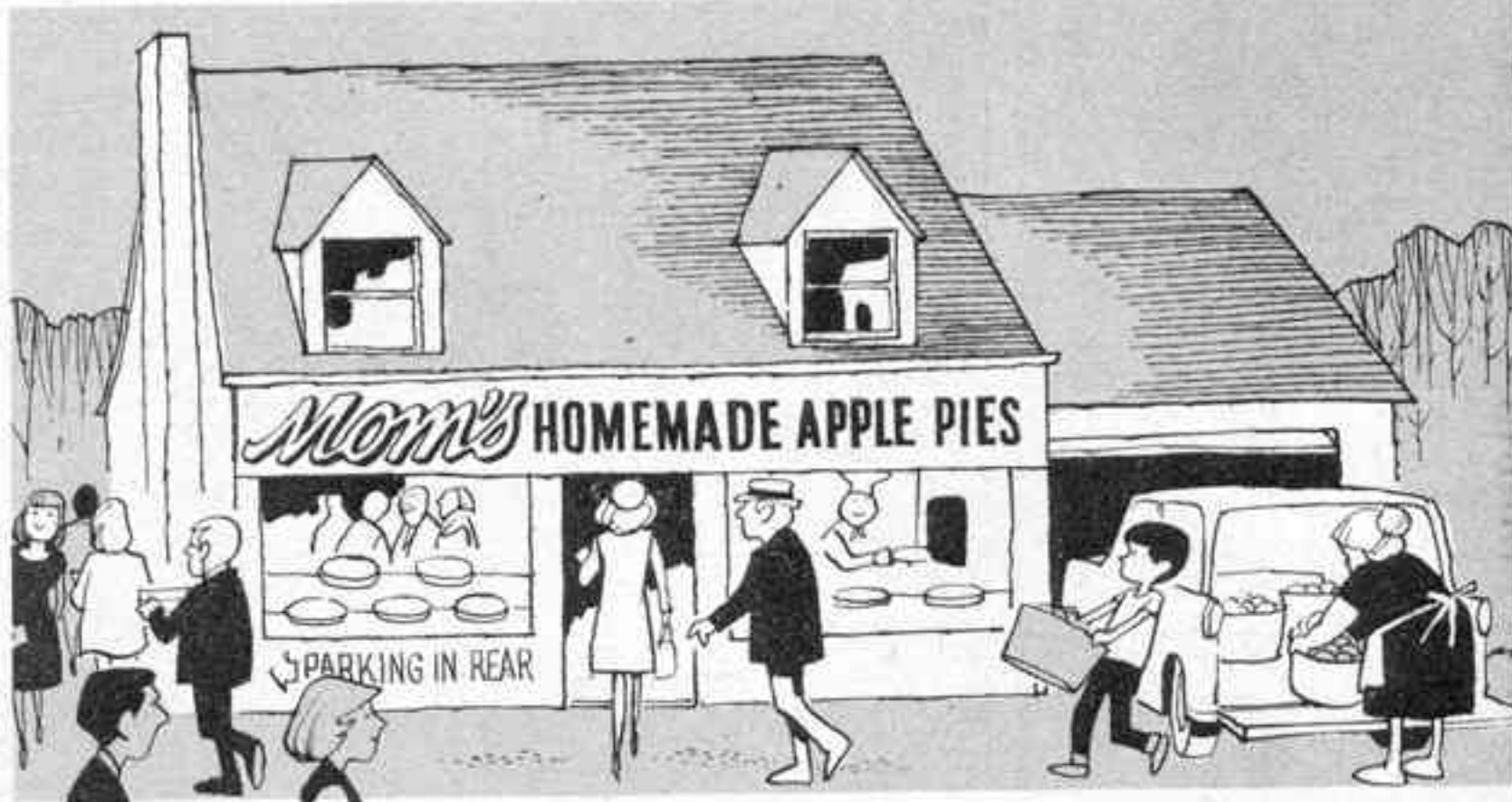
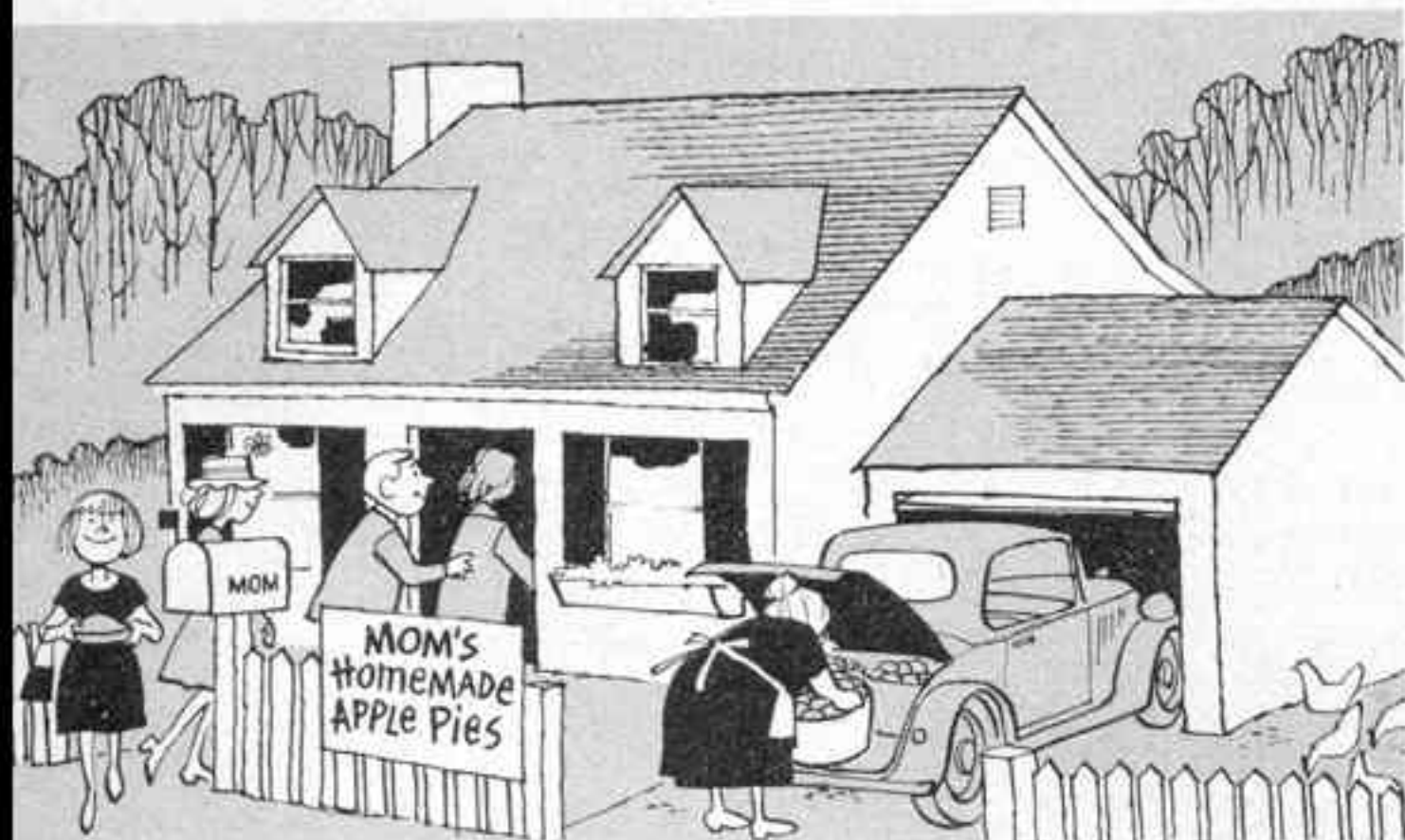


Hopeful sign for the future is Sonny's admiration (shown here) for Family Doctor W. Pritchard's new Rolls Royce. Sonny has learned that by working his way through Med School he too could charge high fees and buy a Rolls.

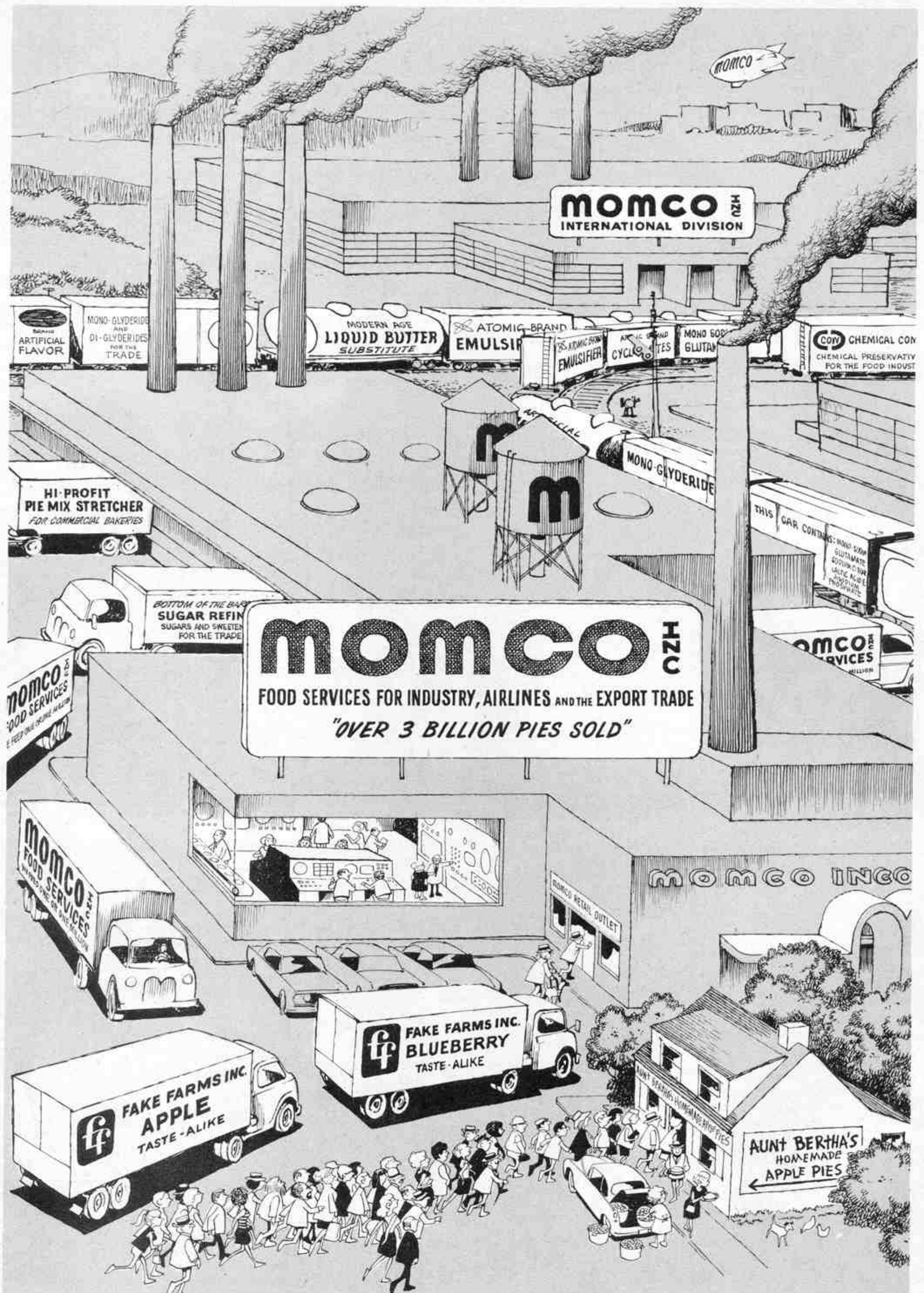
A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Clarke



PUTTING ON THE "TELLY" DEPT.

One of the silliest trends on TV the past few seasons has been "The Ethnic Detective Show." We've had Banaceck, Kodiak, Kolchak, Nakia...and one guy who's become the top-rated TV Cop of them all. Yes, we're talking about that charismatic, burly Greek with the cute mannerisms and the gleaming skull. So, lower the "brightness" in your room, and get ready for MAD's version of . . .

KOJERK



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Kojerk, the Department's been getting **complaints** about you! You've been roughing up our suspects a little too much!

C'mon, Chief! I only lean on 'em if they give me any lip, or if they committed some **atrocious crime**!

I'm in a very, very ugly mood!

Gee, Kojerk is really mad! What did the guy do? Petty theft . . .

All **THAT** for petty theft?!? He stole Kojerk's lollipops!!

We better stop it!! Kojerk may kill him!!



Let's get down to business, Kojerk! We've got a **dead man** on our hands!

Don't tease me! Show me the **body**!

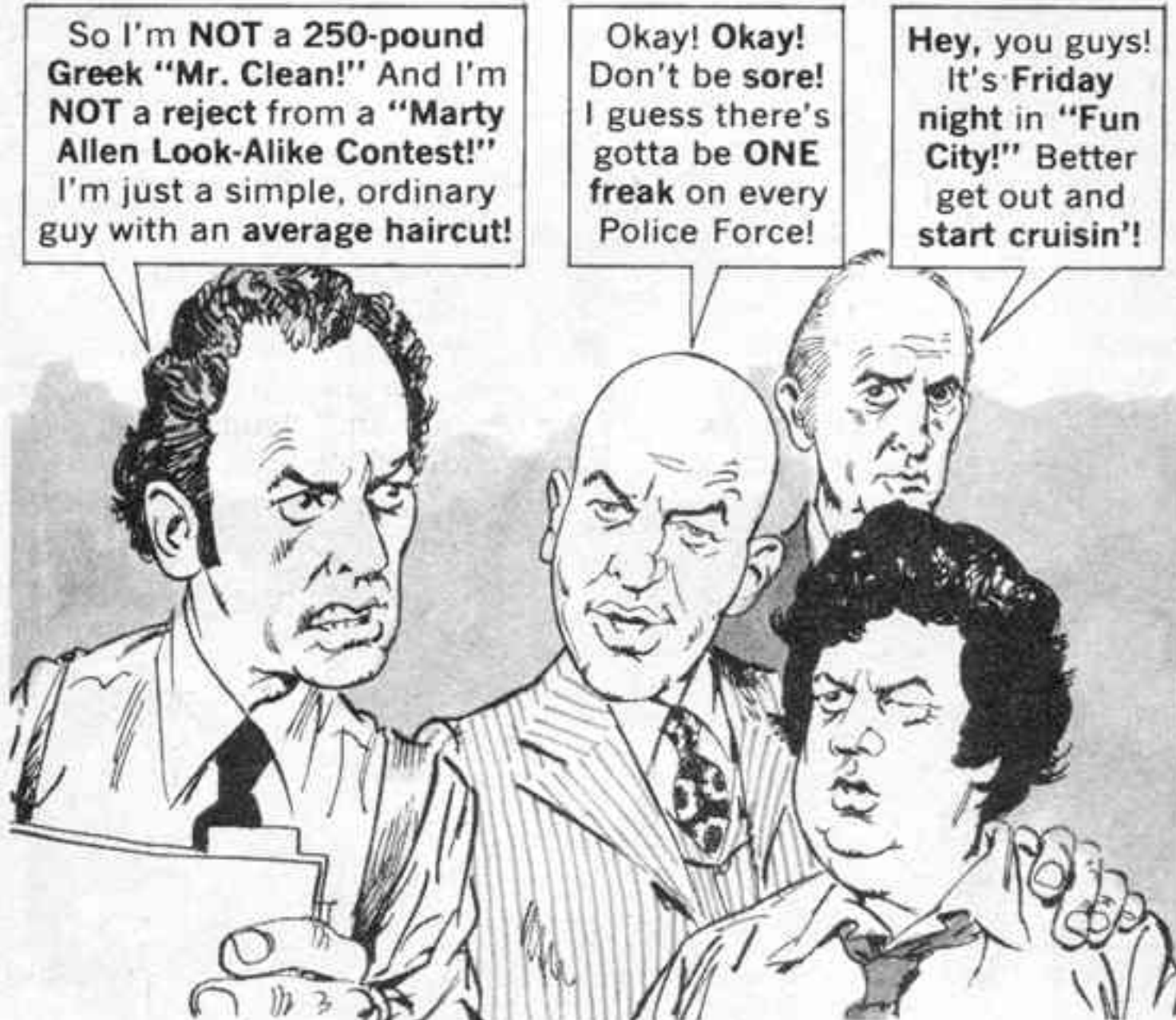
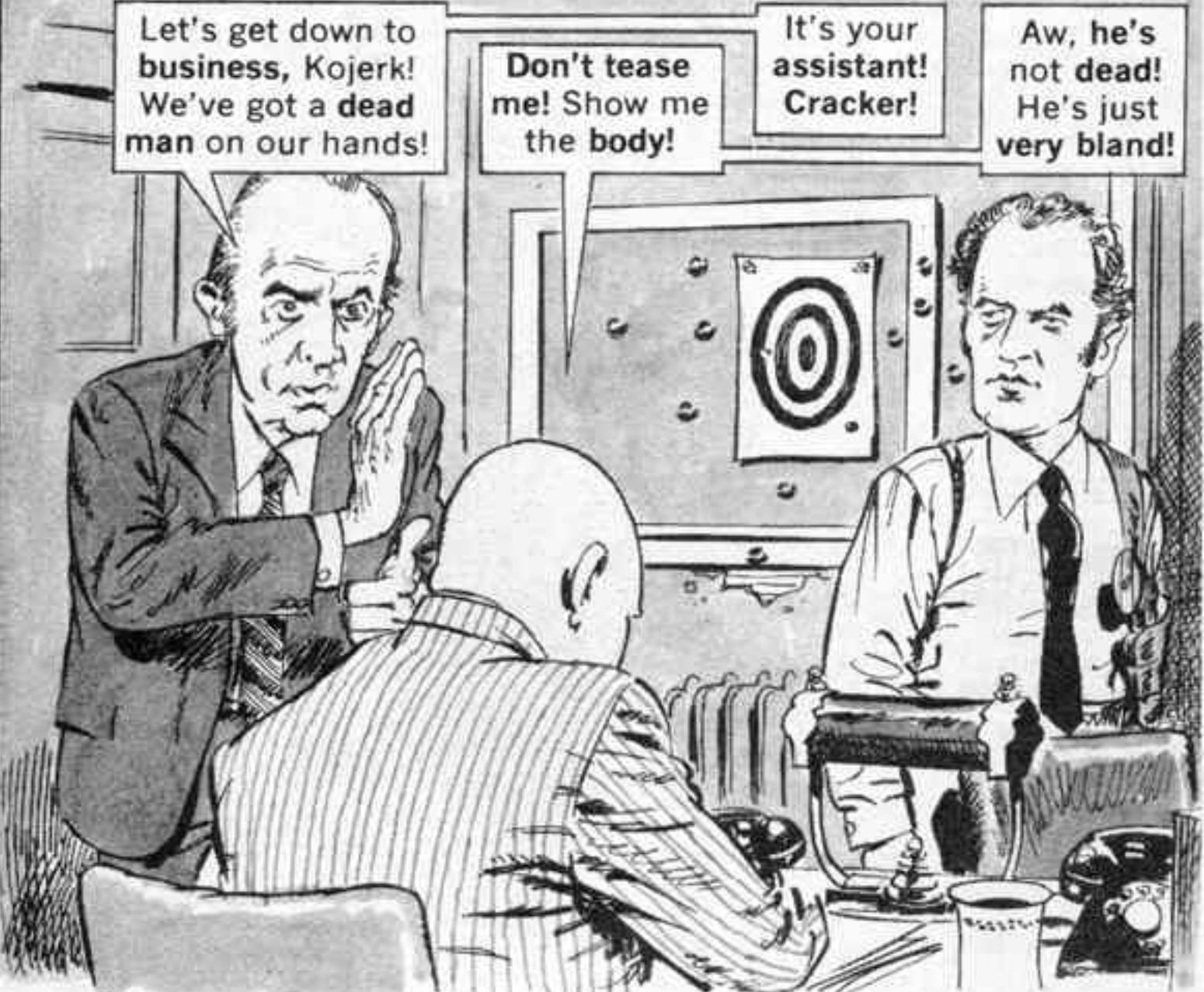
It's your assistant! **Cracker**!

Aw, he's not dead! He's just very **bland**!

So I'm **NOT** a 250-pound Greek "Mr. Clean!" And I'm **NOT** a reject from a "Marty Allen Look-Alike Contest!" I'm just a simple, ordinary guy with an **average haircut**!

Okay! Okay! Don't be sore! I guess there's gotta be **ONE** freak on every Police Force!

Hey, you guys! It's **Friday** night in "Fun City!" Better get out and start **cruisin'**!



Okay, I'm Lt. Kojerk . . . **Manhattan South**! What's the problem?

Where was he shot?

That's **Manhattan NORTH**!! We can't help you!

Kojerk's the most dedicated Cop I know . . . but only below **50th Street**!

This man's been shot!

On **63rd Street**!



Well . . . what have we here?

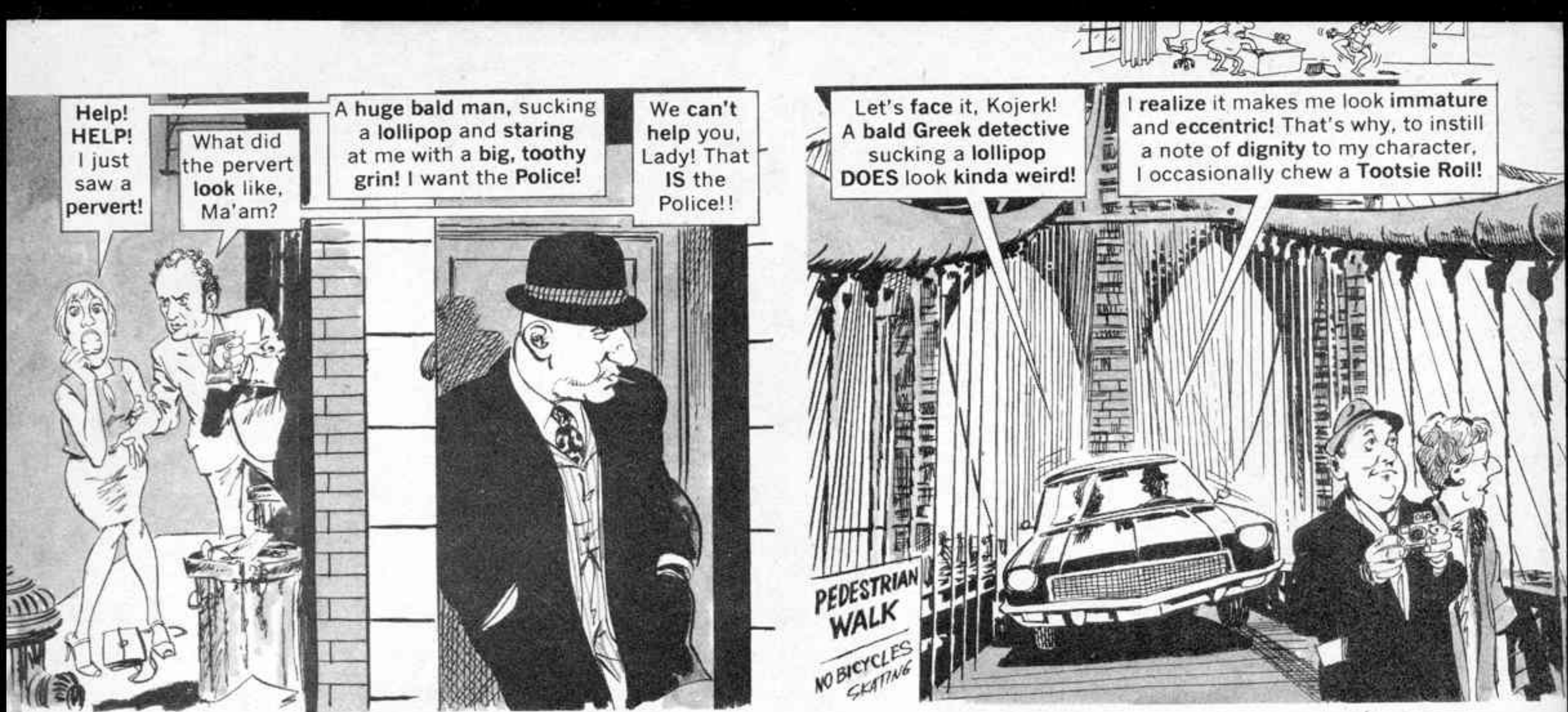
That's **Manhattan WEST**! A little out of my area!

A little warning, Mister! **Never** carry cash in New York! Always carry **American Express Travelers Checks**!

I'm an **out-of-towner**, from San Francisco!

But my pocket was picked **HERE**! I had six hundred dollars in cash on me!





Help!
HELP!
I just saw a pervert!

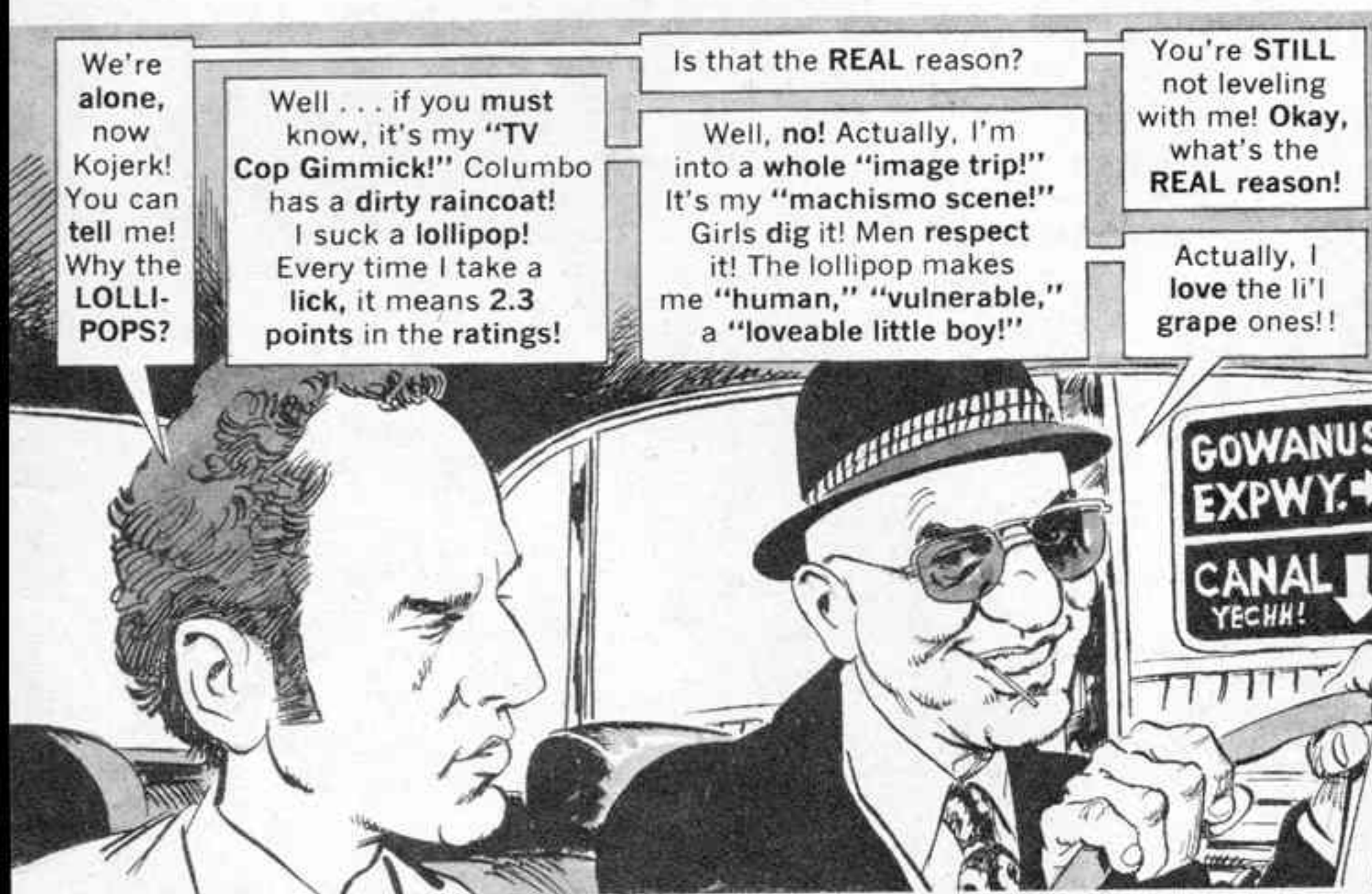
What did the pervert look like, Ma'am?

A huge bald man, sucking a lollipop and staring at me with a big, toothy grin! I want the Police!

We can't help you, Lady! That IS the Police!!

Let's face it, Kojerk! A bald Greek detective sucking a lollipop DOES look kinda weird!

I realize it makes me look immature and eccentric! That's why, to instill a note of dignity to my character, I occasionally chew a Tootsie Roll!



We're alone, now Kojerk! You can tell me! Why the LOLLI-POPS?

Well... if you must know, it's my "TV Cop Gimmick!" Columbo has a dirty raincoat! I suck a lollipop! Every time I take a lick, it means 2.3 points in the ratings!

Is that the REAL reason?

Well, no! Actually, I'm into a whole "image trip!" It's my "machismo scene!" Girls dig it! Men respect it! The lollipop makes me "human," "vulnerable," a "loveable little boy!"

You're STILL not leveling with me! Okay, what's the REAL reason!

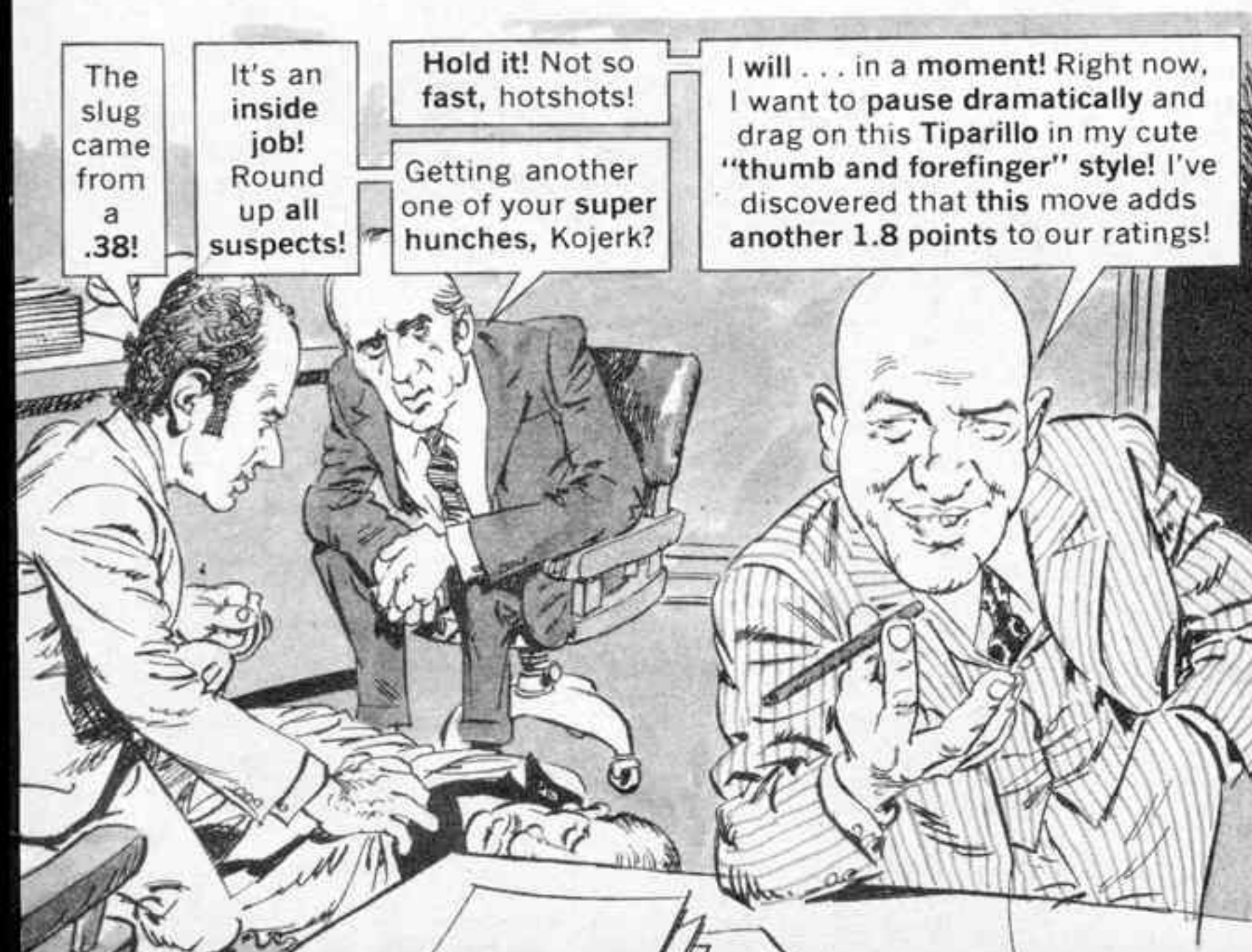
Actually, I love the li'l grape ones!!



While you were out, look what happened to Desk Sergeant Rizzoli...!

Gi'me a clue! He's dead... right?

Gunned down... right here in the Police Station!



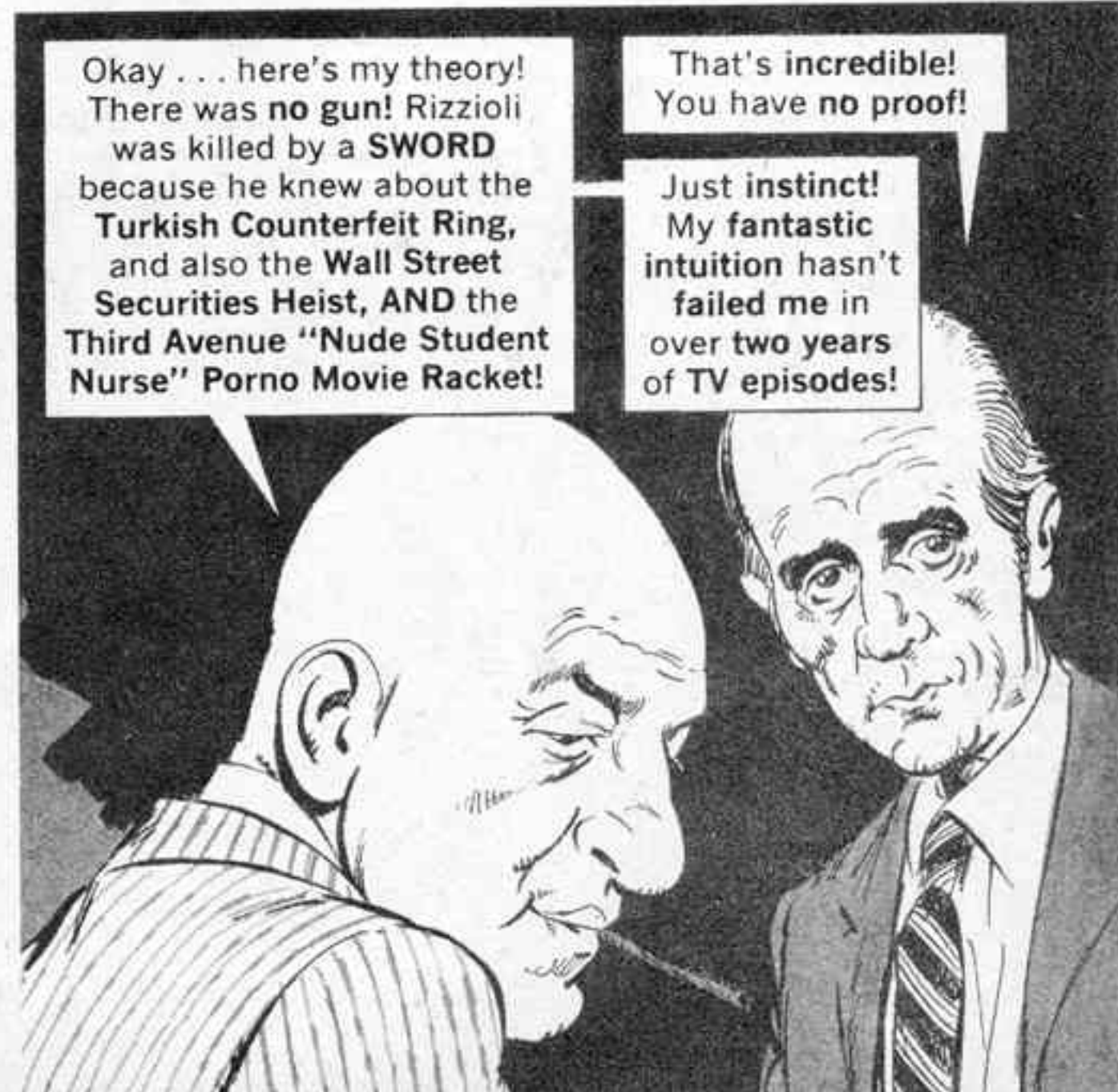
The slug came from a .38!

It's an inside job! Round up all suspects!

Hold it! Not so fast, hotshots!

Getting another one of your super hunches, Kojerk?

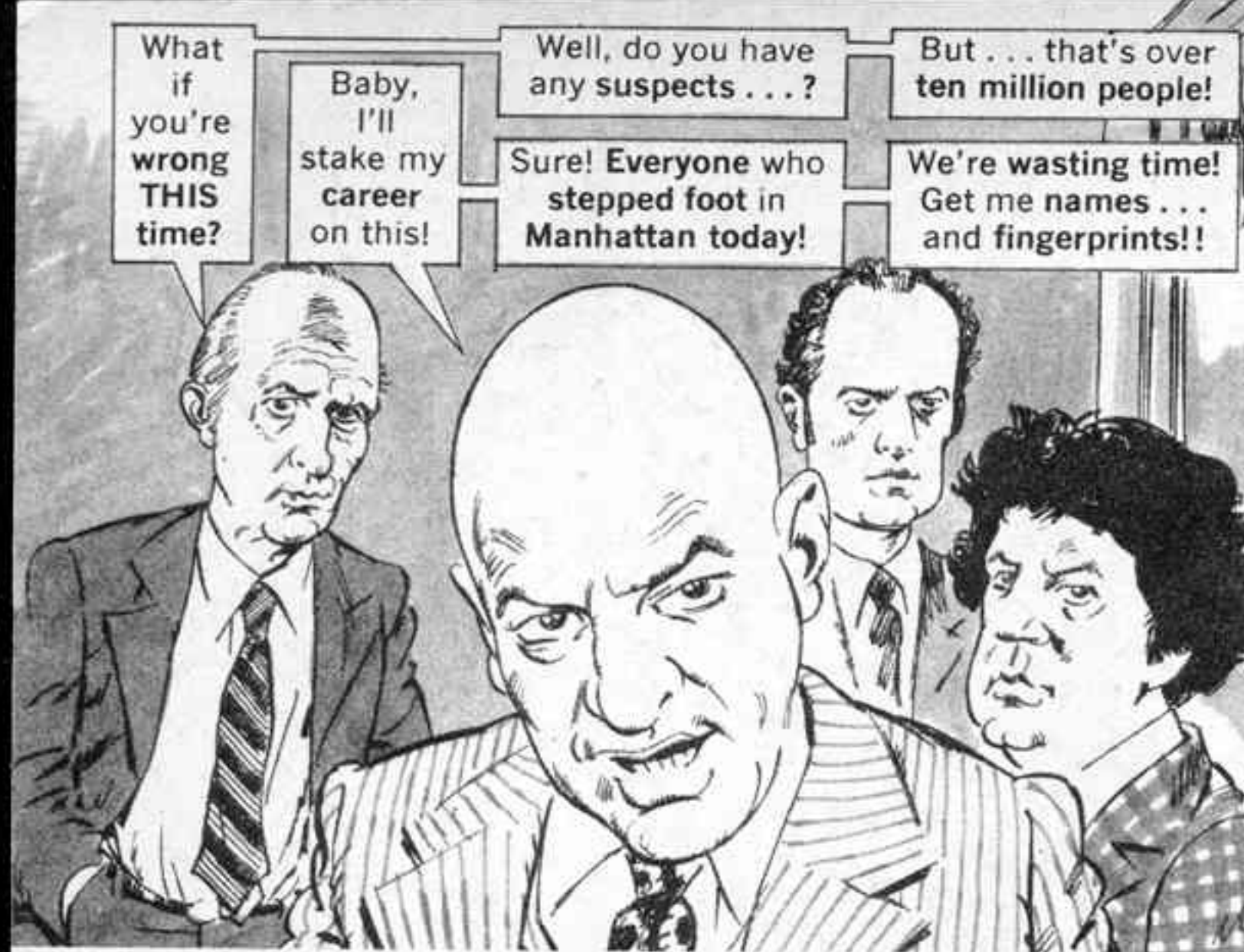
I will... in a moment! Right now, I want to pause dramatically and drag on this Tiparillo in my cute "thumb and forefinger" style! I've discovered that this move adds another 1.8 points to our ratings!



Okay... here's my theory! There was no gun! Rizzoli was killed by a SWORD because he knew about the Turkish Counterfeit Ring, and also the Wall Street Securities Heist, AND the Third Avenue "Nude Student Nurse" Porno Movie Racket!

That's incredible! You have no proof!

Just instinct! My fantastic intuition hasn't failed me in over two years of TV episodes!



What if you're wrong THIS time?

Baby, I'll stake my career on this!

Well, do you have any suspects ... ?

Sure! Everyone who stepped foot in Manhattan today!

But ... that's over ten million people!

We're wasting time! Get me names ... and fingerprints!!



Okay, now let's hit the streets!

Kojerk, if this is gonna be a long trip, you better let ME wear the shades!

Why ... ? Because you're driving ... ?

No ... because I just don't want your head shining in my face!



Listen, Cracker! I'm up to here with jokes about my skull! Let's just look for a suspect, okay?!!

Right! We'll COMB the city for him!

Knock it off! Don't say comb!

Sorry! All I meant was, after we get through with him, he'll know he's had a BRUSH with the Law!

Cracker, you are giving me a very hard time! Now, cool it!!

Whatever you say, Lieutenant! You're the HEAD man!



Gosh ... I didn't even get a chance to use my "Night With Bald Mountain" reference!!



Okay, this is our first stop!

Hey, you ... send out twelve of your best-lookin' broads!

A Call-Girl Operation?! You think Rizzoli's killer is a hooker?!!

Nahhhh! Now that I'm a SUPER STAR, I want to re-do "The Dirty Dozen" MY way!!



You punk! You creep! I oughtta kill you!

Take it easy, Kojerk! This guy don't look like no MURDERER!!

I know! I just like to punch around anyone on this show who dresses better than me!



I think our killer may be in there! It's a big "Hood Hangout!" Wait for me! I'm going in alone ... but in a clever disguise!

Listen, don't go in there, Kojerk! It could be very dangerous!

What happened? Any luck?

Well, I didn't find the killer, but I think the disguise worked pretty good!

I didn't even mind being rolled down the "gutter!" But coming through the "return ball" chute was murder!

Whew! After that, I need a break!

SHEEPSHEAD BAY LANES

BOWLING LEAGUES NOW BEING FORMED

Hi! YOU'RE my break!

Kojerk, is it true that bald men are more virile than guys with hair?

Well, it's true in MY case! But it's frightening to think that Don Rickles could be more in demand at an orgy than Robert Redford!

It must be great to be bald! Imagine... no brushing... no messy shampoos... no frizzies!

Yeah... there's less hair to comb! But then again, there's more face to wash!

Kojerk... how come you're always dating Police Women...?

I like taking the Law into my own hands!

Well, I'm off to the Statue of Liberty! I'm gonna slap her around a little! I think the Lady of Steel knows a lot more than she's telling, an I'm gonna—

I'm afraid it's too late for your crazy hunches, Kojerk! We've found our murderer!

You—you have? Who is it...?

STAYFROZE! Those plants he's been growing for two years were Marijuana! Rizzioli found out about it, and Stayfroze killed him! So it turns out Stayfroze is the "heavy" in this story!

He's not the heavy! He's my Brother!

I—I can't believe it! Kojerk, the great Greek detective... unable to solve a lousy crime!

Not exactly, Kojerk! We still have a place for you on the Force...

I guess this means I'm all washed up, eh, Chief...?

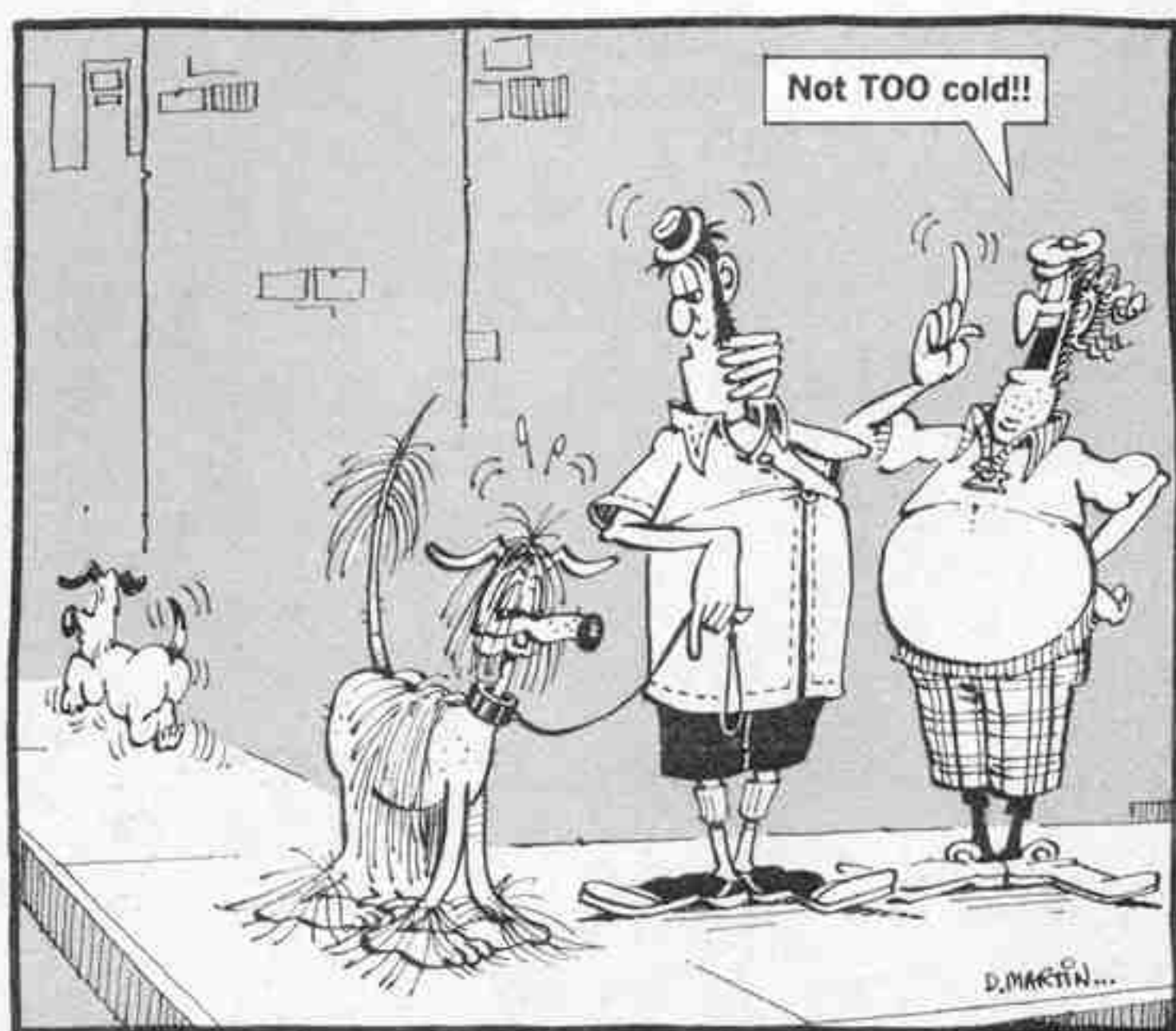
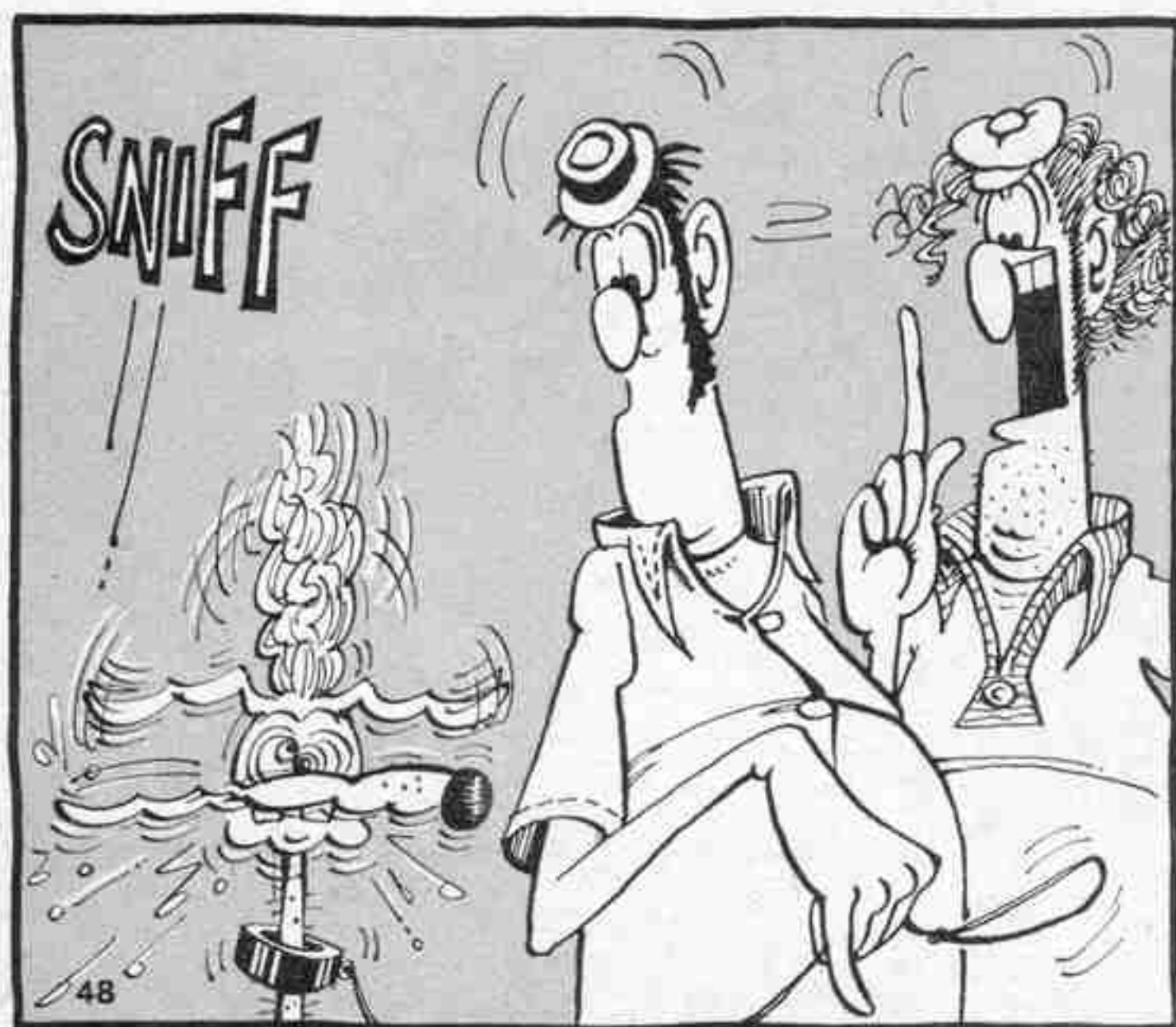
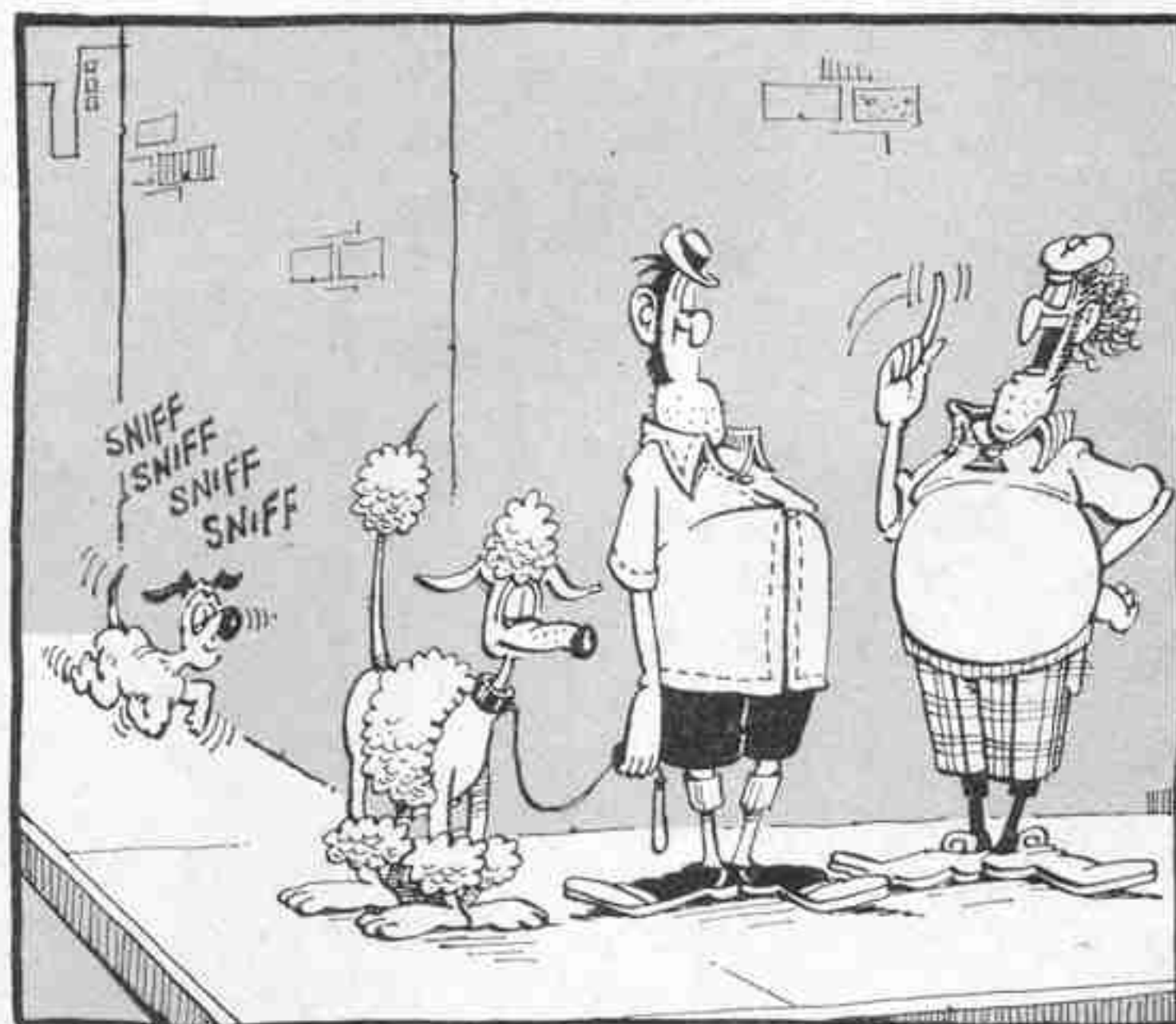
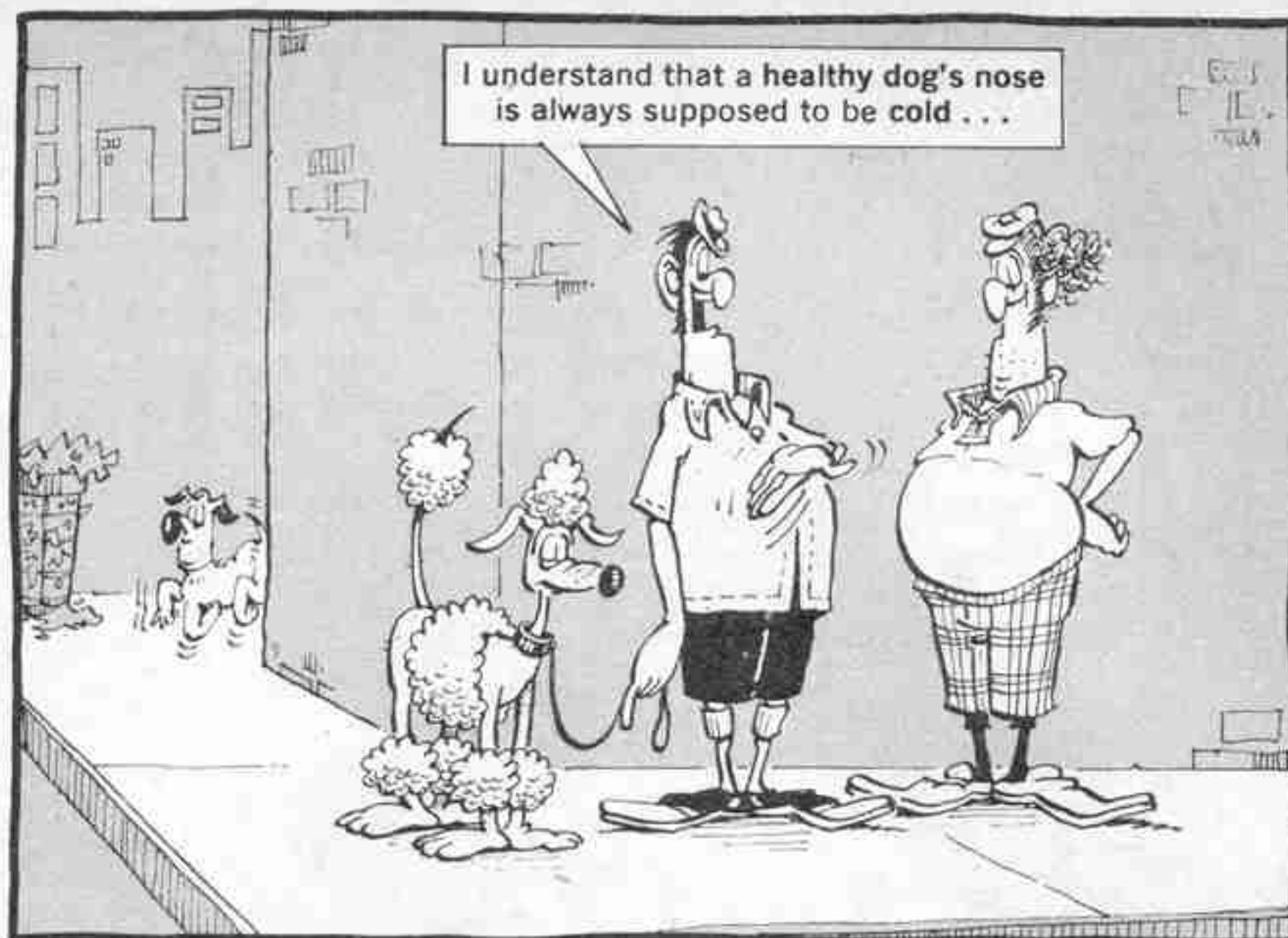
Pardon me... but is this the Manhattan South Police Station?

S'matter, Creep? Can't you READ??

POLICE DEPT.

POLICE DEPT.

ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON ON WEST MAIN STREET



**WHAT IS THE
ONE DRIVING
HAZARD THAT
AUTO MAKERS
ARE ALMOST
POWERLESS
TO REMOVE?**

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

For the past few years, tremendous pressure has been exerted on our nation's auto manufacturers to eliminate the unsafe elements in their cars. But no matter how hard they try, there is one cause of nasty accidents that they can't remove! To find out what it is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**DRAMATIC SAFETY FEATURES HAVE RESULTED IN SHRUNKEN
HIGHWAY CASUALTY LISTS. AND YET, ONE
DREADED CURSE TURNS OUR ROADS INTO BLOODY RIVERS**

A▶

◀B

**WHAT IS THE
ONE DRIVING
HAZARD THAT
AUTO MAKERS
ARE ALMOST
POWERLESS
TO REMOVE?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DRUNKEN

**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

DRIVERS

A ▶ ◀ B

WHO GOES UP... MUST COME DOWN!

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING SCHILD



ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER