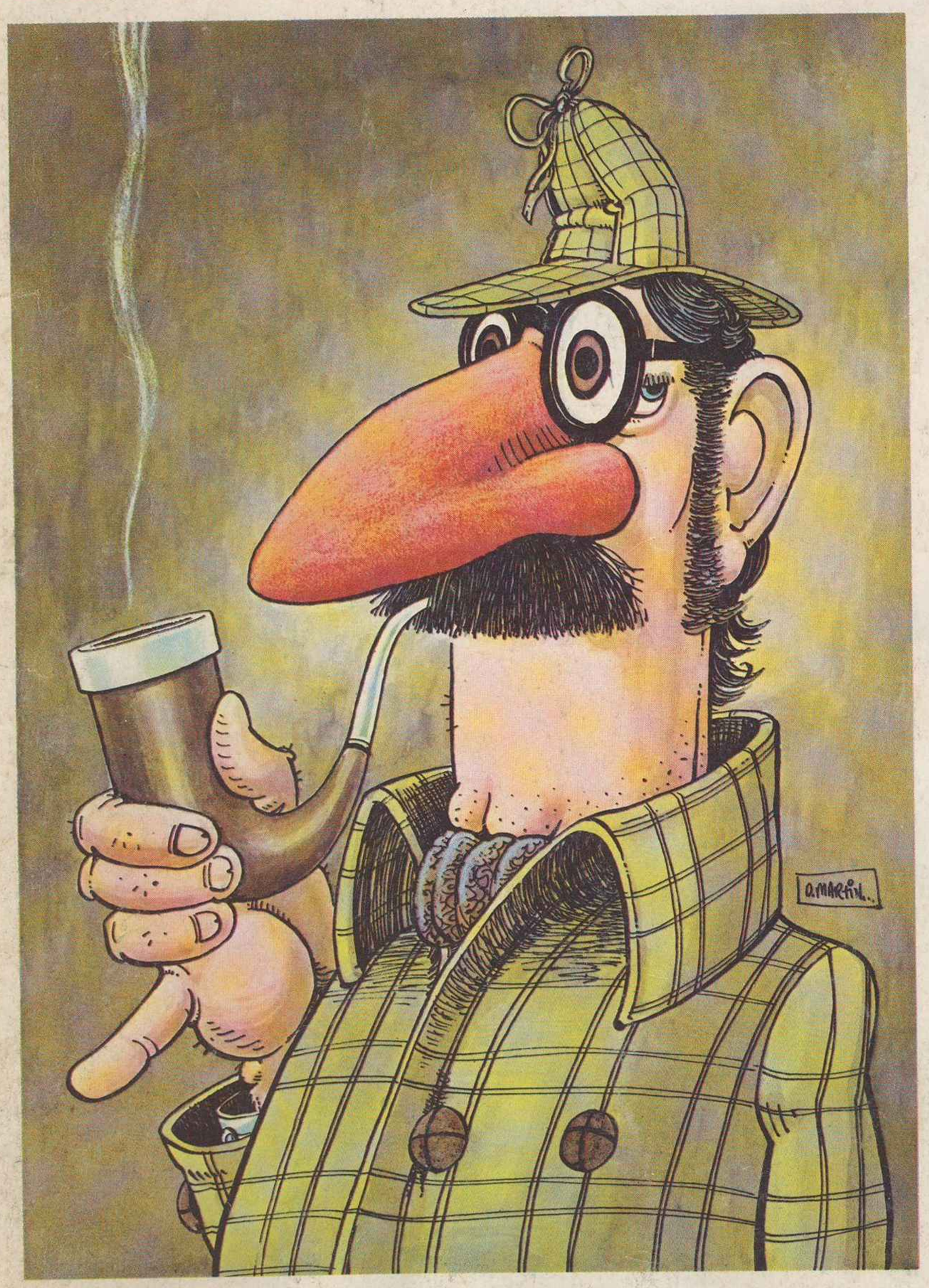


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Scenes We'd Like To See









ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

MAD

SUPER-SPECIAL NUMBER SEVENTEEN

"If you want to see 85, don't look for it on the speedometer!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS



TARZAN of the APES

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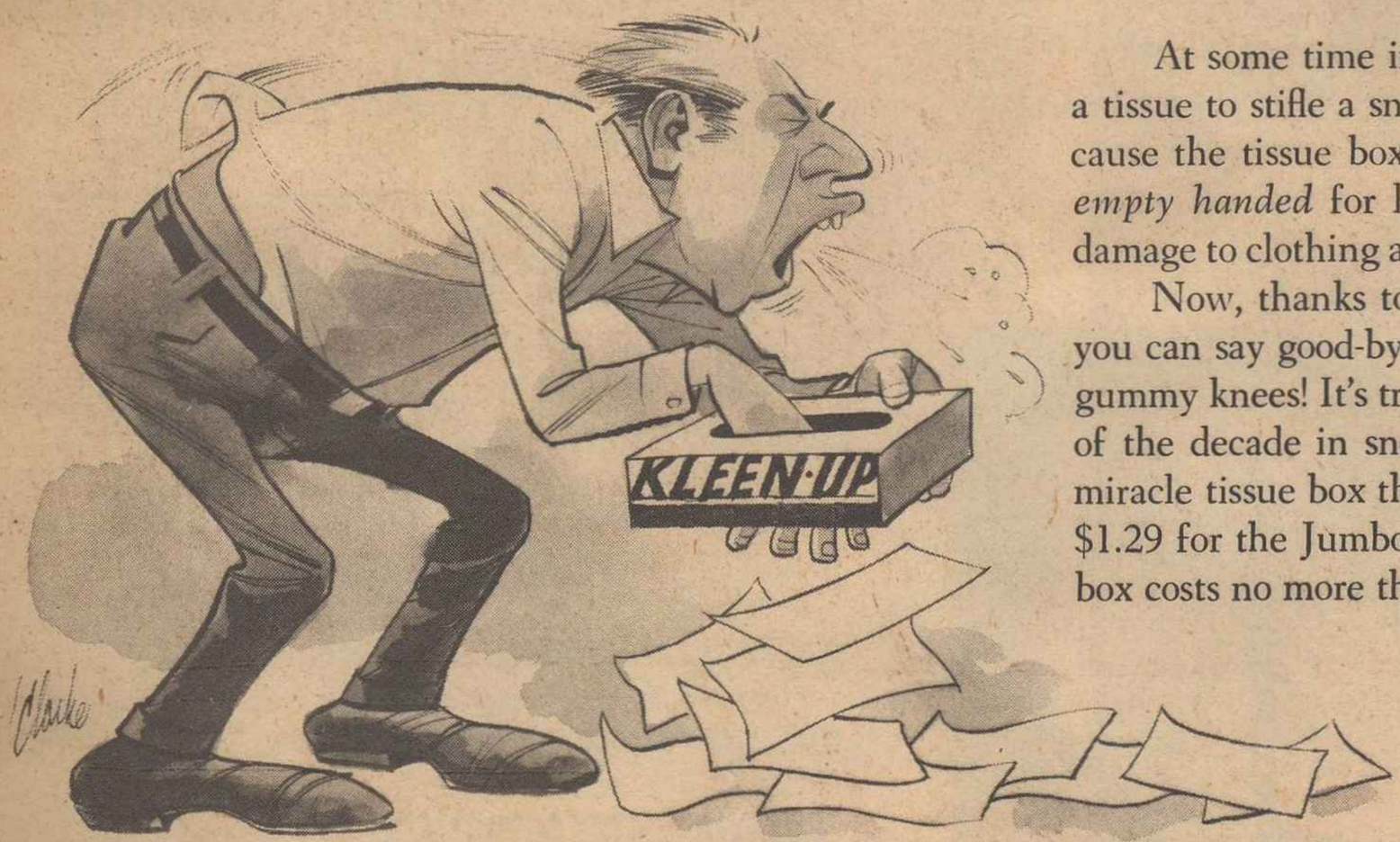
THE RAISERS EDGE DEPT.

PRODUCT TO JUST

Even in these days of perpetual inflation, when a manufacturer wants to tack a whopping price increase onto his product, he is still fearful of encountering buyer resistance. So he solves the problem by creating a gimmicky "improvement" to convince us that the same basic item we've always gotten is now a lot better than it used to be, and well worth the new price. You'll see what we mean with these typical ads featuring—

SWITCH BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

...to the TISSUE BOX that opens Top and Bottom!

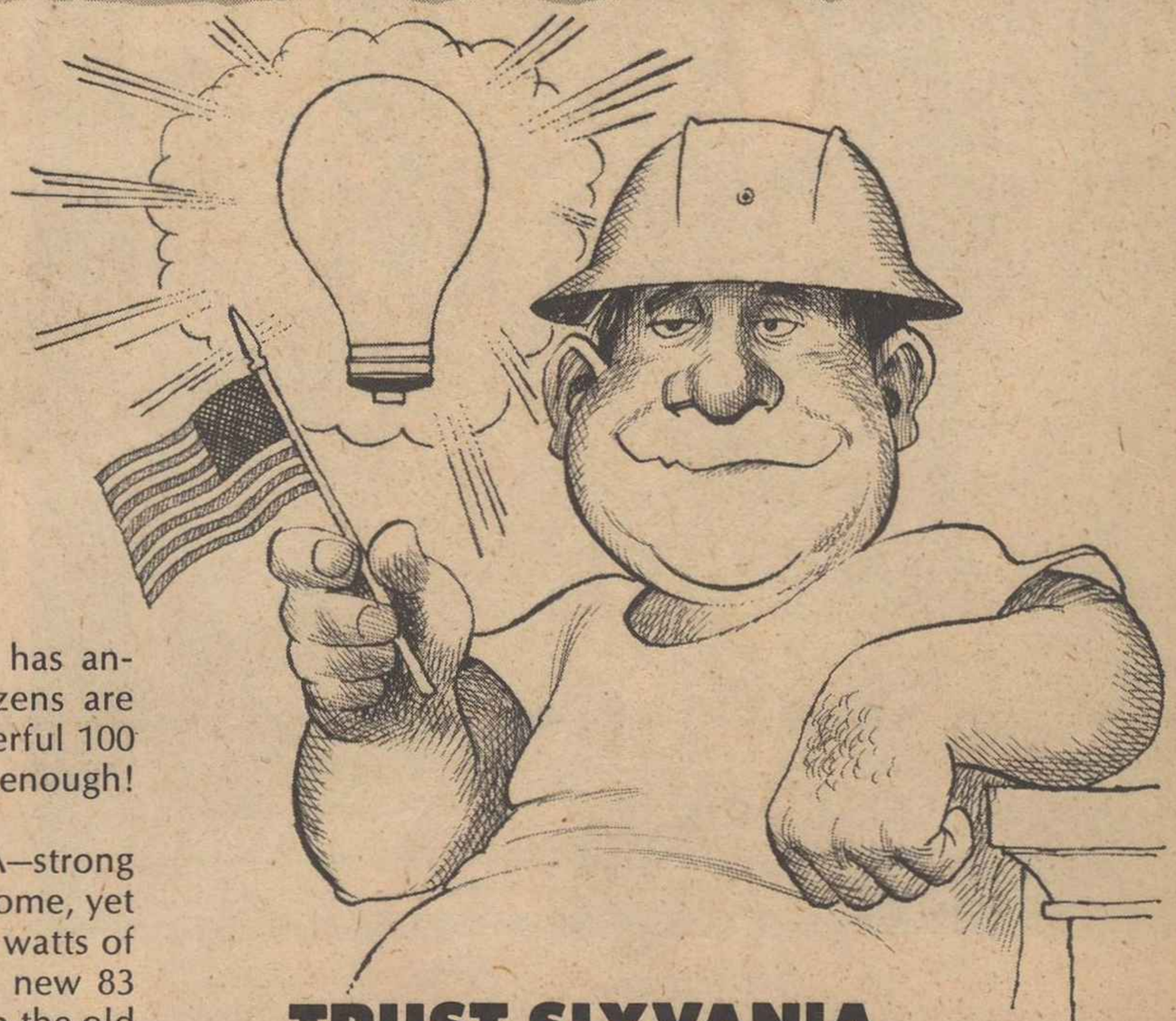


At some time in life, every cold sufferer has reached for a tissue to stifle a sneeze—only to come up empty handed because the tissue box was *upside down!* Well, you don't stay *empty handed* for long that way, not to mention the soggy damage to clothing and furniture!

Now, thanks to scientific research in the Kleen-Up lab, you can say good-bye forever to soaked upholstery and moist, gummy knees! It's true! Kleen-Up has made the breakthrough of the decade in sneeze stain prevention by introducing the miracle tissue box that opens *Top and Bottom!* Priced at only $1.29 for the Jumbo Hundred Size, the great new Kleen-Up box costs no more than the old style, 200 tissue pack!

KLEEN-UP
Your Nose Knows!

SLYVANIA INTRODUCES THE 83 WATT LIGHT BULB



Once again, in America's hour of peril, SLYVANIA has answered the call! Millions of normally patriotic citizens are forced to squander our vital resources by using powerful 100 watt bulbs because 75 watters simply aren't strong enough! Now, the space age solution is here!

It's the incredible new *83 watt bulb* by SLYVANIA—strong enough to take that dismal 75 watt gloom off your home, yet weak enough to save you and our country from 100 watts of wasteful glare! Like all good things, the miraculous new 83 watt SLYVANIA naturally costs a few dimes more than the old fashioned sizes (which are now being discontinued). But let's not put a price on *patriotism!*

TRUST SLYVANIA
To Light Your Home Without Overdoing It...

"IMPROVEMENTS" IFY HIGHER PRICES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

SLOSHERINE IN THE NEW "ONE SHOT" BOTTLE TAKES THE WORRY OUT OF GARGLING!



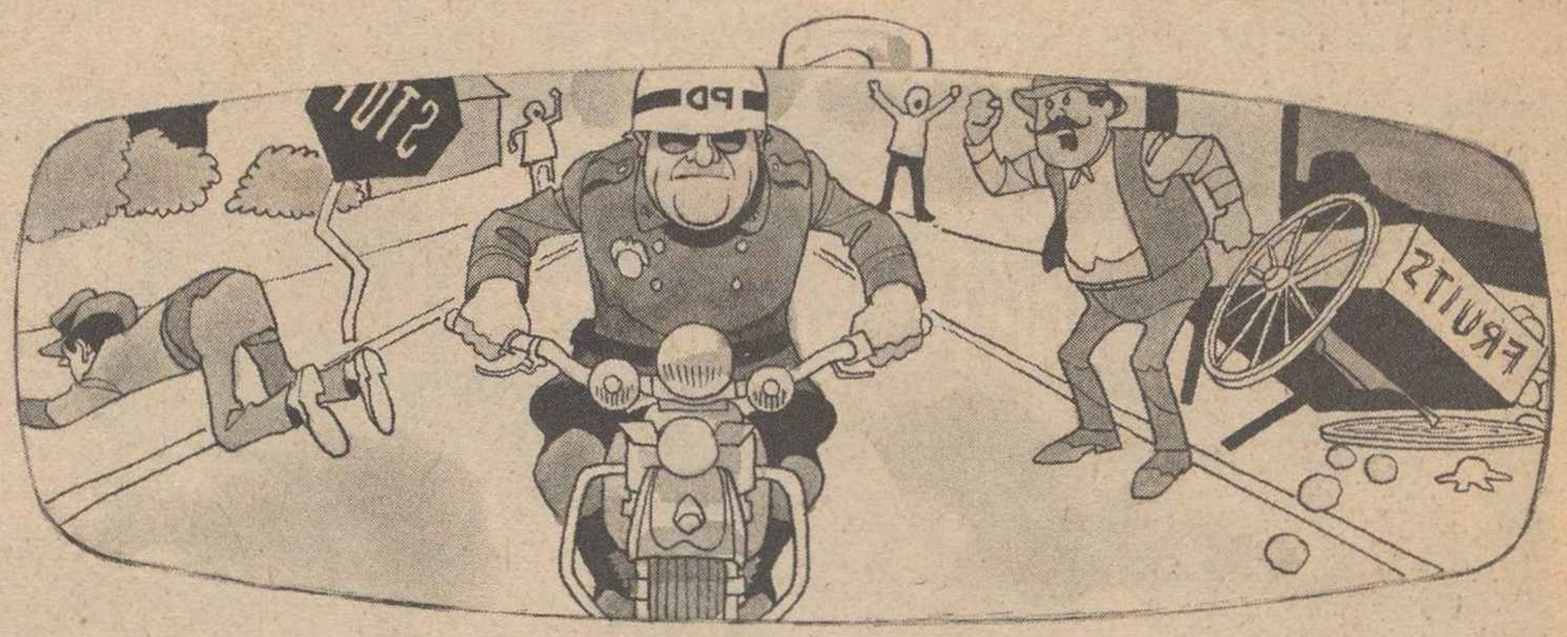
Lets You Get RID Of Germs Instead Of Swallowing MORE!

SLOSHERINE



Let's face it—you never know for sure what's going on in your bathroom when somebody else is using it! Maybe other members of the family or guests *do* pour SLOSHERINE Mouth Splash into a glass before they gargle. On the other hand, they may just guzzle it right out of the bottle, leaving lip and tongue germs and other yecch for you to consume later. But now, SLOSHERINE has come up with a marvelous, new innovation—the *one ounce bottle!* Made to hold a sealed, individual serving that assures you of unpolluted gargle! Look for SLOSHERINE's handy "ONE-SHOT" container, available now in a six-pack that costs no more than the familiar 16 oz. bottle!

ONLY THE 1975 GELDING OFFERS YOU A SELF-ADJUSTING REAR-VIEW MIRROR!



Your wife, children, and short parking lot attendants are forever tilting rearview mirrors to suit their *own* sub-normal height. But you may not notice how the changed angle cuts off *your* vision until the last split second when you urgently need to see what's behind you. By then, it's often *too late!*

This motoring hazard has become a thing of the past! Now, the self-adjusting rear view mirror that ends "blind behind" forever is *standard equipment* on both the 1975 Gelding and the luxurious new Gelding Altoona!

It's all automatic! As you adjust the driver's seat, the mirror mechanism estimates your height and turns itself to the proper angle. And it costs only a few dollars more than you'd expect to pay for a power lawn mower—which does *nothing at all* to increase your safe driving pleasure.

THE 1975 GELDING "The Car That Never Fails To Let You See Where You've Been"

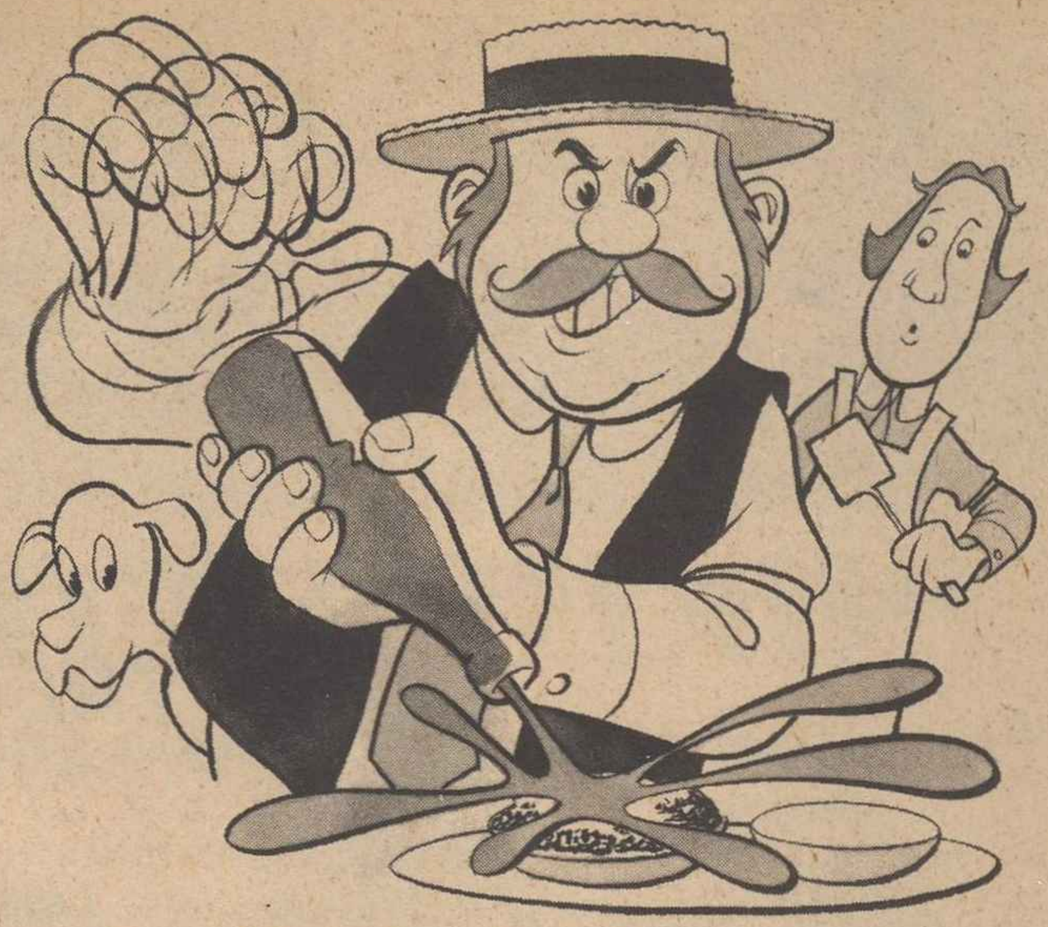
WITH TARBORO'S NEW SEE-THRU PACK, YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHEN YOU'RE RUNNING LOW!



How many smokes do you think are left in that pack of ordinary cigarettes? Enough to head off a nicotine fit until more can be had? Or will you soon be climbing the walls when you find out *too late* that the package is empty? With most brands, you never know for sure when you're running out until you have run out!

But you need never experience that moment of agony again, thanks to Tarboro's new *see-thru pack*. Of course, any life saving innovation is bound to cost a little more money, but it won't cost you the nervous shakes that may await you if you *fail to switch to Tarboro today!*

At TARBORO, Your Health Is Our Chief Concern



Stop Ketchuping Hamburgers The Way Your Grandpa Did!

When the ketchup bottle was invented in 1891, many hailed it as proof that Yankee ingenuity had solved the last major problem plaguing mankind.

But in 1974, ketchup bottles that either clog and leave hamburgers dry, or suddenly cut loose and drench food—just aren't good enough for an America that has put a man on the moon!

Finally, the long search for a better means of ketchuping is over! The aerosol sauce can is here, chock full of hearty **Hindsight Ketchup,** ready to be sprayed on meat, vegetables, and desserts in the quantity **you** choose, not the **bottle!**

Economically priced at only a mere handful of pennies more than old fashioned bottle ketchup, it's **still** your **best food buy!**

HINDSIGHT KETCHUP

We Can What Others Can't

AT LAST!

The Phosphorescent Bandage That Glows In The Dark!

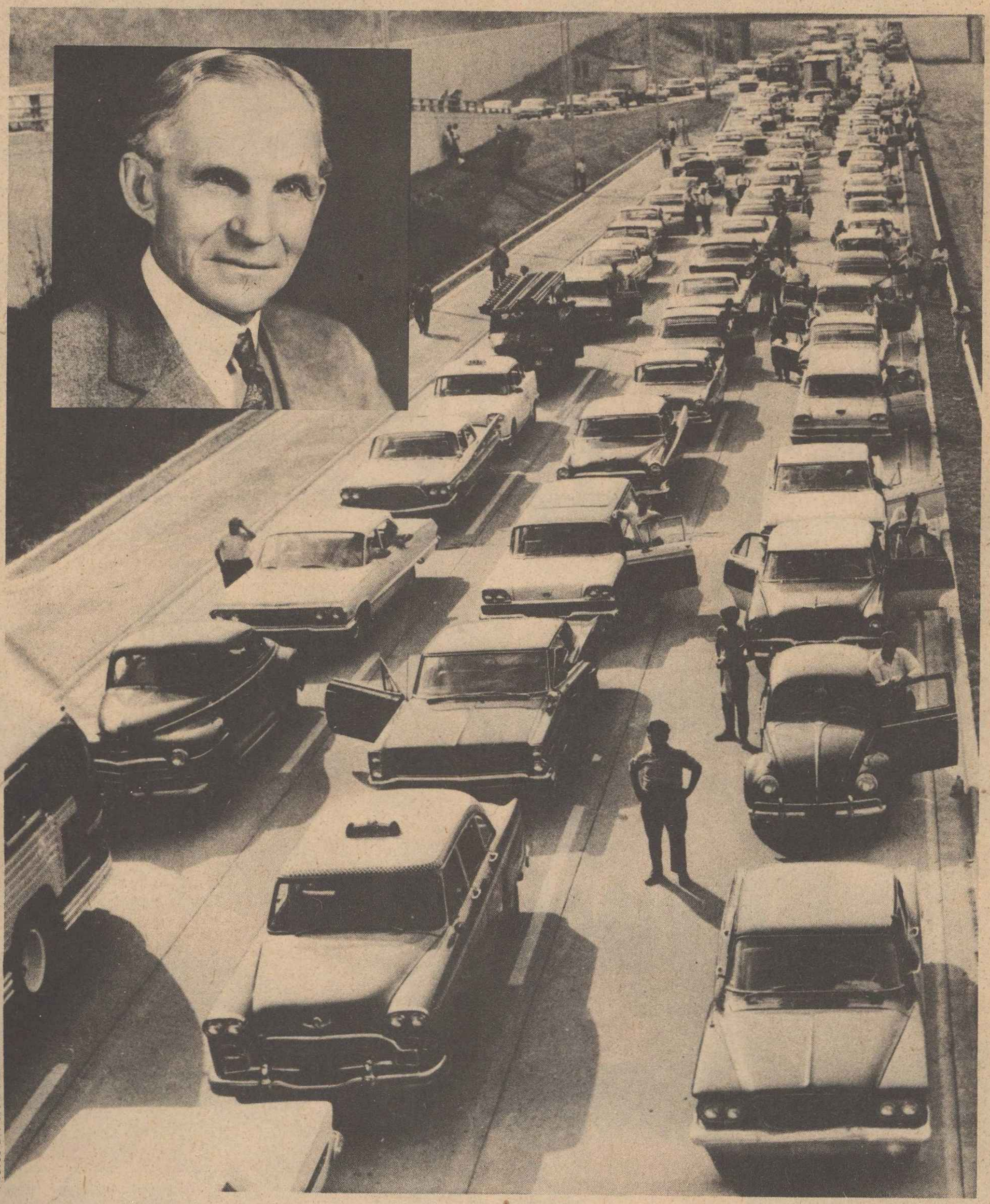


How many times have you awakened in the middle of the night, wondering whether the adhesive bandage you placed over cuts and scratches before bedtime were still in place protecting you? Now, *Scrape-Aid's* miraculous new phosphorescent *Night Glo* coating enables every bandage on your body to give off a reassuring glimmer in even the darkest rooms and closets. Offered now at the price of $2.49 for a box of 12, they may seem a trifle more expensive than the bandages we used to make, but we think *your* sleep is well worth any price!

NIGHT GLO SCRAPE-AIDS **Shining While They Heal to Let You Rest in Peace**

MAD DREAMS

NUMBER ONE IN A SERIES



PHOTOS BY: UPI & WIDE WORLD

"I will build a motor car for the great multitude... But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one—and enjoy with his family the blessings of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces."

Henry Ford

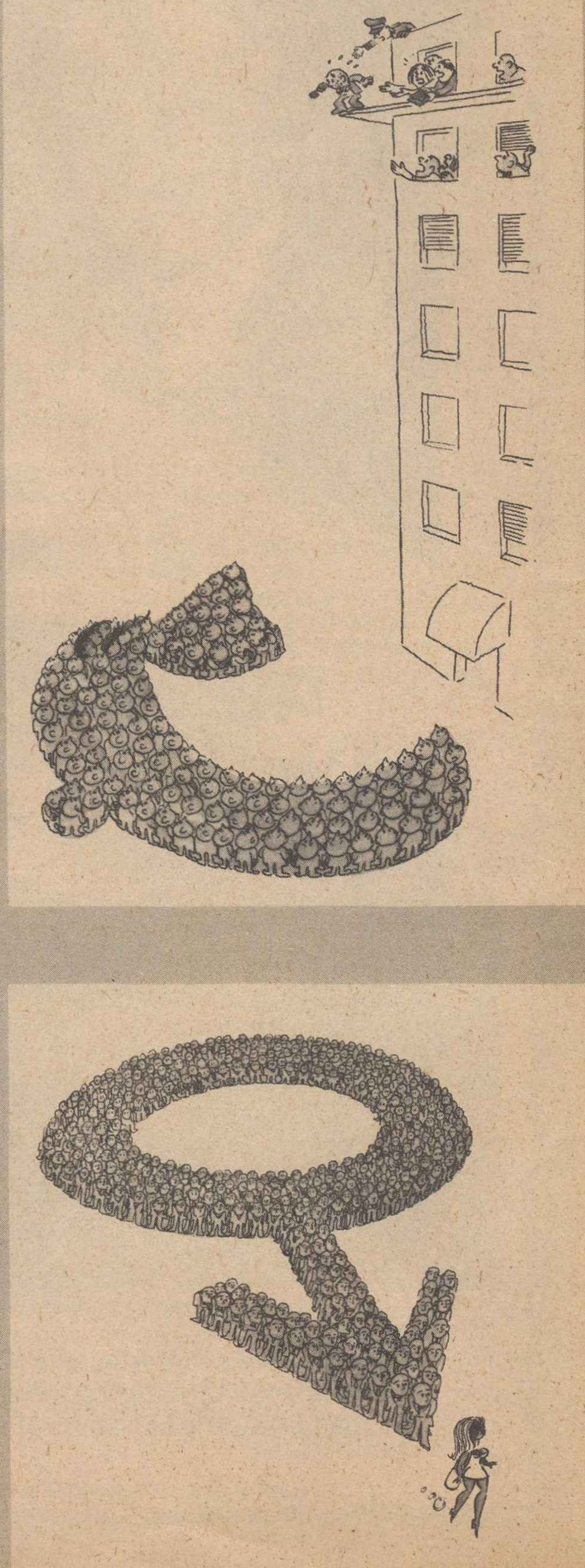
CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

Announcing the Introduction of the Model "T" from "My Life And Work" by Henry Ford **Pg. 73**

MOB SEEN DEPT.

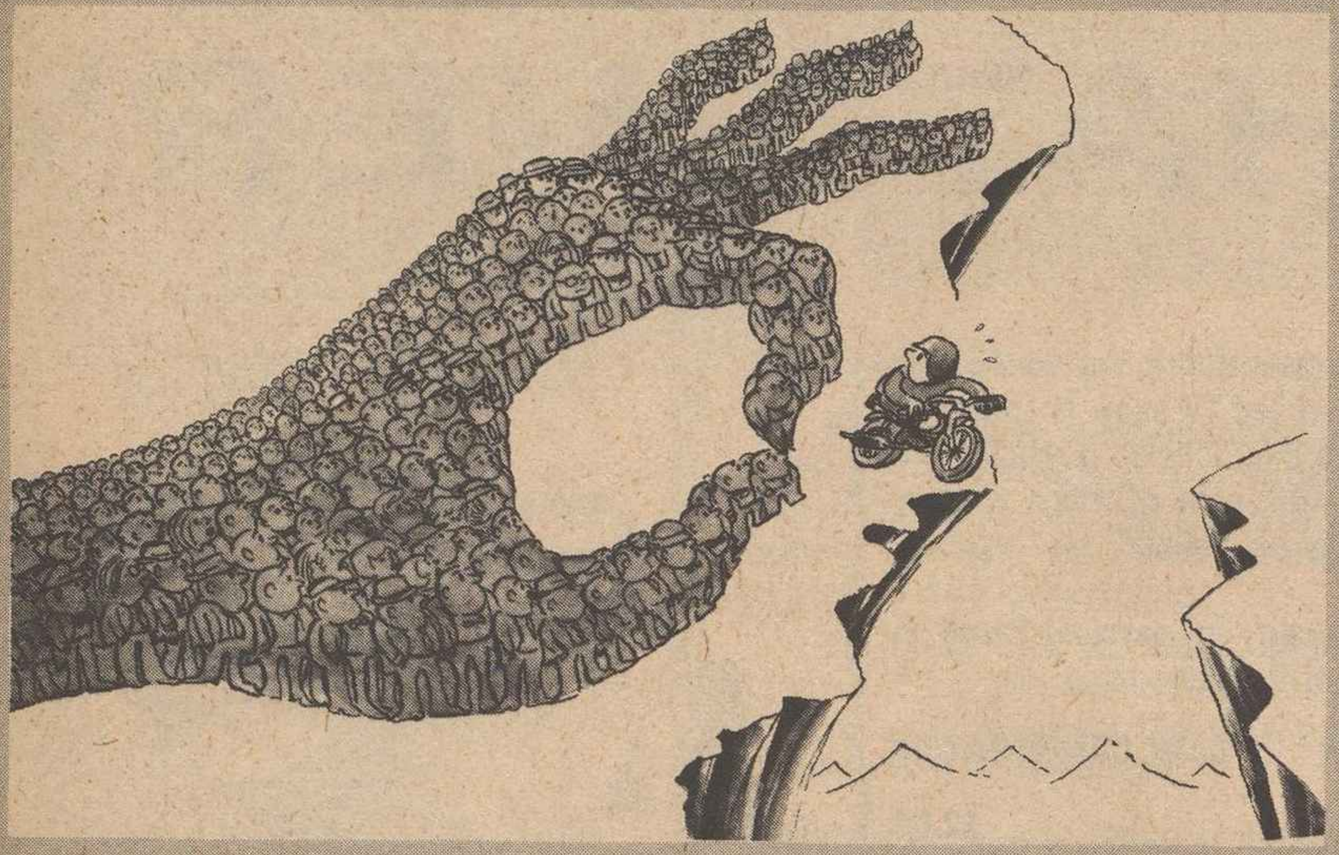
A MAD LOOK AT

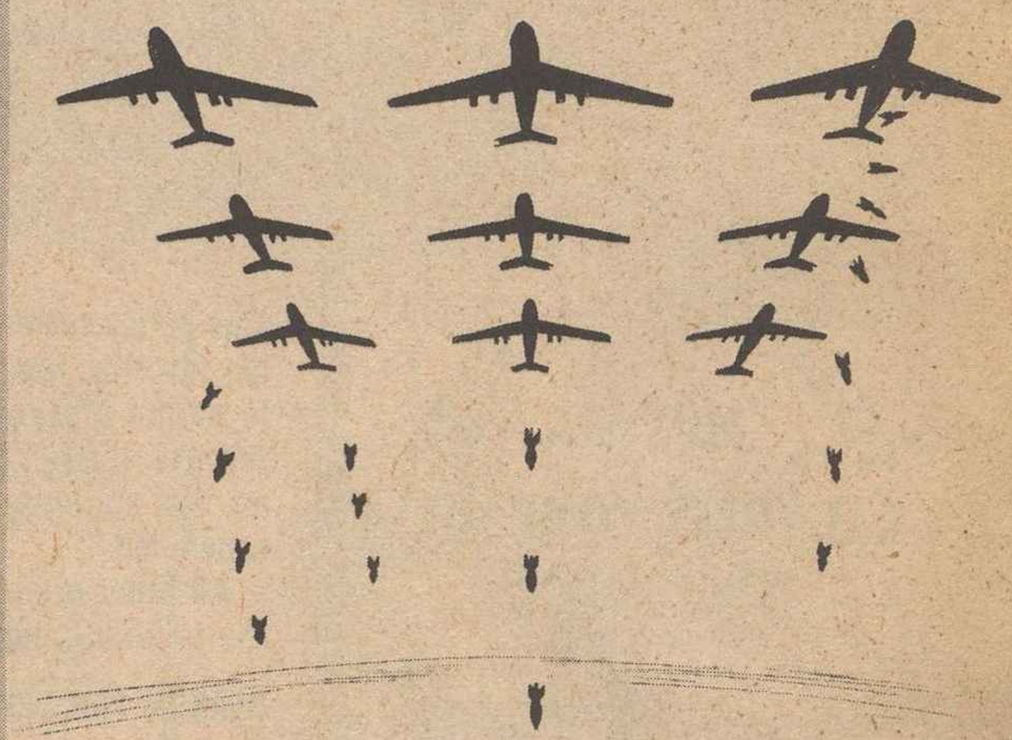


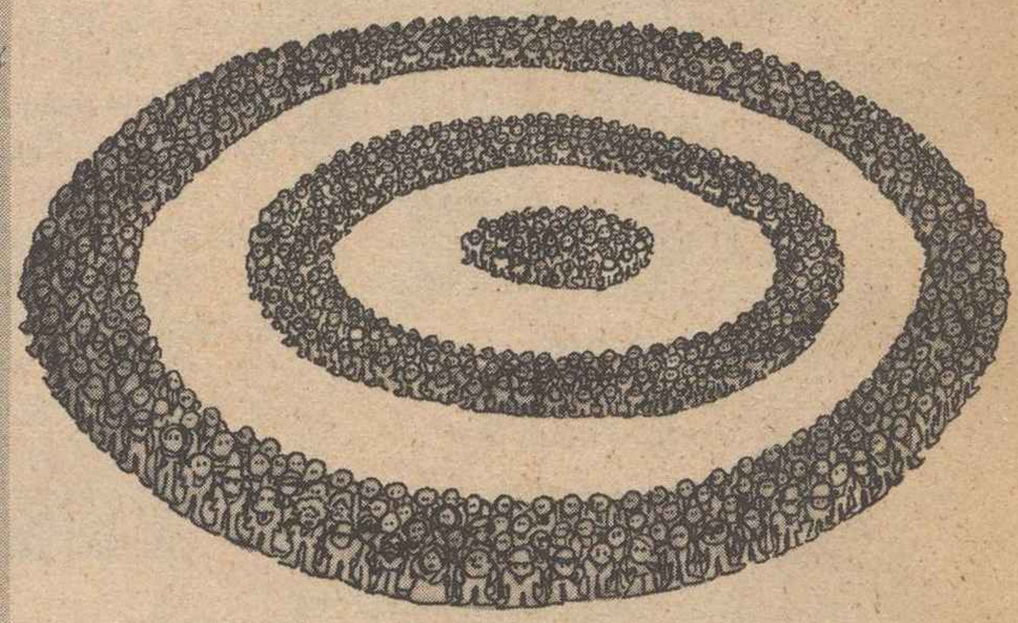


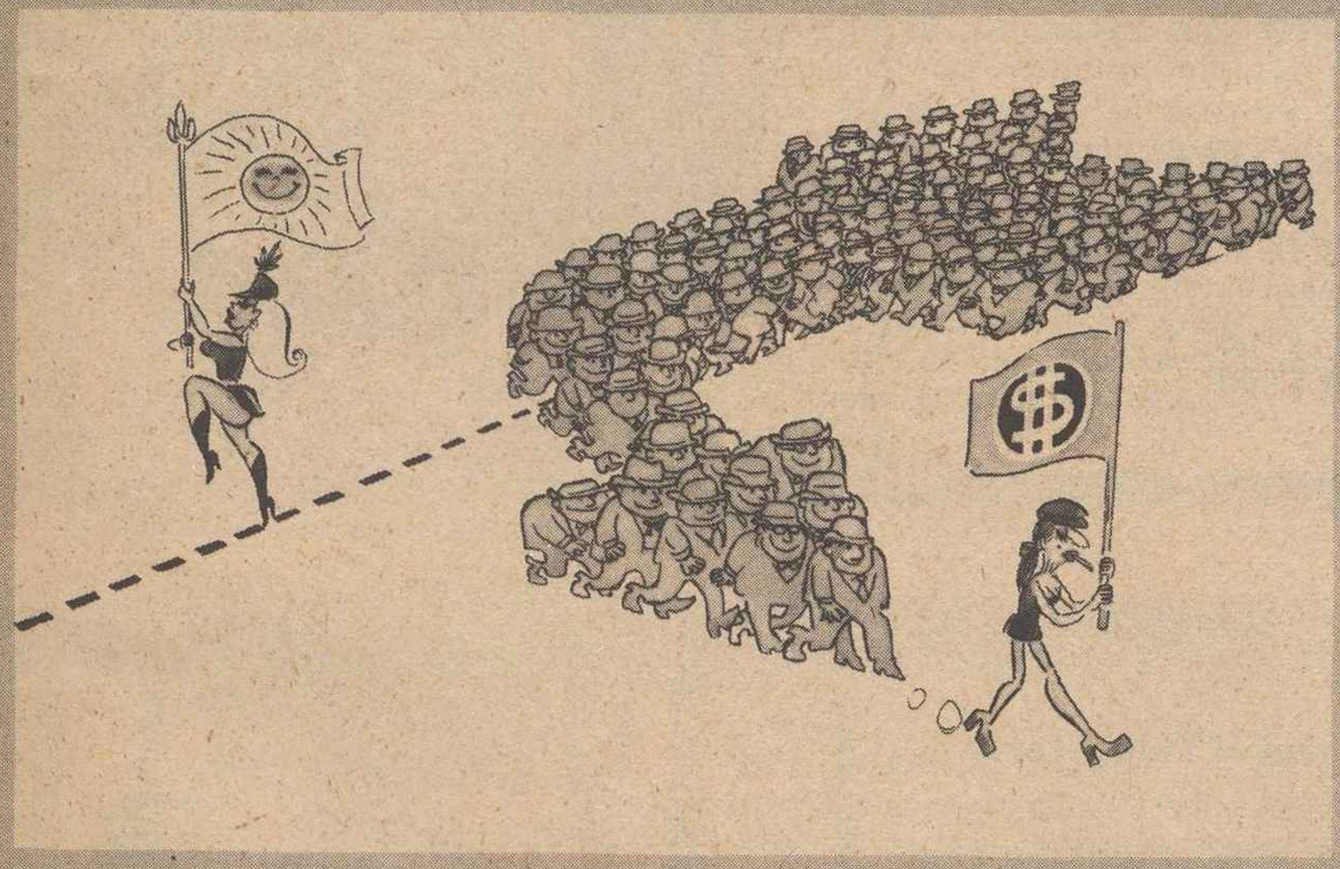
CROWDS

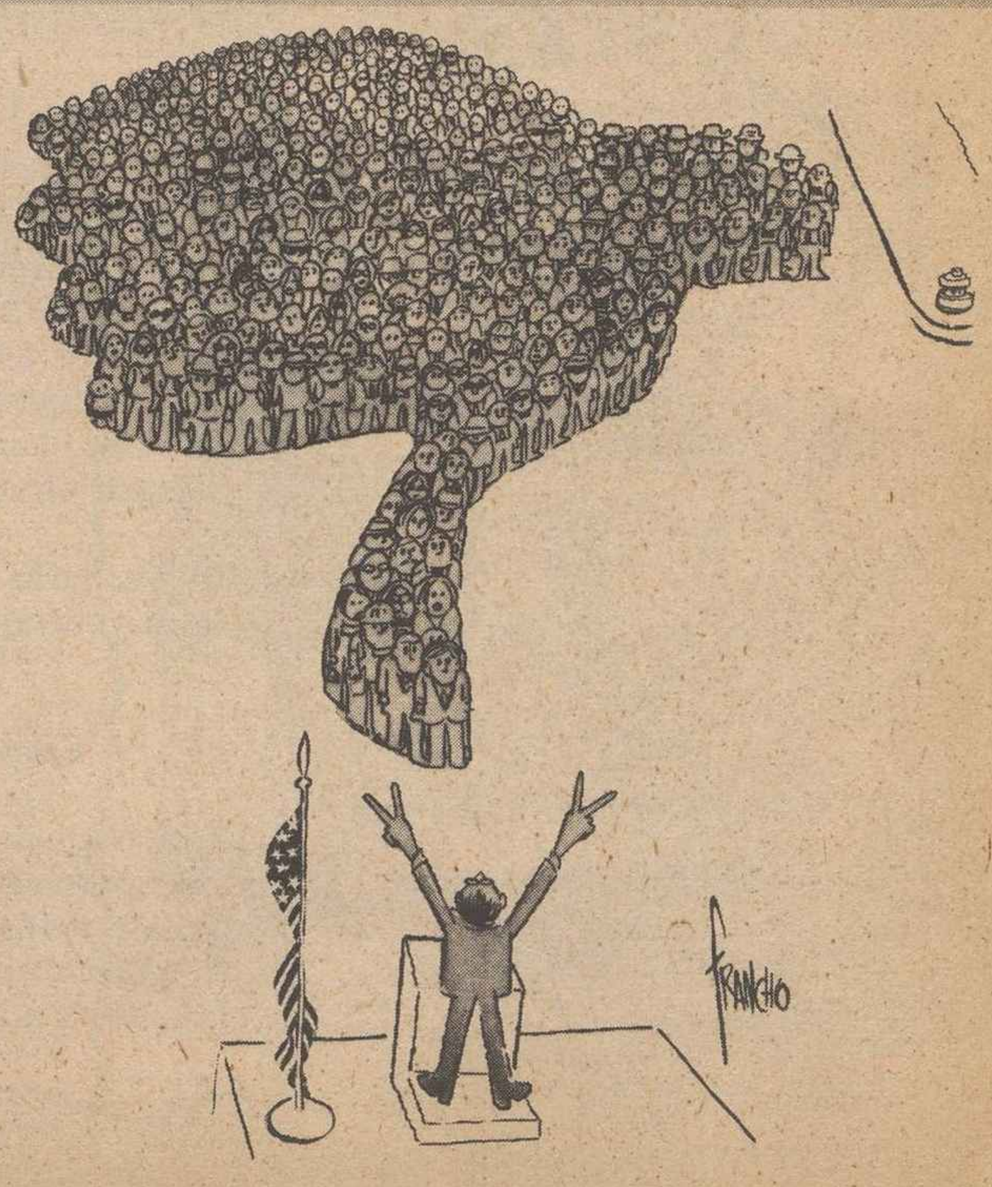
ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

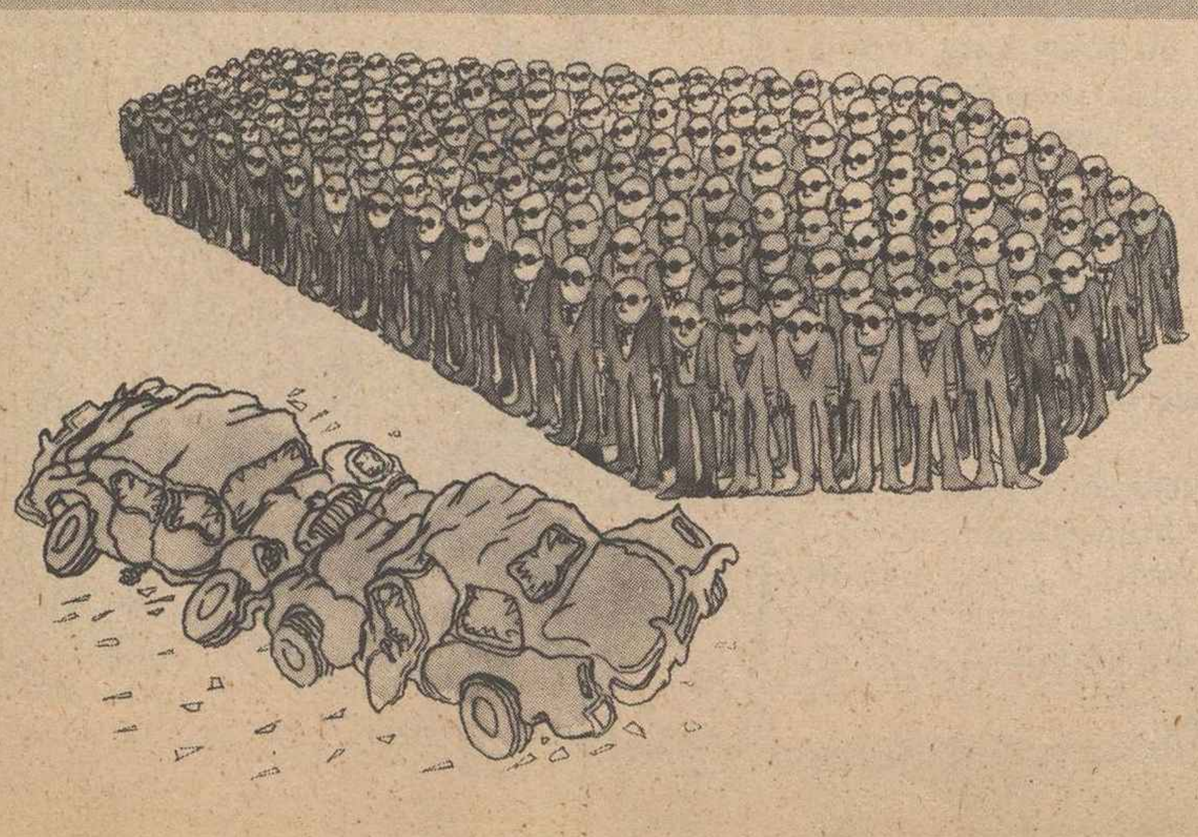












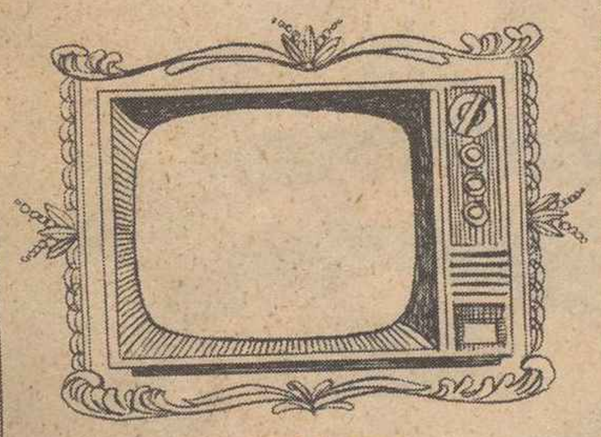
IRK-SUMS DEPT.

Hardly a day goes by that we don't all receive junk mail trying to sell us Accident Insurance that only pays off if we're totally dismembered in a bicycle crash on a turnpike, or Health Insurance that doesn't begin to provide benefits until we've already run up a $50,000.00 hospital bill.

INSURANC THAT EVERY

TELEVISION VIEWERS' MUTUAL CALAMITY COMPANY

PRE-EMPTION OF FAVORITE SHOW INSURANCE



Name of Insured

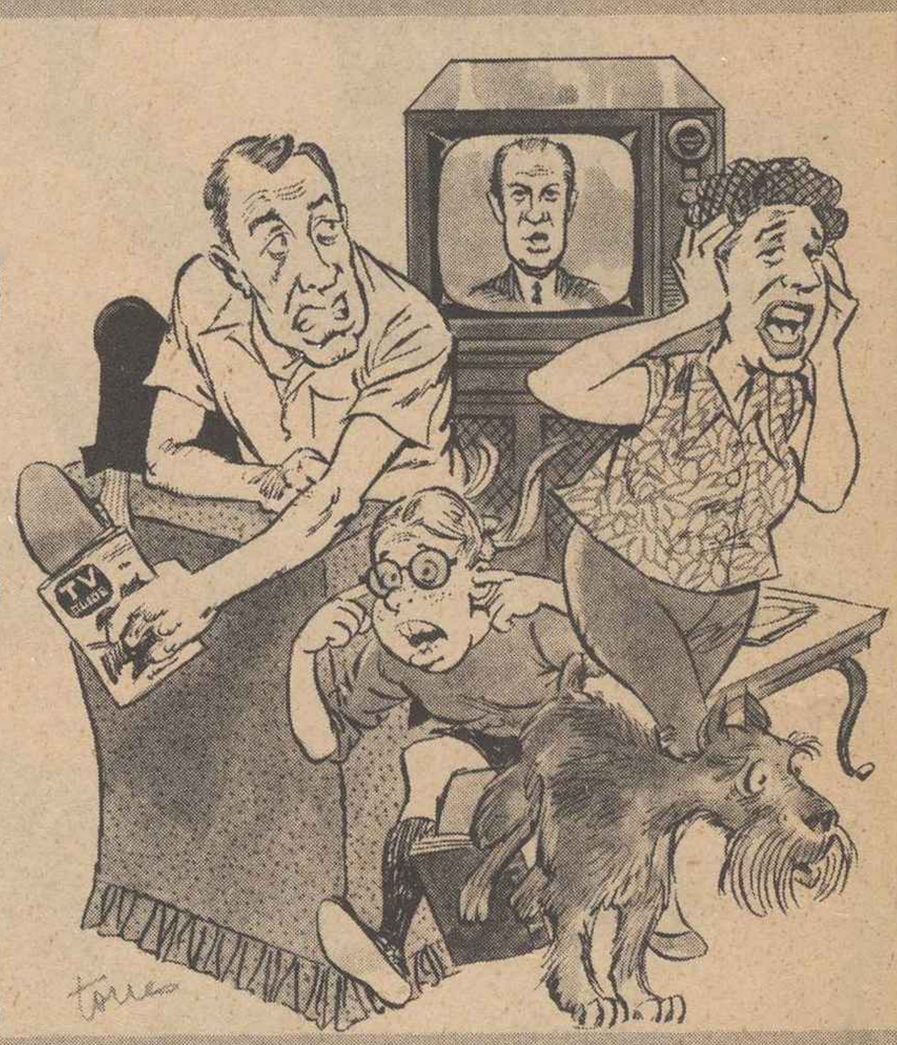
Name of Insured's Favorite Show[1]

1. In cases where Favorite Show is declared to be "The Dating Game" or "Let's Make a Deal," application for coverage may be denied on grounds that any pre-emption would be an improvement.

This policy reimburses claimant during any week when his favorite, regularly scheduled TV show is cancelled to permit presentation of a dull Special. (Excluded are favorite shows carried by ABC, none of which remains on the air long enough to be defined as "regularly scheduled.").

All other pre-emptions qualify for payment based on the following Inducement of Boredom table:

REASON FOR PRE-EMPTION	CASH COMPENSATION
Speech by the President	$2.00
Speech by the Vice President	6.50
Any parade described by Jayne Meadows	1.79
Miss America Pageant (Bathing Suit Competition)	.35
Miss America Pageant (Talent Competition)	5.00
Any parade described by Allen Ludden and Betty White	4.40
All tributes to Sammy Davis, Jr.	2.75
Usual 35-to-7 Super Bowl game	.49
Unusual 24-to-21 Super Bowl game Claimant **pays company $3.00**	



ALL STARCH INSURANCE COMPANY

DEMOLISHED LAUNDRY COMPREHENSIVE COVERAGE



YOU'RE IN STIFF HANDS WITH ALL-STARCH

NAME OF INSURED

ANNUAL PREMIUM _ **$25.00[1]** _

1. Premium rate subject to automatic surcharge if policyholder's laundry normally includes satin socks, suede underwear or a velvet truss.

Section 1—Clarification of Policy Terms

(a) While this contract is in force, the company (referred to herein as "the company") will compensate the insured (referred to herein as "you") for all clothing (including former clothing) destroyed (or messed up something awful) by any laundry (or similar establishment engaged in the business of washing clothes).

(b) The term "laundromat" means you probably did it yourself, so we're not responsible.

Section 2—Schedule of Benefits

Button missing from returned shirt	$ .15
Shirt missing from returned button	2.75
Grease stains (per square inch)	1.50
Ripped fabric (per linear foot)	2.35
Laundry's alibis (per yakking minute)	.40



MAD believes that the time is ripe for more practical forms of Insurance that would reimburse us for the small losses resulting from those huge annoyances that we all suffer through in everyday life. We think most MAD readers would willingly pay the premiums to sign up for these . . .

E POLICIES BODY NEEDS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: TOM KOCH

URBAN JUNGLE CASUALTY COMPANY

Comprehensive Rudeness Insurance



ISSUED TO

Upon Payment
Of Standard Premium Of
$27.50[1]

1. Standard Premium subject to following adjustments in proven High Risk Rudeness Areas: Las Vegas—$35.00; Devil's Island—$55.00; New York—$118.65.

SECTION 1. General Provisions & Limitations

A. Adequate compensation is hereby guaranteed to claimant for all acts of rudeness committed against his person (or emotions contained therein) by total strangers in public places of any description.

B. Protection at home is limited to payments for boorish behavior of uninvited neighbors who drop in for the sole purpose of committing acts of rudeness.

SECTION 2. Determination of Policyholder Benefits

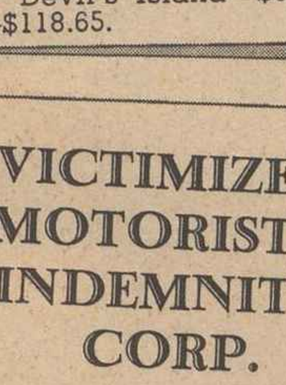
1. Payment rates for profanities muttered or hollered at the insured by untipped rest room attendants, impatient cab drivers and aloof doormen are based on originality and the number of references to claimant's mother. Any obscene gestures accompanying profanity qualify for additional benefit of $2.50.

2. A double indemnity provision is made for rudeness carried out against the insured on a crowded bus by small, skin kicking children or cranky old women armed with crutches or steel-tipped umbrellas.



VICTIMIZED MOTORISTS' INDEMNITY CORP.

IDIOT MECHANIC INSURANCE



INSURED

PRESENT VALUE OF CAR

ALLOWABLE DEPRECIATION RESULTING FROM B.M.W.[1]

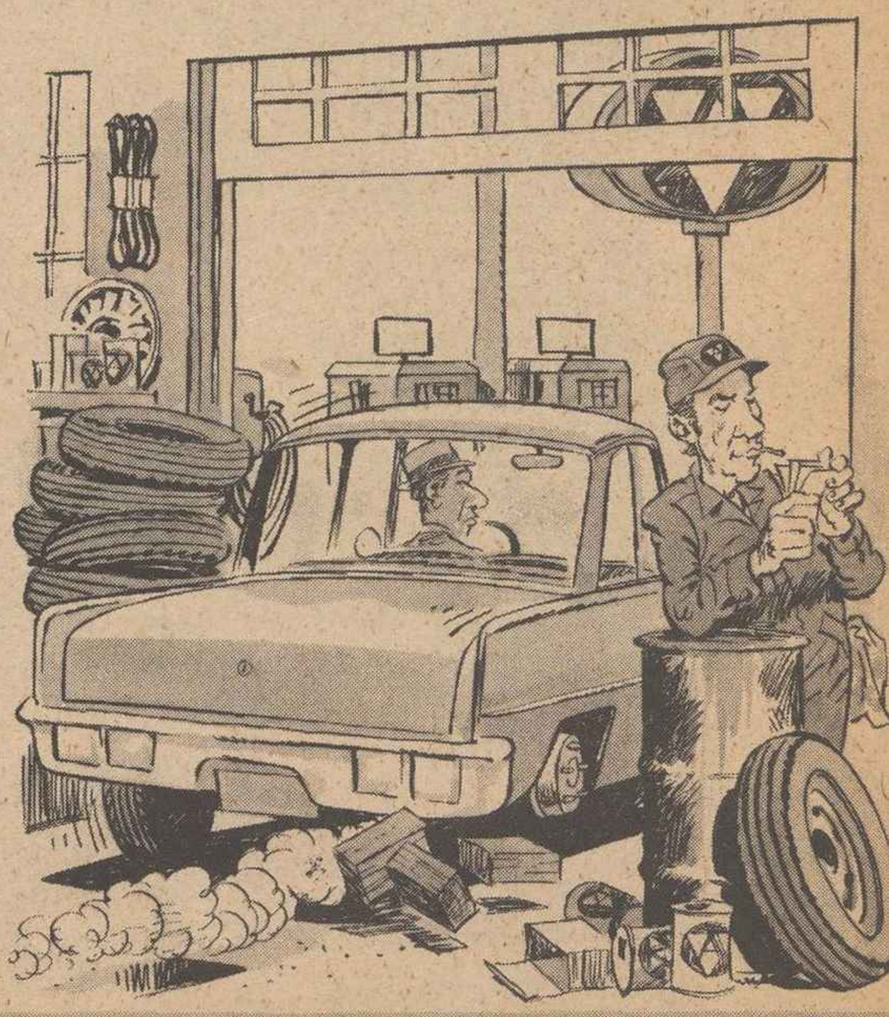
1. Bollixed Mechanical Work

1. Payment of basic premium entitles Victimized Motorist to compensation for partial or total destruction of his car by Idiot Mechanics at any auto repair shop that claims to repair autos. Benefits are calculated according to the 1974 Actuarial Table of Standard Idiot Mechanic Bungles, as per following itemization:

Putting oil in radiator and/
or anti-freeze in crankcase $25.00
Causing horn to honk when
steering wheel is turned 6.50
Squeezing VW piston rings onto
Cadillac pistons 87.95
Forgetting to begin job by time
completion was promised 4.00
Neglecting to replace drained
brake fluid ..... 80% of resulting hospital bill

2. Payment of supplemental premium entitles Victimized Motorist to claim Comprehensive Aggravation Coverage benefits as specified below:

Having to take car back to have
same job done right $10.00
Having to take car back to have something else fixed that Idiot Mechanic broke while fixing the first thing $20.00



GOLDYLOCKS MUTUAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY

BUTCHERED HAIRCUT INSURANCE



This document insures _____ against wreckage by incompetent barbers of the policyholder's chosen hair style, described as follows: (Check one) ☐ Rasputin; ☐ Pre-1969 Bob Dylan; ☐ Harpo Marx; ☐ Louis XIV; ☐ H. R. Haldeman; ☐ Telly Savalas.

This contract guarantees cash benefits for all butchered haircuts incurred by claimant, except when butcher job is done for free by a Barber College undergraduate. (See Cheapskate Exclusion Clause.) In accordance with federal law, coverage is available to both sexes on equal basis. (Women who want to look like Telly Savalas, see Crazy Lady Codicil provisions.) Subject to stated limitations, the following benefits will be paid:

NATURE OF BOTCH	STANDARD PAYMENT
Total elimination of one sideburn	$2.75
Plastering down with smelly tonic that draws flies	1.50
Obstruction of vision by unwanted bangs	3.98
Gap created between end of hair and start of beard	6.00[1]
Haircut OK, but barber fails to give insured a lollipop	.05
Creation of total disability by such severe butchering that claimant must remain indors until hair grows back	$20.00 per day

[1]Female policyholders with beards, see Hormone Imbalance rider.



BELEAGURED HOUSEWIVES' INDEMNITY COMPANY

SUPERMARKET CHECK-OUT INSURANCE



ISSUED TO _____
FOR THE 1974 PERISHABLE SOFT FRUIT SEASON
MONTHLY PREMIUM:
$15.00 (or 2 for 29)

This policy pays cash benefits to claimants who suffer needless delay, scathing insults and/or blatant shortchanging at any supermarket check-out counter within the U.S. Reimbursement shall also be made for wanton destruction of groceries by box boys, whether through droppage, crushage or slammage.

Benefits For Atrocities Committed By Surly Checkers

Insistence that smeared 39¢ price tab is really 89¢	$ .50
Creation of scene over cashing personal check	1.20
Loud discovery that your "20¢ Off" coupon has expired	.19
Sneakily adding sales tax twice	90% of swindle

Benefits For Horrors Inflicted By Nitwit Box Boys

Deliberately using wet bottomed brown paper sacks	$3.98
Tossing loaded bags into shopping cart from a distance	4.79
Putting 10 lbs. of Kitty Litter in sack on top of eggs	$1.08 doz.



HARASSED CITIZENS' REIMBURSEMENT SOCIETY

UNWARRANTED POLICE HASSLE INSURANCE



OUR FOUNDER

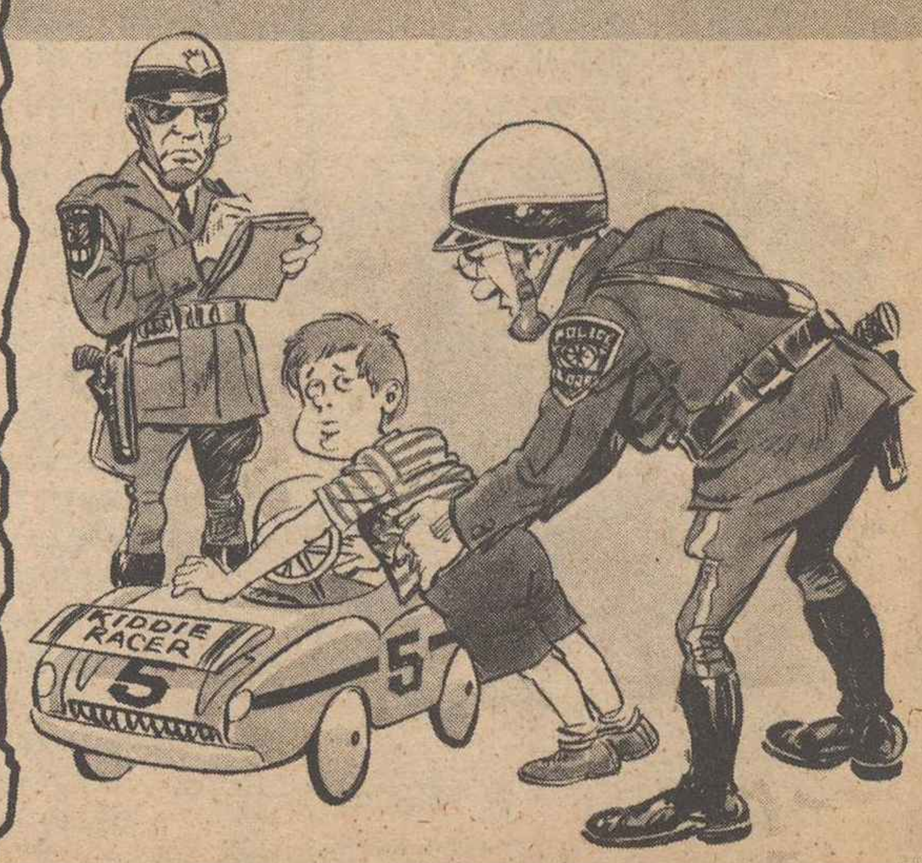
NAME OF INSURED _____

AGE[1] _____ RACE[2] _____

1. If age is under 25, Annual Premium will be the standard 19.50, plus a $72.00 High Risk Surcharge.
2. If race is anything other than white, proof of diplomatic immunity, close friendship with mayor or status as ordained minister must be shown.

The company agrees to pay sums listed below for each unwarranted police hassle in which claimant is detained for doing any or all of the following:

Walking through high income neighborhood after dark	$5.25
Waiting for a bus at a Bus Stop in a suspicious manner	3.00
Resembling a Puerto Rican or a Chicano	4.50
Resembling a Puerto Rican or a Chicano in a leather jacket	9.95
Picking up rock within 300 yards of a store window	2.75
Jogging in public park without proper I.D.	5.00
Consorting with a known juvenile	1.30
Standing in front of a bank with hands in pockets	6.79



MAD DREAMS

NUMBER TWO IN A SERIES

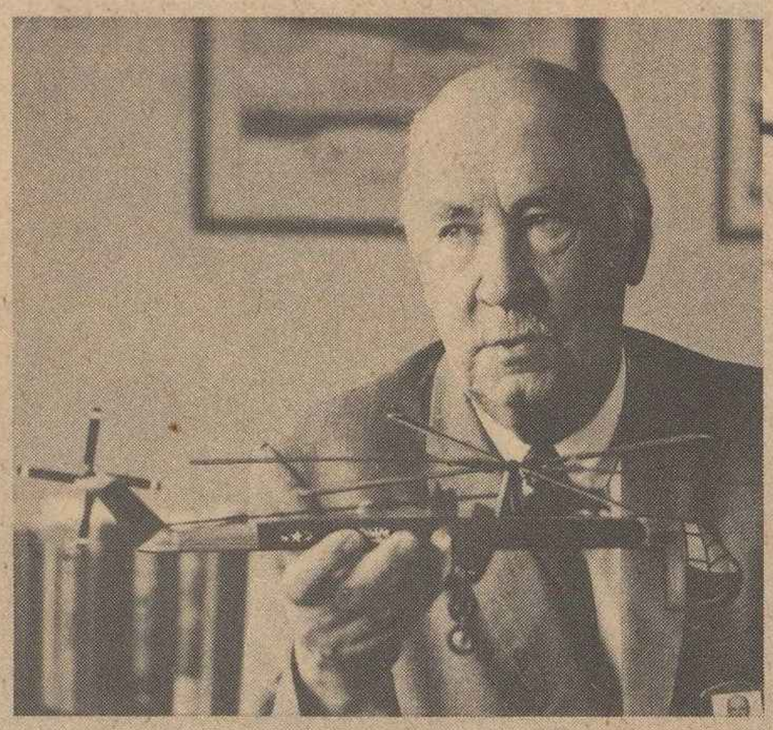






PHOTO BY: UPI

"The Helicopter will soon prove to be a faithful servant of the peaceful progress of humanity."
Igor Sikorsky

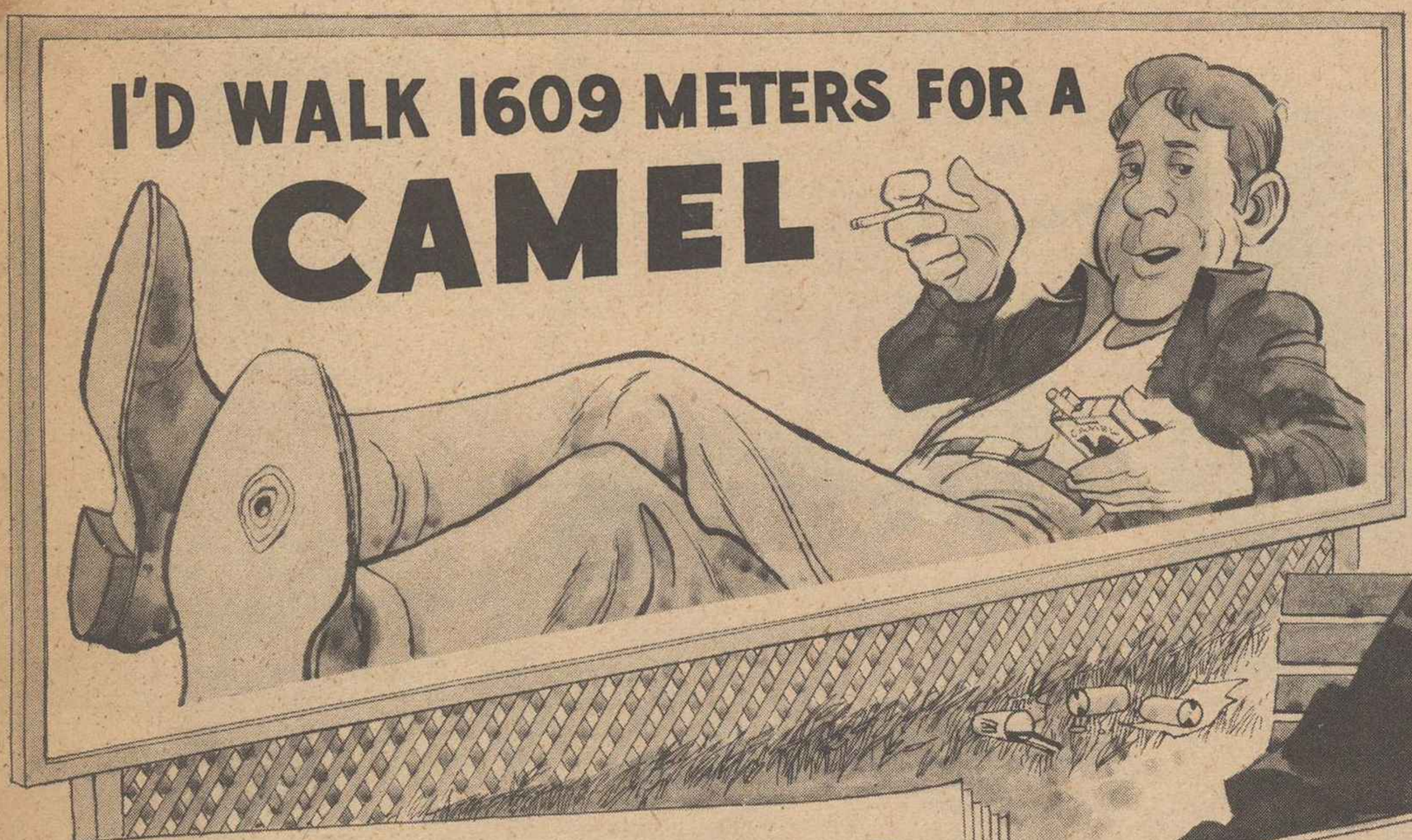
From a speech made in London in the early 1950's
"Men Who Shaped The Future" by Egon Larsen, 1954

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

SOMEHOW...THINGS JUST AIN'T GONNA BE

WHEN THE U.S. SWITCHES

I'D WALK 1609 METERS FOR A CAMEL





LOUISIANA LASS WINS MISS AMERICA TITLE



ZELDA ANN ZVELTE, OF BATON ROUGE, MEASURING 91.44–60.96–91.44 NAMED WINNER IN THIS YEAR'S ATLANTIC CITY BEAUTY CONTEST.

Atlantic City, N.Y. *AP* Oct. 25—Culminating a six day ordeal of continuous culminations of a six day ordeal of culminating six day ordeals culminating in six days of ordeal the culmination of six days of a six-day ordeal culminated in the culmination of a six day ordeal [illegible] ordeal [illegible] ation.



THE INDIANAPOLIS 800



28.33 GRAMS AVOIRDUPOIS OF PREVENTION ARE WORTH 45/100 KILOGRAMS OF CURE

THE SAME...

TO THE METRIC SYSTEM

ARTIST:
BOB CLARKE
WRITER:
WILLIAM GARVIN



GLOBAL-DE-GOOK DEPT.

Whenever a high ranking American makes a statement on foreign affairs, every newspaper and TV network seems to feel an urgent need to report the official reaction in other world capitals. The waste of money in rounding up all those responses must be enormous, but it's nothing compared to the waste of time we all endure in having to read and listen to them. As the MAD staff and other astute Americans long ago discovered, foreign

WORLDWIDE REACTION TO

IF SOMEONE IN WA



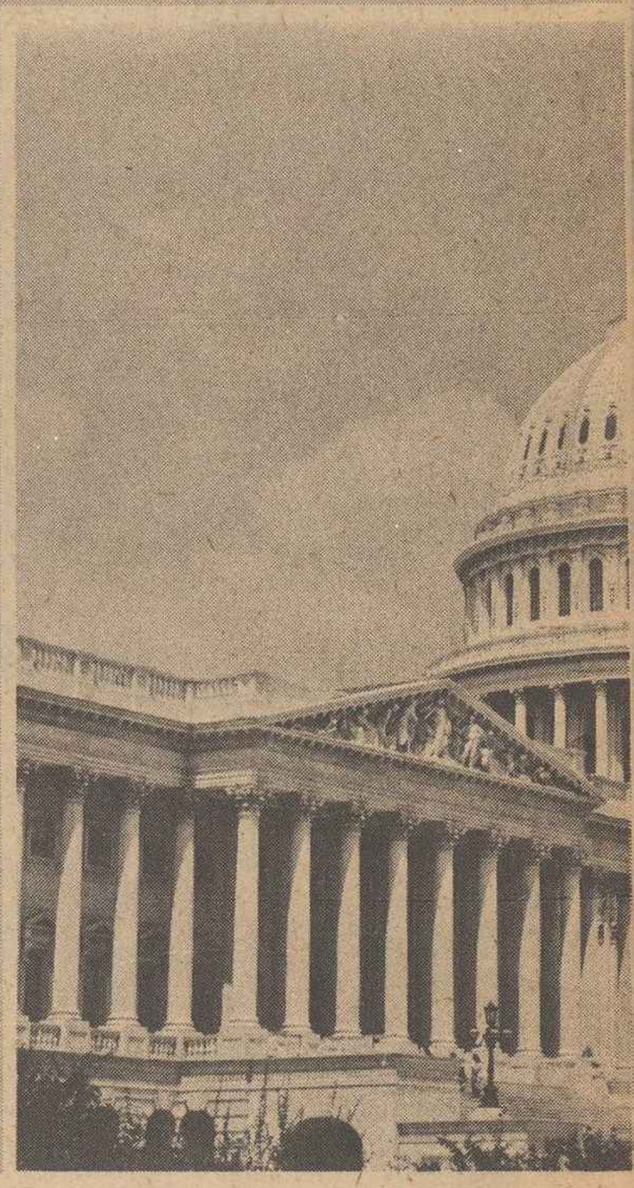
BRITAIN
WILL SAY...



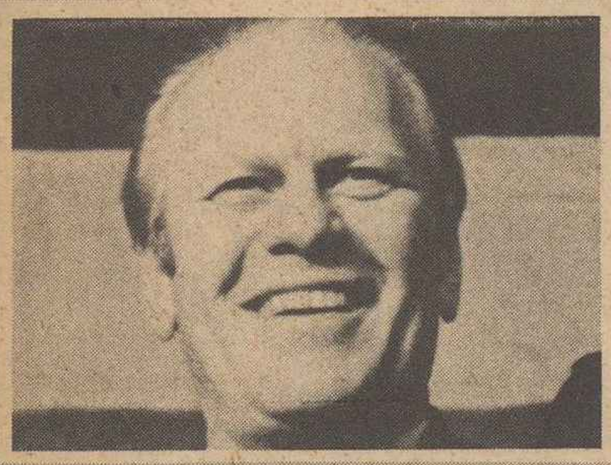
FRANCE
WILL SAY...



RUSSIA
WILL SAY...



IF PRESIDENT FORD SAYS...



"Following long negotiation, we have reached a treaty agreement with the Soviet Union calling for nuclear disarmament."

BRITAIN WILL SAY...

"Our joy upon hearing this news is dimmed only by the knowledge that both parties lack the diplomatic maturity to negotiate a treaty."

FRANCE WILL SAY...

"Since France was not invited to participate, we shall continue nuclear testing to learn why our bombs never go off."

IF TREASURY SECRETARY SIMON SAYS...



"Under no circumstances would we consider making a further downward devaluation of the American dollar."

BRITAIN WILL SAY...

"What a pity that the hasty pronouncements of our friends in the U.S. now force us to make an upward revaluation of the British pound."

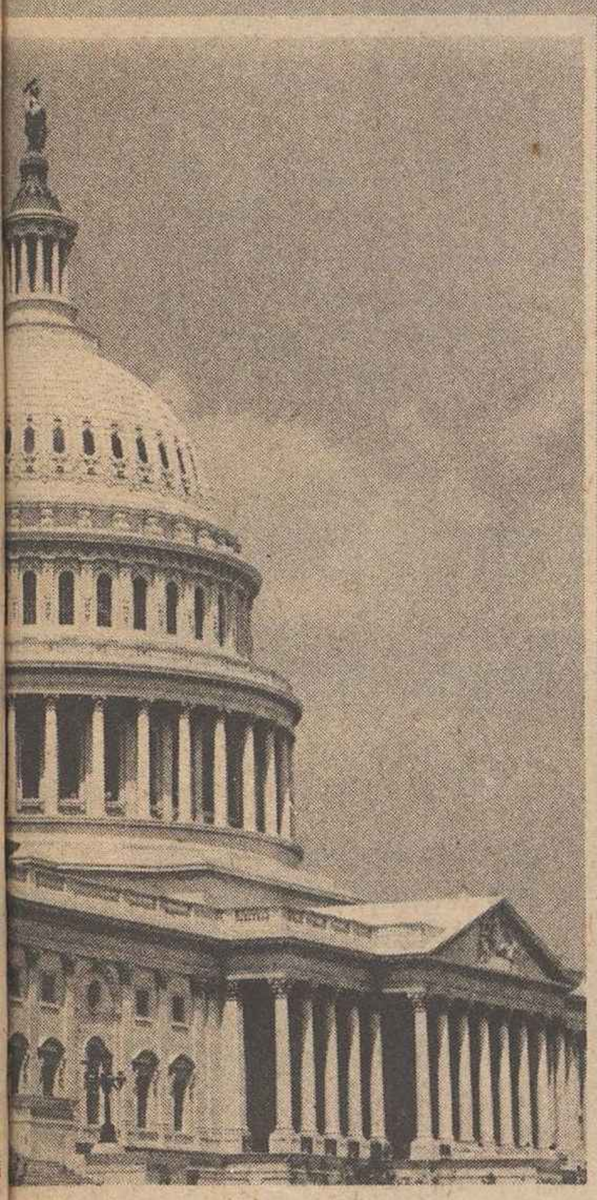
FRANCE WILL SAY...

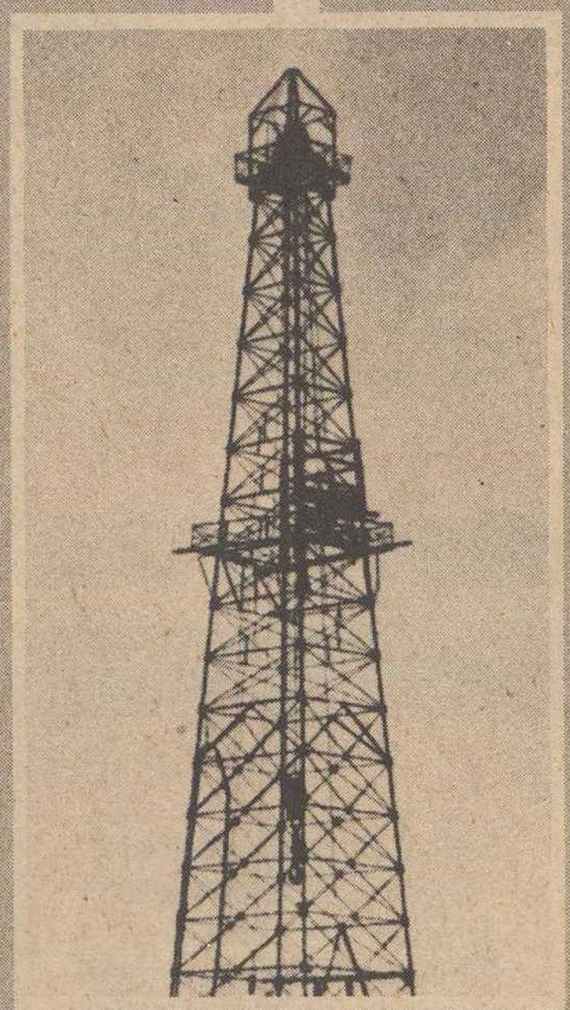
"To insure the stability of the franc, we are today shipping 24 bottles of vermouth to Ceylon in trade for forty kilos of coconut pulp."

Government leaders are far too lost in thought about their own problems and national ambitions to pay much attention to anything we may say about anything. The result is that their reactions to our pronouncements are always composed of equal parts of predictability and dullness. Hence, it's easy for MAD to come to the aid of the eye-strained and ear-weary with a 100% foolproof chart that will enable you to know, in a flash, the...

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON

SHINGTON SAYS...





THE ARABS
WILL SAY...



ISRAEL
WILL SAY...



CHINA
WILL SAY...

WRITER: TOM KOCH

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

RUSSIA WILL SAY...

"America's violation of the new treaty within an hour of its signing calls for a complete re-negotiation, which the U.S.S.R. will boycott."

THE ARABS WILL SAY...

"Faced with imminent Zionist aggression, the Arab world must carry on with its scientific efforts to borrow an H-bomb from somebody."

ISRAEL WILL SAY...

"Left defenseless by our American friends, we now have no choice except to burn down three more Lebanese villages."

CHINA WILL SAY...

"Any agreement between the running dogs of U.S. Imperialism and the hyenas of Soviet deception only shows them both to be frightened rabbits."

RUSSIA WILL SAY...

"America's veiled threat to devalue the dollar makes it even more urgent for the U.S.S.R. to increase ball bearing production by 84%."

THE ARABS WILL SAY...

"The Zionist controlled money managers of Wall Street need not think that mere words will force us to re-open the Suez Canal."

ISRAEL WILL SAY...

"Even the grim prospect of receiving mere paper dollars for our priceless halvah output cannot force us to re-open the Suez Canal."

CHINA WILL SAY...

"The running dogs of American imperialism have now shown themselves to be nothing but a timid ground squirrel of decaying capitalism."

IF SECRETARY OF STATE KISSENGER SAYS...



"We have reason to believe that rebel forces in Honduras are receiving military aid from outside the Western Hemisphere."

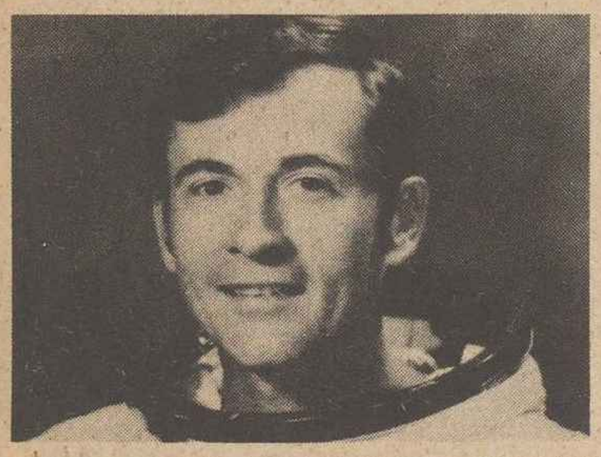
BRITAIN WILL SAY...

"Britain is clearly above suspicion as evidenced by the fact that we recently applied to have Honduras send military aid to us."

FRANCE WILL SAY...

"To restore the balance of power in this tense situation, France has sent two surplus gliders to Zambia in trade for dried mutton."

IF N.A.S.A. SAYS...



"The United States expects to send a manned spacecraft to the planet Mars by the end of this century."

BRITAIN WILL SAY...

"We sadly deplore America's plan to send its tourists elsewhere when our need is so great for them to spend their money in Britain."

FRANCE WILL SAY...

"France expects to send a manned Renault to Marseille by the end of this summer, if our gasoline supplies hold out."

IF SENATOR MANSFIELD SAYS...



"Congress may well reject all proposed legislation to give more United States dollars to countries that are hostile to us."

BRITAIN WILL SAY...

"Having cheerfully saved our American friends from defeat in two World Wars, we only regret that we now lack the funds to do it again."

FRANCE WILL SAY...

"With low grade French muscatel selling in New York for twenty dollars a bottle, that constitutes all the charity we need."

IF AMERICA'S U.N. DELEGATE SCALI SAYS...



"All we ask of Security Council members is that their prime concern, now as always, be the preservation of world peace."

BRITAIN WILL SAY...

"Our American friends have lofty ideals, but they fail to realize that the Irish will not give up as readily as the Huns did in '45."

FRANCE WILL SAY...

"America's repeated failure to consult with us before making such major policy statements merely threatens to destroy international understanding."

IF TEDDY KENNEDY SAYS...



"American voters will have their chance in 1976 to set United States foreign policy on a new and constructive course."

BRITAIN WILL SAY...

"We would be less inclined to call an emergency cabinet session over this matter if the lad weren't so Irish."

FRANCE WILL SAY...

"By 1976, France will have completed its renovation of the Maginot Line, and U.S. foreign policy will no longer concern us."

RUSSIA WILL SAY...

"America's latest saber rattling has left the U.S.S.R. even more determined to resume domestic rationing of salt and metal tipped shoelaces."

THE ARABS WILL SAY...

"With Zionist expansion now extending itself into Honduras, can further aggression against Syria be long in coming?"

ISRAEL WILL SAY...

"With the Arabs now meddling in Honduras, how can our decision to bomb Syria be viewed as anything but a step toward World Peace?"

CHINA WILL SAY...

"This wild accusation by the American running dogs merely solidifies China's friendship with the liberators of that place they mentioned."

RUSSIA WILL SAY...

"The Americans seem unaware that a Soviet spacecraft visited Mars in 1921, and found nothing there worthy of further investigation."

THE ARABS WILL SAY...

"Such Zionist inspired diversionary action cannot prevent us from sending a well trained army into the Gaza Strip by the end of this century."

ISRAEL WILL SAY...

"How can the U.S. even consider spending money on such foolishness when we desperately need more tanks . . . more guns . . . more fruit trees?"

CHINA WILL SAY...

"This new scheme of the imperialist running dogs to spy on us from overhead only inspires China to shoot down whatever they send up."

RUSSIA WILL SAY...

"Such threats only strengthen the resolve of the U.S.S.R. to withhold prompt payment of its 1941 Lend Lease debt to the United States."

THE ARABS WILL SAY...

"We may raise oil prices by 100-million dollars, just in case our 50 million dollar foreign aid grant should be scuttled by U.S. pro-Zionists."

ISRAEL WILL SAY...

"We are glad that America's fine congressmen are cutting off funds to the nasty Arabs, and hope that our gifts of fruit arrive in Washington safely."

CHINA WILL SAY...

"The imperialist American running dogs never, ever gave us any dollars, even during that week when we didn't exhibit any hostility toward them."

RUSSIA WILL SAY...

"The U.S.S.R. was not only espousing world peace as early as 1927, but also invented television, the automobile and plastic raincoats."

THE ARABS WILL SAY...

"The Arab world will devote its full energies to the maintenance of peace, as soon as Zionist aggressors give back the land they grabbed in 1967."

ISRAEL WILL SAY...

"Israel will devote its full energies to the maintenance of peace, just as soon as Arab thugs stop trying to enslave the lands we freed in 1967."

CHINA WILL SAY...

"The true warlike motives of the American running dogs require us to veto their proposal, lest the titmouse fall prey to the viper."

RUSSIA WILL SAY...

"To meet this new threat, Soviet scientists will continue working sixty hours a week to find ways of extracting nylon from sugar beets."

THE ARABS WILL SAY...

"Mr. Kennedy's implied promise to give Palestinian refugees the guns to fight back comes as good news to the Arab world."

ISRAEL WILL SAY...

"Mr. Kennedy's implied promise to help us evict the Palestinian squatters comes as good news to the government of Israel.

CHINA WILL SAY...

"Just who is this Teddy Kennedy?"

You loved the book, right? So you should fall over in ecstasy at the movie, right? Not so fast, speed-readers! Something happened, and no one is quite sure what it was. Let's just say that this one movie could single-handedly revive the lost art of reading. On the other hand, this MAD satire of the movie could very well kill it again. In any case, here is our version of—

CATCH-VROOM!-22

Mumble mumble, mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble . . . mumble mumble mumble mumble!

Mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble!

Why are we **talking** with these **B-25's** taking off?! Nobody can **HEAR** us!

Exactly! If they **COULD** hear us, they'd know this is the **END of the picture!**

But it's **NOT** the end! It's the **BEGINNING of the picture!**

Except that **this** picture **begins** with the **end!**

That's so people who **know** the beginning will think it's **all over!** And people who **don't** know the **end** will never know it **IS** the end until they see the **real beginning** all over **again** at the **end!** Understand, Shmoessarian?

I think so!

That means you **don't!**

MAD WEST

MORT DRUCKER

ATCH-ALL-22

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

Okay, so I **don't** understand! There are **lots** of things in this picture I don't understand!

F'rinstance, **this . . . ! !** **A R R R G H H ! !** The picture isn't even three minutes old and already I'm **dead!**

Help him! Help the **Bombardier!**

Are you **SURE** you're the Bombardier?

Then you're **NOT** the Bombardier! If you **SAY** you are, then you're **NOT!** You should have said you **WEREN'T** the Bombardier! Then you **WOULD** be! Understand . . . ?

Of this **plane?**

I'm the Bombardier! I'm **okay!**

Of course I'm sure!

Can I have permission to bail out?

No . . . of this **PICTURE!**

Doc, I gotta get out of **combat!** I want you to **ground** me!

I can't. In order to be grounded, you have to be **crazy!**

And anyone who **wants** to get out of combat obviously **isn't crazy!** That's the Army's **"Catch-all—22"!**

But—don't you think I'm crazy?

Sure—for being in this **screwy picture!**

Good! Then get me out of this **screwy picture!**

I can't. In order to get out of a **picture,** you have to be crazy!

And anyone who wants to get out of a **screwy picture** obviously **isn't crazy!** That's **HOLLYWOOD's "Catch-all—22"!**

Hi, there, pilots! This is **Major Dandy!** You **WILL** be careful with your **planes** on today's mission . . . **won't** you? They cost **$2 million to rent!**

After all, it's not **easy** to find thirty B-25's that can **still fly** twenty-five years after World War II!

How come his face **never moves** when he talks?

His **real-life WIFE** is in this picture!

What's **THAT** got to do with it?

She's a **ventriloquist!**

I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! I'M SICK! I'M SICK TO MY STOMACH!

What's the **matter,** Shmoessarian? You sick from having to drop **bombs** on **innocent women and children?**

No, I'm sick from having to smell that **disgusting** pipe of yours!

Except for **one little thing,** I have it **all figured out!** I swap the **parachutes** for a warehouse full of **Malomars!** Then, I swap the **Malomars** for ten carloads of **loose-leaf reinforcements!** Then . . . I swap **THEM!**

What do you swap them **for?**

I swap them for **parachutes!**

What's the **point** of all that?

That's the **one little thing** I haven't **figured out** yet!

BLAM!

That **crazy Wily Wheelerdealer sold my parachute!** Well—I don't **care!** I'm **STILL** gonna jump!

No; Shmoessarian! You **can't** jump without a **parachute!** You'll be **KILLED!**

If it gets me out of this screwy picture, death can't be **ALL bad!**

This must be one of my **fantasy** scenes! Tell me, what does my trying to swim to you while you stand there—stark naked—**symbolize?**

It symbolizes about **$5 million EXTRA** at the **box office!** This ain't no old-fashioned **John Wayne War Movie,** y'know!

Okay—but why am I **DROWNING?** Think of how much **MORE** it would symbolize if I could **REACH** you!

Hi, Shmoessarian! I understand that Col. Catheter has increased the number of missions from **50** to **75!**

You've got to **help me,** Chaplain Tapdance! I don't want to **fly** any more! I've found a **reason** for **living!** There's something I have to **DO** before I die!

What's that?

Take swimming lessons!

REMEMBER, DON'T FIDGET!

How come **this scene** is in the picture?

For **shock value!**

You mean, to **surprise** the **audience?**

No, to surprise **HIM!** He doesn't know the **camera** is **going!**

AAHH!!

Tell me **one thing,** Nurse Ducky? Why in hell are **you** in this picture?

I'm Major Dandy's **wife . . . in real life!**

So?! I'm the **STAR** of the movie, and **my** wife's not in it!

She's not a **ventriloquist!!**

I'm **General Draidle . . .** and I've brought these **people** along to give you men an **opportunity . . .**

To do **what,** Sir?

. . . to do the "Horny G.I." bit! It's in every Army picture they ever made!

That's very **kind** of you, Sir!

Yes sir!

It also gives **me** a chance to do the **"Grumpy Big Man and his Dopey Son-In-Law" bit!** You know the one! You've seen **that** in hundreds of movies, too!

If there are any clichés **we left out,** call me!

Boy! Col. Catheter just raised the number of missions from **75** to **100!**

Great!! Now, I won't have to go **home!**

Are you **crazy?!** Why don't you want to go home?

My folks will send me to **Day Camp!**

Hey! Did you hear **that?** Up to now, there hasn't been a **note** of **background music!**

Suddenly, **SHE** walks by and— **TA-DAH!!** What **IS** that theme, anyway! It—it **sounds familiar!**

That's the theme from **"2001"!**

What's **THAT music** doing in **THIS picture?**

Why argue with **success?!**

Aren't you **out of uniform,** Shmoessarian?

Everyone walks around like this today!

In the **Army?!**

No, in the **movies!!**

This is **ridiculous! I** can't give this man a **medal!!**

Why **not?**

There's nothing to **pin** it on!

Let's make love . . .

Why **not?!**

What?! **Another** flashback?! Nuts!! Just when I was beginning to **enjoy** this role!

Not so **fast,** Shmoessarian!

First, you have to have a **flashback!**

Help him! Help the **Bombardier!**

You **are?!** Then let me talk to the **Bombardier!**

Oh?! Please tell the Bombardier **I called!**

Sorry to **disturb** you! I was looking for the **Bombardier!**

I'M the Bombardier! I'm **okay!**

I AM the Bombardier!

But **I'M** the Bombardier!

I'll **tell** him when he **comes in!**

Hey! Don't **YOU** start!

Italy weel **lose ze war,** but eet weel be **victorious!**

Gee, old Italian man . . . you **really confuse** me!

Why? Because I speek een **paradoxes?!**

No, because you speak with a **French accent!**

Come-a, Nutly! Let's-a make-a **love** now . . .

I **can't** right now! **Wait** . . .

Until-a **when??**

Until I reach **puberty!**

SIN ZANO

Just **pretend** you're their dying son, Shmoessarian!

The **audience** won't know! If they **don't think** it's funny, then they'll think it was **supposed** to be funny! And if they think it **IS** funny! they'll never know it **wasn't** funny!

And this is **supposed** to be **funny?!?**

You mean . . .

Right! That's **NICHOLS' "Catch-all—22"!**

How come a very **minor character** like **you** seems to be in almost **every scene?**

I wrote the **screenplay!** I made **sure** that I was!

Boy, that's **chutzpah!**

Say **one more** nasty thing, and I'll **LET** him **shoot** you!

The script is **better** than the book! **Much** better! I **love** it! **LOVE IT!!**

All right, planes! Be careful not to hit our **warehouses!** Just **men** and **hospitals!**

Wily! You're INSANE!!

It's strictly a **commercial arrangement,** Shmoessarian!

I made a deal to get rid of those **parachutes** we've been stuck with! I **swapped** them for some **bombs!**

Okay, but did you **have** to arrange to have them **DELIVERED?!**

Bon giorno, Shmoessarian! Is-a my **Nutly** come-a soon?

No . . . they got him!

The Germans?!

No . . . the Truant Officers!!

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX*

D. REUBEN MD

THE SENSUAL WOMAN!

Hey!

Hey, this is terrific!

Whoopie! I finally **got out** of that **screwy picture!**

What makes you **think** so?

Don't you see all those **disgusting, sordid things** going on in these Rome streets? I'm in a **FELLINI movie!**

See? We finally came back to the **beginning** of the picture at the **end** of the picture!

And **now** we can let the audience **hear** what we were **saying** when they **couldn't hear** what we were saying **back then!**

Great! Will it help them to **understand** the **picture** any better?

You kidding?! It won't even help **YOU** to understand the picture any better!

You don't have to **fly** anymore, Shmoessarian! We're sending you **home!**

You mean . . . I'm **getting OUT?!**

I think so . . . !

Isn't **that** what he **just said?**

Well, you're **NOT!**

Somehow, the **logic** of this entire picture **escapes me!** And that includes this . . . **ARRRGH! . . . knifing scene!**

Hey! YOU'RE Nutly's Italian girl . . . dressed up in fatigues! How come **YOU'RE** killing me?

YOU dunno . . . ?! **'At's-a too bad!** I was-a hoping **you** would-a hexplain it to **ME!!**

Help him! Help the **Bombardier!**

Then help **HIM!!**

Help **HIM!** Help the **Director!**

He doesn't understand the movie!

He didn't understand the **book, either! NOBODY** understood the book!

I'M the Bombardier! I'm **okay!**

Who? Help **WHO?**

What seems to be his **problem?**

Tell him to read the **book!**

What happens **now?** I don't **DIE,** do I?

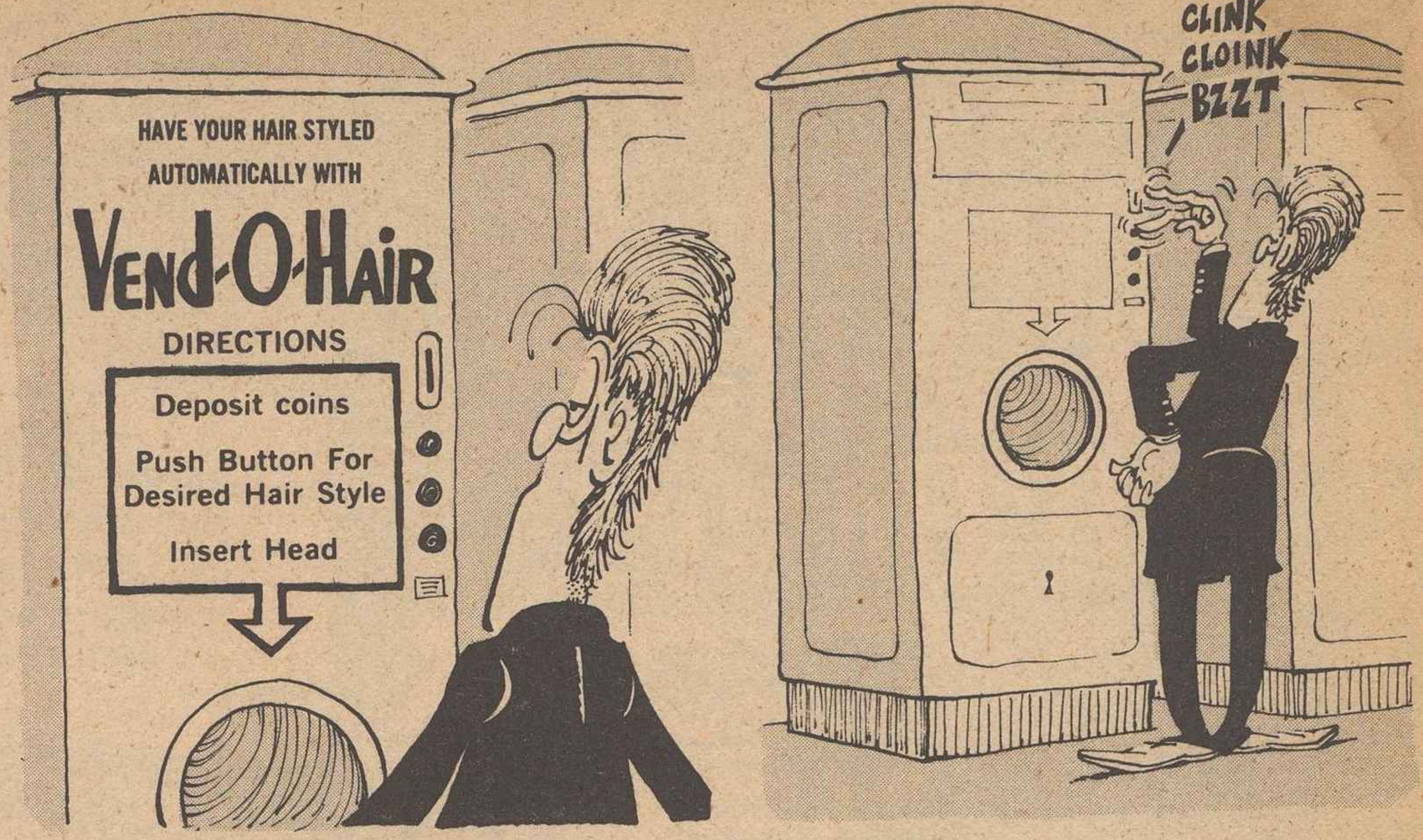
It's **very possible!**

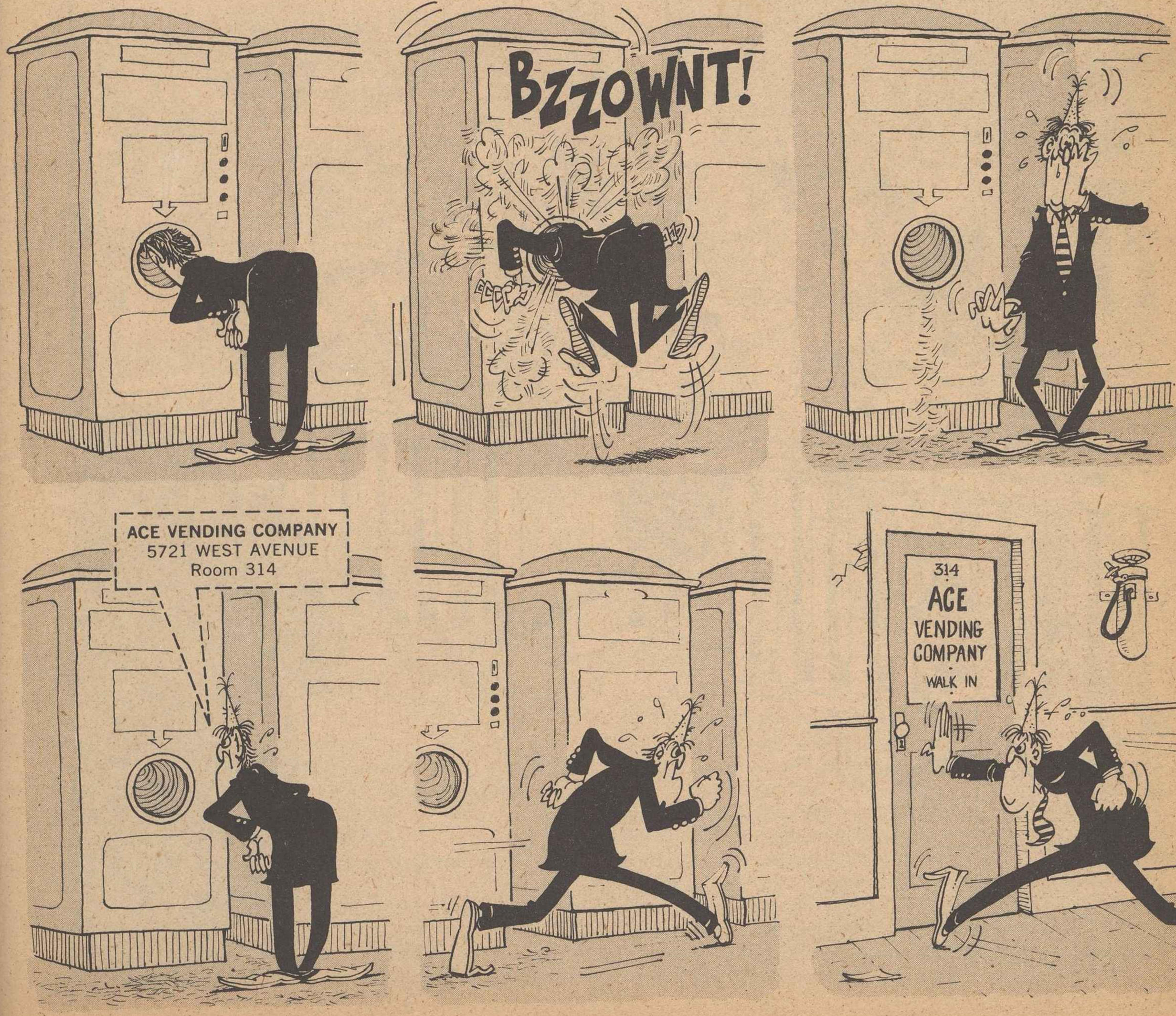
But—but in the **book,** the doctors **SAVED** me!!

That **may be!** But in the **movies,** the doctors **killed** you! Mainly, **WE** did this **"Insane War Picture"** bit **FIRST . . . and BETTER!!**

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY IN A BUS DEPOT





Yes, sir . . .?
May I help you?

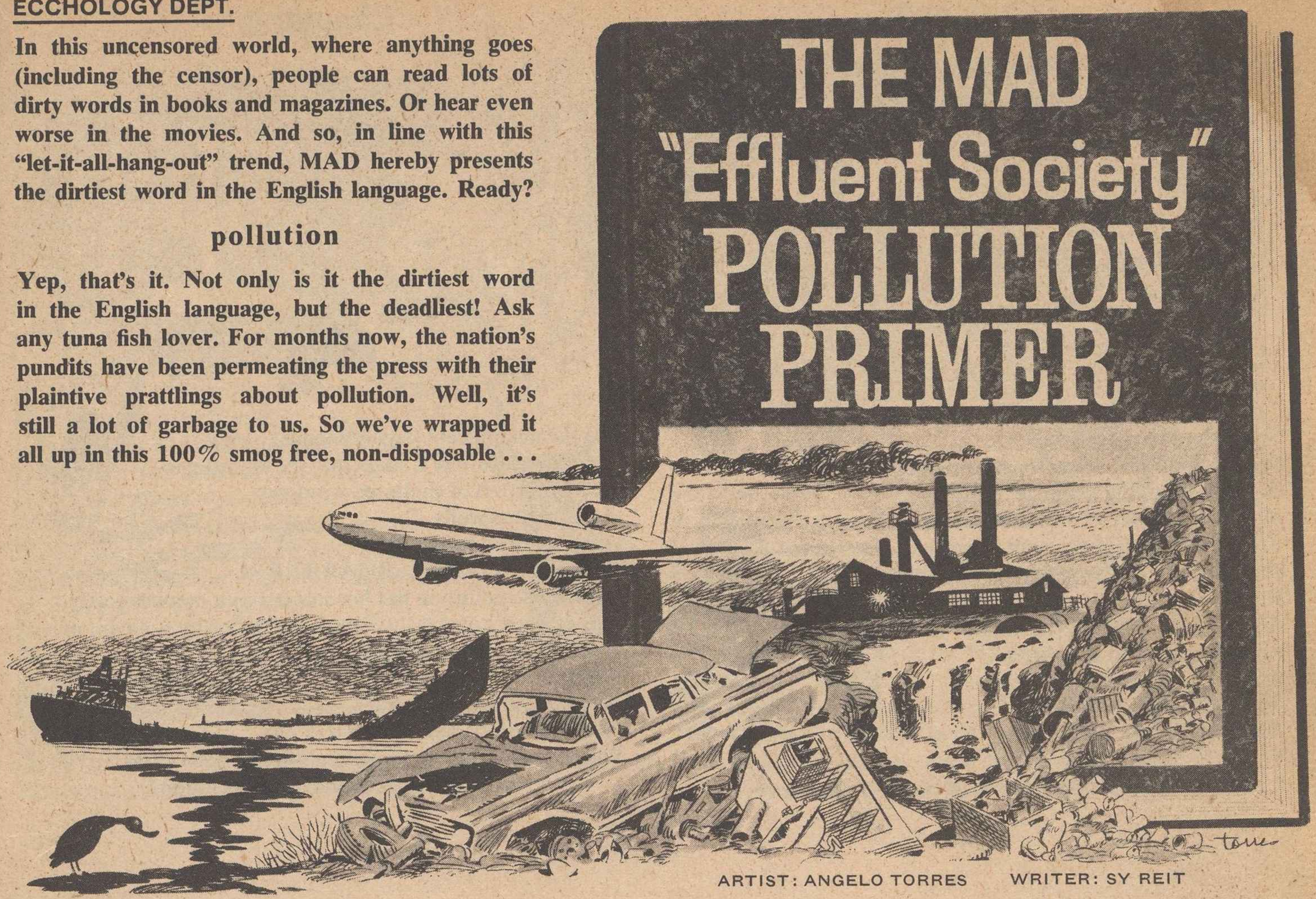
D. MARTIN

THE MAD "Effluent Society" POLLUTION PRIMER

In this uncensored world, where anything goes (including the censor), people can read lots of dirty words in books and magazines. Or hear even worse in the movies. And so, in line with this "let-it-all-hang-out" trend, MAD hereby presents the dirtiest word in the English language. Ready?

pollution

Yep, that's it. Not only is it the dirtiest word in the English language, but the deadliest! Ask any tuna fish lover. For months now, the nation's pundits have been permeating the press with their plaintive prattlings about pollution. Well, it's still a lot of garbage to us. So we've wrapped it all up in this 100% smog free, non-disposable . . .



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: SY REIT

Chapter 1.



See wretched Lester.
See how sick and shaky he looks.
Wretched Lester is trying to kick a nasty habit.
He is trying to quit something that is ruining his health.
And giving him terrible coughing spells.
And gradually turning his lungs black.
Lester knows that if he doesn't quit soon, he may die.
But he is having a rough time.
By comparison, giving up high-cholesterol foods was easy.
And giving up drinking was easy.
And giving up smoking was easy.
But how many people can successfully give up *breathing?*

Chapter 2.



See Phyllis and Ralph.
Phyllis and Ralph are fearless explorers.
See them packing for their next trip.
They are packing with care because it is a very dangerous trip.
See them pack their water purifying pills.
See them pack their oxygen masks.
See them pack their decontamination suits.
See them pack their food radiation detectors.
Pack everything you'll need, Phyllis and Ralph!
Everything, everything, everything.
You can't be too careful when you're planning a vacation in a big, modern American city!

Chapter 3.

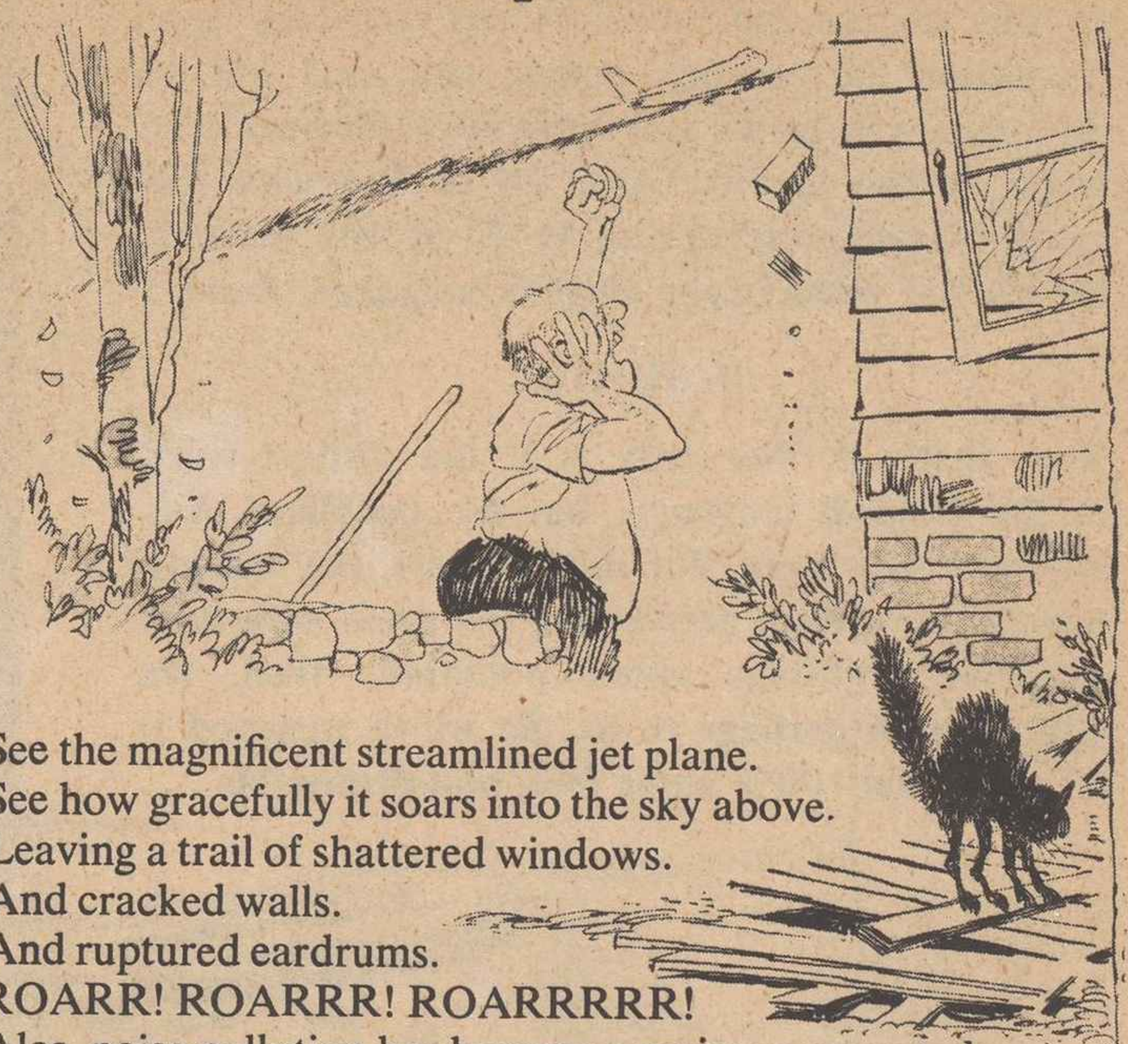


See the modern housewife.
See her shopping at her local supermarket.
Is that a shopping list in her hand?
No, it is the latest Analysis Report
From the U.S. Government Testing Laboratories.
She is using it to check out her purchases.
She has to watch for mercury in the tuna.
And strontium–90 in the milk.
And plutonium in the butter.
And cyclamates in the soft drinks.
And thorium in the halvah.
And DDT in the gefilte fish.



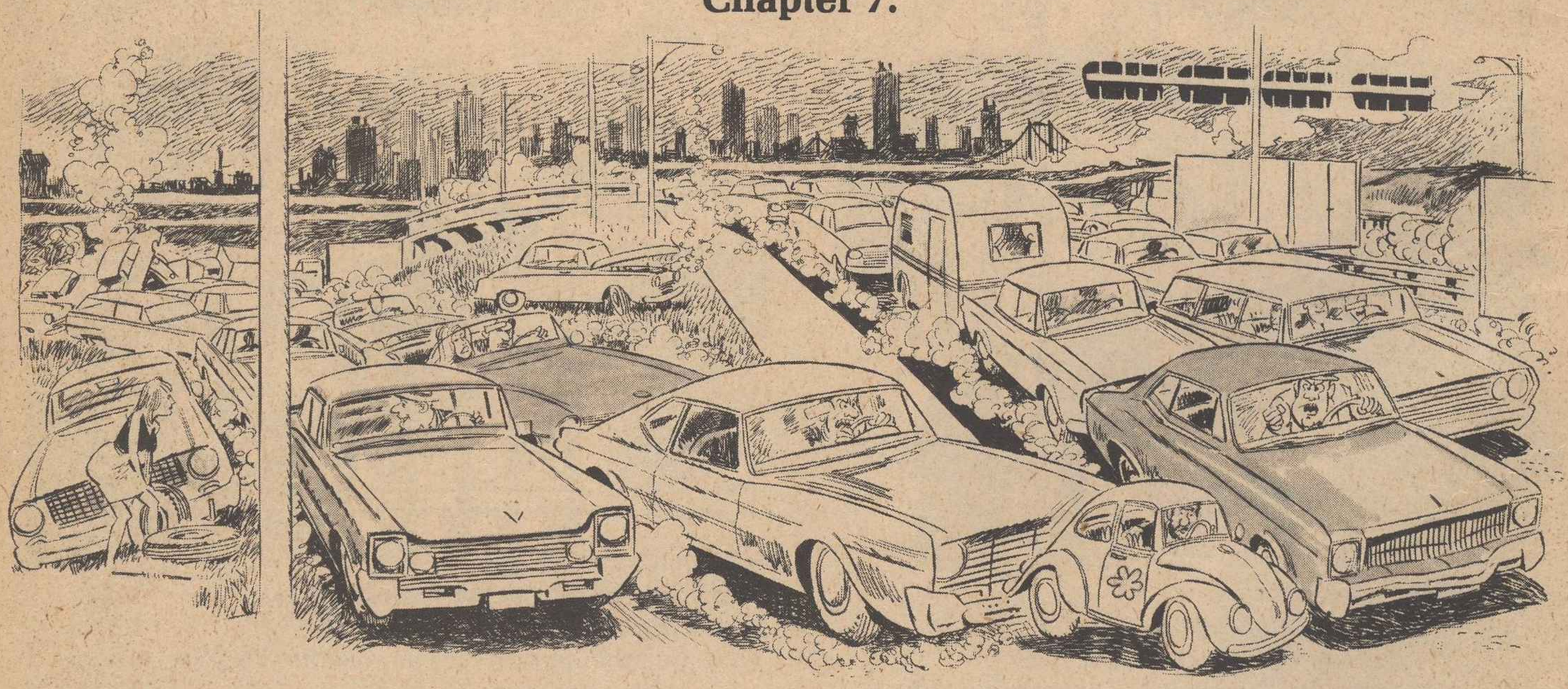
Yes, to be a modern housewife today, it really takes a lot.
It really takes a lot of courses in Advanced Chemistry.

Chapter 4.



See the magnificent streamlined jet plane.
See how gracefully it soars into the sky above.
Leaving a trail of shattered windows.
And cracked walls.
And ruptured eardrums.
ROARR! ROARRR! ROARRRRR!
Alas, noise pollution has become a major menace today.
Our ears are constantly being bombarded by sonic booms.
And loud pneumatic drills.
And blaring rock music.
And noisy horns and sirens.
And the worst noise pollution of all:
Politicians . . . loudly rapping about the need to do something about all the noise pollution.

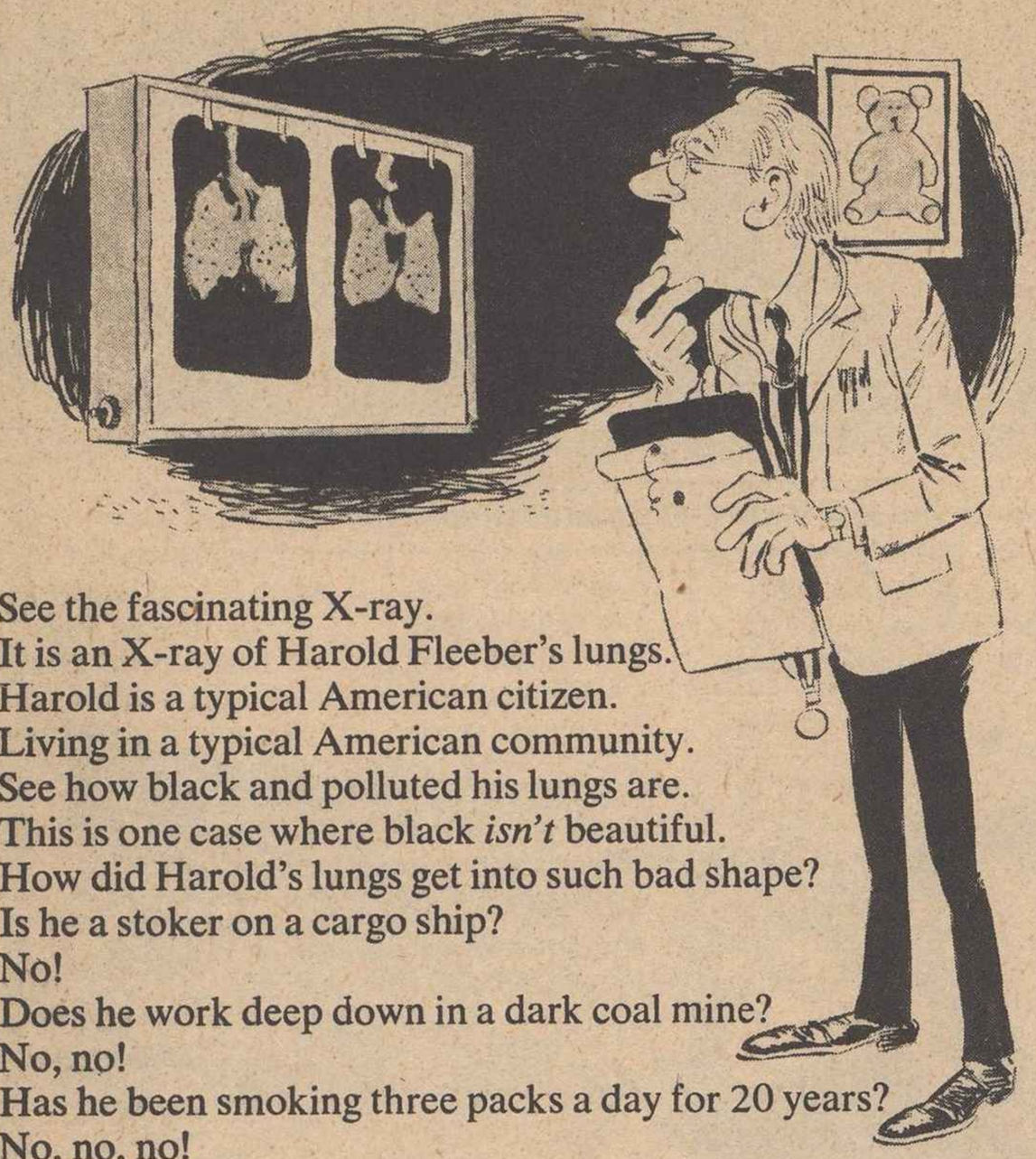
Chapter 7.



See all the shiny new automobiles.
See them jammed, bumper-to-bumper, on the Freeway.
Hear their horns blaring.
Honk! Honk! Honk!
Hear their drivers cursing,
&¢%$#@! &¢%$#@! &¢%$#@!
See their exhaust pipes emitting.
Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

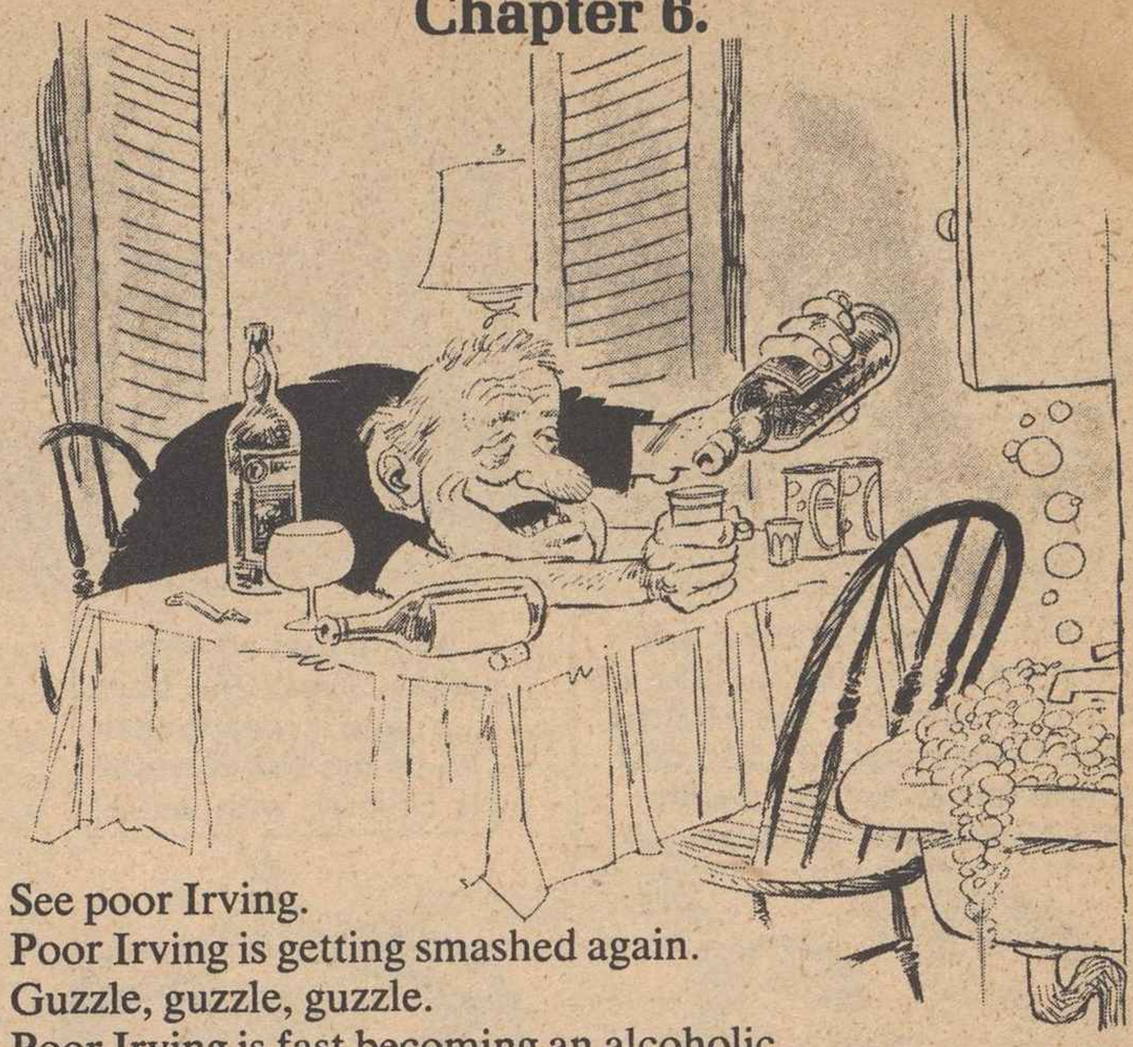
Why are all the drivers in their shiny new automobiles trying to get out of town?
To escape the horrible carbon-monoxide smog of the city caused by so many shiny new automobiles.
Are any of them willing to give up their shiny new little carbon-monoxide makers?
Don't be ridiculous!
Pollution is always the *other* guy's fault!

Chapter 5.



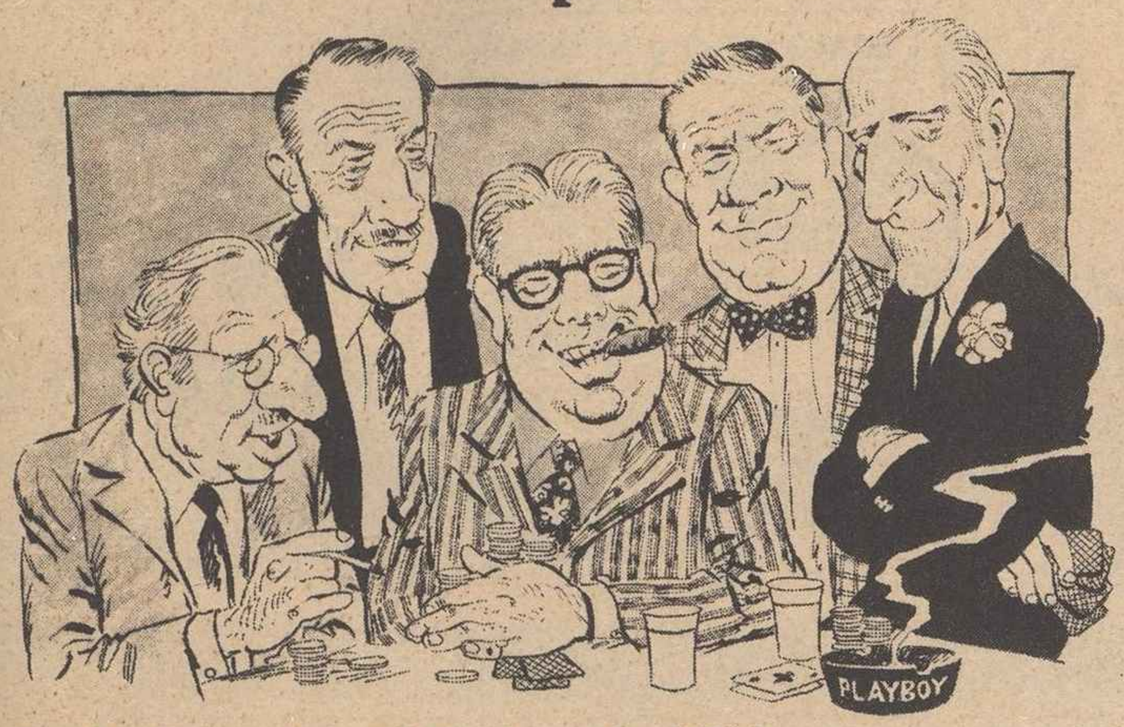
See the fascinating X-ray.
It is an X-ray of Harold Fleeber's lungs.
Harold is a typical American citizen.
Living in a typical American community.
See how black and polluted his lungs are.
This is one case where black *isn't* beautiful.
How did Harold's lungs get into such bad shape?
Is he a stoker on a cargo ship?
No!
Does he work deep down in a dark coal mine?
No, no!
Has he been smoking three packs a day for 20 years?
No, no, no!
To tell the truth, Harold hasn't really done much of anything.
How much can an eight-month-old baby do?

Chapter 6.



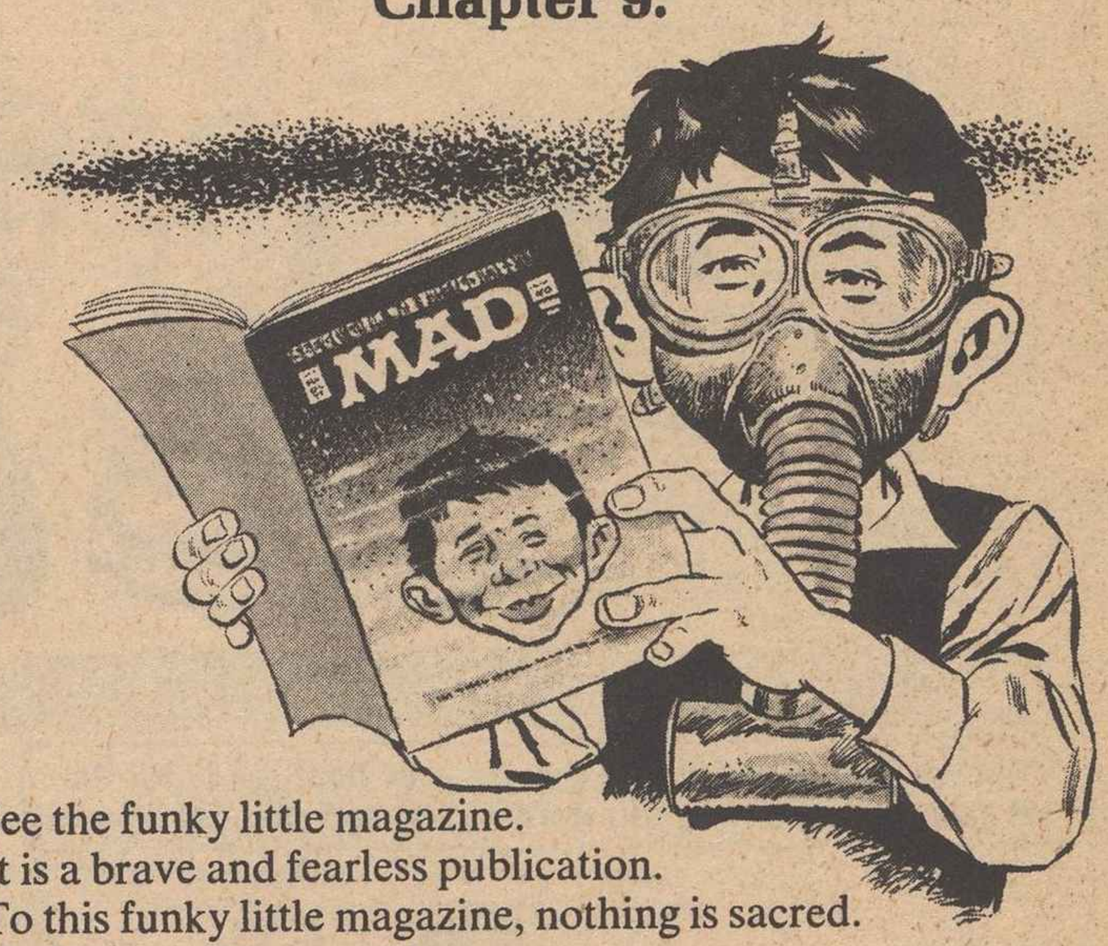
See poor Irving.
Poor Irving is getting smashed again.
Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle.
Poor Irving is fast becoming an alcoholic.
But it isn't really Irving's fault.
When Irving is thirsty, all he wants is a nice glass of water.
But whenever he turns on the tap, what does he get?
A glass full of soap suds.
Yes, poor Irving's water supply is loaded with detergents.
So he is forced to guzzle booze instead.
Barf, barf, barf.
Looks like there's more than *one* way to get polluted!

Chapter 8.



See the Committee of Distinguished Citizens.
These Distinguished Citizens feel that there is much too much fuss and bother about pollution.
Fuss, fuss, fuss.
Bother, bother, bother.
They feel that people are needlessly panicky.
They feel that everyone should calm down.
They do NOT feel that the problem is as bad or as serious as everyone says it is.
Who *are* these fine, upstanding, calm Distinguished Citizens?
Harry, there, is an oil company tycoon . . . and Milton owns a paper mill . . . and Robert is a jet fuel manufacturer . . . and Winthrop is an electric utility executive . . . and Herman is the director of a chain of funeral parlors.

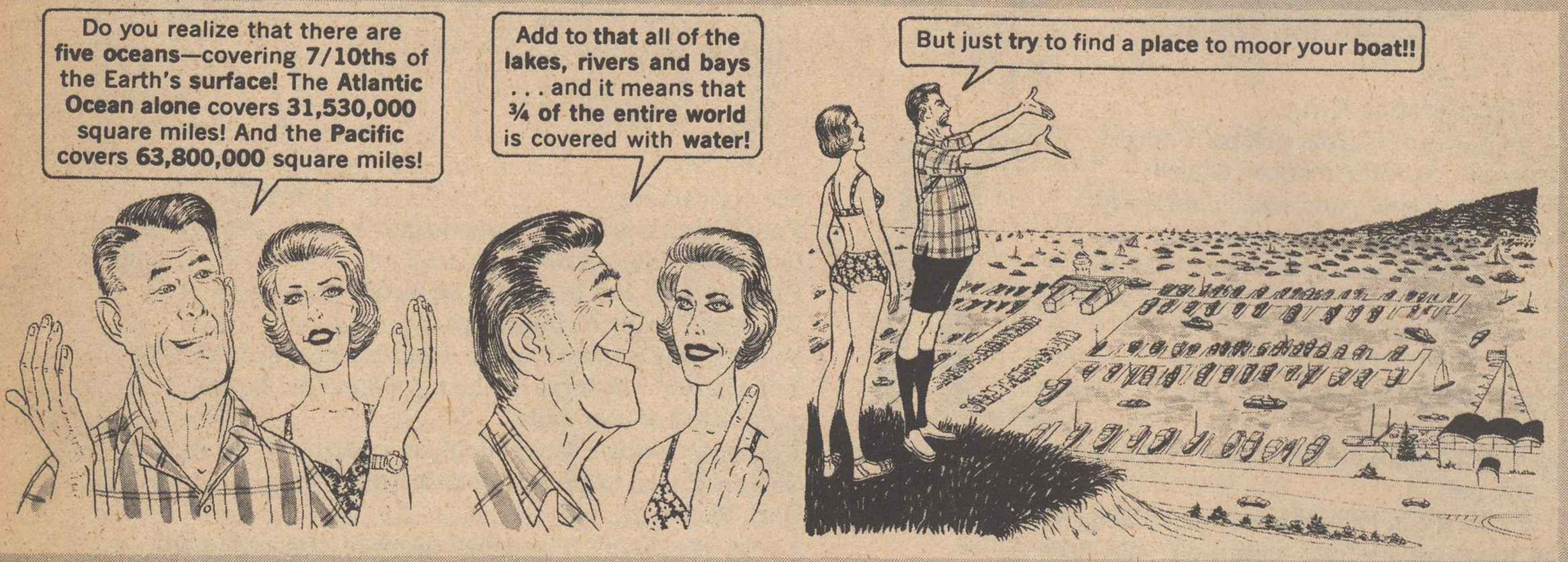
Chapter 9.



See the funky little magazine.
It is a brave and fearless publication.
To this funky little magazine, nothing is sacred.
Nothing, nothing, nothing.
It will take on Madison Avenue.
It will take on Hollywood.
It will take on Big Business, and Congress, and the Pentagon.
It will take on the problem of pollution.
And zap those who are responsible.
Speaking of pollution, you are now holding 48 pages
Of the worst kind imaginable
Right in your hot little hands:
Mind pollution!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... BO

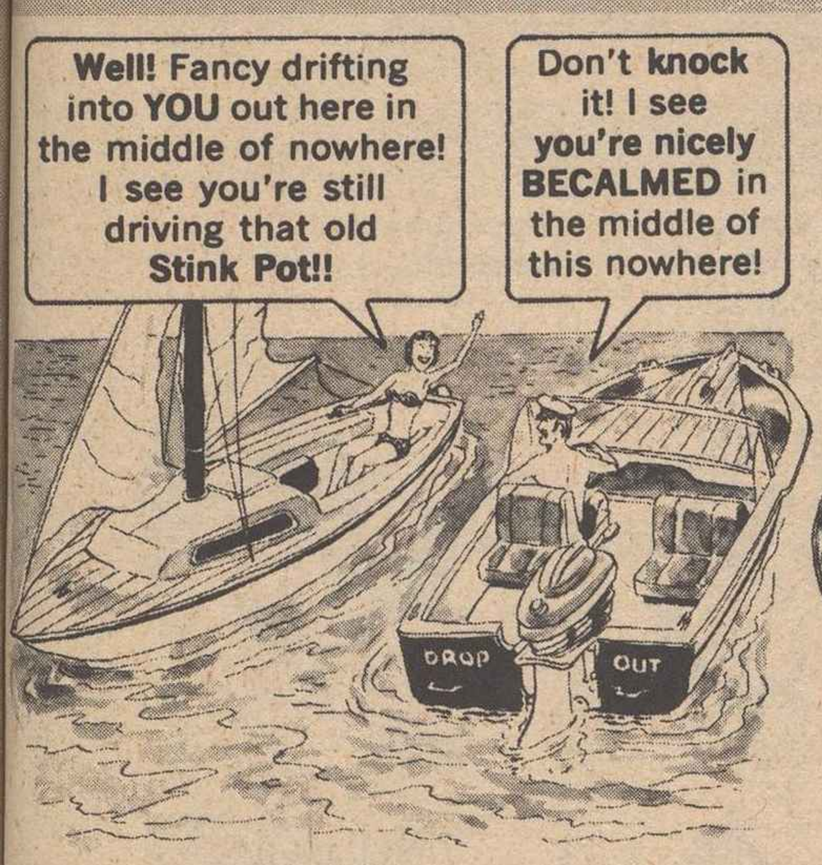




A'TING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

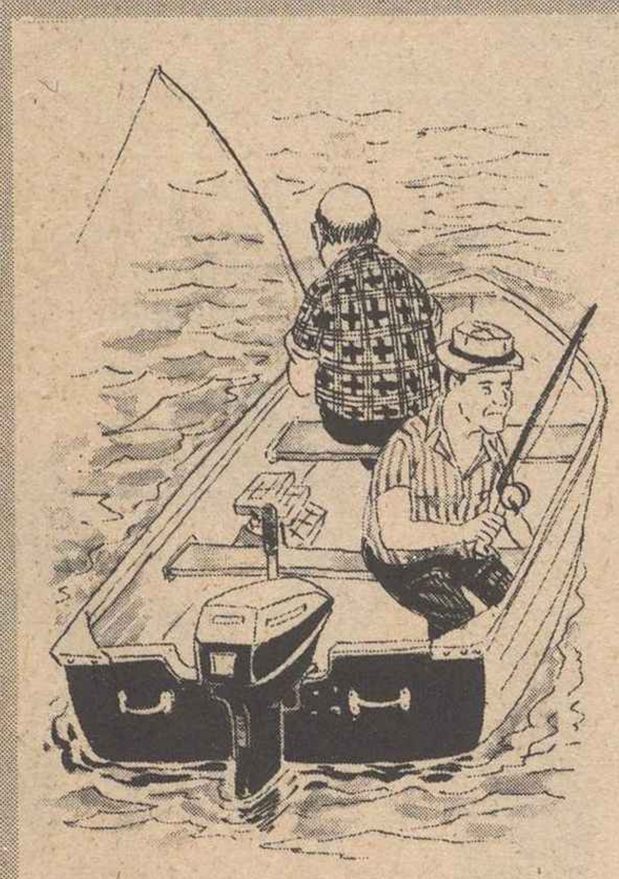


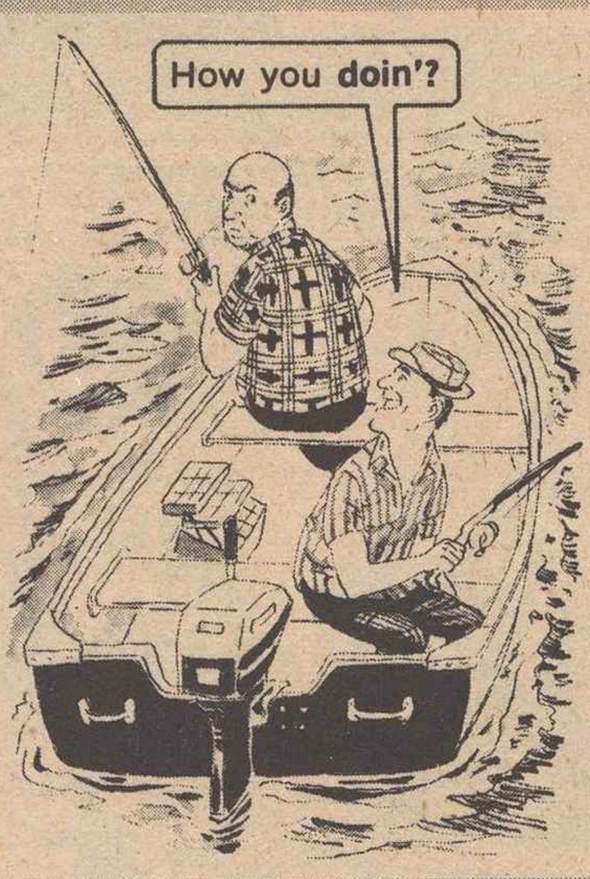


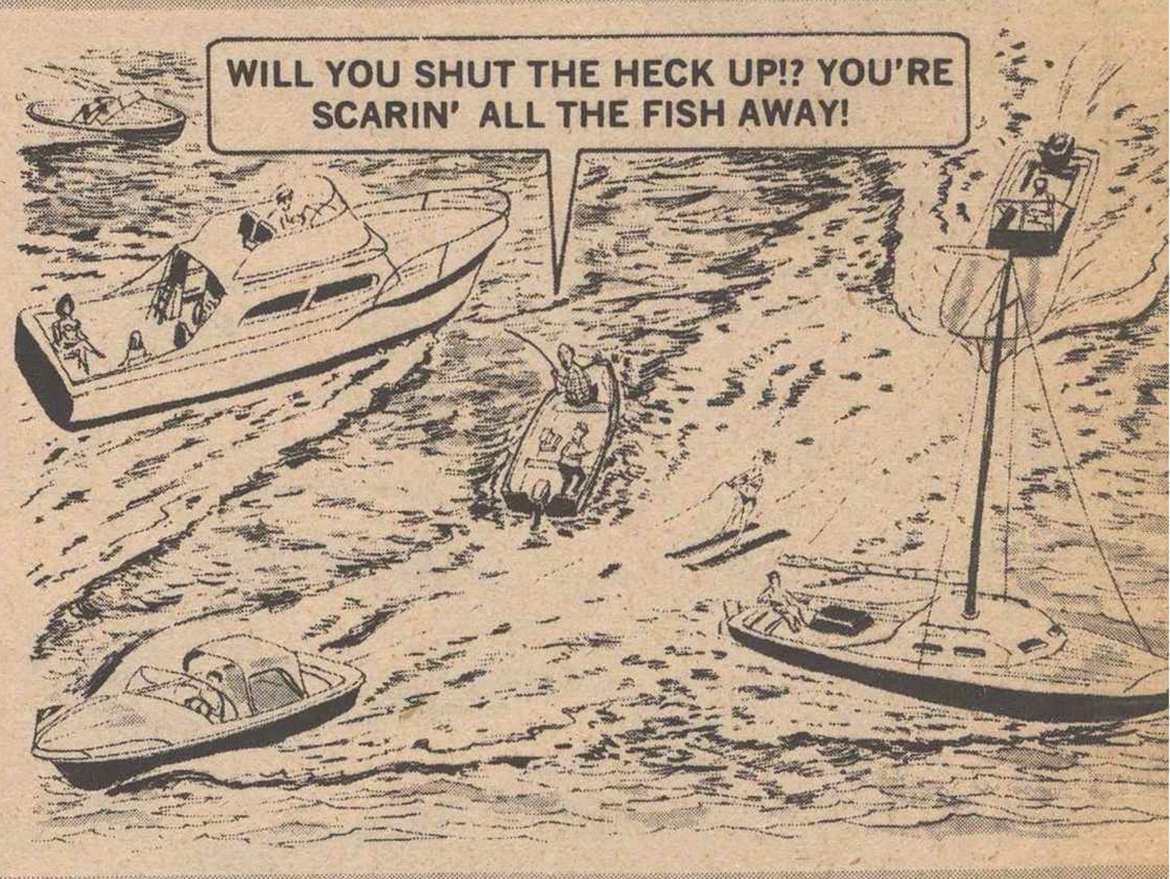








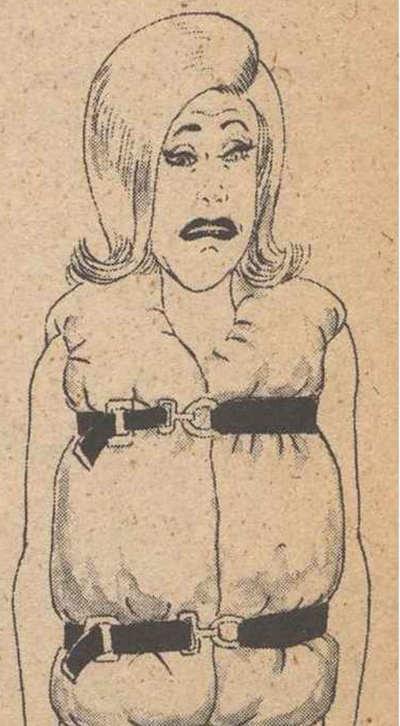












So long . . . and **thank you!** We had a **great time!**

It was **our pleasure!**

Did you **HAVE** to admire their yacht?! And when they said, "Would you like to come aboard?"— did you **HAVE** to accept?!

I was just being **friendly!** What's wrong with **that?**

I'll **TELL** you what's wrong! **Now** we owe them a visit on **this** ridiculous boat of **OURS!!**

So long, Mom! I'm leaving now to spend the day on Norman's boat!

Hey, did you take your **pill?**

PILL?!? Oh, my **God!!**

What kind of wild orgies do you **have** on that boat of yours?!

Oh, Mother! Not **that** kind of pill! You've got a **dirty mind!** Norman is talking about an **anti-sea-sickness** pill!

Well, **that's** a relief!!

But thanks for **reminding** me!!

Boy, look at the McGillas down there! They bought a boat, but they **never take it out!** They just lie around on the deck and **sun** themselves! And do you know how much that boat **costs? Twenty-five thousand dollars!!**

Really?! Twenty-five thousand dollars?!

That's a **pretty expensive BEACH CHAIR!!**

Let's face it! **One** of the reasons we buy **bigger** and **bigger boats** is to **impress our boating friends!**

C'mon, Honey! Get up here on the side and **help me trim the boat!**

Hey! I'm getting wet from the **spray! I'm** getting down!

You better **stay** here or we'll **capsize!**

Capsize, shmapsize! It's better than getting **wet!**

Here we go **again!**

Bail, bail, bail! That's all I ever **do** on this boat!

Where in heck does all the water **COME** from?!

Just a minute while I shoot the sun with my sextant . . .

Okay! **Got it!**

Now let me check the charts! Hmmm! Ah—**there** it is!!

I've **got** it!

You've got **what?**

I've charted our location and I know **exactly where we are** . . . on the **button!**

. . . THE NEW ROCHELLE MUNICIPAL YACHT CLUB!!

NEW ROCHELLE MUNICIPAL YACHT CLUB

And one of the gimmicks we use to let people **know** we've moved up to a bigger boat is to **keep the same name** but put a **number** after it!

My **first** boat, **"The Rover,"** cost me **$7000!** But compared to the **others,** it was a **dink!** So I moved up to **"Rover II"! That** one cost me **$14,000!**

The **following** year, I bought **"Rover III"** for **$21,000!** And now . . . **this** year—

I know! You bought **"Rover IV"!**

Except that I decided to give it **another** name! **This year,** I decided to call a **spade** a **spade!**

$34,789.59

Look at those **nuts!** They're waving at us like **crazy!**

Oh, that! It's sort of an **unwritten law of the sea!** When two boats pass, everybody **waves** at each other!

Well, in **that** case—

HI, THERE!!

Arnold! They're **not stopping!** !

YOU STUPID IDIOTS! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE SINKING?!!

Oh, wow! Look at **Roger Kaputnik, there!** When he told me he'd bought a **boat,** I imagined it was a **little nothing runabout!** But look at **that! Wow!**

THE JOLLY ROGER

So **there** you are! I was **worried sick** about you! I was just about to call all the **hospitals!** Where **were** you all this time?

You **KNOW** where I was! Taking my Power Squadron course in **"Navigation"!** Today was **Graduation Day!**

So . . . how **long** does it take to **graduate** from Navigation School?

N-not very long! But **traveling** was time-consuming!

The school isn't **THAT** far away!!

I got lost!

Why don't you watch where you're **going,** you **idiot?!**

I have the **right of way!**

The **HELL** you do!!

It **says so** right here in the **regulations!**

"A sail boat has the **right of way** over a **power boat!"**

Rita! Guess what! The **Yacht Club** finally **accepted** me!

That's **great,** Norman, but—

After **years** of having my **name** on a **waiting list**— and after **three members vouched** for me—and after I was **thoroughly investigated, I made it!!**

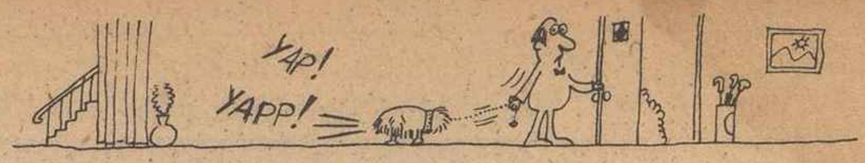
That's **great,** Norman—but the **Membership Fees** are so **high!!** Where did you get the **money?**

Don't worry! I managed to raise the dough!

HOW!?

I sold our boat!

David Berg



ORDURE OF THE DAY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN

It's true, as we've heard wise men say,
That every dog must have his day,
In cities, though, each day we rue
How many dogs have had their do.

The streets are spattered all through town
With beagle beige and boxer brown;
Though litter we're taught not to strew,
Still every dog's allowed his do.

The tree-lined parks give off a scent
Of, mainly, canine excrement,
Which clings to him who wears the shoe
That steps where dogs have had their do.

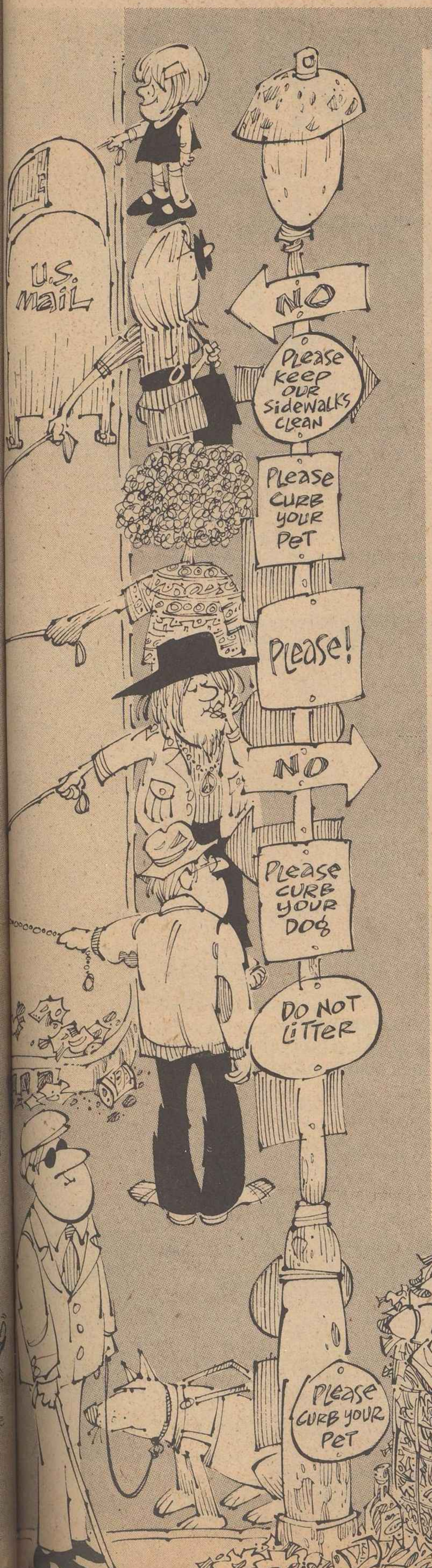
In playgrounds where the toddlers crawl,
And ball fields where boys bat the ball,
Too often what will spoil the view
Are spots where Spot has stopped to do.

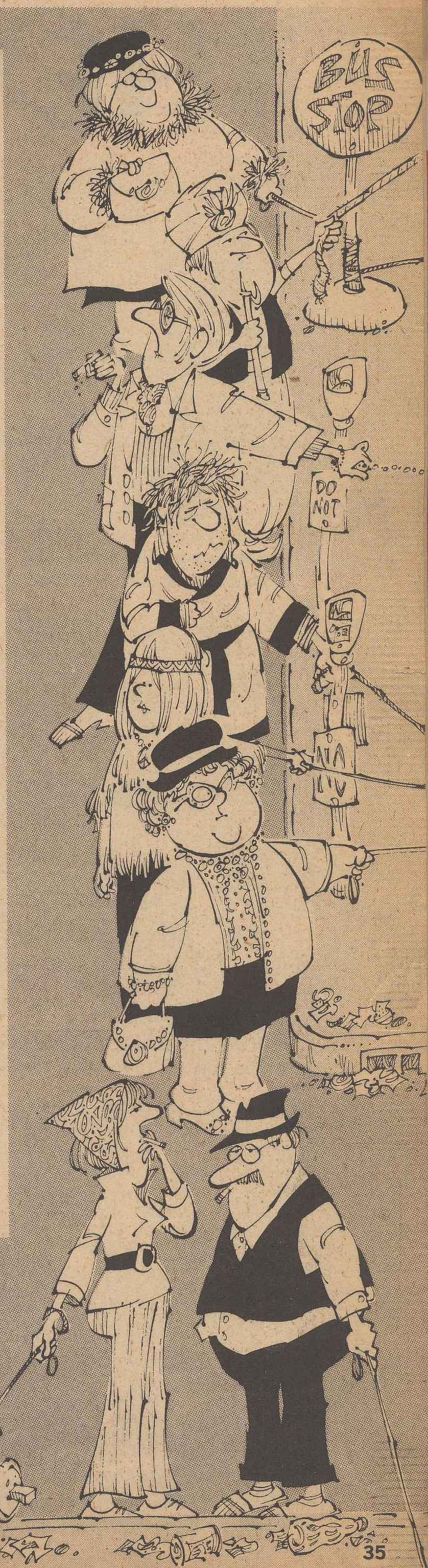
Our cities will soon go to seed
With droppings from the pedigreed,
From cocker, collie, Kerry blue,
And other curs who can and do.

It's not man's best friend who's at fault,
No, it's his master we must halt;
Our neighbor who expects us to
Love him and love his doggie-do.

The city's for the birds unless
We clear its grounds of hounds that mess,
And curb, instead, pet-owners who
Care little where their dogs make do.

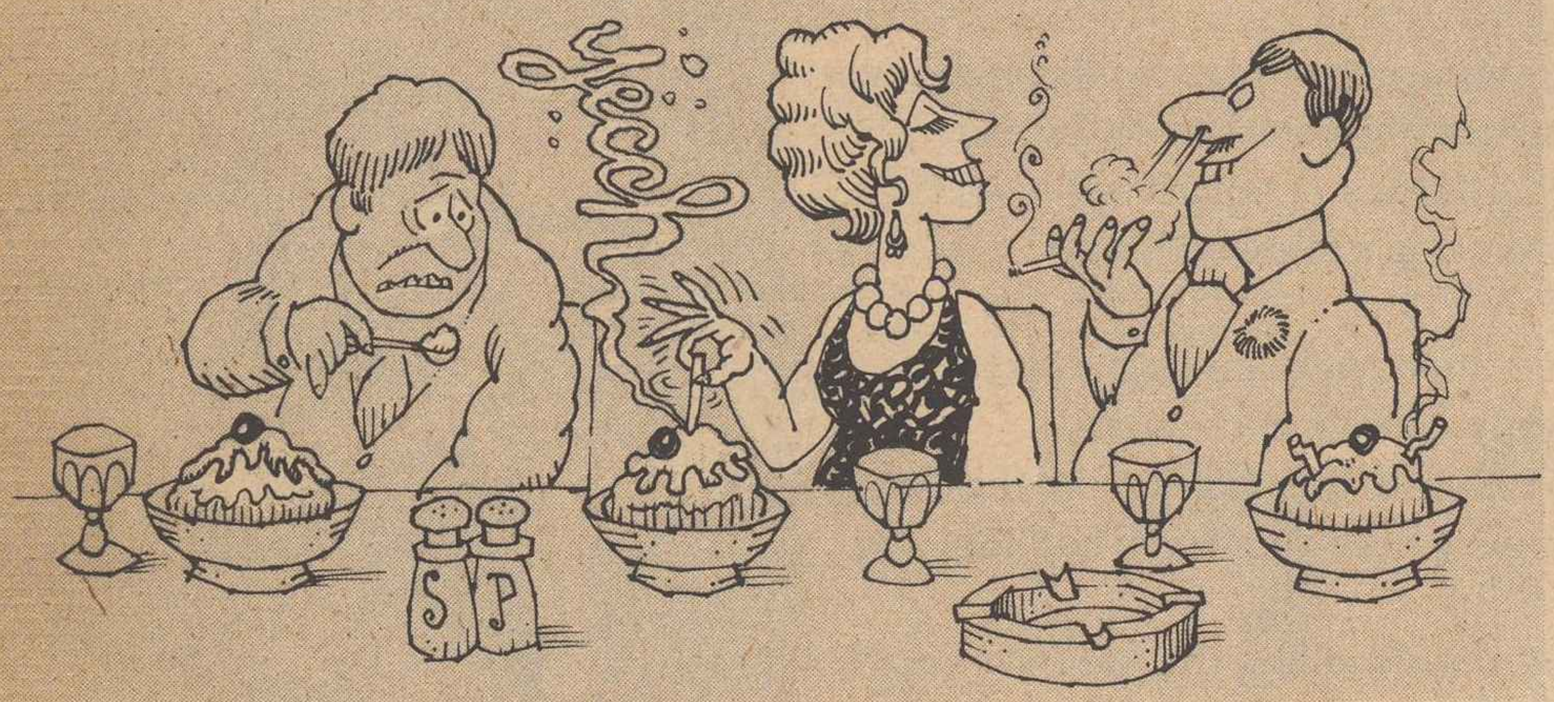
Let's have them, like good parents, toil
At cleaning up their puppy's soil,
Removing every tell-tale clue,
Or we'll go to the dogs with do.



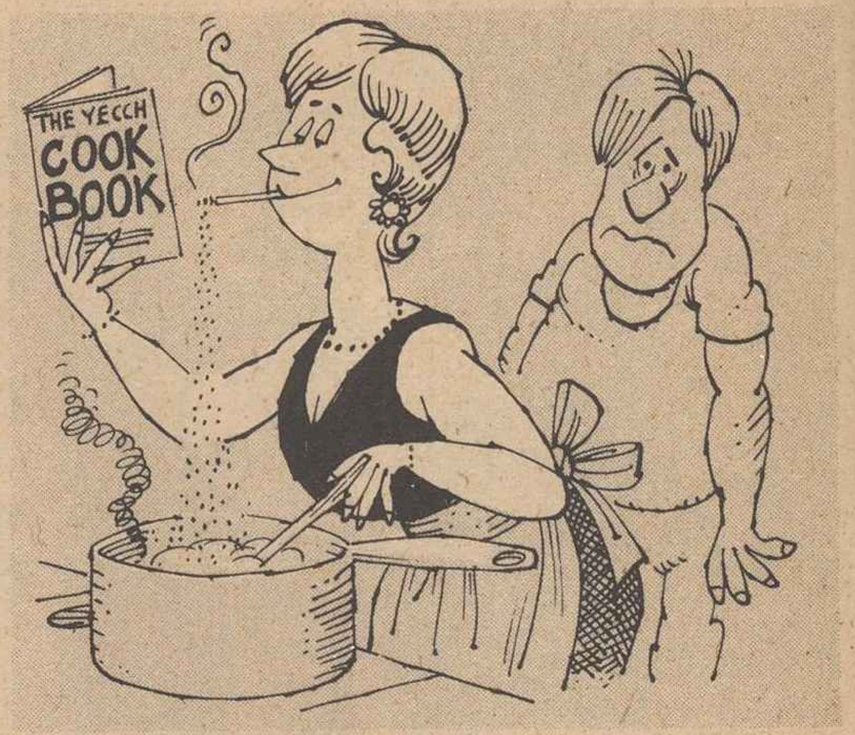


Here we go with another MAD "Hate Book" . . . those little gems calculated to make MAD readers feel better by blowing off steam about their pet hates. Since non-smokers are the most intolerant people in the world when it comes to smokers, all of you smokers

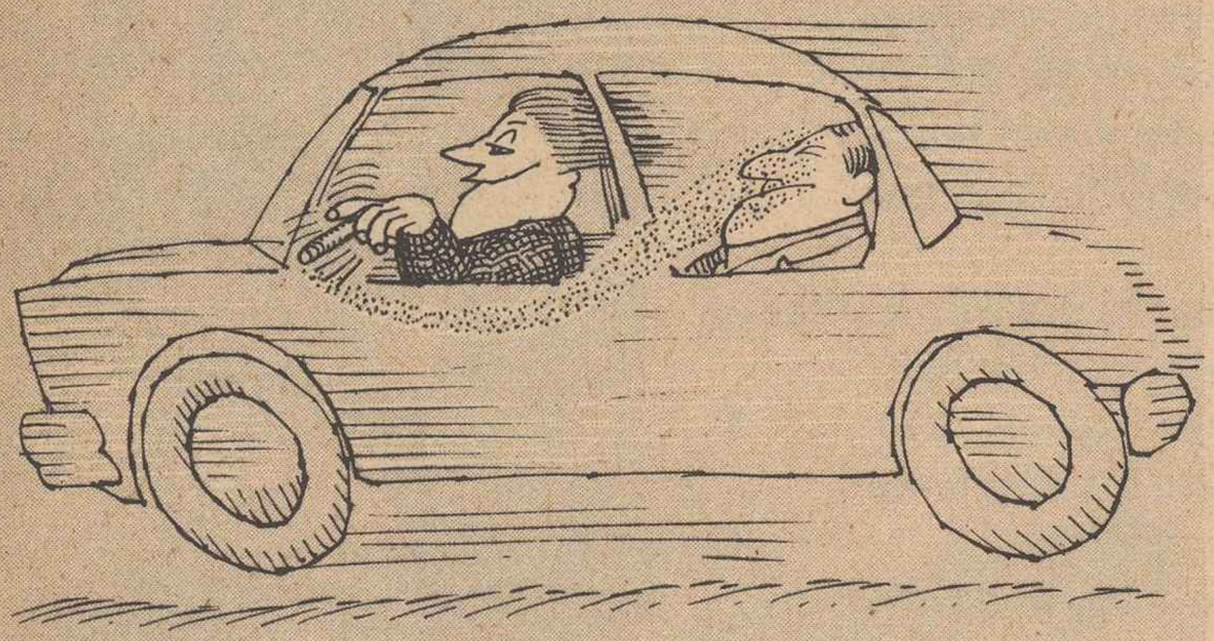
THE MAD NON-SM



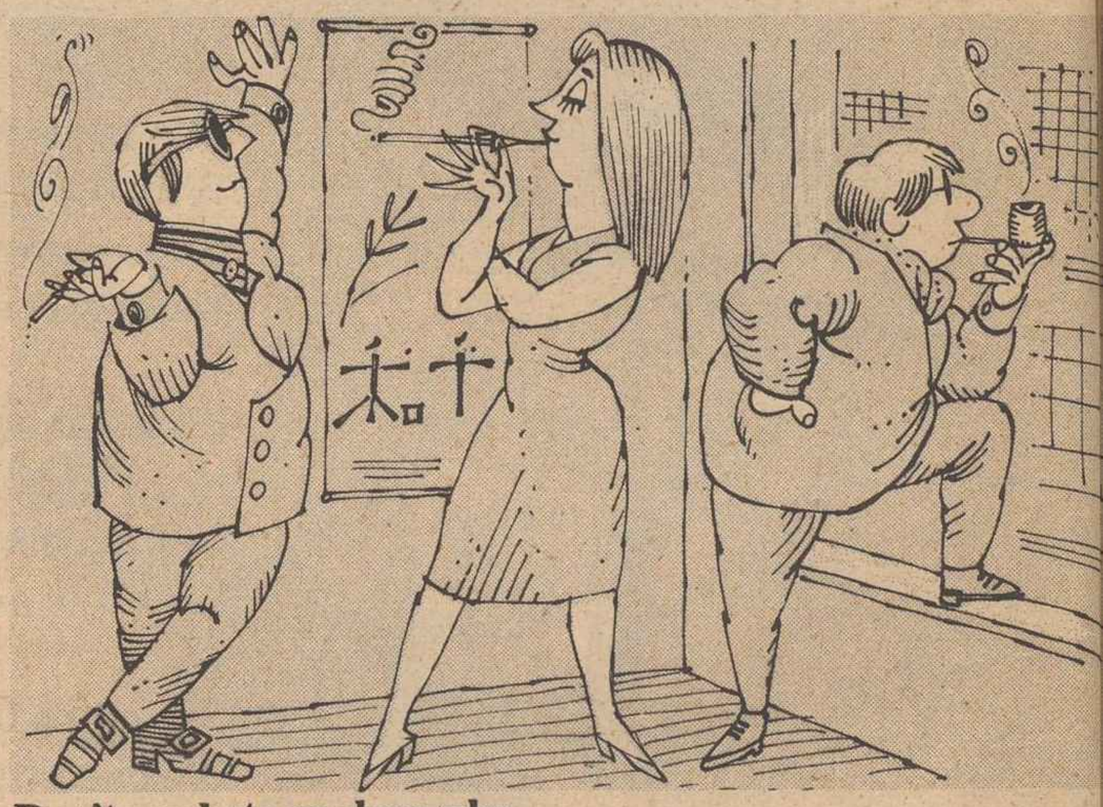
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . put out butts in dishes of food while you're still eating!



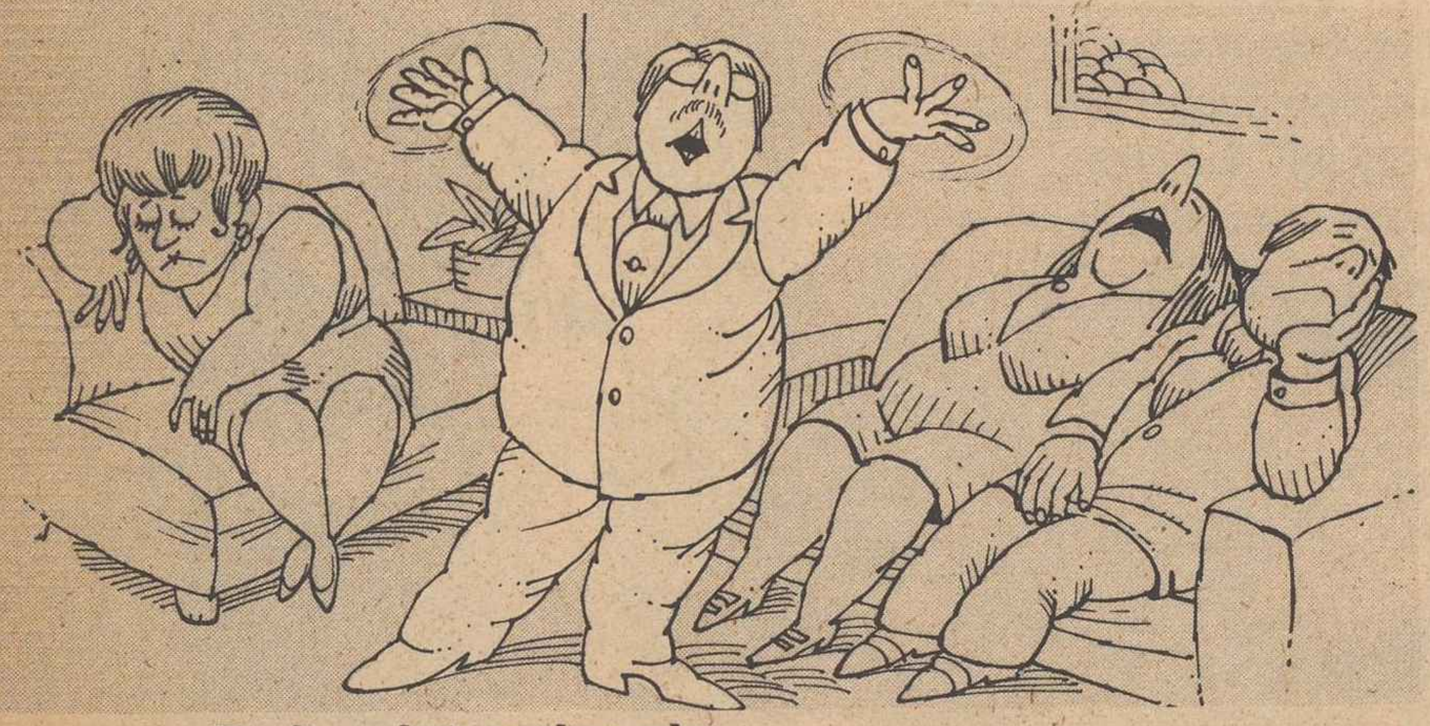
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . smoke while they cook!



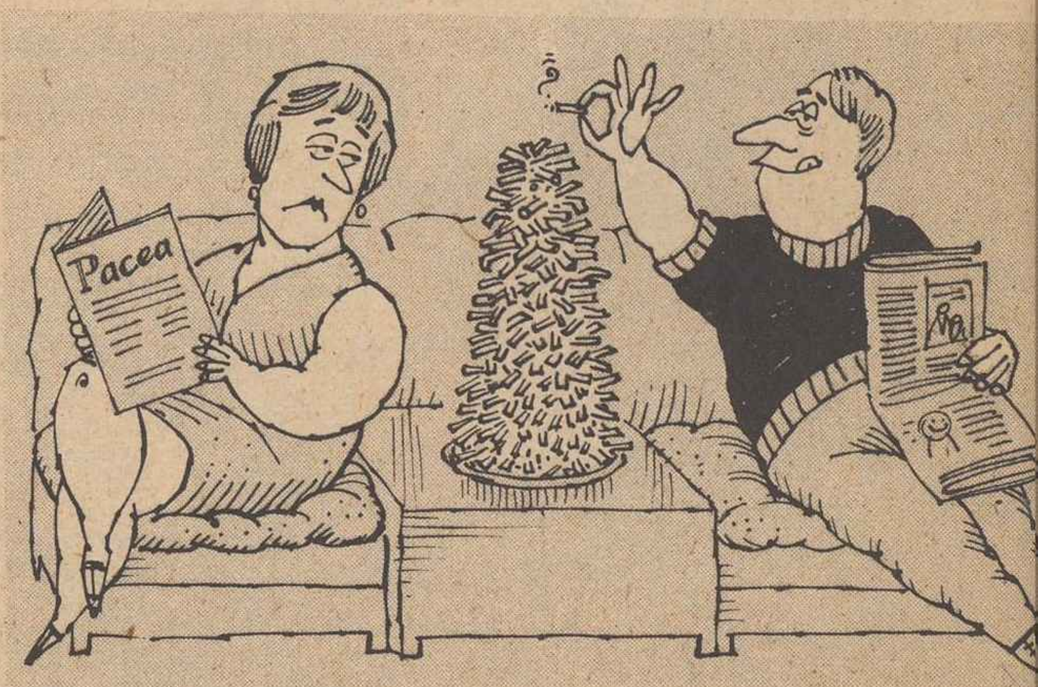
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . flick their ashes out windows of fast-moving cars when you're sitting in the rear seat!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . affect phony smoking poses that are supposed to make them look smart and sophisticated!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . bore you with the details of their experiences every time they attempted to give up smoking!



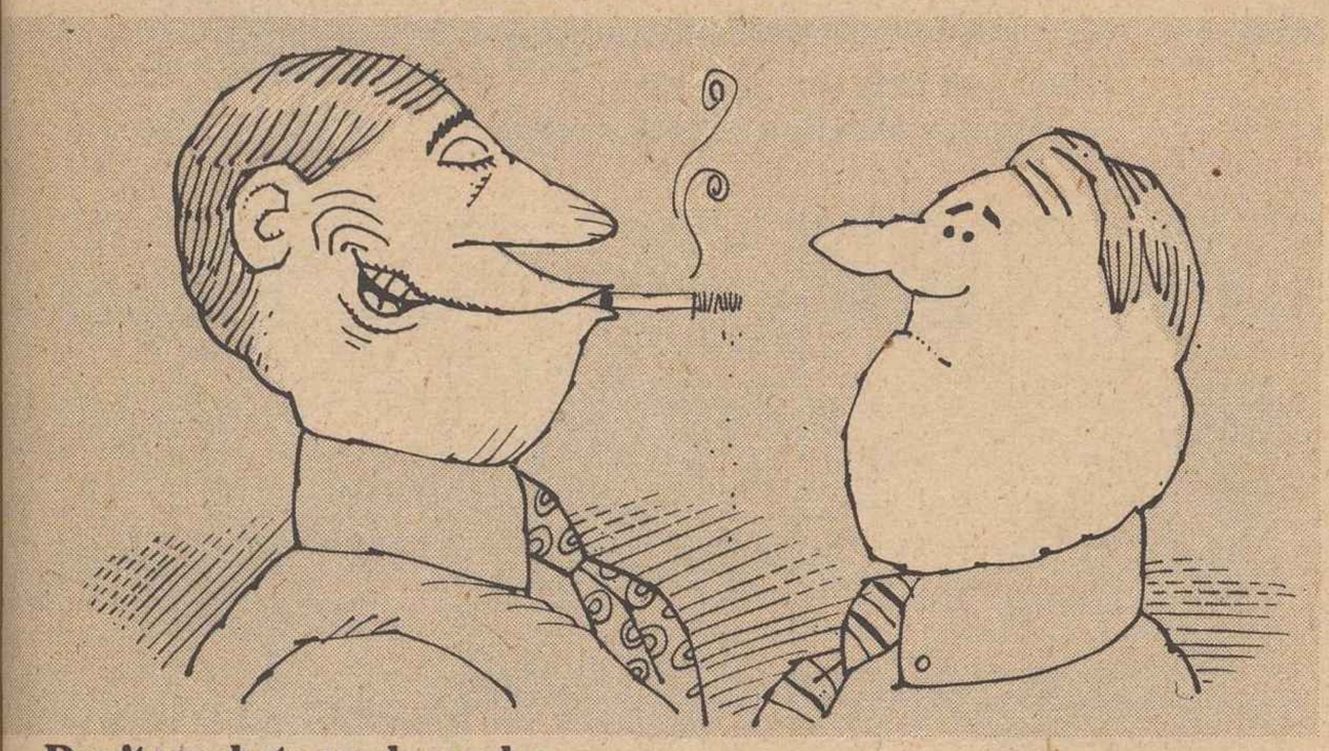
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . add yet another butt to a full ashtray without ever once thinking of emptying it!



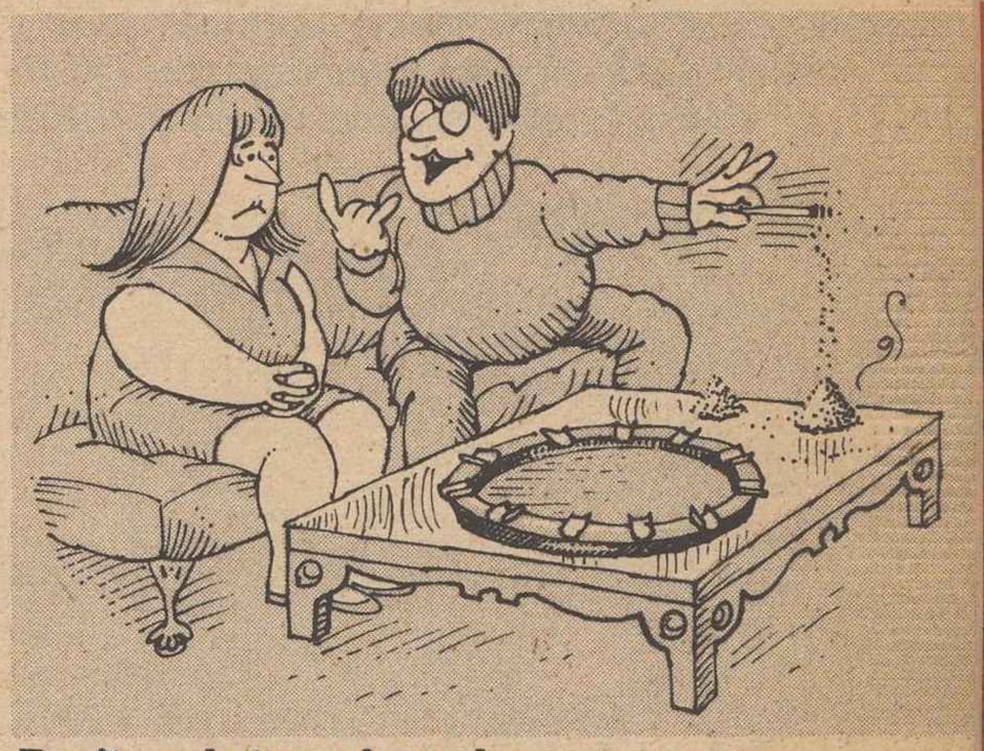
better skip this article. Because it's calculated to make non-smoking MAD readers feel better by blowing off steam about people who, in addition to being addicted to the disgusting habit of smoking, also have disgusting smoking habits. Here, then, Gang, is...

OKERS HATE BOOK

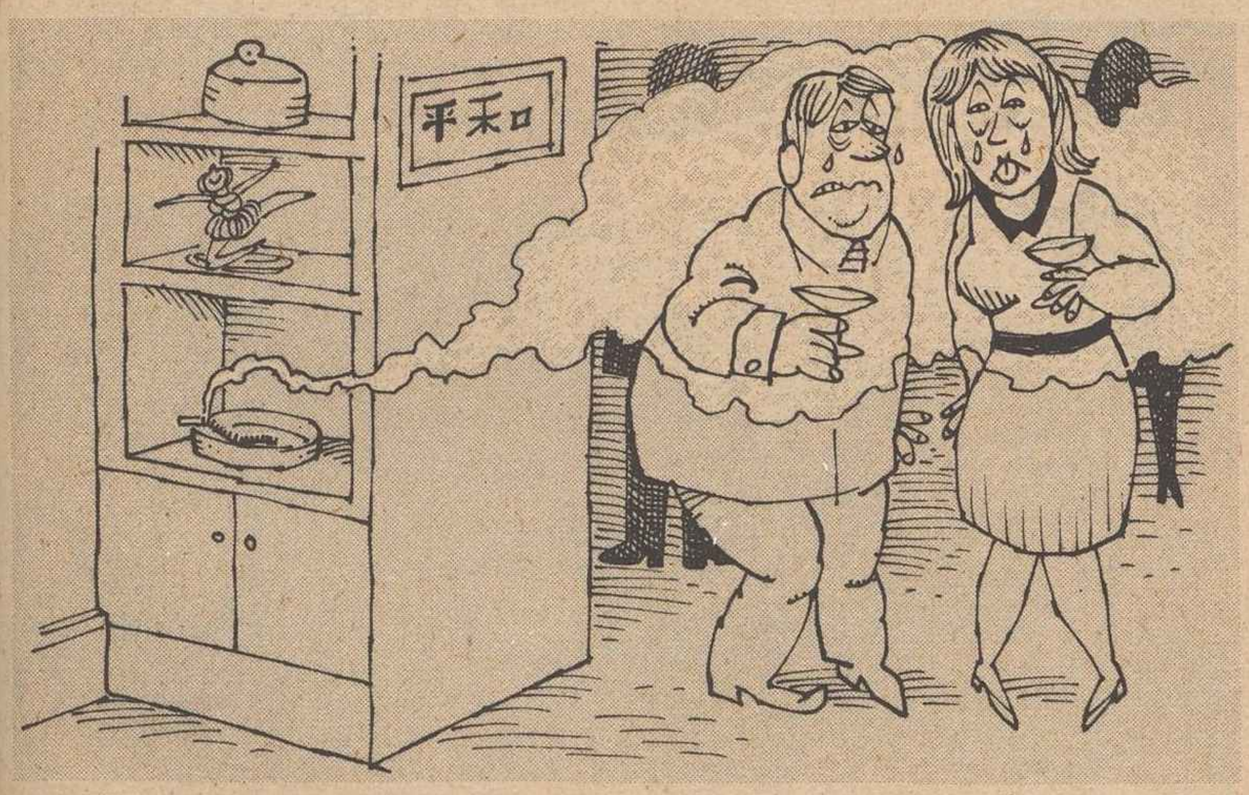
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



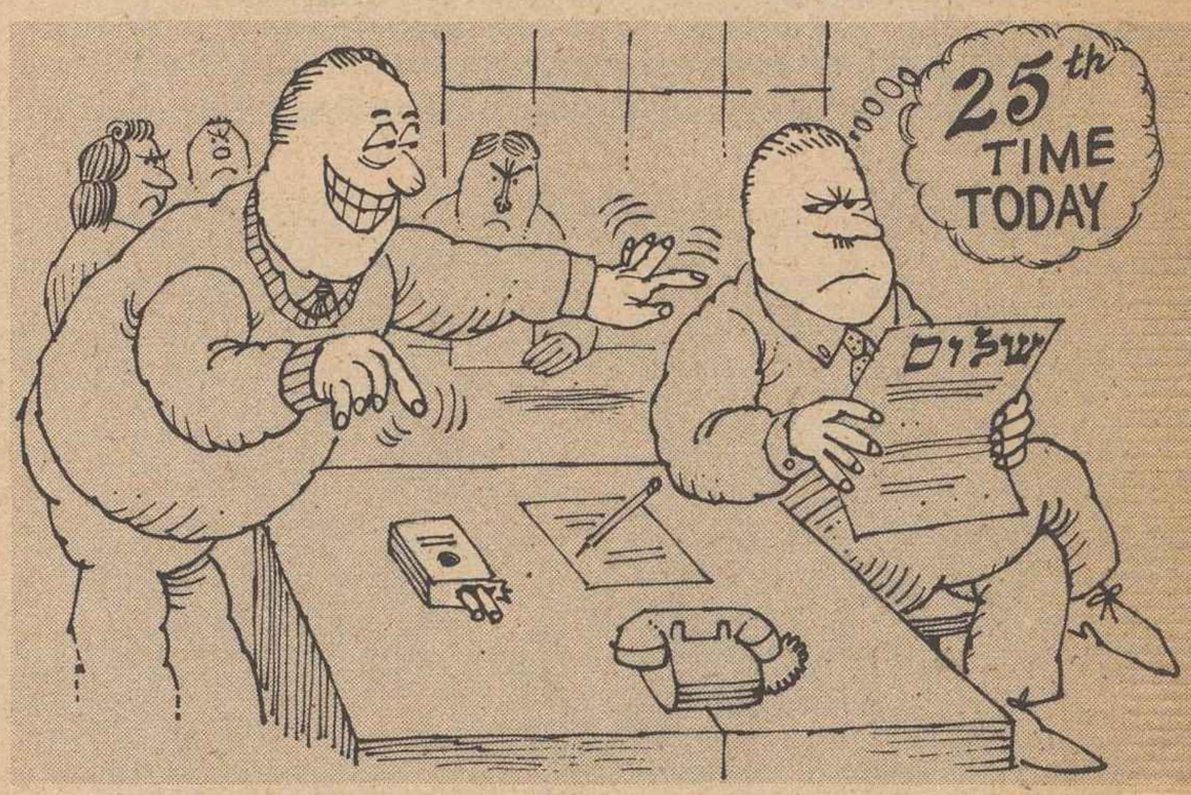
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . talk without ever removing their cigarette from their mouth!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . never hit the ashtray no matter how big it is!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . let their cigarettes burn out in ashtrays,
causing the nearest thing to a tear gas attack!



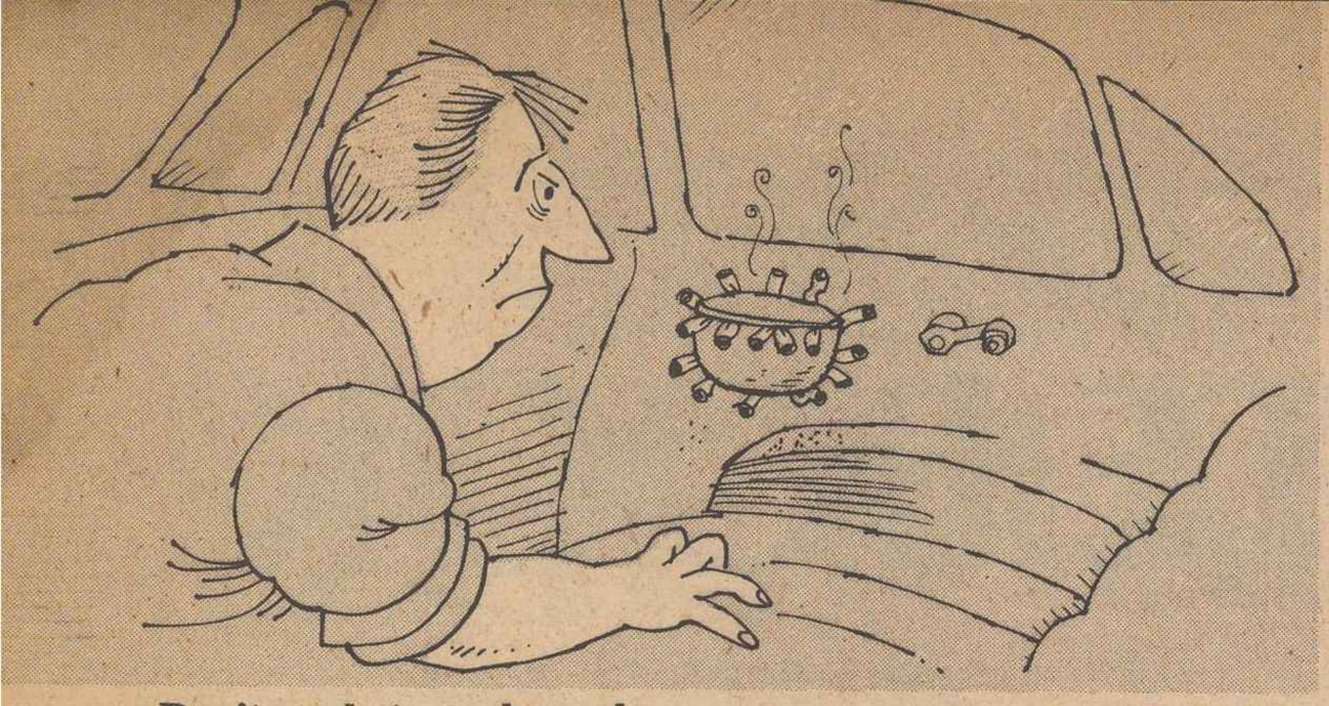
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . are cutting down on smoking by not carrying any,
but who smoke as much as ever by borrowing!



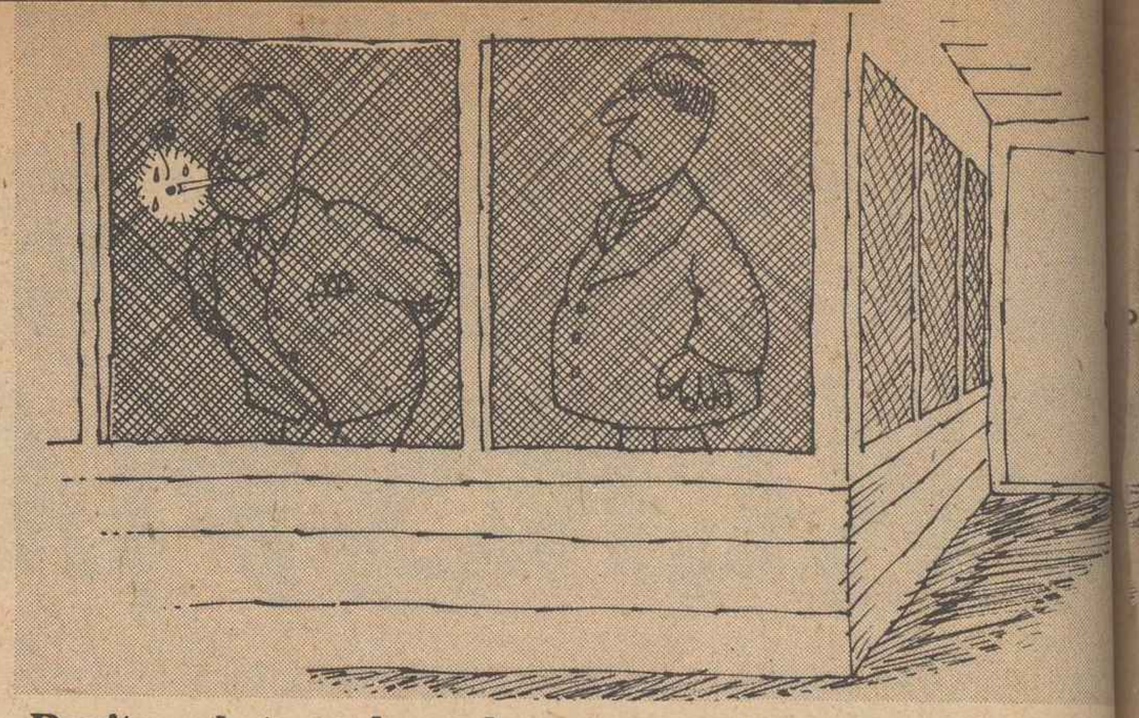
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . insist upon lighting up while visiting someone
who's in the hospital with a respiratory illness!



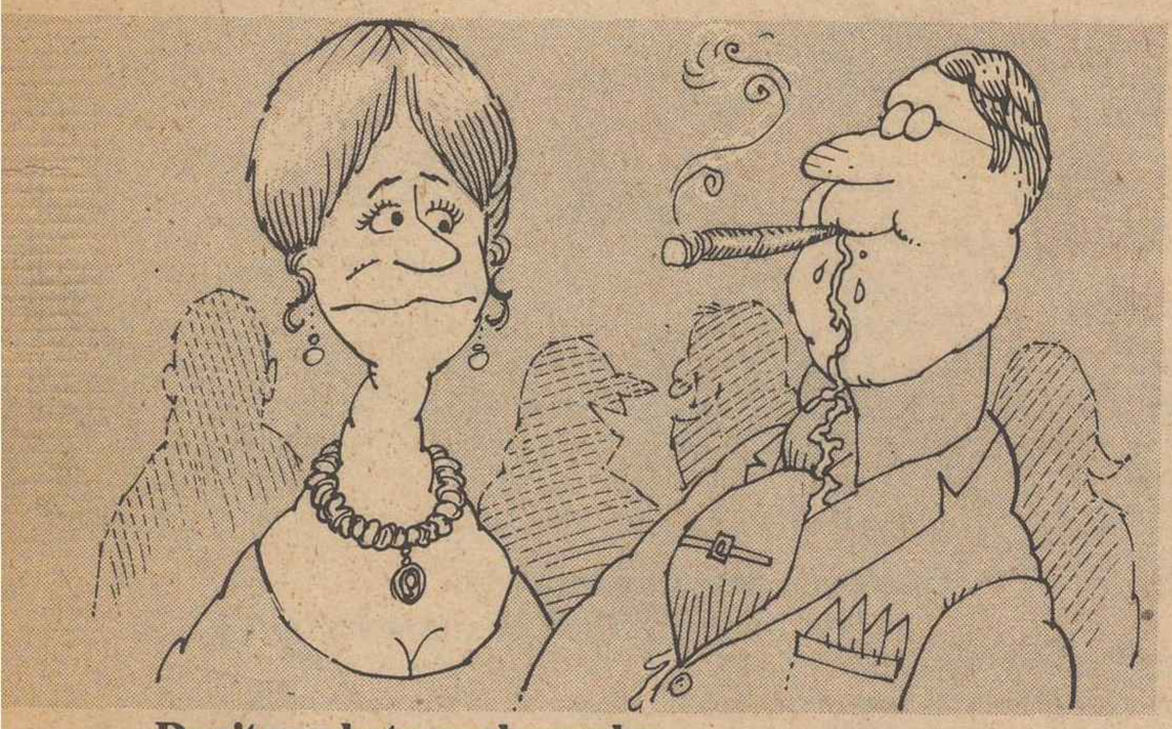
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . inflict their particular tastes in nauseating
pipe tobacco aromas on an entire gathering!



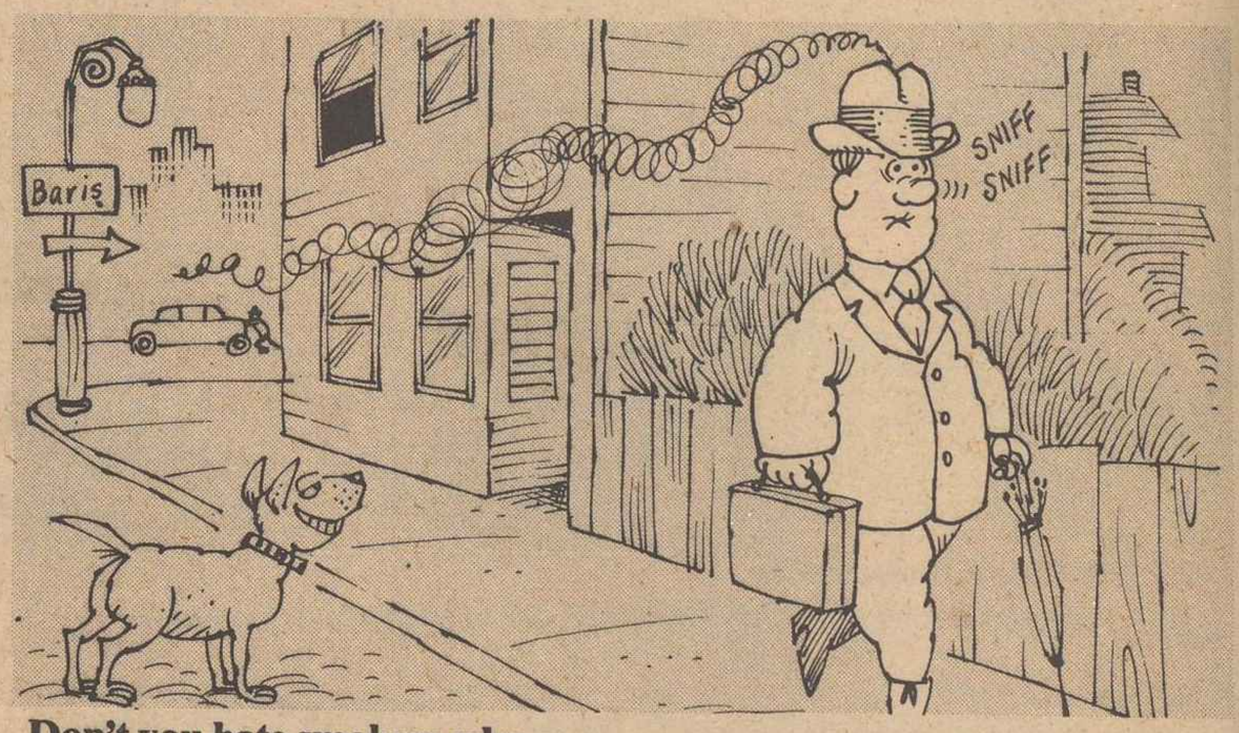
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . stuff auto ashtrays so full they're impossible to remove!



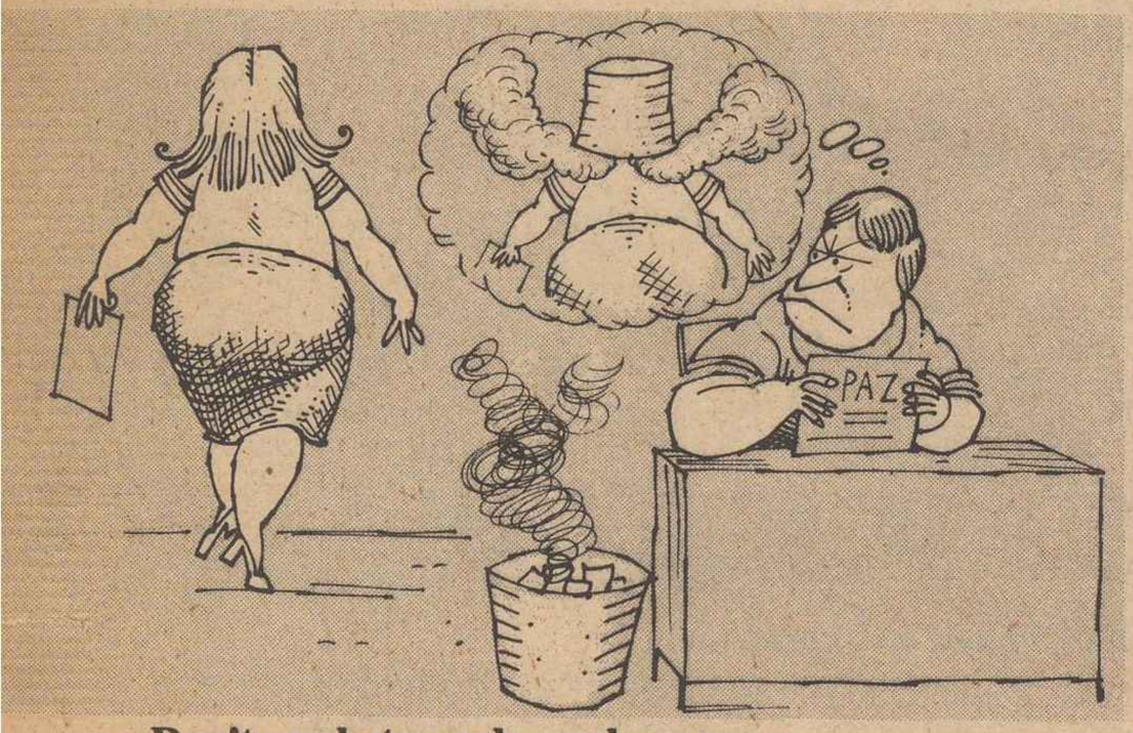
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . stupidly lean into plastic screens!



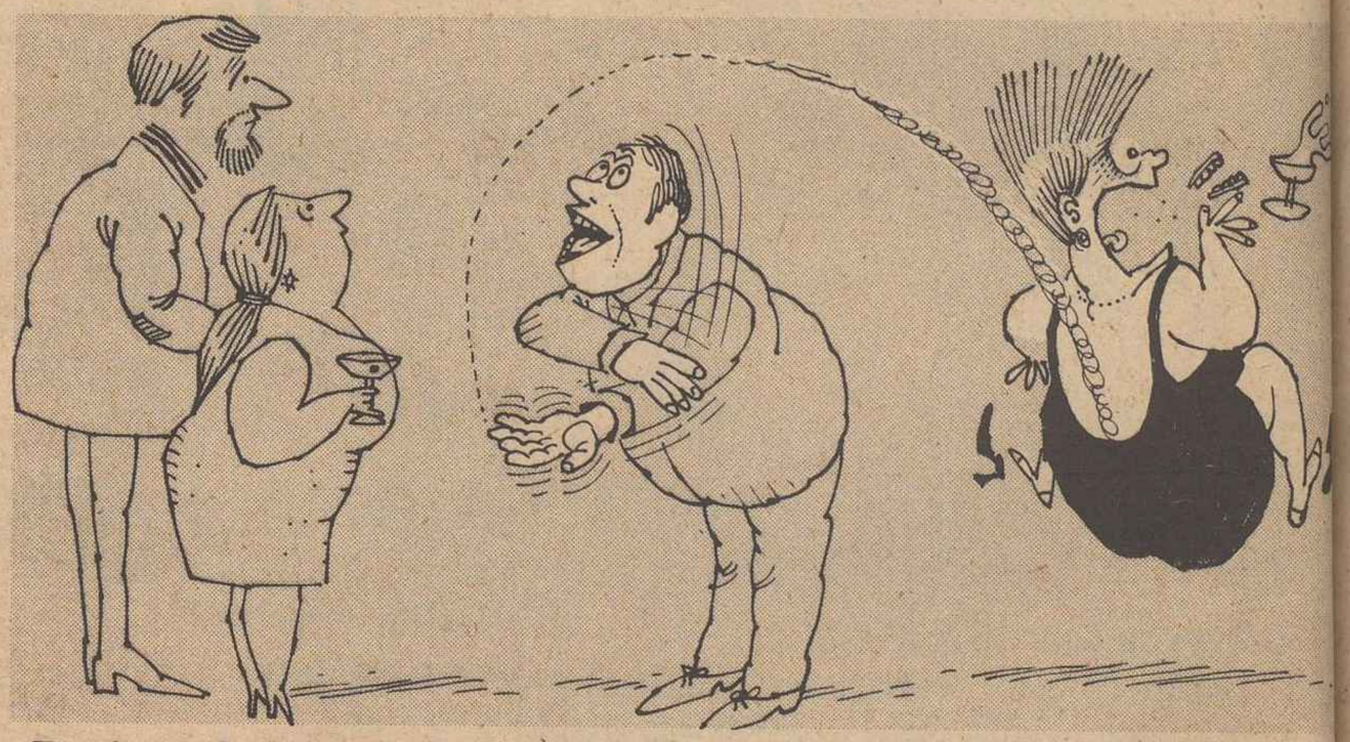
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . always have tobacco spittle running down their chins!



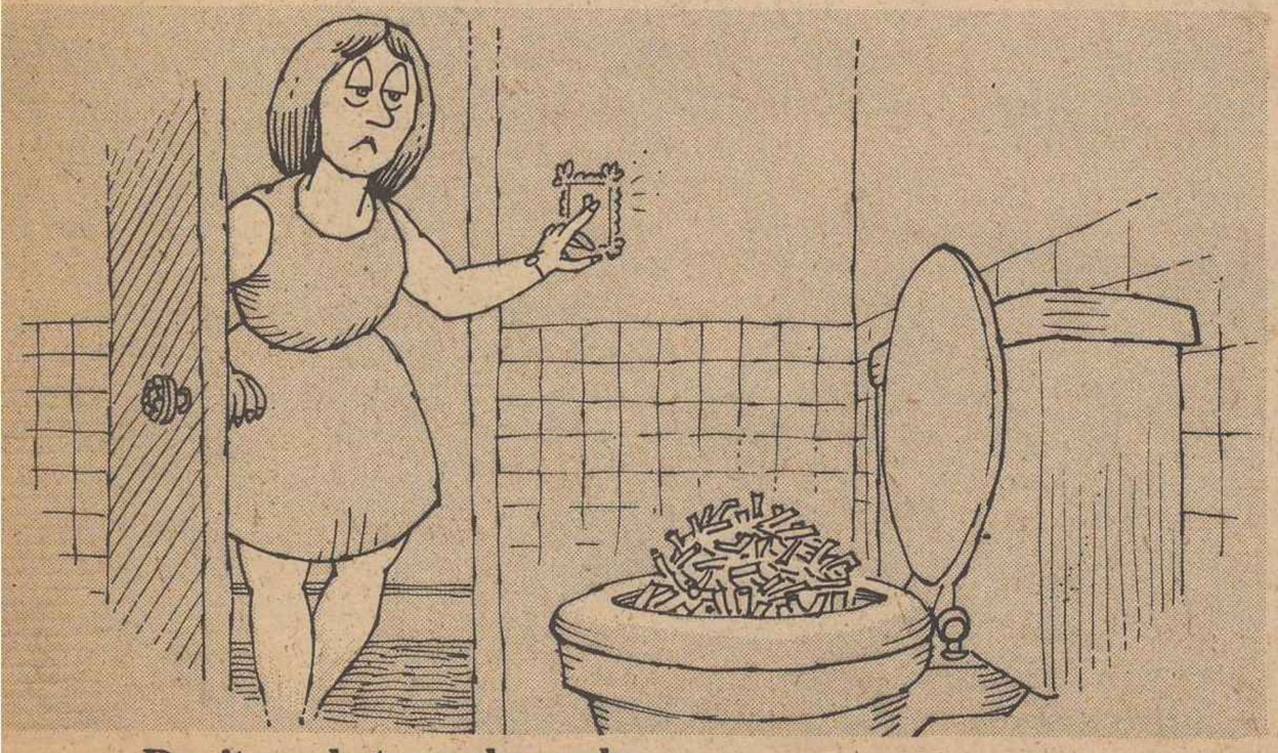
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . flick cigarette butts out windows!



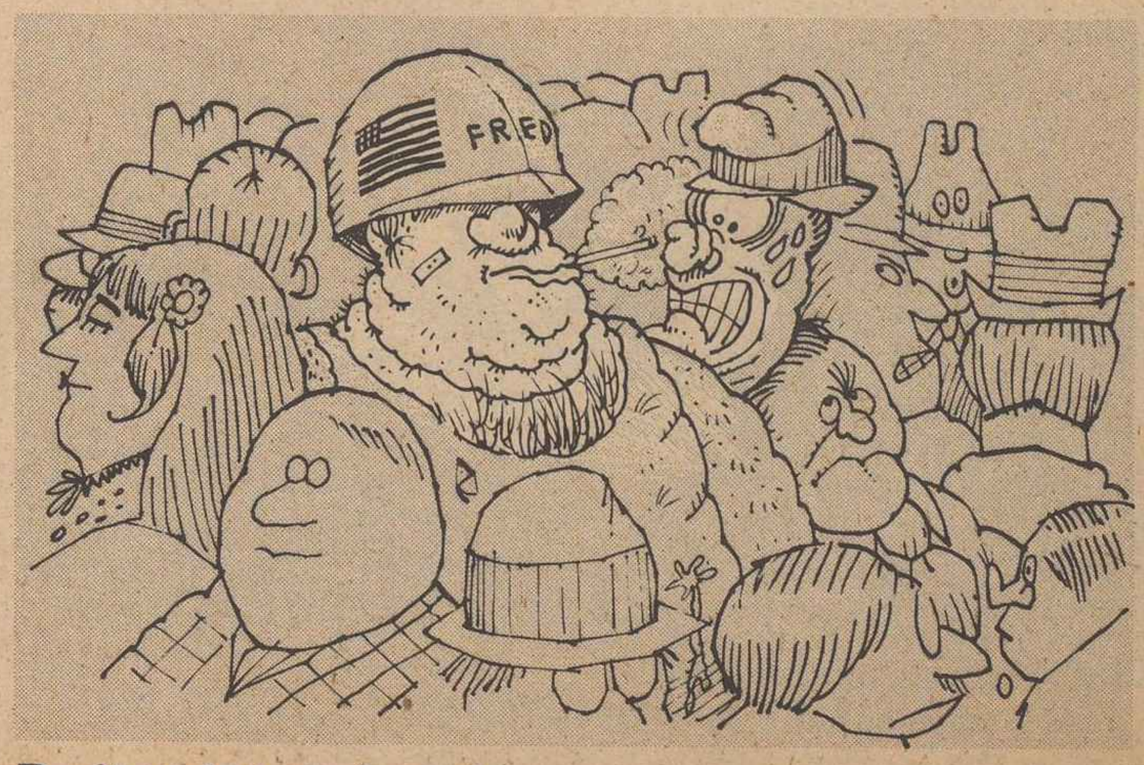
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . throw butts that are still alive in wastebaskets!



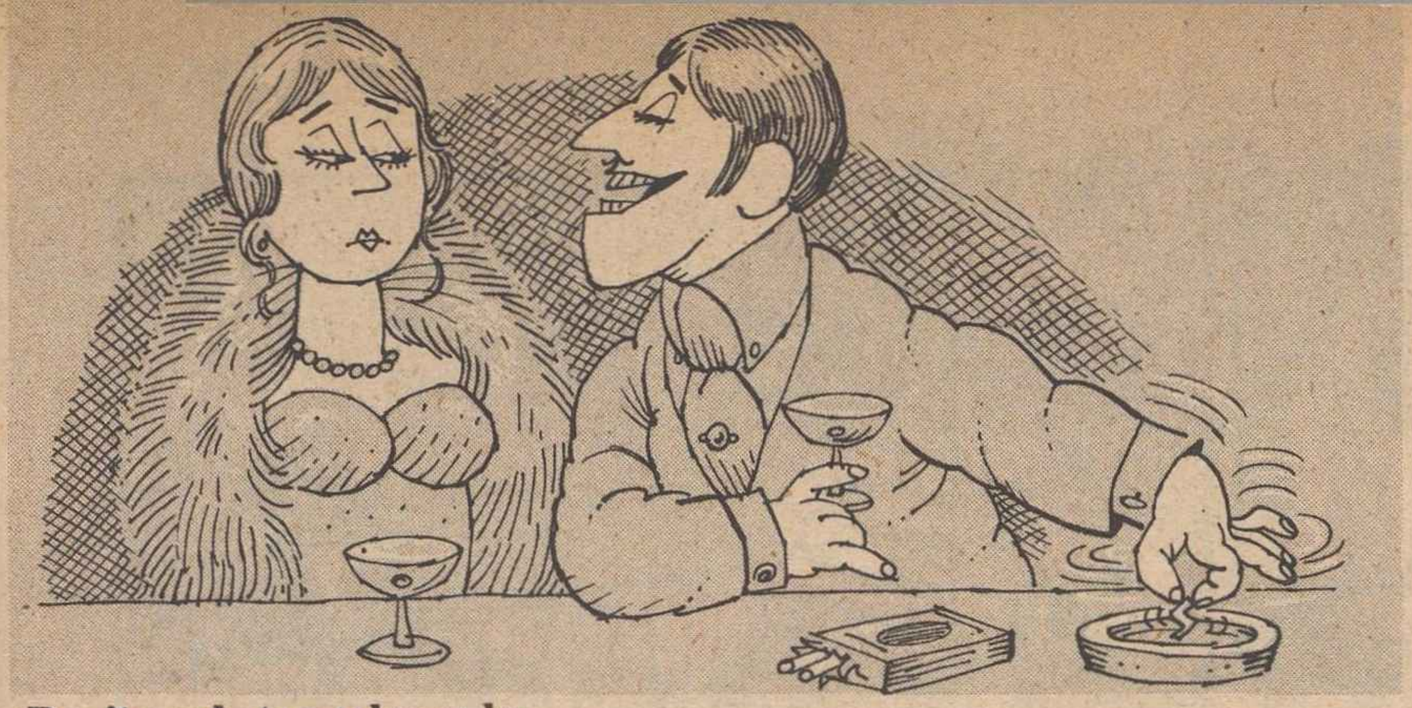
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . do tricks with lighted cigarettes!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . dump ashtrays in toilets!



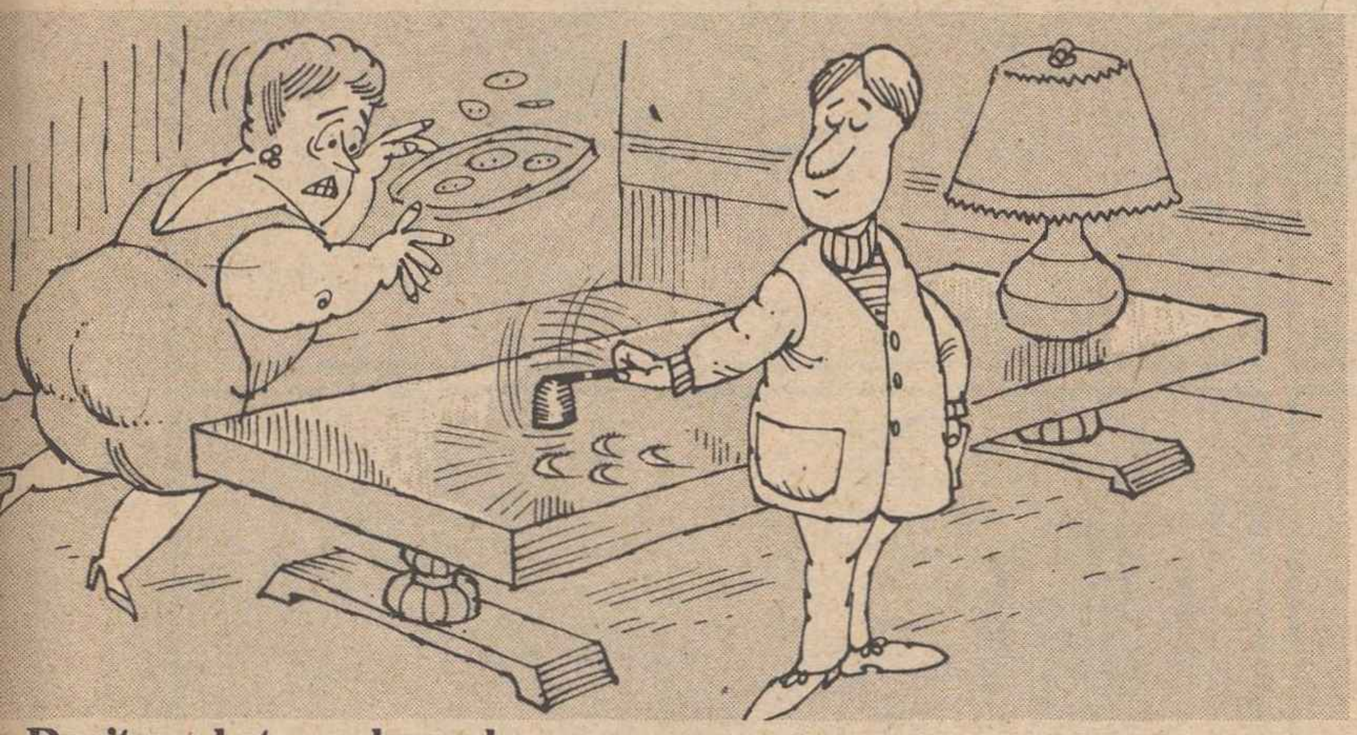
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . insist upon smoking in crowded places!



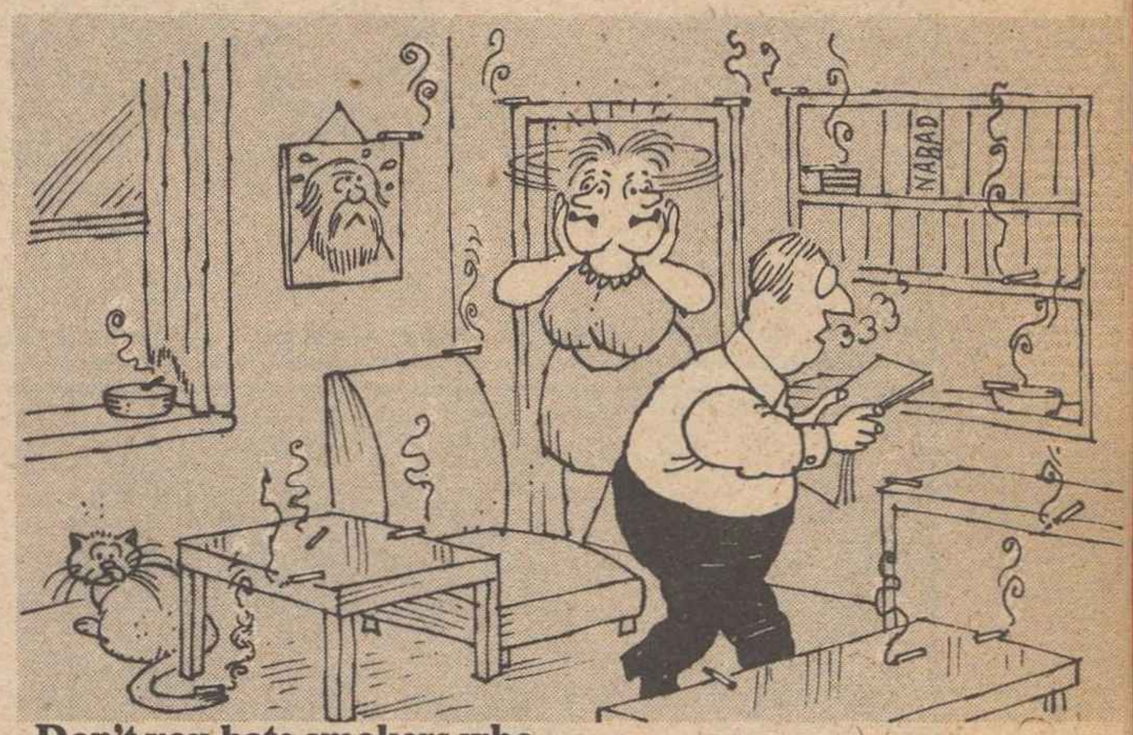
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . keep grinding out a butt till it's time to light another!



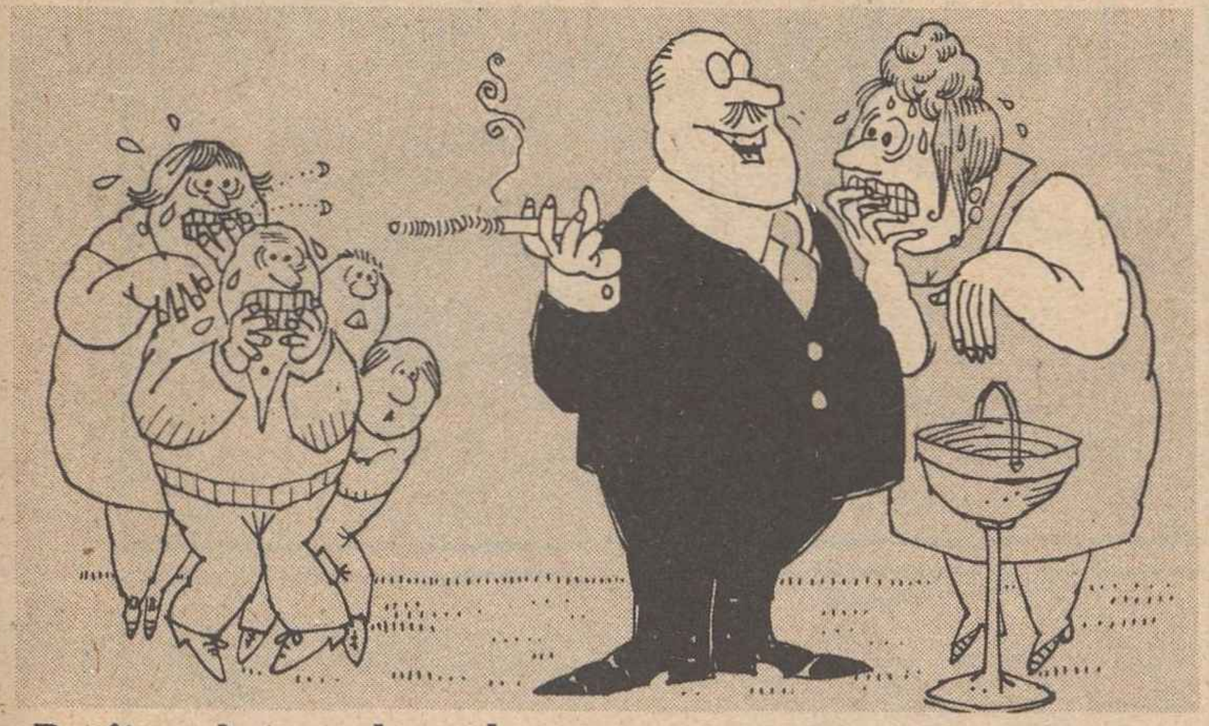
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . sneak smokes in "No Smoking" areas!



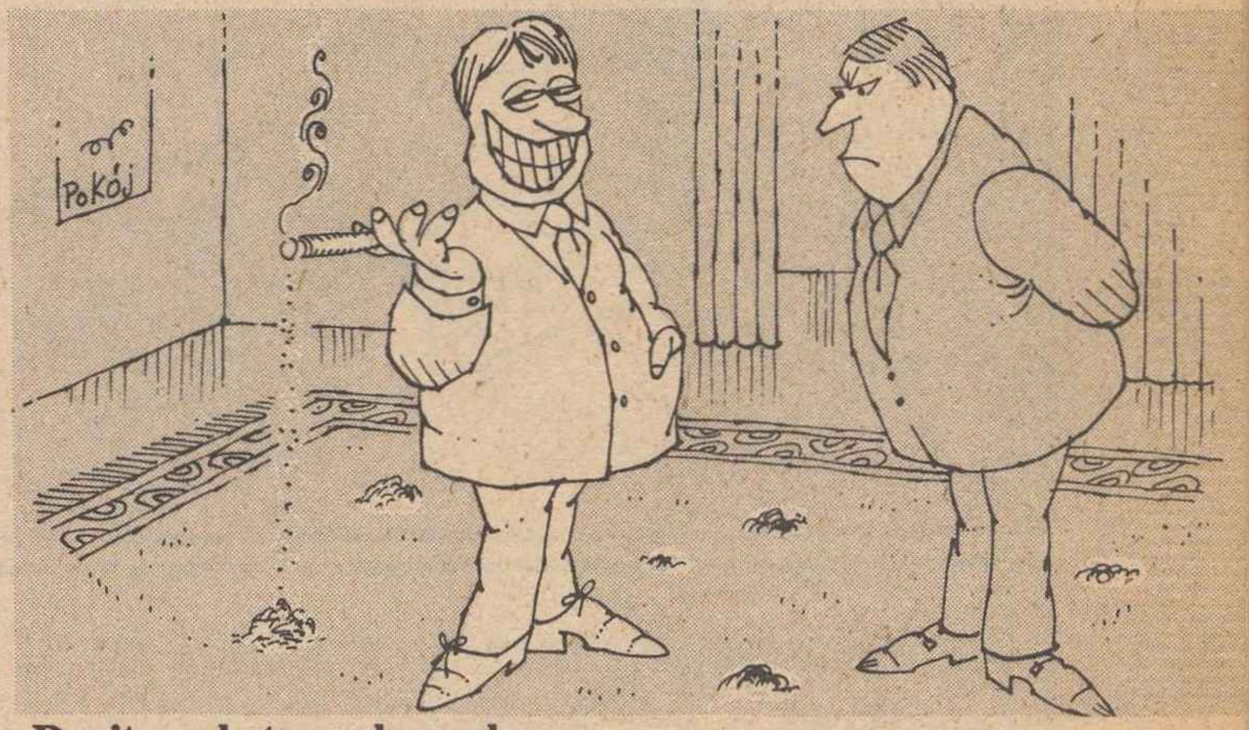
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . tap their pipes on any handy surface to clean them!



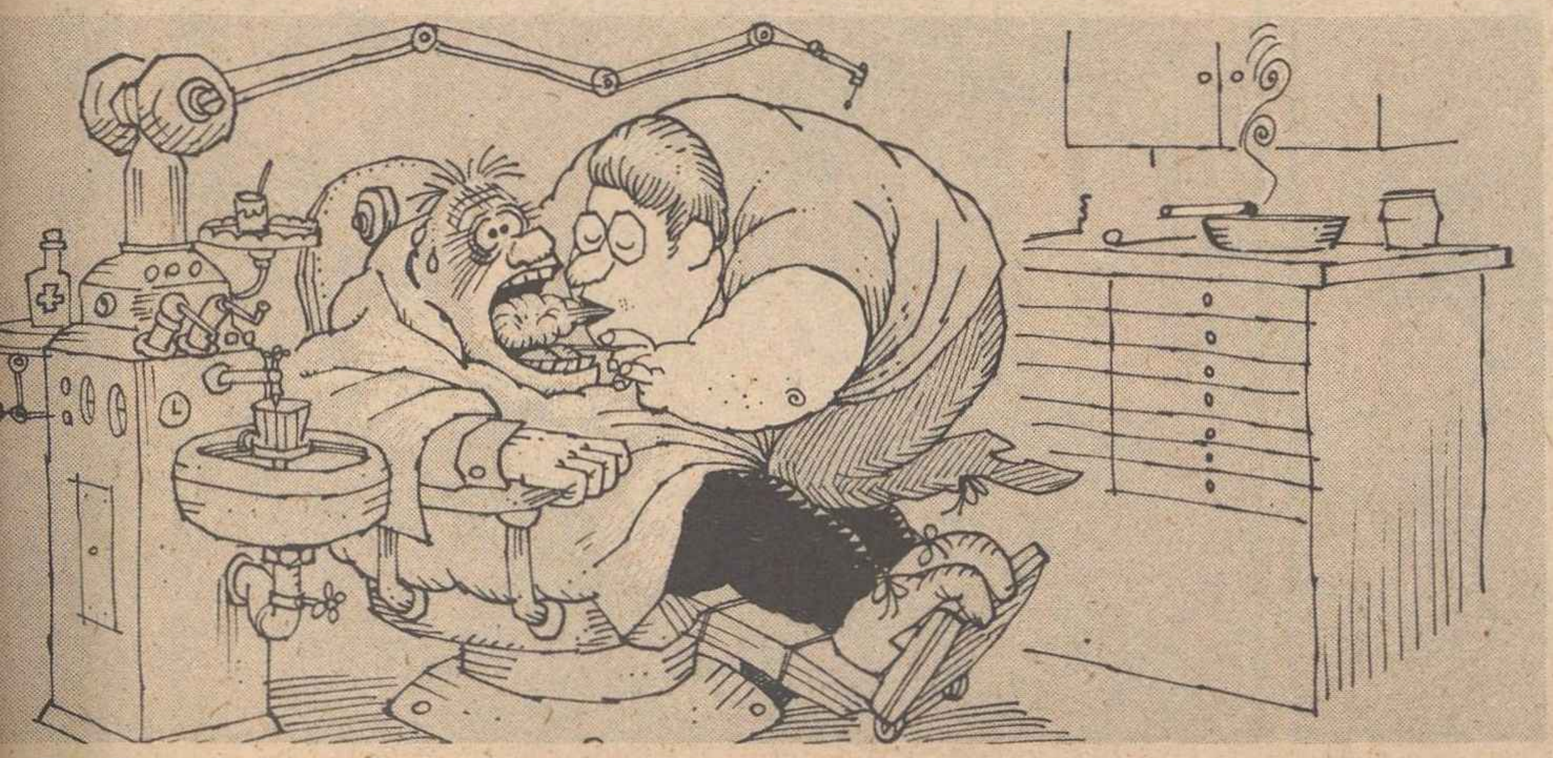
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . never remember where they leave burning cigarettes!



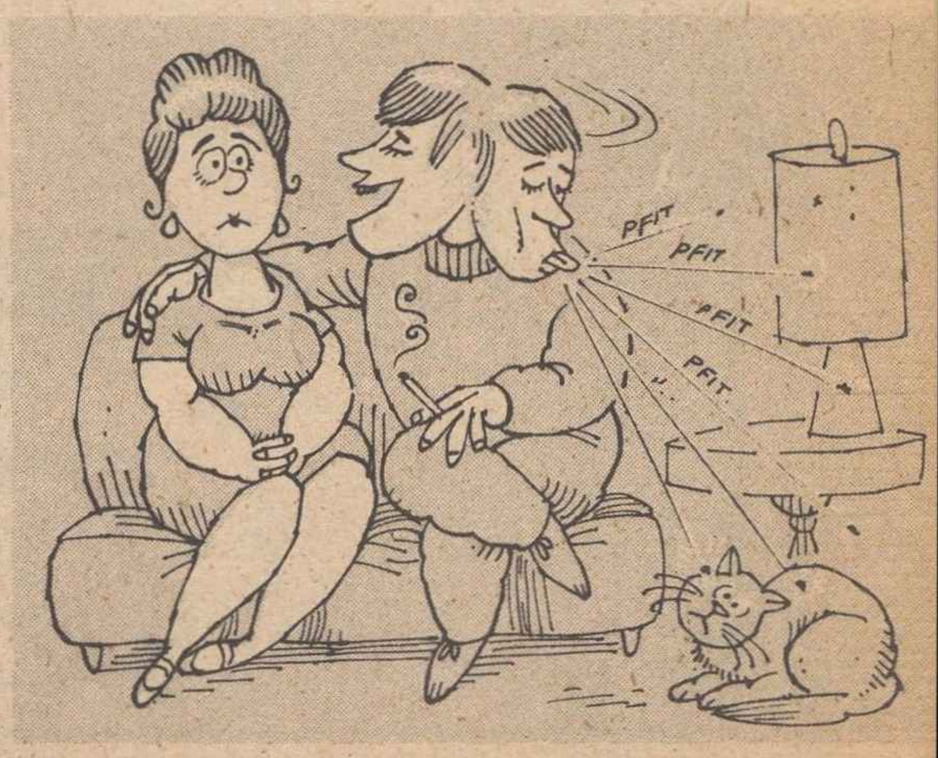
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . wait forever before flicking their ashes!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . always say, "It's good for the rug!"

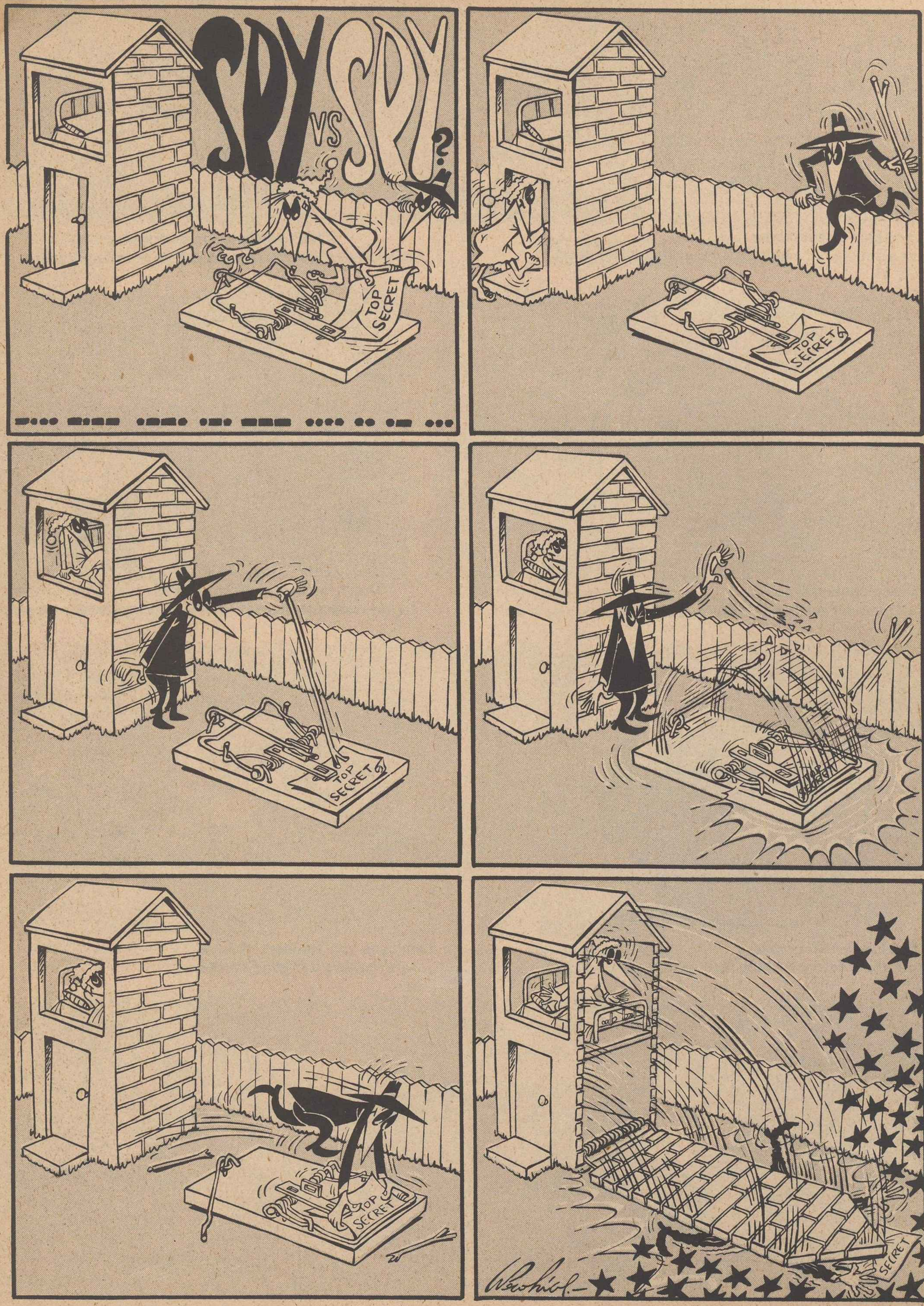


Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . are dentists or doctors and work on you between puffs!

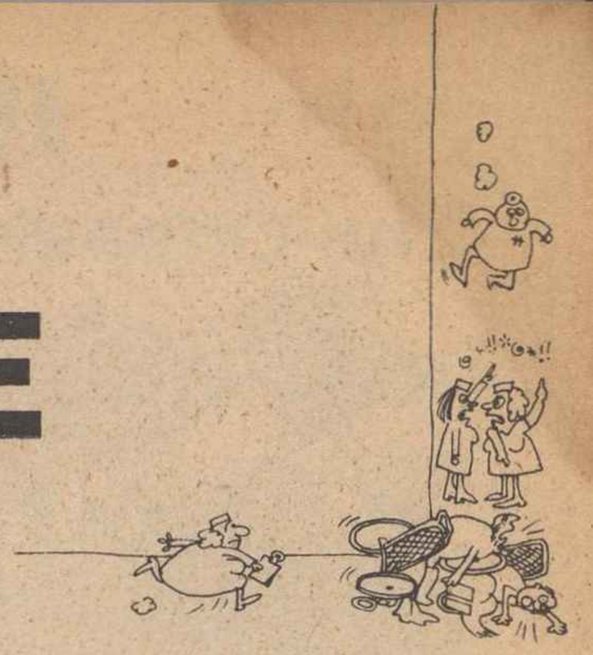


Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . are constantly spitting out bits of tobacco!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



MAD'S RHYMING GUIDE TO PRO FOOTBALL



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

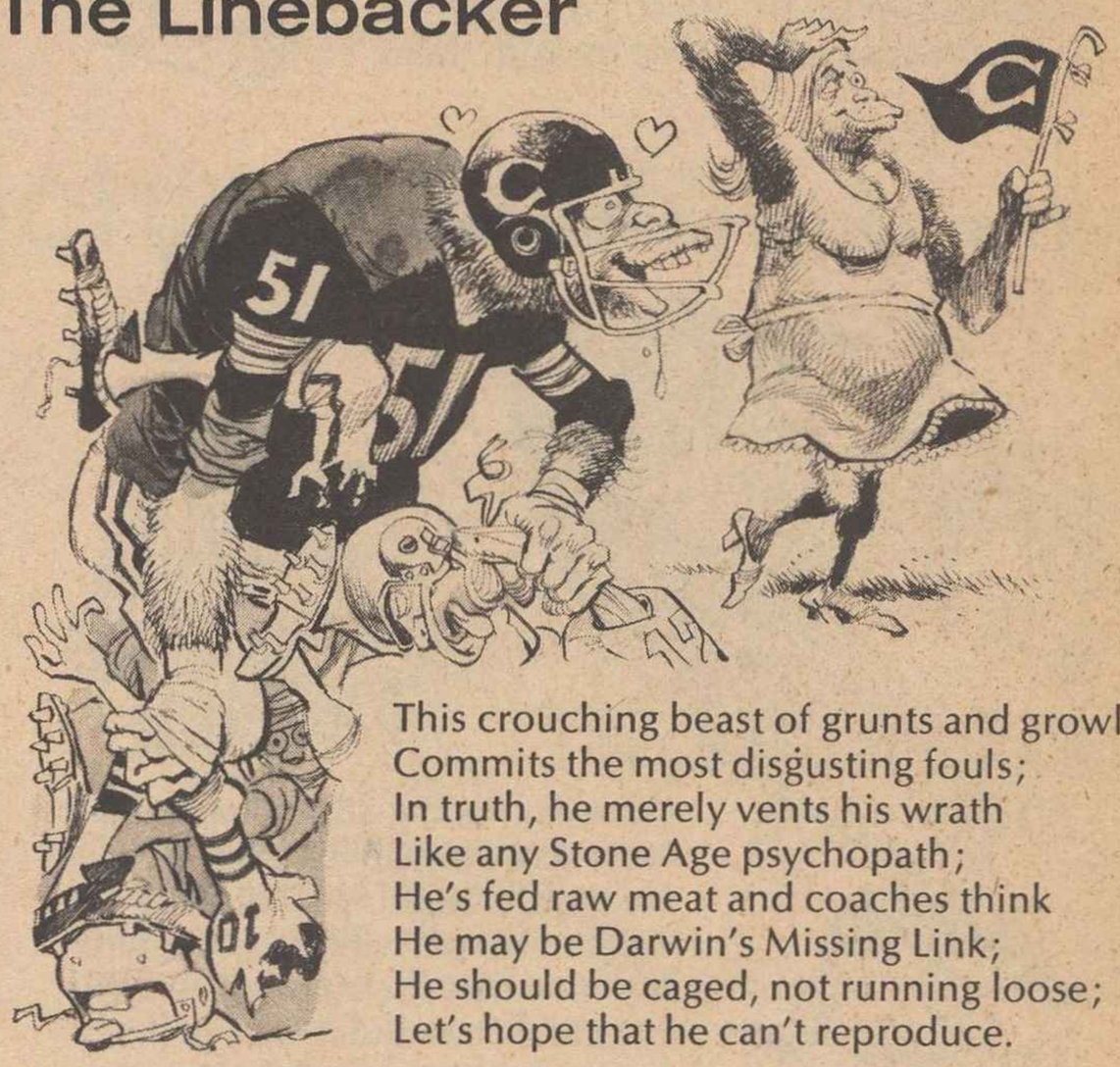
I—The Defensive Team

The Front Four



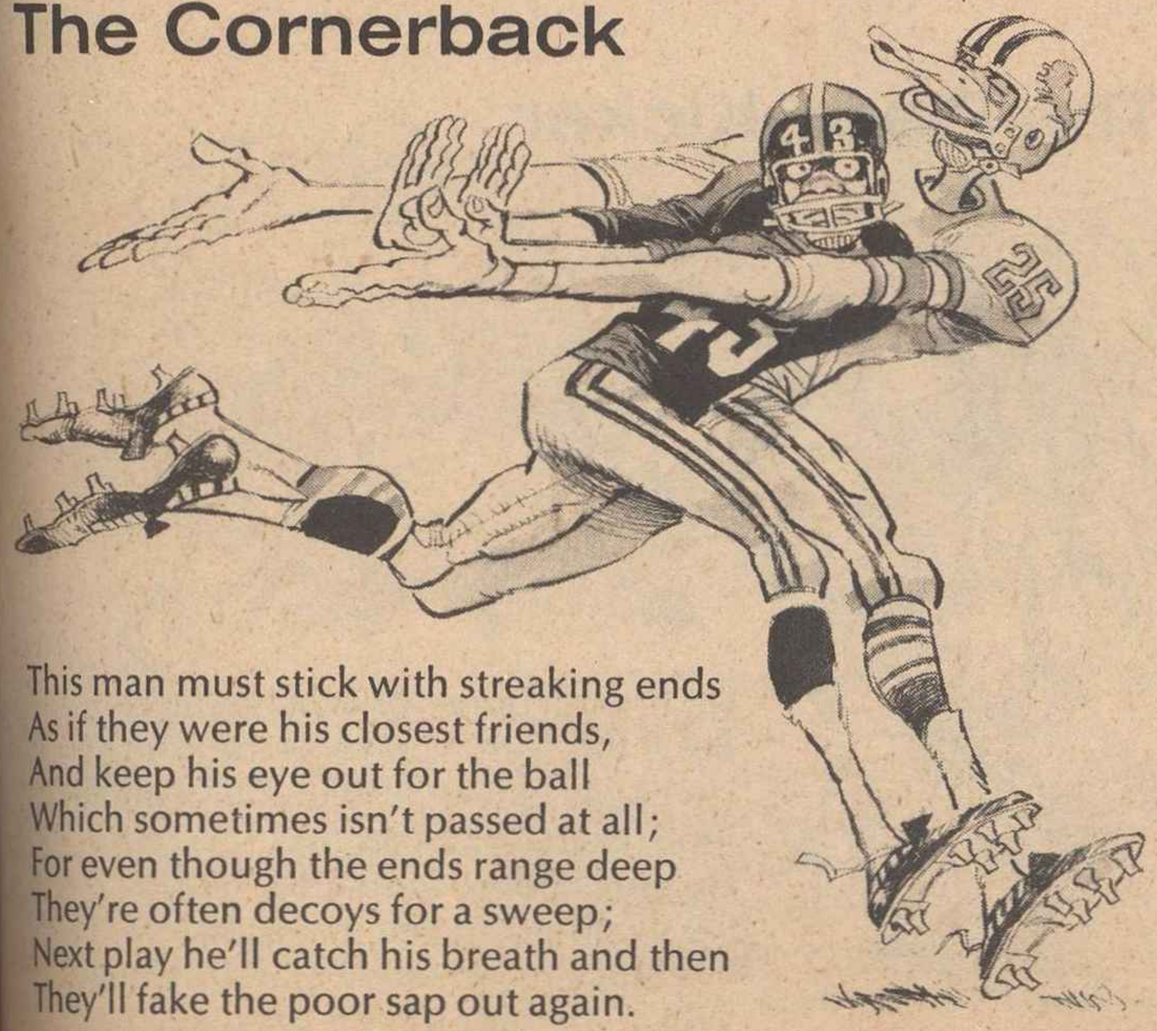
These ends and tackles take great pride
In keeping surgeons occupied;
They've mastered their defensive arts,
Which means destroying vital parts;
With knuckles taped, they punch and maul
The luckless chap who has the ball;
Right now they're sad and sick to death;
The back they've creamed can still draw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

The Linebacker



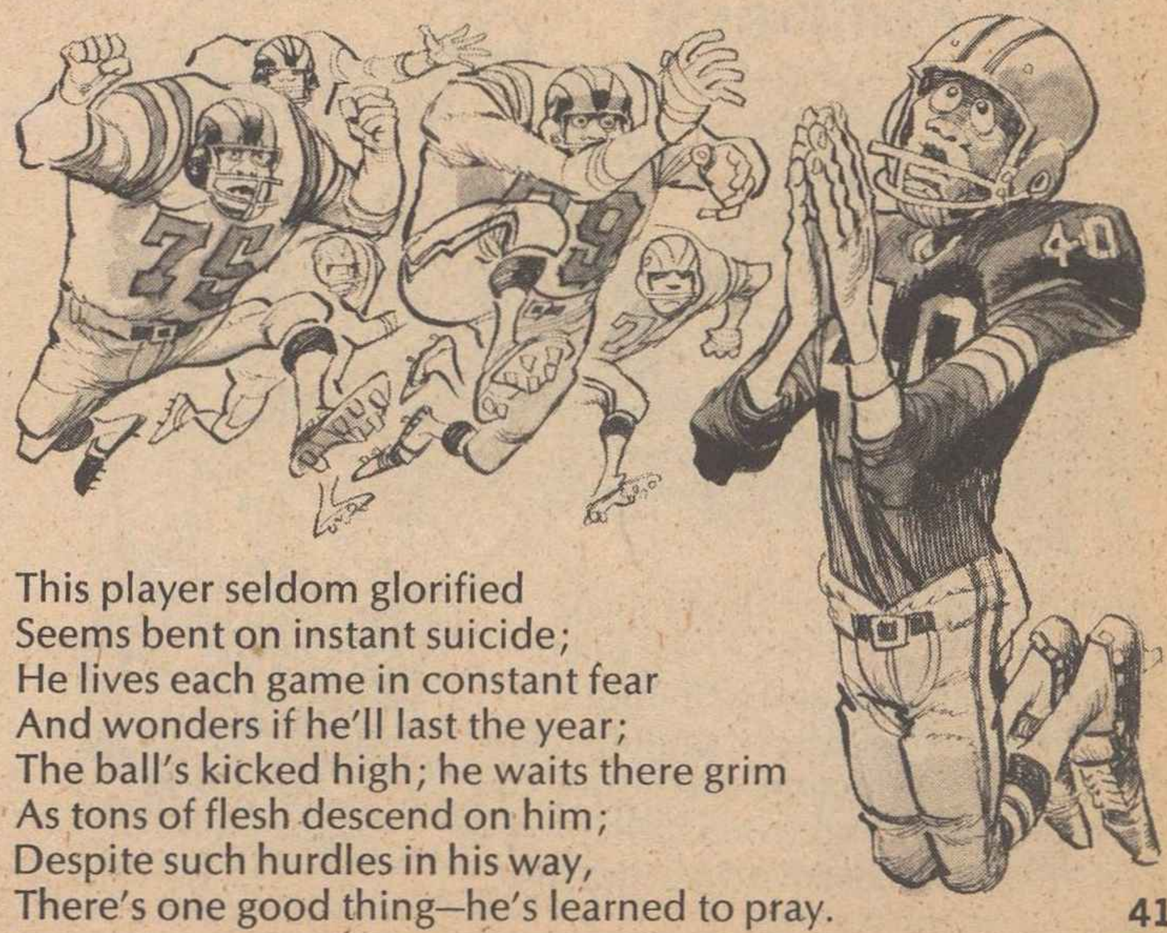
This crouching beast of grunts and growls
Commits the most disgusting fouls;
In truth, he merely vents his wrath
Like any Stone Age psychopath;
He's fed raw meat and coaches think
He may be Darwin's Missing Link;
He should be caged, not running loose;
Let's hope that he can't reproduce.

The Cornerback



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

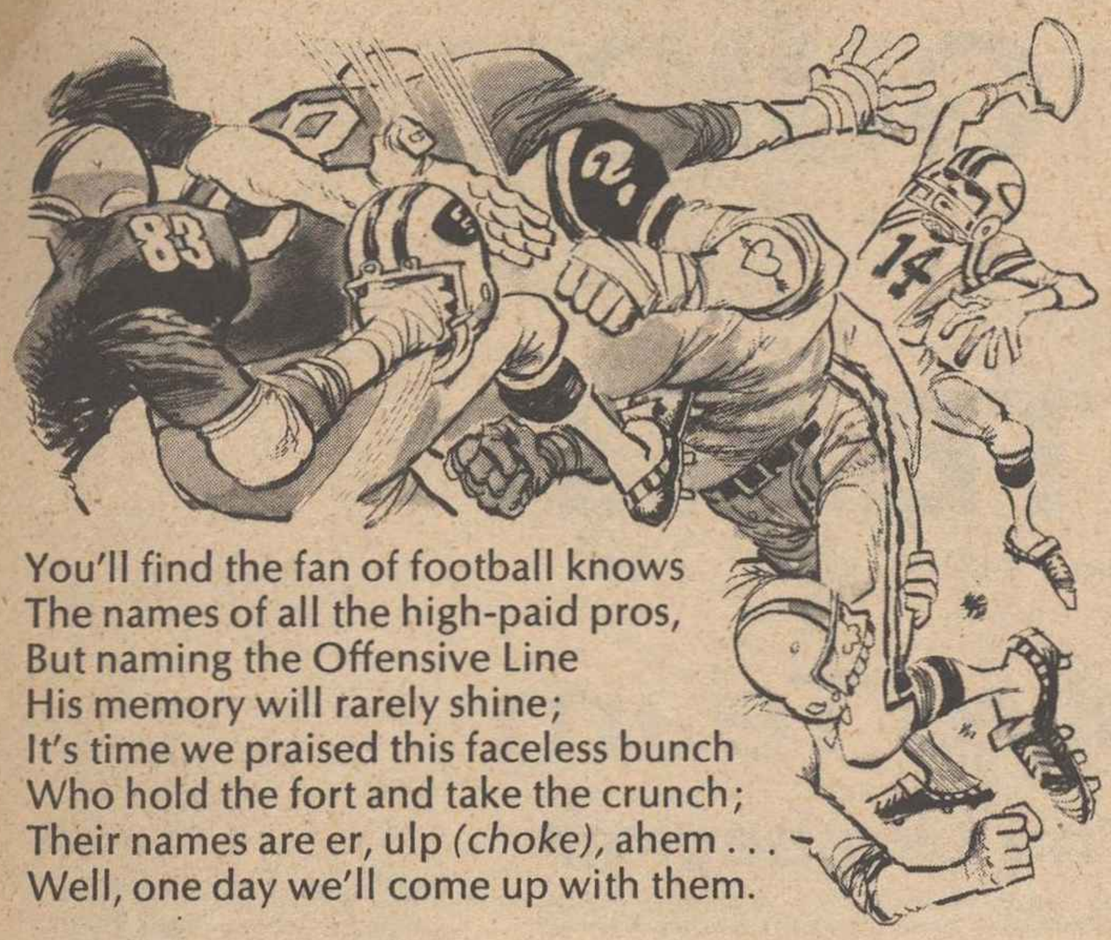
The Kick Return Specialist



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

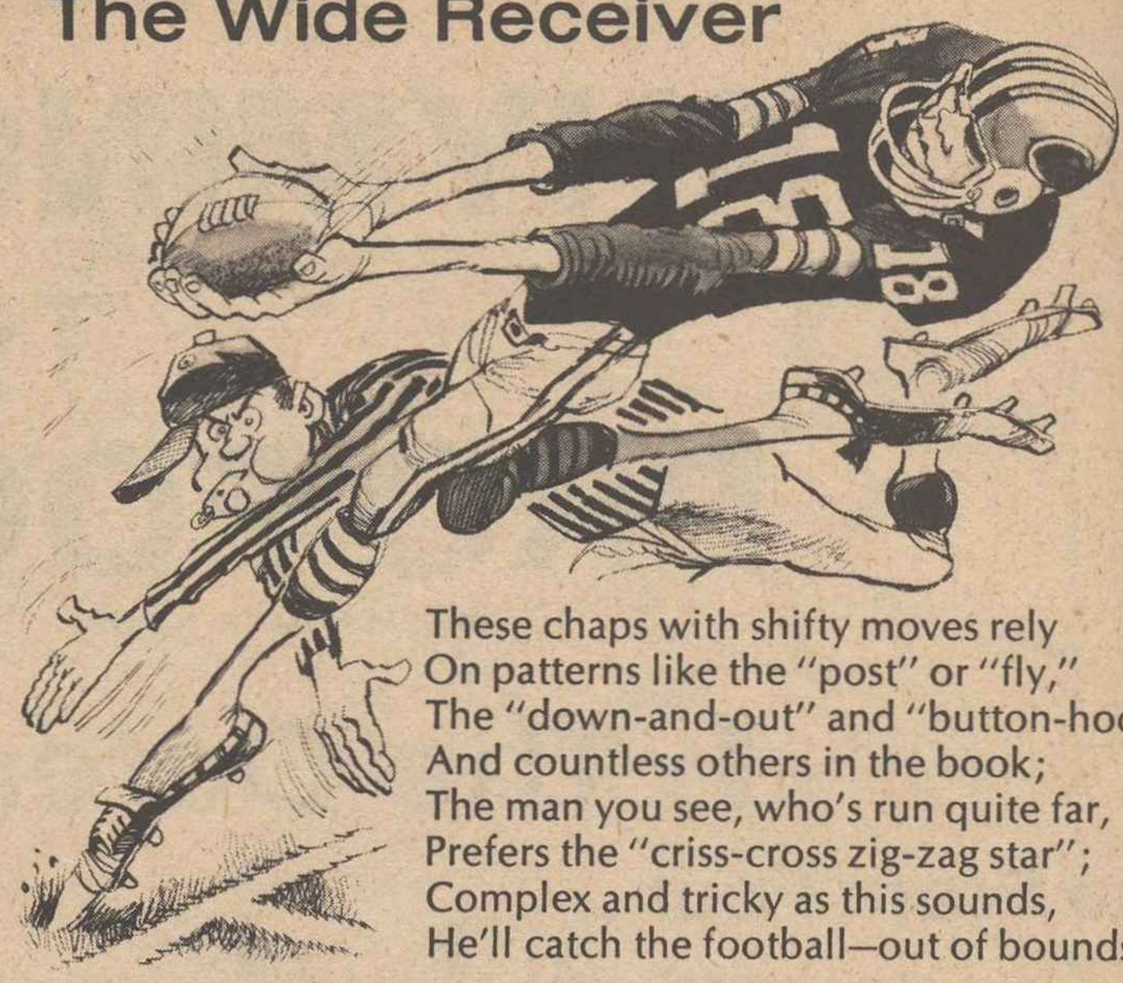
II—The Offensive Team

The Offensive Line



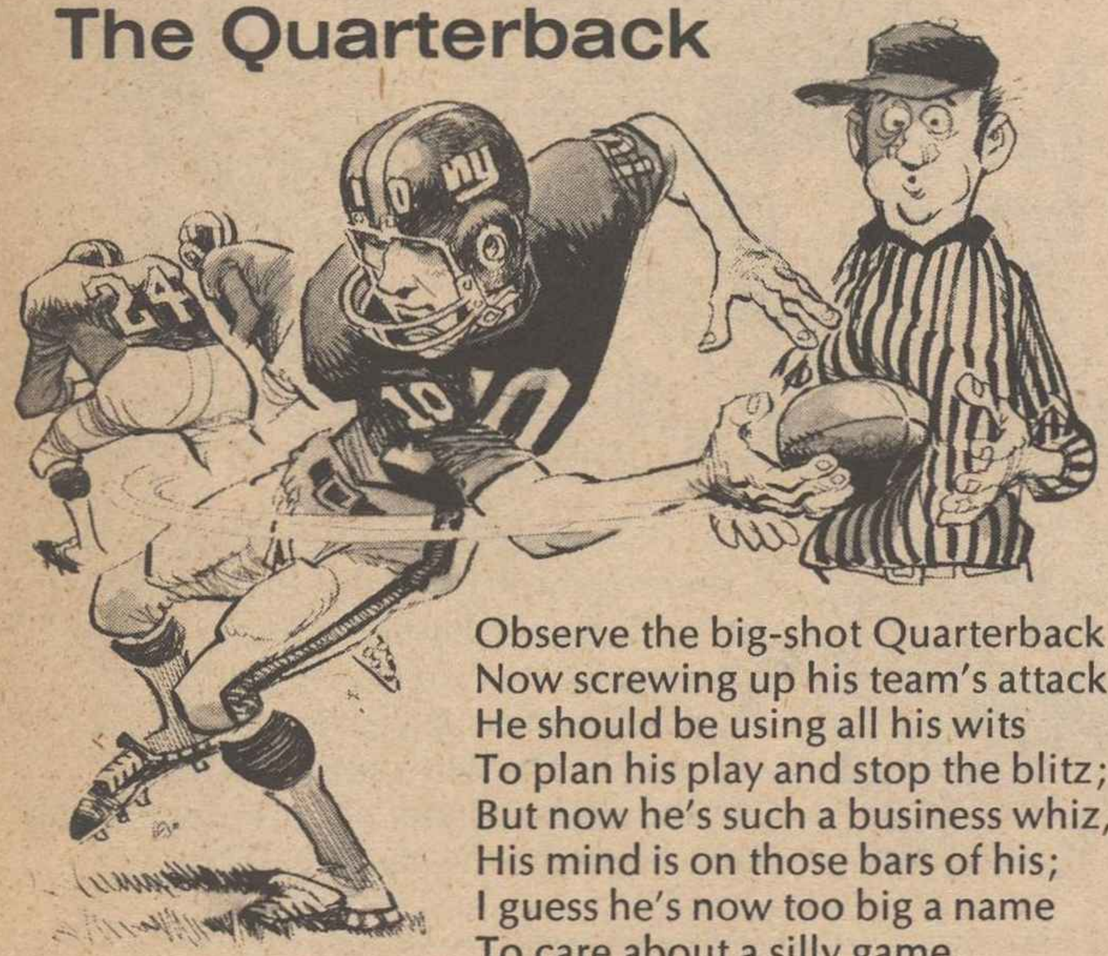
You'll find the fan of football knows
The names of all the high-paid pros,
But naming the Offensive Line
His memory will rarely shine;
It's time we praised this faceless bunch
Who hold the fort and take the crunch;
Their names are er, ulp *(choke)*, ahem . . .
Well, one day we'll come up with them.

The Wide Receiver



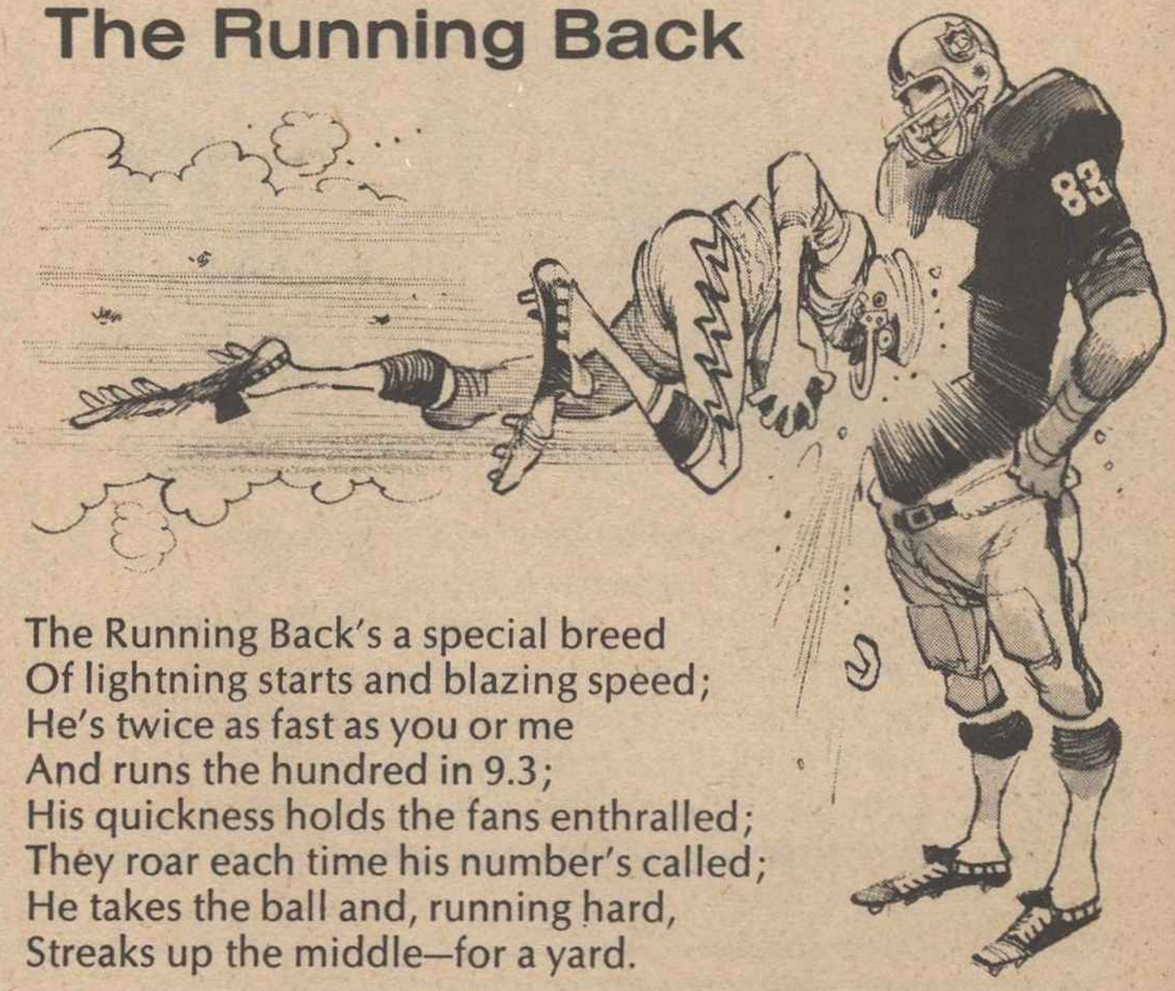
These chaps with shifty moves rely
On patterns like the "post" or "fly,"
The "down-and-out" and "button-hook"
And countless others in the book;
The man you see, who's run quite far,
Prefers the "criss-cross zig-zag star";
Complex and tricky as this sounds,
He'll catch the football—out of bounds.

The Quarterback



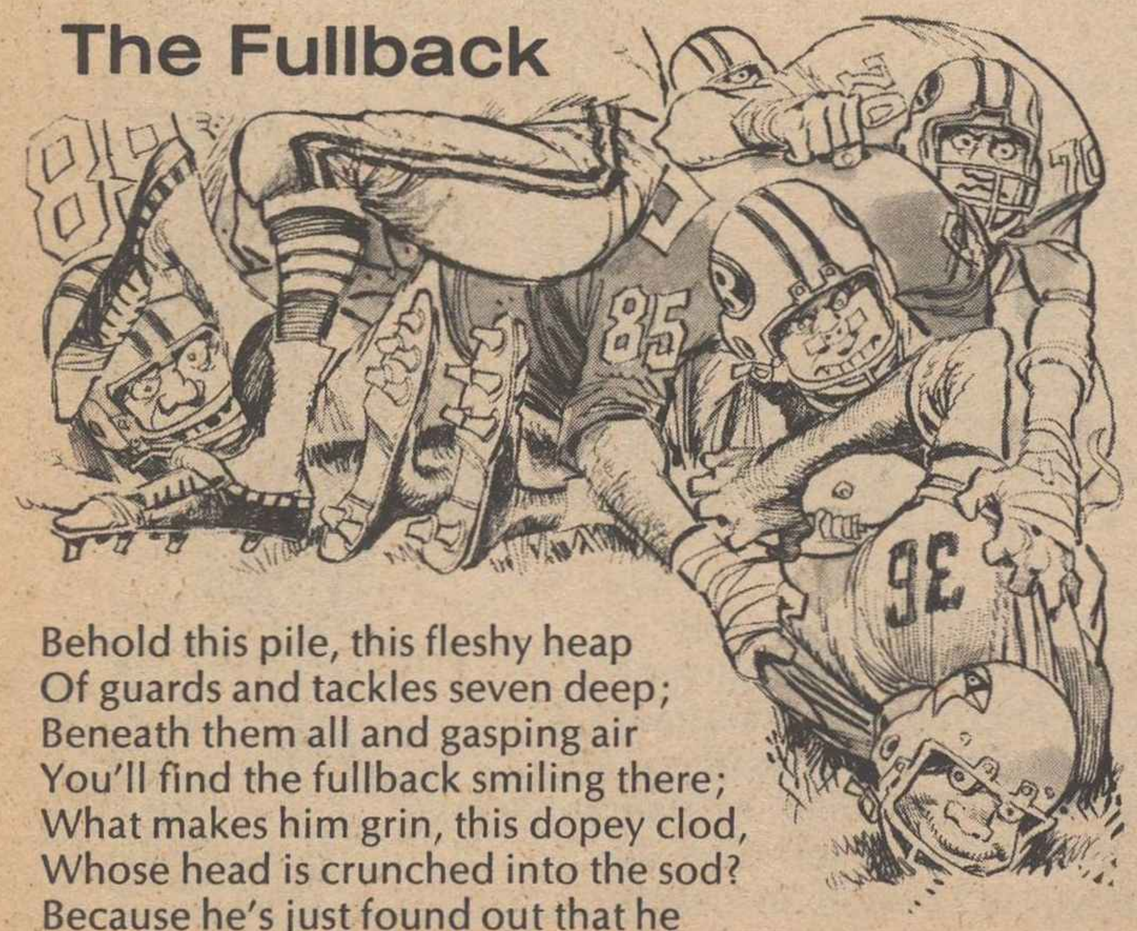
Observe the big-shot Quarterback
Now screwing up his team's attack;
He should be using all his wits
To plan his play and stop the blitz;
But now he's such a business whiz,
His mind is on those bars of his;
I guess he's now too big a name
To care about a silly game.

The Running Back



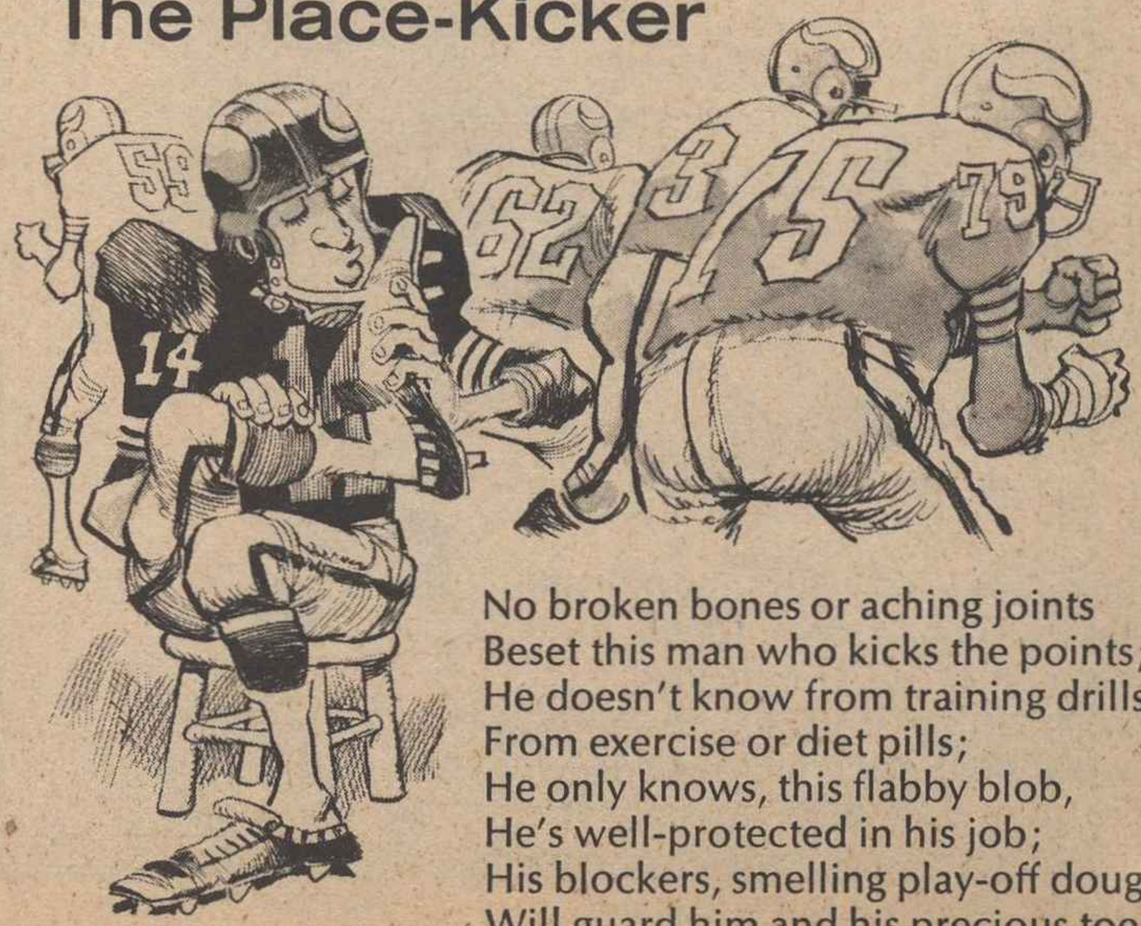
The Running Back's a special breed
Of lightning starts and blazing speed;
He's twice as fast as you or me
And runs the hundred in 9.3;
His quickness holds the fans enthralled;
They roar each time his number's called;
He takes the ball and, running hard,
Streaks up the middle—for a yard.

The Fullback



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

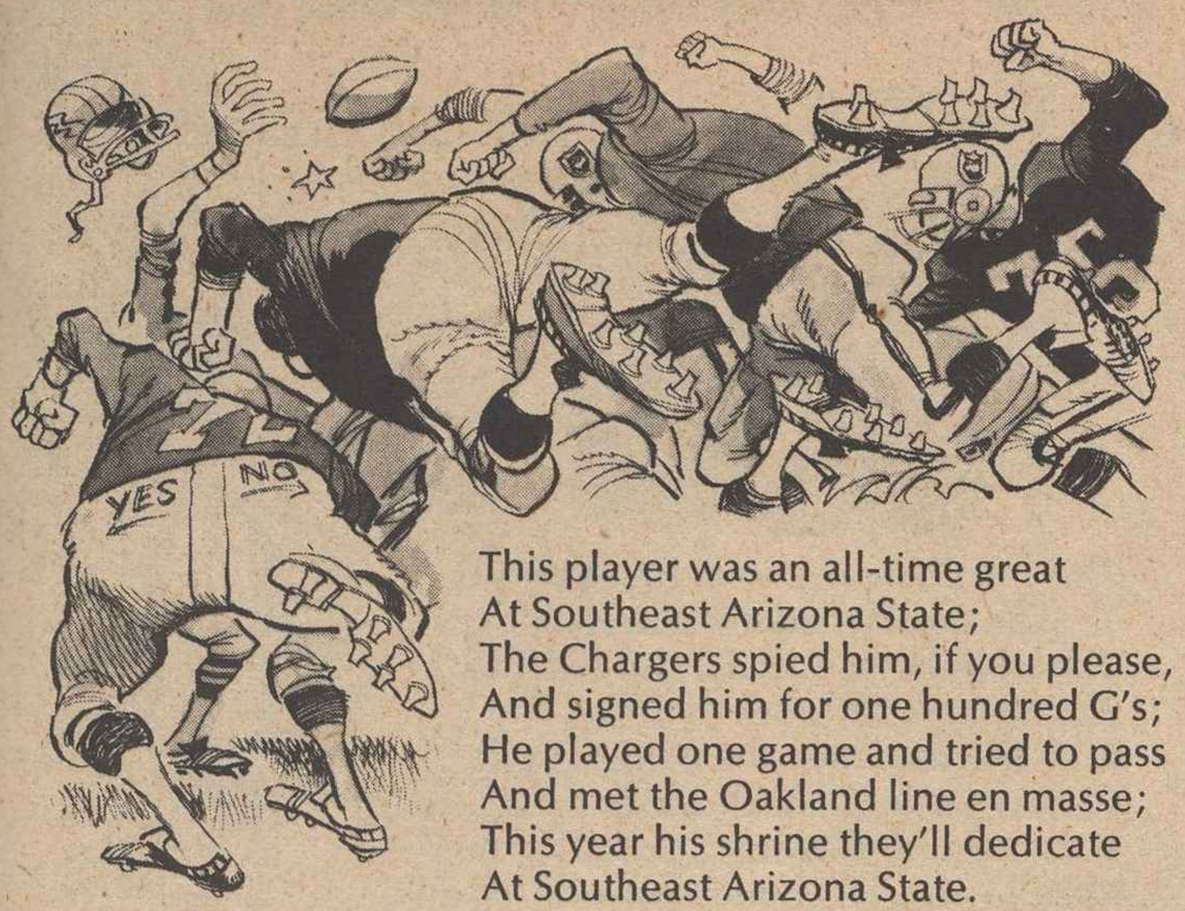
The Place-Kicker



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

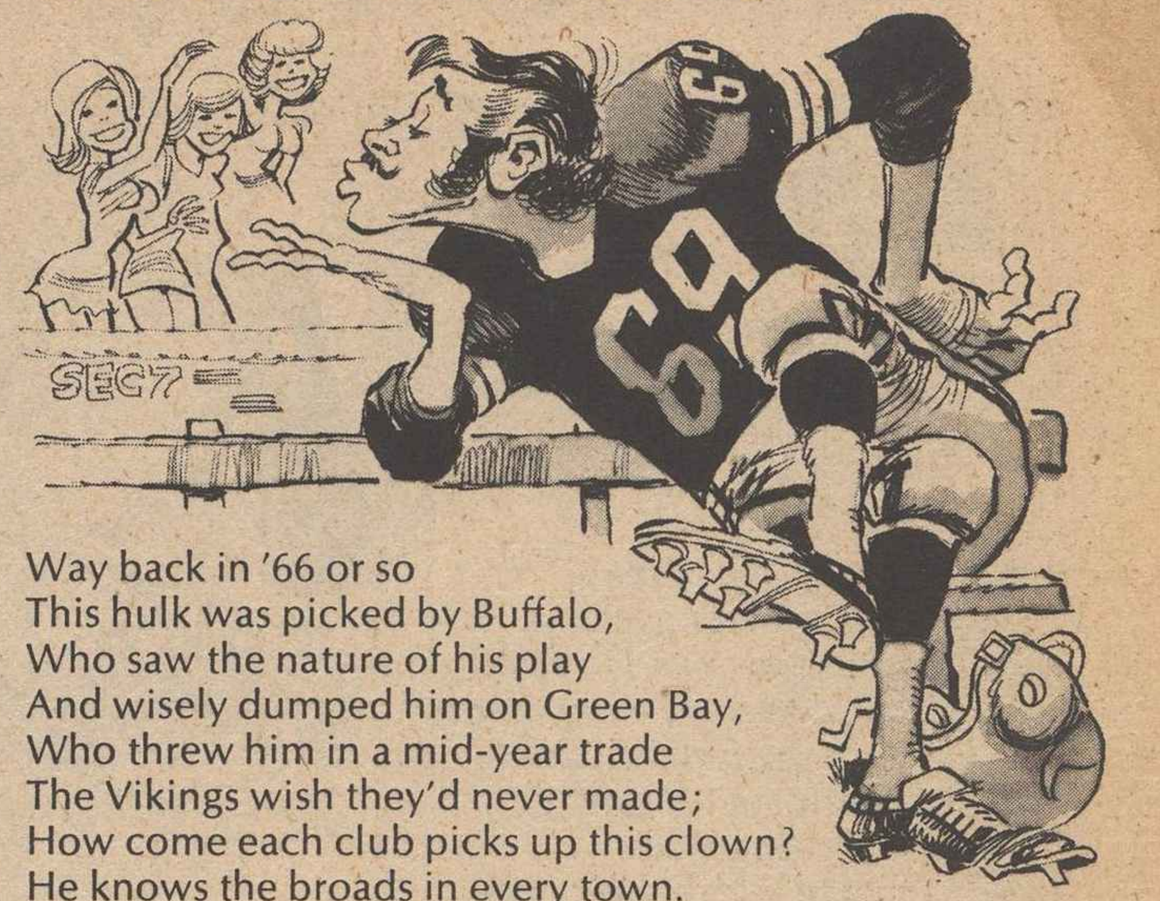
III—The Failures

The High-Priced Rookie



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

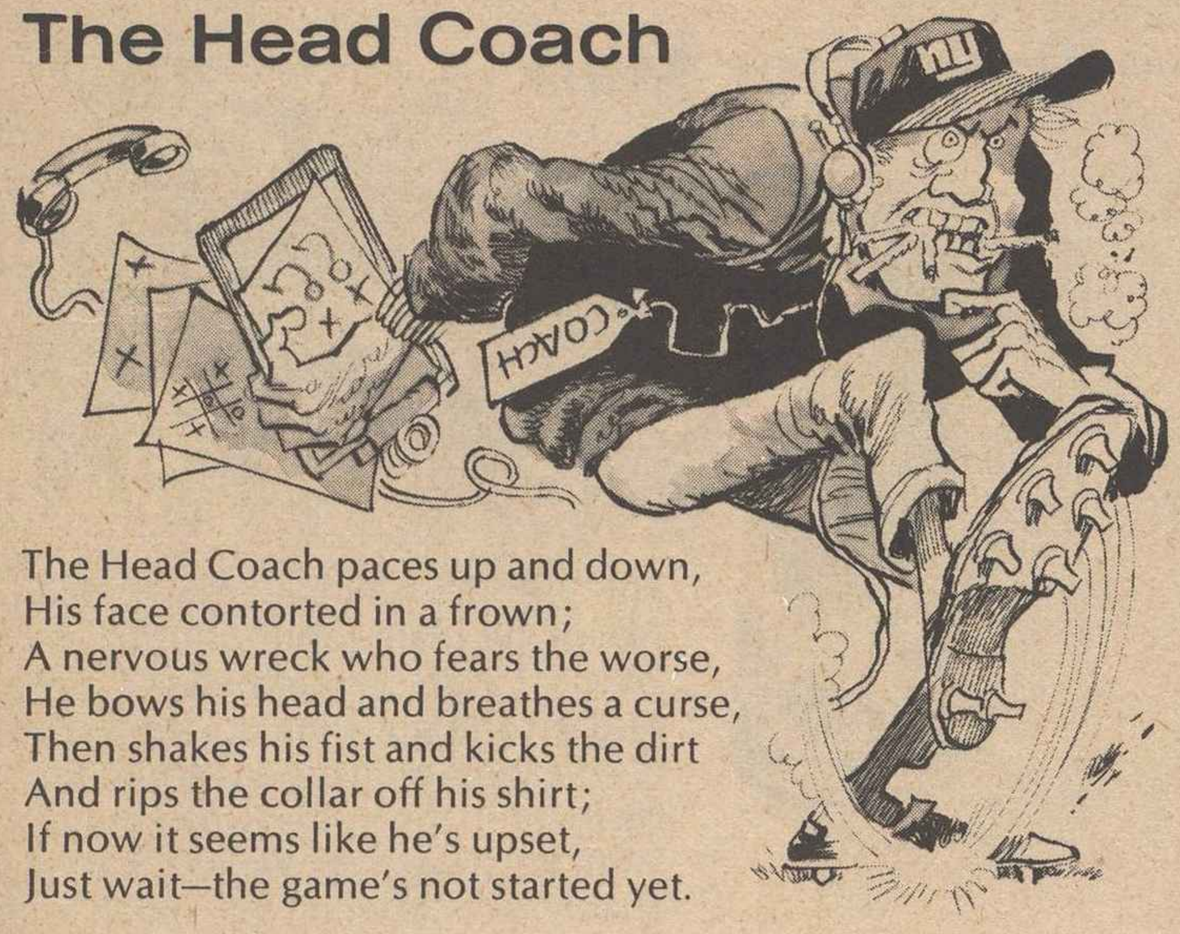
The Bench-Warmer



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

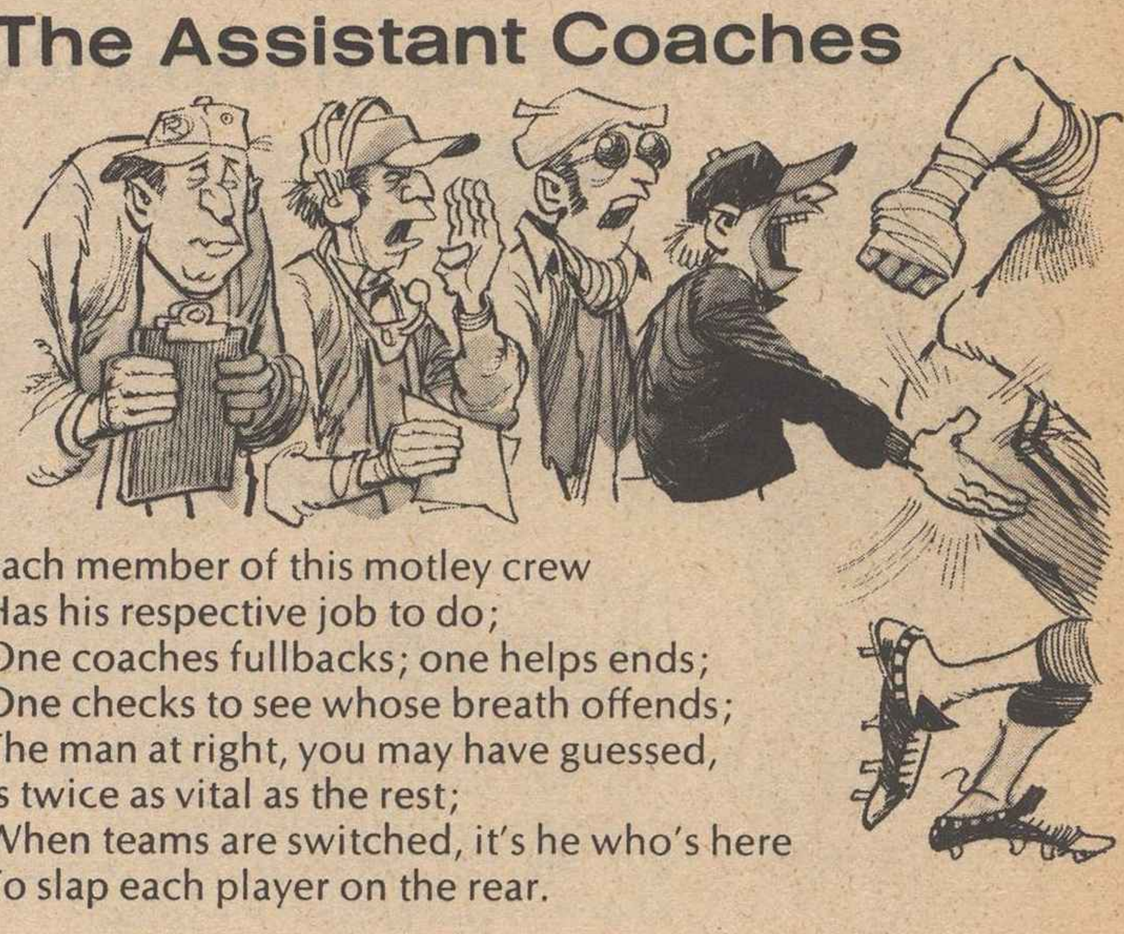
IV—The Coaching Staff

The Head Coach



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

The Assistant Coaches



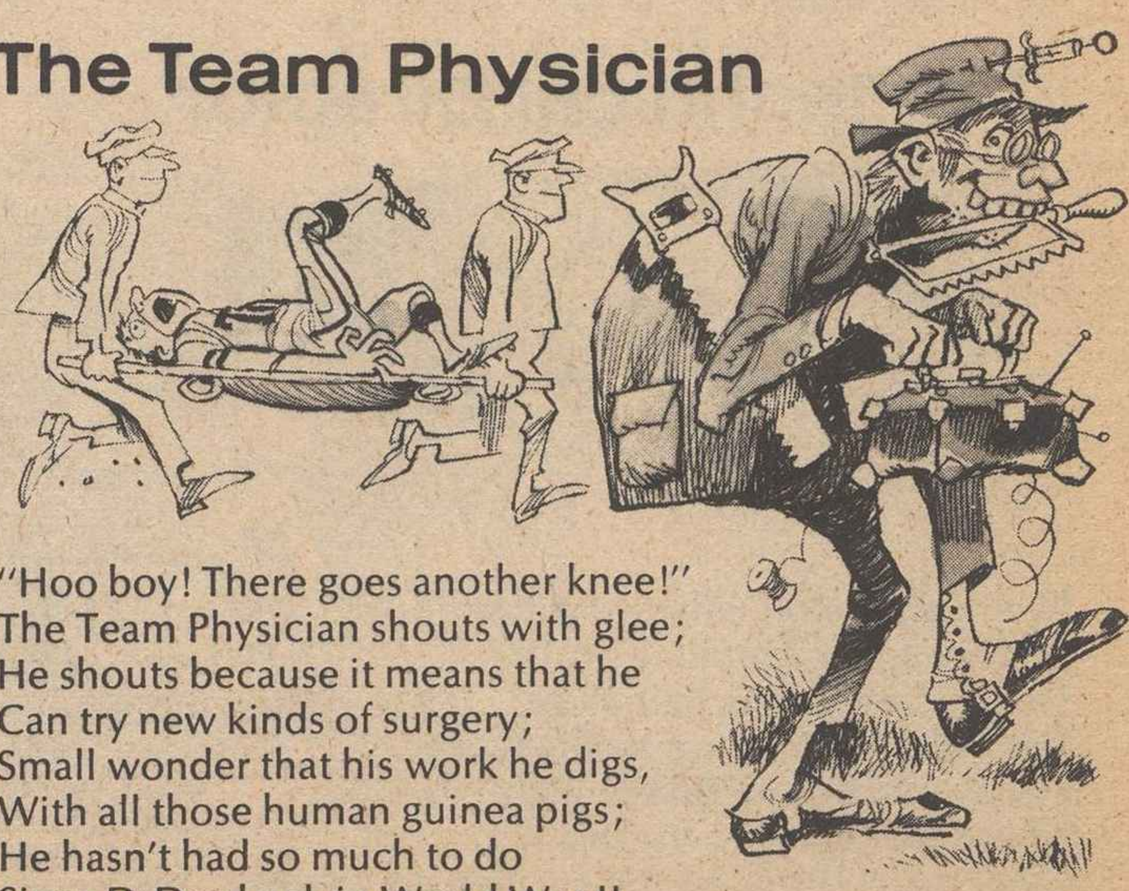
Each member of this motley crew
Has his respective job to do;
One coaches fullbacks; one helps ends;
One checks to see whose breath offends;
The man at right, you may have guessed,
Is twice as vital as the rest;
When teams are switched, it's he who's here
To slap each player on the rear.

The Trainer



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

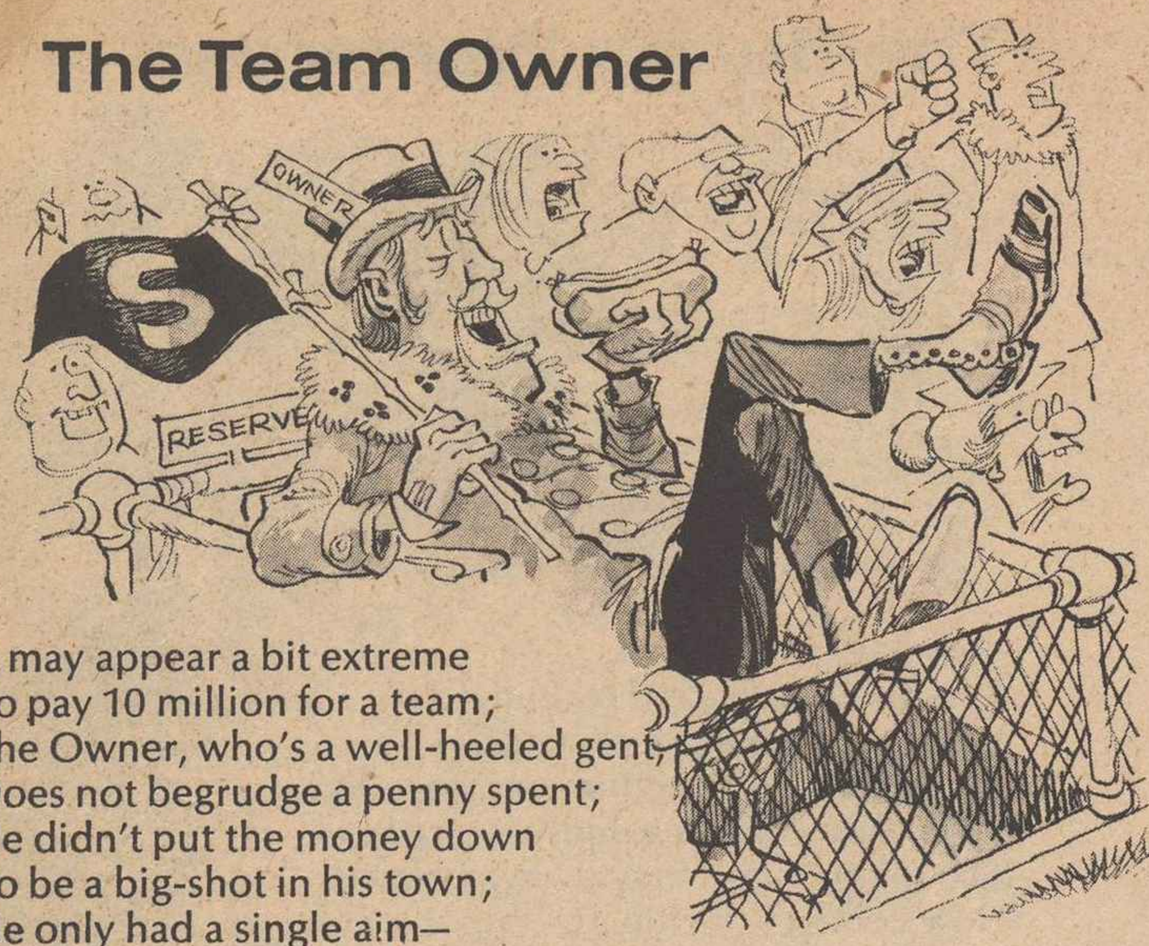
The Team Physician



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

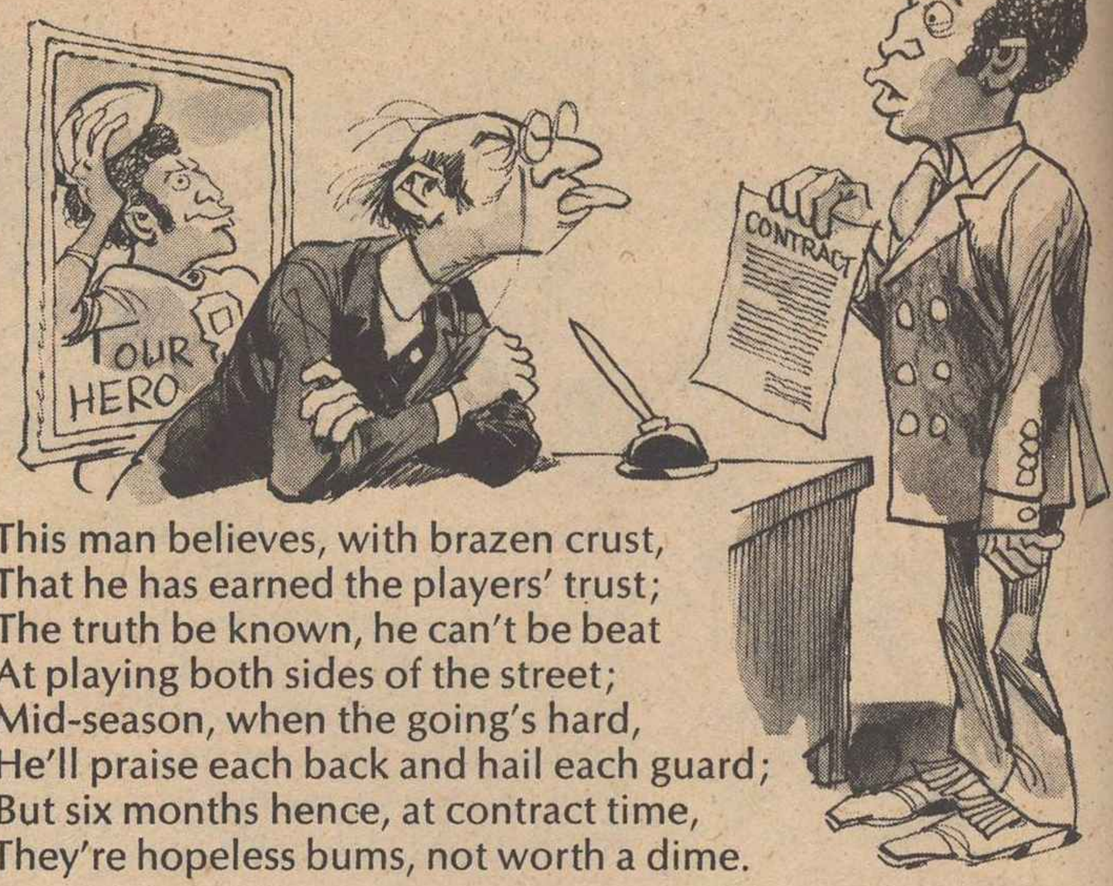
V—The Front Office

The Team Owner



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

The General Manager

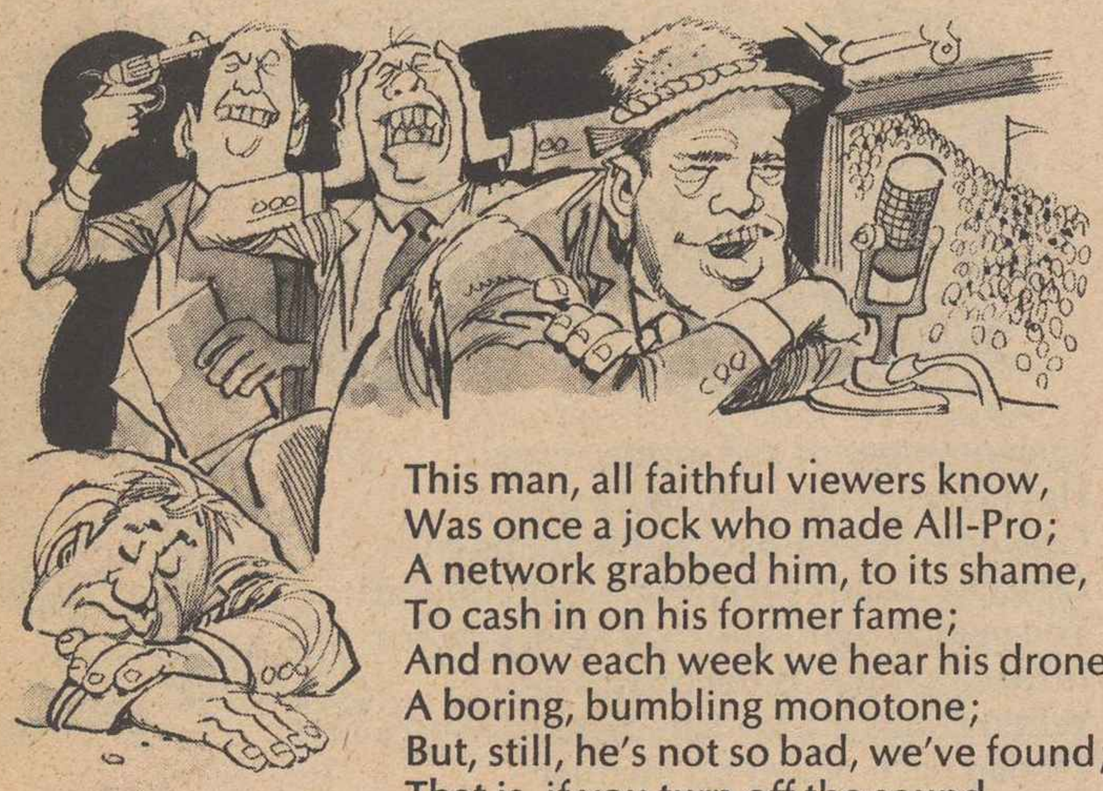


This man believes, with brazen crust,
That he has earned the players' trust;
The truth be known, he can't be beat
At playing both sides of the street;
Mid-season, when the going's hard,
He'll praise each back and hail each guard;
But six months hence, at contract time,
They're hopeless bums, not worth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

VI—The TV Crew

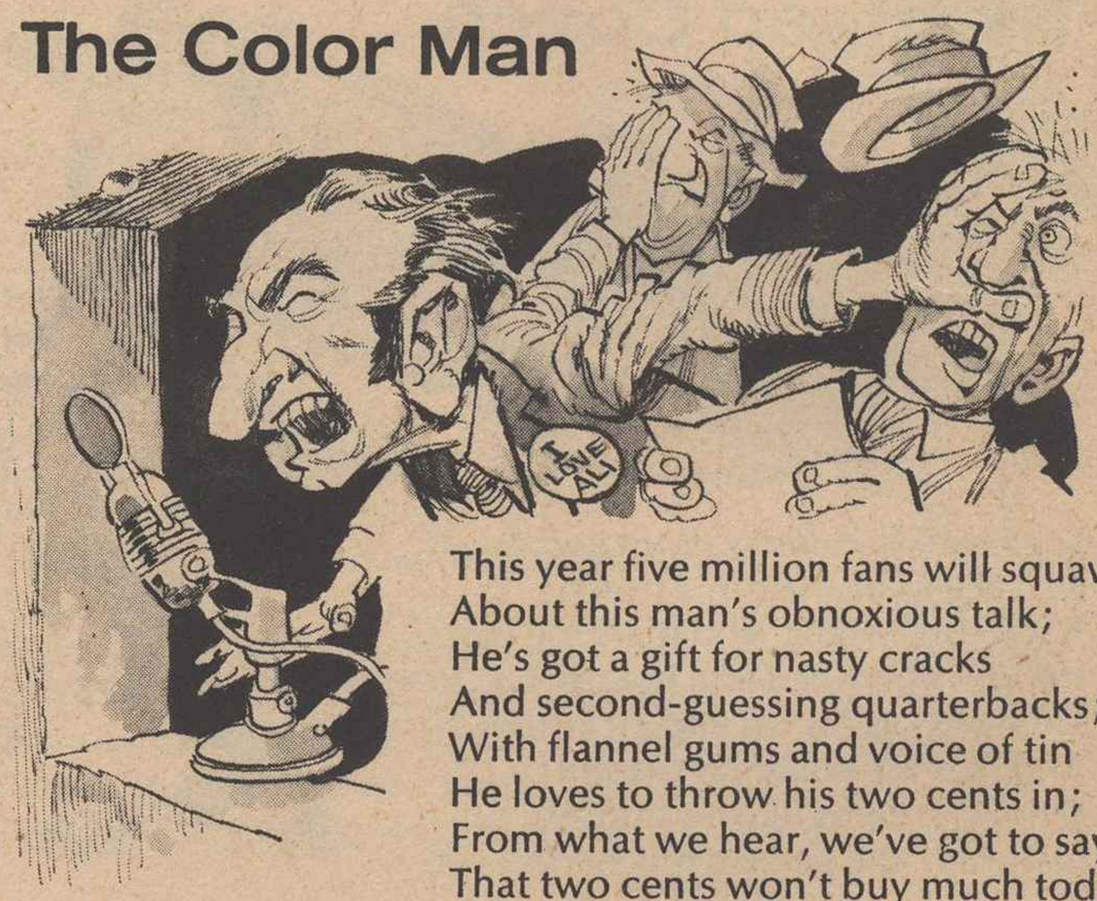


The Play-by-Play Announcer



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

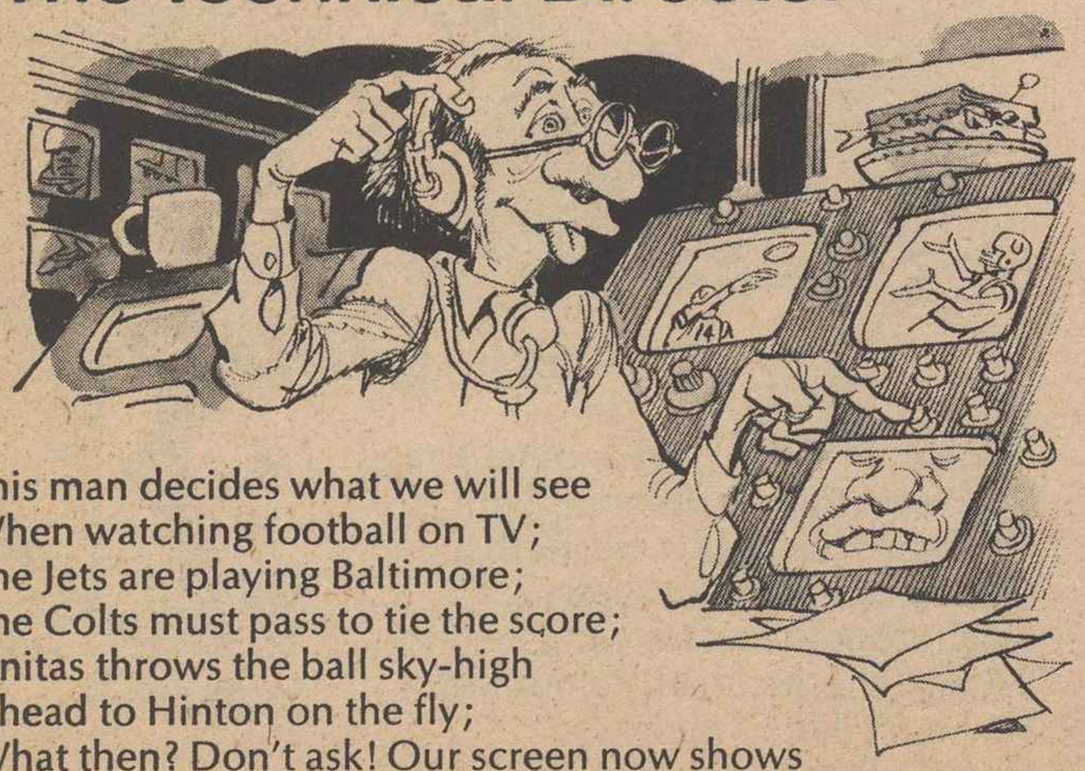
The Color Man



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

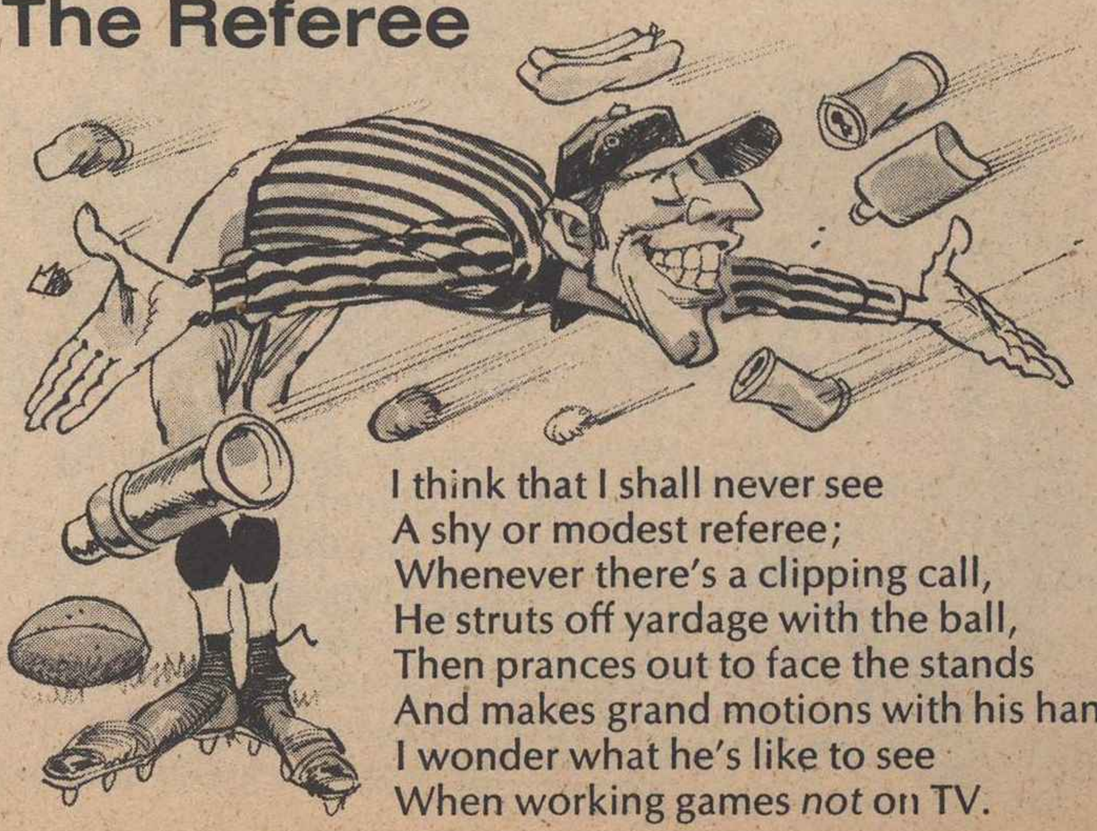
VII—And Last and Least...

The Technical Director



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

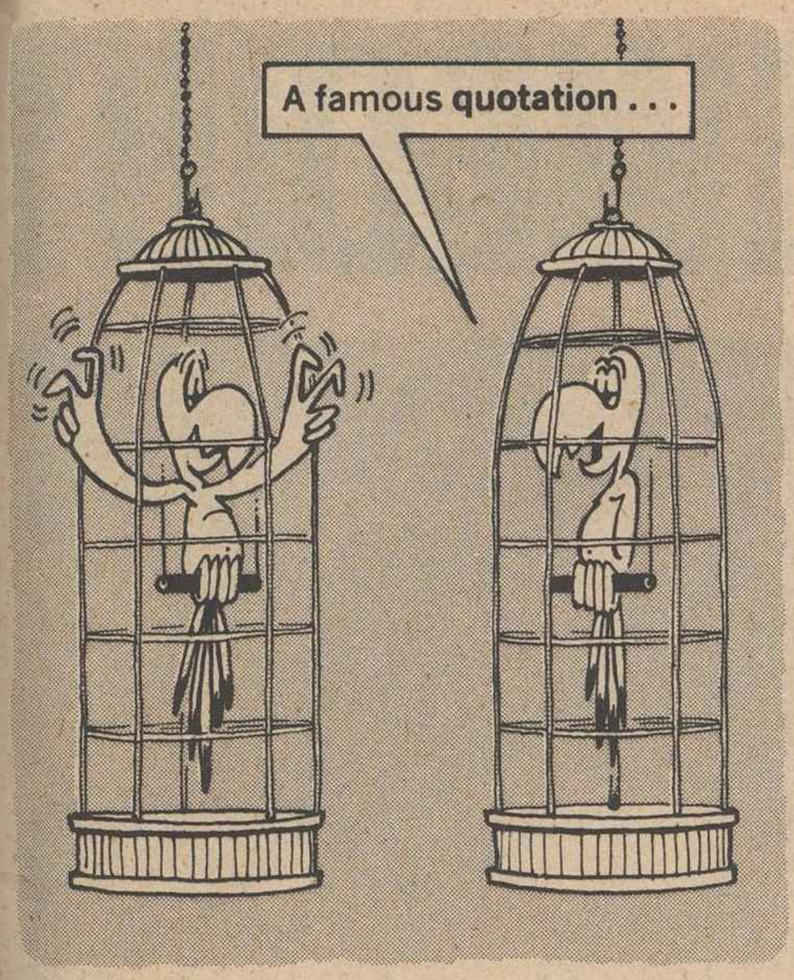
The Referee

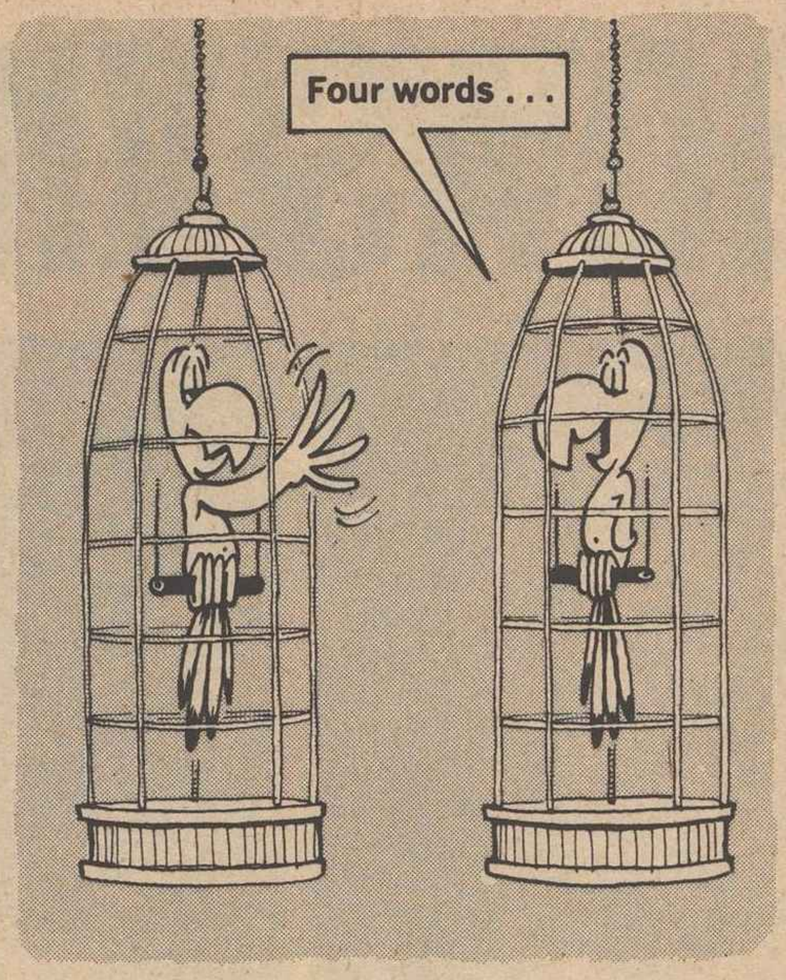


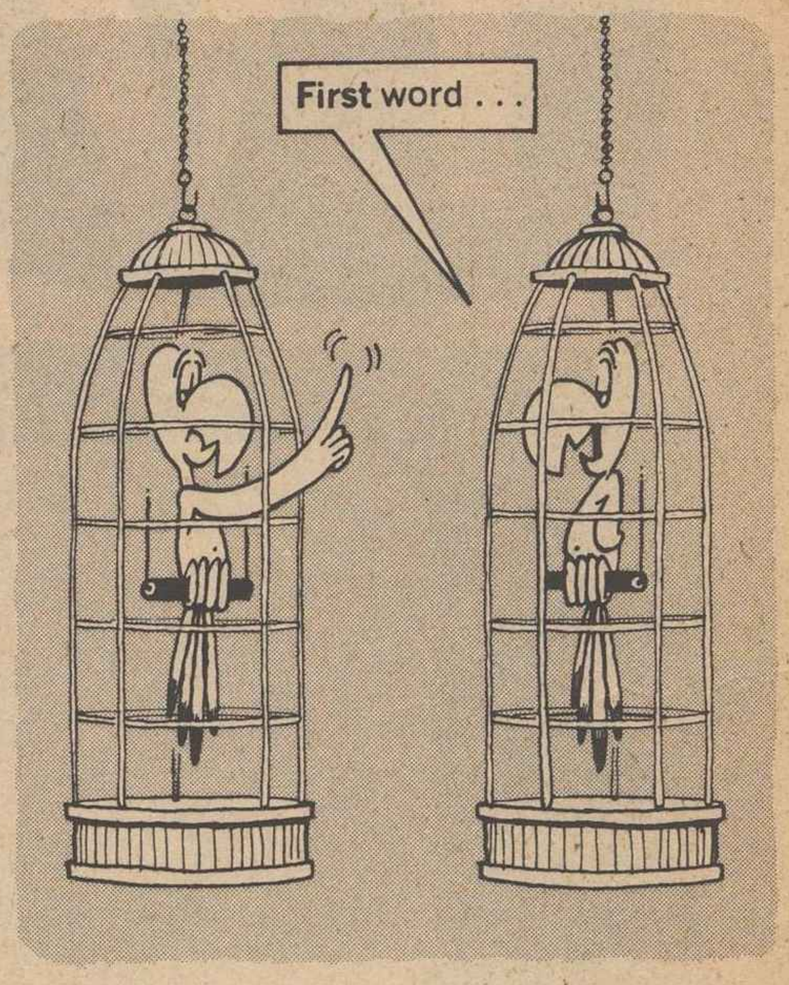
I think that I shall never see
A shy or modest referee;
Whenever there's a clipping call,
He struts off yardage with the ball,
Then prances out to face the stands
And makes grand motions with his hands;
I wonder what he's like to see
When working games *not* on TV.

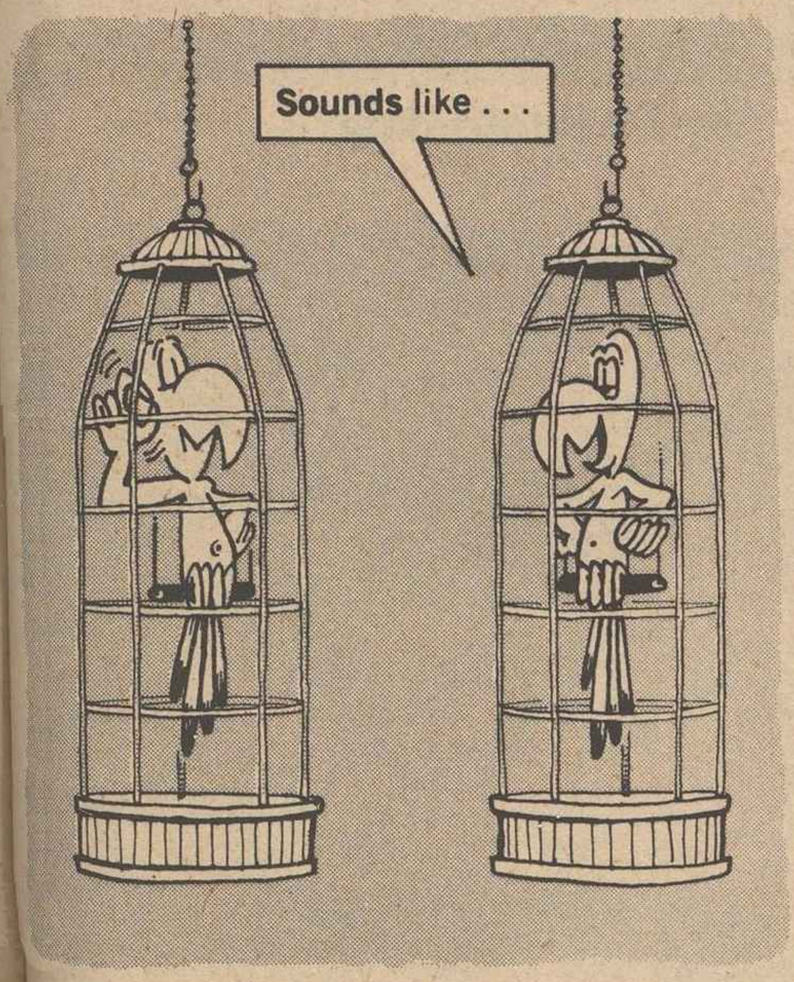
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

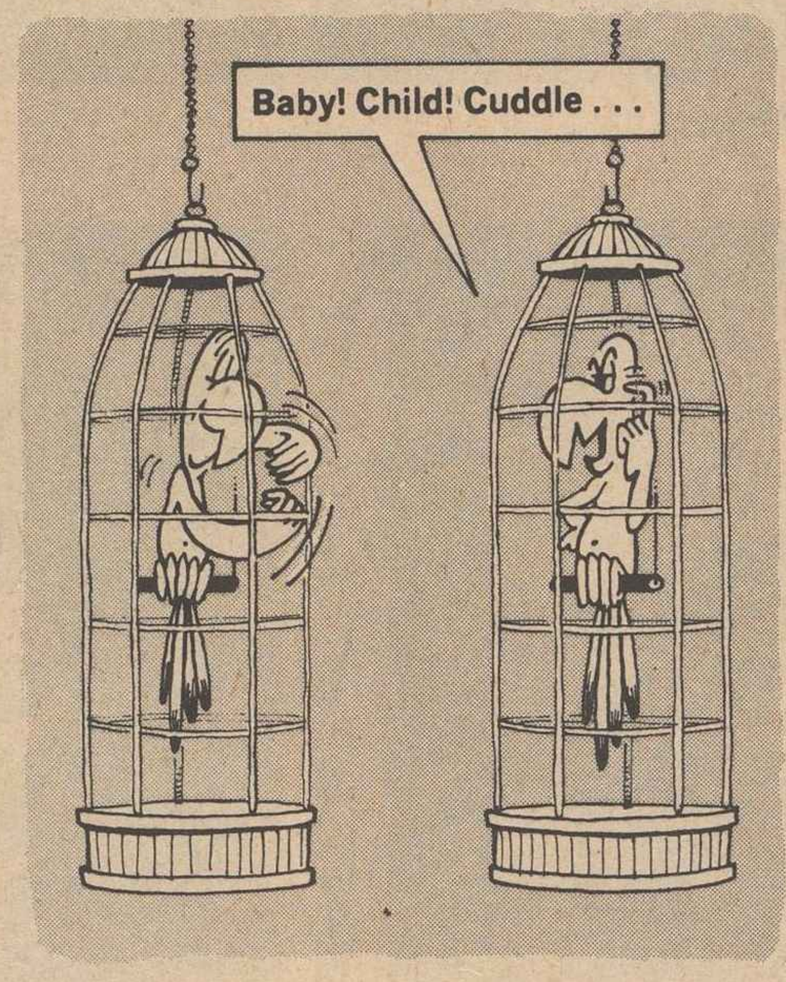
ONE DAY IN A PET SHOP

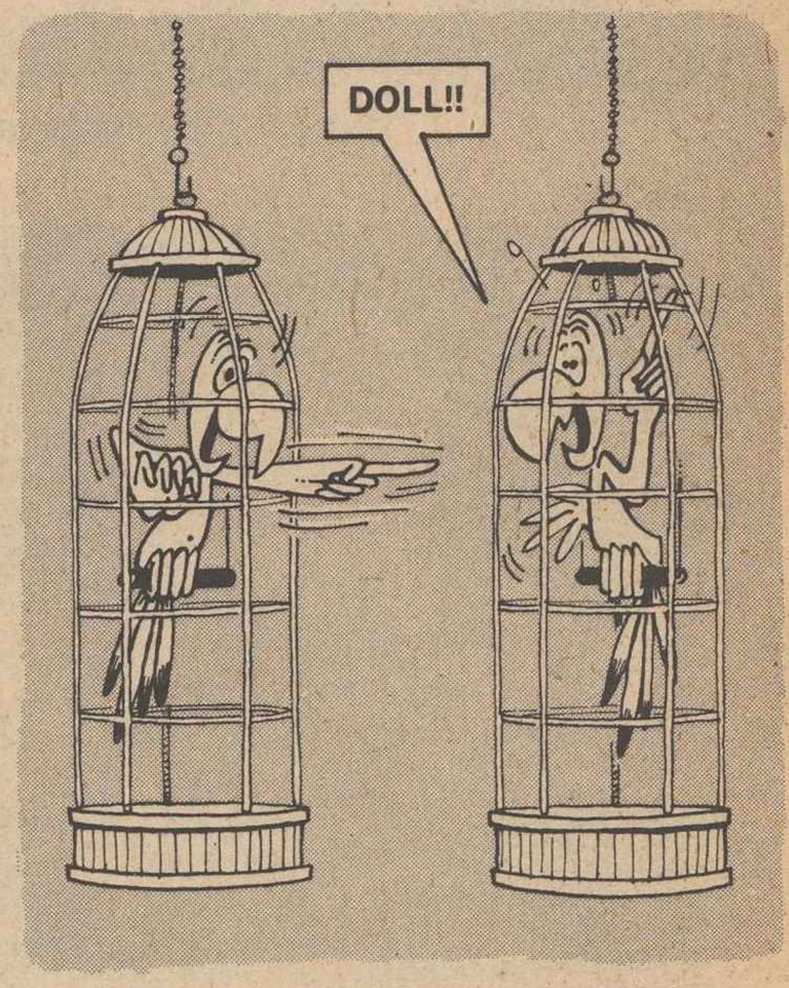


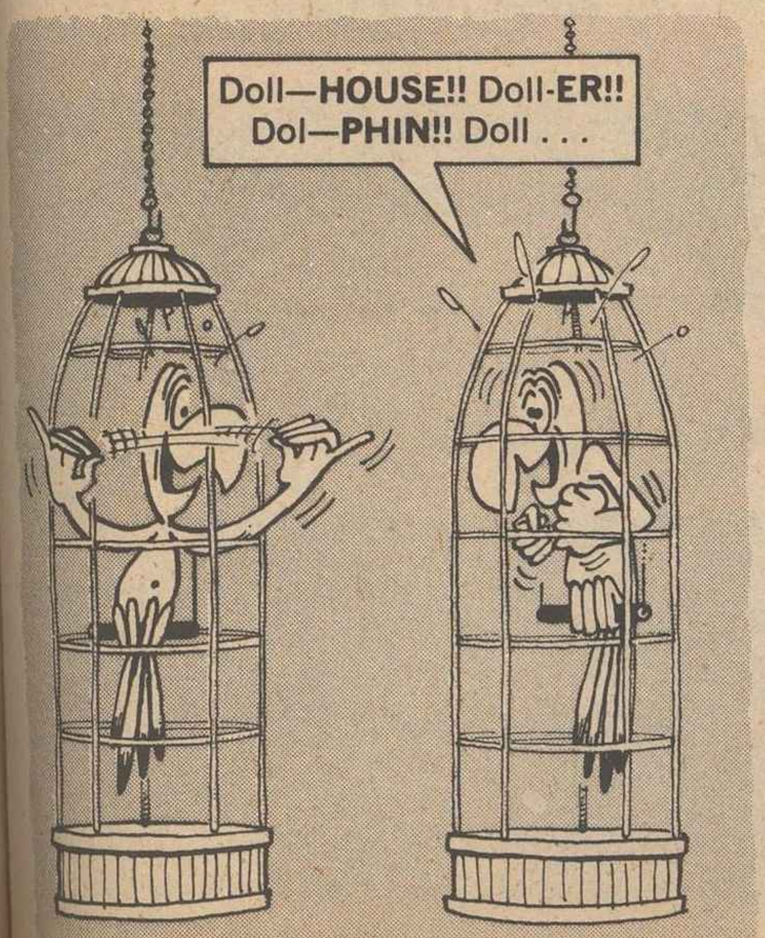


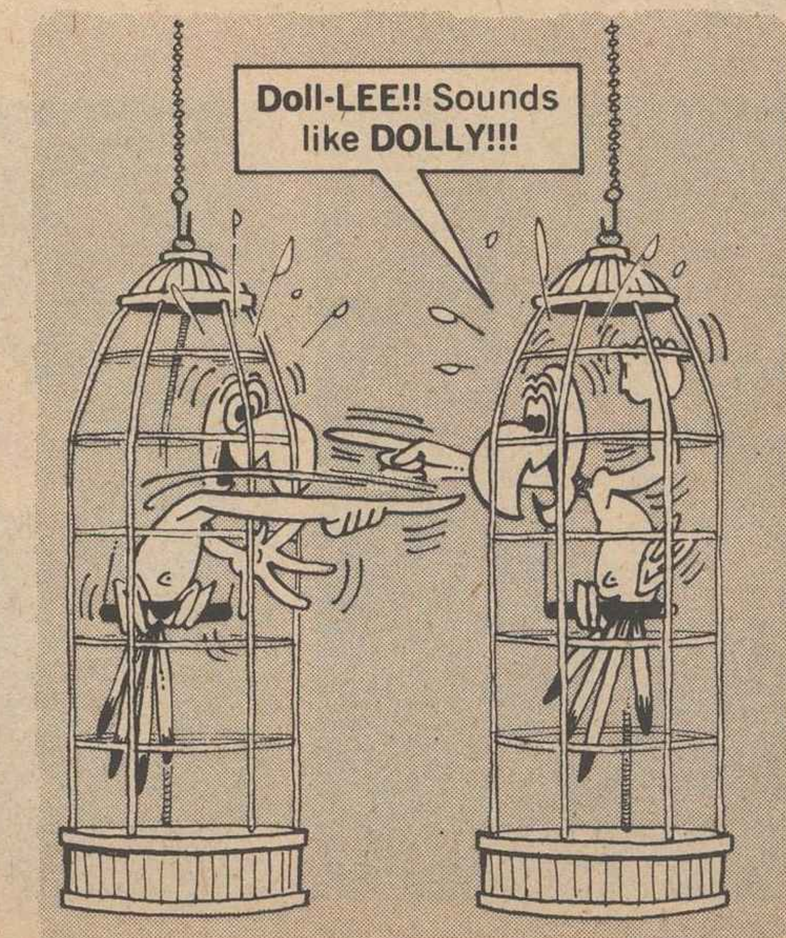


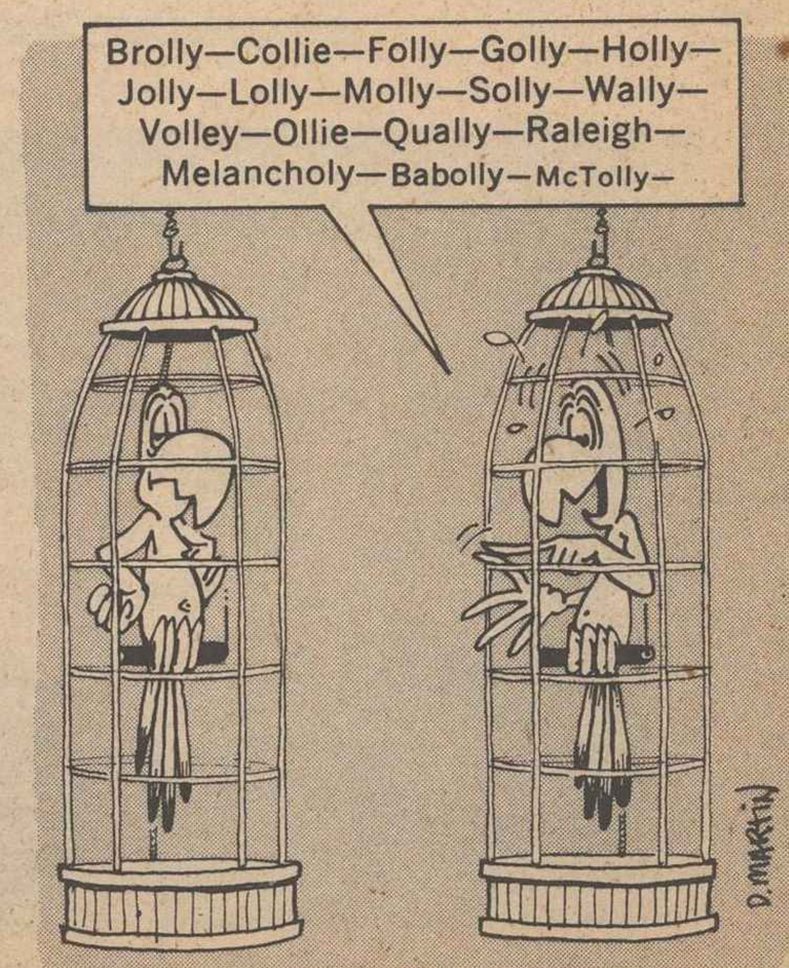




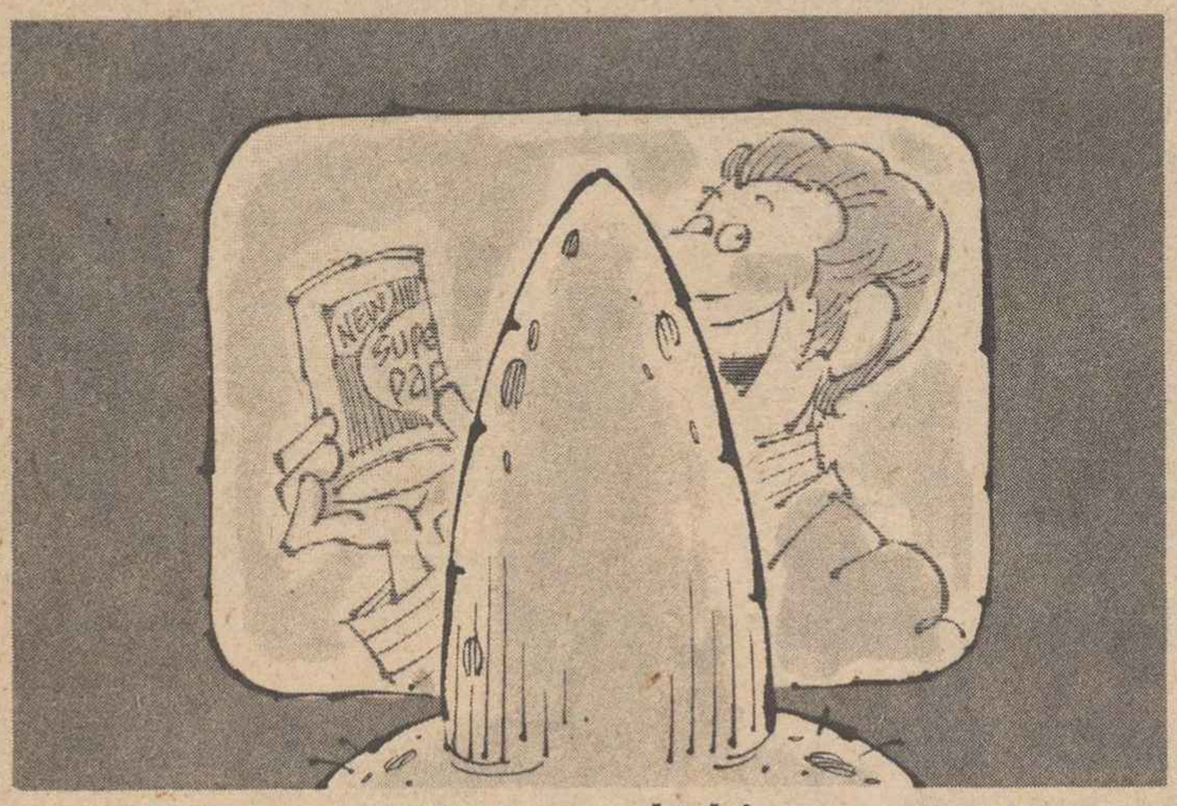




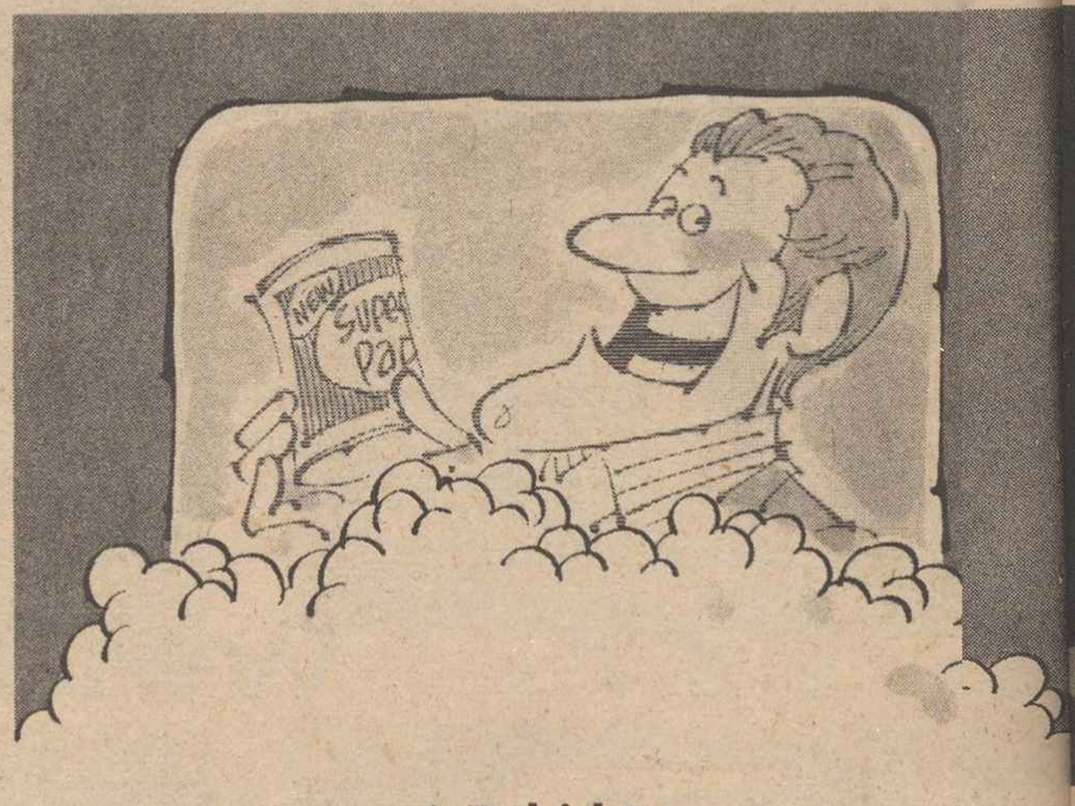




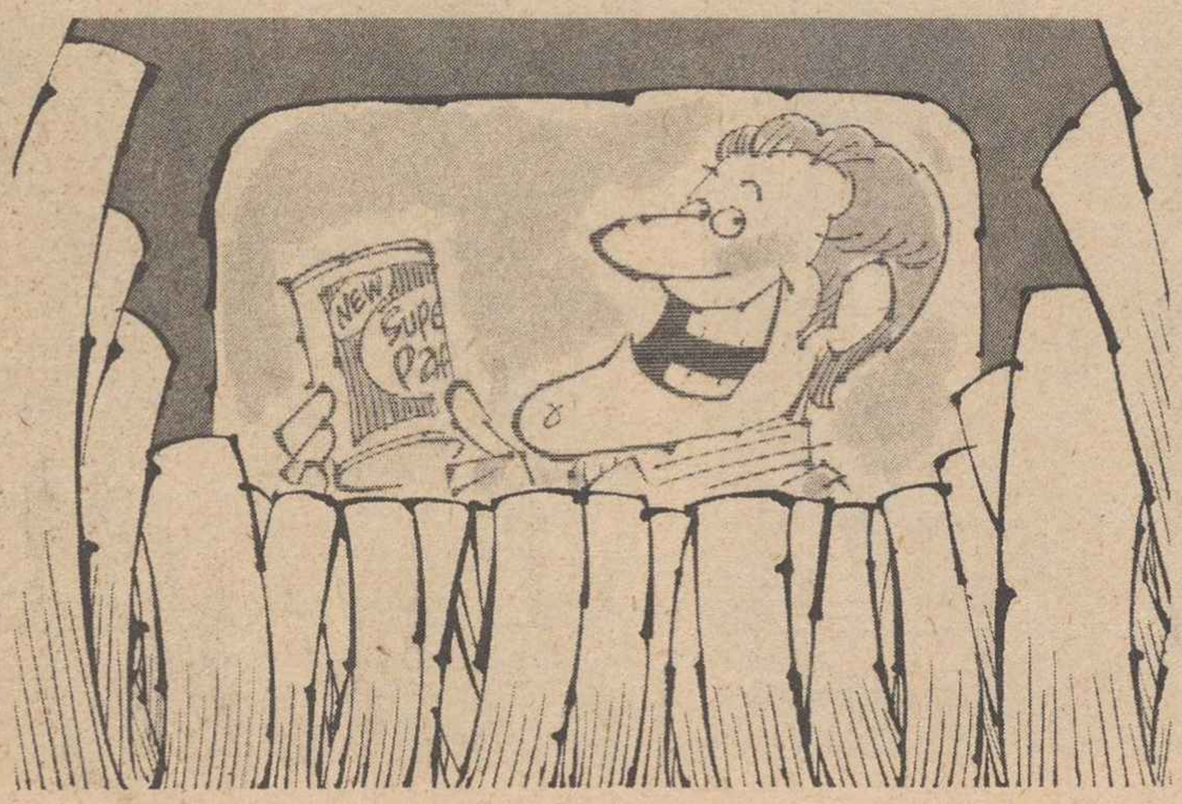
TV...AS VIEWED BY



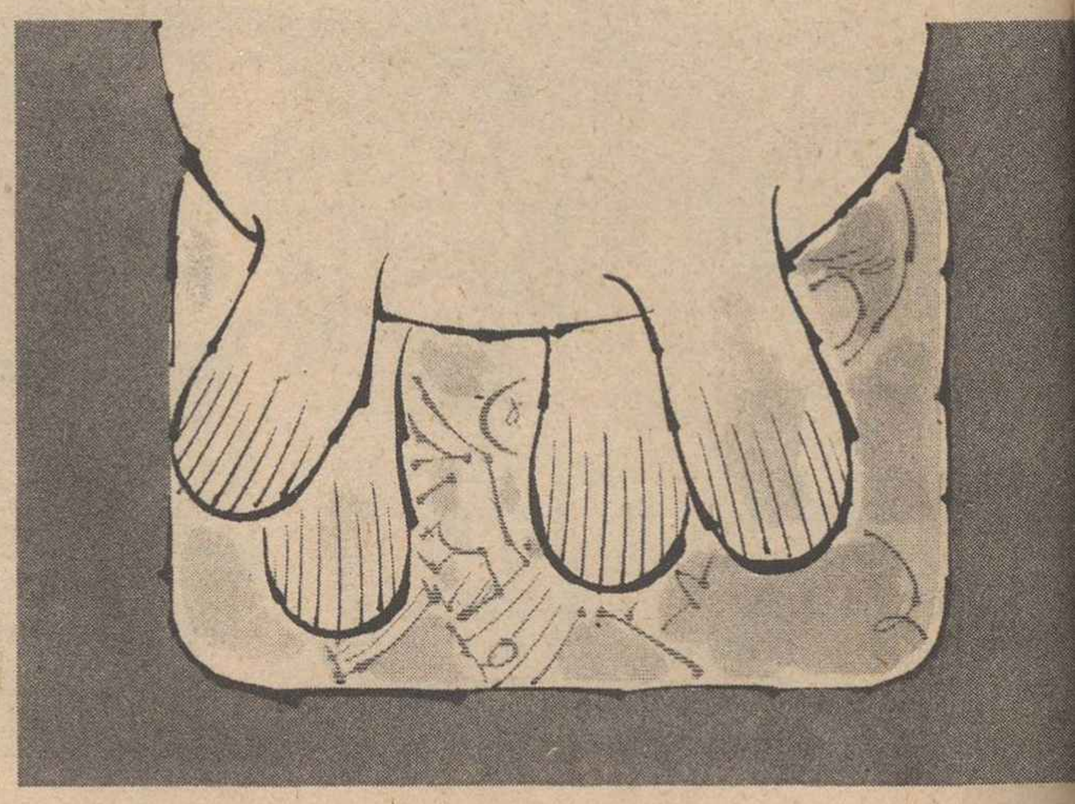
A Crosseyed Rhino



A Rabid Dog

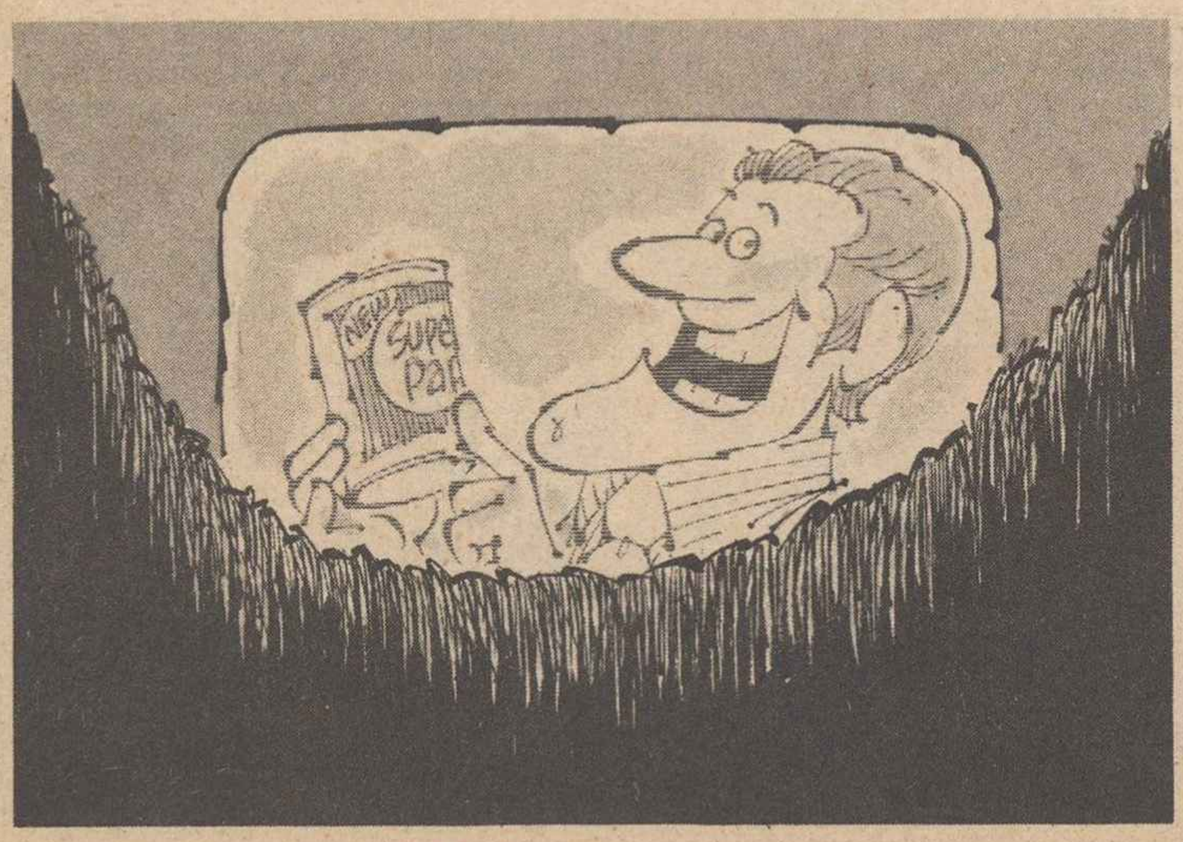


A Bug In A Rug

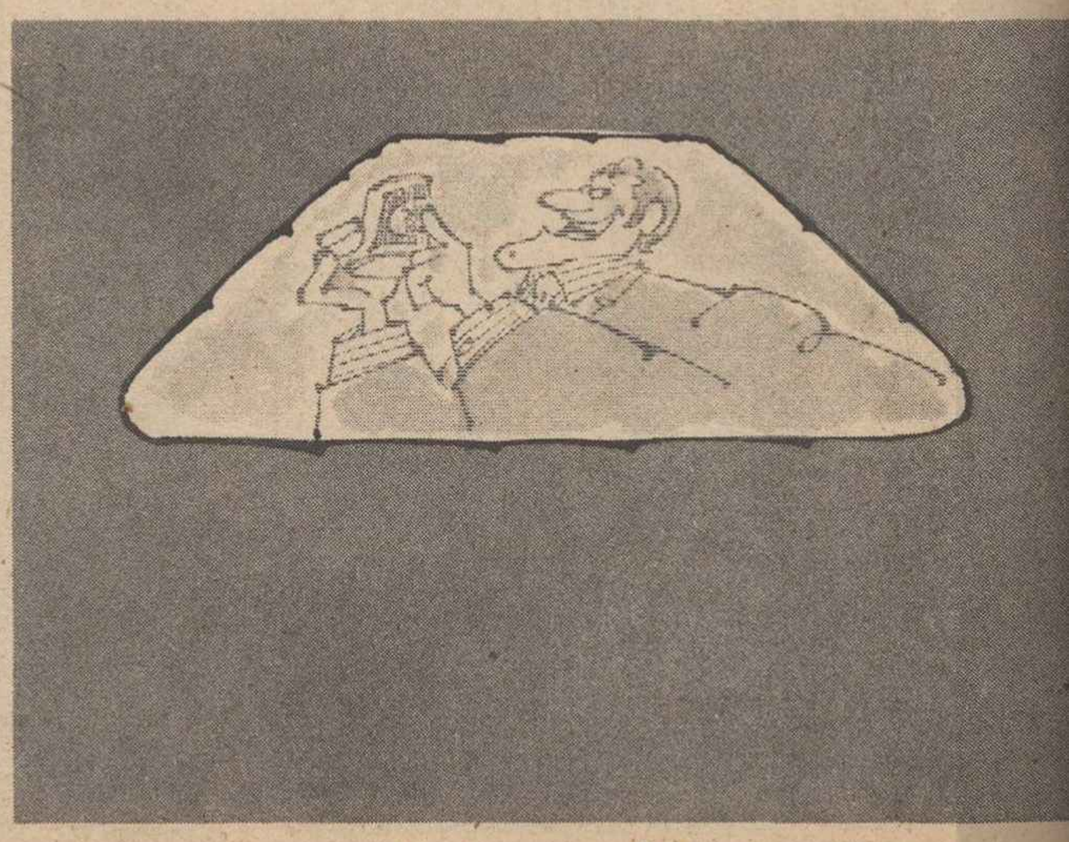


A Newborn Calf





A Baby Kangaroo



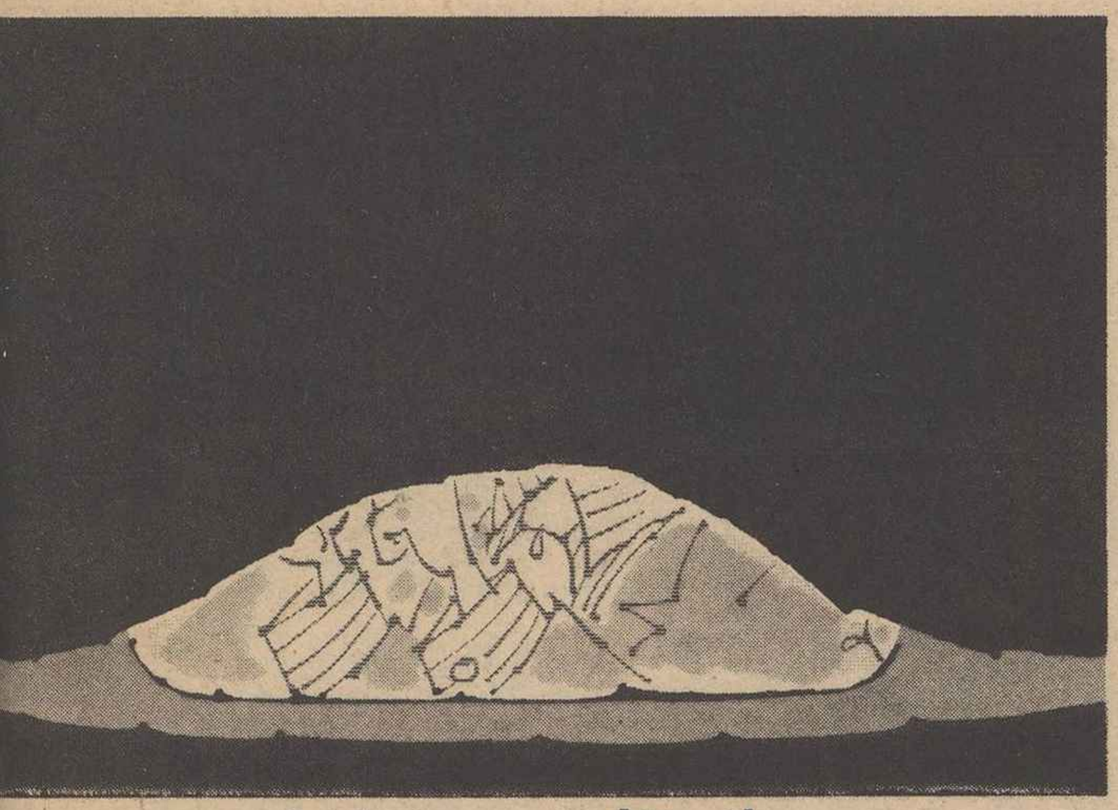
An Amused Ant



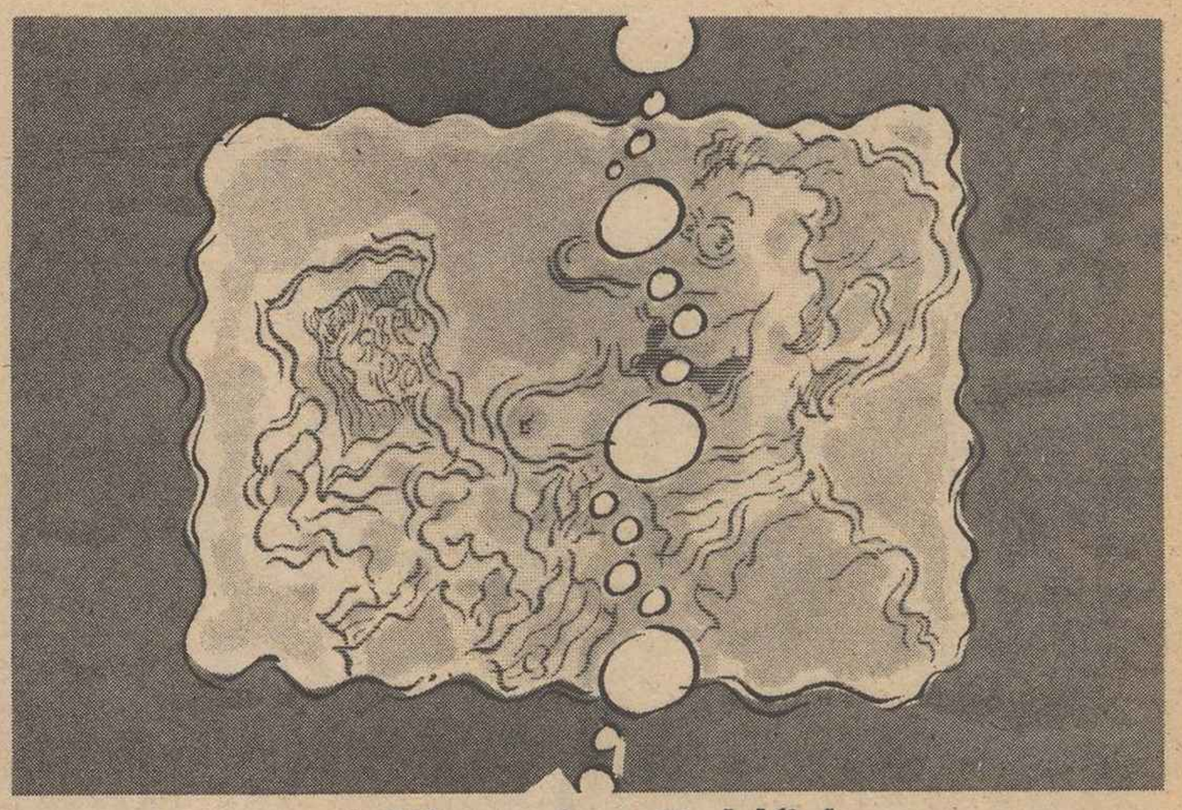
THE ANIMAL WORLD

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES



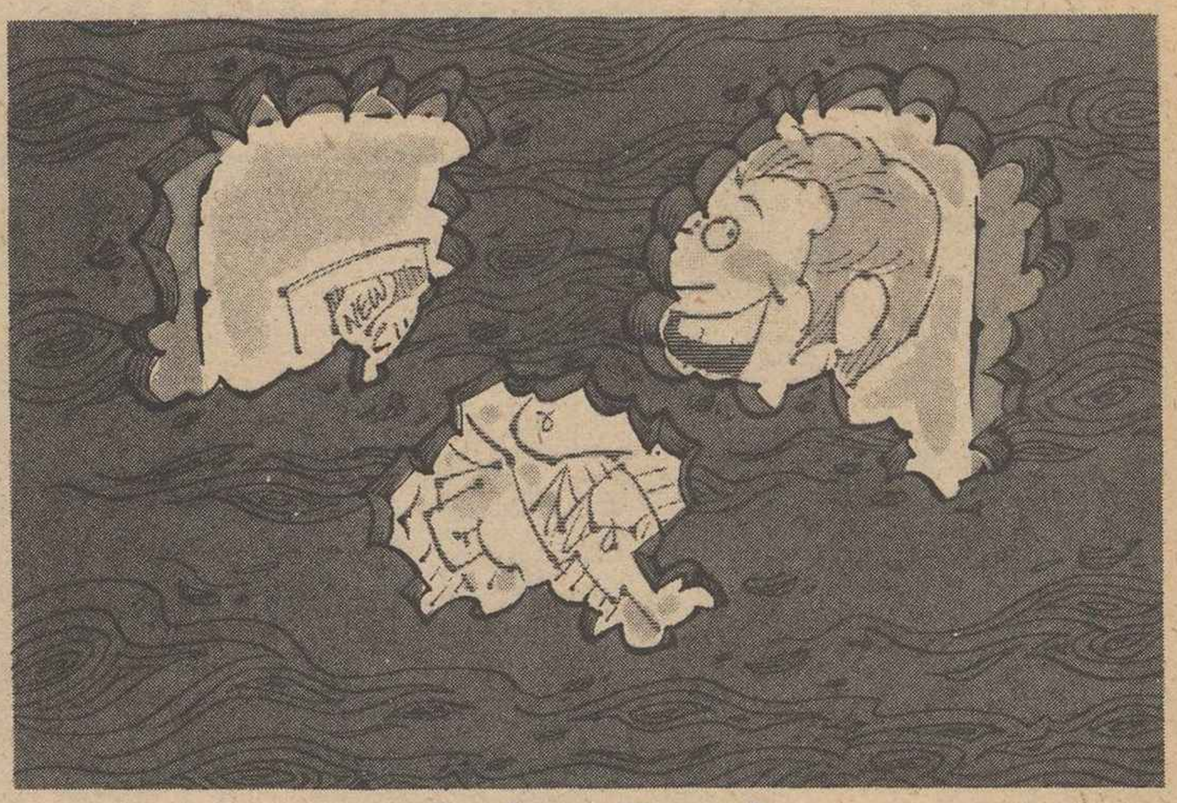
An Introverted Turtle



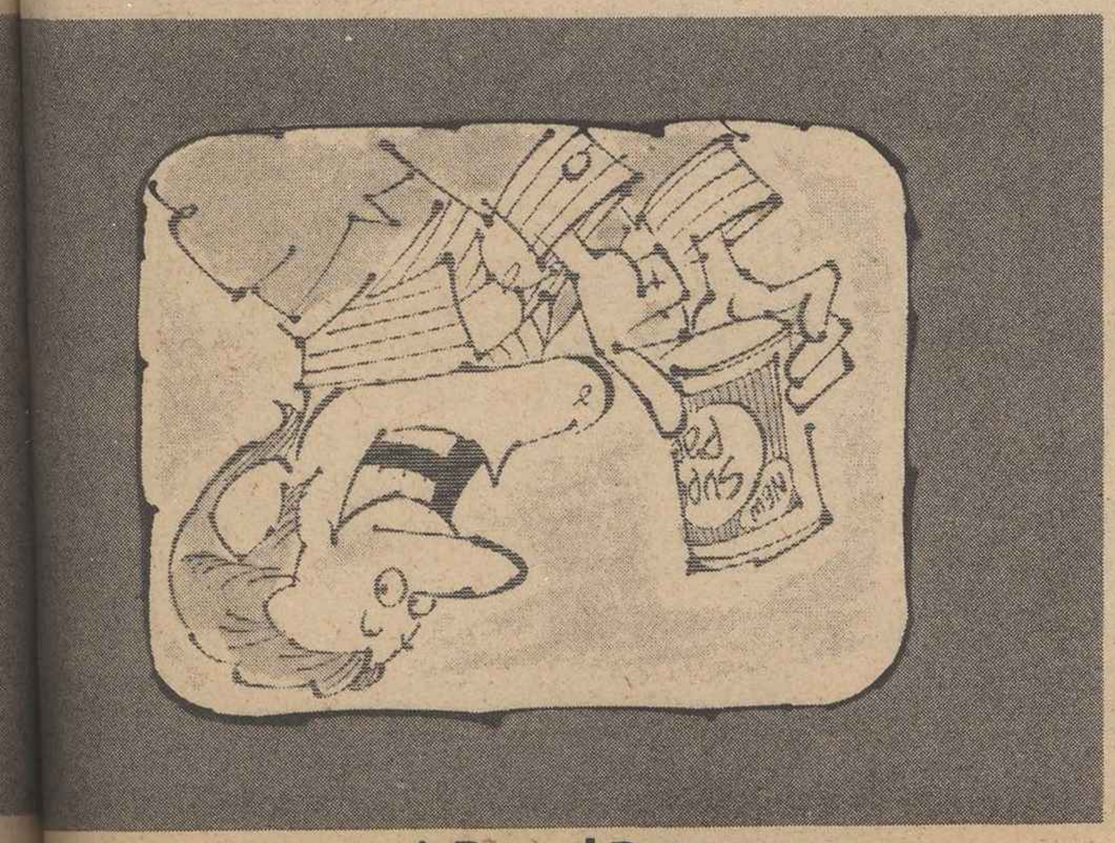
A Hiccuping Goldfish



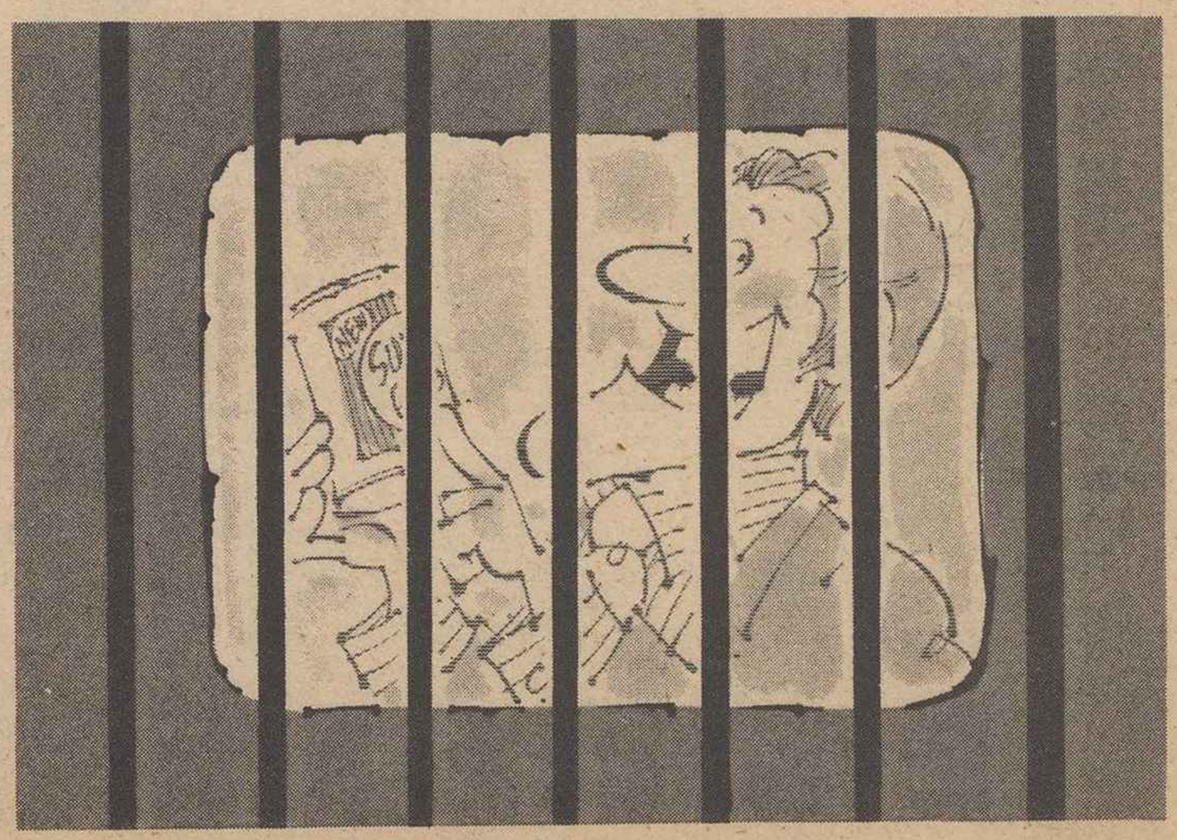
A Housebroken Giraffe



A Curious Termite



A Bored Bat



A Compulsive Canary

HEY, GANG! HERE'S YOUR SPECIAL TWO-IN-ONE BONUS:

8 DON MARTIN VITAL MESSAGE POSTERS TO DEFACE YOUR WALLS

&

8 DON MARTIN LITERARY HEROES PORTRAITS TO DISGRACE YOUR WALLS

TOO BAD IF YOU WANT TO HANG UP ALL 16 AT THE SAME TIME!
(Unless you—*heh-heh*—buy two copies of this Super Special!)



ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER

SEND A KID TO CAMP



D. MARTIN...



TARZAN of the APES

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER



Have You Had A Good Laugh Today?

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN LITERARY HEROES PORTRAIT



ROBINSON CRUSOE

GOOD GOVERNMENT NEEDS A SENSE OF HUMOR



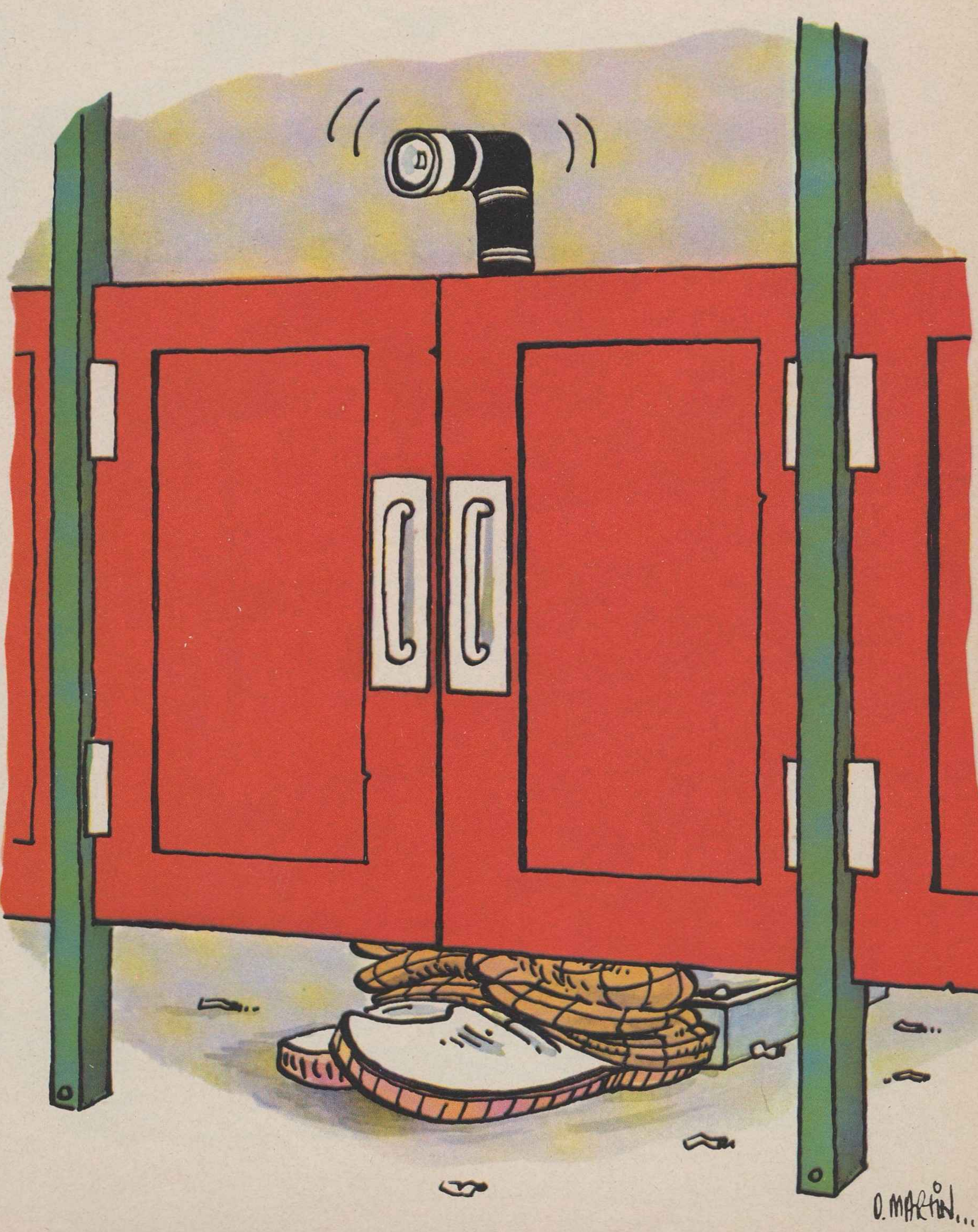
THROW A PIE AT A POLITICIAN TODAY!

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER



ICHABOD CRANE
AND THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

SEE FABULOUS MEXICO

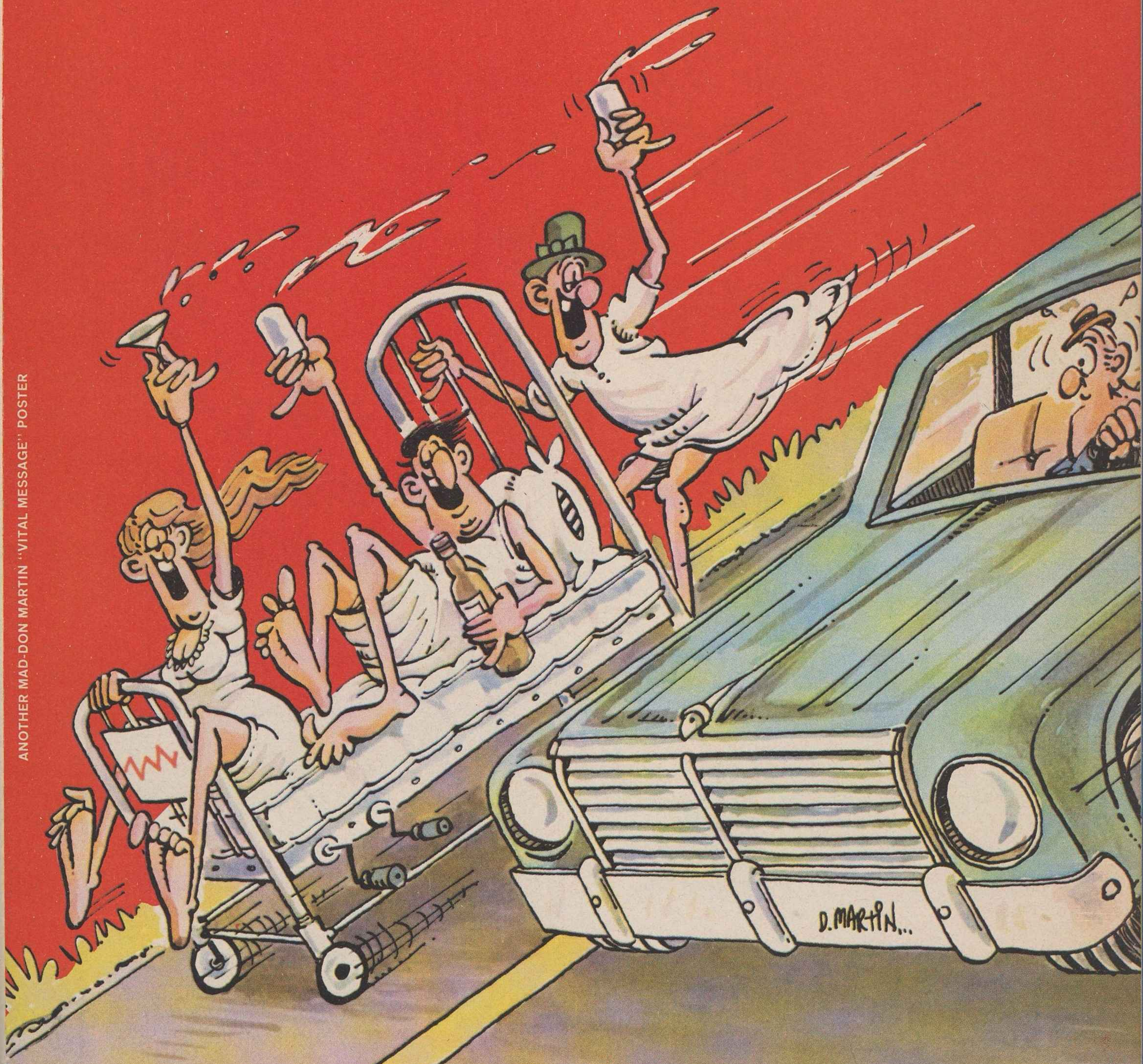


ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER



ROBIN HOOD
AND HIS MERRY MEN

DRUNKS BELONG IN HOSPITAL BEDS – NOT ON THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS!



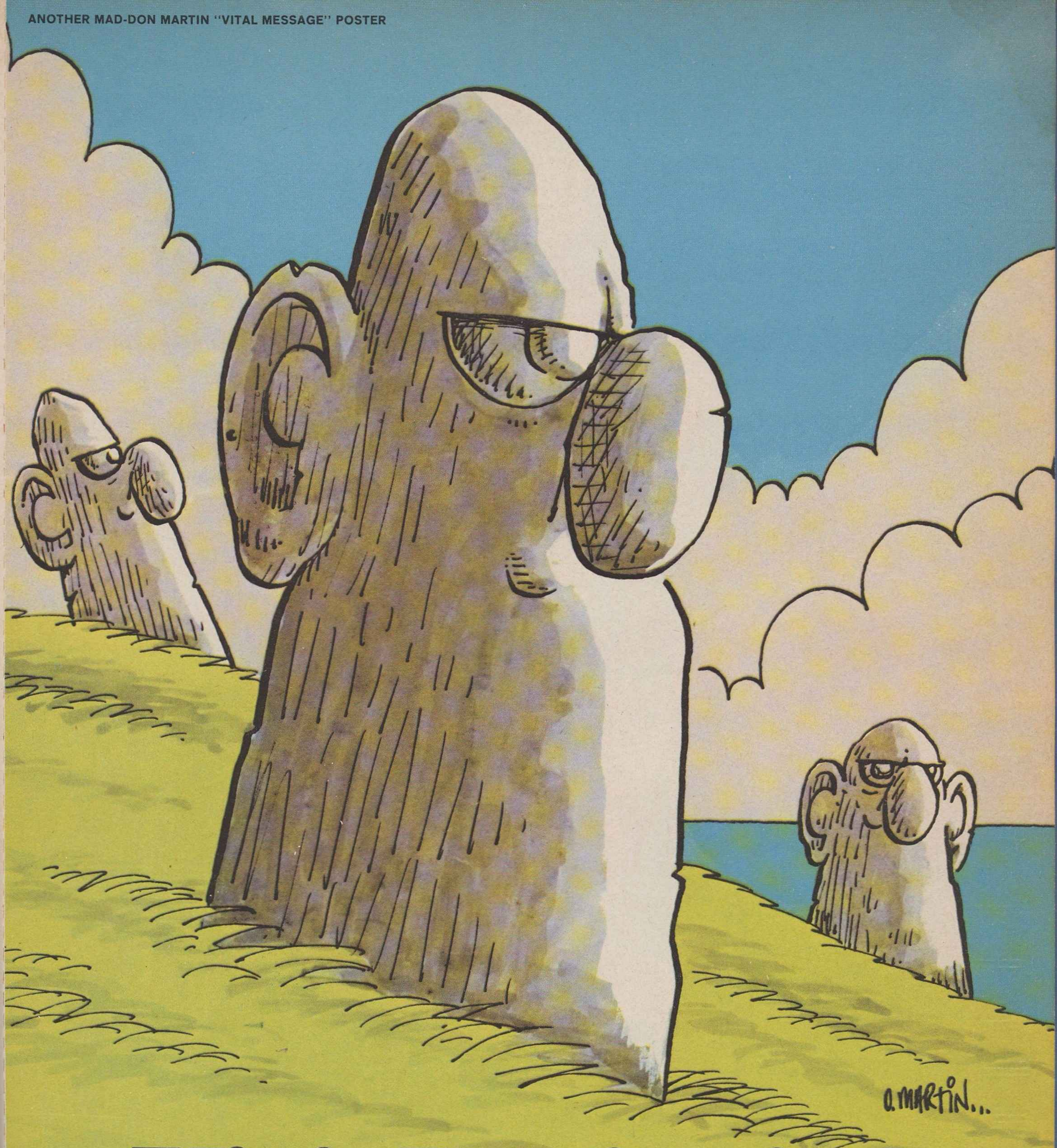
ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER

ANOTHER MAD DON MARTIN LITERARY HEROES PORTRAIT

D. MARTIN...

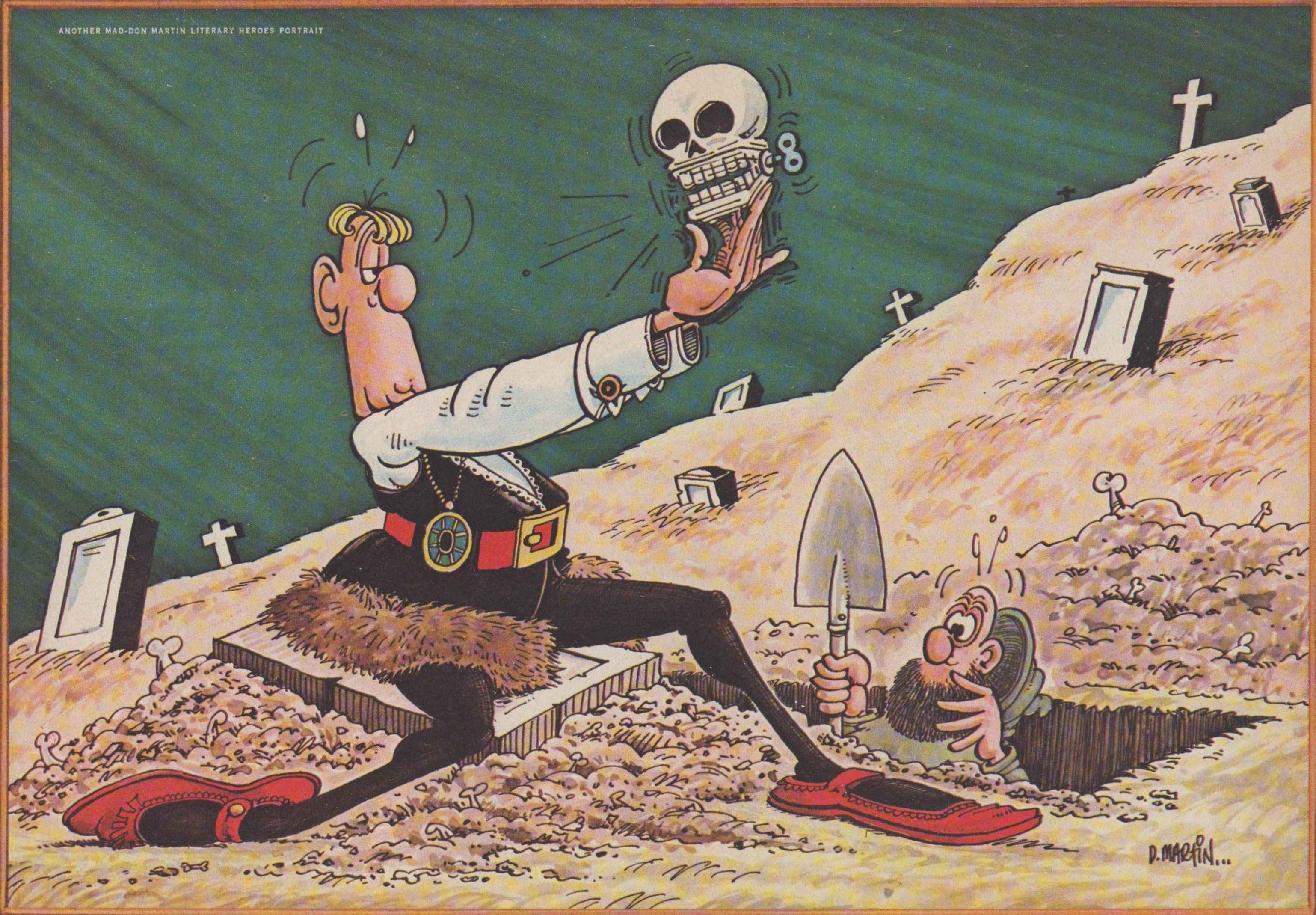
OLIVER TWIST

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER



Visit Intriguing EASTER ISLAND

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN LITERARY HEROES PORTRAIT



HAMLET

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER

WAIT!



DID YOU REMEMBER TO LEAVE A LIGHT BURNING TO DISCOURAGE BURGLARS?

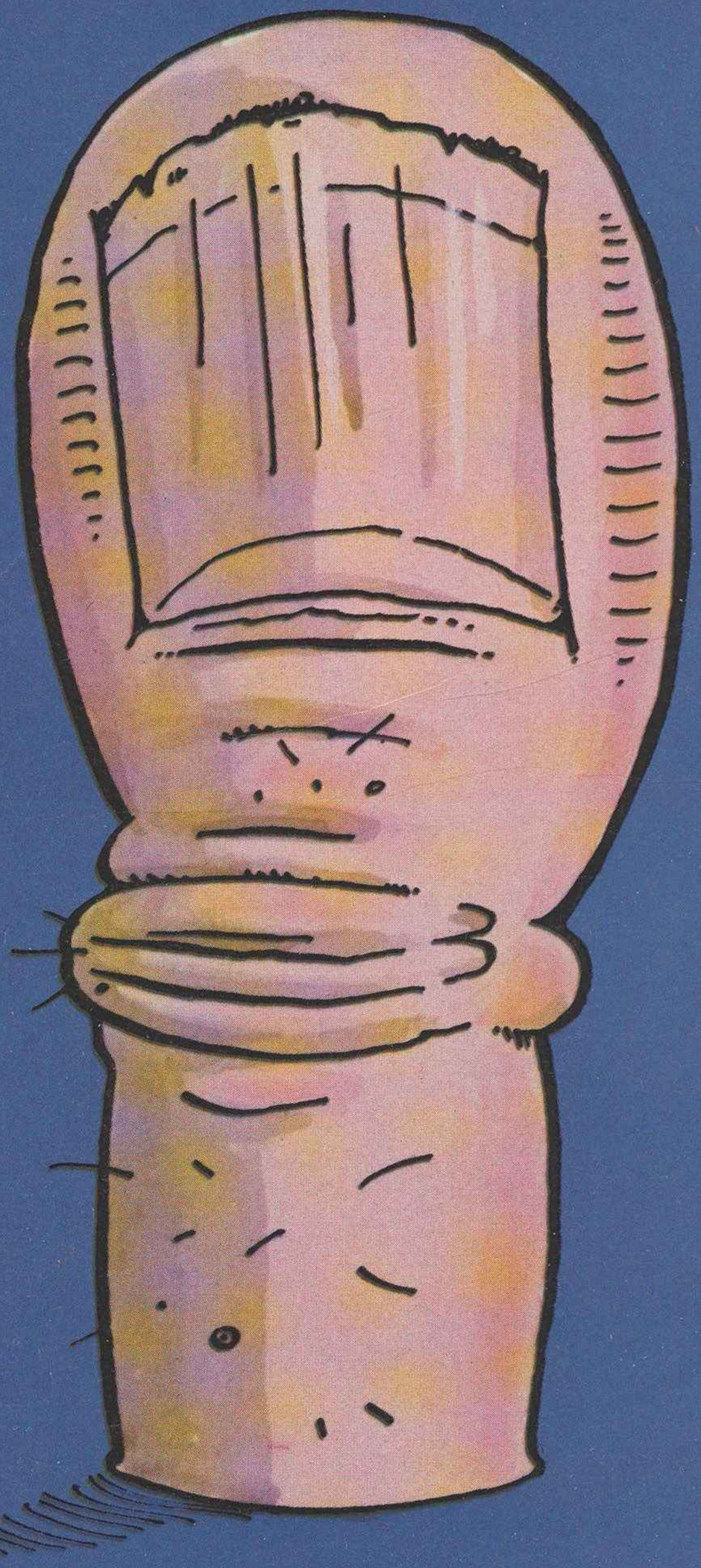
ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN LITERARY HEROES PORTRAIT



TOM SAWYER

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN "VITAL MESSAGE" POSTER

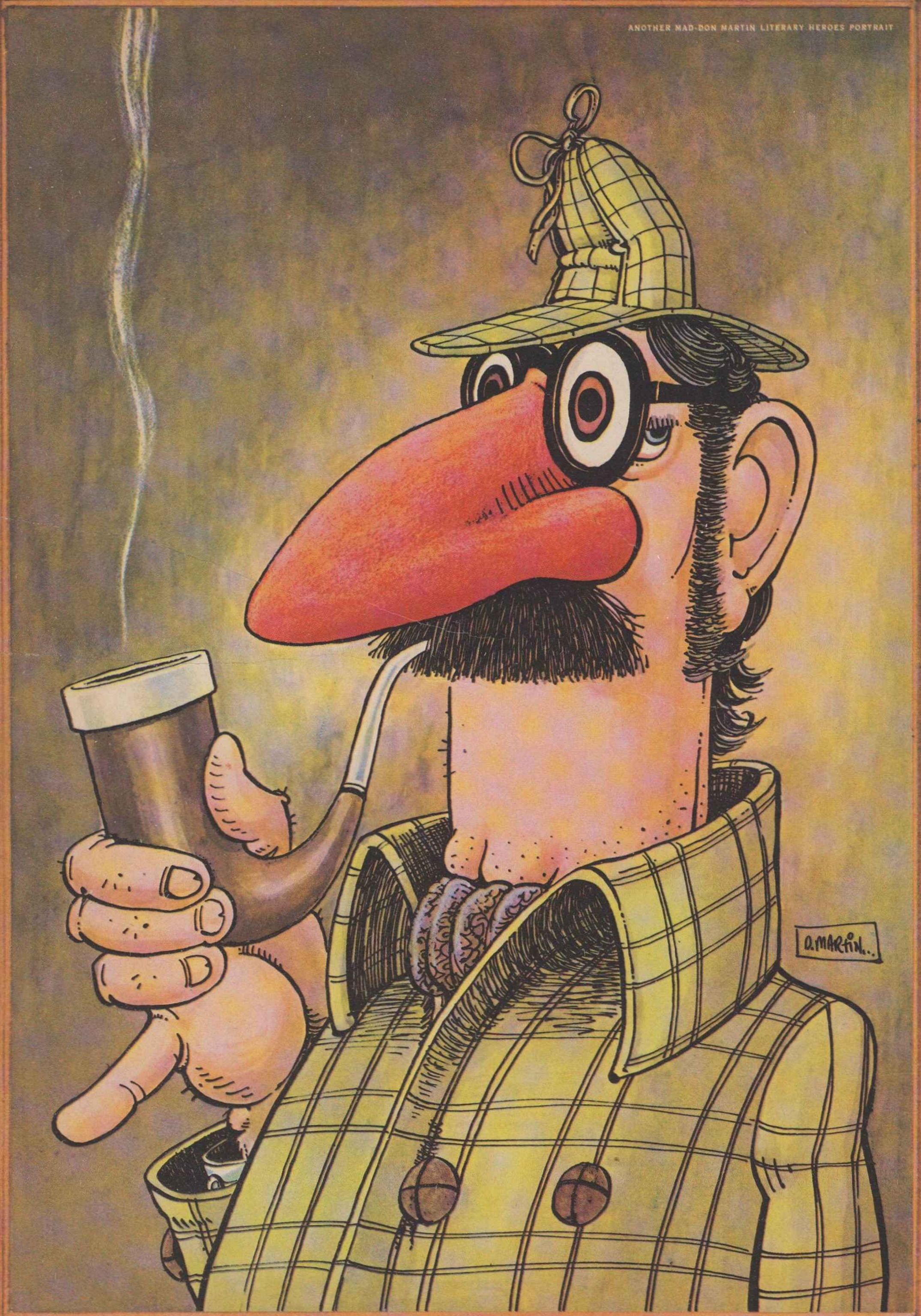
THE TOE BANK NEEDS TOES



D. MARTIN...

Pledge Yours Today!

ANOTHER MAD-DON MARTIN LITERARY HEROES PORTRAIT



SHERLOCK HOLMES

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their bodies! Flex those muscles between your ears a bit by concentrating on MAD's prototype of today's typical body-building monthlies, like f'rinstance

MODERN MUSCLE MAGAZINE

Dec. '71

75¢ per lb.

The Body-Beautiful Bible for Today's Muscle-Minded Men and Women and Those In-between

The Art Of Posing

Show off your body in fifteen classic poses that earned me many awards and a two year jail sentence

by Seymour Alltogether

I Follow *Vitamin E* With *Vitamin I* Only After *Vitamin C*

by Hans Kranz, Leading Nutritionist and Grammarian

Your Big Toe— The Body's Most Neglected Muscle Area!

Get Off Your Fat *gluteus maximus* And Develop Those DELTOIDS

by Dirk Dense

You Can Live Forever Without SEX

by Dr. Benson O'Conner

Why I Left My Husband

by Mrs. Carol O'Conner



Can Too Many Hormones Affect Your Body?

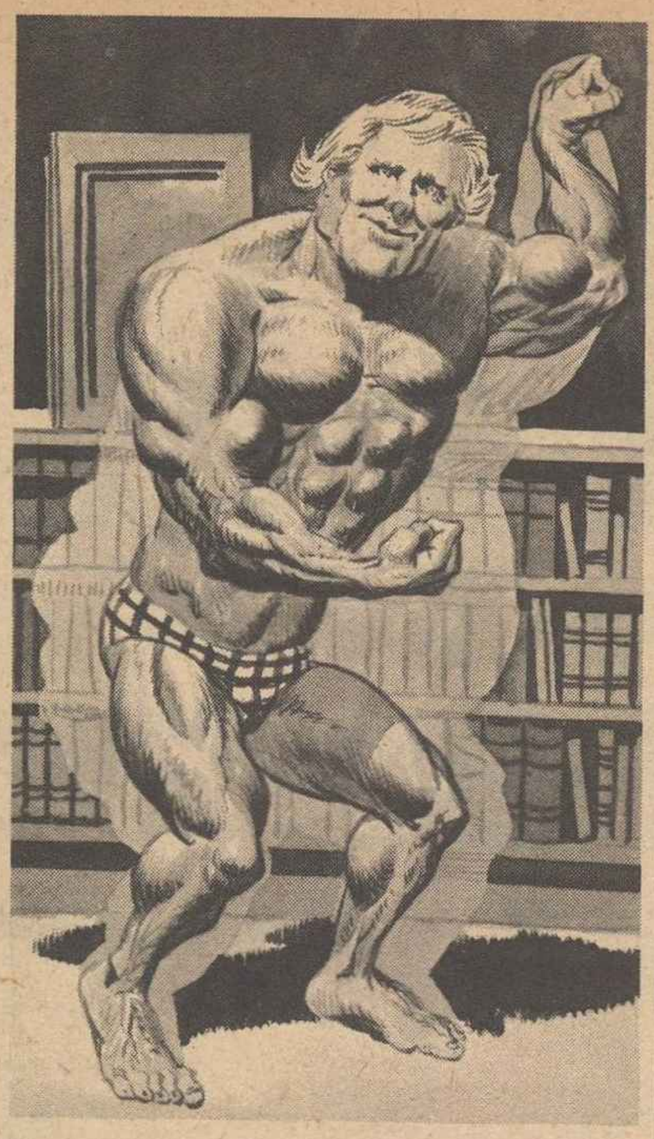
by (left to right) Robert Richmond & Chuck Tischler

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

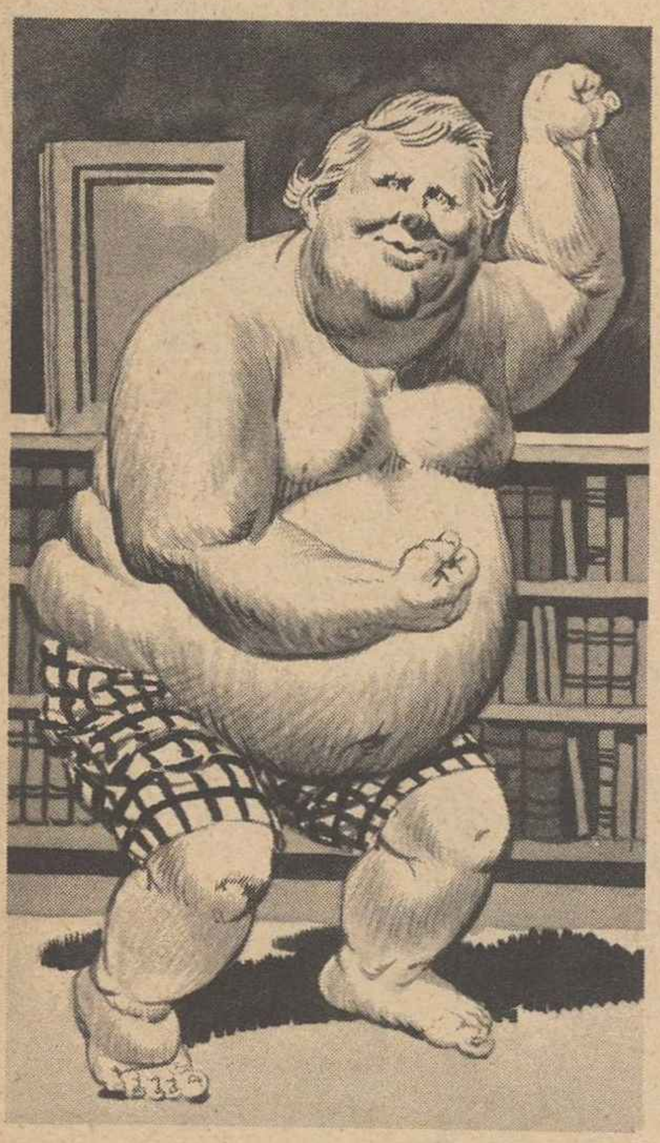
Take away INCHES from around your waistline! Add mounds of beautiful **RIPPLING MUSCLES** to your chest & arms!

You Can Look Like This!*

in just 2 SHORT WEEKS!



AFTER



BEFORE

*Same photo BEFORE expert retouching job!

Can't wait for the regular body-building systems to show results? What you need is Joe Weedgerm's miracle course in **PHOTO-RETOUCHING!** Yes, for just a few hours a night, you can learn this fabulous art in the privacy of your own home! Learn the tricks of the trade in no time flat! Within 2 weeks time, you'll be able to doctor up photos of yourself the way Joe Weedgerm has been doing for years! Send for his giant free booklet today!

Joe Weedgerm Photo-Retouching Course
Department 34, Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Monthly Editorial

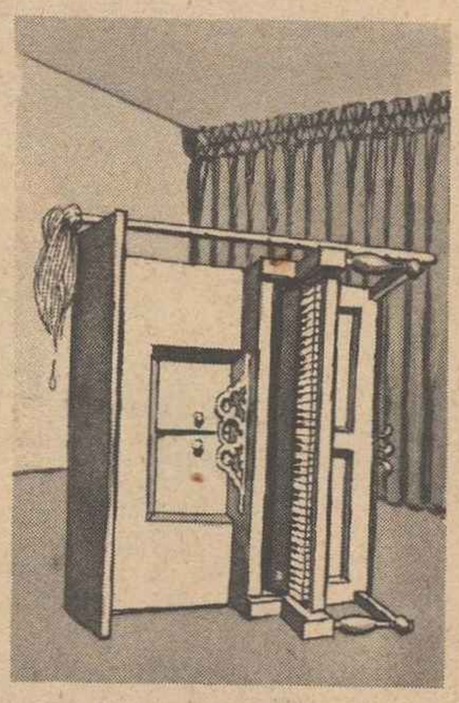
YOUR BODY, THE CAR

YOUR body is not unlike a machine in design. Compare it, if you will, to the car. The food you eat is your fuel. (And sometimes it gives you gas—get it? I couldn't resist that funny aside.) Your eyes are the headlights, your eyelashes the windshield wipers, your nose the hood ornament (some bigger than others), your heart the carburetor. I can go on and on—but can *your body* the car? What are you doing to take care of it? When was the last time you had a check-up? 5,000 miles ago? 10,000 miles ago? If you want to keep your system in top running condition, you must keep all the working parts in tip-top shape. Why not take your body down to your local service station? Do some chin-ups on the grease rack! Some sit-ups on the mechanic's dolly! Some arm-tension exercises by stretching the air hose! You'll also get plenty of badly-needed sprinting exercise when the station manager starts chasing you with a wrench!

If you accept my theory that your body is no different than a car, you will take better care of it. It has helped me tremendously! Just ask my wife—the prettiest little Oldsmobile in town!

Hy Octane
Editor

BUILD A PROFESSIONAL-TYPE GYM IN YOUR OWN HOME AND SAVE CASH!



Joe Weedgerm, once a highly regarded interior decorator, shows you how to turn common, everyday household items into fabulous gym equipment without costing you a dime! Detailed diagrams show you how to make an Olympic size chinning bar from a mop handle and an upright piano standing on end, etc.

SAVE! SAVE! SAVE!

Just $3.95 for each volume of this idea-filled 26 volume set!

JOE WEEDGERM GYM-DANDY BOOK SET
Dept. 55, Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Exclusive to MODERN MUSCLE:

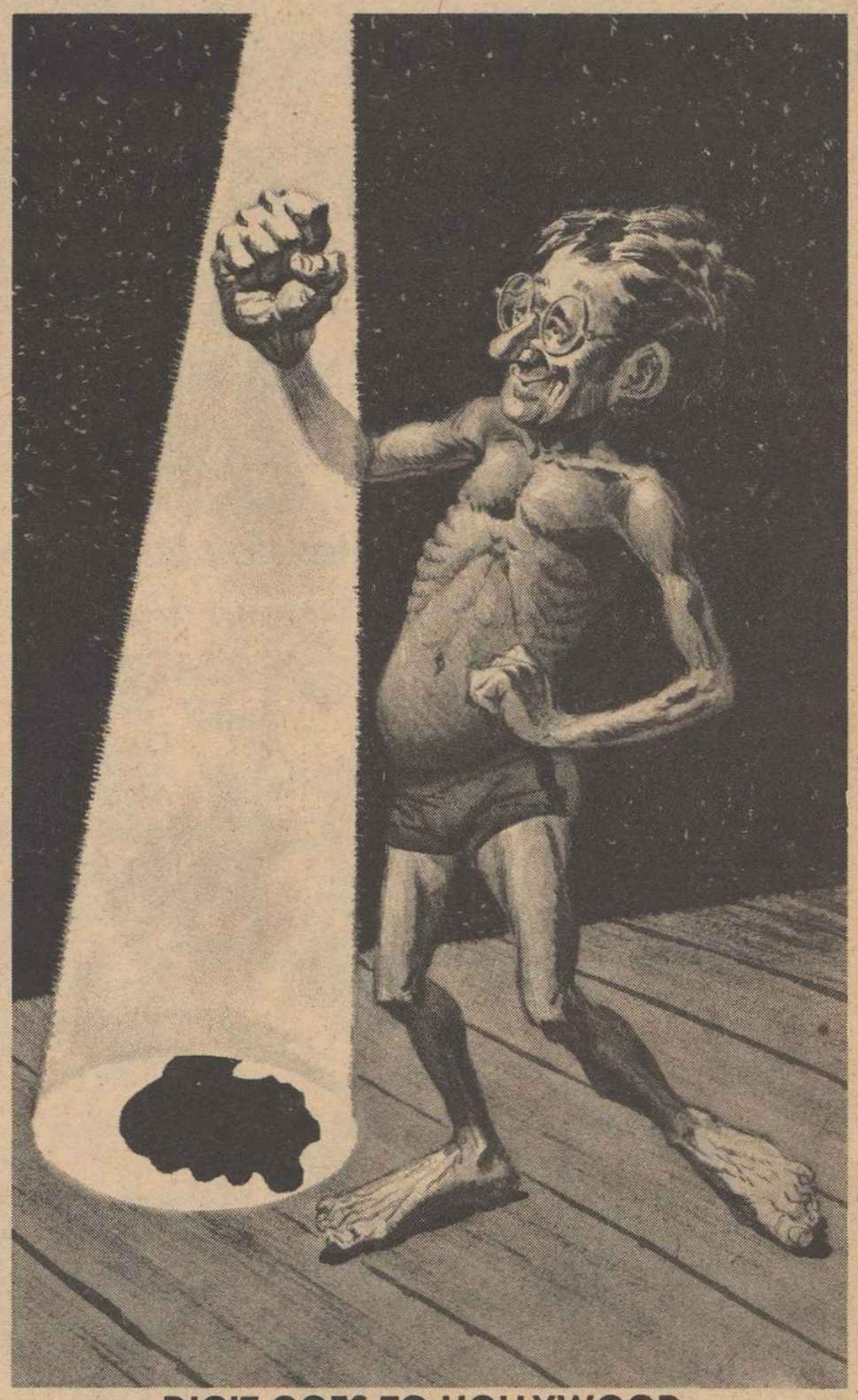
"MR. HAND" *finals*

Unlike the finals for "Mr. Back and Shoulders," staged last month at the Hollywood Bowl, which Lats Dorsi won easily, or the "Golden Calves" finals won by Frank Corelli at the Metropolitan Cow Palace the month before, the "Mr. Hand" elimination finals had no shoo-in contenders. Thus, suspense and excitement reached a fever pitch when the contestants were narrowed down to the last three.

The crowd quieted down for the final pose-off. Dave Drapeless stepped onto the darkened stage, the spotlight focusing only on his impressive, clenched fist. The audience buzzed with obvious approval at the gleaming knuckle structure. Drapeless revealed the pinky and was applauded enthusiastically. Spurred on, he then revealed both his ring and center fingers. The crowd responded with four minutes of cheers and roars! They could sense the hours, the heartache, the sacrifice, and the nail polish that went into the making of a prize fist!

And then the entire hand was bared—naked and unashamed—for all the world to share! The orchestra took the cue and struck up "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You" (despite the California locale) and the audience responded with a standing ovation. John Forbotten, a former trophy winner turned coach, stepped out from the wings and placed a satin robe over his protege's hand as they made their exit.

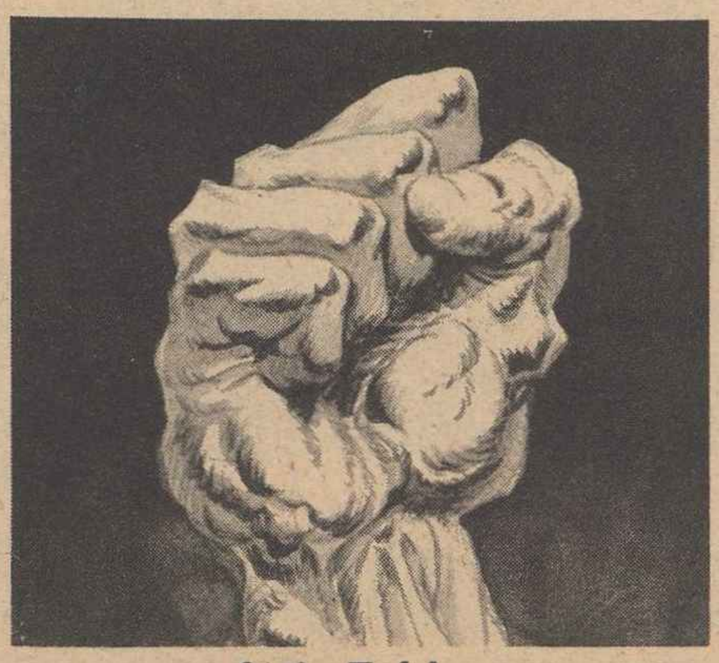
And now it was time for Artie Zelda to take the spotlight. And take it he did! Hardly giving the audience a chance to catch their breath from the sight of his massive, rippling knuckles, Zelda suddenly exposed every finger in one flip of his limp wrist. The gasps had to be heard to be (*continues on page 73*)



DIGIT GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
Dave Drapeless displays exciting extremity before SRO crowd.



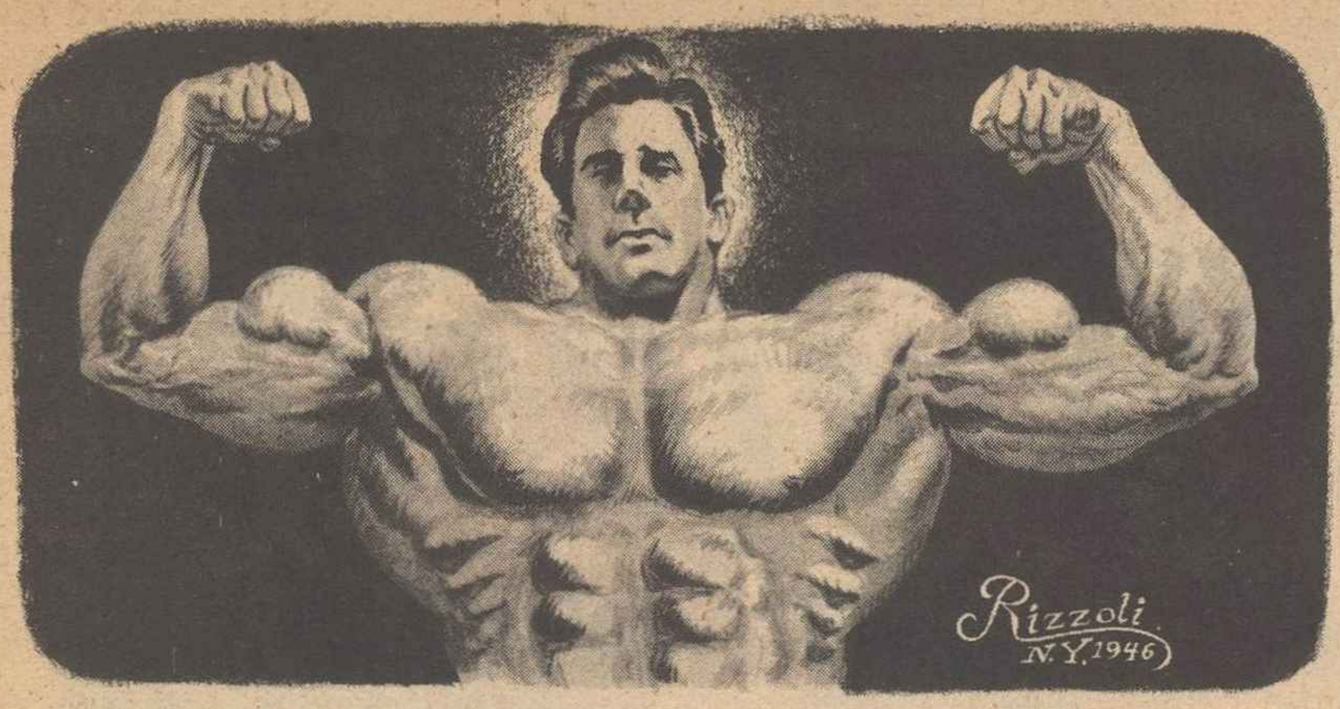
Dave Drapeless



Artie Zelda



Marvin Edam



"Give me your poor, your tired,
your wretched mass of flesh
and bones yearning to be firm—

...AND I'LL GIVE YOU A BODY OF STEEL!"

(Provided you also give me $89.95!)

says Joe Weedgerm, Builder of Champions

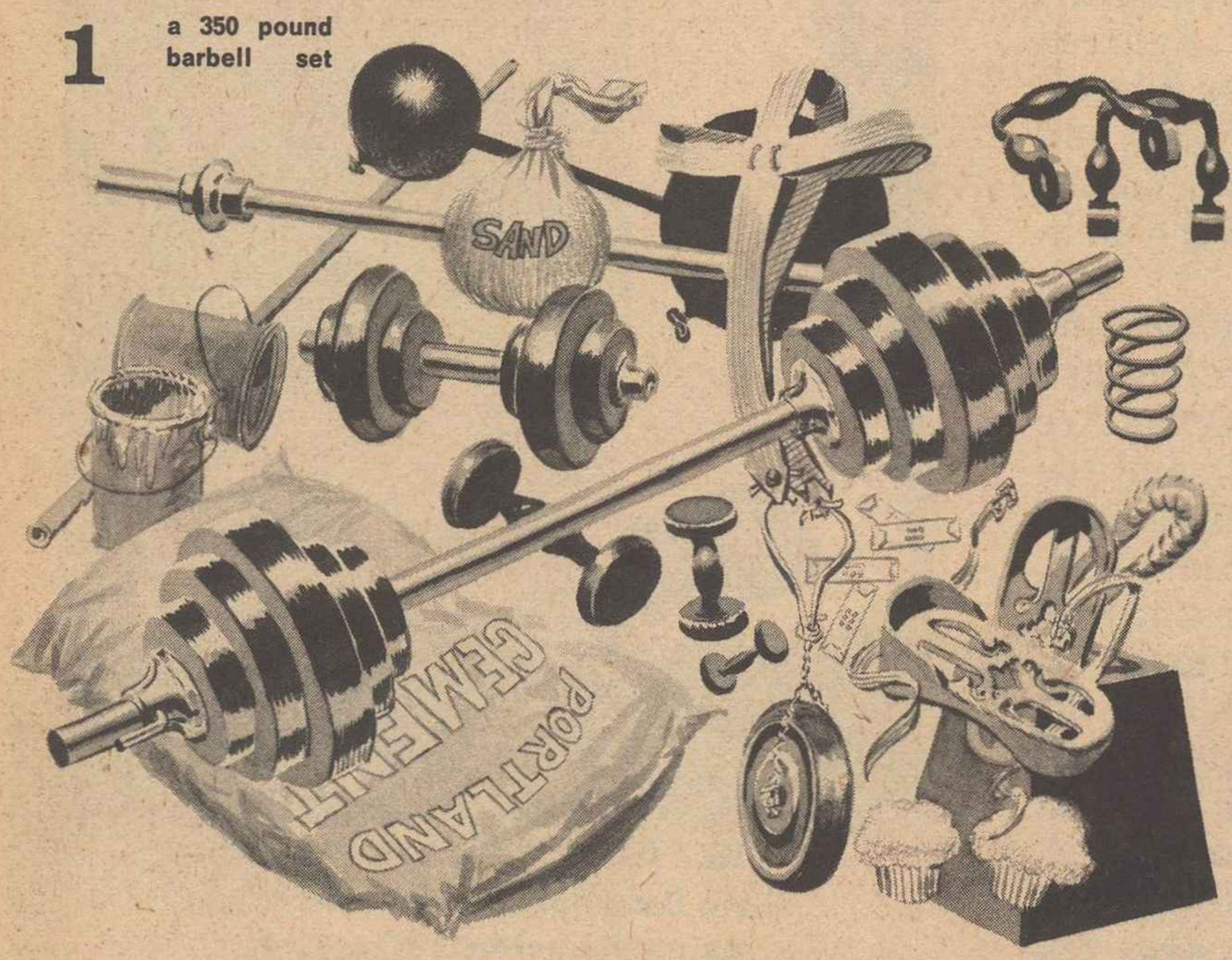
GUARANTEED RESULTS!

I will add 3" to your arms! I will add 6" to your chest!

I will take 2" off your wallet!

"I never met a man whose body I couldn't do something with," says Joe Weedgerm, body-building expert and part time hairdresser. "Just look at the goodies you get with my Weedgerm Home Gym Training Kit:"

1 **a 350 pound barbell set**



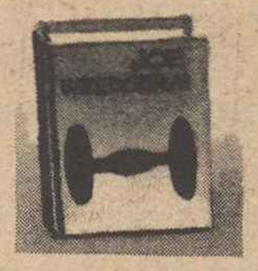
2 **Hernia belt for your Postman!**



3 **Fake eyeglasses for avoiding fights with those who order the Super De Luxe 450 lb. set.**



4 **A complete instruction book with over one hundred easy exercises photographically illustrated by Jerry Fooch, "Mr. Journal Square", and Janis Rage, "Miss Action."**



Rip out the coupon below **NOW!** If you **can't** rip it out, better send for Joe Weedgerm's book for beginners: **"Rip Phone Books—A Page At A Time"!**

JOE WEEDGERM BARBELL & HAIRDRESSER SUPPLY CO., VEGAHOGGIT, PENNA.

Dear Joe:—
I love your body and would like to have one just like it. Please send me one. If the supply is exhausted, then please help me build my nothing frame into a Herculean one!

- ☐ 350 lb. De Luxe set $89.95
- ☐ 450 lb. Super De Luxe set $99.95
- ☐ "Rip Phone Books" (paperback) . . $7.95
- ☐ Special Hairdressing Kit $24.95

NAME _____ AGE _____ SEX (yes or no) _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

SPOTLIGHT ON SEX

MODERN MUSCLE'S Monthly Interview Conducted by Rock River

QUESTION: Can too much sex make you crazy?

ASKED OF: Dr. Errol Virile, B.S., M.S. (Bachelor Swinger and Master of Sex)

Interviewer's note: In every issue of Modern Muscle we probe into some aspect of sex. Why? Well, as anyone in the magazine trade can tell you, the word "sex" appearing on any cover can mean the difference of 10,000 readers! And since we sell only 10,102 copies a month, we got little choice! But perhaps more important is the fact that today's bulging-biceps-ed, tapered-torsoed, gorgeous-looking muscle builder is too often thought of as being "less than a man," usually in words too demeaning or disgusting to print here! Just because that someone labors feverishly to improve it by lifting weights or shaving the ecchy hair from his body, or oiling his body with skin lotions and balms so that his body shimmers gloriously in the sun as he struts about the beach, that's no reason for people to laugh and point and say nasty things about his "masculinity"! I'm a body builder and proud of it! And I'll scratch the eyes out of the first person who says anything nasty about me!

With this in mind, let us begin our candid interview with this month's guest, Dr. Errol Virile, Head Researcher at the Jasters and Monson Sex institute.

MM: Dr. Virile, it is obvious from your background and experience that you have been involved in many, many sexual encounters, and certainly a lot more than the typical average person. Does this in any way affect your stability or mental state?

VIRILE: Good morning.

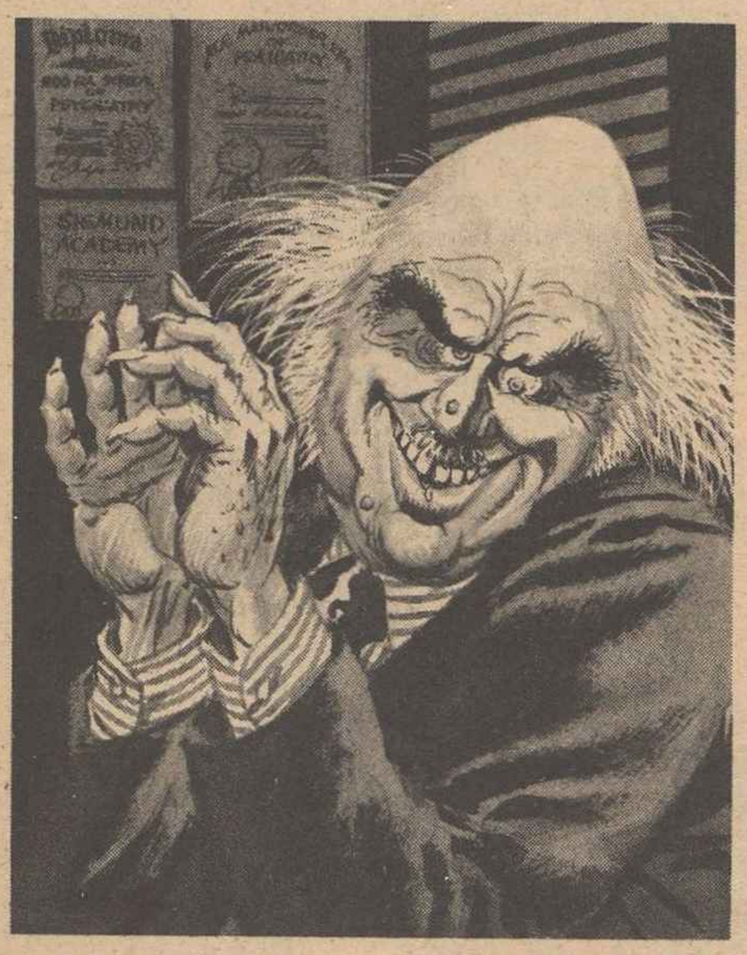
MM: Your biography states that you were a top scorer at college, yet there are no sports listed. Does this imply something?

VIRILE: Fine, thank you.

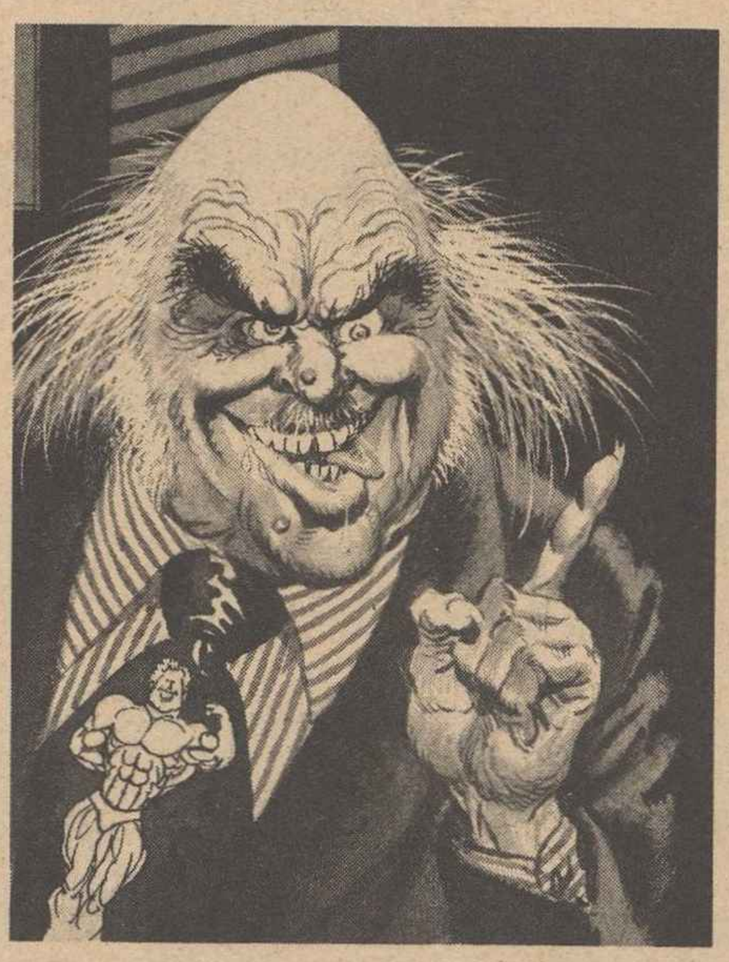
MM: Speaking specifically, Doctor, what, in your professional opinion is the "healthy" frequency for normal sexual activity?

VIRILE: I take it with milk, one teaspoon of sugar, thanks.

MM: Doctor, in one of your lectures at the Institute, you were quoted as *(Cont. on page 92)*



"I hold to the belief that there is nothing abnormal about a man and a cow living together, provided they both have their respective parents full consent!"



"Freud once said, just before he died, or maybe it was after, I forget . . . anyway, he said, "'Oh, to be Jung again!' And who dares to say otherwise, right?"



"In the final analysis, a man is nothing more or less than what he believes himself to be, without introspection, without guilt, and without Cheese Danish!"

MODERN MUSCLE Classified Ads

FOR SALE

Okay, he-man. So now you're beautiful . . . on the beach—but in clothes you look like a slob! Come to Sol. I'll fix you in a suit you'll be a king. Expensive? Of course! But you should have thought of that *before,* bubbie!
Sol, suit-maker of Samsons, N.Y.C.

Slightly used barbell set, lifted only three times, dropped once. Inquire Sy Shmendrick, 434 18th Ave. I'm on the 6th Floor. Set is on the third, or possibly the second floor.

LOOK-TRIM shorts keep your middle section firm. Never a bulge from these stainless steel wonders. Perfect for the beach, providing you don't swim or sit down. $9.95

LOOK-TRIM PRODUCTS,
Trala, La.

"Mr. T" muscle tee shirts. A new, miracle fibre of fortified elastic pushes your excess weight up into your shoulders for extra height and massive upper areas. For instance, if you are 5'6" and weigh 300 lbs., a "Mr. T" shirt will push your frame into an impressive 9.6" height. Blow-out kit included with each order.
"Mr. T" INNER TUBE Co.
Box 22, Retread, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Make money in your spare time by selling "Looks Easy" to your weight-lifting buddies. This unique transparent plastic sheet will support up to 500 lbs. at any height. Pose for pics! Exercise where people can see you! Looks like you're holding up a ton with no strain. Write today to "Looks Easy", Box 500, Modern Muscle

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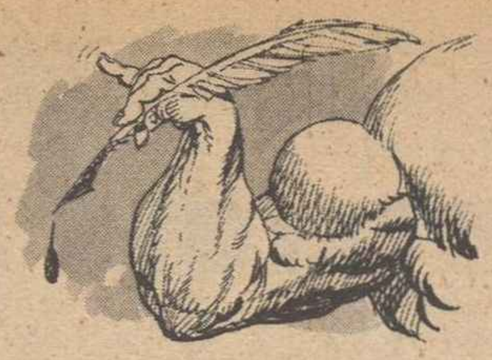
SERVICES

Do you want to tear a phone book in half? If you live in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or any other big city, you've got problems. Why not let us supply you with phone books from Death Valley, Cold River and other towns with few listings until you build up to the biggies? Join "Phone Book-of-the-Month Club", Skimp Hill, Pa.

POSITION WANTED

Muscle-man seeks part time job. Lived exclusively on King Kong banana diet for last five years. Seeks odd jobs like lifting subway trains, crushing cars, climbing atop sky-scrapers, fighting old two-wing planes, etc. Write Mighty Joe, Hollywood and Vines, California.

MALE BAG



In the last issue you published 45 different poses of me. I sent you 100. What was wrong with the other 55? Give the public a break, will ya! Also, you mentioned I was "Mr. All-American Man", "Mr. North American Hercules", "Mr. Far East Atlas", and "Mr. Shaker Heights Adonis". But you forgot to mention I was also "Miss Nebraska".

Verily truly,

Sonny Capistrano
Muscle Bitch, California

A few months ago I read your ad about how the skinny guy's girl friend would say, "Hey, skinny!" to him and guys would kick sand in his face. Then he sent away for your barbell set and he became strong and not skinny anymore. Well, there was this guy in my neighborhood who always made fun of me and called me, "Hey, skinny!" so I sent for your barbells and I really fixed him. One day I challenged him to weight-lifting contest. I put 120 lbs. on the bar. He went first and lifted it easily over his head. Then I tried but I couldn't get it past my waist. So I dropped it on his foot! And now he's stopped making fun of me because everyone calls him, "Hey, gimpy!"

Thanks,

Skinny Atlas
Syracuse, N.Y.

I always thought the health food and exercise bit was just so much bull. But then one day I decided to give it a try, and boy, what a difference it made! I feel like a new man! I look like a new man! My friends don't recognize me! My father doesn't know me! My bank won't cash my checks anymore! Last night my wife had me arrested as an intruder! I've been fired from my job as an imposter! Just one question—how can I get back the *old me?*

A new and lonely man,

Englewood, N.J.

In your magazine you always show adonis-type people. Quite frankly, I am ugly and very badly proportioned. I have extremely short legs, long arms, and I'm grossly overweight. I've tried to work out in the gym, but people laugh at me, so I've stopped going. Should I be content and just accept myself as I am? I enclose a recent photograph of myself so you can judge.

Please help,

Ill Chick
Chic. Ill.

Dear Ill, Do not give up! There is no reason why a physical fitness program won't help you! And do not let the fact that people laugh at you affect your purpose. Their laughter is a reflection on themselves, not you! Hope we've been of some help to your tortured ego. Just one favor from you now, okay? Could you please send me a few more copies of your photo? They make fantastic gag postcards.

Thanks,

Joe Weedgerm,
Editor

OVERWEIGHT?

I went from a 280 lb. overweight slob to a streamlined 78 lbs., thanks to TAKE-OFF Weight Reducing Formula!

Says Lou Rickets of Gaines, Indiana



Each 6 oz. can of TAKE-OFF contains only 1/10th your daily minimum requirement of the important vitamins and minerals. This is by design! The result is simple — you become too weak to pick up a spoon or fork! Opening the refrigerator becomes an impossibility! What better way to lose weight FAST!

TAKE-OFF
Weight-Reducing Formula
$3.95 per 6 oz. can
Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

SKINNY?

I went from a 78 lb. weakling to a 280 lb. dynamo of strength, thanks to PUT-ON Weight-Gaining Blend!

Says Lou Rickets of Gaines, Indiana



Each 6 oz. can of PUT-ON contains 10 times your daily minimum requirement of all the important vitamins and minerals — and the un-important ones as well! You'll get so much phosphorus you'll actually glow in the dark! Yes, you'll get so much starch you'll be stiffer than your shirt collar! You'll get energy running through your body 10 times quicker, you'll be 10 times as active, and you'll die 10 times sooner! What better way to fill out!

PUT-ON
Weight-Gaining Blend
$3.95 per 6 oz. can
Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

Stay just as you are with

STATUS QUO

A new product from the famous Weedgerm laboratories designed for those who want to stay as lovely as they are! And just what is this miracle ingredient? You guessed it—"Take-Off" and "Put-On" (see above ads) in equal proportions to counter-balance each others effect! A new *first* for famous

WEEDGERM
LABORATORIES

STATUS QUO

$4.95 per 6 oz. can

Weedgerm Laboratories, Inc.
Vegahoggit, Pennsylvania

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.



Editor's Note: Since our "Introduction" writer was just kidnapped, and since he is being held for 9¢ ransom, and since we refuse to pay that ransom . . . there will be no introduction to . . .

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A RESORT HOTEL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Ahhh, young love! Isn't that nice?! It's just like our **brochure** says . . . **"Euphoria Hotel—The Romantic Spot—The Ideal Place To Meet A Husband!"**

Are you **kidding?** If I meet **MY husband** here, I'm **DEAD!!**

The bed in room 389 is in **terrible shape!** The two **left legs** are shorter than the two **right legs,** and you can't lie in it without **tipping from side to side!** We got **trouble!**

Wrong! We got a **VIBRATING BED!** Put a **quarter coin box** on it and we'll **clean up!**

Okay, everybody got it straight! Barney carries the guy's bag into the **lobby!** Steve carries it to the **elevator!** Gus carries it down the **hall!** And I carry it into the **room!**

And then, I carry it to the **bed!**

No—don't stretch a **good thing** too far! **Four tips** on **one bag** is **enough!**

The guests are complaining about our **pool! It's small,** it's only **two feet deep,** and the water is like **lukewarm soup!** Shall we **admit** it's a **wading pool** and refund their money for **misrepresentation!**

Of course not! Tell 'em we're a **"Spa"**—that that's our **therapeutic pool** —and charge 'em **extra** to go in!

You advertise this hotel as the **finest** resort on the **coast,** with **all rooms facing the ocean!** Well, **MY** room doesn't face the ocean!!

We didn't say **WHICH ocean!**

Why must all tennis players wear **white?**

Because it's a **tennis tradition** . . . because white is a **neat clean color** and tennis is a **neat clean game** . . . and mainly, because how **ELSE** could I make a killing in my tennis supply shop selling shirts, shorts, skirts and sneakers?!?

Our Championship Tennis Court is in **terrible shape!** I counted about **18 holes** in it!

Okay, **take down the net!** We now have a Championship **Golf** Course!

Ooops! Sorry to bust in on you folks like this! I'll come back at a better time!

She ought to be ashamed of herself! She knows the only time we bust in on guests is when they're either naked —or in the bathroom!

Ha-ha-ha! Hee-hee! Hoo-hah! Oh, stop! You're killing me!

What's he writing? A sketch for the show?

No, a laundry price list for the hotel!

How about "Socks— $1 a pair— hankies— 75c each—"?

Please! Stop! I can't stand it anymore!

The dining room staff just locked all the guests in, submitted a list of grievances to the chef, and set fire to the pantry!

If I told 'em once, I told 'em a thousand times—Don't hire college kids as waiters!

The air conditioning broke down in Room 227! It's sweltering in there! Shall I call a repair man?

No, I have a better idea! Throw a couple of bricks in a corner, and we'll advertise a free sauna bath!

We pride ourselves in our efficient Hotel Security Force! There hasn't been a robbery here in years!

Except when our guests check out and see their BILL!!

On the phone you told me there were five men to one girl!

That's right! And those are the five men! Too bad you're not lucky enough to be the one girl!

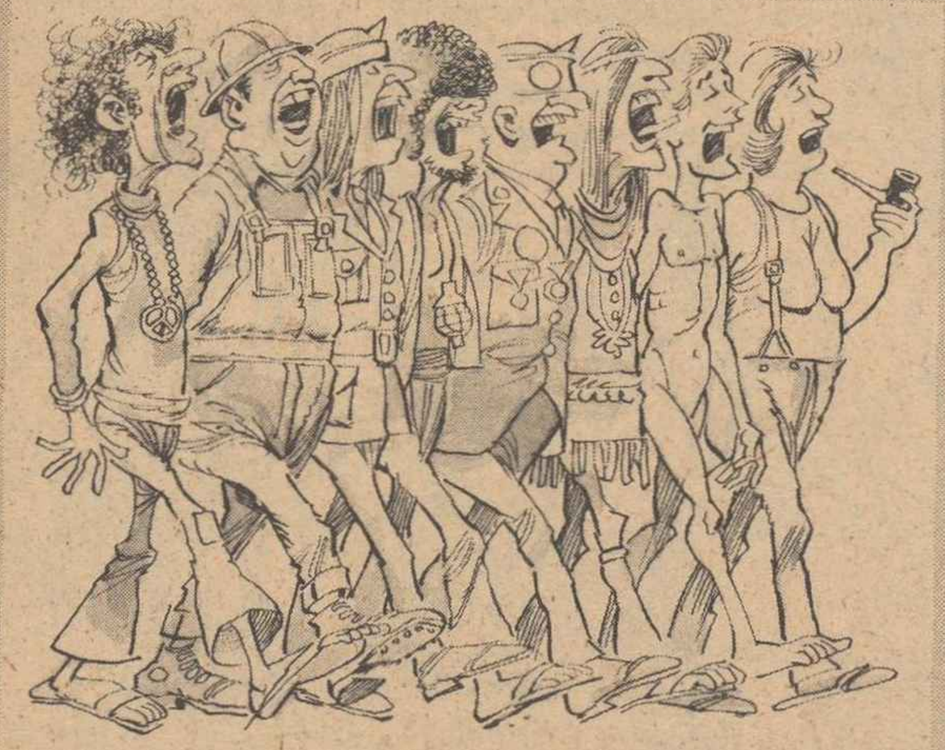
Help! Police! I've been robbed! I've been robbed!

Clarke

PARADE UNREST DEPT.

Today everybody seems to be a militant or a protester or some kind of non-conformist. Student radicals, hard-hat construction workkers, women's lib fanatics, homosexuals—you name it; they're making themselves heard. MAD, of course, is glad to see all this. Not only does it give these people something to do, it provides us with an excuse to present these

MARCHING SONGS FOR CRUSADERS, MILITANTS AND ASSORTED, SUNDRY NON-CONFORMISTS



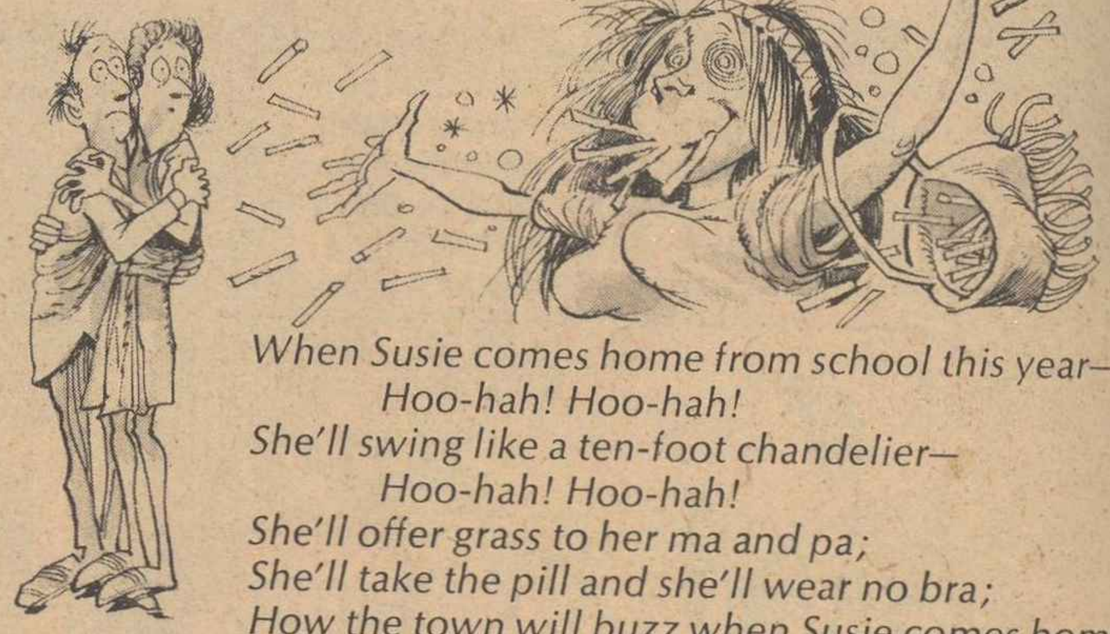
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE COLLEGE STUDENTS' HOMECOMING MARCH

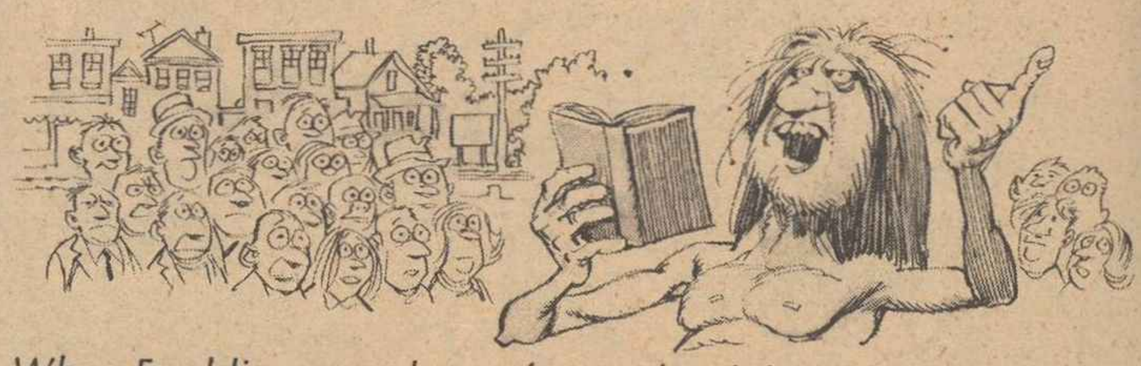
(Sung to the tune of *"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"*)



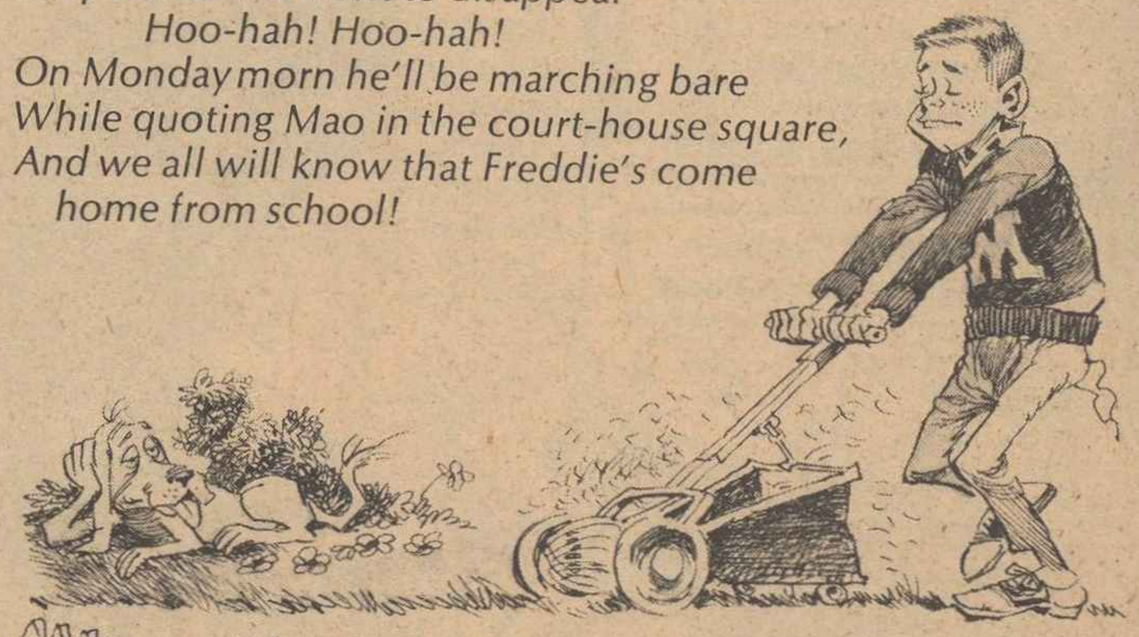
When Johnny comes home from school this year—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
The neighbors will know that he is here—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
The Vietcong flag from the roof he'll fly
While screaming "Pig!" at each passer-by;
How the block will stare when Johnny comes home from school!



When Susie comes home from school this year—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
She'll swing like a ten-foot chandelier—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
She'll offer grass to her ma and pa;
She'll take the pill and she'll wear no bra;
How the town will buzz when Susie comes home from school!



When Freddie comes home from school this year—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
His parents will want to disappear—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
On Monday morn he'll be marching bare
While quoting Mao in the court-house square,
And we all will know that Freddie's come home from school!



When Marvin comes home from school this year—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
We won't have a single thing to fear—
Hoo-hah! Hoo-hah!
He'll wear a crew-cut and mow the grass;
He'll go to church and act middle-class;
What an awful bore when Marvin comes home from school!

THE HYMN OF THE HARD HATS

(Sung to the tune of
"Off We Go, Into The Wild Blue Yonder!")



Off we go—
In the peace group yonder,
Looking for . . . yippies to chase!
There's a creep—
Tearing our flag asunder!
At him, boys! Step on his face!
C—c—c—crunch!

Raise the flag—
Over this land of freedom!
We'll preserve . . . Liberty's way
Those filthy Reds
We'll break their heads
Yeah
Nothing can stop the Hard Hats today!

THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS' ROUSER

(Sung to the tune of
"Over There")



Get your share!
Get your share!
Write for "Look;"
Sell a book;
Get your share!
If your words are smutty,
And you look nutty,
You soon will be a millionaire!

Make 'em stare!
Show your flair!
Be absurd;
Say "that word"
On the air!
That's the style, man;
Get crude and vile, man;
You'll be (bleeping) rich
and you'll really
get your share!

THE HAWKS' PEP SONG

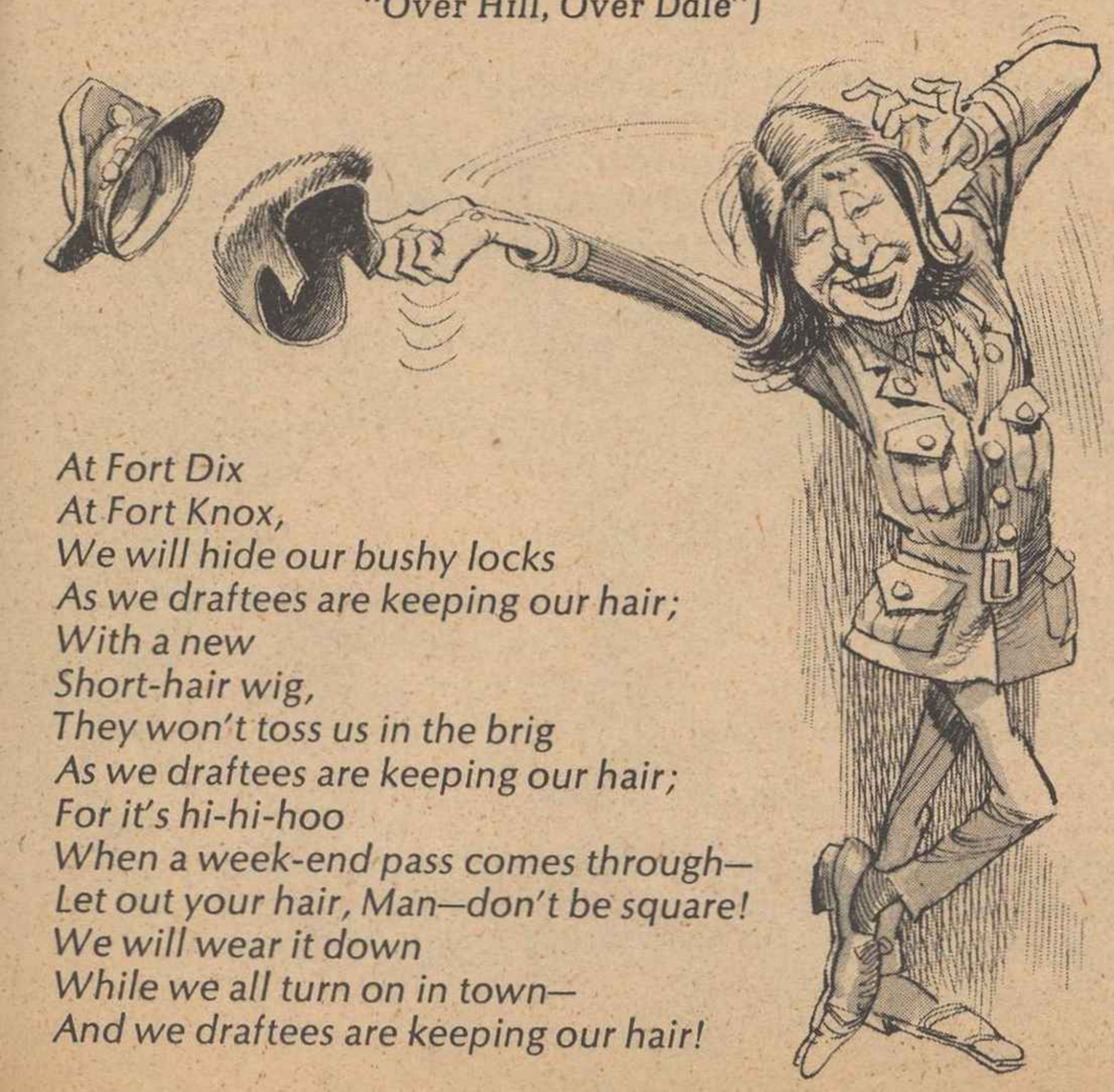
(Sung to the tune of
"Bless 'em All")



Bomb Hanoi!
Bomb Hanoi!
When their troops are too tough to destroy—
A plane-load of bombs from a B-52
Will blast out the rats and the war will be through;
Should you find that the Doves you annoy,
Don't let their complaints mar your joy—
To hell with the soreheads—
Use nu-cle-ar warheads
And blow up the world with Hanoi!

THE LONG-HAIR DRAFTEES' PEP SONG

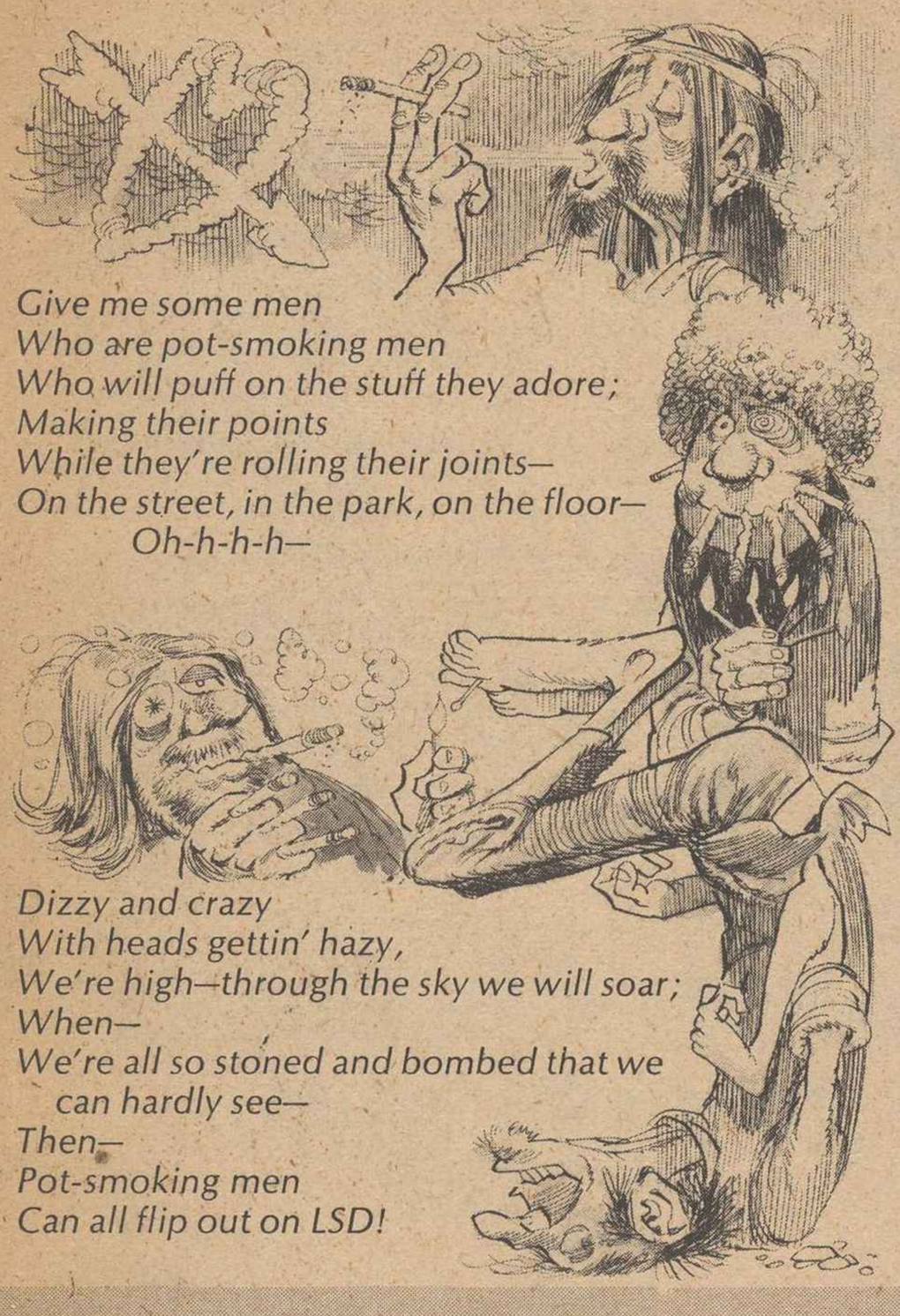
(Sung to the tune of
"Over Hill, Over Dale")



At Fort Dix
At Fort Knox,
We will hide our bushy locks
As we draftees are keeping our hair;
With a new
Short-hair wig,
They won't toss us in the brig
As we draftees are keeping our hair;
For it's hi-hi-hoo
When a week-end pass comes through—
Let out your hair, Man—don't be square!
We will wear it down
While we all turn on in town—
And we draftees are keeping our hair!

THE POT-SMOKERS' FIGHT SONG

(Sung to the tune of *"Stouthearted Men"*)

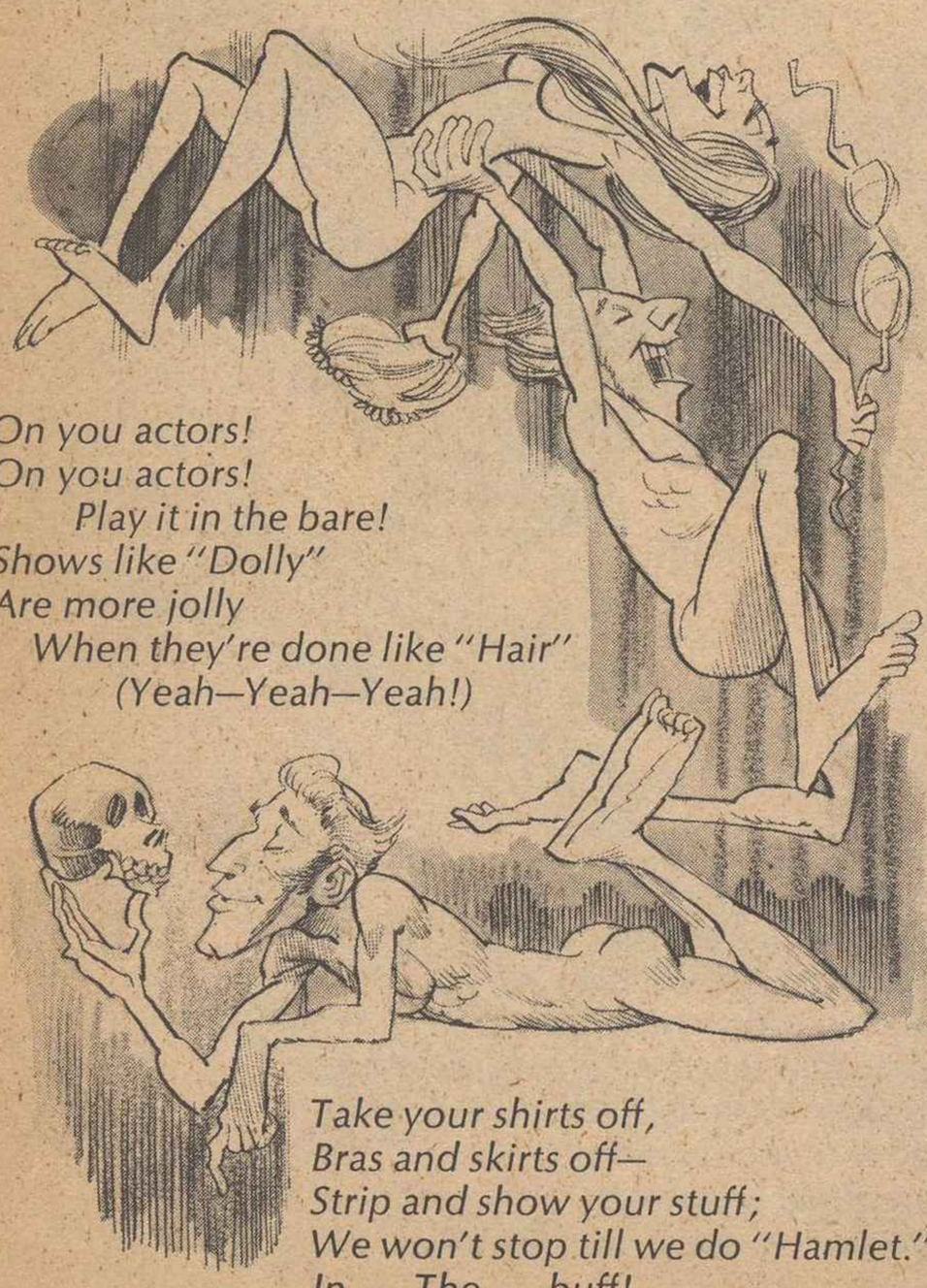


Give me some men
Who are pot-smoking men
Who will puff on the stuff they adore;
Making their points
While they're rolling their joints—
On the street, in the park, on the floor—
Oh-h-h-h—

Dizzy and crazy
With heads gettin' hazy,
We're high—through the sky we will soar;
When—
We're all so stoned and bombed that we
can hardly see—
Then—
Pot-smoking men
Can all flip out on LSD!

THE NUDITY-ON-BROADWAY ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of *"On Wisconsin!"*)

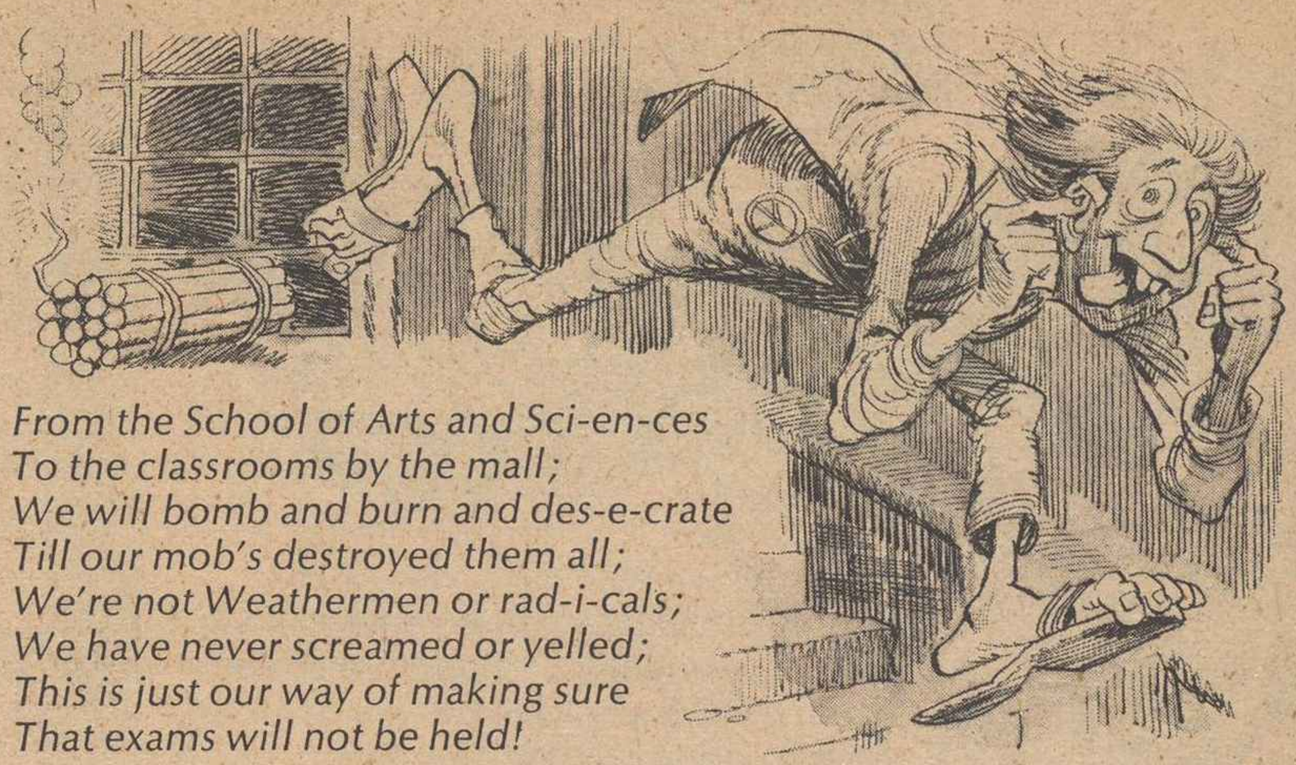


On you actors!
On you actors!
Play it in the bare!
Shows like "Dolly"
Are more jolly
When they're done like "Hair"
(Yeah—Yeah—Yeah!)

Take your shirts off,
Bras and skirts off—
Strip and show your stuff;
We won't stop till we do "Hamlet."
In . . . The . . . buff!

THE COLLEGE RIOTER'S CHANT

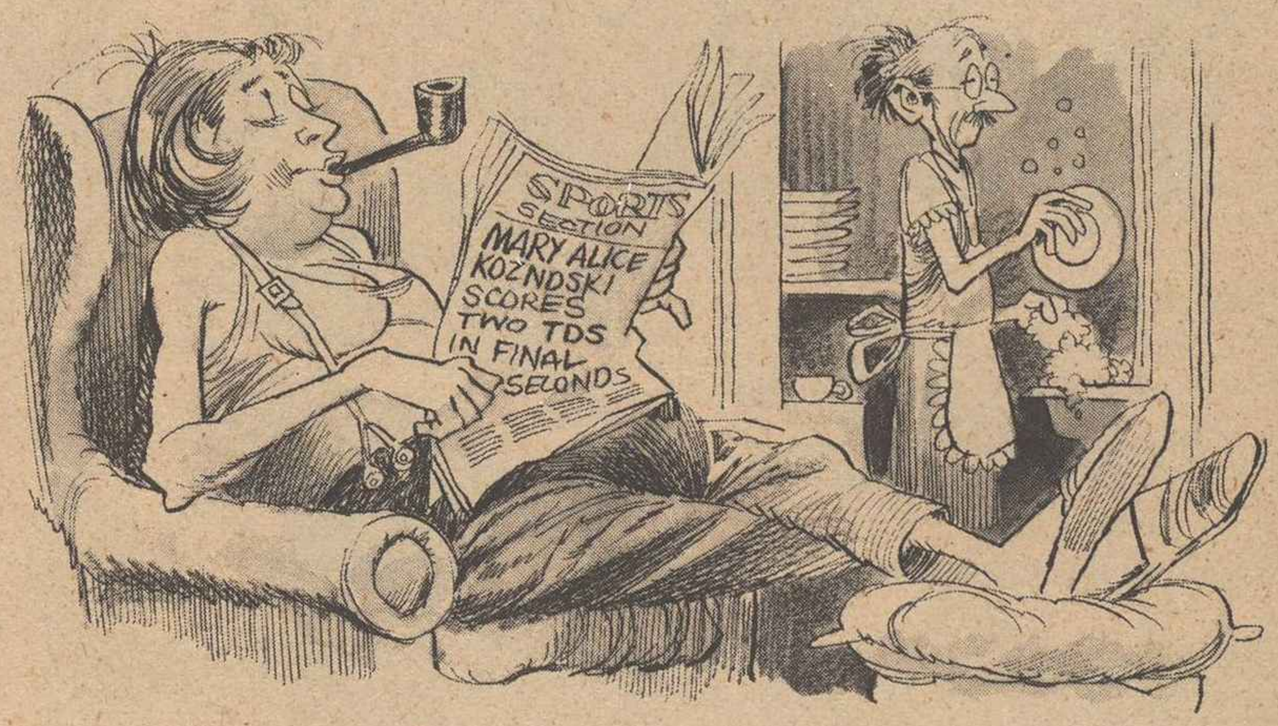
(Sung to the tune of *"From the Halls of Montezuma"*)



From the School of Arts and Sci-en-ces
To the classrooms by the mall;
We will bomb and burn and des-e-crate
Till our mob's destroyed them all;
We're not Weathermen or rad-i-cals;
We have never screamed or yelled;
This is just our way of making sure
That exams will not be held!

THE WOMEN'S LIB ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of *"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"*)



Our eyes have seen the glory of the mighty Women's Lib,
When we're free from changing diapers for a baby in a crib;
When we're not enslaved by husbands to a bottle or a bib;
Our cause is marching on!

(Chorus)

Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
Fight so men will not subdue ya!
If they bitch, then let 'em sue ya!
Our cause is marching on!

We will crash the clubs for men where women aren't allowed to tread;
We'll go to work as stevedores or lumberjacks instead;
We will fight the Cosa Nostra till the Mob is made co-ed;
Our cause is marching on!

(Repeat Chorus)

We will shout for Hai Karate when our body sweats and smells;
We will wear the jockey shorts that ev-ry haberdasher sells;
We will work as the attendents in the men's rooms in hotels;
Our cause is marching on!

(Repeat Chorus)

We will force the Green Bay Packers to allow us on the squad;
We'll elect a woman President, and if you think that's odd...
When we die and go to heaven, we'll elect a woman GOD;
Our cause is marching on!

(Repeat Chorus)



TURKEY AN' THE STORE DEPT.

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

MESSY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE

Good morning, and **Happy Thanksgiving!** I'm Lorne Greenback!

. . . and I'm Betty Whitewash . . .

. . . and, as if you didn't already know it, we're co-hosting this **68th** Annual MESSY's Thanksgiving Day Parade . . .

. . . for the **68th** time!

MESSY•S

SPECIAL REVIEWING STANDS

MESSY•S LOW PRICE 39.95

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITERS: DICK DE BARTOLO & KEDZIE NORTH

This year the parade promises to be even **more** breathtaking, colossal, dazzling, fabulous and spectacular than **ever!**

I see you're still using those same **5 tired adjectives,** aren't you, Betty?

Yes, but this year, I put them in **alphabetical order,** Lorne!

It's a **beautiful, sunny morning** in New York City, isn't it, Betty?

Are you **kidding?** I'm freezing my—oh, **yes,** Lorne! The temperature is a crisp 6 below zero . . . the humidity is 94% . . . the wind is from the East, blowing at 40 miles per hour—**this is a recording**—the temperature is . . .

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

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

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

Allied

GIANT SILHOUETTE SALE 3d Floor

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

You mean Fidel Castro?

No, silly! **Santa Claus!**

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

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

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

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

4

STATION BREAK YOU NITWITS!!

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

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

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

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

Lorne? Lorne! **Wake up!**

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

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

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

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

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

Why that's breath-taking, colossal, dazzling, fabulous, and spectacular, Lorne! Not to mention **cheap!**

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

U.S. BLUBBER

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

And what's so interesting about **that?**

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

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

That's **obvious!**

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

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

DDT

KEEP OFF

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

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

Who's **acting?!**

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

Charlie Brown? Spiro Agnew?

No! It's the **Smothers Brothers!**

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

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

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

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

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

THANKSGIVING SPECIAL
BETTY WHITEWASH 1944 STYLE ~ WIGS ~

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

BUY!

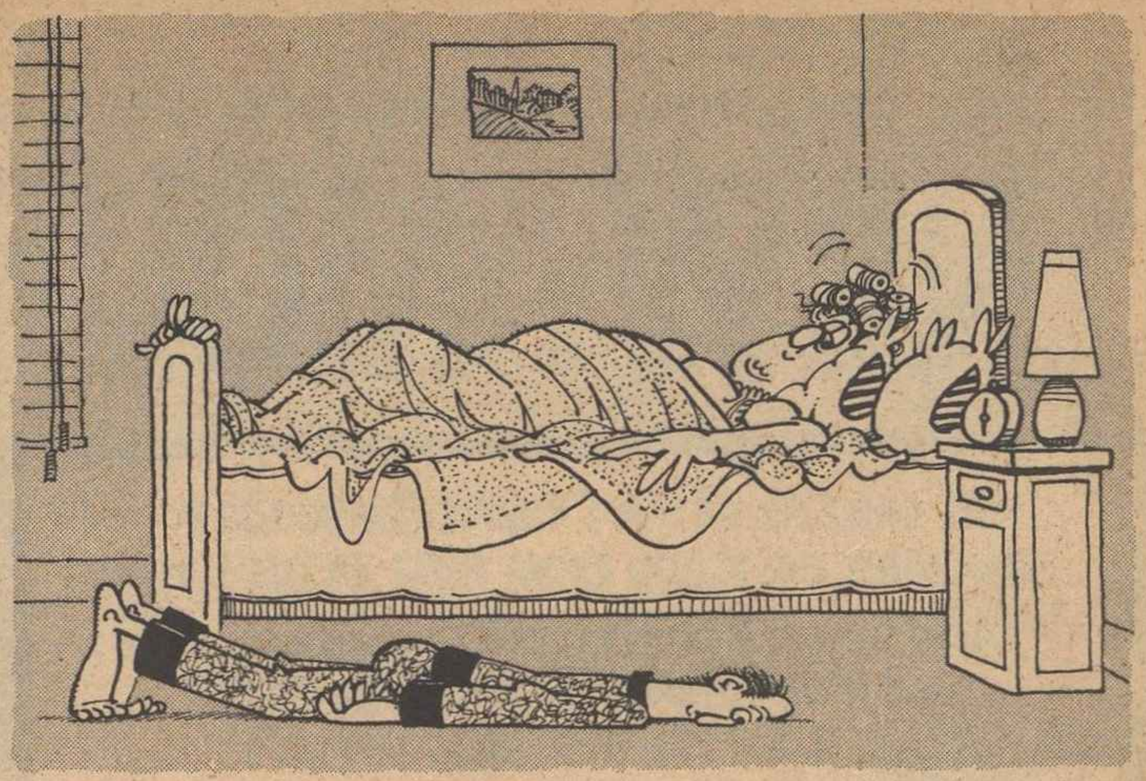
Well, another MESSY's parade is over, and we want to thank you for joining us for all the fun and excitement . . .

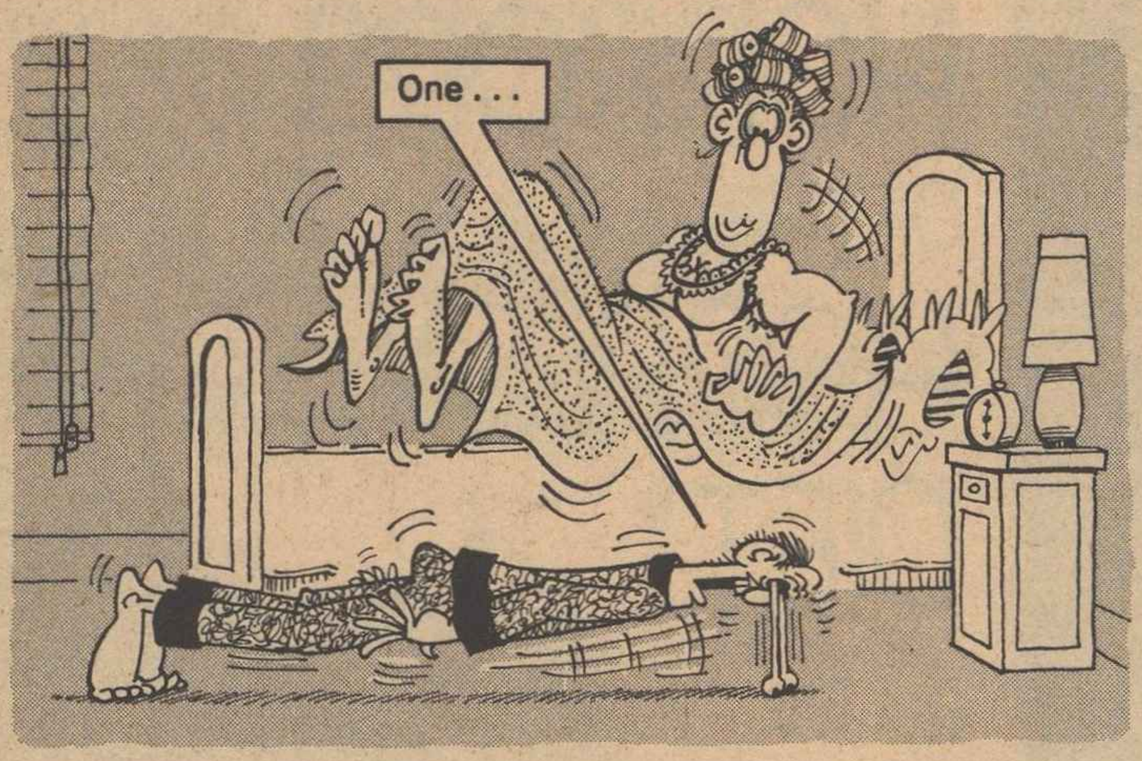
. . . and for letting us into your homes with this special Thanksgiving **turkey!**

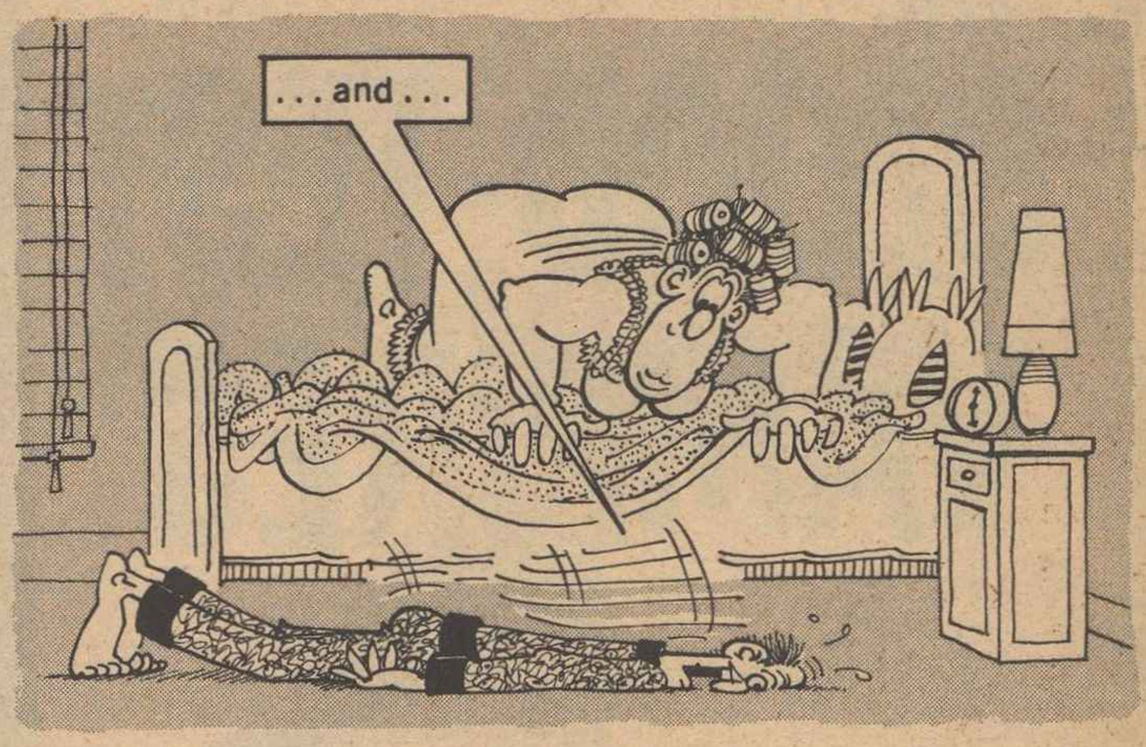
See you **next** year!

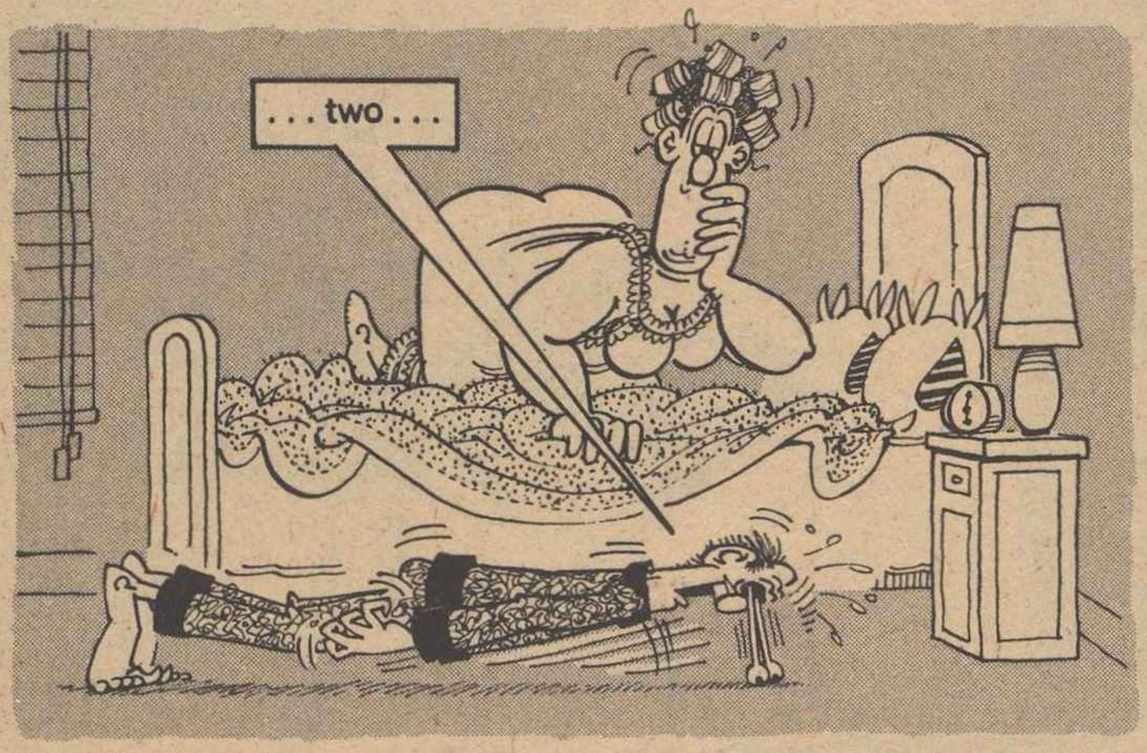
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

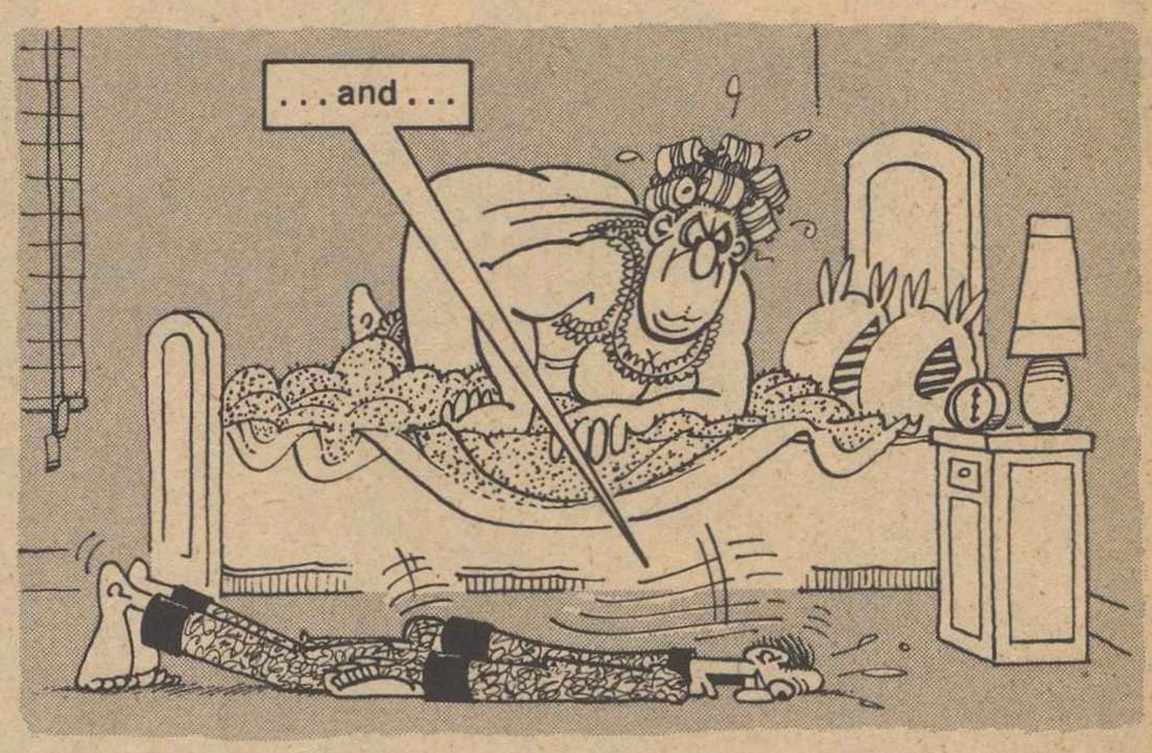
VERY EARLY ONE MORNING

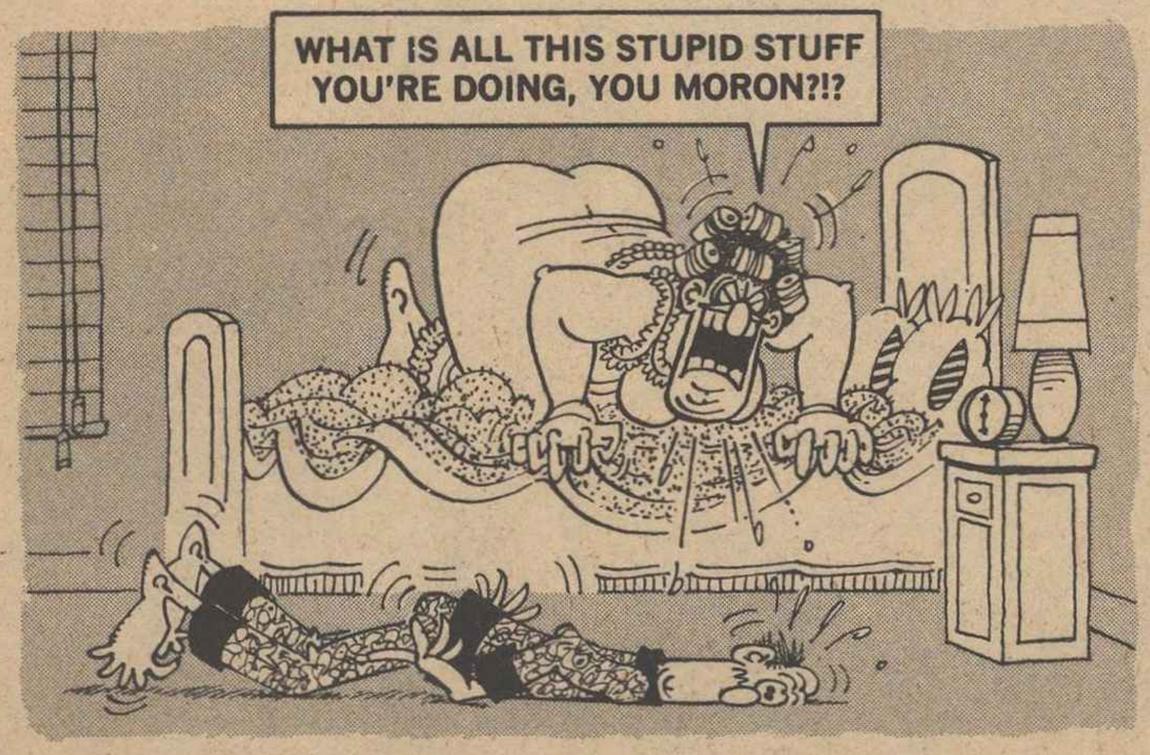


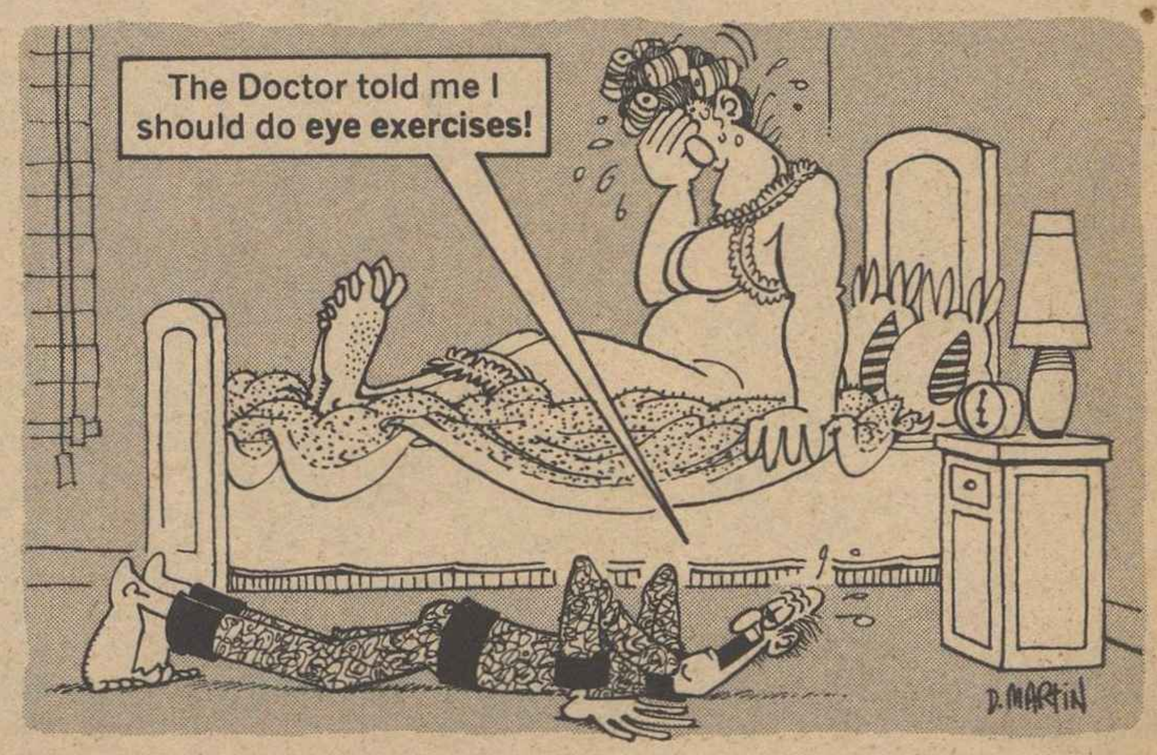


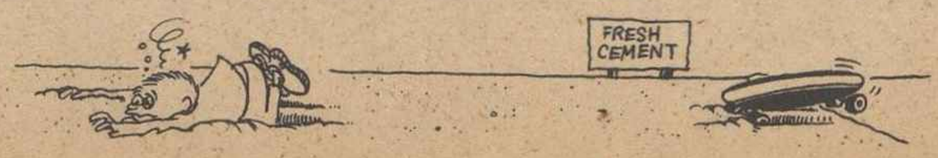












MEDI-SCARE DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go again in our never-ending quest for new inspirations for Hollywood

NEW MOVIE MONSTERS

THEY CAME BY DAY . . . THEY CAME BY NIGHT . . .
DRAWING THE BLOOD FROM THEIR VICTIM'S VEINS!

And when it came time to operate, they put it all back . . . and charged for it!

"THE BLOOD-TEST VAMPIRES"



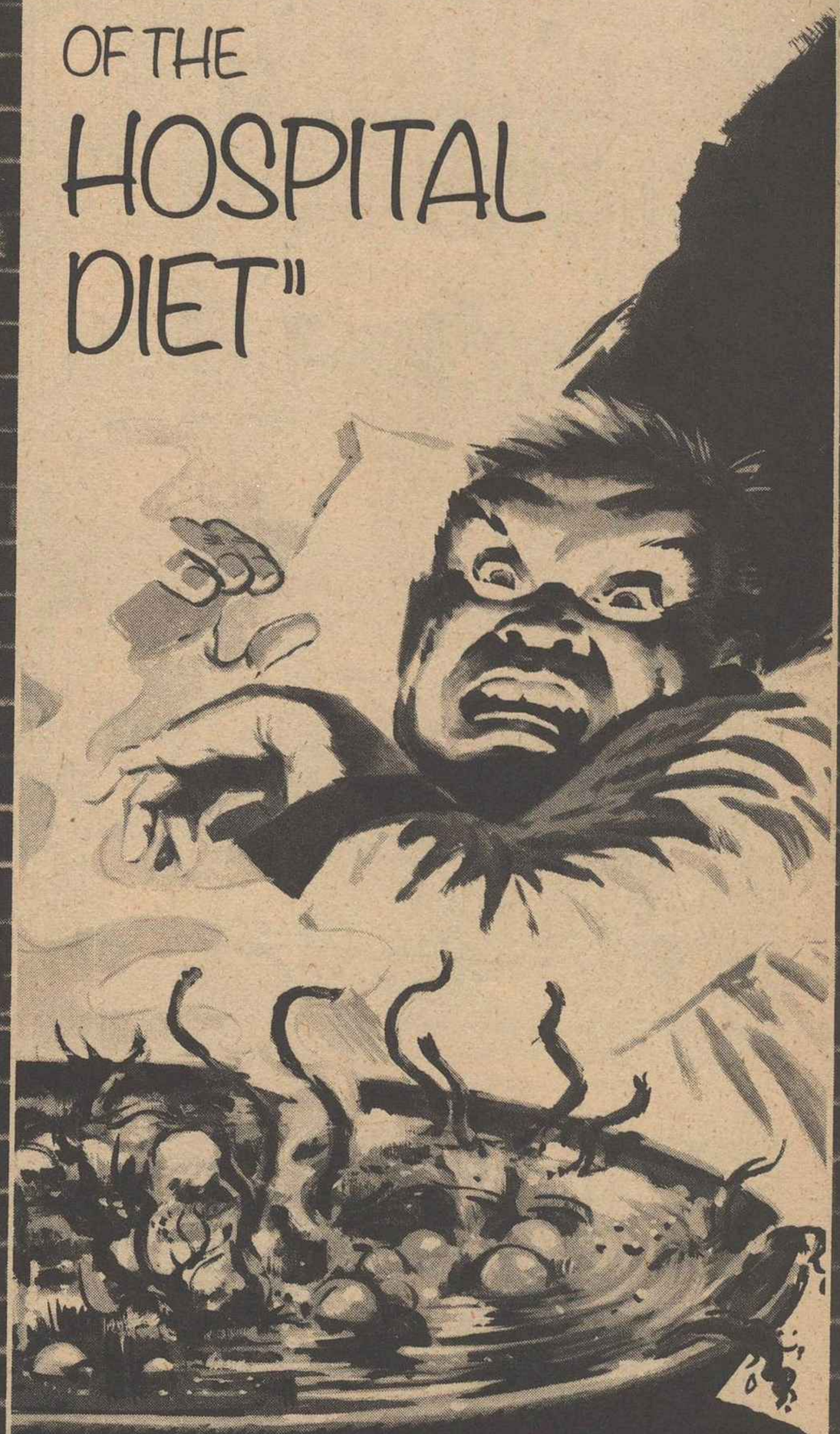
Starring:

BLOODY EBSEN ★ John VEIN ★ Artery CARNEY ★ George VESSEL & Pipette LAURIE

THIS PICTURE IS RATED O +

SEE THE UNSPEAKABLE BLOBS THAT MADE WOMEN FAINT AT THEIR SIGHT AND STRONG MEN'S STOMACHS TURN!

"THE HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL DIET"



STARRING:

Elisha COOK with Stew GRANGER Steam McQUEEN Broil IVES * David FRY & Milton BOIL

Horror Films". This time, MAD suggests that Producers of these bombs can create...

from the MEDICAL WORLD

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

WHY DID THE SADISTIC WHITE SPECTRE WAKE HIM FROM A FITFUL SLEEP AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WHAT AWFUL THINGS DID SHE FORCE HIM TO SWALLOW?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SEE THE NURSE, WITH HIS MEDICINE, SUBJECT HIM TO

"THE COLD HAND AT MIDNIGHT"

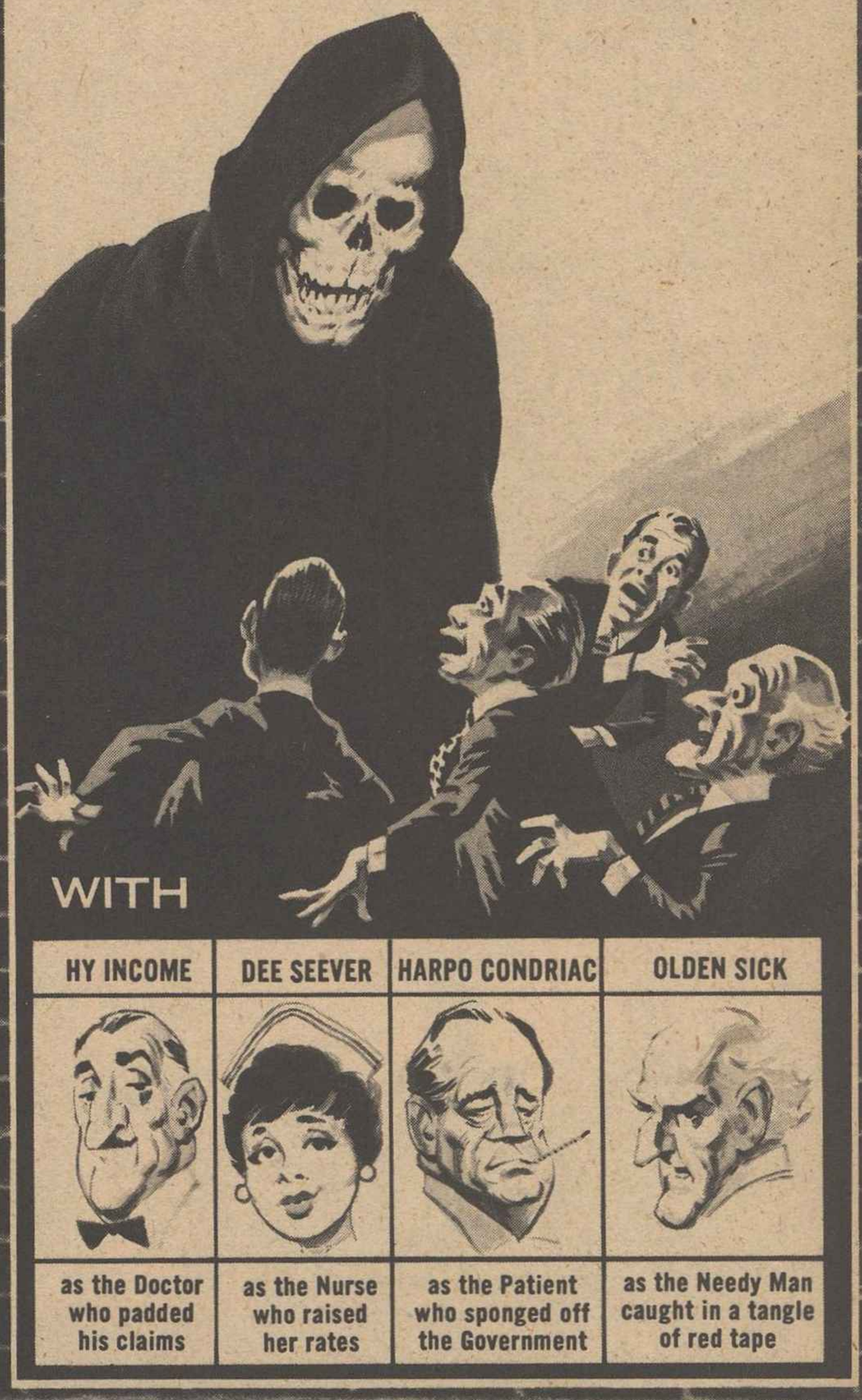


WHAT WAS IT THAT...

FRIGHTENED POLITICIANS—
TERRIFIED BUSINESSMEN—
PANICKED THE WHOLE A.M.A.?

IT WAS...

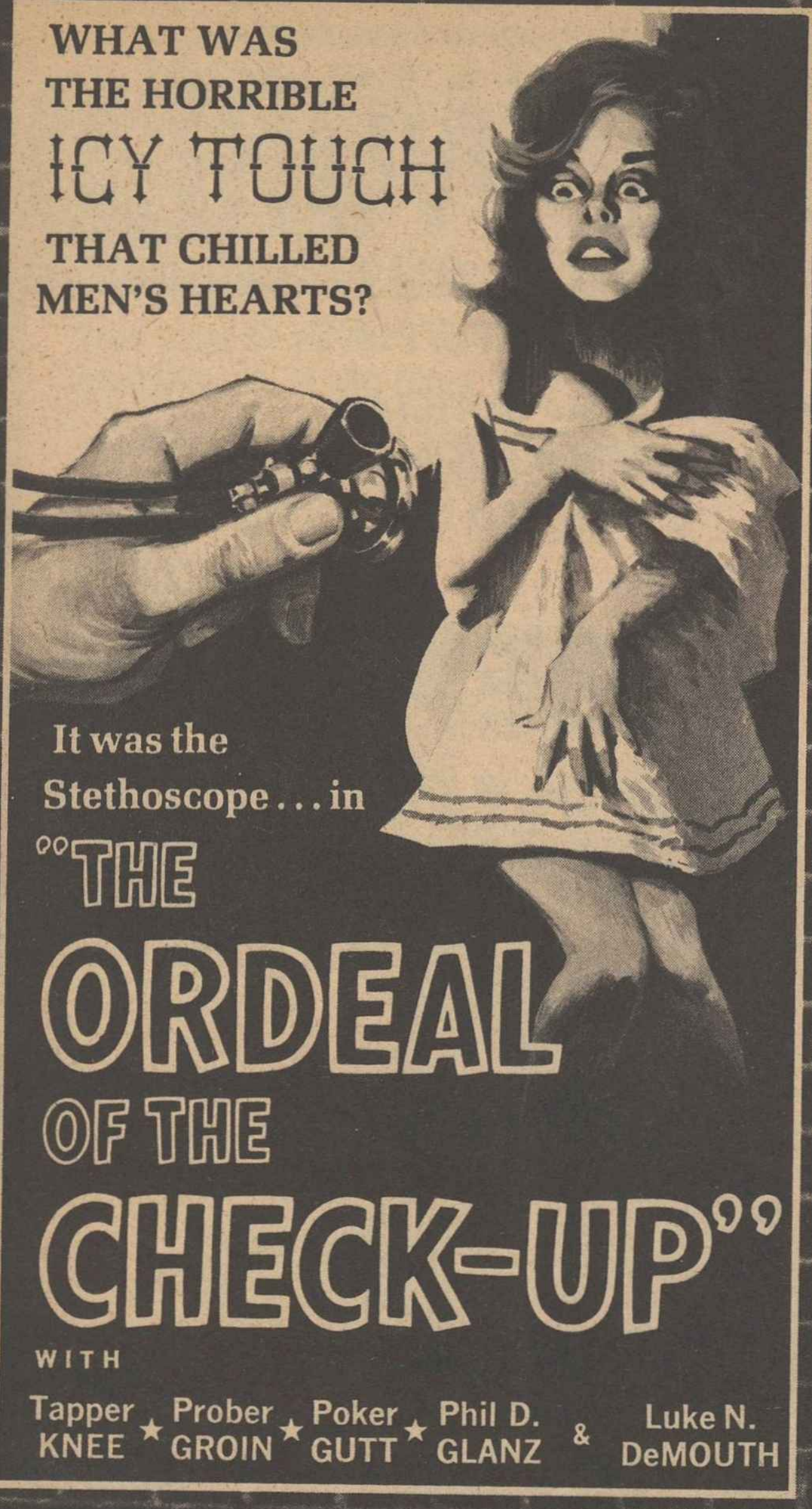
"THE MENACE OF MEDICARE!"



WITH

HY INCOME	DEE SEEVER	HARPO CONDRIAC	OLDEN SICK
as the Doctor who padded his claims	as the Nurse who raised her rates	as the Patient who sponged off the Government	as the Needy Man caught in a tangle of red tape

WHAT WAS
THE HORRIBLE
ICY TOUCH
THAT CHILLED
MEN'S HEARTS?



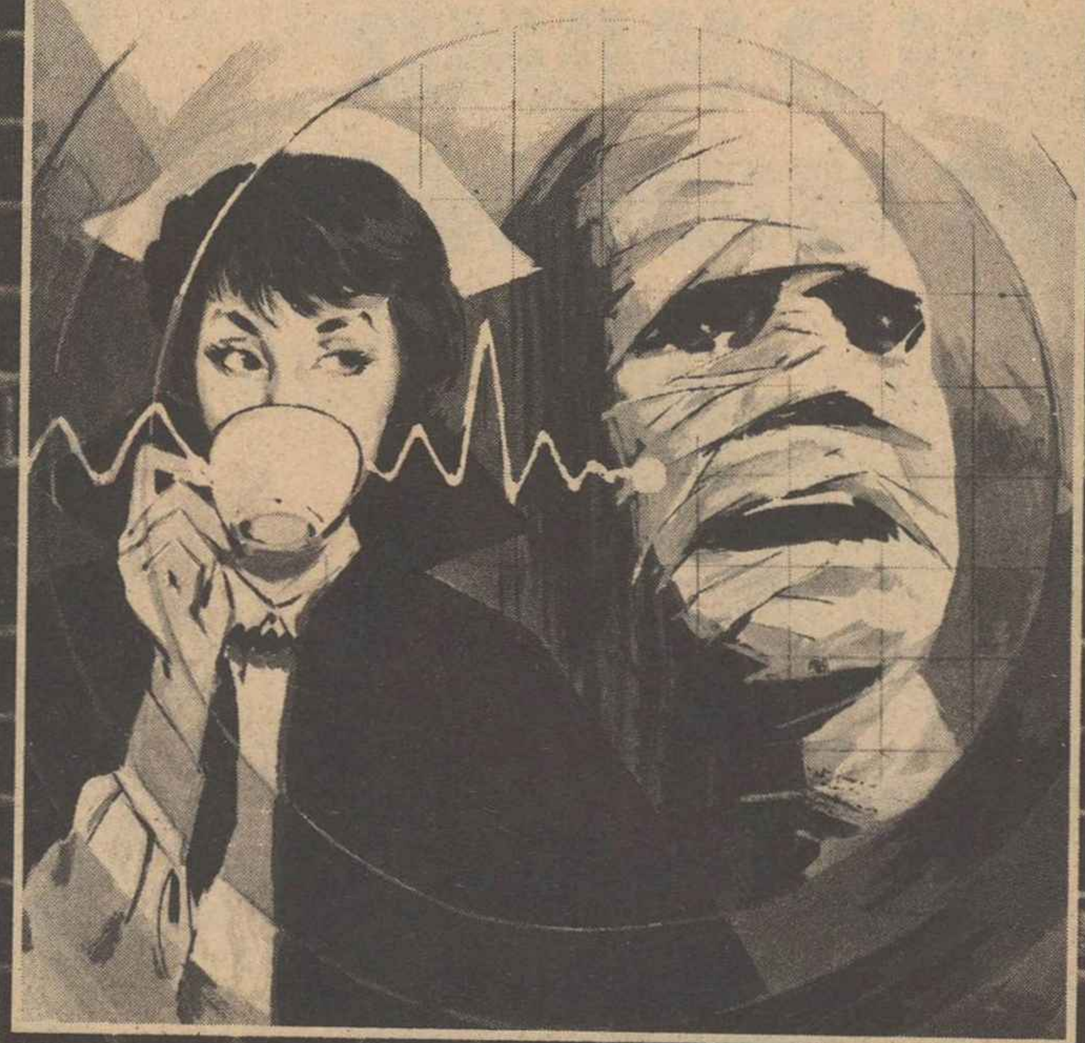
It was the
Stethoscope . . . in
"THE
ORDEAL
OF THE
CHECK-UP"

WITH

Tapper KNEE ★ Prober GROIN ★ Poker GUTT ★ Phil D. GLANZ & Luke N. DeMOUTH

HE RANG AND RANG AND RANG! HE CRIED OUT TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN! BUT NO ONE CAME! WHAT WAS THE AWFUL ANSWER TO . . .

"THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING NURSE"



WHAT WERE THESE STRANGE CONCOCTIONS? WHY DID THEY TASTE SO TERRIBLE . . . AND COST SO MUCH?
THEY WERE MEDICINES THAT GREW AND MULTIPLIED IN THE BATHROOM CABINET UNTIL THEY BECAME . . .

"THE THINGS IN THE BOTTLES"



THIS PICTURE IS RATED X sedrin

STARRING:

PENNY SILLIN * TERRY MYSIN * AL K. SELTZER * DONNA GEL * LIZ TUREEN * ANNA SINN * KAY O'PECTATE * ABE ZORBEEN, JR. * SARAH TAN * JERRY TOLL * ROBERT TUSSIN * MEG NESIA & CORA SYDIN as Auntie Histamine

TANKS A MILLION DEPT.

One of the fastest growing hobbies today (that we're free to talk about in a family magazine) is the collecting, breeding and raising of Tropical Fish. From their purchase to their demise (often the same day), Tropical Fish are decorative, quiet, easy to feed, relaxing to watch, and an utter bore. And yet, despite the fact that they do nothing but swim around (or float on the top), Tropical Fish has become a multi-million dollar industry. So to save you from becoming a hopeless addict . . . if you haven't already become one . . . we now present . . .

A MAD LOOK AT Tropical Fish

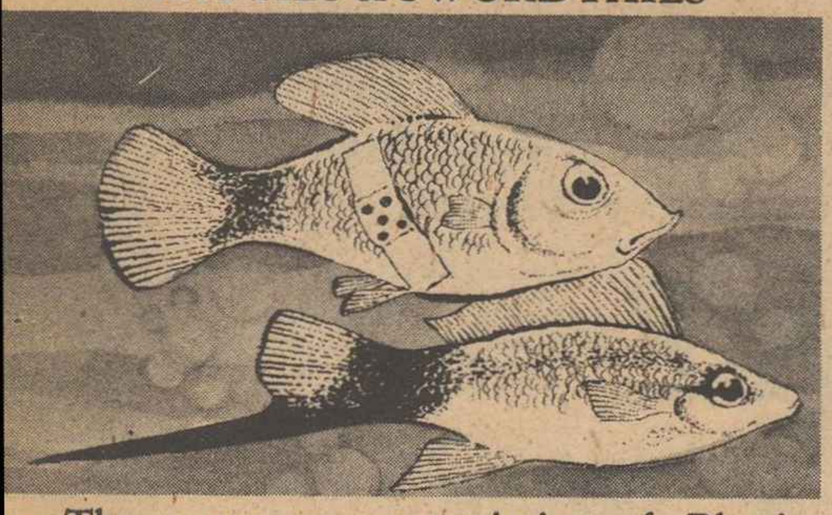
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: EARLE DOUD





POPULAR VARIETIE

PLATTIES & SWORDTAILS



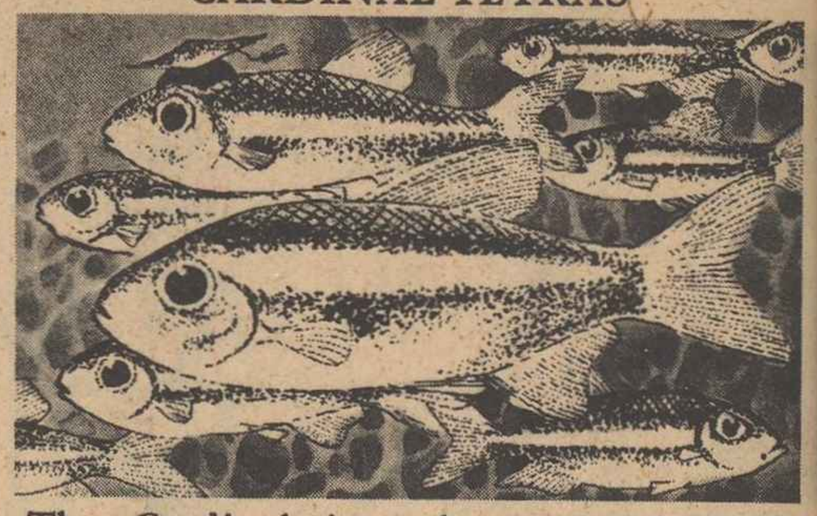
There are many varieties of Platties and Swordtails. They are live-bearers rather than egg-bearers. Approximately once a month, each female will give birth to from 25 to 200 young, right before your very eyes in a matter of minutes . . . then *eat them* right before your very eyes in a matter of seconds.

NEON TETRAS



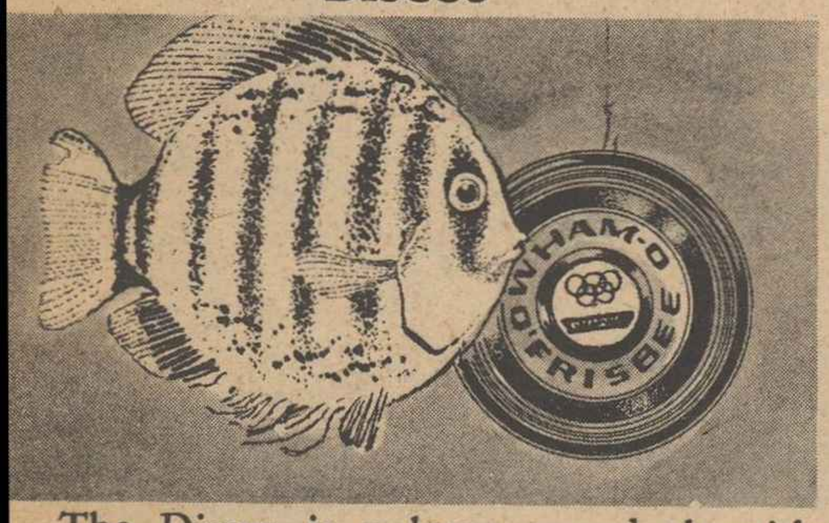
The Neon Tetra is a colorful little fish which usually costs less than a dollar. However, it is also a timid little fish, and one Neon Tetra will completely disappear in your tank, hiding behind plants or rocks. Neon Tetras are happiest, and are best displayed in schools of 200 or more.

CARDINAL TETRAS



The Cardinal is a larger version of the Neon, and is perfect for people with poor eyesight. Cardinals are also school fish, and mix well with Neons, providing the Neons outnumber them 4 to 1. A nice display is 100 Cardinals and 400 Neons, especially for the guy who owns the fish store.

DISCUS



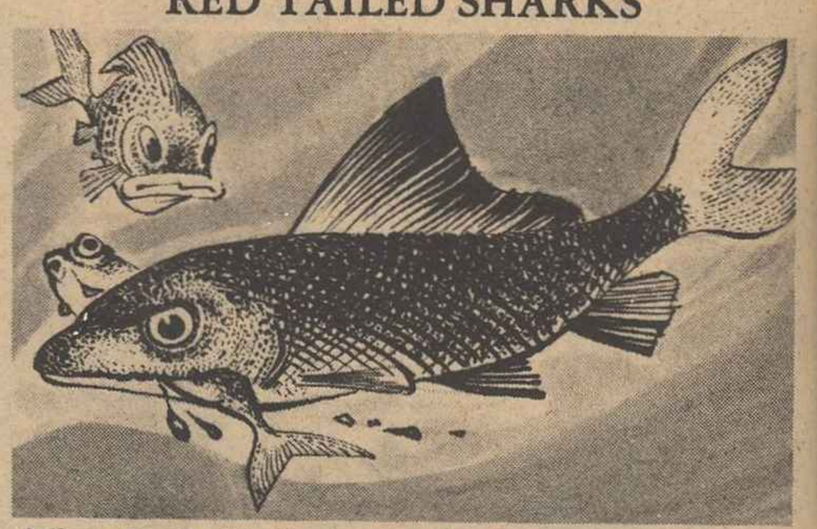
The Discus is a large round sluggish brown fish which looks exactly like a discus. Since it hardly ever moves in the tank and is extremely expensive, many people have saved themselves a lot of money by going to a sporting goods store, buying an actual discus, and suspending it in their aquariums.

KISSING GOURAMIS



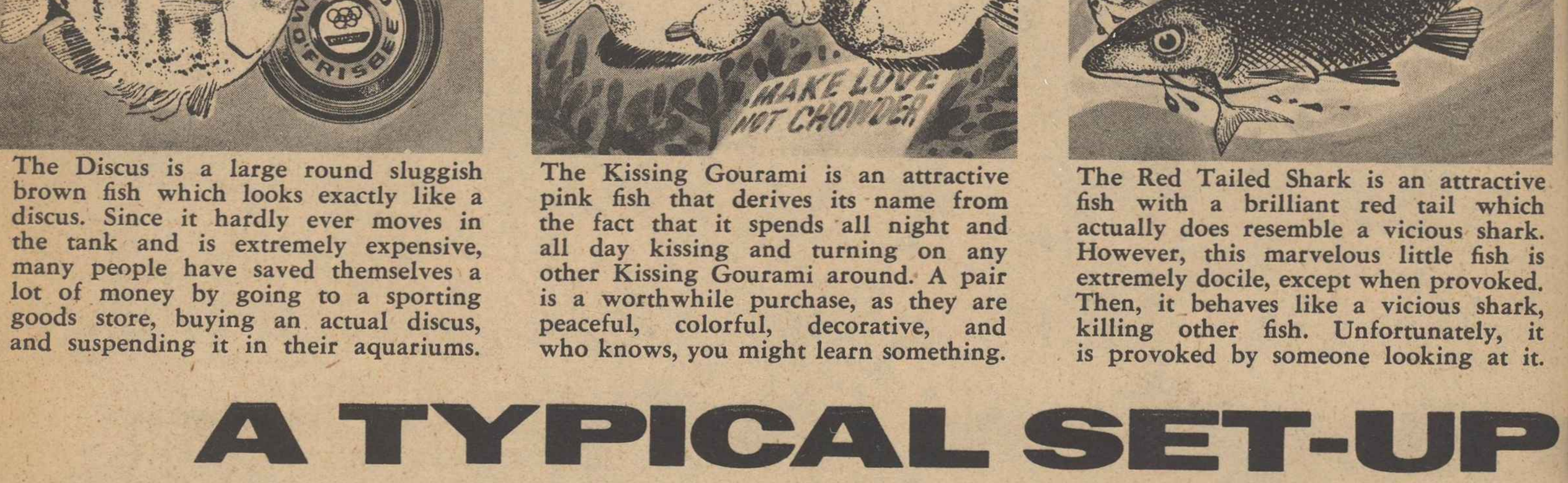
The Kissing Gourami is an attractive pink fish that derives its name from the fact that it spends all night and all day kissing and turning on any other Kissing Gourami around. A pair is a worthwhile purchase, as they are peaceful, colorful, decorative, and who knows, you might learn something.

RED TAILED SHARKS



The Red Tailed Shark is an attractive fish with a brilliant red tail which actually does resemble a vicious shark. However, this marvelous little fish is extremely docile, except when provoked. Then, it behaves like a vicious shark, killing other fish. Unfortunately, it is provoked by someone looking at it.

A TYPICAL SET-UP



TANK

Tanks come in many sizes. A good starter size is 10 gals. A tank is necessary because otherwise the fish, water and other junk will end up on the floor....$18.00

FISH

100 Neons (described earlier) $100.00
25 Cardinals (described earlier) 25.00
4 Angels (described earlier) 8.00
6 Swordtails (described earlier) 6.00
2 Mollies (not worth describing) 4.00
6 Catfish (described ecchier) 12.00

PLANTS

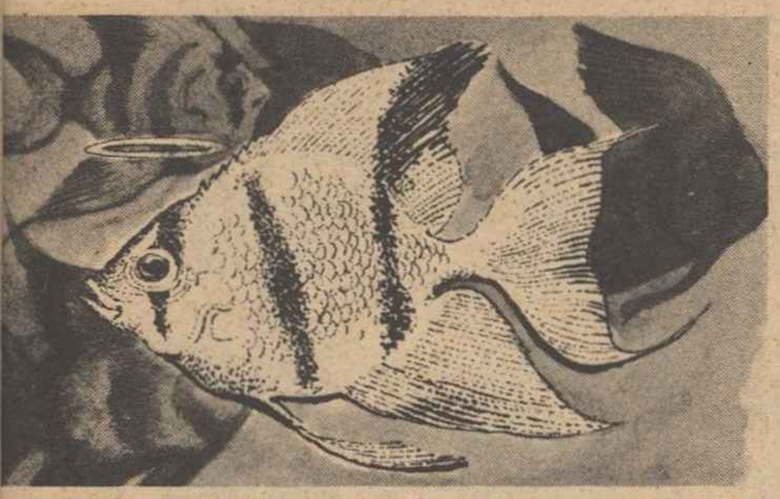
Although many live varieties of plants are available, most fish fanciers prefer plastic ones. They turn brown and rot just like the real live ones, only it takes longer.....$50.00

DEEP SEA DIVER

A cheap, plastic deep sea diver that stands on the bottom of the tank and looks exactly like a cheap plastic deep sea diver.....$8.00

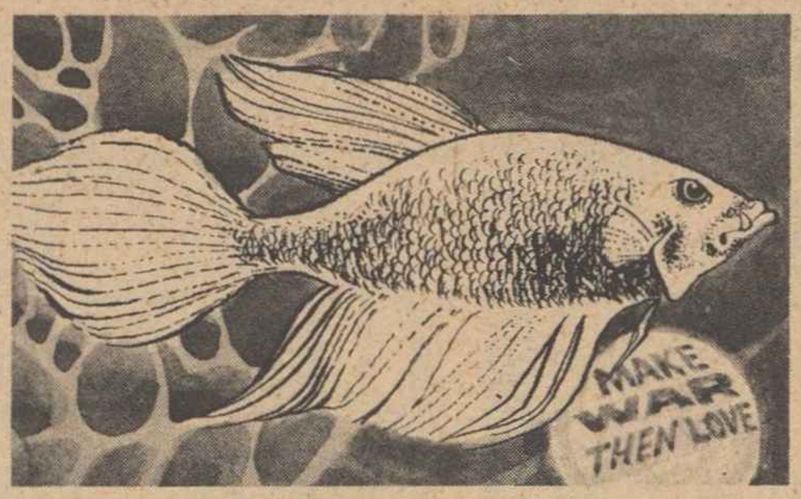
S OF TROPICAL FISH

ANGEL FISH



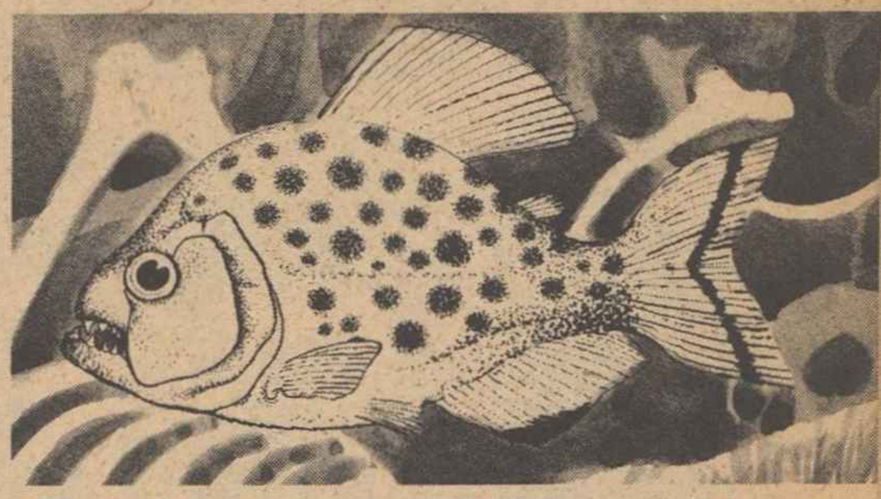
The Angel Fish is a very graceful and beautiful fish to watch, and an asset to any tank. However, despite popular belief, it is *not* called an Angel Fish because it resembles an *angel.* It is called an Angel Fish because it almost always dies within an hour after you get it home, and it *becomes* an angel.

SIAMESE FIGHTING FISH



The Siamese Fighting Fish is a rather dull-colored fish until it is put in a tank with another Siamese Fighting Fish. Then, it will display a myriad of fantastic colors. Unfortunately, two Siamese Fighting Fish will rip each other to pieces, so you'll have to look at the fantastic colors fast.

PIRANHA



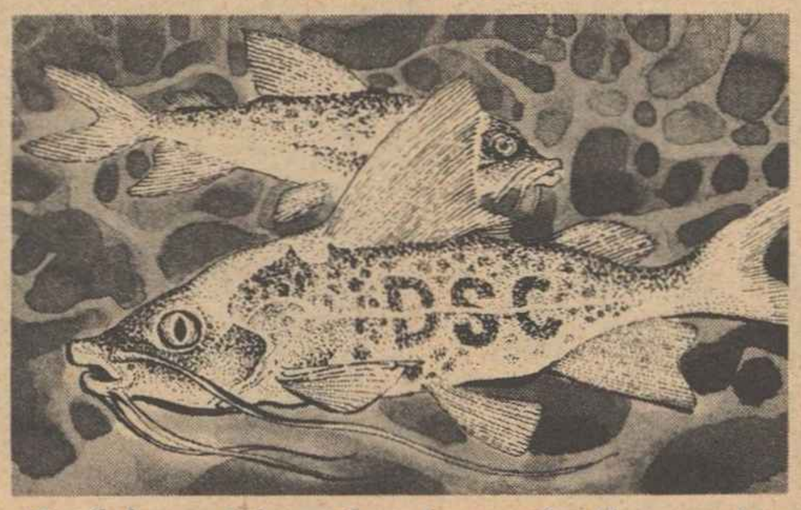
The Piranha is a spectacular aquarium fish which only costs around $75.00. Besides eating up your life's savings, it will also chew up everything that comes into your tank, including other fish, your hand, your arm, your kid's arm, your kid, your neighbor's kid—etc. And then it'll chew up your tank!

HEADSTANDERS



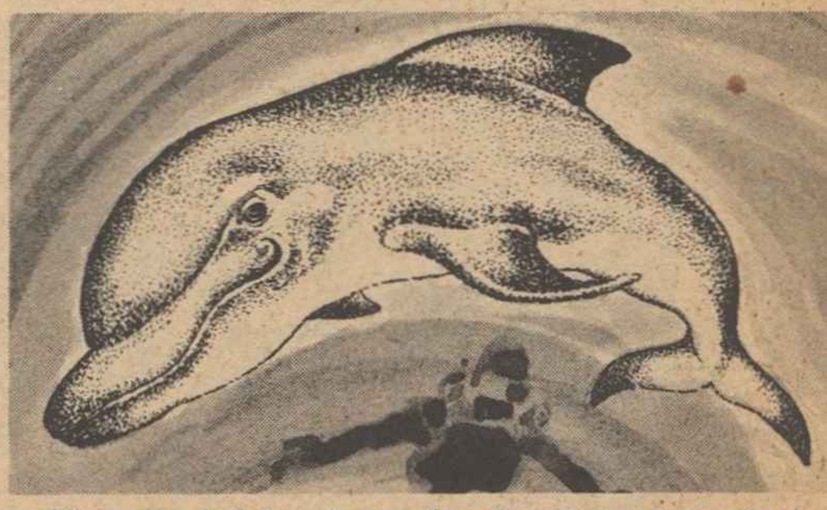
An unusual fish, the Headstander gets its name from the fact that it stands on its head in the tank. Since it is very expensive, it is not recommended for beginners. Besides, all the fish in a beginner's tank will be standing on their heads eventually, which is what fish do—just before they croak.

CATFISH



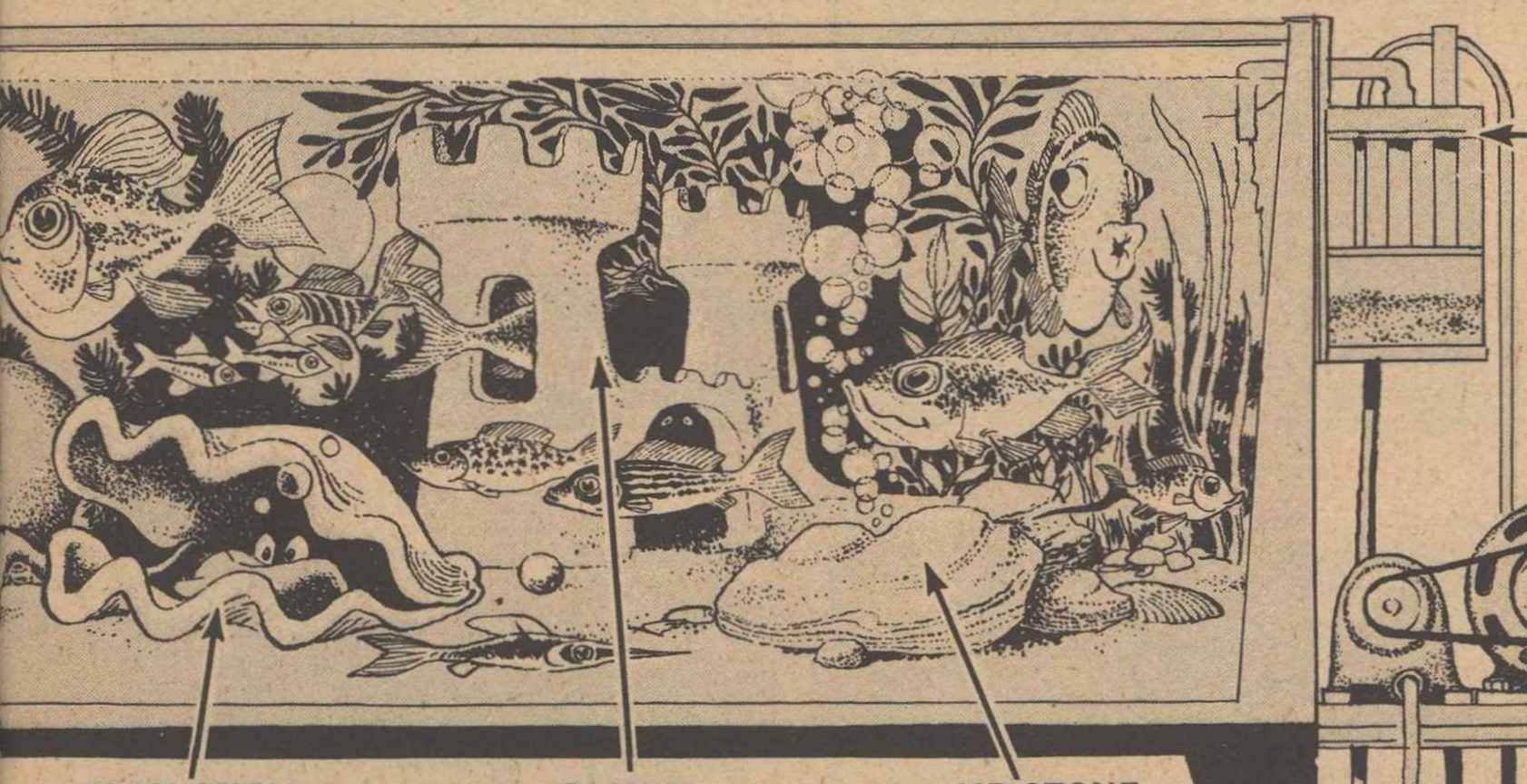
Catfish, although fantastically ugly, are a "must" for your tank, as they eat up all the decayed food and messy dirty ecchy waste left by your other fish. Unfortunately, no one has yet come up with a fish that's willing to eat up all the decayed food and messy dirty ecchy waste left by the Catfish.

DOLPHIN



The Dolphin is a fascinating creature and a marvelous aquarium pet. It can play ball with you, leap up and grab food out of your hand, and may even try to communicate with you verbally. It is an ideal addition to any tank, providing the tank is as big as the ones at "Marineland of the Pacific".

FOR THE BEGINNER



FILTER

Takes dirty slimy water from tank, filters it through charcoal, and releases dirty, slimy, charcoal-colored water back into tank....$17.00

AIR PUMP

The pump has 3 functions: It pumps air into tank, it operates filters and other gadgets, and it gives you a headache because it sounds like a jackhammer.....$29.50

CLAM SHELL

A clever device which emits a pretty bubble when it opens . . . and decapitates your most expensive fish when it closes.....$11.00

CASTLE

A porcelain castle that contains openings for the fish to swim in and out, except that they usually just swim in . . . and stay there forever.....$9.00

AIR STONE

Releases air bubbles into tank, creating pretty effect for a week, after which it rots and crumbles to the bottom.....$3.75

AIR HOSES

Air hoses have 2 functions. They carry air from your pump to your equipment, and they are used to hang yourself when you realize that you've just wasted $301.25 on this utterly ridiculous hobby.

Clark

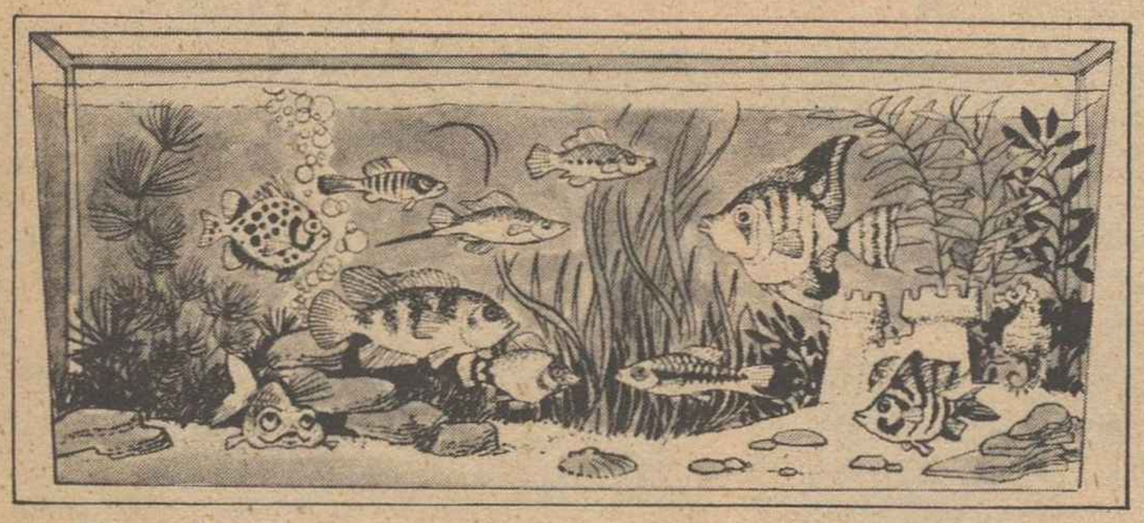
FISH AILMENTS AND THEIR REMEDIES

There are many varieties of Tropical Fish ailments—almost as many as there are varieties of Tropical Fish—and there is a different remedy or medicine available for each. The Tropical Fish fancier should keep a good supply of these remedies on hand at all time for emergencies, which—in the average tank—happens about once every seven minutes.

HERE ARE SOME EXAMPLES OF THE MANY TROPICAL FISH REMEDIES AVAILABLE



HOW TO TELL WHEN THERE IS TROUBLE IN THE TANK



The tank above is charming and attractive. Note that the water is clear, the plants are green and thriving, and the fish are active and colorful. Obviously, there is nothing wrong in this tank. Obviously, this is a healthy tank. And obviously, this tank is still in the Tropical Fish Store!



The tank above is cloudy, dirty and ecchy. It could mean trouble like: overfeeding, not enough plants, too many fish, not enough air, etc. Actually, it is none of these things. This is a perfectly normal tank. Let's face it—all fish tanks look like this after a few weeks at home.

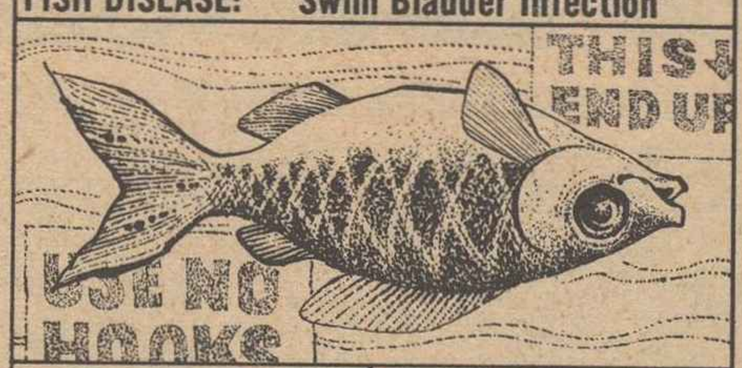
SOME FISH DISEASES AND WHAT TO DO FOR THEM

FISH DISEASE: "Mouth Fungus"



HOW TO SPOT IT:	WHAT TO DO FOR IT:
Fish has bad breath.	Avoid kissing it for a few weeks.

FISH DISEASE: "Swim Bladder Infection"



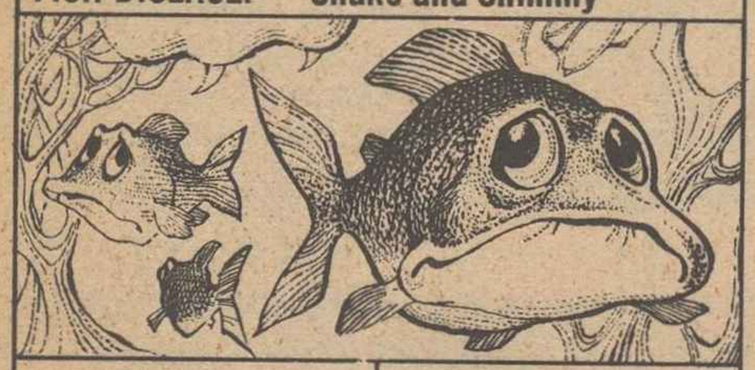
HOW TO SPOT IT:	WHAT TO DO FOR IT:
Fish swim upside down.	Turn your tank upside down.

FISH DISEASE: "Extreme Dehydration"



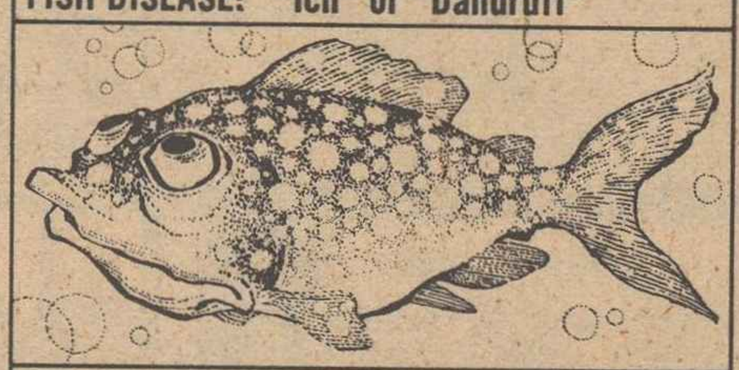
HOW TO SPOT IT:	WHAT TO DO FOR IT:
Fish lie on bottom of tank.	Water has evaporated. Fill up tank again.

FISH DISEASE: "Shake and Shimmy"



HOW TO SPOT IT:	WHAT TO DO FOR IT:
Fish are nervous. and dart about.	Remove neighbor's cat from tank.

FISH DISEASE: "Ich" or "Dandruff"



HOW TO SPOT IT:	WHAT TO DO FOR IT:
Fish is covered with white spots.	Stop leaning over tank when feeding.

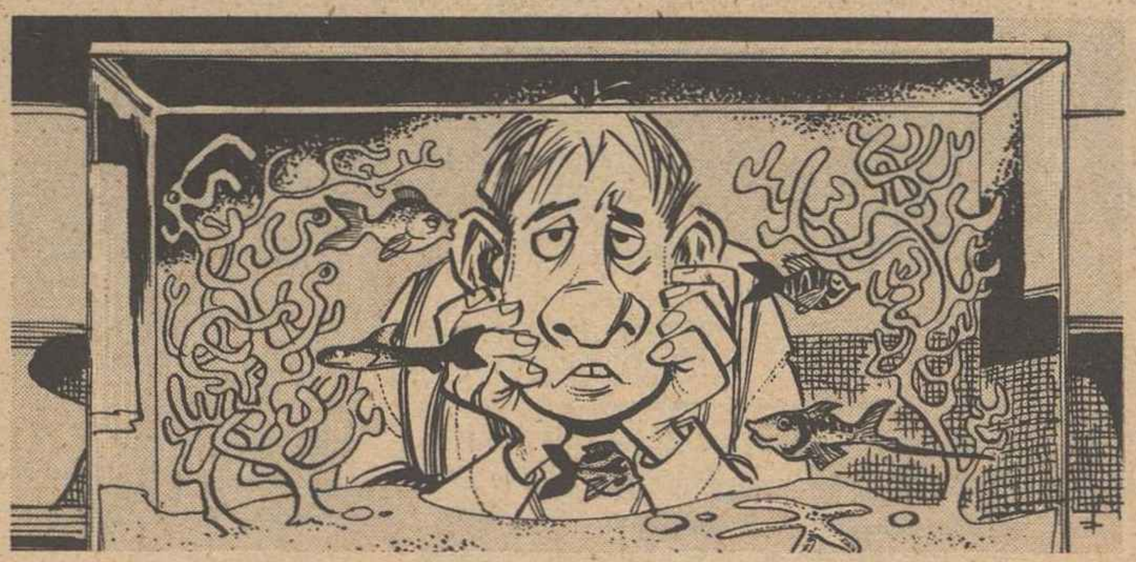
FISH DISEASE: "Fin and Tail Rot"



HOW TO SPOT IT:	WHAT TO DO FOR IT:
Fish seems to be rotting away.	Remove fish and bury it. It's dead.

FUN THINGS TO DO WITH TROPICAL FISH

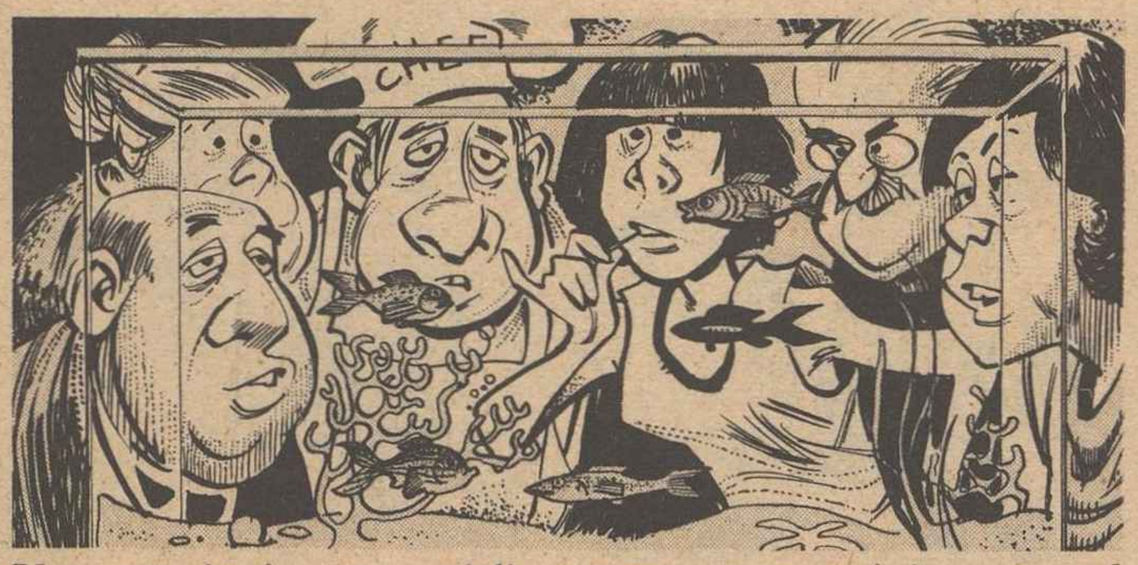
Tropical Fish, we are told, are lots of fun, and there are many exciting things you can do with these little pets once you've acquired a tank and set-up. Here are just a few of the many exciting fun things you can do:



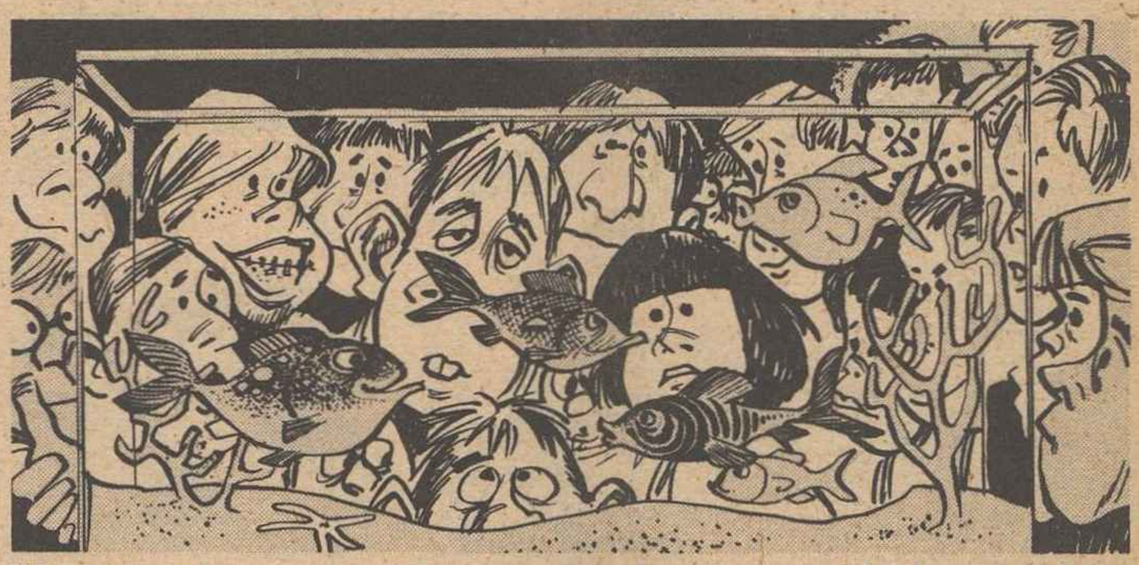
You can sit and watch them as they swim back and forth.



You can invite your girl over, cook her dinner, and sit around and watch them fish as they swim back and forth.



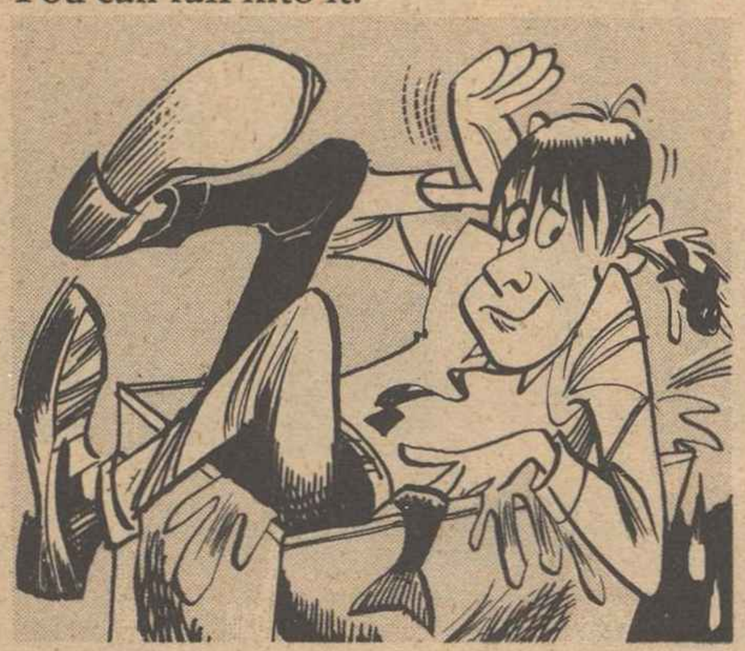
You can invite your girl's parents over to join you and your parents for a barbecue, and afterwards, you can all sit and watch them dumb fish as they swim back and forth.



You can throw a wild teenage party for 100 kids, with hot dogs, hamburgers and cokes, and you can all sit around and watch them dumb, stupid fish as they swim back and forth.

SIX WAYS IN WHICH A TROPICAL FISH TANK CAN MAKE YOUR PARTY A RESOUNDING SUCCESS

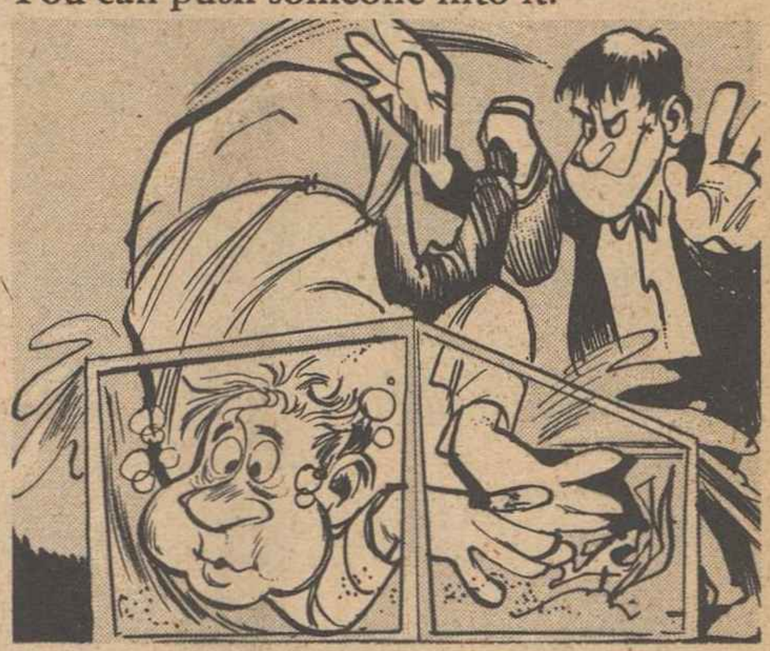
You can fall into it.



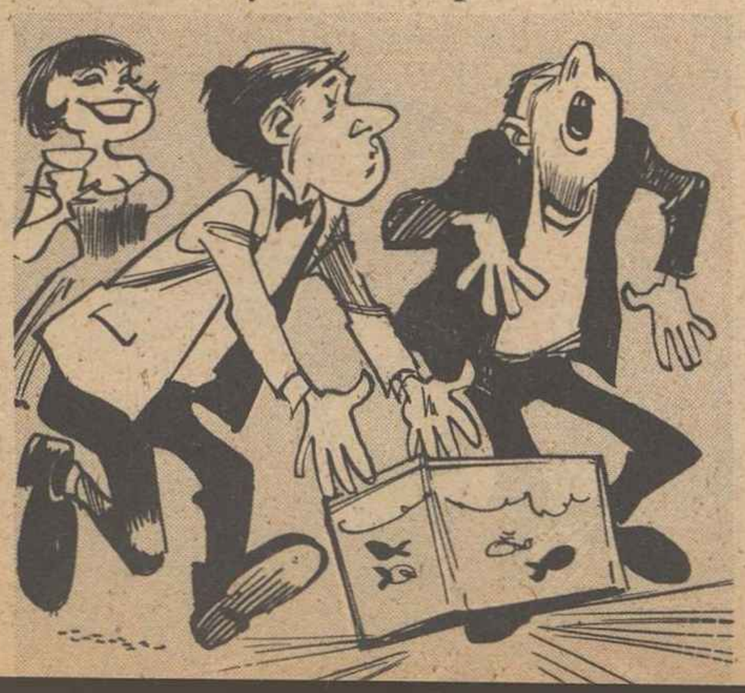
Someone else can fall into it.



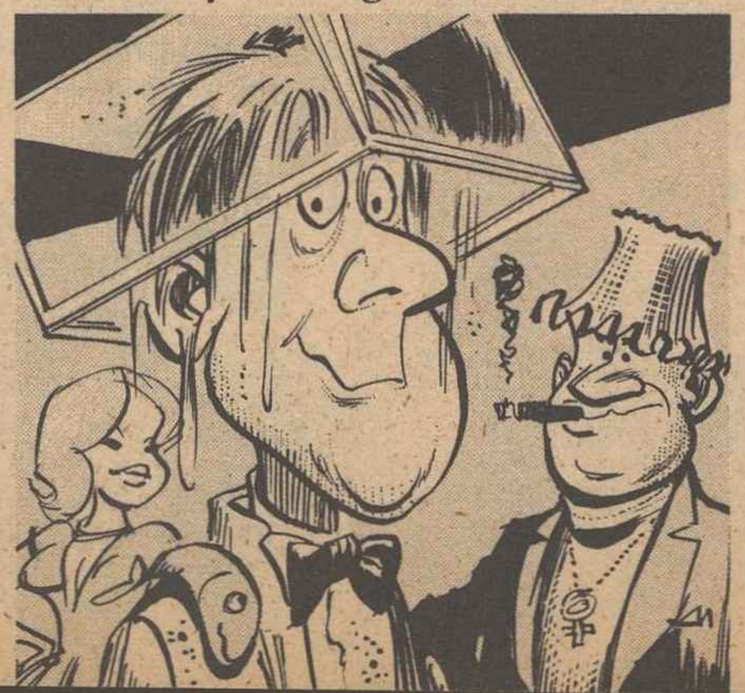
You can push someone into it.



You can carry it and drop it.



You can try wearing it like a hat.



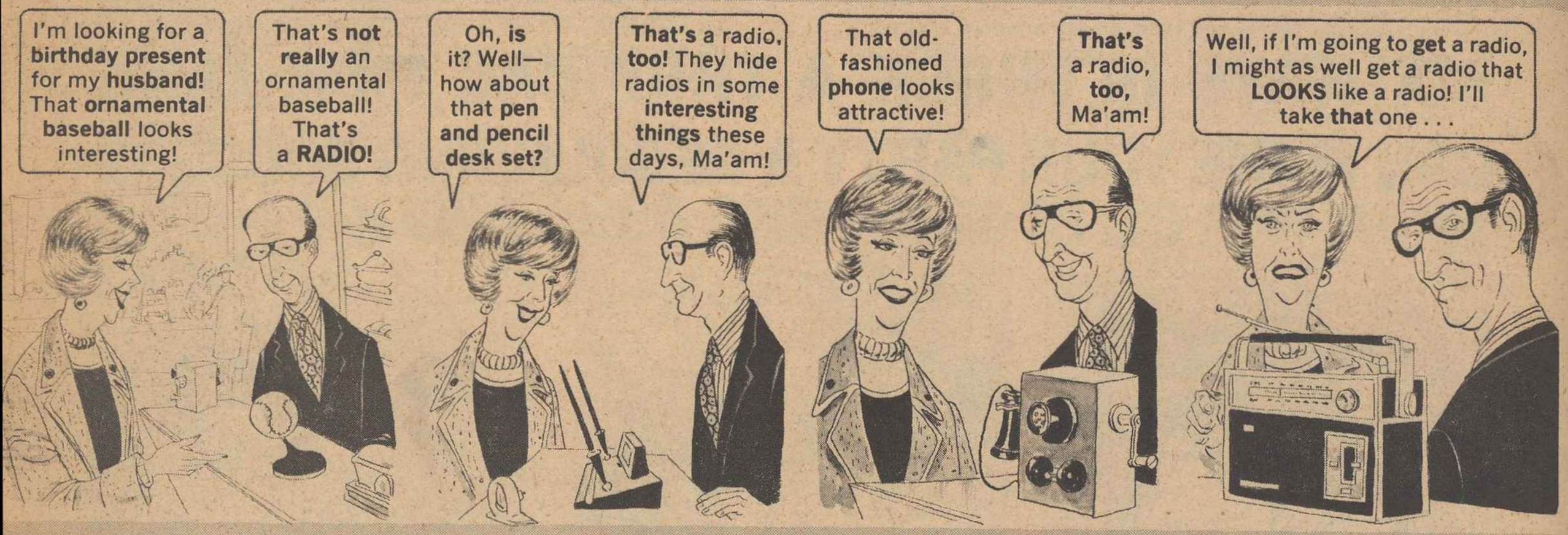
You can all get stoned and drink it.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SOUND

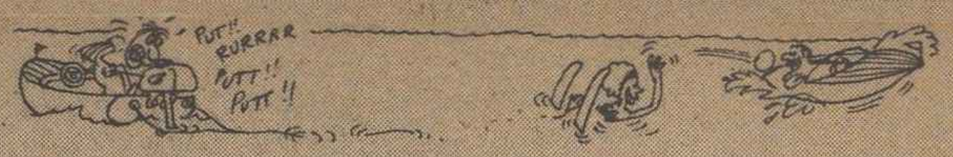


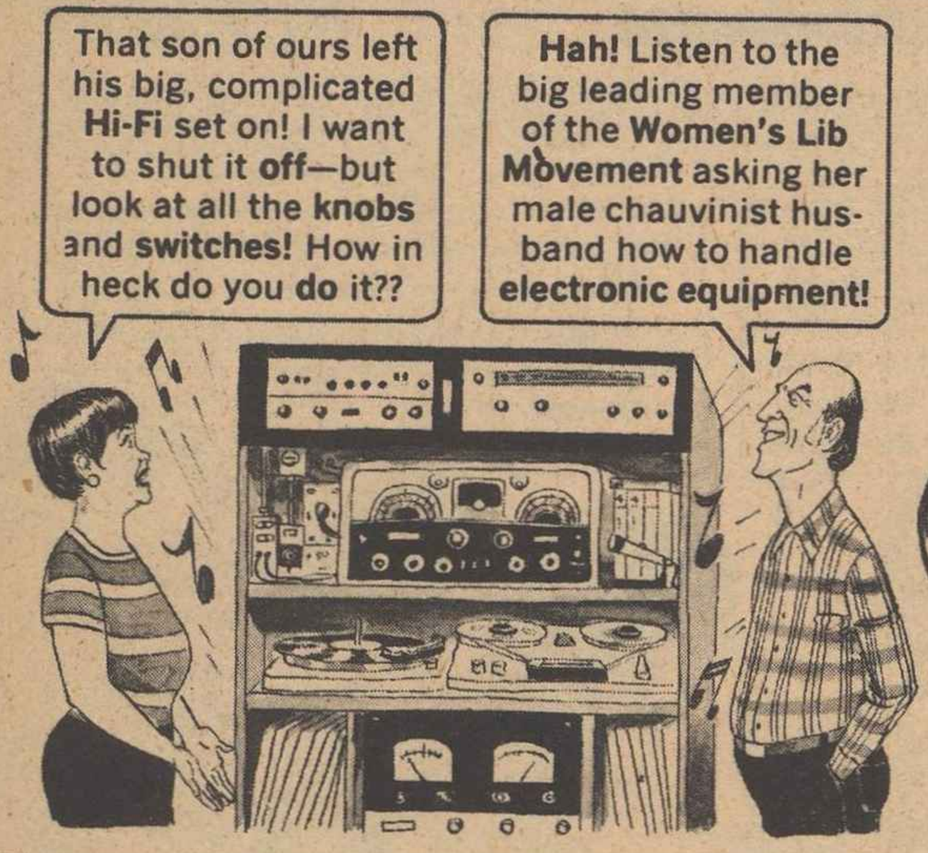


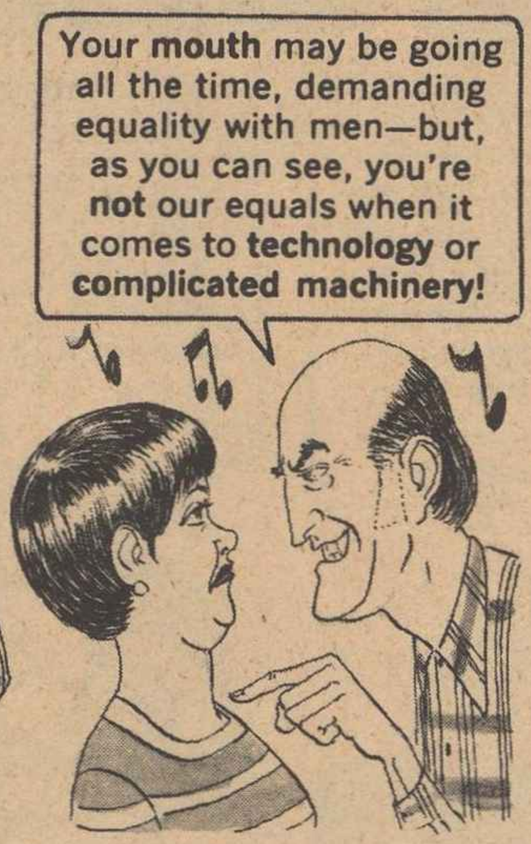


EQUIPMENT

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG











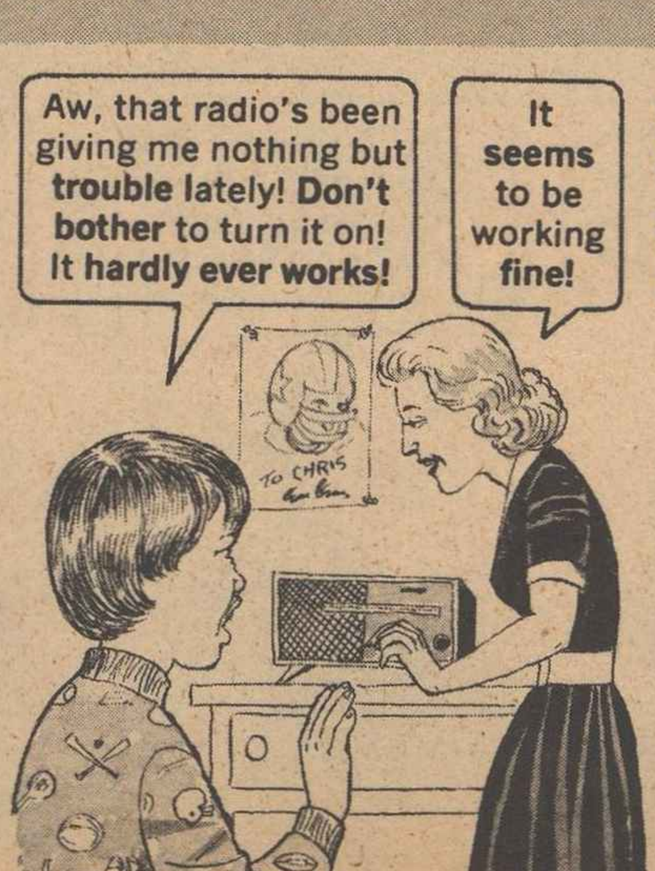
















I'm getting a little **sleepy!** Better turn on the **radio** to keep me **awake!**

CLICK

. . . and with **578 deaths reported so far,** it looks as if **this** four-day holiday weekend is well on its way to setting an **all-time record for holiday casualties!**

Okay, you can shut it off!

But you told me to turn it **on** because you were getting **sleepy!**

I'M PLENTY WIDE AWAKE NOW!!

Hey, I see you have one of those new **Digital AM - FM Alarm Clocks!** How does it work?

First I check with the **phone company** to see if my **digits** are correct! Then, I switch **this** knob to **AM** or **FM!** Then I tune in a **station** with **this** knob . . .

Then, with **this** knob, I set the **time** I want to **awake!** And with **this** knob, I set it for either **"radio"** or **"alarm"! This** knob keeps the radio **playing** until I **fall asleep!** And **this** knob controls the **time** it will play until it **shuts itself off!**

Sounds like a **great** way to **wake up** in the morning!

It's also a great way to put myself to **sleep** at **night!**

You mean because it lulls you into dreamland with **soft music?!**

No, I mean by the time I'm finished setting the whole thing **up,** I'm **totally exhausted!!**

It's **no use!** I can't get the **engine** started!

CATHY

You mean we're **stranded** out here in the middle of **nowhere!?**

I'm **afraid so!** I guess we'd better use the **radio . . .**

Well, okay . . .

CLICK

. . .but I don't know what good it's gonna do!

HAROLD! DINNER'S ON THE TABLE!

Save your **breath,** Mom! Dad can't **hear** you!

He **can't?!** Why **not?**

He's locked in the den, listening to the "Brad Crandall Phone-In Show" with his **earphones** on!

That means he can't hear **ANY outside noises!** So there's absolutely **no way** to **communicate** with him!

Really? Well, I'm not licked **yet!**

Hello . . . **Brad Crandall?** Will you please tell my husband, Harold, that his **dinner** is on the table!

Leave a **light** on . . . and the **radio** going! That way, **burglars** will think we're **home,** and they won't try to break in and **steal** things!

That's a **good idea!**

Hey—will you listen to **that?**

Boy! That sounds like a **really expensive set-up!**

I was right! There it **is! Wow** . . . what a **beauty!** It must've cost a **fortune!**

Yeah! And **those** dumb jerks just drove away and left it **playing!** We—we oughta go **in** there . . .

Yeah!

. . . and **steal** it!!

Calling Jim Barondess! Calling Jim Barondess! This is **Mitch Lipman!** Do you **read** me? Do you **read** me? **Over** . . .

This is **Jim Barondess!** I read you **loud** and **clear!** Over and **out!**

Gee! I can hear Jim so **clear!** Walkie-Talkies really work **great!**

They **sure do!**

And I don't even have **my** Walkie-Talkie **ON!!**

I didn't know the Groom was **hard of hearing!**

He's **NOT!** . . . Oh, you mean that **thing** in his ear? Steve is a **baseball** nut! There's a **transistor radio** in his pocket, and he's actually listening to the **ball game** while he's greeting people on the **receiving line!**

I want to wish you both **all the happiness in the world** . . .

Thank you!

This must be the **happiest** day of your **life!**

Oh, **it is!**

BELIEVE ME, it **is!**

THE METS JUST WON!!

Are you **SURE** you don't want to come along?

I'm **sure! I'm sure!** I really don't **mind! I LIKE** being alone! I'll turn on some **soft music** and read a **good book!**

HEY! What's the matter with the **radio?!** It's— **it's BROKEN!!**

Oh, my gosh! **No radio?!** I—I don't like being **THAT** alone!!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

A **radio?!** Are you still using **that** old "has-been"?! Like, **get with it,** Man! Radios are **out!**

Cassettes, Man! **That's** what's "in" today! **Cassettes!** Anybody who listens to a **radio** . . . with all those **commercials** and **boring D. J.'s** . . . has gotta be out of his ever-lovin' **mind!**

And **you're in control,** Man! **You** make your **own program!** You can get anything you **want** on a Cassette today!

Really? Can you get what **I'm** listening to . . .? Today's **football** game?!

Hi, Sidney! **What's new?**

This **shortwave radio** with **international bands** is new! I got it **last month** and I've been listening to broadcasts from **all around the world!** Boy . . . **now** I know **plenty!**

I know the **Rugby scores** in **England!** I know about **air pollution** in **Japan!** I know about the **bad crops** in **India,** and the **typhoon damage** in **Thailand,** and the **drought** in **Australia!**

So what **else** is new?

The **house next door** burned to the **ground** last week!

Really?! That I **didn't** know!

WILL YOU STOP **TALKING** SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO **STUDY!**

WILL YOU STOP **VACUUMING** SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO **STUDY!**

WILL YOU STOP **PLAYING** SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO **STUDY!**

WILL YOU STOP **STUDYING** SO LOUD?!!

Did you hear that **News** broadcast?! I tell you, the world is going **mad!** I'm sick with **worry** over what's **happening** today!

I know what you **mean!** I feel the **same way** when I listen to the radio!

I don't know what you guys are **talking** about! **I'M** not worried at **all!**

Y-YOU'RE NOT WORRIED?!? Listen—anybody who's **not worried** nowadays ought to have his **head examined!!**

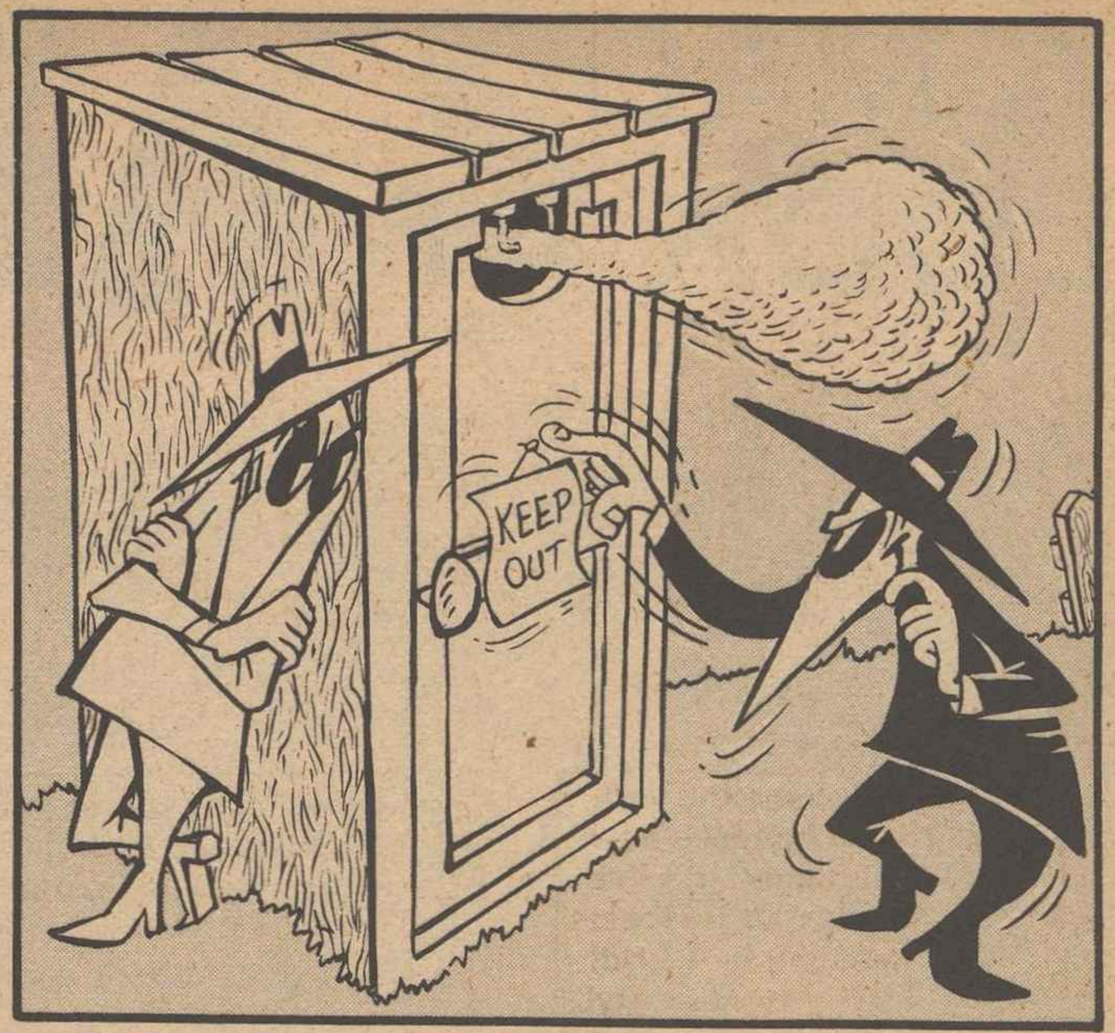
Never mind his **head!**

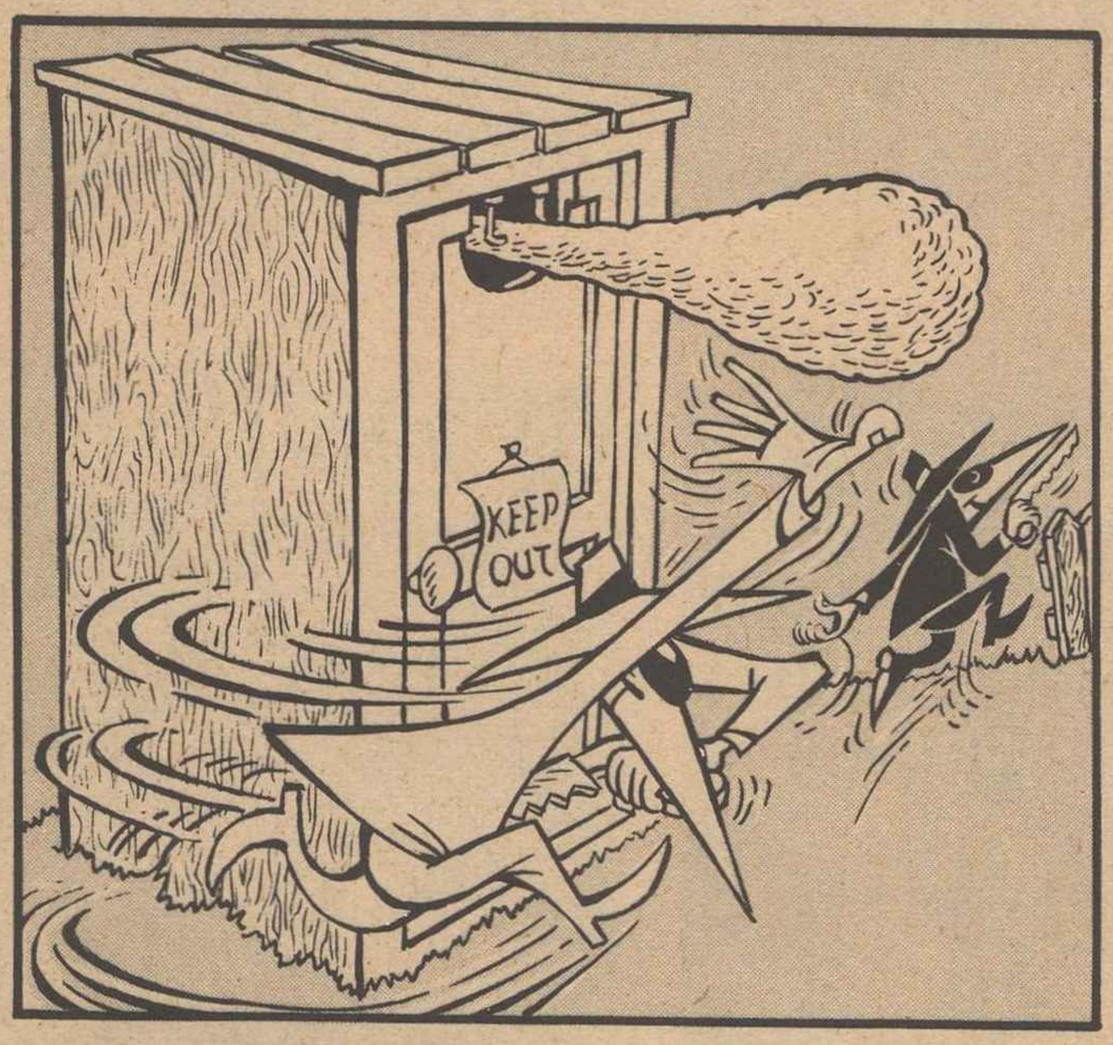
First . . . he ought to have his **RADIO examined!!**

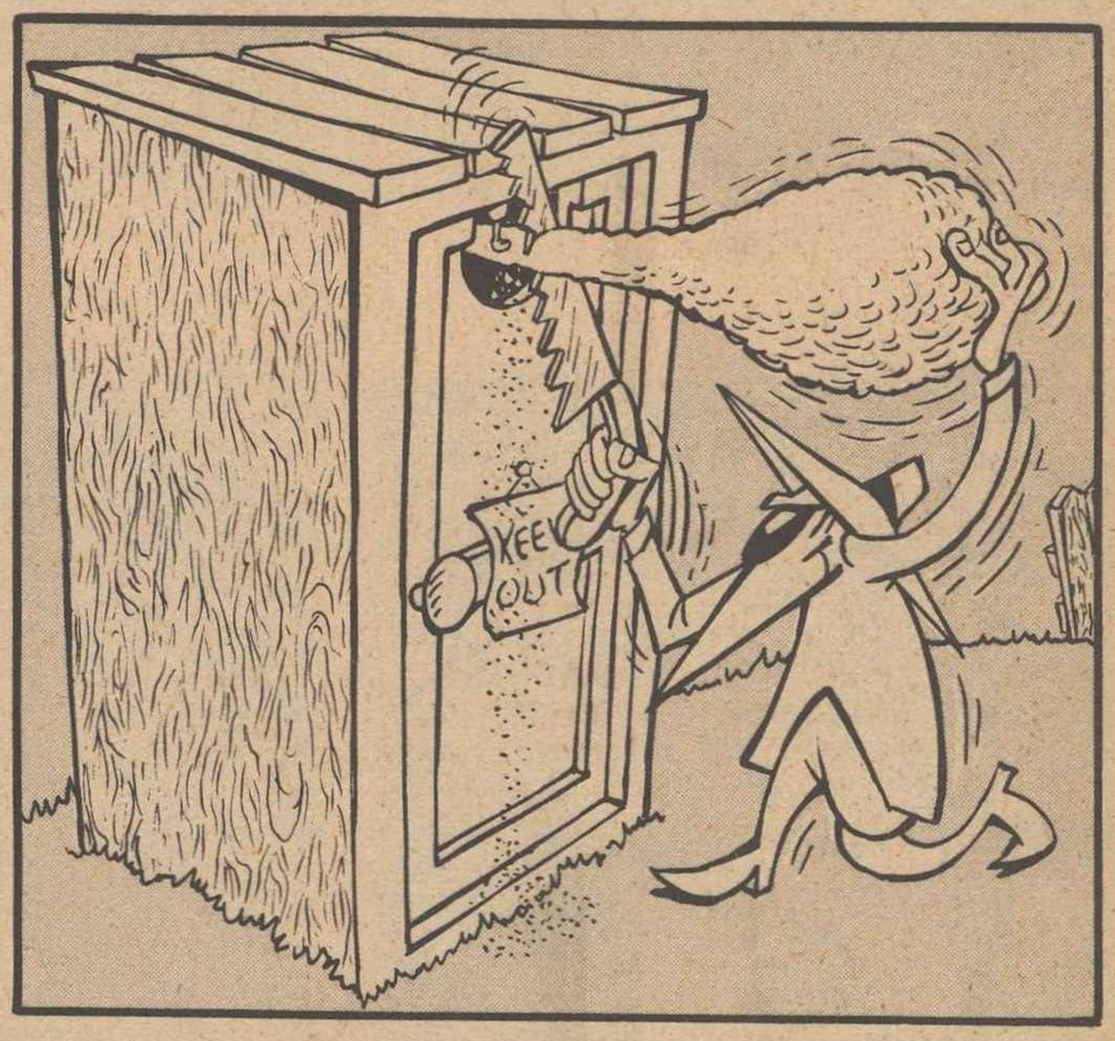
David Berg

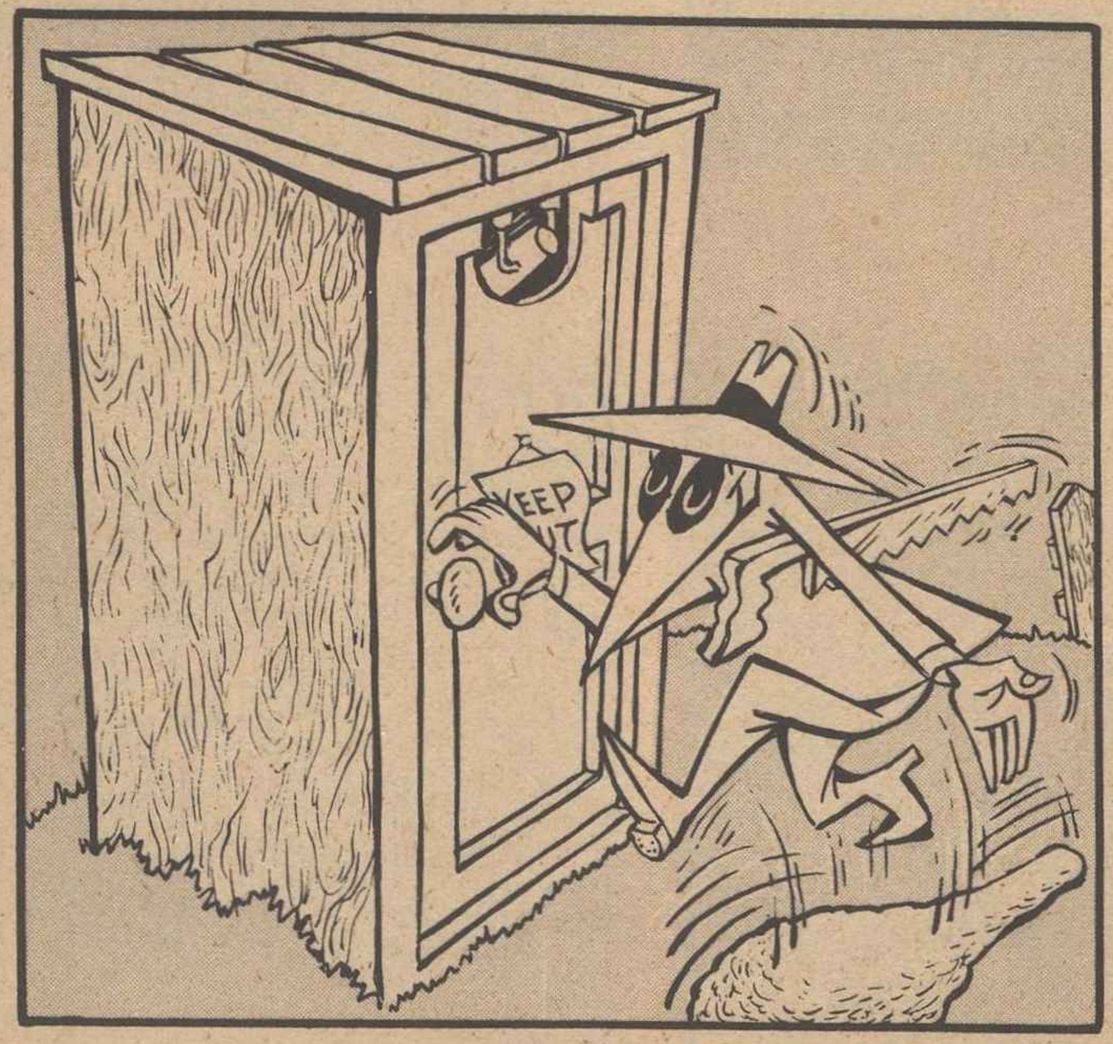
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

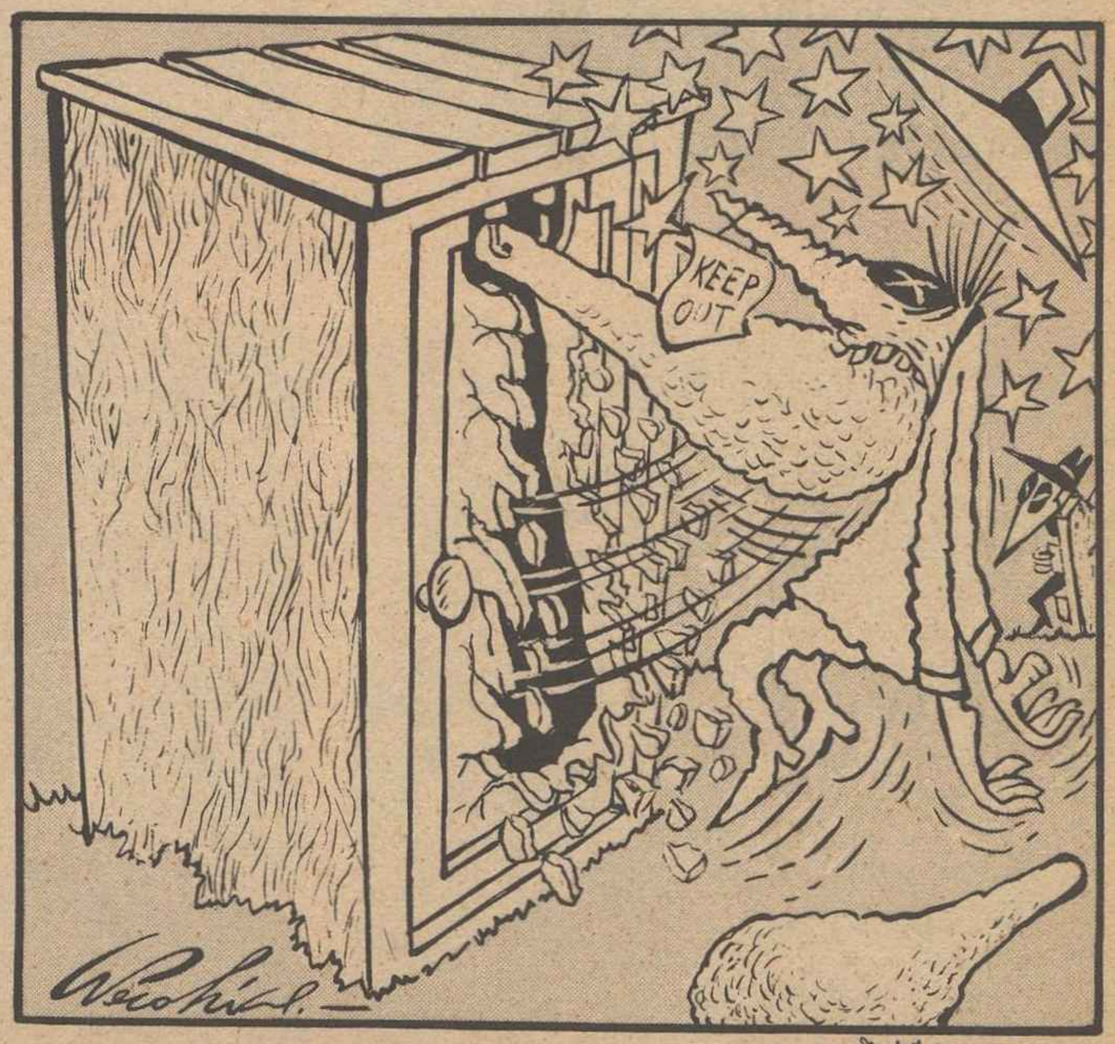








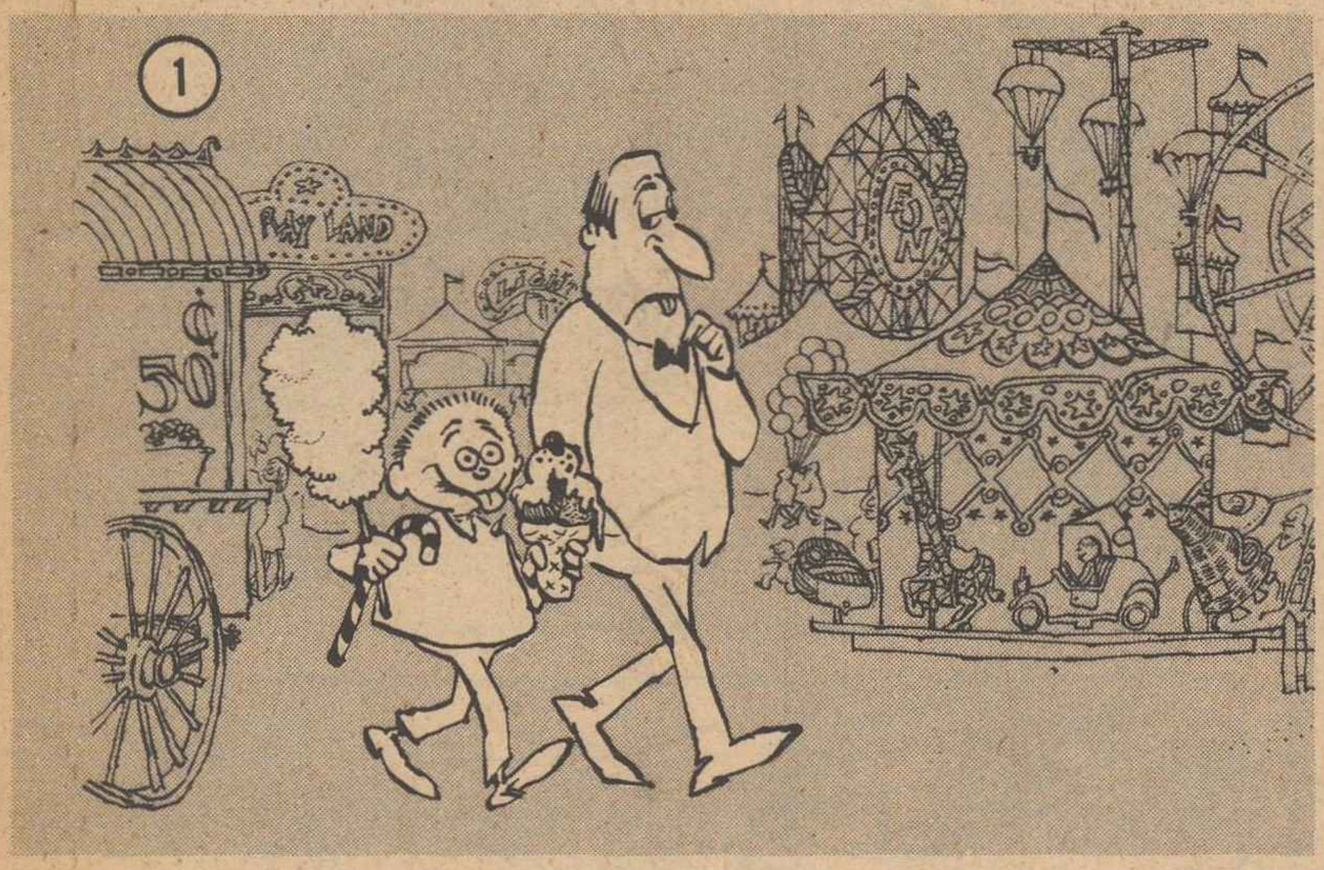


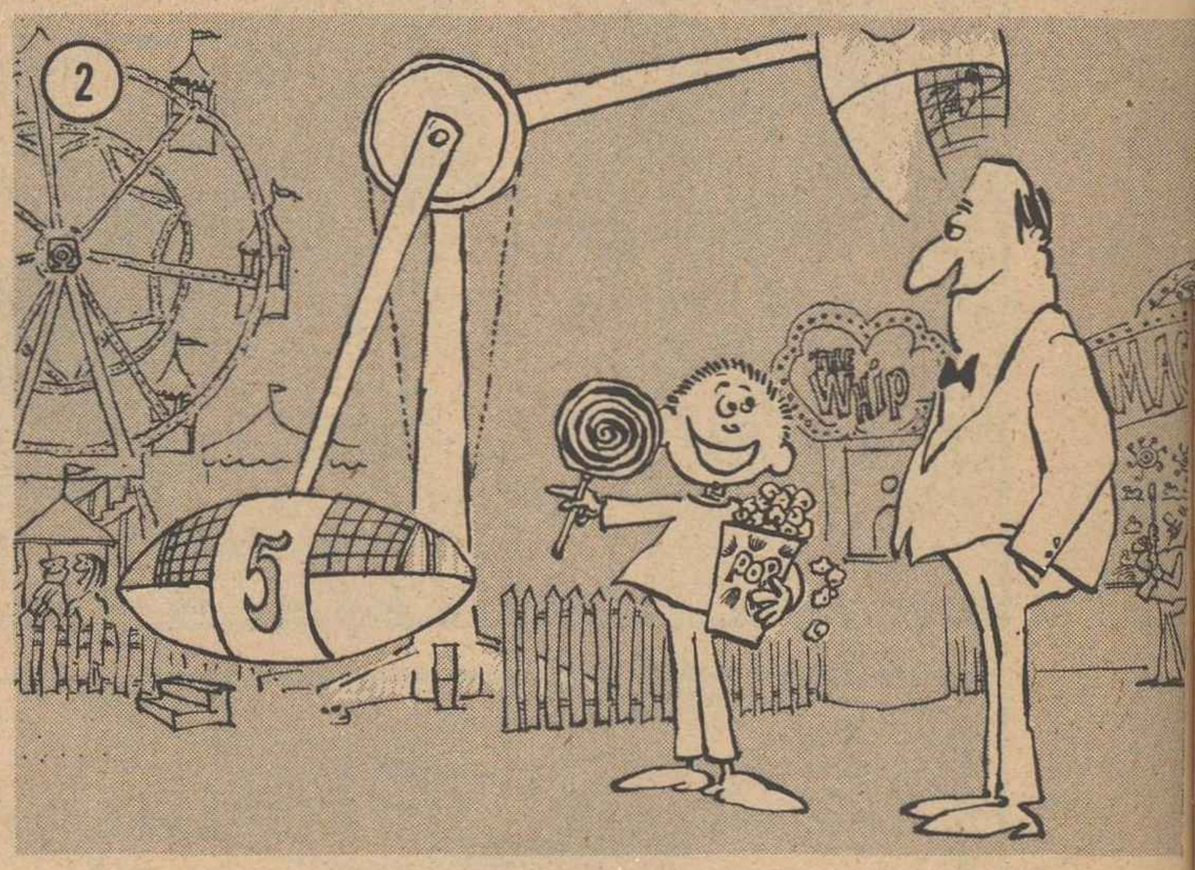




UP-CHUCKLES DEPT.

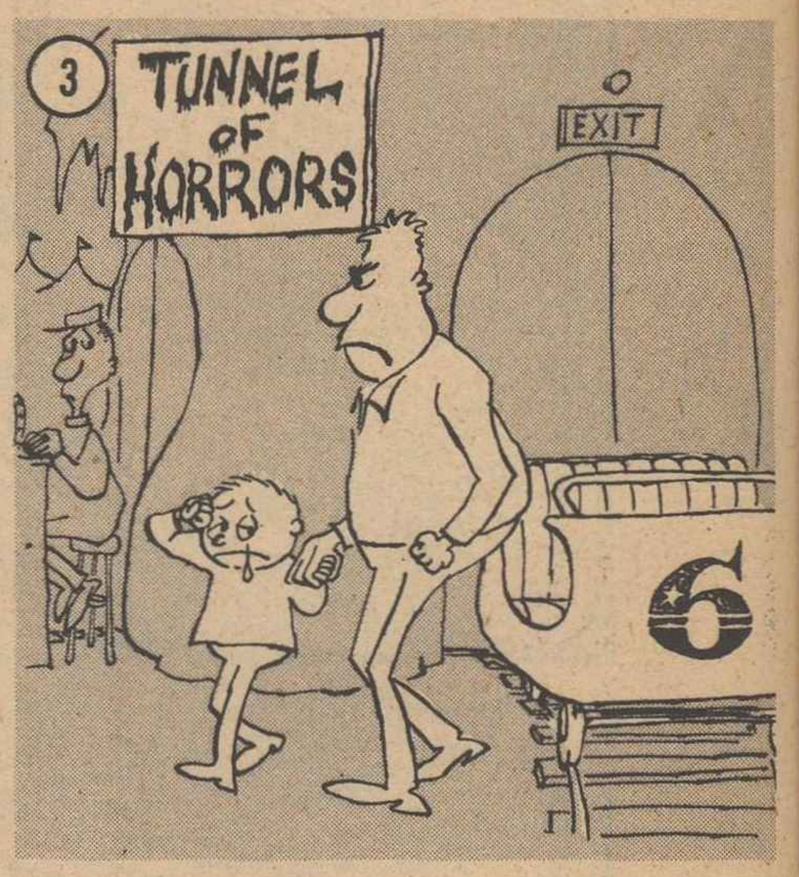
A MAD LOOK AT AMUSEM

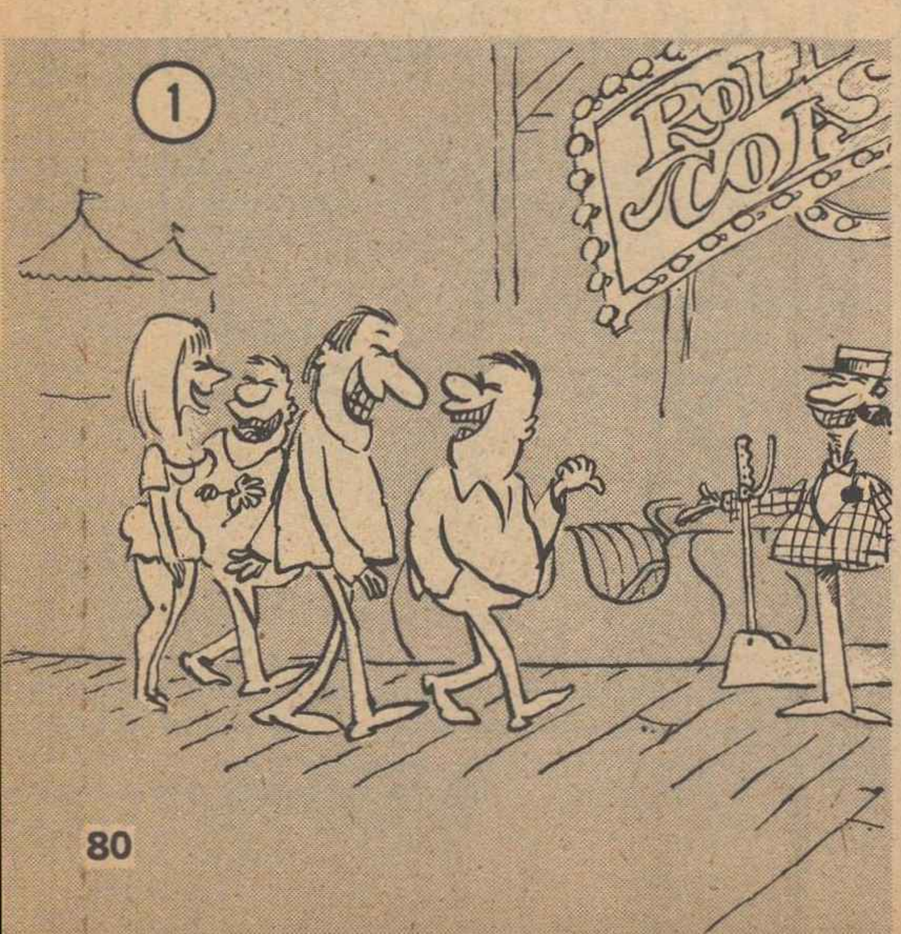


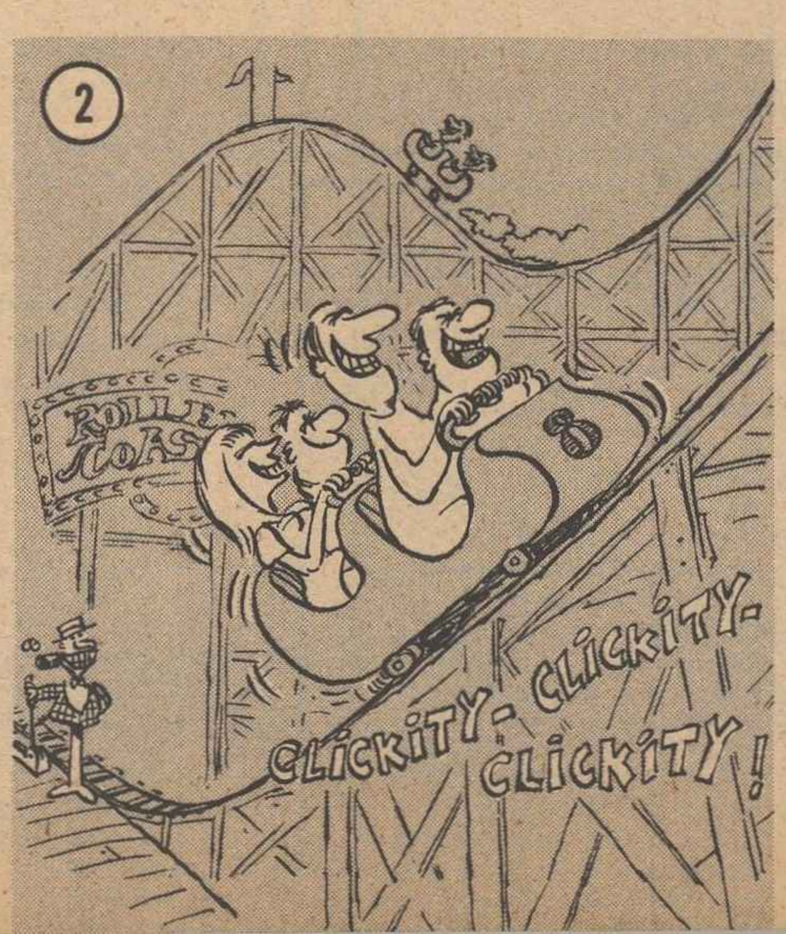










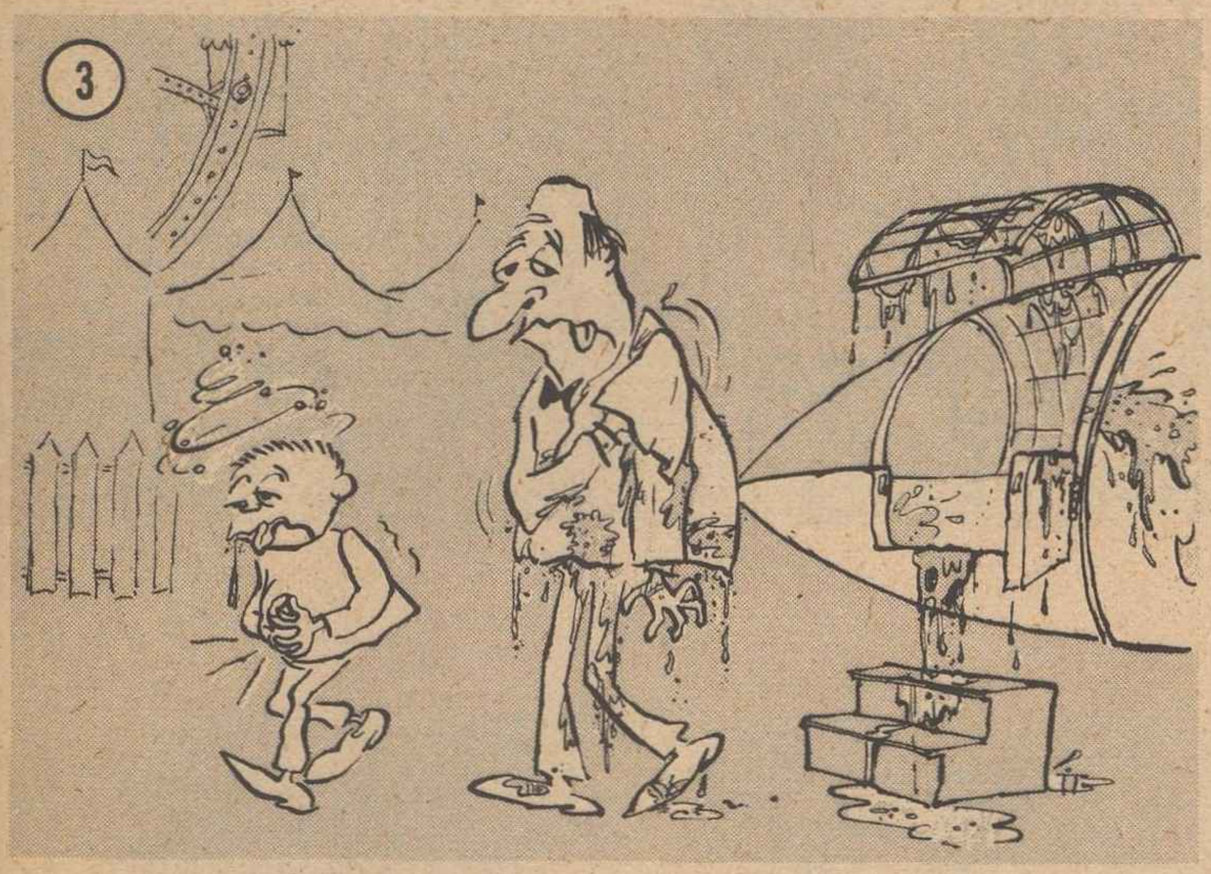


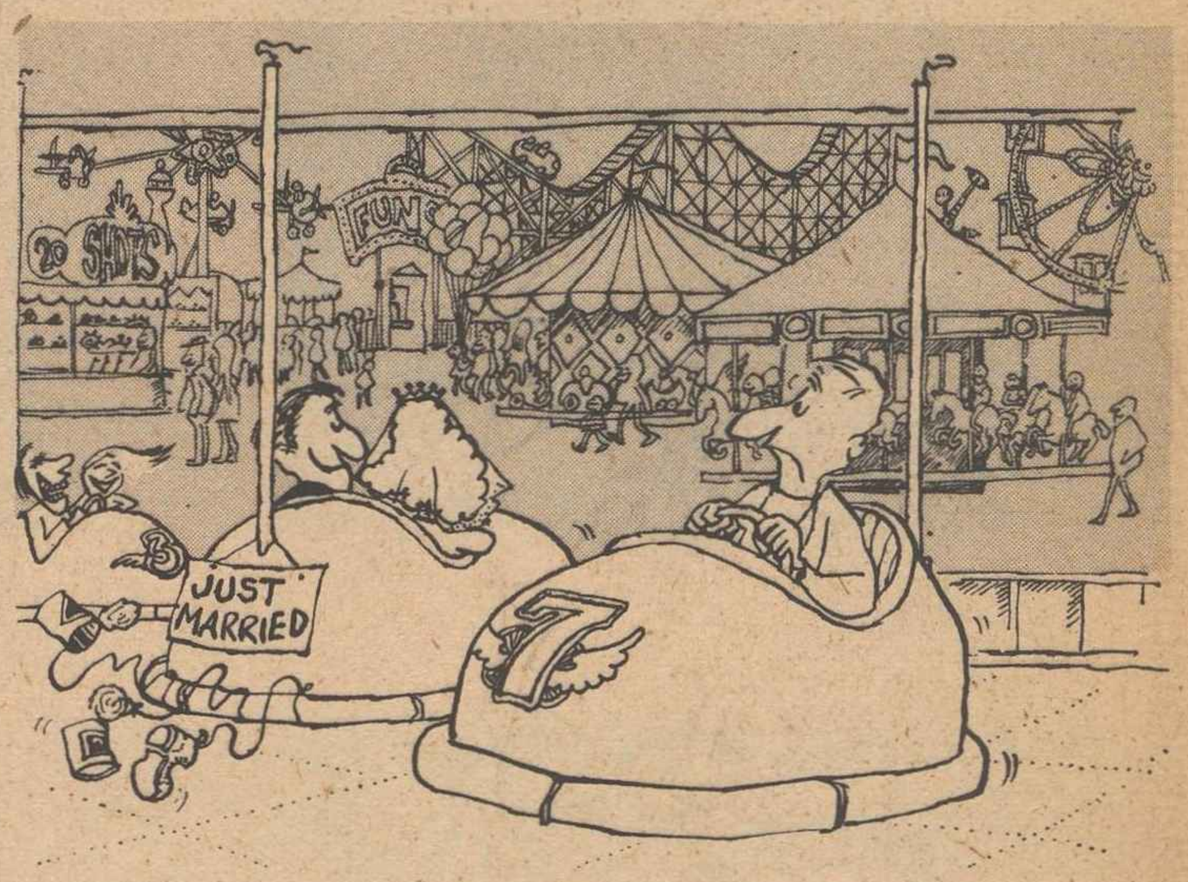


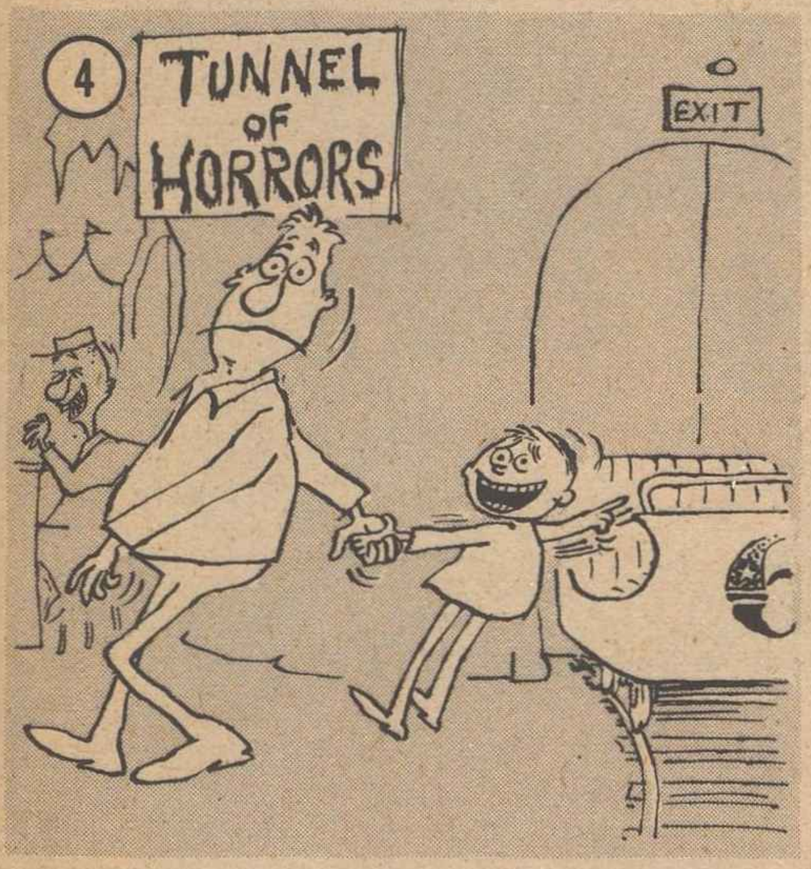
ENT PARKS

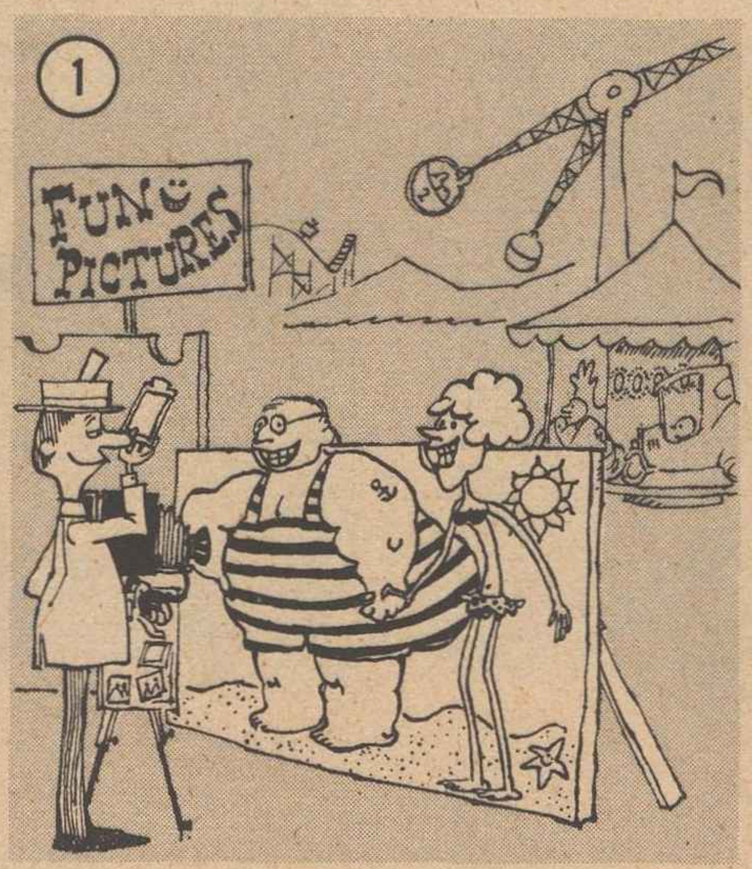


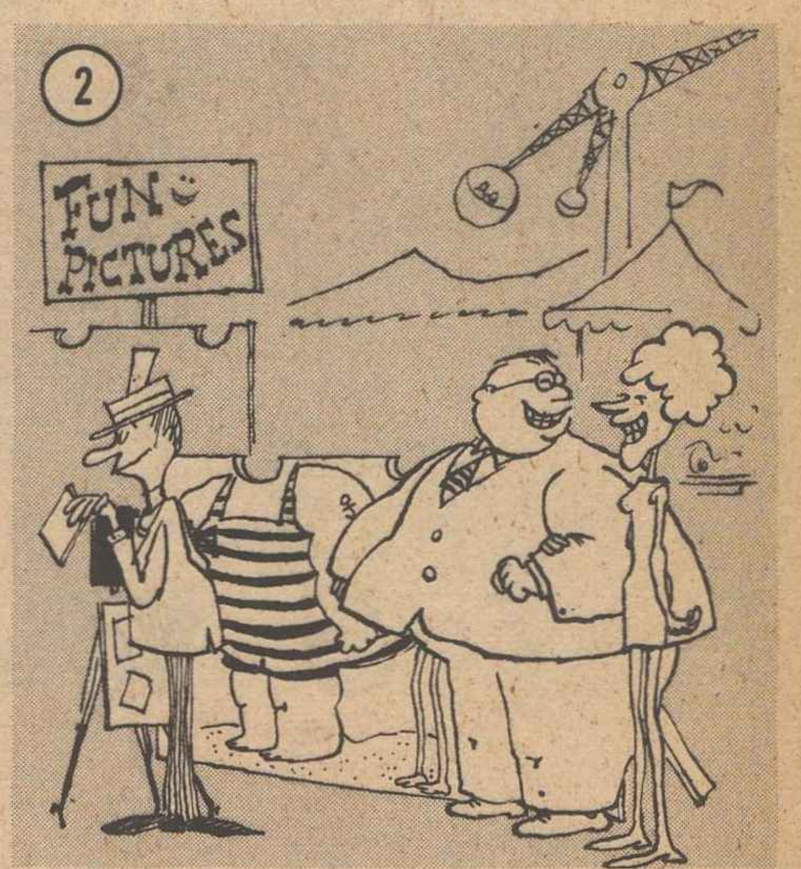
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

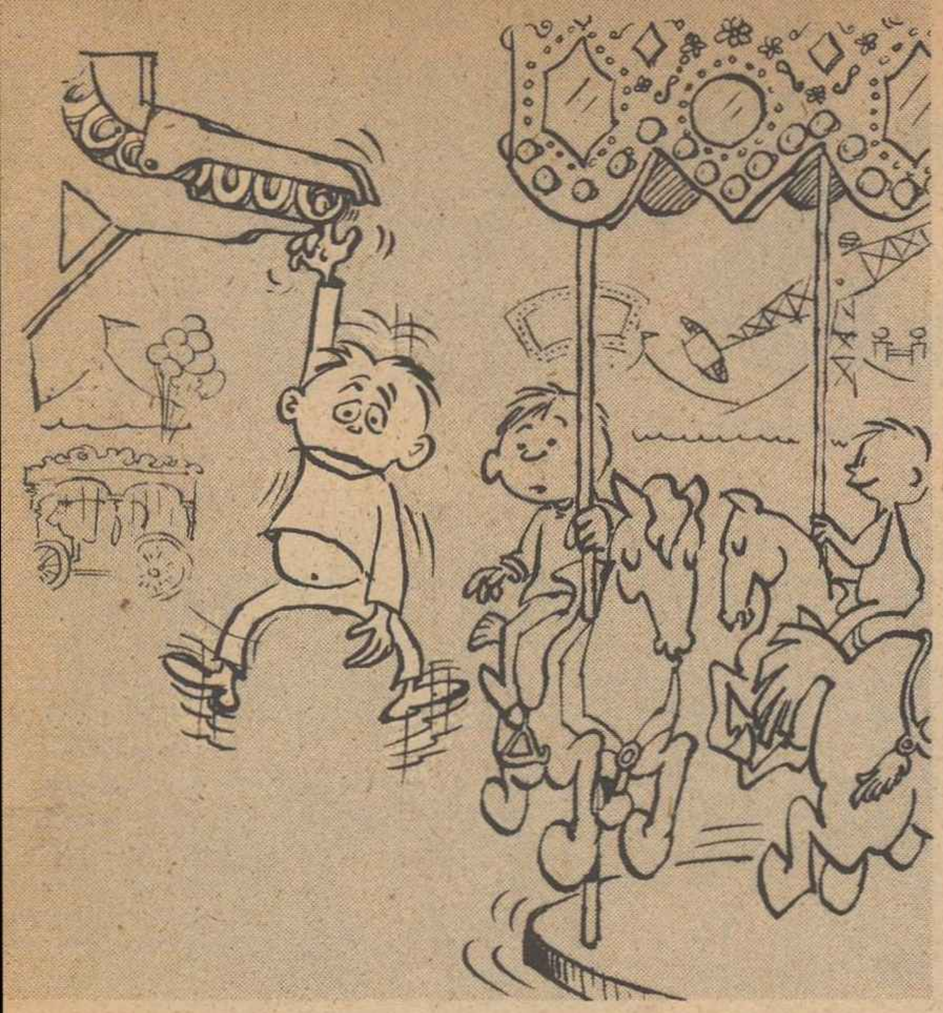






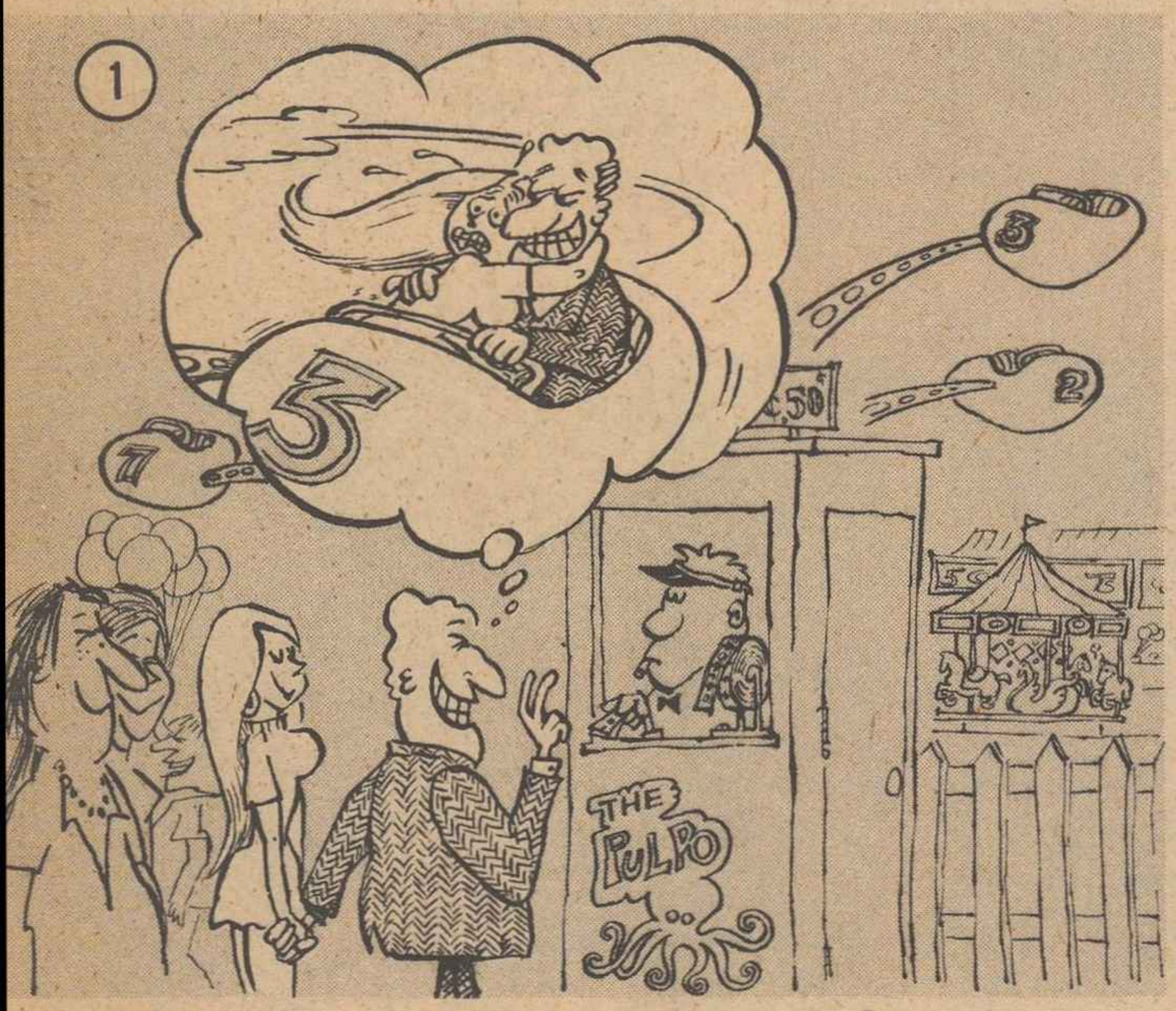


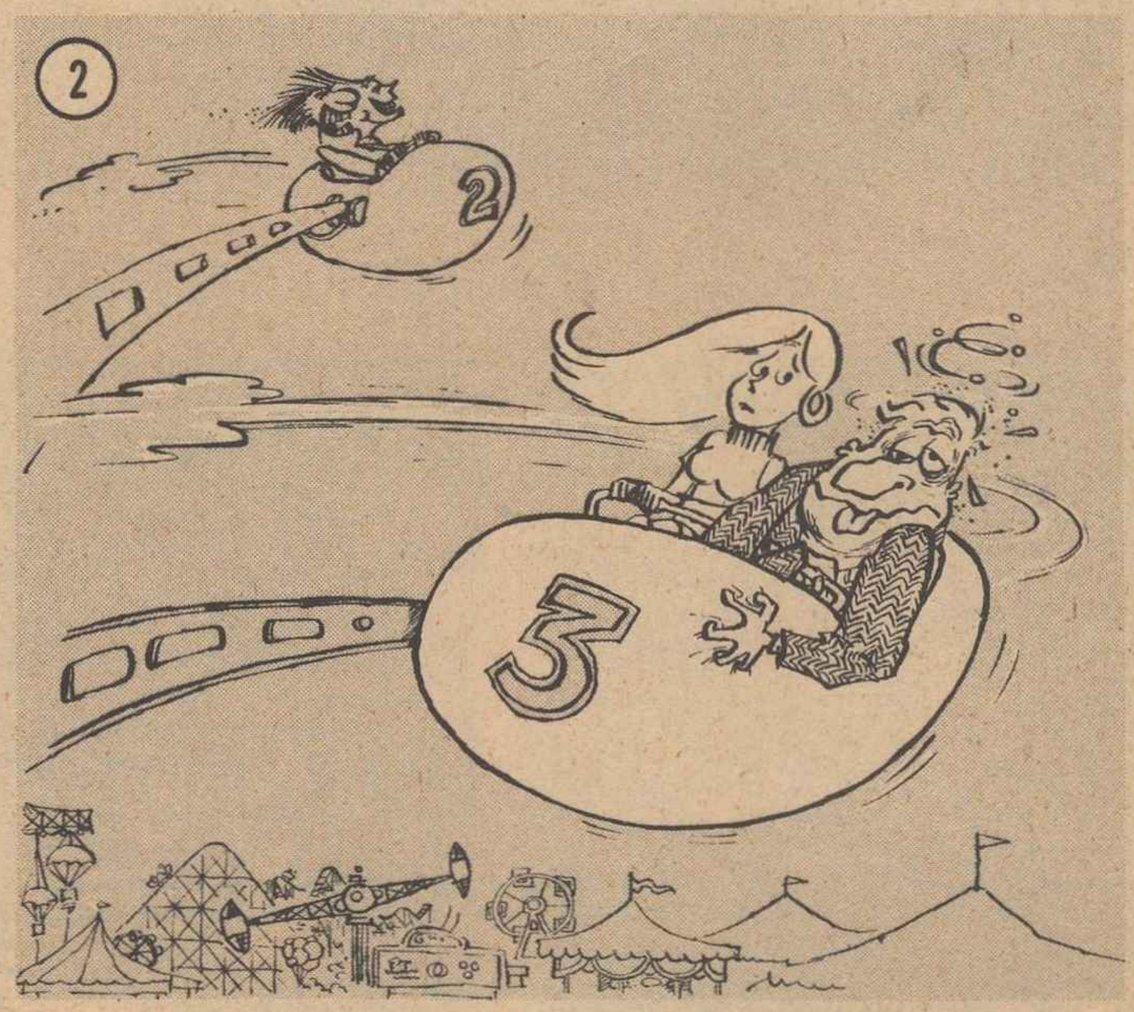


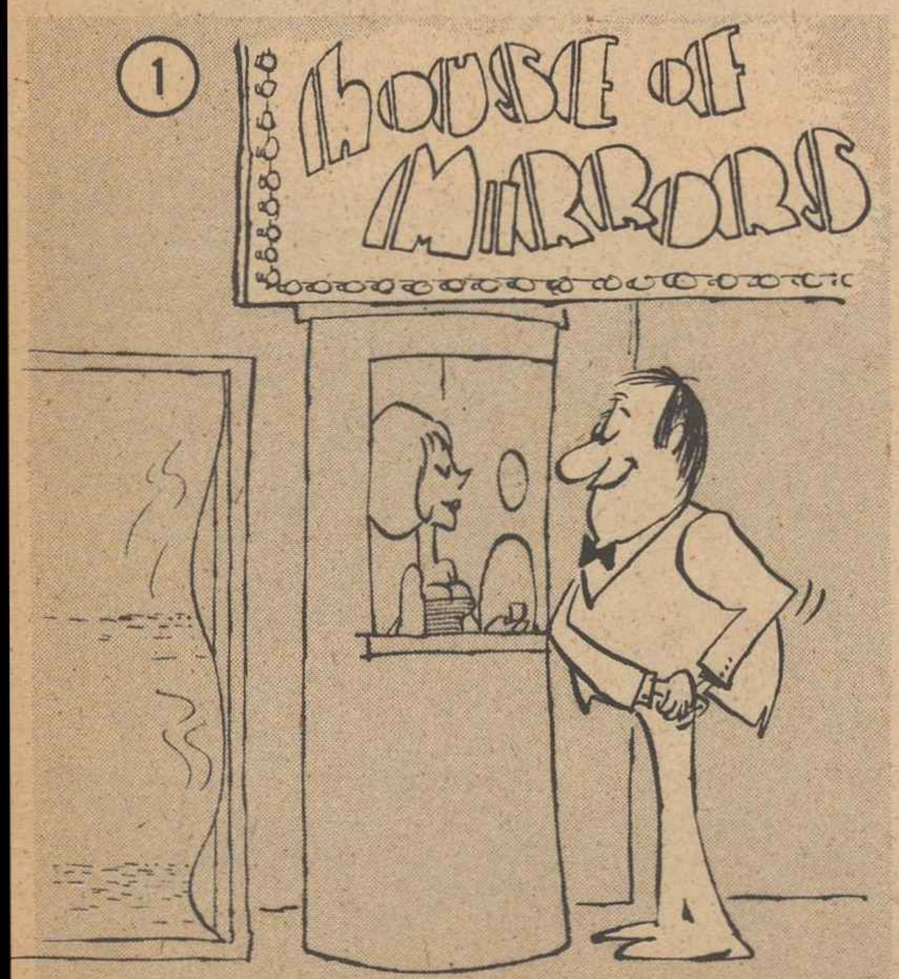


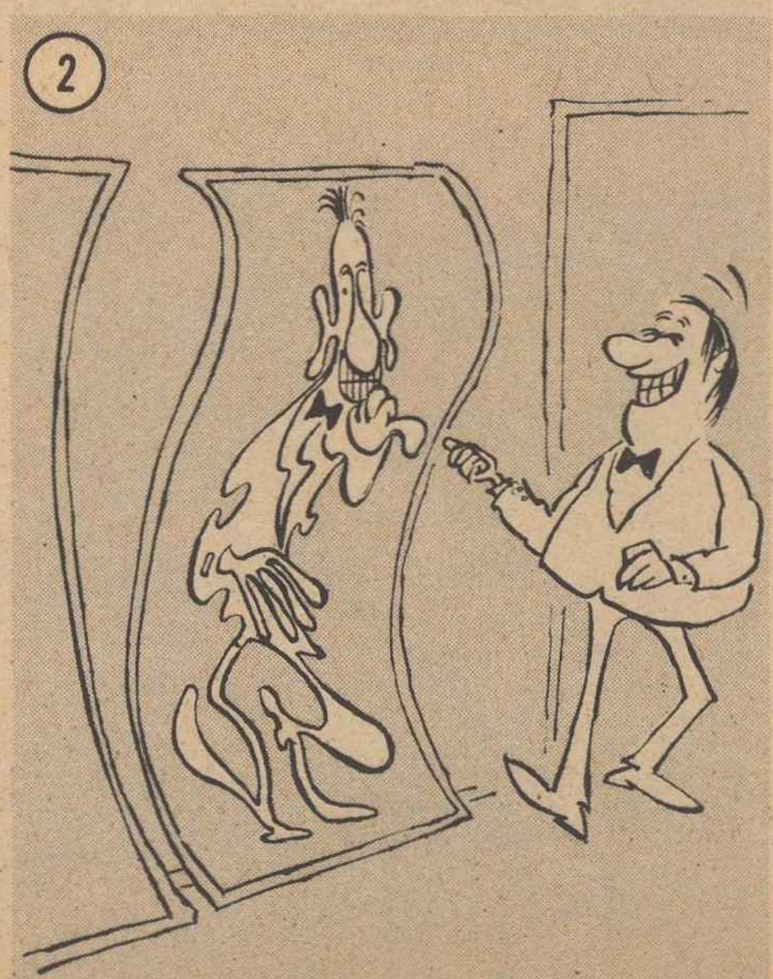

1
PENNY
TONG!
BOX

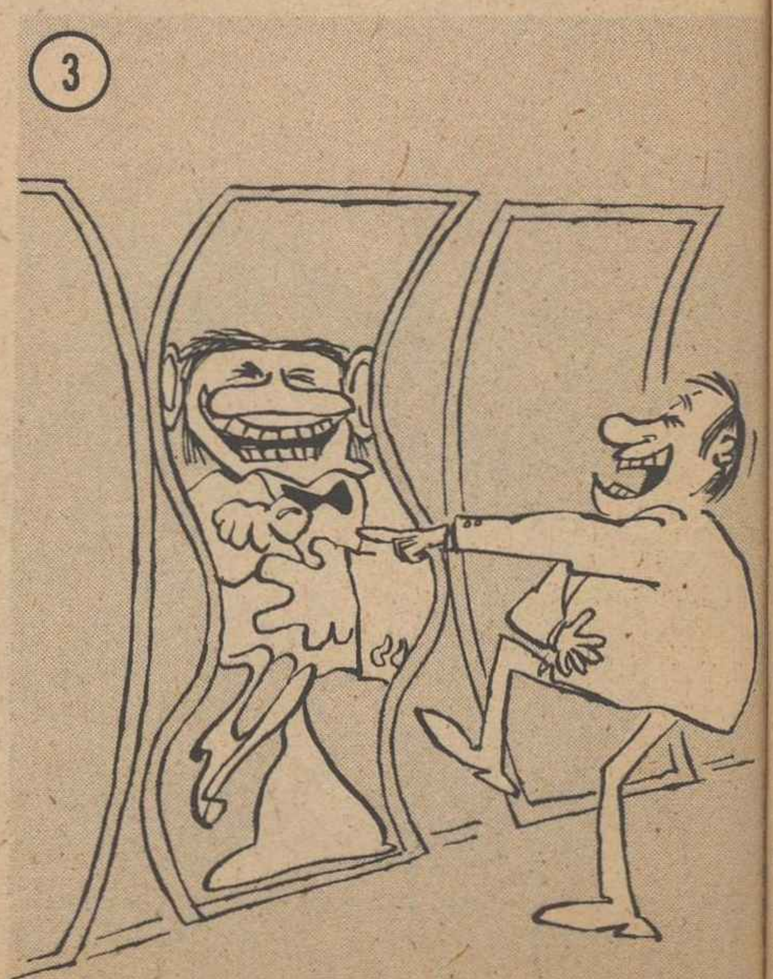

2
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BOX


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3
2
50
THE PULPO

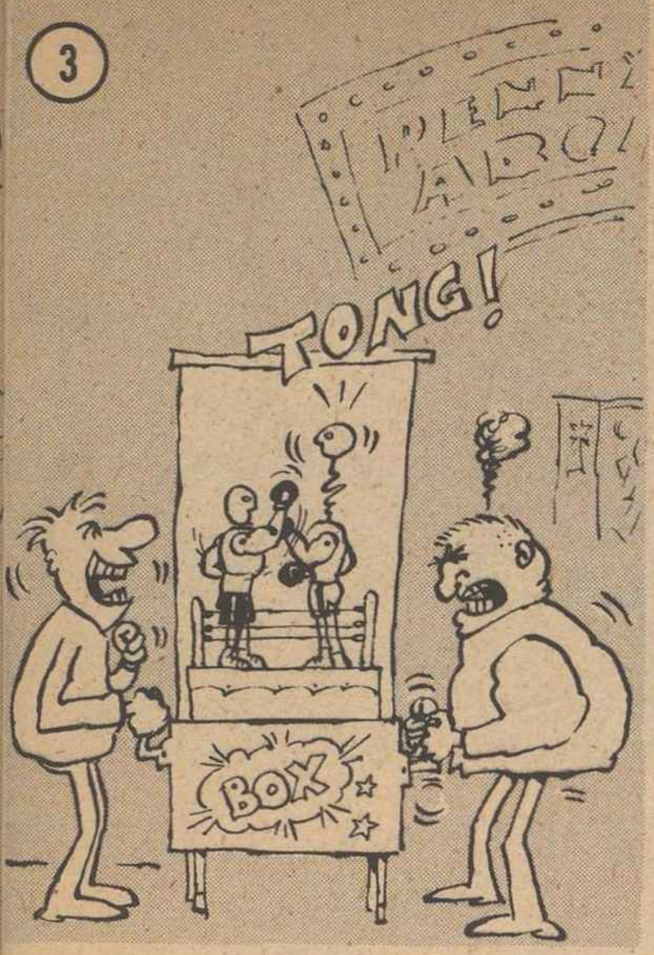

2
2
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1
HOUSE OF MIRRORS

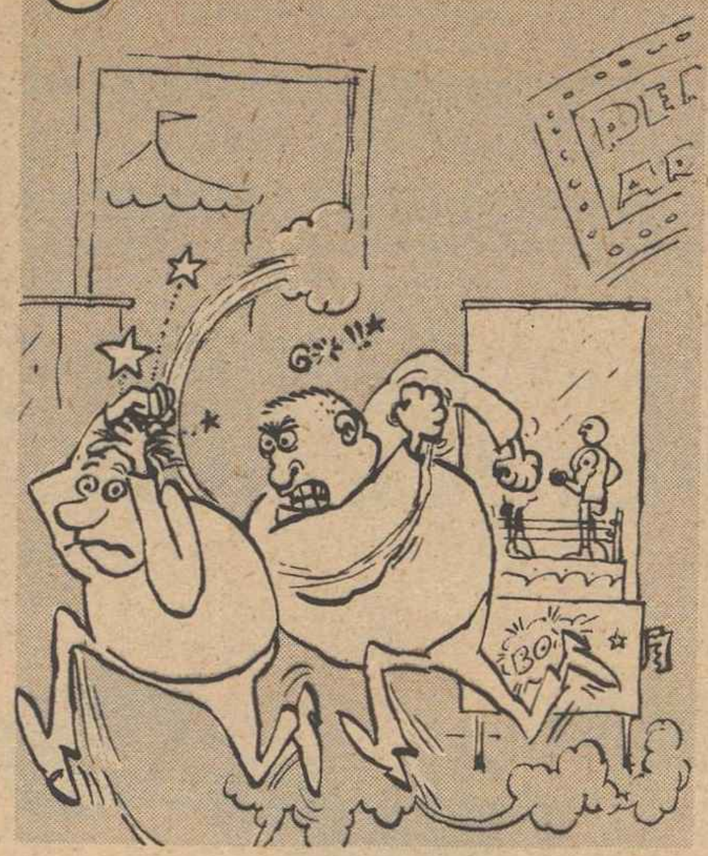

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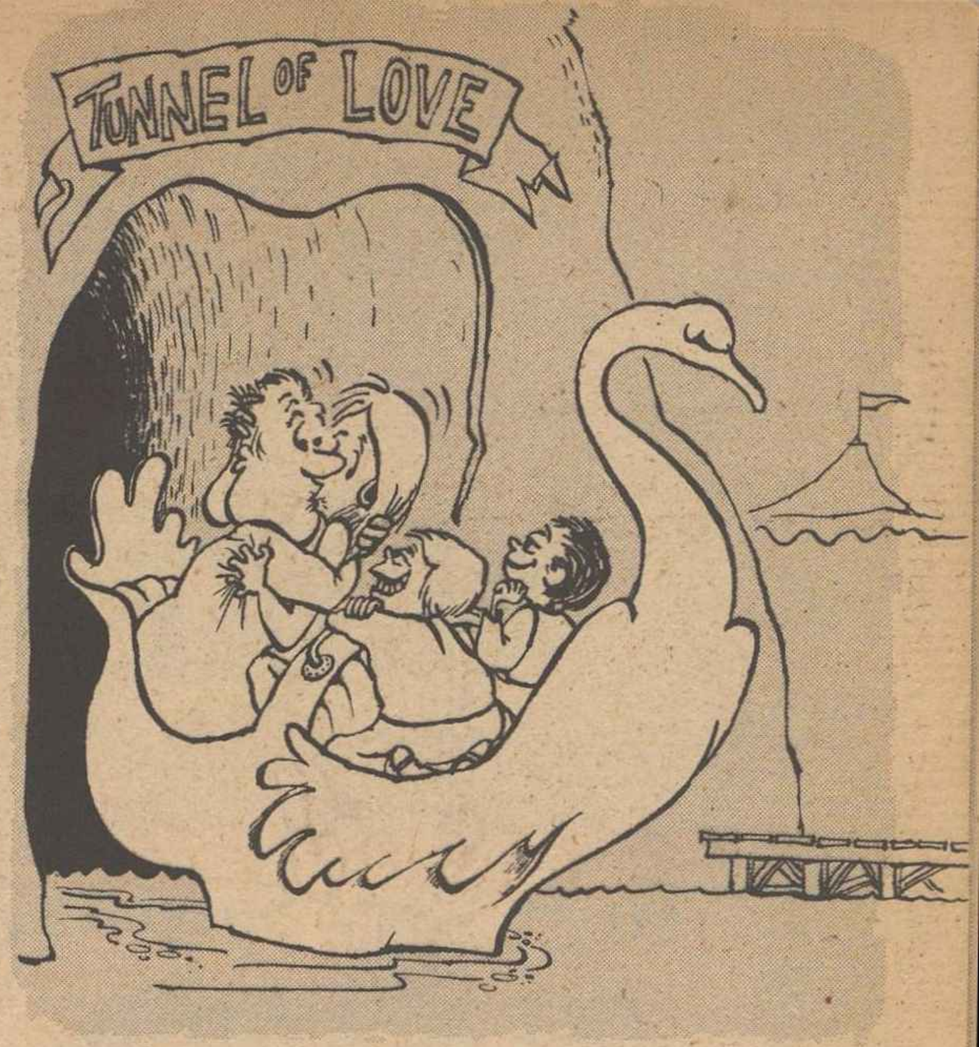

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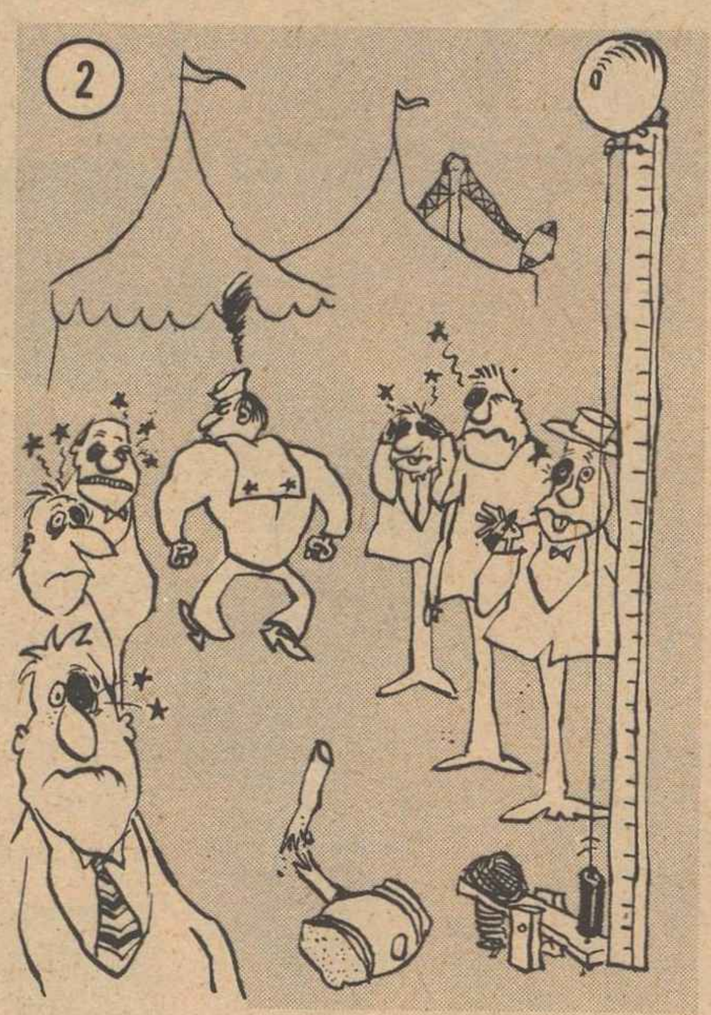


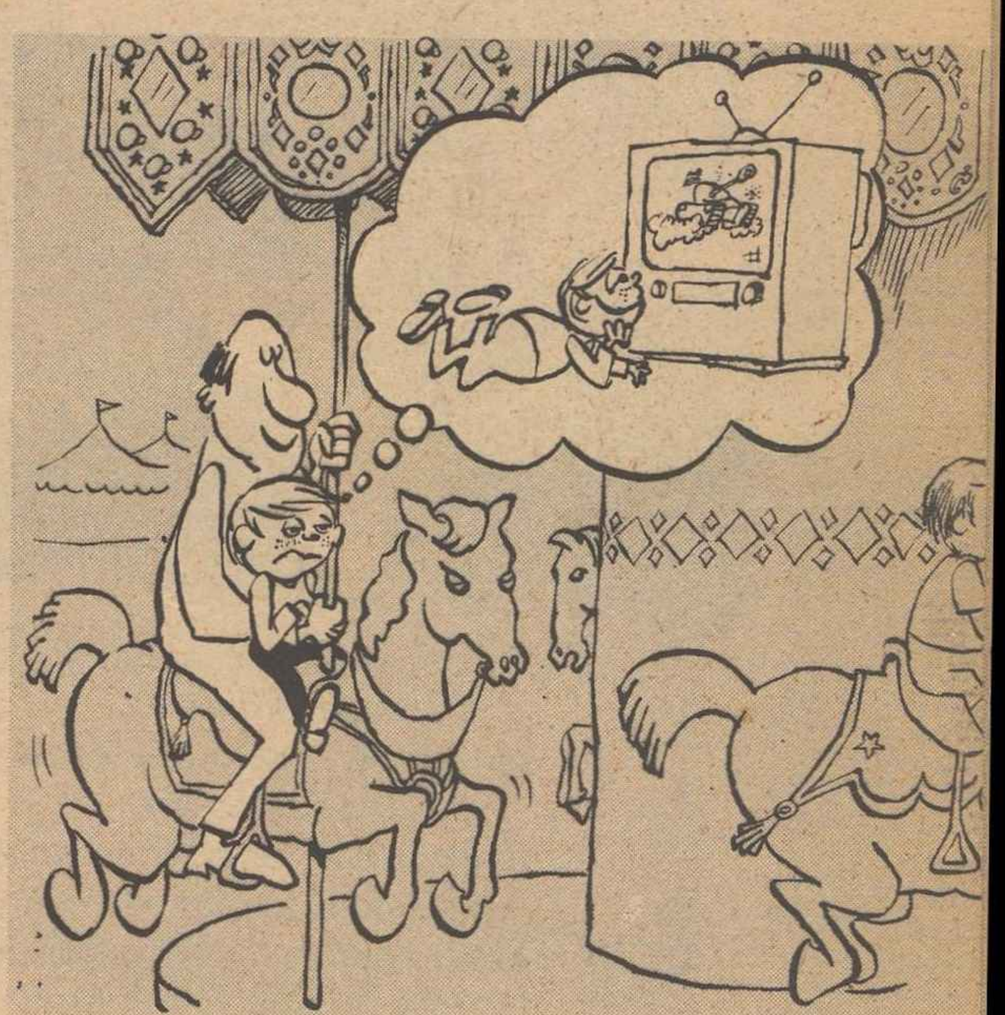


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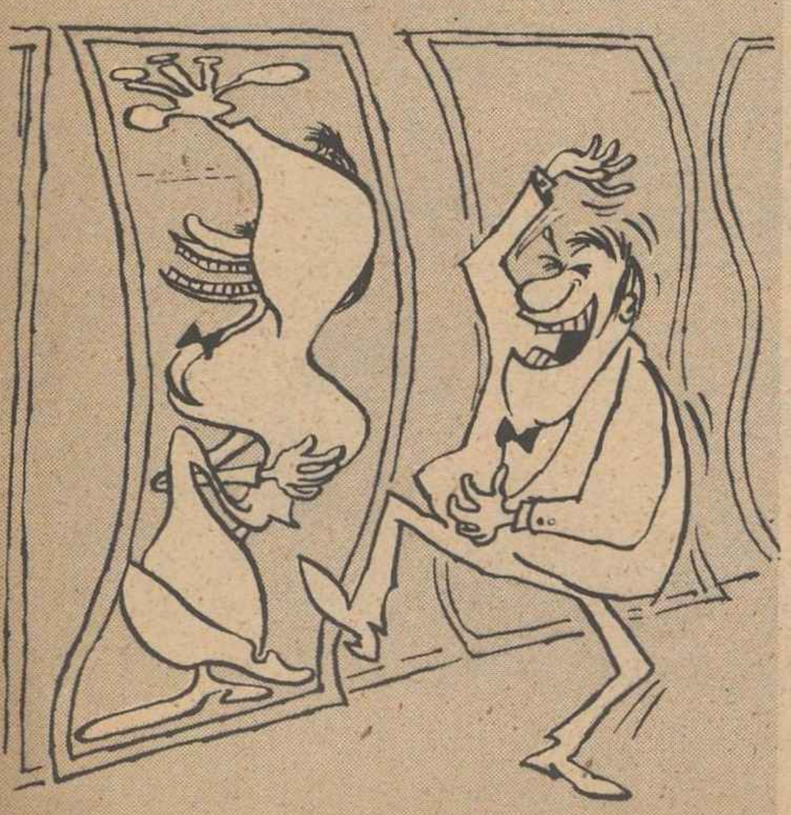


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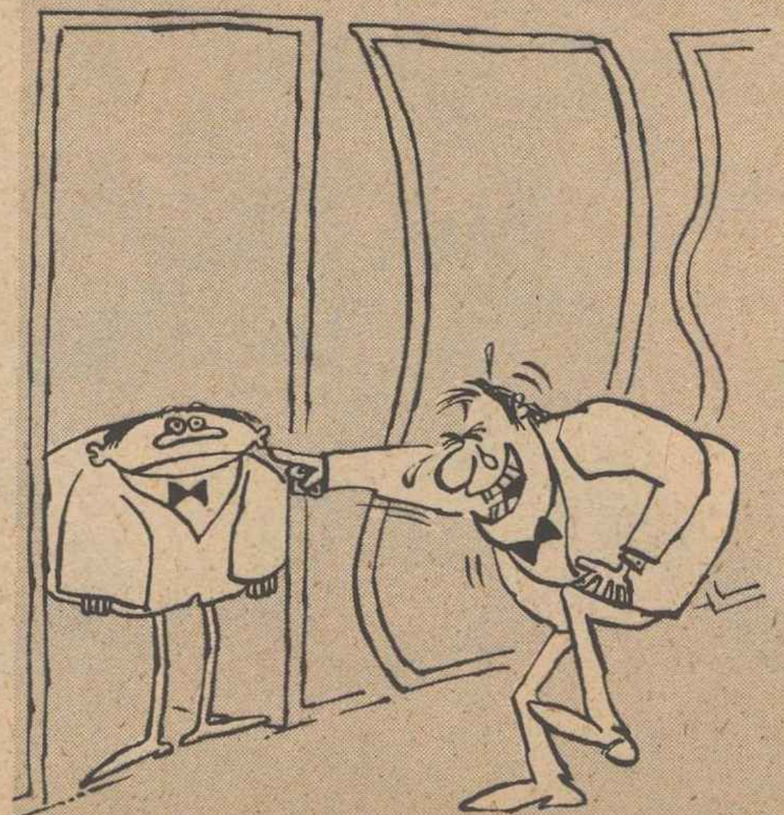




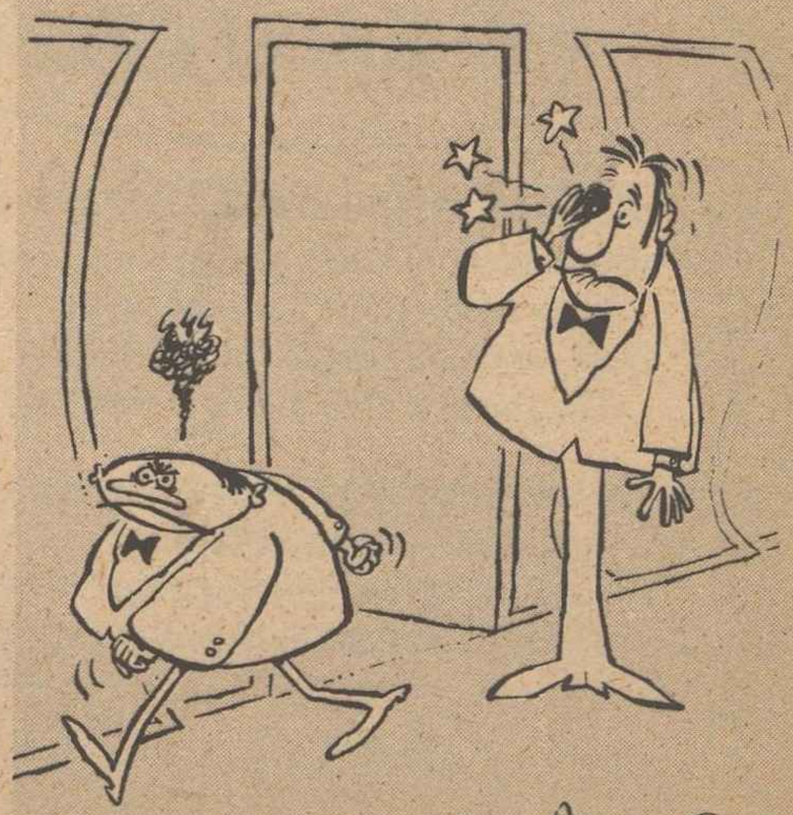
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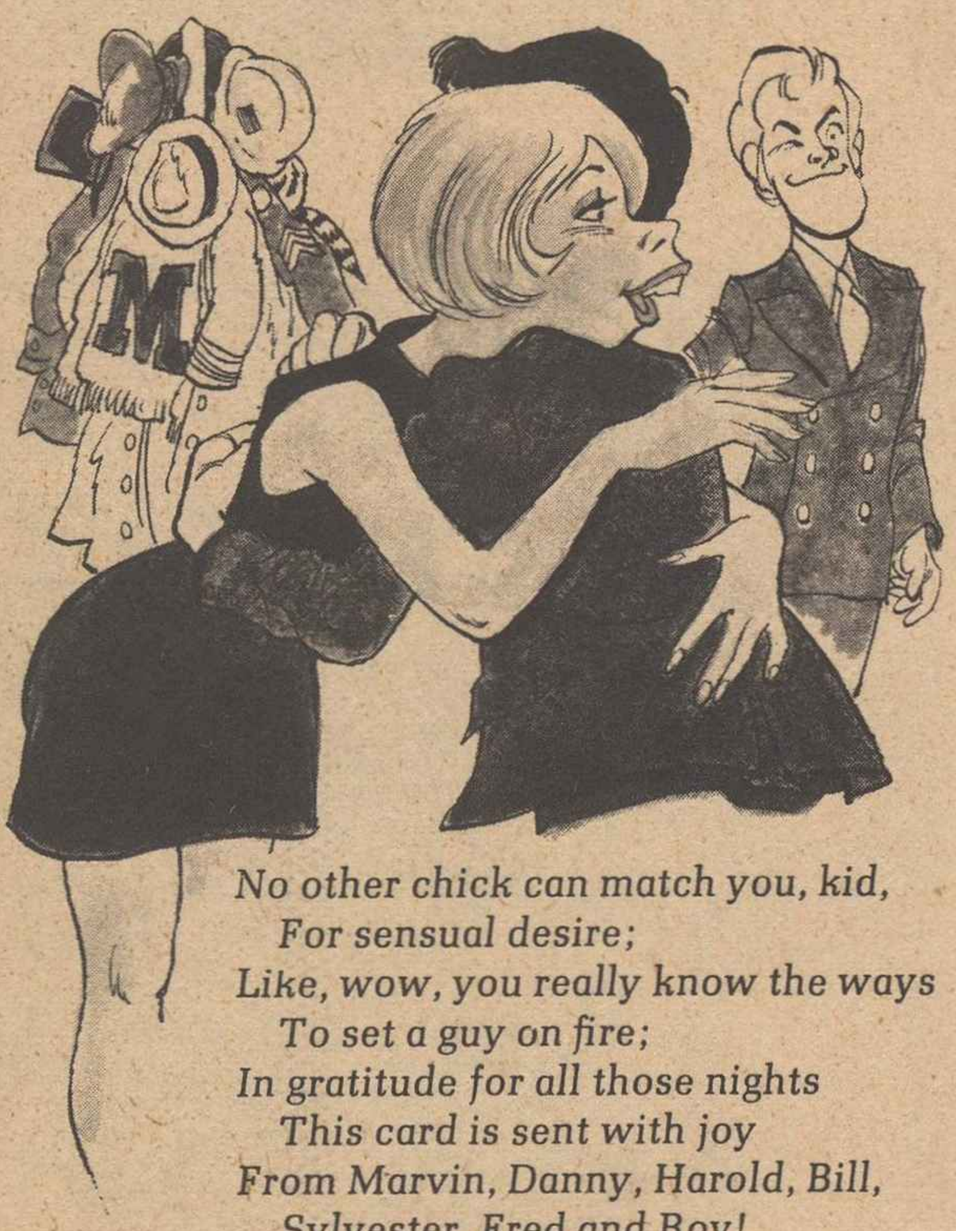
WOW "NOW" CARDS DEPT.

There's a revolution going on and it's not being fought in the jungles of Asia or the mountains of South America. It's being fought in college dormitories, ski lodges, motels, summer resorts, drive-in movies and in

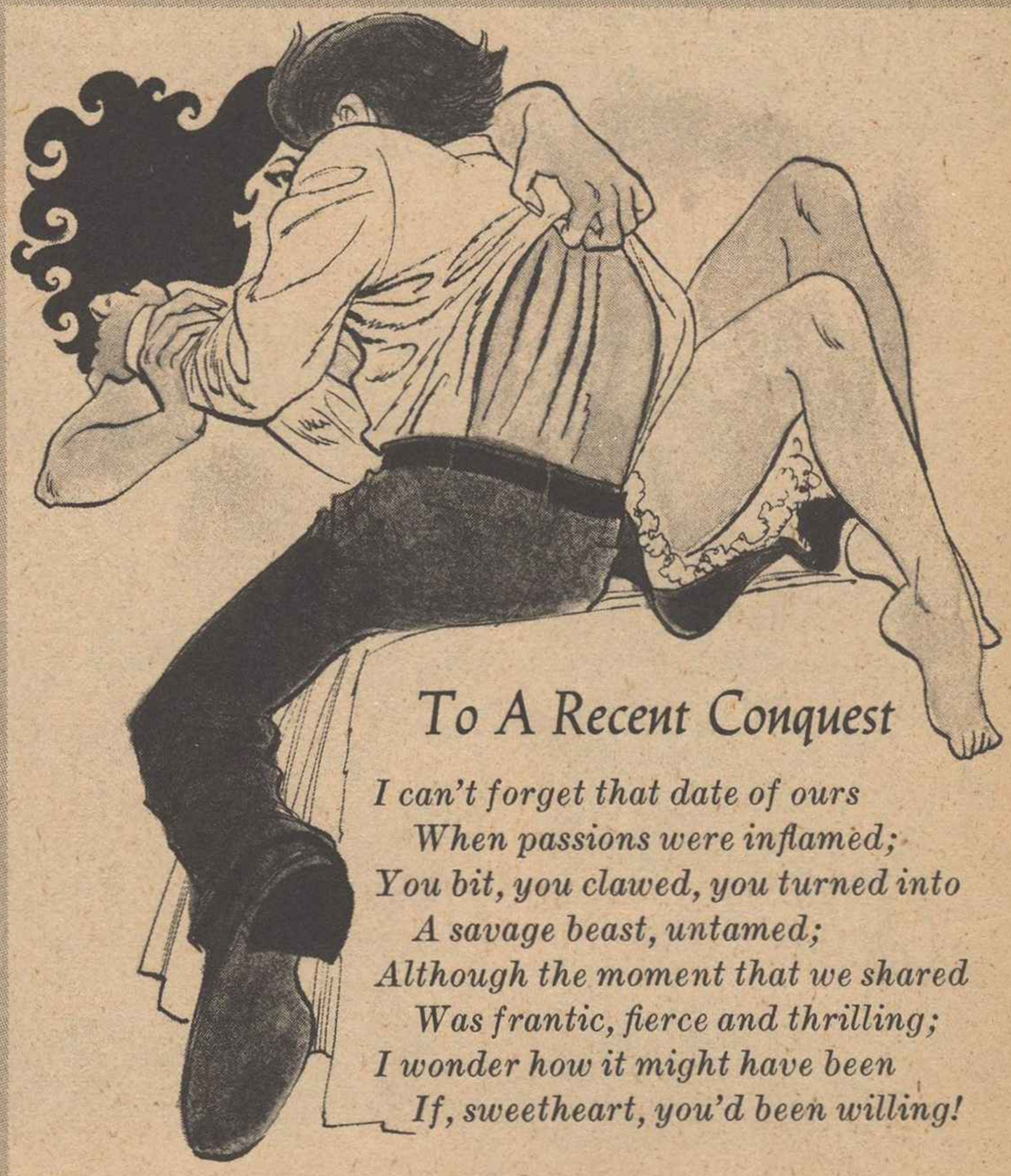
GREETING CARDS FOR T

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

To A Very Special Girl



No other chick can match you, kid,
For sensual desire;
Like, wow, you really know the ways
To set a guy on fire;
In gratitude for all those nights
This card is sent with joy
From Marvin, Danny, Harold, Bill,
Sylvester, Fred and Roy!

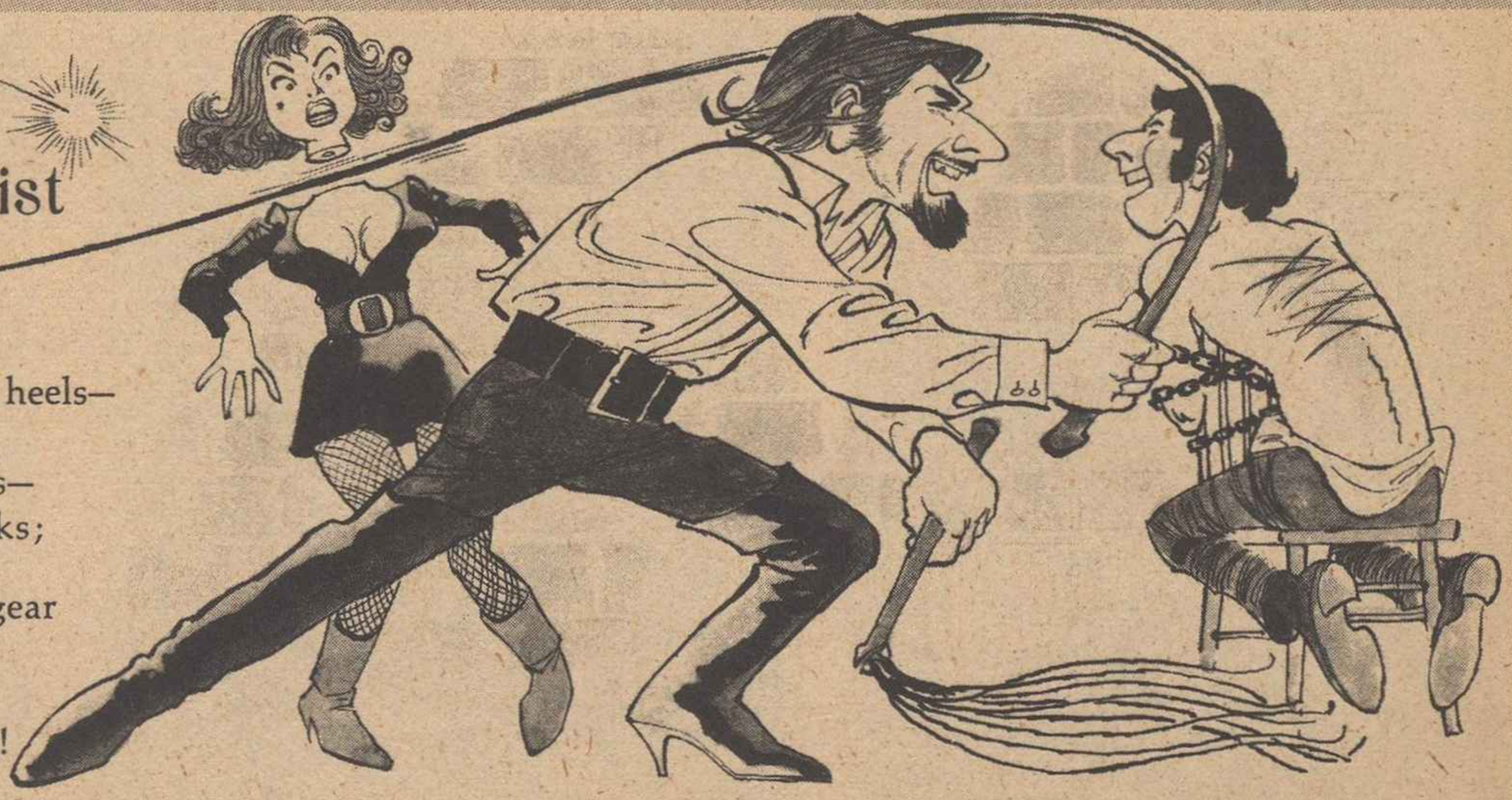


To A Recent Conquest

I can't forget that date of ours
When passions were inflamed;
You bit, you clawed, you turned into
A savage beast, untamed;
Although the moment that we shared
Was frantic, fierce and thrilling;
I wonder how it might have been
If, sweetheart, you'd been willing!



To A Sex Fetishist



You wear long boots with pointed heels—
They're good for getting kicks;
Your rumpus room is full of whips—
They're great for swinging chicks;

Your weirdo chums wear leather gear
And chain you to a chair;
What fun to have a hobby that
Your friends and you can share!



homes all over America. In case you're out of it, we're talking about the Sexual Revolution. Let us, therefore, salute the valiant fighters in this intimate struggle as we here at MAD — yes, MAD — present . . .

HE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

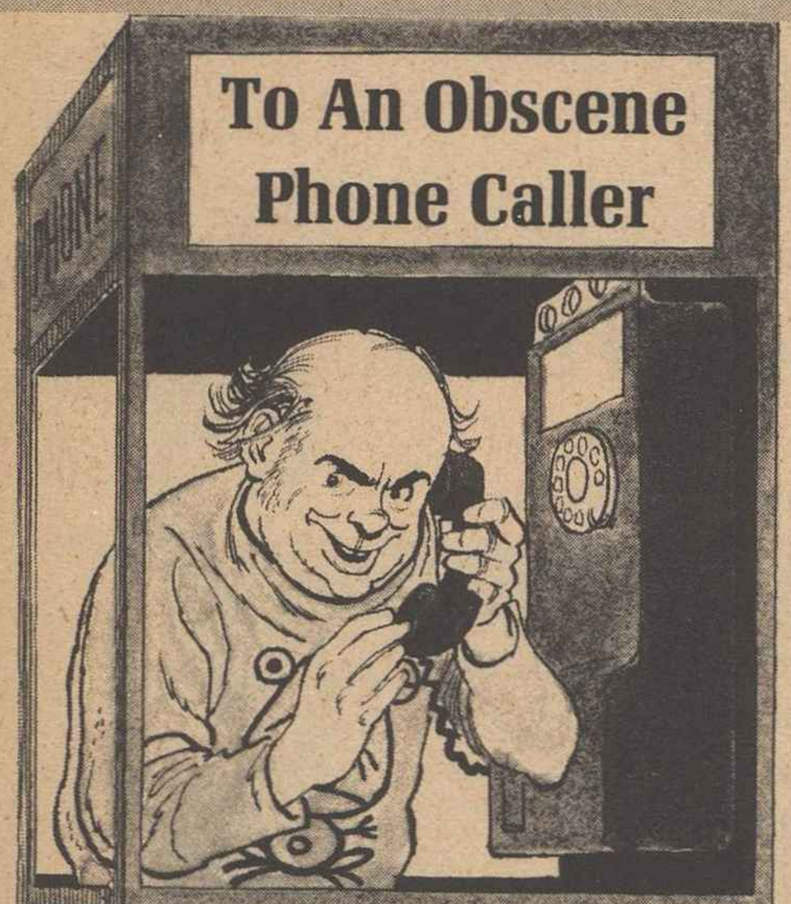
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

To A Make-Out Artist

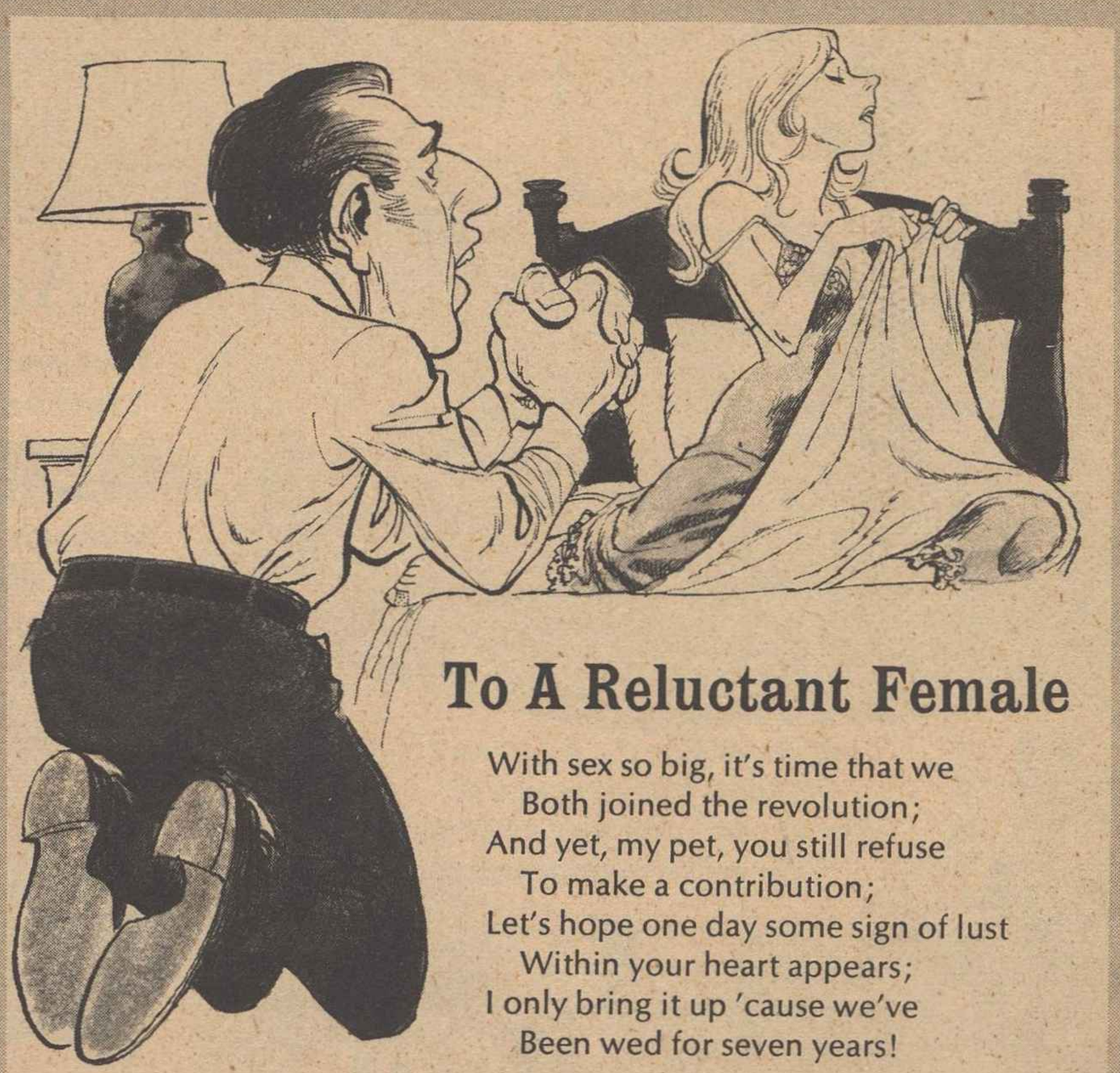
You swing with every chick you meet;
You're just a sex-mad creature;
This week you've had a stewardess,
Three stenos and a teacher;
On every date you've always got
A brand-new girl in hand;
Perhaps it's 'cause one night with you
Is all that they can stand!



To An Obscene Phone Caller

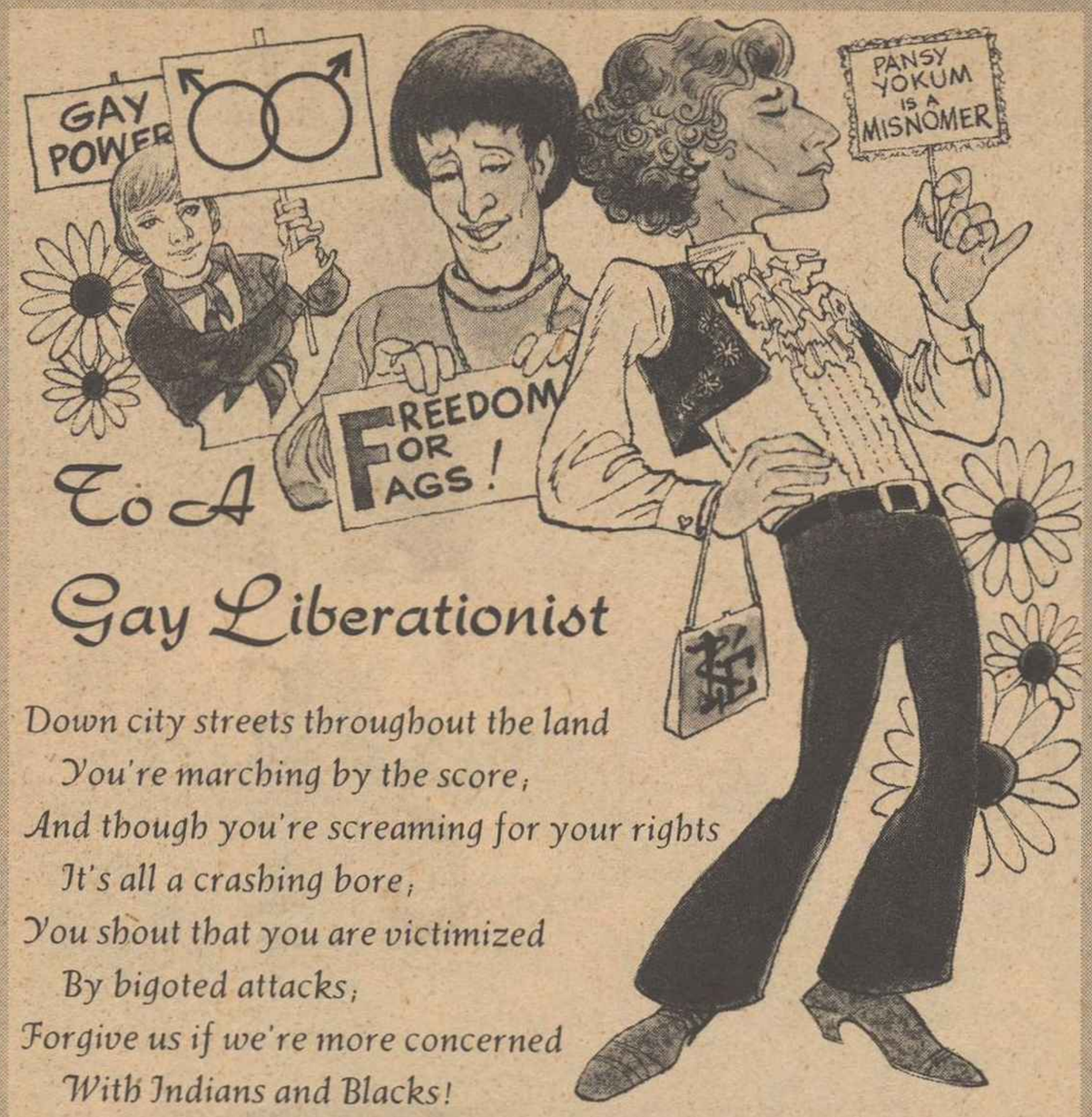


At ten o'clock in your hometown
Some phone begins to ring;
And when the party picks it up
You do your lurid thing;
You murmur your obscenities
With lewd, salacious glee;
With all the smut on sale today,
How nice to get you free!



To A Reluctant Female

With sex so big, it's time that we
Both joined the revolution;
And yet, my pet, you still refuse
To make a contribution;
Let's hope one day some sign of lust
Within your heart appears;
I only bring it up 'cause we've
Been wed for seven years!



To A Gay Liberationist

Down city streets throughout the land
You're marching by the score;
And though you're screaming for your rights
It's all a crashing bore;
You shout that you are victimized
By bigoted attacks;
Forgive us if we're more concerned
With Indians and Blacks!

To A Producer Of Skin Flicks

Each picture that you make is like
A sexual excursion—
With mixed-up nymphos, orgies
And a plot of sick perversion;

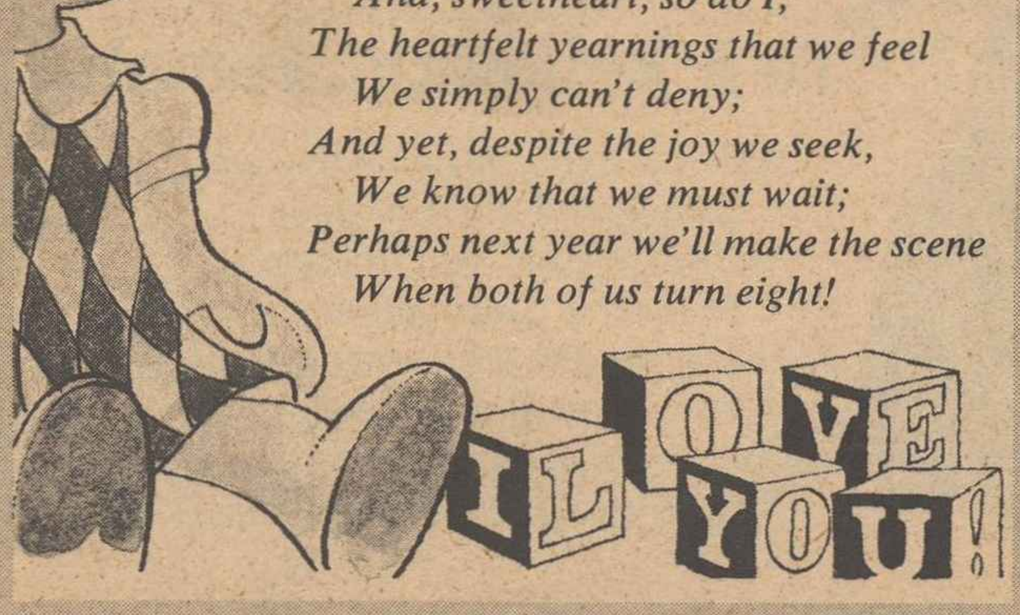


You should get wise that folks today
Don't think your films are groovy;
With sex in real-life like it is,
Who needs a dirty movie?



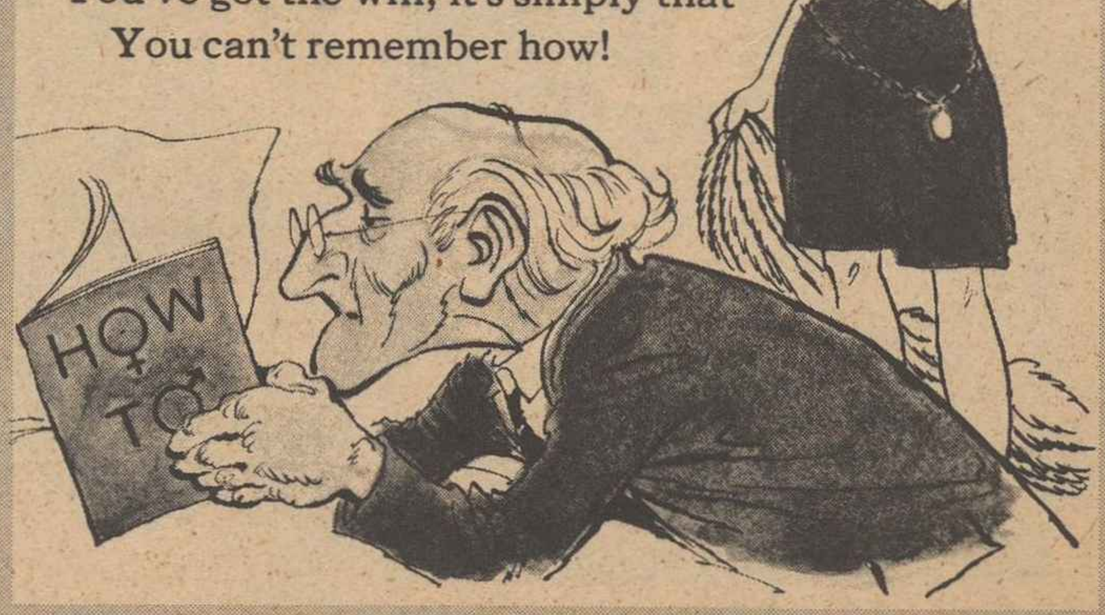
To A First Love

You cry out with the lust of youth
And, sweetheart, so do I;
The heartfelt yearnings that we feel
We simply can't deny;
And yet, despite the joy we seek,
We know that we must wait;
Perhaps next year we'll make the scene
When both of us turn eight!



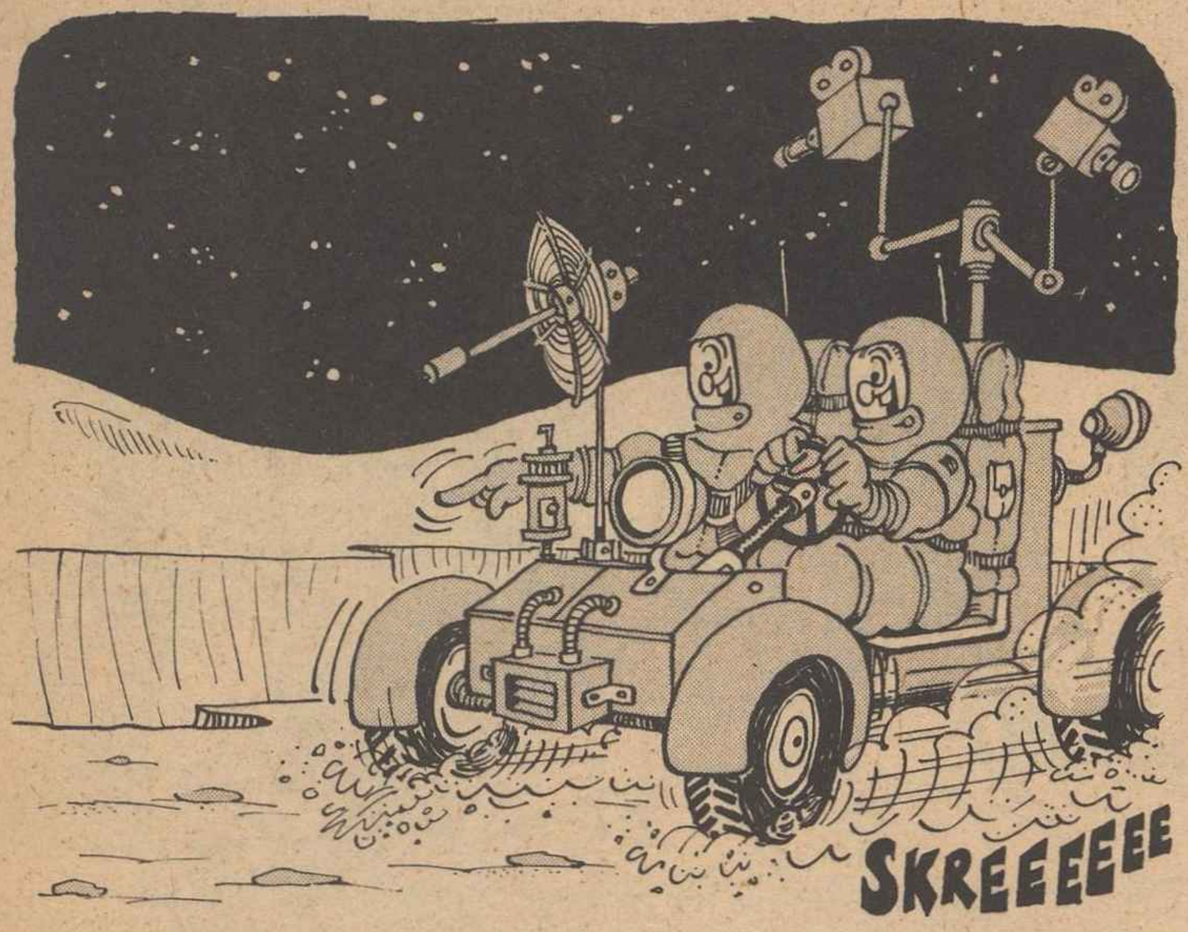
To An Ancient Lover

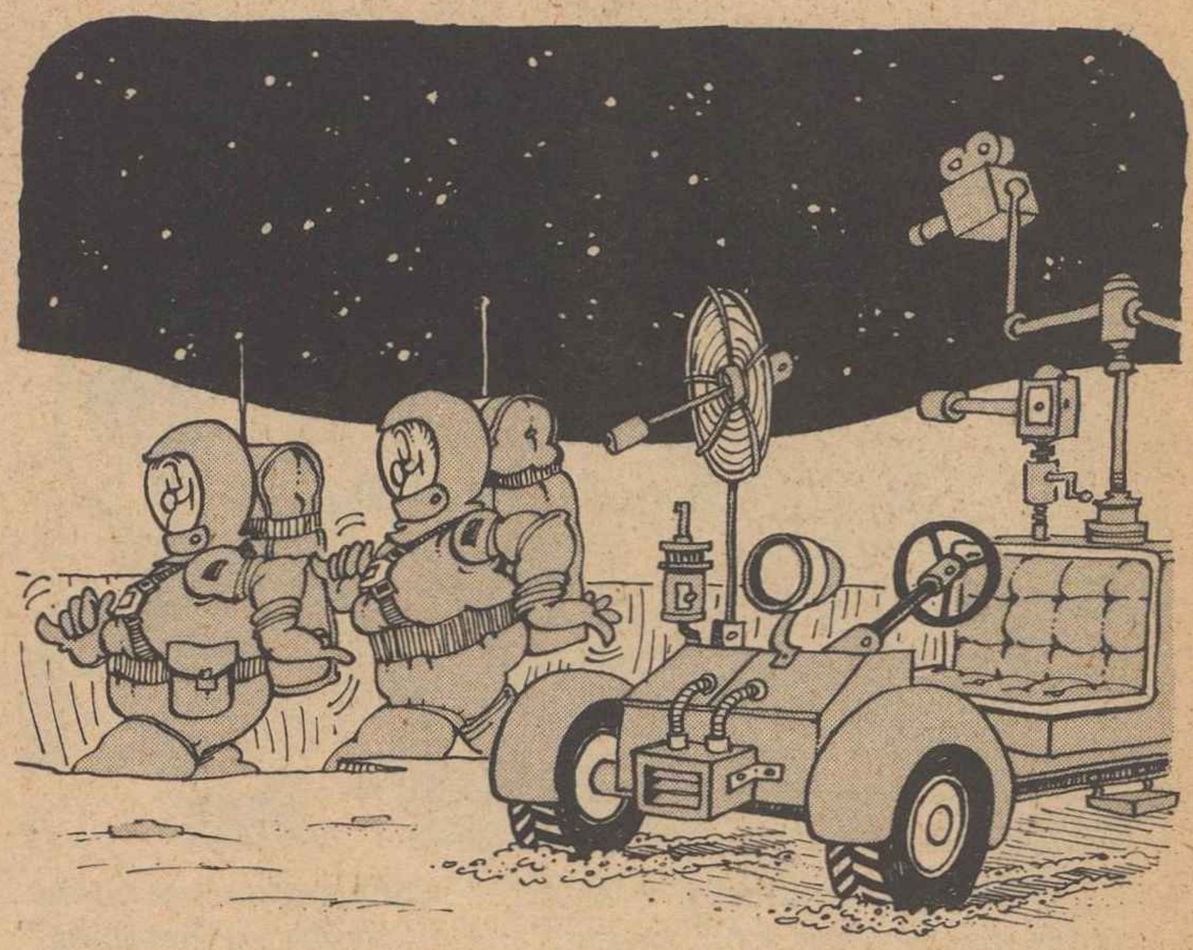
Your years now number 85,
And yet you spend your time
Impressing girls one-fourth your age
That you're still in your prime;
Although it's true you always fail,
You still should take a bow;
You've got the will; it's simply that
You can't remember how!

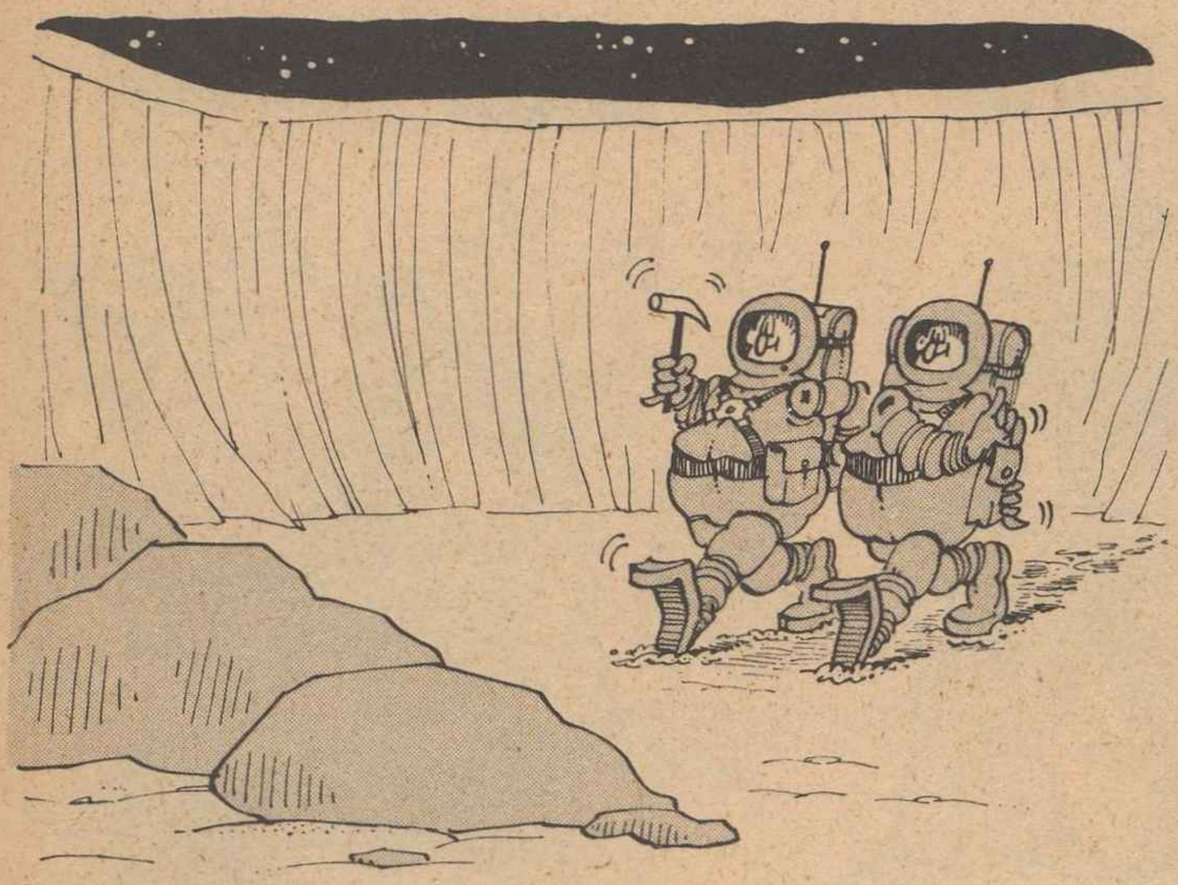


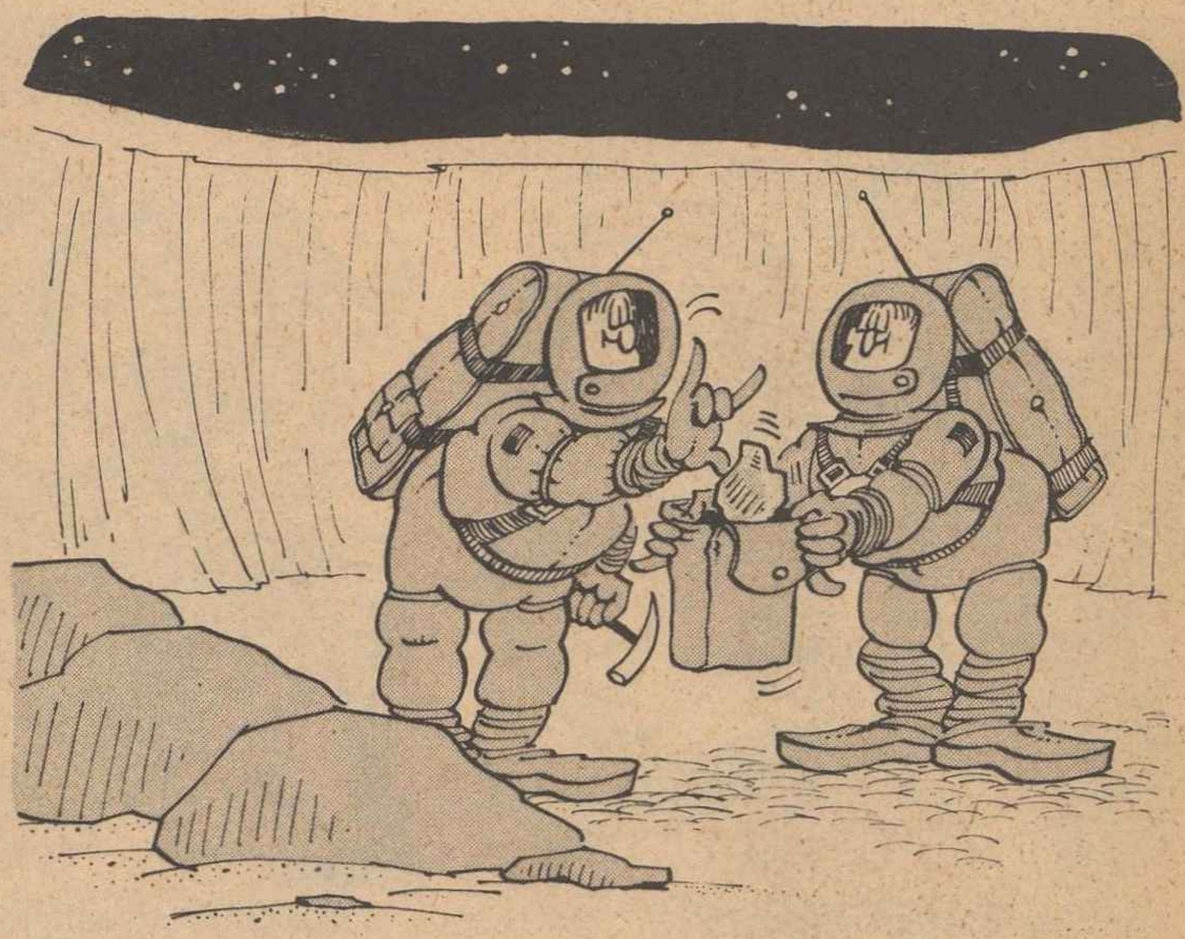
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

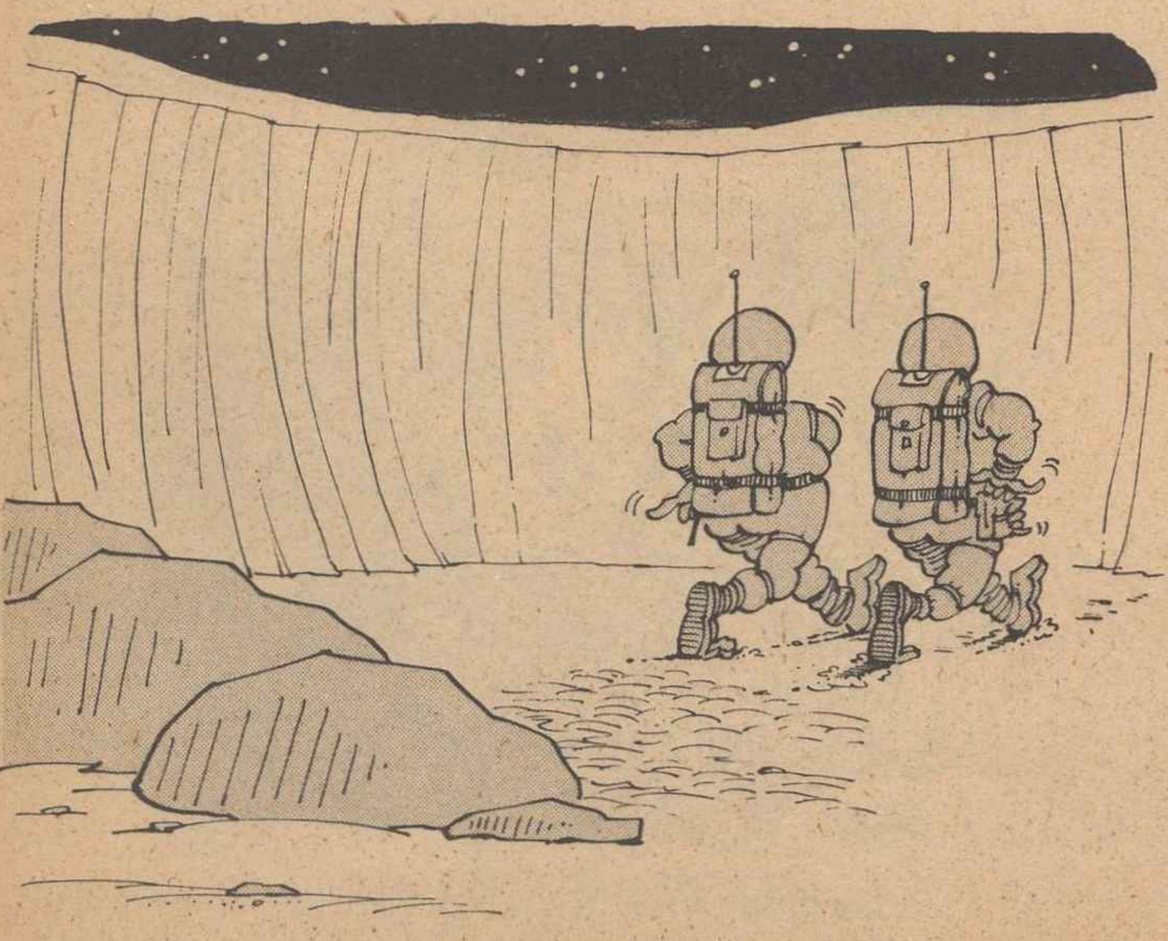
ONE THURSDAY AFTERNOON ON THE MOON

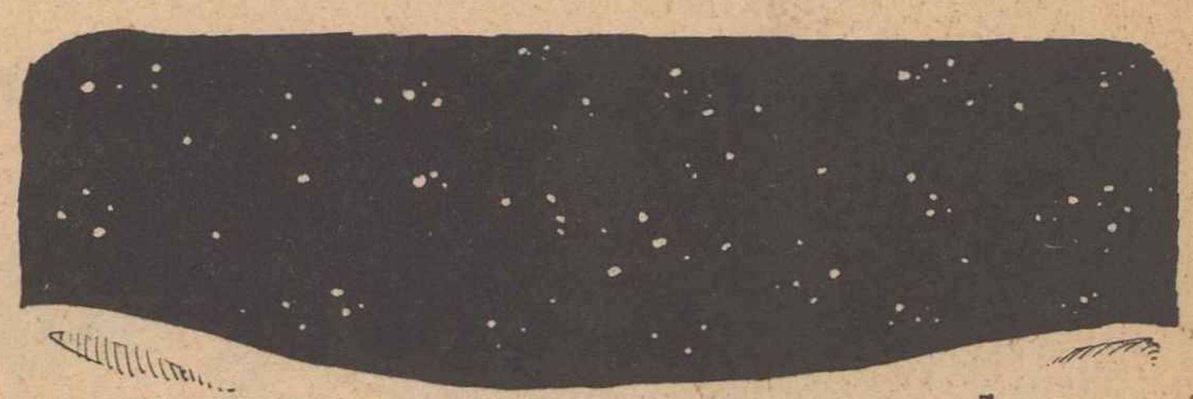


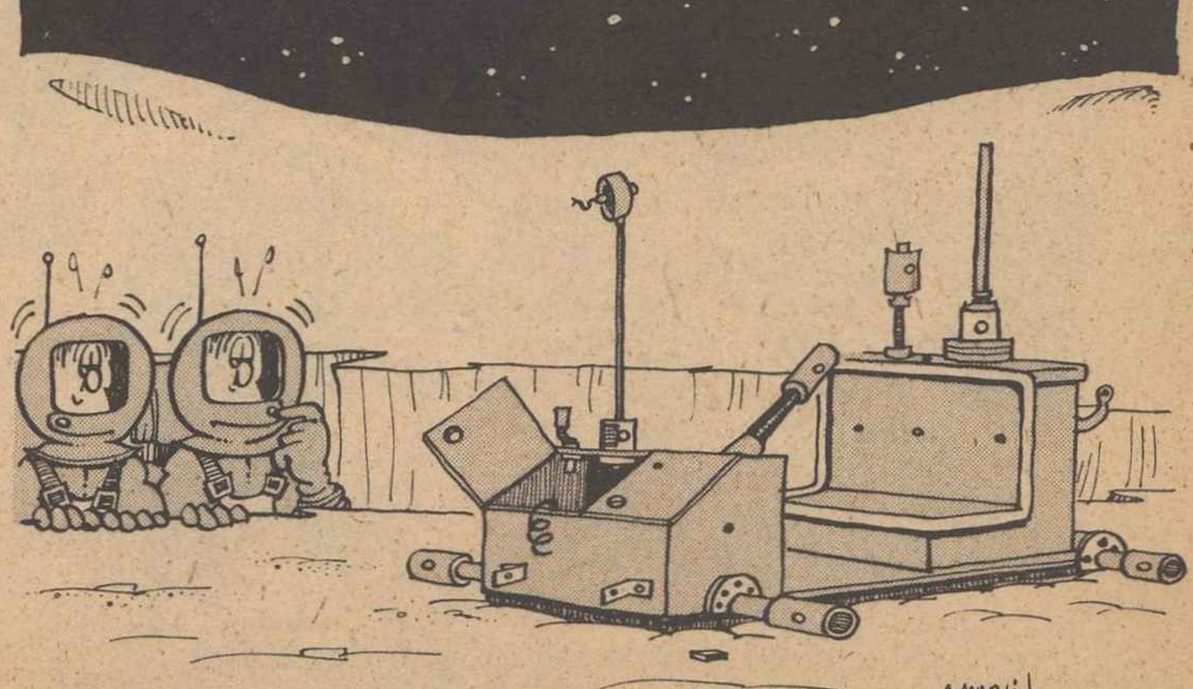








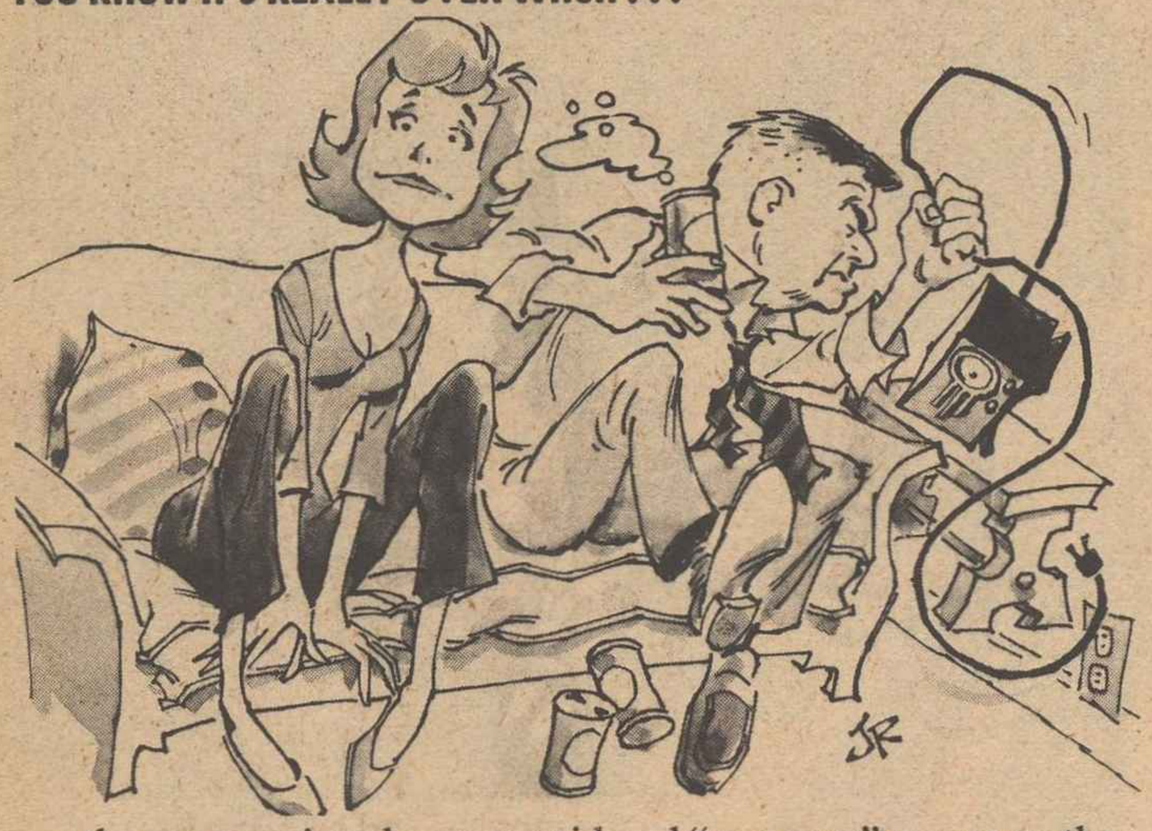




SEVERENCE PLAY DEPT.

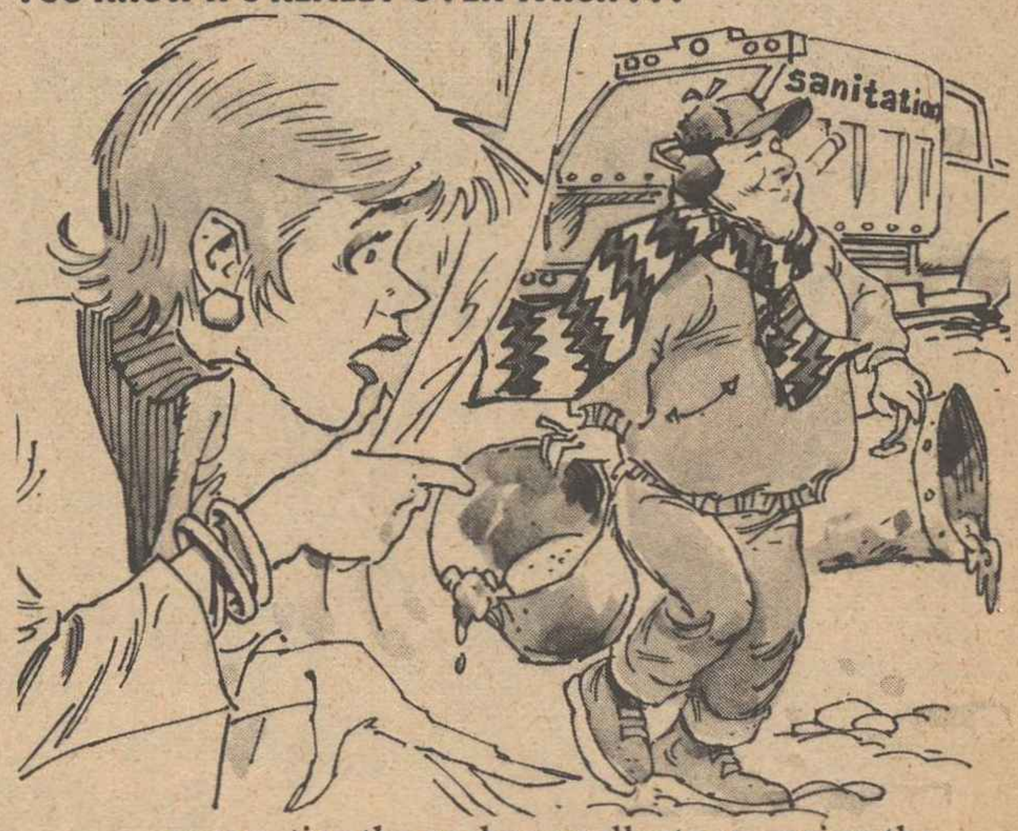
You Know It's REALLY

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . the song you've always considered "our song" comes on the radio, and he snaps it off, saying, "I've always hated that thing!"

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



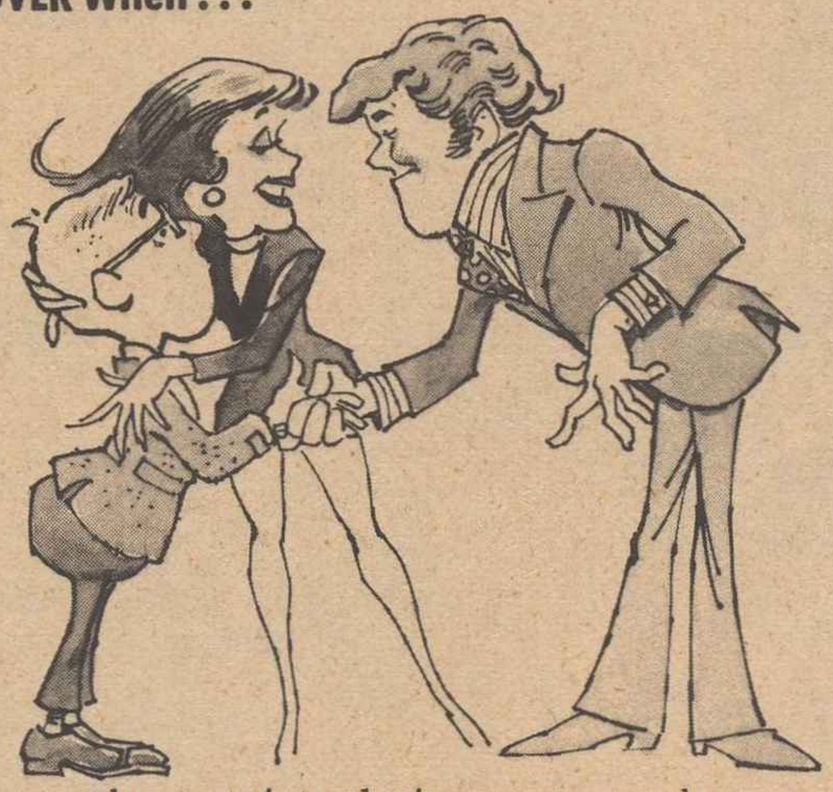
. . . you notice the garbage collector wearing the scarf you spent six months knitting for "him"!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . his recent letters end with "Very truly yours,"!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . she starts introducing you to people as one of her "oldest and dearest friends!"

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



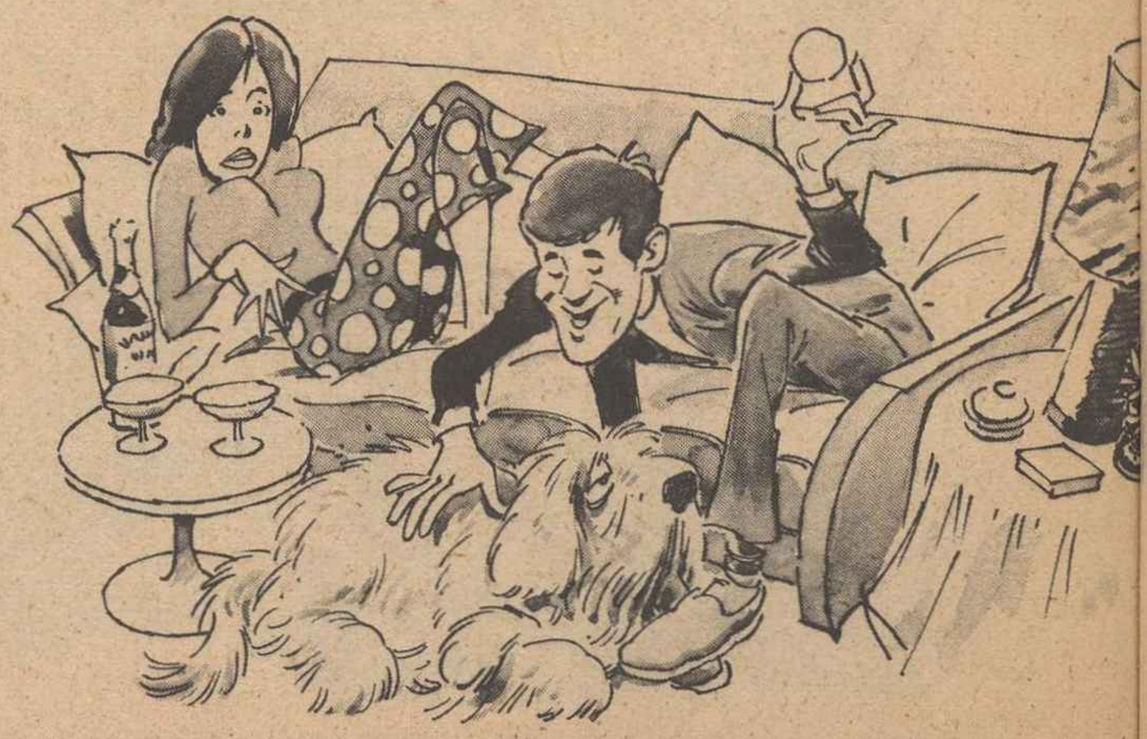
. . . you call him up, and "she" answers!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . you hear giggling, whispering and slurping noises as she breaks your date because of a headache!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . the house is yours, the lights are low, the music is groovy . . . and he spends the night playing with Fido!

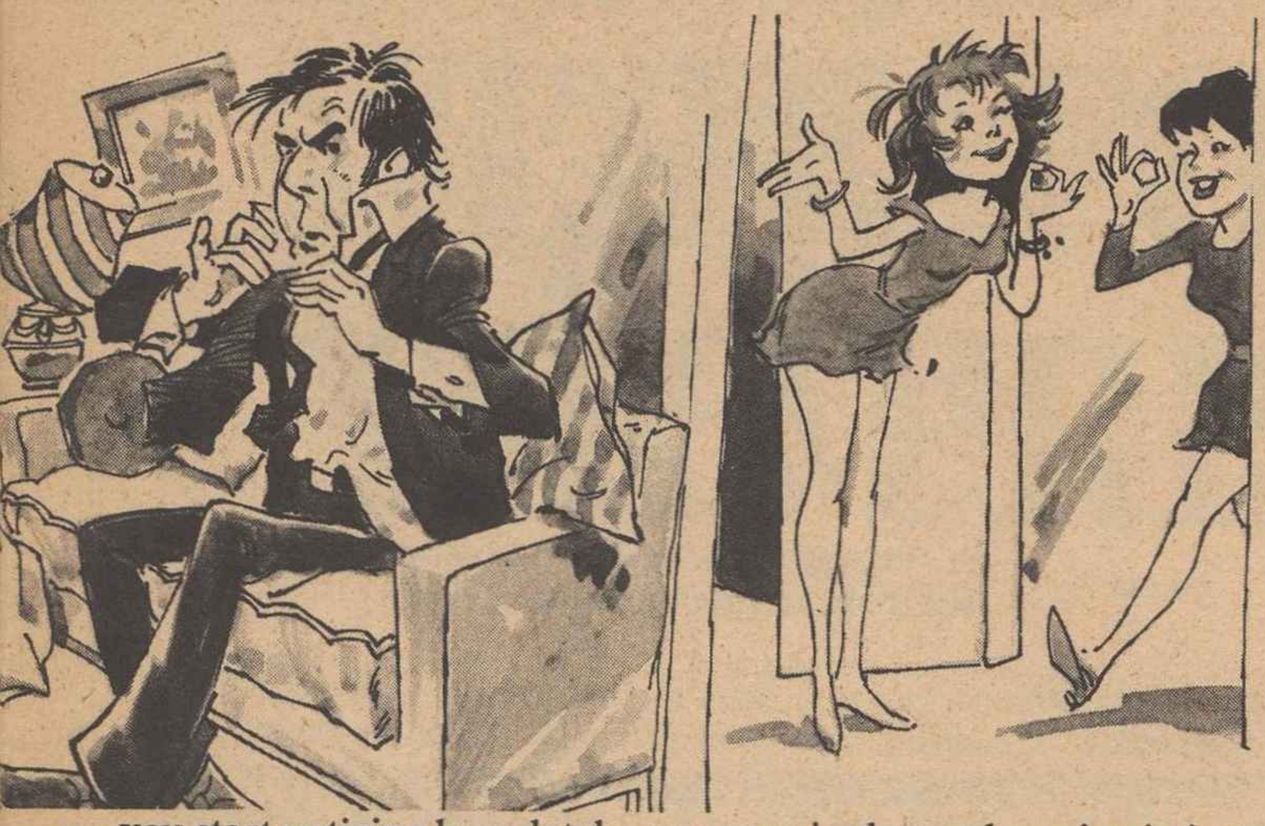
OVER When...



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITERS: AL JAFFEE & GLORIA L. RICH

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



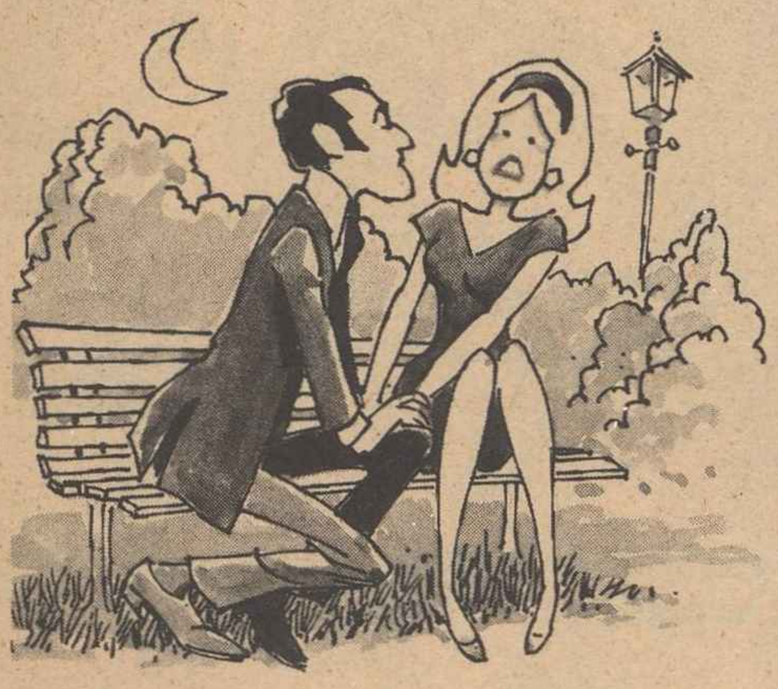
. . . you start noticing how, lately, someone is always dropping in just when you think you're going to spend an evening alone in her pad.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . you go to the movies, and he no longer cares about finding "two together"!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



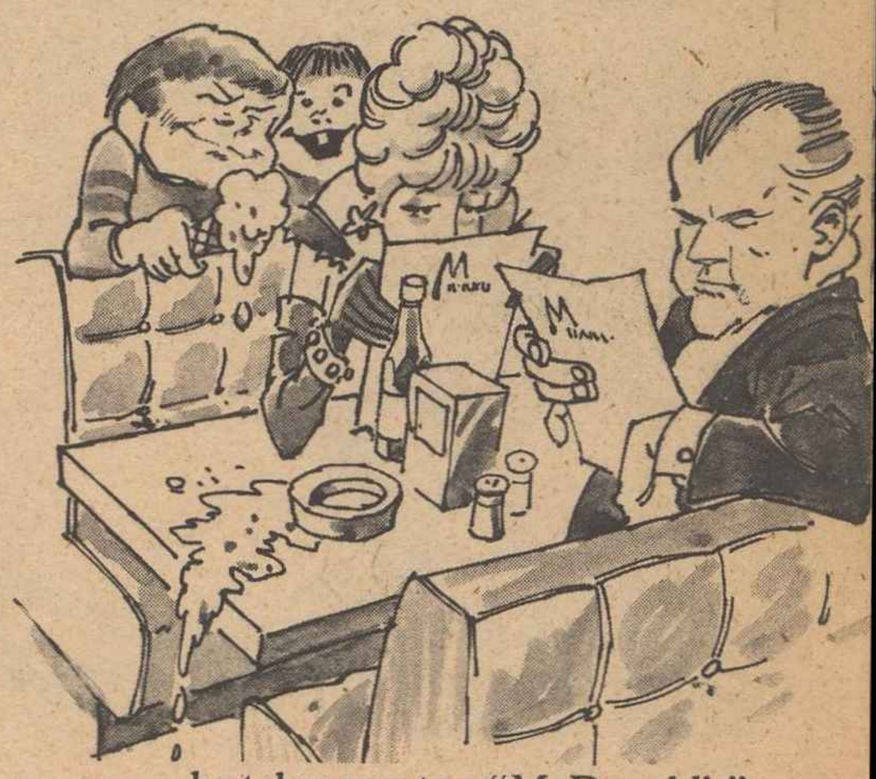
. . . he says, "We can't go on meeting like this!" . . . and you're both single!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . he's no longer interested in your root canal work!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



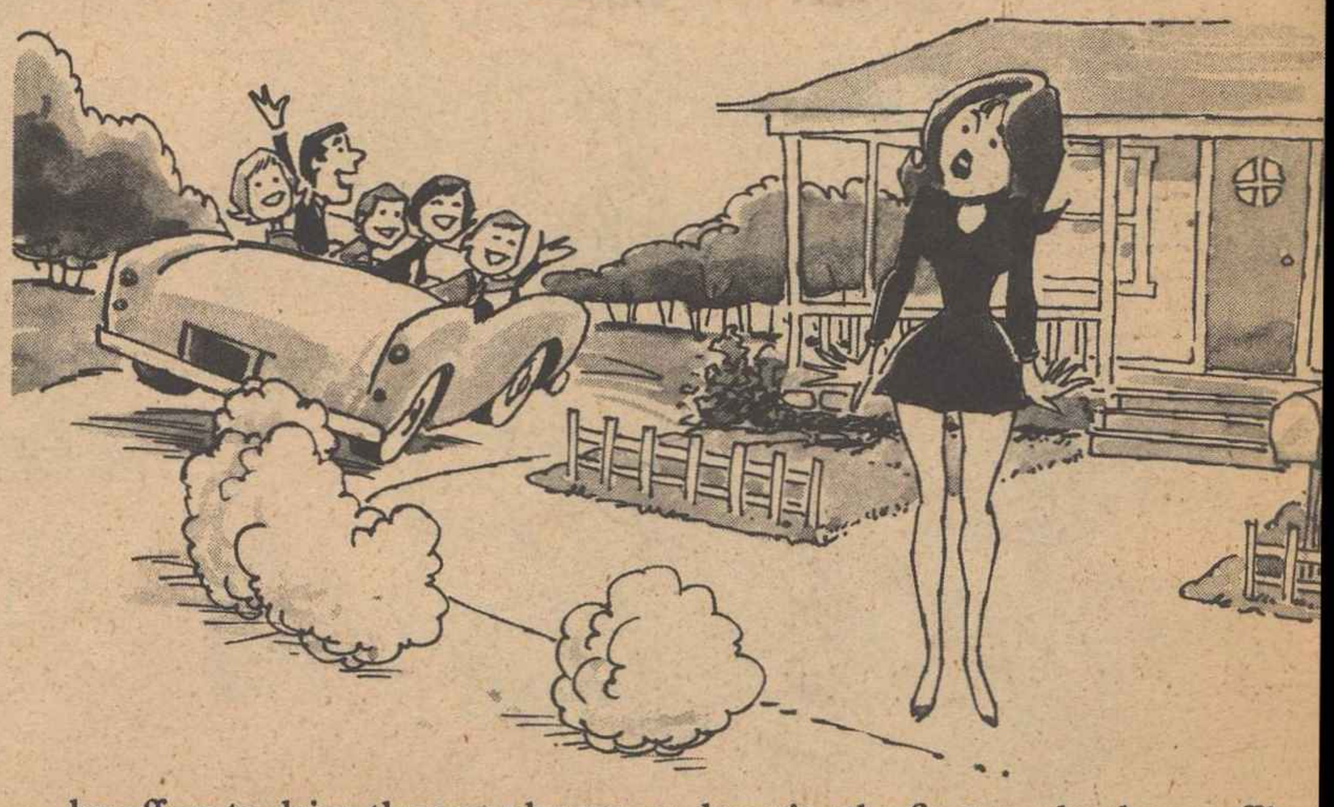
. . . he takes you to a "McDonald's" on the anniversary of your first date.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . she suddenly announces she has "just the right girl for you!"

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



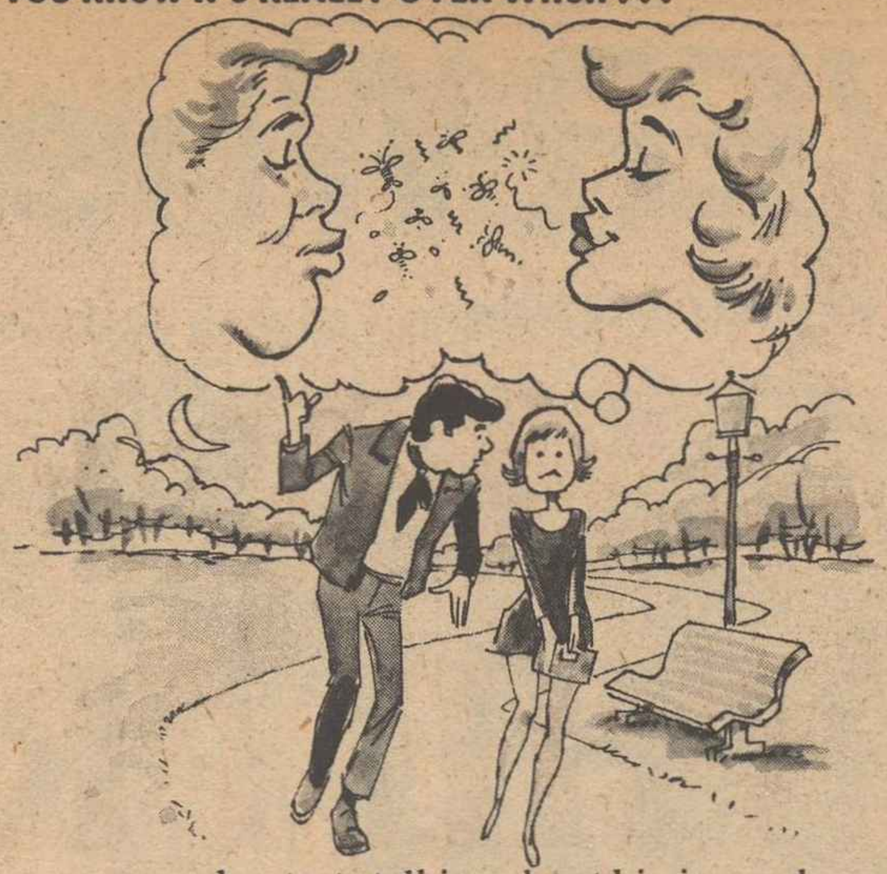
. . . he offers to drive the gang home, and you're the first one he drops off!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



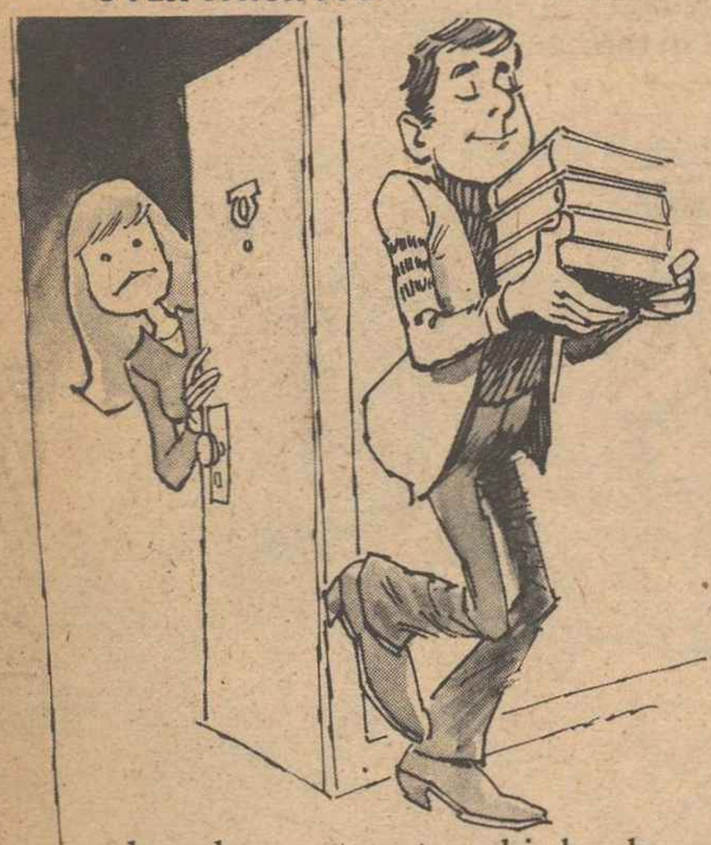
. . . you notice that, lately, whenever you're out together, he yawns a lot and looks at his watch!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



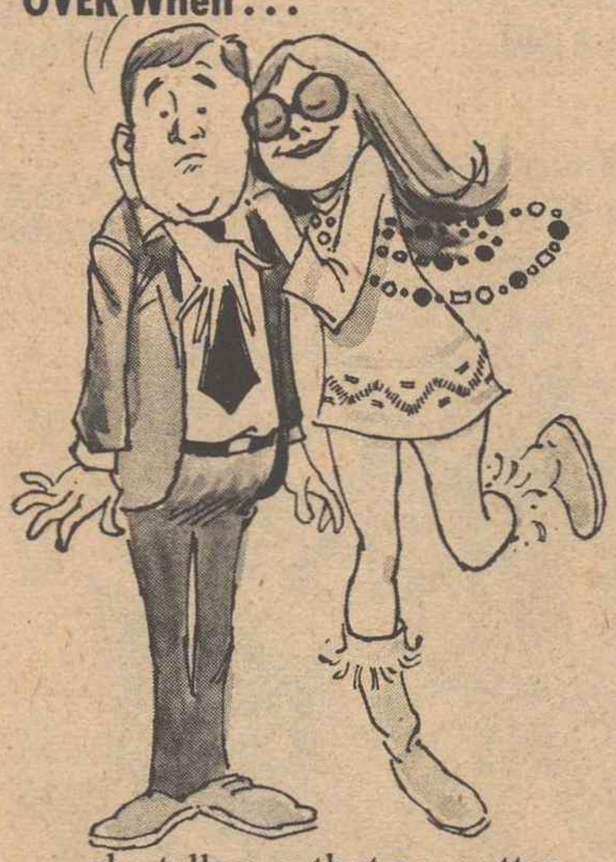
. . . he starts talking about kissing and sex from a hygienic point of view!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . he asks you to return his books you borrowed, even though you're not through reading them.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . she tells you that no matter what happens, she'd like to always have you as a friend!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . you discover he's gotten an unlisted number, and he neglected to tell you about it.

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



. . . he drives you home after a date and leaves the motor running!

You Know It's REALLY OVER When . . .



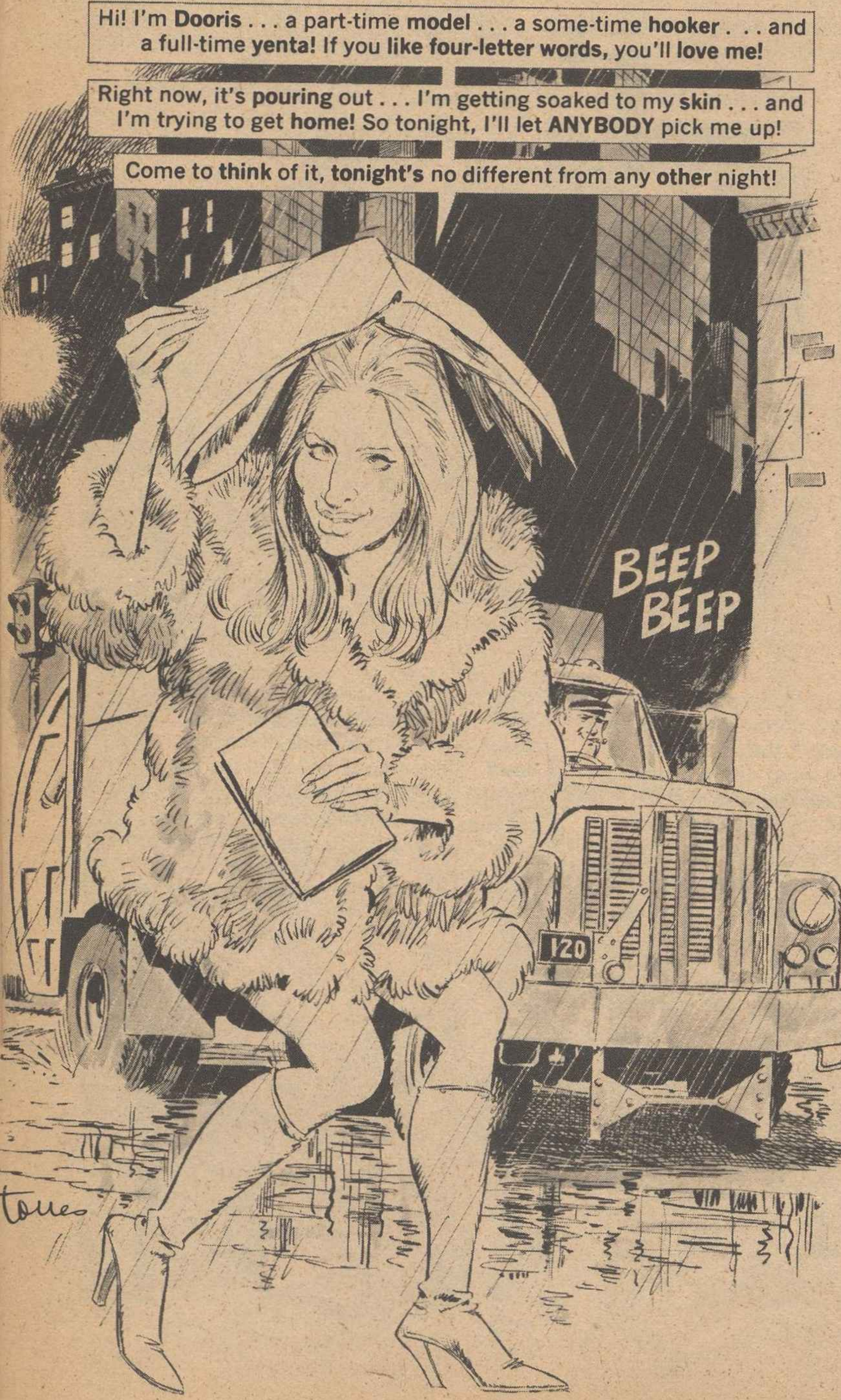
. . . he only dances the fast numbers with you, and sits out the slow romantic ones!

Ever since Hollywood blew the censorship lid off, and you can say or do anything in a motion picture these days, all we've been getting is a steady stream of raw sewage called "Now Movies". Recently, Hollywood outdid itself with a movie that is nothing more than vulgarity and sordid sex. So, go see it! You'll love it! We're referring, of course, to the movie about those two characters: the obscene-talking sexy call girl, and the prudish inhibited writer . . . otherwise known as . . .

THE FOUL AND THE PRISSY CATS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART





Wow! This is absolutely amazing!

What? That you were able to pick up someone so great on a night like this?

No, that I was able to pick up someone so DRY on a night like this!

Shut up and read this DRY newspaper!

THE BEARD FETED!

G.W. FINISHES JOB

There are SOME dirty old men in this town who like to use young women for their warped desires! Isn't that a problem for you?

Yeah, a big problem! There aren't enough of those dirty old men to go around! Business stinks!

I—I didn't know you were just a common street walker!

Actually, I'm not! But lately, I've been—as they say—"up against it!"

Up against WHAT?

For $20.00, I can be up against YOU!

$20.00?! But you're not even pretty!

EVERYONE's pretty! I'm a novelty!

Damn it! Another rejection slip!

How can you tell? You haven't even opened it?

When it's addressed to "Occupant", you kinda know!

I've had complaints about the noise your typewriter makes at night!

Who ever heard of someone complaining about typewriter noise?! It just doesn't make any sense!

Listen—you think this is bad!? We still got over an hour to go!

I know who's complaining! But she shouldn't talk! Look for yourself at what she's doing—right out in the open where everyone in the world can see!

I can't see a THING!!

How about now?

An old man is giving her a $20.00 bill! I've never been so shocked in my life!

Because you didn't know what she is?

No—because she always charges me THIRTY!! I'm throwing her out!!

KITTY LITTER

BLA BLA BLA!

I'm a very timid intellectual who leads a sheltered life, so I use my tape recorder to imitate reality! F'rinstance, when someone bangs at my door, I use my "Dog Barking" band—

Arf! Arf! Growl! Woof! Woof!!

BANG BANG

. . . or when I'm feeling unhappy, I use my "Loving Mommy" band . . .

Dress warm, Booby, and don't forget to wear your rubbers!

. . . or when I'm feeling lonely, I use my "Making Out" band . . .

Please . . . not tonight! I've got a headache!

I—I also happen to be a very UNLUCKY intel-lectual!

You no good &¢%$#*@! You squealed on me! I hate your dirty &¢%$*@ guts!

That's terrible!

What? My cursing?

No, those stupid symbols! You'd think in this day and age, MAD could use the same language the movies use!

You &¢%$#*@! Why'd you have me thrown out of this vermin-infested, rat-ridden, disgusting old slum apartment house?!?

I didn't want you to give the place a bad name!

I'm staying here tonight! Lucky for you I don't hold any grudges!

Really? Why not?

I don't hold anything I'm not paid to hold!

VISIT LEVITTOWN

I want your opinion on something—

Do you think this outfit is too much?

I—I think the hands are in the wrong place!

They should be covering your mouth!!

BLESS OUR HOVEL

I—I can't understand it! When I look at you, I—I get all confused!

Don't you know what a beautiful, sexy girl in a filmy negligee is supposed to look like?

Yes, I do! That's what's so confusing!

Hic! Oh, boy! *Hic!* I got a bad case of the hiccups! You gotta scare me—*Hic!*—so I can get rid of them!

I have just the thing! Close your eyes and don't look 'til I tell you to!

Now—open your eyes!

Why . . . she's lovely! She's—*Hic!*—a born star! She has magic!

Hmmmm! Okay—I know! Wait here!

BOO!

That's so &¢%$#*@ stupid! What are you doing with that thing?

Doesn't every intellectual in New York have a skeleton suit?!

C'mon! *Hic!* Stop—*Hic!*—clownin'! You gotta scare the &¢%$#@ out of me!

Okay! Listen carefully . . . All the respectable people who saw you in "Funny Girl", "Hello Dolly" and "On A Clear Day" will see you in this piece of trash!

Oh, my GOD!!

Hey! That did it!

Er—what's your name?

Well, what do people call you?

I give myself a lot of names, but I don't like ANY of them!

Listen, THOSE names, I REALLY don't like! But people are such &¢%$#*@s!

Out you go—both of you!

Why?!?

There's a bunch of drunken truck drivers and longshoremen having a stag party in the next apartment!

So?!?

So they complained about your language!!

I don't understand something!

How come you had time to pack all your things, but you didn't have time to take off that stupid skeleton suit?

What's that?

Simple! We need every sight gag we can get in this lousy movie!

BAR

KING RAT

What are they doing here?

Who knows . . .?! But then again, what are WE doing here! This was originally a two-character play!

Hey, if he works in the same book store as you do, how come he lives in a place like this, while you live in a hovel?

I may be more intelligent than him! That still doesn't make me smarter than him!

Aren't you going to **LIE DOWN** and sleep?

I sleep **sitting up!** Do you think that's **strange?**

No! The **audience** has been doing it since the movie **started!**

I can't sleep unless I have a **TV set** on, so **you'll** have to **entertain** me!

Okay! A funny thing happened to me on the way to the **studio** tonight! I met a **man** who told me he hadn't had a bite in **three days . . . so I bit** him! But **seriously,** folks . . .

How come a **minute ago** you were a **tongue-tied goof,** and **now** you break out in **old Henny Youngman routines?!**

YOU'RE looking for **consistency?!** Must I remind you of the **"wet-clothes —dry-clothes" fiasco** in the **opening scenes?!**

SORRY CHARLIE

Let me read you a **story** I wrote . . . "The sun vomited up daylight on the Earth . . ."

Boy, you **really** know how to **turn a girl on!** Come in here with **me . . .**

Are you making **advances** to me?

No, I'm **stark naked** under here because I'm going **shopping** for **bagels and lox** at the **Deli!** Boy— you're **some dummy!**

I—I **really** think we'd enjoy **TALKING** more!

Oops! Sorry! How **clumsy** of me . . .

Kiss . . . kiss . . . kiss . . . and stuff . . .

U.S.M.C.

You were **right!** Talking **WOULD** have been more fun! You're a **lousy writer . . . a lousy lover . . .** and a **lousy Henny Youngman!** Good-bye!!

Where are you **going?**

For a **walk!**

Wait! I'll go **with** you! I'm **also** a **lousy walker!!**

Wow! That girl is **UGLY!**

And that **guy** is making an **ass** out of himself!

They **both** make me **sick!**

I hate the **sight** of them!

Listen, you guys! Do me a favor and **&%$# off!**

You really shouldn't **talk** like that to them!

Why?! Who are they?

Film critics!

C'mon in! You gotta see my fiancée's fancy home . . .

Big deal! Say, let's make out so they'll give this picture an "X" rating!

America would be better off if they gave it a "G" rating!

How come . . .?

Then the kids could see just how boring raw sex and dirty language can get!

PAT LOVES MARTY

Have you ever smoked pot before?

No! Why?

It does wild things to your memory!

Like what?

Like it makes you forget that you've already seen this same scene in ten other "Now" movies!

There are lots of sick people around who pay me to do real nutty things!

Like what things?

Well, like there's "Weird Irving, The Crazy Artist" . . . who likes to paint me green from head to toe!

That's—that's disgusting!

Yeah! Blue or red would be one thing! But, green . . . that's so—so perverted!!

What's the meaning of this?!

It's my fiancée and her father!!

Well . . . if it isn't "Weird Irving, The Crazy Artist"!

You mean . . . HE's "Weird Irving"?!?

No, I mean SHE's "Weird Irving"!!

I want to thank you! You've done a lot for me!

Aw, &¢%$#*@!

No, really! You've taught me a couple of things, and I've changed drastically!

Changed? How?

Well, for one thing, all those big, fancy, high-falutin' words that once meant so much to me now make me sick!

Really! And what else?

Dirty, filthy, four-letter words make me even sicker!

So long . . . FOUL-MOUTH!!

WHAT NEW PHENOMENA WILL SEND WORKINGMEN'S TEMPERATURES SOARING THIS SUMMER?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

Workingmen throughout the nation will face a serious new problem this Summer . . . one that threatens to impair their productivity and efficiency. To find out what this problem is, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

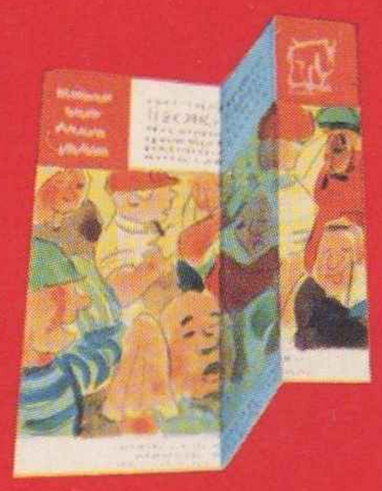


ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

HEAVY USE OF AIR-CONDITIONER UNITS WILL NOT RELIEVE PRESSURES FACED BY WORKINGMEN, PARTICULARLY IN MORE CLOSELY-CROWDED PLANTS

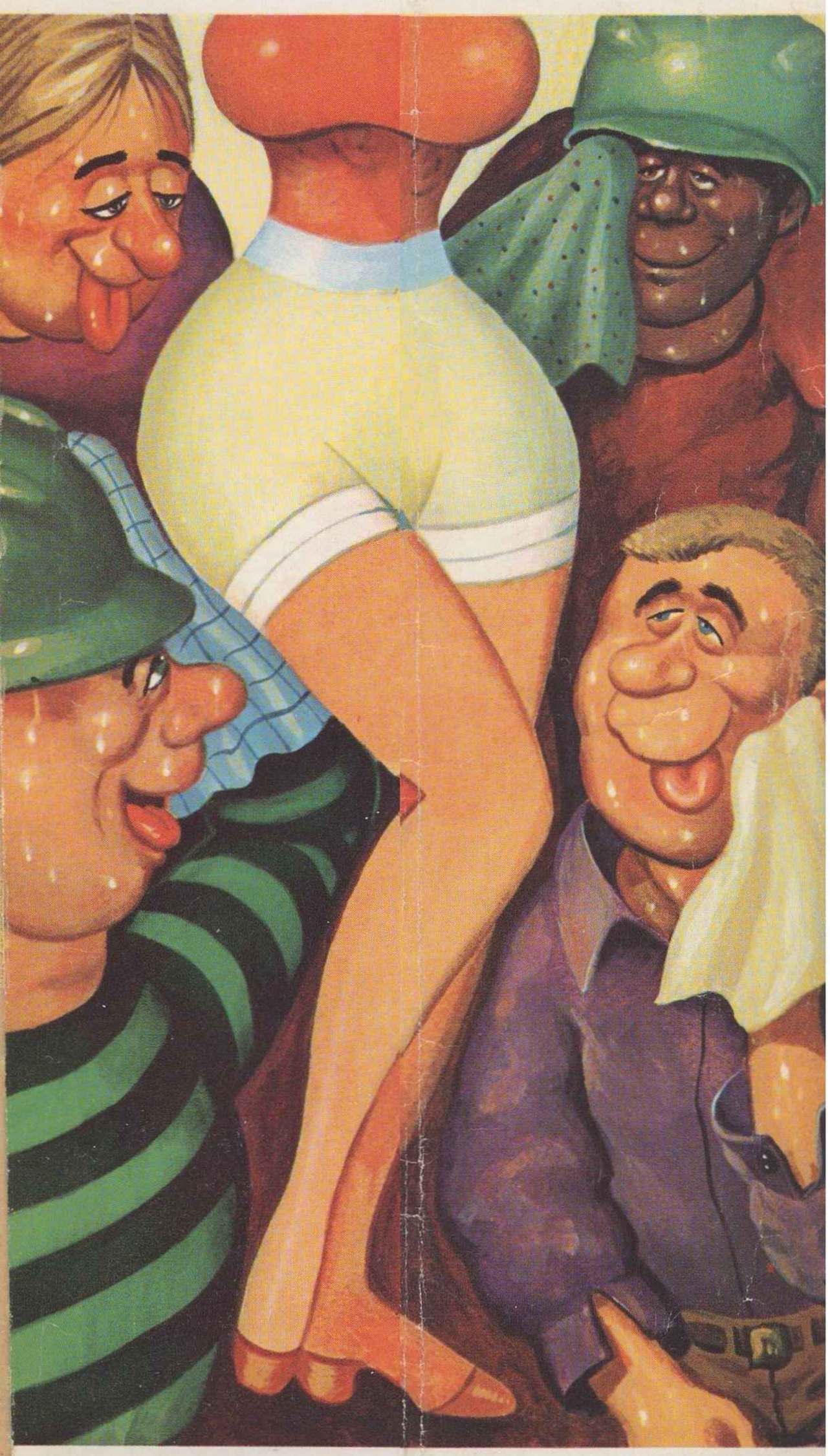
A▶ ◀B

WHAT NEW PHENOMENA WILL SEND WORKINGMEN'S TEMPERATURES SOARING THIS SUMMER?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



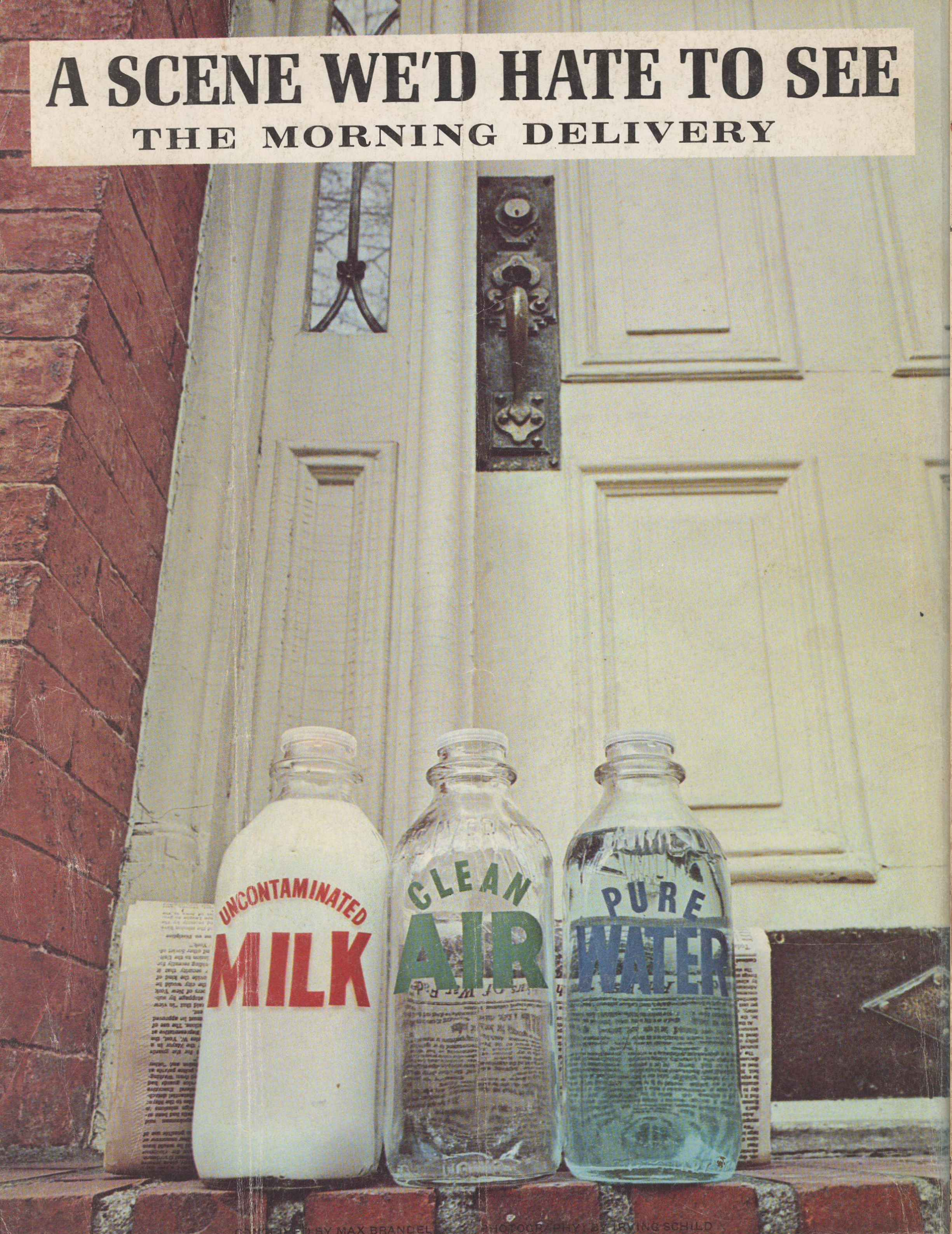
HOT PANTS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶◀B

A SCENE WE'D HATE TO SEE

THE MORNING DELIVERY



CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL PHOTOGRAPHY BY IRVING SCHILD