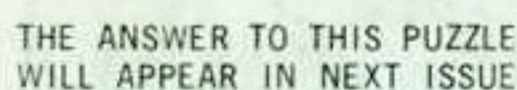


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SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: JAN VAN WESSUM

MAD

SUPER SPECIAL

NUMBER

TWENTY-SIX

"Summer is the time of year when the Highway Department closes the regular roads and opens the detours!"—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



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BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE HOLY SEE DEPT.

Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

THE

Hello! I am **Father Merry** . . . a **Catholic Priest** in charge of this archaeological excavation project here in the Middle East . . . where we are searching for ancient religious artifacts!

Dig . . . my Arab children! Keep digging until we find something important!

We're digging! Stop bugging us!

Yeah, Father! **No kidding!** You're getting to be a pain in the neck!

Hear how they talk to me? But, I will not despair! You think it's tough for Priests to get **MOSLEMS** to obey them? You should see the problems we have with **CATHOLICS** nowadays!

What in heck are we looking for, anyway, Abdul!

The answer to the **second** greatest mystery of all time!

The **SECOND?! What's the NUMBER ONE** greatest mystery?

Why a picture about a horrible thing that happens to a little girl in **Washington, D.C.**, spends the opening fifteen minutes on a dumb mountainside here in **Iraq!**

Father Merry! Come quick! I have dug up something incredible! It is magnificent . . . priceless! Men will destroy each other for its possession! Governments will topple . . .

HE WORKS US LIKE DOGS.

JOE

DIG WE MUST

CONED

AT POT HOLE

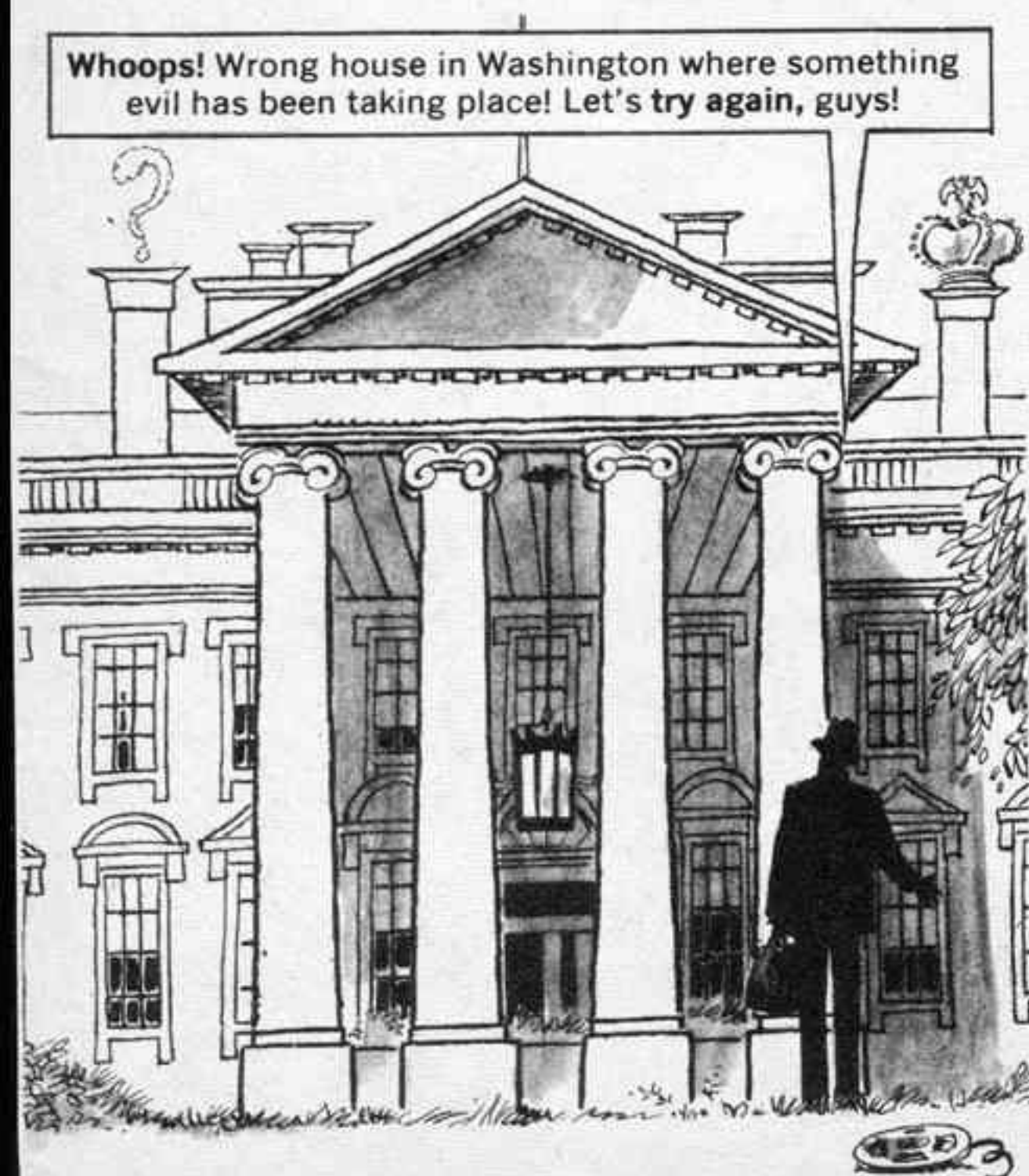
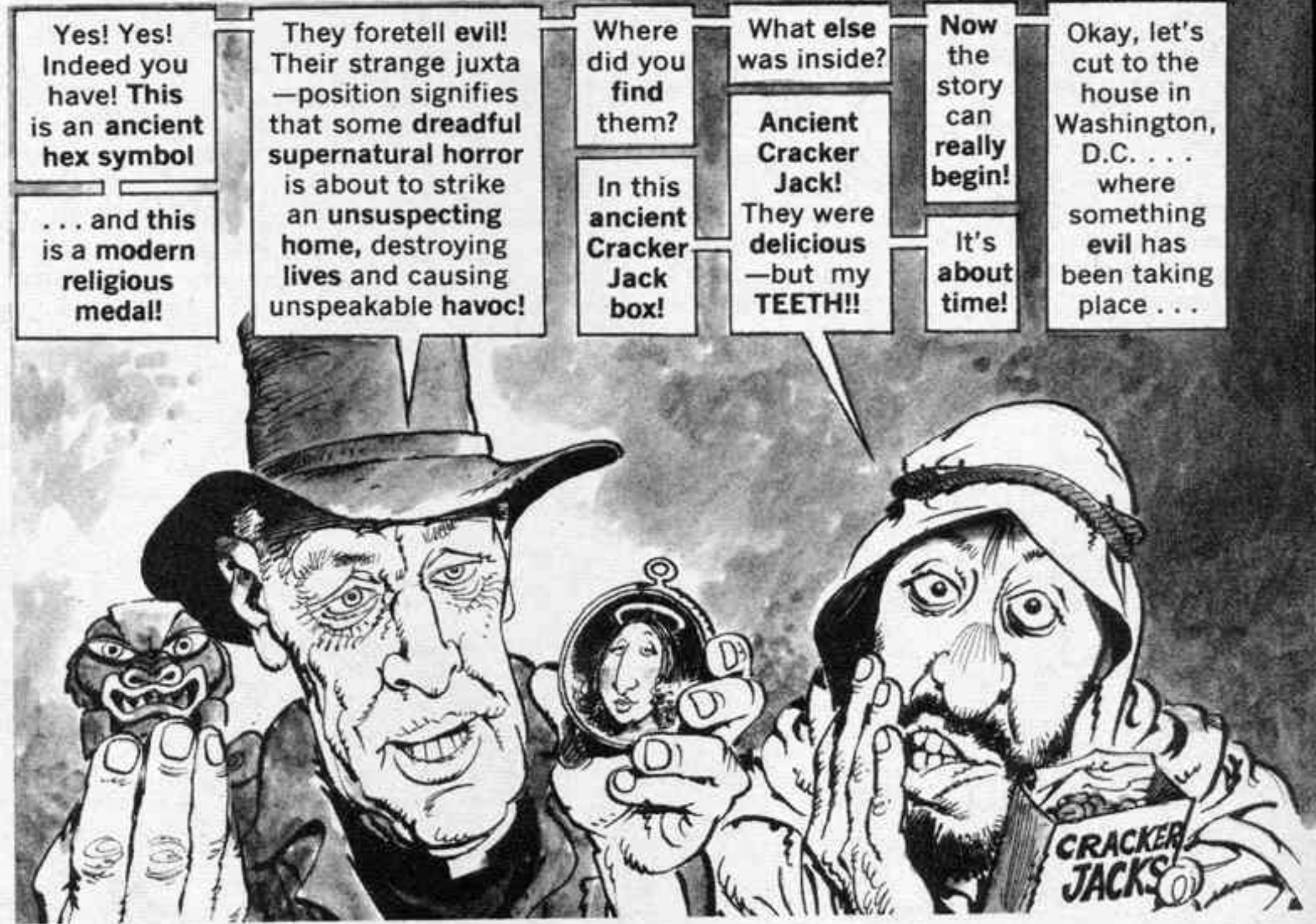
MARK DRUCKER



CCHORCIST

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



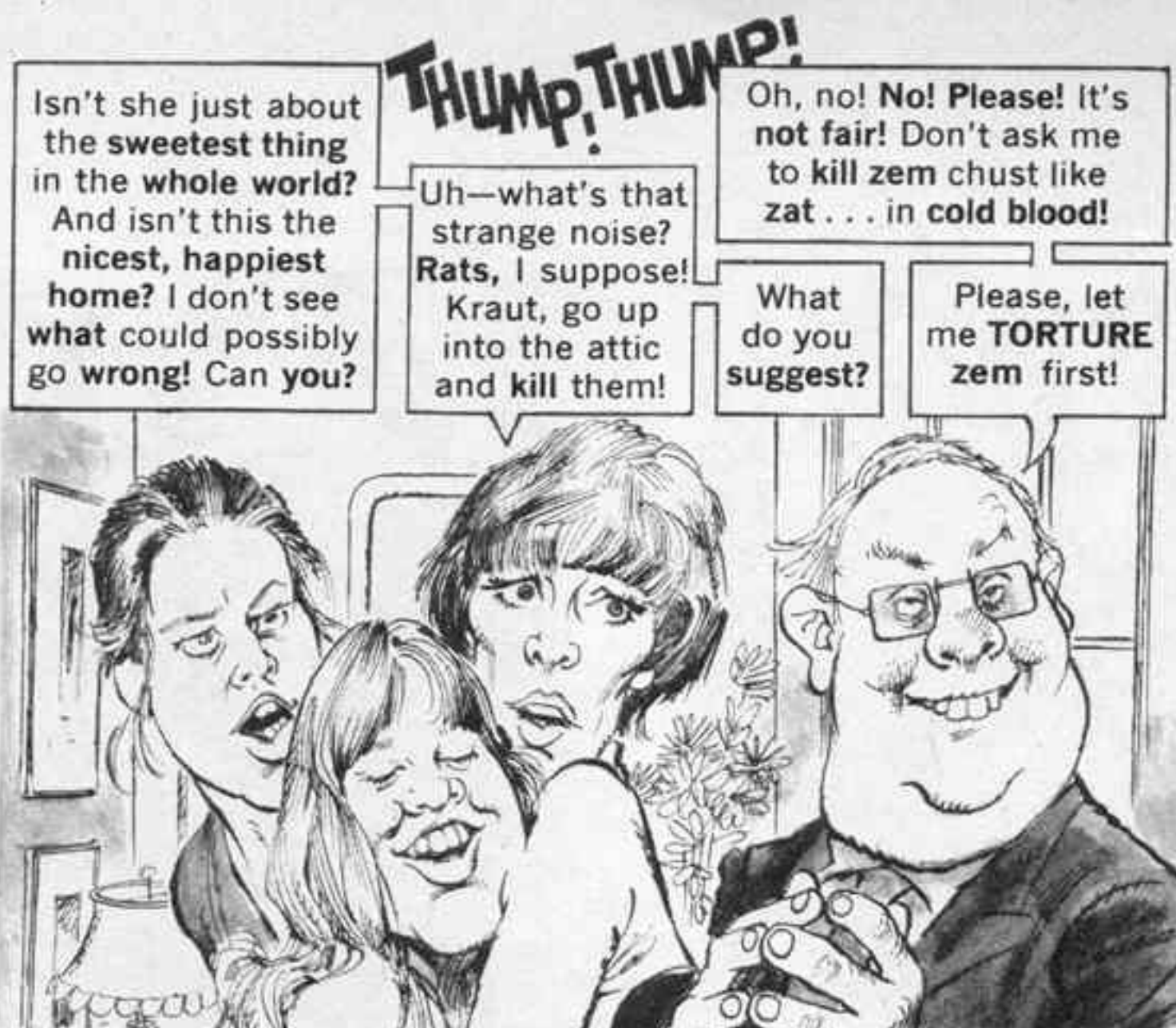


Hi, sweet Mumsy! Hi, loyal servants!

There's my little darling! Hello, Ravin dear...

Ooh! Isn't she cute and irresistible! I must hug her this very instant!

No, no! Me first! Chust vun hug! Undt zen maybe a little pinch to draw blood! I'm entitled to some pleasure, too!



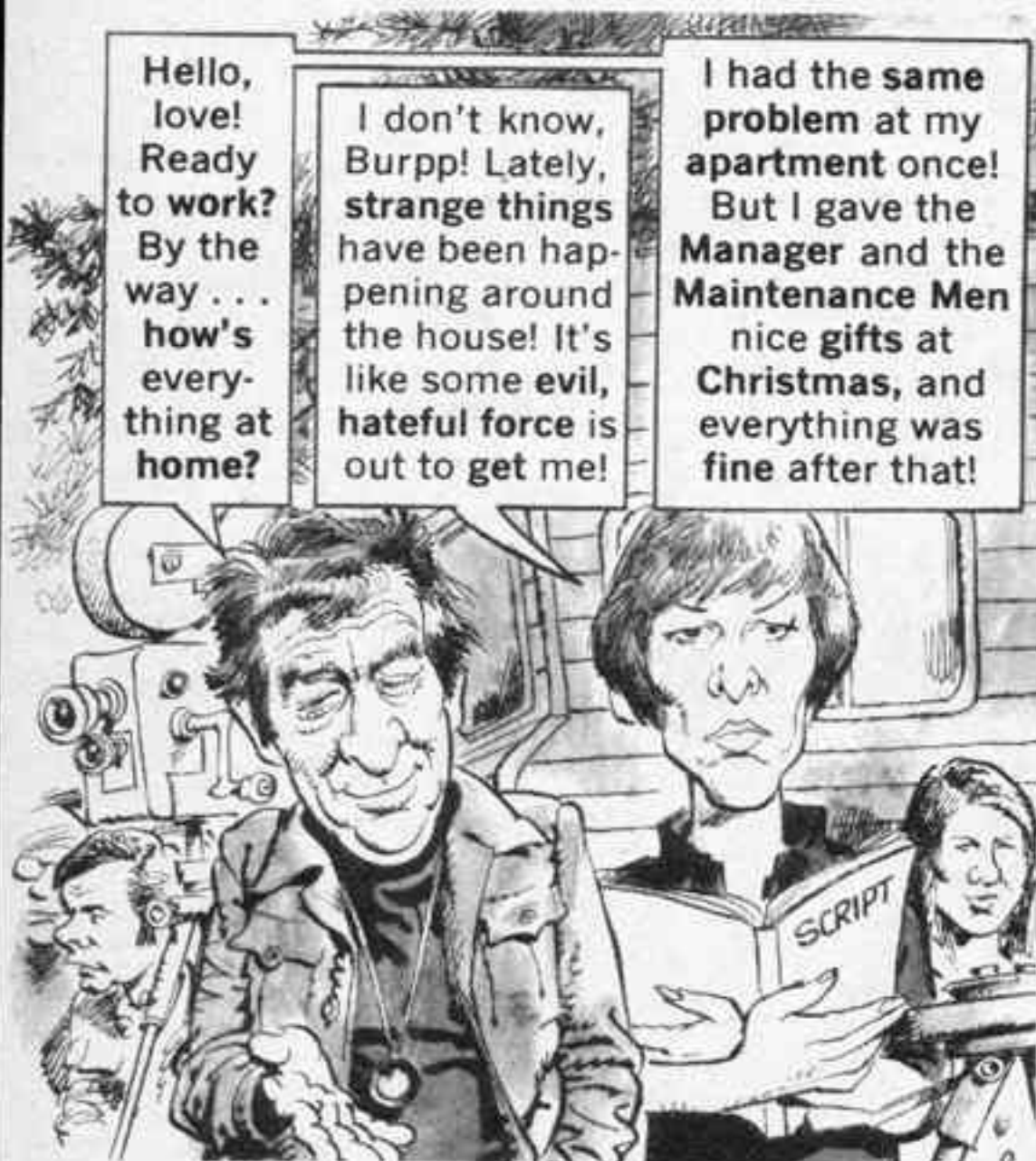
Isn't she just about the sweetest thing in the whole world? And isn't this the nicest, happiest home? I don't see what could possibly go wrong! Can you?

Uh—what's that strange noise? Rats, I suppose! Kraut, go up into the attic and kill them!

Oh, no! No! Please! It's not fair! Don't ask me to kill zem chust like zat... in cold blood!

What do you suggest?

Please, let me TORTURE zem first!



Hello, love! Ready to work? By the way... how's everything at home?

I don't know, Burpp! Lately, strange things have been happening around the house! It's like some evil, hateful force is out to get me!

I had the same problem at my apartment once! But I gave the Manager and the Maintenance Men nice gifts at Christmas, and everything was fine after that!



I guess it's nerves! With my Husband away, I'm so lonely! Oh, Burpp... I need a man so badly!

Oh, God... so do I!!

All right, kids! Places, please! Ready for the big campus scene!



Okay, students! Let's storm the Administration Building!

Show the pigs we mean business!

Down with the fuzz!

Burn, baby! BURN!

MAKE LOVE NOT WAR

FREE LOVE WANDA MERCI 5/67



I can't believe it, Burpp! It's almost incredible! I never thought anyone could actually DO it...!

What? Direct such a compelling film?

No! Make a 1968 movie in 1974!



I'm rushing home to sweet little Ravin now! But I always enjoy walking past this church! There's something so solid and reassuring about it, standing there, steeped in its 2000-year-old traditions!

Okay, buddy! What's hassling you lately?

I just can't seem to get it together lately! I mean with the Big Dude In The Sky! I'm so uptight! Maybe religion just isn't really my bag!

Look... I'm gonna lay it on you! Get your head straight and cool it! You dig?

Don't you miss the good old days, Agnes... when our Priests spoke a language that we could all understand?

Yes... LATIN!



Hello, Ravin, darling! What did Mommy's sweet little girl do today?

Well, I sewed a dress for my dolly, I gave my puppy a bath, and now I'm communicating with a dead spirit...

Silly ninny, playing with a Ouija Board! Don't you know those things don't work! It is impossible for a living being to communicate with the dead! It just can't be done! Do you understand that, dear?

Yes, Mommy!

Good! Now were there any messages for me today?

Grandma called, your Agent called, your Insurance Man said to phone him, and Benedict Arnold sends his regards!

Now, cut that out!!

Will Burpp be at the party that you're giving tomorrow night? I love him so much!

He's like a second Daddy to you, huh?

Well, let's say a second MOMMY!

What a great party, Crass! Look at all the celebrities! Actors, Congressmen... why, I even recognize the guy in the glen plaid suit! That's Kip Klipp, the Astronaut!

Hey! Who is that guy... playing the piano?

Father Dooley! He's new around here! He just got the call!

From the Archdiocese in Washington?

No... from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!

I used to work in Chicago—

Ravin! Why do you look so EVIL? And what are you DOING??

You're gonna DIE up there...

Who are you?

I'm a Priest who's booked to play Las Vegas!

You're gonna die up there, too!

My child! That's a terrible thing to say to an Astronaut!

What an awful thing she just did! I mean, I've seen people throw up when I'm playing, but...

Stick around! she does a lot of THAT later on, too!

I don't get it! Why did she commit such a disgusting act?!

Ooo-ee! If she says, "The DEVIL made me do it!"—I'll SUE!

Mommy... Mommy...

Ravin! What is it?

There's something wrong with my BED!!

How weird! A bed that won't stop shaking and vibrating! Saran, get rid of it! Give it back to the man who sold it to us!

At this hour of the night, where am I going to find Hugh Hefner?!



There, there! Just relax!
Everything will be all right!

Oh, Mommy! I'm so frightened!
I feel like something terrible
is after me! Some ugly cursing
snarling hideous monster that
wants to take me away from you!

Don't
be silly,
darling!
you
KNOW
your
Daddy is
in Europe!



Doctor, I'm
glad you
could come!
I want you
to look at
my daughter!

You stupid &★!@!<!
Your Sister is a
★!@!<#! Your Father
is a★!@!<#! And
your Mother kisses
sweaty gym shirts!



CCCCCCH!



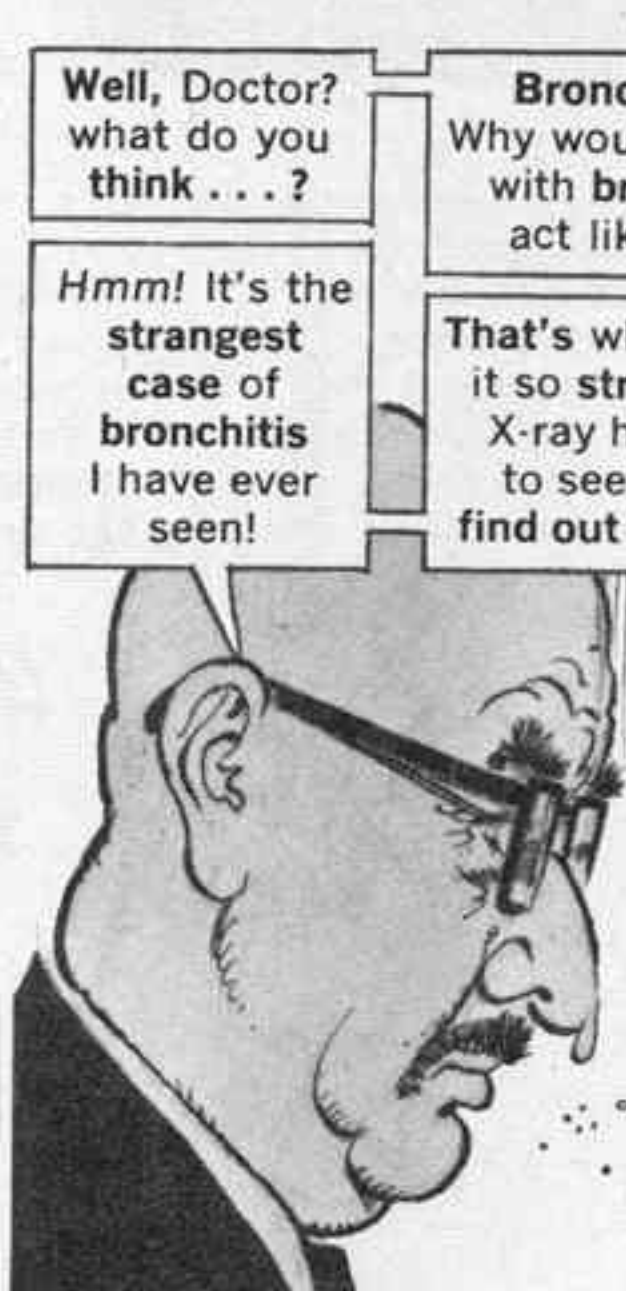
FTOOOOEY!

SPLAT!



Tell me, have you noticed
anything **UNUSUAL**
about her behavior lately?

@#\$\$%
&@*!<!



Well, Doctor?
what do you
think . . . ?

Hmm! It's the
strangest
case of
bronchitis
I have ever
seen!



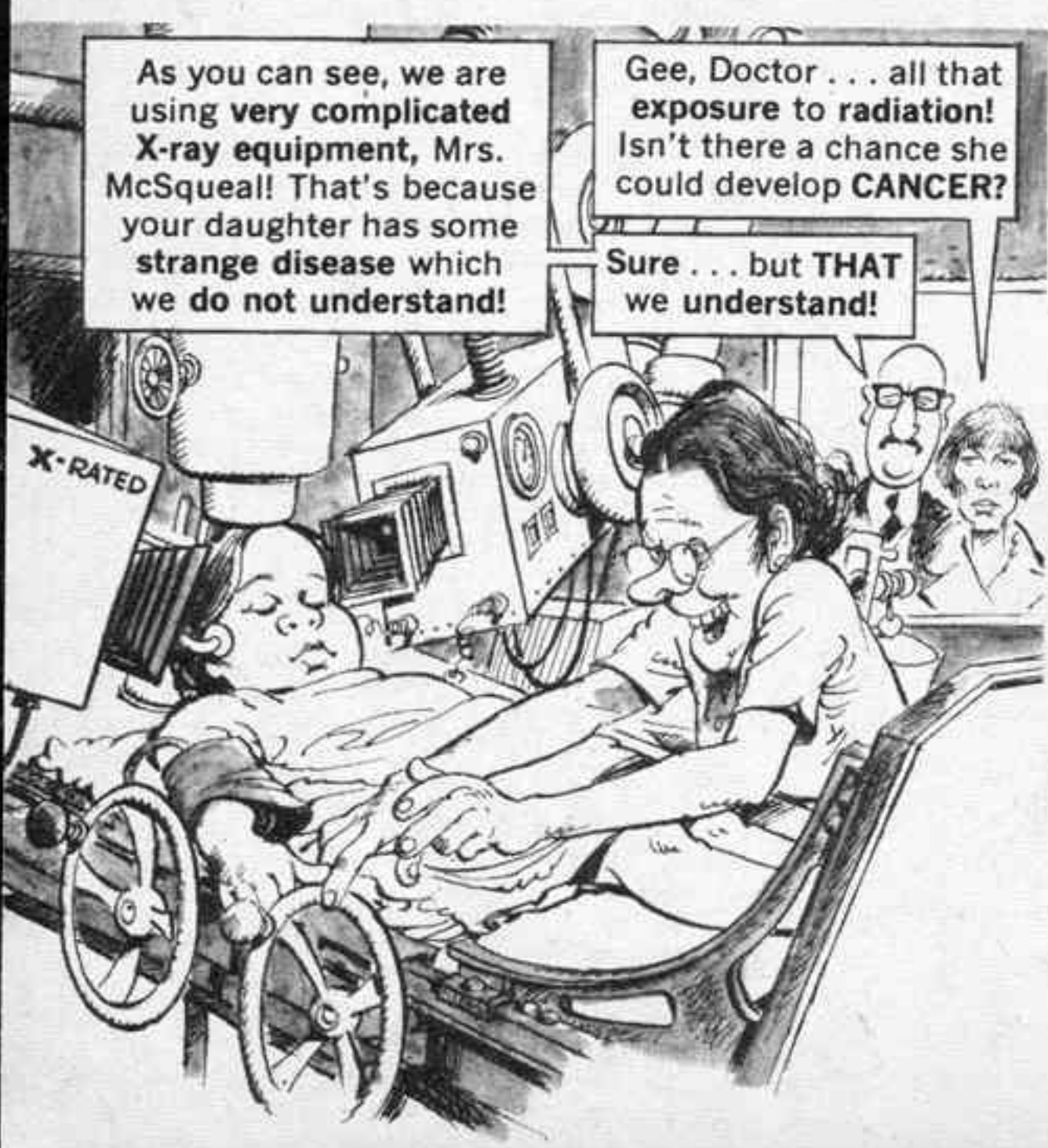
Bronchitis?!?
Why would anyone
with bronchitis
act like that?

That's what makes
it so strange! I'll
X-ray her brain
to see if I can
find out anything!

Very well!
And while
you're at
it, would
you try to
find out
something
else . . . ?

What's that?

Where
in the
★!@!<#!
did she
get
such a
★!@!<#!
filthy
mouth!



As you can see, we are
using very complicated
X-ray equipment, Mrs.
McSqueal! That's because
your daughter has some
strange disease which
we do not understand!

Gee, Doctor . . . all that
exposure to radiation!
Isn't there a chance she
could develop **CANCER?**

Sure . . . but **THAT**
we understand!



Well, the X-rays reveal
there is nothing wrong
with your daughter! In
no time, she should be
up and around, playing
house, finger-painting,
sewing dolls' dresses—

Kiss my
★!@!<#!
you
silly
four-eyed
★!@!<#!

—driving a
trailer truck!

Doctor, there
IS something
wrong! I know
it! I feel it!

Listen . . .
I **HEAR** it!

Perhaps we
had better
call in a
Psychiatrist!





Oh, Dr. Klown! Thank heavens you've come! I need a Psychiatrist so badly!

The way I see it, Mrs. McSqueal, your **Oedipus Complex** is the result of a **Father fixation** brought on by an **early enema**, and—

All right! How's this? You have a **pathological fear of sex** as a result of a **deep-rooted psychosis** arising from a **traumatic pre-natal hernia!**

My, my! Aren't we **picky** today! All right, you have **dementia praecox**, and **THAT'S IT!** I'm a very busy man!

Wait, Doctor! You don't understand!

No, Doctor! No!!

Doctor, it's not ME! It's my little girl!

Look at her, Doctor! Look at this room! The bed is shaking, and she's covered with **blood**, and she's violating a **cross**, and that weird evil voice is coming out of her mouth!

I assure you, Mrs. McSqueal, you have **nothing to worry about!**

Nope! But your little girl—now **SHE's got a problem!**

Yicccchhh! Le'me out of here!!

What am I going to do??

I don't?!!?

What's going on, Saran? There's a **big crowd** outside!

Bad news, Mrs. McSqueal! **Burpp** was mincing around in **Ravin's room**, and now the **window's smashed** and he's lying dead in the **alley outside the house!**

Oh . . . no! Poor **Burpp!** If I told him **once**, I told him a **million times: Don't try to fly home in a FOG!**

Uh . . . I'm **Lt. Kindergarten!** Can you tell me where I can find a **Priest** named **Father Tsouris?**

:Yes! I'm **Father Tsouris!**

YOU?!!? Excuse me for being **personal**, Father, but what's a **Priest** doing running around a **track** on a **Sunday morning?**

Listen . . . the way **Church attendance** is nowadays, what **ELSE** is there to do! Did you ever try **SURFING** in this weather?

Father, we just found a **Director** named **Burpp** **Denims** with his head turned **completely around!**

I met him once! It **HAS** to be an **improvement!**

No, you don't understand! He's **dead . . .** and we suspect an **evil force** is at work!

Oh, well, there's a **LOT** of that going around here in **Washington!**

Well, if you get any **ideas** about the **murder**, call me! Meanwhile—if you're not **doing anything** some evening, how would you like to go to a **movie** with me?

Love to! How about **Christmas Eve?**

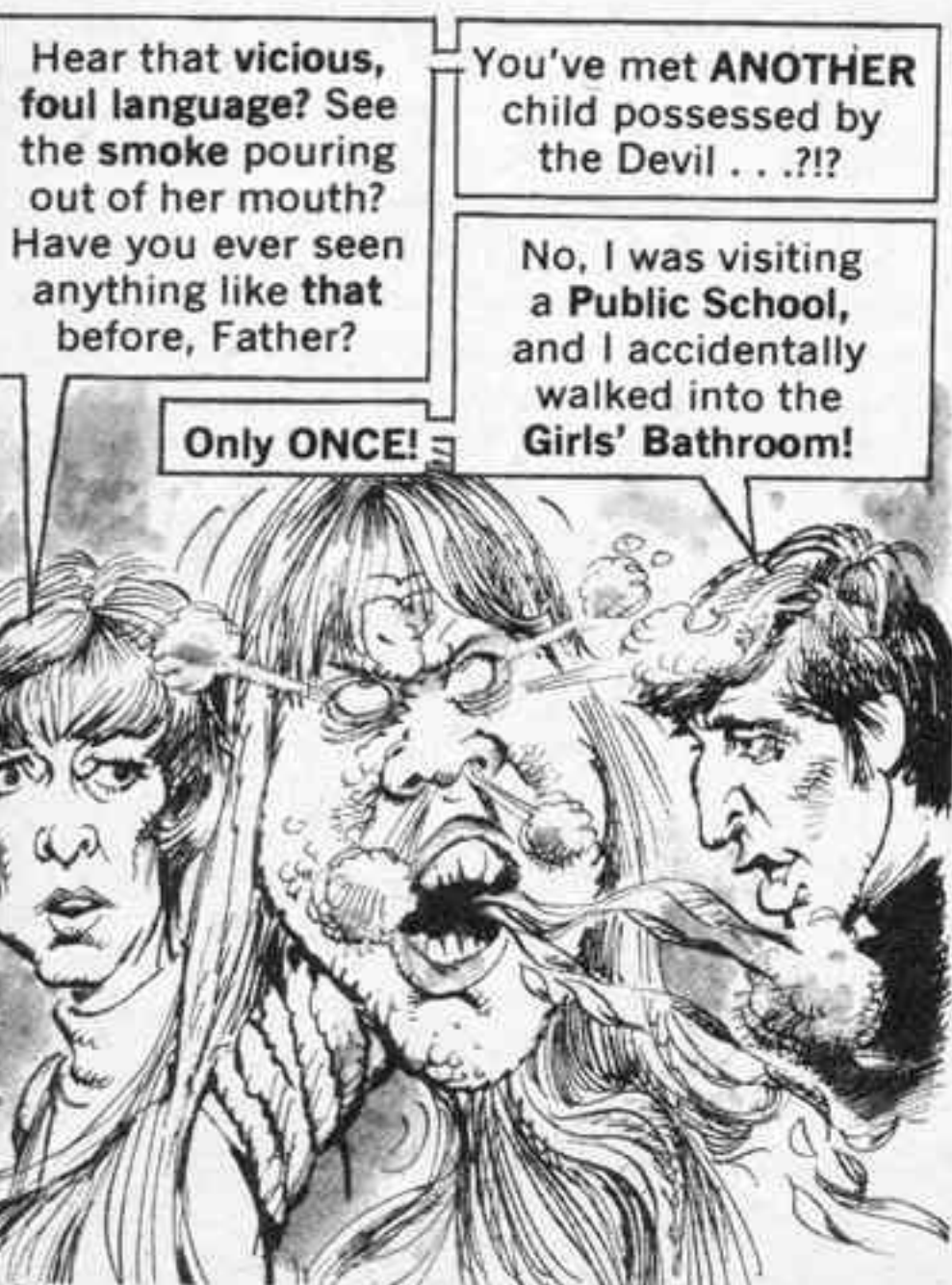
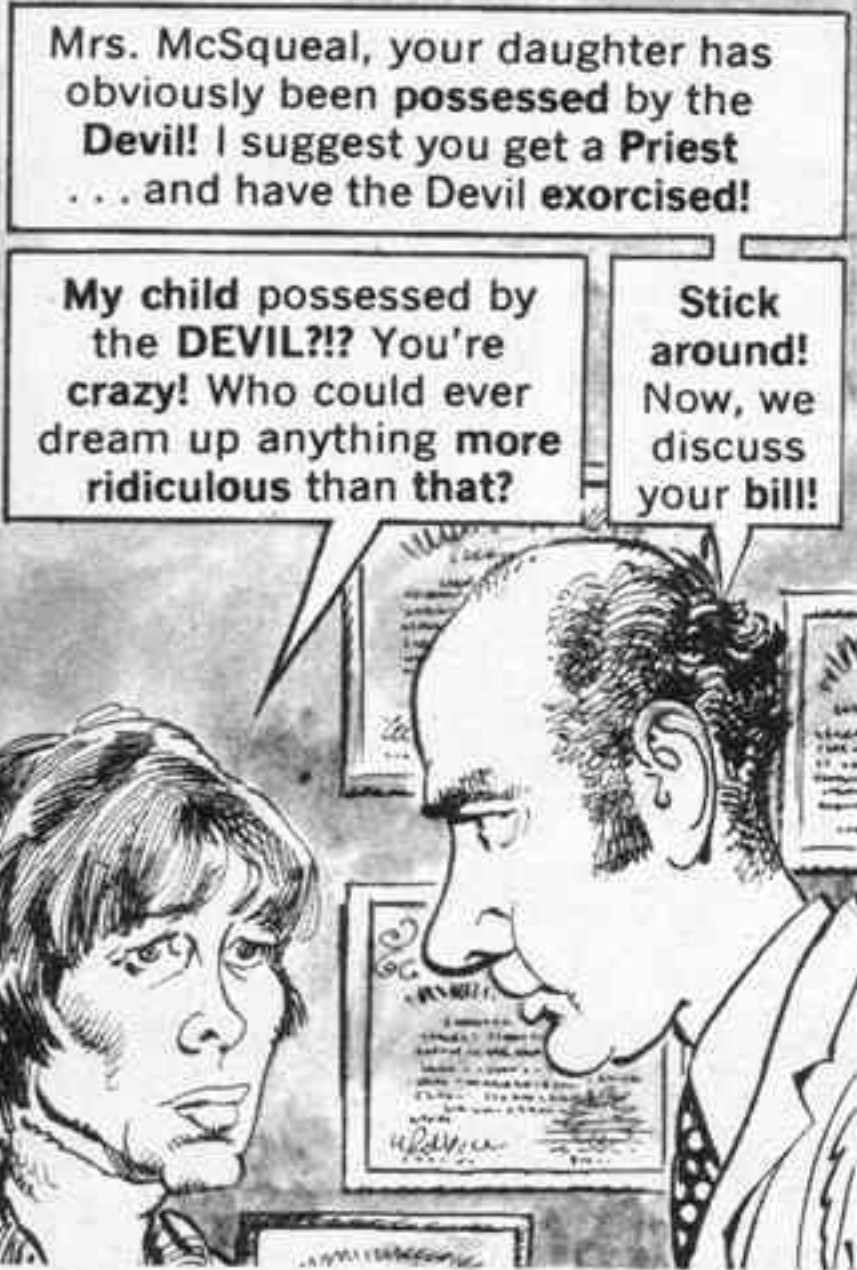
You're not doing anything on Christmas Eve?!!?

Oh! How **idiotic** of me! Why, I forgot all about the **Roller Derby!** Let's make it **Easter Sunday!**

It's **MY** **room**, so get your **☆#!★** out of it!

Listen to that **language!** And look what she's **doing** to her **Mother!**

Isn't zat cute? Our little girl iss **growing up!** She's getting more like a **normal teenager** every day!





I've given Father Tsouris permission to perform an Exorcism, but he needs an older Priest to assist him!

I'd like to help him, but everybody is tied up in important work these days!

How about Father Reilly?

Don't be ridiculous! This is his BINGO WEEK!

How could I forget! What about Father Callahan?

In the middle of his Guitar Lessons!?

Foolish me! How about Father Clancy?

You know he's doing the "Merv Griffin Show!"

Say! What about Father Merry? Is he doing anything important these days?

As far as I know, he's conducting Mass and hearing Confession!

What a WEIRDO! Send him!

Who's out there? Are you the Exorcist?

No, I'm the Avon Lady—POSING as a Priest! Who do you think I am?

I've been told the subject is only an 11-year old child, so this Exorcism shouldn't take too long! Where is she?

UPSTAIRS, & @ * !, MAKING OUT WITH A TENNIS SHOE!

Hmm! On second thought, I'd better unpack! Now... these are the standard tools for an Exorcism: The vial of Holy Water to douse the evil spirit, the Crucifix to hold the Demon at bay, and the Hostess Cupcake...

The Hostess CUPCAKE!?!?

You know it, Father! Exorcisms take time! Believe me, long about Midnight, you can get mighty hungry!

Well, Satan! Are you prepared to feel the Wrath of God?

GET LOST, CRUD! YOUR CHURCH STINKS! YOUR BISHOPS TAKE PAYOLA! AND THE POPE READS PLAYBOY!

Hmmmm! We always uncover something new about the enemy at these rituals!

You just learned something new about the Devil, Father Merry? What is it?

Well, for one thing, I think he's Protestant!

TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER...

Okay, Satan! You win! We give up! What do you want? What will you take to leave this poor child's body?

Now you're talking, you White Collar Workers! My deal is a simple, typically corrupt Hollywood deal! A guarantee of six more movies!

That's all you want? Six more movies?

That's it, Sweeties! Listen, I haven't had this kind of popularity since the Inquisition! All this publicity and interest! If you think I've got Cults and Followers NOW, just wait until six MORE "Devil Flicks" hit the nabs!

Well, he's gone! And Ravin is FREE! But, how could you make that deal? How could you promise him six more movies?

That was easy! Have you seen the lines of people, waiting to see this movie? Have you seen the grosses it's piling up? What ELSE does Hollywood need to start a trend! SIX more "Devil Flicks"? Why, I'd guarantee SIXTY... SEVENTY!

Oh, well... that's "SHOW BIZ"!!

Whenever we buy a bottle of cough medicine or a can of soup, there's a label on it that lists all the ingredients. That's so we'll know what's inside, and we won't be fooled by

If People Were Lab

Without you, my life is meaningless! You are everything I ever wanted! You are beauty and joy! You are the sun and the moon! You are a candle glowing in the dark of night, a beacon on a lonely shore! Marry me and be mine always, for ever and ever!

This is so . . . so unexpected! I . . . I scarcely know what to say! B-but I guess my answer will have to be . . . "YES"!

SUITOR

NET WEIGHT: 165 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Gift of Gab	31%
Hatred of Current Job	22½%
Hope for Vice-Presidency In Future Father-In-Law's Firm	22½%
Desperation	19%
Credibility	4%
Love	1%

Fiancee

NET WEIGHT: 182 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Fear of Spinsterhood	38%
Hatred of Living with Parents	22%
Feeling of Relief	18%
Anticipation of Big Wedding	15%
Discriminating Taste	5%
Love	2%

Look at him! Isn't he precious?! Isn't he adorable?! Isn't he the cutest, sweetest itty-bitsy darling you've ever seen??!

Say "Hello" to your new baby brother, Harold!

Yecccch!!

MOTHER

NET WEIGHT: 124 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Concern Over Figure	29%
Relief Over End Of Pregnancy	27%
Feeling Of Being Further Tied Down	24%
Doubt In Effectiveness Of Pill	13%
Maternal Love	7%

FATHER

NET WEIGHT: 178 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Concern Over Additional Expenses	73%
Delight With Additional Tax Exemption	27%

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BROTHER

NET WEIGHT: 56 POUNDS
Ingredients:

Envy	36%
Feeling Of Neglect	24%
Hostility	24%
Disgust	16%

NEW BORN BABY

NET WEIGHT:
7 POUNDS,
6 OUNCES

Ingredients:
Innocence100%



the outside appearance. Unfortunately, our lives are affected by people more than bottles and cans, and you can never tell exactly what's inside them. So wouldn't it be a good idea

eled Like Products

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Tell the Court, Mr. Lasagna, how you believe that someone **BORROWED** your fingerprints and **PUT THEM** on the murder weapon, while all the time you were 1200 miles away . . . running a Christmas Party for a group of orphans in Utah!

I object! Counsel is leading the Accused!!

Objection overruled! Answer your Lawyer's rigged question, Mr. Lasagna . . .

DEFENSE ATTORNEY	DISTRICT ATTORNEY	DEFENDANT	JUDGE
NET WEIGHT: 157 POUNDS	NET WEIGHT: 175 POUNDS	NET WEIGHT: 235 POUNDS	NET WEIGHT: 190 POUNDS
Ingredients:	Ingredients:	Ingredients:	Ingredients:
Anticipation Of The Fee24½%	Crusading Image42%	Trust In Crooked Mouthpiece ...61%	Self Esteem 12½%
Contempt For The Law24½%	Political Ambitions32%	Contempt For The Law17%	Boredom 12½%
Knowledge Of Loopholes24½%	Contempt For The Law25%	Hope For Promotion In Mob14%	Love Of Wearing Long Black Robes 12½%
Confidence In The Knowledge That Judge Has Been Bribeed24½%	Belief In The Judge's Honesty½ of 1%	Worry Over Being Convicted5%	Concern Over Crossword Puzzle He Is Doing 12½%
Belief in Client's Innocence¼ of 1%	Confidence of Winning The Case ½ of 1%	Feelings Of Guilt3%	Dislike For District Attorney ..12½%
			Regard For The Evidence12½%
			Contempt For Law12½%
			Corruption12½%

I call it "Infinite Cosmos In Limbo"! It symbolizes Man's search for his inner self as he listens to the vibrations of two molecules in communion with a Yak!

Yes! Yes! I see it! I feel it! I want it! I'll BUY IT!!

MODERN ARTIST	ART PATRON
NET WEIGHT: 161 POUNDS	NET WEIGHT: 134 POUNDS
Ingredients:	Ingredients:
Showmanship32%	Snobbishness44%
Double-Talk23%	Guillibility29%
Salesmanship22%	Wealth24%
Fakery21%	Taste2½%
Talent2%	Common Sense½ of 1%

Take my word for it, J.B.! Valerie, here, is gonna be your next big star!

Well, I just might be able to fit her into my next film!



AGENT

NET WEIGHT: 157 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Cunning	38%
Greed	32%
Salesmanship	20%
Commission	10%

STARLET

NET WEIGHT: 124 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Cunning	38%
Greed	32%
Salesmanship	20%
Commission	10%

PRODUCER

NET WEIGHT: 224 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Lust	91%
Intelligence	4%
Ability	3%
Integrity	2%

You say you've got heart spasms, lung congestion, paralysis of the right leg and a temperature of 88 degrees? Well, there's a lot of that going around! No, I don't make house calls anymore! Call my Nurse for an appointment! How's that? You DID call my Nurse and she told you I was tied up for two months? Don't worry! It can wait till then! In the meantime, I'll bill you twenty dollars for this telephone consultation!



PHYSICIAN

NET WEIGHT: 189 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Concern Over Wealth Of Patient	48%
Concern Over Newest Tax Shelters	47%
Concern Over Own Ineptitude	3%
Concern For Human Life	2%

Did I ever tell you the one about the Polack with a speech impediment—or was it an Italian with a harelip? In any case, Riley goes into Schultz's Tavern and meets Cohen ... or is it the other way around? Whatever! The bartender—I think his name was Jack—looks at the Black guy, and says ... uh ... Aw, heck, I forget the punchline! But I got another one! It seems there were these two Hungarians who married a pair of Siamese twins! Well, one night ...



BORE

NET WEIGHT: 193 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Long Windedness	38%
Self Centeredness	34%
Additives	25%
Sensitivity	2%
Taste	1%

VICTIM

NET WEIGHT: 148 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Politeness	7%
Distress	9%
Resentment	11%
Boredom	13%
Masochism	60%

Ahh! How exquisite you look! What a joy eet eez for Pierre to bring out zee true beauty of zee real you! Fortunately, you are zo gorgeous to begin weeth!



Beautician

NET WEIGHT: 147 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Flattery	15%
Pretentiousness	17%
Combined Drivel, Bunk, Tripe, Rot and Prattle	18%
Inner Hatred Of Women	50%

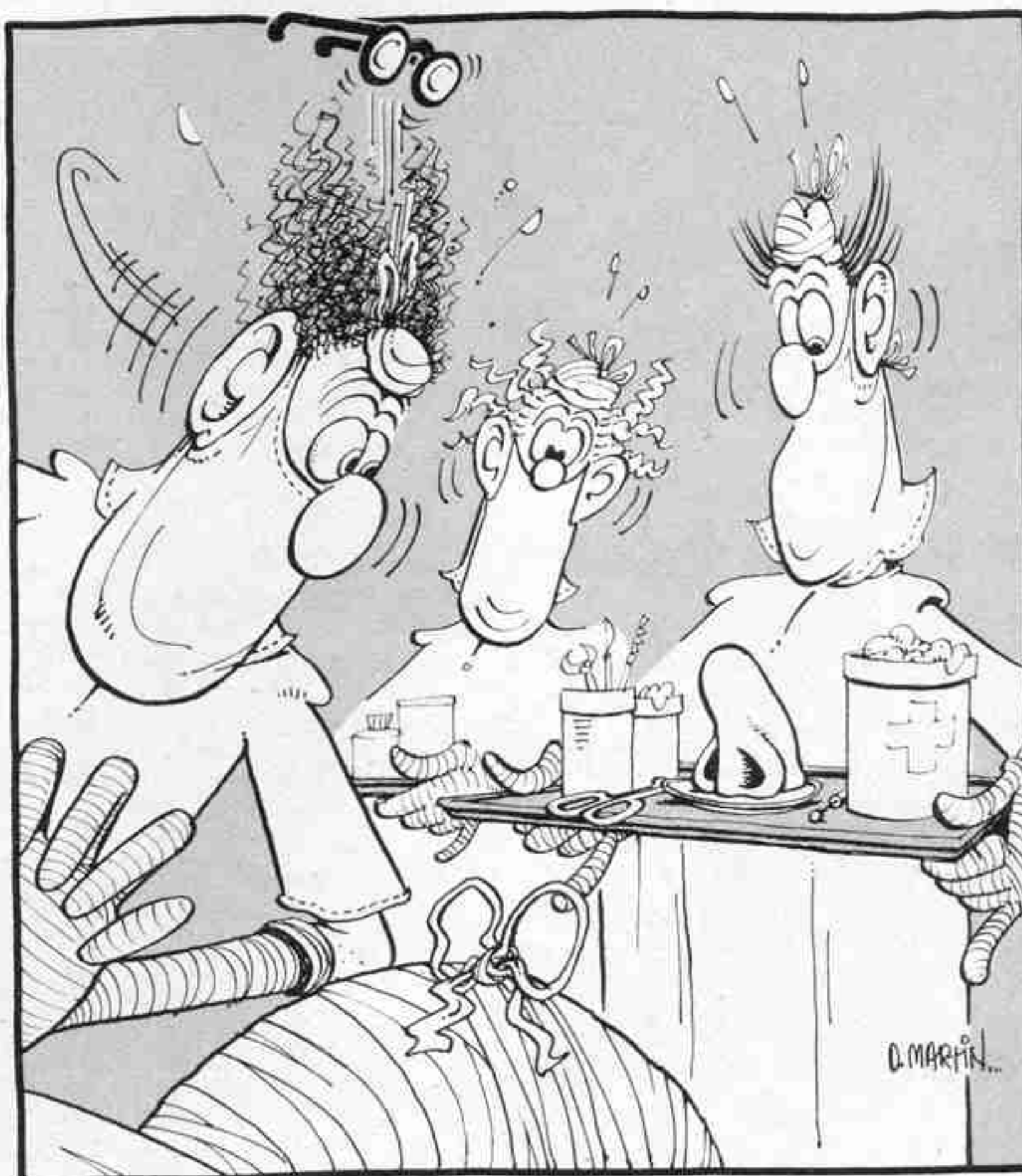
BEAUTY SHOP PATRON

NET WEIGHT: 132 POUNDS

Ingredients:

Vanity	20%
Self-Delusion	20%
Naive Hope	20%
Wash, Rinse, Bleach and Artificial Coloring	40%

ONE MORNING IN SURGERY

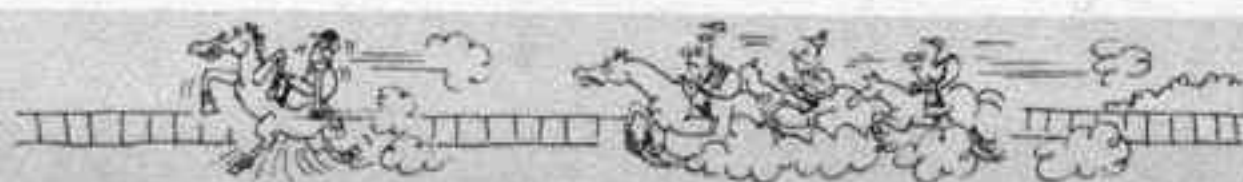
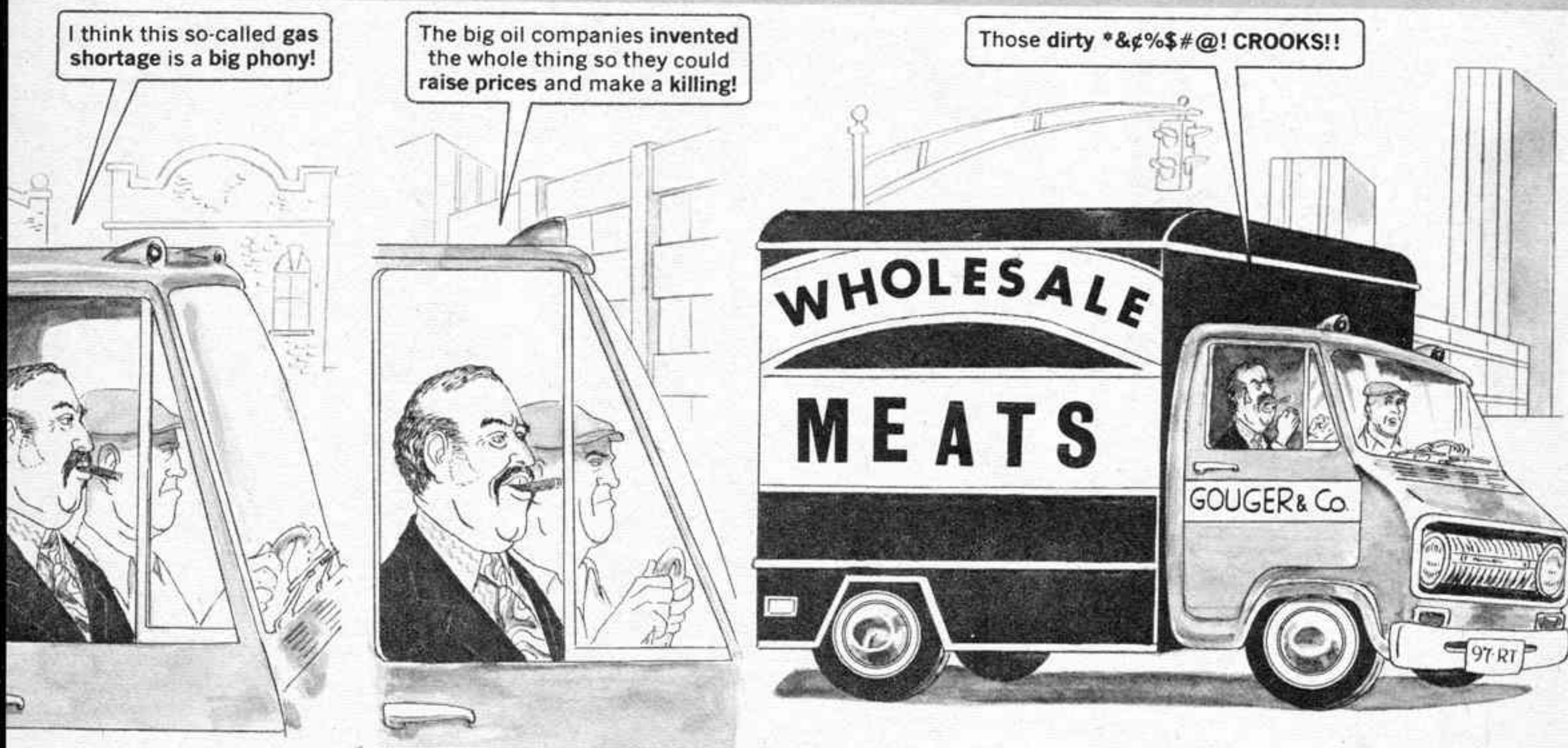




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

THE EN





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

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

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

You can forget that, too!

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

ERGY CRISIS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

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

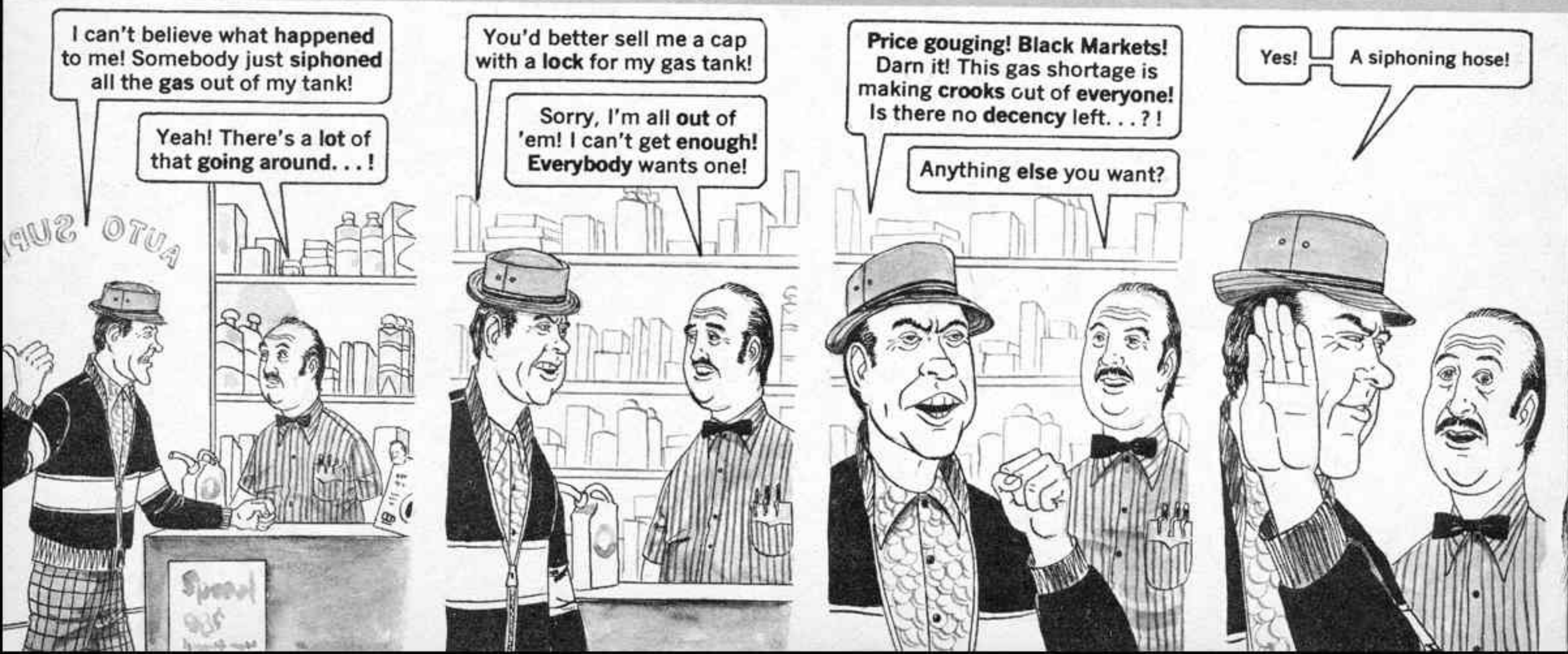
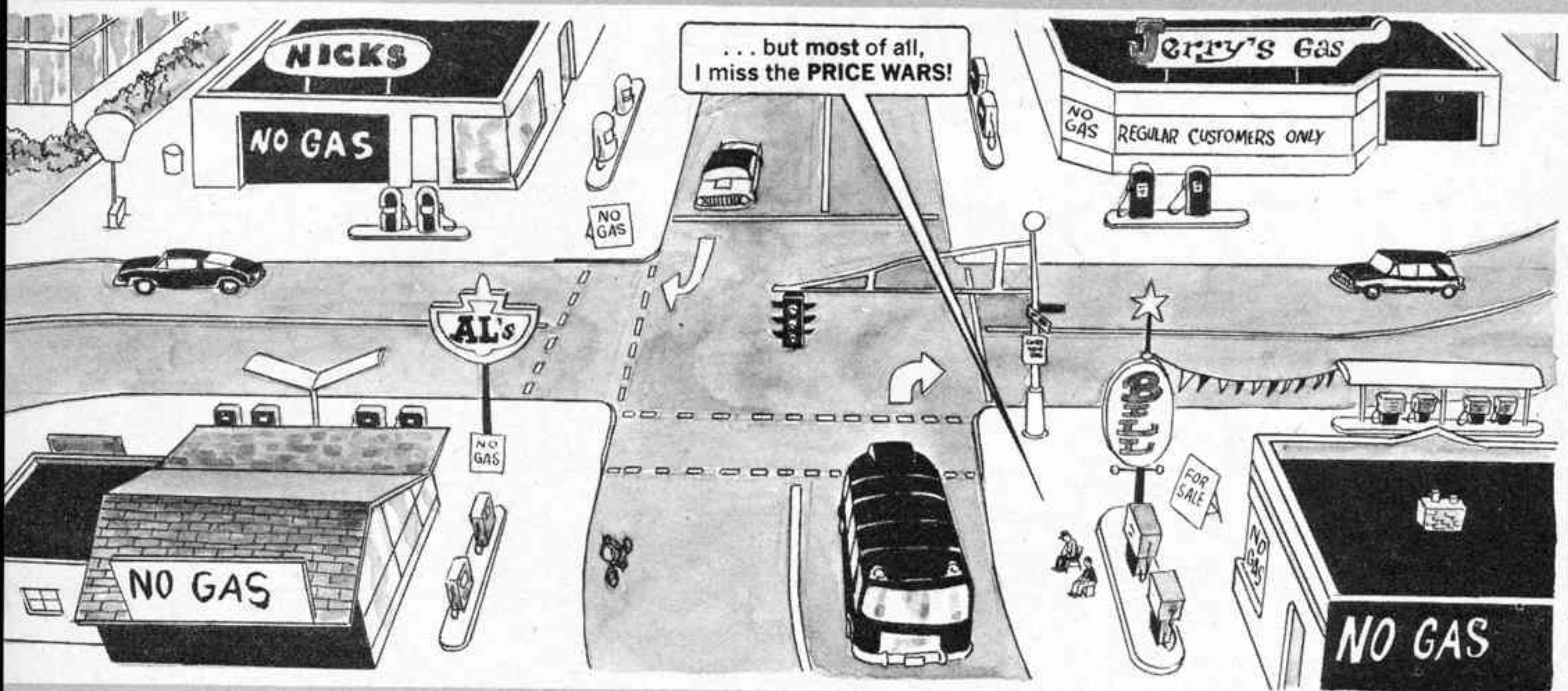
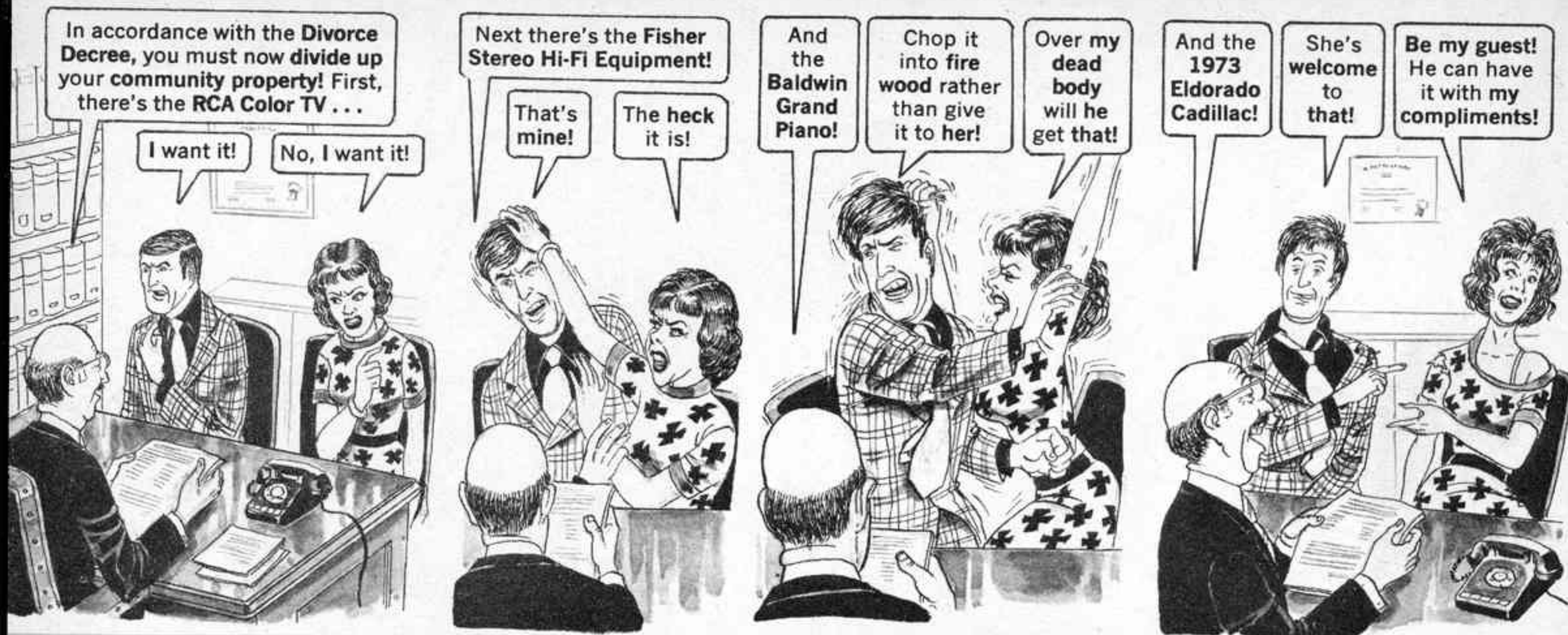
It's only **EIGHTY DEGREES** outside! We can certainly do without the Air Conditioner!

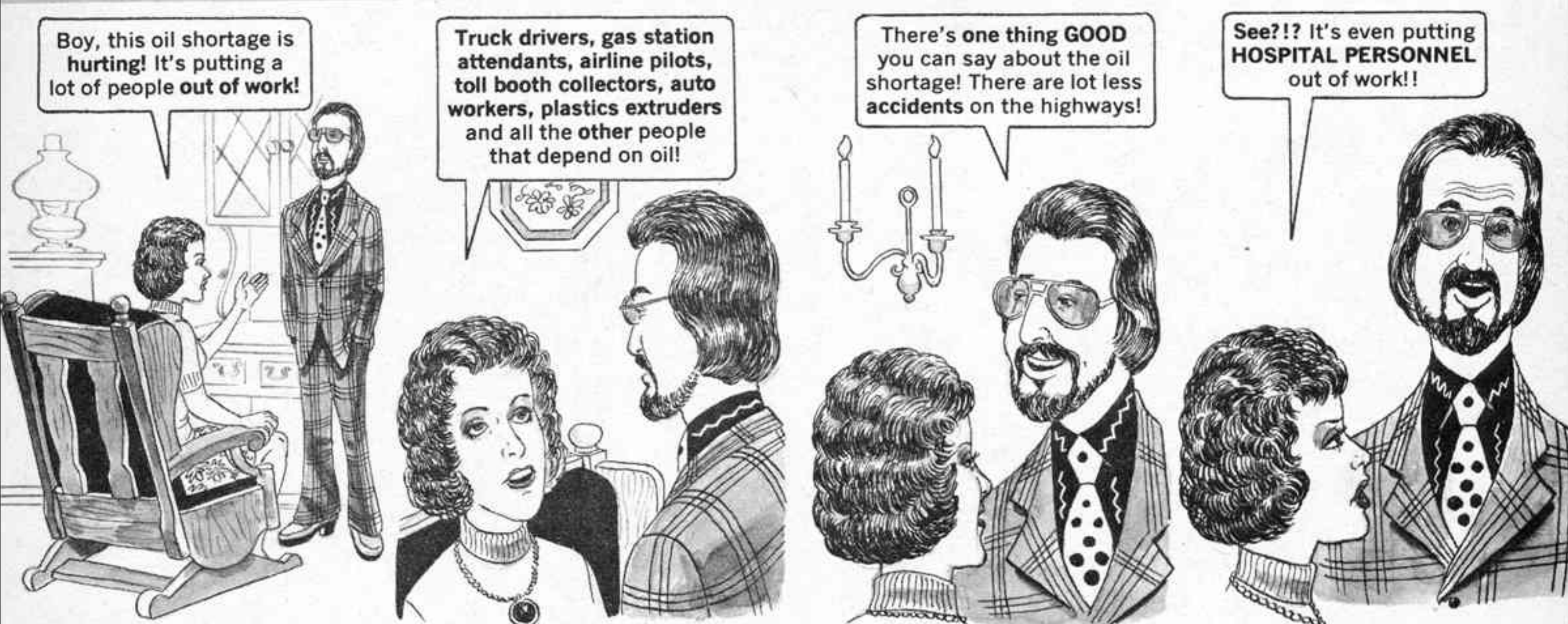
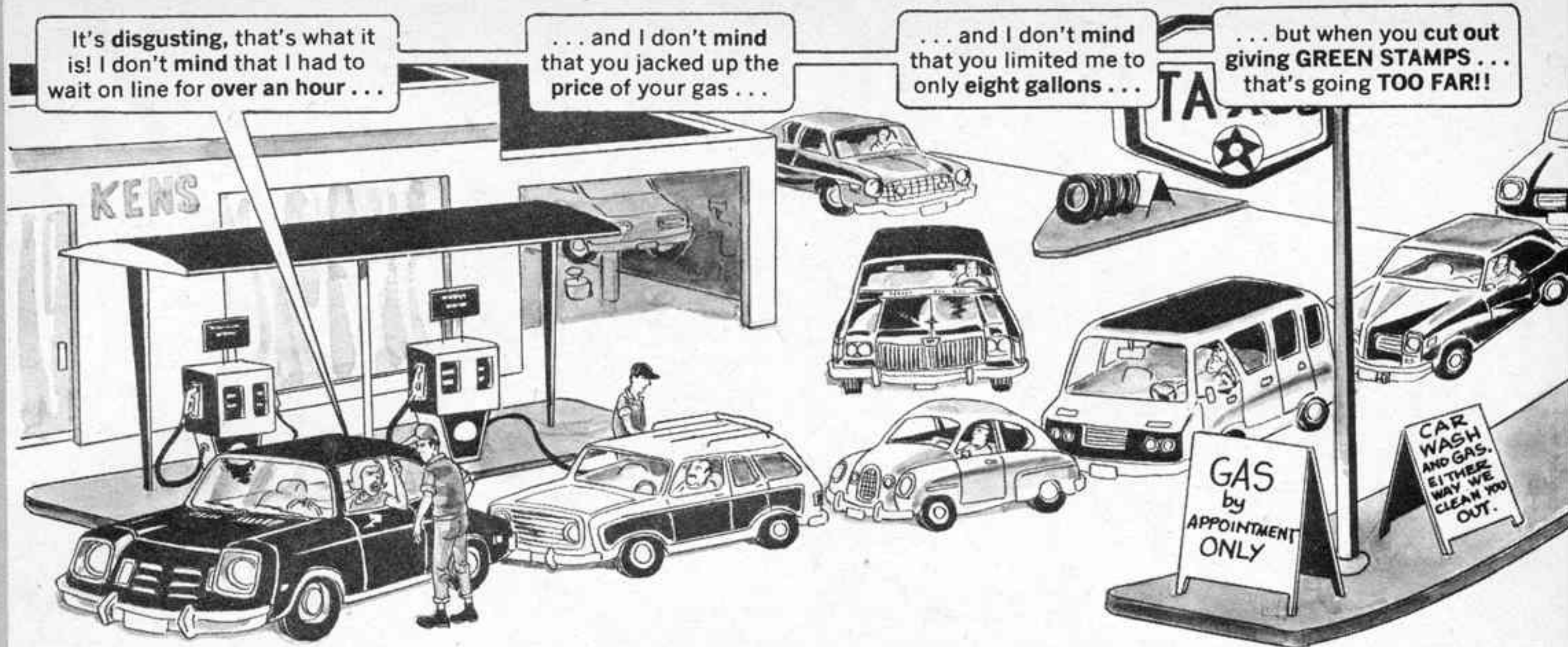
I must say, your husband is **very** diligent about saving watts! I'd call him a "**GOOD CITIZEN**"!

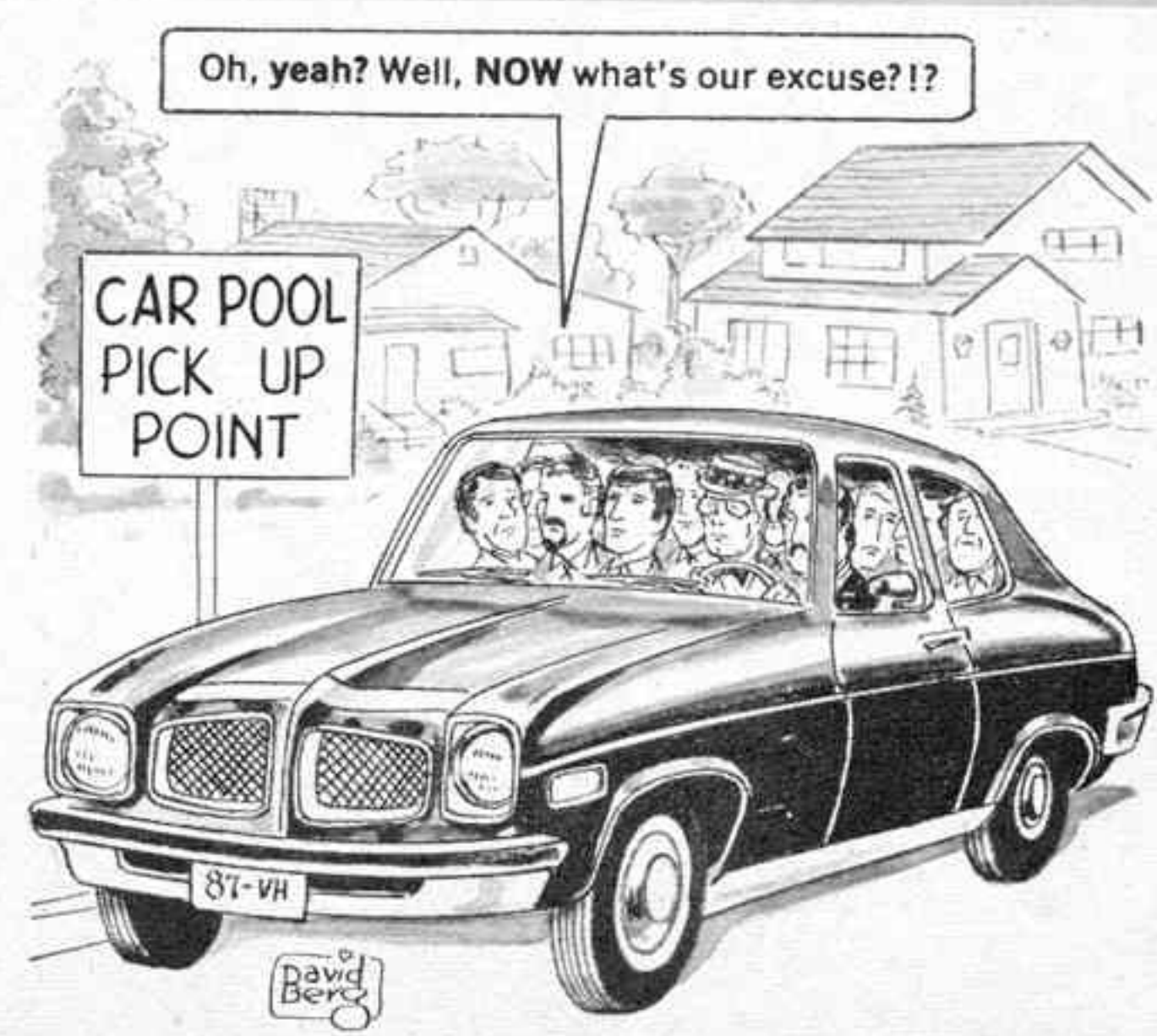
He was **always** this way!

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









ONE NIGHT IN A POLICE STATION



Once upon a time there was a wonderful period called "the good old days". The reason that the "good old days" are called "good" can be easily explained: The people didn't have to put up with the messed-up world of the present. But what if they had? How would it have changed the course of history? The progress of man? To find out, let us see just what possibly might have happened

IF THE WORLD FACED THE CO

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Betsy Ross Gives Up After Mob Burns Flag

PHILADELPHIA, July 3—Screaming youths, chanting anti-American slogans, stormed the home of Betsy Ross today and burned the flag she had been working on since the beginning of the American Revolution.

"Land sakes, I don't know what the country's coming to," said Miss Ross, whose living room was strewn with charred bits of stars and stripes. "Just think of it," she said. "Eight months of sewing gone down the drain."

Miss Ross confirmed reports that she will soon move permanently to England.

"As far as I'm concerned, we deserve to lose this revolution," she

said. "I don't think much of King George, but at least he rules a country where there's still law and order and people act civilized."



Miss Ross after Mob had stormed her home.

PAUL REVERE STALLED BY TRAFFIC TIE-UPS

BOSTON, April 19—Traffic tie-ups between here and Lexington last night prevented Paul Revere from completing his ride to warn Revolution leaders to flee the attacking British.

As a result, both John Hancock and Samuel Adams have been captured and the Redcoats now control the entire area. Insiders fear the Revolution may now be lost.

"I wanted to warn them," a disgusted Revere said today, "but the roads were still clogged with the rush-hour traffic heading from Boston to the suburbs. You'd think by midnight the highways would be clear."



Paul Revere after abortive ride attempt.

Power Failure Darkens Edison's Demonstration Of New Electric Light

NEW YORK, April 14—A power failure at Con Edison's main power plant, the third such failure this year, tonight prevented Thomas Edison from demonstrating his new, much discussed electric light.

The breakdown occurred as the noted inventor pulled the switch, which was supposed to light up several blocks in downtown Manhattan.

"What really bugs me," Edison said, "is that the utility that messed up my demonstration is named after me."

Edison has suffered a succession of failures with his inventions. America is still waiting for his phonograph, manufacture of which has been delayed by a strike of tone-arm workers. Distribution of his motion-picture camera has been delayed by the recent railroad slowdown.

"I may just chuck this whole inventing bit and become a farmer," Edison said, prior to his return to his workshop in Menlo Park, which may be closed in any case because of zoning law violations.

Smog Spoils Key's Attempts To Finish 'Star-Spangled Banner'

Low-lying smog continued to blanket the Maryland coastal area for the second straight week, ending Francis Scott Key's efforts to observe Fort McHenry and thus finish his "Star-Spangled Banner."

"Sure, I'd like to finish the song," Key said, "but I can't see if our flag is still there. Maybe it is. Maybe it isn't. I could wait here forever for the damn smog to lift. As far as I'm concerned, some other guy can write the stupid song."

JUNK MAIL ENDS PONY EXPRESS

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Aug. 4—Blaming the recent increase in junk mail, riders for the Pony Express walked off the job today, ending mail service from here to the West Coast.

"We don't mind doing our a job," a spokesman for the riders stated, "but our horses just can't pull the load of discount catalogs, mutual fund brochures and the rest of the garbage that's being sent out to folks who don't want it."

Rider William F. Cody stated that during the past two months he was

forced to shoot three of his horses after they collapsed beneath the weight of the overloaded pouches.

"It just don't make no sense," Cody said, "especially since half the folks out West can't read anyways."



OF YESTERDAY CONDITIONS OF TODAY



Wellington Blames "Stoned" Troops After Loss To Napoleon At Waterloo

PARIS, March 27—A defeated Duke of Wellington today blamed the drug problem for his overwhelming defeat by Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo.

"My men were stoned on smack, hash, grass, you name it," said the Duke, en route to a French prison camp. "Only about one-fourth of them were in condition to fight. The rest were turning on behind the lines. I ordered my officers to shoot any man who wouldn't fight, but most of them were zonked worse than the troops."

In London, the Prime Minister summoned Parliament to discuss the military disaster. Only ten members

showed up, the rest being flipped out on speed. According to high governmental sources, the drug problem has ended all thoughts of a British Empire.



Wellington, with stoned officers and men.

Skyjacker Forces Lindbergh To Fly Airplane To Cuba

Charles Lindbergh's hopes of making the first trans-Atlantic crossing by plane were crushed today when a skyjacker forced him to fly to Cuba.

Roman Hidalgo, an out-of-work anarchist, sneaked aboard Lindbergh's plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis" shortly before take-off and forced the aviator at gunpoint to change course.

In Havana, Lindbergh, who has been nicknamed "Luckless Lindy," decried the recent outbreak of air piracy and disclosed that he would soon resume his career of stunt-flying at air shows and state fairs.

"Let someone else fly the Atlantic," he said. "I'm gonna stay where it's safe."



Pyramid Construction Halted

Cheops, most exalted Pharaoh of Egypt, today suspended construction of the Great Pyramid after discovering that young vandals were defacing the foundation with graffiti.

"From now on," Cheops declared in a press conference, "every offender who is caught will have his right hand chopped off and his spray gun confiscated."

Angered Indians Wipe Out Plymouth Colony, Avenging Thanksgiving Day DDT Poisoning

PLYMOUTH, Nov. 27—The entire population of Plymouth Colony was massacred by Indians today following the first and only Thanksgiving Day dinner, in which more than half of the celebrants, many of them Indians, came down with food poisoning.

Turkeys containing excessive amounts of DDT were believed the major cause of the poisoning, which marred the holiday feast shared by the Pilgrims and Indians.

CHARIOTS RECALLED BY FACTORY; NERO CANCELS RACES AT COLOSSEUM

ROME, July 10—A structural defect described as "axle warp" has prompted the Ajax Chariot Works to recall more than five thousand of its new model "Claudius" chariots. As a result, Emperor Nero has been forced to cancel Saturday's races, bringing disappointment to more than twenty thousand season ticket holders.

The president of Ajax, Flavius Maximus, regretted the decision, but promised that the faulty axles would be repaired in time for next week's races at the Big C.

Nero, who is Rome's Number One chariot fan, has announced a spectacular new entertainment to replace the races. Highlight of the card will pit one hundred Christians against fifty starved, man-eating African lions.

"It's not that I have anything against lions," Nero said today, "even though it seems a bit unfair that they should be outnumbered by the Christians two to one."

Franklin Leaves Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 12—Benjamin Franklin plans to move from this city and retire from public life after being mugged last week while flying a kite outside his home.

"The streets just aren't safe any more," said the noted statesman, editor, inventor and phrase-maker. "I'm heading for the wilderness and taking my chances with the Indians."



Benjamin Franklin

Stanley Leaves Livingstone in Dispute Over House-Calls

LAKE TANGANYIKA, May 30—Henry M. Stanley, who found Dr. David Livingstone after a two-year search through tropical jungles, departed for London today, calling the doctor "a money-grubbing pill-pusher."

Stanley, who arrived for his meeting suffering from a feverish illness, declared that he was disappointed by the response to his greeting of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

According to Stanley, the doctor replied, "Take two aspirin, leave a specimen, and call me in a week if you're not feeling better. That will be fifteen dollars."

When Stanley's condition did not improve, he tried several times to seek Livingstone's aid. The doctor, however, refused to visit Stanley because he no longer makes house-calls.

"I tried to reach him for two weeks," Stanley said, "but all I got was his answering service, namely a native named Wamba."

Hannibal Blames Computer Error for Alps Mix-Up

THE ALPS, Nov. 2—Hannibal called off his invasion of Rome today because of supply difficulties caused by a computer error in Carthage.

"I was supposed to receive food and supplies for 300 elephants," he said, "but something went haywire and I wound up with food and supplies for 300 hamsters."

As computer experts tried to correct the malfunction, Hannibal called for better quality control in the manufacture of bows and arrows.

"Weapon craftsmanship is becoming a lost art," he said. "A bow and arrow used to last an entire campaign. Today it's good for a couple of skirmishes, then falls apart. But what can you expect from a society that bases its economy on planned obsolescence?"



Hannibal with supplies for his 300 elephants.

Women's Liberation Threatens Camelot

CAMELOT, Jan. 14—The women's liberation movement is making a shambles out of King Arthur's Round Table, according to reports filtering out of the kingdom.

Acts of chivalry, in which knights protect maidens in distress, have become a thing of the past. At least half a dozen knights have been cursed and sneered at by maidens, who prefer to die rather than accept the help of a man. One knight, the famous Sir Lancelot, was severely bitten by a maiden when he tried to save her from three outlaws and a dragon.

It is reported that Arthur recently ordered his sorcerer, Merlin, to cast a spell to bring Camelot back to normal. Merlin, however, has been unable to help, his wife making him

perform domestic duties around the house.

According to the ex-queen, Ms. Guinevere, most of the maidens now belong to the Camelot Organization of Women (COW), whose aims are equal rights, membership at the Round Table, and coeducational jousts.

Insiders say that Arthur will disband his kingdom if the women go through with their plans to attend next month's royal feast in armored slacks.

Columbus Discovers New World, Decides He Prefers Old One

GENOA, Feb. 3—Christopher Columbus returned here today and announced he was giving up all plans to explore the New World.

The disgruntled navigator revealed that during his voyages he lost the Santa Maria in an oil slick and that the New World beaches were littered with beer cans, paper plates and other garbage.

"We had hoped to find some fresh drinking water when we landed," Columbus stated, "but every river and stream was polluted with industrial wastes and detergents. My nose is still filled with the smell of dead fish floating on the filthy water."

Columbus renounced all hopes for personal glory.

"Let Cortez or Balboa or one of those other *meshugginahs* sail the Atlantic," he said. "I'm staying here and opening a lasagna factory."



A. G. Bell Gives Up

Demonstration of Alexander Graham Bell's new invention, the telephone, has been postponed indefinitely, due to the inventor being unable to get a dial tone.

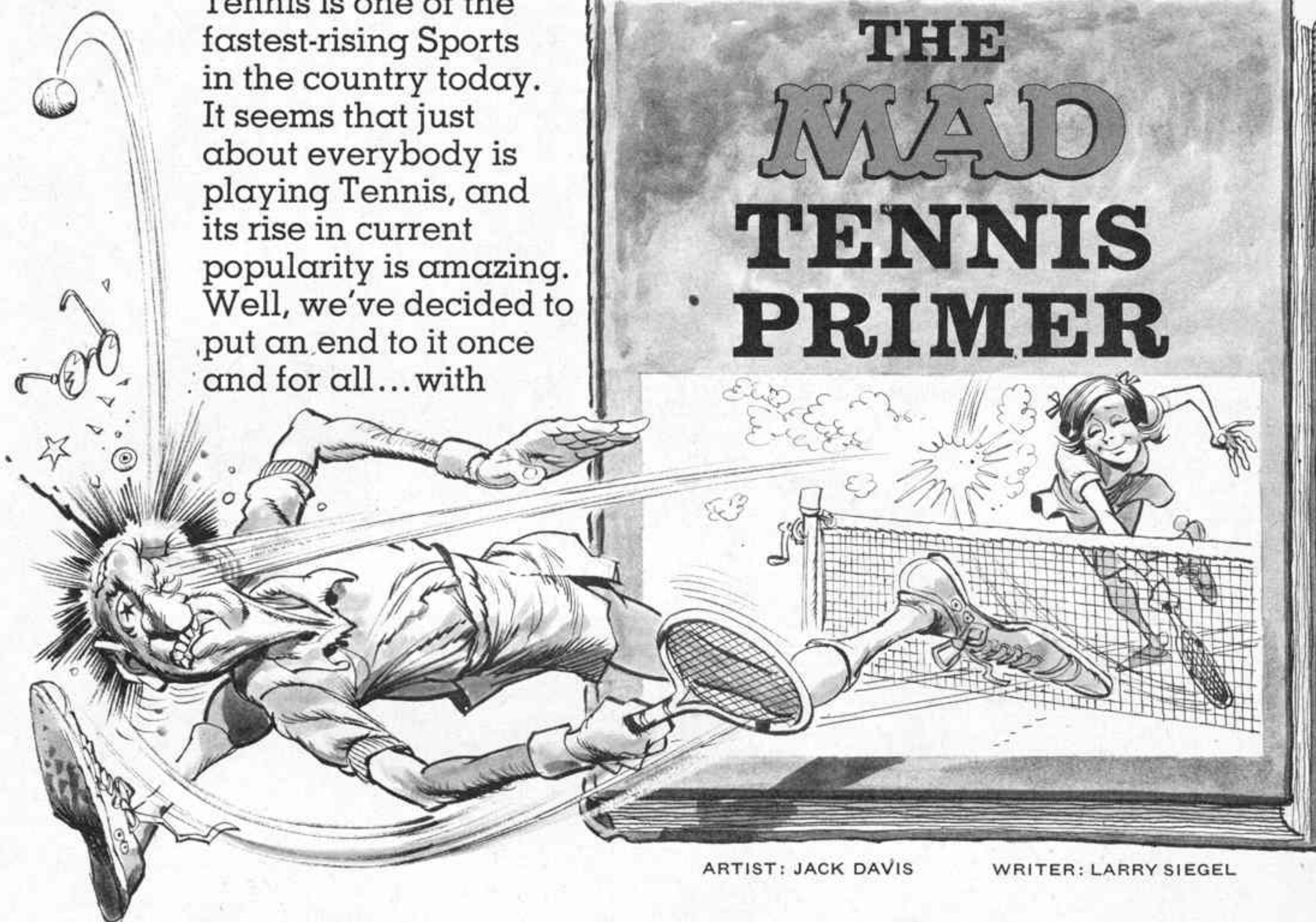
LIGHT BRIGADE REFUSES TO CHARGE AFTER PEACE RALLY



Chanting "Hell no, we won't go," 600 members of an English cavalry brigade refused to charge today, following an anti-Crimean War rally at Balaklava.

COURT JESTING DEPT.

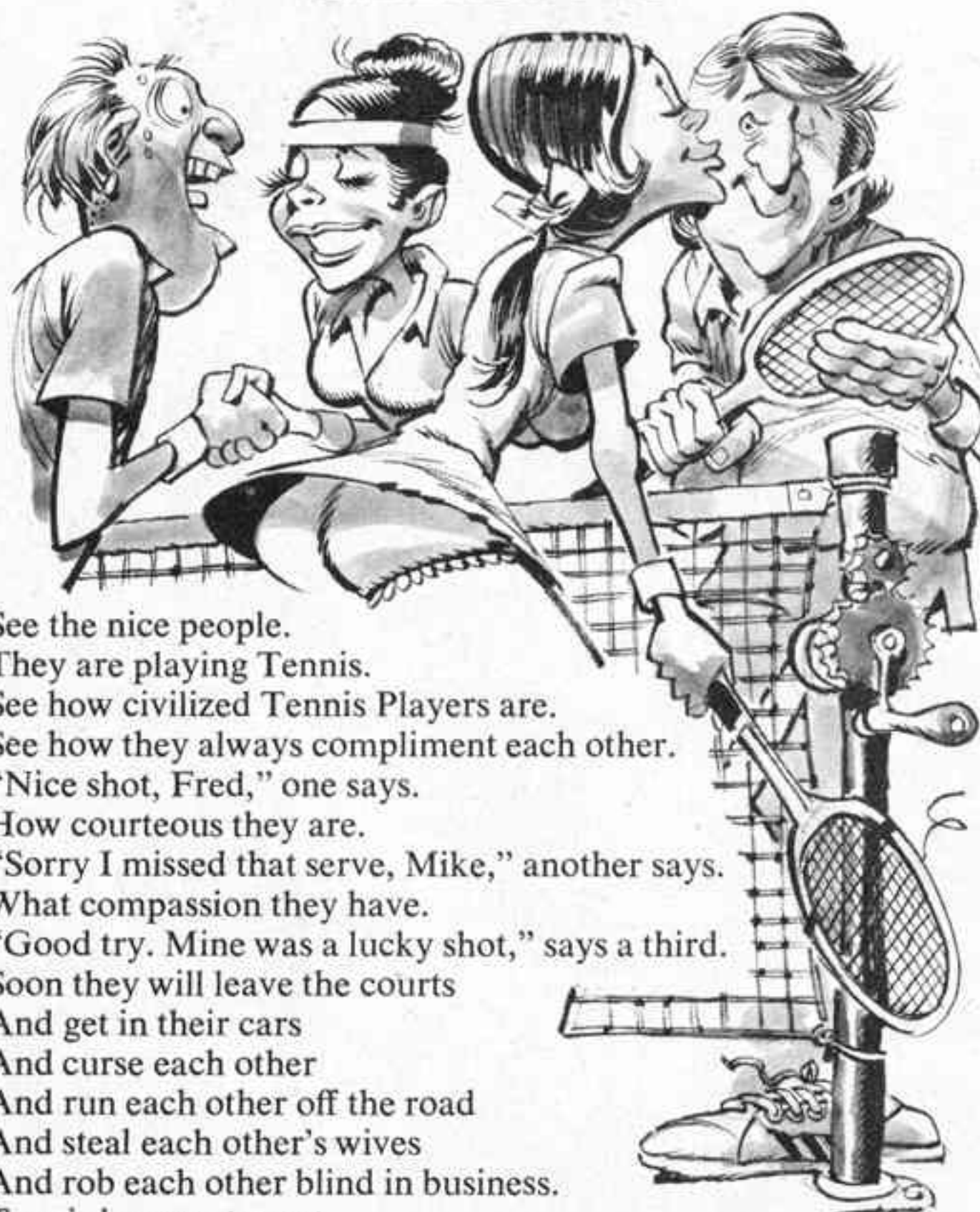
Tennis is one of the fastest-rising Sports in the country today. It seems that just about everybody is playing Tennis, and its rise in current popularity is amazing. Well, we've decided to put an end to it once and for all...with



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

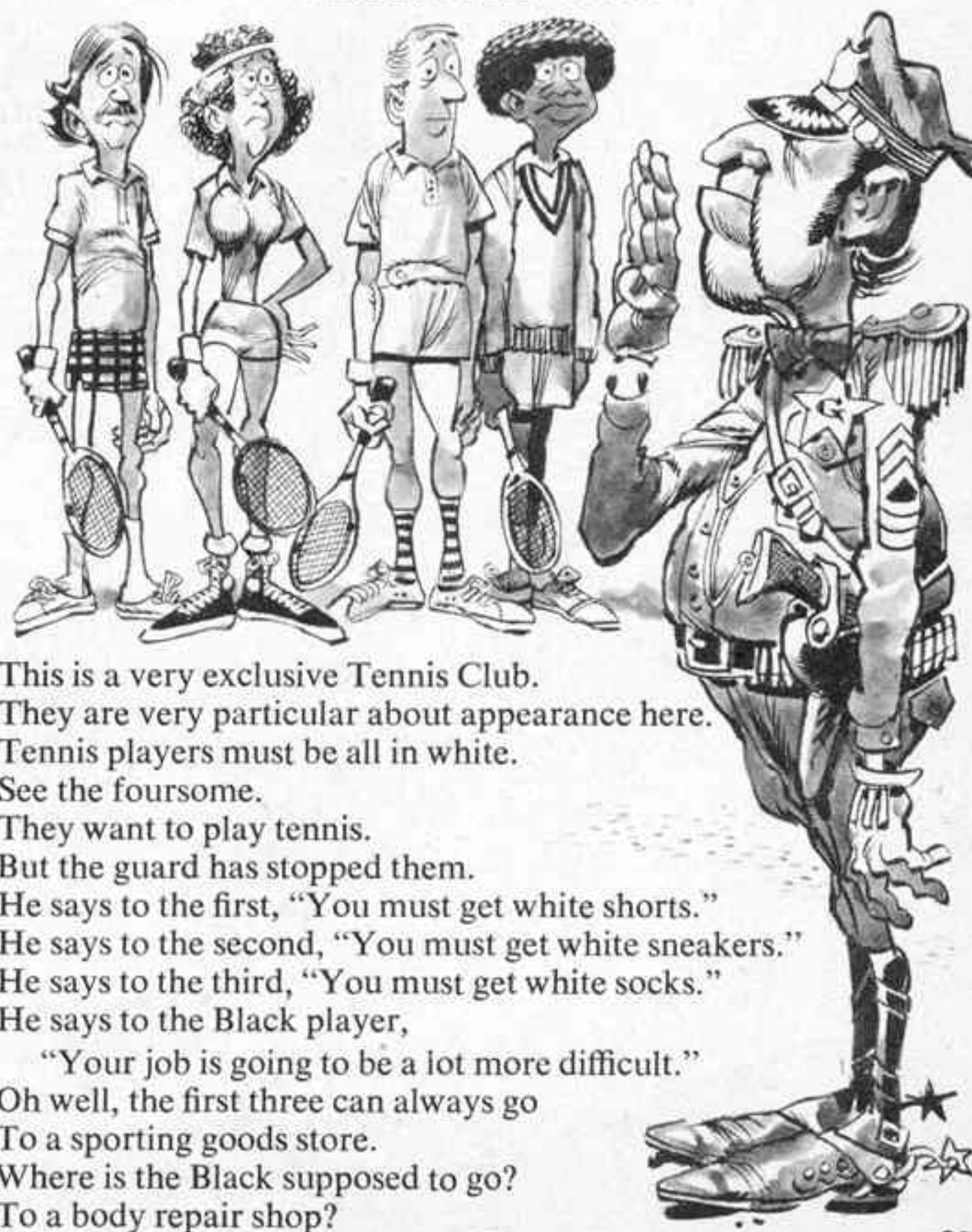
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER ONE



See the nice people.
They are playing Tennis.
See how civilized Tennis Players are.
See how they always compliment each other.
"Nice shot, Fred," one says.
How courteous they are.
"Sorry I missed that serve, Mike," another says.
What compassion they have.
"Good try. Mine was a lucky shot," says a third.
Soon they will leave the courts
And get in their cars
And curse each other
And run each other off the road
And steal each other's wives
And rob each other blind in business.
Tennis is a great sport
But it *does* interfere with the American Way of Life.

CHAPTER TWO



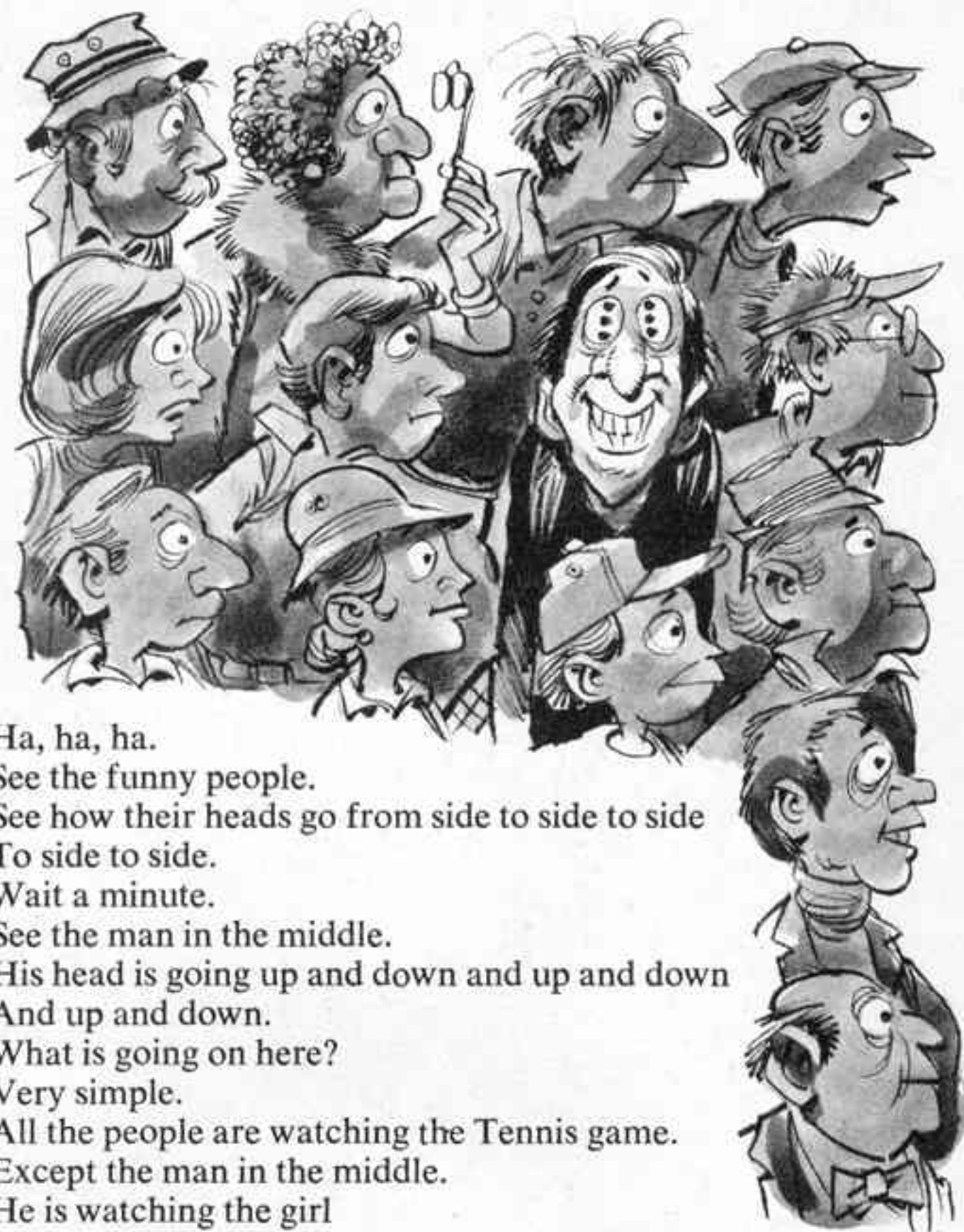
This is a very exclusive Tennis Club.
They are very particular about appearance here.
Tennis players must be all in white.
See the foursome.
They want to play tennis.
But the guard has stopped them.
He says to the first, "You must get white shorts."
He says to the second, "You must get white sneakers."
He says to the third, "You must get white socks."
He says to the Black player,
"Your job is going to be a lot more difficult."
Oh well, the first three can always go
To a sporting goods store.
Where is the Black supposed to go?
To a body repair shop?

CHAPTER THREE



See the doubles match.
Three men are playing with a girl.
The men are excellent players.
The girl is awful.
She leaps high for shots and misses.
She leans over for shots and misses.
She bends down for shots and misses.
She is not good.
She is not athletic.
She is not graceful.
Why do the men play with her?
She is not wearing a bra.

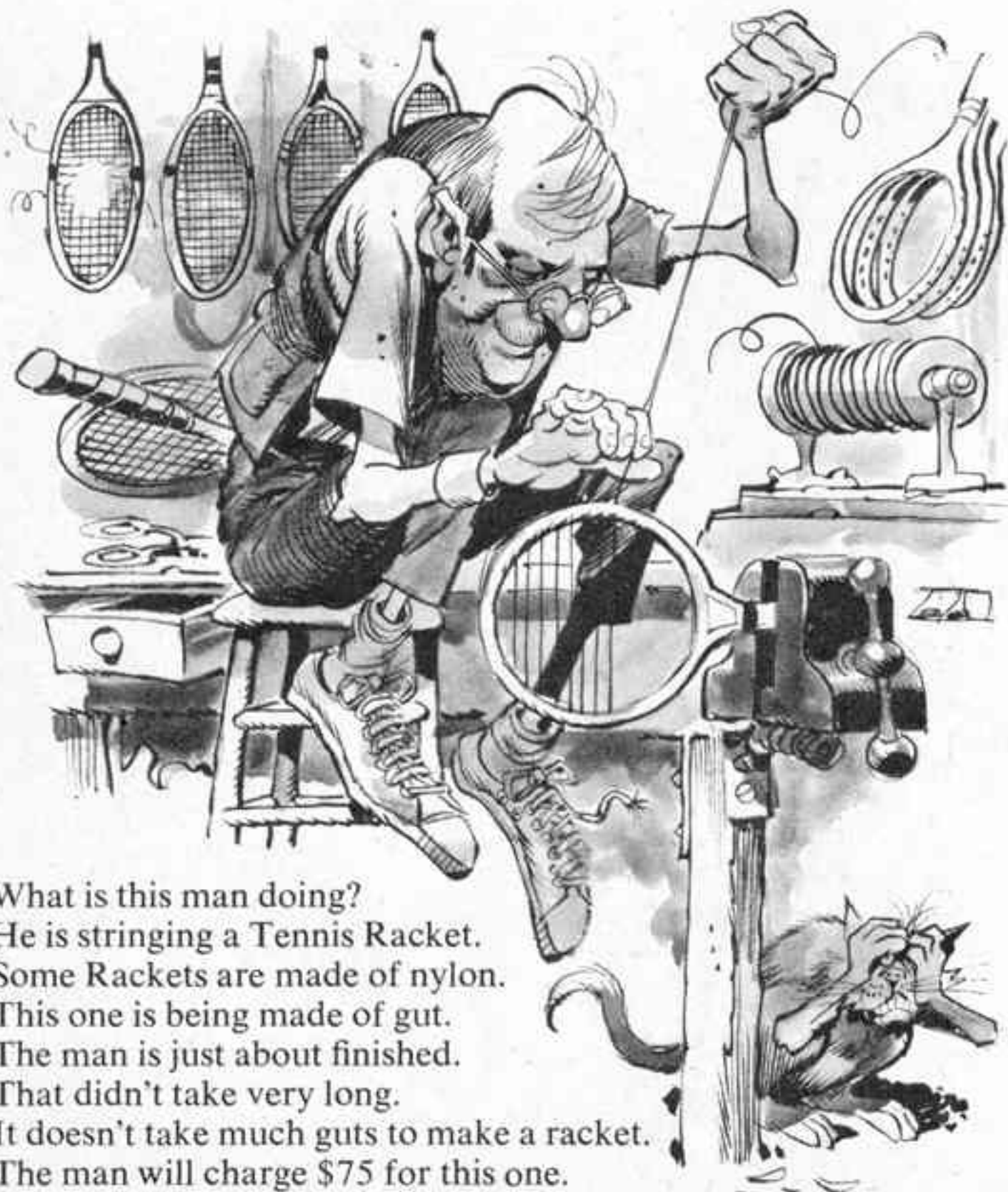
CHAPTER FOUR



Ha, ha, ha.
See the funny people.
See how their heads go from side to side to side
To side to side.
Wait a minute.
See the man in the middle.
His head is going up and down and up and down
And up and down.
What is going on here?
Very simple.
All the people are watching the Tennis game.
Except the man in the middle.
He is watching the girl
Without the bra.

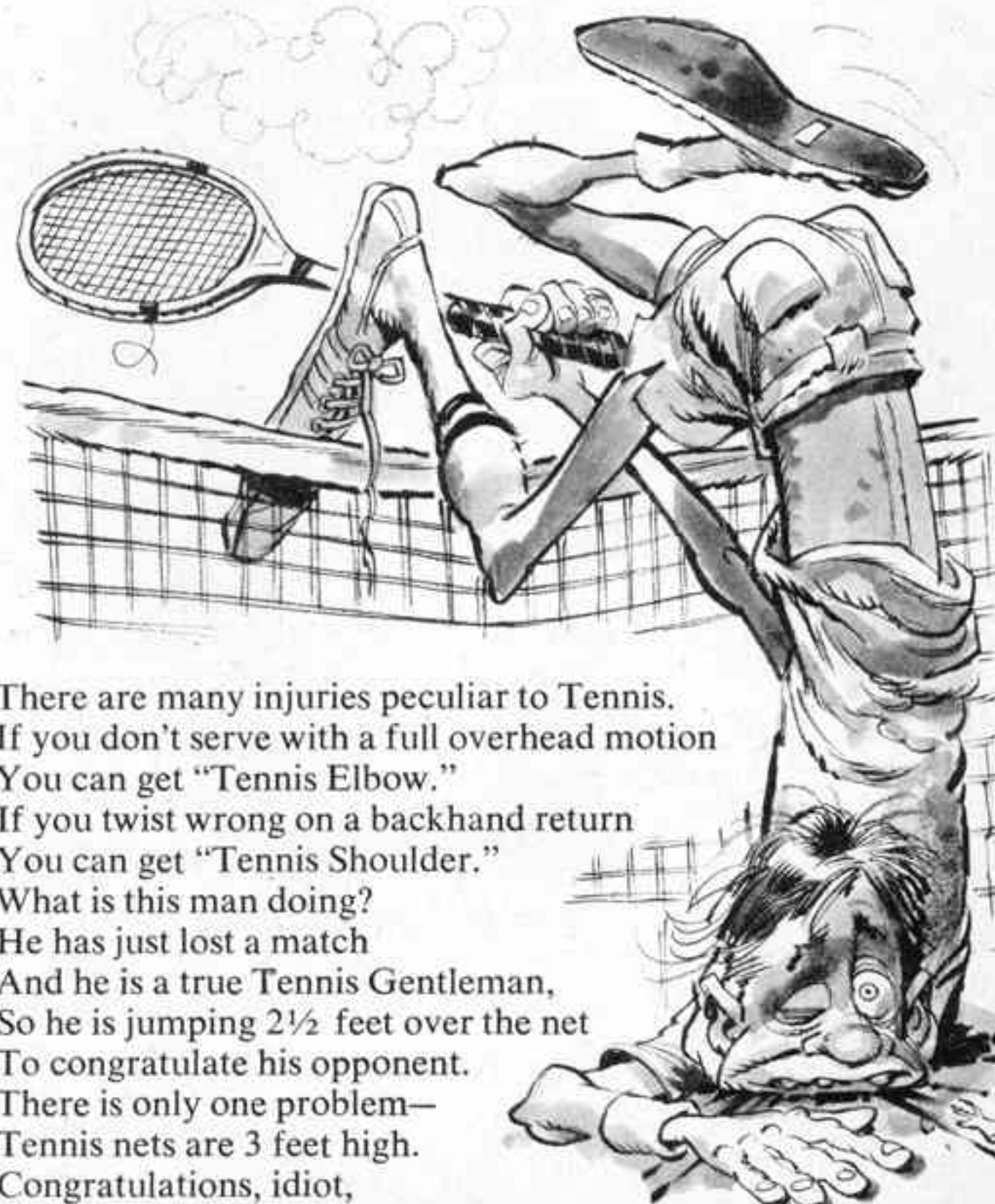


CHAPTER SEVEN



What is this man doing?
He is stringing a Tennis Racket.
Some Rackets are made of nylon.
This one is being made of gut.
The man is just about finished.
That didn't take very long.
It doesn't take much guts to make a racket.
The man will charge \$75 for this one.
Now *that* takes guts.

CHAPTER EIGHT



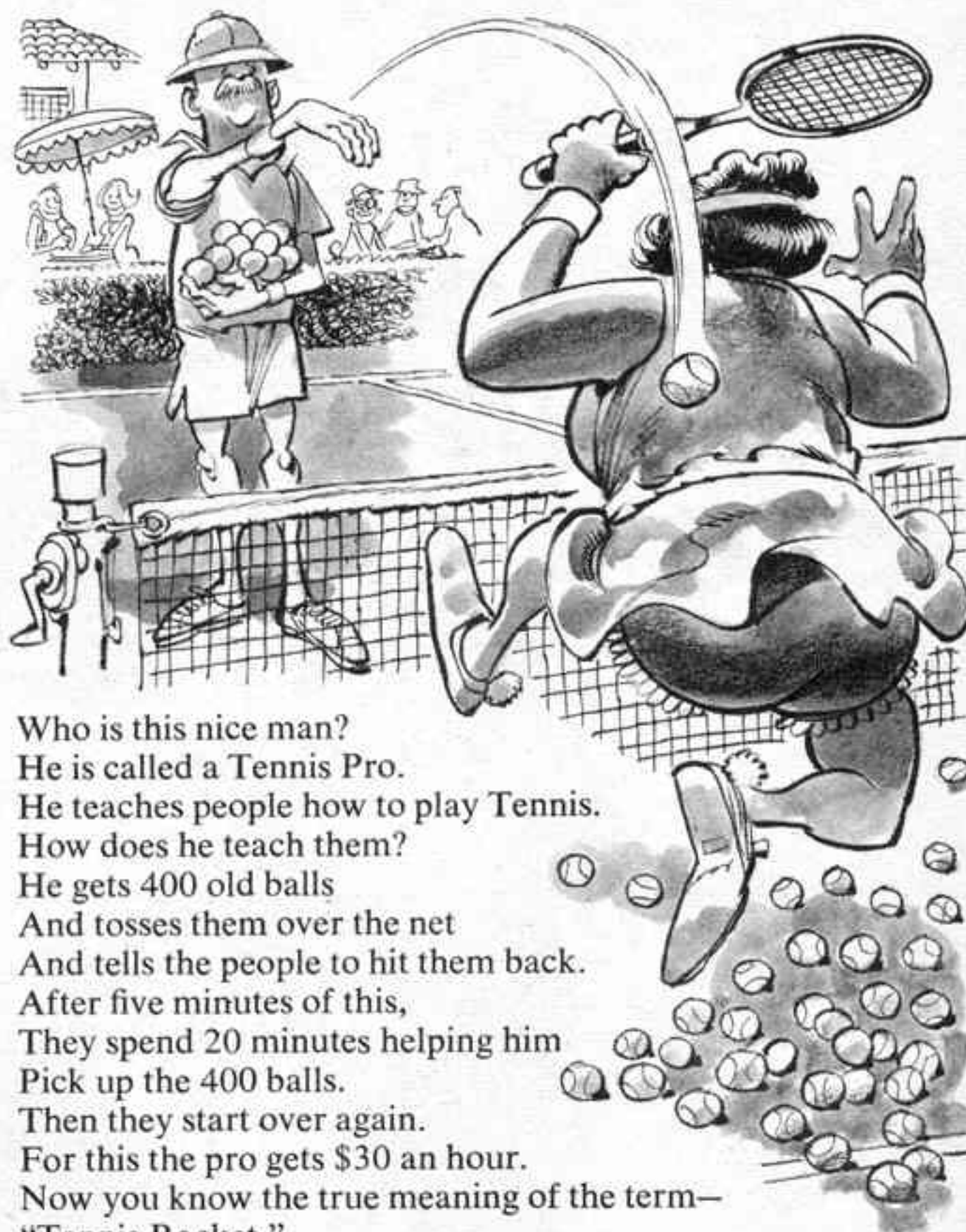
There are many injuries peculiar to Tennis.
If you don't serve with a full overhead motion
You can get "Tennis Elbow."
If you twist wrong on a backhand return
You can get "Tennis Shoulder."
What is this man doing?
He has just lost a match
And he is a true Tennis Gentleman,
So he is jumping 2½ feet over the net
To congratulate his opponent.
There is only one problem—
Tennis nets are 3 feet high.
Congratulations, idiot,
You just invented "Tennis Mouth."

CHAPTER FIVE

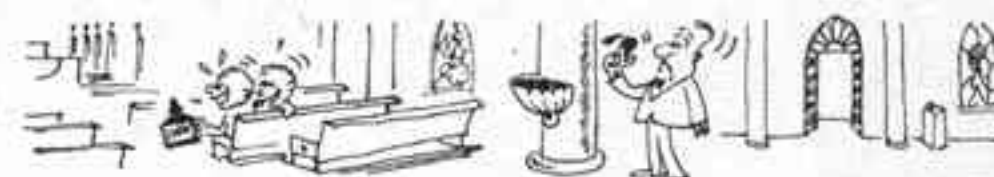


See the poor man.
He has been struggling on the court for two hours.
He is bathed in sweat.
He can hardly breathe.
He is exhausted.
His hand is bleeding.
But it was worth it.
He has won his battle.
Now that he has finally opened the vacuum-packed can of balls,
He is ready to play Tennis.

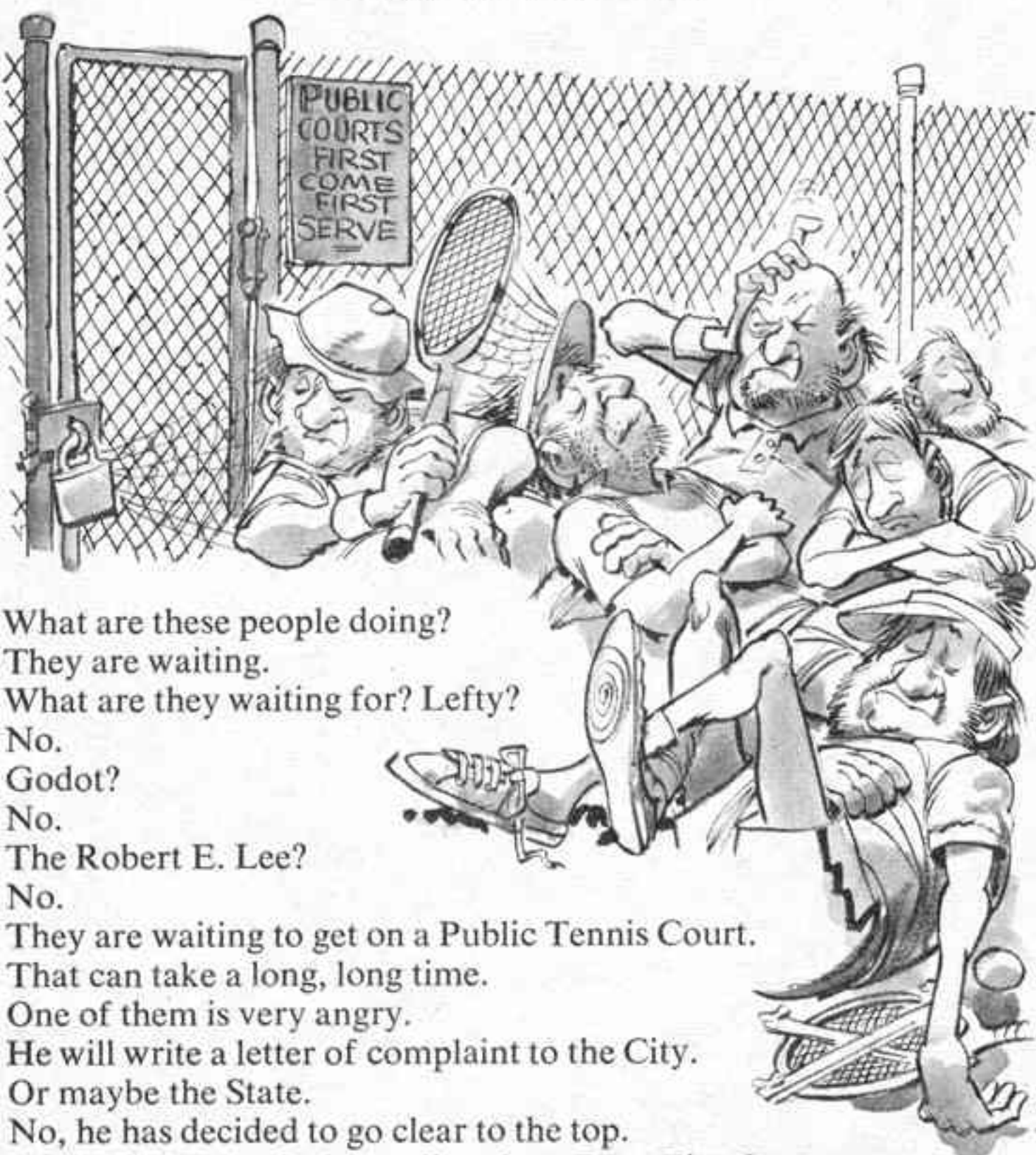
CHAPTER SIX



Who is this nice man?
He is called a Tennis Pro.
He teaches people how to play Tennis.
How does he teach them?
He gets 400 old balls
And tosses them over the net
And tells the people to hit them back.
After five minutes of this,
They spend 20 minutes helping him
Pick up the 400 balls.
Then they start over again.
For this the pro gets \$30 an hour.
Now you know the true meaning of the term—
"Tennis Racket."

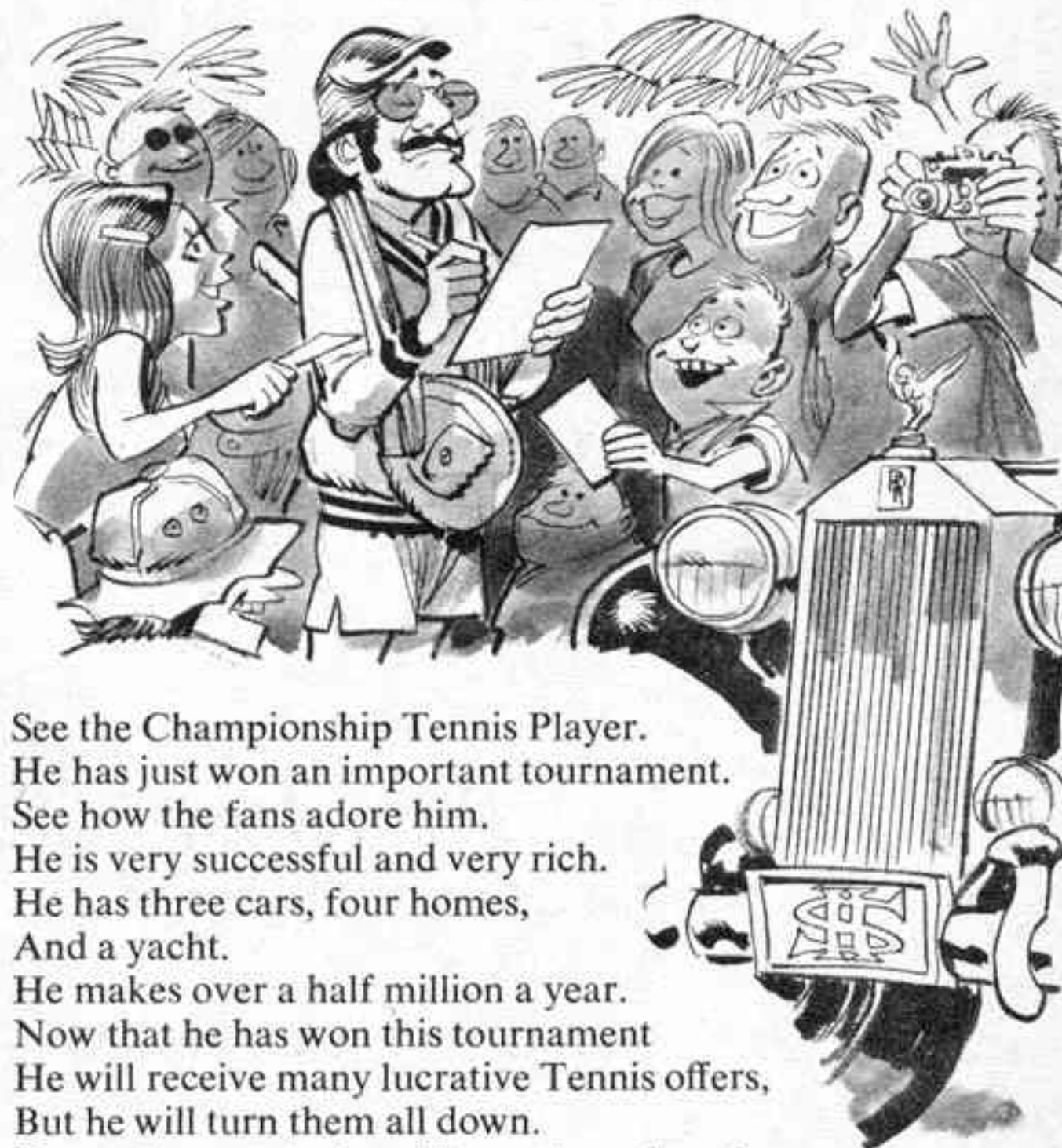


CHAPTER NINE

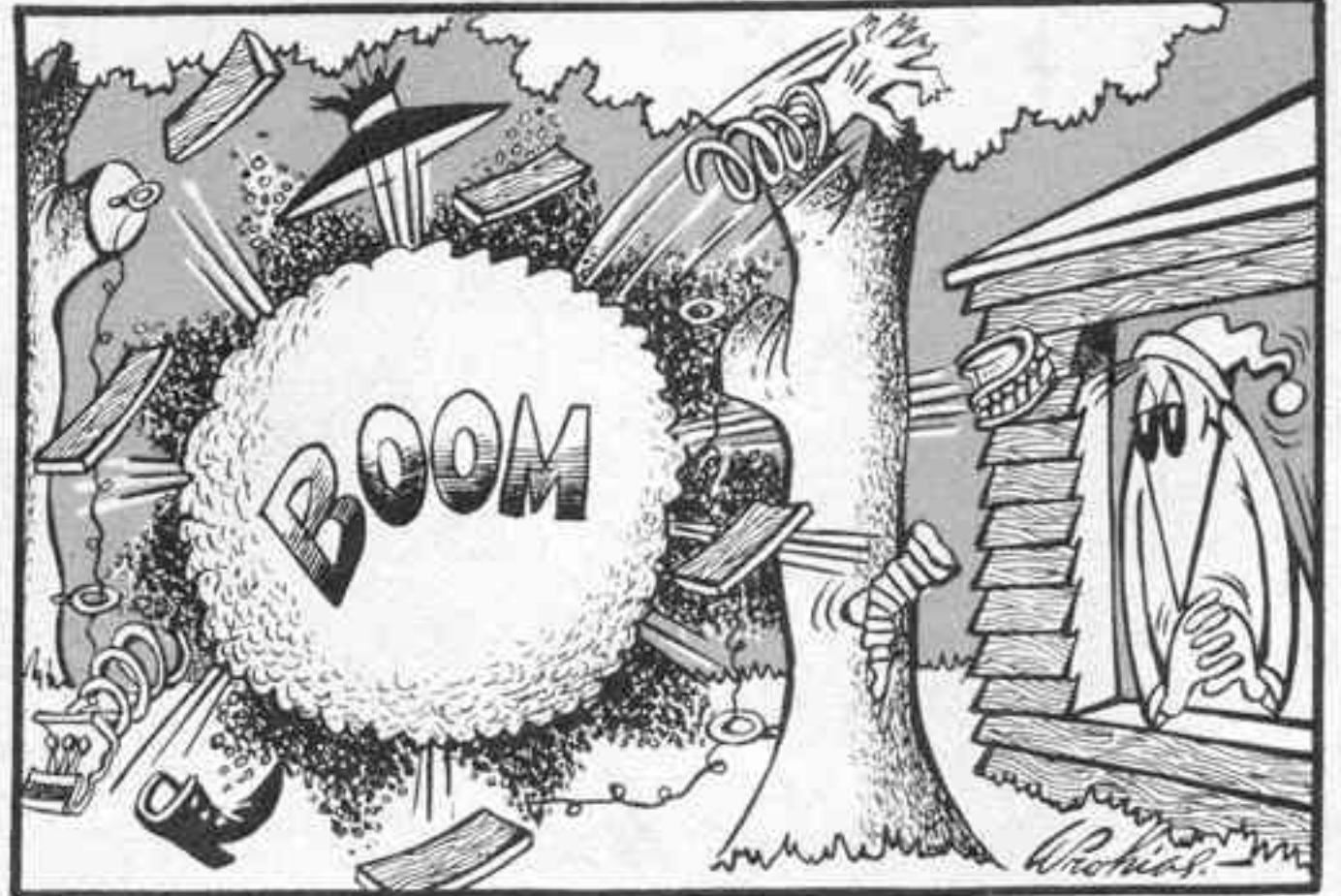
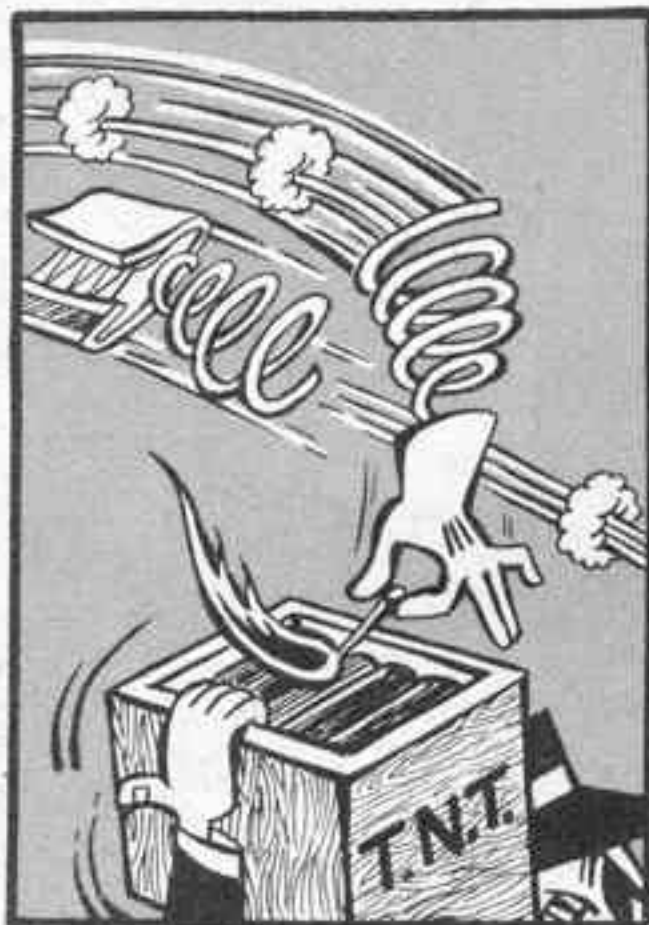


What are these people doing?
They are waiting.
What are they waiting for? Lefty?
No.
Godot?
No.
The Robert E. Lee?
No.
They are waiting to get on a Public Tennis Court.
That can take a long, long time.
One of them is very angry.
He will write a letter of complaint to the City.
Or maybe the State.
No, he has decided to go clear to the top.
He's going to send a letter directly to Pres. Eisenhower.
Hmm, he's been waiting a lot longer than we thought.

CHAPTER TEN



See the Championship Tennis Player.
He has just won an important tournament.
See how the fans adore him.
He is very successful and very rich.
He has three cars, four homes,
And a yacht.
He makes over a half million a year.
Now that he has won this tournament
He will receive many lucrative Tennis offers,
But he will turn them all down.
Do you know why he will turn them down?
Because he doesn't want to turn Professional.
Isn't Amateur Tennis wonderful?
Some top performers make almost as much money
As College Football Players.



HAM AND CHEERS DEPT.

A while back, Hollywood bestowed its coveted Academy Awards on various actors and actresses for outstanding performances in motion pictures. But all of us, in our daily lives, turn in many outstanding performances. And so . . . it seems only fair that we now present **THE FIRST ANNUAL . . .**

MAD ACADEMY AWARDS FOR BEST PERFORMANCES IN EVERYDAY SITUATIONS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the "The First Annual MAD Academy Awards For Everyday Situations"! Here, in the garishly-decorated Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Garish, we have gathered to honor the people who have turned in the year's "Best Performances" when trapped in "Everyday Situations"! Er, we'll get on with the gala festivities in a moment! But first, will one of you **Stagehands** please adjust my **MIKE**?

Like to, Mac . . . but **Microphones** ain't in a **Scenery Mover's** jurisdiction! Er . . . maybe my friend over here could help you out . . .

I could adjust it for you as a **Prop Mover**—normally! But since it's **PLUGGED IN**, you have to get an **ENGINEER!!**

Sorry, fellas . . . but there's no Award this year for "Passing The Buck"! Maybe we'll add it to **NEXT** year's categories! Meanwhile, on with the show . . .

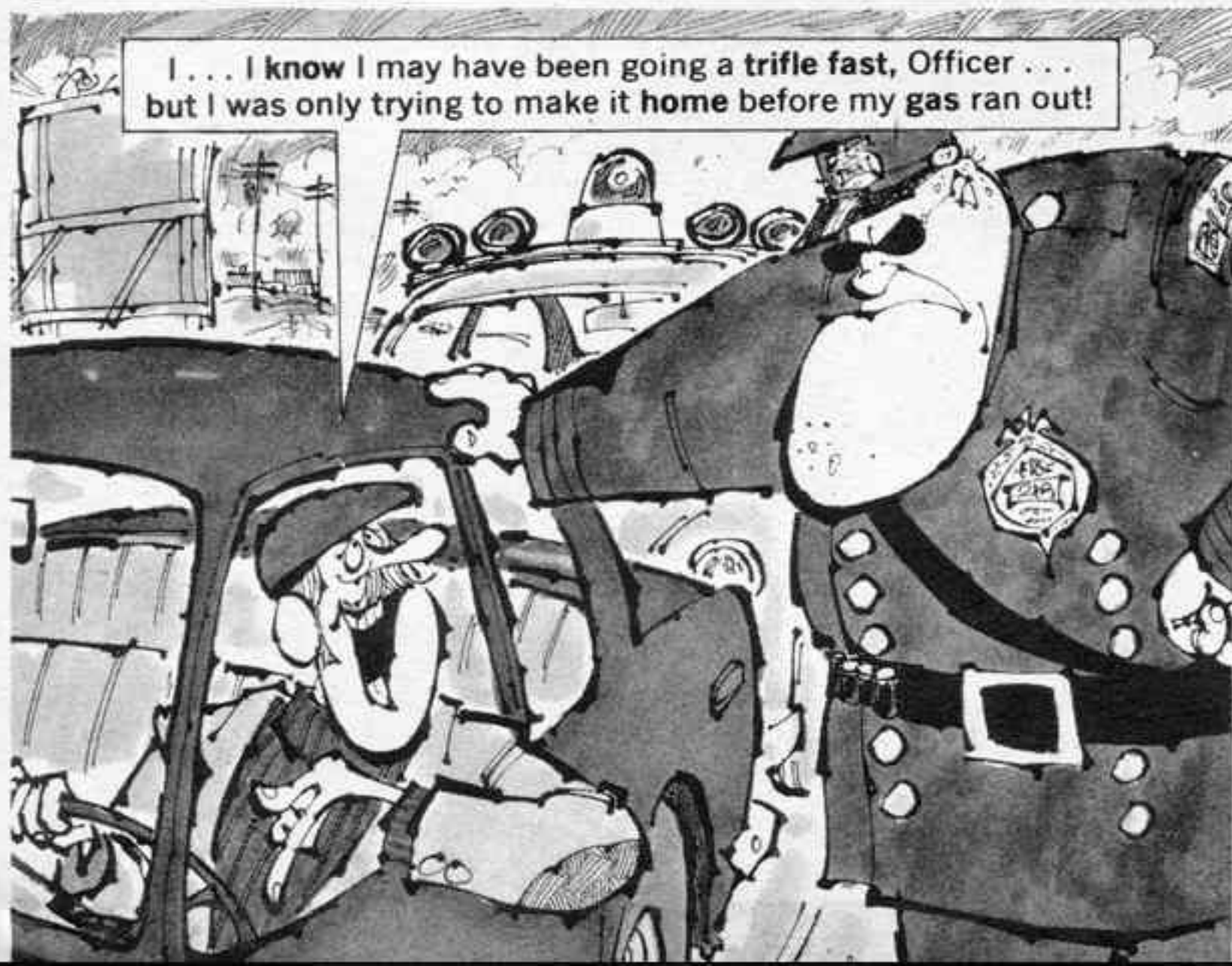


The first category is: "BEST PERFORMANCE BY SOMEONE WHO'S GETTING A SPEEDING TICKET." The nominees are: Jack Hendle, for the fabulous role he created in "You're Right, But—" . . .



The second nominee is: Jeannie Riptoff, for the great delivery of her inspired dialogue in "Everything's Relative" . . .

I . . . I know I may have been going a trifle fast, Officer . . . but I was only trying to make it home before my gas ran out!



After you write out my ticket, please give me your name, Officer! I want to tell my Uncle Jake, the Chief of Police, about the swell job you're doing!



The **third** nominee is **Malvina Mishigoss**, for her unforgettable version of "December Bribe" ...

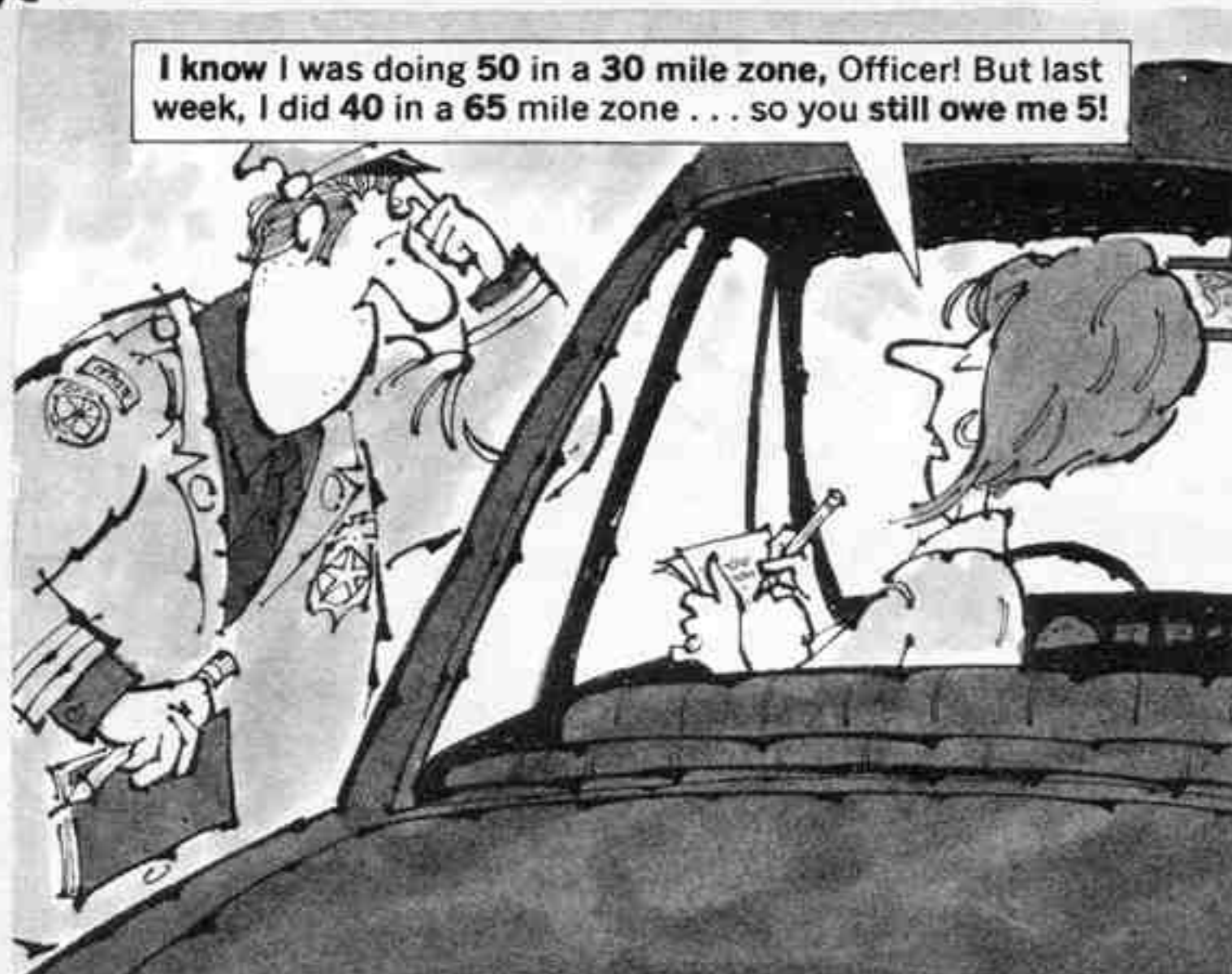


And the **Winner** is: **Roz Sheppard**, for her confusing but convincing performance in "The New Math" ...

Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Officer, I was just racing to the nearest Precinct Station to buy my tickets to the Policemen's Ball before they're all sold out!



I know I was doing 50 in a 30 mile zone, Officer! But last week, I did 40 in a 65 mile zone ... so you still owe me 5!



I want to thank the **MAD Academy** for this wonderful Award, and—

Uh ... excuse me, Miss Sheppard, but we've just gotten word that your car is in an illegal parking space!

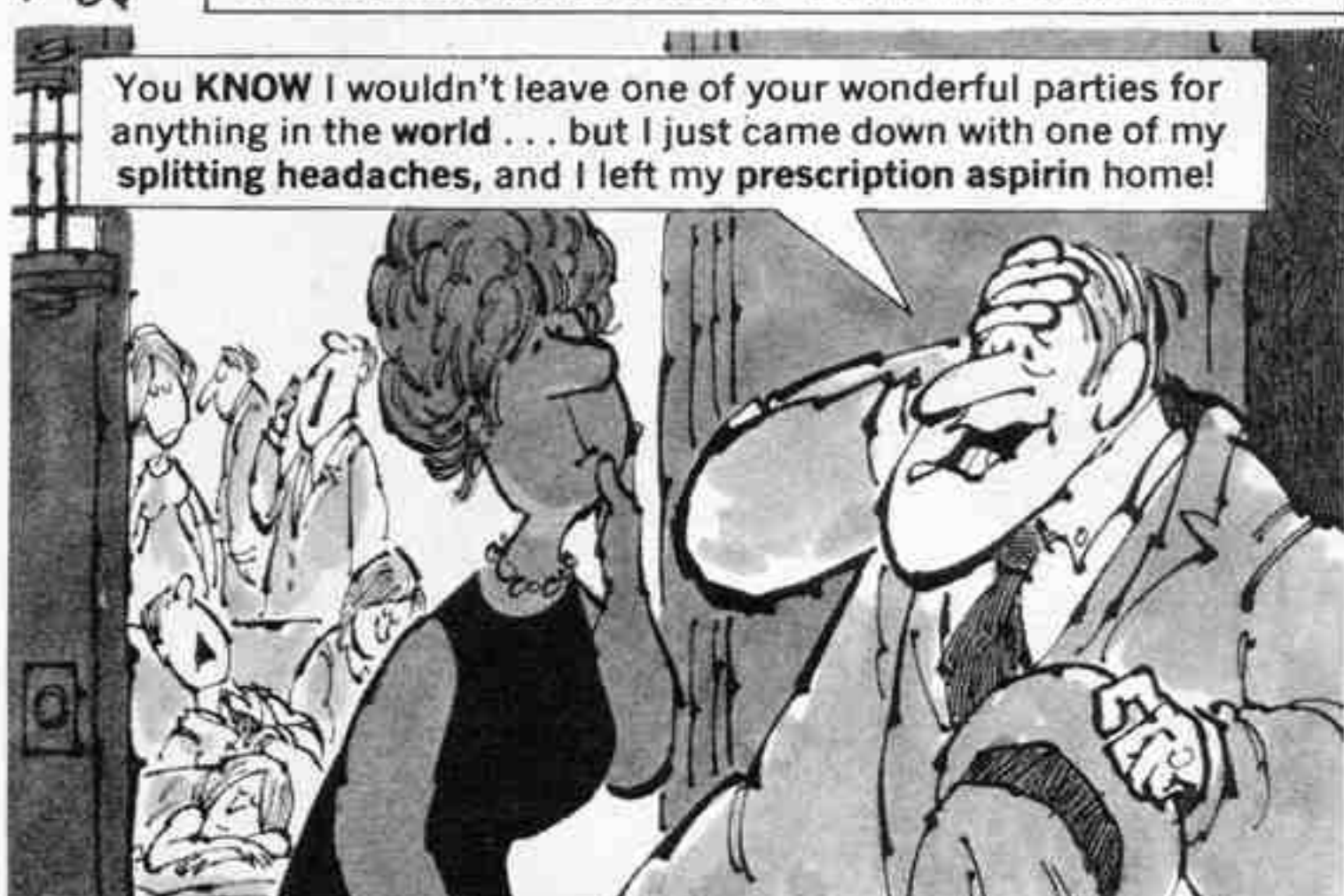
That's okay! Last week, there were **TWO LEGAL** parking spaces, and I didn't use **EITHER** of them ... so they still owe me one!



The **second** category is for "**BEST PERFORMANCE BY SOMEONE LEAVING A BORING PARTY.**" The first nominee is **Al Muck** for "Yawn With The Wind" ...



You **KNOW** I wouldn't leave one of your wonderful parties for anything in the world ... but I just came down with one of my splitting headaches, and I left my prescription aspirin home!



The **second** nominees are: **Kenneth and Sarah Badler**, who made such a great team in "The Party's Overlong" ...



The **third** nominees are: **Judy and Sid Plyth**, for their fine acting in "Leave Story" ...

Sorry we have to run, folks ... but we have to be home by 10 PM because of our pets!

Oh? You have to walk your dogs?

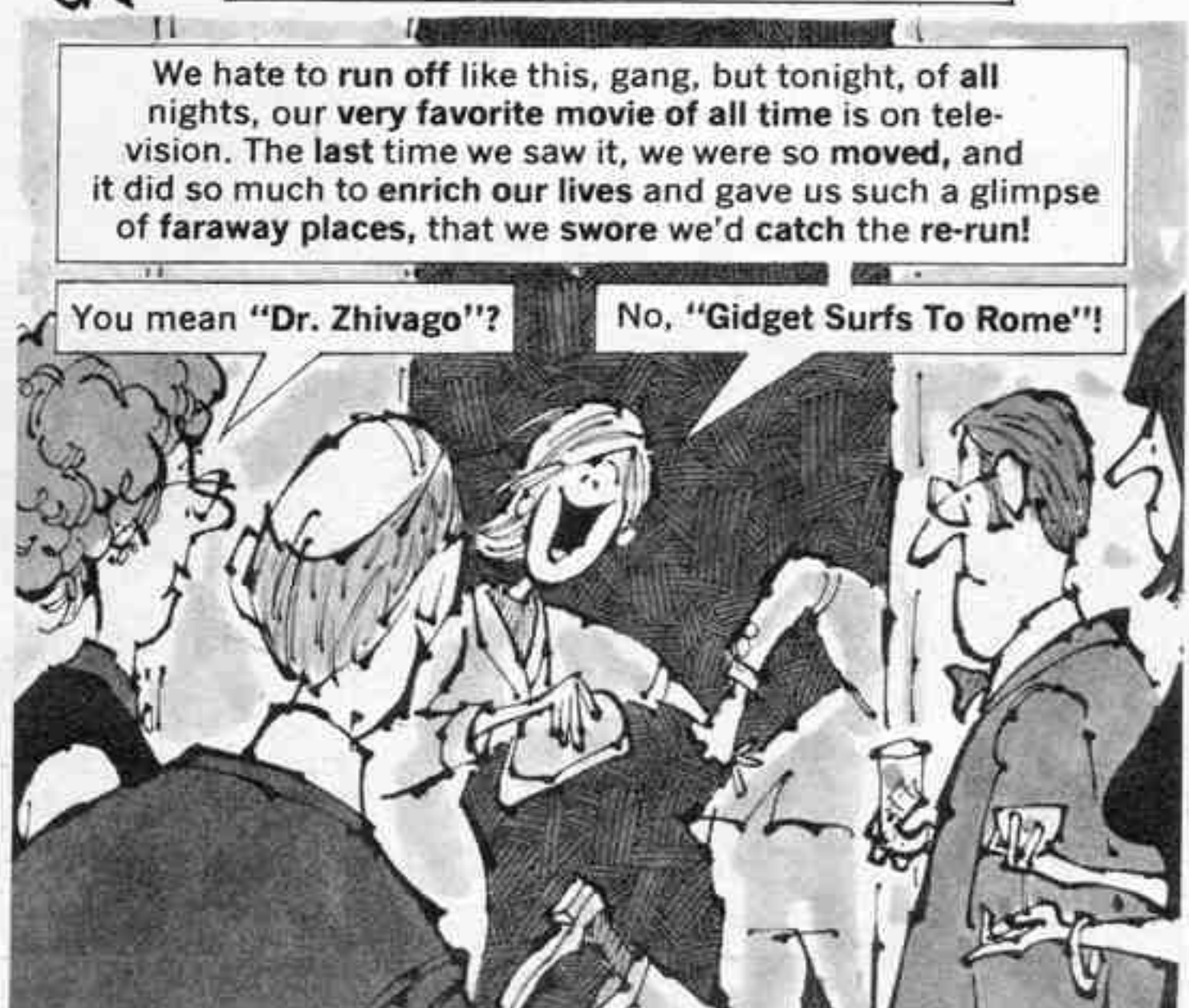
No ... our **goldfish** gets lonely!



We hate to run off like this, gang, but tonight, of all nights, our **very favorite** movie of all time is on television. The last time we saw it, we were so **moved**, and it did so much to enrich our lives and gave us such a glimpse of faraway places, that we swore we'd catch the re-run!

You mean "Dr. Zhivago"?

No, "Gidget Surfs To Rome"!

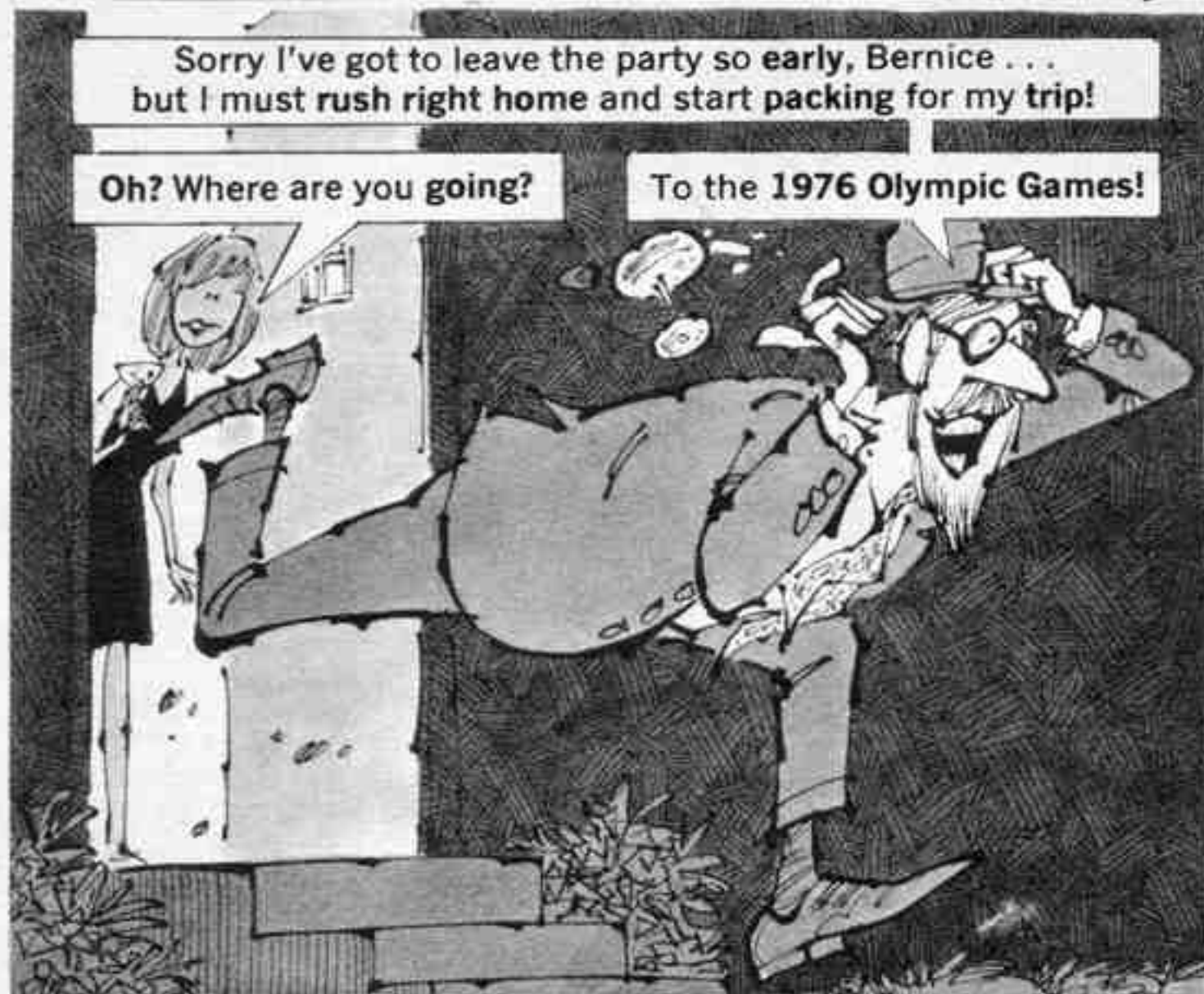


And the winner is: **Stanley Sachs**, for his stellar job in "What makes Stanny Run?"...

Sorry I've got to leave the party so early, Bernice... but I must rush right home and start packing for my trip!

Oh? Where are you going?

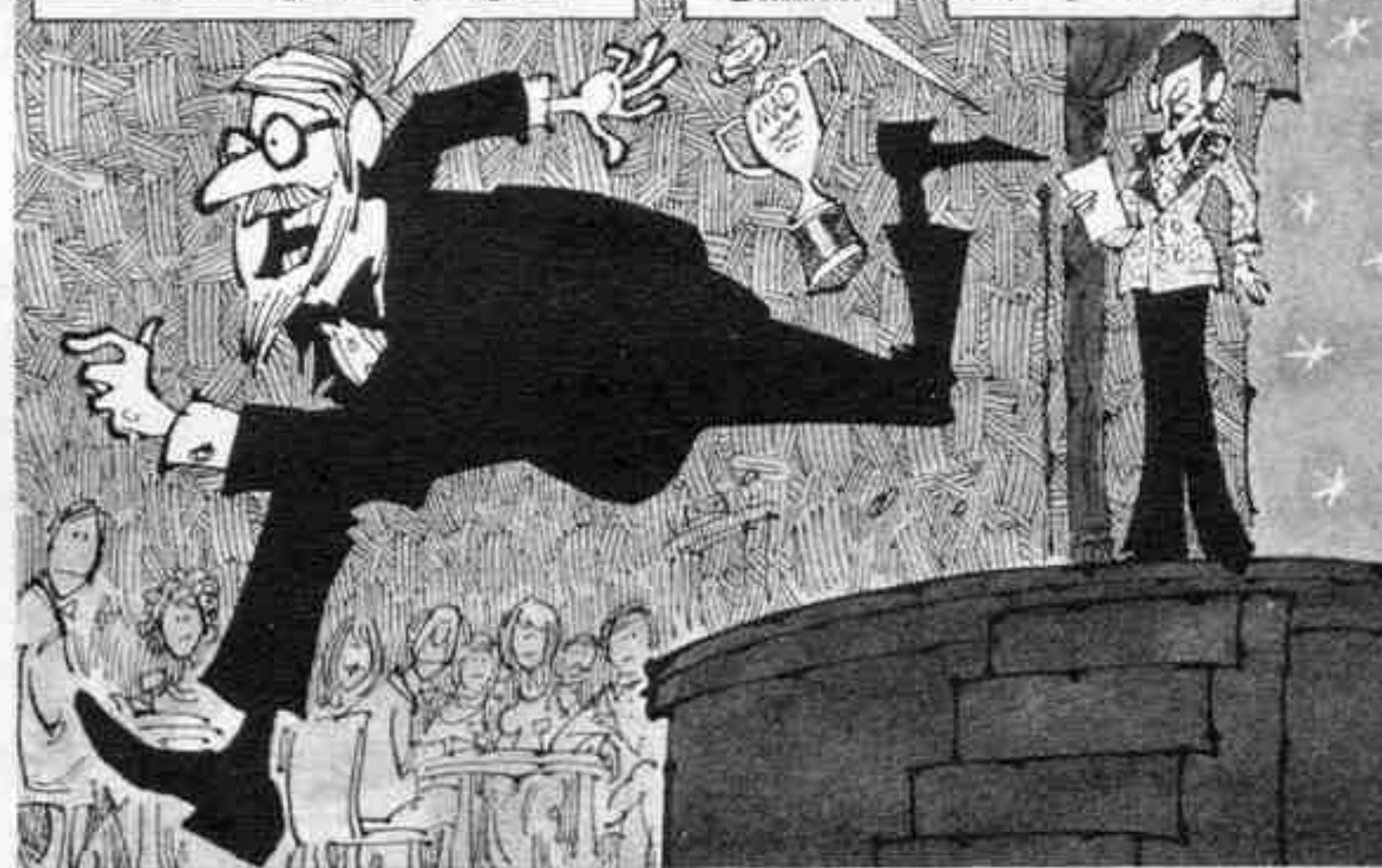
To the 1976 Olympic Games!



I do love these fun-filled Award Ceremonies with their witty acceptance speeches and their exciting surprise announcements... uh... but, unfortunately, I really must rush right home and start packing for my trip!

But you already packed for the 1976 Olympic Games!

For the 1976 Olympic Games yes! But I don't want to wait until the last minute to pack for the 1980 Olympic Games!



The next category is "BEST PERFORMANCE BY A KID WHO'S ALWAYS LATE FOR SCHOOL." The first nominee is: **Scott Flink**, for his brilliant job in "Don't Stop Me If You've Heard This"...

Scott! This is the fourth day in a row you've arrived late!

Oh, I'm not late for today, Miss Schramm! I'm early for tomorrow!



The second nominee is: **Phil Mintzer**, for his unanimously-acclaimed acting in "After The Bull Is Over"...

Why are you always late, Phil? Don't you LIKE History?

That's my problem, Miss Geary! I LOVE History, and I LOVE the way you TEACH it! I just can't take too much of a good thing!



The third nominee is: **Tony Flinch**, for his excellent work in "If You'll Buy This, You'll Buy Anything"...

Yesterday, you said you were tardy because you had to take care of your old widowed Mother! Is that your excuse today, too?

Oh, no! My Mother feels fine! Today, I had to take care of my old widowed FATHER!



And the winner is: **Richard Shellis**, for his superb rendition of "Dig That Dandy Lyin' "...

Sorry I'm late again, Miss Creatin, but after milking the cows, feeding the chickens and slopping the pigs, I had to walk down twelve flights of stairs because the elevator in my apartment house wasn't working this morning!



Mr. Shellis couldn't make it, so I'm here to accept his Award! He told me to tell you he's stuck in his **TRACTOR!**

Somewhere out in a field?

No... somewhere between his **Living Room...** and his **Bedroom!**



The next category is: **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY A GIRL WHO WASN'T INVITED TO A PROM."** The first nominee is: **Ursula Urpman**, for her memorable **"Who Needs It?"**...

If one had nothing better to do, I suppose that going to a silly Prom would be a good way to kill a few hours! But I'm afraid it's rather far down on my list of really fantastic things to do!

Gee, you're lucky! Uh—fantastic things like what...?

Well... I have to return some books to the Library... and then I have to file my nails... and then I have to clean up my room... and then I have to...

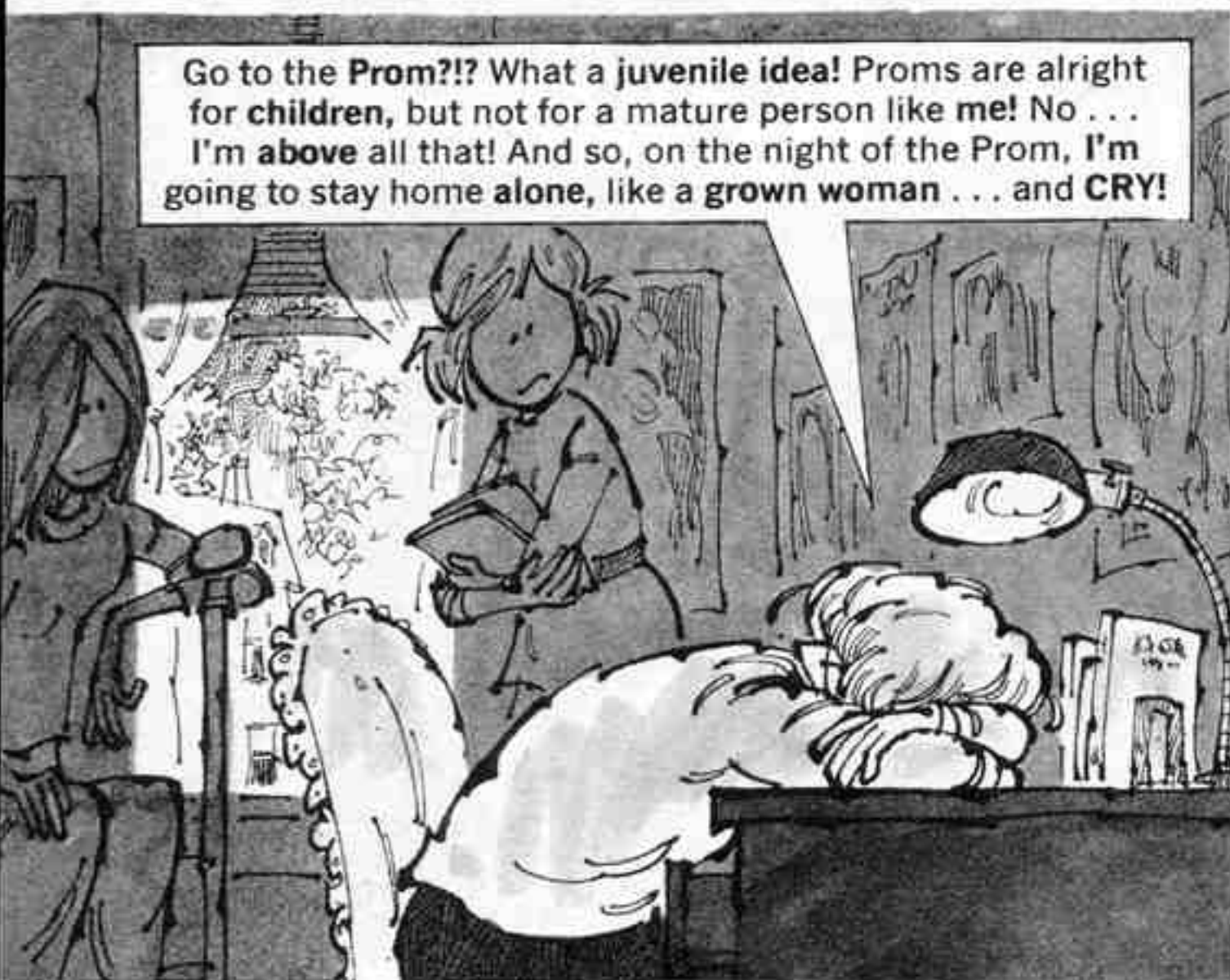


The second nominee is: **Tanya Blish**, who tugged at our heartstrings in **"Alone Again, Naturally"**...



The third nominee is: **Penelope McNee**, whose inspired performance was so magnificent in **"Fibber McNee"**...

Go to the Prom?!? What a juvenile idea! Proms are alright for children, but not for a mature person like me! No... I'm **above** all that! And so, on the night of the Prom, I'm going to stay home alone, like a grown woman... and **CRY!**



No... you won't be seeing **ME** at the Prom! I received so many invitations from so many sweet, handsome guys that I really couldn't accept one without hurting the others!



And the Winner is: **Susan Calabash**, for putting her heart and soul into **"Who's Kidding Who?"**...



I've surveyed the scene... and after weighing the childish attitudes of my peers, I've decided to accept an invitation to the Prom from a much older and more sophisticated man!

Oh, wow! A much older man, huh? Who's that??

My Father!



For this wonderful honor, I would like to thank a **much older and more sophisticated man!**

A much older man, huh...? Who's that? Your **Father!?**

Oh? And... who's that?

Please! This older man is the **Judge of this Contest!**

My Father!



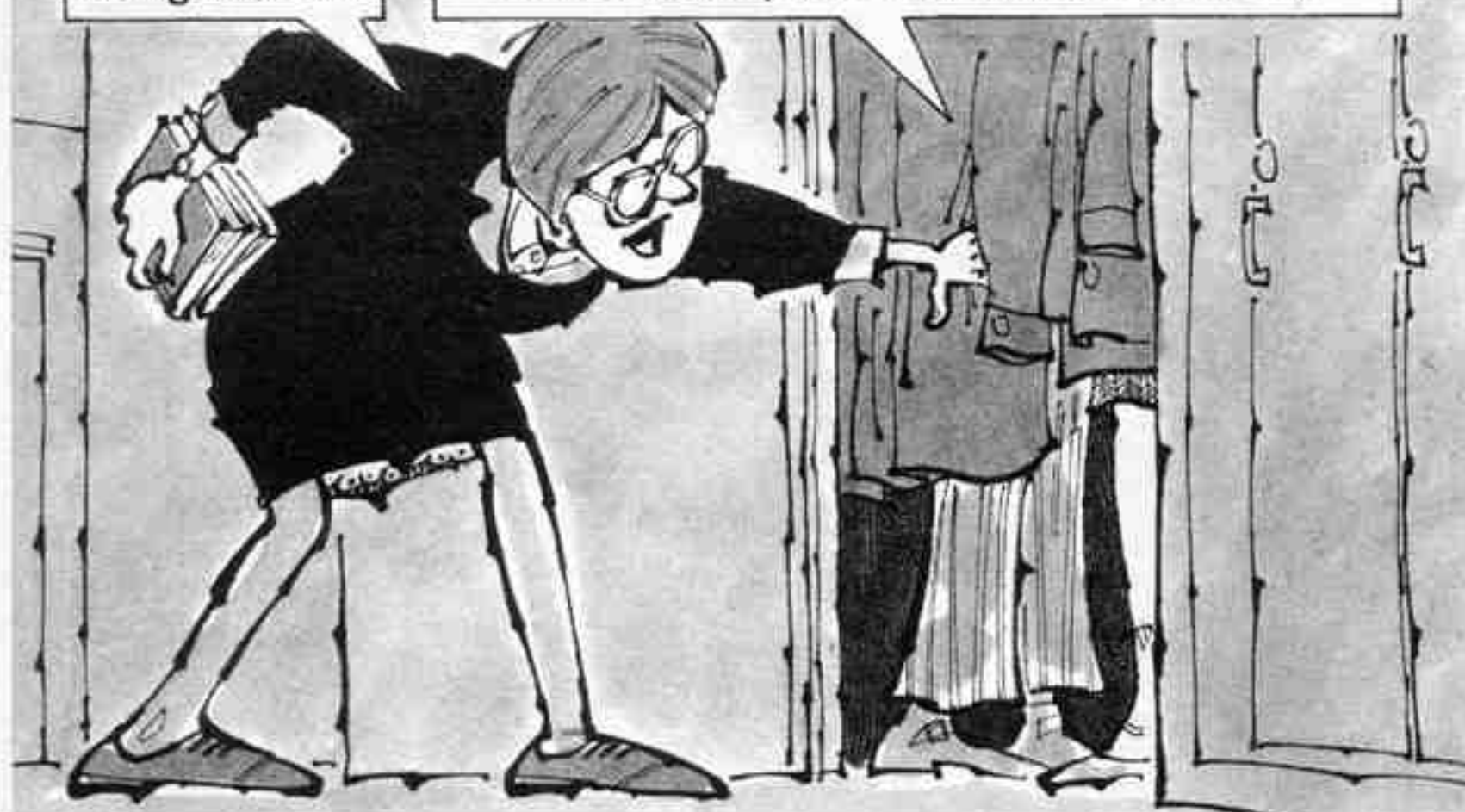
And the last category is **"BEST PERFORMANCE BY A BOY AND GIRL CAUGHT MAKING OUT IN A SCHOOL CLOSET."** The first nominees are **Josh Kidder** and **Anne Ville** for their superb teamwork in **"Teachers Pet, But They Won't Let Students"**...



And the second nominees are: **Ronnie Furshlugginer** and **Heidi Swisschick**, for their outstanding rendition of **"Please Don't Tell Our Parents"**...

And just what are you two doing in there?

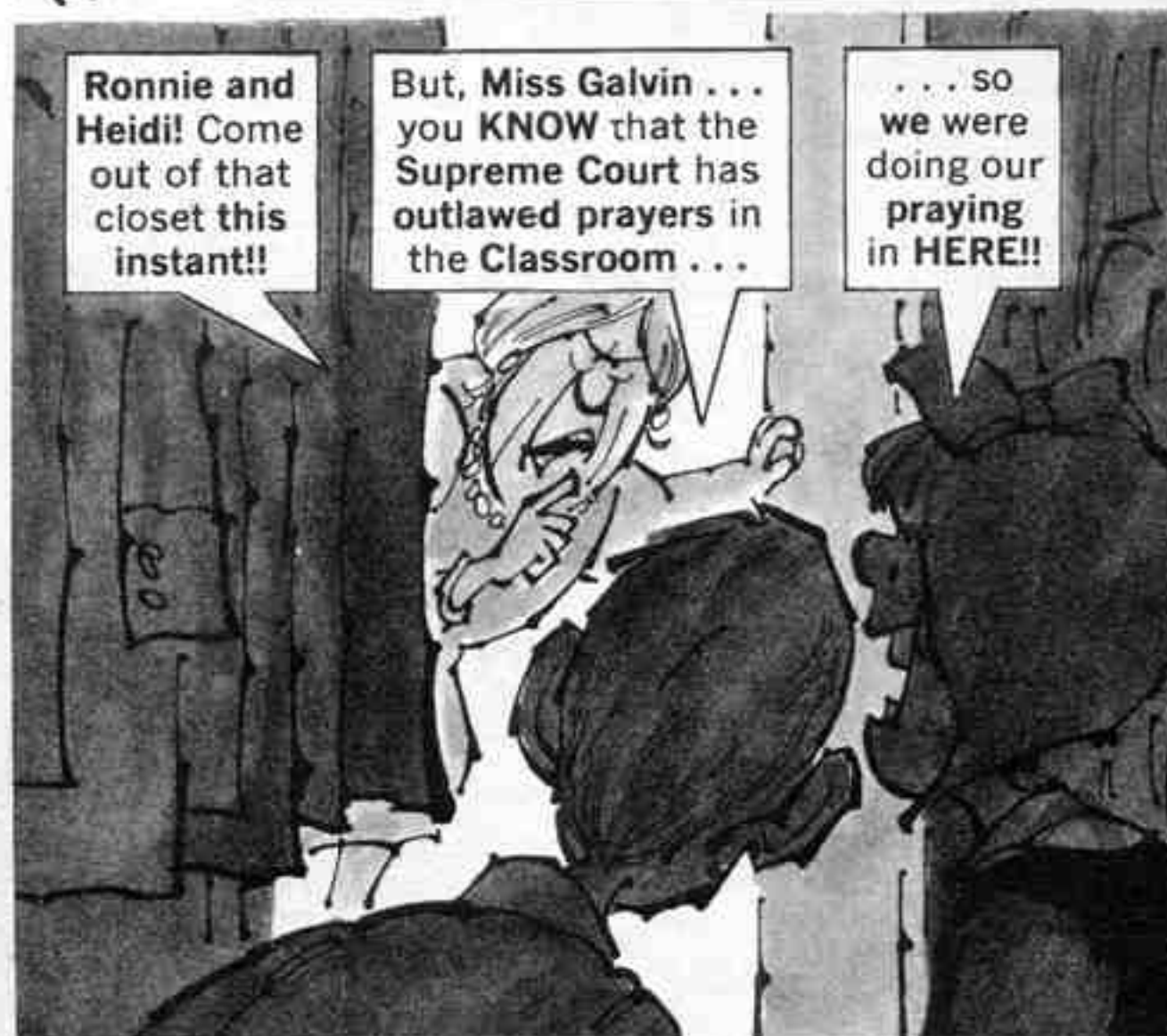
We... uh... we're working on a **"Career Guidance Project,"** Miss Glumm! I was helping Anne train for her future profession as a **Hat-Check Girl!**



Ronnie and Heidi! Come out of that closet this instant!!

But, Miss Galvin... you **KNOW** that the Supreme Court has outlawed prayers in the Classroom...

... so we were doing our praying in **HERE!!**



The third nominees are: **Martin Gale** and **Jodi Bogg**, for their marvelous job in **"Two For The Show"**...



And the **Winners** are: **Arnold Bunglewald** and **Cindy Meister** for their fantastic **"Learn By Doing"**...

W-we found out they're showing a film in our next class...

... and we wanted to get our eyes accustomed to the dark!



We were doing our **HOMEWORK**, Miss Markowitz!

What kind of **HOMEWORK** can you do in a **CLOSET??**

Our **"SEX EDUCATION"** Homework!!



Thanks so much for this **fabulous Award!** We're going to take it into the closet at school, and watch it **glow in the dark!**

But it **doesn't glow** in the dark!

WE know that, and **YOU** know that... but **MISS MARKOWITZ** doesn't know that! It's our **next excuse** when she catches us in the closet again!



And that's our **"MAD Academy Awards For Best Performances In Everyday Situations"**! But starting right now, we'll be looking for contenders for next year's Awards! So—**who knows???** Maybe you'll find yourself as a nominee in next year's five fun-filled pages!

But before we go, we'd like to present a **Special Award** to our Emcee for his truly great performance in our **"Boy... Am I Putting You On"** category... for going through this year's five pages of dribble as if they really had some **humorous social significance!**



HERE IS YOUR REAL 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM: MAD'S NEW MUSICAL LAFF SMASH, "MAKIN' OUT"

(NOT WHAT I'M HOLDING, YOU IDIOT! THE
REAL VINYL RECORD ON YOUR RIGHT!)

TEAR IT OUT AND PLAY IT ON YOUR HI-FI!
YOU CAN LISTEN TO IT! YOU CAN DANCE TO
IT! AND YOU CAN MAKE A COMPLETE FOOL
OF YOURSELF BY SINGING ALONG WITH IT!
(The Lyrics Are On The Following Page!)



MAD

MAGAZINE PRESENTS

"MAKIN' OUT"

STEREO



ARRANGED AND
PRODUCED BY
NORM BLAGMAN

SUPERVISED BY
AL FELDSTEIN

LYRICS BY FRANK JACOBS MUSIC BY NORM BLAGMAN

FEATURING "S M Y L E"

VOCAL ASSISTS BY JANE GENNARO, ALFREIDA NORWOOD

ENTIRE PRODUCTION © 1978
E. C. PUBLICATIONS, INC.
© NORICK MUSIC (ASCAP)

33 $\frac{1}{3}$
RPM



MAKIN' OUT

Lyrics by Frank Jacobs Music by Norman Blagman

© 1978 by Noric Music (ASCAP) Entire Production © 1978 by E. C. Publications, Inc.

VERSE 1.

I wanna break out loose and swing,
Have myself a crazy fling,
Till those bells ring ding-a-ling loud as can be—
But I never hear them chime,
'Cause I chicken out each time,
And I know the only ding-a-ling is me!

CHORUS

Makin' out! Makin' out!
I tell myself I could be, should be makin' out!
But all I'm makin' out from all this makin' out
Is that ev'ryone's makin' out but me!

VERSE 2.

There's this groovy chick I know,
But we had no place to go,
So we tried it in my Mav-er-ick instead;
But there's no guarantees
When the dashboard hits your knees,
An' the steering wheel is wrapped around your head!

CHORUS

Makin' out! Makin' out!
I tell myself I could be, should be makin' out!
But all I'm makin' out from all this makin' out
Is that ev'ryone's makin' out but me!

SMALL TALK

Makin' out! Makin' out!
I hear that there are Oakland Raiders makin' out!
Ralph Nader's got his hot crusaders makin' out!
In "Star Wars," you just know Darth Vader's makin' out!
Makin' out!

Jack Sprat when he's not eatin' fat is makin' out—
The Wolfman any place he's at is makin' out—
I've even seen a Muppet that is makin' out—
Makin' out!
Ev'ryone's makin' out!

VERSE 3.

There's a dude who's really great,
An' last night I told him straight
That I'd like some close encounters with him now!
But we'll never get it on,
'Cause I knew my chance was gone
When he told me that I'd have to show him how!

CHORUS

Makin' out! Makin' out!
I tell myself I could be, should be makin' out!
But all I'm makin' out from all this makin' out
Is that ev'ryone's makin' out but me!

SMALL TALK

Makin' out! Makin' out!
Now Archie Bunker, out of shape, is makin' out!
An' Superman, without his cape, is makin' out!
King Kong, when he is goin' ape, is makin' out!
Makin' out!
Now Frankenstein, though still in shock, is makin' out!
I've even heard that Mister Spock is makin' out!
Would you believe that my pet rock is makin' out!
Makin' out!
Ev'ryone's makin' out!

VERSE 4.

There's a girl I used to see,
Who was very hot for me,
But she had to know the date when I was born;
It turns out, don'tcha know,
That she is a Scor-pi-o,
Who won't mess around with any Cap-ri-corn!

CHORUS

Makin' out! Makin' out!
I tell myself I could be, should be makin' out!
But all I'm makin' out from all this makin' out
Is that ev'ryone's makin' out but me!

SMALL TALK

Makin' out! Makin' out!
Steve Austin, when he takes it slow, is makin' out!
Ol' Santa, with a ho-ho-ho, is makin' out!
While underwater, Jacques Cousteau, is makin' out!
Makin' out!
The Fonz, we know, most ev'ry night, is makin' out!
An' Charlie Brown, though he's up-tight, is makin' out!
Count Dracula, with just one bite, is makin' out!
Makin' out!

FINAL CHORUS

Makin' out! Makin' out!
Most ev'ryone today you see is makin' out!
Most ev'ryone you will agree is makin' out!
But all I'm makin' out from all this makin' out
Is that ev'ryone's makin' out...
Ev'ryone's makin' out...
Ev'ryone's makin' out but me!

WINDSHIELD WEEPERS DEPT.

With parking space at a minimum, and charges for parking at a maximum, the poor car owner has been trying various methods to beat the system while avoiding a ticket. Notes, official-looking identification cards, Police Department magazines, business cards, etc., are all

SURE-FIRE TICKET DET

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Bless, O Lord, the keeper of the Peace—the Officer of the Law—who in his own unselfishness, overlooks this minor trespass of another made in Your Image. But let he who rules with an iron hand—who puts him self before and above others—let him feel the pain of eternal damnation. Amen!

Officer -
I heard on the radio that this make car has been recalled by the factory because a defective part may cause the steering wheel to fly off at any moment. So I immediately pulled over to the curb and left my car here not to take any chances.

Honey,
Don't forget to drop off this check for me!
Love, Jack

JOHN DRURY

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

Policemen's Benevolent Association
One Thousand ⁰⁰/₁₀₀

SCHUBERT VALLEY
NATIONAL BANK
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

No. 110

2/6 19 74

\$ 1000.00

DOLLARS

John Drury

THIS CAR IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE:
CATHOLIC URBAN LEAGUE,
JEWISH NEIGHBORHOOD AID SOCIETY,
AND THE
PROTESTANT COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION
CAR POOL

MILTON ELNICK
CHIEF AUDITOR
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
(Division of Tax Returns
Of City and State Employees)

being left in view in an attempt to convince the passing Cop to keep on passing. But they rarely work. Why? Because to really get to someone, you have to appeal to his emotions... to his feelings of guilt and insecurity. With this goal in mind, MAD herewith offers...



PERRENTS FOR FRUSTRATED DRIVERS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

*Officer -
Just went to pick
up my judicial robe.*

I JUST RETURNED FROM
VIET NAM AND I PUT THIS
SIGN HERE FOR ALL TO SEE
SO I COULD SAY HOW
GREAT IT IS TO BE HOME
IN A FREE COUNTRY
WHERE YOU CAN GO WHERE
YOU WANT, DO WHAT YOU
WANT, *PARK* WHERE YOU
WANT, AND NOT HAVE SOME
COMMIE RAT HASSLE YOU!
LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN WAY!

Mildred:

If you found my suicide note
and traced me to the car, don't
panic - I haven't done it yet.

I left the car here to go for a
little walk to think about whether
life is worth living. With all
the setbacks I've had lately,
all I need is one more bad
experience to push me over
the brink...

*This car is owned by a
revered mother who just
ran into the store to buy
an American flag and
an apple pie...*

Dear Officer,

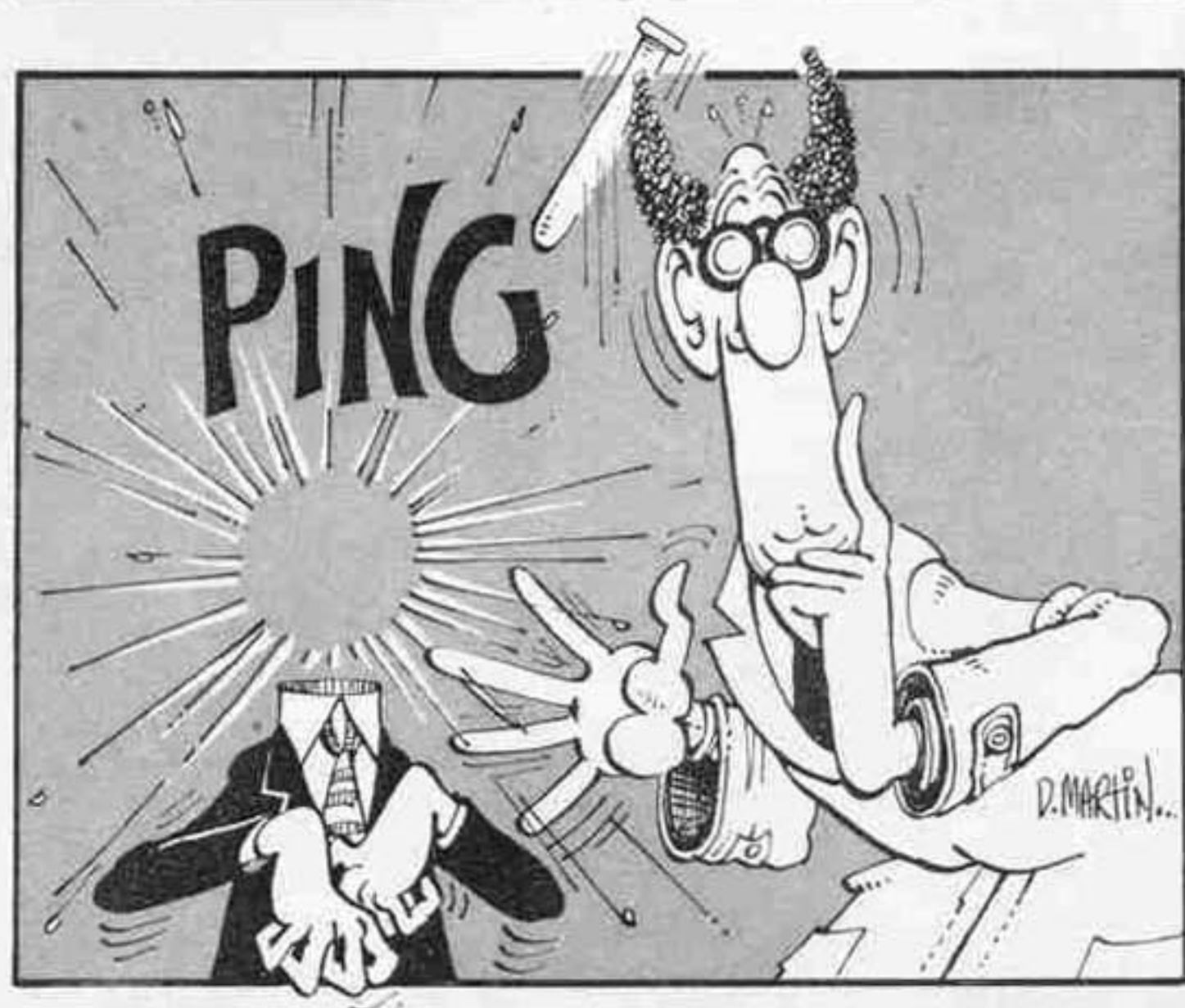
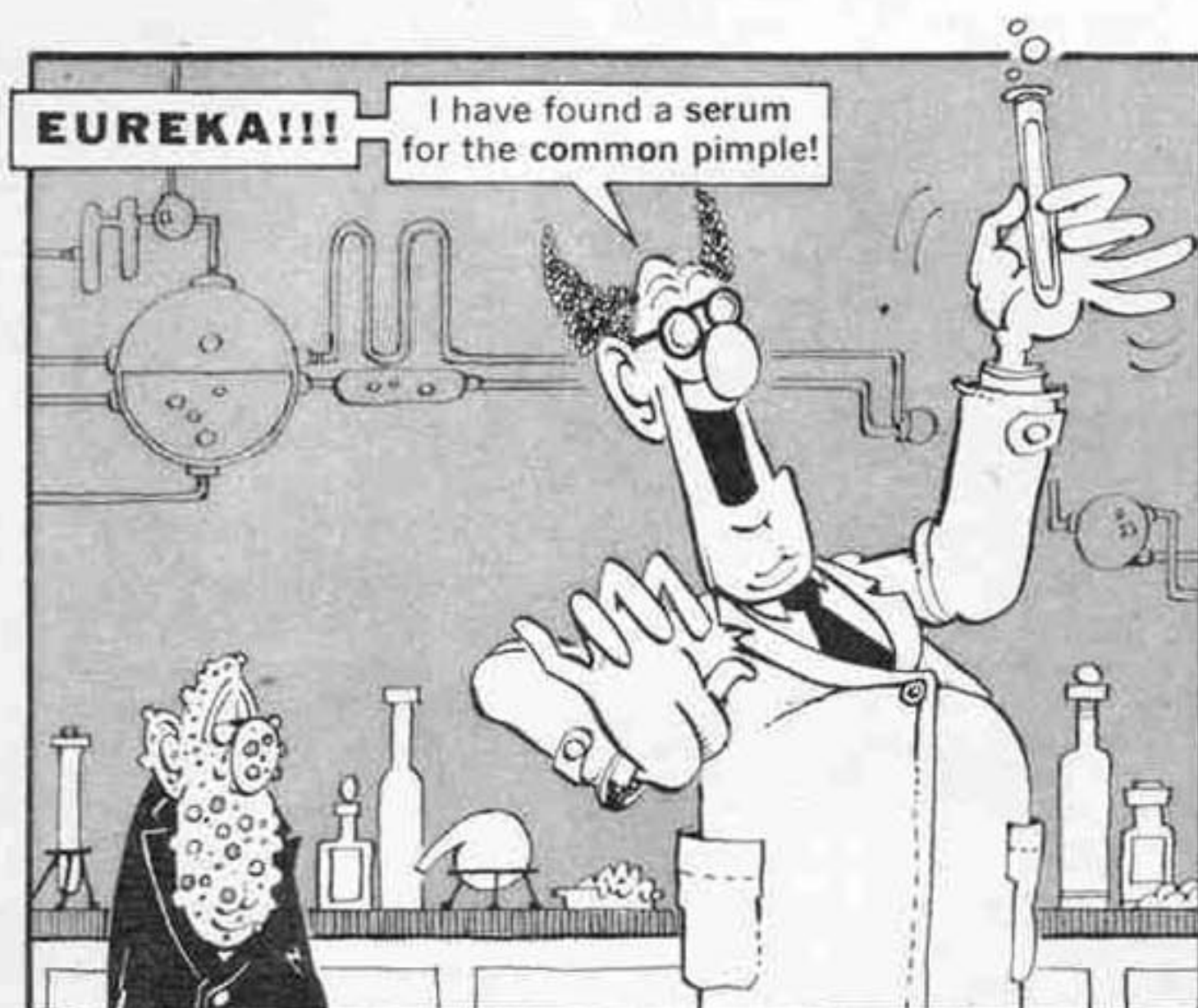
They just announced over
the radio that this month's
quota of parking tickets
has already been reached.
Thanks!

Madame Olga

THE WITCH WHO CAN PUT
THE CURSE ON ANYONE
...ANY TIME...ANYWHERE!
I NEVER FAIL!

CALL QZ-9.9977

ONE DAY IN A LABORATORY



Would a hard-riding, gun-toting, square-jawed, straight-shooting Marshal from New Mexico really help New York solve its crime problem? We think it's an idiotic idea ... even for Television! But that's what they're actually trying to sell us with ...

McCLOD

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Good afternoon, McClod! I'm glad you're just visiting us! I don't know about New Mexico, but here in New York, gangsters get up bright and early, and we expect our Police Officers to at least do the same!

Now, Chief! Don't get all heated up! It was so nice, Ah decided to walk through Central Park!

McClod, nobody—especially a Cop—walks through Central Park!

Ah know! But Ah like t' mosey along the Bridle Path! Reminds me of home! Anyway, Ah stumbled on t' somethin'!

So I noticed! Next time you decide to walk along a Bridle Path, take off your **BOOTS** before you come in here!

A'm tryin' t' tell yuh! Ah discovered a gang of **RUSTLERS** in Central Park!

Listen, McClod! We've got con men, muggers, rapists, murderers ... we've even got **Shakespeare in the Park!** The one thing we **DON'T** have is **Rustlers** ... mainly because there's nothing to rustle!!

Shor there is! **BY-CYCLES!**



Yessir, Ah saw a couple of fellers rustlin' bikes!

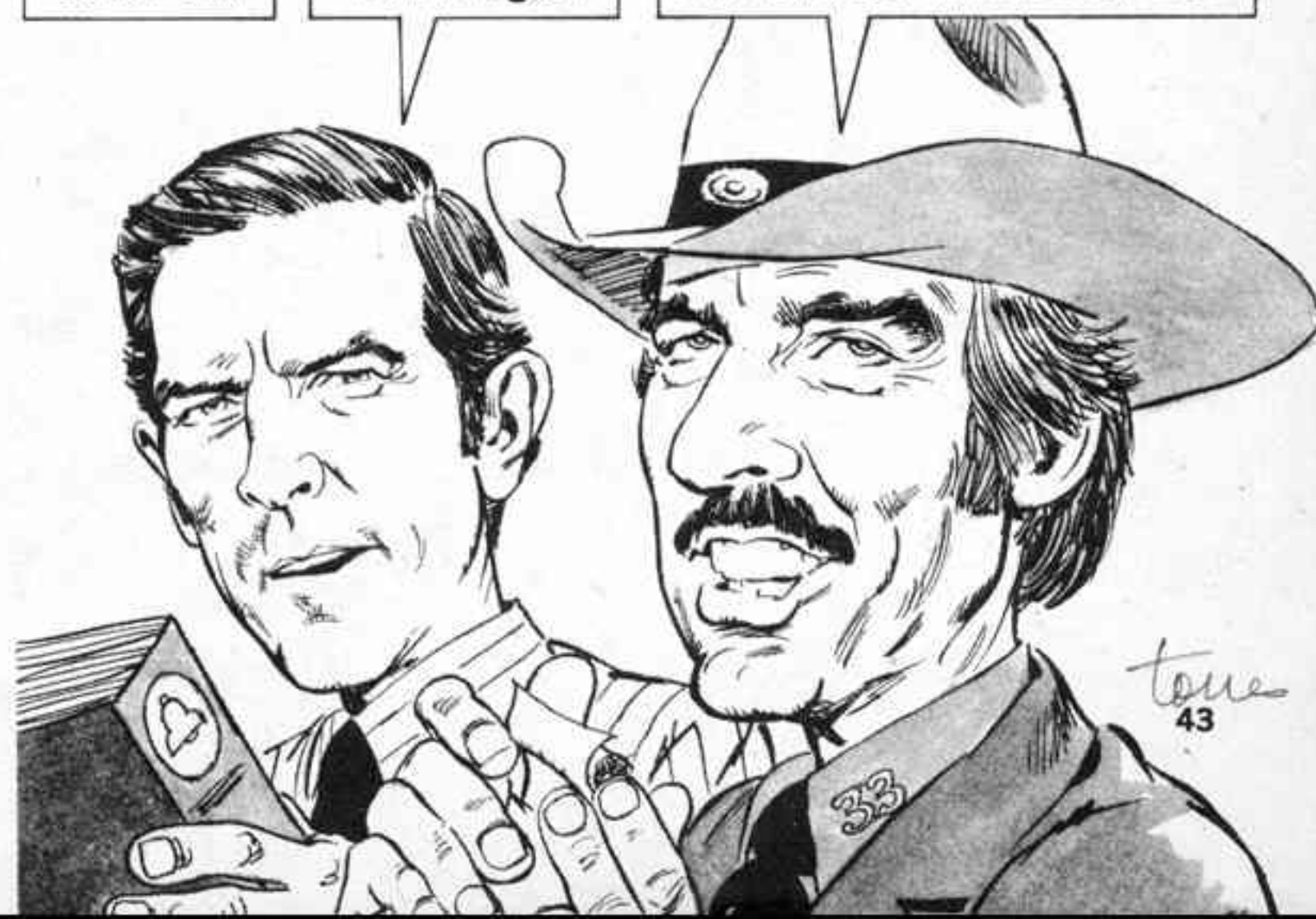
Allegedly, McClod, you are a **Police Officer!** That means that if you witness a **Felony**, you are supposed to **ARREST** the perpetrators!

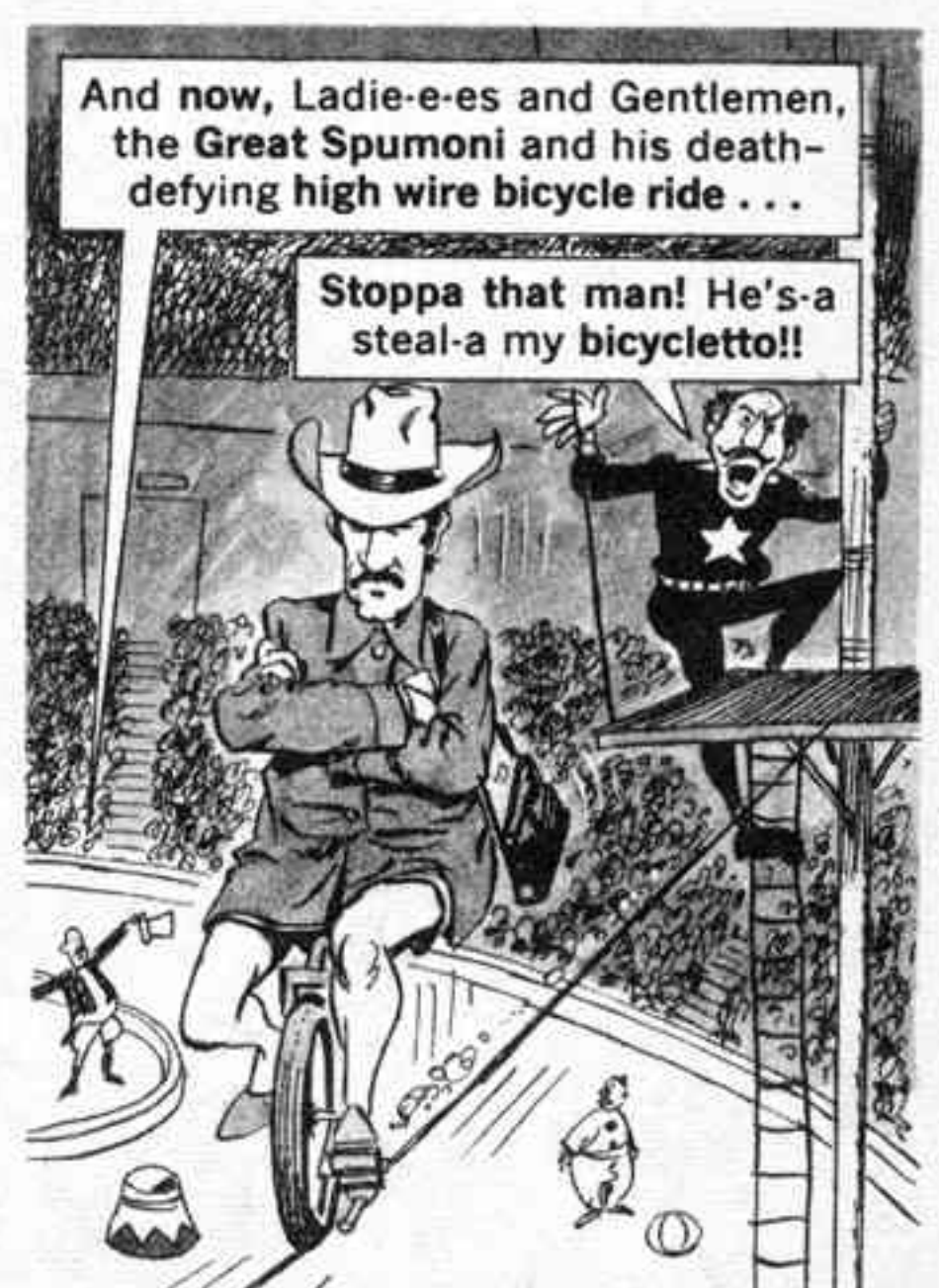
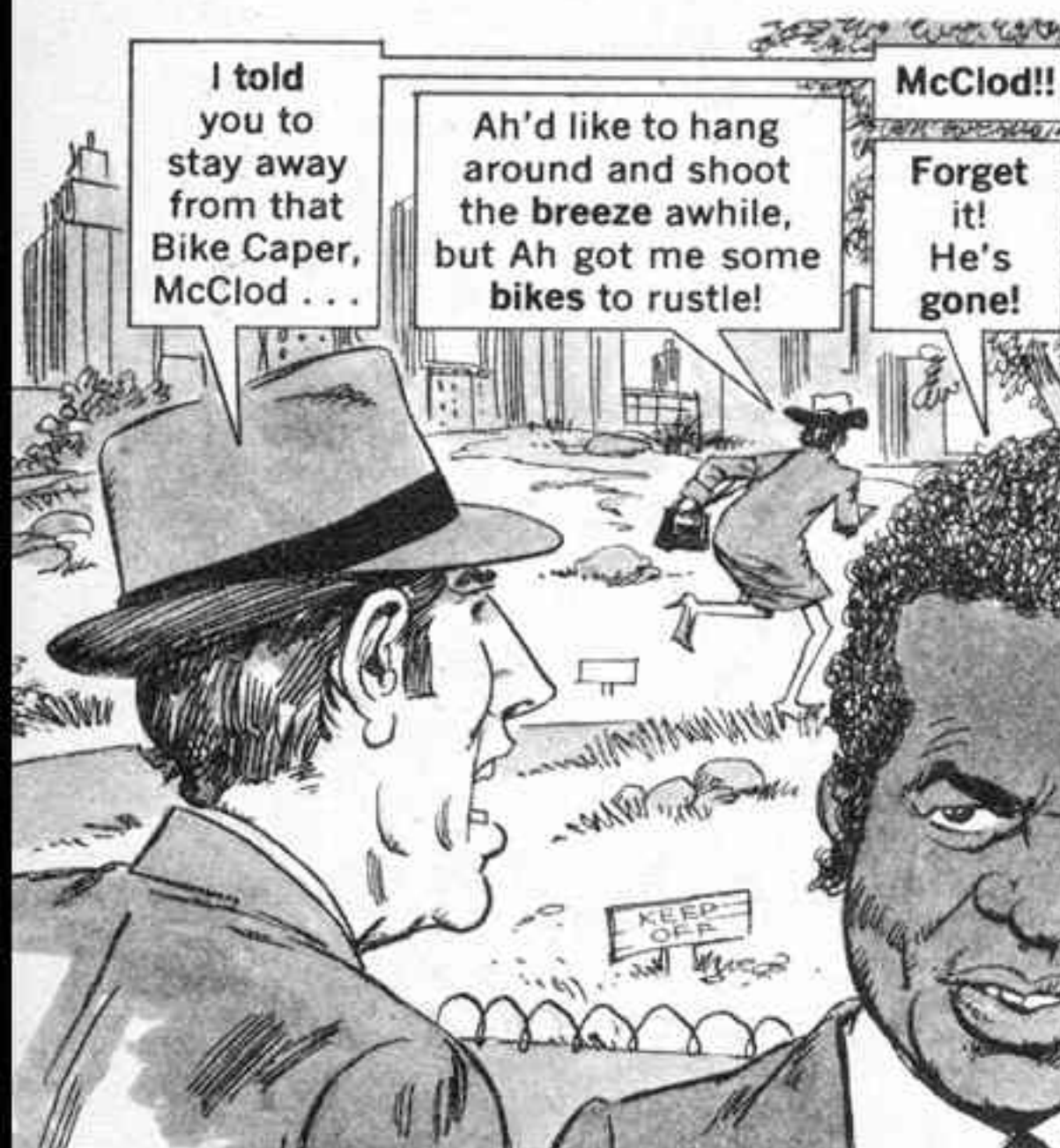
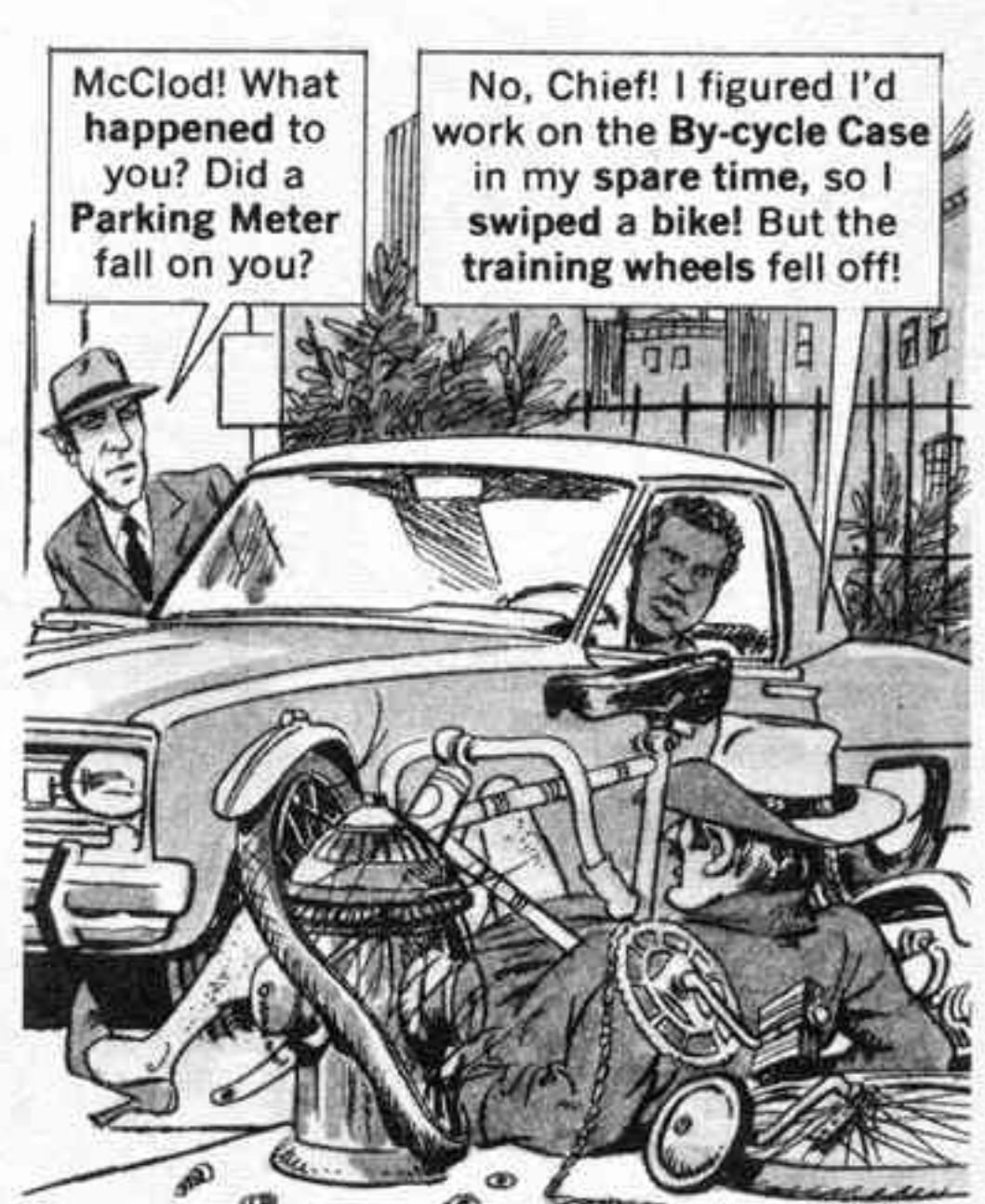
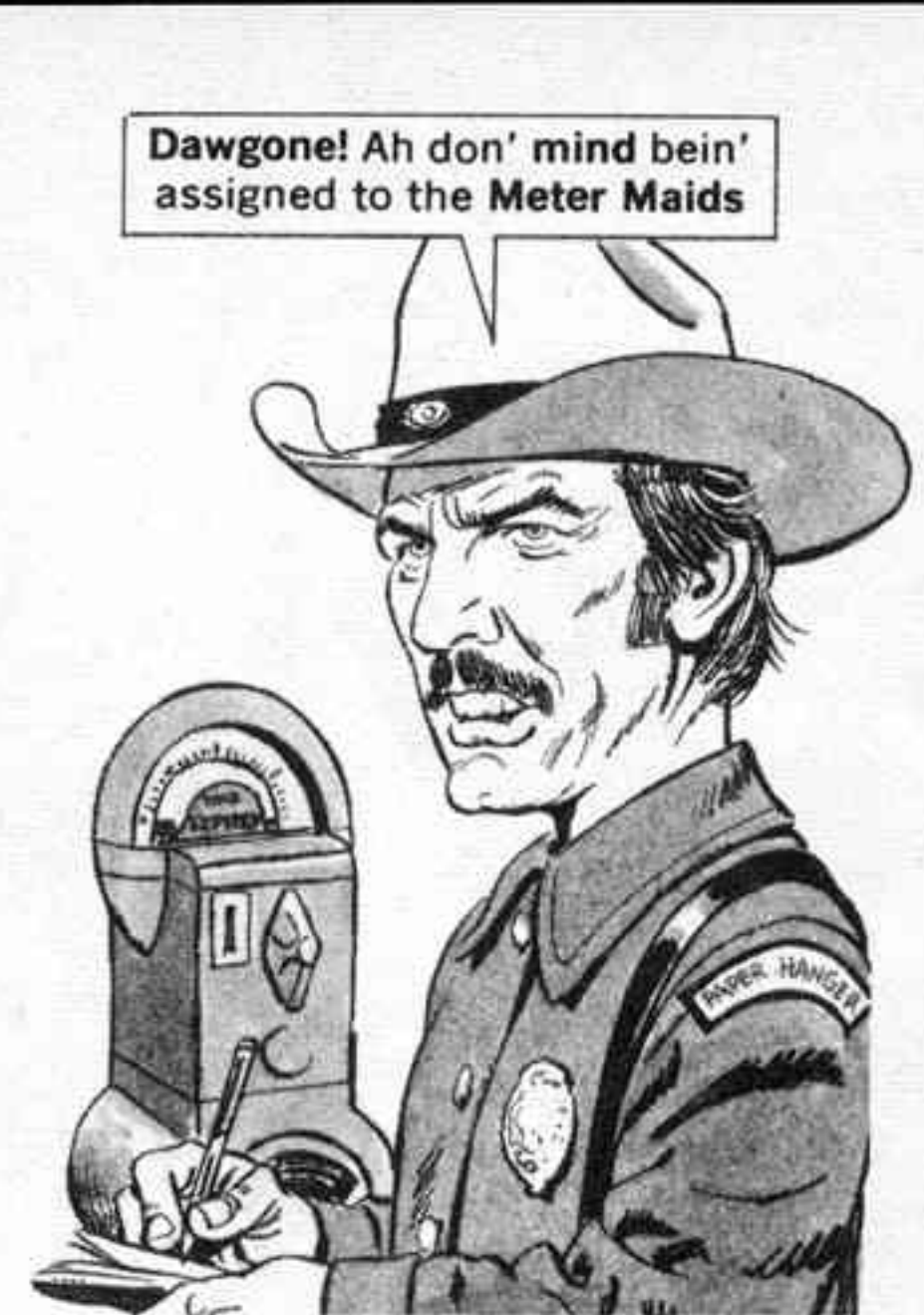
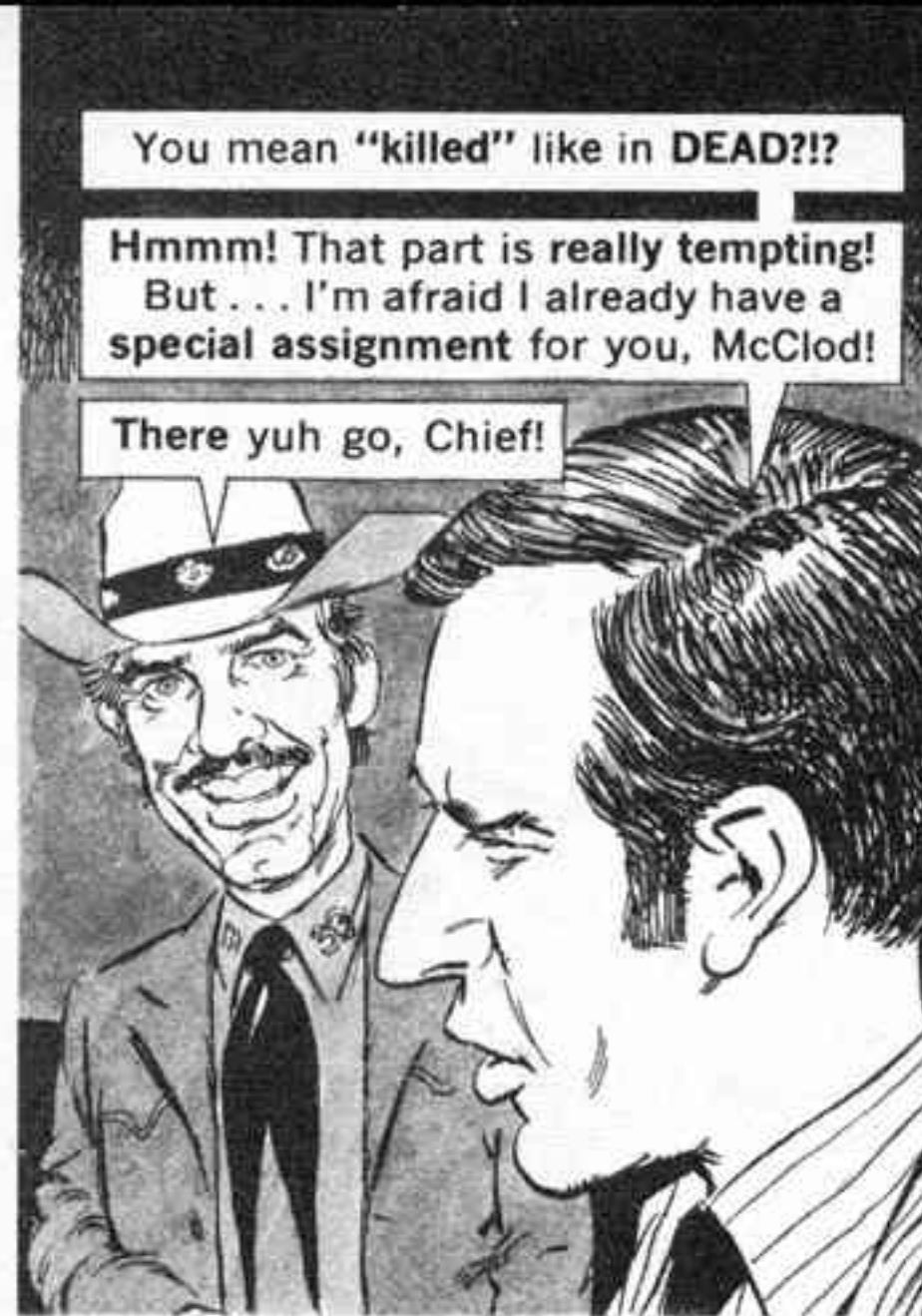
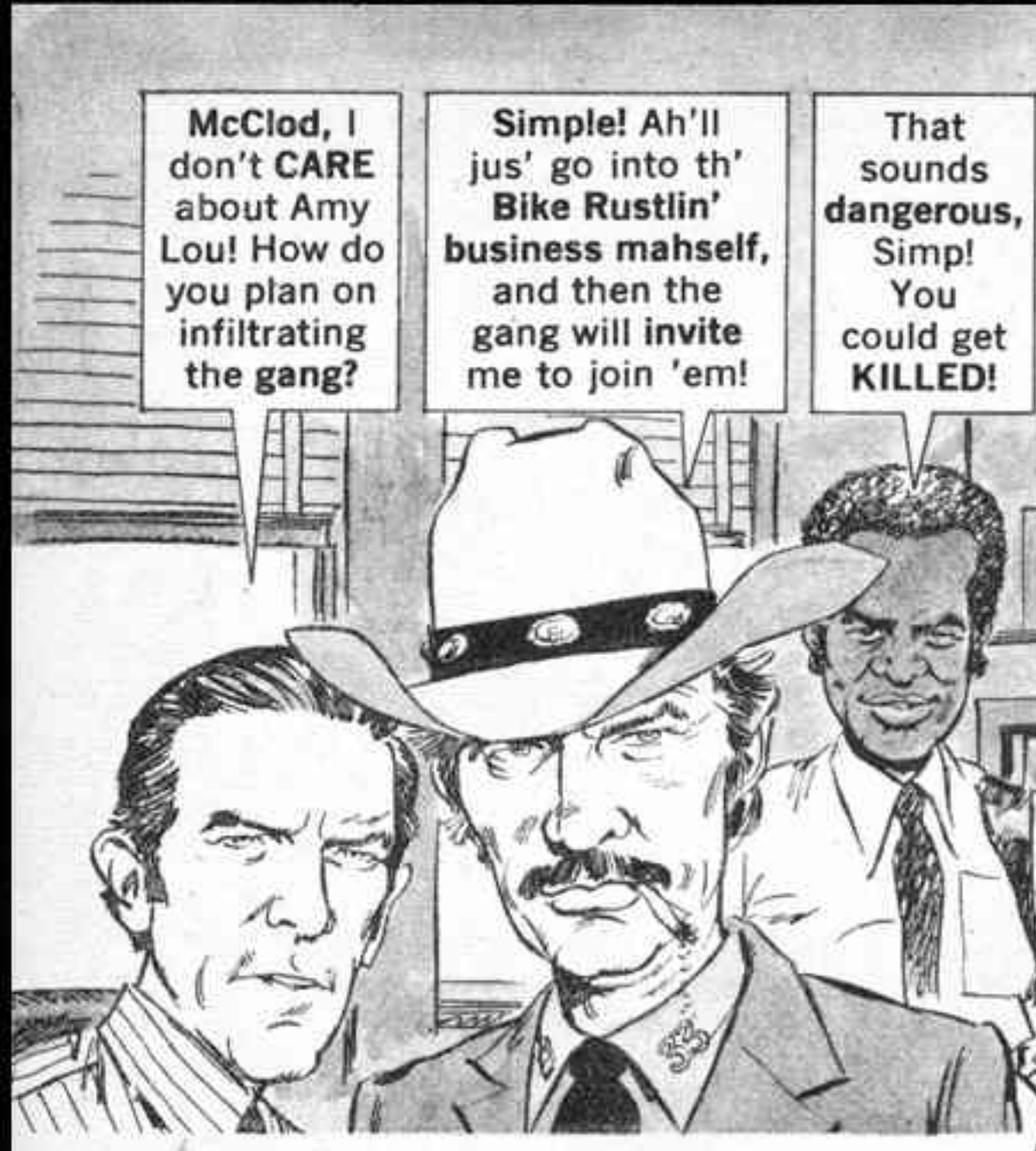
Ah know that, Chief! But Ah figure **Bike Rustlin's** a whole lot like **Cattle Rustlin'!** And it don't make much horse sense to arrest the **Hired Hands!** You gotta go after the **HEAD HONCHO!**

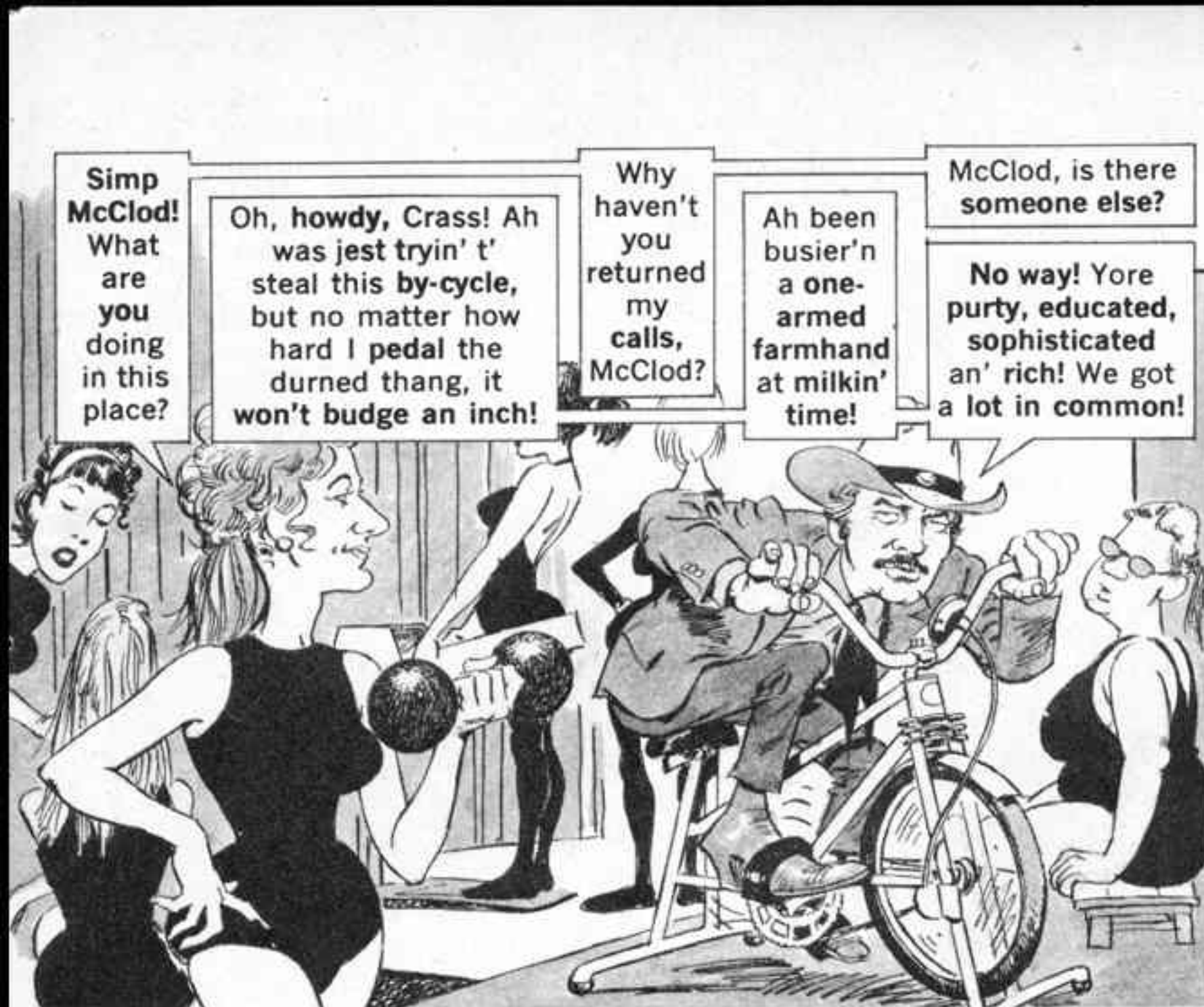
So Ah'd like t' join up with that gang, find out who the **Boss** is ... and **THEN** we corral 'em!

How do you plan on doing that, McClod! Are you going to look up "**Bike Rustlers**" in the **Yellow Pages?**

That wouldn't do me much good! Ah still get thrown by them new-fangled **dial phones!** Now, back in **Tacos**, all we gotta do is lift the receiver and tell the **Operator** what number we want! In fact, there's this **ONE** Operator named **Amy Lou—**







Simp McClod! What are you doing in this place?

Oh, howdy, Crass! Ah was jest tryin' t' steal this by-cycle, but no matter how hard I pedal the durned thang, it won't budge an inch!

Why haven't you returned my calls, McClod?

Ah been busier'n a one-armed farmhand at milkin' time!

McClod, is there someone else?

No way! Yore purty, educated, sophisticated an' rich! We got a lot in common!



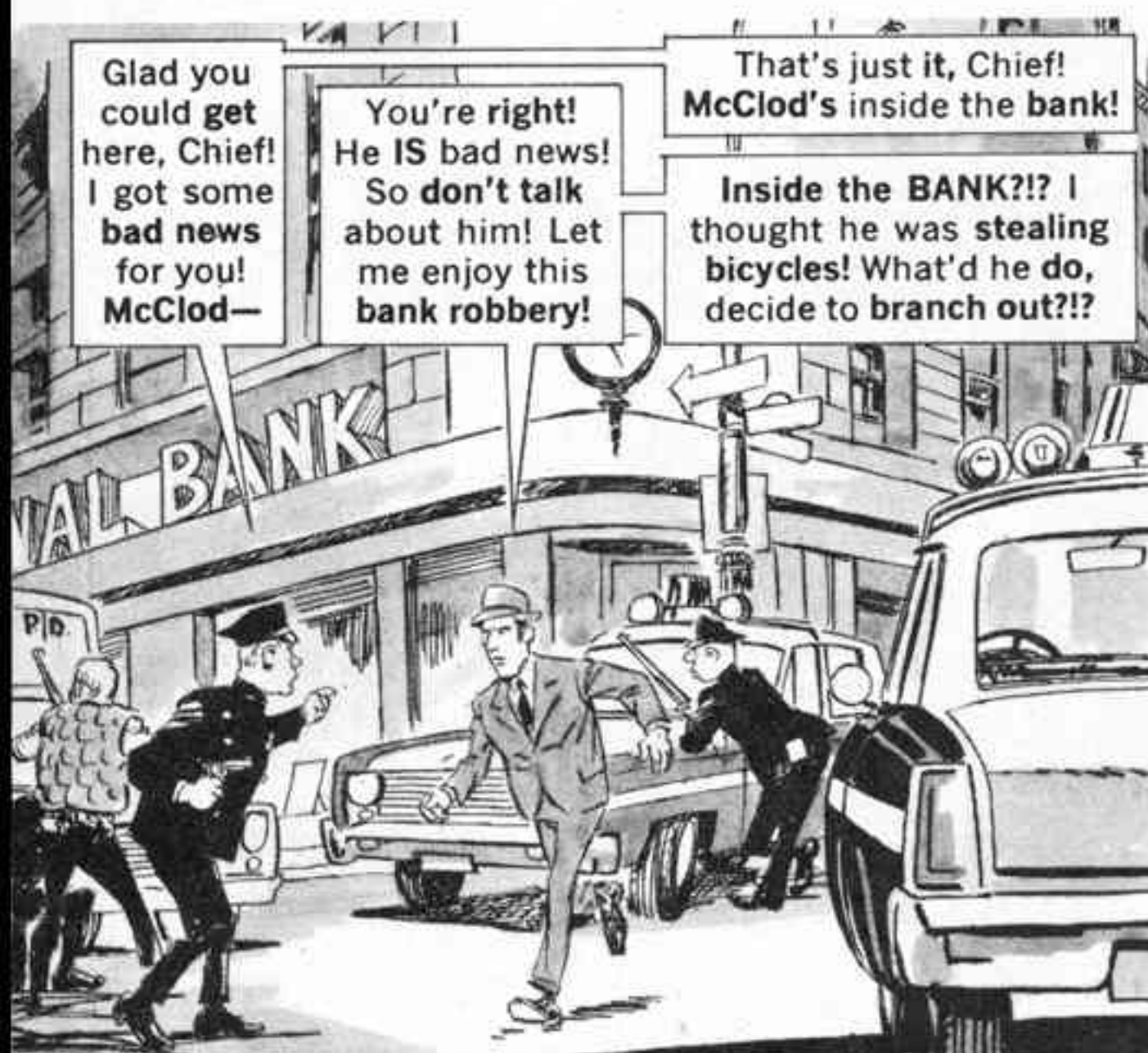
Cowboy... we're ALL pretty, educated, sophisticated, rich... AND available!

And we dig the rugged, outdoor homespun type!

Lay off! He's mine!

No—he's mine!

Wal, Ah'll say one thang fer Big City gals! They ain't got much meat on their bones, but Ah shor do admire their taste in men!



Glad you could get here, Chief! I got some bad news for you! McClod—

You're right! He IS bad news! So don't talk about him! Let me enjoy this bank robbery!

That's just it, Chief! McClod's inside the bank!

Inside the BANK?!? I thought he was stealing bicycles! What'd he do, decide to branch out?!?



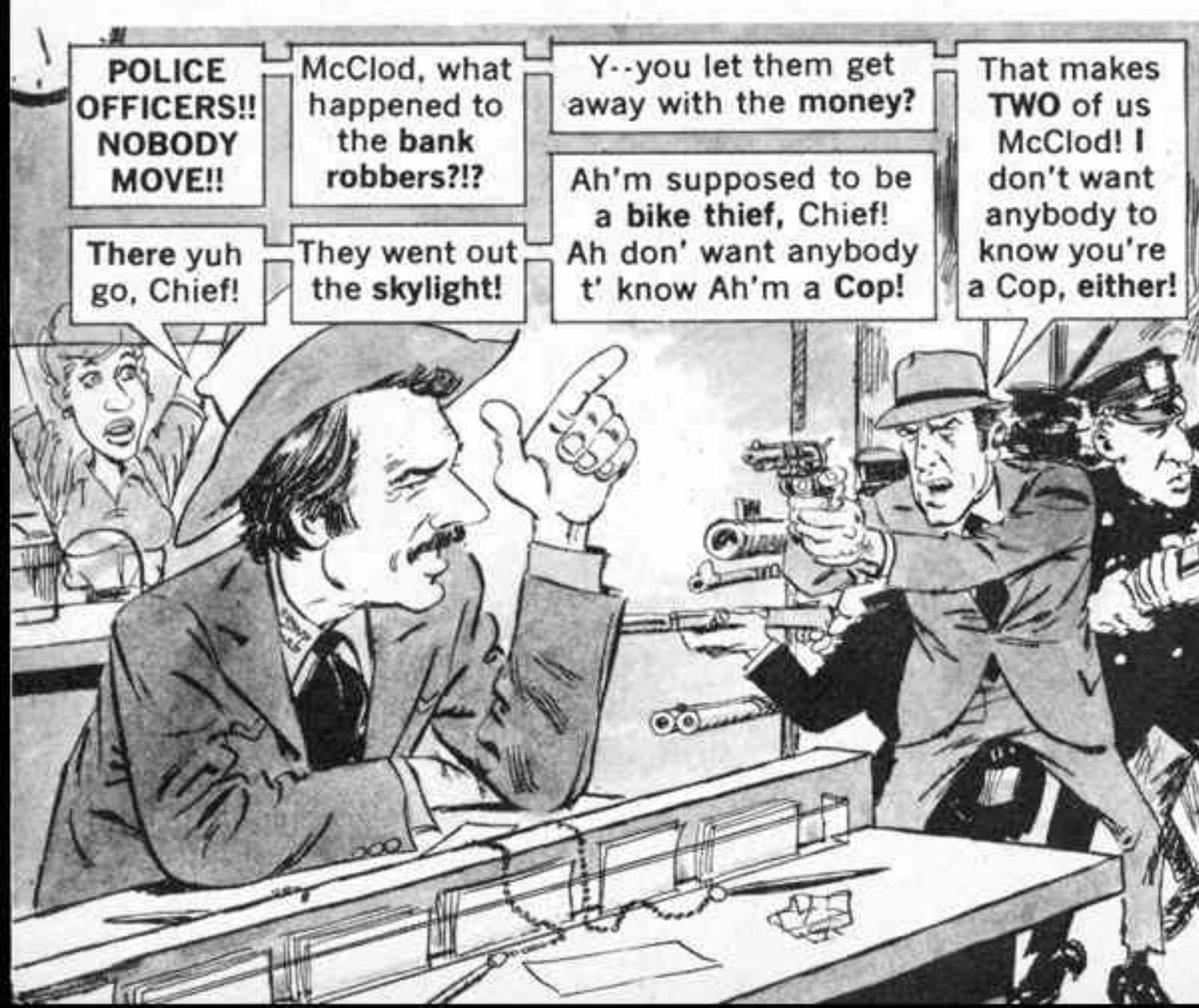
McClod's made so much bread stealing bikes, he had to open a bank account! He's one of the hostages!

NOW HEAR THIS IN THERE! LET THE HOSTAGES GO! ALL EXCEPT McCLOD! HIM—YOU CAN KEEP!



Nobody's coming out, Chief...

Okay! Let's rush 'em!!



POLICE OFFICERS!! NOBODY MOVE!!

McClod, what happened to the bank robbers?!?

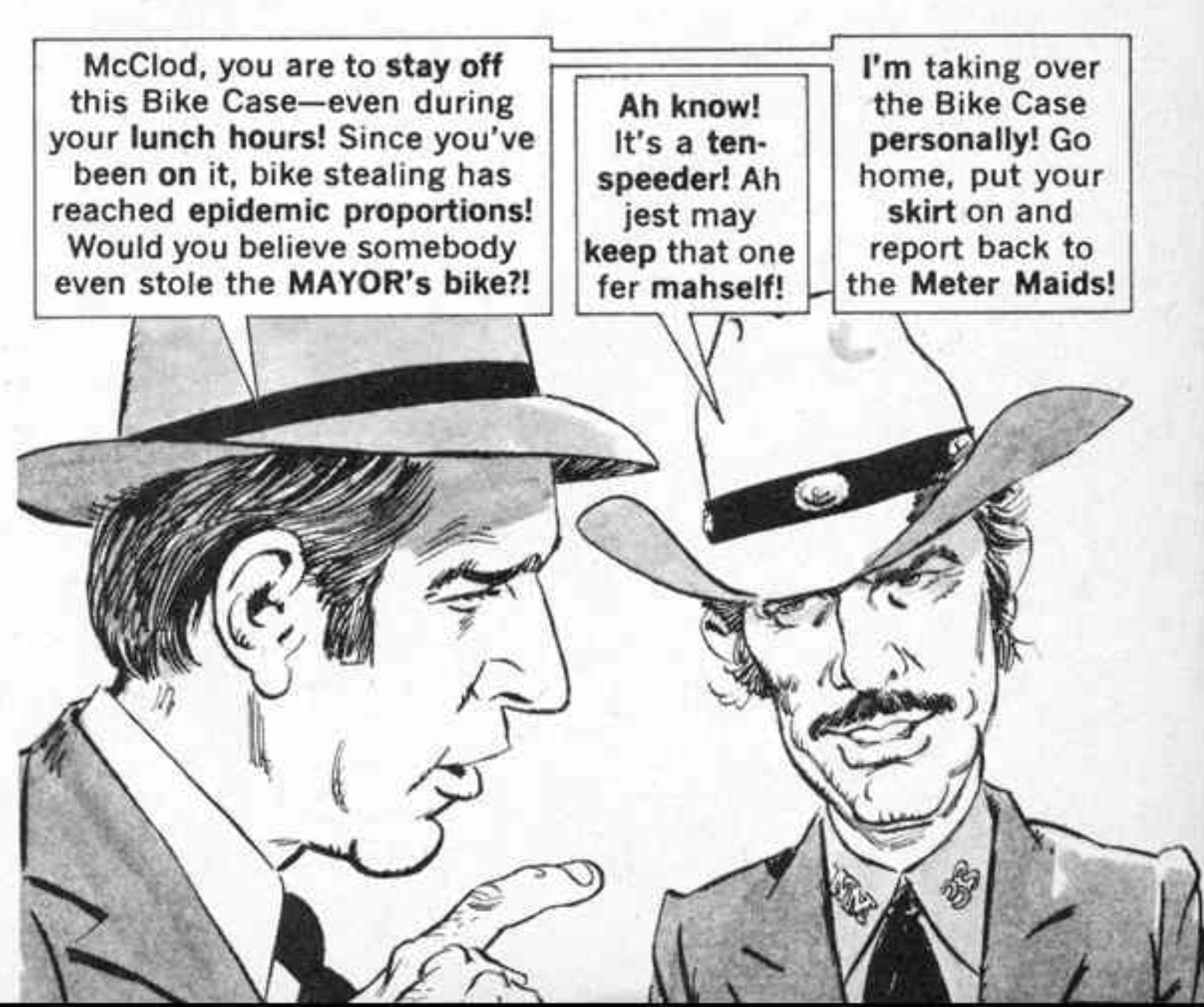
Y--you let them get away with the money?

Ah'm supposed to be a bike thief, Chief! Ah don't want anybody t' know Ah'm a Cop!

That makes TWO of us McClod! I don't want anybody to know you're a Cop, either!

There yuh go, Chief!

They went out the skylight!



McClod, you are to stay off this Bike Case—even during your lunch hours! Since you've been on it, bike stealing has reached epidemic proportions! Would you believe somebody even stole the MAYOR's bike?!

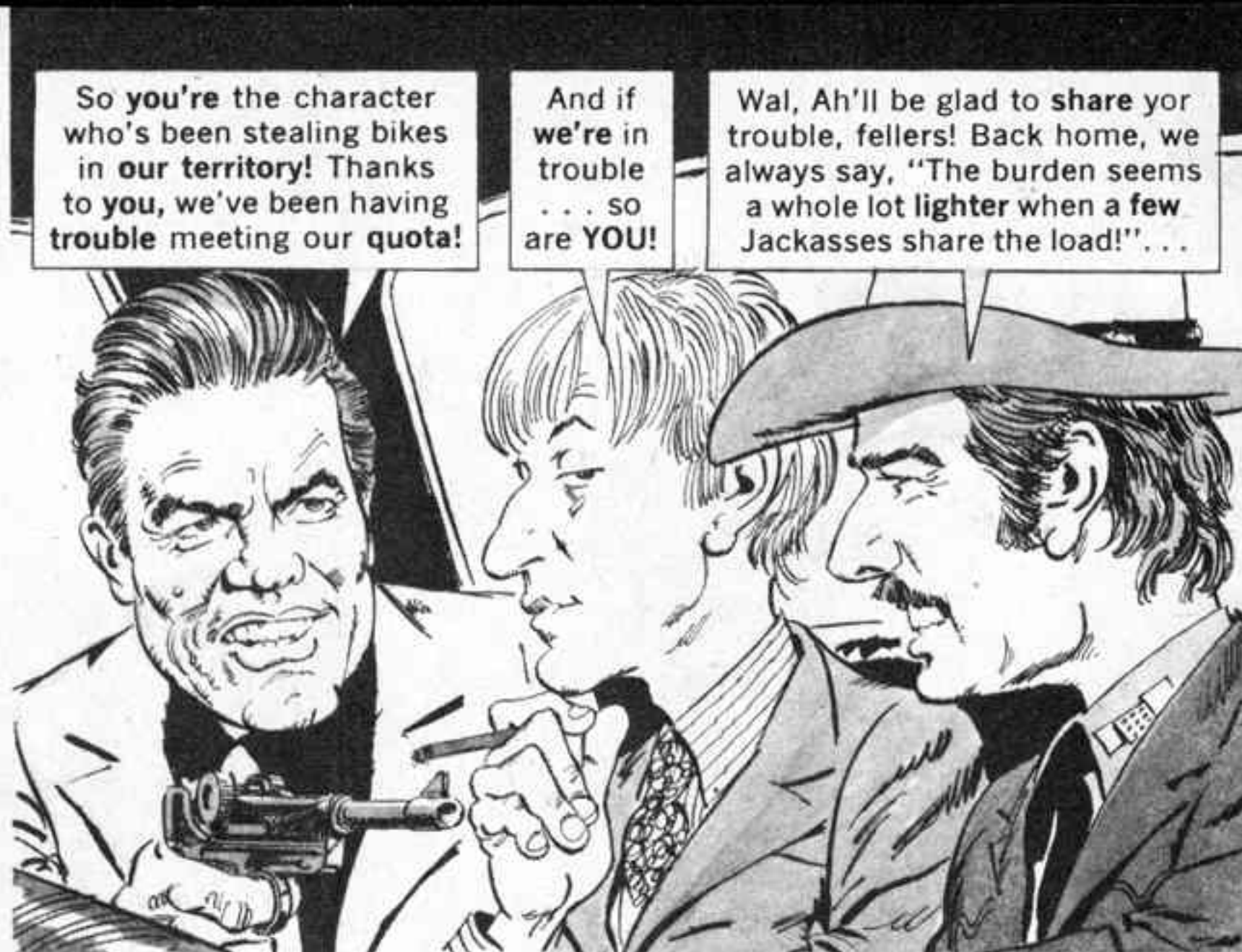
Ah know! It's a ten-speeder! Ah jest may keep that one fer mahself!

I'm taking over the Bike Case personally! Go home, put your skirt on and report back to the Meter Maids!



Get in the car, Man! We're gonna take you for a little ride!

There yuh go! No matter what they say about you Big City folks, yo're the friendliest people I have EVER met!!



So you're the character who's been stealing bikes in our territory! Thanks to you, we've been having trouble meeting our quota!

And if we're in trouble . . . so are YOU!

Wal, Ah'll be glad to share yor trouble, fellers! Back home, we always say, "The burden seems a whole lot lighter when a few Jackasses share the load!" . . .



This is the end of the trail for you, Cowboy!

Hey, Ah got a much better idee! How about me joinin' up with yor gang?

How do we know you're not a Cop?

Accordin' t' the Police Manual, it says, "No duly authorized Officer of the Law shall wear a mustache!" An' this ain't no cactus a-growin' on my upper lip!



Hey, you seem to know a lot about Police Regulations!

Ah watch a lot of TV!

Sounds reasonable! Okay, Cowboy—you're in!

There yuh go! Now, when do Ah get to meet the Head Honcho?



No one gets to meet "Mr. Big"! We get our orders over the phone! And let me warn you, Cowboy! Any funny business, and they're gonna find you floating in that river!

Don' worry, Pardner! Ah'd rather be DAID than float in THAT river!



Chief, will you accept a Collect Call from McClod?

What's the matter, McClod! Don't you have a dime?

How yuh doin', Chief!? It's a funny thang, but the phone booths here don't take dimes!

Don't be stupid! All phone booths take dimes!

Not in Hong Kong they don'!!



McClod!!
What
are you
doing in
**HONG
KONG?!!**

Why, Ah'm
talkin' t'
YOU on
the phone,
Chief!

You could
have done
that in
New York!
Why there?!!

Ah've infiltrated the
bike gang, Chief! We
steal bikes in **New
York**, ship 'em here,
paint 'em, and ship
'em back to **New York!**

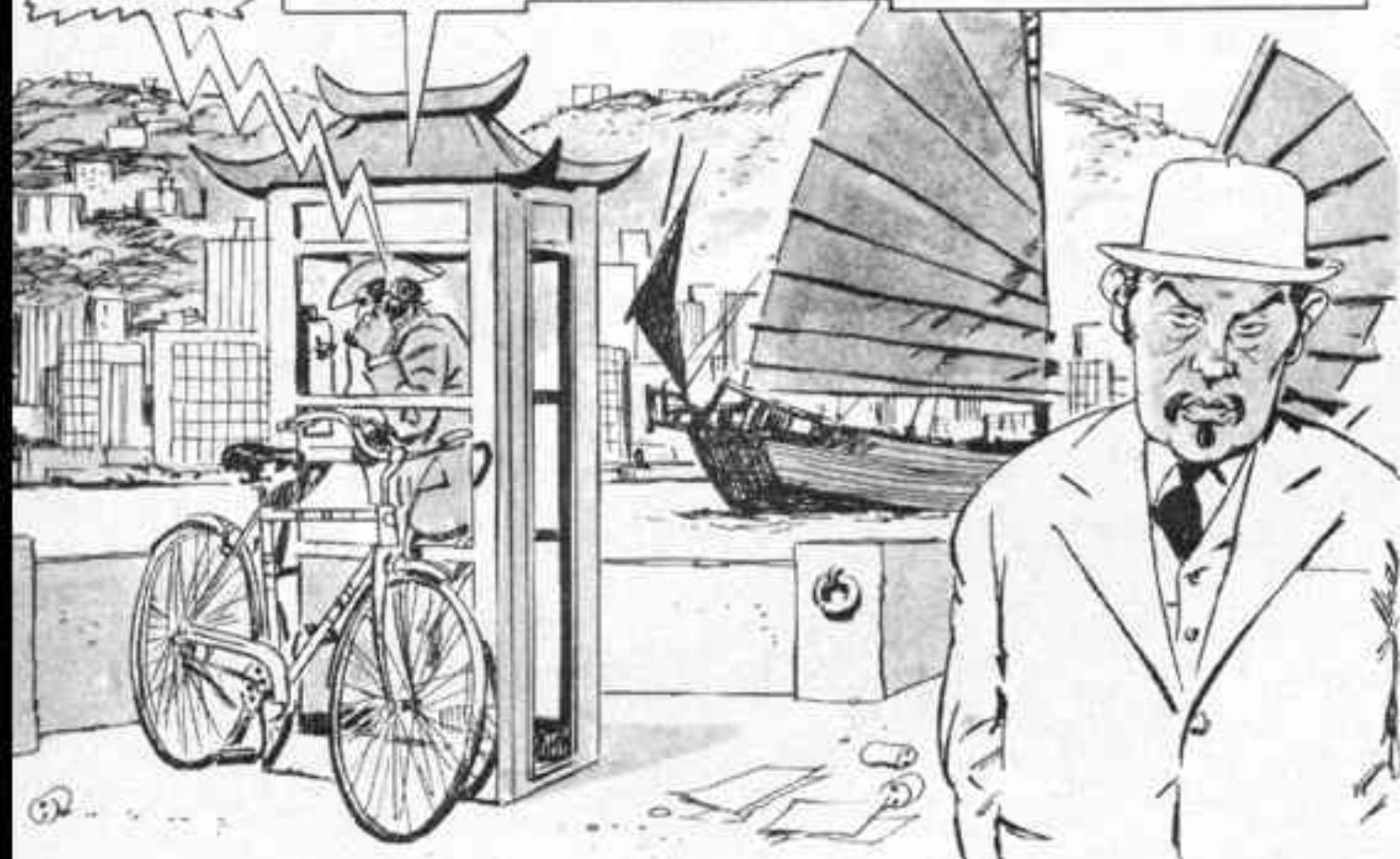
Why would
anyone want
to ship
stolen bikes
7000 miles
just to
paint them?!

Probably 'cause
the **Labor** is a
lot cheaper here!
They gotta take
'em apart, paint
'em, fill 'em up—

**FILL THEM
UP?!? With
WHAT . . . ?!?**

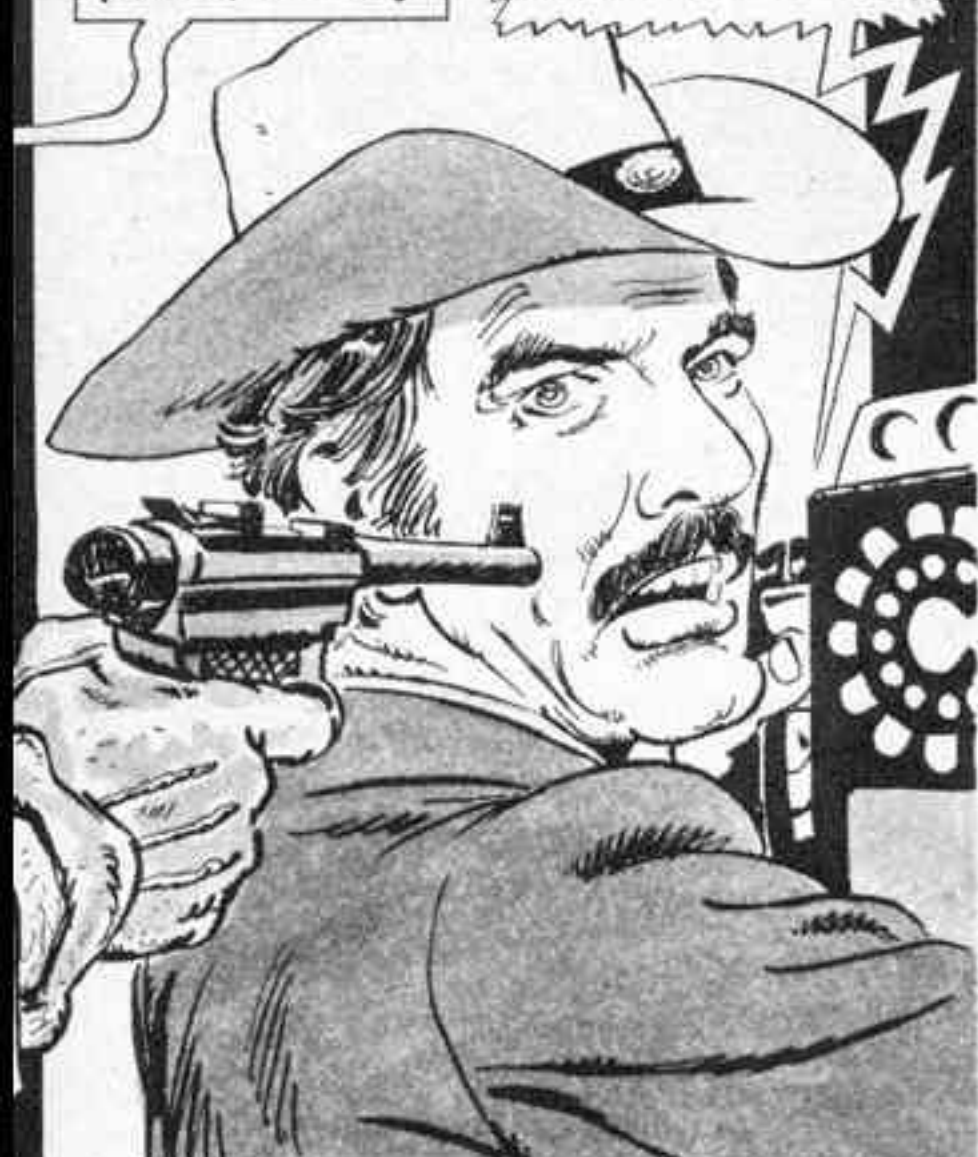
That funny
li'l white
powder . . .

HEROIN!!
McClod,
you've
stumbled
onto **The
Hong Kong
Connection!**



Hang up the
phone, Cowboy!

McClod?!? Are you
there? Mc—**CLICK!**



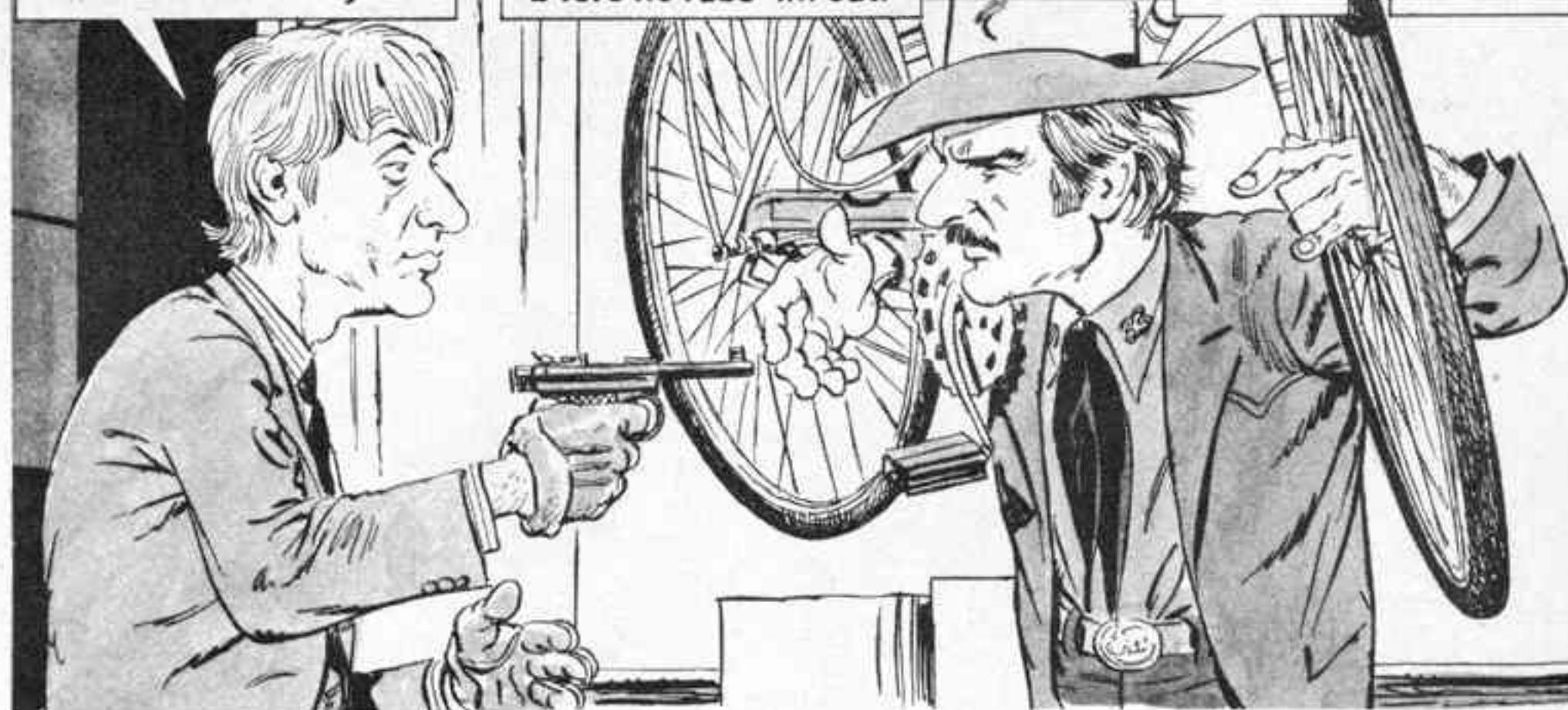
Well, you had me fooled,
Hayseed! I figured you
were **too stupid** to be a
Cop! Shows you how **bad**
things are these days!
You **know**, of course, that
now I have to kill you!

Hey, not yet! Ain't it
Standard Procedure fer
a **TV Crook** t' explain
the **entire operation**
t' the **TV Cop** jest
b'fore he rubs 'im out?

You
already
KNOW
how we
operate!

Everythin'
'cept one
detail!
Who's
runnin'
th' show?

You're
looking
at him,
Cowboy!
I'm the
legendary
"Mr. Big"!



Don't try
t' hog-
tie me!
Yo're
jest one
of the
**Hired
Hands!**

That's what I wanted everyone to
think! If the **Police** suspected
that I was only a **petty Bicycle
Thief**, they'd never bother me!
They'd be more interested in
nailing **"Mr. Big"**! Now to get
rid of you! Say your prayers . . .

Hold on!
Y-**Yo're**
not
gonna
SHOOT
me, are
yuh?

No, this
isn't a gun!
This is a
**cigarette
lighter**,
and I'm
offering
you a **light!**

Wait a cotton-pickin'
minute! Wouldn't it
make a lot more sense
if'n my death looked
like an **accident?!?**

You're right!
An **accident**
would be
much **neater!**

Gulp!! Maybe
Ah'd be **better**
off if'n Ah'd
jest let him
shoot me!



A lot of people today are saying it's time to get rid of pornography and permissiveness and to return to the Good Old Days of Religion and Morality. The problem is that nobody knows how to sell Religion and Morality to the people who are supposed to need them most—namely, the millions of teenagers hooked on Rock and TV. Well, MAD suggests that the Do-Gooders take their cue from the fast-buck Publishers who are making a bundle with their Teen Fan Magazines. Then you'd have something today's youth could relate to. Like, f'rinstance, this super-glitzzy fab publication called

MOSES and PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER—Their Night In The Bullrushes!

BIBLE Rave

30
pieces
of
silver

**FAB FOTOS of
the NEW GROUPS
The Apostles!
The Prophets!
The Miracles!
The Plagues!**

DECEMBER

How YOU
can win a
Dream Date
with
MATTHEW!

JOB:

"I'm Sick of being
known as *Mr. Nice!*"

DELILAH:

"I think the **SHORT HAIR**
look is coming back!"

**THE 327,934
NIGHTS**

**METHUSELAH
WOULD LIKE TO
FORGET!**

Those Whispers About **ADAM's Other Women!**
27 Outta-Sight Fotos of **GOD'S LATEST WRATH!**

**ESAU Talks About JACOB! MARK Talks About JOHN!
SOLOMON Talks About WIFE Number 452!**

BIBLE BABBLE

Highlights and Happenings Hither and Thither in the Holy Land



By Leonard Lionfodder

METHUSELAH is still breathless after celebrating his birthday. But who wouldn't be after blowing out 900 candles? . . . JONAH has turned down a huge coffer offer to stage his whale act in the Red Sea . . . Newest Philistine joke: How do you break a Philistine's finger? Hit him in the nose! . . . BIBLE BELTS DEPT.: Don't tell NOAH, but one of his zebras is gay!

Don't invite JESUS and JUDAS ISCARIOT to the same supper. For that matter, don't invite GOD and SATAN to the same millenium! . . . Speaking of SATAN, that little devil, rumor hath it that he's "that way" about JEZEBEL . . . QUERY OF THE MONTH DEPT.: Who's pulling the wool over the eyes of ISAAC? . . . Heard around the Holy Land: "Am I my brother's keeper?" . . . "Let my people go!" . . . "Does Sodom tell Gomorrah?"



TORRID TRIO Hottest of the hot new groups are Shadrach, Mesach and Abednego. Their many fans hope they won't cool off after the fab success of their current chart biggie, "We Faked Out That Firey Furnace."

It's being hushed up, but JOB appears to be on the verge of a blow-up . . . JEREMIAH and ELIJAH are set to exchange guest shots in each other's realms. It's all part of the new Prophet-Sharing Plan . . . How does a Philistine count to 12? On his fingers! . . . Insiders blame ADAM and EVE for the death of ABEL. They claim that's what'll happen when a couple raises CAIN! . . . DAVID's latest Psalm is sure to hit the top of the charts . . . LOOK-ALIKES DEPT.: OBADIAH the Prophet and the River Jordan.

Quote of the Month: God to Moses—"Take two tablets and talk to me in the morning!" . . . NEBUCHADNEZZAR (he's the Babylonian Biggie) is on the mend after his fingers went numb during an autograph session. Whose wouldn't with a name like his! . . . Speaking of 'ol NEB, fans everywhere are flipping out over his wild new song, "The Writing on the Wall" with those glitzy lyrics, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" We like Daniel's interpretation best . . . And speaking of Daniel we hear he's just redone his den.



TOP PROPHET Jeremiah proudly holds his "Adam" statuette, presented to him after being chosen "Best Prophet In A Non-Warlike Role." Other winners at ceremony held in Jerusalem: Best King—Solomon. Best Hero In A Supporting Role—Mordecai. Best Apostle In A Doubting Role—Thomas.

DAVID is still fuming over those "Goliath Lives!" buttons . . . EVE is putting the finishing touches on her fab autobiography, "The Sensuous First Woman" . . . Answer to J. T. of Canaan: Tell your friend he's wrong. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon are *not* a new group . . . Answer to K. L.'s query about MOSES and the Red Sea: "To get to the other side!" . . . Be nice to Joshua. We hear he's getting the run-around . . . Why does a Philistine keep camel dung in his back pocket? For Identification! . . . But don't get me wrong—I love the Holy Land!



CANAAN CLAN TO SPLIT? Nobody's denying rumor that Joseph (shown here in his fab, new, glitzy coat of many colors) wants to ditch his brothers and form his own solo act. The Split-up began when Joseph suggested the group change its name from "Jacob's Boys" to "Joseph and the Others."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **The Terrible** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **RUMORS** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **That Torture** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **SAMPSON!** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A lot of stories get spread around, especially about big stars like Samson. Some of the time Samson can stop these rumors himself—with only a jawbone of an ass, but most of the time it's too late, the damage is done! To help ol' "Bulging Biceps" himself put a stop to some rumors currently circulating, **BIBLE RAVE** has researched them at their source and offers these **FACTS** to finally set things straight!

RUMOR: Samson hates Philistines.

FACT: Untrue! But he has nothing against leaning on them a little!

RUMOR: The secret of Samson's strength is in his diet.

FACT: To be perfectly honest, he has a lousy diet. He digs sweets and leavened breads too much. Samson dismissed the "special diet" theory with a smile, saying: "I've got more important things weighing on my head!"

RUMOR: Samson wants to be named king.

FACT: Ridiculous! This pinnacle of strength, this mightiest hero of the Holy Land, this super-human wonder who is worshipped by tens of thousands of adoring fans, this greatest warrior who ever lived, is a humble, modest soul who seeks only the simple life.



RUMOR: Samson slays Philistines for sport.

FACT: Samson would never do that to a dumb animal. He adores Philistine jokes, though, supplying a few dandies for Leonard Lionfodder's page in this issue.

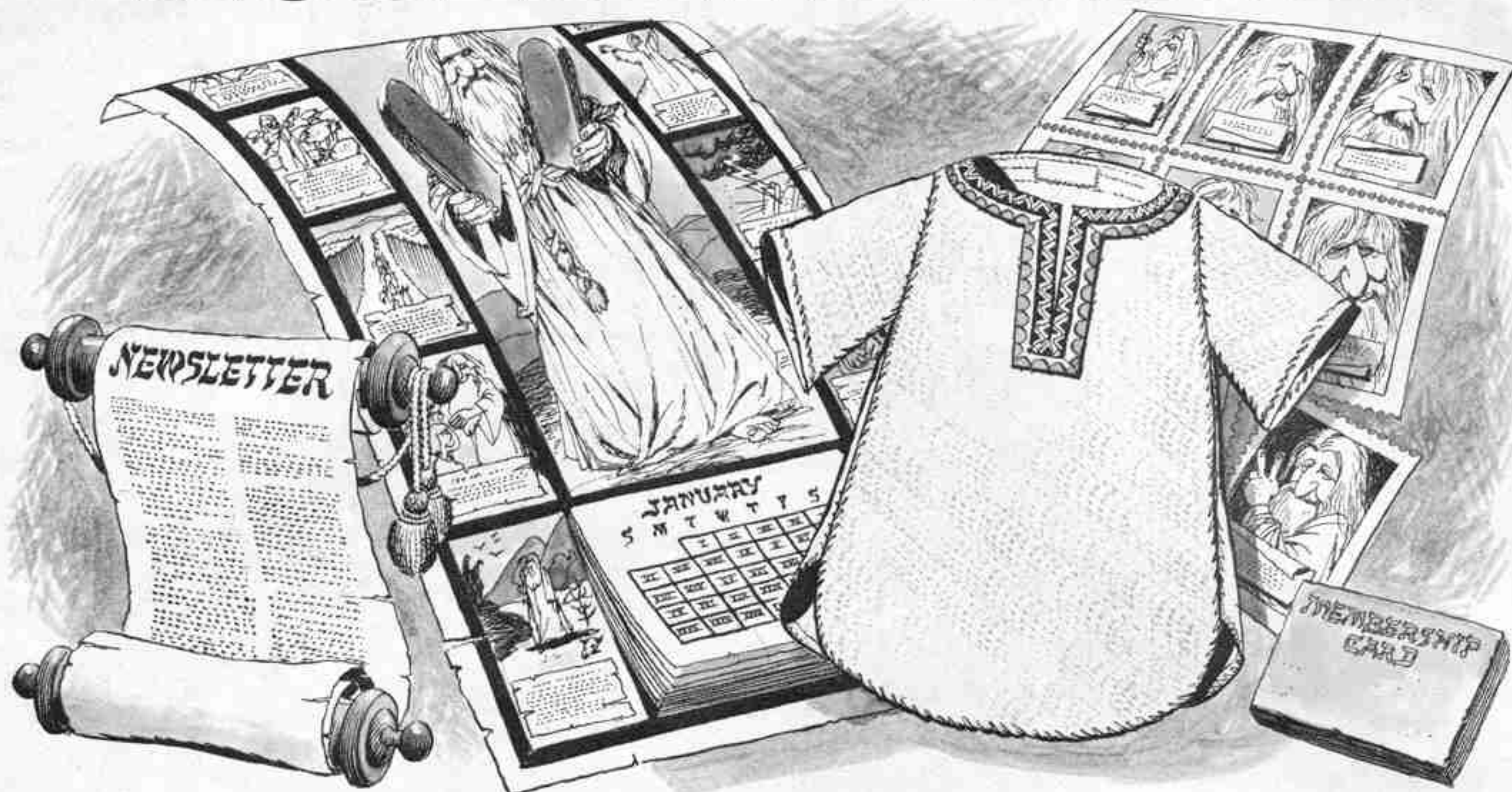
RUMOR: Samson won't go out with girls who don't kiss on the first date.

FACT: Wrong! Samson doesn't go out with girls who won't arm wrestle on the first date.

RUMOR: Samson has a press agent who is hired to get his name in the columns.

FACT: Absurd! Samson hates publicity, stating: "When I see any column, I just push it aside!"

Big M. Fans!!! Now! You Can Join The **MOSES FAN CLUB!**



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

1. A GIANT POSTER-SIZE MOSES CALENDAR! Not only does this year-round keepsake have a fab portrait of Big M., but every important date in his life is recorded for you to remember: • When he first shook up Pharaoh • When he crossed the Red Sea • When he grew his beard • When he had his first date and hundreds more! **2. MONTHLY BIG M. NEWSLETTER!** Sent you each month and containing all the latest news and gossip. Inside info such as: • How he likes his eggs • How he rates the

Plagues • How he remains humble in the face of fame • How he digs his fab chats with God and hundreds more! **3. TEN COMMANDMENTS MINI-ROBE!** Perfect for beach party or just lounging around! Inscribed with the Commandment of Your Choice! **4. MOSES STICKERS!** Each a dreamy pic of Big M. Plus an eye-catching glitzy message! **5. PERSONALIZED MEMBERSHIP CARD!** For you to treasure, cherish, and revere until YOU find YOUR Promised Land!

PLUS – If You Join Right Now – AN **AUTHENTIC BULLRUSH** YOU CAN GROW RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME!



BIG M. C/O BIBLE RAVE

Yeah, I want to join the Moses Fan Club. I enclose 50 pieces of silver plus 2 pieces more for postage and handling. Please rush all my glitzy!

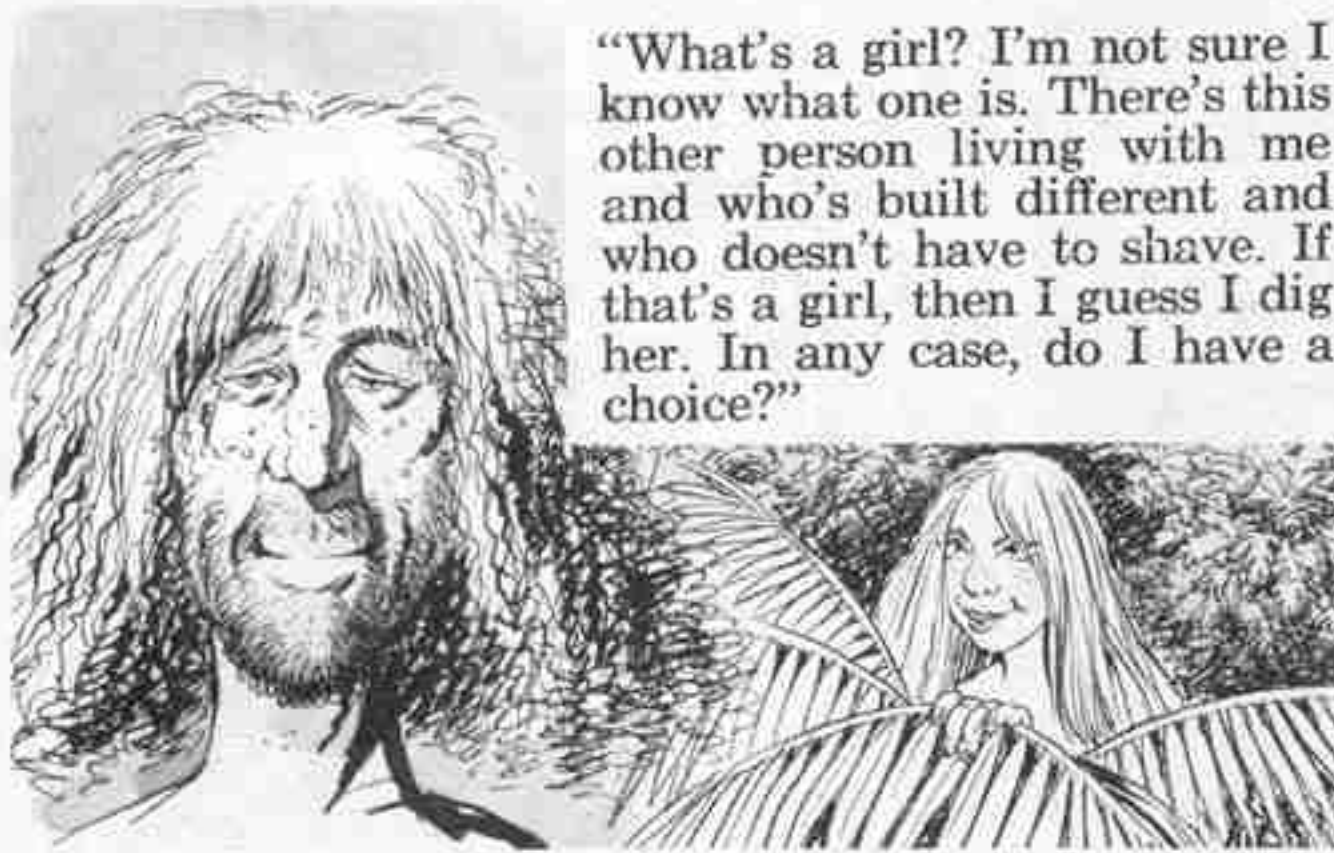
NAME _____ BORN (B.C.) _____
ADDRESS _____ BORN (A.D.) _____
TRIBE _____ LAND _____

Favorite Commandment (Circle one) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

YOUR BIBLE FAVES REVEAL

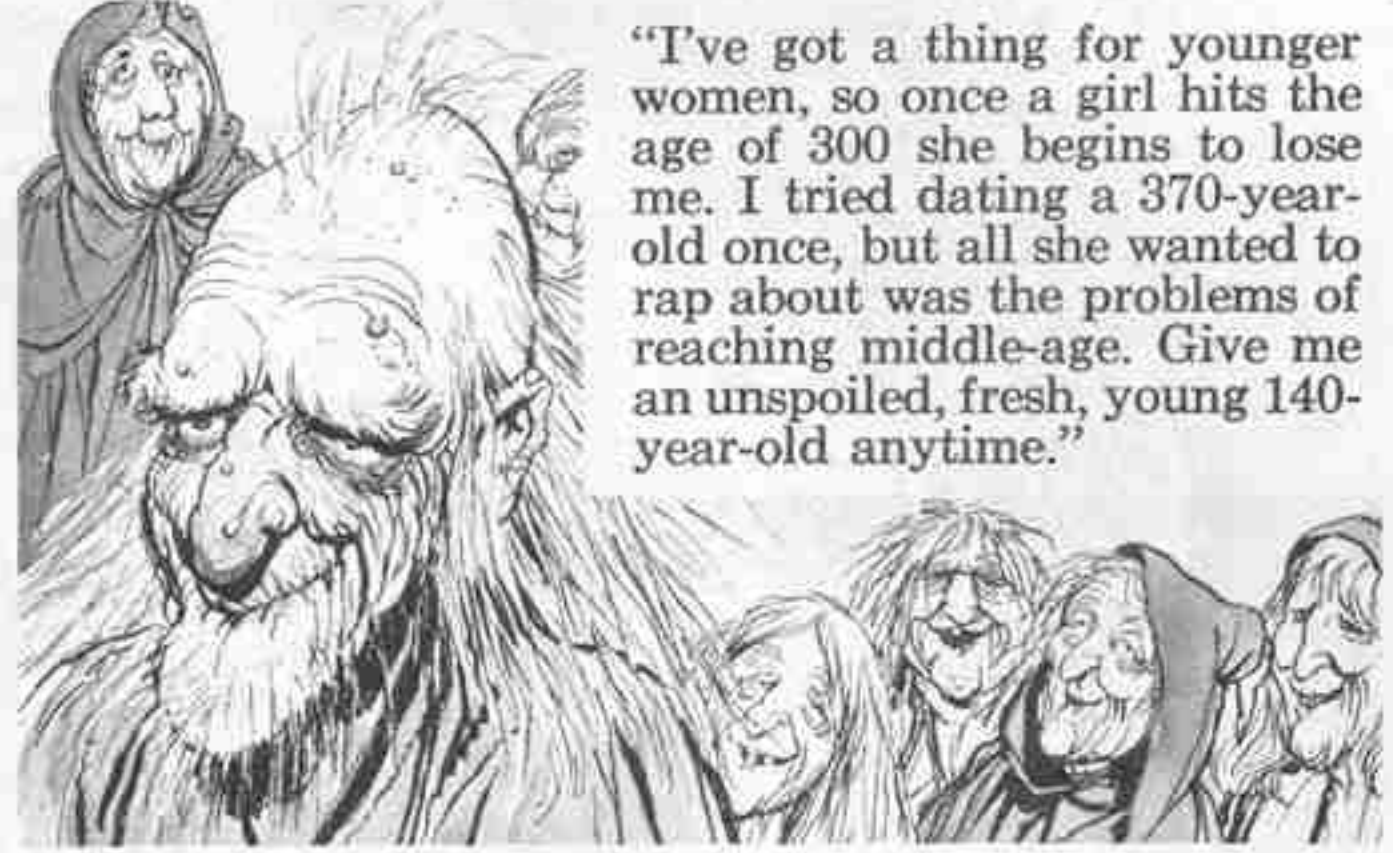
"What I Dig Most In A Girl!"

Adam



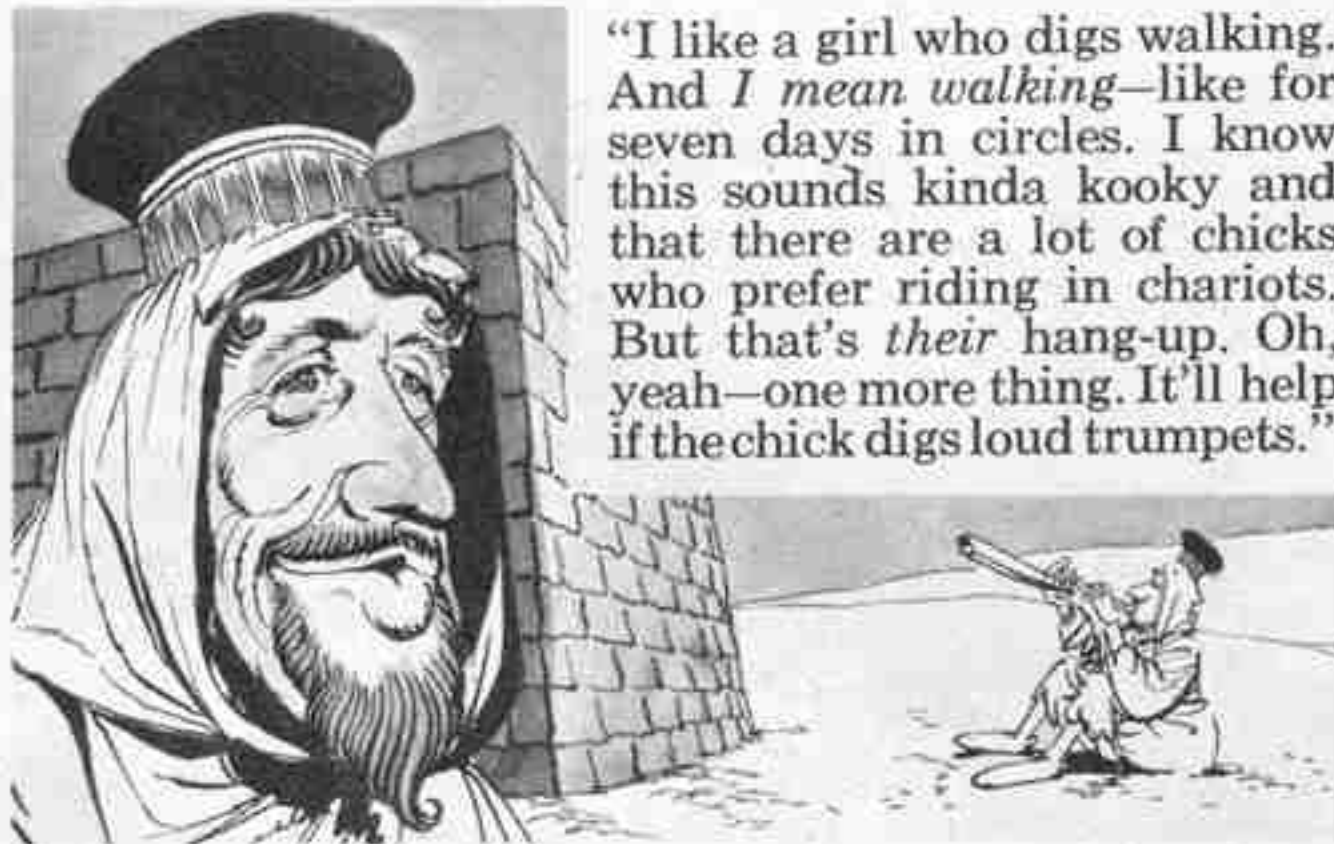
"What's a girl? I'm not sure I know what one is. There's this other person living with me and who's built different and who doesn't have to shave. If that's a girl, then I guess I dig her. In any case, do I have a choice?"

Methuselah



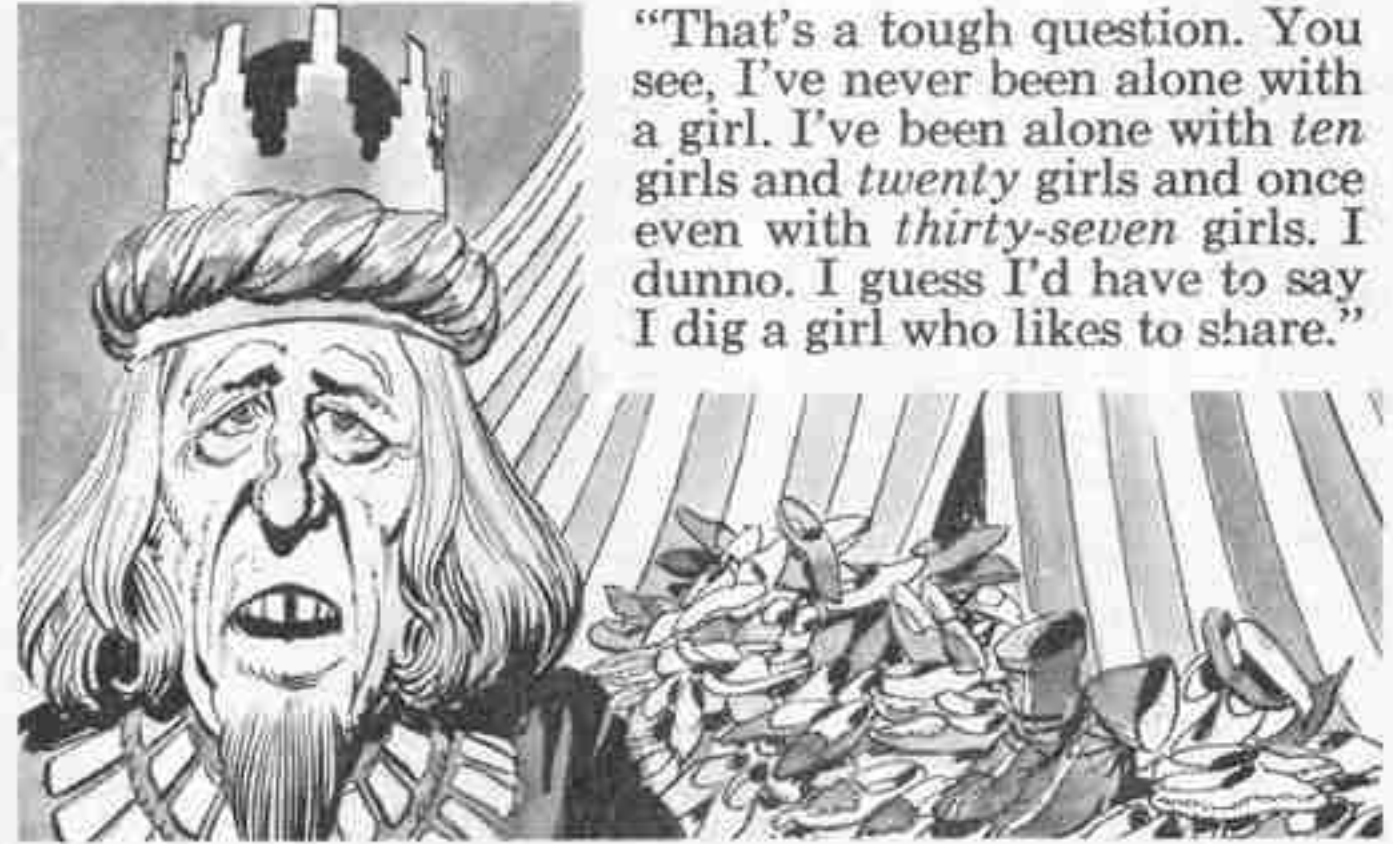
"I've got a thing for younger women, so once a girl hits the age of 300 she begins to lose me. I tried dating a 370-year-old once, but all she wanted to rap about was the problems of reaching middle-age. Give me an unspoiled, fresh, young 140-year-old anytime."

Joshua



"I like a girl who digs walking. And I mean walking—like for seven days in circles. I know this sounds kinda kooky and that there are a lot of chicks who prefer riding in chariots. But that's *their* hang-up. Oh, yeah—one more thing. It'll help if the chick digs loud trumpets."

Solomon



"That's a tough question. You see, I've never been alone with a girl. I've been alone with *ten* girls and *twenty* girls and once even with *thirty-seven* girls. I dunno. I guess I'd have to say I dig a girl who likes to share."

Bible Rave's Pick of the Period!

The Song Your Editors Figure Will Reach the Top Of
The Sinai Summit of FAB SONG HITS!!!

"HE PROMISED US THE PROMISED LAND"

(AS SUNG BY AARON AND THE ISRAELITES)

We were bugged by funky Pharaoh
Till we thought our minds'd blow!
Then Big M, he zapped it to us
And he told us where to go!

And he promised us the Promised Land, Land, Land,
And he led us 'cross that crazy stretch of sand, sand, sand!

Now Big M, he knew that Pharaoh
Wouldn't budge without a push,
But he knew that God was groovin'
From that far-out Burning Bush!

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Well, Big M he hyped that Red Sea
Till the water turned to ground,
But when Pharaoh tried to follow
He was permanently drowned!

(REPEAT CHORUS FOR 40 YEARS
WHILE WANDERING IN WILDERNESS)

COMING NEXT WEEK!

It's Glitzy! It's Yurky! It's Frankincense,
Gold, & Myrrh! It's the next Eye-Popping
Issue of BIBLE RAVE Featuring All Your
Fantastic Dreamy Holy Land Faves!

Moses—Why He's Hung Up On The GOLDEN CALF!

Seven Swinging

Psalms You Can Groove On Your Lyre!

THE ONE MAN RUTH WOULDN'T FOLLOW!

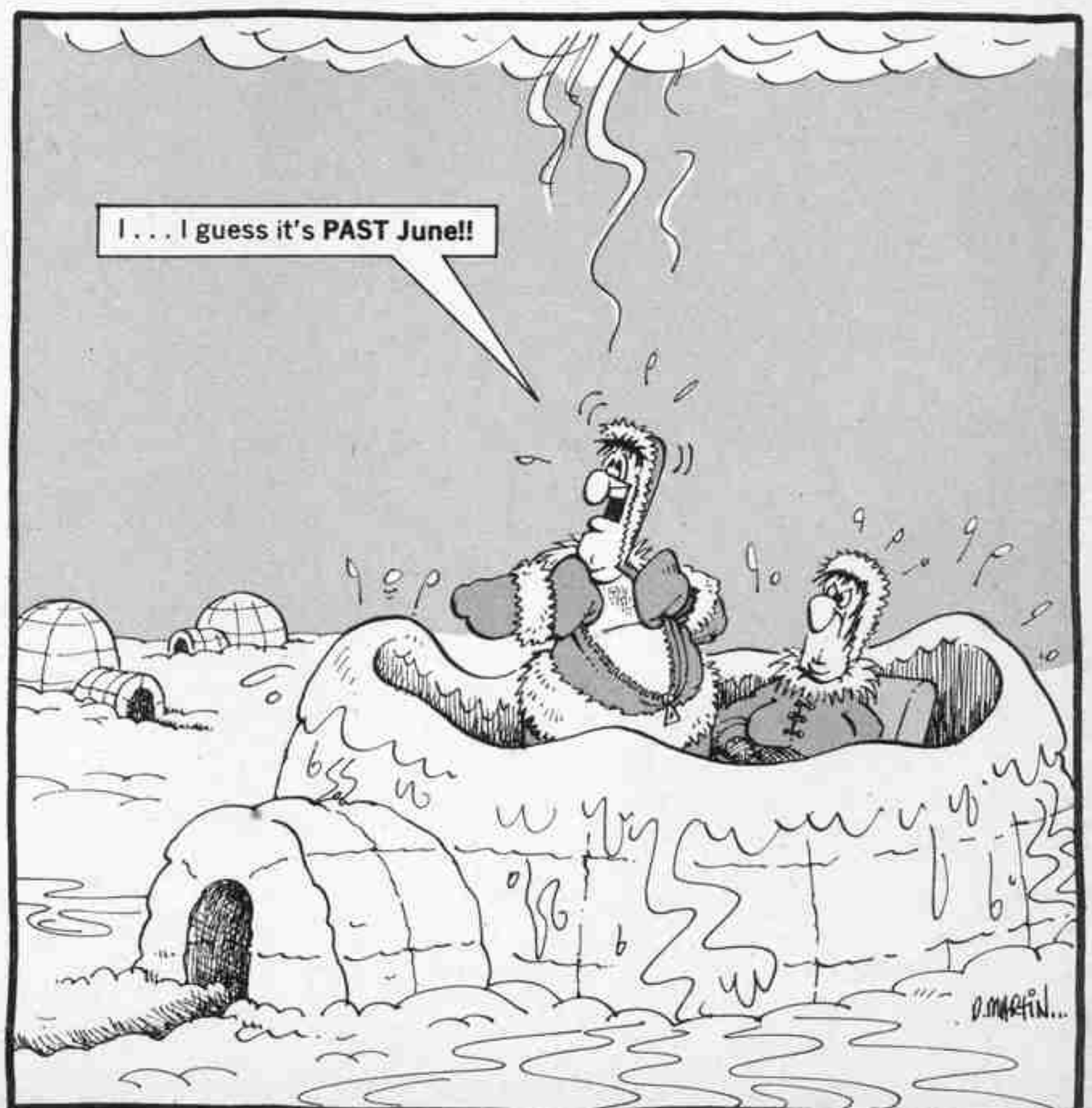
Six More Full-Color Stick-Um Fotos Of
SOLOMON'S WIVES!

(Numbers 339 through 344 in a series of one thousand. Collect them all!)

GIANT MINI-POSTERS OF FOUR NEW PROPHETS YOU NEVER HEARD OF!

JUDAS BEGS HIS FANS: "Please Trust Me!"

ONE FINE DAY IN THE ARCTIC



HACK FILM-MAKER DEPT.

Hello! I'm Mike Malice... and today we're going to do an "in depth" study of a recent Business Phenomenon! That's why I'm here with Mr. Kim Sai Shee, who has just been named

MAD'S "KARATE MOVIE" PRODUCER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Shee...

Noo
goo
gai
kee!

Why, thank
you! And
what does
that mean
in English?

It means, "Ask me
just one embarrassing
question, fellah...
and you can kiss your
Adam's apple goodbye!"

I'll certainly be
careful! Tell us,
Mr. Shee, why did
you go into making
Karate Films?

I wanted to give
my life meaning,
and so I decided
to dedicate
myself to ART!

Some say your movies
are merely a way of
making a **FAST BUCK!**

So? That's the "ART"
I'm talking about!



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART

My...
you
certainly
have an
active
movie
studio!

Yes, I make
four pictures
a week...
all on very
modest
budgets!

Wow!
Four a
week!
How do
you do
it?

Naturally, to
keep up that
pace, some
things must
be left out
of my movies!

Like what?

Like a plot,
good acting
and decent
photography!



Is this a movie
being filmed now?

TWO movies!
I shoot them
both at the
same time!

Ur—I don't quite understand!

It's simple! The first guy
is saying, "There he **GOES**,
through the window!" And the
second guy is saying, "Here
he **COMES**... through the
window!" Cuts costs in half!

子從窗而
邦時他走

時他
未子從
窗而



In every Karate movie, you need **two things!** One skinny Hero, and ten fat Villains! Here . . . the Villains are attacking the Hero, one at a time! They always attack the Hero, one at a time!

Is that an old Chinese custom?

No, silly!

Then why don't they **ALL** attack him at the same time?

If they **DID**, they'd beat his brains out!



Another feature of our movie is the "**Big Gang Battle**"! Fights with two or three hundred people are not uncommon!

My God! All those actors! It must cost you a fortune! How much do you pay each one?

Two pounds a day!

Two pounds? In English currency, that's . . .

What English currency! I'm talking about **RICE!**



Actors will work for only two pounds of rice?

Better still, they'll work for **nothing!** Watch this!

Attention, all Extras! I have only enough rice to pay half of you . . . so . . . first come, first served!



That's how I get my mob fight scenes! And for half the price!

Mr. Shee, I—I'm shocked! You are a very unscrupulous person!

Thanks, but save your admiration till our next stop!



Now . . . here is where we **DUB IN** the English dialogue! See the movie they are showing on the screen?

Well, when we're through dubbing in **THIS** one, we cut it up, scene by scene, re-splice it, dub in **ALL NEW** dialogue and presto! We have **TWO** movies for the price of **ONE!**

Not at all! Actually, I'm only doing what the Critics tell people!

If you see **ONE** Karate Movie, you've seen them **ALL!**

What about it?

But that's . . . dishonest!

Oh . . . ? And what's that?



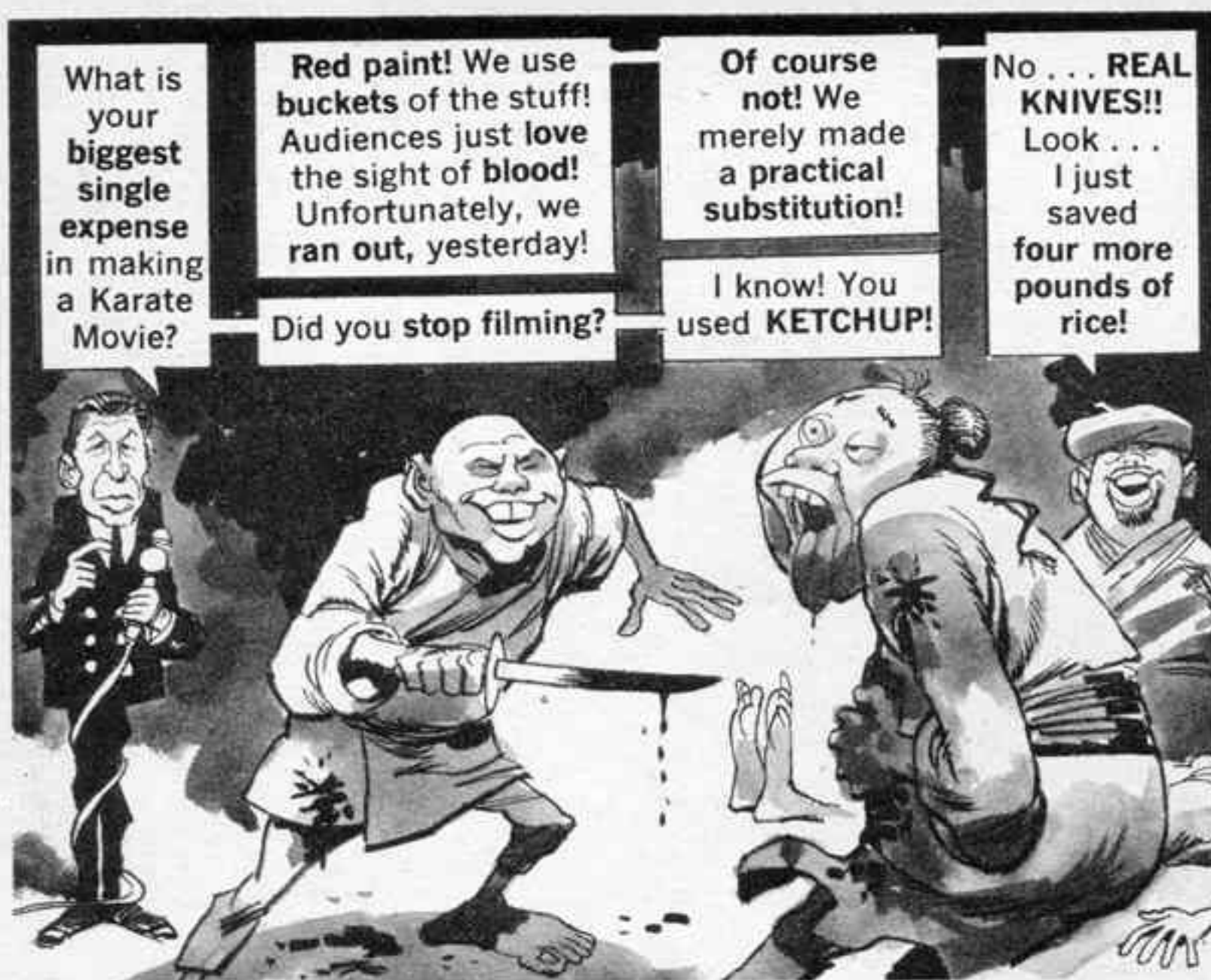
Mr. Shee, what are the **most important** elements in a Karate Movie?

Violence, gore, disfigurement and death! Mike, we show life like it really is!

But life isn't **LIKE** that!

It will be, after enough people start imitating what they see in my pictures!





What is your biggest single expense in making a Karate Movie?

Red paint! We use buckets of the stuff! Audiences just love the sight of blood! Unfortunately, we ran out, yesterday!

Did you stop filming?

Of course not! We merely made a practical substitution!

I know! You used KETCHUP!

No... REAL KNIVES!! Look... I just saved four more pounds of rice!

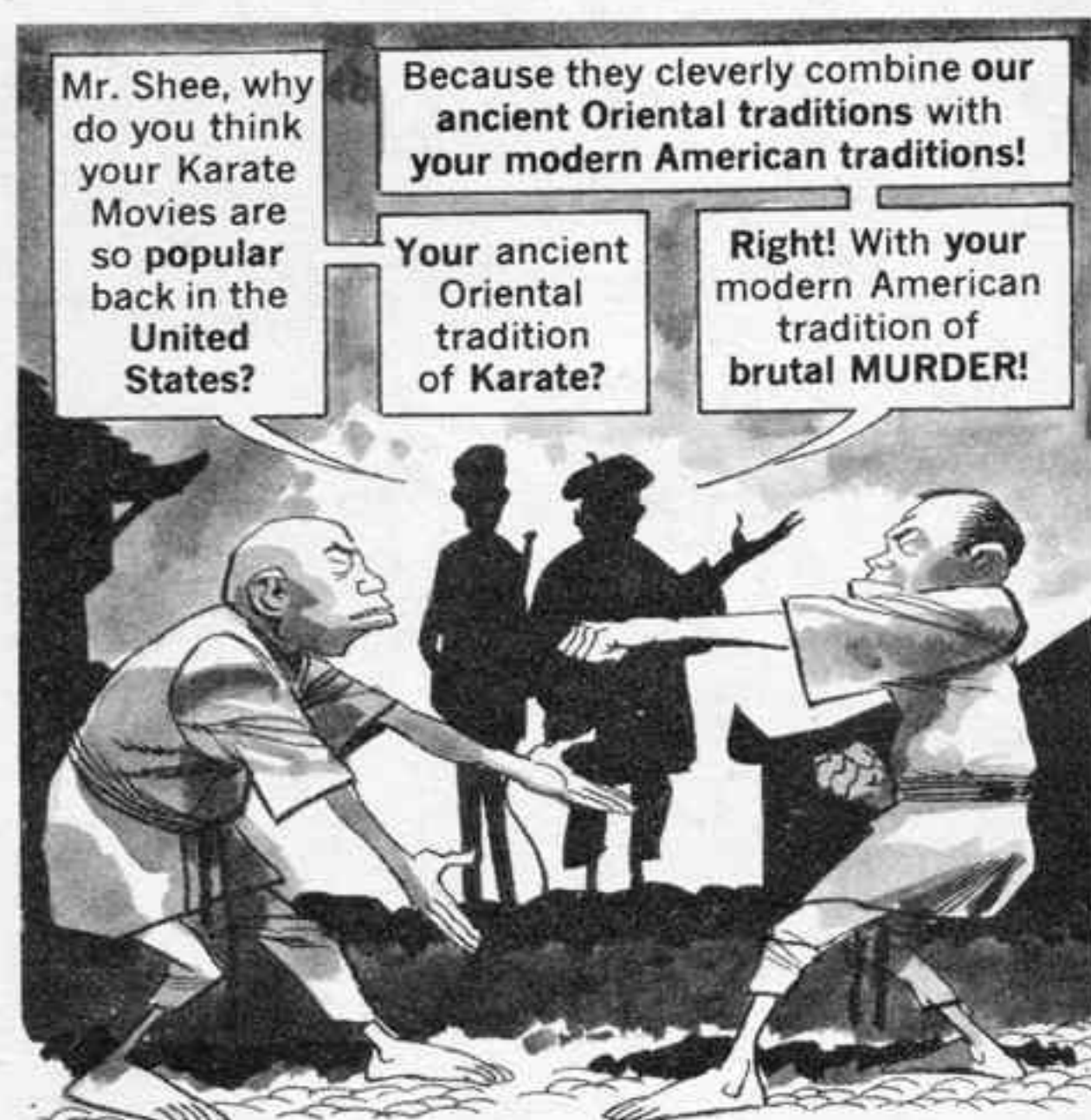


Mr. Shee, I think this man is very seriously hurt!

Nonsense! He only LOOKS very seriously hurt! Actually, he's DEAD!

And you feel no sense of remorse?

Life is too short for regrets! Look how short HIS was!



Mr. Shee, why do you think your Karate Movies are so popular back in the United States?

Because they cleverly combine our ancient Oriental traditions with your modern American traditions!

Your ancient Oriental tradition of Karate?

Right! With your modern American tradition of brutal MURDER!



They look very good!

The ARE! They have achieved the second highest rank that is attainable by Karate men! The BLACK BELT!

The SECOND HIGHEST? And what is the FIRST highest?

The belt that I have attained!

And what one is that?

The MONEY BELT! You will notice this interview isn't all work and no fun!



Here's an important scene from my next big Karate movie, "Toes of Terror"!

Why call it that?

Because the Hero never bathes!

See, the Villain's threatening to rip the Hero's nose off!

Yes, I see! Does he do it...?

I sure hope so! I can't stand happy endings!



And who is SHE...?

A new wrinkle! In this day of Women's Lib, I've introduced a WOMAN Hero who saves the MAN Hero!

Why does she shout when she hits the board...?

It's an old Chinese custom! We scream like that when we're in terrible pain!

That's **DISGUSTING** ... smashing crockery and wood to make it sound as if you're breaking bones and teeth ...!

Don't be an idiot! We smash crockery and wood to **cover** the **REAL** sound of bones and teeth breaking!

That little girl is fighting for **Star Billing**! If she lets up one little bit, it's back to "One from Column A, two from Column B ..." for her!

Well, Mr. Shee ... making a Karate Movie is certainly a **terrifying** experience!

Listen, I've got an even **MORE** terrifying experience for you ...



Sitting in the audience ... watching a Karate Movie!

Man, I love blood and gore as much as the next guy, but a Karate Movie Audience is **SOMETHING ELSE**!



KILL! **MAIM!** **HURT A LOT!** **DISFIGURE!**

Well, they obviously enjoy encouraging the Hero of the movie!

What movie? They're encouraging a little kid in the third row who's arguing with his Mother!



This is the most revolting thing I've ever seen! How can you live with yourself ... knowing that you promote immorality without a pang of conscience, while you brazenly cheat the American Public?!

I feel a lot cleaner than the guy who produced the Documentary they're showing next!

What's that ... ?



A SALUTE TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

This is Mike Malice ... turning you back to **MAD Magazine** ...



SHIFT OF GAB DEPT.

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



PARENTAL NON-SEQUITURS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: STAN HART

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

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



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

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



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

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



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I've decided to join the Peace Corps!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

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



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

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



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

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



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

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



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

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



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

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



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

Our hero!

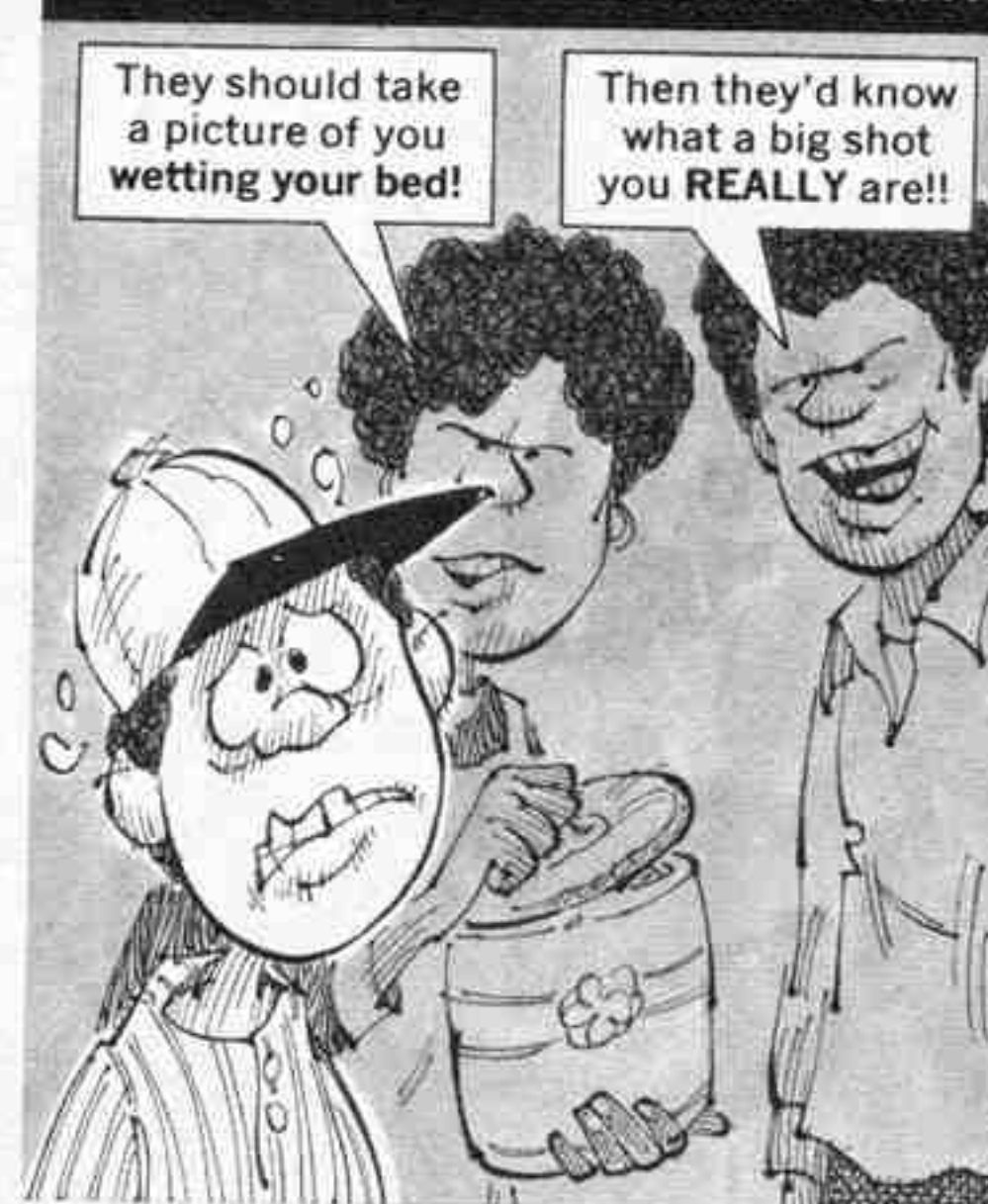
He's a born **Big Leaguer**!



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

They should take a picture of you wetting your bed!

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



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

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



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

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



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

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



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I plan to become a Nuclear Physicist!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

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



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

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



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

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



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

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



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

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



WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

I just saved four people from a burning building!



WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

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



WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

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



Look at those poor, underprivileged children down there, roasting in the hot sun ... with nothing to do ... and no way to cool off!

The city should build them a municipal swimming pool, or close a street and set up sprinklers, or at least open a few fire-hydrants!

Nobody's doing anything about it! Everyone's too lethargic! Everyone wants to let George do it! Well, I'm George! And I'm going to make noise! I'm going to circulate petitions and pound on the Mayor's door until I get some action in this just cause!

Good! And I'll help you! Let's get started right this minute!!

Not now! It's too hot!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

HOT

EVERYBODY...OUT OF THE POOL!!

Why do they always chase us out of the pool whenever there's a thunderstorm...?

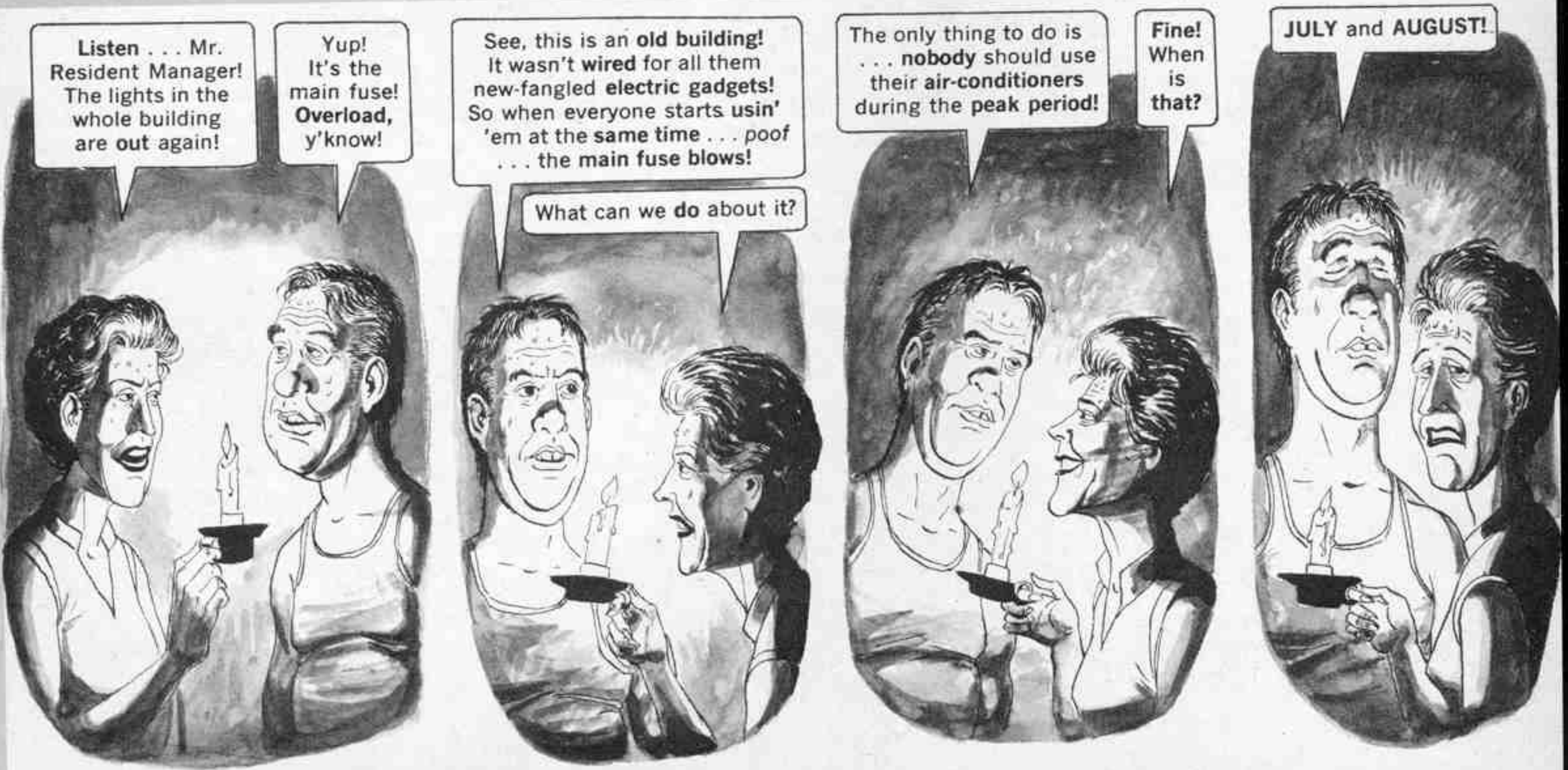
Because they don't want us to get WET, silly!





WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



The sun sure is bright out there! I need a pair of sunglasses!

We have a very large selection here...

Oh, **THESE** are attractive!

Yes, but they're not very practical! They won't protect your eyes as well as the plain Polaroids will!

What it finally comes down to is: Do you want to be **ATTRACTIVE** or **PRACTICAL**?

PRACTICAL, of course!

That's why I'll take the **ATTRACTIVE** pair!

Hey, kid! You're **NEW** around here, huh?

Yeah! My Dad's on his **Summer vacation**, and we're spending it—living in this fantastic house!

Oh, yeah! That's where I live! My house can be cooled down to **fifty degrees** with its **central air conditioning**! My house can sleep **fifteen** comfortably...

... and my house can be sold for **70 thousand dollars**!

What can **YOUR** house do?

Seventy miles an hour on the Freeway!

Are you **crazy** or something?!? Why are you buying "**Ant and Roach Spray**," "**House & Garden Insecticide**" and "**Fly Killer**"?

Because bugs come out when it's hot and—Oh, I forgot! You're an "**Ecology Nut**"!!

Am I a "**Nut**" to value life above all things?!? Am I a "**Nut**" to be concerned about the balance of **Nature**...?!?

Maybe you're right! I **DID** hear that **aerosol insecticides** can be **dangerous** to people!

It's the **Insect Cycle** I'M worried about! As far as **PEOPLE** are concerned, they can all go to **HELL**!



And now for the weather! There is **no break** in sight for this current **heat wave**! The power company reports a **dangerous overload** due to excessive use of air conditioners! Therefore—

There will be a **10% cutback** in electric power! This could cause **blackouts** in some areas! The power company also advises its customers to shut off all **unnecessary electric appliances**

. . . including your radio!

Stay tuned for further reports!



That chintzy, cheap, paper decoration is hideous!

That is not a decoration! That gets rid of flies!

Actually, that hideous paper decoration is only a cover for the chemically-treated plastic strip inside!

Really? But, how does it work?

YOU'RE the Chemistry Major! YOU tell ME!

Okay... I WILL...

The fly takes one look at that hideous thing... and LEAVES!!



Oh, boy! What a NIGHT!!

It was hot and muggy... and the bugs were biting... and my heat rash was itching...

... and then this guy started following me around, telling me how BEAUTIFUL I was!

It was the GREATEST NIGHT of my LIFE!!



I don't know what's worse! This beastly hot weather, or the constant repetition of—

Don't say it! If I hear it one more time, I'll SCREAM!!

Hi! Isn't it just awful?! Y'know, it's not the HEAT... it's the HUMIDITY!

Y A A A A H H H H !

Y'know, it's NOT the heat! And it's NOT the humidity! It's all that SCREAMING!!



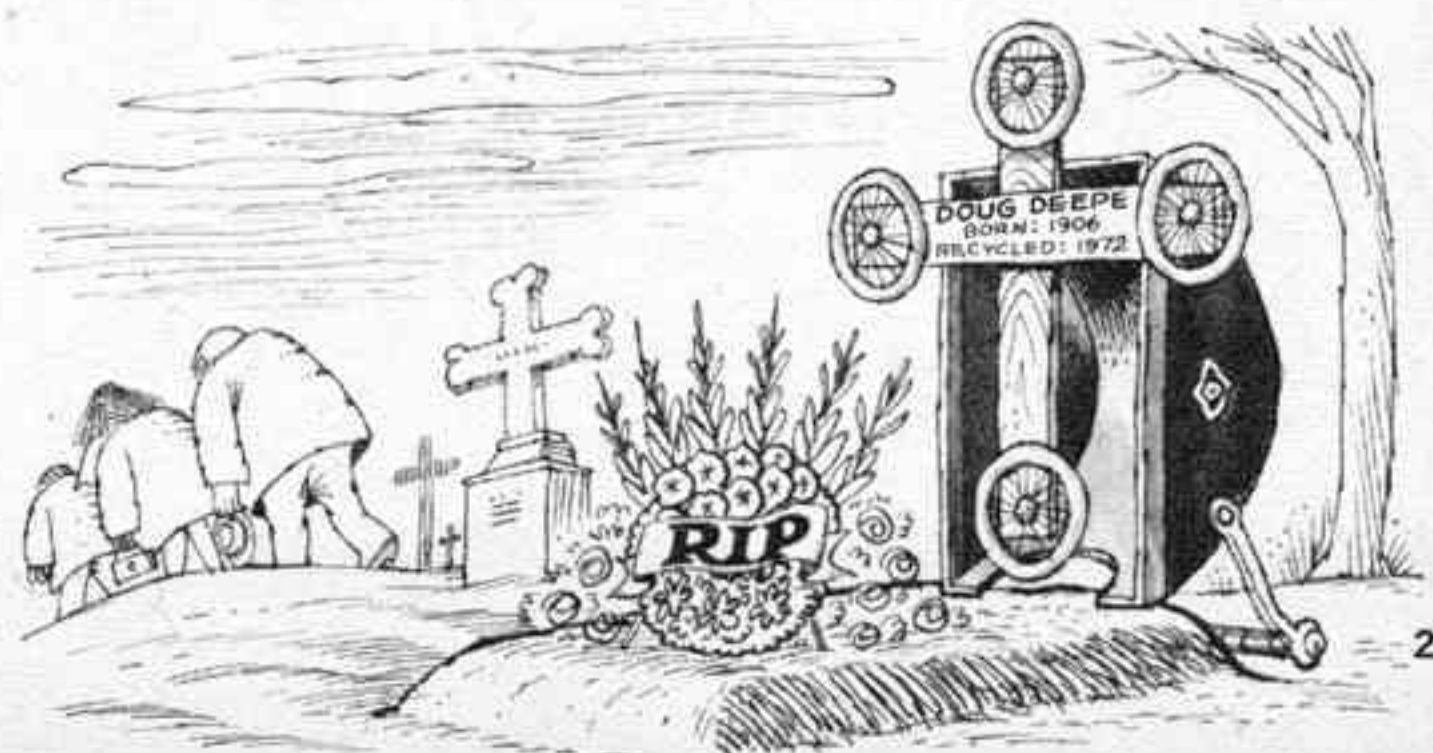
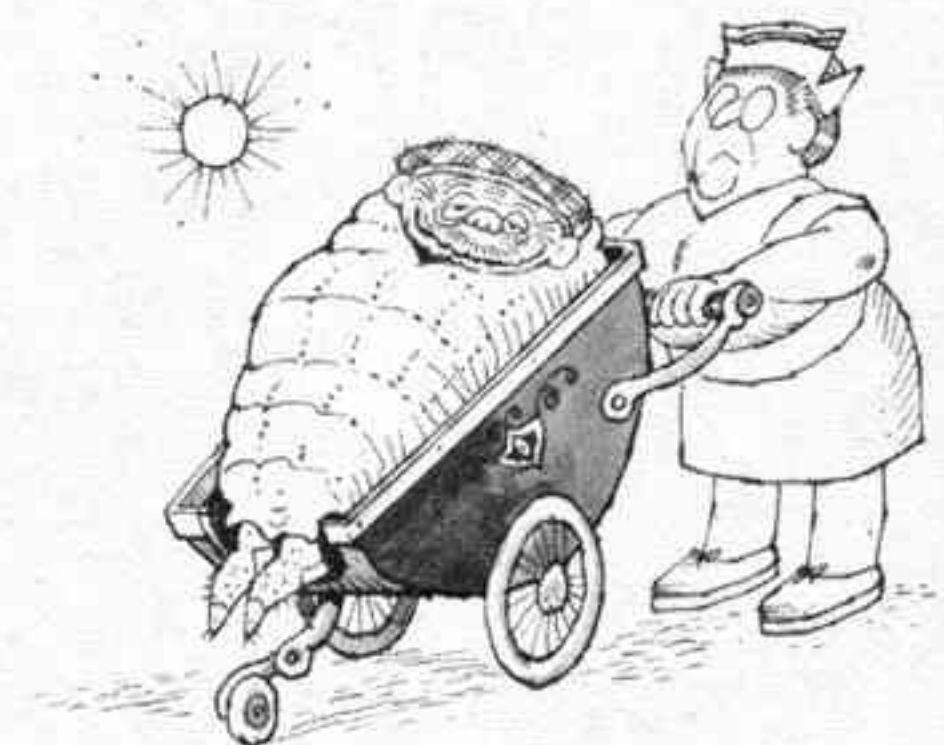
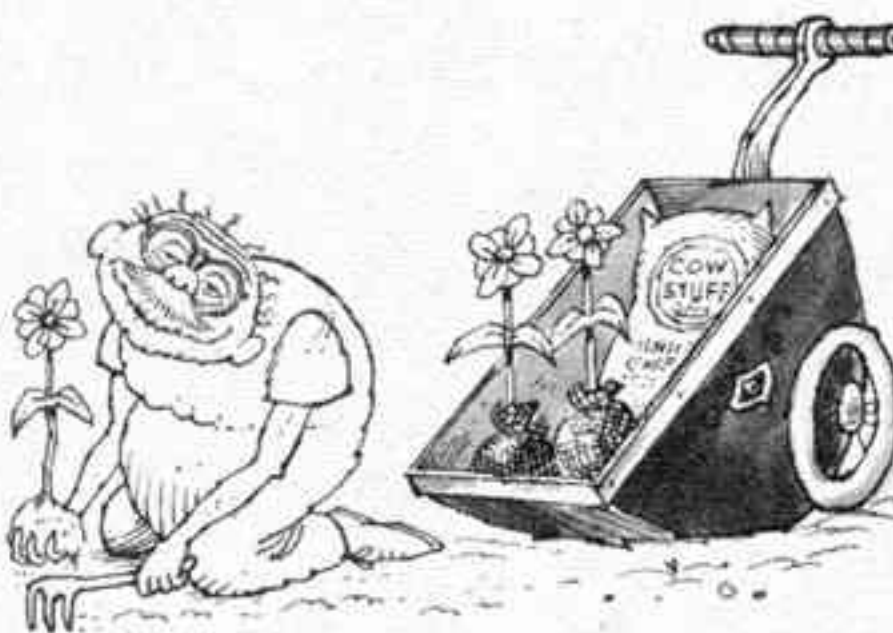
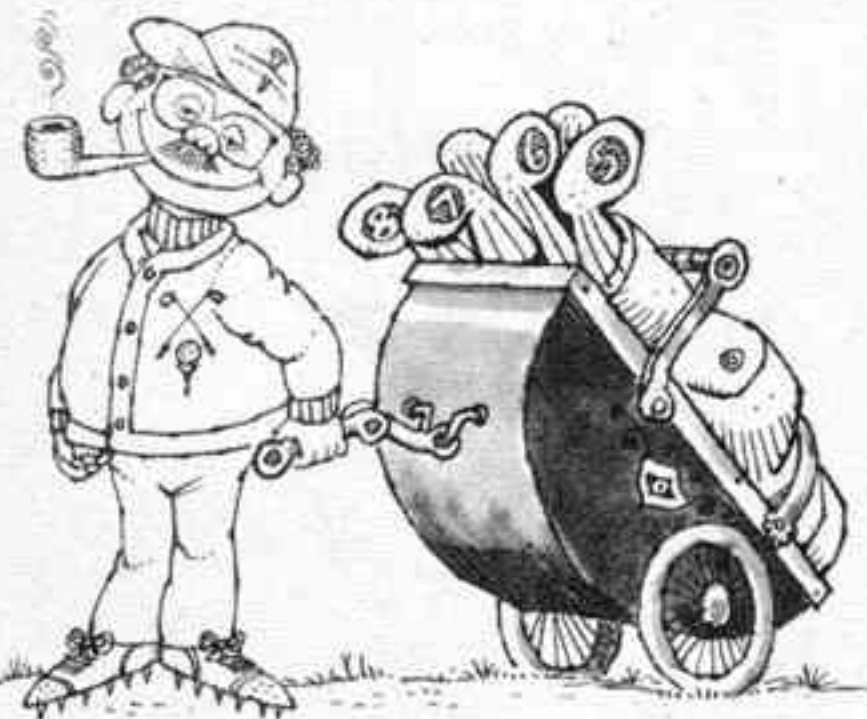
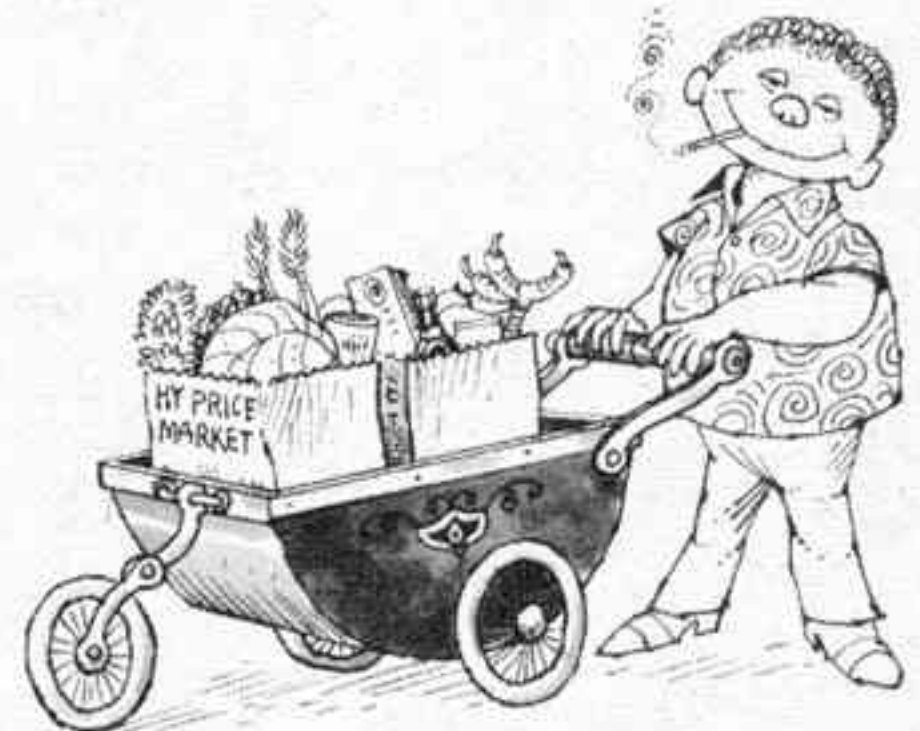
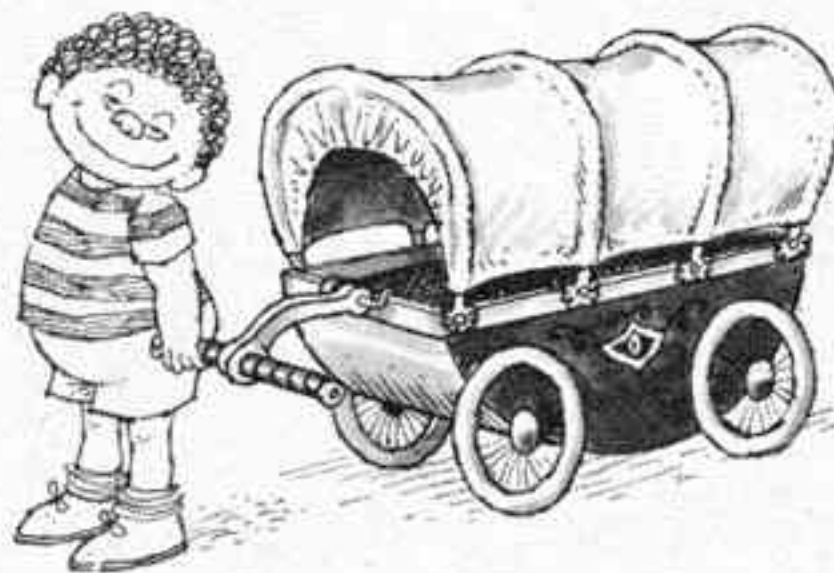
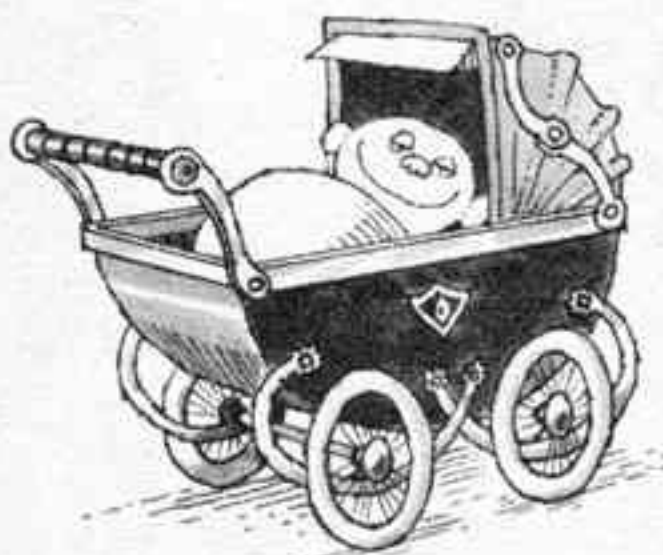
ALTERING THE WASTE DEPT.

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

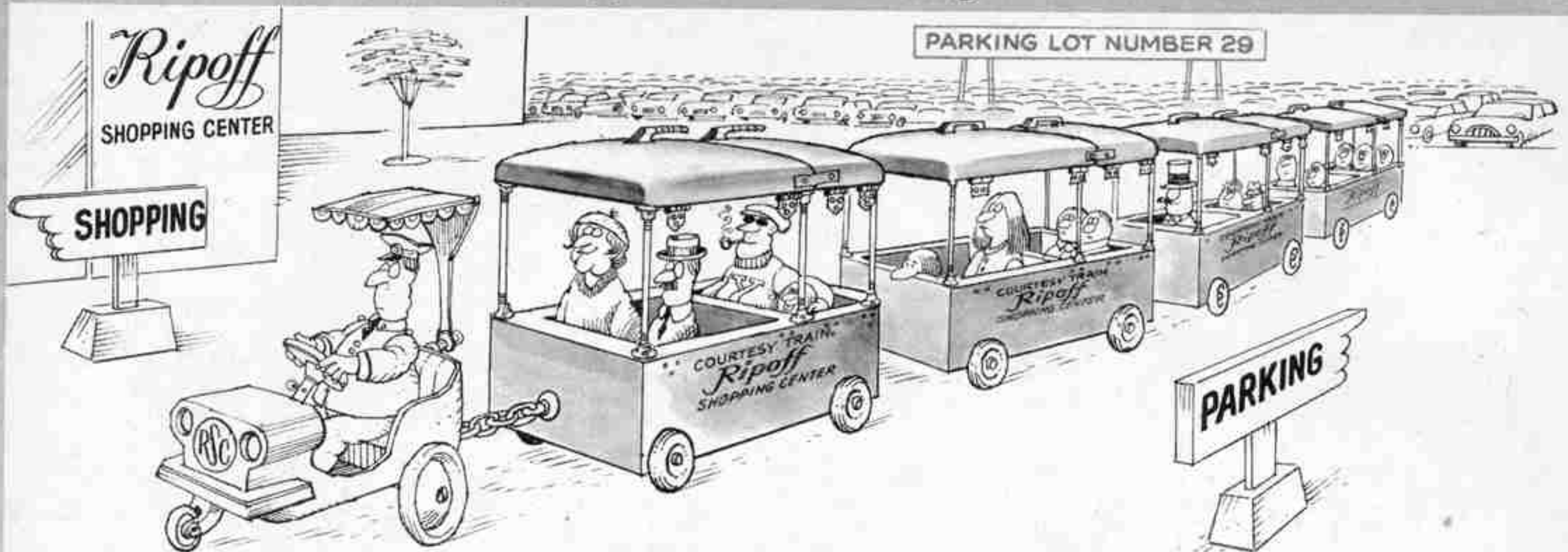
A MAD GUIDE TO RECYCLING GARBAGE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

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



Recycling Discarded Refrigerators

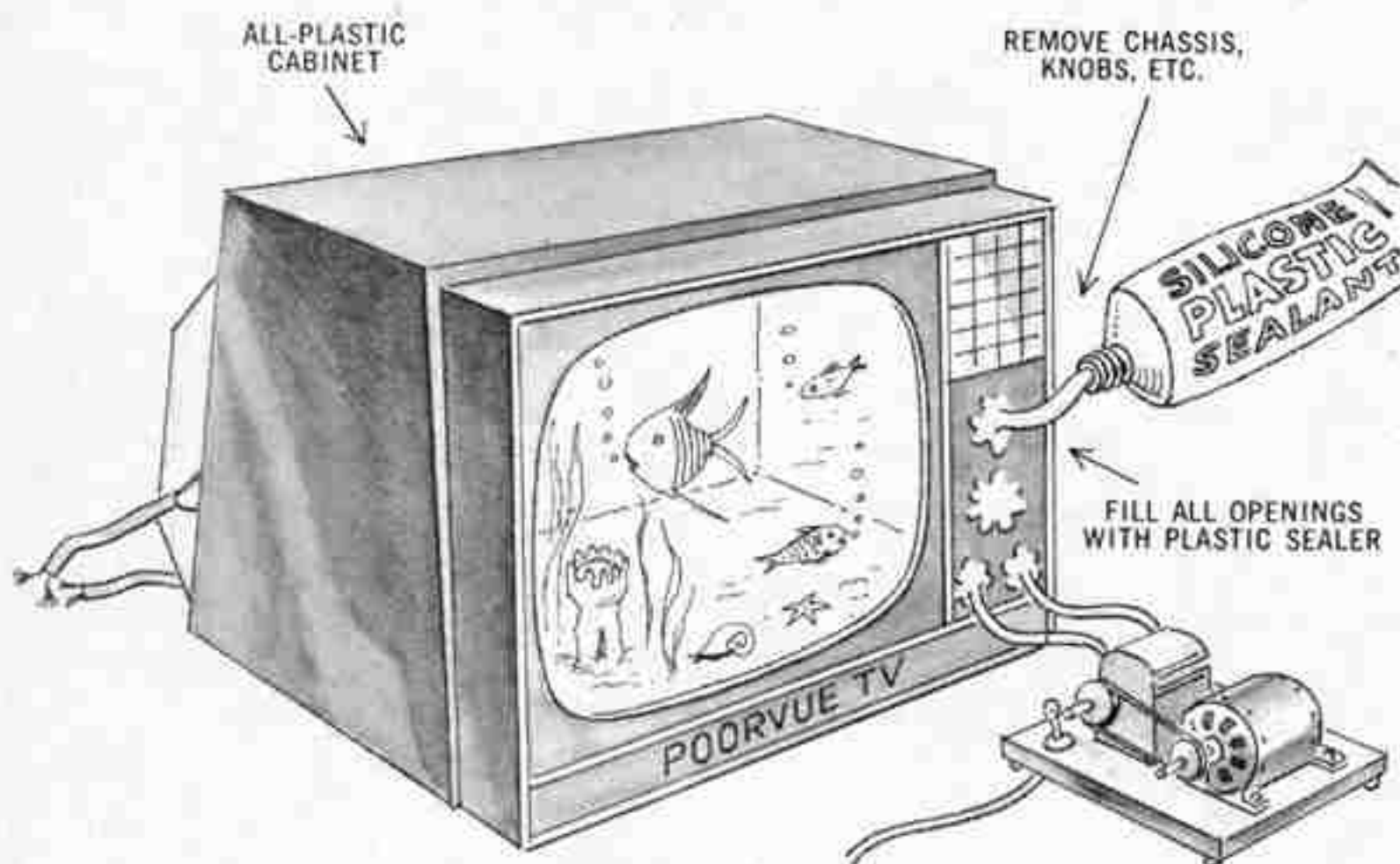


Millions of old refrigerators are discarded each year. By simply raising the doors on pipes, upholstering the insides with seats and adding wheels, they can serve

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

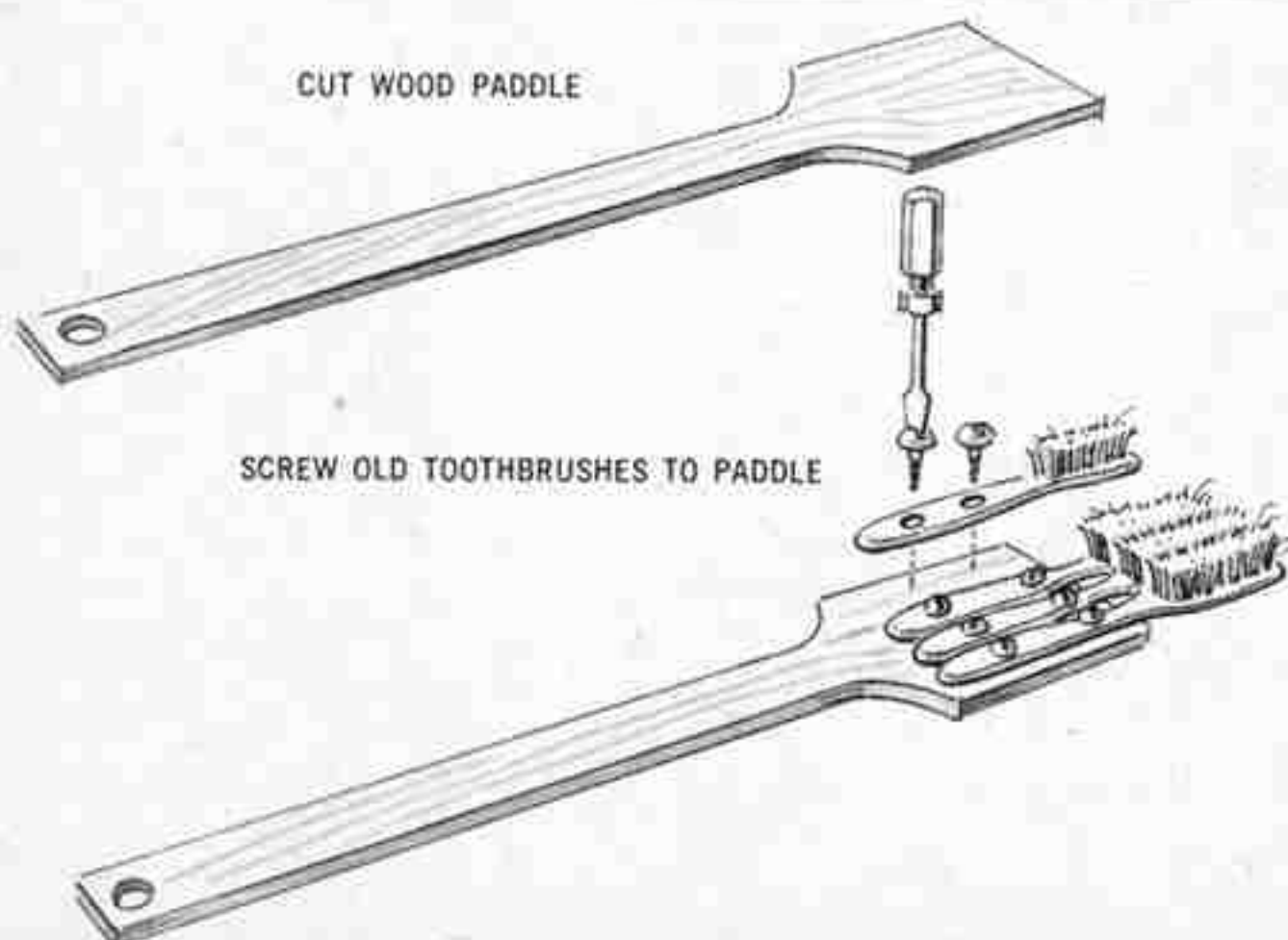
Results: All-Weather Shopper's Transportation and Amusement Park Play Trains

Recycling Old Television Sets



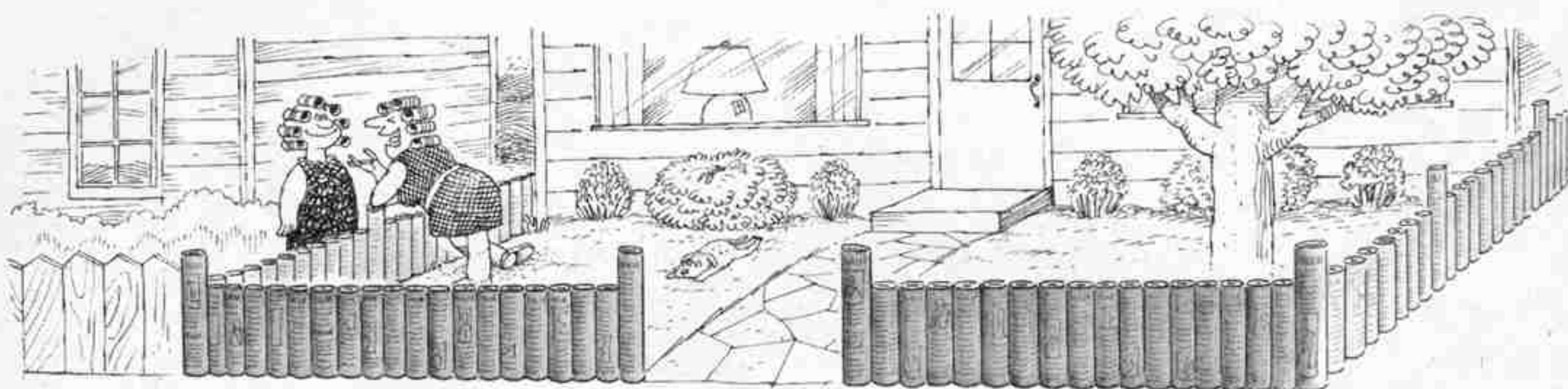
Results: Modernistic Tropical Fish Aquarium ... and Sports Fan Rain Hood

Recycling Old Toothbrushes

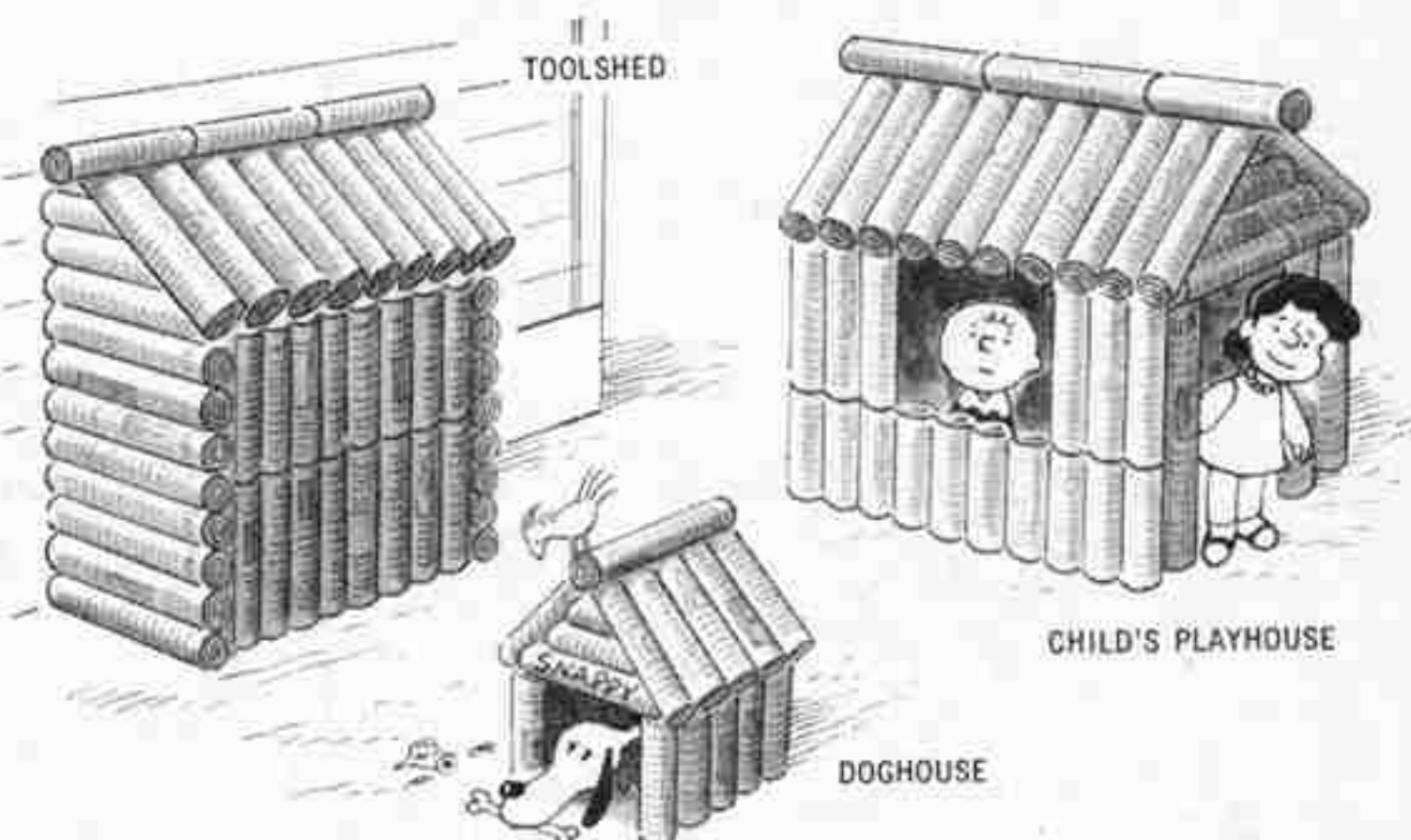
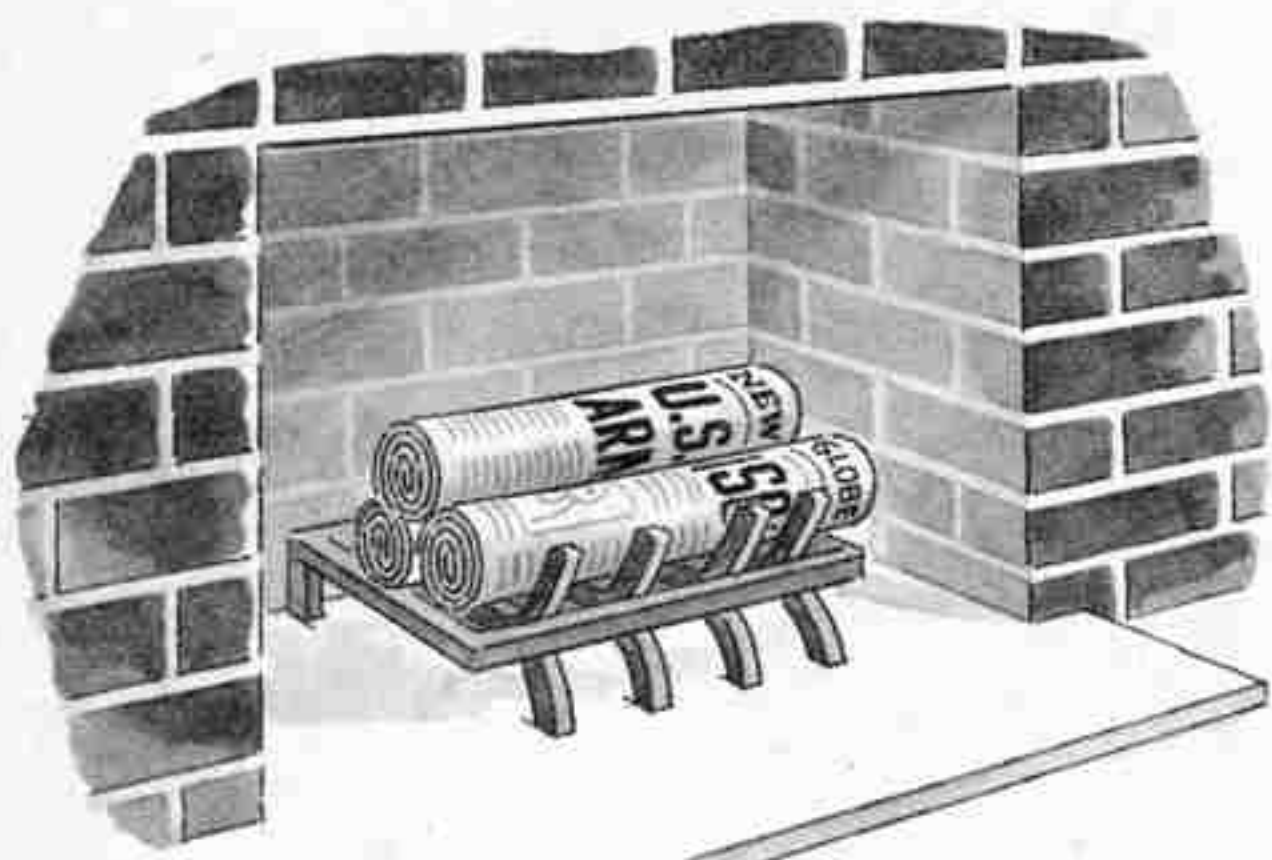


Results: An Efficient Bathroom Backscrubber

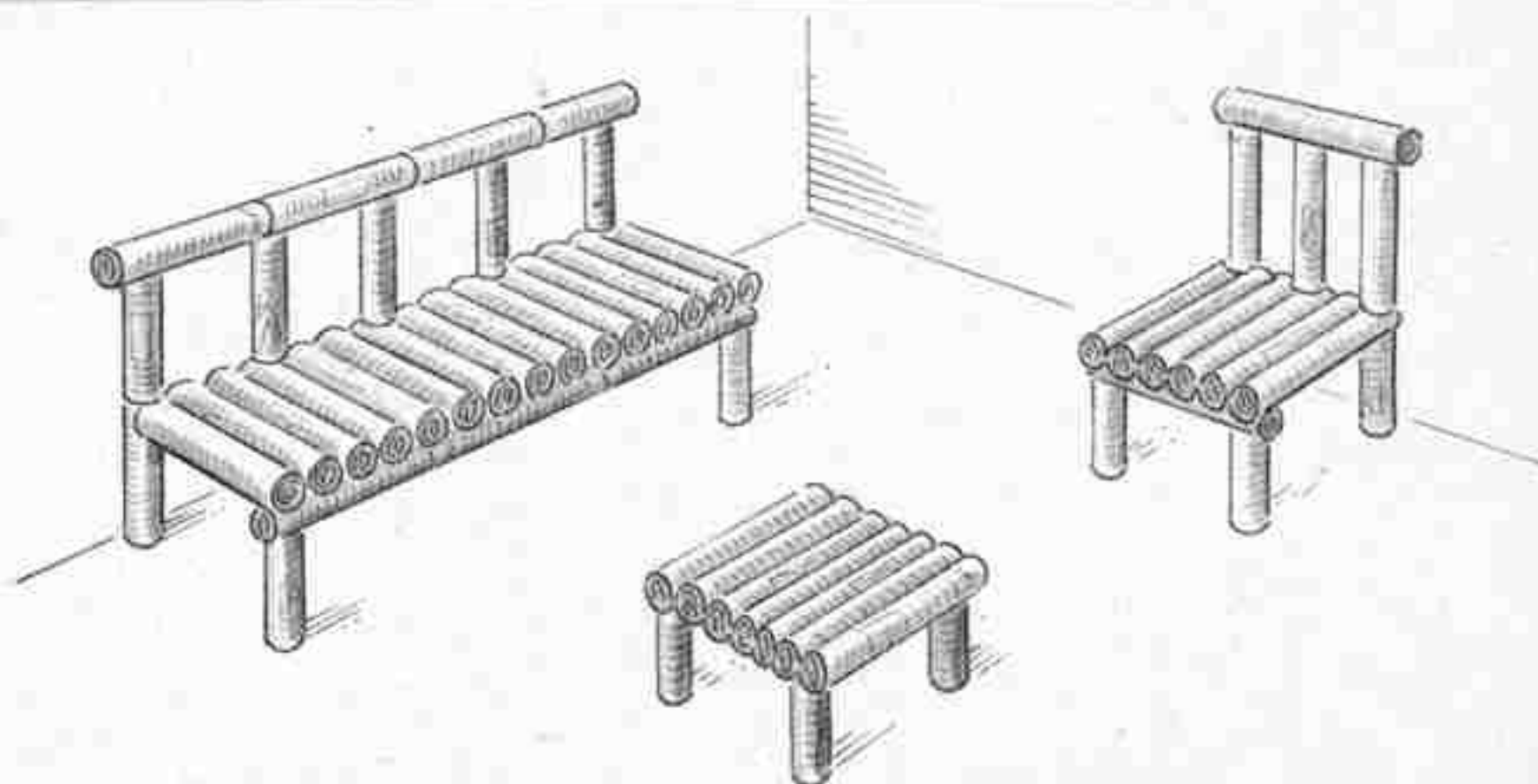
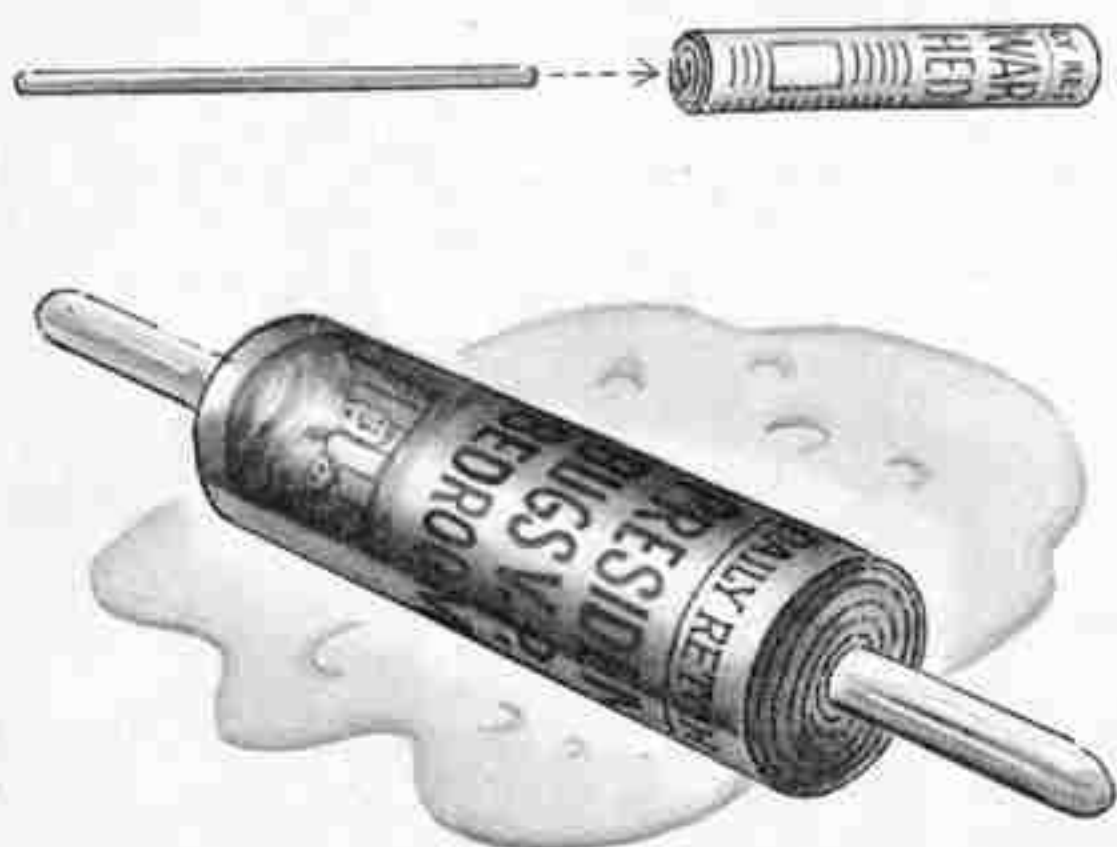
Recycling Old Newspapers



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

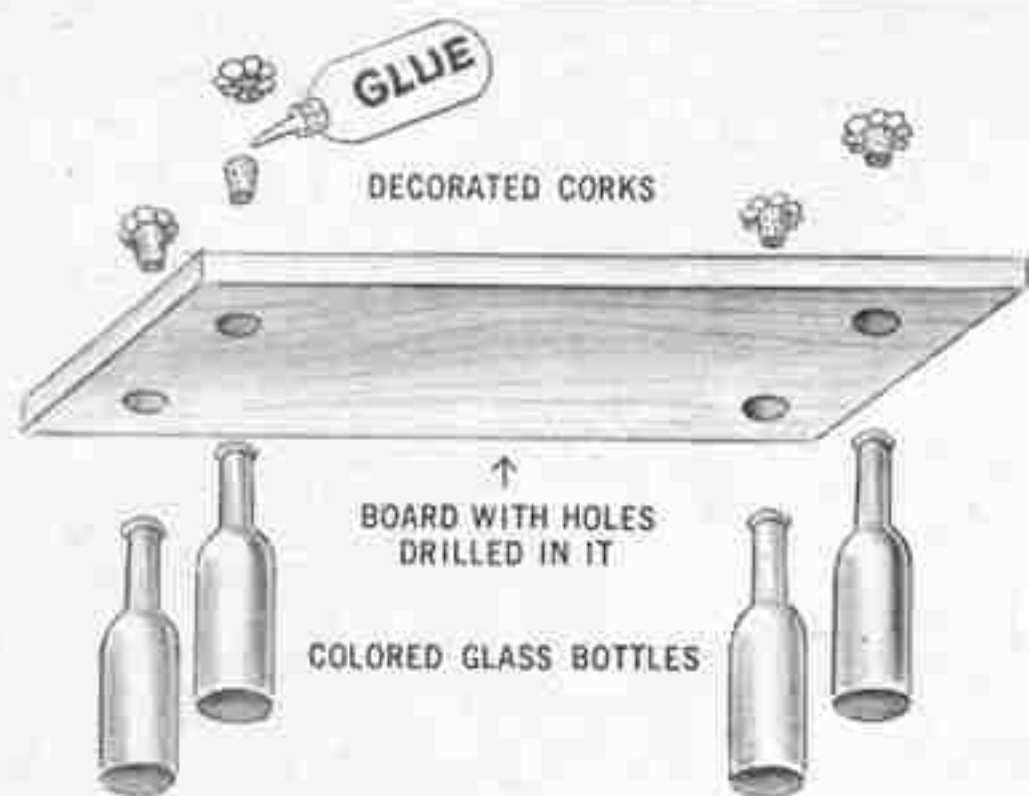


... Or As Decorative Fireplace Logs Or To Construct Small Structures ...



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

Recycling Old Glass Bottles



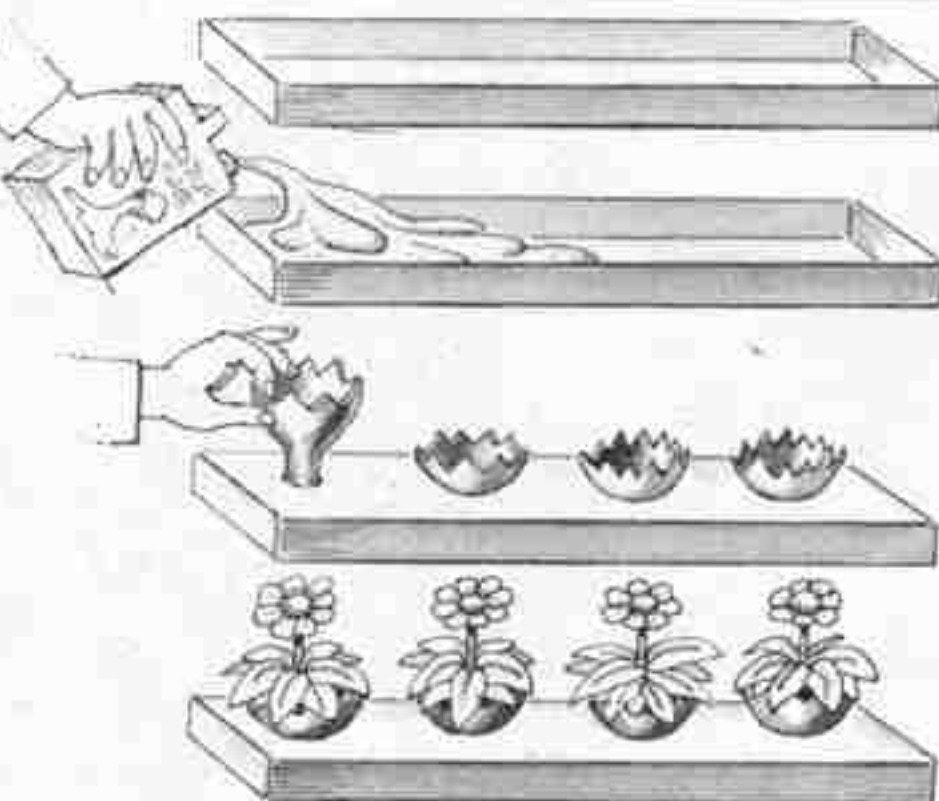
Results: Bottles Make Colorful Legs For Charming Coffee Tables And End Tables.

MAKE CARDBOARD TRAY TO FIT WINDOW SILL

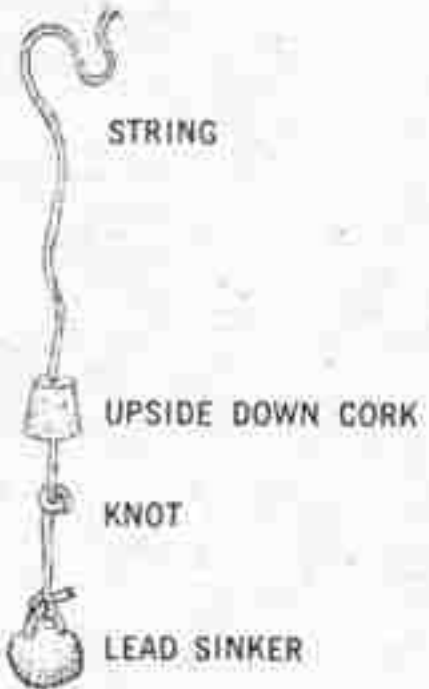
FILL TRAY WITH PLASTIC COMPOUND OR CEMENT

ARRANGE BROKEN BOTTLES NECK DOWN AS SHOWN

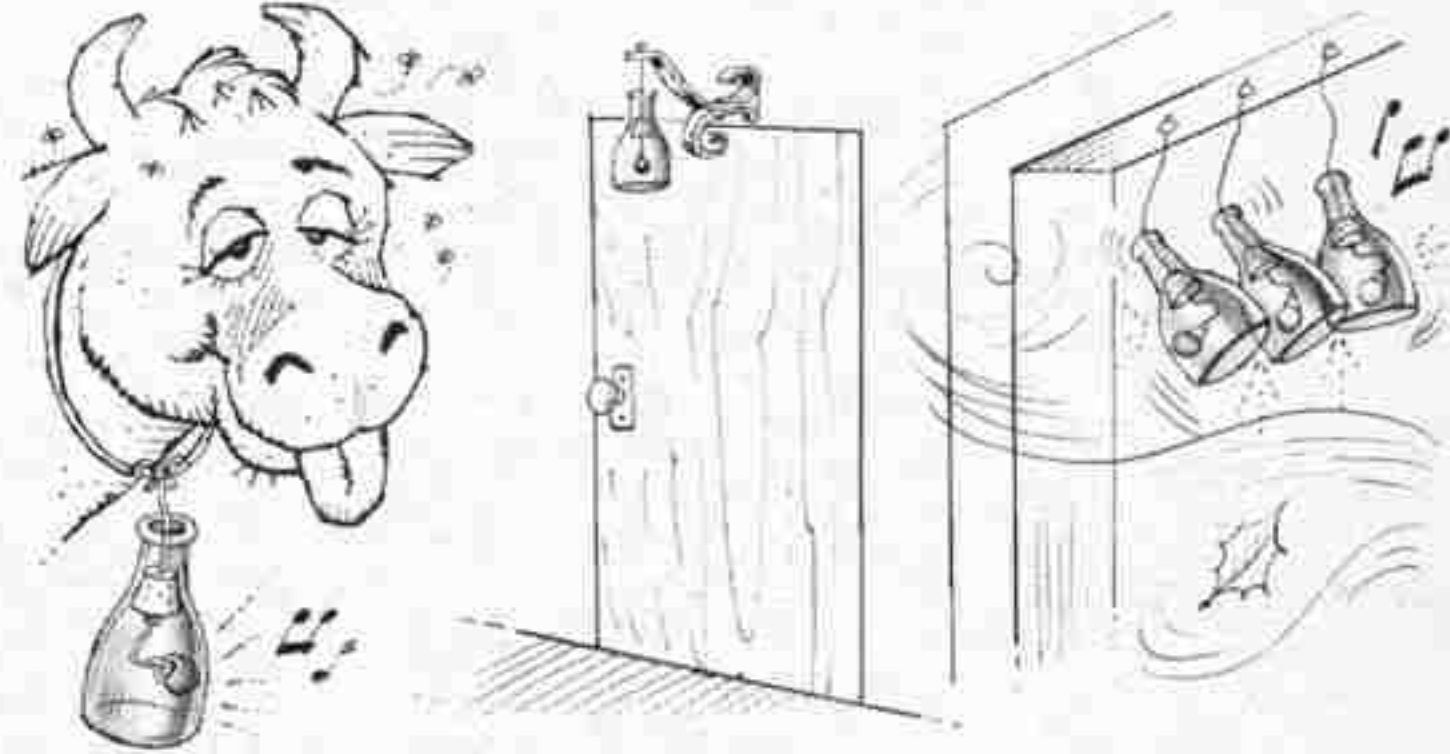
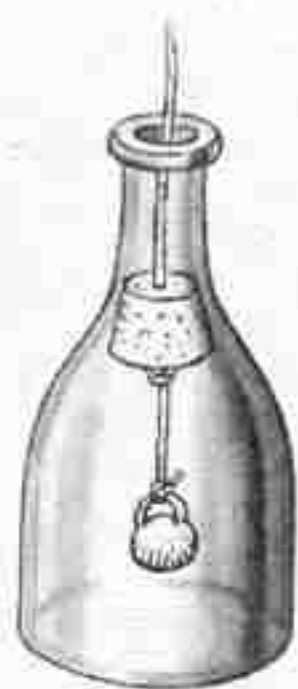
FILL BOTTLES WITH SOIL AND PLANT FLOWERS



Results: A Decorative Burglar Discourager



INSERT THIS INTO BOTTLE LIKE THIS



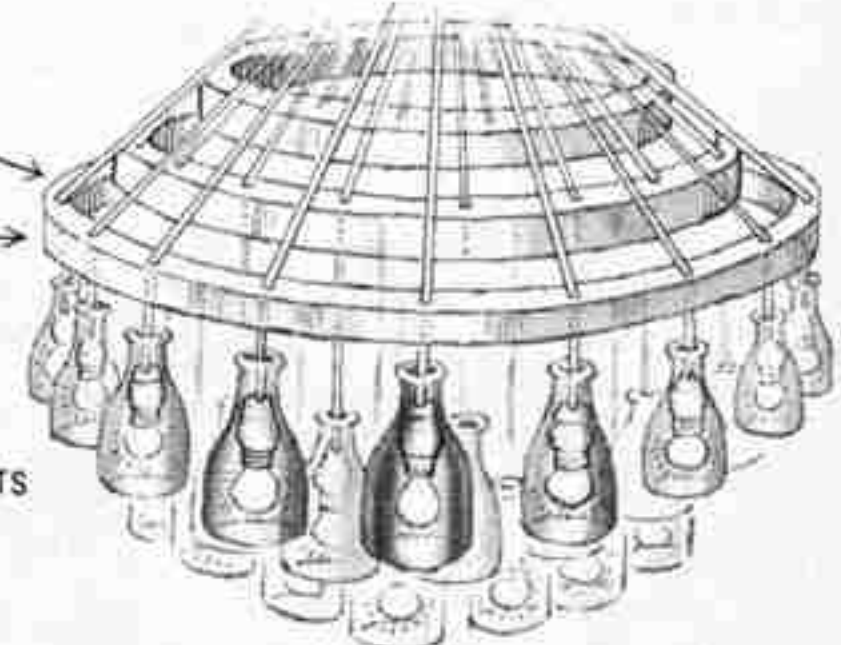
Results: Ear-pleasing Bells and Chimes



WIRING

PLEXIGLASS HOOPS

BOTTLES WITH BULBS IN SOCKETS



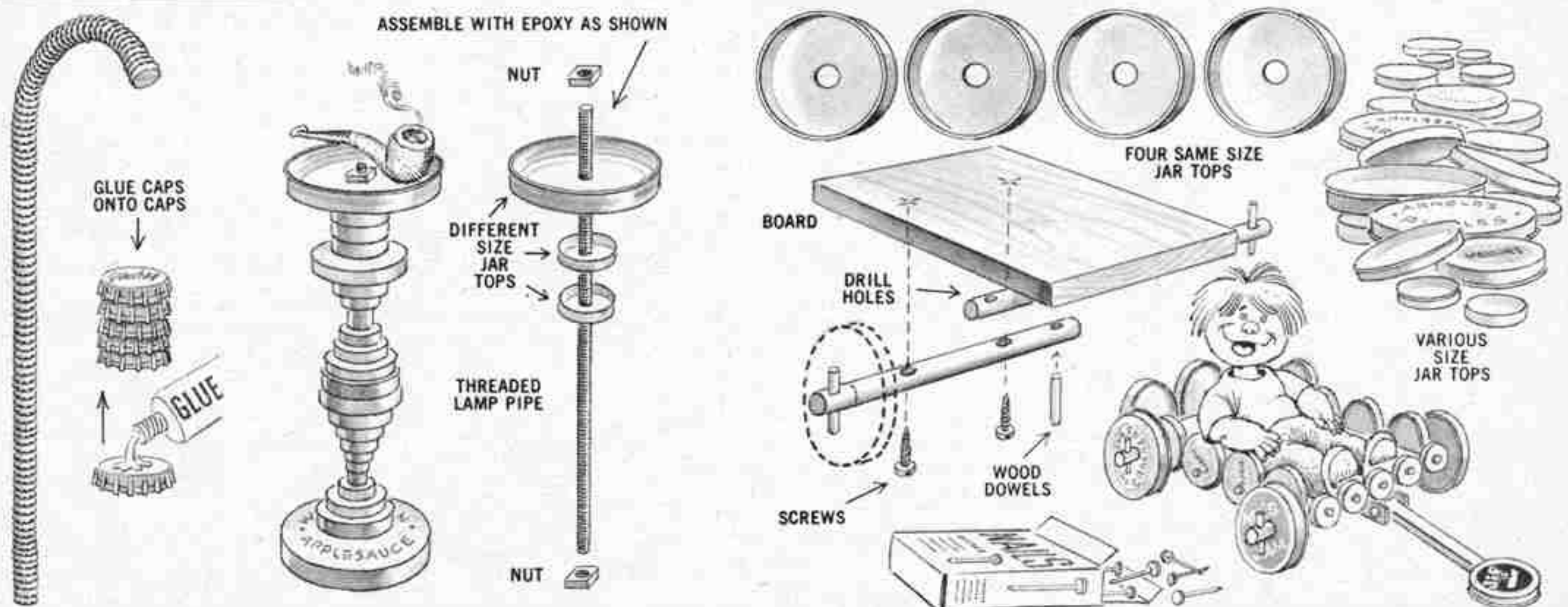
... Or Practical Windproof Candleholder ... Or Fancy-Looking Glass Chandelier.

Recycling Bottle Caps and Jar Tops

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



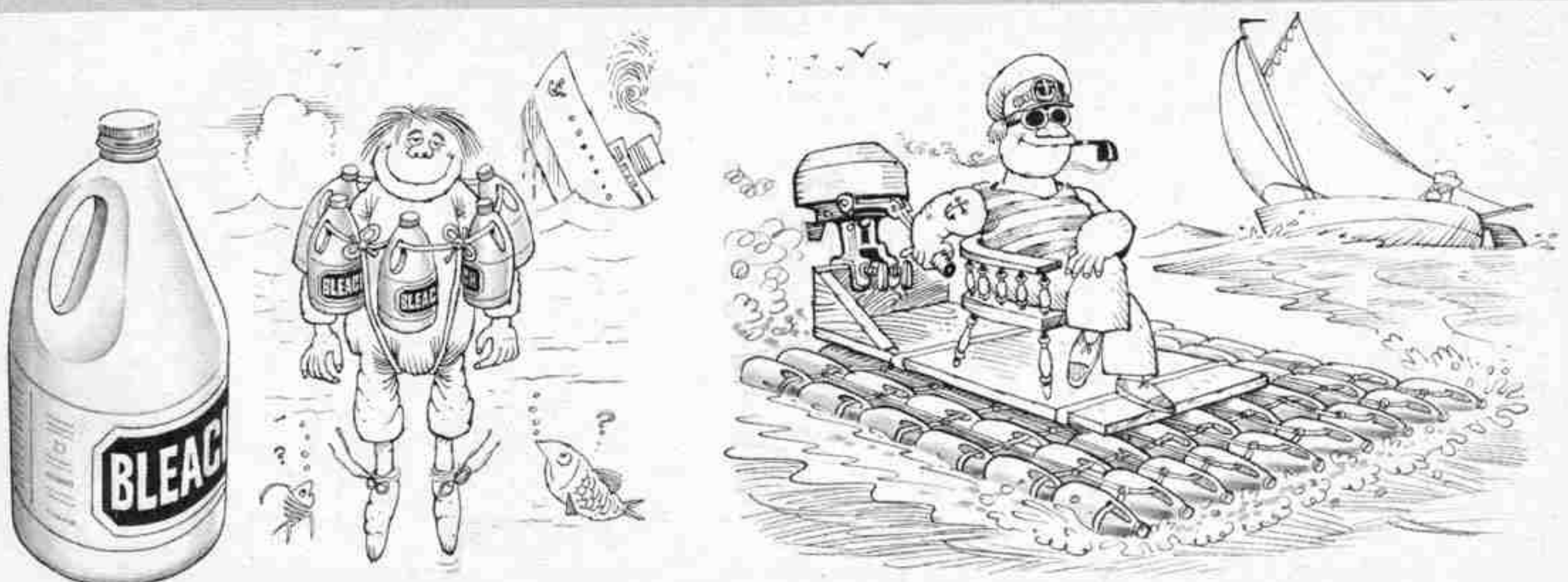
Results: Attractive Earrings, Necklaces, Rings and other Creative Jewelry.



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

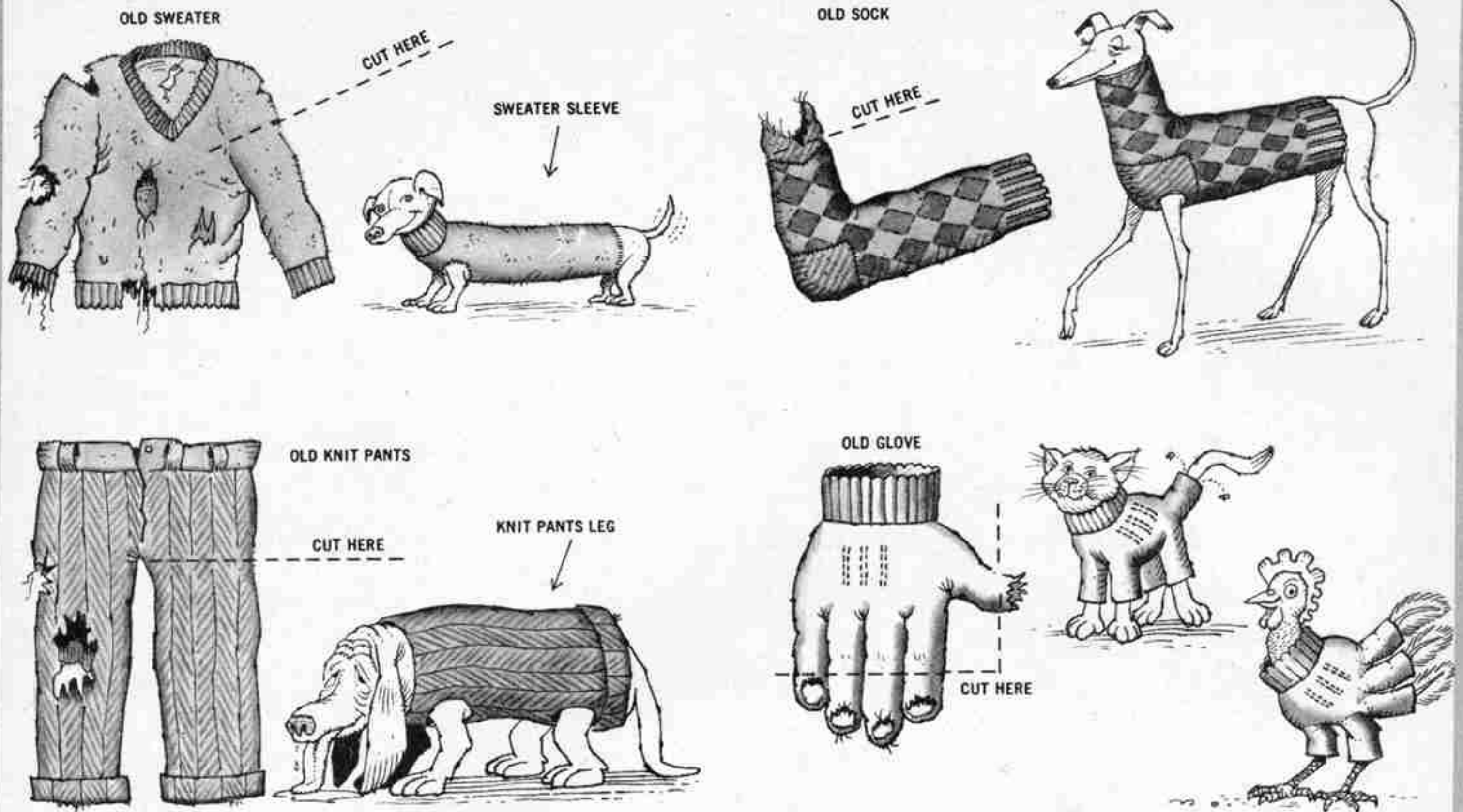
And A Clever Child's Toy Wagon.

Recycling Old Plastic Bottles



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

Recycling Old Clothes and Ties



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



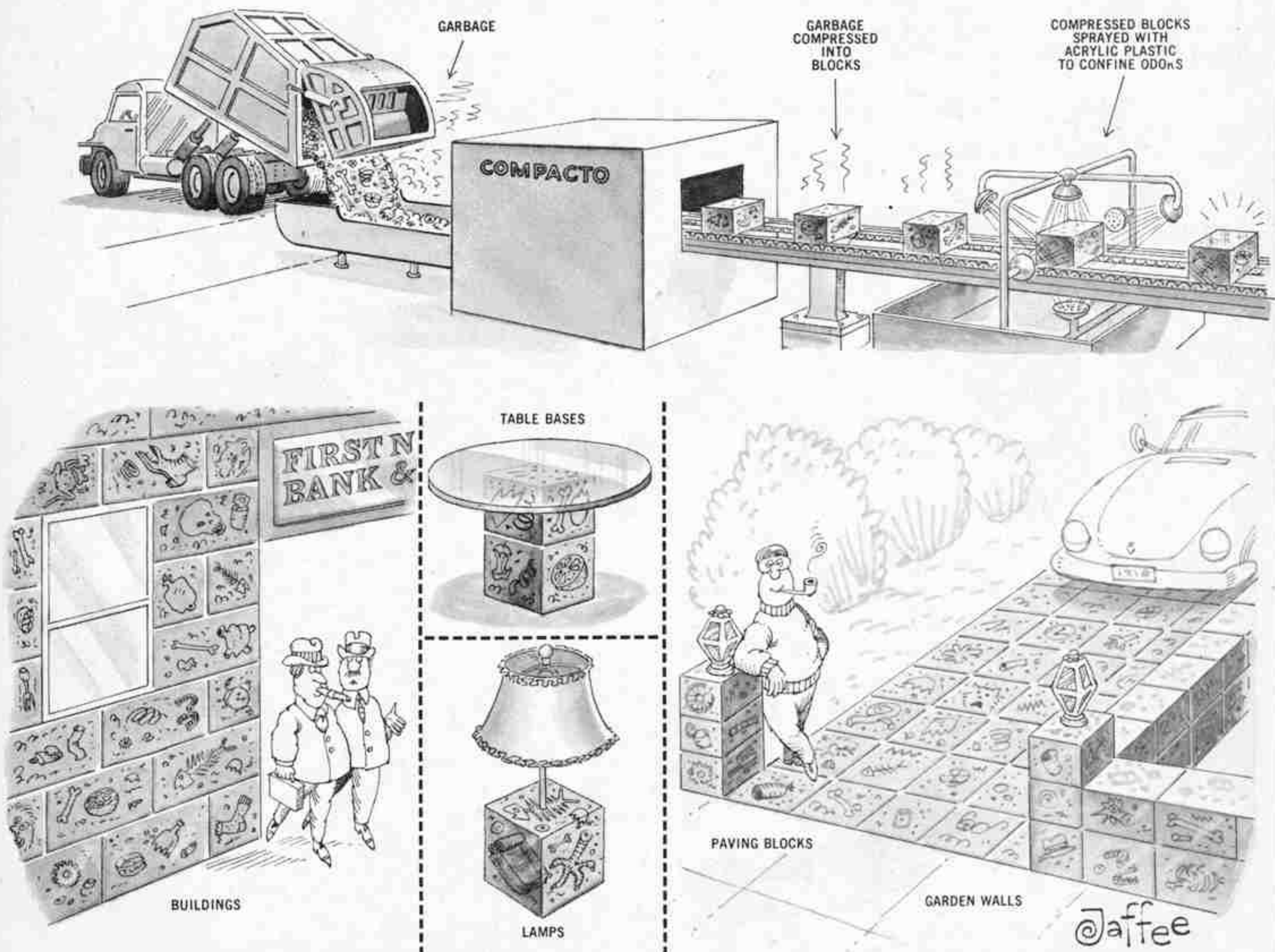
Results: Beautiful, Colorful Table Cloths, Skirts, Throw Rugs and Curtains.

Recycling Old Fluorescent Tubes



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

Recycling Miscellaneous Garbage



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

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED MUCH TOO YOUNG/O

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... the band she picked for your Wedding refuses to play a Waltz.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... your Manhood and Patriotism are questioned ... just because you happen to be driving her car to work one day.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you come home from a hard day to find that dinner isn't ready ... but she's learned three new Folk Songs.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he objects to what you grow in your garden.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he's constantly upset ... having to explain that you're his Wife, not his Daughter, dammit!

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he stays home on his Bowling night because he knows that a bunch of your friends are coming over.

MARRIED A GAL/GUY WHO'S OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



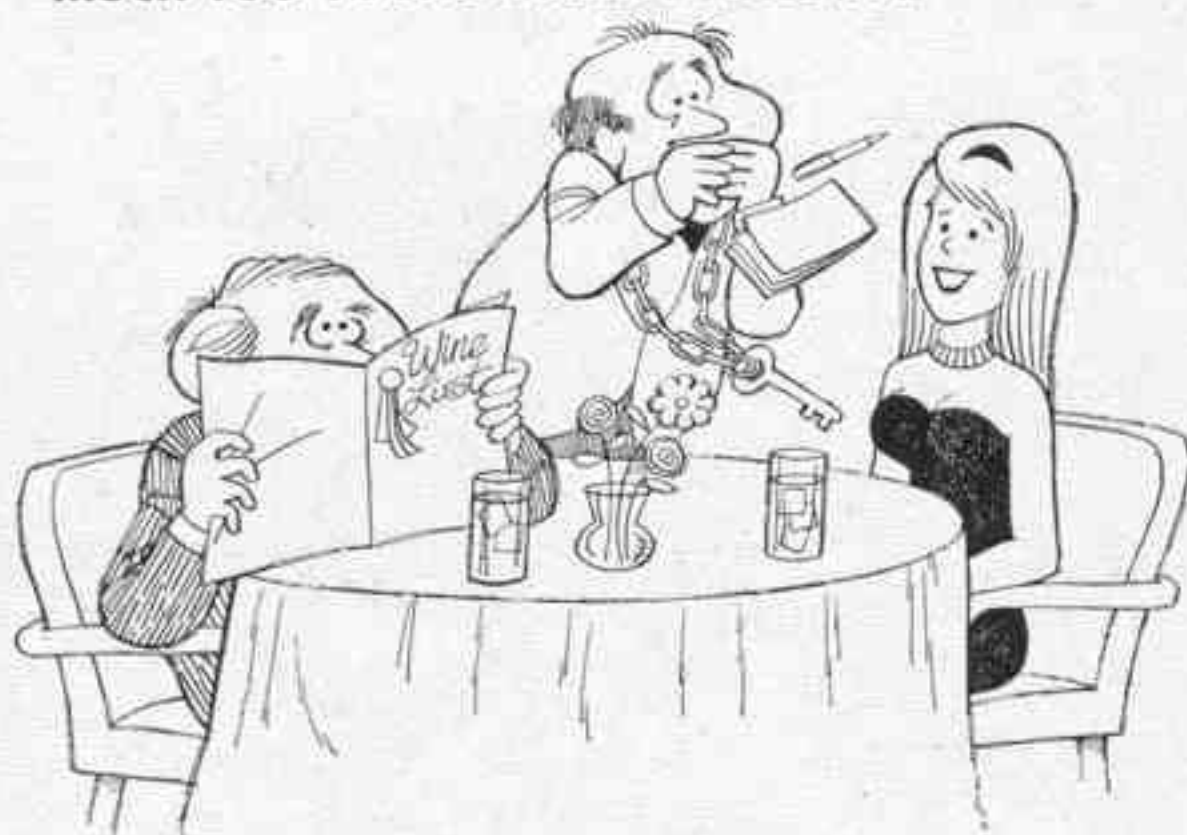
... the clock-radio is always set on her station.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... he's got more in common with your Mother than with you.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... you're studying the wine list in a very plush restaurant, and she asks you to order a bottle of "Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill."

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... you have to shovel the snow, because he's afraid that it would be a strain on his heart.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... in an effort to share her interests, you attend your very first Rock Concert ... and you find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



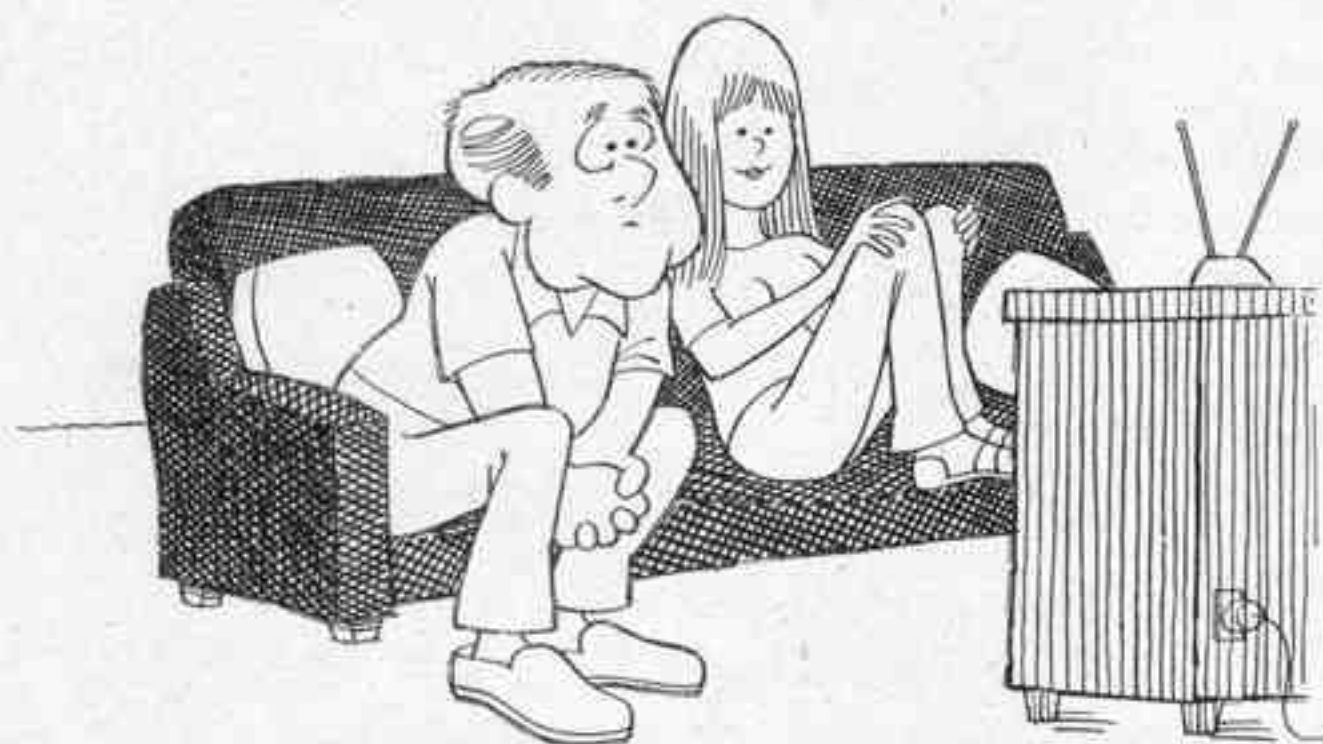
... in an effort to share his interests, you attend your very first Pro Football game ... and find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



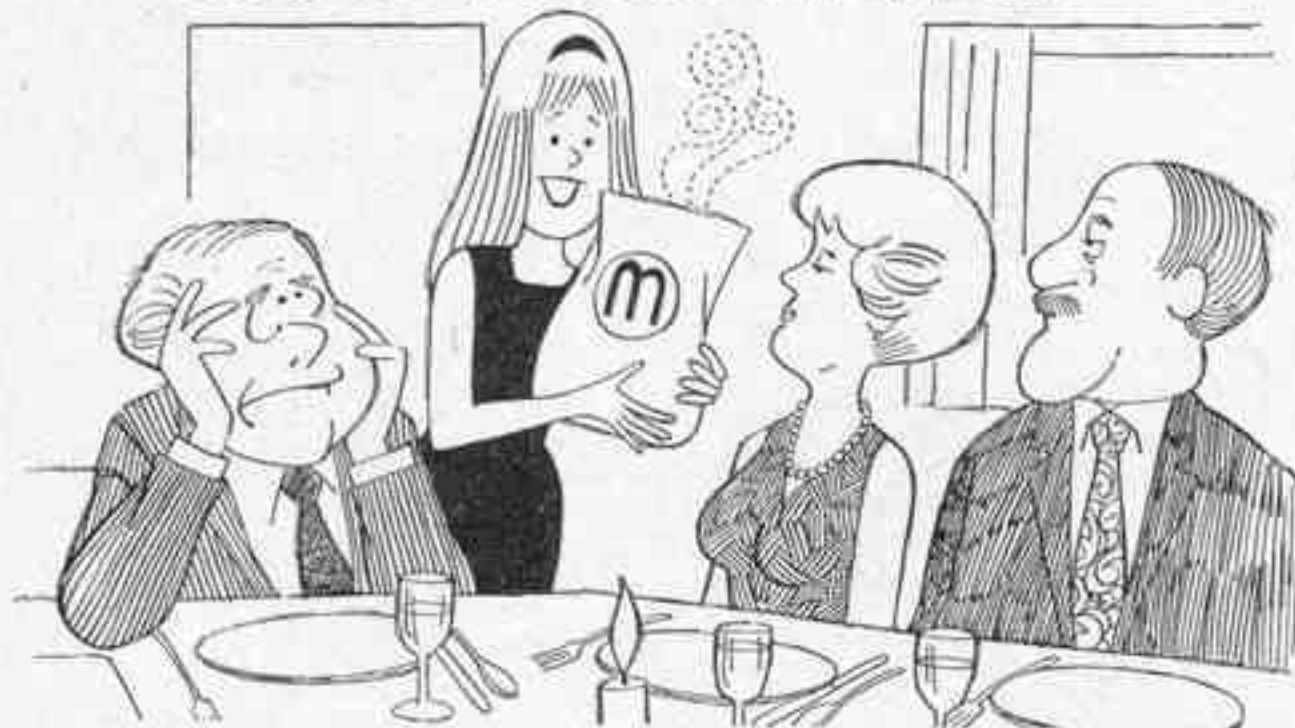
... she bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get cancer.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you actually start to care what happens on "The Partridge Family."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you invite your Boss and his Wife over for dinner, and she serves McDonald's "Big Macs."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you throw a house party ... and it turns out to be a confrontation between your friends and that idiot generation.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get busted.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he informs you that you can no longer wear those short dresses that used to turn him on when you were just dating.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

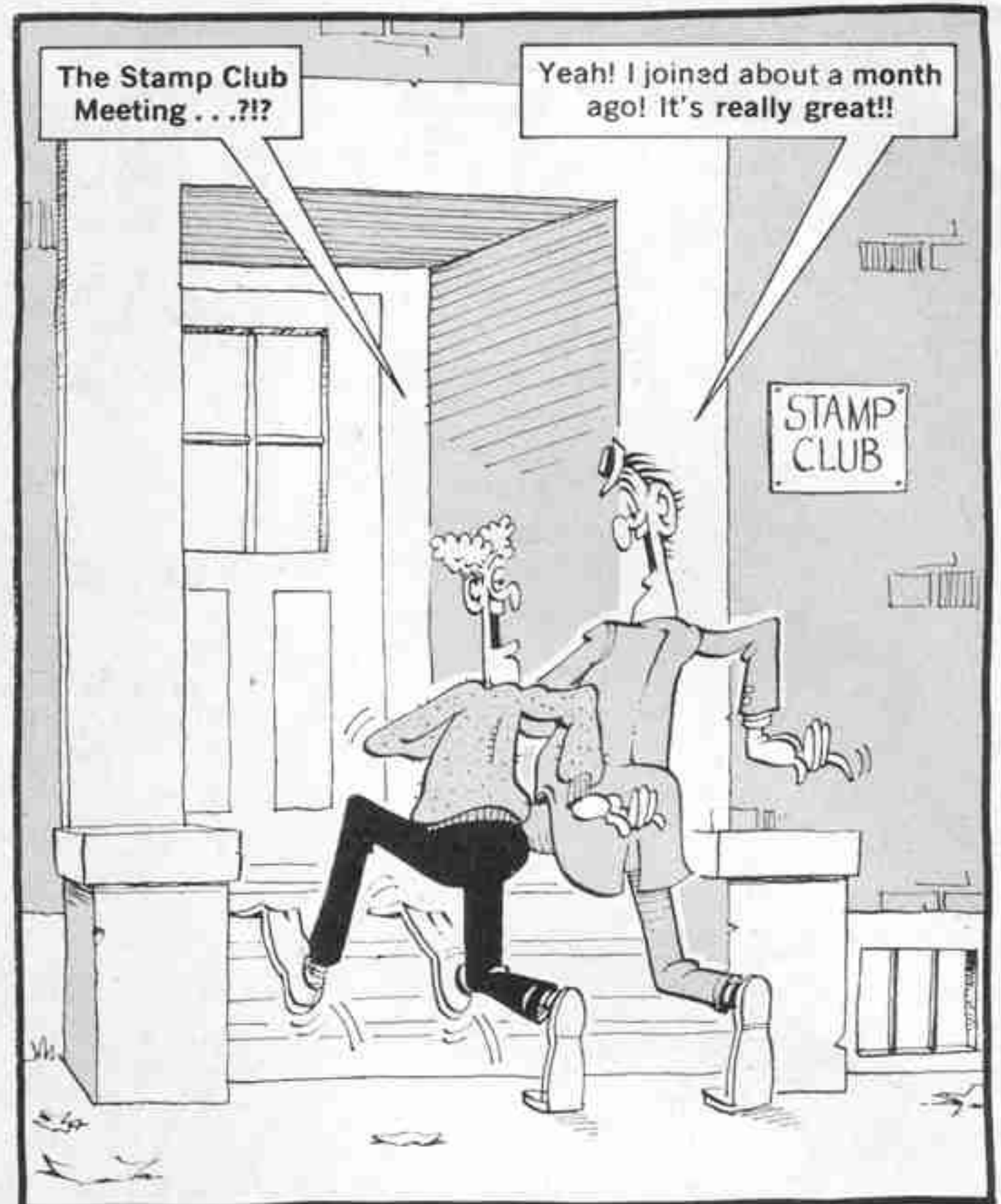


... you have your first argument because he refuses to take you to a real "fun place" on your vacation.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



One Evening At The Stamp Club Meeting



GRAFT DODGER DEPT.

Tired of all those movies that show the Cops heroically struggling against the forces of Crime and Corruption? Well, there's a movie out now that tells it like it really is . . . mainly by showing how the Cops have stopped struggling! All except ONE Cop, that is! Here is MAD's version of one man's battle to bring decency to Police work, while the audience battles to stay awake while he does it! Meet an honest, Hippie-type Cop called:

SER

Somebody just shot Serpicool, the honest Cop!

That's terrible!

It could have been worse . . . they could have missed!

He's in bad shape, Doc! We'll have to act quickly!

Right! Hurry up and give him two aspirin . . . and call me at ten in the morning!

But it's a matter of life and death!

Oh! In that case, make it **FOUR** aspirin . . . and call me at **NINE** in the morning!

Doc . . . how bad is it?

We can't tell yet!

When—when will you know . . . ?

After a few flashbacks!

EECH!

EMERGEN

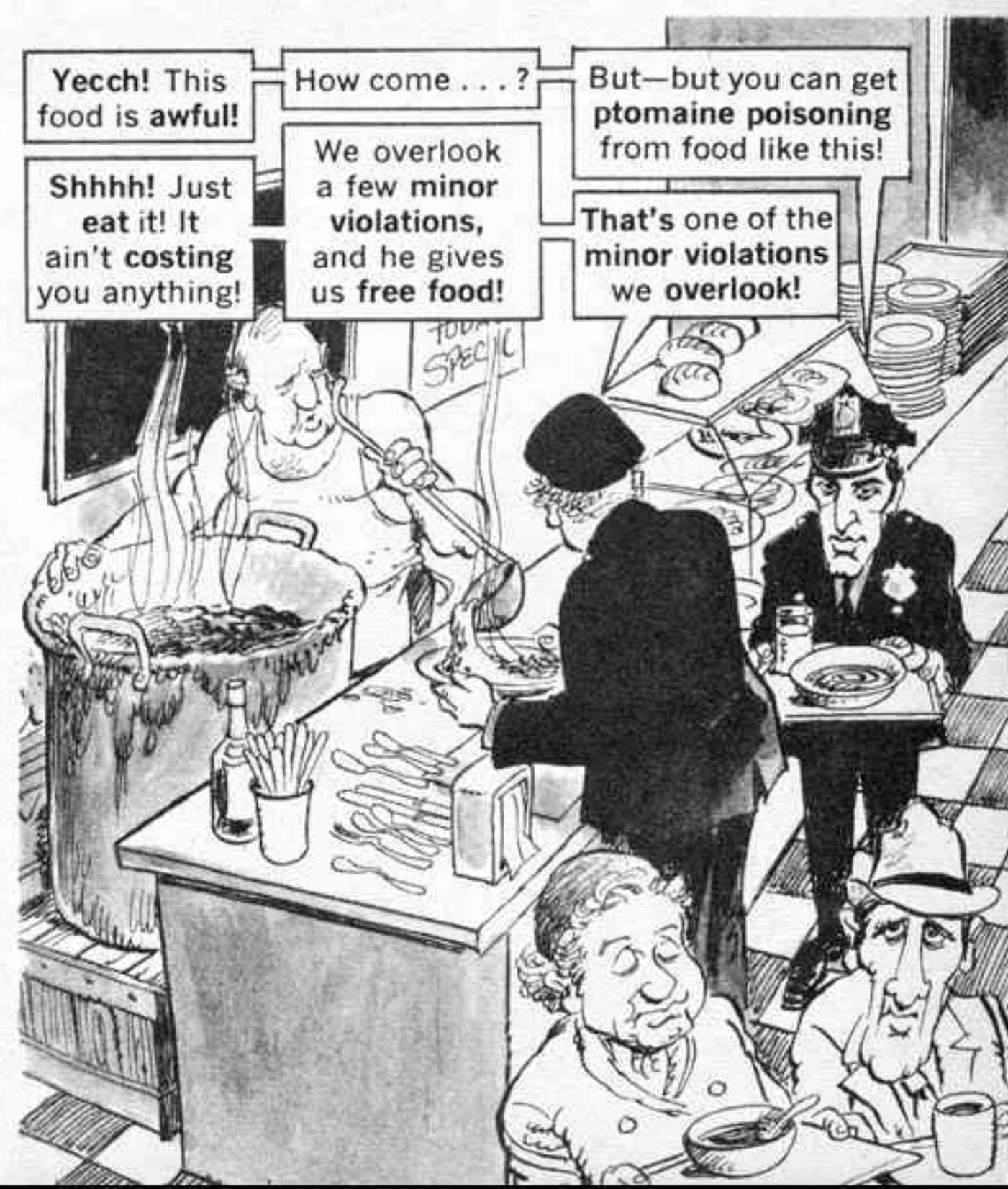
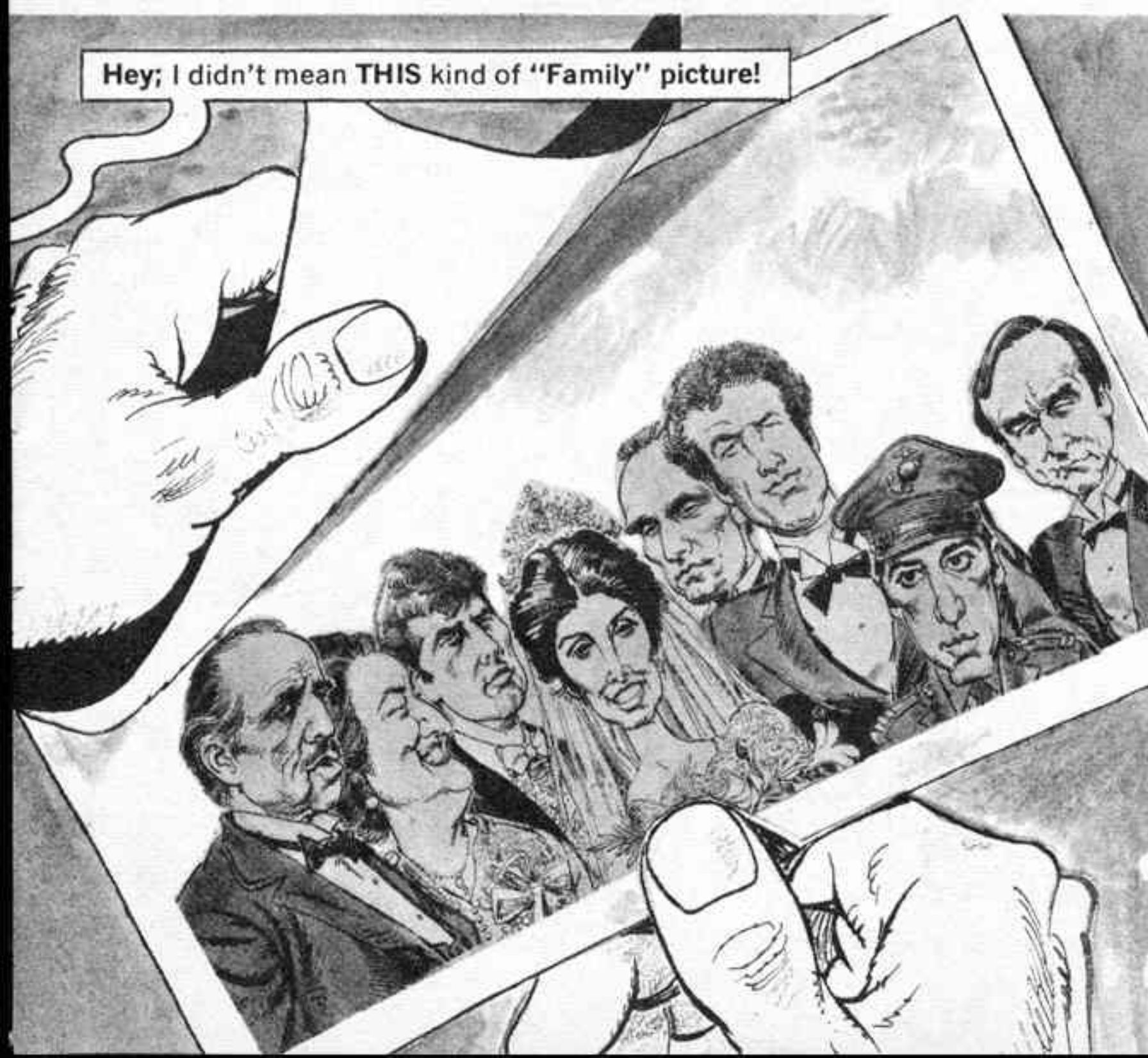
NO
SMOKING

BLUE CROSS
HIP FORM
MAJOR MEDICAL FIRM
ADMISSION FORMS
NO CHECKS
ACCEPTED

PICCOOL

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



I'm shocked that you accept free food . . . especially with all those **DECORATIONS!**

That's how I **GOT 'em!** This one's for eating **Christmas Dinner** here in '71! This one's for **Thanksgiving Dinner** in '72! And this one's for—



Calling all cars! Rape in progress at 4th and Grand!

Naw! It's not our beat!

How can you say that?!? What kind of a Cop **ARE** you?!?

The best in the Department! In 20 years of service, I have a perfect record! **NO ARRESTS!!**

Hey, let's investigate!



There they are! Let's get 'em!

Aw, forget it! They're just a couple of high-spirited kids!

But don't you see what they're doing to her in that alley?!?

So what?!? At least it keeps 'em off the streets!



I really can't believe this !!

Why? Because I'm such a dedicated, honest Cop??

No, because you're such a lard-tailed, bandy-legged shrimp . . . and you outran a kid built like O. J. Simpson!



Take that, you bum . . . and that . . . and that!

Stop it! This is **Police Brutality!** That's no way to treat a suspect!

What suspect?! This crumb is a **WITNESS!!**

I see the two kids who were involved in that rape! I'm gonna make the arrest!

What are you? Some kind of **NUT?**

I don't understand!

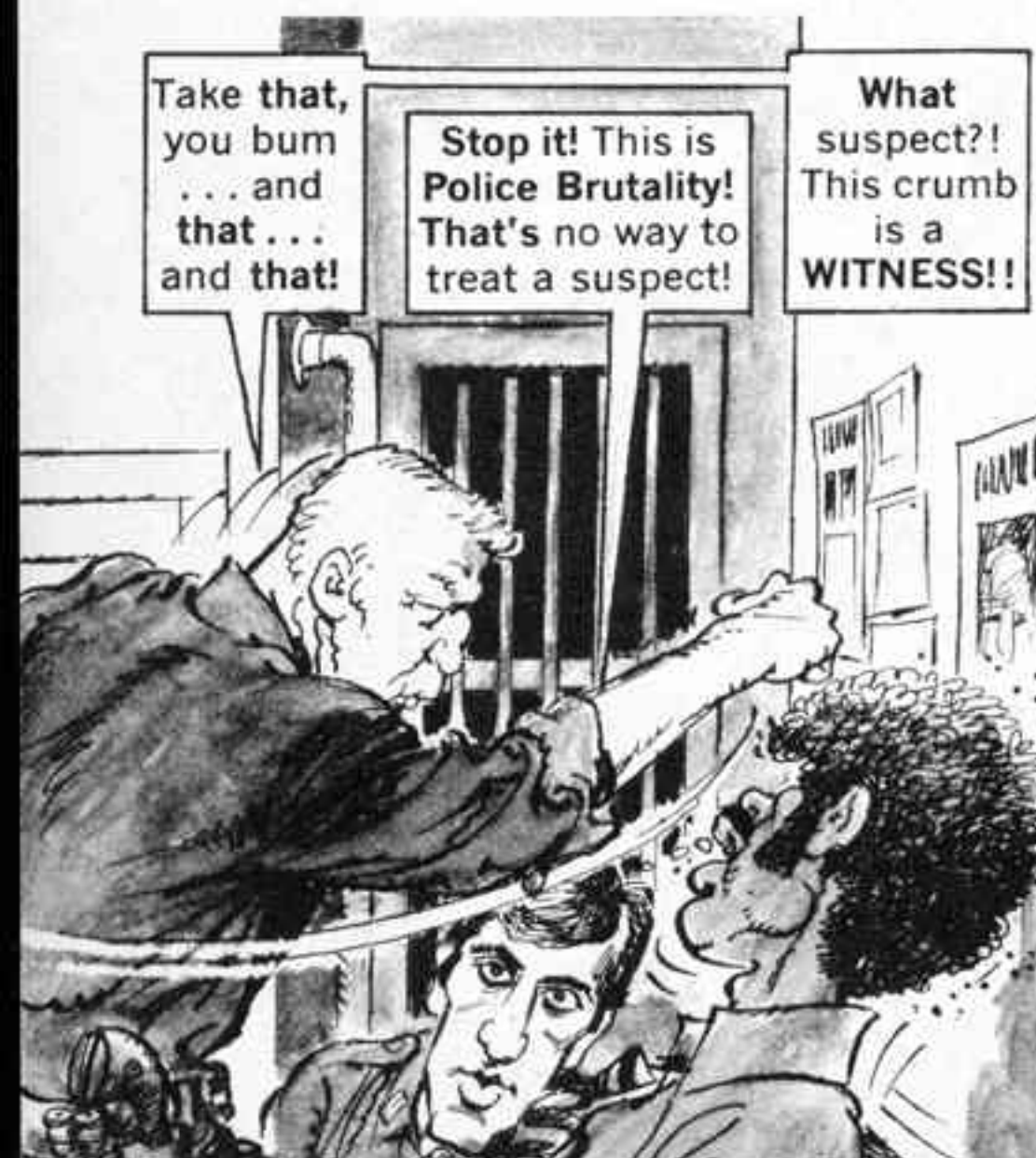
Once you start arresting rapists, the next thing you know you'll be arresting murderers and dopepushers!

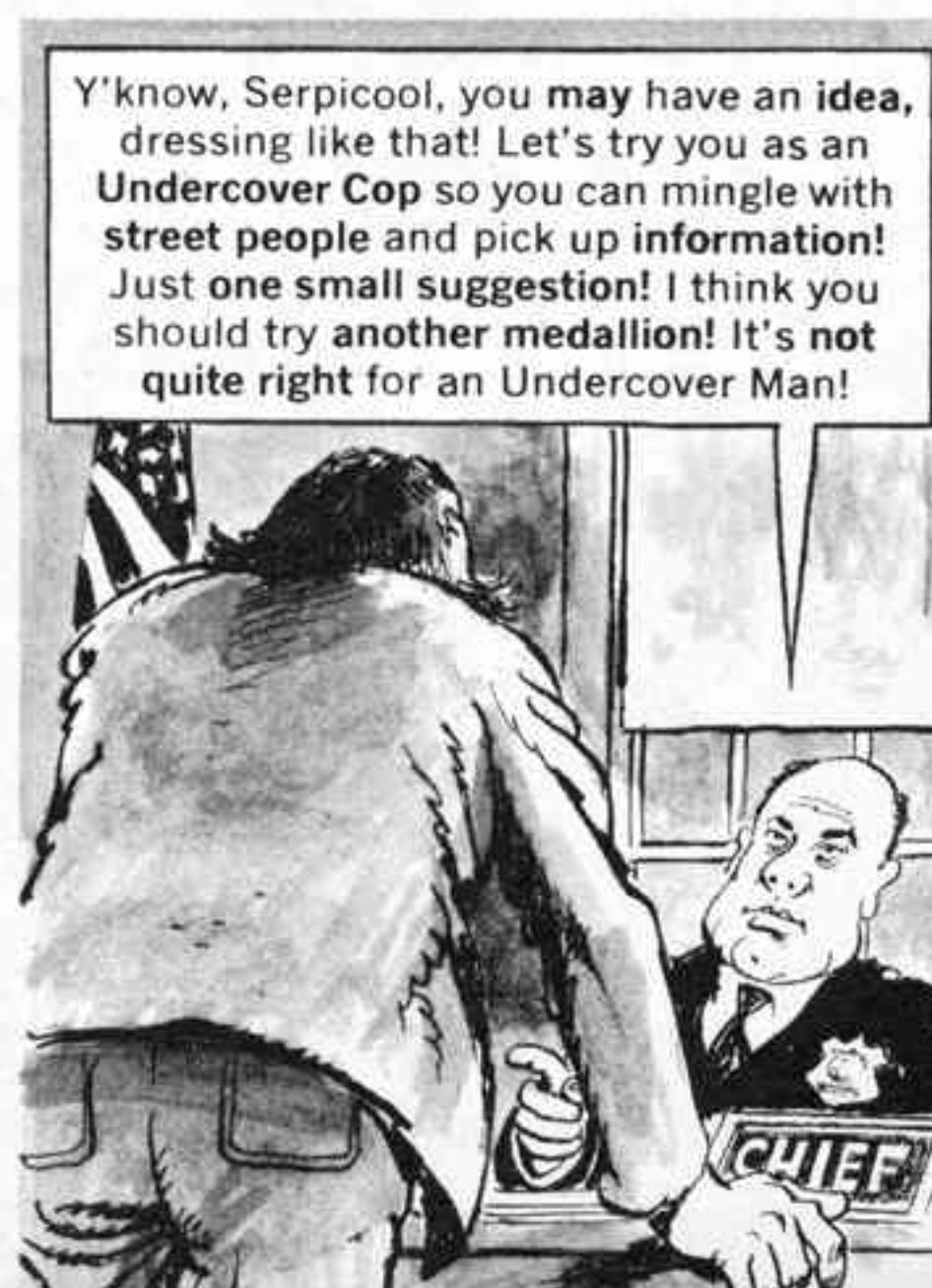
Yeah . . . ? So . . . ?

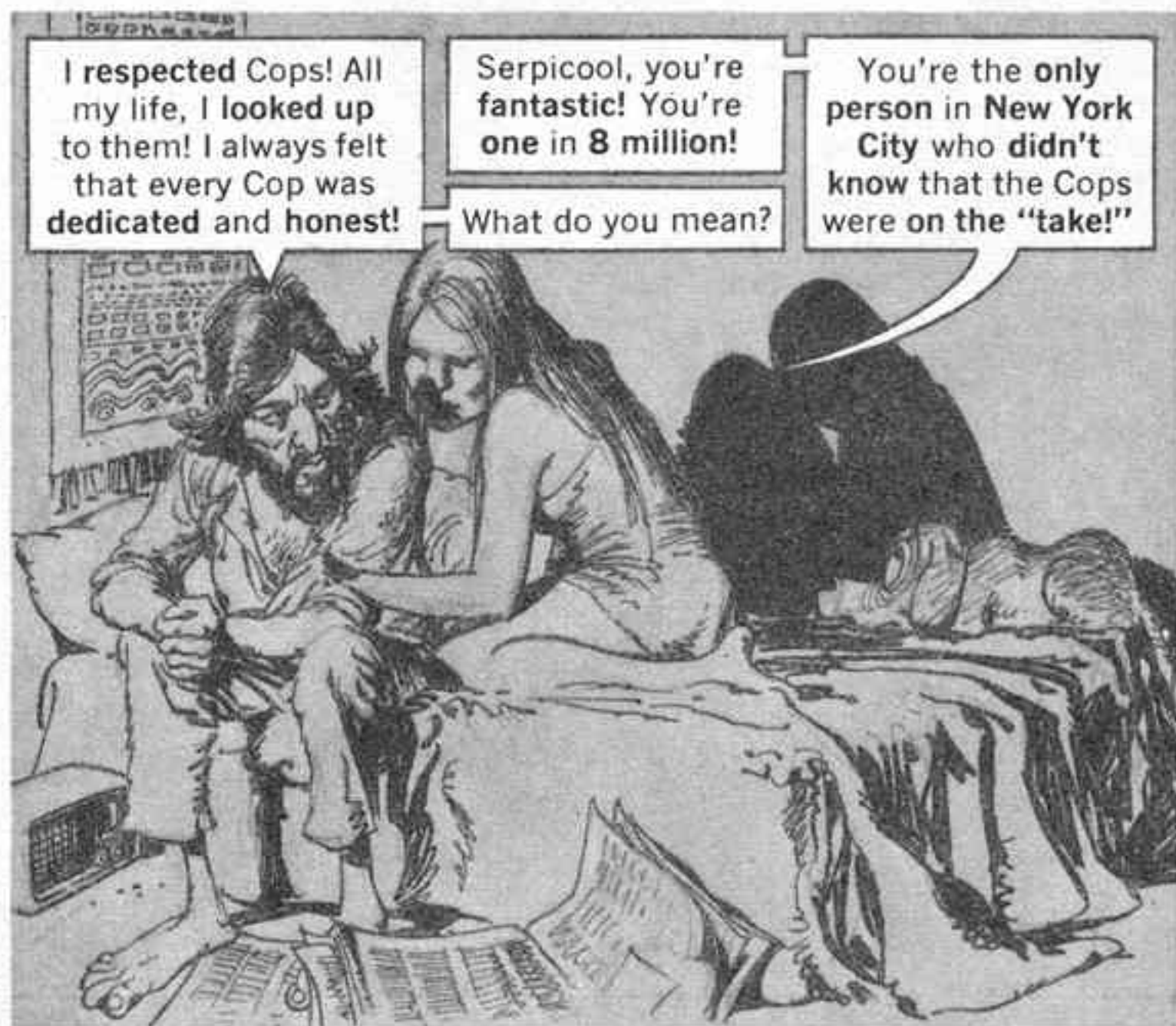
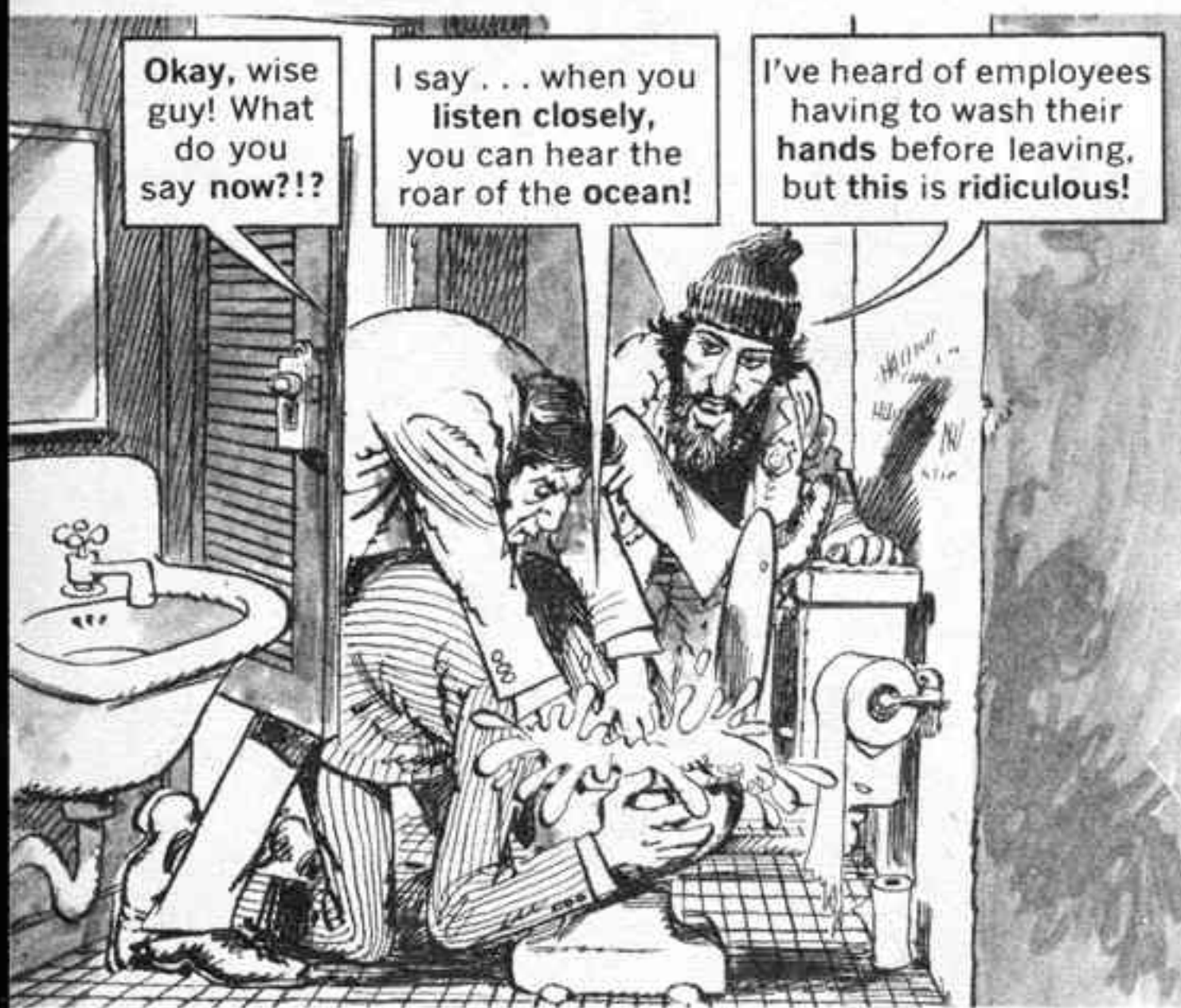
So crime statistics will go up, and you'll fall behind on your important work . . . like giving out tickets for littering and double-parking!

I'm arresting 'em anyway!

Go ahead! See if I care! I'm just a recording!



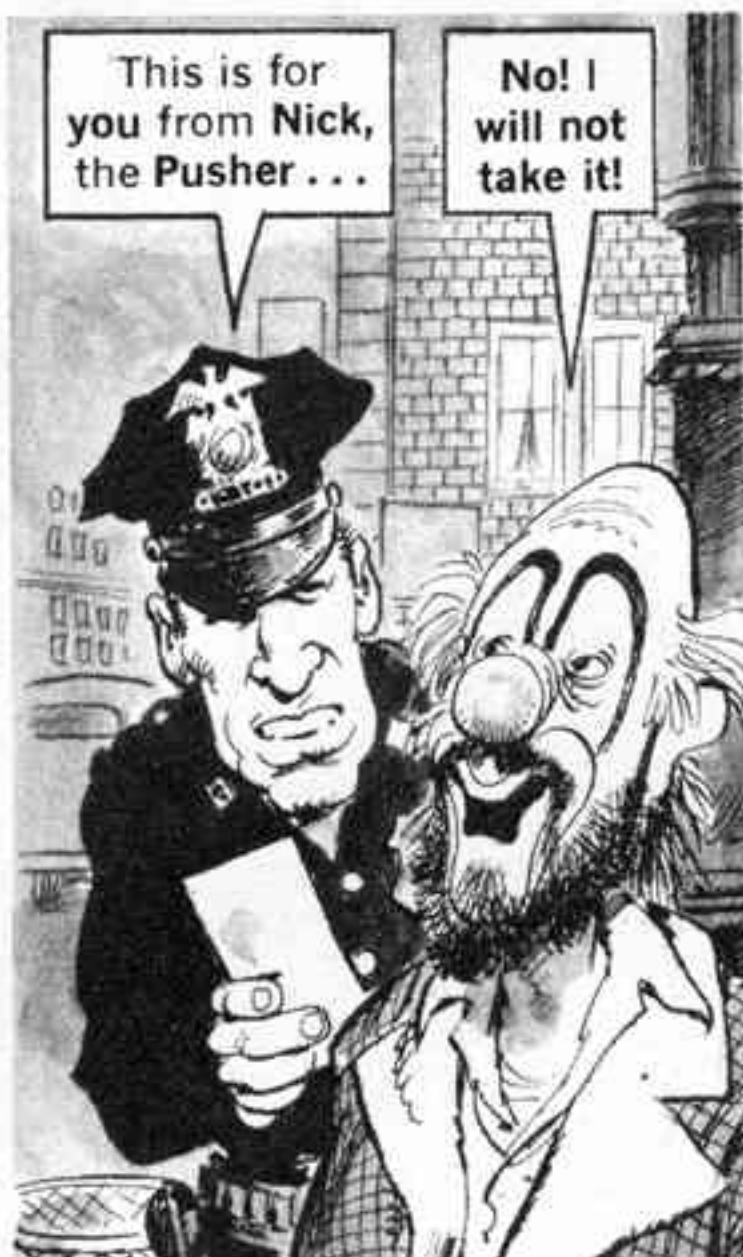






This is for you from Sal, the Bookmaker...

I won't take it!



This is for you from Nick, the Pusher...

No! I will not take it!



Hey, Serpicool! This is for you...

No! No! No! I absolutely refuse to touch that money!



He won't take a penny! He's some kind of fanatic!

You're telling me!? This is his paycheck!!



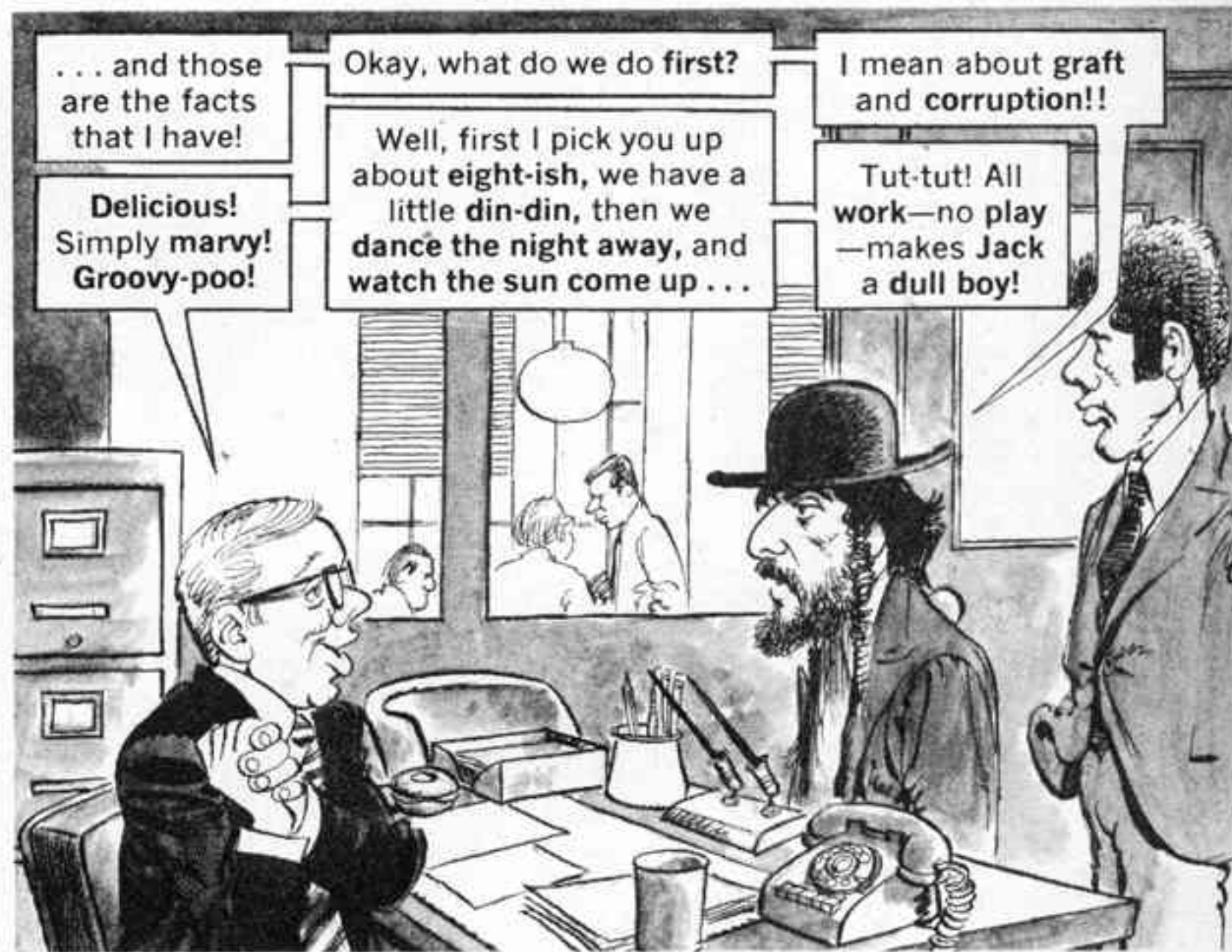
Serpicoool, do you really think anyone would fall for that disguise and believe you're a Rabbi?

Hey, don't hassle me! I've had a busy day!

Doing what?

Three Bar Mitzvahs, a Wedding, and five Circumcisions!

C'mon! I'm taking you to the Mayor's Office! I've got a friend down there who can help you crack down on Police Department graft and corruption!



... and those are the facts that I have!

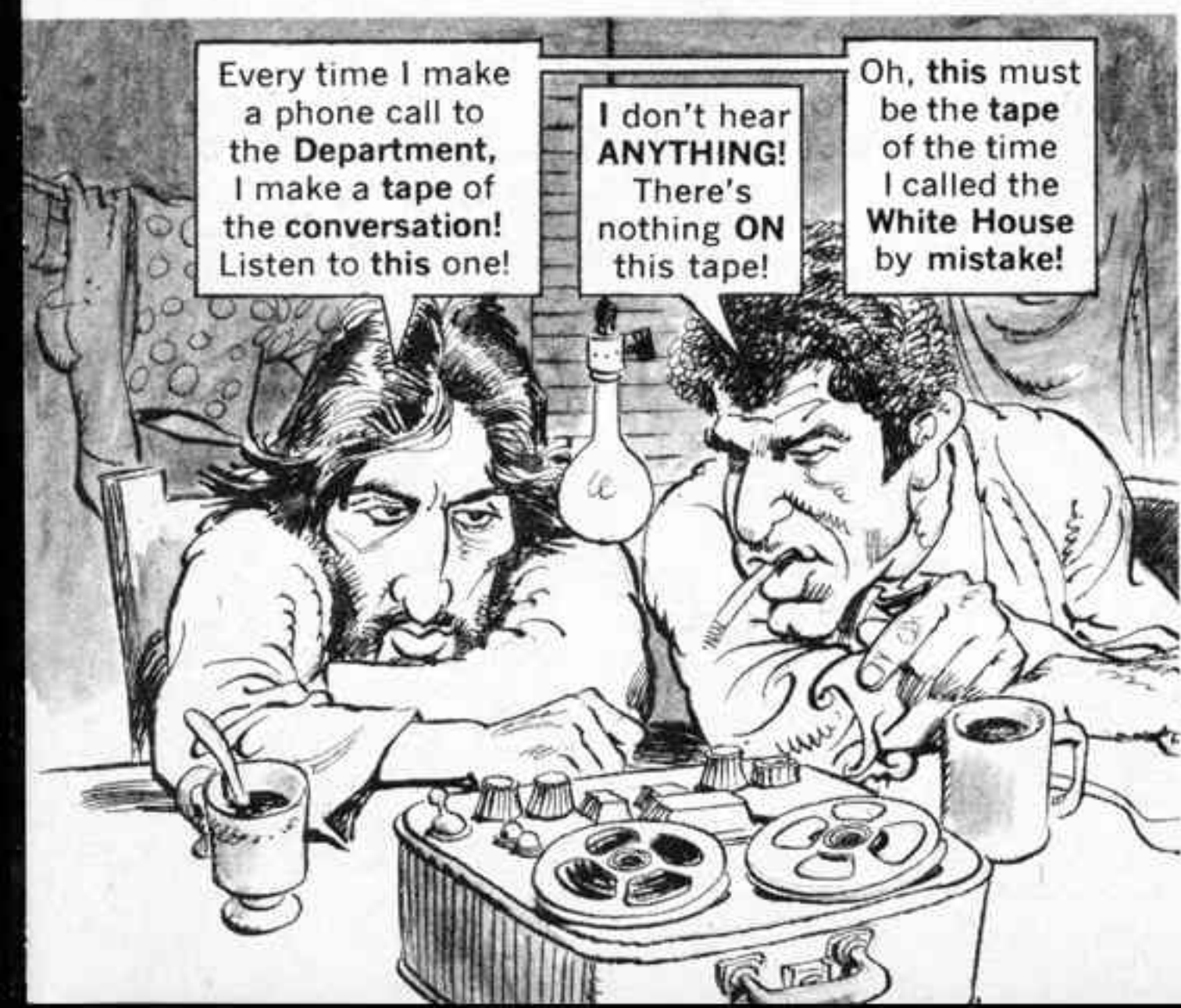
Delicious! Simply marvy! Groovy-poo!

Okay, what do we do first?

Well, first I pick you up about eight-ish, we have a little din-din, then we dance the night away, and watch the sun come up...

I mean about graft and corruption!!

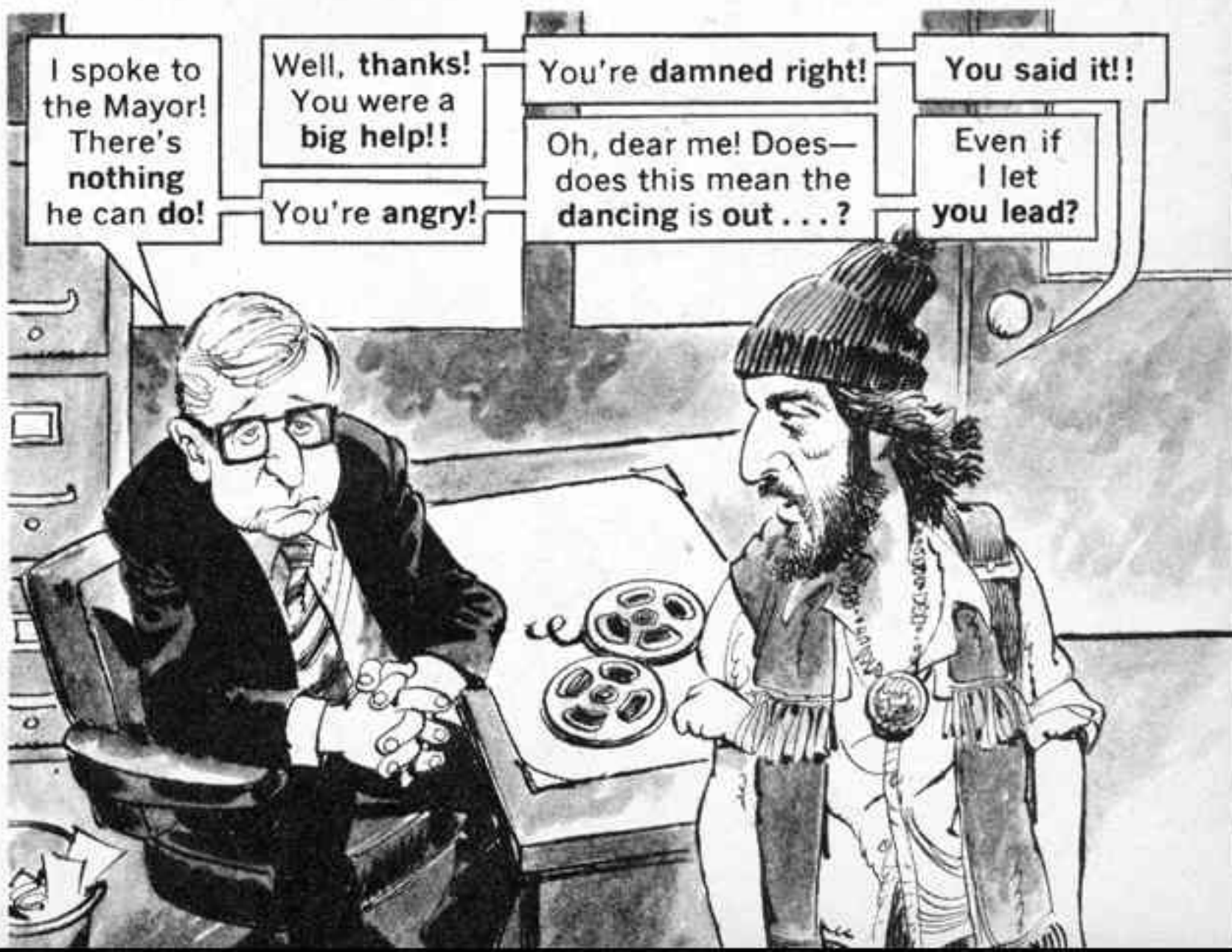
Tut-tut! All work—no play—makes Jack a dull boy!



Every time I make a phone call to the Department, I make a tape of the conversation! Listen to this one!

I don't hear ANYTHING! There's nothing ON this tape!

Oh, this must be the tape of the time I called the White House by mistake!



I spoke to the Mayor! There's nothing he can do!

Well, thanks! You were a big help!!

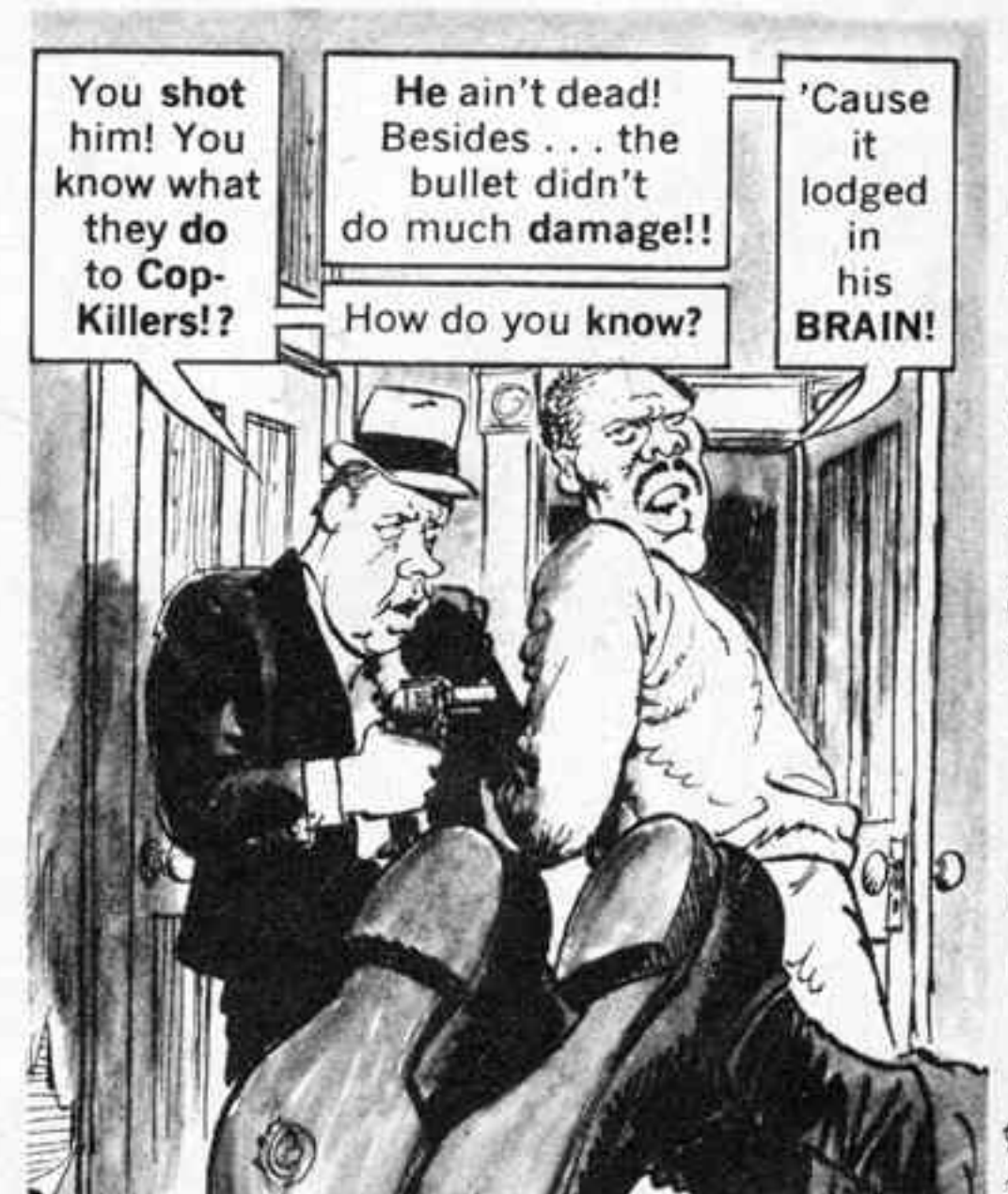
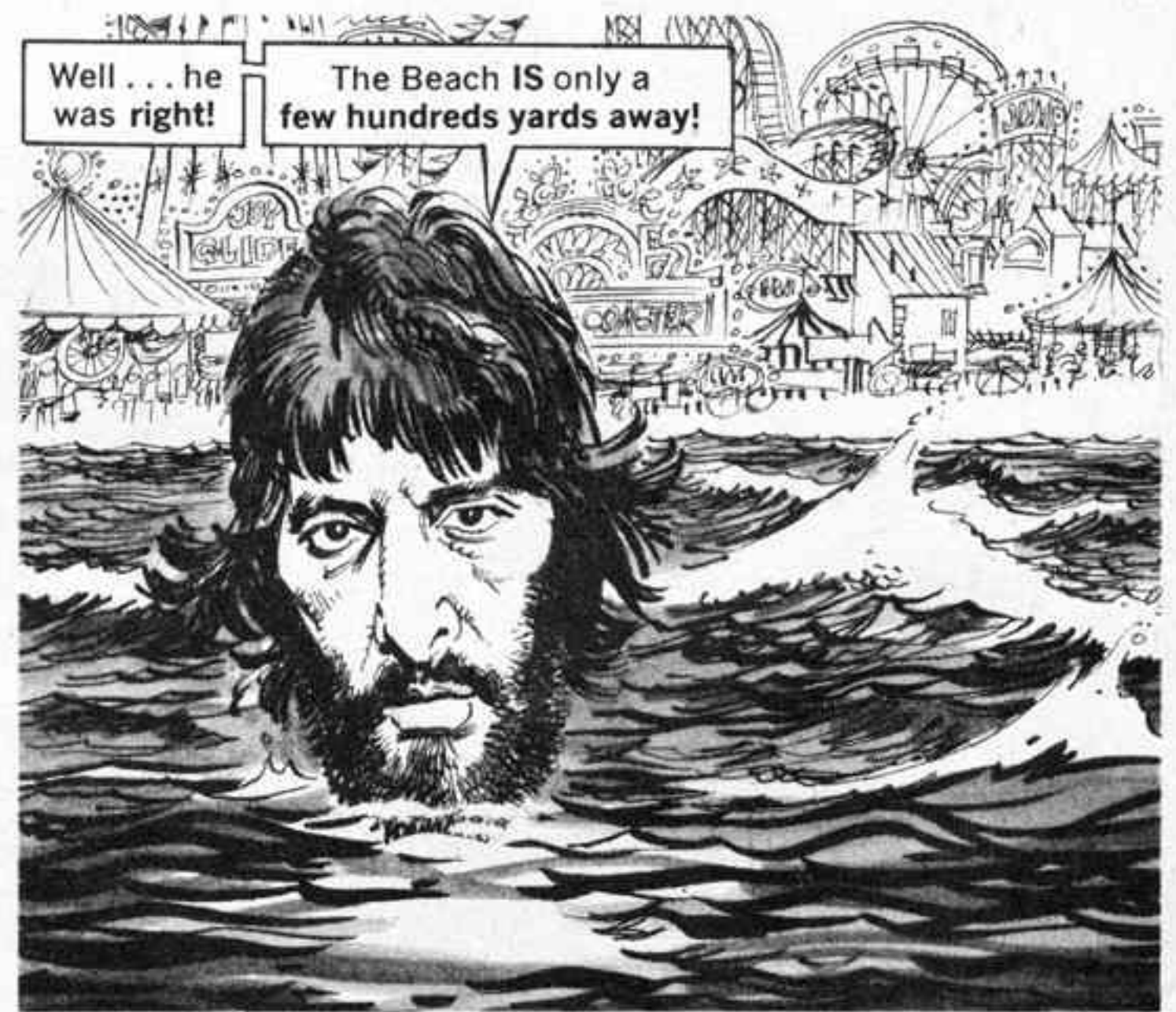
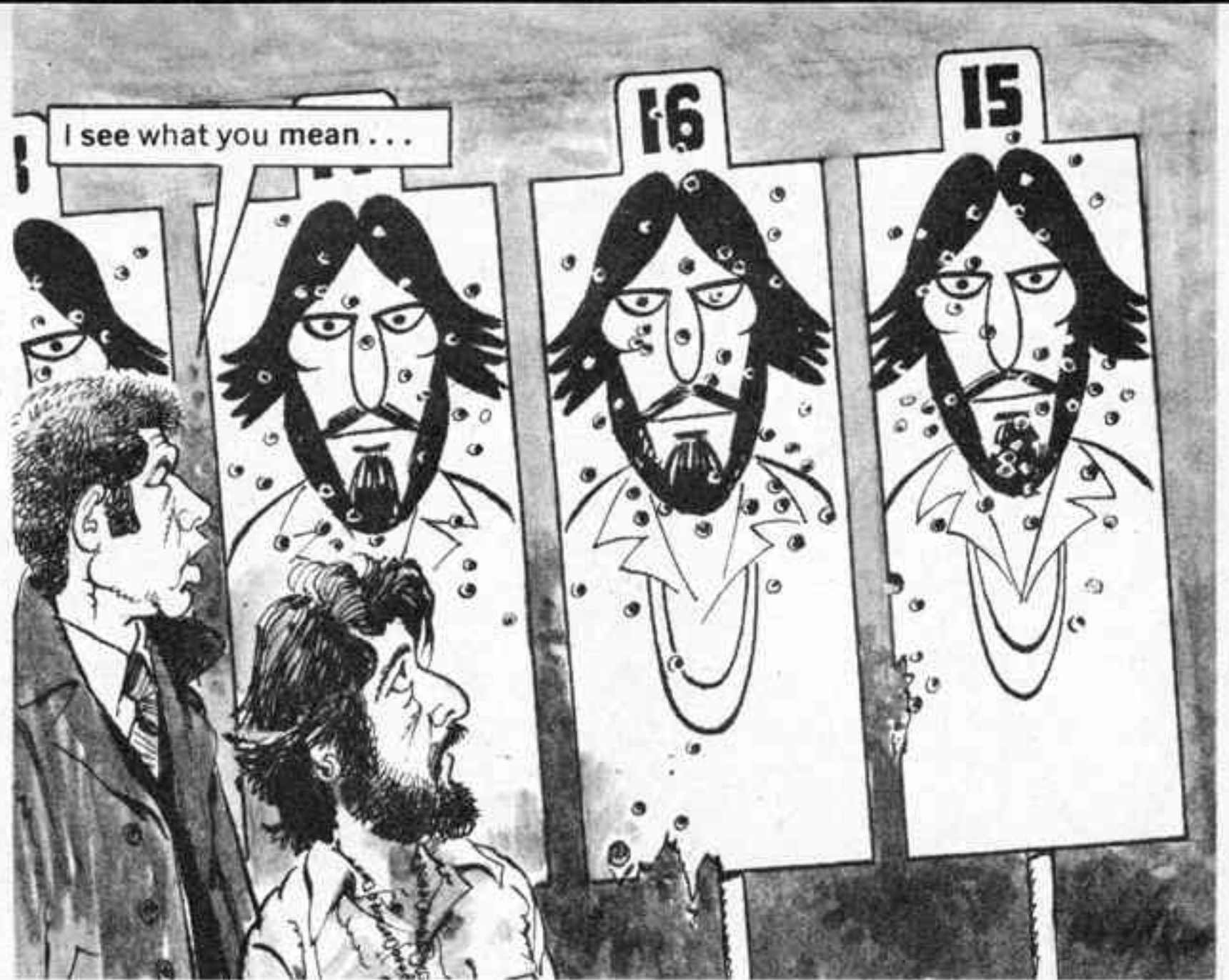
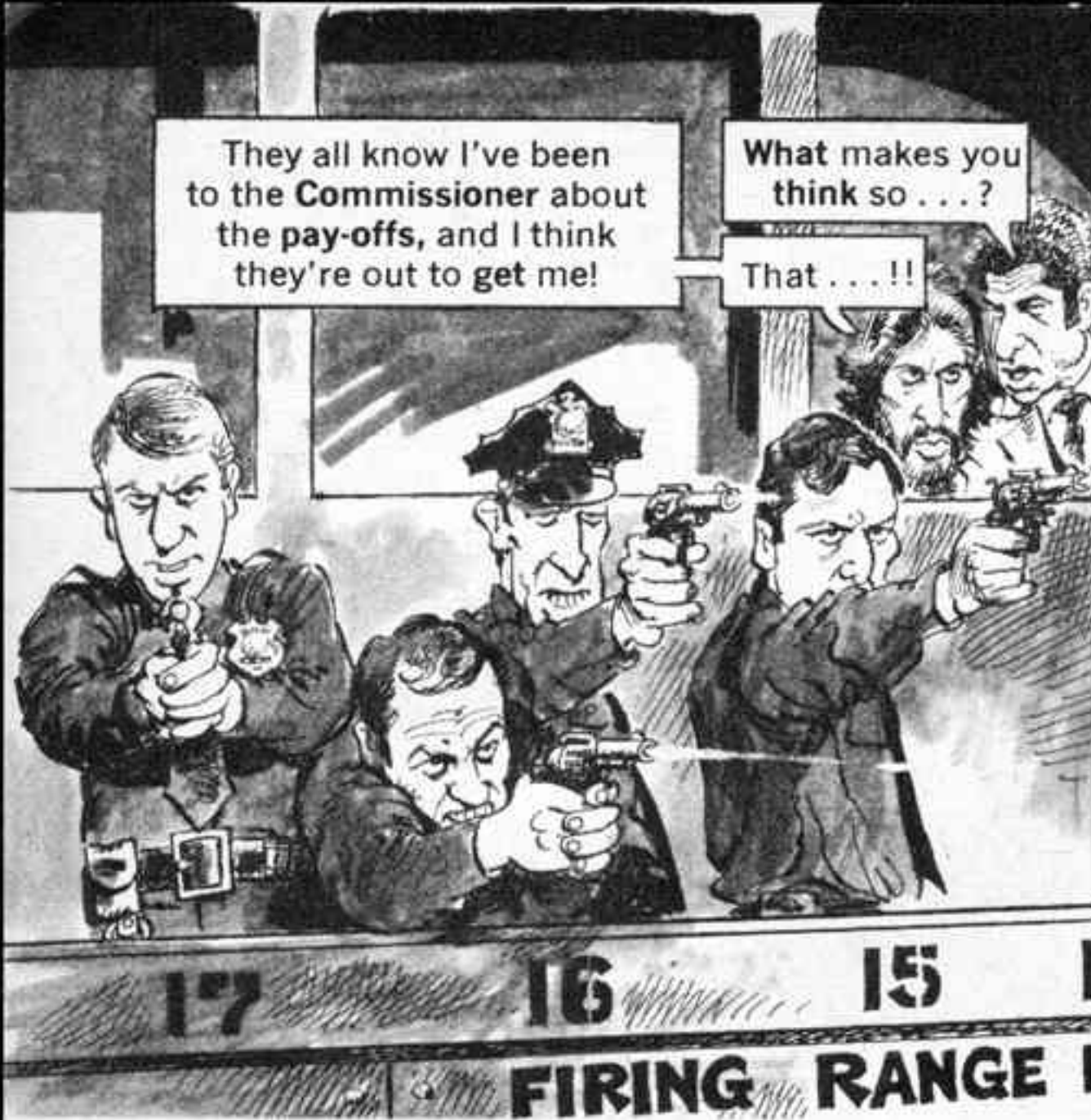
You're angry!

You're damned right!

Oh, dear me! Does—does this mean the dancing is out...?

You said it!!

Even if I let you lead?





Well, Serpicool, you've earned this! We're giving you a Detective's gold shield!

But... But I thought all you higher-ups were MAD at me!

Nonsense! That's why I've come down here... to pin the badge on you myself...



... right through your HEART!!



Imagine! They form a Knapp Commission, set up these hearings, bring in all these TV Camera and News Reporters, and now there's all this hullabaloo—all because of one, lone, honest Cop!!

Freaks of Nature ALWAYS command a crowd!



Tell us, Officer Serpicool... when you first discovered it, why didn't you bring the matter of Police Corruption to the attention of your Superiors?

I got the feeling it would do no good! And what gave you that feeling...?

They refused to grant me an interview... unless I paid them off first!



Well... I got shot in the head... two girls left me... and I can't talk or walk straight! But, it was all worth it!

And they call ME a dumb animal!

That's him! Run him down!



HEY!! Why'd you do that?!!

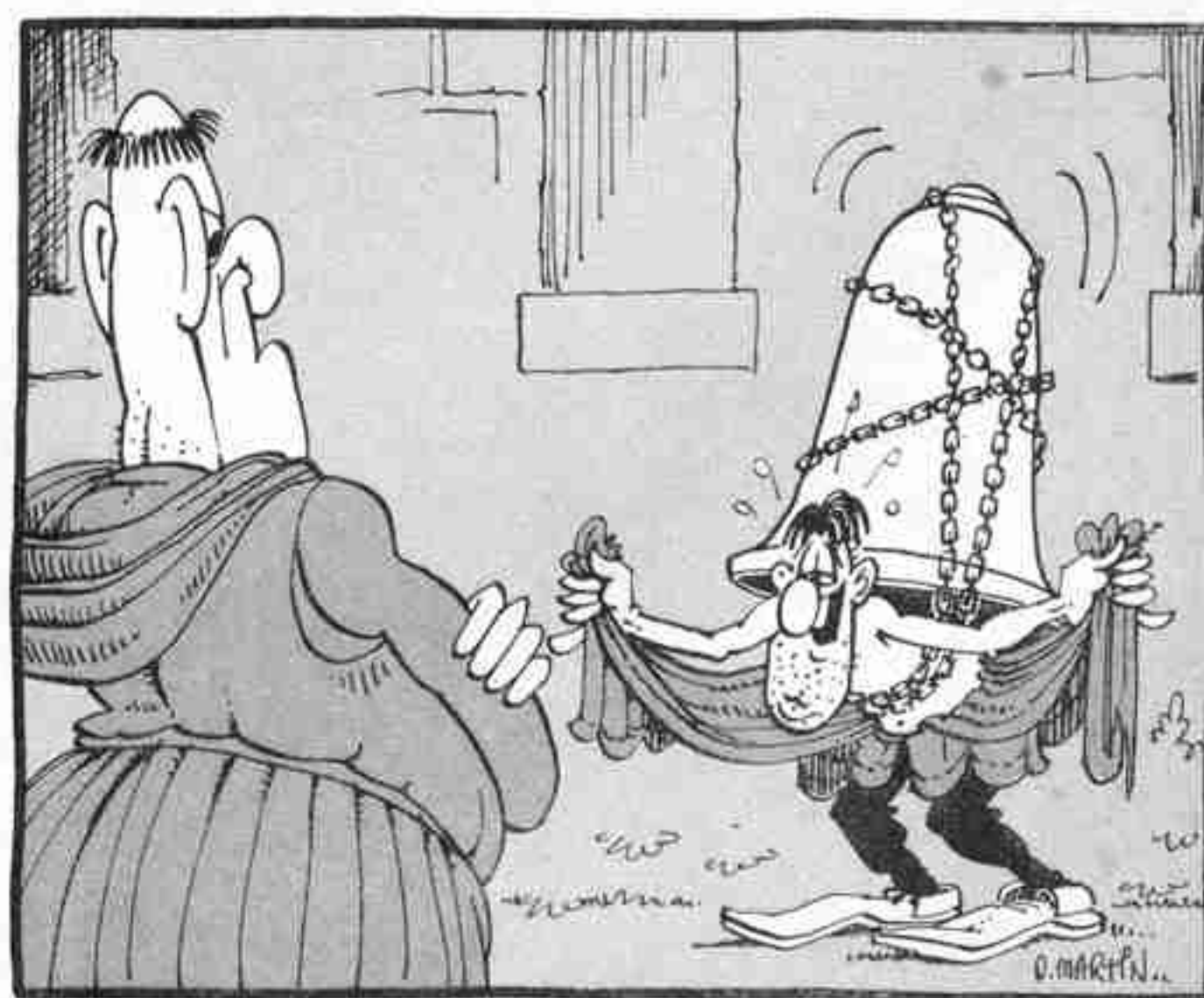
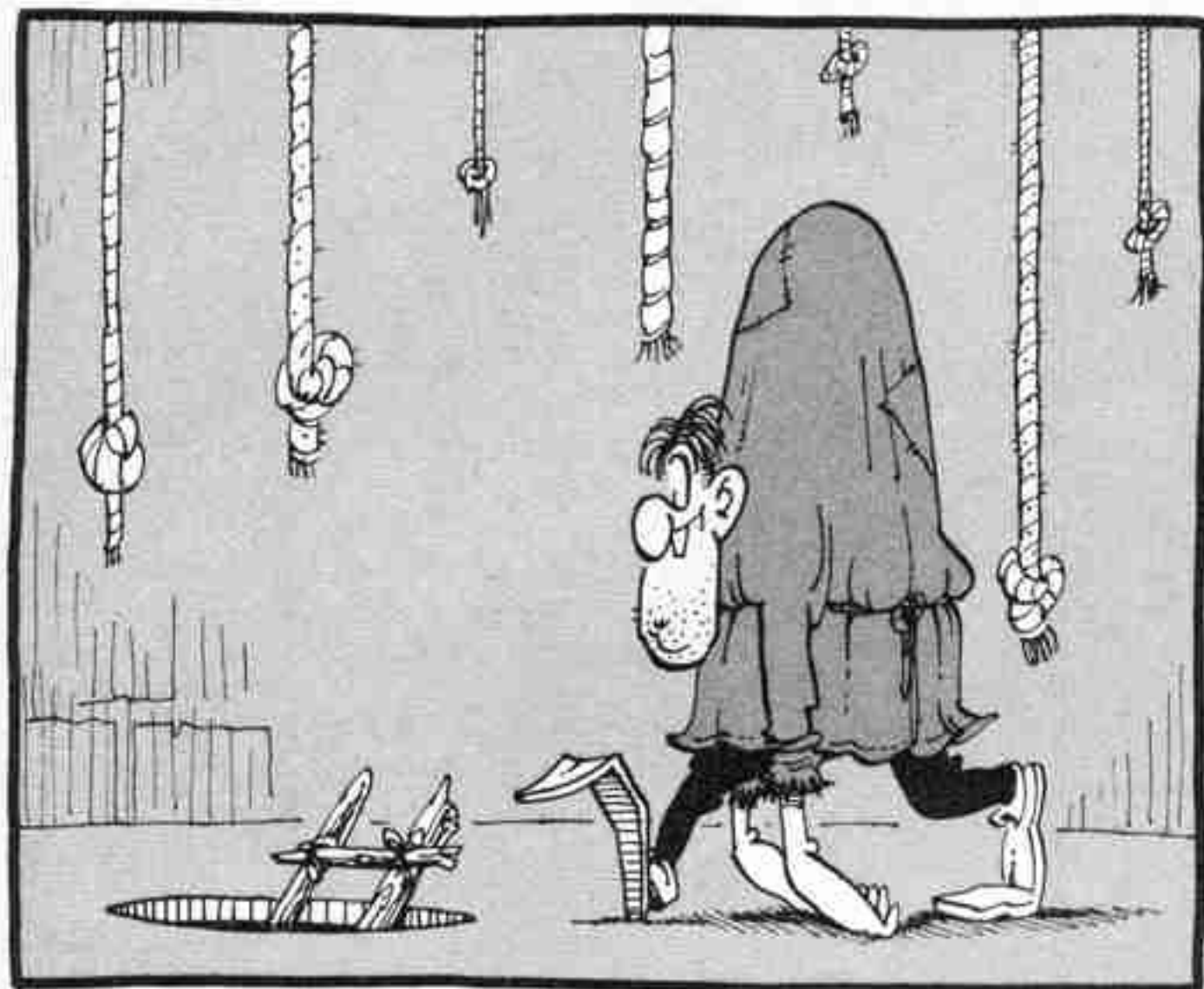
Because you tried to give the Cops a bad name!!

And you don't like that...?

No! Giving the Cops a bad name is DIRTY HARRY's job!



ONE DAY AT NOTRE DAME



**WHAT IS
THE MOST
EXPLICITLY
TAUGHT
SUBJECT
IN THE WORLD?**

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

Our modern teaching methods have suffered much criticism lately. But one subject is taught extremely well. To find out what that subject is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



CRITICS ATTACK OUR OUTMODED TEACHING METHODS. SOME
TECHNICAL PROBLEMS EXIST. MOST FACILITIES ARE ANTIQUES
VIALE ONLY WHEN THEY WERE BUILT. CLASSROOMS OF
TELEPHONE BOOTH SIZE HINDER PROPER STUDENT SUPERVISION

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A

B

**WHAT IS
THE MOST
EXPLICITLY
TAUGHT
SUBJECT
IN THE WORLD?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**CRIME
TECHNIQUES
VIA
TELEVISION
A ▶ ◀ B**

MORALITY...THEN



...AND NOW



CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.