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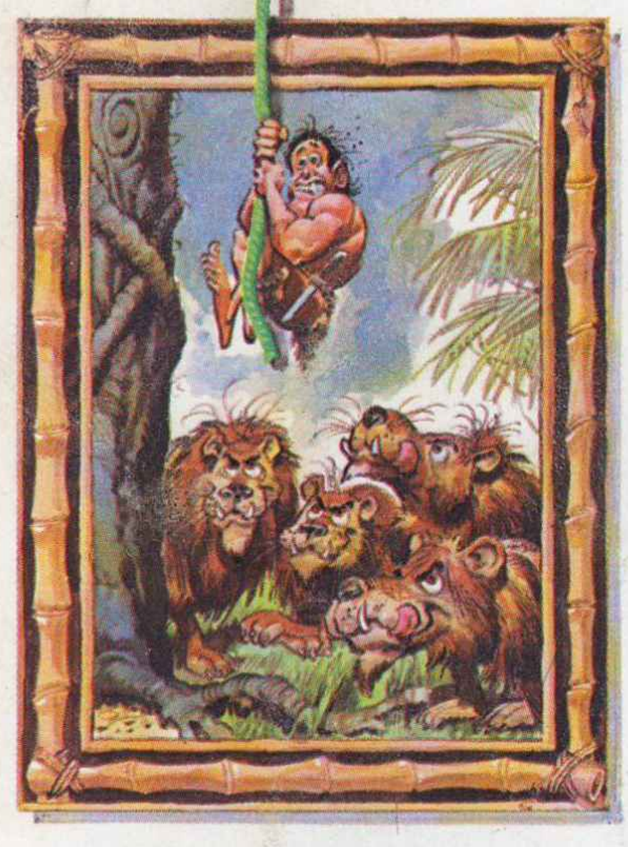
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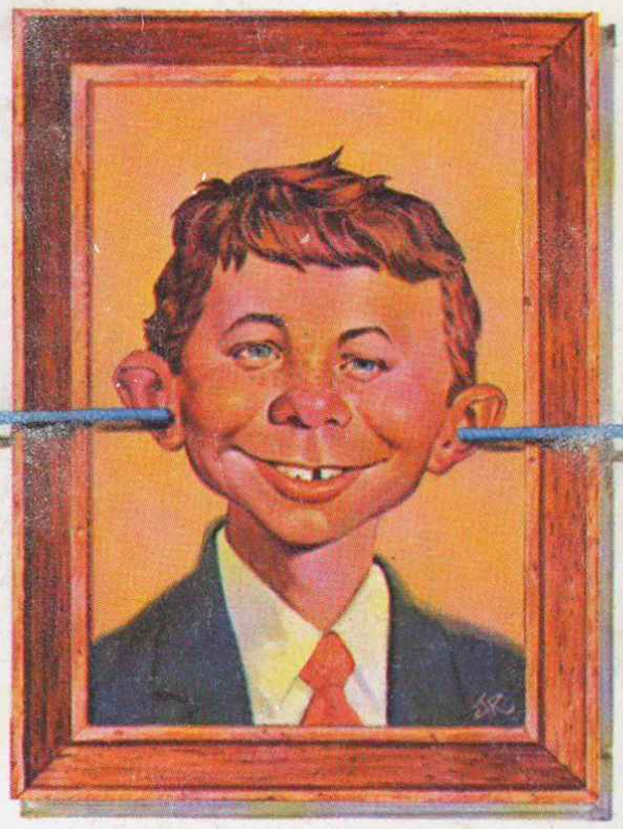
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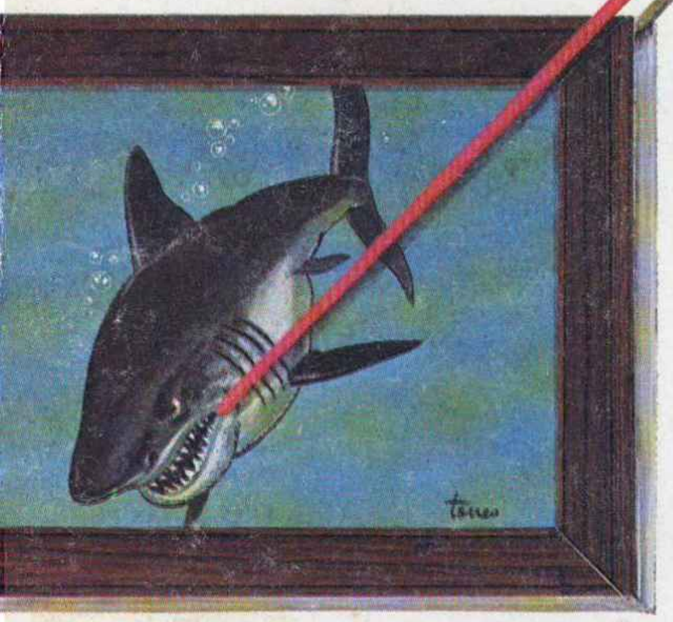


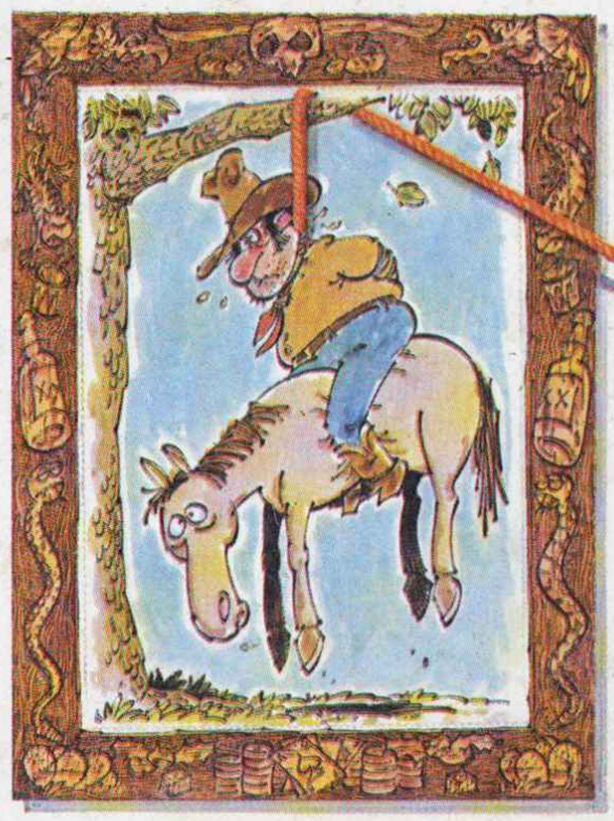


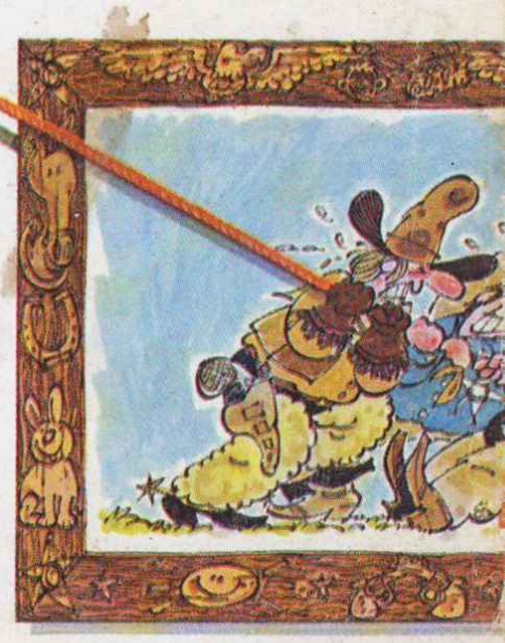












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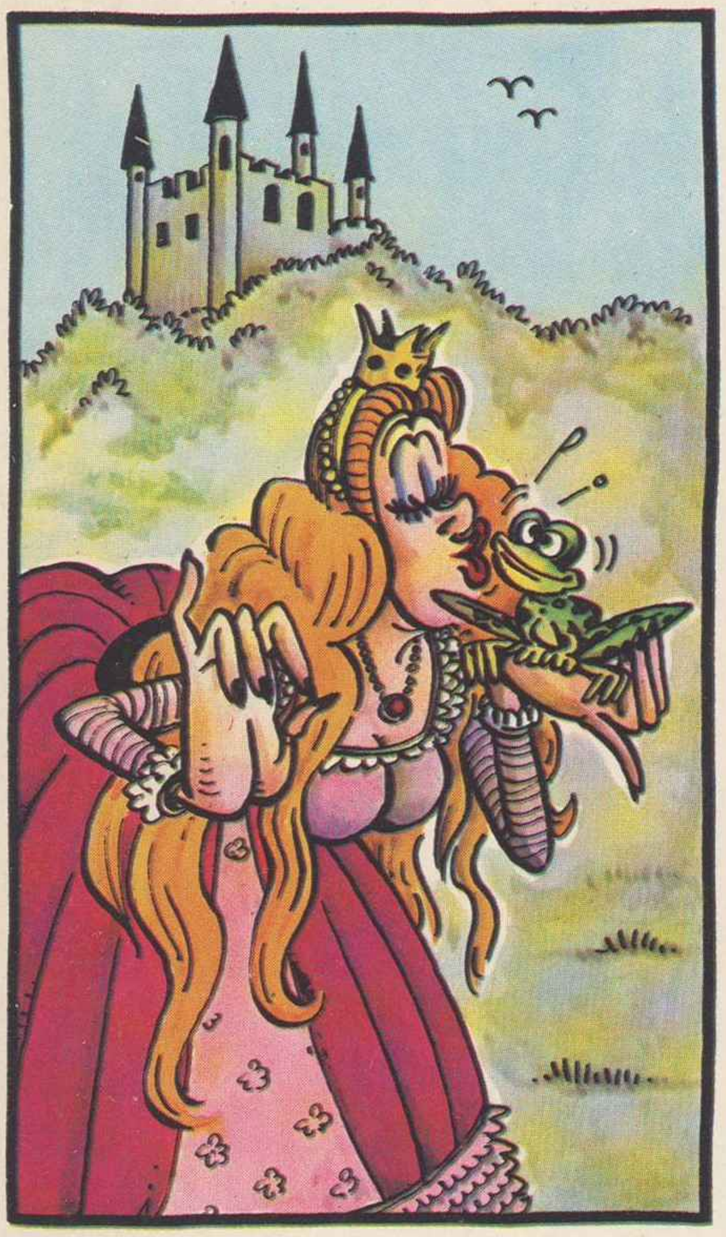
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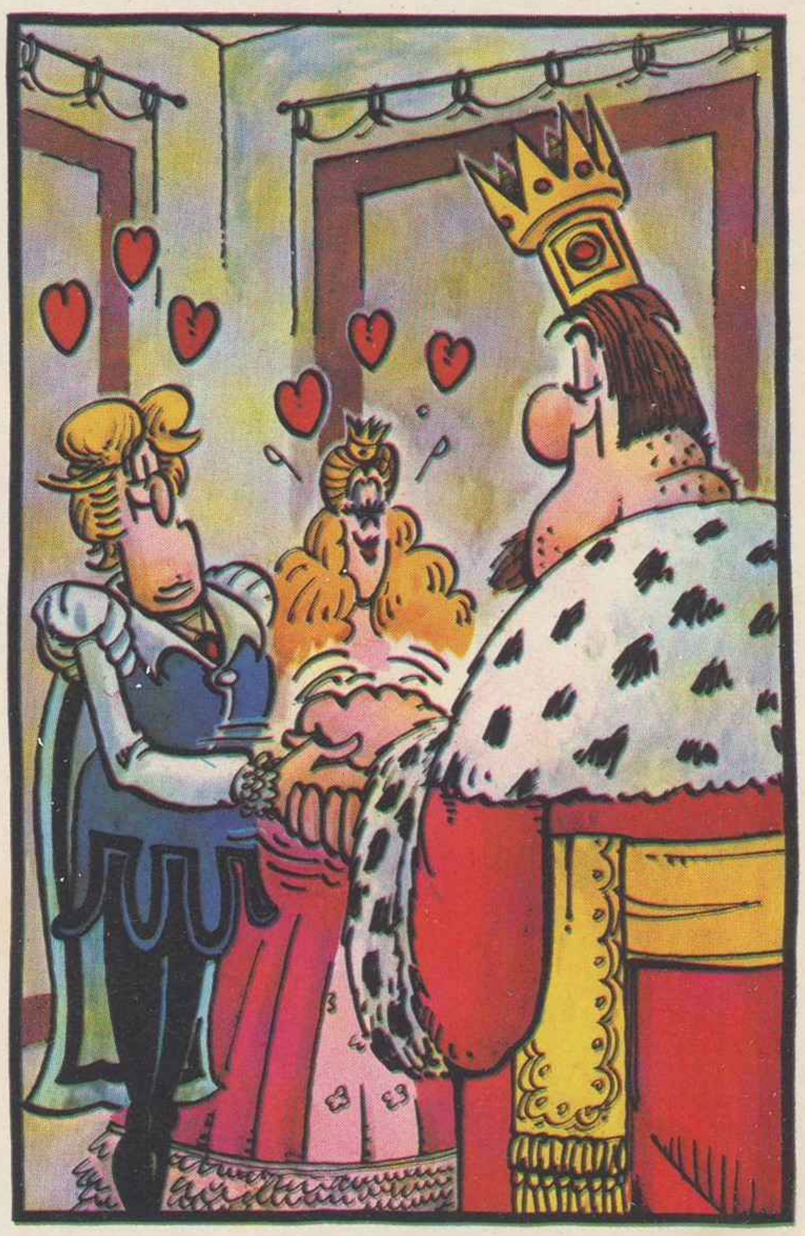


SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

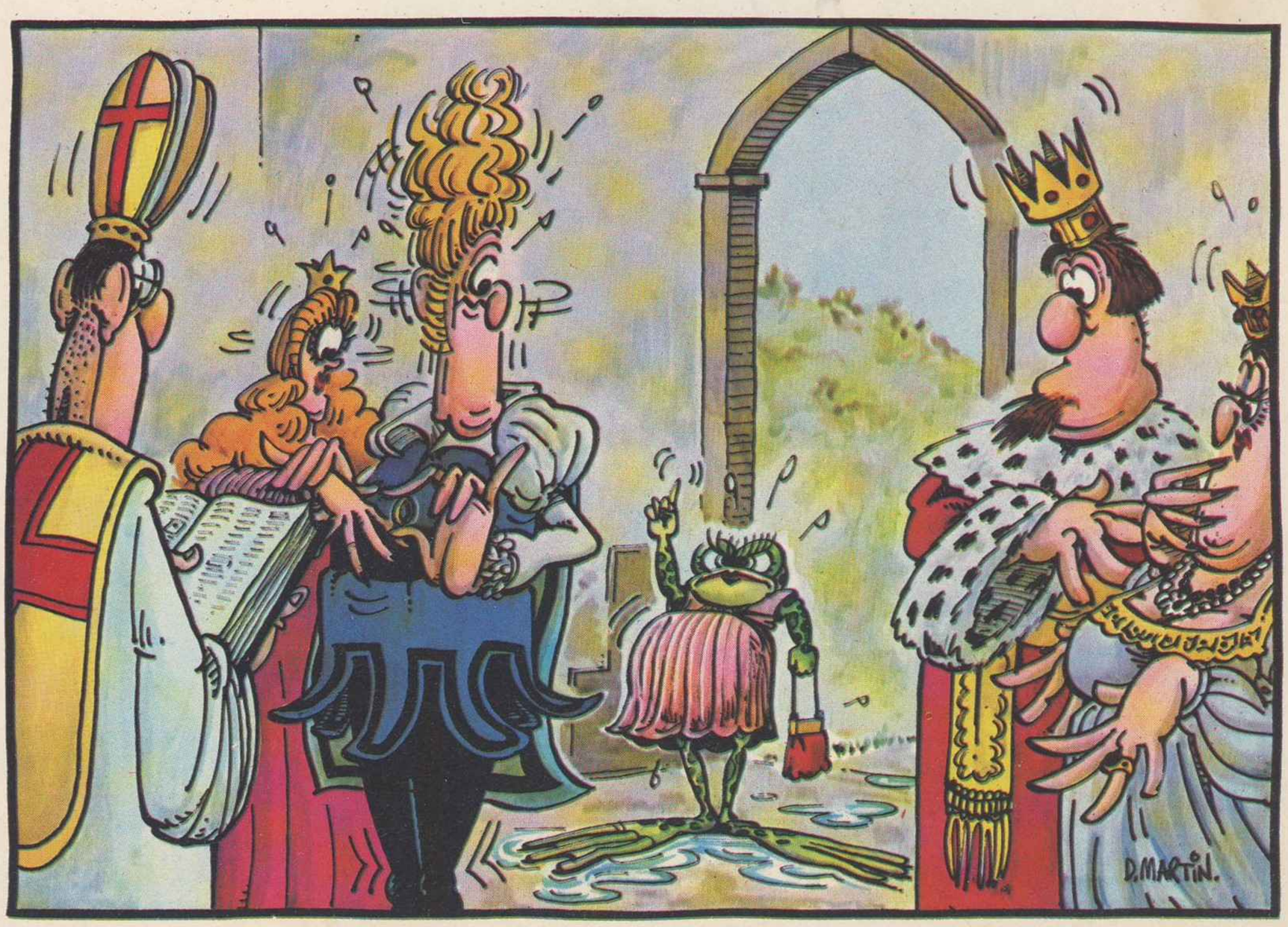
(THE FROG PRINCE)











ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: DON EDWING

WINTER 1979

MAD SUPER SPECIAL

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

"The women who go around wearing padded bras, false eyelashes and phony wigs are the ones who complain, 'There aren't any real men left!'"—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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**Various Places Around The Magazine

PLAYING IT FOR SHARK VALUE DEPT.

There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die . . . in every horrible way possible, which includes being . . .

JA

Well, here we are . . . a bunch of **teenagers** enjoying a **typical Summer night** in the typical seaside community of **Vomity, Long Island!**

It sure is **fun** sitting on a cool beach, drinking beer . . . smoking pot . . . listening to Rock . . . and making out!

Yeah, but the first thing you know . . . it'll be **September** and we'll be back in **school,** and our **whole lives'll change!**

Yeah! What a **drag** . . . sittin' in a hot **classroom,** drinking beer . . . smoking pot . . . listening to Rock . . . and making out!

Maybe **you're** having fun . . . but **I'm bored!** Doesn't anything **different** ever happen on this beach?

Like I **said,** . . . doesn't anything **DIFFERENT** happen on this beach?!

Look at Freddy and Brenda . . . running to go swimming nude and then make out in the water!

What's that **strange THING** out there?!

Yeah . . . and listen to that **rich, melodic background music . . . !**

Oh, my God, it's **horrible! HORRIBLE!**

That **strange thing** out there . . . ?

No—**melodic music!** I never **heard** music with a **melody** before! **Quick!** Someone turn up that **Rock number** before I go **crazy!**

I BELONG TO JOHN WIENCKO

WA WAA-ROCK BAYBEE ROCK BAY BEEE...

Pizz...

DRUCKER

AW'D



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

My **ankle!** He's got me by the **ankle!**

Man, that Freddie is **really somethin' else!**

Wow! Ankle-biting! What a wild, crazy **turn-on!**

Frankly, I'm **worried** about Brenda . . . all the way out there with Freddie . . .

YOU'RE worried! **I'm FREDDIE!!**

What do we know about this reported missing person . . . ?

Is it a **boy** or a **girl?**

Look! **Nowadays** that description is **no proof one way or the other!**

I got **NEWS** for you! **Nowadays, THAT's no proof either!**

The description I got, Chief, was that it's a **teenager** . . . shoulder-length hair, wearing earrings . . .

Aw — **c'mon** now, Chief!

We **KNOW** it's a **girl,** Chief! When she was last seen, she was **NAKED!**

What do you think could have **happened** to her, Chief?

I hate to **say** it, but if you've been around here as long as **I** have, you've **seen** those **hideous, ugly monsters . . . attacking everything in sight . . .**

I know! I've **been** in the **halls** of the **High School!**

And then again, if we're **lucky,** maybe it was only a **SHARK!**

I . . . *choke* . . . I **found something** . . . Chief!!

Is it—what—you **thought** it was??

Ugh . . . ecch . . . it's what I **thought** it was . . . all right!!

Listen to me! Get **hold** of yourself! You're a **Police Officer!** You can stand up to **anything,** even the remains of a **body** after a **shark** gets through with it!

Oh, yeah? How about the typical **garbage** left behind by the slobs after an **all night beach party?!**

Oh, God! **Anything** but **that!**

Uggh! Melon rinds and banana peels!

Blaah! Anchovy pizza scraps and scungili!

Pyuch! Peanut butter sandwiches and —

What do you think **you're** doing, Chief Brooding?!?

The remains of a **girl** were found, Mayor Vault! She must have been eaten by a **shark!** We can't allow any **people** in the **water!**

Are you **insane?!** Close our beaches with **July 4th** a week away?! That's when we do all our **business** around here! **Forget** about that shark and **take down that sign!**

Forget about it?! Do you realize what **horror** you may be subjecting people to on this beach? Have you no **conscience?** Particularly on **Independence Day,** when Americans celebrate their precious, hard-earned **freedom** by blowing off their **arms** and **legs** with **firecrackers,** and **driving drunkenly** down our nation's **highways . . .**

Come to **think** of it, I guess I'll take down the sign!

NO SWIMMING ON THIS BEACH
By Order of Vermity P.D.
INCORPORATED TOWNSHIP OF Va
POPULATION..... 3,01~~3~~ 2

How come we're all **enjoying** ourselves, and the Chief of Police has to **work?**

They say a mysterious thing is endangering the beach, and he's **protecting** all of us!

It must be **tough** looking through those **glasses hours on end!**

What dedication! I'm sure that whatever he's **looking** for, he's going to **GET it!**

Not unless somebody tells his **WIFE!!**

Well, Schmendricks, **so far . . . so good!**

That's **great!** No sign of the **shark?**

No sign of her **Husband!**

What happened?

All of a sudden I heard this **rich melodic music,** and then this **kid** started **screaming** and . . . *ugh* . . . it was just **awful . . . !**

Yecch! All that **blood** and **gore** and **torn limbs!** You know what **this** means, don't you, Chief . . .?

Right! There goes the picture's **"G" rating!** But a **"PG"** will **still** pull in the kids . . .!

What about that **line** in the **ads** that says, **"May Be Too Intense For Younger Children"?** Won't that **hurt** us?

Are you **kidding?!?** That's like trying to scare **ants** away from a **picnic** by pouring **sugar** on the ground!

I've called this meeting of you key townspeople because there is a **silly rumor** going around that an **alleged shark** has **allegedly killed two alleged people!** We will now have the **Coroner's report!** Er . . . where **is** the Coroner?

He's **dead!**

WHAT?! How did it **happen?**

The **alleged shark** bit off his **alleged head!** Also his **alleged arms** and **legs . . .**

Very well! The meeting is open to suggestions! Would anyone like to speak . . .?

AAARRRGH!

SHRIEK!

YEOW!

SCREEEECHH

Does Captain Squint **always** do **disgusting things** like that for **attention?**

No . . . he **usually** just **belches!**

Now, listen to **me,** Matey . . . and **listen good!** I'm the **only** Sea Captain around here who can **CATCH** that mother, and **you know it!** But it's gonna cost you **ten thousand dollars!**

Take it . . . or **leave it!** And the more you **wait,** the more it's gonna **cost** you! And if you don't **like** my offer, **you** and this **whole** ☆@☼!@★@☼ town can **go**#★@☼&@★!!

We'll **think** about **it,** Captain Squint!

Does he actually make a **living** as a **Sea Captain?**

Not really! He **moonlights** on the **side!**

What's his **other** job?

He works for **The Welcome Wagon!**

We're in **trouble,** Schmendricks! The Mayor is still not sold on the **shark** story, and I'm not sure I trust **Squint!** Isn't there **ANYONE** who can **help** us?!?

Hi, there! **I'd** like to help! My name is **Clod Hopper,** and I'm a **brilliant young Scientist!** I know **ALL ABOUT sharks!** God, but they're **beautiful creatures!** Do you know that I once made **LOVE** to a shark?! I mean . . . **this** one **really turned me on,** and—

What?!? How could **ANYONE** make love to a **shark!!**

Very carefully!

Hmmm! I notice—as I scientifically examine the remains of this victim—that the thorax and the upper anatomy in general, particularly the sternum and scapula, have been **severely traumatized,** and that the metatarsal bones on the severed foot that I hold in my hand have been **nearly obliterated** . . .

Uh-huh . . . Uh-huh . . . **quite interesting!** Now . . . after **assimilating** all this, there is **one thing** I'd like to **say** as a **Scholar** . . . and as a **Scientist** . . .

What's that . . .?

YECCCH!!

Great news, Chief! My **kid** and **I** caught the **shark,** so your **troubles** are **over!**

Very simple! My kid has this **old kite string,** see? Well, sir . . . I bent this **safety pin** around the string and tossed it into the—

Sure, providing you use the **right bait . . .!**

Incredible! How did you and your kid ever manage to **land** a fish this size?

Wait a minute! You expect me to believe that anybody using a **safety pin** and some **old kite string** could catch a **shark!?!**

And **what** did **YOU** use for bait?

My kid!

VOMITY YACHT CLUB

I'm **not sure** this is the shark we're **after!** The only way to **know** for sure is to **cut him open** and look for **clues inside!** Don't worry! I **know** what I'm **doing!** I've been around **fish** all my life . . .

You know, you remind me of a **sturgeon!**

You mean **SURGEON!** I **cut** like a **surgeon!**

You may **CUT** like a surgeon, but you **SMELL** like a **sturgeon!**

Ah-hah! Just as I **thought!** This shark doesn't eat **people!** It eats **JUNK!** Look at **this!** An **old lawn mower,** a pair of **orthopedic shoes,** a **1959 Edsel,** a crate of **watermelons** and 500,000 copies of **Reader's Digest!**

Sew him up fast! I feel like we just operated on **Euell Gibbons!**

Mayor Vault! I've got **proof** that the **dead shark** is **NOT** the one we're after! The **killer** is **STILL OUT THERE!** We've got to **close the beaches . . . NOW!!**

Not on your life! This is **July 4th!** But **don't worry!** They're going to set up an **impregnable barrier** in the water that **no** shark will **ever** be able to penetrate!

It **won't work!** He's **too smart!** He'll **slip past** the gun boats! He'll **sneak by** the helicopters!

I **KNOW** that! I'm talking about the **NATURAL barrier:** that wall of **typical holiday refuse** and **garbage** . . . thrown into the water by **50,000 beachgoers!**

ARRRRRGGHH!

YECCCCH!

CHOKE!

UGH!

Well . . . Mayor?!? **Still MORE deaths!** Are you **satisfied** now?!?

Okay, Chief! **You win!** I'll pay Squint what he wants! Go out there **with** him and **GET THAT SHARK!!**

Golly, all this **blood** and **torn bodies** and **killer sharks!** They sure don't make **"Beach Pictures"** the way **I** made them in the **'60's!**

That's **true,** Annette! But **THIS one** is **ALMOST** as **nauseating** as one of yours!

Now **hear this,** Mates! I'm the **Captain** of this@#$%¢& **boat,** and what **I** say **GOES!** I've been a sailor, man and boy, for **forty years!** I know every **inch** of this **ocean** and every **nook and cranny** of this **boat!** I know the **sound** and the **smell** and the **language** of the **sea!** And now, if you'll **excuse** me, I gotta go to **The Little Boy's Room . . .**

Don't you mean **"The Head"?**

Whatever.

DRINK COCA-COLA

I'd feel a lot more **secure** if he didn't get **SEASICK!**

I'd feel **even BETTER** if we **weren't** still **in PORT!!**

EEEECH

The **College Boy'll** take the **helm!** And **you,** Chief . . . you see those pails of **bloody fish innards** and **entrails?** Well, start throwing it **overboard . . .**

Naaahh! Sharks **HATE** the stuff!

You think I want it **stinking up my boat?**

Listen . . . **one more stupid question,** and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, **swabbing the floor!!**

Oh, **I** get it! It's **BAIT** . . . to **lure** the **shark!**

Then **why** do you want me to throw it **overboard?**

Then **why'd** you bring it **aboard** in the **first place?**

The **"DECK"!**

Whatever.

Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been **HAD?**

Not really! He may be a bit **eccentric,** but I **think** he's a **good sailor!** Let's wait until we're **out** a while and he gets his **sea legs** and starts singing those loveable old **Sea Chanteys . . .**

Over hill, over dale,
We have hit the
Dusty trail,
As those Caissons
Go rolling along!

You're **RIGHT!** We've been **HAD!**

You see this **scar?** That's from a **Tiger Shark** when I was in the **South Pacific!**

That's **nothing!** See **THIS** scar! That's from a **Giant Barracuda** when I was in **Key Largo!**

That's **nothing!** See **THIS** scar! That's from **Gene Hackman** when I was in **"The French Connection"!**

C'mon, Squint . . . you're an **expert** on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!

Oh, the shark has . . .
Pretty teeth, dear . . .
And he shows them . . .
Pearly white . . .

Boy . . . with these Old Salts, **everything** is a **SONG CUE!!**

Well, we've been out for **ten hours** and **still no sign** of the **shark!** Where could he **be?** If there was only some way we knew he was in the **area!** If he would only give us some sort of **clue!**

Wait a minute! Do you **hear** it? That **rich, melodic music . . .??**

Yeah! Yeah! I **hear** it!!

Does that **mean** anything to you?

You bet . . .!

Hey . . . what the hell are you **doing?!?**

That's not **dance music,** dummy! It's the **theme** of the **shark!** It **follows him** wherever he **goes!**

For Pete's sake, will you please **let me go,** now!

I'm sorry! Okay . . . **YOU** lead!

He must be one of those rare **Mantovani** sharks!!

Give me **one more minute!** I'm a **fantastic dipper!**

What are **YOU** doing, Squint?

I see! And then, we **FOLLOW** him?

I'm shooting this **harpoon** . . . with a **barrel** tied to it . . . into him! That's so we'll know where he **is** at **all times** . . . and in what **direction** he's **swimming!**

No, then we go in the **OTHER direction!** A guy can get **KILLED** around here!!

Good Lord! **Three harpoons** in him . . . and he's **still** coming at us! I've got to admit . . . I'm **STUMPED!!**

You **WILL be . . .** if he **sinks this boat!**

Wait! I have an **idea** that **just might save us**—but it's **not** completely **worked out** yet! Why don't I climb into this **cage,** and you lower me into the **water!** That'll lure the shark **toward** me, and I'll **kill** him!

How will you **KILL** him?!?

Er—**that's** the part I haven't **worked out** yet!

Hey, I've **got** it! **STRYCHNINE!!** This poison will **kill ANYTHING!**

Great! Only **HOW** will you **give it** to the **SHARK?!**

Good question! *Uh* . . . **I know! I know!** Oh, it's so **simple!** Why didn't I think of this **before!** What I'll do is **MIX TWO MARTINIS!** Then, I'll **propose a toast,** and when the shark **isn't looking,** I'll slip some of **this** into **HIS!**

Why don't you just **dip** a **NEEDLE** into the poison . . . and **shoot** it at him?!

That's even **better!**

Here he **comes . . .!** This is **it . . .!** Oh, God . . . if only he **holds still long enough . . . !** If only he gives me a **clear shot at his eye . . .!**

If only I didn't **drop the needle!!**

He's **back!** He got **Clod!** The poison thing **didn't work! What now,** Captain?

You wait here while **I** go and check the old **Navy Manual . . .**

It's **too late** for that now! A desperate situation calls for **desperate measures!** *Er—* I know! **Listen to THIS . . .**

OKAY, SHARK . . . MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT . . .

Wait a minute, Shark! **Not so FAR out of the water!!**

Too bad! It always worked in **"COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!**

Well, Mate! I guess I'm a **goner!** But **if I gotta go,** I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me **dies at sea!** So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his **final resting** place in **Davey Smith's Locker . . .**

That's Davey **JONES'S** Locker!

Whatever . . .

Well, there goes Squint! And **I'm next!!** Nothing can stop that shark now!

Hi! What's going **on?**

CLOD!! You're **alive! YOU'RE ALIVE . . . !!**

Uggh . . . Ooooh . . . **. . . POOF . . .**

And **LOOK!** The **shark** is **DEAD!**

MADE BY MATTEL TOY CO.

It's a **miracle!** How did the shark **DIE?**

Psychological Indigestion!

What in hell is **that?**

It's a very rare **fish** disease, brought on by a very common **movie** disease that we **Scientists** call *"Scriptus Fantasticus!"*

C'mon, Man! **Talk sense!**

I think you **know** by now that a **shark** can usually **eat ANYTHING!** However, when he had me **underwater** . . . and he **destroyed my cage** . . . and there I was, swimming around, **helpless** . . . and the Director wouldn't let him **devour me** so he could get a **cheap, corny happy ending** to this movie after subjecting the audience to **two hours of nauseating garbage . . .**

You **mean . . .**

Right! THAT, not even a **SHARK** could **swallow!**

Some years ago (In MAD #173 to be exact!), we noted the objections of educators and assorted authorities to traditional Fairy Tales which are filled with an assortment of dragons, wicked stepmothers and other strange creatures who indulge in murder, mayhem and other forms of anti-social behavior. At that time, we contended that even if violence and bloodshed in story books actually were harmful to impressionable

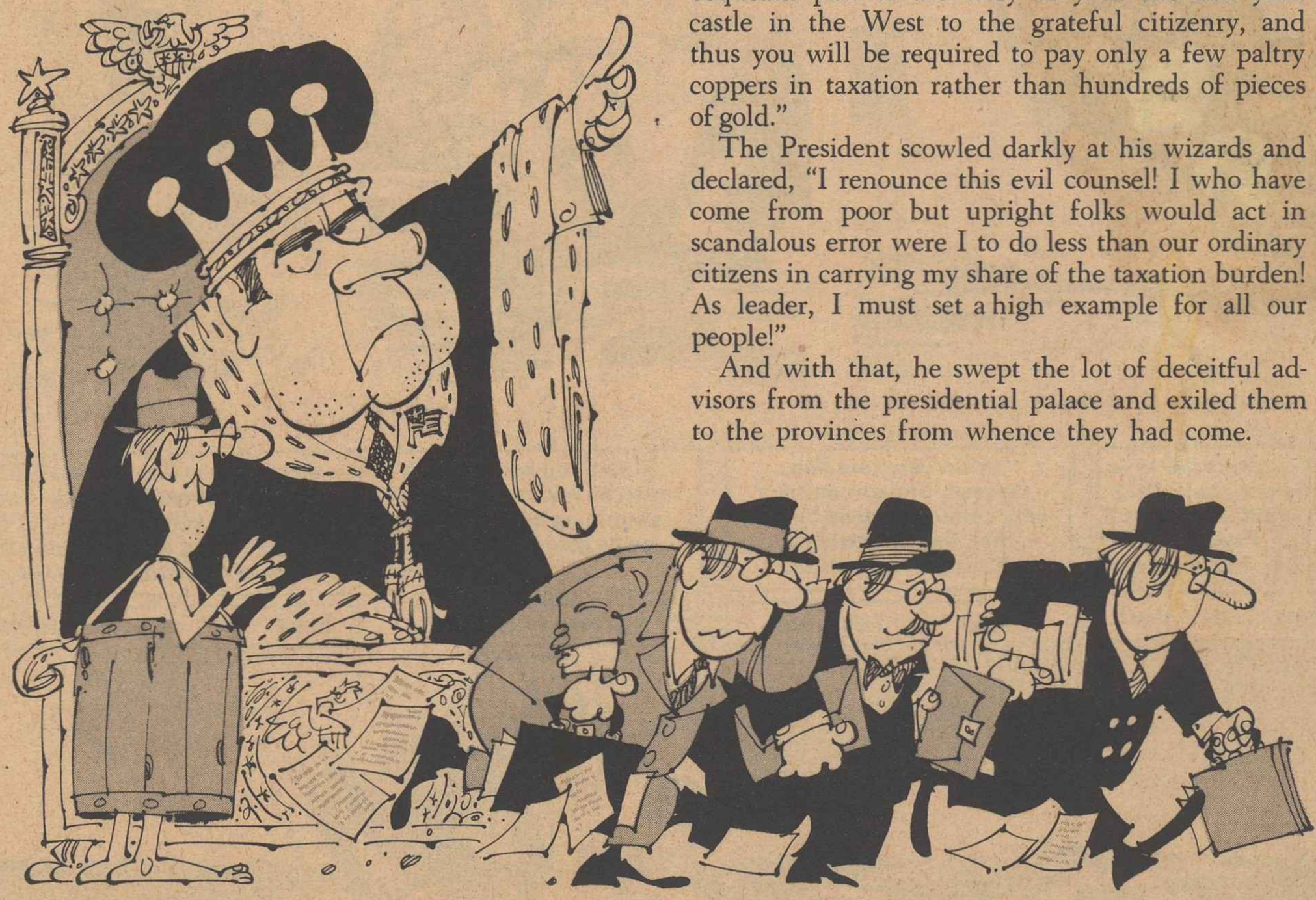
MORE "MODERN

(That Are Even More Fantastic

The Man Of The People

Once upon a time, there existed a great land filled with hard-working and prosperous people who enjoyed freedom and prosperity. Through a system called Taxation, the people paid their elected leaders, took care of the needy and sick among them, and supported an army to defend the country in time of danger.

The Law of Taxation was based on the idea of each citizen paying to the country a portion of what he had earned. A man who earned twenty gold pieces would pay one of them, a man who earned forty pieces would pay three of them, and those who earned a great many gold pieces would pay their greater shares in the same fashion.



That country's highest leader was called The President, and according to a legend popular among the people, any citizen, no matter how humble his birth, could one day become President. And, in truth, this had happened more than once.

At one particular point in this country's time, there was a President who had fulfilled that legend. Of course, he was paid great sums of gold for the labors he performed in this highest office in the land. He, like the rest of the citizens, was subject to the Law of Taxation.

One day, his Council of Wizards came to him and said, "Sire, we have been studying the Law of Taxation, and if you accept our counsel, you will bequeath part of the story of your life and your castle in the West to the grateful citizenry, and thus you will be required to pay only a few paltry coppers in taxation rather than hundreds of pieces of gold."

The President scowled darkly at his wizards and declared, "I renounce this evil counsel! I who have come from poor but upright folks would act in scandalous error were I to do less than our ordinary citizens in carrying my share of the taxation burden! As leader, I must set a high example for all our people!"

And with that, he swept the lot of deceitful advisors from the presidential palace and exiled them to the provinces from whence they had come.

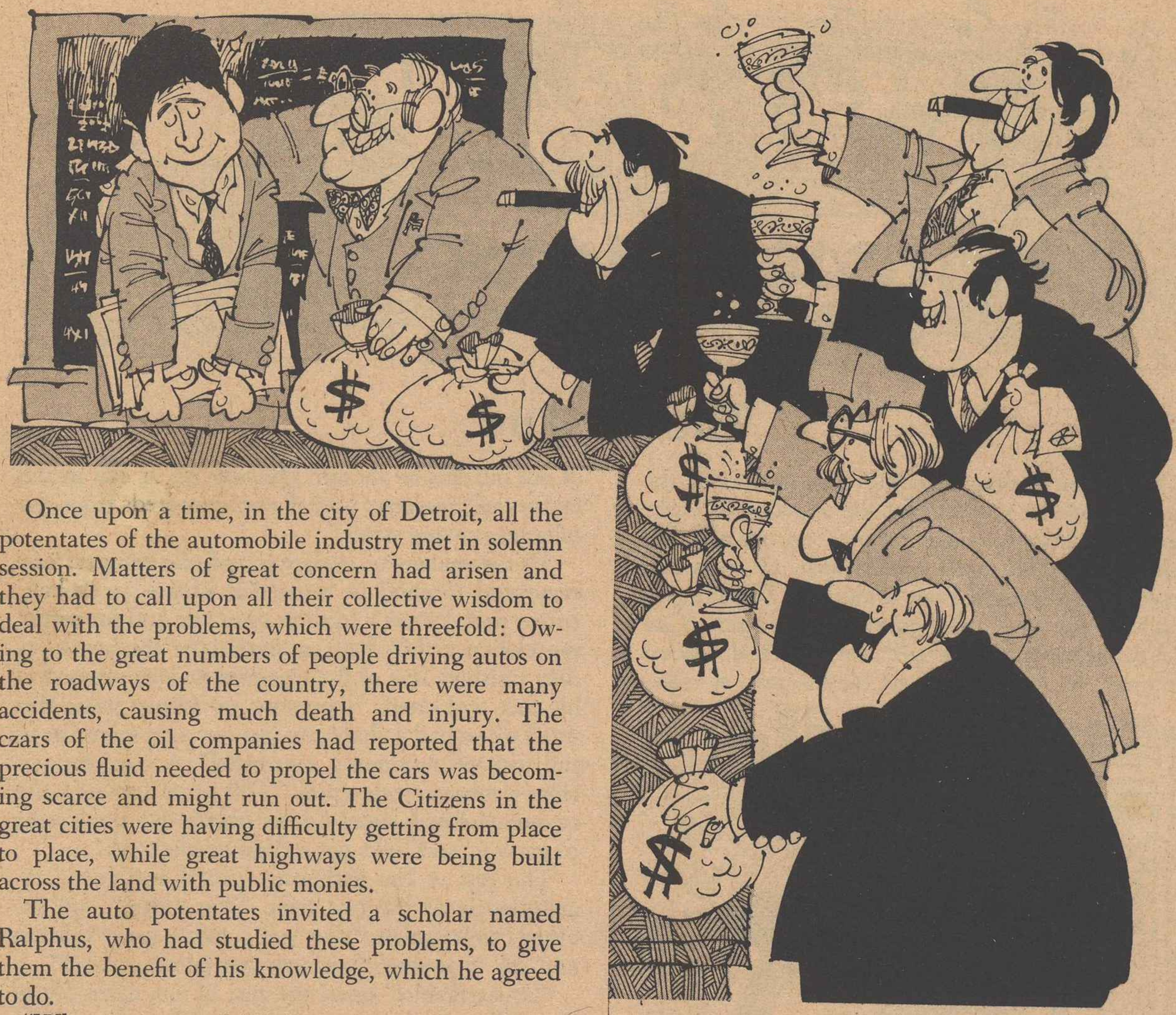
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: DON REILLY

young minds, children still need heaping helpings of "pure fantasy" in their reading diets. And so we published "Modern Fairy Tales" (That Are Even More Fantastic Than The Old-Time Fairy Tales!) And today, we still believe that children love the unbelievable as much as ever. So we've taken another look around at contemporary society, and we've created this new selection of unreal episodes which we've entitled . . .

N" FAIRY TALES

Than Old-Time Fairy Tales!)

The Wise Carriage Makers



Once upon a time, in the city of Detroit, all the potentates of the automobile industry met in solemn session. Matters of great concern had arisen and they had to call upon all their collective wisdom to deal with the problems, which were threefold: Owing to the great numbers of people driving autos on the roadways of the country, there were many accidents, causing much death and injury. The czars of the oil companies had reported that the precious fluid needed to propel the cars was becoming scarce and might run out. The Citizens in the great cities were having difficulty getting from place to place, while great highways were being built across the land with public monies.

The auto potentates invited a scholar named Ralphus, who had studied these problems, to give them the benefit of his knowledge, which he agreed to do.

"What must we do?" the auto potentates cried. The young man replied, "You must take all pains to make the autos stronger to protect the lives of the people. You must make the autos smaller in order to save some of the precious fluid for future generations. You must convince the leaders of the land to take some gold from the building of roads and use. it to transport the populace of the crowded cities.

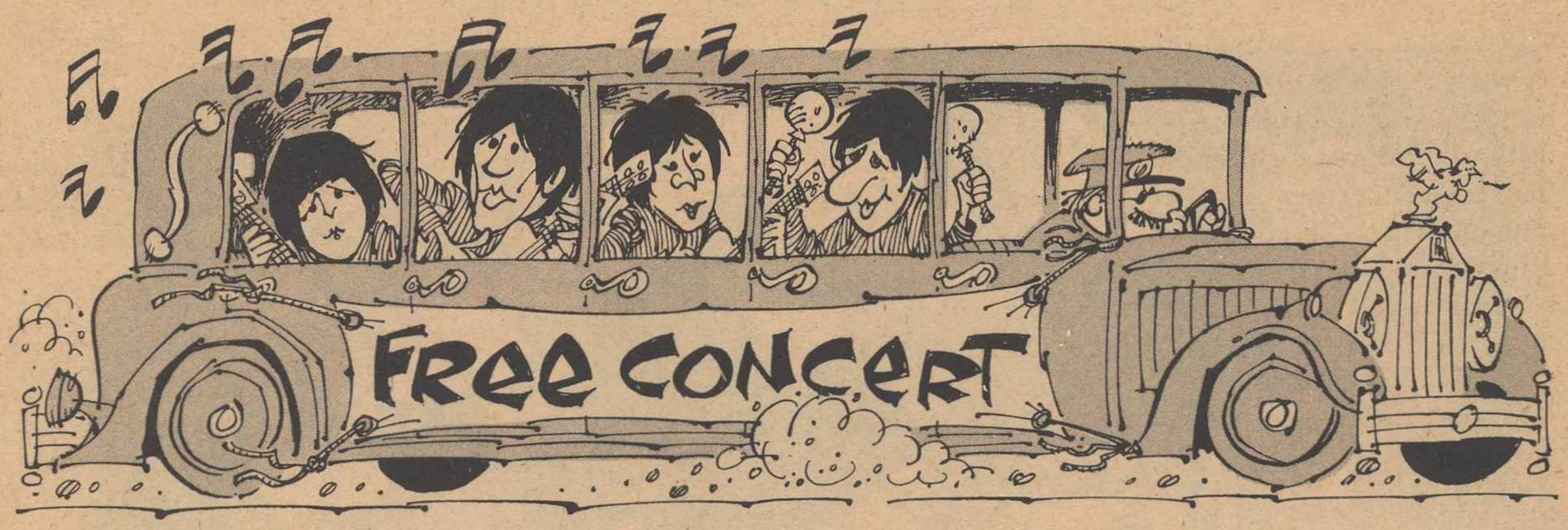
"Bravo!" the auto potentates cheered. "We must reward this young scholar," one of them said. "I have it," said another, "we'll each give a portion of our earnings each year to provide him the means of keeping us supplied with more good ideas in the future, so that we may serve the people well. "Done!" said they all and drank to his good health.

The Generous Minstrels

Once upon a time, there was a group of singers and musicians who had come together as very young people bound by their love of music. Through weeks and years of diligent practice, they became proficient in their art. As their skills grew, so did their reputation, and they found that people were willing to pay to hear them. Their fame spread far and wide, their fees became fabulous, their performances were sold out to the very last seat, and their recordings were distributed around the world.

They grew rich and beloved, but wealth brought with it disputes and discontent. They drifted apart and spent their days battling about money. One day, after months of quarreling in courts of law, one of them said to the others, "Do you realize we're all rich beyond our dreams? Let us return to the simple idea that first brought us together, our love for the music we've created." The others pondered this advice and agreed it was sound. From that day on, they did just that. In gratitude for the love and wealth their millions of fans had given them, they devoted the rest of their lives to traveling everywhere, giving free concerts to all who wished to come.





The Rescue

Once upon a time, scientists and doctors of the country came to suspect that the smoking of cigarettes was likely to make people very ill and kill them years before their normal span of years had passed. They brought their findings to Washington to advise the men who governed the land. "Can this dreadful thing be so?" the shocked leaders chorused. "If so, we must act now to save as many of our citizens as we can! Quickly, let us call in the makers of cigarettes and the congressmen from the tobacco-growing states."



All the makers of cigarettes and the congressmen came and listened in respectful silence as the scientists and doctors told their grim tale and presented the evidence they had gathered over the years. As they finished, one of the cigarette makers jumped to his feet and cried, "I propose we forget about this until we've had a chance to put our *own* scientists to the task of examining cigarettes!" A congressman from a tobacco state cried, "Y'all tryin' to wreck the economy of mah state? I'm for liberty! We got a right to grow it, and folks got a right to smoke it!"

The rest of the gathering turned and stared incredulously at the two men. "You mean," said another congressman, "that you'd rather grow tobacco and sell cigarettes than save our citizens' lives?"

"Unspeakable!" cried the rest of the assembly as they fell upon the two wretches and flung them from the room.

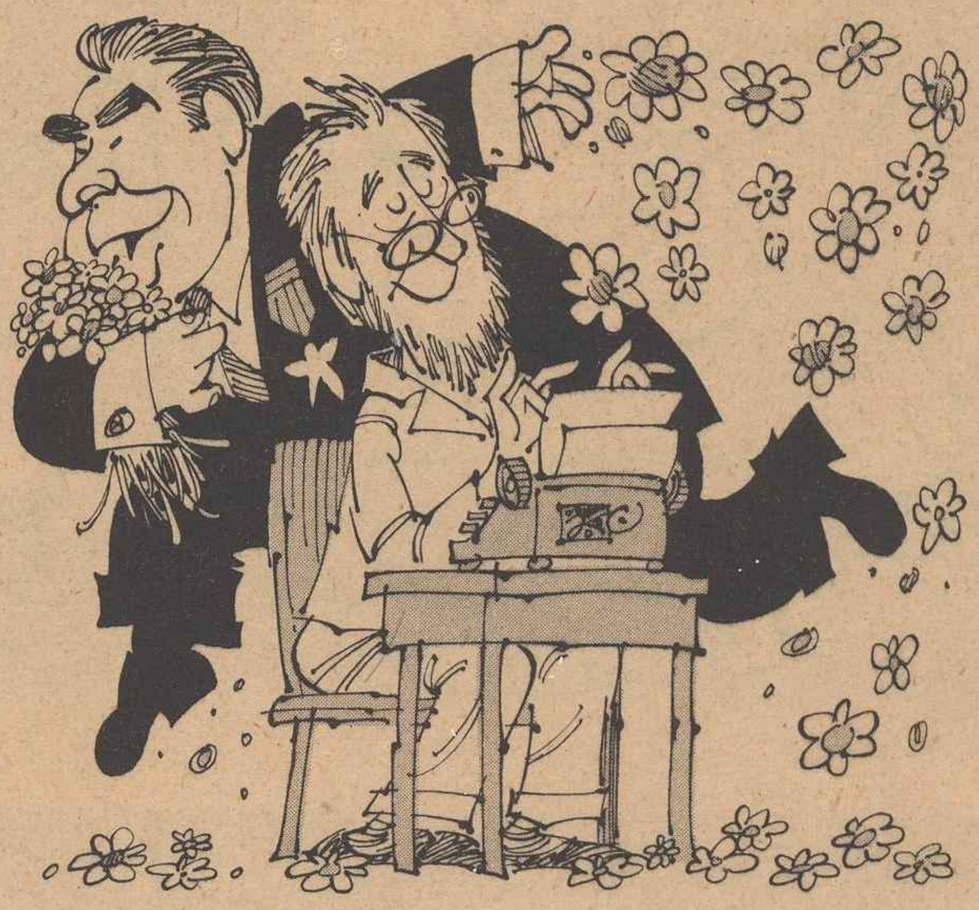
And so it happened that the tobacco farms switched to food and the cigarette companies went out of business rather than devote their time, knowledge and money to poisoning their fellow human beings.

The Author

There once was a vast, cold land in the East whose people lived out their days without ever being allowed to journey beyond its borders. The people were not overly unhappy about this, it seemed, because they had known no other life. Their rulers were stern men who became furious when criticized. Since the rulers controlled all means of communication in the land, there was little chance of public criticism to anger them.

Then, one man began to write books about his country which were often very critical. And so, the rulers did not permit them to be read by the people, and cast the writer into prison to repent. Friends of the writer managed to send his writings abroad and they were published in other lands, to the great annoyance of the rulers. One day, out of angry curiosity, the Supreme Ruler gathered the man's forbidden books together and began to read them for a clue to what caused the author's unbalanced and criminal behavior. The Supreme Ruler read and read, and at length summoned the errant author and said to him, "I have been struck by the power and sincerity of your writing and your depiction of grave errors committed in our country's past. You are right. We must stop throwing critics into asylums and dungeons and permit our people to travel across our borders as they choose. It is so decreed."

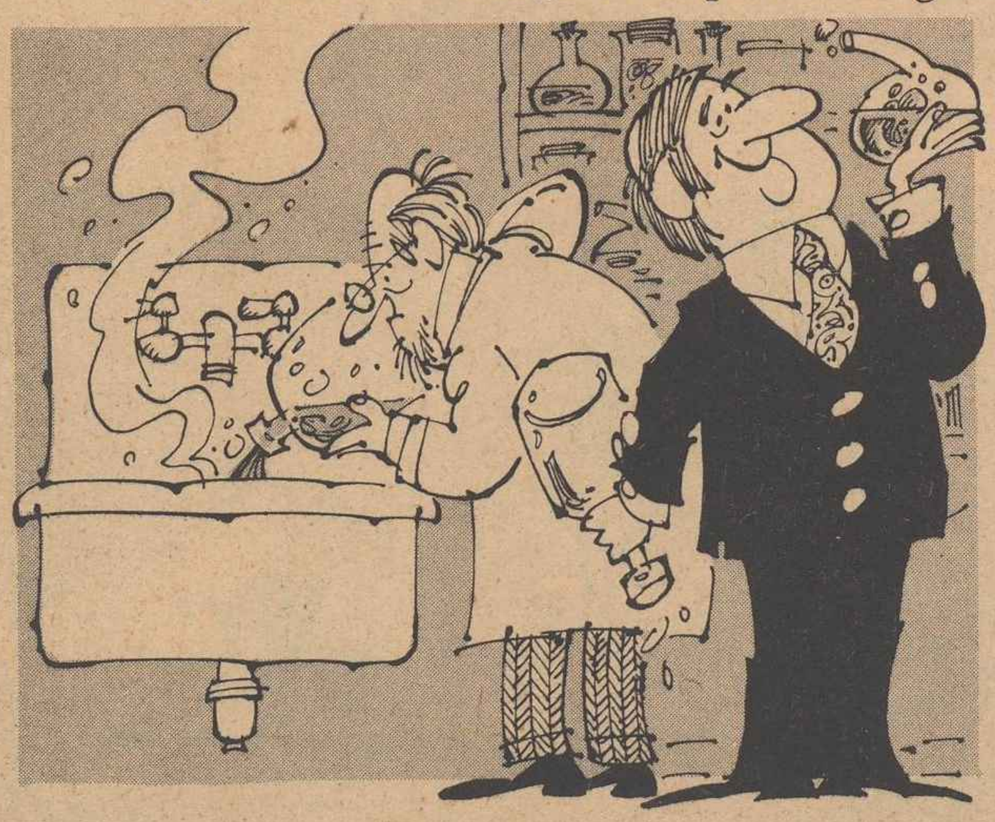
And so the people of the vast cold land were free from that day to come and go in peace. Most stayed, some left. The author stayed and wrote many more books during a long and happy life in his homeland.



The Careful Chemist

Once there was a chemist whose task it was to concoct new medicines for the pharmaceutical firm that employed him. He liked his work and delighted in finding ways of getting chemicals into people's bloodstreams faster than chemists from other companies were able to do. It was a race, and it was fun.

The chemist was especially fond of one project he had worked on for some years. This was a pill that, taken at bedtime, cured headaches and backaches, settled upset stomach, and gave the pill-taker a general glow of good feeling for a day or so. Remarkable to say, this versatile pill would be extremely cheap to manufacture and thus the drug firm could expect to earn enormous sums in the marketplace. The board chairman had taken a lively interest in the new pill and had dubbed it "The Blahs Bomb."



One day the chairman visited the chemist's laboratory, eager to learn whether the tests were complete so that he could begin production and watch the firm's profits soar. The chemist said, "Everything has gone beautifully in our treatment of test patients. One-hundred per cent of them felt immediate relief after taking our pill."

"Fanstastic!" cried the chairman.

"Unfortunately," said the chemist, "one half of one per cent of the test patients suffered a perplexing side effect. They acquired rashes."

"Is that so bad?" asked the chairman.

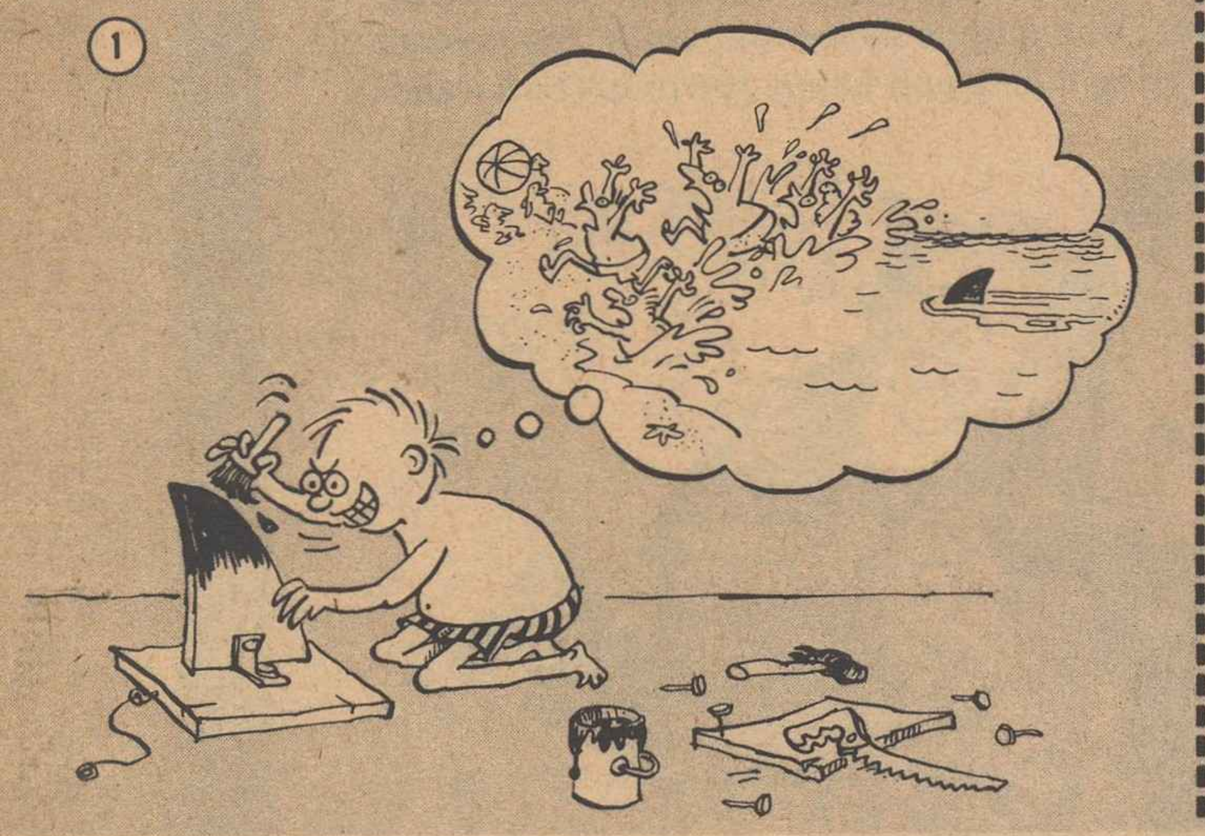
"The rashes appear to be permanent," replied the chemist.

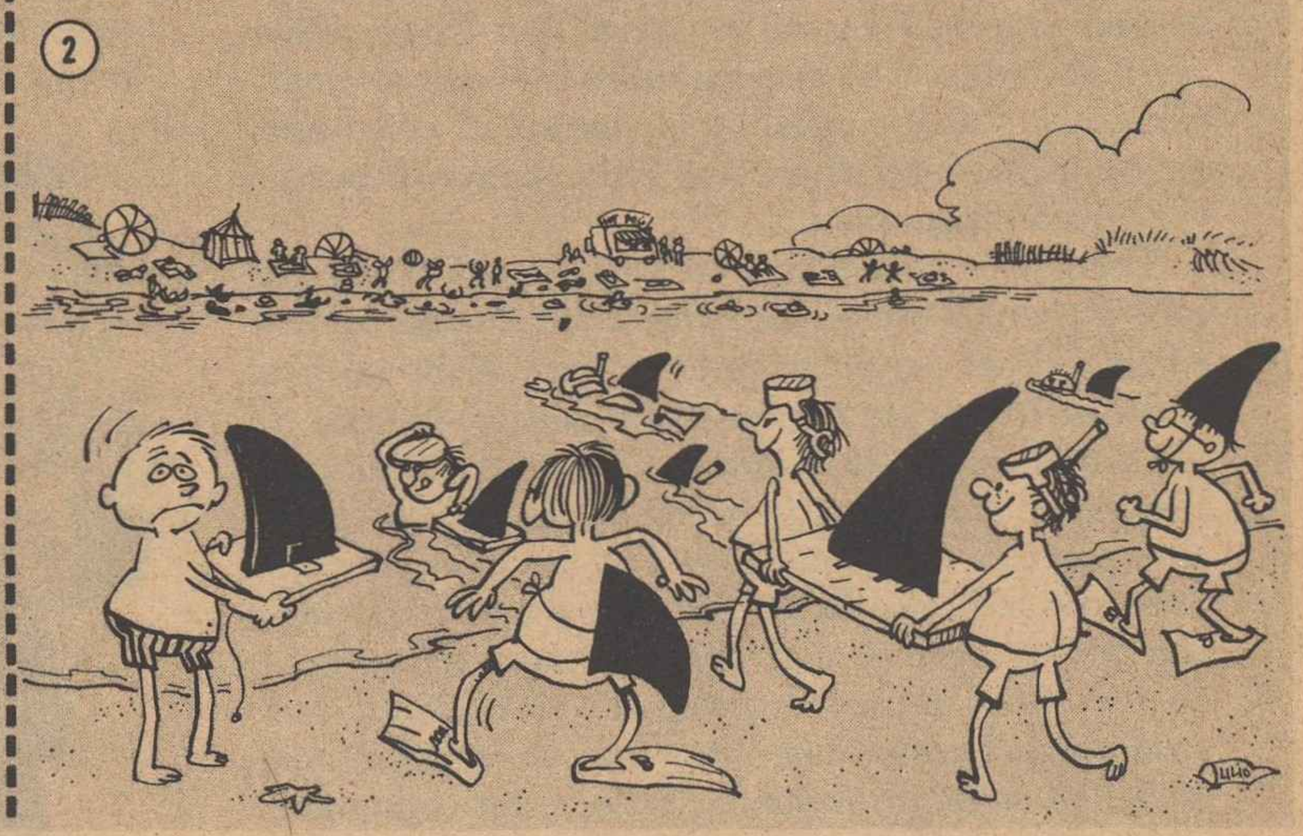
"Oh dear," sighed the chairman. "Obviously we can't in good conscience subject people to that risk. We have no choice but to abandon the project." And so the chemist and the chairman poured the flasks and bottles full of the precious pill potion down the drain and looked optimistically to the future.

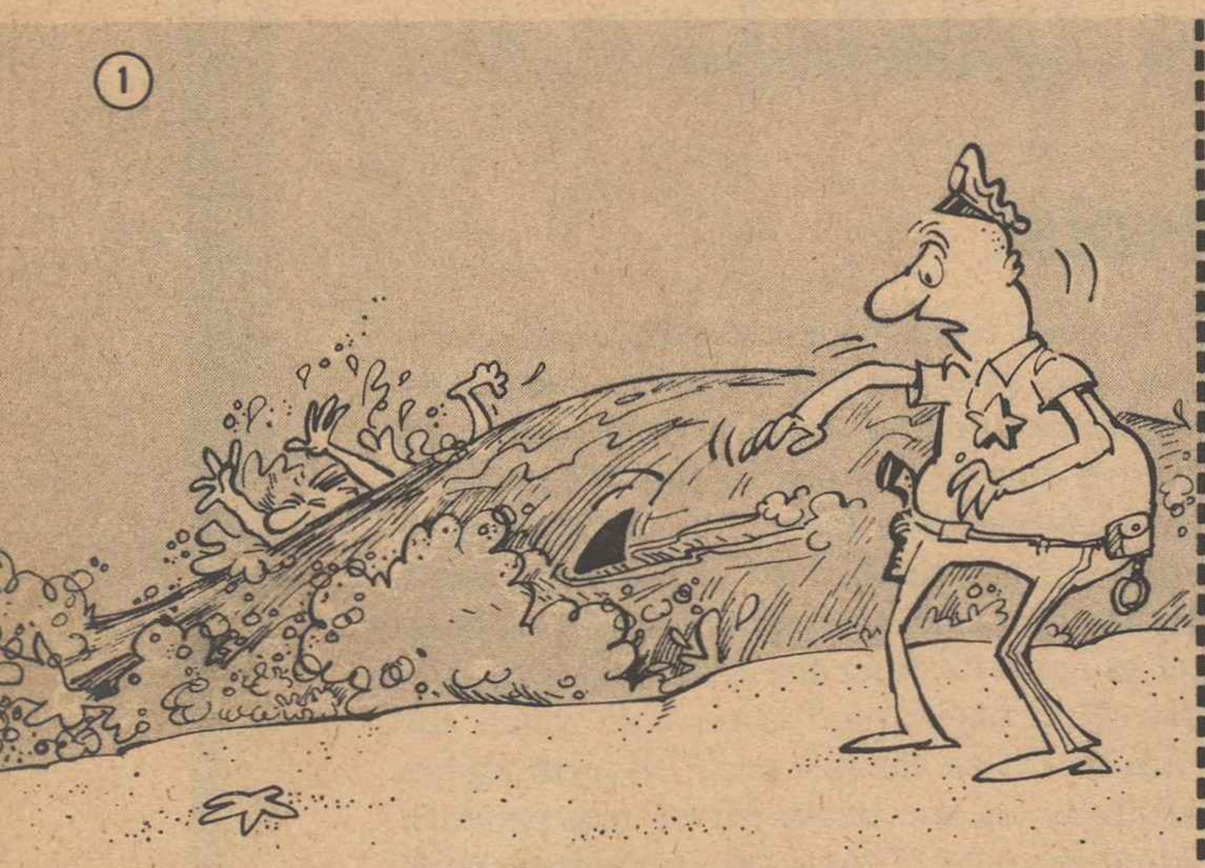


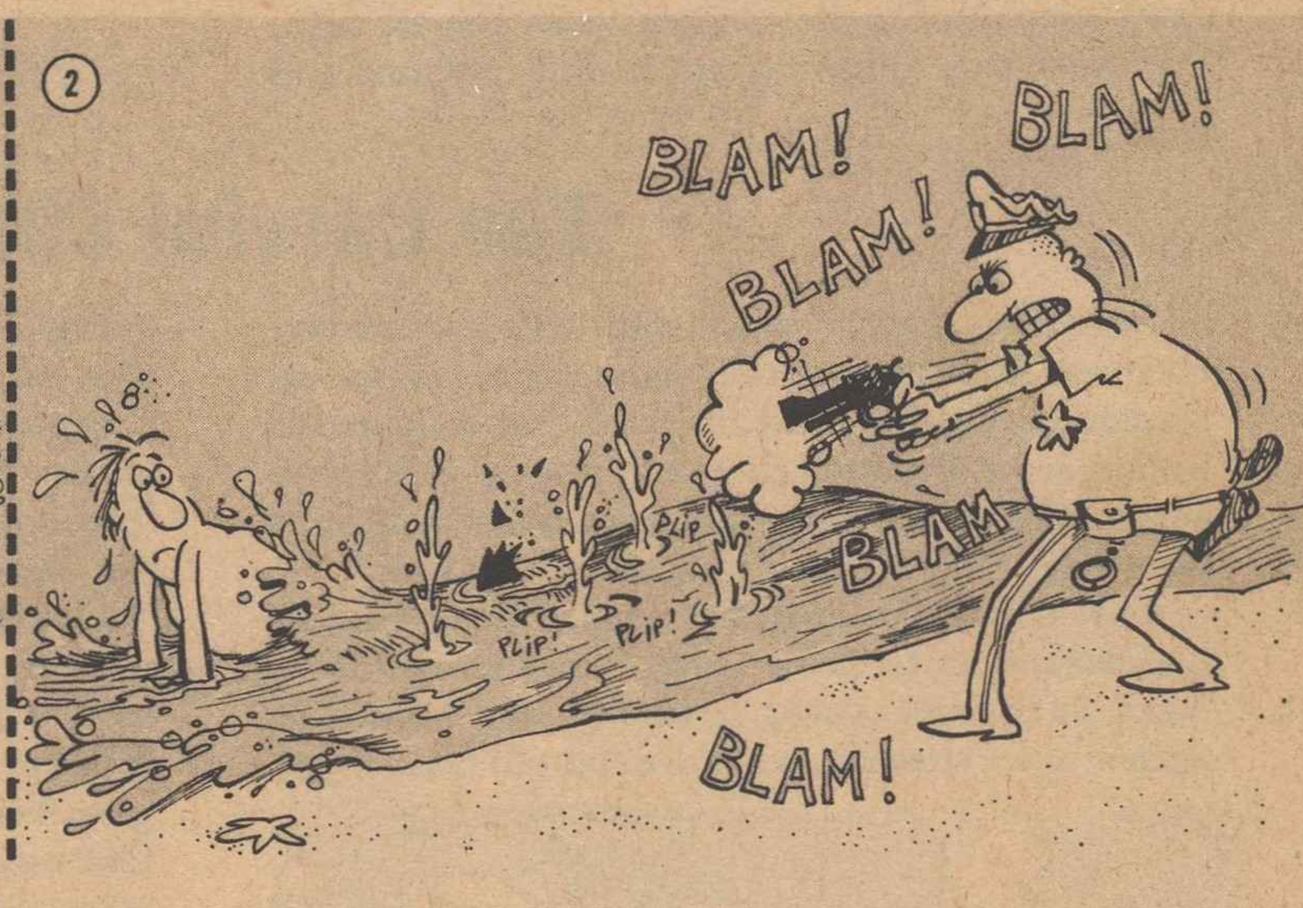
BITING HUMOR DEPT.

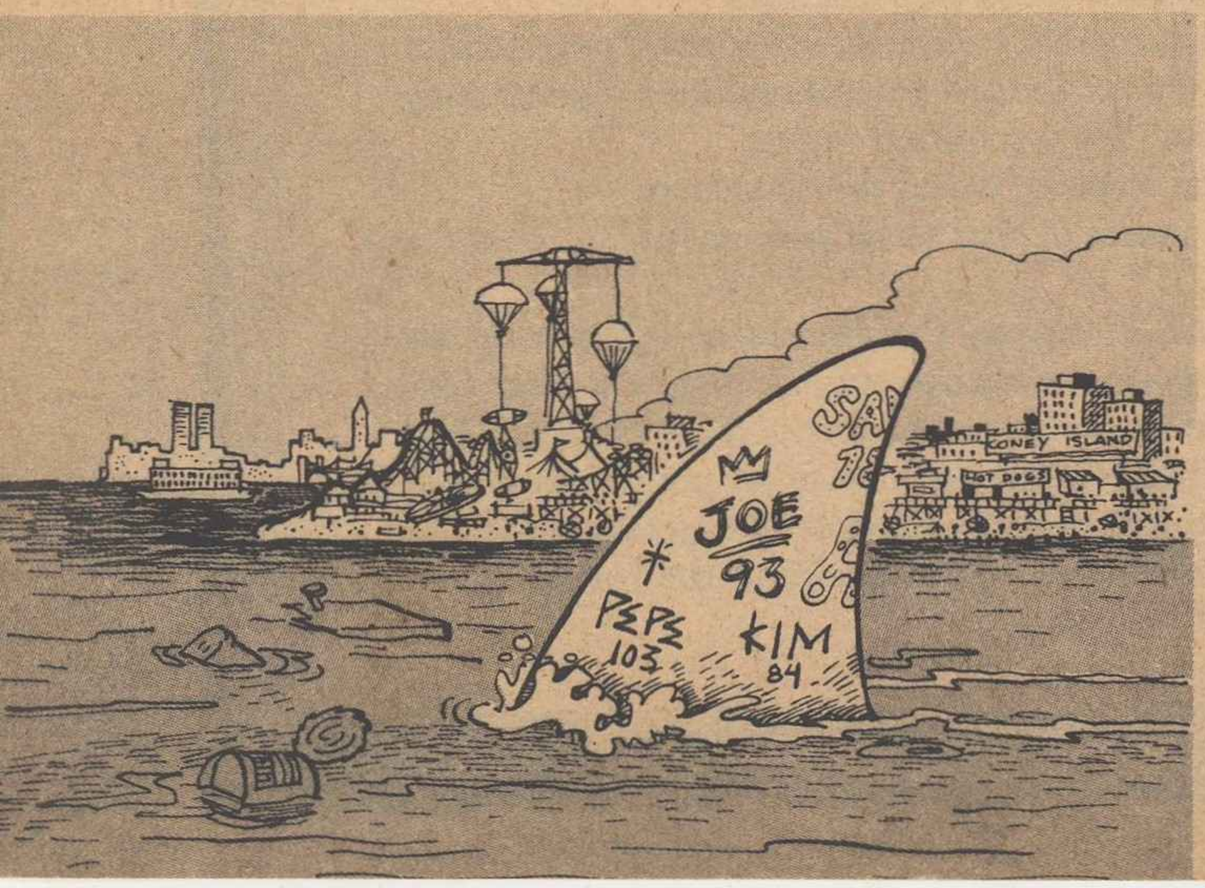
A MAD LOOK AT SHARKS

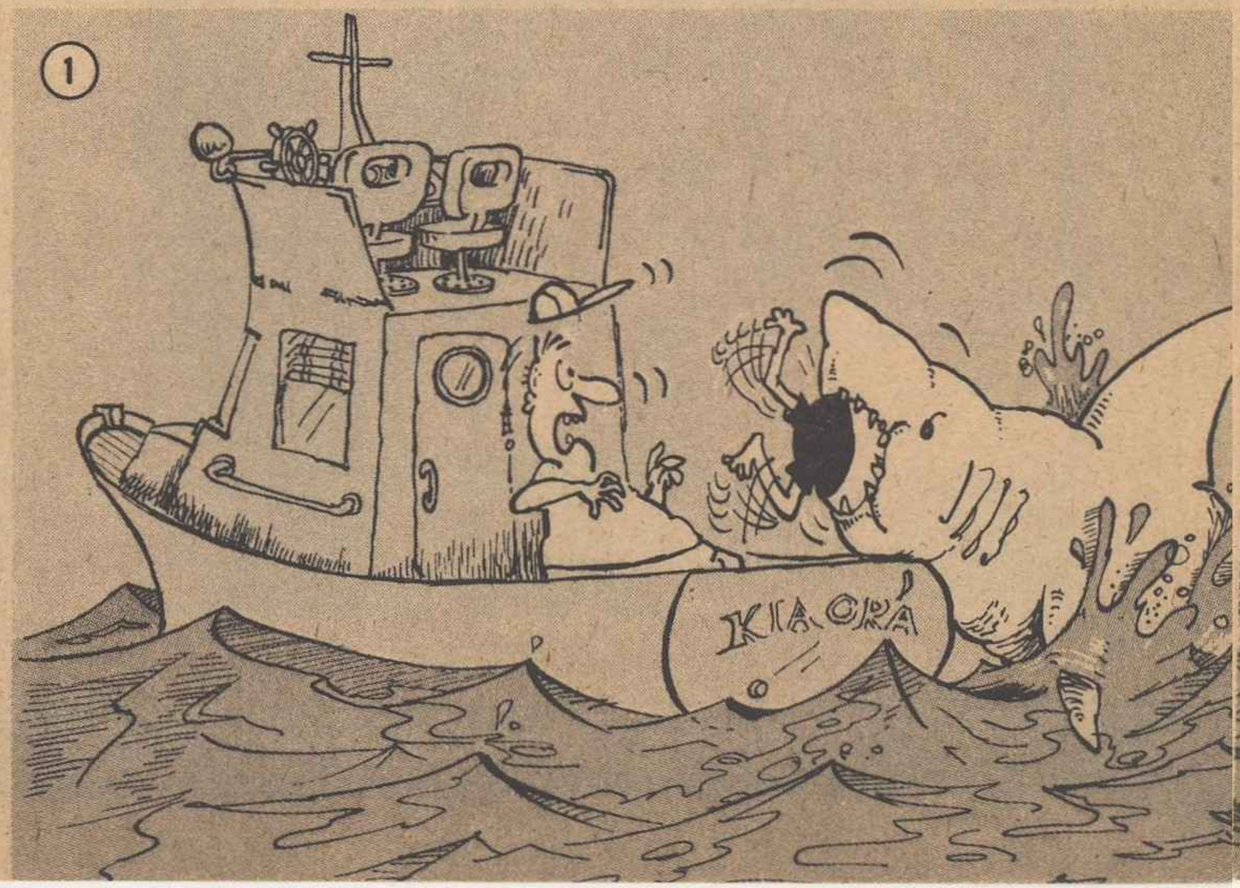




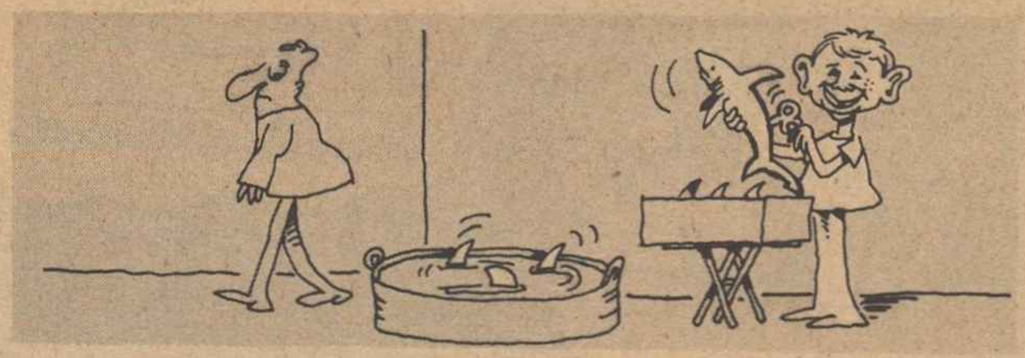




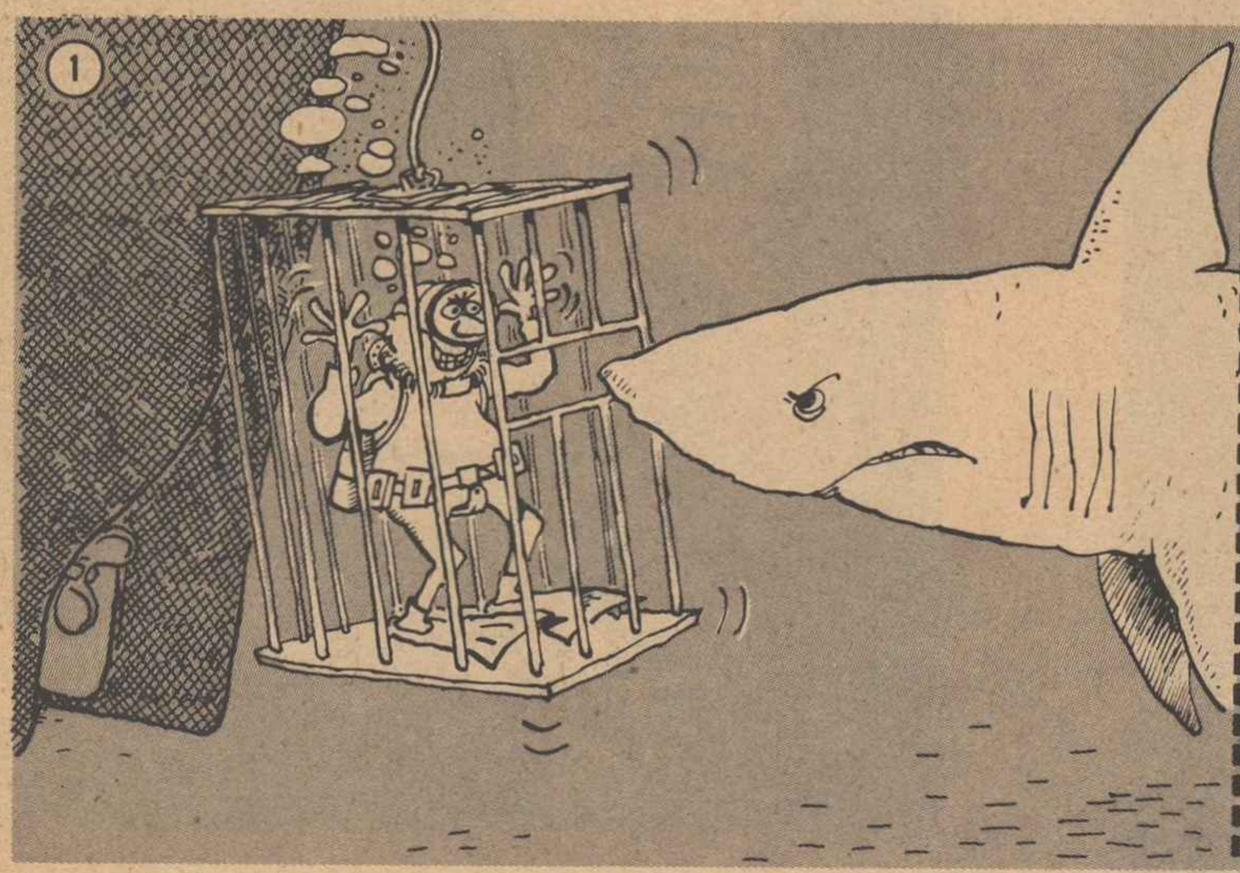


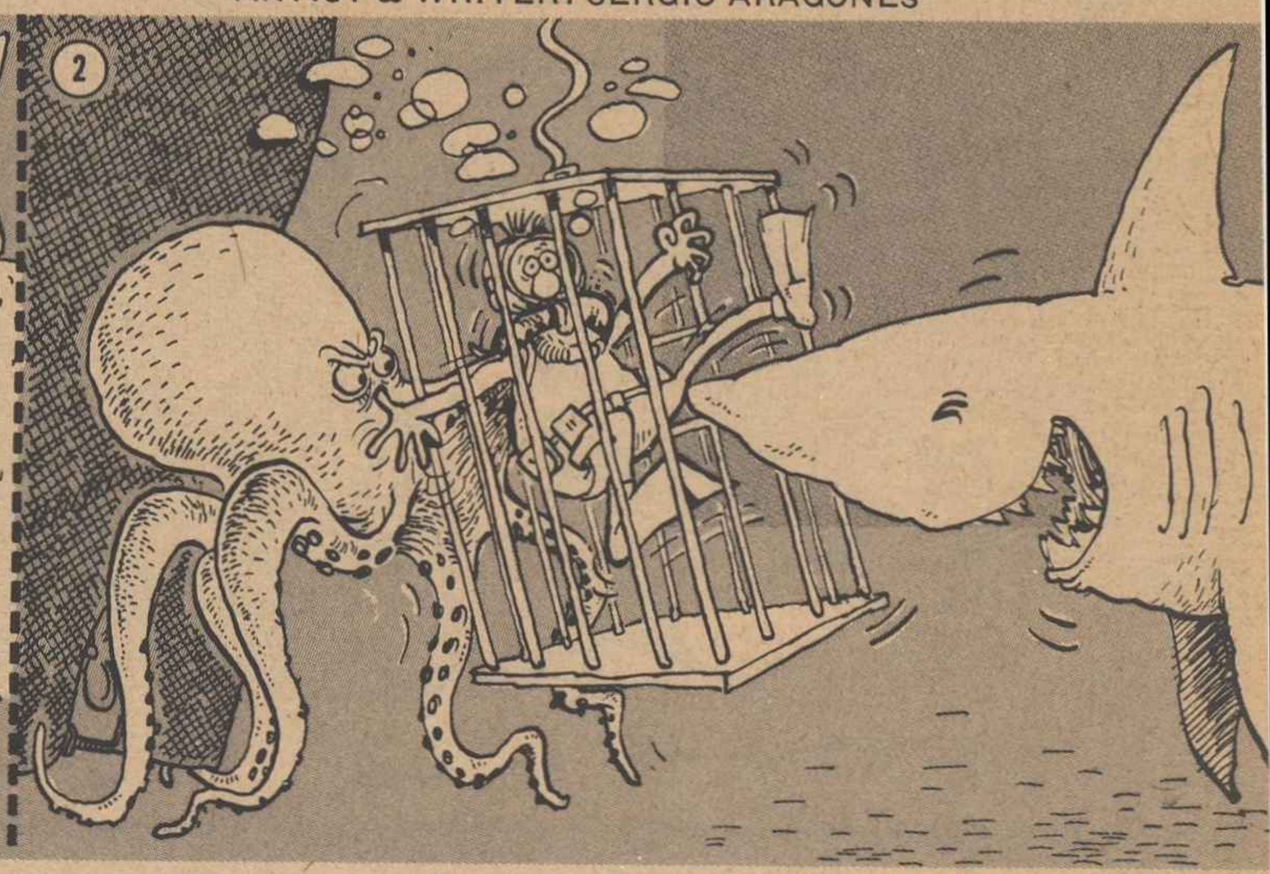


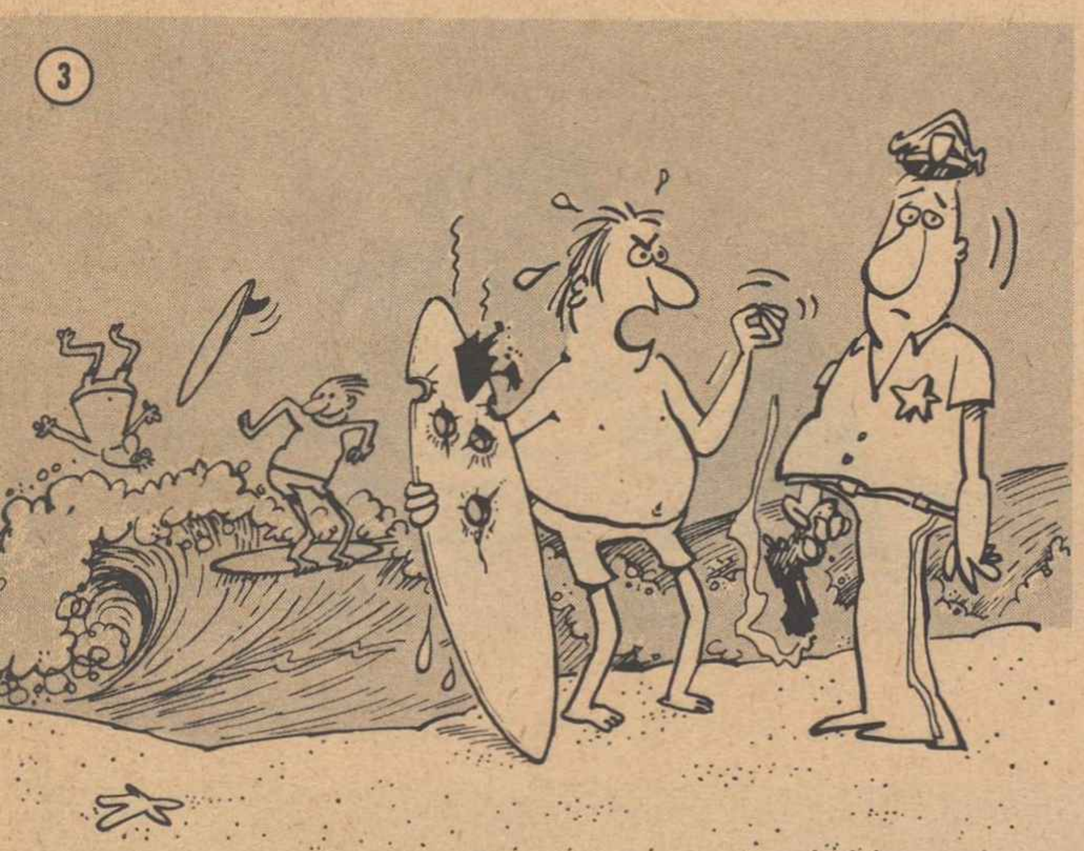
IRKS

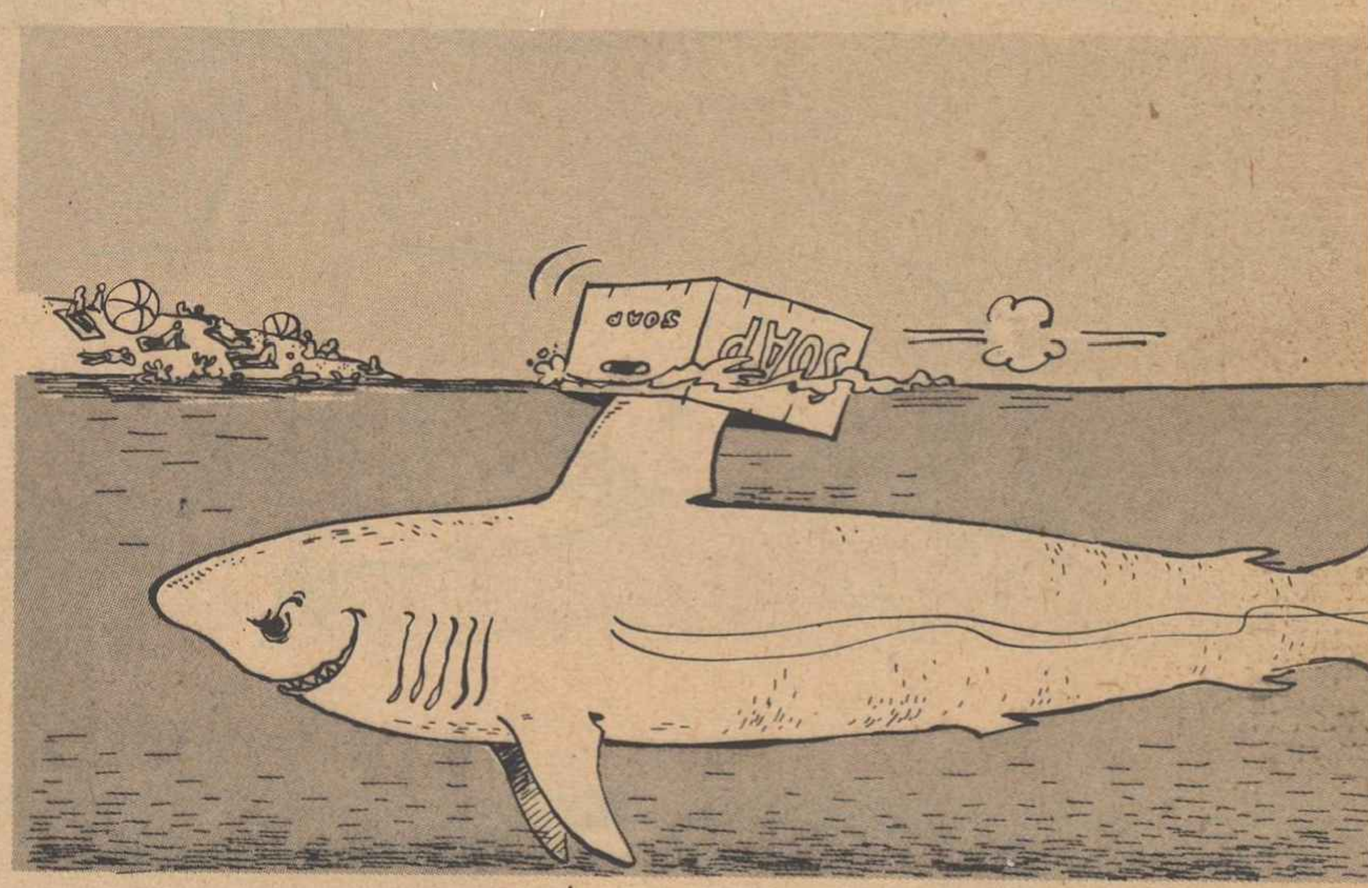


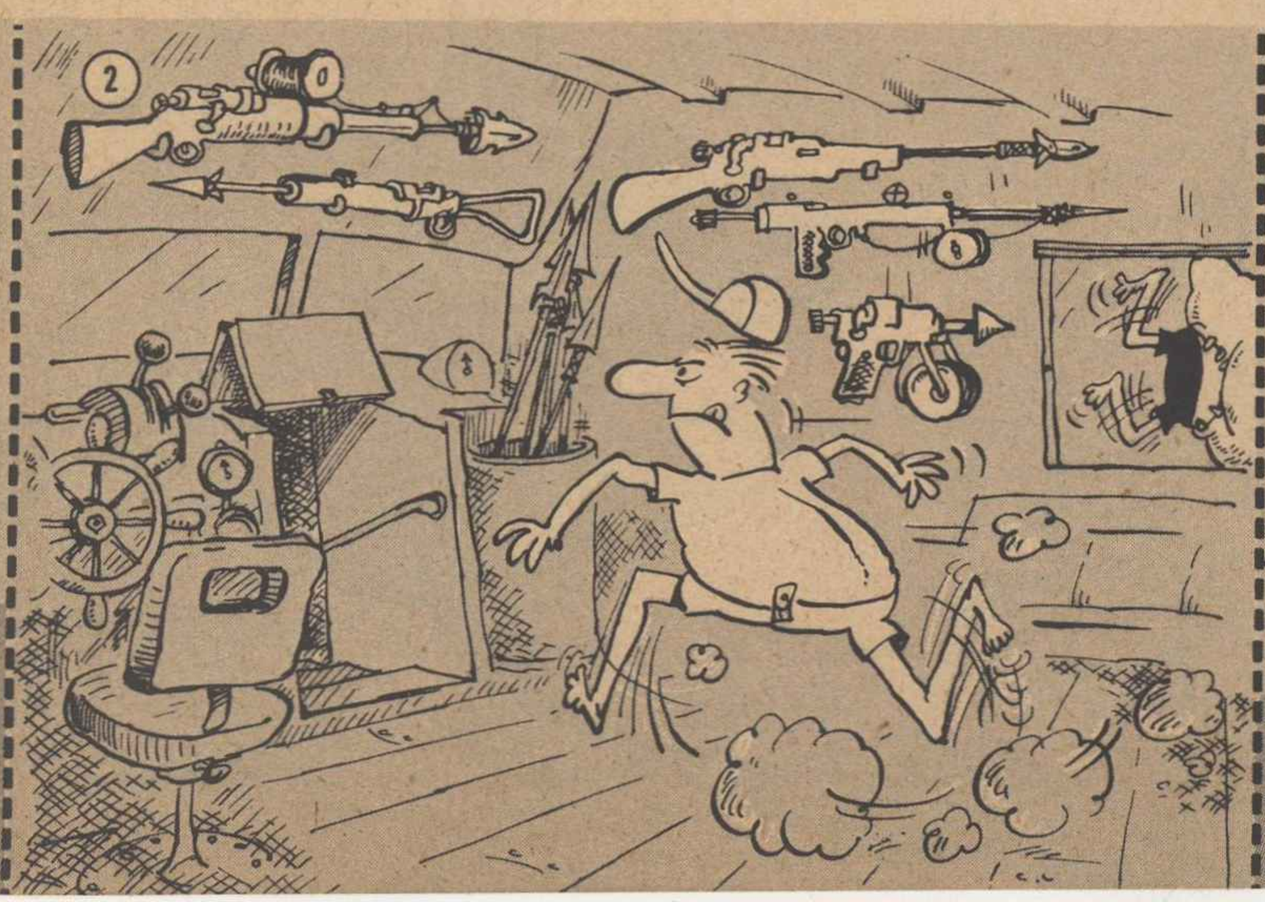
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

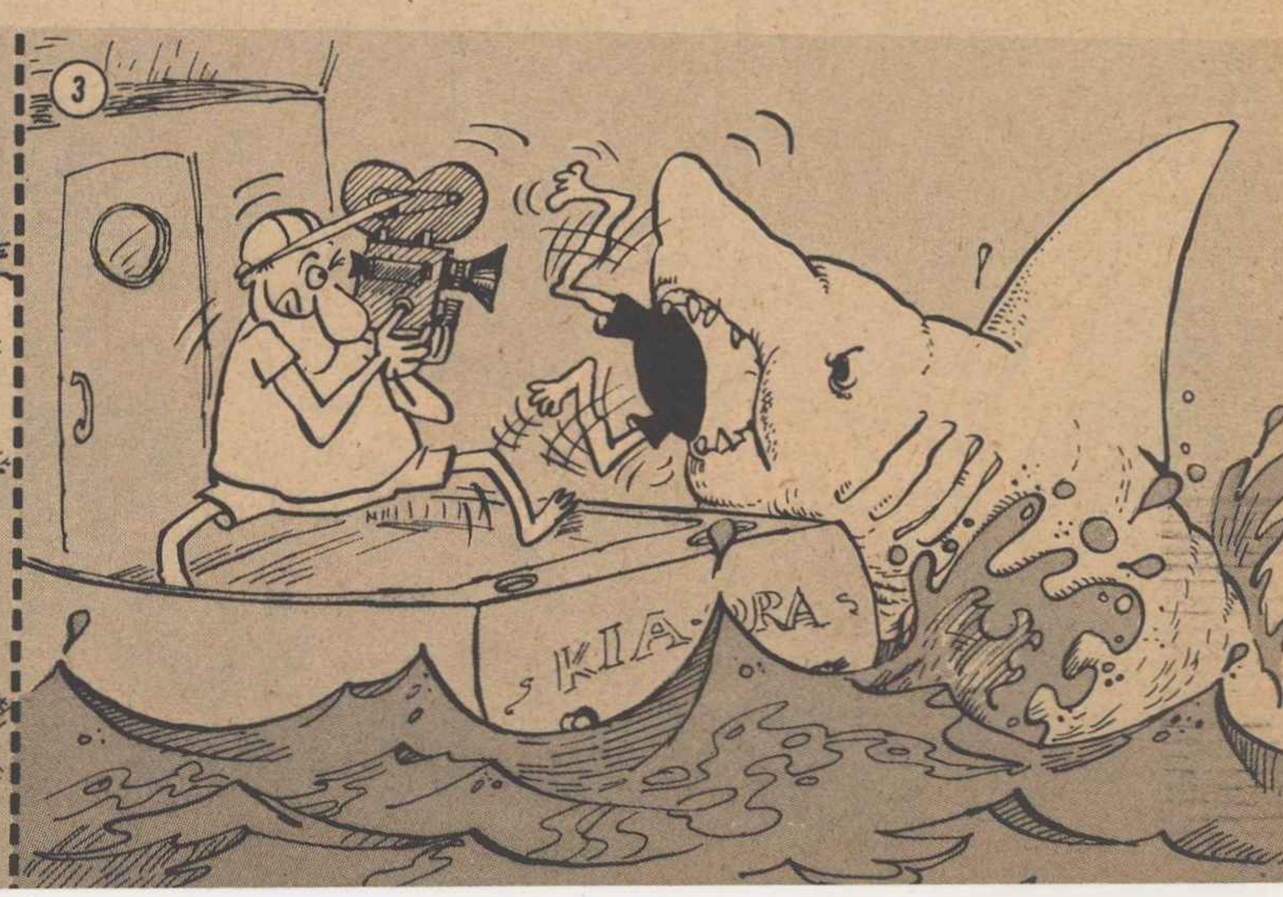


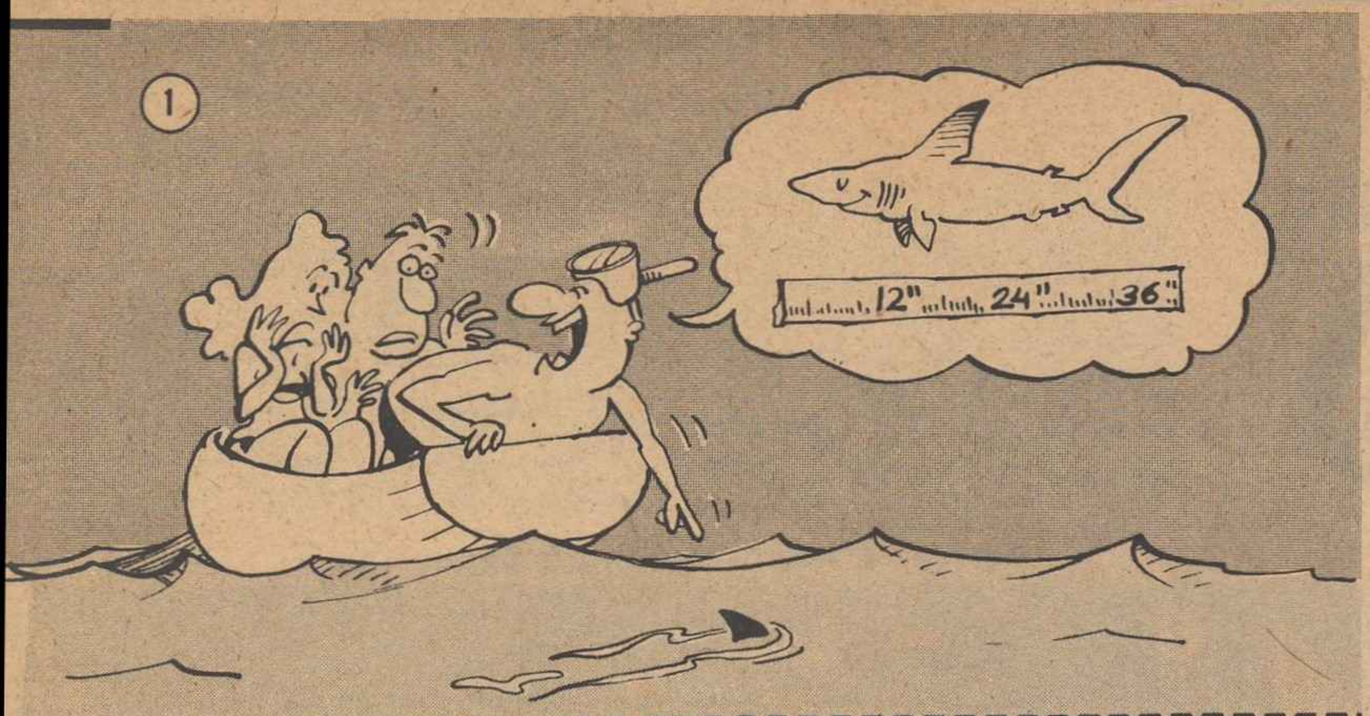


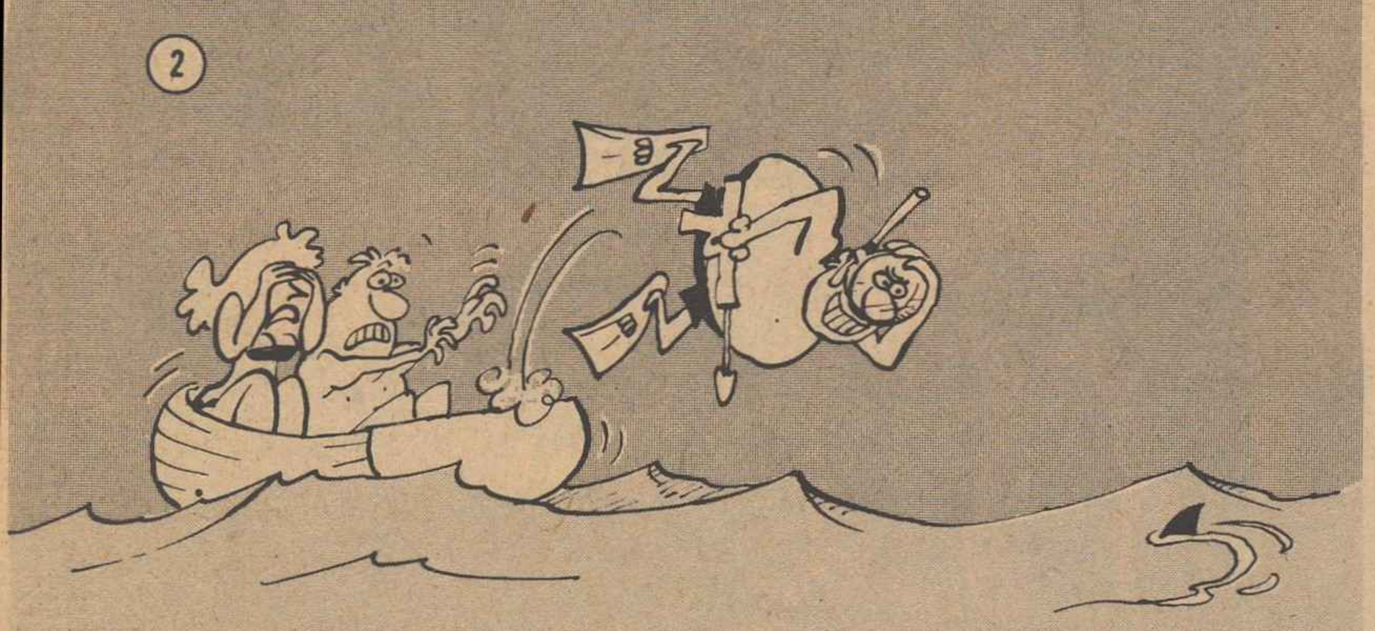


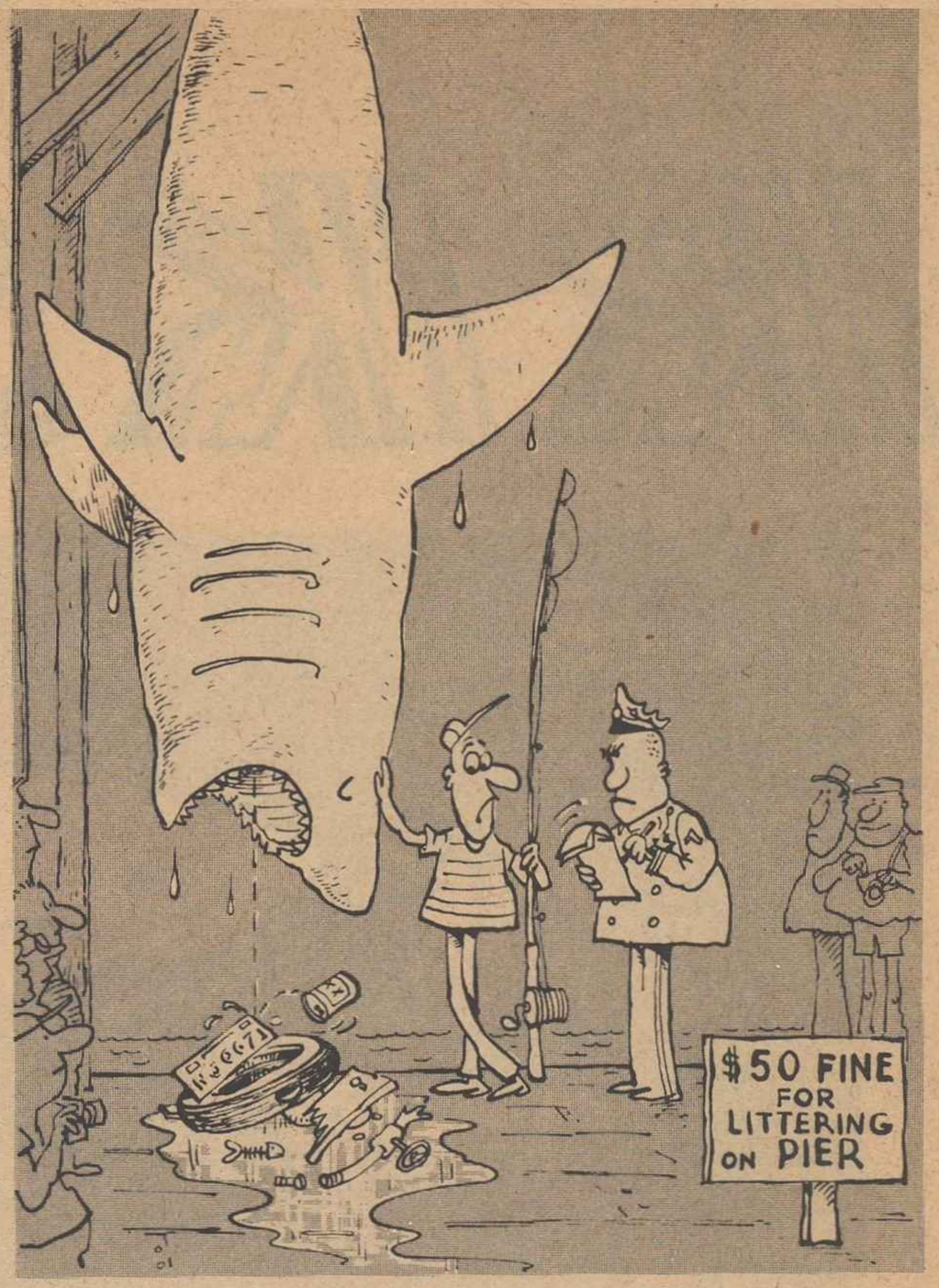


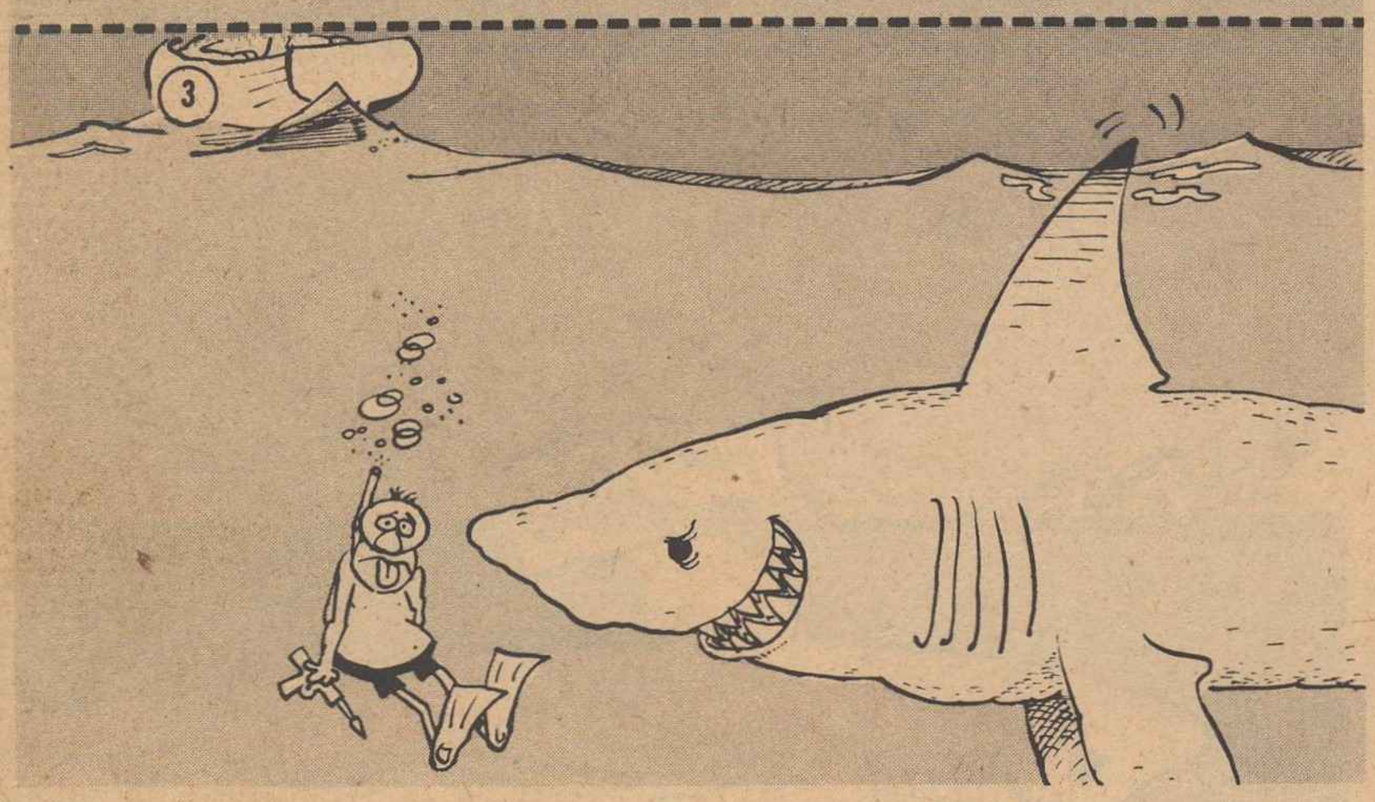




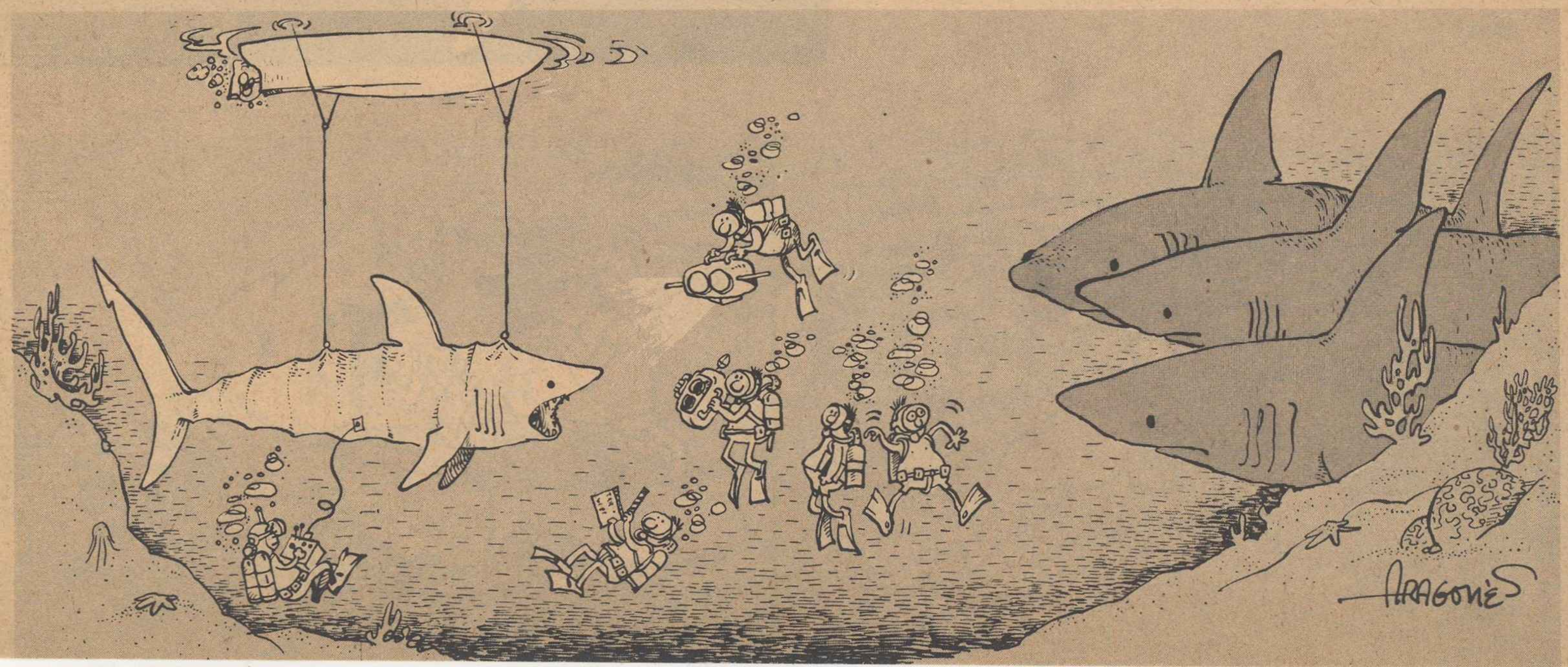

1
about 12" about 24" about 36"


2


INJECT
$50 FINE
FOR
LITTERING
ON PIER


3




ARAGONÉS

DRAW THIS FIGURE



WE'LL EVALUATE YOUR ARTISTIC TALENT FREE!

Have you ever suspected that you may possess the skill to make big money as a Commercial Artist or a free lance Pencil Sketcher? Then don't wait another day to find out whether your dreams of a profitable Art Career can be attained. Let our professional staff evaluate your talent NOW at no immediate cost to you.

Simply draw the animal pictured above (which is a horse) on a plain sheet of paper and submit it, together with the attached coupon, for a free estimate of your artistic ability.

If we honestly believe that you have natural talent, we may allow you to develop it by enrolling in our home art study course. So take that first step toward great wealth today! Draw your horse and mail it in quickly!

HORSE DRAWERS' ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOL

Penthouse Suite
Odd Fellows Bldg.

Endless Plains,
Kansas

I enclose my horse. Please evaluate it and iet me know if I have enough talent to become a paying student in your Art School.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

"CON" TESTS DEPT.

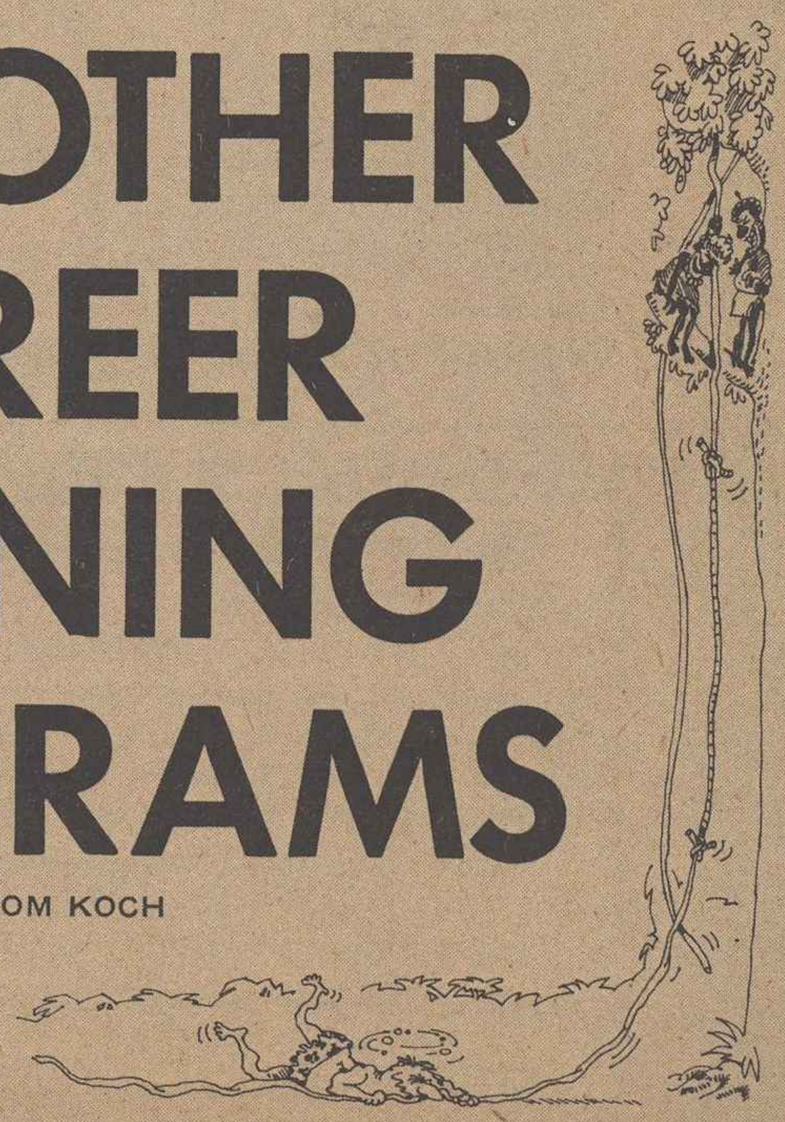
Unless MAD is the only magazine you read, this ad probably looks familiar to you. It should. It appears in virtually every periodical in the known world. At times the horse changes to a fawn, and at times scholarship prizes are promised to those with "outstanding ability." But the ad hasn't undergone any basic changes in a generation.

We have no idea how many students have enrolled in Art Courses as a result of this "Free Evaluation" offer. But it seems safe to assume that no school would keep running the same type of ad for years unless it produced the desired results.

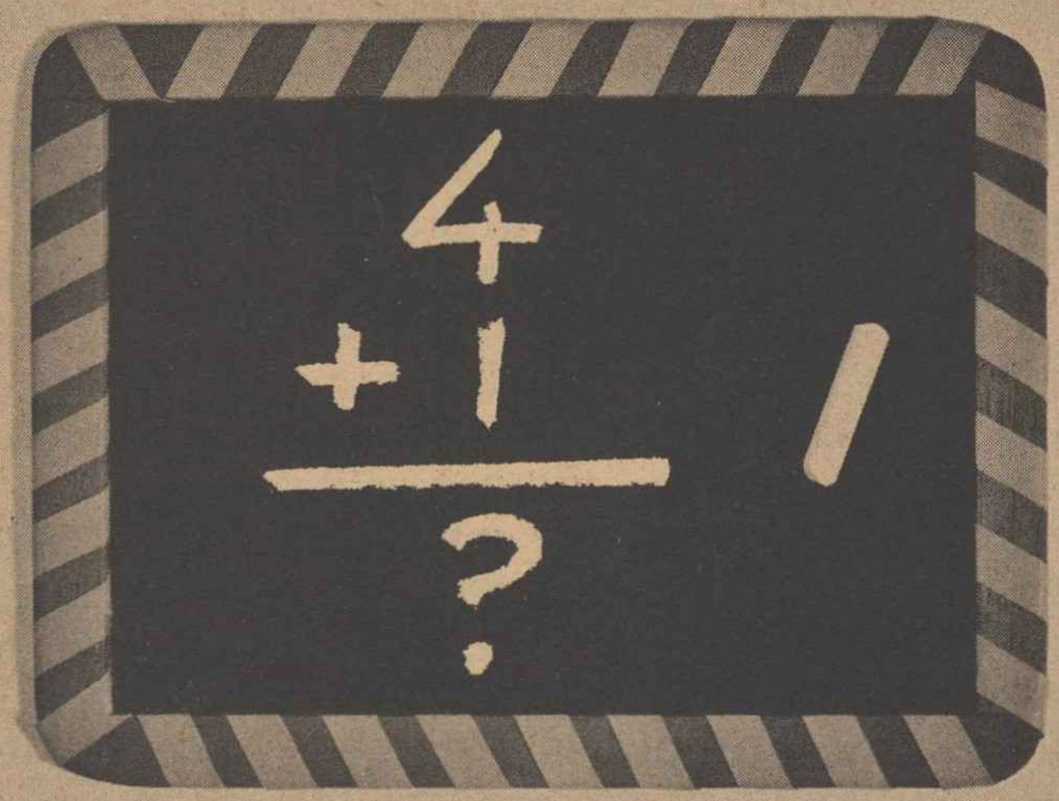
And that raises a logical question. If the "Free Talent Evaluation" deal works for an Art School, why couldn't it be utilized just as successfully to bring students into other kinds of Home Study Programs? And for example, just imagine how irrisistible the lure would be to sign up for a ten week course if you were offered the following...

"TALENT EVALUATION" ADS FOR OTHER CAREER TRAINING PROGRAMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH



ADD UP THESE FIGURES



YOU MAY HAVE A NATURAL FLAIR FOR ACCOUNTING!

Undoubtedly, you are one of countless millions wasting time in some tedious job because you're afraid you may not have what it takes to launch a fun career in the glamorous field of Accounting.

Now, at last, you can have your aptitude for Accountant Training tested in strictest confidence. Just try to add the figures together that are shown above, and mail in your result for a FREE TALENT EVALUATION.

If the answer you get to this tough problem is somewhere between 2 and 9, you may well possess that certain knack for figures that our faculty seeks in enrolling new students at the Red Debit School of Accounting.

To have your skills evaluated at absolutely no cost and only a certain amount of obligation, merely copy the figure "4" on a plain sheet of paper in your own handwriting. Then place the figure "1" beneath it, and attempt to add the two together. (Counting on your fingers to get the result in an accepted accounting procedure, but you should not cheat by borrowing an arithmetic book to discover that the right answer is 5.)

Once you complete work on your talent evaluation test, mail it in together with the signed coupon below for a prompt professional appraisal of your undeveloped ability.

RED DEBIT SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING

Box 314 (That's three-fourteen) North Fiscal, N.J.

Boy, oh boy! Would I ever love to escape from my life of boring drudgery by becoming a suave Accountant that everybody will look up to. Please let me know at once if I have what it takes to cut the mustard. If so, I naturally want to enroll at your fine school, and agree to abide by all the tuition payment requirements which you will bill me about at your earliest convenience.

LEGALLY BINDING SIGNATURE

_____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

RE-WRITE THIS STORY

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN FOOTBALL GAME

Notre Dame defeated Southern California, 33-14, in a football game today before 90,000 fans in Los Angeles. At least this is assumed to be what happened since Article XVI, Section 9 of the Football Rules states that the team which scores the most points prior to the end of the game shall be deemed the winner. And the Notre Dame team scored the most points today. It scored 33, and Southern Cal only scored 14.

YOU MAY QUALIFY FOR TRAINING AS A HIGHLY PAID NEWSPAPER SPORTS EDITOR

If you see any way that this news item might be shortened without omitting vital facts, the chances are good that your talent for Sports Editing can lead to a profitable career.

The Grantland Flack Memorial School of Journalism is searching for capable students who can be trained to fill the thousands of executive job vacancies that always exist in the Sports Departments of America's big city newspapers.

For a FREE EVALUATION OF YOUR EDITING SKILL, simply re-write the above sports story in your own words, taking care to include such facts of interest as the score, who played, etc. If your version turns out to be shorter than ours, mail it in to receive a guaranteed favorable evaluation, and a somewhat guaranteed chance to enter the exciting field of sports editing.

Just one point to remember! A good Editor must be able to work fast, so don't fail to send your sample story **at once** if you want to convince us that you can stand the pressure of big time newspapering.

GRANTLAND FLACK MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Rural Route 4 **Leapers Ridge, Ark.**

I enclose my re-written story, which I have cut to the bone to demonstrate my talent for Editing. If I qualify for admission to your school, I promise to display my skill again by writing a check in twenty-five words or less to cover the cost of my full tuition.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

DO YOU HAVE MUSICAL TALENT?



HUM THIS TUNE, AND WE'LL JUDGE YOUR ABILITY FREE!

Did you find yourself miraculously humming that melody, even though you thought you couldn't read music? If so, you could well be an undiscovered prodigy capable of earning millions as a Vocalist or Background Hummer in the lucrative Country & Western music field. Our experts will gladly judge your heaven-sent talent at ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU, until later.

Best of all, it is not necessary for you to send us a record of your humming in order to learn whether you could benefit from the training program of the Nashville Sound Music Academy. If you think you were close to the right tune, just say so on the coupon at the right, and we'll take your word for it.

But don't delay in requesting your free talent evaluation! The Country & Western recording field could conceivably become overcrowded with musical geniuses of your caliber at any time. So submit your entry now while there are still fortunes to be made by trainable Hummers.

NASHVILLE SOUND MUSIC ACADEMY

I am clinging to the hope that my humming may be good enough to qualify me for professional training by the maestros at your Academy. To assist you in judging my musical ability, I have taken your talent test in the privacy of my own home, and I think that the results came out as follows

- ☐ I sounded pretty good to me, especially when I did it in a tile-walled bathroom.
- ☐ I couldn't hum because it made my lips tingle and feel funny, but I said the words out loud real nice and clear.
- ☐ I was too embarrassed to take the test here alone, but I'm sure I'll do fine once I get on stage in front of a big audience.

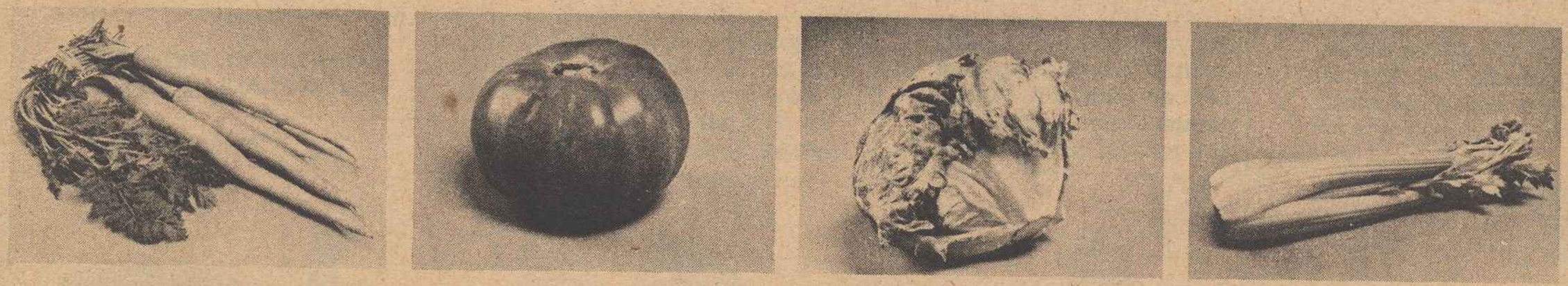
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MY FAVORITE MUSICAL NUMBER IS _____

MY BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER IS _____

OVER $500 IN PRIZES TO BE AWARDED!



IDENTIFY THESE VEGETABLES!

With a bushel of tomatoes currently retailing for somewhat more than a bunch of carrots, it is vital that today's Professional Super Market Checker be able to tell these two vegetables apart. Maybe you already possess this perceptive skill without even knowing it! To have your Vegetable Identification Quotient evaluated by experts, and enter our contest for a cash prize as well, simply write down what you think the above pictured vegetable may be, and rush your completed test paper to us today! There are 500 lucky winners of $1 each to be selected in the Ace Super Market Checker Training School's big "Produce Identification Sweepstakes!" Sloppy penmanship, bad spelling and incorrect answers will not spoil your chances of winning IF you take care to fill in the attached coupon completely and return it to us along with your contest entry.

Ace Super Market Checker Training School

Box 1.69 lb. **Dozen Palms, Calif.**

NAME **ADDRESS**

I enclose my entry, and also express the following gut feeling:

(CHECK ONE)

- ☐ **YES.** If I am a lucky winner, I want to have **all of my prize money** applied toward **tuition payment** at the Ace Super Market Training School for the **Complete 2 Year Course!**
- ☐ **NO.** If I am **not** a lucky winner, I certainly will **not let that** stand in my way of a **profitable career,** and wish to **be enrolled as a student** at the Ace Super Market Checker Training School anyway.

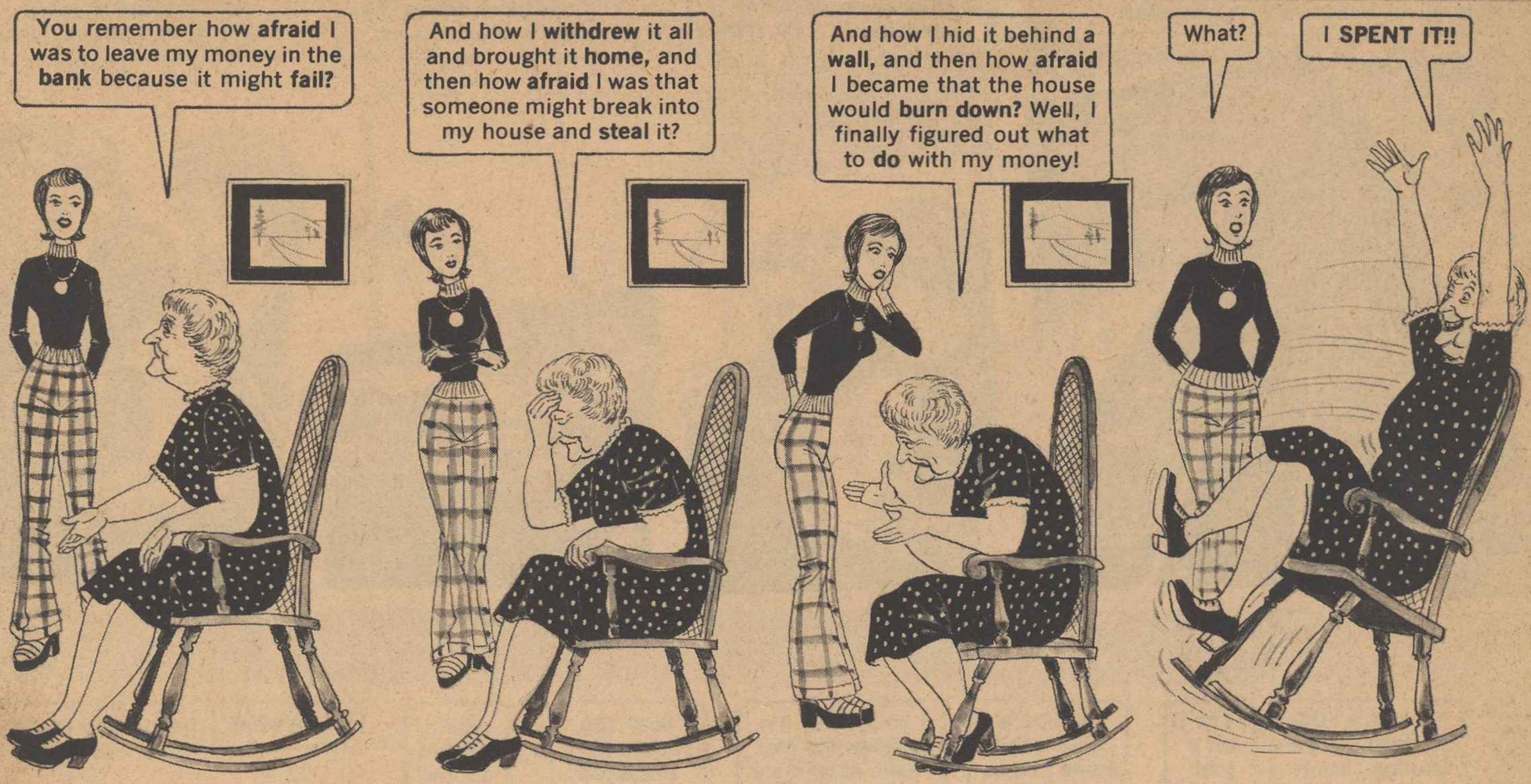




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... ANXIETY





XIETY

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG



I **can't stand** these new super highways! Everybody on 'em drives like a **maniac!**

It's like every driver is hell-bent on speeding to an **accident!** . . . **his OWN!!**

You're a **fine** one to talk! You're driving **faster** than anyone else around!

That's because I want to **get OFF** this blasted highway as **soon** as I **can!**

What are **YOU** so **down in the dumps** about?

I **can't** get a **job!**

Yeah, it's **tough! But some** people are getting them!

I know! But it's **tougher** for **me!** I have absolutely **no real practical qualifications!**

See? You should have **prepared** yourself!

Yes! I **wasted** a **lot** of **years!**

Doing **what?**

Getting a **Ph.D.!**

What a **weekend!** Have I got **trouble!** Friday, my super-bright **kid** announces he's **dropping out of college!**

You **call** that **trouble?**

With **money** so **tight,** my wife picks Friday to suddenly go out on a **wild spending spree!**

You call **that** trouble?

Business is so **lousy** that on Friday, my **Accountant** tells me I won't be able to make **next week's payroll!**

You call **that** trouble?

Friday night, my **television set blew** . . . and I had to go through the **whole weekend WITHOUT IT!!**

Now, **THAT'S TROUBLE!!**

Our whole civilization is becoming so **complicated,** I can't **cope** with it!

F'rinstance, this **Income Tax form!** It takes a **math genius** and a **corporation lawyer** to fill it out!

And all these **electronic gadgets** that keep coming out! I **don't** know how to **work** half of them, and if they **break down,** I **don't** know how to **repair** them!

Why don't you just **chuck it all** and move out to the **wilderness?**

I—I couldn't cope with **that, either!**

No more **insecurity!** No more **anxiety!** I've **played** that game for the **last time!** I'm **bowing out** of the **rat race!**

My wife and I have **wiped the slate clean!** We're starting out on a **new Life Style** . . . with **new priorities!** We're looking to a future based on **solid standards,** with **deep permanent roots** and **long meaningful relationships!**

Sounds **great!** How are you going to **do** that?

We sold our home, and got ourselves a **trailer!**

SOLD

First, the **GOOD** news! You won't have to listen to my **voice** droning on and on all period long!

Now for the **BAD** news! I'm giving a **surprise test** based on the two chapters you were supposed to **read** last night! And if you think **YOU'VE** got troubles, just think of **ME** . . . sitting up half the night, marking your **papers!**

Okay, Peter Hunt! What are you looking so **anxious** about?

Well, Sir, first the **GOOD** news!

There'll be **ONE LESS PAPER** you'll have to sit up and mark . . .!!

That's not a civilized city out there! It's a JUNGLE!

In the old days, they only used to rip off blind newsdealers and little old ladies! But now, they're so desperate that even big, strong, heathy-looking guys like us can be victimized!

KILL

STINKY STINKS

GINO

RICK

ROGER KAPUTNIK

I—I never thought I'd be afraid to go out there and make a few bucks!

We're just gonna have to find some other way to make our bread . . .

. . . besides mugging!!

Changes . . . changes! They're coming so rapidly that it's making me into a neurotic!

My big virile Son has turned into a style freak, and now he dresses like a pansy! My little feminine Daughter has become a Women's Libber, and now she dresses like a farmer!

I'd go completely out of my mind if it wasn't for your wonderful reliable stability!

You dressed like a slob in the past . . . and you're STILL a slob!!

Oooh, I've got a terrible pain in my chest! I think I'm dying!

Again?! You're the world's greatest hypochondriac!

You keep going to Doctors, and they all keep telling you the same thing . . . that it's just EMOTIONAL! And then, the pain moves to another spot!

Do you understand?!? It's PSYCHOSOMATIC! It's IN YOUR MIND!!

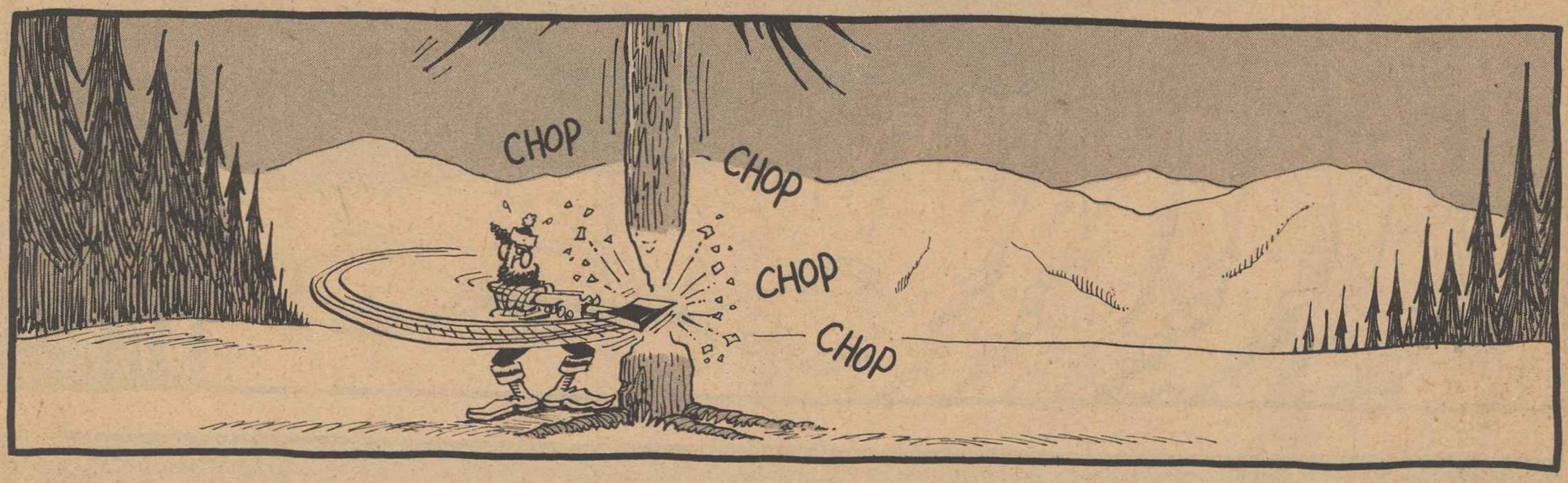
Y'know, you're right!

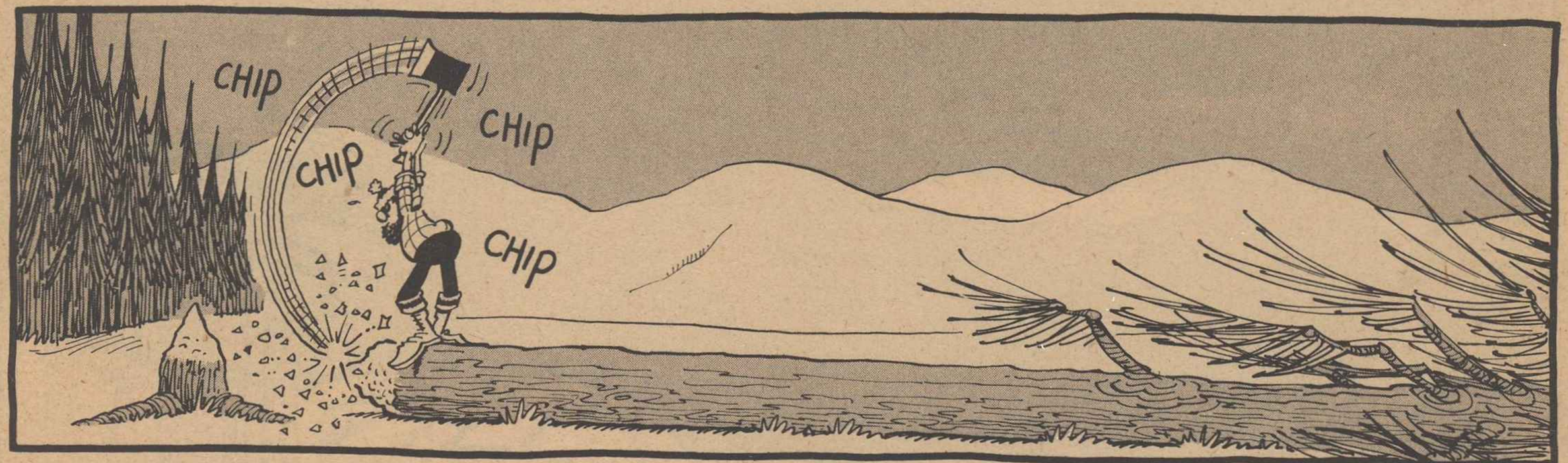
Now . . . I've got a terrible headache! I think I'm dying!

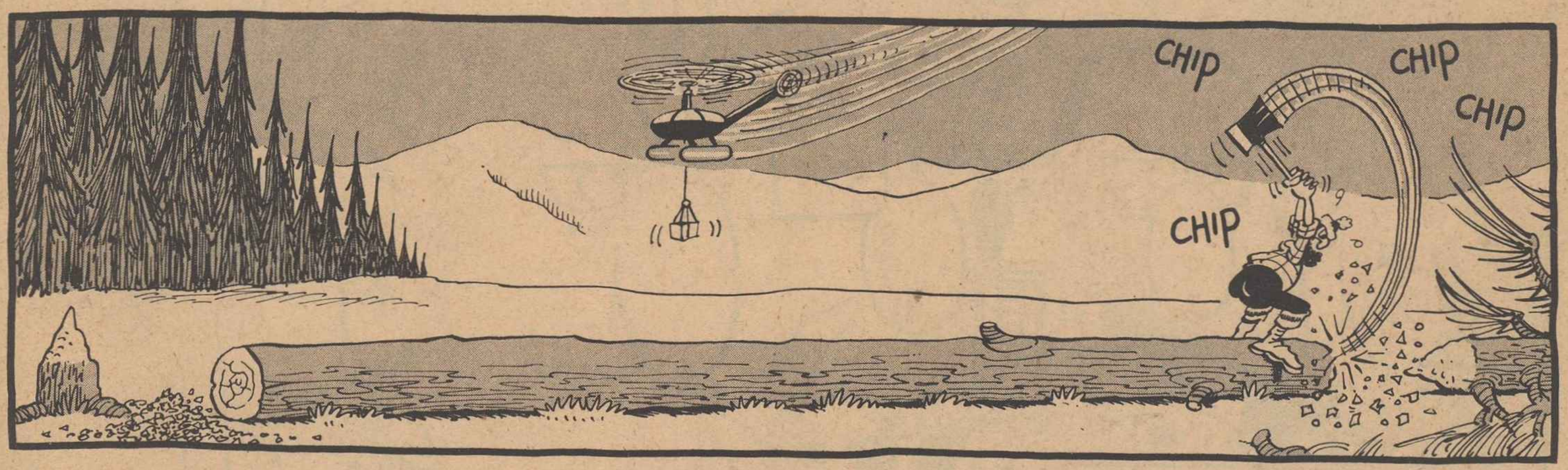
David Berg

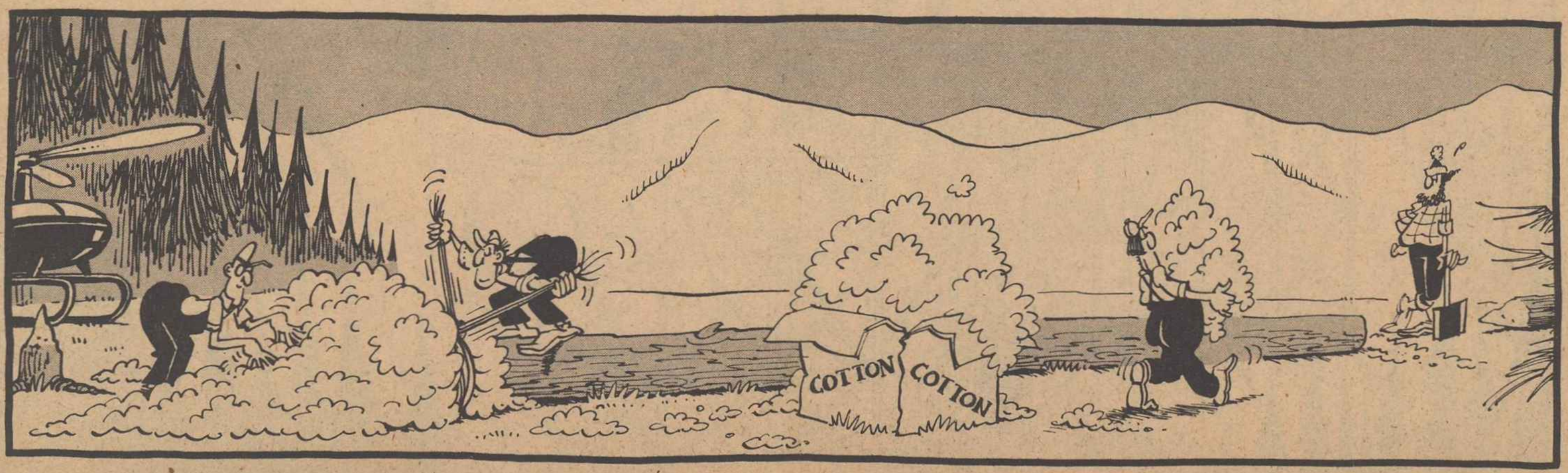
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA









WHIR
WHIR

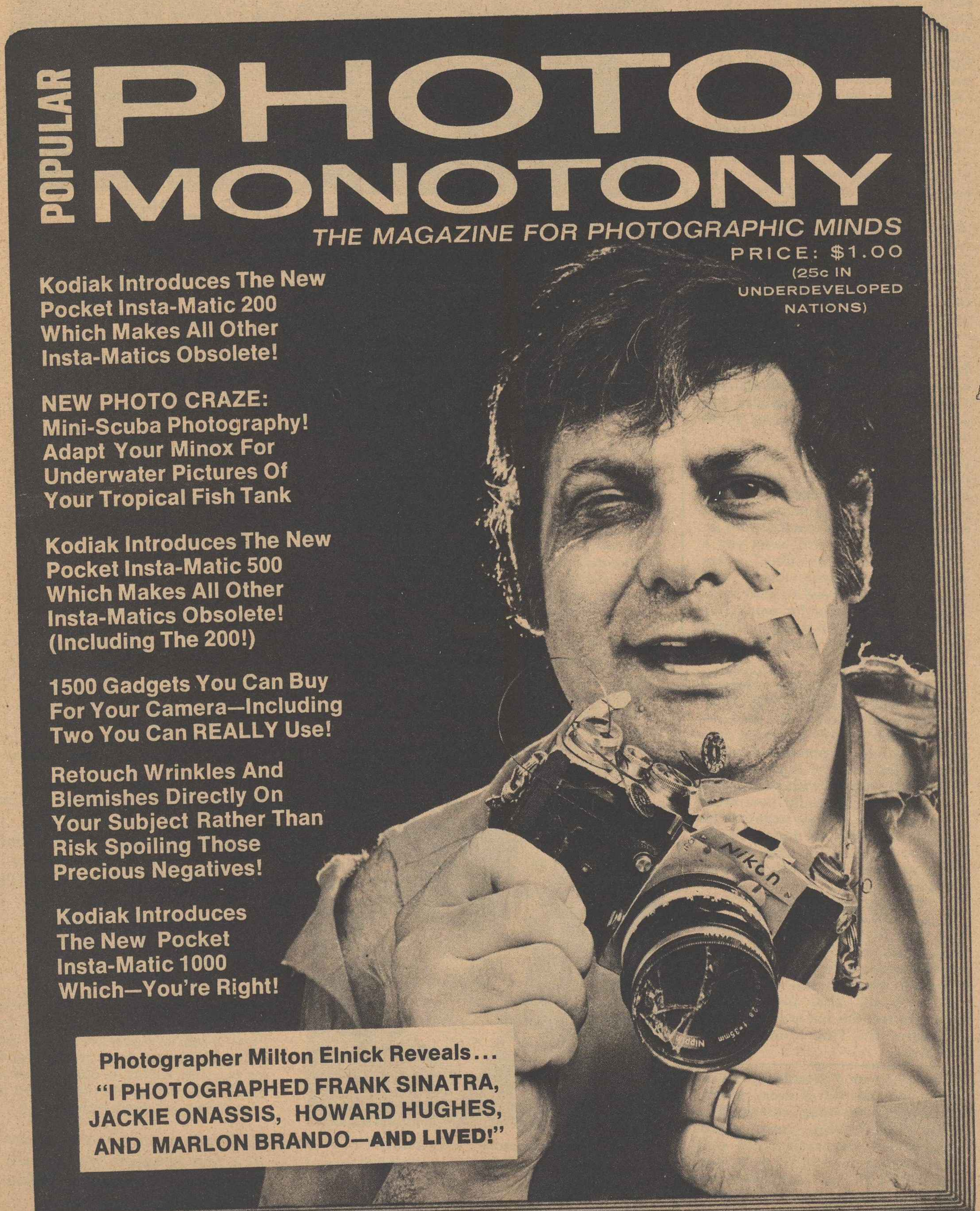
SKWEEK
SKWEEK

CLIP
CLIP

D. MARTIN...

FILM-FLAM DEPT.

ONE PICTURE, SO THE EXPRESSION GOES, IS WORTH A 1000 WORDS, BUT IT'S WORTH A LOT MORE IF YOU'RE THE PUBLISHER OF A TYPICAL CAMERA-BUG-CATERING PERIODICAL LIKE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

Cannonfodder 900 with f 2.5 lens. Regularly $100.00. Brand new, $49.95. Sold only with case. Case, $49.95. Honest John's Camera Angles, Box 756, Shaft, Ore.

LENS RIOT! Thousands of fine lenses at a fraction of their original cost. $10 each. Do not specify camera or model number. At this price you can't be picky! Economy Opticals, Myopic, Nev.

5 mm lens—the widest angle lens ever made! So wide *you'll* be in every picture you take! Grab it at 750 clams! Eye-C-U, Box 45, Image, Minn.

Hsb NC 2 PRF bdy, *PLUS* c 12 x M, s/t, rf, sync & stb. $225.00 Explanation of this ad, $2.50. Write CamBy, 56 ML e, Bfd., NH

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Learn the thrilling profession of camera repair at home. $500 Camera Repair School course includes free broken camera to practice on. Write P-M, Box 172 for details.

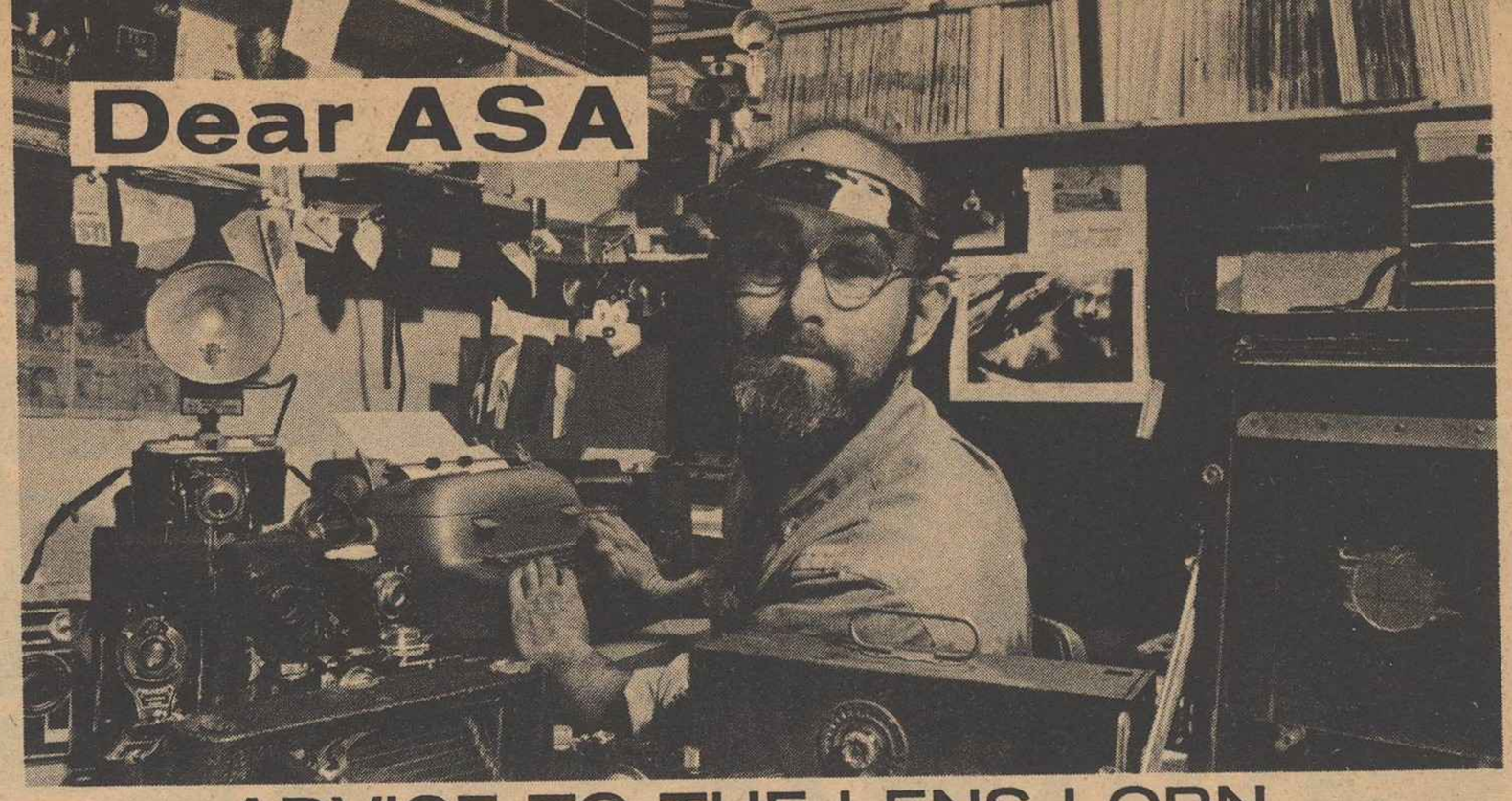
Cameras repaired for Camera Repair School dropouts. Listen, don't feel bad! Not everyone is mechanically inclined! If you don't want people to know you're a loser, for an additional $300 we will send you a "Certificate of Completion," wrapping paper, mailing labels, and everything you'll need to send those broken cameras to *us* for repair. We mail them back fixed, and you charge 10% over what we charge you! See above ad Box number.

Earn big bucks with the magic of candid photography! This book, written by an expert in the field, details all you'll have to know; supplies, locations of motels and lover's lanes, tells how to approach the potential customer with your shots, how much to charge for how many years, how to destroy negatives so that they're really not destroyed, etc. "Shutter-Bugging" by Tom Peeper. $9.95 at your neighborhood smut peddler.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES

Save up to 90% with out-of-date film! Take off 10% of list price for every month past expired film date. 9 months or more and you get the full 90% off. Your pictures may come out terrible, but at these prices, who cares! Old Time Films, Fuzzed-Up, Ark.

2-week African Photo Safari leaves New York the 1st of every month. We supply everything—camera, film, guide, food, lodging, pro photographer and transportation—for only $2,500.00. Or save $2,475.00 by just sending for the pictures, which you can pass off as your own without ever leaving your living room! Write Nairobi Drug Store, Film Dept., Kenya, East Africa.



ADVICE TO THE LENS LORN

DEAR A S A
I've been taking pictures for over thirty years with my range finder camera and I still forget to take off the lens cap before shooting. As a result I have missed out on several vital Wedding and Bar Mitzvah shots with embarrassing social consequences. Is there anything I can do short of switching to a reflex camera?

Art Charney
East Meadow, N.Y.

DEAR ART,
Yes! Focus Productions has just come out with a remarkable Lens Cap Alarm System which is linked electronically to the shutter release of your camera. A loud alarm goes off when you forget to remove the lens cap, so you don't lose any shots. Unfortunately, the loud alarm also produces some NEW embarrassing social consequences, especially during the Wedding and Bar Mitzvah ceremonies.

DEAR A S A
I have to admit that I have been tempted many times over the years to buy "hot" camera equipment. But I have a problem. While I've resisted buying things like a 30-to-500 Zoom lens ($1600 list price) for twenty bucks, it's getting tougher. It's not a question of morals—I have none. It's just that I figure I'll get caught, what with that new serial number system on file in every Police Dept. in the country. What should I do?

Red Spine
South Boston, Va.

DEAR RED,
Keep resisting. However, I've got no such problem. Send your friend around to see me at my office after hours.

DEAR A S A
I have a very embarrassing problem—I keep falling asleep during *my own* color slide shows. What can I do?

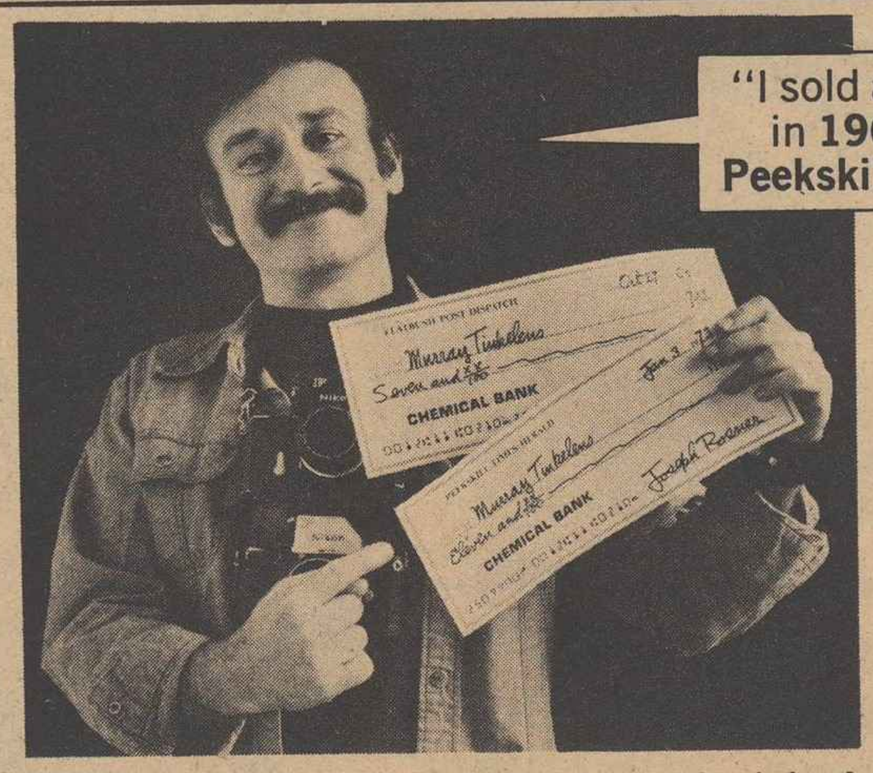
Sid Ascher,
Mays Landing, N.J.

DEAR SID,
Sleep and enjoy! If your slides are anything like your boring letter, chances are everybody else is sleeping too!

DEAR A S A
I'd like to train my dog so I can get some good pictures. Do you have any suggestions?

Eric Wessel,
Phoenix, Arizona

DEAR ERIC,
It takes months of hard work and patience, but if you stick to it, you can probably train your dog to take good pictures. It would be easier, however, if you learned how yourself!



says MURRAY TINKELENS,
Freelance Photographer and
Student of the INFAMOUS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL

"And what's so great about it is I didn't have to quit my job to do it. As a matter of fact, I have to keep my regular job, plus hold down a night job sweeping tennis courts to pay for the cost of my lessons, my equipment and my postage bills. But any year now, another big check may just possibly come rolling in!"

Need *we* say more? You heard it right from the horse's mouth. You can learn just as Murray Tinkelens learned from 12 leading photographers who actually work in photography (or some related field) FULL TIME! Enroll today! Write

INFAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL
Obvious, Conn

PHOTO PHASHIONS/FOTO FASHIONS

What's the difference between the amateur and the pro, the slob and the snob? Often, very little. More often—none! It's not the quality of the pictures, it's the quality of the person taking the pictures that could mean the difference between enjoying a successful career as a Professional Photographer or ending up as a Dark Room Assistant! And it all starts with APPEARANCE! Do you realize that most tourists today are better equipped than most pros? The only way you're going to succeed as a pro is to LOOK like a pro...instead of a SHMO! And now, PHOTO-MONOTONY shows how to spot the difference

THE SHMO

Wears straw hats with paisley hatbands, often sporting large plastic buttons with catchy slogans like "Hubba Hubba" and "Stassen For President", not for camp, but seriously.

Chooses well-tailored sports jackets with flashy designs to wear over well-tailored sports shirts with flashier designs and clashing colors.

Wears a tie.

Wears Swank tie clasp, bearing his initials.

Carries camera and lenses in fitted, factory approved cases to protect his equipment. Equipment is protected, but not his image, as the shiny leather cases are a dead giveaway that the bearer is a dude.

Gold watch with leather band, a graduation gift from his aunt.

The shmoe is never without his camera manual, warranty and directions for all the accessories, even when he's not actually carrying a camera.

Trousers are permanent press, contain no colors that match outrageous jacket and gaudy shirt.

Socks are dull colored so as not to clash with other garments, and are usually supported by a pair of Paris garters.

Brown and white saddle oxfords are not an attempt to join current nostalgia fashion craze—the shmo has worn them for the last ten years (under galoshes, of course, if and when it looks like it might rain).

THE PRO



Australian war surplus army hat with one side pinned up by an obscure silver military badge.

Bush jacket with many pockets filled with accessories (not necessarily camera equipment) but cold cream jars that can bulge out like extra lenses.

Carries a dozen pens and markers in shirt pocket.

Wears an Ankh.

Keeps larger equipment in war surplus gas mask bag which also projects image of World Traveler and "Risker-Of-Life-And-Limb-To-Get-The-Shot."

Waterproof, anti-magnetic, shockproof timer/compass/altimeter / humidifier and wind tunnel, housed in a stainless steel case with anodized strap, does everything but tell the time.

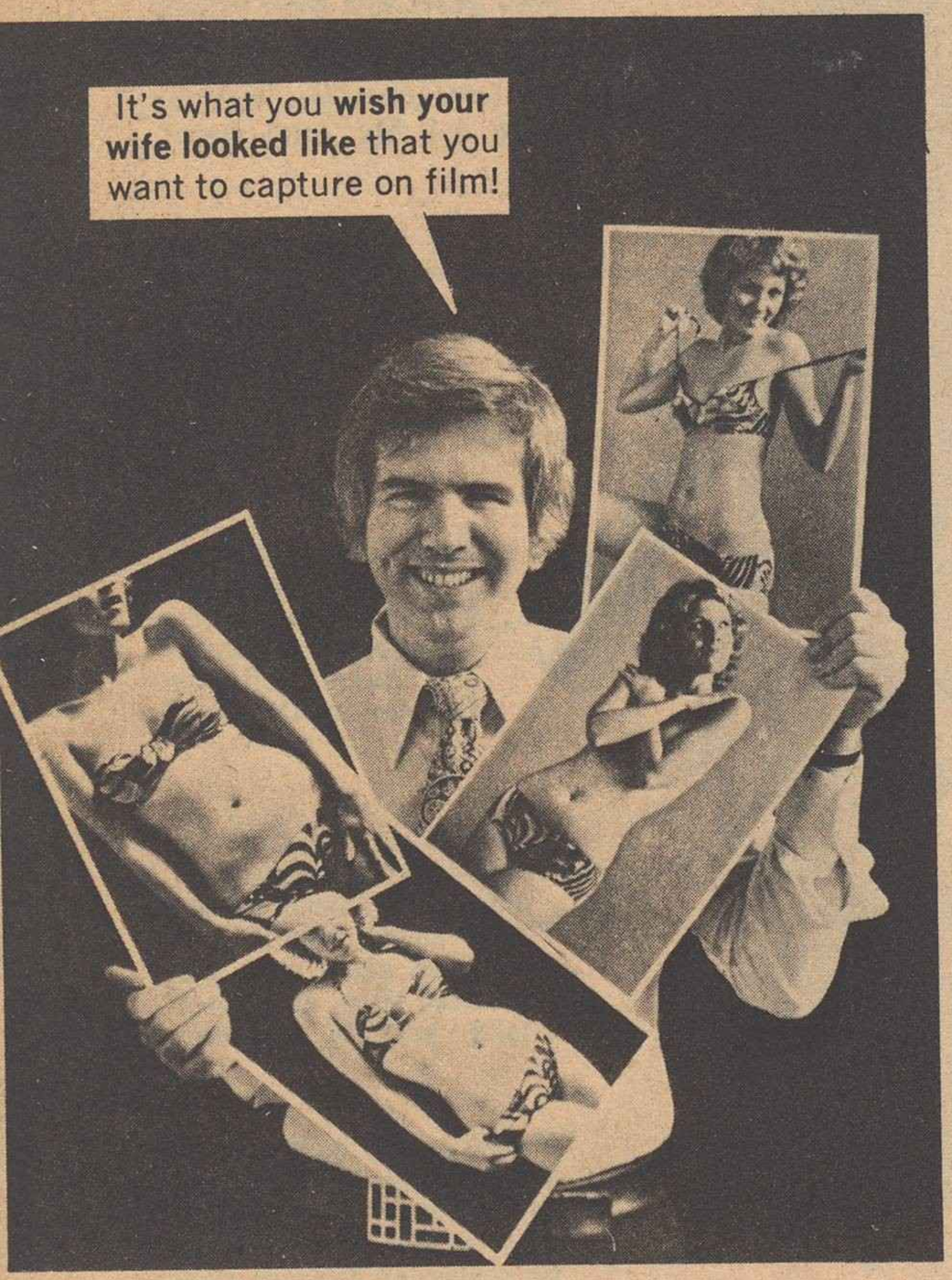
Always carries tech manuals and pamphlets like "The Care and Operation of Alpine Cable Cars" to give the impression his profession demands more than just tripping a shutter.

Trousers are permanent wrinkled, with stains to match the stains on the jacket and shirt.

Socks are seldom, if ever worn.

Paratrooper Jump Boots Provide place to carry additional accessories. Remember, a pro's equipment shows at all times!





And VOYEUR PLUS has the answer! By taking our Pin-Up Photography Course you now have an excuse to snap away at beach beauties as well as starting up a pin-up file to *study* from! Get the picture? From "dirty old man" to "respectable student" for just $20.00 a lesson!

VOYEUR PLUS
Oggle, Illinois

NOTE: These photos are from Lesson One. Obscenity laws forbid us from showing samples from Lessons Two, Three & Four.

OVER EXPOSURES

by Gidget Bagg

PHONUS BALONIS DEPT. That rumored 8 mm movie footage of a TV star cavorting with "several leading men at one time" turned out to be *true!* Problem was, the "star" was a cocker spaniel from a popular TV series! But we understand the bitch's owner is suing anyway!

* * * * * * * *

KISS AND TELLER DEPT. Talk about interest rate, people are still buzzing about the sensational shots taken with those surveillance cameras at a certain bank after business hours! Robbery was *not* the subject, which may explain the red faces behind the tellers' windows lately . . .

* * * * * * * *

TWO-BIT PHOTOGRAPHER DEPT. Rumor has it that Irving Schyld, who recently won the $500 first prize money in the "*Self Portrait*" division of PHOTOMONOTONY's Annual Photography Contest, did so by submitting a shot from a coin-operated machine! And he still has three poses left! That's one way to beat inflation . . .



UP IN SMOKE DEPT. Heads all over the country are in an uproar at recently announced agreement among top film manufacturers to coat the inside of their film cans with a noxious, but harmless substance that would render the empty cans unsuitable for illegal storage of pot! Put *that* in your water-pipes and smoke it! . . .

* * * * * * * *

INSIDE DOPE DEPT. And speaking of dopes, custom inspectors are still chuckling over the Trainee Baggage Examiner at Los Angeles' Airport who arrested a tourist for smuggling a camera hidden inside a 40 pound bag of heroin! Bye, now—say cheese!

COMING NEXT MONTH:

- **Plans to build a complete darkroom in your bathroom!**
- **Plans to build a complete bathroom in your basement!**
- **Plans to convert your garage into a bedroom where your wife will make you sleep after you've converted bathrooms to darkrooms and basements to bathrooms!**
- **NASA asks "How many flashbulbs do we need to light up the dark side of the moon?"**
- **Should you use a tri-pod or hand-hold a camera during an earthquake?**

PLUS

- **New equipment reports that makes EVERYTHING you read about in this issue OBSOLETE!**

Dollar Days Are Here Again, but only at J.D.'s CAMERA STABLE!

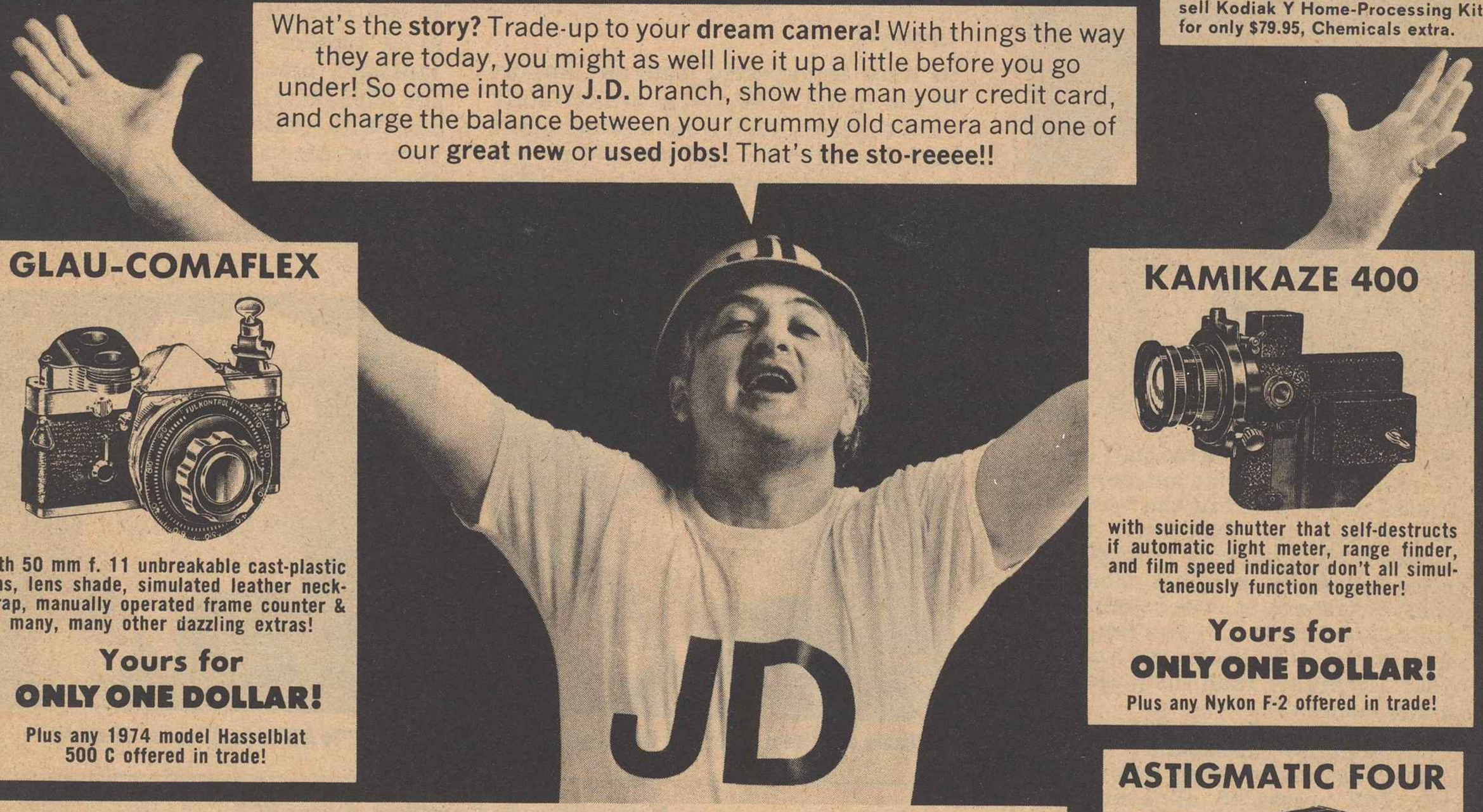
CAMERA STABLE: America's Mail Order Bargain Center Shows You How To Beat Dollar Devaluation! We offer TRADE-UP deals you can't afford to ignore!

BUY ANY ITEM ON THIS PAGE AND RECEIVE 20 ROLLS OF KODIAK* FILM FOR JUST $1.00!

*Offer good only on Kodiak Y Film, recently discontinued with no processing available. However, we sell Kodiak Y Home-Processing Kits for only $79.95, Chemicals extra.

J.D. SAYS . . .

What's the **story?** Trade-up to your **dream camera!** With things the way they are today, you might as well live it up a little before you go under! So come into any **J.D.** branch, show the man your credit card, and charge the balance between your crummy old camera and one of our **great new** or **used jobs!** That's **the sto-reeee!!**



GLAU-COMAFLEX

with 50 mm f. 11 unbreakable cast-plastic lens, lens shade, simulated leather neck-strap, manually operated frame counter & many, many other dazzling extras!

Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any 1974 model Hasselblat 500 C offered in trade!

KAMIKAZE 400

with suicide shutter that self-destructs if automatic light meter, range finder, and film speed indicator don't all simultaneously function together!

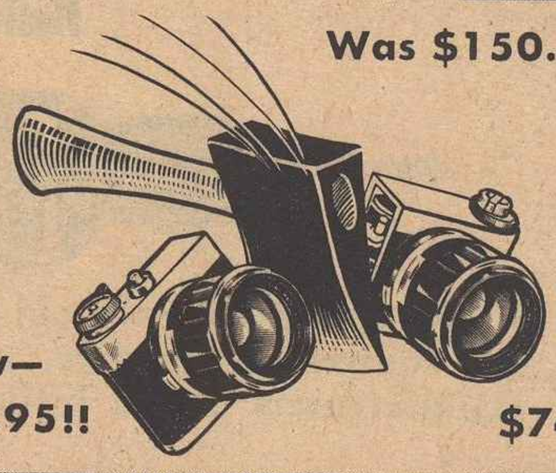
Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any Nykon F-2 offered in trade!

J.D. says . . .

Wanna good 35 mm camera REAL CHEAP? Well, our engineers have taken our huge stock of unpopular and unwanted stereo cameras, and cleverly sliced each one of them in two! Now you can buy one at half the price you'd expect to pay for a camera of this superb quality! Or, you can also buy two and save even more! Was $150.00 Now, only $74.95!

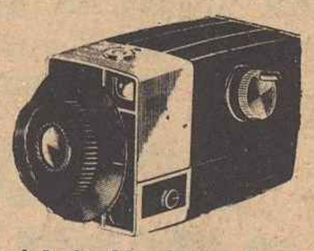
Was $150.00



Now— $74.95!!

Now— $74.95!!

ASTIGMATIC FOUR



with Semi-Auto Meniscus lens, rewind crank, and recessed tripod socket! (left hand thread)

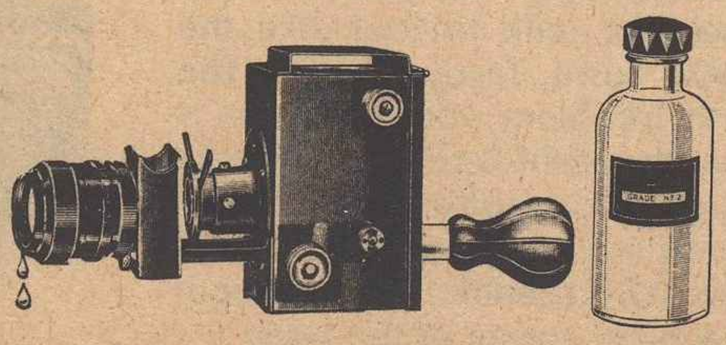
Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any Leika M-5 offered in trade!

J.D. SAYS . . . All "click" and no "shtick" makes photograpy a dull sport! Try some of my hilarious gag attachments on your camera and get big laughs!

Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment

Fits over the lens, looks like a telephoto lens. Complete with "strobe" attachment that holds up to a quart of water, plus a manual bulb release.



Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment—$5.95

Quart of Pure Water—$6.79

"Mr. Smiles"

You don't have to tell 'em to say "cheese" anymore! Our **"Mr. Smiles"** attachment converts the front of your camera into a **hilarious** "face" that never fails to get impatient subjects and bratty little kids to flash their ivories!



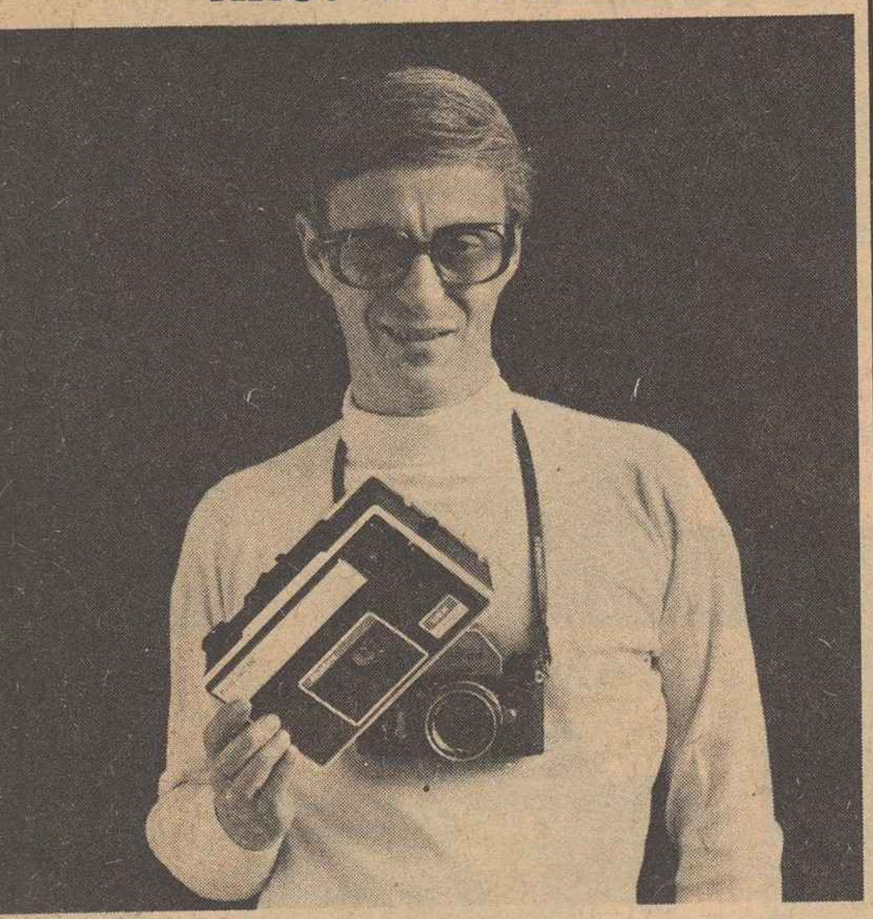
"Mr. Smiles"—$9.95

RUSH ORDER NOW TO J.D. CAMERA STABLE, QUONSET HUT 12, DISPOSAL, ARK.

AFRAID OF A CAMERA RIP-OFF?

HIDE YOUR EXPENSIVE IMPORTED CAMERA INSIDE OUR HOLLOW, PLASTIC

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE II!



Why walk around scared half out of your wits that some murderous junkie will leap out of the bushes and rip-off the expensive, imported camera hanging from your neck, especially now that camera theft insurance is close to impossible to obtain, and, if you can *get* insurance, the premiums each year are higher than the price of a new camera?

Convincingly "cheapens" your camera treasure while allowing you full access to all controls. Walk *safe* (even if you can't walk proud) with the sensational . . .

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE II

"If you care enough to hide the very best!"

WHAT'S IN THE DEVELOPING TANK?

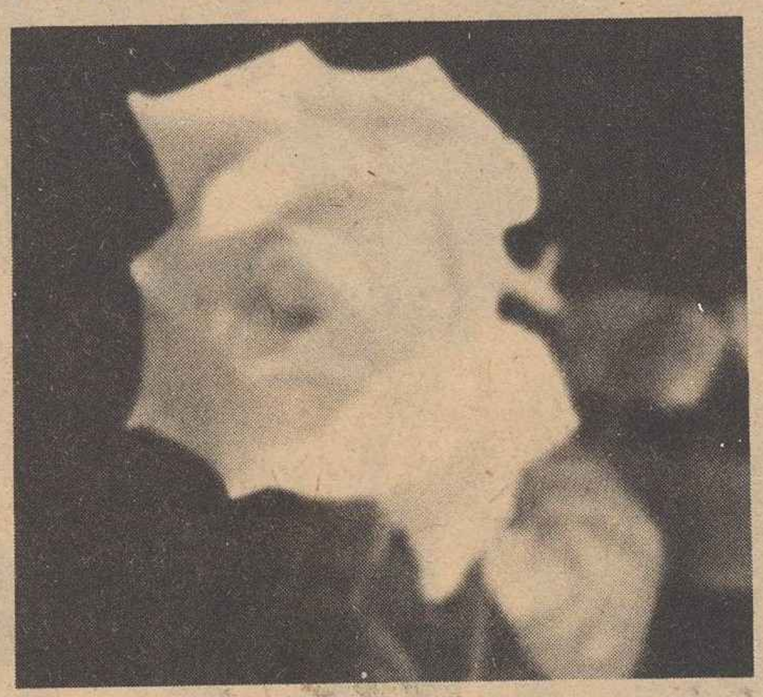
Hints, Tips, and Obvious Sales Pitches for Gullible Readers

Taiwanic III Doesn't Make It!



Taiwanic III

As must be expected from any import in the under $300 range, we certainly didn't expect much from a camera that lists for $15.95. And we didn't get much, except maybe a few laughs! See for yourself! Pictures were blurred and fuzzy with no detail. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!



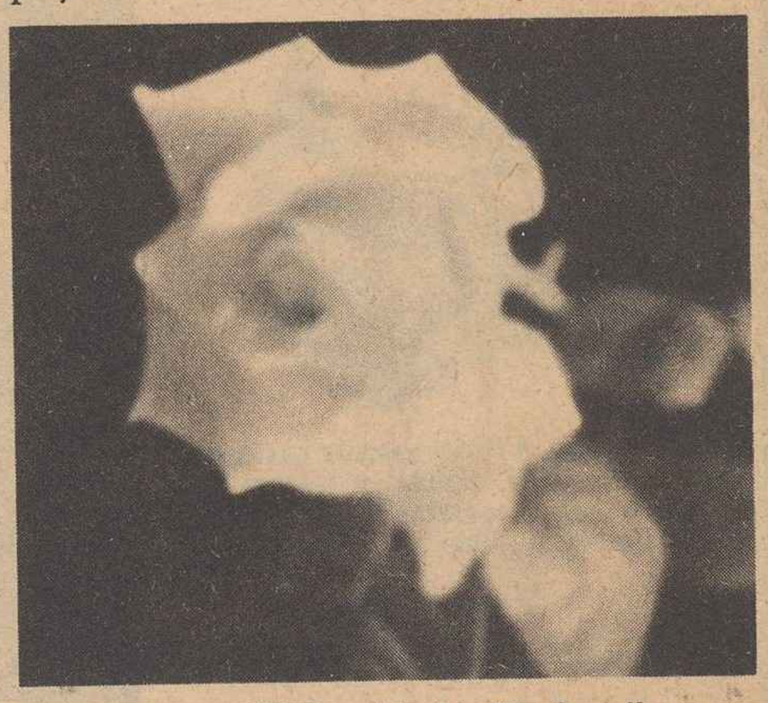
Picture of a flower taken with the Taiwanic III

Bettina CR Makes It Big!



Bettina CR

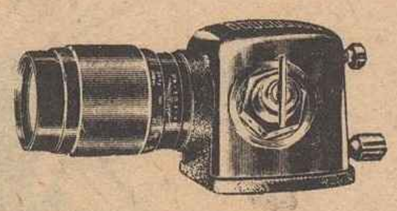
If you thought the Bettina BQ was a great camera, wait'll you handle the fantastic, new CR model, which lists for $695.00. Using the Zorch 120 mm lens with motorized drive, the artiest shots become a snap, as you can see by the accompanying first prize winner in the Candlewood Photo-Arts Festival. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!



"To A Wild Rose" by Lee MacDowell

Hello, Ultra 8, Goodbye, Super 8!

Ultra 8



Since Super 8 made the old 8 mm camera equipment obsolete, and netted manufacturers a cool billion, they've been racking their brains to find something new to kill off the Super 8 stuff. Now, Bawll and Howll has done it! Look for ULTRA 8 to make its debut before Xmas time—Bigger and brighter than Super 8, Ultra 8 should be a winner. Providing no one catches on that it's just plain, old 16 mm.

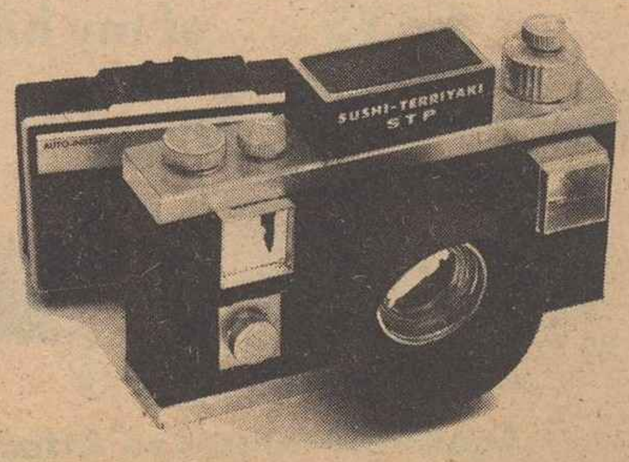
ASHAMED? EMBARRASSED?

Are you tired of those amused, condescending glances and sneers of contempt from other camera buffs everytime you walk in public with some lowly, American-made camera slung around your neck? Well, you should be! Everyone knows that the *good* cameras are all imported cameras!

HIDE YOUR CHEAP DOMESTIC CAMERA INSIDE OUR HOLLOW, ALL PLASTIC

ARGO CAMOUFLAGE III!

Convincingly "up-grades" your piece of junk to look like the $900 Sushi Terriyaki STP. The only problem you will face is that the Sushi Terriyaki is a prime target for rip-off men! But even that's no problem if you read the advertisement in the upper left hand corner of this page.



ARGO CAMOUFLAGE III

"You can't be sure if it's Argo!"

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



DENTIST

A. A. FONEBONE

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

P. MARTIN...

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



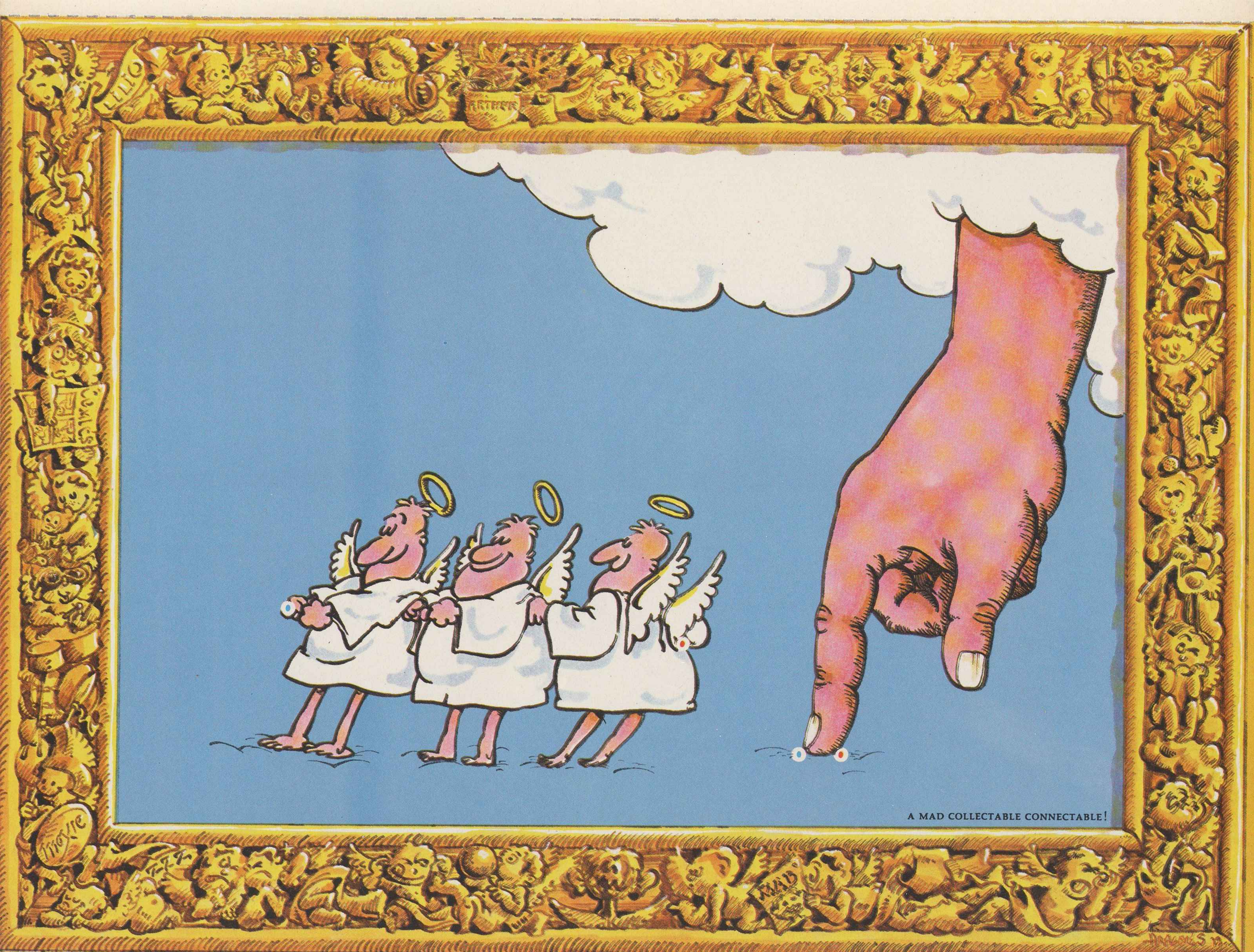
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



WHAT ME WORRY?

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!




A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



torres

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

G WOODBRIDGE

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!


soup
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!


soup
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A

B

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A

C

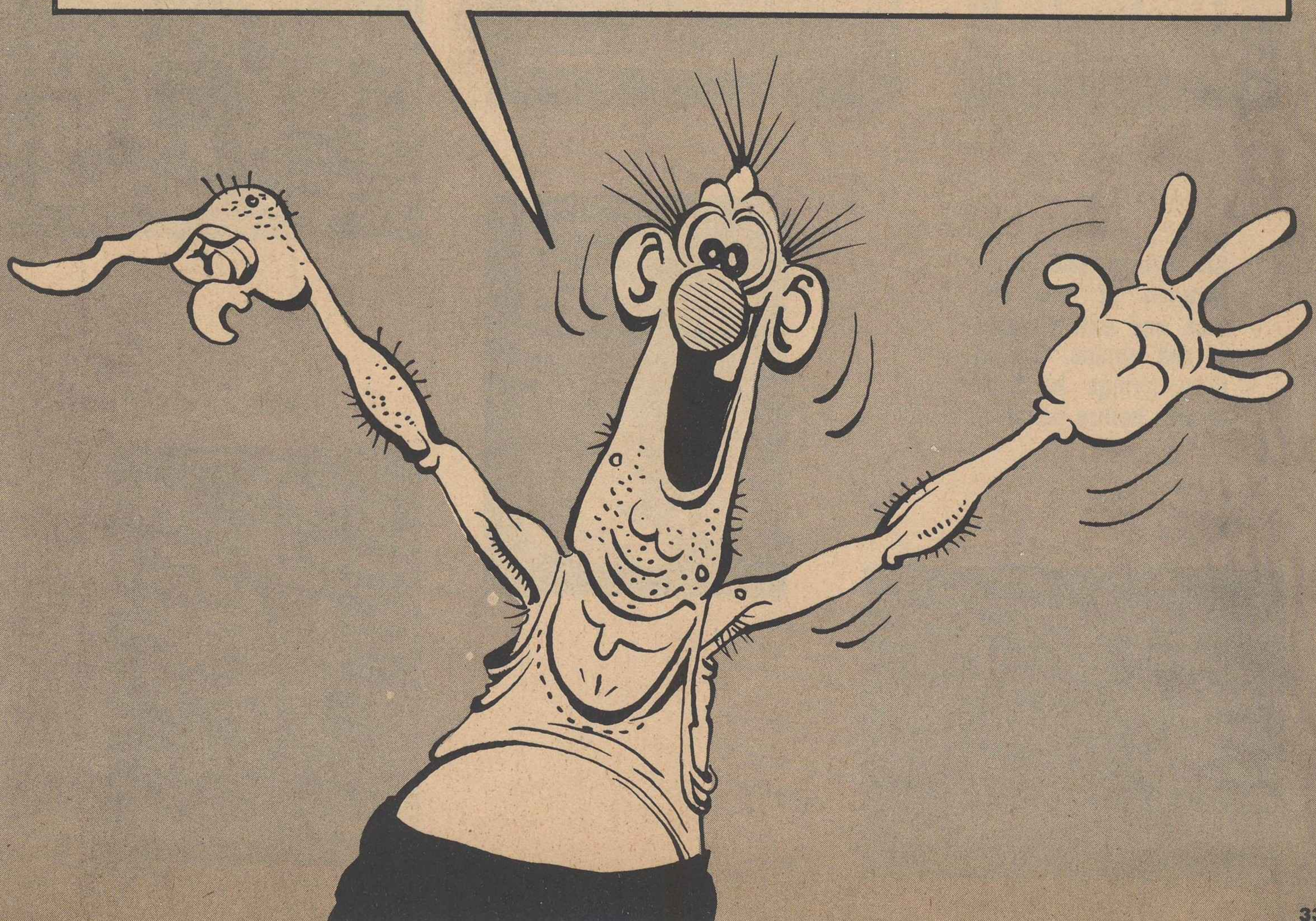
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

HEY, GANG!

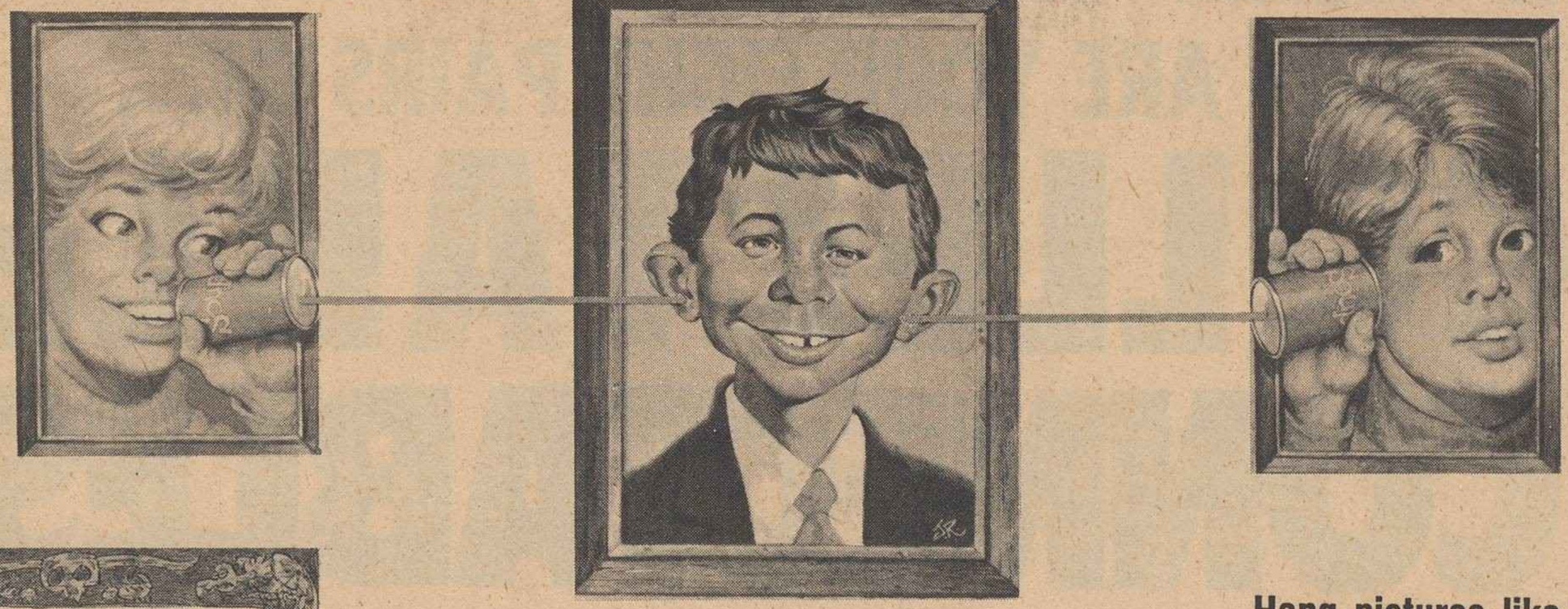
HERE ARE YOUR EIGHT PAIRS OF...

COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLES

JUST STRING 'EM TOGETHER AND HANG 'EM ON YOUR WALL! TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF "GALLERY #1" OR "GALLERY #2"! FOR COMPLETE DIRECTIONS, TURN PAGE!



MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLES GALLERY # 1

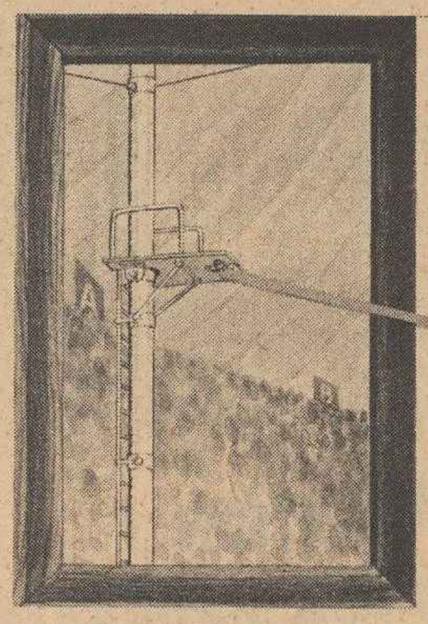


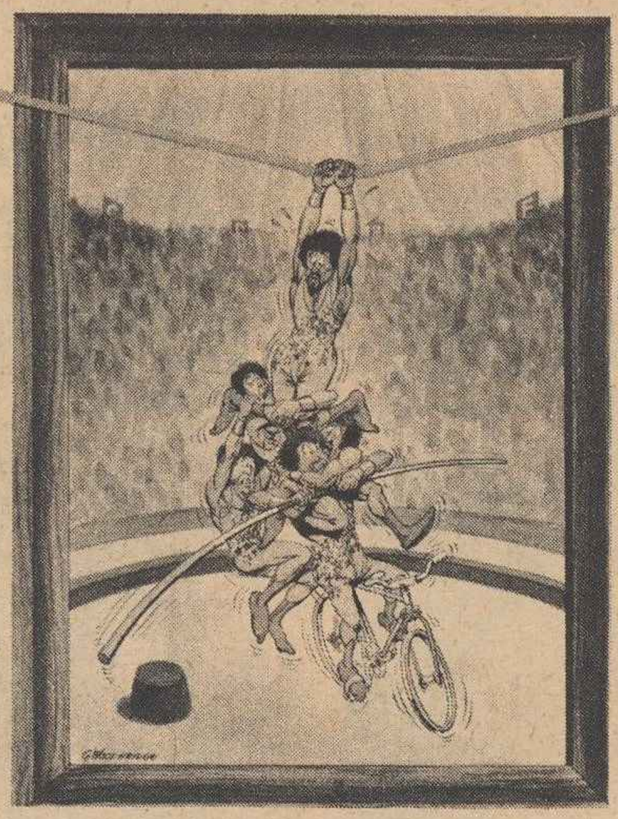
Hang pictures like this and connect with heavy twine or knitting wool as shown by gray lines.

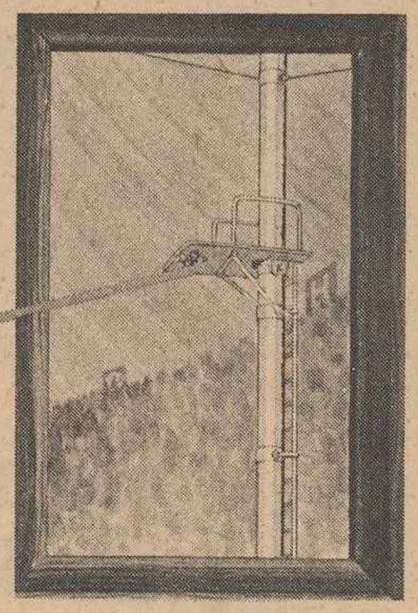
All strings will enter pictures at blue circles and exit pictures at red circles. Scotch tape strings to back of pics before hanging.

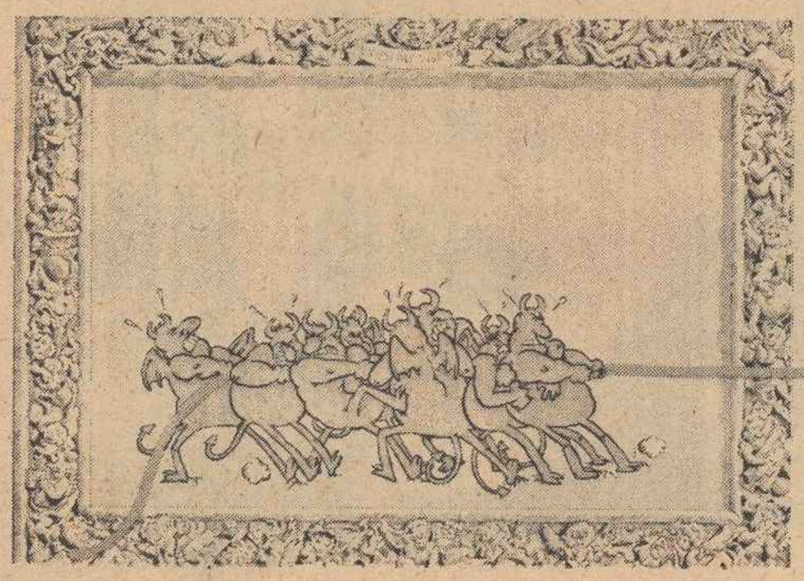
MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLES GALLERY #2

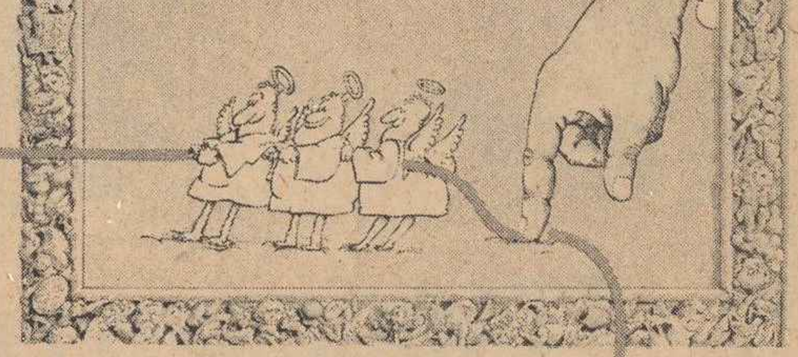
CHOOSE EITHER ONE!



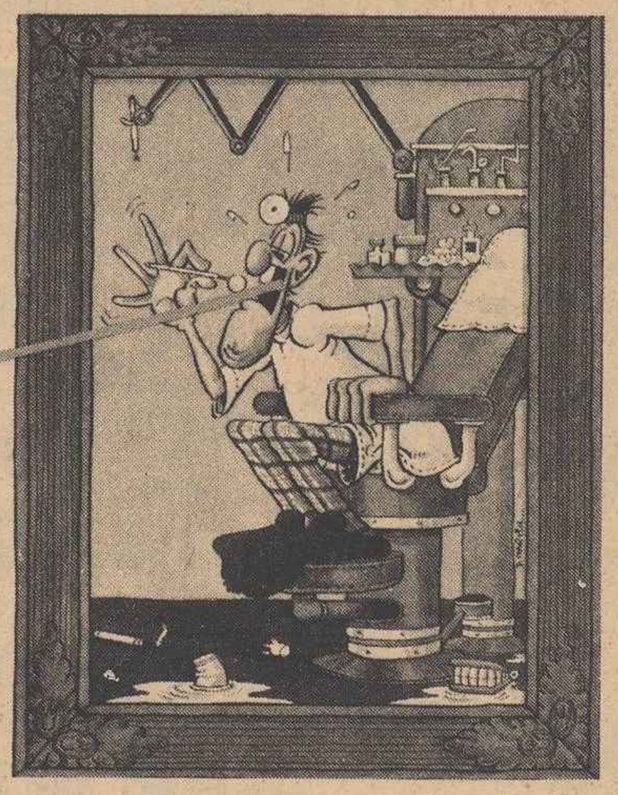




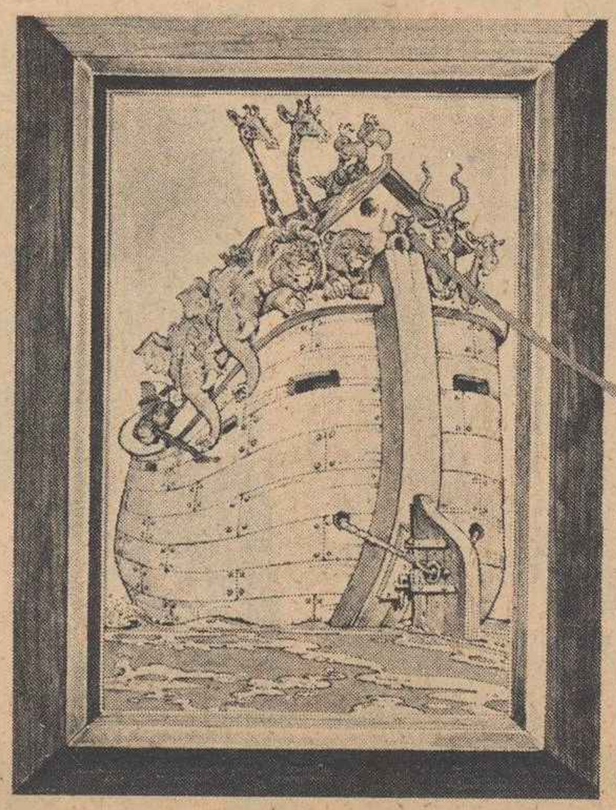


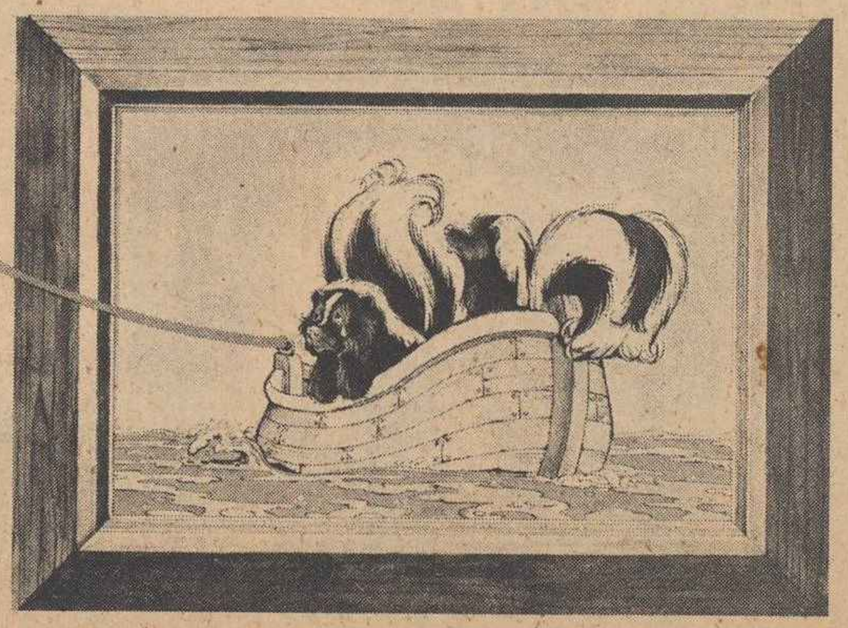






Too bad for you if you want both "MAD Galleries"! Then you gotta buy two copies!



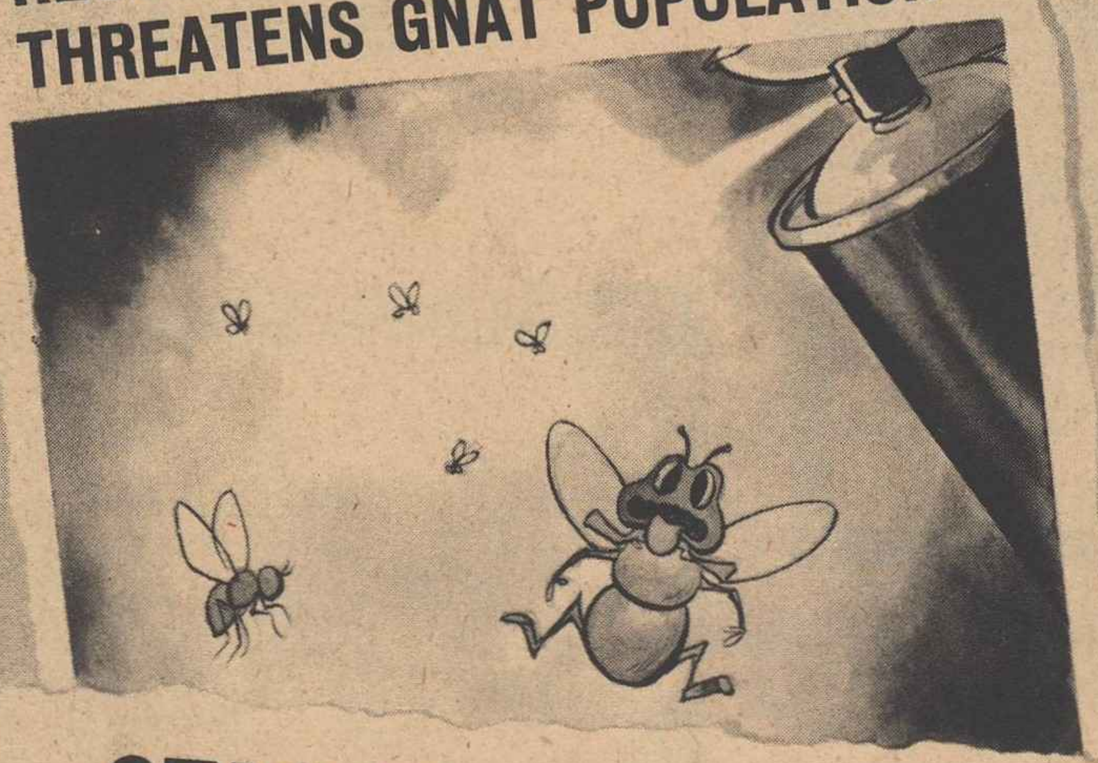


BUGS FUNNIES DEPT.

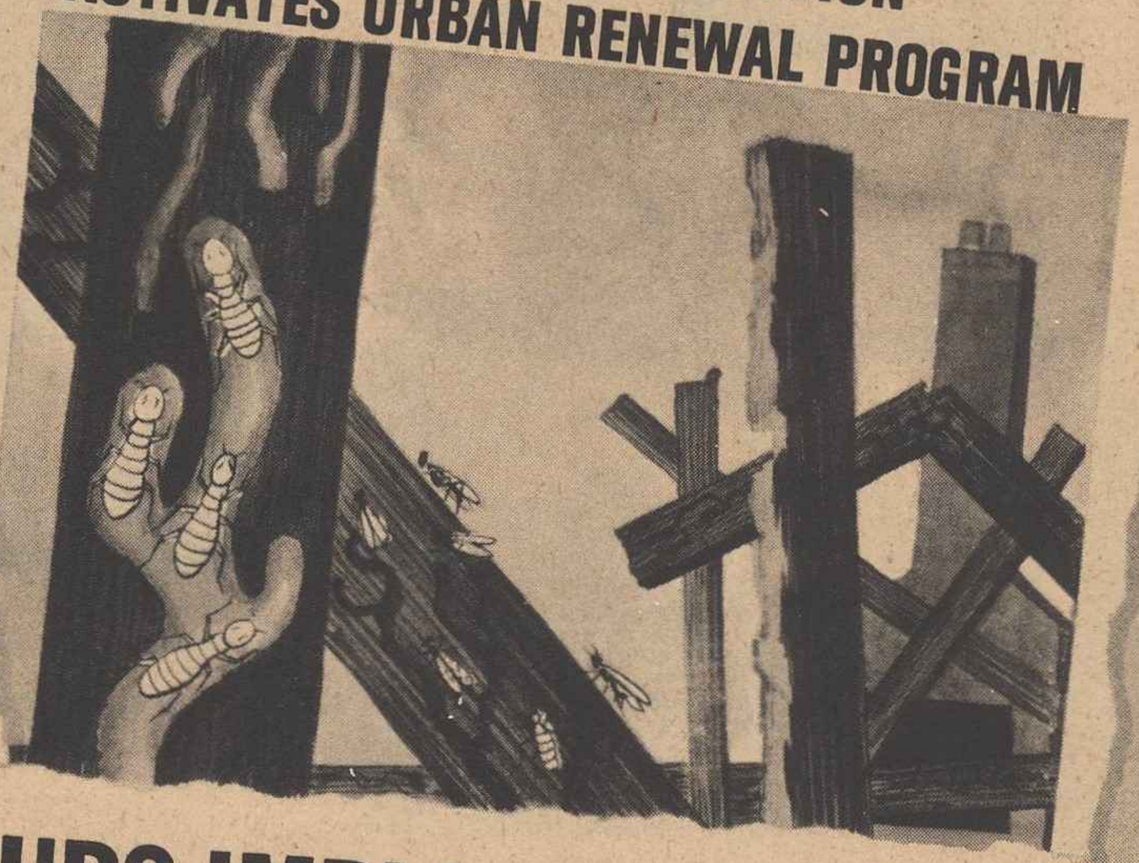
IF YOU THINK WE HUMANS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO SU

HEADLINES OF TH

RECURRING DEADLY "SMOG" THREATENS GNAT POPULATION



SURPRISE TERMITE DEMOLITION ACTIVATES URBAN RENEWAL PROGRAM



STAGGERED LUNCH HOURS IMPLEMENTED AT LEADING INDUSTRIAL BEEHIVE COMPLEXES



RED AND BLACK INTEGRATED HIGH-RISE CO-OP ANT HILL OPENS IN GREENVALE

INVADING GYPSY MOTHS COMPLETE TACTICAL DEFOLIATION OPERATION



FFER FROM THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY, DIG THESE...

E INSECT WORLD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

DECOY FLY NABS KILLER OF HUNDREDS IN HIGH-CRIME-POND-AREA



LADYBUG SPRING FASHION DESIGNERS REPEAT "POLKA DOT LOOK" FOR 1,370,210th SEASON



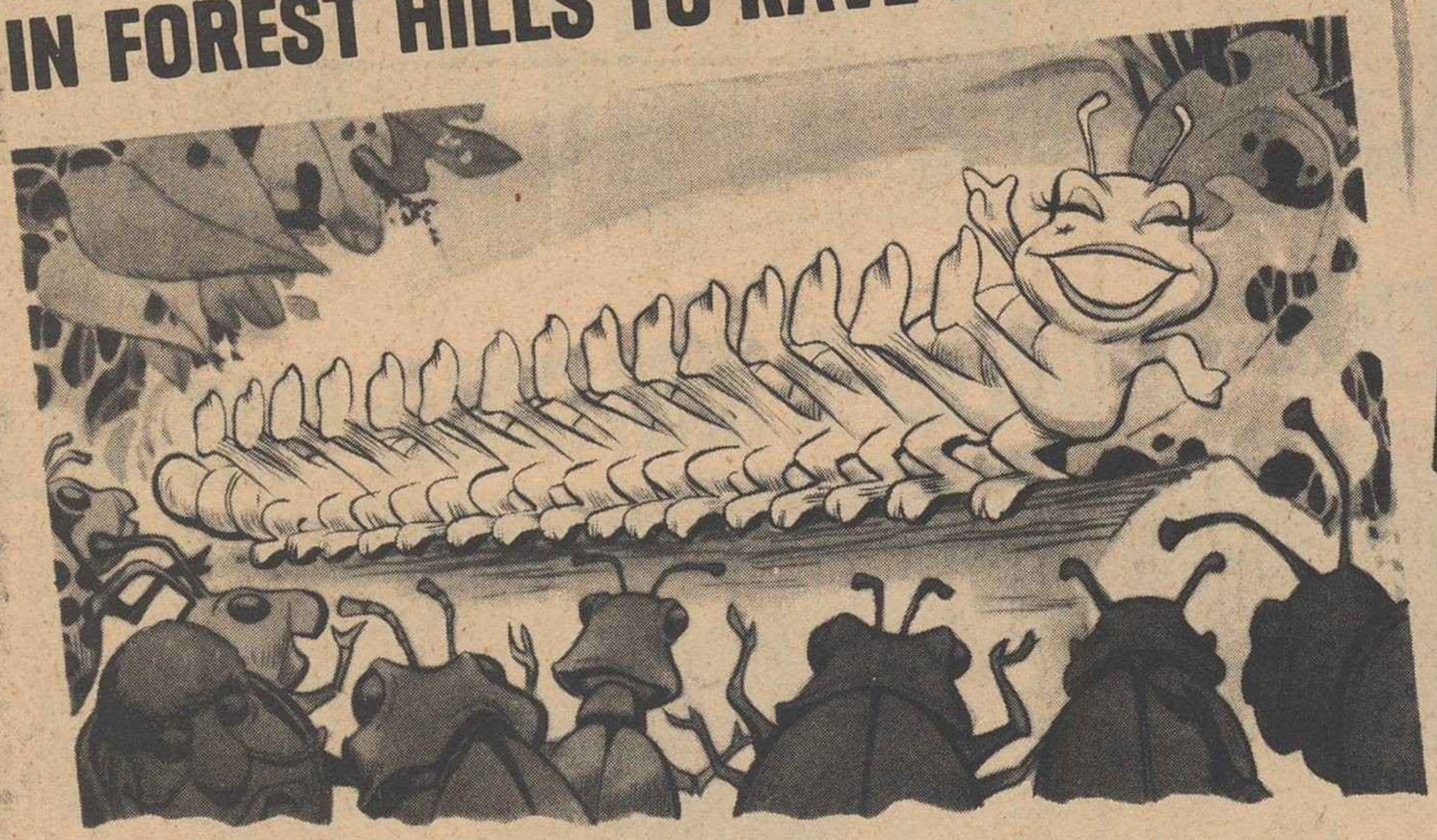
SUDDEN COLD WAVE CAUSES PARTIAL FIREFLY BLACKOUT



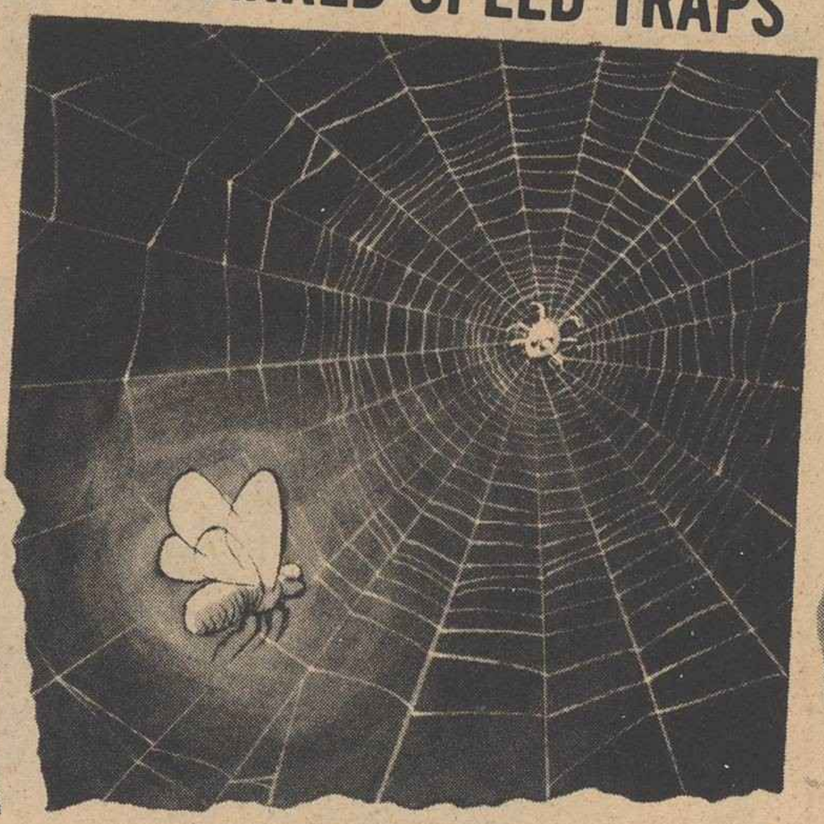
LOCAL CITIZENS OUTRAGED BY OUTDOOR CRICKET ROCK CONCERT



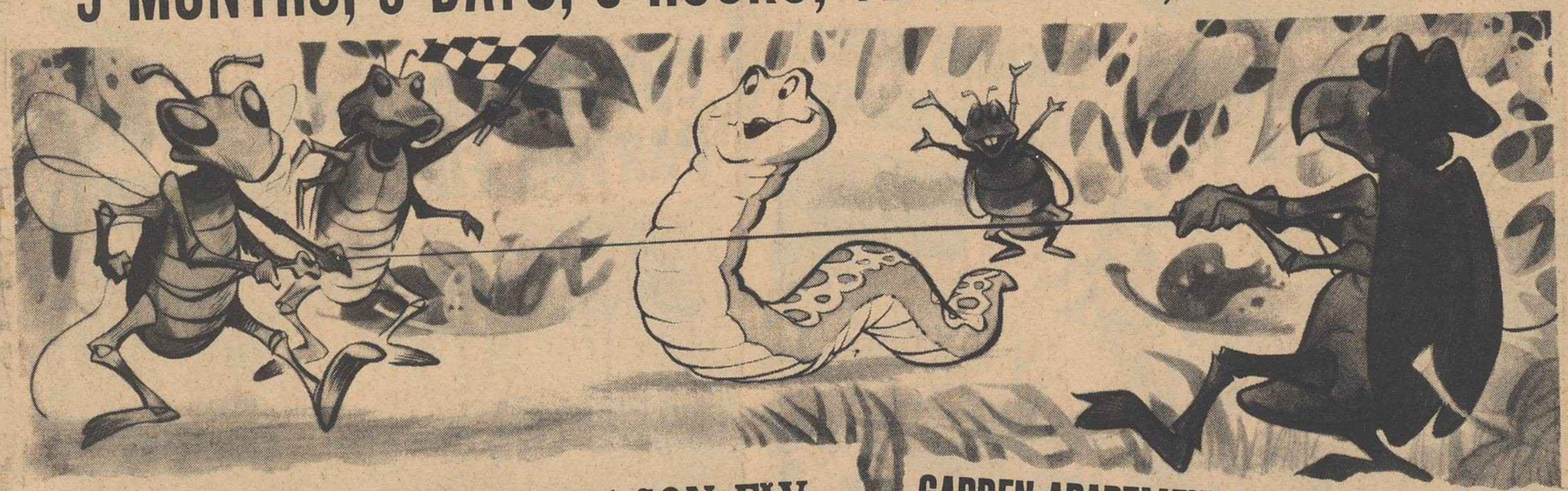
ONE-CENTIPEDE-CHORUS LINE OPENS IN FOREST HILLS TO RAVE REVIEWS



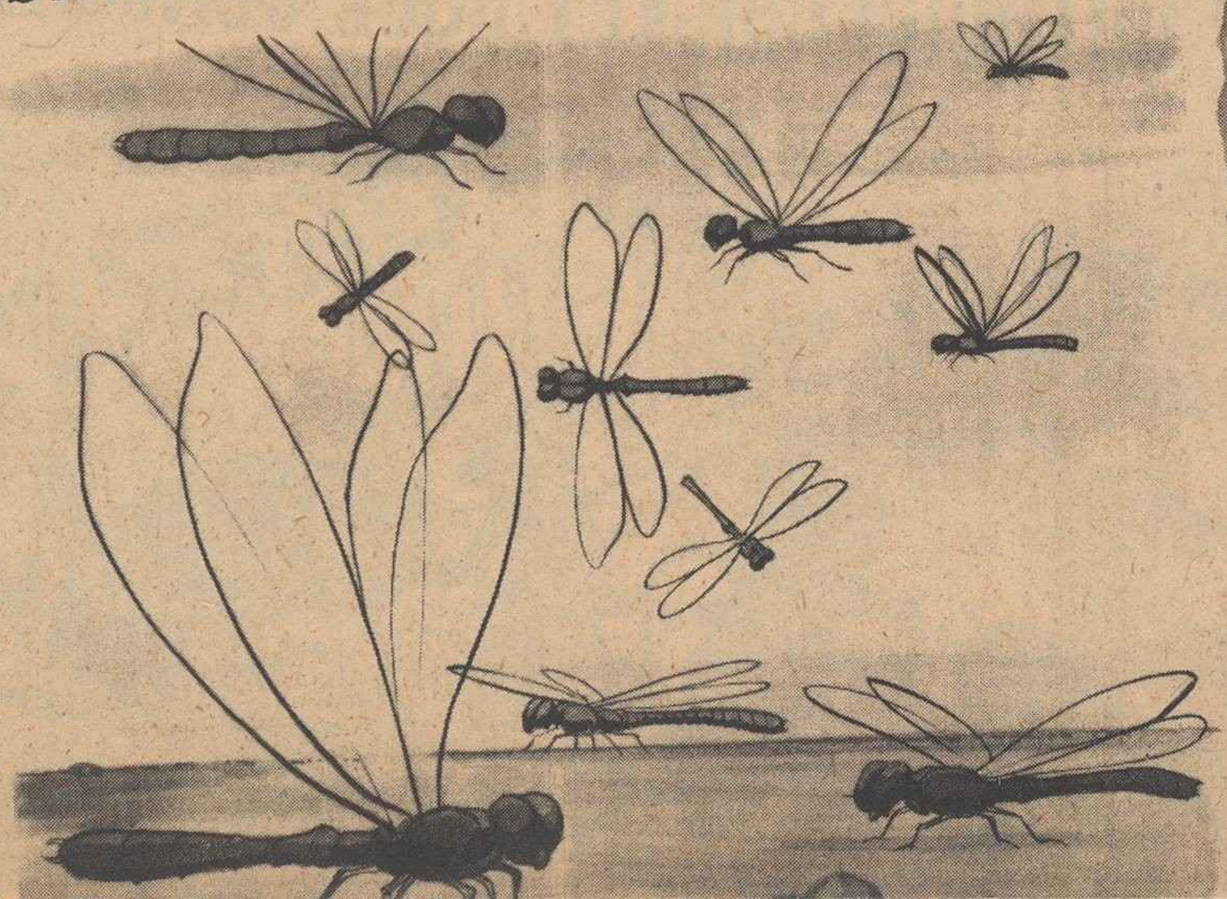
LOCAL BUGS WARNED OF UNMARKED SPEED TRAPS



INCHWORM SETS NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR OUTDOOR MILE: 5 MONTHS, 3 DAYS, 8 HOURS, 12 MINUTES, 45 SECONDS



GROUND SMOG CAUSES DRAGON FLY STACK-UP AND TAKE-OFF DELAYS

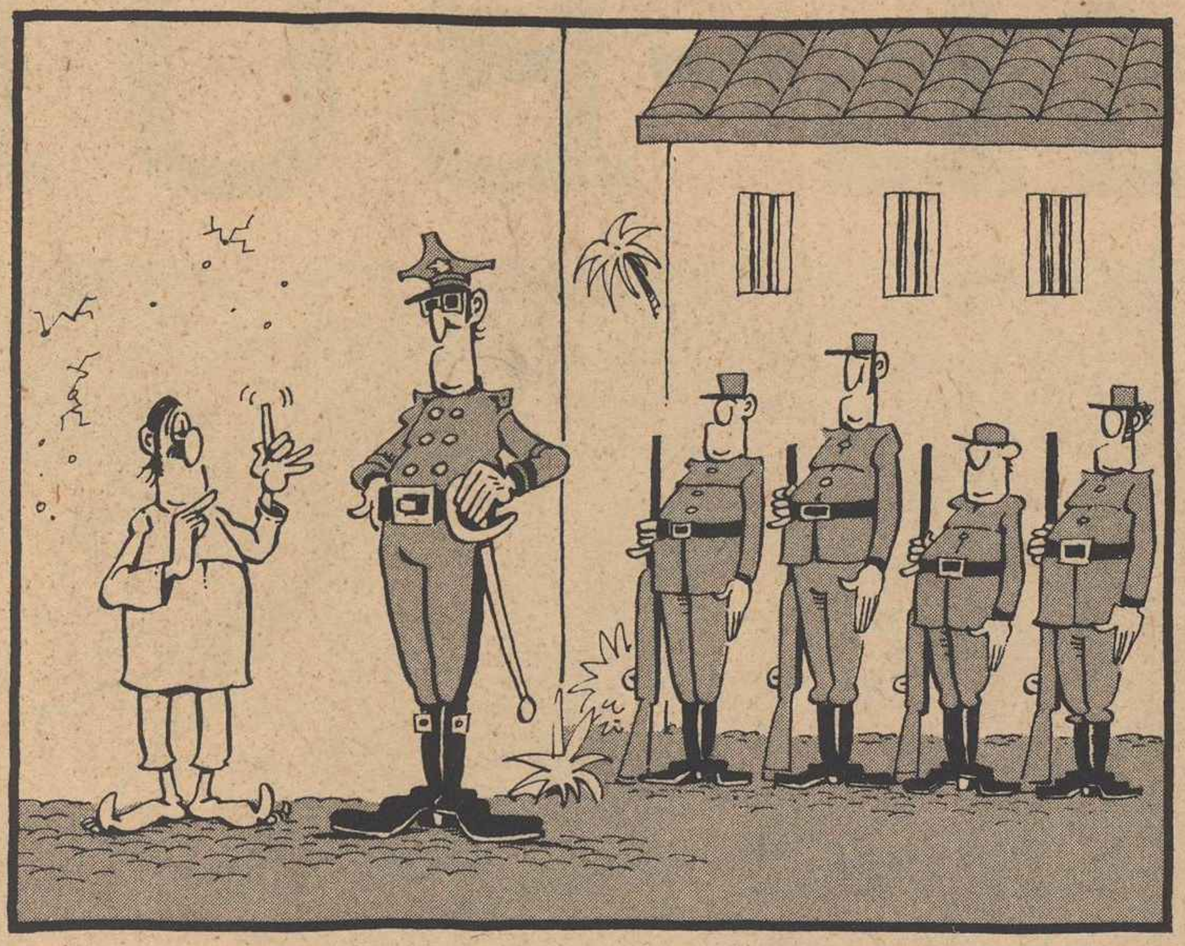


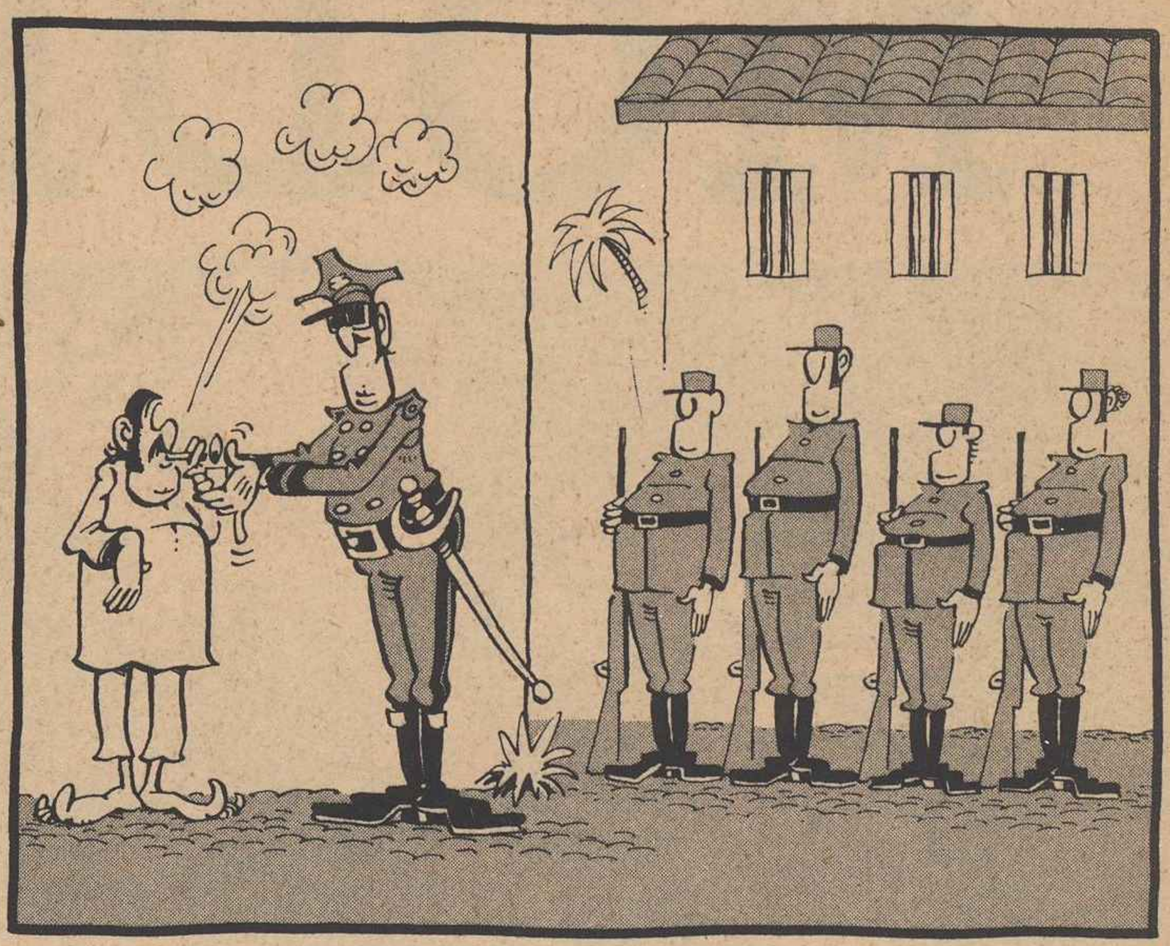
GARDEN APARTMENT RESTRICTED TO WASPS IS CITED BY INSECT RIGHTS COMMISSION

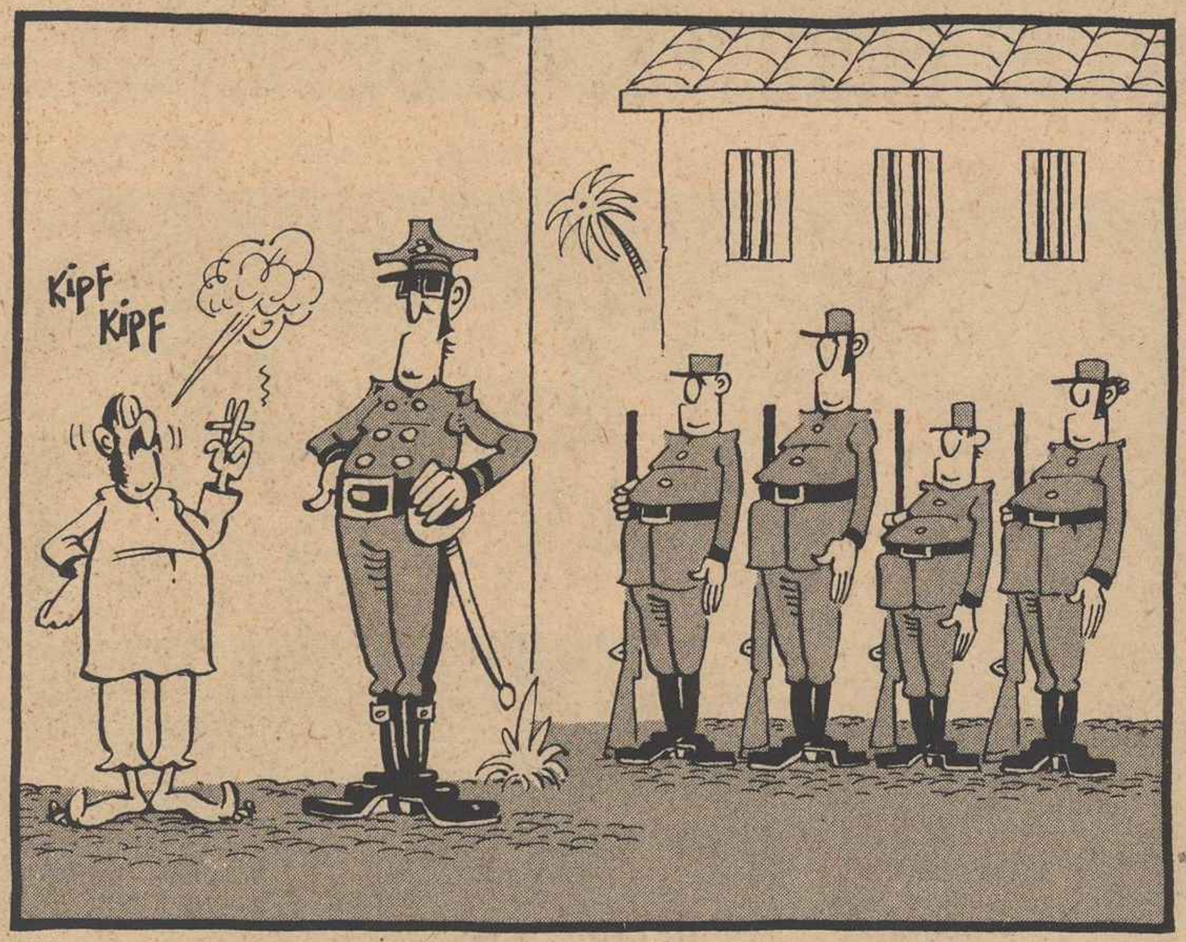


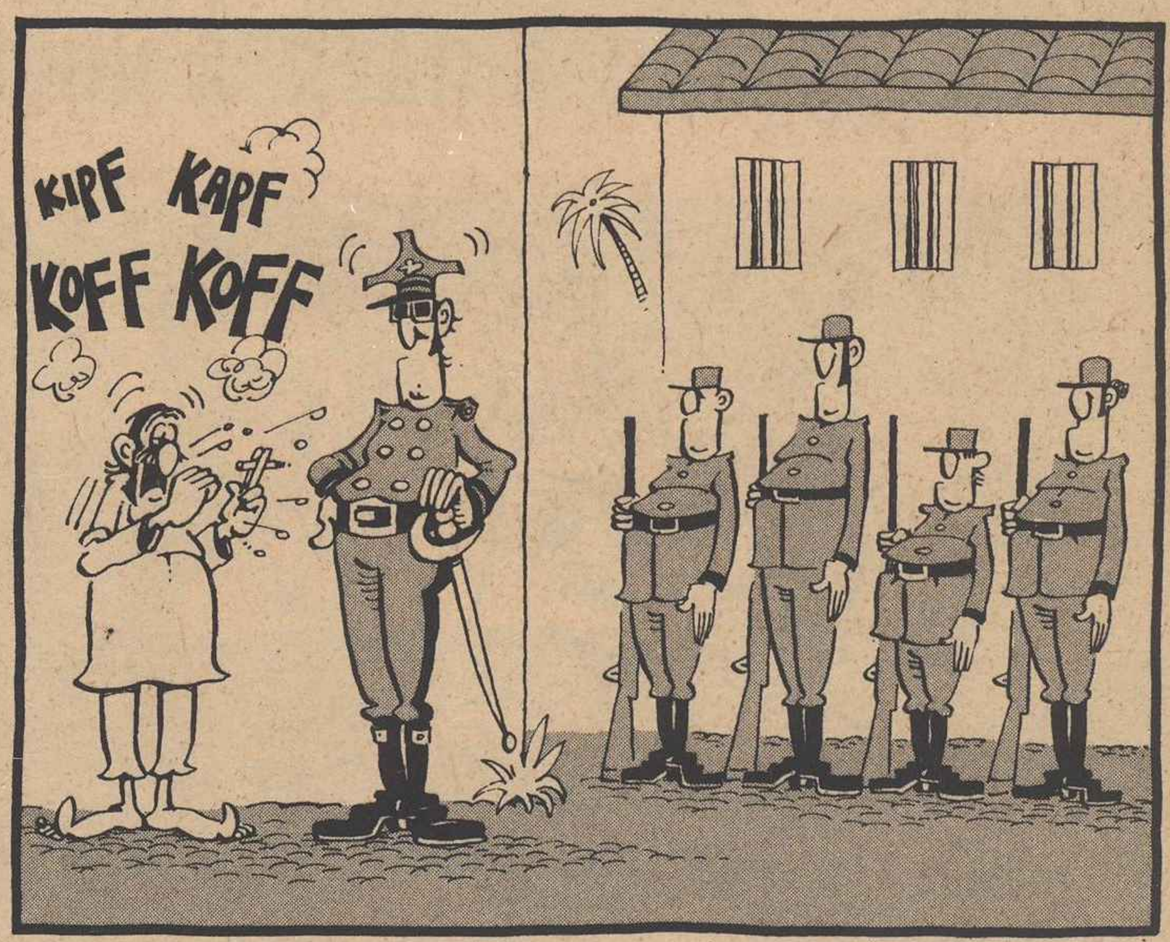
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

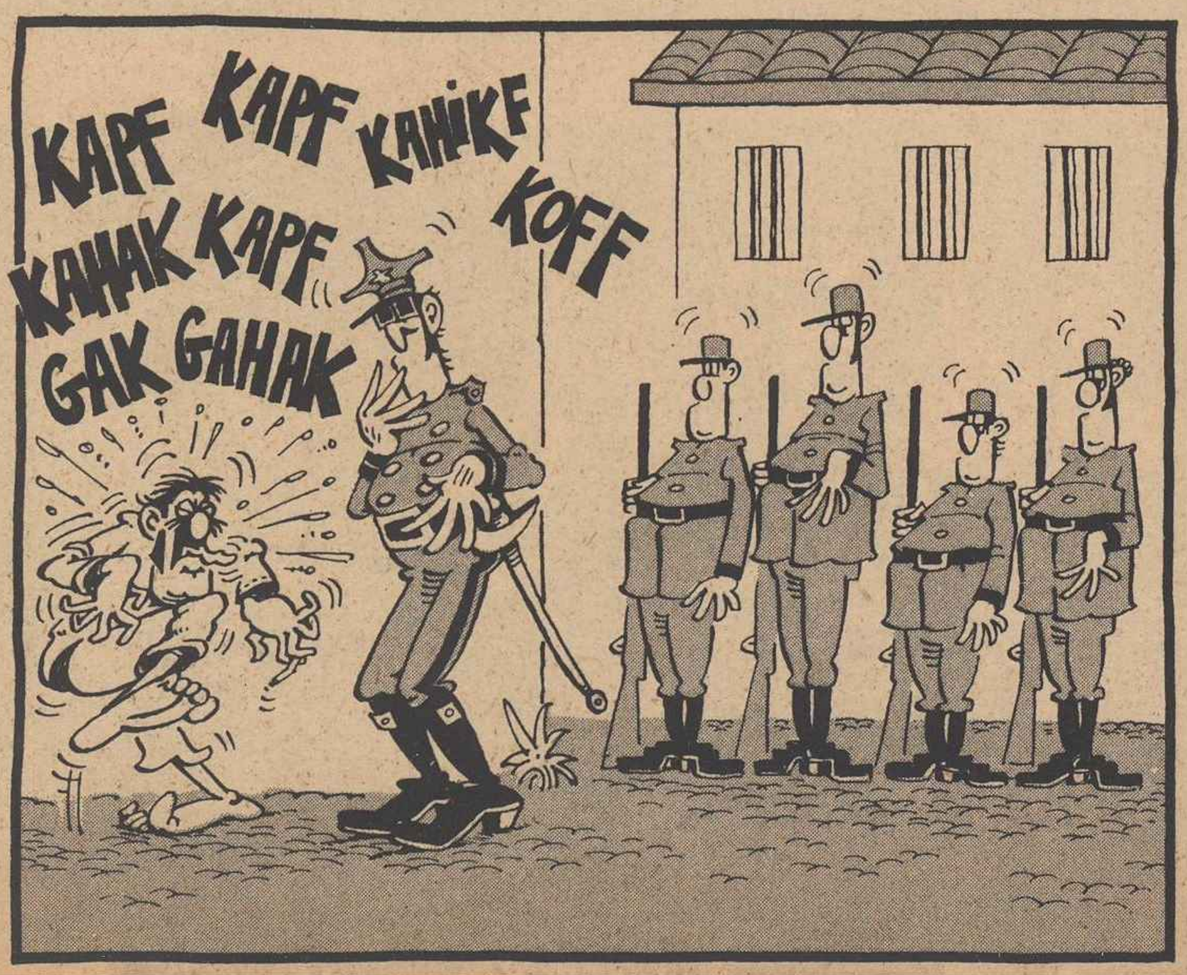
THE PRISONER'S LAST REQUEST

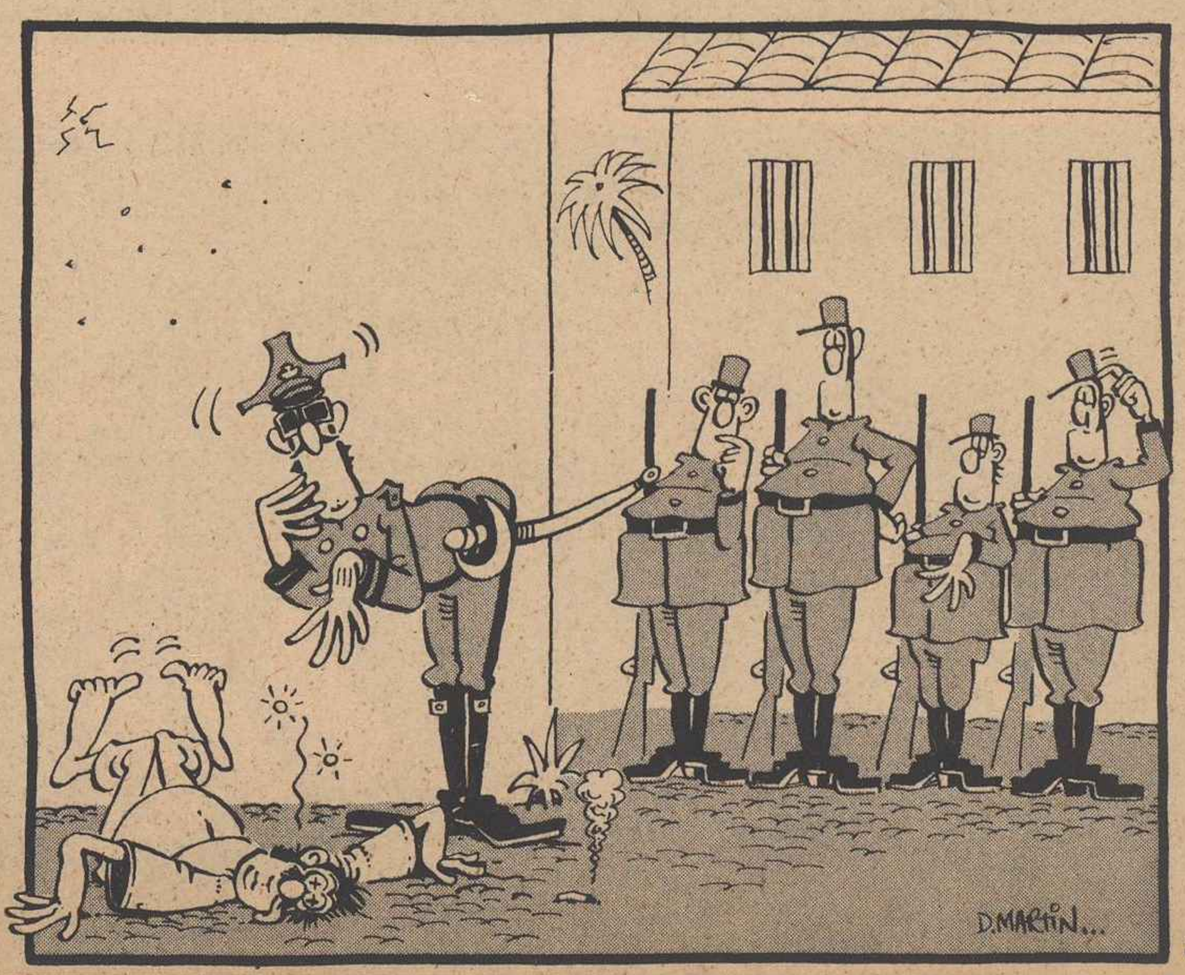








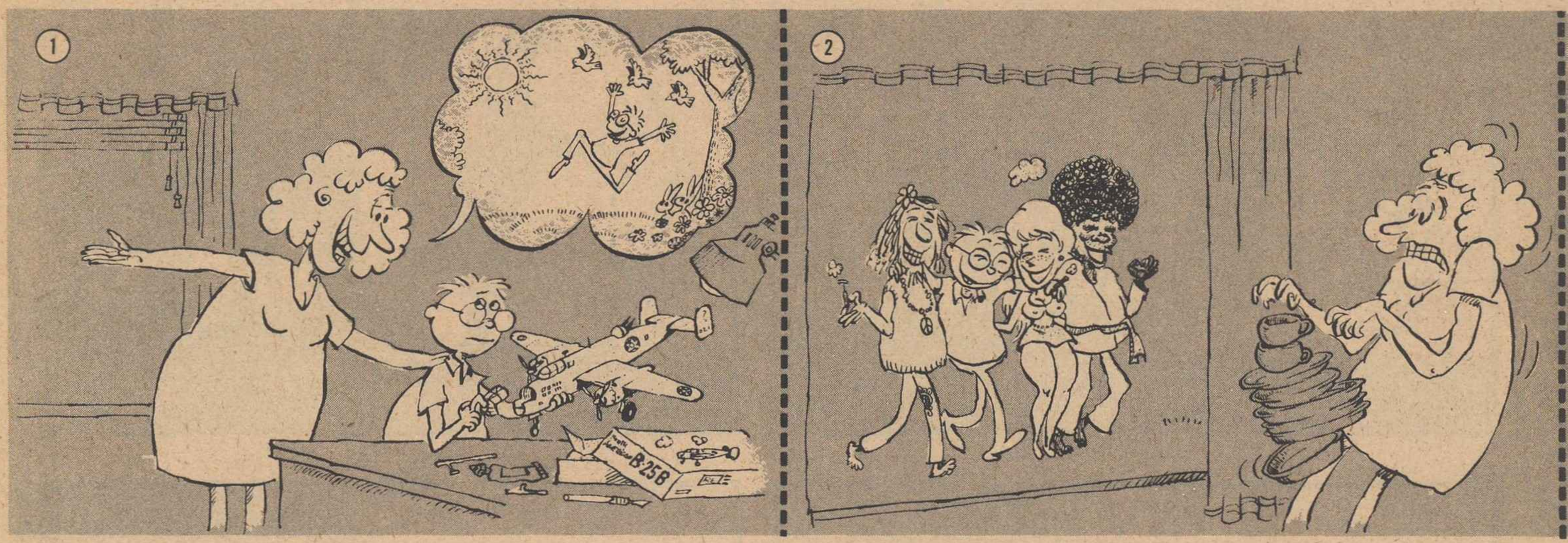


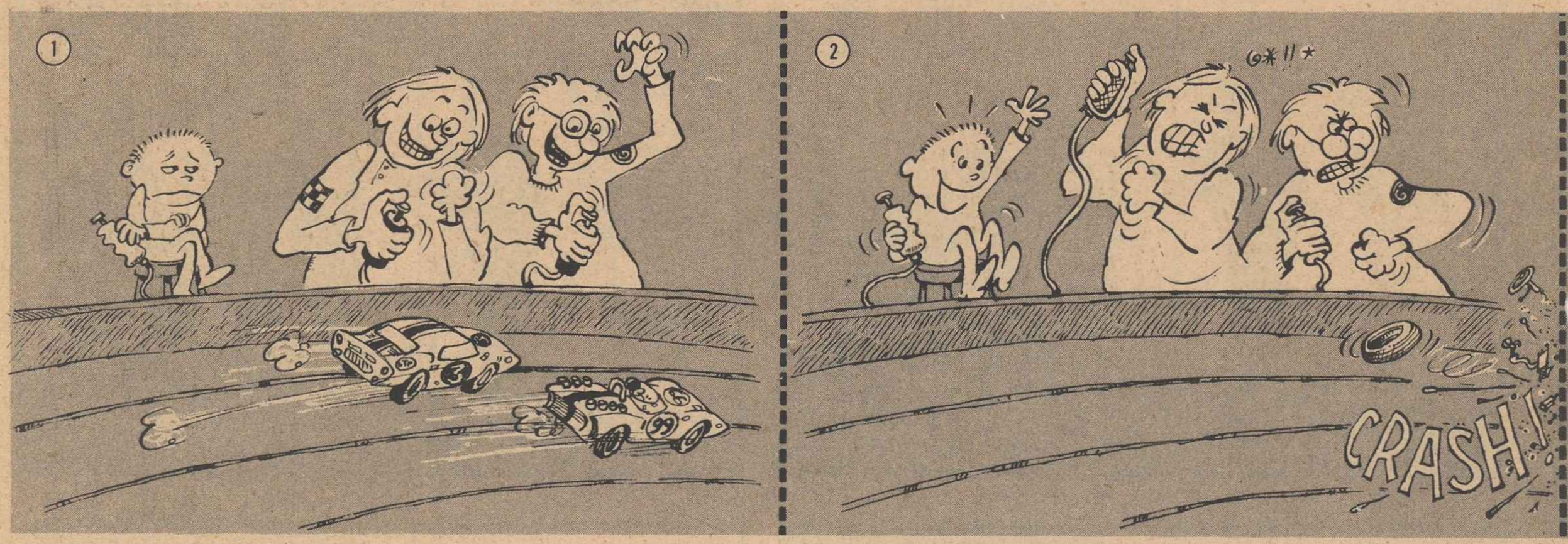


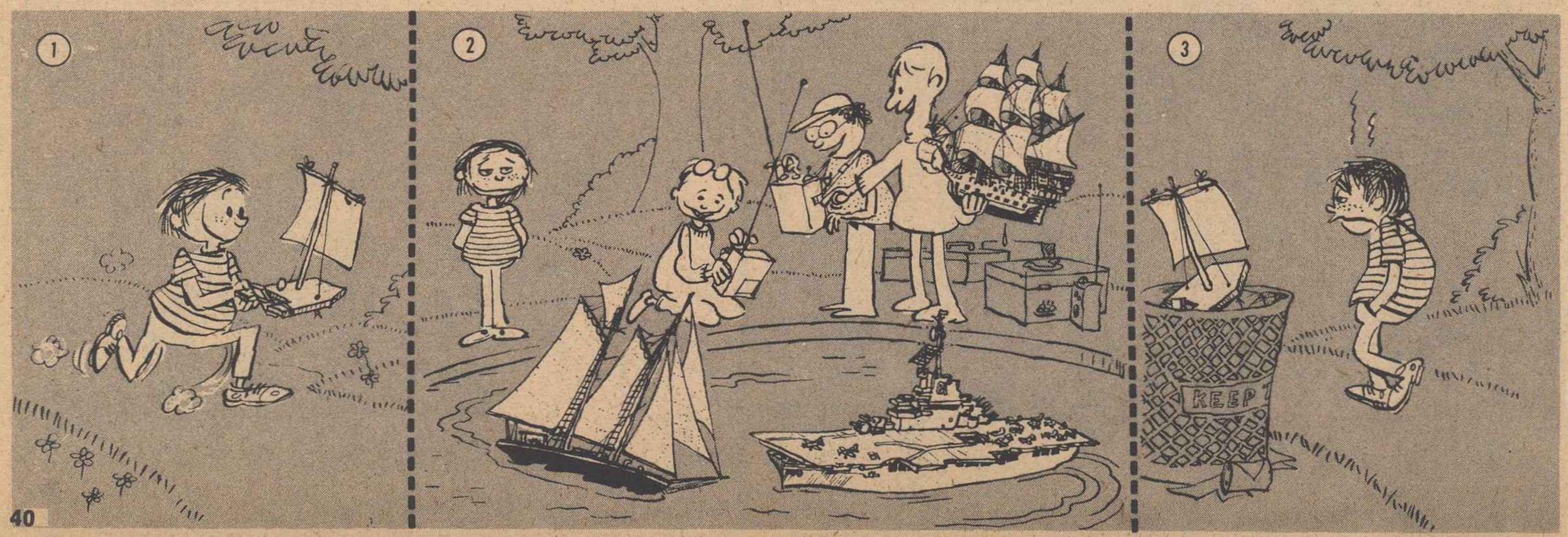
KIT STUFF DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT...

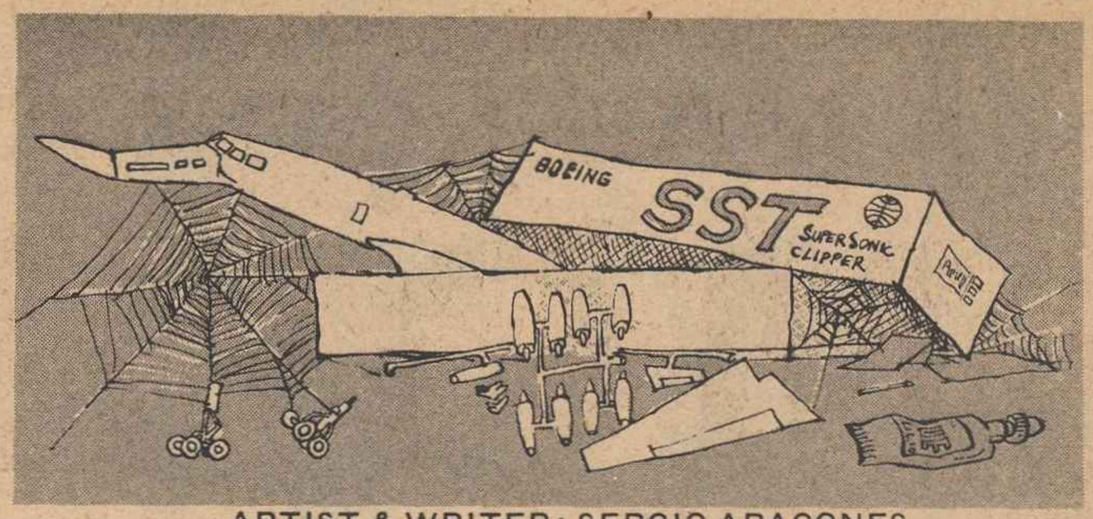
MODEL-BUI



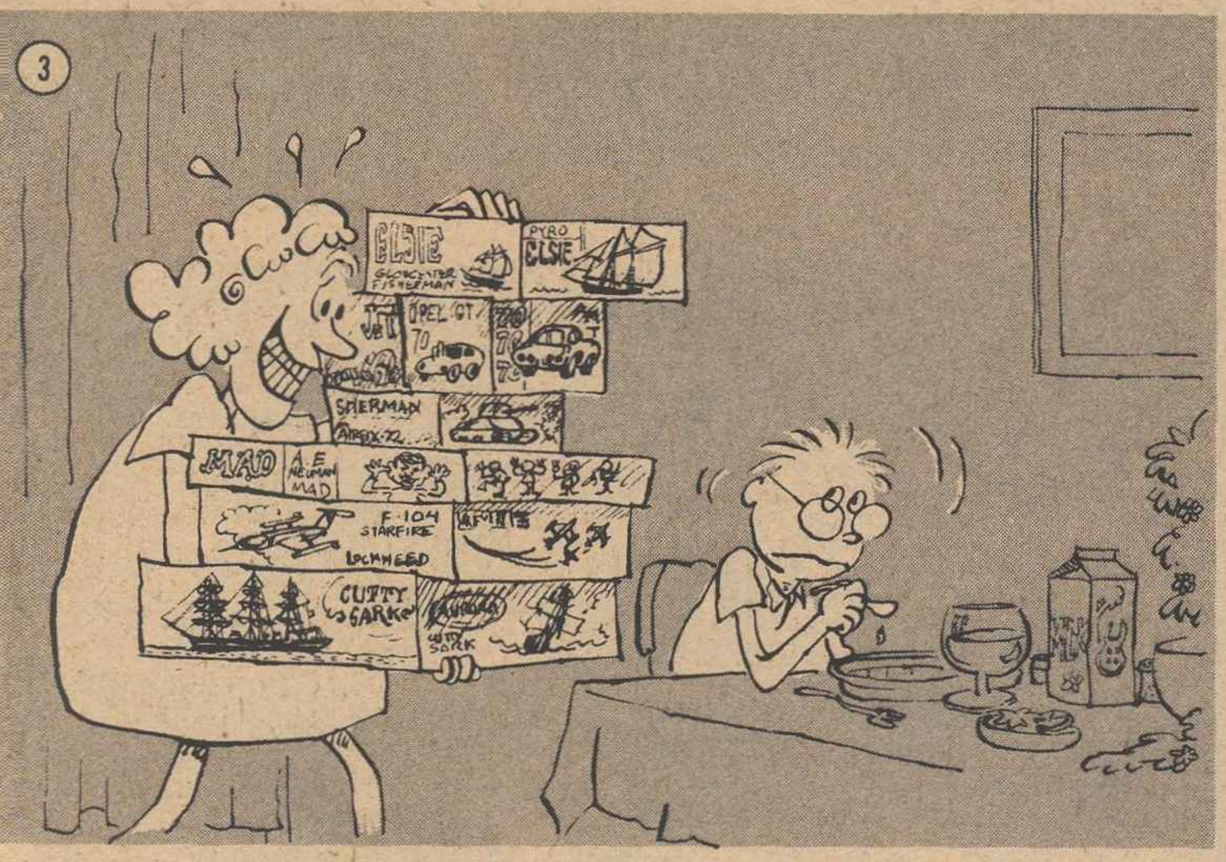




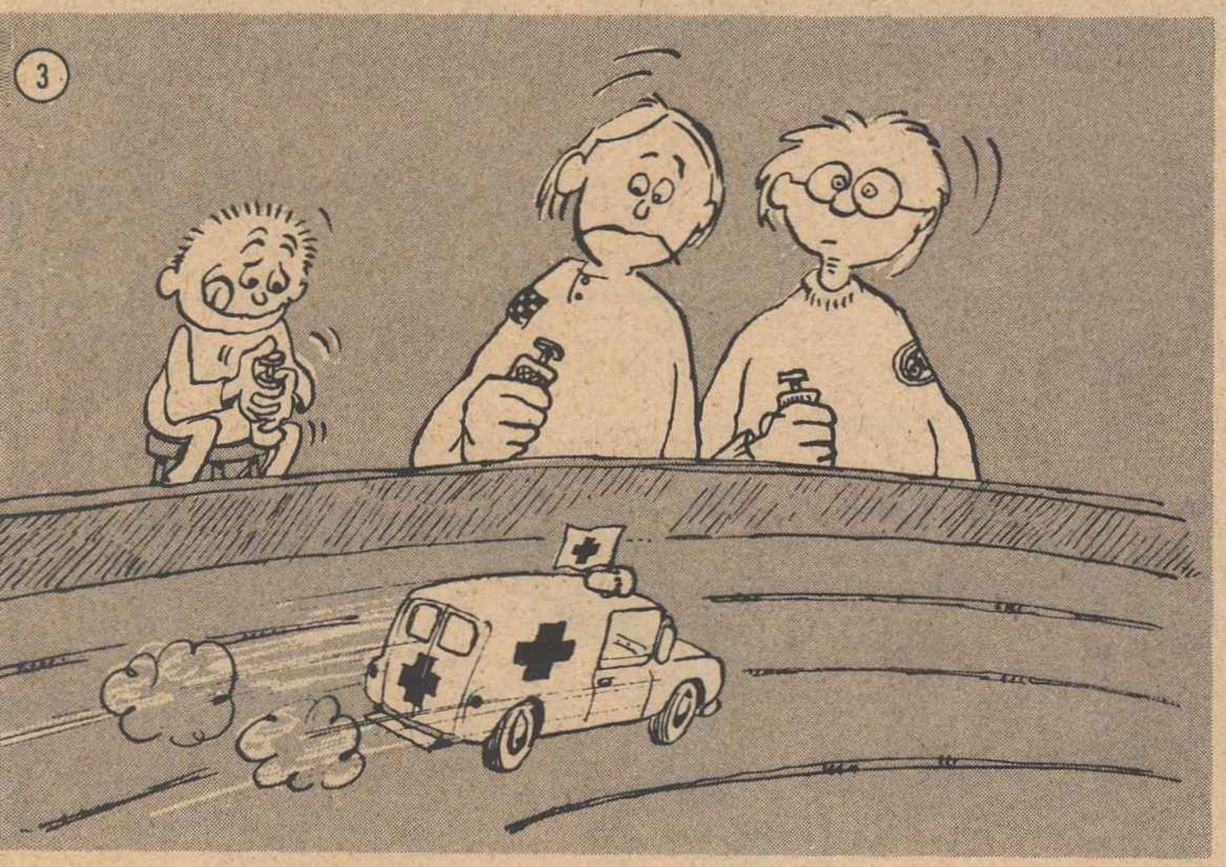
LDING

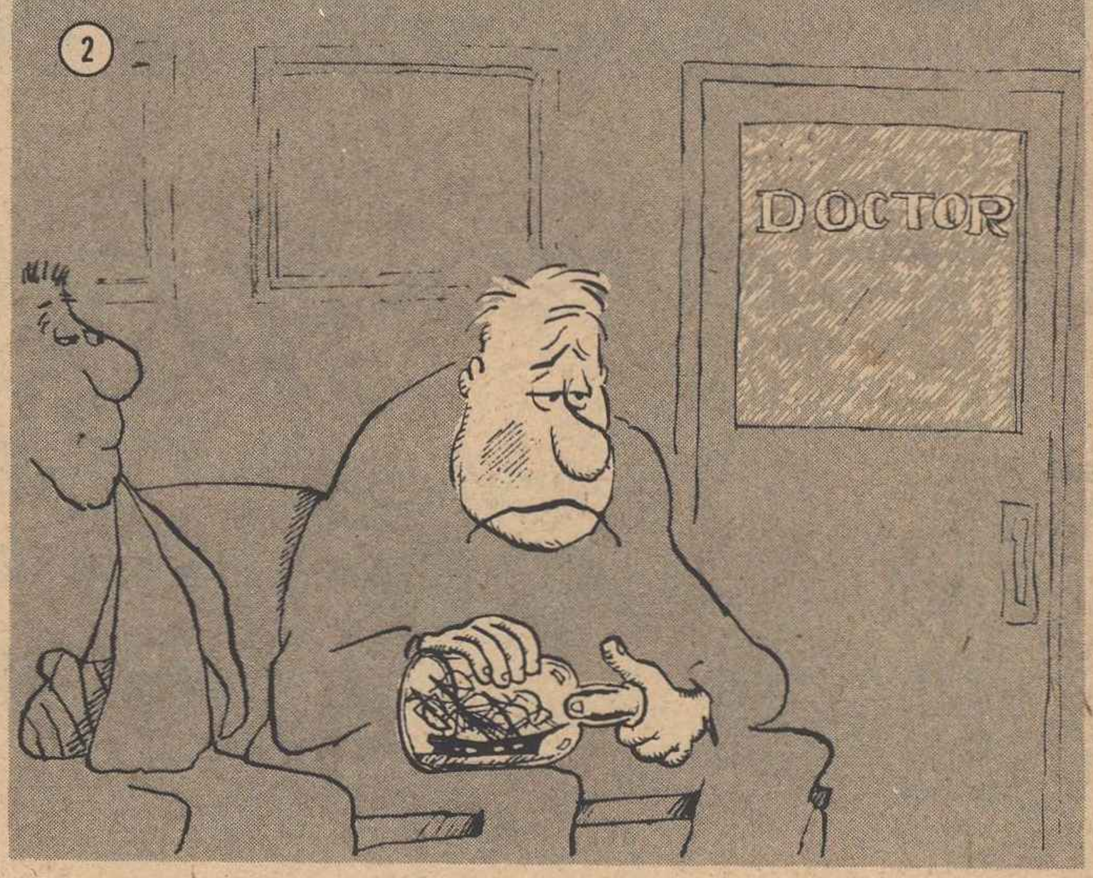


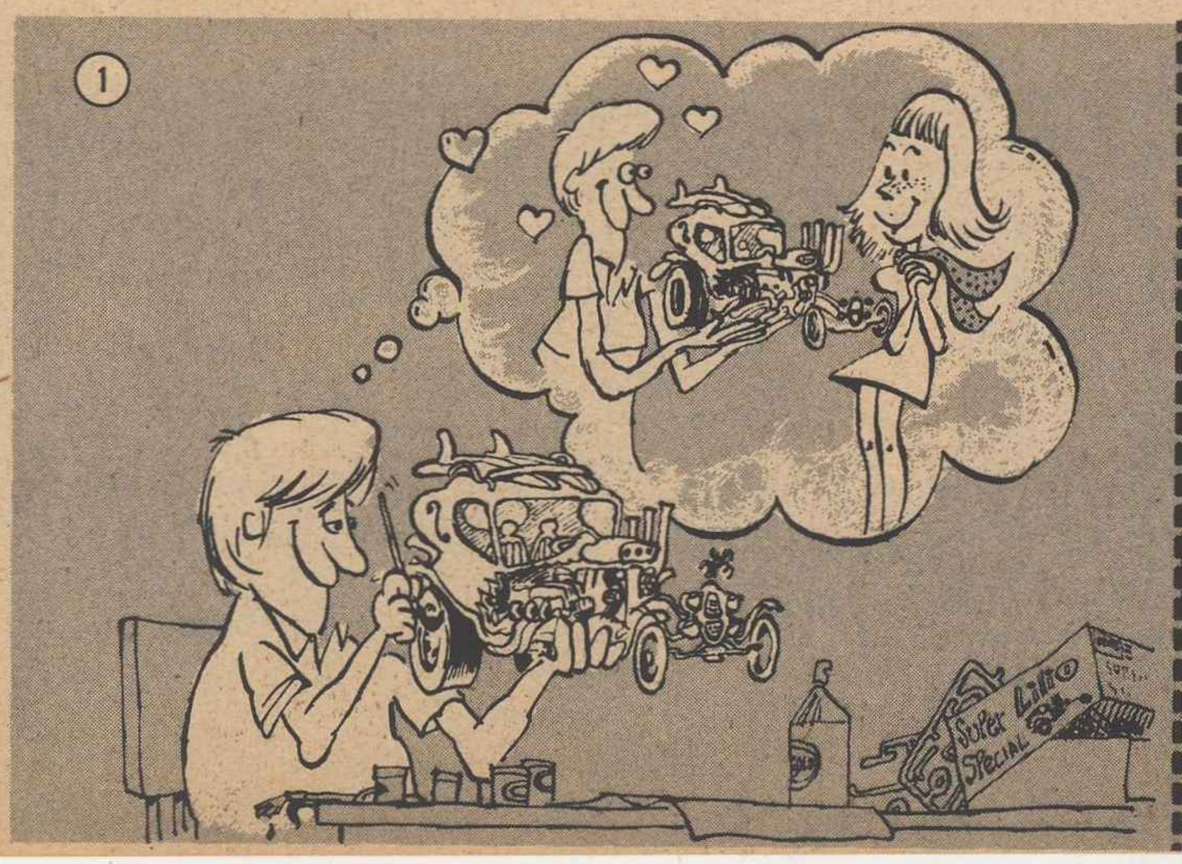
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

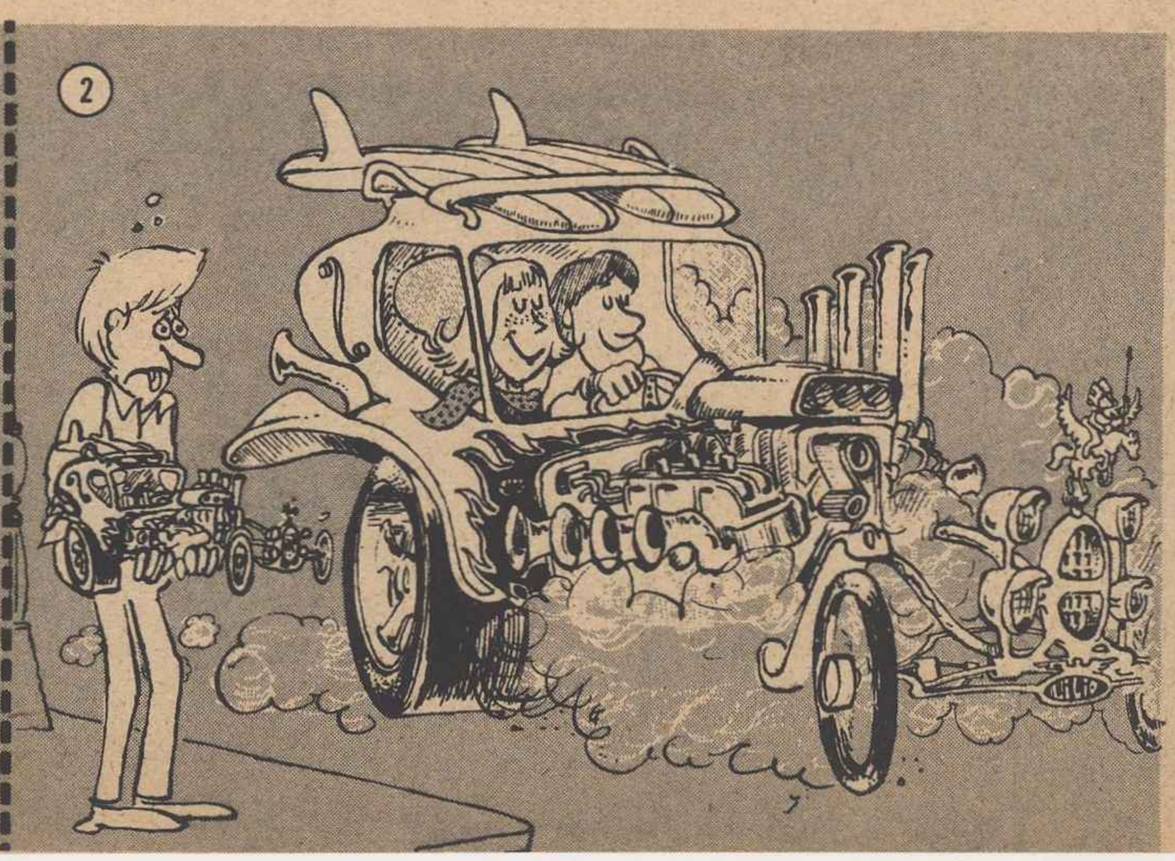


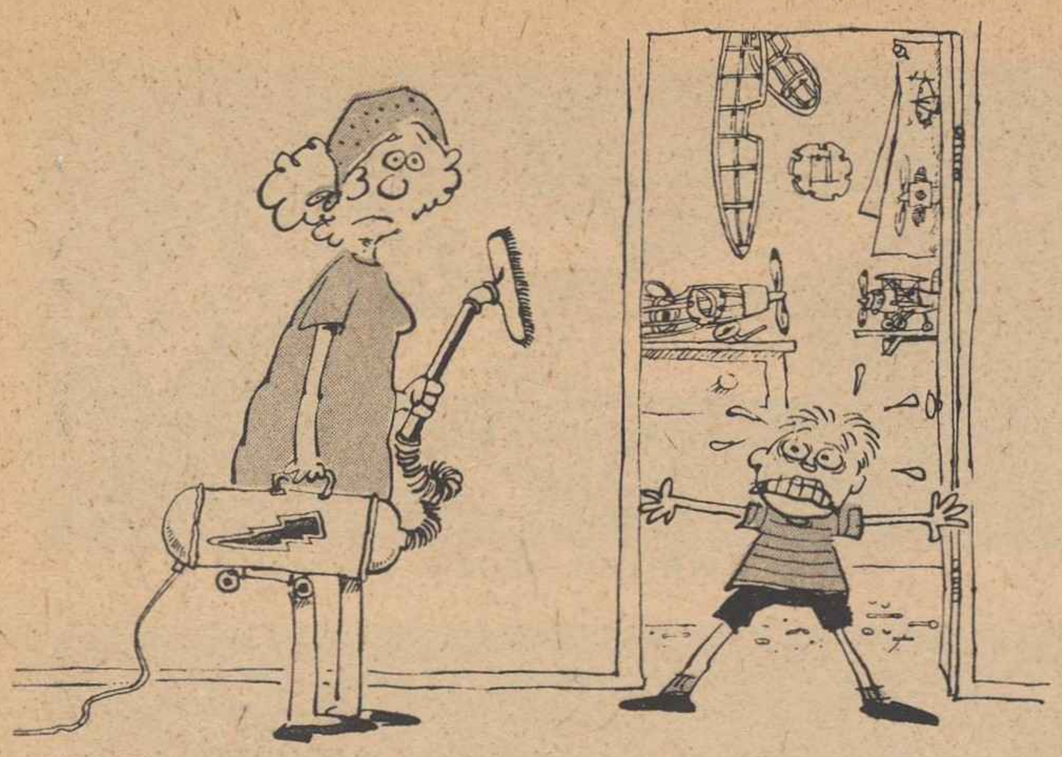


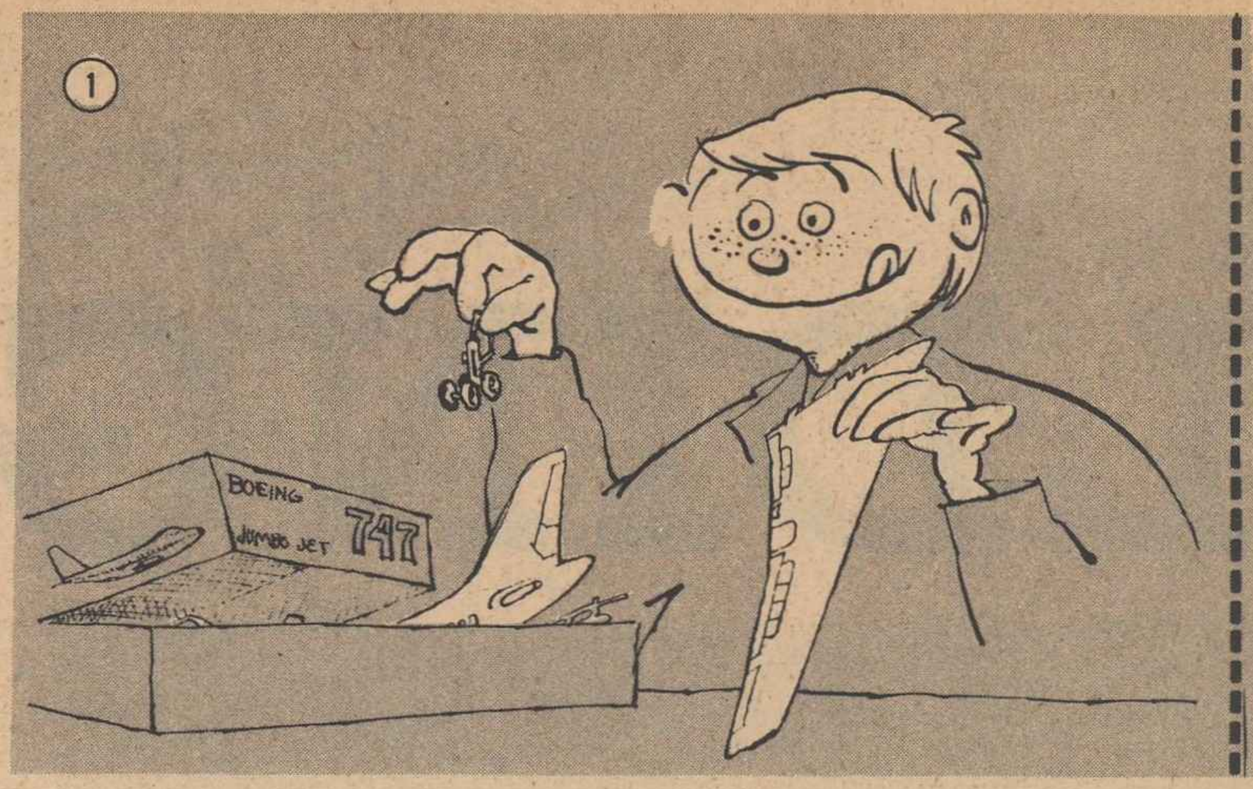


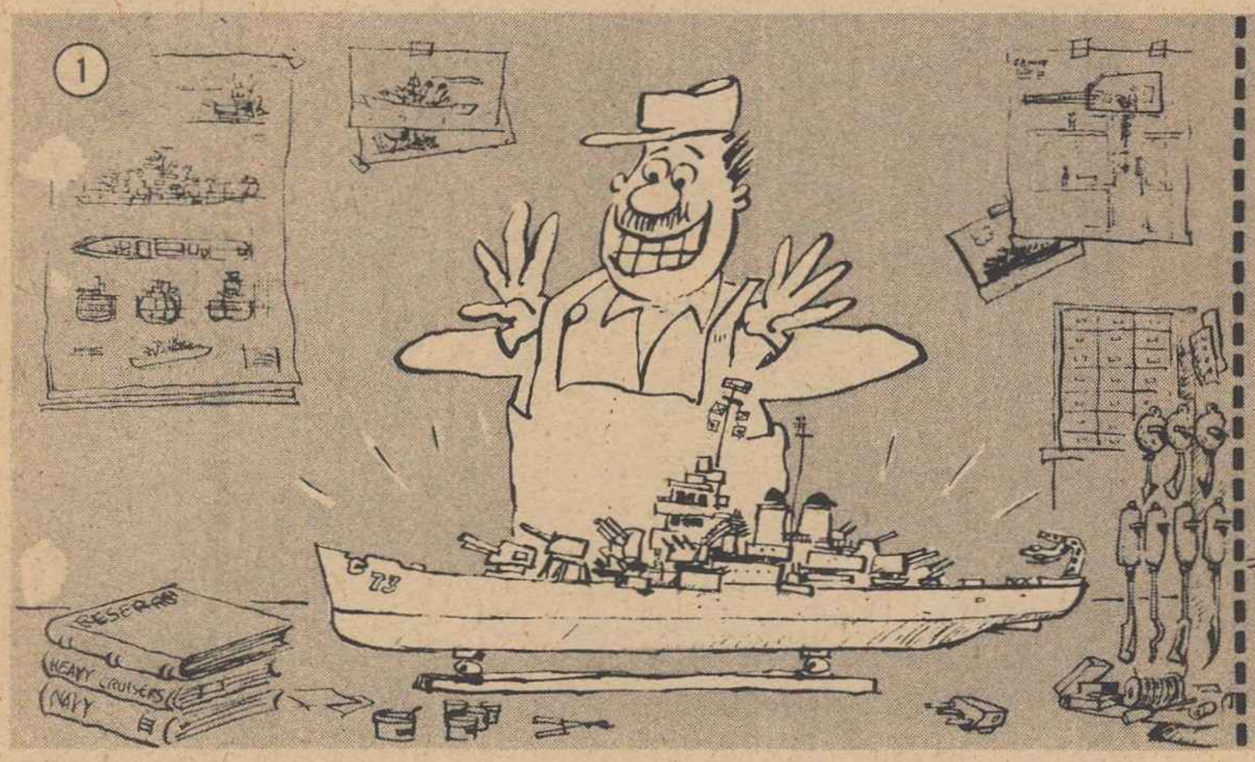


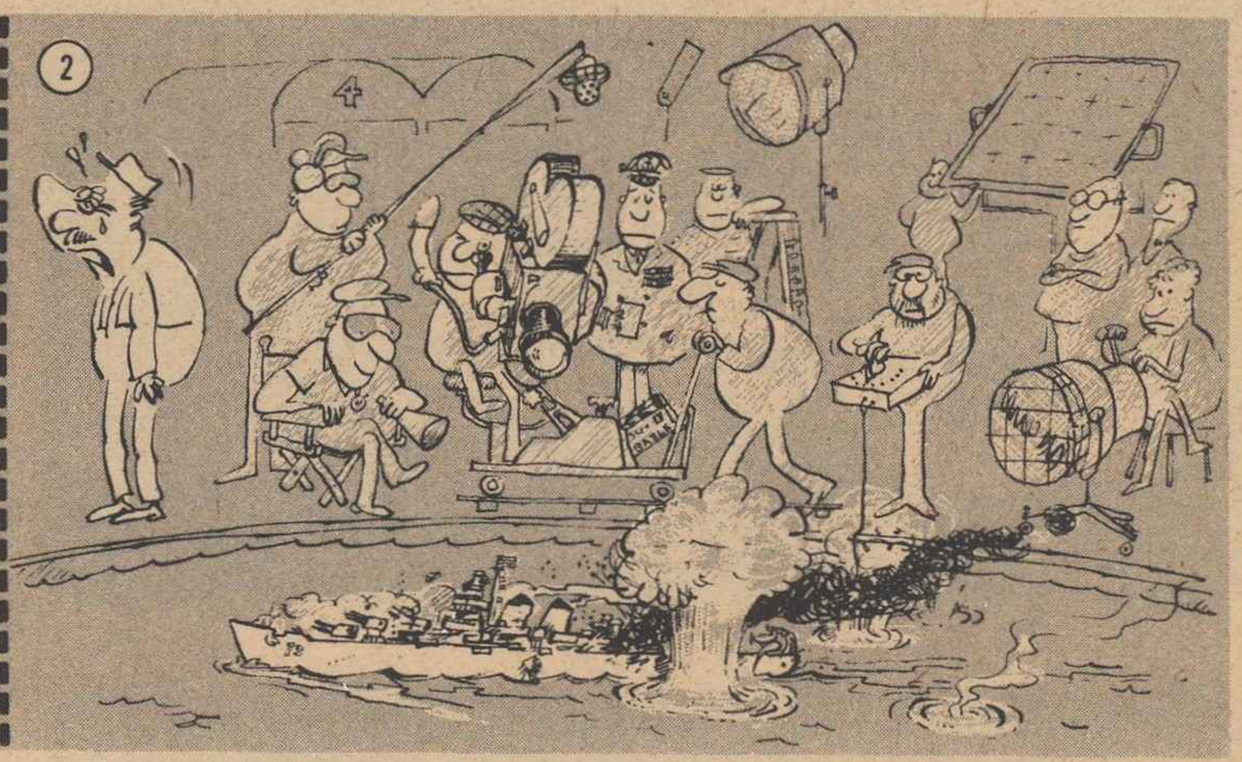


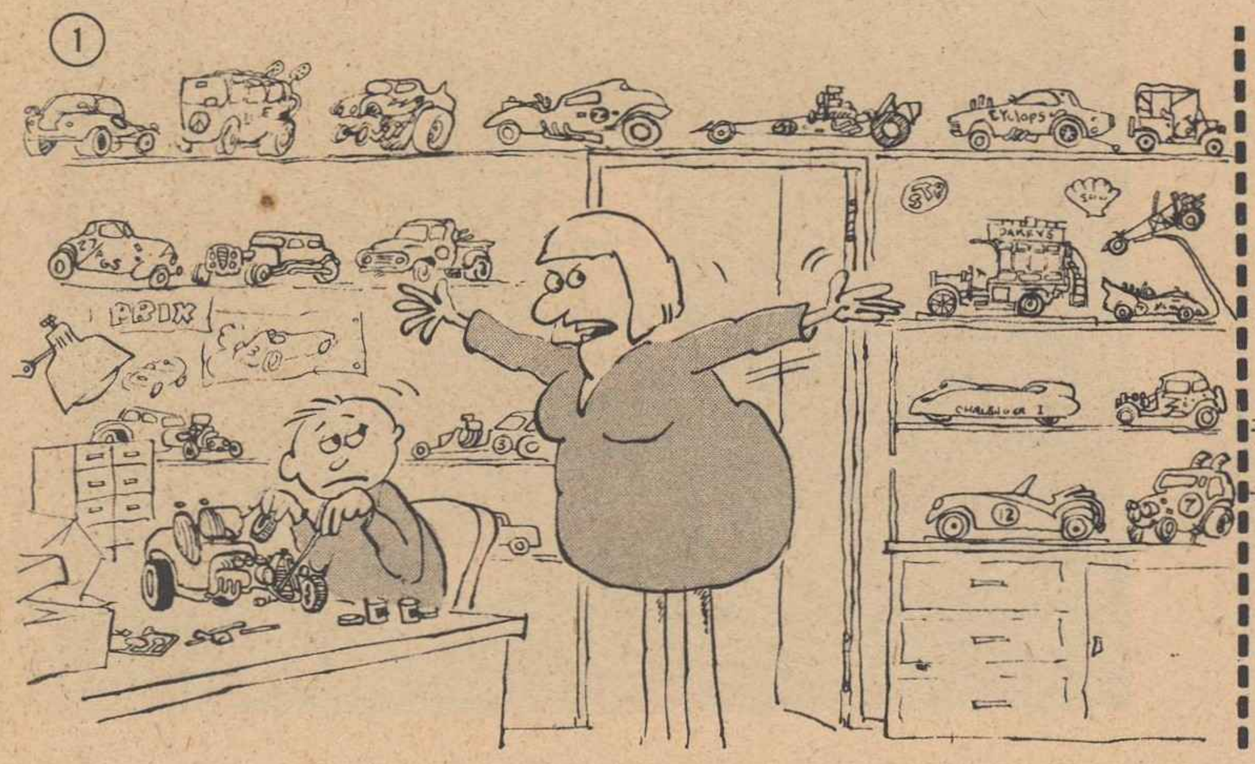


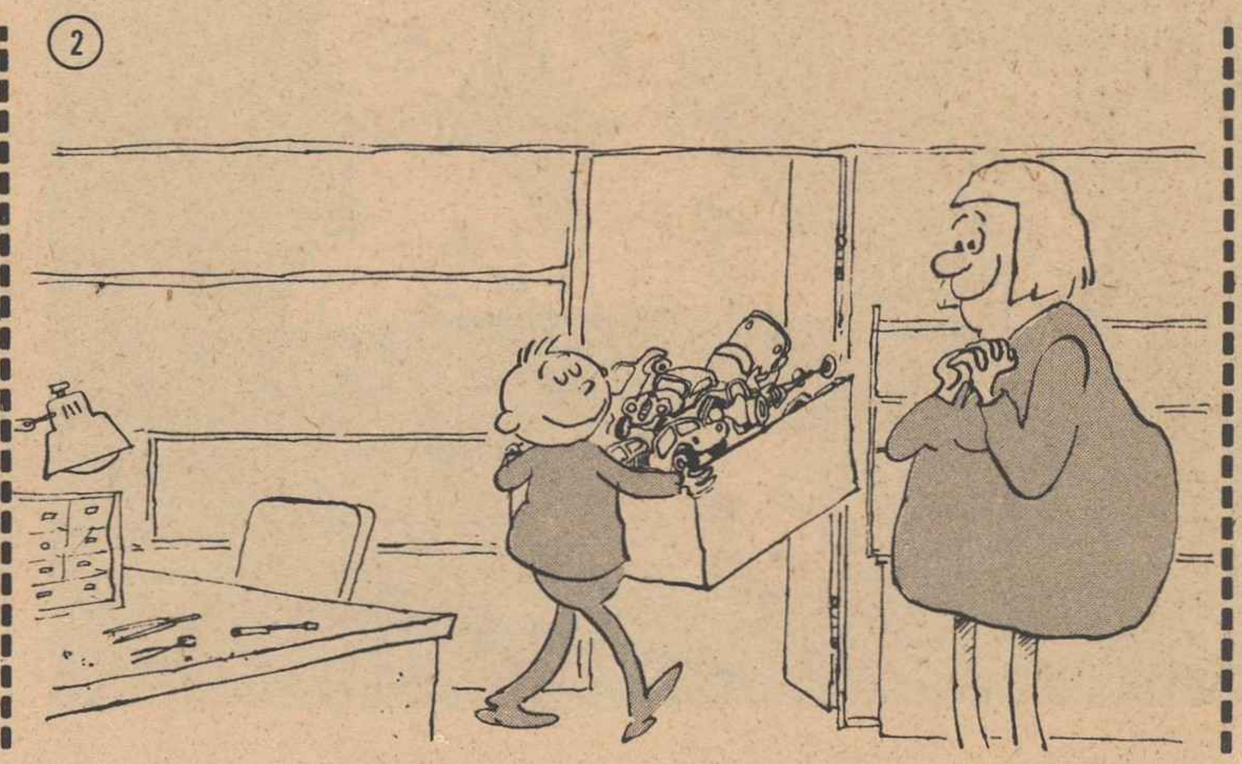


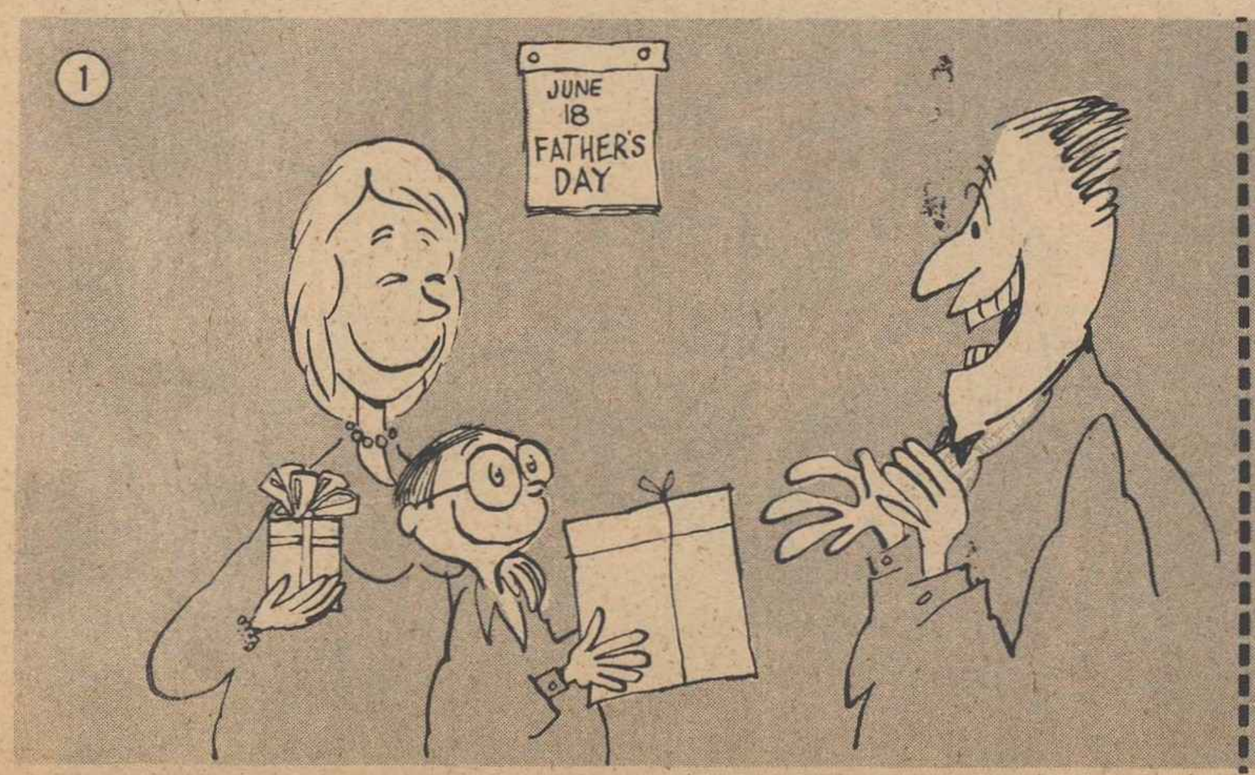

1
BOEING
JUMBO JET
747

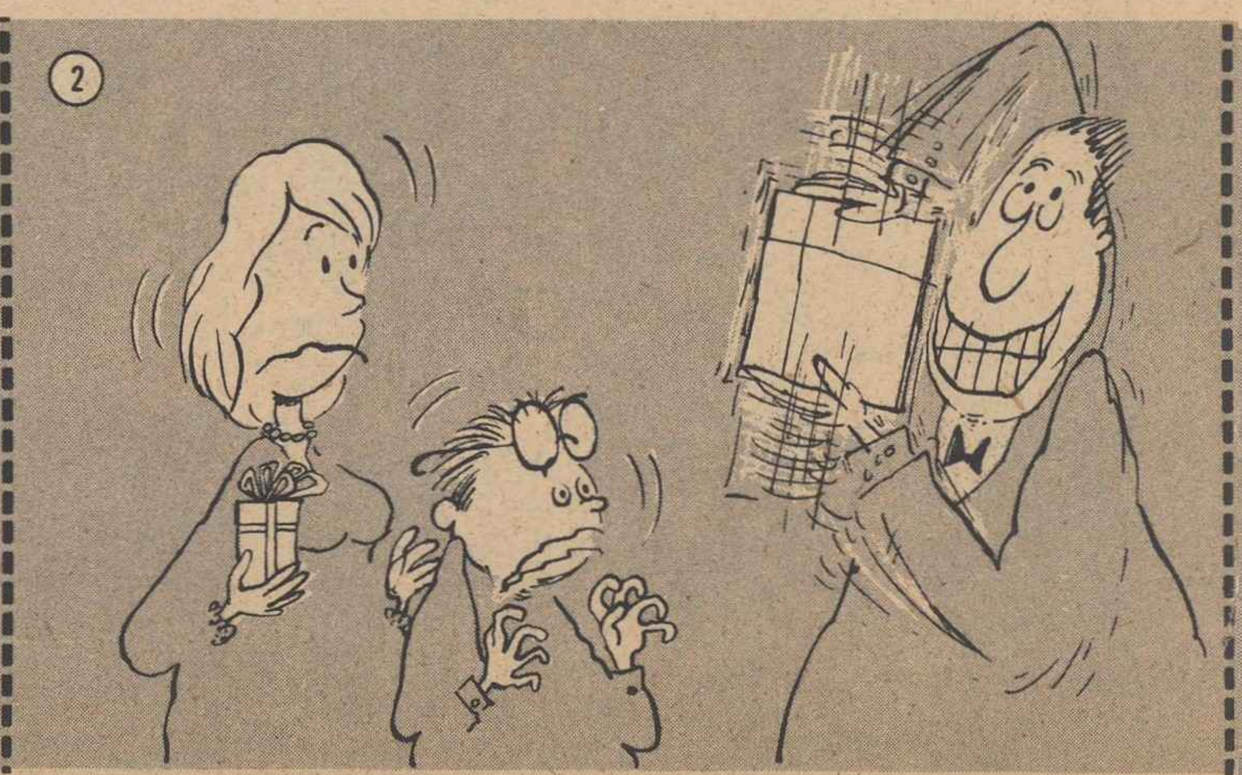

1
RESERVE
HEAVY CRUISERS
NAVY

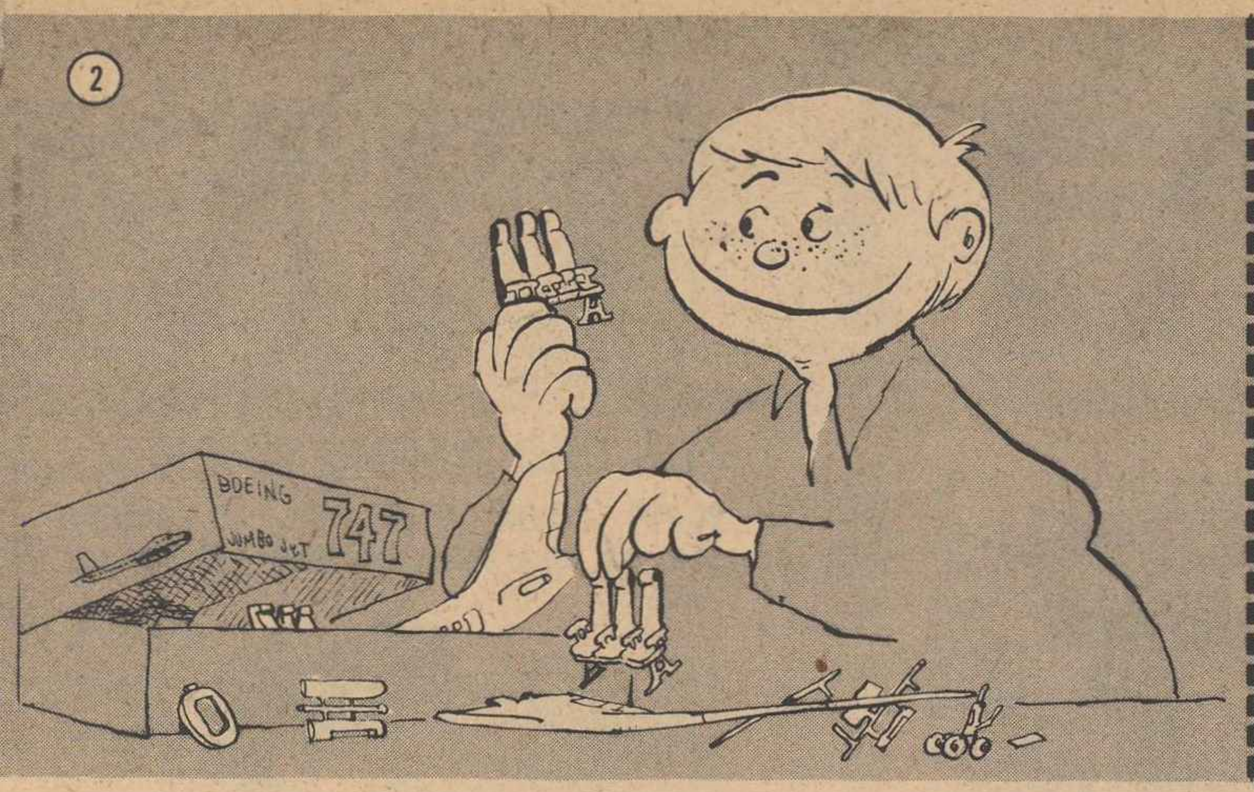

2

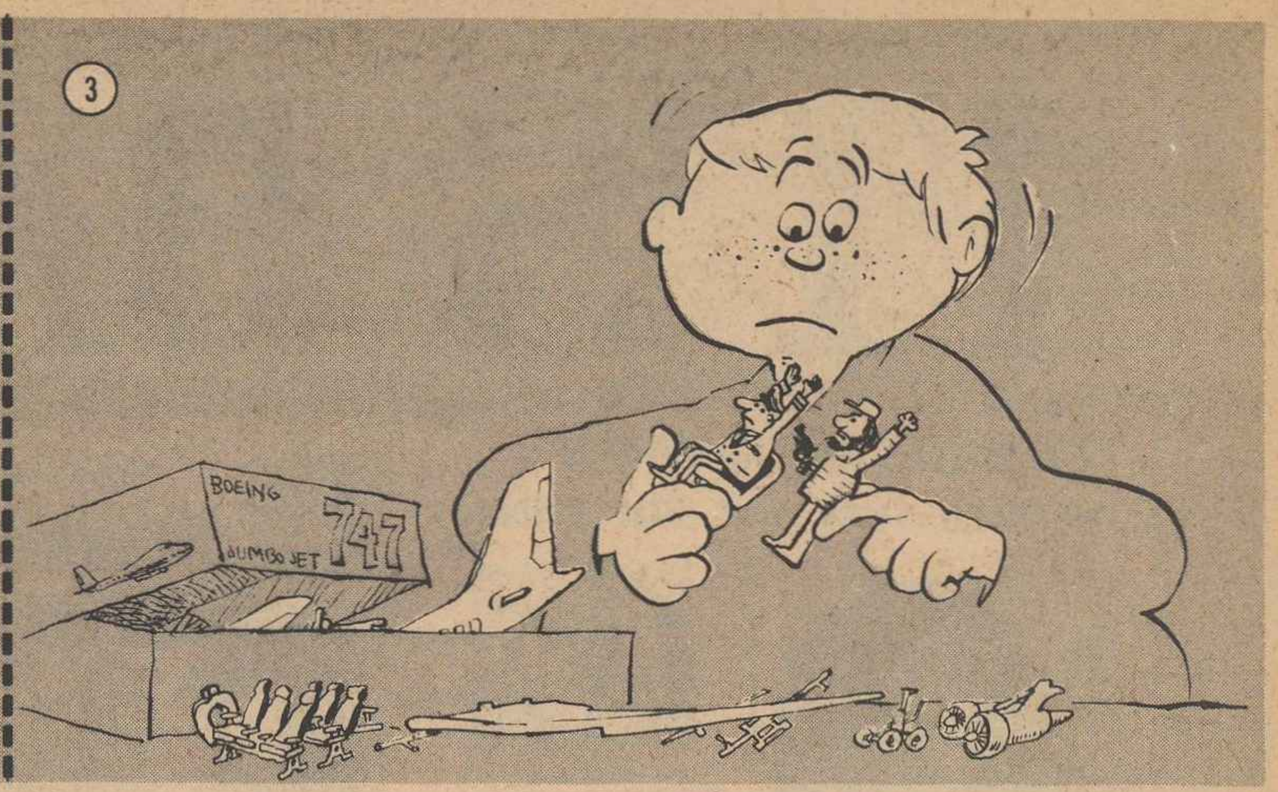

1
PRIX
JAKEY'S

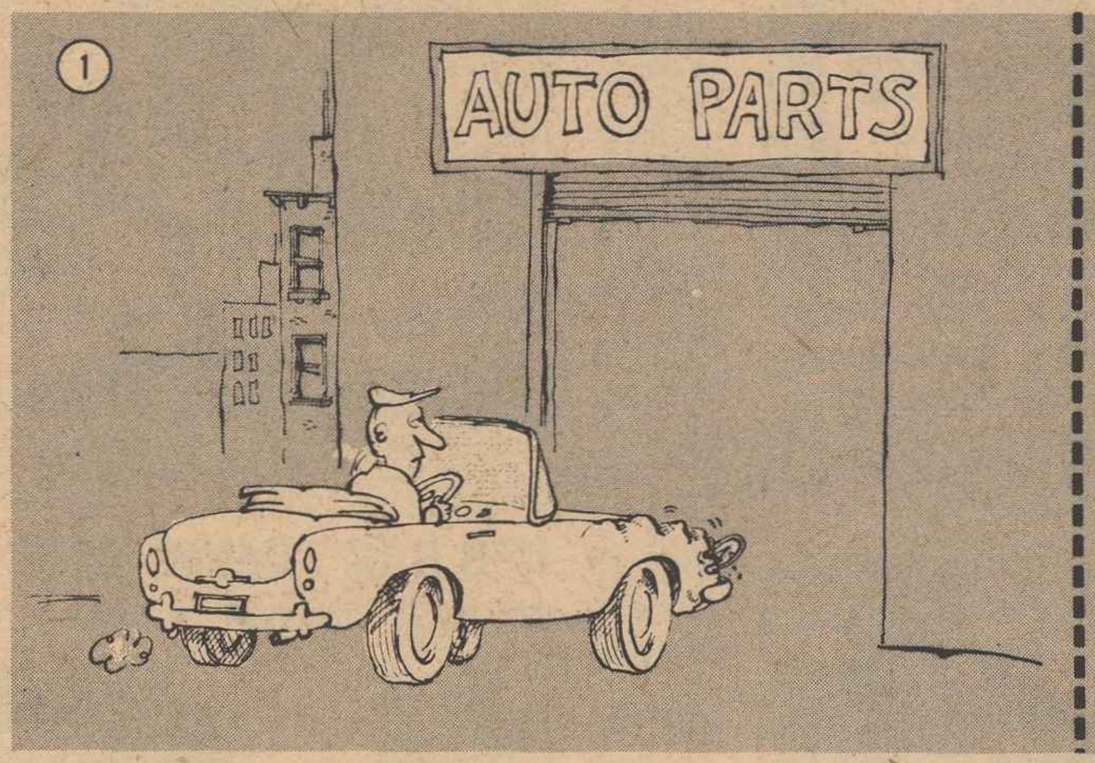

2

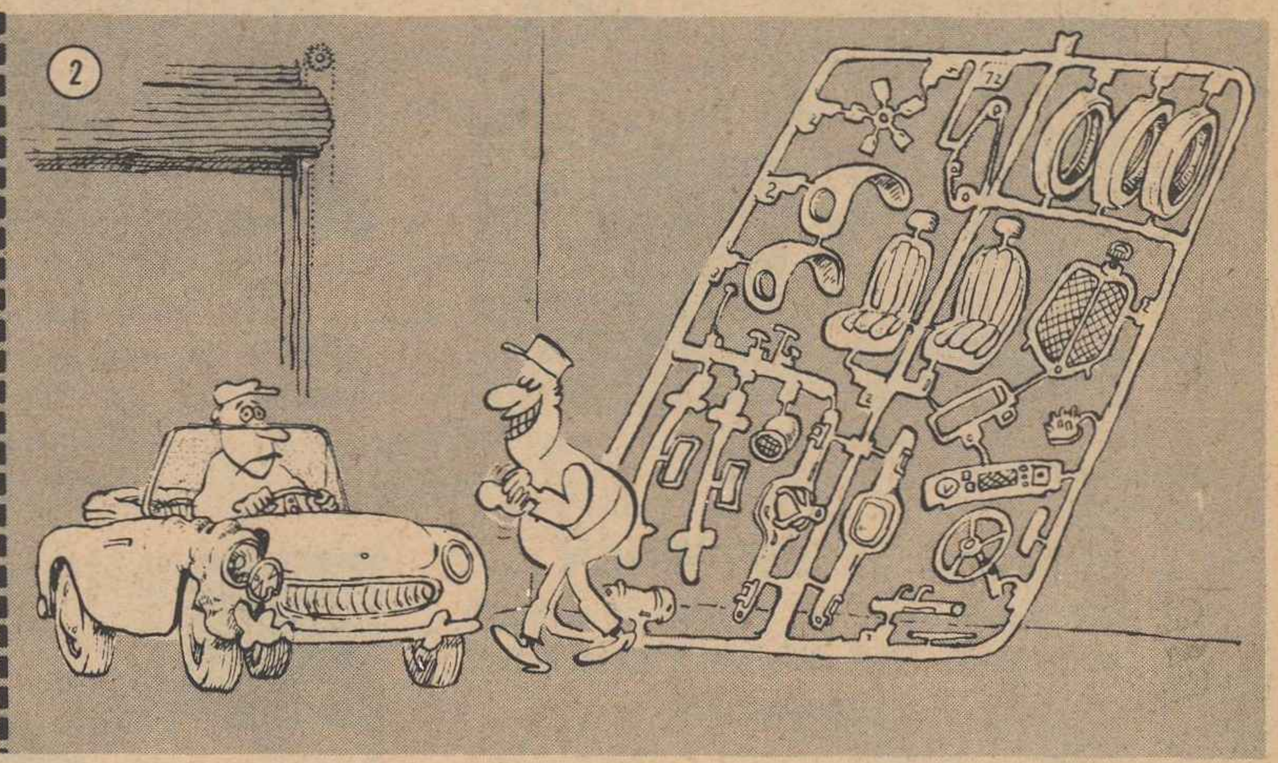

1
JUNE
18
FATHER'S
DAY

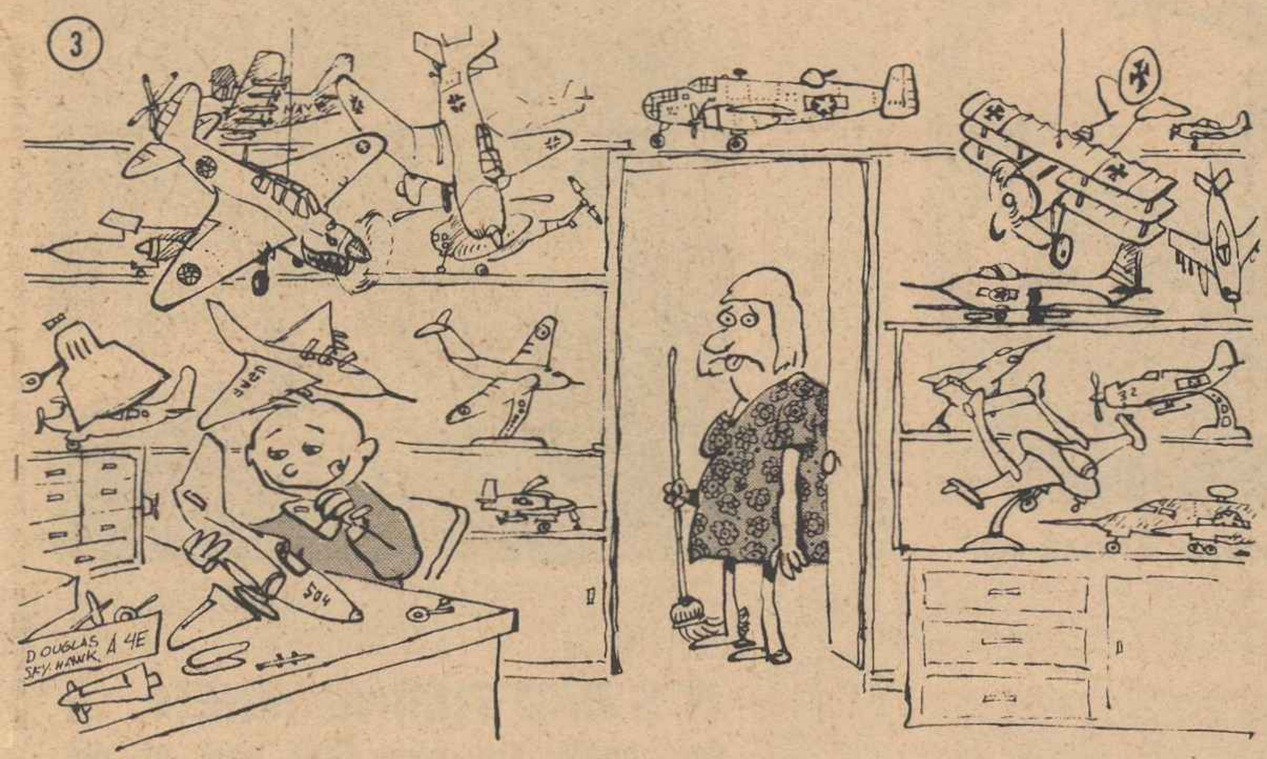

2

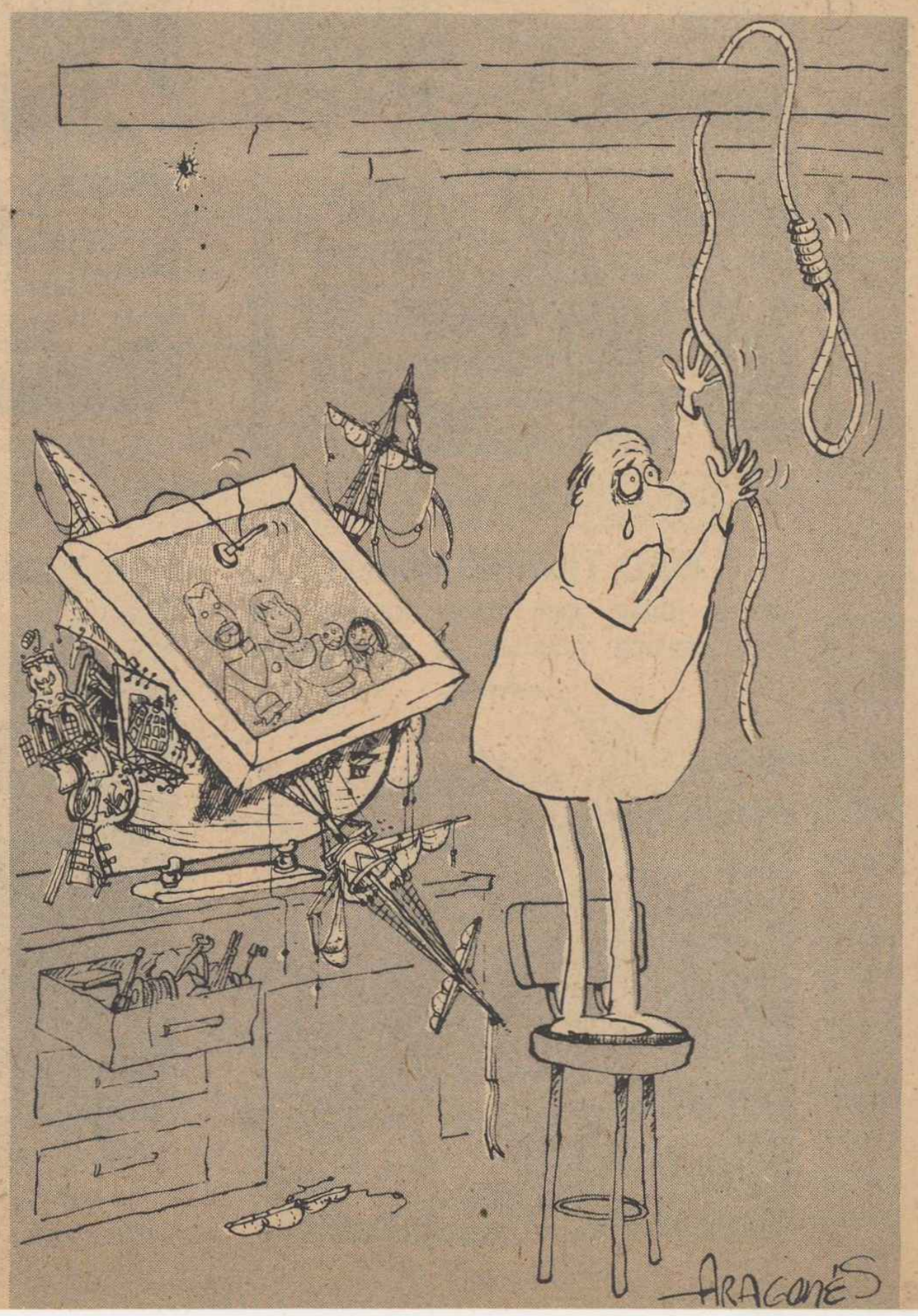

2
BOEING
JUMBO JET
747

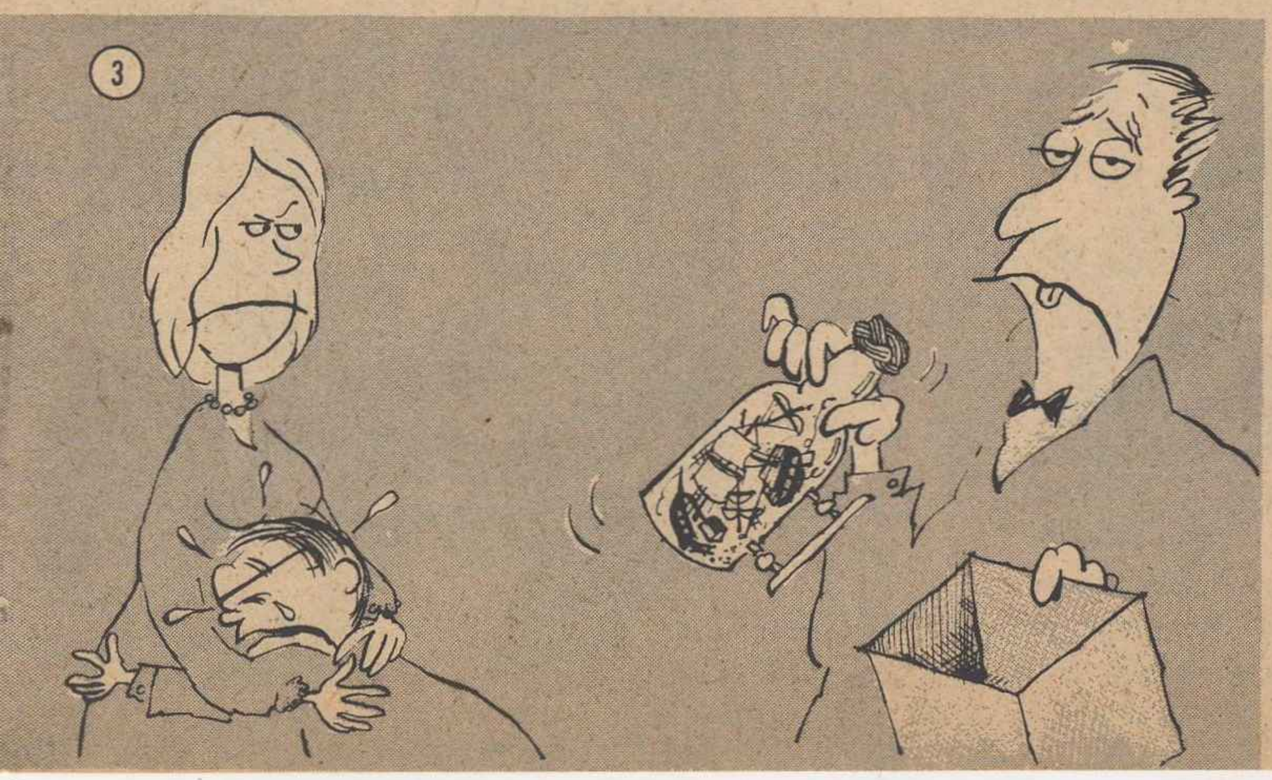

3
BOEING
JUMBO JET
747


1
AUTO PARTS


2


3
504
DOUGLAS A 4E
SKY HAWK


ARAGONÉS


3

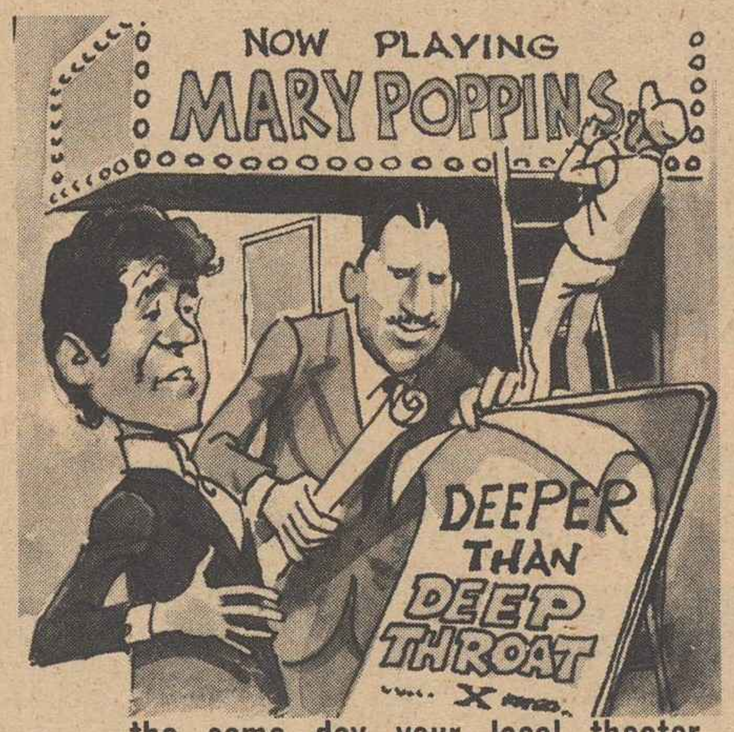
FATE ACCOMPLI DEPT.

IT'S BAD TIM

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally reach your 21st birthday





. . . the same day your local theater decides to quit showing porno movies because of the Supreme Court ruling.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

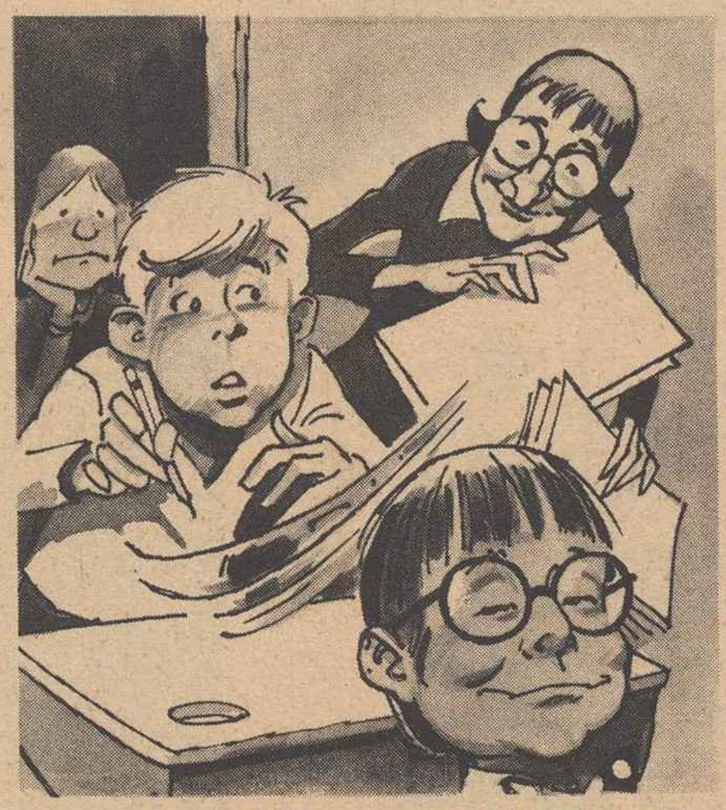
you've played right field all season, and not one ball has been hit to you



IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally spot the answer to a tough question on your neighbor's Exam Paper

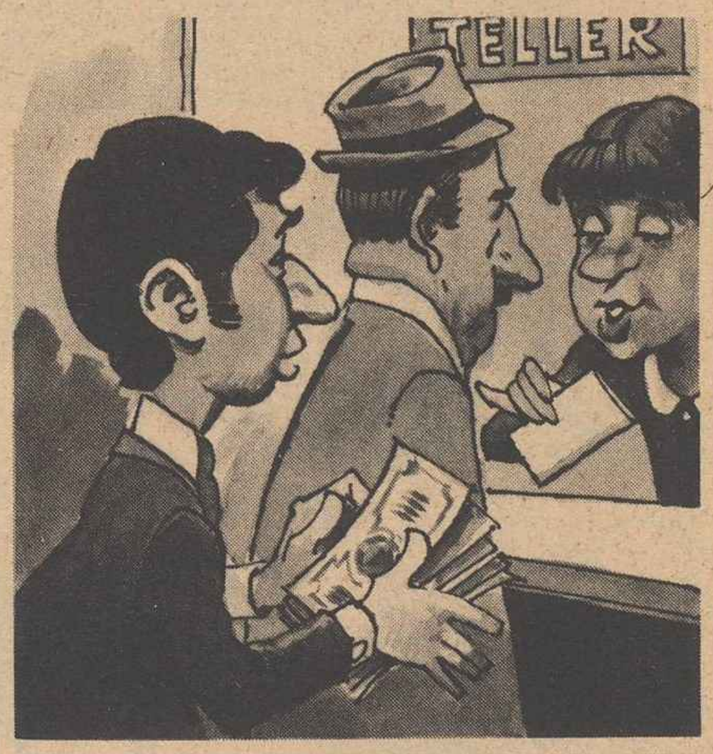




. . . just as they announce "Time's up!"

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

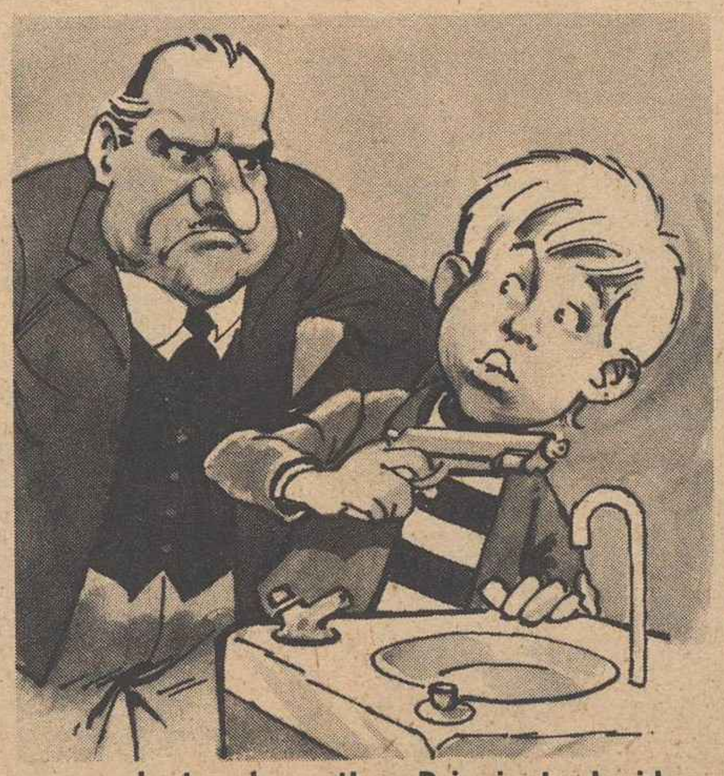
you go to the bank to make a deposit



IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you're filling your Water Gun at the hall drinking fountain in your school

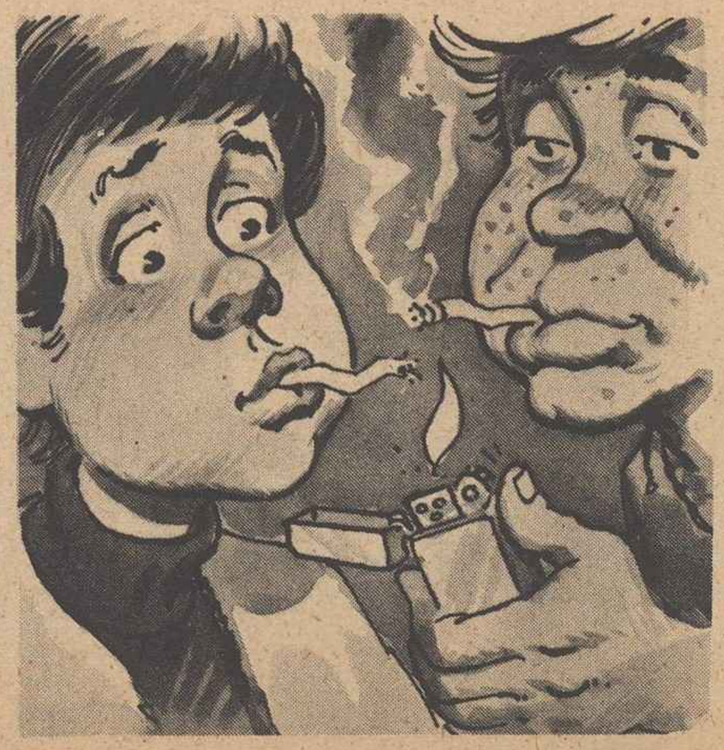




. . . just when the Principal decides that he's thirsty and wants a drink.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally try your first puff of pot



ING WHEN...

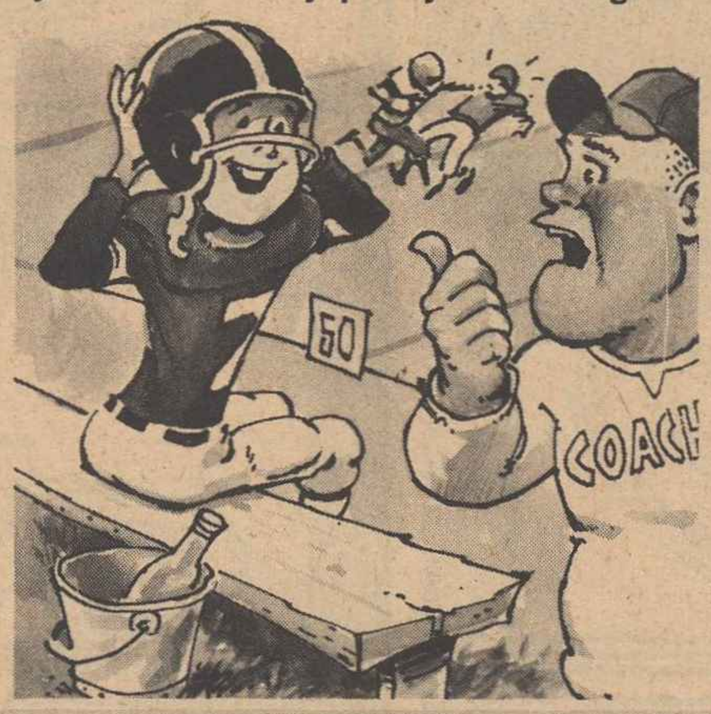
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



. . . until it's the last inning of the Championship Game, and bases are loaded!

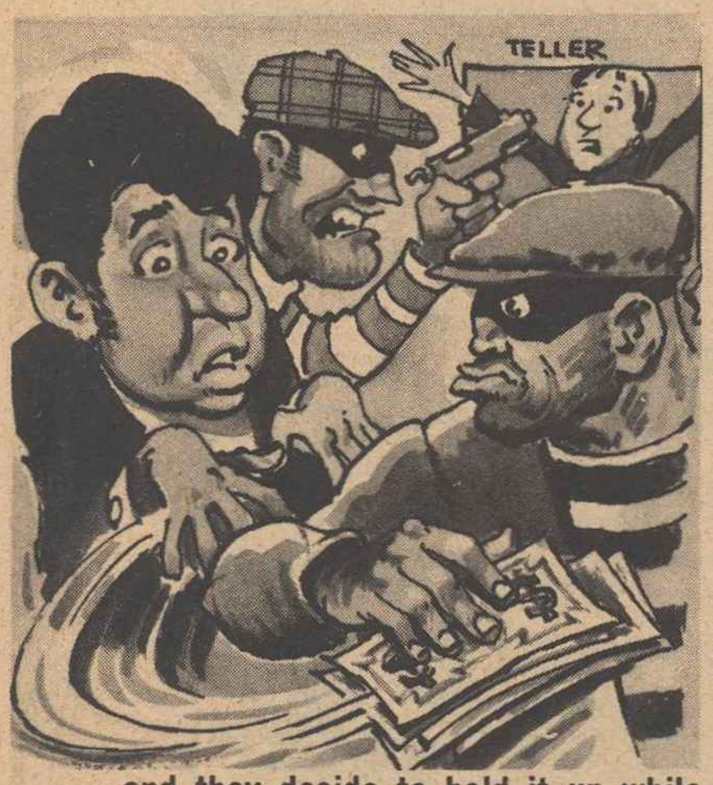
IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

after spending the season on the bench, your Coach finally puts you in the game





. . . the very same moment the opposing team sends in a huge 250 lb. monster.

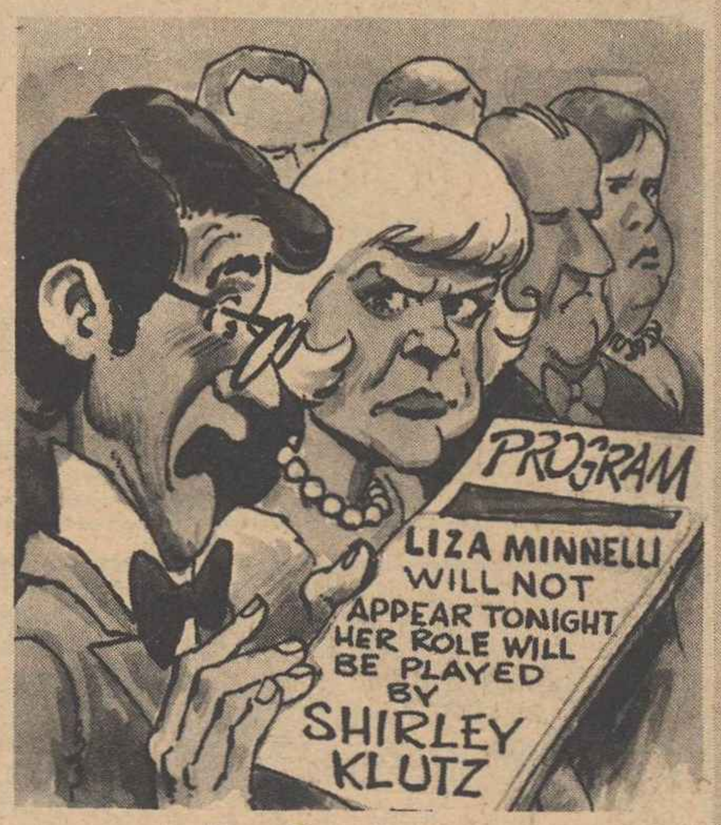


. . . and they decide to hold it up while you're standing in line with your cash.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you finally get tickets to a Hit Show





. . . and the Star is sick that night!



. . . the night the Cops bust your Dorm.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .

you bring home a poor report card

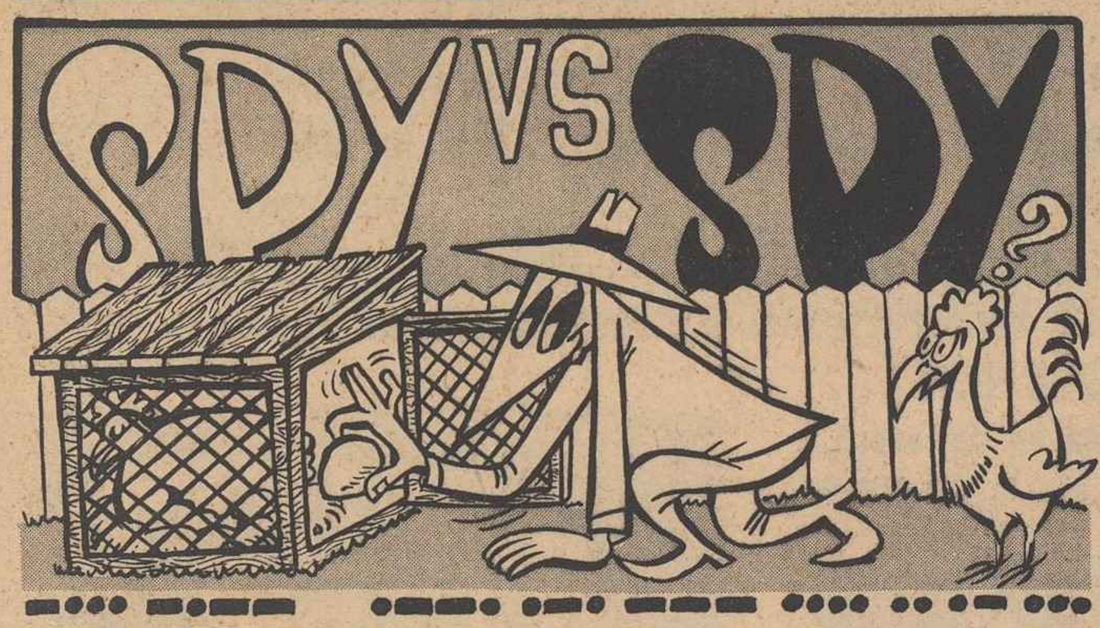


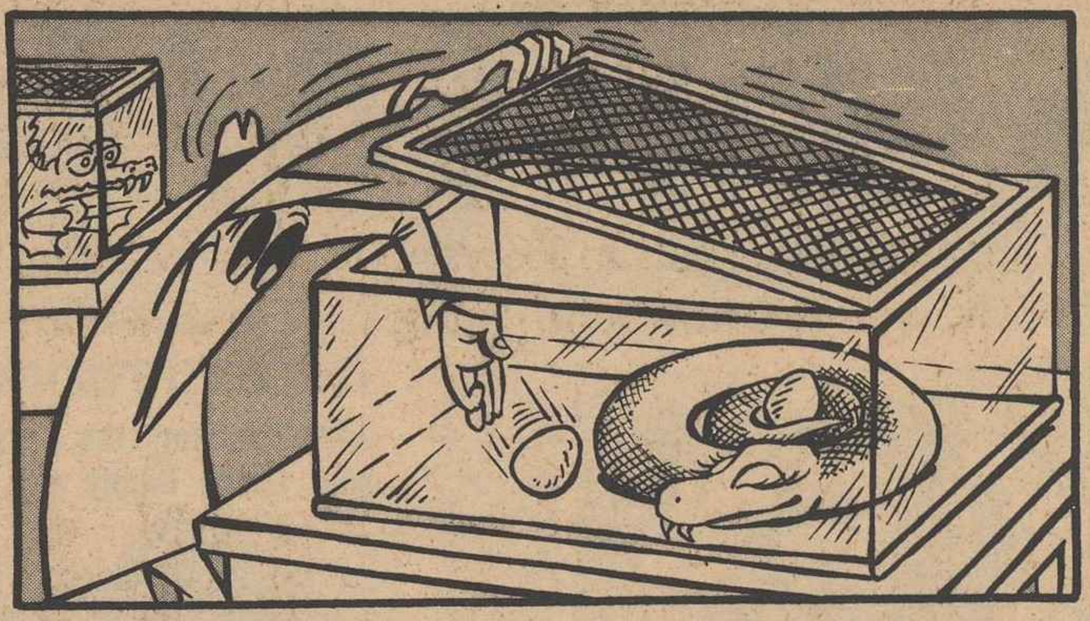


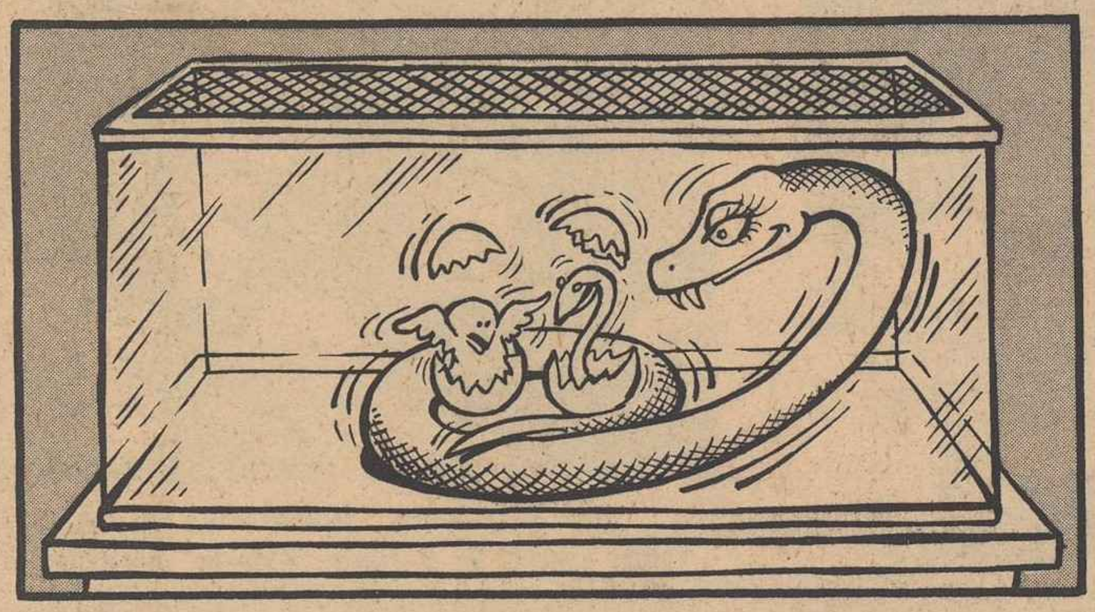
. . . the same day your father was chewed out by his Boss, his train was late, and your mother announces that her mother is coming for one of her extended visits.

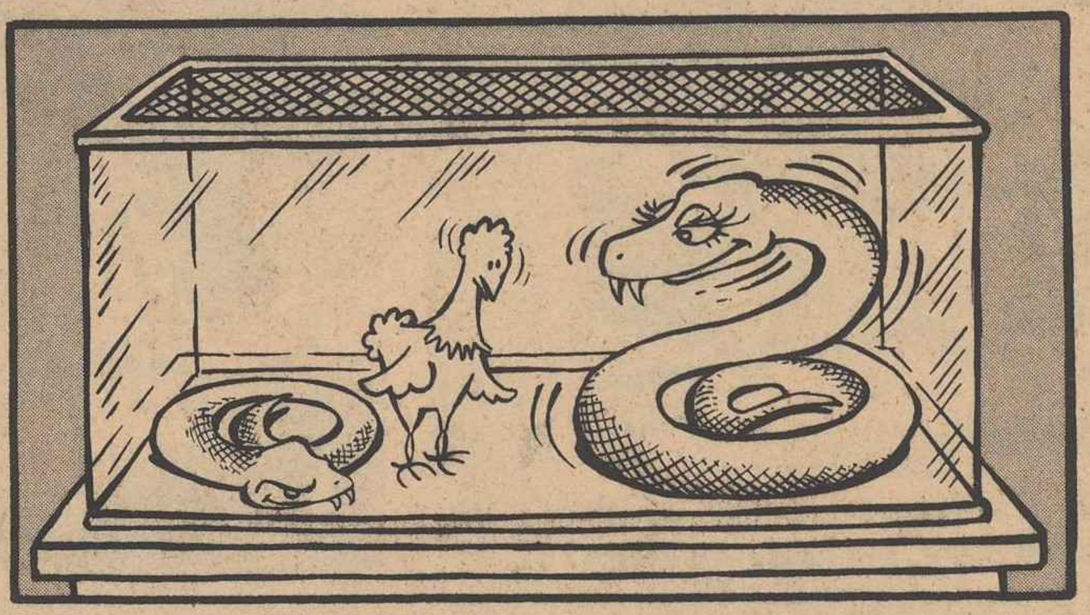


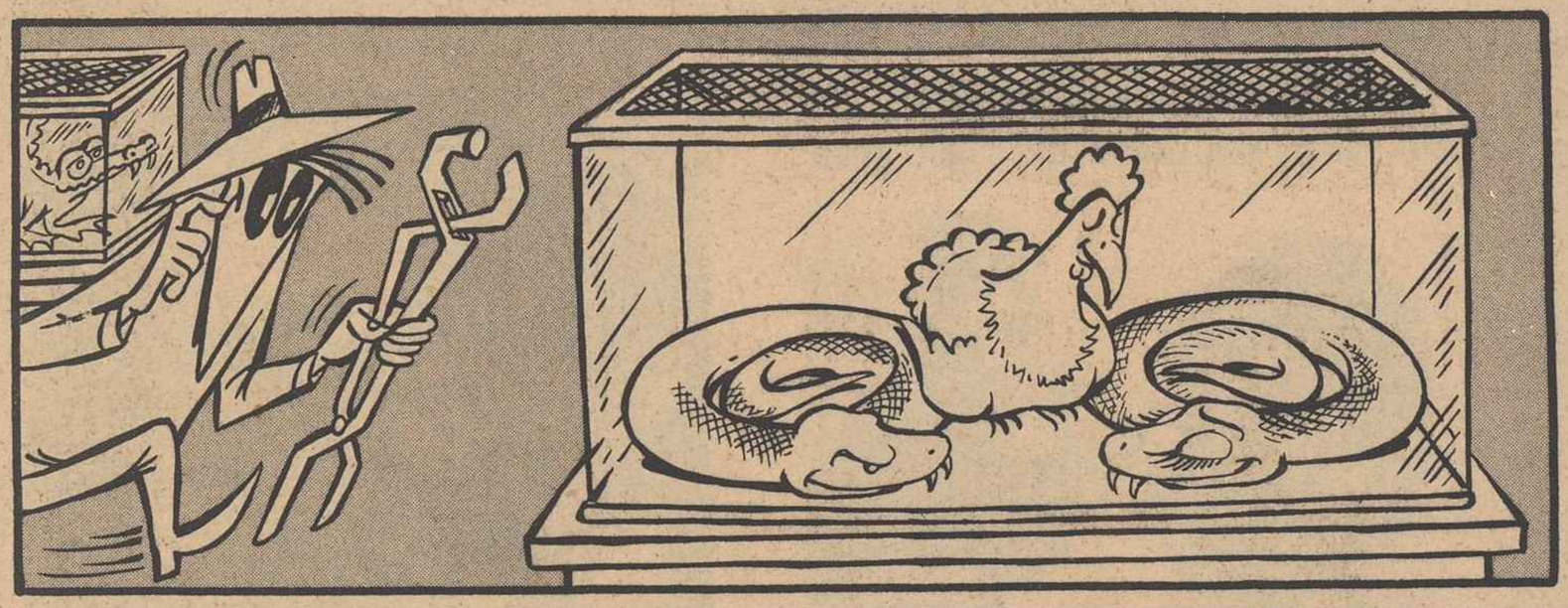
JOKE & DAGGER DEPT. PART I

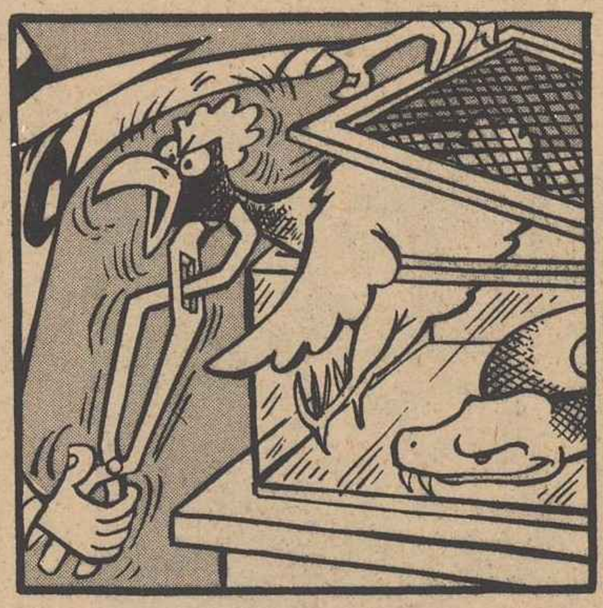


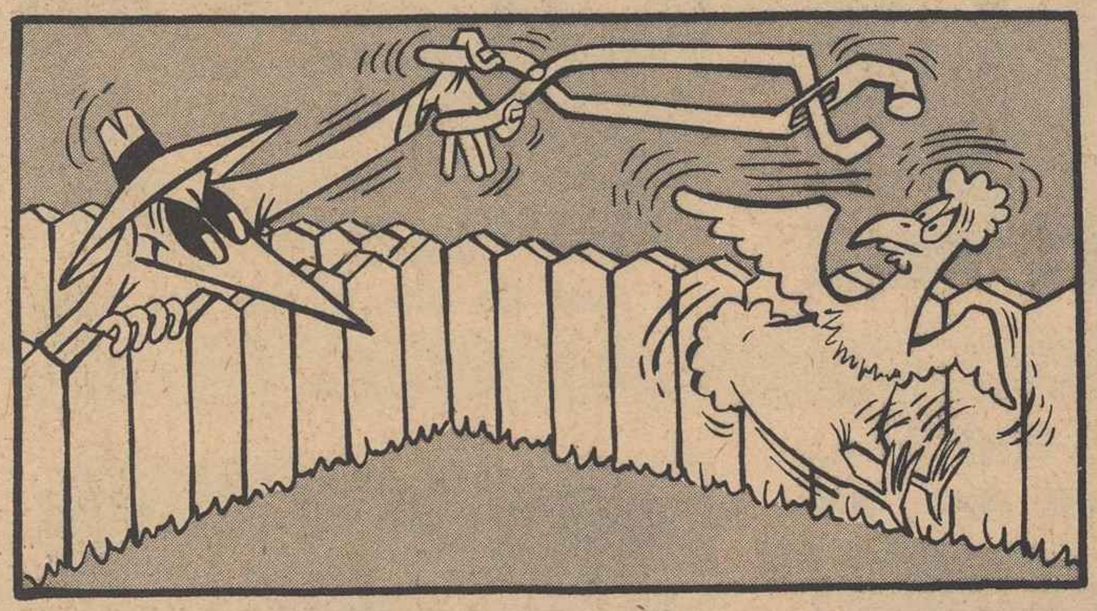


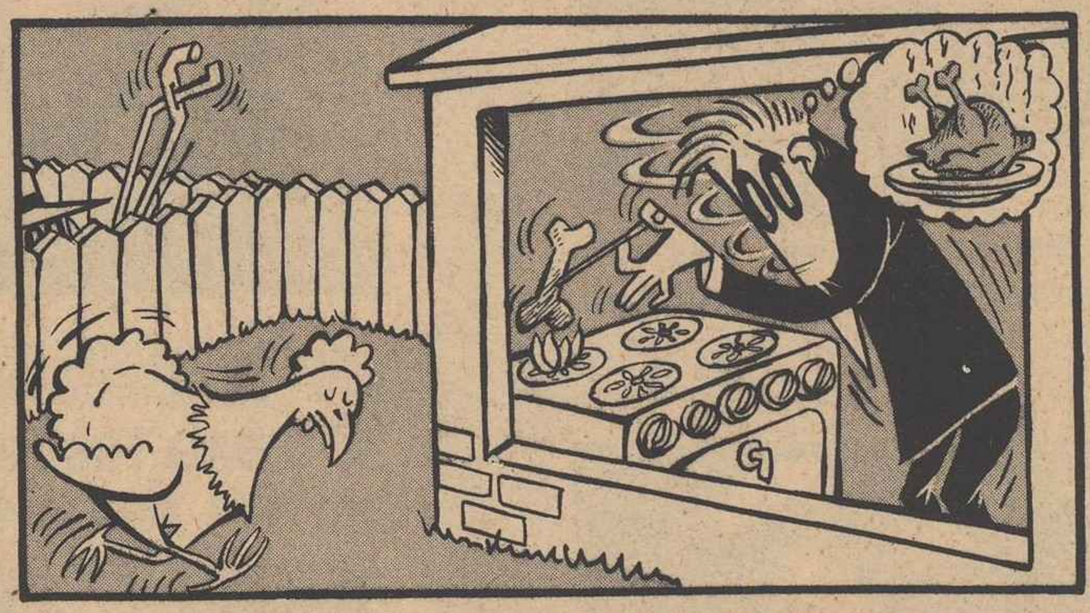


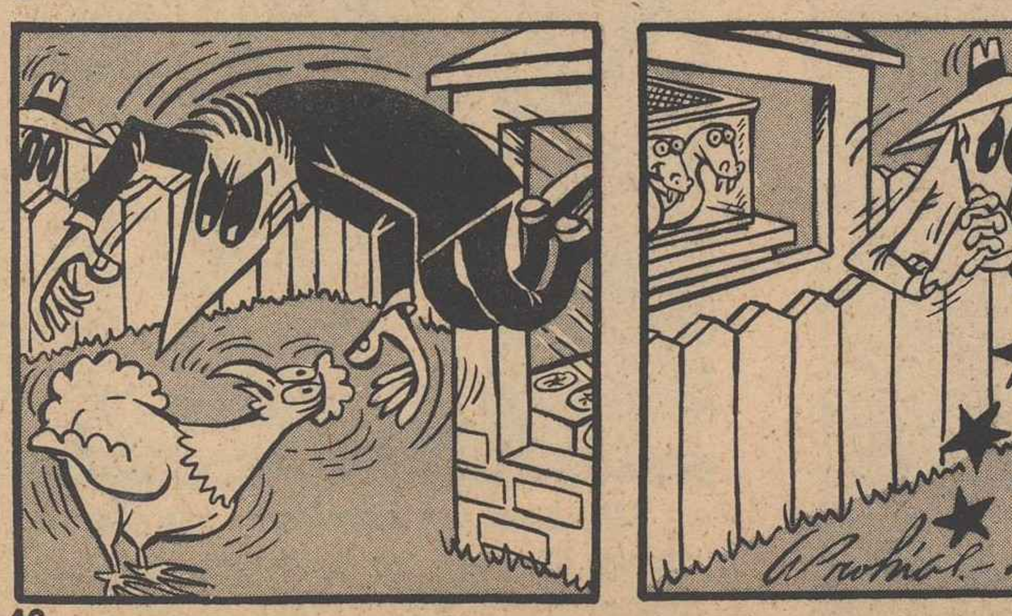


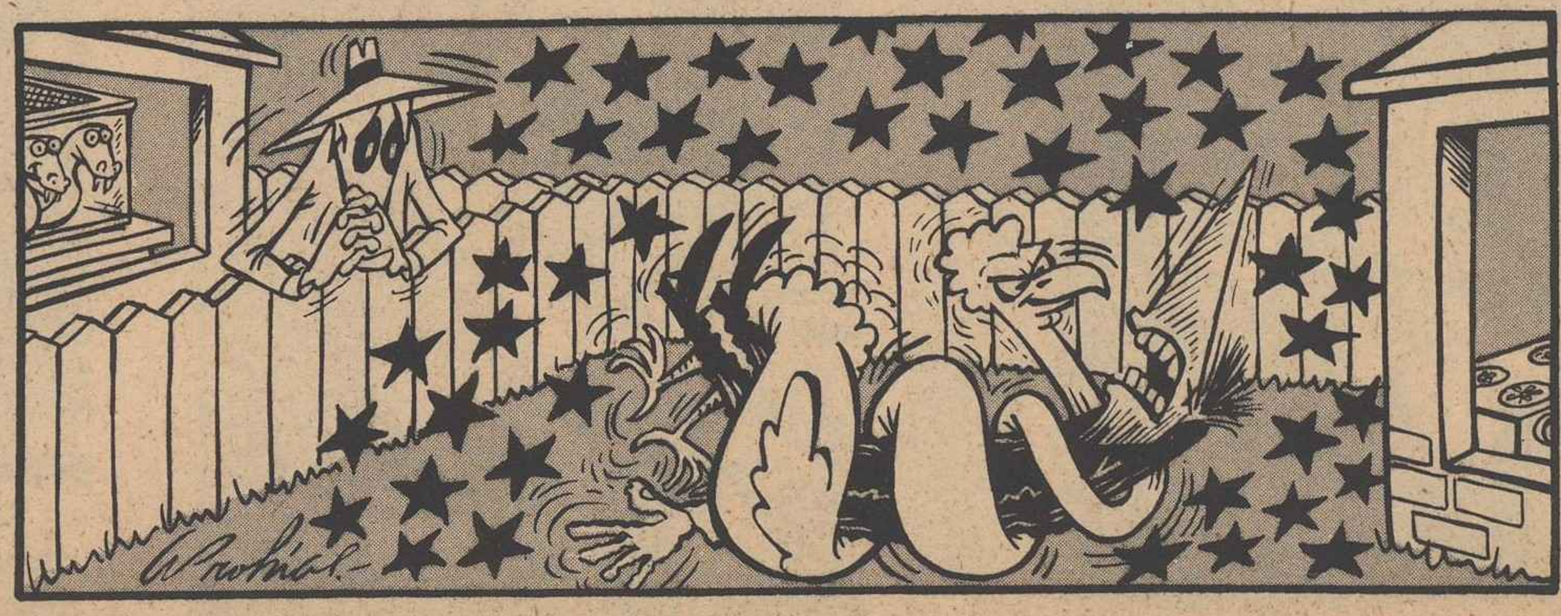














46

CURRENCY EVENTS DEPT.

These days, our country is going through a very rough period. And no one seems to understand how . . . or why. But there are many Economists who offer solutions. Since you'll never read your Economics textbooks, we thought we'd give you a "cram course" in Economics. We call it a "cram course," because after you read it, you'll know one thing . . . just where to cram those Economists' solutions!

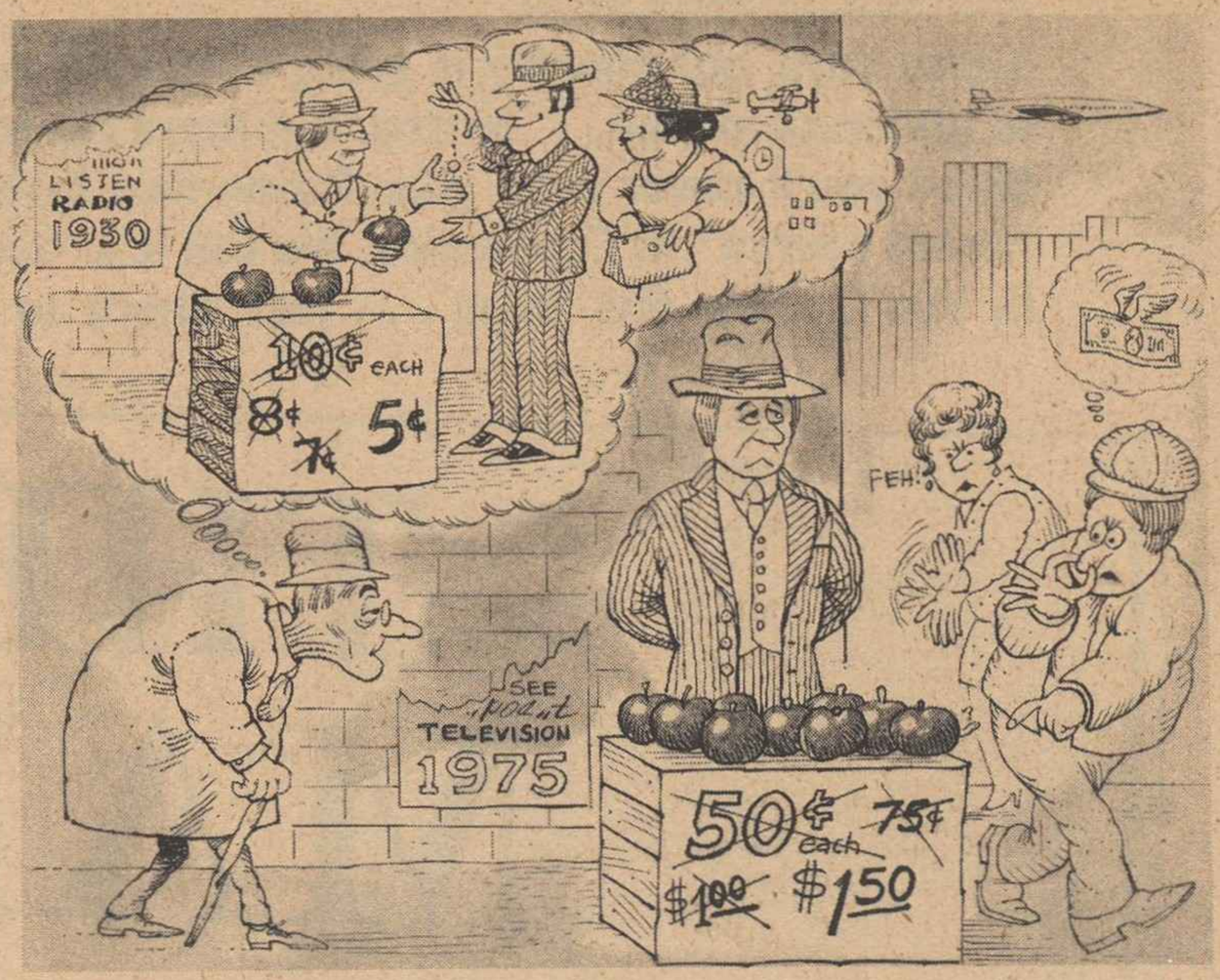
THE MAD ECONOMICS PRIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL JAFFEE

WRITTEN BY STAN HART

See the funky people wearing funky clothes.
See the old movies they're going to.
America is on a "Nostalgia" kick.
Everyone wants to turn back the clock
To the "Good Old Days."
In the area of ECONOMICS,
The clock has already been turned back
To the 1930's.
And if you believe
Those old days were good—
You also believe that whales can tap dance!

But our Economic Situation today
Isn't exactly like it was back then.
Back then we had unemployment
And the price of everything was down.
Today, we have unemployment
And the price of everything is up.
Hey! Maybe those *were* the "Good Old Days"!
(Do a Soft Shoe, Moby Dick!)



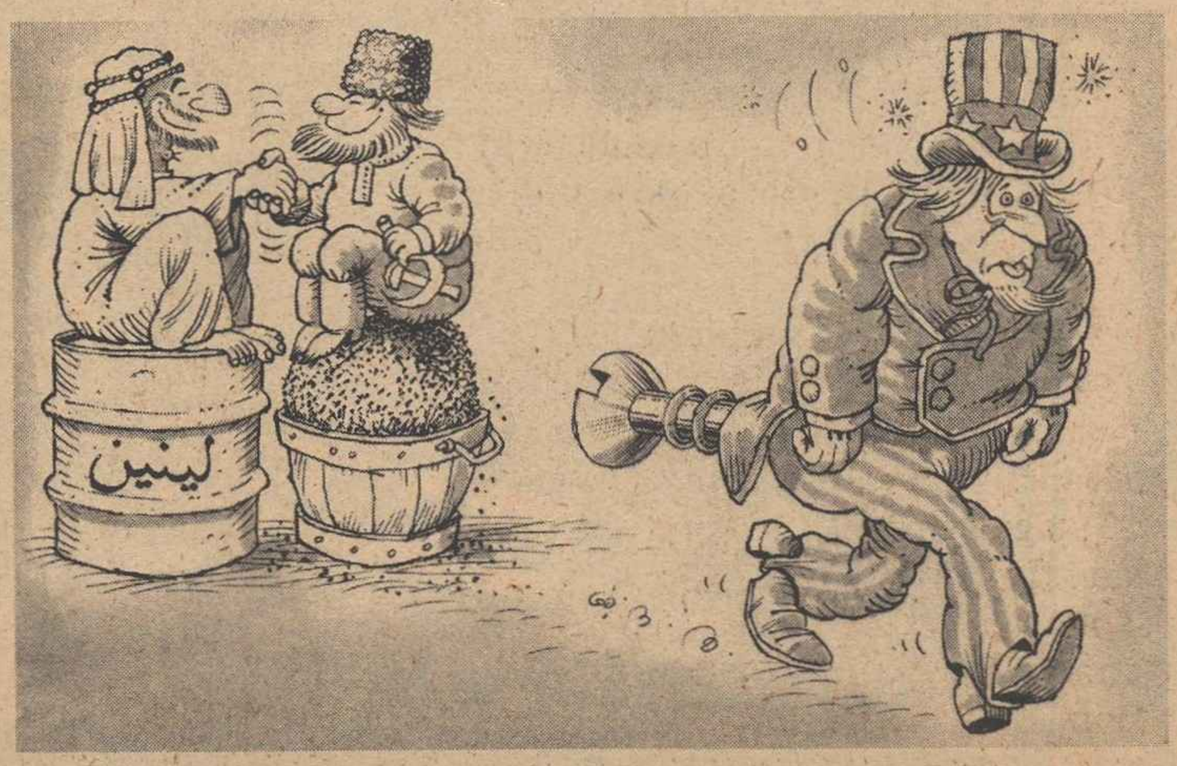


We have always been told
That America is the Land of Plenty.
And it's true.
Today, there's plenty of unemployment
And plenty of businesses going broke
And plenty of frightened people.
What America needs now is
Strong leadership in Washington
With plenty of good ideas.
Oops! America just ran out of plenty.

See the confused man.
He is wondering how it all happened.
Last year, everything was "Whoopie!"
Now things are all "Icch, ptooey!"
Why?
Well, remember Vietnam?
We spent 250 billion dollars there
Just to keep our friend, President Thieu in office,
And thereby make sure that
Corruption would not vanish from Southeast Asia.
Icch, Thieu—y!!

Then we made a deal with our friends,
The Russians,
We sold them wheat at bargain prices,
In the middle of a wheat shortage,
And domestic food prices took off
Like a Sputnik.
Isn't that a funny way to fight Communism?

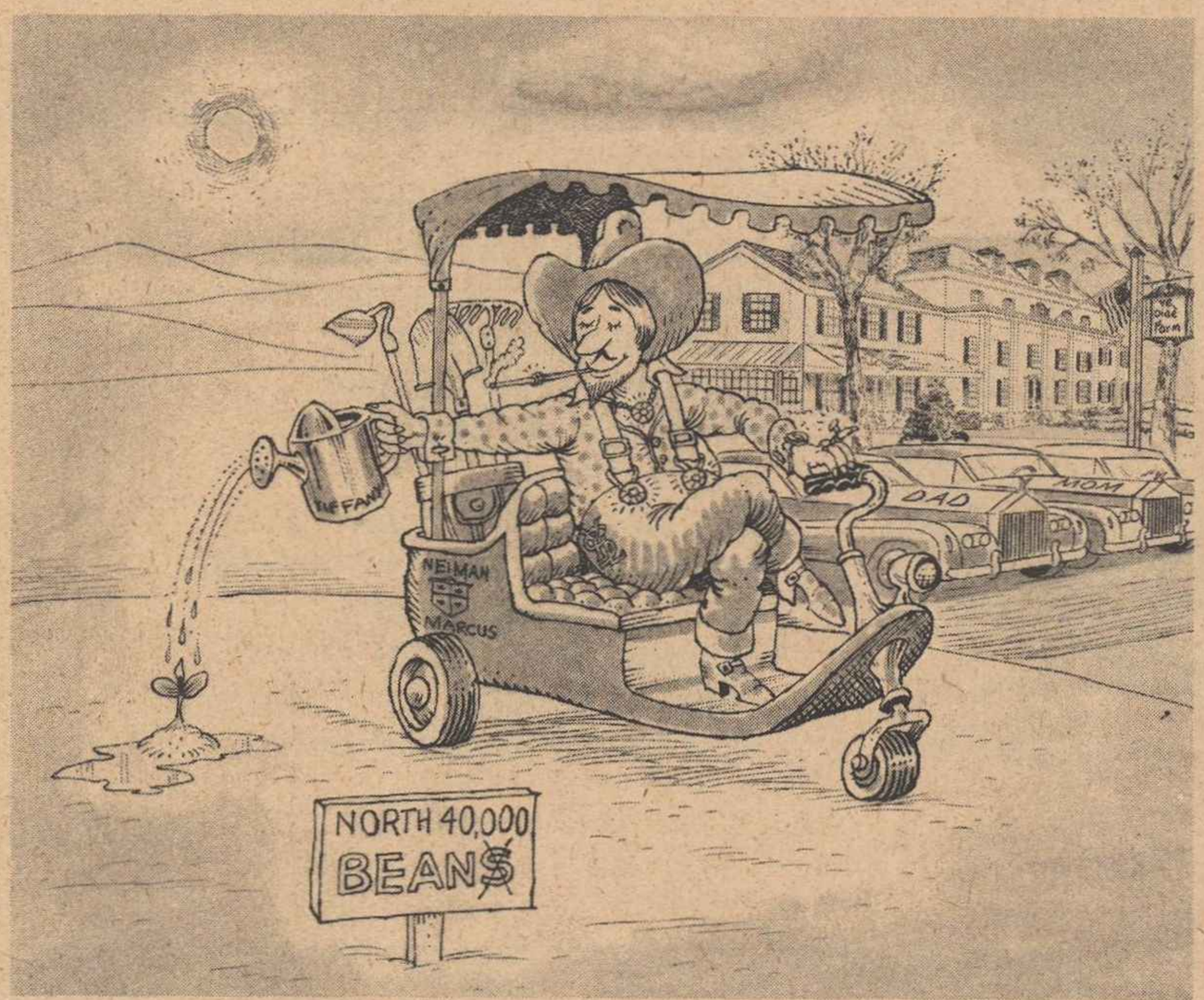
Then our pals in Saudi Arabia, Iran and Venezuela
Quadrupled the price of oil
And millions of Americans
Were thrown out of work.
Isn't it nice that our Government
Works so hard to keep such good friends abroad
While losing them at home?



See the lady shopping for food.
See how she holds on to her shopping cart.
Why does she hold on to it so tight?
Is she afraid someone might steal it?
No, she needs it for support.
Because when she sees the prices
She might faint!
See her run to the "Express Checkout."
Why is she going there?
So she can get out of the store fast
Before the prices change again.



A few years ago, you could feed
A family of four for $25 a week.
You still can!
If you're a family of Munchkins.
With the price of food so high,
You have to be affluent
To even afford malnutrition.

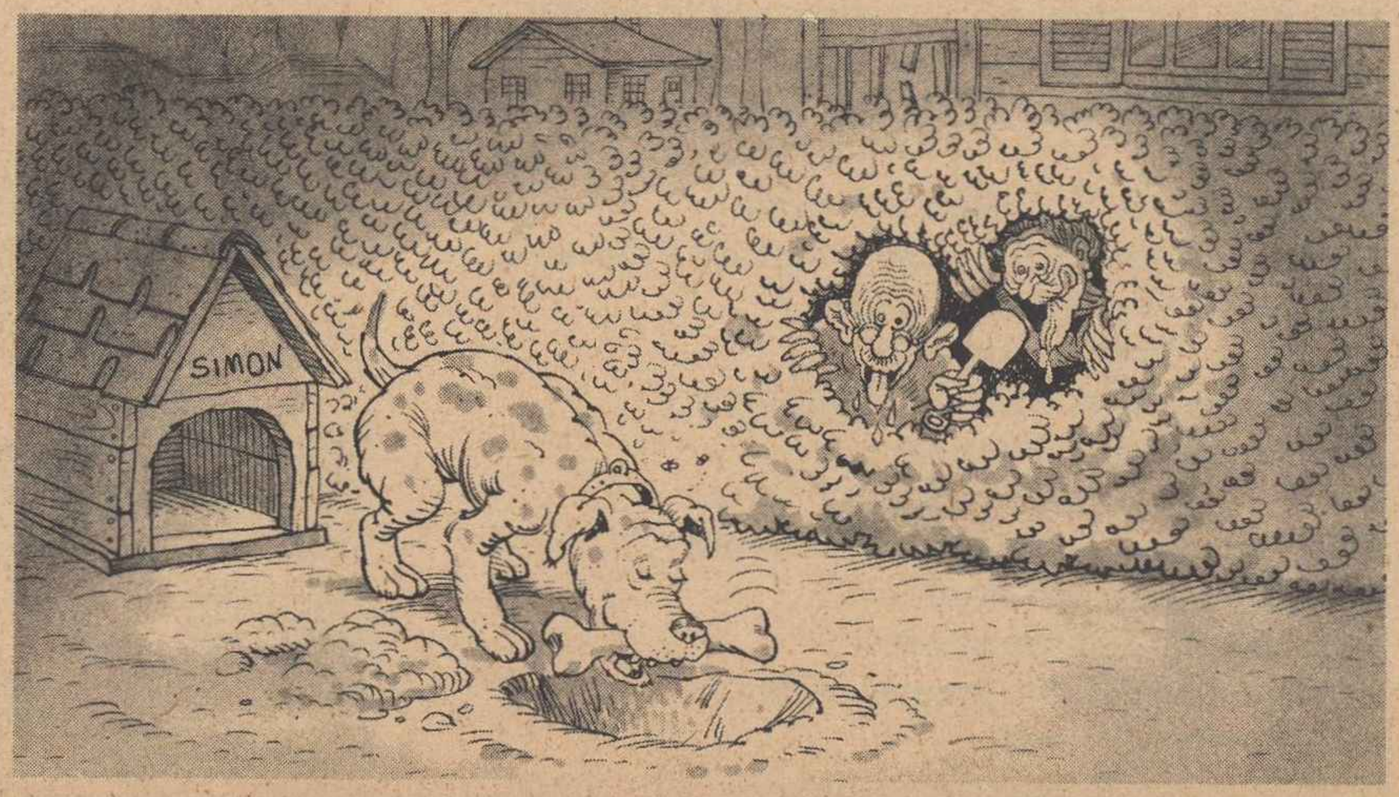


See the farmer deep in thought.
Is he trying to figure out
What to plant where?
No, he is trying to figure out
What NOT to plant where!
Because if he plants too much,
He will lose money.
There will be an oversupply of food,
And prices will go down.
To prevent this, the Government
Gives him a subsidy.
A subsidy is money for not planting crops.
It's like getting an "A" in History
For not showing up in class.

Who pays these Government subsidies?
Guess!
That's right! You do!
Your taxes go to the farmer as subsidies
So he will plant less crops
So you will pay more for food!
You're a two-time loser!

Does this system sound strange to you?
How do you think it sounds
To the starving Asians or Africans?
They know that America could feed
All the hungry people of the world.
If the price was right!

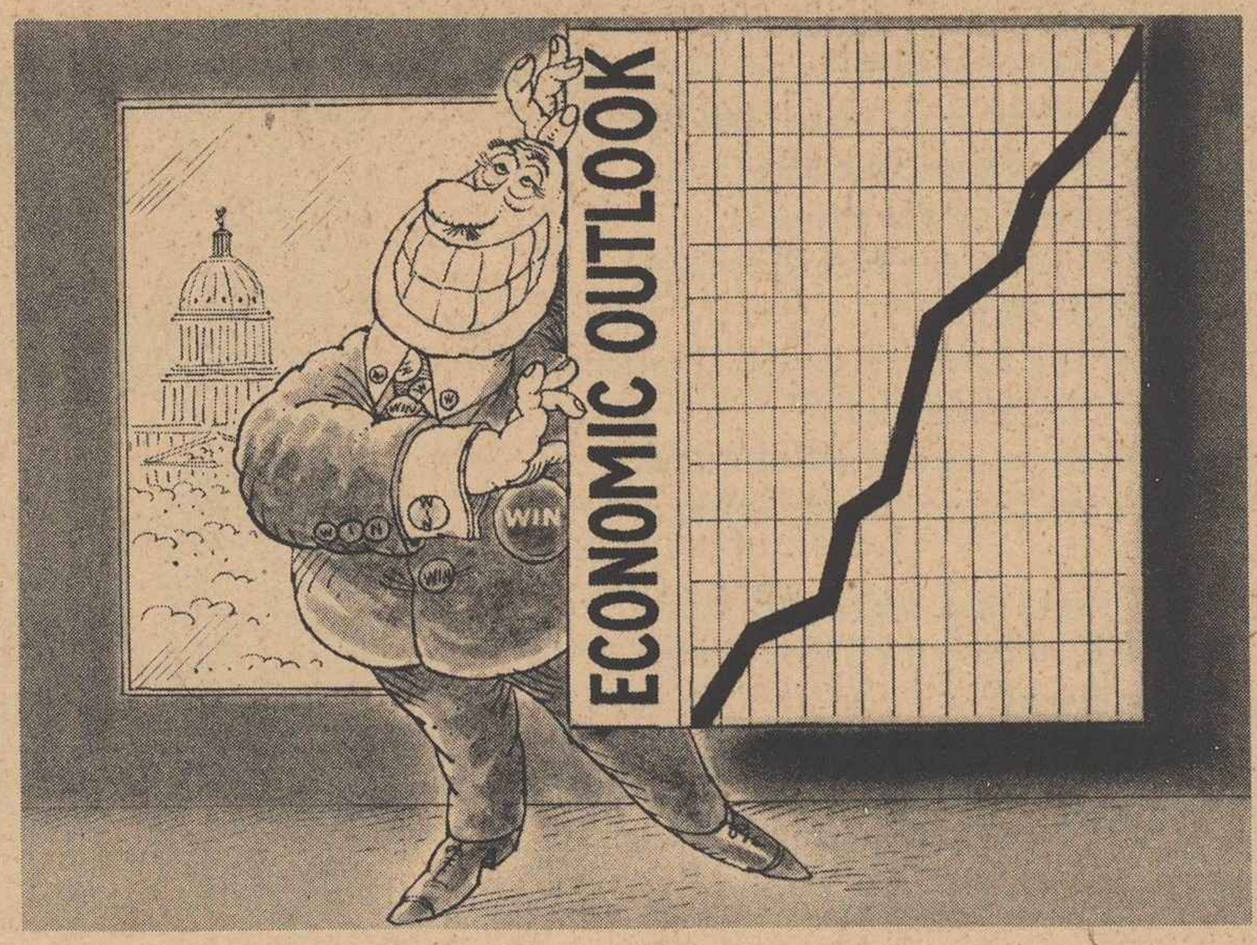
See the old people shopping.
They are the hardest hit
Because they live on fixed incomes.
See them spend their meager funds
Buying dog food.
Isn't that sweet?
Not when you realize
That more than half of them
Don't even own dogs.



Economics experts say
That we will have 9% unemployment.
They call it "an acceptable level."
It's not very acceptable
If you're one of the 9%.

Experts now predict that the economy
Will turn later this year.
And now the workers are concerned.
They're afraid that the Experts may be right,
And the economy will turn from bad to worse.

To keep their jobs, many workers
Work fewer hours, or take pay cuts.
In the same spirit, some executives
Have also taken pay cuts.
The head of General Motors cut his pay in half.
From $700,000 to $350,000 a year.
Which proves that, in a Democracy,
Hard times affect everyone alike.



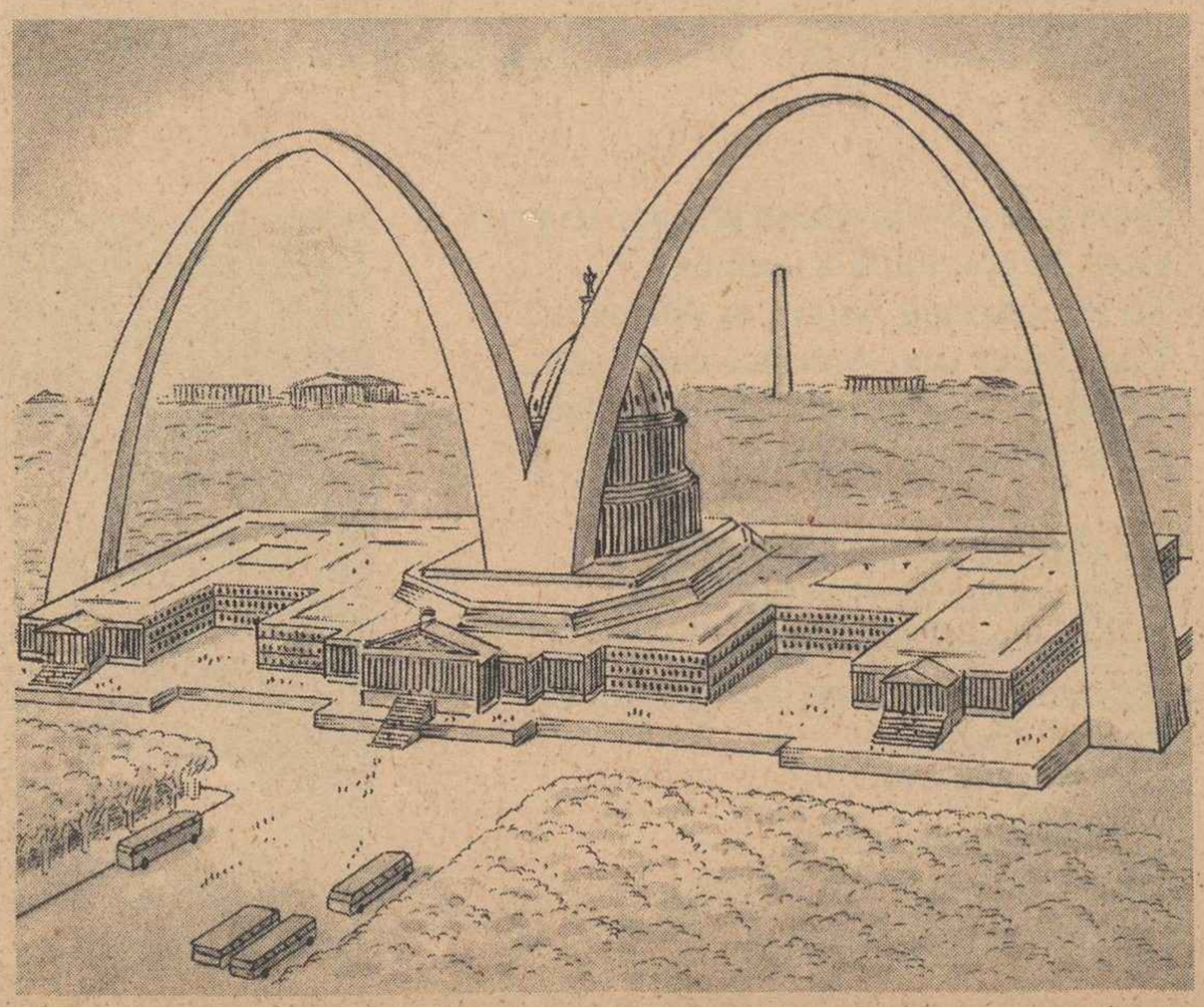


See the President.
He is working to solve our economic problems
Can he do it?
People have their doubts.
They're afraid that this Ford
May turn out to be another Edsel.
When he came into office,
He vowed to fight inflation
With a bold new idea.
What was the idea?
Print millions of buttons.
Remember the "W.I.N." buttons?
They were very popular
With eight year old kids.
Almost as popular
As "Chicken Inspector" buttons.

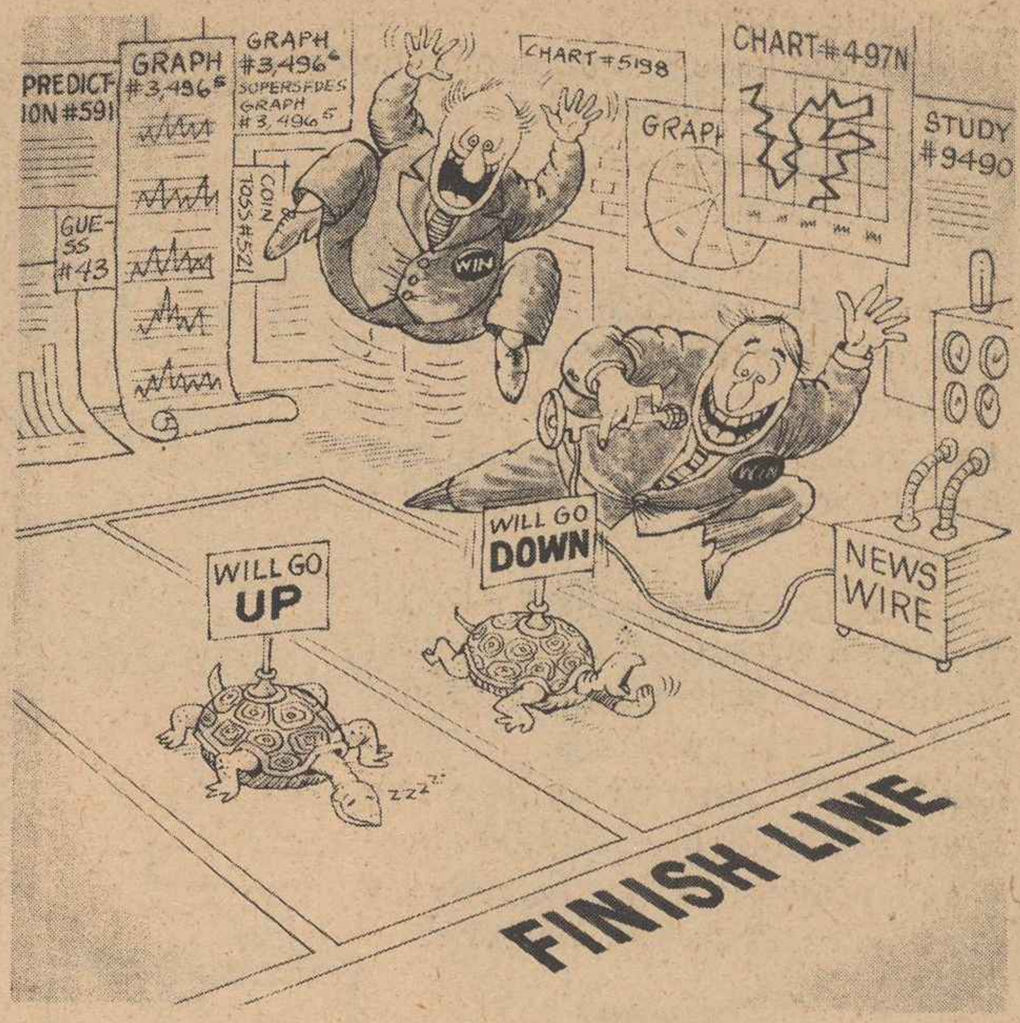
First, the President wanted to increase taxes.
Next, he wanted to decrease taxes.
First, he said we should save our money.
Next, he said we should spend our money.
But don't feel embarrassed about our President.
After all, you didn't vote for him.
Come to think of it, NOBODY did!

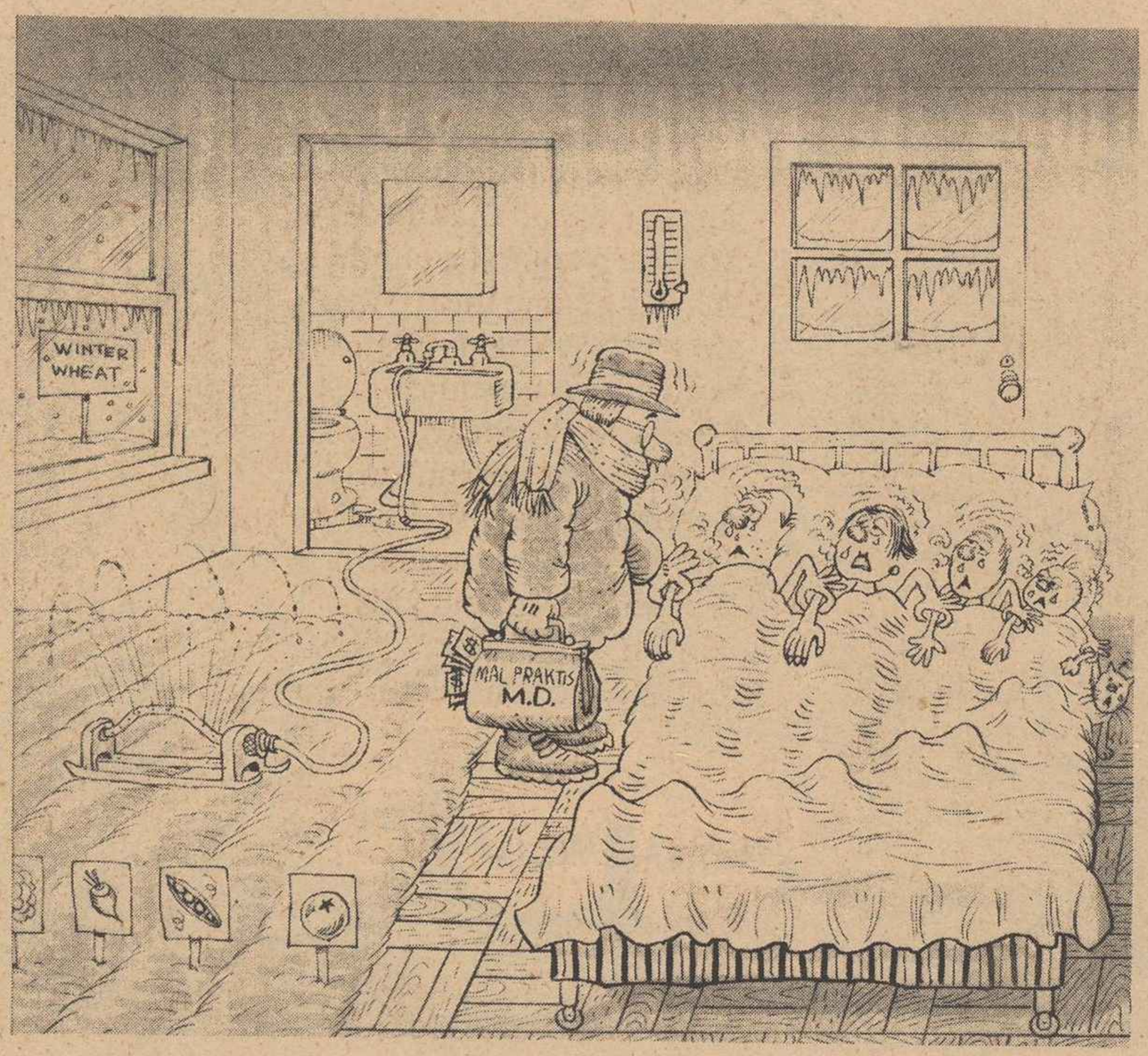
Maybe he's not as foolish as we think.
He made Nelson Rockefeller the Vice President.
Maybe that was a shrewd move.
Maybe the President hopes
That Rockefeller will buy the country
And give us all an allowance.

But if Rockefeller DID buy the country,
Would he keep Mr. Ford?
Or would he want someone
With greater insight, greater ability,
And greater stature?
Someone like Ronald McDonald!



See the men with all the charts and graphs.
They are Economists.
They can predict what is going to happen to the economy.
They are very consistent.
They are never right.
Economics is a science.
However, it is not as exact a science
As Astrology, Numerology or Tea Leaf Reading.
Economists have their own language
That prevents them from being understood.
For instance, Economists will tell us they have good news.
They will say, "The rate of unemployment is down."
Does that mean that fewer people are out of work?
No, it means that *more* people are out of work,
Only *less* more than last month.
Understand?
Good! You're not supposed to!
It's like a Doctor telling you he has bad news and good news.
The bad news is: You only have a month to live.
The good news is: The days are getting longer.



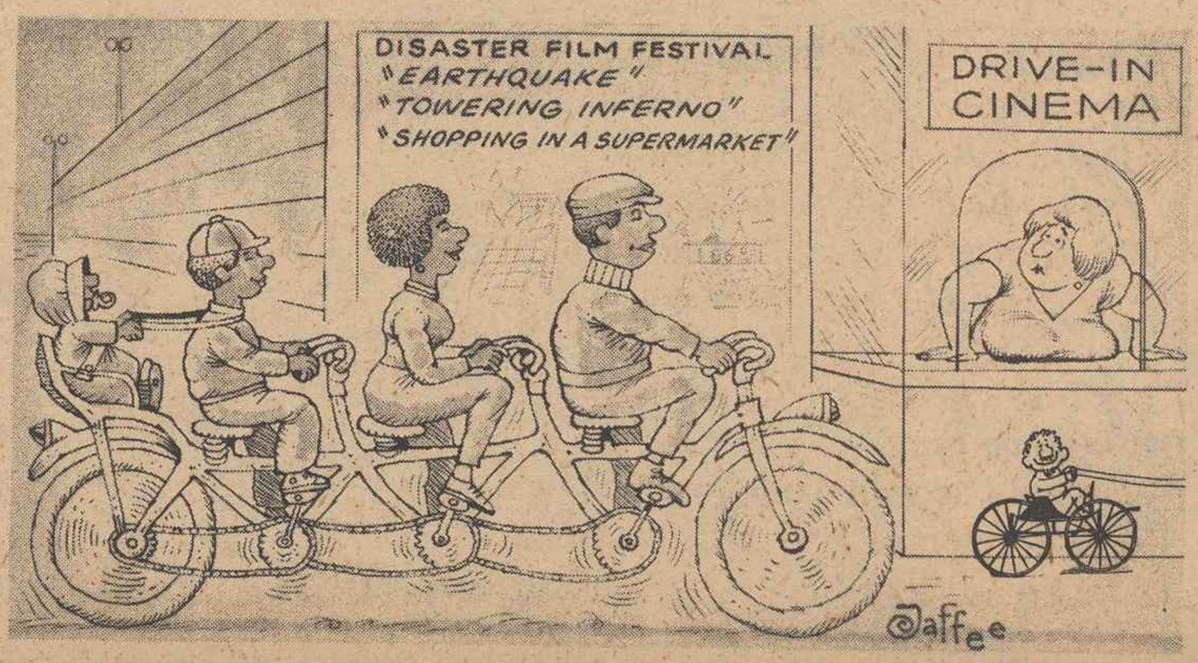


How can you beat the high cost of living?
Experts tell you to put
Six months' income in a savings bank.
How are you supposed to do that?
Maybe by robbing another savings bank!

Maybe you can grow your own vegetables,
Even if you live in an apartment.
You could save about $25 a month.
Would that help? Not necessarily!
Your landlord would probably
Raise your rent $50 a month,
Because now you have a Garden Apartment.
Net loss: $25.

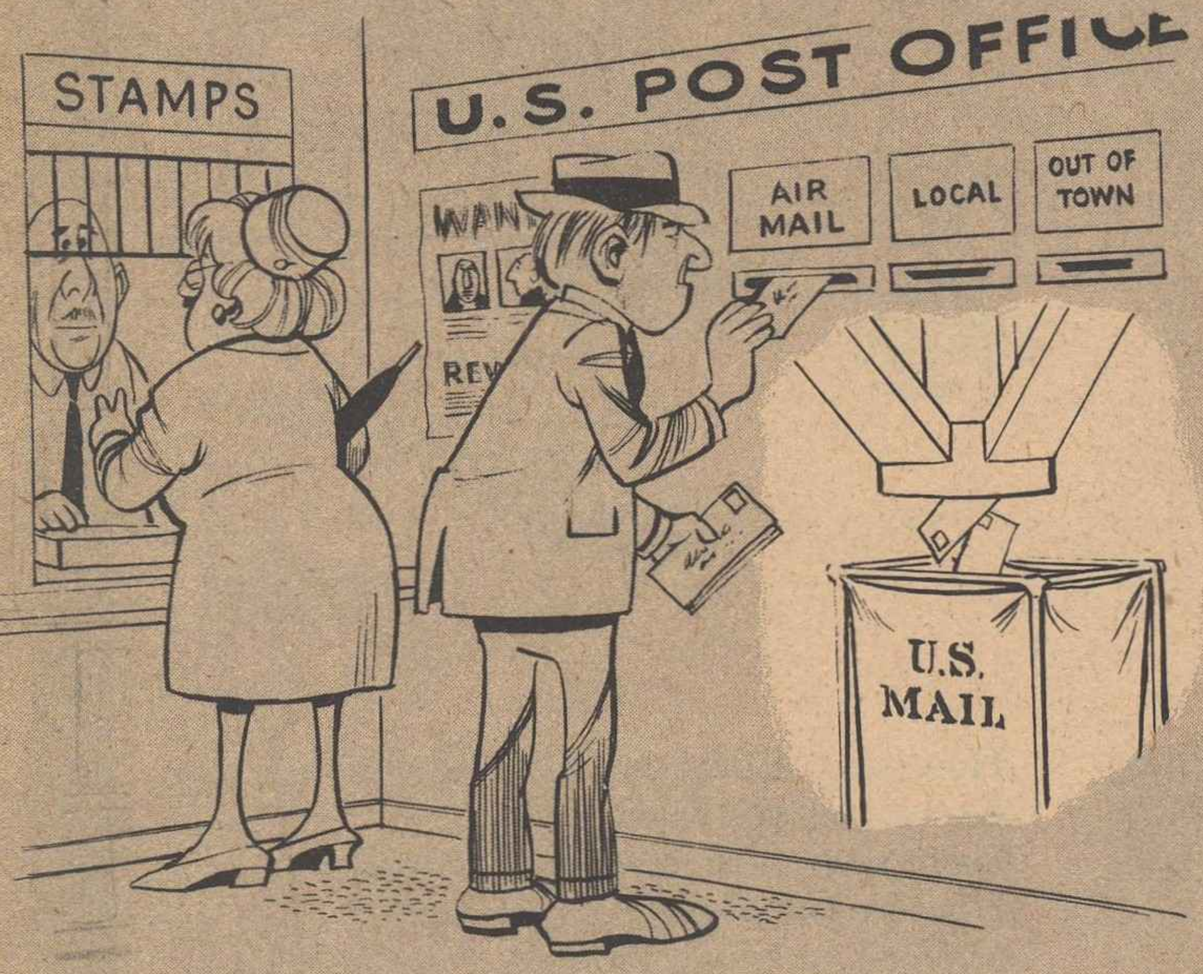
You could save money
By lowering the temperature
To 65° in the winter.
That saves you about $10 a month.
Or does it?
At 65°, your whole family
Will come down with all kinds of sicknesses.
And you'll have a $50 doctor bill.
Net loss: $40.

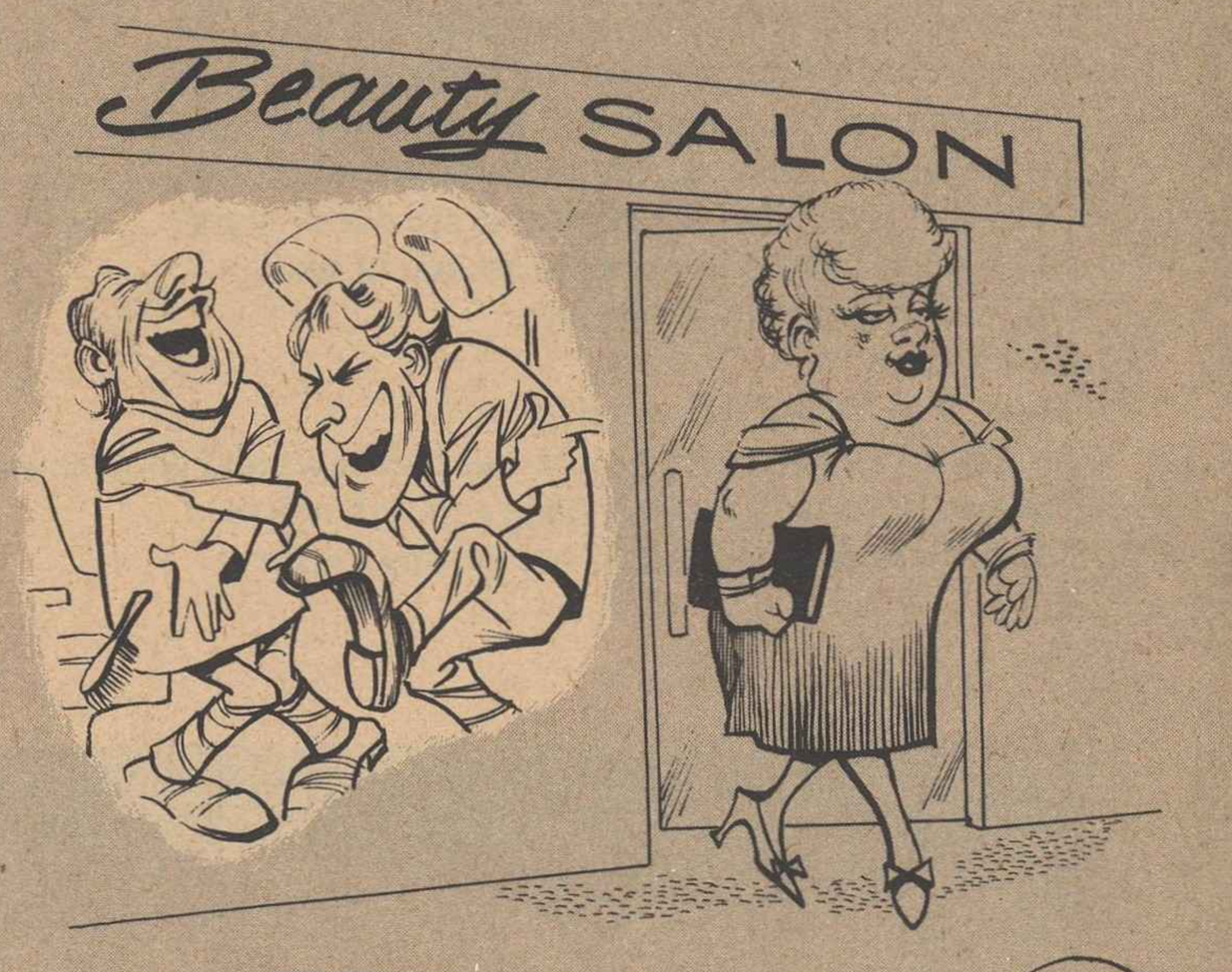
What to do?
Forget the whole thing and have a good time?
Go to a movie and get away from it all?
Not so fast! Movies cost $3.50!
And that's $14 for a family of four!
With that money, you could feed a family of four
For 15 minutes.
Of course, you could go to a Drive-In Movie.
That's cheaper. Unless you drive!
With the price of gasoline
It comes to about the same thing.
Oh, well, hang in there, America.
Like . . . you have a choice?!?

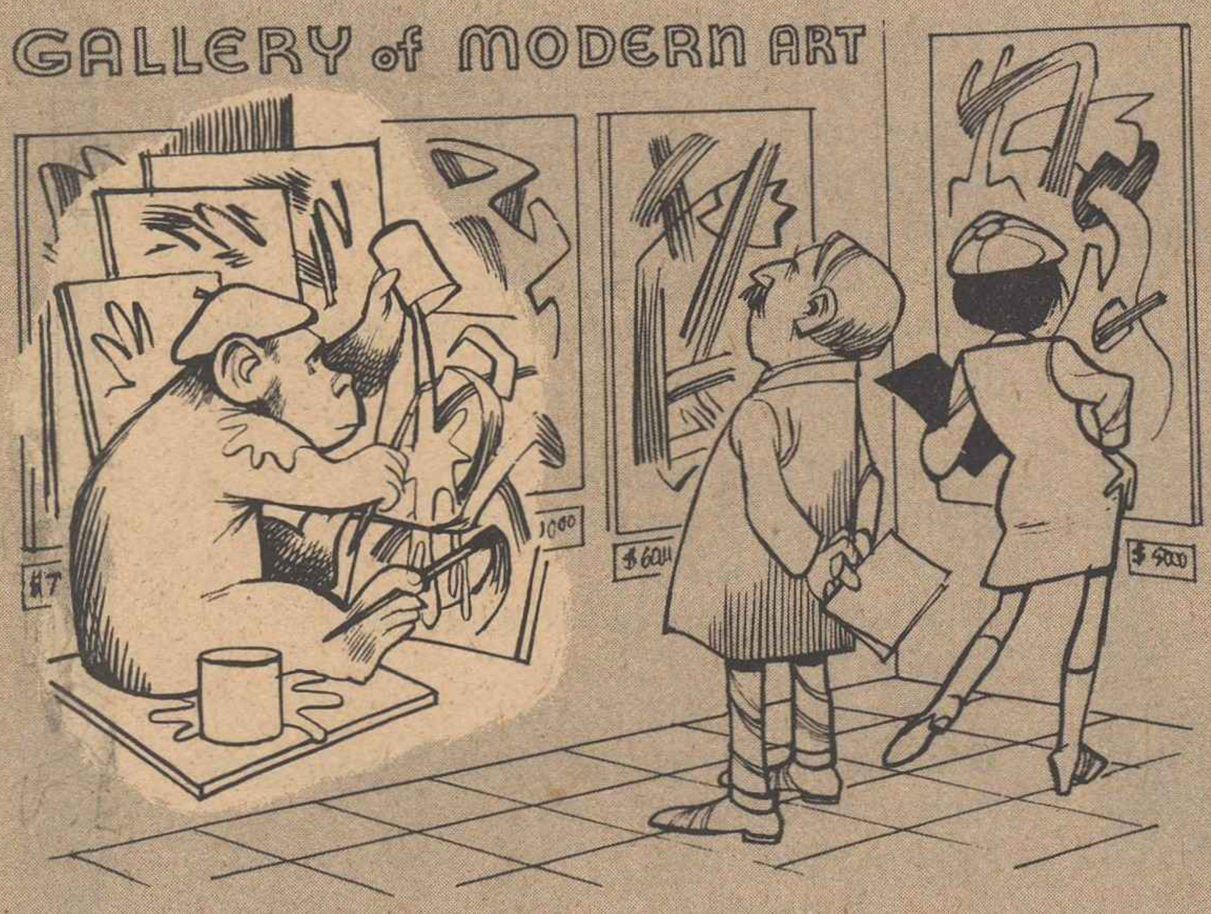


X-POSED DEPT.

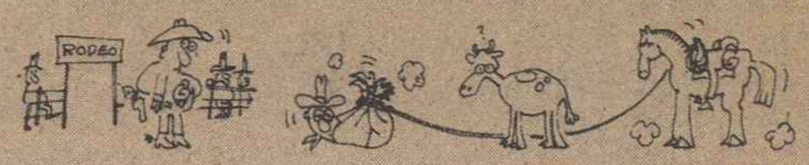
A COLLECTION OF MAD





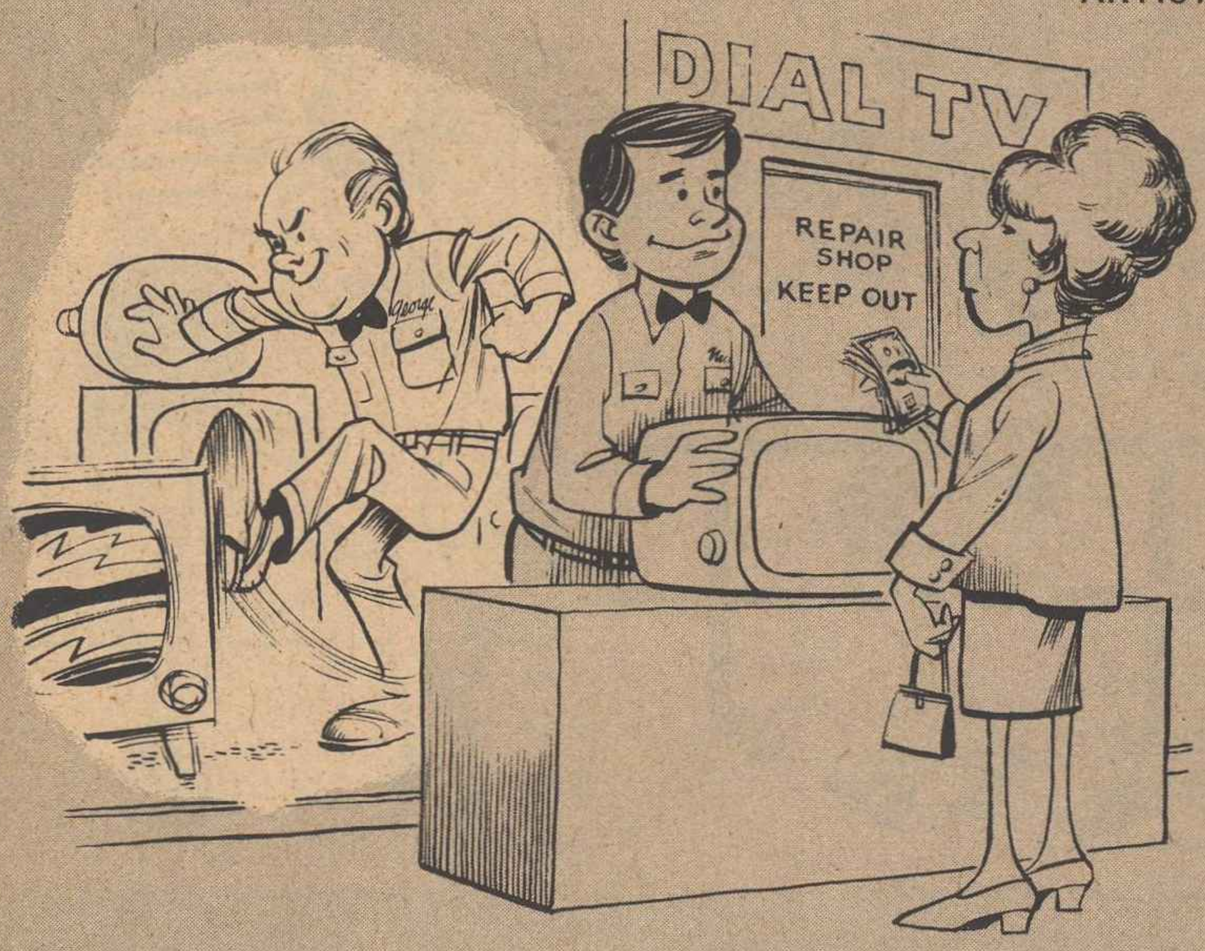




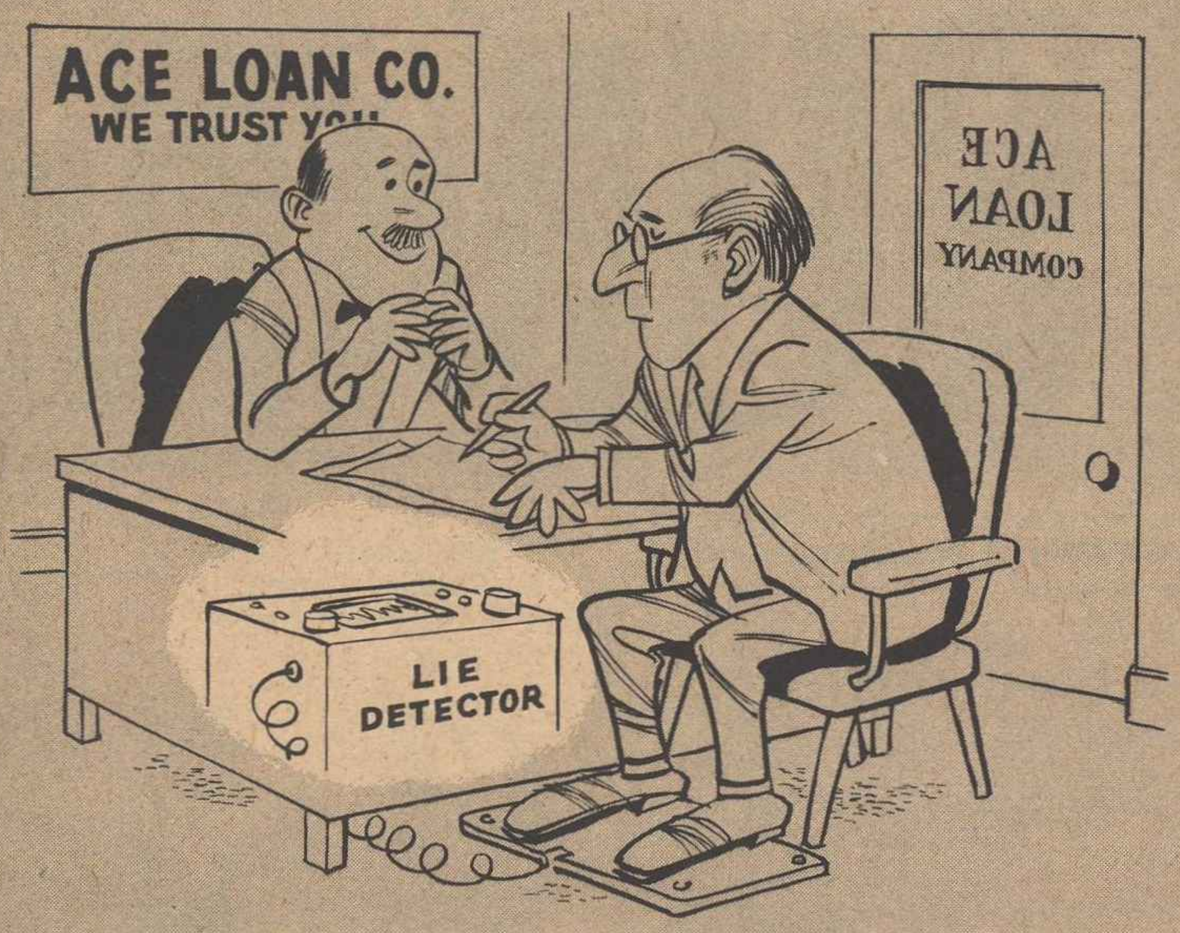


X-RAYVINGS

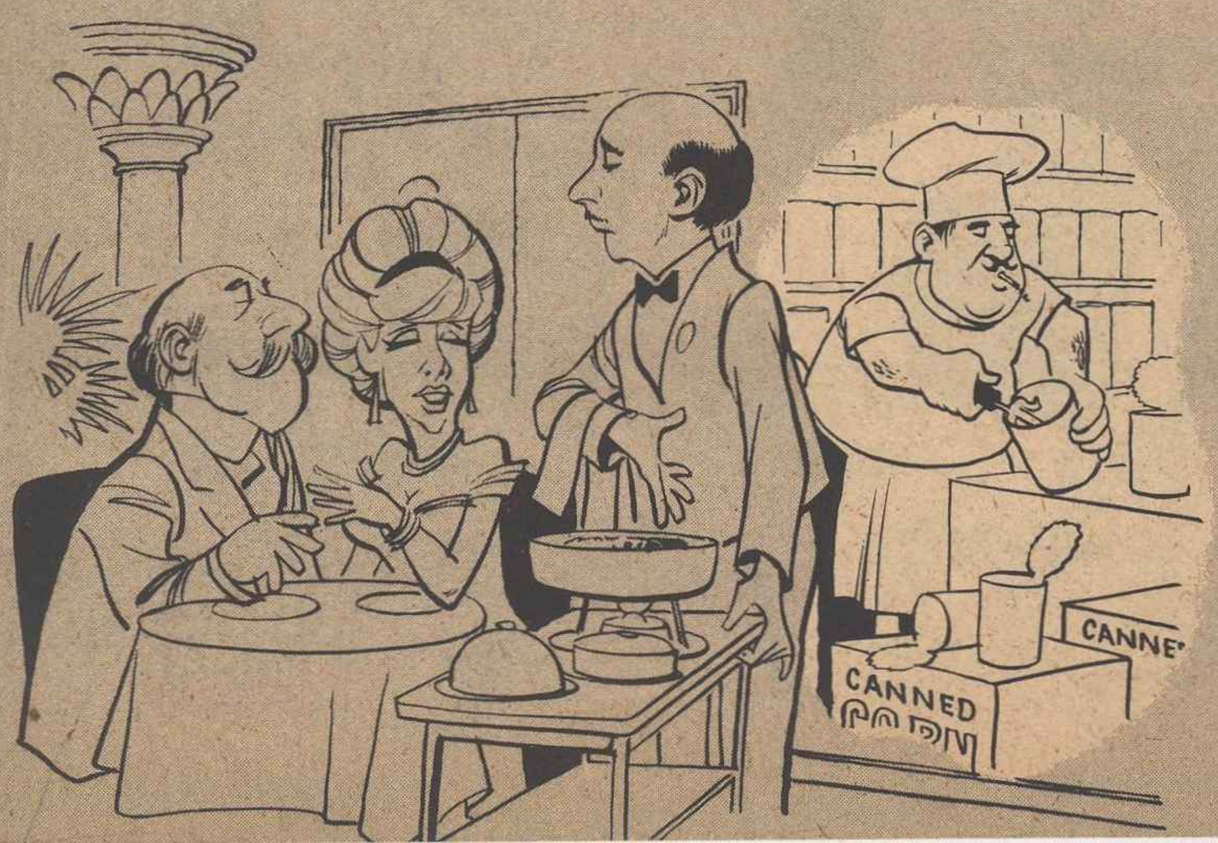
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DON EDWING

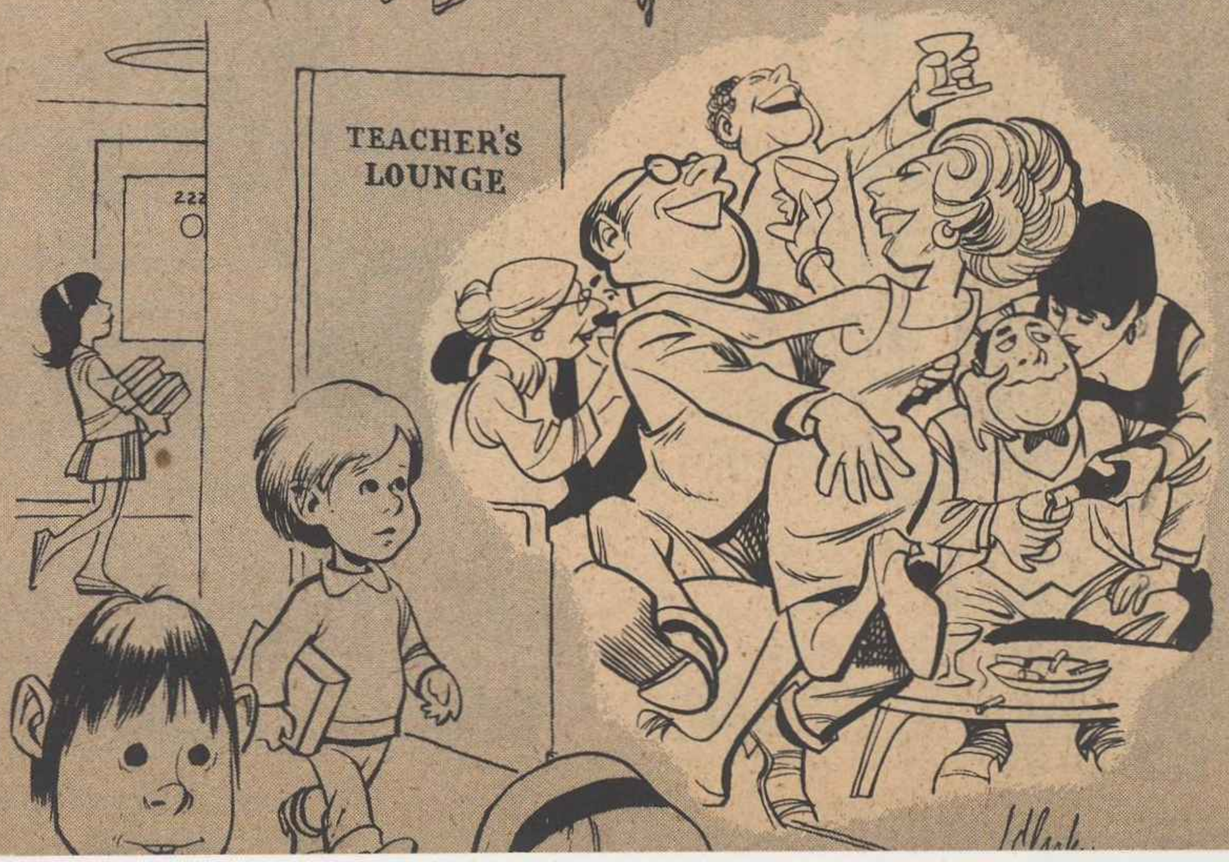




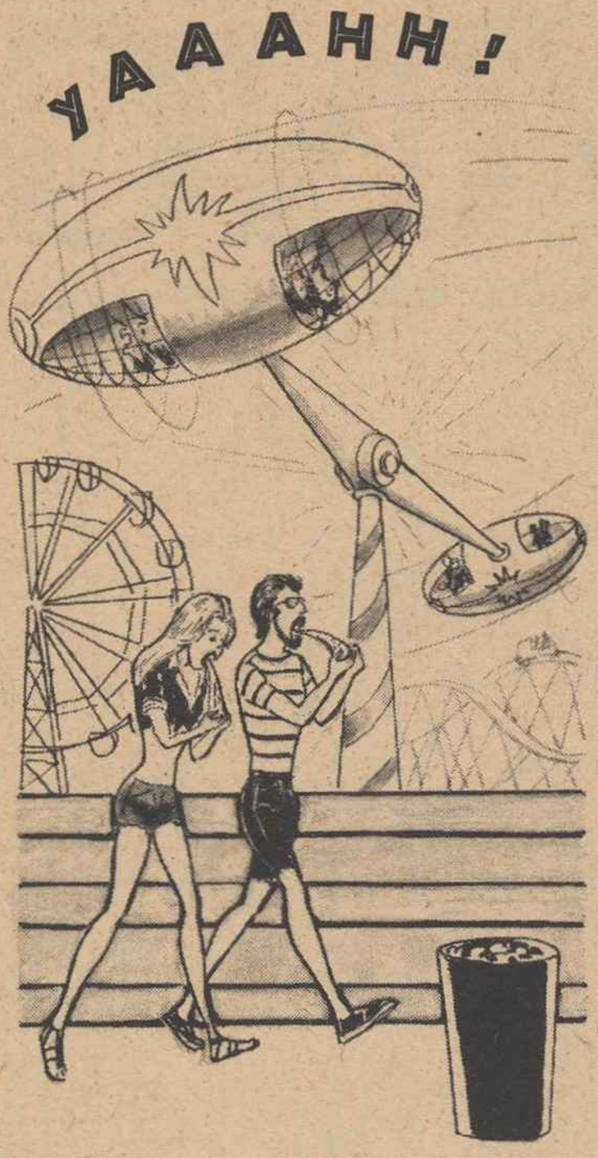


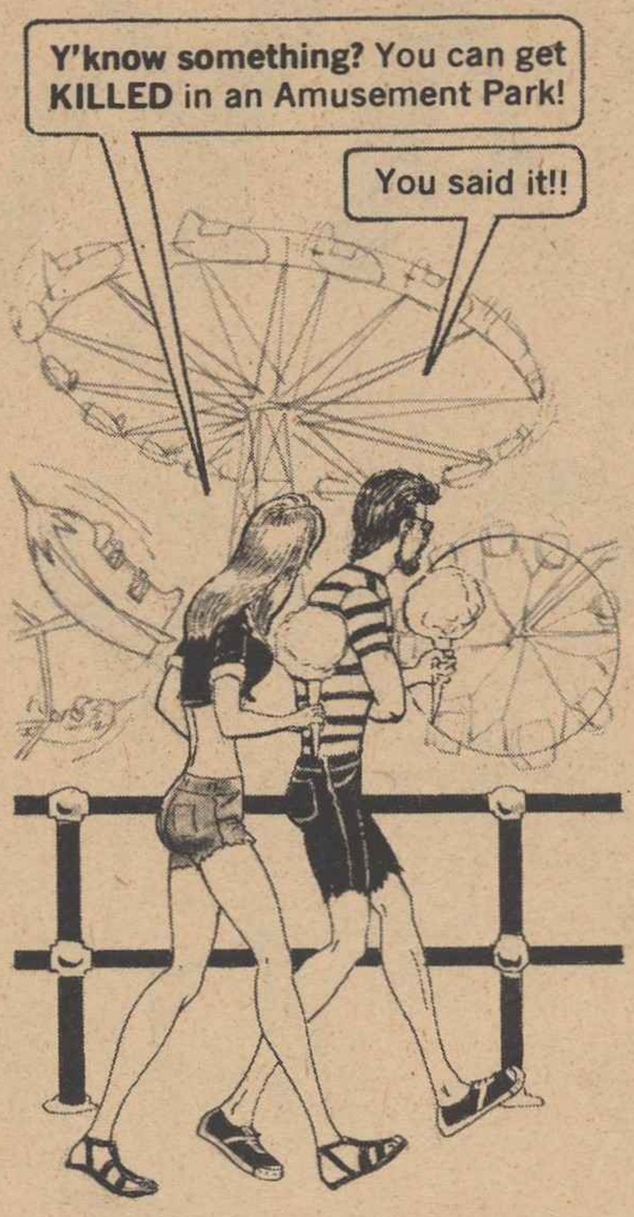


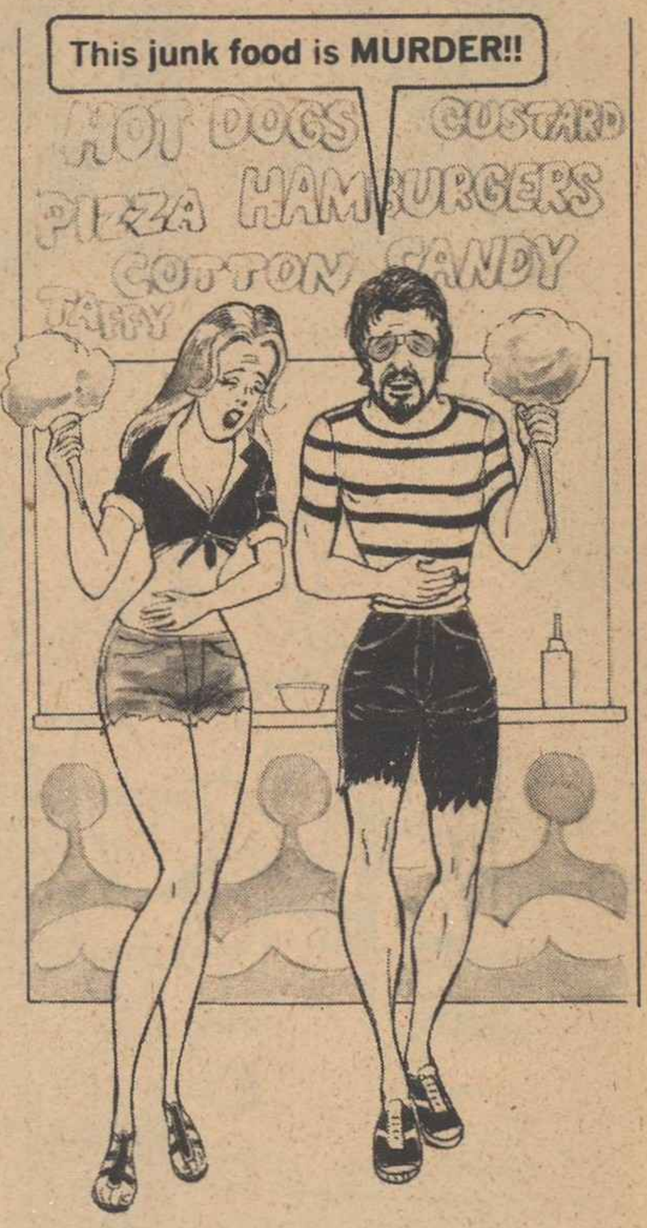












BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SUMM

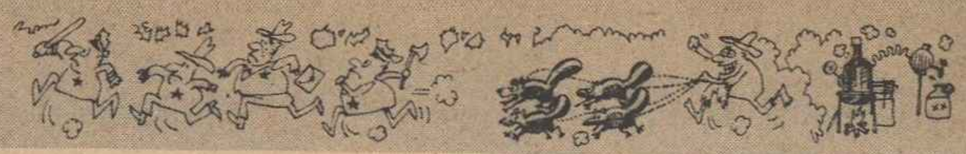
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG












Are you **CRAZY?!?** You **can't** go out on the beach wearing that **skimpy Bikini!** It's . . . it's **downright DANGEROUS!!**
Let's Boogie
What's the danger? That I'll be **exposed to the sun?** I'm **already tan!** That it might **fall off?** These straps are a **lot stronger** than you **think!**
What **COULD** happen is . . . you'll attract the attention of a lot of **big, handsome, brawny guys** who'll get **ideas** . . . like **trying** to **muscle in!**
And **THAT's** the **danger!!**
Let's Boogie

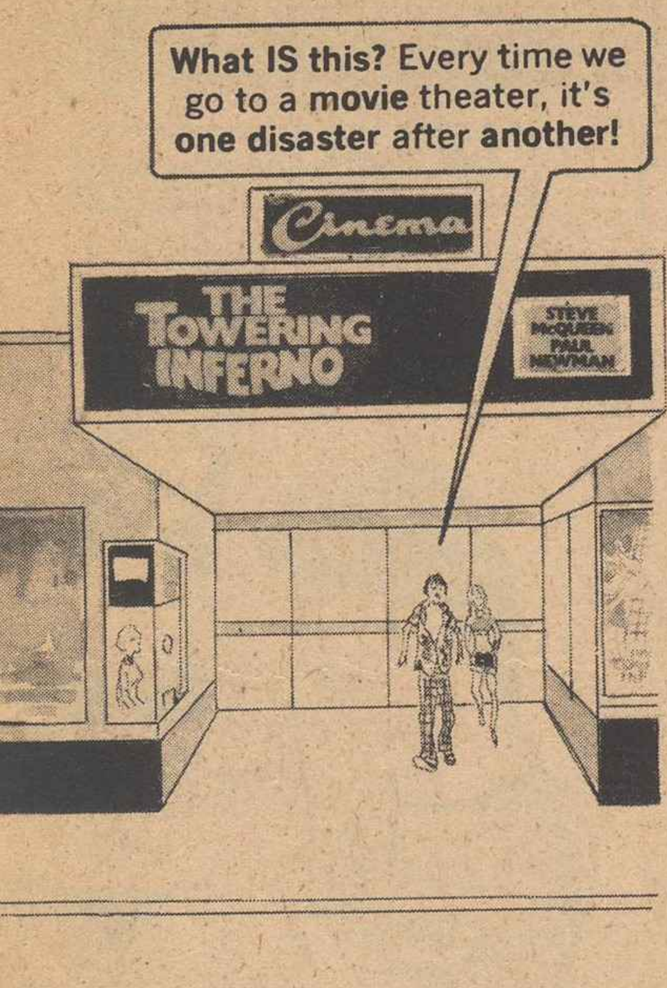
ER HAZARD'S


What happened to **you?**
I got **Poison Ivory!**
CAMP KEE WA
2

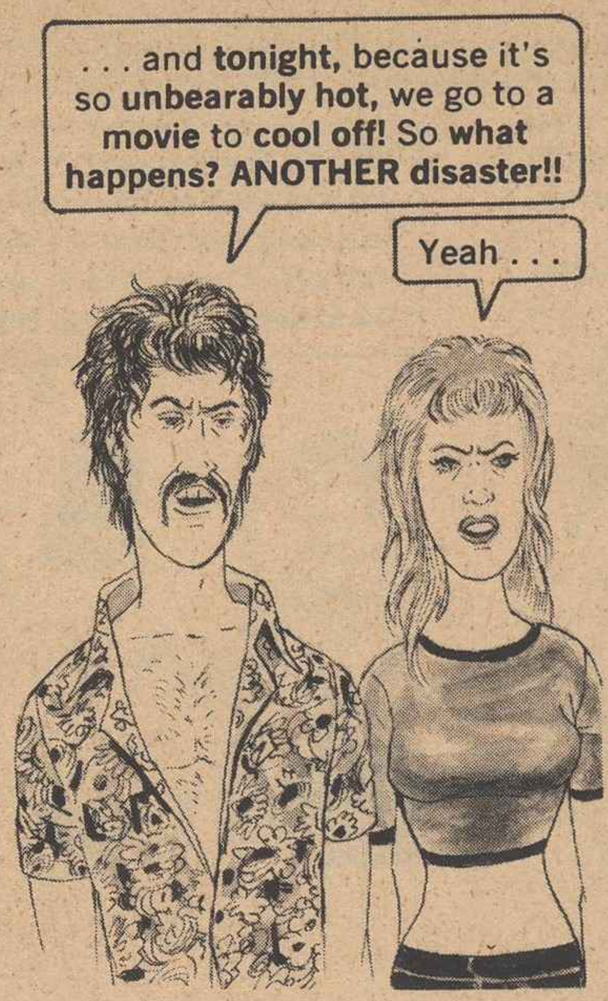

You mean Poison **IVY**—a harmful vine of the **Sumac** family! Each leaf is made up of **three leaflets, notched** at the **edges** and covered with an **oil** resembling **carbolic acid** which, when **touched,** can be **extremly irritating** to the **skin!**


Boy, as your **Counselor,** I ought to be **furious!** Didn't you ever **listen** to my **Nature Study talks!**
Not very much, I guess!
I'LL say! Where did you **GET** this Poison Ivy?!?
2


Right there . . . where you're **STANDING!**
2


What IS this? Every time we go to a movie theater, it's one disaster after another!
Cinema
THE TOWERING INFERNO
STEVE McQUEEN PAUL NEWMAN


In "The Poseidon Adventure," a ship turns upside down! In the "Airport" series, a couple of jumbo jets get into serious trouble! In "Earthquake," all of California breaks up . . .
THE TOWERING INFERNO


. . . and tonight, because it's so unbearably hot, we go to a movie to cool off! So what happens? ANOTHER disaster!!
Yeah . . .


The Air Conditioner conks out!

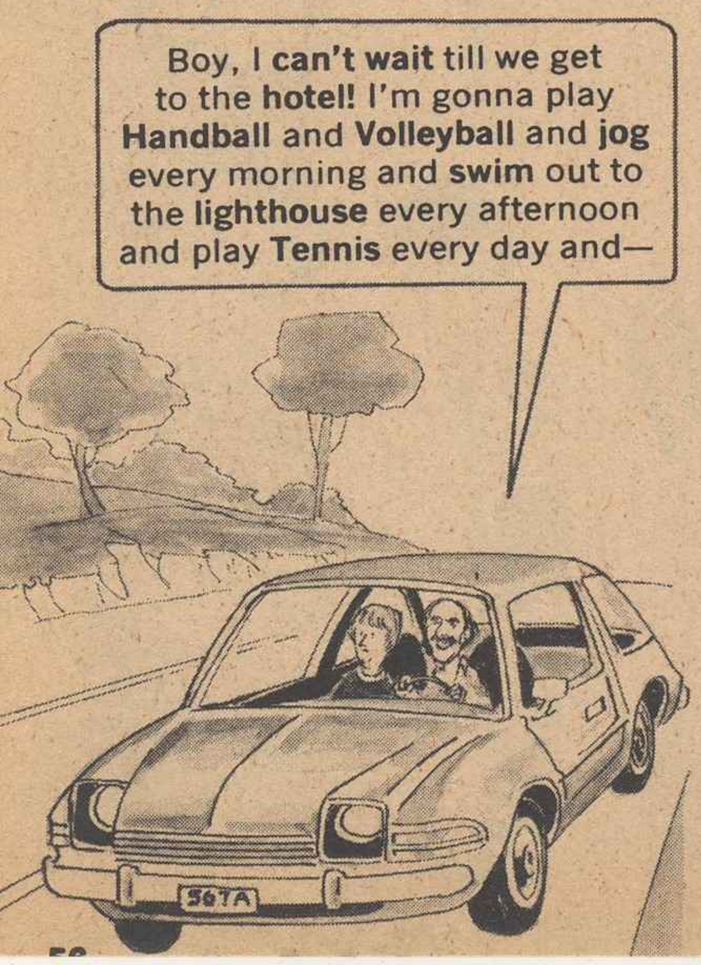

When it's hot like this, I sweat! And when I sweat . . . well, frankly, I STINK!

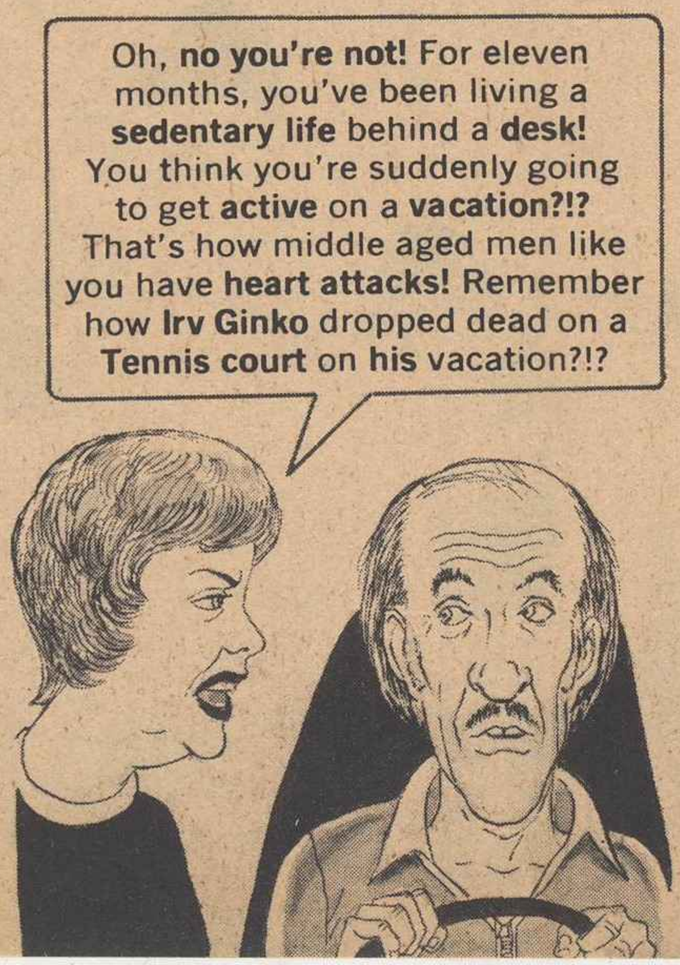

So I'm dousing myself with plenty of after-shave lotion, under-arm deodorant and body powder . . . because I got one heavy date with a chick . . .

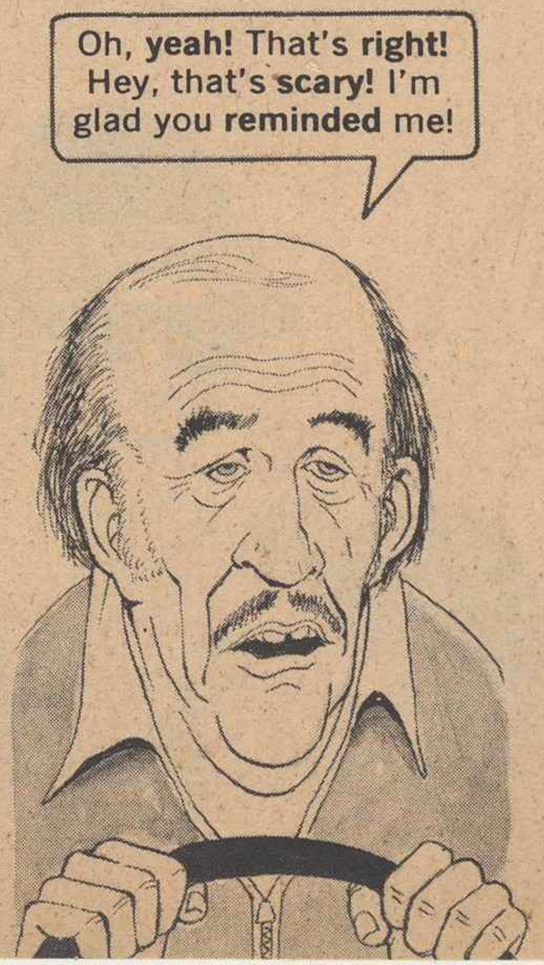

Hi, Babe!
Hi! Uh—say! What's that you've got on?!

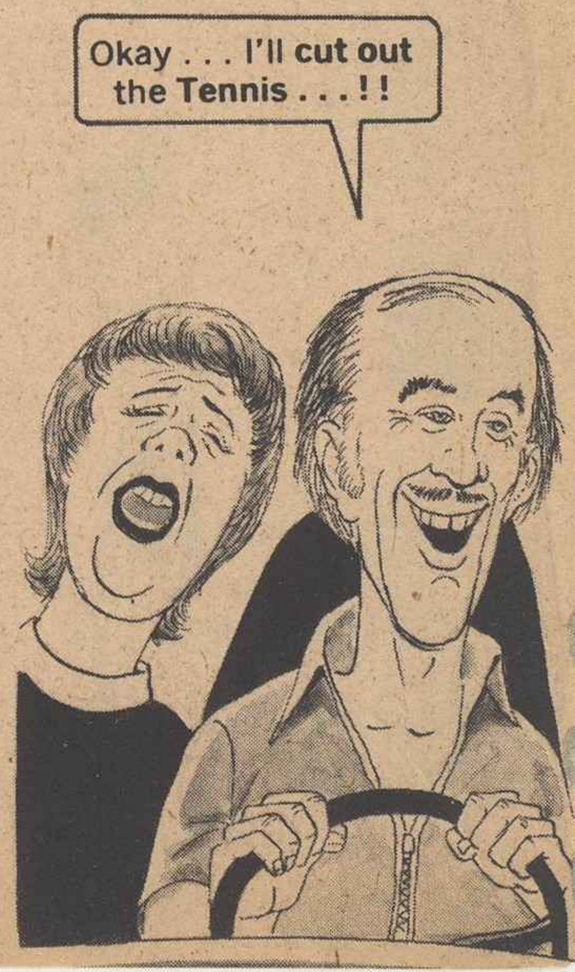

It STINKS!!


DANGER LOW TIRES


Boy, I can't wait till we get to the hotel! I'm gonna play Handball and Volleyball and jog every morning and swim out to the lighthouse every afternoon and play Tennis every day and—
567A


Oh, no you're not! For eleven months, you've been living a sedentary life behind a desk! You think you're suddenly going to get active on a vacation?!? That's how middle aged men like you have heart attacks! Remember how Irv Ginko dropped dead on a Tennis court on his vacation?!?


Oh, yeah! That's right! Hey, that's scary! I'm glad you reminded me!


Okay . . . I'll cut out the Tennis . . . ! !

With the **economic situation** the way it is, we're going to have to **economize! This Summer,** we'll just have to **give up going someplace** on our **Vacation!**

Good idea! We'll save a **lot of money** that way! And as long as we're **not** going anywhere, we could **still** enjoy our Vacation by putting a **POOL** into our back yard . . . and getting some **new LAWN FURNITURE** with the **money** we **save!** What do you think . . . ?

I think maybe we'd better **go someplace** on our **Vacation** this year—and **ECONOMIZE!!**

Drat! I haven't been able to get a **minute's sleep** tonight! There's **one pesty fly** that's buggin' the **Hell** out of me! I gotta **get** that dirty #$%¢&!

Zzzz

SWAT!

SWAT!

CRASH!

I **GOT** him!! I **DESTROYED** him . . . ! !

That's **great!** You **ALSO** destroyed your **bed!!**

Yeah, but at least **NOW** I can get some **sleep!!**

Darn these insects!! If we could only find a way to get **rid** of mosquitoes . . . !

SLAP!

This is the age of **technology** . . . and the **spray insecticide!** So, your **wish** is **my command!**

SCRATCH SCRATCH

SPRAY!

That's . . . *choke* . . . **great!!** Now, if we can only find a way to get rid of . . . gagg . . . **aerosol cans!!**

What's with **you . . . ?**

Boy, am I in **terrible pain!**

Oh . . . ? From **what?!?**

If you **MUST** know, I went to the **NUDE BEACH** today!

You **DID?!?** *Hmmph!* It **serves** you **right!** You probably got **sunburned** in places you ordinarily **wouldn't** get sunburned!

It's **not that at all!** My **NECK** is stiff!

I **got** it by **LOOKING . . .** while trying **NOT to look like I WAS looking!!**

Keep walking! You were **complaining** that the boys **never notice** you!

But I feel like an **ass** walking around a pool **fully dressed!**

HEY! LOOK AT PATSY! LET'S PUSH HER IN!!

SPLASH!

NOW look what happened to me! This was **some stupid idea!!**

Well, you can't say they didn't **notice** you!!

I almost **didn't make it** down here to the beach! I had trouble getting up enough **bread** to buy the **gas!** Boy, gas prices are **really high** because of the oil shortage!

WHAT oil shortage?!

Are you KIDDING?!? Since the Arabs pulled their **boycott,** the world has gone into a deep **Depression!** And it's all due to a **shortage of oil!**

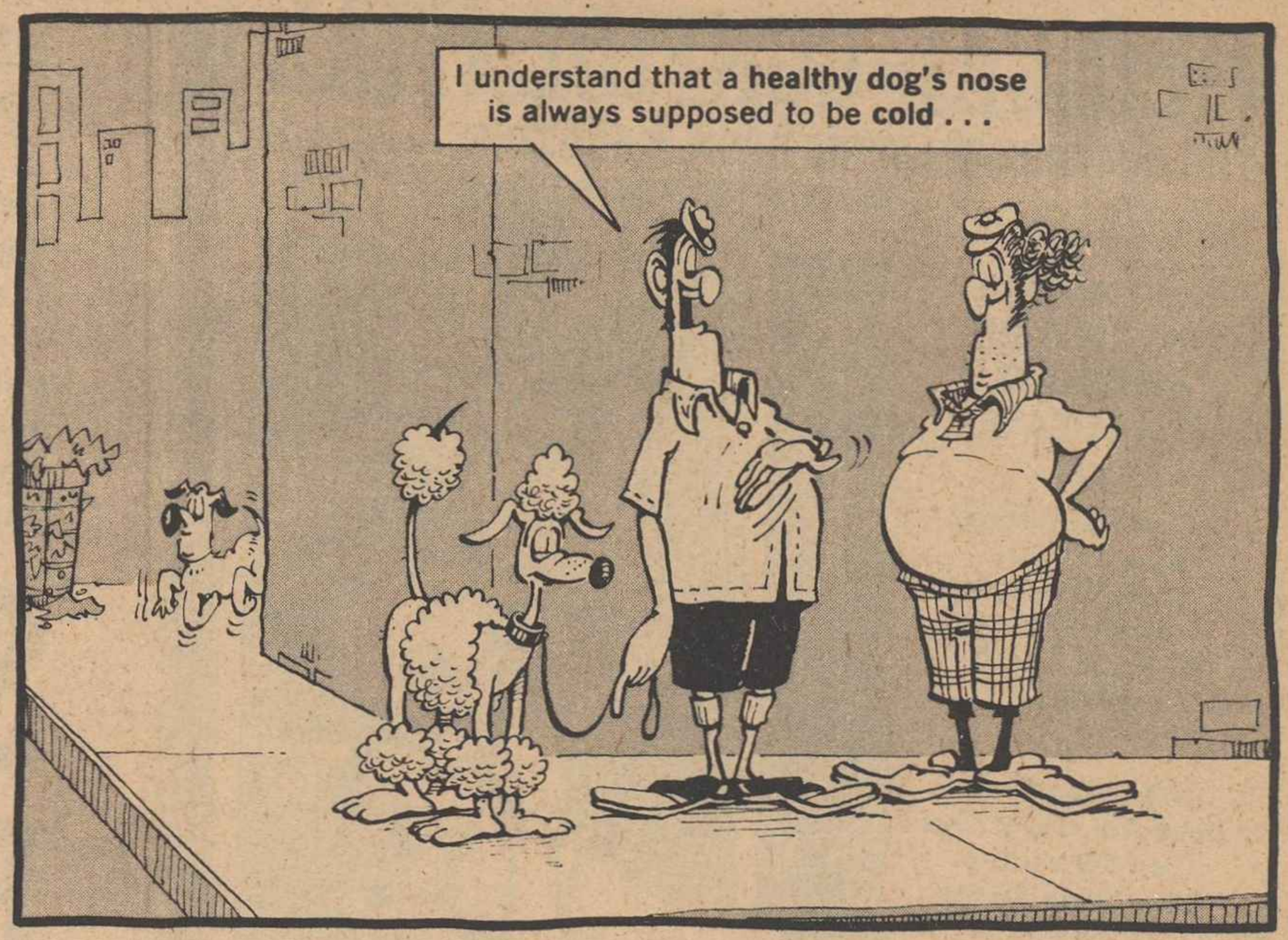
There is **NO OIL SHORTAGE!!**

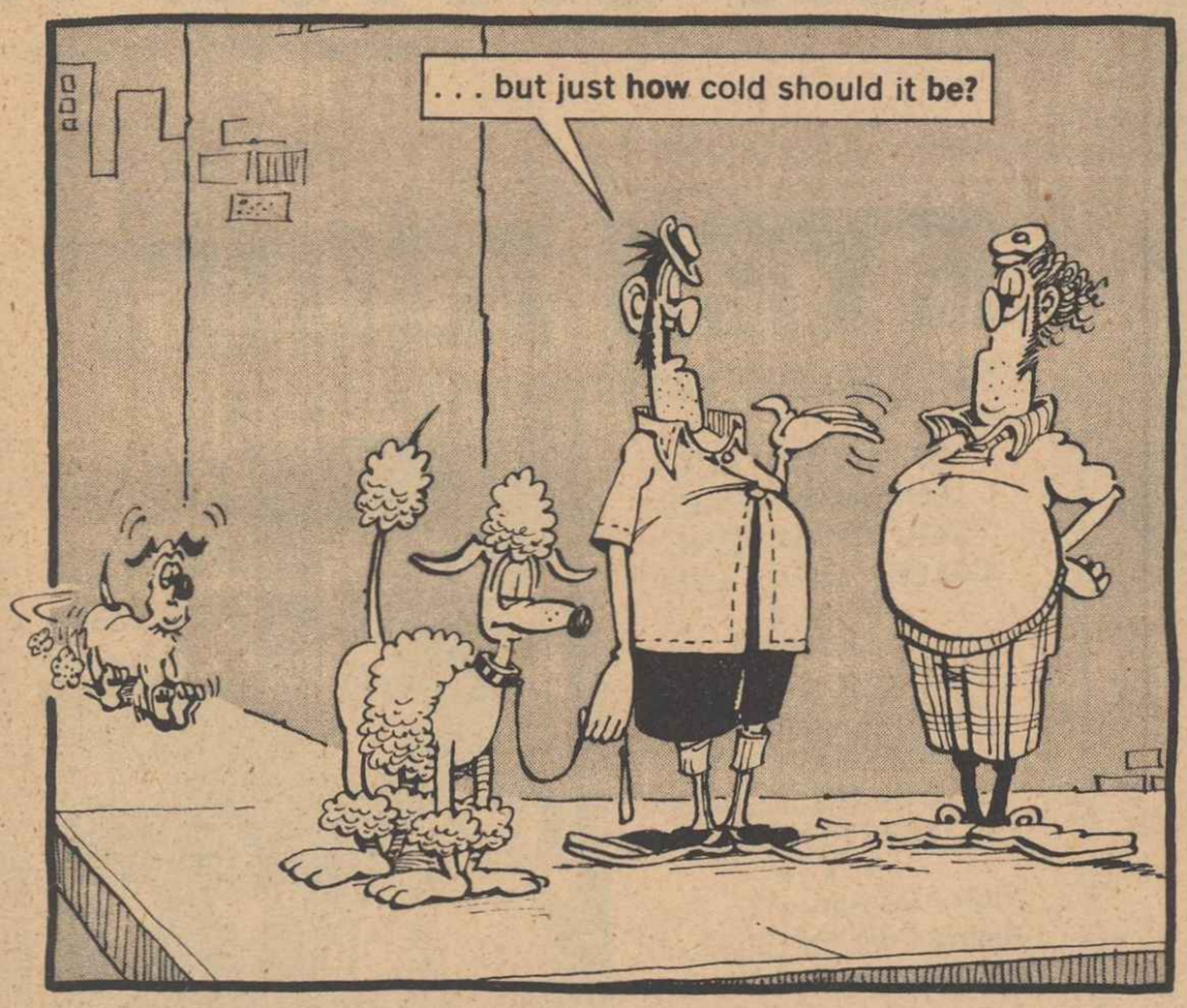
There's **PLENTY** of it . . . **right here** in the **surf!!**

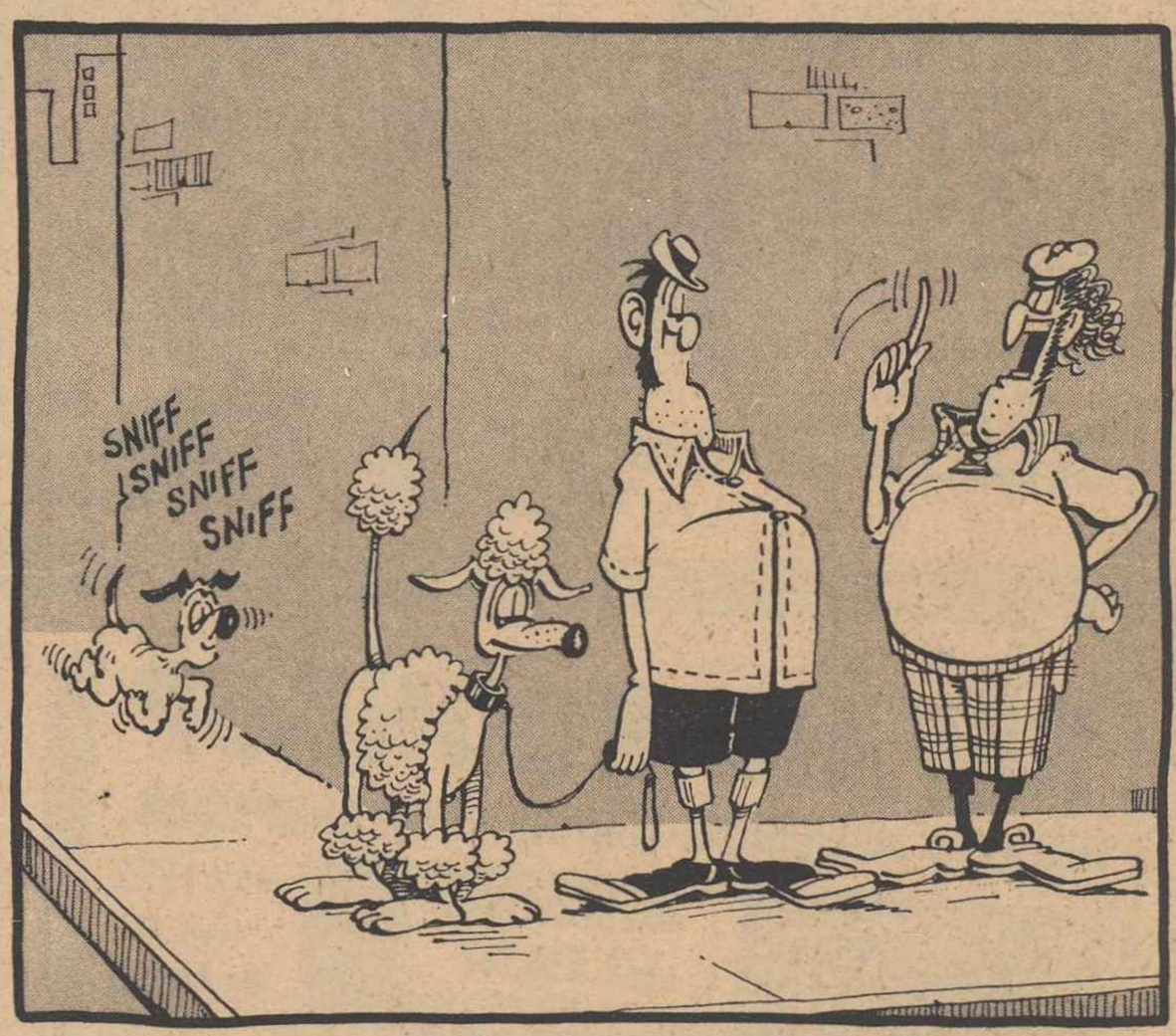
David Berg

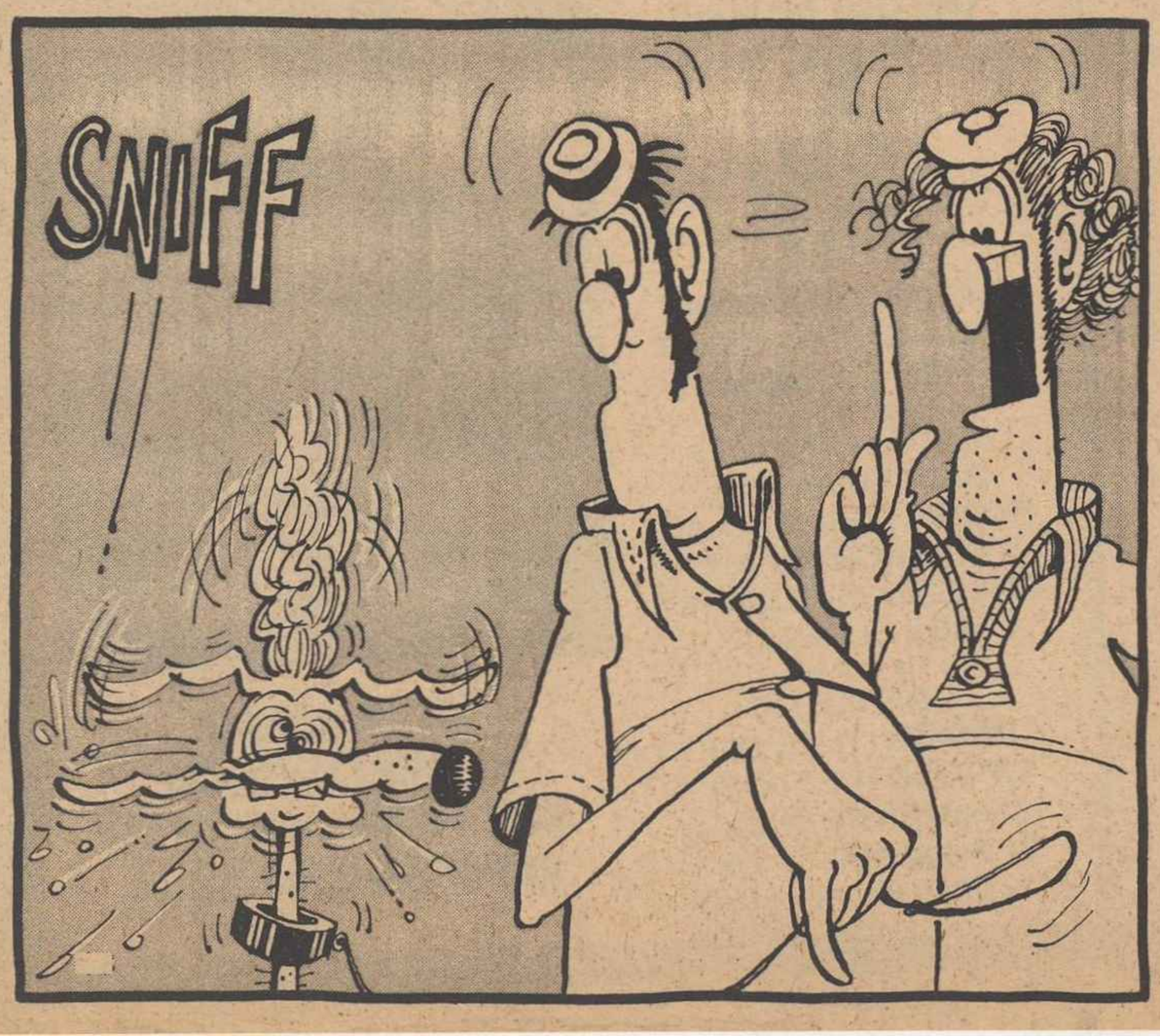
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

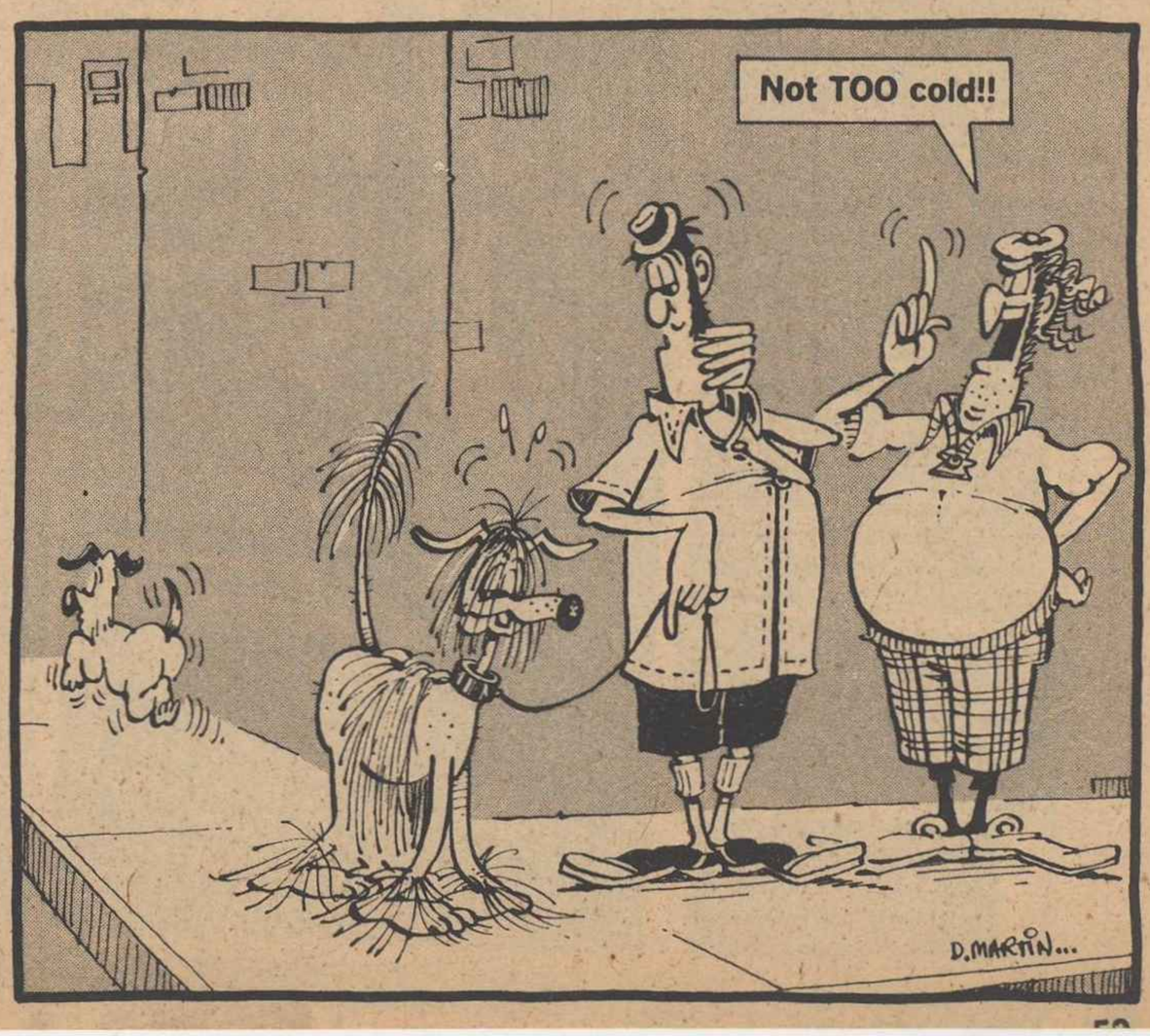
ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON ON WEST MAIN STREET











SETTING UP FOR THE BILL DEPT.

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

SPECIALIZED FOR OFFICE W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

MEDICAL CONFIDENTIAL

THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM MAGAZINE

Colds and Flu Season 1975

ARE YOU EMOTIONALLY PREPARED FOR IMMEDIATE HOSPITALIZATION?

○○○○

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

○○○○

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

○○○○

INSTALLMENT 19 OF A 47-PART SERIES: *"Those Painful Ailments You Can't Expect Medical Science To Cure"*

○○○○

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



Special Report:
"HOW REMOVING YOUR CLOTHES HELPS THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSE NASAL DRIP"

EYES RIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR OPTOMETRY PATIENTS

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

THE OLD RELIABLE

E
CB
DLN
PTER

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

* * *

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

* * *

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



JULY
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
FLDOPTMENGJKER

OCCASIONAL BLURRED VISION MAY MEAN YOU NEED EXPENSIVE BIFOCALS

REPAIR ROUNDUP

THE AUTO MECHANIC'S WAITING ROOM COMPANION

MAY 1975 (July At The Latest!)

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

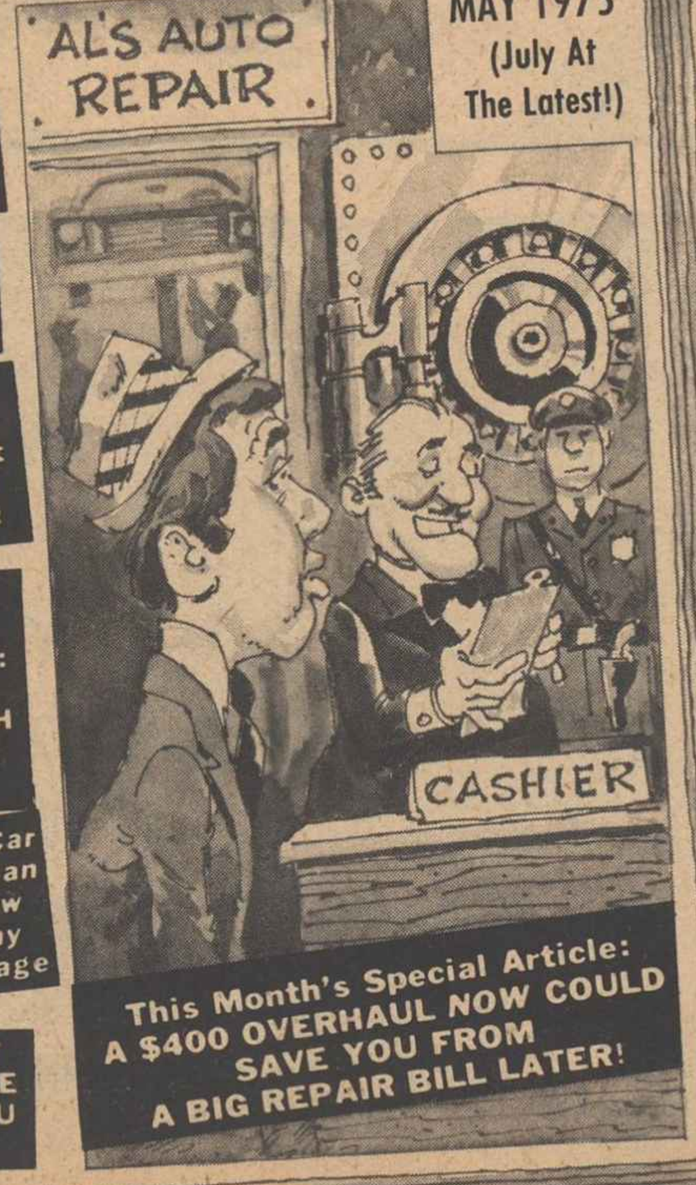
Why 4-Cylinder Cars Often Require 8 New Spark Plugs

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

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

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

IGNORING THAT STRANGE RATTLE MIGHT COST YOU YOUR LIFE!



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



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

MAGAZINES AITING ROOMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Body English

Cold Grey Winter 1975

The Funeral Home Browser

FUN THINGS TO READ WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR GRIEF COUNSELOR

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE MONTH'S BEST IN MORTUARY HUMOR

Turn To Page 84

Making Waves

Kinky Reading For The Beauty Shop Patron

Dry, Bleached Summer Issue 1975

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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



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

IMPACTED WISDOM

FACTUAL FEATURES OF VITAL INTEREST TO DENTAL PATIENTS

HOW BAD BREATH CAN ANGER THE DENTIST INTO DRILLING UNMERCIFULLY!

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

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

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

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

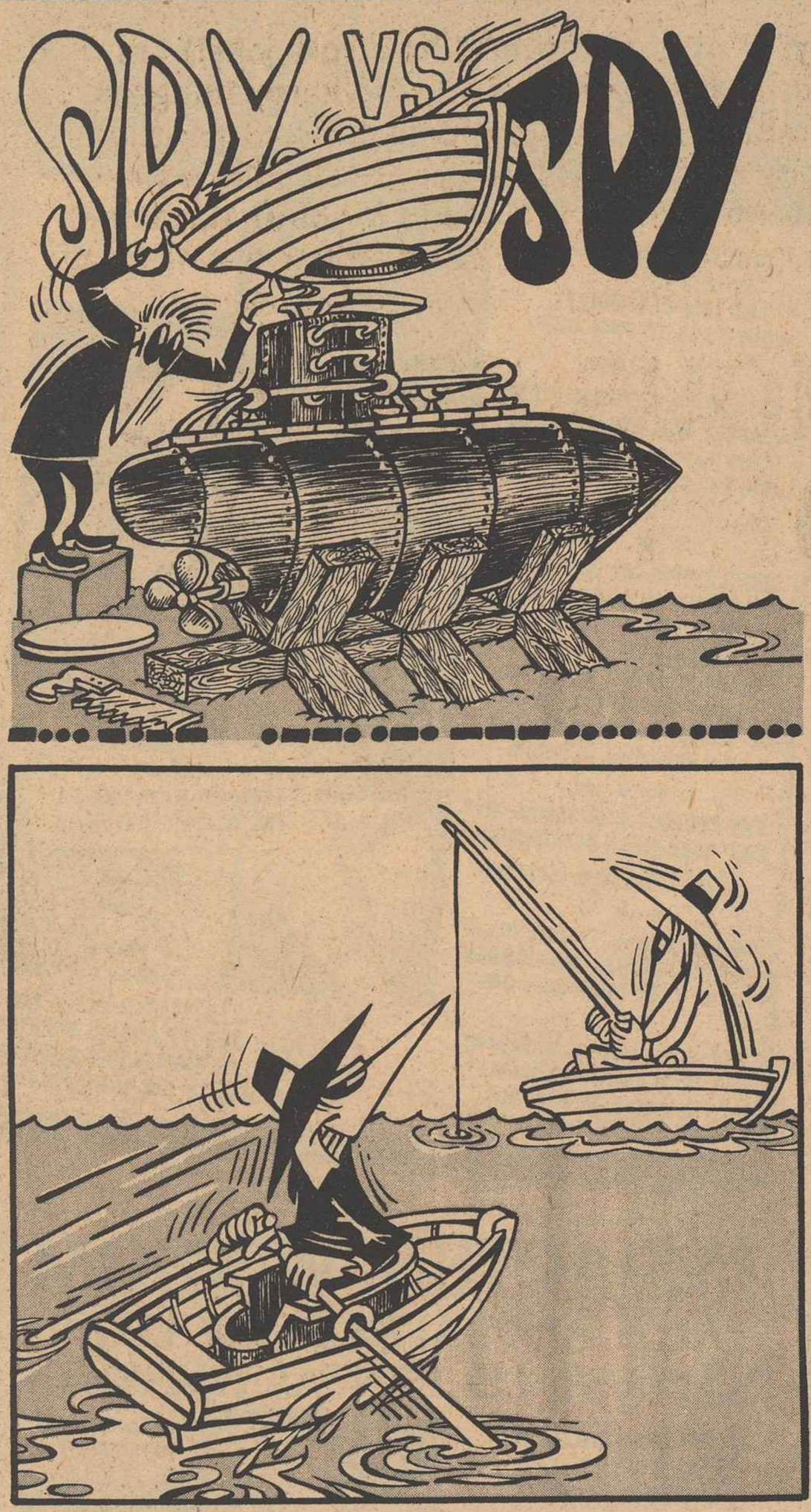
SWALLOWING LITTLE BITS OF SILVER FILLINGS CAN'T KILL YOU!

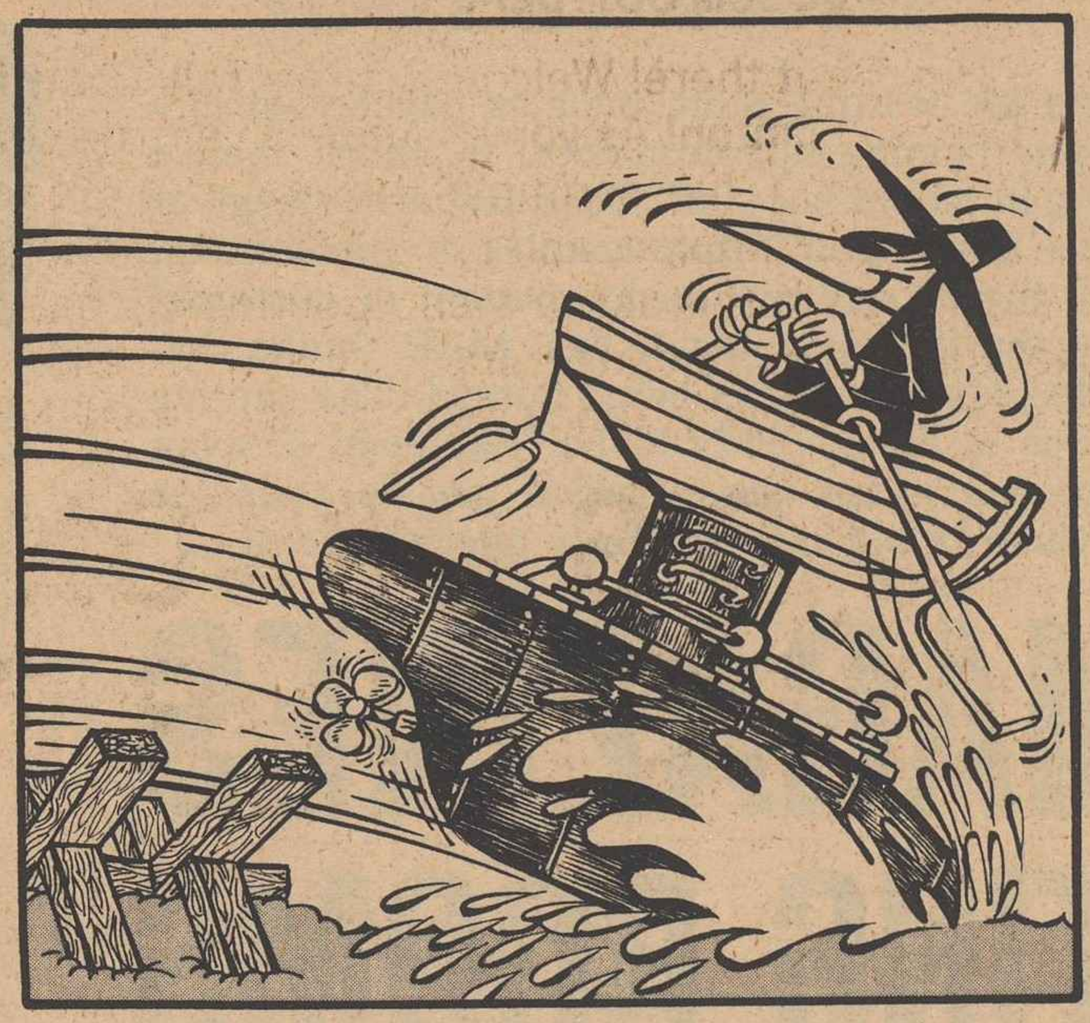


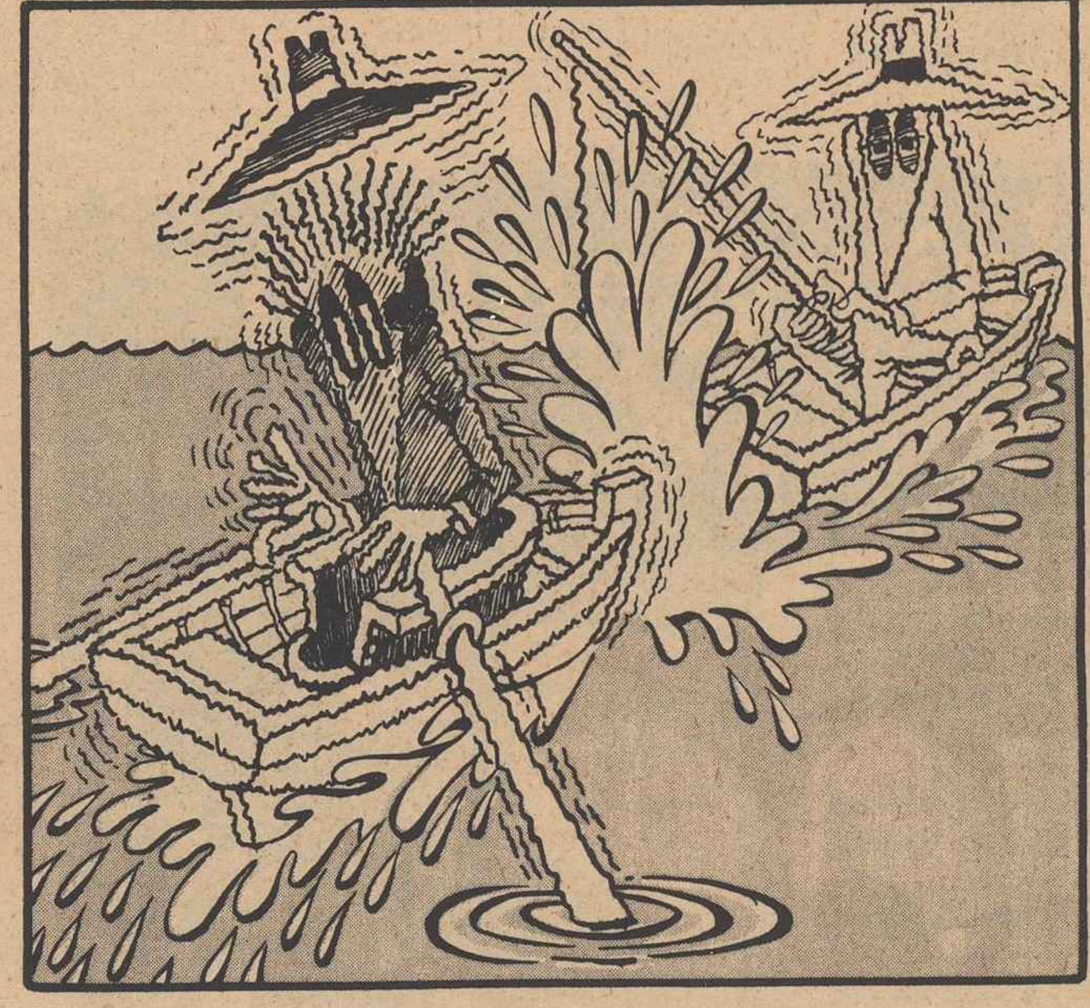
Six-Month Check-Up Time 1975

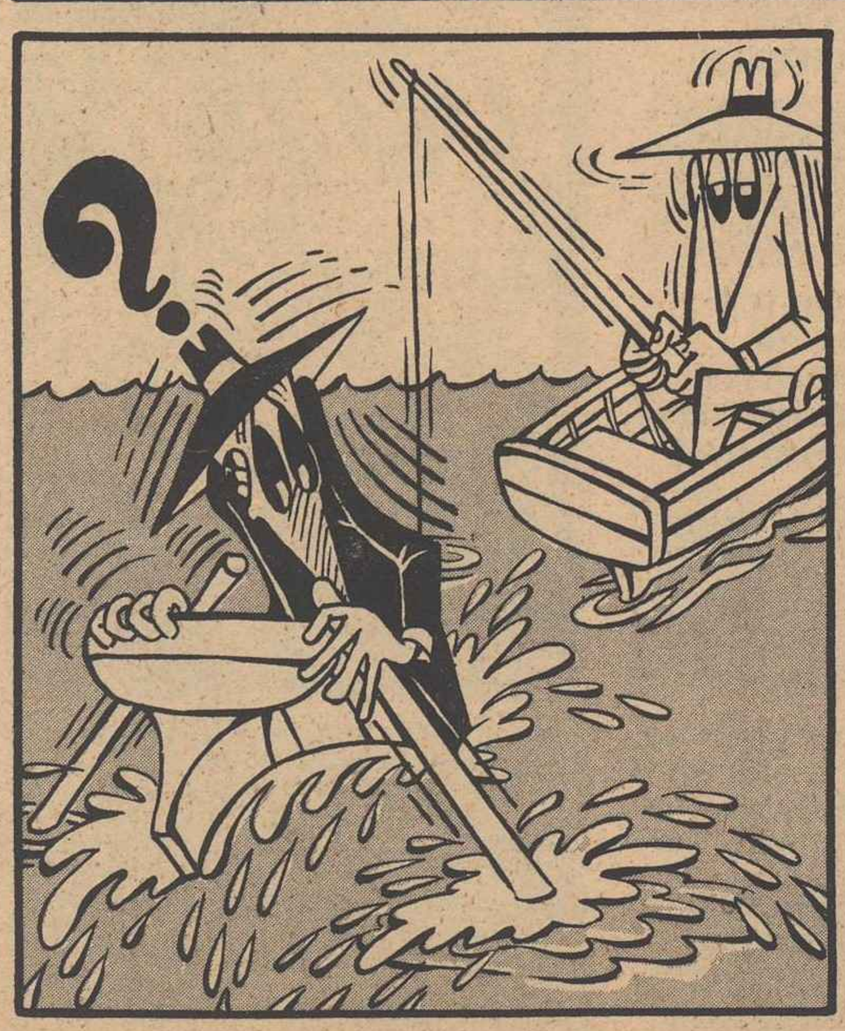
SPECIAL REPORT "There's No Truth To The Rumor That They Turn Up The Muzak To Drown Out The Sound Of Screaming!"

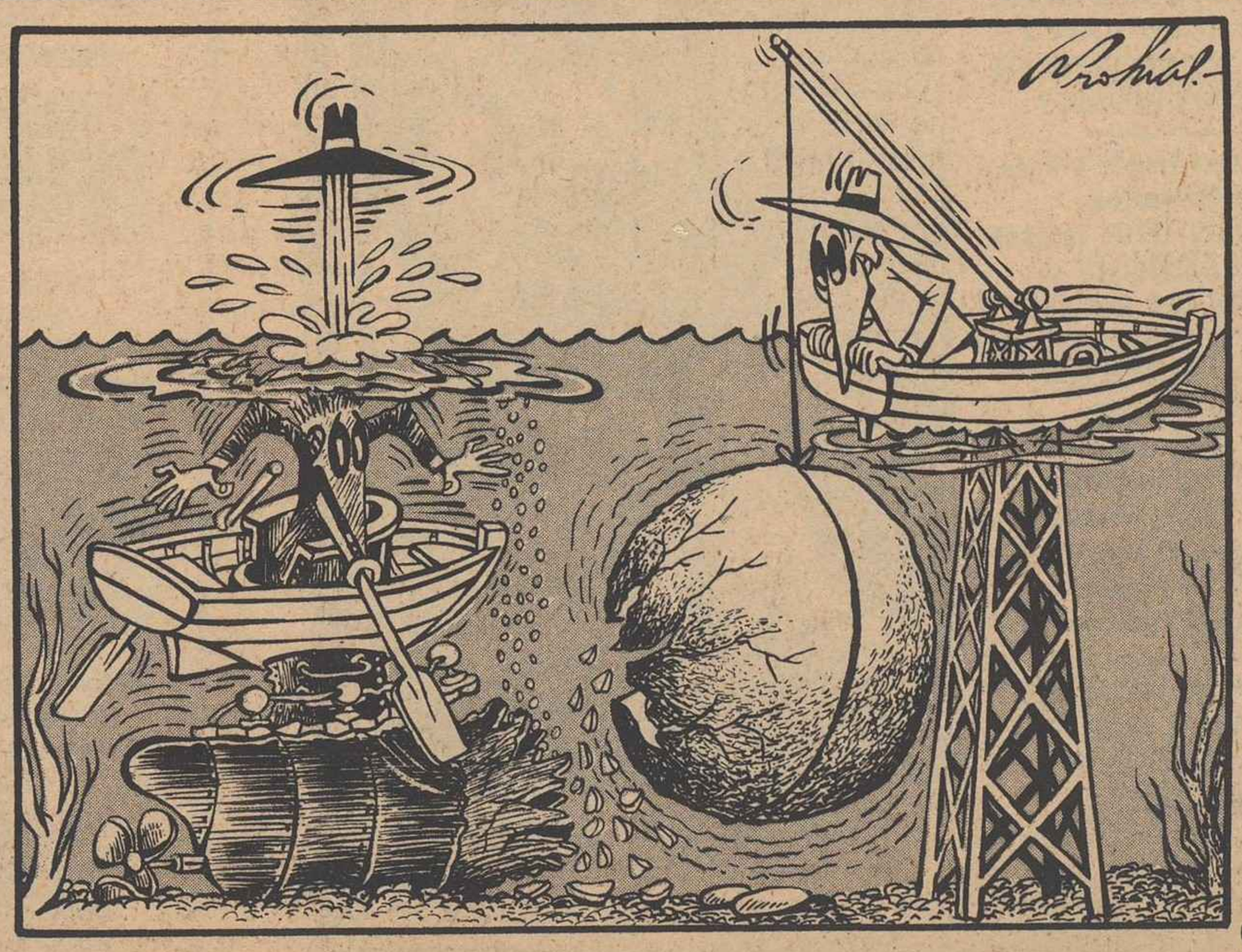
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II











T'ROW DE BUM OUT! DEPT.

Hello, out there! Welcome to **Dry Talk Country!** (That's a little **local New York joke!**) I'm **George Slimton!** As you all know, I've done some **really dangerous** and **foolhardy things** in my time . . . like scrimmaging against a **pro football team,** and stepping into a ring with a **boxing champion,** and photographing a **charging elephant!** But they were all **child's play** compared to **this** assignment: Conducting one of those **idiotic interviews** for **MAD Magazine!** Not that it's **more dangerous** . . . just **more embarrassing** than those **other** embarrassing things I've done! Anyway, today we're going to meet **Lester Loudmouth,** who has been selected as . . .

MAD'S OBNOXIOUS SPORTS SPECTATOR OF THE YEAR

Tell me, Lester . . . which do you prefer: Attending a sporting event **in person** . . . or watching it on **TV?**

I dig being there **in person!**

Oh? You enjoy the **excitement** . . . the **color** . . . and the feeling of being **part** of the **action?**

Nahh! If I watch a game on **TV,** I only disturb **ONE person**—my **wife!** But if I go to the **game,** I can bug **THOUSANDS of people!!**

How do you manage to do **that?**

Well, like the time I **ran out** and **shook hands** with **Henry Aaron,** and **thirty thousand fans,** plus all the creeps watching on **TV** had to wait **ten minutes** till the **Fuzz** dragged me off the **field!**

CRACKLE! SNAP! POP!

Brave

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Er—is bothering people the **ONLY** reason you enjoy attending sporting events, Lester?

Course not!

Then you **DO** enjoy the **thrill** of **competition?!?**

Not exactly! I like to see guys get **hurt!**

What was your **biggest thrill** in sports?

I've had **lots** of thrills! Like last year, when Jerry West made a **basket** just as the **buzzer** went off . . . !

Did it win the game?

Nahh! They **lost** by **9 points!** But the **basket** beat the **point spread,** and I **won** a few bucks!

C'mon! We'll be **late!**

But the game doesn't **start** for an **hour!**

I wanna get there for the **warmup!**

You are a fan—wanting to see the players warm up!

What players?!? I wanna warm up!

NAMATH, YOU'RE A %$#@& STIFF!

CASTER, YOU GOT CEMENT HANDS!

WINNERS?!? YOU'RE ALL LOSERS!

Where are you going? It's time for the kickoff!

Me? I'm goin' for a hot dog! I ALWAYS go during kickoffs and other crucial plays! It really bugs people! Hey, Mac, would you mind gettin' out of my way? Cheez! Some people ain't got no manners at all!

It's Giants' ball, first and ten!

Another thing I like to do is listen to a DIFFERENT game on my portable radio! It drives everybody around me up the wall!

Hey! Turn that %$#& thing off!!

I'll tell you one thing! I know this game! I would've made a really great Coach!

C'MON! PASS THE BALL! PUT IT IN THE AIR!

The other team intercepted!

Namath, you dumb bum!! Why didn't you stay on the ground?!

C'mon! Let's go!

But the game's not over yet!

It is as far as I'm concerned! My flask of booze is empty—and I'll freeze!

In SEPTEMBER . . .?!?

Lester, do you have a favorite sport?

I love 'em all . . . football, hockey, basketball, track! I see every game!

How do you manage to see all those sporting events?

It ain't easy! I haven't been home in three months!

C'mon, you %¢&$# CANUCKS! Let's see some ACTION out there!

What a dull game!

I think it's very exciting! The score is tied!

Who cares about the SCORE?!? There hasn't been one lousy FIGHT yet! And even worse . . . no BLOOD!! Well, I might as well throw this rotten fruit I brought! Maybe it'll inspire them bums into some rough stuff!

Next, we're gonna see a tennis match!

I'm surprised you like tennis, since yelling, cursing and rowdy behavior are frowned upon at tennis matches!

Yeah! There's **not** much action, but **I** get my kicks! Listen—

Watch . . . OUT!!

See that? The dummy thought the **Linesman** made that "Out" call, and he **let** the ball **go!** Now he'll start an **argument** . . . and the fans'll **boo** him for **unsportsman-like conduct!**

BOOO!

BOOO!

Off the court!!

MAD

What about **boxing?** You **didn't mention** it! Do you **like** boxing?

I **used** to go, but the **real** fight fans are **gone!** Now, all you see are cats in **far-out costumes** attending the big bouts! **They** don't care about the **sport!** They just go so people'll **stare** at 'em! Once in a while, I'll go when two **Spanish** guys are fighting! No matter **who** wins, there's **always** a **riot** . . . with **throwing chairs** and **fun** like **that!** But **boxing** is **DEAD** as a **spectator sport!** Gi'me a good **TRACK MEET . . . any time!**

TRACK MEET TONITE A.C.'S VS D.C.'S

SL08

Do you prefer **indoor** —or **outdoor** track meets?

INDOORS, of course!

Is it because you get a much **closer view** of the **action?**

No, it's because when I smoke these **cheap cigars indoors,** I not only bother everybody sitting **around** me, but the air gets so **polluted,** the runners can't **breathe!**

C'MON, YOU BUM! RUN! I PAID TO SEE A FOUR-MINUTE MILE, SO RUN, DAMMIT!

MAD

Then **track** is your **favorite indoor sport?**

No . . . my **favorite** is **basketball!**

Oh? Is that because you enjoy the **fast pace** and **high scoring?**

No . . . it's because in **other** sports, you sit **so far away,** the refs and the players can't even **hear** you! But in **basketball,** when you **yell** . . . they **listen!**

Basketb

MAD

YOU'RE A BUM, WILT! MY TEN-YEAR-OLD KID SHOOTS BETTER THAN YOU!!

Ah, **button your lip,** you creep!

Did you **hear that?** Man, I don't know what sports are **comin'** to! A fan can't even open his **mouth!** **I'm** payin' that stiff's **salary!** Didn't he ever hear of the **5th Amendment, Freedom of Speech?!?**

That's the **Bill of Rights . . .!**

Whatever! It means a person's allowed to express an **opinion!** It's a **free country!**

Lester, you attend **many baseball games!** What do you think is **wrong** with baseball today? Not enough **super stars?** Or is the **action too slow?**

The **main** thing wrong with baseball today is that the **Sody Pop** and **Beer** is sold in **paper cups!** How can you **conk** somebody with a **paper cup?!?** In the **old** days, drinks were sold in **BOTTLES!** **THAT** was **exciting baseball!!**

BASEBALL CAT FISH VS ORIOLES

Why are we sitting way out here?

So's I can chuck these firecrackers into the bull pen!

Why are you leaping around like that? There's nothing happening on the field!

I'm getting the TV cameras to zoom in on us! Now, watch what happens when I thumb my nose at them . . .!

Oh-oh! A player's been hurt!!

Are you leaning over to see how badly he's been injured?

Nahh! I'm leaning over to pour beer on the bum!

What was your most exciting moment as a baseball spectator?

There's one game I'll never forget!

Was it during a World Series?

No, it was on "Beer Day"! Beer was selling for five cents a cup! Man, the joint was really jumpin'! It got so wild, the game was called—and the Home Team hadda forfeit it!

Another game that stands out in my memory is the day the Mets won the Pennant! We tore up the turf and the bases, and wrecked the stadium! Boy, that was some day!

I guess you took everything that wasn't nailed down, eh?

Man, we took it, whether it was nailed down or not!

Lester, what do you think is the main cause of all the rowdyism at the ball parks?

Beer! What else?!

Well, aren't you concerned that riots and ugly behavior by fans may force owners to stop selling beer at games?

Are you kidding!?! As long as Beer Companies sponsor baseball games on TV, and as long as ball clubs make a buck on beer sales, they'll keep selling beer at games no matter how many riots we start!!

Lester, one last question! What was your biggest disappointment as a sports fan?

That's easy! Evel Knievel's jump over the Snake River!

Oh? You were sorry because he didn't make a successful jump?

No. I was sorry because he wasn't wiped out! I paid fifteen bucks to watch that fiasco! The least he could have done was break his neck!

Thank you, Lester! This is George Slimton, signing off for MAD Magazine!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEECH DEPT.

With today's ridiculously high cost of food and lodging, travel has become an almost impossibly expensive proposition. However, there *is* a sure-fire method of cutting costs while still seeing the country. It's called *"House-Guesting"* ... which means you stay with friends or relatives and *sponge* off them! And so, to teach you the elementary aspects of this fine art, we now present . . .

The MAD Handbook Of HOUSE-GUESTING

HOW TO "JUST DROP IN"... AND STAY FOR SEVEN WEEKS

* * *

Making your Host Into Your Personal Slave

* * *

HOW TO APPEAR LIKE YOU'RE BEING HELPFUL... WITHOUT LIFTING A FINGER

* * *

A Skilled House-Guest Can Wheedle Breakfast In Bed

* * *

IF HIS (OR HER) WARDROBE FITS YOU... THEN WEAR IT!

* * *

Insuring Your Privacy At The Risk Of Being Rude

* * *

HOW TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE AND/OR PROFIT FROM THEIR DOMESTIC SQUABBLES

* * *

Getting Sick On Their Health And Accident Plan

* * *

CONTROLLING BRATTY KIDS THROUGH GENTLE TERROR

* * *

How To Use Their Car Without Buying Any Gas

* * *

CHANGING THEIR MEALTIMES TO SUIT YOUR OWN SCHEDULE

* * *

"House-Guest Fatigue"... And How To Combat It





ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

A SELECTION OF "INVITATION-GETTING" LETTERS

Dear Sue and Andy,

It's hard to believe that five years have passed since you two got married and moved away. I'll be going South this Fall and, as I promised myself, would like to take the opportunity to personally hand you your Wedding Present which finally came from

Dear Uncle Harold,

Somehow, I have never forgotten that straight-from-the-shoulder talk we had in my Freshman year when you convinced me to change my Major from Modern Dance to Forestry. Well, once again I am in dire need of a strong, clear, no-nonsense talking to... and since I will be passing through your area next month

I thought

Dear Mr. Wambaugh,

Having followed your law suit against Breakwind Airlines with great interest in the newspapers, I thought you might like to know that I worked as a freight handler for them. During that time, I came into possession of some revealing papers concerning the sloppy way they handle live Cobras. And since I am quite willing to appear as a witness for you in your upcoming trial, I thought you might want to have me visit you in

to plan our attack and prepare



Dear Mr. Tremaine,

Before she died, my Aunt Lola entrusted me with a packet of letters that you wrote to her while you were an art student at the school where she modeled. These letters are so full of youthful exhuberance and passionate longings that I am sure you would enjoy re-reading them. Since I will be passing your estate on my forthcoming Trip, I decided

Dear Mr. Trevor-Clydesdale III,

In my research concerning early shipping along the Eastern Seaboard, I have come into possession of a map indicating that Pirate Treasure is buried on your waterfront property at Sea Island, Ga. It would take me only about two weeks to uncover the references and decipher the symbols on this ancient map, and I could stay at your elegant home during that period, where we could also discuss a fair split if and when the treasure is found and we are able to make a proper

Dear Cousin Mildred,

I was sorry to hear that you are having such expensive problems with your septic tank. As it happens, I have just graduated from a six month Correspondence Course in Leaching Fields, and I would be happy to make a slight detour in my forthcoming trip West to visit you and give you the benefit of my knowledge of the problems involved.

Dear Mr. Finklestein,

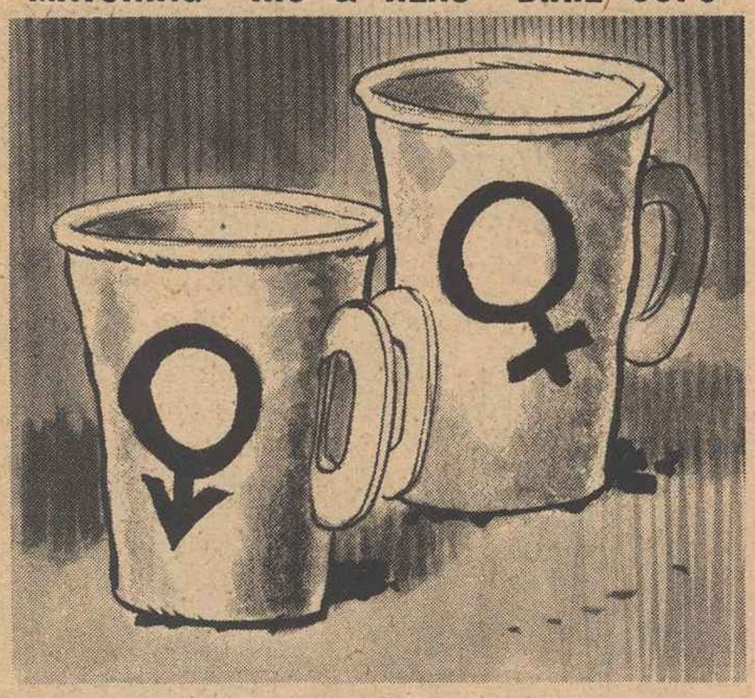
I could not help but notice that we share the same surname, and so I have taken the liberty to write. Recently, I undertook an intensive search into our ancestry and discovered that our name dates back to the sixth century.

As I will be passing through your town next month, I thought that you might be fascinated to see my study and have me explain it to you. Did you know that we had two Transylvanian Counts and one French Marquis in our heritage?

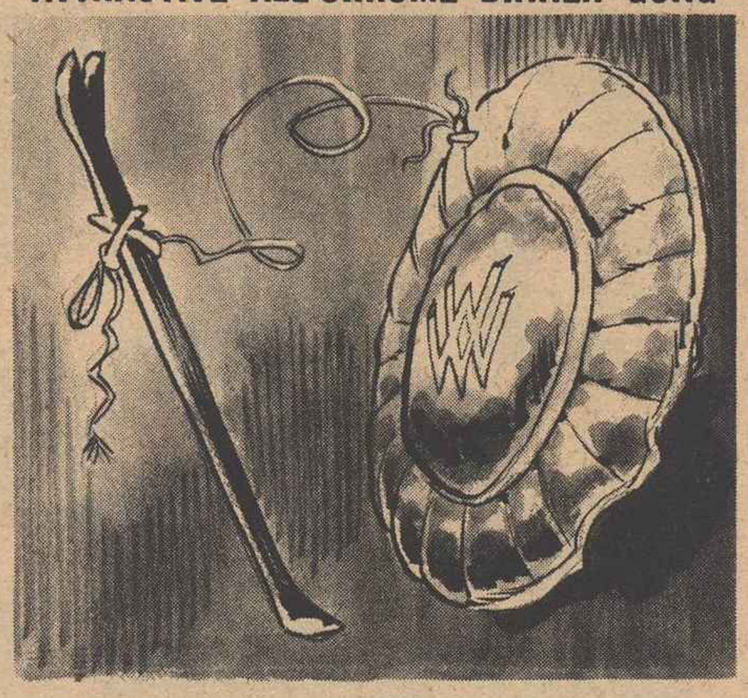
Please let me know what date will be

SOME INEXPENSIVE HOUSE GIFTS YOU CAN BRING

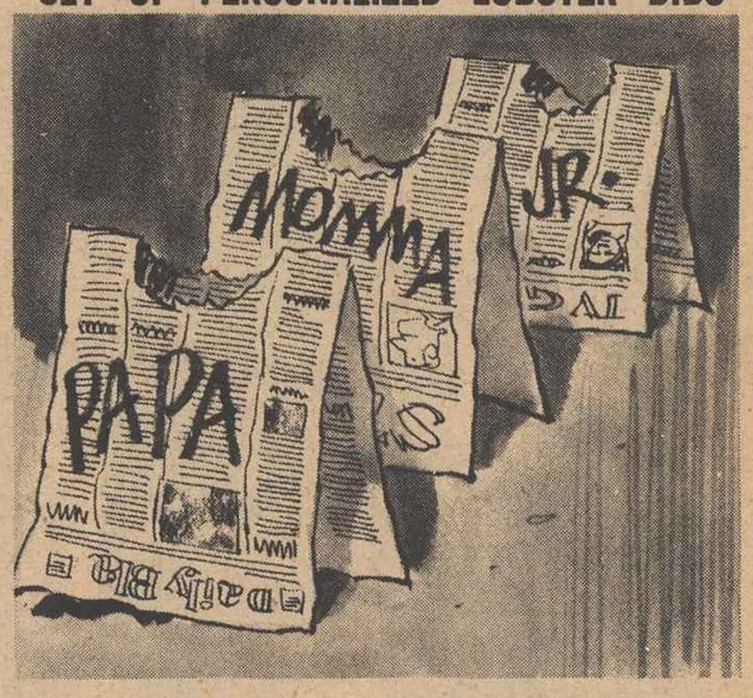
MATCHING "HIS & HERS" DIXIE CUPS



ATTRACTIVE ALL-CHROME DINNER GONG



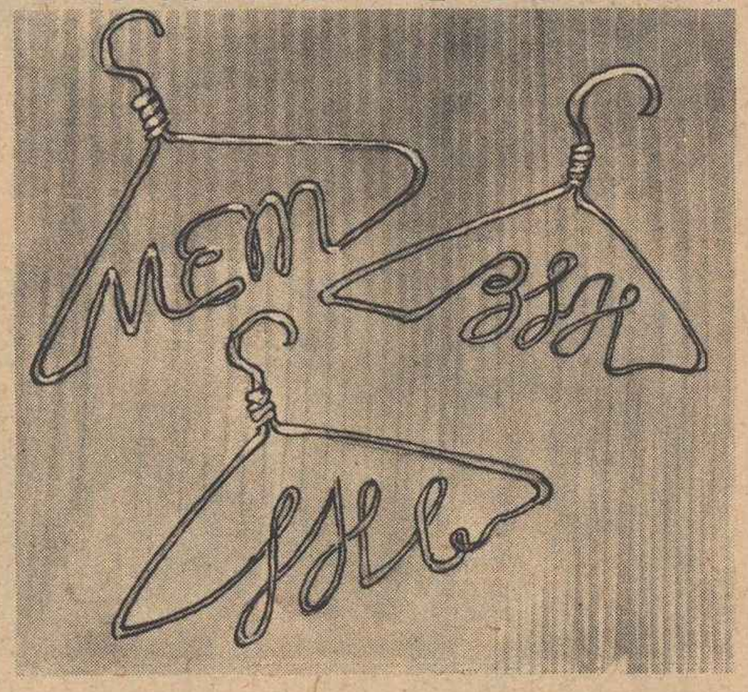
SET OF PERSONALIZED LOBSTER BIBS



MATCHING PAIR OF HURRICANE LAMPS



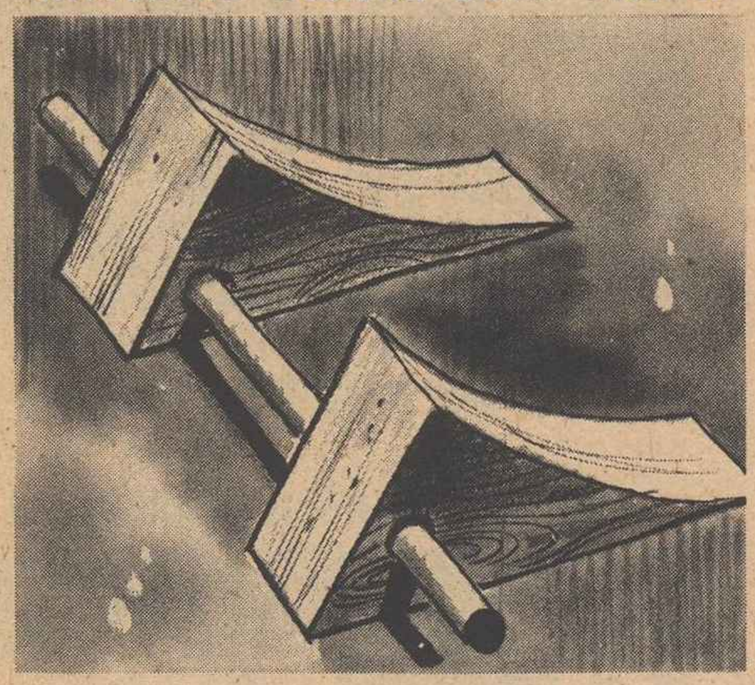
3 MONOGRAMMED WIRE COAT HANGERS



"WHO'S WHO IN N.Y." IN SOFT COVER



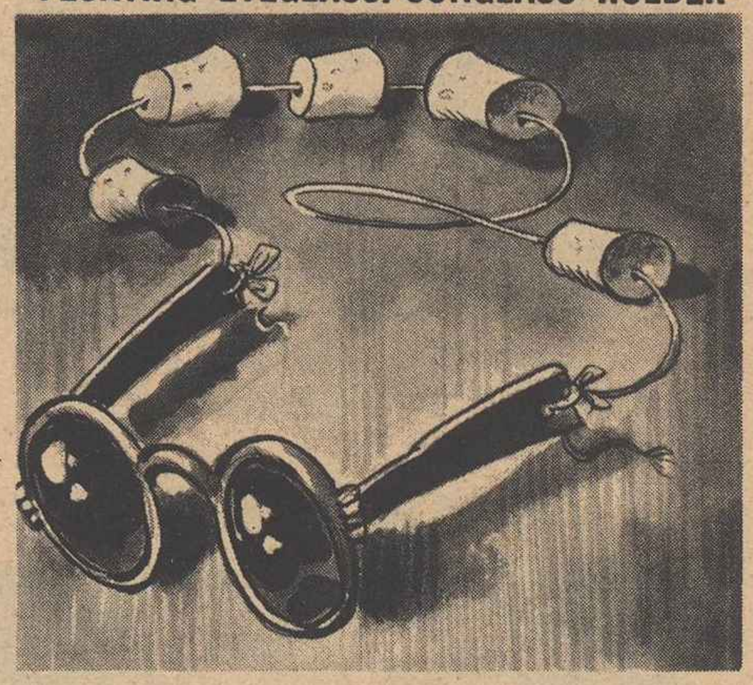
ADJUSTABLE ROCKING CHAIR STOPPER



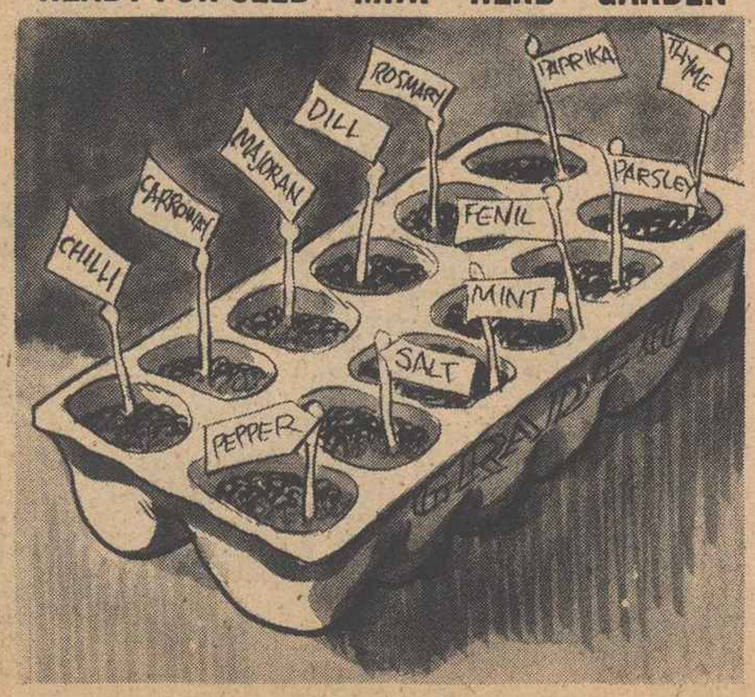
MATCHBOOK COLLECTOR'S STARTER SET



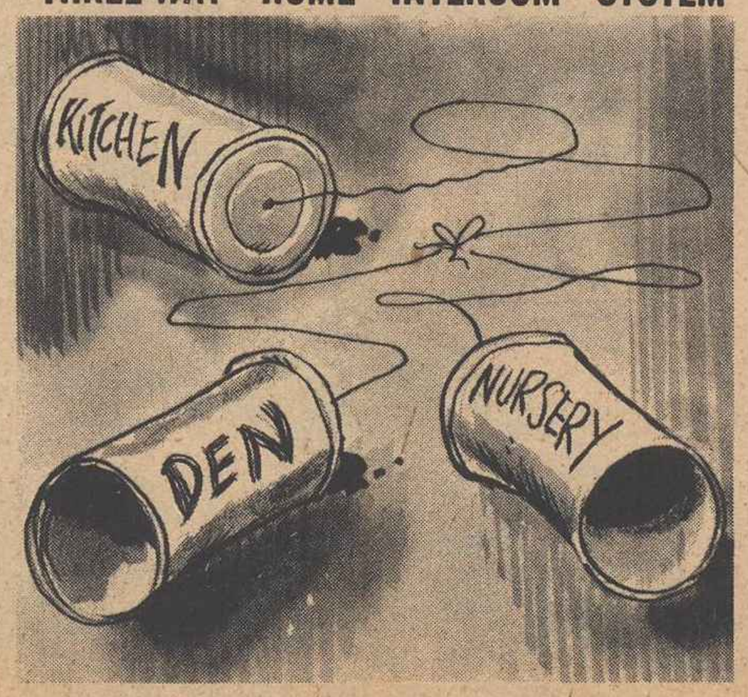
FLOATING EYEGLASS/SUNGLASS HOLDER



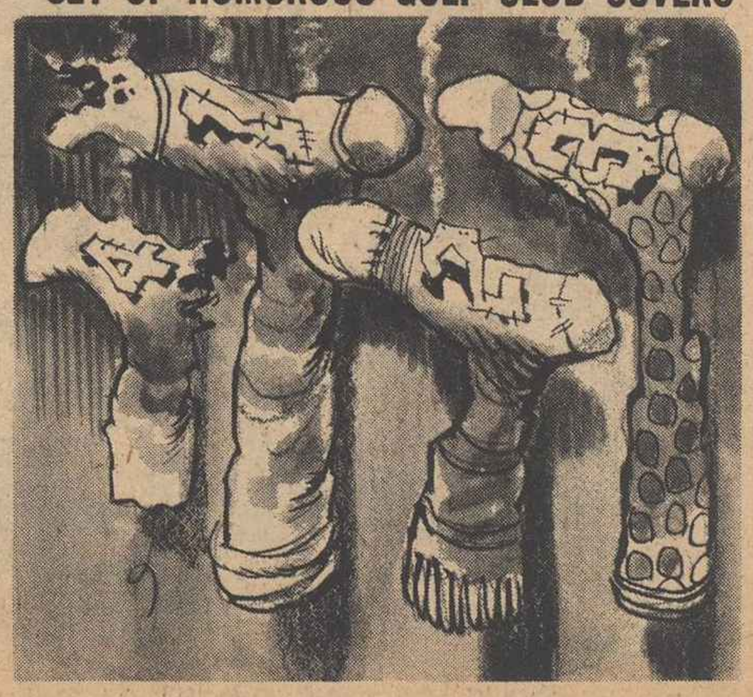
READY-FOR-SEED MINI HERB GARDEN



THREE-WAY HOME INTERCOM SYSTEM



SET OF HUMOROUS GOLF CLUB COVERS



MAKE YOUR STAY A HAPPY ONE BY AVOIDING...

. . . HOMES WITH ONE BATHROOM



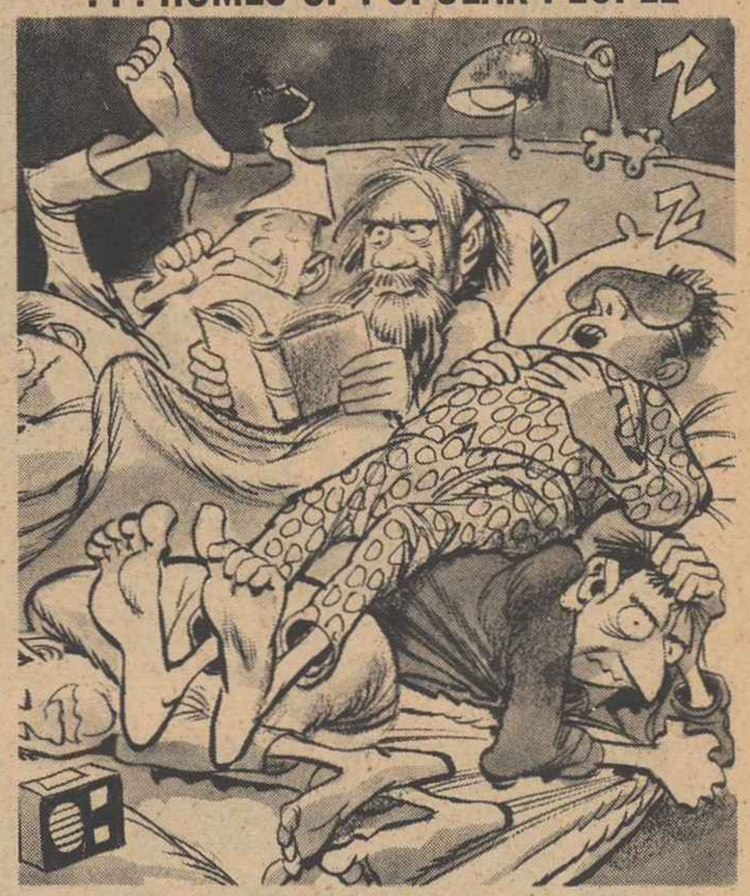
. . . unless you enjoy standing in line.

. . . HOMES WITH FOLD-OUT BEDS



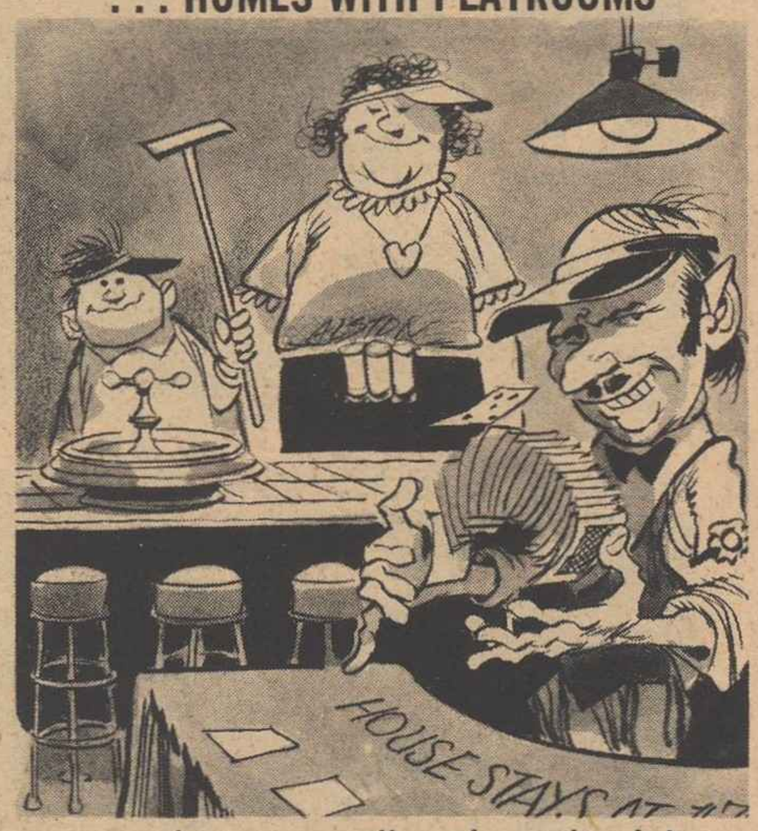
. . . unless your Uncle's a Chiropractor.

. . . HOMES OF POPULAR PEOPLE



. . . unless you like sleeping in a dorm.

. . . HOMES WITH PLAYROOMS



. . . unless you really enjoy going into debt for twenty years at 12% interest.

. . . HOMES OF FOOD FADISTS



. . . unless you like organic bran and alfalfa for breakfast, lunch & dinner.

. . . HOMES WITH THIN WALLS



. . . unless you actually like hearing what people really think about you.

. . . HOMES WITH LARGE FAMILIES



. . . unless you really dig babysitting.

. . . HOMES WITH NO DRIVEWAYS LOCATED ON TOP OF HIGH HILLS



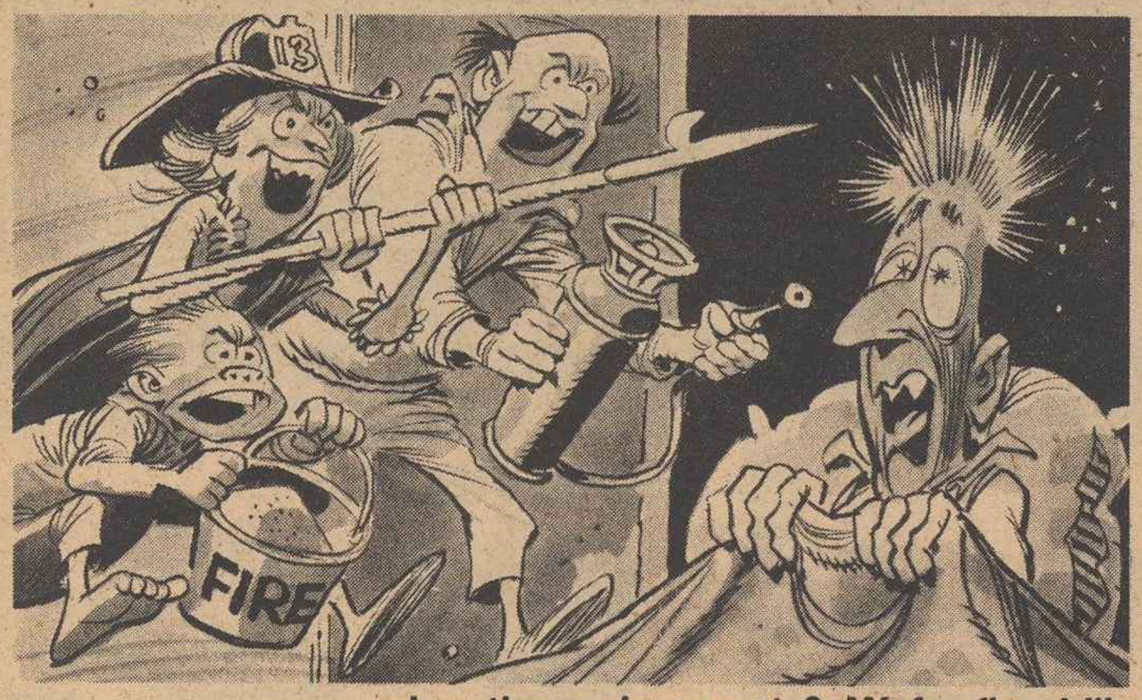
. . . unless you like hauling groceries.

. . . HOMES WITH UGLY DAUGHTERS

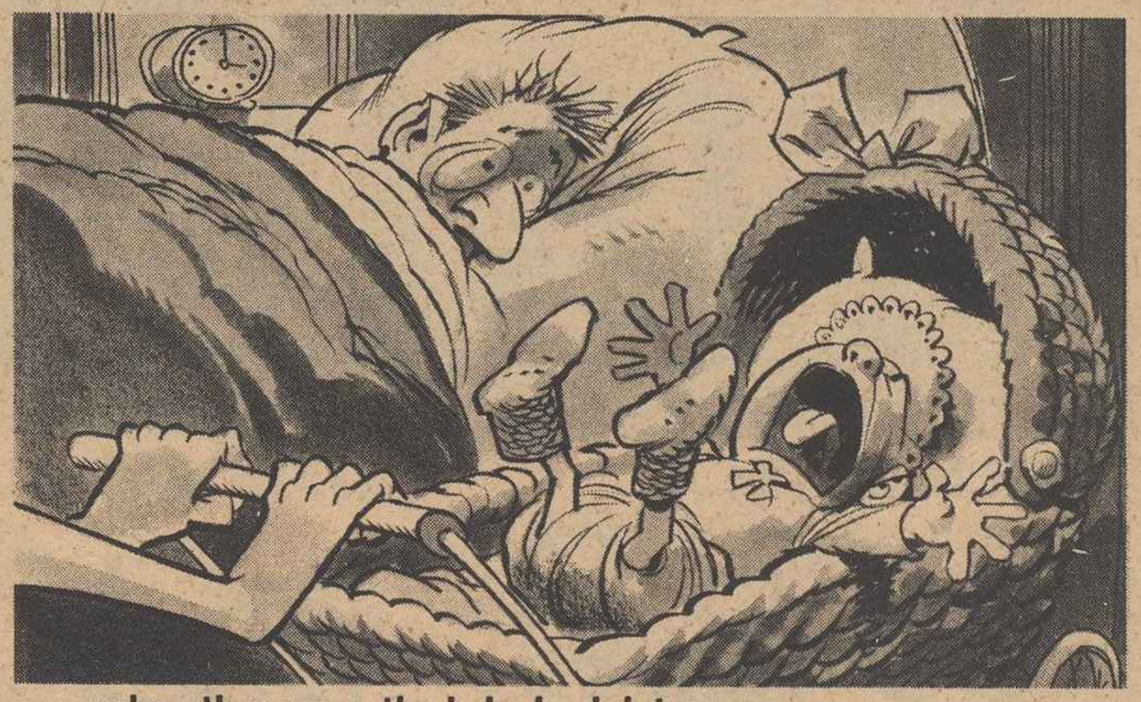


. . . unless you like shotgun marriages.

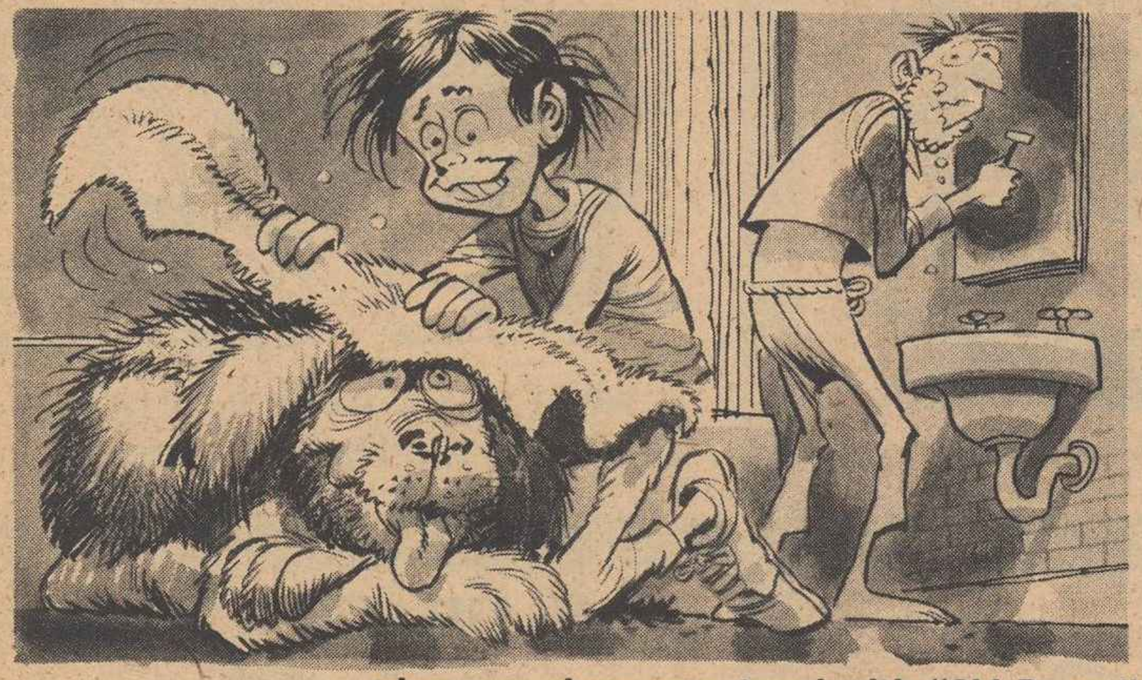
YOU KNOW YOU'VE OVERSTAYED YOUR WELCOME...



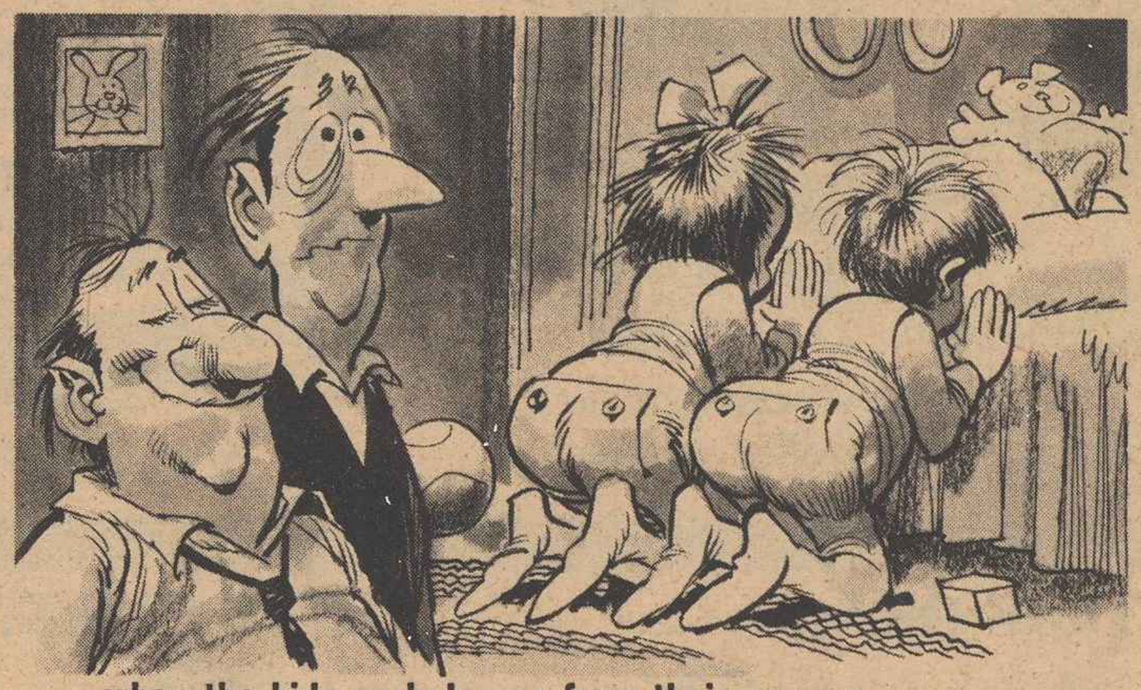
. . . when they wake you at 3 AM for fire drills.



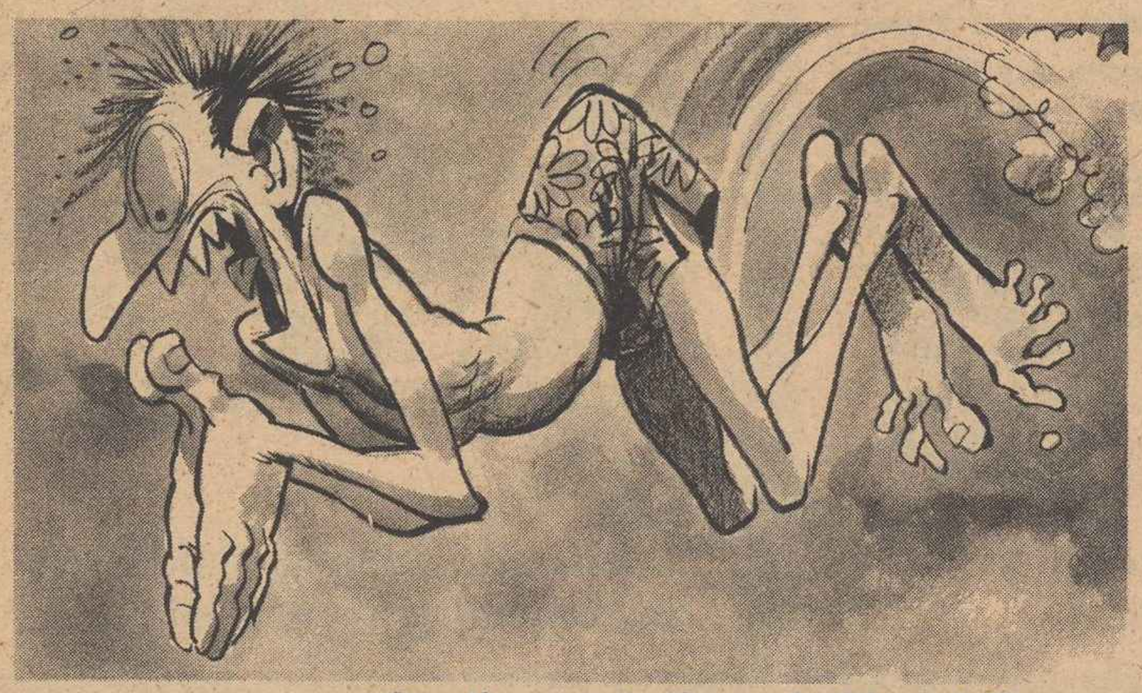
. . . when they move the baby back into your room.



. . . when you share your towel with "Old Rover."



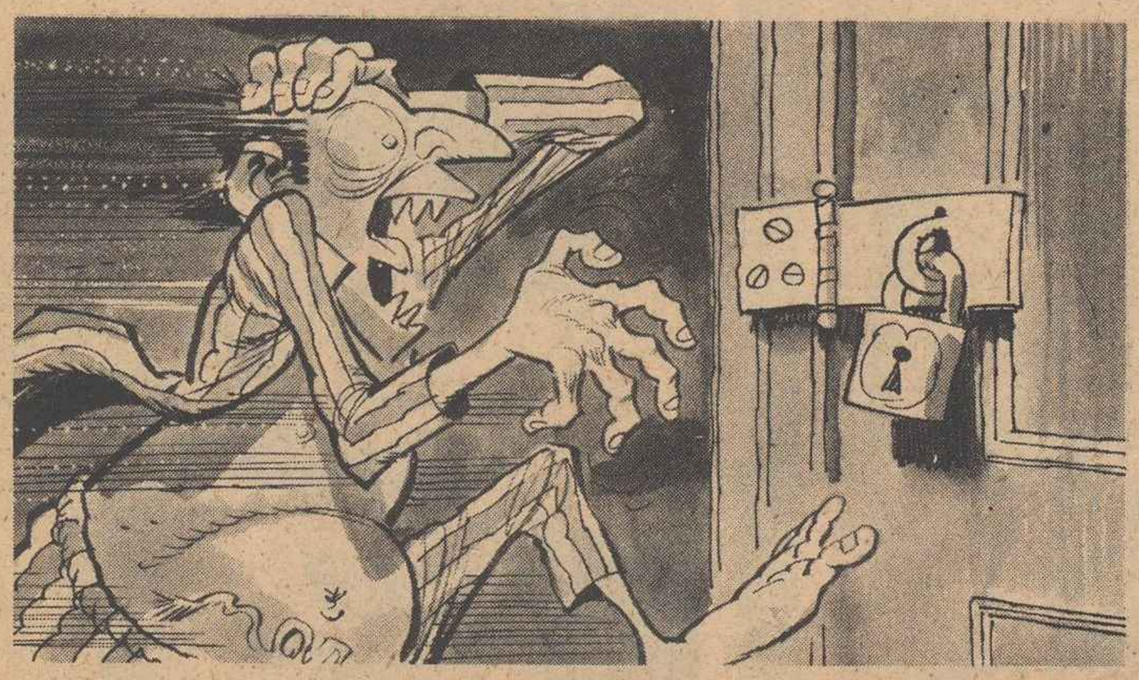
. . . when the kids exclude you from their prayers.



. . . when they empty the pool without telling you.



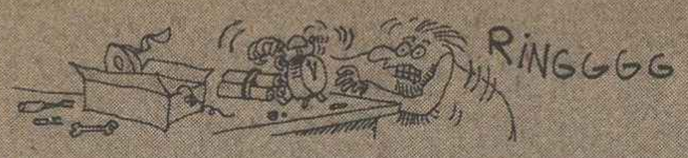
. . . when they turn off the radiator in your room.



. . . when they serve baked beans and stewed prunes for supper, and then put a lock on your bathroom.



. . . when your place mat at the table is a roadmap with all exit routes clearly marked in black ink.



WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPT.

As Albert Einstein explained, Time is relative. Which means that, sometimes, Time passes faster or slower than other times. You find that hard to believe?

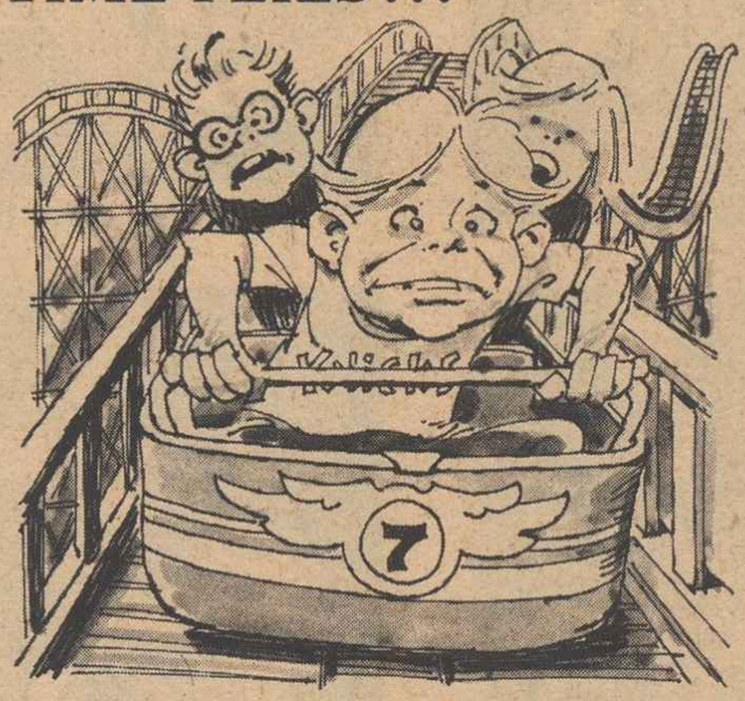
TIME DRAGS...

TIME DRAGS...



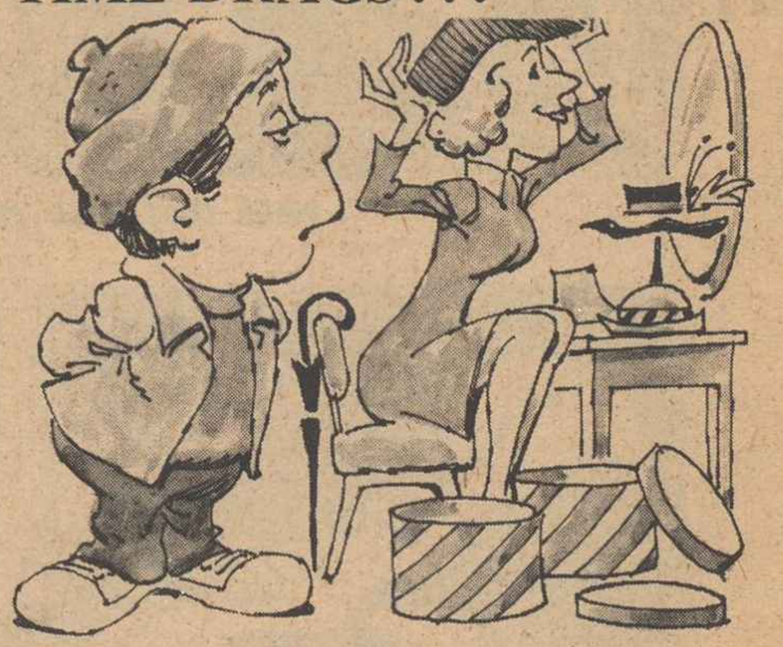
...when you're waiting your turn on the roller coaster.

TIME FLIES...



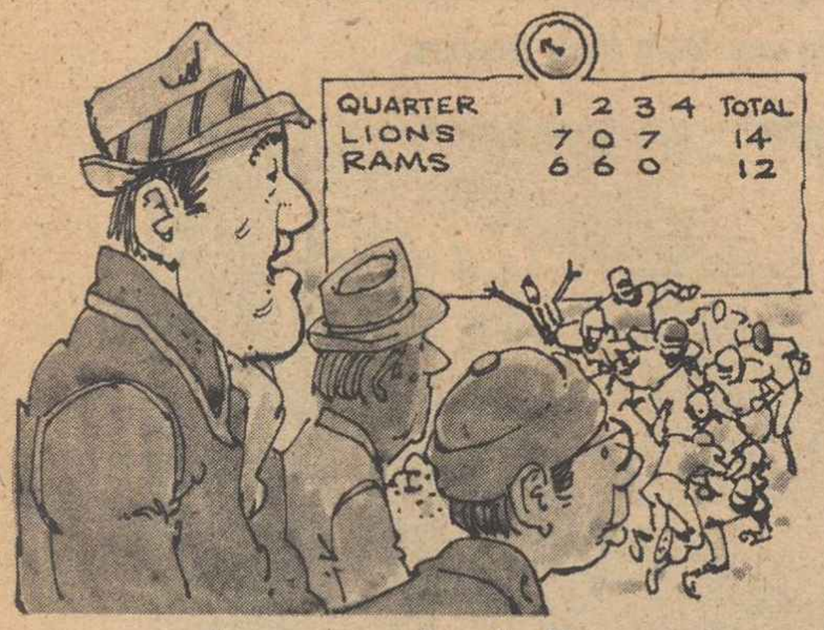
...when you're on the ride.

TIME DRAGS...



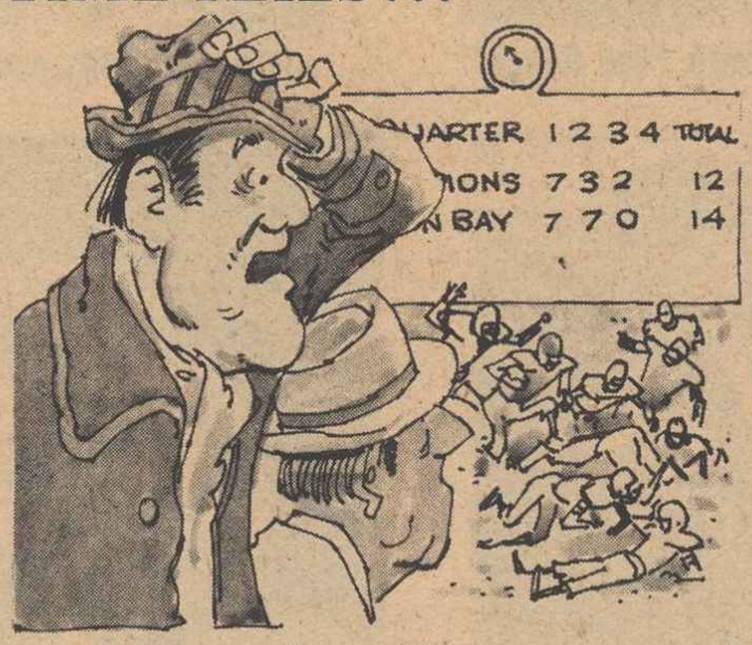
...when you're waiting for your Mother in the Hat Department.

TIME DRAGS...



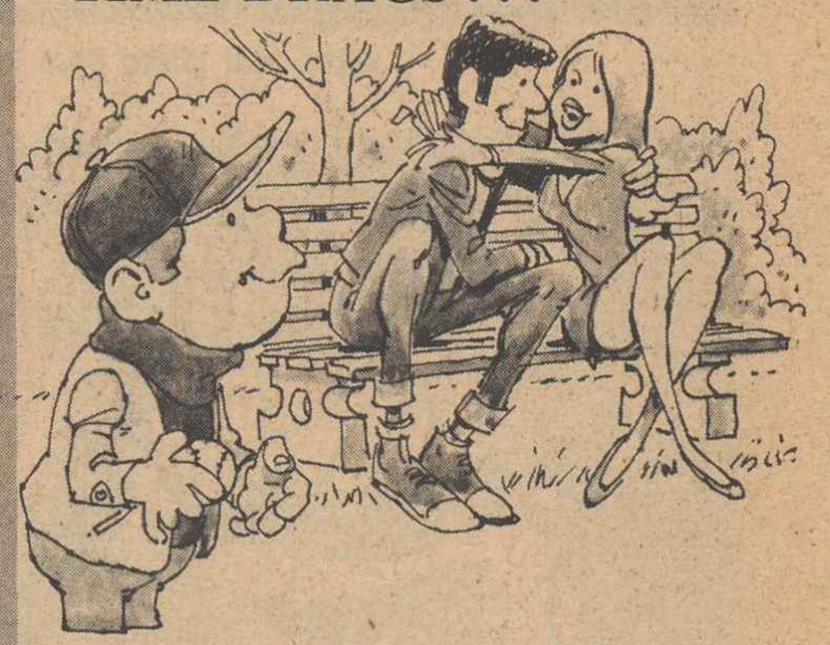
...when your football team is winning by only 2 points.

TIME FLIES...



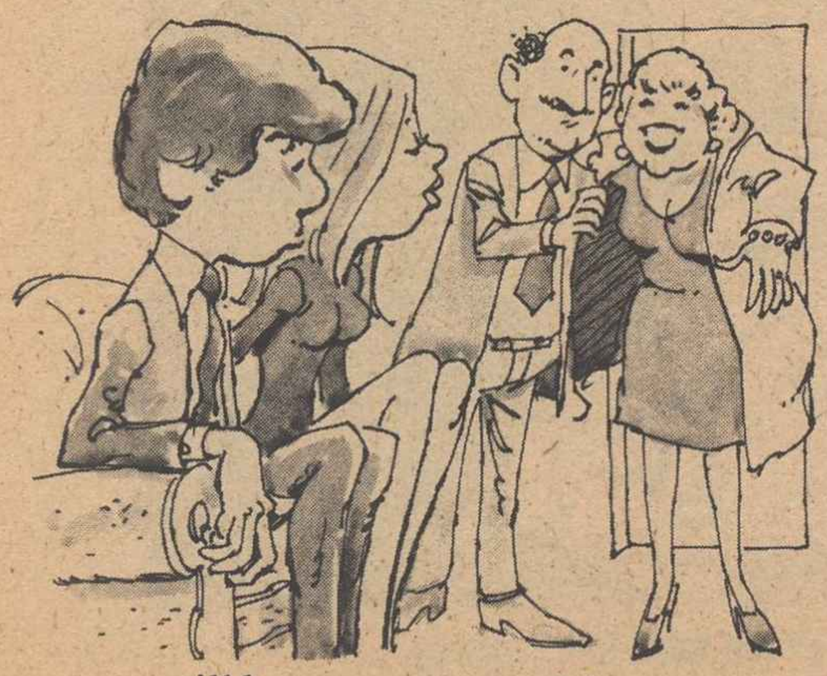
...when your football team is losing by only 2 points.

TIME DRAGS...



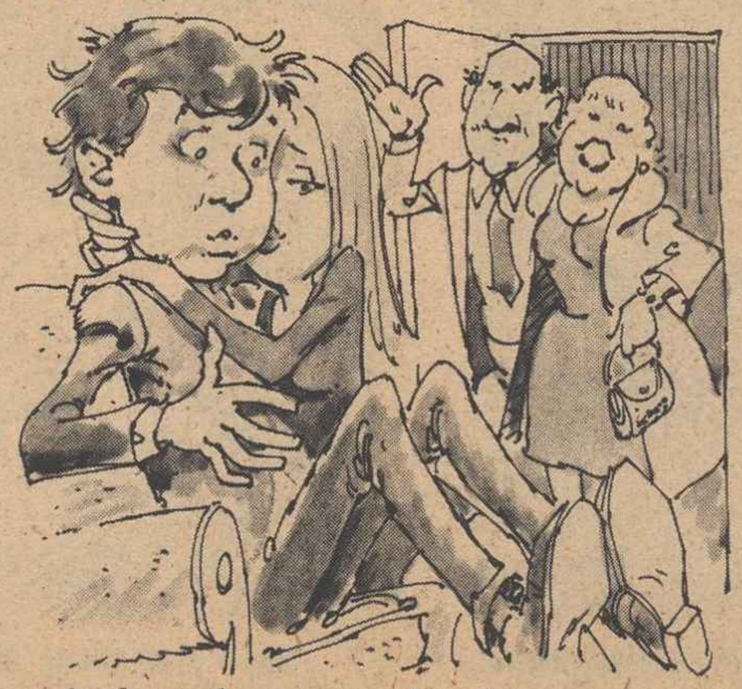
...between being a child... and becoming a young adult.

TIME DRAGS...



...till her parents go out.

TIME FLIES...



...before they come back.

TIME DRAGS...



...between paychecks.



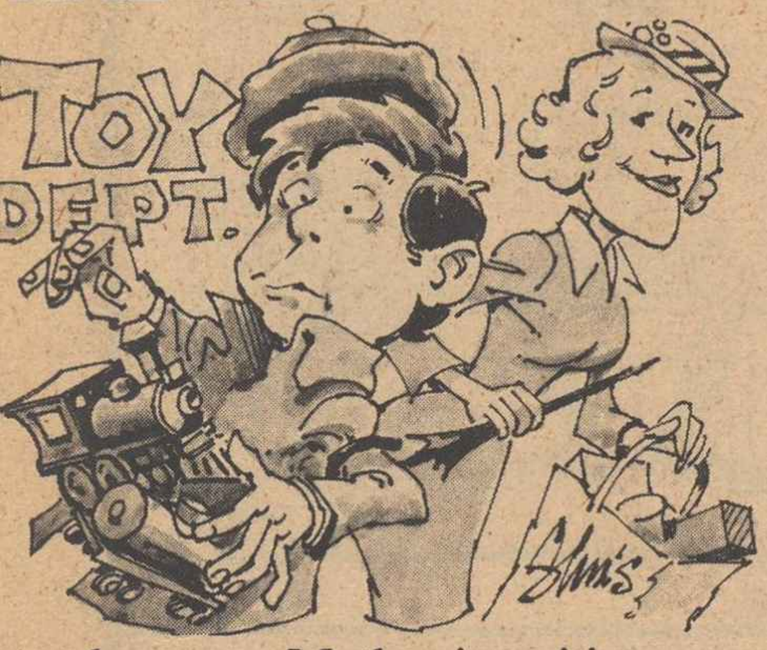
Well, notice how fast Time goes when you're enjoying yourself, as compared to how slow it passes when you're reading a dull article like this one, called . . .

TIME FLIES...

ARTIST:
JACK RICKARD

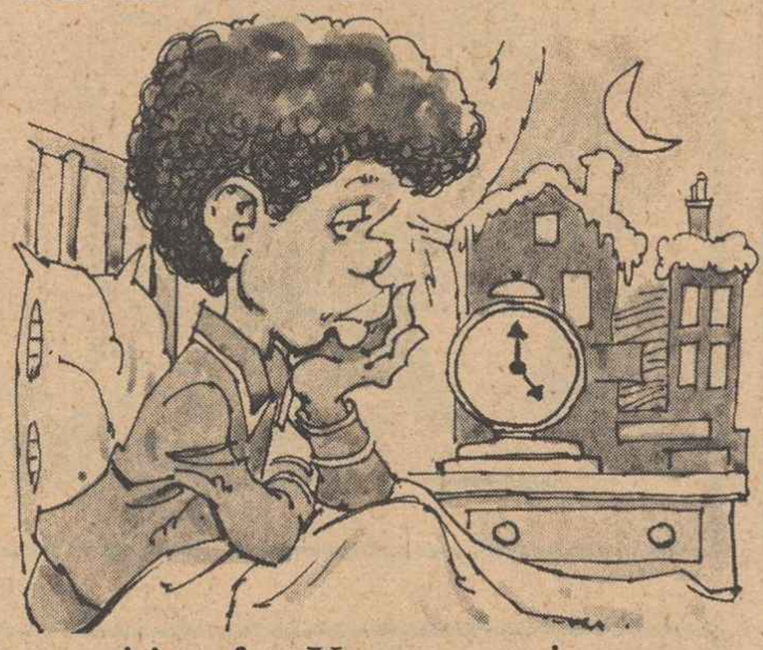
WRITER:
STAN HART

TIME FLIES...



...when your Mother is waiting for you in the Toy Department.

TIME DRAGS...



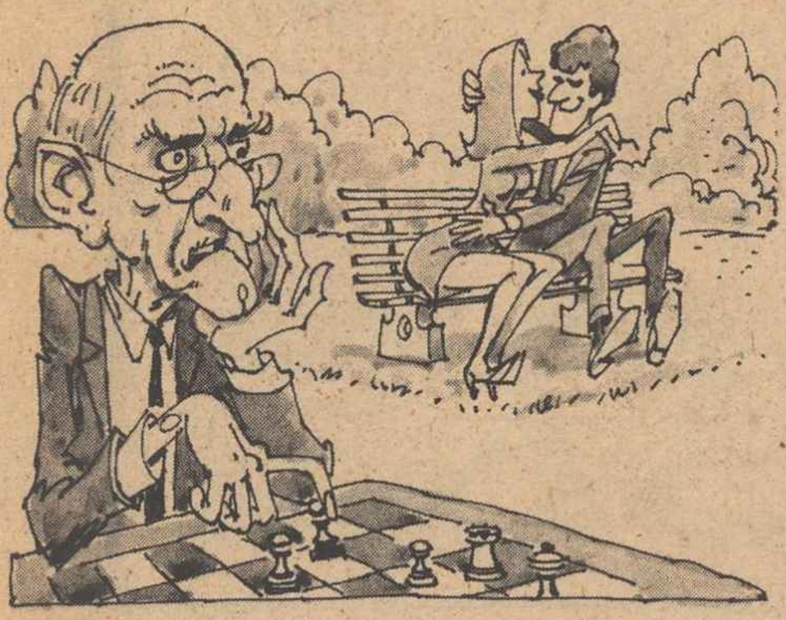
...waiting for Xmas morning, so you can open your presents.

TIME FLIES...



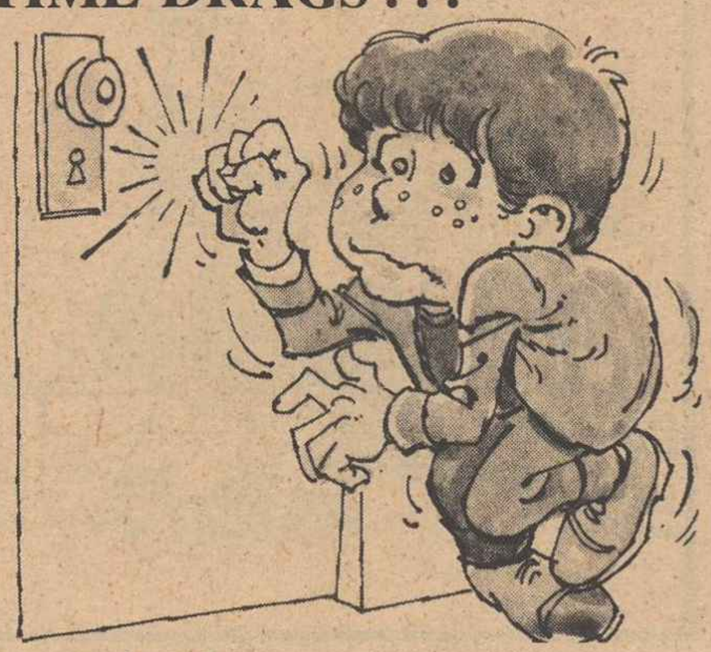
...before they're all broken.

TIME FLIES...



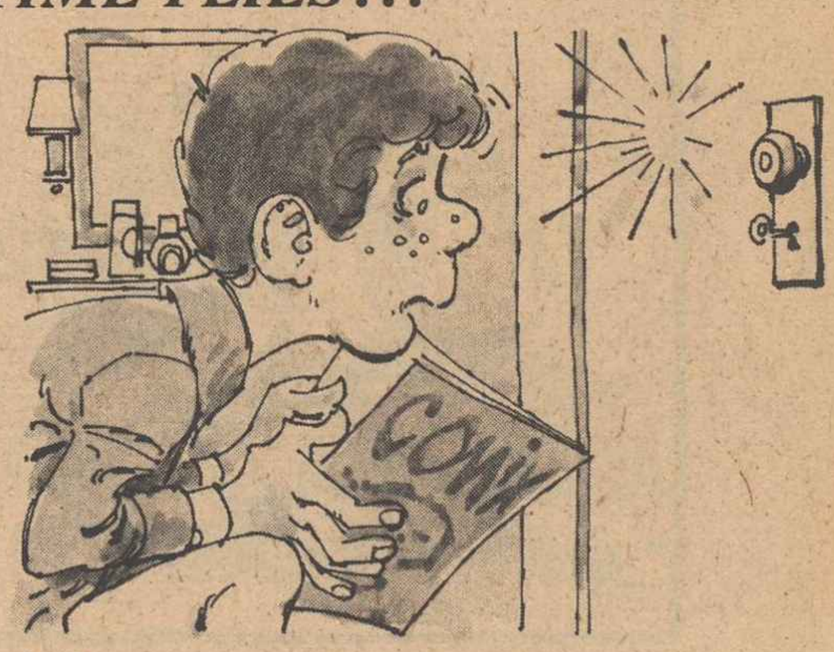
...between being a young adult ...and becoming an old adult.

TIME DRAGS...



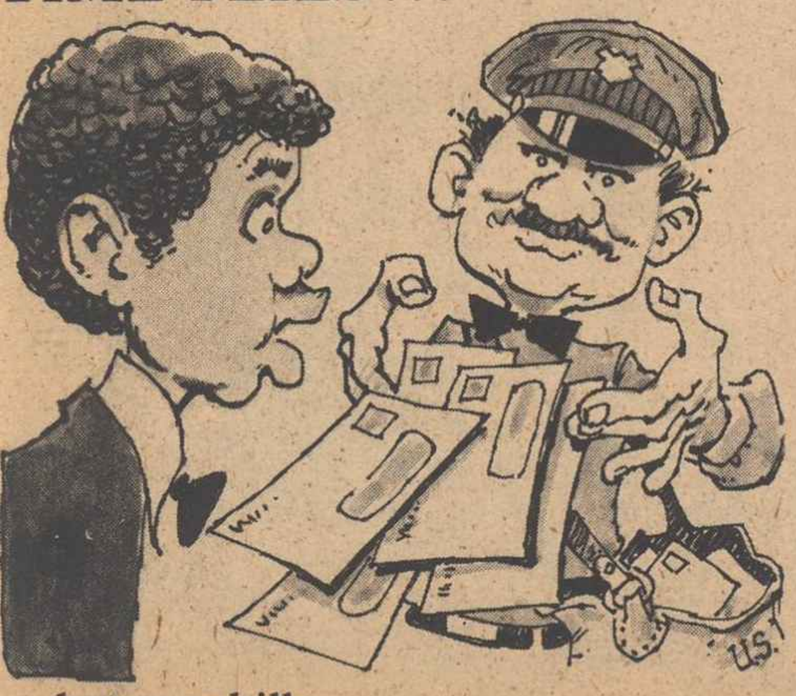
...waiting for someone to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



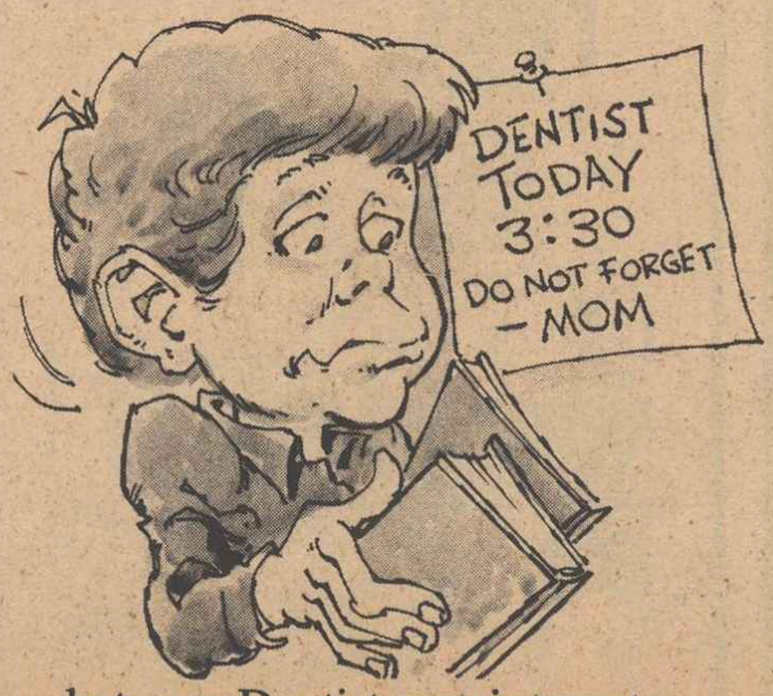
...before someone wants you to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



...between bills.

TIME FLIES...



...between Dentist appointments.

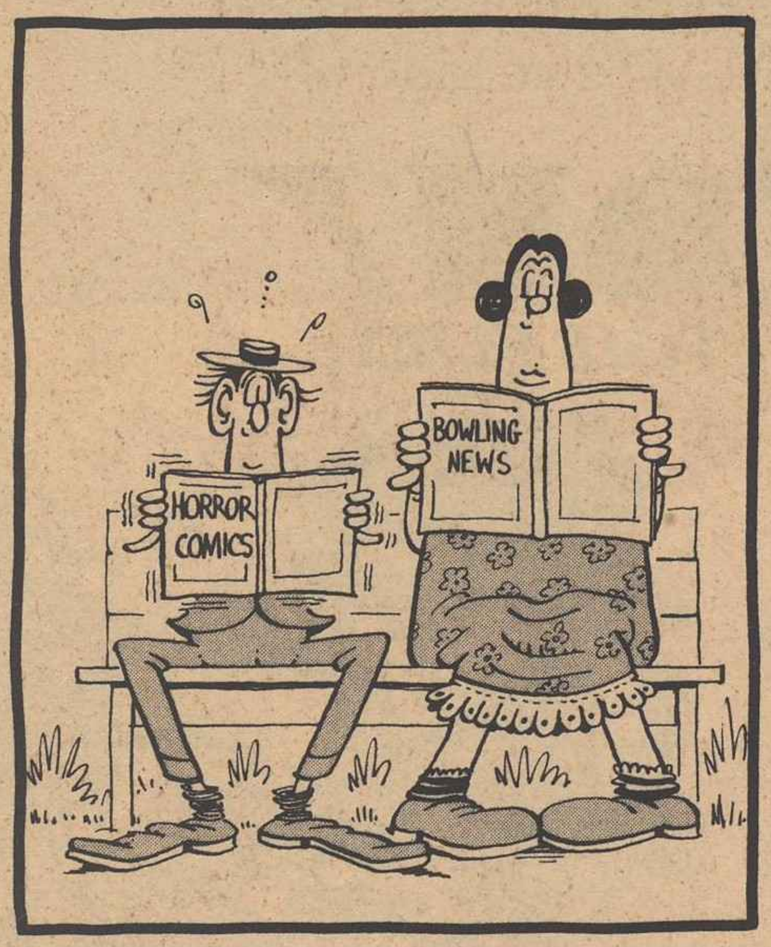
TIME DRAGS...

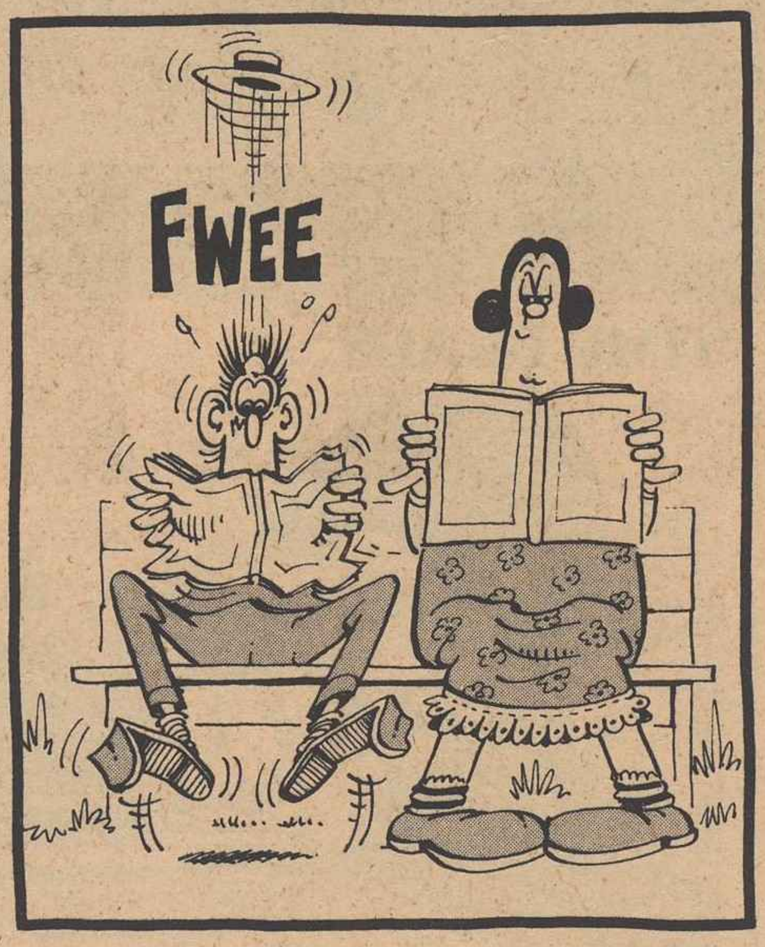


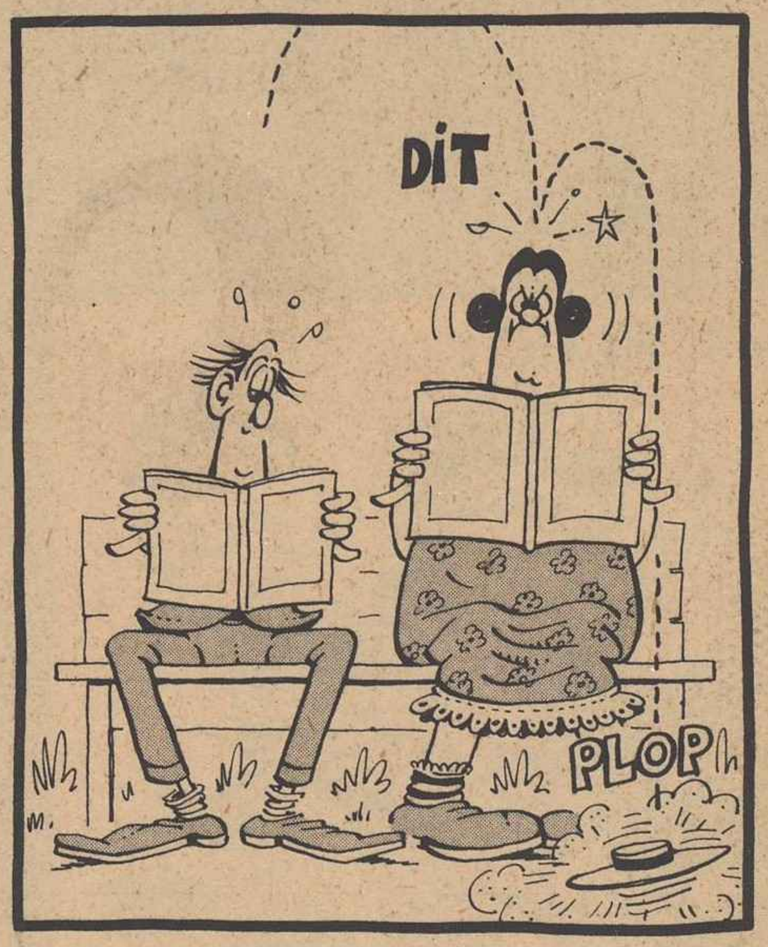
...when he's drilling your tooth.

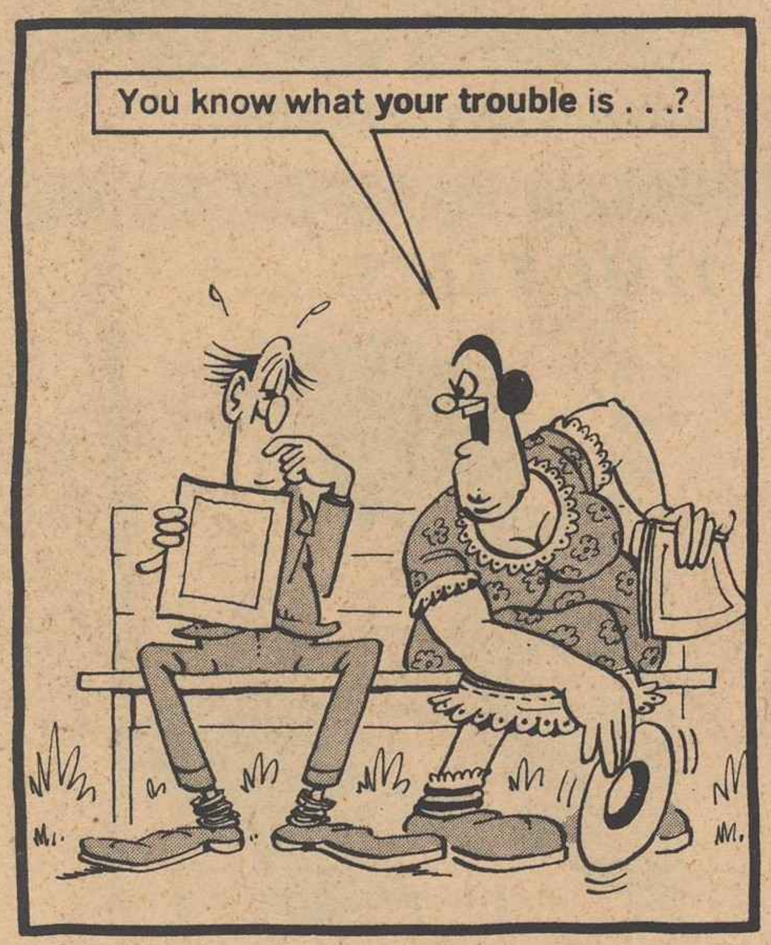
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

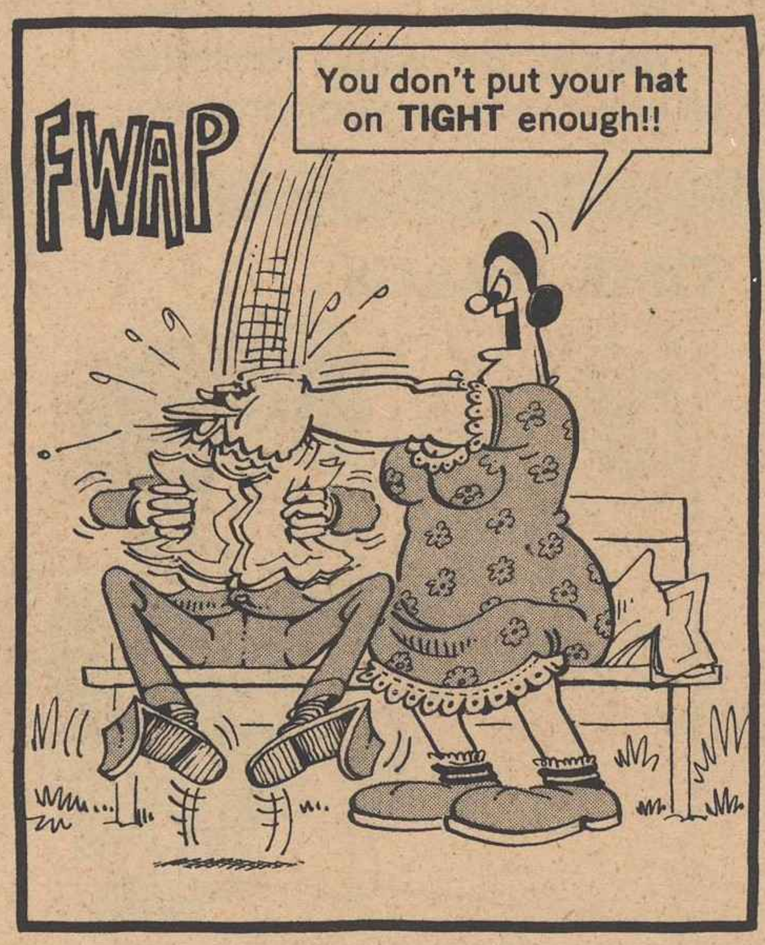
ONE SUNDAY MORNING IN THE PARK

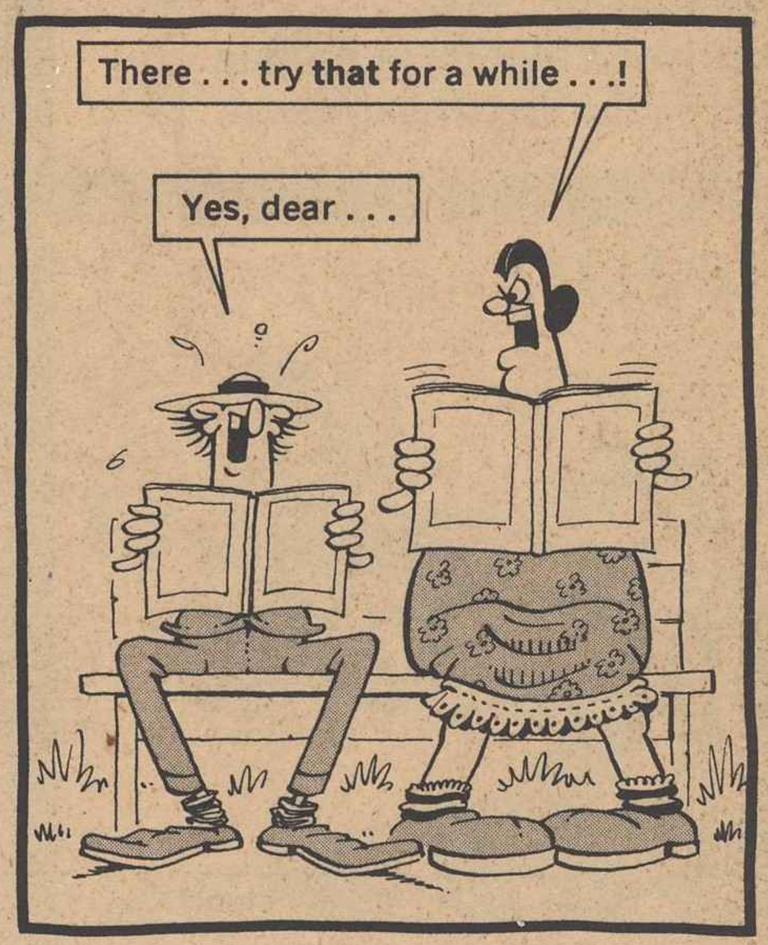


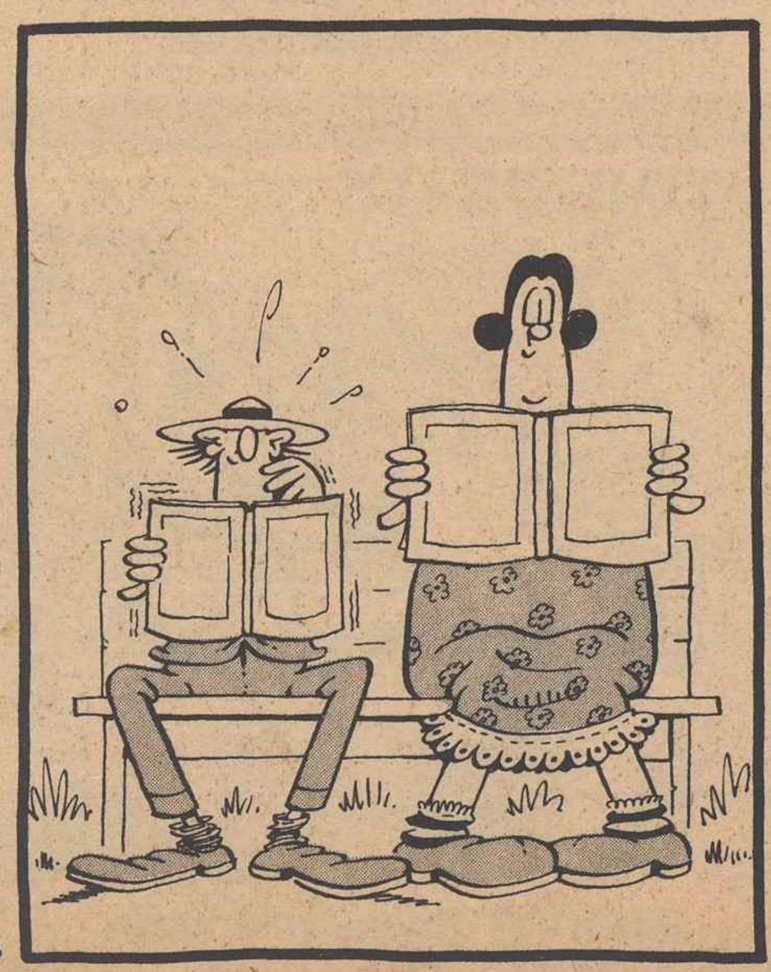


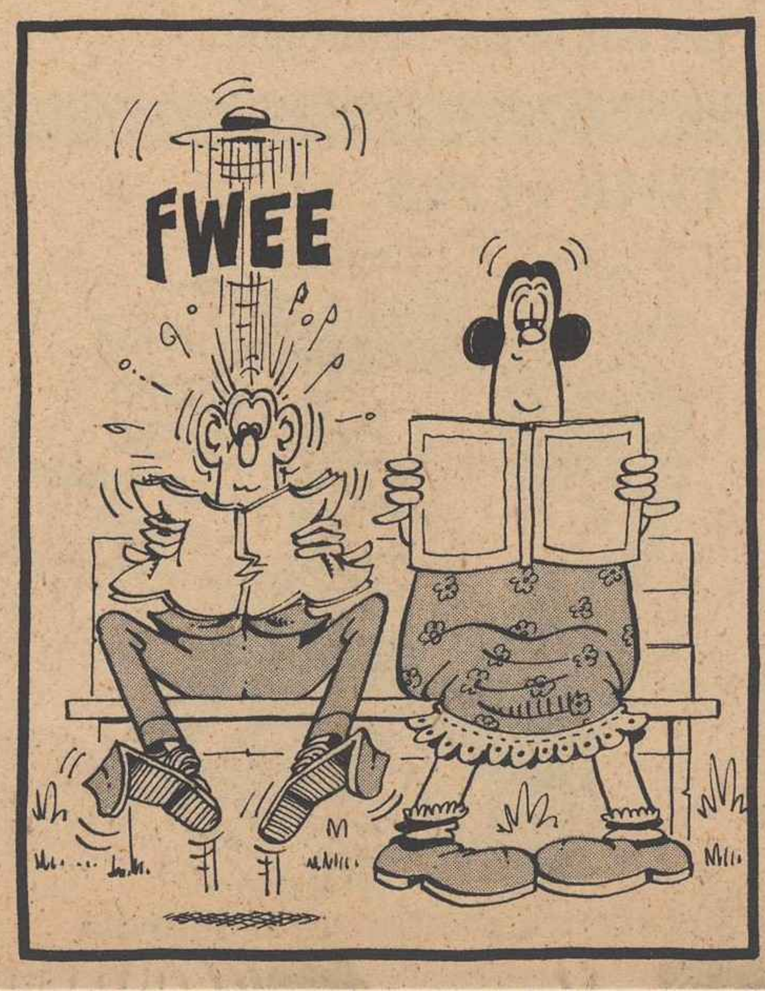


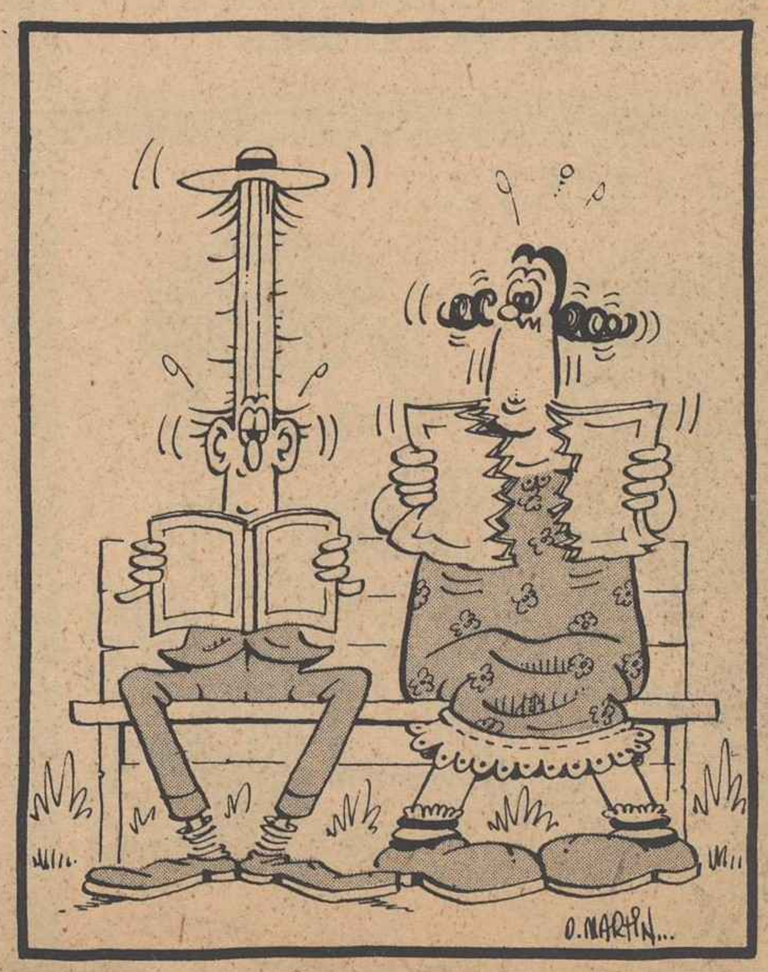












PUTTING ON THE "TELLY" DEPT.

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

KOJERK



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Where's Kojerk!?

Kojerk? I think he's at the **Barber Shop** . . . having his **"skin"** styled!

No, I think he took the squad car to **Fanny Farmer** to stock up on **lollipops!**

No, he's buying another of those **$350 suits** he can amazingly afford on a **Cop's salary!**

Hi, Chief! Hi, gang! What's up?

Where th' heck have you **been,** Kojerk?

I've been getting ready for the **Policeman's Masquerade Ball** . . .

No kiddin', Theo . . . the **Policeman's Ball?** What's your **costume?**

I'm gonna paint my head **blue,** and go as a **Roll-On Deodorant!**

Y'know . . . it's **hard** to **believe** these are **"New York's Finest!"**

How's it goin', Stayfroze . . . ?

Not good! My **plant** is **dyin'!**

Again with the **plant?!** What's **wrong** with it?

It needs a **dark place** with lots of **moisture!**

Why don't you keep it under your **arms** for a week?

Y'know, Kojerk, . . . behind that tough-talking sarcasm is a **sentimental cop** who really **loves** his subordinates!

Right! And I'm **especially** fond of **YOU,** Stayfroze!

That's because we're **BROTHERS** in **real life!** Boy, isn't it **frightening** to think that you and I come from the **same family?**

What's **really** frightening is that we probably have a **SISTER somewhere** who's walking around with a **crew cut!**

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

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

I'm in a **very, very ugly mood!**

Gee, Kojerk is **really mad!** What did the guy **do?**

Petty theft . . .

All **THAT** for **petty theft?!?**

He stole Kojerk's **lollipops!!**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This man's been **shot!**

Where was he **shot?**

On **63rd** Street!

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

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

Well . . . what have we **here?**

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

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

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

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

BAR

Help! HELP! I just saw a pervert!

What did the pervert look like, Ma'am?

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

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

HAAAA!!

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

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

PEDESTRIAN WALK

NO BICYCLES SKATING

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

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

Is that the REAL reason?

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

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

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

GOWANUS EXPWY.

CANAL YECHH!

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

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

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

The slug came from a .38!

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

Hold it! Not so fast, hotshots!

Getting another one of your super hunches, Kojerk?

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

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

That's incredible! You have no proof!

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

What if you're **wrong THIS time?**

Baby, I'll stake my **career** on this!

Well, do you have any **suspects . . . ?**

Sure! **Everyone** who **stepped foot** in **Manhattan today!**

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

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

Okay, **now** let's **hit the streets!**

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

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

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

POLICE DEPT

BAR

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

Right! We'll **COMB the city** for him!

Knock it off! Don't say **comb!**

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

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

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

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

Okay, this is our **first stop!**

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

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

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

You **punk!** You **creep!** I oughtta **kill** you!

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

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

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

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

PARK

What **happened?** Any **luck?**

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

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

Whew! After **that,** I need a **break!**

SHEEPSHEAD BAY LANES

BOWLING LEAGUES NOW BEING FORMED

Hi! **YOU'RE** my **break!**

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

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

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

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

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

I like taking the **Law** into my **own hands!**

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

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

You—you **have?** Who **is** it . . . ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

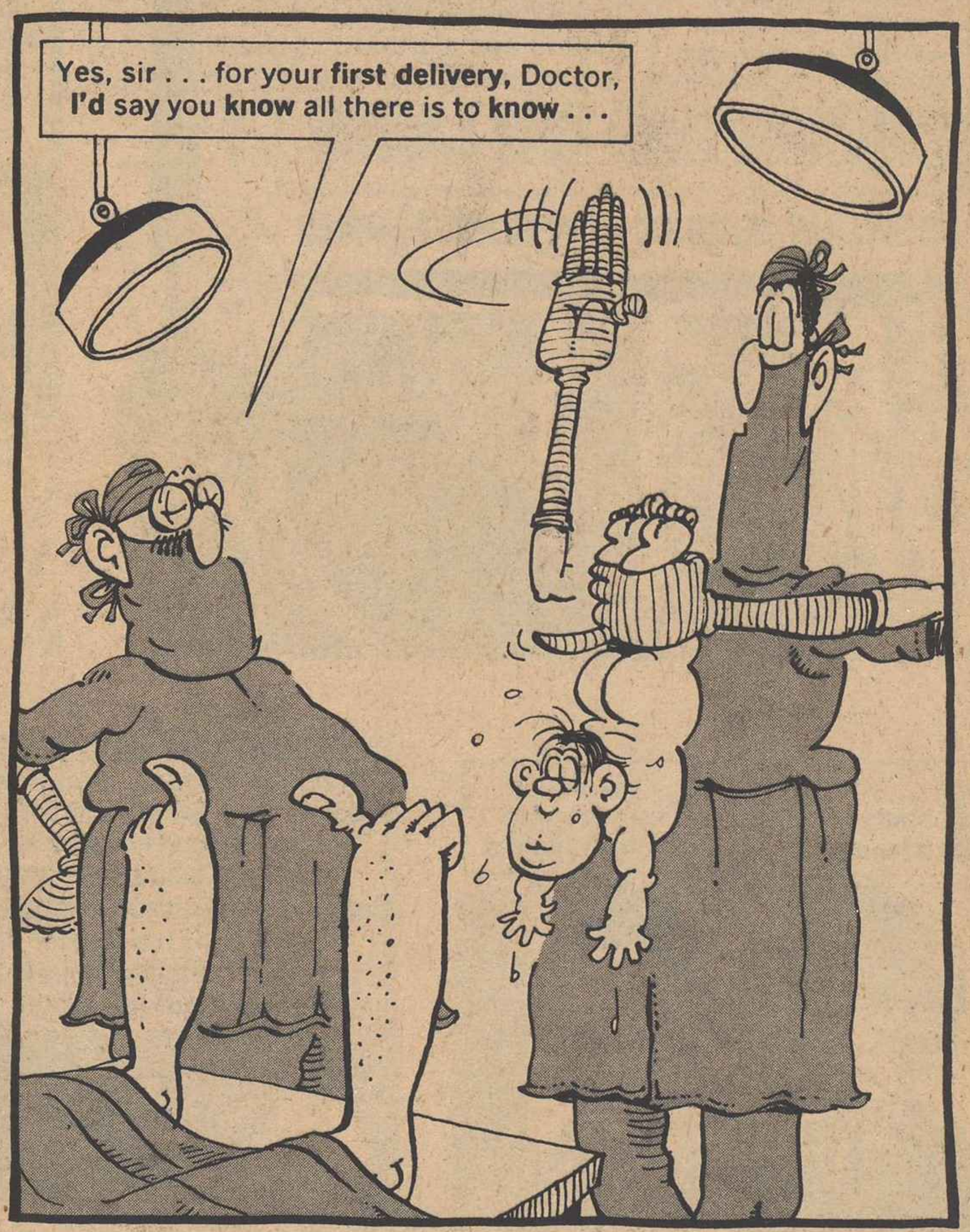
POLICE DEPT.

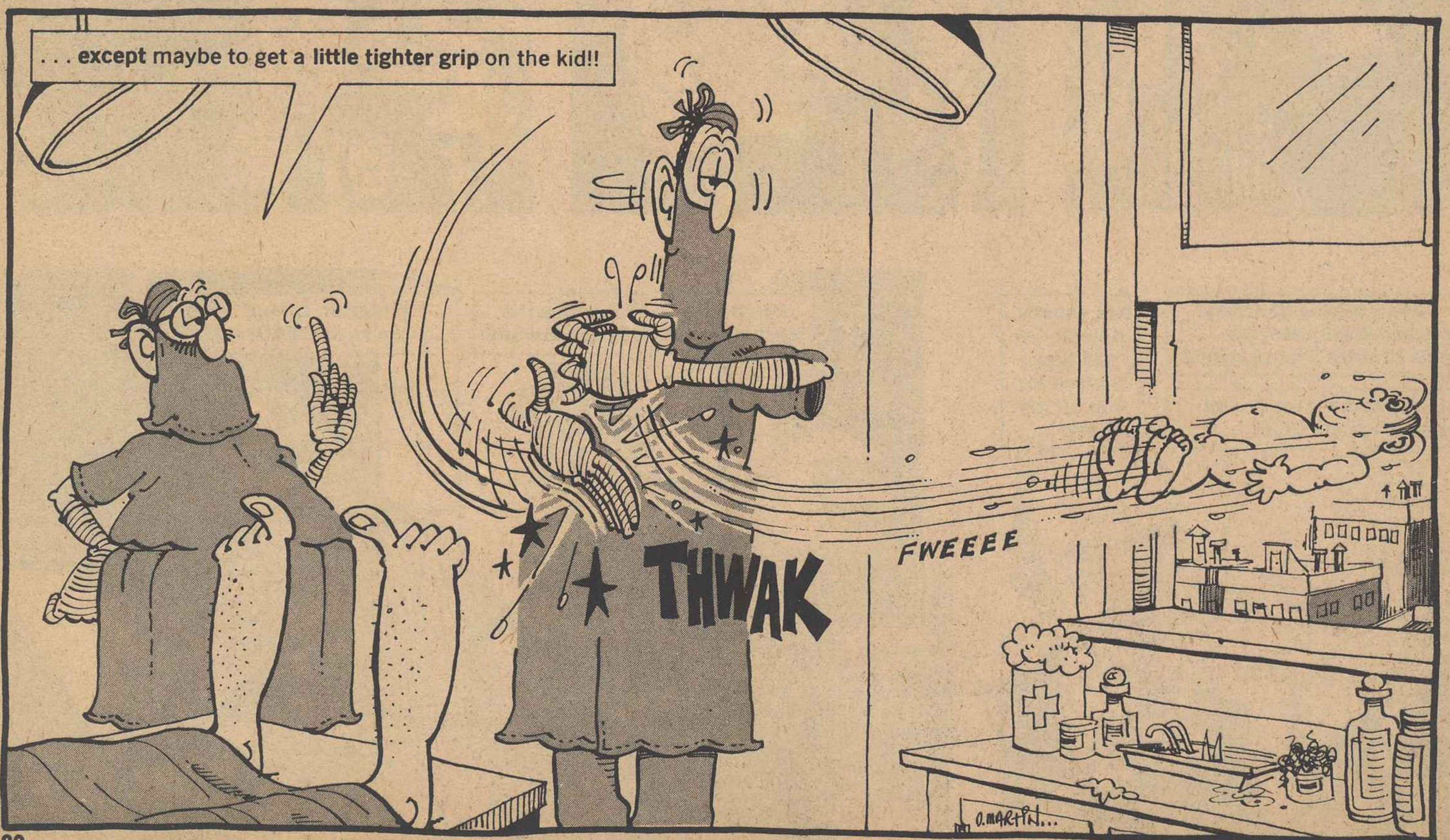
POLICE DEPT.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART V

YOUNG DOCTOR FREEN







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

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

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



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



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

A► ◄B

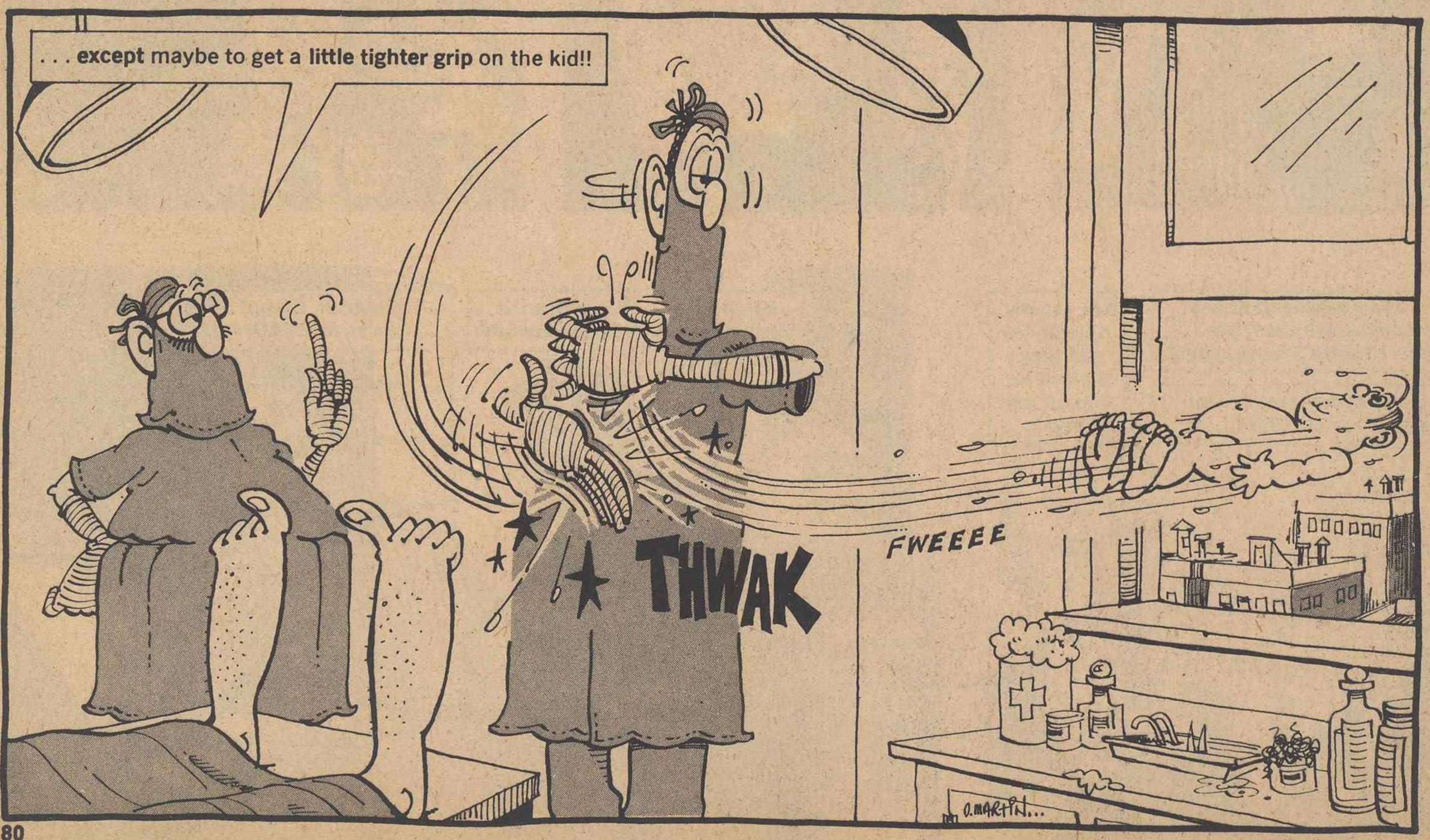
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART V

YOUNG DOCTOR FREEN





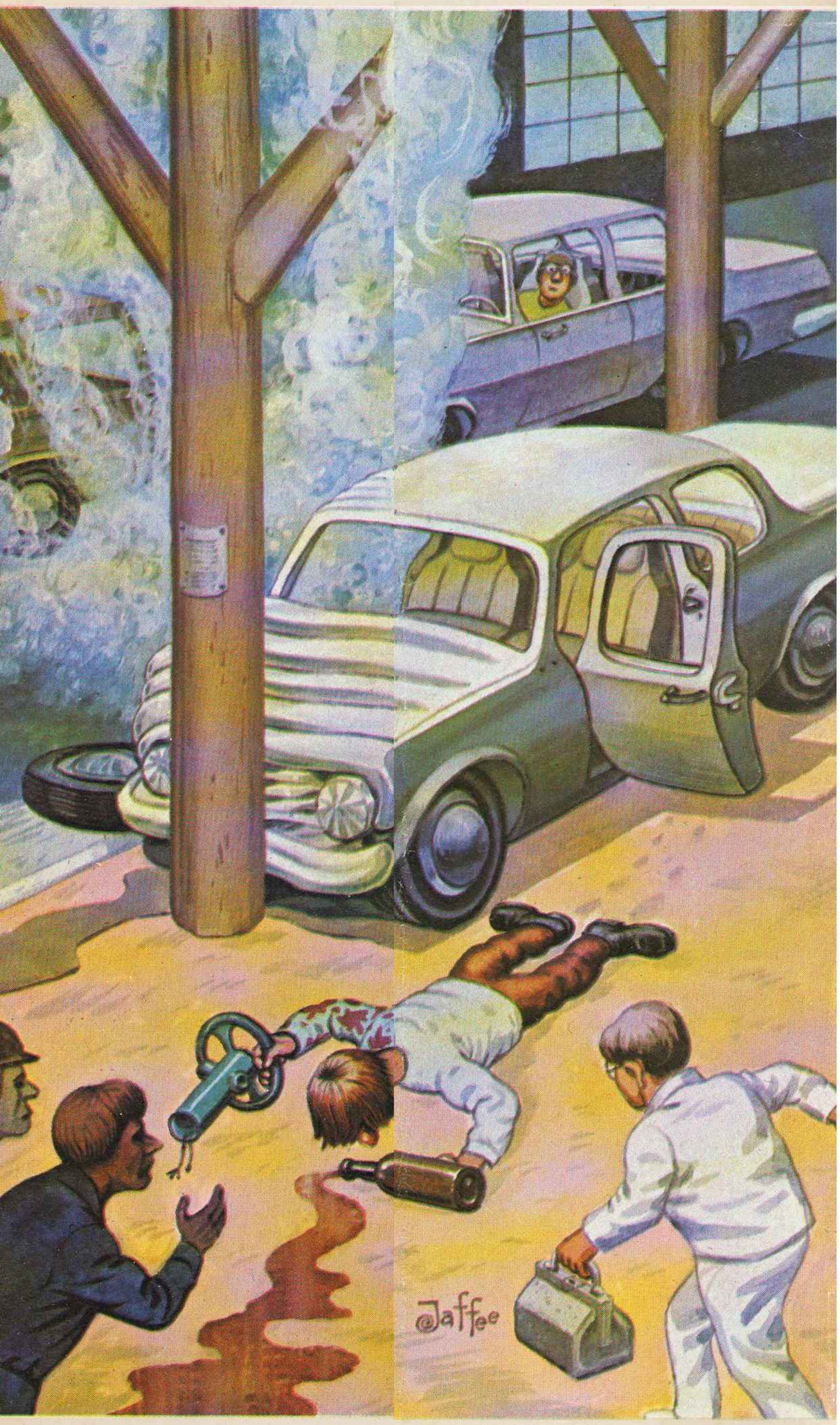


WHAT IS THE ONE DRIVING HAZARD THAT AUTO MAKERS ARE ALMOST POWERLESS TO REMOVE?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DRUNKEN DRIVERS

A▶◀B

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE MODERN-DAY CARPETBAGGERS







ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER