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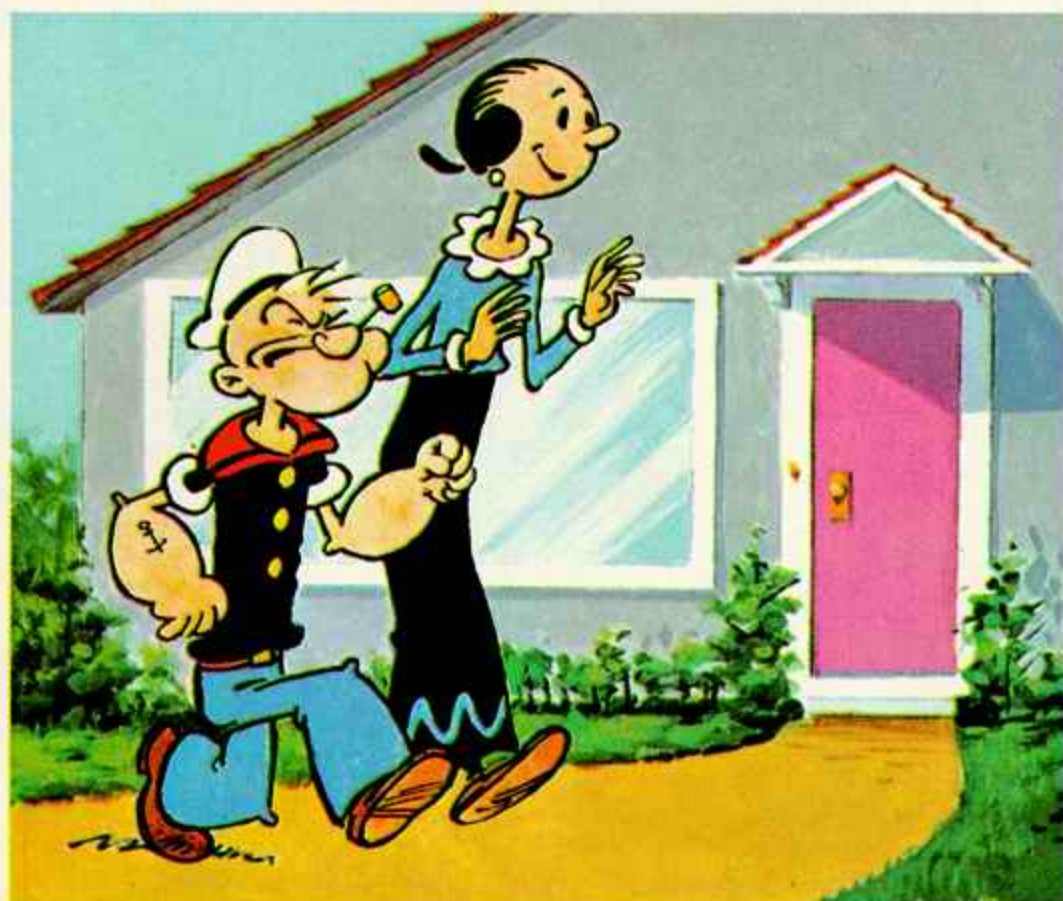
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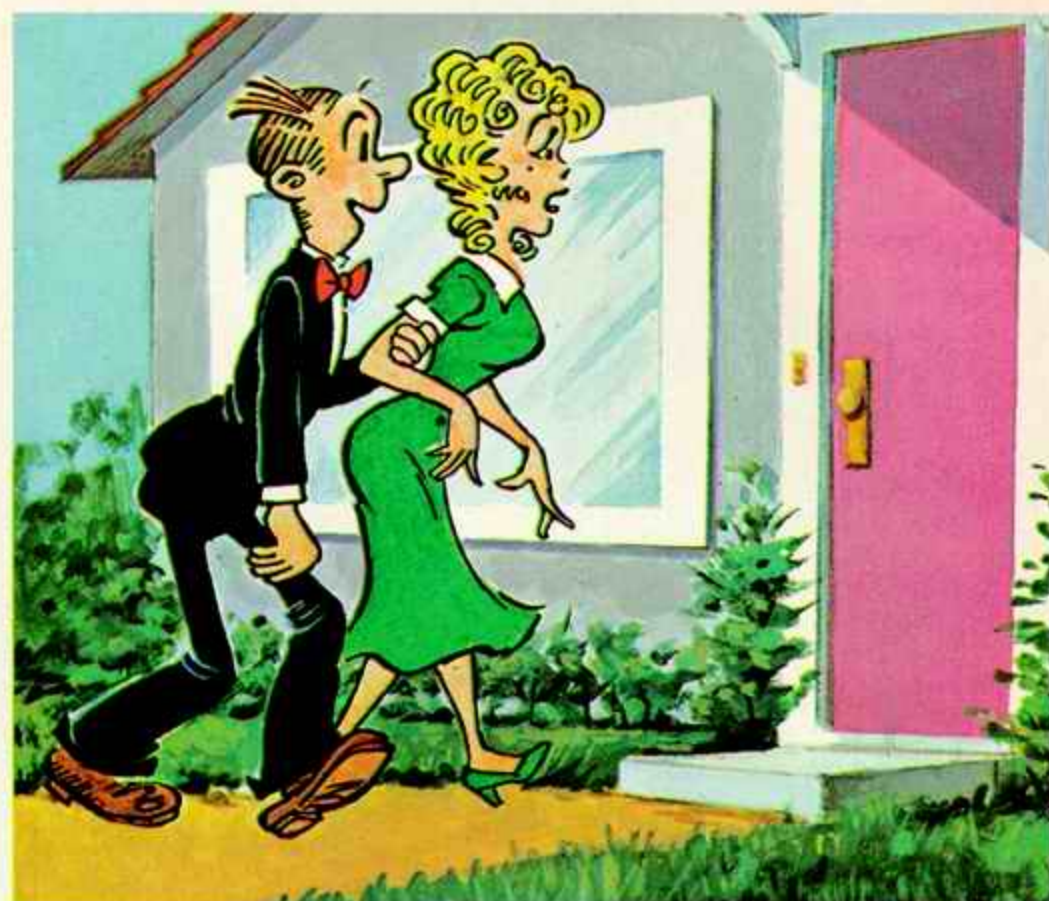


Norman Minge

ONE DAY IN THE COMICS SUBURBS



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



MAD

"If you were old before your time, you probably got that way having a time before you were old!"—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*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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Yep, that same stock of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing and wrapping fish—that hung around our offices all Winter—now appears to be hanging around all Summer! So act quickly to help ring down the curtain on them. Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



CARNIVAL KNOWLEDGE

After reading your fine "Carnival Knowledge," I've come to the conclusion that Mort Drucker has done more for Jack Nicholson's "image" than all his one-dimensional rant-and-rave roles to date.

Kathy Giangreco
Des Plaines, Ill.

A few weeks ago, I sat in the movies being subjected to "Carnal Knowledge." I whispered to my fiancé that I couldn't wait to see what MAD did with "this one"! Thanks for giving it its just desserts!

Sherry L. Smith
Hawthorne, N.J.

SONGBOOK FOR '72 CANDIDATES

I really dig Frank Jacobs and David Gantz for the way they compiled "Candidates' Songs."

Greg Michaels
Madera, Calif.

Your "Lindsay Two-Party Chorus" was most prophetic of Double-Dealin' John. He made his political pothole and now he can preside in it!

Hella Stensig
New York, N.Y.

You did MAD's reputation a great injustice by printing "The Kennedy Carol." You are intelligent enough to come up with material without having to exploit tragedies...

S. Goddard
Mishawaka, Ind.

Regarding your "Wallace Rouser," you have insulted the greatest American that has ever walked the earth! Whether you care to admit it or not, Mr. Wallace voices the opinions of most Americans. Not once has he shown any anti-Black feelings, but has many times praised Black leaders (Shirley Chisholm). Those who do not know the true facts about Gov. Wallace tend to believe the distorted image the press has painted of him.

Rod Swanson
Hyattsville, Md.

Your "Songbook For The '72 Candidates" really told it like they are!

Janet Brody
Bethpage, N.Y.

THE SMALL BUSINESSMAN

Sergio Aragones's "The Small Businessman" certainly raises his stock!

Mike Zuberger
Rock Island, Ill.

FRONT COVER "SALUTE"

Your front cover, "MAD Salutes American Industry," was a work of art and so close to the truth. My Mom received a Redbook magazine for January 1972 and pages 77 through 92 were put in upside-down and backwards.

Steve Howe
Paramount, Calif.

Finally, I could read MAD from cover to cover without having to look inside. Bravo!

Carol Eddy
Glen Head, N.Y.

You clods can't even make a mistake right. In issue #151, the cover on my copy was perfect!

Michael Zakian
Astoria, N.Y.

Love your magazine, even though it tells the truth about life and greedy, slipshod manufacturers!

David Liggett
Aurora, Colo.

I marvel constantly at the thoroughness of your satires. As I picked up the "Salute..." issue, the cover fell off.

Padma Kaimal
Belmont, Mass.

AUTO MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

"MAD's Auto Manufacturer Of The Year" was great! It pictures all too well the mass ripoffs perpetrated on the bogged consumer today. I think everyone should read "What To Do With Your Bad Car," by Ralph Nader, and your excellent article, before purchasing any sort of "new" car, no matter what the price!

Tom Blackwell
Dallas, Texas

In the intro to "MAD's Auto Manufacturer Of The Year," you say that it is "another of those stupid fictitious interviews." I'll grant you that it might be stupid, but just what is fictitious about it? Only the names were changed to protect the guilty.

Walter Smith
Miamisburg, Ohio

KICK IN THE REAR

The rear cover of your June '72 issue suggests, I believe, the typical peacenik rot about how America is a prison, and that it is fascist Amerika which is responsible for the Vietnam war, and oh how rosy things would be if only we could give peace a chance. May I remind you that Hanoi, not we, started this war. May I ask why, in this generation of L-O-V-E and peace, youthful idealism extends only as far as its own backside?

Dick Oles
Baltimore, Md.

MARTIN'S OPERATING ROOM

I really enjoyed Don Martin's "In The Operating Room." As a hospital orderly, I can appreciate the truth to these pieces of literature(?).

Don Henrich
St. Louis, Mo.

MIRACLE CENTER

"Miracle Center" did miracles for my *funny bone*, the region of the elbow where the ulnar nerve passes close to the surface. Mainly, I kept jabbing my sister who was sitting in our car, next to me, as I read it hysterically!

Frank Judge
Grosse Pointe Park
Mich.

I just read the satire "Miracle Center." The cafeteria scene was the funniest I've seen anywhere.

Susan Whitenack
Gardenville, Pa.

Where on earth did Dick De Bartolo get his degree in writing? He took "Medical Center," a great television show and ruined it. Congratulations to Angelo Torres. If it wasn't for his great art work, I never would have read the article.

Rhonda Schonberger
Yonkers, N.Y.

Your satire "Miracle Center" was simply Prime Time!

Sue Harrington
Charlotte, N.C.

I think your "Miracle Center" was great but there was one thing you didn't mention. You didn't tell what a super doctor Dr. Gannon is. He specializes in almost everything. He's a radiologist, cardiologist, biochemist, bacteriologist, internist, gynecologist, obstetrician, urologist, neurologist, ophthalmologist, otologist, periodontist, physical therapist, neurosurgeon, hematologist, plastic surgeon, pediatrician, dermatologist, pathologist, cardiovascular surgeon, allergist, general practitioner, psychiatrist, chiropractic acupuncturist, electromyographist, stomatologist, zymologist, histologist, endocrinologist, otorhinolaryngologist, anesthesiologist...

Mark Brewer
Flint, Mich.

Congratulations to Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres. "Miracle Center" was a real cut-up.

Tom Signaigo
Altadena, Calif.

MAD MINI-POSTERS

I greatly enjoy your MAD Mini-Posters in your Special editions. They cleverly convey the situation of the human race and the Earth. Perhaps in the future you will publish a MAD Special consisting entirely of MAD Mini-Posters?

Mike Matie
Gannon College
Erie, Pa.

CHICLE-HEAD

I recently purchased your June issue of MAD, along with two pieces of gum. I truly enjoyed the gum!

Dave Mosher,
Phoenix, N.Y.

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THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW DEPT.

Say! What ever happened to those "nice" movie detectives of years ago? Remember? They were all pleasant, good-natured guys with no hang-ups. *Charlie Chan*, the *Thin Man* . . . even the *Shadow* enjoyed a healthy laugh once in a while. But look what's happening today. Every new movie detective that comes along appears to have a problem. You know who we're talking about. Detectives like moody, semi-bewildered Steve McQueen in "Bullet" . . . bigoted, neurotic Gene Hackman in "The French Connection" . . . and now **this** guy: a taciturn, trigger-happy, morose, sadistic, psychotic farblungit known as—what else?—

DIRT

Gentlemen, we have a crisis here! There's a psychopathic killer on the loose! Here's a blow-up of the note he left:

As you can see, we're dealing with an obvious maniac here . . .

He sure is! \$100,000 is a ridiculously high price to pay to save a member of a "Minority Group!" It's not like he was gonna kill "WASPS"!

He's actually holding the city of San Francisco for ransom! Should we play his game?

No! Let's offer him \$50,000 and ask him to terrorize Des Moines!

What a dilemma we're in! We've got a madman loose in our town!

If you think HE's a madman, wait until you've seen who we've assigned to the case!

Gentlemen . . . meet Detective Lieutenant DIRTY LARRY . . .

Dear City of San Francisco,
I have killed one person. I will enjoy killing one additional person each day if you do not pay me \$100,000.
If you do not come up with the loot, I will kill either (A) a Catholic Priest, (B) a Negro, (C) a Bulgarian Dentist, (D) an Orthodox Jewish Ski Instructor, or (E) all of the above. *Libra*
P.S. Just for laughs, I may wound a Latvian dwarf.

///GRT...
DRUCKER



Y LARRY

ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

WRITER:
ARNIE KOGEN

Him?! He's a film Detective?! He can't be! He's too good-looking! He's not blind or in a wheelchair! He has no . . . no HANDICAPS!

He hasn't; eh? Well—just wait! He's about to reveal his handicap: his lovable personality!

Hello! I'm Dirty Larry Killerman! I'm tough, hard-nosed, bitter and sardonic! And I DON'T like to be kept waiting, Mayor LaGuardia!

LaGuardia?!? He was Mayor of New York during the 1930's and the 1940's!

I told you what I am! I never said I was bright!

Killerman, the City of San Francisco is being terrorized by a mad killer! You've been on the case for ten minutes! What've you done about it?

I searched the Ponderosa, bashed in the OK Corral and splattered the blood of ten Mexican banditos all over Juarez!

Poor Clint! He's done so many "Spaghetti Westerns," he's got his movies confused!



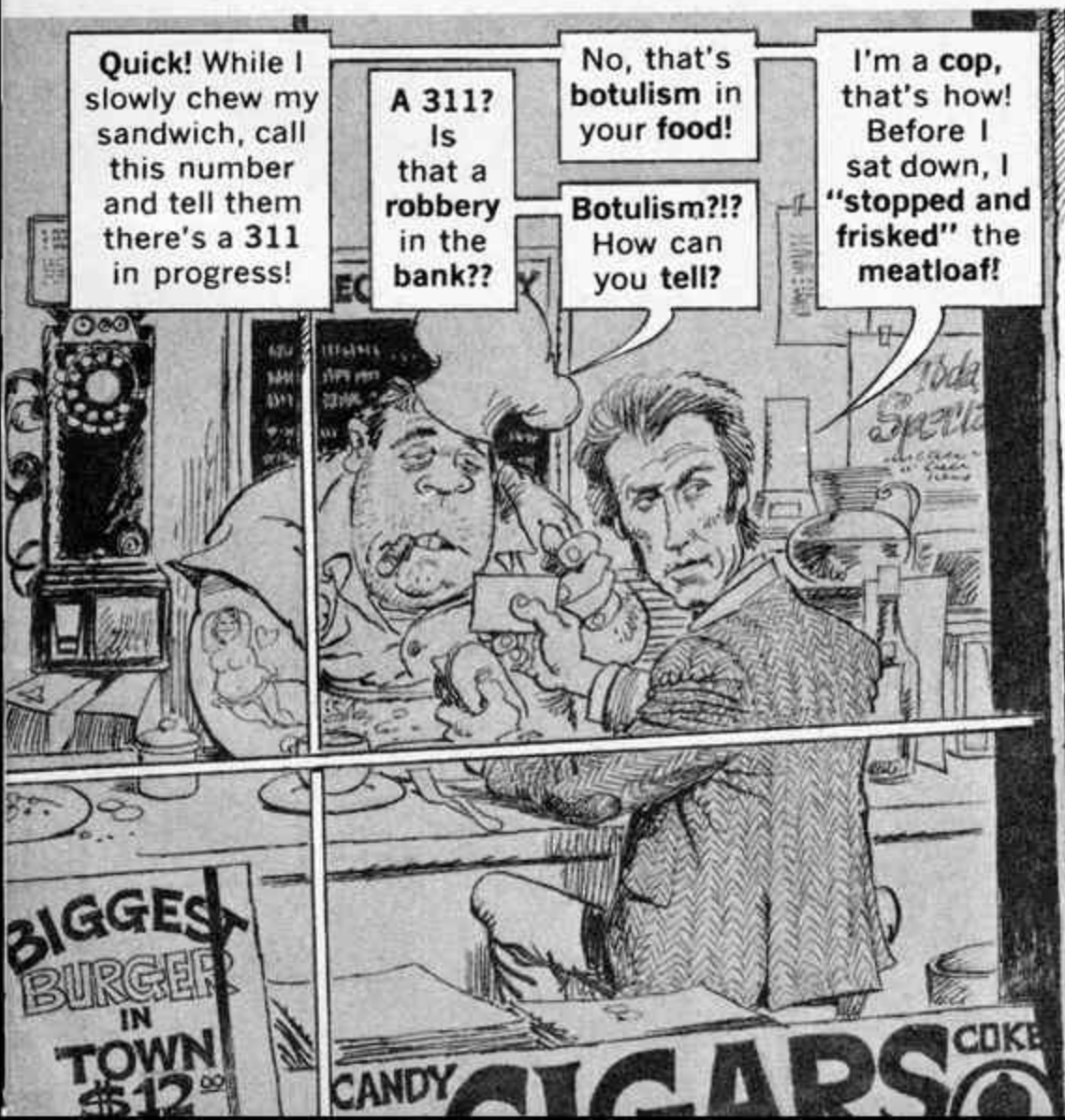
Quick! While I slowly chew my sandwich, call this number and tell them there's a 311 in progress!

A 311? Is that a robbery in the bank??

No, that's botulism in your food!

Botulism?!? How can you tell?

I'm a cop, that's how! Before I sat down, I "stopped and frisked" the meatloaf!



Now comes the big scene where I calmly shoot four bank robbers while continuing to eat my lunch! Actually, the sight of all that blood gives me an appetite!

It's amazing! All this gun-play and you're still chewing so slowly!!

To tell you the truth, it's impossible to chew fast when you're eating a "Bullet Sandwich"!



What fantastic shooting! What a Champion of Law and Order!

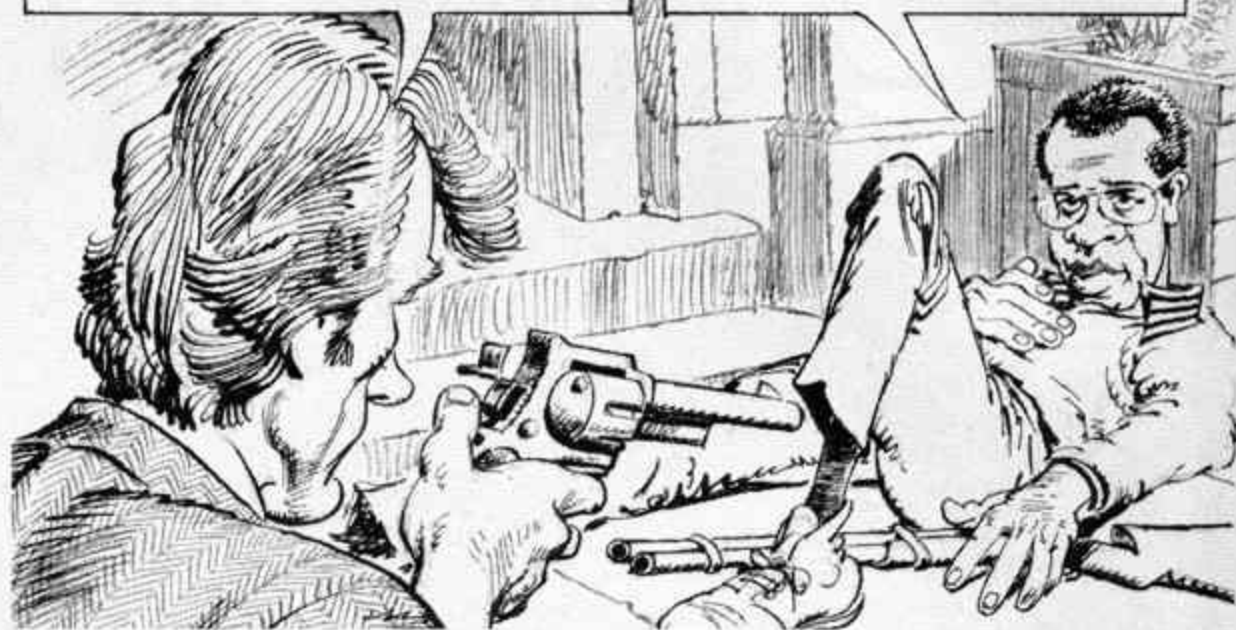
If only he wore a black mask and rode a white horse! But, no... it couldn't be! He doesn't have The Lone Ranger's sense of humor!

What a brilliant one-man exhibition! Not only has he foiled a bank robbery, but he's opened up the hydrants so that all the underprivileged kids can cool off this Summer!



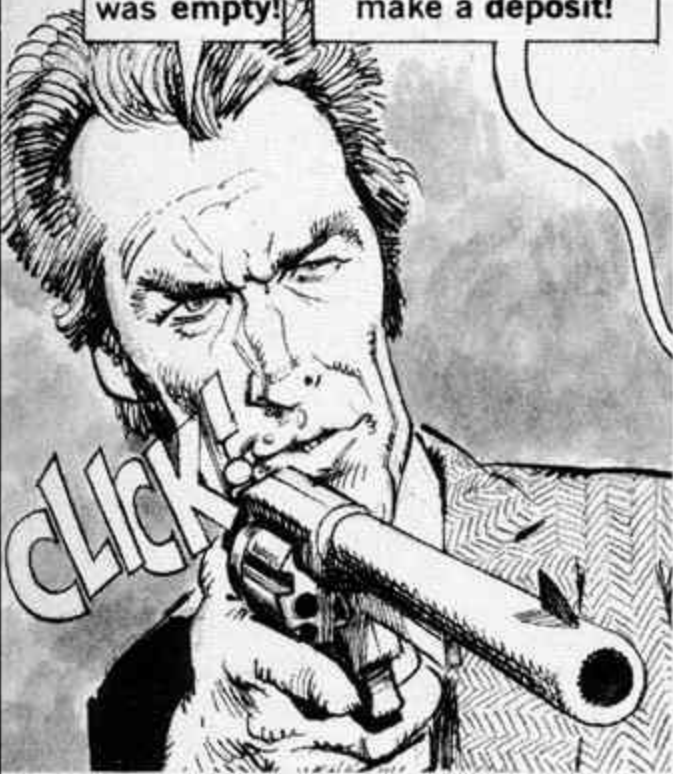
I know what you're thinking, Punk! You're thinking, "Did he fire six shots... or five?" Well, being that this is a 45-Zelman, the most powerful hand weapon in the world, you've got to ask yourself the question, "Do I feel LUCKY?"

Mister, I'm just a deprived kid from the ghetto who's currently bleeding to death! Must you add "boring riddles" to all my other problems?! Let me die in dignity... without the clichés, huh?!?



Hah-hah, Punk! I fooled you! It was empty!

And I fooled YOU, Mister! I'm just an innocent bystander who came here to make a deposit!



Larry, this is Gonza Zales, your new partner! He's a graduate of the Famous Hollywood Detectives School where he majored in "Steve McQueen Mumbling", minored in "Jack Webb Monotone" and failed "Tony Curtis Speech"!

That's ALL I need... somebody with more personality than me!

He's also a reject from 83 "Ironside" shows! He's desperate, so give him a break!

But I'm a Loner, I tell you! I don't need a partner! And especially him! He's a creep and a meathead and a screw-up!

C'mon, Dirty Larry! Don't beat around the bush! Do you want me as your partner or don't you?



Look! There's our killer now! He's about to shoot a Negro Homosexual in the park!

Quick! Let's grab him! We gotta rid the streets of his kind of slime and filth!

Wait! You're going the wrong way! The killer's in THAT direction!

What killer?!? I'm talking about the Homosexual!



Why do they call you "Dirty"? Because you hate everybody?

Because you're to the right of Archie Bunker... politically?

Because you've got a pin-up of Adolf Hitler in your locker?

... Because you like to peep in on innocent people making love, thereby violating their Constitutional freedoms?

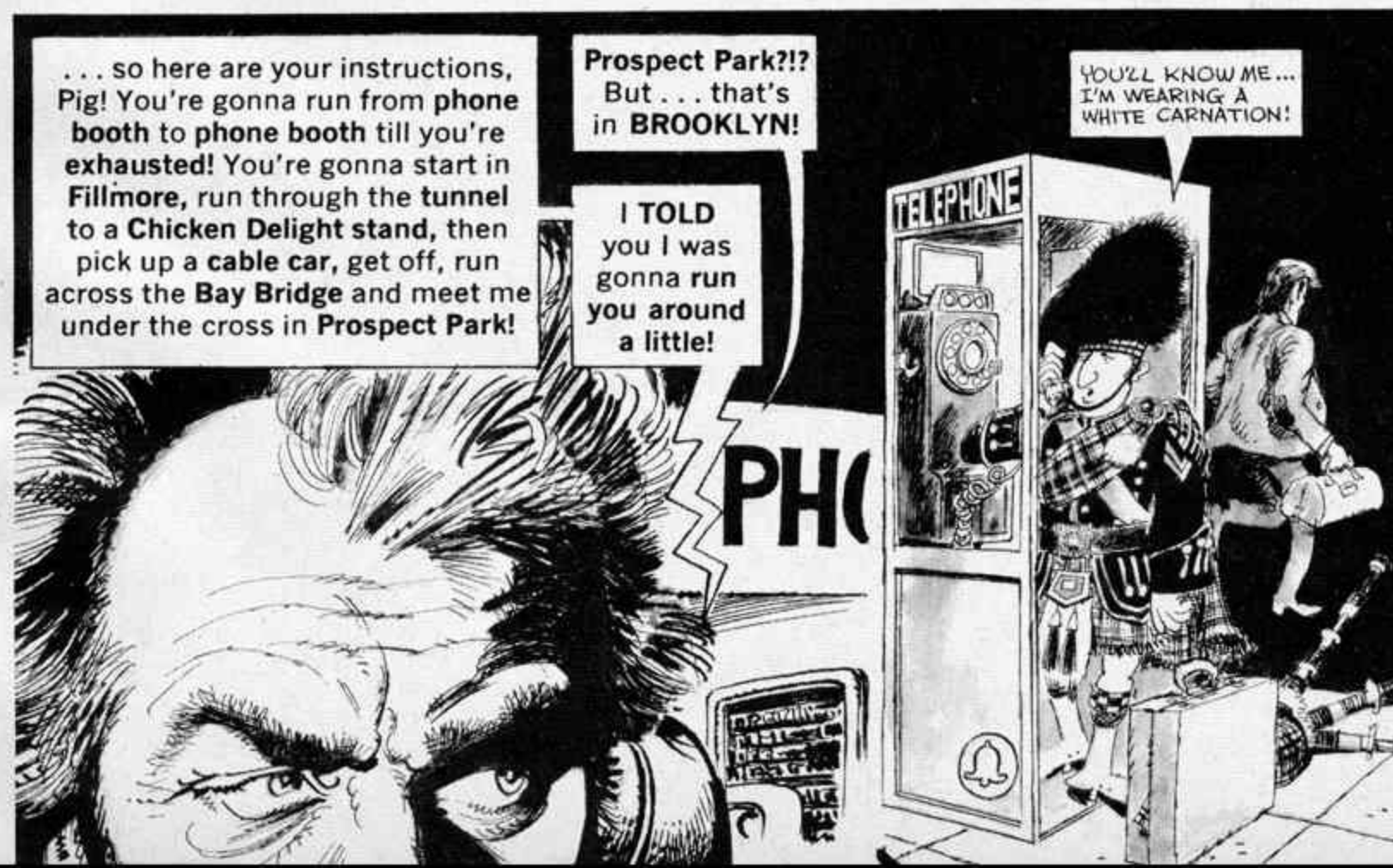
Say, you DID go to Detective School... DIDN'T you?!?

No!

No!

No!





TELEPHONE

Puff . . . puff! When is this farce going to end, Libra? I'm out of breath, I've been propositioned by Gay Liberation guys, threatened by teenage hoods, and I received obscene phone calls in two different booths!

Boy, it's not safe on the streets for decent people like me anymore! Tee-hee-hee! Giggle . . . Giggle . . . Giggle . . .

This is amazing! As bad as I've been UNDERacting, you're OVERacting! Where'd you learn that "B" movie laugh?

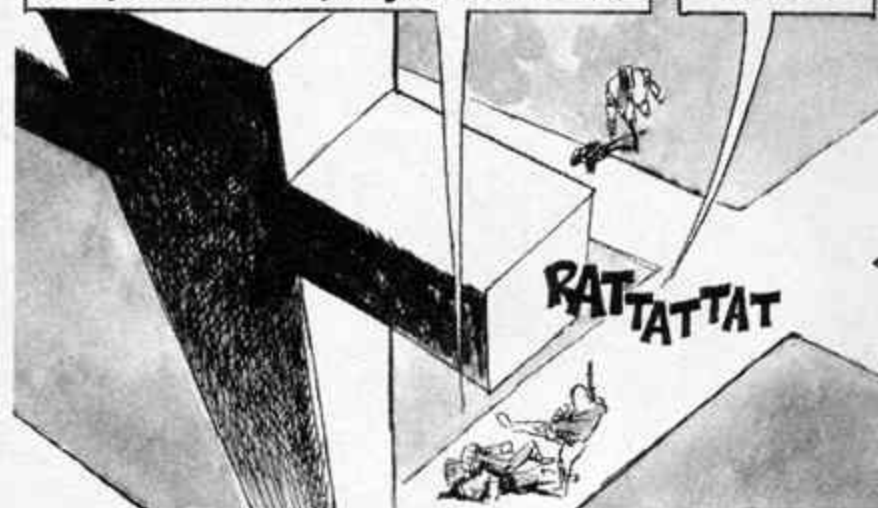
When I was a kid, I was frightened by a Richard Widmark Film Festival!

Well, I gotta hang up now! I wanna do one more "mean" thing before we meet! I'm gonna call an Orphanage . . . collect!

Now comes the scene where I pummel you senseless, kick you in the ribs and stomp on your neck . . . while you stab me viciously in the leg, and I, in turn, spot your partner tailing me in the bushes and shoot portions of his body away from other portions of his body in one wild bloody mess!

Okay! But tell me, why the ski mask?

What ski mask? It's an Eskimo Airlines "sickness bag"! Even I can't stomach all this violence!



Punk, is there some perverse reason why you chose this site for your bloodshed? Does it mean you're anti-God?

Oh, no! In my own way, I'm very religious! I worship Kayu, the Norse God of "Senseless Brutality"!

Then why not give yourself up? With professional help and rehabilitation, you can be trained to worship Seymour, the Norse God of "Malicious Mischief"!



That creep won't get away from me again! This time, I've tracked him down to his home here in Kezar Stadium! But it can't be! A psycho killer like that—a Sports Fan?!? It doesn't make any sense . . .



Oh-oh! This explains it! He eats the "Breakfast of Runners-Up"!

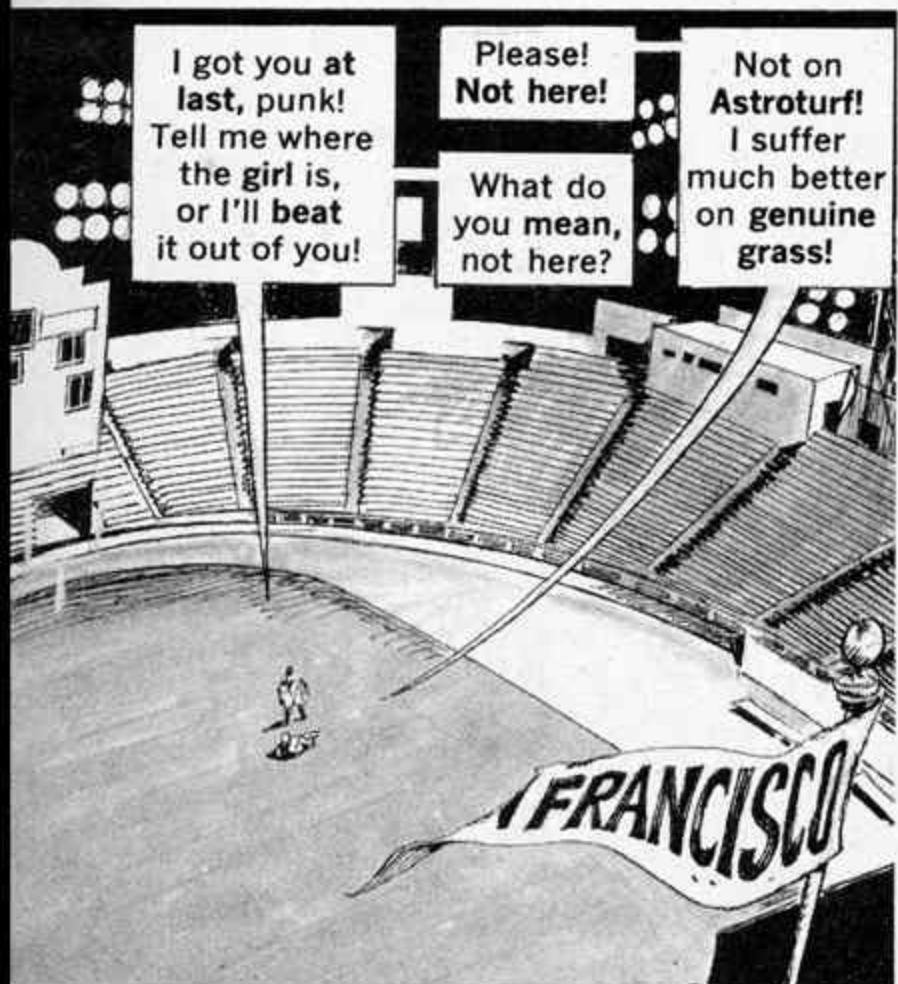


I got you at last, punk! Tell me where the girl is, or I'll beat it out of you!

Please! Not here!

What do you mean, not here?

Not on Astroturf! I suffer much better on genuine grass!

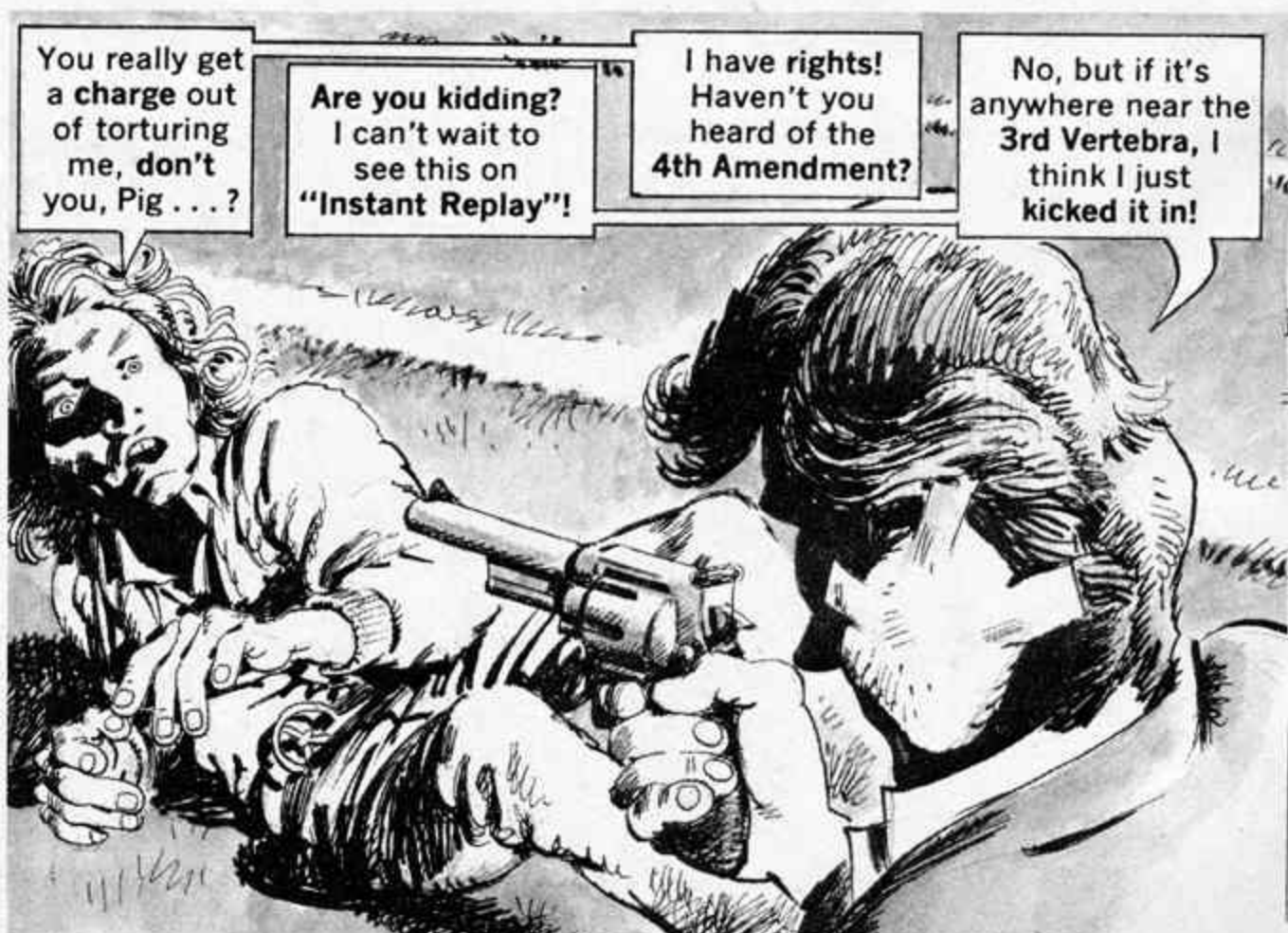


You really get a charge out of torturing me, don't you, Pig . . . ?

Are you kidding? I can't wait to see this on "Instant Replay"!

I have rights! Haven't you heard of the 4th Amendment?

No, but if it's anywhere near the 3rd Vertebra, I think I just kicked it in!





Mr. District Attorney... what do you mean, you're letting that killer go free?!!?

But yesterday, they buried the victim's "alleged" body!

In all my legal experience, Killerman, I've never seen anything like it! You clumsily violated the Constitution and the entire Bill of Rights!

Okay! So I made a few technical mistakes! Does that mean you're gonna let a killer roam the streets?

We are forced to, Mr. Killerman! Remember—it's Laws like that which make America great!

Well, me and the audience just decided we like the Laws that made Nazi Germany great!

Do you have anything further to say, Lieut. Killerman?

Yes! Before I kick the two of you in the groin, I would like to warn you of your rights!

We have no case! You violated the suspect's rights when you broke into his home without a search warrant! Isn't that right, Judge Slapwrist?

That "alleged" killer!



I know you've been trailing me, Pig! I know you've been following me around town! You came in here to stare at me, didn't you?

Take a good look around, Creep! Boy, not only are you violent... you're also stupid!

Here's \$200! Beat me up!

Man, that's freaky! Why would anyone want to do that?

It's not my idea! It's the Producers! They figure the movie hasn't had any violence for the past seven seconds!

Why spend \$200? I have some "Bargain Specials"!

Bargain Specials? F'rinstance?

Well, for \$169.50, I slap you silly with open fists! For \$99, I twist your nose like "The 3 Stooges!" And for only \$24.95, I have an Interior Decorator come and "tweak" you to death!

Naw, I like this! Just throw in a karate chop to the gut and I'll leave you a nice tip!

TOTALLY NUDE COLLEGE COEDS

GIRLS GIRLS NO COVER FOR MEN



What publicity he's maneuvered for himself! He's on TV... claiming that you beat him up!

Anyone can get on "The 6 O'Clock News"!

What "News"? He's this week's Guest Host on the "Johnny Carson Show"!

So Gonza Zales is quitting the force! Well, I'm gonna miss him! He was a good partner! His poker face... his total lack of expression... his monotone!

If that's what he was like, why are you going to miss him!?

Because he was the "lively one" of the team!

That Libra has struck again! He's kidnapped a school bus full of kids! And this time he wants \$300,000!!

What's the extra \$100,000 for?

For stationery to write more ransom notes! He claim's he's running short!



Go get him, Killerman, but take it easy! I gave him my word he wouldn't be molested! You must capture him without hurting him! Do you think you can do that?

Forget it! That's like kissing a girl through the mail!

Sing, everybody! Sing! Sing, I tell you! SING, OR I'LL BLOW ALL YOUR BRAINS OUT!

What should w-we s-sing?

How about my favorite, "Oh, I Think I'm Goin' Out Of My Head"?



I'm taking my life in my hands and I'm jumping on this bus because I want this scene to end as quickly as possible!

Why...? Because it's so totally unreal?

Not at all! It's just that I'm absolutely opposed to "Bussing"!

This is the end of the line, Creep! You've killed three people, mugged a store keeper, terrorized a school bus and disturbed the peace in a cement factory! You really love to break the law, don't you?

Enough talk! I'm going to shoot you from an impossible angle and miss your ear by two inches!

No, it's going to hit you right between the eyes!!

Isn't that a little "off" for you?

That's right, Pig! But so do you!!

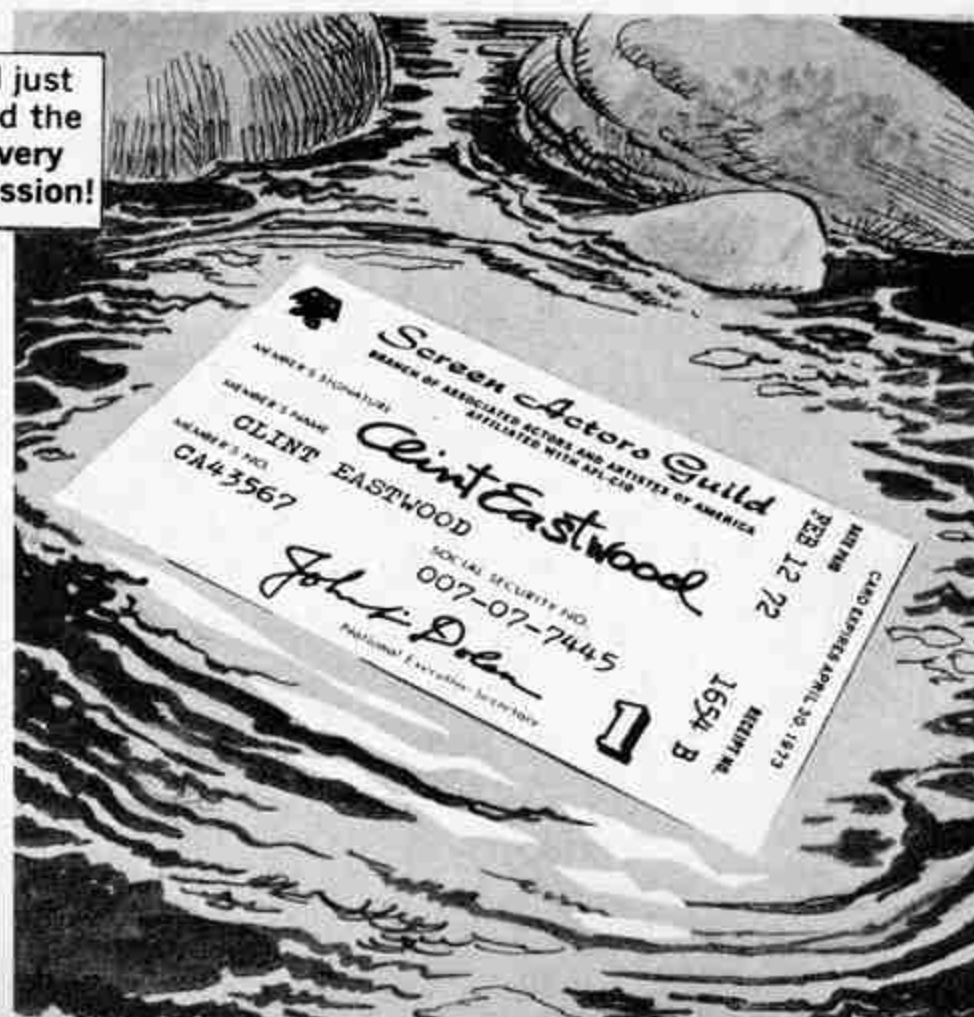


Well... I won't need THIS any more...

Besides, after what I just did, they'll never let me back in, anyway...

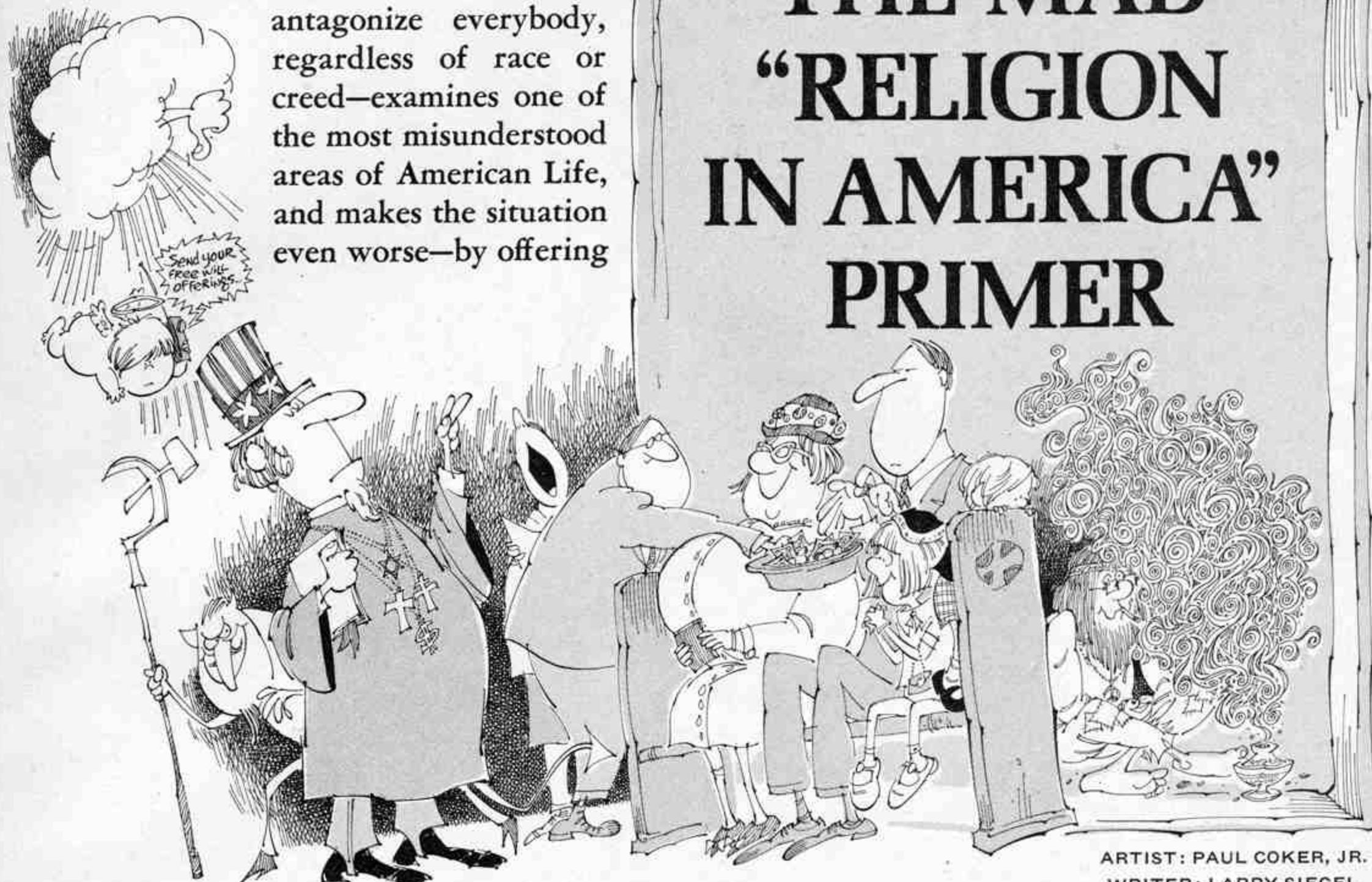
I should have known from the beginning that I couldn't cut it!

I guess maybe I just don't understand the subtleties of a very demanding profession!



And now, MAD—in its ceaseless campaign to antagonize everybody, regardless of race or creed—examines one of the most misunderstood areas of American Life, and makes the situation even worse—by offering

THE MAD “RELIGION IN AMERICA” PRIMER



Chapter 1

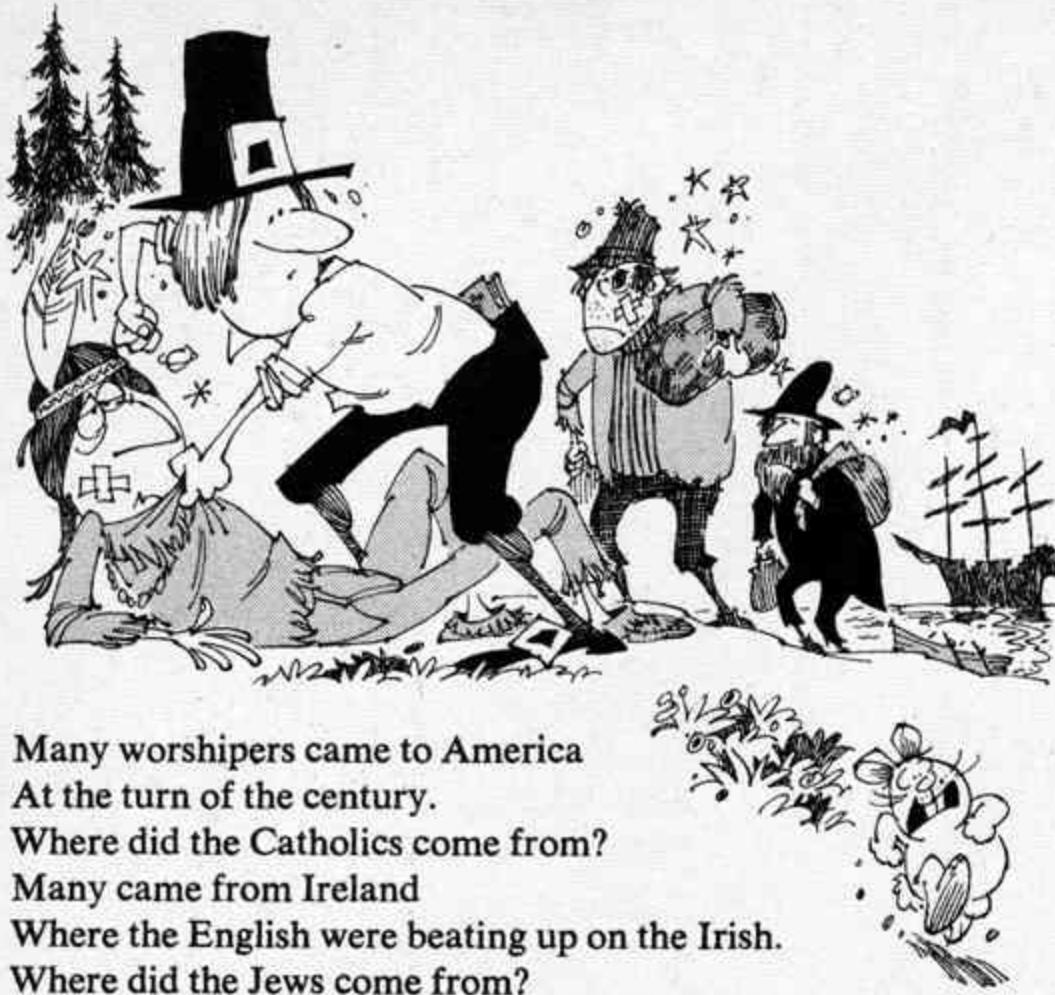
INTRODUCTION



There are three main religious groups in America.
They are called Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.
How are these three groups alike?
They all worship God.
How are they different?
The Catholics and Protestants believe in a Savior.
His name is Jesus Christ.

The Jews do not believe that Christ is their Savior.
Who *do* they believe He is?
They believe He is a nice Jewish boy
Who went into his Father's business.
So much for our first lesson in religion.
Now you know why religion has been running for over 2000 years.
You also know why the Jews have been running for over 2000 years!

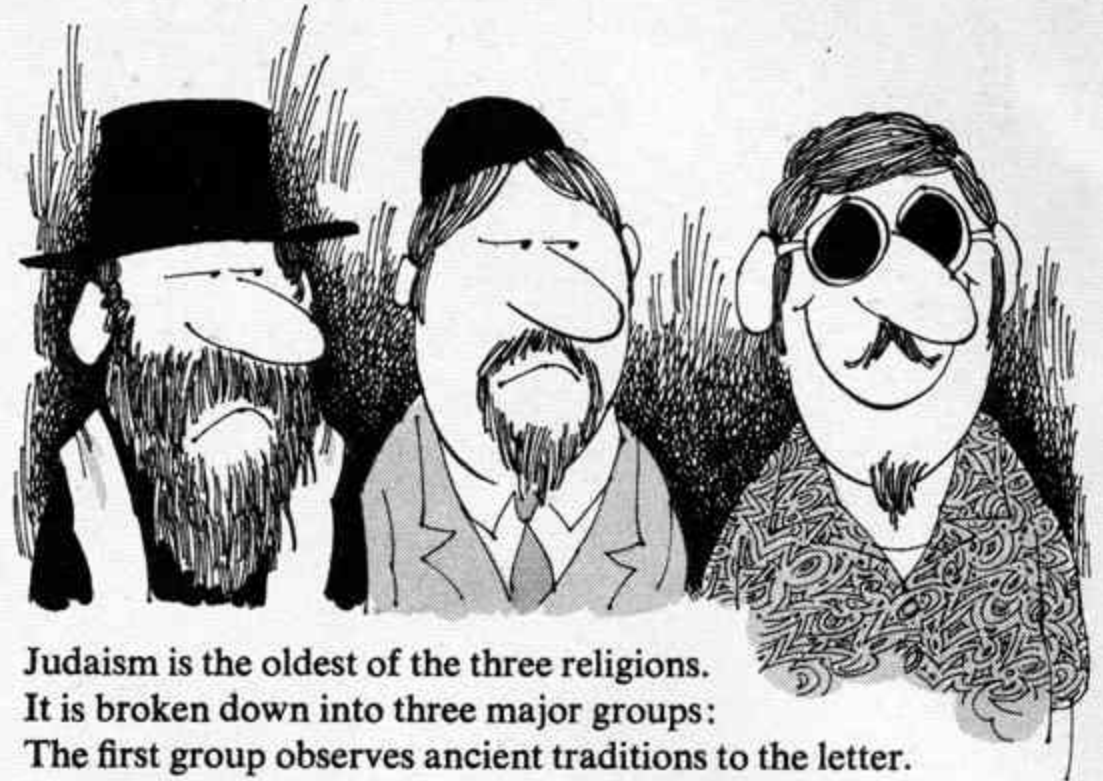
Chapter 2 AN HISTORICAL NOTE



Many worshipers came to America
At the turn of the century.
Where did the Catholics come from?
Many came from Ireland
Where the English were beating up on the Irish.
Where did the Jews come from?
Many came from Europe
Where the Germans and Russians were beating up on the Jews.
Where did the Protestants come from?
They were always here.
Beating up on the Indians!

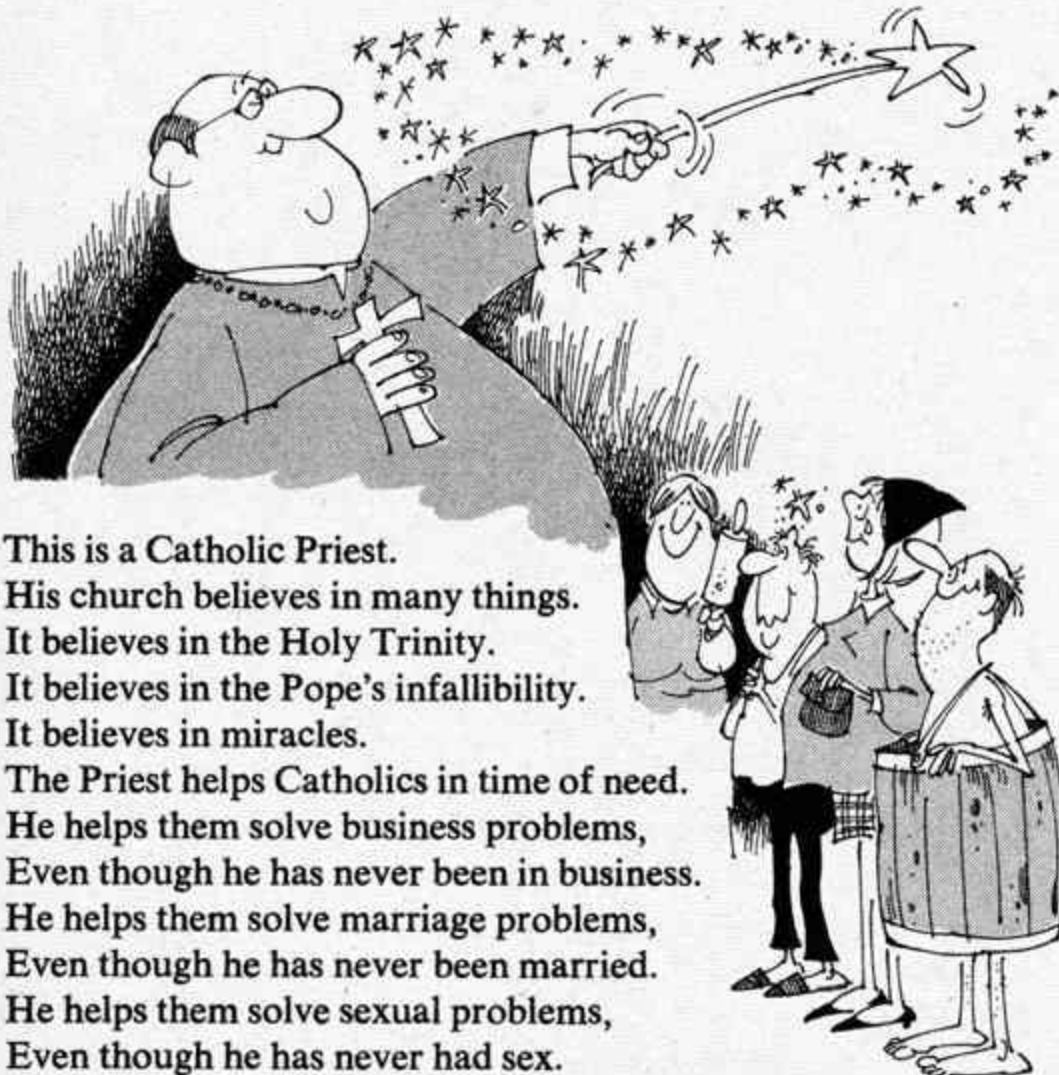


Chapter 3 JUDAISM



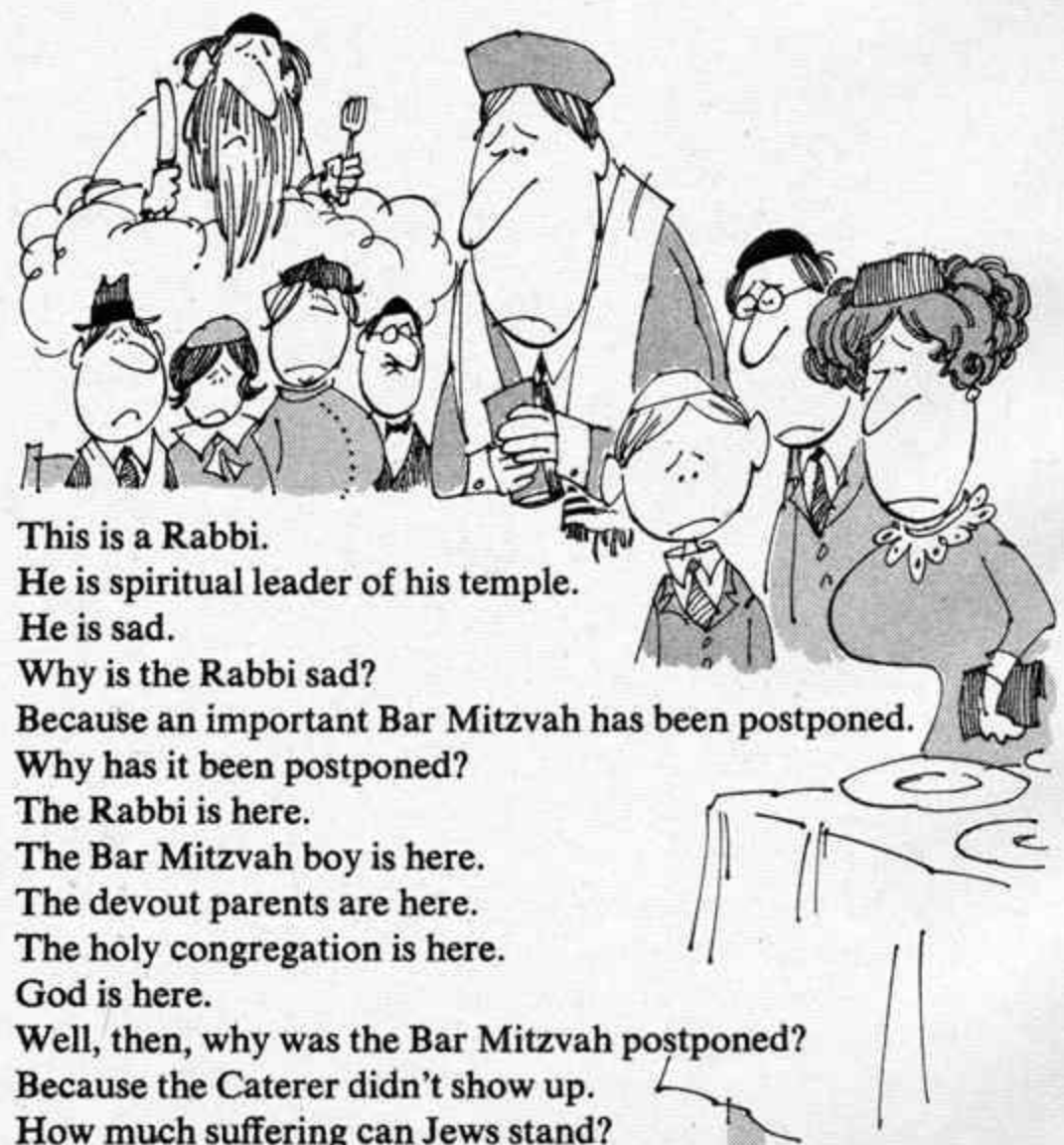
Judaism is the oldest of the three religions.
It is broken down into three major groups:
The first group observes ancient traditions to the letter.
These are known as Orthodox Jews.
The second group believes in combining ancient traditions
With modern conditions.
These are known as Conservative Jews.
The third group hardly observes any traditions at all.
These are known as Reform Jews.
To the other two groups,
Reform Jews have another name.
They are known as "Christians"!

Chapter 6 THE PRIEST



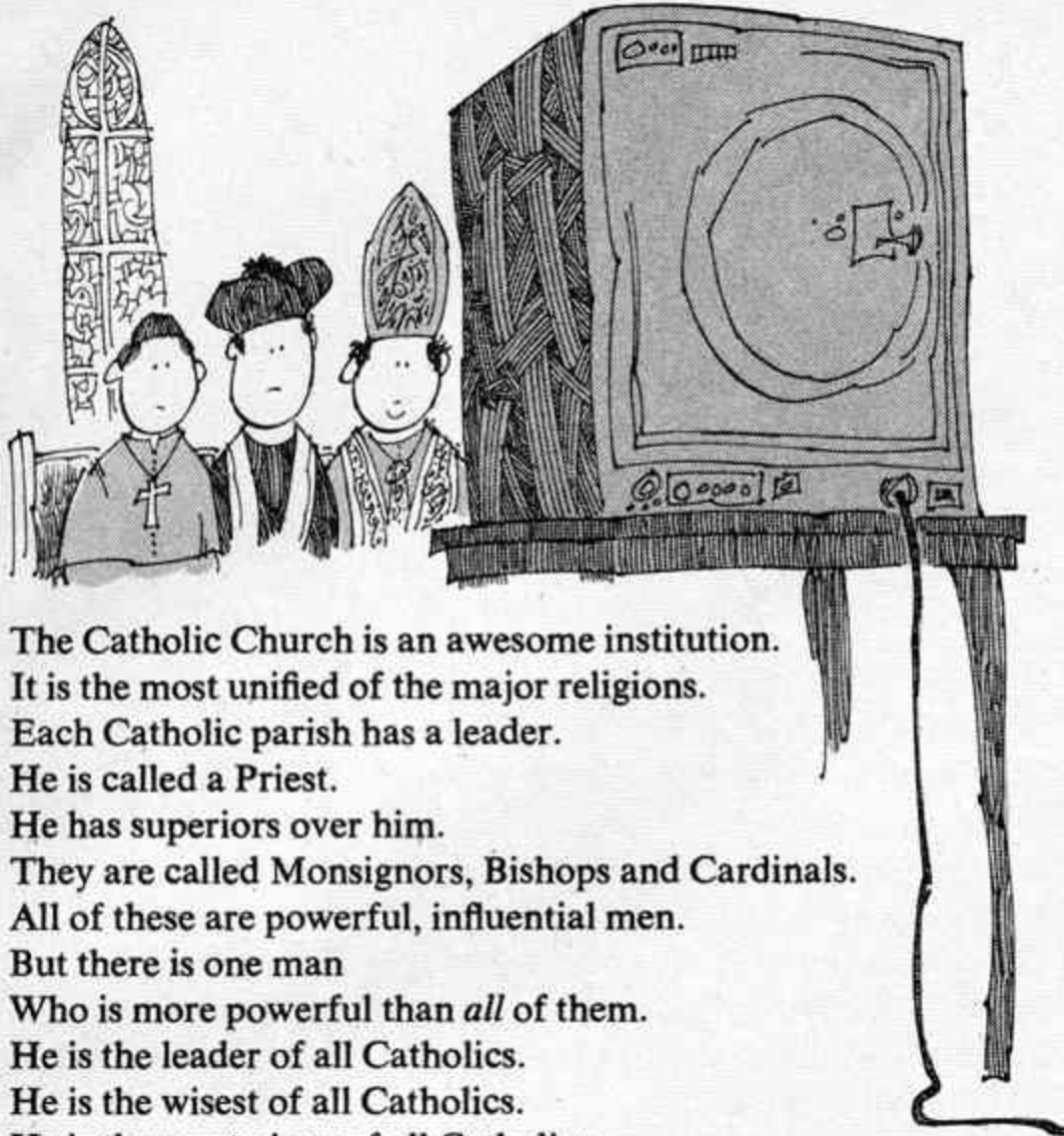
This is a Catholic Priest.
His church believes in many things.
It believes in the Holy Trinity.
It believes in the Pope's infallibility.
It believes in miracles.
The Priest helps Catholics in time of need.
He helps them solve business problems,
Even though he has never been in business.
He helps them solve marriage problems,
Even though he has never been married.
He helps them solve sexual problems,
Even though he has never had sex.
Now you know why the Catholic Church
Believes in miracles!

Chapter 7 THE RABBI



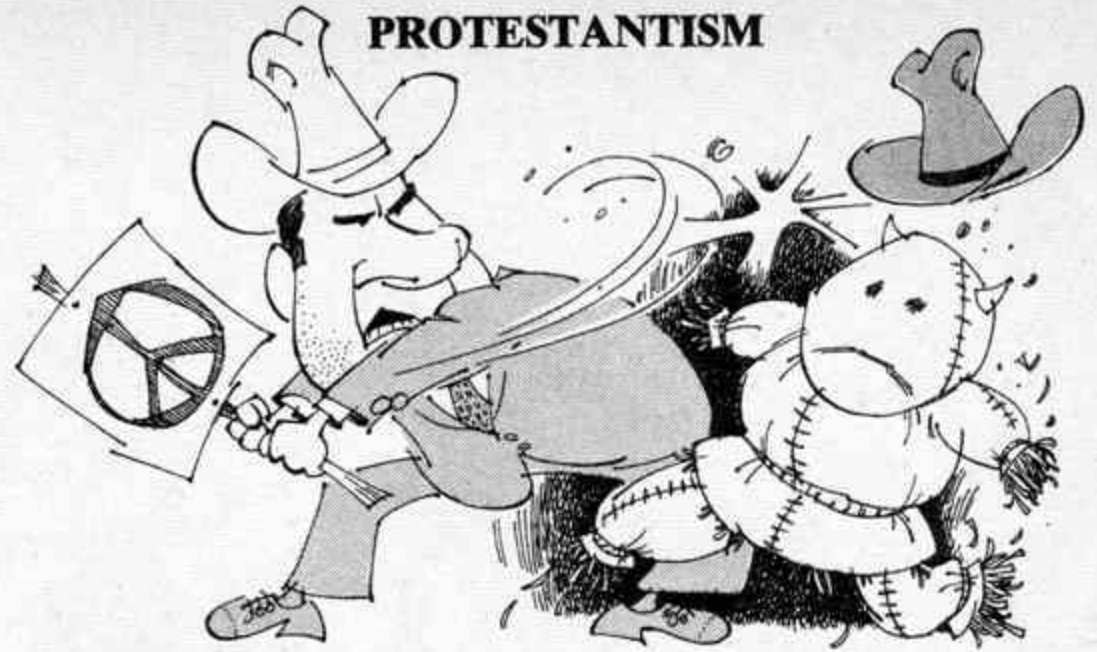
This is a Rabbi.
He is spiritual leader of his temple.
He is sad.
Why is the Rabbi sad?
Because an important Bar Mitzvah has been postponed.
Why has it been postponed?
The Rabbi is here.
The Bar Mitzvah boy is here.
The devout parents are here.
The holy congregation is here.
God is here.
Well, then, why was the Bar Mitzvah postponed?
Because the Caterer didn't show up.
How much suffering can Jews stand?

Chapter 4 CATHOLICISM



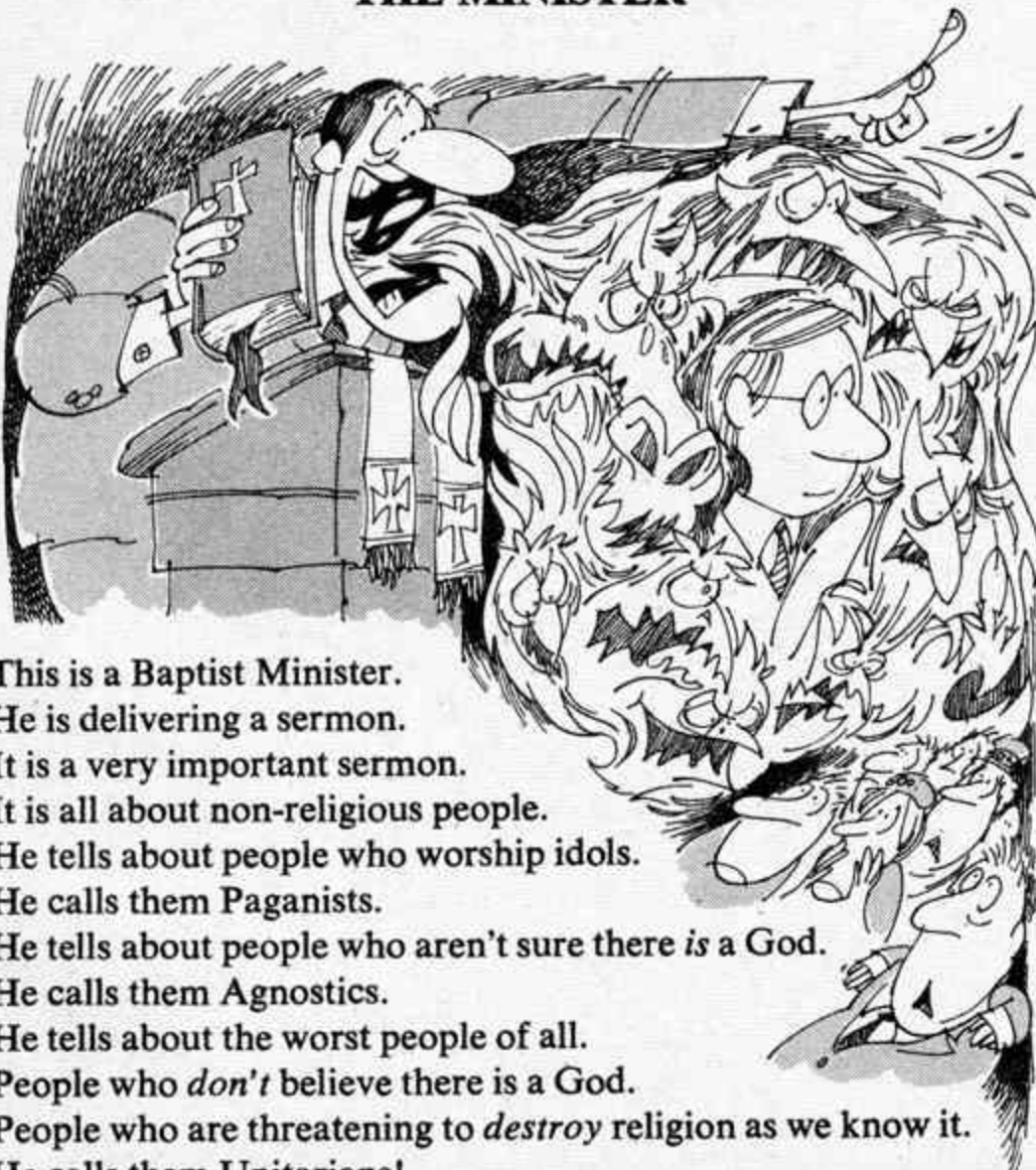
The Catholic Church is an awesome institution.
It is the most unified of the major religions.
Each Catholic parish has a leader.
He is called a Priest.
He has superiors over him.
They are called Monsignors, Bishops and Cardinals.
All of these are powerful, influential men.
But there is one man
Who is more powerful than *all* of them.
He is the leader of all Catholics.
He is the wisest of all Catholics.
He is the most pious of all Catholics.
He is called Danny Thomas!

Chapter 5 PROTESTANTISM



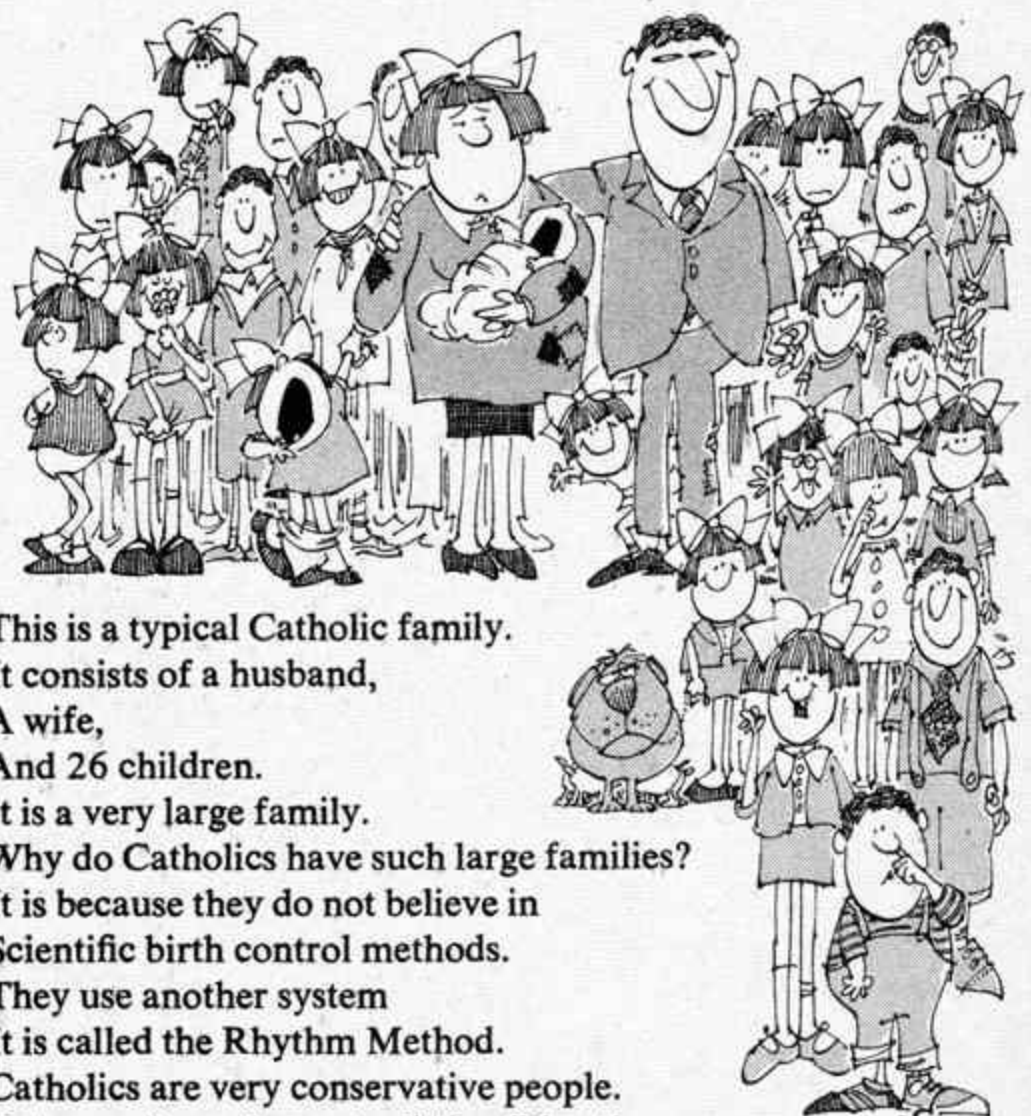
The Protestant Church is the largest church in America.
It consists of many, many denominations.
They all have one important thing in common.
They all eat white bread and mayonnaise.
Here are some of the denominations:
Methodists, Presbyterians,
Baptists, Lutherans, and Quakers.
The Quakers are an interesting denomination.
They believe in honesty.
They do not believe in squandering money.
They do not believe in waging war.
There are 126,000 practicing Quakers in this country.
President Nixon says he is a practicing Quaker.
Make that 125,999!

Chapter 8 THE MINISTER



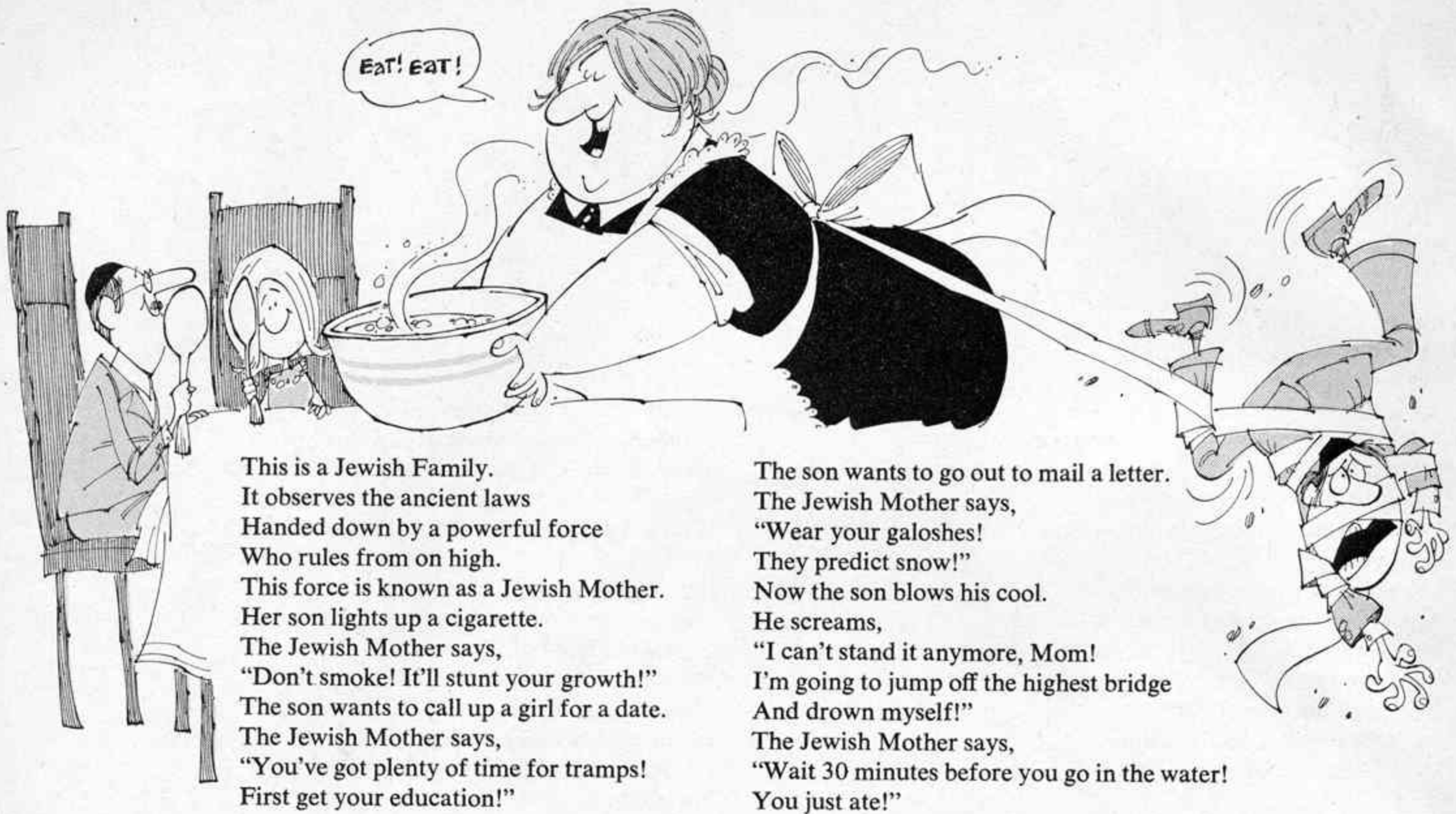
This is a Baptist Minister.
He is delivering a sermon.
It is a very important sermon.
It is all about non-religious people.
He tells about people who worship idols.
He calls them Paganists.
He tells about people who aren't sure there *is* a God.
He calls them Agnostics.
He tells about the worst people of all.
People who *don't* believe there is a God.
People who are threatening to *destroy* religion as we know it.
He calls them Unitarians!

Chapter 9 THE CATHOLIC FAMILY

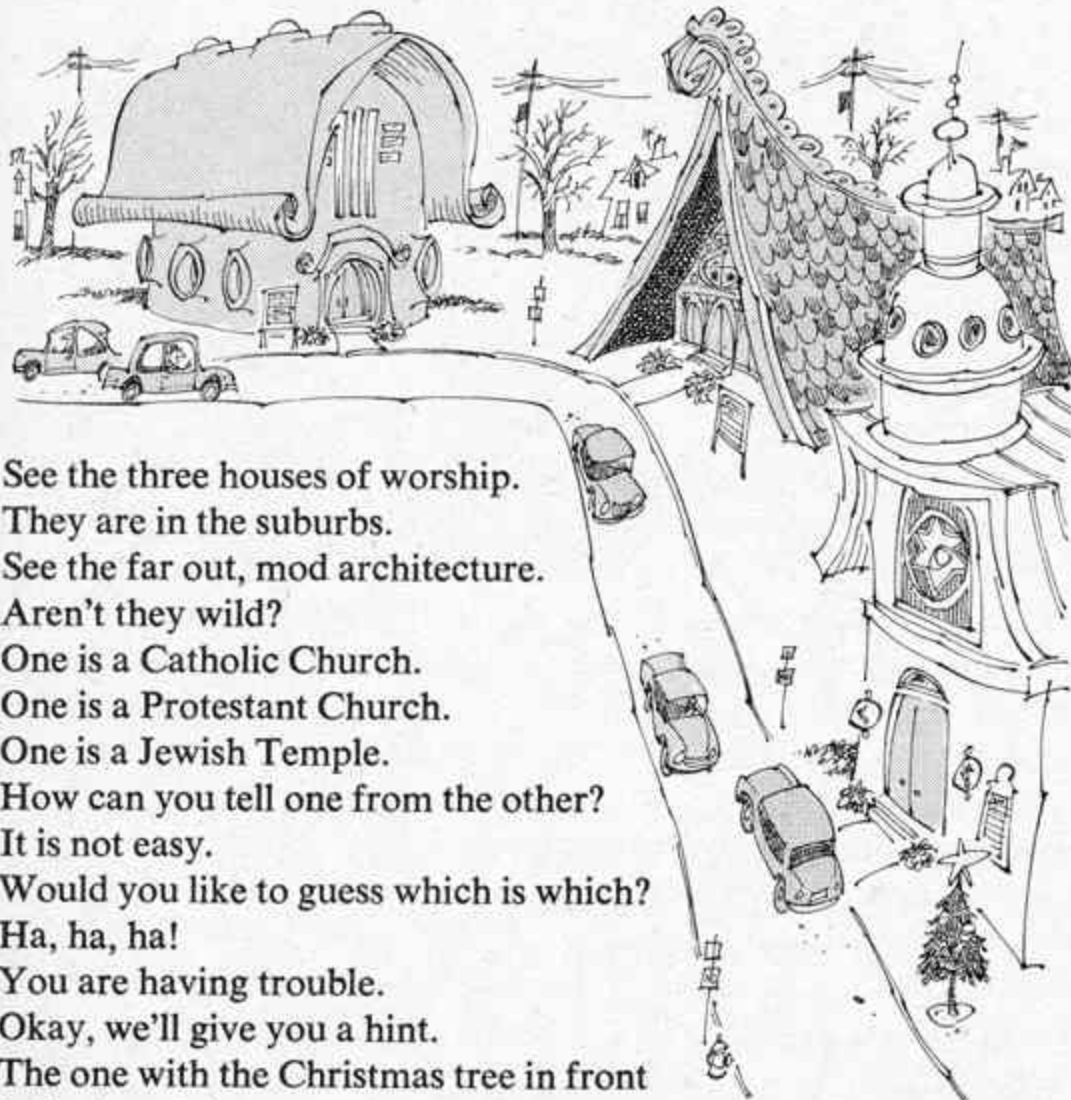


This is a typical Catholic family.
It consists of a husband,
A wife,
And 26 children.
It is a very large family.
Why do Catholics have such large families?
It is because they do not believe in
Scientific birth control methods.
They use another system
It is called the Rhythm Method.
Catholics are very conservative people.
But sometimes they act a little off-beat!

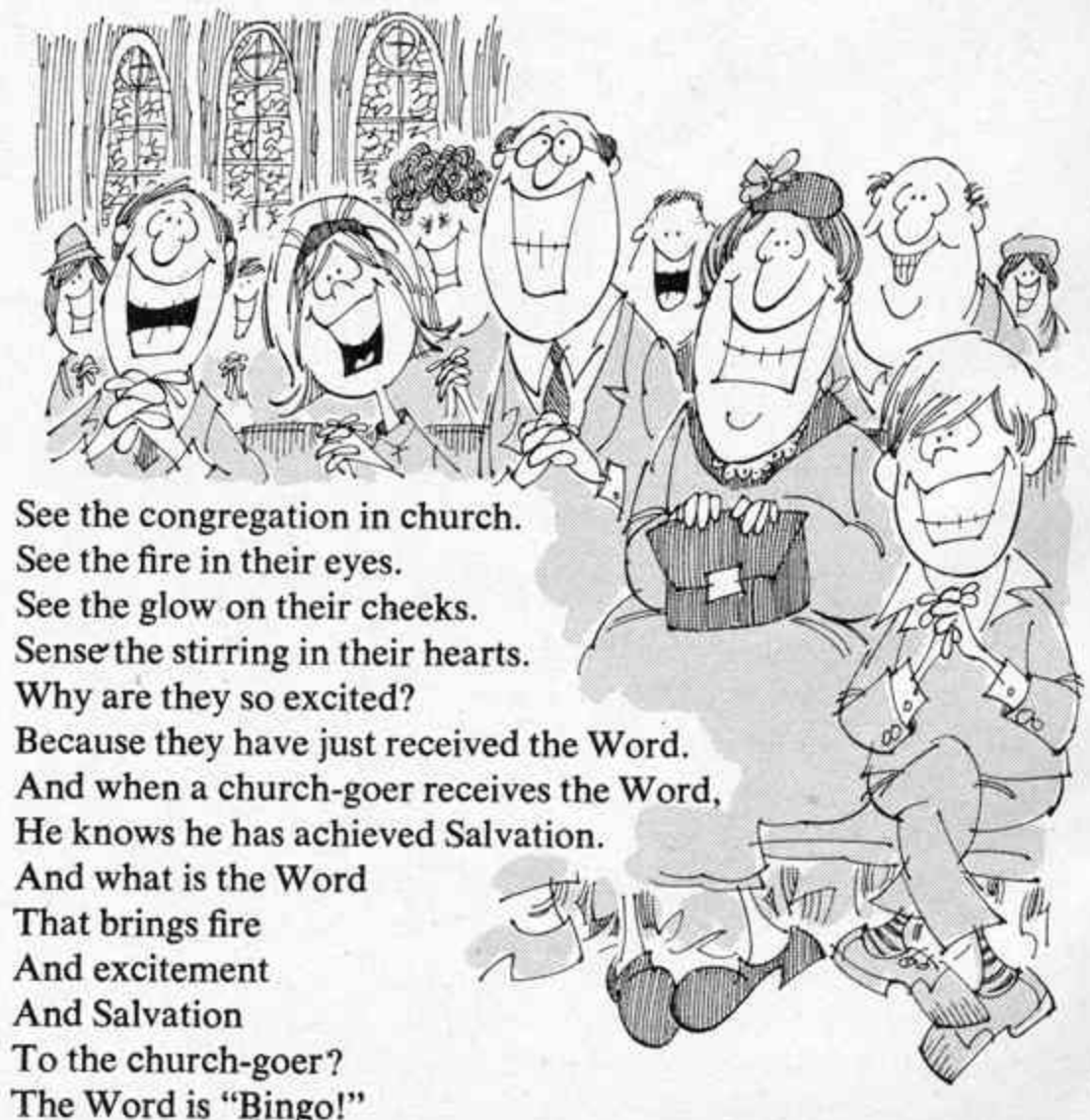
Chapter 10 THE JEWISH FAMILY



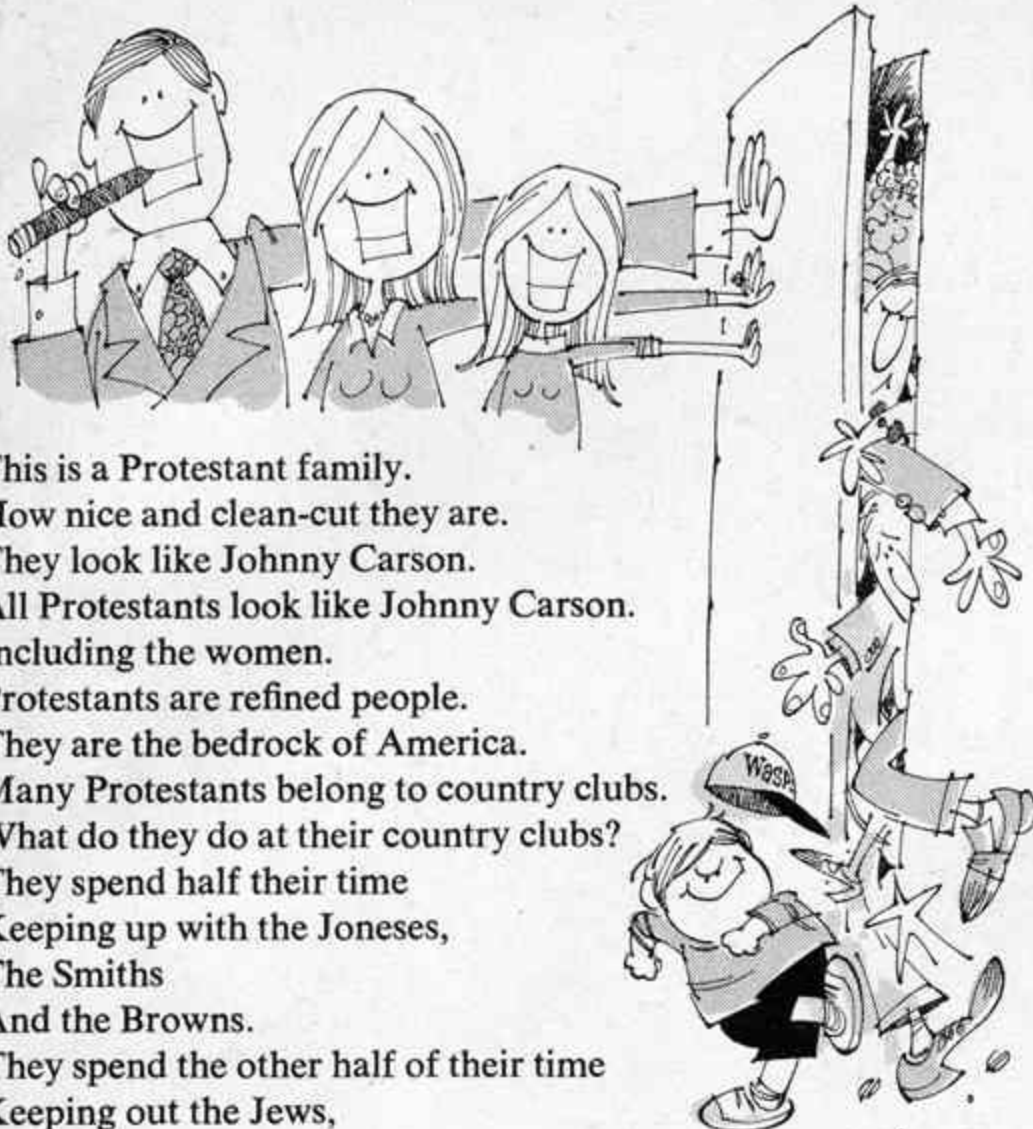
Chapter 13 RELIGION IN THE SUBURBS



Chapter 14 THE RELIGIOUS WORD

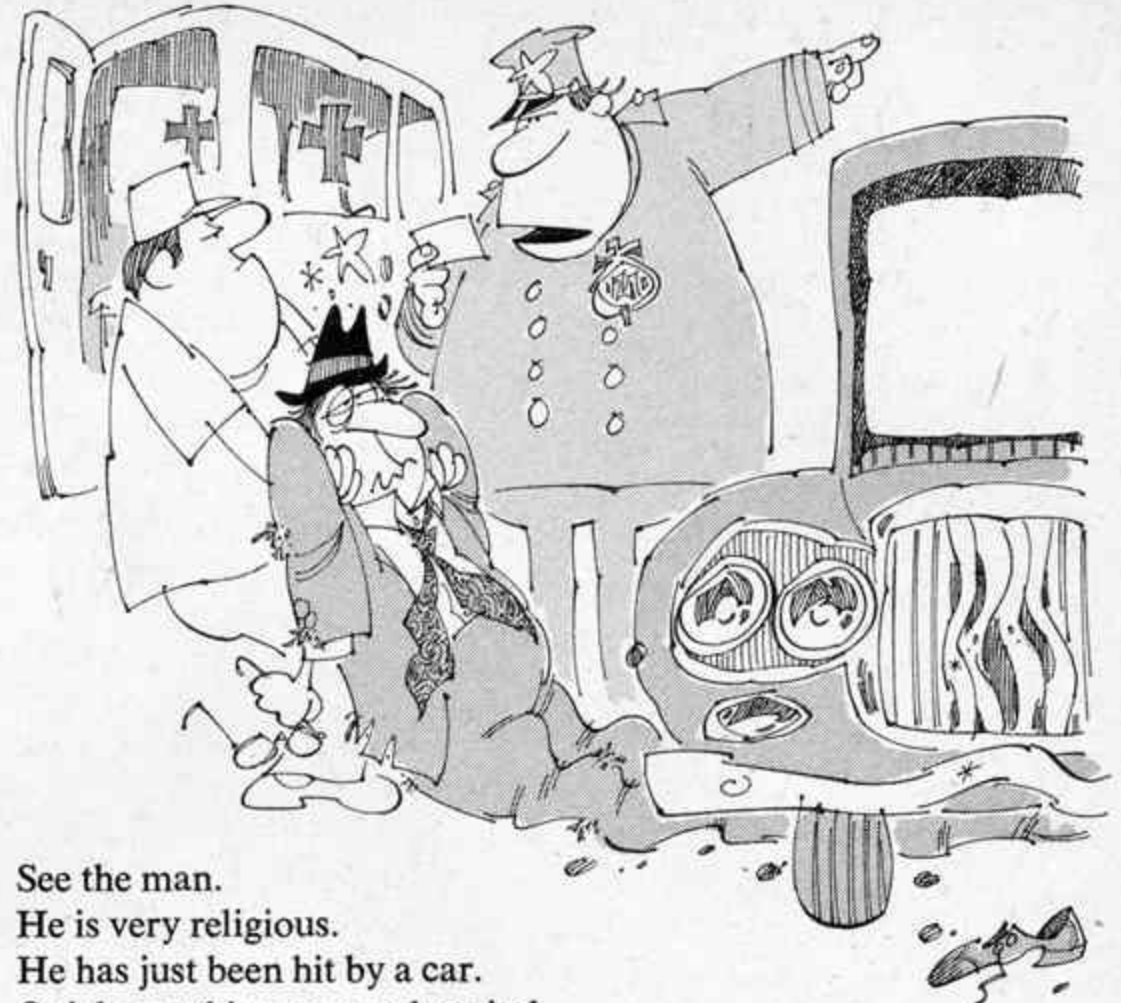


Chapter 11 THE PROTESTANT FAMILY



This is a Protestant family.
How nice and clean-cut they are.
They look like Johnny Carson.
All Protestants look like Johnny Carson.
Including the women.
Protestants are refined people.
They are the bedrock of America.
Many Protestants belong to country clubs.
What do they do at their country clubs?
They spend half their time
Keeping up with the Joneses,
The Smiths
And the Browns.
They spend the other half of their time
Keeping out the Jews,
The Catholics
And the Blacks!

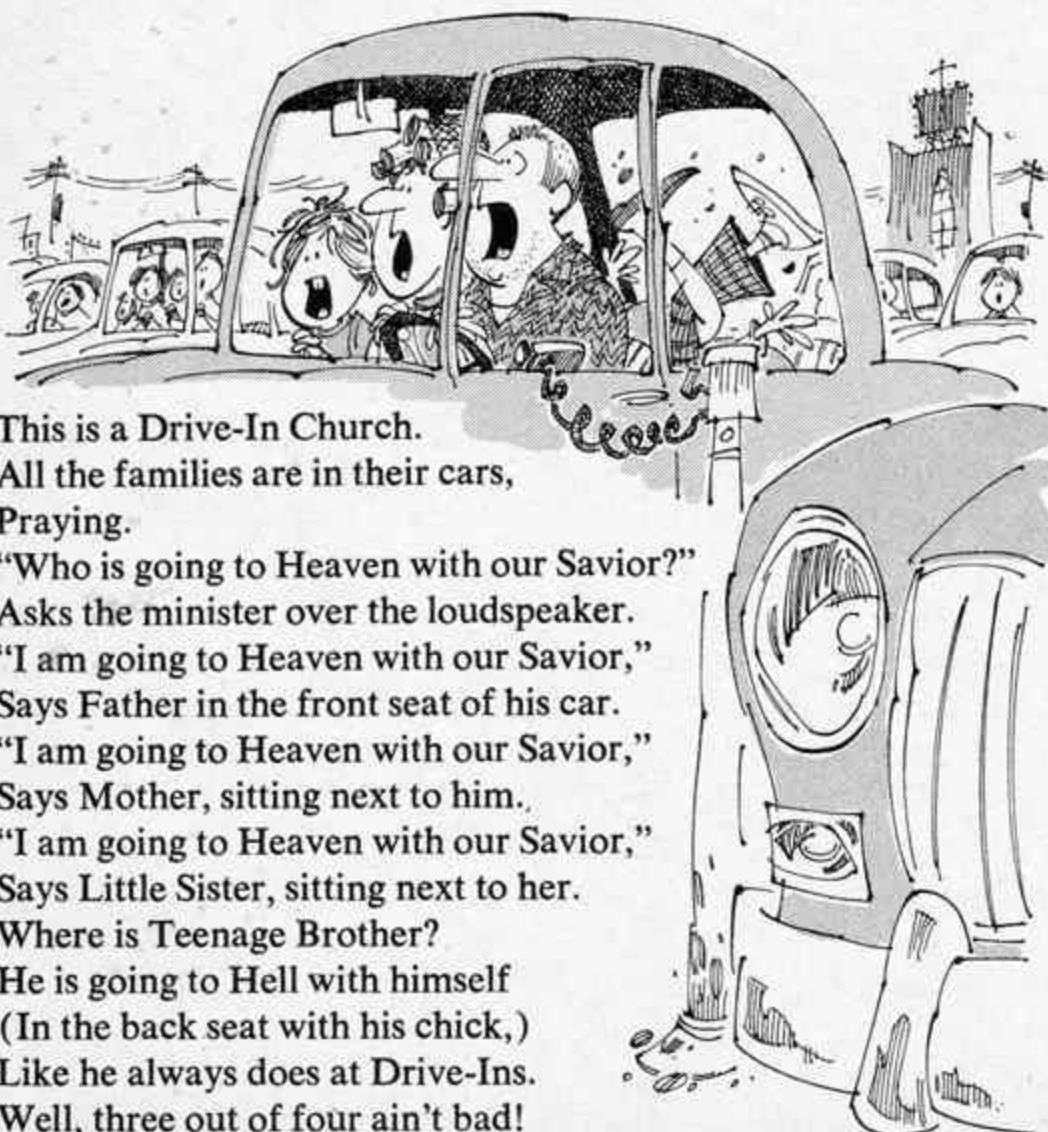
Chapter 12 RELIGION IN THE CITY



See the man.
He is very religious.
He has just been hit by a car.
Quick, get this man to a hospital.
Wait a minute!
We have just found out something.
He is a Christian Scientist.
Quick, get this man to a reading room!

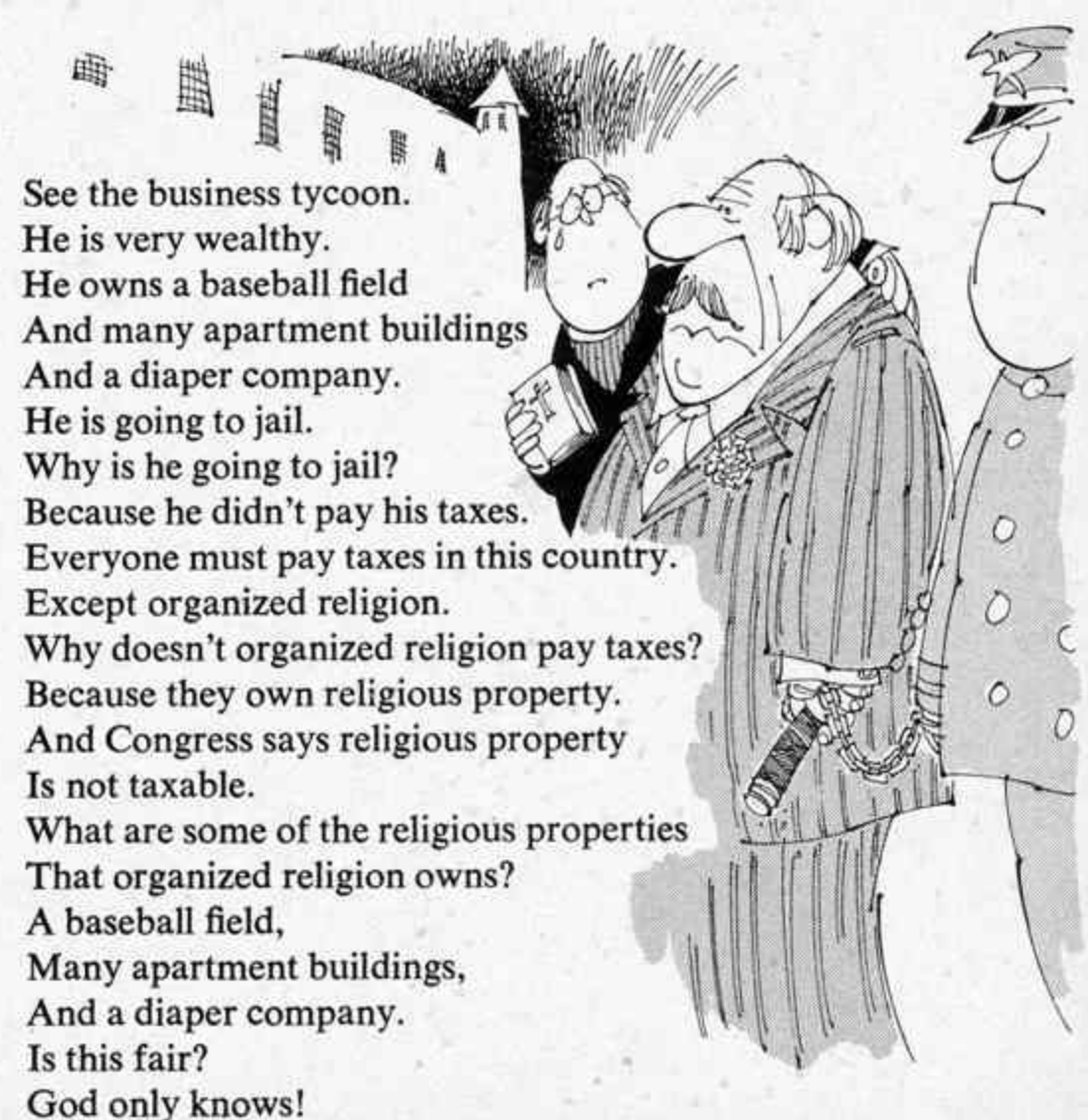


Chapter 15 THE DRIVE-IN CHURCH



This is a Drive-In Church.
All the families are in their cars,
Praying.
"Who is going to Heaven with our Savior?"
Asks the minister over the loudspeaker.
"I am going to Heaven with our Savior,"
Says Father in the front seat of his car.
"I am going to Heaven with our Savior,"
Says Mother, sitting next to him.
"I am going to Heaven with our Savior,"
Says Little Sister, sitting next to her.
Where is Teenage Brother?
He is going to Hell with himself
(In the back seat with his chick,)
Like he always does at Drive-Ins.
Well, three out of four ain't bad!

Chapter 16 RELIGION AND THE LAW



See the business tycoon.
He is very wealthy.
He owns a baseball field
And many apartment buildings
And a diaper company.
He is going to jail.
Why is he going to jail?
Because he didn't pay his taxes.
Everyone must pay taxes in this country.
Except organized religion.
Why doesn't organized religion pay taxes?
Because they own religious property.
And Congress says religious property
Is not taxable.
What are some of the religious properties
That organized religion owns?
A baseball field,
Many apartment buildings,
And a diaper company.
Is this fair?
God only knows!

DON MARTIN LO

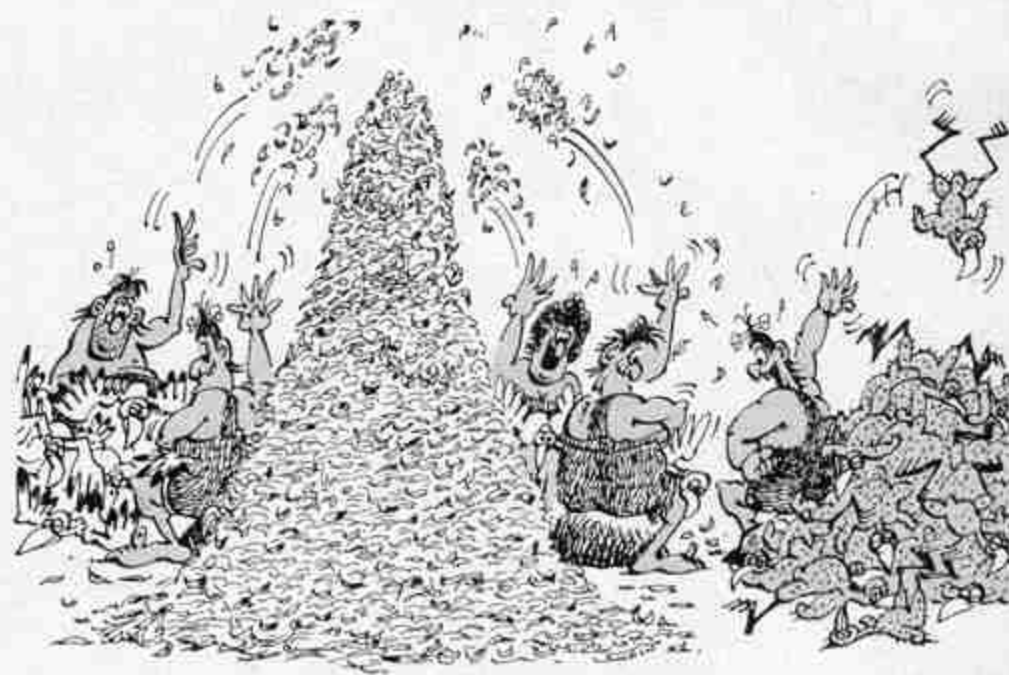
PART I — FEAST TIME FOR CAVEMAN COMMUNITY



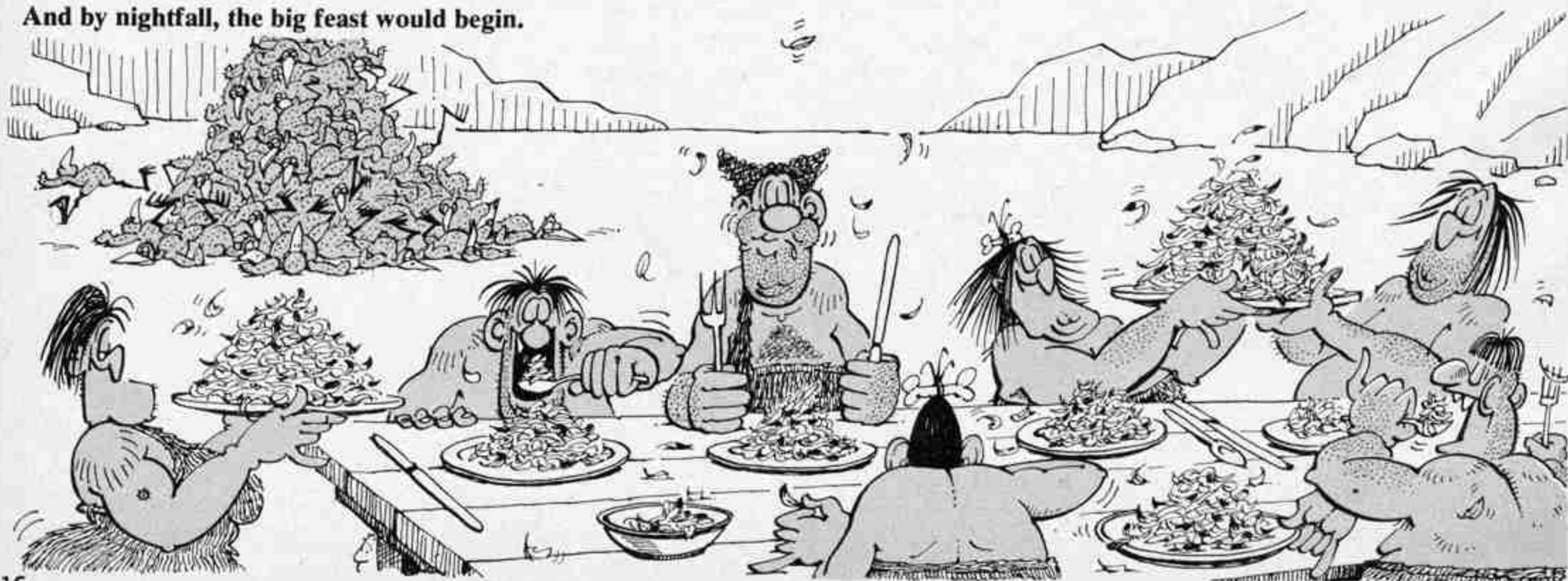
When they returned the following morning laden with birds, the women would be ready with pots of boiling water for plucking . . .



The plucking took most of the second day, and excitement over the upcoming feast ran high . . .

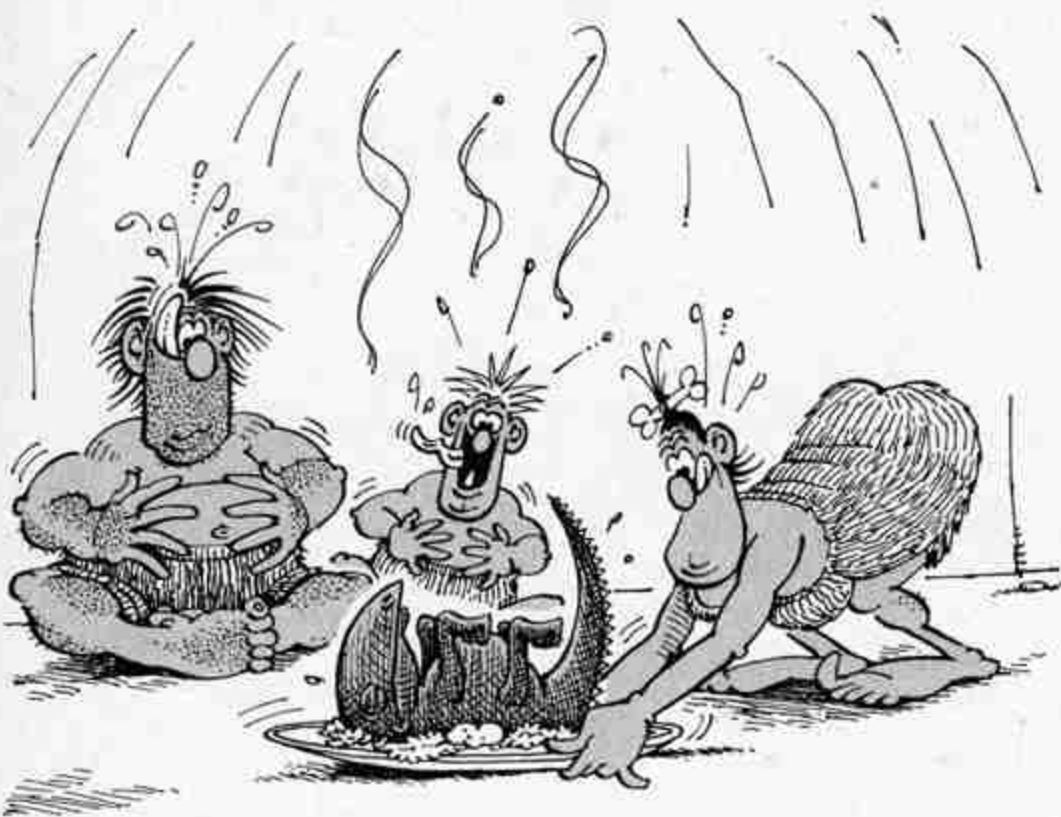


And by nightfall, the big feast would begin.



OKS AT CAVEMEN

PART II — THE HUNGRY CAVE FAMILY AT SUNDAY DINNER



PART III — THE DEVELOPMENT OF PRIMITIVE MUSIC

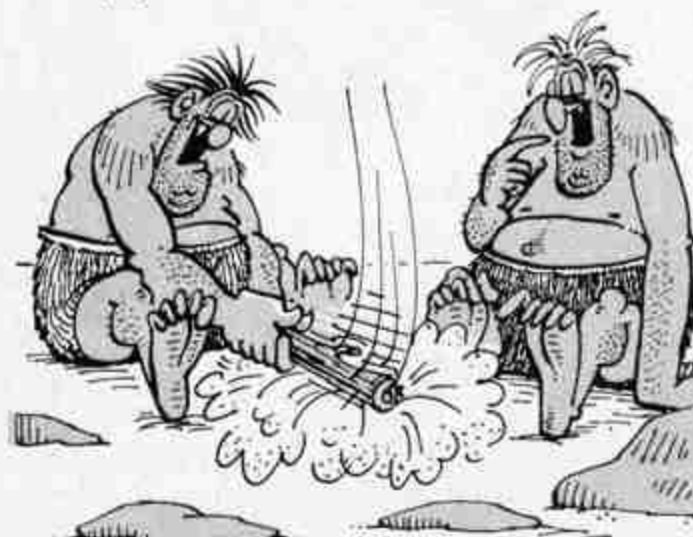
The first "instrument" was a big rock beaten rhythmically against the ground.

THUMP THUMP
THUMP THUMP



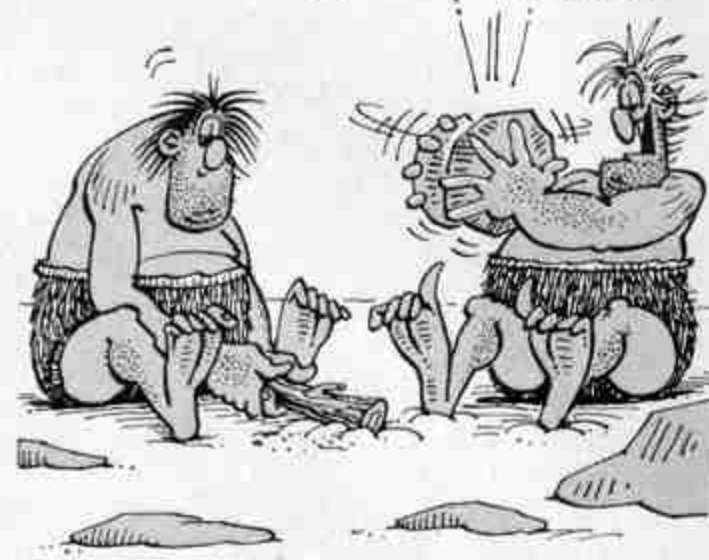
Next, a stout stick beaten against the ground was tried and accepted.

THWAK THWAK
THWAK THWAK



Hitting two small rocks together was the next innovation to be tried . . .

KLAK KLAK
KLAK KLAK



. . . which was followed by hitting a stout stick against a small rock . . .

TIK TIK
TIK TIK



The next logical progression was a large rock against a stout stick . . .

KRAK



. . . which led to stick against head . . .

GLANK



. . . which led to rock against head . . .

KLOON



. . . until, about three million B.C., the first full orchestra was formed.



Needless to say, with the passing of the crew-cut, clean-living, All-American boy from the college scene, the sports movies about them passed also. Before we show you a sports movie about the new breed of athlete, let us jog down memory lane in a nostalgic look at MAD's

TYPICAL SPORTS MOVIE OF THE PAST

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Look at them out there, Mike! They don't have the strength or the weight, but they try! I got a feelin' these kids are going to make gridiron history!

Yeah, it'll be the first time a team **lost** a game to a **tackling dummy**!

And just look at this **schedule**! Tech, State, Tech State, State Tech, Tech State Teachers, we play every **tough team** in the country!

The **bigger** they are, the **harder** they fall! And remember—they can only put **11 men** on the field!

But we have only **10 men**, Coach!

No **wonder** my plays don't work! With one more man, preferably one that can run, pass, kick, block, tackle, sell tickets, and mend uniforms, it might just make the **difference**!



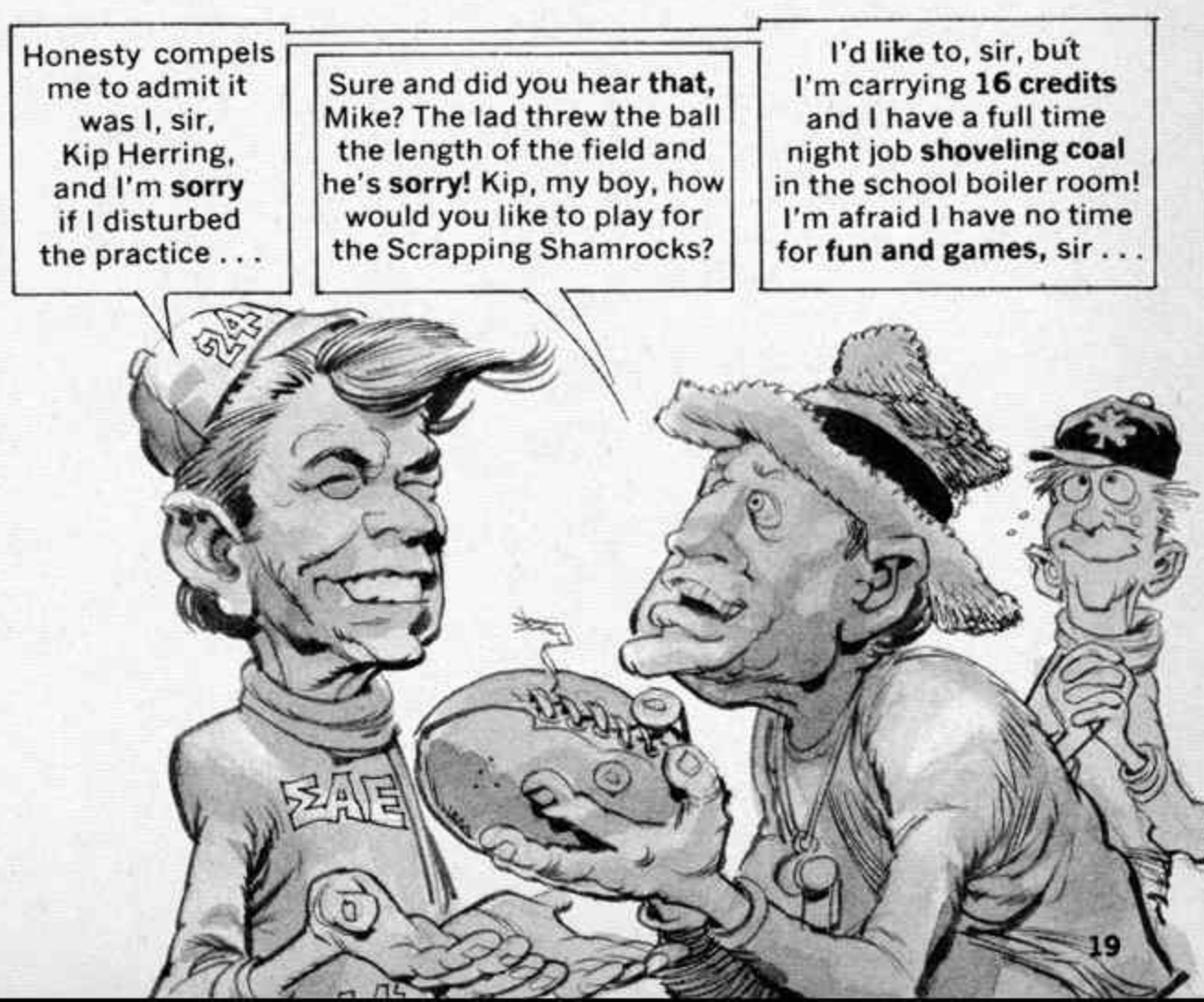
Wow! Look at that ball go!

Who threw that pass?

Honesty compels me to admit it was I, sir, Kip Herring, and I'm **sorry** if I disturbed the practice...

Sure and did you hear **that**, Mike? The lad threw the ball the length of the field and he's **sorry**! Kip, my boy, how would you like to play for the Scrapping Shamrocks?

I'd like to, sir, but I'm carrying **16 credits** and I have a full time night job **shoveling coal** in the school boiler room! I'm afraid I have no time for fun and games, sir...



Lad, football is more than just a game—it's part of the American Way! It prepares you for the struggles that lie ahead! It develops sound bodies and clean minds! Why do you think this country has never lost a war? It's because our boys remembered the lessons they learned on the gridiron! Kip—your school and your team need you! Besides, we got only ten men!

By Jeepers, you're right, Coach! How could I have been so selfish! I'll join!



It won't be easy! I expect my boys to keep a straight B average...

That's no problem, I'm straight A!

...and you won't get any financial help...

That's no problem, I've got my night job!

...and we practice 6 hours a day...

That's no problem! I just won't sleep!



Coach! Coach! I got terrible news! Kip is hurt! He tripped and fell running over newspaper headlines! His leg is busted!

Sure, and did you all hear that? Kip is hurt! I won't give my usual "Win for old Shamrock" pep talk, lads! Instead I want you to think of Kip lying there in that hospital with just one thought on his mind! You all know what that is!

Who's gonna shovel the coal tonight?

No, he wants us to beat State!



Okay, guys! This is it! Let's do it! Let's win one for the Kipper!

Looks bad, Coach!

Sure, and it sure does! If only Kip were here...

Need a substitute, Coach?



The Shamrocks have played their hearts out this afternoon, folks, but **without** their great quarterback Kip Herring, they don't stand a chance! With Tech ahead 3-0 and time for only **one more play** . . . Hold **everything**, sports fans! Kip Herring is limping onto the field! The ball is snapped . . . Herring is back to pass . . . wait! It's the old Statue of Liberty play . . . with a **new twist**! They're handing the ball back to Herring! He's at the 40 . . . 30 . . . 20 . . . 15 . . . 10 . . . he's being tackled . . . No! He breaks away! The 5 . . . the 3 . . . **TOUCHDOWN!** The Shamrocks win!



Coach, that was a **courageous call!** A field goal would have tied the score, but you went for all the marbles!

We play to win! Would St. Patrick have settled for a tie with the snakes? No! There's no substitute for **victory!** It's a great day for the Shamrocks!

Say, fellows, would you mind dropping me off at the **boiler room?** It's time for my shift . . .



MOOLAH-MOOLAH DEPT.

But times have changed, and with it so have movies. With realism enjoying its day, a true-to-life, honest sports movie made today would have to go something like MAD's

TYPICAL SPORTS MOVIE OF THE PRESENT

All right, you jokers, stop goofing off! I'm warning you, if we don't have a **good season**, I'm telling the publicity department not to push any of your names! That means no **Heisman Trophy**, no high draft pick, no nothin'! So **MOVE** it!

You better go **easy** on 'em, Coach! You can never tell when one of them creeps will write another **football exposé book** and blast all of us!



This schedule is beautiful! We play nothing but set-ups and pushovers!

If we roll up enough big scores we get the number one rating!

I can't understand it! With the money we sink into recruiting, with a 200 man squad, not counting redshirts, we still don't have a guy who can throw the ball!

Look at that! FANTASTIC! Who threw that pass?!



Man, don't get all uptight! Ol' Hip Swinger didn't hurt your ball!

Kid, that was some heave! What pills are you popping?

Man, like I only had a few brews!

You threw the ball 100 yards on a few beers? You'll be dynamite on greenies! Swinger, how would you like a free ride through college?



Forget it, dad! I've got no time for games! I'm dedicated to a cause, the sexual revolution!

Swinger, football isn't a game—it's big business! It's a chain of hamburger joints, it's a night club, a bar! It's TV appearances, endorsements, books you don't write, movies...



None of my boys go to classes—it interferes with practice! You get a new car, we make your old man a scout, and you get an apartment! Meet your new roommate!

I really dig jocks!

Count me in, Coach! I didn't realize all the advantages of a higher education!



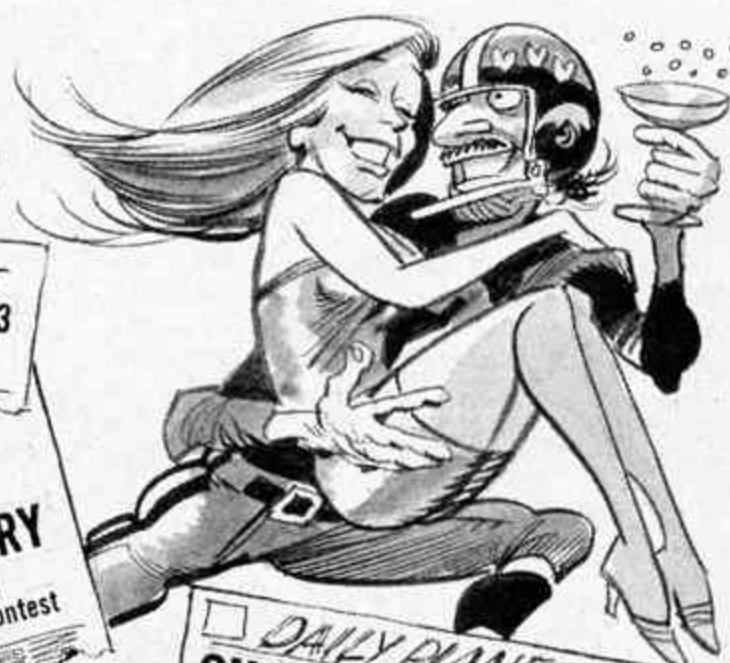
MORNING BLAST
SHAMROCKS SLAUGHTER SCHLOCKS, 45-7
Rookie scores 6 times, twice with cheerleaders

★★ **HEROLD SPORTS** ★★
SHAMROCKS CLOBBER CLODS, 52-3
Swinger Slings 5 For TDs, Runs For 3 More

DAILY BLAST
SWINGER SIZZLES AS SHAMROCKS ROLL TO A 60-2 VICTORY
Quarterback Breaks 8 Offensive Records, 3 Defensive in Lopsided Contest

DAILY STAR SPORTS
HIP HUMBLER HOFSTRA, 74-0
Shamrocks Shatter Shoddy Defense, Score at Will

DAILY PLANET BLAH
SHAMROCKS TO MEET STATE FOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
Money Bowl Matches 2 Undefeated Powers



Bad news, Coach! Hip is on a bum trip and won't be able to play!

We'd better give everybody an extra ration of bennies!

Without Hip, they're going to need something stronger!

That fink, freaking out after all I've done for him!



Okay, guys, listen good! Hip took some bad stuff and went flakey on us! We'll have to play without him! But we can still win if we pull together! There'll be bonuses for all if we do, even the linemen!

Dig whitey with the old togetherness jive!

Yeah, so how come we don't have any black coaches?



So let's get out there and remember everything I taught you—kick, bite, punch, hold, clip—cheat in every way! Just don't get caught!

If he says "win one for The Hipper", I'll scream!



How can these bums do this to me!? If it weren't for me, they'd all still be in the steel mills or coal mines!

Dig that crazy psychedelic halftime show...

You ding-a-ling, this isn't halftime! This is the big game and we're losing! Get your butt in there!

I dig, man! Just point me in the right direction!



Things are looking grim for the Shamrocks, football fans! They trail State by 12-7, and though they have the ball on State's 30 yard line, without their sensational quarterback Hip Swinger, they just can't seem to move the ball! But hold everything! The man I just mentioned, the man I had lunch with last Tuesday, Hip Swinger himself, is staggering onto the field! Can he do it? We'll soon see! I don't believe it! The Shamrocks are lining up for a field goal! The ball is snapped... it's set... Swinger kicks... it's good! The game is over! The Shamrocks lose, 12-10!

Coach, how come you went for the field goal when you needed a touchdown to win?

The important thing isn't winning, it's beating the point spread, Howard! We were 3 point underdogs, but thanks to Hip's field goal we only lost by 2, which means we really won!

Would you guys mind dropping me off at the bank to make a deposit?





PICKET YOURSELF DEPT.

Wherever you live, wherever you go, wherever you look—one thing is certain: Some disgruntled, dissatisfied group of workers is on strike. Who can blame the American public for getting tired of reading about these endless

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE

LABOR NEWSPAPER

1

the nation's
the city's
250,000
black
two incoherent
greedy
teenage
gay
freaked-out
Big Floyd and his
Mafia
allergic

2

auto workers
miners
electricians
accountants
garbage men
Baptists
pornographers
belly dancers
junkies
rock groups
werewolves
shepherds

A walkout by _____ 1

threatened today to _____ 3

Unhappy with _____ 5

_____ 6 plus _____

Management has countered with a packa
wages and provide _____ 10

Mediators today stated that both sides _____

12

5

low pay
poor working conditions
their pension plan
cafeteria coffee
smelly foremen
their sex lives
working
the owner's hippie son
nothing really
oily skin
the 1970 Mets
squeaky lockers

6

higher pay
a profit-sharing plan
a four-day week
a three-hour day
no supervision
two Christmases
inside plumbing
Bob Hope shows
free nose jobs
monogramed undershirts
to be loved for themselves
daily astrological forecasts

7

time and a half
time off
an extra 500 dollars
brownie points
a friendly wink
ice cream and cake
double plaid stamps
champagne brunches
the boss's mistress
a trip to downtown Buffalo
a trip to suburban Buffalo
something under the table

8

on holidays
after 2 p.m.
on their birthdays
during union meetings
for neatness
retroactive to June, 1965
on Yom Kippur
on the Chinese New Year
for showing up
during lunar eclipses
for beating up students
for staying sober

walk-outs? Well, as of now, there's no need to wade through the boring newspaper stories. Mainly, because MAD now invites you to simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, thus making use of



WE DO-IT-YOURSELF

DISPUTE ER STORY

_____ (2) _____
 _____ (4) _____
 _____, the strikers are demanding
 (7) _____ (8) _____
 e that would _____ (9) _____
 ..
 (11) _____ and that bargaining talks

3

spread throughout
 paralyze
 close down movies in
 make an icky mess of
 bring Spiro Agnew to
 bore the pants off
 unleash God's wrath in
 make pot scarce in
 miss
 fill the poolhalls in
 bring the war home to
 cancel Arbor day in

4

the country
 New York
 Detroit
 the Midwest
 Connie Mack Stadium
 the Catskills
 Atlantis
 every state but Utah
 the Boston YMCA
 Disneyland
 the Houston Space Center
 Fillmore East

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

9

increase
 double
 decrease
 introduce
 wipe out
 make it a crime to get
 pay 1939
 make the union pay
 hire scabs for
 hand out beads for
 reclaim past
 make a joke of

10

for retirement
 fringe benefits
 jail terms for strikers
 more for themselves
 strikebreakers with shotguns
 deodorant for foremen
 a good story for the AP
 for nothing else
 medals for the bowling team
 for complete automation
 a lot of laughs
 keys to the men's room

11

are near agreement
 are far from agreement
 are turning on
 stink
 want to shaft the consumer
 need psychiatric help
 are heavily armed
 want to say "hi"
 are swapping dirty stories
 love long strikes
 secretly feel ashamed
 have disrobed

12

will continue
 have completely stopped
 will accomplish nothing
 are stupid
 will lead to bloodshed
 should begin in 1973
 will lead to bankruptcy
 will destroy Cincinnati
 sure beat working
 are fattening
 cause warts
 are obscene

Have you ever been driven up the wall by sickeningly stupid TV Commercials? Have you ever been frustrated out of your

skull because you must sit there, night after night, with no way to get rid of your anger? Well, fret no more! Here is a

SNAPPY ANSWERS TO ST

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE "PAMPERS" COMMERCIAL

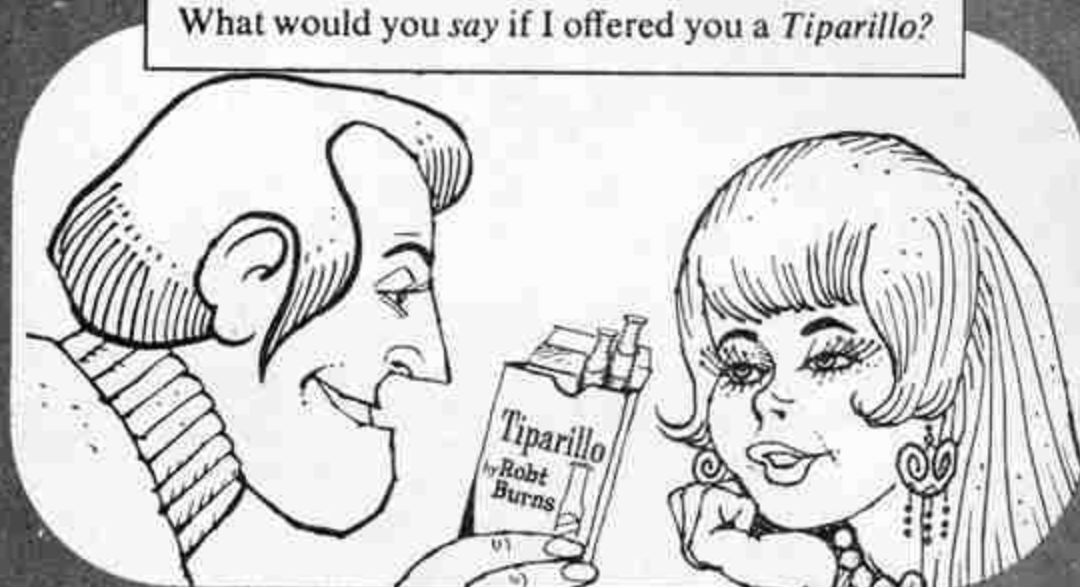
Wanna see our *new baby*?



What happened to the *old baby*? My God! It's the Pampers that are supposed to be disposable!

THE "TIPARILLO" COMMERCIAL

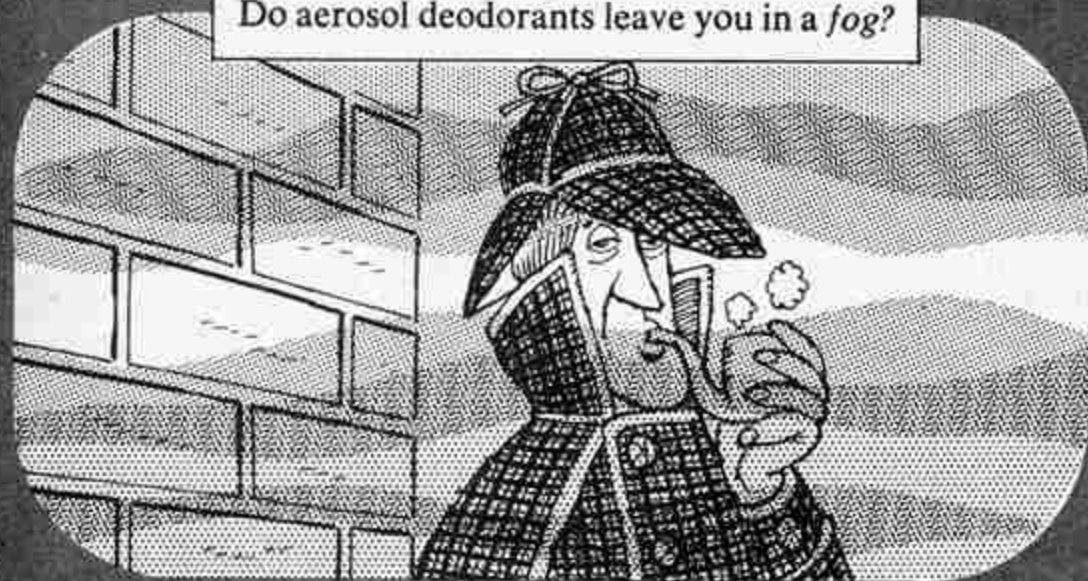
What would you say if I offered you a *Tiparillo*?



What would you say if I offered you a feminine hygiene spray?

THE "OLD SPICE" COMMERCIAL

Do aerosol deodorants leave you in a *fog*?



That's not fog! That's my *body odor*!

THE "DRISTAN" COMMERCIAL

Mrs. Richard Weiskopf, why did *you* switch to Dristan?



Because I'm getting a fat fee plus residuals for plugging this junk!

simple solution: Just hold this article in front of you the next time you watch TV, and the minute one of those idiotic

commercials appear, shout out the answer we've given. You'll be amazed how much better you'll feel letting go with these

UPID TV COMMERCIALS

IDEA BY: MARCELLE PESEK

THE "BROMO-SELTZER" COMMERCIAL

Ever come home feeling *plain lousy*?



Yes! Especially when I'm greeted by *you* on my TV set!

THE "COMET" COMMERCIAL

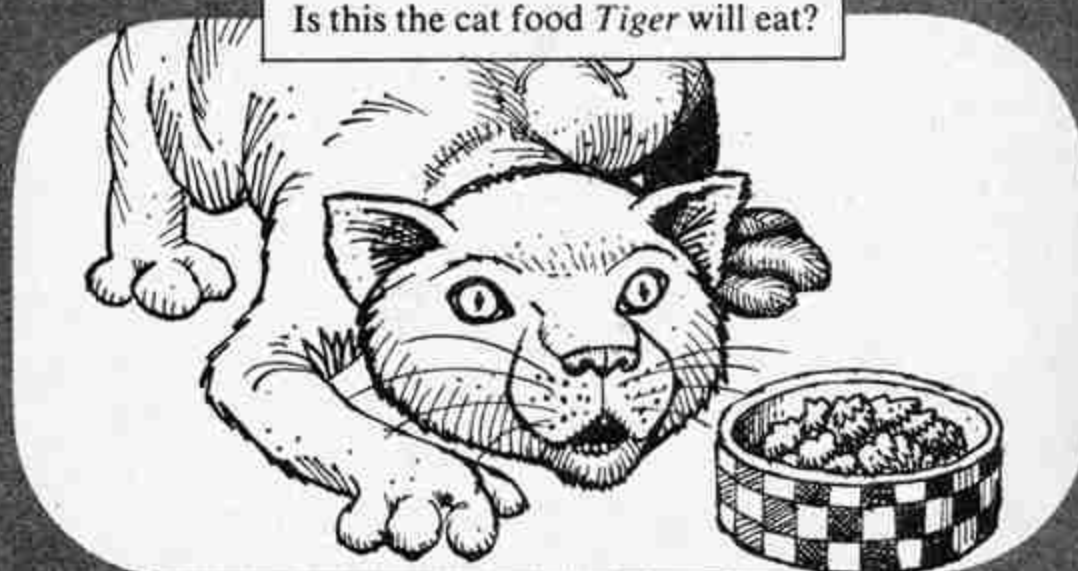
Having trouble with your *sink*?



No, I'm having trouble with my *doorlock*! All kinds of weirdos—like Lady Plumbers—keep wandering in!

THE "PURINA VARIETY MENU" AD

Is this the cat food *Tiger* will eat?



Yes, and then he'll have only eight lives left!

THE "LISTERINE" COMMERCIAL

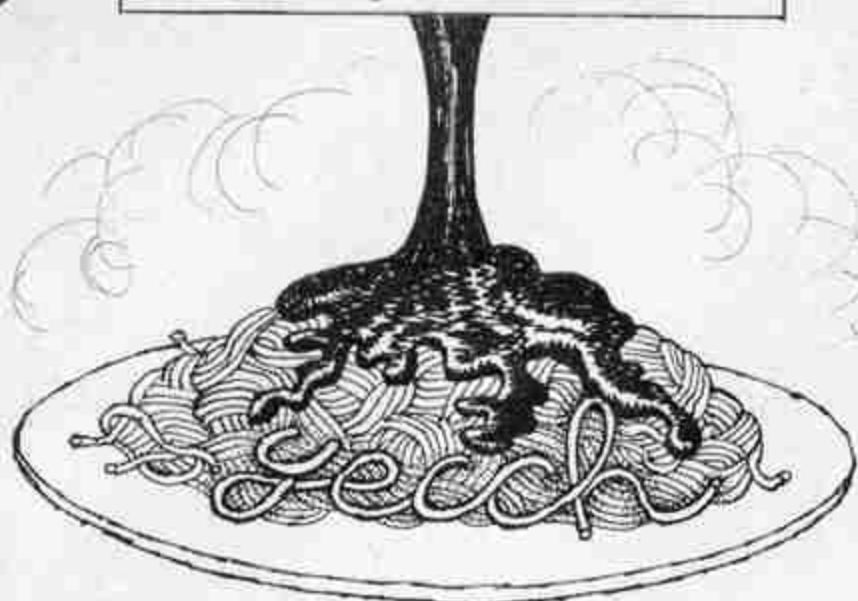
What do *you* think of the taste of Listerine?



Taste?!? I use it for removing grease from my bicycles!

THE "MUELLER'S SPAGHETTI SAUCE" AD

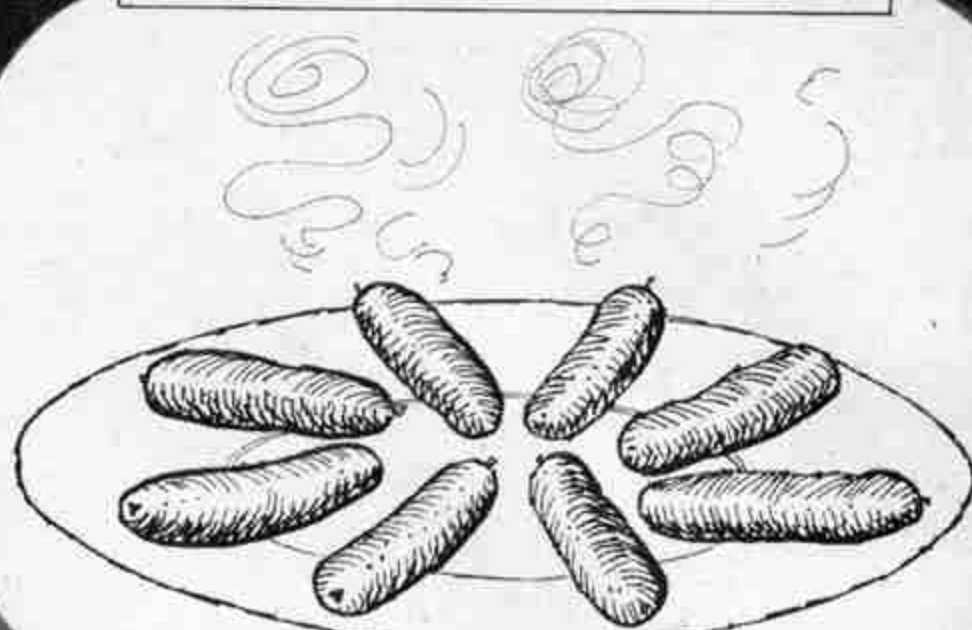
When you pour on the *sauce*, does your spaghetti get *lost* in the sauce?



No, my appetite gets lost in the sauce!

THE "SWIFT'S PREMIUM SAUSAGE" AD

Hey! Heard about *Swift's Premium Sausages*?



Yes! And for fifty bucks, I'll keep my mouth shut!

THE "IMPERIAL MARGARINE" AD

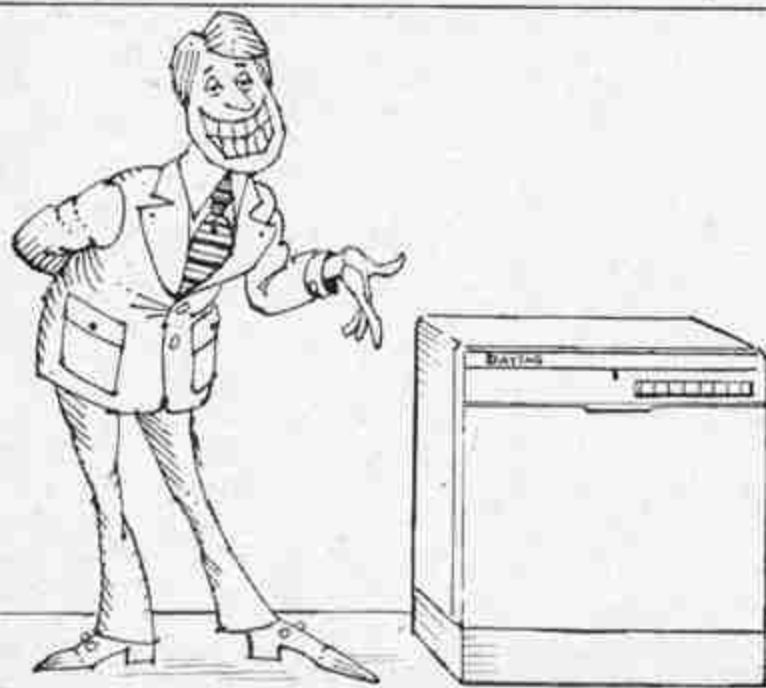
What happened? I feel like a *King*!



You're in trouble! You look like a *Queen*, Thweetie!

THE "MAYTAG" COMMERCIAL

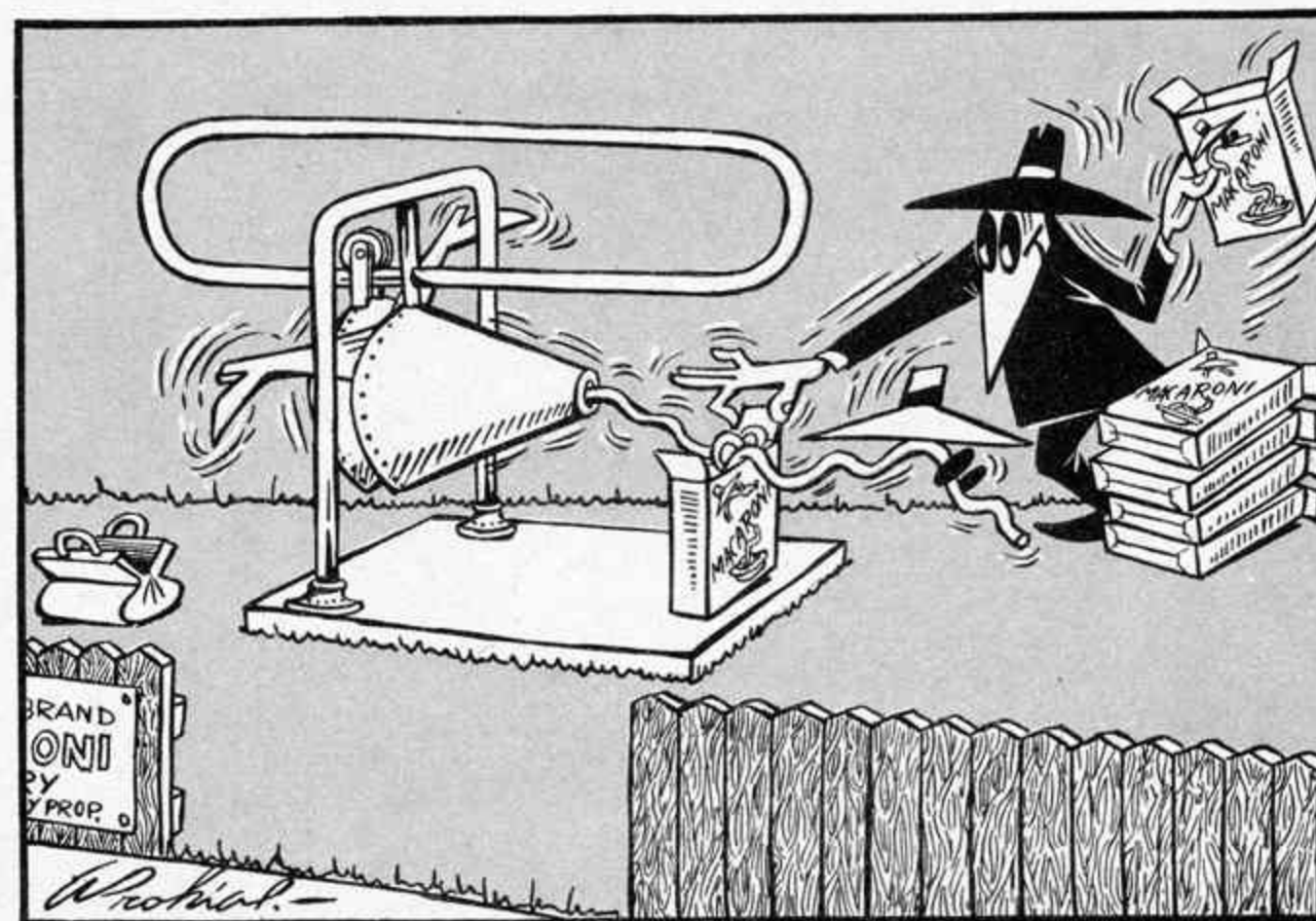
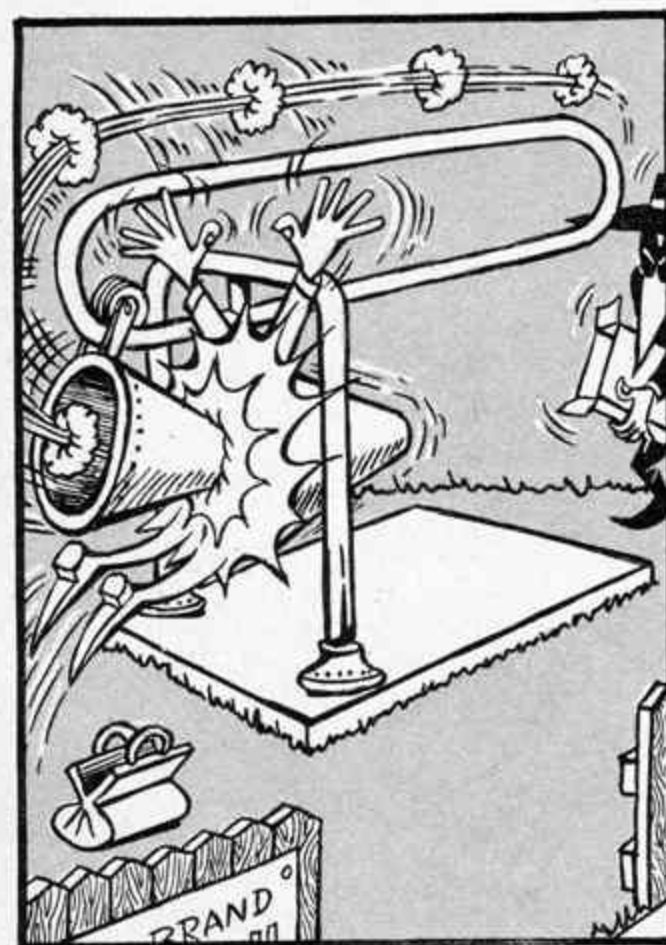
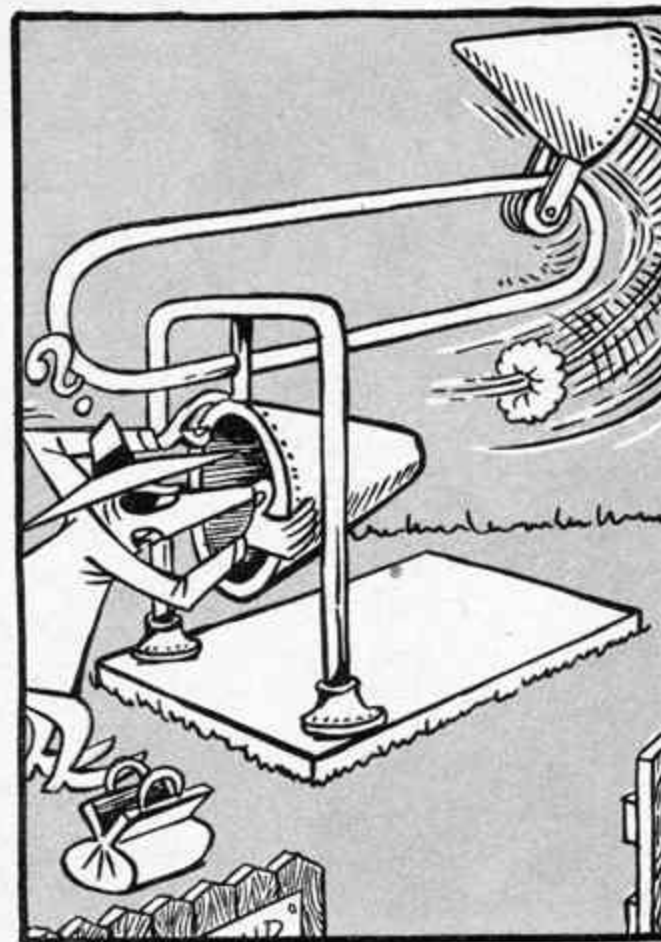
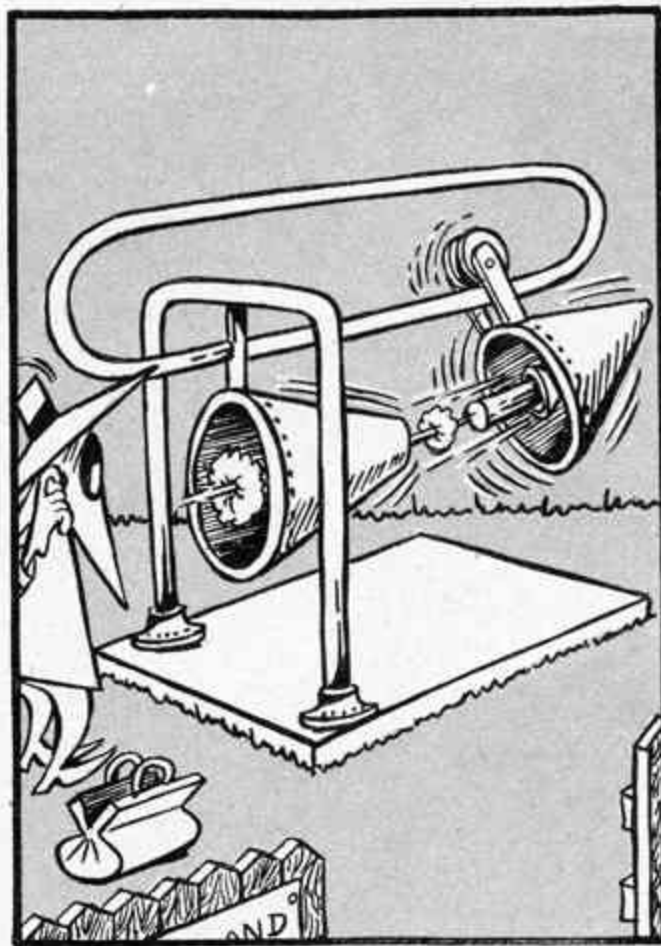
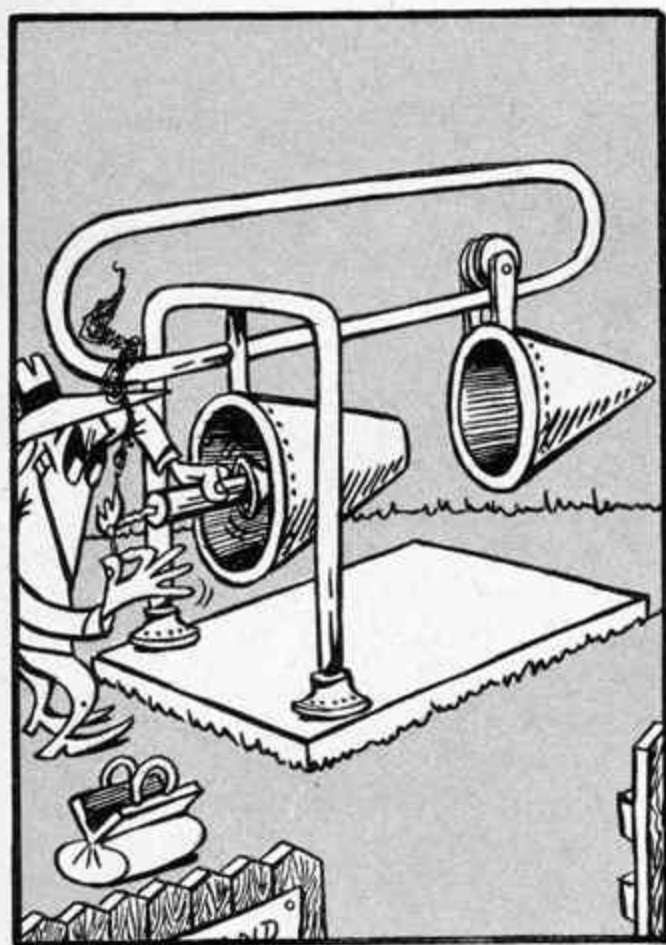
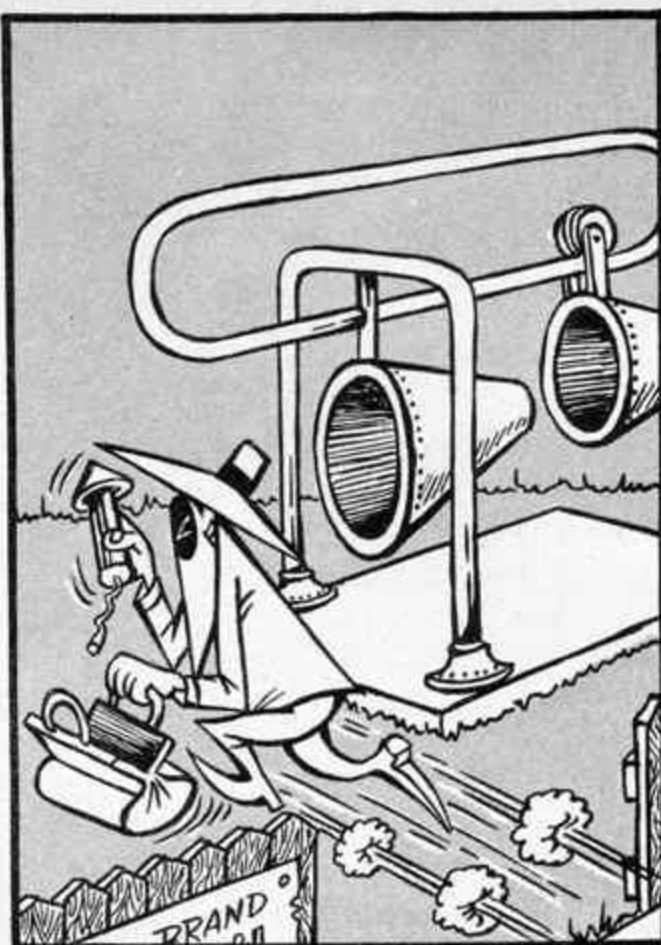
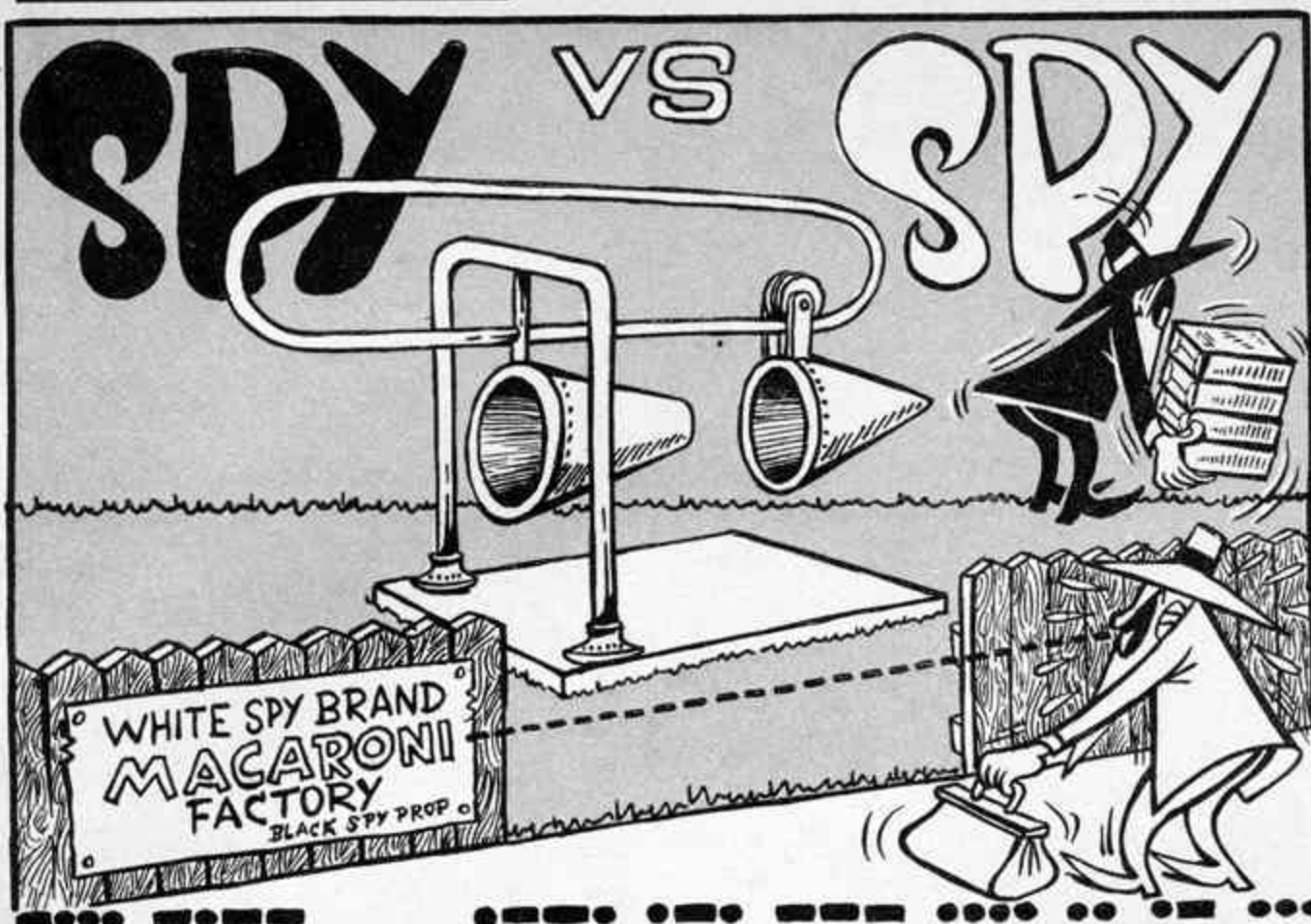
What gives a Maytag dishwasher *extra cleaning power*?



The price tag that cleans out your bank account!



Jaffee



Postcards are great for the people who write them, the people who get them, and the mailmen who read them. But just so your

MAD POSTCARDS FROM

Dear Brad,
Having a groovy time here
in sunny Spain.
Those Spanish phrases you
taught me are really coming
in handy.
By the way, "bordello"
does not mean "railroad
station." See you soon,
Eric

EL NASTA LA VISTA CARTE POSTALE CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



Mr. Brad Ripper
8811 Twin Lane
Baltimore, Md.
U. S. A.

Dear Min and Eugene,
Eating with chopsticks is
an experience. We've already
learned to pick up the food
from our plates.

Now, if we could only
learn to pick up the food
from our laps.

Sayonara,
Lil and Bill

Dear Bea and Milton,
You certainly were right about all
the fabulous things to see here at
Yellowstone National Park. Last night
we watched a re-run of one of our
favorite "Lucy" shows, and today we're
going to catch up on all the soap
operas we never have time to see at home.
Tonight the local movie house has a great
double feature ("Gone With The Wind" and
"War and Peace"), and then we'll hurry
back to the motel in time to see Johnny
Carson.
Thanks for recommending this
gorgeous spot. Best Regards,
Ina and Al

A PRODUCT OF U.S.A. PICTURE POSTCARDS, MADE IN JAPAN



Mr. and Mrs. M. Simon
1900 S. Treasure Lane
Syracuse, New York

Dear Neighbors,

Friday, we came within 10 feet
of a vicious lion. Yesterday, we
took some fantastic close-up
pictures of a herd of wild
elephants. And this morning a
charging rhinoceros came so
close we could almost touch it.
But we're cutting our safari short
and coming home early because
the insects here are impossible.

See you soon,
The Greens

Dear Stan,
I've been in New York City
for only three days, and they've
already stolen my clothes, my
luggage and my car. God knows
what they'll steal next

FUN CITY POSTCARD AND BAIL BOND CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



Mr. Stan Rodney
88 Leslie Street
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Natalie,
All those rumors about
Italian men pinching and
making passes at every girl
that passes are just not
true! So I'll be coming
home from my vacation
10 days early.
As always,
Emily

postman isn't the only one on your block who has the fun of reading other people's mail, here is a random sampling of . . .

M MAD VACATIONERS

WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN



Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Yonkel
1633 West Flint Street
Epton, West Virginia
U.S.A.

Dear Sidney,
Hi, there, from Muscle
Beach! Talk about your
heavenly sun-tanned bodies
in sexy bikinis!! This place
is fantastic!!!

Unfortunately, there are
also a lot of girls around.

Love and xxxxx
Bruce



Mr. Sidney Willow
Cherry Grove Lodge
Fire Island, N.Y.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Skutch
37 Chatham Road
Orono, Maine U.S.A.

Dear Sally and Jess,
Grand Canyon is really an
ecological wonder. Thank God
there are still such naturally
beautiful things to see in this
polluted old world. And the
Canyon is so deep that when we
threw our beer cans in, we
didn't even hear them hit
bottom. Love,
Phoebe and Dick



Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Weiss
1 Bratenahl Place
Cleveland, Ohio



Miss Natalie Sigler
1066 Namioka Street
Far Rockaway, N.Y.
U.S.A.

IN-FLIGHT 747 POSTCARD
Courtesy of PAN WORLD AIRLINES

Dear Greta,
I'm writing to you
from aboard a 747. I thought
you said these big jumbo jets
weren't affected by turbulence.
Love, Helen



Miss Greta Jackson
313 N. Alpine Rd.
Hazelton, Pa. U.S.A.

A PRODUCT OF JAPAN PICTURE POSTCARDS, MADE IN U.S.A.

AFRICAN POSTCARD CO., NAIROBI, KENYA AND HARLEM, N.Y.

ITALIAN SCENES POSTCARD CO., MULBERRY ST., N.Y.C.

AN EAT-THEIR-HEARTS-OUT POSTCARD, PRINTED IN U.S.A.

TOURIST TRAP POSTCARD COMPANY, BROOKLYN, N.Y., U.S.A.

THE FLY-BY-NIGHT PICTURE POSTCARD CO., AIRSICK, GA.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

SUMMER

Okay . . . this is a tricky shot, so I don't want any distractions! No talking! Not one sound . . .

DARN IT! I MISSED!!

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

MY fault? I didn't even BREATHE!!

I know! I could hear you holding your breath!!

Don't you hate "Baseball Nuts" who come out on a peaceful beach with their portable TV sets and blast the sound so loud . . .

. . . that you can hardly hear the groovy Rock music on your own portable radio set?!!

Hey, you got a Dune Buggy! How do you like it?

It's cool, Man . . . real cool!

How do you like the Volkswagen engine and the fiberglass body?

It's cool, Man . . . real cool!

What's it like to drive with no top, no windows, and no air conditioner?

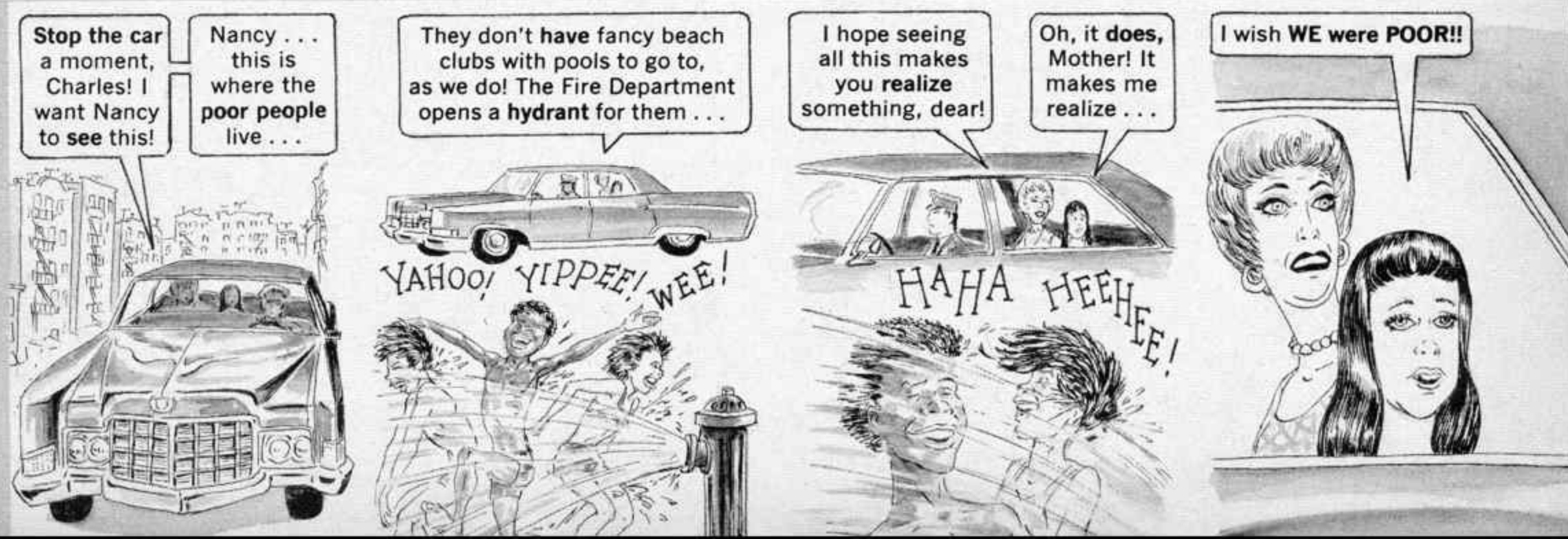
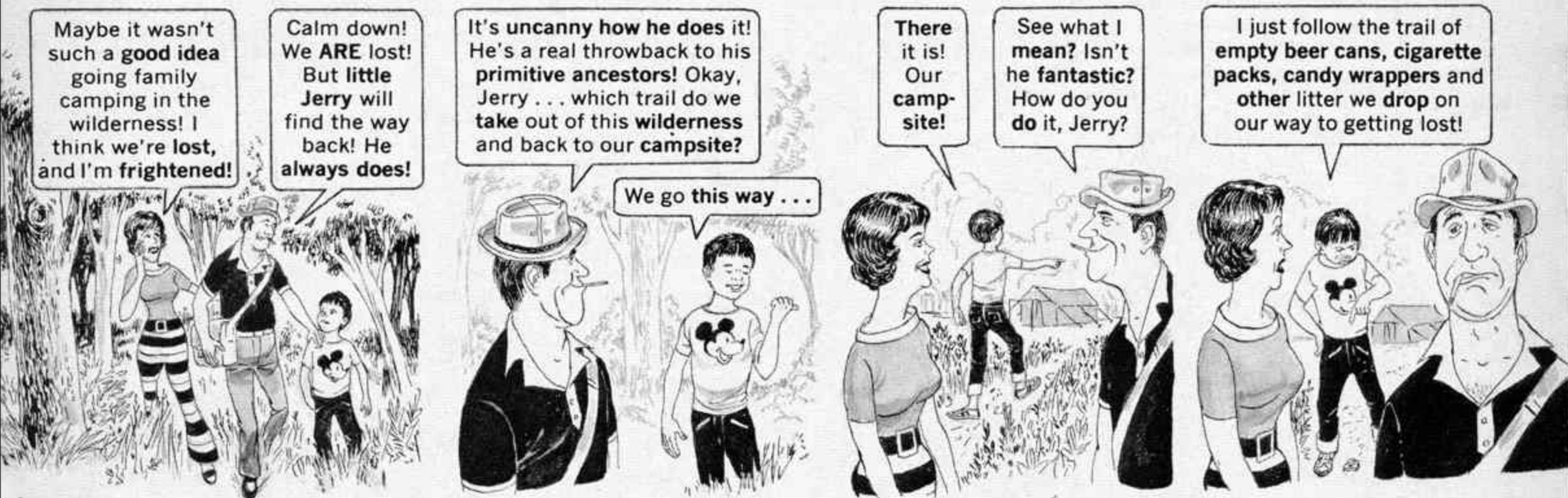
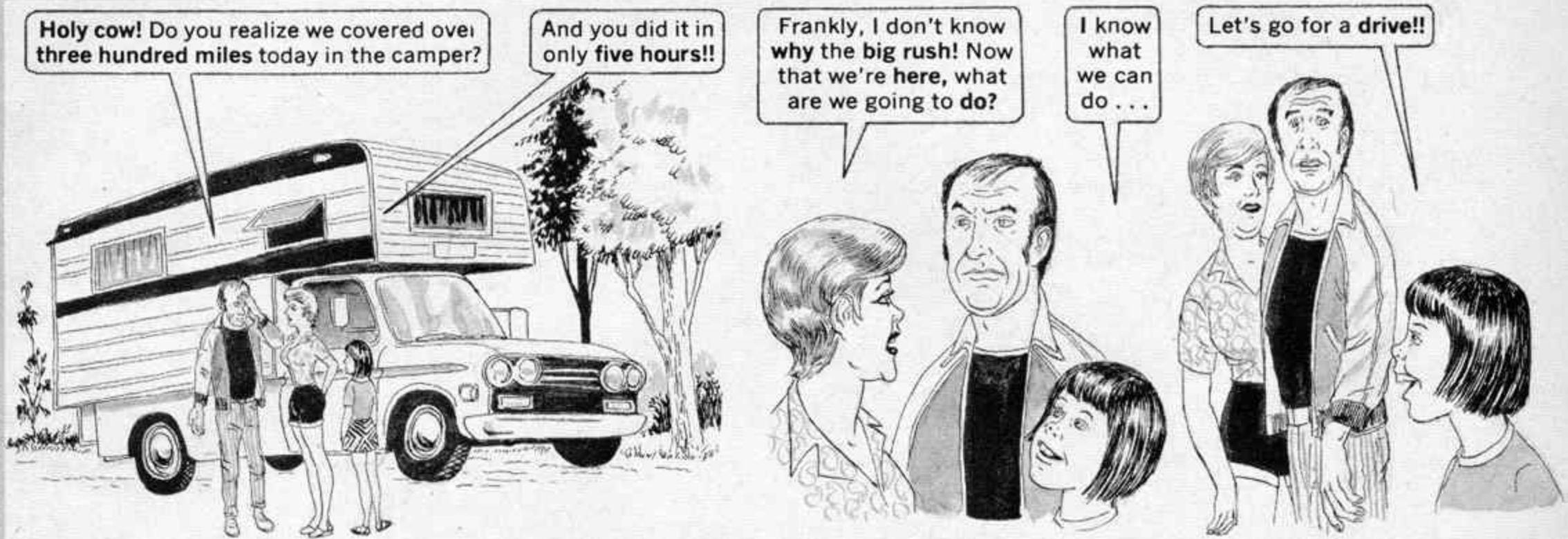
It's cool, Man . . . REAL COOL!

And what's it like when you get stuck in heavy traffic on a broiling day?

It's hot, Man . . . REAL HOT!!

ACTIVITIES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Well, look who's comin' up t' bat! Flabby, four-eyed stockbroker, Harold Flurn! He can't hit the side of a barn with the side of a barn! He's an easy strike-out! No sweat on this creep, Mike! Take it slow on 'im! That's it! Strike one!!



He swings like a girl! Harold hasn't got his mind on this softball game! He's thinkin' about how he's gonna swish around at the next Gay Lib meeting! Put it right past 'im! That's it, baby! Strike two!!



Hey, don't even bother to throw him a slow one, Mike! Throw 'im a cream puff!! Next time, they're gonna send Harold's wife in to pinch-hit for him! Easy... That's it! STRIKE THREE!!



By the way, Harold! Got any Market tips for an old buddy?



How do you like my tan, Mr. Kaputnik?

Er... very nice!

Look at the big difference between where I'm sunburned and where I'm not!

Er... yes, I can see!

Well? How did you like her tan??

Tan??

WHAT tan???



S'matter, Janet? You look beat!

I am! At "The Little Tot Day Camp" where I work, I take care of three-year-olds!

I thought the youngest kids they take are FOUR!

Right! But the Mothers lie about their kids' ages just to get them off their hands!

Then they can hang around the pool and lie about their own ages to all the young swinging bachelors!

It's a terrible thing to lie! Now you're stuck with a rough job handling a bunch of rotten little kids! Gee, how'd you ever get a job like that, anyway?



C'mon! Let's go paddling in the Life Raft!

I don't like those things! They leak! I'd rather go swimming!

Don't be a killjoy! C'mon!

Okay, but this is against my better judgement!

SEE WHAT I MEAN!!? THE DARN THING IS LEAKING!! I TOLD YOU I'D RATHER GO SWIMMING!!

So what are you complaining about?





INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A... **POLITICAL CONVENTION**

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

This is strictly off the record, you understand! But I can promise—if you deliver your State Delegation—you'll be the next Postmaster General!

That would sure beat working in my father's Fertilizer business!

This is going to be the biggest Cabinet in history! That's the fourth guy who's been promised the Postmaster's job!

So far, we've got two Secretaries of State, three Secretaries of the Treasury, and five Attorney Generals!

Tell me—how does this sound?

"I come to this Convention with a clear conscience! I have made no deals, I have made no promises, and I have made no commitments! I am . . . MY OWN MAN!!"

That's a hot one! The only thing he didn't deal away was his wife!

That's because nobody wants her!



In my opinion, Richard Nixon is the most anti-Labor President we have ever had!

Then you'll throw the support of Organized Labor behind the Candidate selected at this Convention ... ?

Sure ... if they pick the man I WANT! Otherwise, Organized Labor will support Richard Nixon!

Okay, let's run through it again! Remember, this is supposed to be a spontaneous demonstration ... so let's see some wild enthusiasm this time!

Hey, who are we demonstrating for?

Just read the name on the sign you're carrying, idiot!

One thing worries me! They have Billy Graham saying their prayers, and the people might get the impression that God is on their side!

Relax! We've got a Priest, a Rabbi, a Minister, a Guru and a Buddhist Monk for our Convention!

Great! That gives us FIVE Gods to their ONE!!

I'm sure glad they decided to move the Convention to Miami this year!

Yeah! That Chicago fiasco cost us the last election!

Who's talking about elections?!? I own a restaurant here in Miami and Conventions are good for business!

And remember, I don't want any of you guys bustin' heads outside the Convention Hall ... except when there are no TV Cameras around!

Yes, our Delegation has agreed on a Candidate! After considering all the fine men who are seeking the nomination, we have made our choice!

Who are you going to back, Governor?

Why, ME, of course! I'm going to run as a Favorite Son!

As soon as your name is placed in nomination, the band will strike up a stirring March! What number do you want them to play?

"Hail to the Chief!"

Listen, I don't care WHO won the primary! You'll vote the way I SAY!! Who's running this State Delegation?? Me—or a bunch of Farmers back home??

Call a Press Conference! I want to announce officially that I will not accept the nomination for Vice-President!

But nobody has even mentioned your name for the job!

You don't know much about Politics, son! If I keep denying that I want to be the Vice-President, some of the bigwig kingmakers may notice me, and they may offer me the job!

There! You look great, Senator! The TV audience will think you're a young man!

He reminds me of the way my Grandfather looked when he was embalmed!

They use more make-up at one of these phony Political Conventions than they do at any Gay Liberation rally!

Tell me, Senator, are there really any differences between the two Parties?

I'm glad you asked me that, Walter! There are two major differences—

The only real difference between the two Parties is that one is IN... and one is OUT!

We ought to sneak our Television Cameras up into the smoke-filled rooms where the Candidates are REALLY selected!

After looking over all the Candidates, I've decided that there's only one man who can win this election for us! Only one man at this Convention has the trust and the respect of the American people...

You're right! Let's nominate Walter Cronkite!

THE MALADY LINGERS ON DEPT.

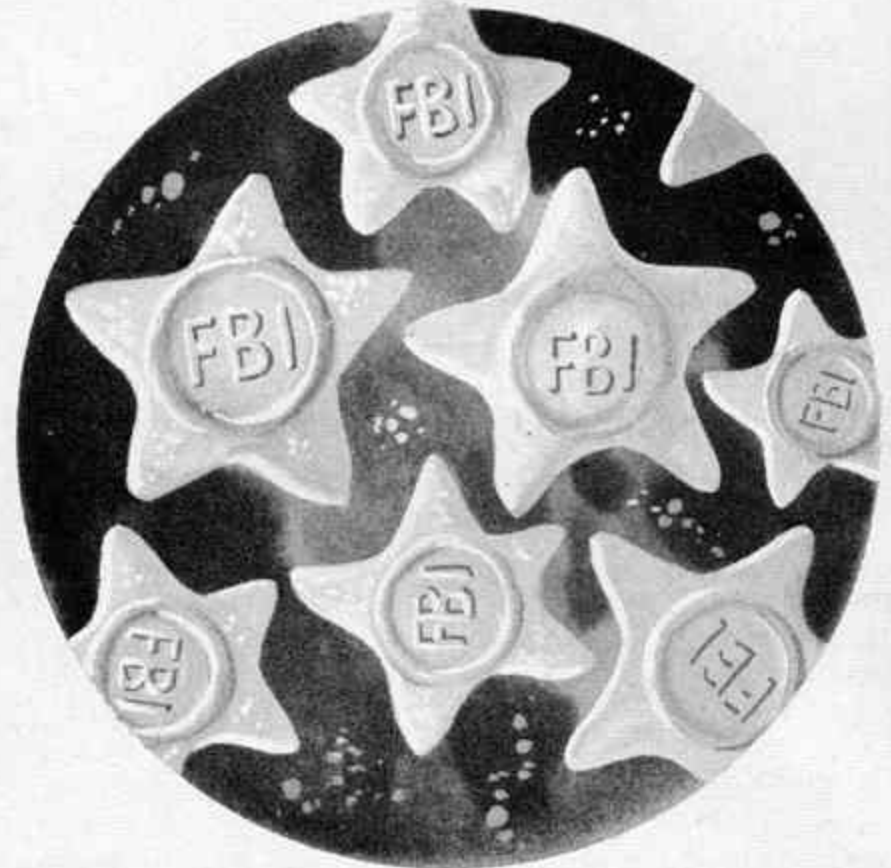
A MICROSCOPIC LOOK AT

SPIROCOCCUS



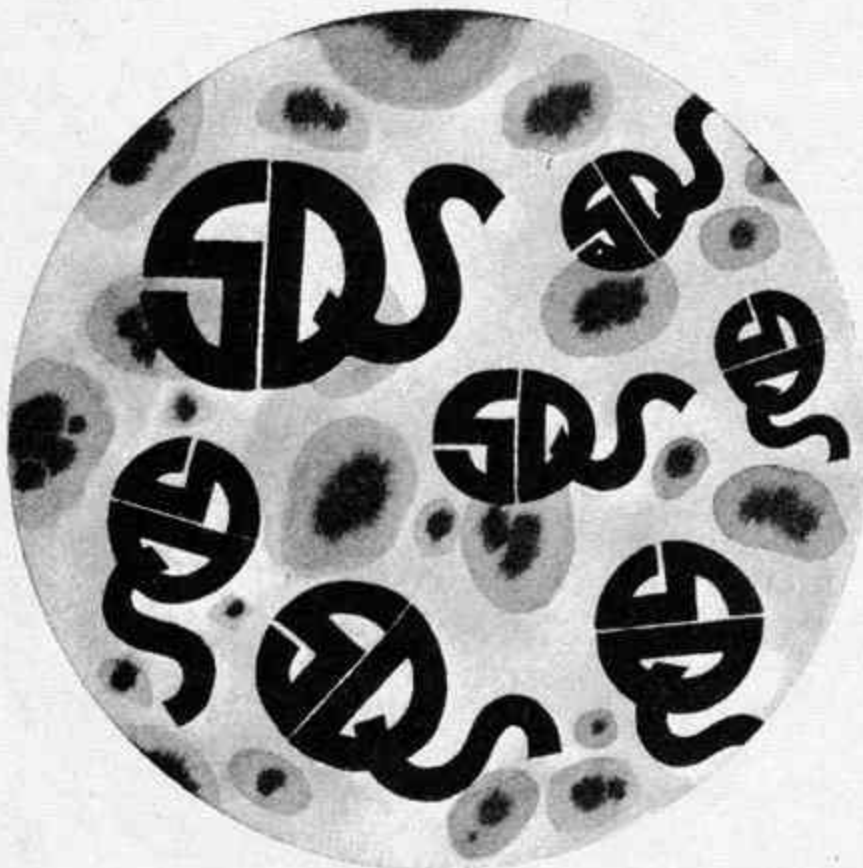
The *Spirococcus* is the first microbe of the insignificant *vicepresidentus* strain to prove toxic. Transmitted orally, it spreads throughout the system, causing irritations and other ailments of an inflammatory nature. Only the powerful antibiotic, *Nixonol*, taken in liberal doses, can control the *Spirococcus*. However, Immunologists report that it is impossible to take *Nixonol* in liberal doses.

FEDABODIES



Fedabodies are highly developed microbes with which the system protects itself. Because of a strange biological defect, however, most *Fedabodies* can only propel themselves to the left. Once turned, they attach themselves to the nearest red cell, thus hoping to guard against the disease *Communemia*. This, of course, leaves more deadly organisms, such as the *Mafiaspores*, free to infect the entire system.

RADICOLLEGEUM



In extreme cases (and there are no other kind) the deadly *Radicollegeum* attacks the entire system, often destroying vital parts and blocking key arteries. In between attacks, it is common for one *Radicollegeum* to turn on another, an act that may lead to reproduction. The life-span of these microbes is limited to four years, after which they either lose their effect and are absorbed completely into the system, or they attach themselves permanently to a red cell.

WALLACILLUS



A special variety of the virulent germ *Jimrococcus* known as the *Wallacillus* causes an abnormal enlargement of the white cells. Although confined mostly to the southern U.S., it occasionally breeds in northern regions. The *Wallacillus* is dangerous if uncontrolled, since it can cause a violent reaction throughout the entire system. However, scientists can usually tell when the germ is present by observing 2 important symptoms, a foaming at the mouth and a red neck.

MODERN-DAY BACTERIA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

EMCEEVIDEOSPORE



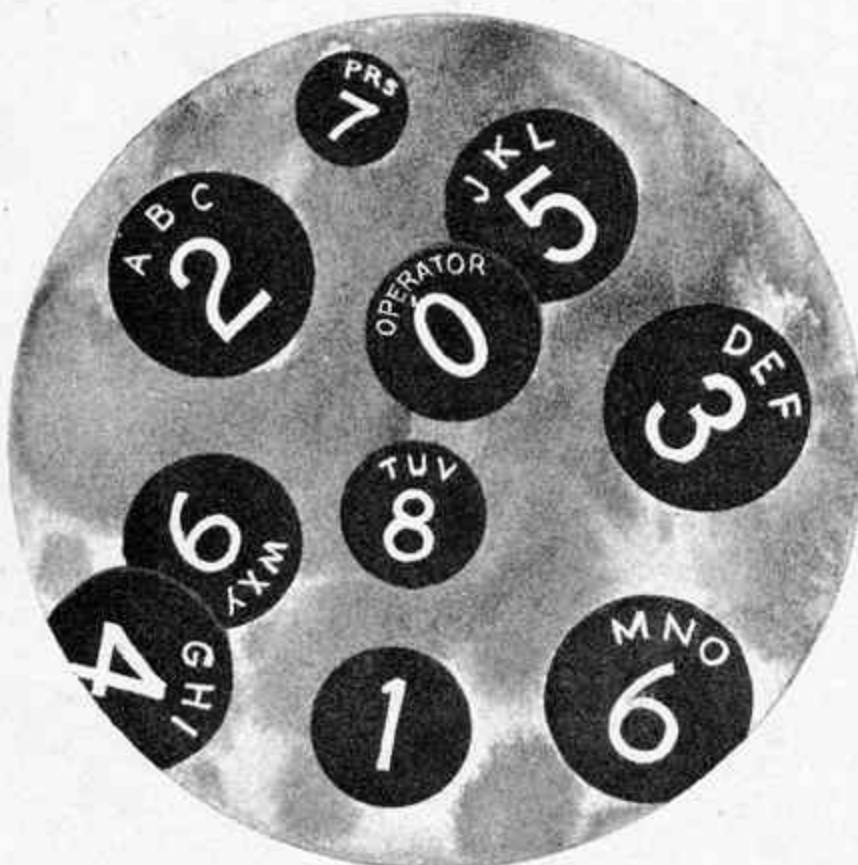
Although it resembles a germ, the *Emceevideospore* is actually a gray fungus which can rot the brain. Highly communicable, its presence is detected by a soreness of the eyes and ears, usually on weekday nights. Once the brain is affected, the entire system becomes paralyzed in a seated position. Interestingly, although no two *Emceevideospores* look the same, each has the same deadening effect.

CREDICARDICILLUS



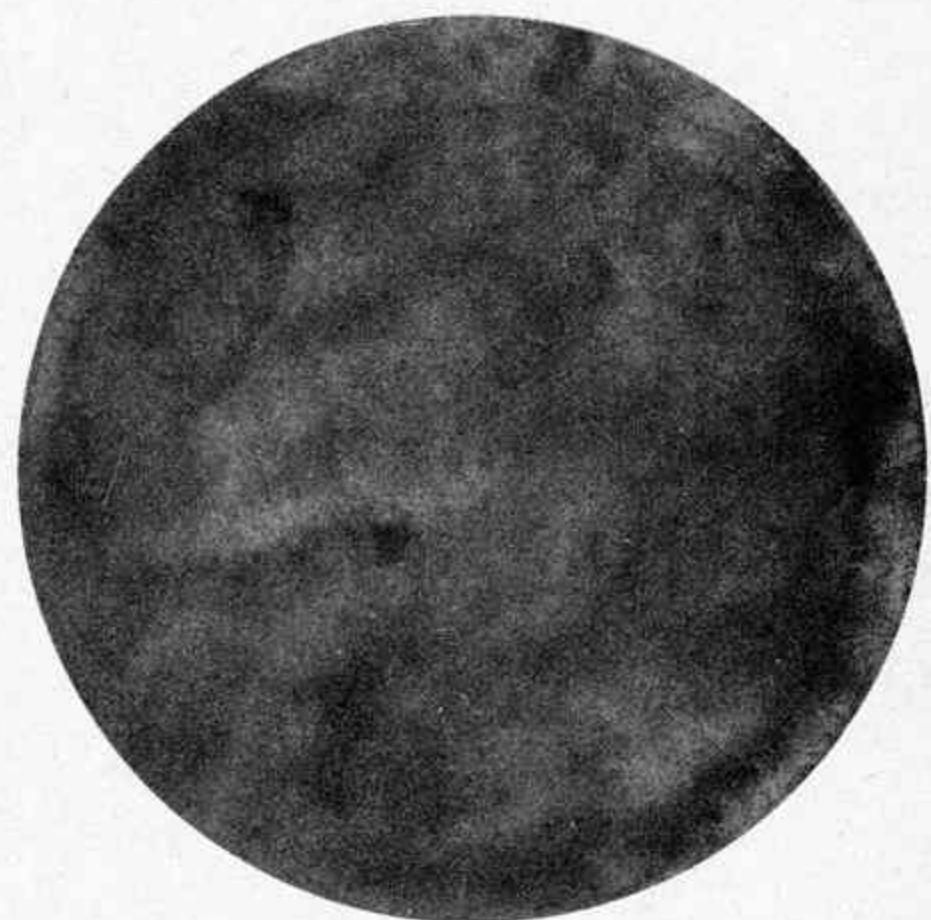
Twenty years ago the *Credicardicillus* did not exist. Today it is an insidious parasite, even more deadly and dangerous than the *Chargaccountocyte*. In its early stages, the *Credicardicillus* appears to be strengthening the smaller cells. Soon, however, it begins draining these cells, attacking at monthly intervals. In the end, the entire body expends itself trying to satisfy the parasite's incurable appetite. There are more than fifty strains of *Credicardicillus*, and, oddly enough, all of them can live in the same organism.

TELEPHOZOA



As can be seen above, there are only ten species of the micro-organism *Telephozoa* and they are all out of order. Occasionally, several species try to link up together, but the slightest breakdown in the system will disconnect them. Scientists once believed these bacteria were communicated person to person, but tests have proven this to be impossible. Strangely enough, although no one knows just what *Telephozoa* actually do, they always seem to be busy.

POLLUTAZOA



Pollutozoa are the most deadly bacteria known to science because they threaten every form of life, including man. Once allowed to thrive, they multiply rapidly, infecting the eyes, nose, lungs and skin. The above enlargement was supposed to show several *Pollutozoa*, but the microscope could not penetrate through the smog, fumes and sewage.

BLINDFOLDEROL DEPT.

Aw, c'mon, gang! Use your heads for once! Maybe . . . just maybe . . . there *could* be a Detective who solves crimes while sitting in a wheelchair! But can you actually buy a Detective who cannot see? A blind Detective who, week after week, goes around catching thieves, arsonists and murderers? Could there really be such a Detective? Not by a—

LO

But how can Mack Longshot be a Private Detective?

He's fantastic!

You should have seen him **before** his accident!

Could you give me a flashback?

Glad you asked! Without these flashbacks, this show would be shorter than "Sermonette"!

Before his terrible accident, Mack Longshot led a normal life! He was an accomplished sportsman . . .



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART

"... until the accident caused him to lose his eyesight..."





NGSHOT

He was a swinger . . . a man-about-town . . . a bon vivant . . .

"He was a dedicated Detective . . . a deadly marksman . . ."



It's tragic that he lost his eyesight!

Who can tell?

Oh-oh! I think that's Longshot now . . . !

Are you sure . . . ?

I'm sure . . . !

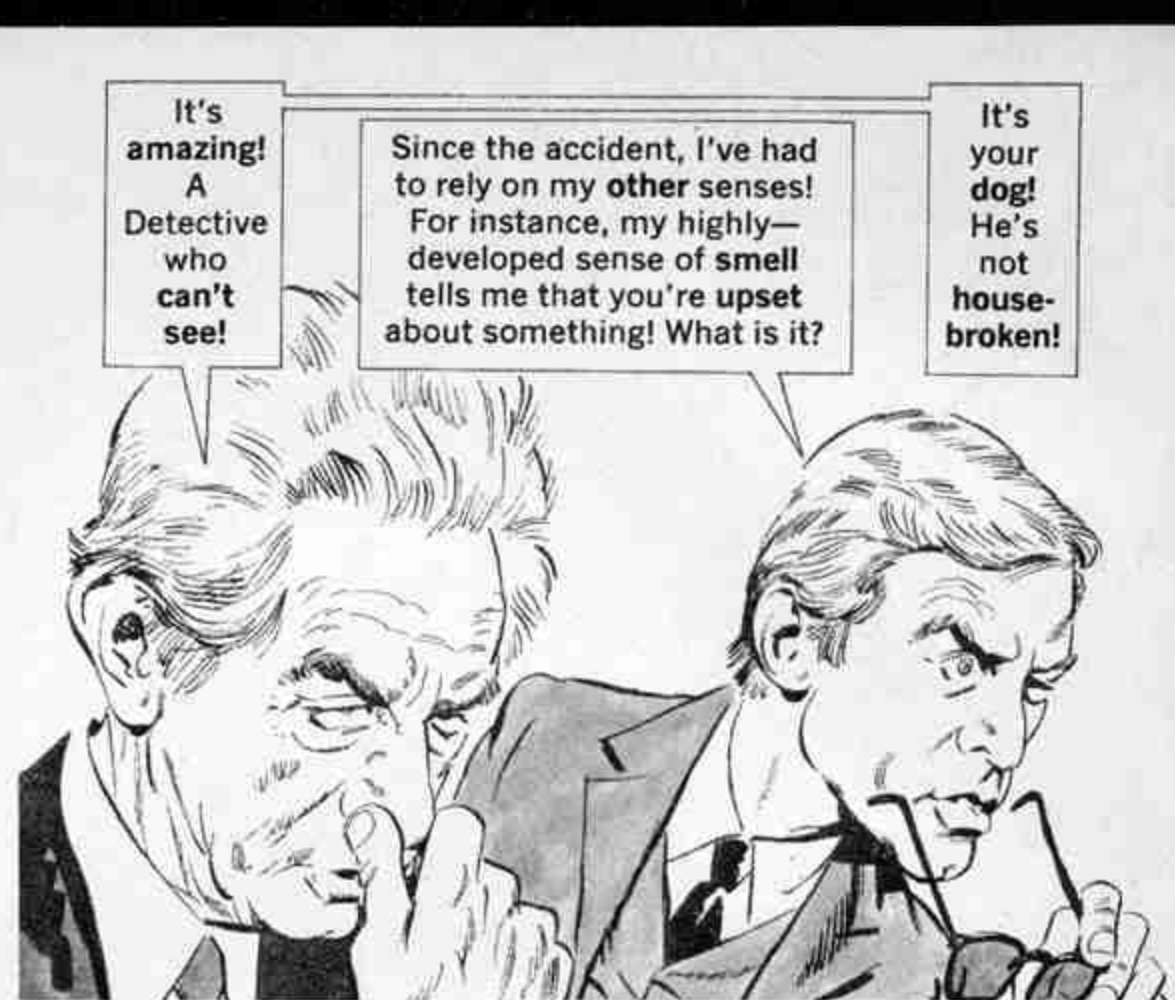




Ah-hah! You can tell a lot by a handshake! Sir—you're 62 years old, you're from the middle-West, you work with your hands—

It's ME, Mack!

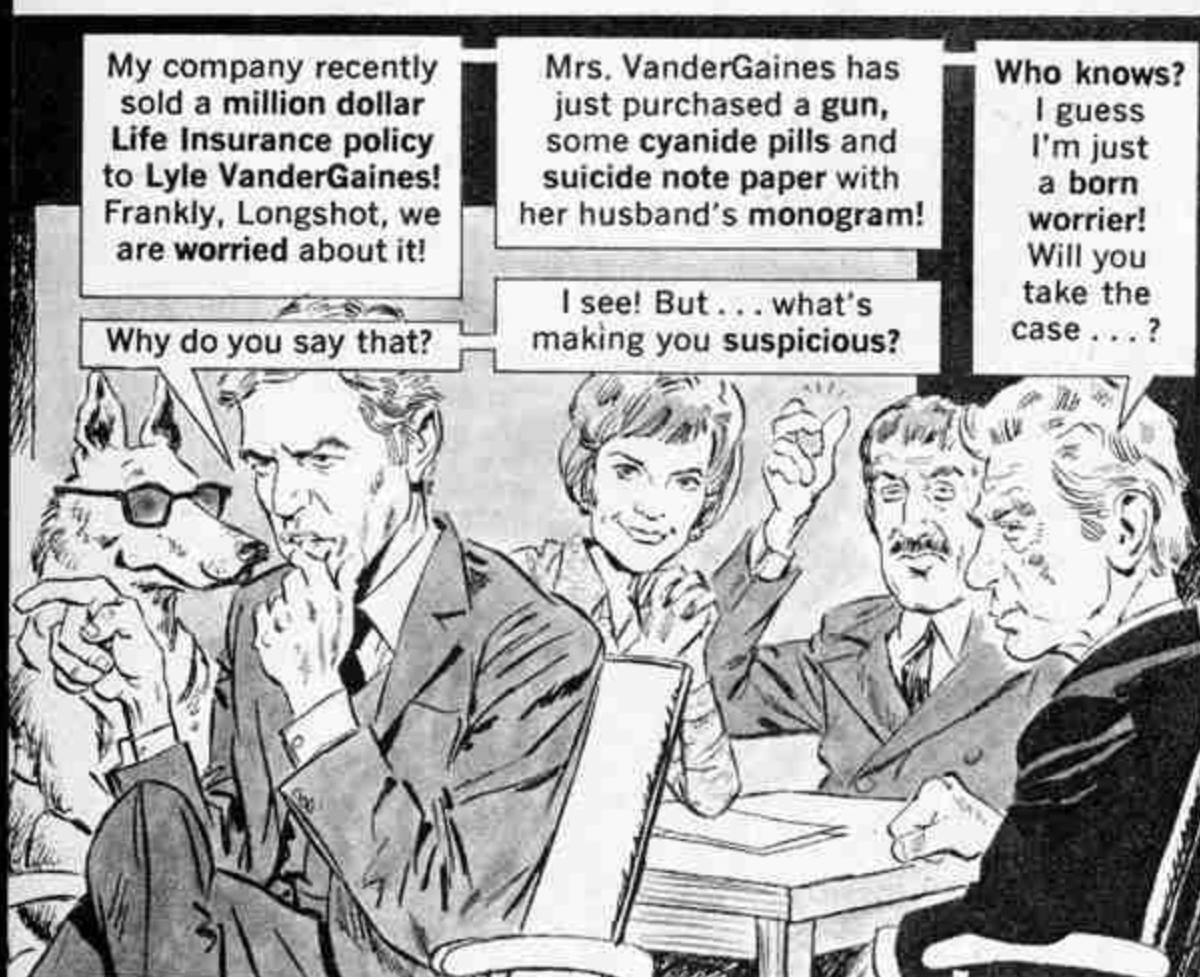
... and you also have a funny way of talking!



It's amazing! A Detective who can't see!

Since the accident, I've had to rely on my other senses! For instance, my highly-developed sense of smell tells me that you're upset about something! What is it?

It's your dog! He's not house-broken!



My company recently sold a million dollar Life Insurance policy to Lyle VanderGaines! Frankly, Longshot, we are worried about it!

Mrs. VanderGaines has just purchased a gun, some cyanide pills and suicide note paper with her husband's monogram!

Who knows? I guess I'm just a born worrier! Will you take the case ... ?

Why do you say that?

I see! But ... what's making you suspicious?



Yes, by George! I'm your man! Let's go, Maxie!

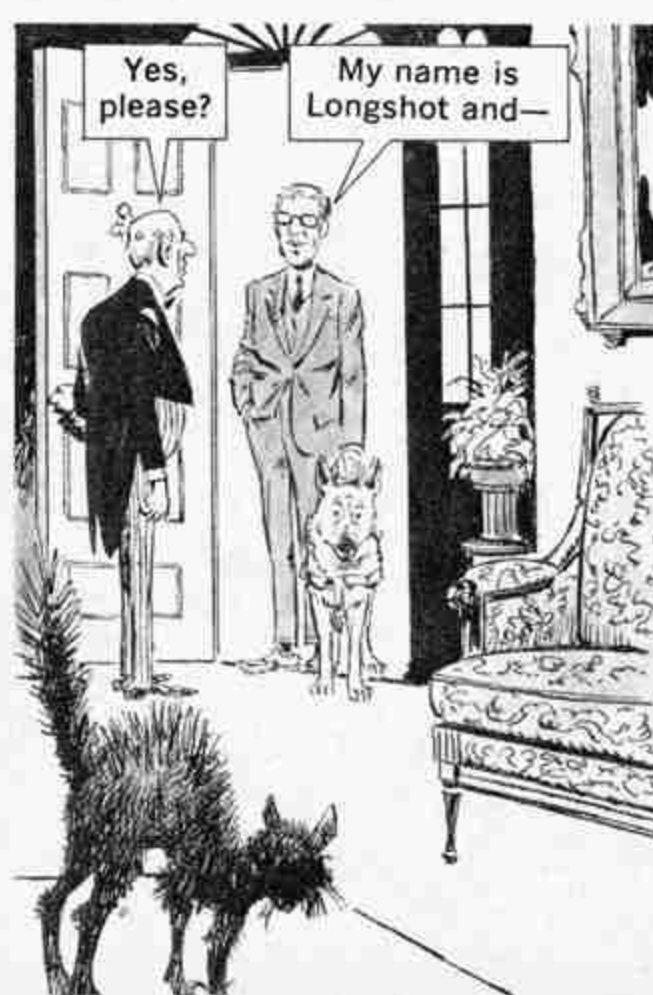
Heel, Maxie! Heel! See ... ? He obeys my every command!

You're right! He's doing it on your heel!



I really admire that man's courage!

I admire yours! You hired him!



Yes, please?

My name is Longshot and—

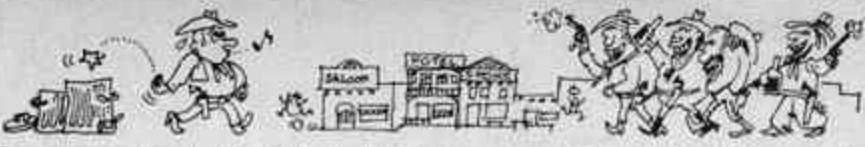


Heel, Maxie!

Heel! HEEL!

DOWN BOY! STAY! SIT!

GOOD DOGGIE!!



There's been foul play here! I can tell! Don't ask me how! I sense it!

Now... where is Mr. VanderGaines!

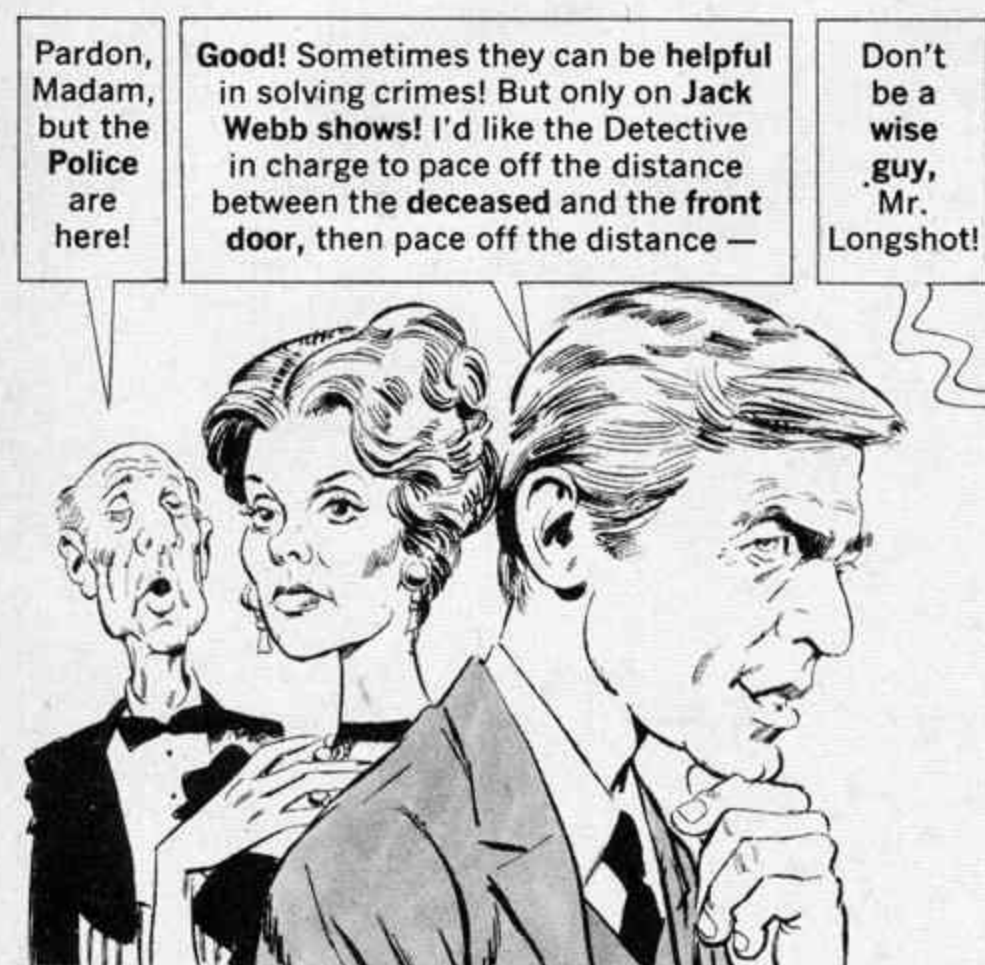
You're standing on him!



Okay, Mr. VanderGaines! I suggest you make a full confession! There's no use trying to conceal anything from me!

But he—he's DEAD!

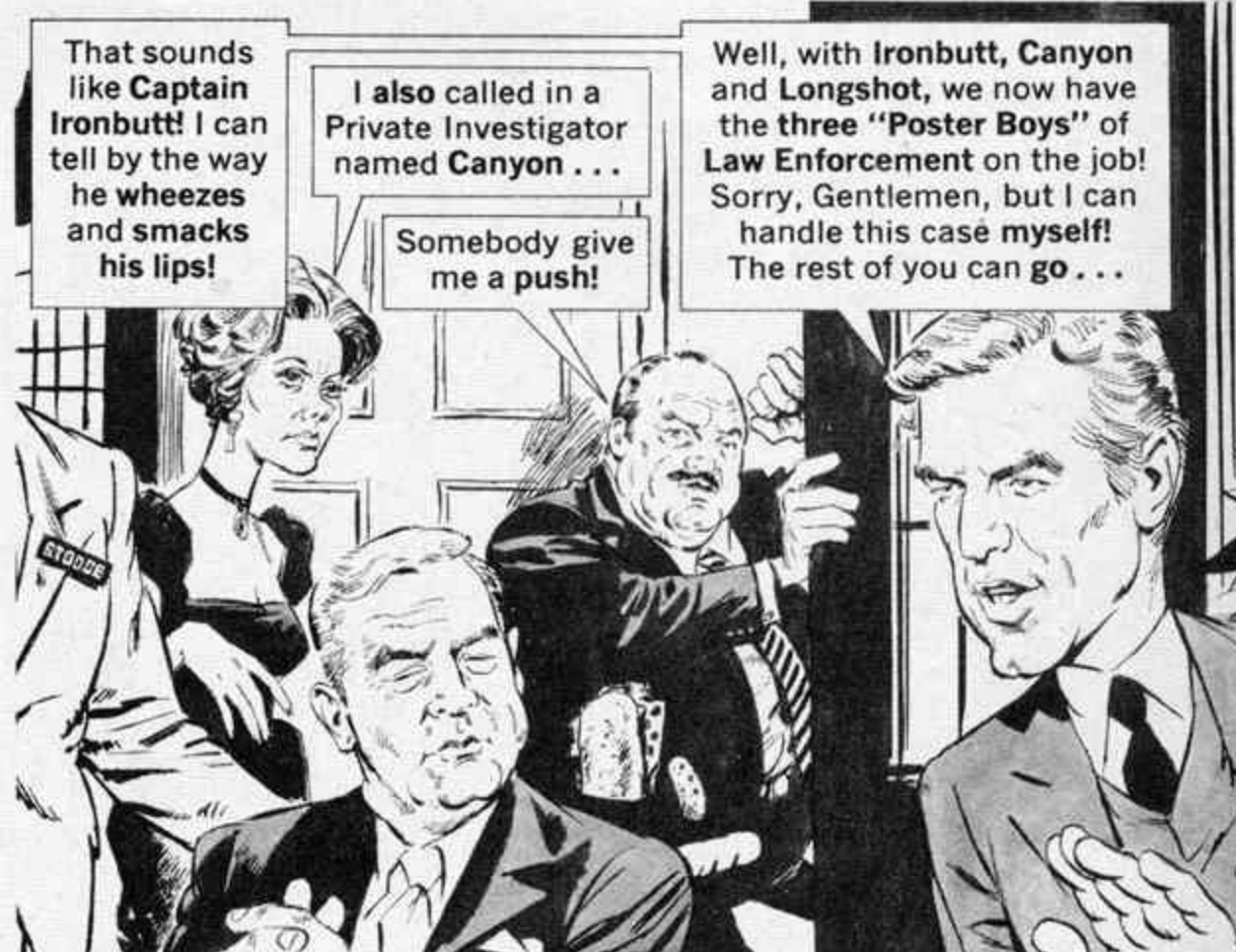
And he lets a little physical infirmity like that stop him? Mr. VanderGaines, you must learn to overcome your handicaps!



Pardon, Madam, but the Police are here!

Good! Sometimes they can be helpful in solving crimes! But only on Jack Webb shows! I'd like the Detective in charge to pace off the distance between the deceased and the front door, then pace off the distance —

Don't be a wise guy, Mr. Longshot!



That sounds like Captain Ironbutt! I can tell by the way he wheezes and smacks his lips!

I also called in a Private Investigator named Canyon...

Somebody give me a push!

Well, with Ironbutt, Canyon and Longshot, we now have the three "Poster Boys" of Law Enforcement on the job! Sorry, Gentlemen, but I can handle this case myself! The rest of you can go...



Boss, if you don't lay off the starches, I'm going to get a hernia trying to push you around!

We're gonna need a derrick at least to get this guy out!

Or a new Zoning Permit for housing a Zeppelin!



My late husband was in the greenhouse all morning!

We'll just have to feel our way around!

Er... about your dog! Isn't he amazing? He always knows exactly where I want to go!

How DARE you?! And me a widow for only an hour!



You know, people who live in glass houses—

Shouldn't let YOU near them!

So your husband was an orchid fancier! That's a strange hobby!

Why? It helped him to relax after his ballet lessons!

Oh! For a moment there, I thought he was GAY!

CRASH!



I'm going to get to the bottom of this, Mrs. Vander-Gaines! By the way, have you seen that rascal dog of mine?

Yes! He's left clues all over the place!

Don't worry! It's excellent fertilizer!

But my carpets don't NEED fertilizing!



Hands up, Longshot! Into the car and don't say nuthin'!

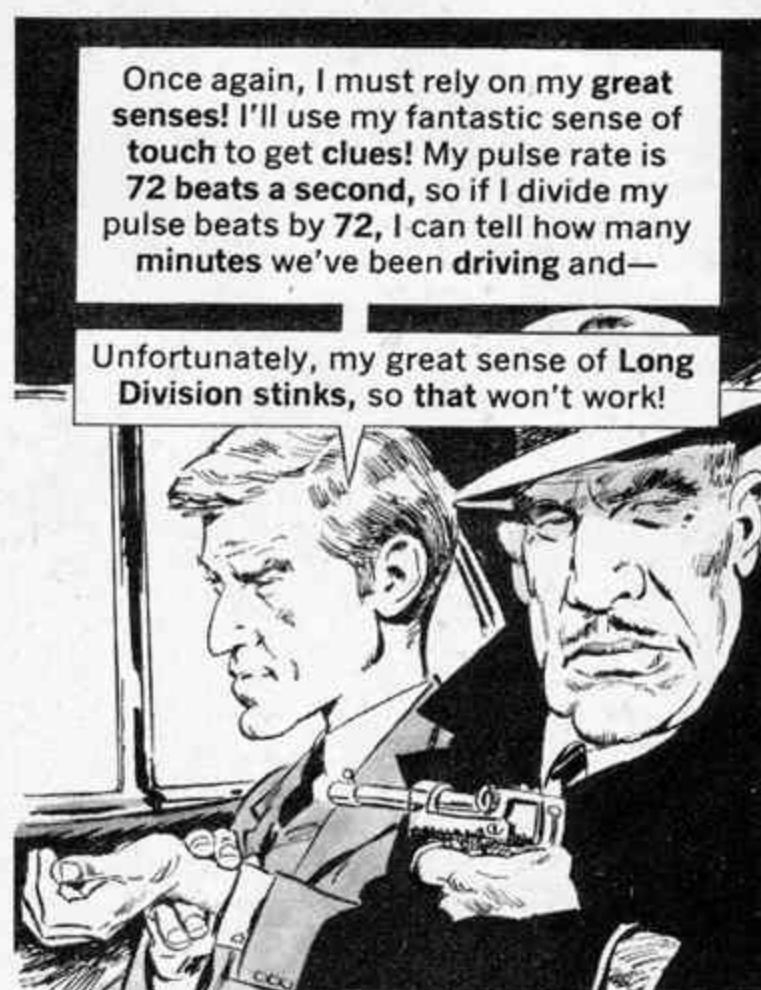
Can I say just one thing?

Okay, just one...

MAXIE! GO FOR THE THROAT!!



Their throat, Maxie! **THEIR** throat!!



Once again, I must rely on my great senses! I'll use my fantastic sense of touch to get clues! My pulse rate is 72 beats a second, so if I divide my pulse beats by 72, I can tell how many minutes we've been driving and—

Unfortunately, my great sense of Long Division stinks, so that won't work!

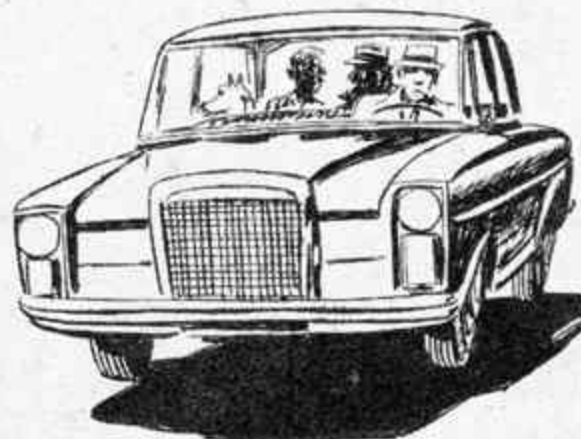


Ah-hah! By using my sense of smell, I can tell one thing: That I should have taken Maxie for his walk before we got in the car!

First YOU get it! Then that damn DOG gets his!!

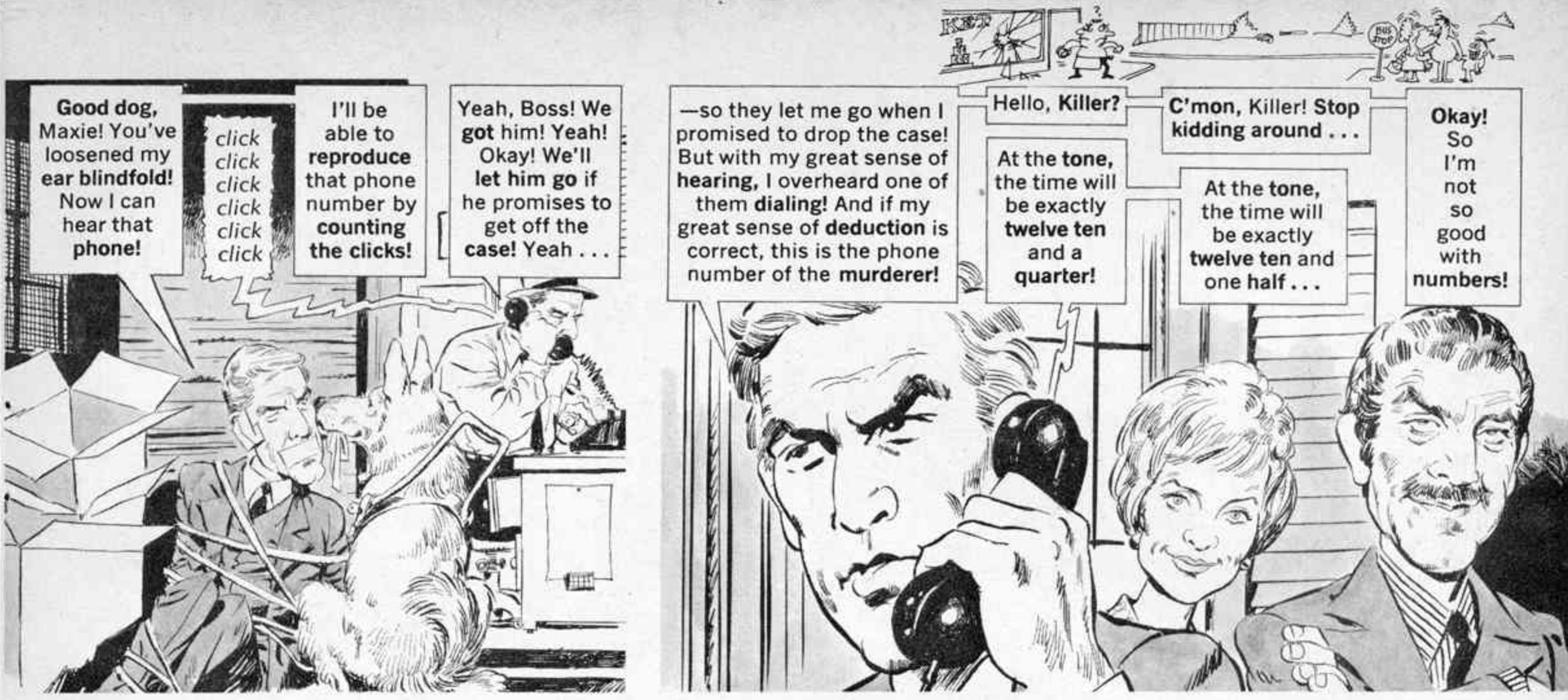
Because I can't see, you think I can't tell where you're taking me! Well, I have other ways of finding out! You can't blindfold my highly-developed sense of touch and taste and smell and hearing and...

Oh, yeah...?



Hmmmm! Me and my highly-developed sense of MOUTH!!





Good dog, Maxie! You've loosened my ear blindfold! Now I can hear that phone!

click click click click click

I'll be able to reproduce that phone number by counting the clicks!

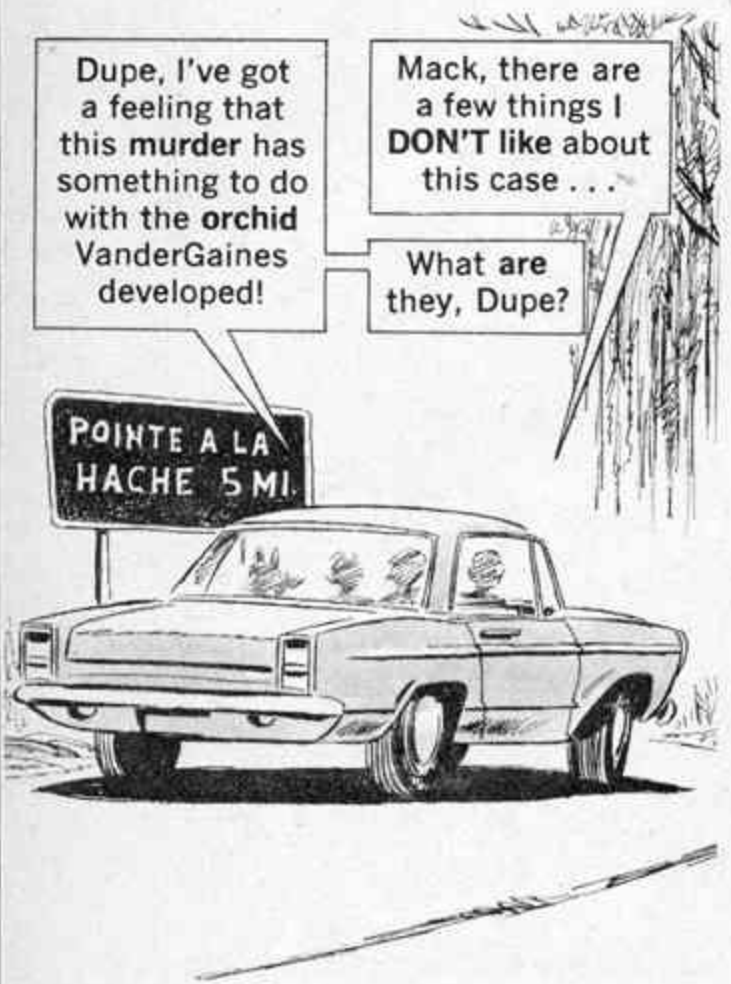
Yeah, Boss! We got him! Yeah! Okay! We'll let him go if he promises to get off the case! Yeah...

—so they let me go when I promised to drop the case! But with my great sense of hearing, I overheard one of them dialing! And if my great sense of deduction is correct, this is the phone number of the murderer!

Hello, Killer? At the tone, the time will be exactly twelve ten and a quarter!

C'mon, Killer! Stop kidding around... At the tone, the time will be exactly twelve ten and one half...

Okay! So I'm not so good with numbers!



Dupe, I've got a feeling that this murder has something to do with the orchid VanderGaines developed!

Mack, there are a few things I DON'T like about this case...

What are they, Dupe?

POINTE A LA HACHE 5 MI



Your DRIVING, for one thing!

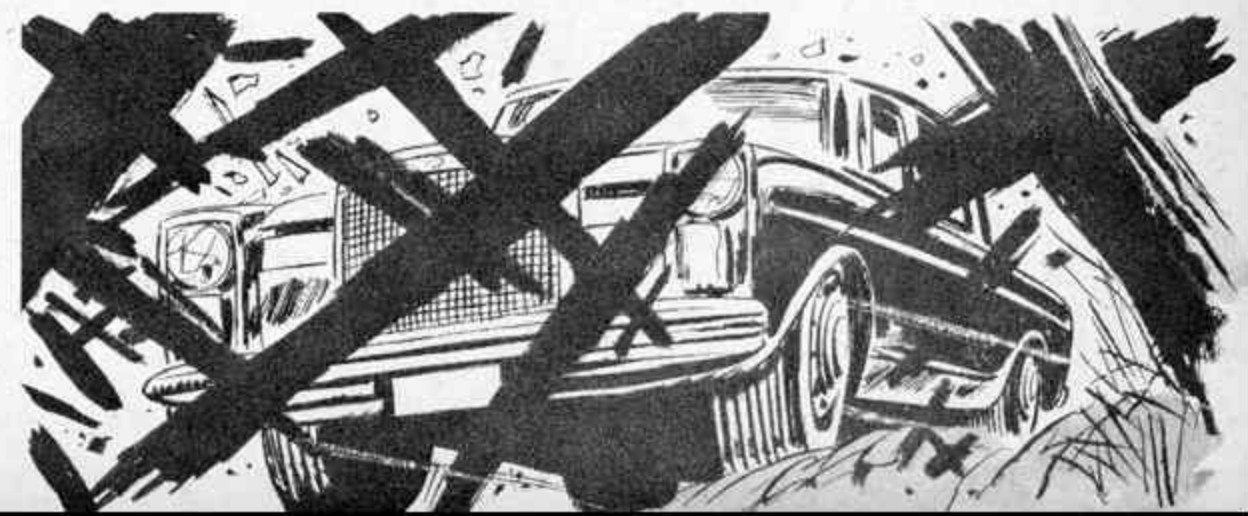
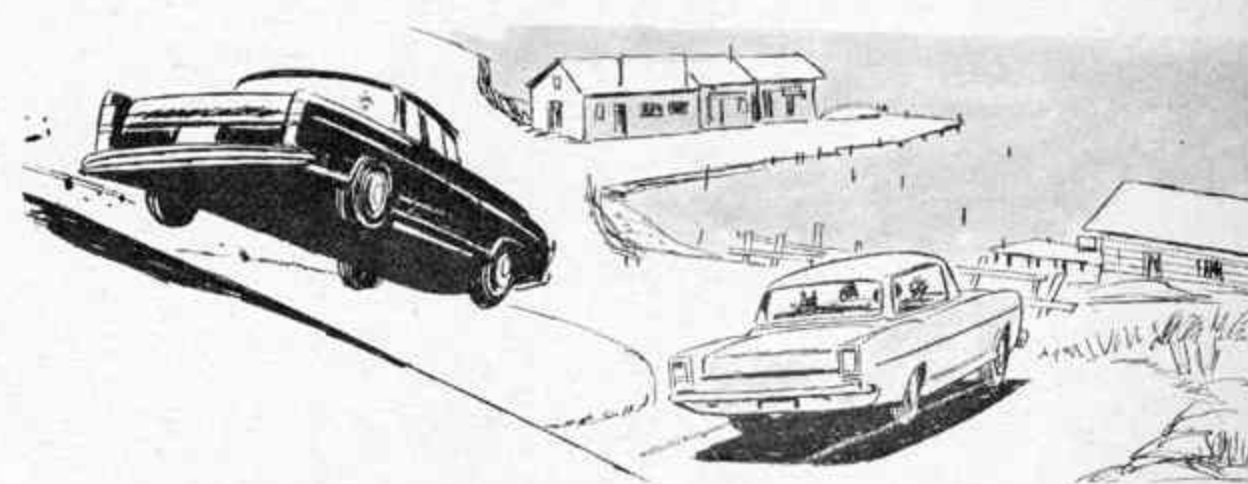
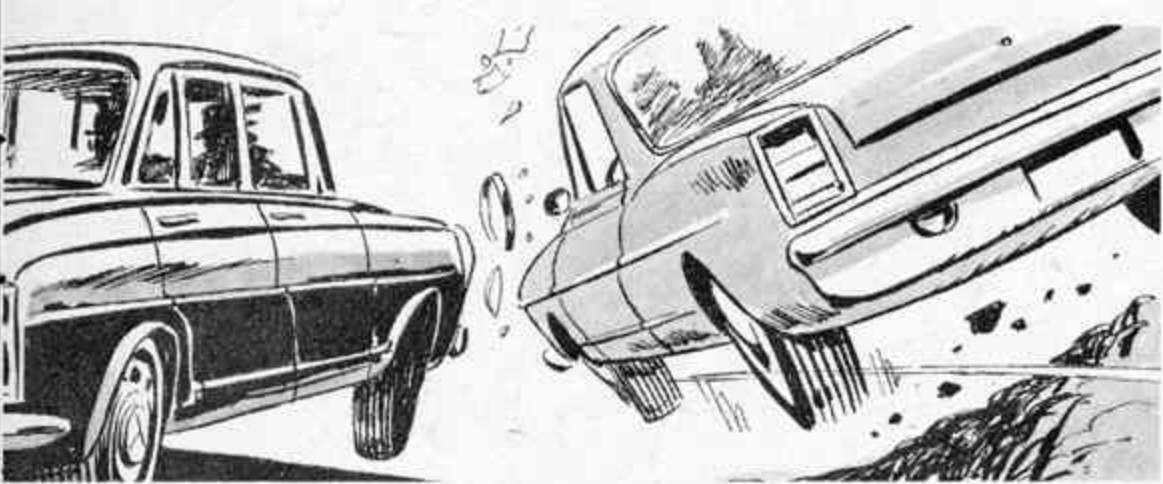
Oh...? Am I driving?

See what I mean?



So you're back on the case, eh? So you wouldn't listen, eh? Well, now we're gonna force you off the road!

ACFI OPTV MXPOI CFDWIB



Nice driving,
Longshot...

About
fifteen
minutes!

The car chase is
a tradition! It
stretches a half-
hour Crime Show
into an hour!

Oh, yeah? You want to
leave time for another
ridiculous Situation
Comedy like "The Doris
Day Show" or "Arnie"?

Hey, what was
that chase
all about,
anyway?

I
mean,
WHY??

But, that's silly!

Bite your tongue!



Dupe... Nookie... meet Jonathan Tamara,
the murderer! Tamara knew that if Vander-
Gaines succeeded in his experiments, it
would depress world orchid prices and
ruin him! So he murdered VanderGaines!

You
know
too
much,
Longshot!



Say your prayers!
You're all goners!

We'll see
about that!

Hey! Who
turned
off the
lights?!?

Good move, Mack!
Now that it's
dark, it's all
evened up!

Not exactly,
Dupe! With the
lights out, I
can't HEAR!!

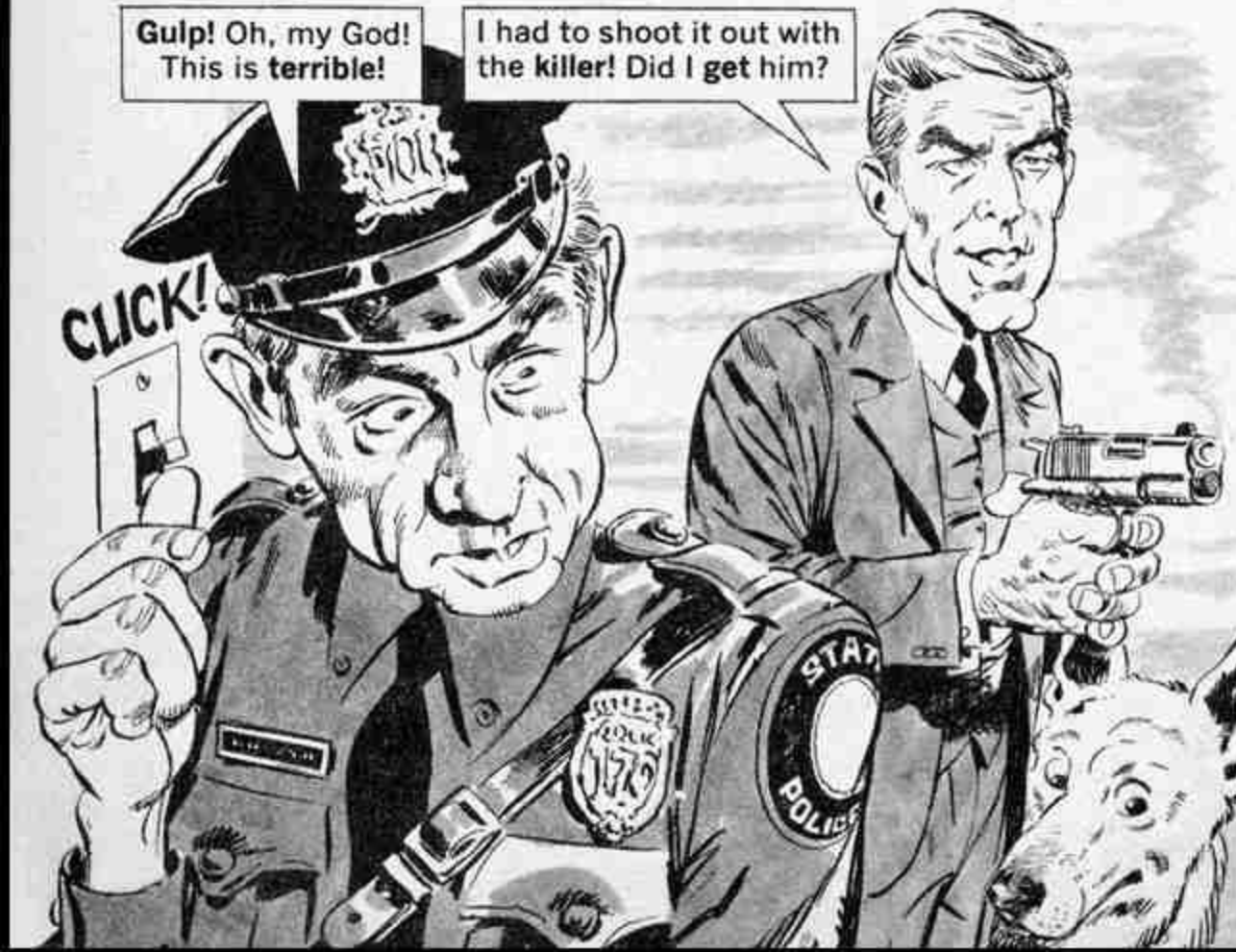


Take that, you killer...

BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

Gulp! Oh, my God!
This is terrible!

I had to shoot it out with
the killer! Did I get him?



You got him...
his henchman...
plus Dupe...
and Nookie!

It must be
horrible!

Thank Heavens I
can't see it or I'd
REALLY be upset!
C'mon, Maxie...

It is!



**WHAT
SUDDEN
ASSAULT
WIPES OUT
MORE AND
MORE
AMERICANS
EACH YEAR?**

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

People everywhere are gripped by fear and terror. All sorts of protective devices are being employed. But there is one type of attack that catches almost everyone by surprise. And the results are usually disastrous. To find out just what this terrible destructive menace is, fold in the page as shown.

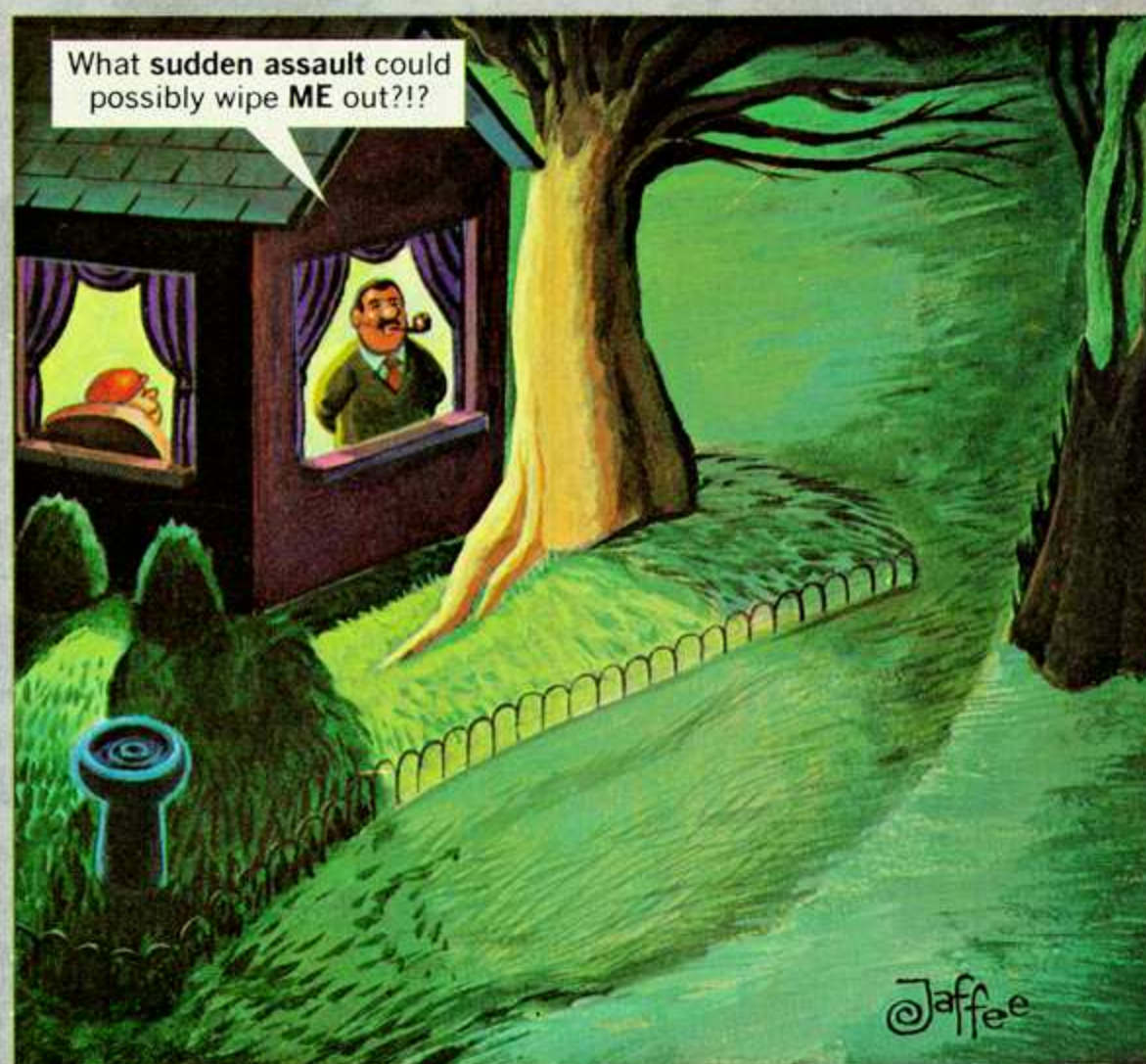
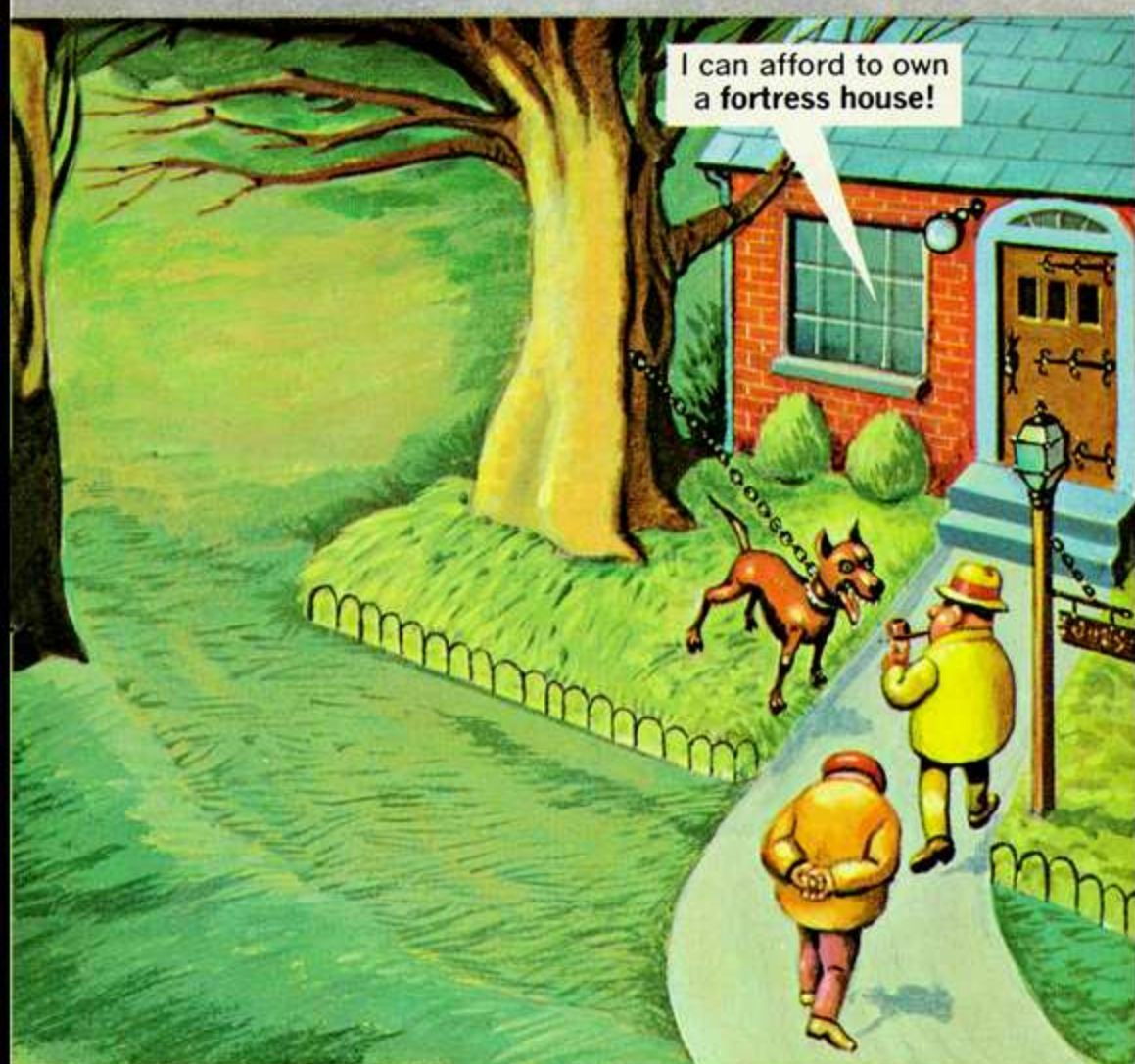


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**MAJESTIC SURROUNDINGS NEITHER GUARANTEE NOR
MEAN SAFETY. EVERY NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL
EXPOSES DAILY OUTRAGES THAT OFFEND OUR SENSES**

Jaffee

WANTED FOR MURDER!



JOE PUSHER

ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER