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No.154 Oct. '72

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MAD
**TOSSES A FEW RIPE
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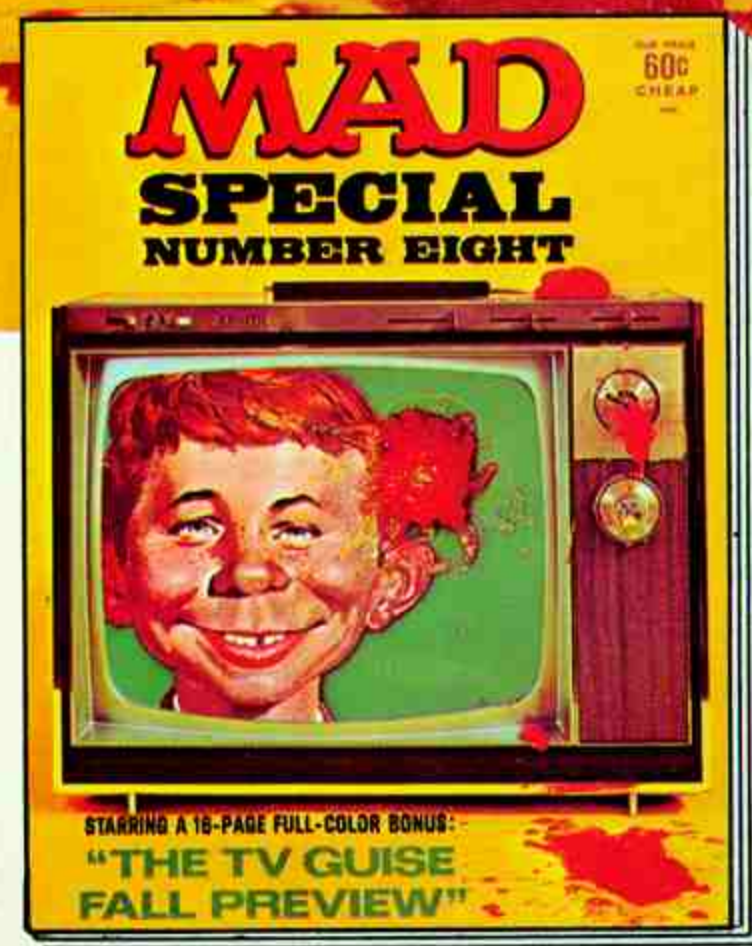
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MAD

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CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

I laughed so uncontrollably at "What's The Connection?", I shook all over. Now, YOU try to laugh that hard and pick your feet in Poughkeepsie at the same time!

Candi LaVigne
Boca Raton, Fla.

As far as I'm concerned, Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo can go pick their feet in Poughkeepsie and not bother coming back! Fantastic movie, sorry satire!

John Deer
Tampa, Fla.

You have done an excellent satire on "The French Connection", considering the fact you had no material to work with. NOW I understand the movie.

Nancy Paulk
Sedalia, Colo.

Eddie Egan Connects With MAD

I almost split a gut when MAD Associate Editor Nick Meglin brought me the issue featuring the take-off on "The French Connection". Since I'm the former New York detective, the original "Popeye" upon whom the film is based, and inasmuch as I appeared in the picture and provided technical advice, it's all very

personal and gratifying. Many thanks to writer Dick De Bartolo, artist Mort Drucker, and to your entire MAD staff for faithfully retaining the basics and adding the "French dressing."

Eddie Egan
New York, N.Y.

MAD LOOK AT BICYCLING

Sergio Aragonese's "MAD Look At Bicycling" is packed with brisk and boisterous free-wheeling humor, as in-person as grasping a pair of handlebars and standing on the pedals on the upgrade. Very exhilarating! I'll mind his bike for him, any time!

Judy Hetling
Yonkers, N.Y.

QUALIFIED FOR MADNESS

After reading your magazine for two years, I am now incapable of watching a TV show, reading a book, or seeing a movie without cynically tearing it to shreds. Since this renders me useless for any kind of a normal life, my only alternative is to sign up as a MAD satire writer. Got any openings...?

Mary Kay Hoover
Cleveland, Ohio

MAD PHOTOONS

We at the Gaffrick household loved your "MAD Photoons," masterminded by Max Brandel and Bob Clarke. And speaking about the equally enjoyable "What's The Connection?", after seeing the movie we wondered... What IS the connection?

Peter Gaffrick
Decatur, Ill.



DON MARTIN BOOSTER

Don Martin has an original and different sense of humor that a reader can never tire of. His drawings are not ordinary cartoons but are departures from the conventional way of telling a story, in both drawing and writing. And those descriptive words: FWISK, GALOOK, GLURK, etc., they are a laugh riot in themselves. I have often stopped to wonder how an artist can continually and consistently create stories that get better and better as time goes by.

George J. Aljian
Red Bank, N.J.

EDUCATOR OF THE YEAR

As a parent of a former student in one of New York's artsy-craftsy "fun factories," I want to congratulate you on "MAD's Educator Of The Year." The article was very funny but disturbingly true. In my son's fourth grade class, half the children needed tutoring, at the parents' expense, to learn to read. They were all quite advanced at playing with blocks, however, I must admit. The headmaster writes articles and books on the advantages of open schools but sends his own children to a school with a structured program. The open school looks great on paper but, unfortunately, in practice, most kids prefer playing to learning.

Rita Beltzer
Brooklyn, N.Y.

CRIMINAL TYPES DEPT.

Your anti-hunting sentiment has always been rather obvious but in the July 1972 issue, "Criminal Types Dept.," it is also erroneous. Extinction of wildlife is not due to hunting but to habitat reduction, pesticides, pollution, etc. On the contrary, hunting groups such as "Ducks Unlimited" work hard to preserve habitat for game species.

E. L. Bintz
Eastern Montana College
Billings, Mont.

ART OF WRITING HOME FOR MONEY

Your article "The Art Of Writing Home For Money" was mighty good. I might even use one of those seemingly foolproof letters on my parents.

Richard S. Feldman
Los Angeles, Calif.

MAD RAINBOW COVER

My whole family went to a lovely picnic area recently. We just happened to take along the current issue of MAD, the cover of which depicted Alfie encountering garbage at the end of the rainbow. Of course, we all picked up our soda cans and sandwich wrappings and containers before we left, but one area was terribly littered by inconsiderate picnickers. And suddenly, we noticed a *big black cloud* in the sky, right over that desecrated area. Wow, MAD certainly has some mighty powerful connections!!!

James Randleman
Fair Oaks, Calif.

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You can cure your V.D.—your "Visual Dilemma"—by framing and hanging one or more of these full-colored portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid. You can also use one or more of them for wrapping those eyesore fish you've got lying around. Merely 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



SHORT IN THE SADDLE DEPT.

Okay, all of you young people out there! Had enough of the sexy new-wave movies that are rated "R" and "X" and "Ecch"? Let's take a look at a "nice" movie... one that's rated "GP"... which means there's hardly **any** sex, just blood and gore and violence and murder and—ulp—

THE

We came to tell you that we can't drive your cattle to Bells Palsy, Mr. Brandason!

There's been a big gold strike up at San Gelto, an' we'd like to try our luck at strikin' it rich!

But if we don't hit it, we'll come back... since you're so nice to work for, giving us half a day off on Christmas, and a 15-minute longer lunch hour on Thanksgiving Day...

Forget it, you lousy ingrates! If you don't work for me **NOW**, you don't work for me **EVER**! So... get off my horses! Get off my property! Get off my payroll! And get off my back!

And if you ever show up around here again, I'll blow your heads off!

Gee, we were real lucky! We caught him in one of his **BETTER MOODS!!**



But I didn't come here to teach Arithmetic! I came here to find out how many of you boys want to go on a cattle drive with me?

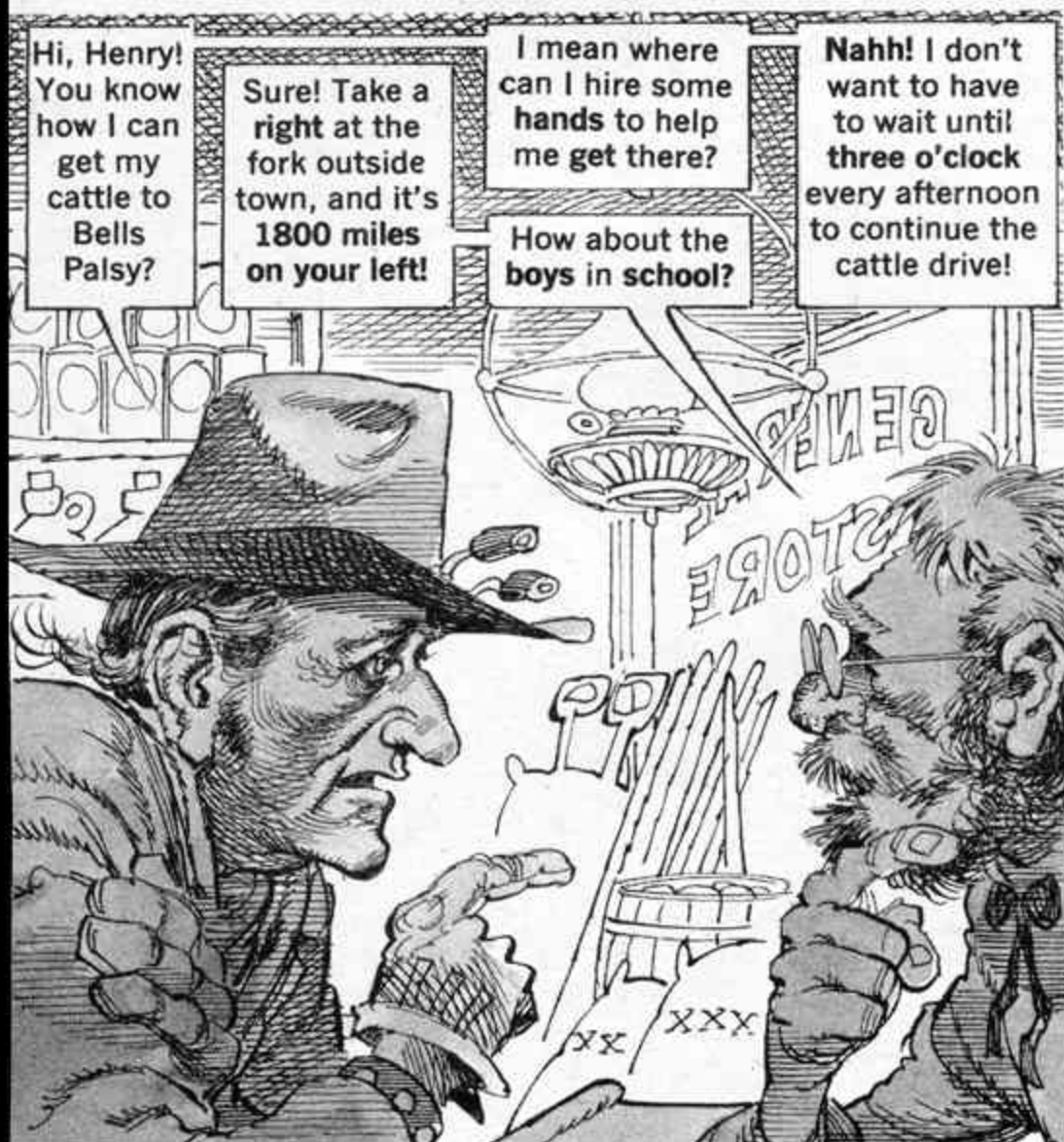
It will mean hard work... long hours... little or no sleep... and no comforts!

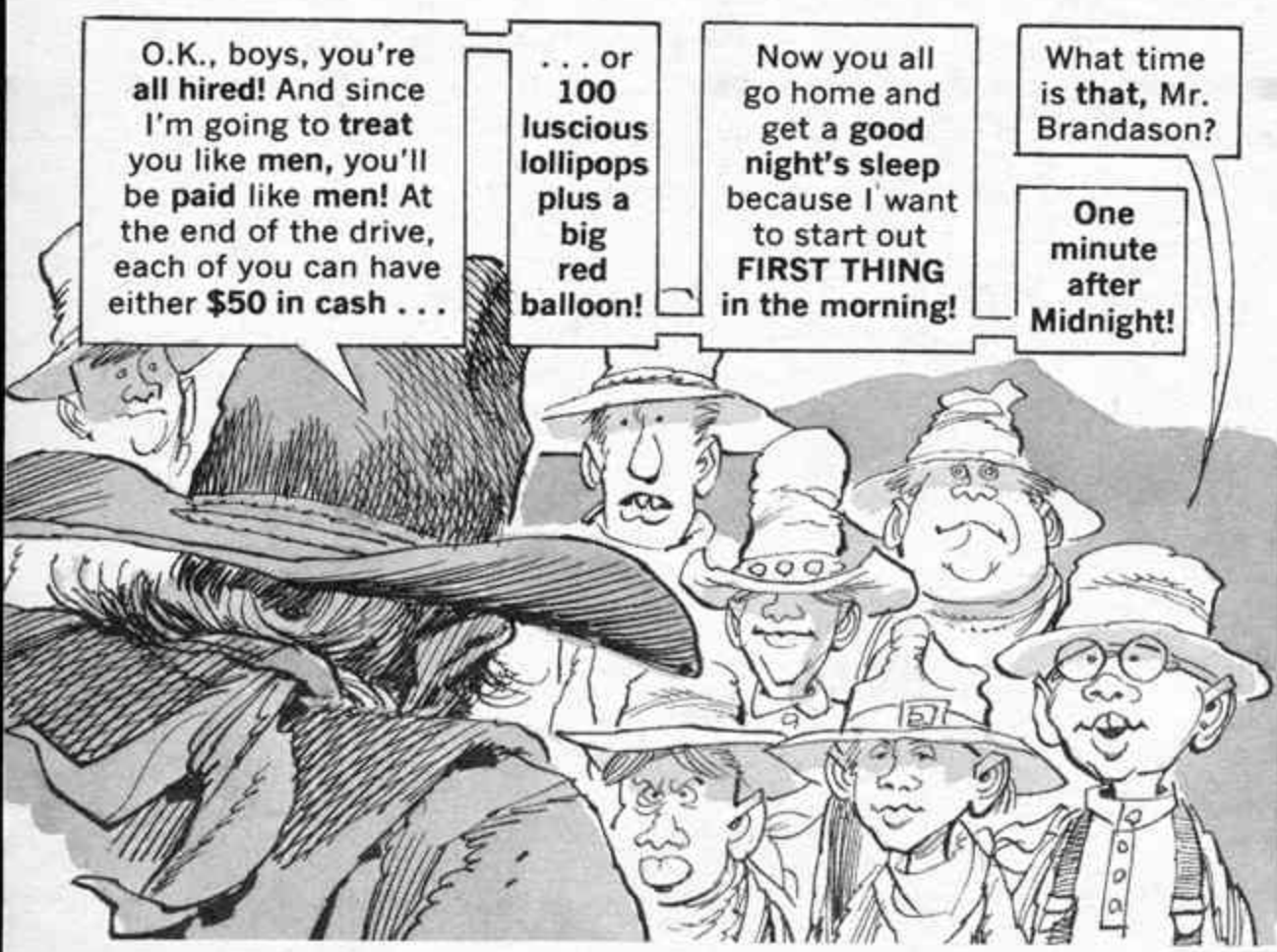
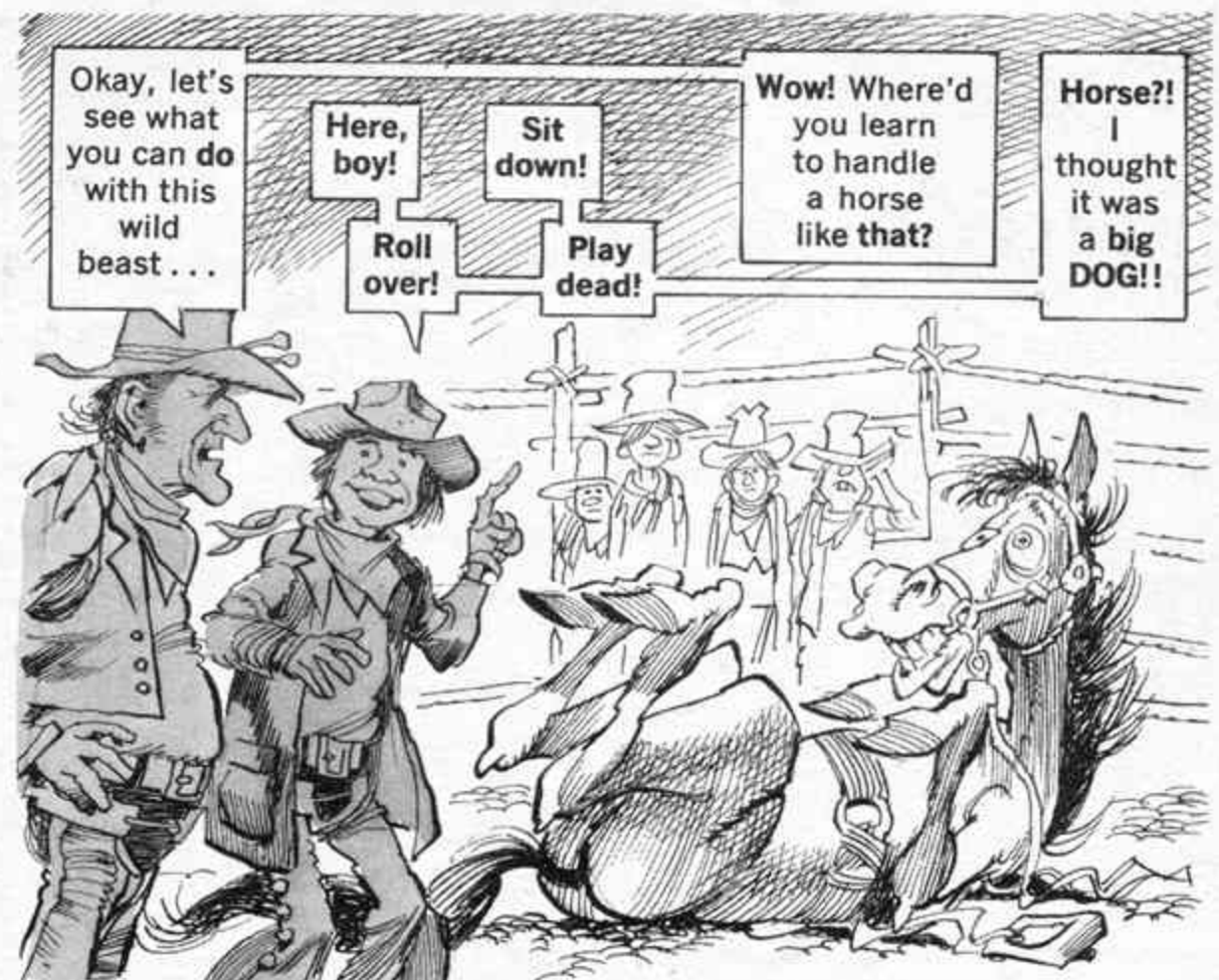
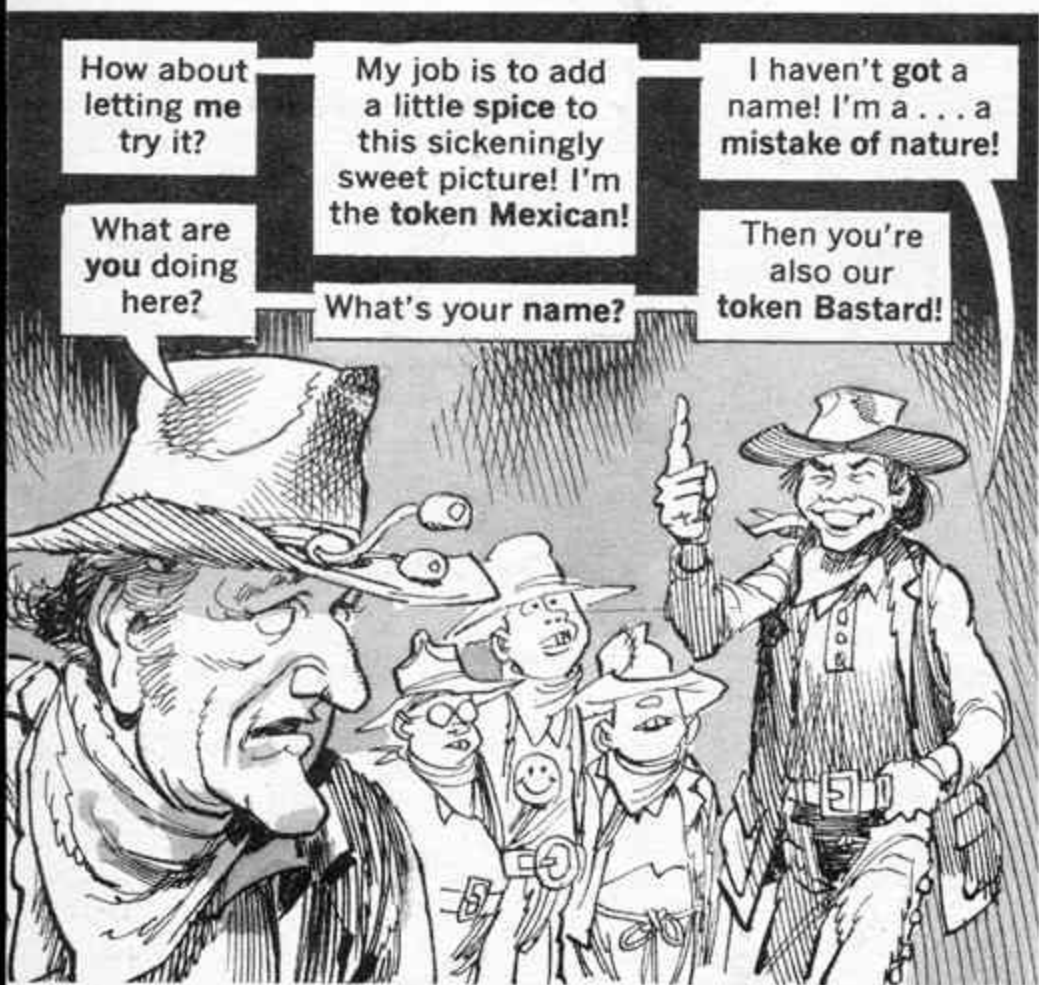
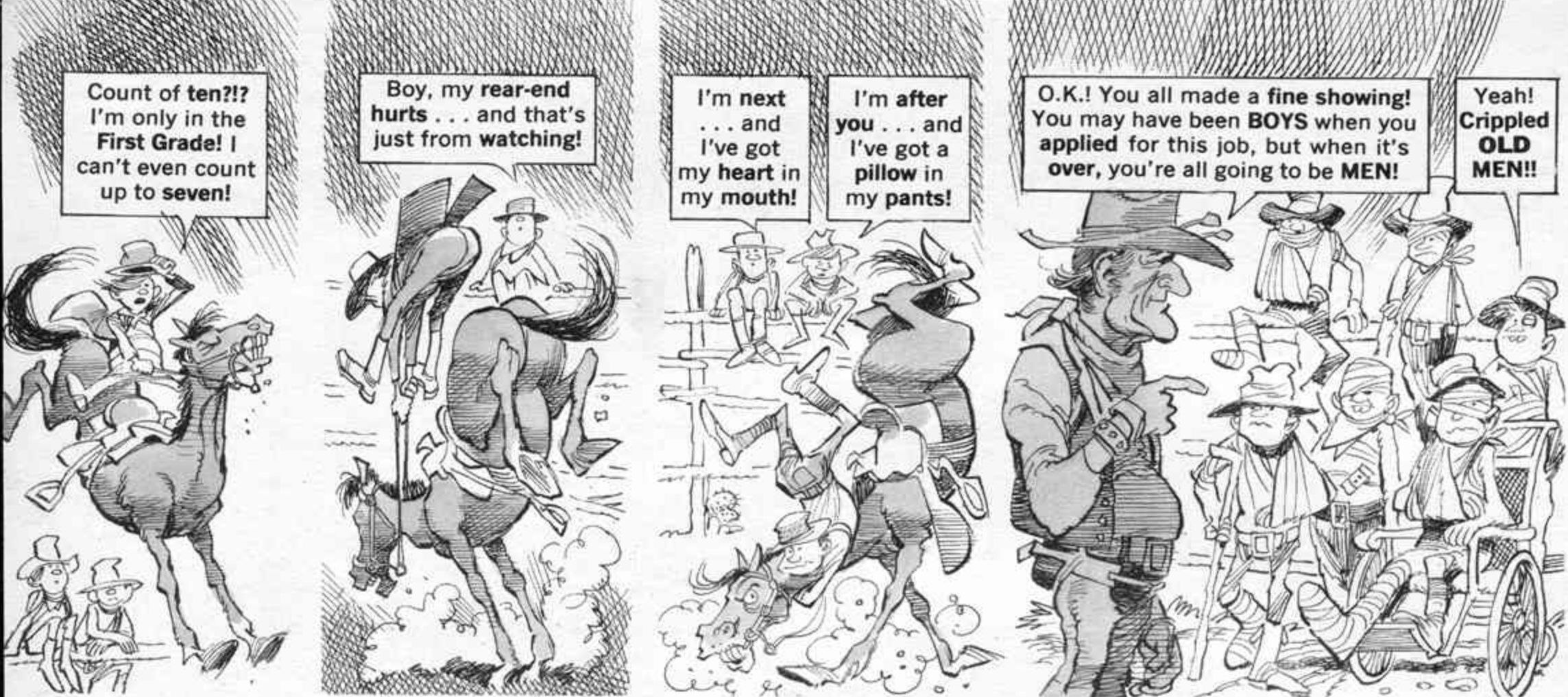
It will mean tired muscles and aching backsides and no time for homework and—



COWKIDS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Are you looking for a **Cook**, Mr. Brandason?

This is not road dust, Sir! This is the **only color** I am available in!

Well . . . you **ALREADY** have a token **Mexican!** I figured this was the next best thing!

Okay, you're hired! I want to get an **early start!** These are the men you'll be cooking for!

These are the men, eh? You're making an **early start** all right! About **TEN YEARS** early!

Yeah! Wash all that road dust off and we'll talk about it!

You—You mean you're a . . .

Fight!

Hey, what's going on here?

Nothing! I was just trying to take a splinter out of his chest!

Yeah! From the **BACK!**

Fight!

There's no place for someone like you on this cattle drive! So call your horse and get off my ranch!

Here, Rover! Wanna go for a walk? Atta boy!

You're gonna regret this, Mr. Brandason! You'll never get that herd of pussy cats to market!

Herd of pussy cats?!?

Let him be! If that's a dog he's walking, then it's **pussy cats** we're taking to market!

Okay, men! Move 'em out . . .

We're going to ride, and ride hard!

Let's go! Yeah . . . Yeah . . .

Woop! Woop! Hyaah!

Git along, little dogies!!

Not dogies, you idiot! **Pussy cats!**

Yip, yip! Hy-upp! Keep 'em moving, boys!

There's nothing like seeing a **big herd on the move**, is there?

No, sir . . . there certainly isn't

Fanny! Why in the world are you following the herd? You should have stayed home!

I **AM** home! You and your "men" have driven the cattle around the house 14 times so far! Tell those kids they're riding "round-up" horses . . . **NOT** "merry-go-round" horses!

Mr. Brandason, you really don't expect to complete this cattle drive with those kids, do you? How about hiring some **REAL** cattle hands . . . like **US?**

Who have you worked for?

All the big ranches like "A & P", S & H", "H & R Block", "B.B.D. & O"!

Oh, yeah?! Well you happen to be lying! **B.B.D. & O** isn't a ranch! It's a railroad!

I'm sorry! I **DID** lie, Mr. Brandon! Because nobody will hire us when they find out we're ex-cons who did time for kidnapping, robbery, murder and passing a red light!

Well, I'm not going to hire you either! I don't mind the kidnapping and robbing and murdering and passing a red light! It's just that I can't stand people who get caught! Now... get out of here!!



You really think that you'll make Bells Palsy with this group of green kids?

Yep! I figure it'll take about 5 days!

Yeah? Well, you'd better make that about 25 days, with the progress **YOU'RE** making!

He's right dear!



Fanny! What are **YOU** doing here! I told you to stay home!

I AM home!

Oh, NO...



Dinner is on, boys.

Oysters on the half shell, onion soup, Coq au Vin, string beans almondine, potatoes souffle, avocado salad and a Burgundy wine!

Yecch! Who wants that garbage?!?

We want franks and soda pop!

What are we having?



Why do you boys stare at me all day long? Haven't you ever seen a Black man before?

Sure we have! But you're the first man we ever saw—Black **OR** White—that spoke perfect English!

Okay, boys! Mount up! Let's get goin' We're burning daylight!

Burning daylight?! We just ate dinner! It's eight o'clock at night!

How do you know it's eight o'clock at night! It might be eight o'clock in the morning!

Because it's pitch black out!!



What's the matter?!? You never heard of a cloudy day before?

By the way, has anybody seen my wife recently?

Not for about three hours!

Thank God! We must finally be off my property!

Okay, Move 'em out! Let's go!!



M-M-Mister Bran-Bran-Brandon! He-He-He-f-f-fell in the wa-wa-

Hey, you! I thought I told you to stay away from me!

You did! But what **Stuttering Boob** was trying to tell you was that this idiot fell off his horse into the rapids and he can't swim and he was drowning and that you should help him!

Somehow it seemed funnier the way **Boob** was telling it!



As for YOU,
I never want
to hear you
stutter again!
Understand!?!?

**CUT
THAT
OUT!**

What
did you
say?

Say it
again!

See? Your stuttering's cured!

Holy #\$\$%&! I can't believe
my #\$\$%& ears! Wait till my
#\$\$%& Mother and #\$\$%& Father
hear me . . . not to mention my
#\$\$%& Sunday School Teacher!

Y-y-y-yes,
s-s-s-sir!

You
son
of a
#%&!

You
mean
son of
a #%&!

You
mean
rotten
son of
a #%&!



Breakfast
is ready!
Twelve
bacon and
eggs . . .
and one
bagels
and lox!

Hmm! I almost forget
we had a token one
of THEM, too!

No, Sir! Not
for a day and
a half, now!

Holy cow!
We REALLY
must be
moving!!

Say, you haven't
seen my wife walking
around, have you?



How did you like
your Dinner, boy?

Best &¢%\$#@!
filet mignon
I ever had!

He doesn't stutter
any more, but now
I sure would like
to do something
about his language!



Er—can
we
go to
sleep
now,
Sir?

Sure, boys! I guess you're tired!
I must try to remember that
you're just kids and don't have
the kind of strength and
stamina that a man like me,
Z-Z-ZZZ-ZZZZZ-ZZZZZ



They're
asleep!

Yeah!
Here!
Have a
slug!

Yeah! It's
great tasting
Soda Pop
again after
being served
Vintage Wine
with every
meal!

Got
the
bottle
of
stuff?

Mmmm!
It's
good!



Hi, there
big boy!

Lookin'
for a
little
fun!

Come into the wagon and I'll
teach you something fantastic!

Hi, there
big
broad!

Yep!

No, thank you, Ma'am! See,
that's why I came along on
this cattle drive . . . to
get away from my Teacher!



That
young
man
seems
to have
turned
down an
evening
of love!

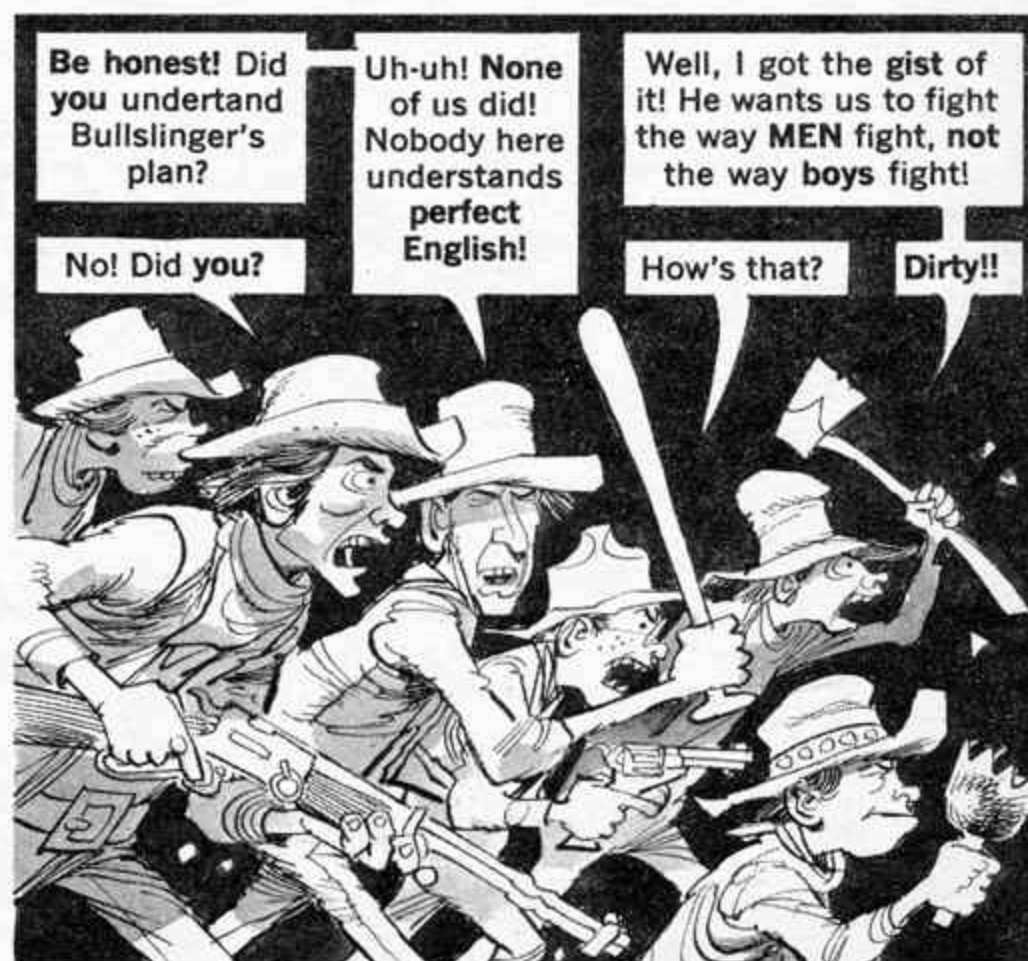
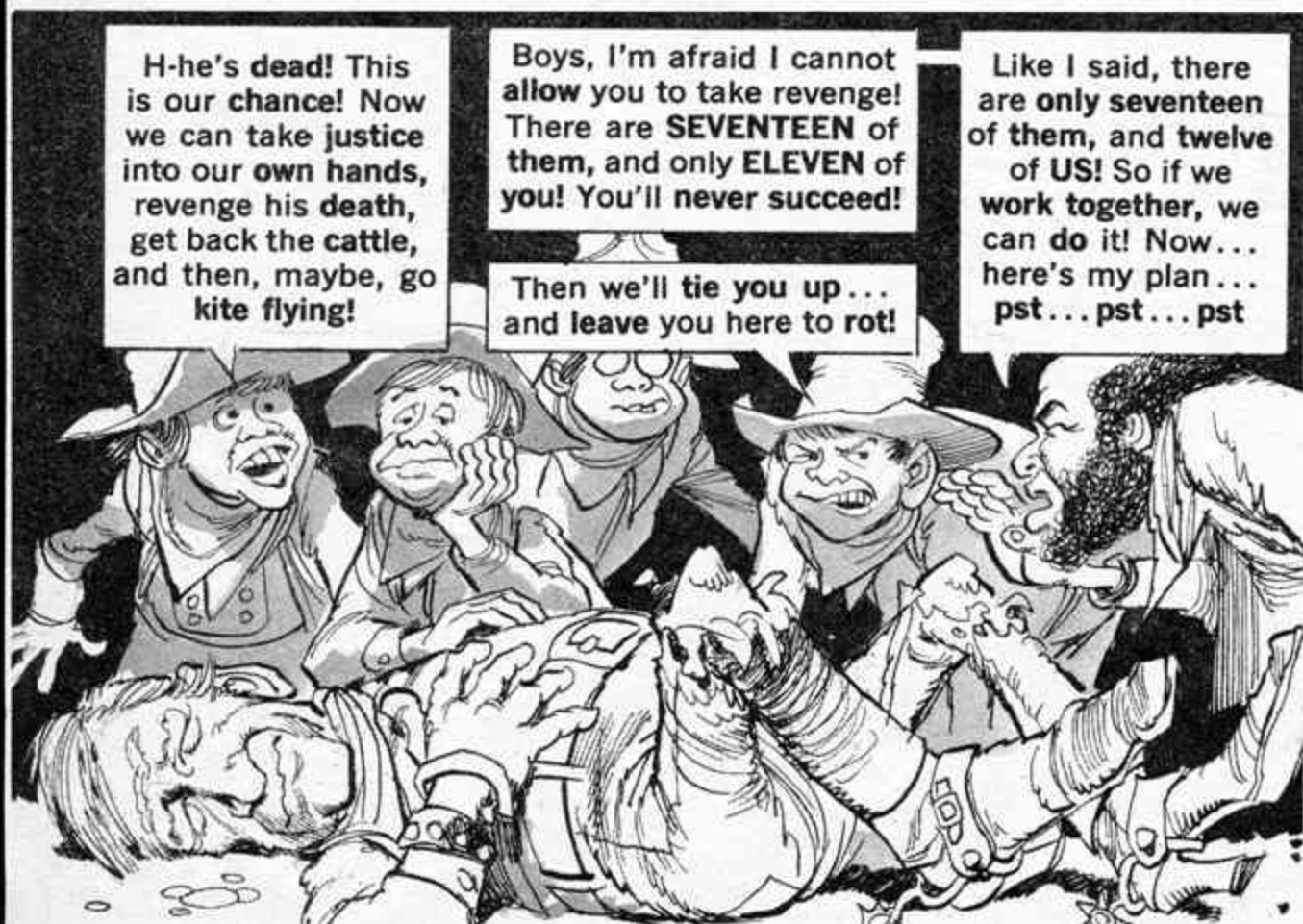
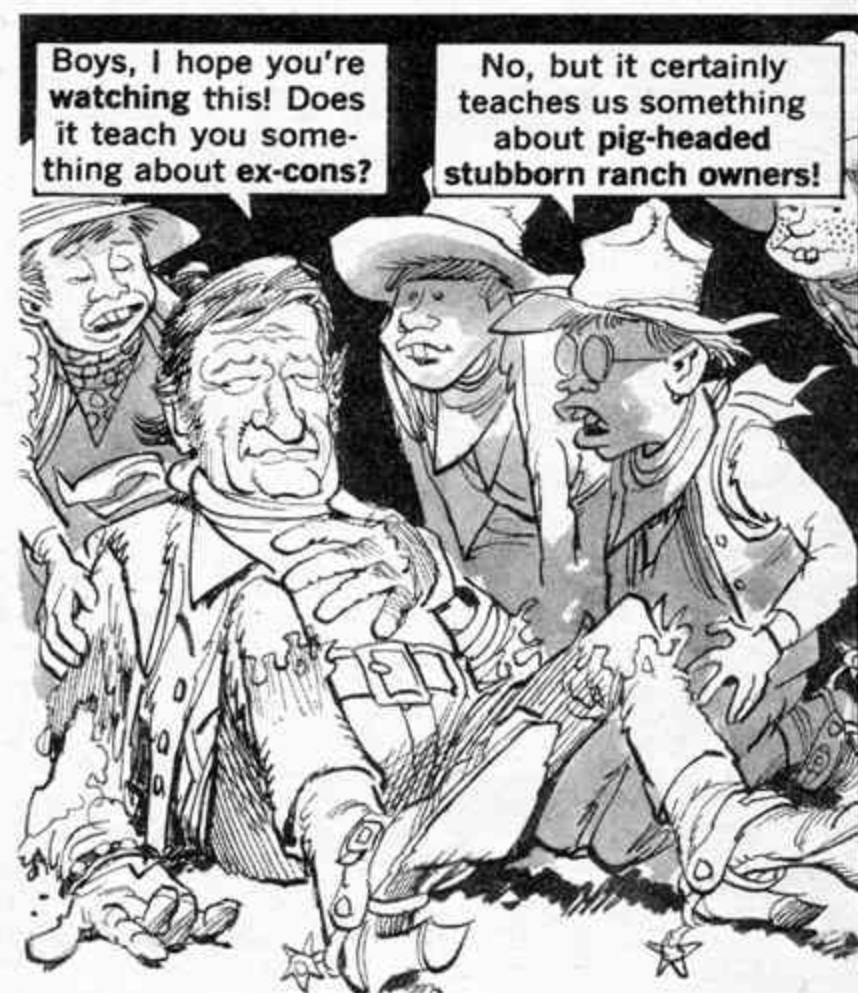
Well, I convinced him that
it'd be better that way! A
young man's first experience
should be with a girl in the
back seat of a buggy! He had
a buck for the girl, but he
didn't have an extra 50¢ for
the buggy! How about you . . . ?

Madam, I have the
money, I have the
desire, and I have
the time! However,
I am afraid that
I might—er—pick
up something!

No, I
mean
bad
speech
patterns!
I pride
myself
on my
diction!

You mean a disease?







Have pity, boys! My leg's broken! Get me to a Doctor!

That's just what we're planning on doing! Except that we've been having an argument! He says the nearest Doctor is five miles **THAT** way, and I say the nearest Doctor is five miles **THIS** way!

Well, what have you decided to do?

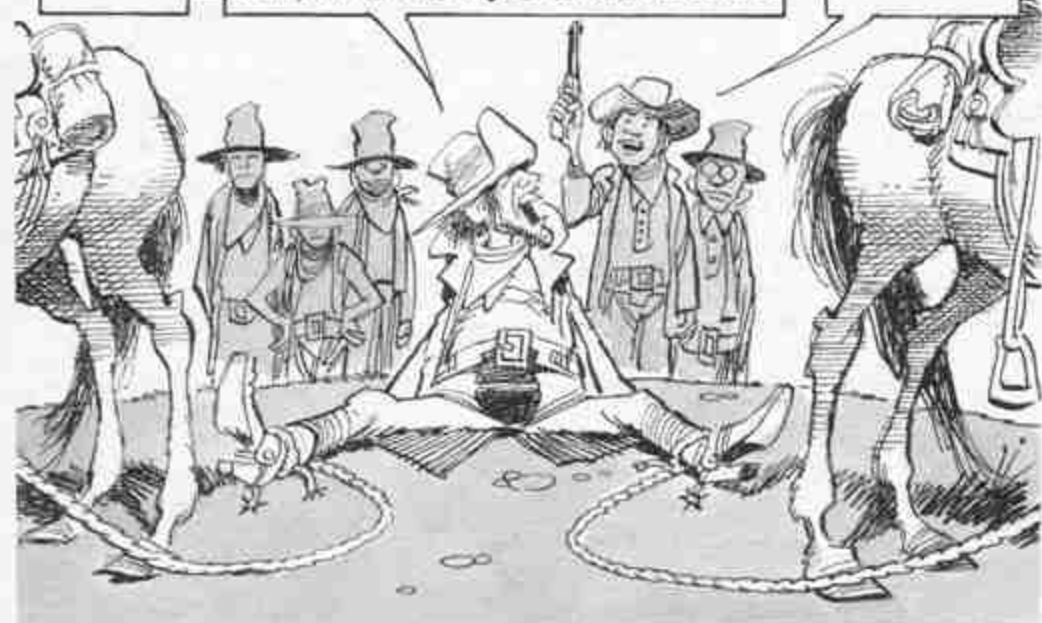
We're not taking any chances! We're sending you **BOTH** ways!

Somebody ... make a wish!

Yecch! This "Final Comeuppance" scene is disgusting!

Why? Because it's so violent?

No ... because it's so short!



There it is, gang! **Bells Palsy!** Let's drive the cattle in, get our money, shoot up the town, make out with the women, beat up on some old folks and then fall down dead drunk!



Hear that, Mr. Brandason ... wherever you are? We can be mighty proud of our boys! They finished the cattle drive! And between us, they sure learned a lot during it!

You've got great futures, boys! I want to remember you! Tell me your names!

I'm Jesse James!

I'm Frank James!

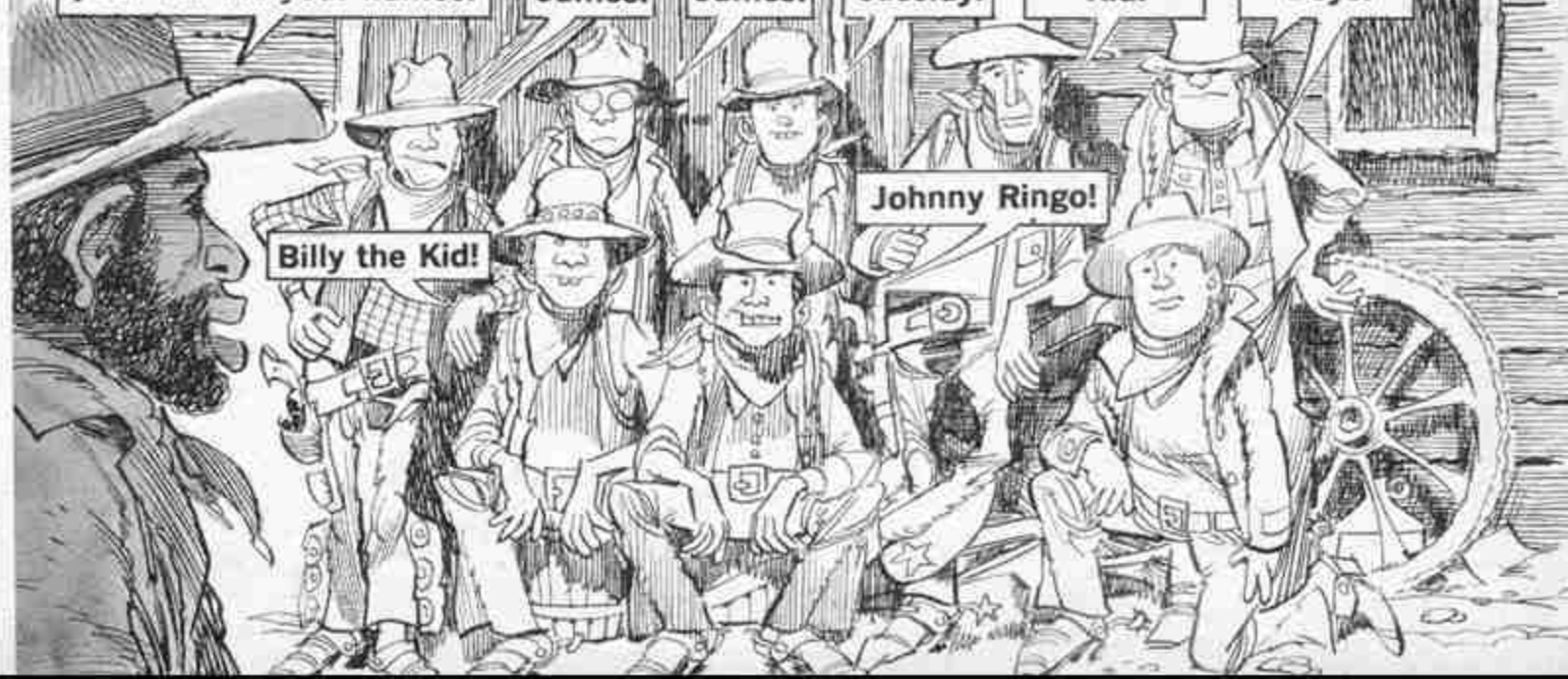
I'm Butch Cassidy!

I'm The Sundance Kid!

We're The Dalton Boys!

Billy the Kid!

Johnny Ringo!



ODD BALL IN THE BACK POCKET DEPT.

Hey, wealthy eccentric fans! Here's a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to examine the contents of...

HOWARD HUGHES' WALLET

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

THINGS TO DO TODAY

- 7:00-8:00 AM - Wake up
8:00-9:00 AM - Look around
9:00-10:00 AM - Clip fingernails
10:00-10:30 AM - Rest
10:30-11:45 AM - Hide (behind couch).
11:45-12:00 AM - Buy a new hotel.
12:00-1:00 PM - Eat lunch (organic vegetables, natural herbs, raw sassafras, tea steam and a cheese Danish).
1:00-3:00 PM - Nap. (Earn \$722,356 interest while I sleep).
3:00-4:00 PM - Exercise. (Dance with myself).
4:00-6:00 PM - Hide (in closet).
6:00-7:00 PM - Entertainment. (Make finger shadows on wall of World War II fighter planes).
7:00-8:00 PM - Laugh
8:00-9:00 PM - Take off pajamas, put on clothes.
9:00-10:00 PM - Move to my new hotel.

THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION

Los Angeles The Bahamas Nicaragua Other Places

Mr. Fred De Cordova, Producer
"THE TONIGHT SHOW"
N B C
30, Rockefeller Plaza
New York City

Dear Mr. De Cordova:

I am in receipt of your letter urging me to consider making my first TV appearance on your "Tonight Show" along with other guest stars Steve Rossi, Giselle McKenzie, Zsa Zsa Gabor and comic Rodney Dangerfield.

Contrary to rumors, I'm NOT odd or eccentric. But before I agree to appear on television, certain conditions would have to be met:

1. The entire studio must be sterilized.
2. No one is to approach me from the left.
3. No one will utter the words, "Walla Walla".
4. No one within an 8-mile radius may sneeze.
5. I will answer no question that contains a vowel.
6. Everyone named "Normy" is to be ejected from the studio audience.

However, I have been out of touch for a while and have never heard of this "Johnny Carson." If I DO agree to appear on TV, I would prefer coming on an established hit show, and therefore I will be contacting Milton Berle and "The Texaco Star Theatre" first.

Sorry, but thank you for your interest.

Very truly yours,
H. R. Hughes
H.R. Hughes

U.S. GOVERNMENT

EMERGENCY COMMUNICATION RUSH!

FROM: Bureau of Missing Persons, Washington, D.C.

TO: Mr. H.R. Hughes

Thank you for your recent inquiry about yourself. We have done our best, but in answer to your request, we cannot "tell you where you are". I know this must be a very painful time you're going through, but look at our problem: We don't even know where to send this letter!

J.D. Sellinger
J.D. Sellinger
Assistant Manager*

*Our regular Manager, Mr. Lionel Tremel, cannot be located at this time.

Memo From H. R. Hughes

Luxury Hotel and Casino Properties, Corp.
Freeport, Bahama Islands, W.I.

Gentlemen:

Considering the rumors circulating for the past 16 years that I am dead and do not even exist, I can understand your desire to confirm my authenticity before closing the deal we made. And so, to eliminate your doubts once and for all, I am enclosing a jar of my "breath". You can examine it and compare it to my breath prints of 16 years ago.

I trust this will also put a stop to the rumors that I am eccentric and crazy.

Very truly yours,
H. R. Hughes
H.R. Hughes

The National Playing Card Association

♥ ♦ Poughkeepsie, New York ♣ ♠

Dear Mr. Hughes:

Thank you for your recent inquiry. We conduct many major card playing tournaments, including Bridge, Canasta, Gin Rummy and even the National "GO-Fish!" Challenge Match, held every Spring in Asbury Park. However, in answer to your question, we are sorry to inform you that there is no such thing as an "Annual Solitaire Championship".

Sincerely yours
Martin Melder
Martin Melder
Director of Promotion

IDENTIFICATION
 NAME Howard R. Hughes
 ADDRESS Texas, Las Vegas, The Bahamas,
Nicaragua, A car parked somewhere in the
Western Hemisphere, A treehouse in Brazil
and a Summer home in Atlantic City, N.J.
 TELEPHONE NO. Unlisted.
Even I don't know it.
 OCCUPATION Billionsaire Industrialist,
Movie Maker, Aircraft Designer, Mystery Man,
Recluse and Professional Mashugginah
 IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:
Secretary of State John Foster Dulles,
Sonny Tufts, Lamont Cranston or
Judge Crater.



THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION
Office Of Public Relations
New York City

Howard,
 We have heard of your plans to finally "reveal yourself" to the public and show them exactly what you are like.
 We do not think you should rush into this without proper preparation and counseling.
 Howard, you must understand, times have changed since you disappeared 16 years ago. You are out of touch with the public.
 Please reconsider.

Tom

Memo From H. R. Hughes

Tom,
 I appreciate your concern, but there is nothing to worry about.
 I can communicate with the public because I can still speak their bop lingo. And I've got a zoot suit with a reet pleat and a drape shape that'll just wow the bejeebers off'a them.
 As soon as I hit Gotham, I'm gonna paint the town red! Then I'm gonna go to Ebbets Field, catch a Brooklyn Dodger game, then take my best girl to the Paramount for a movie and the stage show, and then take a nice quiet walk up Broadway and into Central Park at night.
 So give me five and I'll dig you later!

Howie

THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION
Inter-Office Memo

From: Number One, Address Unknown
To: George, Los Angeles Office

George,
 I am planning on coming out of hiding soon, and I will need a pair of shoes.
 Enclosed is a receipt for the shoes I left to be repaired back in March, 1954. Please pick them up and have them waiting for me.

Howard

VITO'S SHOE REPAIR

"DEPENDABLE WORK-FAST SERVICE"
 1278 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.

#6890-43

ONE PR. BROWN SHOES
 1/2 SOLES AND HEELS
 MARCH 18, 1954 —

THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION
Inter-Office Memo

From: George, L.A. Office
To: Number One

Howard,
 Spoke to Vito. Your shoes will be ready a week from Thursday.

George

OUR GOOSE IS COOKED DEPT.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
Are heading for death and destruction;
Let's hope that they read
All the rhymes that succeed
This ridiculous Mad introduction . . . to

MAD'S ECOLO

Solomon Grundy



Solomon Grundy, breathed on Monday,
Wheezed on Tuesday, sneezed on Wednesday,
Coughed on Thursday, gasped on Friday,
Gagged on Saturday, heaved on Sunday,
And that was a good week for Solomon Grundy.

If All Of The Gum



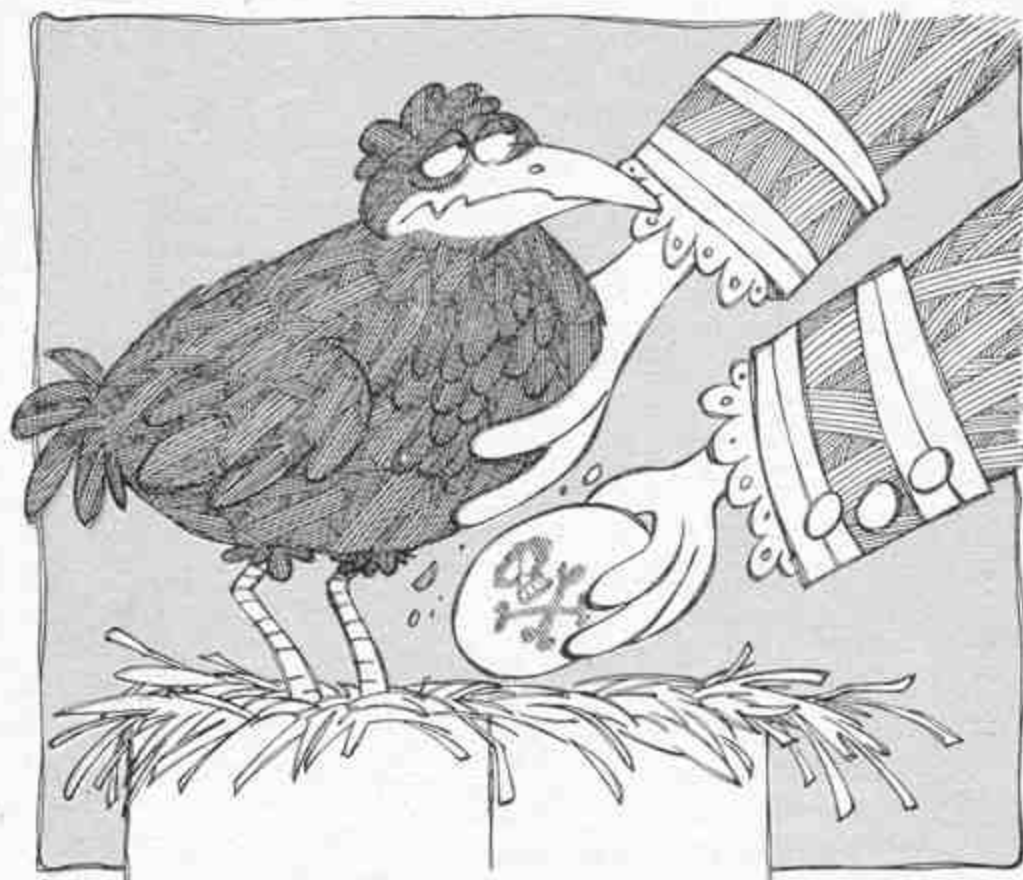
If all of the gum that people chewed
Was stuck beneath a chair—
If all of the trash that people burned
Was blown into the air—
If all of the slums that slumlords owned
Were left to rot away—
Then you would know for sure, my lad,
You're in the U.S.A.

Five Great Lakes



Five great lakes;
Five great lakes;
See what we've done!
See what we've done!
The fish are all dead 'cause pollution's rife;
You can cut through the scum with a carving knife;
Did you ever see such a blight in your life
As five great lakes?

Hickety, Pickety



Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Of course, it's very good indeed
They don't know what goes in her feed.

GY MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

VERSE: FRANK JACOBS

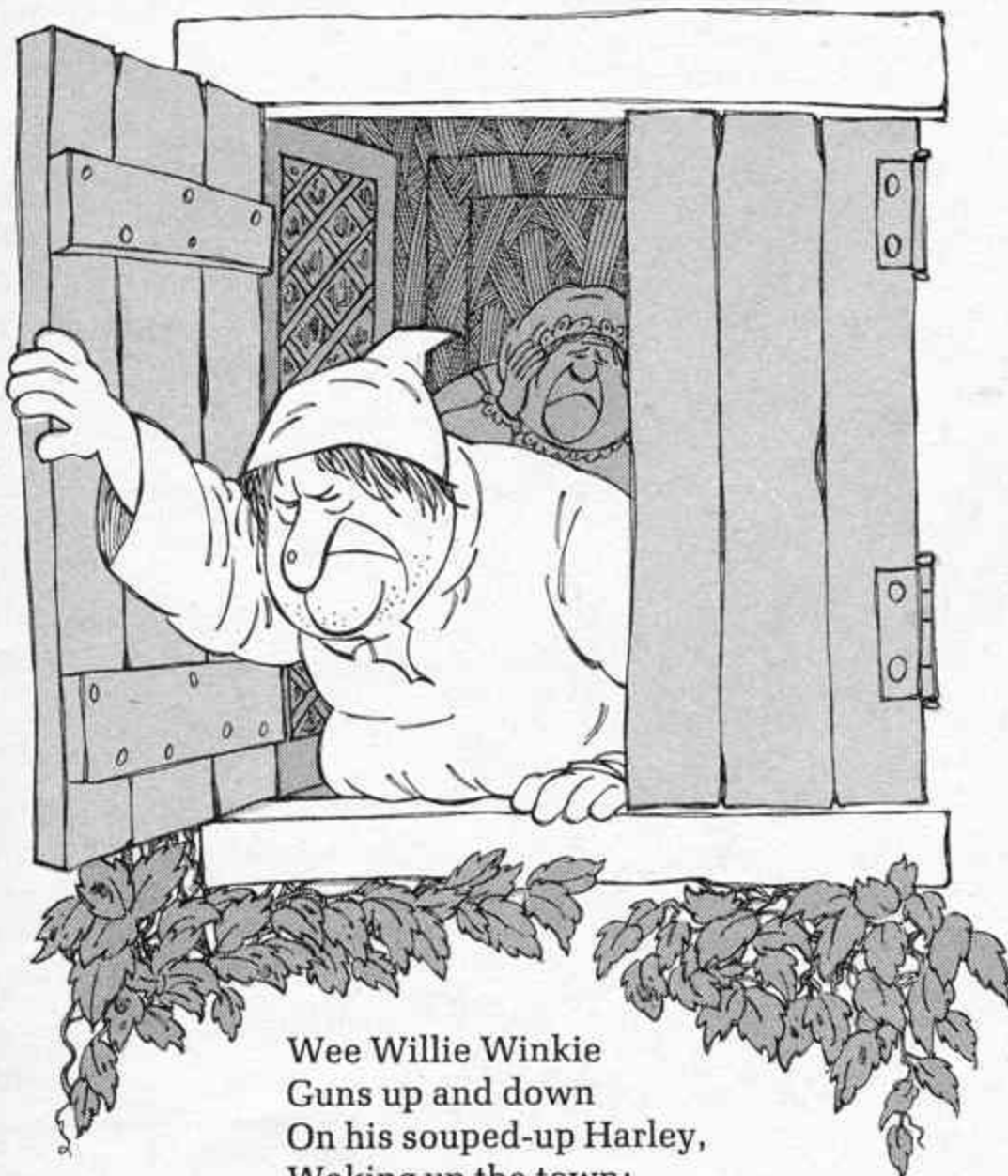
IDEA: M. S. PINKHAM

Sing a Song of Spillage



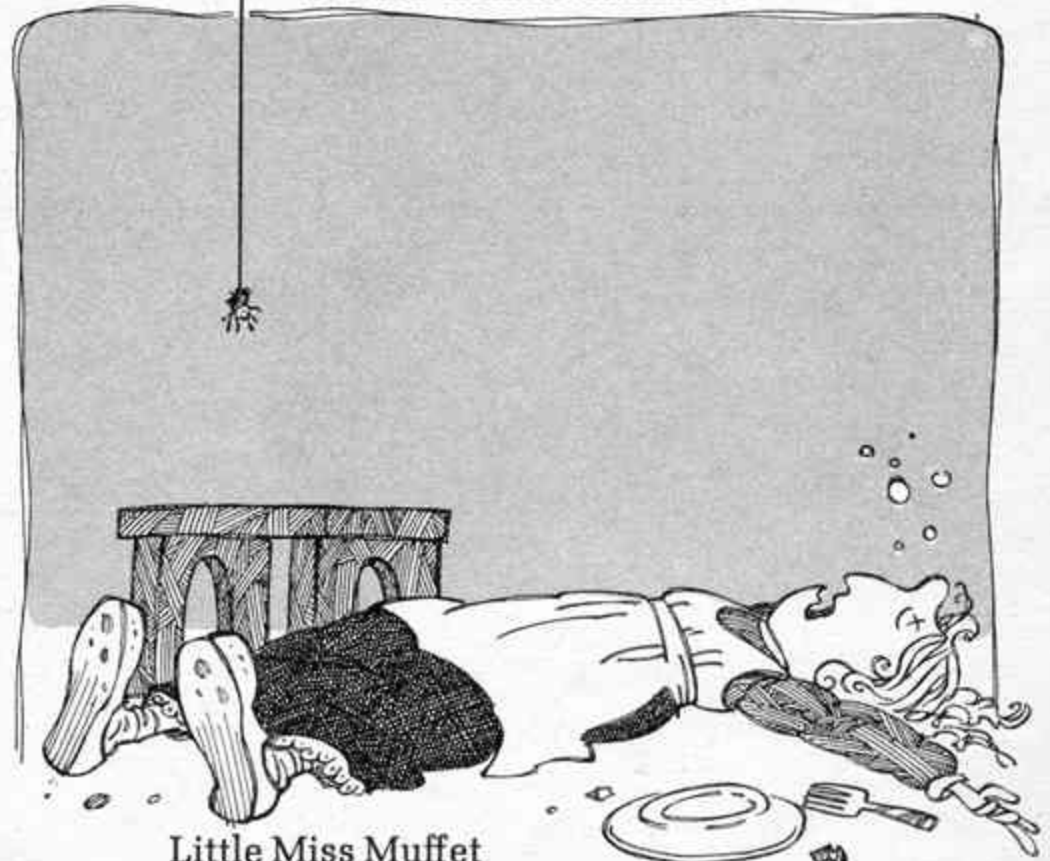
Sing a song of spillage—
A tanker's fouled the shore;
Four-and-twenty black birds—
They were white before.

Wee Willie Winkie



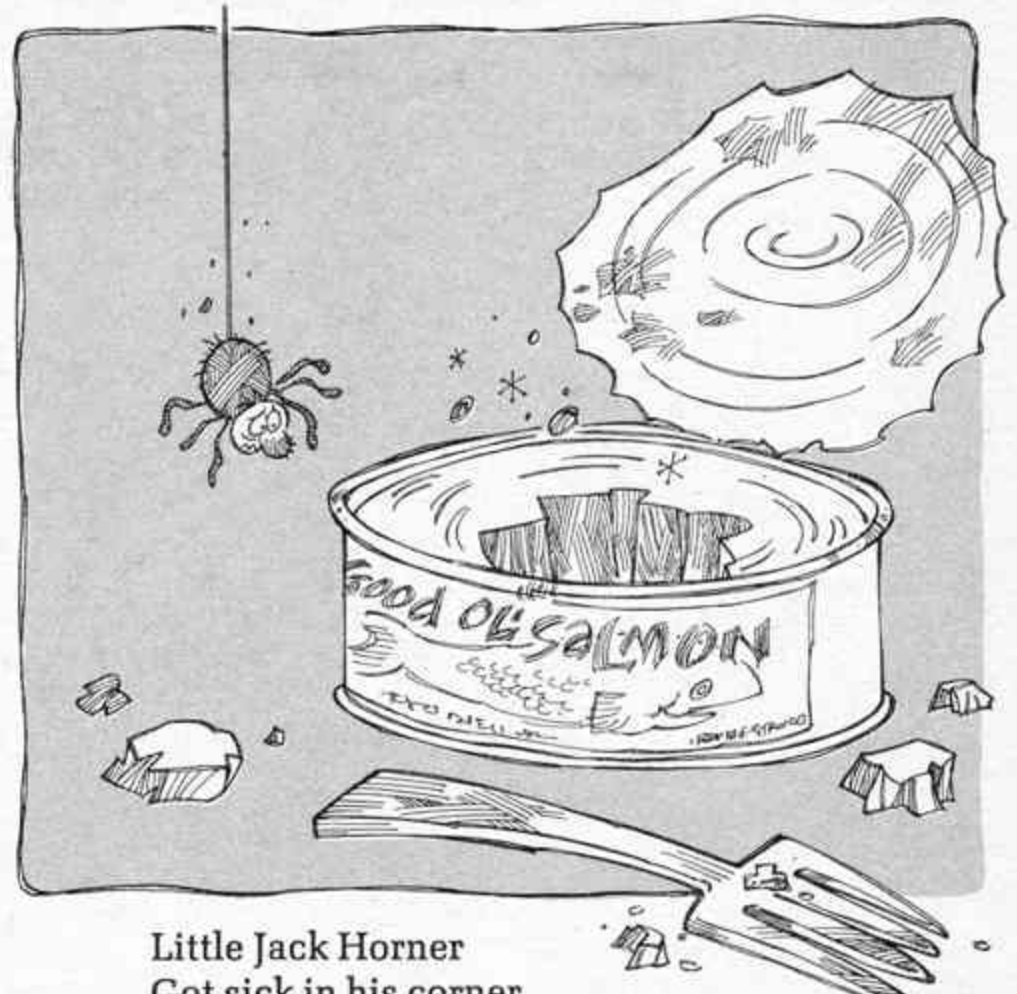
Wee Willie Winkie
Guns up and down
On his souped-up Harley,
Waking up the town;
If you think that Willie
Makes a racket, Mister,
Wait till Willie's brother
Turns on his transistor.

Little Miss Muffet



Little Miss Muffet
Collapsed on her tuffet
From swordfish and died in a minute;
Along came a spider
Who knelt down beside her
And said, "T'was the mercury in it."

Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner
Got sick in his corner
From salmon and thereupon fainted;
The spider inspected
The brand Jack selected
And said, "Seems like everything's tainted."

Four Little Tigers



Four little tigers
Sitting in a tree;
One became a lady's coat—
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers
'Neath a sky of blue;
One became a rich man's rug—
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers
Sleeping in the sun;
One a hunter's trophy made—
Now there's only one.

One little tiger
Waiting to be had;
Oops! He got the hunter first—
Aren't you kind of glad?

Little Bo-Peep



Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep
And thinks they may be roaming;
They haven't fled;
They've all dropped dead
From nerve gas in Wyoming.

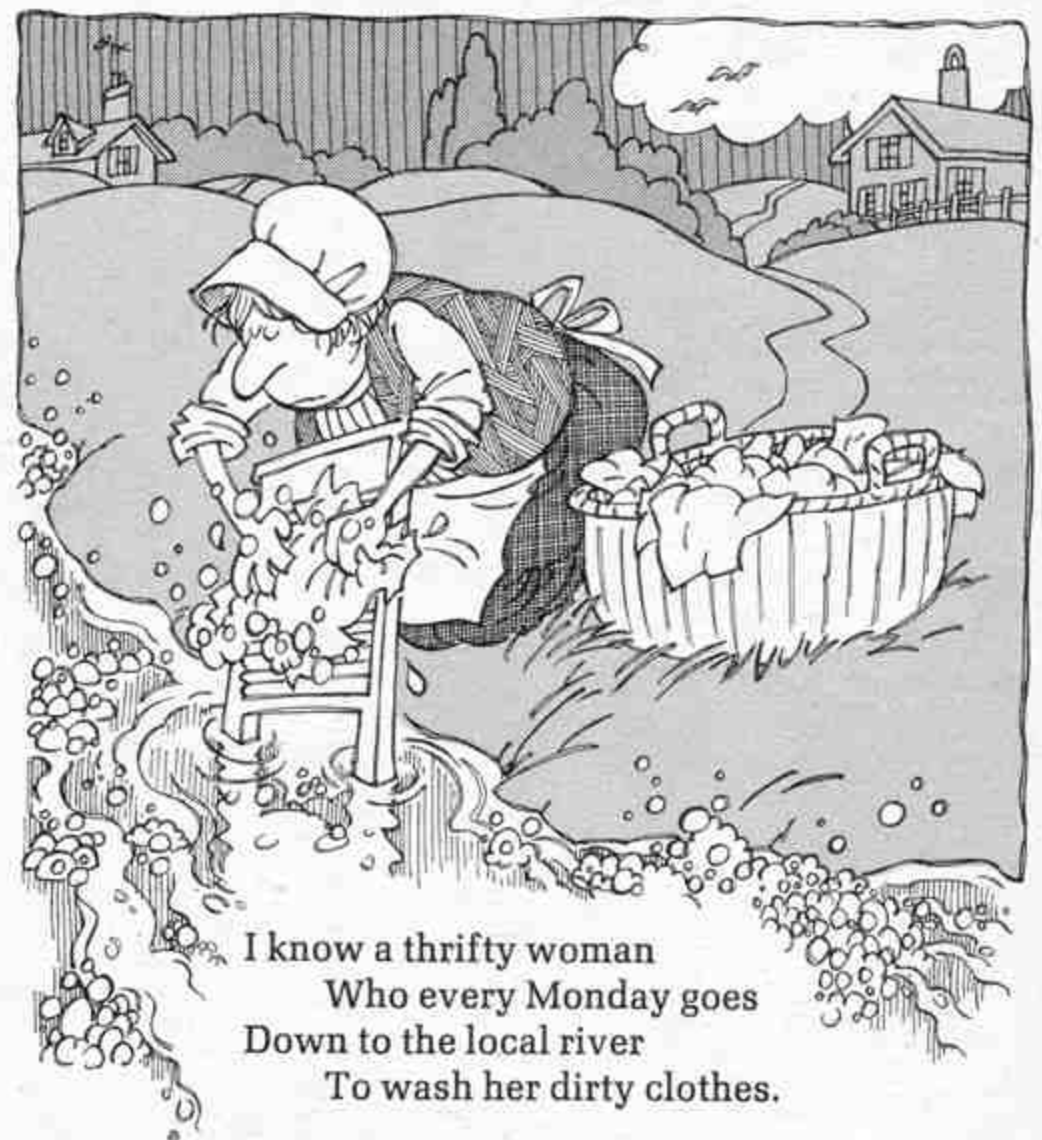
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Well, I'll tell you, little star,
I can't tell you what you are;
With the smoke and haze and pall
I'm not sure you're there at all.

I Know A Thrifty Woman

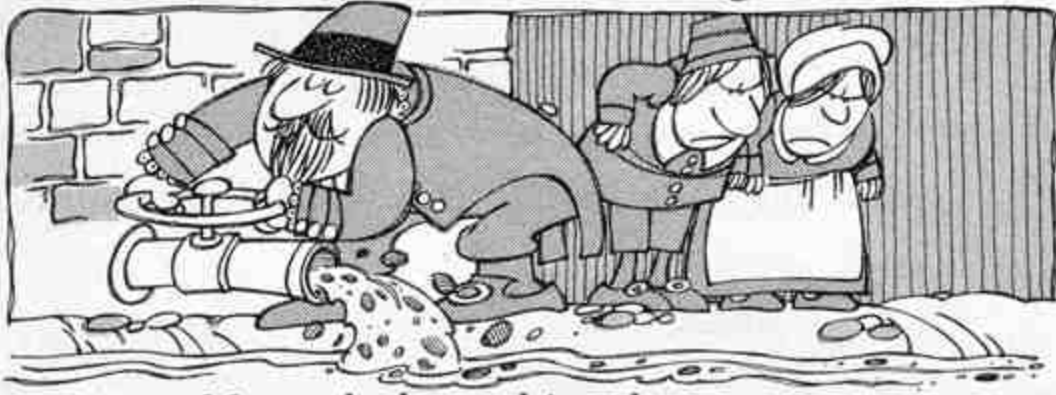


I know a thrifty woman
Who every Monday goes
Down to the local river
To wash her dirty clothes.

She never buys detergents
To clean her filthy duds
Because she knows the river
Is filled with gobs of suds.

She really must be thrifty
In order to ignore
The fact the suds she's using
Were used by folks before.

Murray Had A Smelting Plant



Murray had a smelting plant,
Which made the people frown;
For every time he poured out wastes
He turned the river brown.



The people came to Murray's plant
To show their opposition;
But Murray laughed right in their face
And tore up their petition.



The people took the case to court
And Murray heard the judge
Declare the plant must never more
Pour out its icky sludge.



The judge invoked an ancient law
From eighteen fifty-nine,
Which meant that Murray had to pay
A fifteen-dollar fine.



Should Murray not obey the law,
It's good to know that when
He's hauled back in he'll have to pay
That fifteen bucks again.

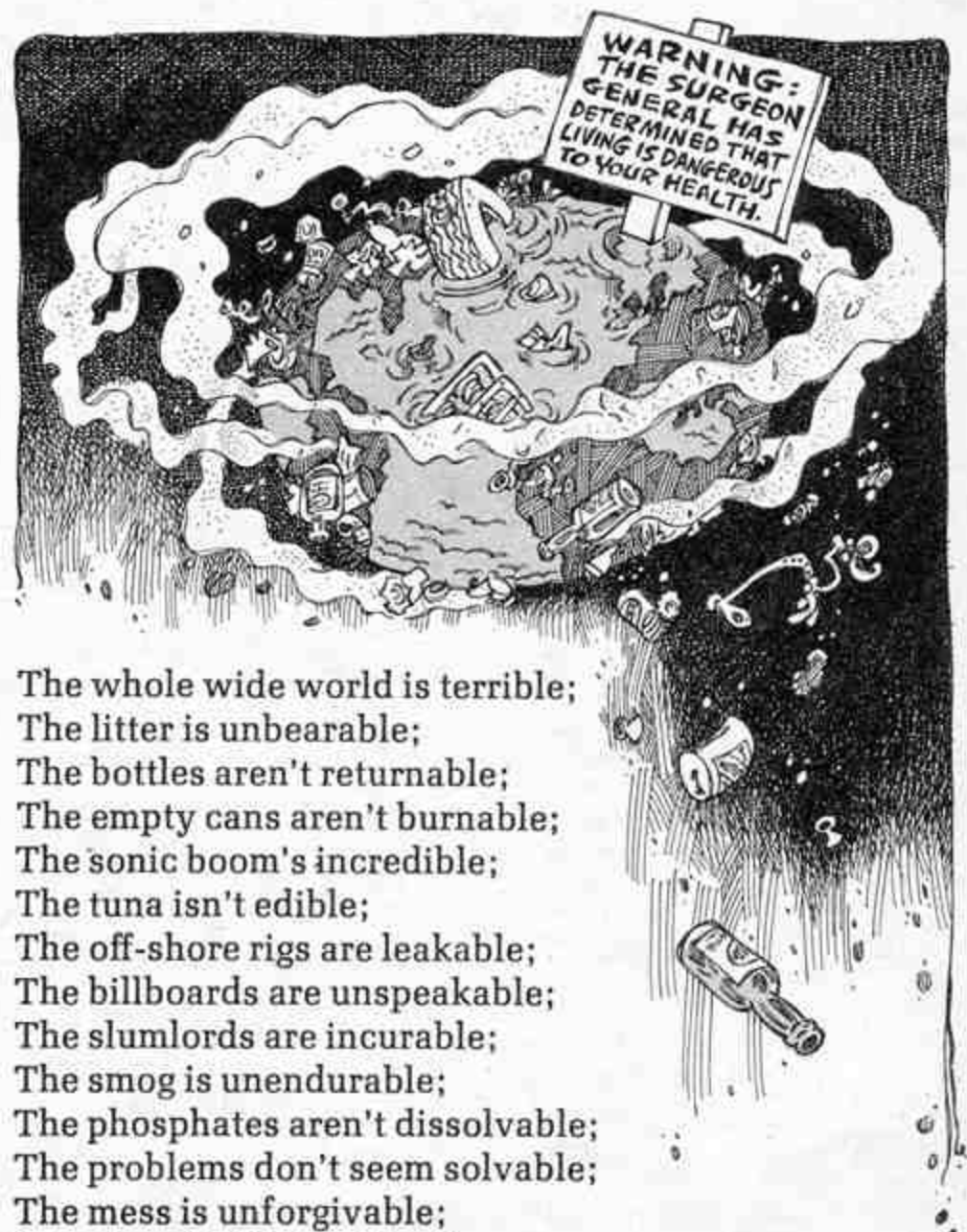
Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty smoked a Pall Mall;
All of the doctors told Humpty that he
Must quit or he'd never live past 33.

Humpty Dumpty said, "I shall quit";
Humpty Dumpty smoked not a bit;
Humpty from smog is beginning to choke;
What the hell, Humpty! You might as well smoke!

The Whole Wide World Is Terrible



The whole wide world is terrible;
The litter is unbearable;
The bottles aren't returnable;
The empty cans aren't burnable;
The sonic boom's incredible;
The tuna isn't edible;
The off-shore rigs are leakable;
The billboards are unspeakable;
The slumlords are incurable;
The smog is unendurable;
The phosphates aren't dissolvable;
The problems don't seem solvable;
The mess is unforgivable;
Let's face it—life's unlivable.

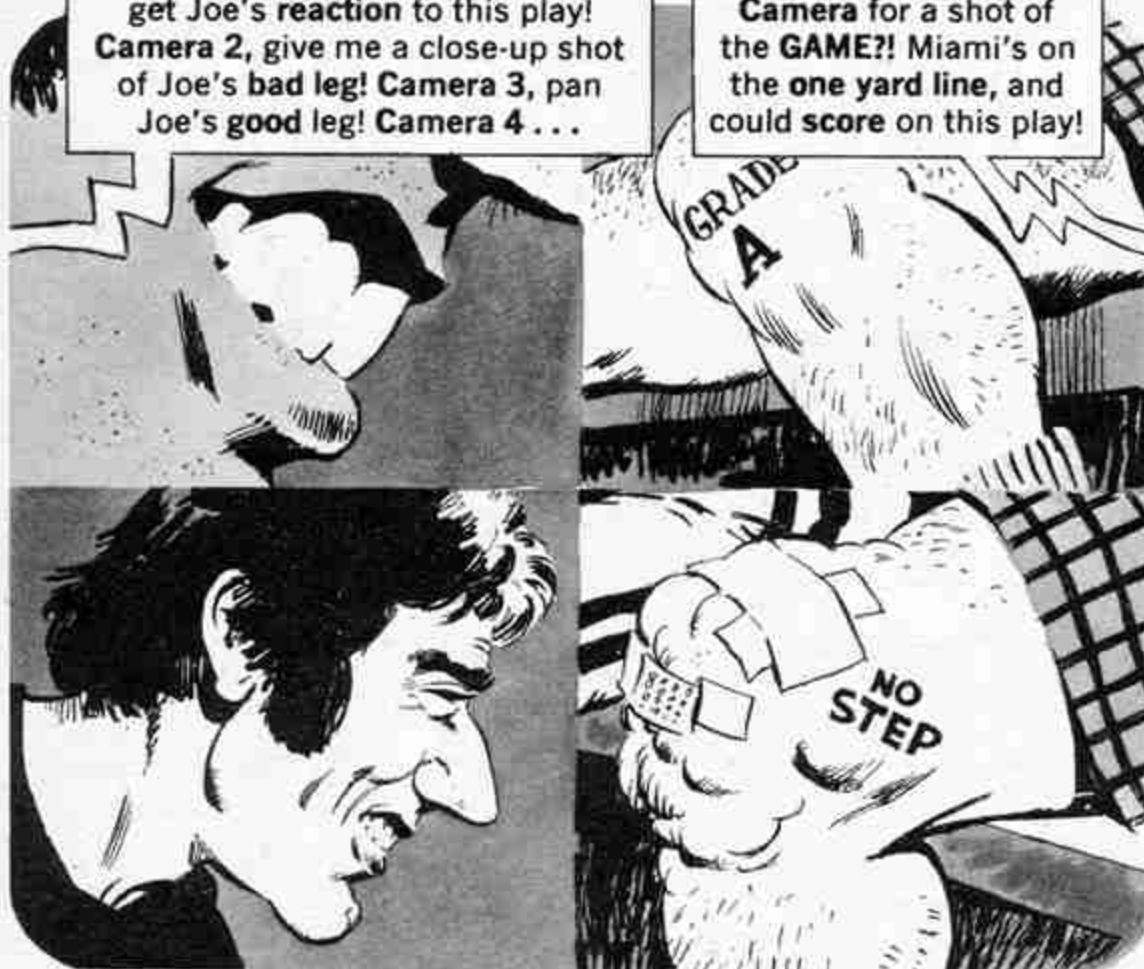


When Watching You Can Be

... more shots of Joe Namath sitting on the bench during a Jet telecast than of the Quarterback who's playing!

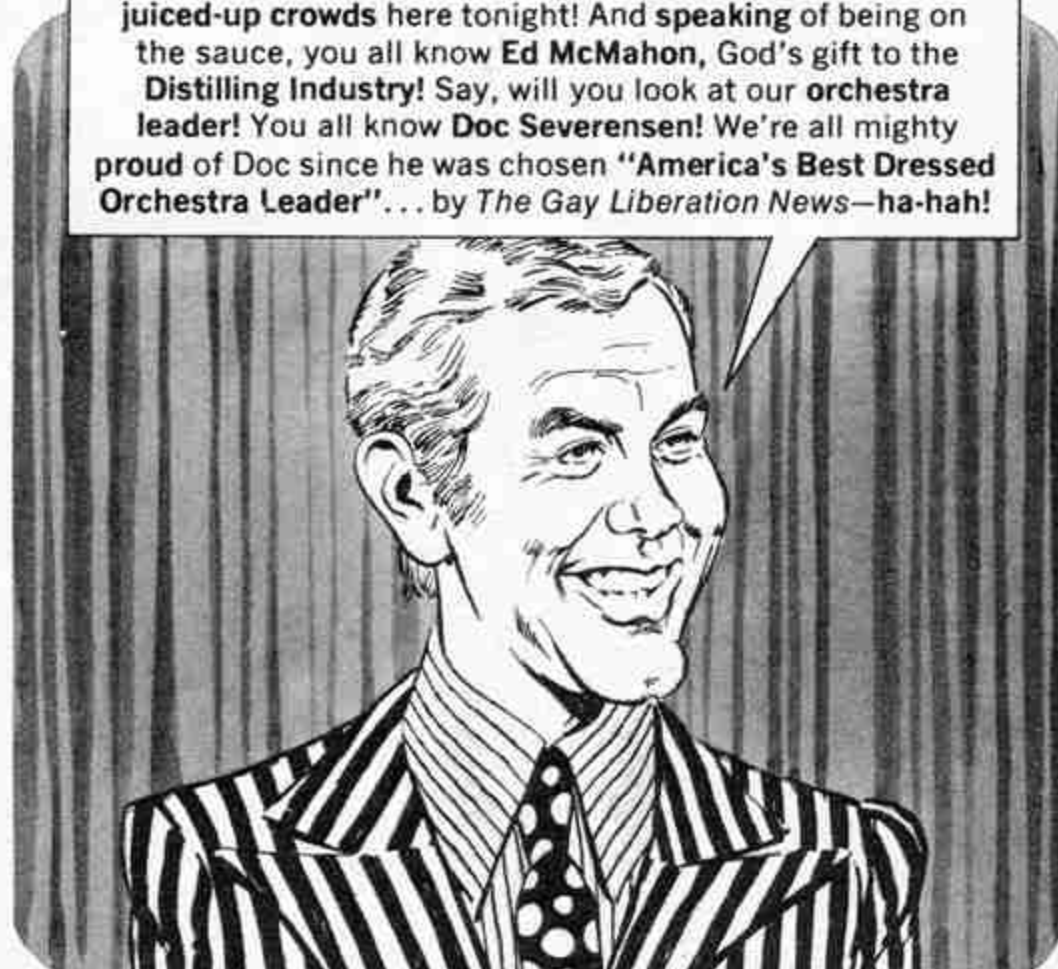
Camera 1, zoom in closer! I want to get Joe's reaction to this play! Camera 2, give me a close-up shot of Joe's bad leg! Camera 3, pan Joe's good leg! Camera 4...

Uh... could we have a Camera for a shot of the GAME?! Miami's on the one yard line, and could score on this play!



... Johnny Carson making references to booze, his audience and his orchestra leader (not necessarily in that order)!

Whooooeee... sounds like we've got another one of those juiced-up crowds here tonight! And speaking of being on the sauce, you all know Ed McMahon, God's gift to the Distilling Industry! Say, will you look at our orchestra leader! You all know Doc Severinsen! We're all mighty proud of Doc since he was chosen "America's Best Dressed Orchestra Leader"... by *The Gay Liberation News*—ha-hah!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

... a discarded toy in an "All-State" commercial!

YIIIII!

Daddy, he bwoke my wacing caw!

Don't worry about your toys, Son! They're all covered by my All-State Homeowner's Policy!



... a tiresome reference to Bing Crosby on every Bob Hope show!

Bing was supposed to come with me on this trip, but he had to stay home and do an orange juice commercial!

Y'know, Bing has his own farm where he grows oranges!

It's called Florida!



Television, Sure of Seeing...



... a Holiday show that protests the commercialism of Christmas being interrupted every few minutes with a commercial message!

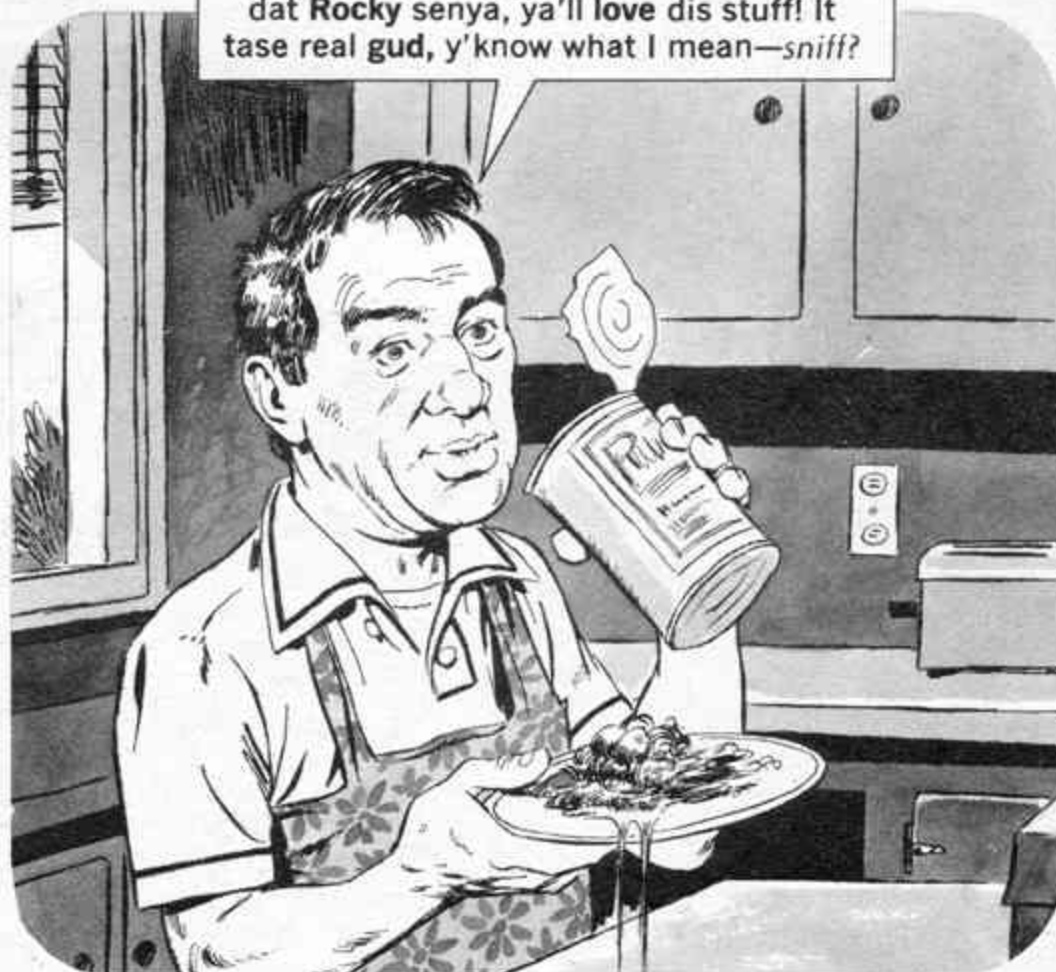
We'll be right back to "The Snow Bunny's Old-Fashioned Christmas" ... but first, I want you to meet Schlocko, the giant mechanical robot ... the sensational toy that will make THIS Christmas re-e-e-ally merry ...



WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

... Rocky Graziano selling something ... but you're never quite sure of what it is!

... so if yuhz'll go t'da store an' say dat Rocky senya, ya'll love dis stuff! It tase real gud, y'know what I mean—sniff?



... an "Anti-Drug Plug" by a famous athlete that has so much violence, it makes drugs seem mild by comparison!

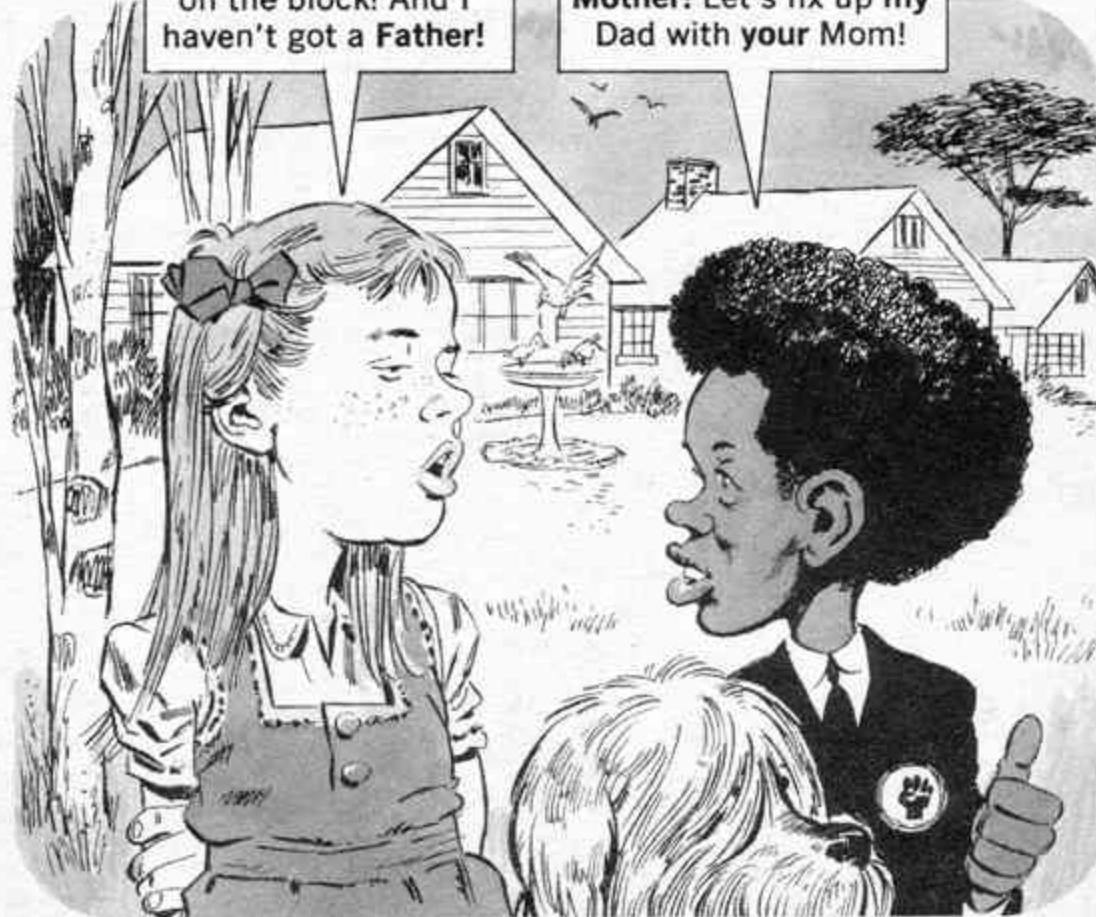
Hi ... oof! ... I'm Murray Mulch of the ... unng! ... Miami Dolphins! I don't need ... uhhh! ... drugs to turn on! I ... grunt ... turn on my own way ... grunt!



... a new TV Series about a single parent whose kids are trying to find him (or her) a mate!

Hi! I just moved in on the block! And I haven't got a Father!

Great! I haven't got a Mother! Let's fix up my Dad with your Mom!



... a Hollywood Gossip Columnist destroying someone's career by denying a vicious rumor that nobody would've ever heard of if she hadn't brought it up!

... and there isn't a grain of truth to the vicious rumor that movie and TV star, Rock Heman, and singer Jim Nelly were secretly married! Rock and Jim are just good buddies! I repeat, they were not married! They're not even going steady! This is Rona Boring ... saying, "Good Night from Hollywood!" ...



... a Network News team breaking up over some inside joke!

... and twenty-five people are believed ... giggle ... dead! Giggle ... giggle ...

The reason for all the laughter, folks is ... Jim got stuck with the dinner check ... yak ... yak!



... a chase scene in every Detective Show, regardless of the hero's physical handicap!



... Dean Martin and friend making leering references to booze!

Dino, I just love being on your show! Mmmmmmm—boy, you serve good coffee! Har-dee-har-har-har!

Coffee?? On THIS show?! Why, we never serve anything stronger than Lemonade!!



... a Politician widening the credibility gap!

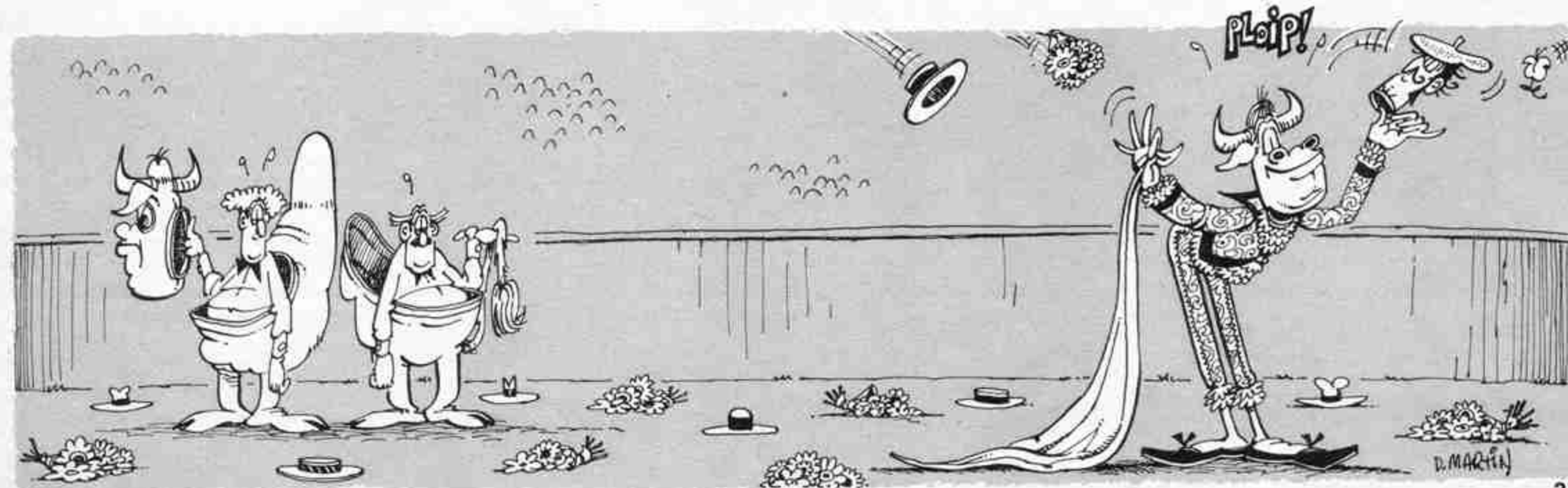
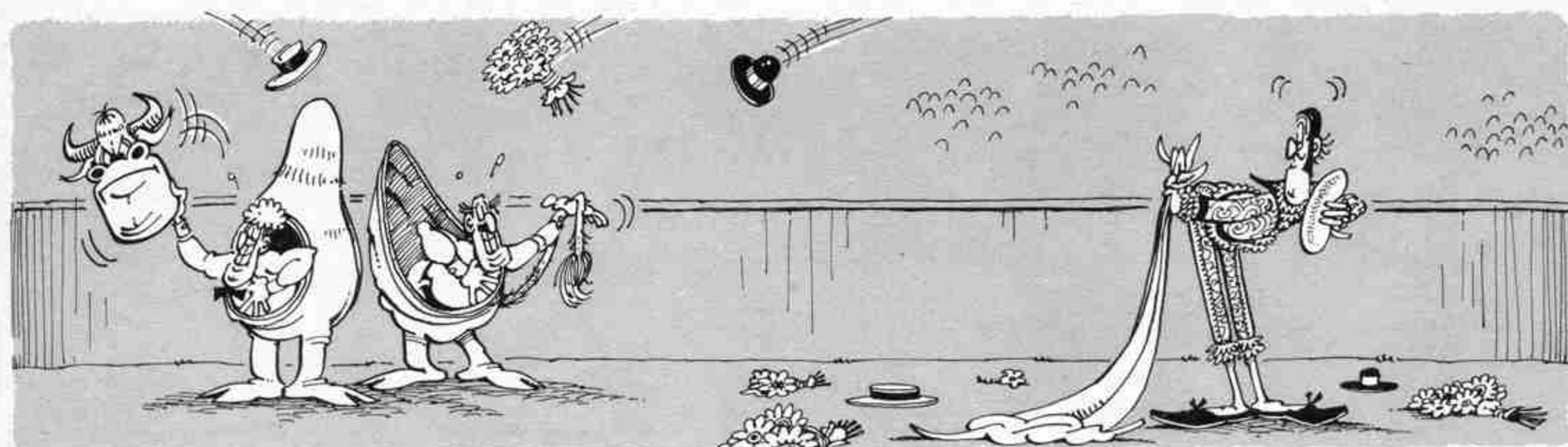
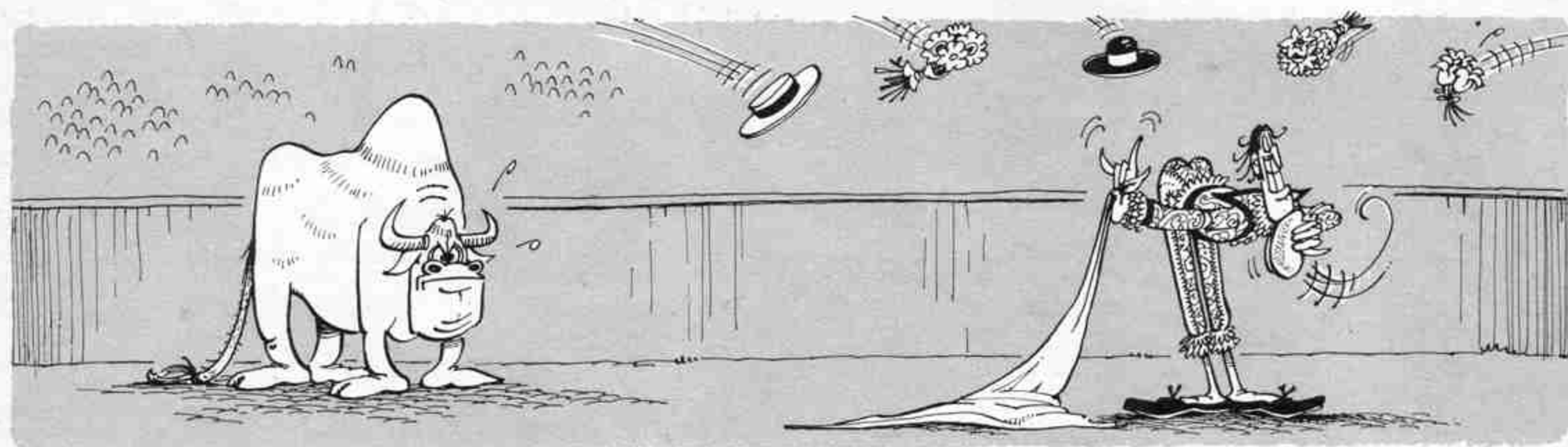
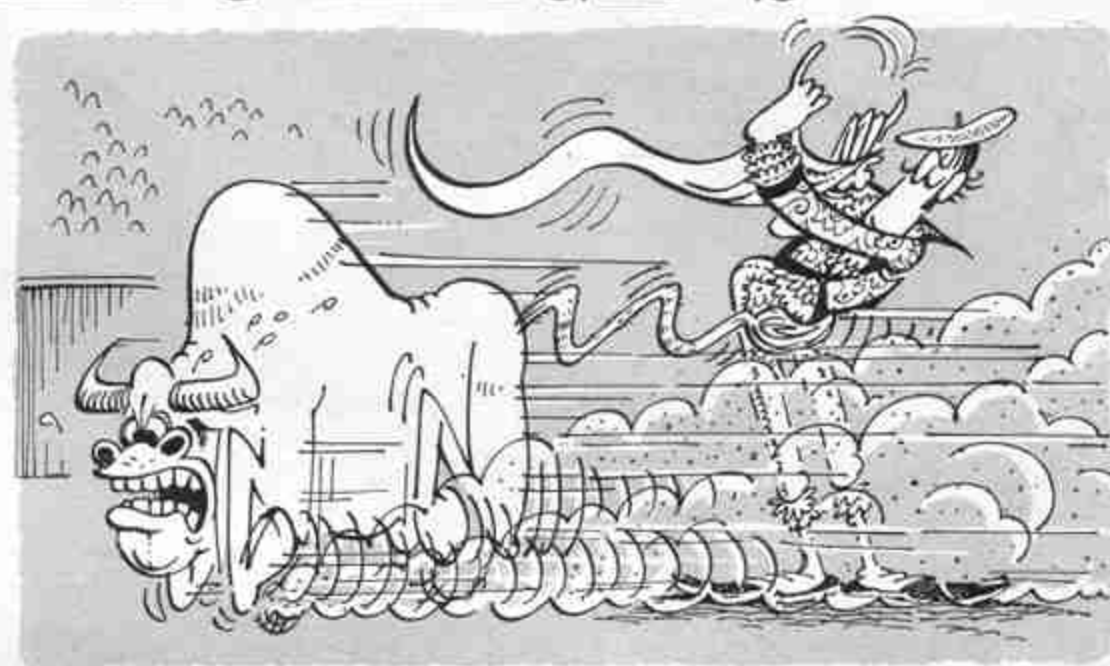
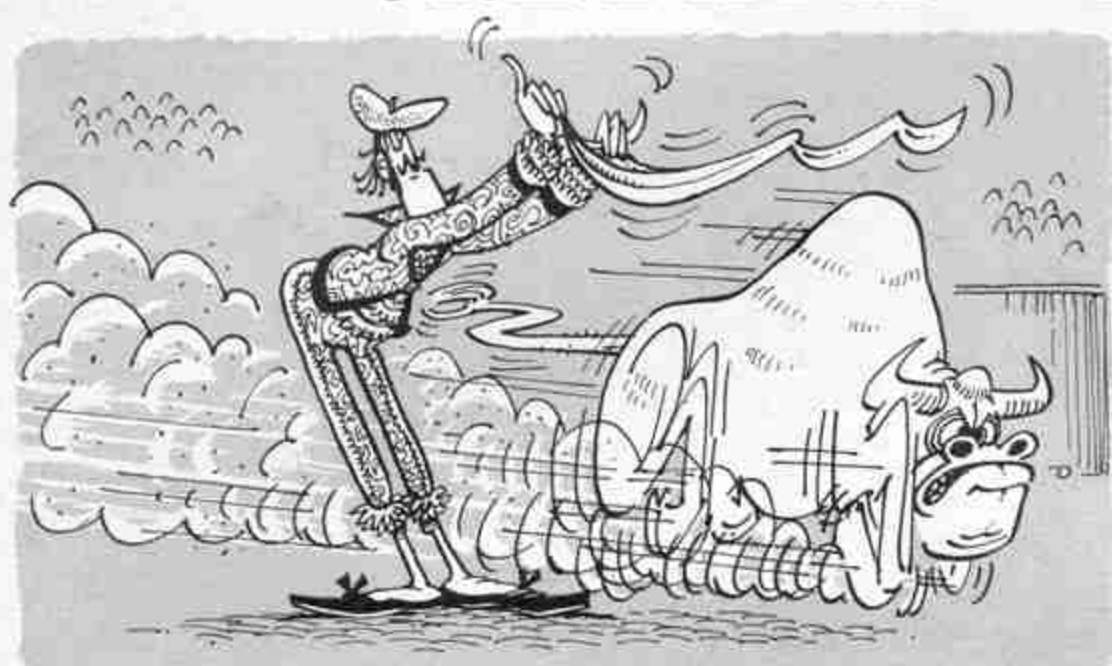
... and last month, prices rose only 2% ... the lowest rate of increase in over a year!

So the battle against inflation is being won!



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

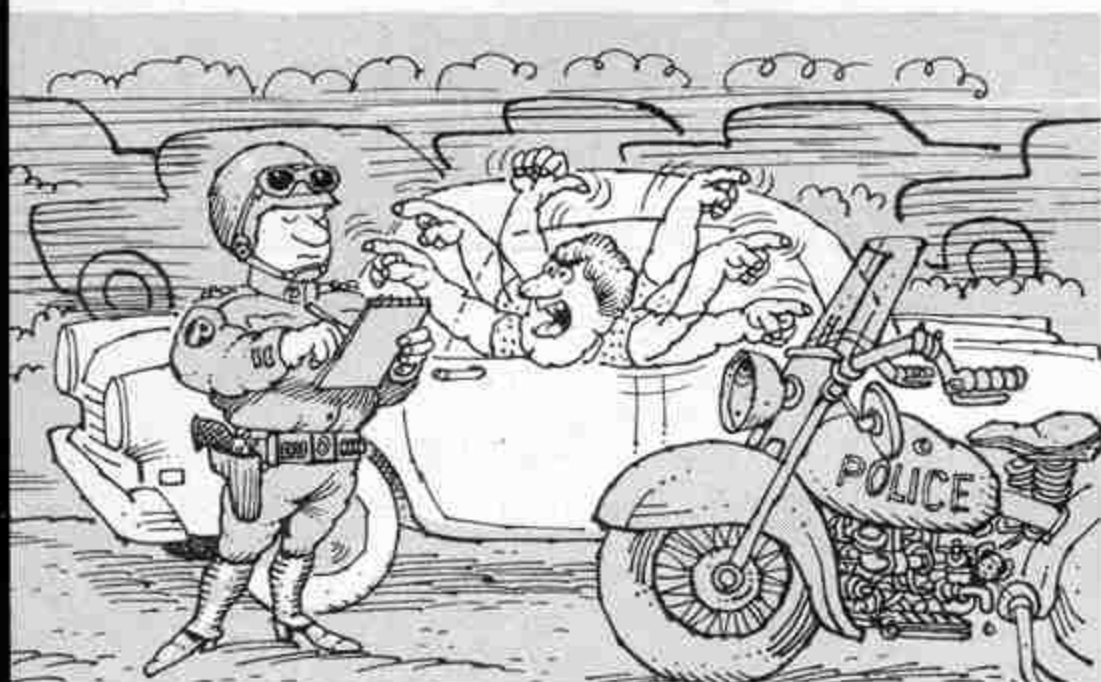
ONE DAY AT THE BULLFIGHTS



CAR SICK DEPT.

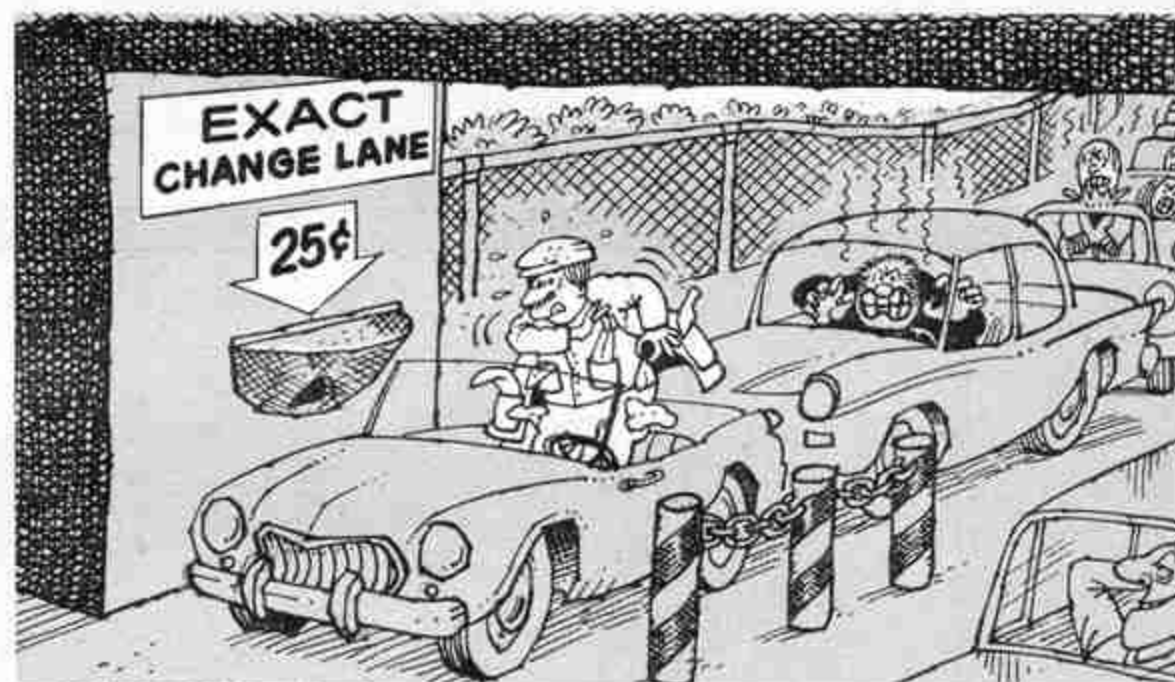
Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD "Hate Book," those little literary gems calculated to help you feel better by

THE MAD CAR-OWN



DON'T YOU HATE...

... being the only one caught speeding when you were just going as fast as everyone else.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... getting into the "Exact Change Only" lane, and ending up behind a guy who finds he hasn't got the exact change.



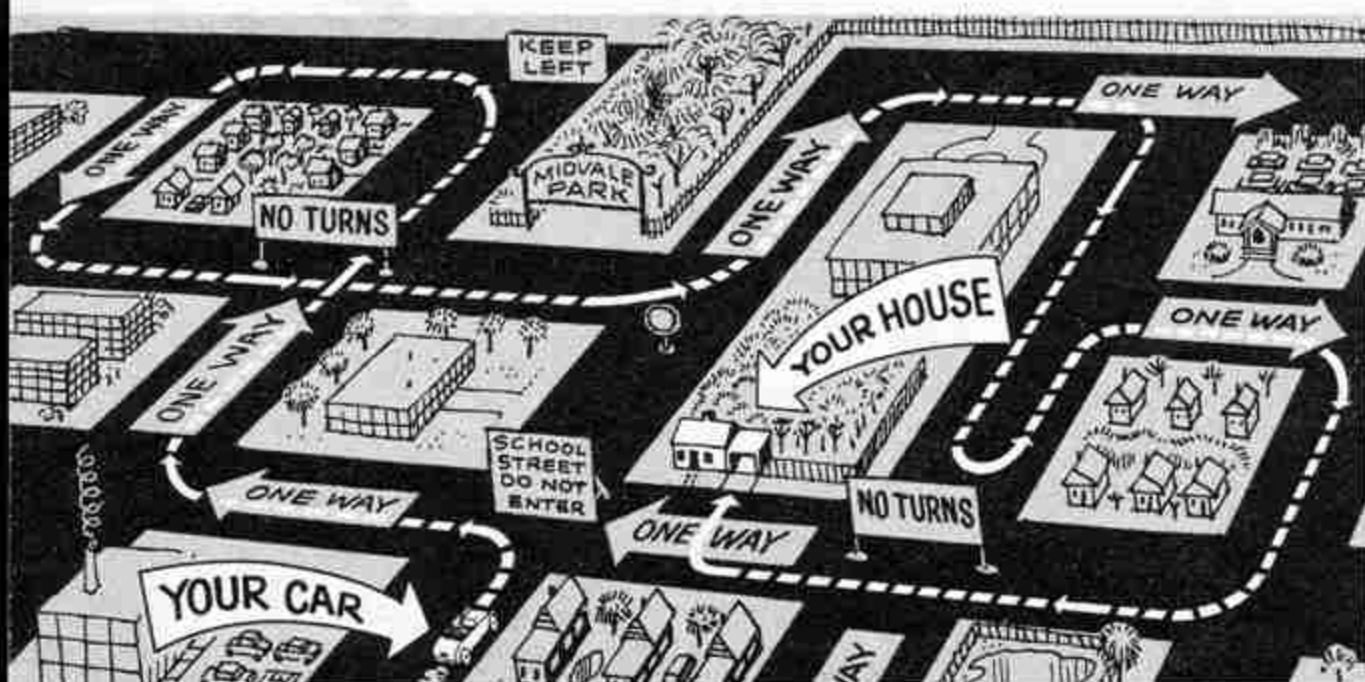
DON'T YOU HATE...

... when something happens the day after you let your comprehensive insurance expire.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... the nauseating smell of gasoline that wafts forward to tell you that they've over-filled your tank again.



DON'T YOU HATE...

22 ... "One Way" and "No Turn" signs that take you miles out of your way.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... bumpers that are higher than yours.

blowing off steam about your pet hates. This one is for the relief of all you car-owners out there, and is called . . .



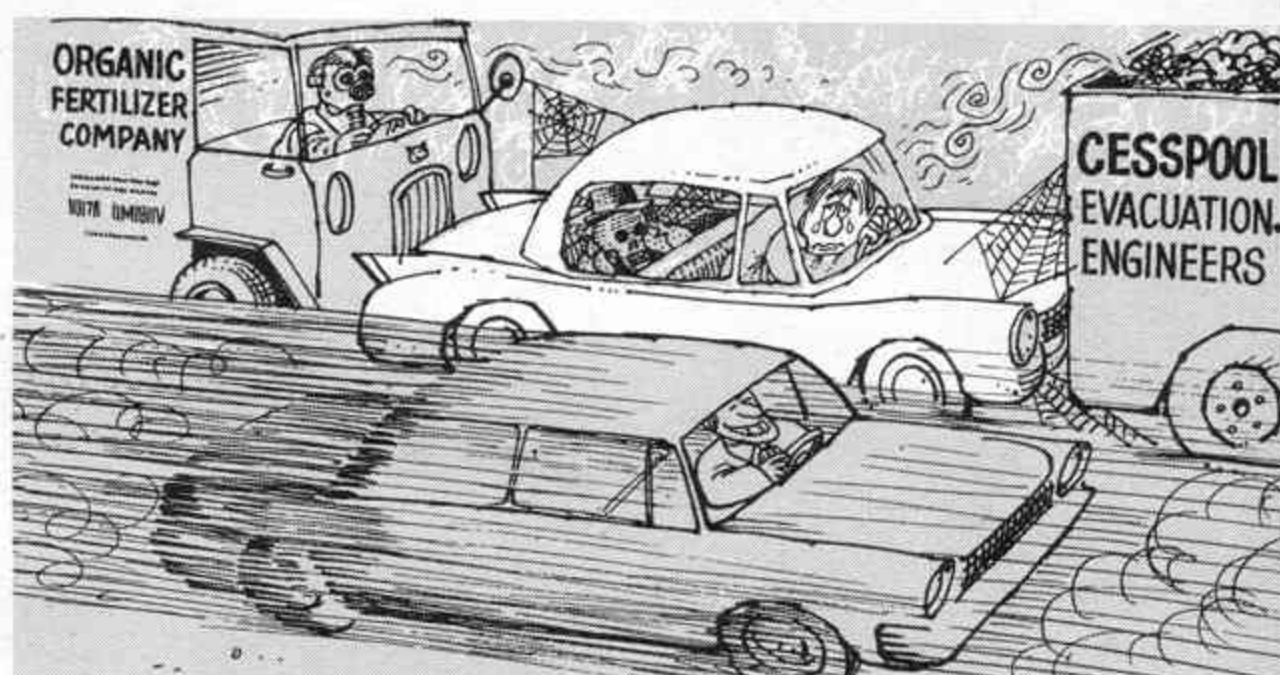
ERS HATE BOOK

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE



DON'T YOU HATE...

... repair shops that always have to order the part you desperately need.



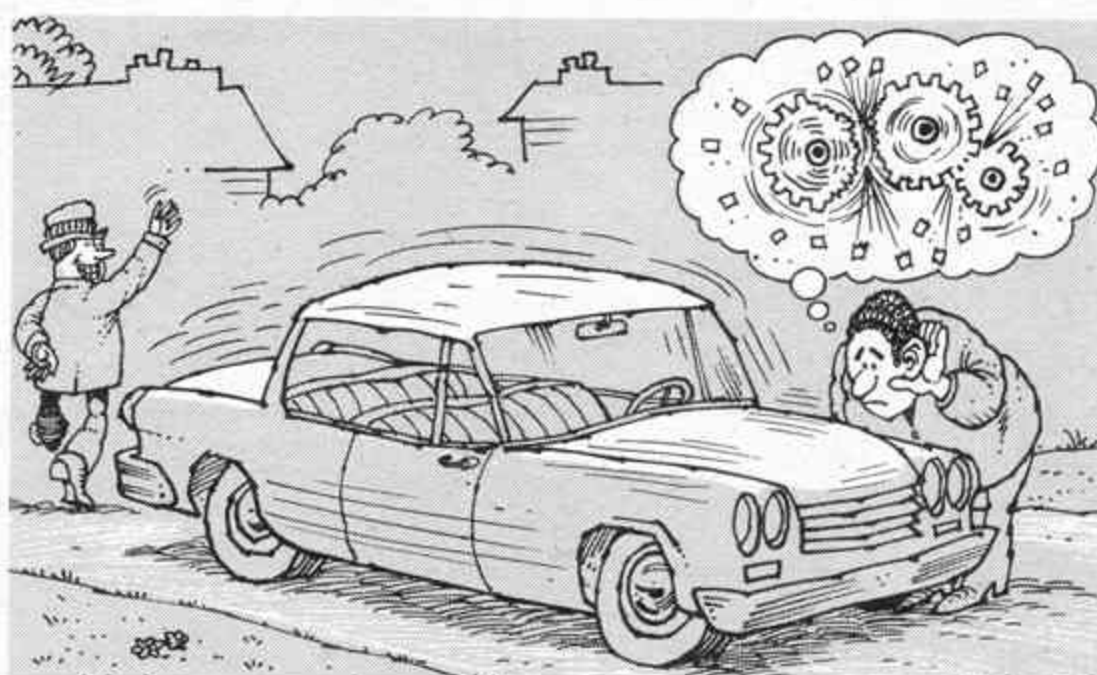
DON'T YOU HATE...

... finally getting into that moving lane only to find that it abruptly stops ... and your old one moves from then on.



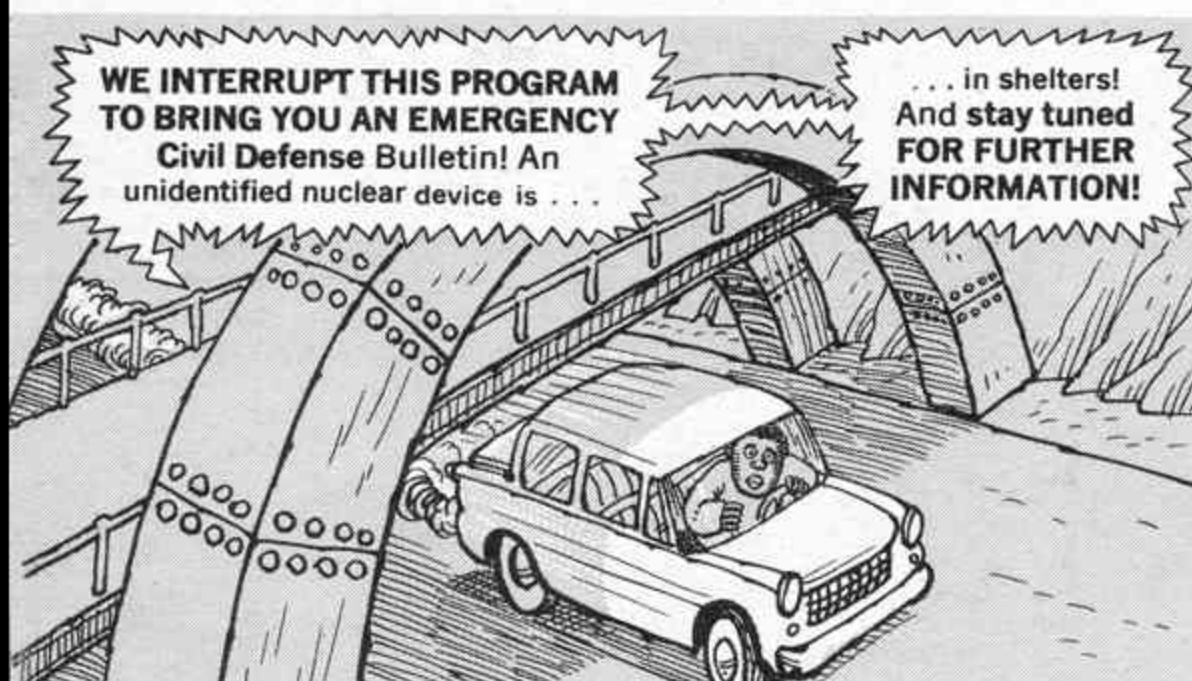
DON'T YOU HATE...

... a convertible top that invariably fails to operate whenever there's a sudden cloudburst.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... lending your car to someone ... and after it's returned, the engine makes a strange sound you've never heard before.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... car radios that fade out at critical moments.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... finding a vacant space where you parked your car.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... strange noises that always disappear the minute you take your new car back to the dealer ... and re-appear again right after you leave!



DON'T YOU HATE...

... having to go to the bathroom on one of those new treeless, bushless, exitless super-highways.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... hearing the unmistakable sound of a failing engine when you're right smack in the middle of the worst section of town.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... people who carelessly track whatever they stepped into right into your brand new car.



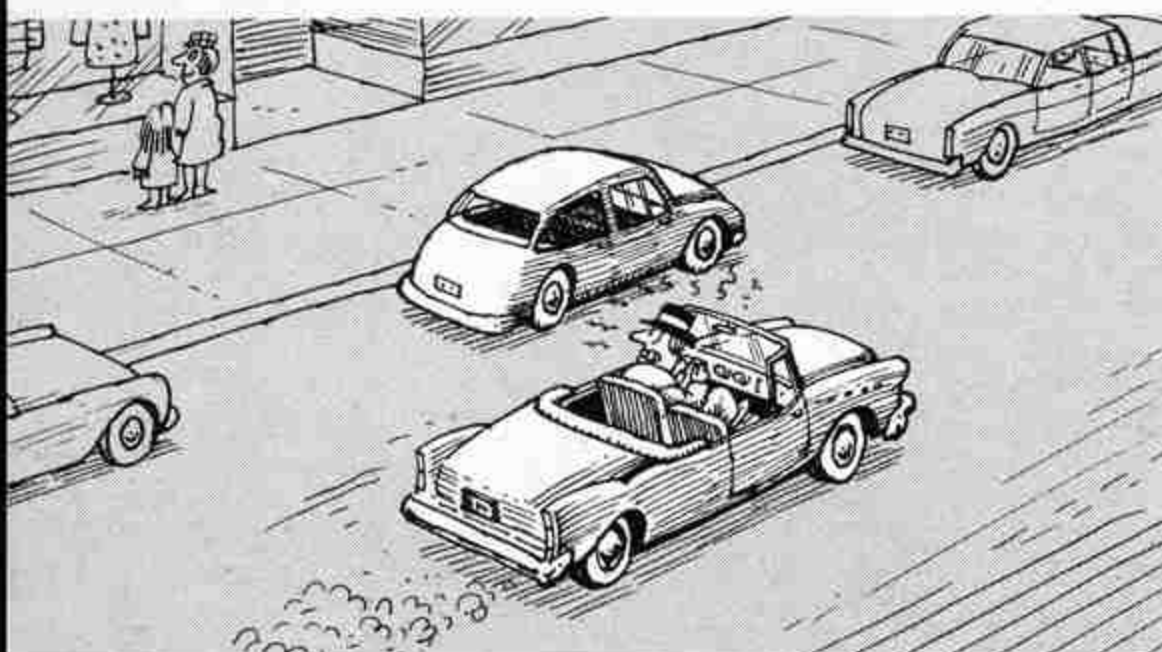
DON'T YOU HATE...

... know-it-all mechanics who insist that it's perfectly okay to do exactly the opposite—or use other parts—than what the manufacturer of your car specifically recommends.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... people who let kids eat in your new car.



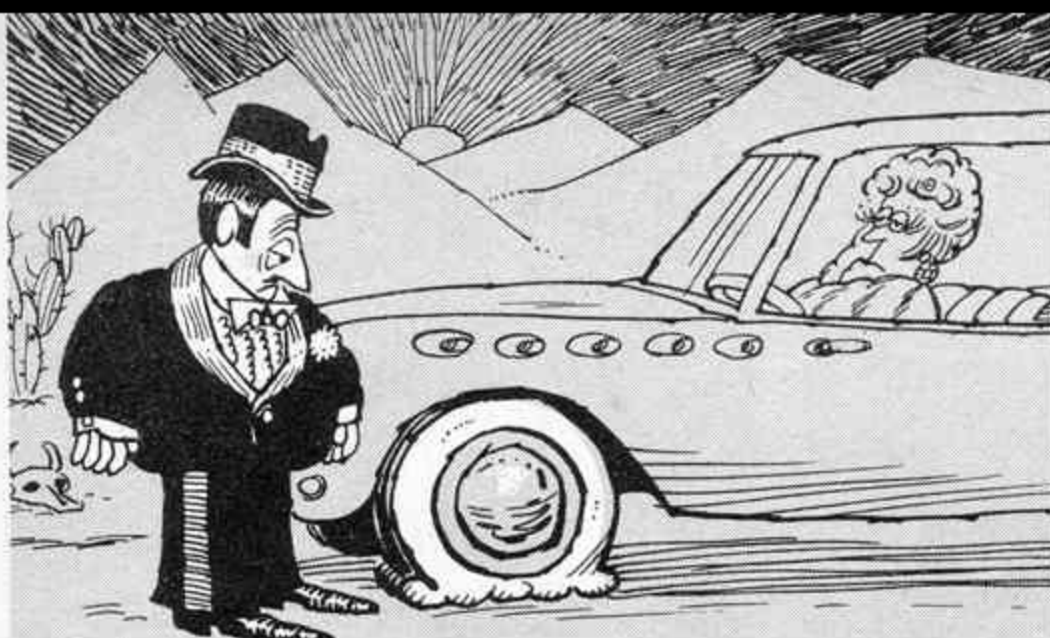
DON'T YOU HATE...

... two cars that take up three parking spaces.



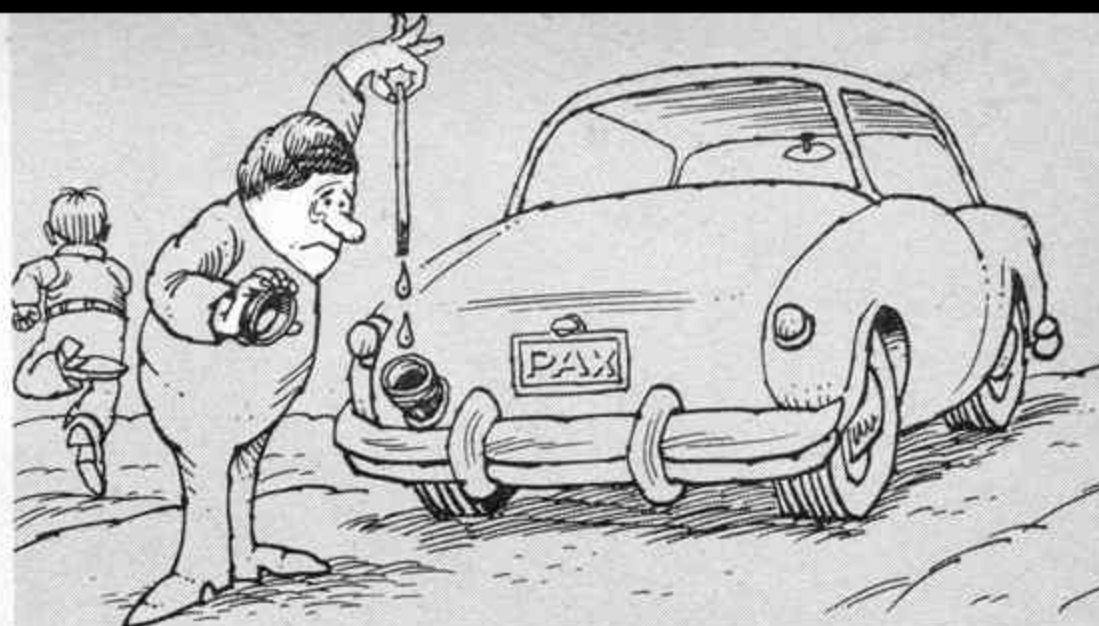
DON'T YOU HATE...

... glimpsing your car keys in the ignition just as you're slamming the locked car door.



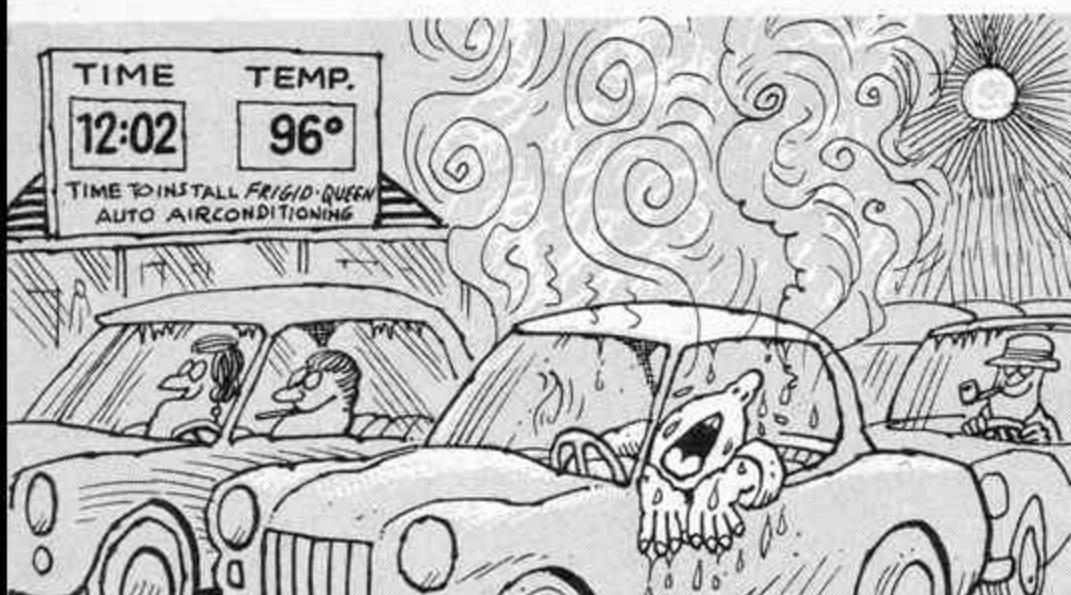
DON'T YOU HATE...

... getting a flat tire in the middle of nowhere when you're dressed to the hilt.



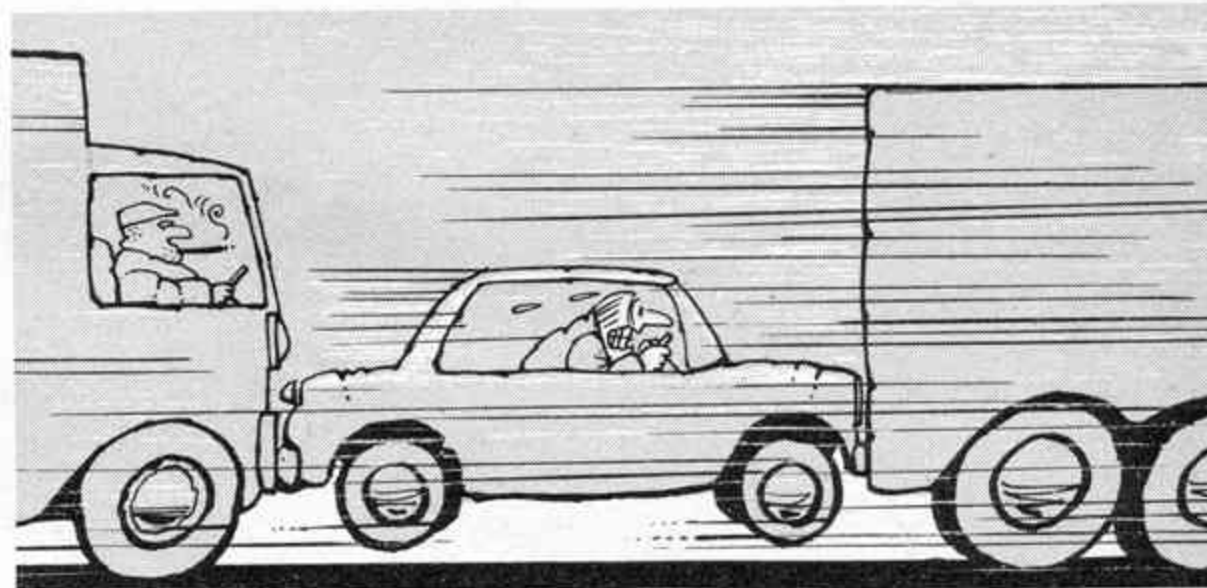
DON'T YOU HATE...

... lending someone your car with a full tank of gas—and having it returned with exactly two drops left.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... your new car's air conditioner that conks out during the first heat wave... reminding you of how the heater conked out during the first cold wave.



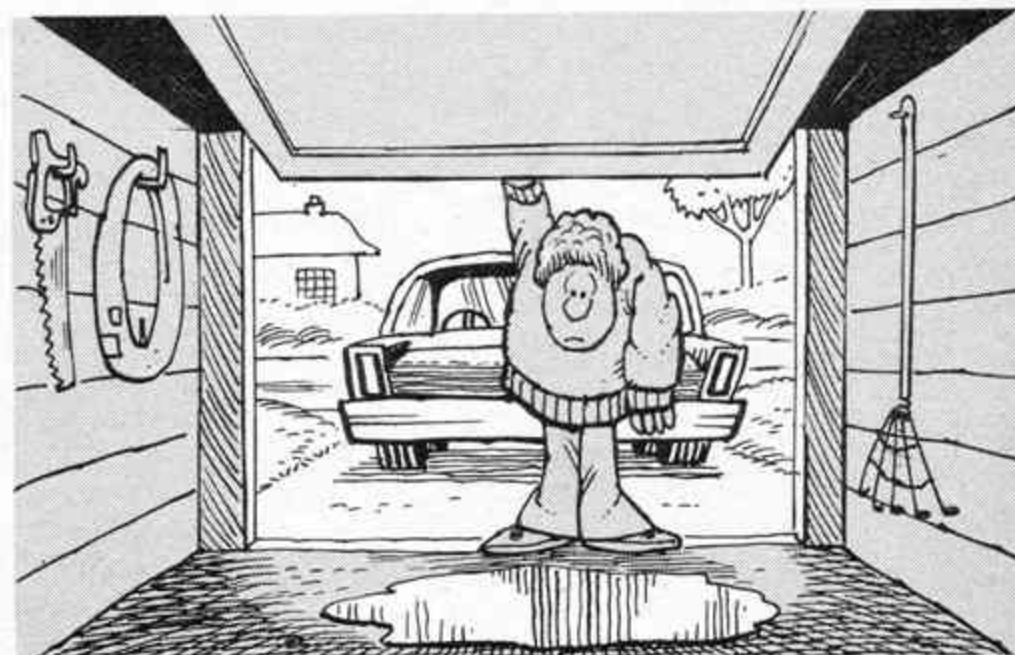
DON'T YOU HATE...

... being trapped between two huge trucks... and having to go miles beyond your turn-off.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... forgetting where you parked your car in a 10,000 car parking lot.



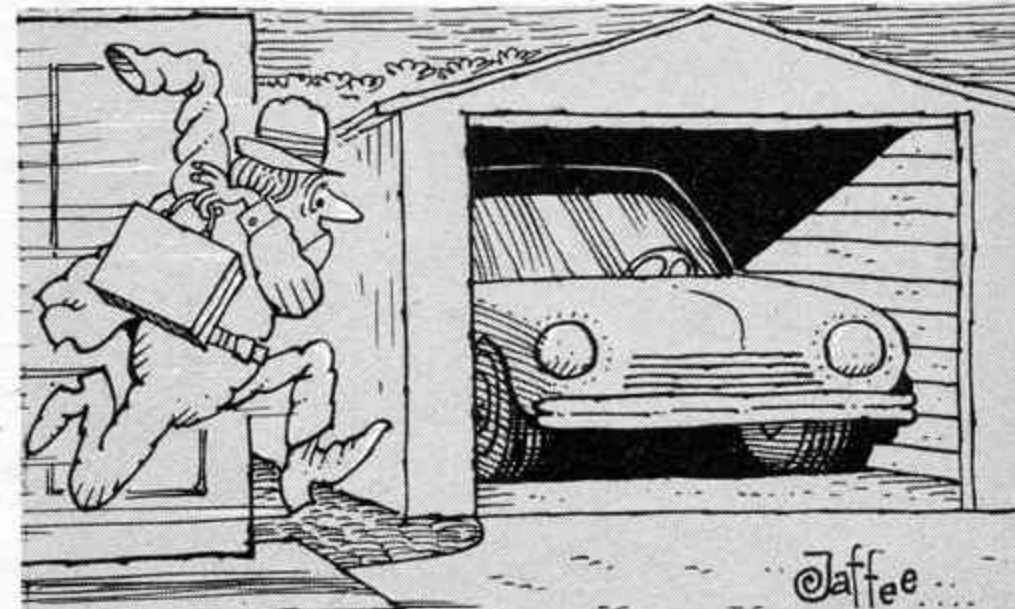
DON'T YOU HATE...

... finding a strange new puddle in your garage.



DON'T YOU HATE...

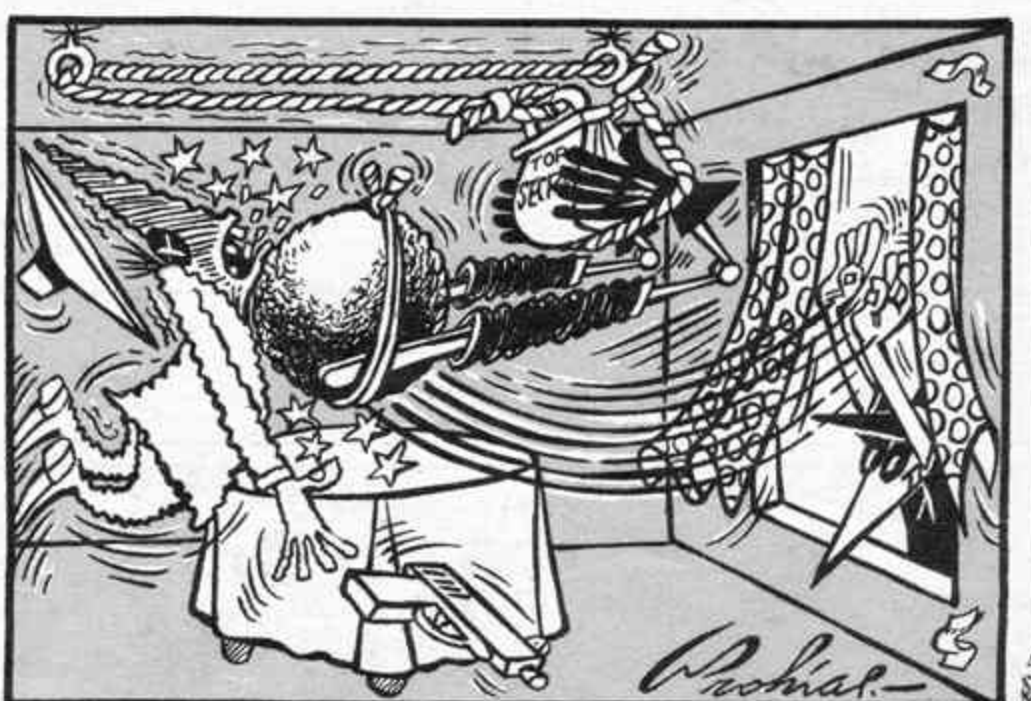
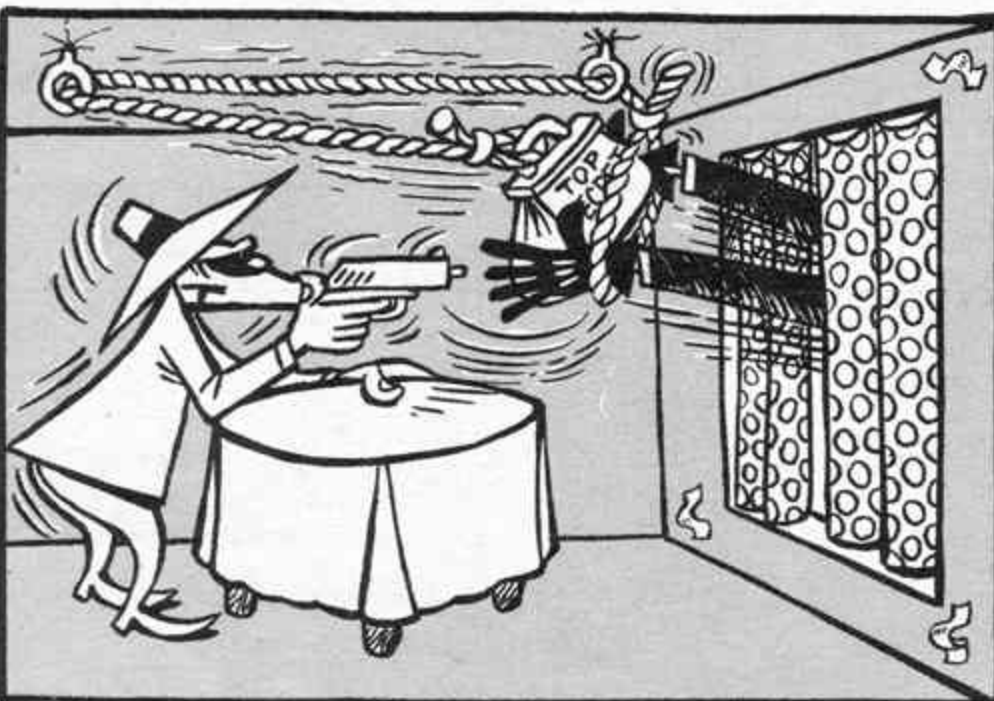
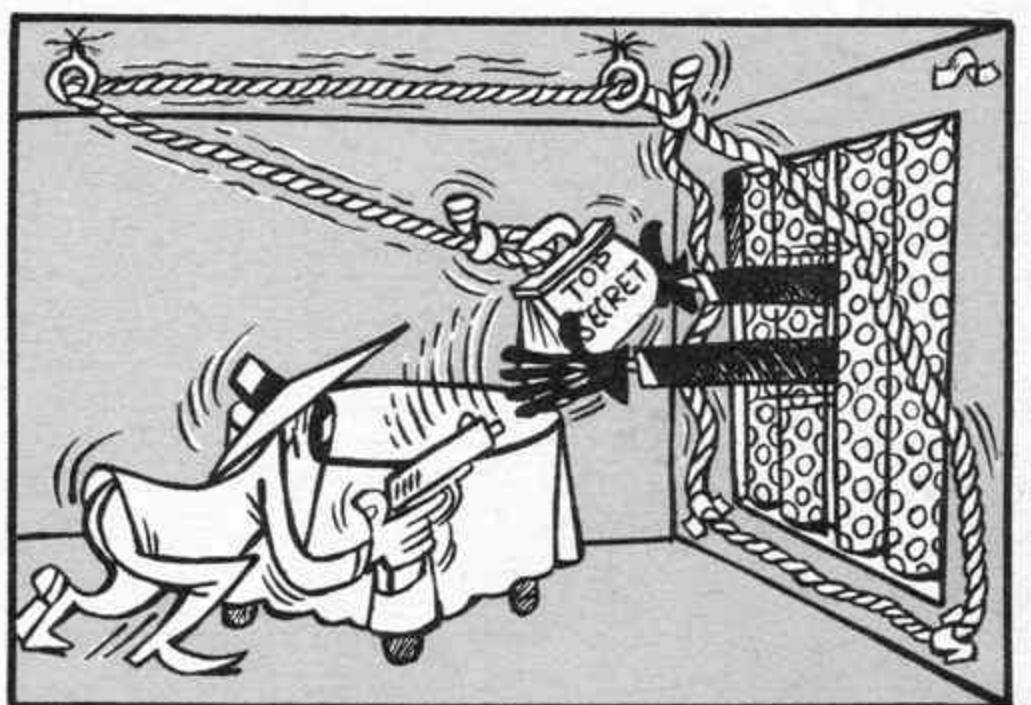
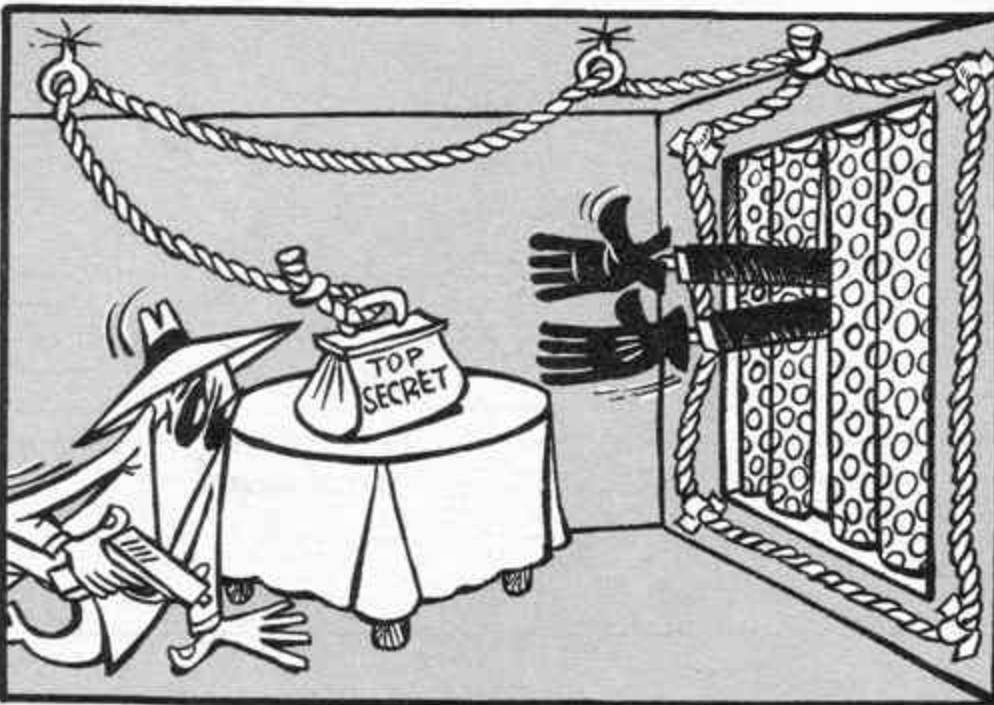
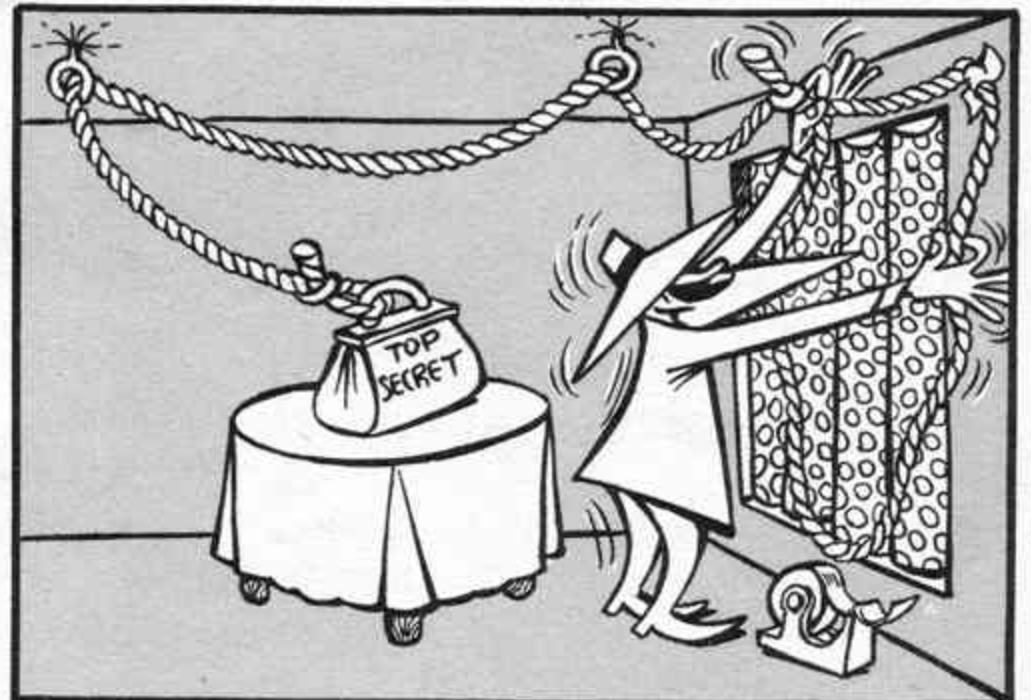
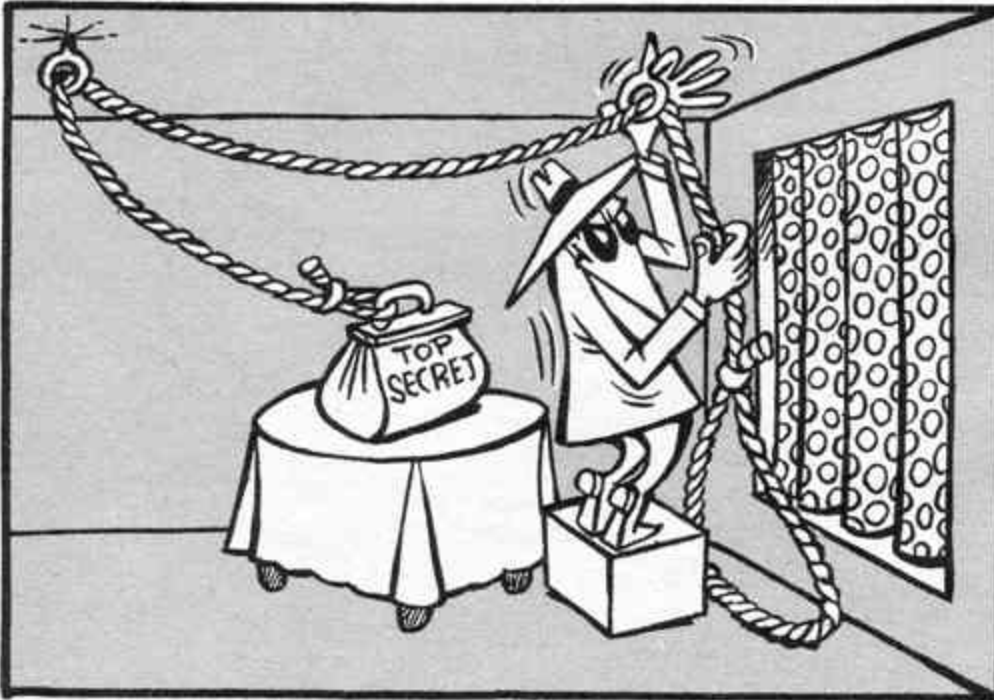
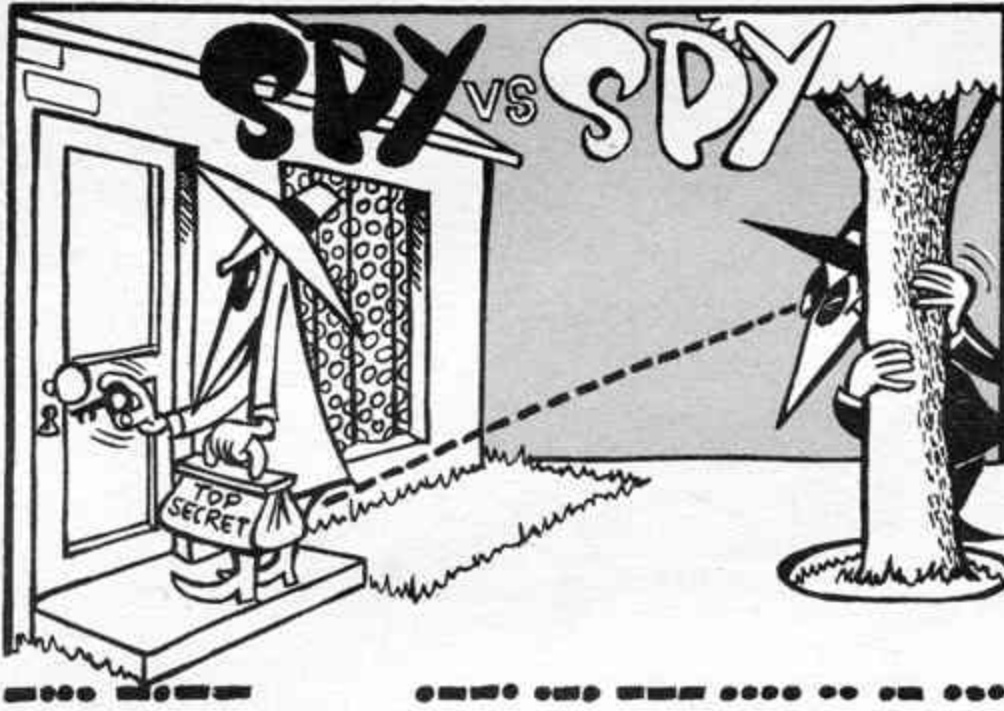
... gas station attendants who act like they're doing you the biggest favor in the world when they finally get to you.



DON'T YOU HATE...

... returning to your car the next morning just as the last faint glimmer of light fades from your headlights. 25

Jaffee





KNOWING YOUR LEFT FROM YOUR RIGHT DEPT.

Is your cousin a Conservative? Is your Uncle a Liberal? Is your Exterminator a Leftist? Is your Boss a Reactionary? It's really easy to determine because each political type has certain unique characteristics and behaviorisms. So next time you want to know whether your future Wife is a New Left Extremist or your future Husband is a Right Wing Militarist, just study them and consult...



THE MAD GUIDE TO POLITICAL TYPES



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

LIBERALS...

Feed their pets organic foods.	Watch Dick Cavett.	Try to see the other guy's point of view while being mugged.	Bicycle.
Say, "Peace!"	Take up yoga.	Support non-profit TV.	Have tried pot.
Secretly wish William F. Buckley was a Liberal.	Secretly wish David Susskind wasn't.	Walk around nude in front of the children.	Know the name of their Congressman.
Sign petitions.	Are cremated.	Get psychoanalyzed.	Distrust Nixon.
Subscribe to "Consumer Reports"	Grind their own coffee.	Make it a habit to call Negroes "Blacks."	Hate being called "Leftists."



LEFTISTS...

Phone all-night radio talk shows in order to argue with the Emcee.	Drive VW mini-busses.	Organize amateur film festivals.	Scratch.
Save newspaper articles.	Eat thick soups.	Take in stray cats.	Work in second-hand bookshops.
Enjoy Folk Dancing.	Wear caps and mittens.	Rooted for the Mets until they started winning.	Omit zip codes.
Do not eat breakfast.	Make bookshelves out of old bricks.	Sit in cafeterias alone, reading Underground Newspapers.	Distrust Nixon.
Carry their money in snap-clasp pocket purses.	Have missing shirt buttons.	Do not shave their legs.	Hate being called "New Left Extremists."



CONSERVATIVES...

Wet their finger before turning the page of a book.	Sleep in twin beds.	Take pride in their penmanship.	Waltz.
Own Irish setters.	Are reliable pall-bearers.	Work out at a gym regularly.	Mail in Warrantees.
Are Life Members of the National Geographic Society.	Refer to Mohammed Ali as Cassius Clay.	Drive cars with low license plate numbers.	Over-decorate their homes at Christmas time.
Undertip.	Take pride in their "regularity."	Are on a first-name basis with their bank officer.	Distrust Nixon.
Are disgusted with Jim Bouton.	Read Historical Markers.	Wear vests.	Hate being called "Reactionaries."



REACTIONARIES...

Pay cash.	Are suspicious of FM radio.	Wear suspenders.	Do not mix flavors in ice cream cones.
Erect high fences around their backyards.	Enjoy Philadelphia.	Never heard of John Lennon.	Own canaries.
Are convinced "Sesame Street" is subversive.	Have middle-aged secretaries.	Hate Astro turf.	Cross picket lines.
Take baths.	Do not sleep past 7:00 A.M.	Are pleased with Mt. Rushmore except for Jefferson.	Distrust Nixon.
Carry their money in snap-clasp pocket purses.	Wear jackets and ties to football games.	Like meat well done.	Hate being called "Right-Wing Militants."



RIGHT-WING MILITANTS...



Wear boxer shorts and sleeveless undershirts.	Lift weights.	Hang Insurance Company calendars on their Living Room walls.	Own Dobermans.
Chew on match sticks.	Buy Spiro Agnew watches for the wrong reasons.	Bowl.	Hang around gas stations.
Send their mothers expensive, flowery, sentimental cards on Mother's Day.	Belong to Gun Clubs.	Frame their Army decorations and Discharge Certificates.	Only drink beer.
Smoke Camels.	Know Roller Derby stars by their first names.	Are tattooed.	Distrust Nixon
Don't understand what William F. Buckley says, but agree with him.	Wear religious medals around their necks.	Love parades.	Hate being called "Fascists."



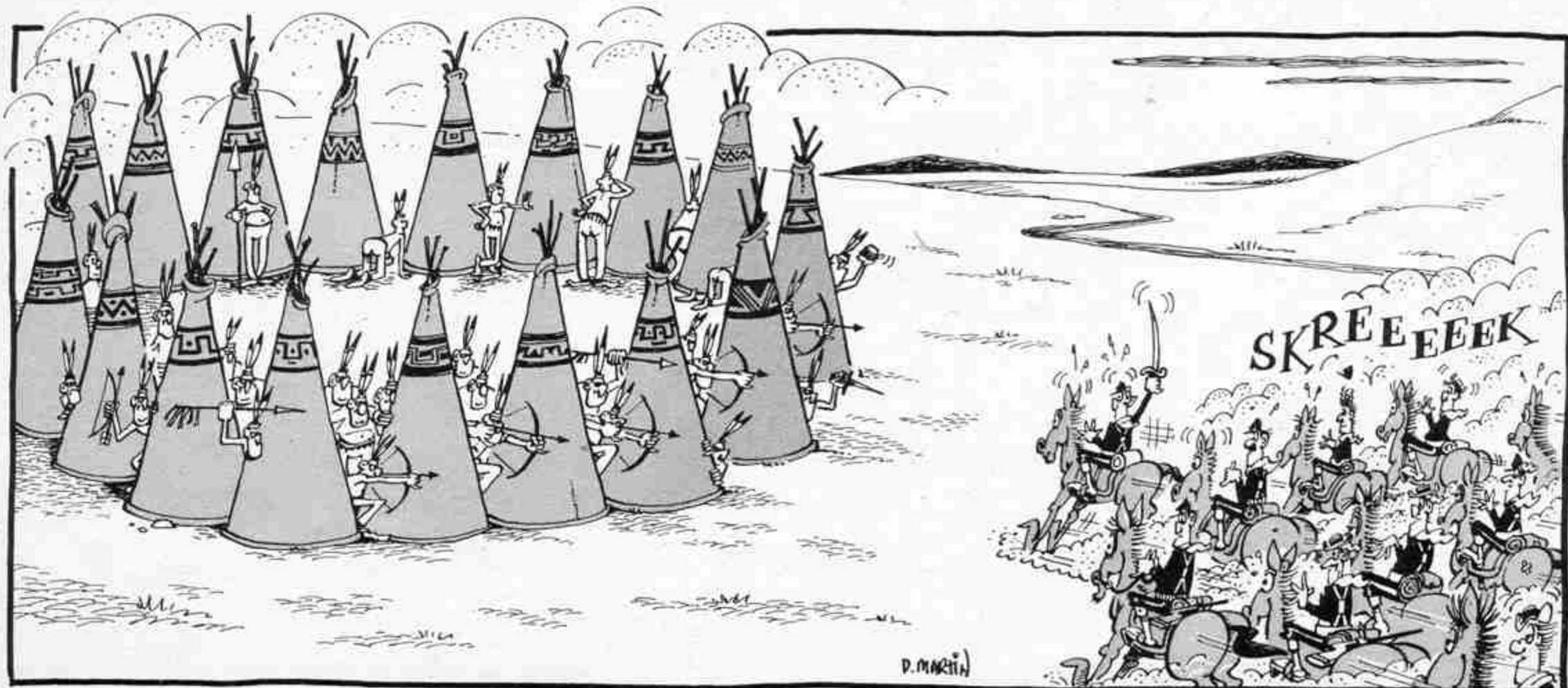
NEW LEFT EXTREMISTS...



Burn incense.	Name their children after American Indian heroes.	Participate in nude weddings.	Slouch.
Grow their own marijuana.	Shoplift.	Eat chick peas.	Watch the 4:00 A.M. movie on TV, stoned.
Bring jars of peanut butter as house-warming gifts.	Refuse to cooperate with Census Takers.	Tie-die their babies' diapers.	Cast their own horoscopes.
Ignore New Year's Eve.	Own no chairs.	Mumble four-letter words in their sleep.	Distrust Nixon.
Teach their children Swahili.	Do not wear socks or underwear.	Move their belongings in wheelbarrows.	Hate being called "Anarchists."



ONE DAY DURING A CAVALRY ATTACK



D. MARTIN

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

Hang

Like, I got this hang-up, see? And, like, it's a little hard to explain!

Like, it's different from the hang-ups other people have! Like, it's not the usual kind of hang-up!

Like, I'm hooked on it, and I just can't shake it! Like, you dig?

No, I **DON'T** dig! What in heck **IS** your hang-up?

I like saying "like",

When I was a teenager, it bugged me that my parents didn't understand me?

So I made a vow that when I had teenage children, I would do my darndest to try to understand them! And that's exactly what happened! Today, I thoroughly understand my teenage children!

That must give you a great deal of satisfaction!

It does! But now, something else bugs me!

My teenage children don't understand **ME!!**

That's a hang-up you've got . . . being hooked on cigarettes!

I know it!

Smoking is very bad for your physical health!

I know it!

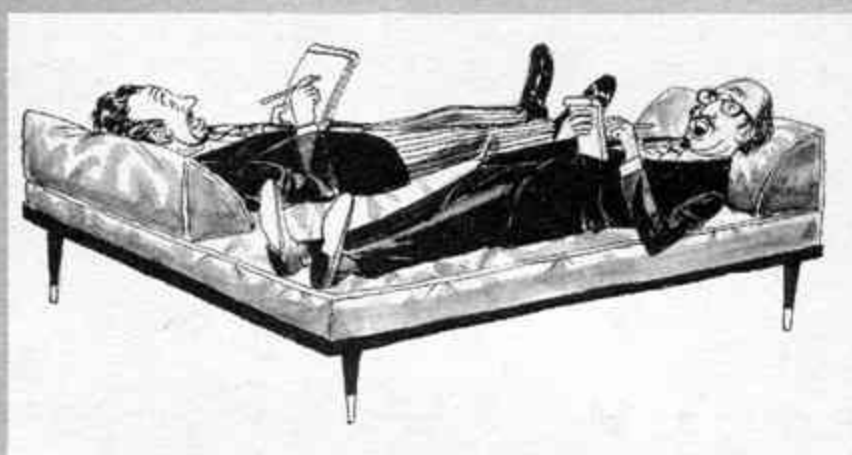
Smoking is also very bad for my **MENTAL** health!

That I didn't know!

Yeah! If I **DON'T** smoke, I go **CRAZY!!**

g-Ups

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



What was **THAT** all about?

He's sensitive, and you hit him in his **weak spot**! The fact that he's **short** makes him **belligerent**! He has to go around proving how **BIG** he is!

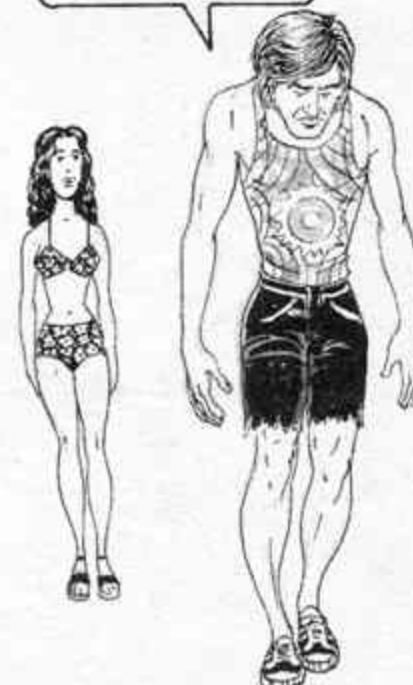


Why didn't you hit him back?

He's not the **only** one who's sensitive! He happened to hit me in **MY** weak spot!



I'm a **COWARD**!



I've got this hang-up . . . and it's **very** frustrating!



I want to do my **very** own individual thing!

But I **can't**!



Why can't you??



I can't find anybody to do it **WITH** me!



I love you, Milton! All of me loves you! My every cell, my every gland, my every thought process loves you!



Take me, Milton! Take my **body**! Take my **soul**! Take all of me! She who loves is a **Slave**! He who is loved is a **Master**! That makes you **complete Master** over me! So take me, **Master**!



I know that you love me, **too**, Milton! I **instinctively** know it! So why don't you admit it?



I'm afraid of rejection!



Chuck! You haven't got a drink! Let me get you a Scotch and Soda!

No, thanks! Boy, you're the fifth person to offer me liquor!

C'mon! Just one little drink!

Sorry, but I can't take 'just one'! It leads to a second and a third, and then I'm off on another bender! I have a drinking problem and I'm trying to stay on the wagon!

Oh, I didn't realize! Tell you what! I'll give you a plain glass of ginger ale! That way people will stop plying you with drinks!

Thank you! You are very understanding!

Will you look at Chuck... guzzling again! I knew he couldn't stay on the wagon!



Hi, Lenny, ol' pal!

Don't touch me! I can't stand being touched! Get your hands off me!

Gee, Lenny, I'm sorry! I was only trying to be friendly! See? My hands aren't touching you!

That's better! Now... what do you want?

Well... all I wanted was to ask you to lend me ten bucks!

I've already TOLD you!

I can't stand being touched!



They're absolutely right! Women have been sexually exploited since the very beginning of time... and it's got to change!!

Harry! From now on, you will no longer regard me as just a SEX OBJECT!!



Boy... am I uptight!

So take one of your tranquilizers!

That's what's got me so uptight! I forgot to bring my tranquilizers with me!



You—you may not believe this, but I just had my purse snatched!

No, I DON'T believe it... knowing what a hang-up you've had about being mugged, and all the precautions you've taken!

You bet I took precautions! I got the whole shmeer... a policeman's whistle, a spray can of mace, a siren, a hat pin... the whole works!

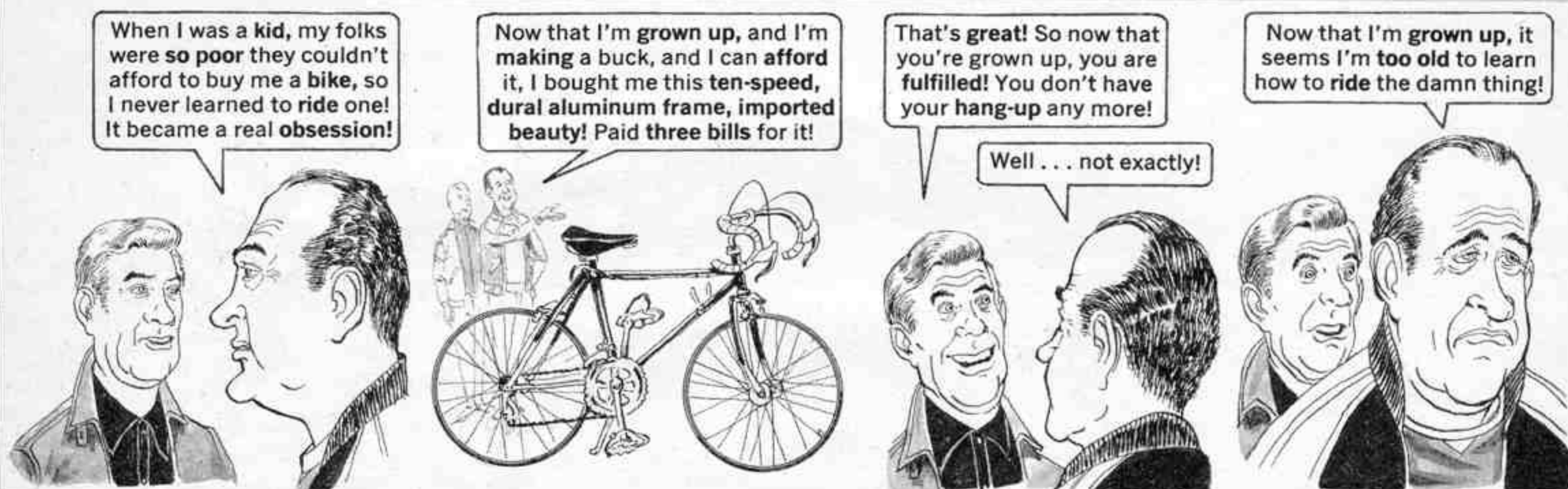
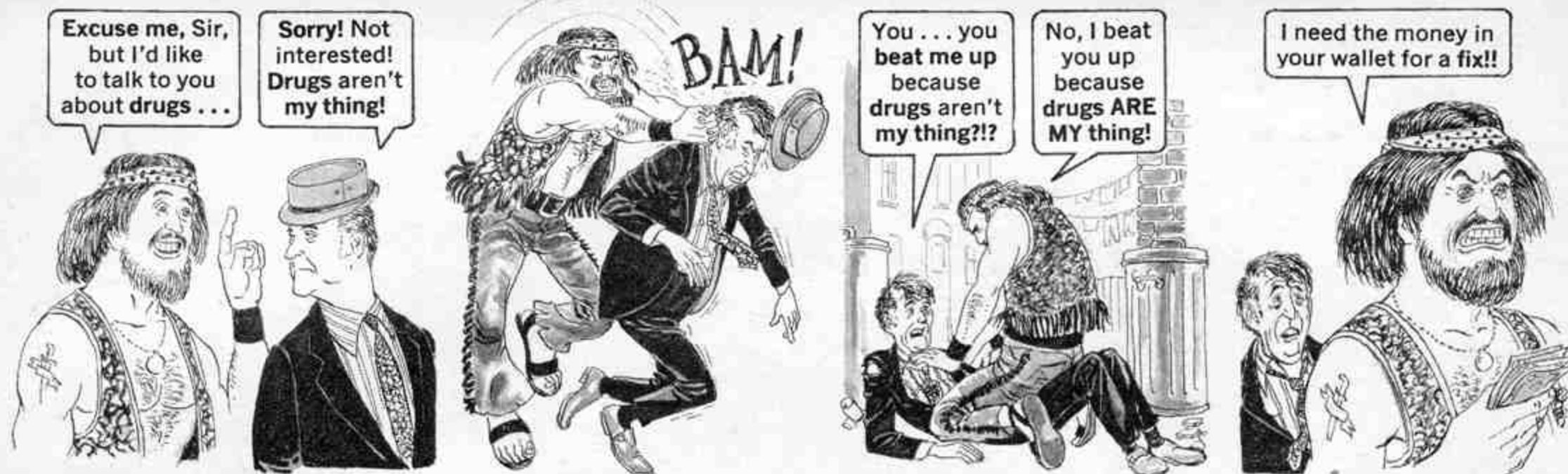
So why didn't you use any of that stuff?

I would have!

But they were all in my purse!

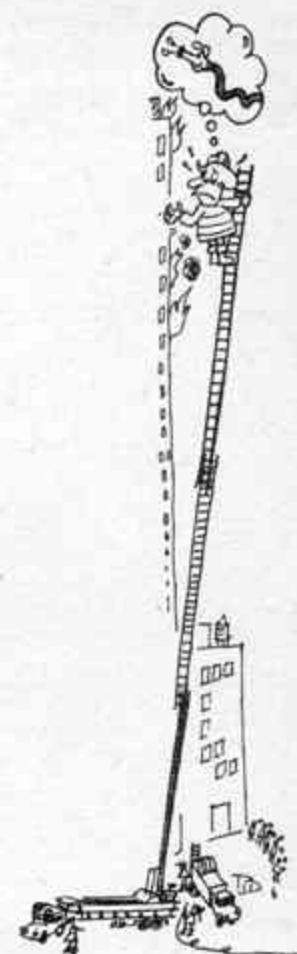






SHOW BIZ-ZY SIGNALS DEPT.

Critics are forever blasting Television for its "unrealistic" portrayal of characters and events. However, assuming that it's true that one can learn a lot about a community just by browsing through the local telephone book, MAD can demonstrate that TV-Land is as typically American as any place else. Just let your fingers do the walking through this MAD version of...



THE TELEVISION YELLOW PAGES



1972-1973

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: TOM KOCH

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Your Place or Mine

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Namath, Joe, c/o Club de Hoodlum....REddog 8-5000
(See My Display Ad This Page)

Plimpton, George,
Fantasy World EstatesMitty 3-5122

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Vandalism Delinquency Upheaval

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**OFF-KEY BARITONES
AND ONE BRASH
MIDGET TO SERVE YOU**

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Specializing in Highly Forgettable
Ballads, Ear Splitting Guitar
Amplification, Maternal Wisdom
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Call Us to Fill All Your Wants For:

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PREPOSTEROUS DIALOGUE

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► Hunters, Big Game

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—Quick Species Extinction Guaranteed.

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All Things Considered

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Don't Send a Man to Do a Boy's Job

Send A YOUTHFUL WEIRDO

Kids TRUST and UNDERSTAND

We turn even Simple Searches for Teen-Age
Runaways into Hair Raising Confrontations
with Narcotics Rings, Phony Indian Mystics
and Psychopathic Axe Murderers. Try Us!

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the Hip
Underground
since
1968"

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- — Even Some Football Played if Absolutely Necessary

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Unbelievably Prompt Service

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CRIMES REQUIRING
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When Split-Second Speed is Vital, Don't
Just Say, "Send the F.B.I." Say, "Send
Chief of The Regional Investigative Unit
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Also Brutal Knifings, Raunchy Smugglers
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I Can Solve It!

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Let My Staff Complicate Even
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Ask About Our SPECIAL RATES
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We Absolutely Guarantee:
No Foreign Dream Machinery Produced
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Practice Confined to the Removal of Bullets
With Unsterilized Blacksmith Tools

No Extra Charge
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Suffer Now —
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With My Slipshod
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No Other Plumbing Work Ever Done
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You can trust the confidential discretion of a business executive who has
raised four generations of children without ever telling any of them what
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FRED MacMURRAY, TYCOON or SOMETHING

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Any Crime Committed During the 19th Century Solved in One Hour or Less



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Only Local Photographer
With The Good Housekeeping
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Reverend Leroy, Pastor
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Always in
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Currently Seeking Even Greater Racial
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Offering a Complete Repertoire of
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EXPERIENCED FACULTY OF HAND PUPPETS
Keeps Noisy, Active Tots Sluggishly Amused.

A Broad Based Curriculum Permits Your
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Don't Let Your Child Grow Up to Be as
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Approved by National Baby Sitting
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A Specialty

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Outspoken Views Promptly Provided on the
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Prepare Thyself by Booking Me
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STAINED TYPING PAPER TO MAKE MY
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If You Call For Service, Please Let Phone
Ring At Least Ten Times to Give Me Time
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TV's Only Under-Cover Crime Fighter
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Hip Vocabulary. Otherwise, I Blend
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TOP EFFECTIVENESS

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Sanger, Mark,
827 Ironside Ramp**CO**pfink 7-0741
(See My Display Ad This Page)

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"Not
Just
Another
Stereo-
typed
Darky"

Fully Experienced
in Police Work as
Chief Ironside's
Trusted Assistant in Charge of:
**CHAUFFERING, WHEELCHAIR
PUSHING, DISH WASHING,
PRACTICAL NURSING AND
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Hire a Cultured Black at a Price You
Can Afford: \$12 a Day plus Carfare.

PHONE COPfink 7-0741

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SAMANTHA

*Specializing in Eerie, Supernatural
Nose Twitching Comedic
Conjuring Hilarious Hexes*

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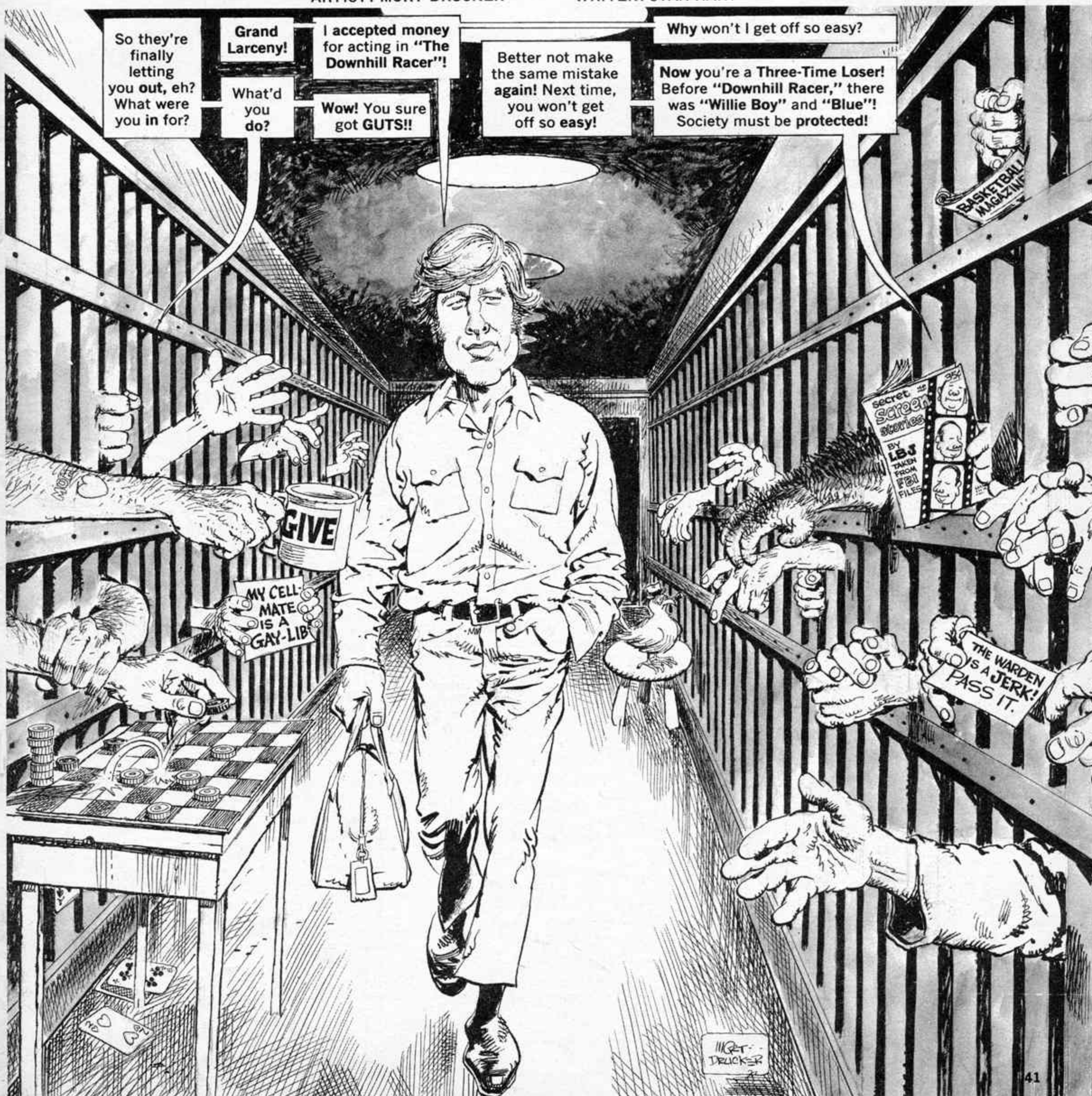


Once upon a time, not too many years ago, all movie criminals were considered to be the "bad guys"! Oh, we know it's hard to believe, but take our word for it! That's the way things were! Now, of course, movie criminals are all lovable and dopey and they never get caught and crime is fun! Like f'rinstance in this latest caper movie...

The Cute Rook

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



MORT DRUCKER

Oh-oh! There's a guy in a flashy car ... following me! That could mean only one thing! Feet ... do your duty! Man ... why can't they leave me alone???



Hey, it's me! Your Brother-In-Law, Klepto!

Thank God! I ... I thought you were a Movie Producer with a part for me!

I may be dopey, but I'm not suicidal!



I got a job lined up! We're going to steal the famous Fuhkarwi Diamond!

But isn't stealing a diamond a **CRIME**?

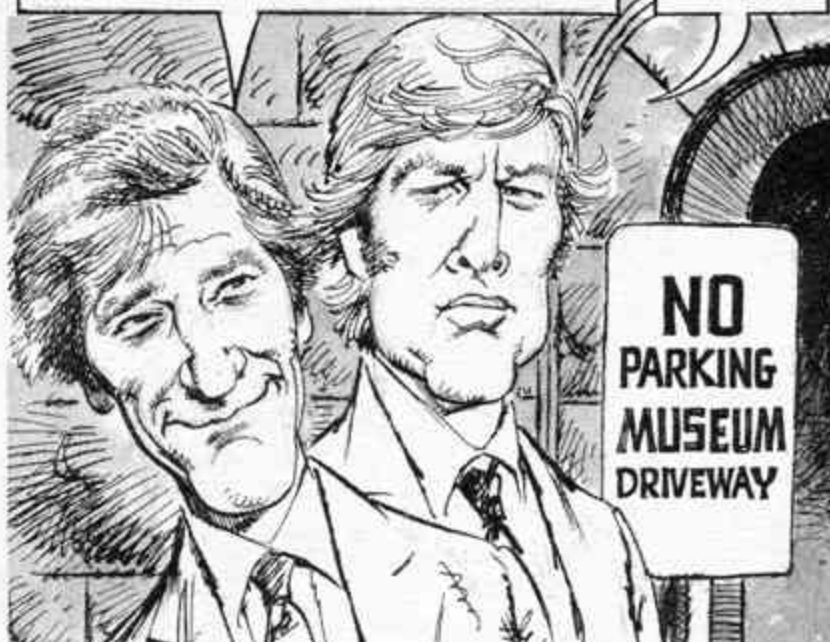
Not if you act **dopey**, and you **bungle the job**! Everybody loves stupid crooks!

What makes you think I can **do it**?

Because I've seen you work **under pressure**! You don't show any sign of **emotion**! Come to think of it, you don't show any sign of emotion when you're **NOT** under pressure!

I have nerves of **steel** ... and facial muscles to match!

NO PARKING MUSEUM DRIVEWAY



Try not to be **conspicuous** while we case the joint!

Trust me!



Zelda, don't you think this is a very lifelike statue?

No ... not particularly!



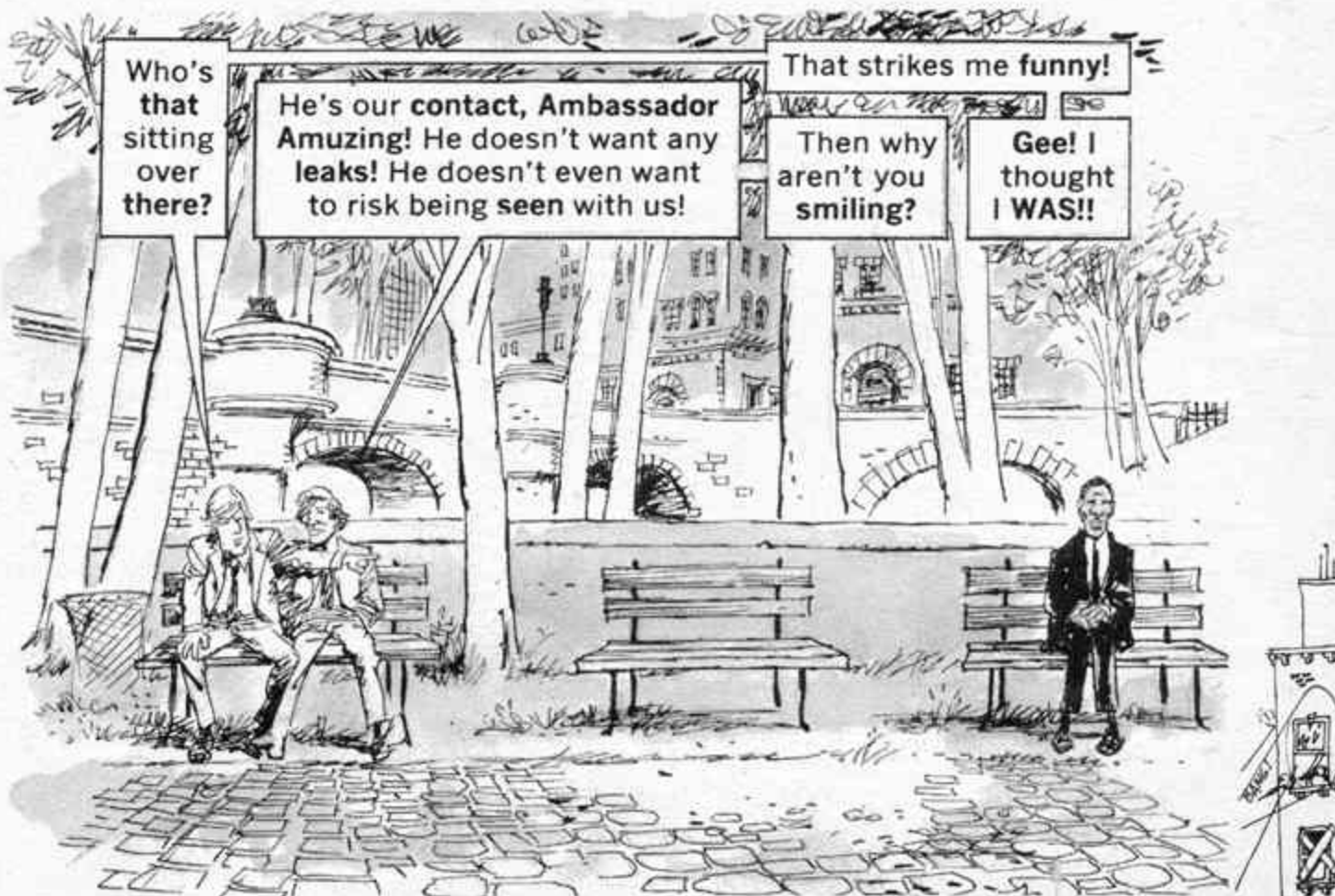
Who's that sitting over there?

He's our contact, Ambassador Amusing! He doesn't want any leaks! He doesn't even want to risk being seen with us!

That strikes me funny!

Then why aren't you smiling?

Gee! I thought I WAS!!







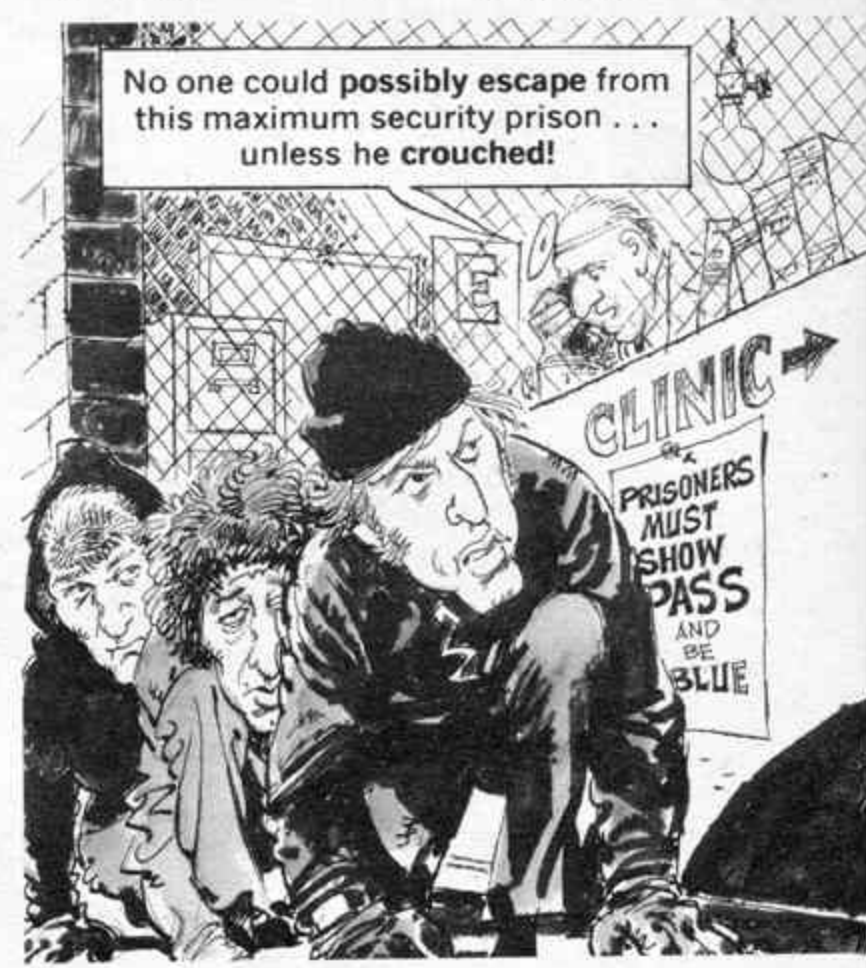


I don't understand something! If we can break into a museum, steal a priceless diamond and escape with all those cops around, how come we can't do a simple thing like smuggling a diamond out of a prison?

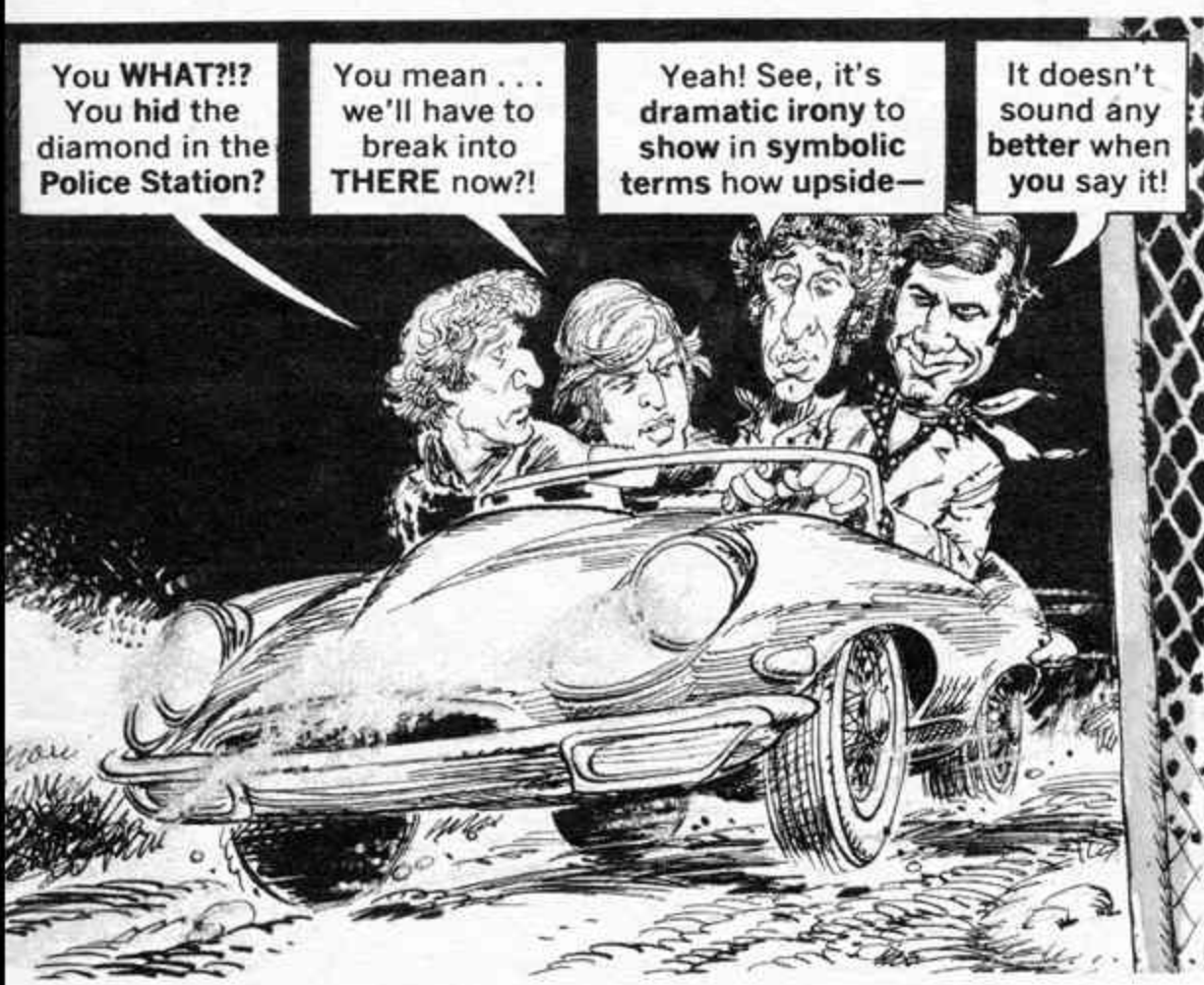
Because we're not doing this for the diamond!

Then what are we breaking into this prison FOR?

For dramatic irony! To show, in symbolic terms, just how upside down this crazy world really is ... where bad guys are good guys, and wrong is—
Pretend I didn't ask!



No one could possibly escape from this maximum security prison ... unless he crouched!



You WHAT?!? You hid the diamond in the Police Station?

You mean ... we'll have to break into THERE now?!

Yeah! See, it's dramatic irony to show in symbolic terms how upside—

It doesn't sound any better when you say it!



Ambassador Amusing is pretty good! He managed to get us this chopper!

It's really amazing! This Ambassador Amusing is so smart! He gets us cars, trucks, helicopters ...
So ... what's so amazing?....

That he'd hire four dummies like US to do his job!



Okay! I'll jam their radio, and then I'll cut their telephone wires!

But supposing there's an emergency ... like someone getting shot, or a robbery, or a woman having a baby! They won't be able to call the police!

Well, they'll just have to understand that it's all in good fun!

Supposing they don't?
Are you going to worry about poor sports?

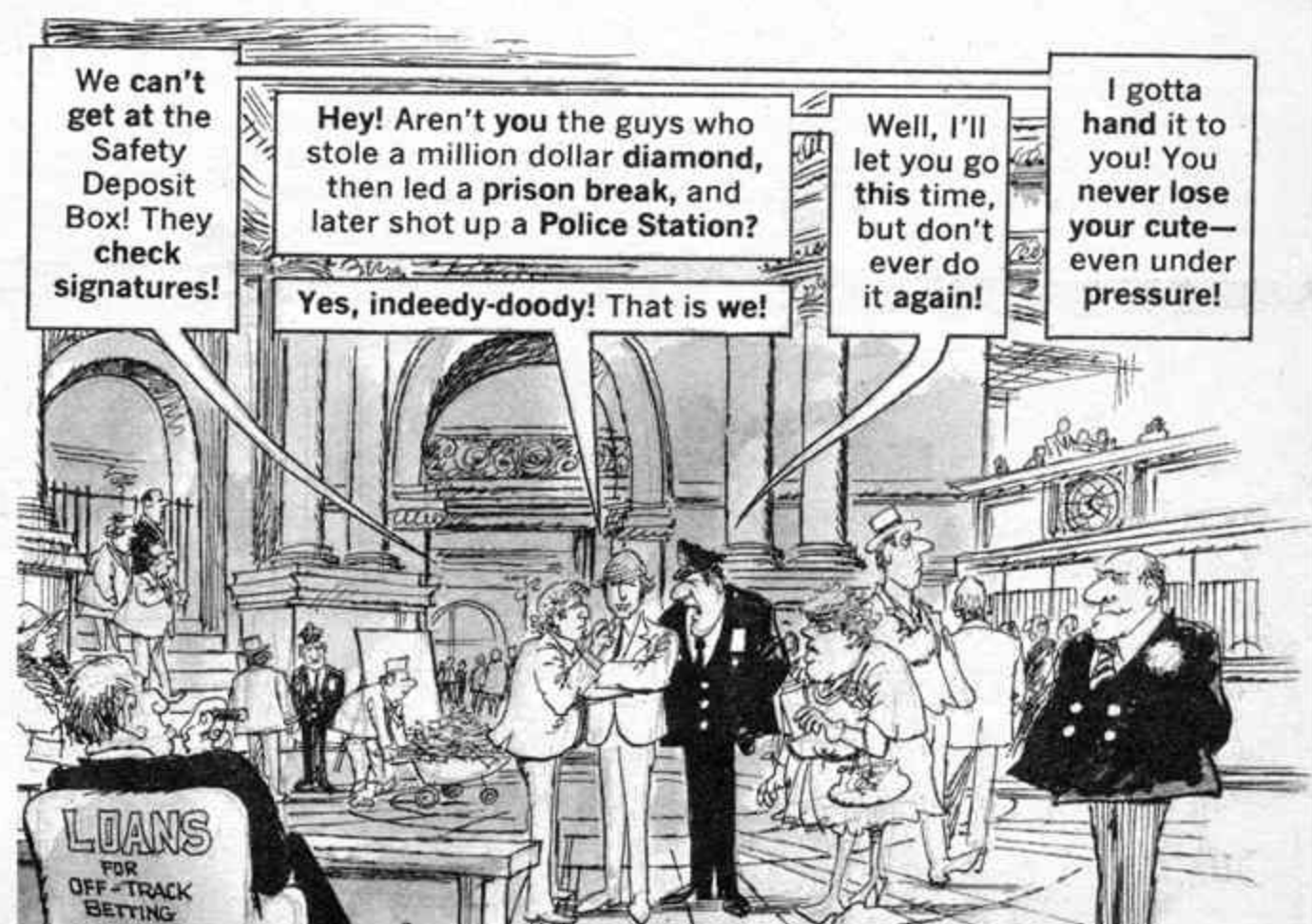
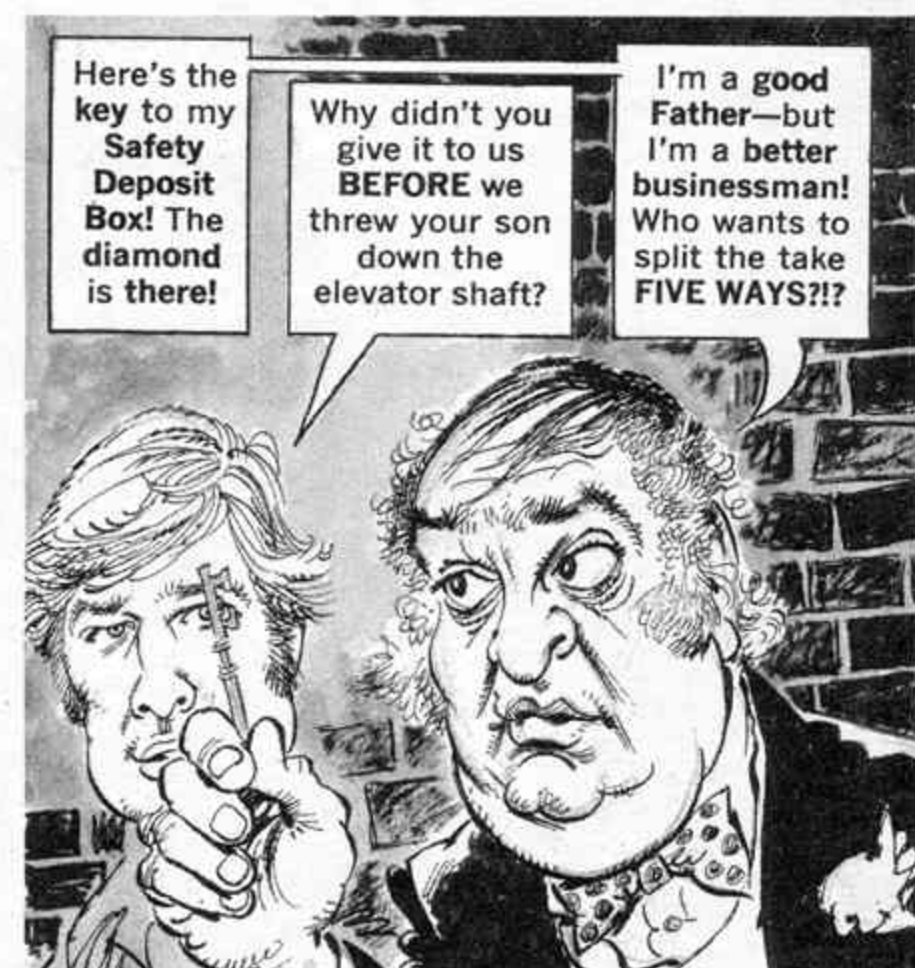
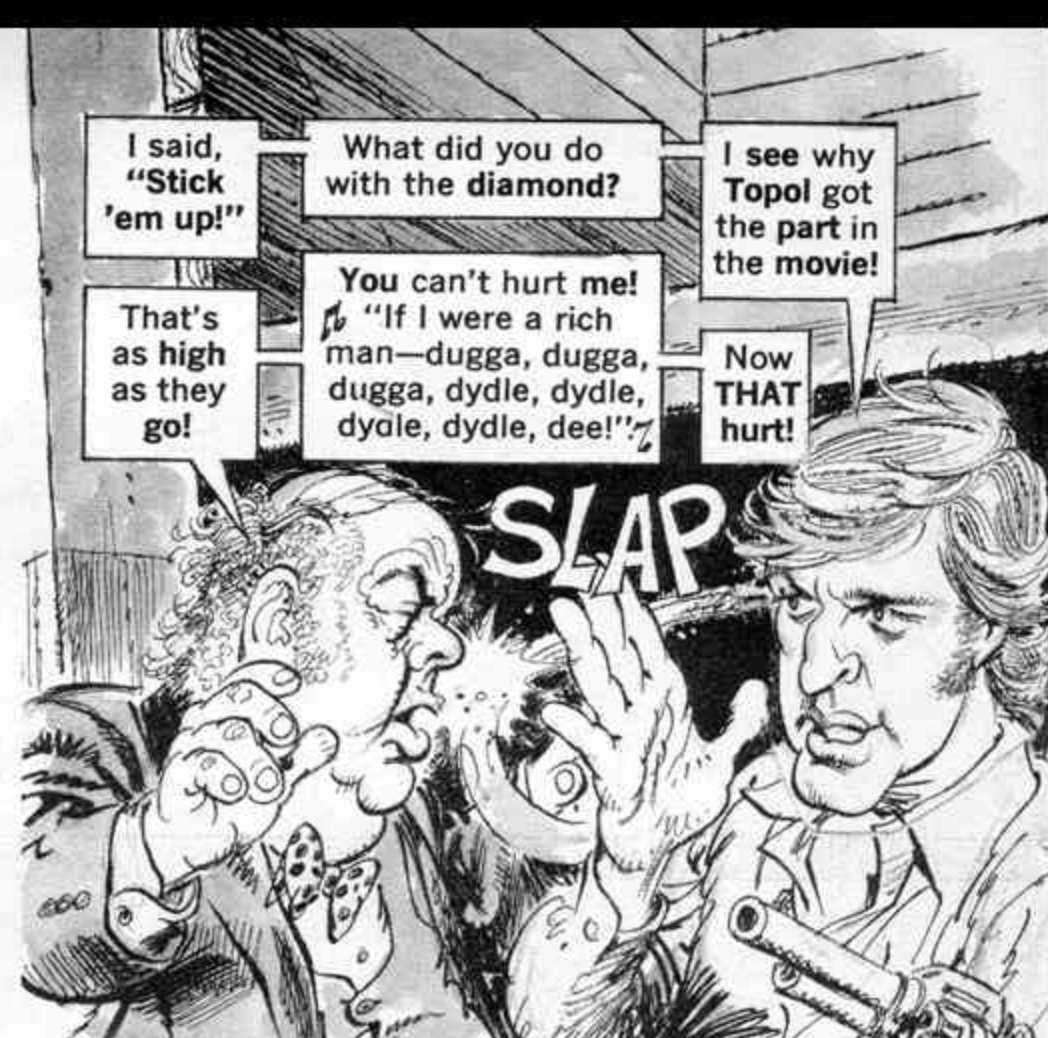


Holy Cow! We're under attack!

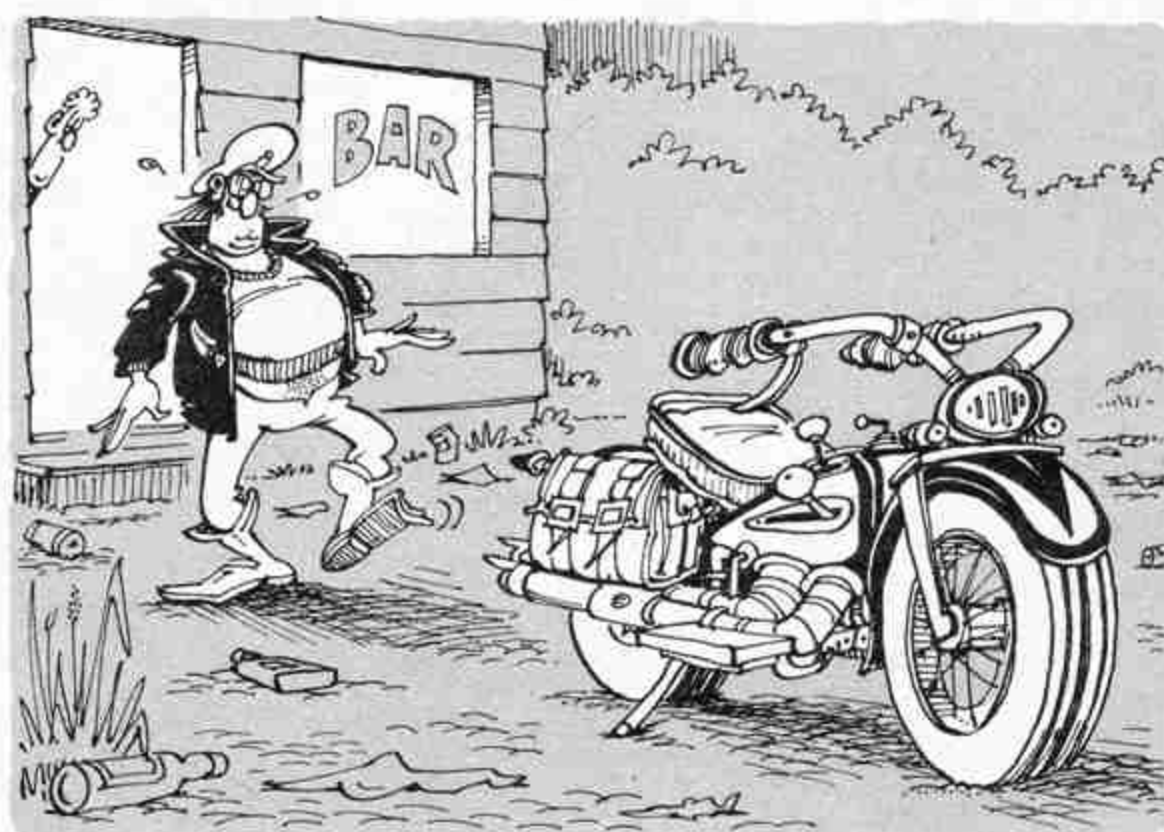
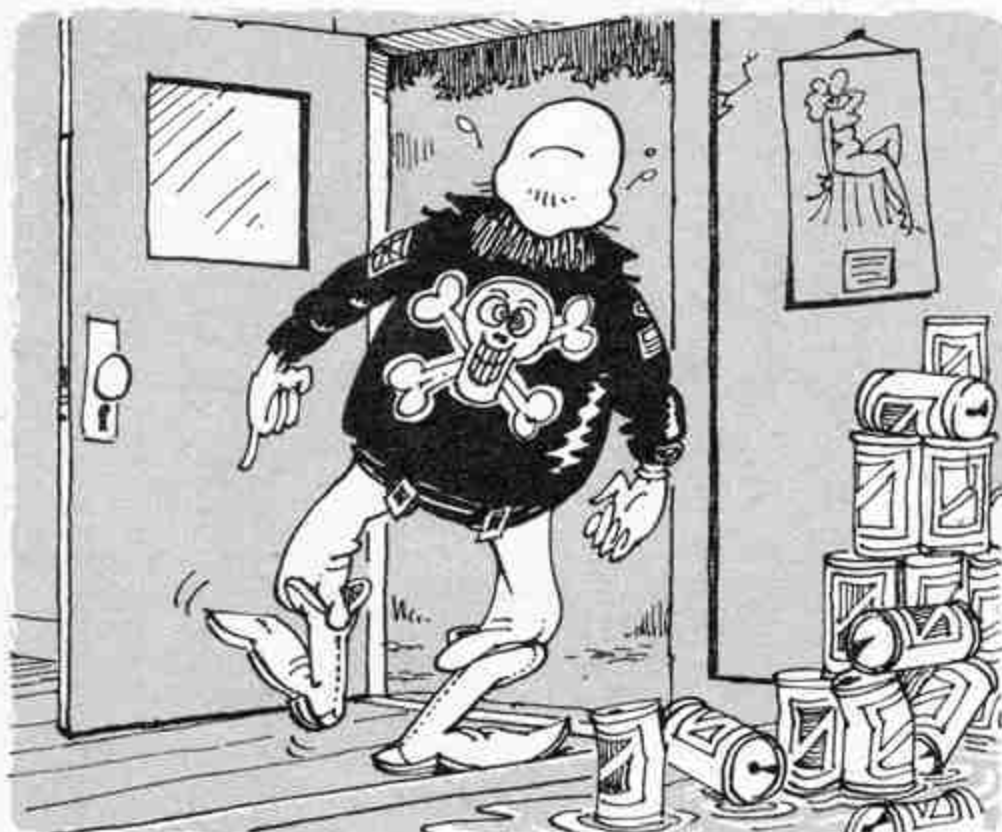
Is it The Jewish Defense League?
or The Black Panthers?

Neither! It's just a gang of cute crooks!

Oh! Well, that's okay, then!



ONE NIGHT IN A BAR ALONG THE HIGHWAY



**WHAT CAN WE
EXPECT FROM
ALL OF THE
CANDIDATES
IN THE 1972
POLITICAL
SWIM?**

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

With the conventions over, we can now look forward to being thoroughly confused by all the claims, counter-claims, accusations and denials of our usually uplifting and inspiring election campaigns. And so, to sort out the whole thing in advance, we fed some facts into MAD's Fold-In Computer, and it came up with a simple interpretation of what we can expect from all the '72 candidates. To find out what that is, fold in the page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE IN THE STRANGE GAME
OF POLITICS IS A CAMPAIGNER WITH A BOLD
STYLE OF SPEAKING—FORMAL, OR OFF-THE-CUFF**

A▶

◀B

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