



# MAD<sup>IND</sup>®

No. 190  
April '77

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**THE  
SHOOTIST**

...exposes

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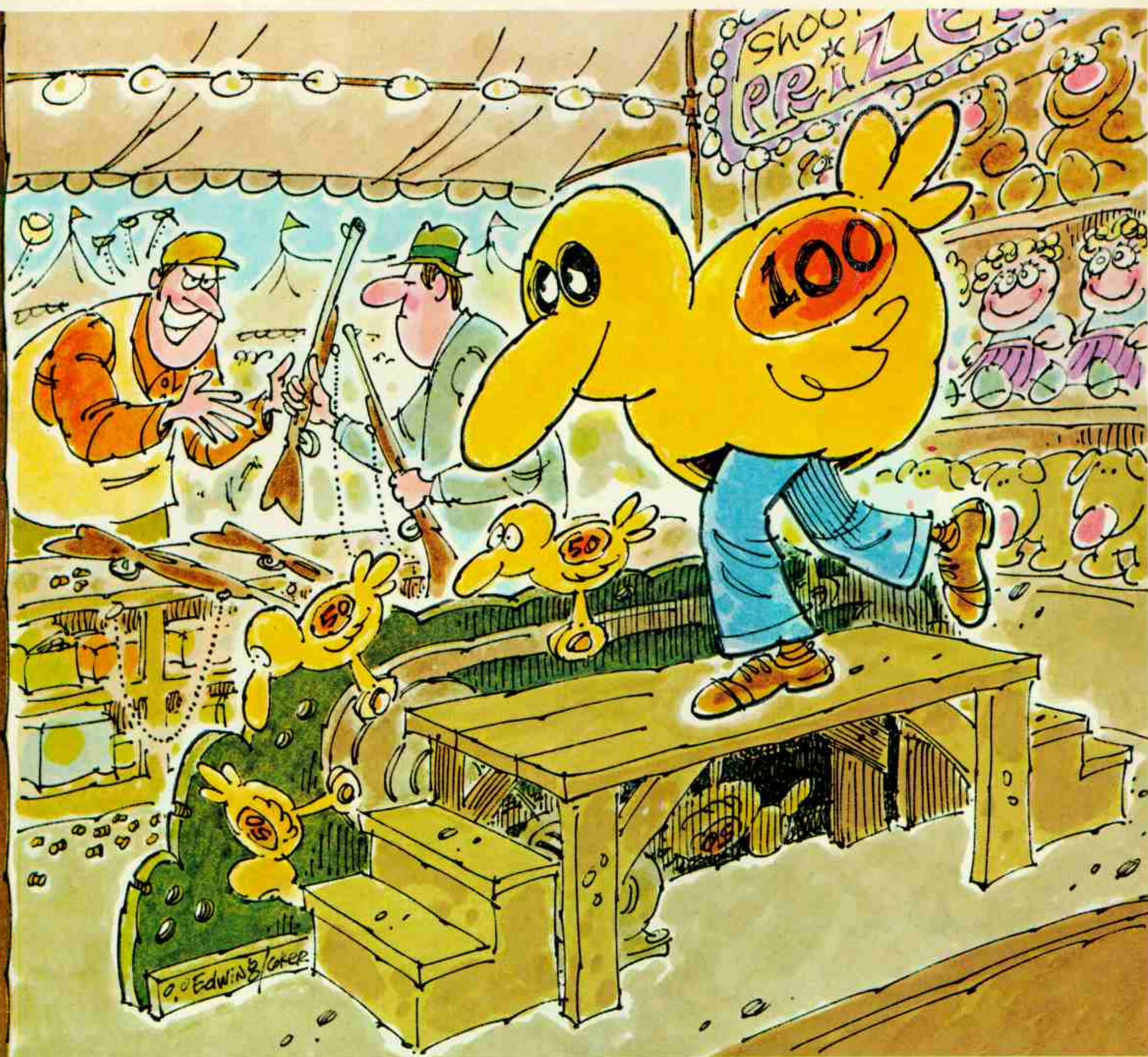
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# MAD

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage...  
but they do a pretty good job of keeping you confined!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

*the usual gang of idiots*

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## LETTERS DEPT.



### THE MORONIC WOMAN

The chauvinism of De Bartolo and Drucker shone through clearly. They took the only decent female hero on television and turned her into a bionic Playboy bunny! The plot-line about the dictator wanting to kidnap "The Moronic Woman" so that he could make out with a superwoman (as a change of pace, y'understand) is a debasing of woman's true role on earth. Jaime Sommers has a much higher moral standard than just pleasing men, bionics or no bionics! Besides, the show is broadcast during the Family Hour. I thought I was going to read a fine satire. What I got was a crock.

R. Outlaw  
Starkville, Miss.

I think Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo blew their brain fuses and disconnected their talent charges and so created "The Moronic Woman"! I'm fused to your mag forever.

Margo Berman  
Livingston, N.J.

"Moronic Woman" came on strong. I got a charge out of it!

Mike Law  
Indian River  
Ont., Canada

I got six million volts of laughter out of it!

Bob Thieling  
St. Paul, Minn.

Drucker and De Bartolo made a bionic boo-boo!

Dan Walters  
Kentwood, Mi.

I thought of a new exercise for her; skipping rope with jumper cables.

Ted Knapp  
Boulder, Colo.

It wasn't worth one Kuboogie!

Tim Davis  
Tucson, Ariz.

I read it and blew a fuse!

Mike Bender  
Pasadena, Texas

### A MAD HISTORY OF MEDICINE

I take exception to your remarks about the A.M.A. and American physicians. Where else but in America can you get the top quality of medical care? It seems you are typical of many who run to a physician when you are ill and malign his profession for a laugh.

Mrs. James Loeffler  
Wichita, Kansas

A "MAD History of Medicine" gave me a clean bill of laughs.

Fred Cottrell  
Wilmington, Del.

I dispute Larry Siegel's antiquated notion that "medical schools carry on the fine tradition of keeping out minority groups". Today, medical schools strive to attract minority students, and women are also well represented in the medical school classes throughout the nation.

Avery Summer  
Saginaw, Mich.

Would knowing your physician read MAD increase or decrease your confidence in him?

Irma Zwan  
West Vancouver, B.C.

Larry Siegel's "A MAD History Of Medicine" succeeded at making me ill!

Todd Kermit  
San Carlos, Calif.

### LATE ONE AFTERNOON LAST JANUARY

That poor dog in Don Martin's "Late One Afternoon Last January". What a way to go!

Tom Pritchard  
Ocean Grove, N.J.



Confucius say to Don Martin: Man who walks dog into deep snowbank come home with frozen Pupsicle.

Donna Zwerin  
New York, N.Y.

### MAD'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR 1976

Frank Jacobs's "MAD's Christmas Carols For The 1976 Holiday Season" were so catchy, I started caroling around the house. My father threatened to take away my MAD subscription and give me voice lessons instead.

Dennis Disberger  
Hutchinson, Kan.

While contemplating Frank Jacobs's wondrous "Carols", it dawned on me that I've seen Paul Coker's accompanying art style on many greeting cards in the stores. What sort of Christmas greetings does Mr. Coker send to his friends, may I ask?

Ted Poley  
Ramsey, N.J.

### Merry Christmas, Y'all!



...and have a Happy New Year! Heaa!?!?

P. Coker

Paul Coker's President-Elect Santa,  
Christmas 1976.

Frank Jacobs's "Christmas Carols" were so funny, I went door to door singing them. Somehow, they were not appreciated on Thanksgiving Day.

David Furlin  
Bloomingburg, N.Y.

After reading "MAD's Christmas Carols", I got to thinking that Frank Jacobs must be the wittiest poet in the U.S.A. Luckily, I live in Canada!

Russel Dyck  
Winnipeg, Man.  
Canada

### A MAD LOOK AT THE TENNIS SET

Paul Peter Porges's "A MAD Look At The Tennis Set" scored an ace with me.

Eric Wishnie  
Clearwater, Fla.

Your "Tennis Set" was a smash. It was volley in-ter-es-ting!

Gordon Andersen  
Vancouver, B.C.

### RICKARD'S BIONIC DUO COVER

I got quite a shock from Jack Rickard's bionic duo cover. I ought to sue you for assault with batteries!

Emilio Di Simone  
Ozone Park, N.Y.

J.R.'s cover for the Bionics was re-VOLtingly funny!

Ray Smith  
DeKalb, Ill.

## YOUR MONEY BACK!

That's right! If you're not absolutely satisfied with your ready-for-framing (or wrapping fish) full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid...tough!! Just console yourself with the fact that you put YOUR MONEY BACK...into circulation! So act now and help the economy! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022





## NO WONDER WE'RE ALL SCREWED UP!

"No Wonder We're All Screwed Up!", by Silverstone and Rickard, is MAD's uncompromising social conscience that shows kids what contradictions and hypocrisies and duplicities they must contend with, even in "the best country in the world!"

Karen Kerns  
Denver, Colo.

Maybe our young people *would* get an insight into trust and humanity if our newspapers devoted Page One to the crying need for burn victim treatment centers and relegated the demands and rights of a convicted killer to a more remote section.

Mrs. Regis Lavinneau  
Fairbanks, Alaska

Silverstone and Rickard captured it beautifully with their pairings of bewildered little faces and cruel cold press headlines: *Who* to believe? *What* to believe?

Nigel Johnson  
South Bend, Ind.

## MAD DOUBLE FEATURE

Your "MAD Double Feature" made me barf twice as much as I usually do when I read your movie satires!

Bruce Muni, Jr.  
Hazlet, N.J.

After all the "curse words" you used in Patton, The Godfather, and Dog Day Afternoon, it's a #!%&@\* wonder you had any left for "Bears"!

Charles Bonnen  
E. Lansing, Mich.

"The Bad-Mouth Bears" was all hits and no errors!

John Edwards  
Belleville, Ont.  
Canada

Jack Davis and Stan Hart knocked "The Bad-Mouth Bears" right out of the park!  
Julian Flaum  
Canoga Park, Calif.

## MAD'S MODERN MEDICINE MINI-POSTER

Your "AMA" Mini-Poster was a fairly accurate representation of what unfortunately goes on at hospitals nowadays. In order to be entirely fair, you might have depicted a medical student with money pouring out of a catheter into a bag marked "tuition", as it, like medical costs, is increasing by leaps and bounds annually. Larry Siegel's "History Of Medicine" was also a most entertaining offering. His comment on more people reading the Surgeon General's warning reminded me of the disquieting fact that all of the lecturers in my pulmonary medicine seminars *chain-smoked* all through their talks.

Mark D. Grebenau  
MD/PhD Candidate '78  
NYU School of Medicine  
New York, N.Y.

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BAD MOVIES  
AND TV

THE  
PRESSURE OF  
PASSING  
GRADES

THE  
SWELLING OF  
THE COST  
OF LIVING

THE  
HEARTBURN OF  
FAST  
FOODS

THE  
HEADACHE OF  
PARENTS

AND THE  
HEARTBREAK OF  
PSORIASIS



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# THES

# THIS

**I'm not  
worried!**  
There's an  
empty cell  
in the jail!  
I'll just  
lock myself  
inside it!

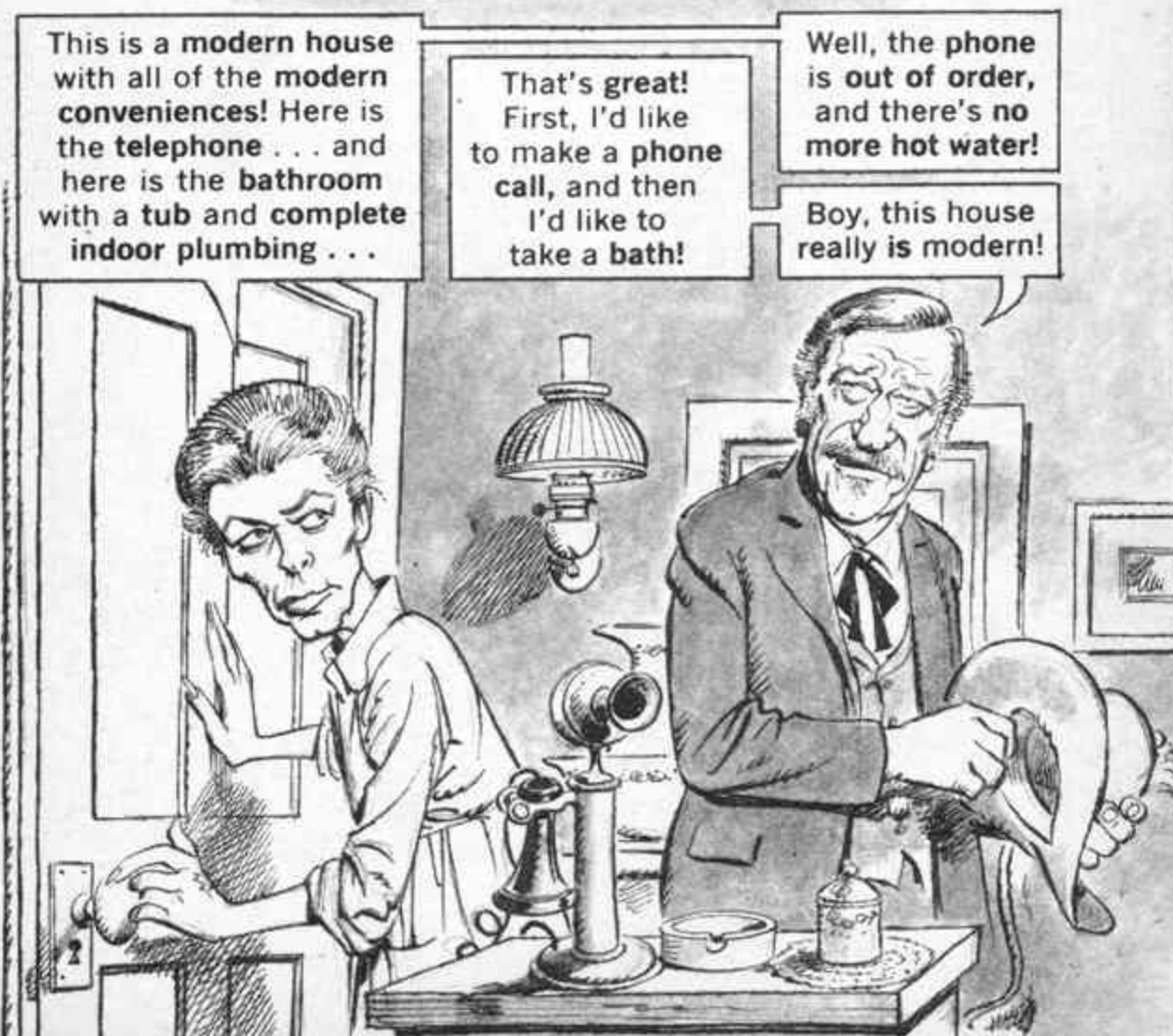
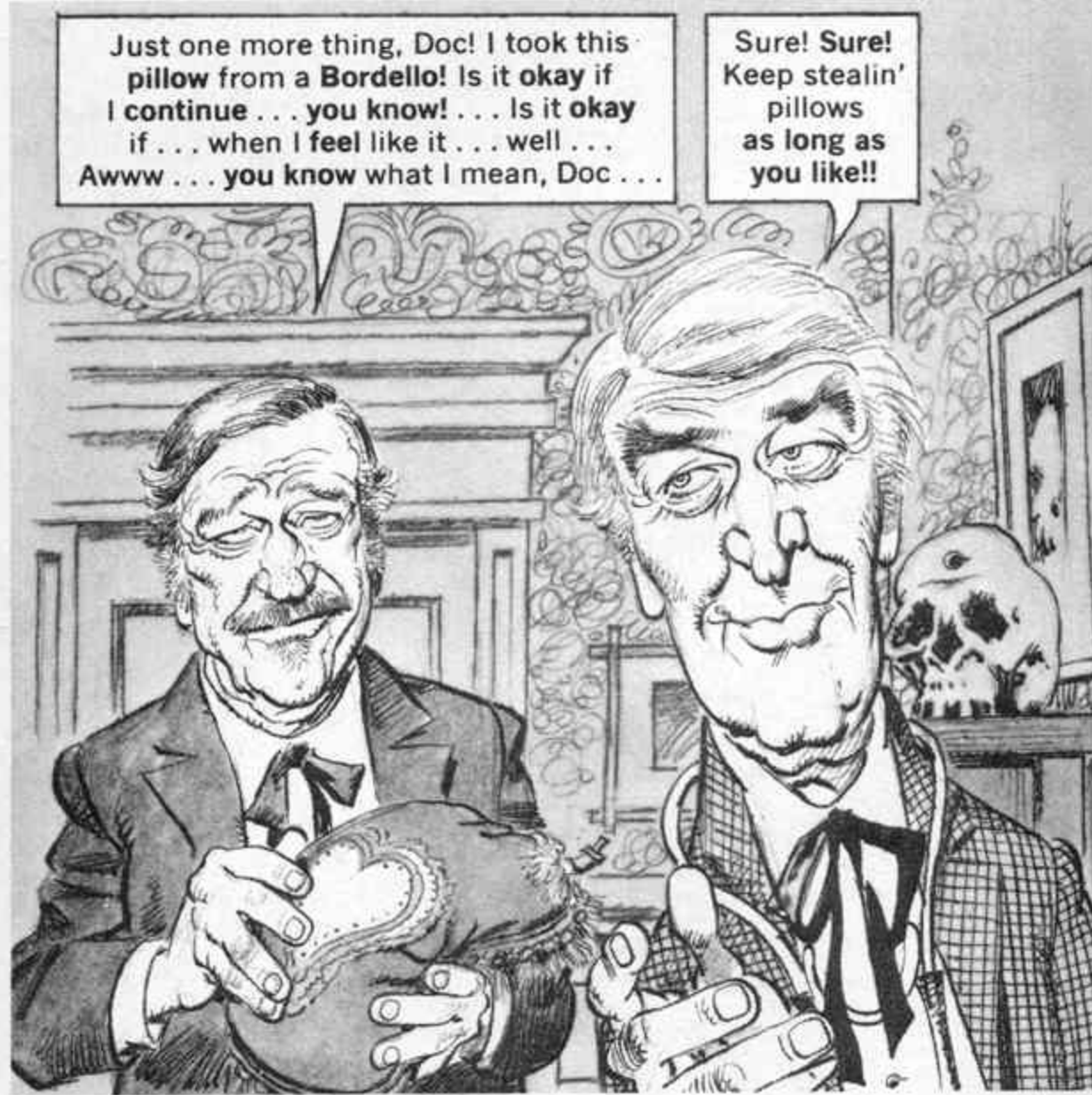




# HOOTIE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





As long as you're staying, I'd like to know your name!

Er . . . my name is Wong Ling Chow!

And your business?

I'm a Chinese Laundryman!

Well, you sound very honest!

Just chalk it up to my Oriental inscrutability!



Do you have room to bed down and feed one more?

Sure! Take any stall! And how about a place for your horse?!

Hey! That horse belongs to J.B. Dukes, the West's most famous SHOOTIST!!

How do you know for sure?

You silly fool! Everybody knows his horse is brown!



Mom! Do you know who's staying in this very house?!?

Of course! Wong Ling Chow, the Chinese Laundryman!

Wong Ling Chow . . .?!? It's J. B. DUKES, the famous GUN-SHOOTIST!! Gee, he owes you an apology for lying!

He ALSO owes me a sheet and two pillow cases that I gave him to launder!



Mr. Dukes, I want you out of my house!

I can't go! I'm going to DIE here!

Oh, come on! I know last night's dinner wasn't GREAT . . . but that's ridiculous!

You don't understand! I have a CANCER . . .!

In that case . . . there's only one Christian thing to do! I'll have to change your rent from "WEEKLY" to "HOURLY"!



I knew you were in town, Dukes . . . and I was gonna run you out! Then, I heard about your sickness! So I brought you something to cure it!

Sheriff, nothing can cure a Cancer!

This can . . . but you'll really have to shake it well before you use it! It's a RATTLESNAKE!



I'm Bobkins from "The Daily Press"!

If you're here to sell subscriptions, you better have a special 3-day rate!

No, Mr. Dukes! I'm here to do your life story! I can guarantee it'll hit the FRONT PAGE!

Oh, yeah? How can you guarantee that . . .?!?

Because "The Daily Press" is a very small paper! We only HAVE a front page!!







Mr. Dukes, I want to do a **totally factual account** of your life! No lies, no dressings, just the plain, honest, unvarnished truth!

I don't have the time to tell it all to you!

So . . . I'll make it up!

Get out!!

Okay! But now you're never going to see your name in our newspaper!

Do you have an **Obituary** column?

Yes . . .

Wanna **BET?!?**

Doc . . . I want you to tell me straight out! How bad is it gonna get?

Well, it's gonna hit your spine and hips first! Then . . . your groin! You won't be able to stand up after a while! Your head will start to throb, and your ears will feel like they're exploding off your skull! You'll be screaming out loud a lot in sheer agony! And then the **PAIN** will start!

Then the pain will **START?!?** What's all that other stuff?!?

Severe symptoms!

Bland, come with me for a ride in the country!

No! I—I couldn't! I've only been a **Widow** for a year!

We could look at the trees, and the lakes, and the birds, and flowers—

No! I—I can't!

And we could fool around a little in the bushes . . .!

I'll be ready to leave promptly at **8:00, J. B. . . .!**

Some day, I hope to have a little plot of land like that . . .

I'm glad to see you're not thinking about **death**! That **IS** a lovely farm down there!

I'm talking about the place across the road! That **CEMETERY!!**

Now, now, J. B.! By the way . . . exactly what does **J. B.** stand for?

Jane Belle!

No wonder you're so good at defending yourself!

Mr. Dukes! What is going on in here?!?

One guy came through that window with a knife, and one guy came through that window with a **shotgun**! They tried to kill Mr. Dukes, but he got them first!

Mr. Dukes . . . when you moved in, I specifically told you, "**No entertaining in the rooms!**"

Well, your reputation has finally forced my **two other tenants** to move out! They were afraid that living in the **same house** with you would give them each a **bad name**!

C'mon! My reputation can't be **THAT** bad!!

Wanna bet? One of my tenants was a **CARD SHARK** and the other was a **PROSTITUTE!**



Killem . . .  
how dare you  
try to sell  
my horse  
without my  
consent?!!

I was only trying  
to help my Mom!  
You're five hours  
behind in the  
rent, y'know . . . !

In that case, I forgive you!  
How would you like me to  
give you a shooting lesson?

Great! But you'll have to  
use MY GUNS! I sold yours!

Wow! Six bullet holes . . . in  
a perfect, straight line!!

That's why they call me "The  
World's Greatest Shootist"!!

Then I wonder what  
they're gonna call  
ME?!? Those are MY  
SIX SHOTS!! Yours  
all MISSED!!

What do you mean, you want to  
charge \$50 to bury me?!? You'll  
make ten times that amount from  
the people who'll want to see me  
dead! No . . . you'll pay ME \$100!

Okay! Okay! Boy, thirty years  
in the Undertaking business,  
and this is the first time  
I've ever had an argument on  
price with the CORPSE!!

Gee, Mr. Dukes, thanks a  
lot for giving me permission  
to sell these locks of hair  
that I just trimmed off  
your head as SOUVENIRS!

You go right ahead!  
I don't mind! It's  
just that—well—are  
you sure all that  
hair is from ME?!?

GET A REAL LOCK  
OF  
J.B. Dukes' HAIR  
YOUR CHOICE OF COLORS  
AND LENGTHS

Killem, I want you to run an  
errand for me! I want you to  
go find the three men I hate  
the most, and tell them to be  
at The Silver Nugget Saloon  
on Monday morning at 11:00!

Boy,  
you're  
some  
brave  
man!

Not really!  
Because on  
Monday morning  
at 11:00, I'LL  
be at the Golden  
Slipper Saloon!

Mr. Dukes, here's  
the tombstone you  
ordered! I'm real  
sorry, but they  
forgot to put the  
DATE on it!

And they  
ALSO  
forgot to  
put your  
NAME  
on it!

And they  
ALSO  
forgot to  
SHAPE  
it like a  
tombstone!

In other  
words . . .  
you just  
brought me  
a big, flat  
ROCK!!





Hi, Mom!  
I—Hey!  
What are  
you two  
doing in  
there!?!  
Now, don't get  
the wrong idea,  
Killem! I'm just  
helping J. B.  
out of the tub!  
Oh, great! I was  
**WONDERING** when  
you two were  
gonna get into  
something kinky!  
I'll have you know  
Mr. Dukes is in the  
tub **FULLY DRESSED!**  
Wow!! That  
**IS** kinky!!

Today's my birth-  
day, Bartender . . .  
so give me a shot  
of the best whiskey  
in the house!!  
**BLAM!**  
Oh, nuts! Don't tell  
me I accidentally  
walked into the  
**SILVER NUGGET  
SALOON . . . !?!**

Hey, Old Man!  
Take that . . .  
and that . . .  
and that . . .  
**BLAM!**  
Did you see that?! The  
bullets just bounced  
off J. B. Dukes! That's  
nerves of steel!!  
Nerves of steel,  
**NOTHING!** That's  
**HARDENING OF  
THE ARTERIES!!**

**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!**  
**SALOON!**

You . . . you killed all  
three of them, J. B.!!  
But I—I don't  
understand!  
I thought you  
wanted them to kill  
**YOU . . .** to put you  
out of your misery!!  
That's right!  
That's what  
I wanted!  
But then,  
that ol'  
**BUG-A-BOO**  
took over!  
What was that . . . ?  
**FORCE OF HABIT!**  
Lucky for me, the  
Bartender snuck  
up and shot me  
in the back!!

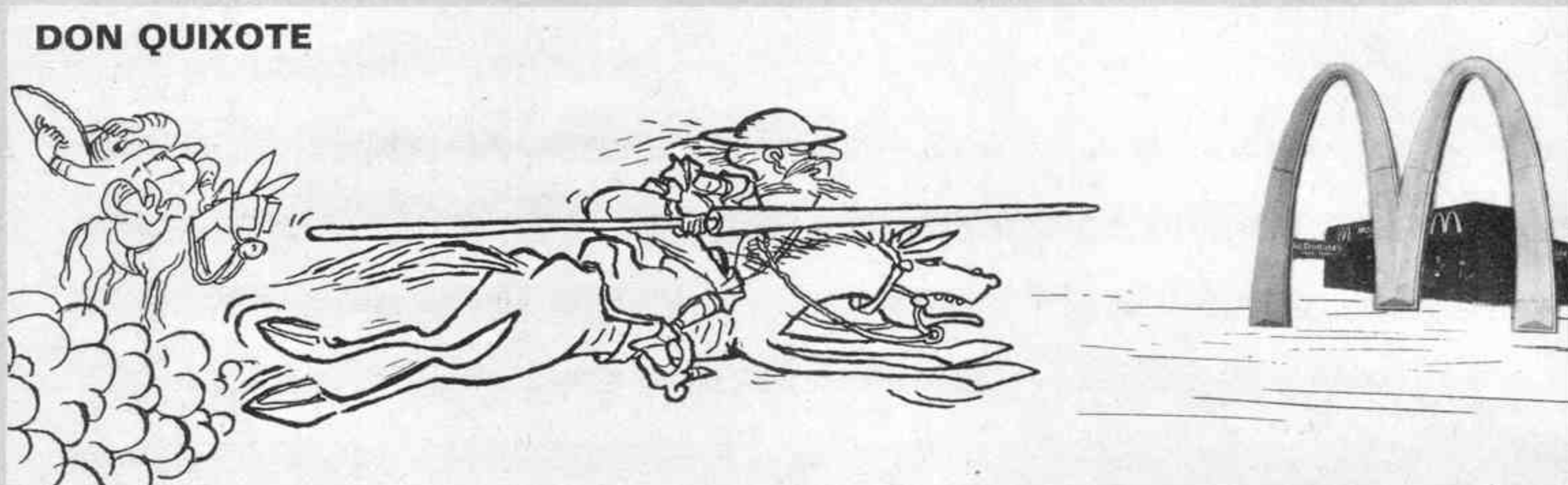
If you  
came to  
patch  
up Mr.  
Dukes,  
you're  
too  
late,  
Doc!  
I didn't come to patch him up!  
I came to give him good news!  
The lab report arrived from  
Dodge City! He doesn't have a  
Cancer after all! It was one of  
those tiny little mistakes in  
diagnosis! What he's got is an  
acute case of constipation!  
But, Doc . . . he's **DEAD!!**  
Well, y'know how these  
acute cases of  
constipation can get  
out of hand! Tell him  
to take two aspirins,  
and call me in the  
morning . . . !!



Here is MAD's interpretation of how they would look, act and adapt

# IF FICTIONAL CHARA IN THE "REA

## DON QUIXOTE



## THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



## BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP





# CTERS LIVED L' WORLD OF TODAY

ARTIST &amp; WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

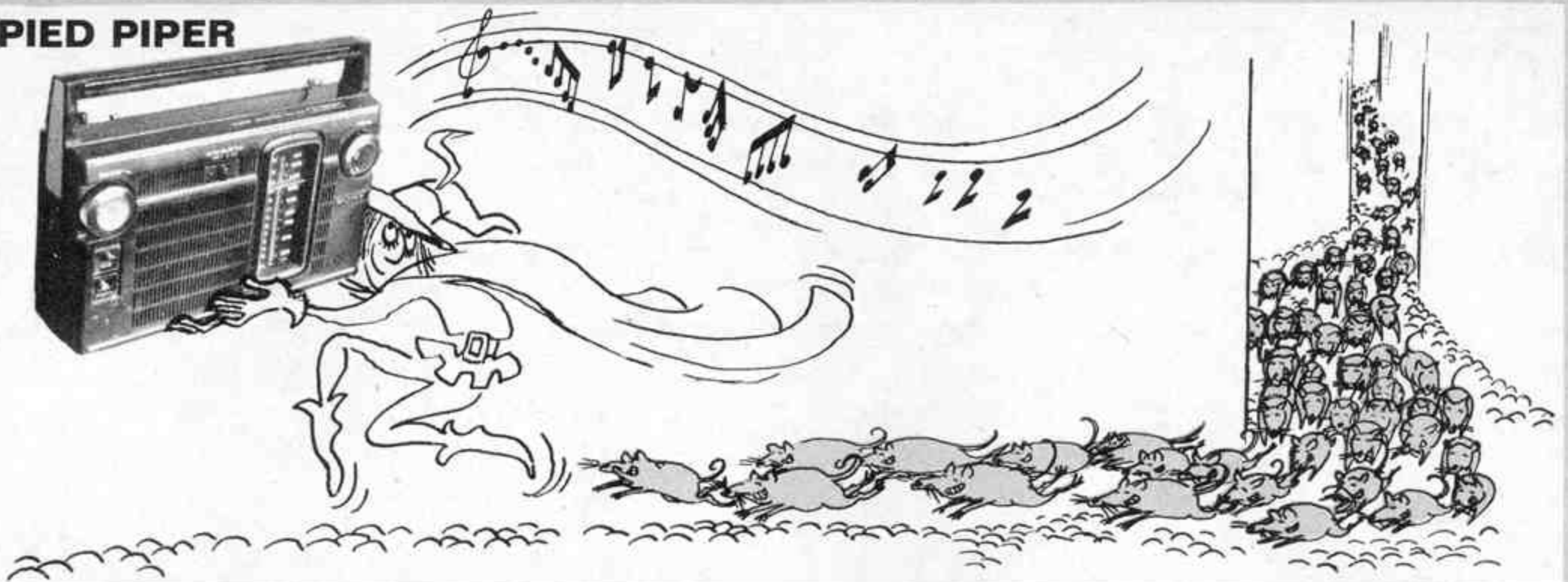
A black and white cartoon illustration. A genie, depicted as a man with a beard and a turban-like headpiece, is emerging from a large, billowing cloud. He holds a large rectangular sign on a stick. The sign contains the text: "GENIE UNION LOCAL 12", "ON STRIKE", "NO CONTRACT", and "NO WORK". In the foreground, a man in a suit is shown from the back, looking shocked with his hands raised. To the right, a classic oil lamp with a curved handle sits on a pedestal.

A black and white photograph of a large industrial factory with multiple tall smokestacks emitting thick, dark plumes of smoke. In the foreground, there are several buildings, including a prominent one with a gabled roof. In the upper left corner, there is a cartoon illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat holding an open umbrella, standing on a small patch of ground.

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.



## THE PIED PIPER



## PINOCCHIO



## LINUS

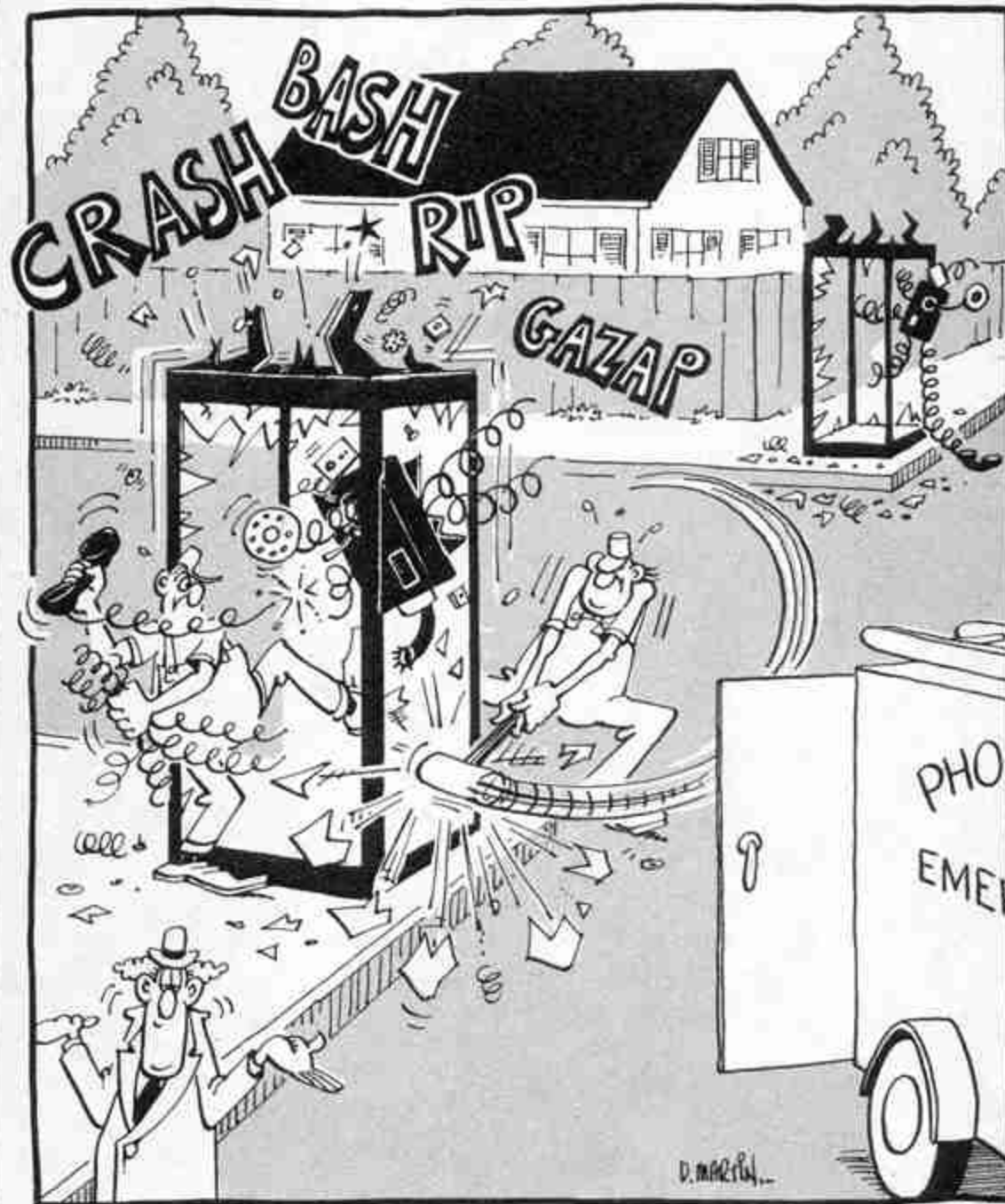
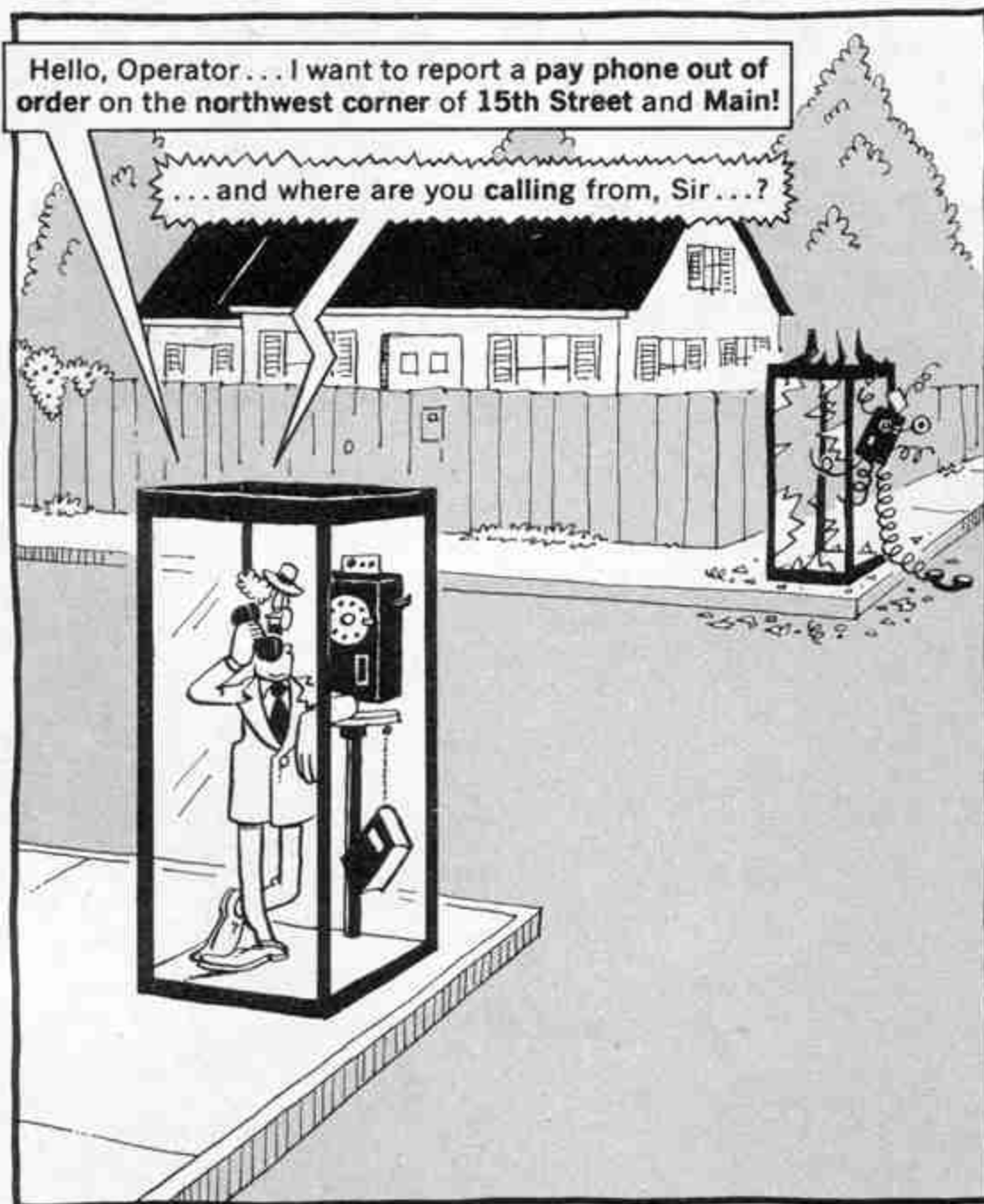


## THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER AND FRIENDS





# ONE TUESDAY MORNING ON MAIN STREET





The Editors Of MAD Magazine Regret To Announce The Following Nothing Article Containing Boring

# MAD "DEATH" A

Cosmo Birnbaum  
Having Rejected  
The Meaningless Values  
Of A Materialistic World  
Filled With Greed  
And Spiritual Decay  
Herewith Announces  
His Loss Of Interest  
In Everything  
On Monday, The Fourth Of August  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Jasper Weinrat  
Having Tried Unsuccessfully  
Every Tonic  
And Ointment  
Known To Medical Science  
Announces Sorrowfully  
The Death Of All Hope  
And His Final Acceptance Of  
The Undeniable Fact  
That He Is Hopelessly Bald  
As Of Thursday, The Ninth Of October  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Melvin Melville  
Following The Cancellation  
Of His  
Master Charge, BankAmericard  
Diners Club, American Express  
And TWA Get-Away Cards  
Regrets To Announce  
The Passing  
Of His Former Life-Style  
On Friday, The Third Of October  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Wanda Latour  
Following Two-And-One-Half-Years  
Of Insatiable Gluttony  
During Which Her Svelte-Like Figure  
Has Ballooned Into A Mountain Of Fat  
Sadly Announces  
The End Of Her Desirability  
Saturday, The First Of November  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Monroe Moffat  
Owner And Proprietor  
Of Moffat's Neighborhood Grocery  
Having Been Price Squeezed  
By A New Food World Across The Street  
And Crushed  
By The Shop-A-Rama Down The Block  
Mournfully Announces  
The Death Of His Business  
On Saturday, The Thirteenth Of September  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Waxrush  
Following The Birth  
Of Three Children  
In Slightly Less Than Five Years  
Have No Choice  
But To Announce  
Their Loss Of Faith  
In Family Planning  
As Of Tuesday The Eleventh Of November  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five



Material Based On An Absurd Premise Which Is Being Published Because Of A Lack Of Anything Better

# NNOUNCEMENTS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Conrad Blyte  
Having Sustained  
Considerable Pain And Anguish  
Following Two Burglaries  
A Sidewalk Mugging  
And A Tornado  
Which Leveled His Mobile Home  
Outside Wichita  
Announces The End  
Of His Belief In God  
Tuesday, The Sixteenth Of October  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

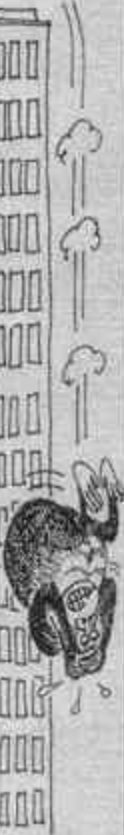
Someone  
Who Is Male, White  
About Thirty Years Of Age  
And Who Awoke Three Days Ago  
In A Furnished Room  
In Pittsburgh  
Herewith Announces  
The Loss Of His Memory  
Sometime Around  
Wednesday, The Tenth Of September  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr. And Mrs. Grover Feldheim  
Are Saddened To Announce  
The Death  
For All Intents And Purposes  
Of Their Son  
Sidney  
Following His Elopement  
With That Fortune-Hunting Slut  
Of A Belly-Dancer  
From San Francisco  
On Tuesday, The Ninth Of September  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Fenwich Culpepper  
Is Saddened Beyond Belief  
To Announce The Death  
Of His Twenty-One-Inch Zenith  
Picture Tube  
During An Especially Exciting  
Volleyball Instant Replay  
On ABC's Wide World Of Sports  
Saturday, The Twelfth Of July  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr. And Mrs. Quincy Van Freen III  
Following A Steady Influx  
Of Blacks,  
Jews, Italians  
And Other Undesirable  
Ethnic Groups  
Regret To Announce  
The Death Of Their Neighborhood  
On Monday, The Fourth Of August  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

The Combined Television Networks  
Having Noted The Commercial Appeal  
Of Tasteless Shows  
That Are Poorly Produced, Badly Written  
And Feature Inane Plots  
Cheapened By Inspid Dialogue  
Announce The Final Death  
Of All Plans For  
Quality TV Programming  
As Of Friday, The Third Of October  
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five





**SURPRISE!!**

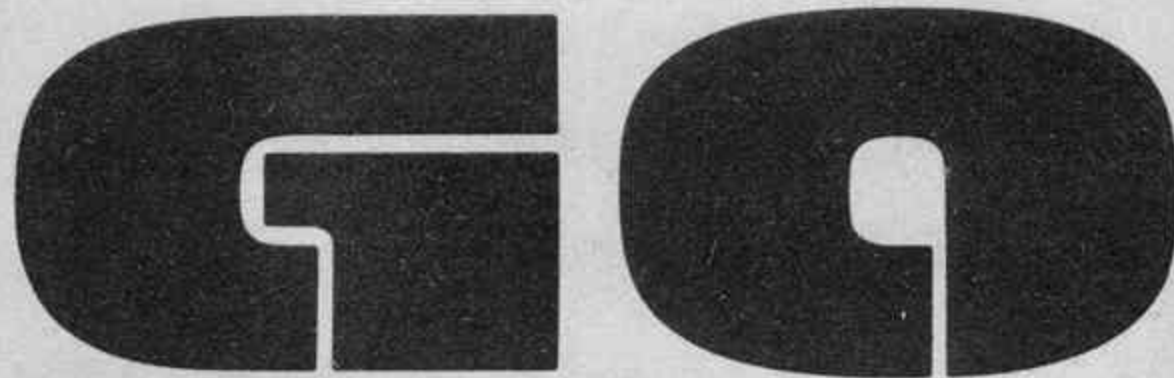
Oh, my goodness!  
This is, indeed, an  
unexpected surprise!

I want to thank my friends,  
my relatives and especially  
my dear sweet Husband for  
remembering my birthday ...

... which was LAST MONTH!!

**BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.**

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



Please, Tom ...  
my parents are  
liable to walk in!

They won't  
be home  
for hours!

**WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE?!!**

It—it's all  
right, Mom!  
We're engaged!

Okay!!  
So you're  
engaged!!

**BUT IN  
WHAT?!?**







# OFFS

ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG





O.K.! O.K.!!  
What  
happened  
here?

This lunkhead crashed  
into my rear fender  
just as I was making  
a right turn!!

It was all  
her fault!  
She . . . she  
**SIGNALLED!!**

Oh . . . ? And  
she gave the  
**WRONG** signal?

No, she gave  
the **RIGHT**  
signal . . . !!

That's what **CONFUSED** me!



Waiter, do  
you have a  
match . . . ?

No, sir . . .  
but I'll get  
one for you!

The  
gentle-  
man at  
table  
four  
would  
like a  
match!

**A MATCH?! This is a  
fine restaurant with  
fine patrons! Matches  
are gauche! You should  
carry a fancy lighter  
so you can service  
our customers! Here—  
you can borrow mine!**

Here you  
are, sir!

What good  
is **THAT?!?**

I can't pick my **TEETH**  
with a **LIGHTER!!**

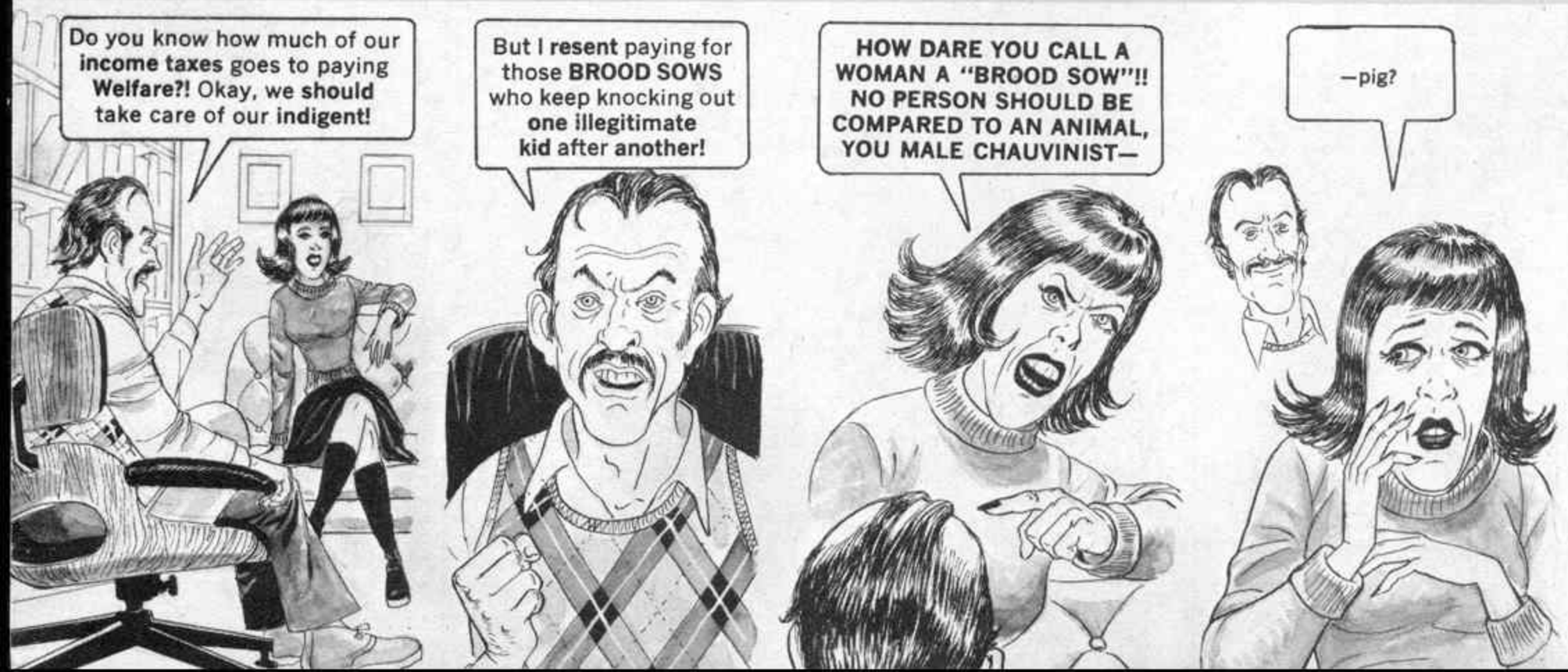


Do you know how much of our  
income taxes goes to paying  
**Welfare?! Okay, we should  
take care of our indigent!**

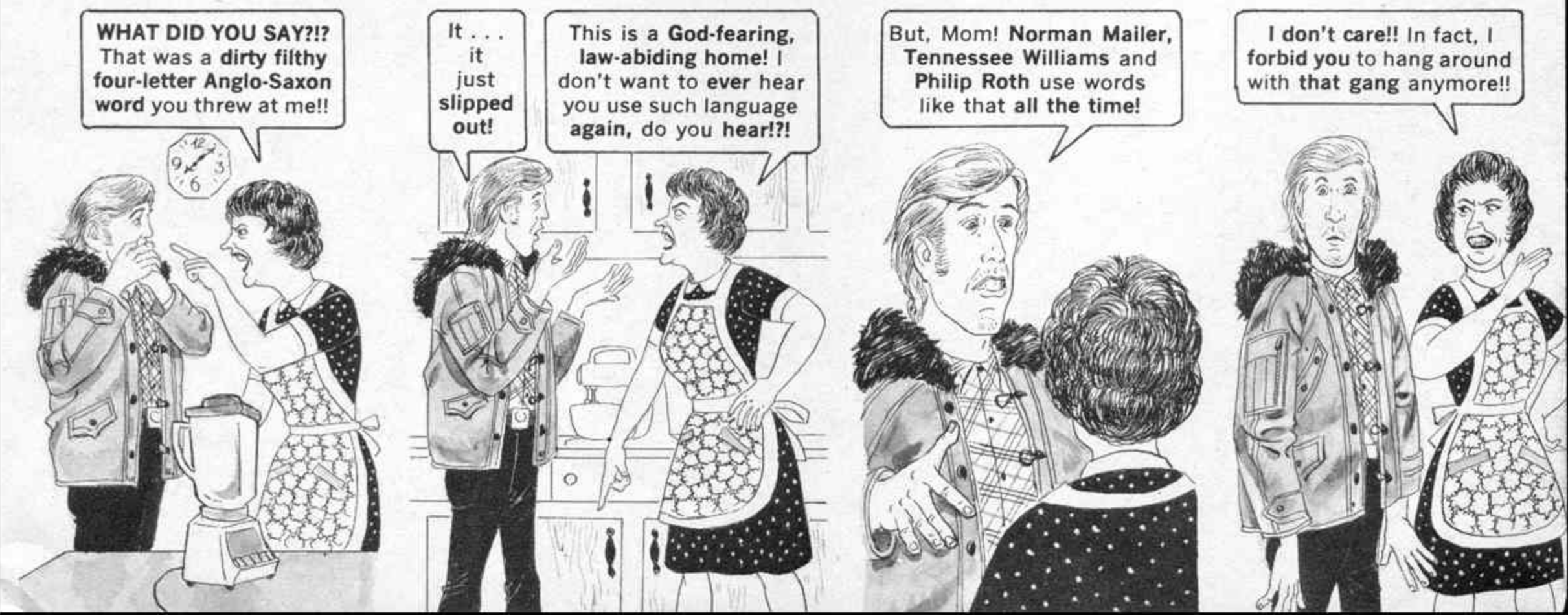
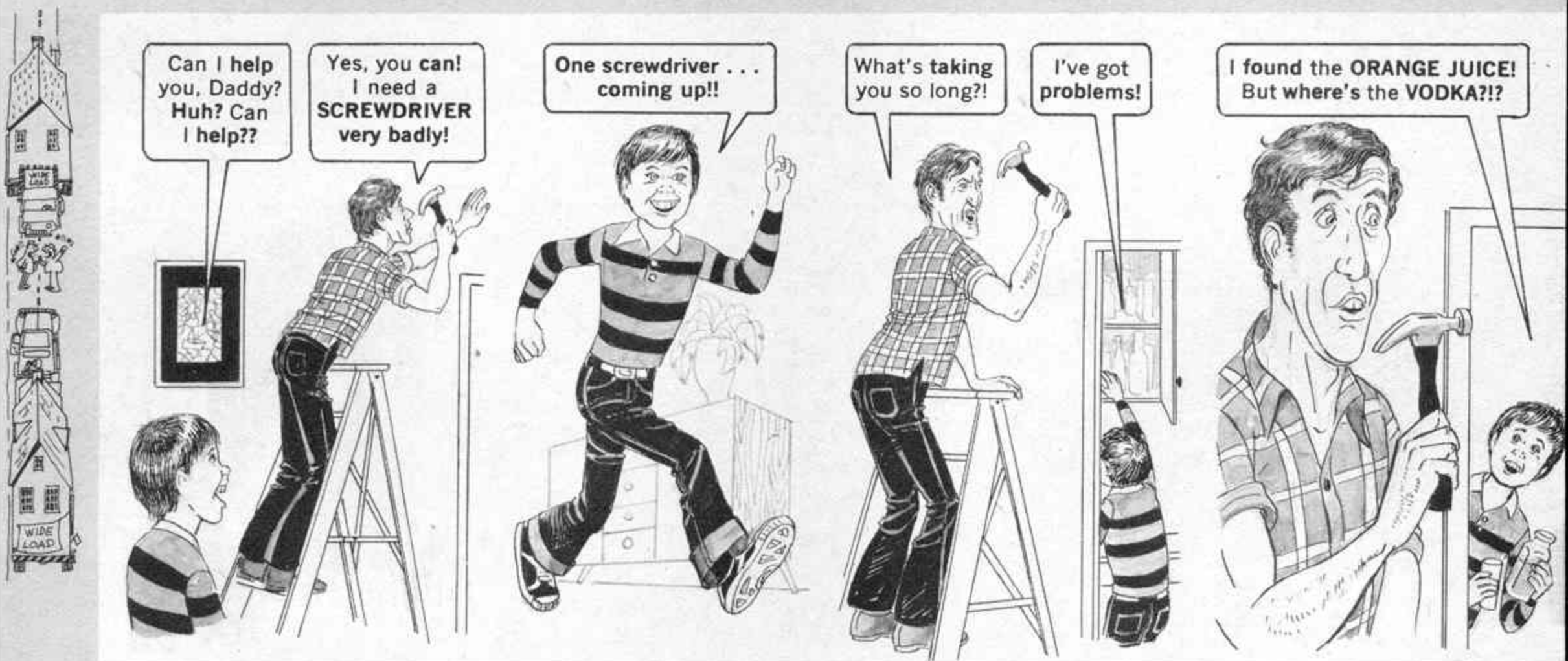
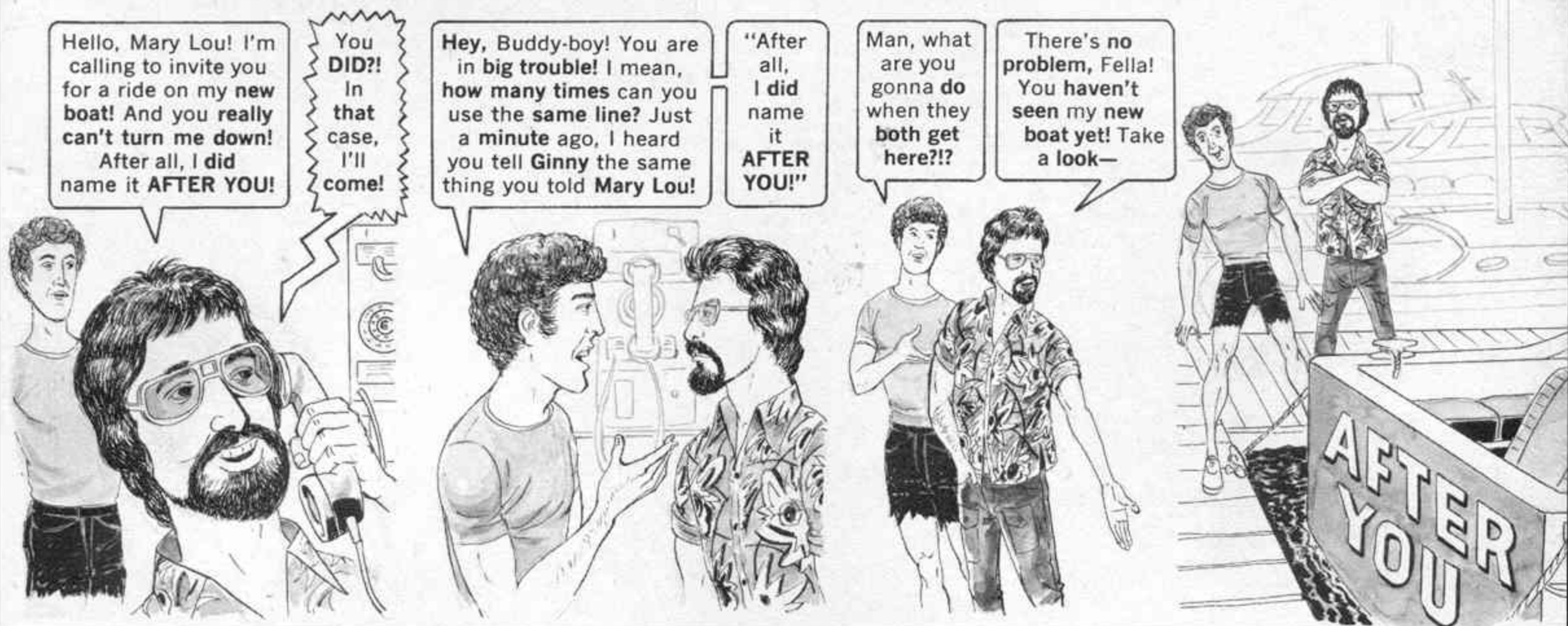
But I resent paying for  
those **BROOD SOWS**  
who keep knocking out  
one illegitimate  
kid after another!

**HOW DARE YOU CALL A  
WOMAN A "BROOD SOW"!!  
NO PERSON SHOULD BE  
COMPARED TO AN ANIMAL,  
YOU MALE CHAUVINIST—**

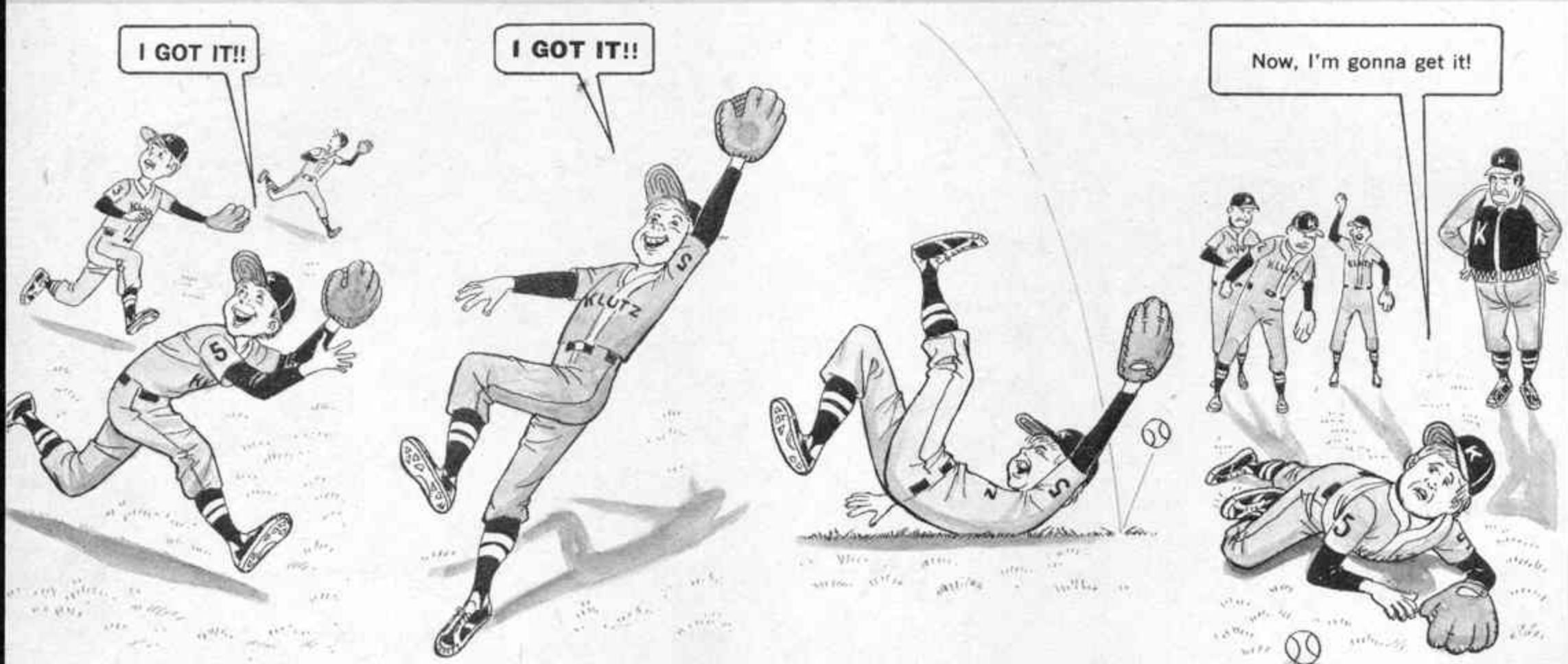
—pig?















In order to boost sagging business while cutting costs and increasing profits, a major airline recently offered "No-Frills Service" with ads that looked something like this:

# THERE'S NO "PIE-IN-THE-SKY" WITH Irrational Airlines

THERE ISN'T EVEN COFFEE! IN FACT, THERE ISN'T EVEN A MEAL!  
JUST THE LOWEST FARES POSSIBLE  
WITH OUR "NO-FRILLS SERVICE"

You want pie and coffee? Or a meal, maybe? Go to a Diner! We're not in the Restaurant business! We fly you to where you want to go cheaper than anyone else because we charge you only for transportation! F'rinstance, we've got the ugliest Stewardesses (we pay minimum wages!), the flimsiest barf bags (you know how much plastic-lined ones cost?) and reconditioned life preservers (why pay for new equipment when we all know if the plane goes down, there's no getting out!) And all this inferior service SAVES YOU MONEY!



FLY HIGH  
PAY LOW...ON

## Irrational Airlines

While MAD is the last to praise anything, especially advertising gimmicks, we must say there *is* something to this concept of stripping away the "extras" and just charging for the necessities when offering a service. In fact, here are the kind of ads we'd see...

# IF OTHER BUSINESSES OFFERED "NO-FRILLS" SERVICE



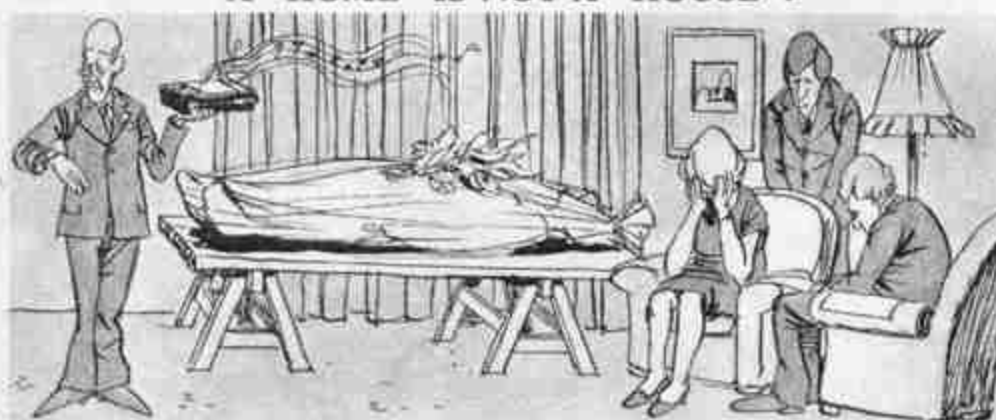
# SAVE 40% ON YOUR NEXT SAD OCCASION WITH SHIVERSIDE "NO-FRILLS" FUNERAL.

## DON'T BE A "CASKET CASE"!

Why blow your hard-earned money, or dip into that inheritance (which God knows you waited long enough for!) on an expensive coffin you'll never see again? Your dear departed is in no position to care about "looks" or "style"! Shiverside lays him to rest in something far less elaborate, but even more durable...one of our ultra heavy duty king-size "Baggie-Byes." It's guaranteed to out-last wood or metal, and we'll give you a choice of twist-ties in four decorator colors.



## A "HOME" IS NOT A "HOUSE"!



If his own living room was good enough for the deceased when he was alive, it's certainly good enough for him now when he isn't! The funeral services will be conducted by someone who has been certified to have completed at least two years of Sunday School, or who has been Bar Mitzvah'd. A cassette tape of some nice organ music will be played throughout the ceremony at absolutely no extra charge.

## A "PLOT" TO SAVE YOU PLENTY



Forget the skyrocketing cost of cemetery plots! Thanks to recent Federal regulations, Shiverside will arrange for a place for your dear departed on United States Government property at absolutely NO COST TO YOU! We merely mail the full "Baggie-Bye" to a non-existent address, include insufficient postage with no return address, and it ends up in the "Dead Letter" office. Talk about rest in peace!

AT SHIVERSIDE...WE BURY THE HIGH COST OF FUNERALS!

# WHAT HAS SHARADIN DONE FOR YOU LATELY...? THE "NO FRILLS" HOTEL PLAN! THAT'S WHAT!

## QUARTERS MEAN BUCKS



Each "No-Frills" room has two closets. One is your bedroom. The other is your neighbor's bedroom. Frills like desks and bathrooms have been done away with. Our exclusive giant towel-roll eliminates expensive pilferage.

## VIEW WITH ECONOMY



Each "No-Frills" room has a TV set. No tube—just a set placed over a hole in your neighbor's wall so you can sit up and watch them in a real-life situation comedy. And if you're lucky, you may be able to catch an "X-rated" show.

## SAVE WITH STEPS



Smart travelers agree that elevators are dumb because they only go up and down. For real economy, we offer our "Self Service Stairs". Climb your way to savings. Cripples are hauled up on our unused window-washer's scaffold.

## CASH IN ON CARRY



There's no tipping because there's no one to tip. No doormen, no bellhops, no waiters, no maids. Besides, carrying your own luggage is really good exercise. Just take it easy! "No-Frills" also means "No House Doctors"!



# YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LOW LOW "SALE" PRICES ON... CONARD'S "NO-FRILLS" CRUISES

**WHO** really pays for a Ship Captain's \$75,000 annual salary? You do! So we've cut down on needless expenses like Captains, and instituted Conard's "No-Frills Passenger Participation Plan." Under Conard's "N.F.F.P.P.", passengers take turns running the ship. It's easy and it's fun! All you have to remember is "Port" is "left"—"Starboard" is "right" . . . or is it the other way around . . . ??



**WHY** bring the unnecessary luxuries of land to the high seas? You can be pampered every day of the year in hotels and restaurants. We save you money by eliminating "Table Service." Instead, our "No-Frills American Plan" offers Buffet-Style meals to passengers and crew at the same time. Get the feel of the "Bounding Main" as you battle for food morsels with our hunger-crazed Moroccan crews.

**WHERE** should you go—where everyone else goes? The more popular the port, the less popular the price! From Argentina to Angola . . . from Lebanon to Portugal . . . there are always exotic places where political unrest and rioting are dragging prices way, way, down. And that's where Conard will be sailing to! You'll get to understand the lives of the natives while trying to keep your own!



## CONARD

THE ONLY WORLD WAR II TROOPSHIP FLEET AFLOAT  
*"Getting Half-Way There Can Be Almost As Much Fun!"*

# NOW YOU CAN FIGHT THE SPIRALING COSTS OF MEDICAL CARE WITH OUR NO-FRILLS SURGICAL PLAN

**WE ELIMINATE UNNECESSARY EXTRAS... LIKE ANESTHESIA**



By eliminating such unnecessary extras as anesthesia, our "No Frills Surgical Plan" lets you really experience your operation while permitting you to keep an eye on your Surgeon so he doesn't remove something he's not supposed to!

**HOSPITAL ROOM EXPENSES ARE SLASHED, SLASHED, SLASHED**



After your operation, we don't baby you with a hospital bed. You bring a bridge chair from home, and we set it up where you're comfortable—without paying for a private or semi-private room—like out in the hall corridor where the "action" is.

**WE CUT DOWN THE HIGH COST OF UNEATEN HOSPITAL FOOD**



Yes, we know how awful hospital food can be! So why pay for it if you don't eat it? With "No Frills," you pay only for the food on the tray you eat. The rest is returned to the kitchen, and it is re-served to you for your next meal.

## DOCTORS' GOLD MINE HOSPITAL

*"We cut costs down . . . while we cut you up!"*

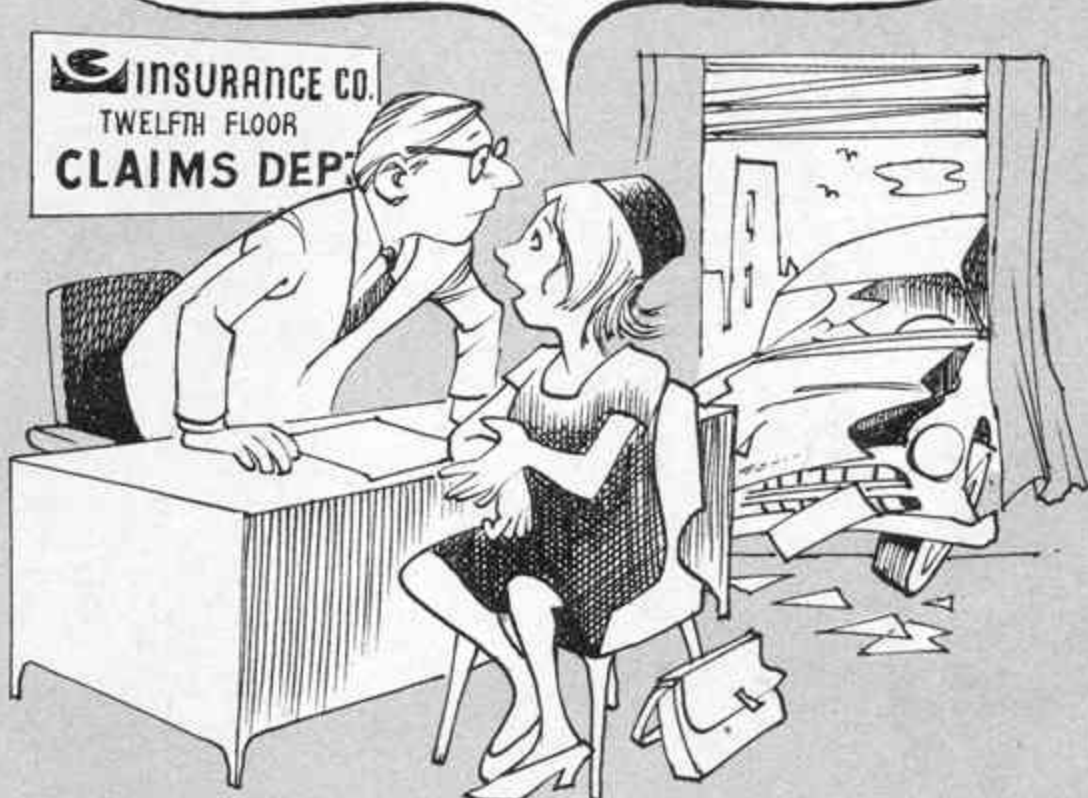
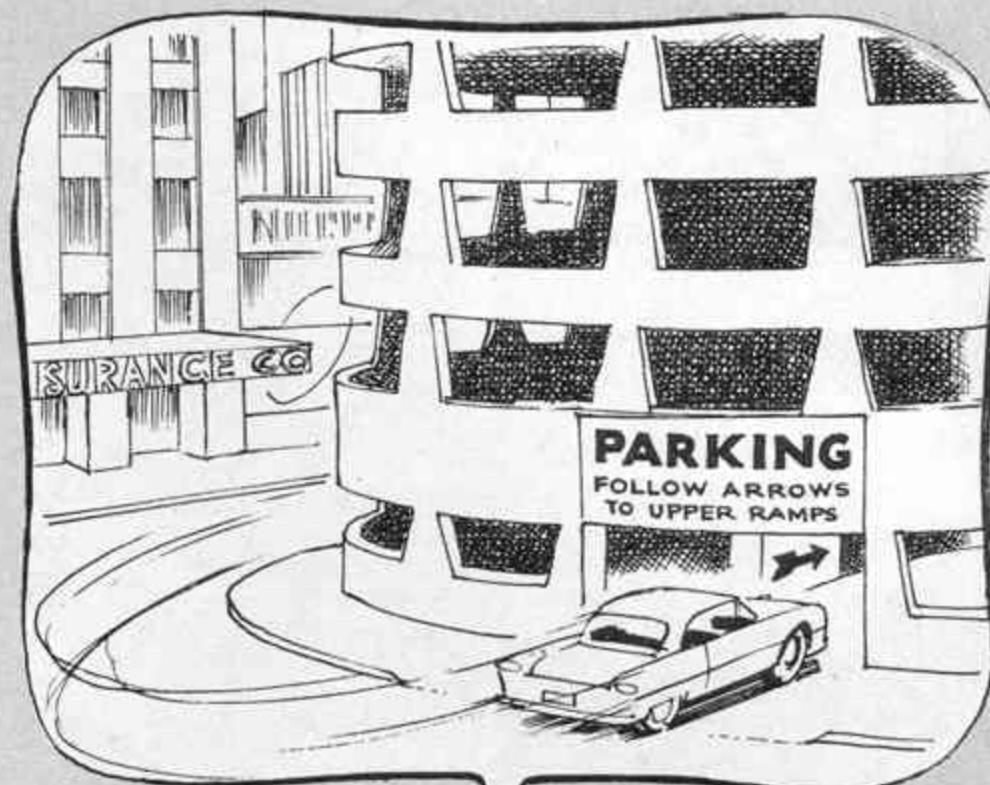




INCIDENT REPLAY DEPT.

# STILL MORE WHAT'S T

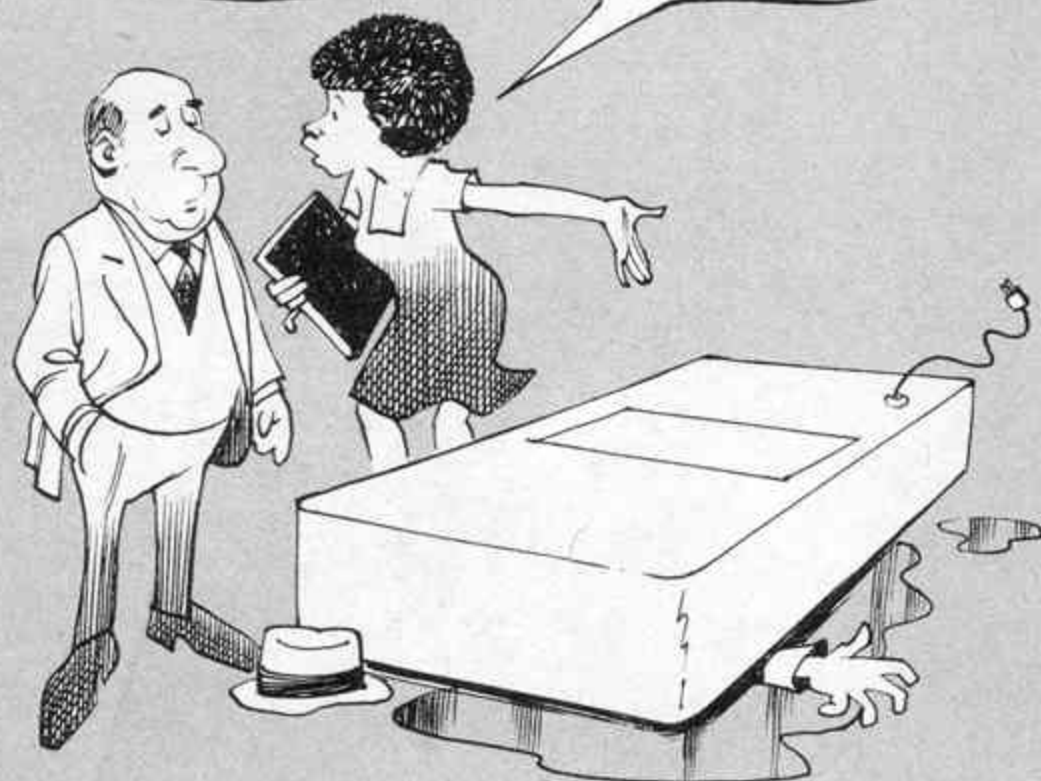
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE





# HE STORY...?

WRITER: DON EDWING





## CLOD-BOPPERS DEPT.

If there's one thing that Television has done to death, it's those idiotic "Celebrity Roasts." We mean those shows where "Big Names" are insulted and humiliated . . . all in the name of fellowship, fun, and mainly, high ratings. The problem is that over the past years, there have been so many "Celebrity

# TESTIMONIAL FOR ORDI

ROAST OF ALVIN TEPPER, INSURANCE ADJUSTOR, FROM

Ladies and Germs, for years we people in Show Biz have had a tradition of roasting only people we like! Well, tonight, we break that tradition!

Tonight, we are here to honor Alvin Tepper, Insurance Adjustor! That's gonna be about as much fun as watching the Walton Family sort gooseberries!

Alvin is not the brightest guy in the world! He still sits home Tuesday nights in front of his 12-inch Dumont TV set . . . waiting for my show, "The Texaco Star Theater," to come on!

Alvin calls himself an "Insurance Adjustor"! Take a look at the way he dresses! This man can't even adjust his own pants!!

As an Insurance Adjustor, Alvin heard the statistic that most auto accidents occur within twenty miles of the victims' own homes! Which is why Alvin hasn't been back to his in years!



ARTIST: BOB JONES

Alvin Tepper is a nice guy, but he's crude and unsophisticated! When I met him in the bar, he was using "Right Guard" as a cocktail mix!

His idea of a fancy seven-course dinner is a hamburger and a six-pack!

This man has the warmest heart in Perth Amboy! You would too, if you drank Gulf No-Nox!

As an Insurance Adjustor, Alvin's philosophy is, "If you drink, don't drive . . . 'cause there's no room to put a highball glass on the dashboard!"

There have been many exciting nights in my career! This . . . is NOT one of them!

It's hard for me to praise a man who once had a part-time job as a Lifeguard at a water bed!

A man who once sent his wife on a luxury cruise . . . through The Bermuda Triangle!

Let me just say to the people in Perth Amboy who want to know the secret of Alvin's success . . . there IS NO secret . . . because Alvin is NO SUCCESS!!





Roasts" that they're running out of *celebrities* to roast! Like, you know . . . Those shows are in trouble when they start roasting people like Peter Lupis and Abbe Lane. They'd be much better off roasting ordinary, unknown people with non-glamorous jobs! In fact, here's what it would be like if they had

# ROASTS NARY PEOPLE

PERTH AMBOY, N.J.

I met Alvin Tepper tonight for the first time, but I formed an immediate impression! What can you say about a man who not only wears a clip-on bow-tie, but a clip-on suit?!

Alvin thinks an intellectual is anyone who understands a Clint Eastwood movie!

Alvin is supposed to be a respected businessman, but he's made some rather strange investments! In the past few years, he's bought shares in a Lettuce Mine, a chain of Kentucky Fried Chow Mein Stands, and a Talcum Powder Farm!



Do you know what a thrill it is for me to be here tonight? I needed this dinner like Vincent Van Gogh needed ear muffs!

When he was young, Alvin's family **MOVED** a great deal! But they would never tell Alvin!

Then the **Sexual Revolution** came along . . . and do you know where Alvin ended up? On the **Casualty List!**



WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Alvin here is about as much fun as an exploding bed pan!

Yes, Alvin . . . I kid you! And **WHY** do I kid you? Because I **DON'T LIKE YOU!**

What's your **Nationality**, Alvin? What's your **Heritage**? Try to read my lips! I'll talk slow! What—is—your—Her—it—age? Let me guess! You're **POLISH!**

No . . . Hungarian!

Oh! Like that's **BETTER?!!**

I kid the Hungarians, but it's really a fun country! To make you feel at home, a little later on, we'll hold up some wolfbane . . . and drive a stake through your heart!

Alvin, we're all here to honor you! So I'd just like to say, from the bottom of my heart . . . **DON'T EVER TRY TO HANG AROUND ME!!**

Oh . . . I forgot! They want me to say that a tree has been planted in your name . . . outside Budapest! Your day to water it is **THURSDAY!**



NUTS TO PEOPLE ROAST—I PREFER THEM RAW!





## ROAST OF DR. MELVIN W. OGELTHORPE, PHYSICIAN, FROM MU

We are here tonight to honor a distinguished, dedicated member of the Medical Profession! Unfortunately . . . we couldn't FIND one . . . so we're stuck with Melvin Ogelthorpe!

Melvin had all the makings of a Doctor at an early age! He only attended school four days a week . . . and took off every Wednesday to play Miniature Golf!

Over the years, he treated thousands of patients in this community! It's a shame that not one of them is alive today to pay tribute to him!

I wouldn't say Melvin is a clumsy Doctor, but vultures constantly make lazy circles over his office!

I don't know what kind of Surgeon Dr. Ogelthorpe is, but while he was cutting his meat, his knife slipped three times!

And that was with his Nurse helping him eat!!

Melvin is the only Doctor I know who specializes in "Side Effects"!



## ROAST OF MRS. ELMIRA BITTLE, HOUSEWIFE, FROM VICKSBURG

Y'know how—at roasts—we always MAKE UP insulting things about the Guest of Honor?! Well . . . tonight, we don't have to make up a THING!

Because tonight we are honoring Mrs. Elmira Bittle, the Candice Bergen of the Geritol set!

I wouldn't say Elmira is FAT . . . but I took one look at her and ordered a "DOUBLE!"

But she's patriotic! Once, to honor the Bicentennial, she wore a red, white and blue outfit! When she yawned, people started mailing LETTERS down her mouth!

Seeing Elmira here tonight reminds me of the old adage, "A Woman's Place Is In The Stove!"

Before she became a Housewife, she worked in a Hospital—posing as a MALE NURSE!

I don't know why I kid Elmira like this! She doesn't know me from Adam! Er—he was ALSO famous for running around in the nude!



## ROAST OF WALTER ZWILLMAN, HARDWARE STORE MANAGER,

We're here tonight to honor Walter Zwillman! This is the SECOND biggest thrill of my life! My FIRST was getting undressed . . . and then running full speed into a CACTUS!

As a child, Walt wasn't sure what he wanted to do. He made up his mind after he graduated "The Yale School For The Uncertain!"

Walter is now a respected member of his profession! He is to Hardware what Cher is to marital instability . . . and Abe Beame is to height!

Walt isn't the most stimulating guy in the world! In fact, whenever there's a dull party in town, they immediately call Walter over . . . and he blends right in!

Thanks, Johnny, for getting us off to a flying STOP!

But I know what you mean about Walter Zwillman being dull! They say he has all the excitement of a torn pocket!

That's because Walter had a very difficult childhood! He came up from nothing . . . and brought it with him!





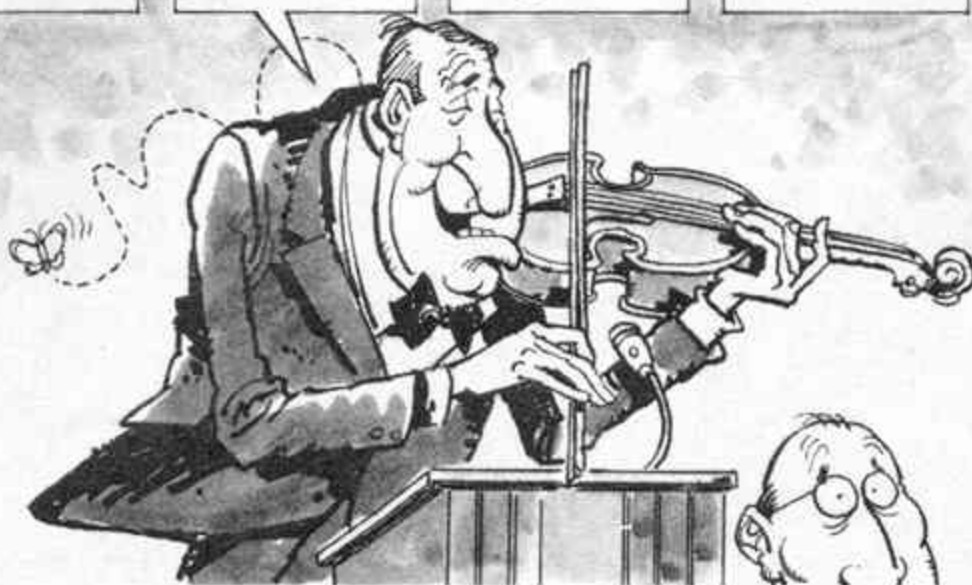
## NCIE, INDIANA

Melvin is an accomplished Surgeon! I once saw him remove a lump from a man's side! It was his wallet!

And he's really very considerate! if you can't afford the operation, he touches up the X-Rays!

I went to him with a sore foot! He said, "I'll have you walking in an hour!" And he did! He stole my CAR!

But he stays in shape! He's a 50-year-old man with the body of a 20-year-old! He's keeping her in an apartment!



Once, I had the misfortune of actually being one of Melvin Ogelthorpe's patients! He gave me a kidney transplant from a BED WETTER!

Then he started treating me with Acupuncture! One night I was in a lot of pain, so I called him up! He told me, "Take two needles and call me in the morning!"

All kidding aside, it must be great to be a Doctor! In what other job can you ask a girl to take her clothes off, look her over, then send a bill to her Husband???



## RG, MISSISSIPPI

I don't know why they kid you about your appearance, Elmira! I happen to know that you made the list of the Ten Best Dressed Women—of Mississippi! You were the first 9!

Elmira is the only woman I know who wears a form-fitting PONCHO!

But I understand that Elmira's an incredible cook! You've heard of people who can't boil water! Well, Elmira CAN! She calls it SOUP!



Don't let them say you're fat, Elmira! You're just TOO SHORT! According to the charts, for your weight, you should be 12 feet, 4 inches tall!

Elmira went on the Water Diet! Most people lose ten pounds! She gained seventeen gallons!

Every night, she had to sleep in "Pampers!" And she slept in a Water Bed! Not intentionally—it just came out that way!

But I loved doing this testimonial for you... because next to you, I look like Ali MacGraw!



## FROM POTTSVILLE, PA.

I thought that I don't get no respect! Then, I met Walter Zwillman! Now I feel really fantastic!

What can you say about a guy who still wears Nehru jackets!

He's the only guy I know who failed "FIRE DRILL" in school!

Walter's idea of an exciting evening is to go down to the Supermarket and fool with the electric doors!



I'm MRS. Walter Zwillman, and I've been asked to say a few words about my Husband! How's about "cheap"... or "boring"...?!

Walter dull? Let me put it this way: I collected his Life Insurance three times!

But Walter has worked hard all his life! He was no overnight success... as I discovered on our Honeymoon!

So what say? Let's all give Walter what he deserves! A "CROUCHING OVATION!"





# WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

**WHEN YOU'RE POOR...**



... you're a glutton.

**WHEN YOU'RE RICH...**



... you're a gourmet.

**WHEN YOU'RE POOR...**



... you breed kids like rabbits.

**WHEN YOU'RE POOR...**



... you throw your money away on booze.

**WHEN YOU'RE RICH...**



... you have a well-stocked bar.

**WHEN YOU'RE POOR...**



... you're the town weirdo.

**WHEN YOU'RE POOR...**



... you  
vomit.

**WHEN YOU'RE RICH...**



... you succumb to a  
sudden attack of nausea.

**WHEN YOU'RE POOR...**



... you gamble away your  
salary at the track.

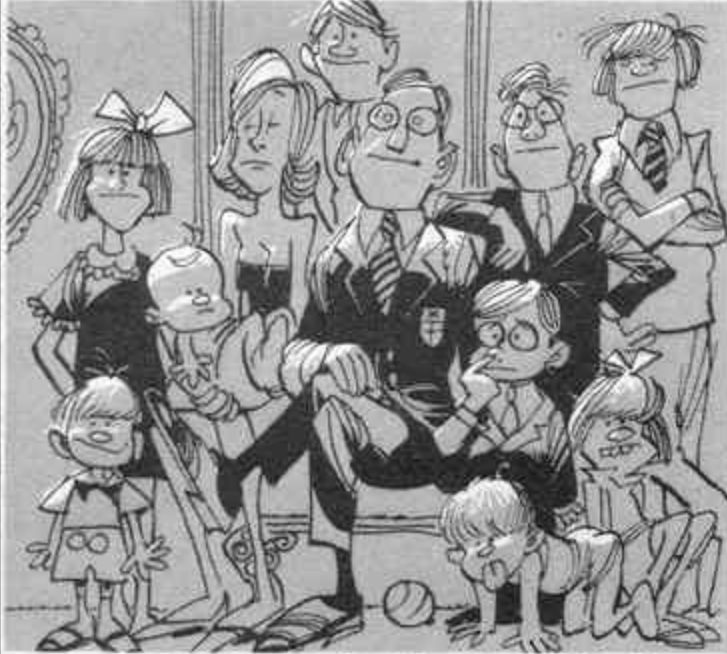




# ND... WHEN YOU'RE RICH

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're blessed with a large family.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



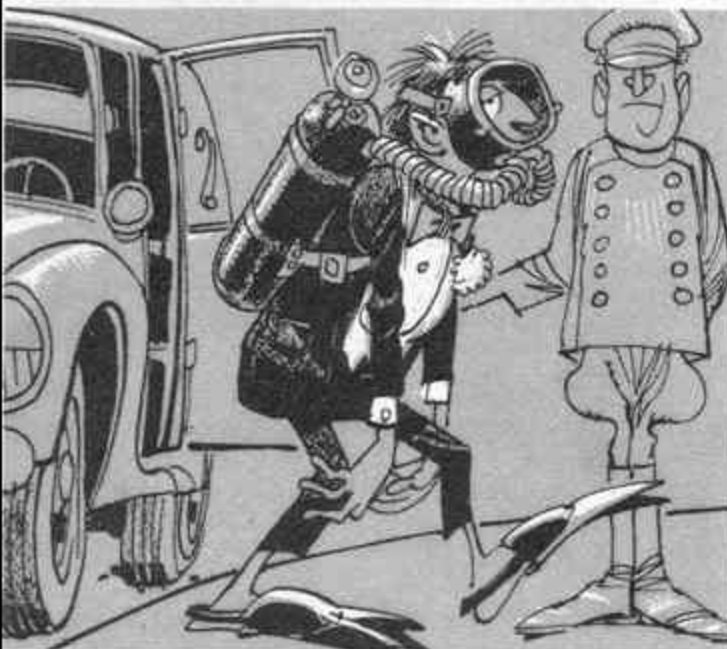
... you gossip.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you bring each other up to date.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



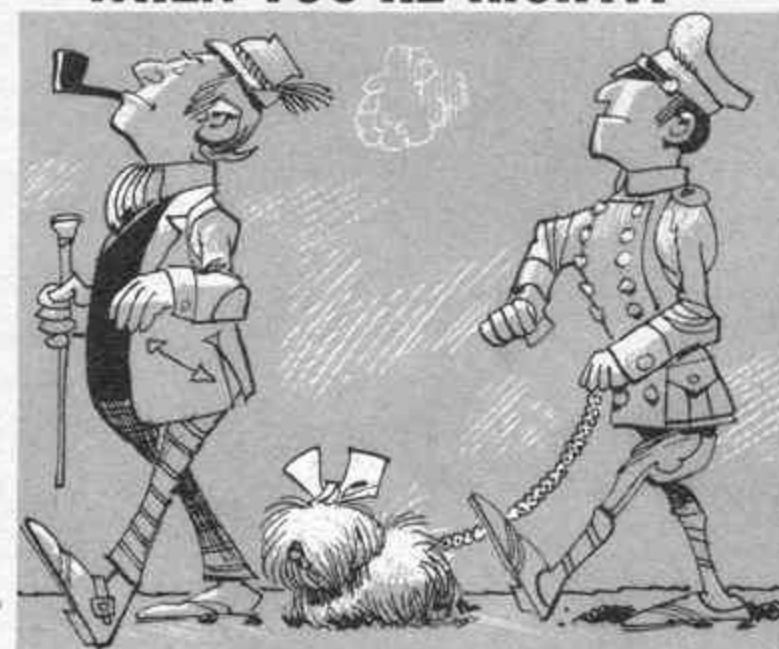
... you're the local eccentric.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you own a mutt.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you possess a mixed breed.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you have a bad day, handicapping.

## WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

## WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.



# ONE WEDNESDAY MORNING ON A DESERT ISLAND

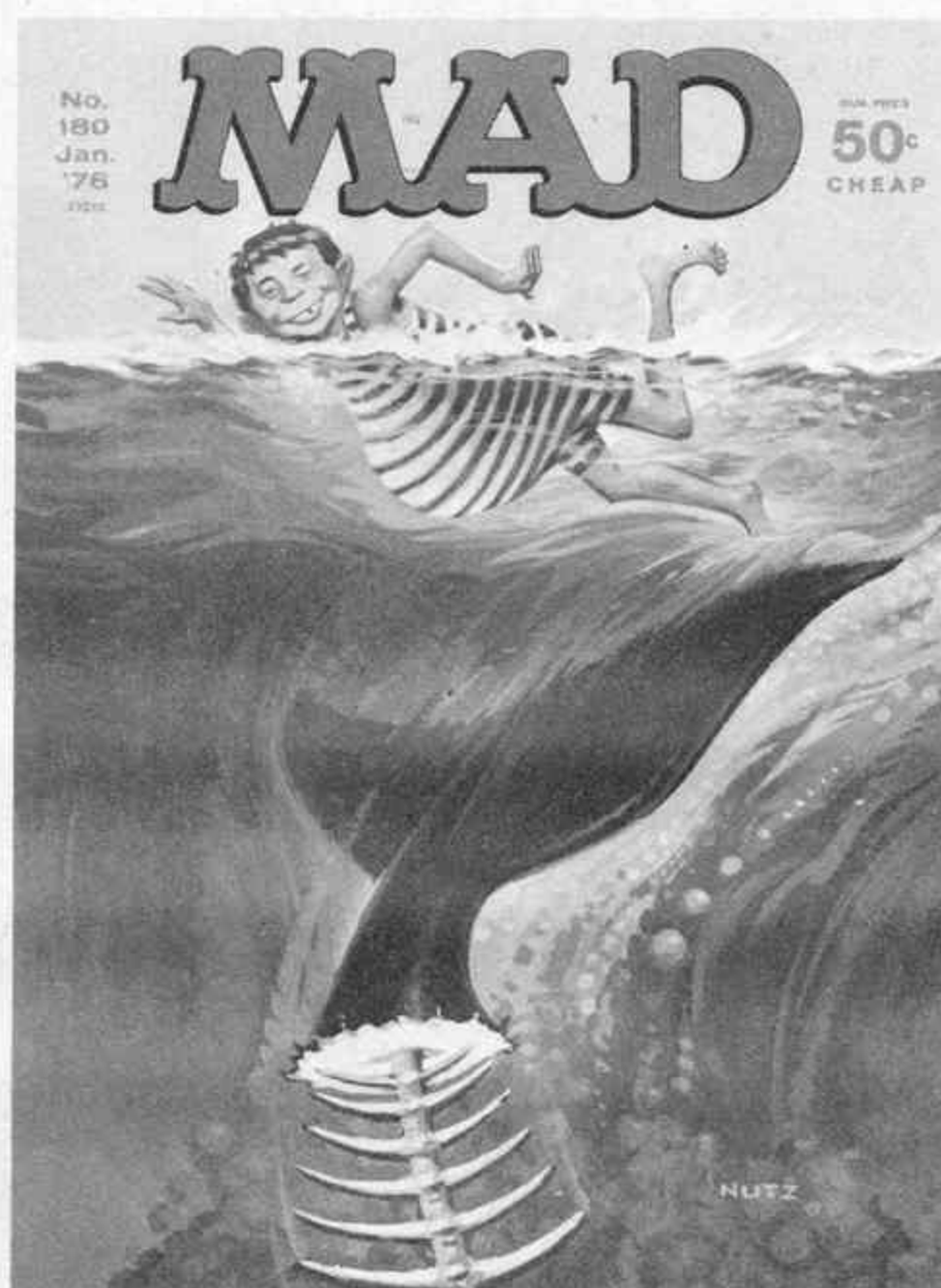
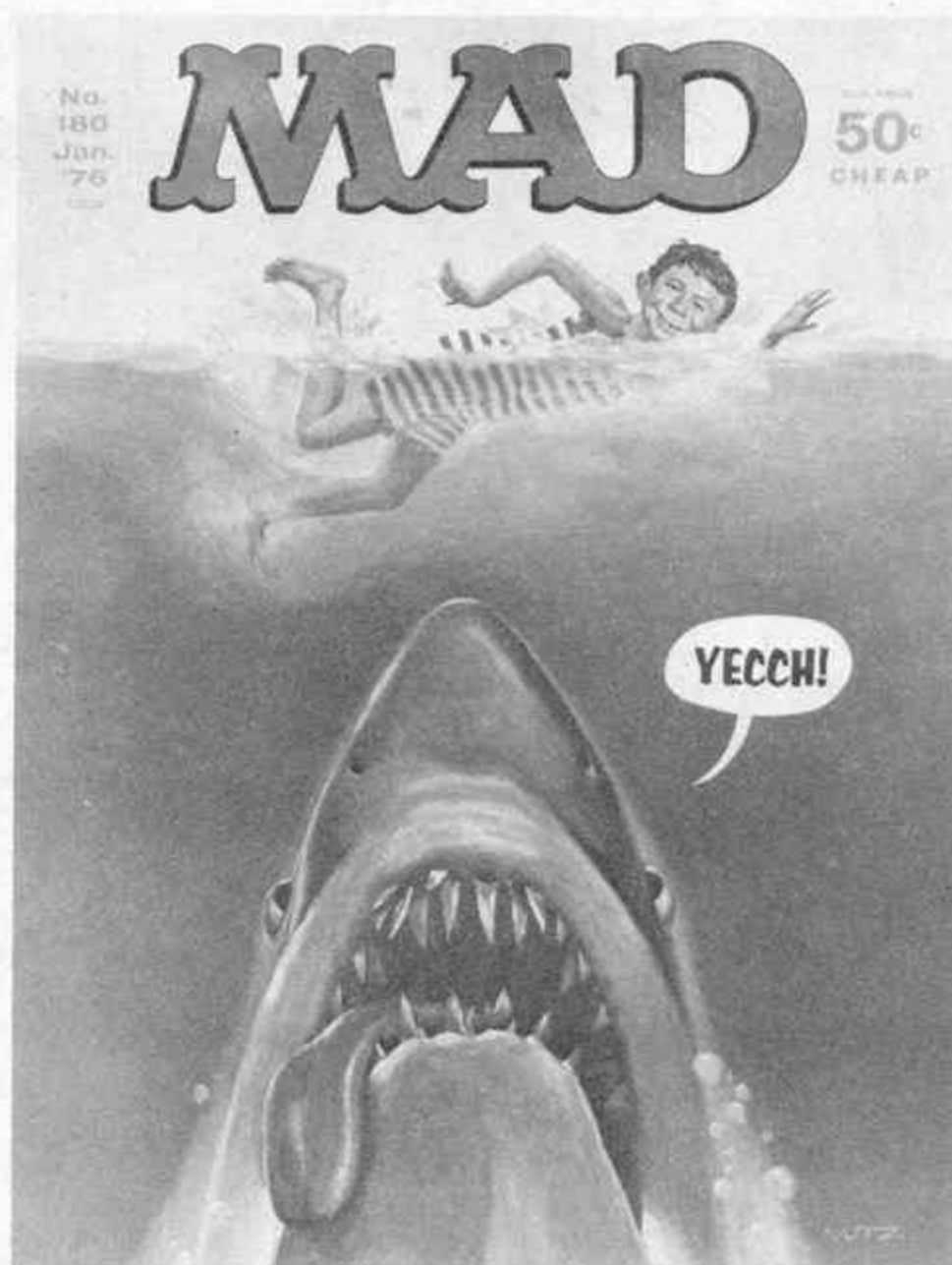




SECONDING OUR NOTION DEPT.

# PRESENTING THE ORIGINAL **MAD** COVER

# AND ONE **MAD** MOMENT LATER!



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

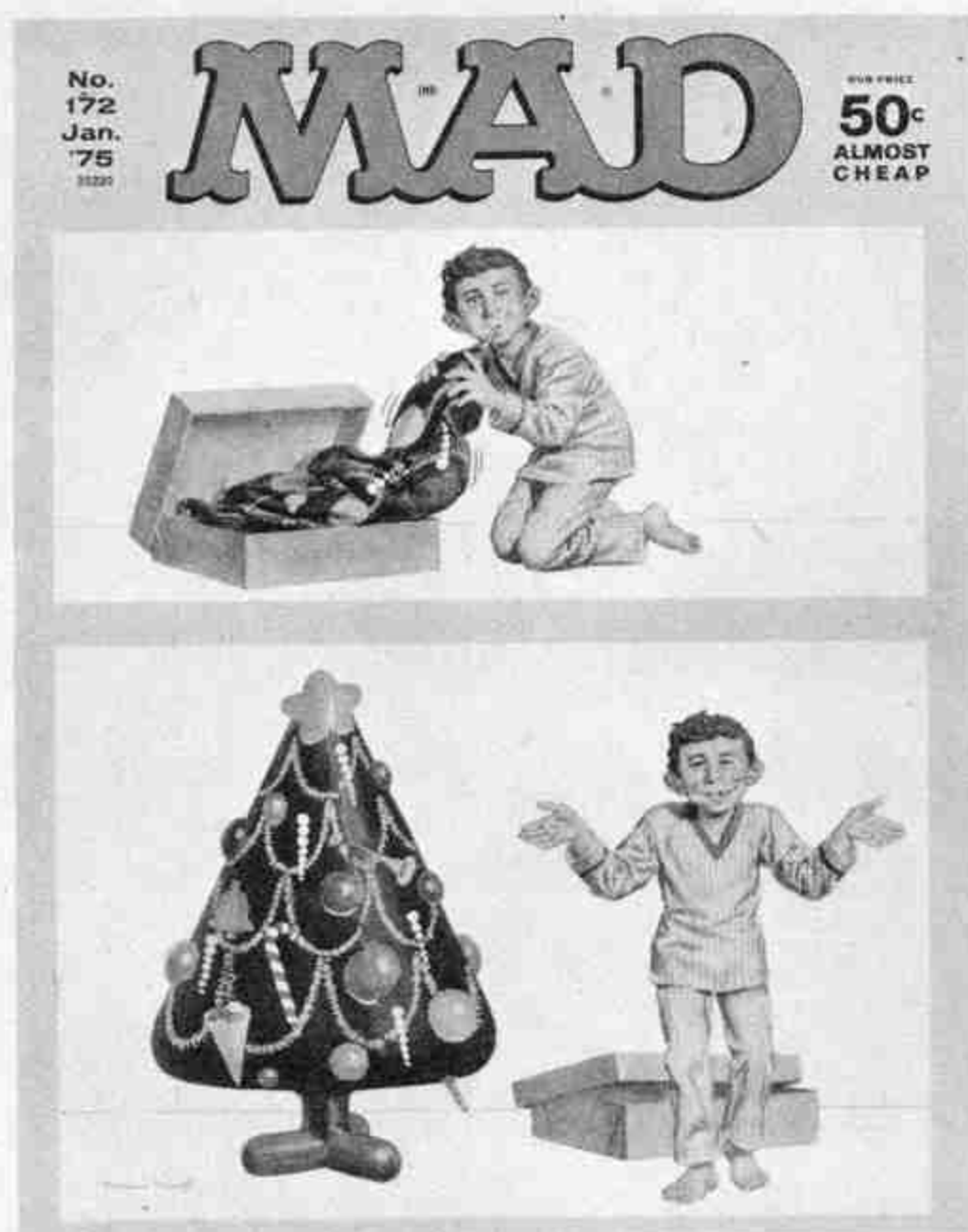
WRITER: DON EDWING





**THE ORIGINAL**

**...AND ONE**



**COVER...**



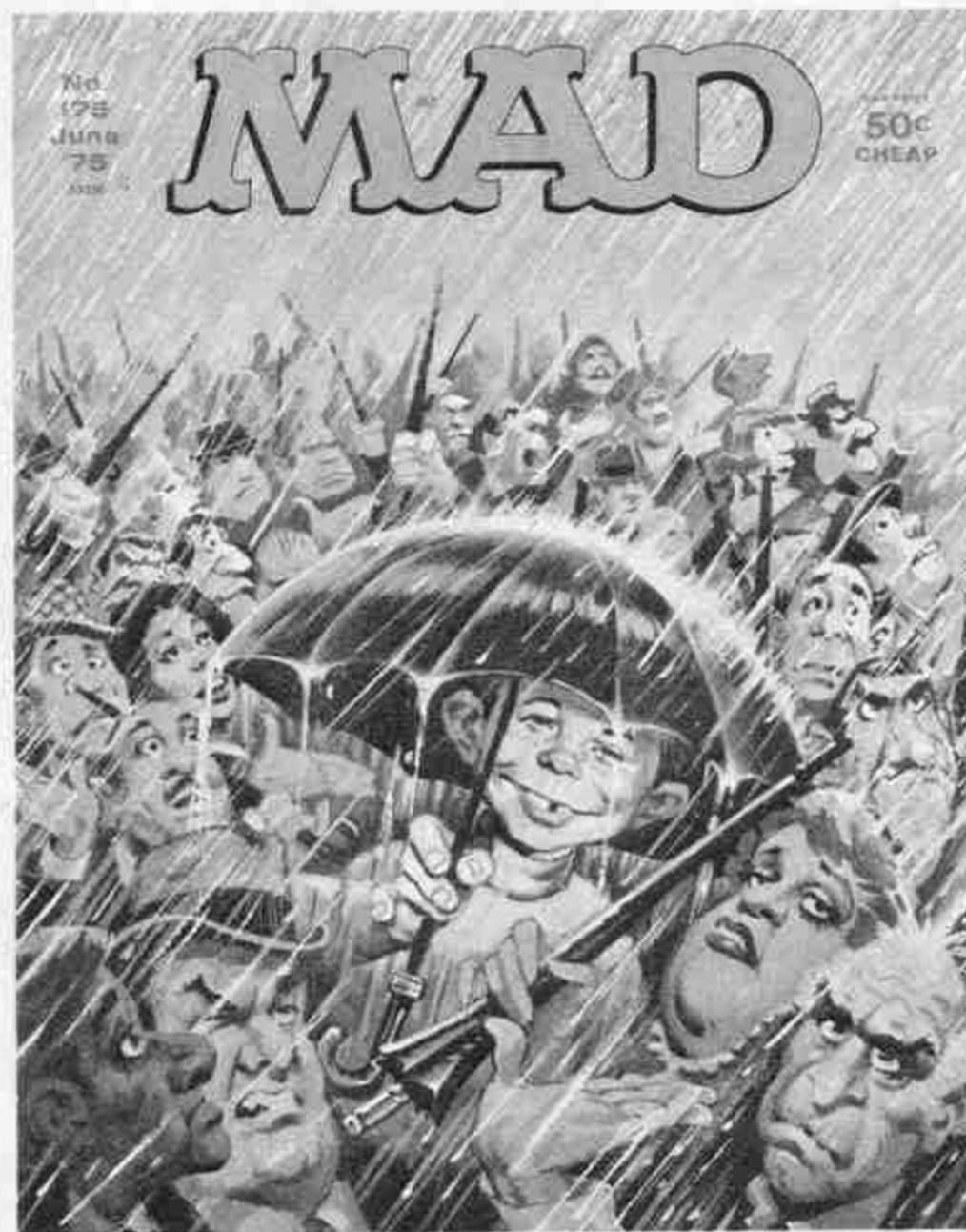
**MOMENT LATER!**

**THE ORIGINAL**

**...AND ONE**



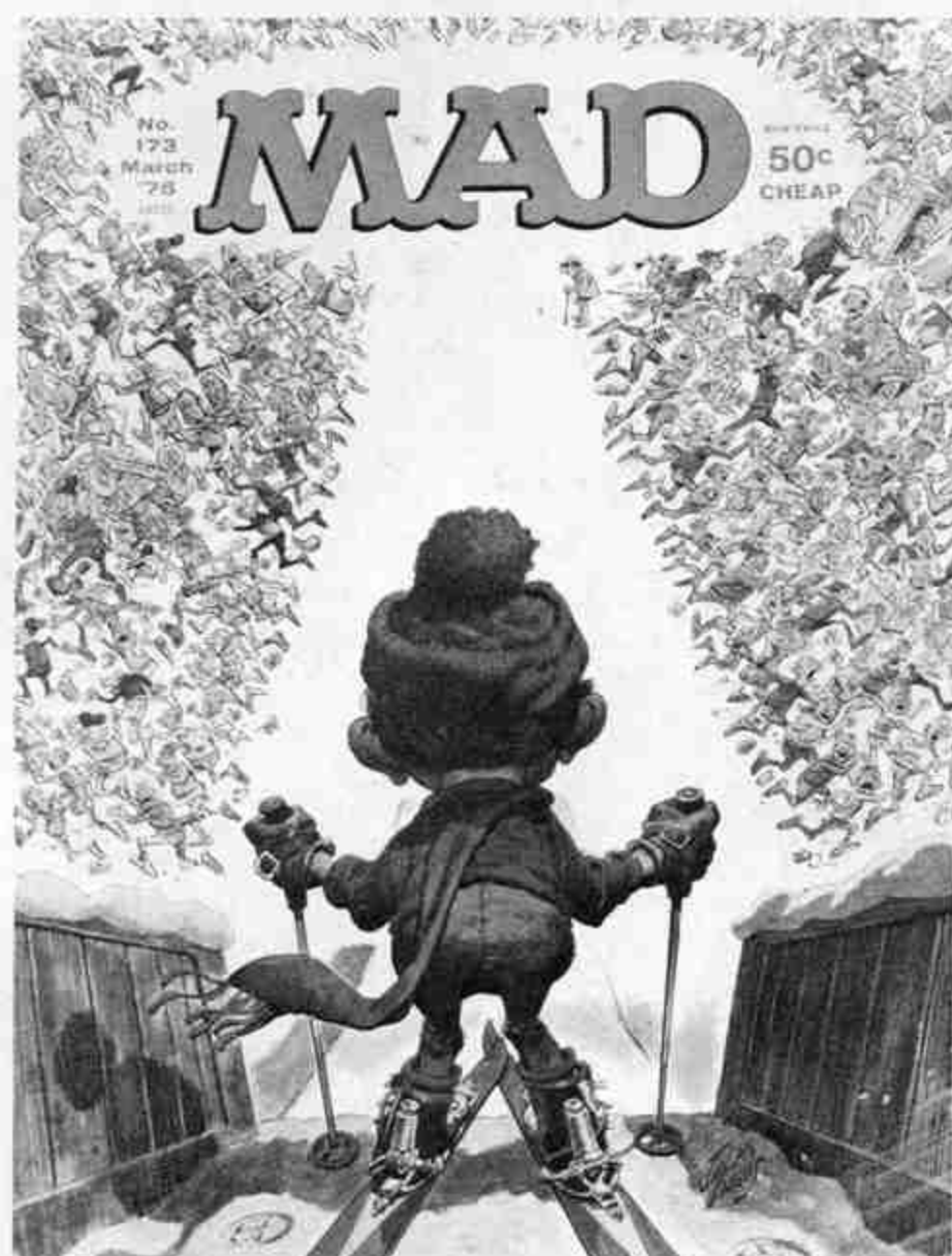
**COVER...**



**MOMENT LATER!**

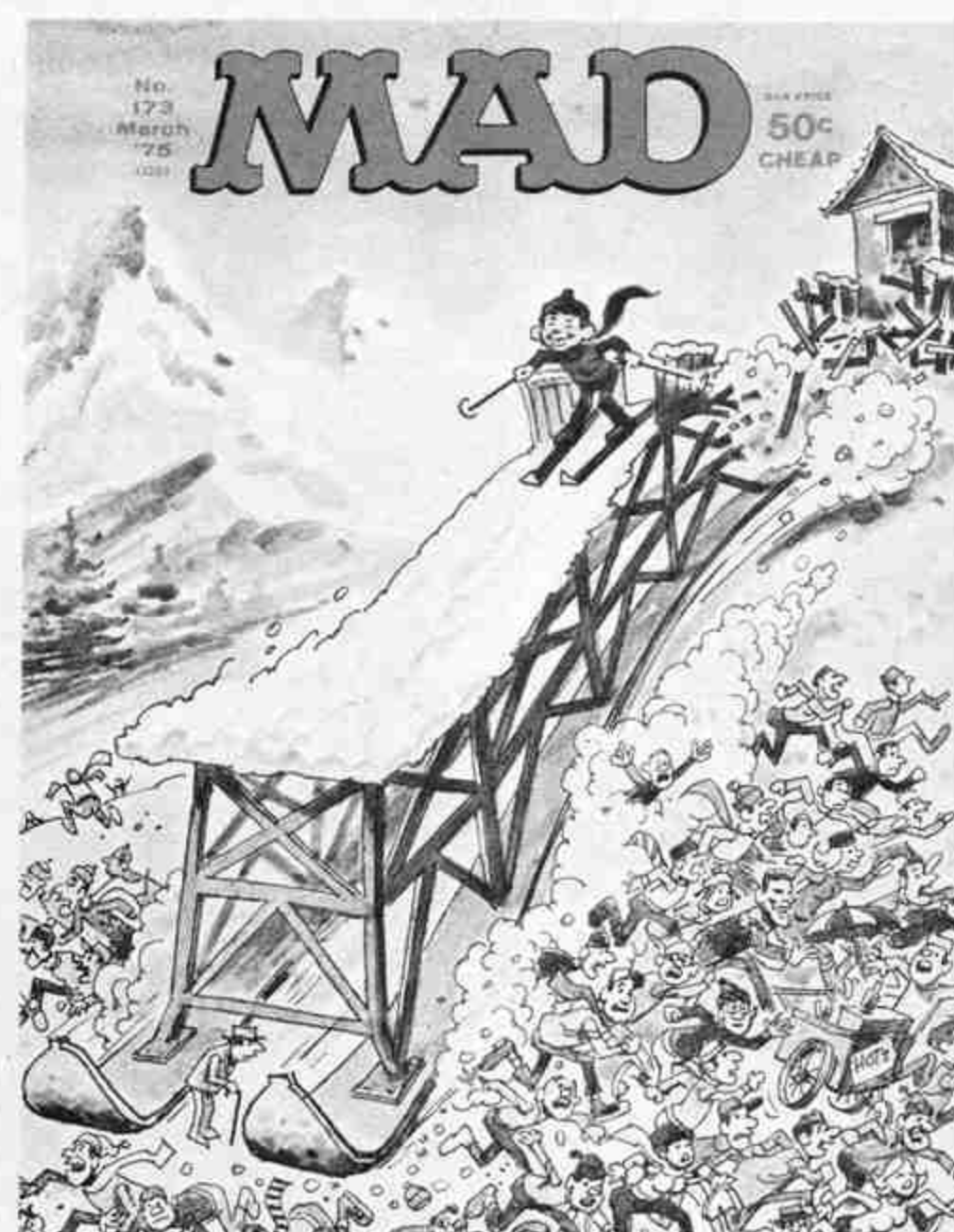


**THE ORIGINAL**



**COVER...**

**...AND ONE**



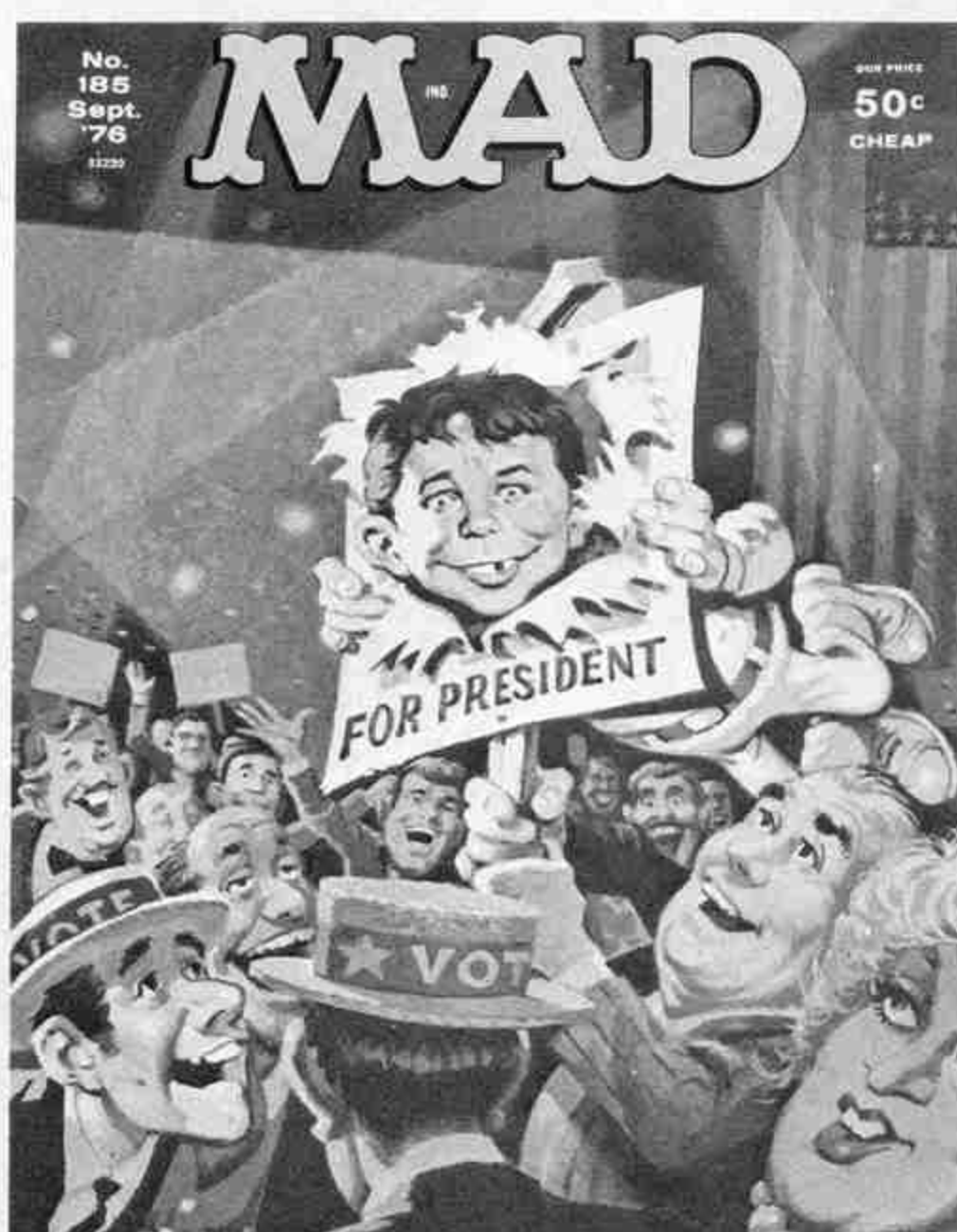
**MOMENT LATER!**

**THE ORIGINAL**



**COVER...**

**...AND ONE**



**MOMENT LATER!**



## EXPOSED NERDS DEPT.

Members of every club and organization from the Camp Fire Girls to the Spanish-American War Vets agree on one point: There is nothing duller than the Minutes of the last meeting. That's because dull groups that hold dull meetings have dull Minutes. However, the people who have all the controversial discussions and

# TOP SECRET MINUTES O

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

## THE OIL IMPORTERS OF AMERICA Energy Conservation Committee

### Winter Meeting

- The minutes of the previous meeting were thrown into the waste basket and burned, thus allowing news photographers to take pictures that show how eager we are to find alternate sources of energy to heat our Conference Room.
- The news photographers were led out, and the thermostat in the Conference Room was turned back up to 78.
- Mr. Tidwell of Eastern Utilities proposed that we hand Israel over to the Arabs as a gesture to indicate that we want to be nice.
- Mr. Tidwell was criticized for failing to lower his voice when he offers barbaric suggestions that we'll later want to deny endorsing.
- Mr. Spielrite of Pan-Sand Dune Oil laughed off rumors that gasoline may hit \$1 a gallon by next fall. He said it will have to hit \$1 a lot sooner than that if his company is to double its profits again this year.
- Mr. Cosgrove of Geological Projection Systems reminded the Committee that we still haven't proposed a comprehensive energy program, even though the nation is now down to a 12½-year supply of proven oil reserves.
- The Committee cheered Mr. Cosgrove's statement, since this puts our oil reserves at six whole months more than previously estimated.
- The meeting was adjourned, and the thermostat was turned back down to 65 for the benefit of the press.



## BROTHERHOOD OF INDUSTRIAL DRUDGES LOCAL No. 1239

April 18, 1975  
Being as how the Brotherhood makes all its big decisions by a democratic vote, the Executive Council first voted democratically to exclude the general membership from this meeting and all future ones.

The Treasurer announced that we turned a neat \$3,000,000 profit by docking the members \$3,000,000 for somewhat voluntary contributions to the Strike Fund, just before we sold out to Management and canceled the strike. A motion was passed to spend this surplus on recruiting new members, such as Congressmen who might join the Brotherhood if our offer is high enough.

A final count of ballots from last month's voting showed that all Executive Council members got re-elected, 14,267-to-0. It was decided to announce this figure as 14,265-to-2, so people won't think there might have been some shenanigans in the vote count.

The meeting got adjourned nine minutes after it began, on account of some of the guys still had to go shopping for beach wear to take with them to the national convention in Miami.







who make all the vital decisions meet behind closed doors in strict sneaky privacy. And if we ever read what the Minutes of those meetings contained, our customary boredom would quickly be replaced by enraged frothing at the mouth. Well, prepare to froth, because we here at MAD have just come into possession of these

# F TOP SECRET MEETINGS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

## CYCLOPS TV & ELECTRONICS CORP. Service Representatives' Emergency Meeting

- 1A. Board Chairman Meriweather opened the discussion by pointing out that 97% of all Cyclops TV sets sold this year have been found defective while still under warranty. He urged service reps to act more surly, in the hope of discouraging buyers from bringing back the shoddy junk we sold them.
- 1B. Mr. Bertram of the Chicago office suggested that it might also help if future warranties stated in fine print that defective sets must be returned in person to our Main Service Center at Nome, Alaska.
- 1C. Mr. Solotkin of the Corporate Spying Dept. said that some competitors have cut down on unprofitable warranty work by requiring customers to state their complaints in writing, without misspelling any words.
- 1D. Mr. Mosely of Quality Control suggested that we reduce the number of defective sets we make by eliminating those cheap plastic parts that don't fit together properly.
- 2A. Mr. Mosely was fired on the spot, while the proposals of Mr. Bertram and Mr. Solotkin were taken under serious advisement.



## COUNCIL OF TV NETWORK DECISION MAKERS

The March meeting began at 7:15 P.M., to allow ample time for completion of business before the good Sex and Violence programs come on at 9 o'clock.

Best wishes were extended to ABC on its Third Season, launched in February to replace all the Second Season clunkers that went on in January to replace the flops that went on last September.

The Industry Committee for Better Programming offered the following recommendations: (1) Upgrade "The \$25,000 Pyramid" by making it "The \$30,000 Pyramid;" (2) Stop confusing the audience by televising a ball game at the same time Curt Gowdy is doing his weekly reminiscence of his boyhood in Wyoming, and (3) Put Sher's revealing costumes on someone who has more to reveal.

These proposals were all rejected after our accountants stated that network profits are too good to risk horsing around making needless changes.

A motion to begin summer re-runs next season immediately after the Christmas Specials was referred to a sub-committee for study. The sub-committee was instructed never to report back, as this might require the full Council to make a decision about something.

A motion to adjourn was approved, on the assumption that its passage probably wouldn't offend anybody.







## B.I.G. M.A.M.A.

(Board of Innovative Guidance,  
Midwest Auto Manufacturers' Association)

The April meeting was held in the Intensive Care Unit of the Little Sisters of Detroit Hospital at the request of Board President Frobisher, who was recuperating there following a highly unusual brake failure on his 1976 Wild-fire Mark XIV Grand de Ville sedan.

Members discussed the frequency of such highly unusual mishaps on 1976 American-made cars, and then voted unanimously to provide themselves with Mercedes limousines as a safety precaution.

The Chairman of the Sales Committee suggested that the advertising theme for the 1977 model year be "The greatest new design of the decade," referring, of course, to the Association's great new design for bilking the public out of millions with an across-the-board 28% price increase.

The Committee on Future Development reported that the rotary engine continues to show promise for 1979. It still gets only ten miles to the gallon, but this disadvantage is more than offset by recent indications that a rotary engine powered car can be sold for \$2,000 more than current models.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:35 P.M. in memory of Board President Frobisher, who was pronounced dead after a mention of Ralph Nader's name failed to make him scream in outrage.

## RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATION Price Fixing Conference

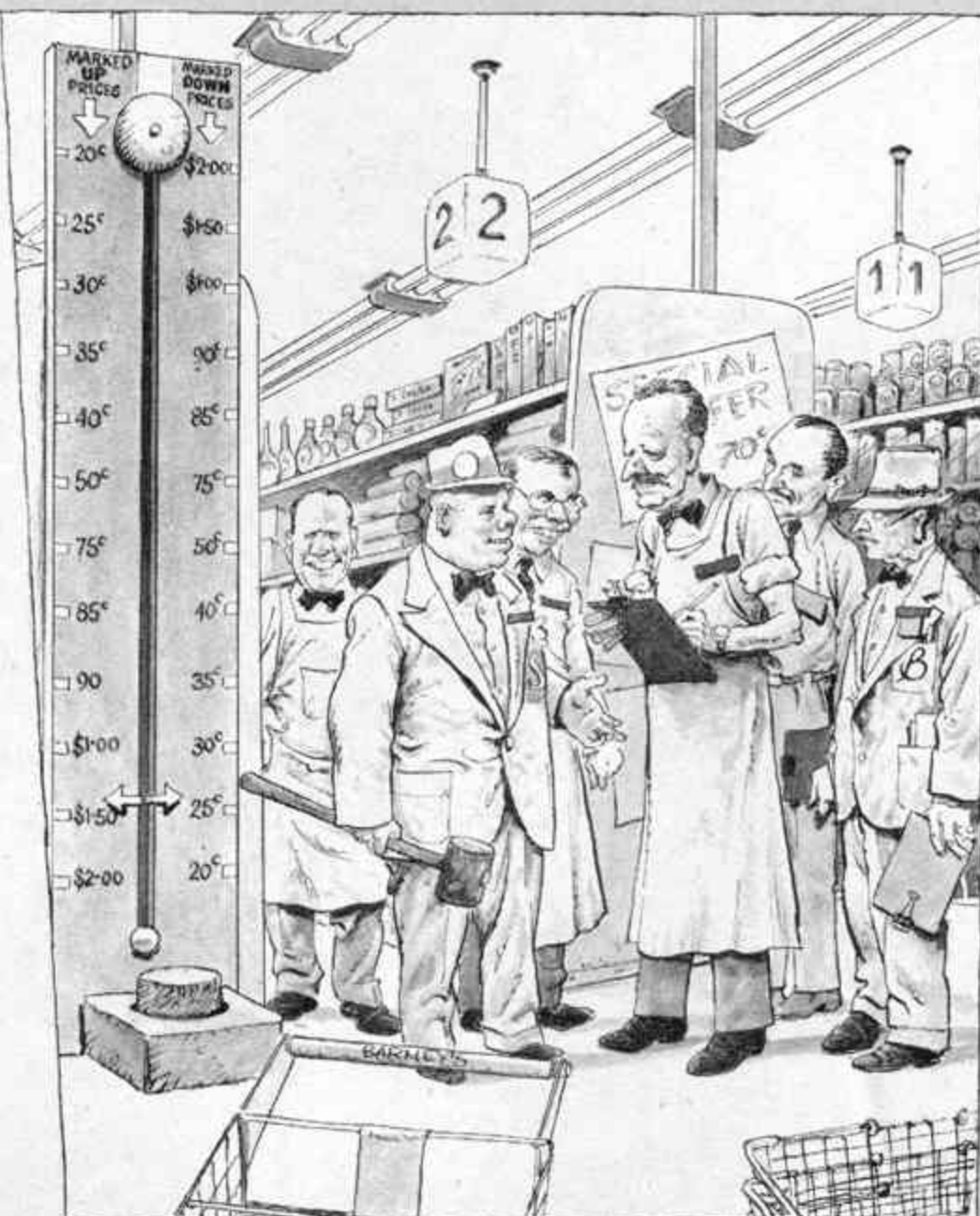
The regular weekly meeting to discuss Thursday's newspaper ads was opened by Chairman Hofstedt of Cornucopia Markets, who reminded the group that it was his company's turn to feature a special on 5 lb. bags of sugar, while quietly jacking up the price of coffee and fresh corn.

Delegate Furbler of Dandy Discount Stores interrupted to accuse Cornucopia of violating the Association charter last week by offering both hamburger buns and watermelon at lower prices than competing chains. Furbler charged that such widespread price cutting might soon enable consumers to do all their shopping at one store without getting swindled.

Chairman Hofstedt denied this charge, pointing out that the special on hamburger buns was merely a trap designed to sell more onions and ketchup at new higher prices. Also, he claimed that Cornucopia didn't even stock any of the watermelon it advertised on sale.

Delegate Pringle of Barney's Bargain Mart received permission to cut Grade A eggs by 4c a dozen, with the understanding that bacon be increased by 15c a pound.

After exchanging proposed ad copy, the delegates adjourned for lunch to Vito's Steak House, which features the type of prime sirloin you just can't find in the markets anymore.





# THE FOUR SEASONS IMPORTING CO. OF LONG ISLAND CITY

(Formerly the Four Ruling Families  
of Palermo, Sicily)

Don Luigi called the business associates and foot soldiers to order at 2:35 P.M. by banging his gavel. It was noted by all that he didn't even bang it on anybody's knee caps, which may mean he's getting too old and soft to manage the organization. Anyhow, out of respect to Don Luigi, the other gentlemen shut up their faces and listened. Don Luigi recited the 1975 fiscal report from memory, on account of that's the only safe place to put it. He said the net take from the importing business had been either 40-billion or 14-billion. He forgets which, and nobody pressed him to remember better.

Don Luigi said the 1975 profits had been used to take control of General Motors, A.T. & T., Union Carbide and Gulf Oil. He said that if things go as good in '76, we may be able to buy a franchise in the National Football League.

Don Luigi then said there was no other business to discuss, so we naturally did not discuss any.



## CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY WEEKLY BRIEFING SESSION

16 February 1976

138.1 - Agent Blue Fox (Eddie Schwartz) brought the guys up to date on the situation in Yemen. He said the Prime Minister there refused to break diplomatic relations with the Com-mies, even after receiving our generous payment. Therefore, Blue Fox will shoot the Prime Minister at 2:30 P.M. next Thursday.

138.2 - Agent Wart Hog 5 (Frank Coslow) suggested that the cash squandered in Yemen be stolen back, and re-distributed to the loonies who are rebelling in Paraguay. Agent Blue Fox nixed this idea on the grounds that stealing our money back might cause our friends in Yemen to distrust us.

138.3 - The Director read coded cables from agents in Cuba, Syria and Albania, all stating that sabotage work is progressing satisfactorily. He also read a post card from our agent in Tahiti, stating that he is having a wonderful time on his vacation, and wishes we could all be there.

138.4 - The session was adjourned at 9:15, and everyone left by the back door.

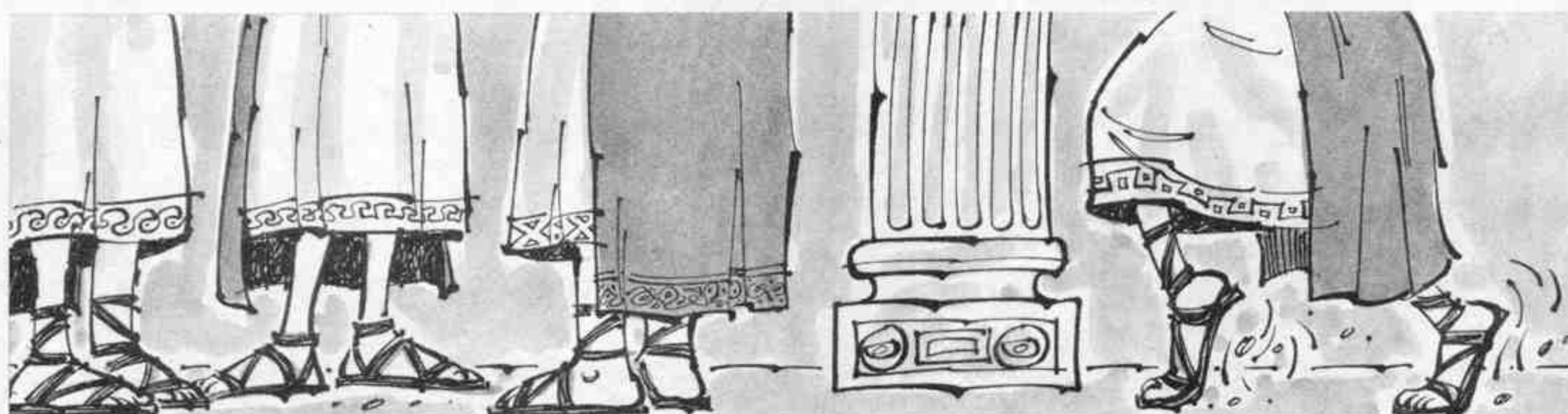


# FOOTNOTES\* TO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



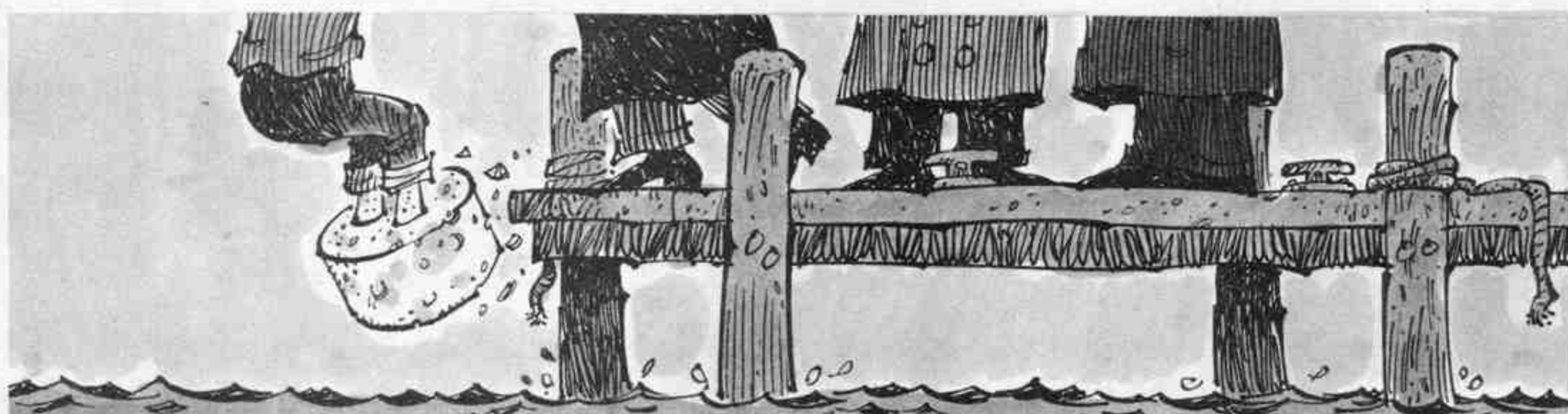
\*"Damn you, Moby Dick! Damn you, knotty pine!"



\*"Where's Brutus . . . ?"



\*"It may be agile, but it certainly isn't ARTFUL dodging!"



\*"Don Corleone sends his compliments and says you don' owe him no more favors!"





# LITERATURE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



**\*“Hey! One for all . . . remember!?”**



**\*“Alexander Portnoy! We’re still waiting! What are you DOING in there?”**



**\*“So THAT’s how you keep your men so merry, Robin!”**

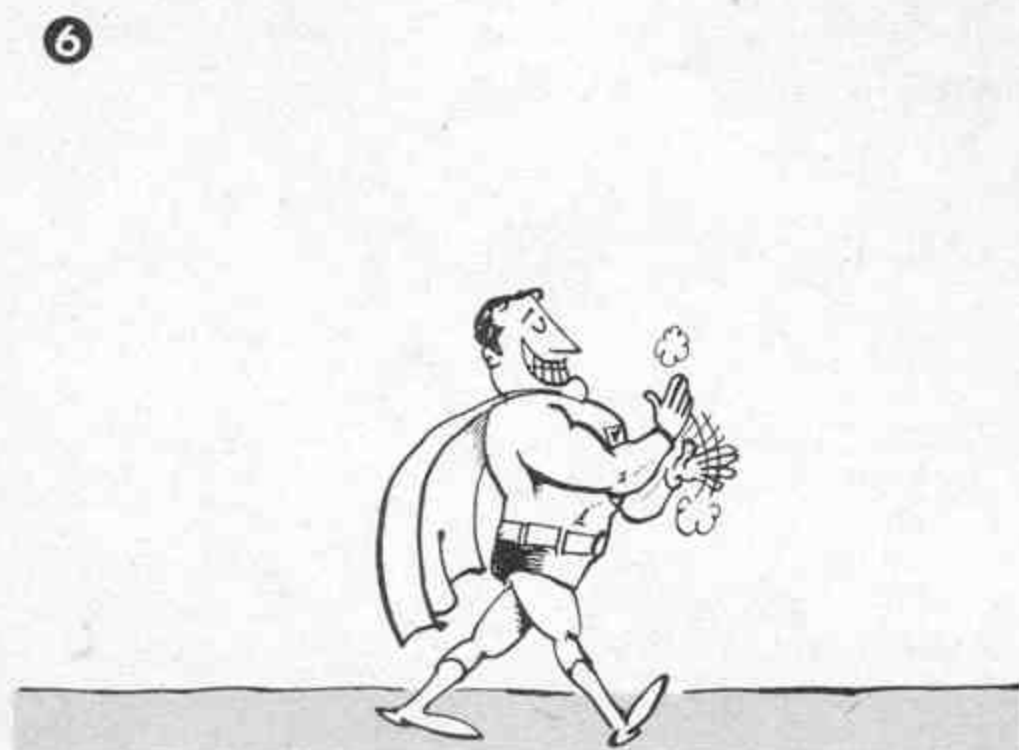
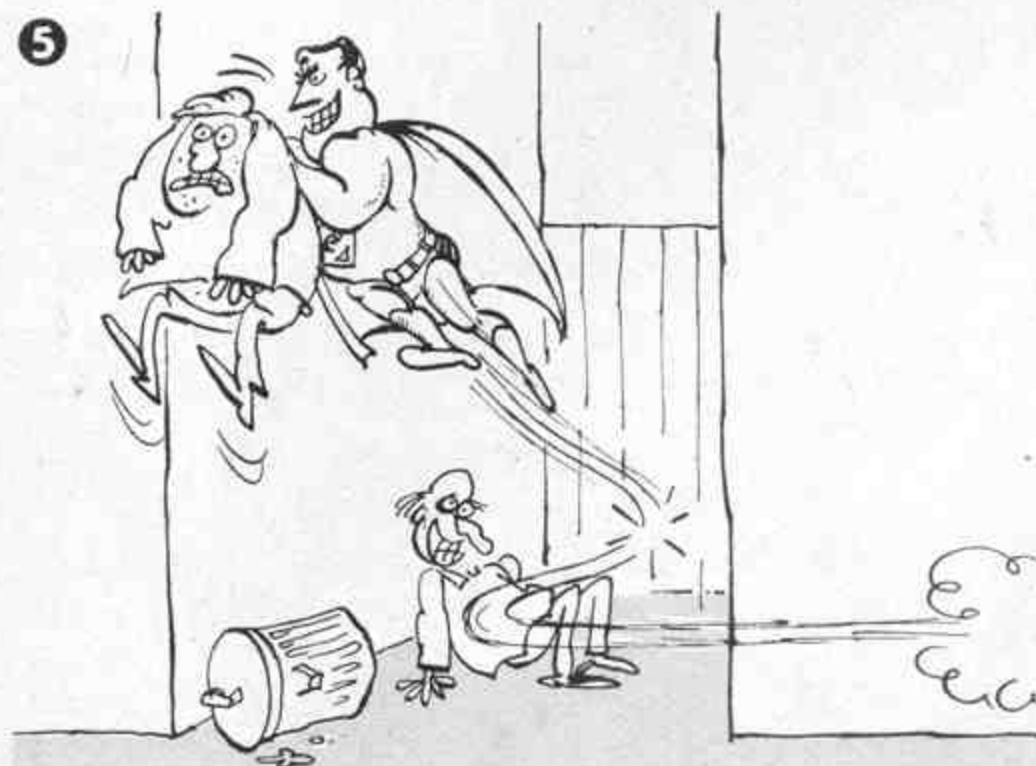
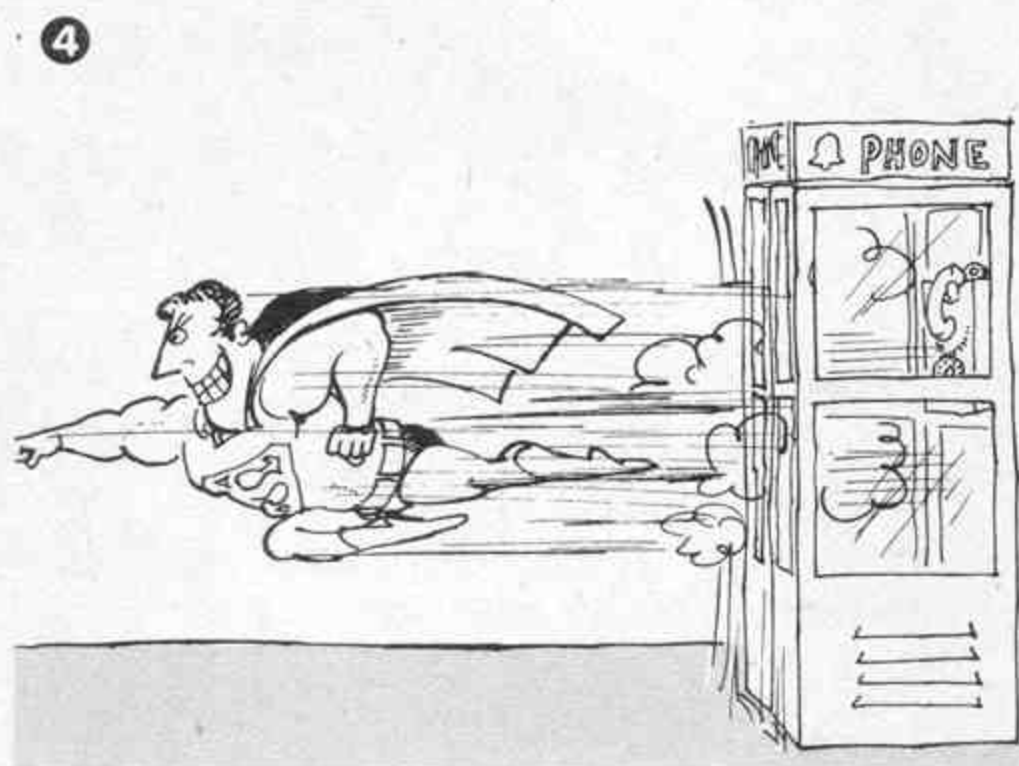
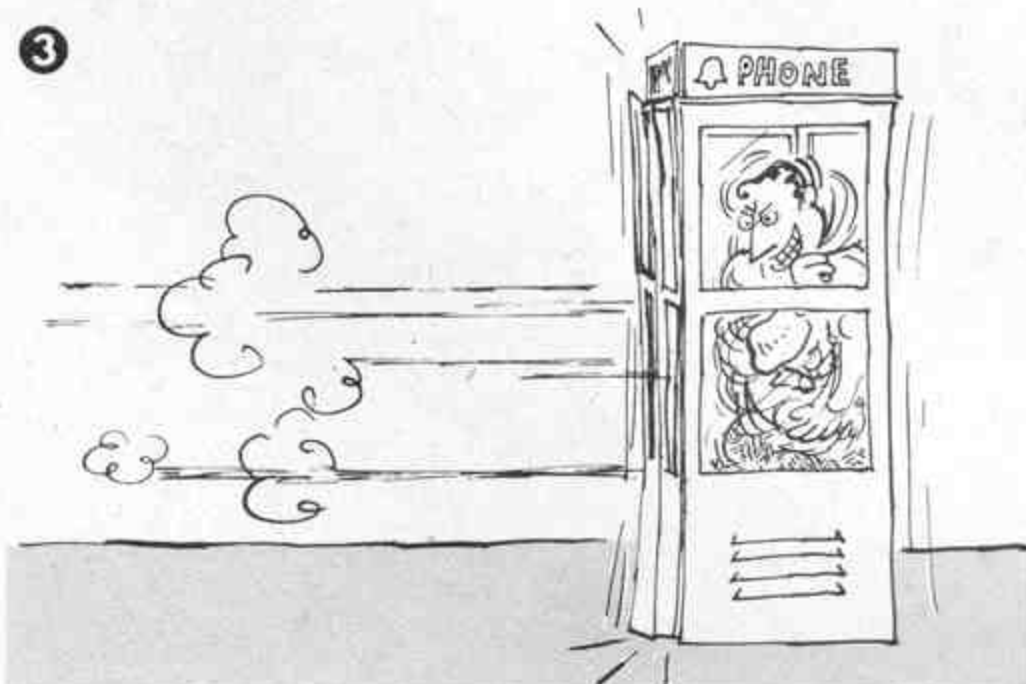


**\*“Number Eleven...! Thou shalt not throw temper tantrums!”**



YOU KENT WIN 'EM ALL DEPT.

# A SUPER OPPORTUNITY





## PANTY WOES DEPT.



With women making enormous strides toward freedom in recent years, everyone seems to have gotten on the bandwagon, including Television. However, one thing puzzles us: If they must give us all of those "Female-Oriented Situation Comedies," why does TV insist upon making their women characters so damn obnoxious? Take Maude, f'rinstance! Or Rhoda! Or, if you've got an exceptionally strong stomach, Phyllis! And now, the King of the Sit-Coms, Norman Lear, has given us not one, but **THREE** nauseating females to swallow in one gulp. Namely, a Divorcee and her two daughters. We don't know about you, but we can't digest them all at once. In fact, we can't even take them...

# ONE DAME AT A TIME



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Gee . . . it's time for breakfast! I wonder what's keeping Mom?! Shouldn't she be coming out?!!

Coming out?!? You know that Mom doesn't just **COME OUT!** She makes an **ENTRANCE!!** She whirls . . . she dances . . . she throws her body in all directions! And she makes those incredibly cute faces! You call that "coming out"?! Bite your tongue!!

I just did, and it didn't taste half-bad! I'm starving!

Oh-oh! Brace yourself! Here she is now . . .

Hi, girls! Here's your peppy, bubbly, breezy Mom . . . moving every part of her face and body in an endless number of adorable twitches! Gee, I'm so appealing . . . can't you just eat me up alive?!?

I'll think about it—as soon as I finish my tongue!!

Wow! Look!! She's moving parts of her face that **NEVER MOVED** before! Fantastic!

It's her "shtick"! All the stars on situation comedies have a shtick! Archie does "Bigot" . . . Maude does "Loud" . . . J.J. does "Cute" . . . and Mom does "PERKY"!

Even if this show dies, she has it made! I hear Jerry Lewis promised to raise a bundle for her on a special "Telethon" he's doing next Fall . . . for **HEALTHY** people with **MUSCULAR PROBLEMS!!**

Gee, Mom— isn't there any way to get you to **STOP MOVING AROUND?!?**

A year ago, the show's Director put me into a **STRAIT JACKET** for a few weeks, and zipped it up over my mouth!

Where's the jacket now?

In the closet . . . **STILL TWITCHING!!**





But enough about me! Bobka, what's your typical, relevant sitcom-type problem this week? Wait! Let me guess! You tried pot! Even better! You skipped pot and went to heroin! You can level with me! Remember, I want to help you! I love you! You mean more to me than life!

Okay! My problem is: I don't have anything to wear! None of my jeans have holes in them, and all the kids will laugh me out of school!

**YOU DIRTY ROTTEN KID! YOU'RE NOT MY DAUGHTER! YOU'RE ONE OF THE BRADY BUNCH!**

You call **THAT** a problem for a growing girl on a post-Family Hour show?!? Tonight, I'm going to lock you in the hall closet . . . and make you stay in there until you can come up with something **REALLY GOOD!!**

The **HALL CLOSET?!?** Mom, if you lock me in there with all your sick **PORNO MAGAZINES**, there's no telling **WHAT** terrible things'll happen to me!!

Well that's a **START!**

Ghoulie, your sister really disappointed me! I hope you can make up for it! So tell me . . . what's new with you, and it better be something **REALLY GOOD!!**

Mom, you remember **Herbie**, who took me to the Prom a few months ago, and we stayed out almost all night?! Well . . . I'm expecting—

**Thank God! You're PREGNANT!!**

Let me finish! I'm expecting him over tonight to watch "Little House On The Prairie". . .

"Little House On The Prairie"?!!

Yecch! What you said! Where did you get such a clean mouth all of a sudden?!?

One of the kids smuggled a **Donny and Marie** record into Amy's "Sweet Sixteen Party"!!

Ahah! That explains it!

I've noticed that you girls have been acting mighty strange lately! You're just not yourselves these days! Now, what's bothering you?

Okay . . . you wanna know what's bugging us? I'll tell you! It's this apartment! We have no privacy! We can't breathe! There just isn't enough room in here for the four of us!

What do you mean, **FOUR** of us?!? You're one . . . I'm two . . . Bobka is three . . . **WHO'S FOUR??**

**FORE!!**

**CLUNK**

Why, it's . . . *chuckle, chuckle* . . . **Drain Sniper**, our swinging, sex-starved **Building Super**, who always shows up out of nowhere and has complete run of our home and our lives! Drain, you silly goose . . . *chuckle, chuckle*! What's the idea of practicing your golf swing in my apartment?!?

**Stop complaining!** Just be thankful my **POLO PONY** is sick!!





Tell me . . . you love-able nut of a Super, how did you get into our apartment today? The door was bolted from the **INSIDE**!

It wasn't easy! I came down the chimney!

But . . . we don't **HAVE** a chimney!

See? I **TOLD** you it wasn't easy!

Now that you're here, what do you want to do?

What **EVERY** Super does with his tenants!

Let's dance!

Mom, between you and me, what do you see in that turkey?

It's nothing serious! He's just after my body! But he's not getting it!

If you'd stop moving it just **ONCE** . . . I might!

What a pair! Perky and Turkey!

You gotta get that letch out of here! He's driving us nuts!

I think you're over-reacting!

**Over-reacting?** In the past month alone, he's come through our door, our window, our wall! And he's so **WEIRD**! The other day, I saw him in a wet-suit with fins and a tank!

So he likes to go **SCUBA DIVING**!

In Indianapolis?

In our bath-tub???

While you're in it!?

The problem is, you encourage him, Mom! Whatever you do . . . **don't say anything** when he's around that might lead him on! Understand? Anything!

I think you're being ridiculous, but okay! And if it'll make you feel any better, I'll tell him to get out and stay out! Now, how does **THAT** grab you?!

Did someone say "grab you"?

You're leading him on again!!

I see what you mean!

Stop it, Drain! Do you hear? Enough is enough!

Okay! Gee, I'm sorry!

I want you to leave me alone! Is that clear?

Sure!

I realize that you act silly at times, but I know that **deep down**, you're really a mature, grown-up person who can listen to reason! Am I right, Drain . . . ?

**Absolutely!** And I want to apologize for any embarrassment I may have caused you!

That's perfectly all right! I can understand! Now, take me for example . . .





I'd love to!

Whoops!!

You did it again!

Out! OUT!!  
And stay out!  
FOREVER!!

What a relief it would  
be not to have HIM  
under our feet any more!

Yeah! Why can't we have  
rats and roaches instead,  
... like OTHER tenants?!



Mom, it's been two weeks  
and he's still driving  
us bananas! You realize  
there's a **CRAZY MAN**  
practically living with  
us in this crazy house?!!

I've tried **everything**, but he  
still keeps coming out of the  
woodwork! I'm at the end of  
**my rope**! Girls! I'm afraid  
there's only **one thing** to do!

No, Mom ...  
you **CAN'T**  
kill him!!

Yes you can!  
Yes you can!!



Girls! I've **made up**  
my mind! I'm going  
to **MARRY HIM**!!

Oh, my God! Now ...  
**TWO** flew over the  
cuckoo's nest!



**MARRY HIM???**  
Mom, that is  
**total idiocy**!  
Why?? Tell  
me **WHY???**

**Don't ask questions!** Just  
trust me! Of course, I don't  
even know if Drain **WANTS** to  
marry me! And I really don't  
know how to **ASK** him ...!

**Don't worry, Mom!**  
Somehow, I've got  
a sneaky feeling  
he already got  
your message!



What did you have in mind ...? A catered affair ... or  
something intimate for just the immediate family ...?

I knew it! I knew it!

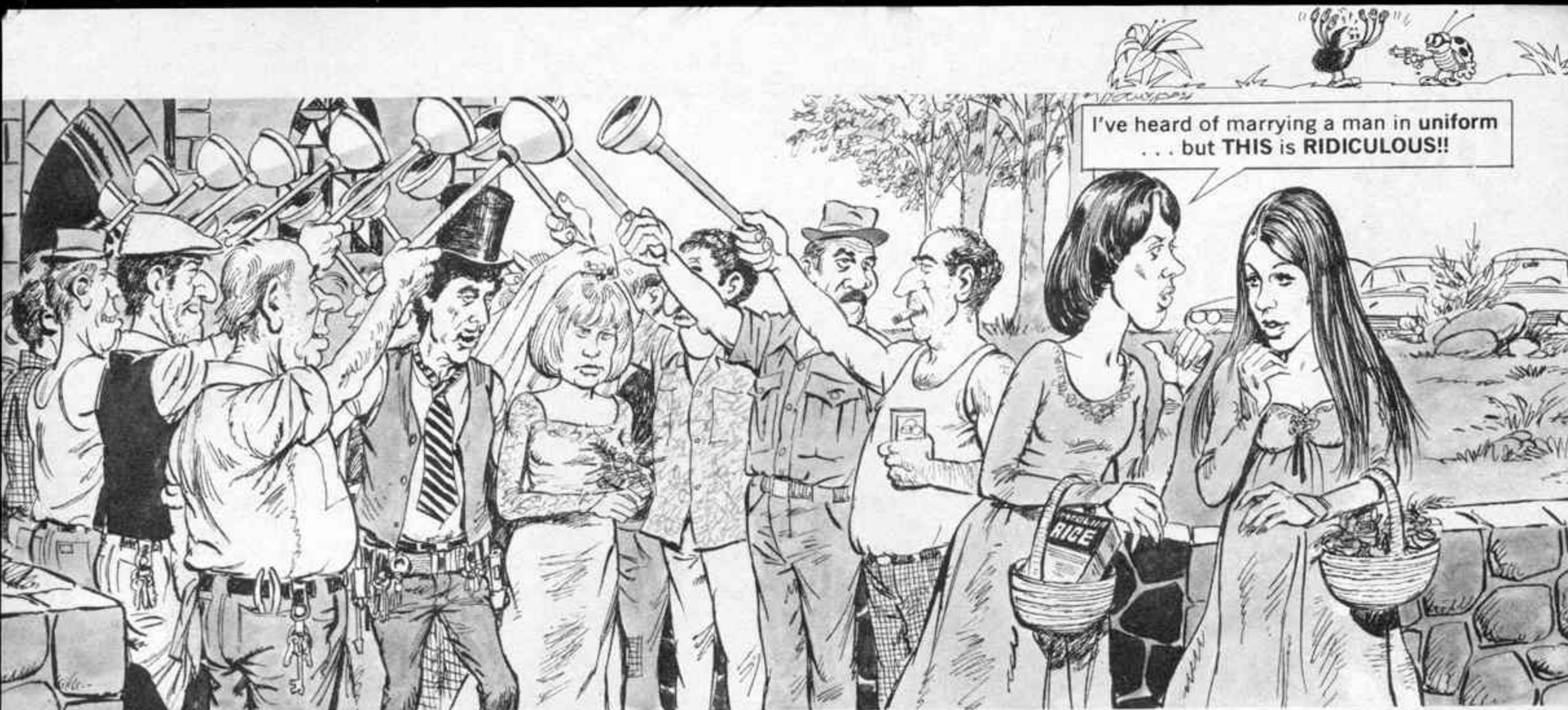
Oh, Drain!

Oh, baby!

Oh, God!!







Awww, look . . . !  
How nice! He's  
carrying her  
across the  
threshold!

Isn't that  
a warm,  
familiar  
sight!

Yeah . . . !  
It's the  
same way he  
carries out  
the garbage!



And that's usually what happens  
to the garbage, too!!



Where is  
he, Mom?  
What  
happened?

It worked! It  
worked! Didn't  
I tell you to  
trust me!?!

What are  
you  
talking  
about?!?



Girls, you've just learned a valuable lesson!  
Don't ever forget it! Namely—there is only  
**ONE WAY** to get rid of a sex-starved leech  
and have him out of your life forever . . .

And what way is that, Mom?

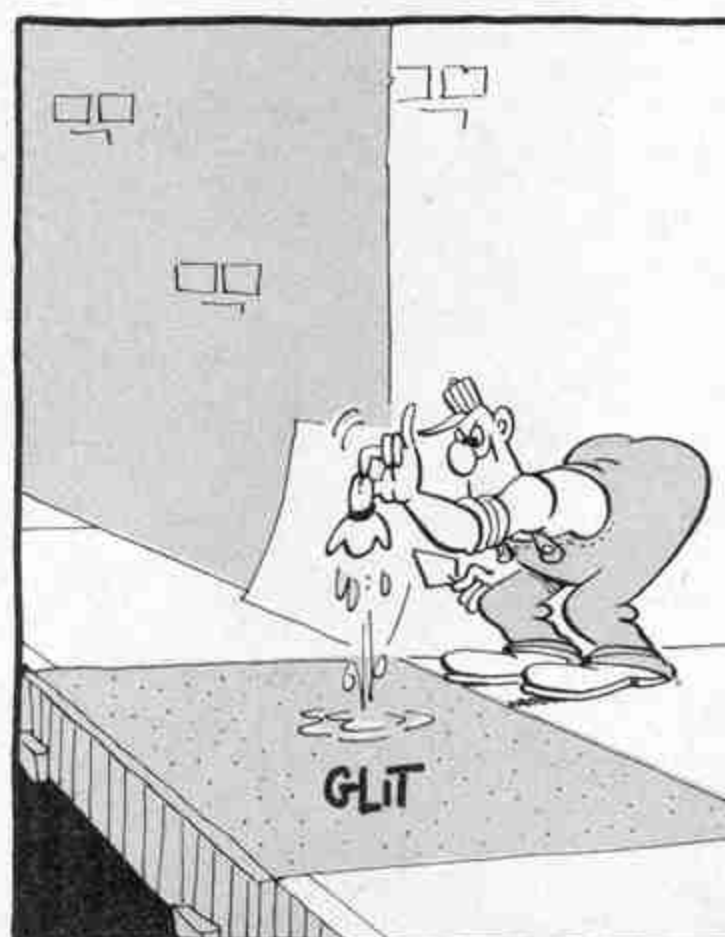
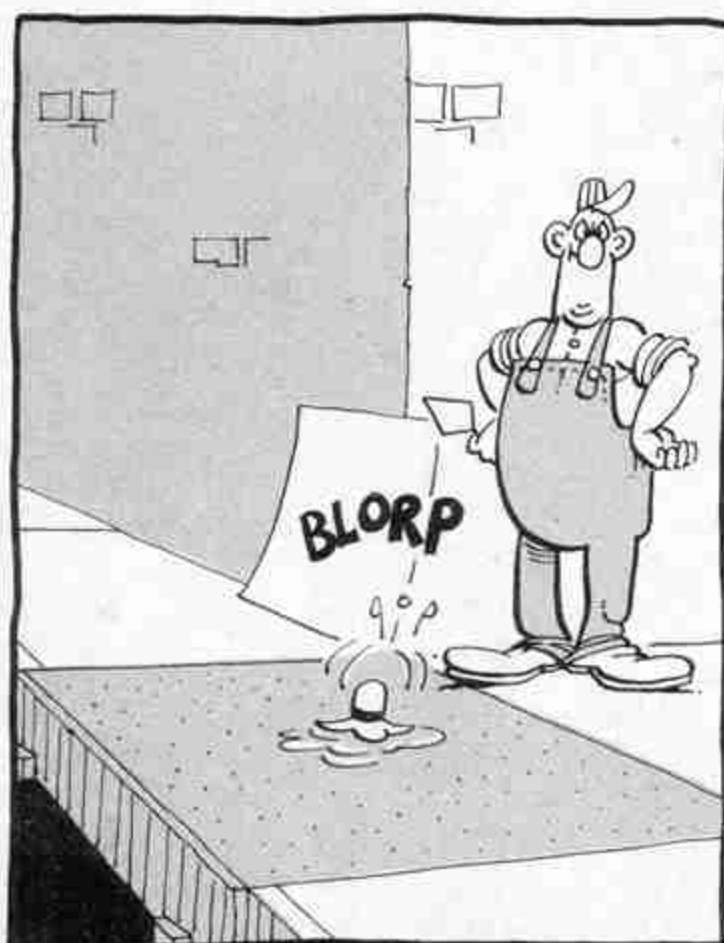


MARRY HIM!!





# ONE MORNING BACK ON MAIN STREET

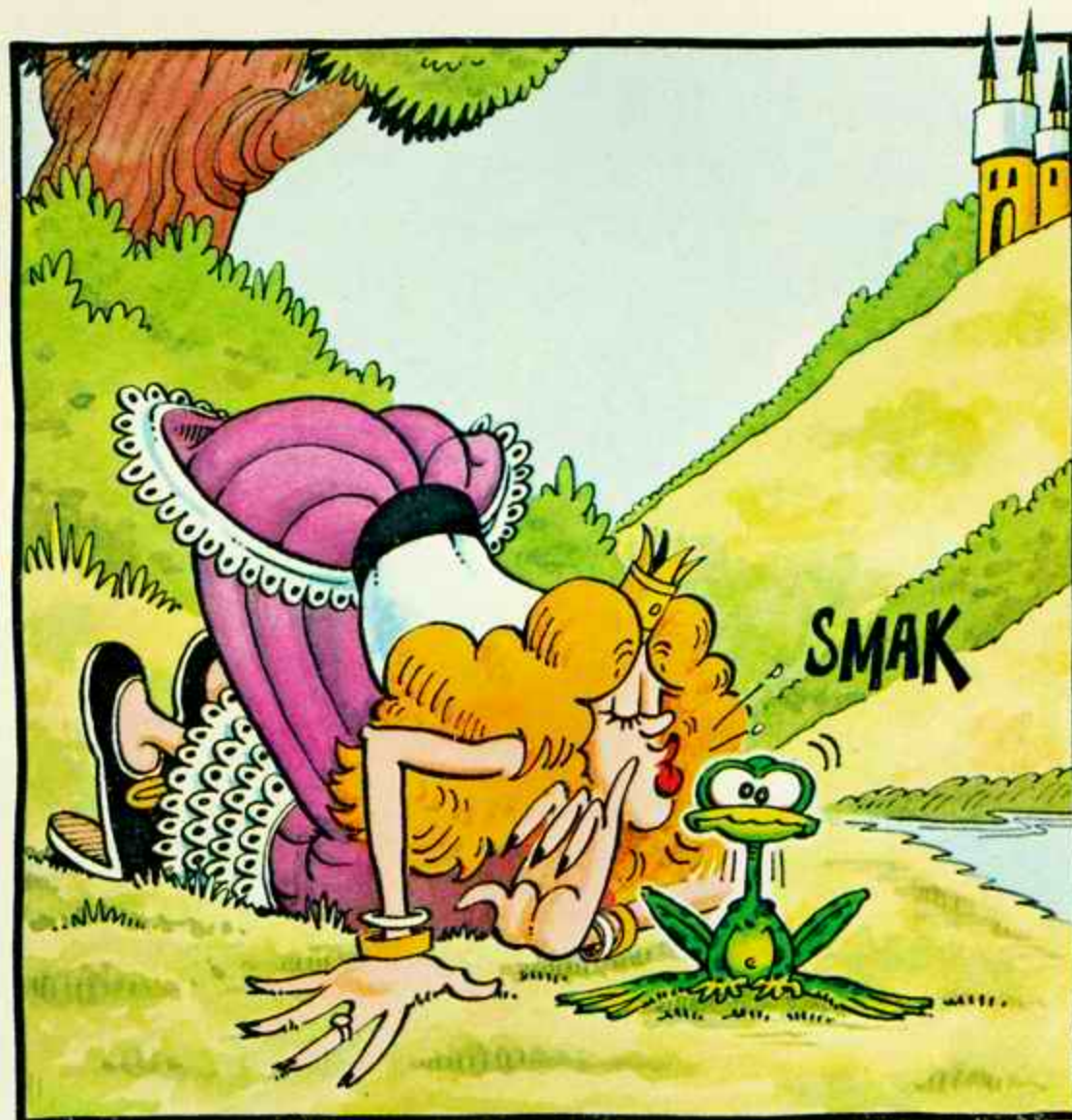






# MORE SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST & WRITER: DON MARTIN



# MAD SALUTES THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

FINAL INSPECTION

