INDIANA JONES · NO HOLDS BARRED · THE WONDER YEARS

No. 291 December 1989

MAD

IND

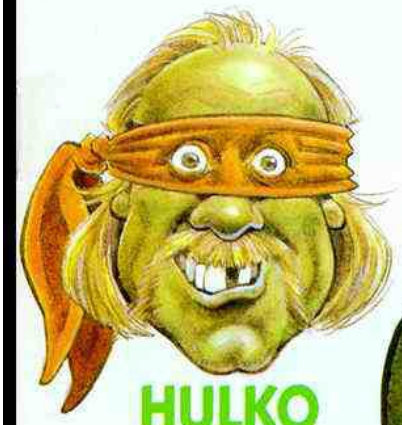
®

Our Price $1.50 Cheapo!



INDIANO

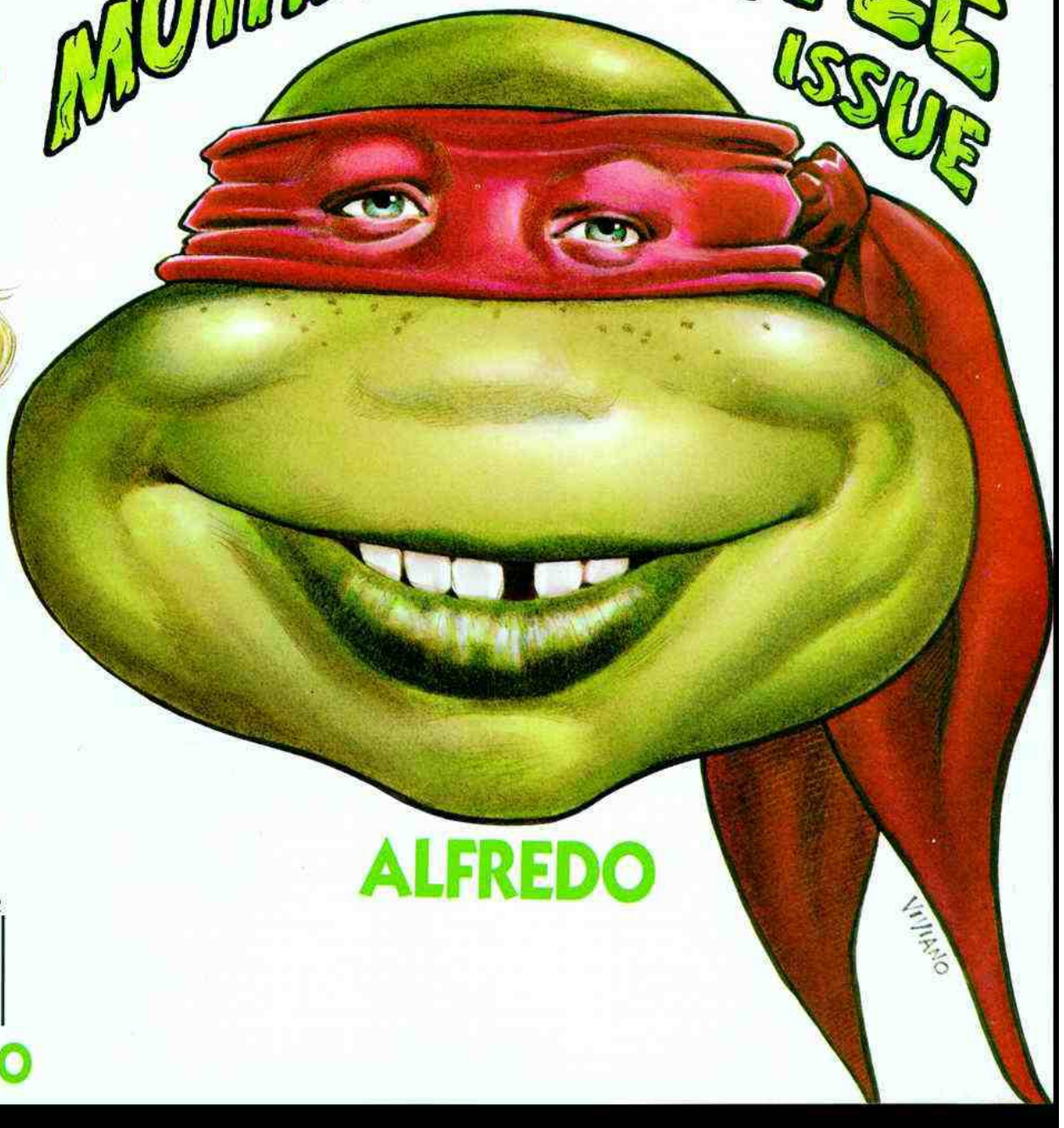
SPECIAL MUTANT TURTLE ISSUE



HULKO



KIDDO



ALFREDO

12
0 70989 33230 0

UPC CRAPPO

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD!

SAVE MONEY AND GET STUCK WITH FREE BUTTONS!

OFFER #1

WITH A 40-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION YOU SAVE $13.25

OFF THE NEWSSTAND PRICE AND GET ALL 10 SEMI-PRECIOUS BUTTONS SHOWN ON THIS PAGE ABSOLUTELY FREE!!! (A $12.50 RIPOFF RETAIL VALUE!)







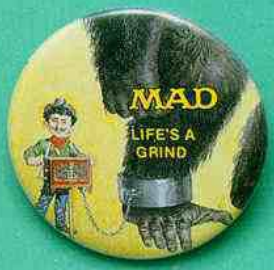
OFFER #2

WITH A 24-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION YOU SAVE $6.25

OFF THE NEWSSTAND PRICE AND GET THE FIVE SEMI-RARE BUTTONS SHOWN ABOVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!!! (A $6.25 RIPOFF RETAIL VALUE!)















OFFER #3

WITH AN 8-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION YOU SAVE A BIG 25¢

AND WE GET STUCK WITH OUR SEMI-MORONIC BUTTONS! (DON'T BE A PINHEAD, GO FOR ONE OF THE OTHER SHARP OFFERS!)

485 MADison Avenue MAD **New York, New York 10022**

☐ I enclose $46.75* Please send me the next 40 semi-literate issues of MAD and my 10 free MAD buttons! I love wasting money!

☐ I enclose $29.75* Please send me the next 24 semi-legible issues of MAD and my five free MAD buttons! I like wasting money!

☐ I enclose $11.75* Please send me the next eight semi-laughable issues of MAD and stop pushing buttons, already!

☐ CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____ NUMBER OF CAVITIES AT LAST CHECK UP _____

*Outside U.S.A. (including Canada), $15.25 for 8 issues or $38.75 for 24 issues or $59.75 for 40 issues in U.S. Funds payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Allow **10 weeks** for subscription to be processed. MAD Magazine cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails so CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

NUMBER 291 DECEMBER 1989

MAD

"You know illiteracy is a problem when the only thing most people can read are George Bush's lips!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher*
NICK MEGLIN, JOHN FICARRA *editors*
LEONARD BRENNER *art director* TOM NOZKOWSKI *production*
CHARLIE KADAU, JOE RAIOLA, SARA FOWLER *associate editors*
DICK DE BARTOLO *creative consultant*
AMY GILLETT *summer intern*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits* ANNE GAINES *logistics*
GLORIA ORLANDO, LILLIAN ALFONSO, M.C. GAINES *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS *the usual gang of idiots*

DEPARTMENTS

A VIEW TO AN ILL DEPARTMENT
Comp-U-Doc Self-Service Medical Terminal 10
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side of 40
BIG-NAME BRANDS DEPARTMENT
More Items from MAD's Celebrity Supermarket 12
DEFLATER MOUTH DEPARTMENT
MAD's Big Ego Busters 34
FOR YOUR PRIZE ONLY DEPARTMENT
Why You Are Sure to Win the Next Magazine Publisher's Sweepstakes 16
FORD-GONE CONCLUSION DEPARTMENT
"Inbanana Jones and His Last Crude Days" (A MAD Movie Satire) 45
FRANK ON A ROLL DEPARTMENT
"Baseball at the Bat" 24
HOGAN'S ZEROES DEPARTMENT
"No Hoax Barred" (Another MAD Movie Satire) 28
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy Vs. Spy 15
LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones ..... **
REACHING NEW HYPES OF ABSURDITY DEPARTMENT
MAD's Political Image Maker of the Year 19
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look at Ghosts 38
SCHLOCK THE PRESSES DEPARTMENT
How Newspapers Write Misleading Headlines (To Jazz Up Otherwise Dull Stories) 36
SIXTIES-SOMETHING DEPARTMENT
"The Blunder Years" (A MAD TV Satire) 4
TALES FROM THE DUCK SIDE DEPARTMENT
The Lusty Ledge Legend 9
The Feathered Feeding Frenzy 23
The Jarring Jungle Joyride 33
THIS JUST IN ... AND OUT DEPARTMENT
Fleeting Stars of the 6 O'Clock Local News 26

**Various Places Around the Magazine

FRONT COVER ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO BACK COVER ARTIST: GREG THEAKSTON
BACK COVER WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 8 issues $11.75 or 24 issues $29.75 or 40 issues $46.75. Outside U.S.A.: 8 issues $15.25 or 24 issues $38.75 or 40 issues $59.75. Entire contents copyright © 1989 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

"THE BLUNDER YEARS" (A MAD TV SATIRE) Pg. 4





WHY YOU ARE SURE TO WIN THE NEXT MAGAZINE PUBLISHER'S SWEEPSTAKES Pg. 16

MAD'S POLITICAL IMAGE MAKER OF THE YEAR Pg. 19





"NO HOAX BARRED" (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 28

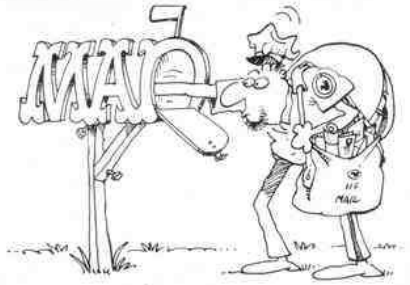
A MAD LOOK AT GHOSTS Pg. 38





"INBANANA JONES AND HIS LAST CRUDE DAYS" (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 45

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



"BATTYMAN"

In MAD #289 you made the mistake of putting the Superman logo on Alfred E. Neuman's Batman costume. I'm sure it was just a dumb mistake.

Zachary K. Nyhus
Buffalo Lake, MN

Zachary K. Nyhus... is that a name or an antibiotic?—Ed.

You have really screwed up now! On the cover of MAD #289, Battyman's suit has a Superman symbol on it! Did you forget what Batman's real symbol looks like?

Jeff Nau
Springfield, MO

No, we forgot what the rest of *Superman's* costume looks like!—Ed.

I am used to trashy MAD movie satires, but when I read "Battyman" I was truly impressed. You reduced Batman to what he really is: a fool in tights, a lunatic in Gotham City no better than street scum. Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Nick Kuminoff
San Rafael, CA

Nick—you seem pretty touchy about fools in tights... Professional jealousy, perhaps?—Ed.

I received my subscription issue of MAD #289 (featuring your "Battyman" satire) on June 16, 1989, a week before the furshlugginer movie even came out!! And what's even stranger is that both MAD and *Batman* are owned by Warner Communications. A little headstart, perhaps? Well it's a nifty idea!

Robert Gwin
Norwich, CT

How did we get our satire out so early? Rumor has it we had a little help from some joker...



Batman's "Joker," Jack Nicholson: Where did he get that wonderful issue?

A MAD RUSSIAN

In the Soviet Union, we use Russian magazines for toilet paper. When I came to America, I found something that works even better. Thanks for making me feel at home!

Yakov Smirnoff
Los Angeles, CA



Russian/American comic Yakov Smirnoff, who was featured in our article "If Different Comedians Told the Same Joke" reads a copy of MAD #289. We don't know what his "A-OK" sign is referring to!



CLOWN AND DOUBT

I noticed that in "Renegade Clowns" (MAD #289 back cover), Cleo the Clod's mugshot number is wrong. It reads "Alaska, The Cold State, 1953." Alaska didn't become a state until 1959. Just giving you a pointer.

Robert Falzone
Massapequa Park, NY

Nice historical catch but you're slightly off. It was *Guam* that became a state in 1953. It wasn't until 1966 that the U.S. purchased Alaska from Puerto Rico for $24 worth of trinkets (in what is now known as the Louisiana Purchase)!—Ed.



PARENTAL PROS AND CONS

You will be pleased to know that my 10-year-old son and his friends are addicted to MAD. I suppose I should make some mother-like noises and declare the magazine too subversive and degenerative to young minds, but I was also similarly addicted in my youth! It's most reassuring that you are still out there thumbing your nose at the pretentious and the powerful as much as ever!

Sonia Meneghin
Walnut Creek, Ca

We just received our first issue of MAD. I am very disappointed and disgusted with the amount of sexual references. My son is only 10 and I consider this inappropriate material for him. Cancel my subscription.

Monique Cenac
Houma, LA

Open question to our readers: Who would you want for your mother??—Ed.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

I am French and I have been reading your "Mad gazine" for about 20 years now. American language has always been my hobby and I must thank you for having improved my knowledges of how Americans are talking to each others.

Patrick Brunet
Genas, France

Paté—Thanks for your ooh la la letter! It might interest you to know that the French language is a hobby of MAD's own Frank (François) Jacobs. In fact, whenever Frank goes to a Steak & Brew, he always goes for the French dressing at the salad bar!—Ed.

"MAD CHARTS"

In "MAD Charts" (#289), you left out these Top Rock Tours: The Cars and Mike and the Mechanics on the CAR MECHANICS TOUR and Ratt and Poison on the RATT POISON TOUR!

Stephen Flood
Brandor, VT

Now that you mention it, how about Barry Manilow and Menudo on the... Oh, maybe we'd better just forget about this one!—Ed.



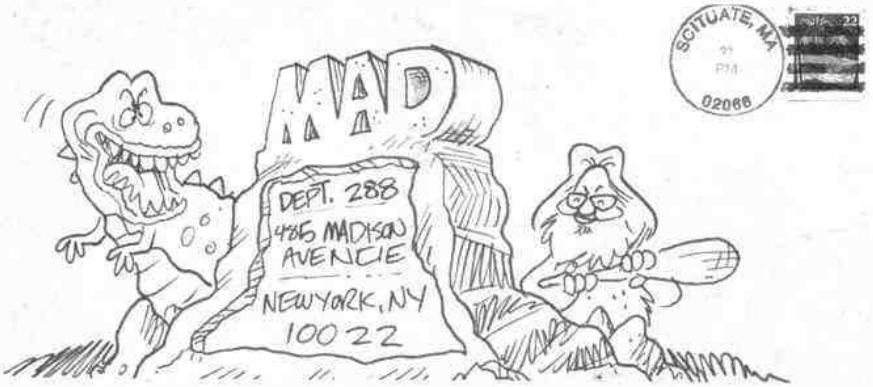
GUN SHOTS

It is our Constitutional Right to keep and bear arms. I like your magazine, but I am kind of sick and tired of your jokes about the NRA. My father and I are both members of the NRA and I just don't care for your jokes about guns, gun clubs and the NRA.

Tom Boyd
Clute, TX

Tommy gun—You keep mentioning the initials "NRA" without explaining what they stand for. We can only assume you mean the *No-good-beer-bellied-narrow-minded-killers-of-wildlife-and-the-profits-soaked-in-blood-gun-manufacturers-who-bribe-legislators-to-make-weapons-easily-available-for-the-senseless-slaughter-of-hundreds-of-innocent-victims-every-year Rifle Associaton.* Is that the one you mean?—Ed.

ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH



Although we decided not to print the letter Bill White of Scituate, MA sent us, we couldn't pass up his absolutely *prehistoric* envelope! Fa!



MORON MAIL

In a world of $4.00 magazines that consist of 50% advertising, finding a publication for under $2.00 that does not accept any outside advertising is truly stunning. Mind you, a blow on the head with a large fish is stunning too!

Andy Cameron
San Diego, CA

***Stunning*, Ando-man? You don't know the meaning of the word! *Stunning* is the first wide-eyed stare of a newborn child. *Stunning* is the petal of a rose floating gently on the surface of an uninfested pond. *Stunning* is the morning sun, gleaming off the gold tooth of a Guatatemalan widow carrying a large fish (which she bought for under two dollars, we might add)! Don't write back until you know the meaning of the word *stunning*!—Ed.**

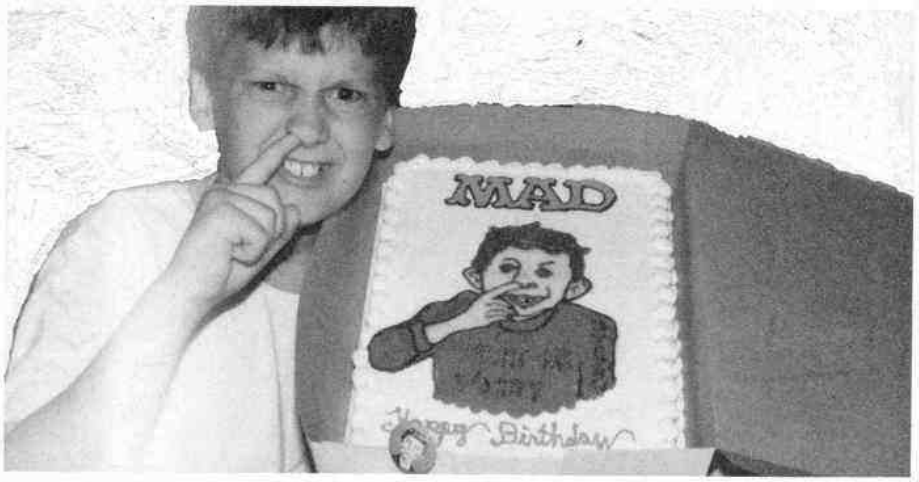
A BUM "RAP"

"When Rap Music Spreads Into
Everyday Life"
Is sure to cause the postman
pain and strife;
Cuz I know that MAD will be inundated
With rap letters that the readers created;
Most of them will be very poor
Some of them even worse for sure!
So I'll just sit back and let time go by
Till my letter is printed with some
smart-ass reply!

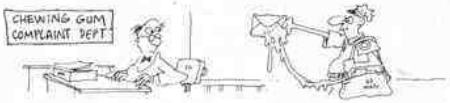
Mike Jenkinson
Winnipeg, Canada

Your rap didn't make us go ha ha ha, we think you're a schmuck, so fa fa fa!—Ed.

CAKE FROSTING?



Steve—Hmmm! Looks good! Save us a little piece... and save us some cake too!—Ed.



MORE MORON MAIL

In Spy Vs. Spy, why do teeth ALWAYS appear when a spy gets shot, squished, splattered, swatted, exploded or destroyed?

Joe Stuhff
Las Vegas, NV

Because we're a family magazine!—Ed.

Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 291, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope or a note congratulating John and Marilyn on their new house!

WHAT IS...
NOTHING LIKE THE MOVIE BATMAN?

UNRELATED TO TV'S THE WONDER YEARS??

TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM NINTENDO???



THESE THINGS CAN ONLY DESCRIBE ONE BOOK...

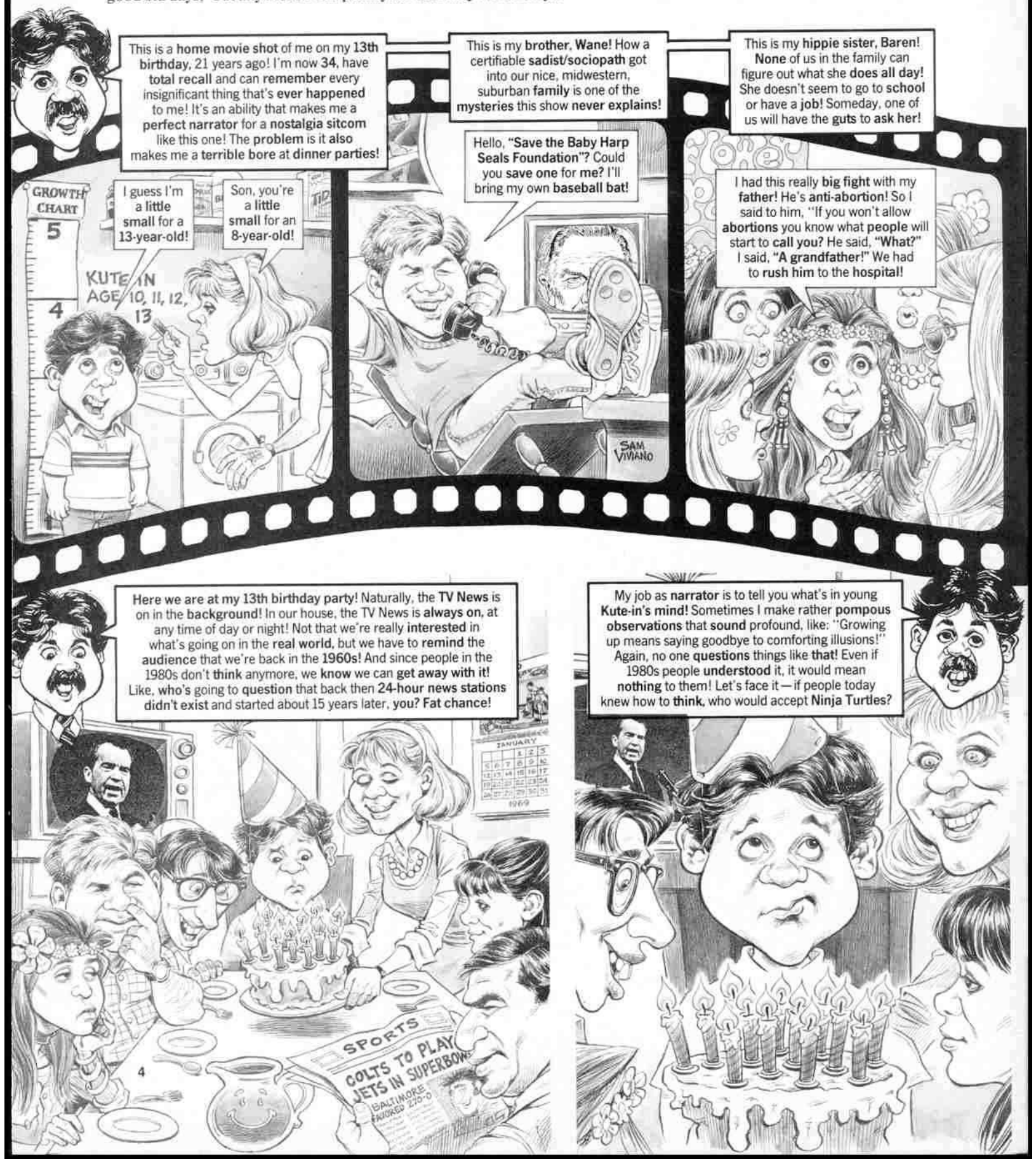


ON SALE WHEREVER THIS BOOK IS SOLD!

SIXTIES-SOMETHING DEPT.

We can see why adults in their thirties and forties enjoy a popular sitcom about growing up in the 1960's. After all, it was their time! But why does it have such appeal to kids in 1989? Could it be that today's kids are comforted by seeing what jerks their parents were back then? You bet! Yup, parents may refer to the 1960's as "the good old days," but any moron can plainly see that they were really...

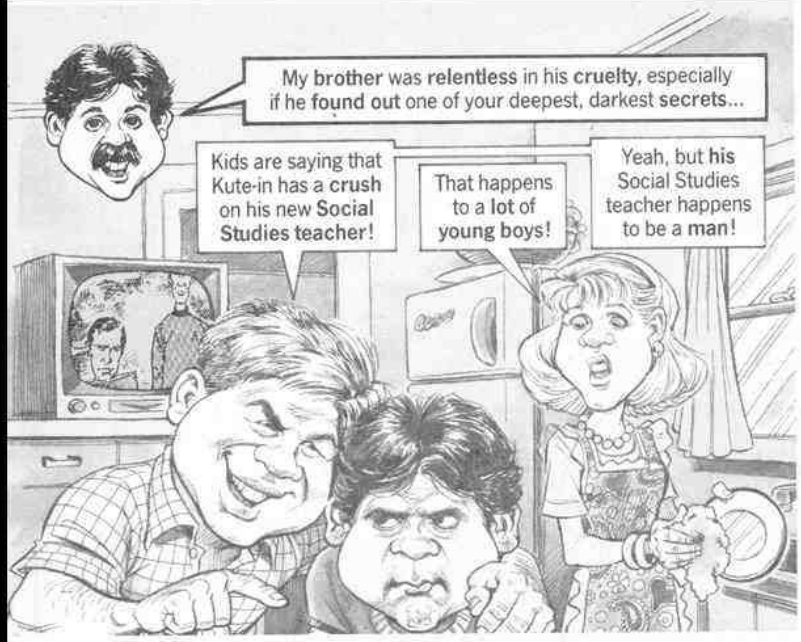
THE BL

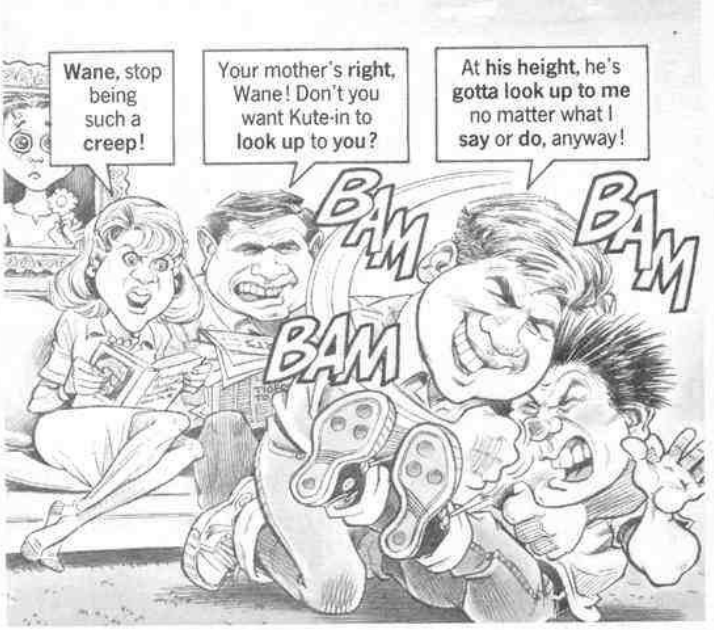


UNDER YEARS

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO WRITER: STAN HART

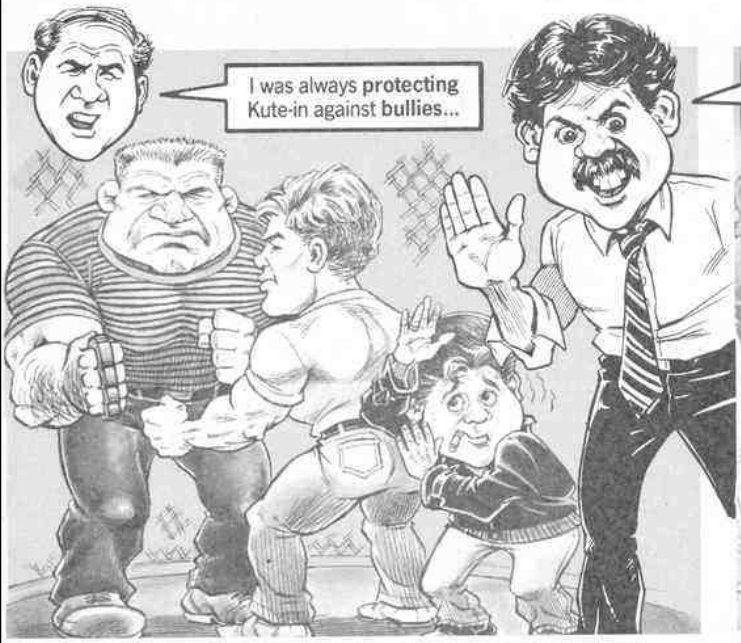


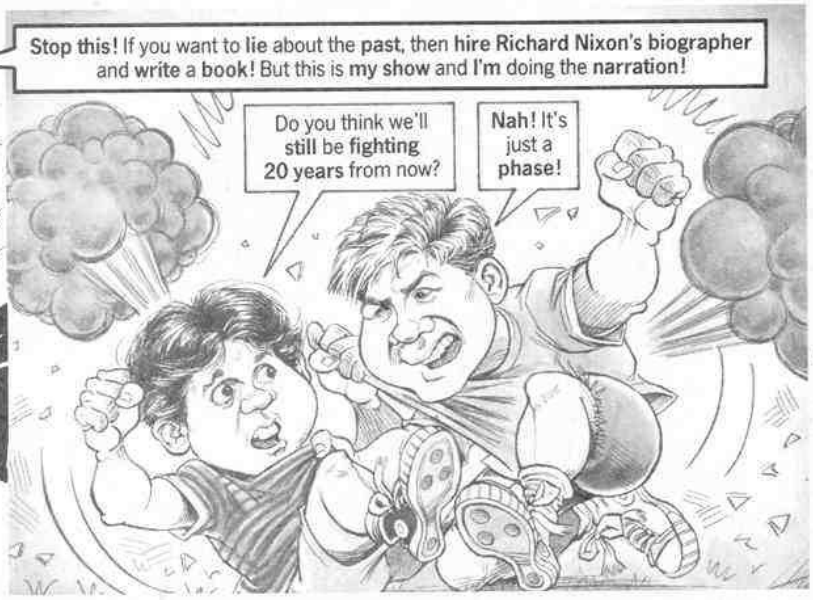

My brother was relentless in his cruelty, especially if he found out one of your deepest, darkest secrets...
Kids are saying that Kute-in has a crush on his new Social Studies teacher!
That happens to a lot of young boys!
Yeah, but his Social Studies teacher happens to be a man!

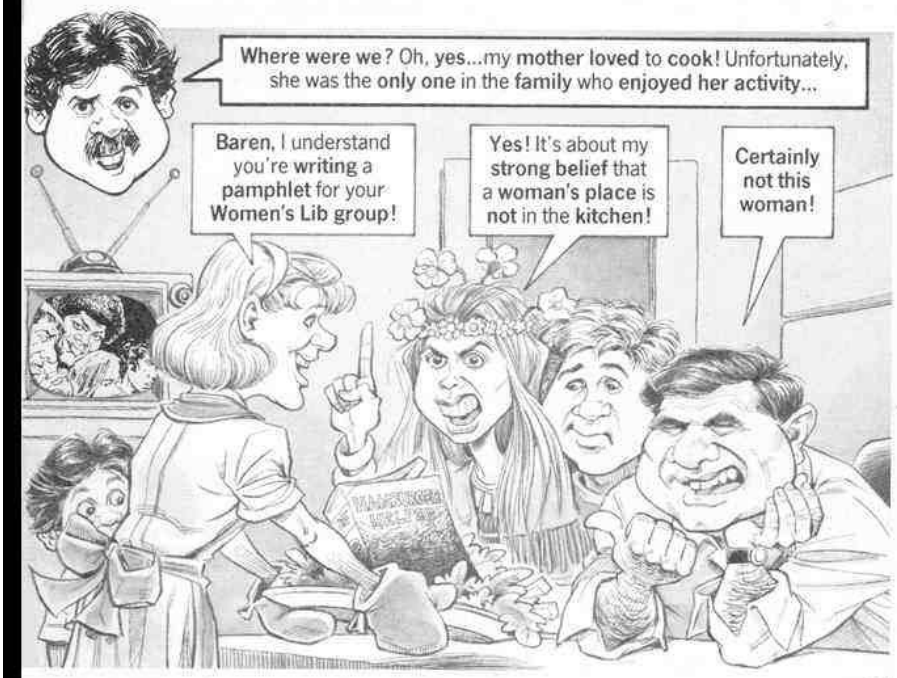

Wane, stop being such a creep!
Your mother's right, Wane! Don't you want Kute-in to look up to you?
At his height, he's gotta look up to me no matter what I say or do, anyway!
BAM
BAM
BAM


Hey, hold it! This whole show is from only your point of view!
Wane! What are you doing in my flashback?
How about letting other people tell about how things really were back in those years!

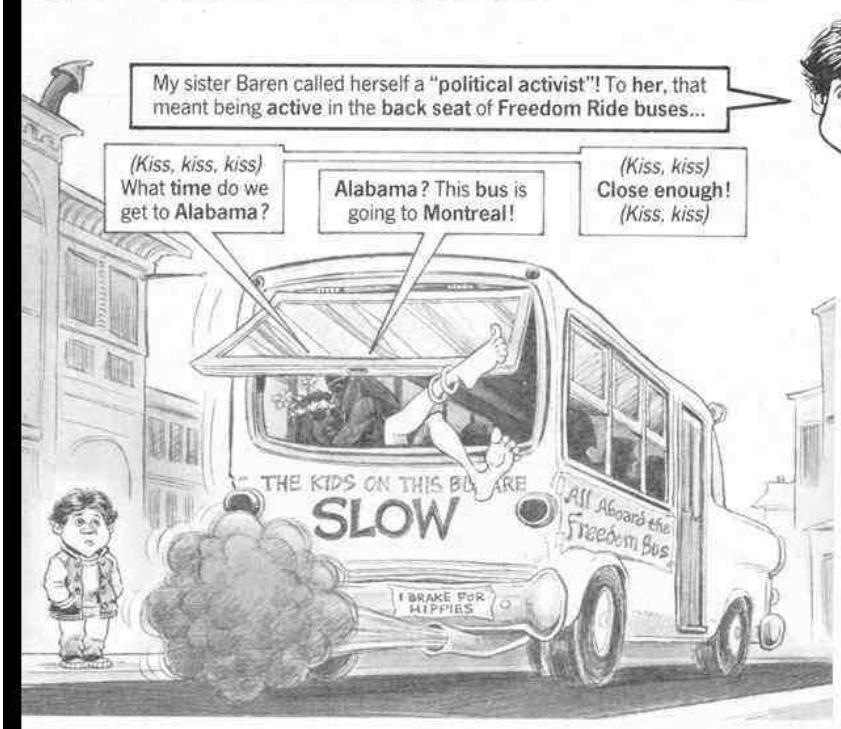

Golly, Kute-in, I want to be your friend as well as your older brother!
Pull down that shade and you die!
Born to be

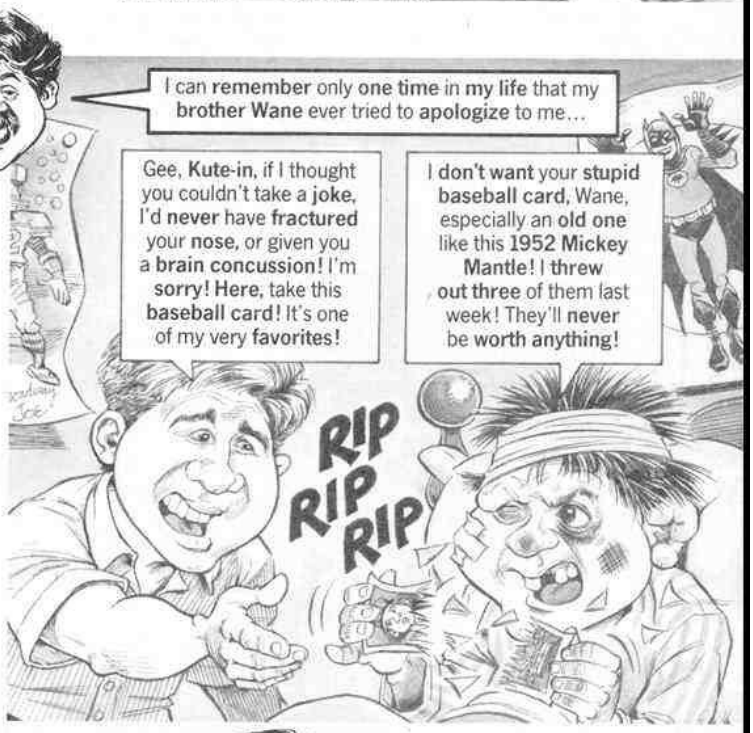

I was always protecting Kute-in against bullies...

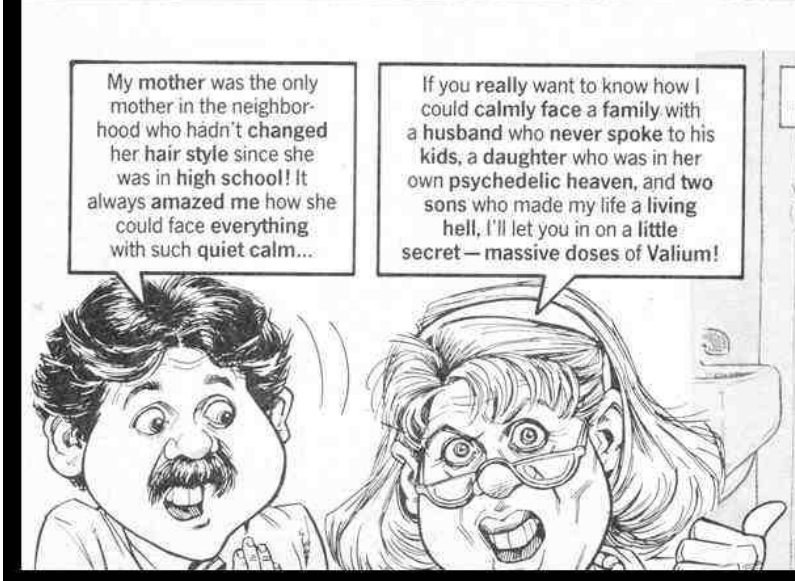

Stop this! If you want to lie about the past, then hire Richard Nixon's biographer and write a book! But this is my show and I'm doing the narration!
Do you think we'll still be fighting 20 years from now?
Nah! It's just a phase!


Where were we? Oh, yes...my mother loved to cook! Unfortunately, she was the only one in the family who enjoyed her activity...
Baren, I understand you're writing a pamphlet for your Women's Lib group!
Yes! It's about my strong belief that a woman's place is not in the kitchen!
Certainly not this woman!

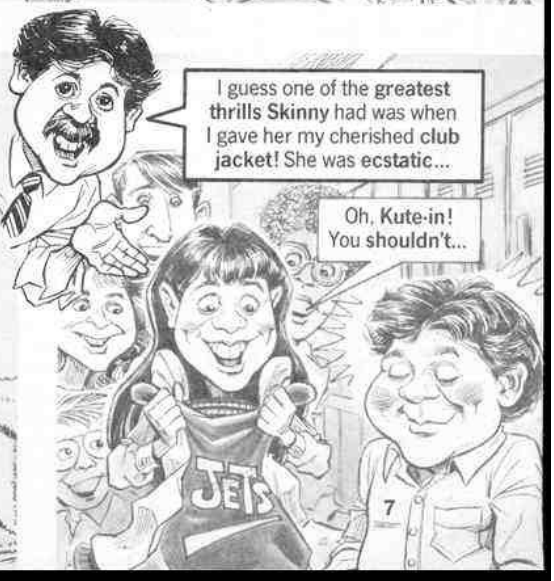

I've decided — at today's meeting I'm going to burn my bra!
I just hope you're in it when you do!


My sister Baren called herself a "political activist"! To her, that meant being active in the back seat of Freedom Ride buses...
(Kiss, kiss, kiss) What time do we get to Alabama?
Alabama? This bus is going to Montreal!
(Kiss, kiss) Close enough! (Kiss, kiss)
THE KIDS ON THIS BUS ARE SLOW
All Aboard the Freedom Bus
I BRAKE FOR HIPPIES


I can remember only one time in my life that my brother Wane ever tried to apologize to me...
Gee, Kute-in, if I thought you couldn't take a joke, I'd never have fractured your nose, or given you a brain concussion! I'm sorry! Here, take this baseball card! It's one of my very favorites!
I don't want your stupid baseball card, Wane, especially an old one like this 1952 Mickey Mantle! I threw out three of them last week! They'll never be worth anything!
RIP RIP RIP


My mother was the only mother in the neighborhood who hadn't changed her hair style since she was in high school! It always amazed me how she could face everything with such quiet calm...
If you really want to know how I could calmly face a family with a husband who never spoke to his kids, a daughter who was in her own psychedelic heaven, and two sons who made my life a living hell, I'll let you in on a little secret — massive doses of Valium!


The family is home... time to zonk out, Mom!


I guess one of the greatest thrills Skinny had was when I gave her my cherished club jacket! She was ecstatic...
Oh, Kute-in! You shouldn't...
JETS

It wasn't like that at all! It wasn't thrilling...

...it was embarrassing! You were such a shrimp, the damn jacket was 3 sizes too small! Thanks a bunch for making me the laughing stock of the seventh grade!

Where are they all today? Well, my best friend Pale made a fortune on Wall Street as a stock broker! That is, until he was caught doing insider trading! Pale is now serving five to seven in federal prison...

JX 31353

JX 31353

My brother, Wane, became a TV evangelist! He learned how to turn his natural flair for intolerance and hatred into a profit...

The Good Book

My sister Baren survived the turbulent 1960's and, like countless others of her generation, wrote a screenplay about it...

Now this time, kids, I want more feeling from the back of the Freedom Ride bus!

Okay, roll 'em, Sid!

(Kiss, kiss, kiss) What time do we get to Alabama? (Kiss, kiss, kiss)

Ms. Arnold

THESE KIDS DON'T STOP

The Love Bus

Mom and dad are in Florida! They may be retired, but they keep themselves busy...

I've got an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting this afternoon! I'll be home around five!

That'll be fine! My Drug Rehab session ends the same time! What would you like for dinner?

To eat out! You still can't cook!

Skinny is in a bad marriage! She not only has to take care of two kids, but also has a job making telephone solicitations! She's the sole support of her family since her husband is a chronic unemployable...

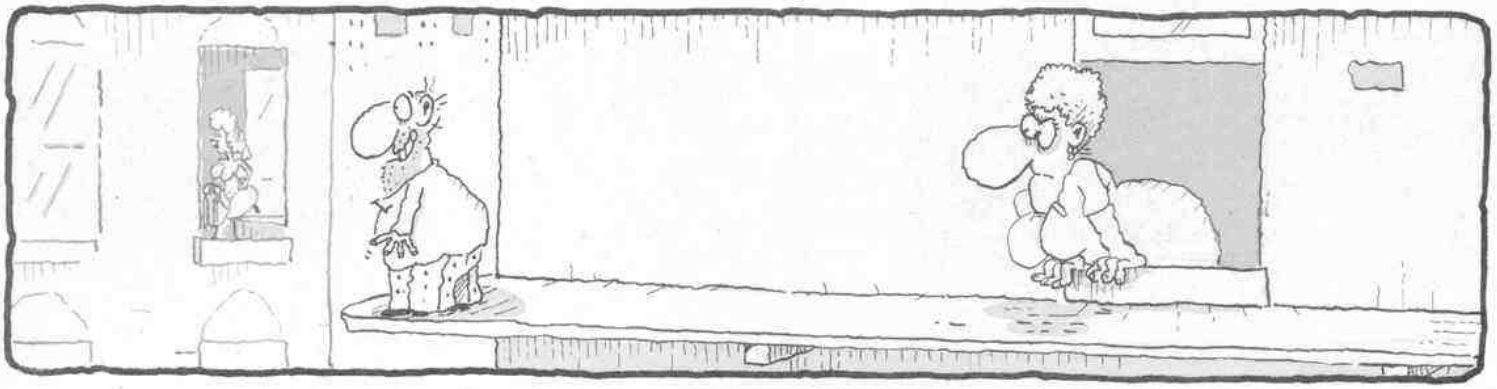
..Me? I can't stop living in the past and talking about my childhood! I spend eight hours a day in the psychiatrist's office so I have no time to go out and look for a job...

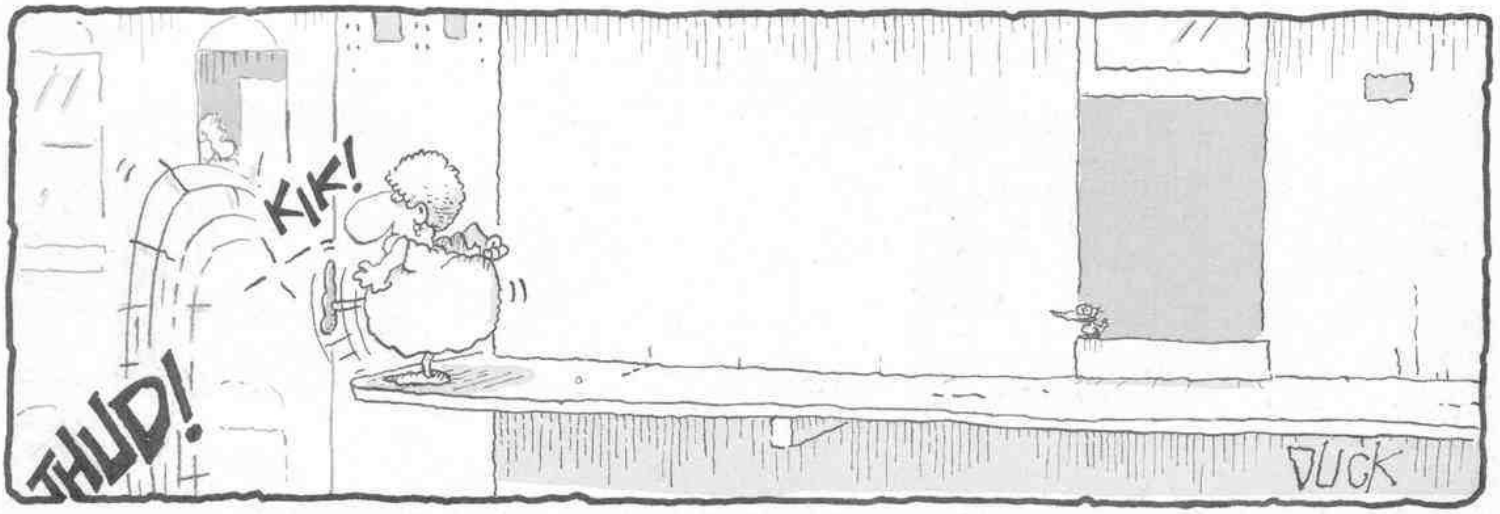
It's still so confusing to me, Dr. Nemeroff! If I loved Wane as a brother but hated him as a person, and was attracted to Skinny as a girl but not as a woman, and like Pale as a pal, but not as a buddy, and...

THE LUSTY LEDGE LEGEND







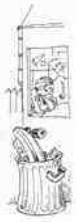


ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

A VIEW TO AN ILL DEPT.

It all started with Salad Bars! If you had wanted to make your own dinner, you wouldn't have gone to a restaurant in the first place, right?!? Well, that was only the beginning!

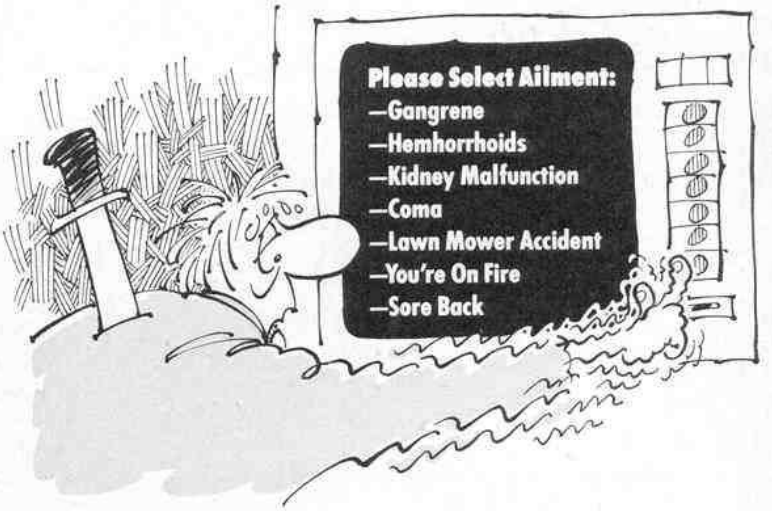
The folks who invented the Salad Bar went on to create the Self-Service Gas Station, the Pick-Your-Own-Apple Orchard and the Automatic Bank Teller Machine! If you're now sick and



COMPU-DOC SELF-







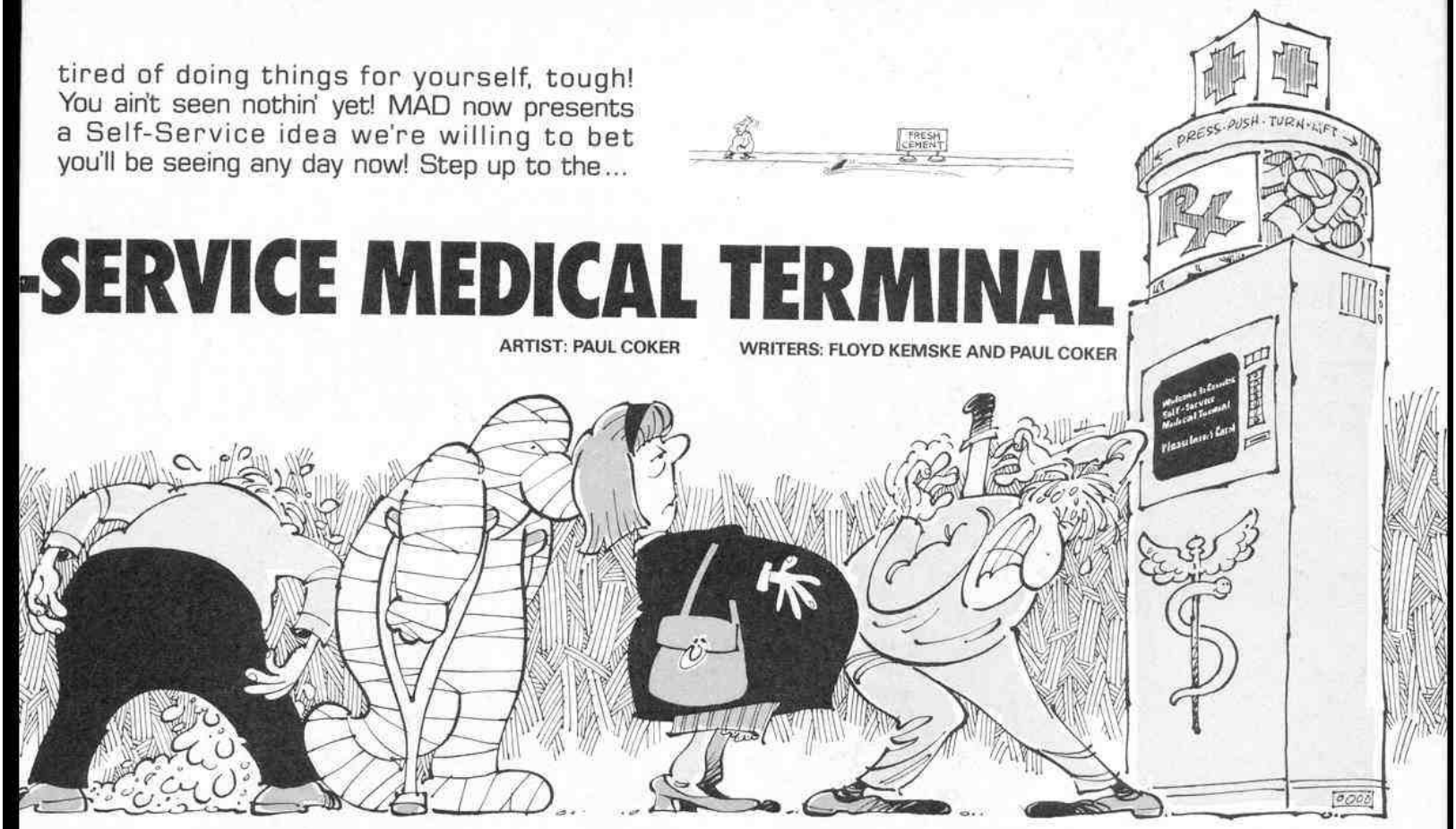




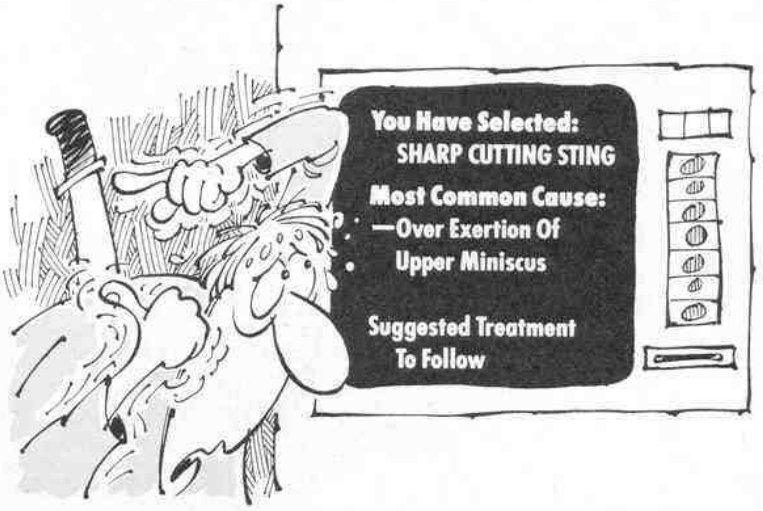
tired of doing things for yourself, tough! You ain't seen nothin' yet! MAD now presents a Self-Service idea we're willing to bet you'll be seeing any day now! Step up to the...

-SERVICE MEDICAL TERMINAL

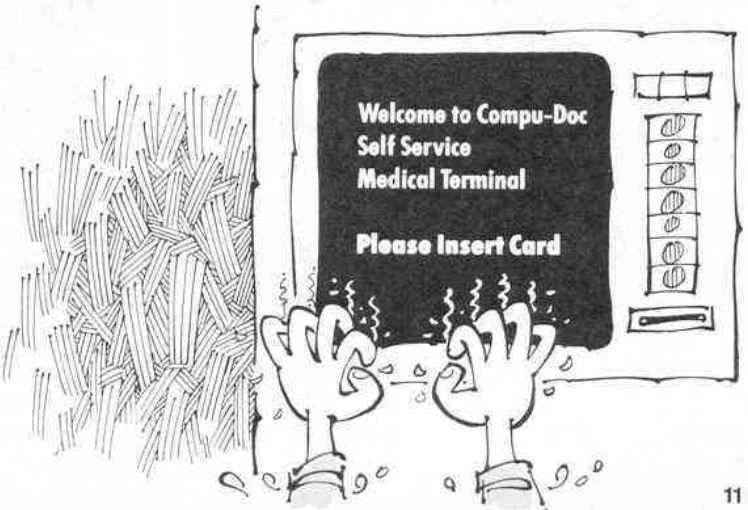
ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITERS: FLOYD KEMSKE AND PAUL COKER











BIG-NAME BRANDS DEPT.

A while back we figured that the popularity of Paul Newman's spaghetti sauce, salad dressing and popcorn would cause other celebrities to come out with products of their own (as a twisted status symbol sort of thing, you know?). So far, they haven't, but that's not stopping us from presenting...

MORE ITEMS FROM MAD'S CELEBRITY SUPERMARKET





ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU

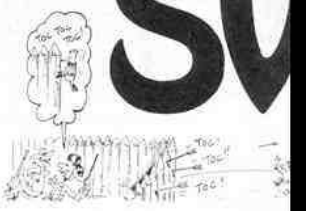

MANUTE
BOLOGNA
The Sandwich Meat that'll make you feel 7 feet 7 inches tall!
SLAM DUNK some into your shopping basket!
KIWI
HERMAN
SHOE POLISH
Use it on your Platform Shoes ... and on your hair!
GROUND CHUCK NORRIS
TOUGH, BLOODY AND HARD TO CHEW
the way REAL men like it!
WORCESTER CHER SAUCE
Helps dull meals "SNAP OUT OF IT!"
Makes really skinny cuts of meats seem Juicy and Appetizing!
you can't keep it off tender young beef!


SPY
VS
SPY
VS
SPY
NITRO
GLYCERIN
GIN
CLINK
KABOOM

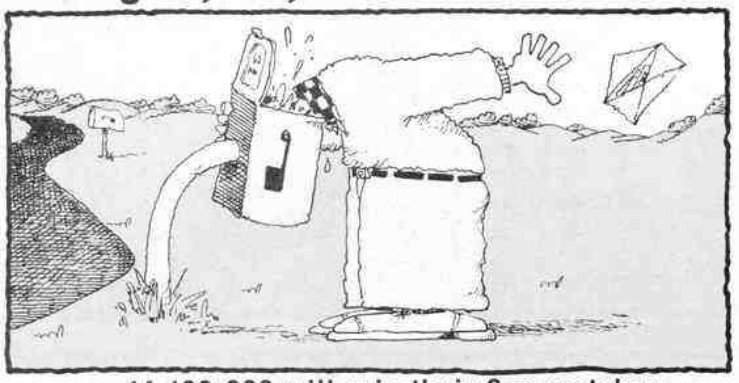
WHY TO MAGAZ SU

Look carefully at the Publishers' Sweepstakes envelope below. You probably get one every year, and you probably trash it! You think it's junk mail, and besides, the odds must be crazy that you, out of millions, could be the big winner, right? Wrong! The truth is many people fail to receive their notices. And those who do either trash them or screw up the forms so badly that they're eliminated! So what are you waiting for? Go through your garbage! Get back that entry form and check every box, affix every stupid sticker and rush it in, because MAD has assembled the figures to prove convincingly...



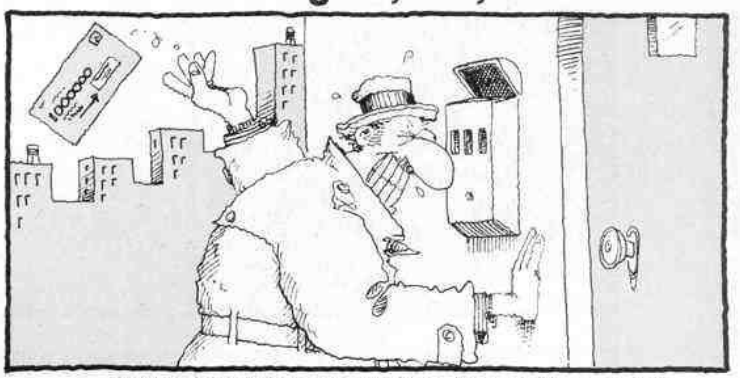


Among 50,000,000 entries sent out...



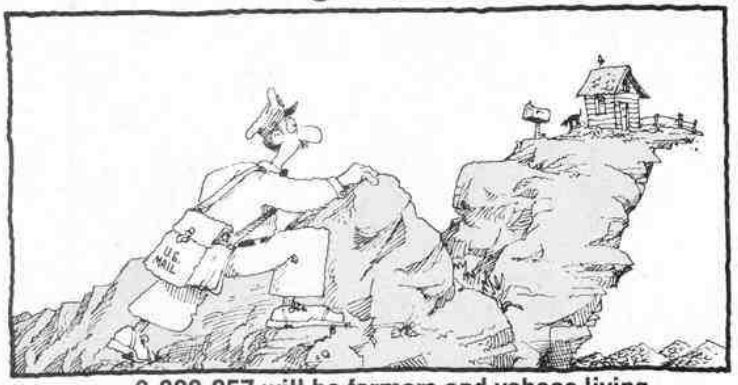
...14,168,000 will ruin their Sweepstakes entry forms by throwing up all over them the moment they see the picture of Ed McMahon.

Of the remaining 35,832,000...



...184,000 will immediately throw the packet away after discovering that no hard core pornographic magazines are among those being offered.

Of the remaining 30,886,951...



...3,800,957 will be farmers and yahoos living so far out in the sticks that the mailman can't get through until two weeks after the deadline.

Of the remaining 27,085,994...



...622,460 will be former Mafia informants who got new identities from the F.B.I. and who are afraid to claim mail addressed to their real names.

YOU ARE SURE WIN THE NEXT ZINE PUBLISHERS' WEEPSTAKES



ARTIST: JOHN CALDWELL WRITER: TOM KOCH

Of the remaining 35,648,000...



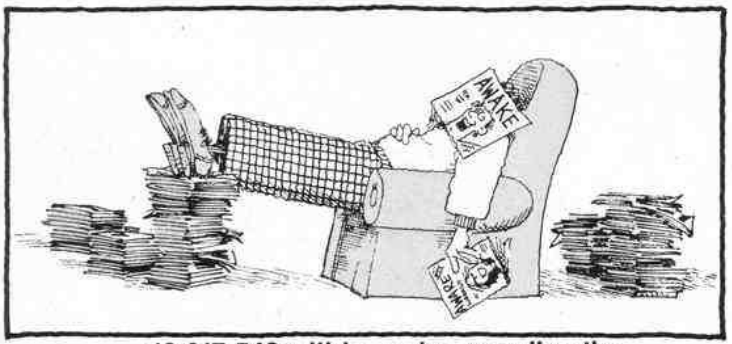
...2,300,049 will be wealthy Wall Street wheeler-dealers and real estate brokers who don't think prizes of yachts or houses are valuable enough to waste time trying to win.

Of the remaining 33,347,951...



...2,461,000 will be so confused by all the stickers, form letters, bonus seals, and other garbage that they'll give up without ever finding the Sweepstakes entry form.

Of the remaining 26,463,534...



...16,917,540 will be so busy reading the magazines that they subscribed to last year in hopes of winning that they won't have time to open this year's contest packet.

Of the remaining 9,545,994...



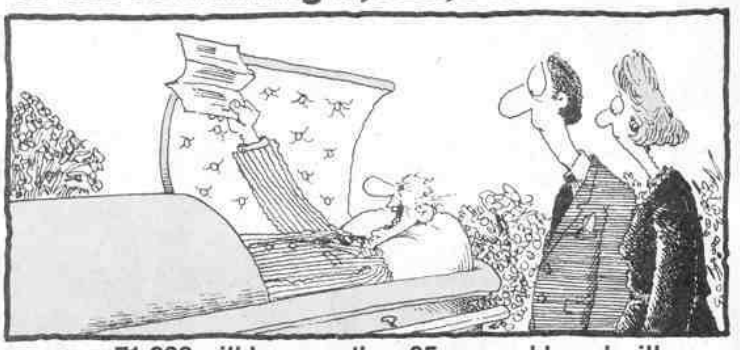
...924,875 will be so intent on winning the Promptness Bonus by mailing before "midnight tonight" that they'll be arrested for breaking into the Post Office before "midnight tonight."

Of the remaining 8,621,119...



...892,500 will only read the part that says, "You may have already won $1,000,000!" and assume they don't have to do anything but wait for the money.

Of the remaining 7,728,619...



...71,000 will be more than 95 years old, and will reason that it's just plain goofy to go after prize money that's paid out in 30 annual installments.

Of the remaining 7,657,619...



...2,194,350 will skip it for fear that the publicity of a big contest win might cause the I.R.S. to notice that they've never filed a tax return.

Of the remaining 5,463,269...



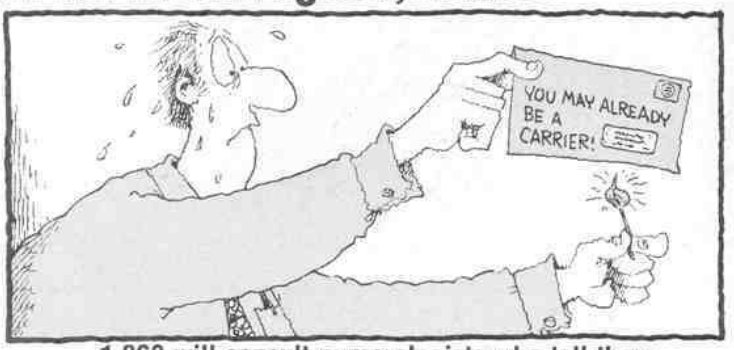
...2,432,005 will fail to participate because they can't find the only obscure option among 85 possibilities that lets you enter without buying anything.

Of the remaining 3,031,264...



...2,350,000 will be loyal members of the National Society To Wipe Out Junk Mail, and are bound by oath to destroy Sweepstakes envelopes on sight.

Of the remaining 681,264...



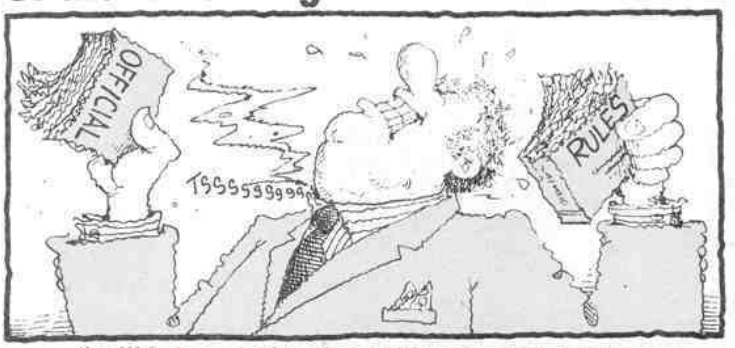
...1,868 will consult numerologists who tell them that their assigned numbers are so unlucky that using them could touch off an epidemic of cholera.

Of the remaining 679,396...



...679,394 will look closely at the photo of last year's winners and decide that they'd rather lose $1,000,000 than risk being seen with this year's roundup of goons and fools.

Of the remaining 2...



...1 will be none other than prizemeister Ed McMahon, who is ineligible to win his own contest, thus leaving *you* as the only possible choice for first prize!!



REACHING NEW HYPES OF ABSURDITY DEPT.

Hi, I'm Okra Windfree! Really! I bet you didn't even recognize the new skinny me! Hey, I lost so much weight my "Al Sharpton" Wig weighs more than I do! What's that have to do with anything? Well, it's my clever way of introducing today's topic—IMAGES!! You know, in 1988 we had an election in this country and the candidates were packaged and huckstered like hemorrhoid cream, odor eaters, roach poison or any other disgusting product! This brings us to today's special guest expert, Mr. Roger Ailing, who has just been chosen as...

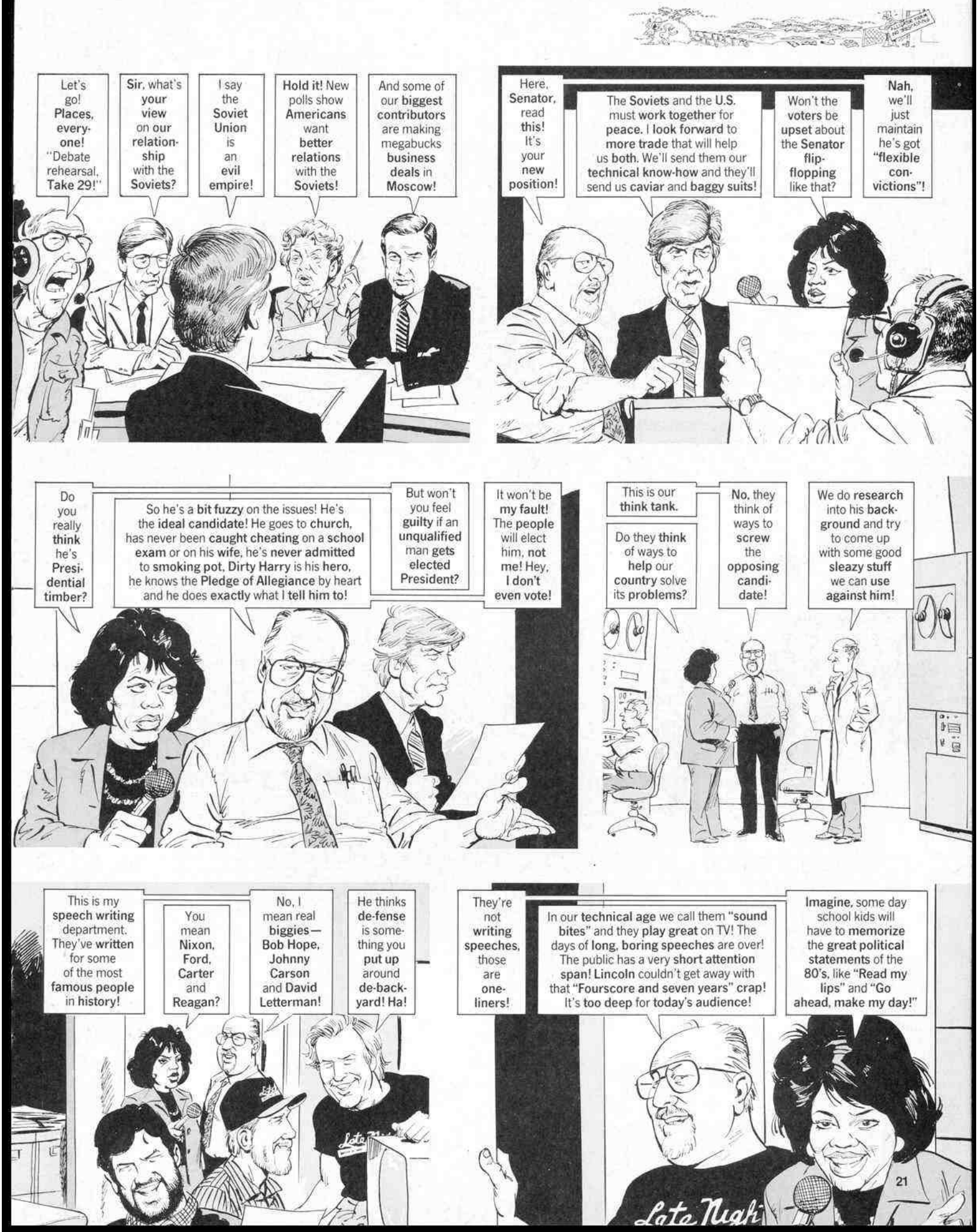
MAD'S POLITICAL IMAGE MAKER OF THE YEAR





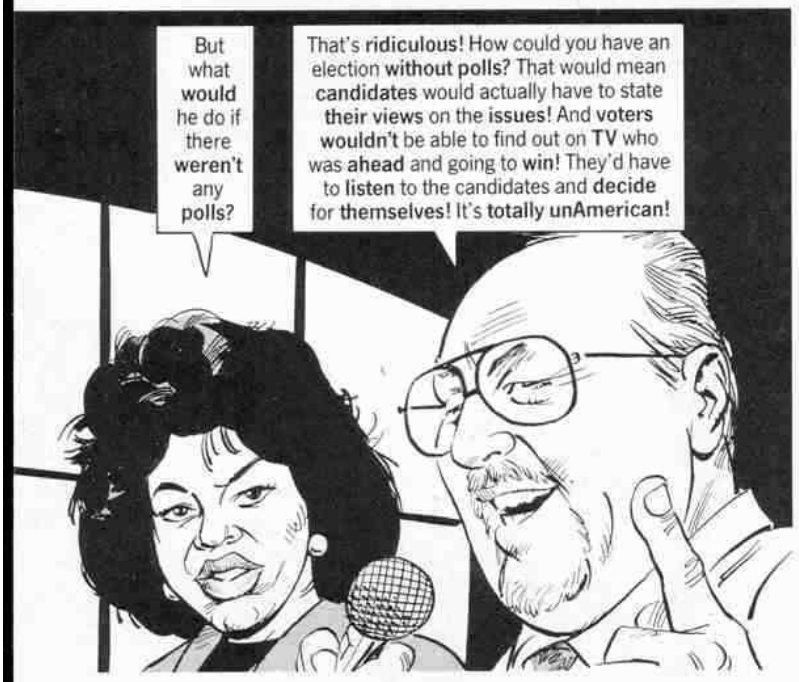
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

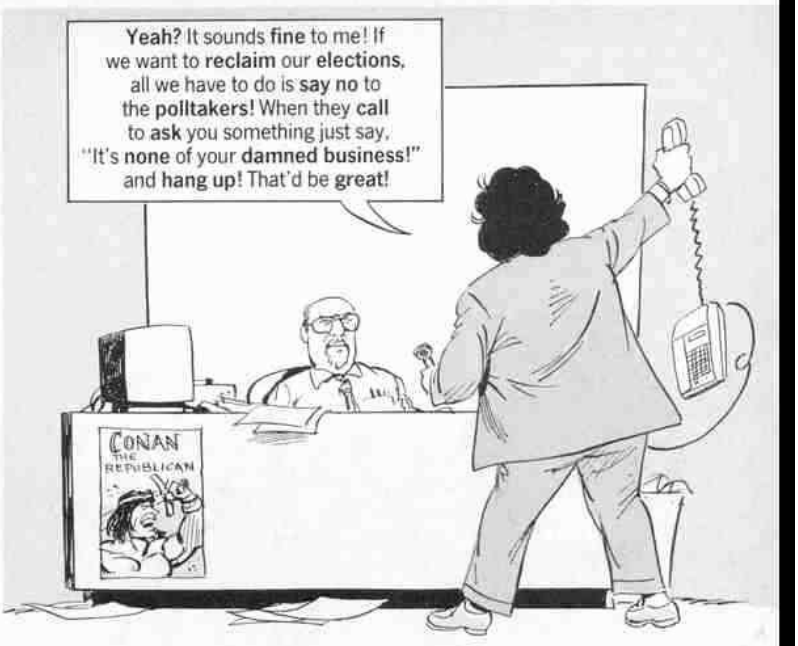

What exactly do you do for a candidate?
We take a nerd and make him look like a leader! We teach him to walk...
C'mon, a little more swagger, for God's sake! Your wrists are too limp!
And we tell him what to say...
Read my lips! No new taxes!
Then he's finally ready to meet the public!
I want all of you to know, I'm my own man!
Okra, meet my candidate, Senator Joe Bland!
Senator, how do you feel about...
Hold it! No questions, no interviews, no press conferences! We've got an election to win!
POSITION PAPER
But aren't press conferences part of the election process?
Not when I'm running things! Suppose you ask him something we haven't rehearsed or suppose he forgets an answer? We could blow the whole election! There, there, don't you worry, Joe baby, I won't let her ask you any nasty questions!
I only want media coverage on upbeat, flag waving, Americana photo opportunity bits—the pap I stage that the TV networks show every night as hard news! All this free ad time allows us to spend our cash on really important stuff, like negative smear commercials!
Don't you think important issues like taxes, the environment and the deficit should be discussed?
Voters are turned off by all that boring stuff! They want to hear about things they can relate to, like the Pledge of Allegiance and school prayer! There's plenty of time to discuss junk like taxes and deficits after the election!
Yeah, but then it's too late!
Like I said before, you're quick! You're very quick!
I pledge allegiance...
Now I lay me down to sleep...
ZZZ
ACME INTERNATIONAL

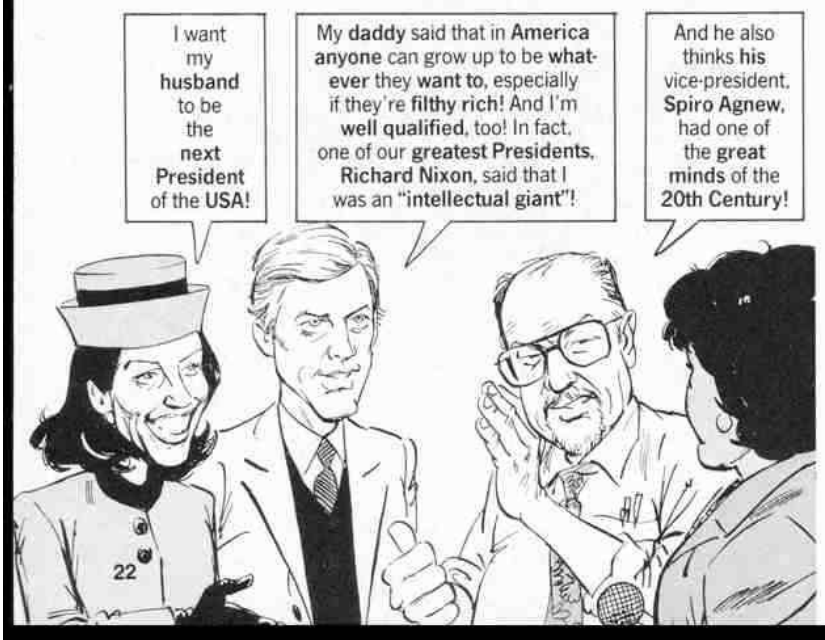

Let's go! Places, everyone! "Debate rehearsal, Take 29!"
Sir, what's your view on our relationship with the Soviets?
I say the Soviet Union is an evil empire!
Hold it! New polls show Americans want better relations with the Soviets!
And some of our biggest contributors are making megabucks business deals in Moscow!
Here, Senator, read this! It's your new position!
The Soviets and the U.S. must work together for peace. I look forward to more trade that will help us both. We'll send them our technical know-how and they'll send us caviar and baggy suits!
Won't the voters be upset about the Senator flip-flopping like that?
Nah, we'll just maintain he's got "flexible convictions"!
Do you really think he's Presidential timber?
So he's a bit fuzzy on the issues! He's the ideal candidate! He goes to church, has never been caught cheating on a school exam or on his wife, he's never admitted to smoking pot, Dirty Harry is his hero, he knows the Pledge of Allegiance by heart and he does exactly what I tell him to!
But won't you feel guilty if an unqualified man gets elected President?
It won't be my fault! The people will elect him, not me! Hey, I don't even vote!
This is our think tank.
Do they think of ways to help our country solve its problems?
No, they think of ways to screw the opposing candidate!
We do research into his background and try to come up with some good sleazy stuff we can use against him!
This is my speech writing department. They've written for some of the most famous people in history!
You mean Nixon, Ford, Carter and Reagan?
No, I mean real biggies—Bob Hope, Johnny Carson and David Letterman!
He thinks de-fense is something you put up around de-backyard! Ha!
They're not writing speeches, those are one-liners!
In our technical age we call them "sound bites" and they play great on TV! The days of long, boring speeches are over! The public has a very short attention span! Lincoln couldn't get away with that "Fourscore and seven years" crap! It's too deep for today's audience!
Imagine, some day school kids will have to memorize the great political statements of the 80's, like "Read my lips" and "Go ahead, make my day!"
Late Night


Okay, put on this **hardhat** and **repeat after me. USA! USA! USA! USA! USA!**
USA! USA! USA! USA!
Beautiful, that should **wrap up** the **blue collar vote!**
Doesn't the **Senator** have any **thoughts** of **his own?**
Of course he does, and I **don't care** what they are as long as he **keeps them to himself!**
PROP ROOM
KEEP OUT
DUNCE
M. DUKAKIS MODEL


I say the government must **increase farm subsidies!**
Whose **political views** does he express, **yours?**
No, the **polls tell us** what the **people want** to **hear!**
We must **cut farm subsidies!**
Of course, his position **may vary** depending on **where** the **polls** are **taken!**


But what **would** he do if there **weren't** any **polls?**
That's **ridiculous!** How could you have an election **without polls?** That would mean **candidates** would actually have to state **their views** on the **issues!** And **voters wouldn't** be able to find out on **TV** who was **ahead** and going to **win!** They'd have to **listen** to the candidates and **decide** for **themselves!** It's **totally unAmerican!**

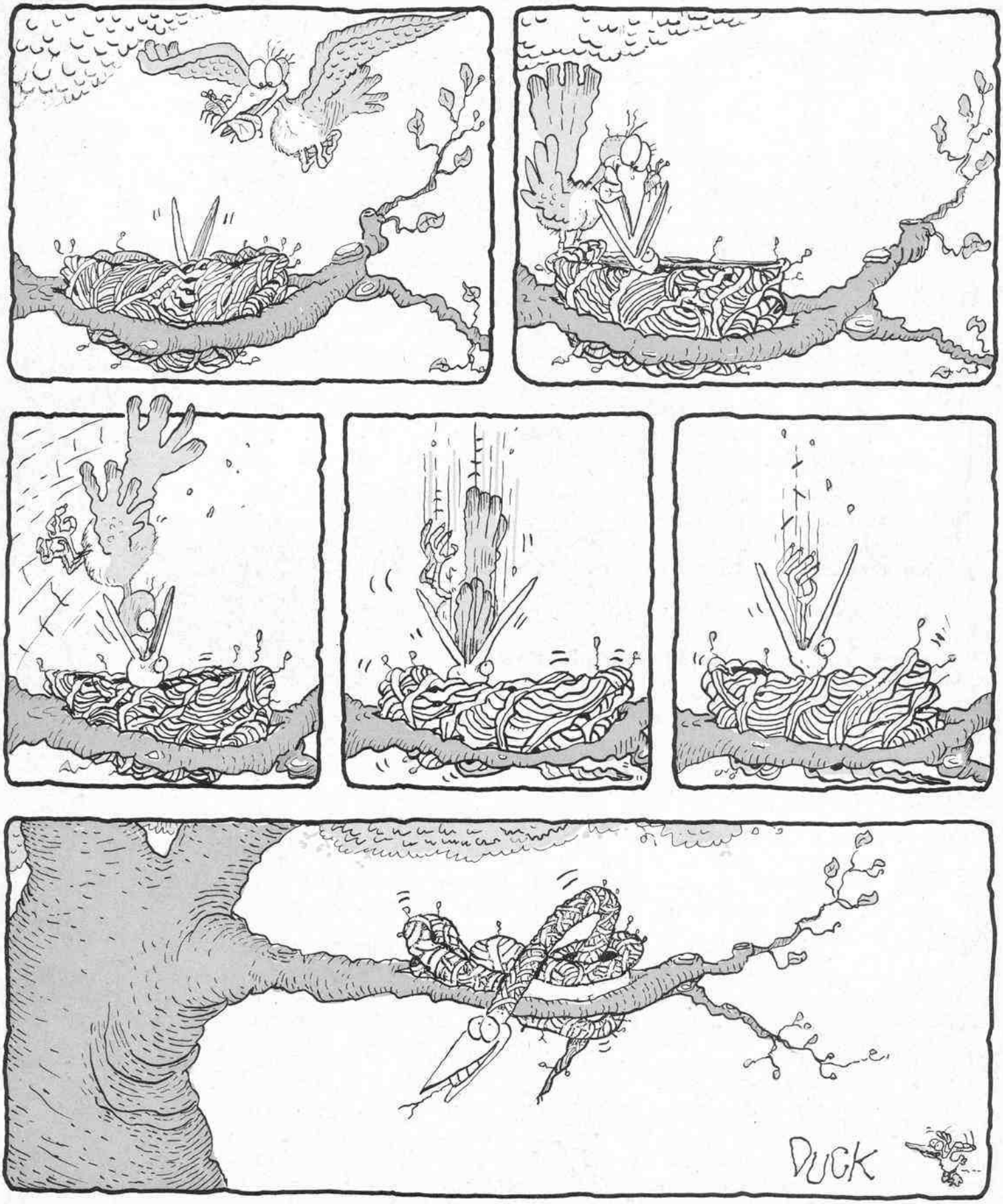

Yeah? It sounds **fine** to me! If we want to **reclaim** our **elections,** all we have to do is **say no** to the **polltakers!** When they **call** to **ask** you something just say, "It's **none** of your **damned business!**" and **hang up!** That'd be **great!**
CONAN THE REPUBLICAN


I want my **husband** to be the **next President** of the **USA!**
My **daddy** said that in **America anyone** can grow up to be **whatever** they **want to,** especially if they're **filthy rich!** And I'm **well qualified,** too! In fact, one of our **greatest Presidents, Richard Nixon,** said that I was an "**intellectual giant**"!
And he also thinks **his** vice-president, **Spiro Agnew,** had one of the **great minds** of the **20th Century!**


I'd like to **help,** but we just don't have **enough time** to give **Danny boy** a real **Presidential image.**
But **why?** We have almost **eight years!**
Eighty years wouldn't be **enough!** Look, I'm an **image maker,** not a **miracle worker!**
Okay, that just about **wraps** it up! This is **Okra Windfree** returning you to **MAD!**

TALES FROM THE DUCK SIDE DEPT.

THE FEATHERED FEEDING FRENZY



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

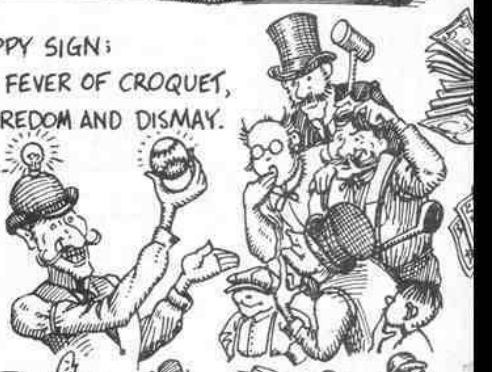
Baseball

LAST YEAR AMERICA CELEBRATED THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER'S "CASEY AT THE BAT." NOW, IN HONOR OF THIS GREAT POEM AND THE GAME IT GLORIFIED, WE OFFER YOU...



THE SUMMERS LACKED EXCITEMENT BACK IN 1869;
THE NATION HAD NO PASTIME, WHICH WAS NOT A HAPPY SIGN;
THOUGH SOME TURNED ON TO GOLF OR CAUGHT THE FEVER OF CROQUET,
THROUGHOUT THE LAND DEEP SIGHS WERE HEARD OF BOREDOM AND DISMAY.

BUT THEN SOME GENTS PROPOSED A PLAN THAT FOLKS WOULD SURELY LOVE--
COMPETING TEAMS PROVIDING THRILLS WITH BALL AND BAT AND GLOVE,
AND, SPLENDOROUS IN UNIFORMS, PAID PLAYERS KNOWN AS "PROS;"
'TWAS BASEBALL, WONDROUS BASEBALL, AND WOULD BANISH ALL OUR WOES.



THE GRANDEST GAME OF ALL IT WAS, AS FEW MEN WOULD DENY,
AMERICAN AS MOM, THE STARS AND STRIPES AND APPLE PIE;
FINE TEAMS WERE BUILT--THE YANKS AND REDS, THE DODGERS AND THE CUBS,
AND BLEACHERS ROCKED EACH AFTERNOON AS FANS CHEERED ON THEIR CLUBS.



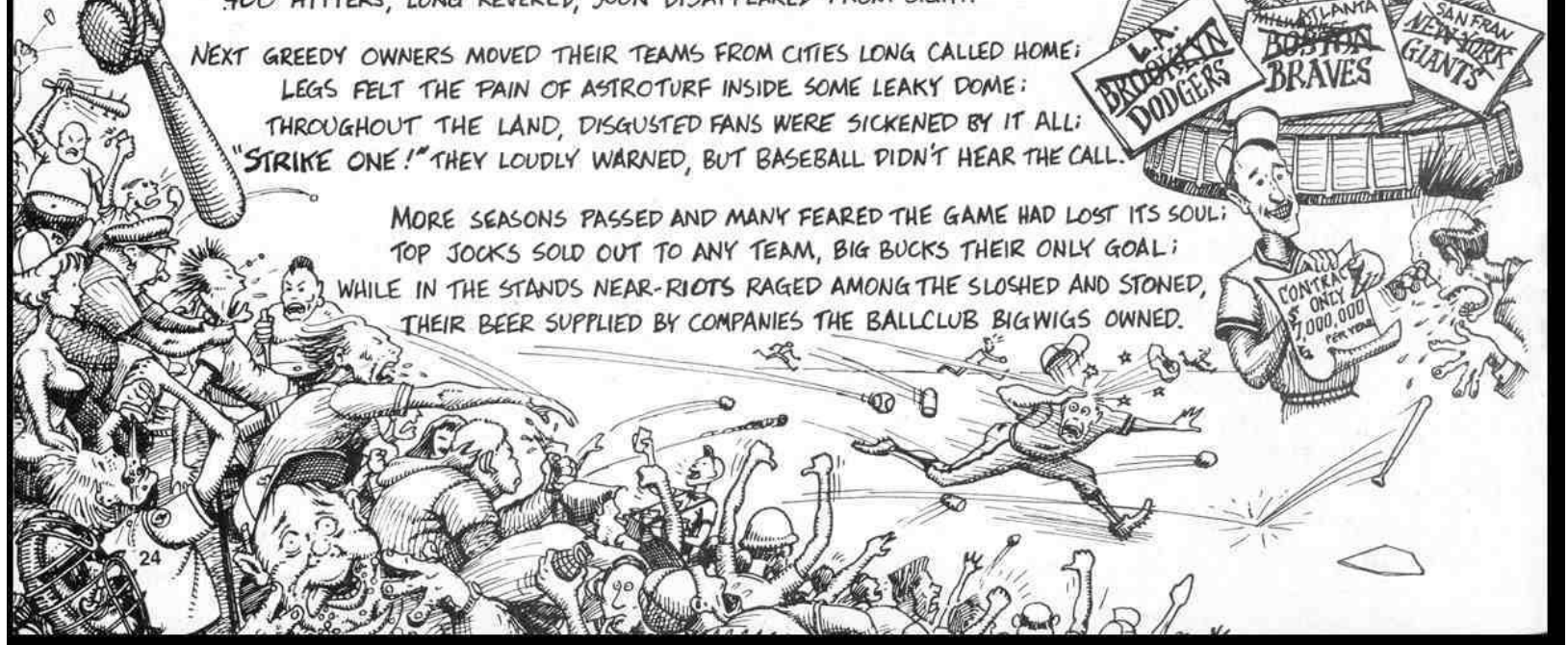
GREAT HEROES REIGNED--THE IRON HORSE, THE BABE AND STAN THE MAN,
THE DUKE AND TED AND JOLTIN' JOE--NAMES KNOWN TO EV'RY FAN;
MORE LOUD THAN CHEERS FOR PRESIDENTS OR MONARCHS OF THE WORLD
WERE THOSE ACCLAIMING WINNING RUNS OR SHUTOUTS SMARTLY HURLED.

FOR MANY YEARS, THIS SPLENDID SPORT WITH GLADNESS FILLED OUR HEARTS,
UNTIL, ALAS, THERE CAME THE URGE TO TINKER WITH ITS PARTS;
WHERE ONCE ALL GAMES WERE PLAYED BY DAY, MOST NOW WERE PLAYED AT NIGHT;
400 HITTERS, LONG REVERED, SOON DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT.



NEXT GREEDY OWNERS MOVED THEIR TEAMS FROM CITIES LONG CALLED HOME;
LEGS FELT THE PAIN OF ASTROTURF INSIDE SOME LEAKY DOME;
THROUGHOUT THE LAND, DISGUSTED FANS WERE SICKENED BY IT ALL;
"STRIKE ONE!" THEY LOUDLY WARNED, BUT BASEBALL DIDN'T HEAR THE CALL.

MORE SEASONS PASSED AND MANY FEARED THE GAME HAD LOST ITS SOUL;
TOP JOCKS SOLD OUT TO ANY TEAM, BIG BUCKS THEIR ONLY GOAL;
WHILE IN THE STANDS NEAR-RIOTS RAGED AMONG THE SLOSHED AND STONED,
THEIR BEER SUPPLIED BY COMPANIES THE BALLCLUB BIGWIGS OWNED.




at the Bat
1869
R.I.P
1996
RESPONDING TO THE GAME'S DECLINE, THE OWNERS SPUN THEIR WHEELS,
CONTENT TO RAKE IN TONS OF CASH FROM SWEETHEART NETWORK DEALS;
THE FANS, AGAIN FORGOTTEN, SEETHED AS TICKET PRICES SOARED;
"STRIKE TWO!" RANG OUT THEIR CALL, WHICH BASEBALL ONCE AGAIN IGNORED.
THE YEARS HAVE WEAKENED BASEBALL'S HEART; ITS PULSE IS FADING FAST;
YET HOPE REMAINS IT MAY RECLAIM THE GLORY OF ITS PAST;
BUT NOW WE HEAR OF COCAINE BUYS AND PLAYERS SNEAKING TOOTS,
AND GAMBLING RAPS AND SORDID SEX AND PALIMONY SUITS.
YER OUT!!!
OH, SOMEWHERE THERE'S A GRAND OLD GAME THAT'S FREE OF GREED AND SLEAZE,
A GAME WHERE OWNERS HONOR FANS AND KEEP THEIR GUARANTEES;
AND SOMEWHERE JOCKS REMEMBER WHAT THE GAME IS ALL ABOUT,
BUT YOU CAN KISS THE DREAM GOODBYE--ALMIGHTY BASEBALL HAS STRUCK OUT!
ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THIS JUST IN... AND OUT DEPT.

FLEETING "STARS" OF THE SIX O'CLOCK



KENNEBUNK, MAINE:
WEATHERBREAKER WHO FIRST SPOTTED HURRICANE WILBUR





LAWRENCE, KANSAS:
THE COKER TRIPLETS, RE-UNITED AFTER SIXTY-TWO YEARS, THANKS TO THIS TV STATION

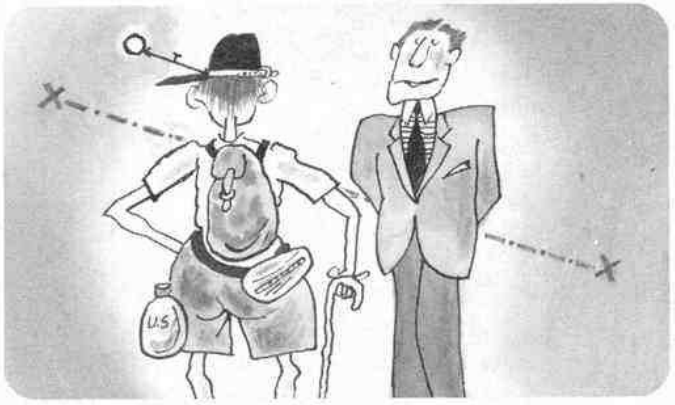


JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY:
IN-LAWS OF THIRD LARGEST LOTTERY WINNER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

ARTIST AND WRITER:



BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA:
MISS LISA RUCKDESCHEL FROM THE UPSTATE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, WHO SANG THE NATIONAL ANTHEM TO OPEN THE TRIPLE-A BASEBALL SEASON



COLDSPRING, NEW YORK:
MR. DAVID DASCH, WHO WALKED BACKWARDS FROM ALBANY TO N.Y.C. TO PROTEST THE WANTON KILLING OF CRABGRASS

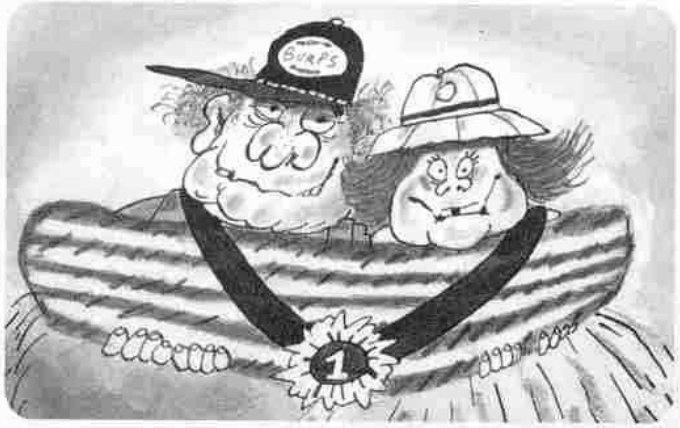
TEXARKANA, TEXAS:
WINNER OF CHUCKWAGON CHILI CONTEST, AND JUDGES



CINCINNATI, OHIO:
YOUNG MAN WHO MADE BARE-HANDED CATCH OF A DARRYL STRAWBERRY FOUL TIP



LOCAL NEWS



SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA:
MR. AND MRS. WALLY ZICKER AND THEIR RECORD 86 POUND ZUCCHINI



O'HARE AIRPORT, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:
TAXI DRIVER WHO RETURNED PRICELESS BASS FIDDLE WITHOUT ACCEPTING A REWARD

PAUL PETER PORGES



WINNEBAGO, HAWAII:
GRANDMA LULA BETH GRUNE, CONGRATULATED ON HER 101st BIRTHDAY BY HER GREAT-GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER TIFFANY



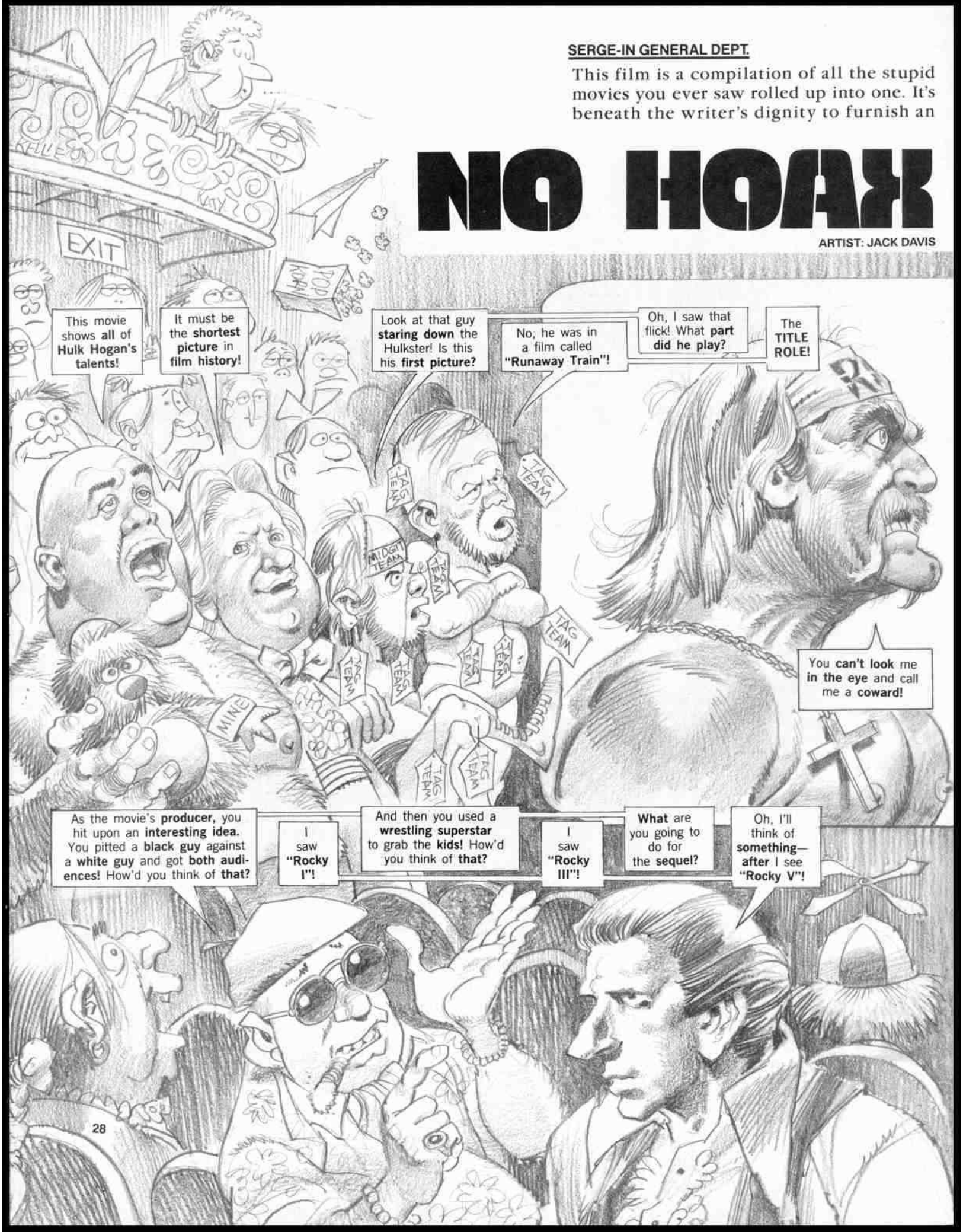
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA:
FRANKLIN J. CUPS, HIGHEST STATEWIDE S.A.T. SCORER WITH HIS PROUD PARENTS

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

This film is a compilation of all the stupid movies you ever saw rolled up into one. It's beneath the writer's dignity to furnish an

NO HOAX

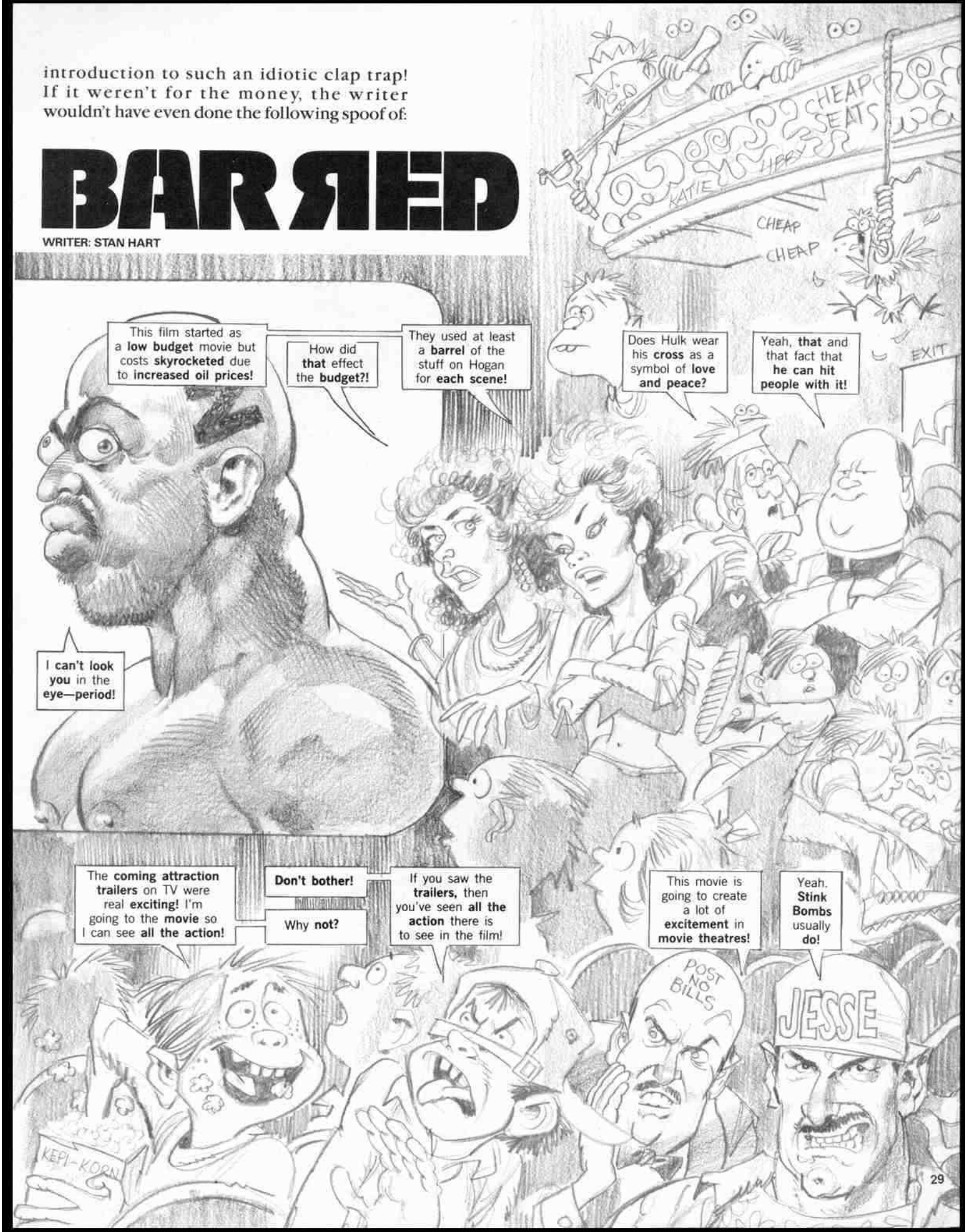
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



introduction to such an idiotic clap trap! If it weren't for the money, the writer wouldn't have even done the following spoof of:

BARRED

WRITER: STAN HART



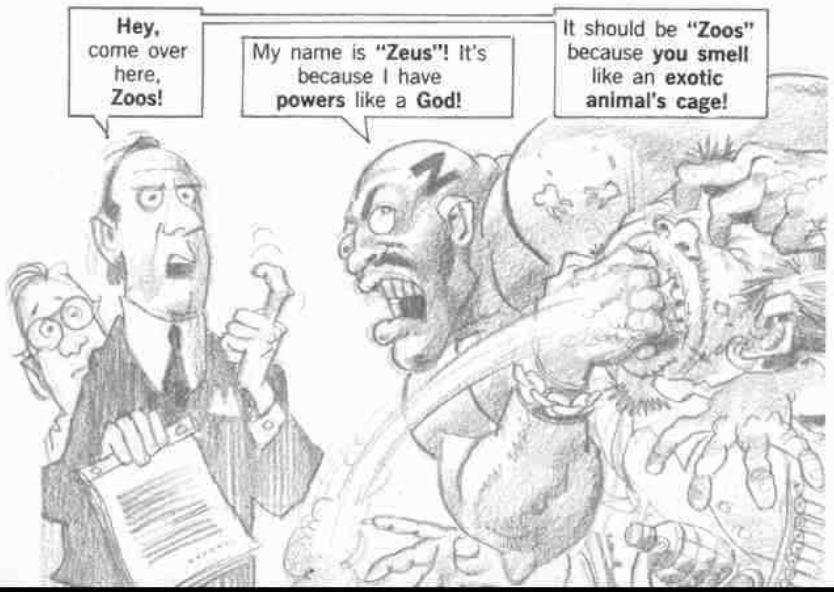

I can't understand why our network's ratings are down! Didn't I just finish showing the World Series?
Yeah, but you showed replays of last year's World Series! Everyone already knew who was going to win!
So what?! In Pro Wrestling matches, everyone always knows who's going to win! Go figure!!
I'm signed with a rival network! I won't wrestle for you!
Ha! Everyone has his price! You'll do anything for money! Here's a blank check!
BLANK CHECK
CONTRACT
You can't buy me!.
At least Ted DiBiase has the class to do this with cash!
Hey, why is this steel wall coming down?
It's a protective device!
I don't need any protection!
But I do! I used it all the time when I was a cabbie in the South Bronx!
CLANK!
I think we're in trouble! I saw a stat sheet on this guy! His chest measures 58!
You were looking at his I.Q.! His chest is a lot bigger than that!
I'd like a jaunty Pinot Blanc! Any odd year in the 60's will do!
He sounds very knowl-edgeable!
Actually, he doesn't know squat about wines! But he's 6 foot 10, so who's going to tell him!
In the ring you look so formidable!
How do I look now?
Like an over-age, balding beach boy in a cheap, ill-fitting suit!


Your wrestling and my love making have a lot in common!
What do you mean?
We both fake it!


Gee, I wish Wince McMahon was here!
Oh? Do you like kinky, threesome sex?
No! I need him to tell me what to do next!


What a sorry-looking bunch of drunks! Who are these people?
The crews of Alaskan oil tankers! Want to fight one of them?
What do I look like?
A fat Pat Sajak! But I'm not sure that's the answer you're looking for!


Just picture this guy on my network, wrestling the biggest heavy-weight attraction on all TV!!
You mean him and Ripe?
No... Him and Rose-anne Barr!

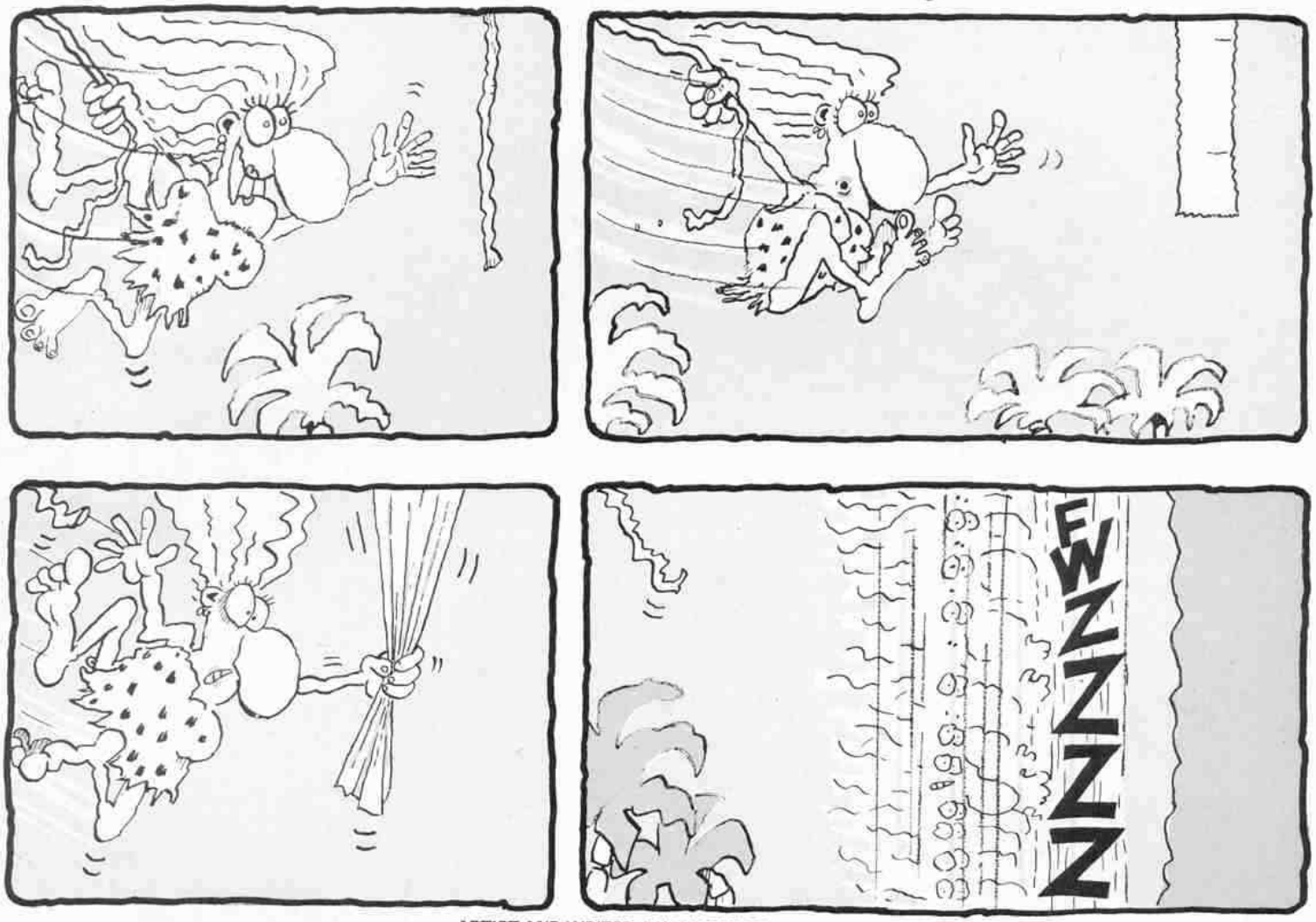

Hey, come over here, Zoos!
My name is "Zeus"! It's because I have powers like a God!
It should be "Zoos" because you smell like an exotic animal's cage!


Here's the man to defeat the Ripester! Zoos weighs 300 pounds!!
Big deal! He's 100 pounds lighter than Big John Stud, and 200 pounds lighter than King Kong Bundy or Andre the Giant!

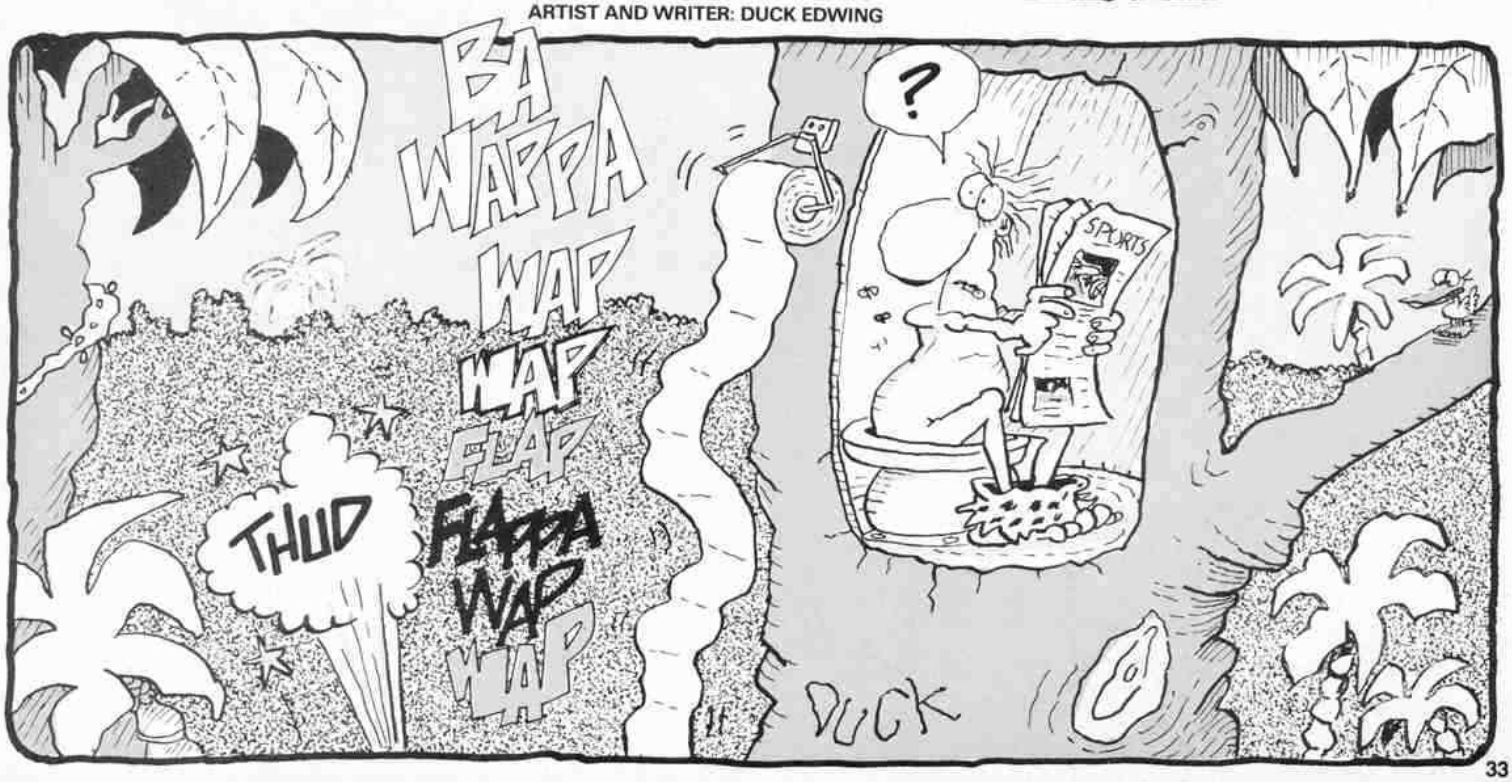

Ripe, Zoos just beat up your brother! He's in pretty bad shape!
There's only one thing for me to do! Get REVENGE!!!
Actually, there are a few things you could do. You could call a cop and have Zoos arrested for assault with intent to kill! Or you could sue him! But that would be using your head, and you're not used to that!
RIPE
Gee, I hate to see that!
You're embarrassed to see a wrestling champ show his emotions?
No, I'm embarrassed to see how much worse he acts on the screen than he does in the ring!
If you want to see Scamantha alive, you must agree to a fixed match!
So... What's the catch?
Brill said that if I don't throw the match, he'll kill Scamantha! There's only one thing to do. Obey him!
Actually, there are a few things you could do! You could call the FBI and report the kidnapping. You could phone Brill and tape the call! You could...
RIPE
There's no referee! How am I supposed to lose?
When he kills you, you've lost!
RIPE
I win! Nobody can stop me now!
Guess again, chump! I have a bunch of guys here who are going to murder you! They'll tear you apart!
Who are they? The Powers of Pain? The Twin Towers? Is it Demolition?
RIPE
No! I'm talking about guys that are more savage, more vicious than the likes of Demolition and Twin Towers! I'm talking about THE CRITICS!!!
Z
Z

TALES FROM THE DUCK SIDE DEPT.

THE JARRING JUNGLE JOYRIDE



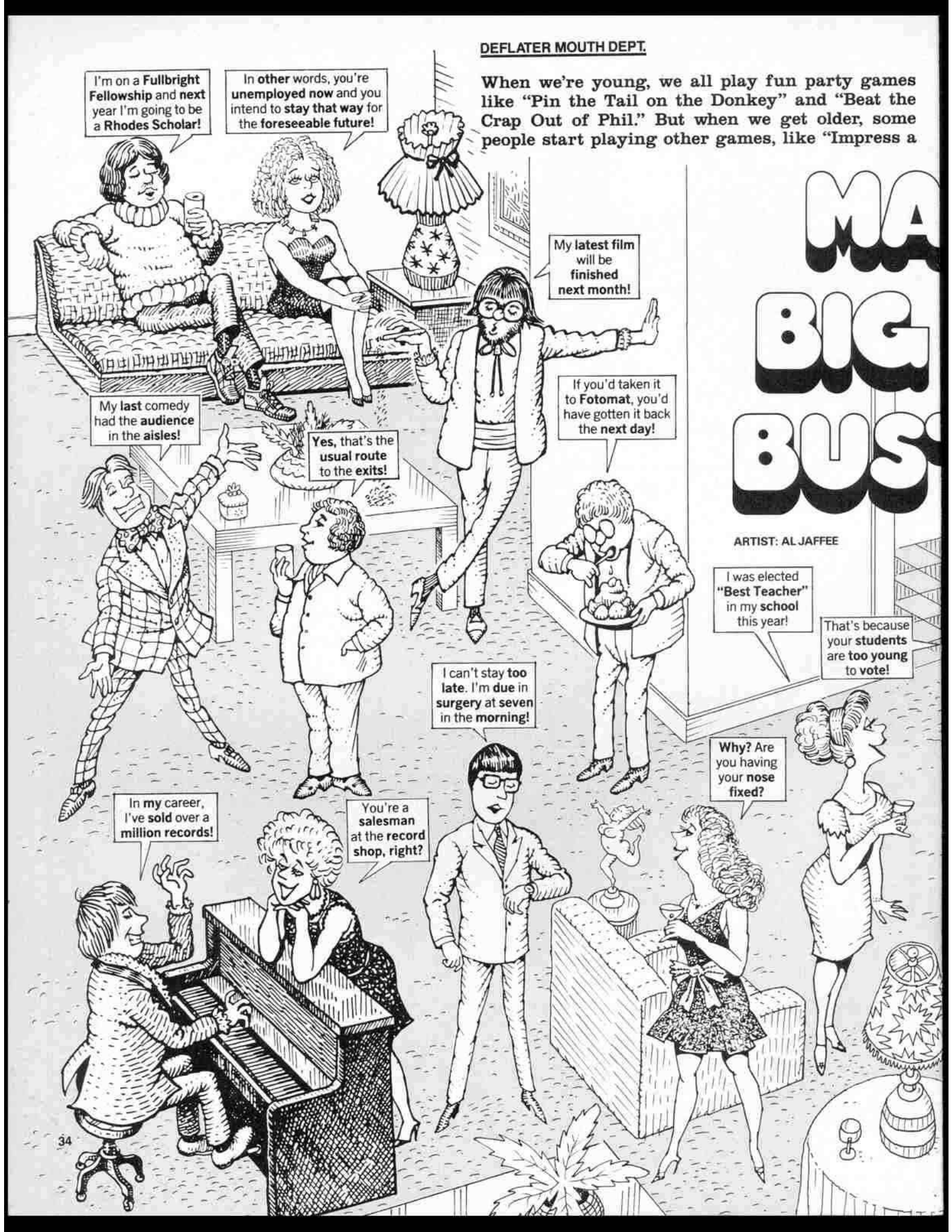
ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING



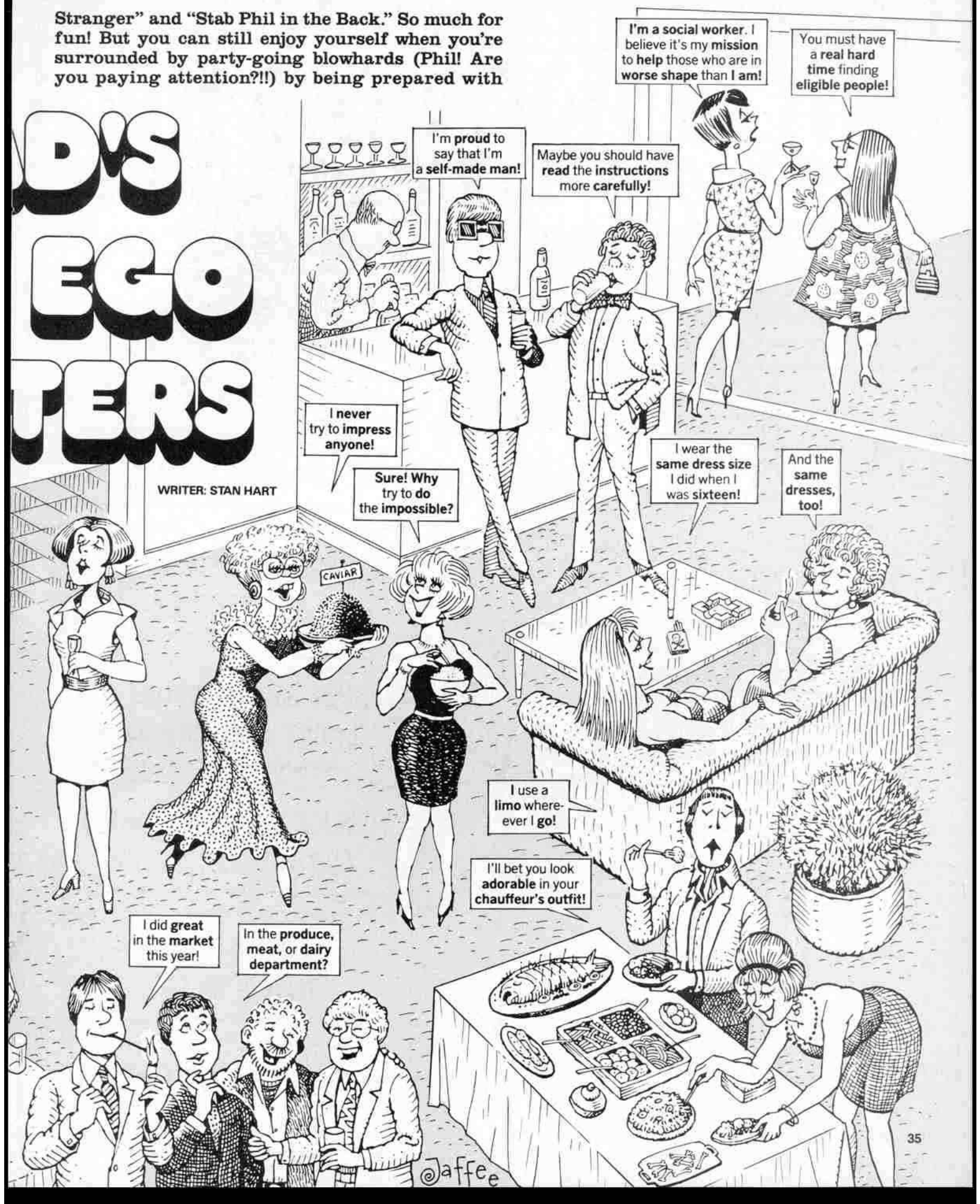
When we're young, we all play fun party games like "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" and "Beat the Crap Out of Phil." But when we get older, some people start playing other games, like "Impress a

MA BIG BUS

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



Stranger" and "Stab Phil in the Back." So much for fun! But you can still enjoy yourself when you're surrounded by party-going blowhards (Phil! Are you paying attention?!!) by being prepared with



SCHLOCK THE PRESSES DEPT.

HOW NEWSPAPERS WRITE (TO JAZZ UP OTHERV

THE DULL STORY	THE HEADLINE
Volunteer Photographer Does Free Portraits Of Residents In City's Home For The Aged	ELDERLY PEOPLE MUGGED IN LOCAL NURSING HOMES
Groceries Topple From Shelves In Supermarket	STOCKS PLUMMET IN MARKET CRASH
Citizens Critical Of Atlantic City Landmark	BLAST ROCKS JERSEY PIER
Aides Expose Shoddy Paint Job Of Mayor's Office By Angry Workmen	VICIOUS SMEAR TACTICS CITED IN CITY HALL COVER-UP
First "Edsel" Being Sent To Smithsonian Institute	MAJOR DISASTER HEADED FOR NATION'S CAPITAL
Voting Drive Stepped Up In The Big Apple	V.D. ON RISE IN NEW YORK CITY
Visiting Celebrity Squeezes Into Crowded Subway Car	SINATRA MUSCLES HIS WAY INTO THE MOB

MISLEADING HEADLINES

VISE DULL STORIES)

WRITER: PAUL LAIKIN

THE DULL STORY	THE HEADLINE
Mysterious Lantern Wielder Disturbs Sleeping Homeowners	RESIDENTS COMPLAIN OF FLASHER IN NEIGHBORHOOD
Class For Under-Achiever Students Is Abolished For Lack Of Government Funds	*DOPE GANG BROKEN UP BY FEDS*
Rug Craftsmen Display Their Creations In Downtown Fair	HOOKERS OPENLY PLYING THEIR TRADE ON OUR CITY'S STREETS
Consumer Advocate Finds Con Edison's Rates Exorbitant	*RALPH NADER SHOCKED BY ELECTRICAL CHARGE*
Supply Falls While Being Lifted To High Shelf At Local Plasma Center	BLOOD SPILLED IN MIDTOWN BANK HEIST
Re-Opening Party Held At Three-Mile Island	*BIG BLAST AT NUKE PLANT*
Publisher Announces He Will Put Out Special Issue Of MAD	MADMAN THREATENS WORLD WITH A BOMB

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

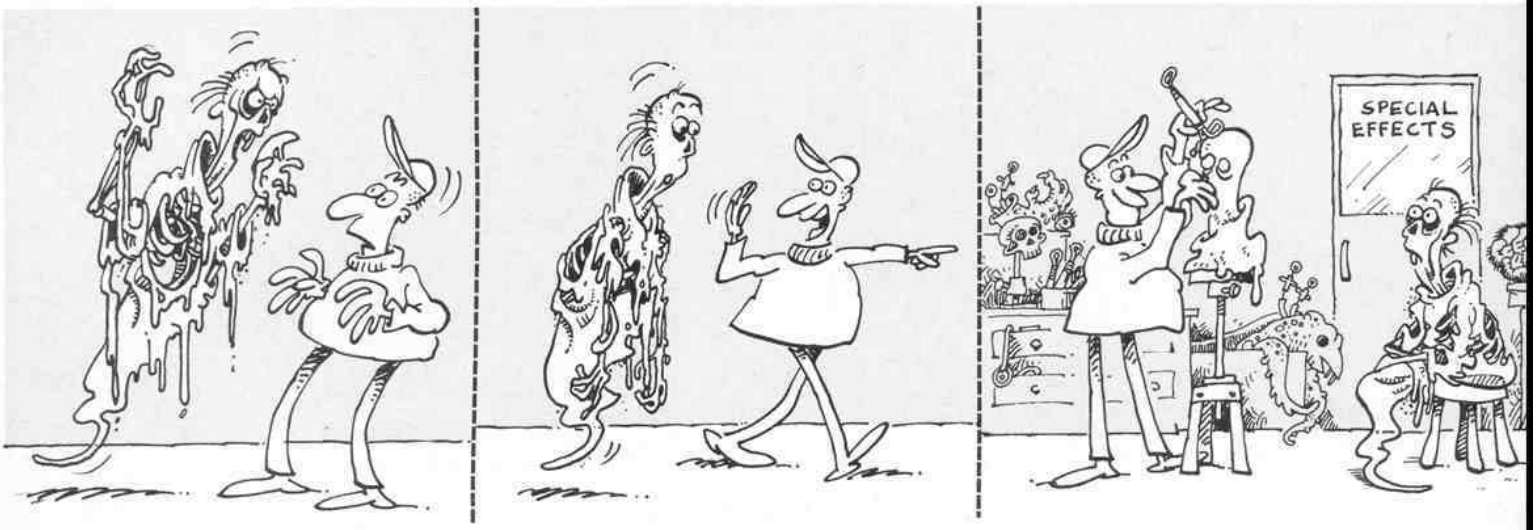
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







GHOSTS


SPECIAL
EFFECTS


RIP
JOE
RIP
MARIE
TOM
JOE
RIP
MARIE
TOM
JOE
RIP
MARIE
TOM


ARAGONÉS

LAW





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

BIRTHDAYS



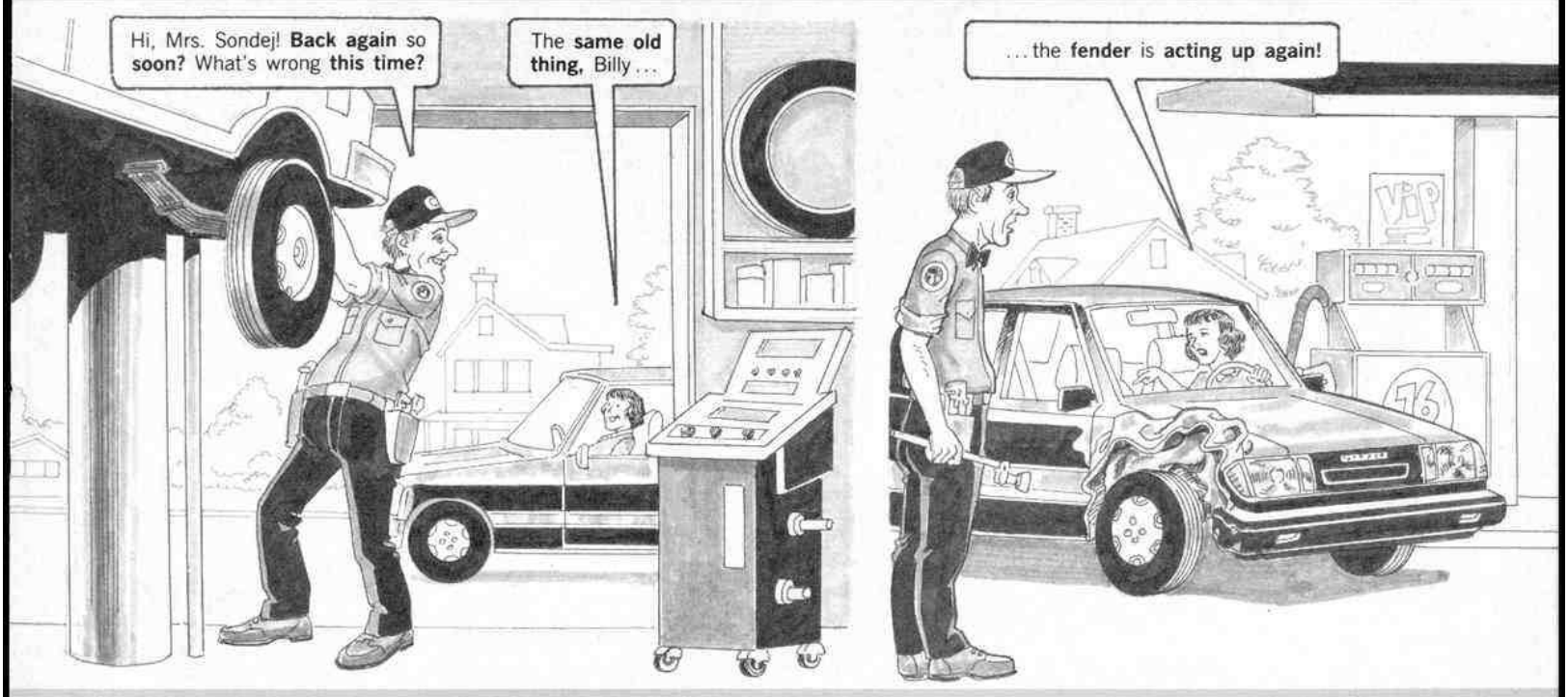
COMMUNICATION



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

DRIVERS



GOOD SERVICE



PETS



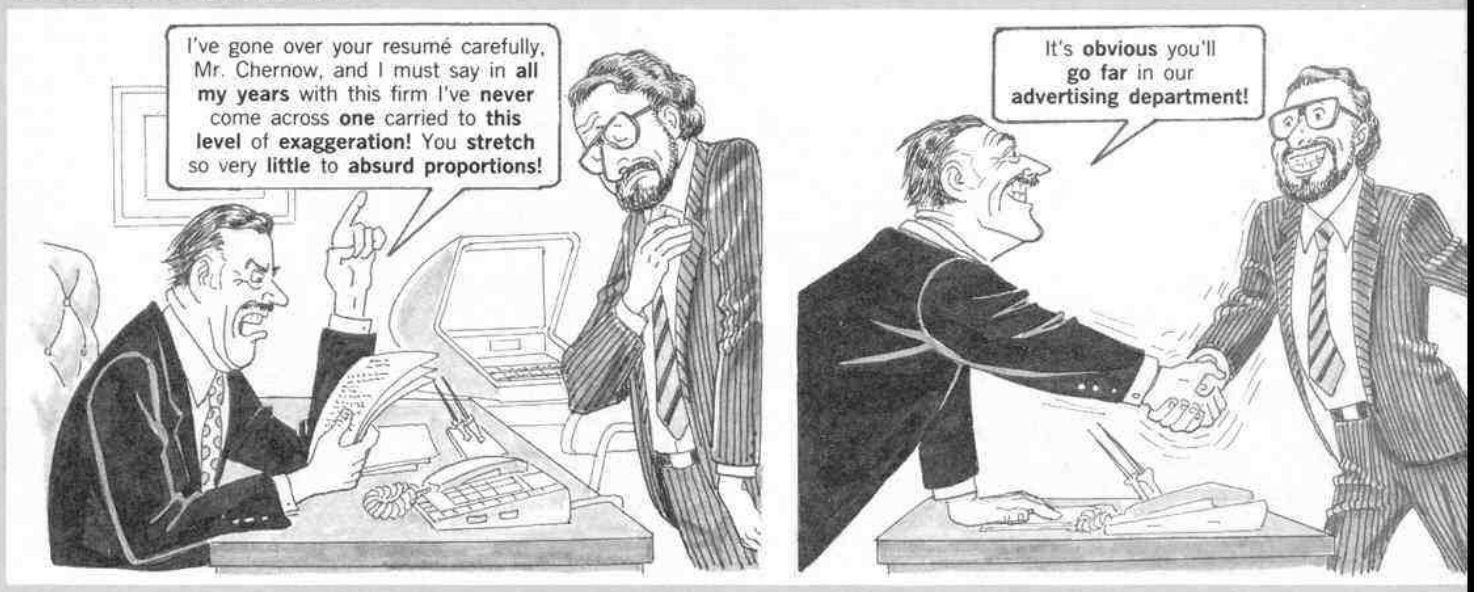
FINANCES



PRIVATE LESSONS



EMPLOYMENT



RELATIVES





HOMEWORK

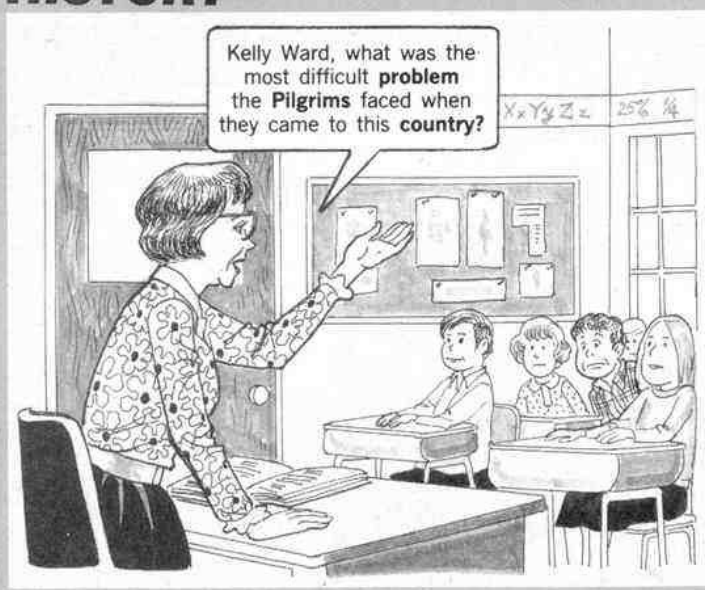


BEING ON TIME





HISTORY

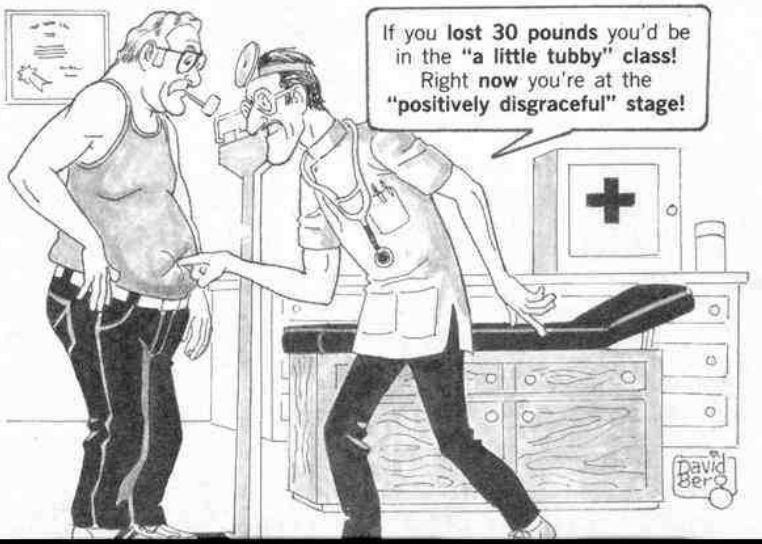






DOCTORS





FORD-GONE CONCLUSION DEPT.

What's the hot-action, feel-good hit of the summer movies that people are flocking to see? Well, actually it's a tie between two films—*Batman* and *Ghostbusters II*, of course! Which is why MAD now proudly presents its satire of...

INBANANA JONES and his LAST CRUDE DAYS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Snakes alive! Yikes! All these **snakes are alive!** Now you know why I **hate snakes** in my **first movie** as **Inbanana Jones,** although **explaining** that in the **last film** of the **series** doesn't make **much sense!** Anyway, I just **retrieved** the **Sign** of the **Holy Contrivance** so I can **pass Archeology Merit Badge** and **finally** become an **Eagle Scout!**

Young **Inbanana** thinks **ancient relics** belong in a **museum!**

Yeah, right along side of **this story line!** But I want the **Sign** of the **Holy Contrivance** for my **own establishment!**

Me, too! What **museum** are **you** with?

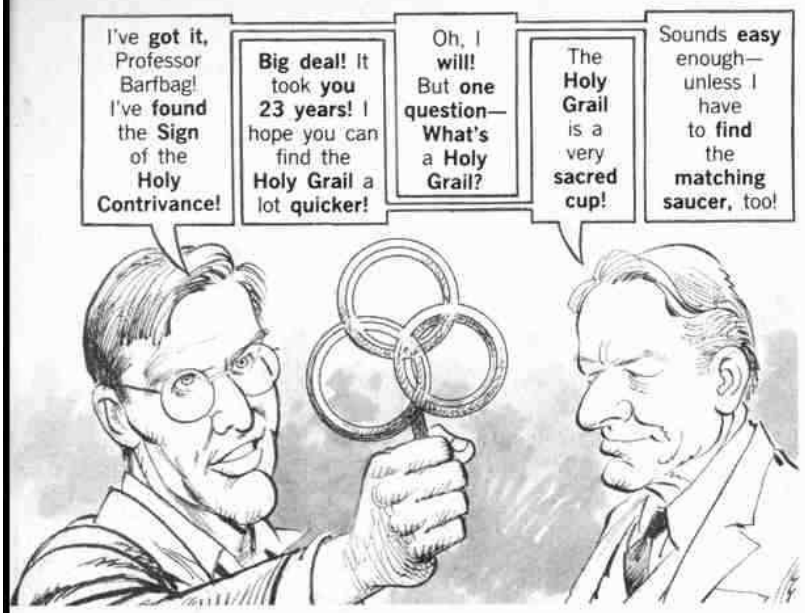
I'm not with **any** museum, I'm with a **collection agency!** No one has made a **payment** on the **Sign** of the **Holy Contrivance** for over **two hundred years!** My **company** wants to **repossess** it!

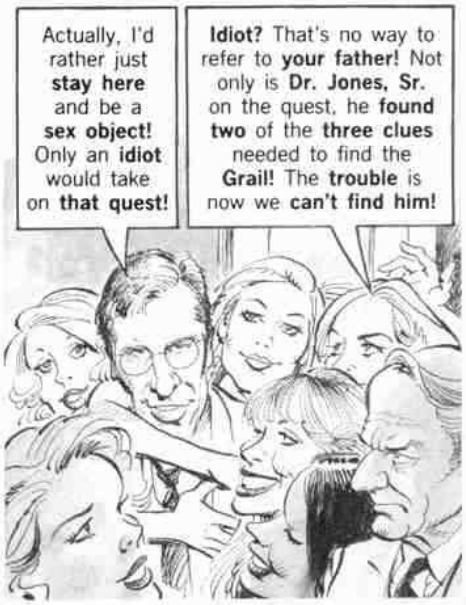
In **this movie** I have an **affair** with a beautiful Nazi woman, get **kidnapped,** escape a **blazing castle,** survive a daring mid-air **dog-fight,** and almost get **killed** in a wild **tank chase!** It's sure nice to **relax** after all those wild **James Bond films!**

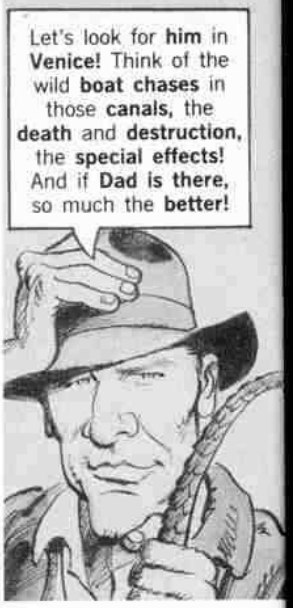
Wow! This is the **longest chase scene** on record! I started out as a young **Boy Scout,** fell in a **vat** of **snakes** along the way, and here I am as a **mature, adult sex symbol**—and the **chase** still hasn't **ended!**

PRUITTSKY DEPT. RAMBO IV

DRUCKER


I've **got it,** Professor Barfbag! I've **found** the **Sign** of the **Holy Contrivance!**
Big deal! It took **you 23 years!** I hope you can find the **Holy Grail** a lot **quicker!**
Oh, I **will!** But **one question— What's** a **Holy Grail?**
The **Holy Grail** is a very **sacred cup!**
Sounds **easy** enough— unless I have to **find** the **matching saucer,** too!


Actually, I'd rather just **stay here** and be a **sex object!** Only an **idiot** would take on **that quest!**
Idiot? That's no way to refer to **your father!** Not only is **Dr. Jones, Sr.** on the quest, he **found two** of the **three clues** needed to find the **Grail!** The **trouble** is now we **can't find him!**

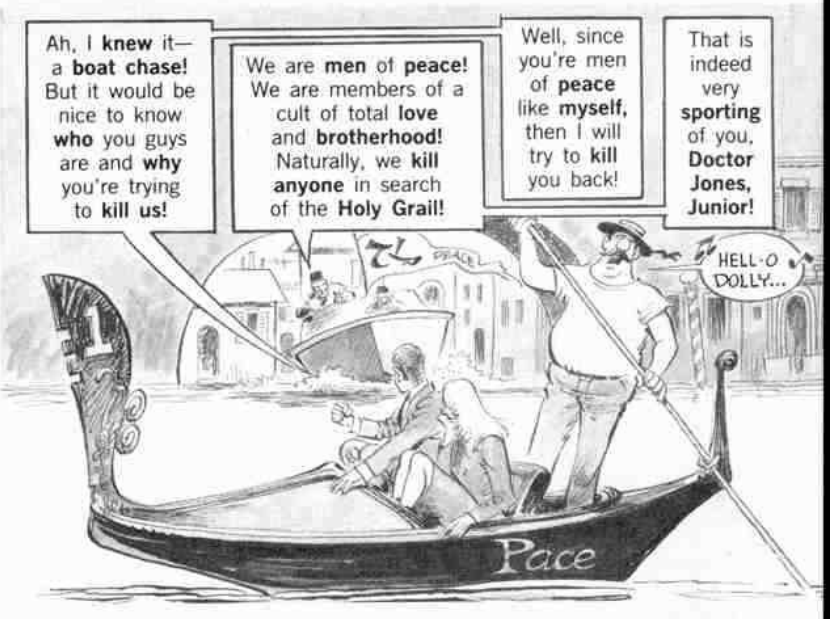

Let's look for **him** in **Venice!** Think of the wild **boat chases** in those **canals,** the **death** and **destruction,** the **special effects!** And if **Dad is there,** so much the **better!**

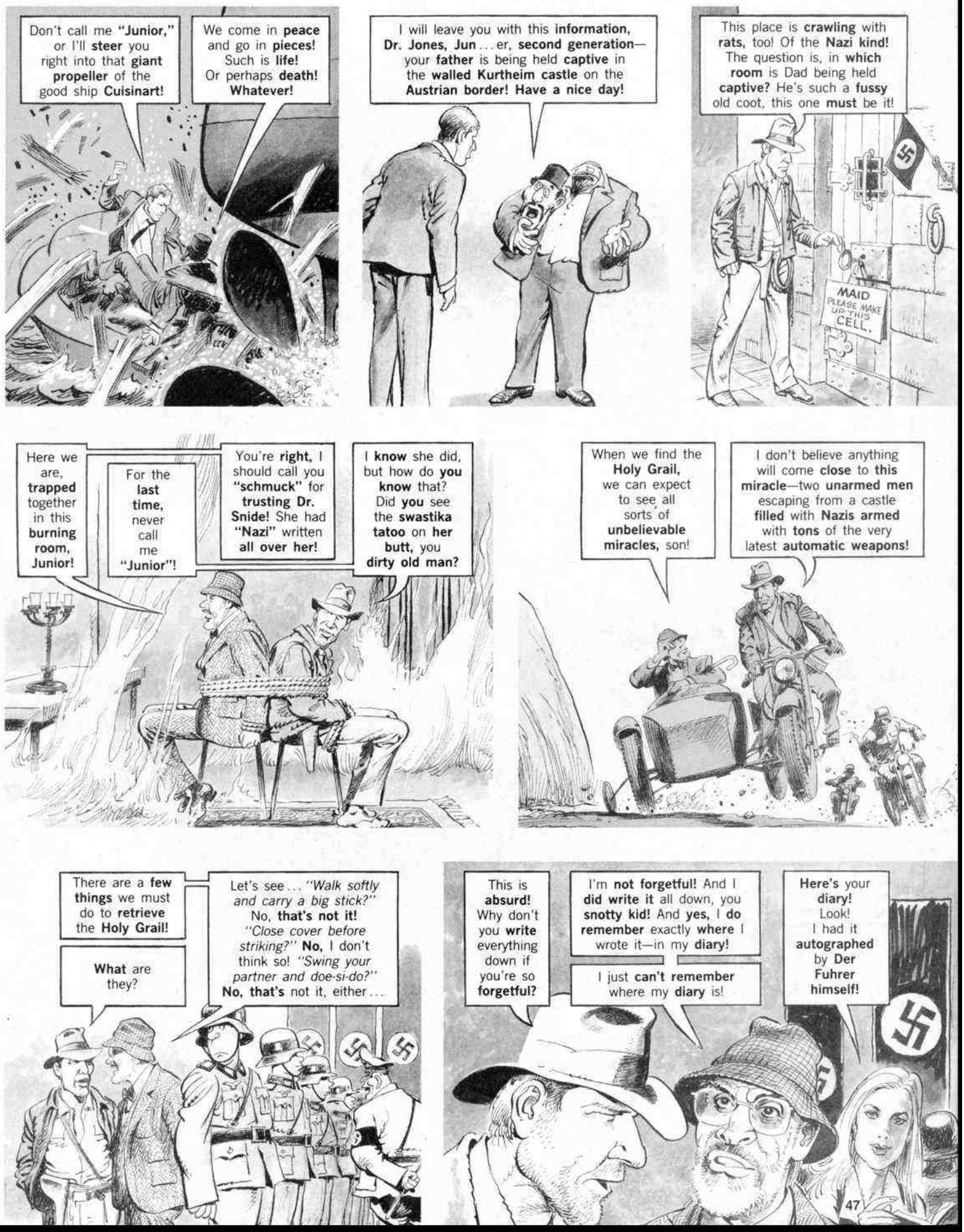

Welcome to **Venice!** I'm **Dr. Snide,** and I'm here to **assist** you just as I did **Dr. Jones, Senior!** He **disappeared** while doing **research** in this **ancient library!** Shall I call you **Dr. Jones, Jun...**
Don't say it! Don't **ever** use the **"J" word!** You can call me **Inbanana!** Now, **where** do we **start?**
Considering this **plot** so far, the **"Sappy Fiction" section,** I'm sure! Your father was looking for a certain **ancient sign,** Inbanana!

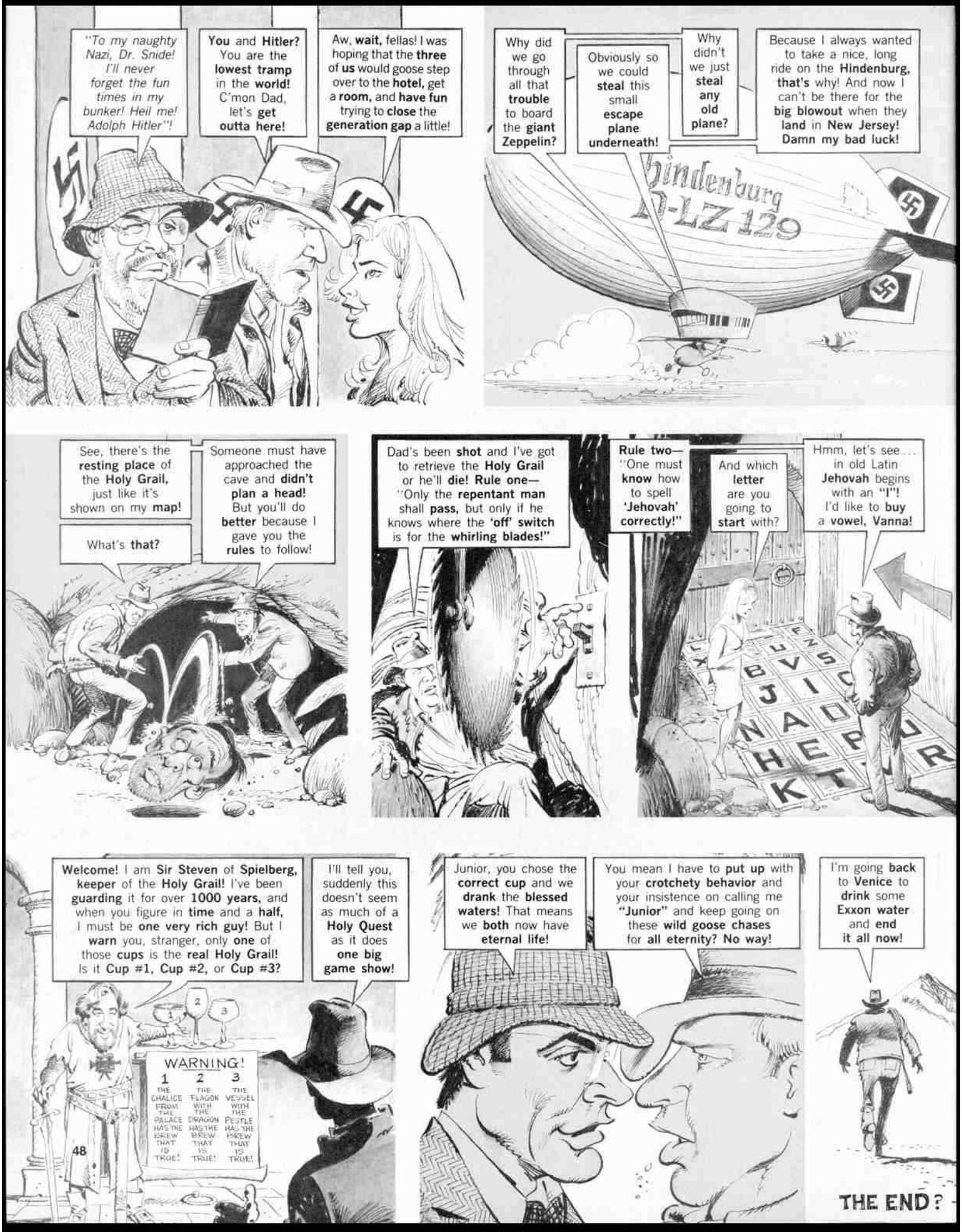

My bet is that we should start **here!**
You're a **genius!**
DIG YOU MUST.
VENICE PUBLIC LIBRARY


Those **dirty rats!**
I'm talking about **Exxon!** Their **oil spills** have even **reached** this **ancient underground tunnel!**
I can't stand those **filthy creatures** either! **Yecch!**


Here's the **grave** with the **missing tablets!** I'll just shove these **old bones** out of the way, tear off these **ancient tapestries,** and **pry open** this **sacred coffin!**
Dr., you're doing **irreversible damage!** I thought you, as an **expert** on **archeology, respected antiquity!**
I **do!** It's these **old bones** and **artifacts** that I **don't care about!**
OYE VEY!


Ah, I **knew** it— a **boat chase!** But it would be nice to know **who** you guys are and **why** you're trying to **kill us!**
We are **men** of **peace!** We are members of a cult of total **love** and **brotherhood!** Naturally, we **kill anyone** in search of the **Holy Grail!**
Well, since you're men of **peace** like **myself,** then I will try to **kill** you back!
That is indeed very **sporting** of you, **Doctor Jones, Junior!**
HELL-O DOLLY...
Pace


Don't call me "Junior," or I'll steer you right into that giant propeller of the good ship Cuisinart!
We come in peace and go in pieces! Such is life! Or perhaps death! Whatever!
I will leave you with this information, Dr. Jones, Jun... er, second generation— your father is being held captive in the walled Kurtheim castle on the Austrian border! Have a nice day!
This place is crawling with rats, too! Of the Nazi kind! The question is, in which room is Dad being held captive? He's such a fussy old coot, this one must be it!
MAID PLEASE MAKE UP THIS CELL.
Here we are, trapped together in this burning room, Junior!
For the last time, never call me "Junior"!
You're right, I should call you "schmuck" for trusting Dr. Snide! She had "Nazi" written all over her!
I know she did, but how do you know that? Did you see the swastika tatoo on her butt, you dirty old man?
When we find the Holy Grail, we can expect to see all sorts of unbelievable miracles, son!
I don't believe anything will come close to this miracle—two unarmed men escaping from a castle filled with Nazis armed with tons of the very latest automatic weapons!
There are a few things we must do to retrieve the Holy Grail!
What are they?
Let's see... "Walk softly and carry a big stick?" No, that's not it! "Close cover before striking?" No, I don't think so! "Swing your partner and doe-si-do?" No, that's not it, either...
This is absurd! Why don't you write everything down if you're so forgetful?
I'm not forgetful! And I did write it all down, you snotty kid! And yes, I do remember exactly where I wrote it—in my diary!
I just can't remember where my diary is!
Here's your diary! Look! I had it autographed by Der Fuhrer himself!


"To my naughty Nazi, Dr. Snide! I'll never forget the fun times in my bunker! Heil me! Adolph Hitler"!
You and Hitler? You are the lowest tramp in the world! C'mon Dad, let's get outta here!
Aw, wait, fellas! I was hoping that the three of us would goose step over to the hotel, get a room, and have fun trying to close the generation gap a little!
Why did we go through all that trouble to board the giant Zeppelin?
Obviously so we could steal this small escape plane underneath!
Why didn't we just steal any old plane?
Because I always wanted to take a nice, long ride on the Hindenburg, that's why! And now I can't be there for the big blowout when they land in New Jersey! Damn my bad luck!
Hindenburg D-LZ 129
See, there's the resting place of the Holy Grail, just like it's shown on my map!
What's that?
Someone must have approached the cave and didn't plan a head! But you'll do better because I gave you the rules to follow!
Dad's been shot and I've got to retrieve the Holy Grail or he'll die! Rule one— "Only the repentant man shall pass, but only if he knows where the 'off' switch is for the whirling blades!"
Rule two— "One must know how to spell 'Jehovah' correctly!"
And which letter are you going to start with?
Hmm, let's see... in old Latin Jehovah begins with an "I"! I'd like to buy a vowel, Vanna!
Welcome! I am Sir Steven of Spielberg, keeper of the Holy Grail! I've been guarding it for over 1000 years, and when you figure in time and a half, I must be one very rich guy! But I warn you, stranger, only one of those cups is the real Holy Grail! Is it Cup #1, Cup #2, or Cup #3?
I'll tell you, suddenly this doesn't seem as much of a Holy Quest as it does one big game show!
WARNING!
1 THE CHALICE FROM THE PALACE HAS THE BREW THAT IS TRUE!
2 THE FLAGON WITH THE DRAGON HAS THE BREW THAT IS TRUE!
3 THE VESSEL WITH THE PESTLE HAS THE BREW THAT IS TRUE!
Junior, you chose the correct cup and we drank the blessed waters! That means we both now have eternal life!
You mean I have to put up with your crotchety behavior and your insistence on calling me "Junior" and keep going on these wild goose chases for all eternity? No way!
I'm going back to Venice to drink some Exxon water and end it all now!
THE END?

WHEN IT COMES TO PROTECTING US, WHERE IS OUR GOVERNMENT'S WEAKEST LINK?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Our government is ever vigilant when it comes to national security. Yet, one glaring weak spot remains. To find out where that is, simply fold in the page as shown in diagram on right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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

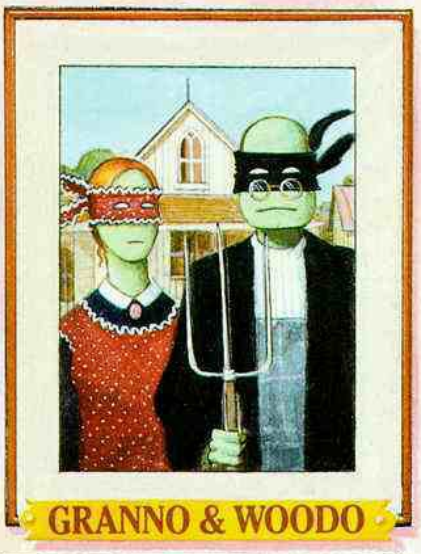


IN A WORLD THREATENED BY NUCLEAR CONFLICT THE FOREMOST CONCERN IS DEFENSE. THE ONLY GOOD CHANCE WE HAVE IS TO REPEL WHATEVER COMES IN!

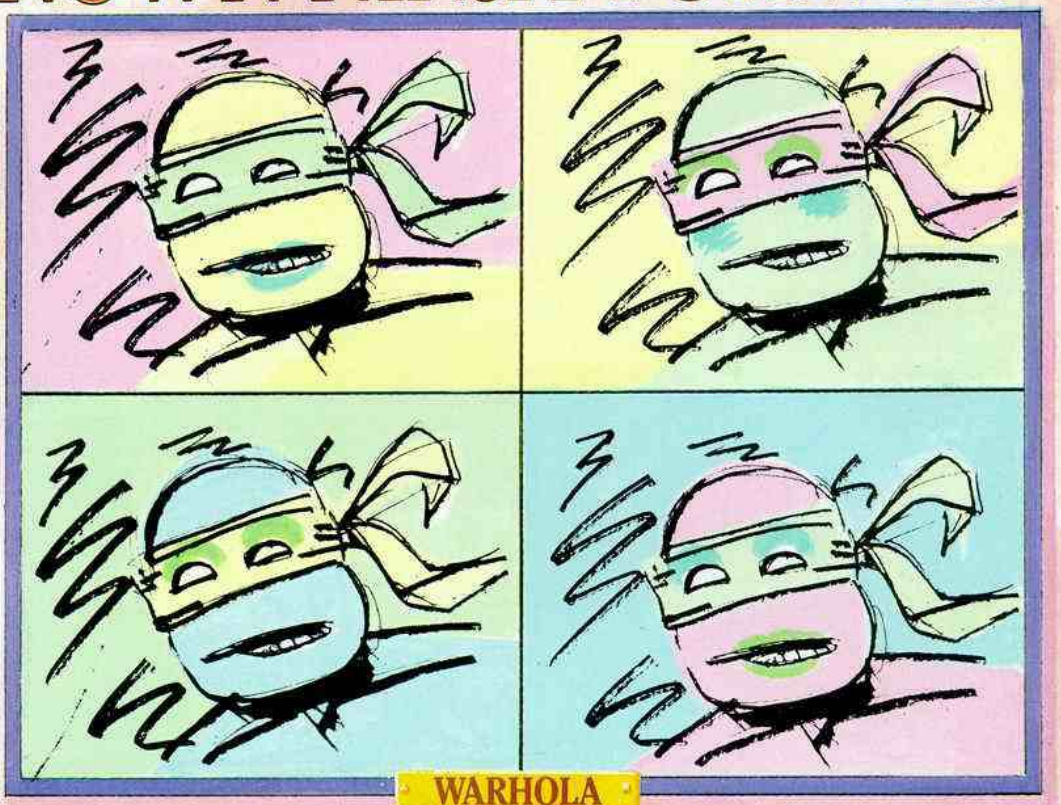
A ► ◄ B

Leonardo! Michelangelo! Donatello! Raphael! Famous painters? Hmm ...yes! But they're also the names of some pizza-chomping reptiles! Well, move over, you shelled schmucks! Here's

MAD'S GALLERY OF LESSER-KNOWN NINJA TURTLES



GRANNO & WOODO



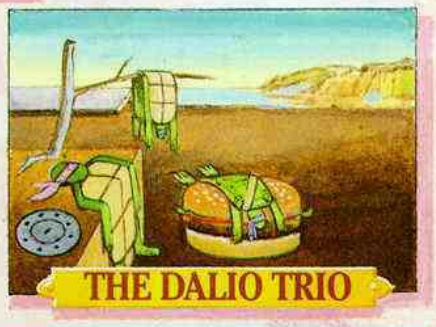
WARHOLA



VINCENZO



GAINESBORO



THE DALIO TRIO



MONO



ROCCO