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WE KAYO DIFF'RENT STROKES!
THE WORLD'S FIRST
DIGITAL WALL SCALE
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FREE BONUS POSTER! Carefully detach complete cover at staples and poster is ready for hanging!

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CRACKED Magazine (USPS 801 000) is published monthly except February, April and June by Major Magazines, a division of Cendar Publishing Corporation, 235 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Single copy price 80¢. In Canada 1.00 Subscription (8 issues) in the United States and possessions is $8.10 and outside U.S.A. $10.00. Subscription orders, inquiries concerning subscriptions and change of address to be sent to CRACKED Magazine, Subscription Dept., PO Box 1160, Dover, N.J. 07801. Mailing labels should accompany all inquiries and change of address advice. Allow 10 weeks for processing subscriptions and for effective response to above. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to CRACKED Magazine, Subscription Dept., PO Box 1160, Dover, N.J. 07801. Copyright © 1981 by Major Magazines, a division of Cendar Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright reserved under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Pan-Americana de Propiedad Intelectual. Este libro está registrado en el U.S. Patent Office. No material may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission. CRACKED Magazine is a registered trademark of Major Magazines, Inc. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission. Printed in the United States of America.
Dear CRACKED,
   A friend told me that CRACKED is making a movie picture. Can you tell me what it will be called and when it will appear?
   David Stern
   San Francisco, Calif.

Dear David,
   Your friend must mean our forthcoming TV show. It will probably be called "THE CRACKED SHOW" and will be aired on cable TV sometime next year. A movie? Hey, that's a thought.

Dear CRACKED,
   Have any big names ever written for CRACKED?
   Bill Beyer
   San Diego, Ca.

Dear Bill,
   Indeed...Anthony Laslitzobygas for one!

Dear CRACKED,
   When I lived in Venezuela I read a magazine called "Mundo Loco". Now I live in the U.S. and read CRACKED. It's the same! I'm confused. Can you help me?
   Martin Paros
   Detroit, Mich.

Dear CRACKED,
   Did you know that if you held last month's cover up to a light and laid your hand on top of it, you could see the outline of your hand right through it! Bravo to Severin for another brilliant special effect.
   Mark Favell
   New Fairfield, Conn.

Dear CRACKED,
   Do you think CRACKED will ever become a weekly?
   Linda Schacca
   Austin, Texas

Dear CRACKED,
   Diff'rent Strokes is my favorite TV show. Arnold is the cutest thing! Would you do another satire of this great show?
   Arlene Simpson
   Ocala, Fla.

Dear CRACKED,
   How about you bet us $5.00? It was Reagan! J.R. appears in Flip-the-Faces in EXTRA SPECIAL CRACKED on sale 10/20. Now you can compare them.
   Eric Thornton
   Norfolk, Va

Dear Virginia,
   Yes, George Gladir. He went there one day looking for wrappers for his gum wrapper belt.
   Virginia Wood
   Kansas City, Mo

Dear Christina,
   We have, but we think he was more interested in Bonzo's Bedtime story at the time.

Dear CRACKED,
   In the July 1981 GIANT CRACKED FUN-KIT was the first Flip-the-Faces J.R. Ewing or Ronald Reagan? I bet my cousin $5.00 it was J.R.

Dear CRACKED,
   Easy! "Mundo Loco" is the Spanish language edition of CRACKED. Incidentally, CRACKED is published in other languages.

NEXT ISSUE - CRACKED #185
ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
DECEMBER 15th
THE FUNNIEST MAGAZINE IN HISTORY

CRACKED®

MAGAZINE

TAKE THE EYE TEST - SEE BACK COVER

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM BOB SPROUL *

HERE'S $1.80
OUR ACCOUNTANT IS A TIGHTWAD!

For years I've been asking the accountant to give our subscribers a break. (Most magazines offer money saving subscriptions.) He always stopped adding up figures just long enough to say "We can't afford it!"

Last week the old skinflint went on vacation, and I decided (heh! heh!) to put one over on him!

Now this is between us! (For gosh sakes, don't let moneybags find out!)

Until Stingy gets back from vacation, I am giving all new subscribers a $1.80 discount!

That's right! Subscribe and save $1.80.

But hurry! He's due back soon, and he may never go on vacation again!

Dear CRACKED,

I've been collecting CRACKED for years and have every issue since issue #5, except for issue #31. Do you know where I can get one? How much should it cost?

Ron Marcot
Boston, Mass.

Dear Ron,

We have no idea where you might obtain this issue. The price is determined by rarity. Collecting magazines has become a very profitable occupation. Good luck.

Dear CRACKED,

I know about the saboteurs, but this strange little Siamese-looking cat pops up everywhere. What does it mean?

Joe Wassil

Dear Joe,

We're not quite sure about that black & white cat ourselves. We think he may be part of the investigators and saboteurs chase, but we're not sure who he belongs to. The cat looks like half saboteur and half investigator. We hope to find out more soon.

Dear CRACKED,

I am a sci-fi buff, and cannot understand why you haven't made satires on "Alien" ... or "Star Trek". Come on you guys; get it together.

Jack Cromwell
Tucson, Az

Dear Jack,

We present Star Trek in this issue ... with guest appearances of Wonder Woman, the Talking Blob. Oh, you can see for yourself in this issue. A CRACKED version of "Alien" is in CRACKED GIANT FUN-KIT on sale now.

SAVE $1.80! (But Don't Tell Him!)

*CRACKED'S GENEROUS PUBLISHER

CRACKED MAGAZINE - SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
P. O. BOX 1160
DOVER, NEW JERSEY 07801

Yeah, let's show that old skinflint! Here's my nine dollars. Send me 12 issues at this unheard of, never before, Big Bargain! (I promise not to tell him.) Heh! Heh!

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2CR061
As we roam the TV dial each night looking for shows to satirize for CRACKED, we like to divide our time equally between the three networks. In fact, you can sort of detect this from the shows we've done in the past. From the ABC roster we've immortalized such smashes as "HAPPY DAYS", "LAVENNE AND SHIRLEY", "MORK AND MINDY" and "LOVE BOAT". And from CBS, we've picked apart such hits as "LOU GRANT", "ONE DAY AT A TIME", "ALICE" and "M.A.S.H.". And from NBC's list of ratings' winners we've done "DIFF'RENT STROKES", "FACTS OF LIFE", and...and...well, there has been a lack of hit material over at NBC. However, persistent reporters that we are, we have found yet another top ten show of NBC's to satirize for this issue—none other than that weeknight favorite

DIFF'RENT STROKES

There you go, Conold. You can have the bathroom now.

Who? Is it time to start the show already? Funny, I didn't hear our opening theme or see the first commercial for kitty litter or Rosie's paper towels.

That's towels and there wasn't any. That's because this isn't our show, but a satire of it for CRACKED.

Again?

That's 'cause they love us and 'cause NBC doesn't have many other hit shows for them to tear apart. Didn't you read the introduction?

No. Why should I be different from anybody else.

But then I haven't done much of anything lately. That's 'cause I feel like an elevator button—kind of depressed.

I don't blame you. I saw your recent movie "On The Right Track" too—and it wasn't!

Willus!

O.K., spill it. What's bothering you this time little brother?

That's it—little! I'm upset because I'm short.

Hey, wait! Didn't we do this same plot last week?

And four weeks before that too. And we'll probably keep doing it until I grow to be 6'10".
Well, look, I'd love to help you with your problem, but I got worries of my own. I'm failing Health.

I thought only old people over the age of 20 had failing health.

Conold, can't you hear right? I said falling health, not failing health!

Yeah, you milked that same line for another laugh and got away with it for the 126th time. It's just that I got homework to do. I'm supposed to nurse this sick parrot back to health using what I learned in class.

It don't look too good, Willus. In fact, it looks...

Don't say it Conold. I gotta get this bird healthy or I fail. Come on birdie. Eat some food.

Let me try.


Somehow Willus, I don't think he felt a thing.

Just bug off! Please. O.K. O.K. I'll leave you and your talkative friend alone and go bother our housekeeper, Marmalade.

Dinner!!

So, how are you boys doing tonight?

Terrific. Well, don't both overwhelm me with your enthusiasm, Conold, what's bugging you this week?

My height.

Looks like we're both gonna bother her. I'd better put Garret back in his cage.

I wouldn't bother. He ain't goin' nowhere—cept maybe heaven.

On, Conold. Why do you keep worrying about such a little problem?
Thanks a lot! Now, Now. It's dinnertime and food always seems to have a way of making you forget your problems.

That's true. And what are we having tonight, Marmalade?

One of Conold's favorites.

There's no need to chase me. I'm back.

Conold, you look different. You look... ah... Taller?

No, like a quart of ice cream stuffed into a pint container. What are you doing in that get-up anyway?

Well, I had a brainstorm. I figured if I wore clothes that were too small on me, people would think they looked like this because I was outgrowing them. Good idea dad?

Ah, well... ah...

SO DIMBERLY, what's your problem this week?

That's it. I haven't got one. Just because I'm not black or adopted, the writers keep ignoring me.

They keep giving scripts to Conold about his height and to Willus about school and that other old favorite of his—being angry about losing touch with his roots and wanting to go back to Harlem. I'm dull, daddy. If I were upset over how you were treating me, where could I threaten to run back to?

How 'bout your room?

Oh sure! Thar'd shake daddy up!
Hey! What's going on? Where'd all the lights go, dad?

Relax, Conold. This is just CRACKED's way of simulating the fadeouts we have showing the passage of time.

See. Now you're wearing entirely different clothes from the panel before because it's tomorrow.

Hey! That was pretty neat.

Anyone care for some breakfast?

What you got?

I'm doomed! I'm gonna fail Health for sure!

What's wrong?

I know. But it makes for one heck of a great joke.

Strawberry shortcake. Marmalade, that's not very nutritious.

Garret's even worse off than last night. I tried giving him a bath and now he's bald on one side.

Garret the Parrot?

I wonder what's gonna happen? I wonder what kind of grade I'm gonna get?

Well you won't have to wait too long to find out because there goes the old passage of time again.

Did you forget to pay the electric dad?

Afternoon, Marmalade.

Afternoon? I'm still doing the breakfast dishes.

No you're not. During the fadeout they all disappeared.

Gee! Those fadeouts sure make housework a lot easier.

Are the boys home from school yet?

Just Conold. He's in the living room.

I'll explain it to you later.
Oh, hi dad. You're just in time.

For what?

To pull the switch. When the trains travel off in either direction, they'll stretch me and I'll finally be tall.

Whah? Hold it! Where'd you come up with a ridiculous idea like that?

Where else? From watching TV!

Conold, I think it's time you and I had a little chat.

There you go bringing up my height again.

Hey! I got it! I know what'll help me get taller... Those!

What are they?

Conold, would you forget about your height.

Now how did she remind you of your height?

How can I? Everyone keeps reminding me of it. Even my teacher.

With my homework. She assigned me a short story to read.

Son, let me tell you something about height.

Is this the part of the show where the little humor we had disappears and you get serious and teach me and the viewing audience a valuable lesson?

Why, yes. How'd you know that's what I was leading up to?

Everybody out there just got up to go to raid the fridge—which is where I think I'm going.

Now sit down. This week's lesson is that...

Hey! Good news everyone, I passed health!

No kidding. That's great!

But what about your sick bird—or rather your dead bird?

Conold, it was neither sick nor dead. You see, the teacher goofed!
She gave me a paper-mache parrot by mistake. Ain't that great!

It doesn't say much for the brightness of your school's teachers...

Or the creative genius of our writers for coming up with super surprise endings.

Is this the serious part of the show?

You got it.

No wonder I was starting to feel hungry. Excuse me.

But, it's great news. Which brings me back to you, Conold.

You see, Conold, height doesn't matter. People should be judged for what they are, not by how tall they are. The big rock can be just as pretty as the small rock and the large book can be just as good as the not-so-large book. You get what I mean, Conold? ... Conold!

Oh, very wise dad. I'll remember that—until next week when we do the same plot all over again.

Good. Just remember what I said. There's nothing wrong with being a little short.

Are you Mr. Drumming?

I am.

This check you gave me for fixing your limo bounced. They said your account was a little short.

Of course, there are one or two exceptions when being a little short is not too good.

Dad, it's getting dark again. Does that mean more time is about to pass by?

No. It means that your father is about to pass out.

TH' END
ABSOLUTELY, UNQUESTIONABLY, POSITIVELY,
UNDENIABLY, THE VERY, VERY, LAST OF

THE CRACKED LENS

(and we really, really mean it this time, for sure!) Part IX

Am I hallucinating,
or did I just see a
cow jump over the moon?

You're gonna have to
speak up dear.
The barber just
cut off my ear.

Watch it!
This is a
new shirt!

Yes, Harry and Ester are here...
but they're both dead right
now. Can I take a message?
Don't look now, but I think your dog wants to go outside.

That's why I love New York. Pigeon hunting is in season all year round.

Okay, if that's the way you feel—you can just take your ring back!

Alright! Hold it right there! We've got you covered!

Alright Ralph, you win. We'll leave the nite lite on... Now come to bed!

You come any closer and I'll blow my brains out... I mean it... I'm not bluffing!
Better move guys!
I think I'm gonna sneeze!

Not bad hunting for one day.
So far we've bagged a Cougar,
a Falcon and now a '69 Mustang.

You guys are a little late,
aren't you? You were supposed
to be here five years ago.

And if anyone ever tells you
that frogs don't cause warts,
don't you believe 'em!

Some honeymoon!
When you said
you wanted
separate rooms
you weren't kidding!

All right,
you win!
We'll buy
Lowfat
Milk!
I suppose you men are wondering why I decided to hold this meeting in Wilson's Swamp...?

Yumpin' Yiminy! I shor am glad we dint order da Chef's Special!

You idiot! I said "heave" the grenade - not eat it!!

Well what do you think Mr. Jones? Did I pass my parking test?

Come on Jim! We don't have time to roast anymore marshmallows!
You may not believe this, but there's one profession that's suffering badly these days—dentists! They are victims of their own woe of sweets, the frequency of cavities has lessened. So what's the poor D.D.S. to do who has sunk $25,000 into his education and has come to your aid with our next article showing

HOW DENTISTS CAN

Even though the number of you-know-what's in a person's mouth is down as we pointed out in the introduction (See! You shouldn't have skipped our intro this time, smarty!), people still do find themselves going to the dentist for cleanings. So, it's up to the dentist, who wants to improve his business to make his office a more desirable place to be. How?

His waiting room can offer better reading material. When long waits are anticipated, the dentist can also offer... ...as well as food, since people often come straight from work.

Dr. Molar on 5th Street is a much better dentist. His buffets come with dessert!

And the dentist who deals with children could also try to make the experience more enjoyable for them, by using these tips. Instead of this...

Billy, I'm going to have to pull out your front tooth with my forceps here.

A dentist could try this.

O.K., Billy. Bunny Rabbit and his good friend Mr. Yank want to roam around in Mr. Molar there and come up with a present for the tooth fairy, so hang loose kid.

And instead of decorating his office with "dental things"...

The good D.D.S. can make his decor more appealing to kids.

And on holidays, the dentist should join in and celebrate.

And instead of decorating his office with "dental things"...

Mom, you can just sit there in my molar chair while I give Doris here her cleaning.

The good D.D.S. can make his decor more appealing to kids.

Happy Thanksgiving, Mrs. Snailblatter. Come on in and we'll fill that tooth of yours.

Wanna keep the iguana in your lap while I check your teeth?

Wow! He's got live animals this time instead of molars, mom.
dental care promotions. Thanks to fluoridation in many water supplies, people's better brushing habits and reduced consumption means we can equal amount into setting up a practice, but alas has less business. Fear not you guardians of the gums because CRACKED

IMPROVE BUSINESS

Now, another of the dentist's big problems is the proliferation of "department store dental clinics." To date, the A.D.A. and local dentists have simply ignored their existence, but come on guys. Each year you're losing more and more ground to them. Instead, why not fight fire with fire and take them head on.

Match some of the fees they have

Alter your hours

Yes, Mrs. Horsenagel, I have hours until 3 AM tonight, and I'm open 24 hours on July 4th.

And allow other forms of payment besides cash.

As of last week I now take cash, checks, Master Card, Visa, traveler's checks and food stamps.

And advertise in local newspapers.

Any dentist can pull and fill, but only BOB BRACES, D.D.S.
frames your X-rays and gives them back to you FREE.

They're stunning!

Your choice of silver, gold or pewter frames.

Decorate your den, that spare room or even your boat.

So, why let your dentist keep your X-rays when Dr. Braces frames them and gives them back to you at no extra charge.

Make an appointment now and we'll register you in our Win-a-19"-color-TV sweepstakes.

Yes, nicer offices, more convenient payment plans and the use of ads will triple any dentist's business. However, should business still be off and you need that one little extra something to put you into the black, then we suggest endorsements. They work for baseball players, golfers and movie stars, so why not you!

Hi, I'm Dr. Albert Overbite and if there's one thing I know about, it's cavities. And if there's one cavity that's worse than all the rest, it's the cavities (or potholes as some call them) in our cities' streets. They can be murder on a car's tires. That's why I recommend Firestone's new all-wooden tires. With these babies, there's never a chance for a blowout. That's Firestone. And remember, 8 out of 10 dentists who talk tires with their patients recommend Firestone.
How many times has someone asked you to do something you really didn't want to do and instead of responding with a really snappy comeback, you simply looked him square in the eye and uttered an inelegant, "uhhhhh?" Well, that need never happen again, thanks to...

THE CRACKED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GREAT EXCUSES!

I heard you threw a party last Saturday! How come I wasn't invited?

I had a limited guest list and it was either inviting you or my elderly aunt who the doctors don't give more than 45 years to live. I hope you understand.

Be thankful you weren't there! It was a disaster. Three people almost got sick from popcorn we didn't serve. Six people had to lay their coats on the bed instead of having them hung up in the closet. What a bummer of an evening!

Wasn't Invited? Henry, yours was the first invitation I wrote! Darn mail must've gotten lost again!

Party!? What party? That was just a little get together with the Rolling Stones to launch their tour.

Oh, Henry, what a kidder! You were there! Don't you remember dancing with that dynamite Swedish chick? And sticking your arm in the punch bowl to rescue that French girl's earring? You don't? Man, you were more out of it than I thought!

I'm so sorry, Henry! But we were using my roommate's best china, and she was so afraid that her precious dishes would get broken that she absolutely refused to let me invite any of my wild and crazy friends!

It was actually my sister's party and she was inviting all these nerds from her school and you just didn't fit in with that loser crowd!
Excuse me, but why isn't our plane leaving on time?

It is! The time printed in the timetable and on your ticket is incorrect!

The mechanics found the plane's wing on the ground and thought it better to change planes for your safety rather than trying to glue it back on.

We're waiting for a lung to be rushed from the hospital, so that a poor, little motherless child will be able to breathe again!

We'd heard that you were going to be late, so we held the flight! But now that you're here, we can finally get airborne!

All right! It's after midnight! Why isn't anybody in bed yet?

I'm watching a TV show my teacher said I shouldn't miss!

I wanted to complete these tennis socks I'm knitting to surprise dad with on his birthday next week.

Fang had a traumatic confrontation with a cat today, and I'm trying to calm him down!

Because I missed you, mommy!

You want a date? How come you've waited eight months before calling me again?

Twenty minutes after I dropped you off, I was hit by a garbage truck and it wasn't until this afternoon that I regained my memory!

I lost your phone number and finally found it in a coat I haven't worn since our last date!

I wanted to date other women and prove to myself that you were the best girl a guy could ever find!

I didn't think a fox like you would go out with a loser like me!

And where were you for dinner?

Ten minutes before I got to the bus, the drivers went out on a wildcat strike!

I decided to stay after school and try to improve the 81 I got in chemistry that you were so displeased with.

Whine! Whine! Whimper! Whine!

I figured I'd help cut down our family's huge food bill by eating over at Maasha's!

It's a good thing I can't talk! I'd hate to have to tell her I was out with the boys!
CRACKED LOOKS AT PARENT-TEACHER CONFERENCES.
 OR, WHAT THE TEACHERS REALLY MEAN WHEN THEY SAY:

**W**hich means: Didn't you ever teach your kid to behave?

**R**alph has an amazing memory.

**I** can tell Danny is a real outdoors type.

**W**hich means: He knows all the football and baseball statistics but can't remember 2 + 2.

**W**hich means: If he cuts class once more, he's suspended.

**W**hich means: She knows everything about TV shows and nothing about her schoolwork.

**W**hich means: I wish your kid would shut up in class.

**D**oug shouldn't limit his reading to just one type of literature.

**W**hich means: Tell your kid not to bring his CRACKED magazines to class.
You know, we've been here only 18 minutes and I've already spent $6.00.

I've spent seven. I guess when you analyze it, these games are really a waste of money.

I mean, for the same money we could have gone to two movies, bought some books or gone out to lunch.

Yeah, I blew $5.75 already. How much did you spend, Bob?

Well, I've been playin' one machine on the same dollar all morning.

No kidding! You must be great at racking up those bonuses.

Which game you been playing—"Strike Force" or "Star Crasher"?

Nene.

Class, today's assignment was to come up with the one thing about your father that impresses you the most. We'll start with Brian.

My father owns his own Cadillac dealership.

My father discovered a cure for abdominal fungus.
Darn! Darn! Darn! Got another quarter?

Yeah, only don't you think we should go?

NO, AGNES! I WANNA STAY! I LIKE playing this game!!

It relaxes me!

Isn't it wonderful? What?
The serenity of this park?

Sereneness? There are cars whizzing by, kids yelling, dogs barking...

Yeah, it's so quiet.

Are you out of your mind?

Believe me, Jerry. When you work in a video game room all day long...

My father works for the President of the United States.

My dad owns 50,000 shares of I.B.M.

My father achieved the highest score of the year on Asteroids over at the Gaul Mall and has his name written over the machine.

Wow!

Neat!

Can I meet him?

...the park is quiet!
Darn! I got beaten again! This machine is unconquerable.

Not for my friend Chuck. He's the greatest video game player I know.

Just look at the names of some of these games—"Space Invaders."

"Destroyers."

Blow-up

"Zap!"

Zap! Buzz! Boop! Beep!

Zap! Zooooing! Boop! Boooom!

"Coast Guard Destroyer. The most realistic game ever."

For a quarter, why not.
CAN YOU FIGURE OUT THESE
Example: ME/REPEAT is Repeat After

CRACKED

W O

A C K E
Update Down Cake

ROSES ROSES ROSES
ROSES ROSES ROSES
ROSES ROSES ROSES

SCHOOL
High School

S H O W
Side Show

ROKE LOW
Low Down

L O W
Low Down

J O B S
Odd Jobs

D R I V I N G D R I V I N G
Driving In Circles

J E T
Jumbo Jet

S E A T S E A T
Two Seats On The Aisle

M E A L
Square Meal

P P O P D
Two Peas In A Pod
WORD PICTURE PUZZLES?
Me. They're fun to do and tricky too!

SITTING
Top
CHANCE
RAT
A MILLONEION
GOING

TOP
OPEN HOUSE
Heavy
Double Crossing Rat
Diagonal Parking
NO EXIT

DENIM
ALLS
Denim Overalls
FAT CHANCE
A MILLION OVER

PLAY

A MILLION OVER

SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

OPEN HOUSE

ONE IN A MILLION

A MILLION OVERSEAS

A MILLION OVERSEAS

A MILLION OVERSEAS

A MILLION OVERSEAS

A MILLION OVERSEAS
Everyone likes to think of himself as a "good guy"—someone a person can count on for a favor. But no matter how kind hearted you may be, there comes a time when you really feel like saying

SORRY!
NOT THIS TIME!!!

Don't know what's wrong, Sam. Every time I turn the key, the car roars like it's gonna explode. Here. You try.

Believe me, it only LOOKS heavy. I'll operate the roof hoist. You get underneath the piano and steady the rope.

I just have to run to the mall for a minute, Pat. Think you can watch 'em? You have such a way with kids.

Look, I know I borrowed $50 last week. But I promise, this'll be the last time. Don't forget you're the only family I have, Ralph. Remember the time I saved you from getting beat up? And the time I...
C'mon Tony, one night out of your life's not gonna kill ya. And she is my sister, ole buddy.

Could you cover my last class, Jack? I have a terrible headache. I've given them a silent reading assignment. You'll have no problems.

Excuse me sir, you look like a nice man. Could you swim out and get my son's beach ball?

Say Jen, can you do that book report for me or let me copy yours? I hate to cancel that date with Mr. Handsome. Besides you like staying home all weekend studying.

If ya see Butch at the playground, tell him I'm not afraid of him and I'll take care of him when I see him. And if he's got any message for me, tell him to give it to you...
Travelling through a spectacular galaxy of stars (a galaxy of stars greater than even the one assembled for the last Jerry Lewis Telethon), Mr. Spook, Captain Quirk, Dr. Buns McCloy, Scutty and the rest of the crew of the Starship Enterprising suddenly find themselves being attacked for some strange and unknown reason.

Mr. Spook, for some strange and unknown reason, we’re being fired upon!

I know. I too heard the opening narration, Captain.

Oh, yes, of course. But why? Why should we be fired upon by Slingshot Ships, Winged Dragons, Death Crafts and even customized Flying Edsels?

Or perhaps we’re finally meeting up with an enemy far mightier than even ourselves. Could it be that what we’re about to witness is perhaps their occupants saw our very first feature film.

STAR DREK --
THE LAST HURRAH?
Nah! But what a great title for a magazine satire, Spock.

I quite agree, sir, only... whoo! That last one was a near miss. What a close shave, sir.

I know. Yabrewhaha must have put a fresh blade in my razor for a change.

I meant the attack from that Winged DC10/4.

Oh yes! Of course!

And there is another coming towards us.

Captain, I suggest we descend upon the nearest planet and make some repairs before continuing.

I'd say so!

But where to land?

Just hang a left and then, at the third meteorite decelerate.

Who said that?

The screen, sir, I believe the lad's name is Flush Gordone.

Is he to be trusted?

I don't know sir. His first movie was even worse than ours.

But he's accurate. According to these charts, we're not far from the City Of Crowds.

Strange name for a planet, Buns. I wonder why they call it that?

It's just a hunch, but all these people here might have something to do with it.

Perhaps we should stop someone and ask who the leader of this planet is. Then, we can seek him out for help. Wait... You there!
Yes?

What are you doing here?

I like to drop in on this planet every so often. It reminds me of the lines from my first two movies.

Of course. Then perhaps you know where we might find the leader of this planet.

Ah, yes. That would be Mayor Crunch.
Second door to the left.

Much obliged.

Greetings. I'm Mayor Crunch.

I'm glad you found us hanging there in that shaft.

On a planet this populated, it's hard to keep anything a secret.

Is there someplace we could talk with you alone?

Of course. Come with me to my office and we'll have some tea and trumpets.

You see, this is a planet where people come after their own has either been annihilated or turned into condominiums. We're vastly overpopulated and, for that reason, natives like myself are born compact. And what brings you people here?

Our ship! Interesting. And your purpose?

We have to repair and figure out who destroyed it in the first place.

One... two. This must be it.

Probably—unless Superuperman counts differently than us.

Then let us enter.

Second door on the left.

There. This is much better.

I had hoped we could be a bit more alone than this.

Sorry, but this is as private as one can get in this town. Be happy there's only one other person in that chair with you. Three is the usual number.

Well, feel free to stay as long as you like. Our visitors bureau will be glad to find you lodging and also assign you a breathing pattern.

Come again?

With all the people here, if we all inhaled in unison, we'd suck all the oxygen from the atmosphere, so every citizen is assigned a pattern designed to allow no more than 402 of the populace to inhale at any one time.
Well, if that's all...

Just one more thing, Mayor Crunch. Who is this?

My uncle. He was a captain on the planet Earth.

And the picture next to your uncle?

There's no one there. It's just a mirror.

Funny. Just a minute ago it looked like Buck Rogers to me.

Come on, Spook. Let's get back to the ship.

I tell you sir, I saw Buck Rogers in that mirror...

I know! I did too! And we'll solve that mystery after I take care of another matter much more urgent.

The repair of the ship?

No...whisper...whisper...whisper.

I think it's down the hall, sir.

I'll just comb my hair here and... Wonderful Woman!

What are you doing here?

On the Planet of Crowds?

No, here in the men's room! You could get into big trouble if you get caught.

I've come to give you a warning. Beware of the ultimate weapon. It utilizes no lazers or explosives and yet will destroy you completely.

Anything else?

Yes. Have a nice day.

She told me that we would be... why, Mayor and Mrs. Crunch! What are you two doing here?

Something awful has happened. Two of our citizens have disappeared.

How can you tell?

How it happened is still a mystery, but the theory is... that it was caused by something known as...
Ahhh! The Talking Blob!!

Gad! That thing just ate my wife. Do you know what this means?

You're a swinging single again?

That must be the ultimate weapon Wonderful Woman said was going to be unleashed on us.

Gentlemen, a man-eating blob loose in a place like the City of Crowds is like... like...

My gosh! We do have to destroy that thing.

But how'll we find it?

Mayor, I don't know how that Blob got to this planet, but I have a feeling it's linked to Wonderful Woman's warning and to the attack we received right before landing here. Someone is out to do me and my crew in.

But if the Blob's out to destroy your crew, then what do you call the 4,800 other people he's already eaten?

An appetizer!

Look, I've an idea. Before this becomes the City Of The Unpopulated, why don't all of you just leave.

But...

Do you think they'll survive?

At ten bucks a T-shirt, they'll thrive.

I hope so. I feel so unheroic just leaving and yet, there was something very strange about that planet. And the mayor's assistant—I think I encountered him closely somewhere before.

If someone is really after you, he'll have the Blob follow you from here himself. So just go. If you want, buy a T-shirt or two from our official souvenir stand here and then just leave. Please!

Is there anything we can do?
Yeah. Say your prayers and smear yourselves with mustard, suckers.

Shades of "Alien!" The Blob's got Mr. Spook.

So long, pin ears!

Captain, the Blob's got Mr. Spook.

Calm down. You know a Vulcano doesn't feel any emotions.

True. But I can feel pain! Do something, you idiots!

I've an idea. Remember that sneezing powder I bought at the base for my mother's birthday? I want everyone to blow it into the Blob's face.

Quickly! Before he has a chance to swallow Spook.

Ah... Ah...

Choo!

Now, before he recovers, push him into the garbage chute.

Buns! Press the incinerate button. Reaching temperatures of over 1400° the only thing we should have left in a few seconds are a couple of Blob Kabobs.

I'm pressing, Captain, but nothing's happening.
No wonder. The Blob oozed his way out an opening in the incinerator before you had a chance to press the button. And now, he's grabbing for a passing ship.

This is all very strange to me. But at least we're safe. Yabrewahaha, pull into that "Intergalactic Space Station, Bar and Automat." I can use a piece of Goop Pie after all this excitement.

Well, we leave for a new galaxy tomorrow, safe and sound, but still Spook, I can't help wondering who it was that was trying to do us in.

It wasn't a who. Captain... it was an us. Superduperman!

---

All of us here! We had reasons for wanting to destroy you.

I helped because people kept going to see your movie instead of mine.

And your film also kept them from coming to see the reissue of my masterpiece.

And likewise for OUTLANDISH. People were staying home to see your space adventures instead of venturing out to experience mine!

And comparisons to your TV re-runs got me cancelled!

And us, too!

---

And everyone was watching you instead of me. Total elimination was the only answer for us.

Like Scutty said earlier, Captain, I cannot feel emotions, but taking a wild guess, could one say that there was a feeling of hatred towards us in the air?

Nice guess, Spook. Nice guess.
THE JAY WALK

BAM!

SSSKREEEEEK!

8798

KRA-BAM!
For years, this has been a familiar sight in millions of homes throughout America.

And because this type of selling has been so popular with the plastic containers, about 2 months ago we read that a company was trying it with pajamas.

Well, with gas soaring and women working (and not having tons of time to go milling around malls), we think that this type of shopping is the wave of the future. Simply, the way it works is that a person is contacted by a company and asked to host one of these gatherings in her home. She's in charge of inviting the people and then the company arrives with the product. The hostess of the party receives a gift selected according to how much is bought at her party. The company is happy, because they've scored some big sales, and the woman is happy because she's gotten some thrilling gifts like an automatic sock sorter or a linguini lengthener. And CRACKED predicts that as the profits get bigger and bigger in this field, that one day you'll be seeing these

**FUTURE AT-HOME MERCHANDISING PARTIES**

**THE MYSTERY PARTY**

Thank you ladies for attending this party and now my partner and I can finally reveal what it is you'll be able to buy here today. Brace yourself, because for the first time ever, each and every one of you will be able to actually feel, try and then buy every Runco item ever seen on television.

I can hear the excitement building already. Why, with me today I have the Ricer-Dicer, The Automatic Egg-Polisher, The Making-Expensive-Jewelry-From-Potato-Peelings Kit and the Automatic Cat, Canary and Bulldog De-Flea-er.

Good grief.

Do you have the gizmo that allows you to relight used matches?

Right here.

WOOOSH!
THE PET PARTY

Ginny, it was so smart of you to sponsor one of these ‘Provide-A-Pet’ parties. For years, Albert and I have been wanting to get a little ball of fur to take care of, but we’ve just never had the time to go shopping. Was it expensive to host this party?

Not really. All I had to provide was a few cold cuts, some pretzels and 3 tons of alfalfa. The elephant is one of those loving, but underutilized pets that fills a house with love. The love I can handle. It’s the other stuff he fills the house with that I’m worried about.

Ethan’s really taken to that snake.

This llama is nice, but do you have something that comes in brown? It would go so much better with our furniture.

THE AUTOMOBILE PARTY

No trouble, Mrs. Peterson. All we do is drill a 6’ chunk out of your living room wall here and the cars slip right in for the party.

But you’ll have it back. We give you this Runco Wall Repair Kit when the party’s over. Plus, for every car we sell, you get a beautiful piece of stoneware. We sell a mere 127 cars and you get this service for 8 absolutely free.

Well, I don’t know. My husband kind of likes that wall. That’s the clincher. I’ll do it.

THE CONVICT REHABILITATION PARTY

What a wonderful idea. A chance to meet dangerous criminals that you can adopt for anywhere from 1-year to life, allowing them to be locked up in your home, thereby relieving the congestion in our crowded prisons.

Minnie, do you have any forgers left?

Great idea. He could be a big help in getting you out of the debt you’re in.

Would you mind sharing a bunk bed with my 8-year-old son? He’s always wanted an older brother.
CRACKED'S CARTOON SHOWCASE
Featuring Bill Maul

COPPER VAN LINES
MOVING AND STORAGE
"WE MOVE PEOPLE"

Cosmetics

BGh OF

Best Lashes

40
Sorry, folks, these seats are reserved.

He followed me home. Can I keep him?
Does your life revolve around your TV set? Do you find yourself craving for the tube? If so, read this article carefully, and find out if you're a...

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You're at a local newsstand 3 hours before it opens so you can buy next week's TV Guide!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You take a portable to work with you!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You go shopping at your local department store, and the first place you head for is the TV Department!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

Your refrigerator is stocked with TV dinners!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

42 Your wife says she's leaving you, and you ask her to wait for the commercial!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

Your list of emergency telephone numbers only includes TV repairmen!
CRACKED T.V. ADDICT!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You go on vacation to a foreign country and watch TV in your room all day, without understanding a single word of the language!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You move to a new house because it gets better TV reception!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

Your set is being taken out for repairs, and you insist on going with it!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You own a television set for each channel... just so you don't miss anything!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You won't go to bed without hearing the final note of the National Anthem at sign-off!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TV ADDICT WHEN...

You choose your friends based on the size of their TV screens!
CRAK
UPS!
FEATURING:
SAGEBRUSH

HEE WAH-NAH
WA-TAY!

NOW-NE WAH-NO
NA-NA!

NO-WA
WAH-NAY
HEE NO!

HOW D'YA LIKE THAT... YA ASK A GUY FOR FIVE BUCKS AND HE GIVES YA A BIG SONG AND DANCE!

TH' END
Standing with me is the owner of some of the greatest football teams in existence today—Mr. Rocky Rush. Mr. Rush, that's a great football name you have. And that's a great set of legs you have.

I'd say your legs were pretty important. Without them your stockings would keep falling down.

Can we please stick to what's important? And what name did you finally decide upon?

Well, hon, I'd rather not have that publicized, but I will let you take a peek at my newest acquisition. A team whose name I agonized over for months and then personally chose to symbolize the ruggedness and toughness of this great sport.

Rocky, can you tell us the names of the teams you own.
Sir, exactly what were you looking for when you selected these men for your new team?

A knowledge of the rules? Great ability?

Those are admirable qualities, but mostly I was looking for men who were hungry, cagey, had a good sense of smell, were quick to pounce... out and out animals.

So then, basically, you were looking for...

I guess your selection has been paying off pretty well because as of today, your team is undefeated.

Is there any special training program you use to toughen these oxen... ah men, up with?

Dicky, I was going to ask that. Sorry.

Go ahead Son and ask me anyway. I didn't hear what the kid said.

All right. Is there any special training program you use to toughen up these men?

For example, here are our rushing exercises. Tackling dummies were too soft. They didn't simulate the force of 3 or 4 men coming at you, so I developed this training device instead. It really toughens up a player.

Very good question, and the answer to that is yes. I believe if you pamper your men, you get wishy-washy players. But if you train them to be tough, you get tough.

And then I developed an exercise that teaches them to concentrate and ignore hecklers, so they can accomplish even the toughest plays.

And then there's weight lifting...

Of course, sometimes it can get pretty costly.

Running in place...

Why didn't you call me.

Wash behind your ears.
No, I meant violence in the game. Just look at that tackle.

Yes, there is a little violence in the sport now and then, but then there's also violence on the six o'clock news and I ask you, does anyone try to stop that?

Well, if you cut out the violence in football, then there'd be much less to show on the six o'clock news.

Shut up kid and have a dog!

Whoops! It's half time and my team is down by 2 points. I gotta go back there and give them a little pep talk.

Nanny, the idea of this pep talk is to get the men's adrenaline flowing so they'll go out there and play better during the second half.

Can we watch? Why not?

So what do you do? Tell them to get that ball, toughen up and win one for the gipper?

Anyone who doesn't score today gets double servings of dinner tonight.

No!

And got to shake hands with 2000 sticky cub scouts that I've invited back to the locker room after the game.

What are we waiting for? Let's go out there and cream those Texan whimps!

Look at them play. Your pep talk certainly worked.

Threaten them with the right things and you'll get results every time.
One other question. Does your stadium run any special promotions? Baseball has bat and helmet days.

Yes, Nanny. We have a special day in keeping with the spirit of the game. In fact, today is the promotion.

And what is it?

First-Aid Kit Day. Kids can look just like their favorite players after the game.

Well, I must say, it appears that having these animal-like players has really paid off at the gate as well as in the winning. There's another advantage too.

I'll never lose a team member to a TV sports department or a career in commercials...

Good game.

...they're not bright enough to put more than 6 words together at any one time.

And my favorite soft drink is...ah...ah... sorry, but I can't read that word. The word is "Pepsi." That's the name of the soft drink you're advertising. Dork!

And this is Nanny Dickering saying so long, hoping you'll all join me again next time.

Why? You coming apart Aunt Nanny?

Would you get out of here. I thought you liked ending with something funny. I do. That's why I have you standing next to me.

Nice.
SHUT-UPS THIS MONTH: MAD DOCTORS' MONSTERS!

Kill the hideous creature!
Destroy the ugly monster!
Get rid of that ugly monstrosity!
Kill the horrible thing!

Shut-up! You're all more horrible than he is!

The brain, master. You forgot to put in his brain!

Shut-up! I'm going to have him get into politics! How could he be a politician if he had a brain?!!

You failed, master! He just sits there. He's just a vegetable!

Shut-up. I've succeeded, you fool! He's collecting $718.00 a month in social security disability benefits!
TO OPERATE:

- Walk three steps back from where wall scale is hanging
- Lean forward
- Place hands on the exclusive WALL SCALE® hand outlines
- Yell out your weight

(Fingers are digits. Get it?)
GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY
Moscow, Russia May 2, 1656

Tsar Ivan the Gruesome Introduces The First Digital Clock