

TAKE * A * TRIP

WITH THIS ISSUE OF

MAD

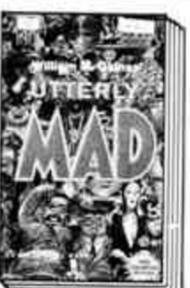
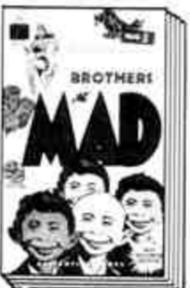
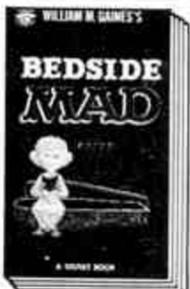
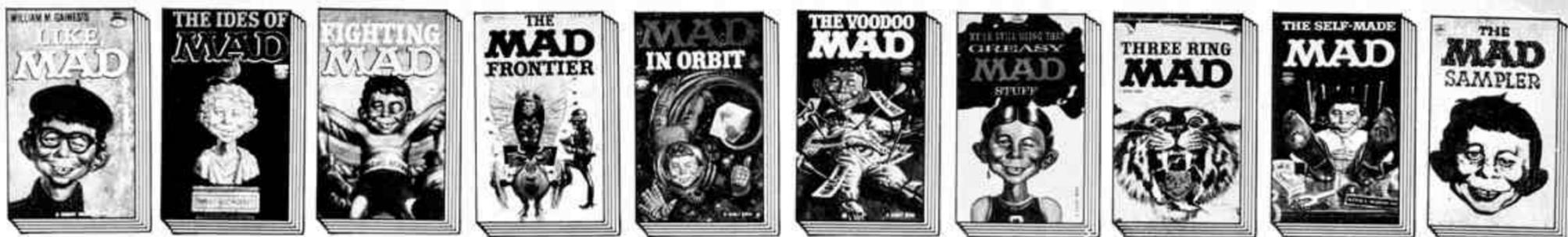


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No. 116

January '68





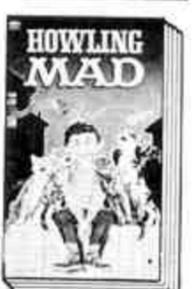
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MAD

"Parents who have a lot of kids deserve plenty of credit! In fact, they can't very well get along without it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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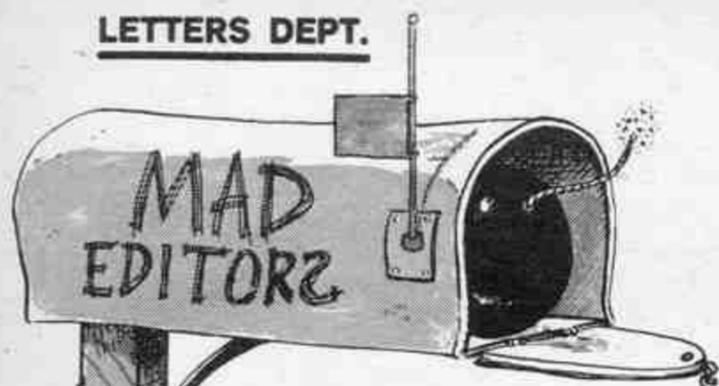
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MAD—Jan. 1968 Vol. 1, Number 116, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues \$6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1967 by E. C. Publications, Inc. 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.



A MAD CAT'S COMMENT

Please accept my congratulations on the recent issues of your magazine. As a loyal reader for years, I have noted a general, albeit gradual, improvement in the humor content of MAD. Your satire, in particular, has risen from a mere slapstick swipe at the mores of our society to the level of deeply penetrating and bitterly stinging comments. Your artists and writers are at their best when shivering their lances upon the battlements of our sacred cows. The controversy stirred among your readers by these articles attests to their success. That some will misread and misinterpret is inevitable; that some will understand and see reflections of themselves and, like cats in a sand box, hastily contrive to cover it over is another indication of your success. Keep up the good work and your magazine will soon be recognized as the acute commentator on the "American Scene" it is becoming.

David Grant Best
Washington, D.C.

Then again, it might only be recognized as a perfect lining for cat sand boxes!—Ed.

MAD ON TELEVISION IN CANADA

After screening the thousands of feet of film we shot in your offices in New York, I can understand why no one else has ever attempted to do a documentary on MAD Magazine. However, it is believed that the program may have some merit if presented in an anthropological context. And so, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has scheduled the telecast for December 28th at 3 P.M. It is unfortunate that this coincides with the Christmas Holidays and that the program may be seen by some of our younger viewers. The least you could do is warn them.

Glenn Sarty
Executive Producer
"Take 30"
CBC, Toronto, Ont. Can.

All you young Canadian MAD fans who watch TV, consider yourselves warned!—Ed.

"Take 30" Invades MAD's Offices



PRES. JOHNSON ON MADISON AVE.

I just borrowed the October issue (#114) from a friend, and I must tell you that "President Johnson on Madison Avenue" was the funniest thing I have ever read. Keep it up and I might even buy my own copy of MAD.

Denise Cooper
Adrian, Michigan

"President Johnson on Madison Avenue" was fantabulous! It was the funniest thing I have ever read in your magazine. It was fair dinkum!

Paul Wilbee
Scarboro, Ontario

It made me sick! I hope President Johnson reads it and does something about it. Whose side are you on, Bobby Kennedy's?

Mike Doon
Canaan, New York

I've just finished reading "President Johnson on Madison Avenue". It is truly refreshing to note that no one is too powerful or important to escape MAD's satiric clutches. Keep up the great work.

Duane Paetzl
Tracy, Minnesota

We have always enjoyed reading MAD, especially when you satirize the American way of life. But when you attack the prestige of the President of the United States, you are going too far.

William Swards
Huntington, Mass.

I haven't even finished the magazine (#114), but I just wanted to tell you that I enjoyed "President Johnson on Madison Avenue" immensely. Good luck in your new line of business, whatever it may be!

Gregor Owen
New York City

SO HOW COME?

I have just finished reading "So How Come?" in the Oct. issue (#114). I have always found MAD articles to be zany, kooky and enjoyable, but this article was different. "So How Come?" was unusually true, sort of sad, and even touching. It was, as I said, a different sort of article, something I have never seen in MAD before. But I found it a strange and delightful change. Vive le MAD!

Linda Packer
Highland Park, Illinois

If your "So How Come?" article was so great . . . and it was! . . . so how come it was printed in MAD?

Bill Akerlund
Plainfield, New Jersey

If MAD is such a ridiculous, stupid magazine, so how come it keeps making sense to me?

Mark Evanier
Los Angeles, California

SOMBRE

Today, the Western movie has become a psychological study with bits of pompous jargon hurled in between gunplays. It is just about the worst thing that has ever happened to the Western film. Your crusade against this trend, starting off with your brilliant satire of "The Professionals" ("The Amateurs"—MAD #112), and carried on with your recent parody of "Hombre" ("Sombre"—MAD #114), is welcome and badly needed. These two films were both silly in their pretentiousness and sporadic in their action. They merely pretended to be big and rough and tough while wasting most of their time on needless idiotic probings of the psyche. What a bore!

Dale Winogura
Los Angeles, California

So's your letter!—Ed

DR. SEUSS FOR ADULTS

"The Cats Are All Bats—A Dr. Seuss Book For Adults" was the funniest thing in the issue.

Mike Grace
Detroit, Michigan

It amazes me how your writers can capture the exact rhythm, pattern, rhyme scheme, meter and style in your poetry and literature parodies as shown by the past "If Famous Poets Had Written Mother Goose" and the recent "The Cats Are All Bats" by Dr. Seuss. In reference to the last article, I can imagine Bill Gaines asking Al Feldstein, "Do you think he'll Seuss for this?"

Doug Kalish
Stony Brook, N.Y.

The juvenile style in juxtaposition with the adult subject matter is what made it so great!

Bob Vogel
Indianapolis, Indiana

MAD is really great, and I love it. It makes me stop to think about what kind of a world I live in. (I still haven't figured it out!) But don't expect Dr. Seuss to take your suggestion and tackle the subjects of air pollution, birth control, automation, etc. Harmless children's subjects are so much safer. Hurrah for MAD for not always playing it safe! Thanks for speaking out for us!

Gail L. Johnson
Bristol, Wisconsin

MISSING SOMETHING

Boy, if you haven't seen my mother and father wrestling over who gets to read my copy of MAD first, you've really been missing something!

Stephanie Handler
Athens, Georgia

Nothing, we're sure, compared to what we'll be missing when they get a load of this letter page!—Ed.

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BUMS AWAY DEPT.

Maybe you haven't noticed it, but the latest trend in movies is the "Anti-Hero". It all started with "HUD", when the usual clean-cut, honest, All-American cowboy hero-type was suddenly replaced by an immoral and conniving crumb. Now, this recent hit war picture has suddenly replaced the usual clean-cut, patriotic, All-American GI hero-types with ugly psychopaths and murderers. Instead of a single slob, Hollywood seems to figure that "Anti-Heroes" are even . . .



Dirtier By

Coleslaw, Joseph!
Crime: Murder!
Sentence: Death
by hanging . . .

Punkley, Vernon!
Crime: Rape and
Murder! Sentence:
Death by hanging!

Psycho, Victor!
Crime: Robbery and
Murder! Sentence:
Death by hanging!

My name: Jose Jimenez!
My Crime: Theenking I
can act! My Sentence:
Getting written out
of thees peecture as
soon as posseeplay!

I am the Avenging Angel, and I
carry out the Lord's punishment
upon those who would defile
the Earth with their wickedness
—by cutting them up in teensy-
weensy little pieces and—

I'm Samuel
Pansy, and
I'm getting
nauseous
listening
to this nut!



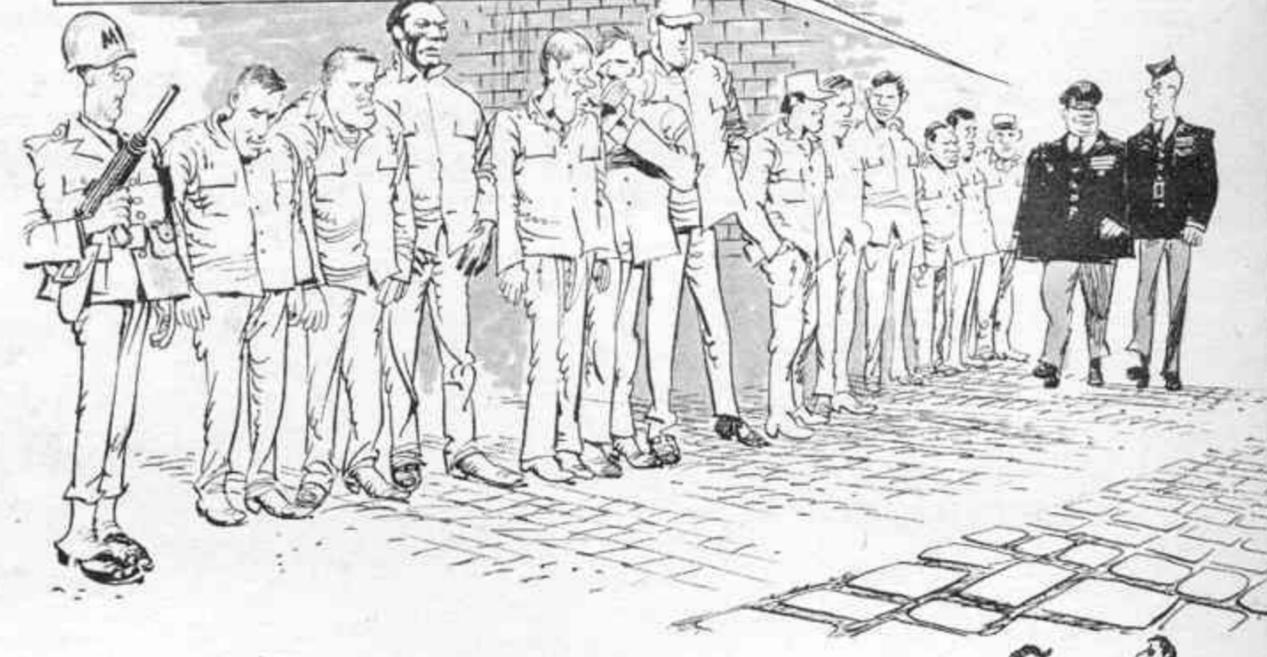
And just what is that premise, Sir?

It has to do with your next assignment, Major! But first, I want you to meet some of the worst degenerates and sick psychopaths this man's Army has ever seen . . .

No, thanks! I've already met your staff!



Not them, Roughman! I'm talking about men that are even worse! Inmates of this Army Prison! All right, you slob! Fall in and sound off with your names, your crimes and your sentences—



The Dozen

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

My name is Jim Brown—

Jim Brown!? An alias if I ever heard one! C'mon, now—what's your real name?

Would you believe Paul Hornung?



Okay, I've had enough of this nonsense, Gen. Wargum! Now what about my next assignment?

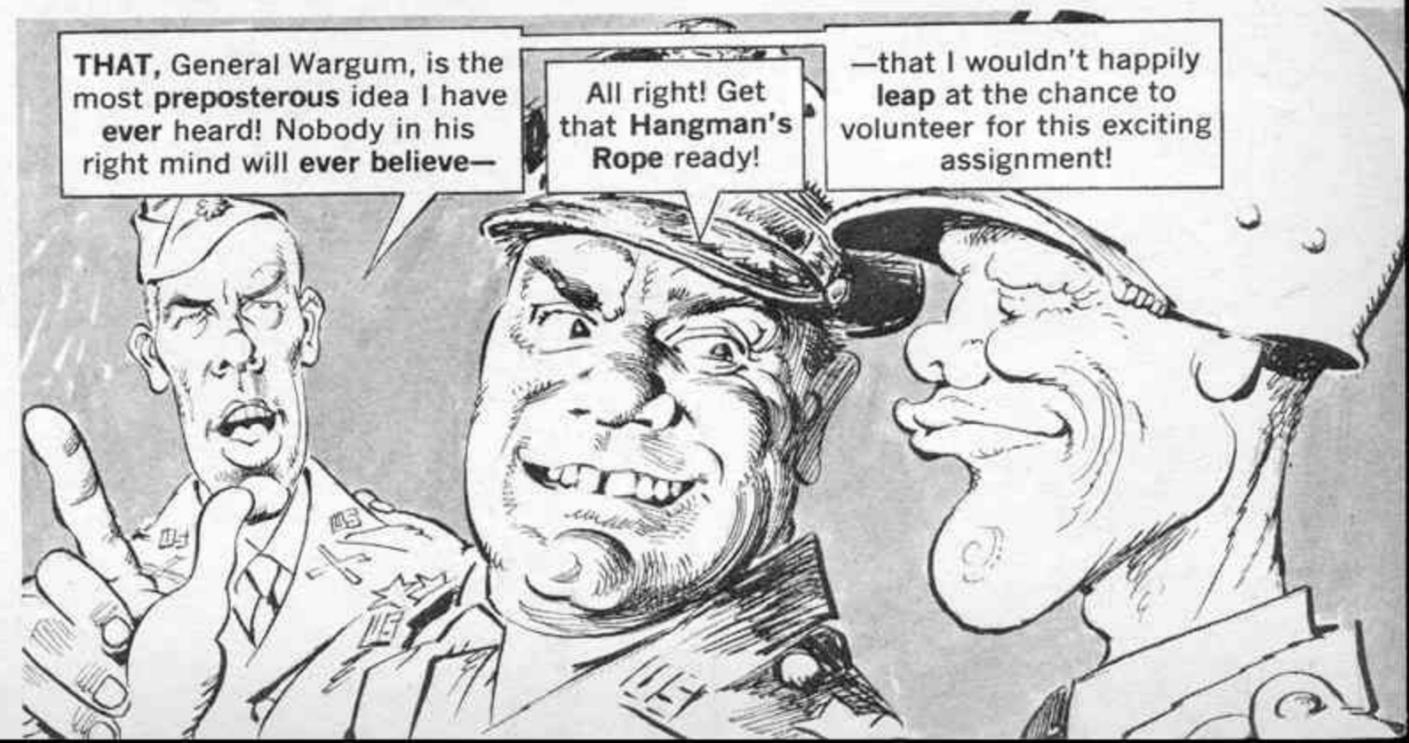
Major Roughman, you are ordered by Allied Command to take these twelve prisoners—these undisciplined psychotic murderers, rapists and guitar players—cram six months of intensive training into them in less than six weeks, and then parachute them behind enemy lines where they will destroy the rest home of the German General Staff, killing all its occupants.



THAT, General Wargum, is the most preposterous idea I have ever heard! Nobody in his right mind will ever believe—

All right! Get that Hangman's Rope ready!

—that I wouldn't happily leap at the chance to volunteer for this exciting assignment!



Hi, guys! I've got a deal for you! The Army will allow you to postpone your death sentences and long prison terms if you'll volunteer to go on a suicide mission!

Man, like we know the rules! Condemned prisoners don't have to go on no missions!

No one said you HAD to go! This is strictly voluntary.

Well, if you put it that way—GH-A-A-AHH! I volunteer!

Let me warn you, it's not gonna be any joy ride! Your chances for survival are one in a million... and that's for just getting through the training program!

I hope I can make it through this Orientation Lecture!

Hah! You punks are supposed to be tough killers!? Well, you're just amateurs! I'm going to teach you the proper way to kill—and when I'm done, you'll know how to cut a man's throat or crush his skull quickly, silently and efficiently!

Gee, the Army ain't so bad after all! I'm gonna learn a trade!

Okay, let's get him back to his cell!

One of you guards, take his feet—

—and one of you guards, take his head—

—and one of you guards, take his torso—

—and see if you can put the whole mess back together again!

SPLAT

Men, this deserted patch of woods will be your new home for the next six weeks. If any of you cruds tries to escape, I'll blow his brains out, and the rest will be shipped right back to prison for completion of their sentences! In other words, you men will be ON YOUR HONOR...

... just as if you WEREN'T 12 criminally insane GI's!

Take over, Sgt. Jerkle!

Okay, the first job will be to put up five buildings! These will be erected in order of importance! First, Major Roughman's quarters... second, the Psychiatrist's quarters... third, the M.P.'s quarters... fourth, the Latrine... and fifth—your quarters!

We rank AFTER the Latrine...?

That means we're lower than...

You guessed it!

Boy, they certainly know how to bolster our egos!

PB
LOVE
PW

Men, my name is Capt. Ralph Shriner. I'm the Army Psychiatrist. I'm going to show you an ink blot and I want each of you to tell me what it reminds you of!

Punkley...? It looks like a wild boar rooting up some fat dame's guts!

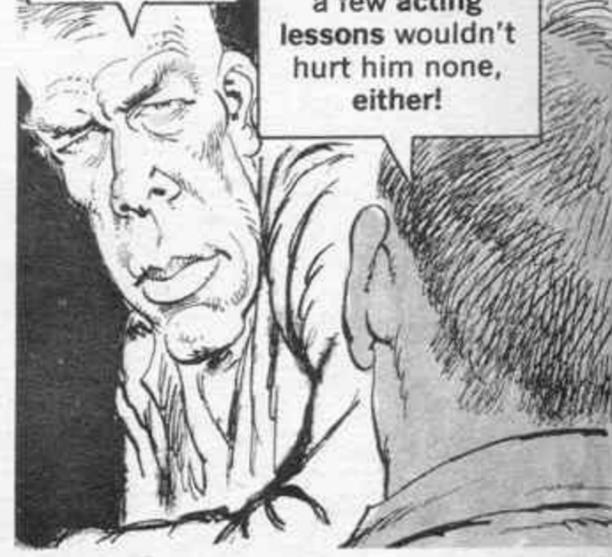
Psycho...? It looks like two Mafia guys taking some squealer for a last ride!

Jimenez...? Eet look like a lovely seniorita strangling her caballero weeth a guitar string!

What's the matter with you guys?! You're all sick! It's a butterfly on a flower!

Well, Capt. Shriner? You've made some tests! How do they shape up... emotionally?

The men are just fine, Major! Perfectly normal! But that M.P. Sergeant—Jerkle?! He's in desperate need of help! And a few acting lessons wouldn't hurt him none, either!



Forget that crummy fink Sergeant! It's the men I'm worried about! They're still acting as individuals, and not functioning as a "team"! They need something to bind them together, like a name or a slogan!

How about "If we don't all hang together, we'll all hang separately!"?

That's the corniest, most ridiculous slogan I ever heard!

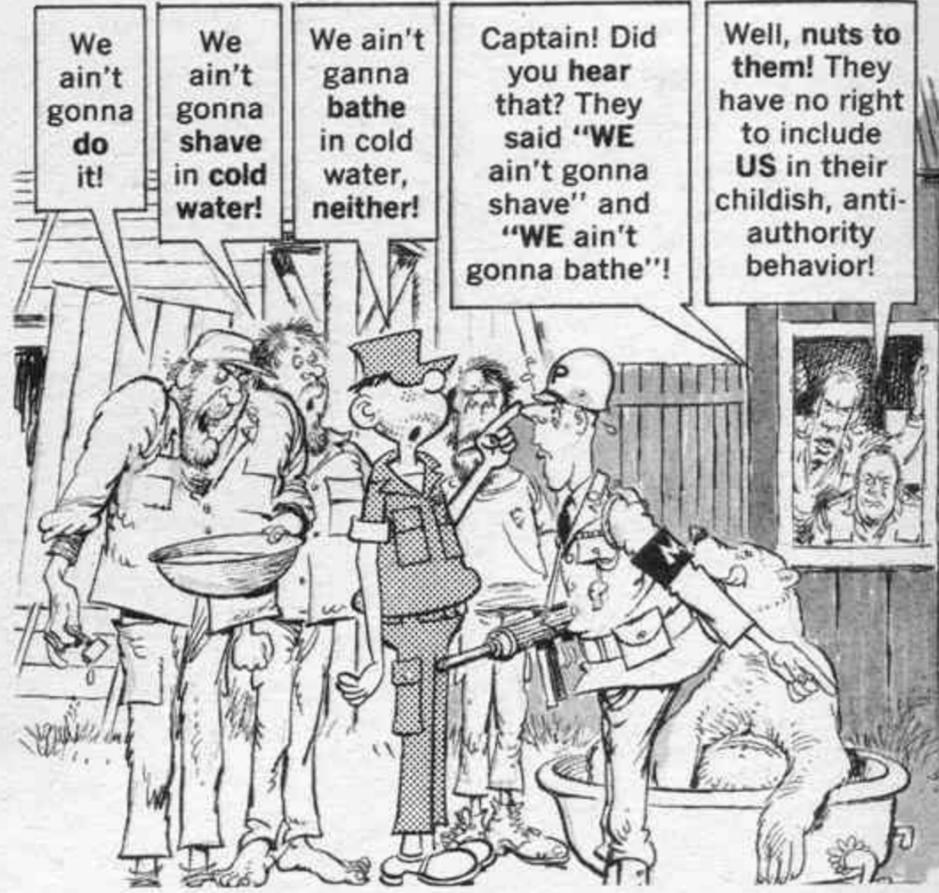
We ain't gonna do it!

We ain't gonna shave in cold water!

We ain't gonna bathe in cold water, neither!

Captain! Did you hear that? They said "WE ain't gonna shave" and "WE ain't gonna bathe"!

Well, nuts to them! They have no right to include US in their childish, anti-authority behavior!



We've got trouble out here, Major!

The MP's have hot water! We ain't shavin' or washin' until we have hot water, too!

We don't care if we smell like rotten eggs!

Okay, DON'T wash and DON'T shave and SMELL like rotten eggs! And that's what we'll call you slobs—

THE DIRTY DOZEN ROTTEN EGGS!

Hey, guys! We got a name! We got identity!

"The Dirty Dozen Rotten Eggs"! Gee, my folks'll be so proud of me!

I thought belonging to the Cosa Nostra was great, but this...



Well, Major, you molded those men into one unit, all right... one **STINKING, FOUL-SMELLING UNIT!**

Yep! Their training is finished! And to reward them, I've thrown them a party, complete with girls from the bar in town.

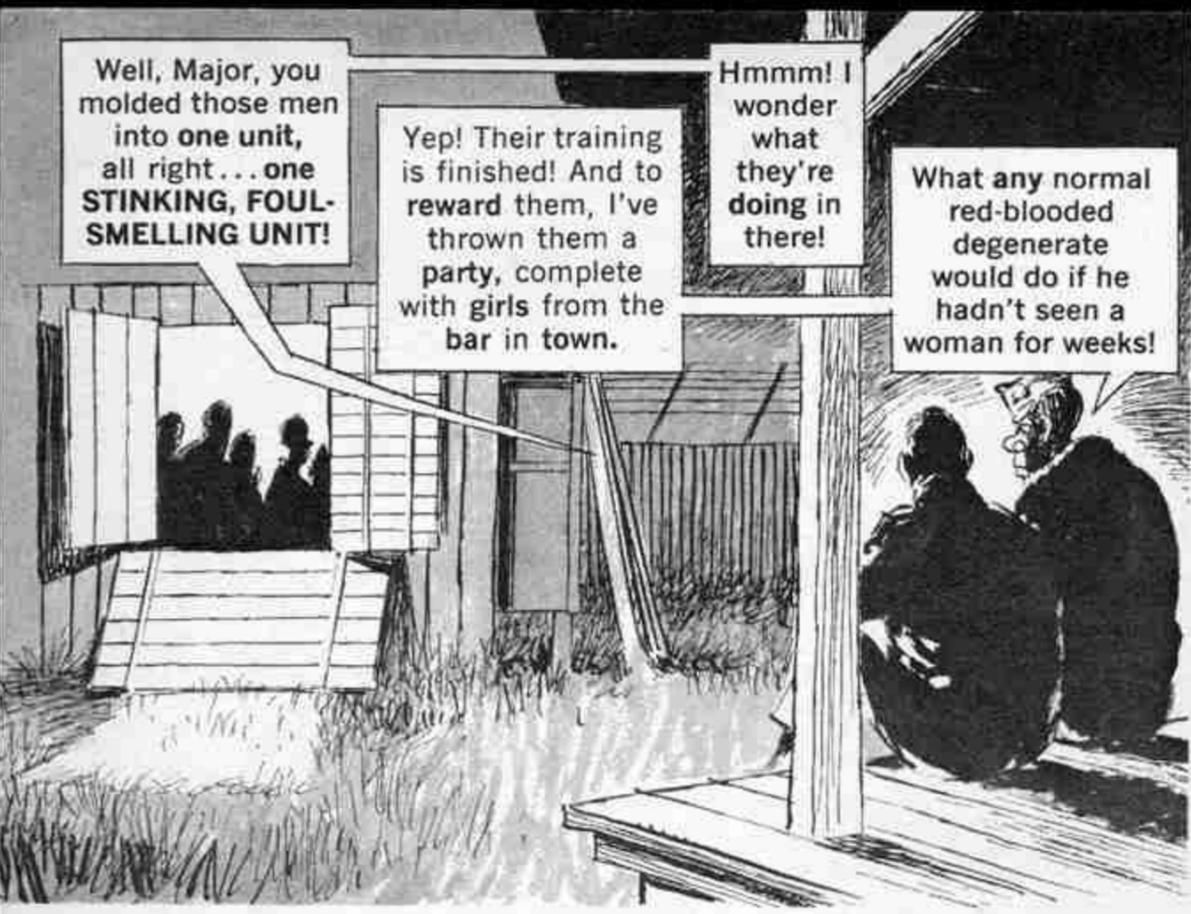
Hmmm! I wonder what they're doing in there!

What any normal red-blooded degenerate would do if he hadn't seen a woman for weeks!

I must observe this! For professional reasons, of course!

I left my heart at the Stage Door Canteen...

They just don't make degenerates like they used to!



Okay, men! This is it! The mission I've trained you for all these weeks! I only hope you don't chicken out when it comes to jumping into enemy territory with your parachutes!

Are you kidding, Major? After last night, we'd jump into enemy territory **WITHOUT** our parachutes for you!

Hey, Maggotty! You're the "religious fanatic"! Say a few words before we jump!

Sure! "Now I lay me down to sleep—"

We're over the target, Major! Get ready to jump...

Okay, you Dirty Dozen Rotten Eggs! Here we go! On the way down, I want you to repeat the plan for the last time!



One... Two...

Three... Four...

Five... Six...

Seven... Eight...

Nine... Ten...

Storm the Chatoo!

Blast open the door!

Plant dynamite sticks!

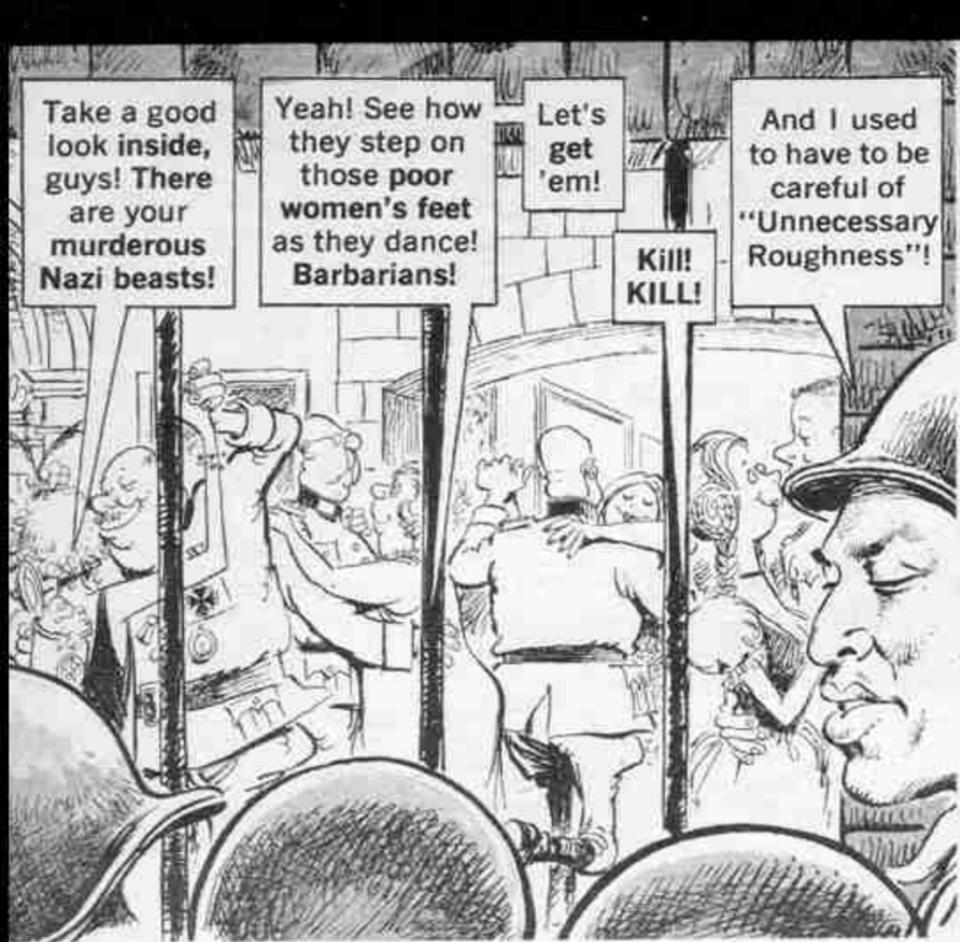
Blow up the gate!

Back to the "Pen"!

Whaddya mean, "Back to the Pen"? If we gotta go back to jail after this, what are we risking our lives for, anyway?

Because not only are we criminally insane degenerates, but we're also very **STUPID!**





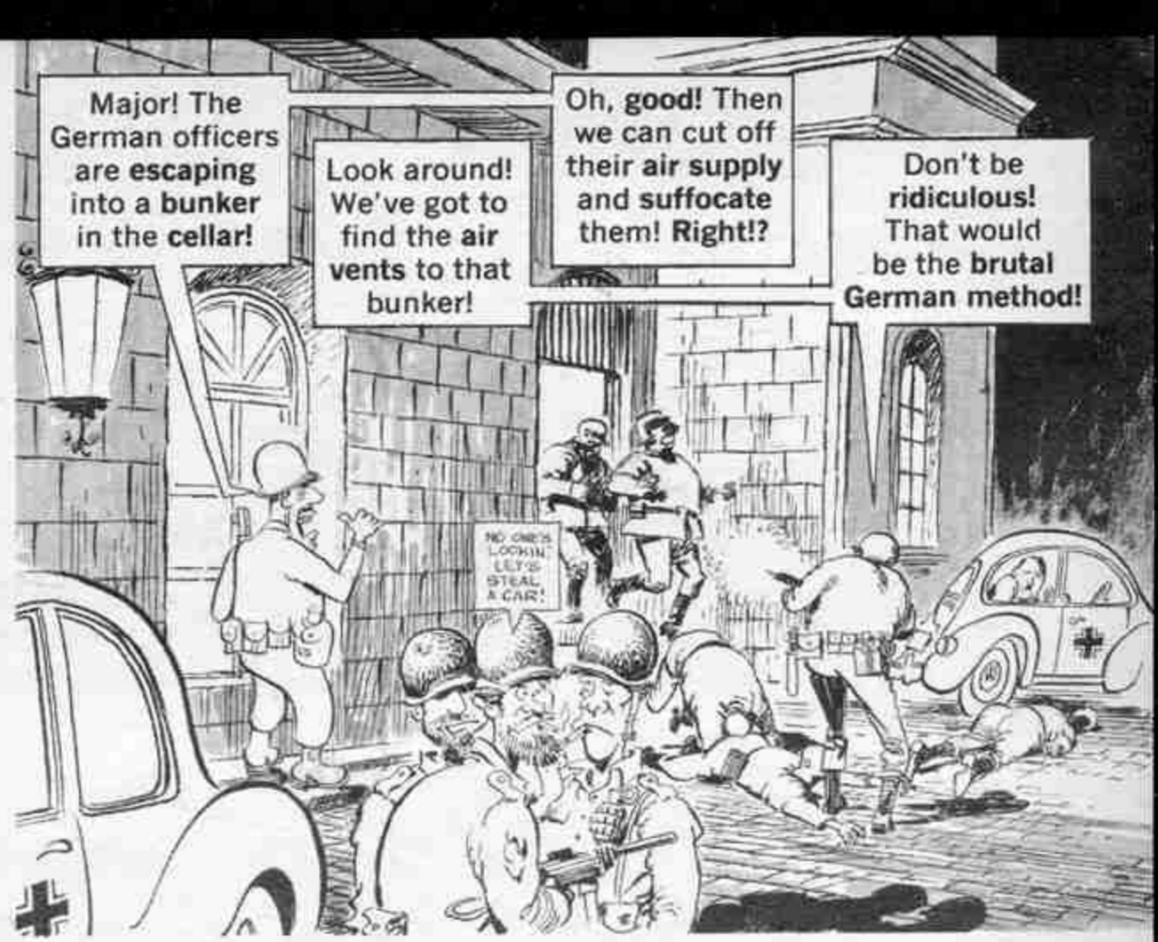
Take a good look inside, guys! There are your murderous Nazi beasts!

Yeah! See how they step on those poor women's feet as they dance! Barbarians!

Let's get 'em!

Kill! KILL!

And I used to have to be careful of "Unnecessary Roughness"!



Major! The German officers are escaping into a bunker in the cellar!

Look around! We've got to find the air vents to that bunker!

Oh, good! Then we can cut off their air supply and suffocate them! Right?!

Don't be ridiculous! That would be the brutal German method!



Why are you pouring that gasoline down the air vents, Major!

Because we haven't got NAPALM—which would be the civilized American method—so we've got to improvise!

Okay, Brown, you've got ten seconds to drop a live grenade into each vent and hop on the back of that half-track!

How come I always have to ride in the back?

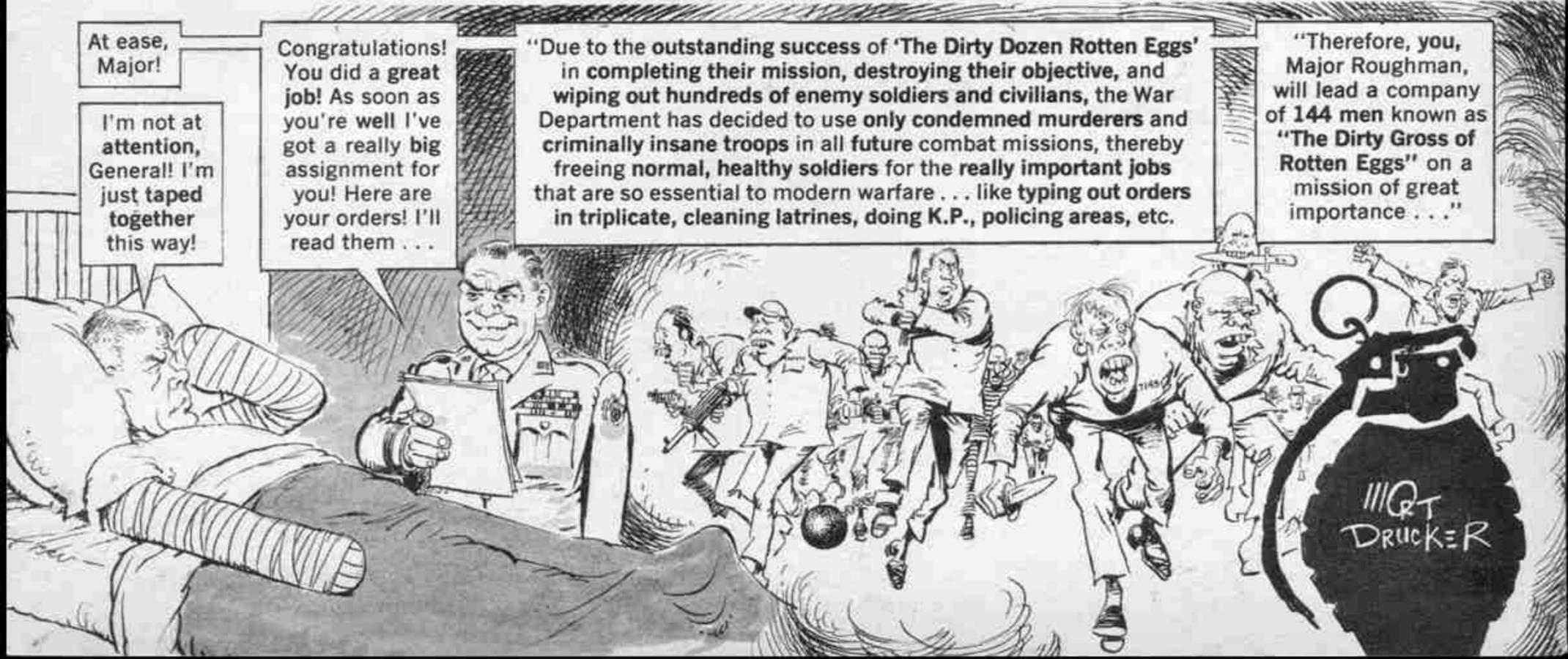


C'mon, Brown! Run! Run!

Oh-oh! He's been shot!

Who shot him? A German sniper!

No, an irate Cleveland Brown football fan! Can you imagine giving up a great football career for this terrible junk?!



At ease, Major!

I'm not at attention, General! I'm just taped together this way!

Congratulations! You did a great job! As soon as you're well I've got a really big assignment for you! Here are your orders! I'll read them . . .

"Due to the outstanding success of 'The Dirty Dozen Rotten Eggs' in completing their mission, destroying their objective, and wiping out hundreds of enemy soldiers and civilians, the War Department has decided to use only condemned murderers and criminally insane troops in all future combat missions, thereby freeing normal, healthy soldiers for the really important jobs that are so essential to modern warfare . . . like typing out orders in triplicate, cleaning latrines, doing K.P., policing areas, etc.

"Therefore, you, Major Roughman, will lead a company of 144 men known as 'The Dirty Gross of Rotten Eggs' on a mission of great importance . . ."

III QT DRUCKER

SEASON'S GRATINGS DEPT.

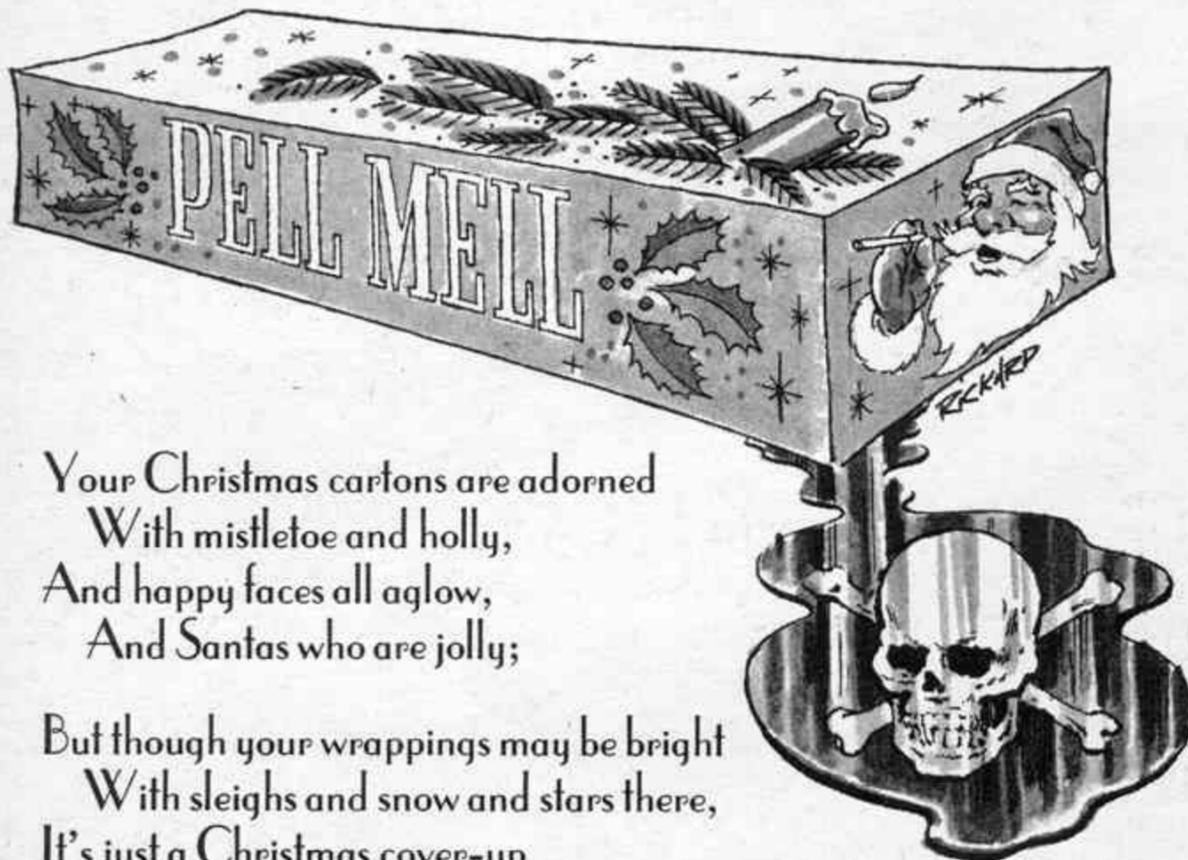
Every year, people send Christmas cards to friends, acquaintances and loved ones. Well, we at MAD say this is wrong! Cards should really be sent to the folks who make Christmas the distinctive holiday it is

MAD'S CHRISTMAS CARDS



WRITER:

To The Cigarette Industry



Your Christmas cartons are adorned
With mistletoe and holly,
And happy faces all aglow,
And Santas who are jolly;

But though your wrappings may be bright
With sleighs and snow and stars there,
It's just a Christmas cover-up
For all those killing tars there!

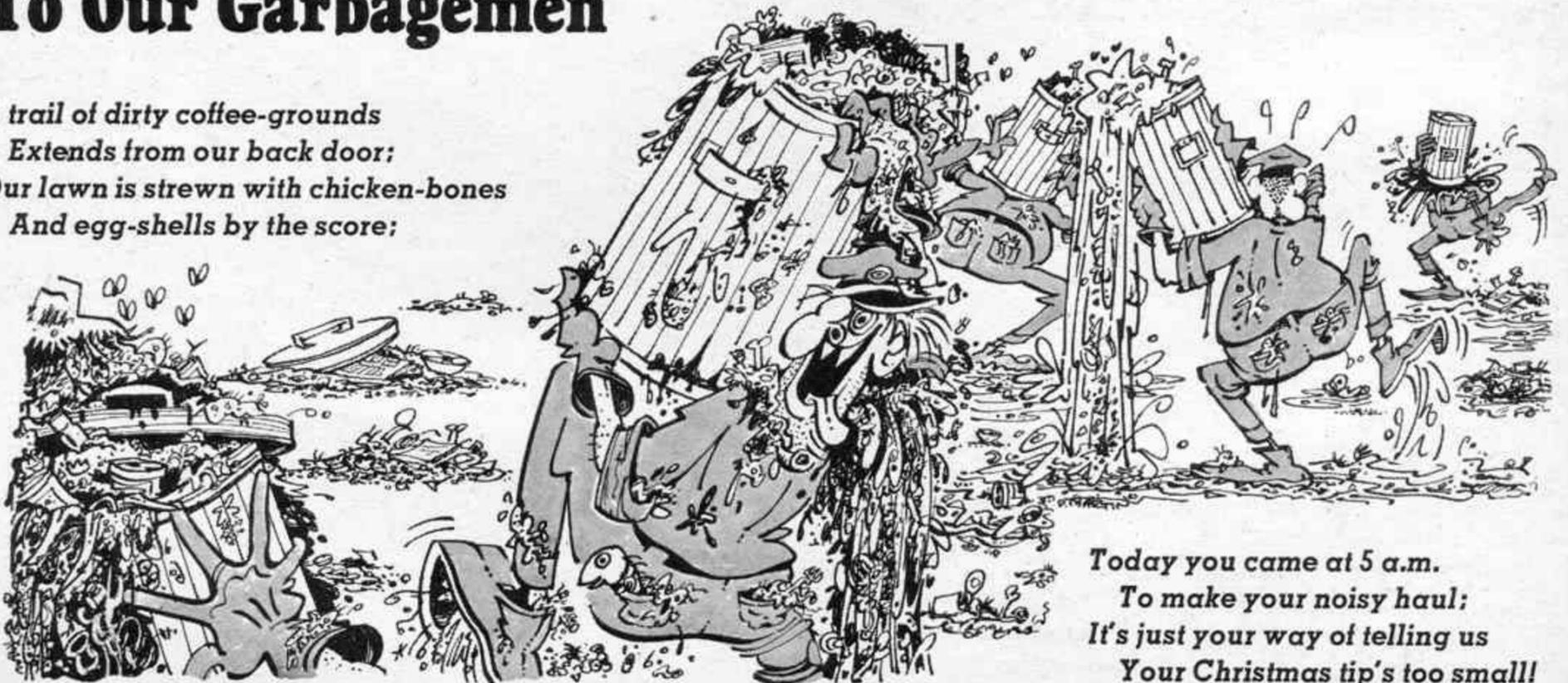
To My Apartment House Superintendent



Today you fixed my bathroom pipes
(They burst last May, you know);
You then replaced the window
That fell out 10 weeks ago;
You help me with my packages;
You greet me on the street;
I'm glad that there's a Christmas time,
Or else we'd never meet!

To Our Garbagemen

A trail of dirty coffee-grounds
Extends from our back door;
Our lawn is strewn with chicken-bones
And egg-shells by the score;



Today you came at 5 a.m.
To make your noisy haul;
It's just your way of telling us
Your Christmas tip's too small!

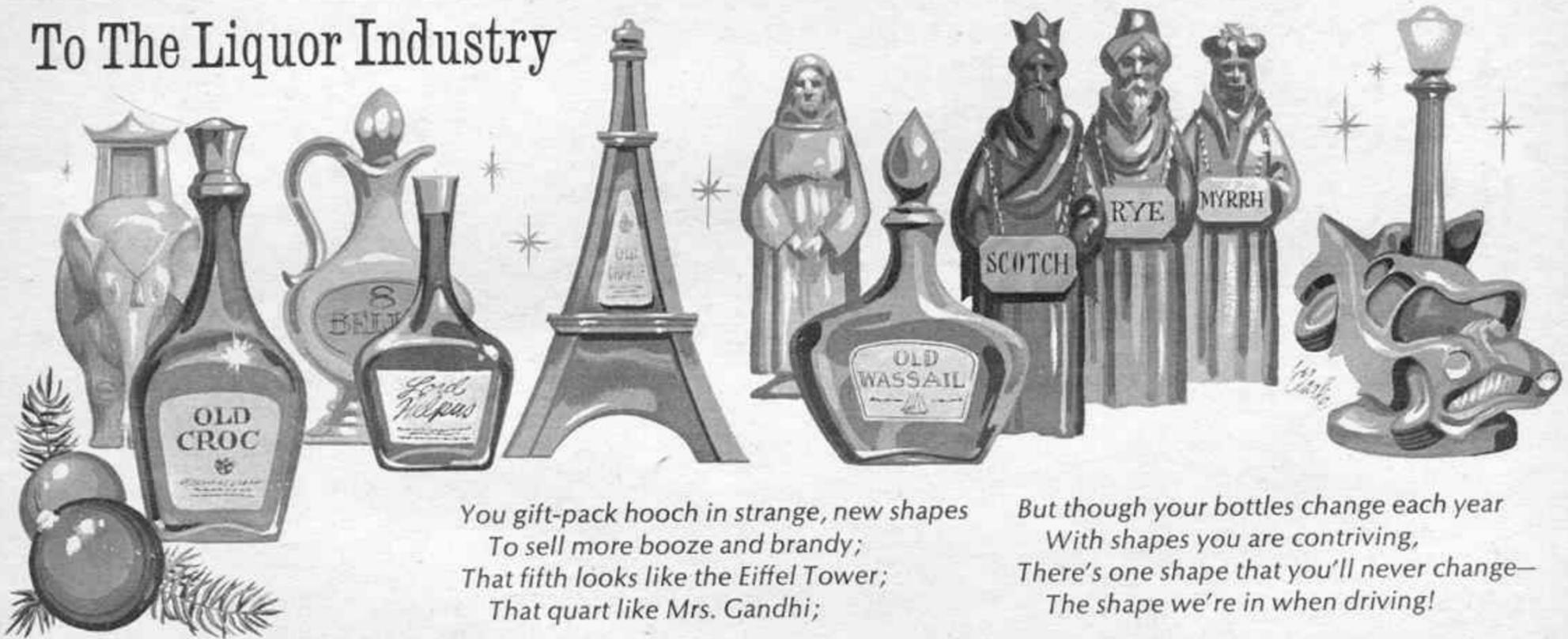


—namely the workmen, companies and industries that *exploit* us! It is these profit-hungry groups who deserve our most heart-felt sentiments. So why not give them what they deserve . . . from this selection of . . .

TO SEASONAL EXPLOITERS

FRANK JACOBS

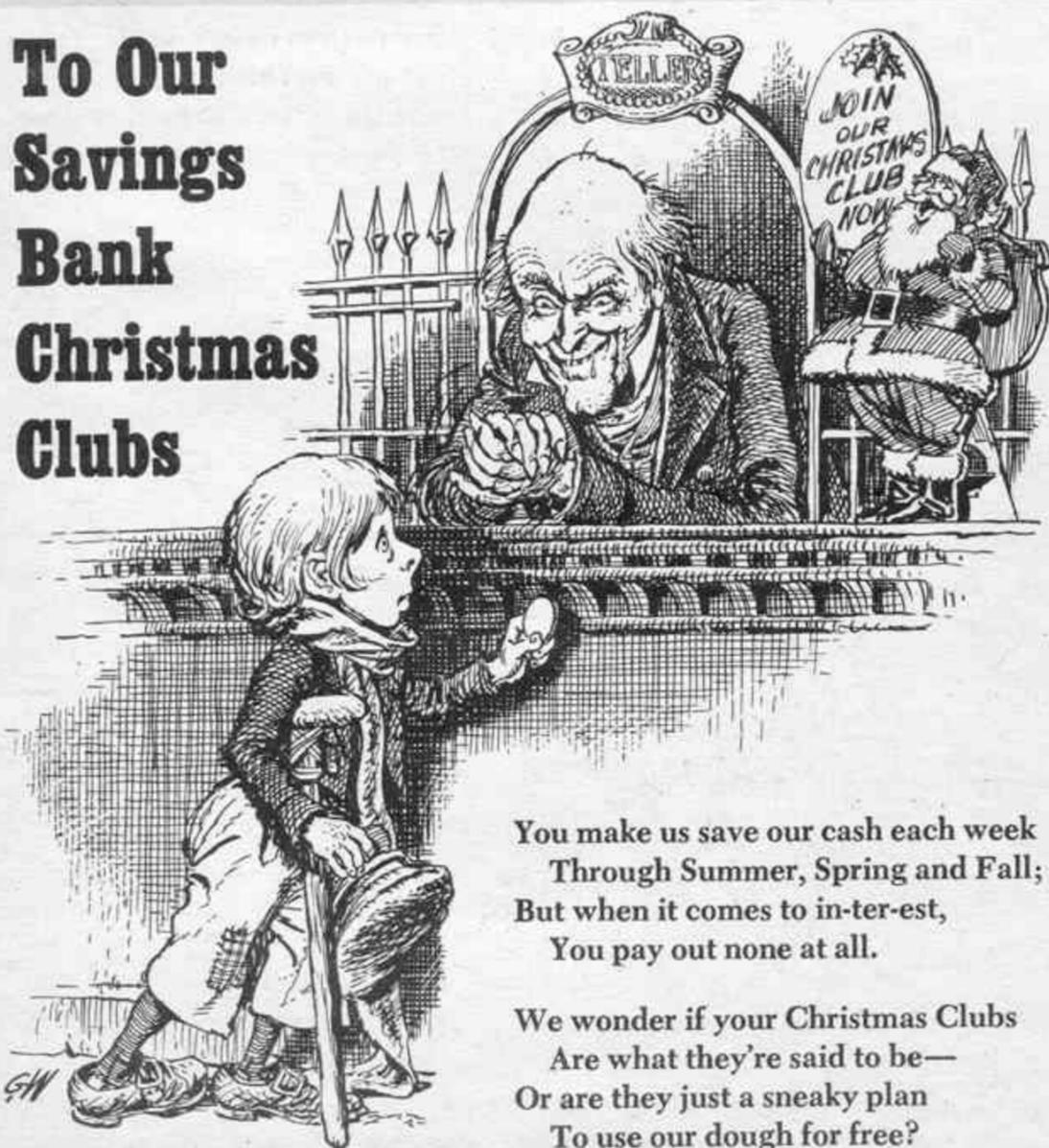
To The Liquor Industry



You gift-pack hooch in strange, new shapes
To sell more booze and brandy;
That fifth looks like the Eiffel Tower;
That quart like Mrs. Gandhi;

But though your bottles change each year
With shapes you are contriving,
There's one shape that you'll never change—
The shape we're in when driving!

To Our Savings Bank Christmas Clubs



You make us save our cash each week
Through Summer, Spring and Fall;
But when it comes to in-ter-est,
You pay out none at all.

We wonder if your Christmas Clubs
Are what they're said to be—
Or are they just a sneaky plan
To use our dough for free?

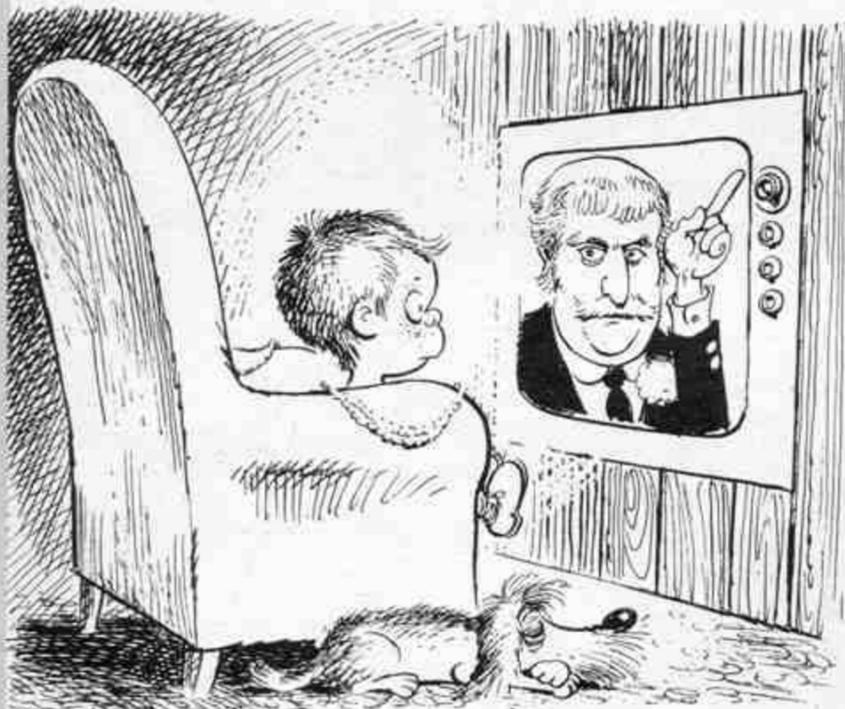
To The Publishers Of "Gift Books"



Your "Treasury of Lapland Songs"
Is priced at 20 bucks;
For \$16.50 folks can own
"The Golden Age of Trucks".

Though idiots may buy these books,
The smarter ones will wait
Till after Christmas when they're marked
A dollar ninety-eight!

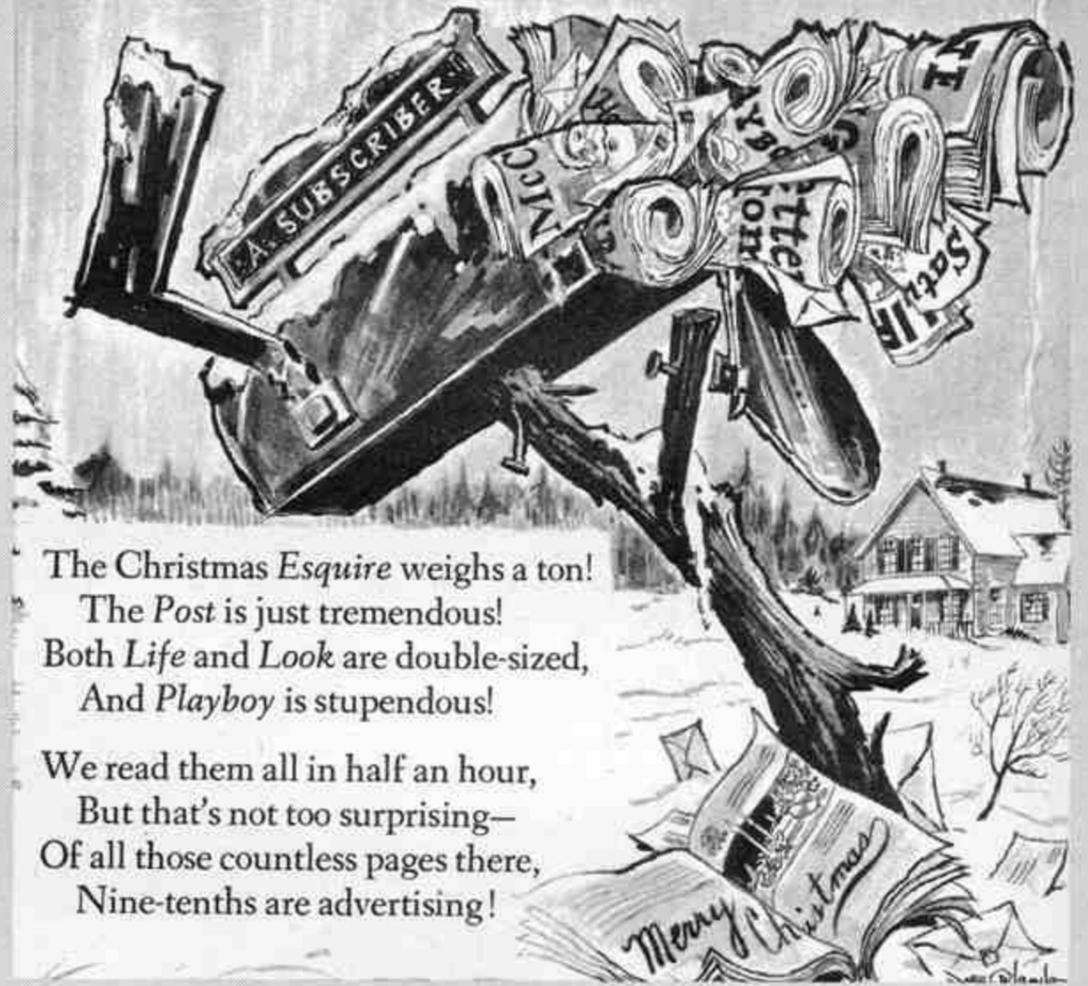
TO THE KIDS' SHOWS ON TV



While Dad is working 9 to 5
And slaving through the day,
You guys are working on his kid
To grab Dad's hard-earned pay.

The kid is flunking out at school;
He's dumb as a baboon;
Yet he remembers every toy
You plug each afternoon!

To Our Magazine Publishers



The Christmas *Esquire* weighs a ton!
The *Post* is just tremendous!
Both *Life* and *Look* are double-sized,
And *Playboy* is stupendous!

We read them all in half an hour,
But that's not too surprising—
Of all those countless pages there,
Nine-tenths are advertising!

To Charity Organizations



We mail you checks at Christmas time—
For dogs who've lost their collars,
For teeny-boppers on relief,
For homeless Kansas scholars,

We give to all your charities,
We never raise a fuss,
And now that you have bled us dry,
Please set up one for us!

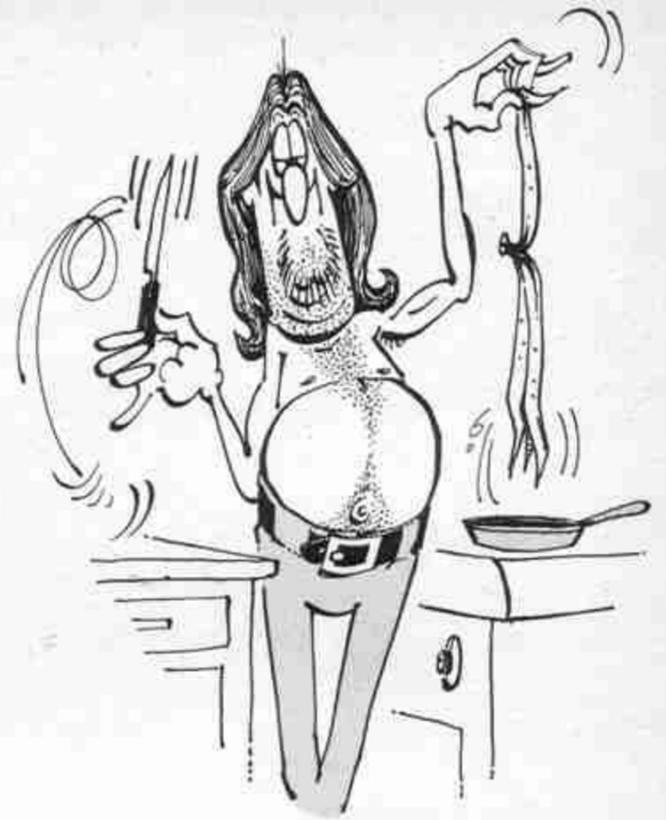
To Our Electric Companies

A brand-new range, a Frigidaire,
A washer or a dryer—
Your ads this year are full of things
To tempt the Christmas buyer;

We'd buy these new appliances
Except for one deterrent—
The seven hundred bucks a year
You'd charge us for the current!



A SAN FRANCISCO TRIP





BRATS MY LINE DEPT.



Hi, Show-Biz-MAD fans! It's "Hypothetical Interview" time again. I'm a hypothetical Steve Allen here in the offices of the William Morris Ashley Theatrical Artists Agency, about to conduct an imaginary interview with Mr. "Bullets" Ashley himself, the Editor's choice for . . .

MAD's THEATRICAL AGENT OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: BRUCE STARK

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Bullets, I understand that you represent some really big names in Show Business.

The **BIGGEST**, Steve! There's Sinatra, Crosby, Martin, Lewis . . . just to mention a few!

Wow! That's a lot of talent! Frank . . . Bing . . . Dean . . . Jerry!

Who's talking about **TALENT!**? My clients are **NANCY** Sinatra, **GARY** Crosby, **GAIL** Martin and **GARY** Lewis!



I tried to stop him, Mr. Ashley!

You've got to give me a chance! I'm a singer! I've been singing all my life!

You come from a Show Business FAMILY?

Gee, no . . .

Sorry, kid, we're not auditioning today!



But I can really sing! Just listen to this . . .

To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe . . .

Hey! The boy has a great voice!

I'm a busy man, kid! Leave your name with my secretary . . .





I can dance, too! I can do anything Astaire and Kelly can do! See . . . ?

Look at that boy go! He's another Sammy Davis, Jr.!

Hey, kid! You're scratching the formica! Will you please leave!?!



I've had the lead in 50 Summer Stock shows! Richard Burton told me I was a better "Hamlet" than he was . . .

What does Burton know! OUT!!!

Go back to Ohio!



Ohio!? I'm from right here in New York!

Well, don't call us! We'll call you!

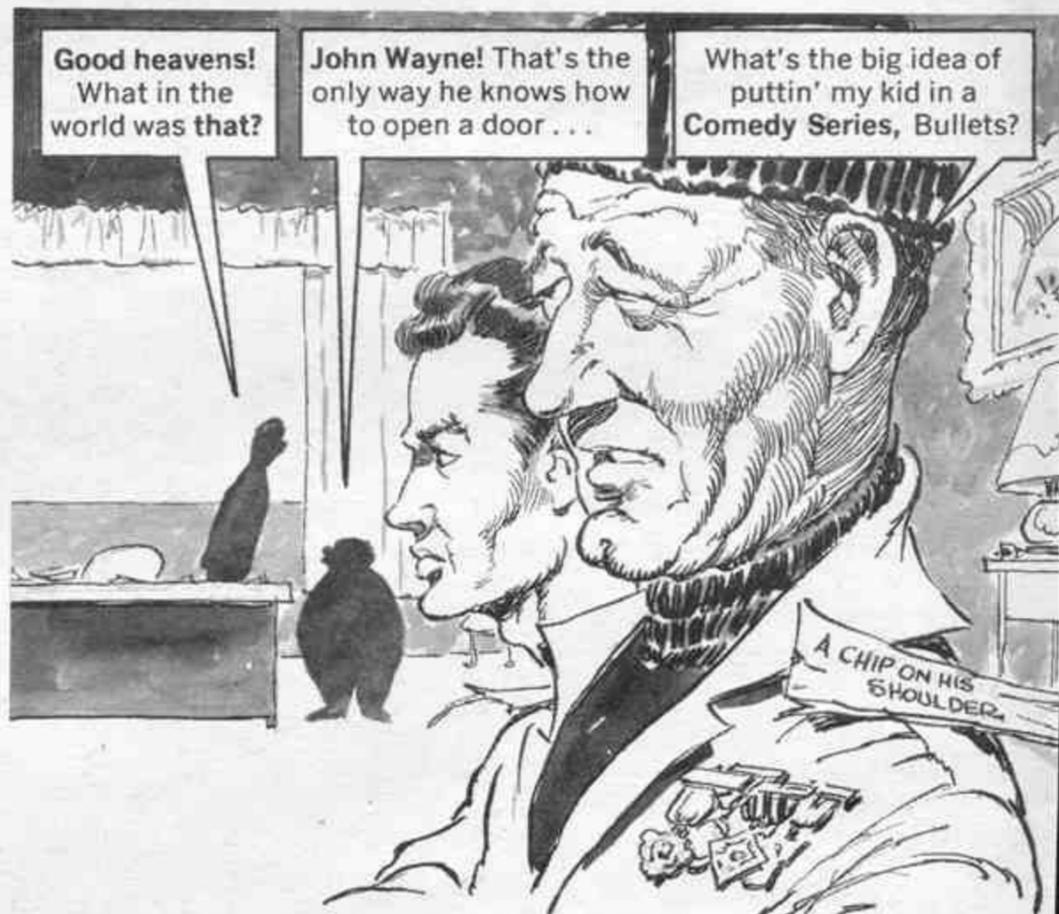


The boy had TALENT, Bullets! Why didn't you sign him up?

Talented people are a dime a dozen, Steve! Names! Famous Names! Sons of big guns! That's where the money is today!

Look at this body! Awful, isn't it? My secretary has a better figure! And why is this skinny broad in Playboy and not my secretary? Because my secretary's last name isn't FONDA!

CRASH

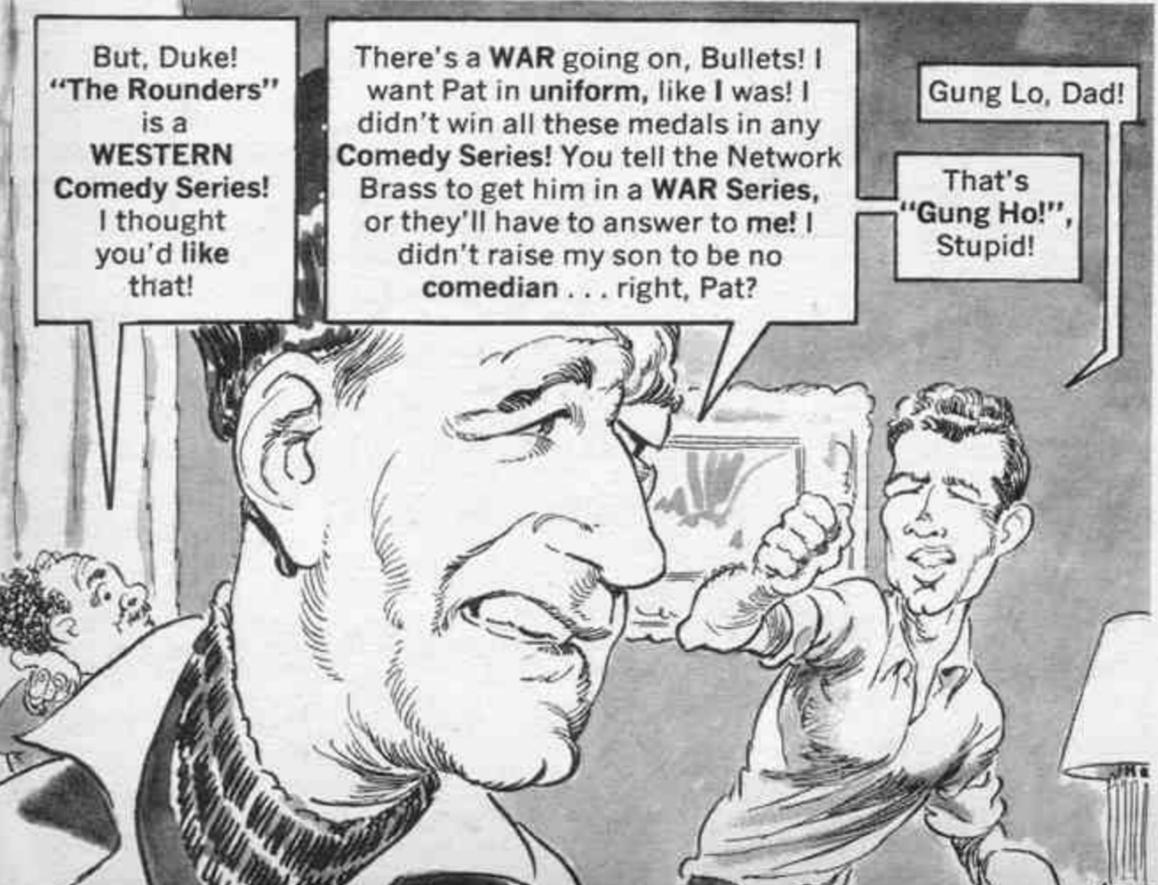


Good heavens! What in the world was that?

John Wayne! That's the only way he knows how to open a door . . .

What's the big idea of puttin' my kid in a Comedy Series, Bullets?

A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER.



But, Duke! "The Rounders" is a WESTERN Comedy Series! I thought you'd like that!

There's a WAR going on, Bullets! I want Pat in uniform, like I was! I didn't win all these medals in any Comedy Series! You tell the Network Brass to get him in a WAR Series, or they'll have to answer to me! I didn't raise my son to be no comedian . . . right, Pat?

Gung Lo, Dad!

That's "Gung Ho!", Stupid!



I'll get right on it, Duke!

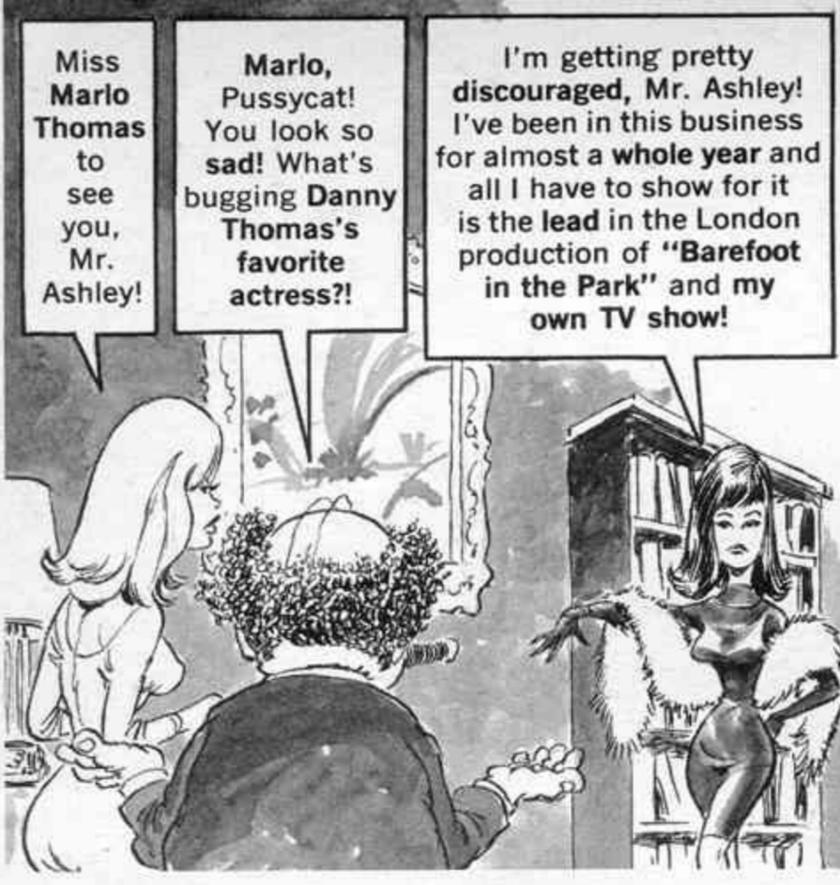
Hello!?

Gail, Baby!

Excuse me, Steve! It's Gail Martin!

Gail, sweetheart! I was just talking about you! No, I'm still working on a format for a TV Series! But I lined up another guest shot for you! Your Dad's show! I know! But this time he's going to bill you as a "Special Guest Star"!

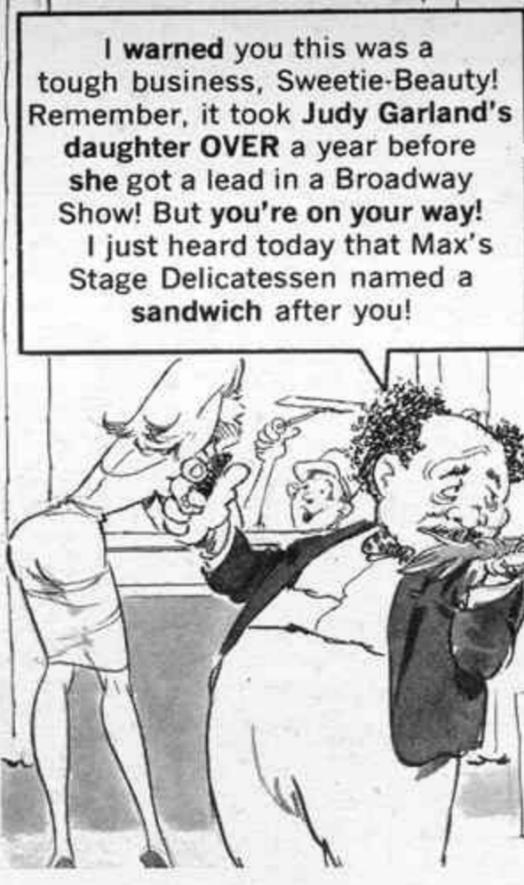
I knew you'd be happy! Say "Hello" to Dean for me! Bye!



Miss Marlo Thomas to see you, Mr. Ashley!

Marlo, Pussycat! You look so sad! What's bugging Danny Thomas's favorite actress?!

I'm getting pretty discouraged, Mr. Ashley! I've been in this business for almost a whole year and all I have to show for it is the lead in the London production of "Barefoot in the Park" and my own TV show!



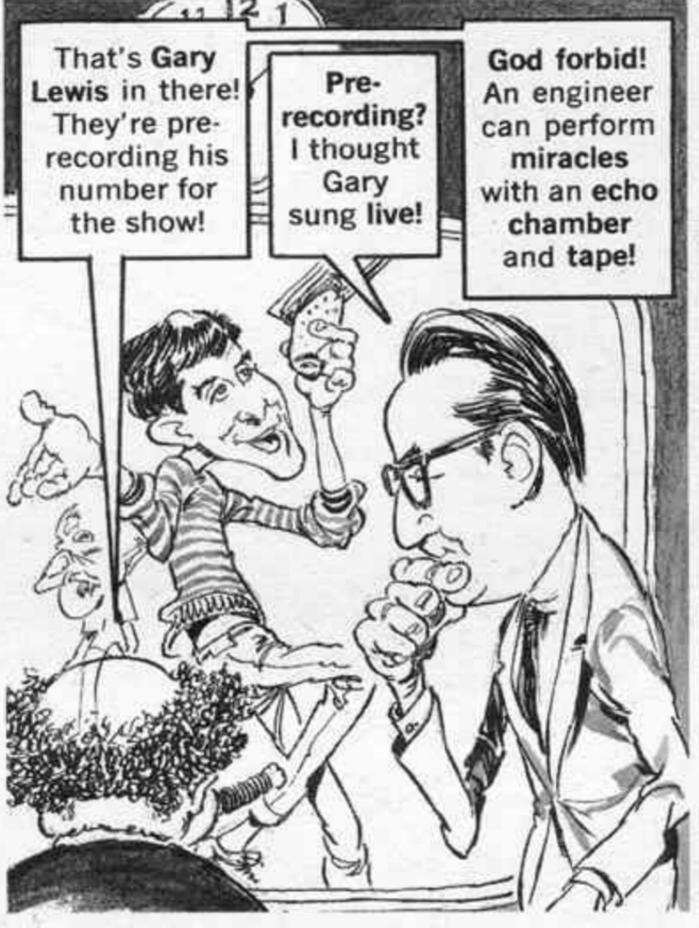
I warned you this was a tough business, Sweetie-Beauty! Remember, it took Judy Garland's daughter OVER a year before she got a lead in a Broadway Show! But you're on your way! I just heard today that Max's Stage Delicatessen named a sandwich after you!

Really? What kind of sandwich?
Peanut butter and jelly on a bagel! A winner, if I ever heard one! So go, now, and leave everything to me!
I feel better already, Mr. Ashley!



Hey, it's almost 2 o'clock! How would you like to watch a taping of "The Ed Sullivan Show"? Ed is featuring some of my fantastic clients!

Sounds interesting! Let's go!



That's Gary Lewis in there! They're pre-recording his number for the show!

Pre-recording? I thought Gary sung live!

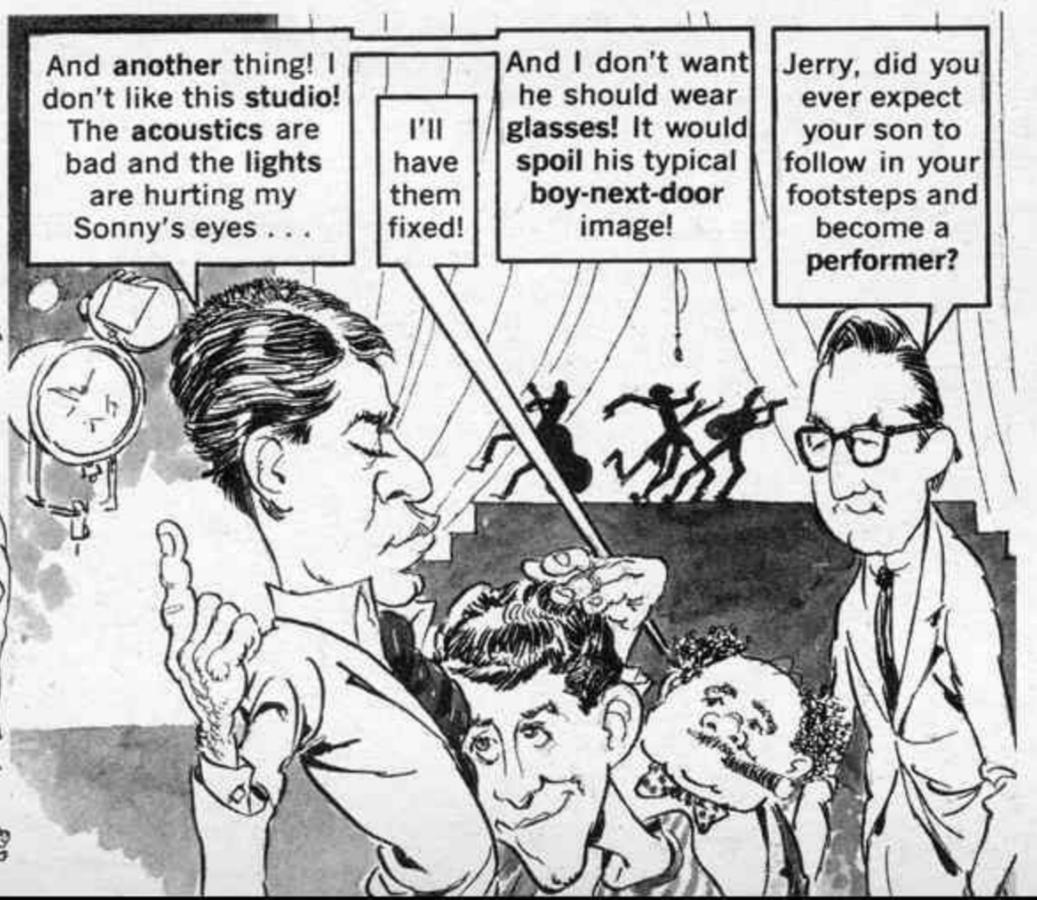
God forbid! An engineer can perform miracles with an echo chamber and tape!



Hey, Bullets! You expect my son to sing this fershtunkiner song? Why can't he sing the songs I made famous, like "April Showers" and "Mammy"?

But Gary WROTE that song, Jer—

He did? It's beautiful! My bubby is almost as talented as I am!

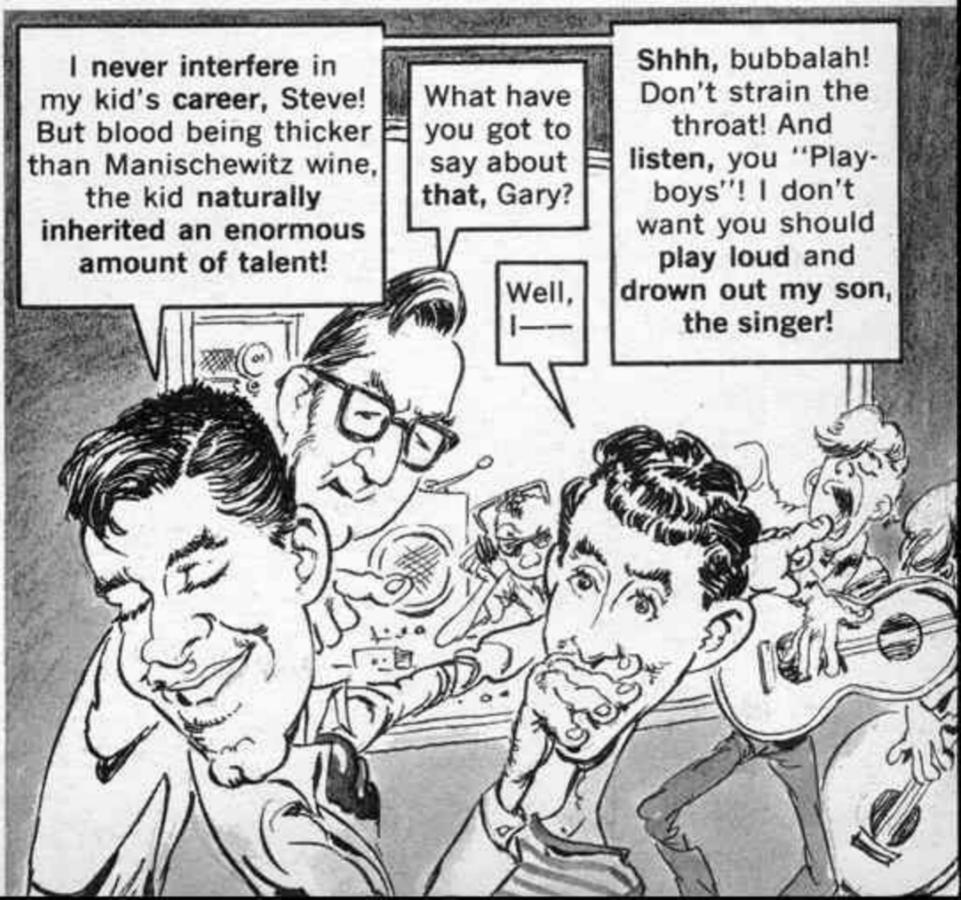


And another thing! I don't like this studio! The acoustics are bad and the lights are hurting my Sonny's eyes . . .

I'll have them fixed!

And I don't want he should wear glasses! It would spoil his typical boy-next-door image!

Jerry, did you ever expect your son to follow in your footsteps and become a performer?



I never interfere in my kid's career, Steve! But blood being thicker than Manischewitz wine, the kid naturally inherited an enormous amount of talent!

What have you got to say about that, Gary?

Well, —

Shhh, bubblah! Don't strain the throat! And listen, you "Play-boys"! I don't want you should play loud and drown out my son, the singer!

Let's go, Steve! Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra are on next . . .

That's a strange pairing! What kind of act do they do?

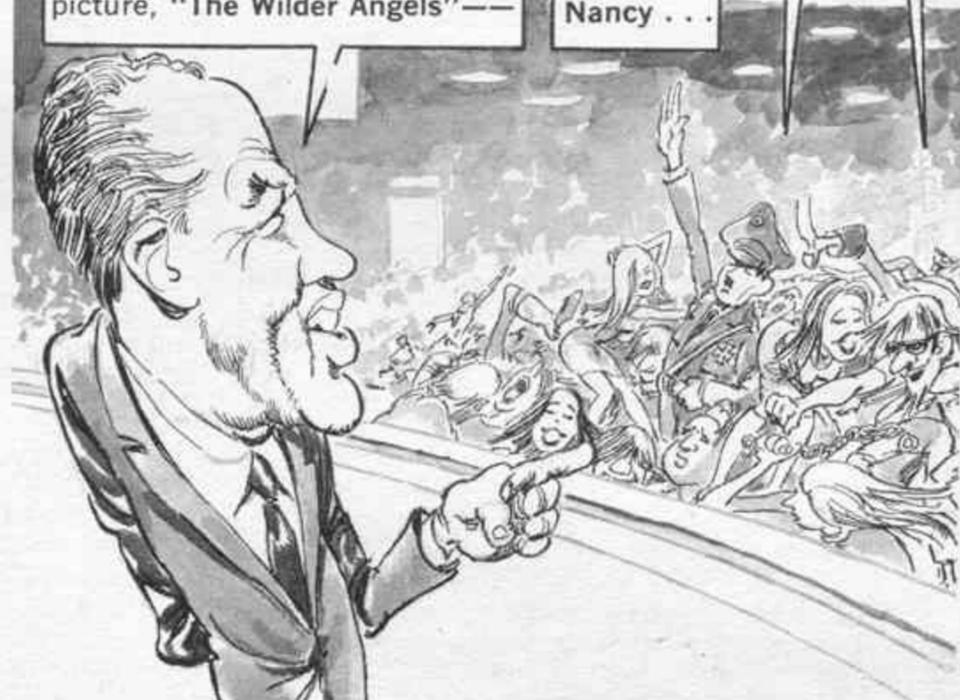
No act! Ed offered them a measly ten grand apiece! For that kind of chicken feed, he only gets to plug their latest movie!

And now, for all you youngsters around the country . . . Nancy Sinatra and Peter Fonda in some scenes from their really great picture, "The Wilder Angels"—

So let's hear it for Peter and Nancy . . .

Sieg heil!

Burn, baby! Burn!



Sheep, like, Man! This stomping bit is the greatest! Almost as much fun as smoking pot!

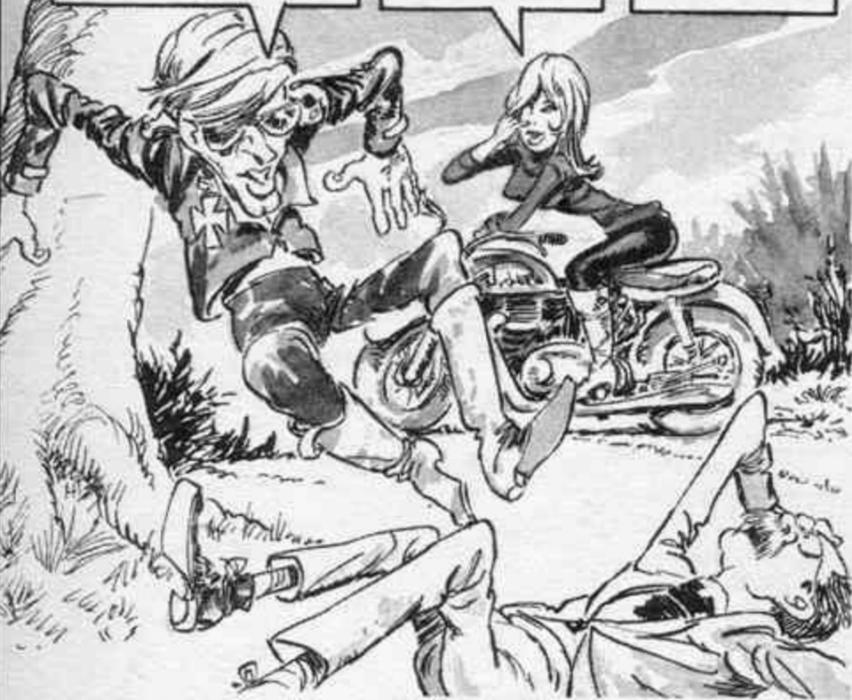
C'mon! Let's cut out and put the burn on some Fuzz!

I dig you! We'll beat 'em with chains! Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Wasn't that great, folks? Those are two of the nicest kids I've ever met. Be sure and buy Nancy's latest hit record, "These Boots Are Gonna Mash In Your Head"! And now, for our really big finale . . .

Bullets, isn't the public being cheated by having to watch these kids with nothing to offer but their parents' names?

Look at it this way, Steve. If a man owns a factory, he takes his kid into the firm, right? So what's so different about Show Biz?



I guess you're right, Bullets! In that case, would you mind . . . ?

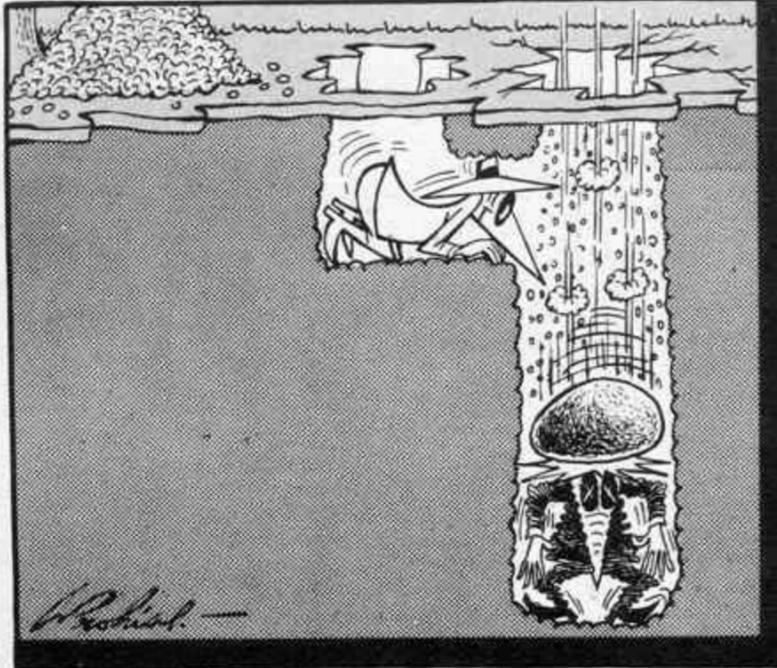
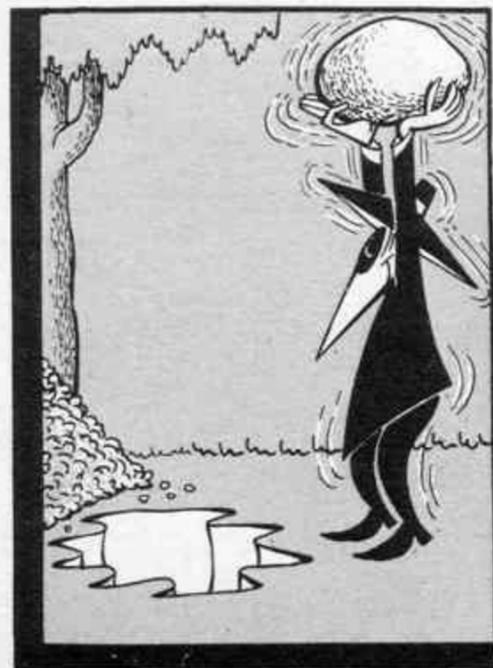
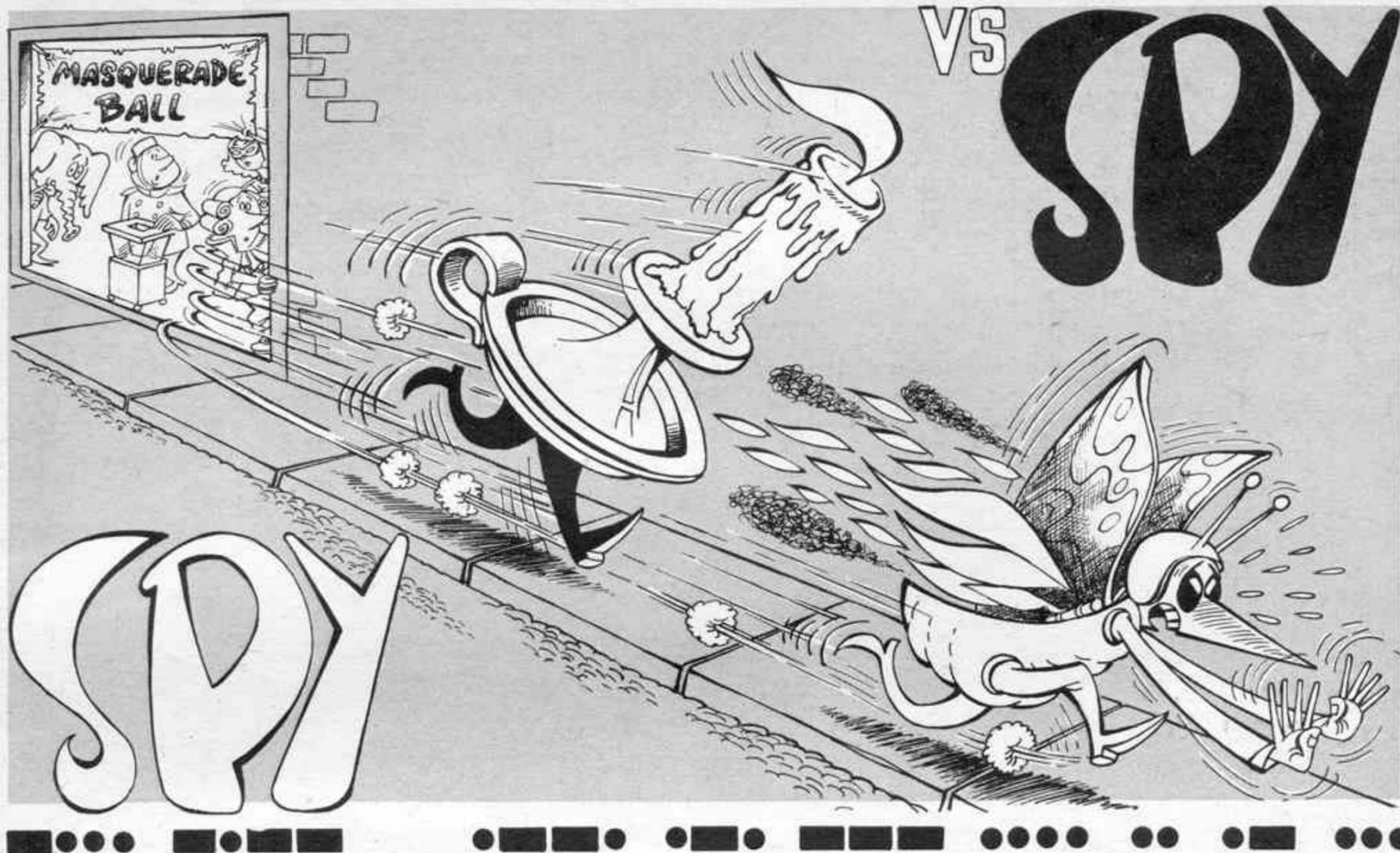
Be my guest, Steve!

Okay, kid! Here's your big chance! Knock 'em dead!

Th-this is S-Steve Allen, Jr., signing off for M-MAD Magazine!

My son, the Celebrity!!





HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER "MAD" VERSION OF THE CONTENTS OF...

A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

WRITER:
ARNIE KOGEN

My darling Timmy,
What's happening to my son?

You used to be such a nice sensible boy--a college professor at Harvard--I was so proud of you. But now you've changed. I don't understand you any more. What's gotten into you?

I write you a civil letter asking how you are--and all I get back is a package of sugar cubes and a note filled with nonsense about "freak outs" and "vibrations" and "visions" and "voyages" and "expanding spiritual horizons". I'll expand your spiritual horizons for you--right over your head! You keep this up and I'll come to Millbrook and give you such vibrations, you'll see visions for two weeks from my vibrations.

So you'd better shape up and be a good boy. And remember, no matter what kind of trouble you're in, I still love you. I know that basically you never meant any harm.

Mother

P.S. I just had my tea--and I used your sugar cubes! **Whooooooie!!**

Copake Church Supply Co.

Peekskill, New York

Dr. Timothy Leary
Minister
League for Spiritual Discovery
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Dr. Leary:

Thank you for your recent order. We supply church equipment for all major religious denominations and, although we have not previously heard of your "League for Spiritual Discovery", we will make every effort to meet your specifications. Shipment should be completed within 3-4 weeks.

However, there is one unusual item that disturbs us. Perhaps you will be good enough to satisfy our curiosity. We don't know what kind of services you conduct, but would you please explain why you ordered pews with seat belts?

Sincerely yours,
Millard Traymore
Millard Traymore
Sales Director

J. Walter Doyle & Dane Bernbach Thompson
ADVERTISING AGENCY
666 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Timothy Leary
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

Thank you for your letter outlining methods for bringing the United Fruit Company's advertising campaign up to date.

We are sorry to inform you that a cigar company is already using the slogan you suggested, and therefore it would be inappropriate for "Chiquita Banana" to say:
"Why don't you pick me up and smoke me some time?"

As for your other suggestion, although you may be quite right in asserting that LSD is colorless, odorless, non-addictive and most beneficial, we do not see what can be gained by conducting a "challenge race" between LSD and Bufferin to see which gets into the bloodstream fastest.

However, thank you for thinking of us.

Sincerely yours,
Alan Goldman
Alan Goldman
Account Executive

CITY OF MILLBROOK, NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TRAFFIC

Name: TIMOTHY LEARY Date: 11/2/67

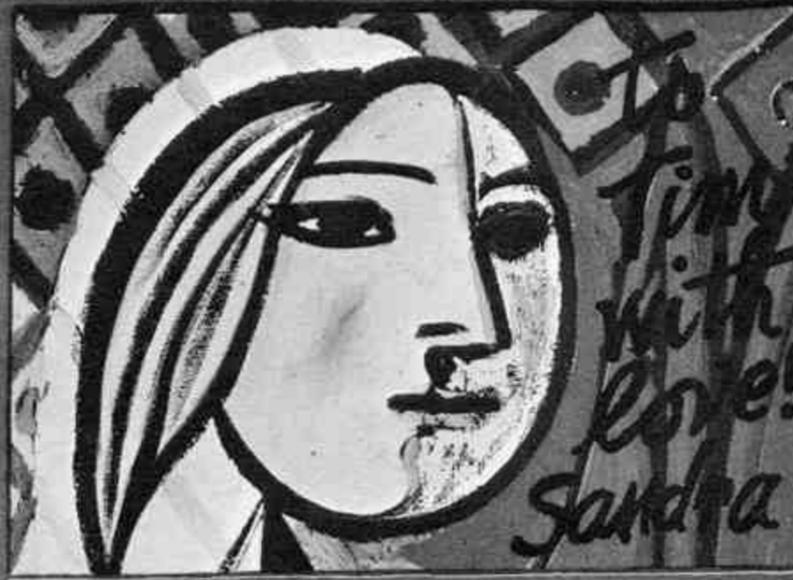
Nature of Traffic Violation: EXCEEDING SPEED LIMIT DOWN MAIN ST., SMASHING INTO FIRE HYDRANT, CAREENING 6 FEET INTO THE AIR, PLOWING THROUGH CROWD OF PEDESTRIANS AND CRASHING THROUGH A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW.

Arresting Officer: B. Smoot
Shield No. 784

Comments by Arresting Officer:
SUBJECT WAS NOT DRIVING A CAR AT THE TIME!

NAME Dr. Timothy Leary *
 ADDRESS Millbrook, N.Y. *
 OCCUPATION Professor, Lecturer,
Mind-Bender, Prince of Pot, High
Priest of I.S.D. and Messiah. *

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:
 Anybody but the F.U.Z.Z! They could
 never "tune in" on my vibrations! *



Tennie:-
 Here is the Menu for tomorrow. Please see
 to it that all items are included, as I have
 carefully calculated these meals to meet the
 minimum daily adult requirements. * L.L. *

BREAKFAST

Chilled Morning
 Glory Seed Juice
 Heroin Hot Cakes
 LSD Omelette
 Morphine Toast
 Tea

LUNCH

Airplane Glue Soup
 Hashish Salad
 LSD Burger
 French Fried Hemp
 Poppy Seed Pudding
 Tea

DINNER

LSD Cocktail
 Sacred Mushroom Soup
 Marijuana Marinara
 Choice of:
 "Pot" Roast
 "Pot" Pie
 or
 "Pot" Cheese
 Peyote Popovers
 Tea

MIDNIGHT SNACK

LSD Cookies
 and Milk

HARMS MUSIC PUBLISHING, INC.
 Brill Building, New York City

Dear Mr. Leary:

In answer to your recent inquiry,
 the phrase you are referring to is
 from a Cole Porter song, copyright
 1935, entitled "Just One Of Those
 Things".

As far as we can determine, Mr.
 Porter had no actual basis in scien-
 tific fact for using the phrase,
 and it is NOT possible to take "a
 trip to the moon on gossamer wings!"

Thank you for your interest.

Very truly yours,
 Norman Blagman
 Norman Blagman
 Research Dept.

Mutual OF OMAHA



Mr. Timothy Leary
 Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

We are in receipt of your air mail special de-
 livery letter requesting immediate coverage
 for you and the 23 members of your group in the
 amount of \$250,000 (the maximum) each.

Before we can underwrite such a policy, we will
 need some additional information:

- (1) Would you please tell us exactly what
 kind of "Flight Insurance" you had in
 mind?
- (2) Do you plan on flying together as a group,
 or separately?
- (3) Is this Flight Insurance for one round-
 trip, or do you and your group plan on
 making more than one trip each year? In
 which case, would you want to be covered?
- (4) How about one-way trips? Will there be
 any?

Awaiting your prompt reply, I remain

Very truly yours,
 Al State
 Al State
 New Policy Dept.

LEAGUE FOR SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY

Sanctuary For Psychedelic Scholars Millbrook, New York

MEMO TO: Dr. Timothy Leary

FROM: Carmine Flippo, Student

Last night, I took my first "LSD trip".
 You promised me that I would experience
 breathtaking beauty, divine energy, a
 spiritual awakening, a sensual unfolding
 and incredible ecstasy. Instead, all I
 got was like this tremendous pain in my
 head. Should I take an aspirin?

Don't be a fool, Carmine! We still don't know exactly how aspirin
 works, and whether it can be harmful if taken
 indiscriminately. * * * Dr. L. *

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... FRI



If you let me ride your bike, I'll be your best friend!

Sure, go ahead and ride it!

CRASH!

Gee, your bike is ruined!

Oh, that's okay! You're my best friend, aren't you?

Not any more, I'm not! You don't have a bike I can ride!



You two charming boys must meet! I just know you're going to adore each other and develop an instant and lasting friendship because you both have the same tastes! Sweet Marvin Glusk, I want you to meet darling George Moogie . . .

Hi!

Mmm!

I'm going to leave you two brilliant conversationalists alone now so you can discuss some vital and exciting topic, and become better acquainted! See you later! Toodle-ooo!

Er-uh-ah . . . Tell me, what do you think of our hostess?

I think she's a **MEDDLESOME OLD WITCH!**

SHAKE!!

HI, BUDDY!!



What I just told you was in the strictest confidence! As a true friend, I know you'll keep it to yourself!

Of course! You can count on me! Now that you've talked it out, I'm sure you'll feel better!

What did he tell you? Huh? What? What did he say? What . . . ?

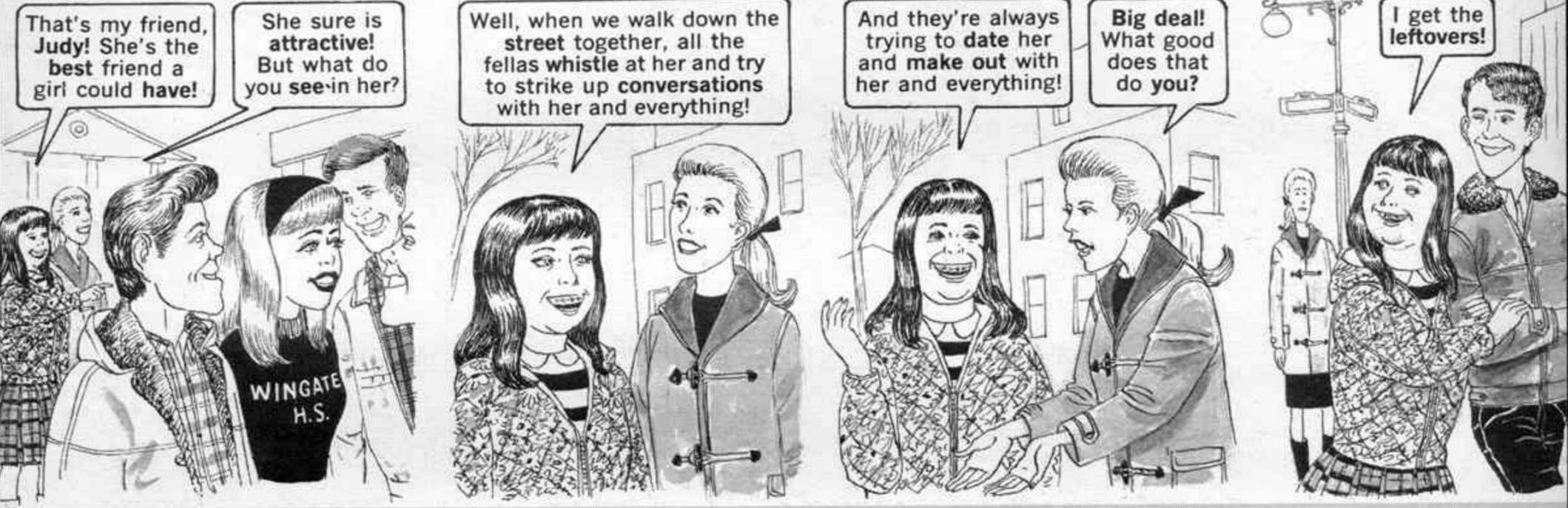
I can't tell you!

I can understand that he must have told you some deep, dark secret and as a loyal friend, you won't repeat it! I admire you for that! But **I'M YOUR WIFE, YOU CAN TELL ME!**

I'm sorry! I can't tell you!

ENDSHIP

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



That's my friend, Judy! She's the best friend a girl could have!

She sure is attractive! But what do you see in her?

Well, when we walk down the street together, all the fellas whistle at her and try to strike up conversations with her and everything!

And they're always trying to date her and make out with her and everything!

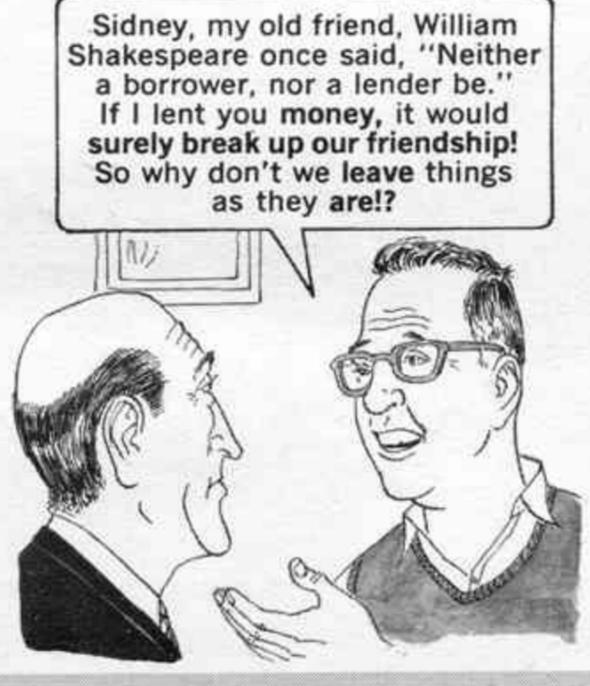
Big deal! What good does that do you?

I get the leftovers!

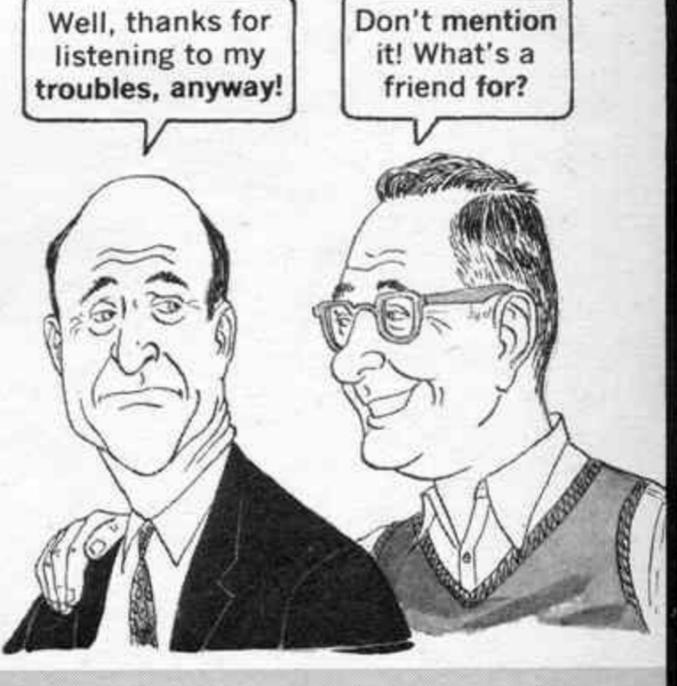


Harold, since you're my oldest and dearest friend, I've come to you. I've got a payment due on the car, Selma wants to re-upholster the couch, my daughter needs braces, and I'm strapped!

So— can you lend me \$500?

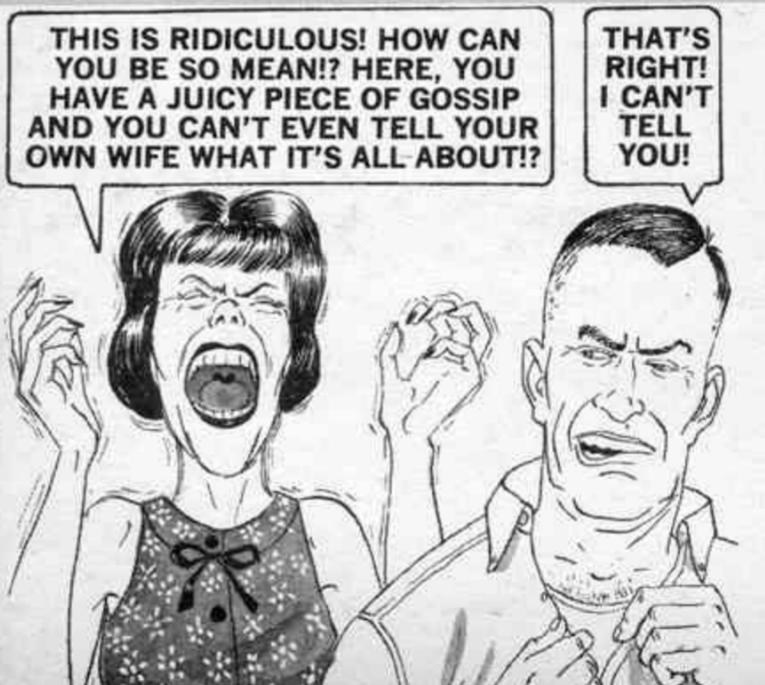


Sidney, my old friend, William Shakespeare once said, "Neither a borrower, nor a lender be." If I lent you money, it would surely break up our friendship! So why don't we leave things as they are!?



Well, thanks for listening to my troubles, anyway!

Don't mention it! What's a friend for?



THIS IS RIDICULOUS! HOW CAN YOU BE SO MEAN!? HERE, YOU HAVE A JUICY PIECE OF GOSSIP AND YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL YOUR OWN WIFE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!?

THAT'S RIGHT! I CAN'T TELL YOU!



WHY?! WHY?! WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME?? WHY?



Frankly . . . because I was so busy thinking about my own trouble, I didn't hear a word he said!

Where the devil is Al ... or Nick ... or John ... or Lenny ... or Jerry ... or Bill ... or Clyde ... or Irving ... or Stinky?



Did you have a good time at the game?



NOPE!



NOBODY was there!!



... and speaking of celebrities, Frank Sinatra is a personal friend of mine! Just the other day, I said to him—"Frankie ..."

What a phony name-dropper you are! How would a slob like you know any one as big as Frank Sinatra!?

You deliberately threw that into the conversation to give yourself status and build yourself up by making me think you have important friends!

Okay! DON'T believe me!

Hey, did you see that guy I was just talking to? That was Stanley Schnooker! He's a very good friend of mine!

He's also on a first-name basis with Frank Sinatra! Just the other day, I said to him—"Stanley ..."



Do you know that at this very moment, that so-called best friend of mine, Barbra Freeman, is having a party? And she didn't invite us!? After all I've done for her! Every party I ever threw, she was the first one invited!

That IS pretty crummy of her!

I'll never forget or forgive her for this as long as I live! That friendship is over and done with! I don't want to hear her name or speak to her again!

Er—dear, it's that crummy, unmentionable ex-friend of yours on the phone! I take it you don't want to talk to her!

Oh, don't!!? Just let me have that! I've got a few choice words I've been saving for her!



Charlie, baby, you're a real good golf buddy! I like playing with you!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

For one thing, when I'm driving or putting, you always keep quiet! I like that about you!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

For another thing, when I'm careless and forget to replace divots, you always do it for me! I like that about you too!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

But what I really love about you the most is—you're one of the few guys I can beat!

Gee, thanks a lot, Fred!





So long, Chuck!
So long, Edna!
Let's get together
again real soon!

Sure
thing,
old
buddy!

Did you have to say that—
about getting together
again!? I can't stand your
friend, Chuck, and his
empty-headed wife! I don't
care if he IS your oldest
friend! I don't ever want
to see them again!



What kind of taste do you have, anyway?
I'd like to know what other ridiculous
choices you've made! What other idiot
friends do you have? What disgusting
characters did you associate with? What
terrible types of girls did you date?
And what kind of—



— girl did I marry?



**YOU DIRTY RAT! YOU
LOUSY BUM! YOU GOOD-
FOR-NOTHIN' FINK!**



I thought he
was a friend
of yours! Why
do you take
all that guff
from him?



Because I AM a friend of
his! You see, he's not
angry at me! He's angry
at himself and the world!
He just lets it out on me!



I must say that's very
tolerant of you! But,
after all, you're only
human! I'm sure his
words make you angry!
Who do YOU let it out on?



**ON YOU, BUSTER,
FOR BUTTING IN!**



**LISTEN,
BARBRA—**

Why aren't you here yet?
Everyone is waiting for you!

But . . . but
you didn't
invite me!

Do I have to invite you?! With an old
friendship like ours, things like
that are simply understood!



**WELL, DON'T JUST STAND
THERE! GET DRESSED! WE'RE
GOING TO BARBRA'S PARTY!!**



**AND DON'T THINK I'M EVER GOING
TO FORGET OR FORGIVE YOU AS
LONG AS I LIVE FOR CALLING MY
BEST FRIEND "CRUMMY"!!**



Oh-oh! The phone is ringing,
and I've got the strangest
feeling that it's my old pal,
Jeff Miller, calling me!
That's funny! I haven't
heard from Jeff in months!



Hello?

Hi! This is
your old pal,
Jeff Miller!



I knew it! I knew it! I've got
supernatural powers! I'm
clairvoyant! I have E.S.P.!
I'm a prophet! Our bond of
friendship is so strong, Jeff,
That I knew it was you calling!



Hey!
Who
is
this?

It's
me! ME!
Mitch
Kinkle!

Gee, I'm awfully
sorry, Mitch! I
meant to dial Sid
Finster! (CLICK!)



David Berg

You Know You're REALLY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



. . . your self-winding watch keeps stopping.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



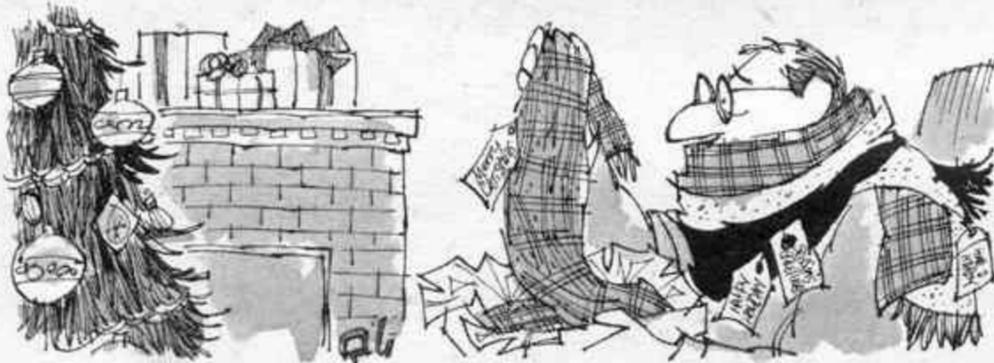
. . . you buy a pair of loafers and put pennies in the little slots.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



. . . you can finally afford all of the things you've always wanted . . . but your doctor won't let you have them.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



. . . people stop giving you sport shirts and cologne for Christmas . . . and start giving you scarves and mufflers.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



. . . mirrors don't seem nearly as fascinating as they used to be.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



. . . you drink Pepsi—not to think young, but to help you burp!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



. . . you find yourself paying close attention to the Laxative Commercials on television.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



. . . you find yourself reading the Obituary Columns before turning to the Sports Section.

GETTING OLD When...

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... you burn your Draft Card—and nobody cares!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... your "Junk Mail" stops including invitations to join the Playboy Club and starts running more and more to ads for retirement lots in Florida.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... you become more convinced each day that gray hair looks distinguished.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... you watch the "Miss America Pageant" to hear Bert Parks sing.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... the only whistles you hear are on tea kettles.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .

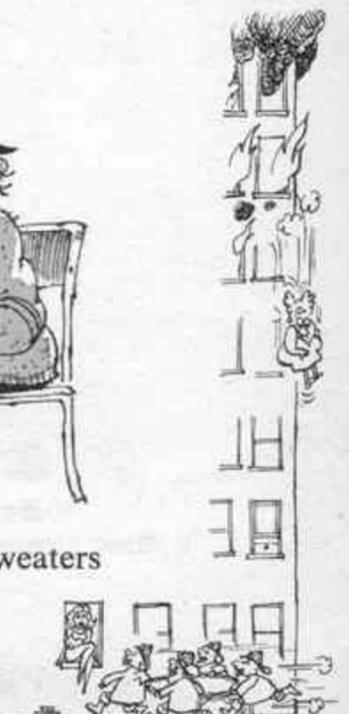


... you go to buy a new outfit, and the clerk doesn't show you anything that isn't gray or dark brown.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... you wear stockings for support and sweaters for warmth.



MY THREE YEARS WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY

by
Turk Griswold



BOUND TO APPEAR DEPT.

According to recent reports, Americans spend almost \$3 billion a year on books. With this in mind, and after considerable research, MAD has come up with its own additional statistics. Of this \$3 billion, only \$167 is

"BEST-SELLERS" W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

SEVEN THOUSAND DIRTY HOURS

Another Lascivious Novel By
HAROLD ROBBINS



THE SEX NOVEL TO END ALL SEX NOVELS

a deep breath, Lance braced himself and opened the door to the bedroom.

The huge bed was there, just as he'd left it that morning. Except that now, waiting for him in it were: flaming-eyed Sheilah Rogers with heavy-breathing Nancy Norris and hot-lipped Salley Barnes and deep-sighing Carol Blauvelt and itchy-ankled Rosa Verneti and throbbing-kneed Olga Svensen and quivering-fingered Lotus Soong and twitchy-nosed Marie Roualt and sweaty-palmed Anna Vosnieskinov and lissome Nanooka Yooker and slithery Carmela Ranola and intense Nejla Kassim and marriage-hungry Renée Fink and sloppy Sophie Blunge and TV Repairman Eddie Burke and the starting lineup of the Green Bay Packers and a dachshund named Irving and four Siamese cats with crossed-eyes and a squashed grasshopper and two turtle doves and a partridge

THE INTIMATE BOOK ON J.F.K. TO END ALL INTIMATE BOOKS ON J.F.K.

which is why I will never forget that fateful day in 1961.

I was collecting the afternoon load of White House garbage and dumping it into my truck like always, when my associate, Angie Bodini, saw that I looked troubled. Knowing that the President always confided in me in subtle ways, Angie put down his can and moved close.

"What's wrong, Turk?" he whispered.

I glanced around to make sure that no one was eavesdropping. "You see those two half-eaten hard-boiled eggs?" I said, pushing back a crumpled copy of the New York Times.

"Yeah," he nodded. "I didn't notice them before."

"You see that bread-and-jelly sandwich, hardly touched?" I continued.

He nodded again.

"See that tremendous load of coffee grounds?" I went on. "It means only one thing!"

Angie grabbed my muscular shoulders. He was very emotional. "Give it to me straight!", he cried. "What does it mean?"

"What else?", I said fatalistically. "He's going ahead with that Bay of Pigs thing!"

"Oh, my God!", Angie hissed. "But why is he telling you all this, Turk?"

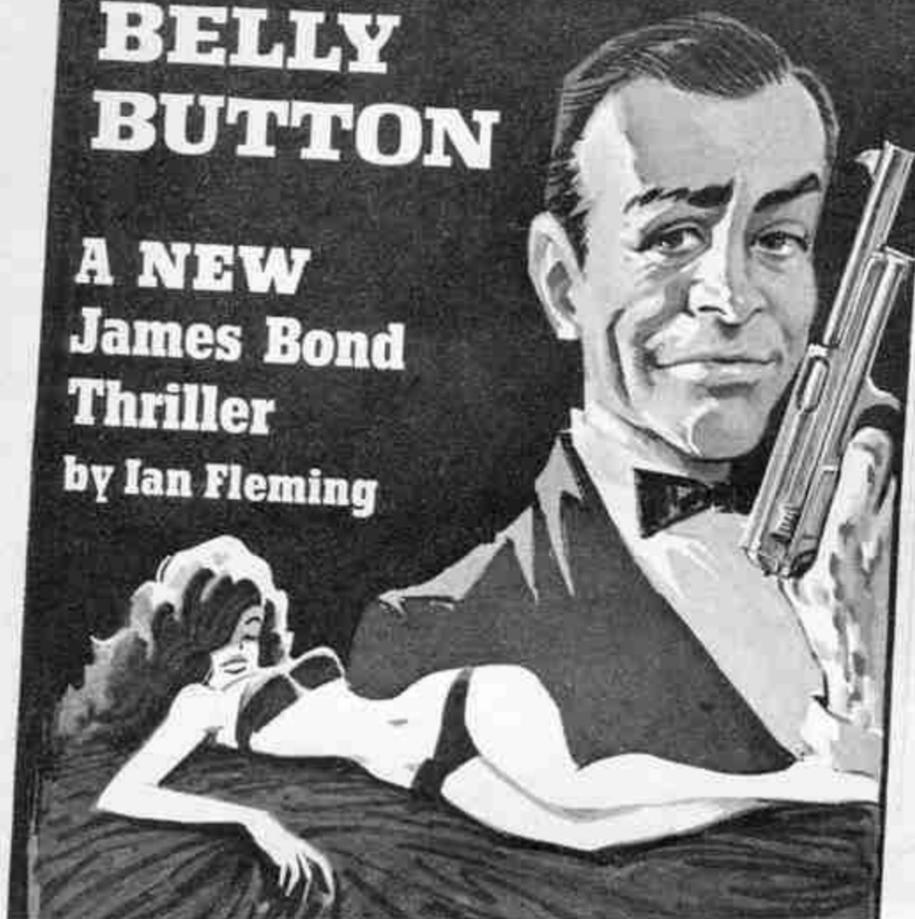
"Angie," I sighed deeply. "If a President can't confide in his own Garbage Man, who can he confide in?"

I went back to work, knowing that somehow I would have to pass the information on... first to Jackie, and then to Secretary of State Dean Rusk. It would be a

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THE SPY WITH THE GOLDEN BELLY BUTTON

A NEW
James Bond
Thriller
by Ian Fleming



THE ABSOLUTELY LATEST
IAN FLEMING NOVEL

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY
THE PUBLISHER

Despite the sudden and untimely death of author Ian Fleming not too long ago, many publishers are still managing to discover Fleming manuscripts that have never before seen print. Playboy Magazine alone has printed several James Bond stories since their author died.

Well, with this book, we of the Rancid House Publishing Company are going to prove that we are the best "New-Fleming-Story-Finders" of them all. We have a doctor, a clergyman and a mortician who will swear that the last two words of this book were typed by Fleming with a reflex finger-action just one second before he died and exactly four hours and two minutes before rigor mortis set in.

Yes, there is no doubt about it! THIS is absolutely the last and final James Bond book written by Ian Fleming before his death! There *cannot* be any others!

And now, before you read and enjoy it, I would like to tell you about the next James Bond book we will soon be publishing. This one was written by Ian Fleming after his death!

You see, while I was attending a seance recently, I happened to receive an emanation from the ectoplasm

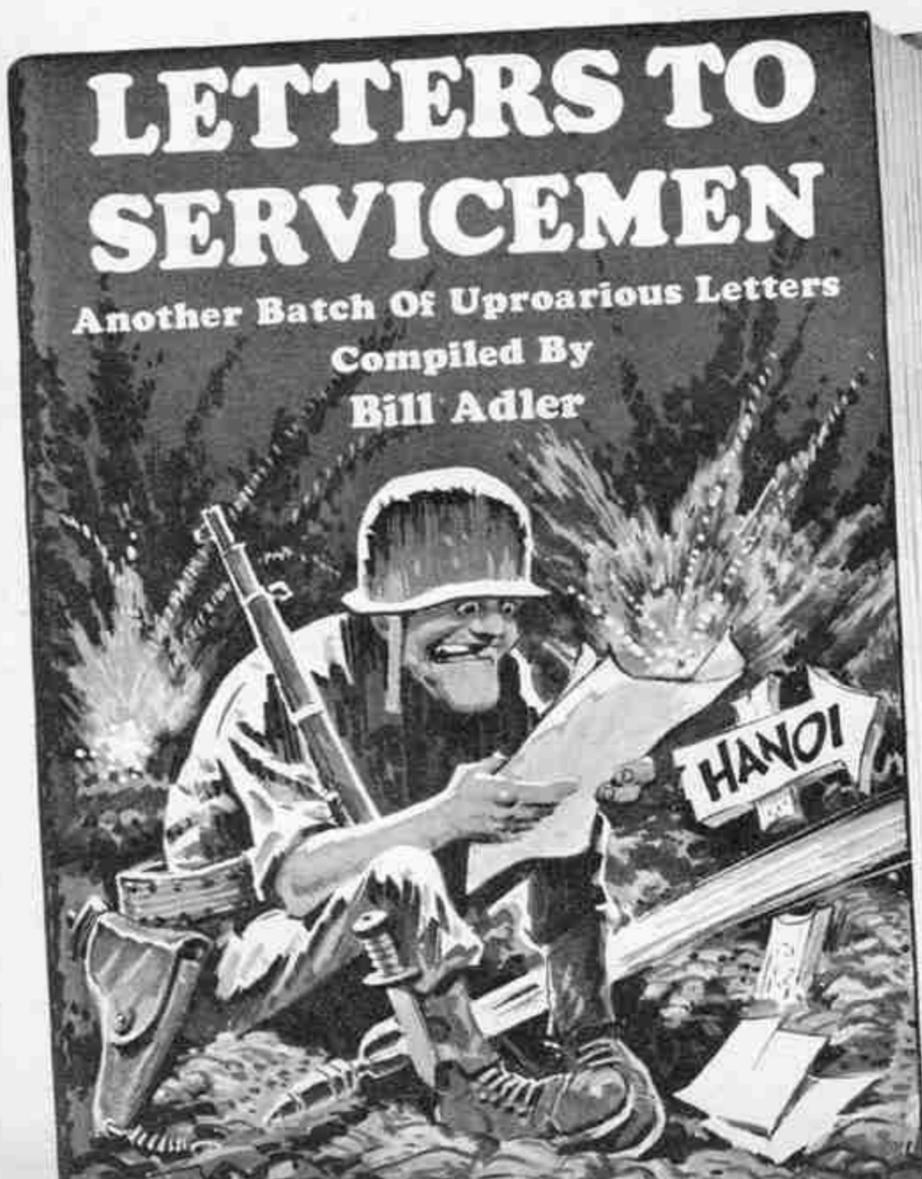
spent on good books! The rest? Well, let's put it this way: if you think TV and the Movies follow nauseating trends, you haven't been following the trends in "Best-Sellers" these days. F'rinstance, here are a few . . .

E'RE SURE TO SEE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

LETTERS TO SERVICEMEN

Another Batch Of Uproarious Letters
Compiled By
Bill Adler



THE MOST HILARIOUS COMPILATION
OF HUMOROUS "LETTERS TO" YET

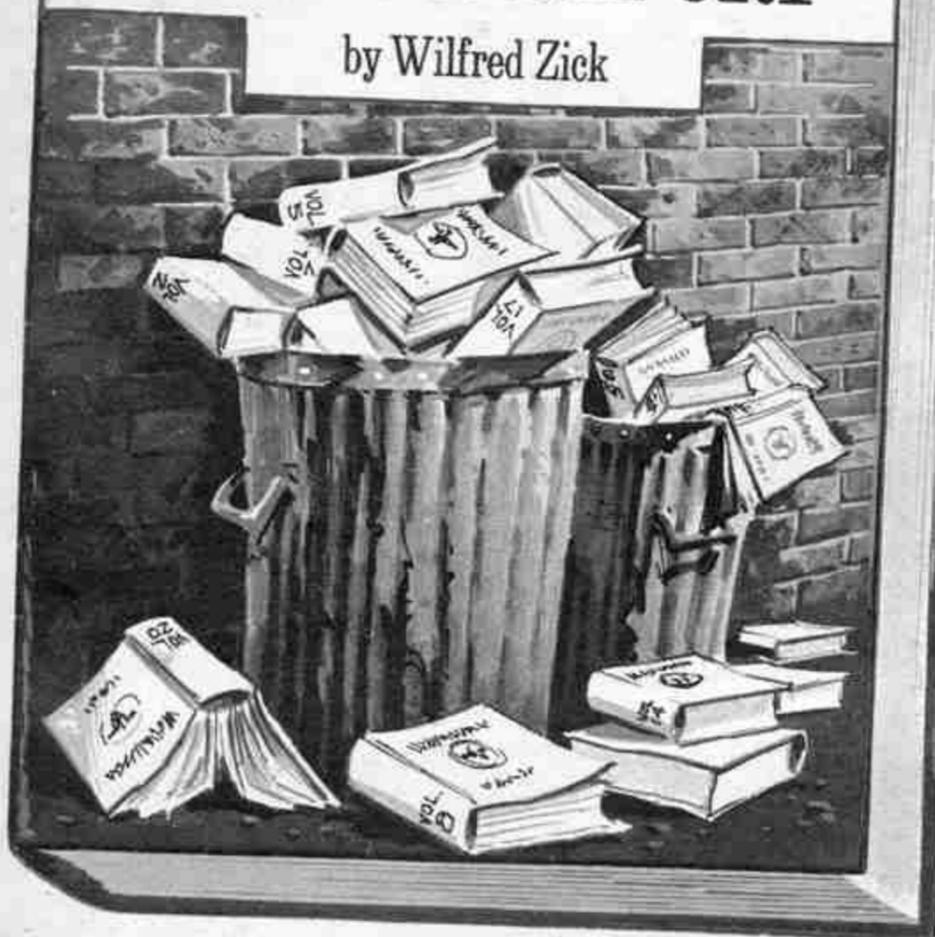
and I hope you are well out there in Vietnam. Oh, by the way, Harold? Do you want to hear something funny? Remember that fellow who used to come to our house to try to sell us encyclopedias? You know, the guy we always used to chase away. Well, he's still coming to the house. Isn't that a scream? But don't worry. He doesn't try to sell me encyclopedias anymore. No sir, he's learned his lesson. In fact, he's been here ten times in the past two weeks and he didn't once talk about encyclopedias.

Well, anyway, you know what he told me yesterday? He told me that he just got a new job in Chile and he's leaving on Friday. Isn't that funny? An encyclopedia salesman in Chile? I laughed, and he laughed, and the four kids laughed. (The kids seem to find him amusing. They say he doesn't mope around the house the way you used to. Isn't that *cute*?)

I can almost hear you chuckling over this story as you read it there in that trench or whatever it is you live in. But wait a minute, here's the punch line: After thinking it over I've decided

75,000 THINGS WRONG WITH THE WARREN REPORT

by Wilfred Zick



THE MOST DETAILED ATTACK YET ON THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT

and what's more, the page is numbered incorrectly.

(28,243) Pages 197 and 198 were joined together in my edition and had to be cut apart by hand.

(28,244) There was a smudge on the title page.

(28,245) The book doesn't stand up well on a shelf.

(28,246) The pages flop over when you open the book, unless you hold them down.

(28,247) The binding is weak.

(28,248) The pages don't taste good when you lick your fingers to turn them.

(28,249) The book was not dedicated to anyone.

(28,250) The type was hard to read.

(28,251) The writing lacked dramatic style.

(28,252) There was no comedy relief.

(28,253) My theory that the actual assassin was John Wilkes Booth was never explored or even acknowledged, leaving a serious doubt as to the integrity of the Commis-

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ME, EIGHT WHEELS, AND GOD



THE FANTASTIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROLLER
DERBY IMMORTAL MIDGE "TOUGHIE" BRASHUN

as told to DICK LYNCH

THE ULTIMATE SPORTS FIGURE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUR TIME

and as I skated on that night, a funny voice within me kept saying, "Give up, Toughie! You'll never make it! You'll never score that tie-breaking winning point!"

Everything seemed to be going against me, all right. I was being chased by five burly 300-pounders, not to mention two or three *men* skaters. And to make matters worse, I suddenly discovered that my equipment had been sabotaged. I was skating on "learners", and I had no skate key, and my right front wheel was boxed.

In Roller Derby competition—the most magnificent and most meaningful sport yet devised by Man—this was the "Moment of Truth". I was about to quit, when I heard another voice, the voice of Roller Derby fan, Barry Yeager, from his hospital bed.

"Win one . . . cough . . . cough . . . for ME tonight, Toughie!" it said, hoarsely.

I gritted my teeth and skated on. "I gotta do it for him!" I whispered. "This one's for you, Barry . . . there in the Bellevue Alcoholic Ward. Just for you . . ."

Well, the rest is Roller Derby history. I scored and we won. And as I stood before the microphone on "Toughie Brashun Night", I brushed aside a tear and said humbly, "I sure am lucky to be a Brooklyn Red Devil, folks!"

A mighty roar went up from the eight throats in the audience, and the applause was deafening as I was lifted

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THE WEREWOLF



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



WRITER: SEMI



A TURN FOR THE WORSE DEPT.

Late Night Television viewers and insomniacs often spend their evenings switching back and forth, mainly, their electric blankets, from "Warm" to "Medium-Hot". But in addition, they often have a problem deciding which Late Night TV Show to watch. They're usually torn between the "Tonight

LATE NIGHT

From New York... It's the "TONIGHT SHOW" ... with guest stars: Buddy Hackett, The Supremes, and Professor Irwin Corey! I'm Ed McMahon! And now, here's the star of our show...



"COCHISE, SON OF POTCHISE" ... tonight's feature on "THE LATE MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE GREAT" ...

It's Cochise ... leading his war party of savages and shrieking his horrible war cry ...



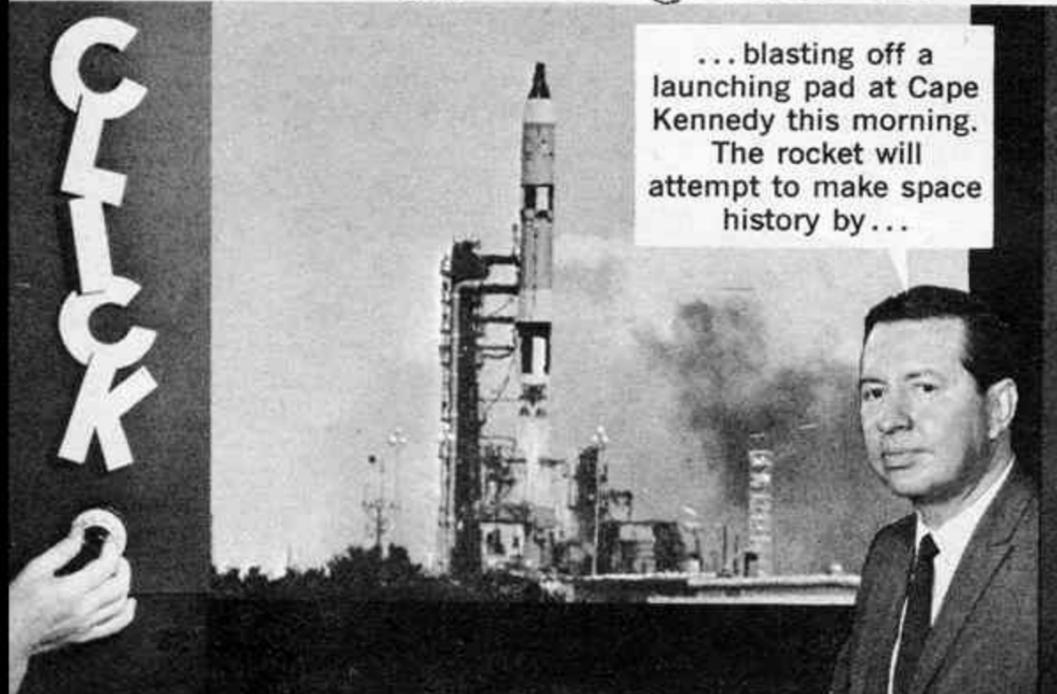
... the N.B.C. Commissary! I ordered their special ... Ham and Swiss on White ...



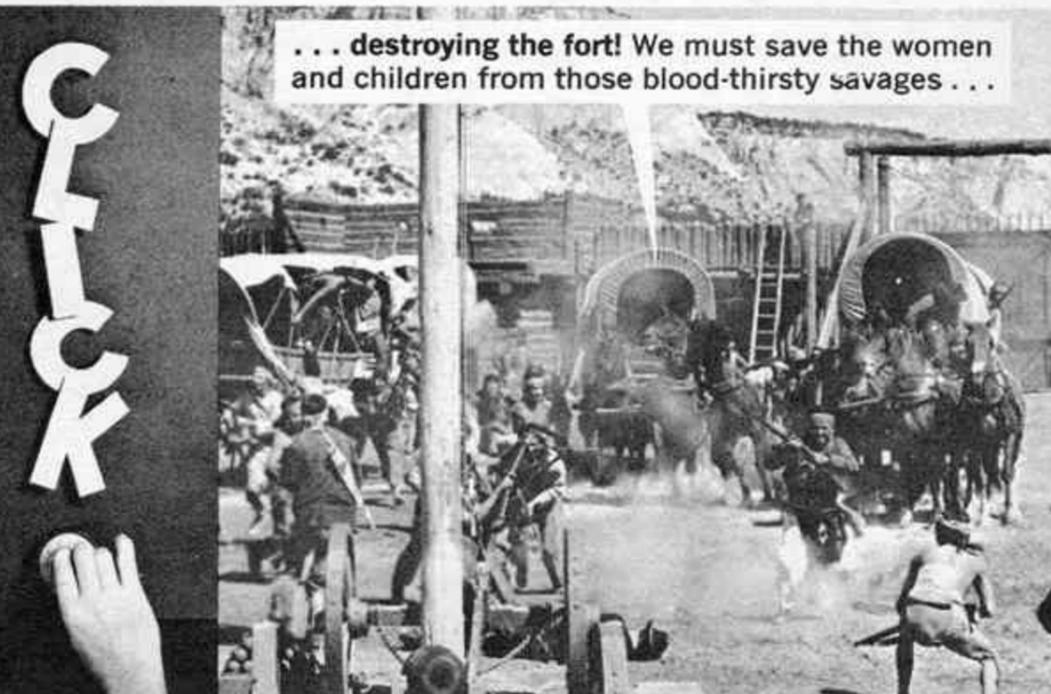
... Man who speak with forked tongue! You burn our land, you steal our cattle, and worst of all, you send us ...



... blasting off a launching pad at Cape Kennedy this morning. The rocket will attempt to make space history by...



... destroying the fort! We must save the women and children from those blood-thirsty savages ...





Show", the "Late Movies" and the "Evening News". Here, then, is what happens in millions of homes as parents wait up for their teen-age kids to come back from dates . . . and they play America's Number-One Insomniac Game, as they switch from TV Channel to TV Channel. We call this madness . . .

TV ROULETTE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.



WHOOPEE! And may the bird of Paradise . . .

. . . meet with Russian leaders to solve World Problems. The Russians, however, vetoed the suggestion to hold a Summit Conference at . . .



. . . Richard Nixon, who made his first bid for the 1968 GOP Presidential nomination in a speech before 6000 wildly cheering Republicans gathered in . . .

. . . the "Pink Pussycat" in Hollywood! Ed had a few drinks there last night, and the next thing we knew, he was seen . . .



. . . Milton De Lugg and his orchestra! And here is the first member of our studio audience who will try to "Stump the Band"! Where are you from, Miss?

I'm from . . .

. . . a narcotics raid on the upper West Side, where authorities uncovered a cache of 17 pounds of pure uncut Heroin and . . .

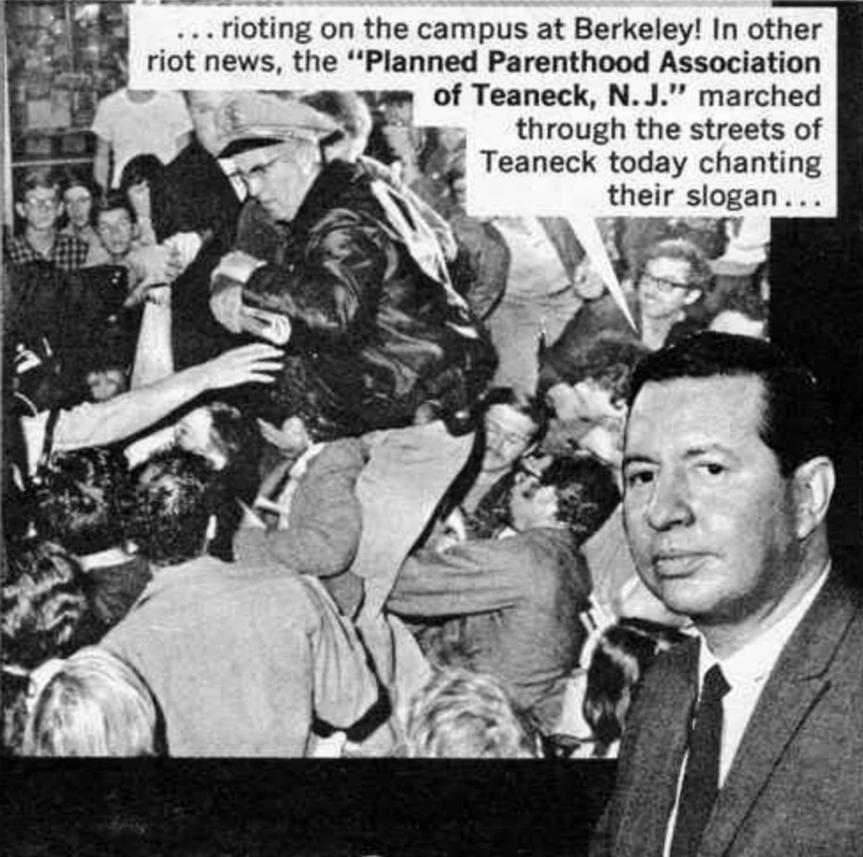


... a copy of my book, "HAPPINESS IS A DRY ..."



... BRUSH FIRE! Those Apaches will destroy our homes unless we get help!

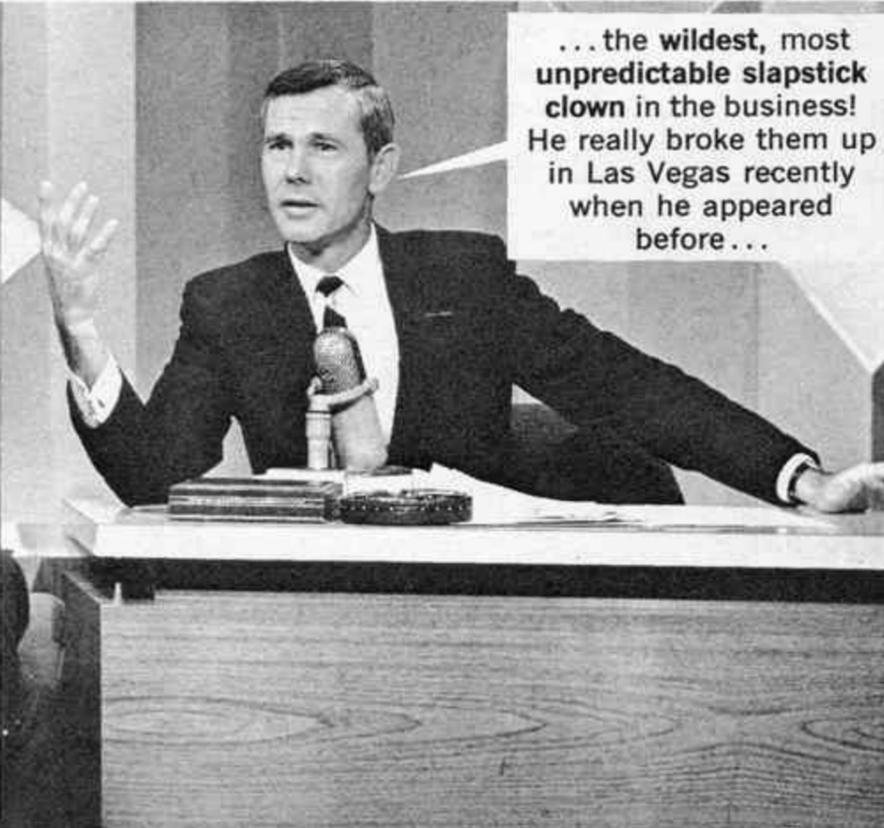
There's only one man in the West who can save us! It's that fearless, gun-slingin', guitar-strummin' masked man—



... rioting on the campus at Berkeley! In other riot news, the "Planned Parenthood Association of Teaneck, N.J." marched through the streets of Teaneck today chanting their slogan ...



♪ ... Stop! In the Name of Love—Before ... ♪



... the wildest, most unpredictable slapstick clown in the business! He really broke them up in Las Vegas recently when he appeared before ...



... 12,000 liquored-up, screaming, hysterical Apaches! They've bolted their reservation and they're going to attack ...

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

... Ronald Reagan! The Governor spent the day huddled with his top advisor and confidante ...

CLICK



CLICK

... Buddy Hackett! Buddy has just returned from three hilarious weeks ...



... I drill you full of lead!

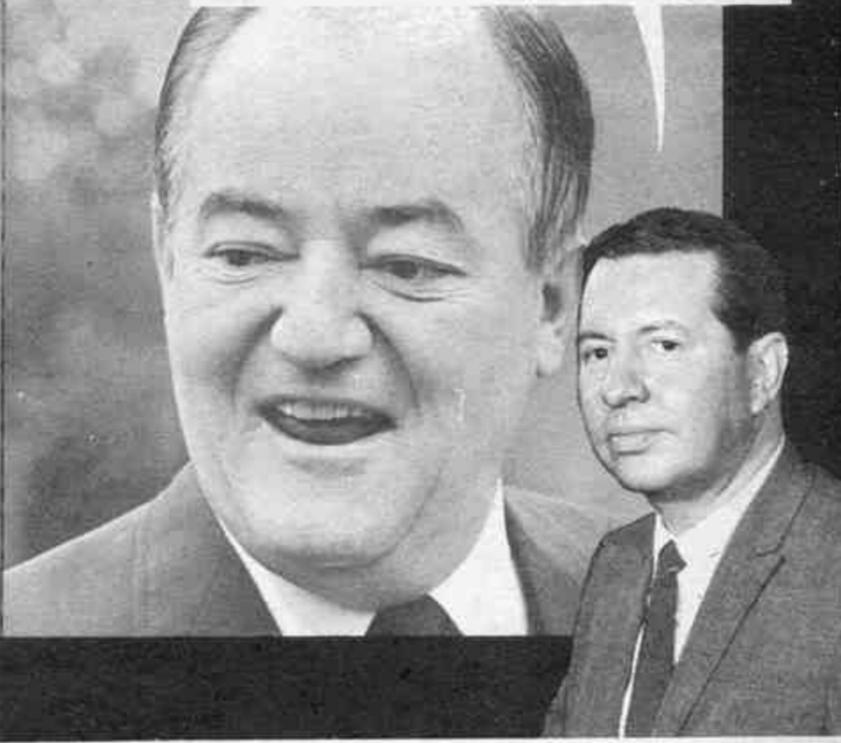
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I wouldn't try that if I were you, because right behind you is that famous masked man and his faithful companion ...

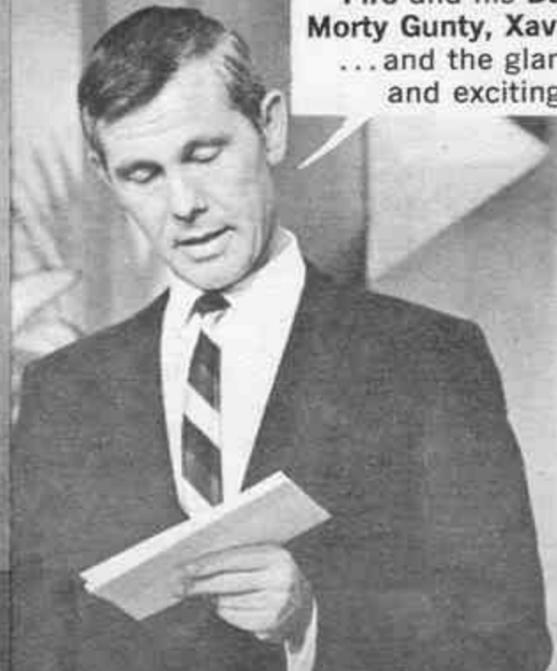
CLICK

... Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey! Mr. Humphrey's speech today left no doubt that he is unquestionably ...



...tomorrow night's guests... Georgie Jessel, Milt Kamen, Killer Joe Piro and his Dancers, Morty Gunty, Xavier Cugat ...and the glamorous and exciting...

CLICK



CLICK

... Lady Bird Johnson!



MAD TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THIS DEPT.

A few issues back, we ran an article, titled "Announcements For Everything." Shortly thereafter, Mr. Byron Q. Bixby, of East Spectrum, Oklahoma, wrote in, saying that the article was the "worst

MORE ANNOUNCEMENTS

MRS. LOUELLA QUIGLEY
REGRETFULLY ANNOUNCES
THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER HUSBAND
QUINCY
FOLLOWING HIS FAILURE
TO BID A LAY-DOWN GRAND SLAM
AT THE ACME BRIDGE CLUB
ON FRIDAY, THE FOURTH OF FEBRUARY
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN

Mr. Mario ("Dutch") Spinelli
Having Pleaded Guilty To A Lesser Charge
On Advice Of Counsel
Requests Your Presence
At His Sentencing
At Ten O'Clock On The Morning
Of Wednesday, The Ninth Of March
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven
United States District Court

Coming-Out Party
Following Brief 30-Day Rap
To Be Held In Front Of
The Federal House Of Detention
427 West Street

R.S.V.P.

Mrs. Selma Rappaport
Is Anxious To Announce
In Minute Detail
The Lurid Events Leading Up To
And The Fat Settlement Resulting From
Her Recent Divorce From
Arnold Rappaport
At Reno, Nevada
On Tuesday, The Twenty-Eighth Of March
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven

Freddy Sandler
Wishes To Thank
His Classmates At Frisbee High School
For Their Letter
Of Sympathy And Condolence
Following the Untimely Death
Of His
1937 Nash

The Remains May Be Viewed At
Irv's Junk Yard

junk" ever to appear in MAD Magazine. Naturally, we do not agree with Mr. Bixby. The truth of the matter is, the "worst junk" ever to appear in MAD Magazine is the following article, namely . . .

FOR EVERYTHING

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Miss Fifi LaVoom
Is Ecstatic To Announce
The Acquisition
Of A Diamond Brooch
Following A Week-End In Miami
With Mr. Monroe Mishkin
Of Mishkin Industries
On Monday, The Sixth Of February
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven

Mrs. Sophie Tishman
Takes Great Relish
In Smugly Announcing
That The Mink Coat
Supposedly Bought Wholesale
By Her Sister-In-Law
Mrs. Walter Weinstock
Is Actually Muskrat

E Company
Fourth Battalion
Second Infantry Regiment
United States Army
Requests The Pleasure Of Your Company
At Its Ninth Weekly
Latrine Inspection
On The Morning Of Sunday
The Twenty-Fifth Of December
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six
Fort Dix, New Jersey

Mr. Horace ("Fingers") Mulvaney
Is Pleased To Announce
The Opening Of
The Chase Manhattan Bank's
Main Vault
During The Early Morning Hours
Of Sunday, The Third Of April
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven



ANIMAL KINGDOM DEPT.

A couple of issues back, MAD published a collection of Food Songs. In the article, we said that food is the most important thing in our lives. Well, we were wrong—at least for some people. It seems there is another area in our lives that takes up even more of our time than food. Mainly, the feeding, training, walking and all-around absurdity of pets. Let us, then, give these creatures of fur, fins and feathers the tribute they deserve as we present this assortment of

SONG

THE PET-OWNERS CHORUS

(Sung to the tune of "The Jets' Song")

When you've a pet,
You've a burden for life
Who will cost you more dough
Than a gluttonous wife!

When you've a pet,
You are forced to ignore
That your living-room looks
Like the Second World War!



The parrot that yells!
The St. Bernard that paws you!
The hamster that smells!
The Siamese Cat that claws you!
The Mouse that gnaws you!

When you've a pet,
You've a friend to the core
Who will wake you at dawn
When you've dropped off at 4!
When you've a pet,
You're sunk, you bet!

When you've a pet
You will spend all your days
With your hand on the button
Of Aerosol sprays!

When you've a pet
You can bet on the line
He'll turn vicious and mean
When your boss comes to dine!



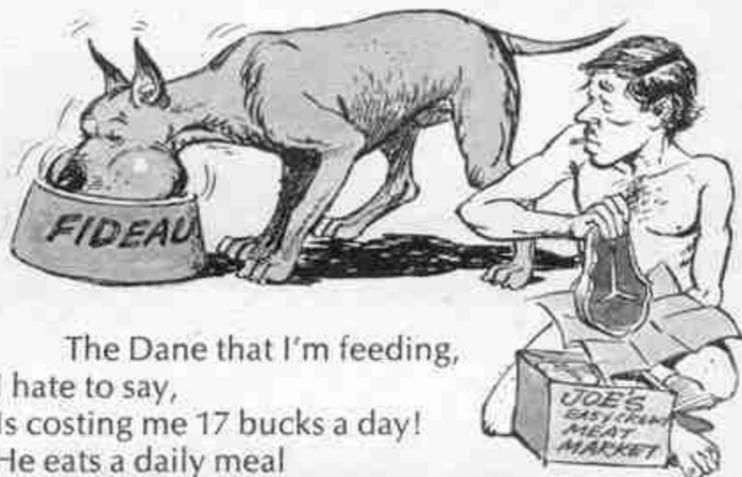
Your coat and your vest
Are chewed to little bits there!
Your rug has been "blessed"
With something that just sits there!
You're having fits there!

When you've a pet
Your contentment is through!
You've no life of your own
And your home is a zoo!
It's a big... smelly...
noisy... messy... zoo!



THE DOG-FEEDER'S DIRGE

(Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry")



The Dane that I'm feeding,
I hate to say,
Is costing me 17 bucks a day!
He eats a daily meal
Of T-bones and lamb-chops and shoulders of veal!

And when he is finished, he has a bowl
Of porterhouse steak and filet of sole!
His great yearning,
I am learning,
Swallows up every penny I'm earning!
The Dane that I'm feeding
Is constantly bleeding
Me dry!

THE AQUARIUM ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things")



Black, shiny Mollies and bright-colored Guppies—
Shy little Angels as gentle as puppies—
Swimming and diving with scarcely a "swish"—
They were just some of my tropical fish!—

Then I bought Mantas that sting in the water—
Deadly Piranhas that itch for a slaughter—
Savage male Bettas that bite with a "squish!"—
Now I have many less tropical fish!

If you think that
Fish are peaceful,
That's an empty wish!
Just dump them together and leave them alone,
And soon you will have
No fish!

S OF PETS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

MELODY FOR A MYNAH

(Sung to the tune of "Dinah")



Mynah!
There's no bird that talks finah
From Connecticut to China!
Other creatures are never
Clever as she!

Mynah!
She's so smart I can't bear it—
Smarter even than a parrot
When she's imitating me!

But when I've company,
My Mynah
Shouts with glee
Some crude obscenity
That she picked up from me!

Mynah!
Better shut your face, Mynah!
Or I'll feed you turpentine-ah
And I'll get a chimpanzee!

SERENADE TO A WATCHDOG

(Sung to the tune of "Strangers In The Night")

Watchdog in the night—
I never chained you!
Watchdog in the night—
I always trained you
To protect my house
Until the night was through!



Then those burglars came—
You didn't mind it!
They were after loot—
You helped them find it!
Diamond rings and furs
You quickly led them to!



Watchdog in the night—
A stupid beagle you were!
Watchdog in the night—
But later on when I—
Returned to my poor home—
How your jaws did foam!
You became a snapping dog—
A crazy, fearless yapping dog!



Whenever I'm in sight,
It's so upsetting!
Every time you bite,
It's me you're getting!
Now you're full of fight—
My watchdog in the night!

SONG FOR A SHEEPDOG

(Sung to the tune of "White Christmas")



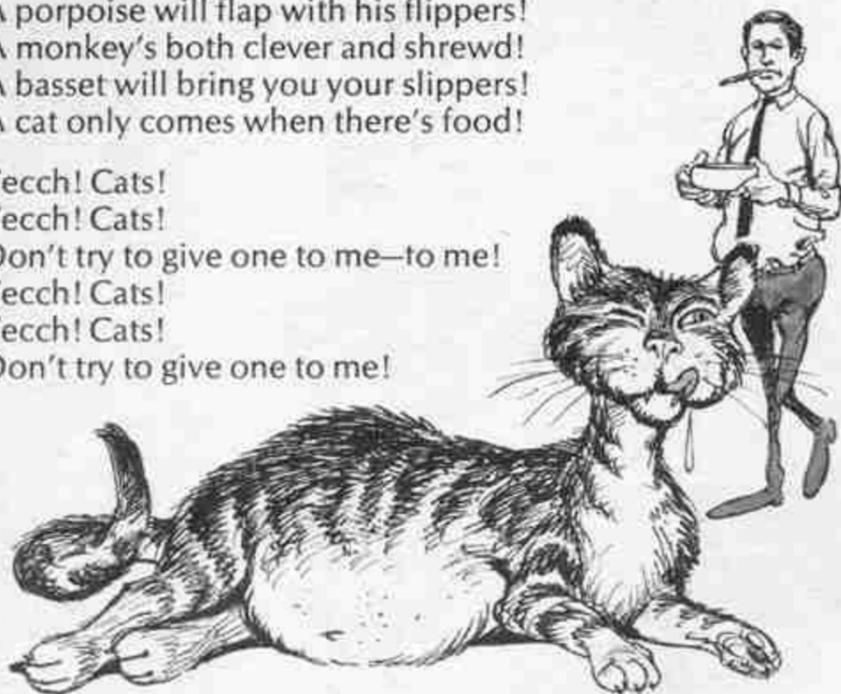
I'm screaming at a white sheepdog
Each time he sits upon my chair!
It's a thing I'm dreading—
The way he's shedding
And coats everything with hair!
I'm screaming at a white sheepdog!
If he should visit you some night—
May his bark be worse than his blight—
And may all your furniture be white!

A CAROL FOR CATS

(Sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")

A porpoise will flap with his flippers!
A monkey's both clever and shrewd!
A basset will bring you your slippers!
A cat only comes when there's food!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!



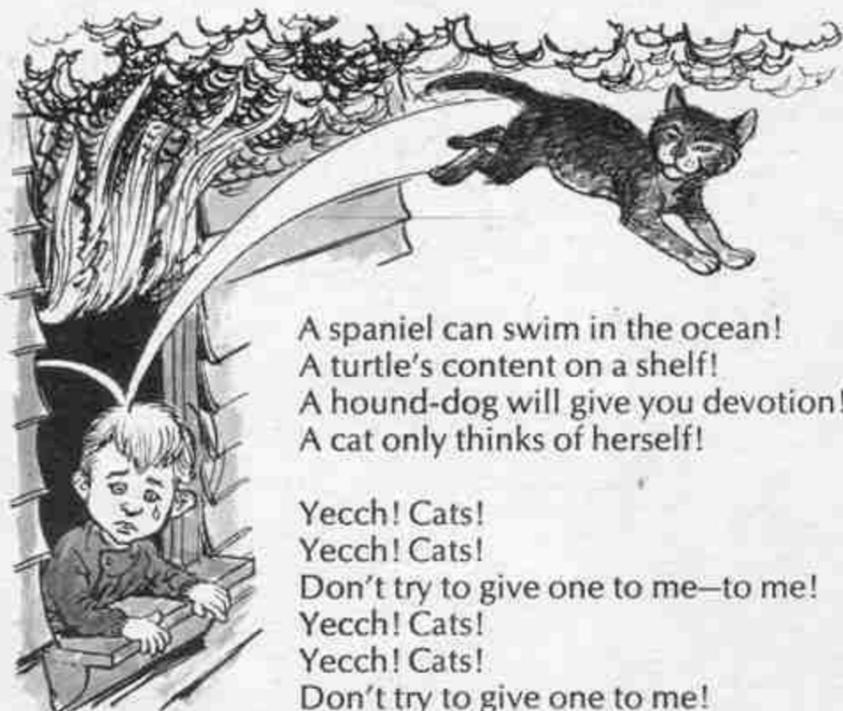
A chimp makes ridiculous faces!
A skunk has a noteworthy air!
A snake will return your embraces!
A cat only claws up a chair!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!



A parrot can speak in Italian!
A goldfish is gorgeous to see!
A colt will become a proud stallion!
A cat just gets caught in a tree!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!

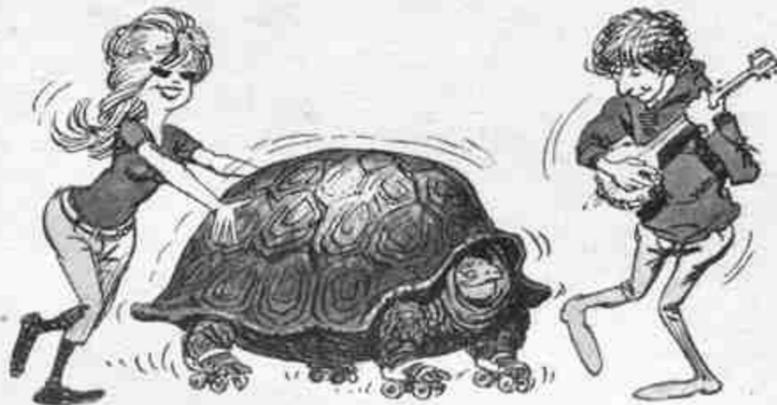


A spaniel can swim in the ocean!
A turtle's content on a shelf!
A hound-dog will give you devotion!
A cat only thinks of herself!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!

HYMN TO A TURTLE

(Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face")



I've grown accustomed to your pace!
You're like a streak of blazing light!
I've grown accustomed to the blast
Of wind when you run past!
And when you zoom
From room to room,
You're like a burst of energy—
A comet racing through the night!
You're just a wild and crazy creature
who is uncontrolled and free!
No wonder I get dizzy when I see
you passing me!
I've grown accustomed to the rush—
Accustomed to the speed—
Accustomed to your pace!

BALLAD FOR A POODLE

(Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live")



I have often walked my Pierre outside!
But I never liked him in the dirty air outside!
-Now he sits upon
His own private john
That I built for the dog that I love!

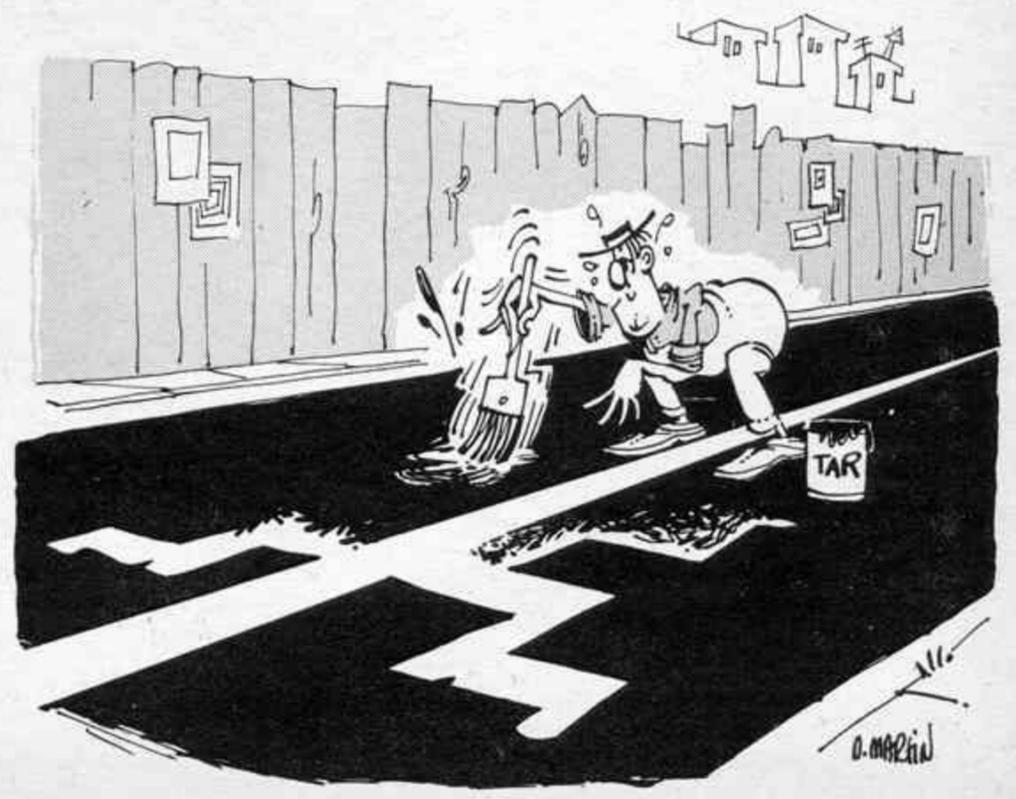
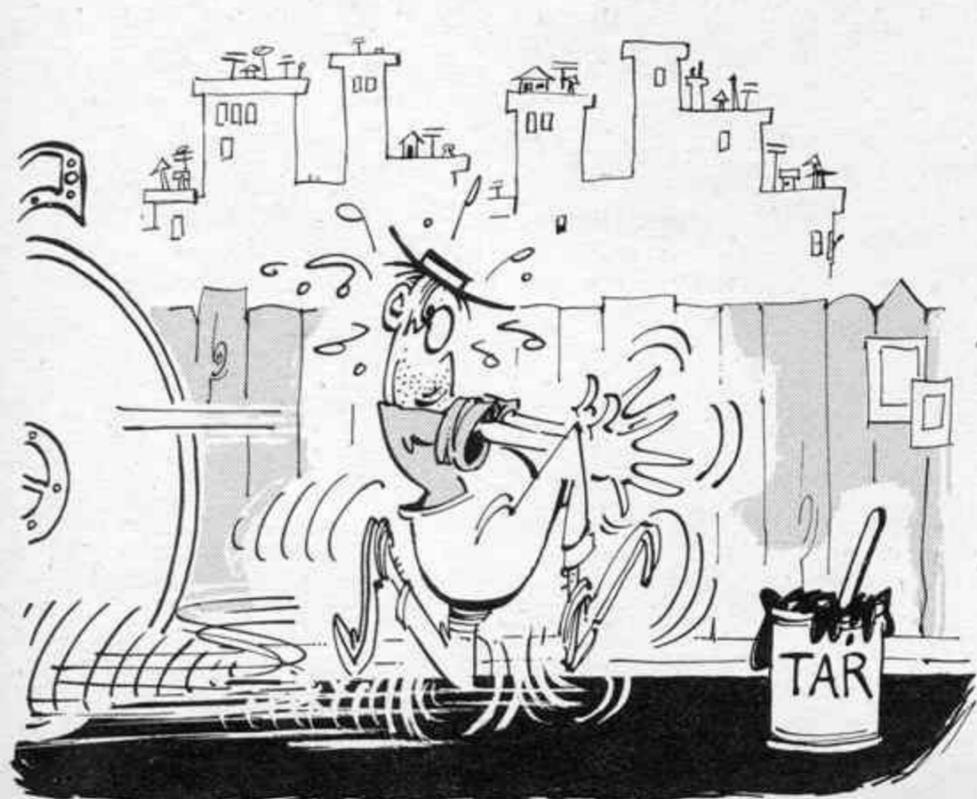
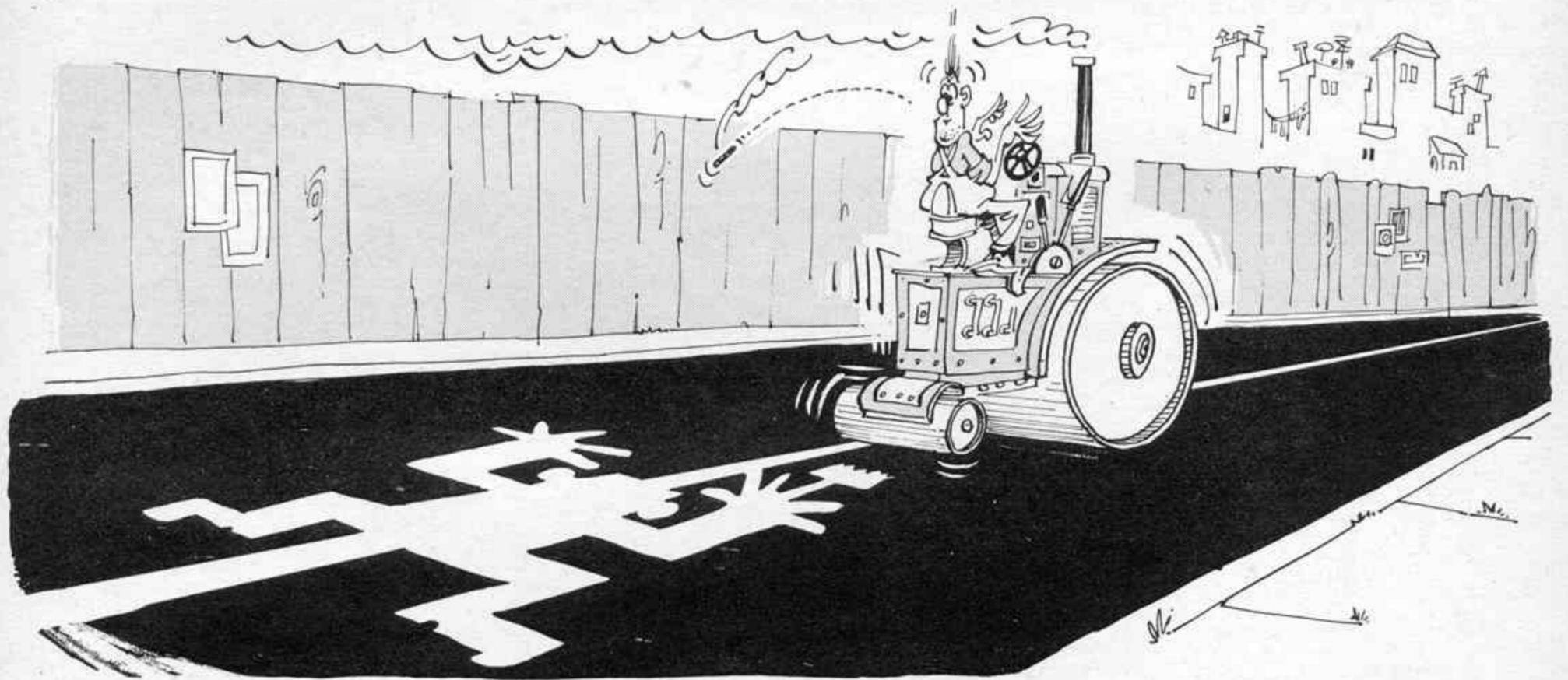
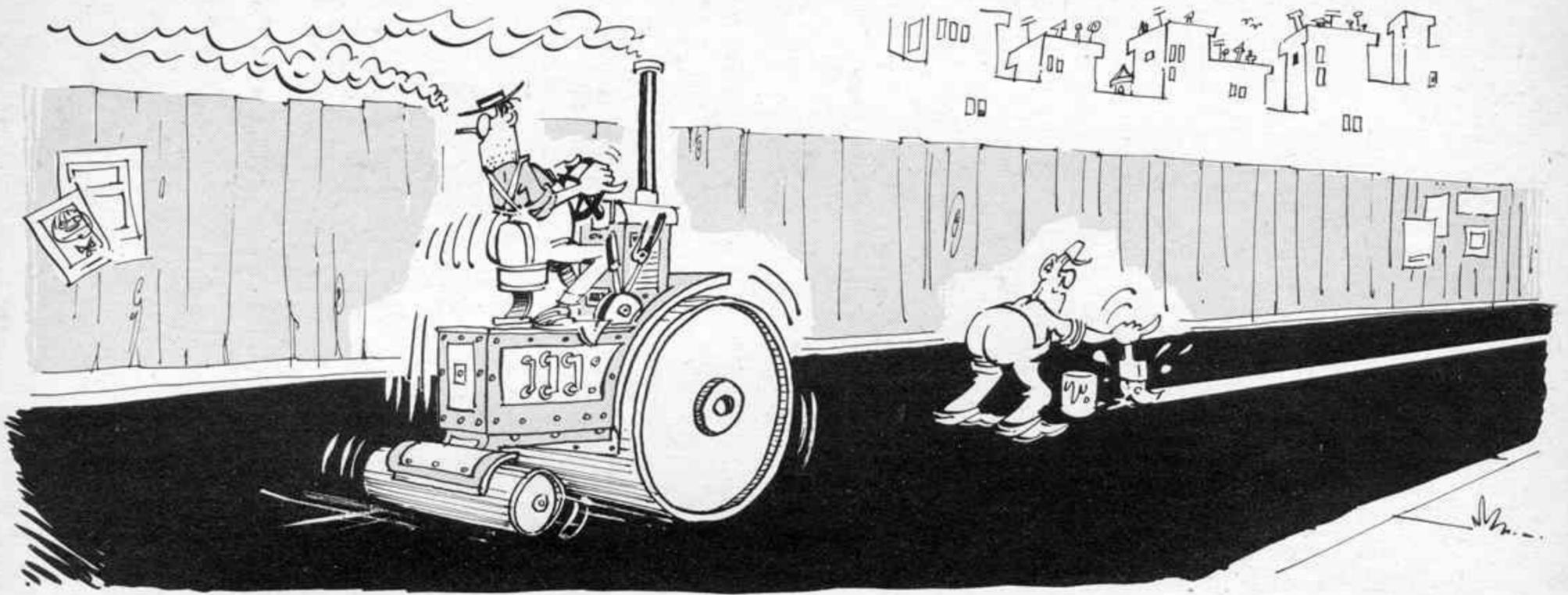
See the king-size bed that I made for him!
See those powder-blue pajamas I crocheted for him!
And should he feel ill
Here's a Contac pill
That I give to the dog that I love!

Yet, Oh! He sometimes annoys me!
When he does, I'm firm as can be!
But, Oh! It nearly destroys me
To have to tell him he can't watch his own TV!

I bake chocolate cakes with a glaze for him!
And if he should lose his hair, I'll get toupees for him!
And should I drop dead,
When my will is read—
All will go to the dog that I love!



ON THE ROAD

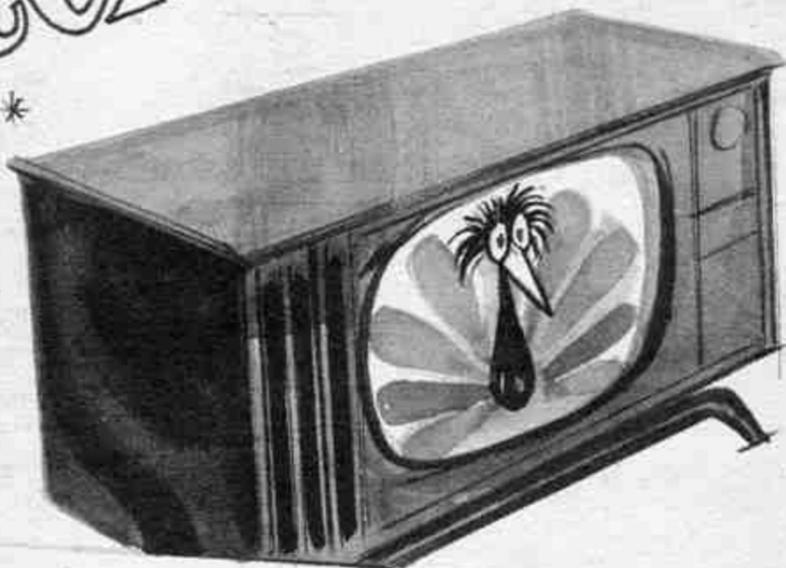


COPY CAT-ASTROPHE DEPT.

We've always heard about the big turnover in Advertising Agency Personnel... and judging by the asinine ad campaigns these jokers turn out each year, we

ADS WE NEVE

RCA Gives You **THE BEST**
COLOR TV
in **THE WORLD**



Color so Natural,
we Guarantee it
in Black and White

=====
RCA VICTOR TV

Tire Savings Galore at
Firestone's



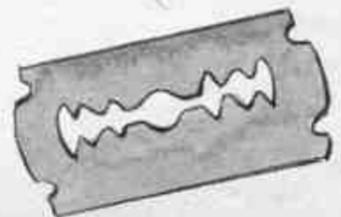
BIG
BLOWOUT
SALE!

=====
See Your Firestone Dealer Today!

Gillette
SUPER STAINLESS STEEL BLADES



"FOR A SHAVE
THAT'S A CUT
ABOVE ALL OTHERS"



thought we knew why. Until we scrounged around in a few Ad Agency wastepaper baskets. You'll see what we mean as MAD proudly presents some layouts for

YOU GOT TO SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

TIMEX
INTRODUCES



"The Gem"

*a distinctive new man's watch
on sale now for only*

\$9.98

At this low Price,
THEY WON'T LAST!

TIMEX
WATCHES

Morning Constipation



Take
EX-LAX
for that
**"GET UP AND GO"
FEELING!**

**When You're Dying
for a Cigarette...**

try a

CAMEL



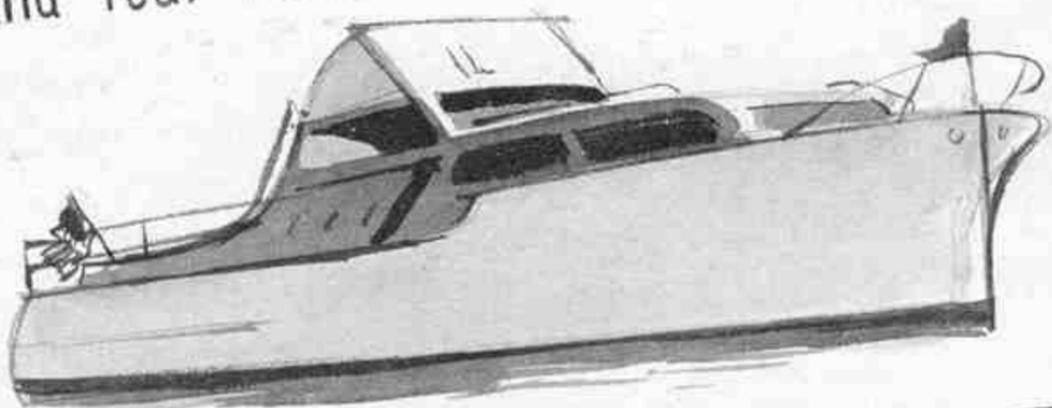
Westinghouse
 automatic elevators
NEVER LET YOU DOWN!



Westinghouse...
*where progress is our
 most important product!*



End Your Vacation Problems Forever!



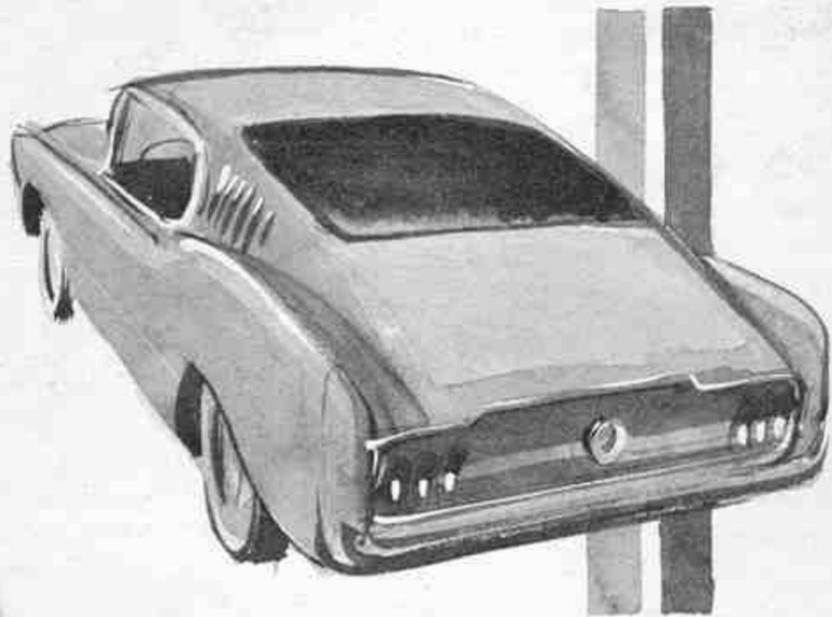
**SINK YOUR
 LIFE SAVINGS
 IN A BOAT!**

The American Boating Association

I dreamed I was way out front in my
*maiden*form bra*



1968 Will be another
SMASH-UP YEAR
 for *Mustang!*



MUSTANG 

THE SURLY BIRD MAKES US SQUIRM DEPT.



Remember when it was important to be sweet and likeable in order to make it "big" on Radio or TV? Remember when warm, sunny people like Perry Como, Arthur Godfrey and Ralph Edwards ruled the airways? Well, forget it! The big Radio and TV gimmick now is "Rottenness"! Today, the masochistic public can't seem to get enough of Alan Burke, Joe Pyne, and who knows how many hundreds of other rude, outspoken local personalities around the country who conduct interview and telephone shows. Well, make way now for the rudest and rottenest Television personality of them all, as MAD switches on:

THE JOE NASTY SHOW

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Welcome to "The Joe Nasty Show" . . . the program with a star who dishes out fun and entertainment in his own inimitable style! And now . . .

Heeeeeeeeeeeeer's Joe!

Aw shaaaaaadaup!



All right, about our guest lineup tonight. Now listen, and listen good because I'm not repeating myself. Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, The Beatles, Liberace, Sammy Davis Jr., Frank Sinatra, The Seven Santini Bros., and Bobby Kennedy . . . they will not be on! Oh, they begged me, but I said no dice! And you know why I turned them down? Because I know you people out there want them! And if you think you're going to have pleasure at my expense, forget it, Charlie!

Okay, I guess I have to do my opening monologue now . . .

Look, I thought I told you people to shaaaadup!

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio tonight. I ran over a horse with my car. I won't say my hotel room is small, but it looks like a garbage dump. I won't say the weather in New York is bad, but yesterday 412 people died of frostbite.

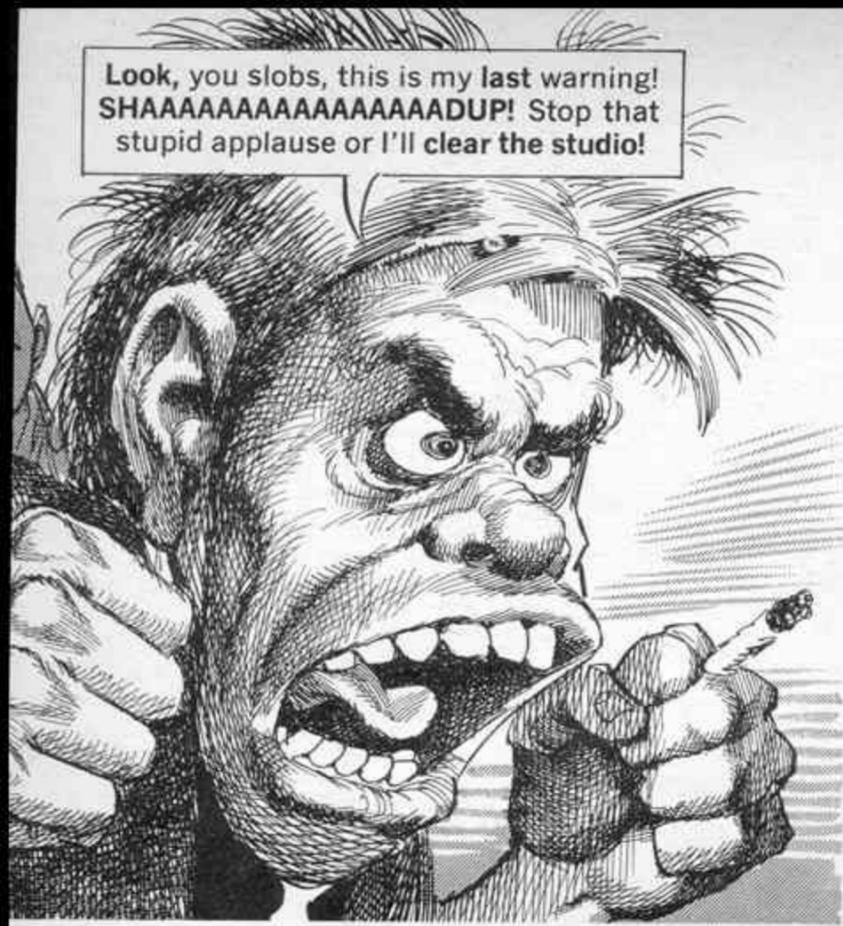
Okay, so much for the jokes!



Look, you slobs, this is my last warning! SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADUP! Stop that stupid applause or I'll clear the studio!

Hello, Joe. We're going to have a wonderful show tonight. As your Announcer, who has been with you throughout your whole show business career, and as your closest personal friend, who once saved your life in a mine field during World War II I can't tell you how happy I am to be . . .

You're fired!



Ha, ha, good old Joe, always joking! Now what do you say we start off the show by . . .

I mean it, creep! Get lost! And take that obnoxious reject from the Musicians Union who calls himself a Band-Leader with you!

Well, if that's the way you feel, I'm happy to leave! I've tried to get along with you all these years, but you have no idea how miserable it's been working for someone who hates me!

Why didn't you say so? In that case, you're re-hired!



Okay, Joe, telephone time. Time to discuss some of the important issues of the day with the people at home. Oh, there's the phone now!

Hello! Who? Listen to me and listen good, you stupid broad! I hate you and everything you stand for, and if you ever call me again, I'll ram your phone down your throat!

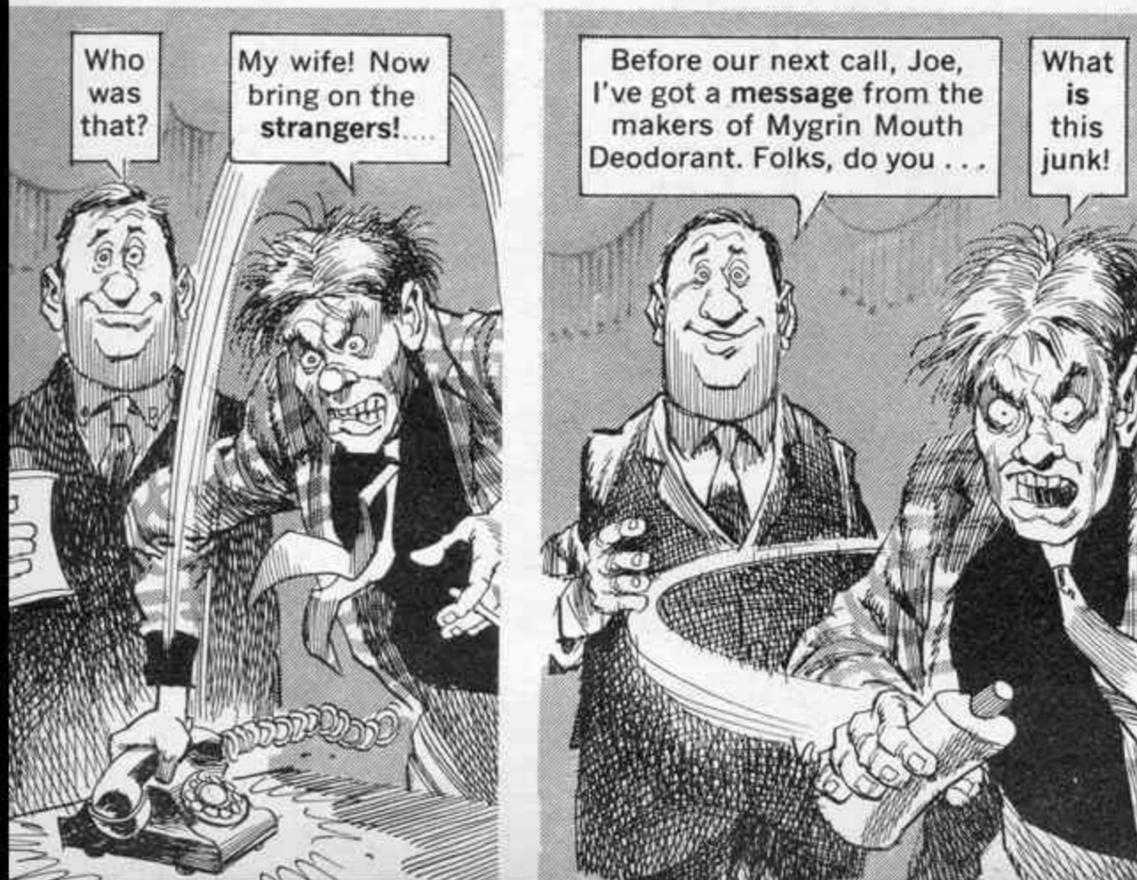


Who was that?

My wife! Now bring on the strangers! . . .

Before our next call, Joe, I've got a message from the makers of Mygrin Mouth Deodorant. Folks, do you . . .

What is this junk!



Joe, please! It's one of our sponsors! He's paying thousands of dollars for this 1 minute spot. He's helping people fight bad breath!

I'd rather smell bad breath than this gunk! Now bring on the first guest! I don't have all night!



I'm your first guest, Mr. Nasty. My name is Dr. Harris Saint. I have spent 30 years of my life working on a cure for Cancer. I have never made a penny on my work, but I don't care. Saving mankind is my only dream. Perhaps you've heard of me. I'm called "The Saint of Western Civilization."

Sit down, Commie!

Mr. Nasty, I am not a Communist!

Oh no? Well what right do you have to deprive me of my God-given right to have Cancer? Don't worry, I know how you Commies work. First you start nibbling away at our basic diseases, and then before you know it, you want to conquer them all! Isn't that right? Isn't it? Huh? Huh? Answer me!

But, Mr. Nasty!

Aw, shut your Red Trap! Bring on the next guest!



And now, Joe, here she is, that adorable Roumanian, La La LaBore!

Dollinks, it's so vunderful beink back here again. Let me kiss you, sweety!

SMACK



Und you, you little devil ...

Saint!

Joe, you're being very impolite ...

Thanks!

SMACK



Und a special big kiss for my special sveety-cutie beauty, Joe ...

Does he always punch women?

Never! Up till now, it's been nothing but little girls and old men!

SMACK



JOE WILL BE RIGHT BACK! DON'T SWITCH THE DIAL OR HE'LL BRAIN YOU!



Welcome back to "The Joe Nasty Show". And now, for your viewing pleasure, Bimbo and his trained—

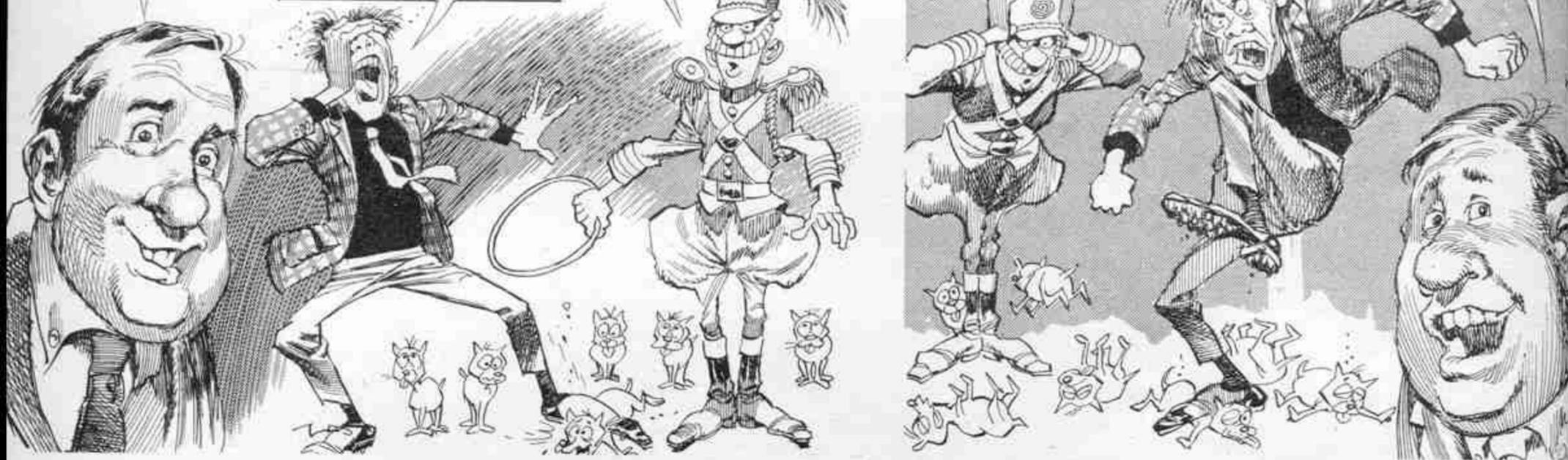
Oh, no! Not another one of those idiotic dog acts! Out! Out! Go haunt the Ed Sullivan Show where you belong! Go mess up Radio City Music Hall stage! But stay off my show!

All right, Mr. Nasty, but please be careful. The dogs are very small and delicate and . . . Oh my God! You just stepped on Myron!

Oh, dear, there goes Harold . . . and there goes Sheldon . . . and there goes Rosie . . .

This is fun! I almost feel like smiling!

And so ends another "Joe Nasty Show." Tune in again tomorrow night and . . .



Hold it! Hold it! I'm not going off the air!

But Joe, you've got to leave! The station is getting ready to sign off for the night!

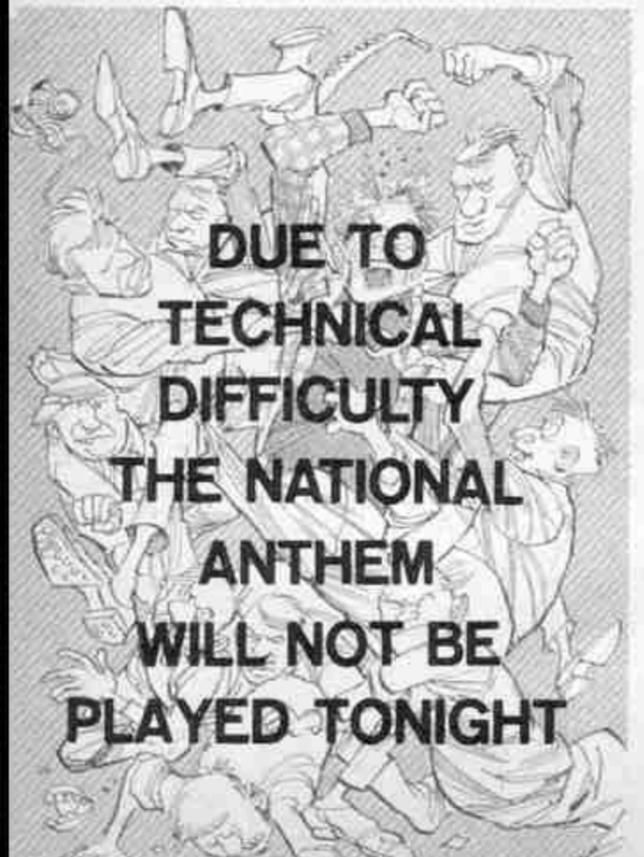
Don't bother me! I decided that I just don't feel like leaving!

Turn him off! Turn him off!

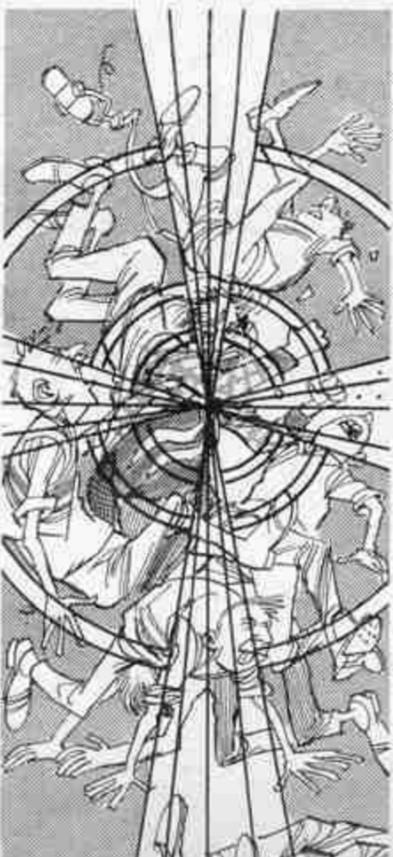
He doesn't want me to, so I can't!

But I want you to!

But you're not holding my mother hostage somewhere in a deserted warehouse outside the city!



DUE TO TECHNICAL DIFFICULTY THE NATIONAL ANTHEM WILL NOT BE PLAYED TONIGHT



Good morning. It is 6:30 A.M. and this station officially begins its broadcasting day with the Morning Meditation. This morning I would like to read passages from the Good Book on the importance of love and kindness for one's fellow man. As it is written in . . .

Commie! **COMMIE!**



**WHAT WILL
BE THE
ULTIMATE
IDEA IN
"MOD"
FASHIONS?**

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

First came short skirts. Then came mini-skirts. Then came micro-skirts. If this "Mod" trend in fashions continues, there will be only one design choice left. To find out what this daring and bold new concept will be, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**PETITE GALS WEARING THIS ULTIMATE IN MOD
FASHIONS WILL LOOK VERY APPEALING. BUT BIG
GALS WILL HAVE TO STEER CLEAR, OR INVITE
LEERS INSTEAD OF SMILES, ADMIRATION AND RAVES**

WRITTEN & DRAWN
BY AL JAFFEE

A ▶

◀ B

MAD's Great Moments In Politics

