

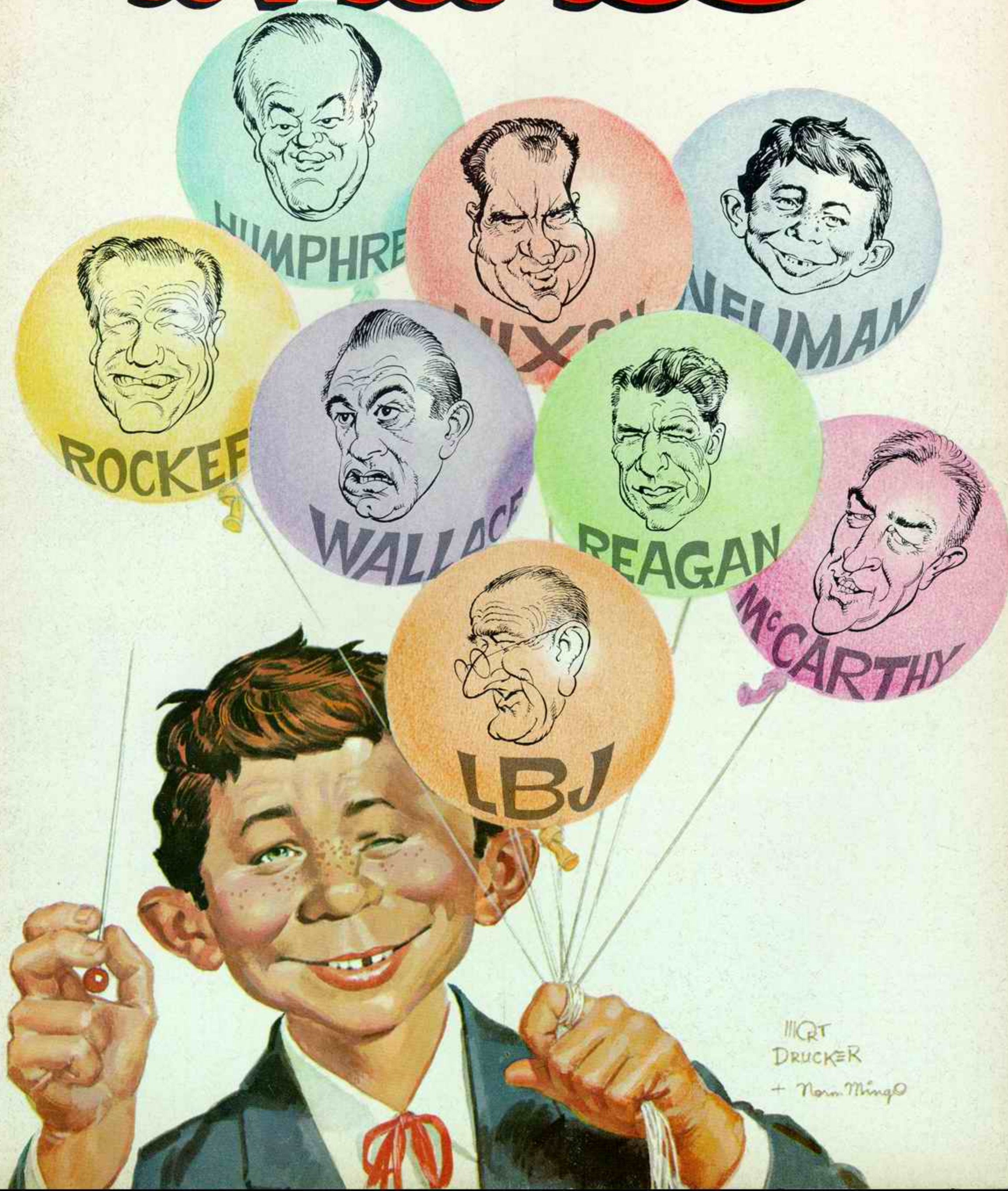
No.
122
Oct.
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MAD's Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

G.G. GLICK,
a New York Men's Wear Manufacturer,
ONCE HAD SUCH A BAD SEASON
THAT HE ACTUALLY
FIRED HIS SON-IN-LAW!

THE REALLY
UNBELIEVABLE THING
ABOUT THIS WAS...
HIS SON-IN-LAW DIDN'T
EVEN WORK
FOR HIM!

IF A SONG AND DANCE MAN WERE
TO START TAP DANCING WITH A
STRAW HAT AND CANE
AND CONTINUE FOR
**15 YEARS
WITHOUT
STOPPING**
...

G. Plimpton,

a writer and reporter,
LIVED WITH THE
**PITTSBURG
STEELERS**
FOR SIX MONTHS
WHILE POSING
AS ONE OF THEM

AND YET,
NEVER WROTE A BOOK ABOUT IT!

HOWEVER, SHE DID SELL HER STORY TO "TRUE CONFESSIONS"!

ON FEB. 12, 1967, A
DESPONDENT MAN STOOD
ON A 12TH FLOOR LEDGE
OF THE BOSTON HILTON,
ABOUT TO COMMIT
SUICIDE AND YET,
**THE CROWD DID
NOT YELL FOR
HIM TO JUMP!**

THE CROWD DID,
HOWEVER, SCREAM
FOR HIM TO SET
FIRE TO HIMSELF!

... IT'S LIKELY THAT
HE'D EITHER BE
"COMMITTED"
OR EVENTUALLY
ELECTED A
SENATOR
FROM
CALIFORNIA!

THE FOUNTAINROC SANDS

... A 35 STORY LUXURY RESORT HOTEL
WAS ERECTED IN 1965, AND TO THE
AMAZEMENT OF ALL, WAS NOT
OSTENTATIOUS OR **GAUDY**
BUT WAS BUILT ON THE PRINCIPAL OF
SIMPLE ELEGANCE AND QUIET GOOD TASTE!

THE HOTEL WENT BANKRUPT AFTER TWO WEEKS

MAD

"A kiss is valid proof that two heads are better than one!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
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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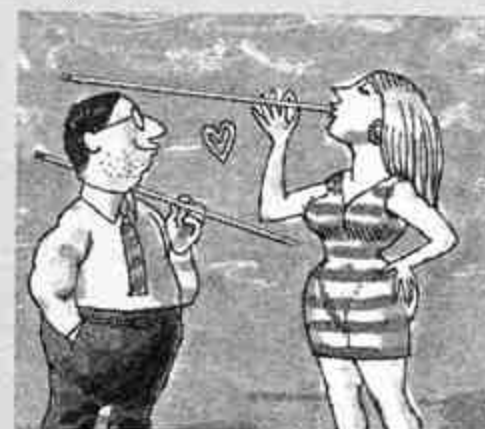
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THREE
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MOVIES
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- ☐ The Indigestible MAD
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The U.S.A.
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At People
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At Things
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- ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies
- ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers
- ☐ "Viva MAD!"

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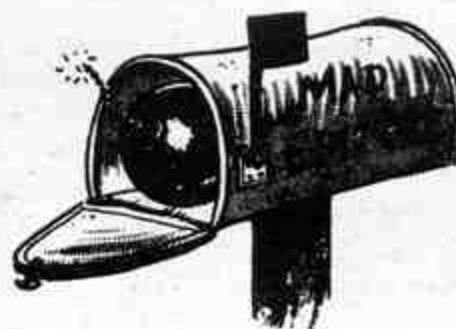
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Outside the U.S.A. be sure to add 10% Extra!

WANTED, a few sharp-eyed readers interested in buying limited number
of "Alfred E. Neuman For President" Kits. Each kit contains 1 self-
adhesive Bumper Sticker, 1 full-color Campaign Button, 5 Lapel Tabs
and 2 full-color Campaign Posters—all for \$1.00. Mail buck to: MAD,
485 MADison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 (Remember, our supply is limited!)

LETTERS DEPT.



BLUE-EYED KOOK

With regard to your satire, "Blue-Eyed Kook" in MAD #120, what we have there is a failure to communicate.

Kelly Cannon
Burbank, Calif.

Only Communists, atheists, or MAD would have the audacity to ridicule a man like Paul Newman, who is the epitome of all that is sacred in the world. Let it be known: I have sacrificed my last cheeseburger to purchase your magazine.

Monica L. Cloutier
River Falls, Wisc.

Without a doubt, "Blue-Eyed Kook" was one of your greatest satires. It was perfect. And anyone who doesn't think so—goes into the "Box"!

Howard Franklin
No. Hollywood, Calif.

DO YOU KENYA THIS?

Jambo:

mojo.

Watu wengi penda MAD mzuri sana
hapa Kenya. Sisi soma MAD mbili kwa

Kwaheri
Kenya, Africa





THE GREAT SOCIETY ALPHABET BOOK

The Jacobs & Brandel masterpiece, "The Great Society Alphabet Book," adds to MAD's reputation as being one of the 20th Century's greatest moral publications.

Bruce H. Boggess
Colorado State Penitentiary

So if you've been reading this great moral publication, what are you doing there?—Ed.

From the "American Flag" to the "Zillions of Wasted Dollars," it was a work of art.

Robert Gilhool
Tampa, Florida

BULLING YOUR WAY THROUGH EXAMS

Thank you for your fine article: "MAD's Simplified ABC Method of Bulling Your Way Through Final Exams." You have proven one of the points we try to make about the meaninglessness of academic jargon. Thank you also for showing my colleagues that I'm not a complete nut for using MAD in my teaching. And you don't have to send my copy in a plain brown wrapper any more.

Richard D. Erlich
University of Illinois

MAD ARTICLES YOU NEVER GOT TO SEE

With "Some MAD Articles You Never Got To See" you have reached your peak. You have satirized yourself. You are probably the first magazine to do this, and I doubt whether any other will have the nerve to follow. Congratulations!

Sandie Henschel
Fair Lawn, N. J.

As far as those examples of "Some MAD Articles (We) Never Got To See" are concerned, I'm glad we didn't!

Mark Raymond
Harrison, Iowa

After making a comparative analysis of the "MAD Articles (We) Never Got To See" with those we did, I am seriously considering the possibility of cancelling my subscription to your magazine and subscribing to your trash can.

Alice Tyler
Vienna, Va.

SPECIAL GROSS SUBSCRIPTION RATE

Although other prices have increased through the years, I would like to know if your "Special Gross Subscription" rate as stated in MAD #20 still goes? You know: "24,000 issues for only \$3000."

Michael Gold
Lincolnwood, Ill.

Yes, it still goes!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 122, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

WHY NOT HAVE THE NEXT ISSUE SENT DIRECTLY TO YOUR HOME?



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

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Yep! That's what our publisher said: "No, I'm through trucking those fershlugginer full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's 'What-Me-Worry?' kid, every time we move! Get rid of them!" Which is why—aside from our regular deal of 1 for 25c, 3 for 50c, and 9 for \$1.00—we can now offer you 27 for \$2.00. So help make our next moving job easier. Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022



FAMOUS FUNNIES DEPT.

Y'know what the trouble with most "Comic Strips" is? They're old-fashioned, they're not funny anymore, and the characters have been around too long! So we'd like to make a suggestion to the Newspaper Comic Strip Syndicates: Take a good look at the insane things happening in the world today, and the idiotic people who are making them happen, and let's see something like ...

MAD'S UPDATE

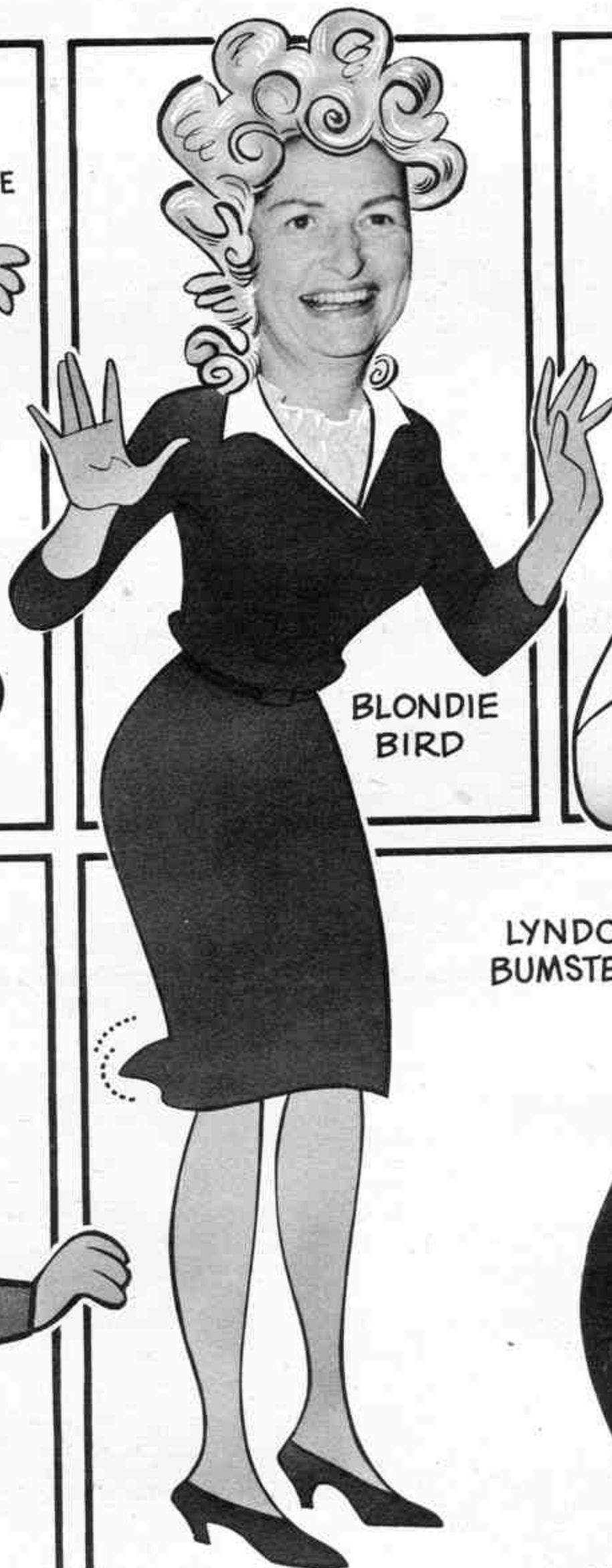
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Montagues Capulets

WALLACE
THE MENACE



BLONDIE
BIRD



LYNDON
BUMSTEAD



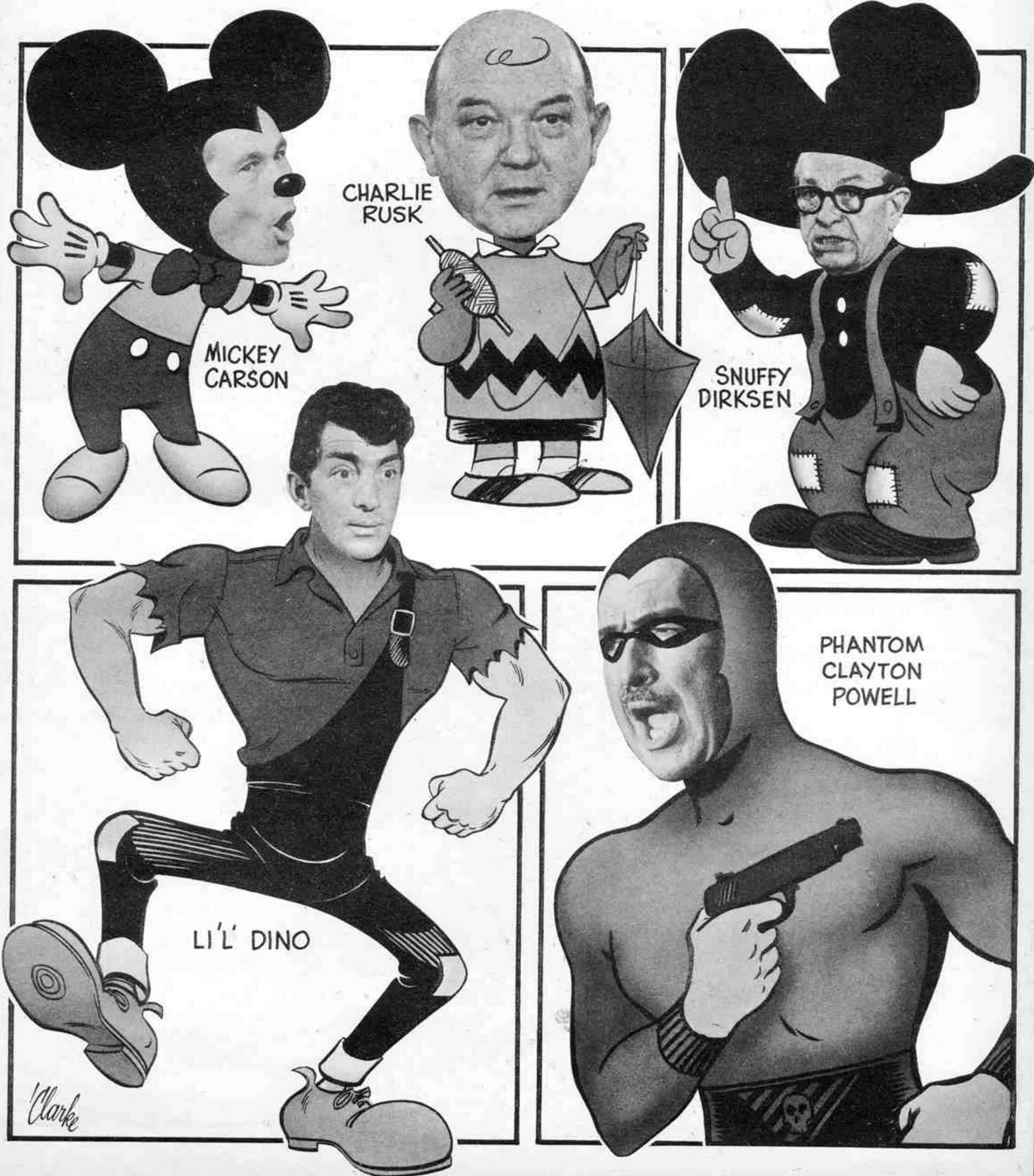
HUBERT
MAGOO



PHOTOS BY:
UPI AND
WORLD WIDE

D COMIC STRIP HEROES

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL



CHARLIE
RUSK

MICKEY
CARSON

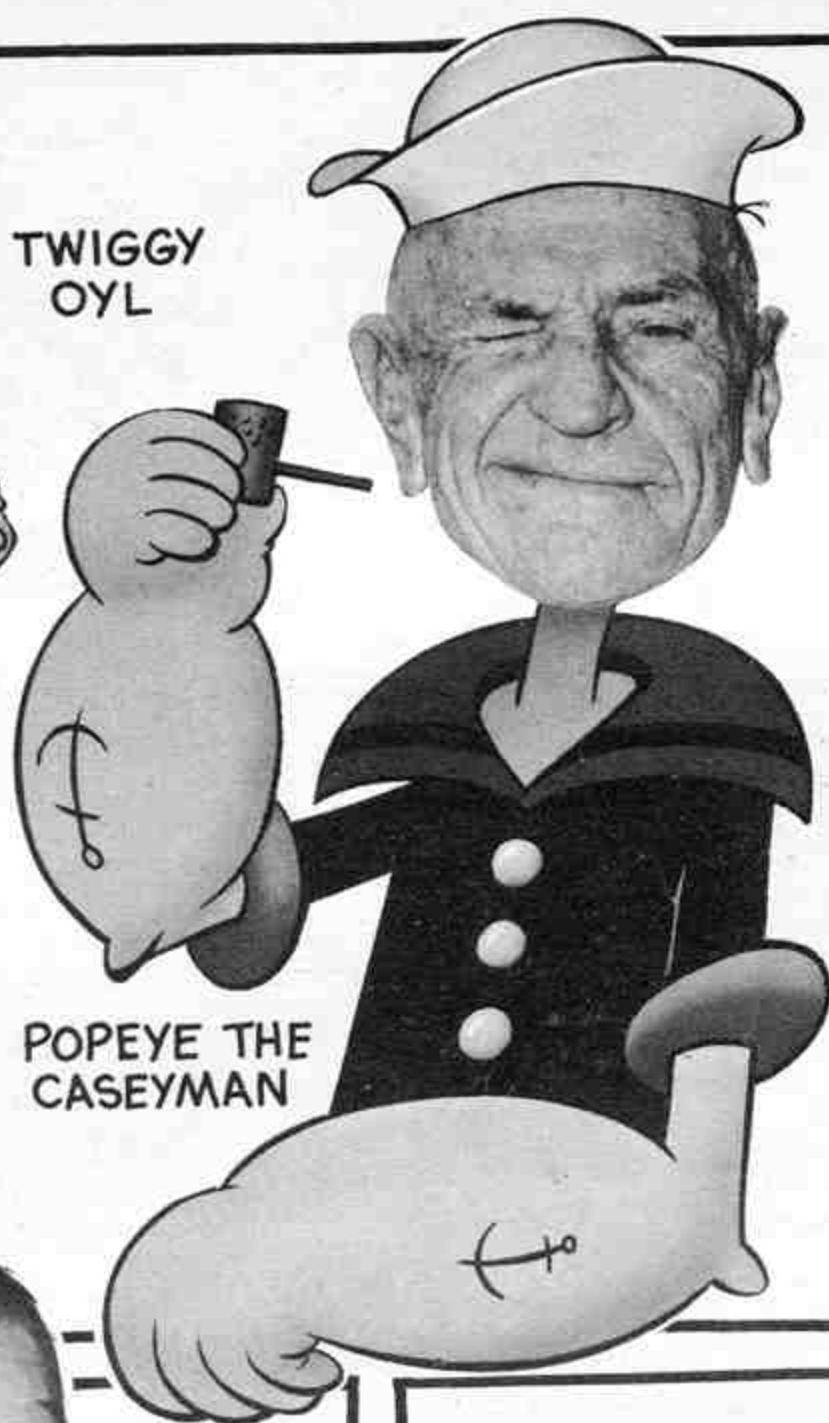
SNUFFY
DIRKSEN

PHANTOM
CLAYTON
POWELL

LI'L' DINO



TWIGGY
OYL



POPEYE THE
CASEYMAN



PRINCE
RINGO

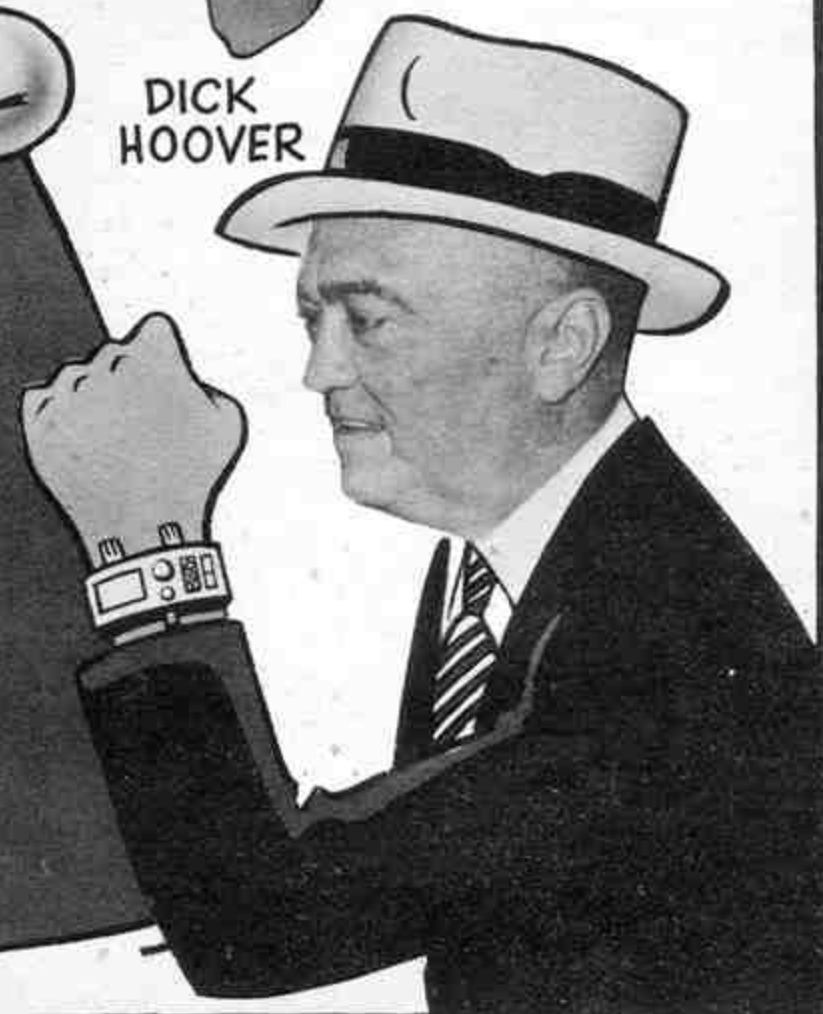
RICHARD
OOP



THE
LITTLE
KING
CHARLES



DICK
HOOVER



TRouble IS A-BRuin DEPT.

They've got Humane Societies to protect animals from being tortured and abused by people . . . but there's nothing to protect people from being tortured and abused by animals! Mainly, TV animals—like "Lassie" and "Flipper" and "Clarence", The Cross-Eyed Lion and "Judy, The Chimp" and that worst torture and abuse of all . . .

GENTEEL BEN

Starring...

DENNIS WEAVING
as
Warden Tame

BETH BRICKWALL
as his
Wife, Helpem

CLINT HOWLER
as their
Son, Marsh

&

SOME FURRY IDIOT
as
Genteel Ben



ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

SOMEWHERE IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES...

Life is wholesome and keen—
It's a pleasure, by gosh,
To cook and to clean
And to hang out the wash...

Mom, can Genteel Ben and I play a game of tag? Hah? Can we, Mom . . . ?

Play tag?! Why, Marsh—you know Genteel Ben is just a bear! You mustn't treat him like one of your school chums! Of course he can't play tag!

Besides, he's not done with the ironing, yet!



WHILE IN A CLEARING NOT TOO FAR AWAY ...

That's the bear, alright! The plan is perfect! Every time we pull a job, we kidnap the bear first! Afterwards, we set him free, planting some of the loot on him ...

Are you sure it will work?

Of course I'm sure! Just get into that suit and trust me!

I trusted you the LAST time ... when I posed as "Lassie"! Do you have any idea how humiliating it was to stop at every hydrant when that cop got suspicious?



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HOUSE ...

Dinner was wholesome and keen tonight, dear ... Urrp!

Everyone finished?

Almost, Mom! Ben's still on his dessert!



WHILE IN THE CLEARING ...

Are you sure I'm gonna lure him out of the house with this outfit ... ?

If he's your typical bear you will! You'll drive him out of his mind! All we gotta do is wait till it's dark!



THAT NIGHT ...



FWEEP **GING GOING**



Oh, Ben ... you grunt the cutest things ...

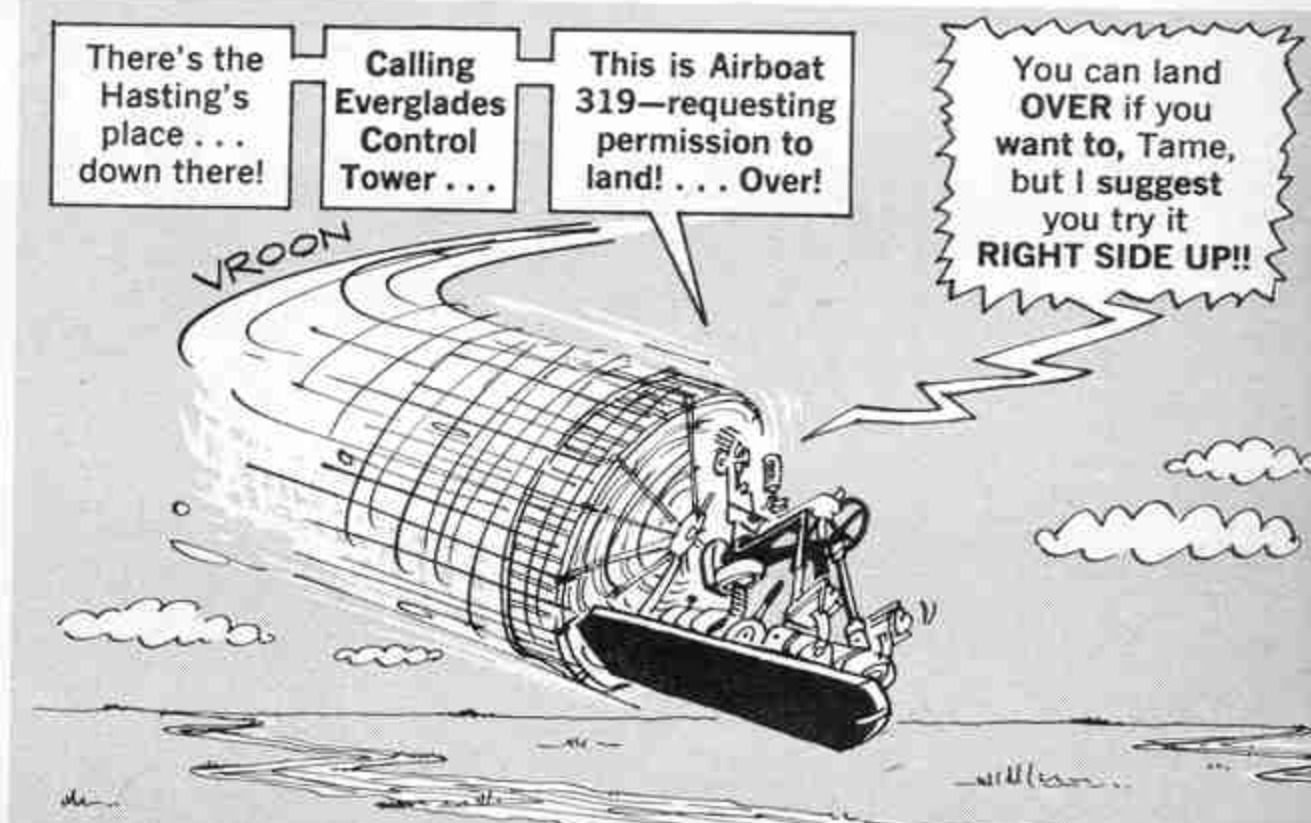
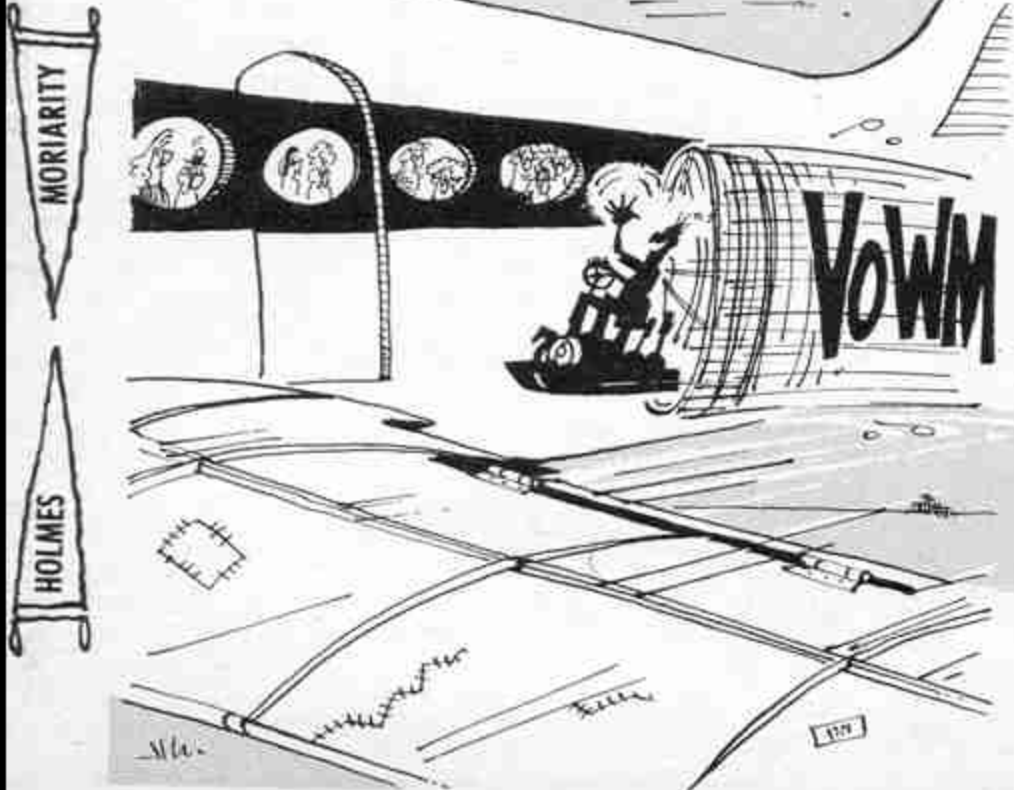
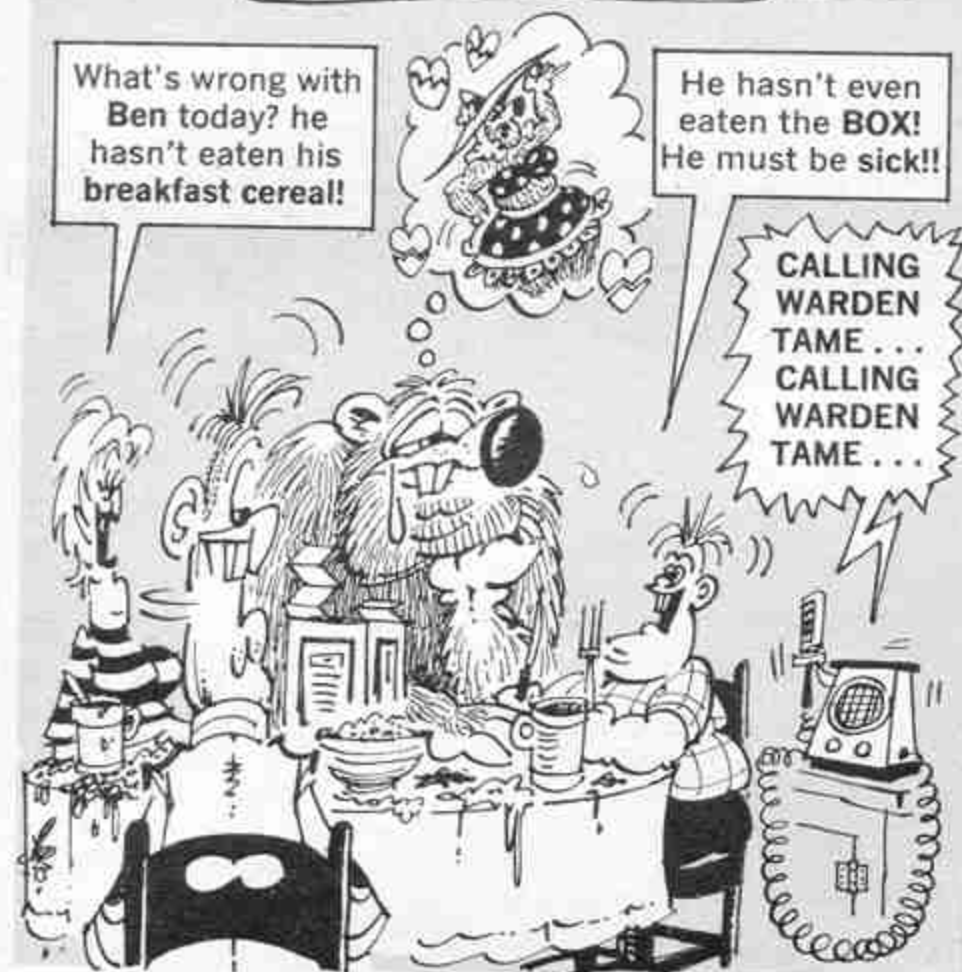


Got him! Now hurry over to the Hasting's place and start working on the safe while I chain him to a tree!

Okay ... but you could've waited another minute or two! I think he wanted to kiss me!



THE NEXT MORNING ...



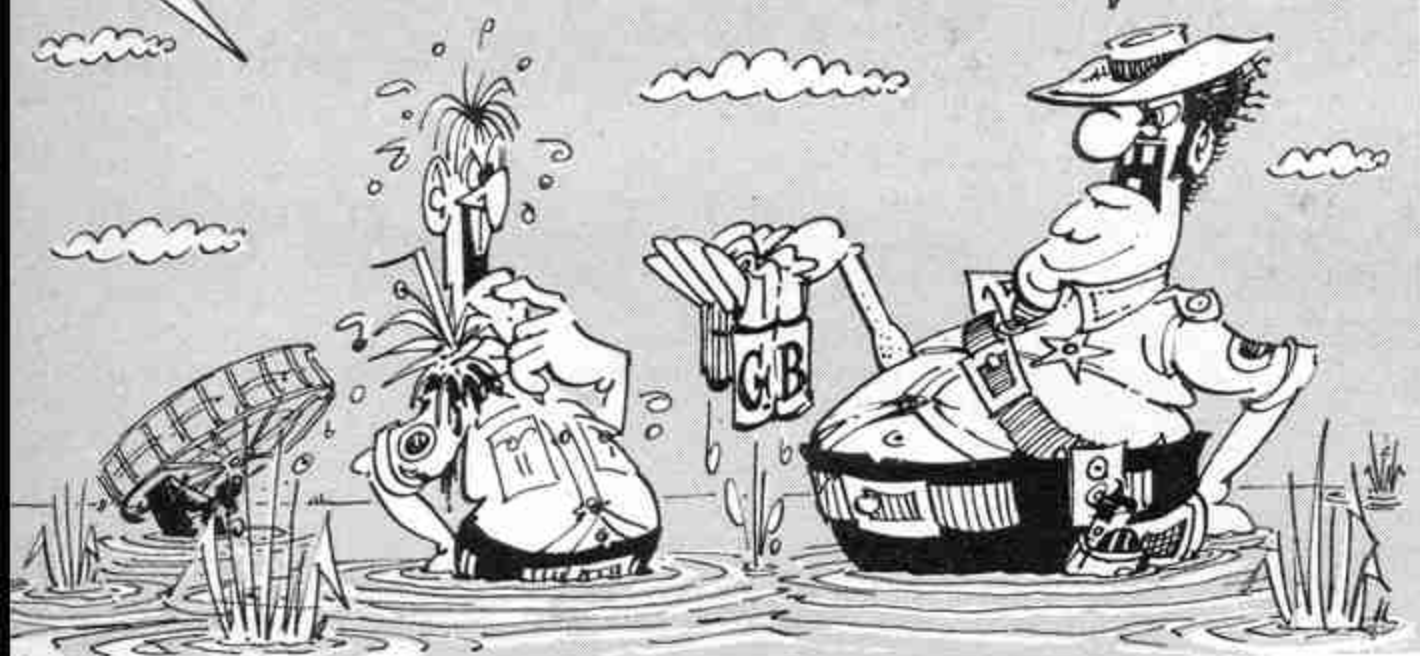
Did you dig up any more clues, Chief?

Just this handkerchief with the initials "G.B."! I don't know any "G.B."—unless it was the entire Green Bay football team!

"G.B." Hmmm! I wonder! "Genteel Ben"...

Genteel Ben!? You think HE might know some "G.B.'s"?

Doesn't hurt to ask! I'll see you later...

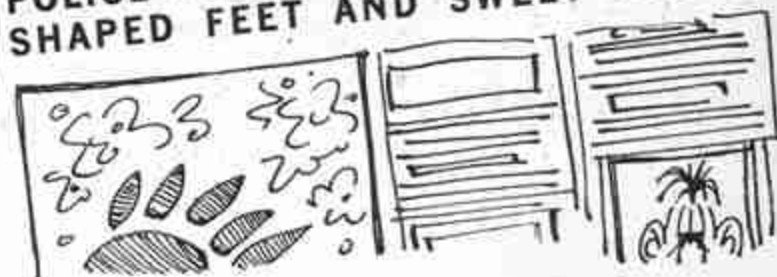


The Everglades Harold-Examiner

SERIES OF ROBBERIES PLAGUES EVERGLADES RANDOM HOUSE BROKEN INTO FLORIDA TRUST CO. ROBBED

ONLY CLUES: BEAR PRINTS AND
HONEY STAINS OVER EVERYTHING

POLICE SEEK CROOK WITH FUNNY-
SHAPED FEET AND SWEET TOOTH



There's something funny going on, Marsh!

You can't mean in this story!

No—with Ben! He goes out every night! Do you know where?

Sure! Let's look at his appointment book: Monday—Bowling with Smokey The Bear... Tuesday—Poker with Yogi Bear... Wednesday—Dinner with the Three Bears... Thursday—Watch Fight Films with Max Bear...



Quite frankly, Marsh... there have been several robberies in the area recently, and... well, what with the bear tracks and the honey—

Dad!! Are you suggesting that Genteel Ben had something to do with them? How could you say that? How could you even THINK that... especially when he's standing right there behind you!



Look! You hurt his feelings! Poor Ben...

And you a Game Warden... a protector of our helpless furry friends!

SNIFFLE
SKNIFLE

You're right, Marsh! I'm—I'm sorry, Ben! I—I guess I lost my head when I heard that the Everglades Jewelry Store was robbed a few hours ago...

SNIFFLE
SNIF...
SKNIFLE
SKLUK
SKLUKLE
SKNOSH

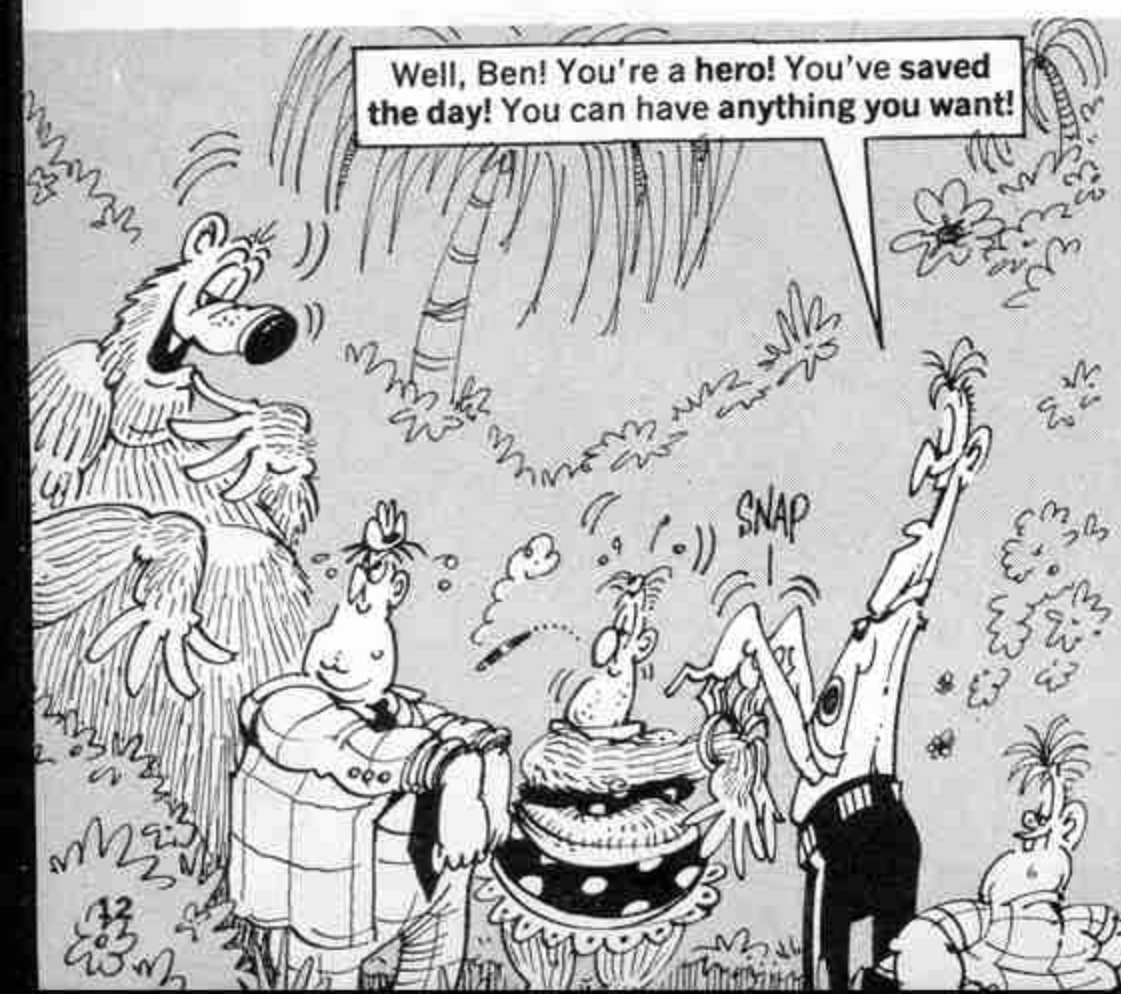
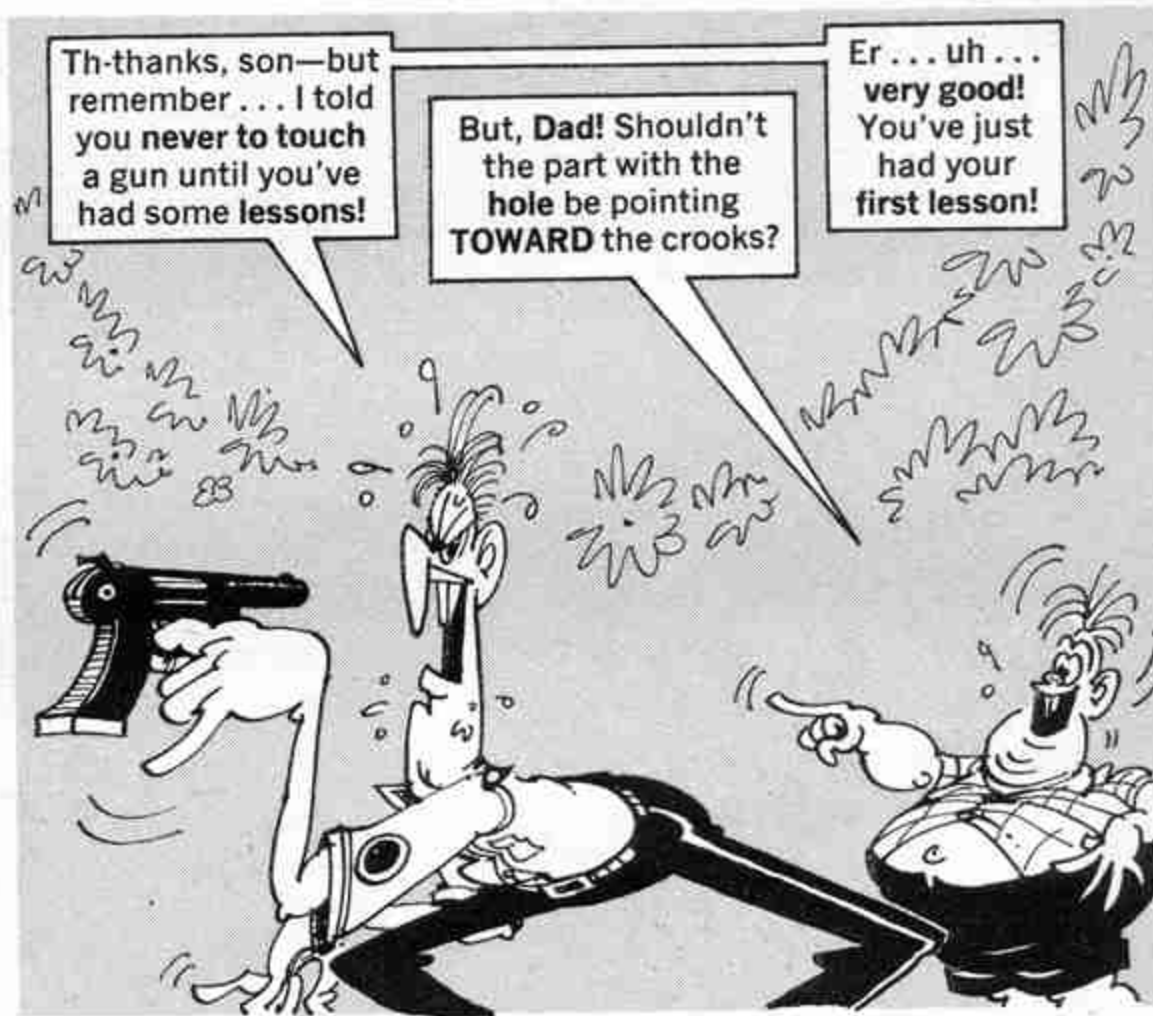
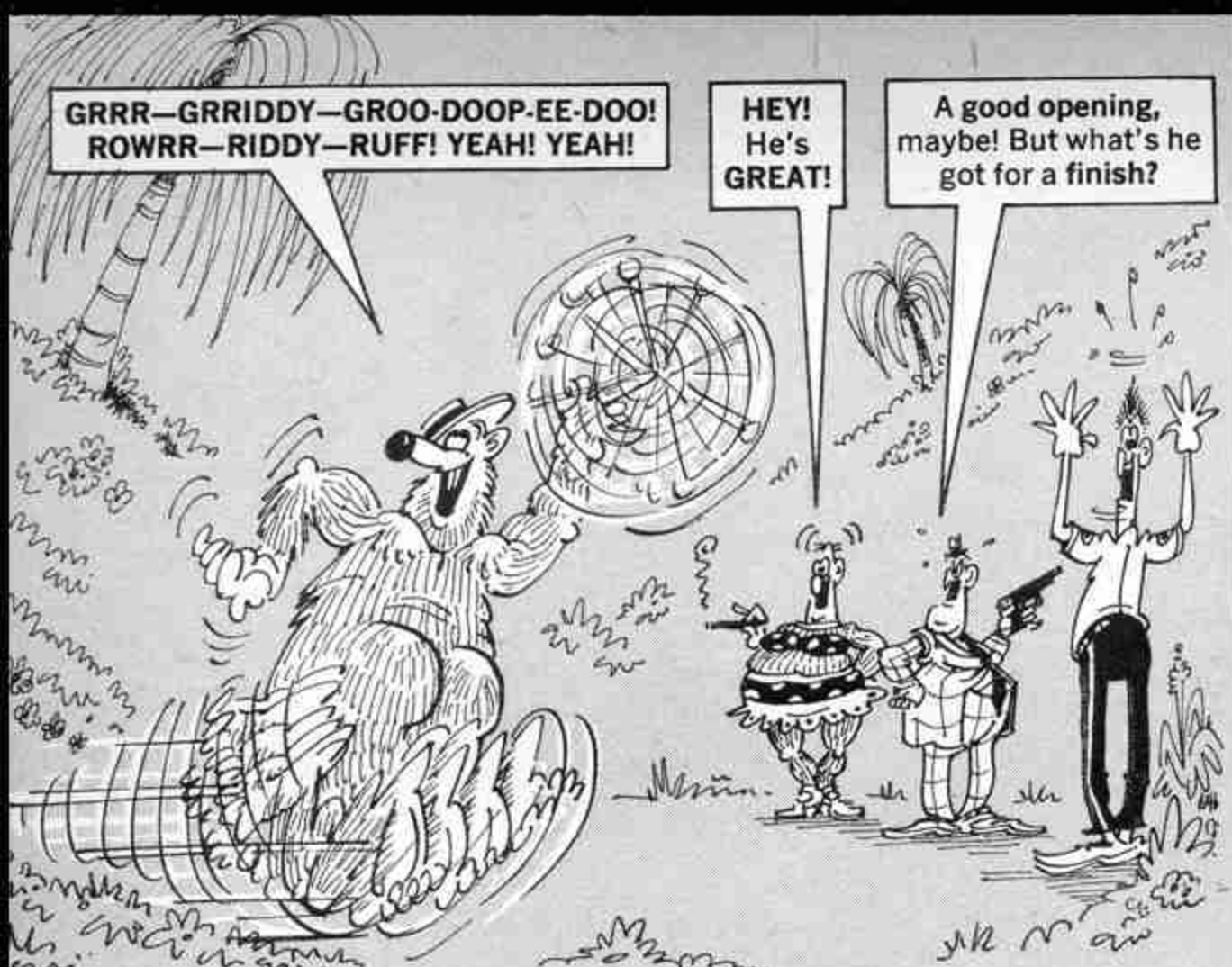
SNUFFLE
SHNORKLE
SLOBBLE
SOB



Shake hands with me, Ben... so I'll know you forgive me for even suspecting you...





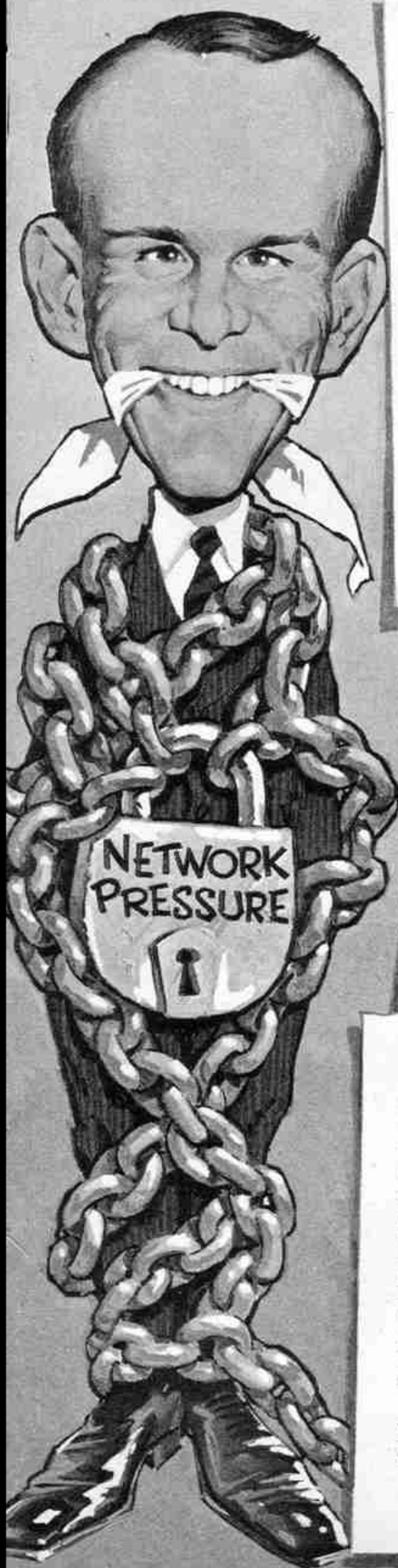


CONSIDERING THE PROBLEMS THEY HAD LAST SEASON, HERE IS MAD'S VERSION OF....

A CBS-TV SUMMER MEMO TO THE SMOTHERED BROTHERS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITTEN BY: RONNIE NATHAN



WHEN YOU RETURN THIS FALL...

Be funny, boys, but don't offend
The sponsor who's your network's friend.
Be funny, boys, but compromise
With those who pay to advertise.
About commercials do not joke,
And cut the coughing when you smoke.
Don't quip about computers, please,
Or ride the auto companies.
Don't laugh detergents down the drain,
Or jest about the aeroplane.
Don't kid the guy who wears cologne,
And kid you not the telephone.
Don't pan the man who's bottle-tanned,
Omit the wit that bites the hand...

Be funny, boys, but don't offend
The viewers on whom we depend.
Be funny, boys, but do not twist
The nose of any chauvinist.
Don't tweak the beak of Bird-man's mate,
Or bait a certain Southern state.
Don't fool around with Uncle Sam,
And stay away from Vietnam.
Keep out of War or we are lost,
Avoid the Draft at any cost.
Recruitment gags we don't allow,
Lay off the C.I.A. and Dow.
Don't kid the Blacks, don't kid the Whites,
Cross out the Klan and Civil Rights...

Be funny, boys, but not too odd,
For heaven's sake, don't mention God.
Be funny, boys, but it's taboo
To clown with Catholic or Jew.
You may not spoof, it's understood,
The sacredness of Motherhood.
Refrain from cracks that might compel
Such blasphemies as Damn or Hell.
Don't speak of sex in your routine,
Remember you must keep it clean.
Refer to breast as chest instead,
And couch in other words, a bed.
When in the course of our employ,
No interjection like "Bolshoi!".

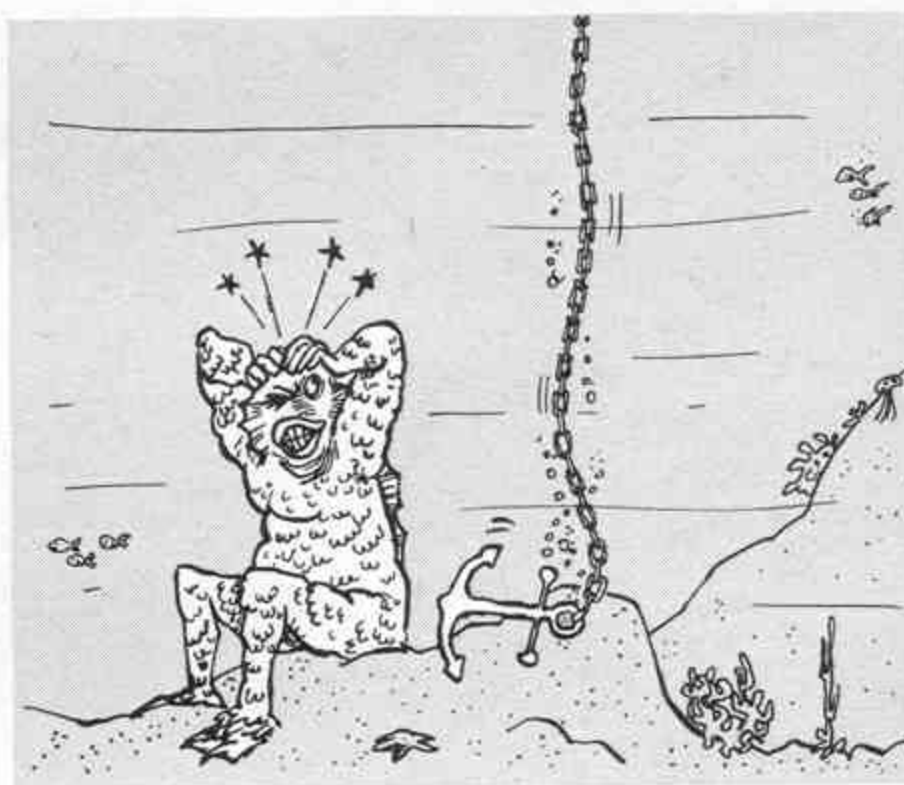
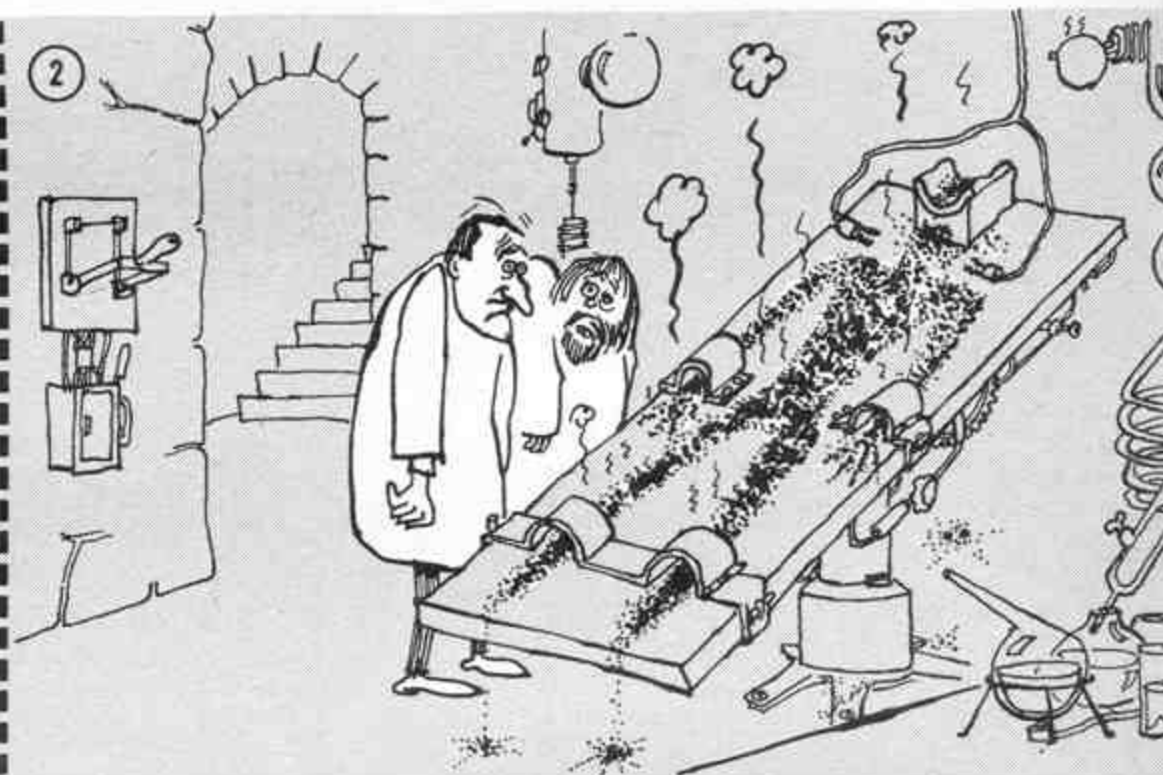
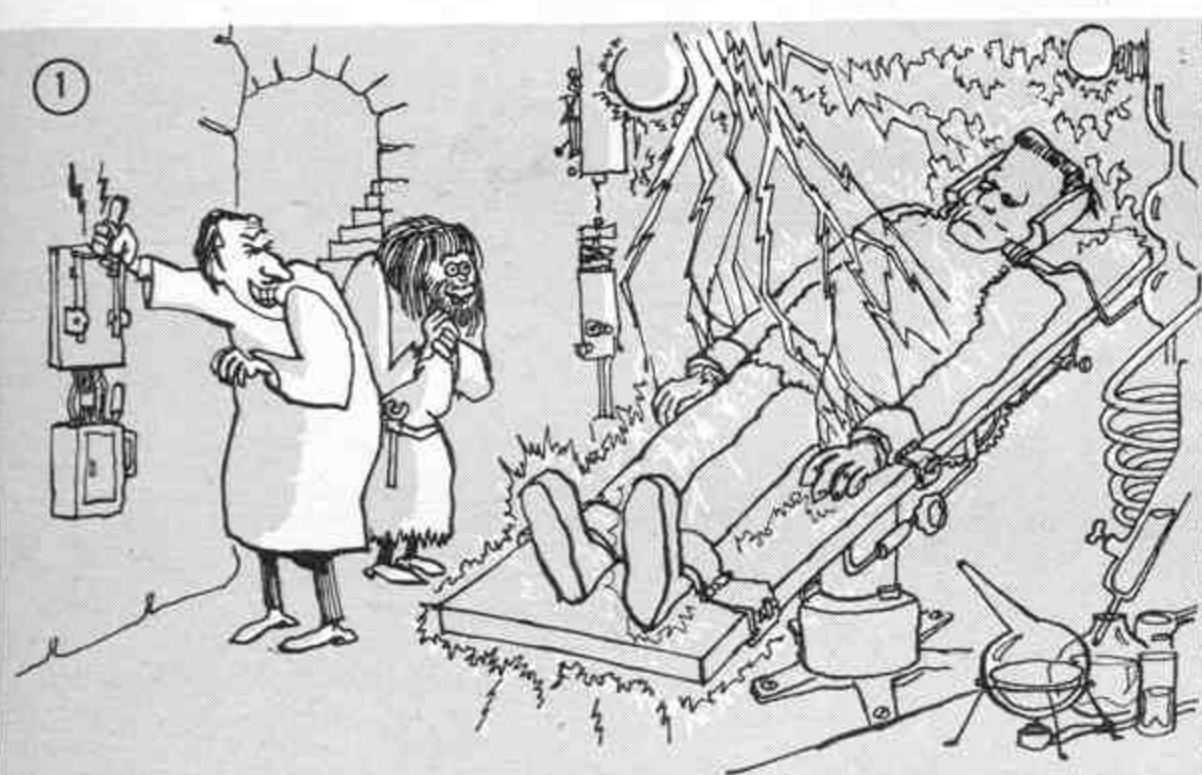
Aside from that, boys, do feel free
To knock 'em dead for old C.B.



MOBY
AHAB

CORN ON THE MACABRE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT



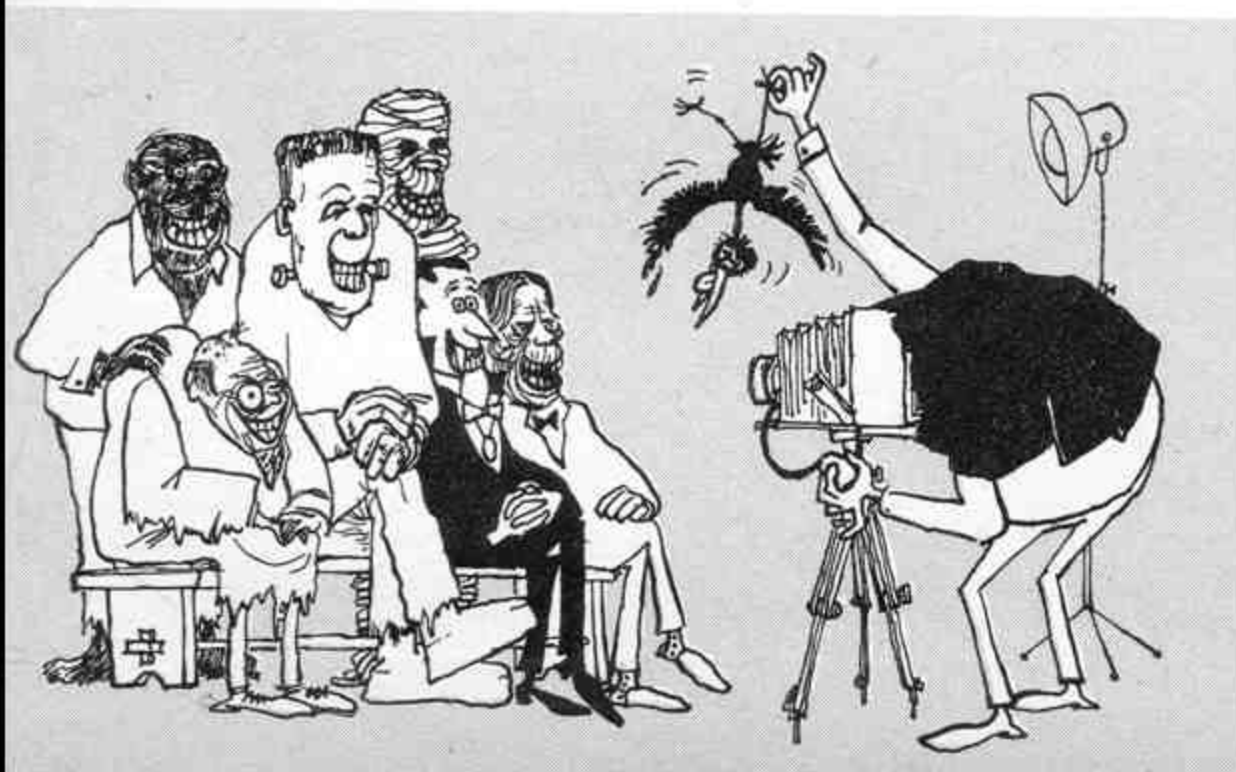
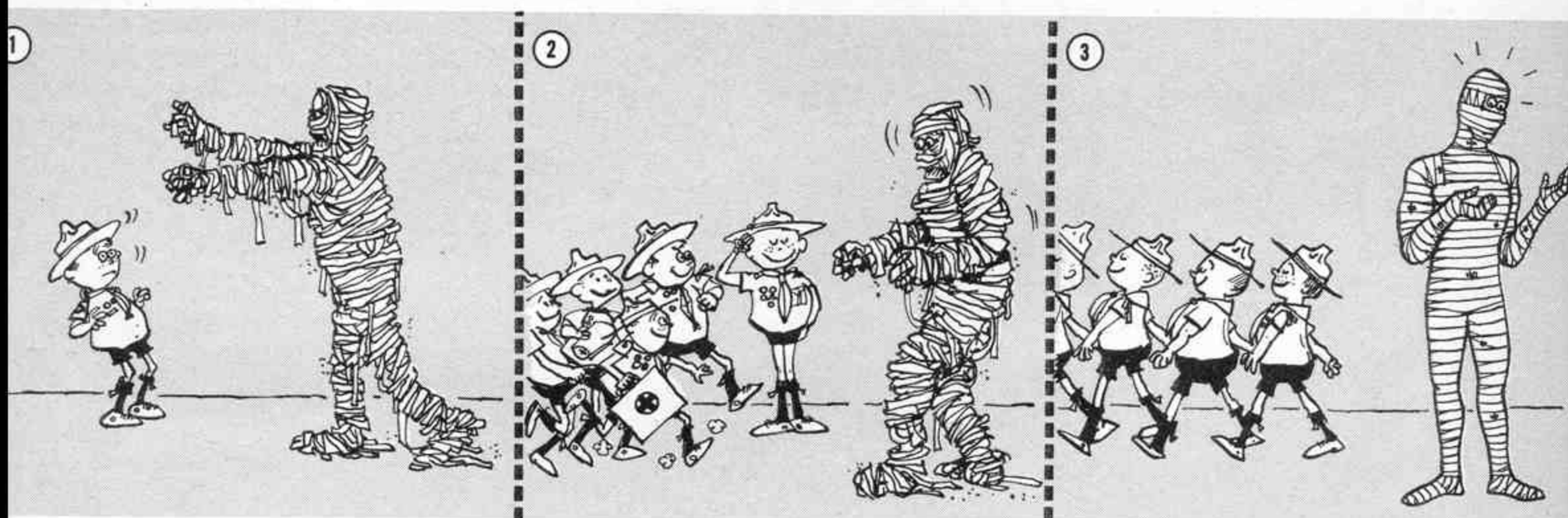
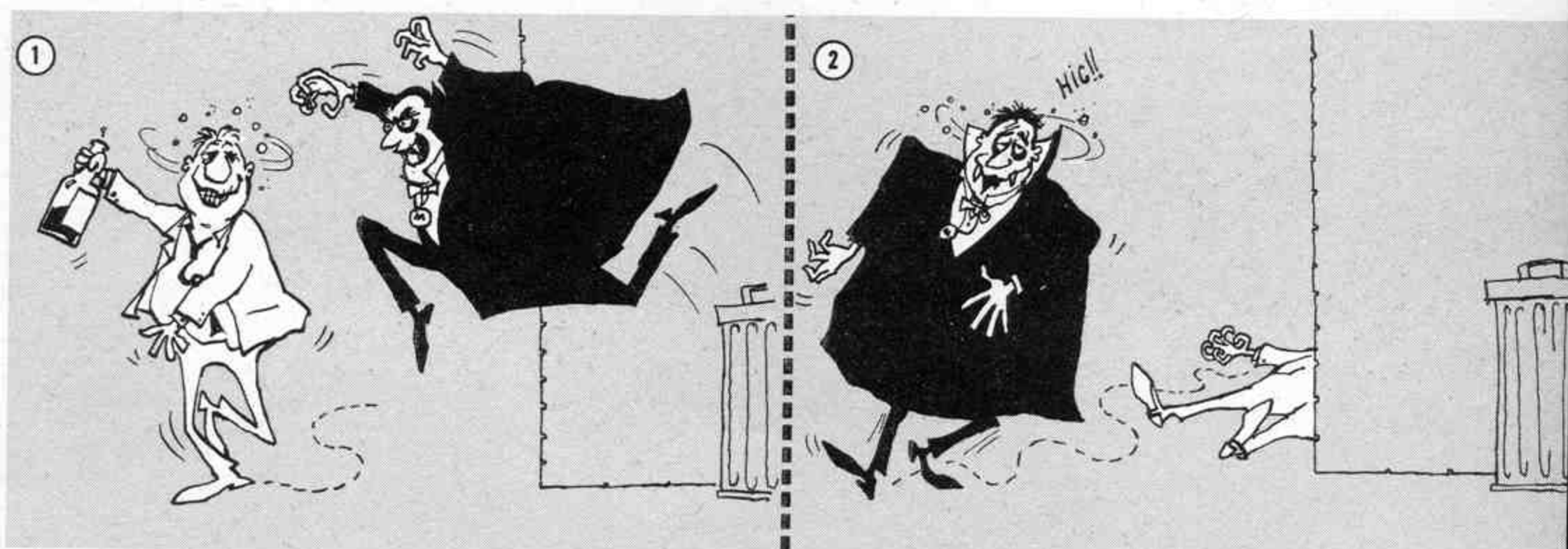
Frankenstein

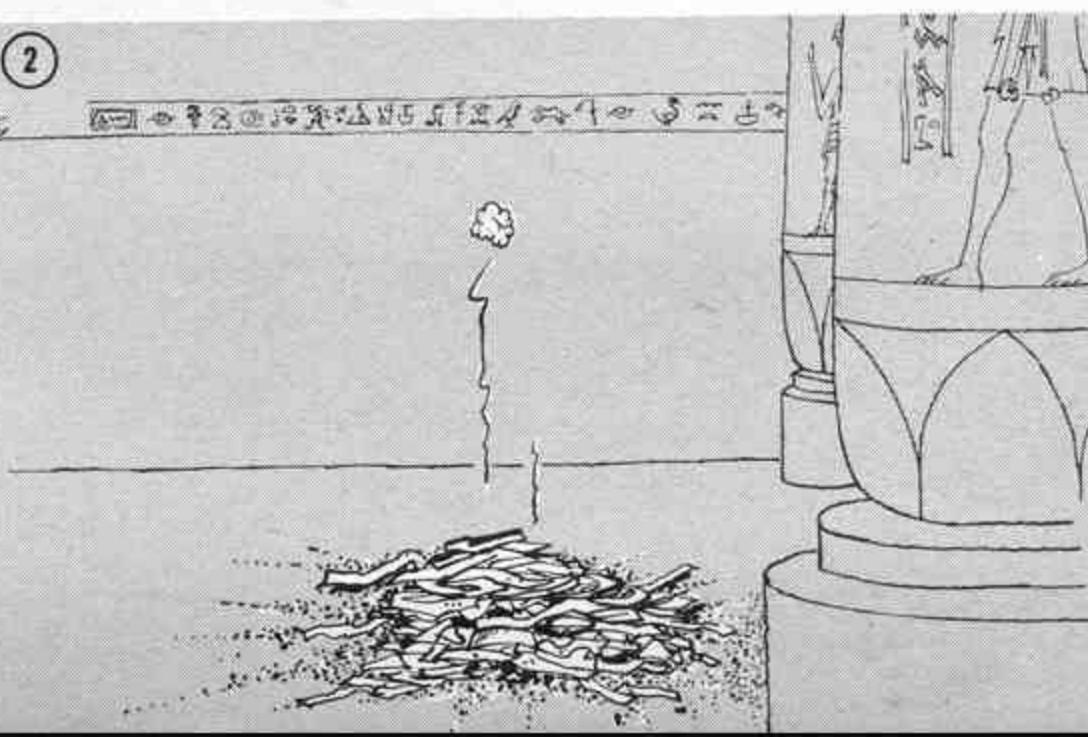
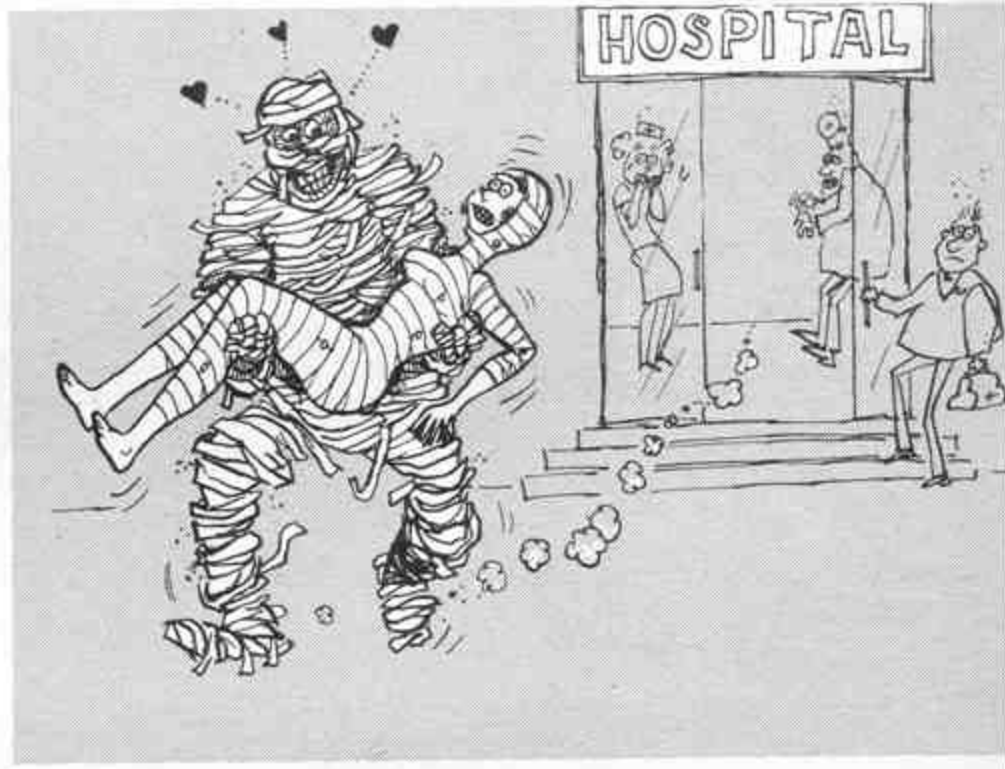
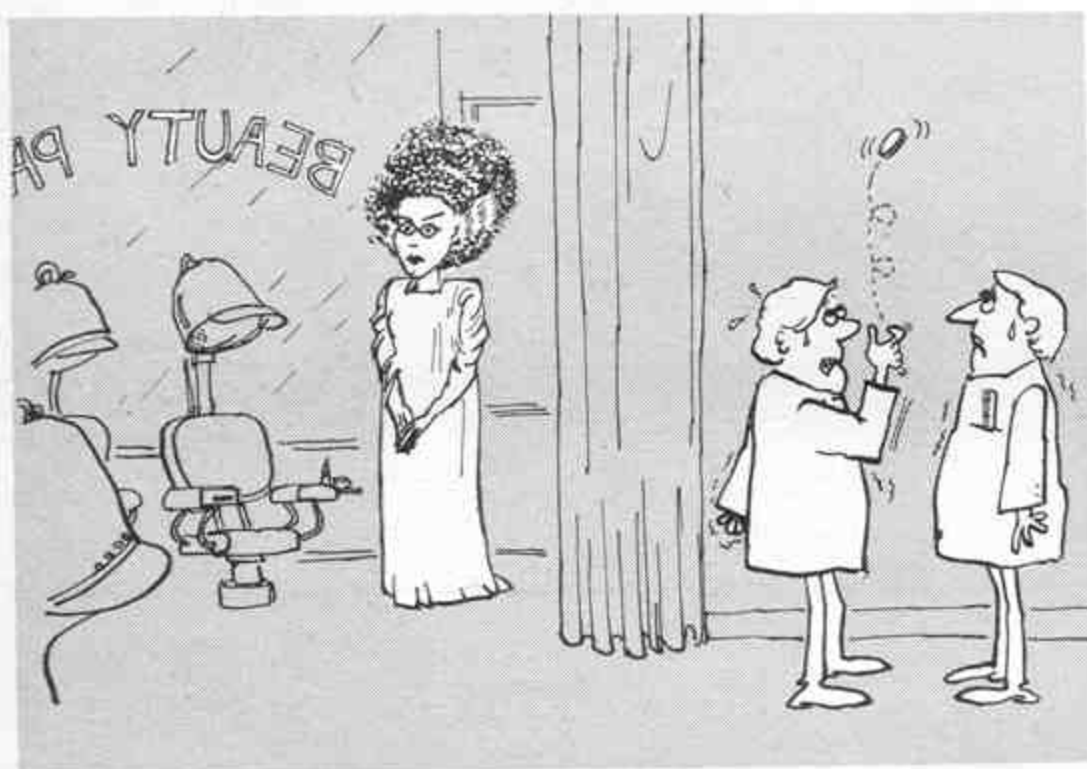
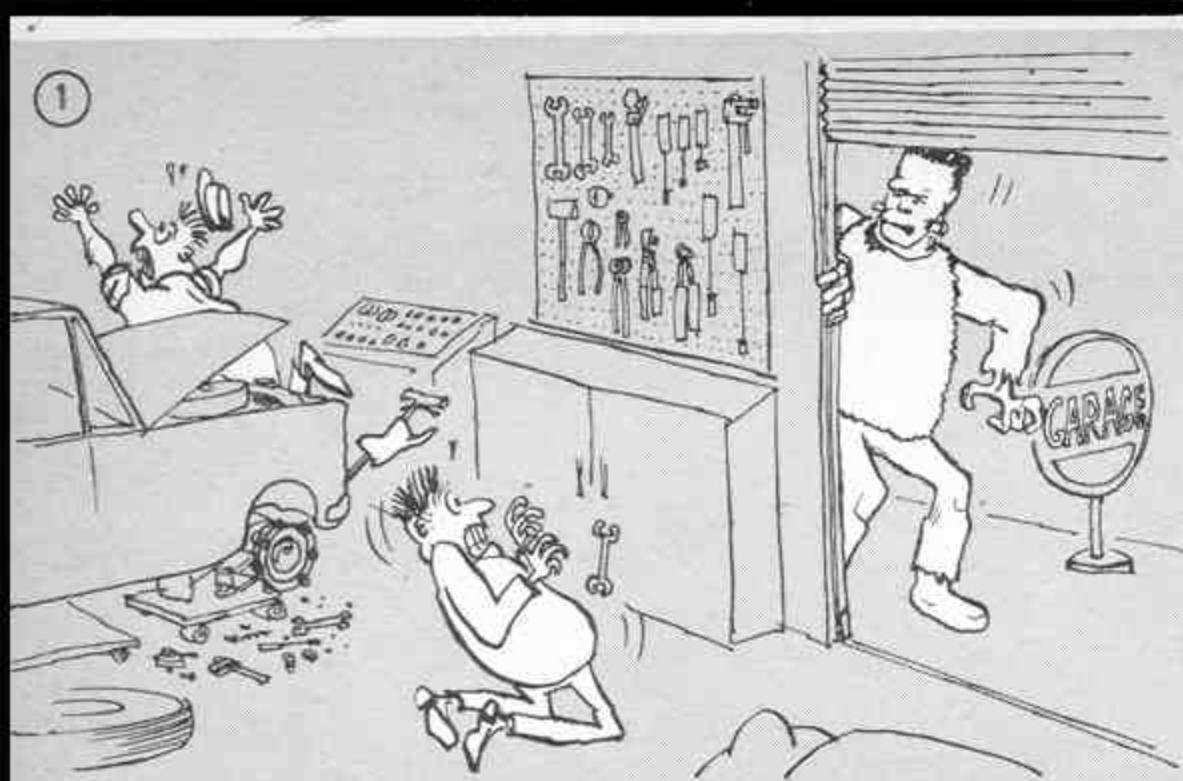
Billagers

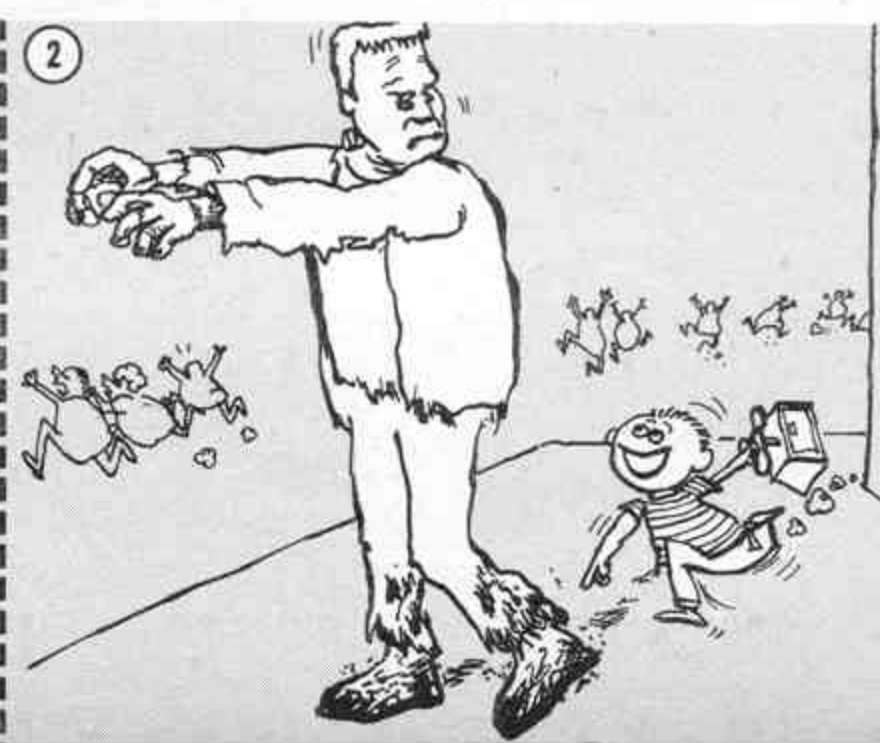
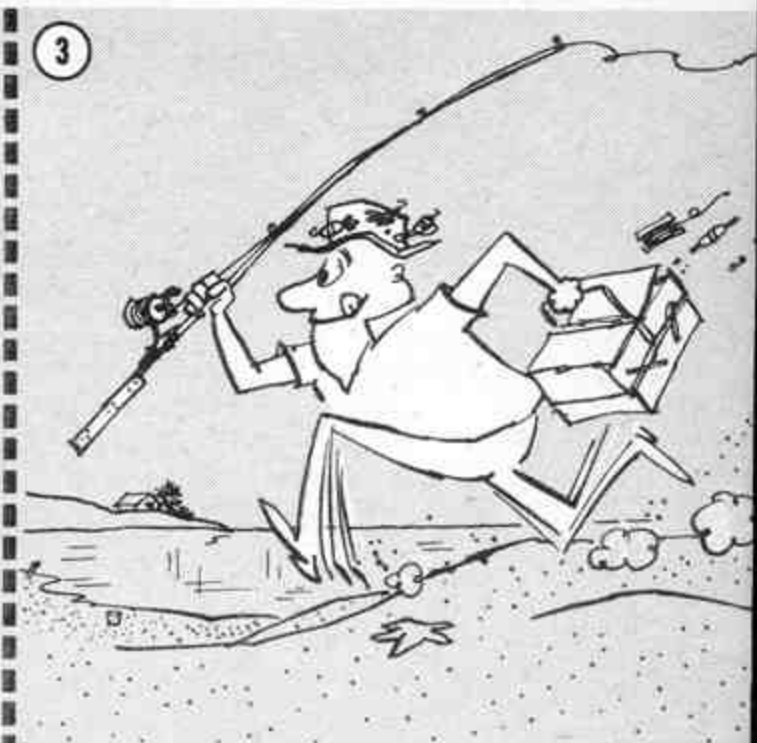
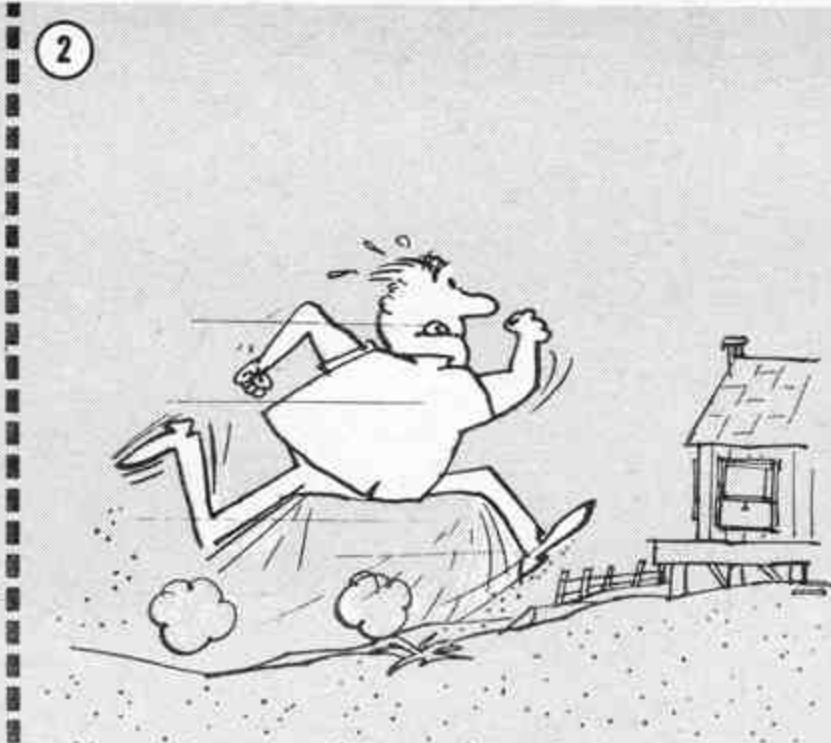
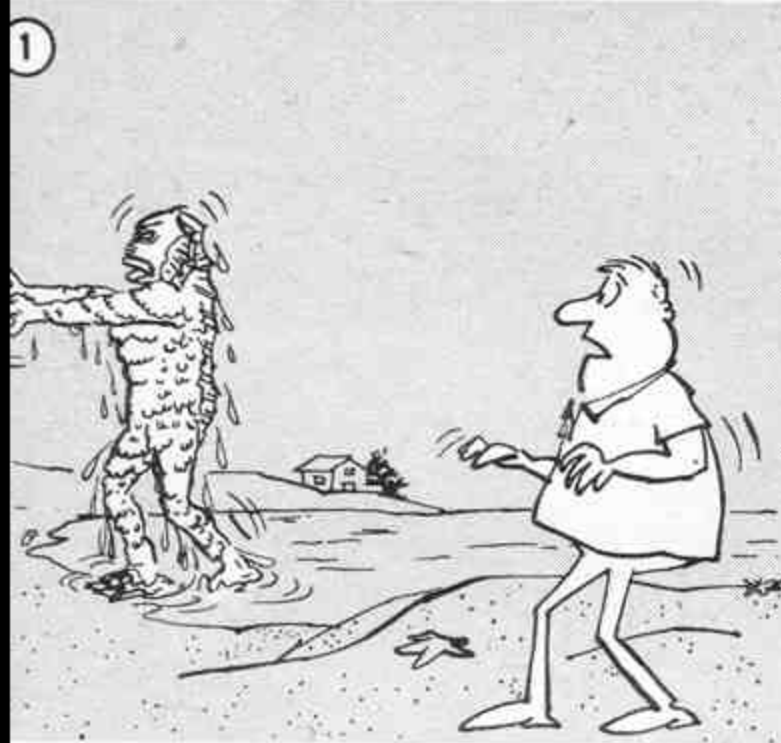
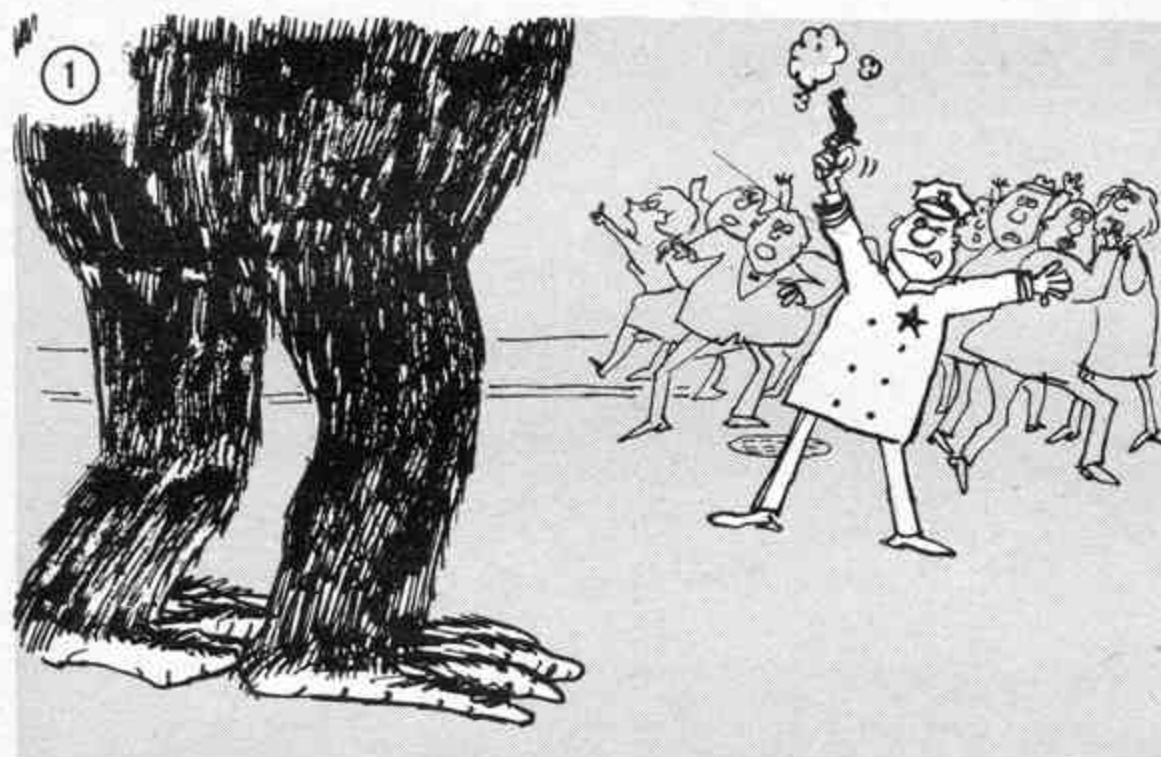
MONSTERS

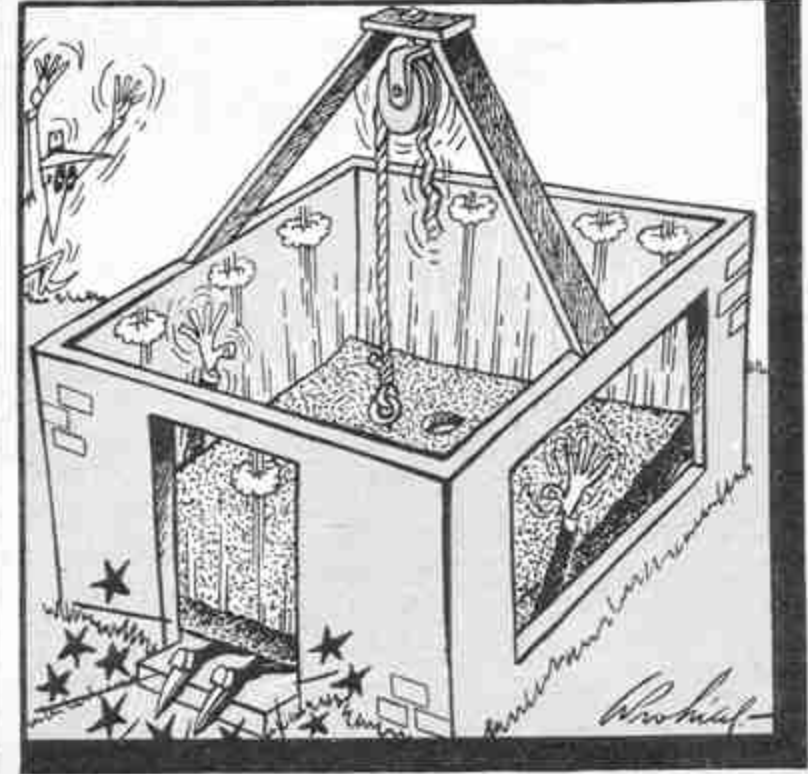
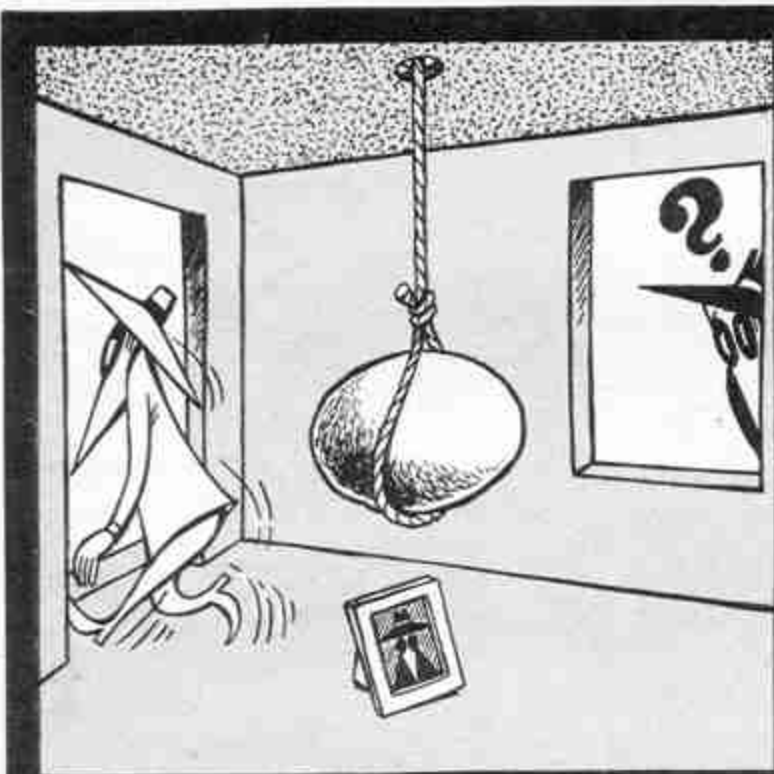
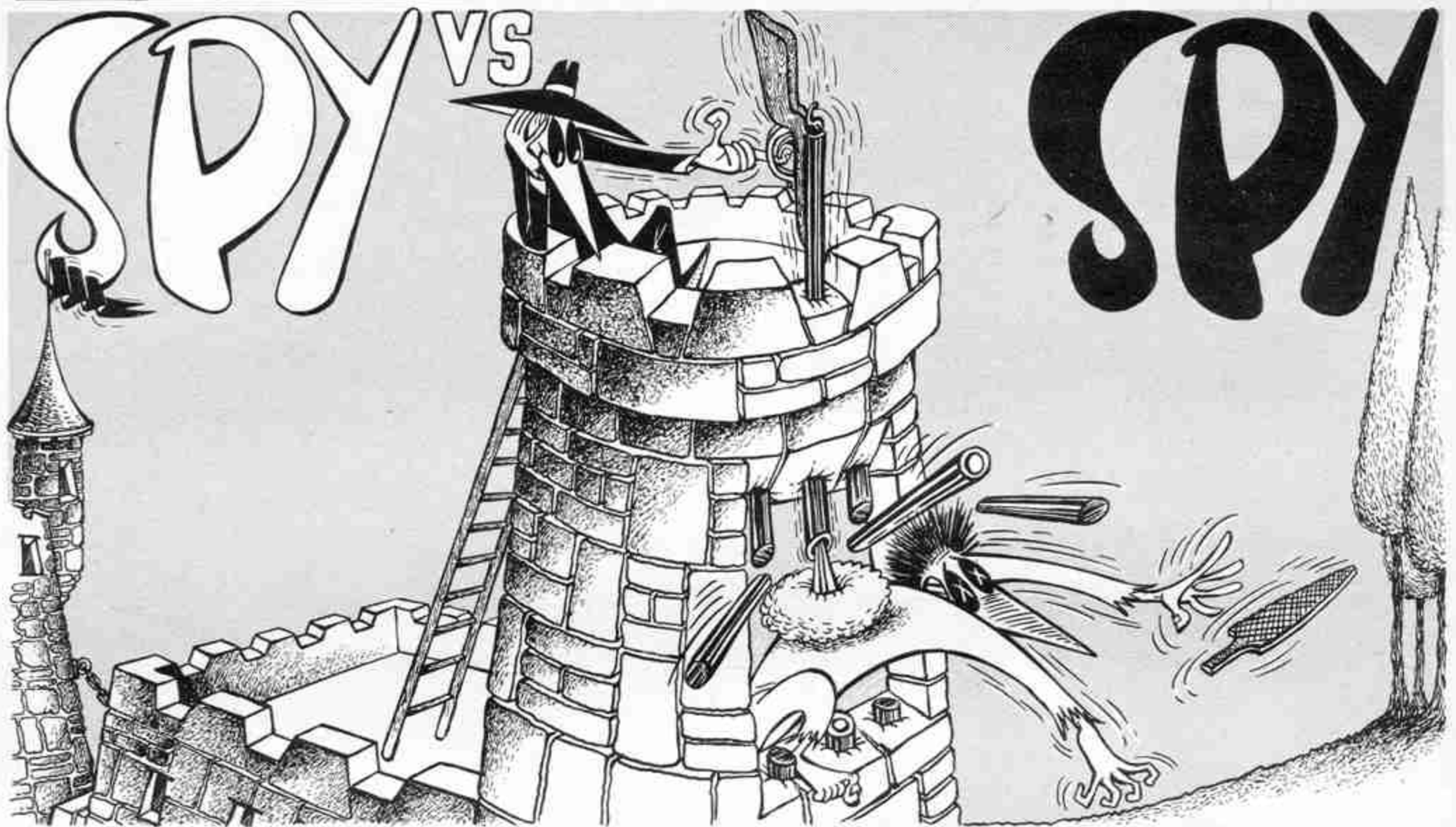
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

Pepsi
Coke









DEADLY GIVEAWAYS DEPT.

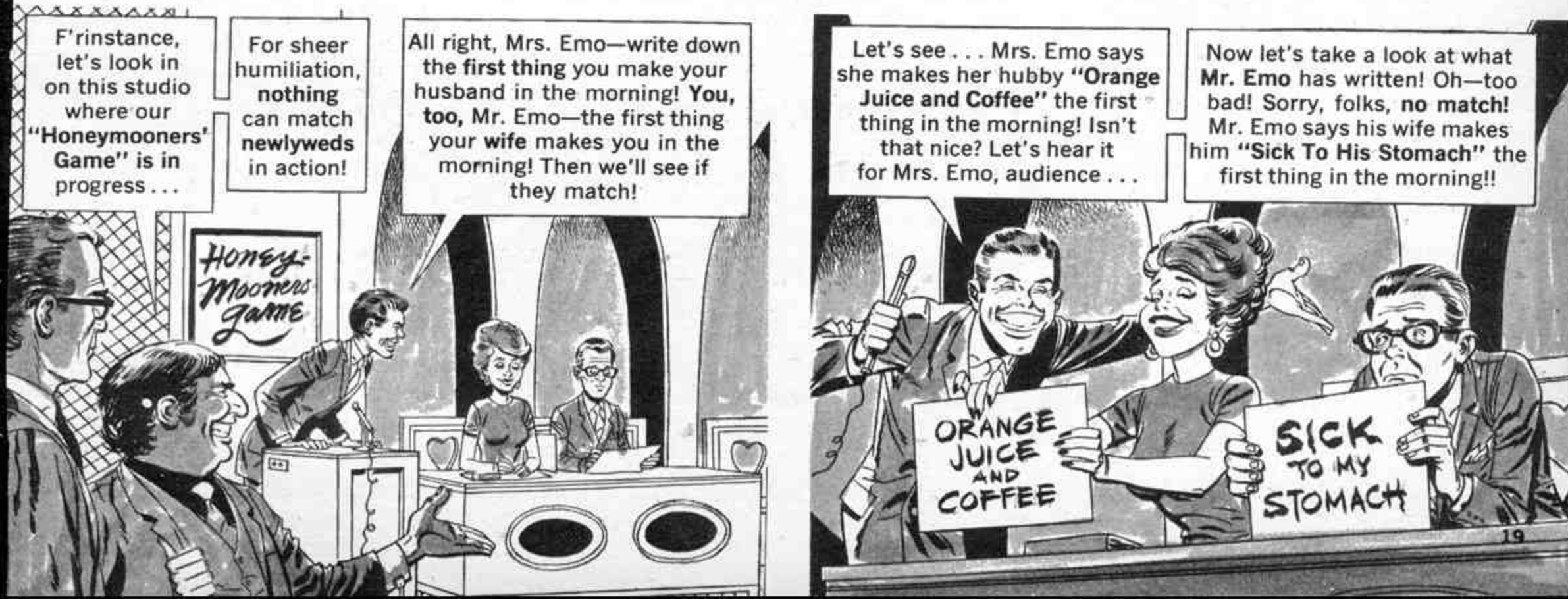
What's the worst part of being home sick during the day? Why, it's having to watch "Daytime TV", of course! Not that the "Soap Operas" are so bad. In fact, even the fiftieth re-run of "My Little Margie" has a certain historical value. What's really tough to take, especially in that weakened condition, are those stupid "Game Shows"! Who is responsible for these time-wasting, nauseating spectacles? Come along as we visit...

MAD's "TV Game Show" Originator Of The Year

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: STAN HART

Earthquake
San Francisco



She looks that bad without make-up, eh, Mr. Emo!

Hey, folks! Isn't this adorable? The Emo's are having their very first fight, and you're now seeing it exclusively on the "Honeymooners' Game"!!!

Well, that certainly is humiliating! What do the contestants win, Chuck?

A six-week all-expense-paid trip to Reno... and that includes Divorce fees!!

They're taping another one of my popular TV Game Shows in this studio! It's called "Let's Swap Something"!

What's the basic appeal of this show?

An element that's almost as popular as humiliation... **GREED!** The public loves to see greed!

So, Mrs. Dingle, you want to trade your first-born for cash?

WELL, YOU'VE GOT A SWAP!!



Here's your two hundred dollars, Mrs. Dingle—and your baby goes up for swap on tomorrow's show!

Now—will you trade your two hundred dollars for whatever is under that box?

Yes! I'll trade! I want more! **More! MORE! MORE!**

NO!
NO!

YOU'LL BE SORRY



Oh, that's too bad, Mrs. Dingle! You goofed! You swapped two hundred dollars for some clothespins!

Okay, audience... let's give stupid here her lumps...

STUPID!

STUPID!!



Tell me, Mr. Barris—of all your TV Game Shows, which is your favorite?

Oh, that would have to be "Pick Your Date"! It's such a natural... a thin coating of innocence spread over **RAW SEX!**



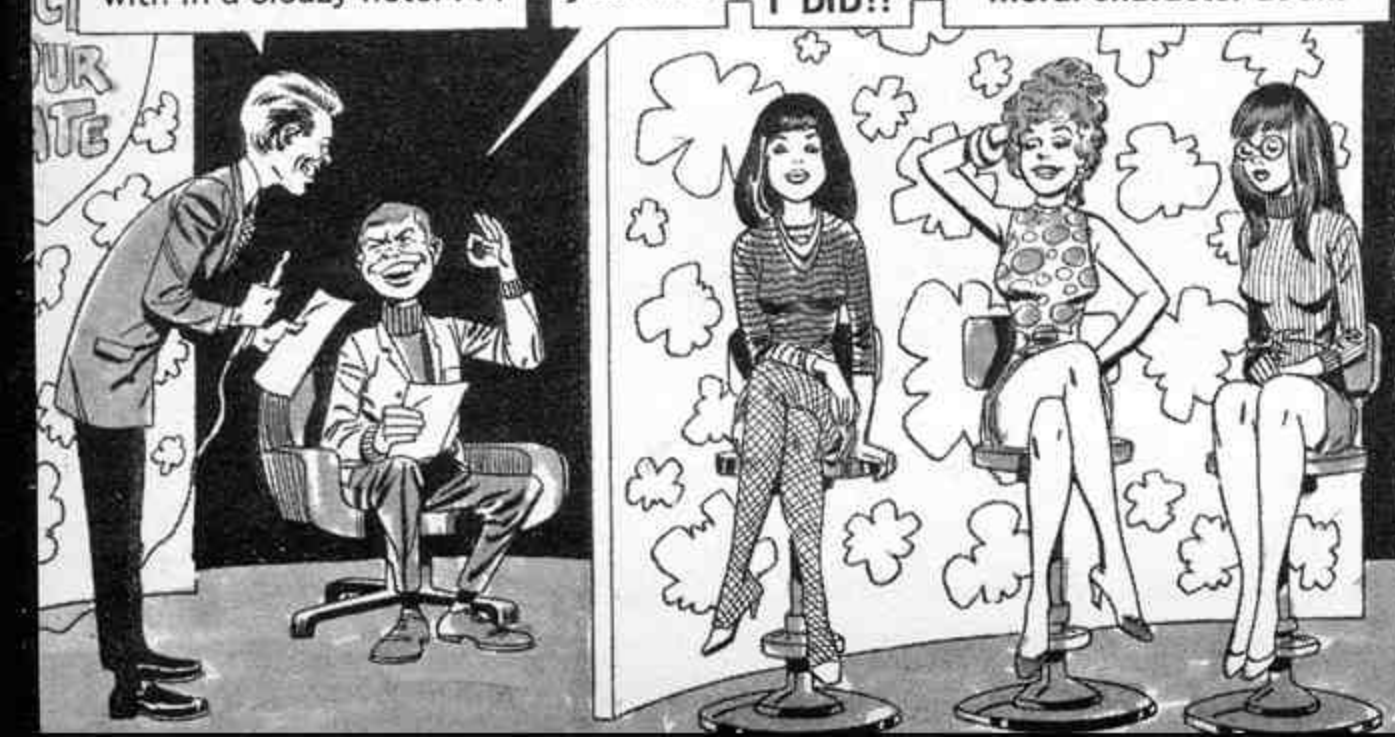
Now, Albert, if you'll just ask the last of our young ladies a question... and then choose the one you'd like to spend the week-end with in a sleazy hotel...

Er—Date number three—would you...?

Finish the question, Albert!
I DID!!

Oh—heh-heh—I see! And which one do you choose?

Number two, because she sounds like she has no moral character at all!

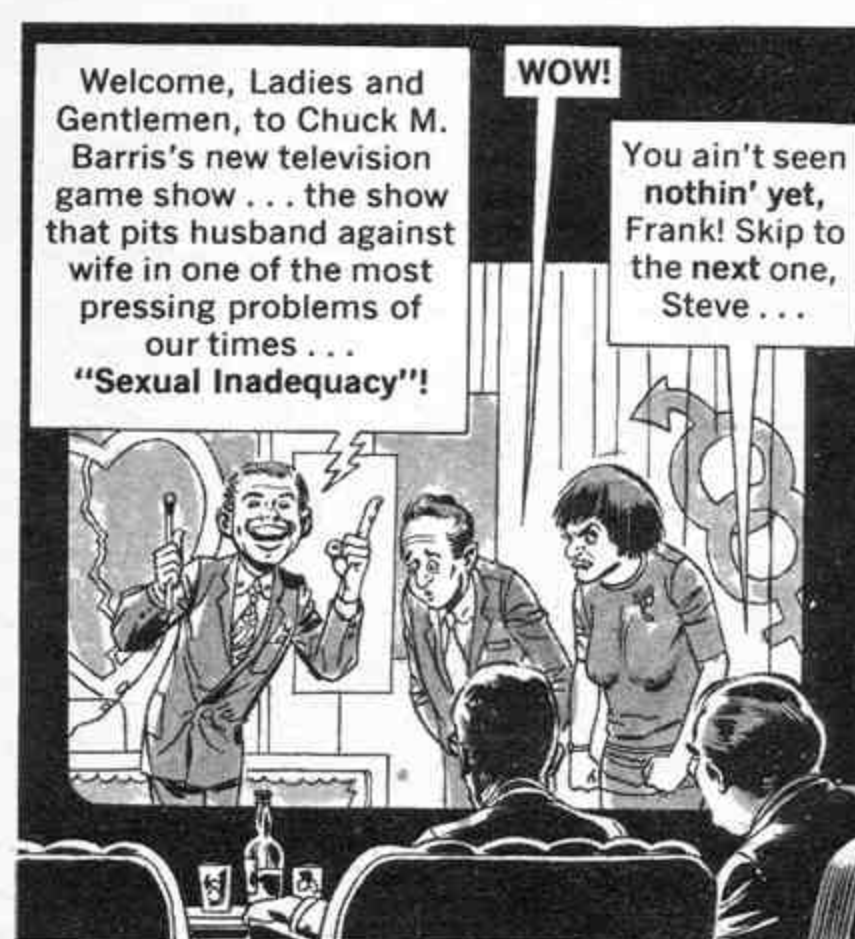
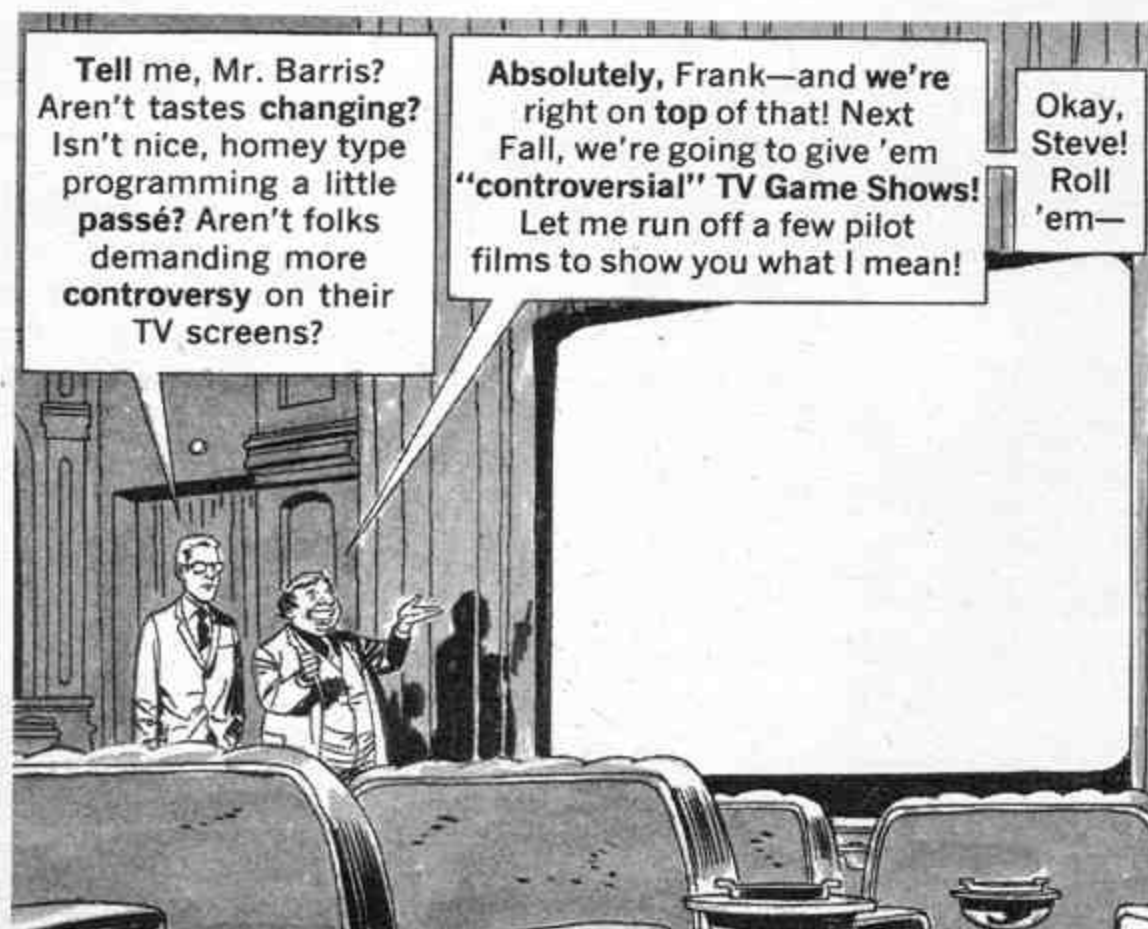
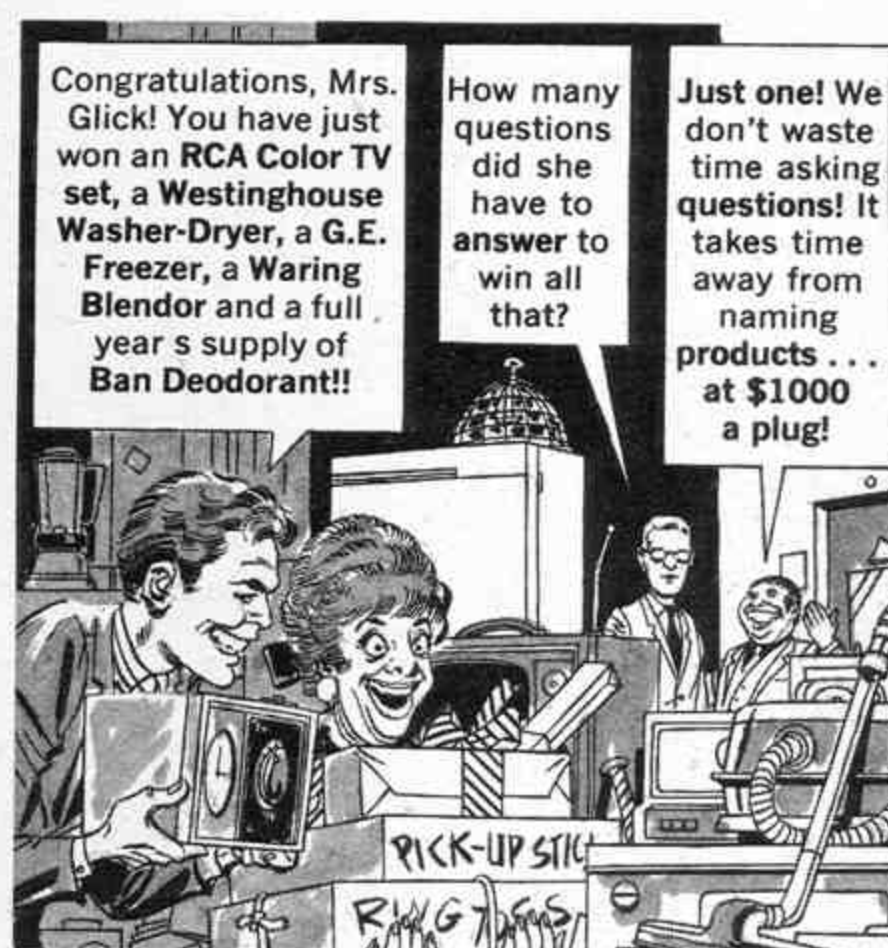
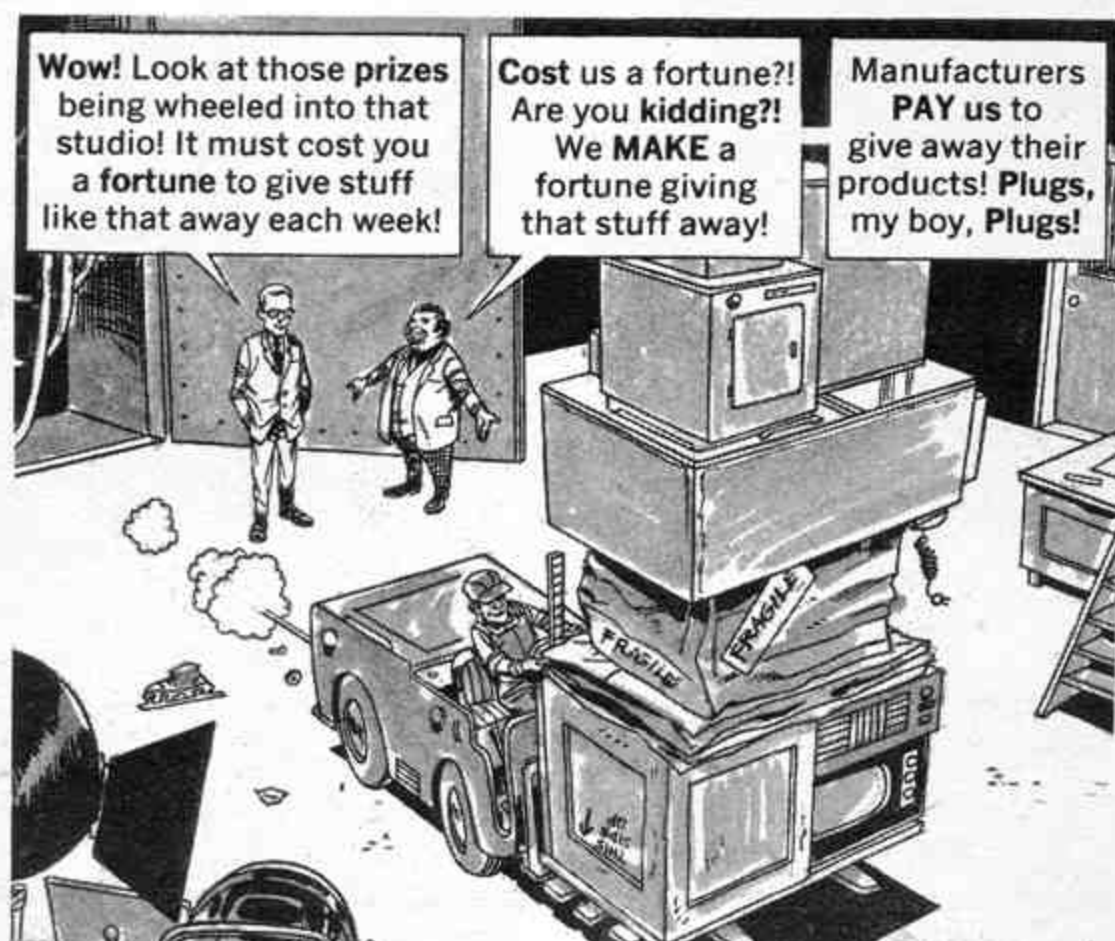
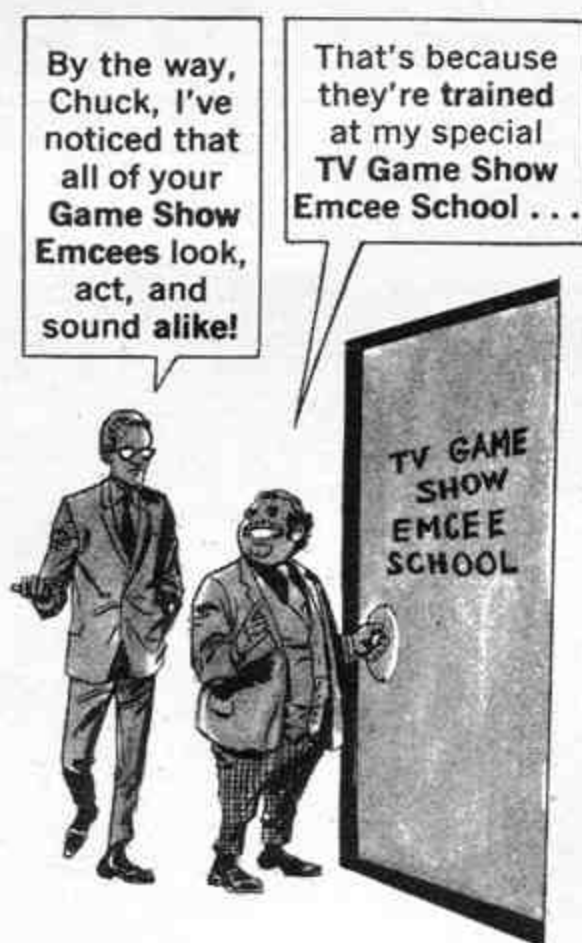


You mean you actually send two complete strangers away to spend a week-end together? Can't that get—er—complicated?

Sure! That's how we're lining up contestants for the new TV Game Show I'm introducing this Fall! It's called "Paternity Suit"! Care to see a pilot?

No, thanks!





Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Chuck M. Barris' new television game show—"The RACE Race"—in which contestants try to guess the race of victims by testing their reactions to derogatory remarks, bigoted statements and just plain racial slurs! And now, here's—

Gosh! Do you think the public will go for this one, Mr. Barris?

Natch! Racists will love the contestants, and Liberals will root for the victims! We can't lose! And here's another winner! We call it "J'accuse!"

All right, members of the guest jury! You've heard all the evidence! Is it "J'accuse!" or "N'accuse!"?

We find the defendant "Guilty" in the First Degree...

Great! Okay—take him away!



This show doesn't seem so unusual!

Watch, dummy—Don't talk!

Ready... Aim... FIRE!!



And that about wraps up another session of "J'accuse!" for this week, folks...

They SHOT him! Good Lord, that's horrible!

Don't be so upset! The widow gets some swell prizes! Every one a Name Brand!



Well, Chuck, I guess you've gone about as far as you can go in TV Game Shows...

Not quite, Frank! I'm working on the ULTIMATE TV GAME SHOW! It's called "Megatons"! Only I'm having a little trouble selling it to a sponsor!



Why is that!

It's only a ONE SHOT!!





SENATOR
EUGENE MCCARTHY



PRESIDENT
LYNDON B. JOHNSON



GOVERNOR
RONALD REAGAN



VICE-PRESIDENT
HUBERT HUMPHREY



GOVERNOR
NELSON ROCKEFELLER



SENATOR
CHARLES H. PERCY



MAYOR
JOHN V. LINDSAY



EX-VICE PRESIDENT
RICHARD M. NIXON



GOVERNOR
MARK HATFIELD



EX-PRESIDENT
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

PIECE CANDIDATE DEPT.

In November, America will choose between the candidates of the two major political parties, and one of them will become President of the United States. But what about the other fine men who have vied for their Party's choice at recent National Conventions? And what about the other great men who weren't even in the running? If only we could take the best qualities of each and forge them into one ideal Presidential Candidate! If we *could*, we'd come up with:

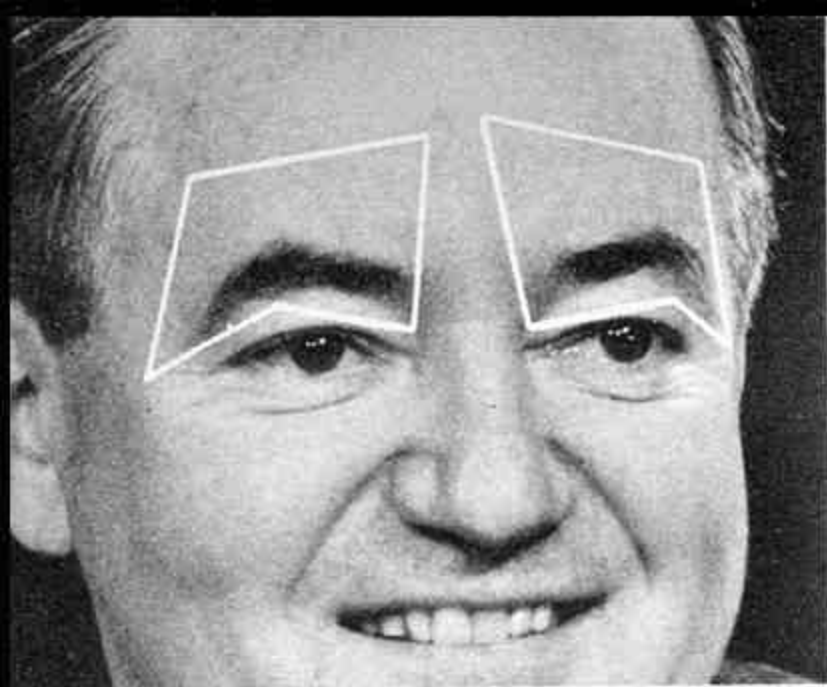
MAD MAGAZINE'S IDEAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Conceived by Lou Silverstone

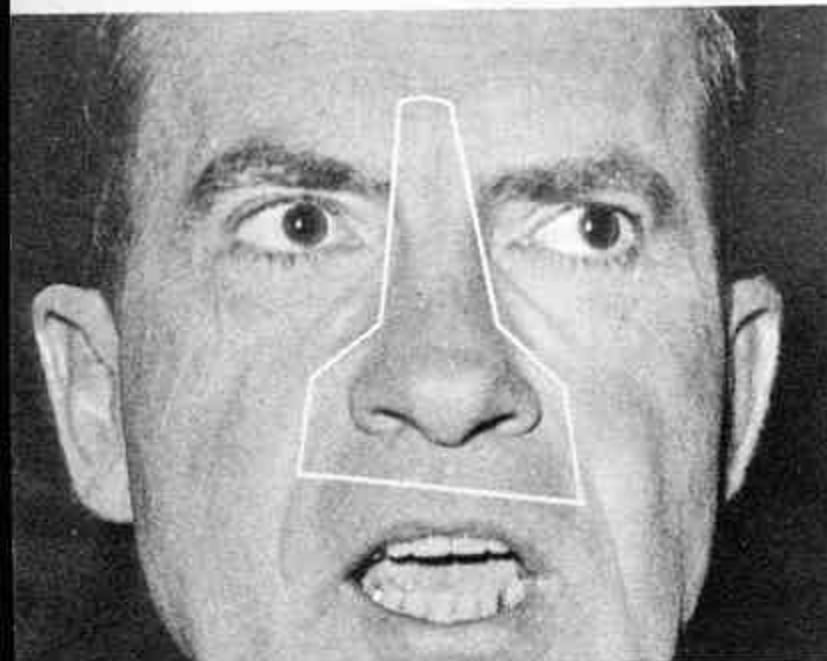
Researched by Max Brandel

Photos by U.P.I. & World Wide

HERE IS **MAD'S** IDEAL



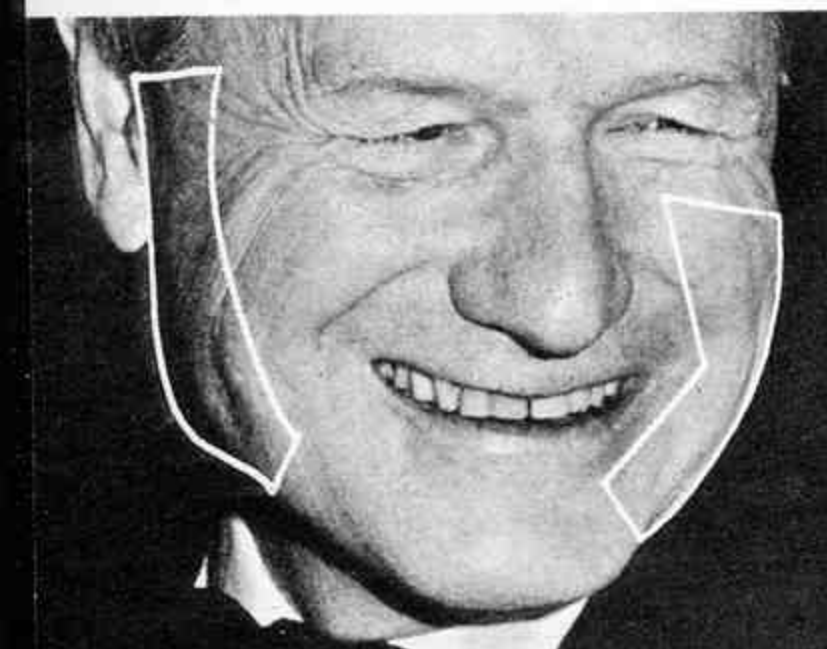
THE "TALK-TO-'EM-HIGHBROW" EYEBROWS OF
Vice-President Hubert Humphrey



THE "ALWAYS-LOSES-BY-A-NOSE" NOSE OF
Richard M. Nixon



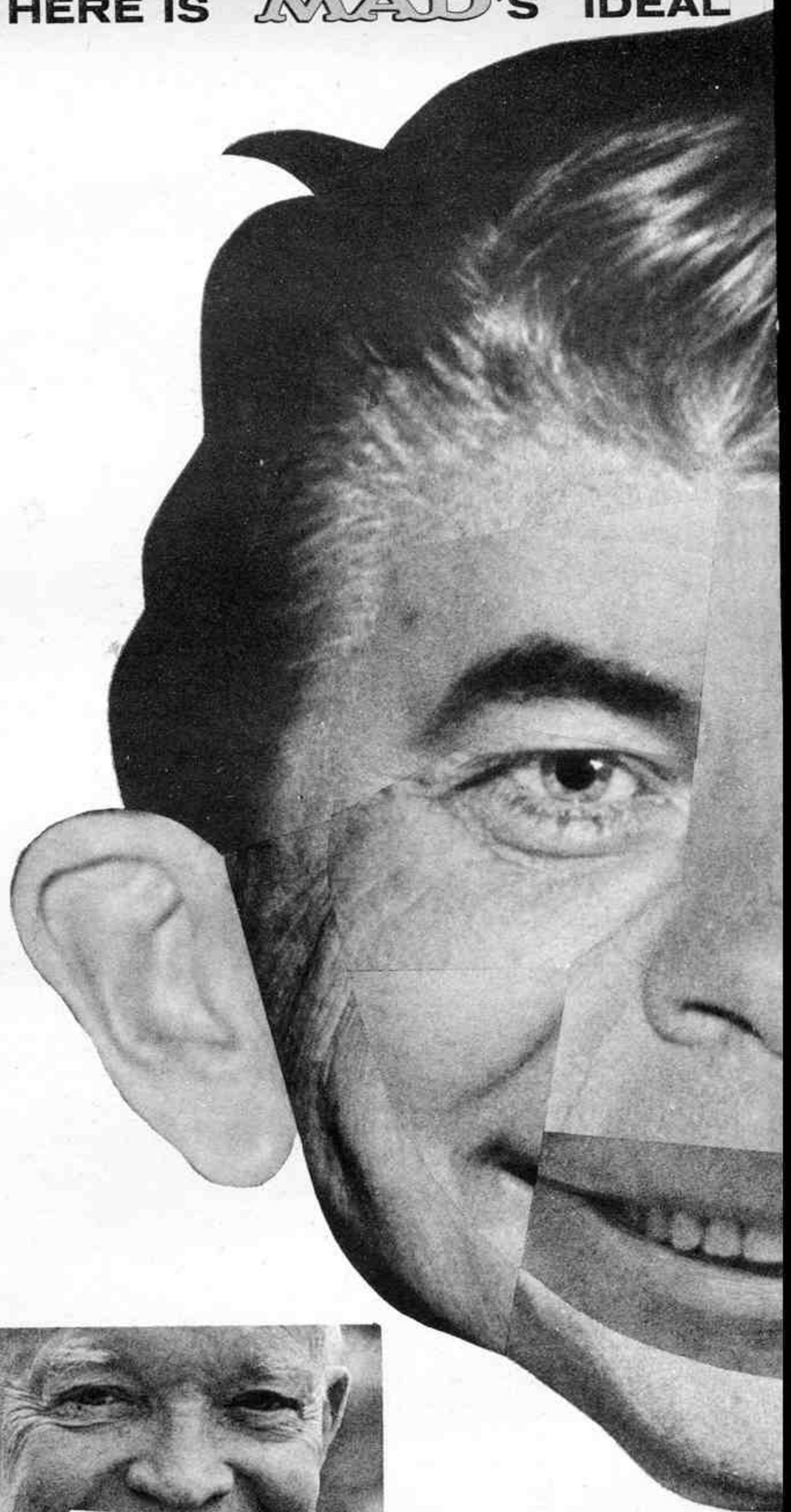
THE "EAR-TO-THE-RIGHT" RIGHT EAR OF
Mayor John V. Lindsay



THE "UNMITIGATED CHEEK" CHEEKS OF . . .
Governor Nelson Rockefeller

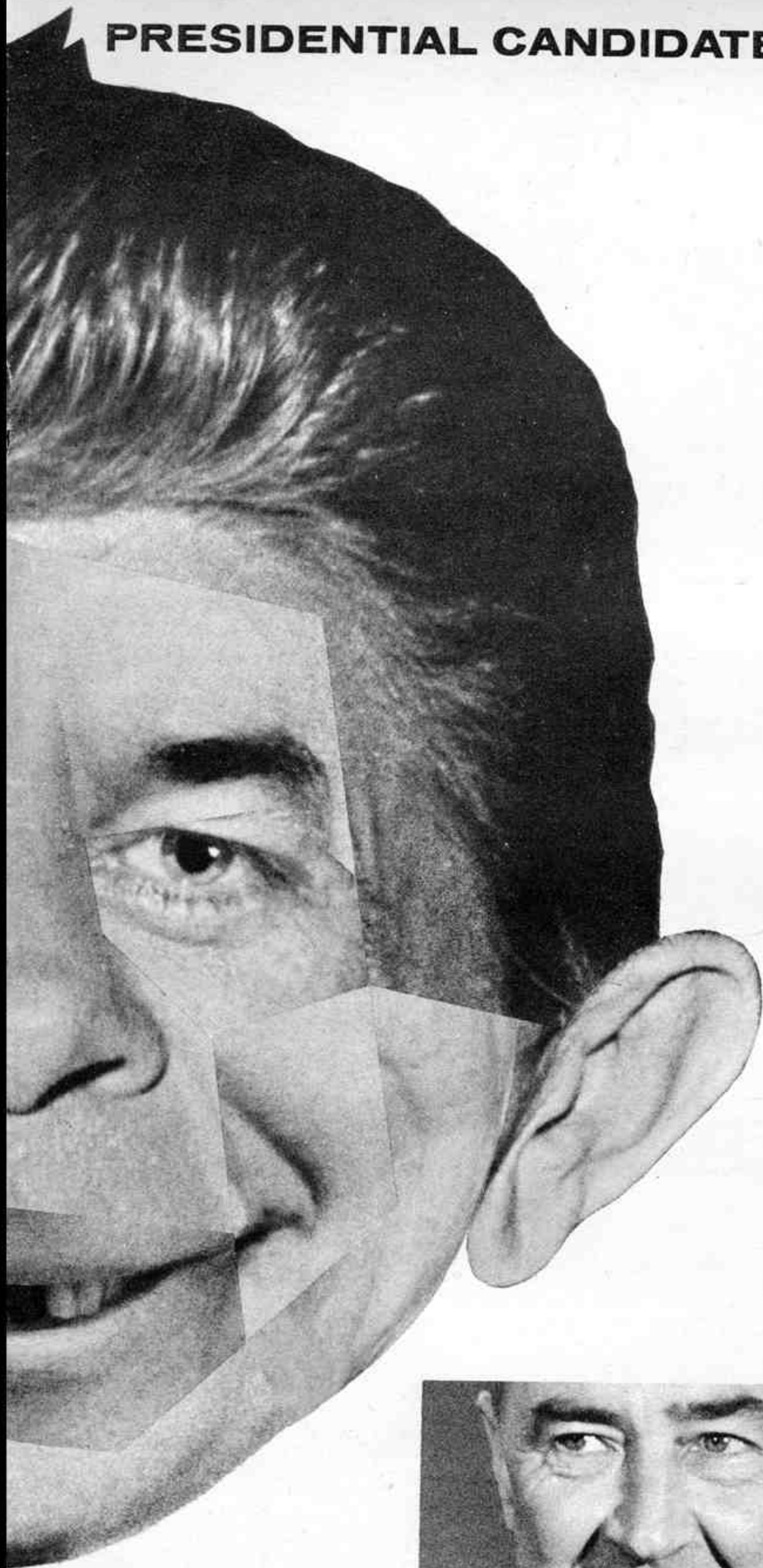


THE "LAUGHING-UP-HIS-SLEEVE" GRIN OF
Ex-Pres. Dwight D. Eisenhower



THE "CREDIBILITY"
Practically

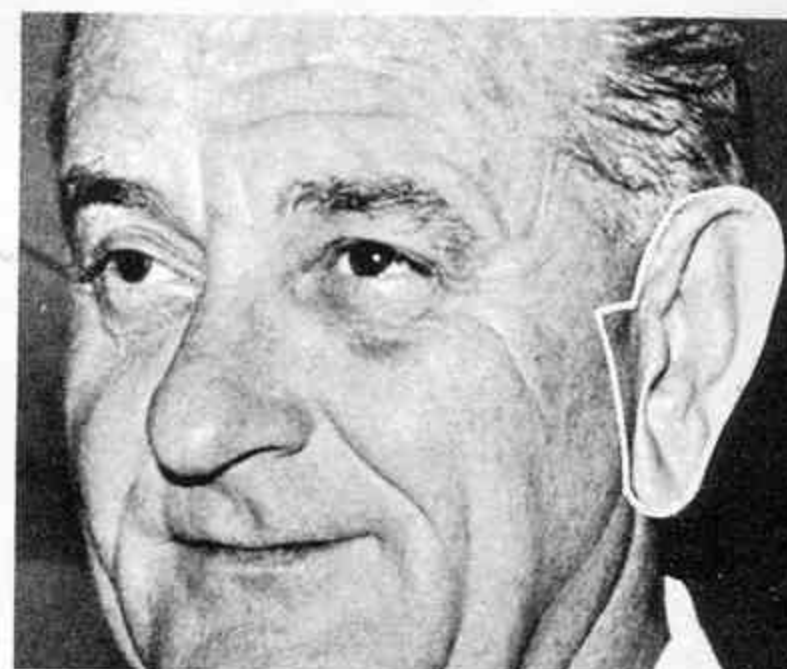
PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE!



**THE "CONSERVATIVE HEAD" OF HAIR OF
Governor Ronald Reagan**



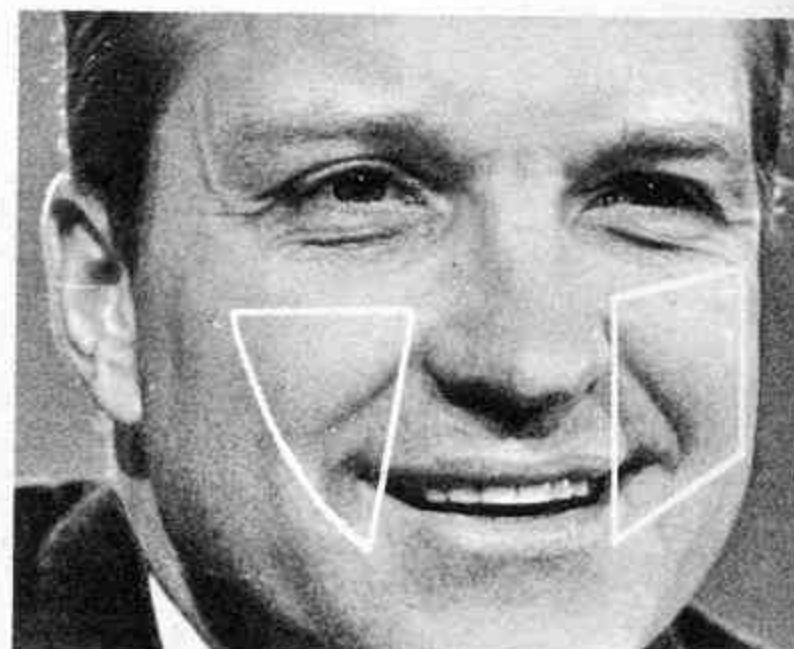
**THE "EYES-ON-THE-WHITE-HOUSE" EYES OF
Governor Mark Hatfield**



**THE "EAR-TO-THE-LEFT" LEFT EAR OF . . .
President Lyndon B. Johnson**



**THE "STICK-YOUR-CHIN-WAY-OUT" CHIN OF
Senator Eugene McCarthy**



**THE "SMILING LINES" SMILE-LINES OF . . .
Senator Charles H. Percy**

If you dug "The Music Man" and his memorable tirade against that pool table ("Ya got TROUBLE, my

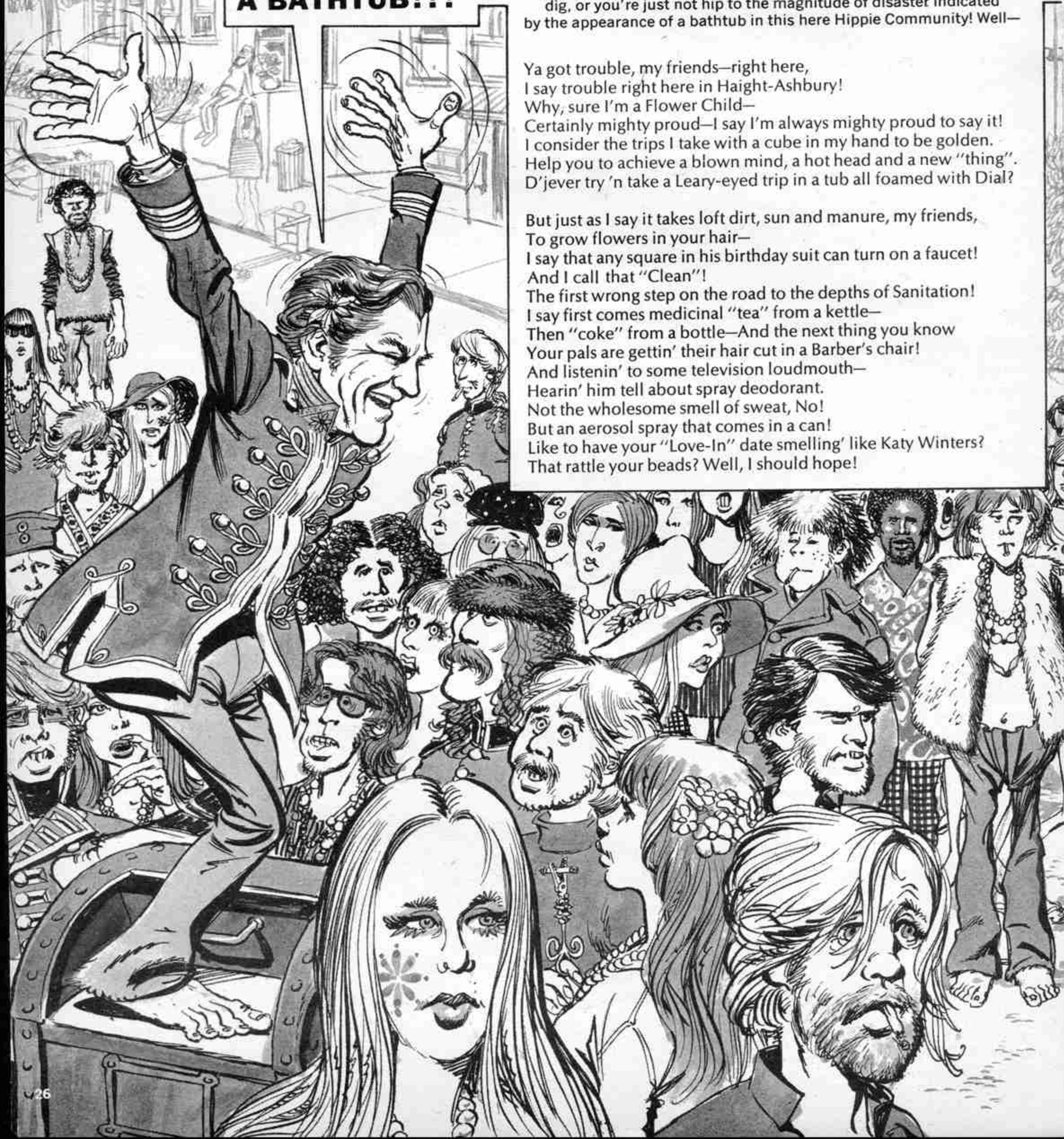
THE HIPPIE

A BATHTUB!?!

Either you're tuning yourselves out to a situation you don't wish to dig, or you're just not hip to the magnitude of disaster indicated by the appearance of a bathtub in this here Hippie Community! Well—

Ya got trouble, my friends—right here,
I say trouble right here in Haight-Ashbury!
Why, sure I'm a Flower Child—
Certainly mighty proud—I say I'm always mighty proud to say it!
I consider the trips I take with a cube in my hand to be golden.
Help you to achieve a blown mind, a hot head and a new "thing".
D'jever try 'n take a Leary-eyed trip in a tub all foamed with Dial?

But just as I say it takes loft dirt, sun and manure, my friends,
To grow flowers in your hair—
I say that any square in his birthday suit can turn on a faucet!
And I call that "Clean"!
The first wrong step on the road to the depths of Sanitation!
I say first comes medicinal "tea" from a kettle—
Then "coke" from a bottle—And the next thing you know
Your pals are gettin' their hair cut in a Barber's chair!
And listenin' to some television loudmouth—
Hearin' him tell about spray deodorant.
Not the wholesome smell of sweat, No!
But an aerosol spray that comes in a can!
Like to have your "Love-In" date smelling' like Katy Winters?
That rattle your beads? Well, I should hope!



friend, right here in River City!"), then you'll flip your lid over MAD's up-to-date version, delivered by...

PIE MAN

Friends, le'me make it very clear—
Ya got one—two—hot and cold water faucets on a bathtub!
Faucets that make the diff'rence between any Hippie and Mr. Clean
With a capital "C" and that rhymes with "B" and that stands for BATH!

And all week long, our Haight-Ashbury youth'll be scrubbin' away—
I say all our youth'll be scrubbin'—
Scrubbin' away their March-time, Riot-time, Trip-time, too!

Get the "Dash" in the washer, never mind gettin' necklaces strung,
Or the flowers watered, or the burlap sewed!
And never mind filchin' any "Acid"
Till the Communes are caught with their Sugar Cubes dry
On a Saturday night 'cause of bubbles!
Them soap-smellin', hell-raisin' Beelzebub-les!

I'm thinkin' of the boys in their blue jeans
An' mini-skirted girls
Climbing into tubs just to take a BATH!
Ya got trouble, gang—right here in Haight-Ashbury! Trouble!
With a capital "T" and that rhymes with "B" and that stands for BATH!

Now I know all you cats are the right kind of Hippies
So I'm gonna be perfectly frank—
Would you like to know what's gonna happen
Once the kids start soakin' in a tub?
They'll start thinkin' about school—thinkin' about work—
Smokin' butts you can buy in a store, legal!
An' braggin' about the material things they'll get from the coupons!

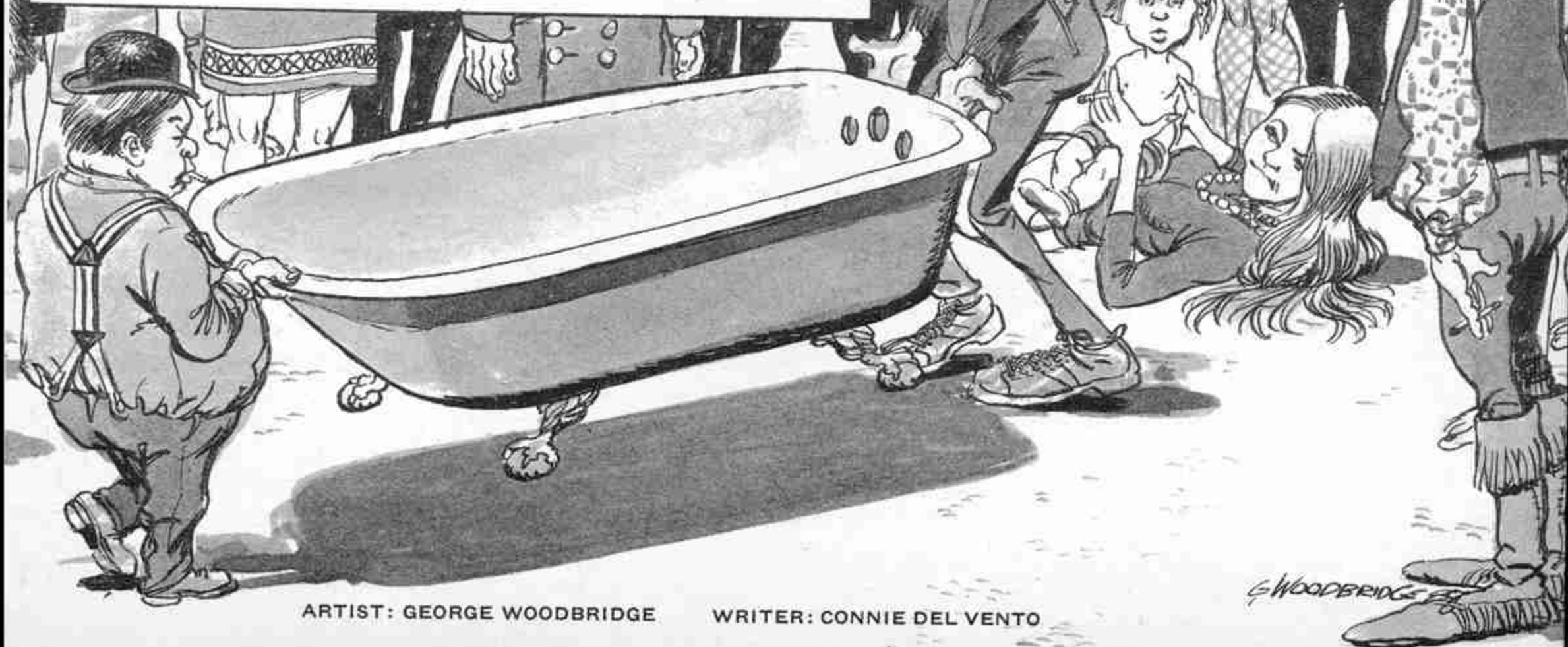
One bad night, they'll leave our "Sit-In"—
Headin' for their own private bathtubs—
Clean-cut men and well-scrubbed women and LATHER!
Horrible stuff that'll have your sons and your daughters
Up to their necks in soap and water! DISINFECTION!!
Friends, a clean fool is the White Knight's tool!

Mothers and Fathers of Haight-Ashbury! Heed my warnin' before it's too late! Watch for the tell-tale signs of Clean Living! The minute your kid leaves the pad, does he stick his Indian Beads in his pocket? Are there regular loafer-type shoes on his feet? A "TV Guide" hidden in his "I Ching"? Is he startin' to memorize lines from Ronald Reagan's speeches? Are certain phrases creeping into his vocabulary—like "getting a job" and "making something of myself"? If so, my friends...

Ya got trouble!

Man, we got trouble!

Right here in Haight-Ashbury!
Right here in San Francisco!
With a capital "We" and that rhymes with "B"
And that stands for BATH!
That stands for BATH!
We gotta figure out a way
To keep our Hippies off the Ivory path!

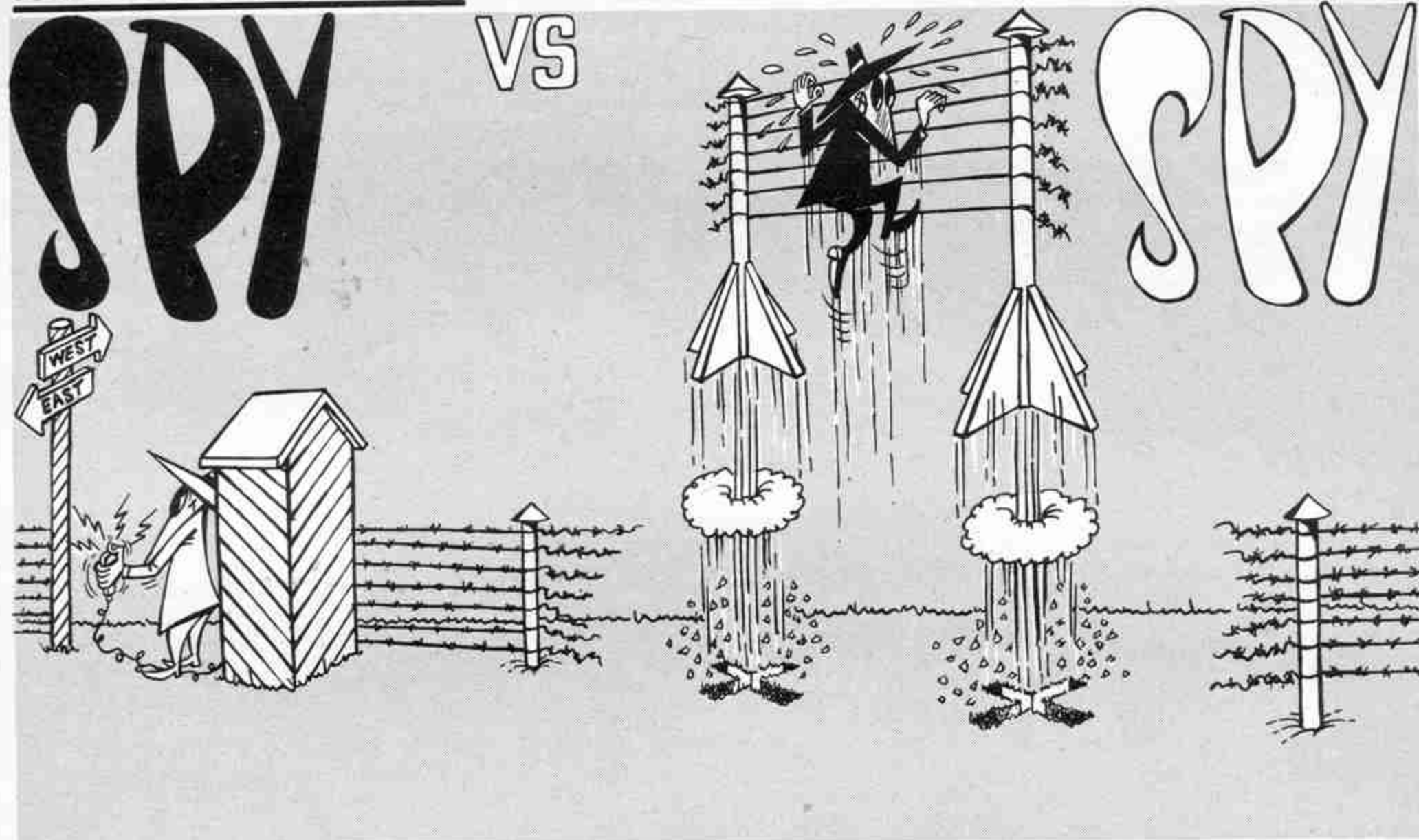


ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: CONNIE DEL VENTO

G. WOODBRIDGE

Meat
Baseball



Once upon a time, all the cigarettes were "Regular" guys, and each one enjoyed his own fair share of the market. Then one of them got ambitious. So he grew a few millimeters longer and crowned himself "King". And soon, "King" was gathering more than his share of the market. Which made the other cigarettes angry. So they all revolted and added enough millimeters to become "Kings" too. Then things finally settled down, and everyone had his fair share of the market once more. Until one of them got ambitious again. This time, he grew and grew until he was a neat, clean 100 millimeters long. So of course, all the other cigarettes grew to be 100 millimeters long. And it looked like things would settle down again. But they didn't. Now, there's real trouble this time! Chesterfield has opened the door to what promises to be a full-scale escalation of the Cigarette War. They've come out with the "Chesterfield 101"—just a silly millimeter longer, but oh the chaos it promises! Already there are rumors that Lucky Strike is planning a "102" . . . Tareyton is experimenting with a "103" . . . Old Gold is working on a "105" . . . and others are doubtlessly designing "108's," "110's," "120's," and so forth . So now, let's take a look at the consequences of this mad race and see what is bound to happen

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



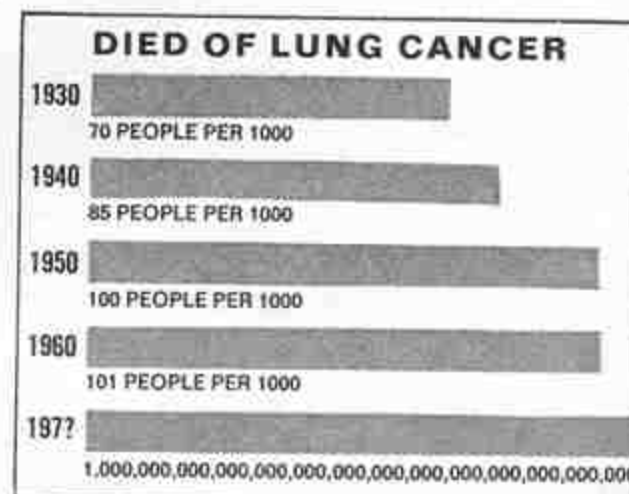
"Regular"..... 70 Millimeters Long

"King Size" 85 Millimeters Long

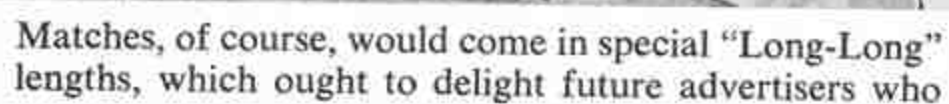
The “100”.....100 Millimeters Long

The "101" 101 Millimeters Long

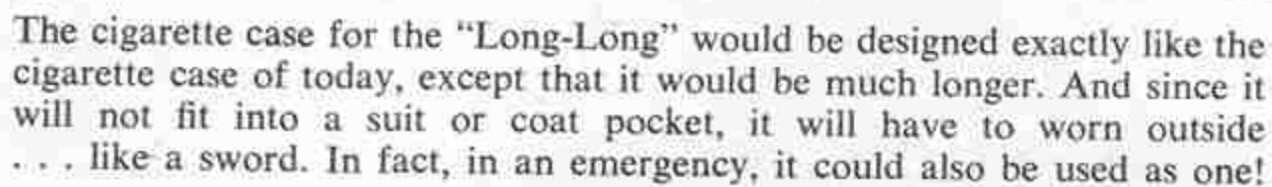
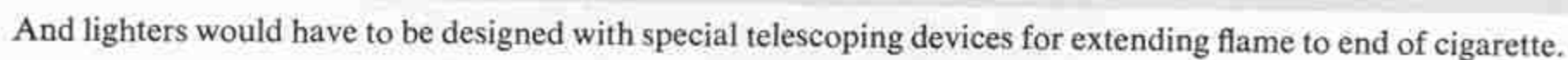
THE FUTURE "LONG-LONG".....1,000,000,000



Lighting Up The “Long-Long”



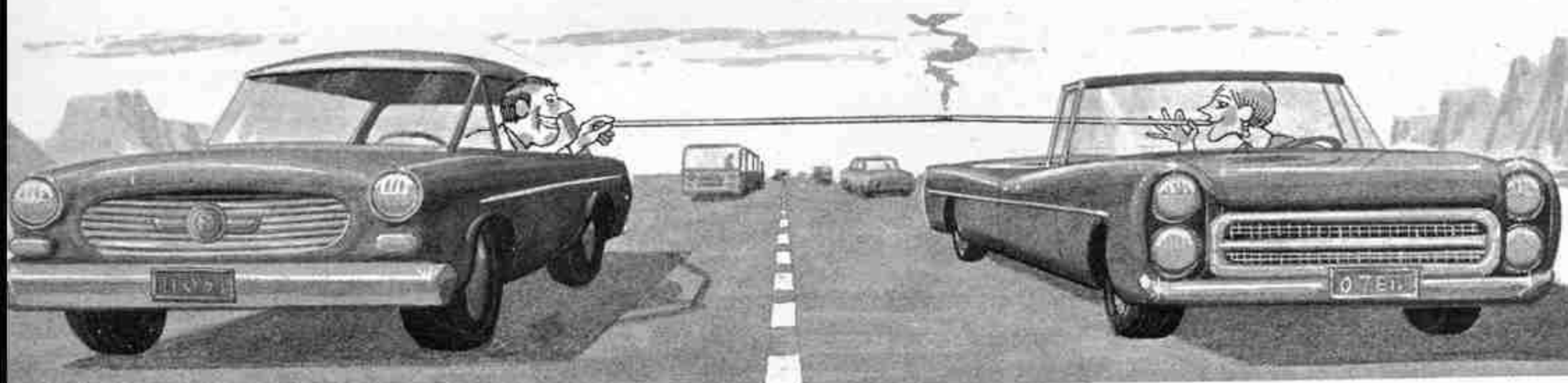
would suddenly find plenty of space on the matchbook covers in which to deliver more lengthy sales pitches.

[illegible]

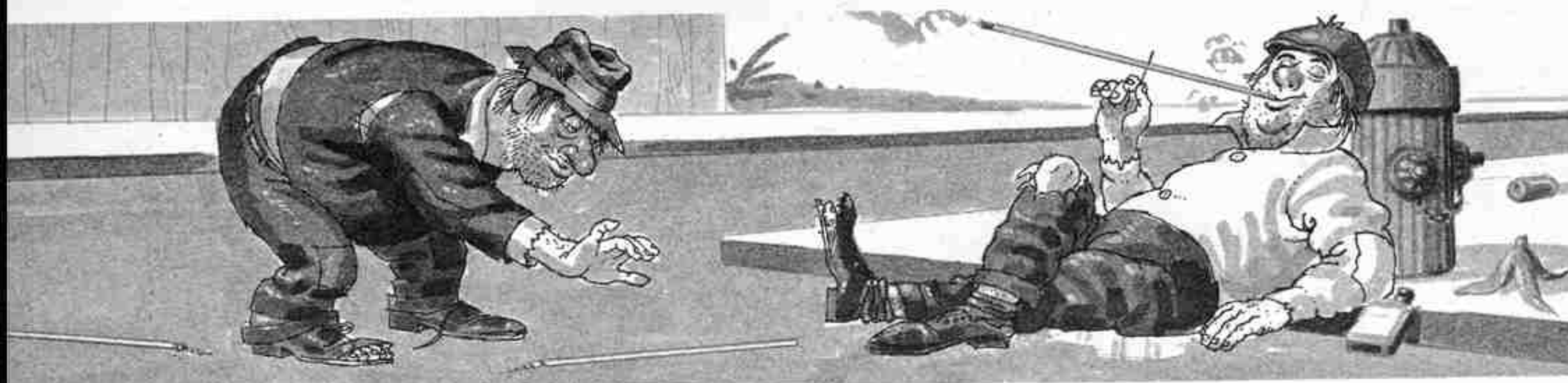
ADVANTAGES OF SMOKING THE F



In the future, working people will enjoy "Cigarette Breaks" that last for hours instead of minutes.



You'll be able to give "lights" to people who happen to be inconvenient distances away from you.



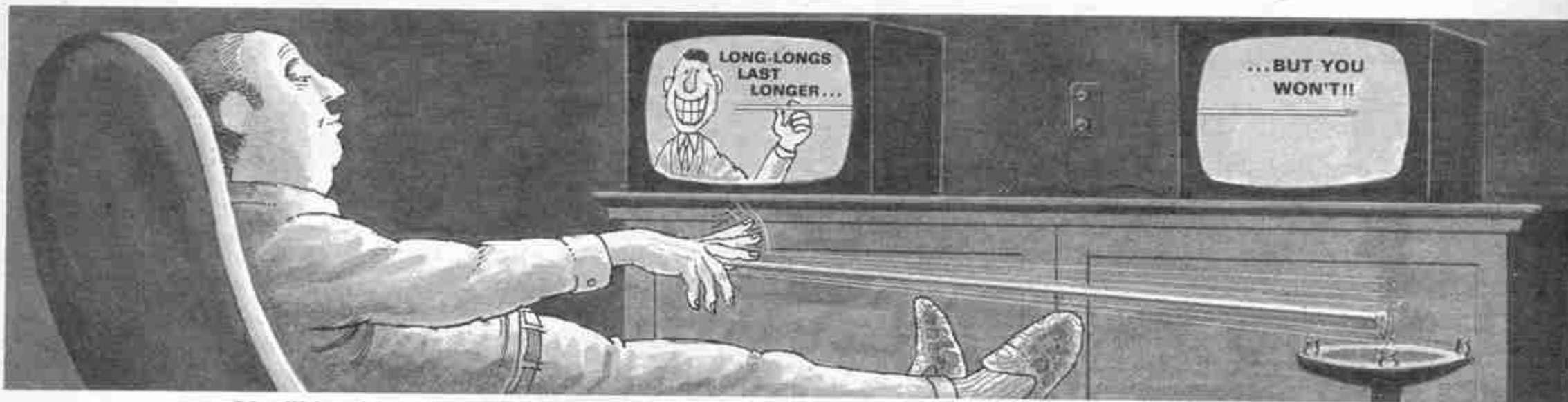
Bums will still be able to find plenty of smoking pleasure in discarded Long-Long Cigarette butts.



If someone in your family is "allergic" to cigarette smoke, or if they're simply "against smoking", you'll still be able to enjoy puffing a Long-Long Cigarette without having to step outside the house.

[illegible]

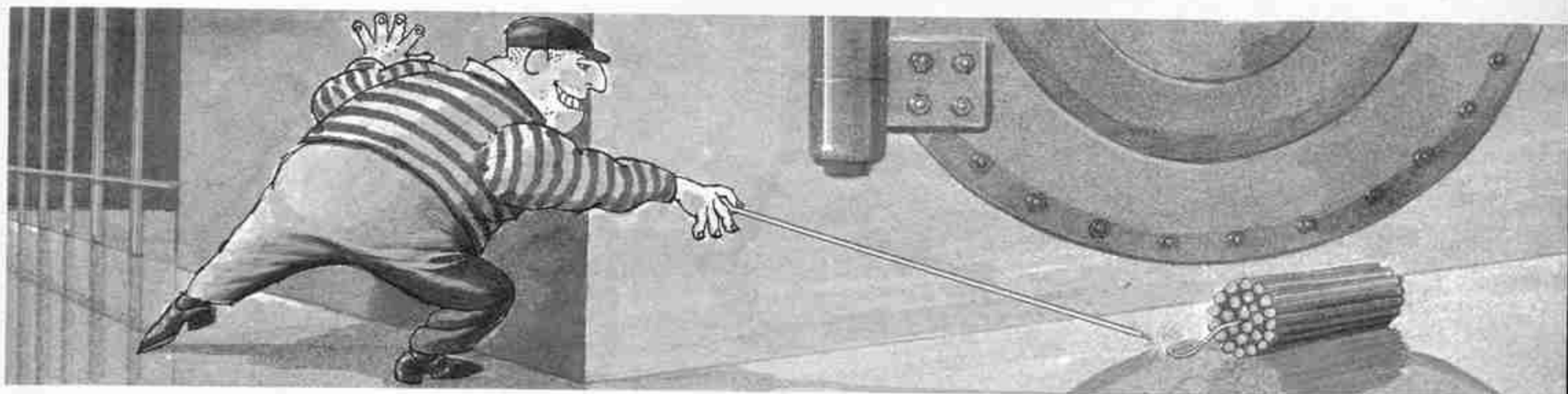
UTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE



You'll be able to flick ashes into ash trays across the room without having to get out of your seat.



If you're a Commuter, it will be possible for you to ride in the "No Smoking" car and still smoke.



You'll be able to light fires, ignite firecrackers, set off bombs, etc. while at a safe distance.



No one will be able to pretend that they're "fresh out" when you want to bum a Long-Long Cigarette. (Of course, this is also a *disadvantage* if you happen to be on the other end of the transaction.)

000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 MILLIMETERS LONG

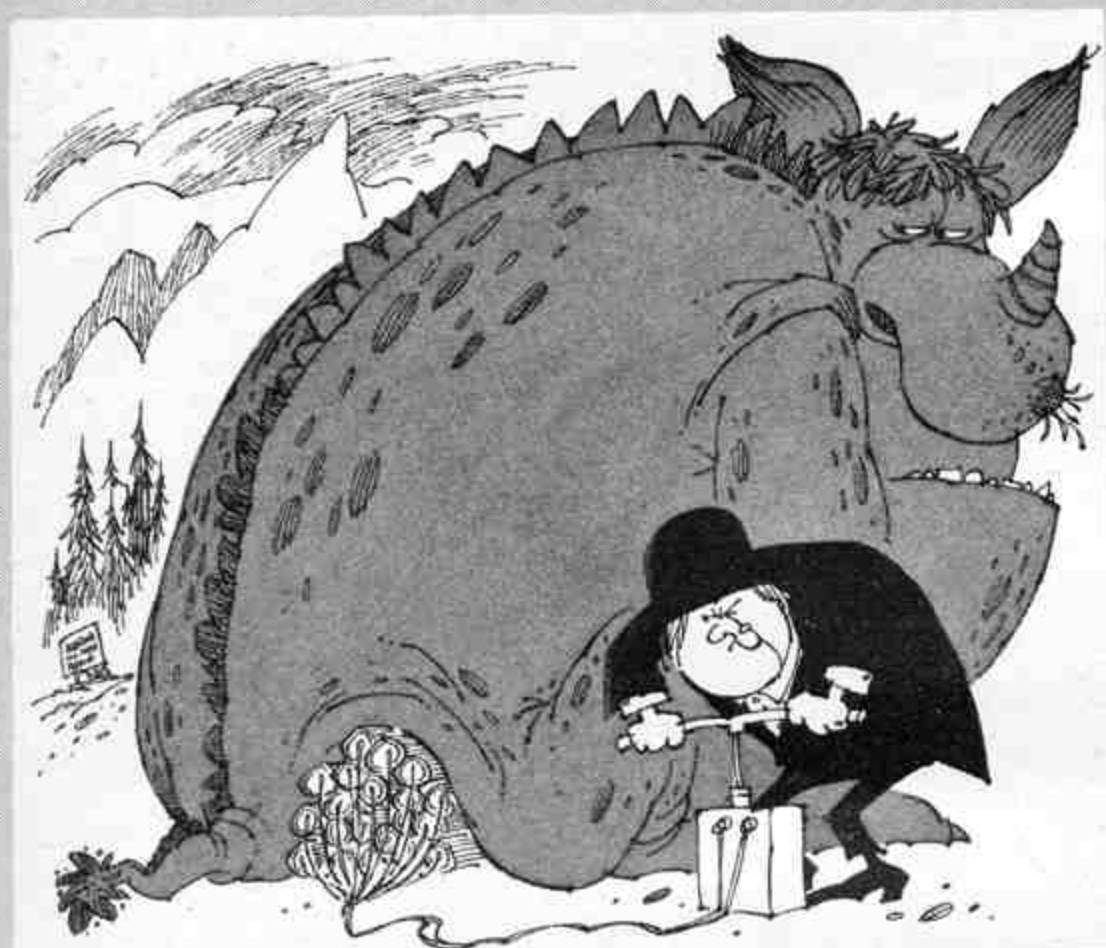
SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're—

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & NEAL BARBERA and MAY SAKAMI

SHAKESPEARE
BACON



Exploding a MYTH



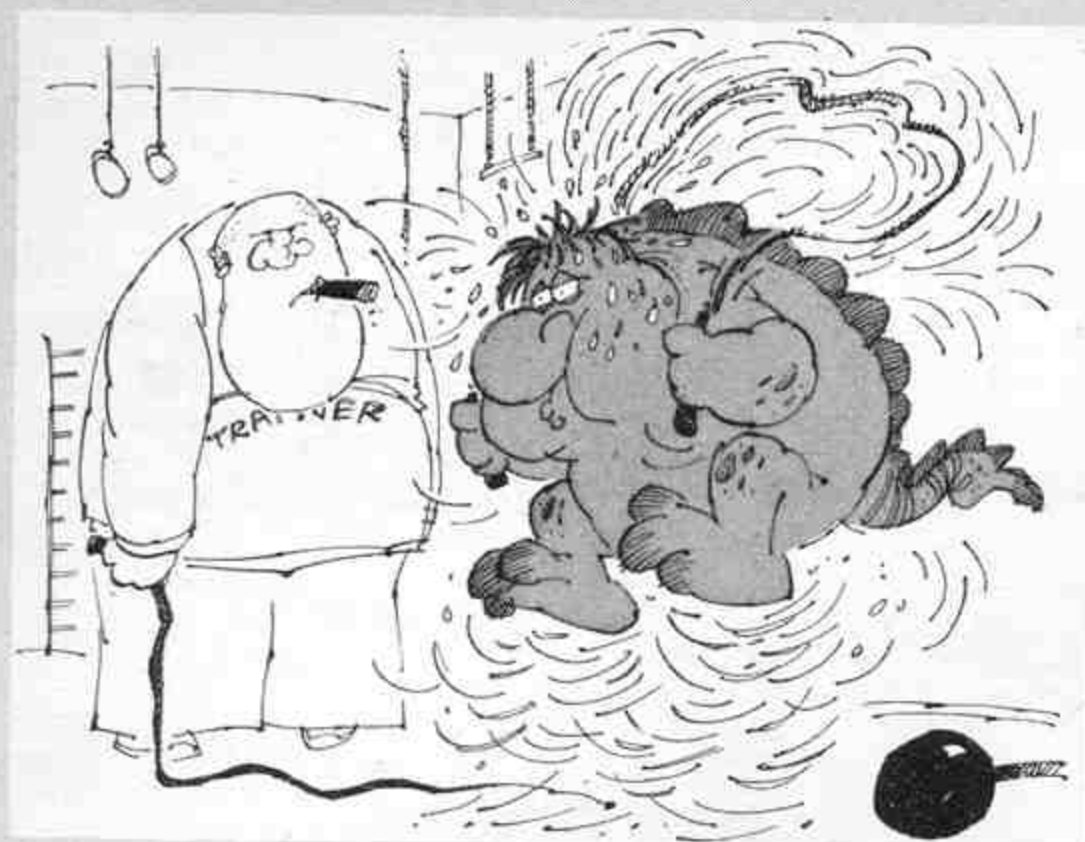
Dissolving a PARTNERSHIP



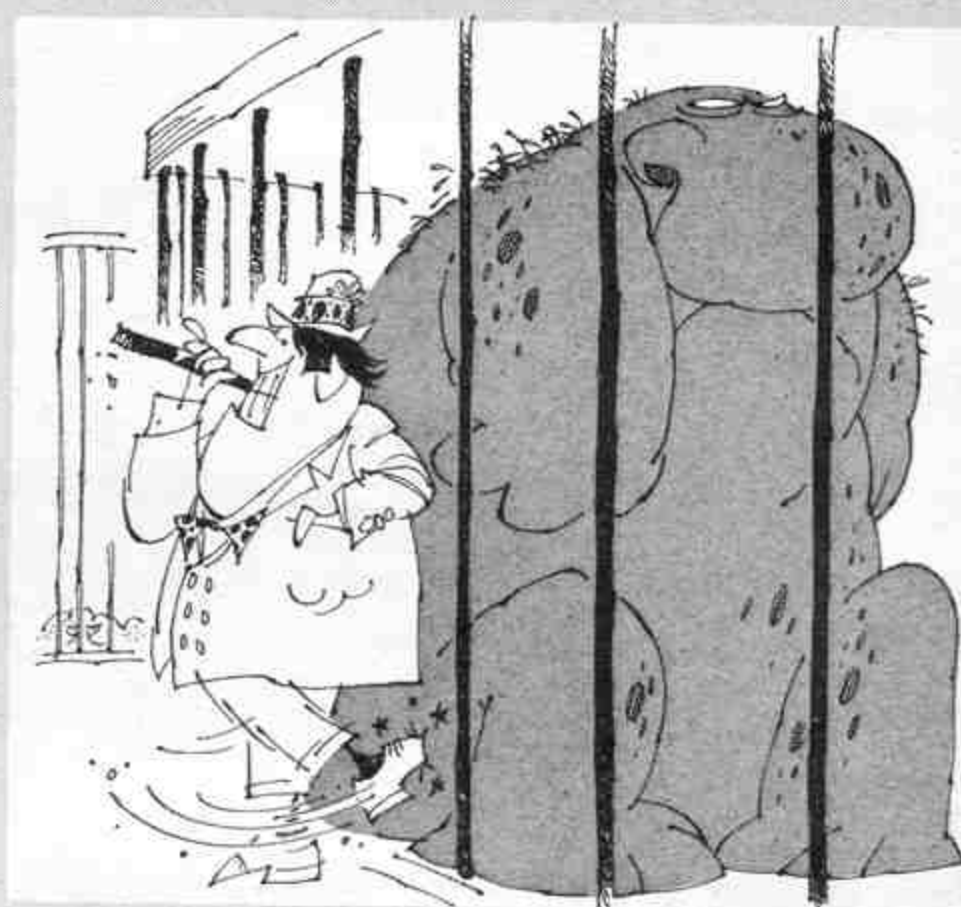
Re-arranging a SCHEDULE



Beating a HASTY RETREAT



Exercising a **PEROGATIVE**



Provoking an **ARGUMENT**



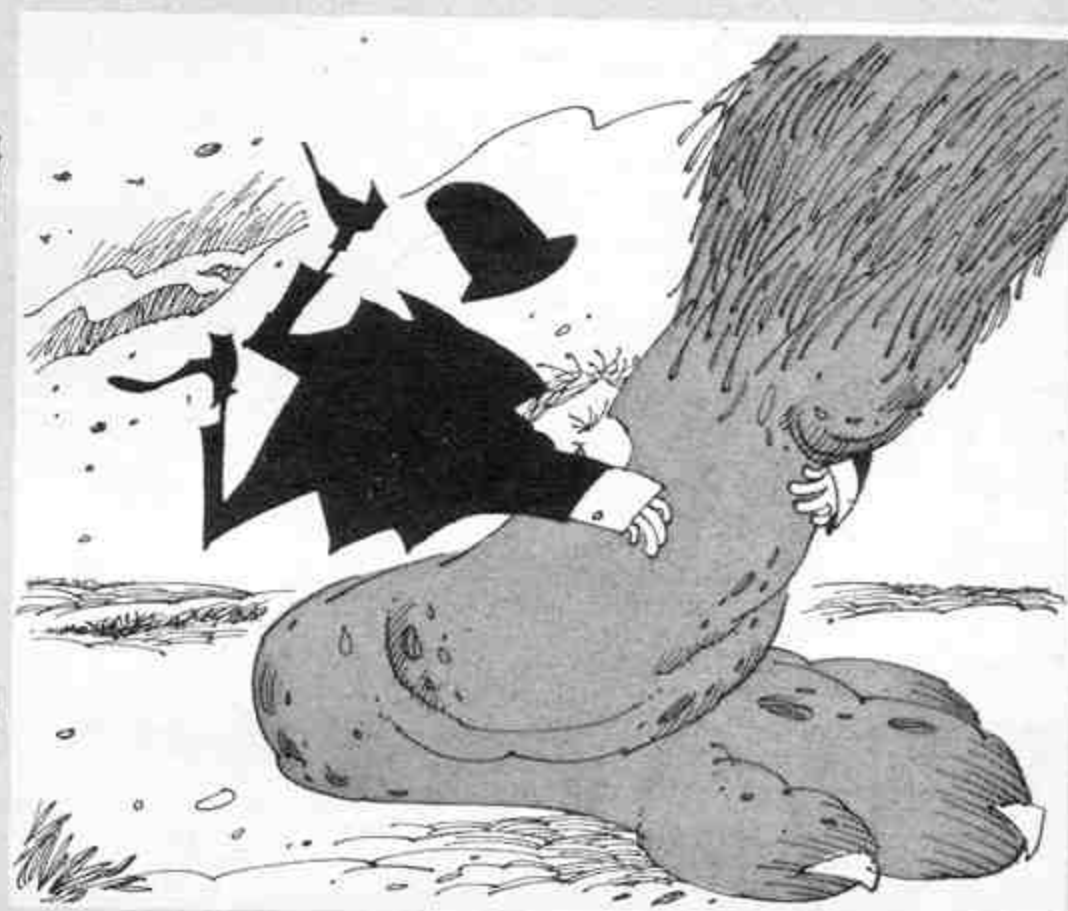
Curbing a **VORACIOUS APPETITE**



Arousing a **SUSPICION**



Courting a **DISASTER**

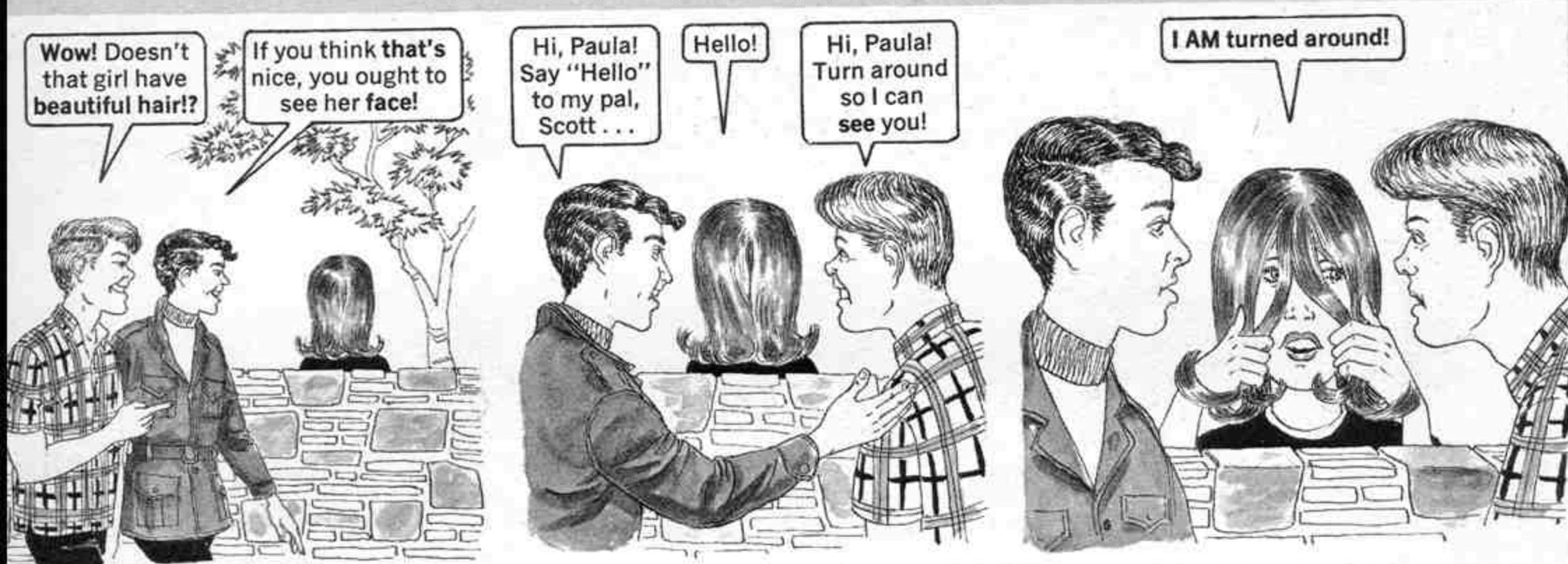


Tackling a **TOUGH ASSIGNMENT**

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

Plucking
Trimming
Cutting
Shaping
Shaving
Shampooing
Coloring
Curling

Setting
Drying
Brushing
Combing
Straightening
Faking
Growing and
Removing...



HAIR

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

This is what I work and slave for? Look at him! He's a bum in that ridiculous long hair! I don't know whether I've got a son . . . or a daughter!



At least those stupid kids who started it all had a "cause", foolish as it was! They were thumbing their noses at the Establishment! But you don't even have a cause! You're just doing it because everyone else is!



Look at you! Hair down to your shoulders! Hair hanging over your face! Hair sticking out all over! You're nothing but a mass of hair!!



Eat your heart out!!



Will you hurry!? Joan and Fred are waiting to give us a boat ride!

I'm coming—just as soon as I get my hair arranged!

How vain can you get? So what if you're balding!?

So—everybody doesn't have to know! By letting my hair grow long on one side and flopping it over, no one ever suspects!



I worry about my daughter—and that crowd she's running around with . . . with their ideas of "The New Morality" . . . and "Sexual Freedom"!



And I worry about my son—with his hot-shot driving! Every time he borrows the car, he turns into a cowboy!



Between the both of you, my hair turned gray!



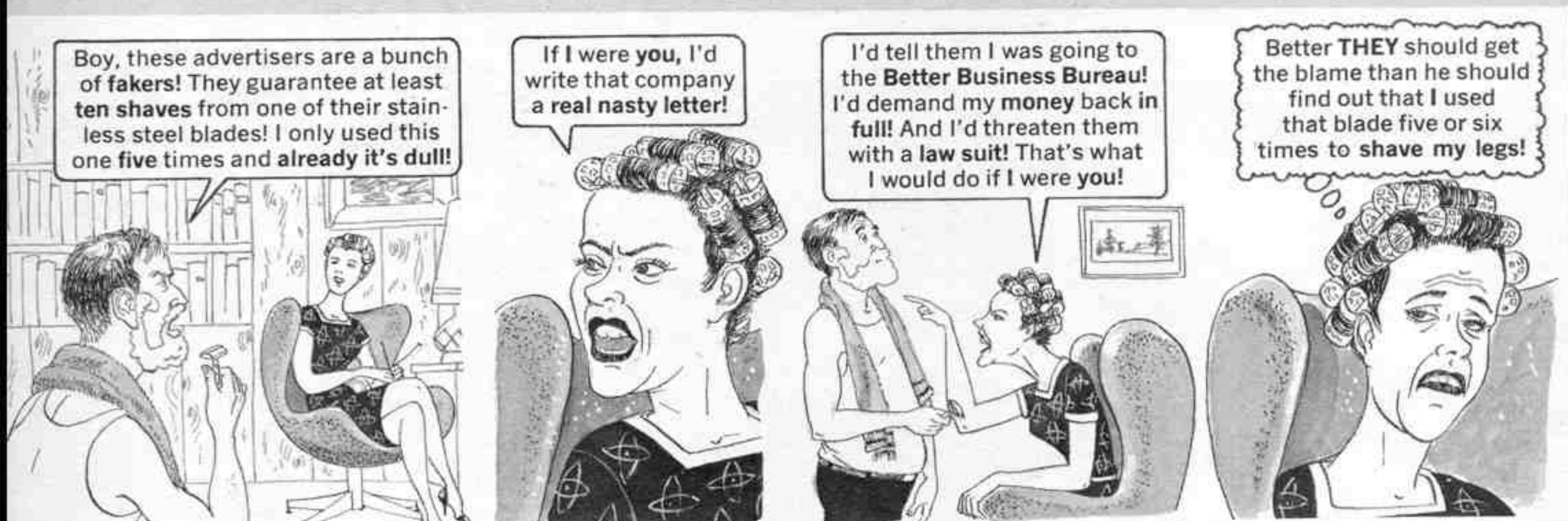
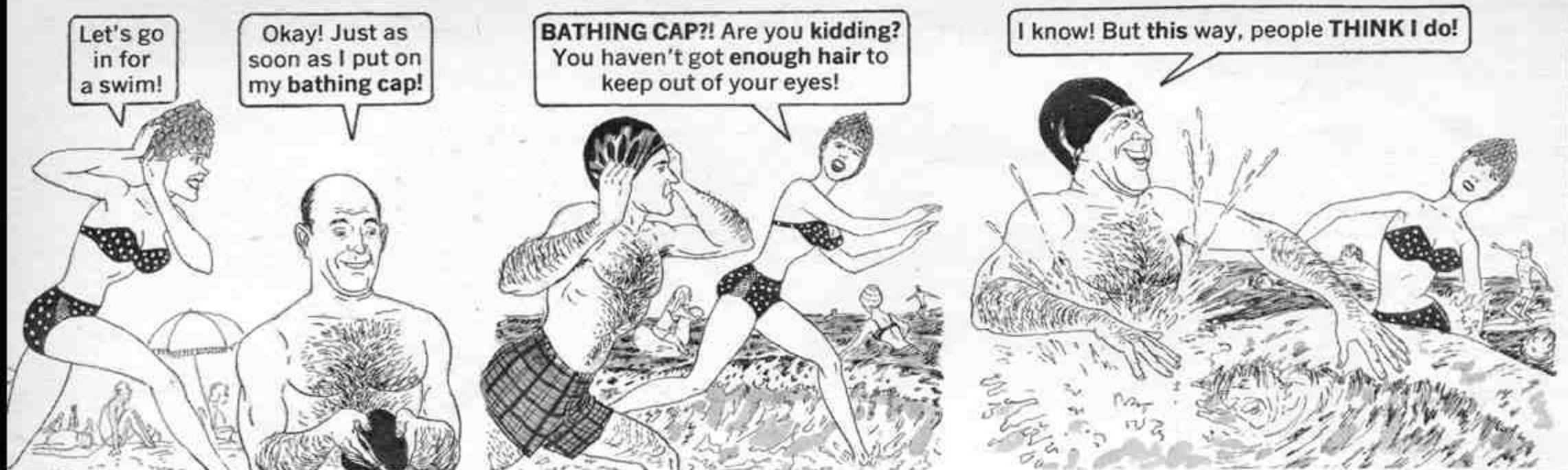
Aw, come off it, Dad! You said yourself that gray hair was hereditary!

It IS!! I got it from my CHILDREN!!



asp

cleopatra





Dear Florence:
I think it is my duty to tell you that I saw your husband with a flashy blonde in Dinty's Hideaway Restaurant the other night, and they were carrying on in a most disgraceful manner.
Wise up!
A Friend

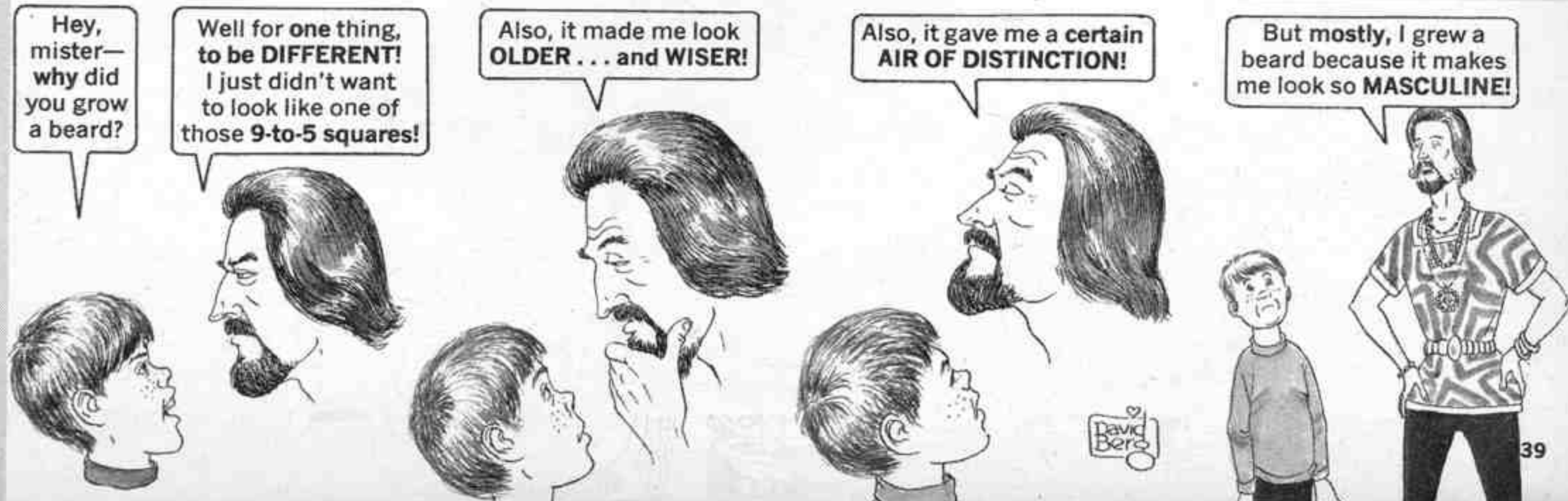
OKAY, BUSTER! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!? WHO IS THIS OTHER WOMAN YOU WERE WITH?

What?! Oh—er—well, I'm glad it's finally out in the open! Yes, it's true! I WAS with a flashy blonde woman the other night!

She was beautiful and charming and sexy, and I love her very deeply! What's more, I'm not ashamed of what I did or who knows about it!

I'LL RAISE A LUMP ON YOUR HEAD THE SIZE OF A BASKETBALL IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHO SHE IS!

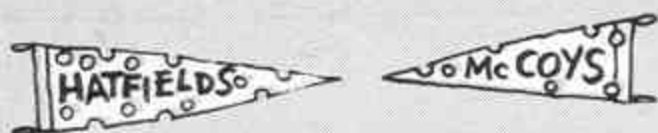
YOU, DUMMY!
You were wearing your blonde wig!!



WIN, PLACE AND SNOW DEPT.

YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY

The newest thing in junk mail is the "You May Have Already Won..." gimmick! Supposedly, the results of a contest have already been decided, and all you have to do is rush down to a store, or mail in your lucky number, and collect your loot! Although your chance of being a winner is still a zillion to one, the gimmick is a success because it manages to hook you into falling for the rest of the advertising pitch. MAD can see the day when this type of approach will be carried a bit too far, like for instance:



SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM Washington, D.C.

THIS IS YOUR
LUCKY NUMBER: **945-3777-9068**

YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY BEEN EXEMPT FROM THE DRAFT!

Greetings!

Every month, countless thousands of young men are turned away by the Selective Service System.

Why not drop down to your Local Induction Center, show Sgt. Chick N. Nuncom your number (above), and find out if you're one of the lucky ones?

Any time after 6:00 A.M. on Tuesday, March 4th, will be fine, as long as it isn't after 6:05 A.M.

And just in case you're not a winner, be sure to bring your toothbrush and shaving equipment with you...because you may be staying with us a while.

Sincerely yours,

Silvester Scott

Silvester Scott, Director
Local Draft Board #5

YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON!



A 1968 CADILLAC or a luxurious full-length MINK COAT

or any of 12,000 other prizes including:
5 COLOR TV SETS • 12 STEREO HI-FI SETS •
150 AM-FM PORTABLE RADIOS • 11,833 PENCILS

in the new, different and exciting

RETCHALL DRUGS
Golden Sweepstakes

RUSH THIS CARD DOWN TO YOUR NEAREST
RETCHALL DRUGSTORE
AND SHOW THE HIGH-POWERED SALESCLERK
YOUR LUCKY NUMBER:

FX 36902287

Naturally, you're only going to win a crummy pencil...but then you'll be too embarrassed to leave the store without buying something.

FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS BEFORE
CLAIMING YOUR PRIZE SO WE CAN SELL IT
TO OTHER COMPANIES LOOKING FOR SUCKERS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE _____

This contest is void in States where they've passed laws to protect innocent (but greedy) consumers from making asses of themselves!

YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY HEARD THIS MOVIE IS A BOMB!

But why not make up your own mind? Why listen to what the Critics say? It's the individual who must decide what he or she likes, not some sourpuss who gets big money for sounding like an intellectual snob. See

"THE CYCLO-DELIC CROWD"



STARRING:

Ellis Dee & Mary Whana

WITH:

Peter Honda & The Freak-Outs

...and decide for yourself it's a BOMB!

Y READ THIS!

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: ELI STEIN



MOTOR COMPANY Dearborn, Michigan

No. 7-Y-567G683456

Dear Customer:

YOU MAY ALREADY BE SUING US!

However, if you are the owner of the new car with the serial number inscribed above, and you haven't had your accident yet, why not rush your car down to your local Furd Dealer's Service Department. (Whatever you do, don't try to drive it in! We'll pay for the towing!)

We just learned about your defective brakes, and we're doing our best to contact the owners of all 60,789 cars that slipped past our Brake Assembly Inspection Dept.

If we've gotten to you in time, your Furd Dealer will overhaul your brake system absolutely free. But if we're too late, we hope that you are now fully recovered and back on your feet. Just have your lawyer get in touch with us and we'll settle out of court.

Respectfully yours,

Charles Finucane

Charles Finucane
Vice President, Recall Dept.

SUMMONS

LICENSE
NUMBER: R-7768

YOU MAY BE NOT GUILTY OF THE FOLLOWING CHARGES:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT | <input type="checkbox"/> DRIVING WHILE DRUNK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PARKING ILLEGALLY | <input type="checkbox"/> PASSING THROUGH A RED LIGHT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PASSING A FULL STOP SIGN | <input type="checkbox"/> STOPPING AT A GREEN LIGHT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAKING AN ILLEGAL TURN | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OTHER: <i>Nalstosis</i> |

Why not show up at Central Traffic Court one week from this date at 9:00 A.M. and find out. However, if you'll take a tip from me, don't bother to plead "Not Guilty." You'll only waste several more days in court, and the Judge will still throw the book at you. Remember, it's your word against mine!

ARRESTING OFFICER: *Pte. Pat Sullivan* DATE: *5/12/68*

EAST CANARSIE NATIONAL BANK BONNIE AND CLYDE STREETS CANARSIE, PA.

SPECIAL CHECKING ACCOUNT NO.:
593 03 2890387

YOU MAY ALREADY BE OVERDRAWN!

If you're the typical schnook we think you are, you've probably already written two or three more checks than your balance can cover.

Maybe you made a mistake in subtraction a few checks back, and you figured you had more than you've got.

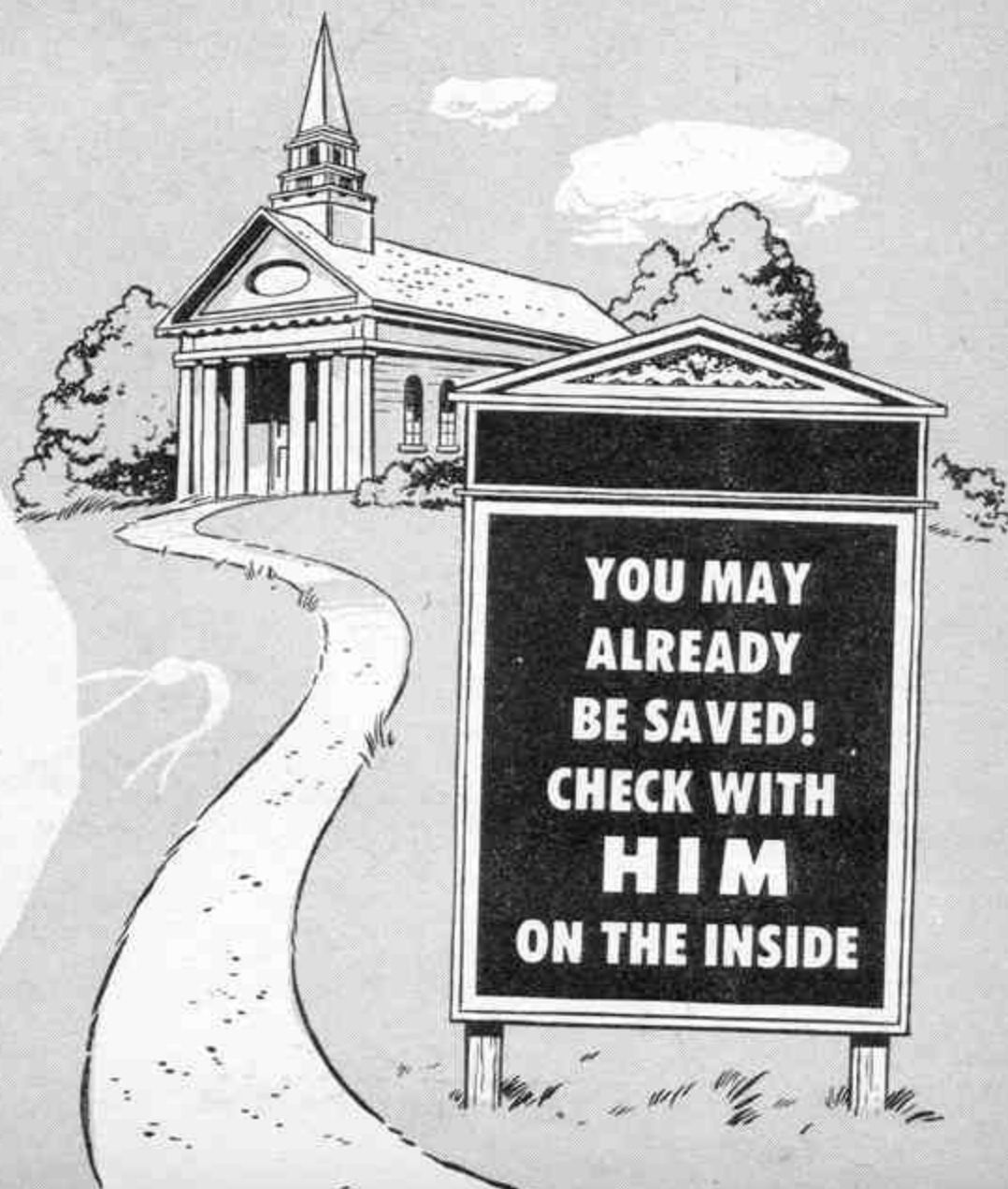
Or perhaps your wife paid for her entire new Spring wardrobe by check and forgot to enter it.

In any case, you're in trouble!

So why not drop in to the bank as soon as possible, and discuss the whole problem with Mr. Finsternick. He'll be glad to arrange a loan for you at 5 1/2% interest (which figures out to be 18%, if you know your math). He's also the one with the direct line to the Police Bunko Squad.

Remember, you have a friend at East Canarsie.

CITY ORDINANCE 241, SECTION 52: ANY PERSON FOUND GUILTY OF WILLFULLY PASSING A BAD CHECK SHALL BE SUBJECT TO A JAIL TERM OF FIVE TO TEN YEARS, AND/OR A FINE OF \$5,000.00 (NOT PAYABLE BY CHECK!)



TAKE THREE! DEPT.

Once again, we proudly present our "Annual Summer Cinematic Satire Special" which saves you the trouble and expense of seeing several movies at one time. (Too bad if you already saw them!) Mainly, here we go with three idiotic...

MAD

GUESS WHO'S THROWING

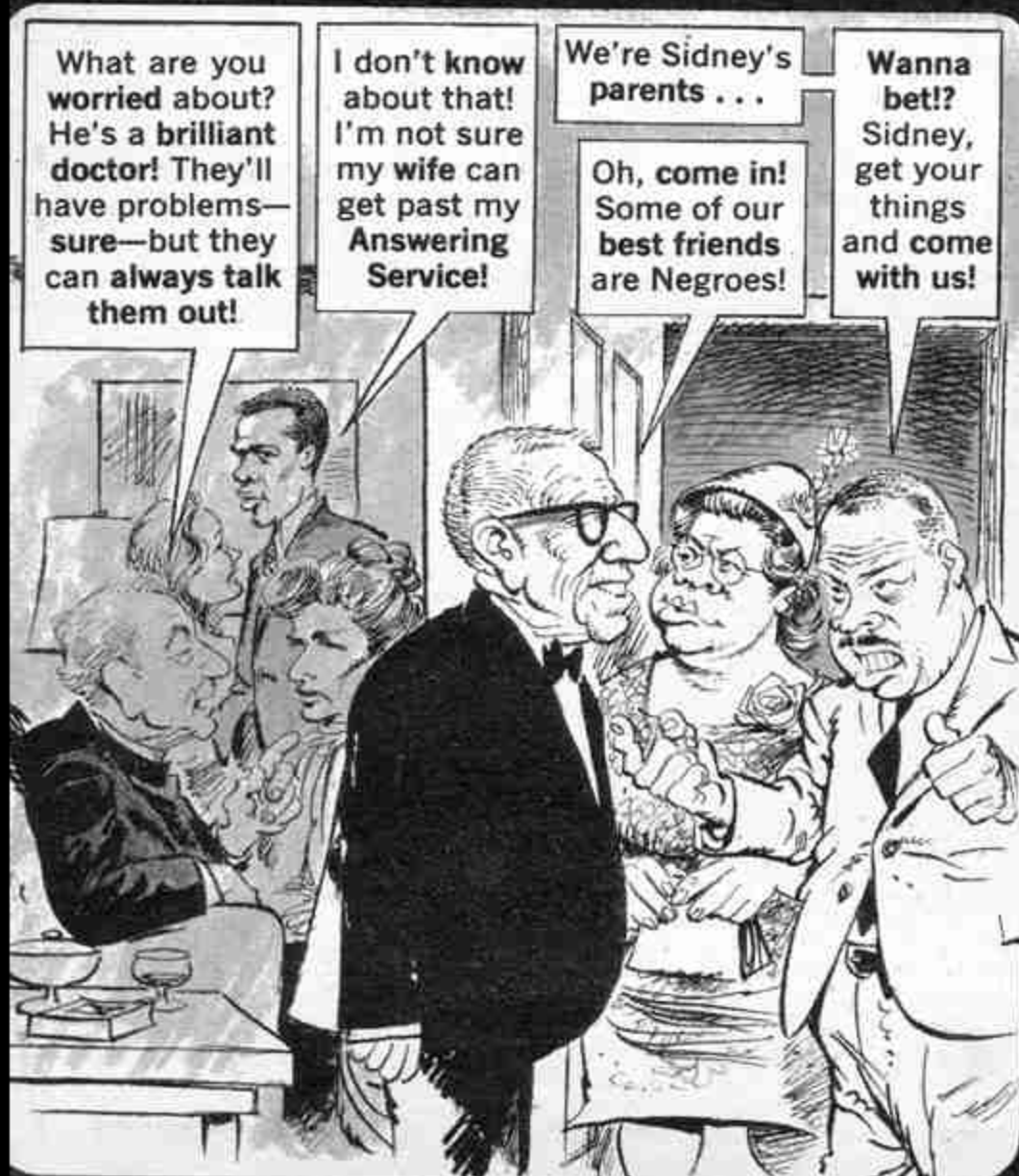
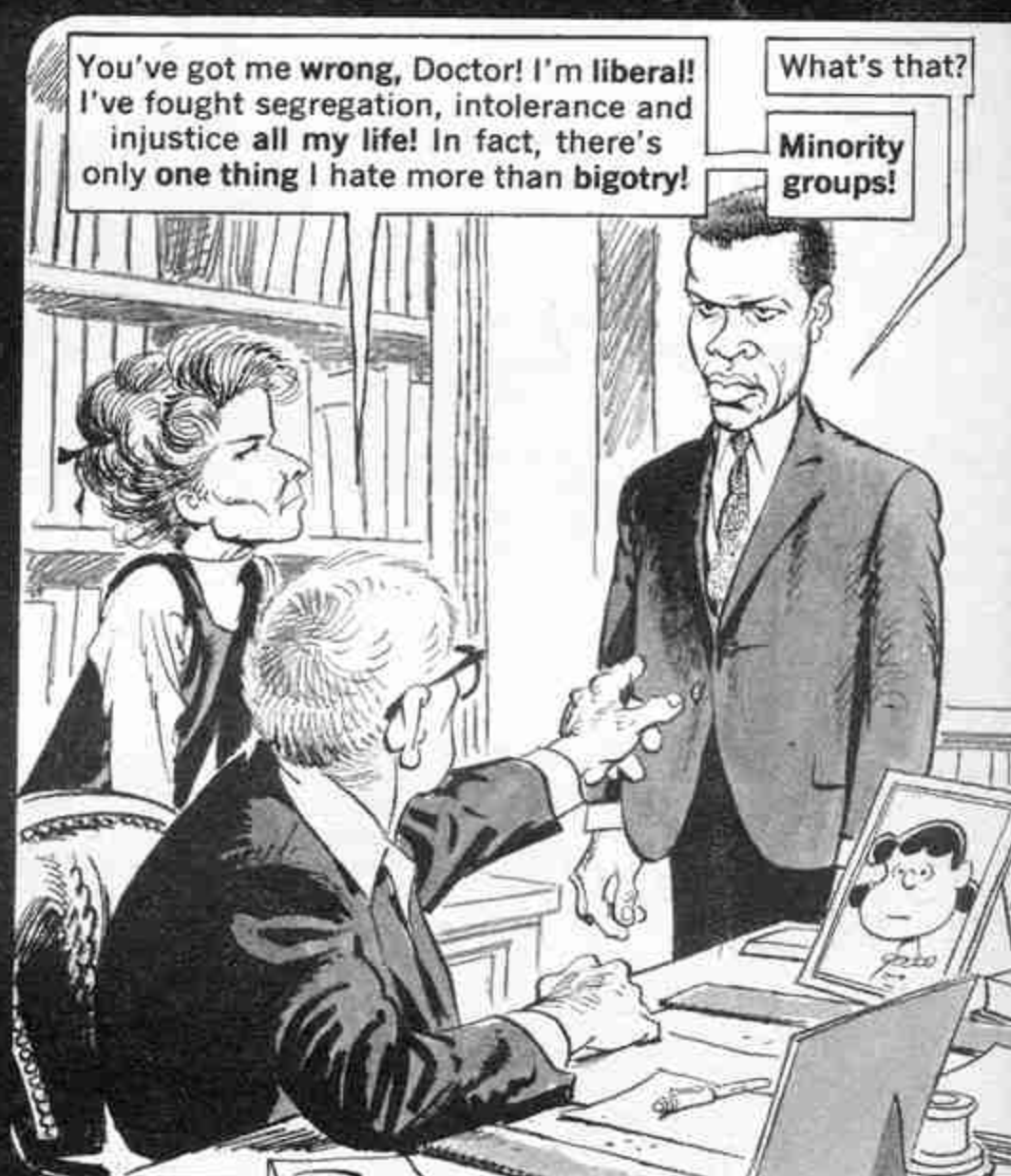


MINI-MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

UP DINNER?



IN COLD BLECCH!

Can you imagine?!
Four people in a
house... with **TEN**
GRAND in the safe!

Are you sure of
your figures?

I'm sure! Why?

I'd hate to drive
over four hundred
miles to kill only
TWO people!!



You're fantastic, Percy! You
can kill without any regard
for human life and without
any moral compunction!

Yeah! I was
always that
way... even
as a kid!

What did
you want to
be when you
grew up?

One of the
Joint
Chiefs
of Staff!

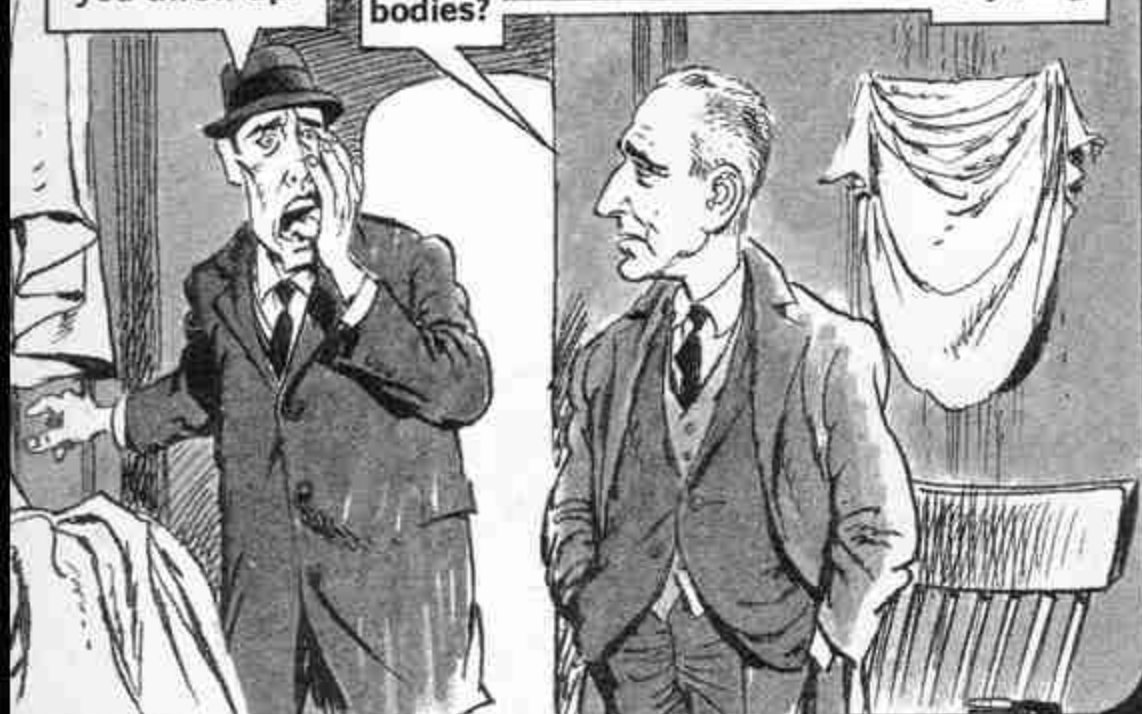


Did you look in
kitchen? It's
horrible! It's
enough to make
you throw up!

You
mean
the
bodies?

No, the smell!
The garbage hasn't
been taken out
in six days!

Well, you
told the
men not
to **MOVE**
anything



We
know
who
did
it!

By clever deduction?
By brilliant police
work? By painstaking
examination of clues?

No... a
friend
of theirs
squealed!

You're not a very
good detective!

And you're not
a very good
Truman Capote!



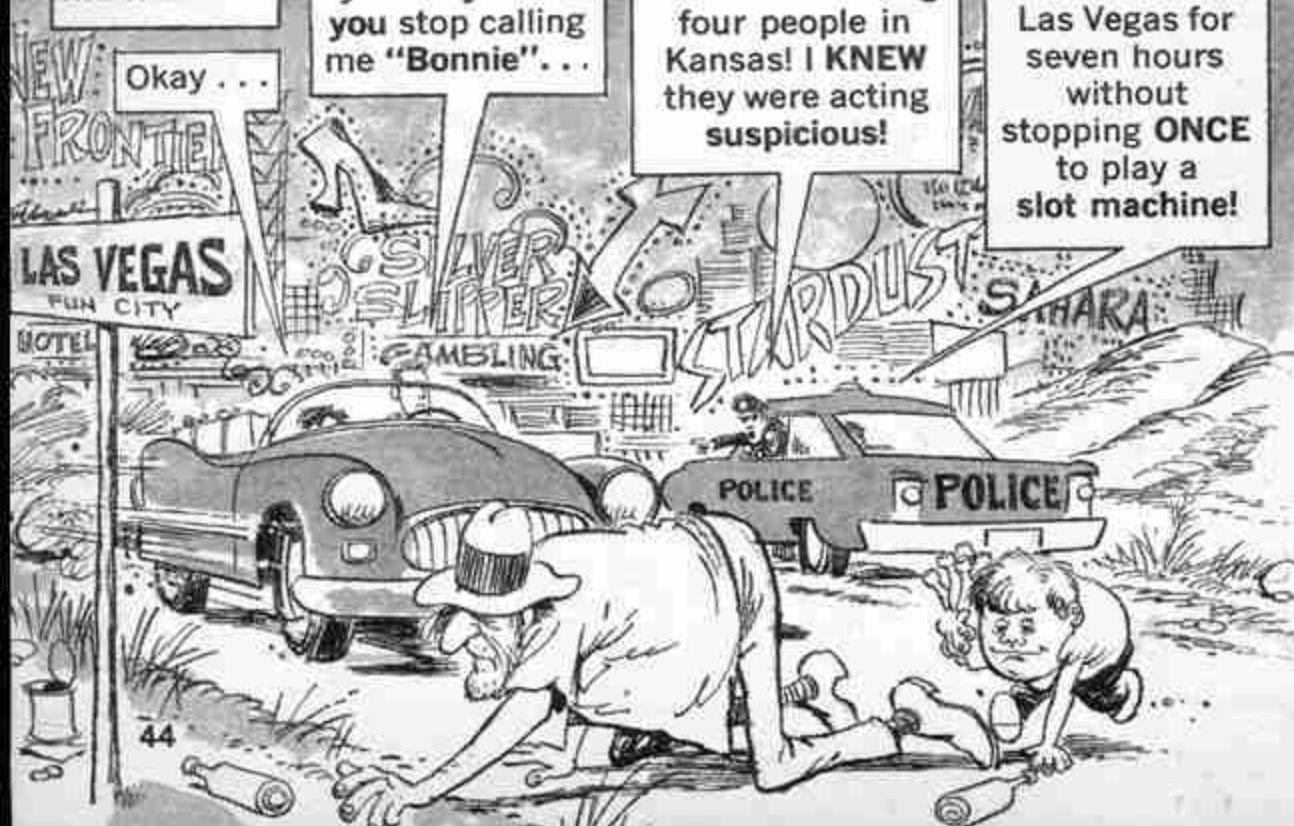
Hey, let's
make a deal!

Okay...

I'll stop calling
you "**Clyde**" if
you stop calling
me "**Bonnie**"...

It's those two guys
wanted for killing
four people in
Kansas! I **KNEW**
they were acting
suspicious!

Yeah, **Nobody**
drives around
Las Vegas for
seven hours
without
stopping **ONCE**
to play a
slot machine!



They've been grilling
Hiccup for six straight
hours in there!
That's enough to make
ANYBODY
confess to murder!

Stop it! Stop all
these questions! I
can't stand it any
longer! I'll confess!
I DID IT! I DID IT!!

They just
don't make
cops like
they used
to any more!



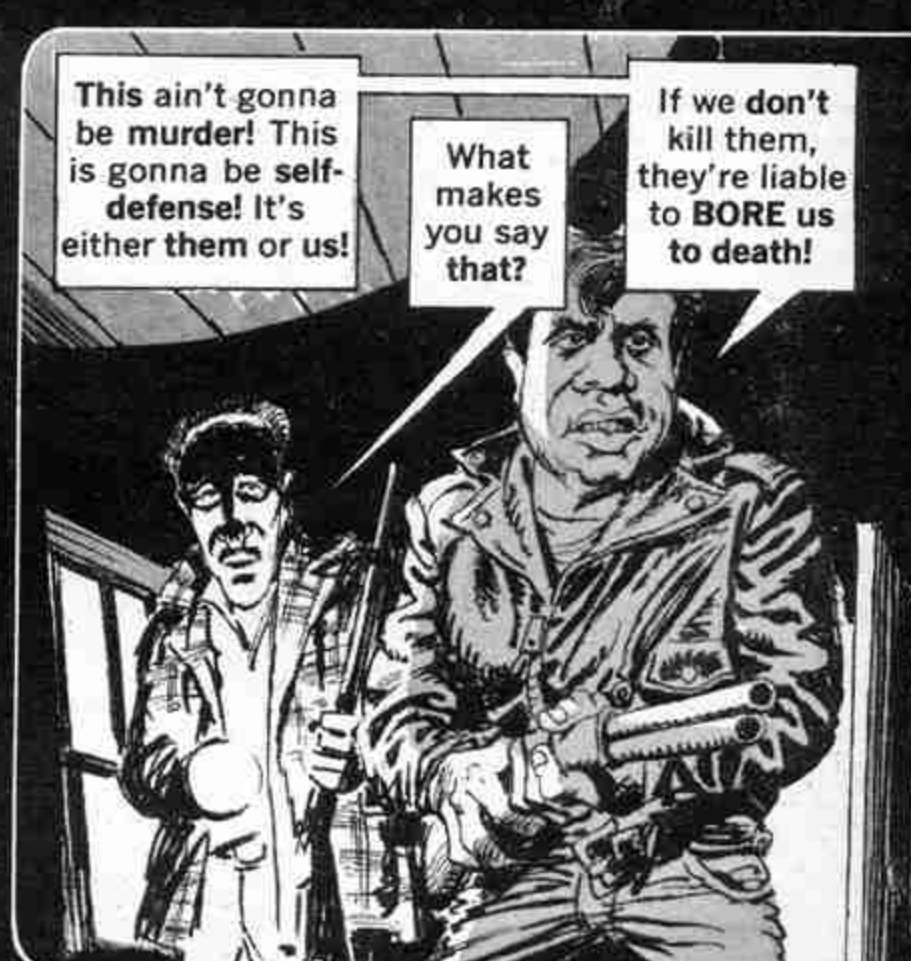


I'm going into town tomorrow and march in the Elks Club Parade!

I'm staying home and practice my Baton-Twirling for the Statewide Championships!

I'll be reciting the Pledge of Allegiance at my Boy Scout meeting all day tomorrow!

I'm just going to lie here and think about how wonderful it is to be sick in this great country of ours!



This ain't gonna be murder! This is gonna be self-defense! It's either them or us!

What makes you say that?

If we don't kill them, they're liable to BORE us to death!



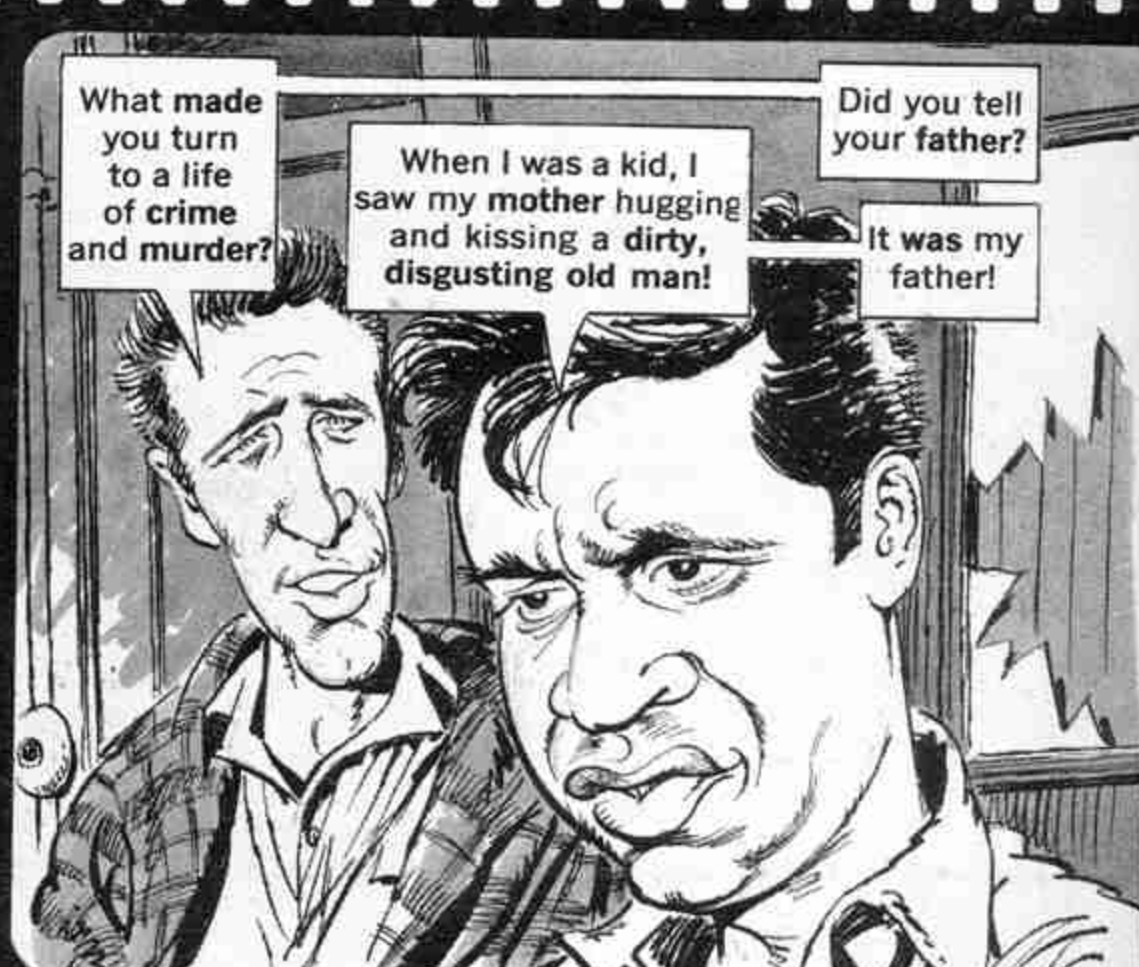
My boy is a good boy! A little wild, maybe, but basically he's a good boy!

He killed four people!

Yeah? How many times has he done THAT?

Once!

See!? A kid does something wrong just once and you guys never let him forget it!

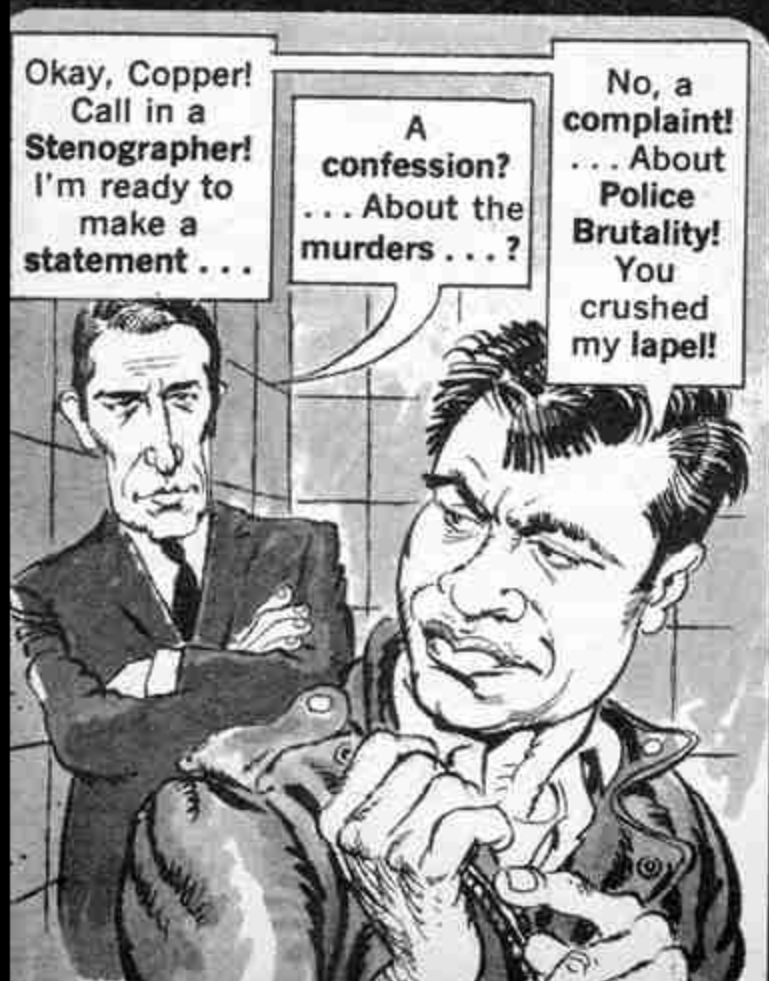


What made you turn to a life of crime and murder?

When I was a kid, I saw my mother hugging and kissing a dirty, disgusting old man!

Did you tell your father?

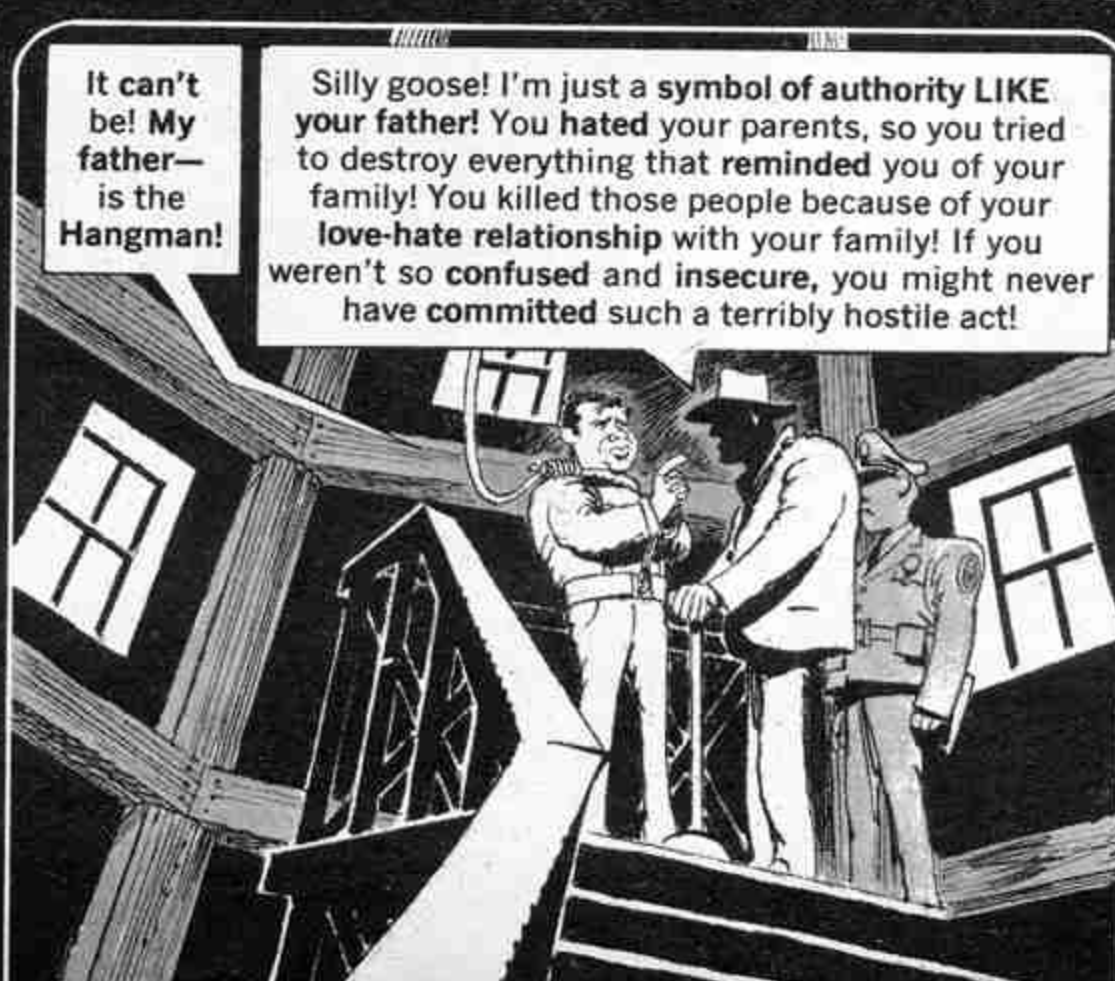
It was my father!



Okay, Copper! Call in a Stenographer! I'm ready to make a statement ...

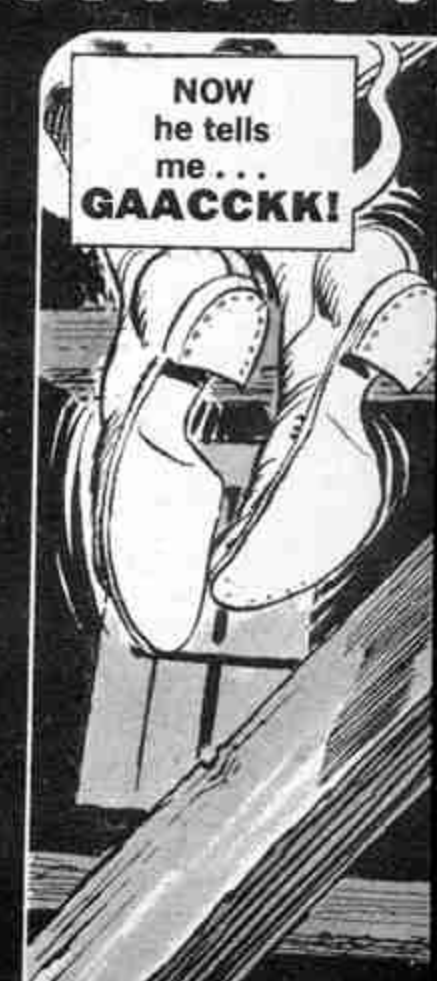
A confession? ... About the murders ...?

No, a complaint! ... About Police Brutality! You crushed my lapel!



It can't be! My father—is the Hangman!

Silly goose! I'm just a symbol of authority LIKE your father! You hated your parents, so you tried to destroy everything that reminded you of your family! You killed those people because of your love-hate relationship with your family! If you weren't so confused and insecure, you might never have committed such a terribly hostile act!



NOW he tells me ... GAACCKK!

THE POST-GRADUATE

Now that you've graduated, we have it all planned! First, you get a good job! Then you work your way to the top! Then, you marry some nice girl and have kids and a home and a mortgage!

And tomorrow, we have an even **MORE** exciting day planned!



Gee, Mrs. Robinhood, I drove you home from the party, but I never expected **THIS!**

Are you afraid of me?

W-why should I be? I can see you're not carrying any concealed weapons!



Let's not do anything we'll be sorry for later on! Couldn't we just sit here and talk!

No! I'm not that kind of girl!



It wasn't **MY** idea to take out your daughter! My Old Man insisted!

I warn you! Don't try anything sexy or dirty with her!

You're very protective!

Jerk! I want you to save those things for me!!



Benny, how could you **DO** such a thing with my wife! I'm very disappointed in you!

I'm really sorry!

You **SHOULD BE!** I was sure you had much better taste in women!!



I've got to stop Elate from getting married!

Come to think of it—maybe I **SHOULDN'T** stop Elate from getting married!

After all, I've been making out pretty good with married women, lately!





C'mon, Benny!
Show all the
folks how
nice you can
swim!

But
I
can't
swim!

Then show
them how
nice you
can sink!

But
I
might
drown!



Goody! Then I can
give you mouth-to-
mouth resuscitation!
Hubba-hubba-hubba!



But you're
the wife of
my father's
best friend!

So?! I should
do this with
strangers??

I-I mean
... don't
you think
I'm doing
something
wrong?

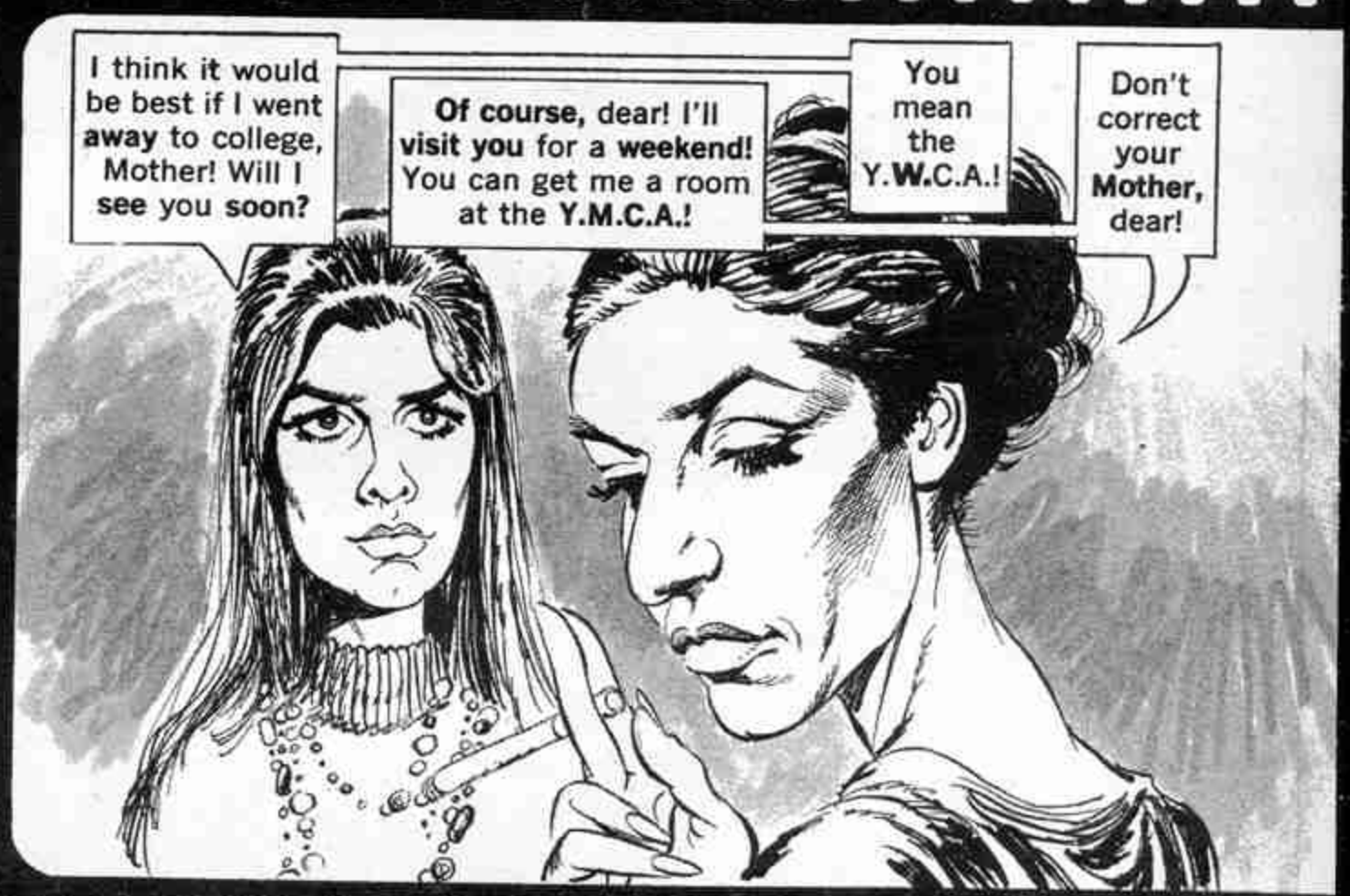
Not wrong!
Just awkward!
You've caught
me in the
zipper!



I've got a confession
to make, Elate! I've
been having an affair
with your Mother!

With my Mother??
How COULD you!?

Awkwardly!



I think it would
be best if I went
away to college,
Mother! Will I
see you soon?

Of course, dear! I'll
visit you for a weekend!
You can get me a room
at the Y.M.C.A.!

You
mean
the
Y.W.C.A.!

Don't
correct
your
Mother,
dear!



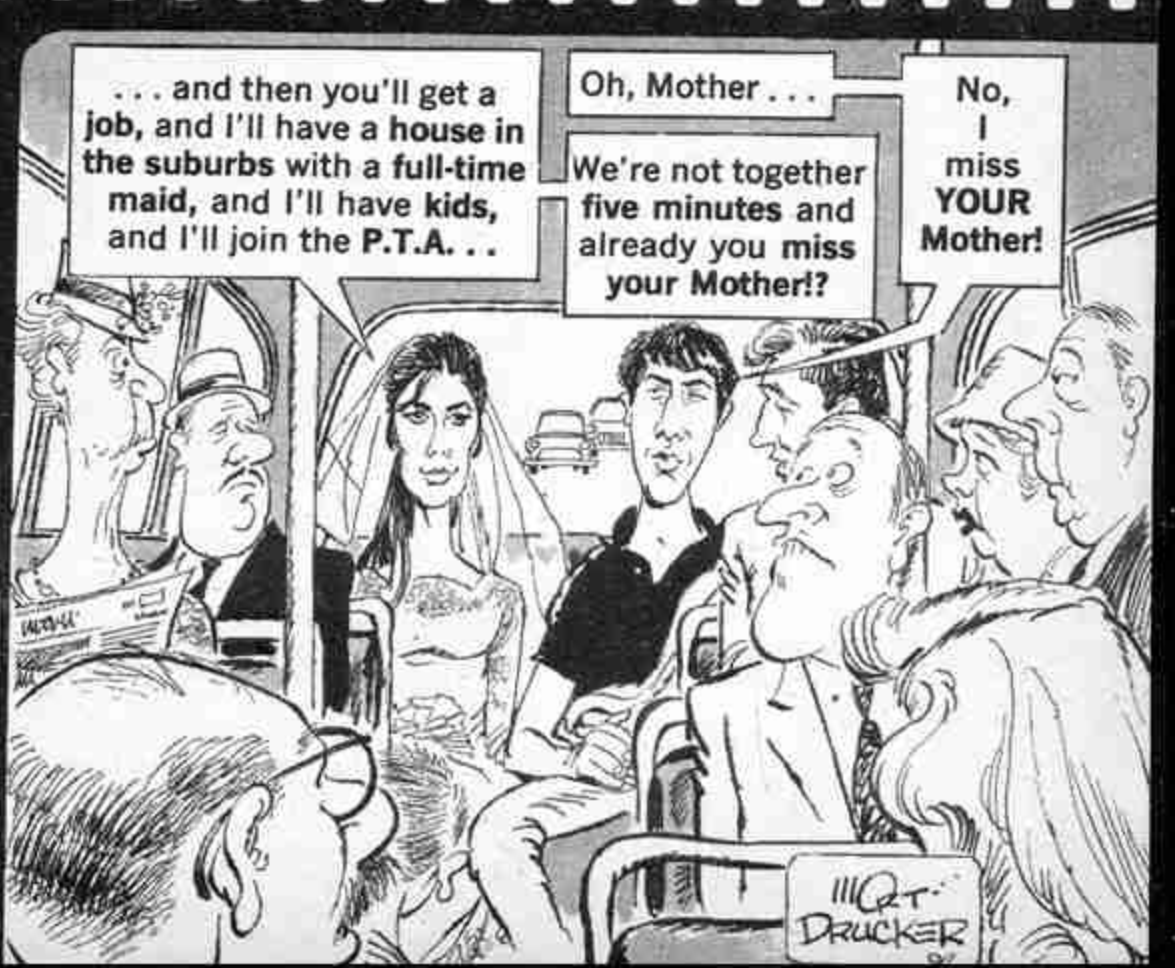
Oh, Benny!
How heroic!
You've come
in the nick
of time to
rescue me!

That's right,
Elate! I've
finally found
something I
really love!

Me?
No—hitting
people with
religious
symbols!

How can you DO such an
objectionable thing?!

You're lucky it's
not a Star of David!
That has SIX points!



... and then you'll get a
job, and I'll have a house in
the suburbs with a full-time
maid, and I'll have kids,
and I'll join the P.T.A. ...

Oh, Mother ...
We're not together
five minutes and
already you miss
your Mother!?

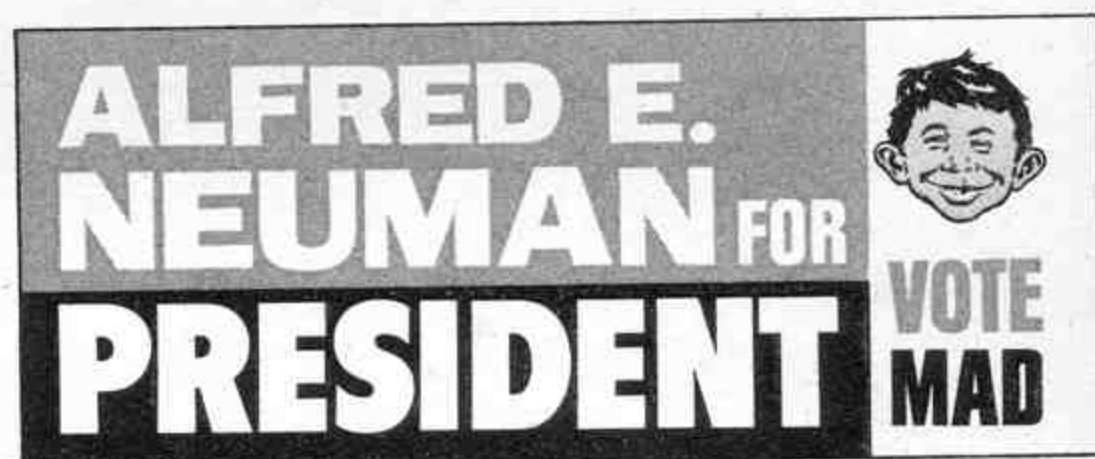
No,
I
miss
YOUR
Mother!

IIIQT
DRUCKER

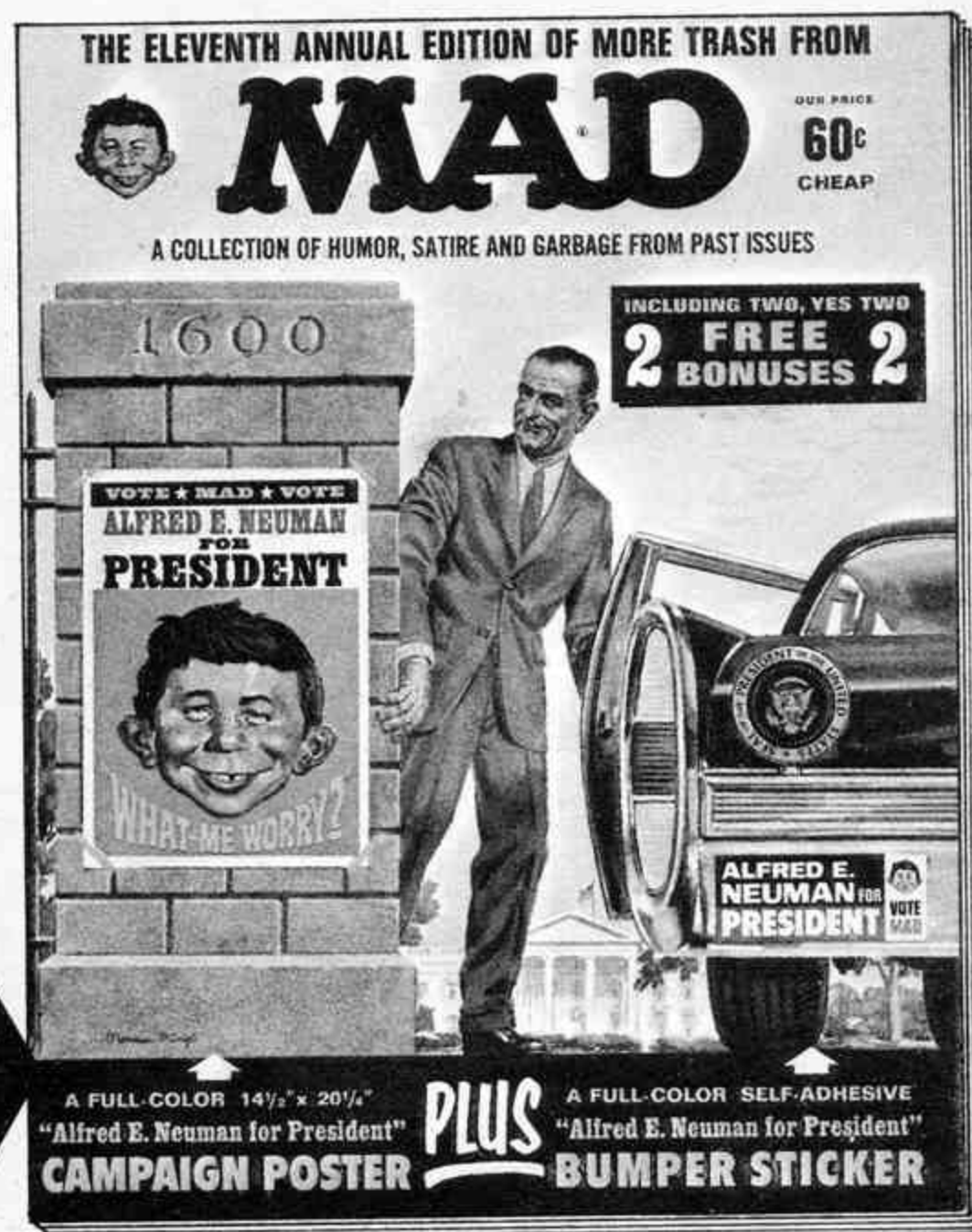
HAVE YOURSELF A WILD POLITICAL "PARTY"

... WITH A FULL-COLOR 14½" x 20¼"
"ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT"
CAMPAIGN POSTER

AND A FULL-COLOR SELF-ADHESIVE
"ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT"
BUMPER STICKER



**YOU GET THEM
BOTH FREE**
... ALONG WITH A COLLECTION OF ARTICLES, AD
SATIRES AND OTHER GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES
IN THIS LATEST MAD ANNUAL



On Sale Now Wherever Magazines Are Sold

(... or just perused by the cheapskate element!)

**WHAT NEW
SOURCE OF
EXPLOSIVE
ENERGY
HAS THE
UNITED STATES
DEVELOPED?**

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

The United States, the nation that first unleashed Atomic Energy, has developed another, even greater explosive force. And like Atomic Energy, this new force can be both destructive and beneficial, depending upon how it is used. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**BLASTING CROWDED CITIES OUT OF EXISTENCE IS A SICK
APPLICATION OF THIS GREAT NEW POWER. ONLY A
POLICY OF PEACEFUL CONSTRUCTIVE USE IS THE ANSWER**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶

◀ B

**MAD'S
Great
Moments
In
Advertising**

**The Day
They
Fired
The
Goodrich
Girl-Giant
Ho!
Ho!
Ho!**

