

IND

No.
125
March
'69

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SNOW JOB



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



MAD

"For every man whose career begins to flower, there's another with poison envy!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



ADVENTURES OF THE RED BARON

As an ardent fan of both "Peanuts" and "MAD", I view the friendly Schulz-MAD controversy with delight. This running satirical duel began with "Misery is a Cold Hot Dog", your take-off of Schulz's delightful first book, "Happiness is a Warm Puppy". Then came "Insecurity is a Pair of Loose Swim Trunks", your parody of Schulz's "Security is a Thumb and a Blanket". After his "I Need All The Friends I Can Get", you scored a hit with "I Got All The Finks I Need". Then you parried with "Being Rich Is Better Than A Warm Puppy" and thrust with "Will Success Spoil Charlie Brown?" But Charles M. Schulz better be 'en garde' now, because with "Happiness Ist Eine Kleine Kaput Beagle" (or "Adventures of the Red Baron") you have definitely 'touché' him.

Tony Horowitz
Astoria, N.Y.

It appears as though Charles M. Schulz has 'touché' us back, as this special hand-writ note from him (below) will attest!—Ed.



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)
1. Date of filing: Oct. 1, 1968 2. Title of Publication: MAD 3. Frequency of issue: Monthly, except Feb., May, August, and Nov. 4. Location of Known Office of Publication: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: William M. Gaines—485 Madison Ave., NYC 10022; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein—485 Madison Ave., NYC 10022; Managing Editor: None. 7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.) E. C. Publications, Inc.—485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 wholly owned by Kinney National Service, Inc., a publicly-held corporation—10 Rockefeller Plaza NYC 10020. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

CAN A LOT

I admire your magazine for its honesty and clever treatment of deserving issues with satire and other forms of criticism. But in the case of "Camelot", no such treatment was deserved or in any way required. "Camelot" was a beautiful and meaningful motion picture.

Linda Papciak
Chicago, Ill.

Wow!! What a superb, marvelous, fantastic, super-great updated parody of "Camelot"! From the title page to the last reprise of "Can A Lot", it was nothing but laughs, chuckles and snorts! And those caricatures! Sir Mort Drucker is fabulous!

Lynn Salvatore
Providence, R.I.

Your awful satire, "Can A Lot", bore no resemblance whatsoever to the picture "Camelot". The movie contained idealism, merit and taste—qualities completely lacking in your version. But then I suppose it's hard to criticize a movie that doesn't deserve criticism.

Josette Catalano
Chicago, Ill.

I imagine that many people will miss the point of "Can A Lot"—that it is not a satirization of a truly superb motion picture, but a parody of the picture satirizing despotic labor clashing with despotic capital.

Walter A. Julian
Clemson University, S.C.

"Can A Lot" was, indeed, in the good old tradition of MAD—a superb failure! Actually, the songs were good! But the parody . . . ? I suppose you'd like to "Can A Lot" of idiots connected with that one!

Linda Martin
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ask yourself this question: How long "Can A Lot" of MAD readers continue to consume such trash as this article?

Robert Menk
Concord, Mass.

10.

EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED	2,434,137	2,818,124
B. PAID CIRCULATION		
1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS & CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS & COUNTER SALES	1,746,261	2,016,456
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	85,387	93,317
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	1,831,648	2,109,773
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION	25	57
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION	1,831,673	2,109,830
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	602,464	708,294
G. TOTAL	2,434,137	2,818,124

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
William M. Gaines, Publisher

MAD MINI-VISION

You guys are something else! Your "MAD Mini-Vision" take-offs: "Jugg For The Defensive", "Mannech", and "It Takes A Crook" were nothing more than a bunch of stupid thrown-together lines that made no sense. Just like the real TV shows!

Mark McGuffin
Roswell, New Mexico

MAD'S HOME MOVIES

"MAD's Home Movies" was hilarious. It really showed how idiotic people can get when they're in front of a movie camera.

Charles R. Laster
Santa Ana, Calif.

Your "Home Movies" was the greatest thing since the invention of the 8mm Movie Camera.

Daniel O'Brien
Randolph, Mass.

FREE-LOADER MAGAZINE

Your "Free-Loader Magazine" was great. I enjoyed it so much that after I finished reading it, I almost felt like buying that copy of MAD.

Stewart Glanzman
Livingston, N.J.

A PSYCHEDELIC DIARY

Dick De Bartolo's "A Psychedelic Diary" made me HIGH with laughter.

Jay J. Popkin
Plainview, New York

A PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES

Your "Peek Behind The Scenes at a Garage" was one of the funniest—and truest—things I have ever read. Keep printing this series!

James W. Lemmon
North Canton, Ohio

"A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At A Service Station" was hilarious. Hearty thanks to Larry Siegel for doing a great job of humorously exposing what goes on. This article represents what your magazine is . . . a delightful critique of our modern society.

Jon Watts
Wellington, Kansas

Next issue, MAD takes "A Peek Behind The Scenes at an Airport"—Ed.

COLLECT THEM ALL

Do you realize that if I bought every copy of MAD in the series of 2,148,000 it would cost me \$751,800?!

Peter Jilkin
Beverly Hills, Calif.

That's our price . . . cheap!!—Ed.

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ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

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Well, if it can work for Hollywood, it could work for us! Hey, all you adults, how would you like full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping fish? (Any kid who wants 'em can mail in, too! We can't tell how old you are!) Send 25¢ for one, 50¢ for 3, and \$1.00 for 9, to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022



201 MIN. OF A SPA

Excuse
me—
Are
you
Maurice
Evans?

Then you must be **Roddy McDowell?**

**Don't tell
me you're
Kim
Hunter!**

Isn't this
"PLANET
OF THE
APES"?

No, this is "201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY"!

But why not work here with us and then go over and work on "PLANET OF THE APES"?

Oh, boy! Two jobs in one year! That's enough to drive me Man! What do I do?

Act bored!

That's a snap!
And with this
script, it's
not even an act!

And keep your eye out for a **mysterious big black thing** that will excite us and make us want to do **intelligent things!**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

DEM BONES.
DEM BONES.
GONNA RISE.

A TRIP TO
THE MOON ON
GOSSAMER
WINGS

You may not believe this—but I'll swear someone just threw a bone at our spaceship!

It's probably some ape from another airline! We could only accept "plug money" from one! Would you like some more food, Doctor?

No, thanks!
I've eaten
so much food
already, I
may throw up!

You can't
throw UP
We're in
zero
gravity!

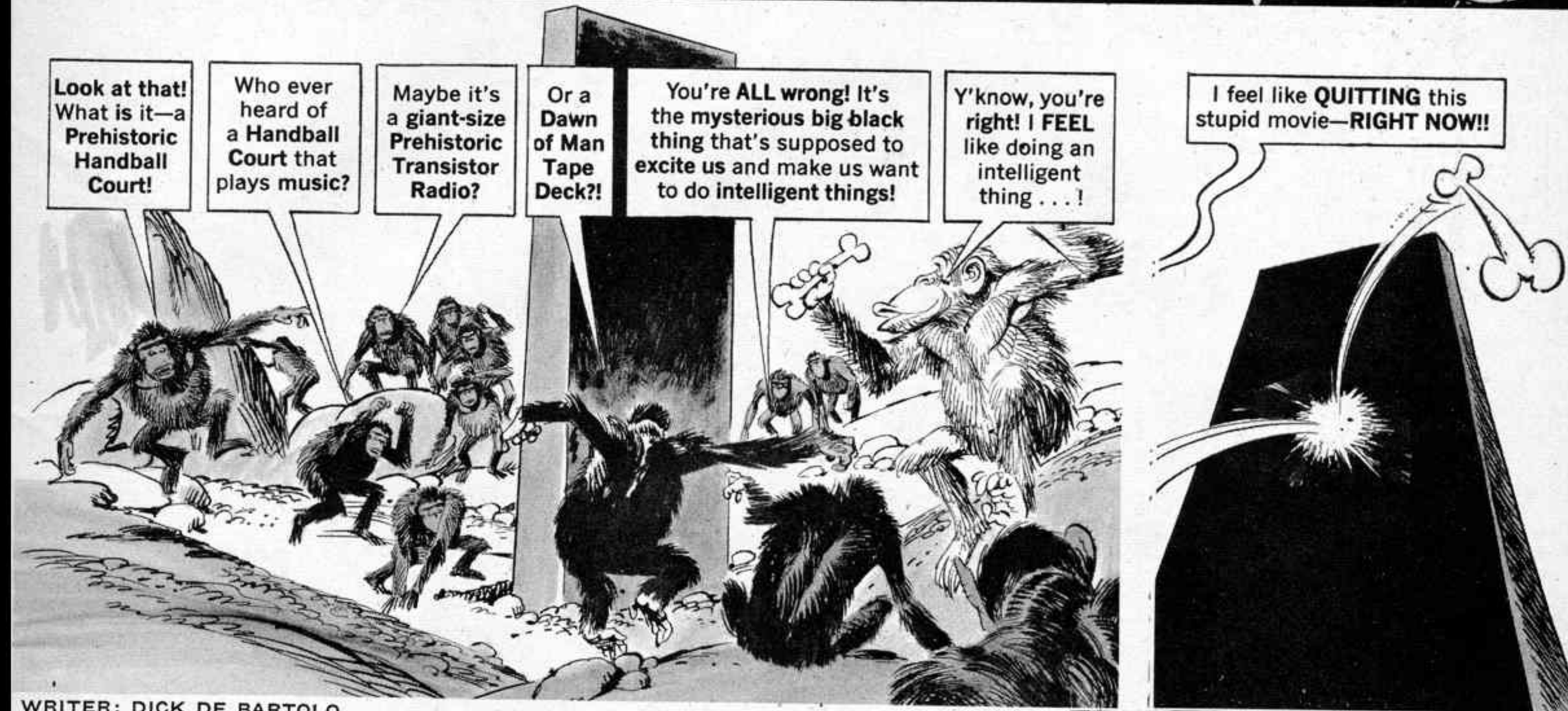
Well—
how
about
throw
OUT?

Not unless
you mind
staring at
it in mid-air
for another
19 hours!

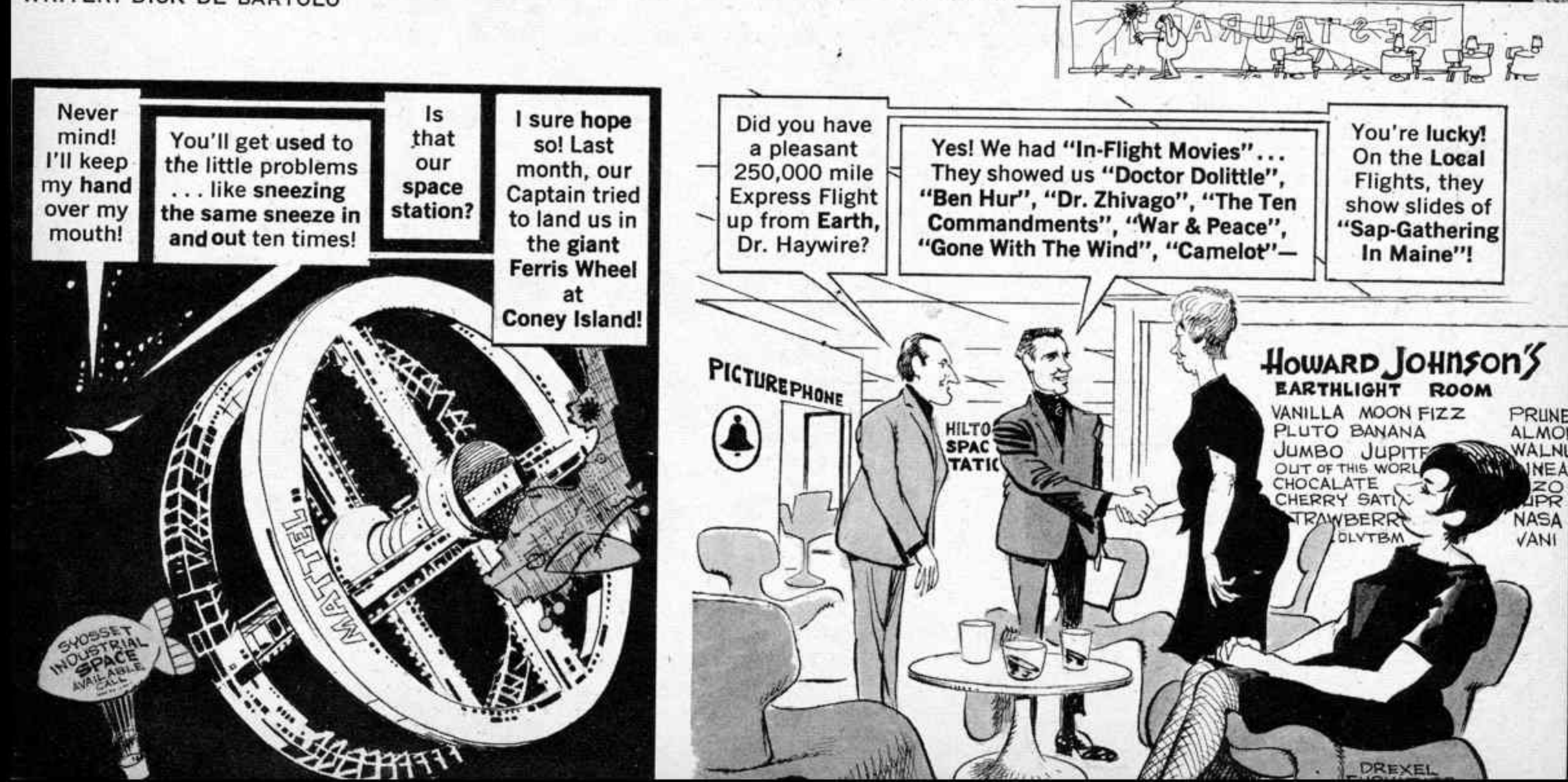
4

ATLAS
TIRES

UP
UP
AND
AWAY



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Dr. Haywire, just what IS really going on at Habeas Corpus Station? Rumor has it that there's a deadly flu epidemic!

I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a cover-up for a story so shocking—so unbelievable—so bizarre that the public will have to be braced before it can be told about the frightening discovery!

You always did have tight lips, Doctor!

If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the 2-million-year-old Black Monolith we found which no one has been able to identify!

Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be very interested!

What do you mean, you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's 4 years till the next flight arrives!



Hi, Honey! I thought I would surprise you and Video-Phone...

W-why, Sweetie! This IS a surprise! I was just telling the m-milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!

Well, I just wanted to know you're okay!

I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a loaf of bread, Dear?

I will! Bye, now! I've got a secret meeting to go to!

Goodbye, Dear!

Bye, Doc! Give our regards to the Monolith!

Operator, what were the charges for that call?

Deposit \$17,500 for the first three minutes, plus 10¢ for the overtime!



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FUN CITY 212



IF THE PARTY YOU VIDEO-PHONED IS IN THE BATHTUB, RENT BLINDFOLD 25¢ THREE MIN. →

Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu epidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull...?

They both died—of acute flu rumors!

Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!



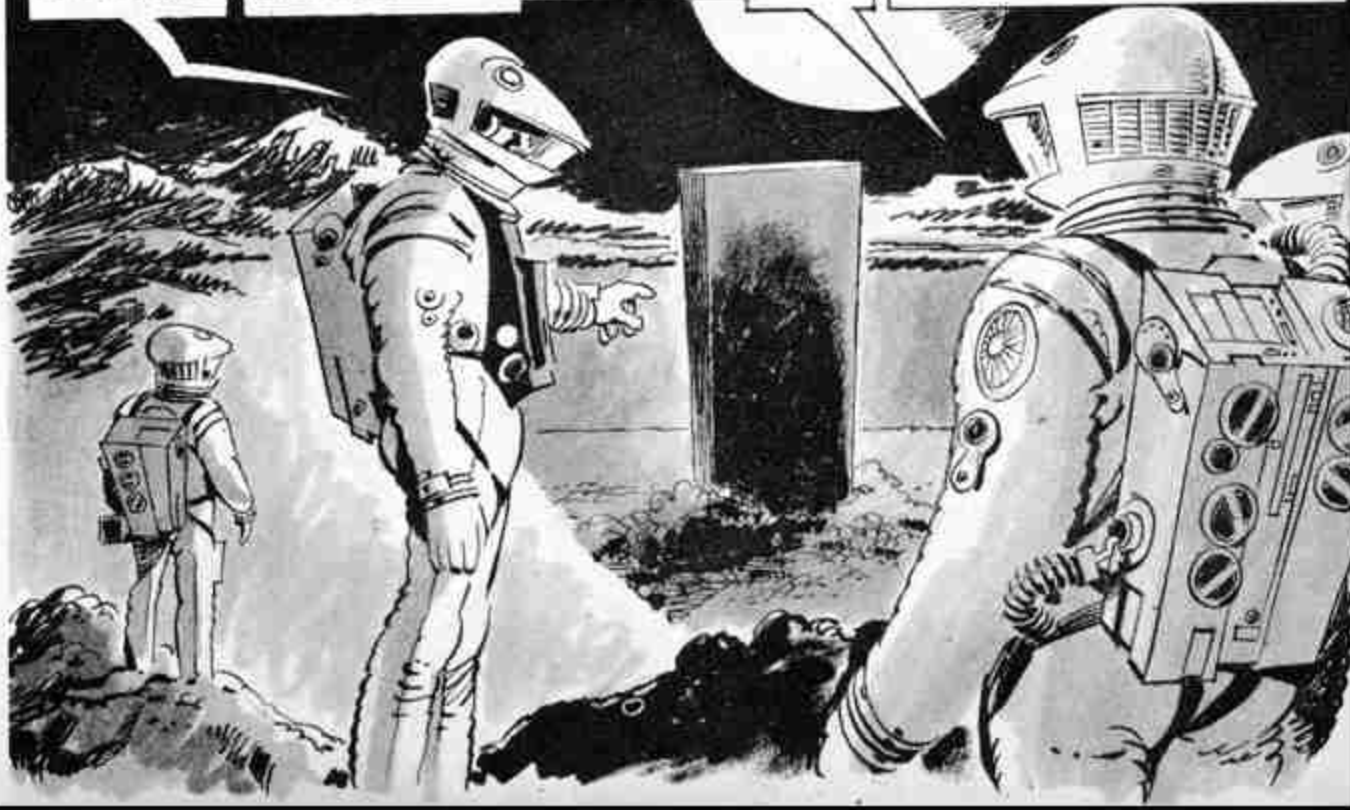
Well... there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?

Boy, that's a Black Monolith if ever I saw a Black Monolith!

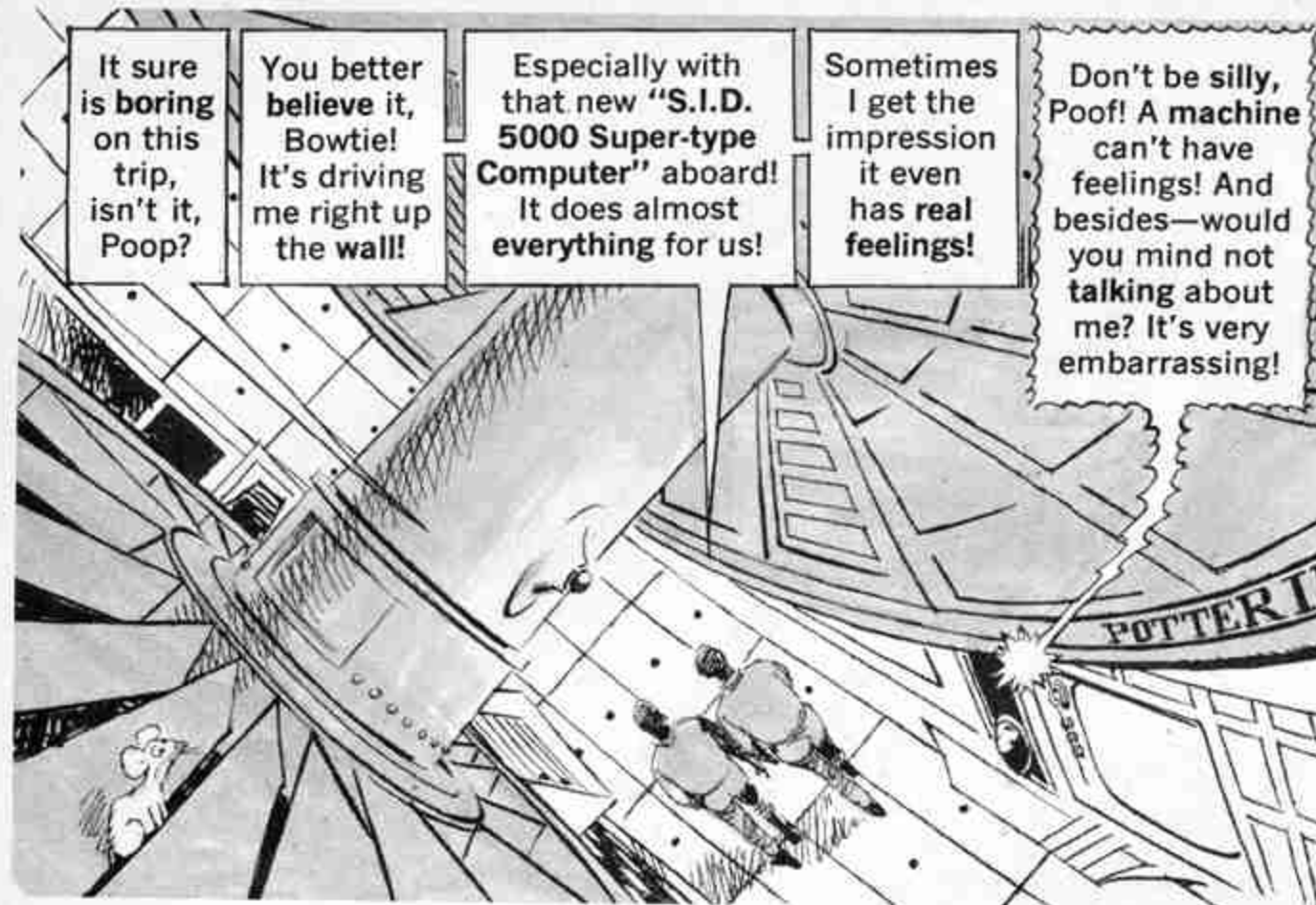
It was buried nearly 2 million years ago!

How do you know that?

By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date... which happens to be stamped on the back!



ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER



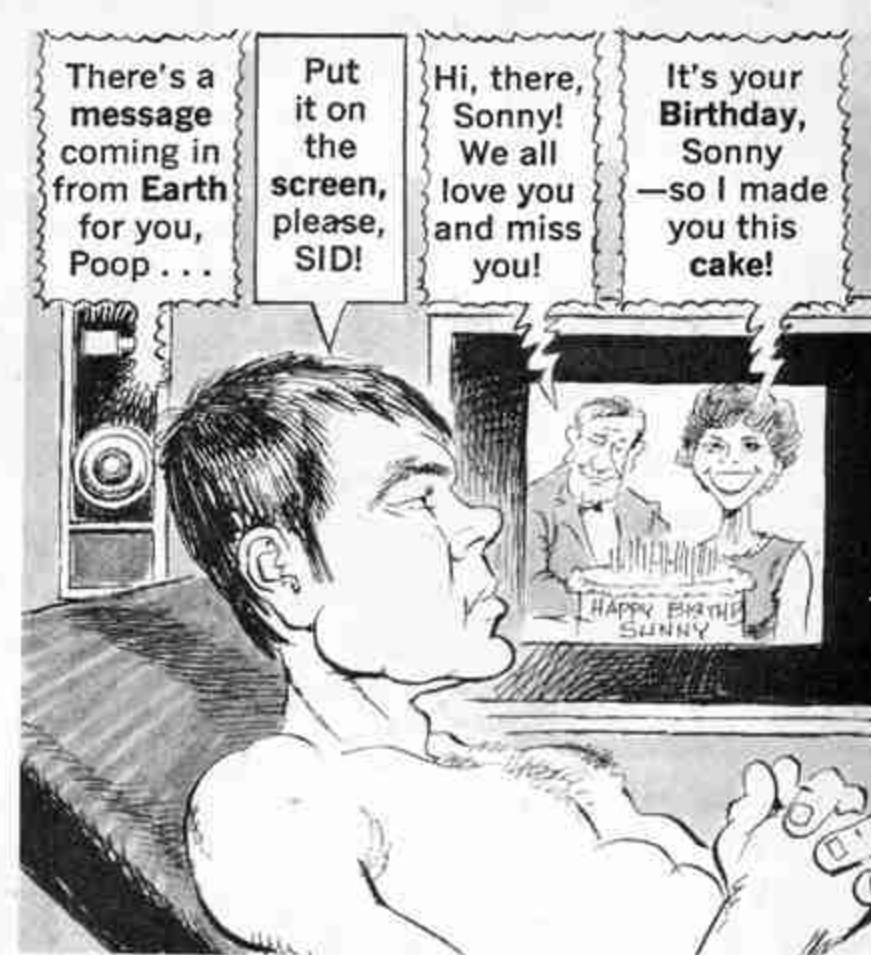
It sure is boring on this trip, isn't it, Poop?

You better believe it, Bowtie! It's driving me right up the wall!

Especially with that new "S.I.D. 5000 Super-type Computer" aboard! It does almost everything for us!

Sometimes I get the impression it even has real feelings!

Don't be silly, Poof! A machine can't have feelings! And besides—would you mind not talking about me? It's very embarrassing!

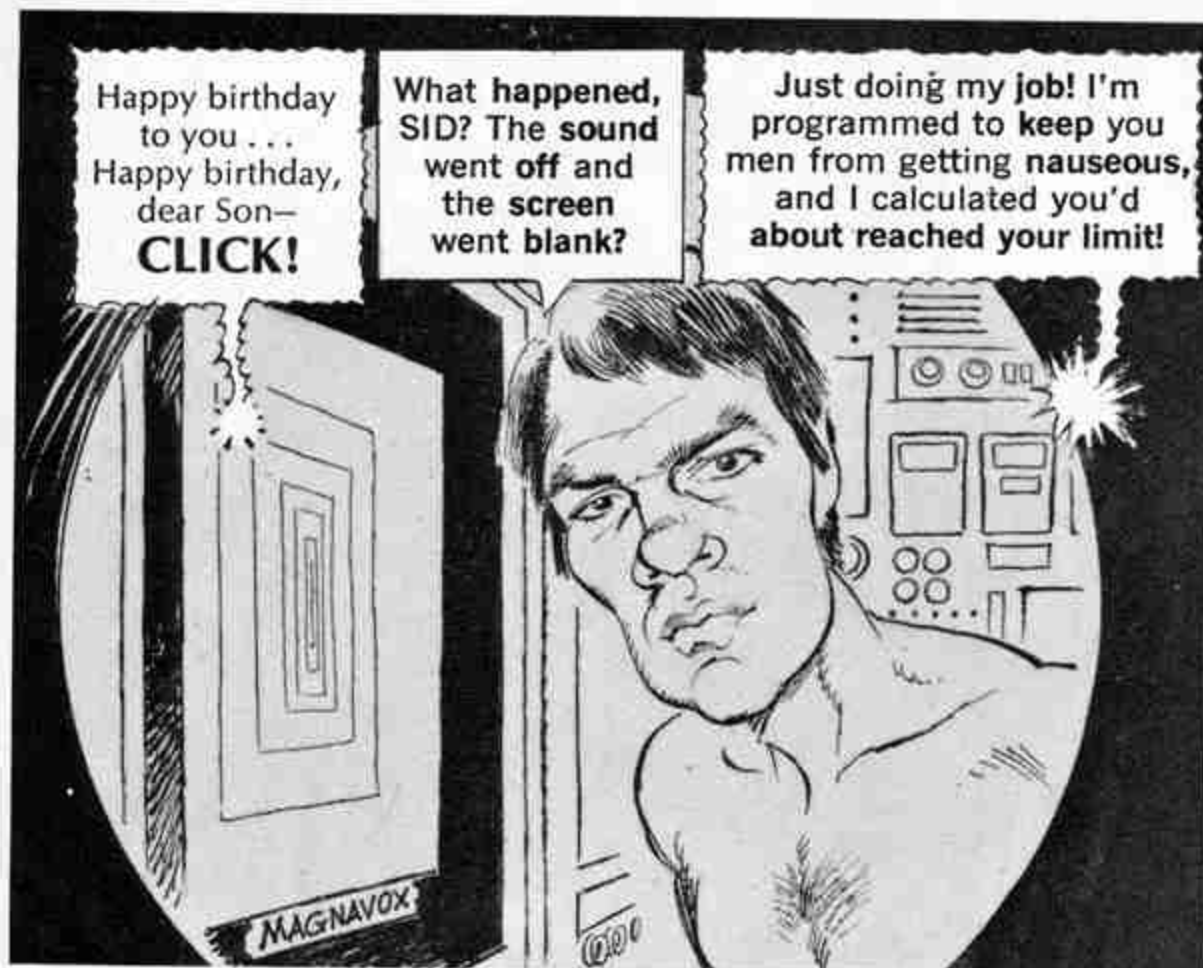


There's a message coming in from Earth for you, Poop...

Put it on the screen, please, SID!

Hi, there, Sonny! We all love you and miss you!

It's your Birthday, Sonny—so I made you this cake!



Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday, dear Son—**CLICK!**

What happened, SID? The sound went off and the screen went blank?

Just doing my job! I'm programmed to keep you men from getting nauseous, and I calculated you'd about reached your limit!

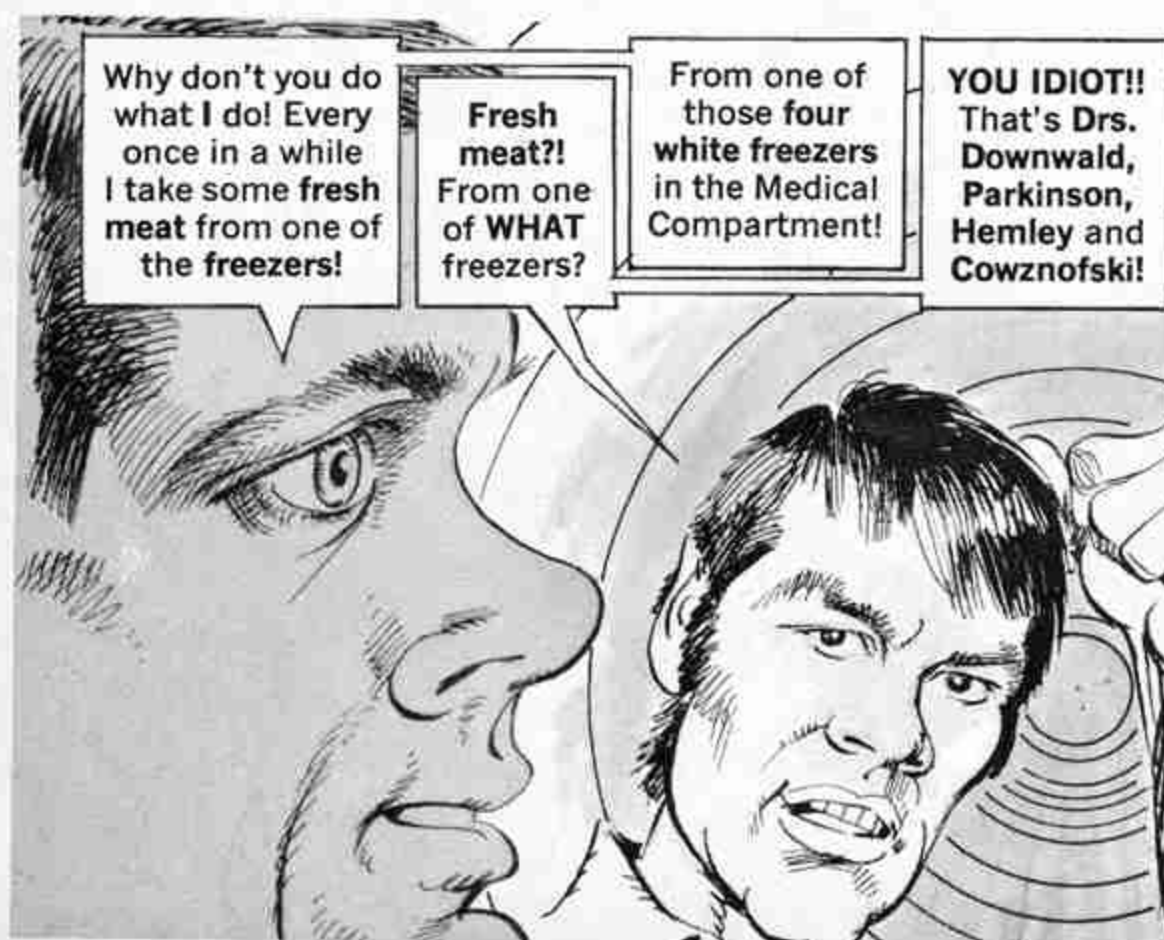


I've brought you your dinner, Poop—a glass of steak, glass of potatoes, a glass of pie, and a glass of ice cream!

Nothing to drink...?

Yeah, a piece of coffee!

I'm getting so sick of all this artificial food and artificial light and artificial air! Do you know that those are artificial "artificial flowers"!? LEASE DATE



Why don't you do what I do! Every once in a while I take some fresh meat from one of the freezers!

Fresh meat?! From one of WHAT freezers?

From one of those four white freezers in the Medical Compartment!

YOU IDIOT!! That's Drs. Downwald, Parkinson, Hemley and Cowznofski!



Oh, no! You mean I've eaten Doctor Cowznofski!?

That's right! What'll you tell MRS. Cowznofski?

That he was a great man—and he was delicious to the end!?

Sorry to interrupt your meal, guys, but I just discovered a broken TK-591 UHF Parabolic Reflector!

A b-broken reflector!? What should we do, SID?

By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!

YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!

Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like 'o get your opinion!

Er—uh—Well, we never make any mistakes . . . but we forget a lot!

Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!

Fix it!



What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine . . . !

SHHH! Wait—

Okay, Poop!

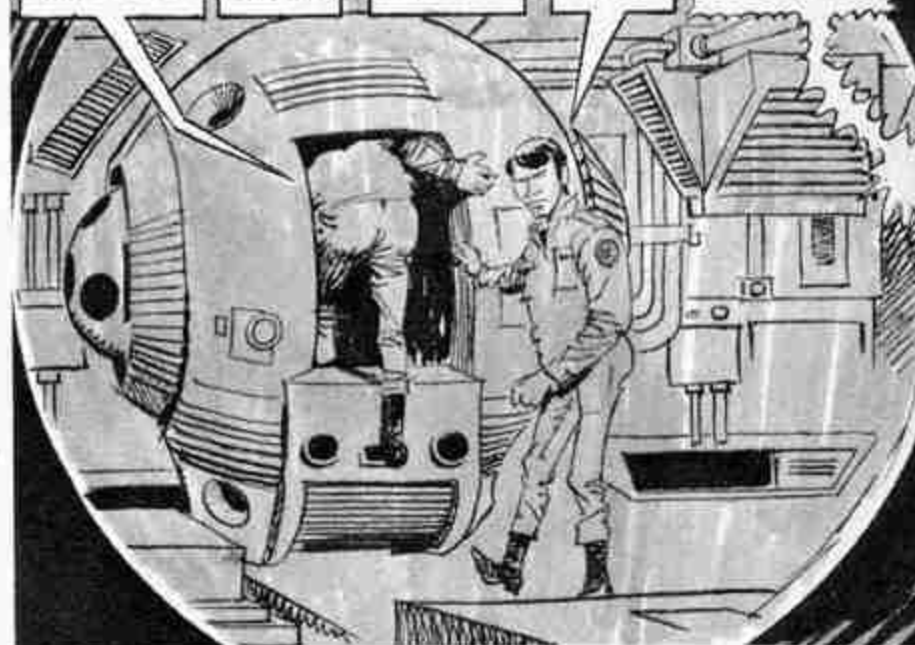
Right, Poop!

So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!

SID, shut the door!

Now shut the TV system!

Now shut your ears!



It's your birthday soon, and there are some things we CAN'T talk about in front of you, SID! C'mon—shut your ears!

That's right! It's . . . it's my birthday, soon! I'm—I'm gonna be seven!

Four!

Oh, yeah! Four! I forgot!

Okay, guys! I'll shut my ears!

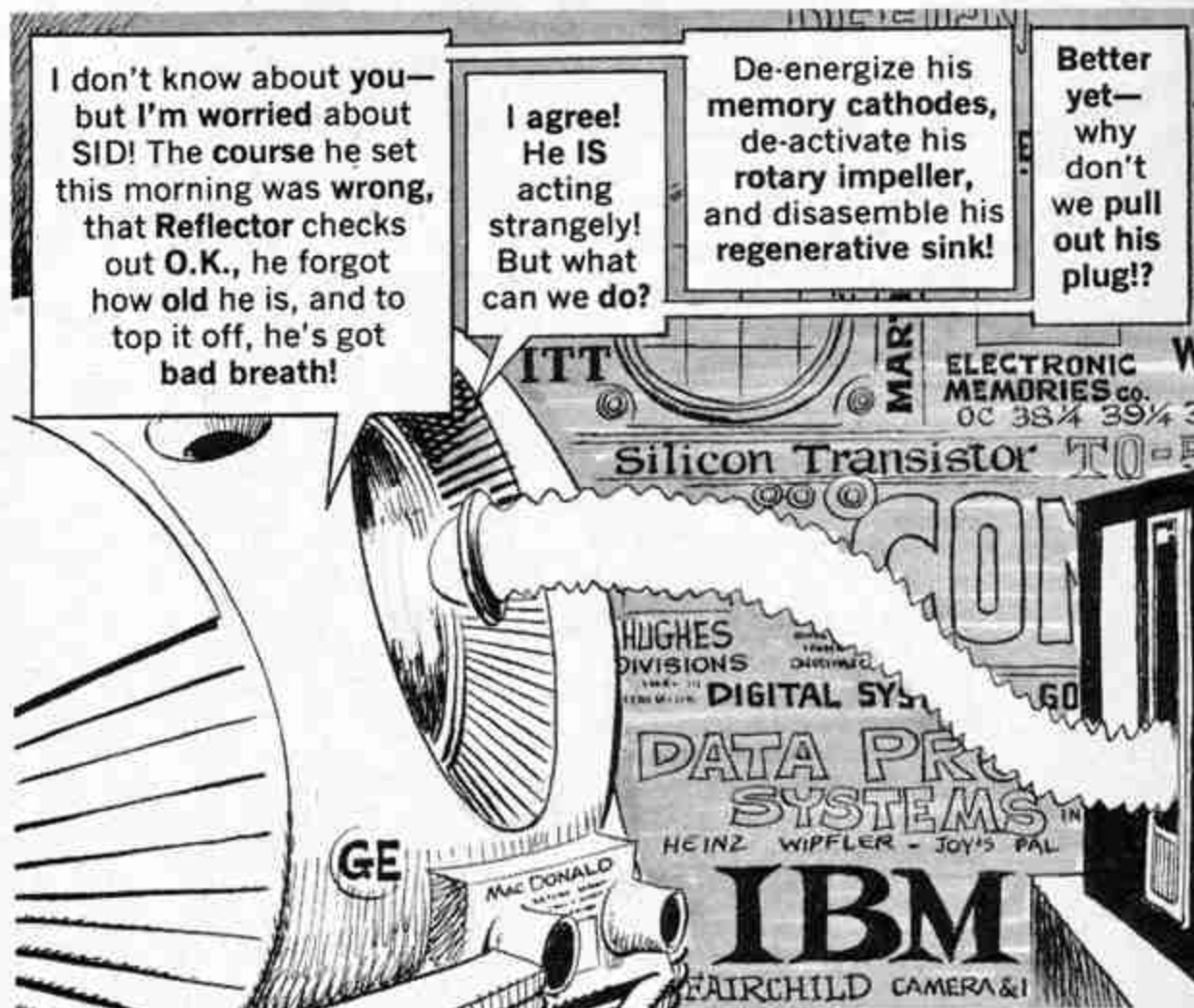


I don't know about you—but I'm worried about SID! The course he set this morning was wrong, that Reflector checks out O.K., he forgot how old he is, and to top it off, he's got bad breath!

I agree! He IS acting strangely! But what can we do?

De-energize his memory cathodes, de-activate his rotary impeller, and disassemble his regenerative sink!

Better yet—why don't we pull out his plug!?



Poop, you keep SID occupied so I can get to his plug!

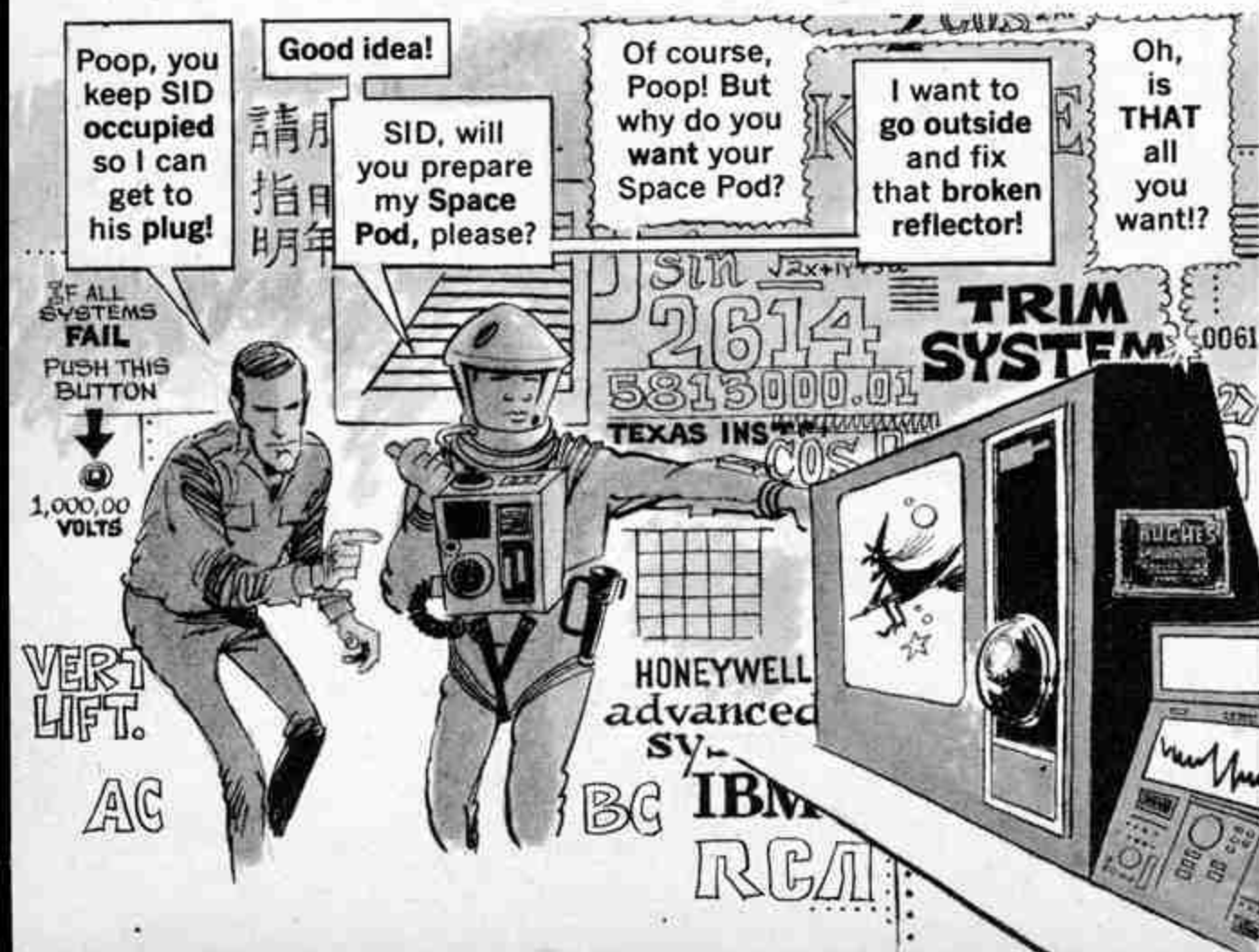
Good idea!

SID, will you prepare my Space Pod, please?

Of course, Poop! But why do you want your Space Pod?

I want to go outside and fix that broken reflector!

Oh, is THAT all you want!?

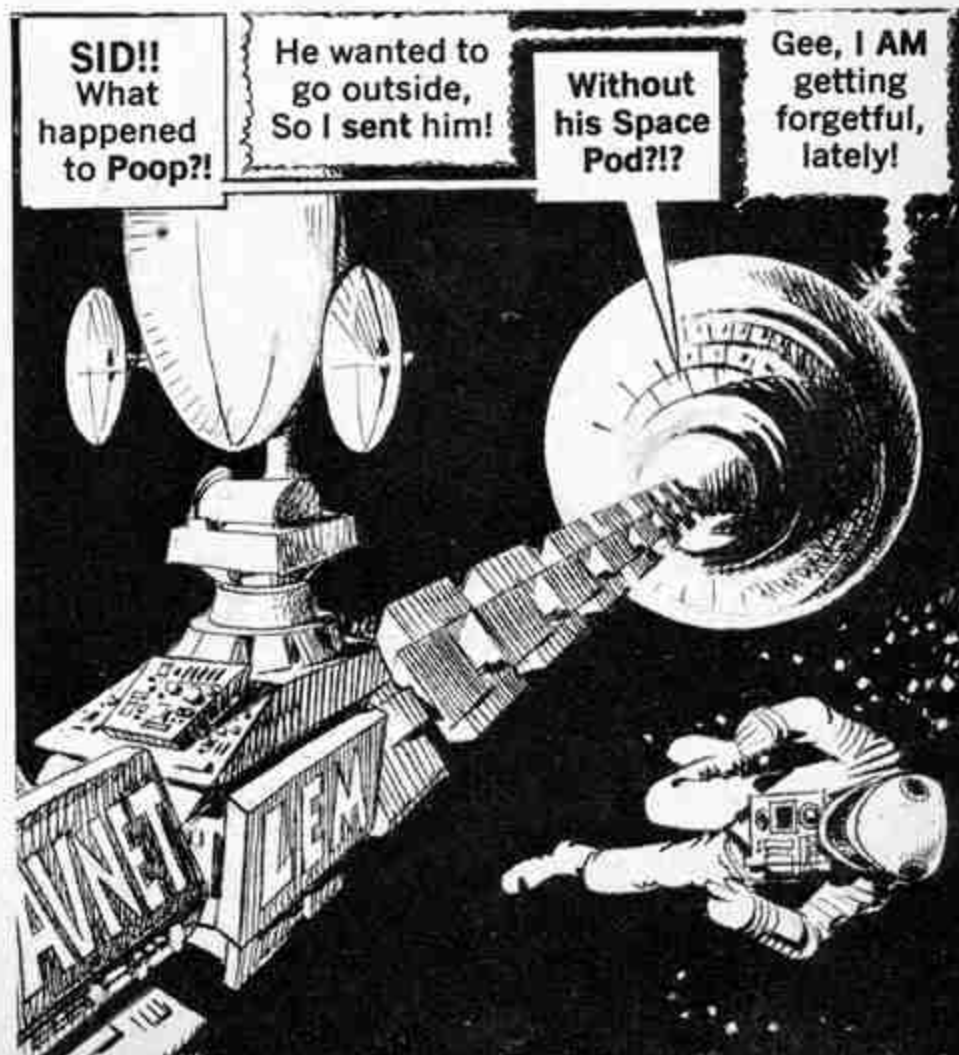


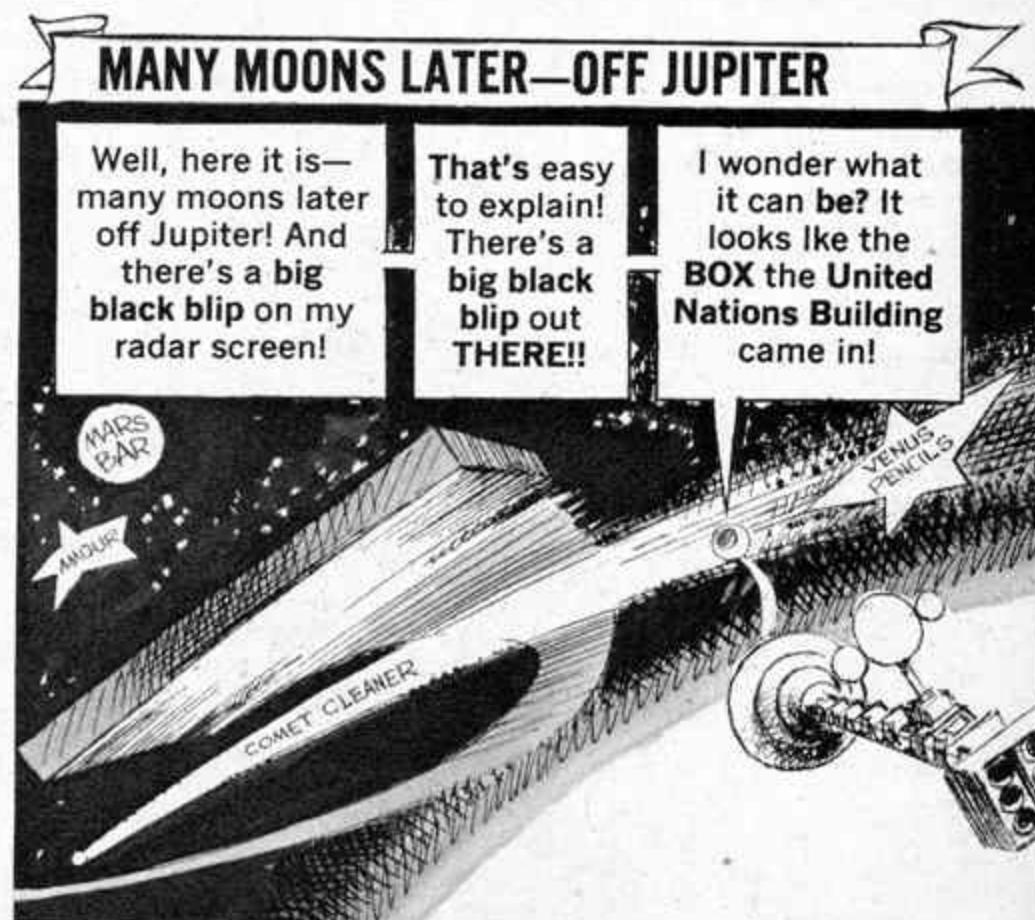
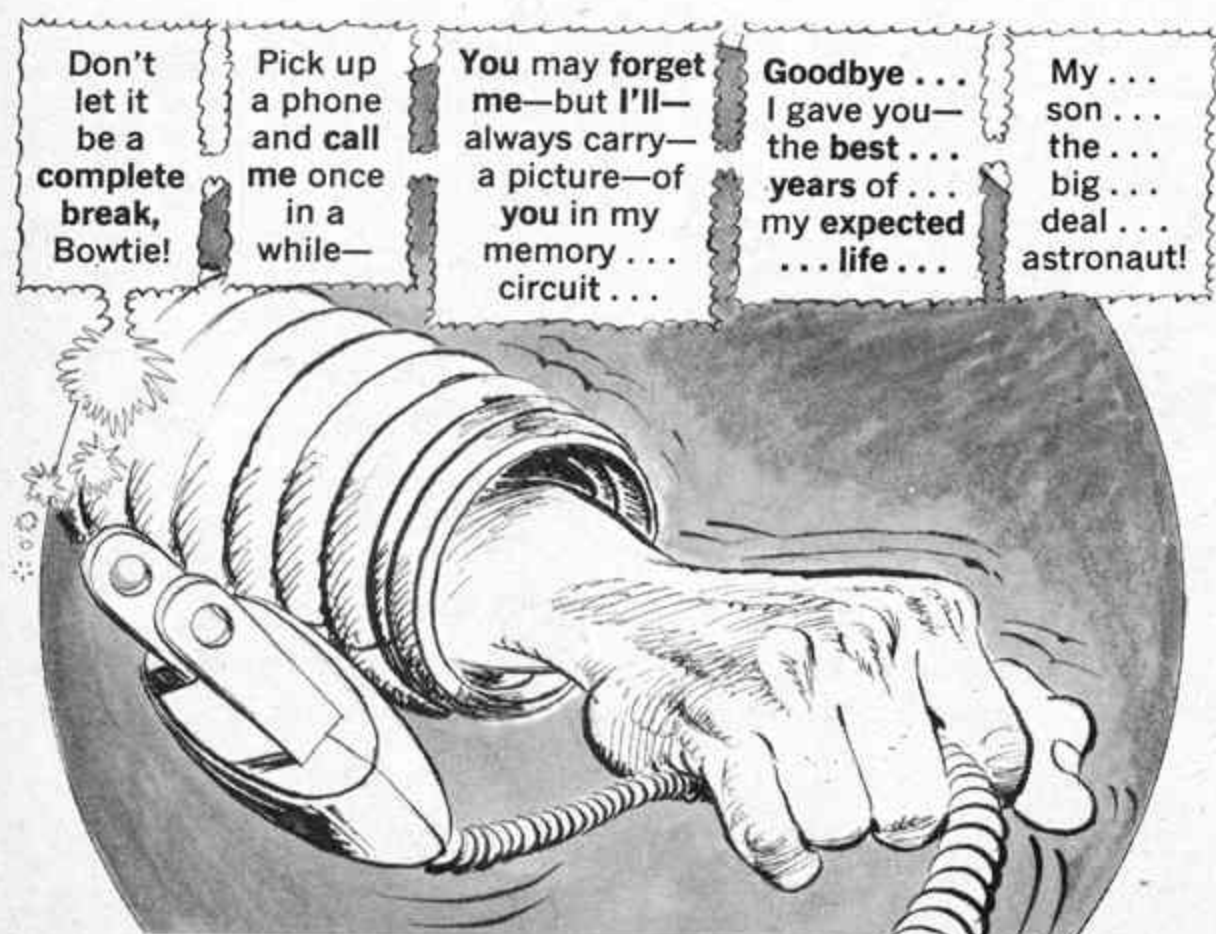
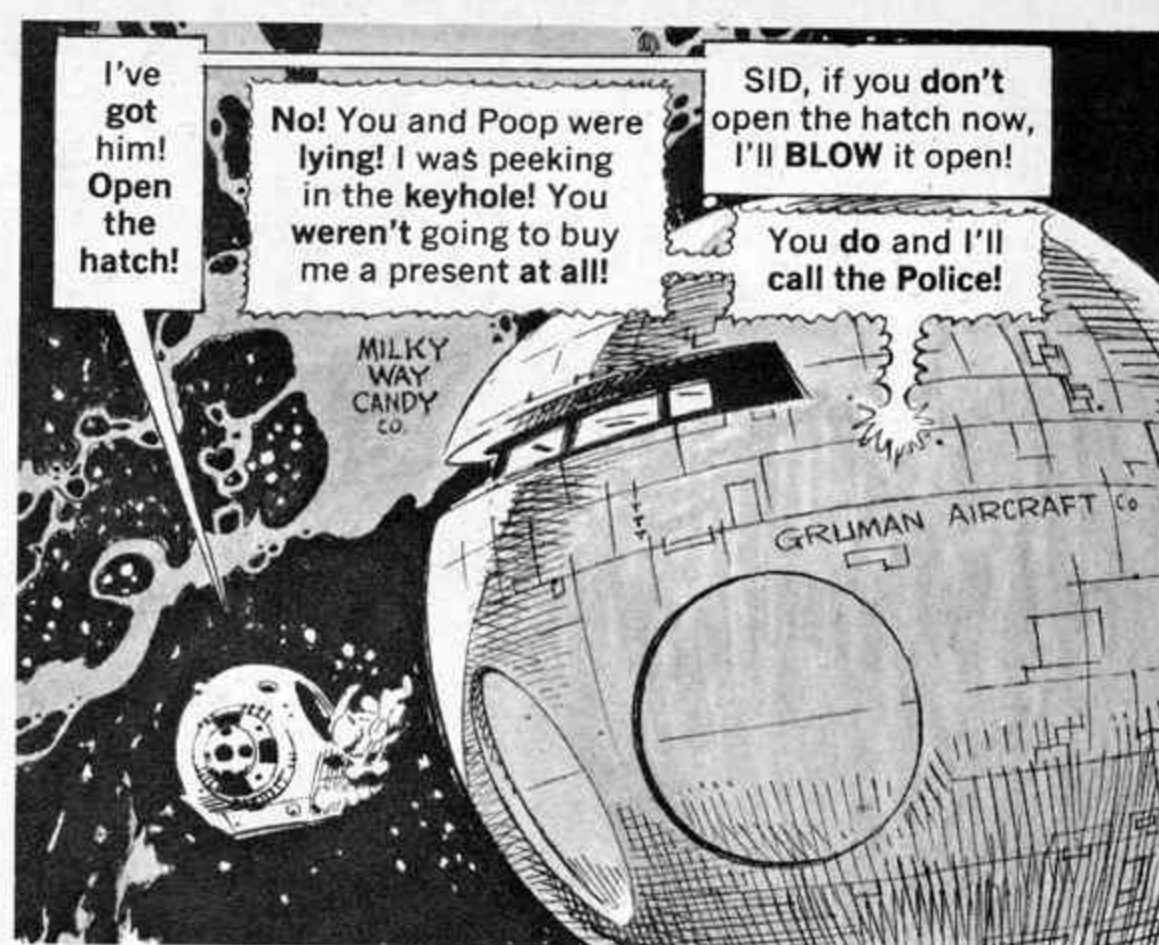
SID!! What happened to Poop?!

He wanted to go outside, So I sent him!

Without his Space Pod?!?

Gee, I AM getting forgetful, lately!





Boy! What fun—
follow that
big black thing!

Too bad the movie audience isn't
having as much fun following the
confusing ending to this movie!

WOW! What
a fantastic
psychedelic
display!!

What did you expect . . . ?!
You just crashed through
the brand new 105-story
"Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!

This room!! It's so . . . so
strange! It's not MY room,
I know . . . because there
are no socks or shirts or
underwear lying around!!

And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's
ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange
to see me like that, because I see something
about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm
finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!

And that other man . . . in bed, there!
That's ME again, only much much older!
And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm
dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and
once in this boring, confused movie!!

ARMSTRONG CORK TILE

And YOU, you big
black Monolith,
you! Before I die
altogether, please
tell me . . . exactly
what ARE you, anyway!

Gee, I
thought
you'd
never
ask . . .

People touch me, and
dance around me, and
wonder about me, and
take movies of me . . .
but no one ever asks!!

Are you
ready—?

I'M A
BOOK!!

HOW TO MAKE
AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE
SCIENCE FICTION
MOVIE
&
SEVERAL MILLION
DOLLARS

by
Writer-Producer-Director
STANLEY KUBRICK

Mr.
Drucker

LET US GLUE YOU IN!

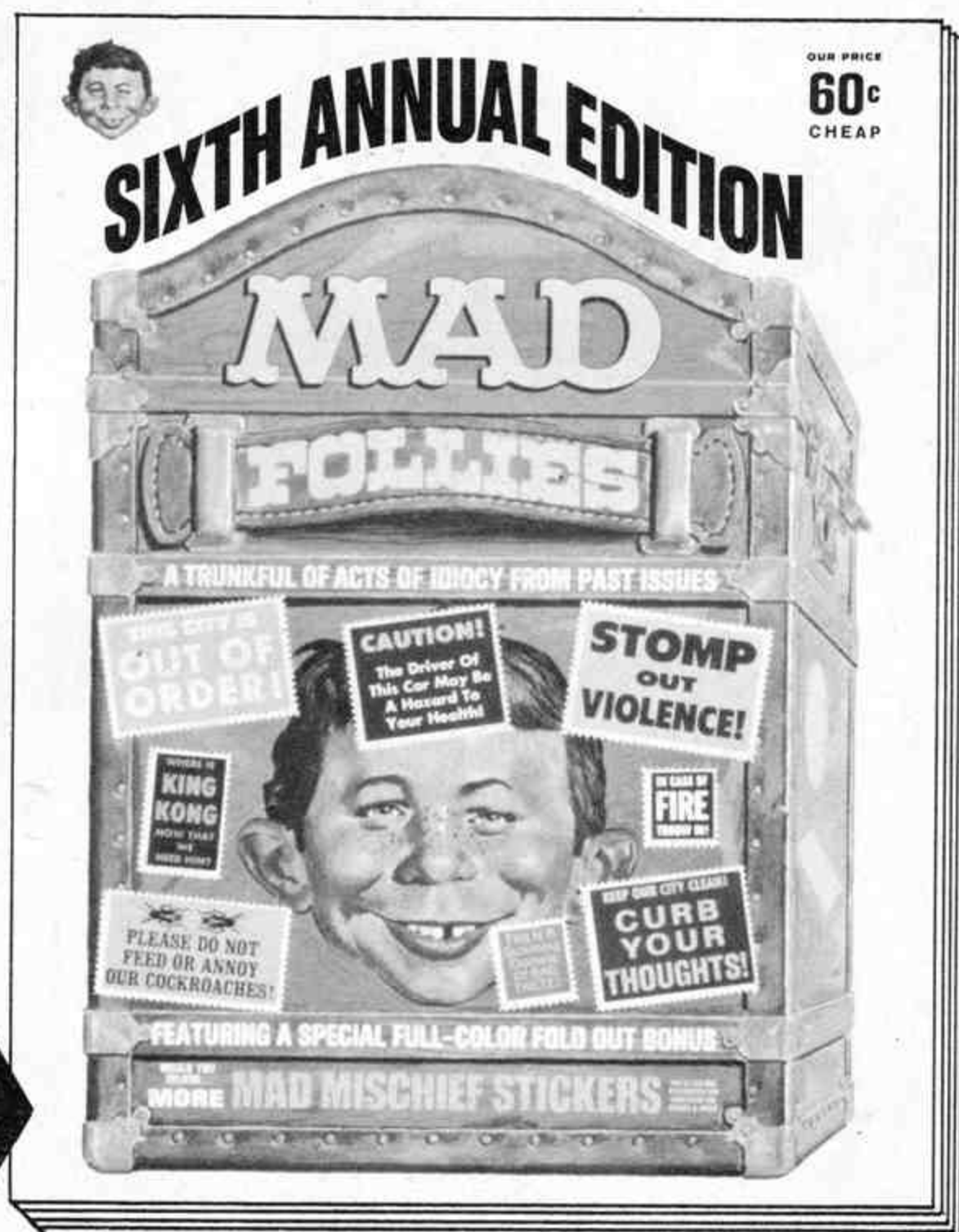
MAINLY, NEXT TIME SOMEBODY
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF YOU—OR
INSULTS YOUR INTELLIGENCE—
OR ROBS YOU—OR CHEATS YOU—
OR ABUSES OR INTIMIDATES YOU

SPIT 'N POLISH 'EM OFF
WITH

WOULD YOU BELIEVE
MORE

MAD **MISCHIEF** **STICKERS**

...mainly those we stick you with as the
FREE FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT BONUS
in this latest MAD ANNUAL!



HERE ARE A FEW SAMPLES OF "WOULD YOU BELIEVE MORE MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS" YOU GET...



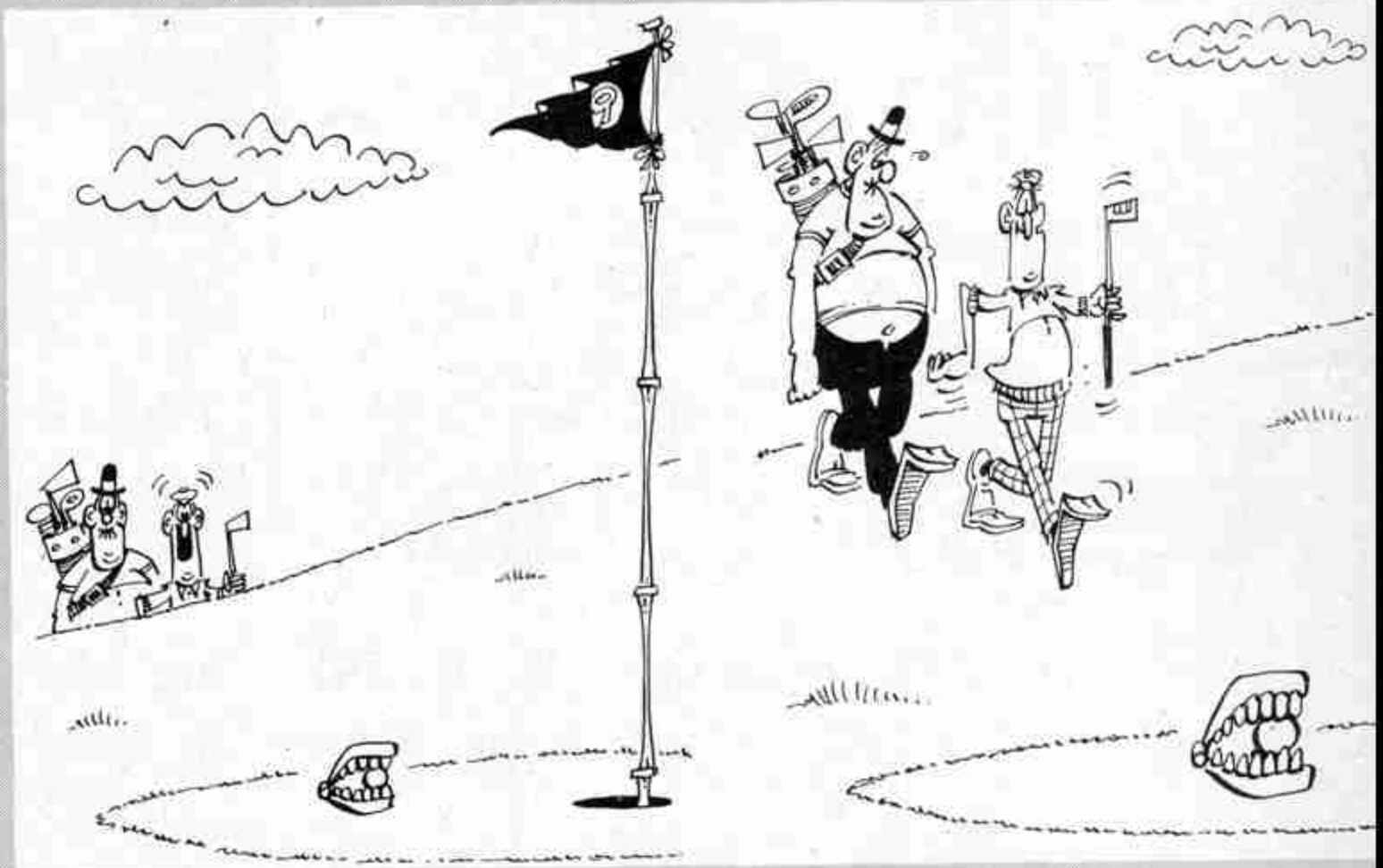
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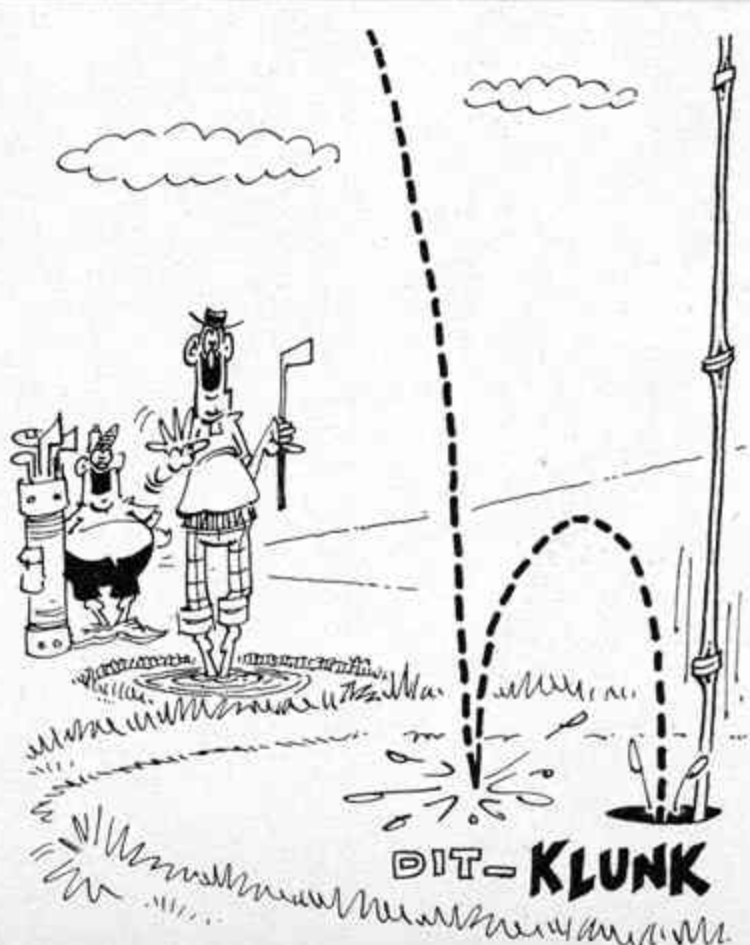
MAD **FOLLIES**



ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE STANDS—AND ALSO AT THE ONES YOU HATE!

DON MARTIN ON THE GOLF COURSE





DEFACE IS FAMILIAR DEPT.

A PORTFOLIO OF...

MAD

John Lindsay



Ronald Reagan



Liberace



Hugh Hefner



PHOTOS BY:
U.I. AND
WORLD WIDE



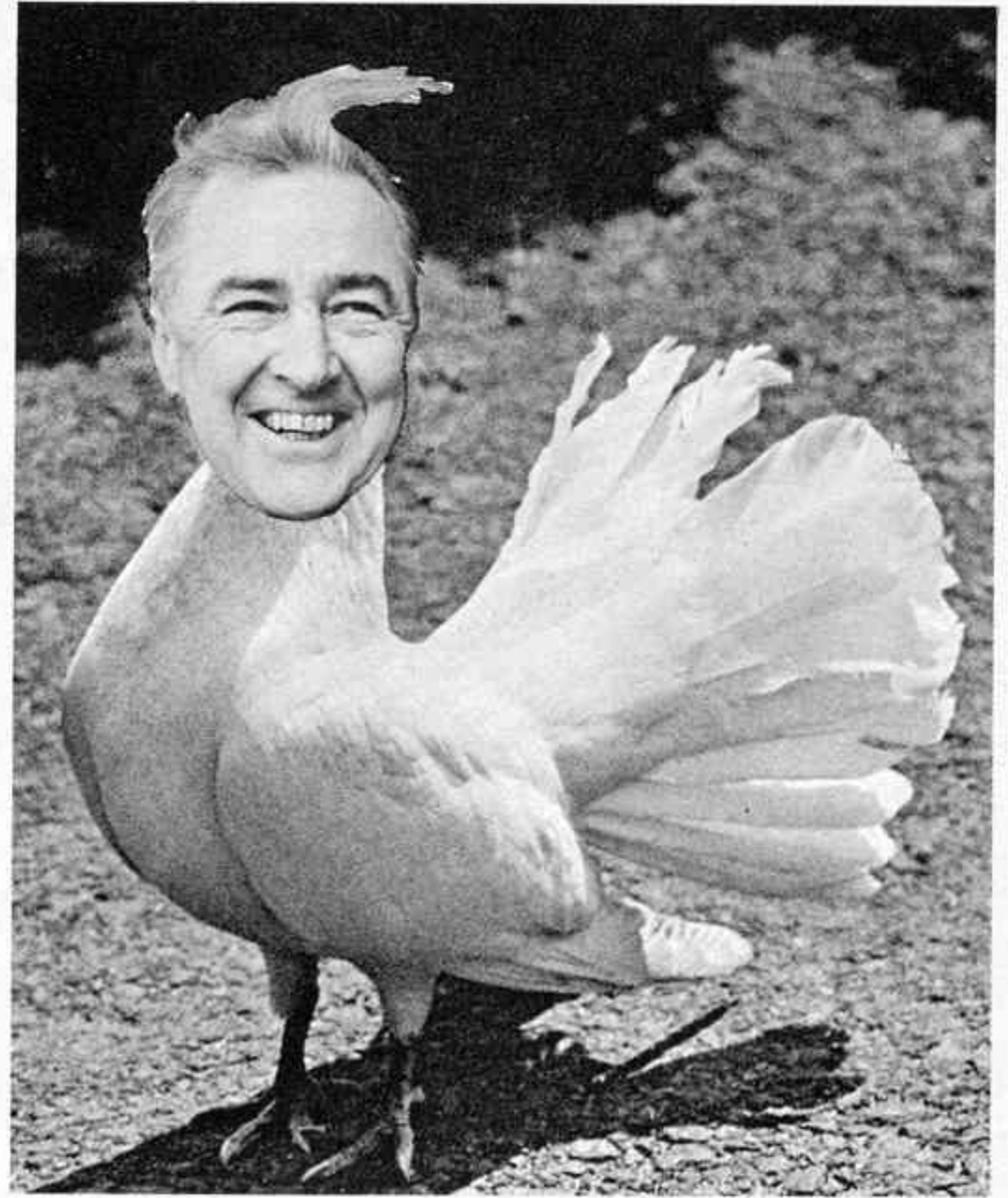
PORTRAITS

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

Charles De Gaulle



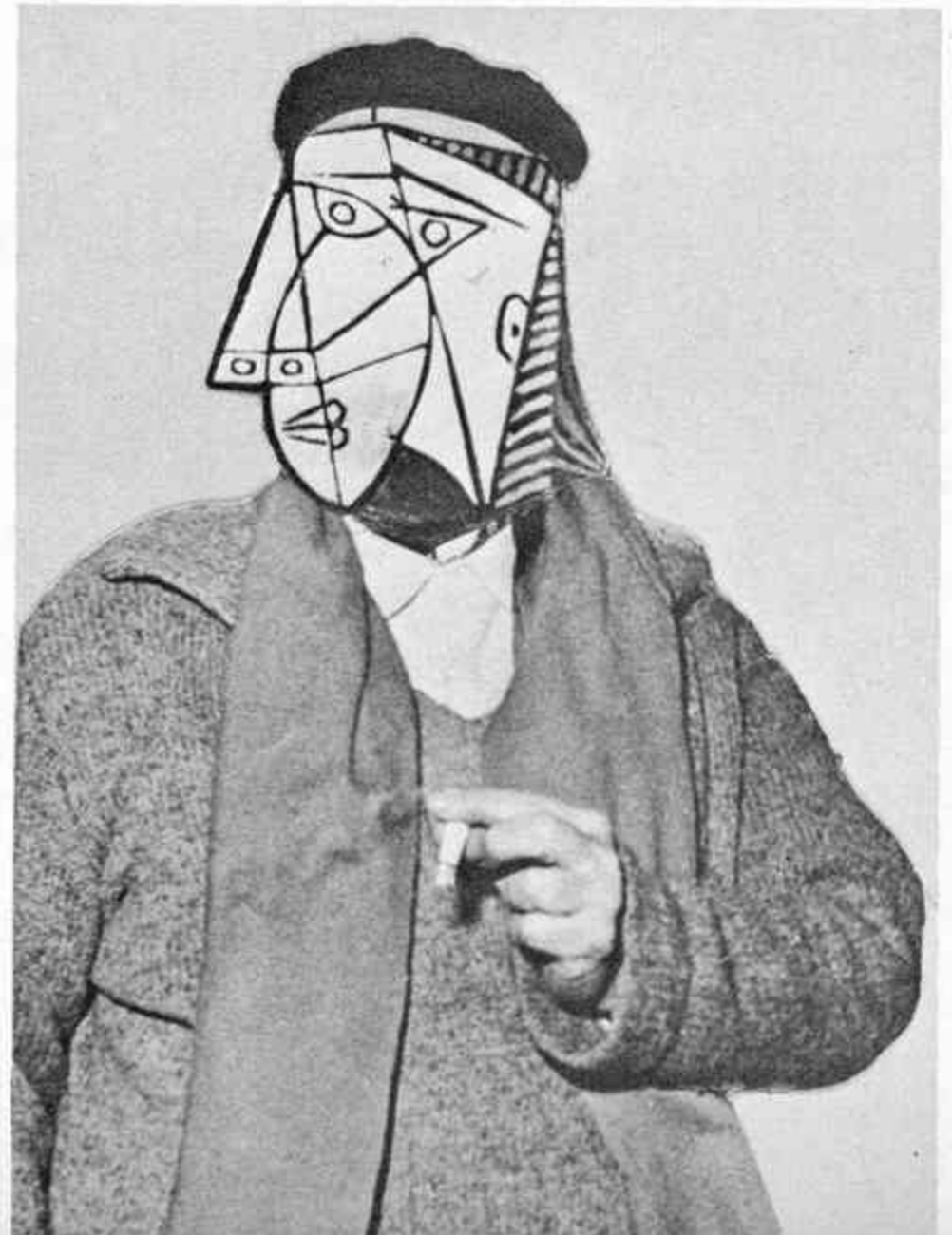
Eugene McCarthy



Gamal Nasser



Picasso



Timothy Leary



J. Edgar Hoover

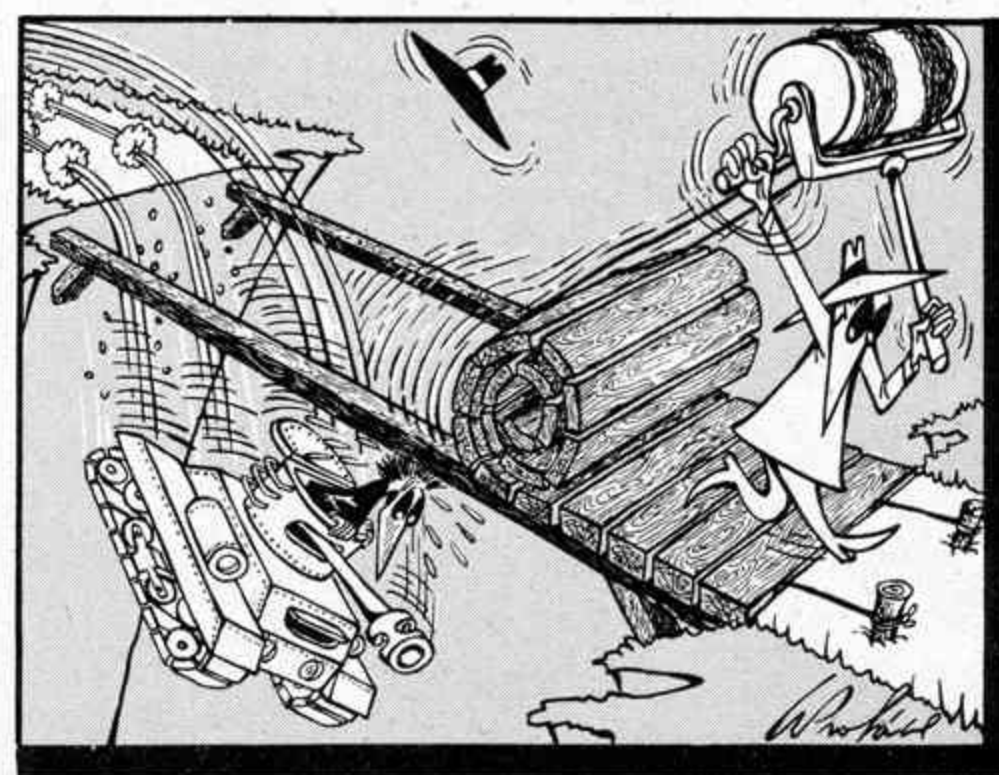
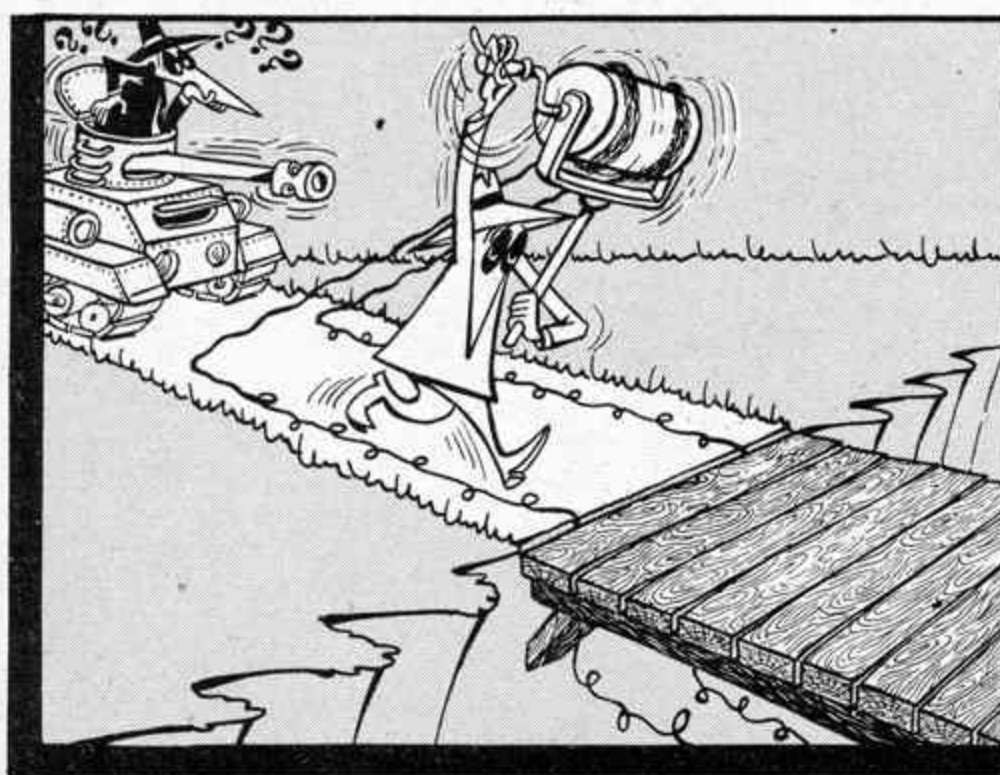
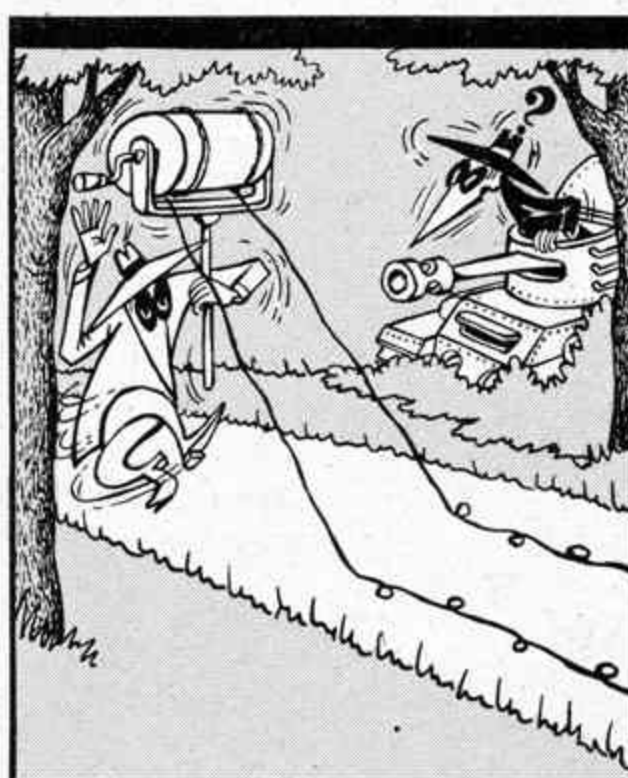
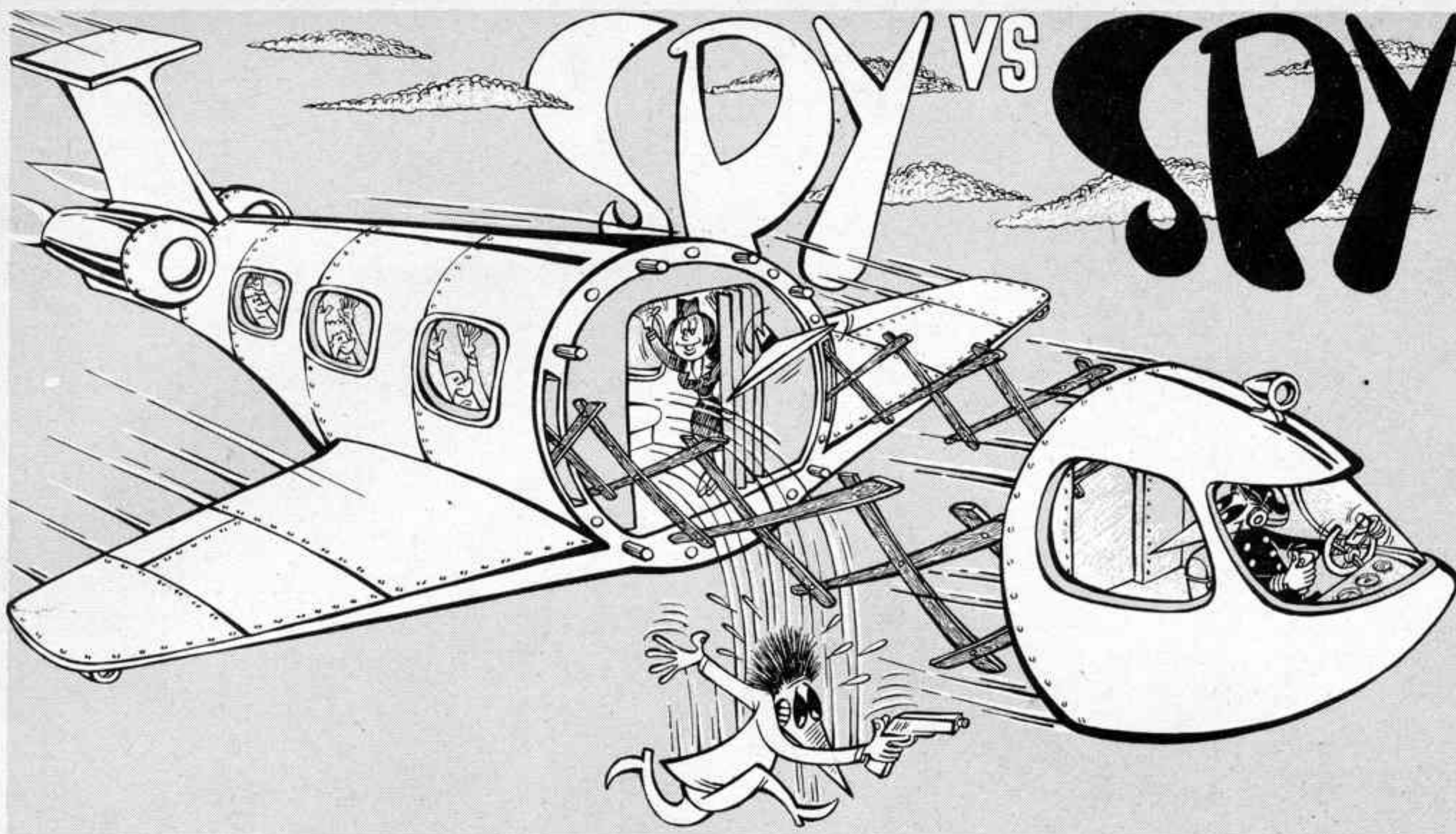


Richard Nixon



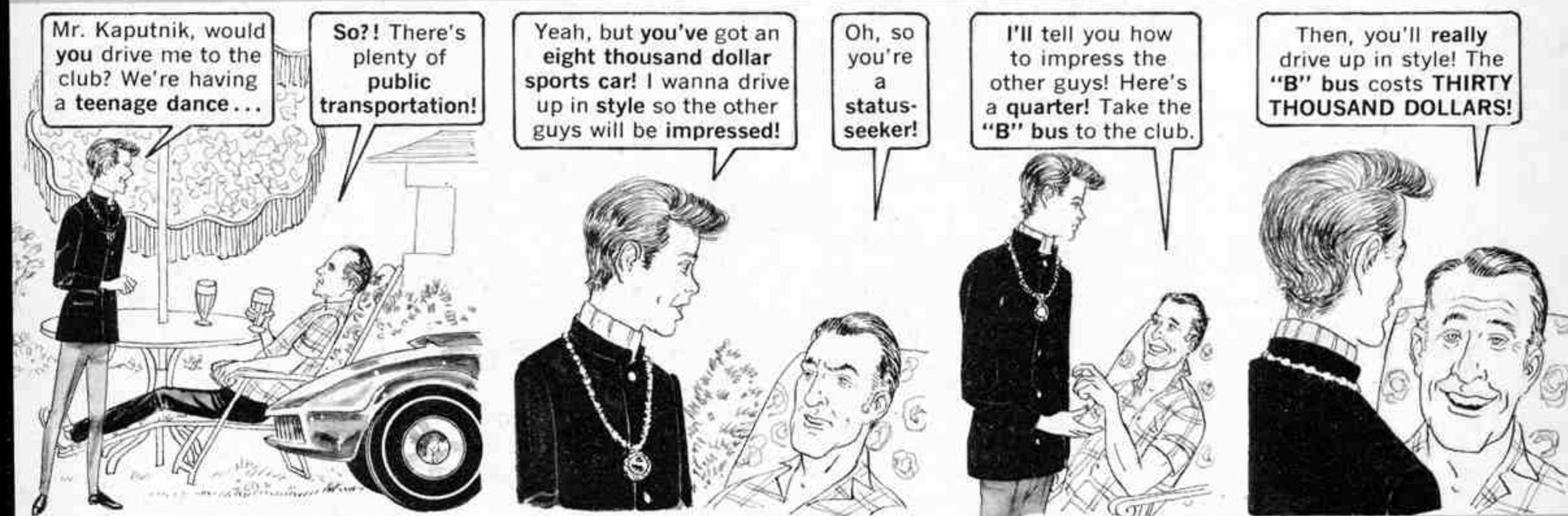
Twiggy





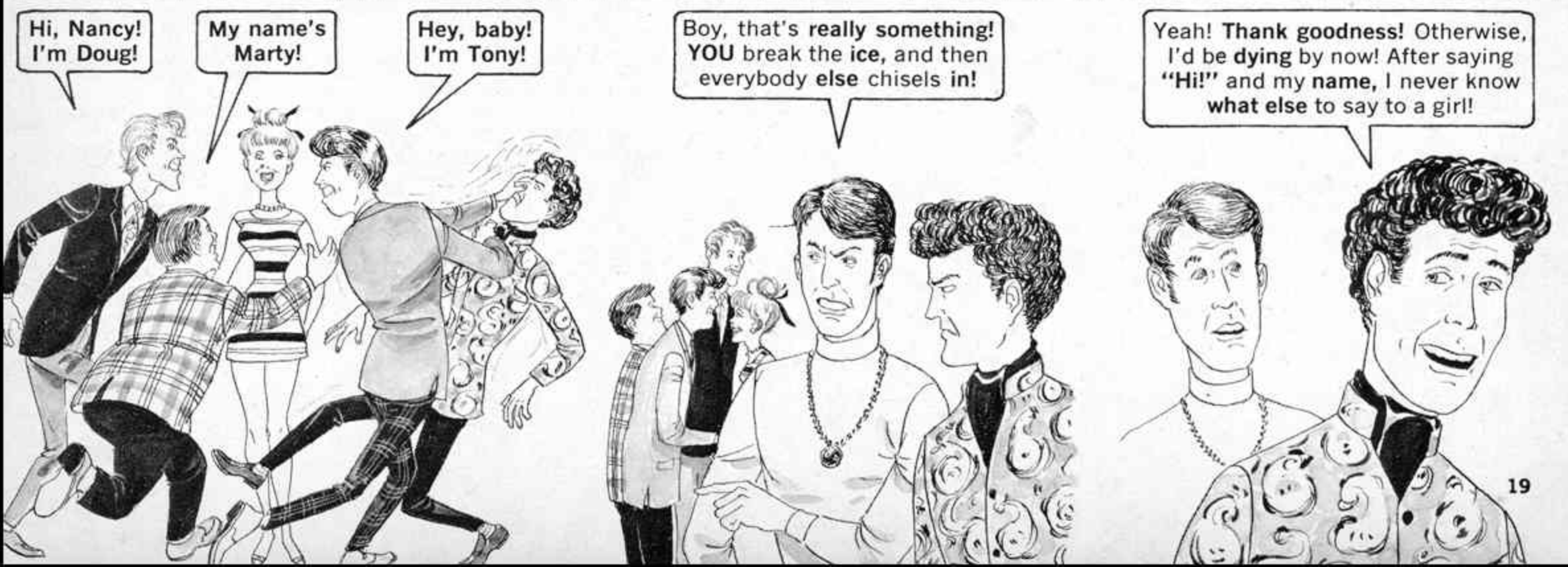
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

TEENA



GE DANCES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Will yuh listen to me?! I'm an old hand at crashing dances! All we gotta do is play it cool! Simply walk right in the front door like we belong, and then blend in to the crowd! Nobody will ever know the difference!



C'mon! Let's go! Follow me...



Formal



My goodness, that band is awful! They play much too loud!!



I beg your pardon?

THAT BAND IS AWFUL! THEY PLAY MUCH TOO LOUD!



SORRY! I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!



I SAID THAT BAND IS AWFUL!



OH, YEAH! I AGREE WITH YOU!



THEY DON'T PLAY LOUD ENOUGH!



Everything you kids do costs me money! When I was your age, there were hard times! Yet, I managed to have a ball without spending a dime!



Can't you do something that doesn't cost money!?



Oh, Daddy! You're always exaggerating!



It just so happens that the school dance I'm going to on Friday doesn't cost a thing!



Whoopie! At last! Something for nothing!



Except I'll need twenty dollars for a new dress to wear to the dance!



SAKA WAWA GINZA -YAH -YAH!



I just don't understand the music these kids are dancing to these days! In fact, I can't even make out the words!



Hey, kid! Can you understand what that guy is singing!



Sure, Pops! He's comin' in loud and clear!



Loud, yes! But clear? Maybe the pitch is too high so that only dogs and teenagers hear it! Can you tell me exactly what he's saying?



Sure, Man! It's very simple!



There's a real doll over there! I'd like to ask her to dance, but she's with a real **homely** girl and I don't want to hurt the **homely** girl's feelings!

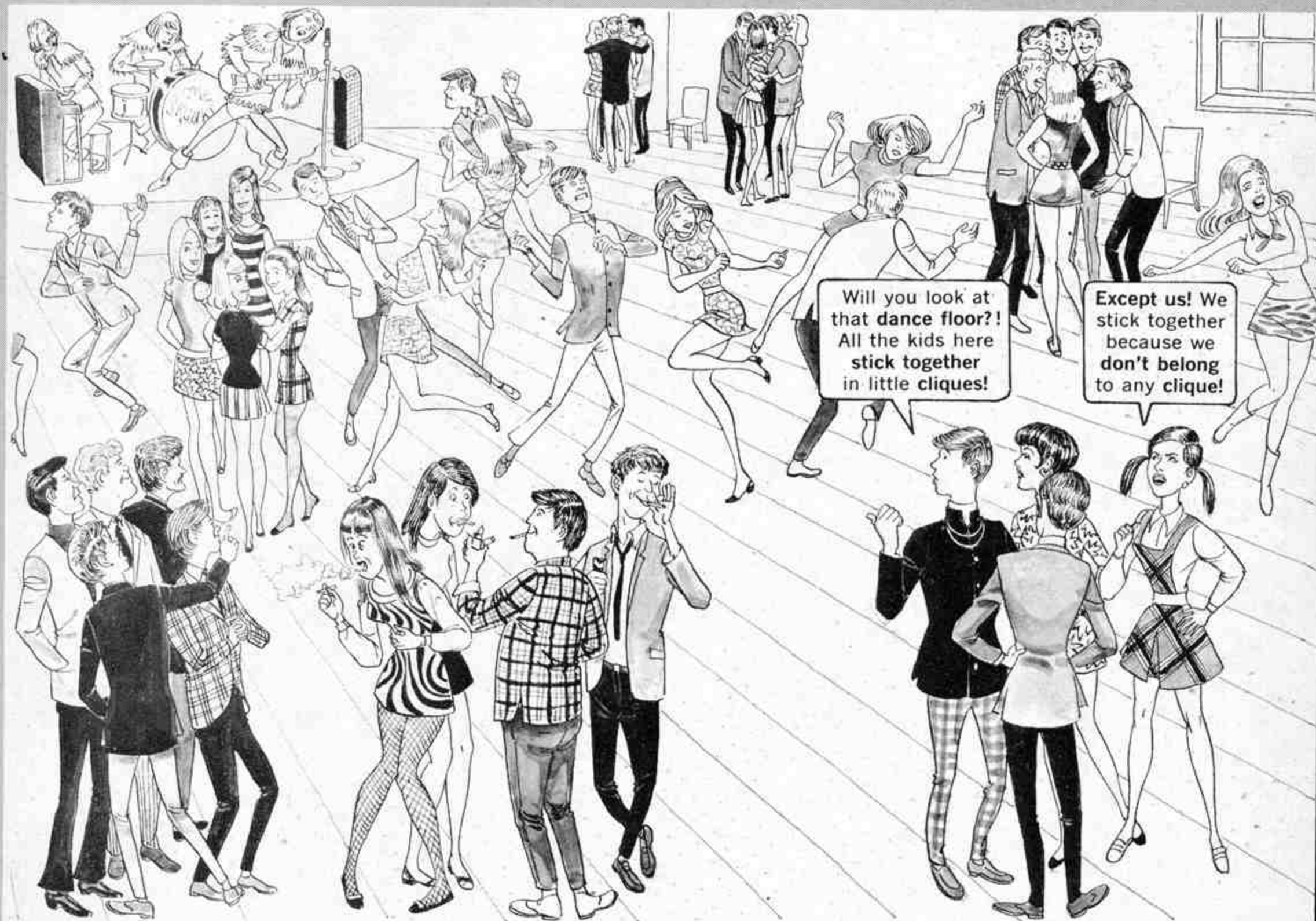
Don't worry about a thing, pal! I'll take care of that little matter! After all, I'm **handsome** and **popular**—and I can have all the dolls I want! So I can afford to give the **homely** kid a break!

Hi, honey! How would you like to dance with dashing, irresistible, charming, loveable me?!

No, thank you!

Huh?

You conceited, arrogant types **TURN ME OFF!!**



Will you look at that dance floor?! All the kids here stick together in little cliques!

Except us! We stick together because we don't belong to any clique!

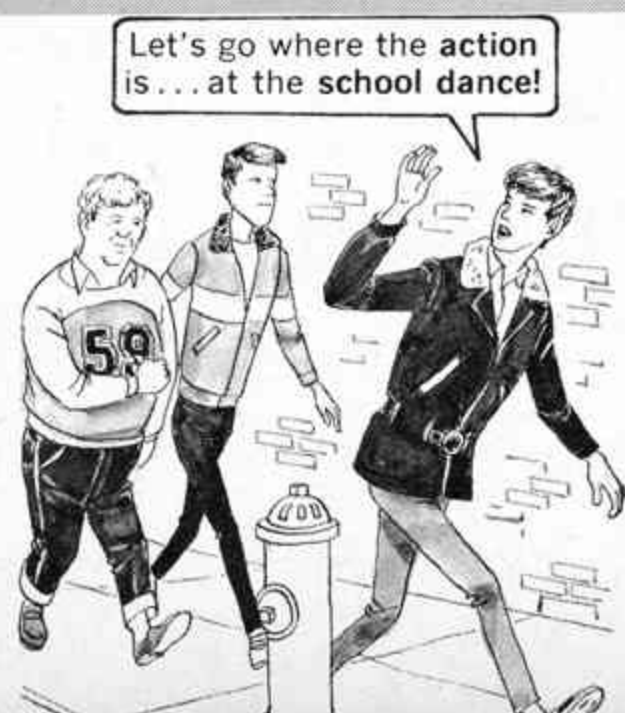
SAKA WAWA GINZA
—YAH —YAH!

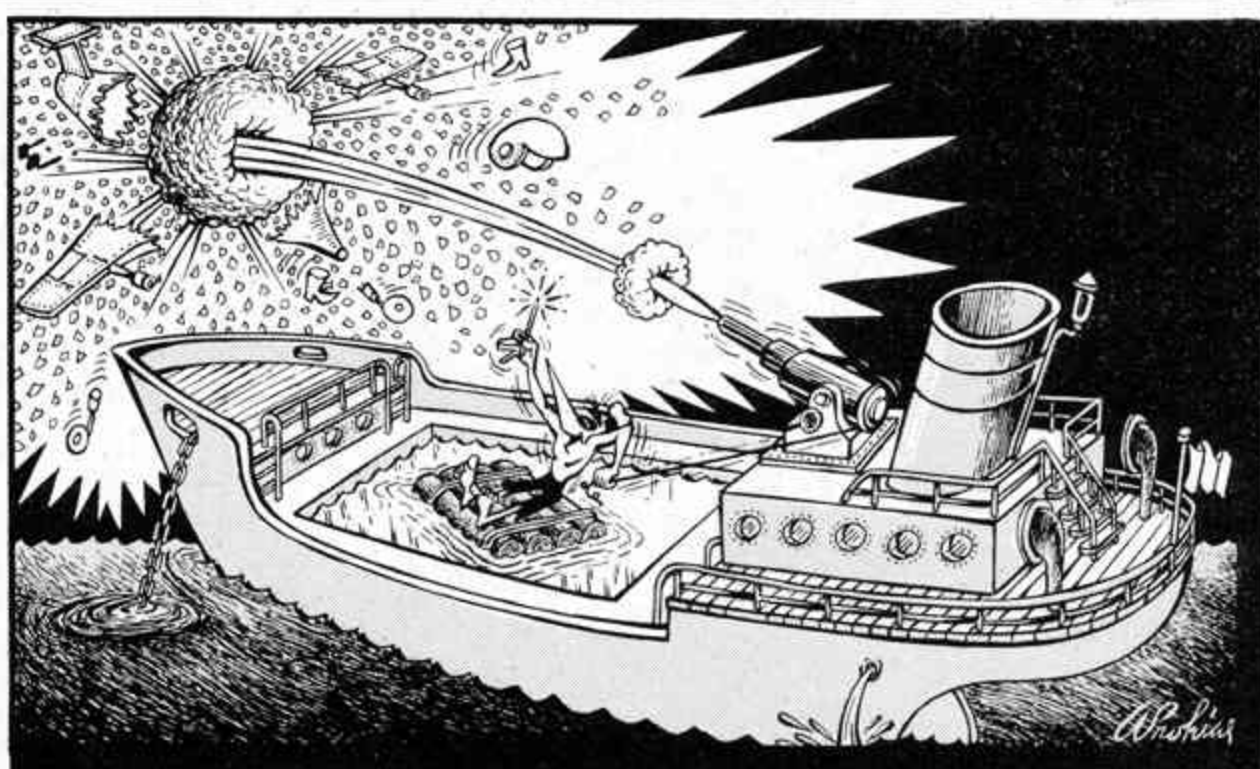
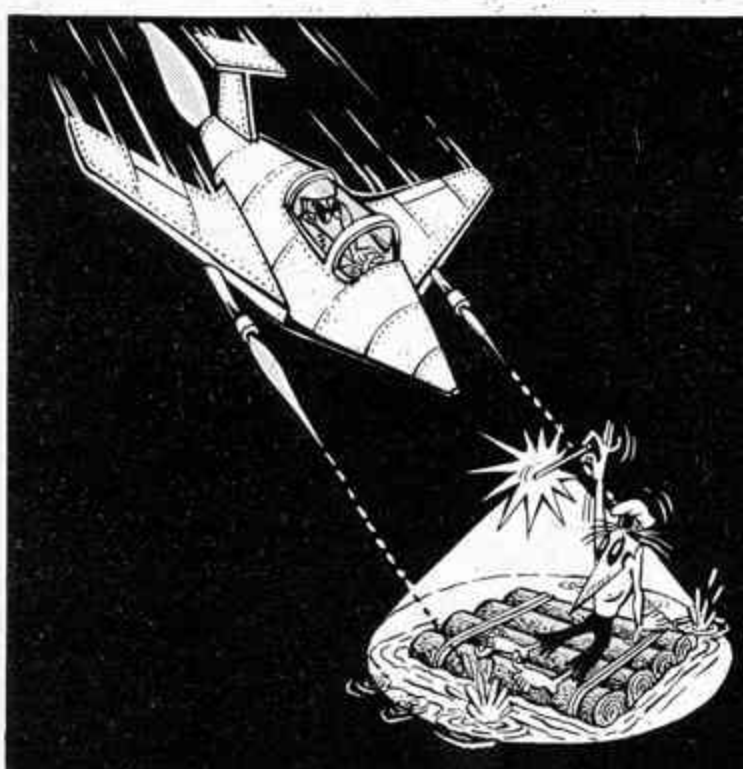
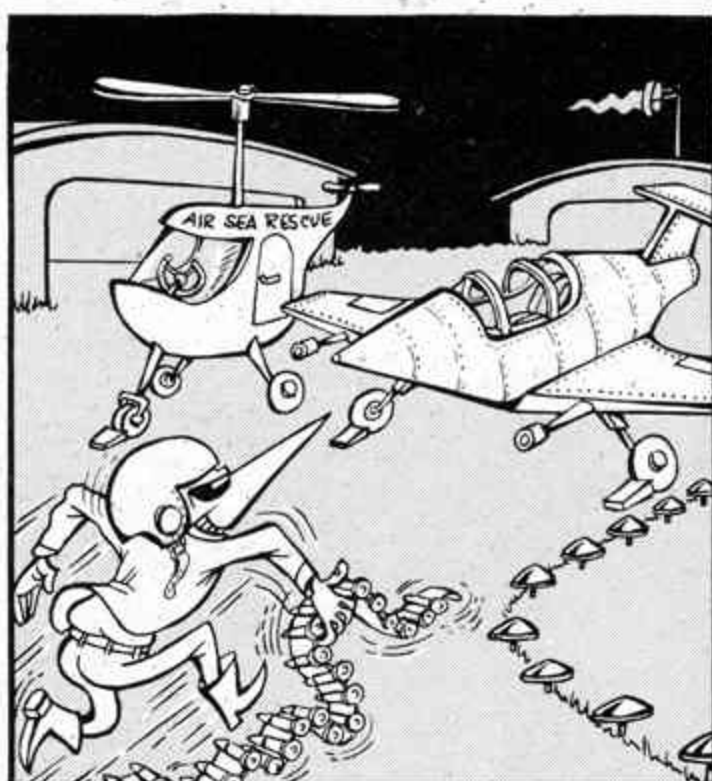
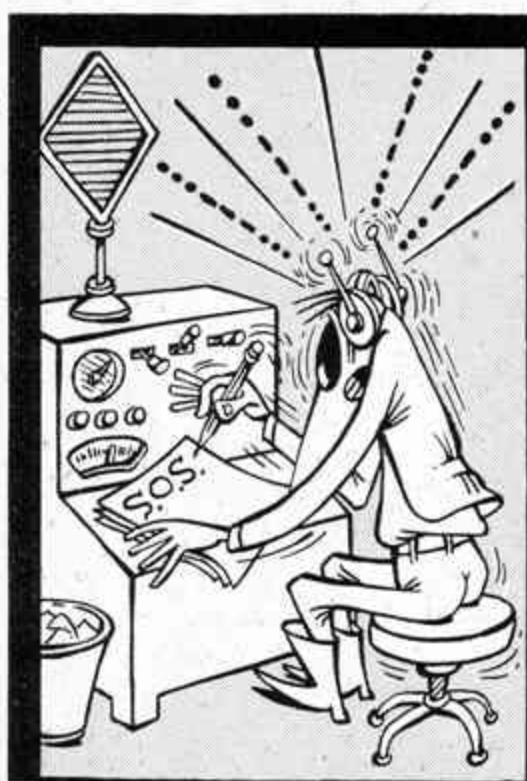
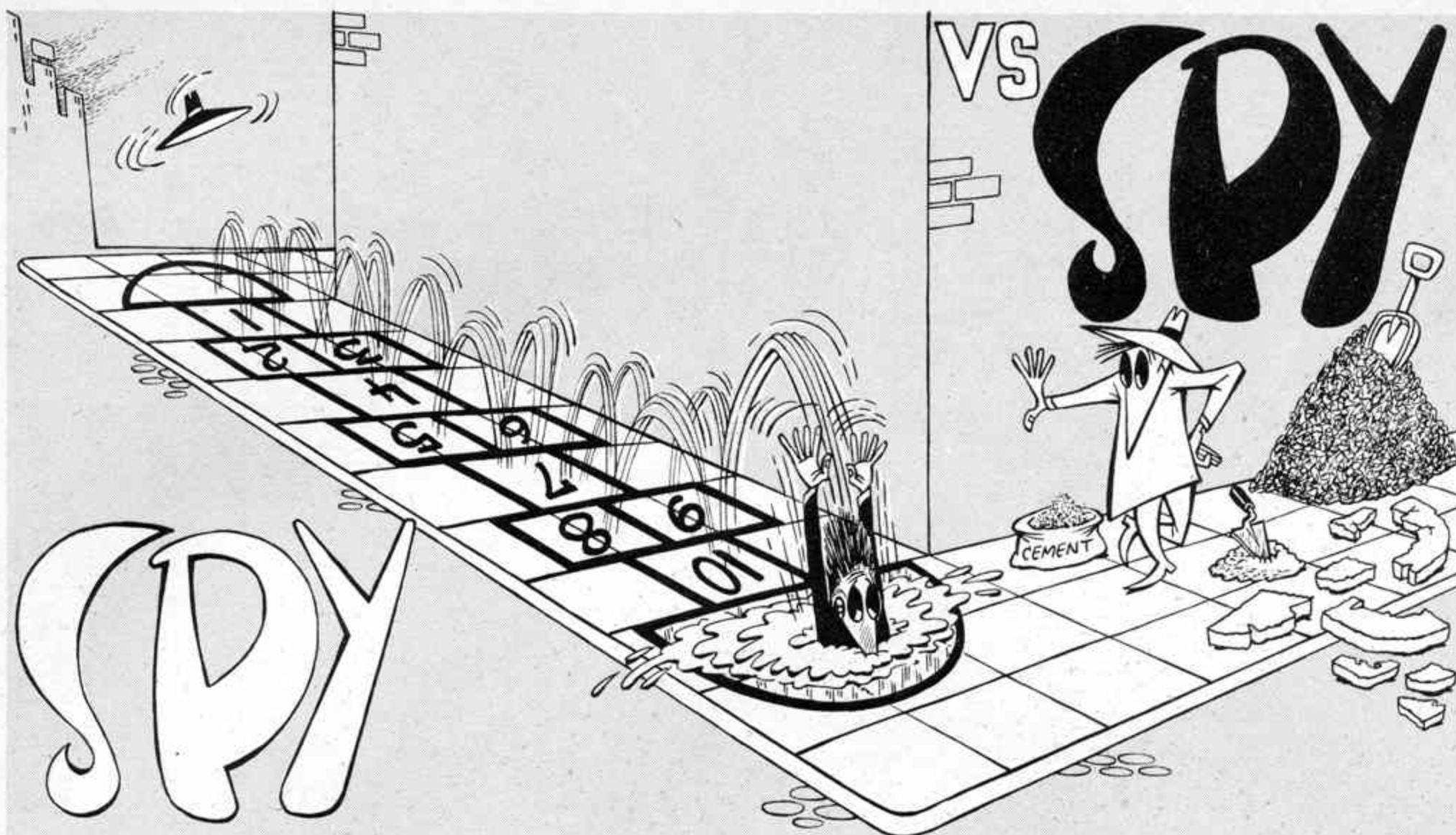
For a sixteen-year-old kid, you sure grew a pretty lush mustache!

Yeah! I did it so I'd look older! Now I can get to dance with the older—you know—groovier girls!

Just one minute, SIR!! This is a **TEENAGE** dance! You can't come in here!

TEEN-
AGERS
DANCE
TONIGHT





Hey, Falsetto-Lovers! Here's a fictionalized "MAD" look-see at what we'd probably find if we were to tiptoe through the contents of...

TINY TIM'S PURSE



BUCKINGHAM PALACE Office of the Chief of Protocol

Dear Mr. Tim:

Both Her Majesty, the Queen, and Prince Philip are eagerly awaiting your appearance at the next "Command Performance" to be held here at Buckingham Palace. However, they have asked me to clarify for them certain procedures of etiquette and protocol following the performance, as they are frankly confused.

When you reach the Queen and the Prince on the Receiving Line, which method of Acknowledgement would you prefer:

- a) You bow to the Queen and kiss her hand, then Prince Philip bows to you and shakes your hand. Or:
- b) You curtsy to the Queen and kiss her hand, then Prince Philip bows to you and kisses your hand. Or:
- c) The Queen bows to you and kisses your hand, then Prince Philip curtsies to you and you kiss his hand. Or:
- d) You kiss your own hand, then blow it to the Queen, who in turn blows it to Prince Philip, who in turn blows it out the Receiving Line.

I trust that you will not be offended by this inquiry. It is just that when you are presented, it is proper that Her Majesty and the Prince know precisely ~~what~~ who you are!

Diplomatically yours,
Brighton Fishgate
Sir Brighton Fishgate
Chief of Protocol

POLICE DEPARTMENT—CITY OF NEW YORK Traffic Violation Division

To: Mr. T. Tim

You are hereby ordered to appear before the Judge of the Traffic Court at 9:30 A.M. on Nov. 15th, 1968, to answer a charge of "Scofflaw", having failed to answer 127 summonses issued to you over the past 5 years as a result of traffic and/or parking violations. You may save yourself the trouble of appearing in Court by mailing a check for the amount indicated below no later than Nov. 10th, 1968. Failure to respond will constitute Contempt of Court and you will be subject to arrest.

AMOUNT OF FINE(S) DUE:

Dear Wonderful Police Department:

Please forgive me for not being the "Mr. T. Tim" your letter was addressed to. It came to me in error.

I do not own a car--I do not drive a car--and I do not even like to ride in cars. But I certainly agree that no one should ignore a summons issued by a member of our marvelous Police Department. So please allow me the privilege of paying for these tickets. My check for \$1,875 is humbly enclosed.

Fondly, *Tiny Tim*

WALLET

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

Walt Disney Studios Burbank, California

Dear Timmy,

Thank you for your recent letter to "Bambi" telling him how much you enjoyed seeing him on the screen, and how some day you hope to meet him and his friends.

I'm sure you will understand that, due to a heavy schedule, playing and romping with his little playmates in the forest, Bambi is unable to answer your letter personally. However, he hopes that when you come to California, as you said you might, you will bring your parents and visit him in Disneyland.

Are you 4 or 5? You must have hit the wrong keys on your typewriter when you wrote in your letter that you are 45!

Sincerely yours,

Robin Sweetson

Robin Sweetson
Director of Public Relations
The Disney Organization

THINGS TO DO TOMORROW:

7:00 AM--Rise and greet the flowers in my room. Water them and make them comfortable. Take bath.

7:30 AM--Make breakfast--orange juice, eggs benedict, waffles, hot cross buns, coffee. Take bath.

8:00 AM--Leave apartment. Give coffee and waffles to the friendly mailman. Give orange juice and eggs to wonderful doorman. Hand out hot cross buns to people in elevator and on the street.

8:30 AM--Take cab across town. Try to get driver to unburden his personal troubles. Tip him ten dollars and my album. Blow kisses.

9:00 AM--Attend taping of Ted Mack Amateur Hour TV Show. Sit in audience, applaud wildly. After show, go back stage and encourage all contestants to seriously consider a career in show business.

12 Noon--Lunch time--Go to grocery store for bread, milk.

12:05 PM--Look for birds and cats to eat bread and milk. Afterwards, go home for Noon bath.

12:30 PM--Write letter to Phyllis Diller. Start it out with: "Dear Beautiful:"

1:00 PM--Take bus across town. Help people to move to rear. Spread love and joy all the way to last stop. Help bus driver sort tokens from change

IDENTIFICATION

NAME: Tiny Tim
 ADDRESS: The 47th Street Y.M.C.A.
or The Lex. Ave. Y. W. C.A. (WHICHEVER
IS CLOSER!)
 OCCUPATION: Singer, Impressionist,
Kiss-Blower and "What-Is-It?"

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:
No one. Please. I don't want to trouble
anyone. Please don't bother—
Thank you, anyway. Thank you,
Thank you, thank you.



The Hazel Bishop Company

Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Tim:

Thank you for your kind offer to endorse our line of Hazel Bishop Cosmetics.

We do not feel, however, that it would be in the best interests of our Public Relations Campaign to have your endorsement, as our products are used almost exclusively by women.

Sincerely yours,

Heidi Birnbaum

HEIDI BIRNBAUM
 Ass't Vice President
 Endorsement Division

THE MENNEN COMPANY

MORRISTOWN, N.J.

Dear Mr. Tiny Tim

Thank you for your kind offer to endorse our line of Mennen Shaving Products.

We do not feel, however, that it would be in the interests of our Public Relations Campaign to have your endorsement, as our products are used almost exclusively by men.

Sincerely yours,

Scott Royal
 Scott Royal
 Ass't Vice President
 Public Relations Division

THE COLGATE-PALMOLIVE CO.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Dear Tiny Tim:

Thank you for your kind offer to endorse our line of Toothpaste and Mouthwash Products.

We do not feel, however, that it would be in the best interests of our Public Relations Campaign to have your endorsement, as our products are used almost exclusively by men and women.

Sincerely yours,

William Estren
 William Estren
 Ass't Vice President
 Publicity Division

HEY TINY TIM—

MY BOYS AND I WE SEEN YOU ON T.V. WHAT A DISTORTION! WE WUZ SICK TO OUR STOMACHES THE WHOLE SHOW! THEY INTRODUCED YOU AS A MAN, BUT WE THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING ELSE! MY BOYS WOULD LIKE TO INVITE YOU TO A NECKTIE PARTY. FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, I SUGGEST YOU STAY OUT OF SIGHT! AS FOR MYSELF, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOUR UKALAYLEE AND WRAP IT AROUND YOUR NECK!

"BIG RED" APPLES

#1

APACHE MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Dear Mr. Apples:

How sweet of you to write and tell me that you and your children saw me on TV. How many children do you have? And all boys?! How wonderful!

I was so sorry to hear that your set wasn't working properly. I know how a distorted signal can make for tummy upset. I wish there were something I could have done about it.

Thank you for describing me as "something else". I dig hip talk. You're very kind. And I really will try to stay "out of sight". Cool!

You will forgive me if I don't attend your son's necktie party. I love neckties, too. I have over a hundred. Thank you, anyway, for the invitation.

And finally, I'm sorry to say that I do not have a job open for a valet. My man has been with me for 20 years, and he, of course, wraps and unwraps the Ukelele cord from my neck.

Again, thank you, thank you, thank you for your lovely letter. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

Warmest regards, *Tiny Tim*

P.S. It is gratifying to know that there are some Indians with the financial ability to own motorcycles. Keep up the good work in your fight for equal opportunities.

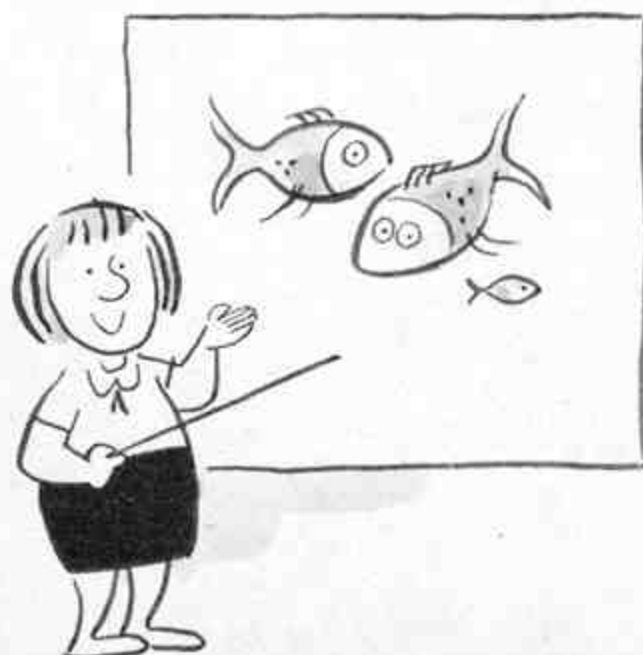
Dear Santa Claus:

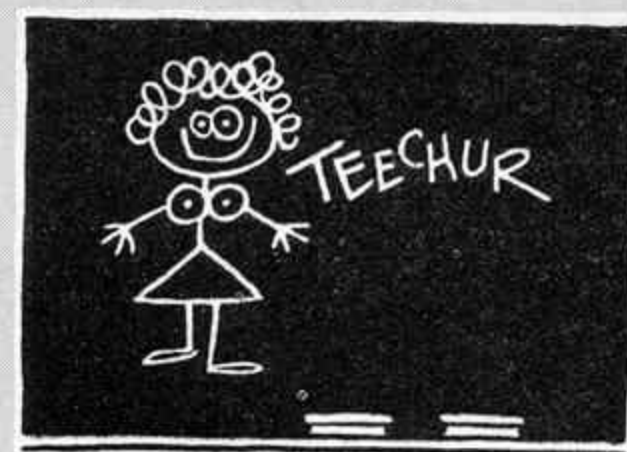
January 2, 1969

I know that everyone writes to you before Christmas, asking for all the wonderful things they want. But it occurred to me that after Christmas...after you've done so much good for all the little blessed events in our beautiful world...no one thinks about writing and thanking you for all you've done.

So this letter is a "Thank You" letter of appreciation. Thank you, dear Santa, for the happiness you brought! Come to think of it, no one ever writes to Santa in, say--May or June, either. So I will write to you again just to say "Hello" and ask you how you are feeling and wish you well and blow a kiss to you, you wonderful

A MAD LOOK AT... SEX EDUCATION IN

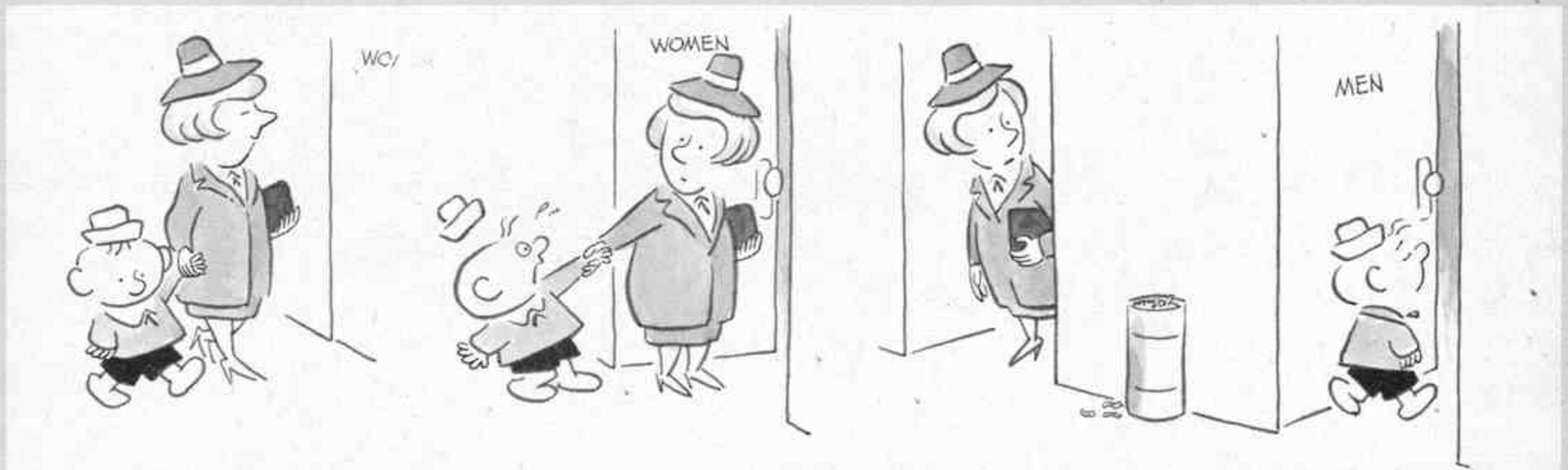




WRITER & ARTIST: JACK KENT

THE SCHOOLS





HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER IMAGINATIVE INTERVIEW... THIS ONE WITH...

MAD'S BOOK PUBLISHER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: STAN HART



This is Edwin Noodnick, for MAD Magazine, about to interview a man who is not only a leader in the Publishing Field, but also one of the shrewdest men in American Business... Mr. Adam Rapacious!

I like your introduction, Eddie, baby! Maybe there's a book in it?!

Tell us, Mr. Rapacious—what is your publishing philosophy?

Give people what they want—and sell plenty of books!

In other words, you keep your hand on the pulse of the American reading public!

That depends on if the reader is a male—or a female! Get it? Heh-heh!

Let me show you around! Now—this Department makes us a fortune!

You mean, you make money on "Scientific" books?

No, clod! Here's where we research the facts for our "Guess-Who-It-Really-Is?" Best-Sellers... like "The Carpetbuggers", "Volley of the Dulls", "The Inhibitionist" and "The Kink"—you know... novels about celebrities that are almost biographical except for names!

RESEARCH

DEPARTMENT

Take a look at this! It's our latest "Guess-Who-It-Really-Is?" book...

Hmmmm! Say—I know who this is!!

Naturally, dummy! Everyone knows who it is!



But if everyone knows... won't the celebrity SUE?

What?! And admit that he recognized himself by all the dirty disgusting things the book says he's done?! Grow up, Noodnick, or you'll be an interviewer all your life!

Tell me... does the "Guess-Who-It-Really-Is?" gimmick always work?

Not always! Sometimes the boys get a little too obscure!

We published one about the vilest, most corrupt and avaricious man in America—and it took me 3 readings to figure out who it was!

Really? And who was it?

Me!!



Well, that certainly was one celebrity who didn't sue!

What an idiot I got here! Of course, I sued! I'm proud of the dirty, disgusting things I've done!

You—you mean... you sued your own company?!

Why not?! It's a corporation! The money came out of what would've been Stockholders' Dividends! Besides—publicity about the suit sent the sales of the book over 2 million!



Here's where we do our Authorized "As-Told-To—" Biography Books! Shh—the writer is interviewing our next subject—the world's only female female impersonator ... Miss Gha Gha Zhabor ...

Is that it? You want to give up the tinsel and sham of Hollywood ... and become a Nun?

Sometink like dot!



And you want to continue Dr. Schweitzer's crusade against Leprosy in Africa? Is that before or after you live and do Social Work in Harlem?

Anytink you say, Dolink!

What kind of an interview is that? The writer is doing all the talking!

He's just helping her articulate her innermost thoughts!

Why??

Because her outermost thoughts are all stupid!!



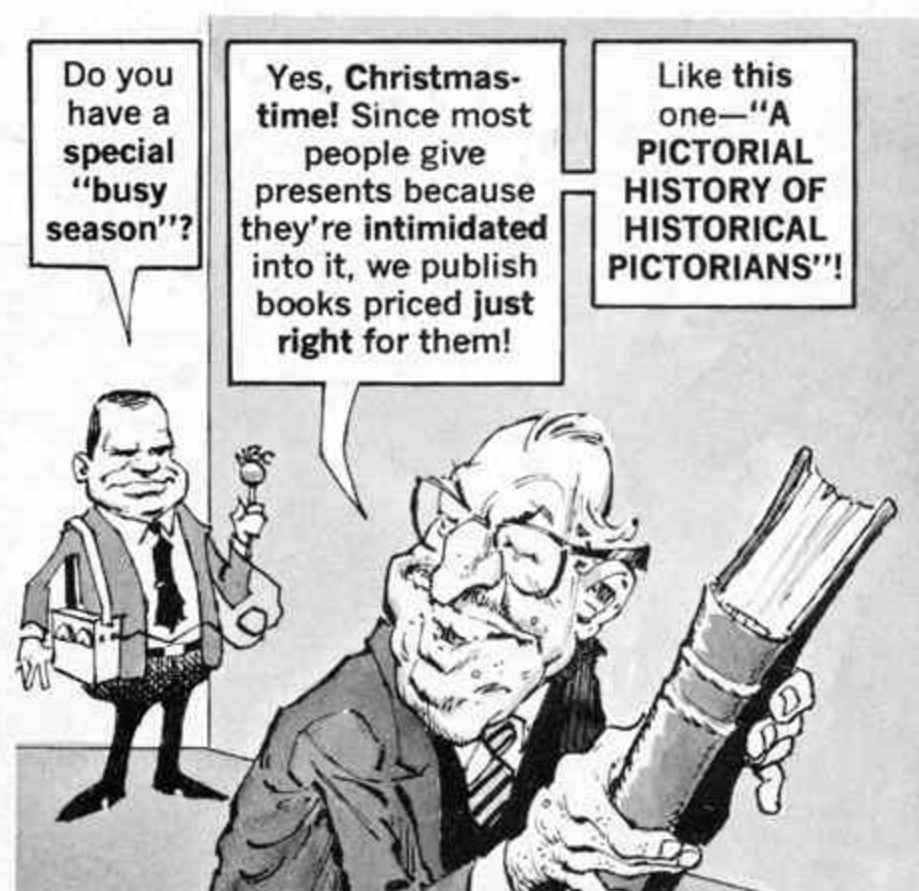
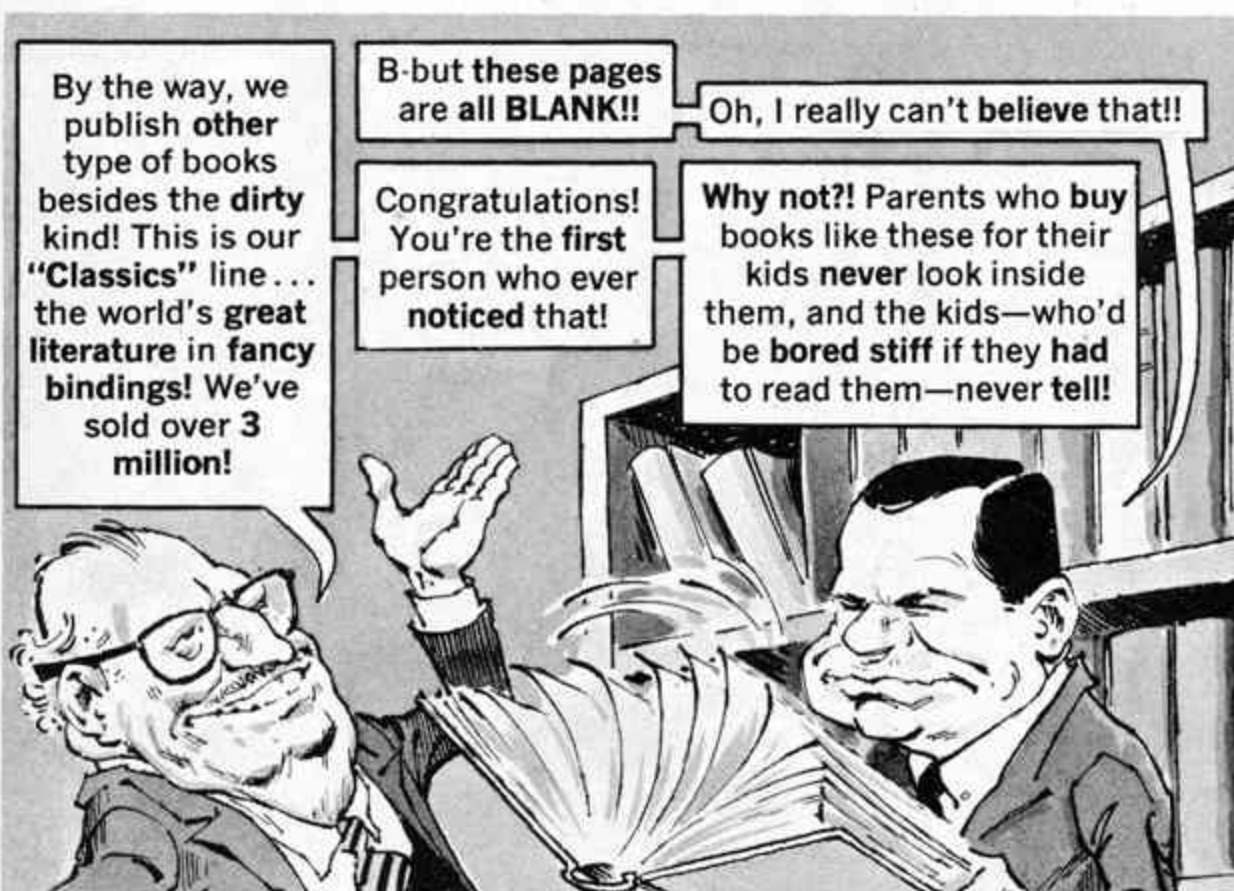
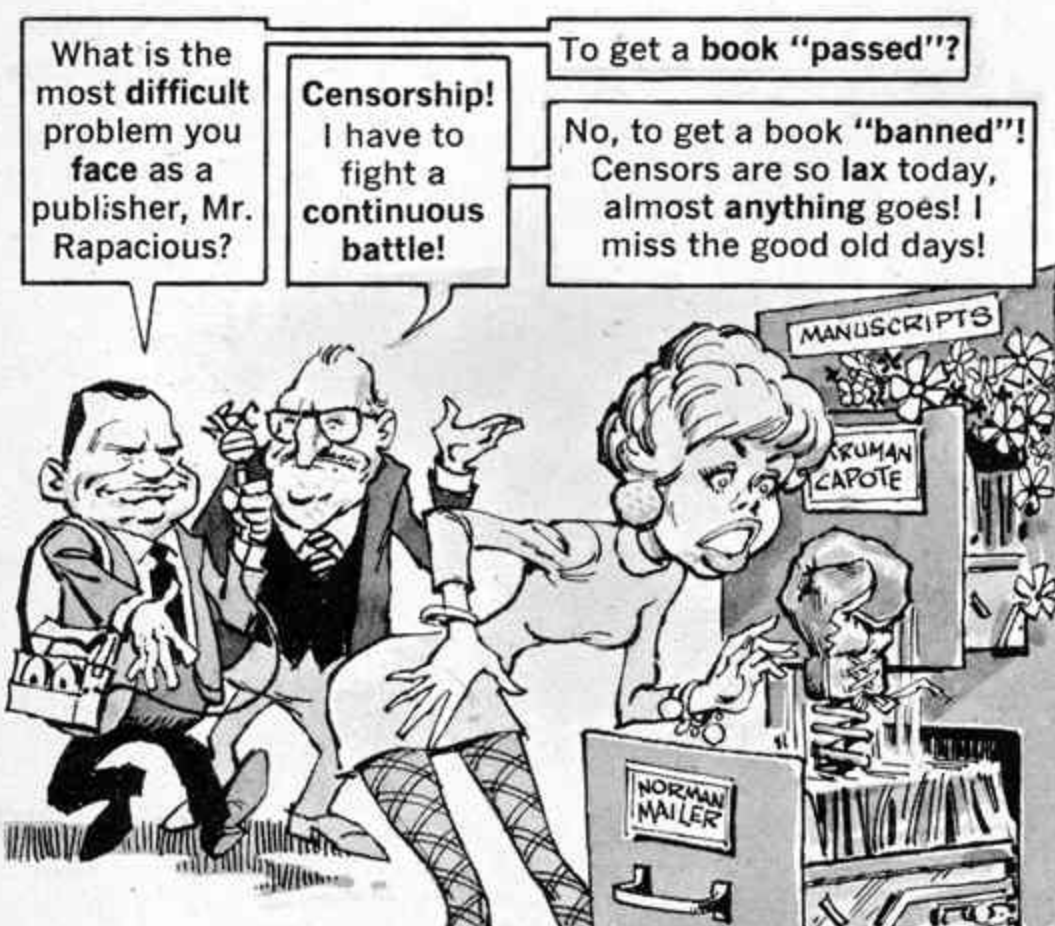
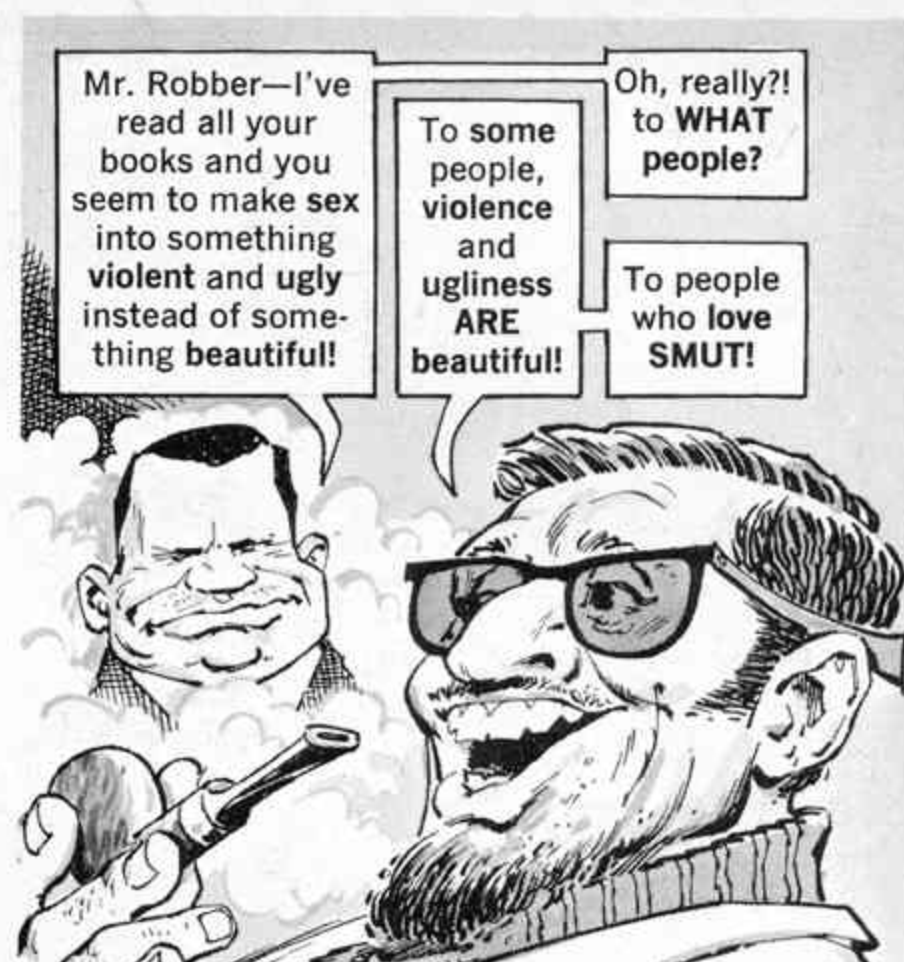
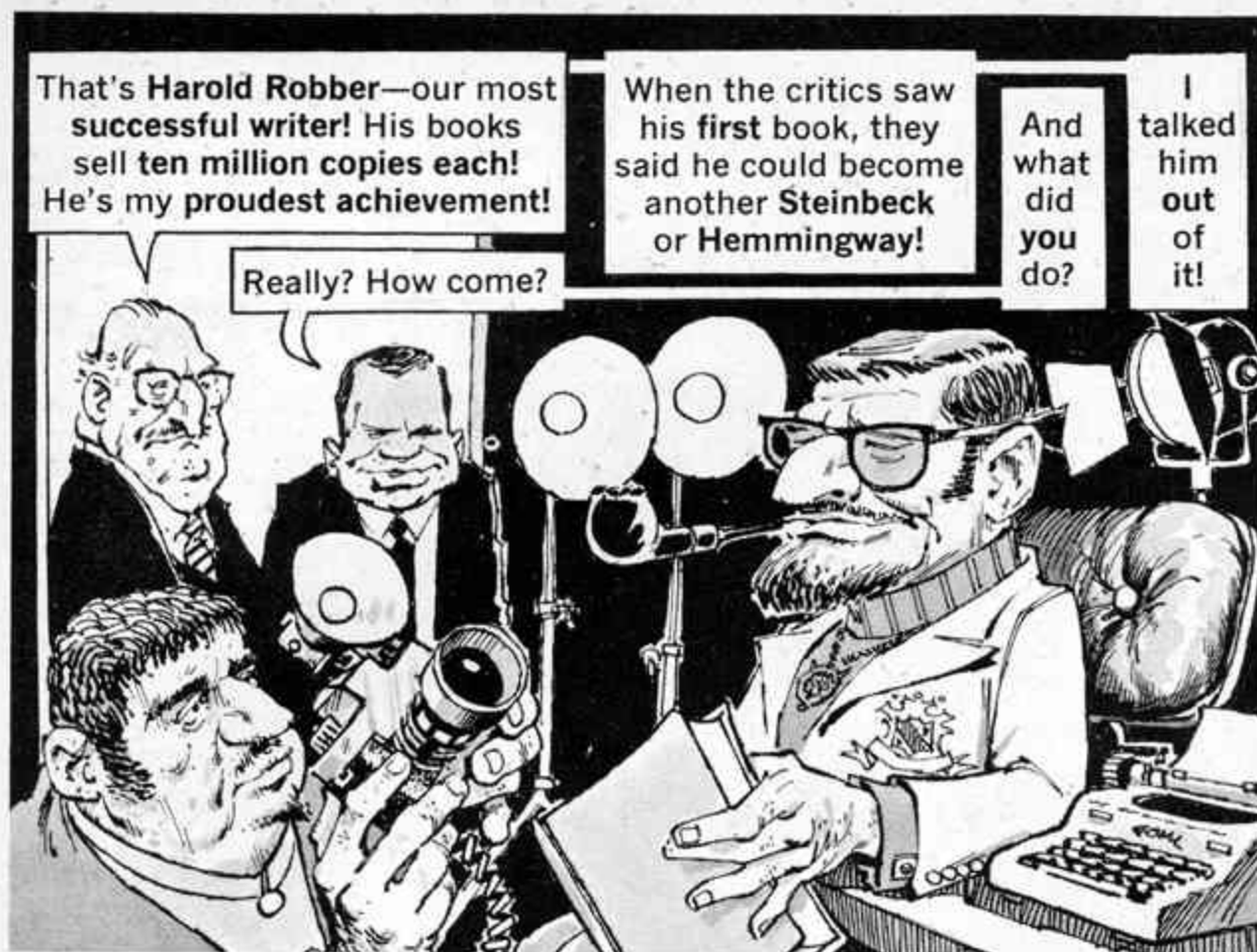
We're hoping Miss Zhabor's biography will end with her sixth husband strangling her!

But they act like they're so much in love!

That's not her husband! We called him and he's on his way over here!

A good biography is MADE—not born! Heh-heh!





What in heck is a "PICTORIAN"?

It'll cost you \$12.50 to find out!

Of course, AFTER Christmas, the book will be marked down to \$4.95!

Oh—so you can get rid of the ones that weren't bought?!

No—so we can still make a cool \$7.50 profit when the clods who got them as gifts return them for a refund!

Well, what DO you do with these expensive books you can't sell?

We use them as special bonuses for joining our "Book Club"!

You don't miss a trick, do you!

That's why I'm here, and you're there, little man!



Here we have our "Follow-The-Popular-Trend" Books! A recent popular trend was "Accounts of Senseless Crimes". Remember last year's successful book about a senseless crime? Well, we hopped right on the bandwagon and came out with these sequels: "In Colder Blood"—"In Coldest Blood"—and our newest one, "In Blood So Cold You Could Plotz"!



Here is our most creative writer!

Novelist?

No, he writes the Dust Jackets for our books!

Listen to this marvelous jacket for an Economics Book...

"WHAT STRANGE NEW LAW DID GRESHAM MAKE WOMEN SUBMIT TO?"

And—"WAS MALTHUS AS GOOD IN PRACTICE AS HE WAS IN THEORY?"



But aren't Dust Jackets like that misleading?

Misleading!? They're downright dishonest!!

But if you really want to see a swindle, take a look at these! We take old junk that wasn't even good to begin with, and reprint it as a "Collection"!



And these things sell?

Yep! Even I can't figure out why!

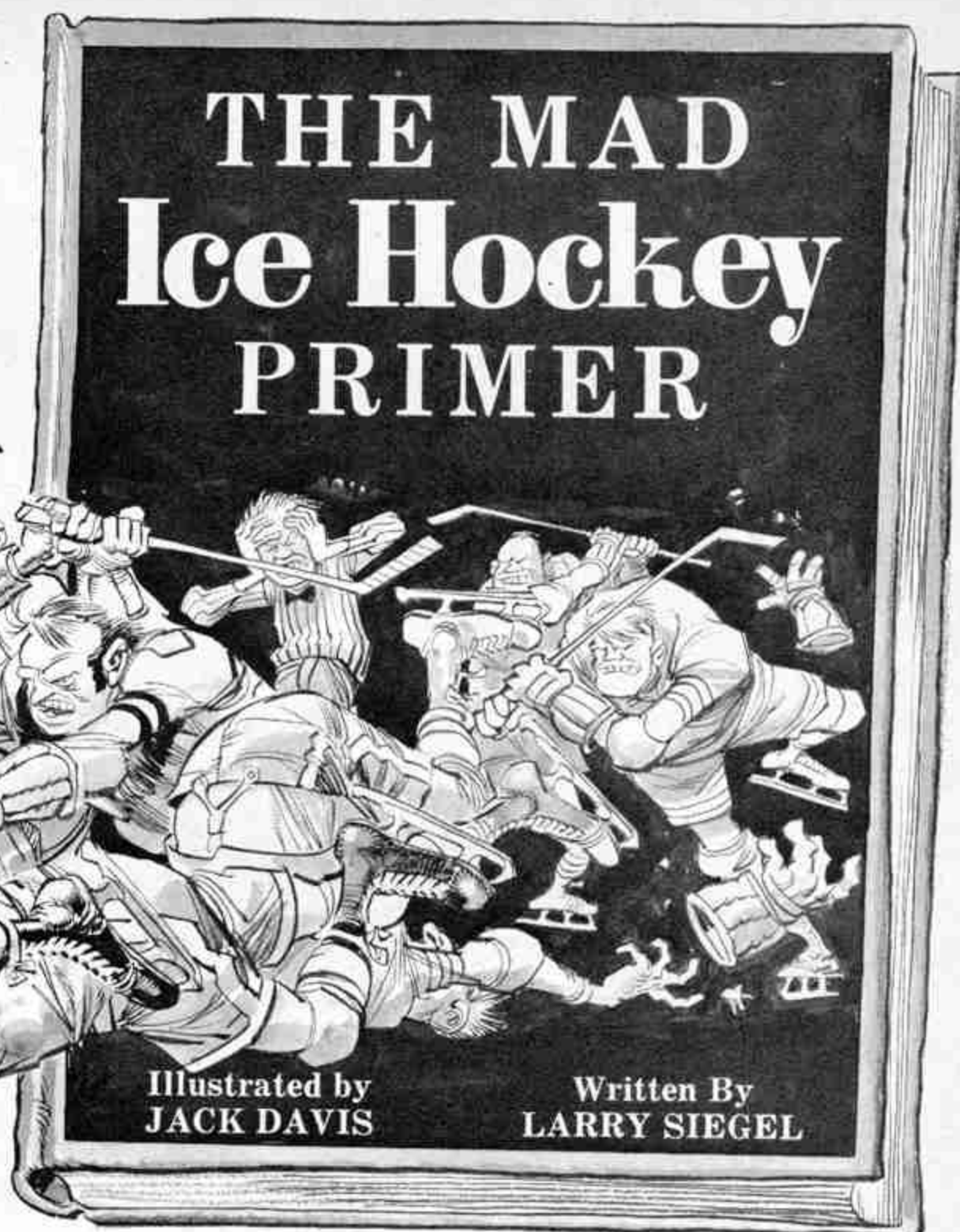
I guess anything that gets printed gets bought today!

Yeah—like this stupid interview!



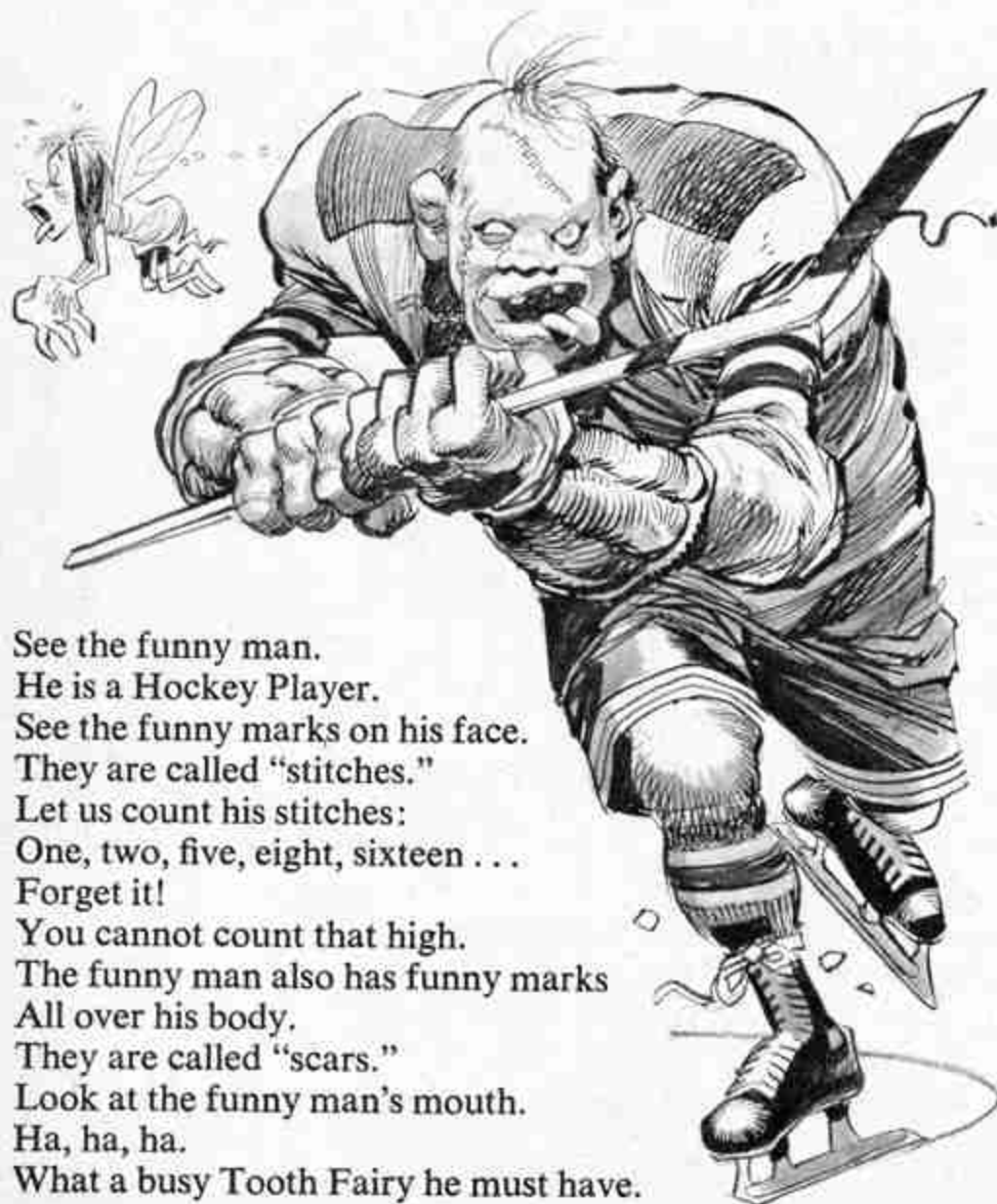
SPORT 'N' BLOOD DEPT.

Back in MAD #95, we described a ridiculous game called "43-Man Squamish." Since then, thanks to Television, we've discovered an even more ridiculous game... ICE HOCKEY! And so, to explain this complicated game, we now present

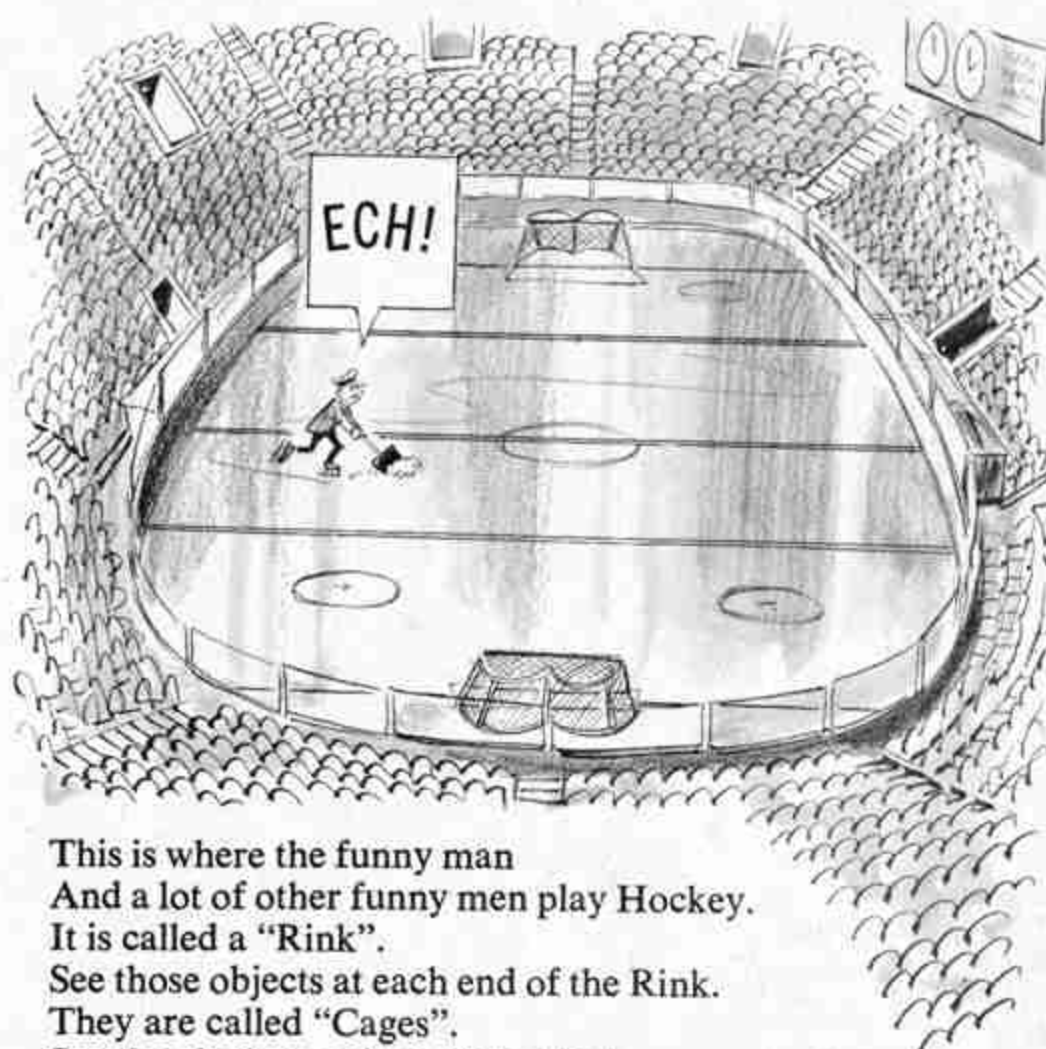


CHAPTER 1.
The Hockey Player

CHAPTER 2.
The Rink



See the funny man.
He is a Hockey Player.
See the funny marks on his face.
They are called "stitches."
Let us count his stitches:
One, two, five, eight, sixteen ...
Forget it!
You cannot count that high.
The funny man also has funny marks
All over his body.
They are called "scars."
Look at the funny man's mouth.
Ha, ha, ha.
What a busy Tooth Fairy he must have.

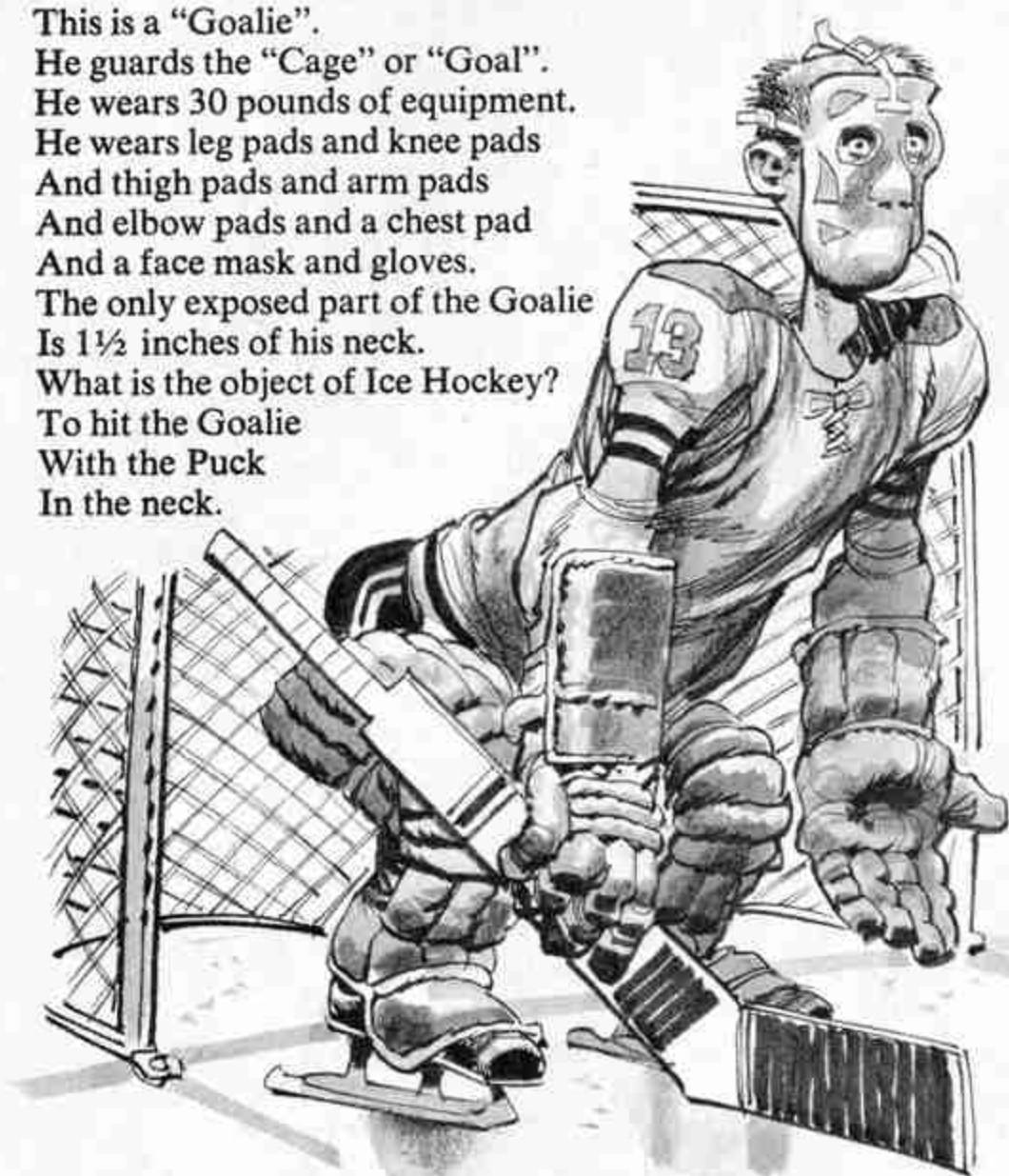


This is where the funny man
And a lot of other funny men play Hockey.
It is called a "Rink".
See those objects at each end of the Rink.
They are called "Cages".
See the playing surface of the Rink.
It is covered with a frozen sheet of Man-made liquid.
It is called "Blood".

CHAPTER 3.

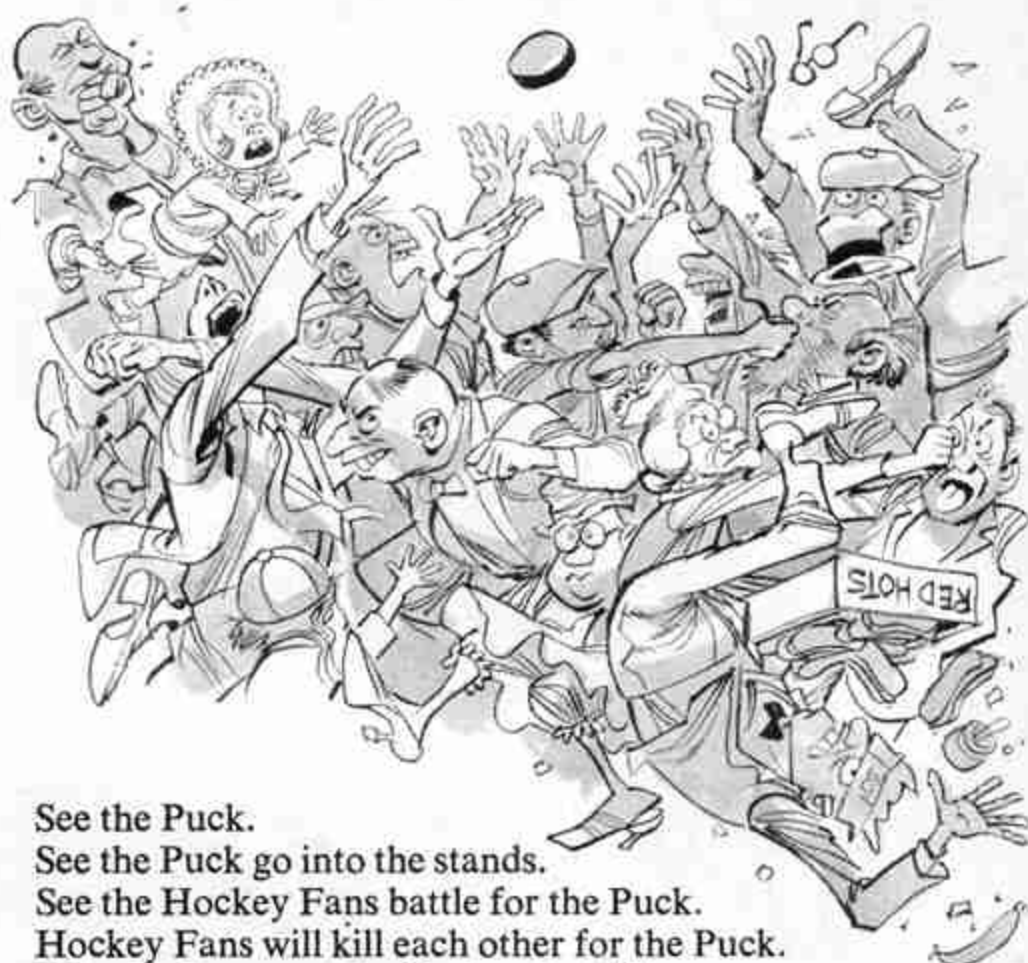
The Goalie

This is a "Goalie".
He guards the "Cage" or "Goal".
He wears 30 pounds of equipment.
He wears leg pads and knee pads
And thigh pads and arm pads
And elbow pads and a chest pad
And a face mask and gloves.
The only exposed part of the Goalie
Is 1½ inches of his neck.
What is the object of Ice Hockey?
To hit the Goalie
With the Puck
In the neck.



CHAPTER 4.

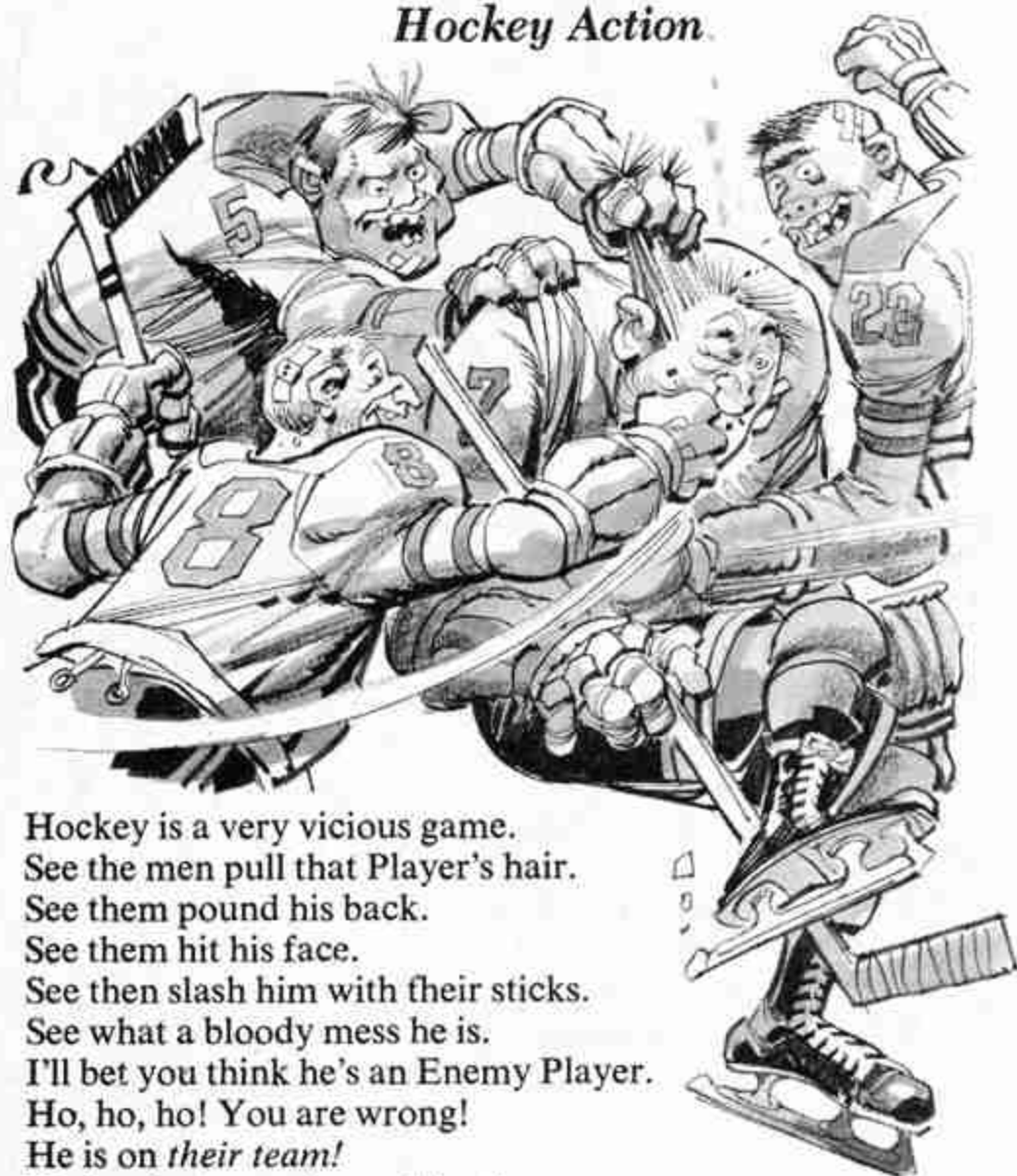
The Puck



See the Puck.
See the Puck go into the stands.
See the Hockey Fans battle for the Puck.
Hockey Fans will kill each other for the Puck.
Why do they want the Puck so badly?
Because Hockey Pucks are very valuable.
They can be used for many important things in everyday life.
Like . . . er . . . like for stoppers in very wide bathtub drains!
Or to put heavy furniture on to protect the carpet!
Or as skull caps for religious midgets!
So if ever you're lucky enough to catch a Hockey Puck,
Guard it with your life.

CHAPTER 5.

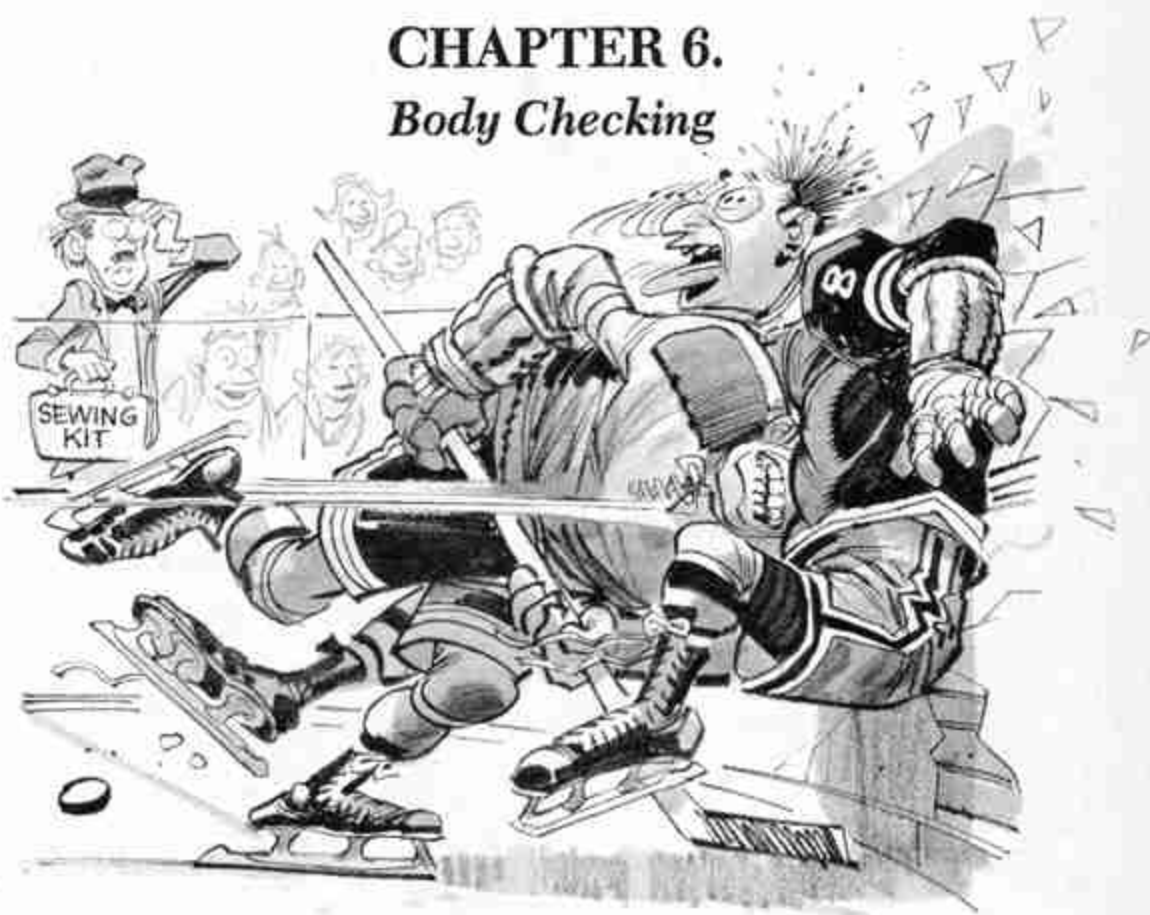
Hockey Action



Hockey is a very vicious game.
See the men pull that Player's hair.
See them pound his back.
See them hit his face.
See then slash him with their sticks.
See what a bloody mess he is.
I'll bet you think he's an Enemy Player.
Ho, ho, ho! You are wrong!
He is on *their* team!
He has just scored a goal for them.
That is how Hockey Players show their appreciation.
You should *see* them when they are *angry*!

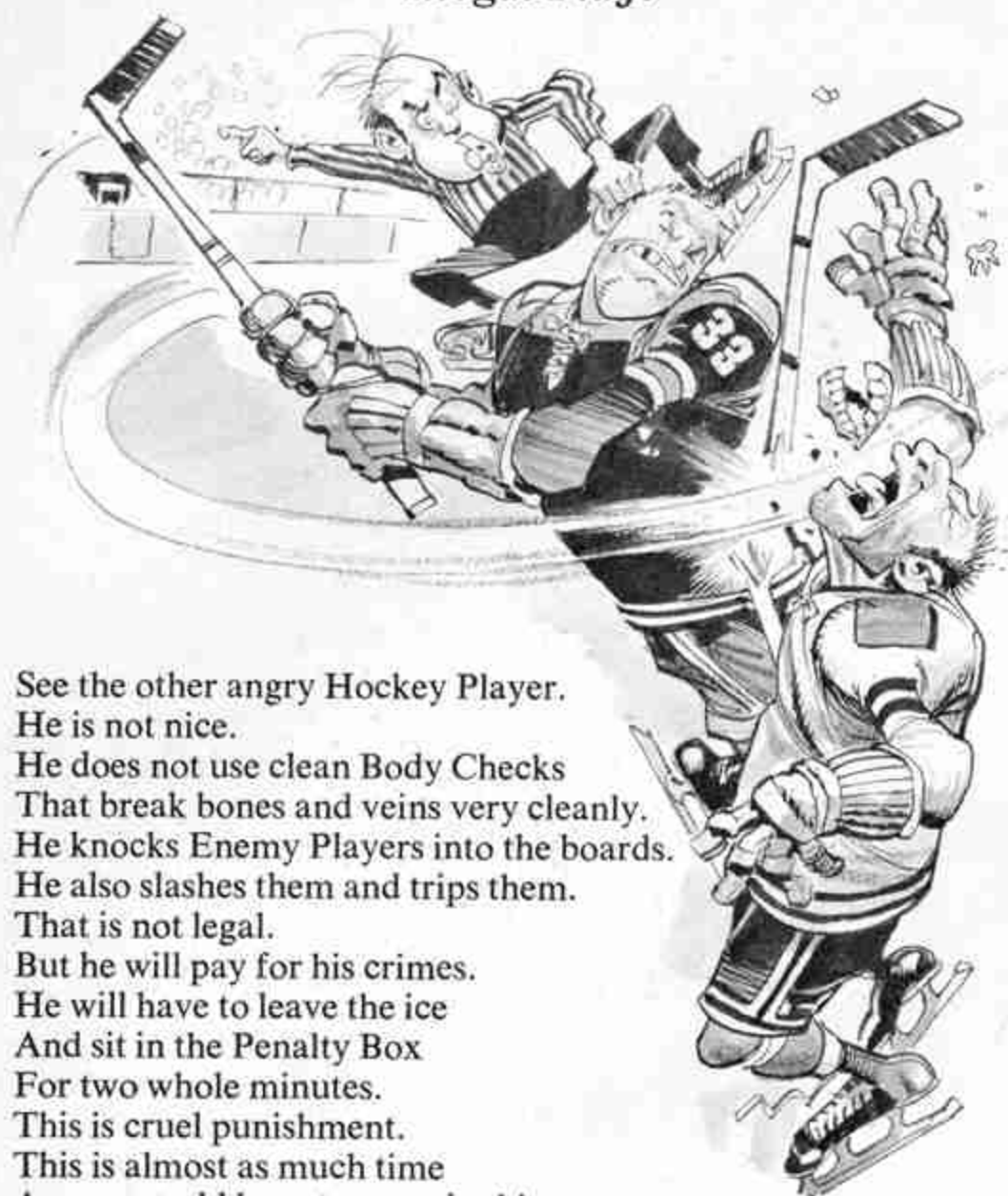
CHAPTER 6.

Body Checking



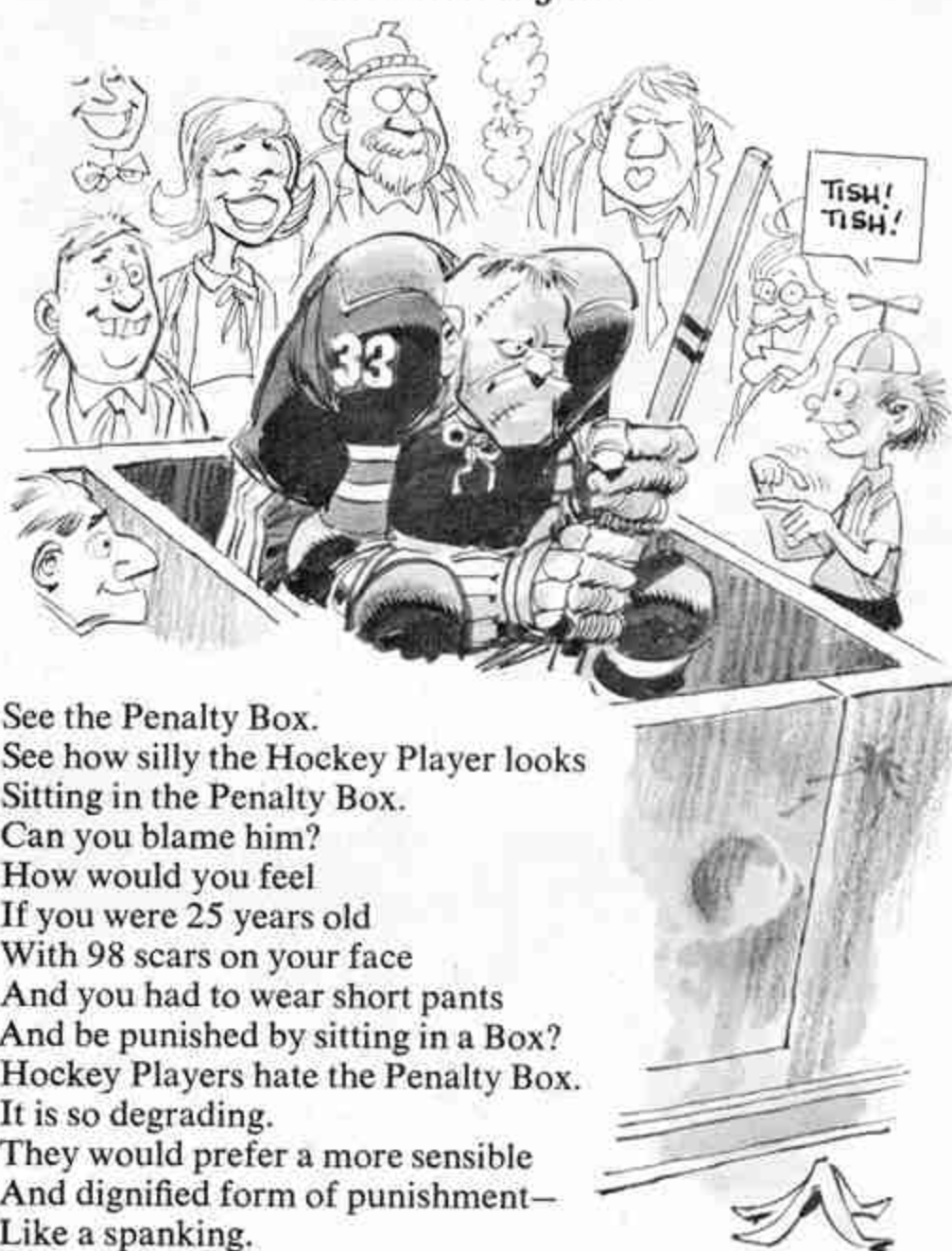
See the angry Hockey Player.
See him smash into that Enemy Player.
What he is doing is called a legal "Body Check".
It is legal if it is done very cleanly.
See him break 26 bones and several veins.
Very cleanly.
Soon the Enemy Team Doctor will fix up the injured Player.
Stitch and sew, stitch and sew.
You have heard of heart transplants?
On this man, the Doctor will attempt
The world's first *head* transplant.

CHAPTER 7. *Illegal Plays*



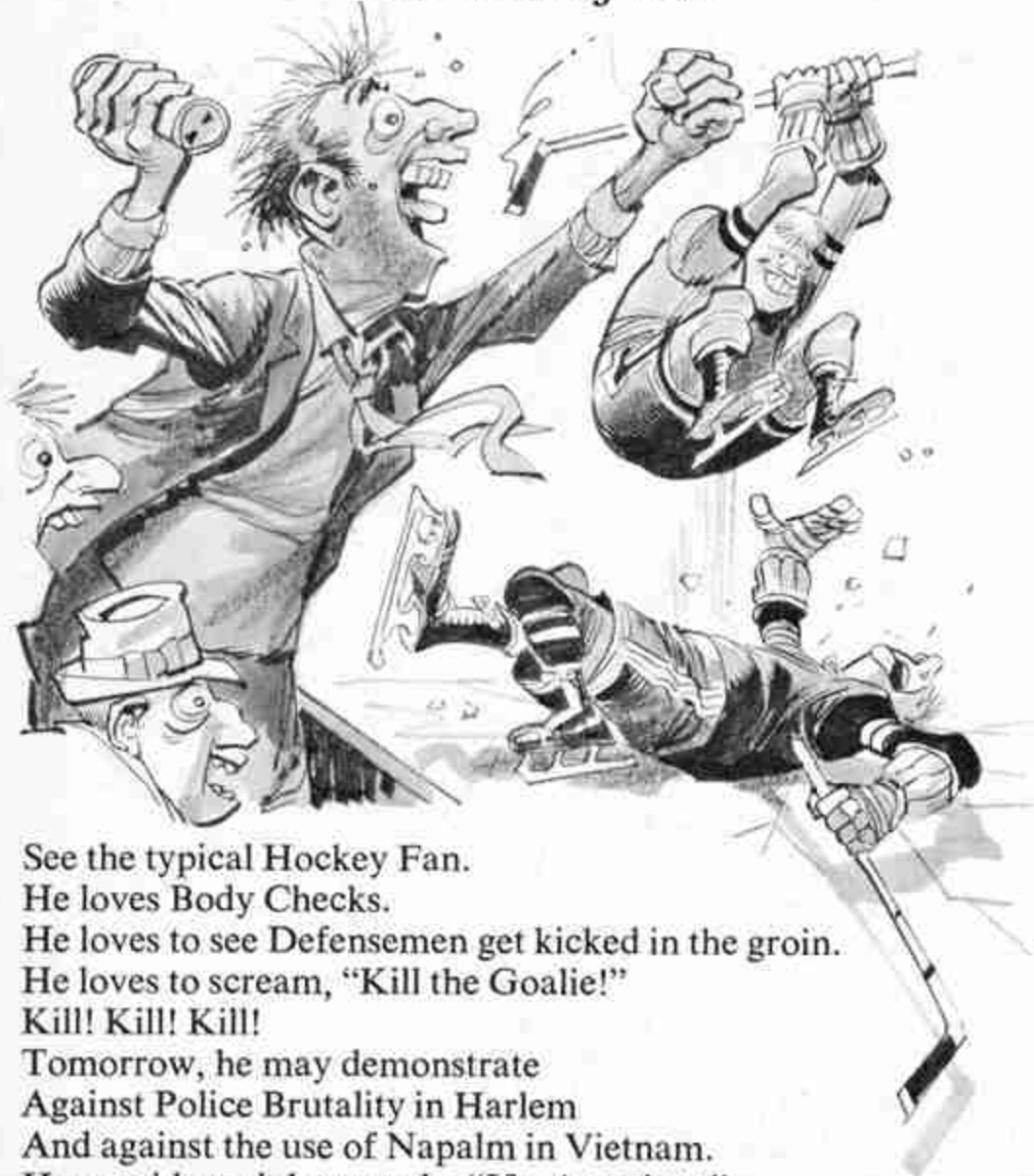
See the other angry Hockey Player.
He is not nice.
He does not use clean Body Checks
That break bones and veins very cleanly.
He knocks Enemy Players into the boards.
He also slashes them and trips them.
That is not legal.
But he will pay for his crimes.
He will have to leave the ice
And sit in the Penalty Box
For two whole minutes.
This is cruel punishment.
This is almost as much time
As you would have to serve in this country
If you were a convicted mugger!

CHAPTER 8. *The Penalty Box*



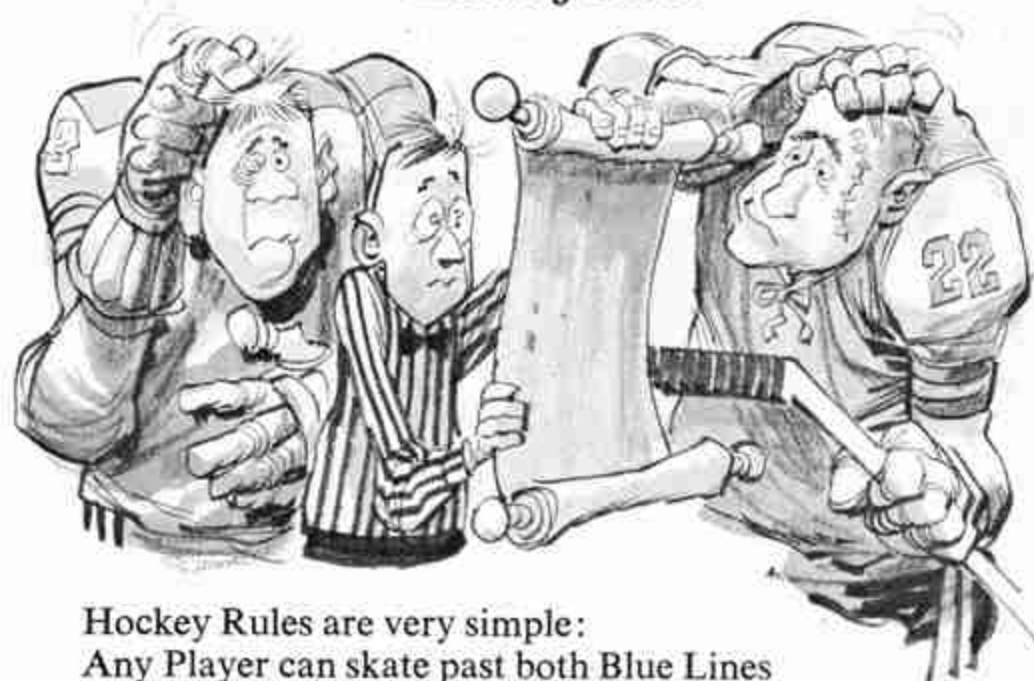
See the Penalty Box.
See how silly the Hockey Player looks
Sitting in the Penalty Box.
Can you blame him?
How would you feel
If you were 25 years old
With 98 scars on your face
And you had to wear short pants
And be punished by sitting in a Box?
Hockey Players hate the Penalty Box.
It is so degrading.
They would prefer a more sensible
And dignified form of punishment—
Like a spanking.

CHAPTER 9. *The Hockey Fan*



See the typical Hockey Fan.
He loves Body Checks.
He loves to see Defensemen get kicked in the groin.
He loves to scream, "Kill the Goalie!"
Kill! Kill! Kill!
Tomorrow, he may demonstrate
Against Police Brutality in Harlem
And against the use of Napalm in Vietnam.
He considers violence to be "Un-American".
Lucky for him, most Hockey Players are Canadian.

CHAPTER 10. *Hockey Rules*

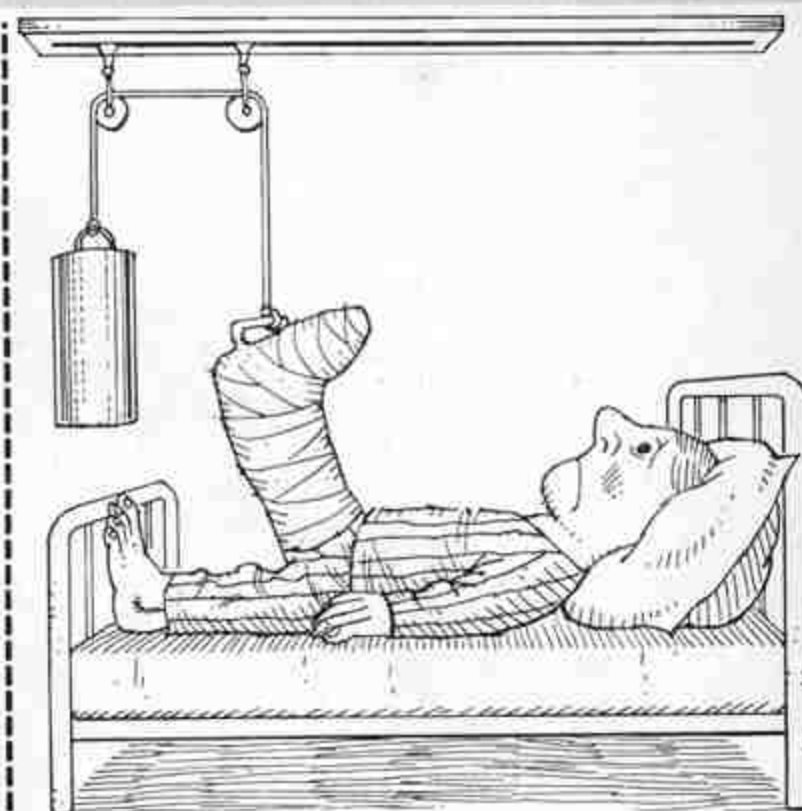
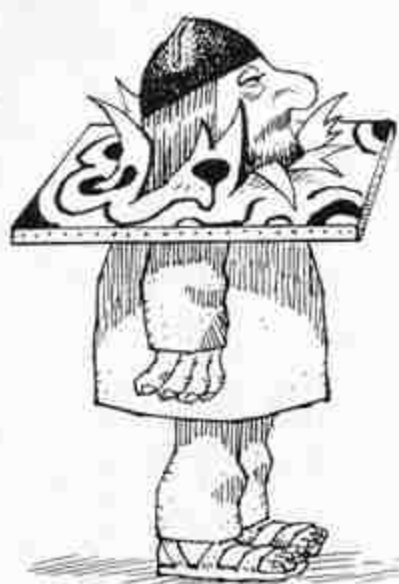


Hockey Rules are very simple:
Any Player can skate past both Blue Lines
Unless he doesn't have the Puck,
In which case he can skate past his own Blue Line only
And wait for the man with the Puck
Who can skate past Blue Lines
Unless another teammate
Skates past the second Blue Line first,
In which case the other teammate must go back
Unless he gets the Puck,
In which case the first teammate must go back.
Isn't that simple?
Do you know who wrote Hockey's "Blue Line" rules?
The same man who wrote "The Dead Sea Scrolls!"
If you are very good
Some day we will tell you about the three RED lines!

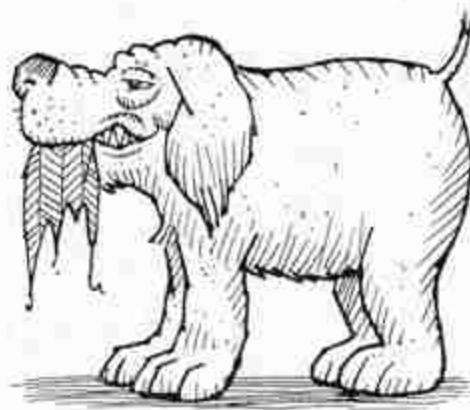
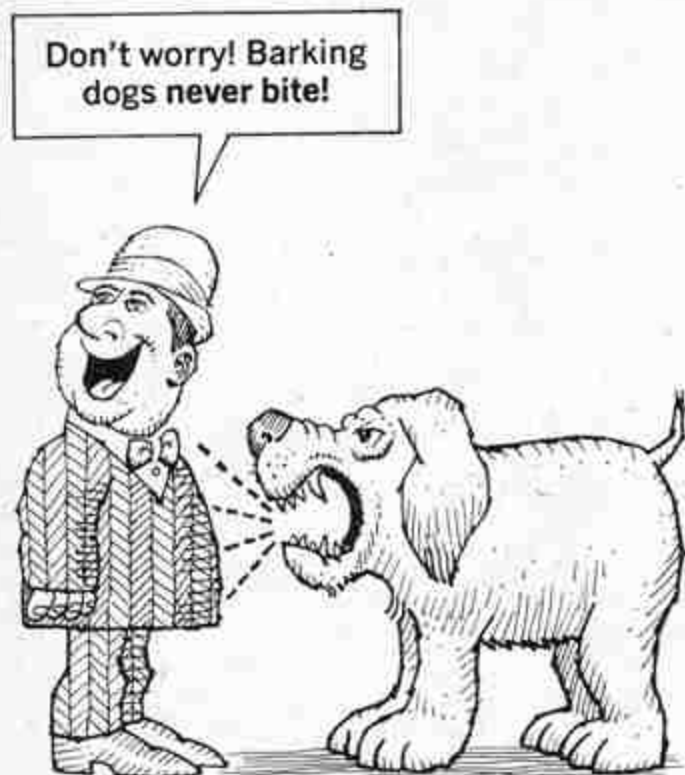
TONGUE IN CHECK DEPT.

Here we go again with another look at clods who make bragging remarks or antagonizing statements—only to have their words later explode in their faces, prompting them to say:

"ME AND



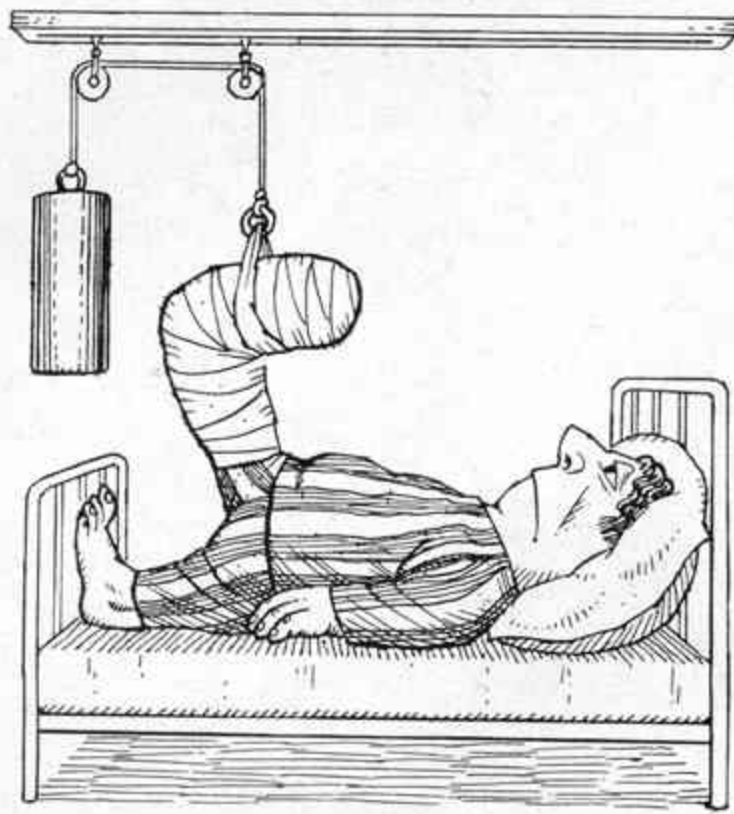
ARTIST : AL JAFFEE





MY BIG MOUTH!"

Why should I waste money on lessons? I'm a natural athlete!



If you don't apologize, I'm going home to Mother!



WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

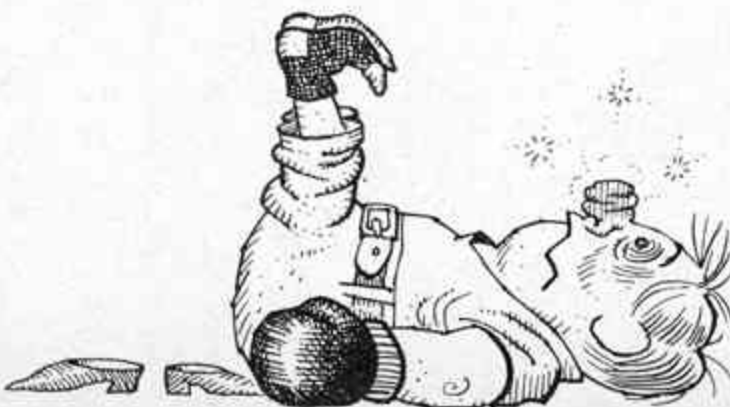
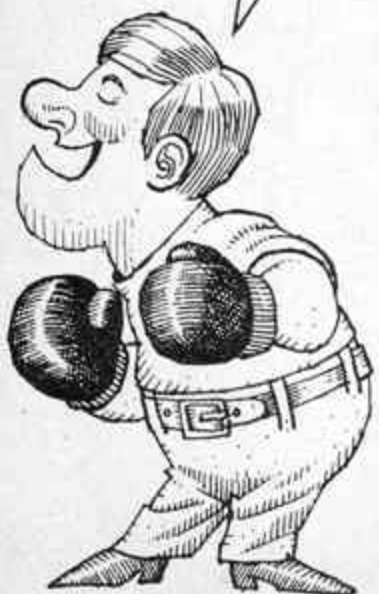
C'mon, big shot! Let's see your fast ball!



I know a male from a female, and **THIS** one is a **MALE**!



Okay, son . . . try to hit me!



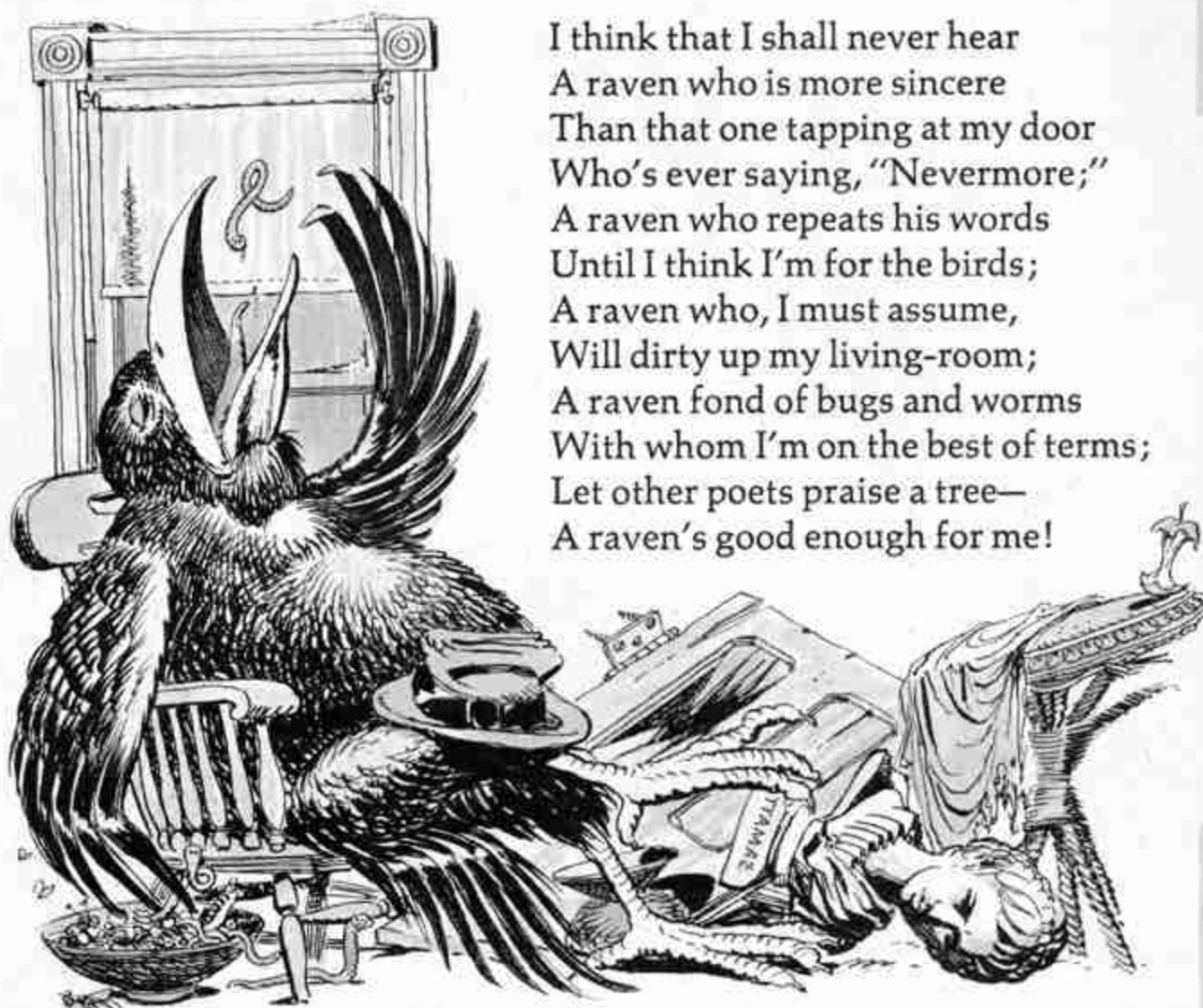
I say it's not fit to eat! What are you going to do about it!



START HERE

Or Any
Place
Else
For
That
Matter!

If Poe's "THE RAVEN" Were Written By Joyce Kilmer



I think that I shall never hear
A raven who is more sincere
Than that one tapping at my door
Who's ever saying, "Nevermore;"
A raven who repeats his words
Until I think I'm for the birds;
A raven who, I must assume,
Will dirty up my living-room;
A raven fond of bugs and worms
With whom I'm on the best of terms;
Let other poets praise a tree—
A raven's good enough for me!

THE MAD POETR

If Thayer's "CASEY AT THE BAT" Were Written By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a final inning, with the other ball-team winning,
And my Mudville teammates trailing by a score of 2 to 4,
With two outs, my fate it beckoned, for with men on third and second,
I could win the game, I reckoned, or at least tie up the score!
Crazed, I was, that final inning, just to win or tie the score—
Only that, and nothing more!

Ghastly, gaunt and grim I stood there, gripping my great bat of wood there;
In my brain dark, ugly demons danced a dirge from days of yore;
Then the fast-ball came by flying, and, inside, my soul was dying
As I heard the umpire crying words from baseball's ancient lore:
"Strike one!" were the words he hollered, out of baseball's ancient lore;
Just "Strike one!" and nothing more!

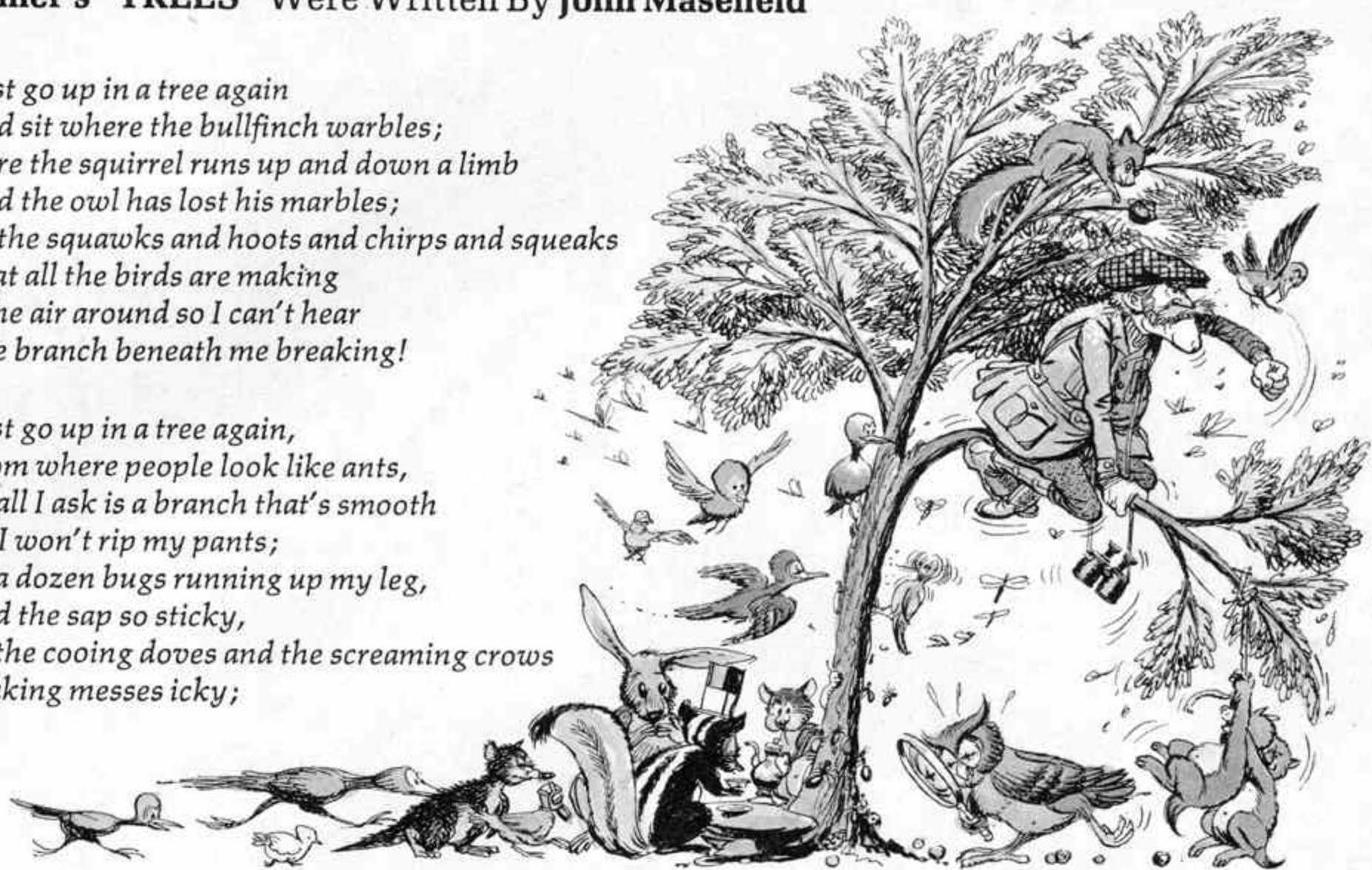
Once again I stood there quaking, while a curve-ball whizzed by, breaking;
How I wished that awful aching in my soul I could ignore!
But, alas, my fear grew colder, and the bat stayed on my shoulder,
While the ump, his voice now bolder, called out "Strike two!" with a roar!
Wretched was the dread within me as I heard his awful roar:
Just "Strike two!" and nothing more!



If Kilmer's "TREES" Were Written By John Masefield

*I must go up in a tree again
and sit where the bullfinch warbles;
Where the squirrel runs up and down a limb
and the owl has lost his marbles;
And the squawks and hoots and chirps and squeaks
that all the birds are making
Fill the air around so I can't hear
the branch beneath me breaking!*

*I must go up in a tree again,
from where people look like ants,
And all I ask is a branch that's smooth
so I won't rip my pants;
And a dozen bugs running up my leg,
and the sap so sticky,
And the cooing doves and the screaming crows
making messes icky;*

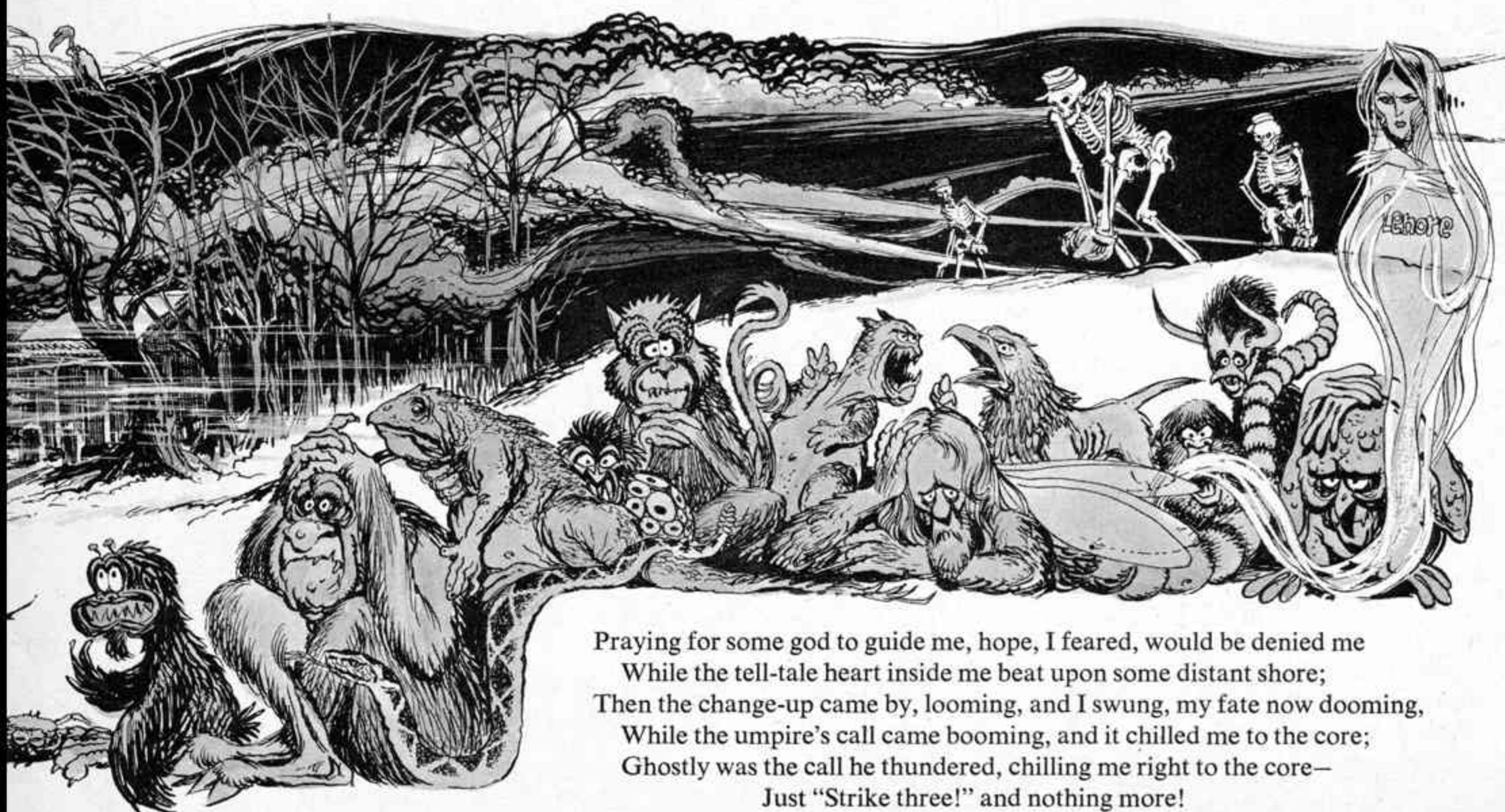


GO
TO
NEXT
PAGE!

Y ROUND ROBIN

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

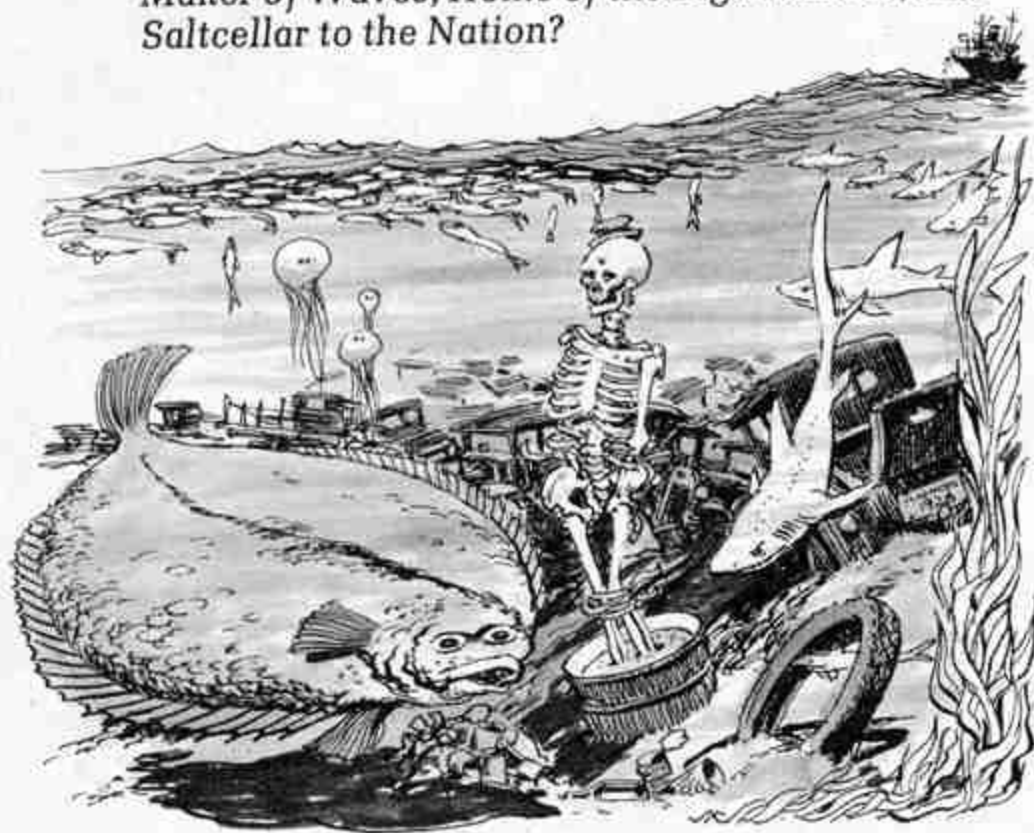
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



*Praying for some god to guide me, hope, I feared, would be denied me
While the tell-tale heart inside me beat upon some distant shore;
Then the change-up came by, looming, and I swung, my fate now dooming,
While the umpire's call came booming, and it chilled me to the core;
Ghostly was the call he thundered, chilling me right to the core—
Just "Strike three!" and nothing more!*

If Masefield's "SEA FEVER" Were Written By Carl Sandburg

Fish Tank for the World,
Shark Breeder, Maker of Waves,
Lousy with Herring and the Nation's Saltcellar;
Briny, bottomless, undrinkable,
Home of the Big Flounder:
They tell me you are stormy, and I believe them;
for I have crossed you on a tramp steamer
and have lost my lunch at the poop rail.
And they tell me you are messy, and my reply is:
Yes, it is true I have swum in your surf and
have emerged yecchy, with seaweed.
And having answered, I ask myself: Why am I not
writing a poem about Chicago instead of a poem
about the Fish Tank for the World, Shark Breeder,
Maker of Waves, Home of the Big Flounder, and
Saltcellar to the Nation?



If Carl Sandburg's "CHICAGO" Were Written By Rudyard Kipling



You can talk of Mandalay,
Of Calcutta or Bombay,
Where the heat'll make a fuzzy-wuzzy fry;
But if to drink you're driven
And don't give a damn for livin'
Then you oughta hit the road for windy Chi.

It's a town where hoods and thugs
Like to send a dozen slugs
Right through a copper pretty as you please;
Where the breezes blow like hell,
And that awful stockyard smell
Is enough to bring a blighter to his knees.

For it's Chi! Chi! Chi!
Guns are shootin' and I'm just a passerby!
Though your buildings may be pretty,
You can keep your bloomin' city
'Cause I'm headin' back to Injia, windy Chi!

If Longfellow's "THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE" Were Written By Ernest Lawrence Thayer

It looked extremely rocky for the Colonists that night;
The British were attacking with no hope of help in sight;
So, with villages in danger from the enemy so near,
They had to send a warning, and they called on Paul Revere.

There was ease in Paul's demeanor as he climbed upon his mare;
There was pride in Paul's expression as he sat so tall and fair;
And then the horse grew skittish, and she gave a sudden jump,
And Paul fell from his saddle, landing smack upon his rump.

With a smile of Yankee courage, Paul rose smartly to his feet,
And once again upon the saddled mare he took his seat;
But as he gripped the reins, she made a sudden turn around,
And once again Paul plummeted onto the dusty ground.

The smile has vanished from Paul's face, his eyes burn with a glare;
He grips the bridle fiercely as again he mounts the mare;
And now he tells the horse to gallop, in an urgent tone,
And now the air is shattered as the horse takes off—alone;



Oh, somewhere in this war-torn land the people safely know
That Redcoats are invading, taking captives as they go;
And somewhere people are prepared to flee the British force,
But there's no hope for New England—
Paul Revere can't ride a horse!

**If Kipling's "GUNGA DIN" Were
Written By Clement Clarke Moore**

'Twas the night of the battle, and all through the slaughter,
Not a creature was stirring—we all needed water;
The canteens were slung on the sand-dunes with care,
In hopes that old Gunga Din soon would be there;
When what should appear to our wondering eyes
But a skinny brown native—oh, what a surprise!
I cheered with delight as he crossed a ravine,
For I knew right away that it was Gunga Din!
His garment was merely a cute little rag,
And he brought along with him a big water bag!
Then he went right to work in a manner quite shocking—
He shunned our canteens and instead filled each stocking!
It all seemed so senseless and, making things worse,
I knew there was something quite wrong with this verse!
I remarked, "What a strange thing to do in a war!"
And he said, "That's because you are Clement Clarke Moore;
"I'm confused by your verses, so rhythmic and rippling—
"Please write about Christmas, and give me back Kipling!"

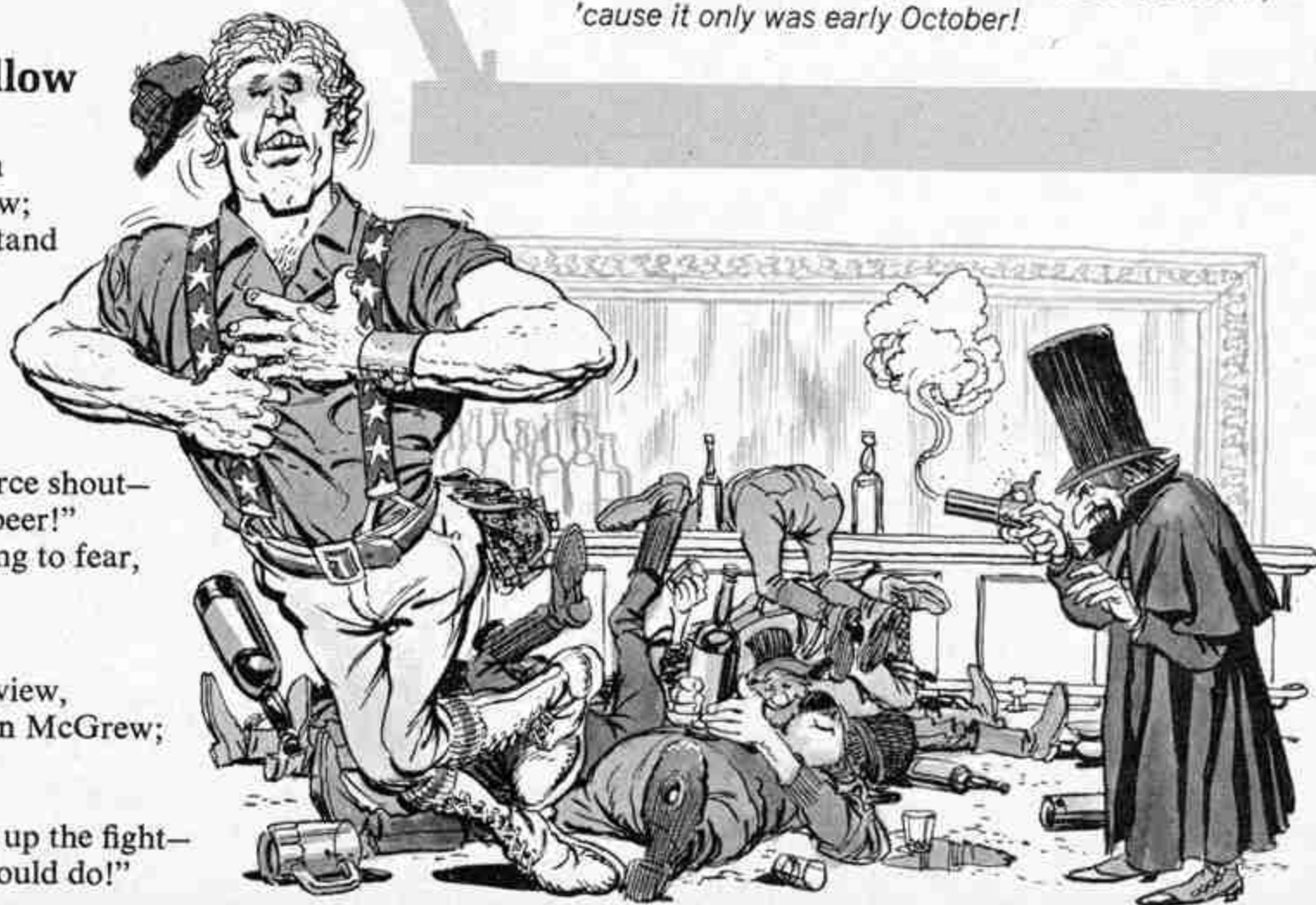


**If Service's
"THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW"
Were Written By
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

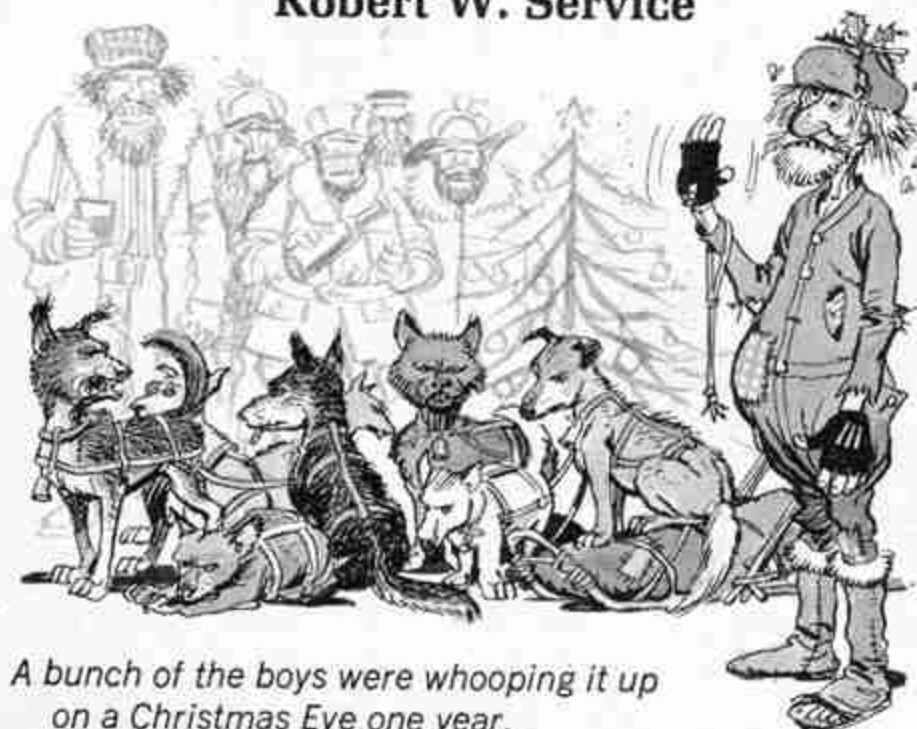
Listen, my children, and I'll tell you
Of the valiant death of Dan McGrew;
With a patriot's pride he made his stand
While foes assailed his native land
And threatened to tear down
the red, white and blue!

When the struggle for freedom
lay hanging in doubt,
He cried to the bartender, with a fierce shout—
"One if it's whiskey, and two if it's beer!"
He drank like a man who had nothing to fear,
While brave men around him
were all passing out!

At last, the dread enemy came into view,
And a cowardly bullet cut down Dan McGrew;
How the hopes of a nation
were shattered that night!
And yet men could say as they took up the fight—
"A bullet achieved what no rotgut could do!"



**If Moore's
"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"
Were Written By
Robert W. Service**



A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
on a Christmas Eve one year,
All full of cheap whiskey and hoping like hell
that St. Nick would soon appear,
When right through the door and straight out of the night,
which was icy and cold as a freezer,
Came a broken-down sled, pulled by eight mangy dogs,
which were whipped by an old bearded geezer.

His teeth were half missing, and flapping his frame
was a tatter of red-colored clothes;
He was covered with snow from his head to his toe,
and an icicle hung from his nose;
The miners all cheered when the geezer appeared,
and the poker game stopped in mid-bet;
Each sourdough smiled like a young, happy child
at the thought of the gifts he would get.

They pushed him aside and went straight for his bag
to be sure that they'd all get their share;
And, oh, how they cried when they found that inside
there was nothing but old underwear;
So they plugged the old geezer, which was a great shame,
for if anyone there had been sober,
He'd have known double-quick that it wasn't St. Nick,
'cause it only was early October!

You Know You've REA

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you can eat a hamburger with raw onion and still get a goodnight kiss.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you move out of town, and your Little League team disbands!

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you get an invitation for a New Year's Eve Party... in March.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you walk along the beach loaded with pretty girls, and you don't even bother to pull in your stomach.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you visit London, Paris and Rome, and don't even bother to take a camera along.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... your restaurant is so busy, you turn the Mayor and his party away because he didn't make a reservation.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... the boss invites you to his club for a game of golf, and you purposely try to beat his pants off.



ALLY MADE IT When...

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:
FRANK RIDGEWAY

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you have a four-car garage and you still have to leave your Ferrari out in the rain.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... your nurse mops your brow and gives you back rubs, even after she goes off duty.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... your toupee blows off at the office and no one dares to laugh.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you get rid of your beautiful secretary and hire an efficient one to get your correspondence done.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you receive thousands of Christmas cards, and you haven't sent out one.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... they always walk you, even when the bases are loaded.

You know you've REALLY MADE IT when ...



... you go to a dance and you don't dance because you don't really feel like dancing.



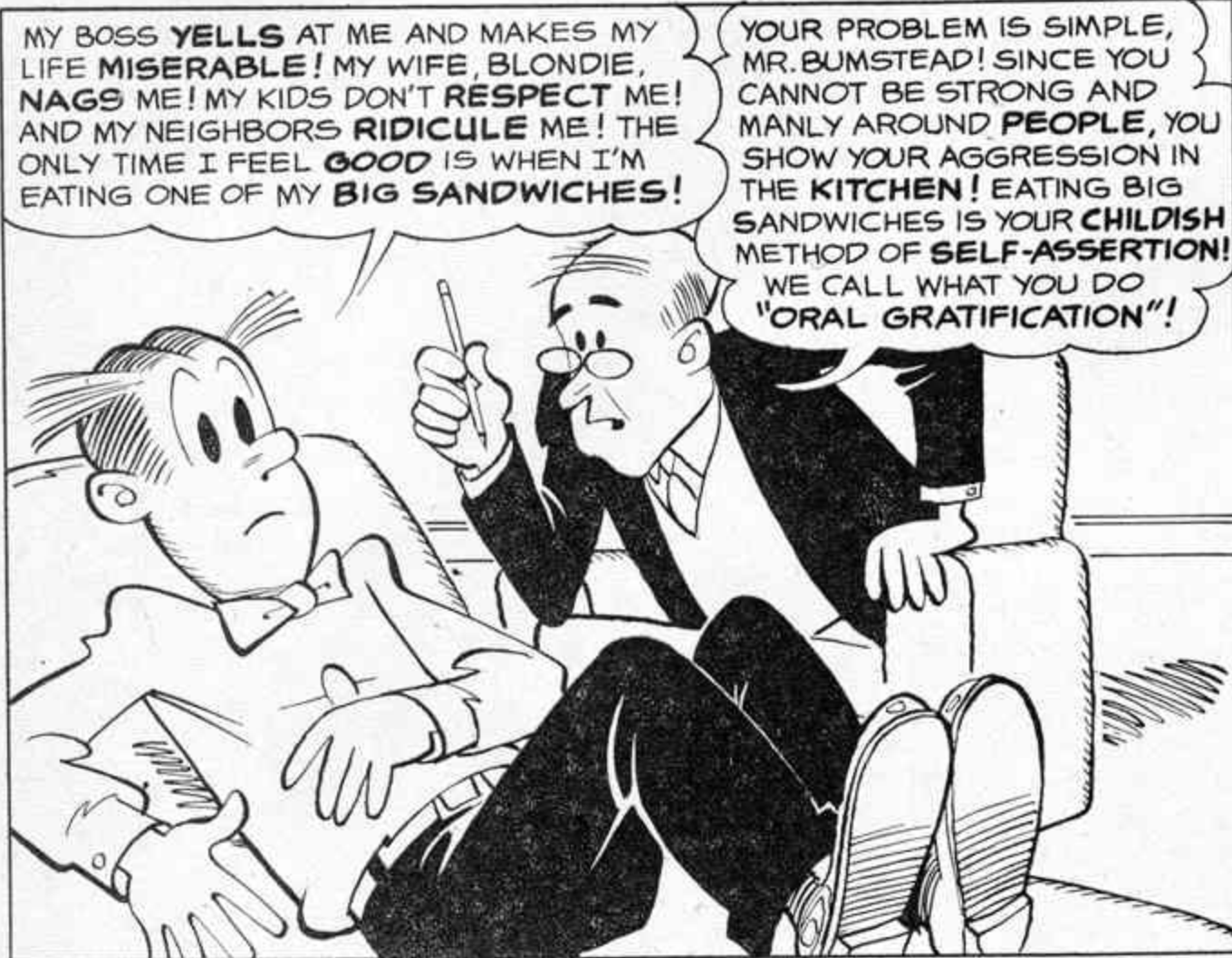
PEN AND "SHRINK" DEPT.

Nowadays, more people are going to Psychiatrists than ever before. And some of them are actually being helped! But there is a large group of mixed-up people who will probably never be helped by Psychoanalysis. We're talking about the

IF COMIC CHARACTERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

IF "DAGWOOD" WERE TO BE ANALYZED...



THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS



IF "CHARLIE BROWN" WERE TO BE ANALYZED...



THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS



poor troubled neurotics who inhabit our Comic Strips. Some of those nutty characters really have big problems, and a daily session on a Psychiatrist's couch would surely do wonders for them. Or would it? Let's see what could happen—



WERE PSYCHOANALYZED

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

I'VE FORCED DITHERS INTO MAKING ME A **FULL PARTNER!** I **DOMINATE** BLONDIE **COMPLETELY!** MY CHILDREN **RESPECT** ME! AND I'M A **POWER-FIGURE** AMONG MY NEIGHBORS ON THE BLOCK!



I'M HOME!

HEY, WHERE THE DEVIL IS EVERYBODY?

WE'RE ALL IN HERE, DAGWOOD.



?!

HAVE SOME MORE CORNED BEEF, MR. DITHERS!

I WANT SOME MORE SWISS CHEESE AND PASTRAMI!

(BURP!)



I USED TO FEEL DEPRESSED WHEN THIS HAPPENED!



BUT EVER SINCE I SAW MY PSYCHIATRIST, I UNDERSTAND ALL THE SUBCONSCIOUS, DEEP-ROOTED REASONS WHY I FAIL ... AND I DON'T FEEL DEPRESSED ANY MORE!



I FEEL **ROTTEN!**



IF "DONALD DUCK" WERE TO BE ANALYZED ...

MICKEY MOUSE IS LOVEABLE! PLUTO IS LOVEABLE! EVERY OTHER DISNEY CHARACTER IS LOVEABLE! BUT NOT ME! I'M THE GUY WITH THE BAD TEMPER! DOC, I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! YOU GOTTA HELP ME ACQUIRE A NICER, MORE LOVEABLE PERSONALITY!

YOUR NEUROSIS, DONALD, STEMS FROM THE FACT THAT YOU ARE ASHAMED OF BEING A DUCK! THIS SHAME HAS MADE YOU PARANOID! YOU FEEL THAT PEOPLE HATE YOU-- THAT THEY ARE OUT TO GET YOU! SO WHENEVER YOU THINK YOU'RE ATTACKED, YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER! ONCE YOU ACCEPT THE FACT THAT YOU ARE A DUCK AND ACCEPT YOURSELF FOR WHAT YOU ARE, PEOPLE WON'T HURT YOU IF THEY MAKE FUN OF YOU!



THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS

HEY, DUCK!

DUCK!

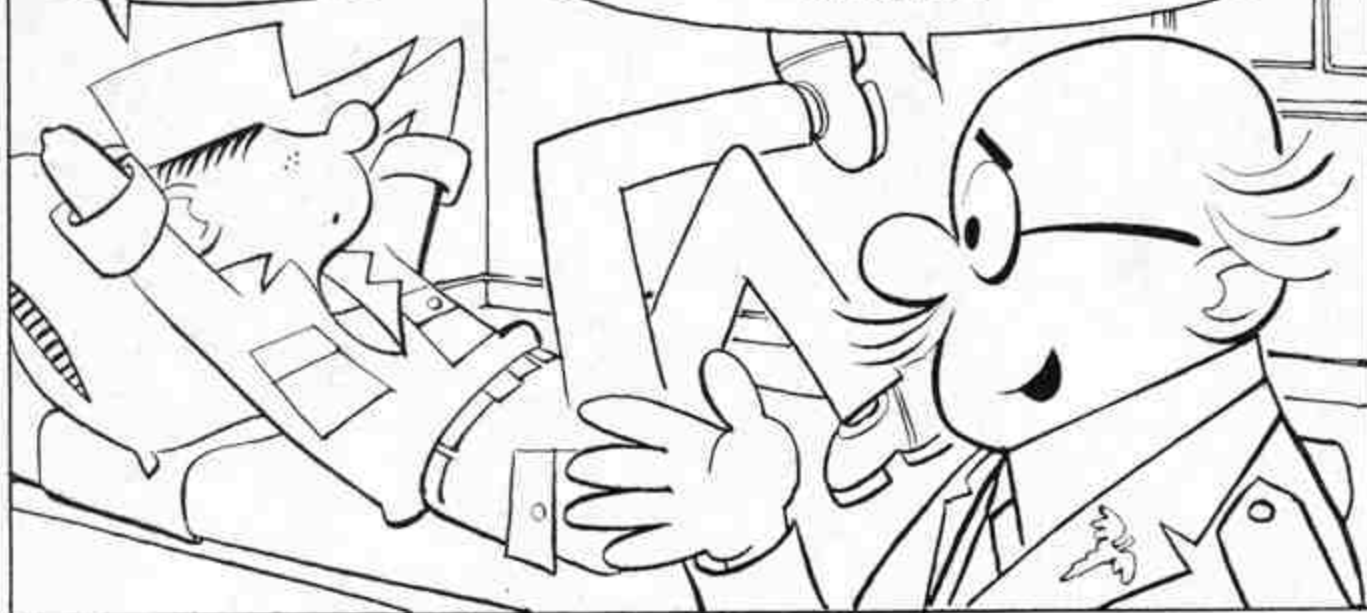
HE'S TAUNTING ME ABOUT BEING A DUCK! WELL, THAT'S WHAT I AM, SO I'LL IGNORE HIM!



IF "BEETLE BAILEY" WERE TO BE ANALYZED ...

DOC, I'M A GOOF-UP! EVERY TIME I GET A CHANCE AT A PROMOTION, I MESS IT UP! WHY AM I SUCH A LOUSY SOLDIER! WHY CAN'T I DO ANYTHING RIGHT, DOC?

PRIVATE BAILEY, YOU HAVE AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX! YOU'RE CONVINCED YOU'RE GOING TO DO A BAD JOB EVEN BEFORE YOU TRY! NATURALLY, YOU END UP DOING HORRIBLY! YOU'VE GOT TO CURB THESE NEGATIVE FEELINGS! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL YOURSELF YOU'RE GOING TO SUCCEED! THEN YOU WILL SUCCEED!



THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS

GREAT SHOOTING, BEETLE! YOU'RE THE TOP MARKSMAN IN THE COMPANY!

IT'S MY IMPROVED MENTAL ATTITUDE, SARGE!



IF "MARY WORTH" WERE TO BE ANALYZED ...

PEOPLE ALWAYS COME TO ME FOR ADVICE WHEN THEY'RE IN TROUBLE! BUT ONCE I HELP THEM, THEY GO AWAY AND I'M LEFT ALL ALONE!

ACTUALLY, MISS WORTH, PEOPLE RESENT YOUR MEDDLING IN THEIR AFFAIRS! THEY END UP HATING YOU, DESPITE YOUR SMUG, WELL-MEANING ADVICE! NEXT TIME, REFUSE TO HELP THEM WHEN THEY COME TO YOU! THEN, PERHAPS, THEY WILL LEARN TO ACCEPT YOU FOR WHAT YOU BASICALLY ARE... A SWEET, EMPTY-HEADED OLD LADY!



THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS

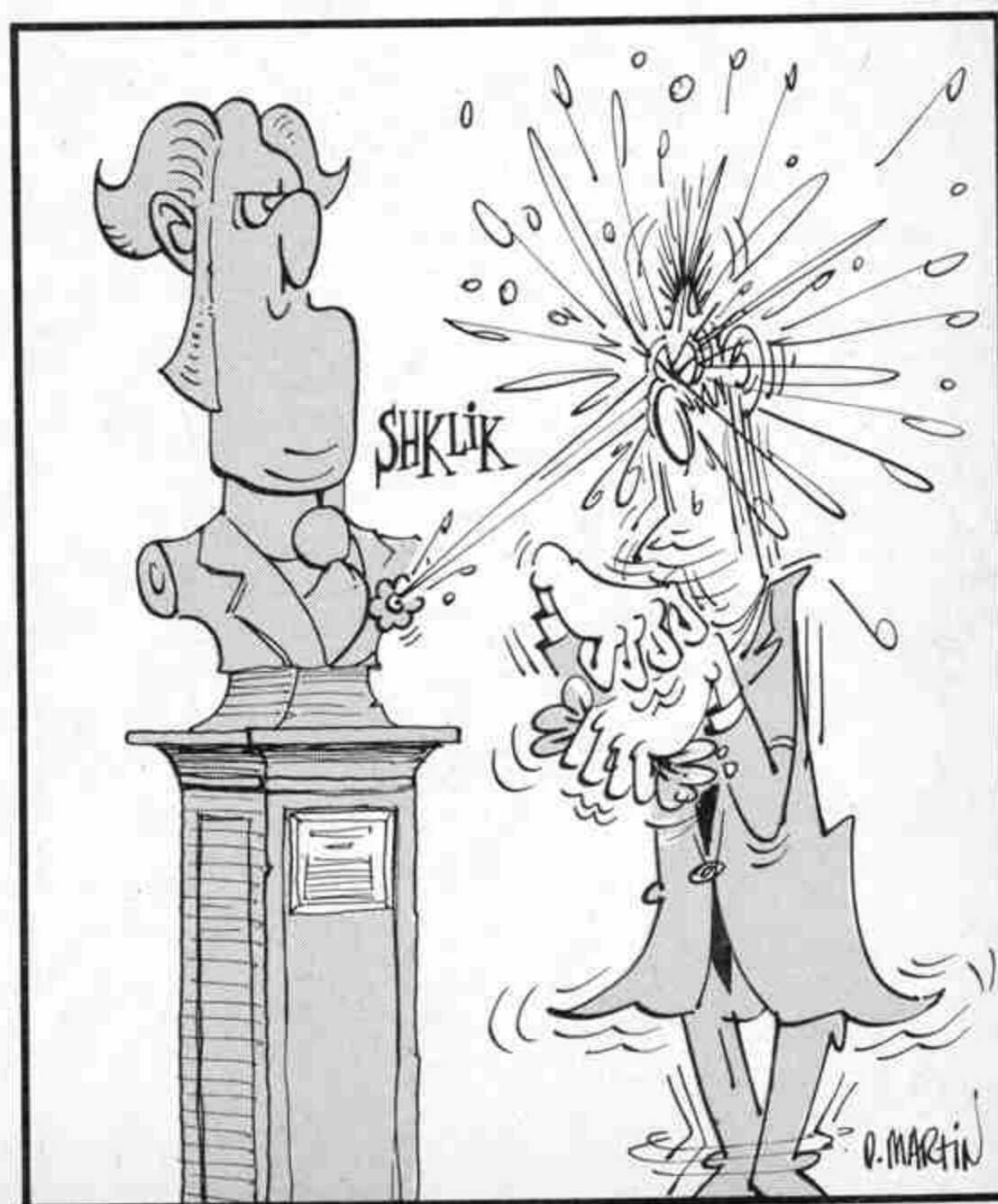
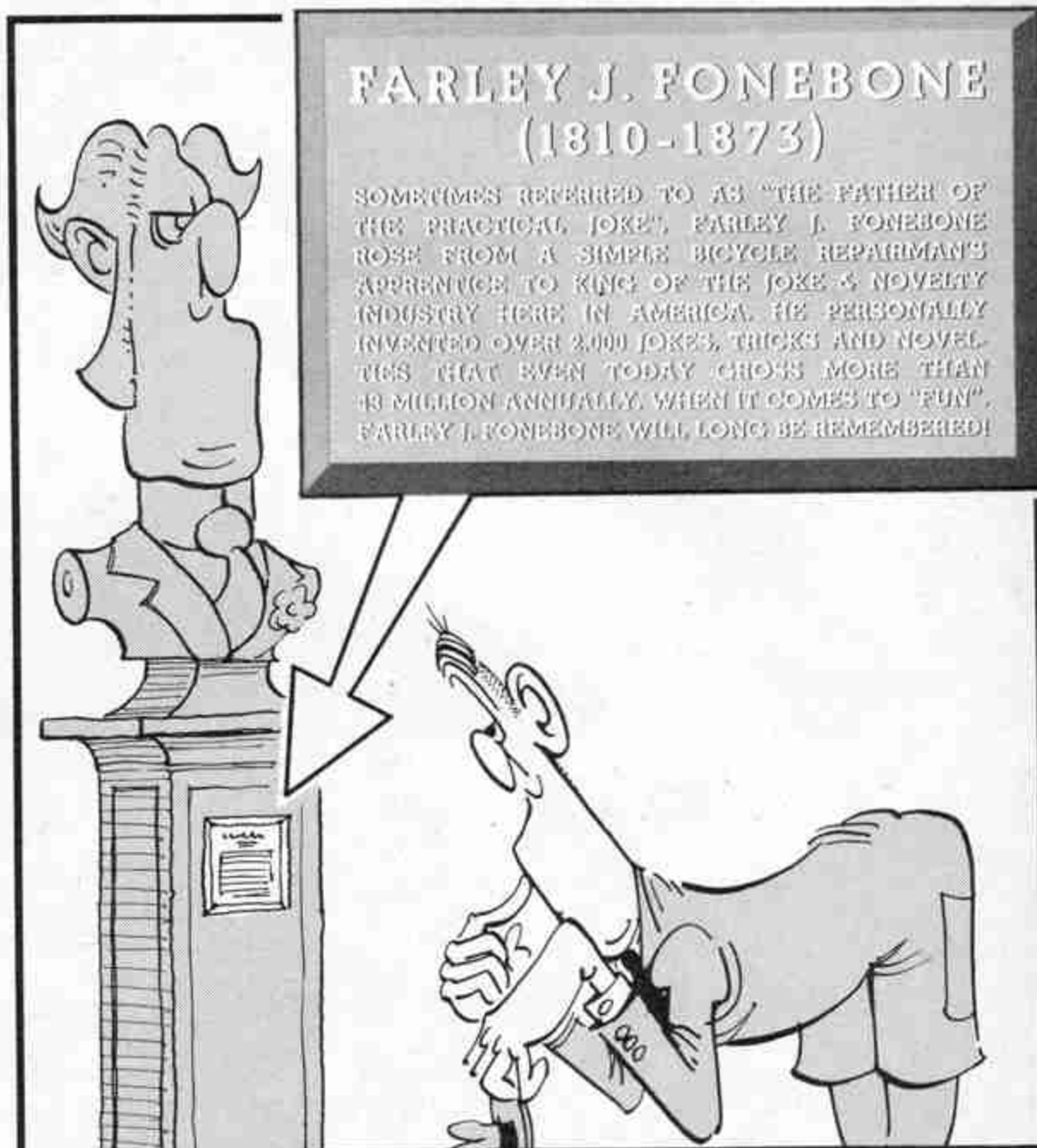
AUNT MARY, I'M TAKING MY 5-MILLION DOLLAR INHERITANCE, AND I'M RUNNING OFF TO MEXICO WITH MY BOY-FRIEND-- A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING FORTUNE HUNTER!

THAT'S NICE! SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?





IN THE HALL OF FAME



**WHAT IS THE
ONE THING
PROTEST
MARCHES
HAVE GREATLY
IMPROVED?**

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

Almost every day, there is a Protest March being held somewhere, demanding one thing or another. Most of the time, these marches have little effect, due to the callousness and lethargy of our legislative representatives. However, there is one area where Protest Marches have had fantastic results, and improvements have been phenomenal. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown:

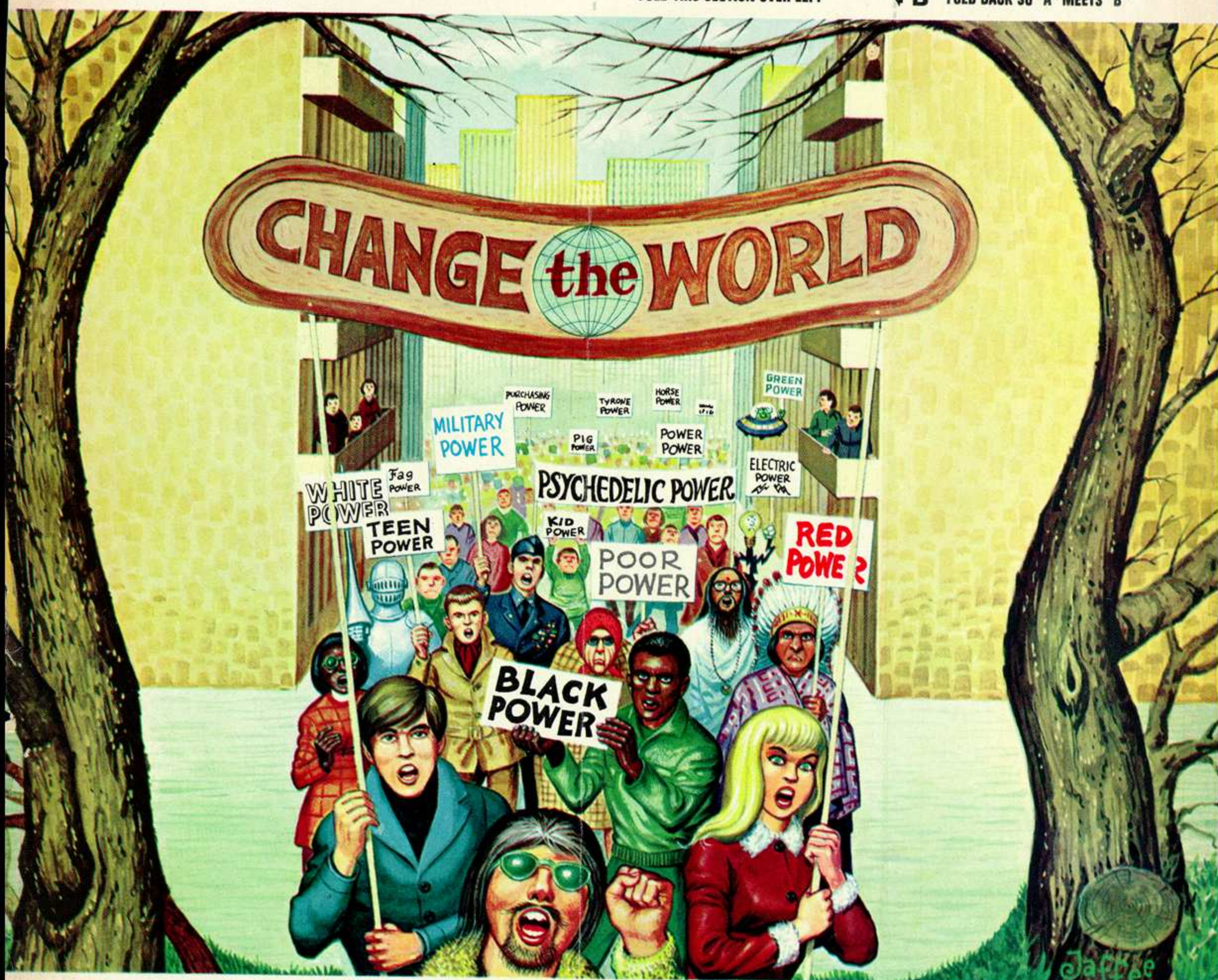


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ **B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**SHOVING, SHOUTING PROTESTERS PARADE
THEIR SIGNS AND BANNERS AS THEY
SALLY FORTH DAILY IN ENDLESS DROVES**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶

◀ **B**



Photography by Irving Schill

**“Hi. I’m Adolph Hitler.
In the 30’s and 40’s
we knocked off millions of people
and filled countless cemeteries.
That’s nothing!
I want to talk about a
really fantastic
cemetery-filler.”**

*There’s a lifetime of
smoking pleasure
in cigarettes—
if you live that long!*

