

No.  
138  
Oct.  
'70

# MAD<sup>IND</sup>®

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**IN THIS ISSUE:**

## MAD "PUTS ON" THE DOG

(AND THE REST OF THE "PEANUTS" GANG)



# TAKE IT ON FACE VALUE!



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# 16

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17 Never-Before-  
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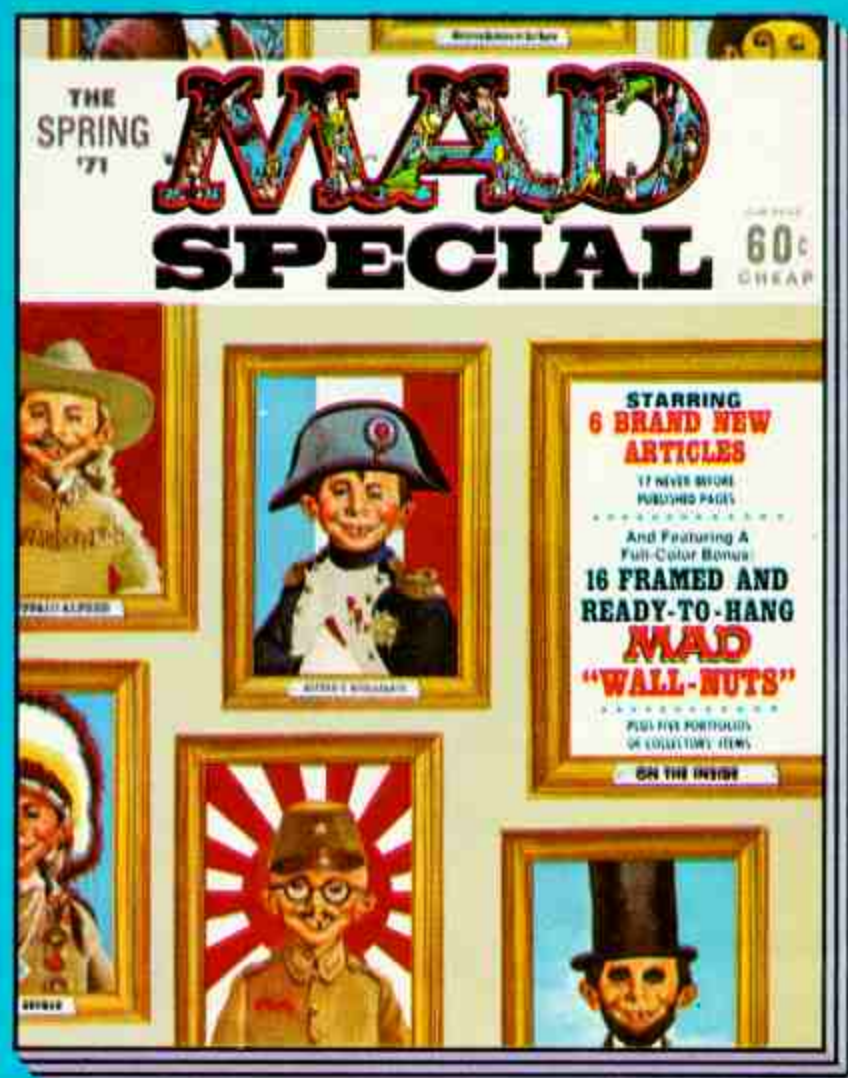
A Portfolio Of  
**MAD**  
TV SHOW  
SATIRES

A Portfolio Of  
**MAD**  
MOVIE  
SATIRES

A  
Portfolio Of  
**SPY**  
VS.  
**SPY**

A  
Portfolio Of  
**DAVE**  
**BERG**

A Portfolio Of  
**DON**  
**MARTIN**



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# MAD

"When you give back all of your ill-gotten gains, you're a Reformed Crook! When you keep most of the loot and only give back a small part of it, you're a Philanthropist!"—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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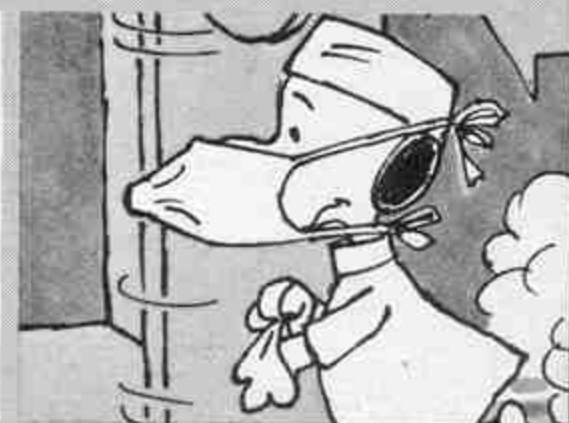
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(A MAD  
Movie  
Satire)  
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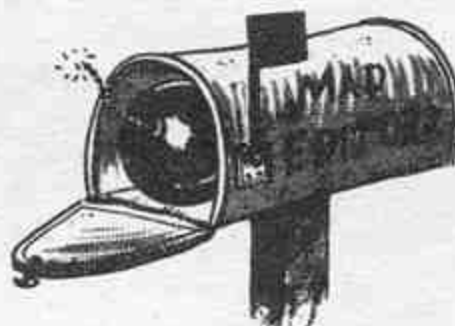
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## LETTERS DEPT.



### VICE PRESIDENT OF THE YEAR

An excellent job—"MAD's Vice President Of The Year"! Keep publishing outstanding articles like that, and I'll keep wasting my money buying your magazine.

Bill Heaney  
Rahway, N.J.

On behalf of all college students and draft dodgers in America, my congratulations on an excellent view of our esteemed Vice President. Stan Hart is right on! May you survive many eons.

Woody Leonhard  
Whitman College  
Walla, Wash.

### ROOM 222ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

"Room 222" may be Alice's Wonderland compared to a real school—but it's not that bad a show. At least it gives High School teachers like me a chance to see some decent, well-mannered kids ONCE a week!

Antonia R. Boehm  
Brookline, Mass.

### A MAD LOOK AT COLLEGE

Your "MAD Look At College" simply wasn't funny! It's what's happening NOW on the University of Michigan campus and on other campuses around the country. You really tell it like it is. Right on!

Debbie Rafal '71  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

### SEX EDUCATION PRIMER

"The MAD Sex Education Primer" was truly beautiful, especially Chapter 10 concerning "Censors." Thanks a million for telling it like it is.

Kathy Allen  
San Diego, Cal.

Your "MAD Sex Education Primer" was so funny, I **CENSORED** in my pants!

Rick Thomas  
Tucson, Ariz.

### MAD CONDOLENCE CARDS

While reading "MAD Condolence Cards For Life's Other Tragedies," I couldn't help but notice that you omitted one:

"I offer my condolences  
Because I know your heart is sad  
For having made the same mistake  
As last time—buying trash like MAD."

Joe Bossenmaier  
Sacramento, Cal.

## BOTCH CASUALLY AND THE SOMEDUNCE KID

Well, you've done it again! Once more, the zany and talented writers and artists of MAD have presented us with another imaginative movie satire. I am referring to the ingenious "Botch Casually And The Somedunce Kid." It was a work of art—a masterpiece!

Linda Castro  
Staten Island, N.Y.

MAD has, for years, successfully seen beyond the frequent shallowness of movies to produce superb satires, or has recognized quality in movies and enhanced them by satire. However, I am very disappointed in your satire of "Butch Cassidy..." It was insensitive!

Deirdre MacGuire  
New York, N.Y.

"Raindrops kept falling from my eyes"—mainly tears of laughter—when I read your absolutely brilliant satire, "Botch Casually And The Somedunce Kid."

Michael Rini  
Gates Mills, Ohio

I laughed my head off all through "Butch Cassidy..." Too bad I can't say the same for your tasteless and boring satire. Better luck next time.

Alicia Hoffman  
Niagra Falls, N.Y.

One of the best movie satires you're ever printed. It was better than the real thing.

Adam Schoolsky  
Beverly Hills, Cal.

You "tried and tried" but fell very short of the simple but clever wit of the original movie.

Terry Bauer  
Flushing, N.Y.

One of the finest satires you've ever done. My congratulations to Mort Drucker and Arnie Kogen for a great job.

Billy Wickert  
Norfolk, Va.

To paraphrase your MAD Spanish: Esto es un satireo roteno!

Sammy Wismonski  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I am placing the front cover and your article in my scrapbook. Your satire was a more accurate portrayal of the picture than the picture was an accurate portrayal of the lives and careers of the people it depicted. As a young boy, and later on as a young man, I met and became acquainted with many former members of "The Wild Bunch." Among those I knew personally were Harvey Logan, Butch Cassidy, and my father...the man you refer to as the "Somedunce Kid." It was an excellent title for Mr. Redford's part in that "comedy of errors"!

Harry Thayne Longabaugh  
Ogden, Utah



## FEATURE BY FEATURE ADVERTISING

I thought "Feature By Feature Advertising" bordered on brilliant. There is so much idiocy in advertising today that it only needs creative people like you to embellish upon it and make it really amusing.

Greg Tirrell  
Dorvel, Quebec, Can.

First, I read "Feature By Feature Advertising"—and then I studied the inside front cover plug for the "Fall '70 MAD Special" which contained feature by feature advertising. Hmmm!

Janet Sondak  
Nanuet, N.Y.

## SO HOW COME...?

Congratulations for exposing weird logic in "So How Come...?" Too bad you did not include the most obvious example of weird logic of all: "If the people of America are supposed to have such evaluating minds...SO HOW COME they continue to buy MAD Magazine?"

Kurt DuNard  
Columbia, Mo.

## OBITUARIES FOR TRADITIONS, ETC.

I was perusing your superb collection of trash when I noticed you left out something from your "Obituaries For Traditions . . . And Other Dying-Out Landmarks Of The American Way Of Life," mainly:

"MAD Magazine, an old American tradition, died of shock today when it realized it had, by mistake, put out a GOOD issue. Funeral services will be held, much to everyone's disgust."

Curtis Carpenter  
Syracuse, N.Y.

## SURVIVORS OF WORLD WAR III

I have subscribed to MAD for ten years, and am happy to see that your sense of humor has survived this chaotic decade. Your comment on Senator Russell's vision of a Post World War III America (#136) is perhaps the most biting and sadly hilarious picture you've ever published. Keep up your great work so that racism and budding Fascism in America might still find enemies with which to contend.

Andrew Delbanco  
(Wesleyan University '73)  
Larchmont, N.Y.

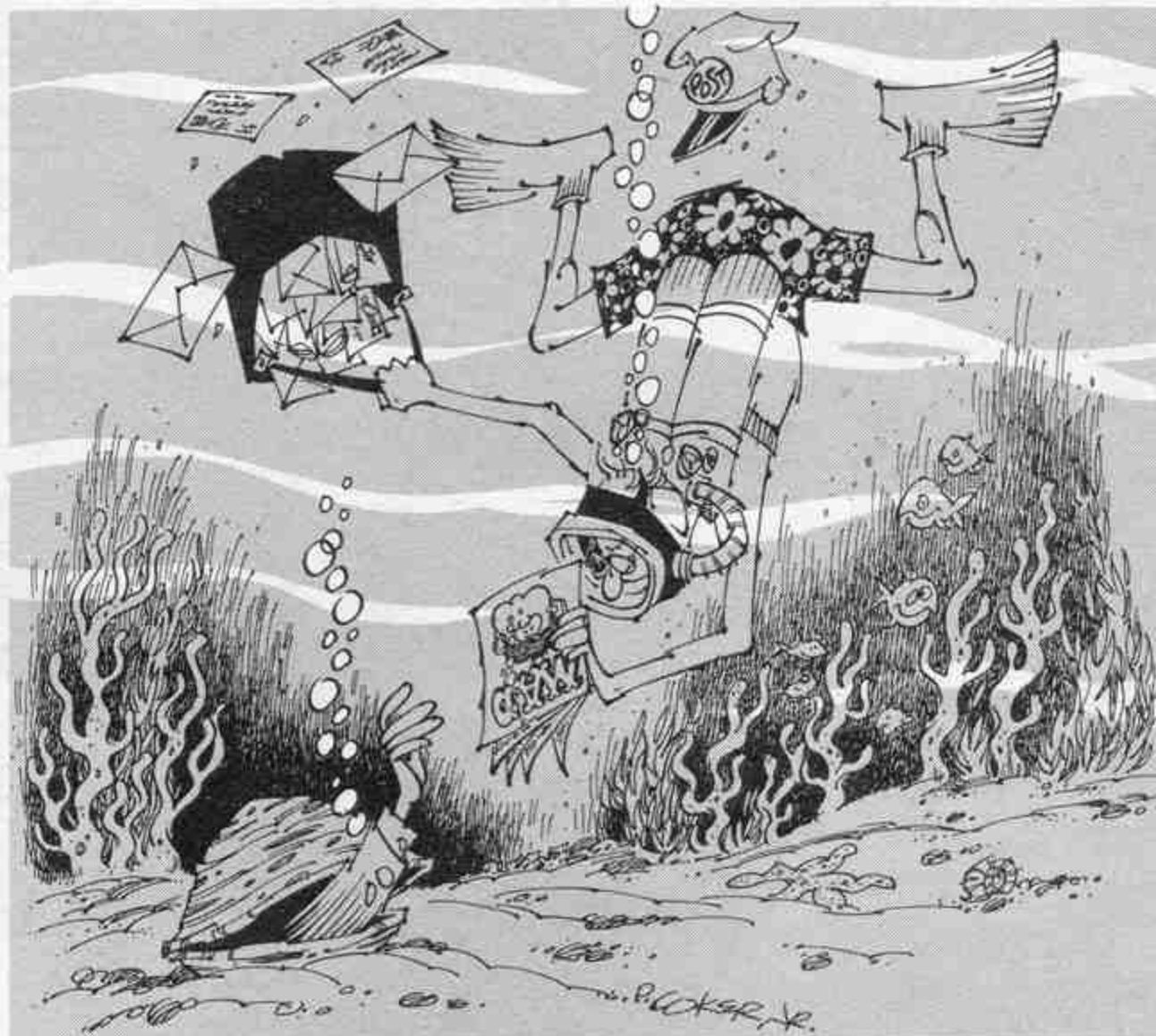
## NOTE OF COMMENDATION

This is just a note to commend you on a magazine that often carries a sharp and penetrating analysis of what's going on today, and presents it in such a way that the youth of our nation is gradually being educated as well as being entertained. Congratulations, and best wishes for your continued success.

Charles R. Bell, Jr.  
Interim Pastor  
First Baptist Church  
Monrovia, Calif.

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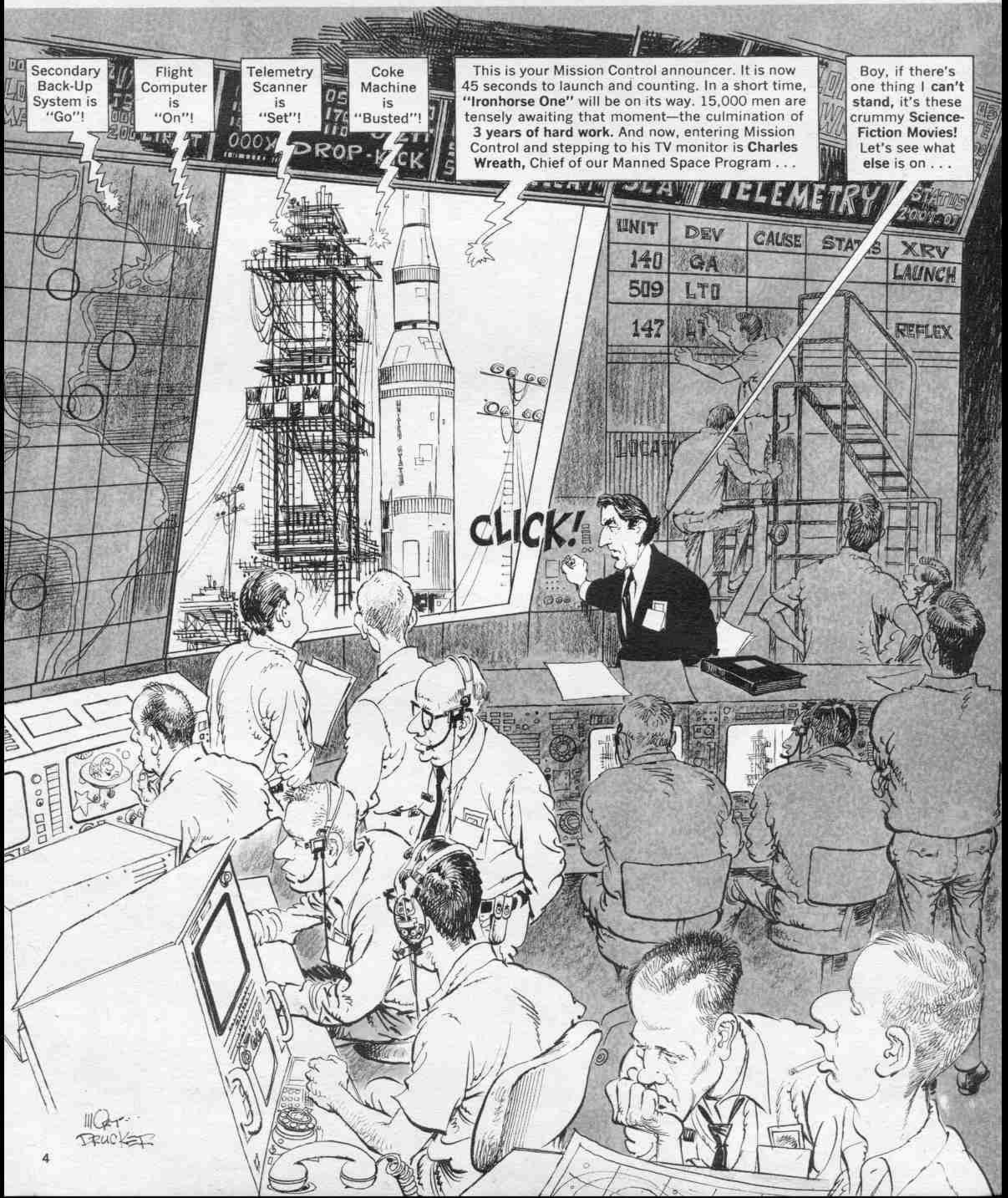
Yep, those piles of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD'S "What-Me-Worry?" Kid—suitable for framing or lining bird cages—are still up against the wall of our stockroom! Also in the middle of the floor of our stockroom! Also on the shelves, in the drawers and behind the doors of our stockroom! Help us to free some space in our stockroom! Mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 NOW!! —to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York City, New York 10022





# ORBITUARY DEPT.

When we think of America's Space Program, one fear always lurks in the back of our minds: The fear of catastrophe! Well, it's happened! Mainly, they've made a movie about America's Space Program, and it's a catastrophe! Here is MAD's version of—

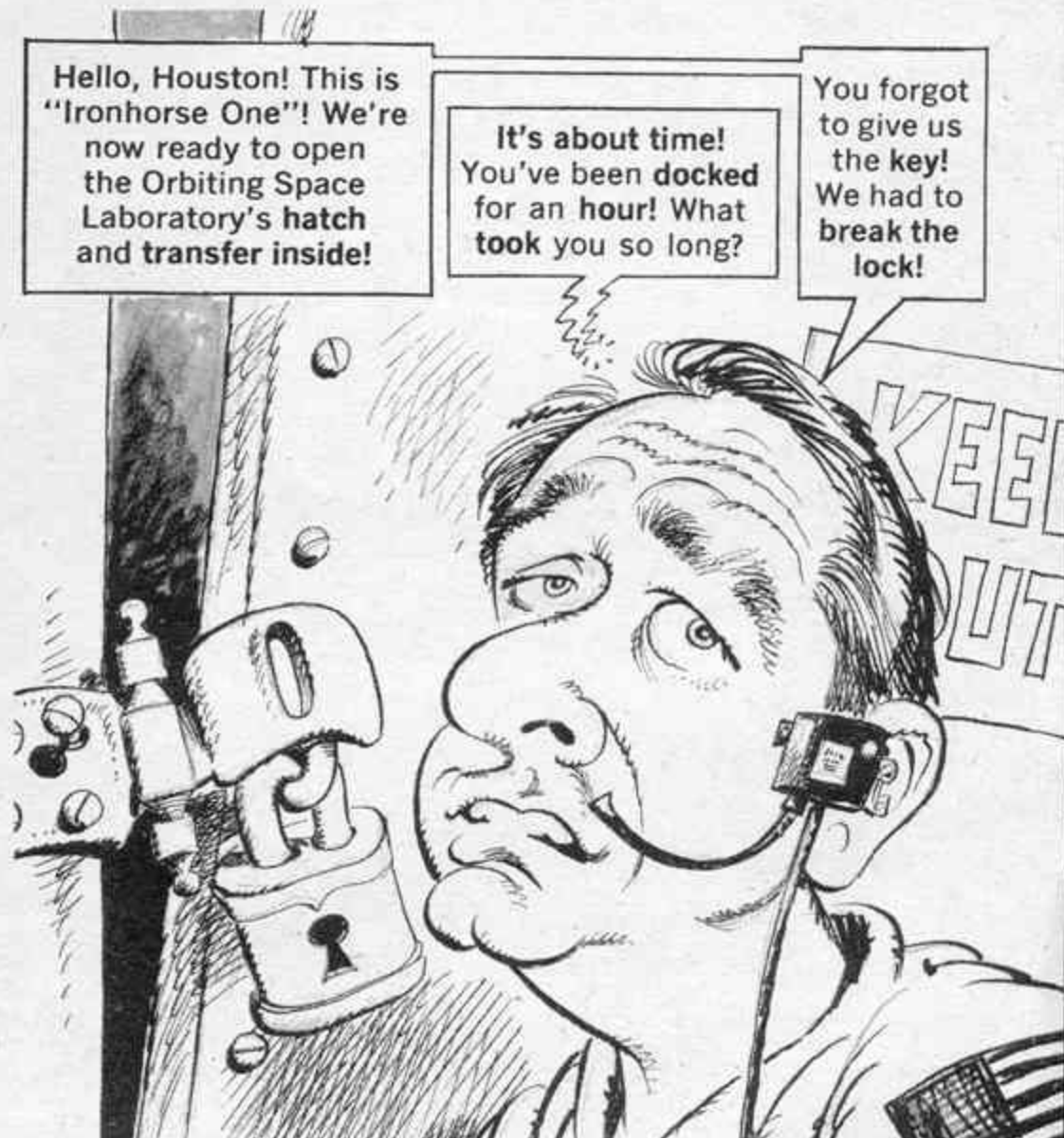
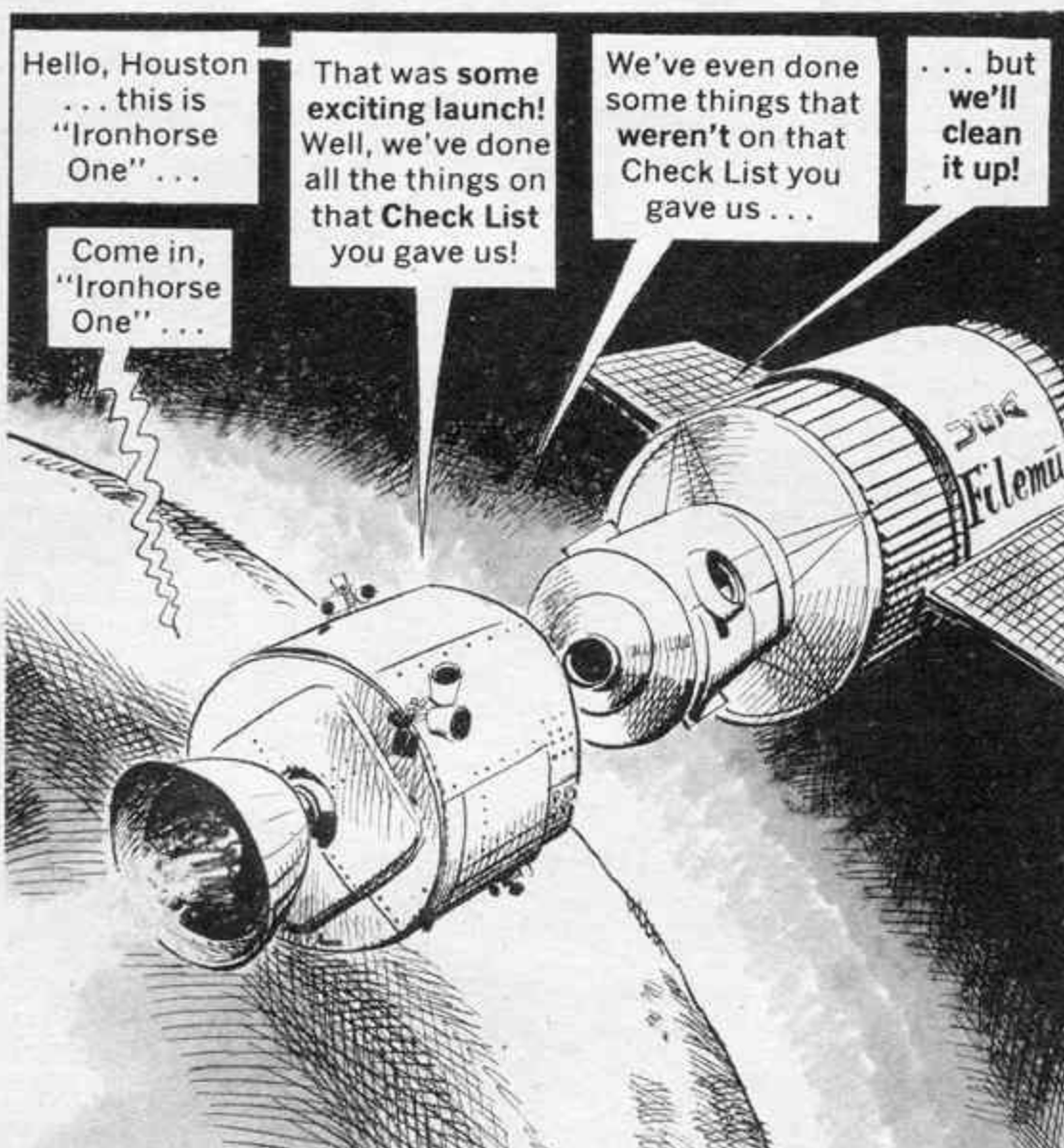




# MORONED

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





This first film will show you the men during their **early months** of work in the Orbiting Space Lab . . .

They look pretty efficient to me! What's your point?



Watch carefully! This second film shows them after five months in the Orbiting Space Lab . . .

Hmmm! I see what you mean! The prolonged state of weightlessness in outer space is beginning to have a subtle, vague, almost indiscernible effect on their behavior!



Let me talk to them . . .

We had a **perfect day** yesterday, Ma'am! We broke the autogyro, bent the radar antenna, lost the RFD sweeper, cracked the lunar scope, busted the mylar packing case and shorted out the VTR unit!

How's it going, men . . . ?

I thought you said you had a **"PERFECT DAY"**!?

That **WAS** a perfect day compared to the damage we did around here **TODAY!!**



Call **Flight Control** and tell them to prepare to bring them back down! Then call **Accounting** and tell them to prepare a bill for all the equipment they've messed up!

I **KNEW** we should have asked them for a month's security before we let them move into that nice new Orbiting Space Lab!



"Ironhorse One," this is Mission Control! Do you have **Retro-Fire**?

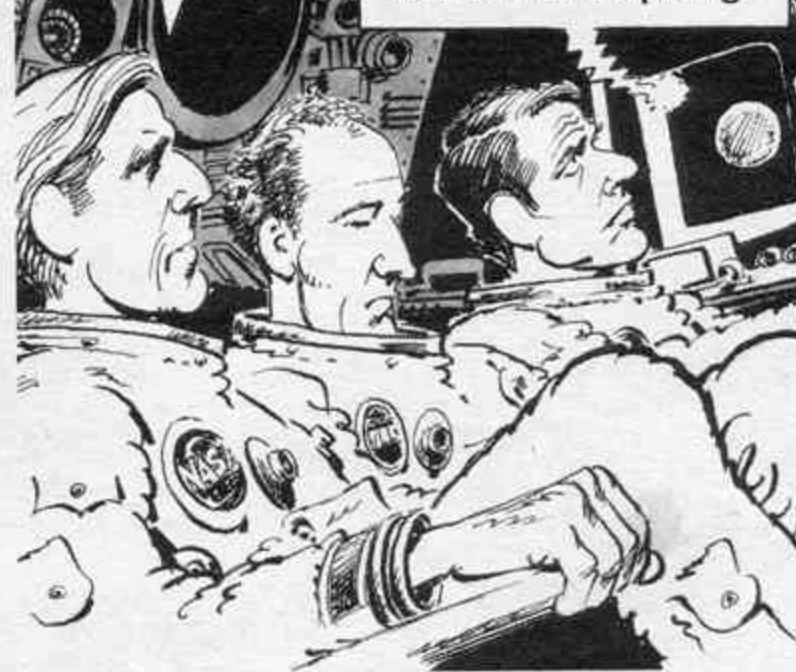
**Negative! Negative!** We pushed the switch a half dozen times and **nothing happened!** What should we do?

Pull the red **"emergency"** handle! That will open the glove compartment where you'll find your **"Warranty Card"** for the **Retro-Fire Engine!** You may have to send it back for repairs! I hope you guys didn't throw out the packing crate!



What about our **Back-up Booster?** We have a **Back-up Booster System**, don't we?

Sorry, fellas! We had to hold down the budget somewhere! We couldn't put in **BOTH** a **Back-up Booster-System** AND **Wall-to-wall Carpeting!**





Listen, guys! This is Dewerdye! We've got 1000 engineers down here, working on your problem ... so don't worry!

Are they the same 1000 engineers that **BUILT** this defective engine?

That's right ...

If you don't mind, we'll worry!



Please, Wreath! Let me take the XRT ... "The Experimental Rescue Thing" ... and go up there and rescue those guys!



If you tried to fly the untested XRT, you'd be **NUTZ!** Besides, it takes 42 days to set up, check, and launch a space vehicle, and they only have 2 hours of air!

Well, don't **TELL** them they only have 2 hours of air! Use the old "mind over matter" ploy! **TRICK** them into breathing for 42 days!



Sorry! It's absolutely impossible to rescue them ... and that's final!!

Hello?

Hello, Wreath? This is The President!

The President of WHAT?

Hmmm! You AND Spiro?! What a drag!

How much would it cost to launch a rescue mission?

100 million dollars!

This is The President! Don't I get a **DISCOUNT??**



All right, Mr. President! For you—80 million! But they only have 2 hours of air, and it takes 42 days to launch a space shot!

How long would it take if we cut through all the red tape and eliminated the fake overtime?

About an hour ... maybe, tops, an hour and a half!

Then **DO IT** ... because there's more than just lives at stake! My image is at stake, too! 'Bye!



Dewerdye, do you really think you can fly the XRT?

Sure! Why not?! Just because it's never been tested, never been flown, has all new equipment that's never been used, and three prototypes have crashed ... just while being built on the assembly line?! How much time do I have to learn?

Twenty minutes! But if you need more time, take half an hour!



What's the weather like?

Looks good to me!

You idiot! I could've looked out the window, too!

I'll need a complete weather report for the launch area at time of take-off, and another for the re-entry area at time of splash-down. And if the XRT performs the way I **THINK** it will, the time of take-off and the time of splash-down should be within twenty seconds of each other!

Tell the men we're launching a rescue mission! Tell them to conserve oxygen! No moving around! No singing! No parties! No dirty magazines! **Nothing!**





Bad news, Wreath! A hurricane is headed directly for Cape Kennedy—

That's okay! We can still launch, just as long as the wind velocity doesn't reach 55 miles per hour!

—with wind velocities up to 65 miles per hour!

Hmm! I should've played it safe and told you I didn't want winds over 45 miles per hour! Let's try for a launch anyway!

Suppose this rescue mission fails, Mr. Wreath, and we lose **FOUR** men, plus all that expensive space hardware! Will it have been worth it?

Of course! We've only taken one tiny step forward! We're going to the planets, to the stars, to every corner of the Universe! We're going to know every step of the way for billions of miles from Earth! Now, if you'll excuse me, I haven't eaten. Do any of you guys know where the cafeteria is?



Now, I'm letting you wives talk to your husbands, but I don't want you saying anything to make them homesick, is that understood?

I love you darling, and I miss you, and I long to hold you in my arms!

I feel the same way, honey!

Oh, I wasn't talking to **YOU**, Jam! I was on the phone with **Milton**, your best friend! He's been a daily comfort to me!

He may be a comfort to **you**, but he's no comfort to me!

Boys—your wives are here to chat with you—



Hello, Buzzoff! I bought an **\$87,000 split level house** today ... and a **Rolls Royce** ... and a **beautiful yacht!**

With your **Insurance money**, silly—unless you make it back here alive ... which would be just like one of those mean little tricks you pull!

How in the world are you going to pay for all that?



Hi, honey! Don't worry! I'm going to make it! I'll be seeing you in a day or so!

A day or so?! I thought this was to be a 7-month mission!?

It was but they cut it to 5!

Boy, do I have plans to change!

'Bye, dear! I gotta go! Just do me one favor! If you happen to come back alive—please **phone** before you come barging in!



Well, girls, you sure did what I wanted! You certainly didn't make them homesick!

Now, if we can just foil three suicide attempts ...

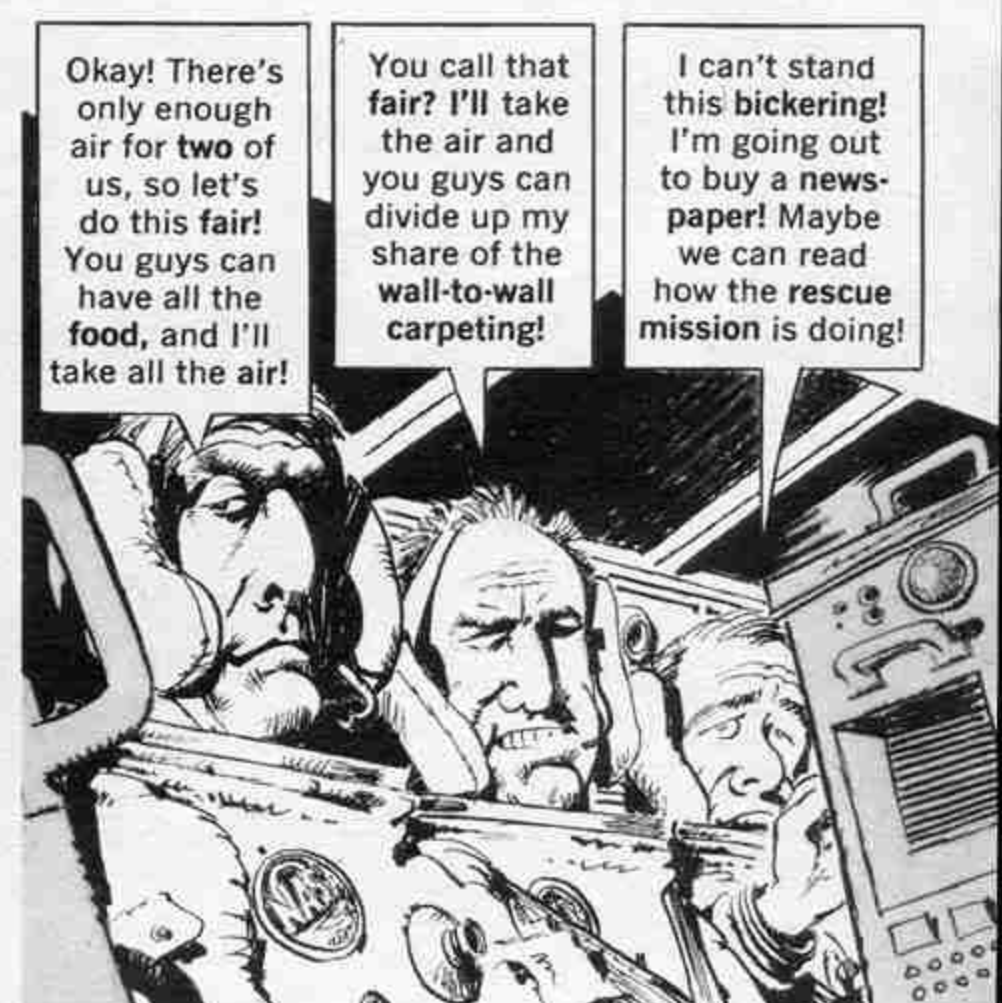
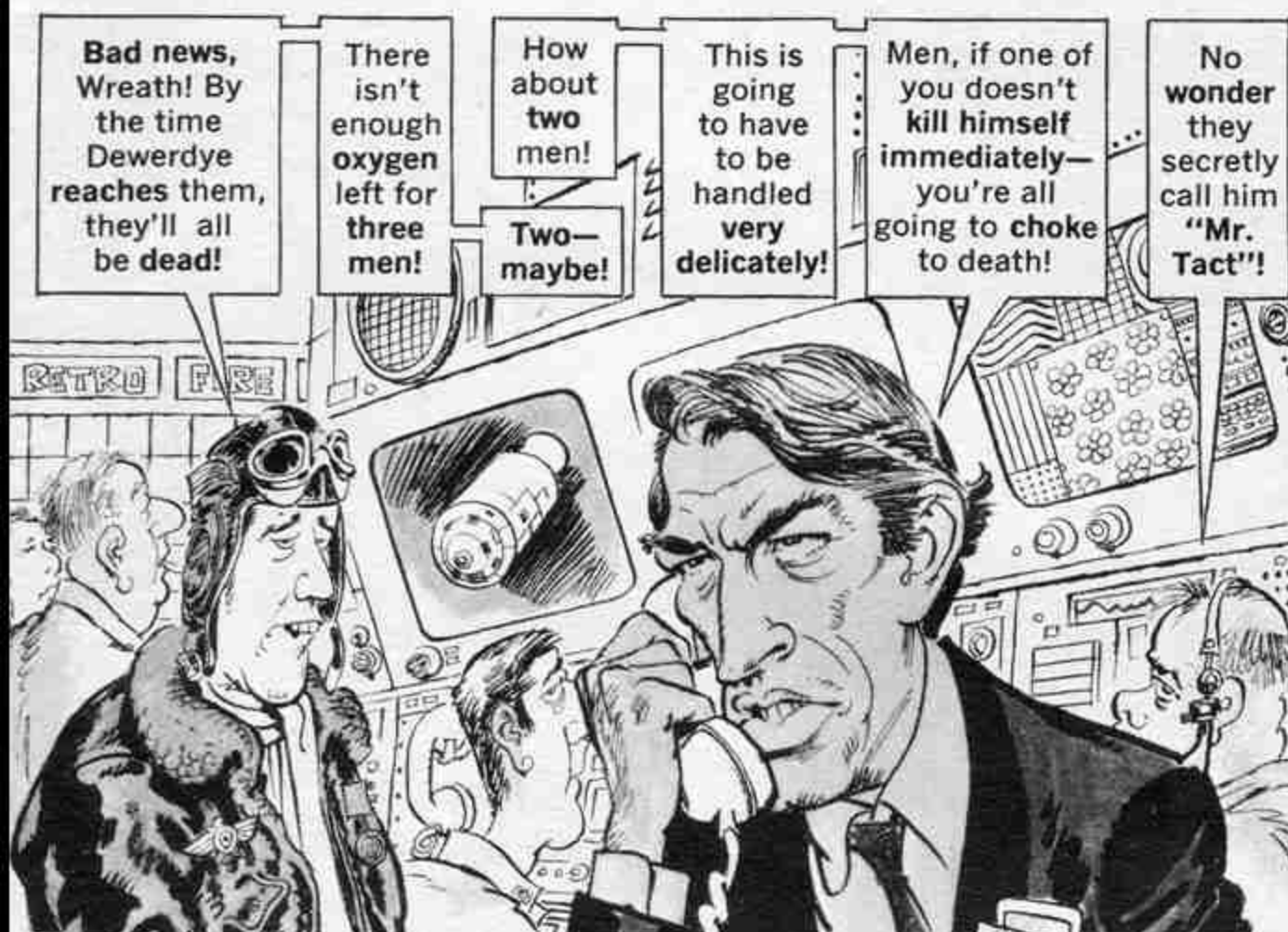
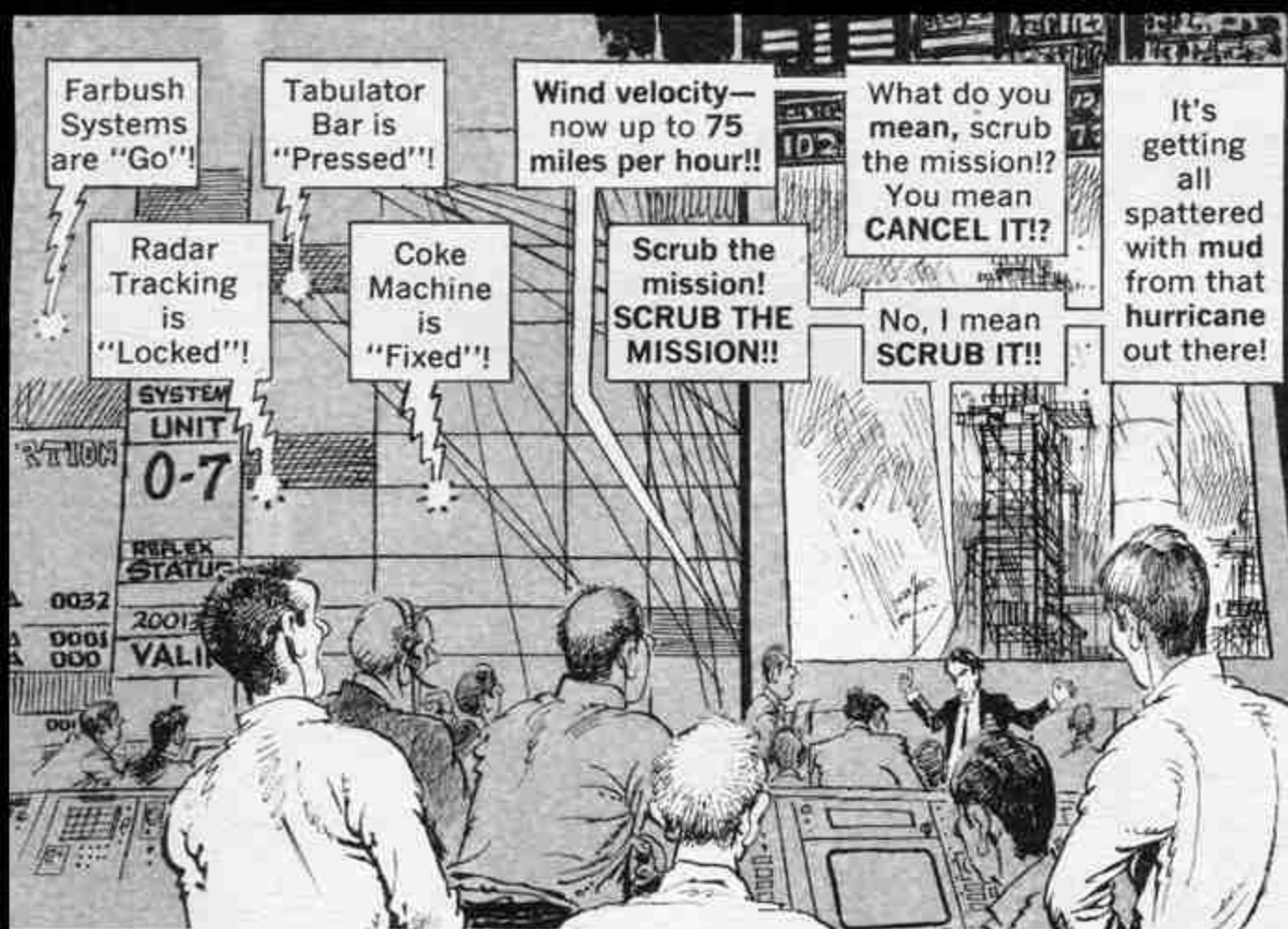


Wreath, these people from the **Press** want to know if you've given up hope for the three astronauts!

**Definitely not!** We haven't given up hope ... and neither have their widows—er—**WIVES!!**









Hey! There's another space ship out there!

Here we are—just about to run out of air—and we have to get caught in the very first interplanetary traffic jam!

"Ironhorse One," this is Wreath! Do you see a Russian Spacecraft?

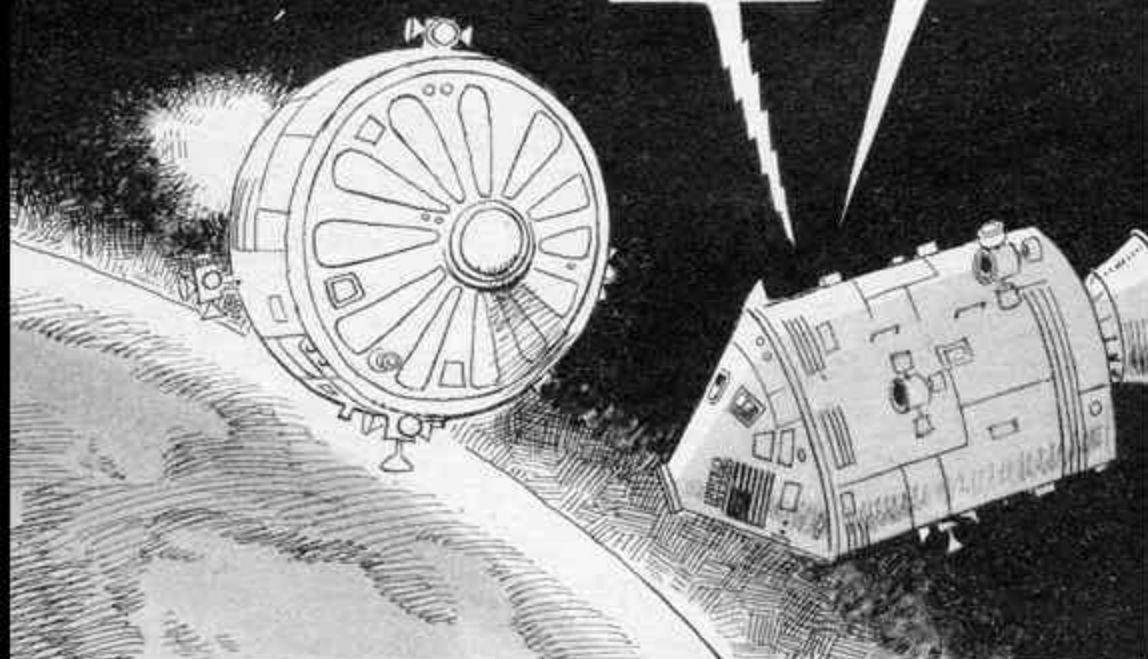
It's either a Russian Spacecraft, or the world's largest hub cap spinning around out there!

The Russian is coming this way! He seems to be carrying something—but there's nothing in his hands!

He must be bringing you AIR!!

Thank God! We haven't had any air for an hour!

Actually, you've only been without air for about 35 seconds! It's this dull dialogue that makes it SEEM like an hour!!



The Russian is—gasp—right outside with our air supply—gasp! He's knocking on the hatch! What should I do?

Tell him: "Vorstead strabogin vacknim!"

What does that mean?

"Slip it under the door!"

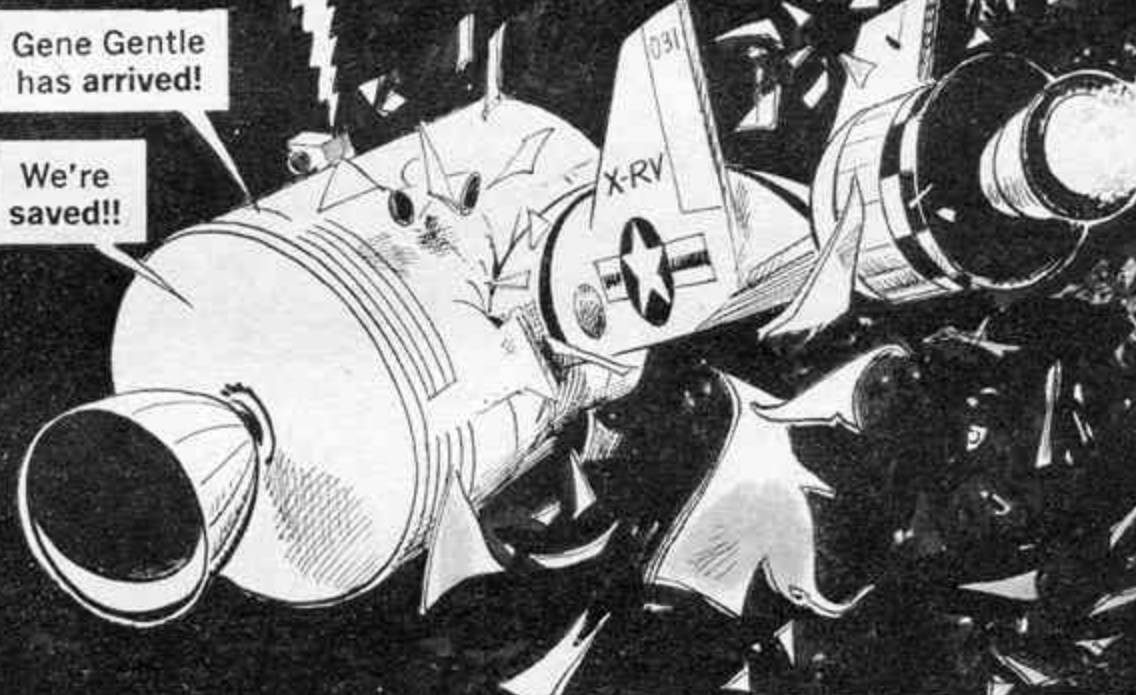


Listen, "Ironhorse One" ... Dewerdye should be linking up with you guys about now—

Gene Gentle has arrived!

We're saved!!

**CRASH!**

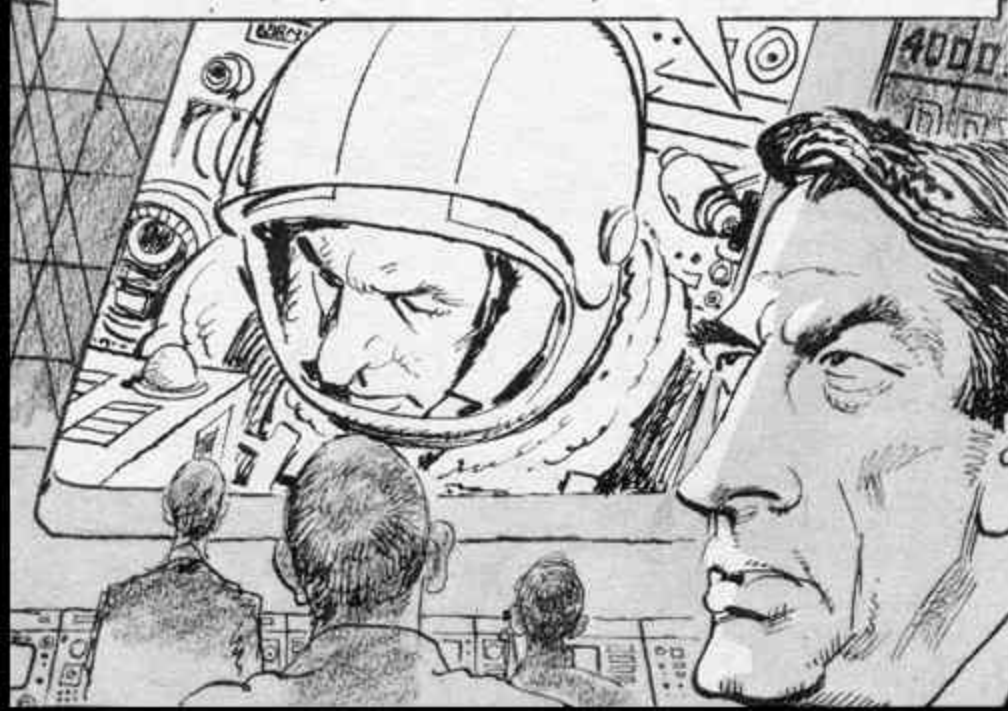


MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

THEY'VE LINKED UP!

HOORAY!!

Okay, men—let me give you visual bearings and you can start heading back to Earth! That dark, black sooty area on your right is the East Coast! That oil-slicked expanse of polluted ocean on your left is the West Coast! That burned-out, chopped-up area to the top is the North, and that dried-out, DDT-infested area at the bottom is the South! So, fire those retros, and C'MON HOME ...



Listen, Wreath, the guys and I talked it over and we've decided to just drift around up here ...

What!? Are you CRAZY!? Don't you guys want to LIVE??

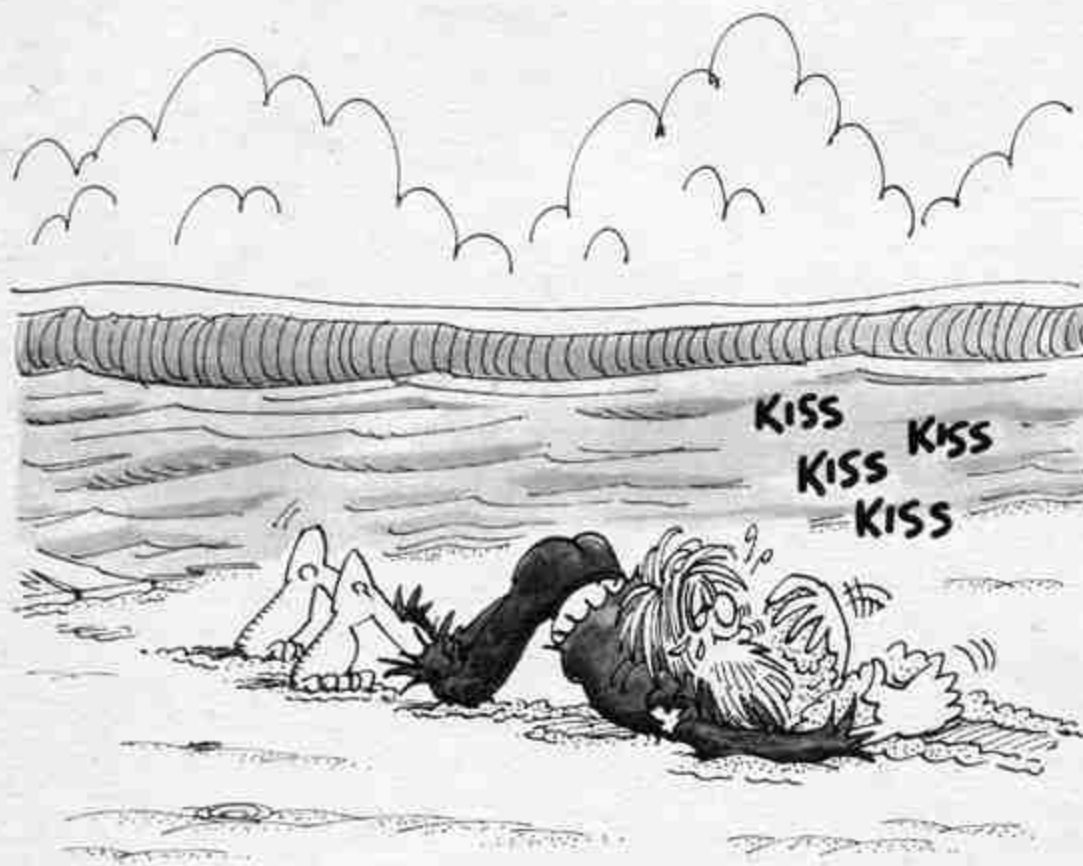
Sure we do! That's why we'd rather drift around up here where there's some HOPE ... than come back to a dying planet ...

... where Mankind is Hopelessly MAROONED!!





# ONE DAY AT THE OCEAN





Let us now glorify the world of sweat-socks and charlie-horses, of third-base slides and 50-yard bombs, of double headers, daily doubles, and dou-

# A SPORTS FAN'S GA

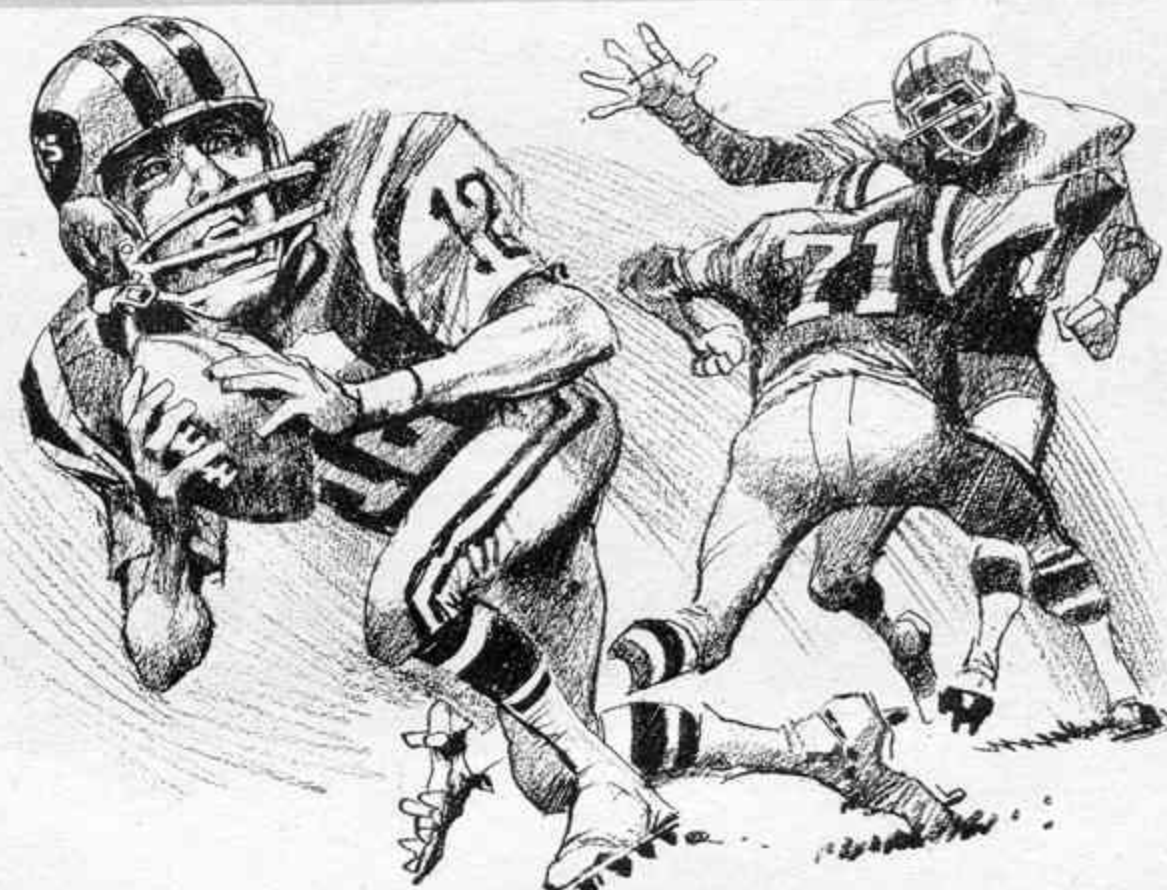
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

## BROADWAY JOE

You can talk about your guards  
An' your fullbacks gainin' yards,  
An' your ends who run the hook and down-n-out;  
But when it comes to glory  
Then your quarterback's the story,  
For it's him the fans all want to read about.

Now there's Kapp an' Johnny U.,  
An' Bart Starr an' Dawson, too,  
An' Fran Tarkenton, who scrambles for his dough;  
But of those who pass the ball,  
The coolest one of all  
Is the hero of the Jet team, Broadway Joe.

For it's Joe, Joe, Joe!  
You always make good copy, Broadway Joe!  
All the writers are adorin'  
How you lead the team in scorin'  
An' we don't mean playin' football, Broadway Joe!



Well, he had himself a spree  
Greetin' folks at Bach'lors Three,  
Lookin' fancy with his Fu Manchu moustache;  
Then that feller, Pete Rozelle, he  
Said the atmosphere was smelly,  
So poor Joe he sold it for a ton of cash.

It's enough to drive ya dizzy  
With the way he's keepin' busy  
With his "Eatin' Chains" an' "Agencies" an' all;  
When some deal he's not financin',  
Then he's off somewhere romancin',  
An' ya wonder how there's time for playin' ball.

For it's Joe, Joe, Joe!  
A blonde is wavin' in the seventh row!  
Soon the grandstand will be shakin'  
From the passes you'll be makin'  
An' we don't mean playin' football, Broadway Joe!

## SKIS

I think that I have come to see  
The reason why most people ski;  
It's not the snow upon the hills;  
It's not the turns, the jumps, the spills;  
It's not the riding in the lift;  
It's not collapsing in a drift;  
The skiing bit is just a dodge  
For making out inside the lodge.





ble dribbles. Let us thrill to the roar of the crowd and the smell of the locker-room. In other words, let us introduce the following article, mainly . . .

# RDEN OF VERSES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## THE SPORTSMAN'S HOUR

Between the dusk and the evening,  
When the viewing is starting to sour,  
Comes a tedious ABC program  
That is known as the Sportsman's Hour.

I see on the Zenith before me,  
In forests and valleys and lakes,  
Celebrities hunting and fishing  
Twixt eighteen commercial breaks.

Jim Nabors is gunning for penguin;  
Jack Lemmon is clubbing a snail;  
And out in the woods Ernest Borgnine  
Is having it out with a quail.

Rod Taylor is shooting a marmot;  
Dean Martin can't focus to aim;  
And off in Iraq Fred MacMurray  
Is stalking a hamster that's lame.



Chuck Connors is punching a herring;  
Al Hirt is repelling a goose;  
And in the Canadian Rockies  
Curt Gowdy is boring a moose;

Despite all the shooting and killing,  
It gives me great comfort to know  
That though all the creatures get slaughtered,  
They don't have to watch the show.

## DOUBLEDAY

In Cooperstown did Doubleday  
The game of baseball once create;  
In pastures did the fielders play  
With splintered bats and balls like clay  
And pie-tins for home plate.

The early game was quite a thrill,  
Which made the local fans agree  
That though the players might lack skill  
And second base was on a hill,  
The game was fun to see.



The game has changed from days of yore,  
With sliders flying past each bat,  
With players hitting .204,  
And fifteen innings with no score,  
And dreadful things like that.

And now, much to the fans' dismay,  
An unearned run's a big attack;  
Which makes me sure if Doubleday  
Could see this boring game they play,  
He'd take the whole thing back.





## I MUST GO OUT TO THE TRACK AGAIN

I must go out to the track again  
to where the bangtails run;  
And all I ask is a horse with class  
that goes off at 4 to 1;  
And a Racing Form and a green tip sheet  
to help me with my picks;  
And my buddy Jerome who'll get the word  
in case there is a fix.



I must go out to the track again  
in time for the Second Race;  
And we'll lay fifty bills on Typhoon to win  
and a like amount to place;  
And the curses we'll yell when Typhoon runs last,  
for his race does not delight us;  
How could we know that in the stretch  
he'd come down with arthritis?

## LEW ALCINDOR

In the city of Milwaukee,  
Down the highway from Sheboygan,  
Dwelt the longest drink of water,  
And his name was Lew Alcindor,  
And he played the post of center  
For the pro team called the Bucks there,  
Who were formerly quite lousy,  
Being filled with second-raters;  
And he dwarfed the other players  
Did the long one Lew Alcindor,  
For he towered far above them,  
Standing taller than the elm tree,  
Standing taller than the redwood,  
Even taller than the giant  
Known as Chamberlain the Laker;  
And the long one Lew Alcindor  
Learned to stuff the two-point basket,  
Learned to grab the tricky rebound,  
Learned to jostle in the pivot,  
Learned to elbow Knicks and Celtics  
When the referees weren't looking;  
But the one thing he was learning,  
Which impressed the other players,  
Yes, the one thing he was learning,  
More important than the stuff-shot,  
More important than the rebound,  
More important than the pivot,  
Was the way to sign a contract  
For a nifty million dollars.





## ON THE ROAD TO BALTIMORE

Down the old New Jersey Turnpike  
past the booth that takes the tolls,  
There's a baseball team a 'playin'  
that they call the Or-i-oles;  
For the Birds have lost the Big One,  
like the mighty Colts before;  
An' it always seems to happen  
When you play for Baltimore!

When you play for Baltimore,  
There's an awful fate in store!  
Can't you hear the champagne poppin'  
ev-ry place but Baltimore!  
On the road to Baltimore  
Where the teams lose more an' more,  
It's no wonder it's the town  
that all the New York fans adore!



## COME BOWL WITH ME

Come bowl with me this evening, dear,  
And we will kill twelve cans of beer;  
We'll join the others on the team  
And eat three quarts of peach ice cream,  
And in between each frame we bowl  
We'll have a burger on a roll,  
A dozen hot-dogs, sacks of fries,  
A meatball and two apple pies;  
Come bowl with me, you really should—  
The exercise will do us good!



## THE HOMETOWN GOALIE

Under the spreading hockey net  
The hometown goalie squats;  
His brow is creased with purple welts  
From taking head-high shots,  
And his battered ears remind us of  
A Boy Scout's granny knots.

A row of scars conceal a face  
That sparkled once with youth;  
And as he squats he contemplates  
The ever-present truth,  
That soon some puck may extricate  
His one remaining tooth.

One eye is blue and crossed and glazed,  
The other reddish plaid;  
And though his nose is flattened out,  
You'll never see him sad;  
He knows that for a first-year man  
He doesn't look too bad.







MAJOR HAWKS

# HAWKS & DOVES



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES



Jaffee



Hey, gang! It's "Vacation Time" again...which means that "Vacation Resorts" are advertising like crazy again, too. And so, in order to keep you from being conned, thereby avoiding anger, resentment and disappointment when selecting a place for Summertime Fun, MAD now presents a simple course in

# HOW TO READ A RESORT AD

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: GILBERT BARNHILL

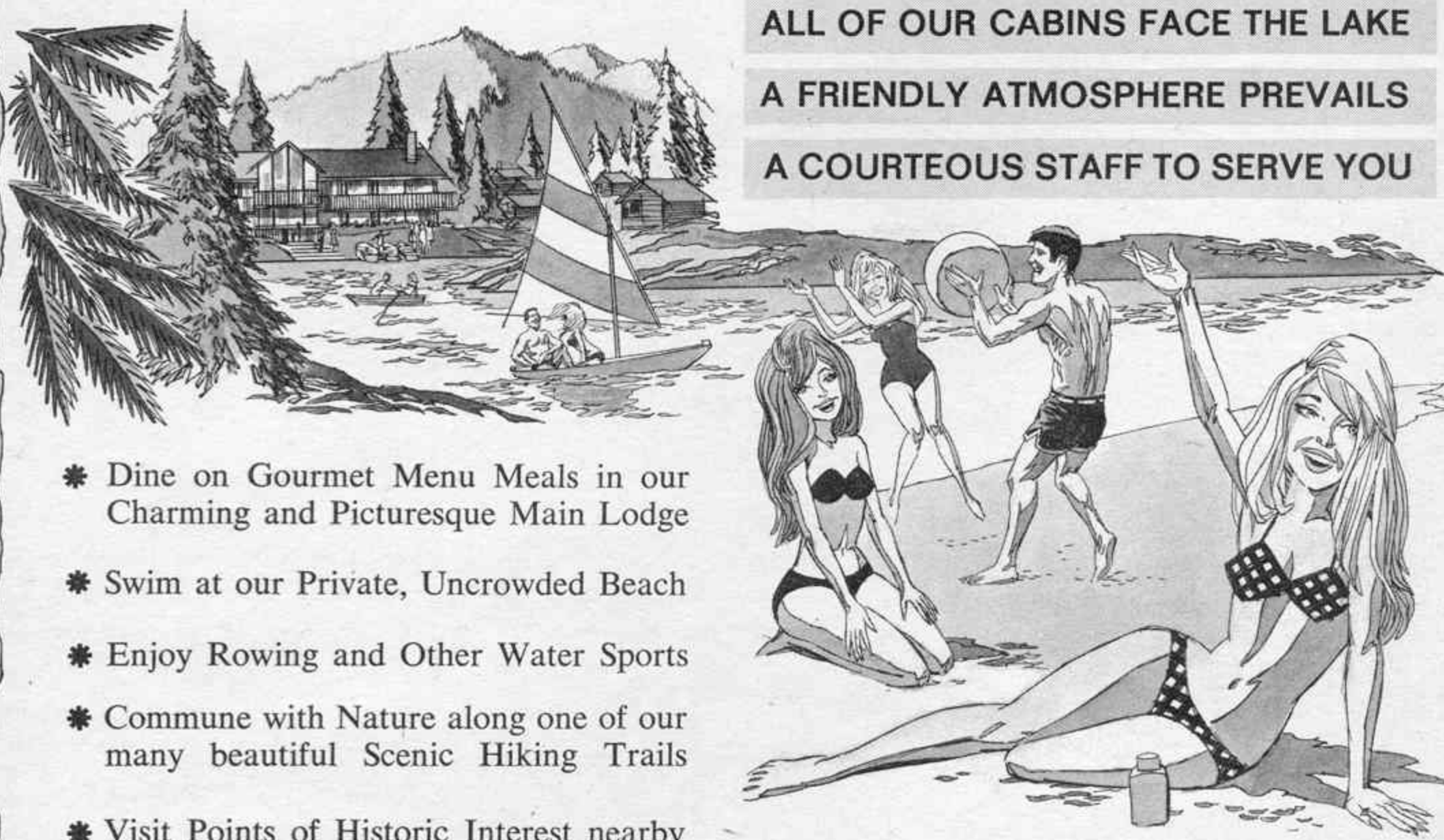
*Come spend some peaceful, restful days at...*

## Paradise In The Pines

ALL OF OUR CABINS FACE THE LAKE

A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE PREVAILS

A COURTEOUS STAFF TO SERVE YOU



- \* Dine on Gourmet Menu Meals in our Charming and Picturesque Main Lodge
- \* Swim at our Private, Uncrowded Beach
- \* Enjoy Rowing and Other Water Sports
- \* Commune with Nature along one of our many beautiful Scenic Hiking Trails
- \* Visit Points of Historic Interest nearby

PARADISE in the PINES is easy to find—just follow the signs!

THE ABOVE IS A TYPICAL RESORT AD. NOW,  
TURN THE PAGE FOR MAD'S ASTUTE ANALYSIS!





## peaceful, restful days



The freight trains only run on the tracks behind your cabin at night!

## ALL OF OUR CABINS FACE THE LAKE



... which is a good two miles down the road!

## Dine on Gourmet Menu Meals



... except that we're always out of everything on the menu but the Hamburger and the "Chef's Surprise"!

## Charming and Picturesque Main Lodge



It hasn't been painted or repaired for years!

## Commune with Nature



We're plagued with spiders and wasps!

## Scenic Hiking Trails



... to the "Johns", other facilities, and the fancy resort next door!



## A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE PREVAILS



The cabins are only five feet apart!

## Swim at our Private, Uncrowded Beach



It's "Uncrowded" because the water's polluted!

## Visit Points of Historic Interest nearby



Mainly, "Souvenir Stands" and other "Tourist Traps"

## A COURTEOUS STAFF TO SERVE YOU



If you can find one of them!

## Enjoy Rowing and Other Water Sports



Mostly after the frequent flash floods!

## easy to find—just follow the signs!



They're all along the "old" highway!



# DOING IT UP "BROWN" DEPT.

One of the very few bright spots on TV these days are the "Charlie Brown Specials." Since these programs score way up there in the ratings, the networks have been bugging "Peanuts" creator, Charles Schulz, to make "Charlie Brown" into a weekly series. So far, he's resisted because he knows it's

## IF "PEANUTS" WERE

### YOUNG DOCTOR BROWN



### PEANUT SQUAD





impossible to maintain high standards while grinding out a show a week (as Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis, and a host of others have discovered!). We hope that Mr. Schulz continues to hold out, because if he doesn't, we can just imagine some of the typical mediocre TV formats he might be forced to adopt

# A WEEKLY TV SERIES

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





## PEANUTS PLACE

Hi! I'm just a girl from a small mining town in the West who thinks she can find happiness in this big bustling city!

Take my advice, girl from a small mining town in the West, and hop the next train back to that small mining town in the West...

... because, although this appears to be a typical, happy suburb of a big, bustling city, beneath its surface lies a cesspool of twisted emotions and dark, shameful secrets!

Sounds keen! But tell me—Why do you carry that blanket?

I've got a problem! Here in Peanuts Place, we ALL have problems! F'rinstance, in that house lives a mysterious redhaired girl that nobody's ever seen! And that's the town's schizo Beagle who thinks he's a World War I flying ace! And—



## CHARLIE BROWN, ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSELESS

I'm worried, Linus! That jury looks pretty grim!

There's nothing to be worried about, Charlie Brown!

Besides! Why are YOU worried?! You're only the Lawyer! I'm the one who's on trial!

I know! But I've never won a case, and I'm beginning to lose the ol' confidence!

Ladies and gentlemen... and —uh—dogs of the jury, I ask you to find my client... uh—mmm—find him—uh—

Good grief, Charlie Brown! NOT GUILTY!!



## THE CHUCK BROWN SHOW

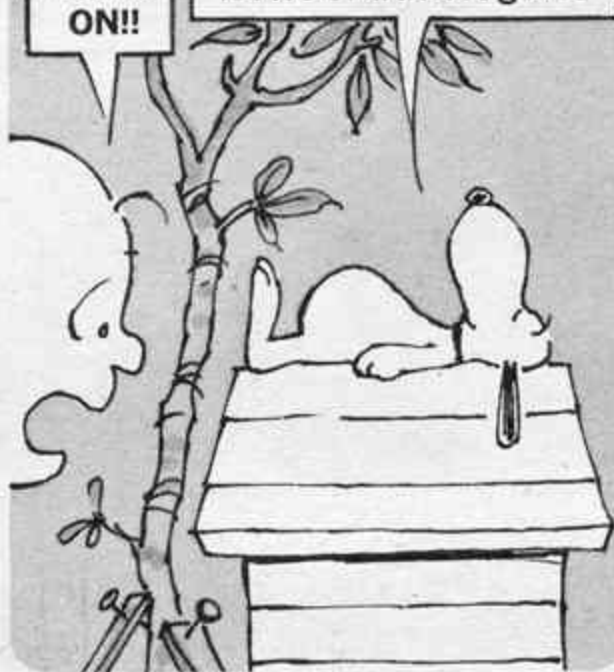
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! We've got a **really big shoo** for you tonight! And now—direct from a record-breaking week at the Las Vegas Kennel Club—doing his famous "Autumn Leaves Dance"—let's hear it for Snoopy Beagle!

Pssst! Snoopy! Wake up! You're ON!!

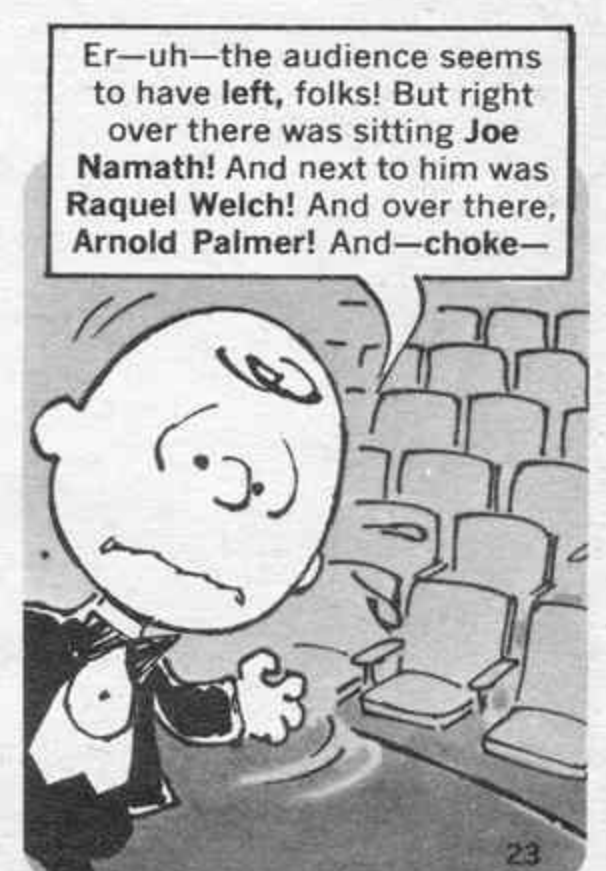
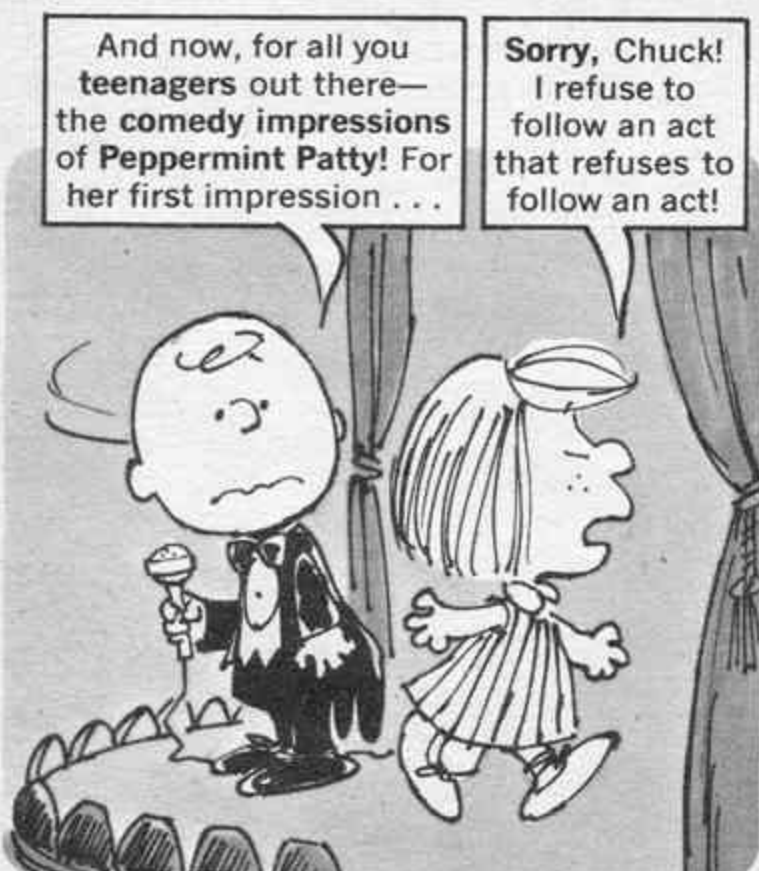
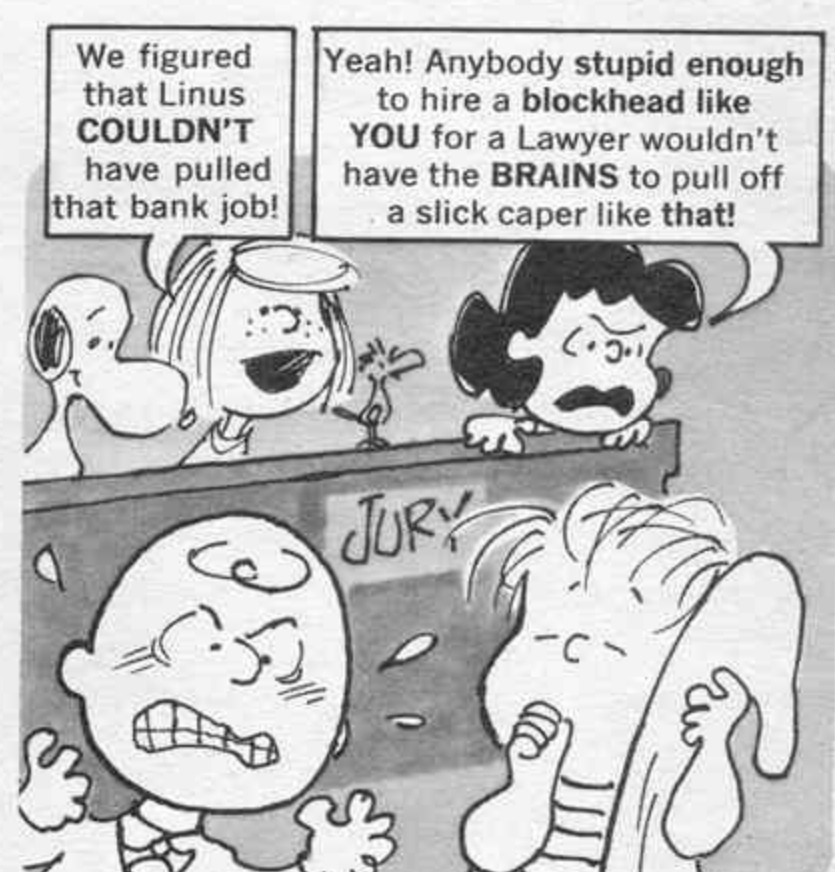
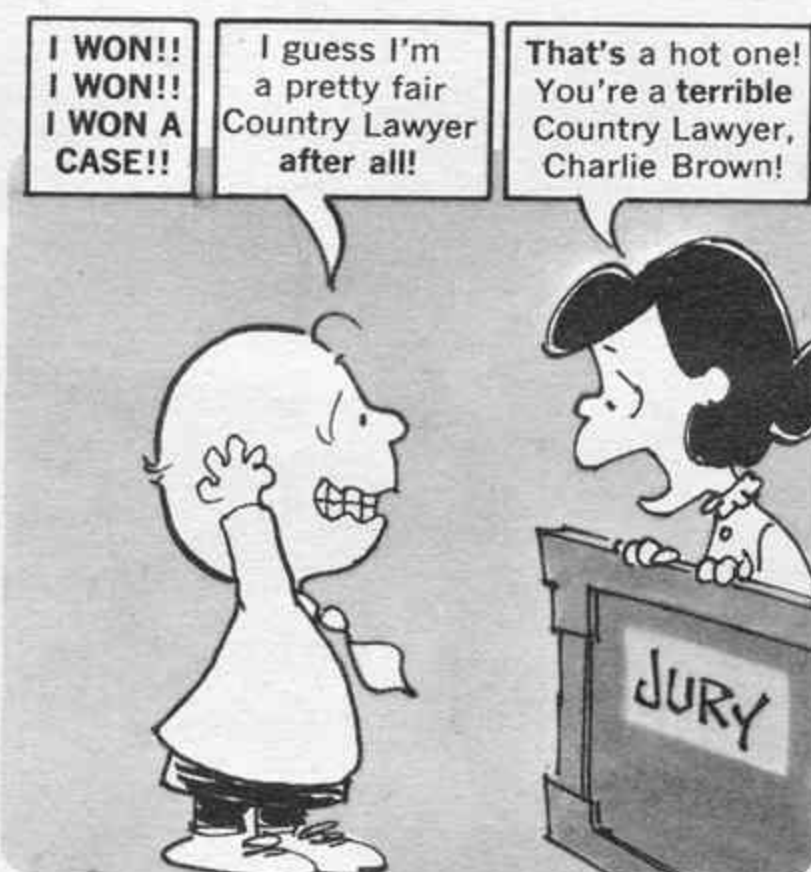
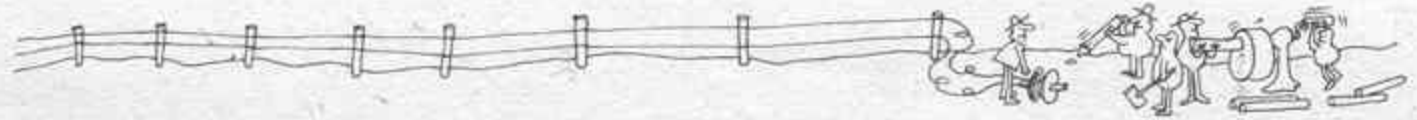
Doesn't that blockhead realize that this is my interpretation of a **dead leaf**? Oh, where have the lovers of true art gone?

And now, the truly magnificent voice of **Lucy Van Pelt** singing "On The Road To Mandalay"... accompanied on the piano by the magic fingers of **Schroeder**...

Forget it! I'm not following any stupid animal act!











This fall the major networks will once again announce their new programs for the upcoming season. And, if things go as expected, once again we will be subjected to the same contrived drivel. Well, no need to read those countless TV press

# MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE

## TV PRE NEWSPAP

1

"Make Room For Wamba"  
"The Floating Rabbi"  
"Bachelor Midget"  
"The Swinging Grannie"  
"Nutsy"  
"The Talking Hamster"  
"My Six Call Girls"  
"The Hippie Cop"  
"I Dream Of Rover"  
"Catskill Romeo"  
"The Chicken Pluckers"  
"The Furds of Phoenix"

2

on NBC  
on CBS  
on ABC  
sometime  
for no particular reason  
and be dropped  
with luck  
in towns starting with B  
once, thank God,  
and be turned off  
before unsuspecting viewers  
like a dozen others

A new situation comedy, 1  
season. The show deals with the 3  
who is 6 with 7  
series are 9 and 10  
is being filmed 12.

5

widower  
bachelor  
millionaire  
Venusian  
junkie  
basset hound  
hair dresser  
spy  
Siamese twin  
Hungarian  
pants presser  
slum lord

6

living  
trapped  
going berserk  
trying to make out  
bored  
fed up  
infatuated  
rooming  
getting smashed  
selling drygoods  
getting his kicks  
doing strange things

7

his ex-wife  
five children  
his accountant  
three grandmothers  
a trained ocelot  
a child prodigy  
a small rash  
a flute player  
his overcoat  
a leaking faucet  
an under-age hired killer  
himself

8

Manhattan  
a typical small town  
Greenwich Village  
suburbia  
his office  
the Army  
a time-space continuum  
Macy's  
his closet  
the grass  
a pet shop  
a previous life



releases that will be run in your daily paper. Because MAD now presents one news story to take the place of the dozens you'll be reading. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and satisfy yourself with . . .

# WE DO-IT-YOURSELF

## MIERE ER STORY

\_\_\_\_, will premiere \_\_\_\_\_ (2) \_\_\_\_\_ this  
 of \_\_\_\_\_ (4) \_\_\_\_\_ (5) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ (8) \_\_\_\_\_ Starring in the  
 \_\_\_\_\_. Based on \_\_\_\_\_ (11) \_\_\_\_\_, the series

3

adventures  
 love  
 bungling  
 strange yearnings  
 sex life  
 time warp  
 bad breath  
 hallucinations  
 pension plan  
 sinus problem  
 reincarnation  
 nothing life

4

a fatherless  
 a childless  
 a happy-go-lucky  
 an undersized  
 a bearded  
 an 11-year-old  
 a devout  
 a left-handed  
 an effeminate  
 a conservative  
 an absent-minded  
 a balding



9

Brian Keith  
 Walter Brennan  
 Jim Backus  
 Forrest Tucker  
 Don DeFore  
 Gig Young  
 William Demarest  
 Mike Connors  
 Gale Gordon  
 Marshall Thompson  
 the producer's brother  
 the sponsor's father

10

June Lockhart  
 Lee Meriwether  
 Patty Duke  
 Marlo Thomas  
 Irene Ryan  
 Tina Louise  
 Barbara Eden  
 a 607 computer  
 his current girl-friend  
 the producer's sister  
 the sponsor's daughter  
 Girl Scout Troop 24

11

the best-selling novel  
 the acclaimed movie  
 the Broadway show  
 one joke  
 two jokes  
 a Salem commercial  
 13 previous TV comedies  
 a nothing idea  
 a gypsy prophecy  
 a rejected "Lucy" script  
 the sponsor's boyhood  
 the life of Warren Harding

12

in Hollywood  
 in New York  
 on a Cleveland sidewalk  
 in a Spokane warehouse  
 in three days  
 with real cameras  
 on a lark  
 on a fake set  
 by scab labor  
 in desperation  
 under an assumed name  
 as cheaply as possible



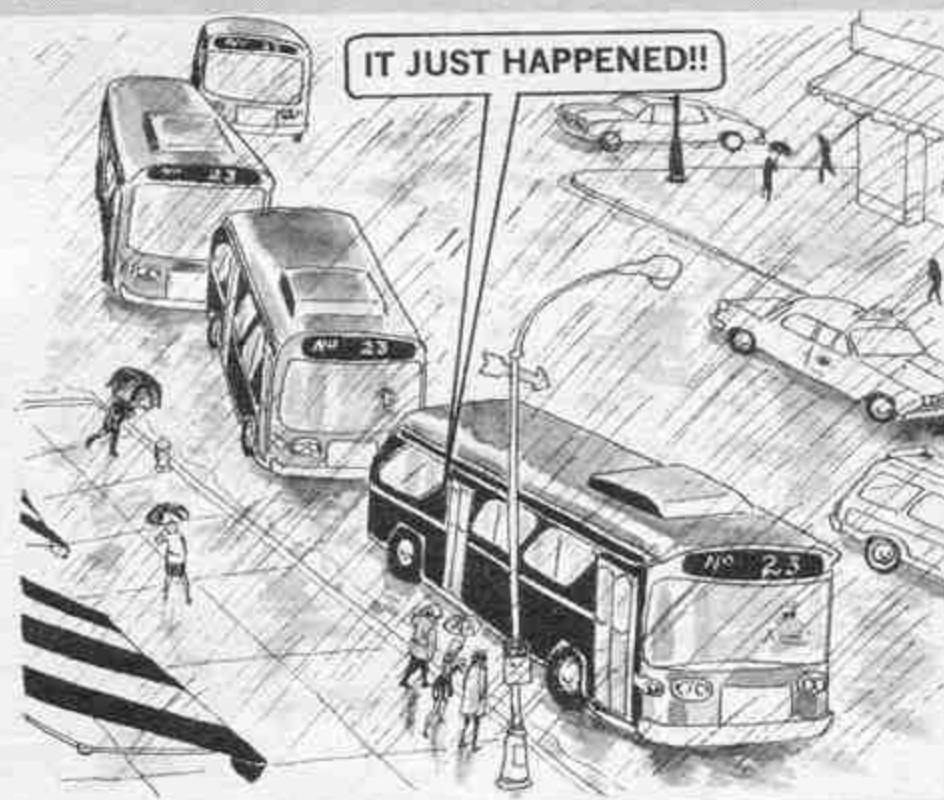
# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# TRANS



What am I doing, giving a lift to a perfect stranger?! After all, I'm a father and a husband! I've got responsibilities! He could be a dope fiend! He could hold me up, or bash me over the head, or ...

What am I doing, asking for a lift from a perfect stranger?! After all, I've got my whole life ahead of me! He could be some kind of nut, or pervert! He could pull a knife, or ...







# PORTATION

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





ANOTHER ONE?!? Every fifteen minutes, there's another Toll Booth... and another quarter!!

Look here, Officer! I happen to know that these Toll Booths have collected enough money to pay for this highway and its maintenance several times over!!

Now, you're paying for the maintenance of these Toll Booths!!



That's very true!



Melvin Kowz—nof—ski!

What in heck are you doing?

Memorizing the Cab Driver's name! My mother told me to always do that! Then, if I forget something in the Cab, I'll know who to call!

Ahh, how often do you forget something in a Cab?!

I forget something EVERY TIME!!

Really? What did you forget this time?

The same thing I forget every time! I forgot the Cab Driver's name again!



Did you hear about the new Trailer Camp they opened up about five miles down the road? It's a heckuva lot nicer than this place! I'm moving down there!

Really? I'm going, too!

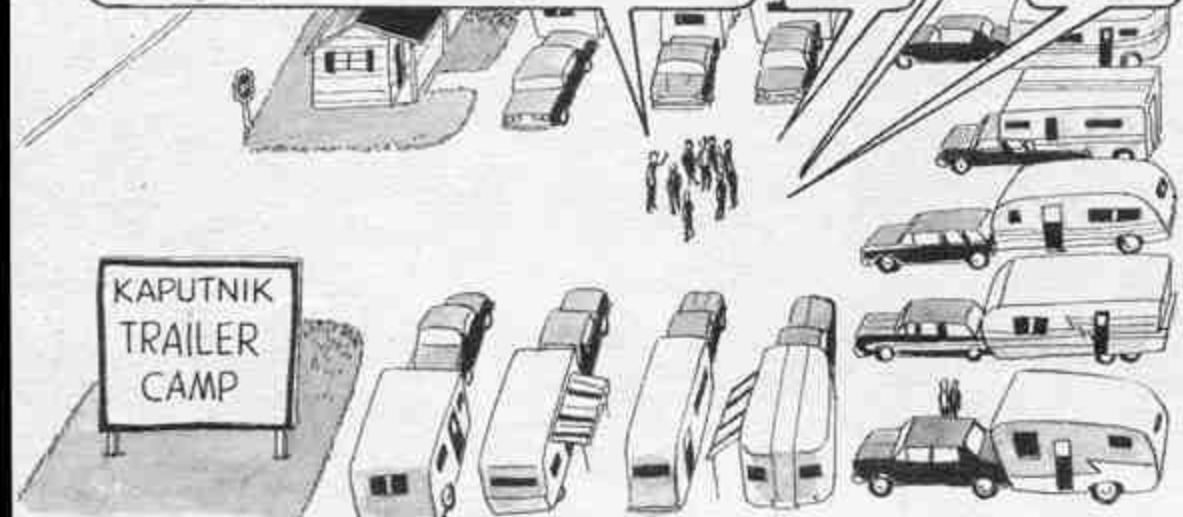
So am I!

Wait for me!

Well... there goes the neighborhood!!

KAPUTNIK TRAILER CAMP

KAPUTNIK TRAILER CAMP



This is a stickup! Let's have all the money!

I—I don't have any! And the farebox can only be unlocked by a special key they've got back at the depot!

Y-you see, we were being held up so much, they decided to completely eliminate the handling of money by us drivers!

Gee, I didn't know that!

In that case, le'me know when we get to 72nd Street! There's a Liquor Store job I can pull there! Uh—change this for me...

Gee, I'm sorry, but I can't! If you don't have the exact fare, you can't ride the bus!

WHAT'S THIS COUNTRY COMING TO WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN COUNT ON PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION TO GET TO WORK WITH ANY MORE?!?





Hey, LOOK!!  
There's a  
**PARKING  
SPACE!!**

You're right!  
That sure is  
a parking  
space!

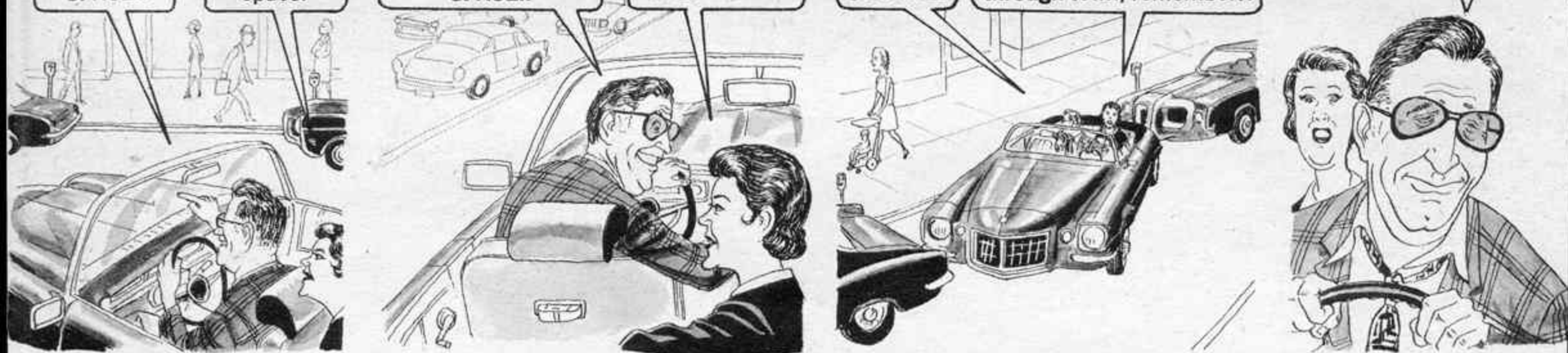
**I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT! I ACTUALLY  
FOUND A PARKING  
SPACE!!**

So now that you  
found it, what  
are you going  
to do with it??

Why . . .  
**PARK IN  
IT, OF  
COURSE!!**

Great! Now that you've  
parked in it, what **GOOD**  
is it? We're only passing  
through town, remember?!

I know! But for a  
minute there, I was  
really living!



I'll take a long, slow boat trip  
to a fast but dangerous and  
terrifying plane trip **ANY** day!

You couldn't get **ME** up in a plane  
for anything! Imagine—hanging  
there in mid-air . . . held up by  
nothing but a blast of jet engine  
air that you can't even see!

Nosiree . . . when I go anywhere, I want the  
feeling of something good and solid under me!



You guys are  
crazy! Why  
don't you  
drive your  
cars in?  
It's faster!

Look, Bruce, if you  
want to fight traffic,  
be my guest! I'd rather  
take a train! That way  
I can relax and read  
my morning newspaper!

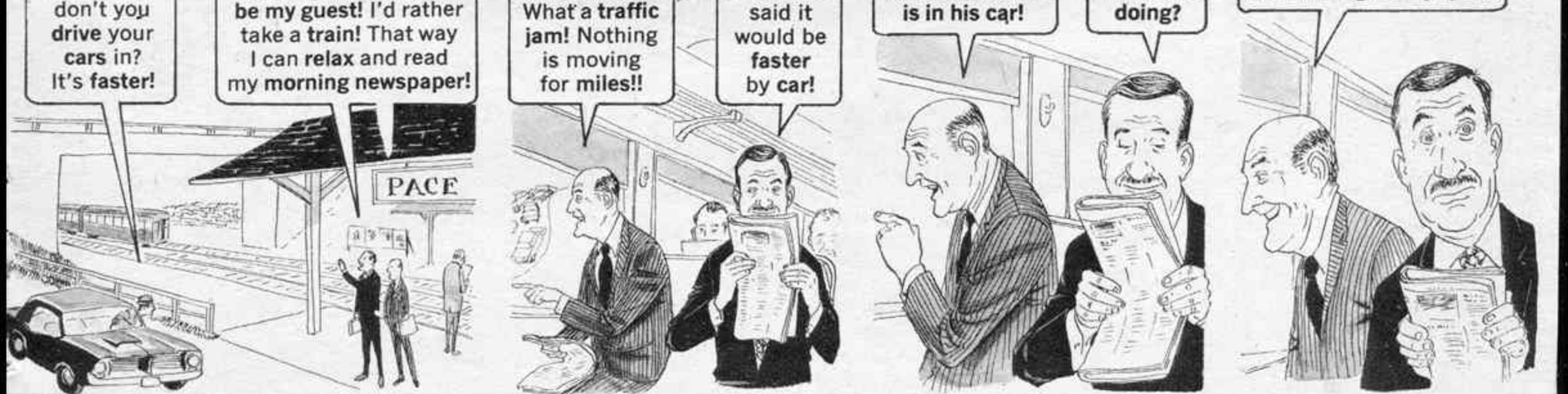
Wow! Look out  
the window!  
What a traffic  
jam! Nothing  
is moving  
for miles!!

**HAH!**  
And Bruce  
said it  
would be  
faster  
by car!

Hey, speaking of  
Bruce, there he  
is in his car!

Really?!  
What's he  
doing?

Relaxing . . . and reading  
his morning newspaper!!



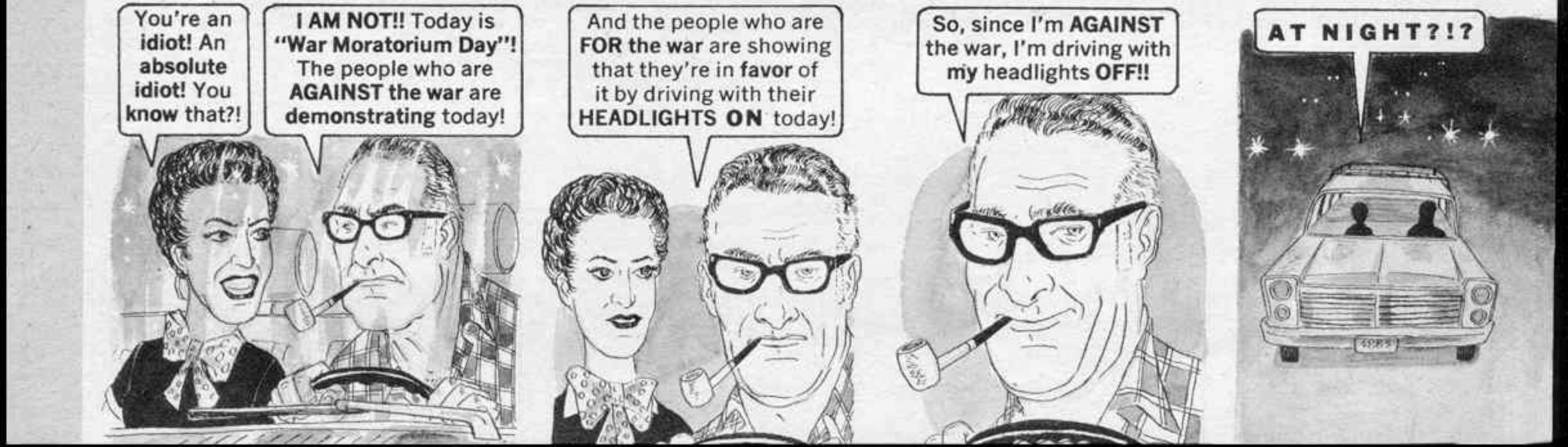
You're an  
idiot! An  
absolute  
idiot! You  
know that?!

**I AM NOT!!** Today is  
"War Moratorium Day"!  
The people who are  
**AGAINST** the war are  
demonstrating today!

And the people who are  
**FOR** the war are showing  
that they're in favor of  
it by driving with their  
**HEADLIGHTS ON** today!

So, since I'm **AGAINST**  
the war, I'm driving with  
my headlights **OFF!!**

**AT NIGHT?!?**





Er—I beg your pardon, Miss—but may I ask what that pin you're wearing stands for?

It stands for "Women's Liberation Movement"!

A small but vocal group of us women are demanding our civil rights! We are demanding equal job opportunities . . . equal pay . . . equal treatment under the law . . . in fact, equality in **EVERYTHING** with men!!

We're tired of being treated as second-class citizens by opinionated, selfish and inconsiderate men! And you're a prime example of the type!

The least you could do is get up and give me your seat!!



Just watch those lovely Stewardesses . . . the way they bring the drinks, and serve the food, and clean up afterwards! They're fantastic!

I'll say! Boy, would I like to have something like that at home!!

Fine! I'll be glad to arrange it!

I've been ASKING you for a maid for years!!



**HOLD IT!!**

What are you, crazy or something? Is it really worth it, running for a train like that? You could get a heart attack . . . or slip under the wheels! Everything with you guys in business is rush—rush—RUSH!!

You're right—puff-puff! My doctor told me the same thing—puff-puff! He said all this rushing around was ruining my health—puff—and I'd better take me a nice long vacation!

So what were you rushing for?

If I missed this train, I would've missed my plane to Miami Beach!

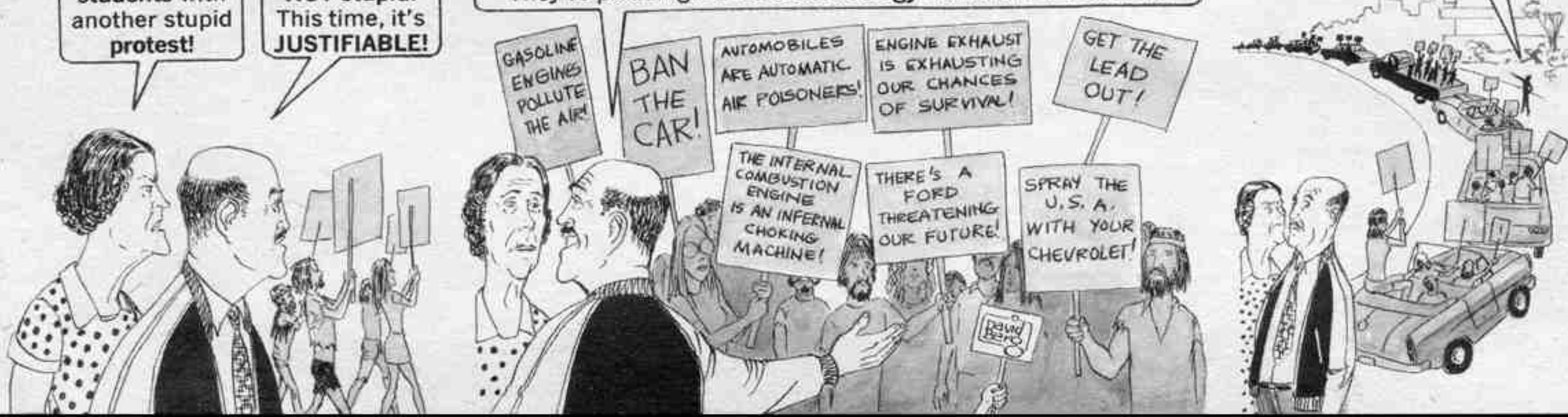


There go those crazy college students with another stupid protest!

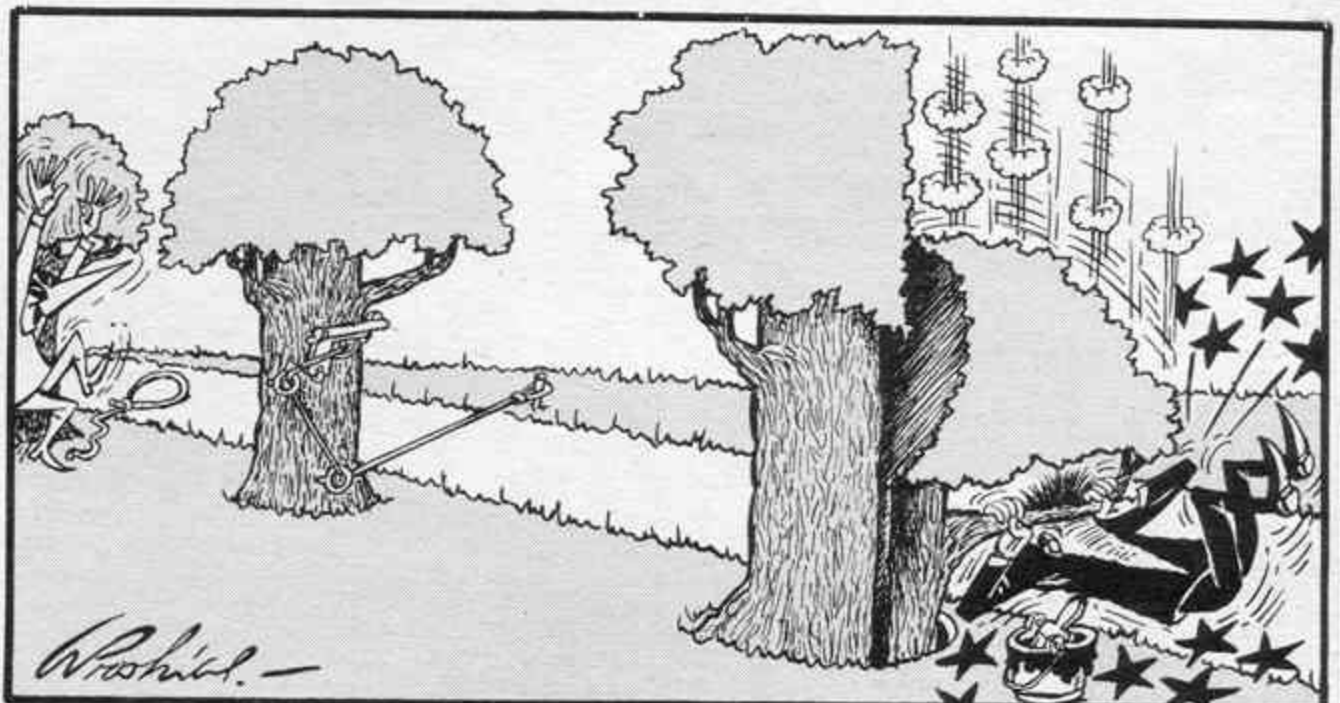
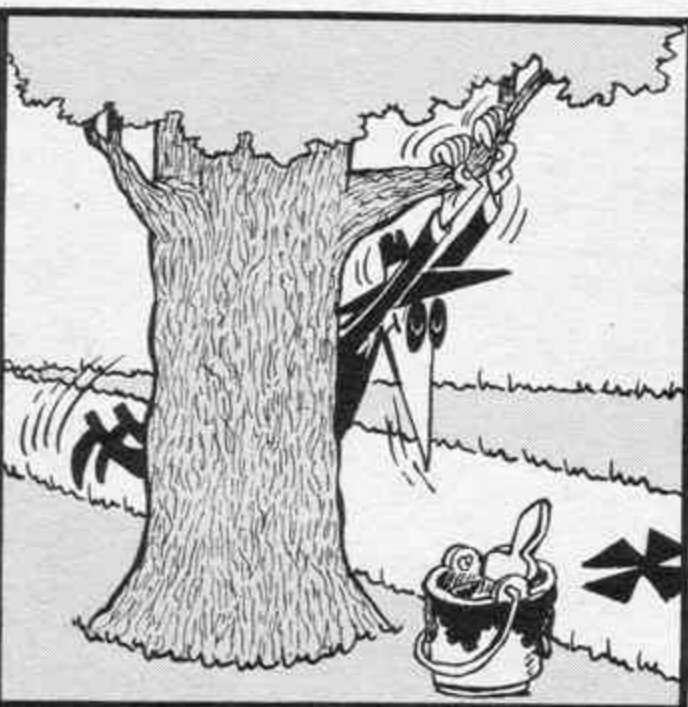
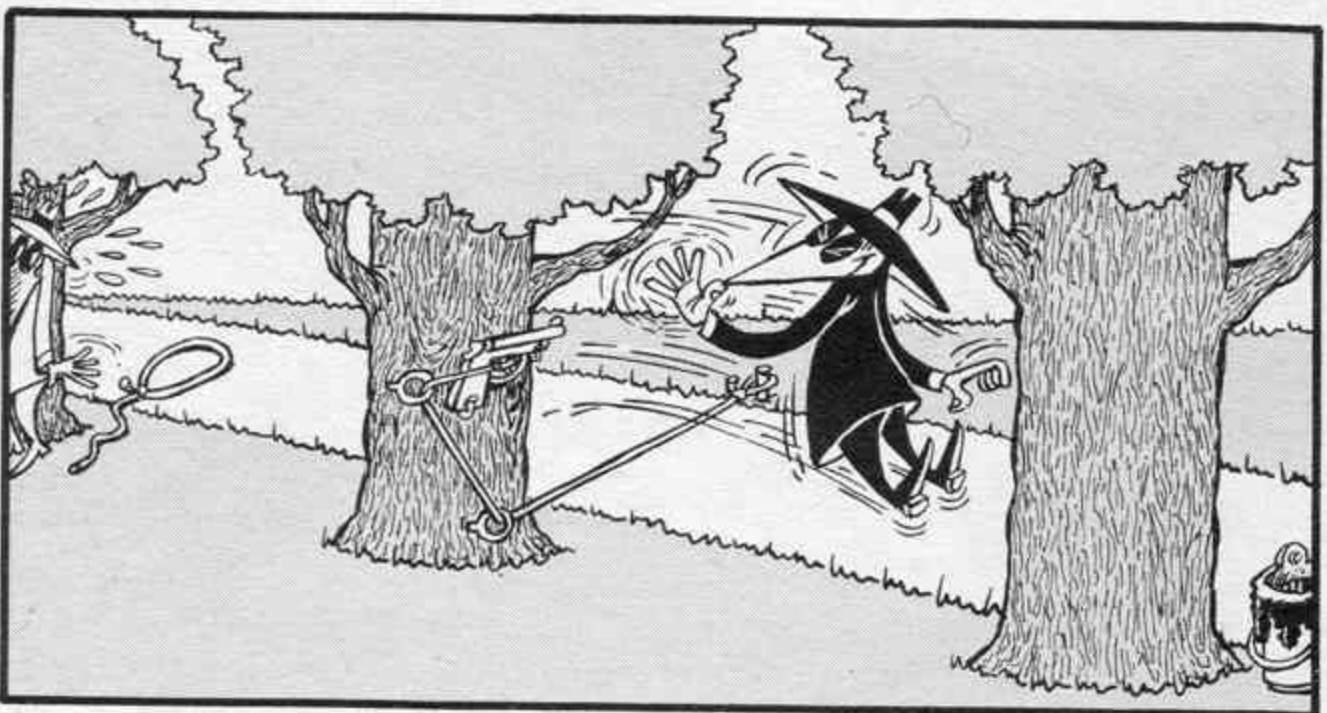
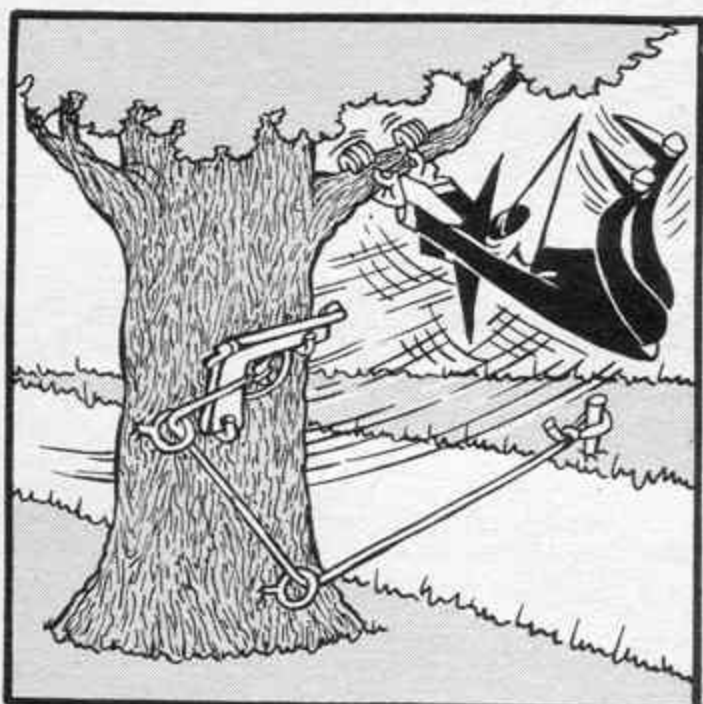
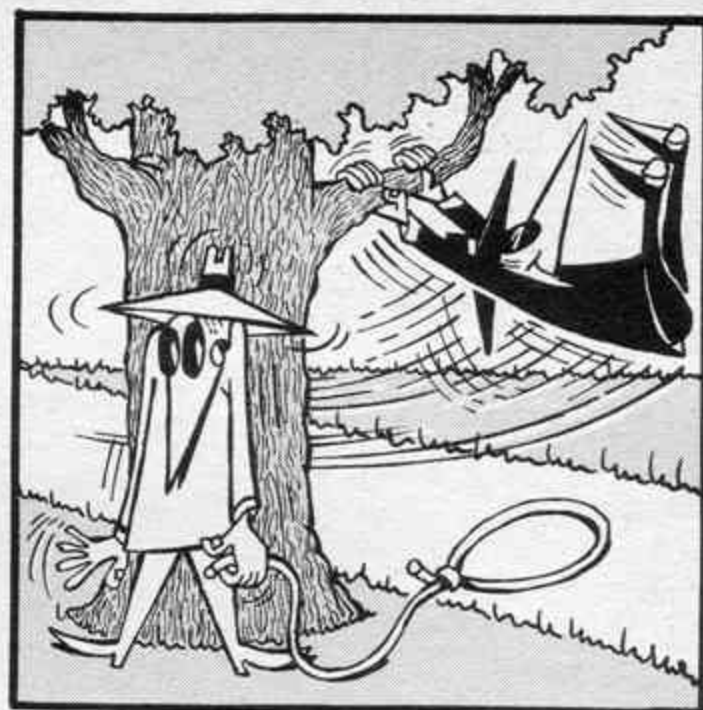
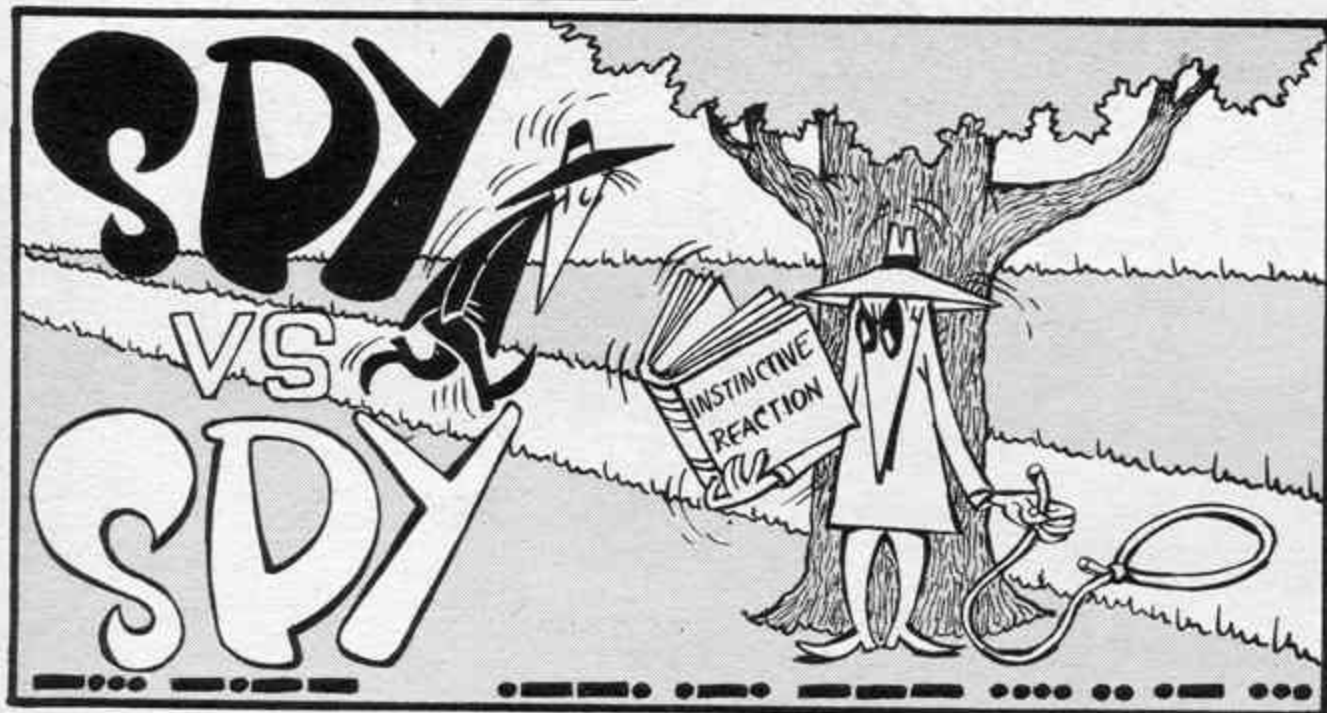
You're wrong! This time, it's **NOT** stupid! This time, it's **JUSTIFIABLE!**

They're demonstrating for something that's important to them—**AND** us! They're protesting the destruction of our environment! They're pleading for a decent ecology . . . before it's too late!

**OKAY... LET'S GET THE MOTORCADE ROLLING!!**









**SWEET-TALK DEPT.**

Ever since we published "The MAD Hate Book" a few issues back, we've been receiving an enormous trickle of mail which says (in essence): "Don't you clods know there's too much

# THE MAD 1

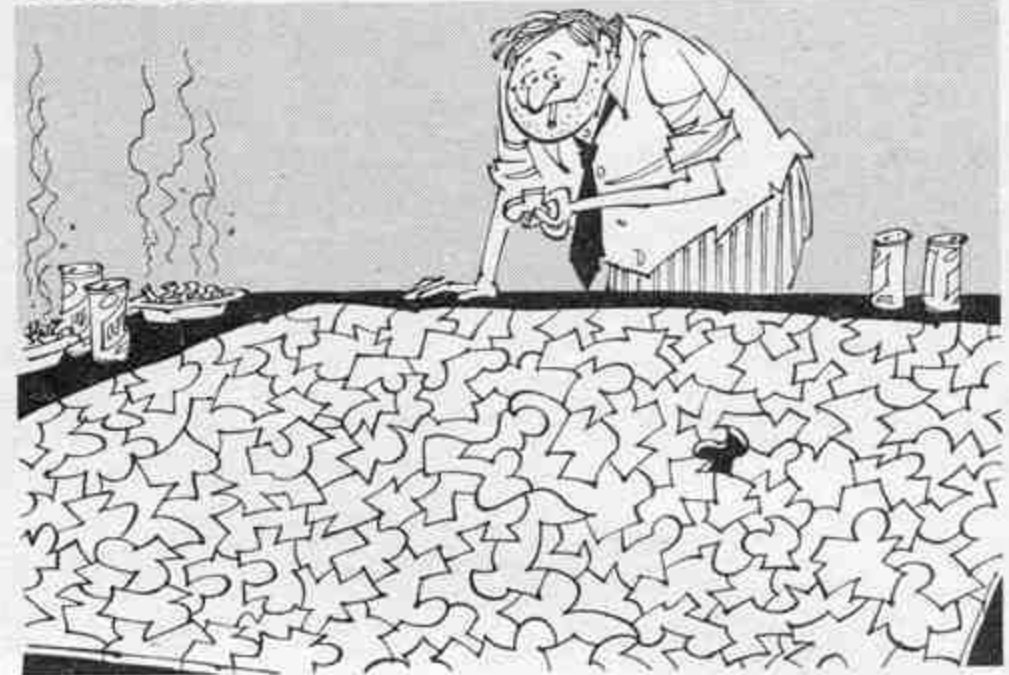
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... being pampered while sick in bed!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... finishing a picture puzzle!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



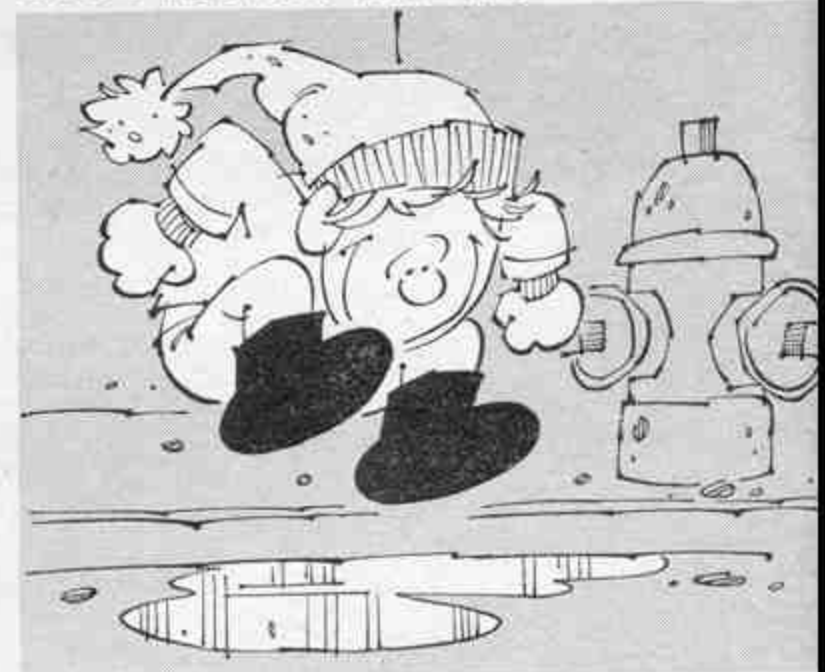
... finding money in a pay phone slot!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



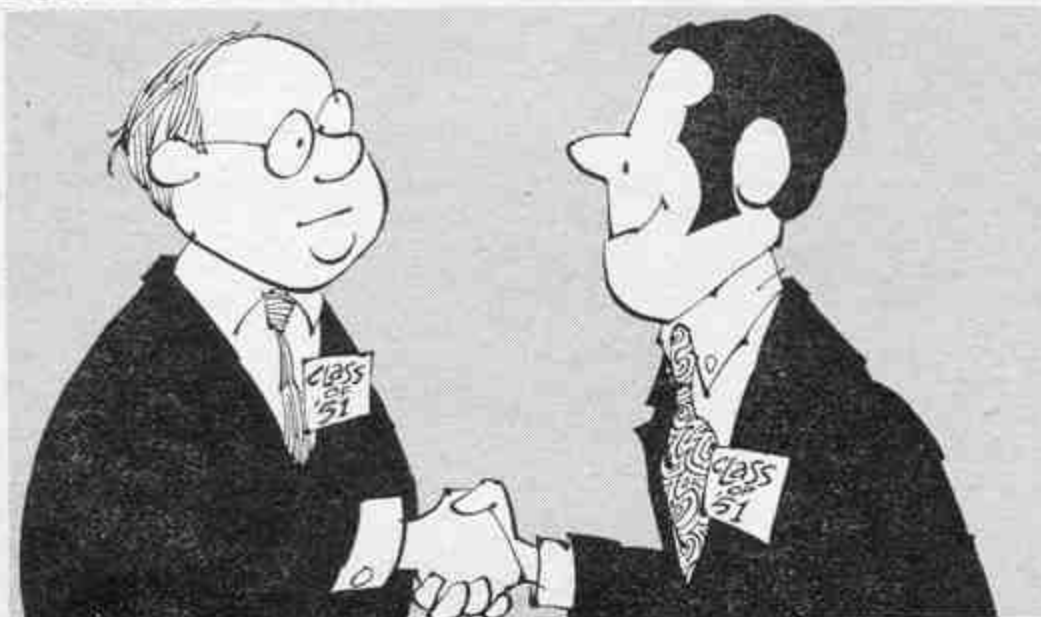
... having your back scratched!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... cracking the ice on puddles!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... meeting someone from your graduating class who looks much older than you!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... getting up early for school, and suddenly remembering it's Saturday!

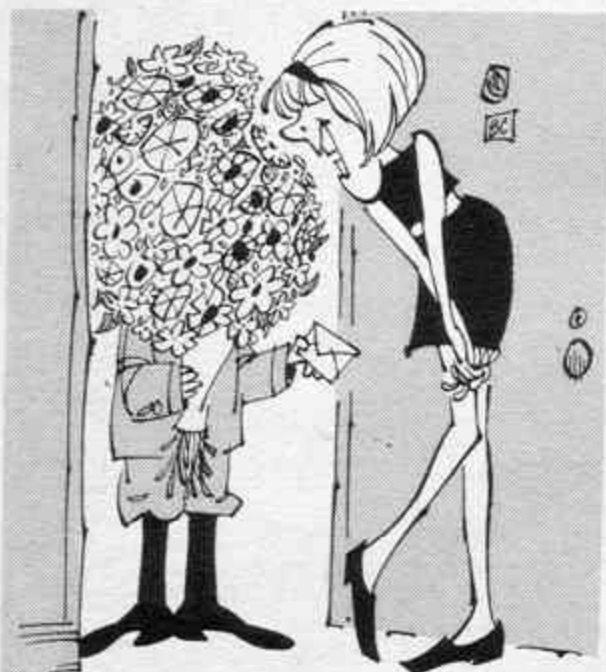


hate in the world? Stop emphasizing it! We hate you for it! Why not show the good things in life?" And so, after reflecting on some of life's sunnier moments, we now present...

# LOVE BOOK

WRITER: GEORGE HART

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... getting flowers!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



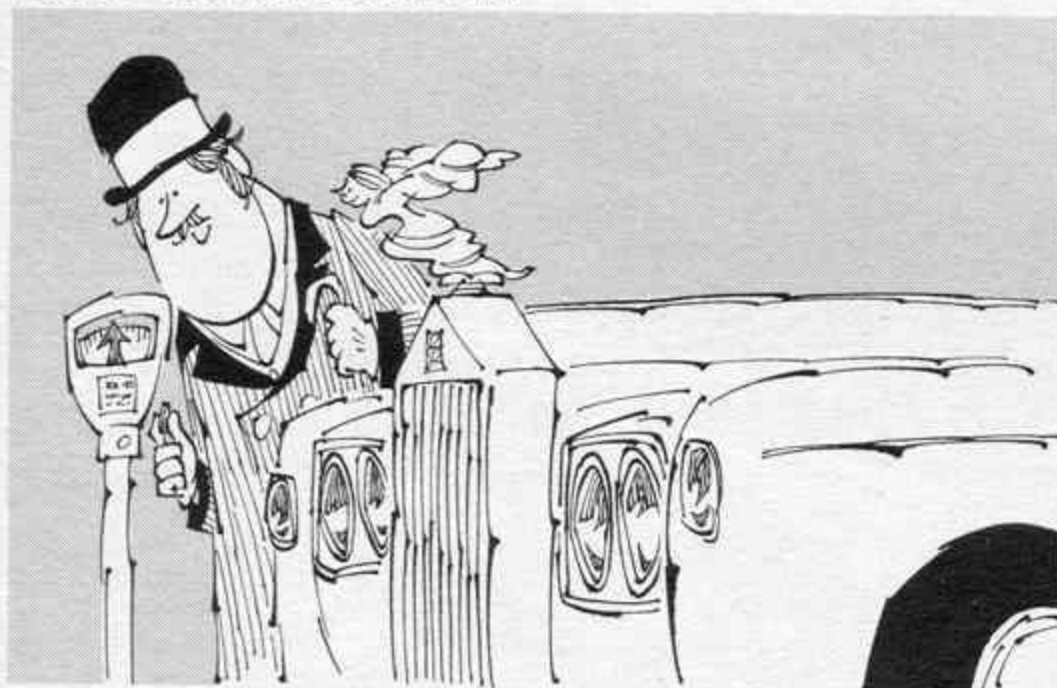
... making a good trade!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... getting a birthday card containing cash!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... finding a parking meter with time left on it!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



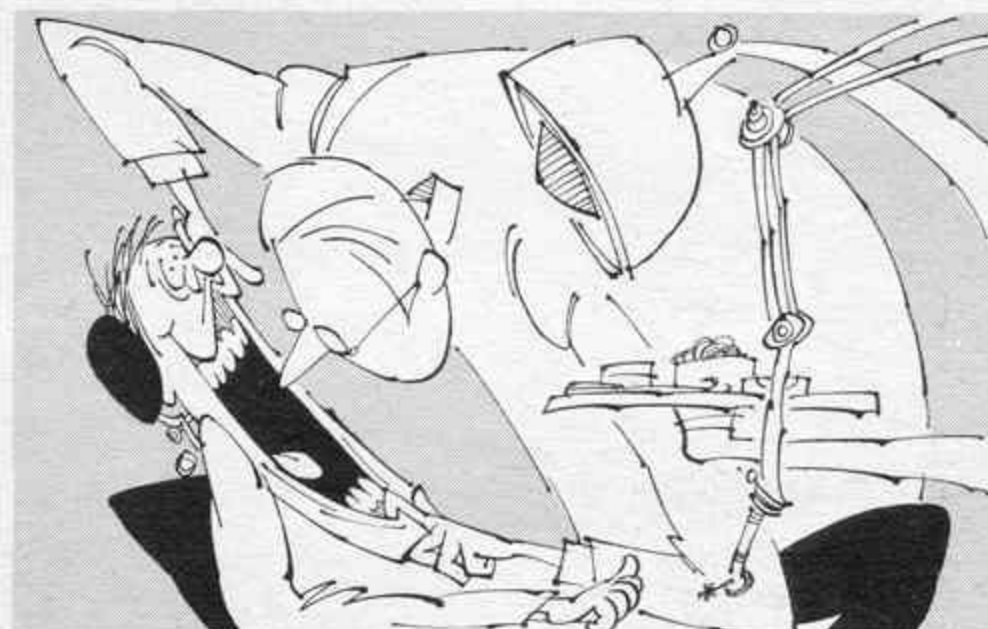
... having a good friend who's big!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... when your teacher gets sick on the day of the big test!

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...



... going to the dentist and being told all you need is a cleaning!



**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... the smell of a new car!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... reading your name in the newspaper!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... opening a jar no one else can!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... getting a free sample of something!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... discovering money in an old pocket!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... squishing mud through your toes!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



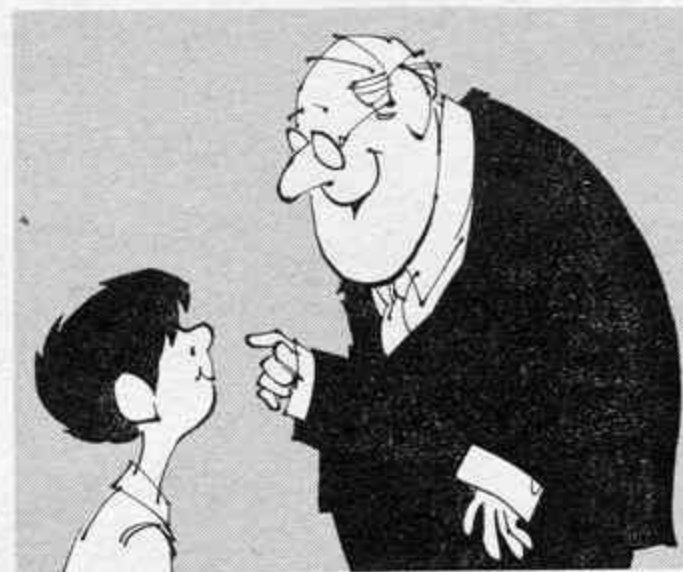
... getting a surprise in your lunch box!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... when nobody else wants  
the last piece of pizza!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**



... when told you look  
older than you really are!

**DON'T YOU JUST LOVE ...**

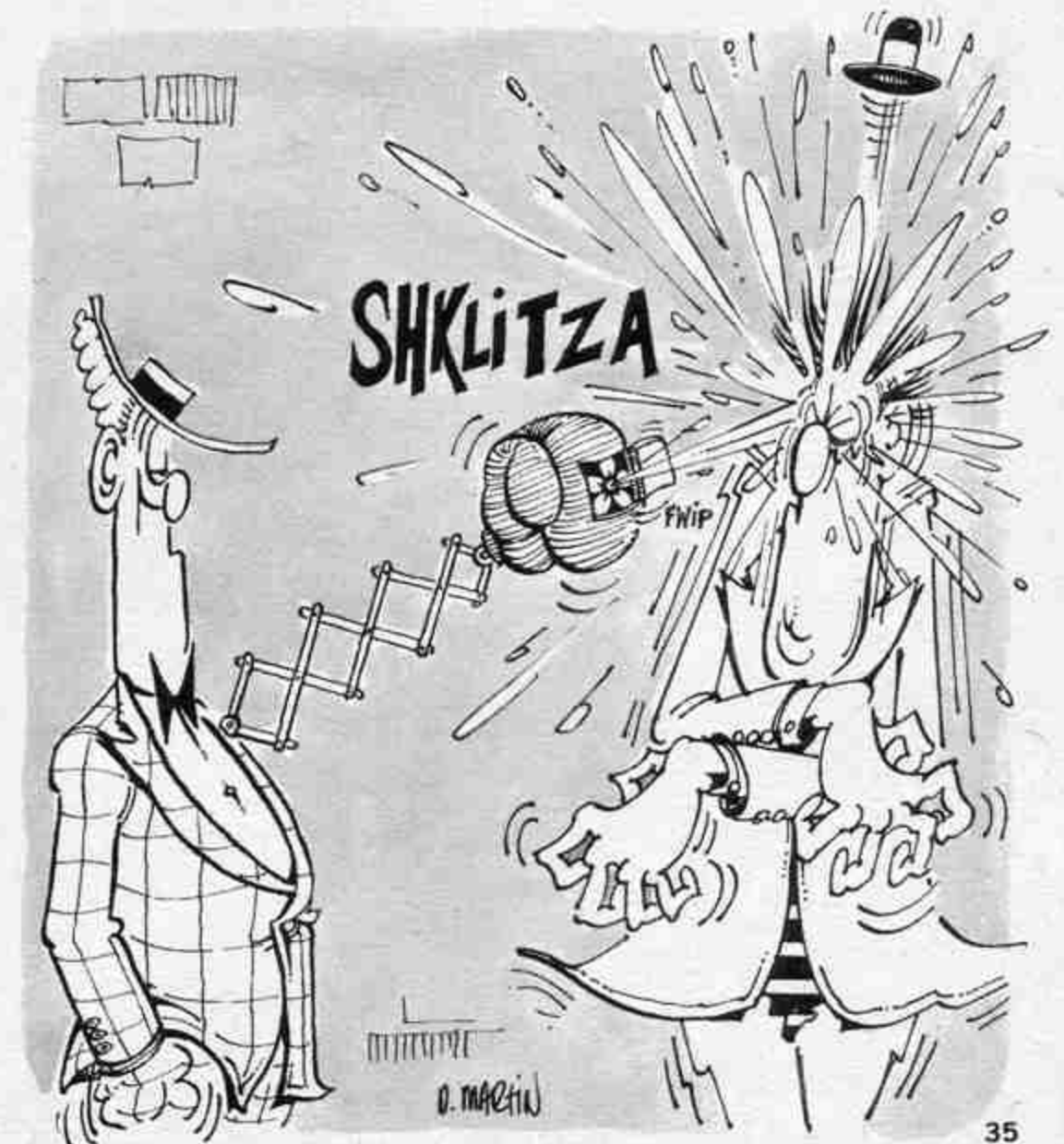
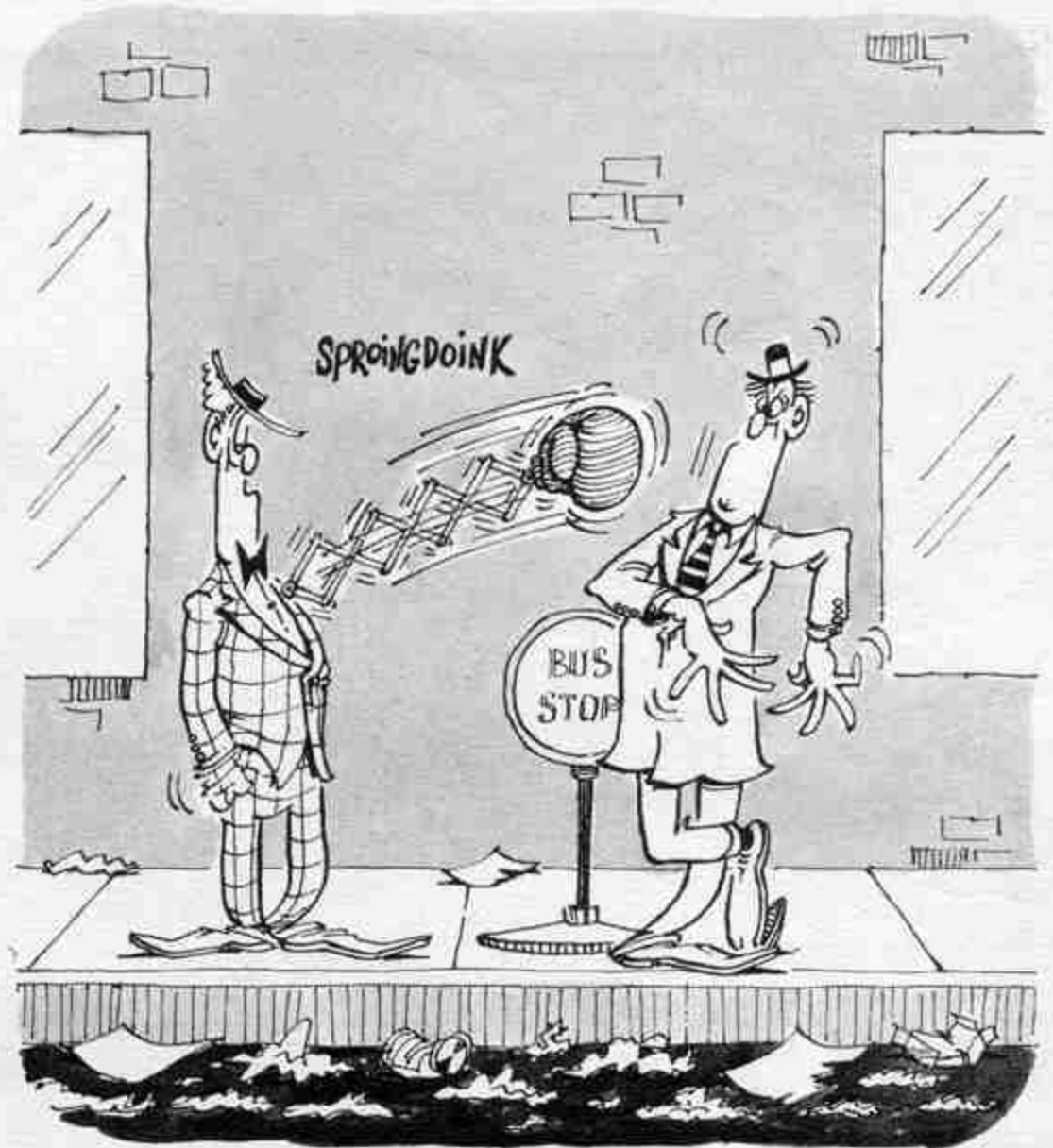
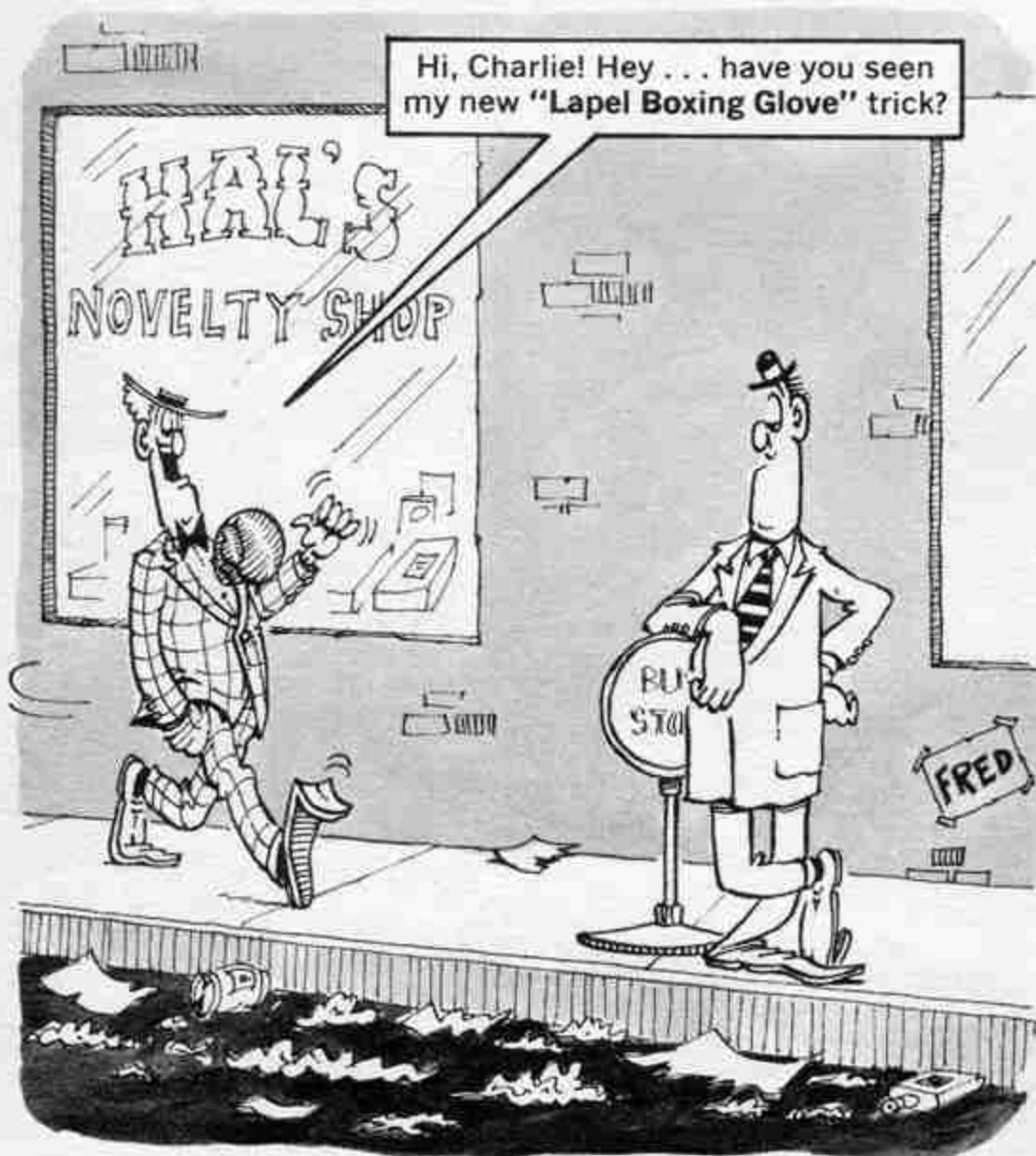


... being told you look  
younger than you really are!





# Once Again In Front Of A Novelty Shop





One of the most popular pastimes in this country today is "nostalgia". People seem to enjoy reminiscing about the past. And the largest group of reminiscers is the "over-30" crowd. Naturally, they're forever taking fond backward looks at the decade they grew up in . . . the 1930's. In fact, there must be hundreds of nostalgia books and nostalgia articles written about the 1930's . . . and they all go something like this . . .

# A NOSTALGIC LOOK AT THE THIRTIES



**H**ow many of you remember those wild, wonderful Thirties? That devil-may-care decade when students used to sit on flagpoles, or compete in marathon dances?

When knickers and button caps were in style for boys? When you used to put on a raccoon coat and take your best girl for a spin in a roadster with a rumble seat?

Who remembers "Wrong-Way" Corrigan? Remember when everyone was singing "*The Music Goes 'Round And 'Round*"? When those kooky Busby Berkeley musicals were so popular? When we all used to sit glued to our radios listening to Amos 'n Andy, Jack Armstrong and Eddie Cantor? Ah, those were the good old days!





Pretty boring, eh? Especially for you kids who weren't even born until 20 years or more afterwards. But it got us to thinking, and it suddenly hit us that there's a 50-50 chance that some of you teenagers out there may get to be "over 30" yourselves someday, and you'll be doing your own reminiscing about the decade you grew up in. So let's just project ourselves into the future, and see what "nostalgia" will be like—with—

# THOSE WONDERFUL SIXTIES!

A YEAR 2000  
BACKWARD LOOK  
AT A WARM AND  
WONDERFUL DECADE

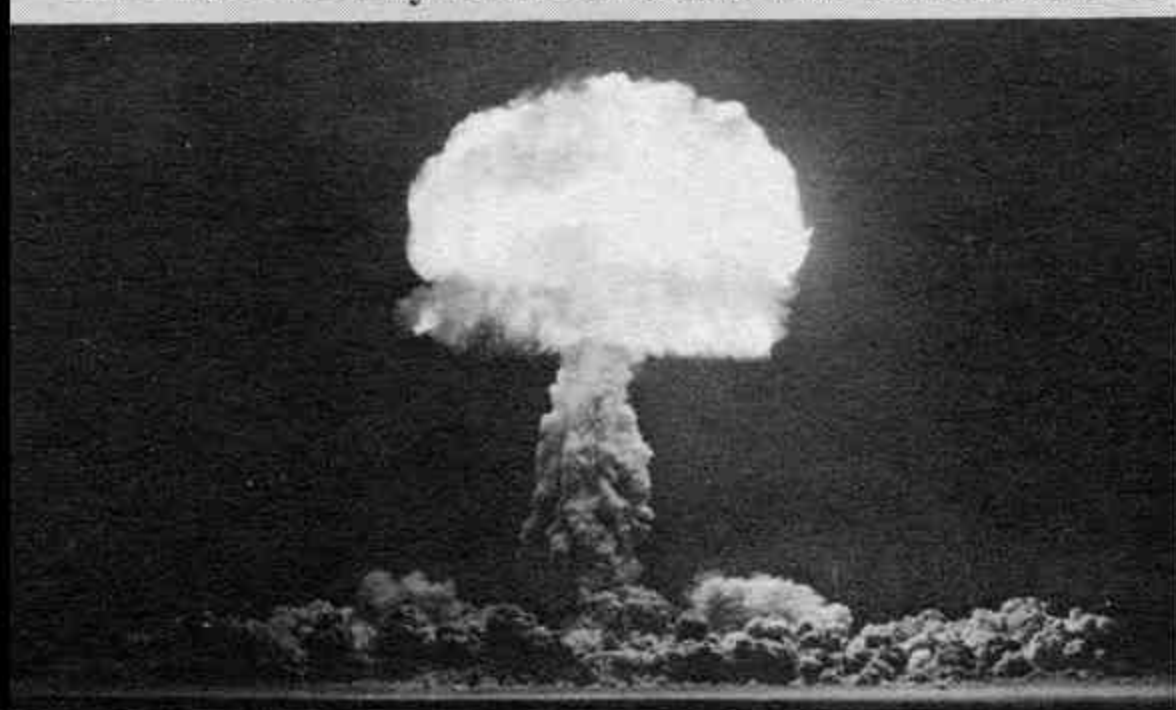


WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

PHOTOS BY: WIDE WORLD, U.P.I. & N.Y. DAILY NEWS



**Remember the funny mushroom clouds those H-Bombs made?**



**Wasn't it fun the way cars and factories polluted the air?**



**Remember the way jet planes used to make our ears go pop?**



**Remember Hippies and Yippies and the wild things they wore?**



Well, here it is the year 2000 and we're moving not only into a new century but into a new millenium. And yet as we move forward, many of us can't help looking backward at some of our fond memories of the past. For instance, how many of you can still recall those wild, warm, wacky, wonderful Sixties? What a decade! What do you say? Ready for a trip down Memory Lane?

### **Sights And Sounds of the Sixties**

Memories, memories. Ah, it seems like only yesterday when we were all kids living in those crazy 1960's, and it was just one nutty thing happening after another. Who remembers those kooky things called "H-Bombs" that used to go boom, boom, boom—over and under the ground? Remember how they made those goofy politicians and silly generals giggle so much? Remember the funny mushroom clouds they made? Who remembers milk? Remember the funny way it used to taste in those days? Why don't we drink milk anymore? What's happened to us?

Who remembers one of the Number One pastimes in those crazy days? Remember pollution? Remember how we used to say to each other, "Hey, gang, what do you say we go out and pollute?" Was that ever fun! Remember those silly little cars and those cockeyed factory smokestacks that used to do it so well. And remember those adorable oil wells? And those wonderful, mischievous guys who owned them? Remember their big kick: swallowing fish. Not gold fish, but tuna and mackerel and bass and *all* the marine life that got in the way of those nutty oil slicks. Were they ever a wild, crazy bunch!

Remember those big leafy things we used to call trees? Remember how those goofy builders used to come along and bop them? Who remembers forests? Who remembers the Grand Canyon before it became Levittown West?

And what about those silly jet planes that used to plod along through the air at a slow-motion 700 miles an hour? Remember how they used to make our houses rattle and the wonderful way they used to make our ears go pop, pop, pop? Remember what they used to do to our eardrums? Hey, whatever happened to eardrums? We don't know about you, but we miss them!

### **Dress And Grooming In The Sixties**

What a decade the Sixties was for dress and grooming. Remember those nutty beads and those wild earrings and those kooky hair rollers? And then there were all those crazy things the *girls* used to wear!

Who remembers beards and sideburns and Fu Manchu moustaches? Who remembers hippies and yippies and the wild things they used to wear? Hey, who remembers those goofy things called baths? You don't? Come to think of it, neither do we.

**Remember the wild, crazy Black African Look of the '60's?**





What about that wild look of the Sixties? Remember springy, thick, black hair, fierce eyes, flaring nostrils, and an angry mouth? It was called the Black African Look. And remember standing-up hair, frightened eyes, shaky knees, and total fear? That was called the White American Look. It became very popular right after the Black African Look. Did we ever have fun in those happy, carefree days!

### Entertainment And Cultures In The Sixties

How many of you remember television in the Sixties? Remember how primitive it was in those days? You could see it and hear it, but you couldn't feel it and smell it like today. Well, actually you could smell it, but it was a different *kind* of a smell.

Remember those Saturday morning kiddie shows? Remember how they used to go on and on into Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening and all day and all night Sunday and Monday and Tuesday and all week? Remember how *all* television was kiddie shows in those wonderful days?

Wasn't it fun watching TV in the Fabulous Sixties? Remember all those important things it taught us about life? Like how great it was to be a widow, what fun it was to be a prisoner of war, and how wonderful it was to be young and alive and in love and a hillbilly with an IQ of 14.

Hey, who remembers those kooky films of the Sixties? Remember how hardly anyone ever wore clothes in those fun pictures? Remember the fun people they used to make pictures about? Like Al Capone, Bonnie and Clyde, and the Marquis de Sade. What a bunch of lovable nuts!

Remember the lessons we learned from films in the Sixties? Like man should love his fellow man. Did you ever remember seeing so many men loving other men in all your life, on the screen?

And who remembers music in those wild, wonderful days? Those nutty rock festivals, when hundreds and thousands of us teenagers used to gather to dance on huge fields, and continue dancing in those goofy paddy wagons and in those funny ambulances and in those silly police stations. What a blast!

And who remembers the biggest, nuttiest, wildest blast of them all during the Sixties: the war in Vietnam? No music, but what a great Sound!

Remember the books we used to read in those days? Remember that cuckoo—Myra Breckenridge, who changed from a boy to a girl? And that crazy shut-in—Fanny Hill? And who remembers wild, wacky, lovable Portnoy? Remember the fellow with the complaint? Remember how he was always searching, searching for love—and then he found himself!

What's become of the sweet innocence of the past?

How about the long hem-line that was popular in the South?



Who can forget the Mini-Mini-Mini Skirts of the crazy 60's?



Wasn't it fun watching Kiddie TV Shows in those wild days?



Who remembers the kooky movies they made in those days?



Remember the valuable lessons we learned from those films?





**Who remembers those nutty Rock Festivals they used to have?**



**Remember the silly books we used to read in those days?**



**Those way-out, zany guys with their way-out zany ideas.**



**Who remembers those wacky girls of the wild wacky '60's?**



## **Zany Characters of the Sixties**

When you think back to the Sixties, you have to admit that never before in one decade has there ever been such a collection of unpredictable nuts.

Remember those way-out zany guys with their way-out zany ideas like Abbie Hoffman, Andy Warhol, Stanley Kubrick and The Pope?

Who remembers those whacky gals of the sixties, like Shirley MacLaine, Barbra Streisand, Debbie Reynolds and Tiny Tim? Were they ever kooks!

Who remembers those great Sports figures, like Mickey Mantle, Johnny Unitas, Arnold Palmer and Hugh Hefner! Boy, those guys knew how to play!

Remember those beloved teams of the Sixties? Like the Green Bay Packers? The New York Yankees? The Boston Celtics? The Mafia? *They* never used to lose!

Remember some of those great Comedy Teams of the decade: Nichols and May, Rowan and Martin, Wallace and Maddox?

There were some real far out doctors in those days. Who remembers that dedicated pill-pusher, Dr. Timothy Leary? Boy, could *he* write a prescription!

And who remembers those silver-tongued orators like Ralph Nader, who exposed the irresponsibility of our Automobile Industry . . . Marshall McLuhan, who exposed the power of our Mass Media . . . and Spiro Agnew, who exposed the hazards of our Political System?

And then there was Richard the Robot. Remember him? The first mechanical man to run a country. Remember his wife, Plastic Pat? Weren't they both adorable manufactured people? Remember how every year they used to send a Father's Day card to a Madison Avenue ad agency?

Memories, memories.

Remember when the long hem-line was so popular in the South? Remember the prevailing fashion down there in the wonderful Sixties: Ku Klux Klan white? Remember the rest of the ensemble: beige whips and cerise fire bombs? What a bunch of rascally zanies used to wear them! Why do we take ourselves so seriously nowadays?

Remember the mini-skirt? Which led to the mini-mini-skirt? Which led to the see-through blouse? Which led to maternity dresses and that wild, wonderful population explosion we remember and love about the Sixties!

## **Fads and Kicks of the Sixties**

In the fabulous Sixties it seems that every time you looked around some nut was coming up with another wonderful new fad, some screwball kick to help pass away those lazy, crazy hours.

Who remembers "Trampoline-Jumping"? And "Body-Painting"? And "Surfboard-Riding"? And "Sky-Diving"? And "Jetplane-Hijacking"? What thrills!

**Boy, those great Sports figures really knew how to play!**





Who remembers "Window-Shopping" in the Sixties? Was that ever a fun fad! What a great way to kill a few hours on a Sunday. Remember how you'd put on your best clothes, take your best girl on one arm, a brick in your hand and go shopping *inside* store windows.

Who remembers that nutty game called, "Going To The Races?" When black folks and white folks would visit each other with guns, and those kicky cans of Mace, and tear gas. Laughs! There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd!

Remember how just about everybody used to engage in that wacky pastime, "Pig-Calling." It was so easy to play. All you needed was a mob and a cop to yell at. Life was so simple in those days. Where have we gone wrong?

Who remembers that great game we used to play in school called, "Leaving The Room." Remember the surprises we used to find waiting for us in the Boy's Room—like pot and speed and LSD, and all those other crazy between-meal snacks? Remember the surprises the girls used to find waiting for them in the Girl's Room—like boys?

Memories, memories.

Remember those goofy college songs we used to sing on campus? Like "Vanderbilt Is Falling Down, Falling Down"; "Stanford's Burning, Stanford's Burning"; "I Just Made A Wreck Out of Georgia Tech," and so on. Remember those crazy pranks we used to pull on the Chancellors and the Trustees? Remember that fun game we students used to play called, "Dean For A Day"?

What about those crazy picnics we used to have in the city parks? Remember those wacky cops who used to hose us down? Remember how hard it was to set fire to wet draft cards? Remember how we'd carry on in the parks all night? Remember how we scared the hell out of the muggers? Those were the days!

It seems that everyone was singing in those crazy years. Remember some of the catchy tunes of the Sixties? Like, "Two-Four-Six-Eight We Don't Wanna Integrate"? And what about that silly ditty, "Hell No, We Won't Go"? And then there was the Number One hit song of the decade. Everyone was singing it in those days. Remember how it went: "% # \$ @ ! \* ! @ \$ # ! ( \* & ! @ # @ \$ # & \$ % ! \* & % \$ # ( # \* # ! \$ % \$ # # ! ! !"

And then there was the Biggest Sound of all during the Sixties. Who remembers coughing? Ah, how we coughed in those wonderful days. Remember smog and those nutty things called cigarettes? We were a wild, carefree nation of coughers. Somehow, we don't cough like that anymore. Oh sure, we wheeze a little, and harrumph sometimes, but the magic is gone from our coughing nowadays. What went wrong? What's missing from our coughing?

Hey, who remembers lungs?

Someone was always coming up with another wonderful fad.

Remember engaging in that wacky pastime, "Pig-Calling"?



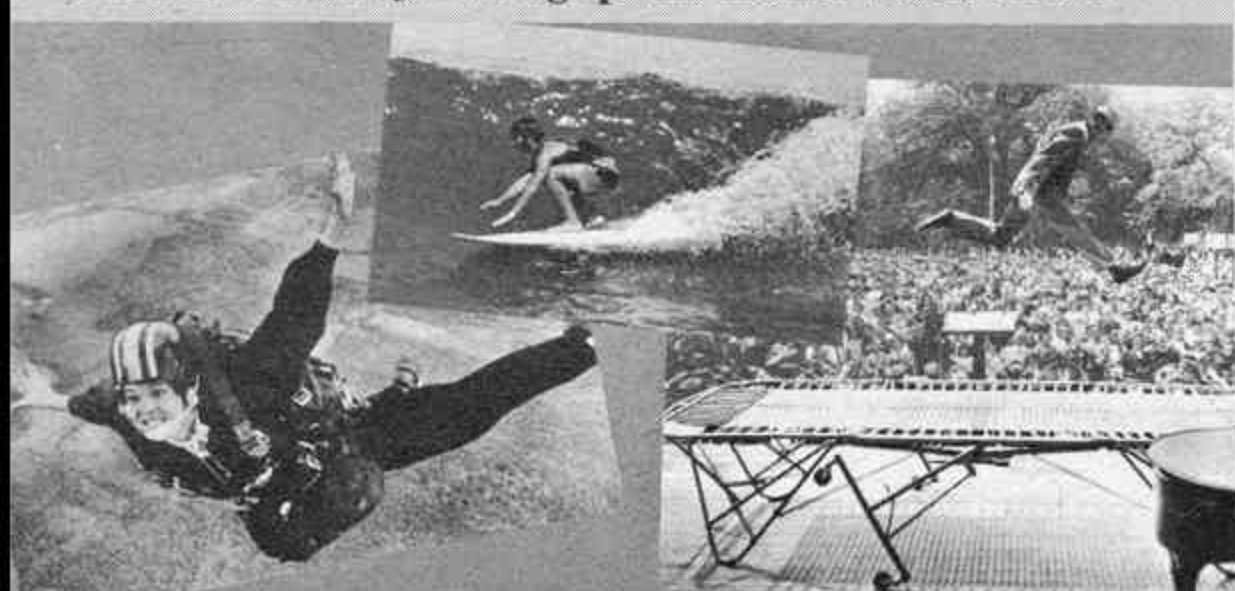
Wasn't it fun to go "Window Shopping" back in those days?



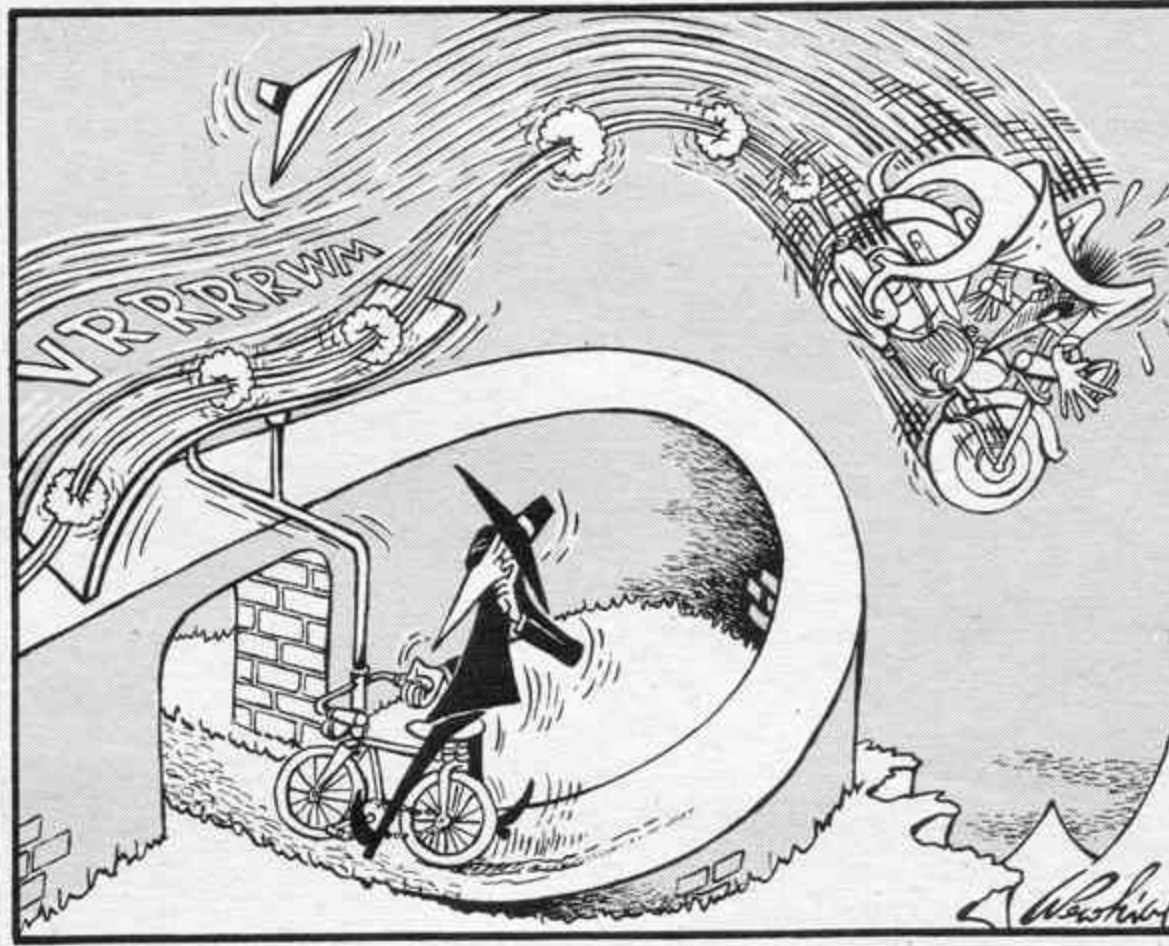
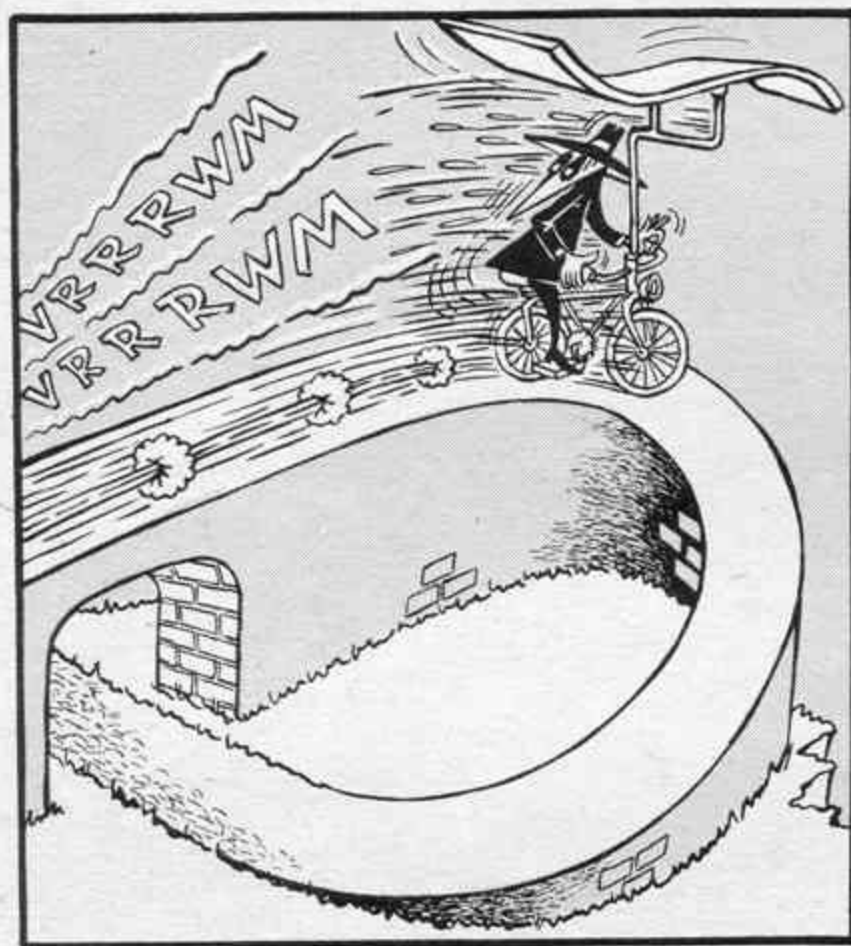
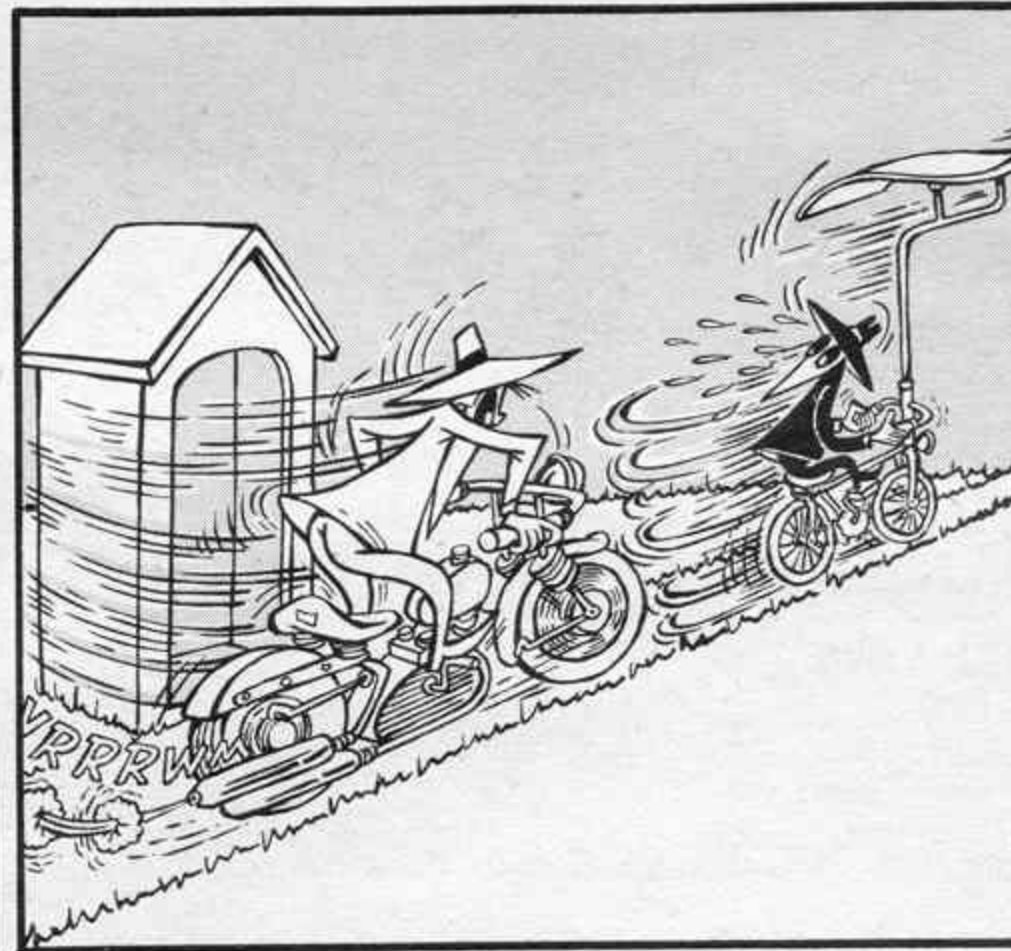
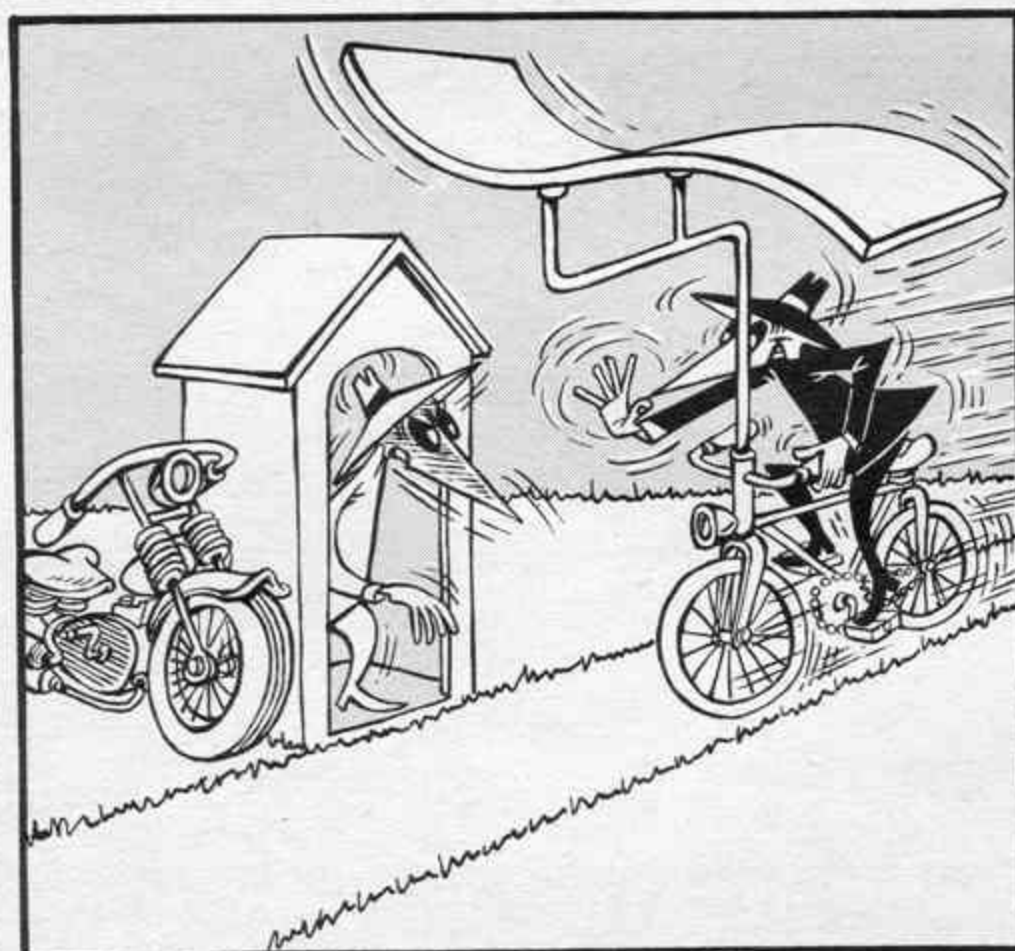
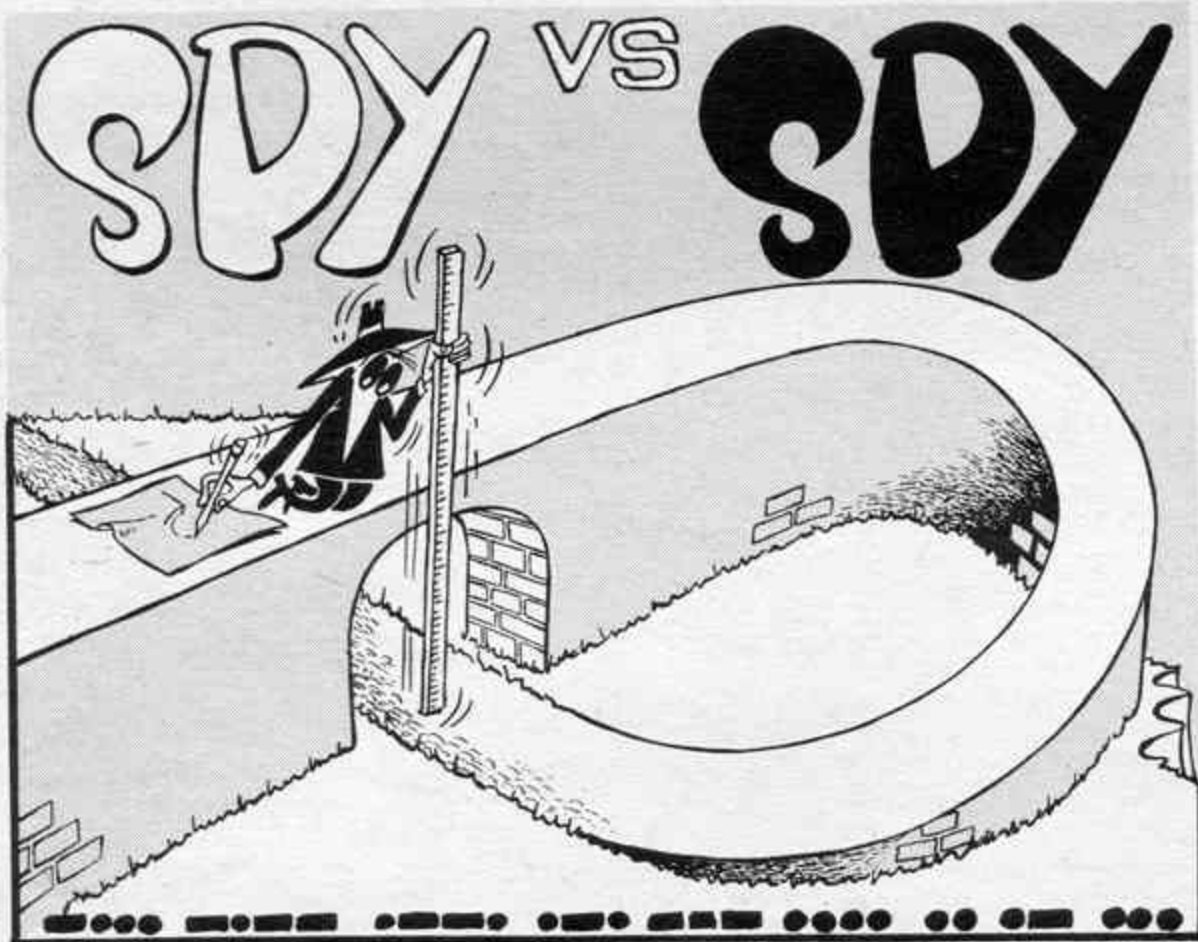
Remember that wild, nutty game called "Going To The Races"?



It seems that everyone was singing in those crazy years!









Hi, War Movie fans! I'm John Wayne! I just want to say, after making such distinguished War Pictures as "Sands Of Iwo Jima," "Flying Leathernecks," "Back To Bataan" and "The Fighting Seabees," that I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Dana Andrews! I just want to say, after making such distinguished War Pictures as "Purple Heart," "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "A Walk In The Sun," that I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Adolph Hitler! I just want to say, after making such distinguished Wars as "The Rape of Poland," "The Fall of France," "The Siege of Britain," "The Invasion of Russia" and "The Genocide of Millions," that even I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste! So it MUST be ecchy!!



With these comments in mind, MAD Magazine now brings you an even worse affront to good taste! Mainly, our version of ...

# M\*I\*S\*H M\*O\*S\*H

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Hi, buddy! My name is Squawkeye! I'm a new replacement Surgeon!

Hi! My name is Kook! I'm a new replacement Surgeon, too!

Great! Hop in! We'll start off the picture by stealing a Jeep, thereby showing complete irreverence for authority...and also pulling the first of many outrageous pranks!

What's so outrageous about stealing a Jeep?

This one belongs to President Truman!

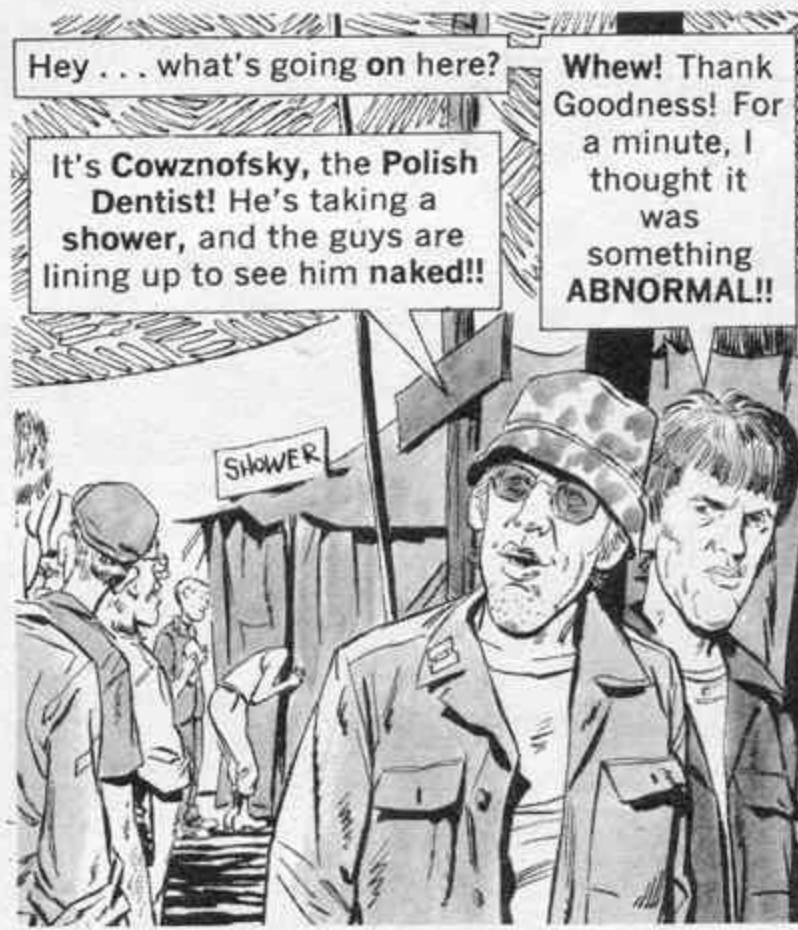
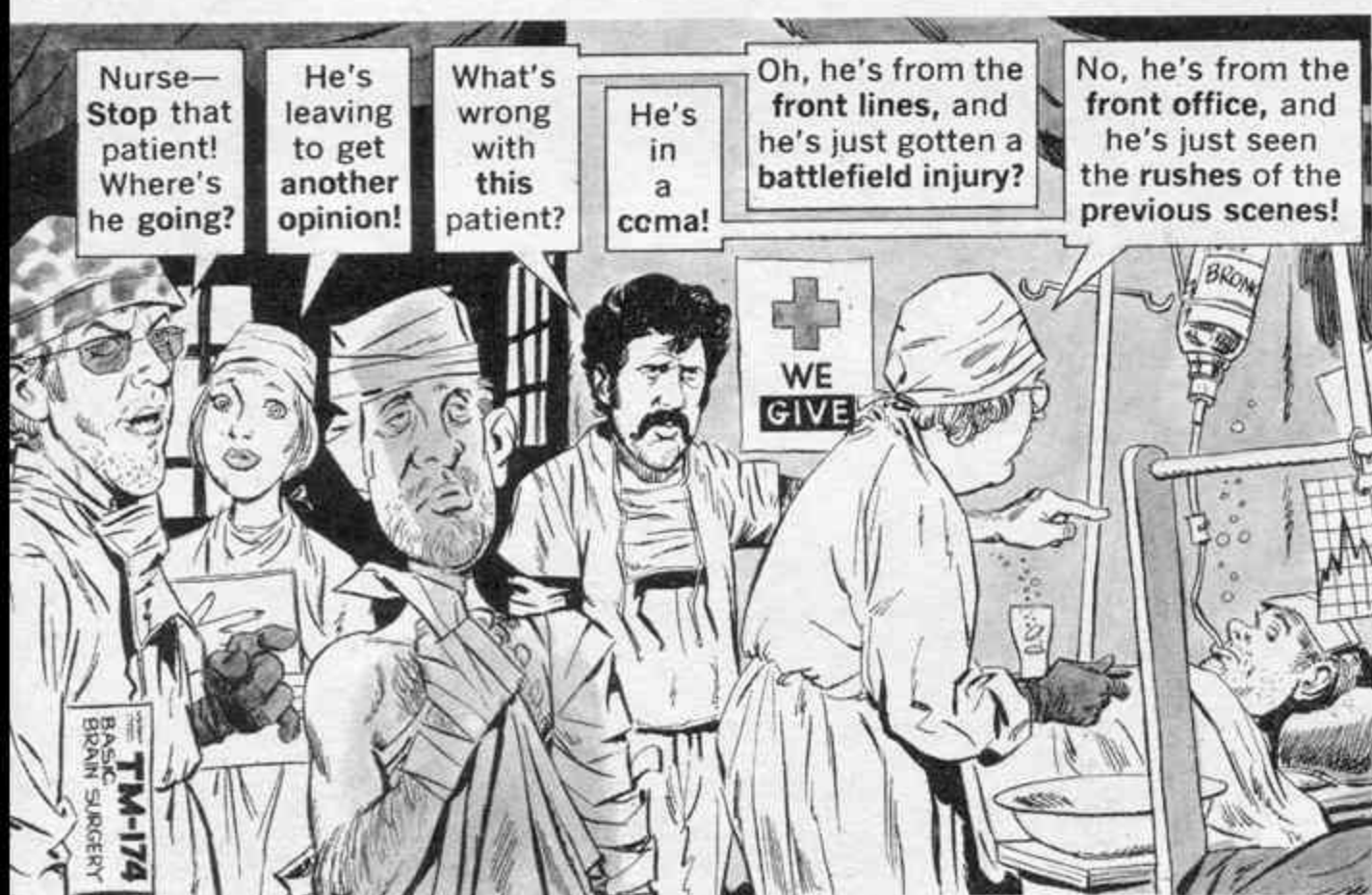
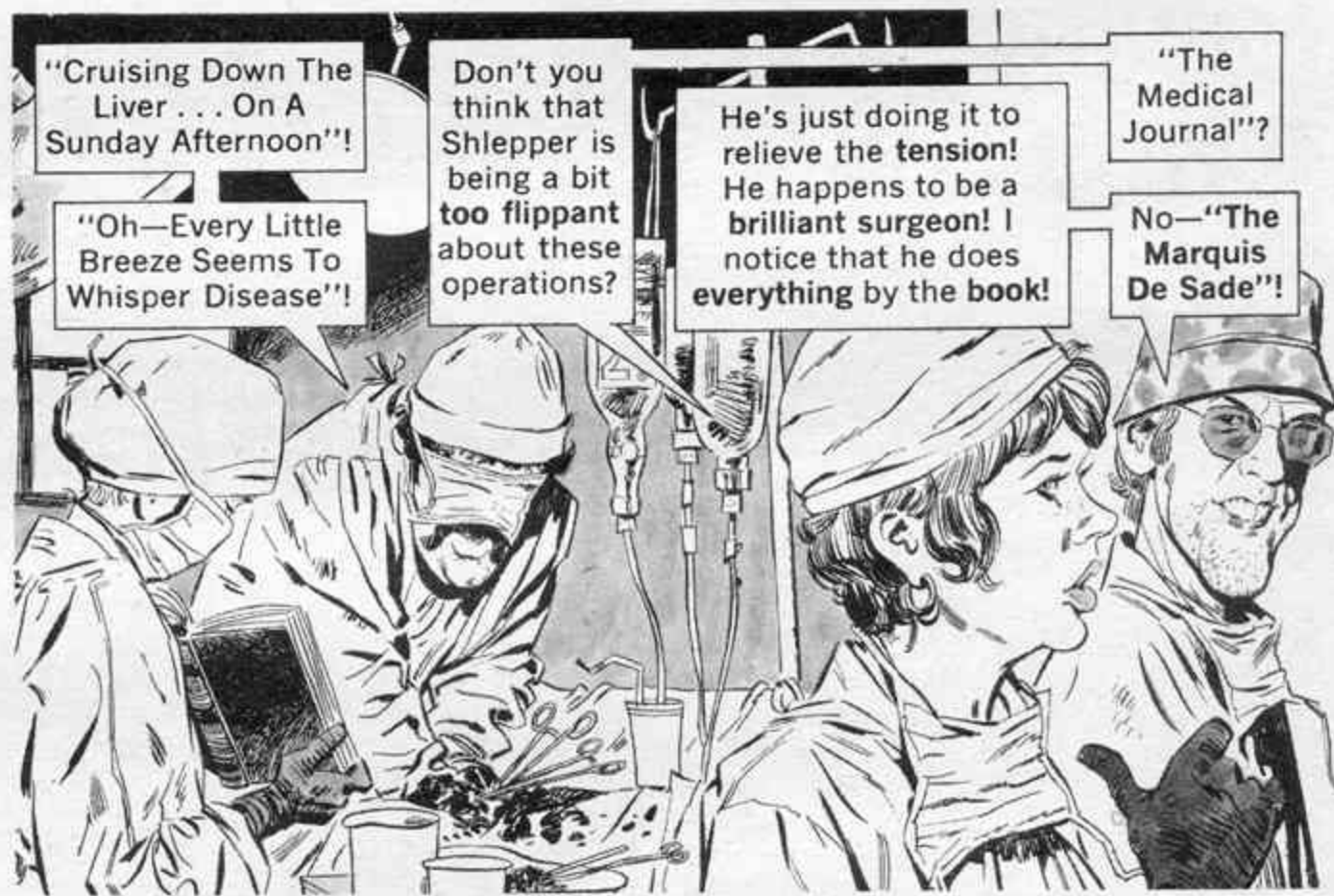
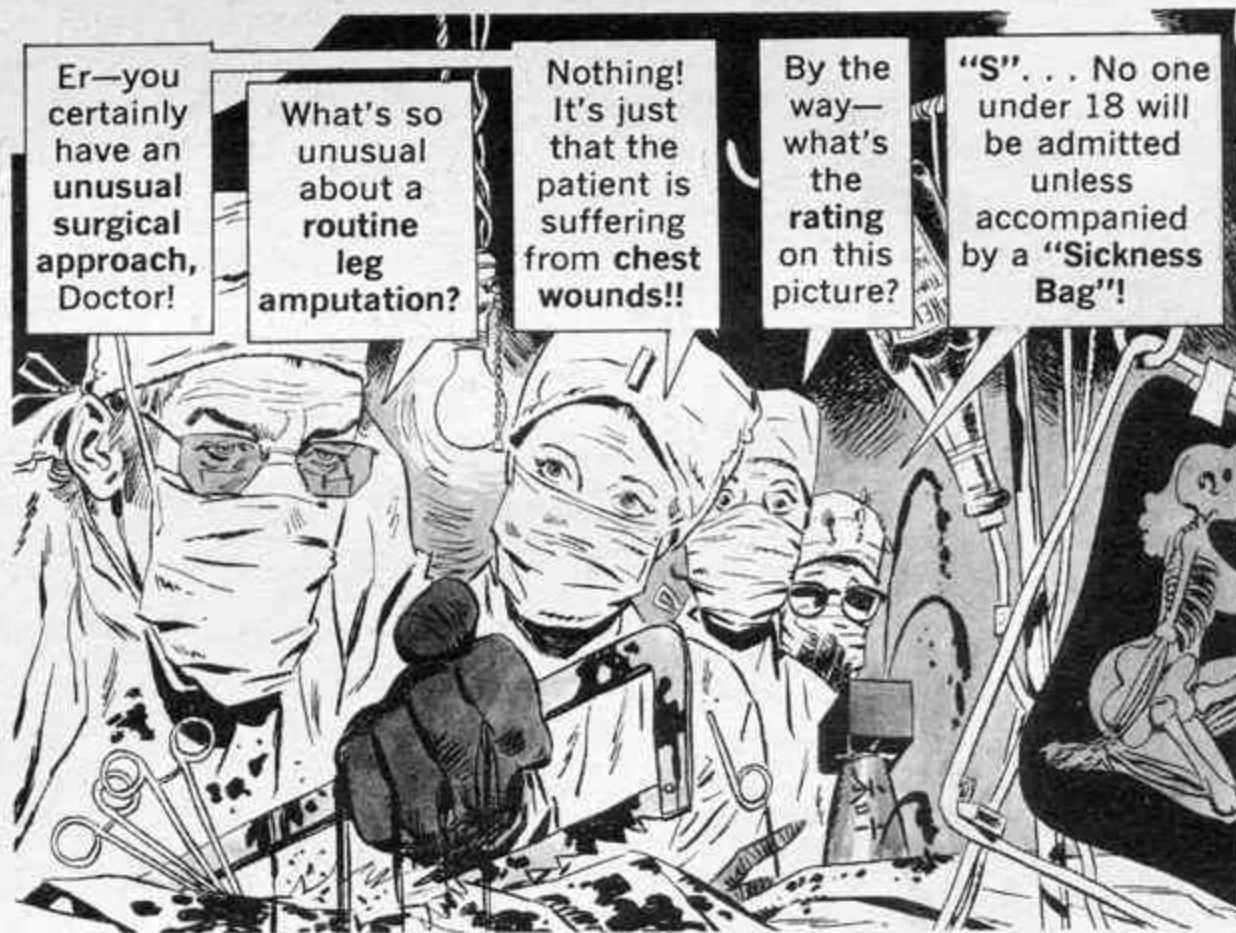
There they go... trying to cash in on the "Youth Market" with another anti-Establishment, low-budget picture!

What's so low budget about the Korean War?

Well, when you compare it to the War in Vietnam...











Shlepper, you zany! What did you punch Major Burned for?

We had an empty bed in Ward B, and I wanted to FILL it.

... with HIM!!  
For an Officer, such behavior is absolutely DISGRACEFUL!

Oh—pardon me! This is our new Head Nurse, Major "Hot Lobes" Holdahand!

I am for strict adherence to the Military Code! My philosophy is: "An Army is Efficient!", "An Army is Disciplined!", and "An Army travels on my Stomach!"

Don't you mean "An Army Travels On ITS Stomach"?

Listen, it's MY philosophy—so don't butt in!!



Here we go again with another one of our unbelievable pranks!

Radio Unruly has planted a mike in Hot Lobes' tent and we can hear her and Major Burned making love!

Ooooooh! Ahhhhh! Ooh! Ah! Oooooah! Hoo! Hah!

I'll level with you ... it sure beats listening to Conelrad!

The record sounds great! I can't wait to see the album cover!

Listen to those moans and cries! That's some passion!

Ahh, that's not passion! That's pain! If I know those two, they're making love with their medals on!

It never ceases to amaze me! The gags we pull?

No—the stuff that's allowed in movies these days!



What a stroke of genius ... using Leonardo Da Vinci's "The Last Supper" as a symbol!!

As a symbol of WHAT?

What ELSE? A Polish Army Dentist's loss of virility and his attempted suicide!

That's taking quite a poke at Religion! Are you sure the "man upstairs" will approve?

Are you kidding?! Danny Thomas saw the rushes and he LOVED it!

This is Chipped Beef on Toast we're eating! No wonder they keep calling this "The Last Supper" scene!

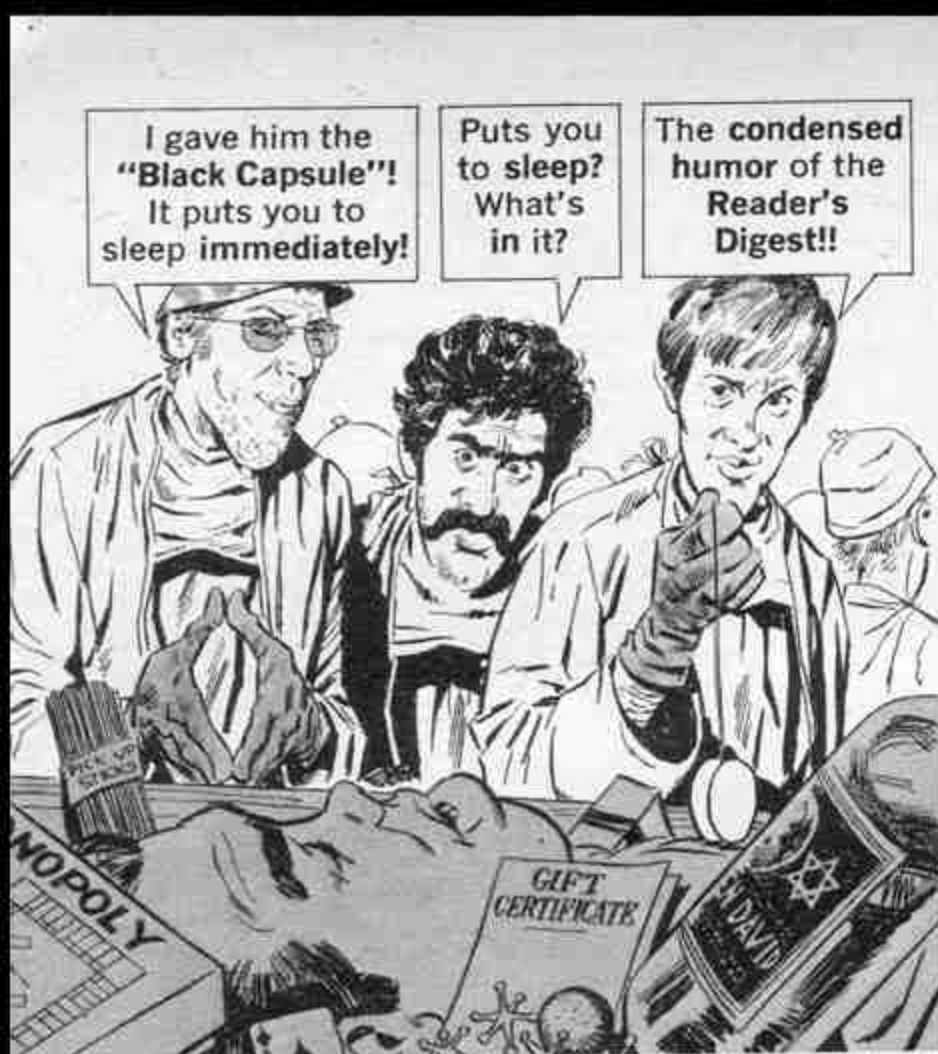
Remember! There are no atheists in fox-holes!!

Now, what in heck does that have to do with this scene?

Nothing! I just threw it in for nostalgic fans of the OLD war movies!



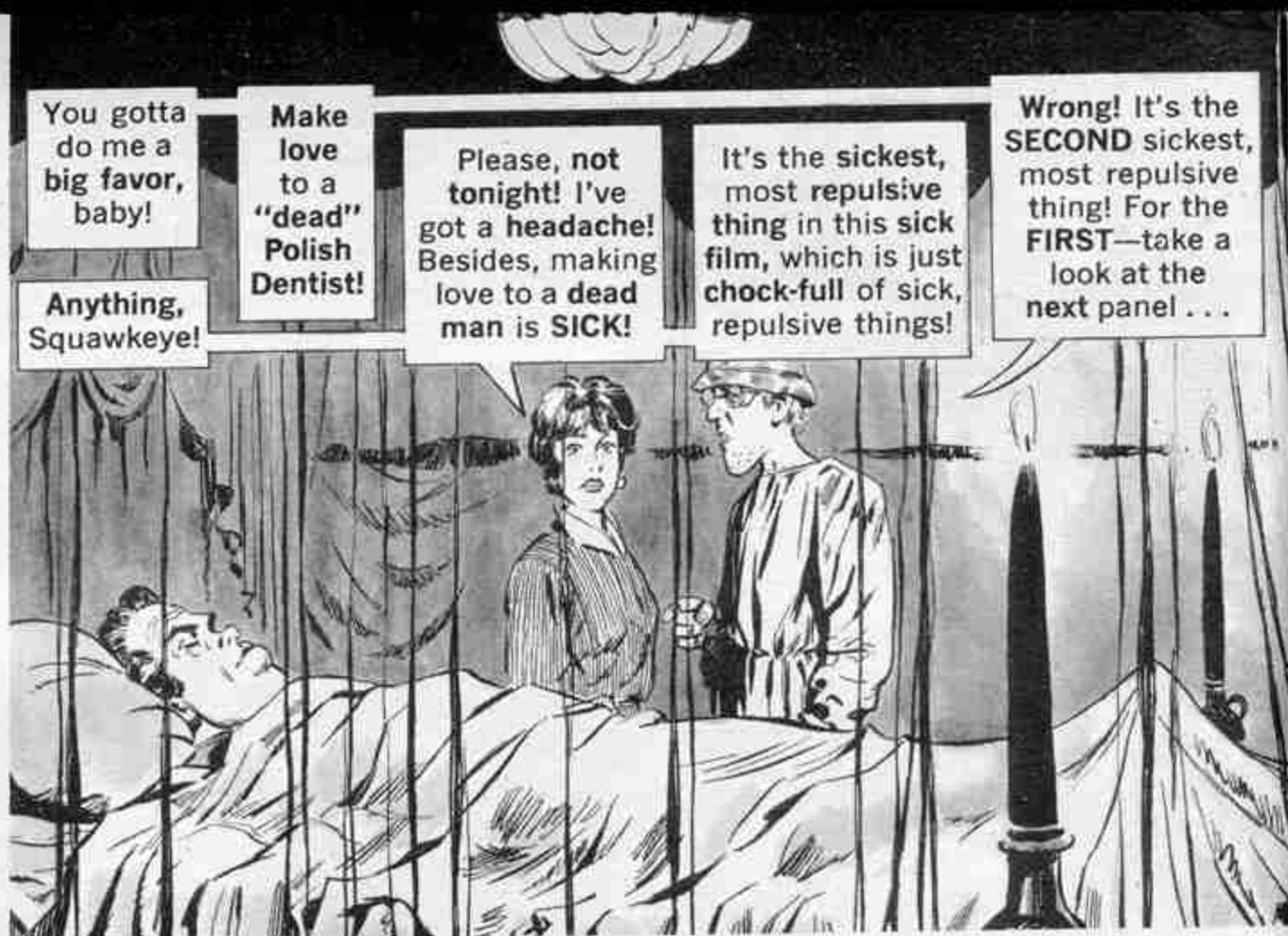




I gave him the "Black Capsule"! It puts you to sleep immediately!

Puts you to sleep? What's in it?

The condensed humor of the Reader's Digest!!



You gotta do me a big favor, baby!

Make love to a "dead" Polish Dentist!

Please, not tonight! I've got a headache! Besides, making love to a dead man is SICK!

It's the sickest, most repulsive thing in this sick film, which is just chock-full of sick, repulsive things!

Wrong! It's the SECOND sickest, most repulsive thing! For the FIRST—take a look at the next panel...

Anything, Squawkeye!



Hmm! Another one of your unorthodox surgical procedures, Doctor?

Don't be silly! It's nothing but a routine amputation!

What's so routine about amputating a head?

We need plasma—in a hurry!

Sorry! We're all out of plasma!

Well, then, there's only one thing to do! Let's pull another one of our hilarious practical jokes and siphon some blood from an unsuspecting victim!



Good work, Radio! Who'd you swipe it from?

Some guy who said he was only passing by, looking for his Jeep!

What was his name?

Harry—something!

I MADE THE WRONG MOVIES!



Well, there goes Major Burned! We finally drove him stark staring mad!

Where's he headed now, to a Stateside Mental Hospital!?

No, to Los Angeles! He's opening an office, and he's going into private practice... as a Psychiatrist!



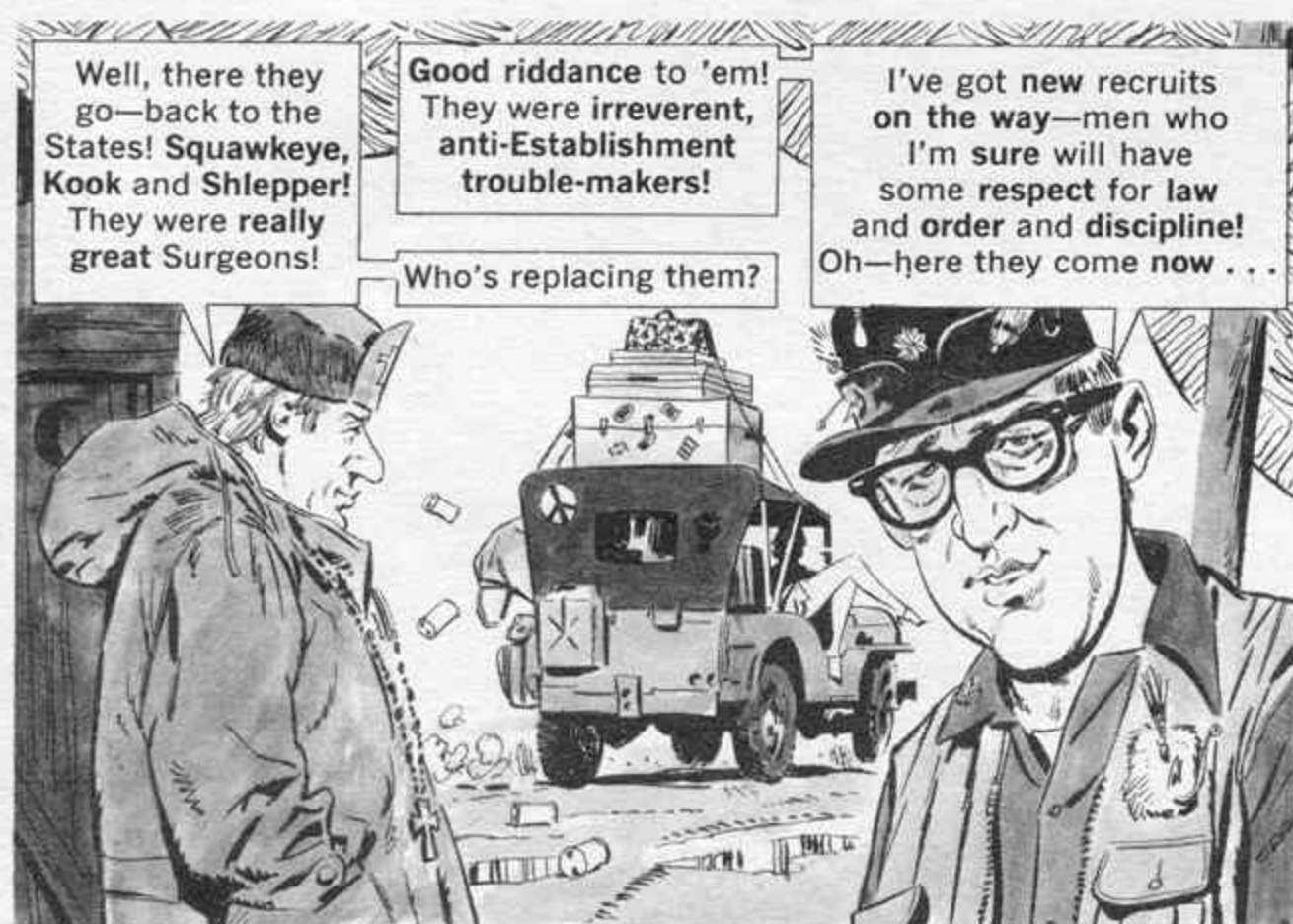
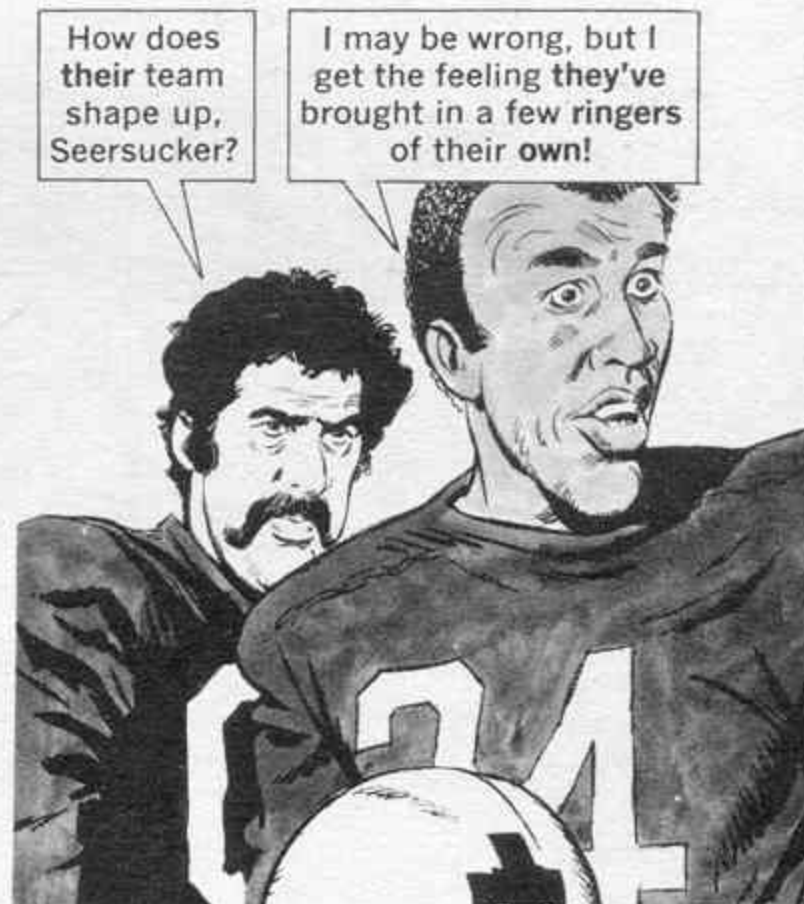
This is the scene where we take a break from sewing up battle casualties and amuse ourselves with more cultural pursuits... like the Art of Voyeurism!

Eeeeeeeek! Eeeeeeeek! You filthy pigs! I'll GET you for this!

Gee, y'know somethin'?! Hot Lobes don't look so GREAT in the raw!

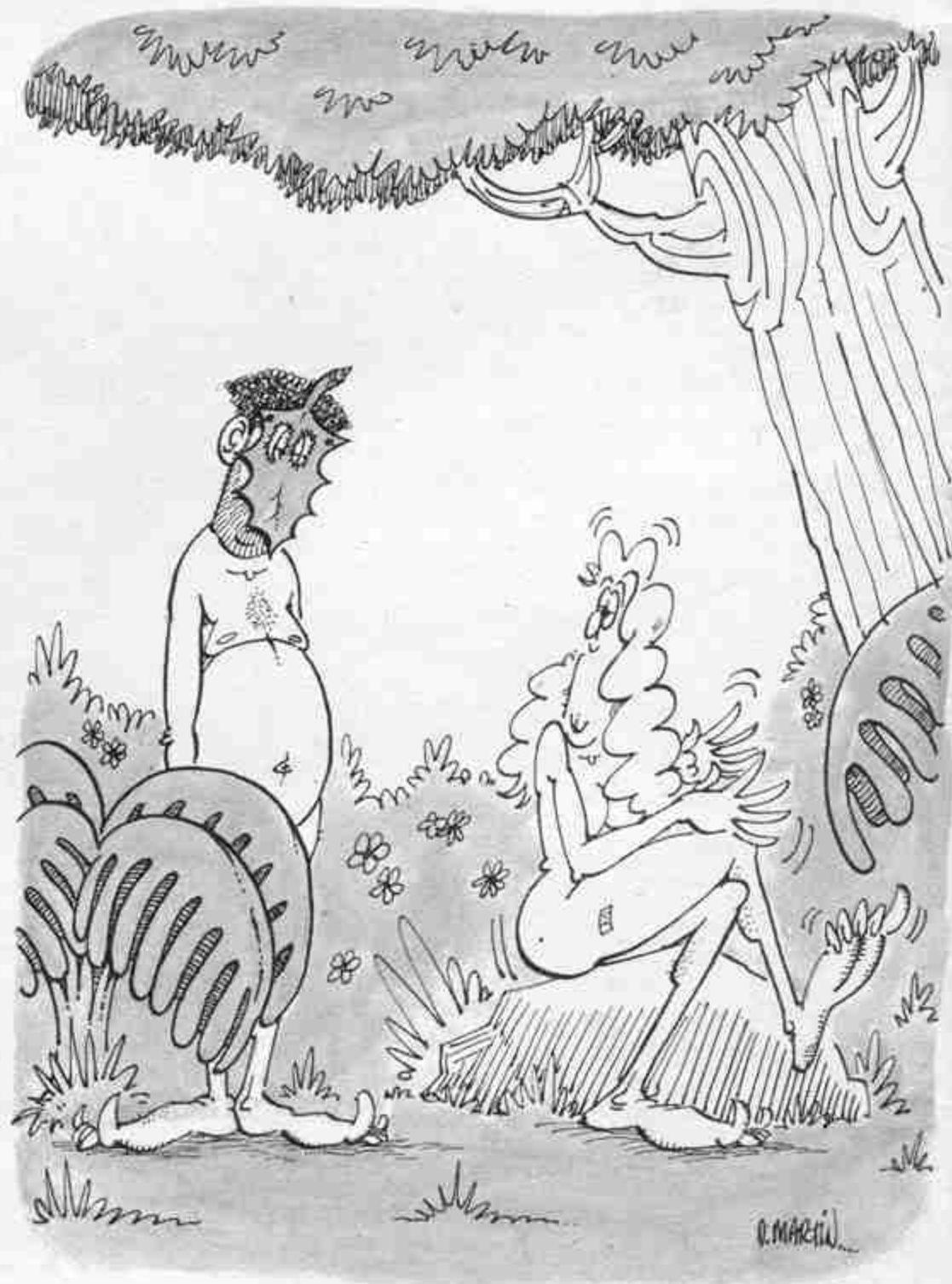
Hot Lobes, we can humiliate anytime! That person screaming in the shower happens to be General Douglas MacArthur!







# ONE DAY IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN





WHAT INNOCENT  
PRODUCT  
THREATENS THE  
WORLD WITH AN  
IMMENSE  
EXPLOSION?

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING **MAD FOLD-IN**

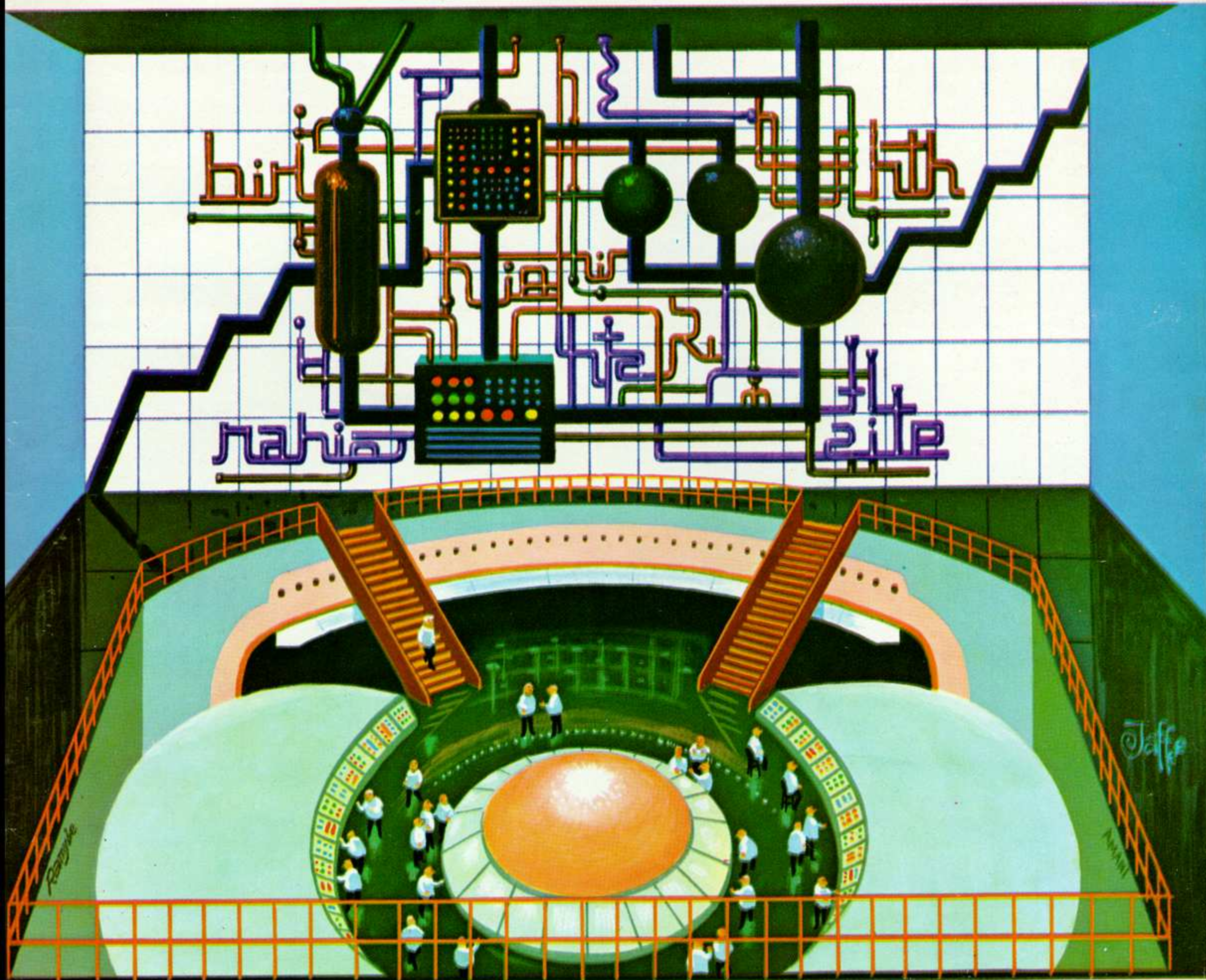
It seems that, every day, some item or other that we once regarded as safe and harmless suddenly turns out to be a terrible threat to life and limb. To find out what one of the best examples of this is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WHILE OPPOSING SCIENTISTS DABBLE WITH AND  
BABBLE ABOUT THE SAFETY OF PRODUCTS, OUR WORRIES  
INCREASE ABOUT THIS INNOCENT-LOOKING ITEM  
WHICH COULD KILL US ALL OFF IN TIME!

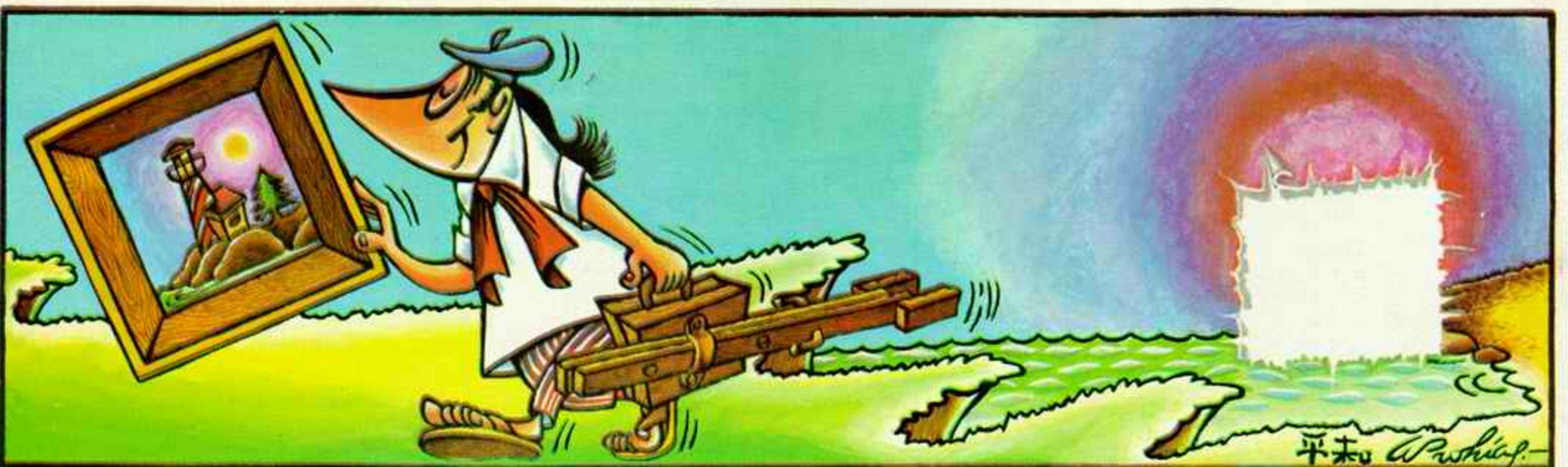
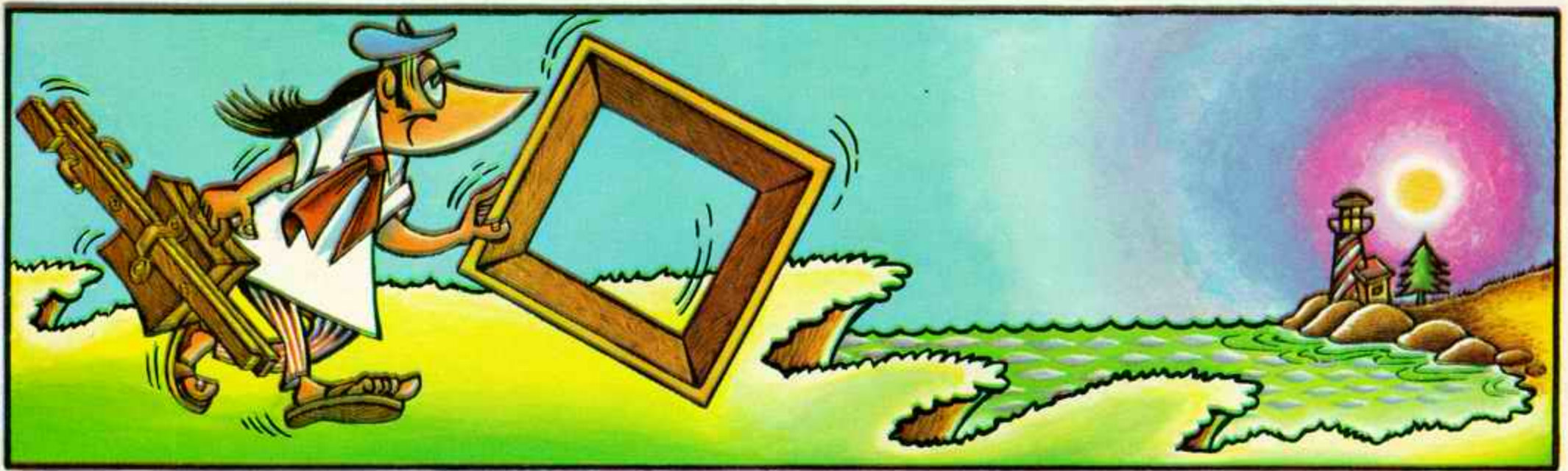
ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀B



# THE ARTIST



ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS