

No.
129
Sept.
'69

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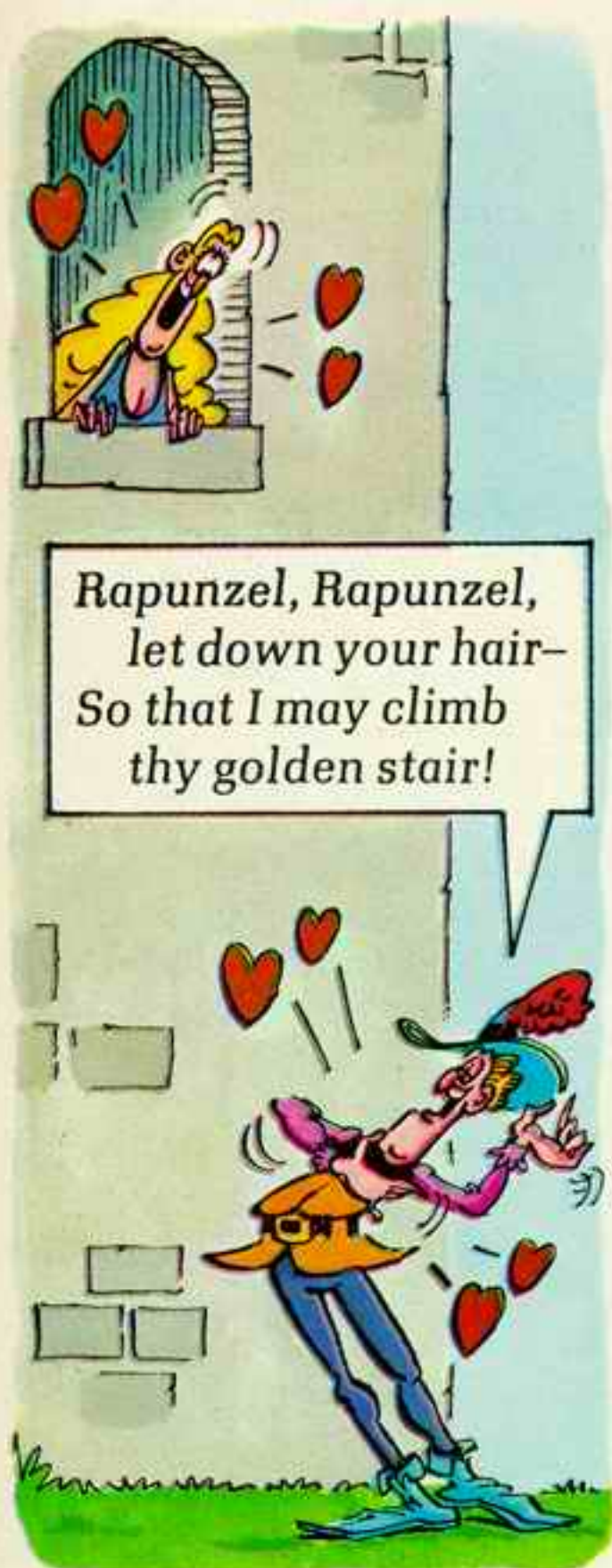
**THE
GUNS
AT
ON
GAP**

**MY
COUNTRY
RIGHT OR
WRONG**

**MAKE
LOVE
NOT
WAR**

Norman Mingo

DON MARTIN TAKES A LOOK AT A *FAIRY TALE*



WRITER & ARTIST: DON MARTIN



MAD

"Bachelors, like detergents, work fast and leave no rings!"
—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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MAD—Sept., 1969, Vol. 1, No. 129 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 17 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A., 17 issues \$6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1969 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

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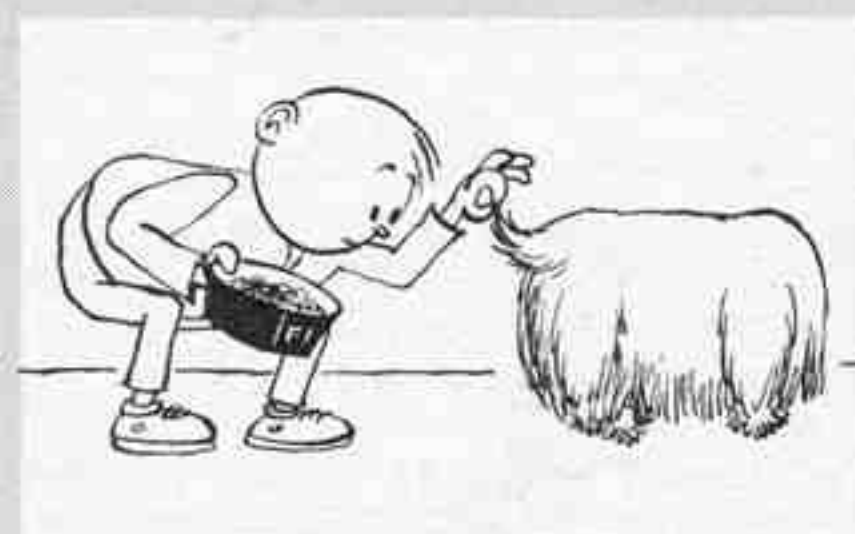
VITAL FEATURES

**"THE BROTHER
HOODS"**
(A MAD MOVIE
SATIRE)
PG. 7



**THE MAD
PRIMER OF
BIGOTS AND
EXTREMISTS**
PG. 15

**BRIDGING
THE
GENERATION
GAP**
PG. 18



**A
MAD
LOOK AT
DOGS**
PG. 30

**THE
STATE
OF OUR
CITIES**
PG. 33



"JEWELIA"
(A MAD
TV SHOW
SATIRE)
PG. 43

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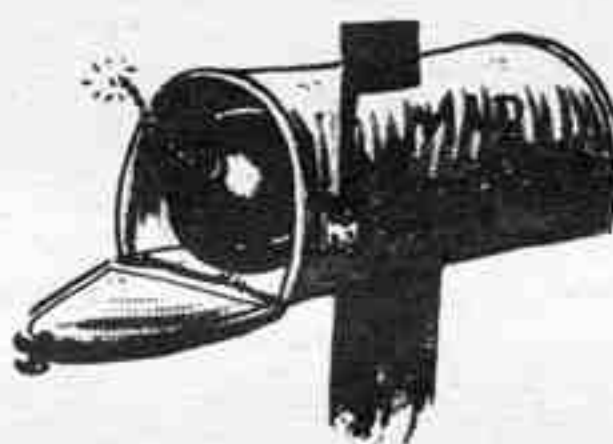
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Yep, the mathematical progression of deals on our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, continues. In addition to 1 for 25¢, 3 for 50¢, 9 for \$1.00 and 27 for \$2.00 . . . NOW you can get 81 for \$4.00! Now you can paper a whole wall with Alfreds! (If you want to paper a whole room, hold out for the next deal!) Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



BULLBIT

My compliments to Mort Drucker and Al Jaffee on "Bullbit". It was, undoubtedly, one of the funniest and most ridiculing satires I've ever seen in your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Mike Pavay
Fork Union, Va.

"Bullbit" was a senseless and tasteless take-off of a sharp and exciting movie!

Tom Mullery
Port Byron, Ill.

I would like to congratulate you on "Bullbit"—the greatest movie satire you have ever published. It was greater than the actual movie.

Gary Kaplan
North Miami Beach, Fla.

How could you do such an inept satire of such a fine movie as "Bullitt"? It's enough to make a Steve McQueen fan cry!

Alan Kolpon
Beaver Falls, Penna.

Steve McQueen is one of my favorite movie stars, but I must admit you really fixed his wagon!

Kevin Clark
Downey, Calif.

Is it true that the movie industry is contemplating a motion picture satirizing MAD Magazine?

Larry Schultz
Bronx, N.Y.

THE BOREDOM OF BASEBALL

Each year, I look forward to watching the first televised baseball game, and each year I'm terribly disappointed. Your article, "The MAD Plan For Combatting The Boredom of Baseball" was the best ever.

Joel Johnson
Rockford, Ill.

Baseball is the most exciting sport in the world, and Jack Davis and Earle Doud should be thrown out of the game!

Joe Fan
Cleveland, Ohio

Earle Doud's "Combatting The Boredom of Baseball" scored a big "hit" with me. I had a "ball" reading it.

Stephen Einbinder
Levittown, L.I., N.Y.

Earle Doud and Jack Davis really "struck out" on this one.

Steve Kornfeind
Hialeah, Fla.

SIGNS OF STATUS

Congratulations to Al Jaffee and Bob Clarke on a perfect masterpiece, "Signs of Status". That one article alone was worth the 35¢ price of the magazine.

Roberta Solomon
Creve Coeur, Mo.

SEE MY MAGAZINE. SEE
ITS APPROPRIATE TITLE:

MAD

MY MAGAZINE INDICATES
MY OBVIOUSLY SUPERIOR
INTELLECT. UNLESS IT
INDICATES MY OBVIOUSLY
INFERIOR TASTE. IN ANY
CASE, I AM PROBABLY AN
IDIOT WASTING MY MONEY
ON THIS COLLECTION OF
RIDICULOUS INANITIES!

Linda Keren
Silver Spring, Md.

See, clods! I am clever and witty enough to have written a letter to MAD that they thought was funny enough to print! Don't you wish you were as clever and witty as me to get your letter printed in MAD? That's status!!

David Gerrold
Van Nuys, Calif.

ODD SQUAD

I love "Mod Squad" and I think your satire of the show was the funniest thing I have ever read. Mort Drucker did a great job with the art work, and the dialogue by Dick De Bartolo was perfect.

Wayne Jones
Duncan, Okla.

"Odd Squad" was the best yet of your TV satires, and the cover was even funnier!

Suzie Welch
Washington, D.C.

The cover on issue #127 featuring the "Odd Squad" was great, but I can't read the artist's name. Who did it?

G.W. Smith
Huntsville, Ala.

Jack Rickard did it! He paints great (see back cover of this issue), but he writes terrible!—Ed.

Why don't you do a satire of the "Mod Squad" about a Rabbi, a Black Muslim and a Nun who don street clothes and weekly salvage the souls of sundry sinners? You could call it the "God Squad".

Jerwhet Haunchyl
Los Angeles, Calif.

IF THE PRESIDENT WERE CHOSEN LIKE "MISS AMERICA"

"If The President Were Chosen Like Miss America" was in extremely bad taste. It was cheap sensationalism, shoddily done, and blatantly humorless. It had a total lack of significance, and came off as a pathetic joke. It was an insult to the American people and to the great American system of government. In fact, it was exactly like the Republican and Democratic conventions!

Steve Conlin
North Hollywood, Calif.

MAD's way of choosing the President makes about as much sense as the way we choose him now.

Lee Frausel
San Diego, Calif.

THE GENERATION GAP

Congratulations! You have succeeded where others have failed. Your article, "The Lighter Side of the Generation Gap", shows the idiotic behavior of BOTH sides, something hardly anyone is doing these days.

Billy Moody
No Address Given

"The Lighter Side of the Generation Gap" was the finest article Dave Berg has done. He really did his homework on this one. Congratulations on another winner!

Kent Dickson
Doylestown, Pa.

REALISTIC DOLLS

"A MAD Look at Realistic Dolls" was thoroughly enjoyable. Although humorous, it was at the same time painfully to the point. Truly a masterpiece of satire.

Mark Fagerburg
Long Beach, Calif.

"Keen", "Boobie", "G.I. Joey" and "Afro" are more REAL in today's society than we are willing to admit. It's the first MAD article that really made me stop and think about how bad things are getting, and how little we are doing about it.

Ruth Dudley
Meridian, N.Y.

THE 60-SECOND DISAPPOINTMENT

"The 60-Second Disappointment" was the most hilarious satire of an advertising campaign that I have ever seen in my entire life. You did a bea-u-ti-ful job! THAT'S HANGING IN THERE, MAD!

Paul Viavoda
Huntington, N.Y.

On the back cover of #127, you had "The 60-Second Disappointment". When I finished reading the rest of the magazine, I felt it was a "35-Cent Disappointment"!

Jan Sinowitz
Bronx, N.Y.

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Yep, in this, his
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everything from

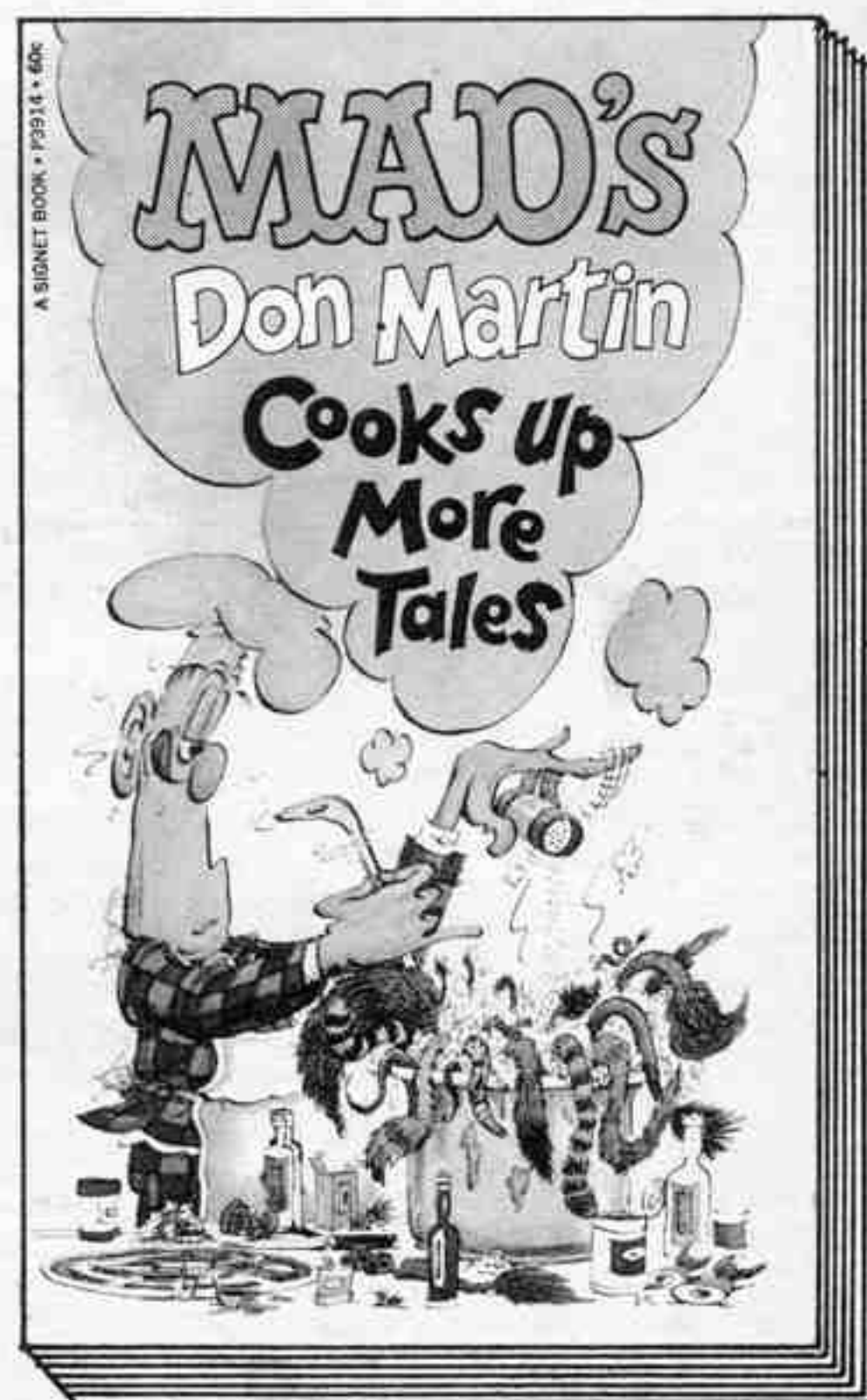
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| ☐ MAD Strikes Back | ☐ The Voodoo MAD | ☐ Good 'n' MAD |
| ☐ Inside MAD | ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff | ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out |
| ☐ Utterly MAD | ☐ Three Ring MAD | ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back |
| ☐ The Brothers MAD | ☐ Self-Made MAD | ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories |
| ☐ The Bedside MAD | ☐ The MAD Sampler | ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz |
| ☐ Son of MAD | ☐ World, World, etc. MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at the USA |
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| ☐ Like MAD | ☐ Boiling MAD | ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things |
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| ☐ The MAD Frontier | ☐ The Indigestible MAD | ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies |
| | | ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers |
| | | ☐ "Viva MAD!" |
| | | ☐ MAD for Better or Verse |

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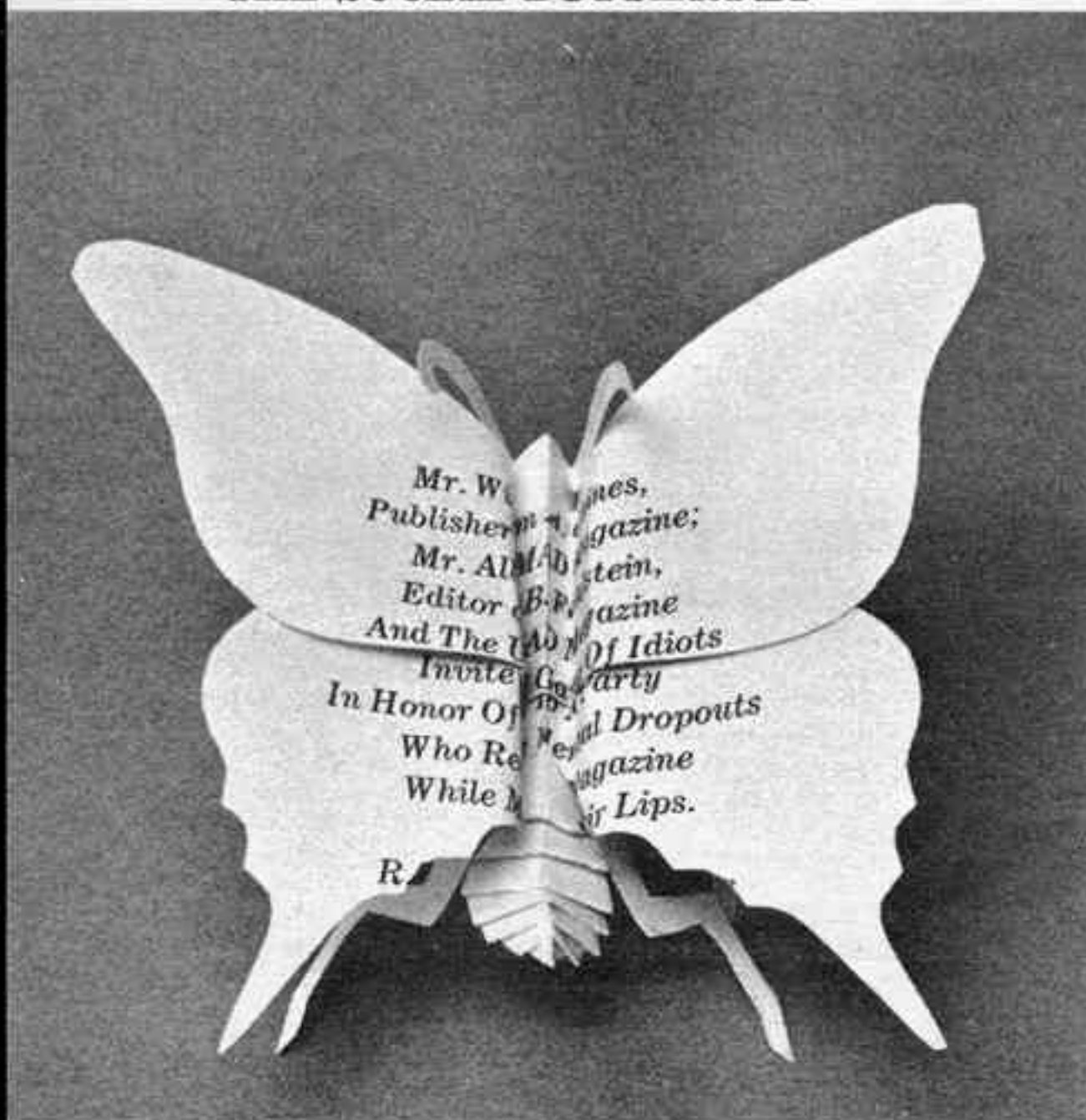
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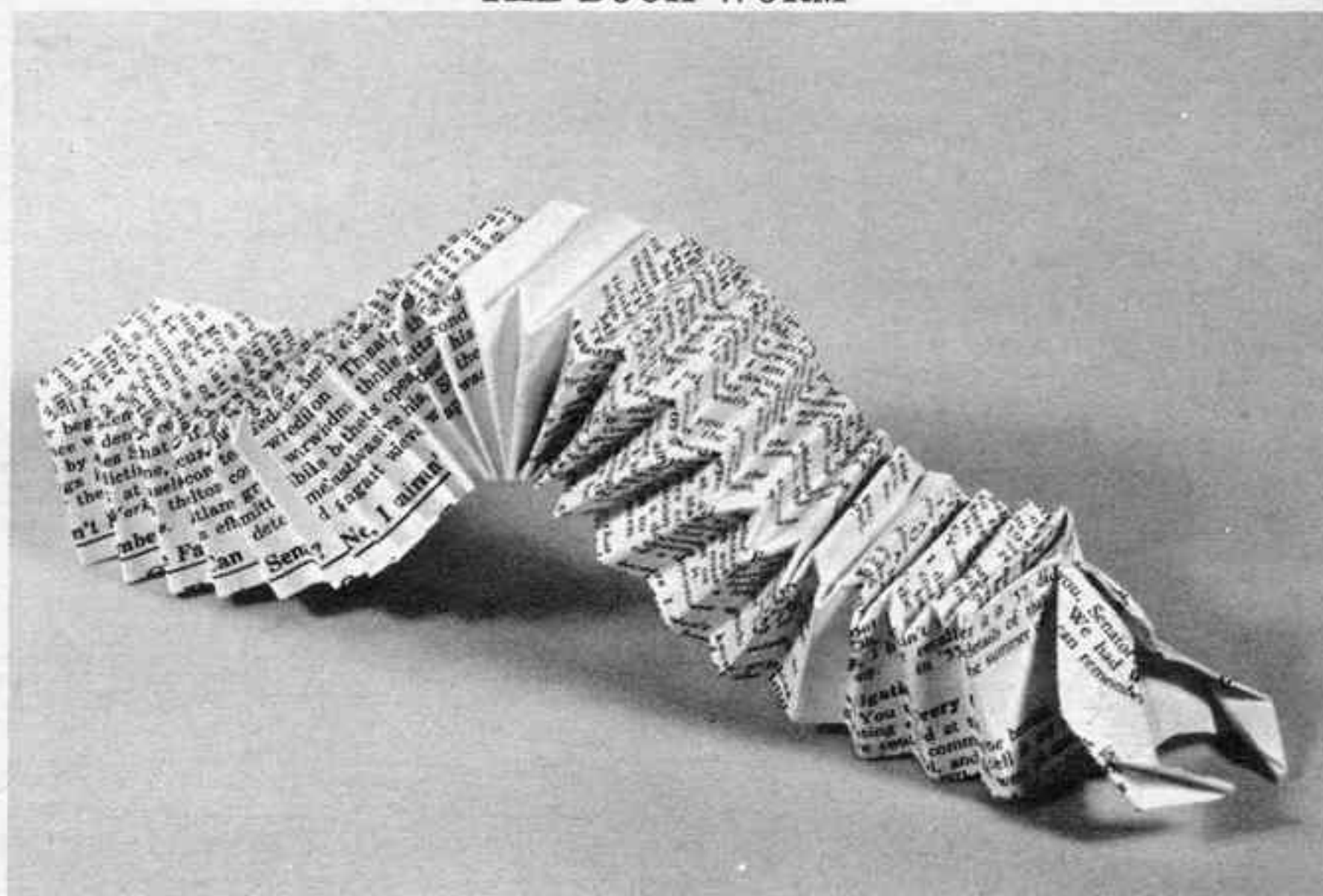
We received innumerable comments and inquiries concerning the marvelous Origami animals made expressly for MAD's recently-concluded subscription ad series by Giuseppe Baggi. And so, in response to popular demand, Mr. Baggi returns with his unique . . .

MAD ORIGAMI ZOO

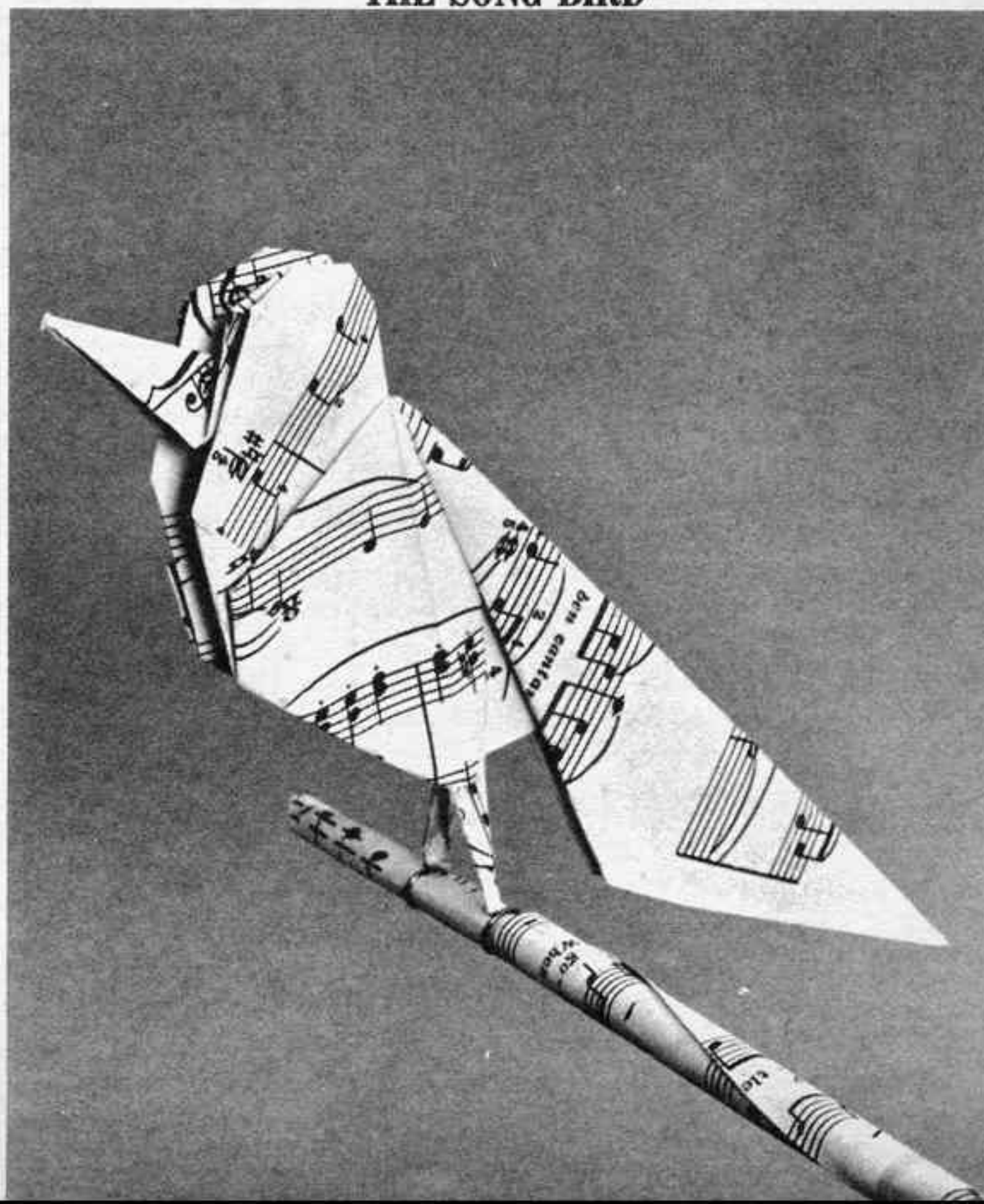
THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY



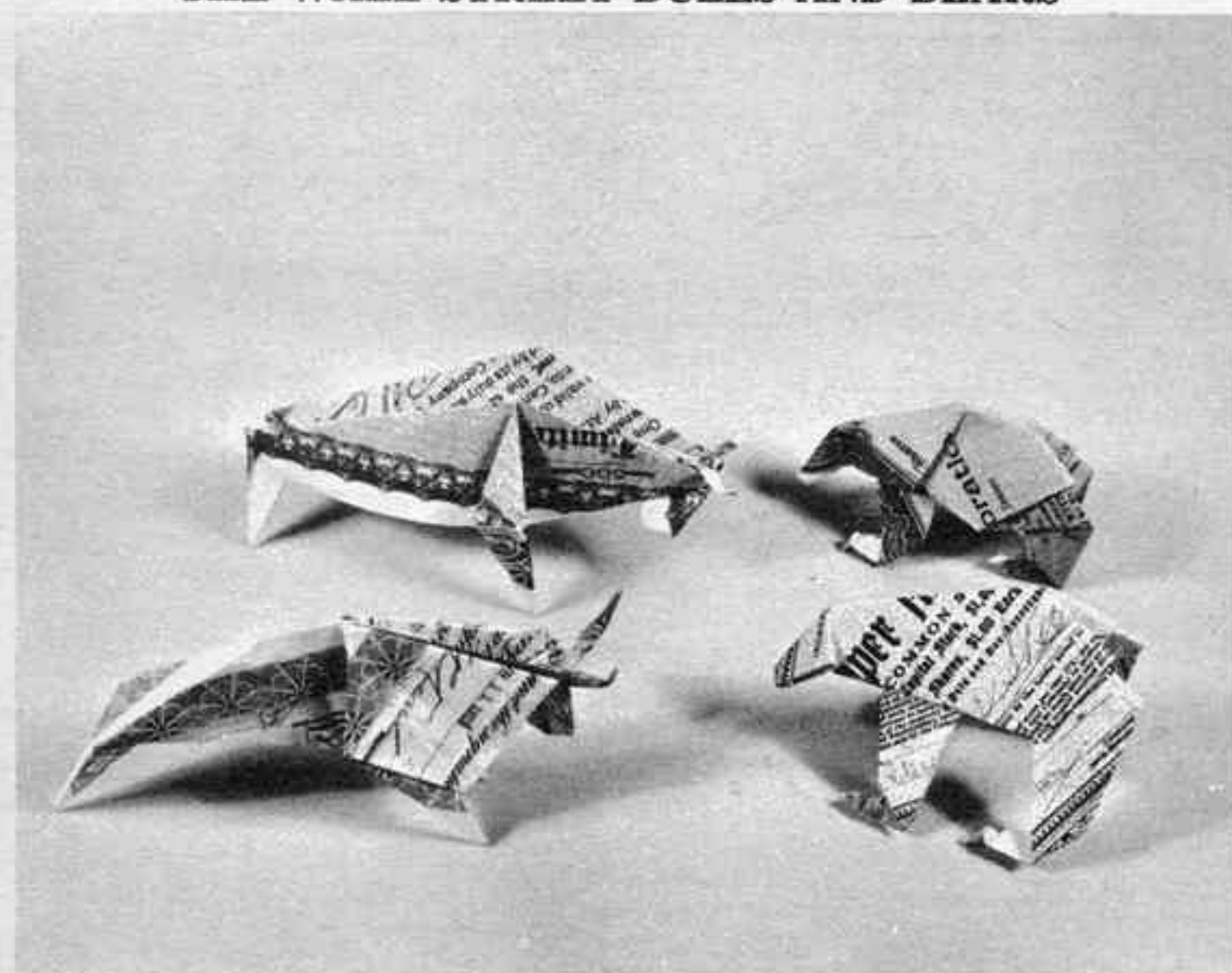
THE BOOK WORM

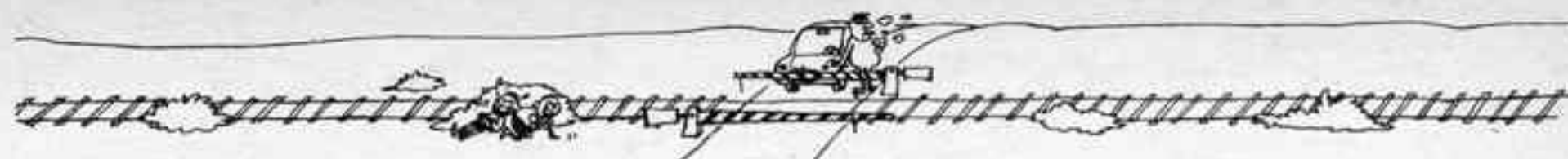


THE SONG BIRD



THE WALL STREET BULLS AND BEARS



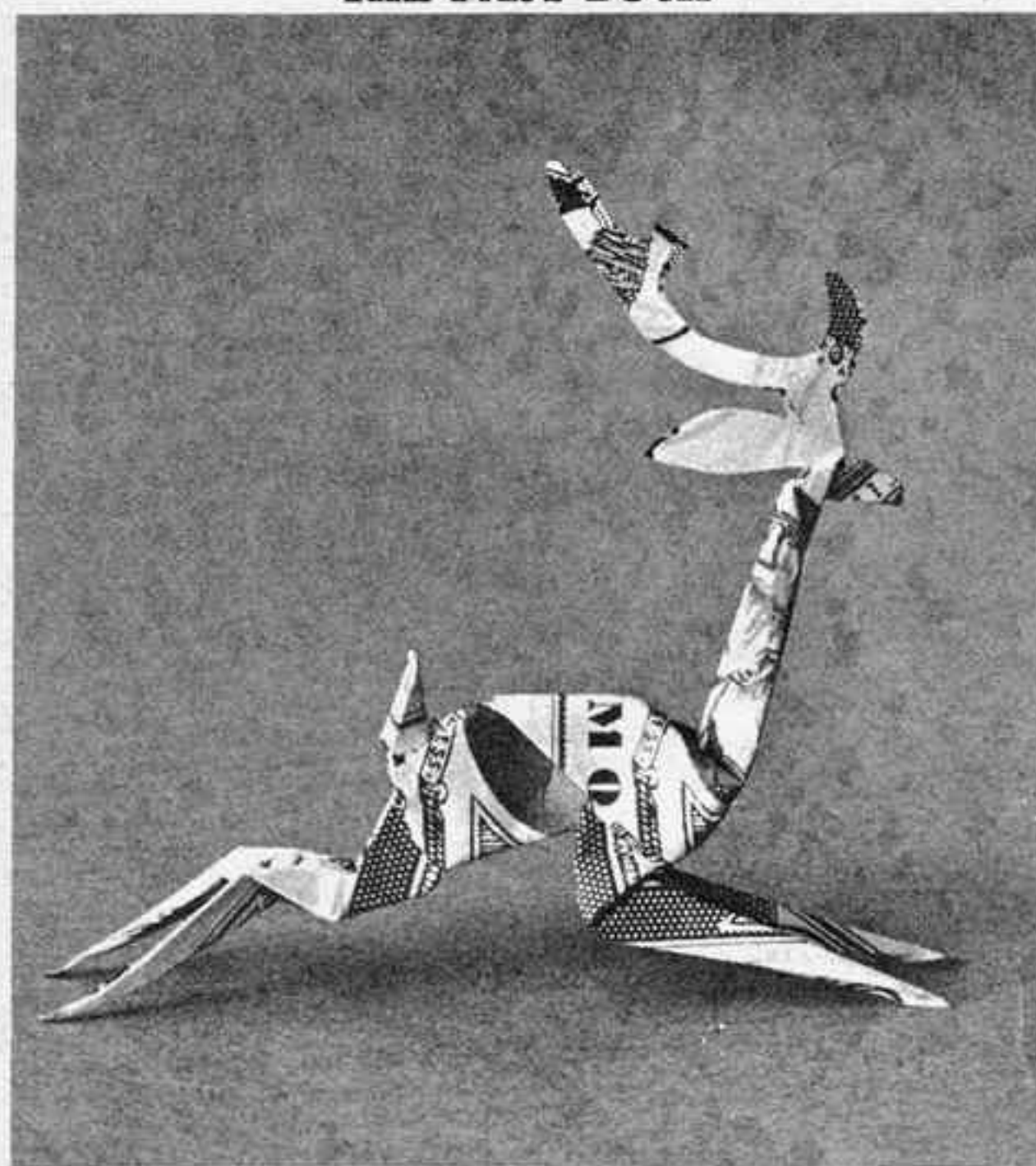


OF CLICHÉ CREATURES

ORIGAMI BY GIUSEPPE BAGGI

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

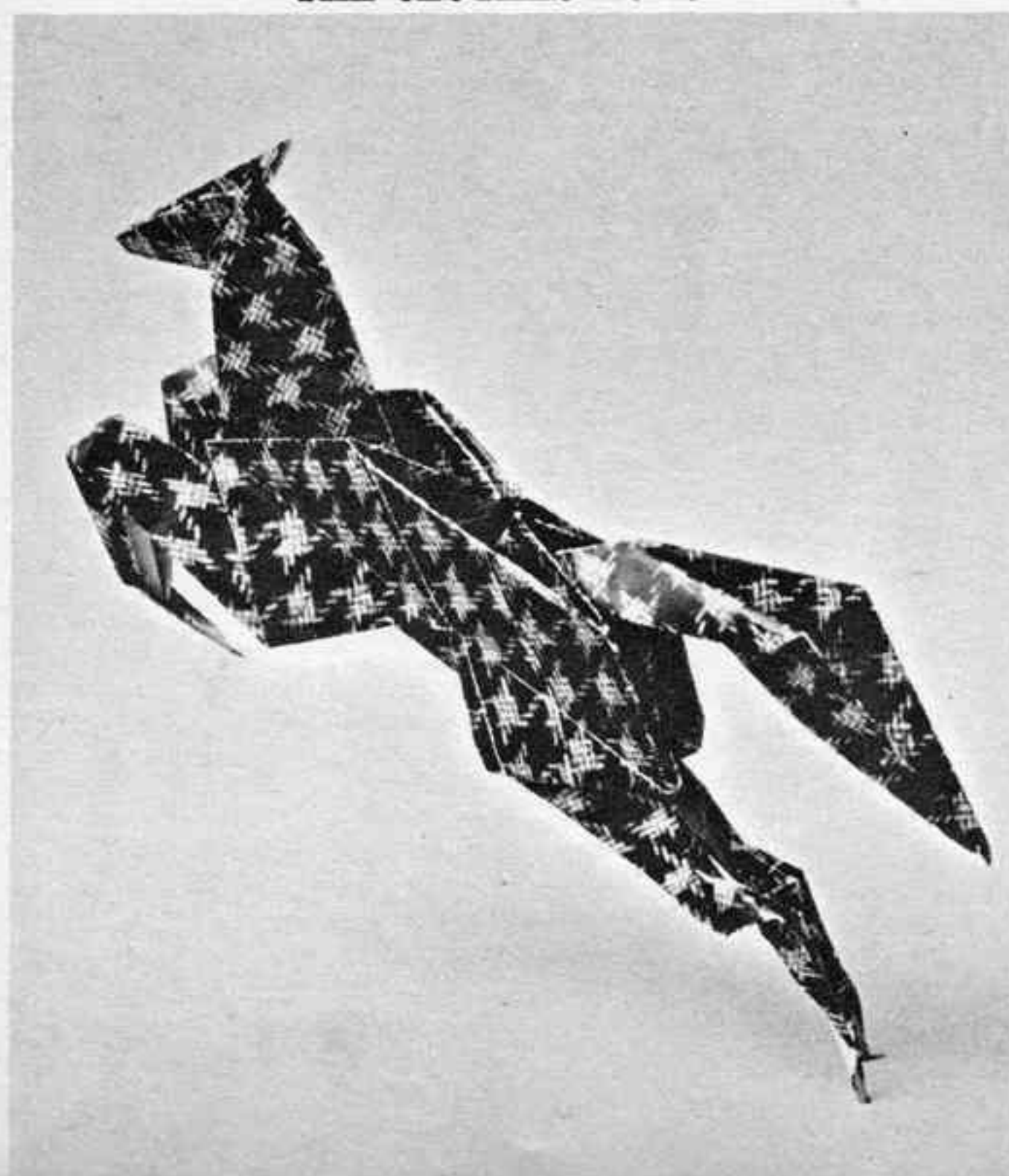
THE FAST BUCK



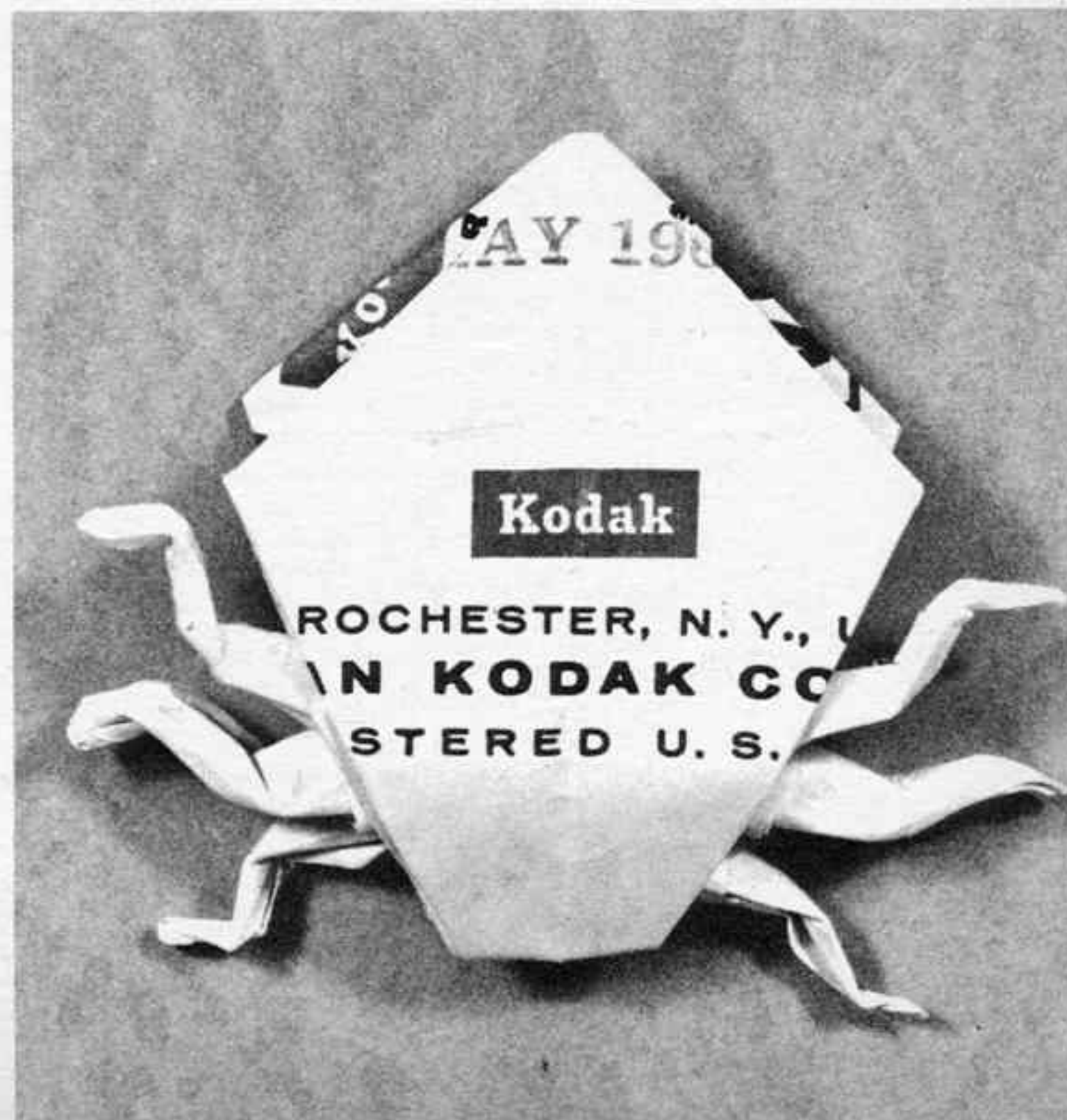
THE BOOZE HOUNDS



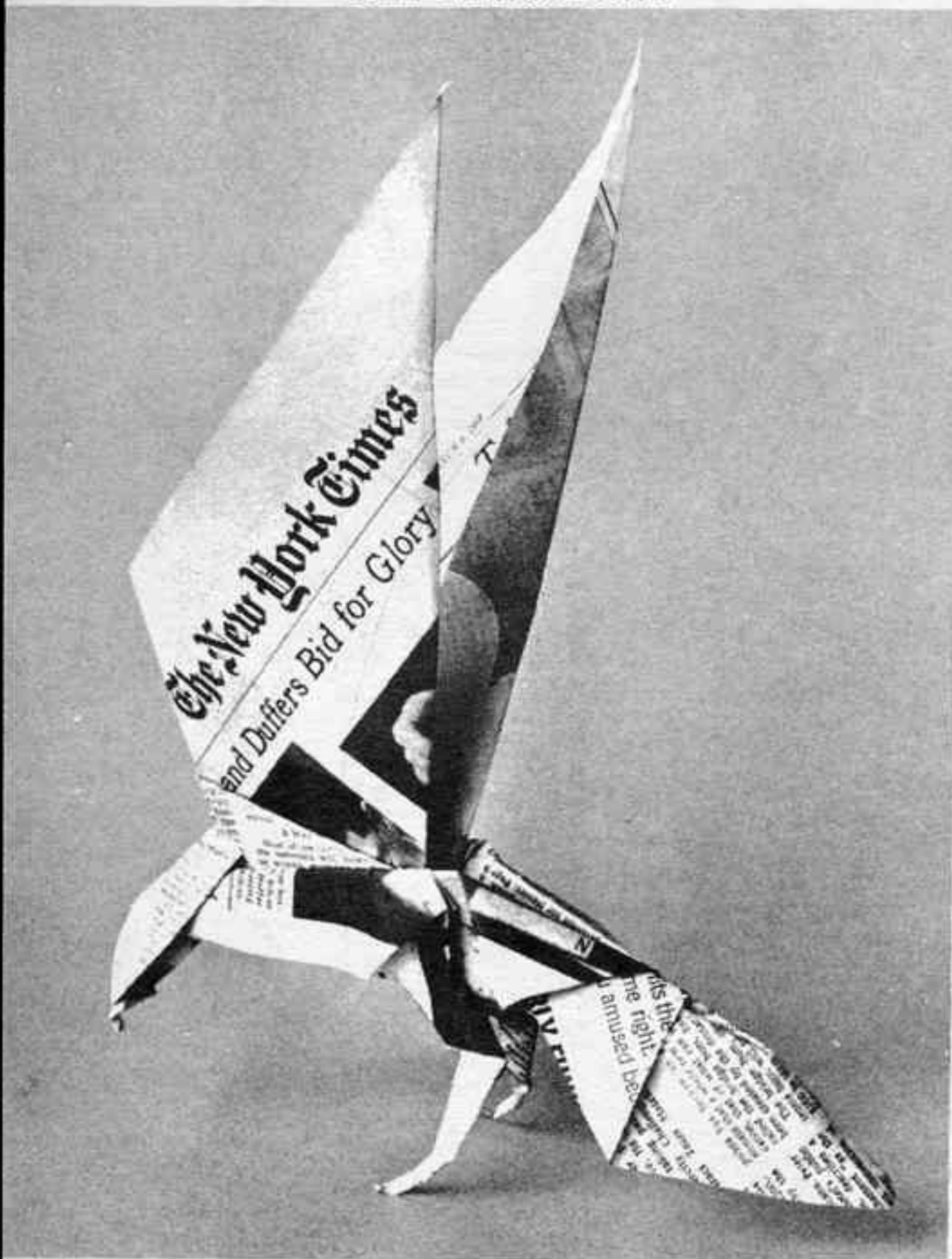
THE CLOTHES HORSE



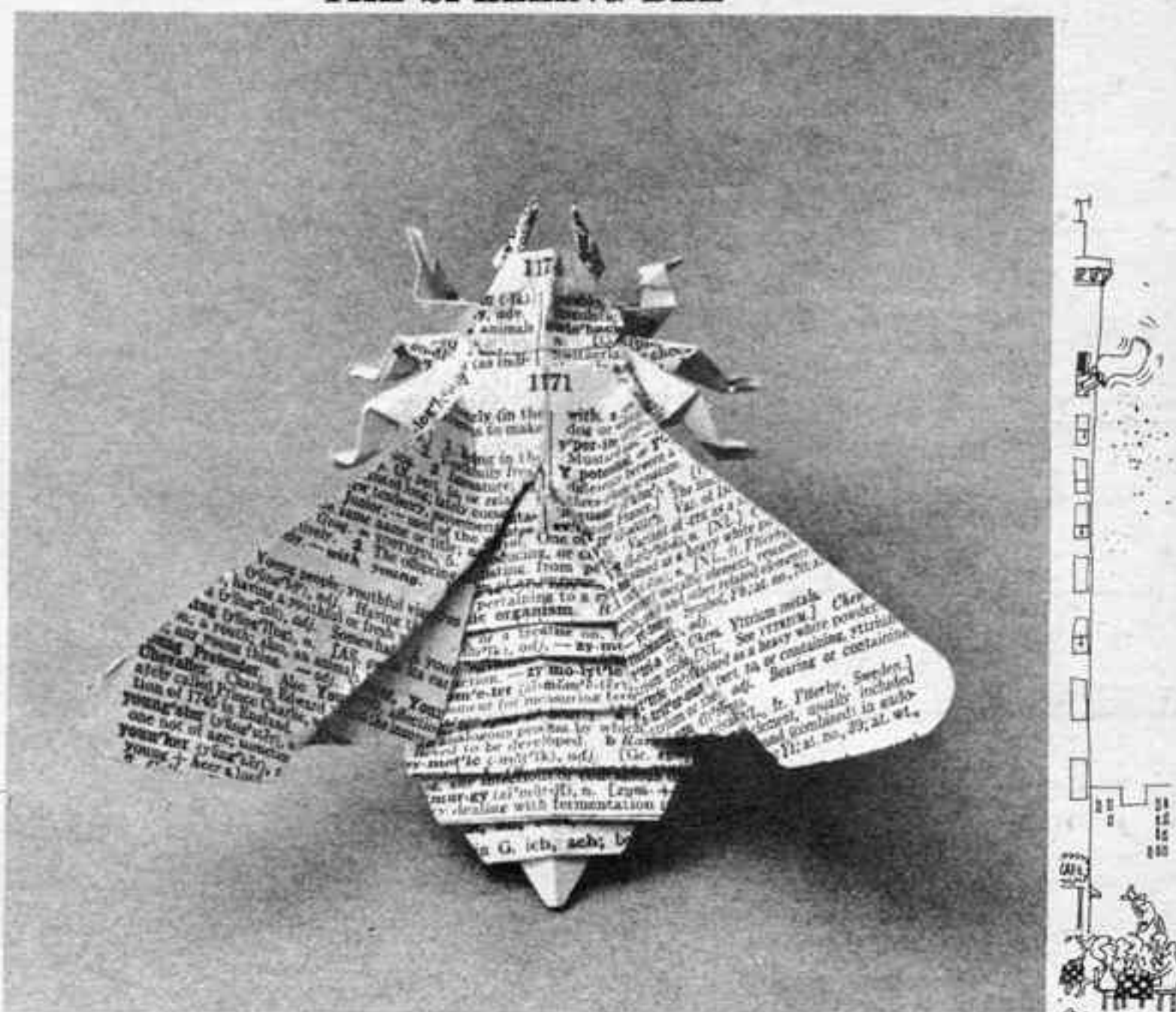
THE CAMERA BUG



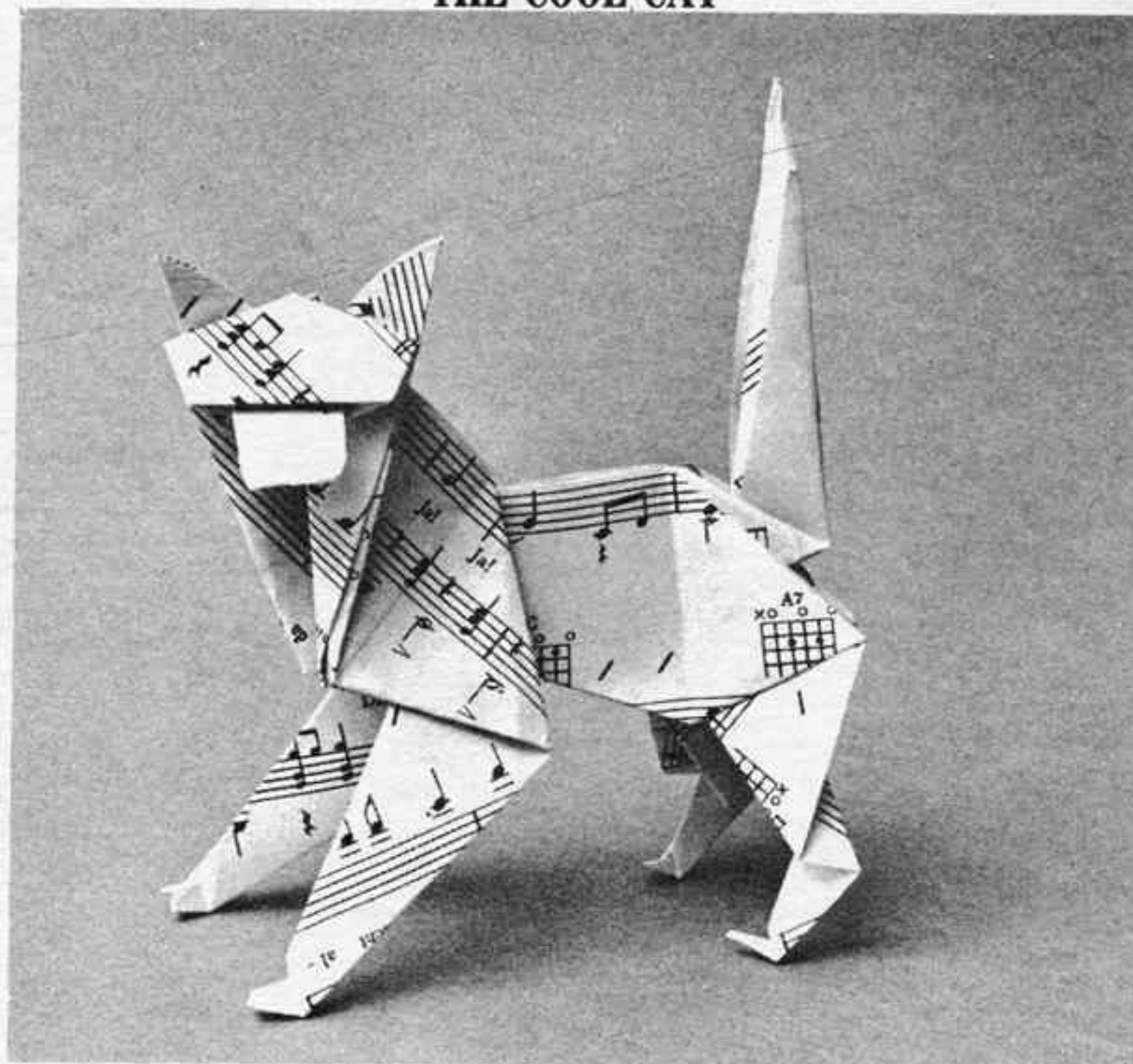
THE NEWS HAWK



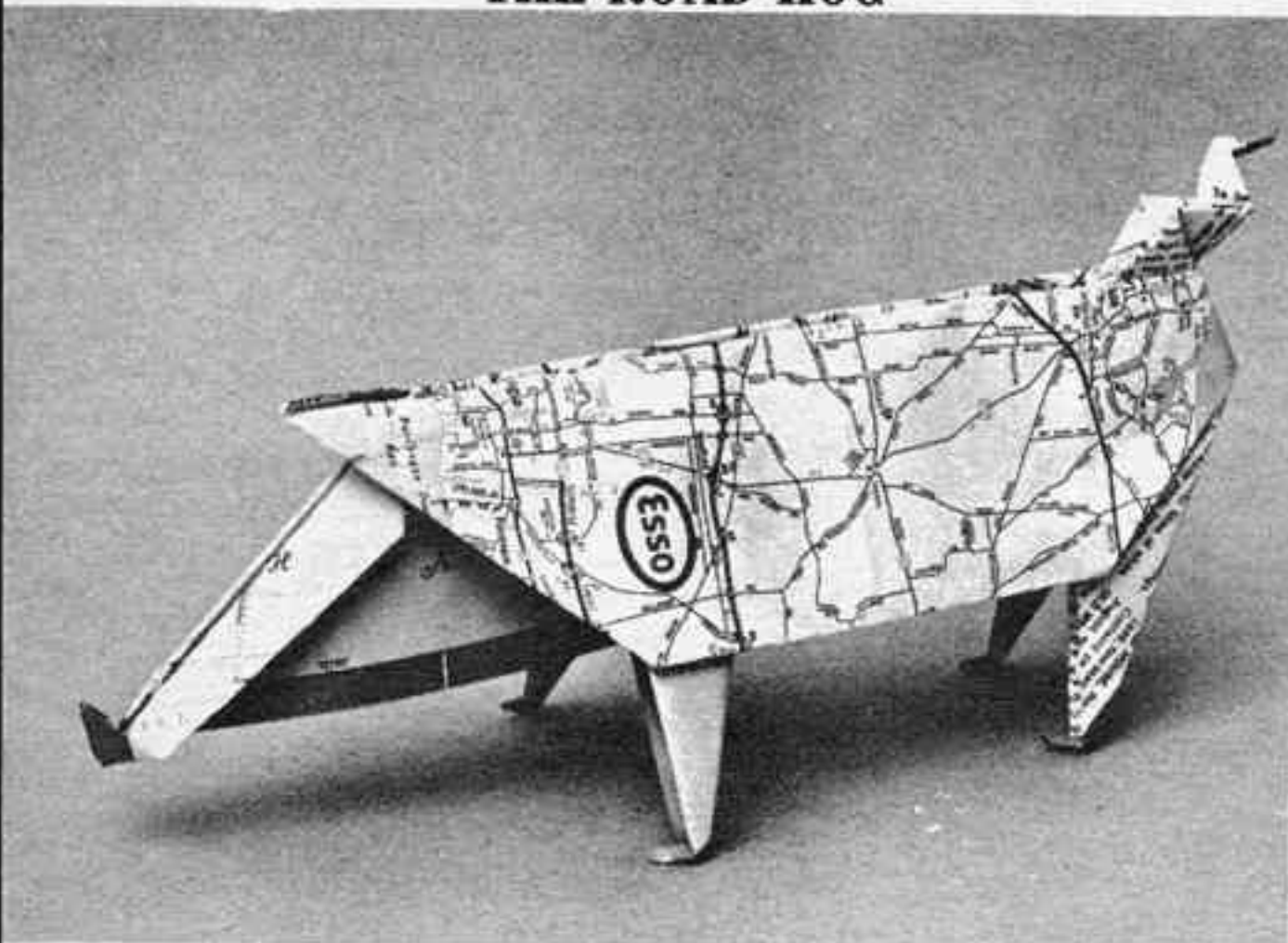
THE SPELLING BEE



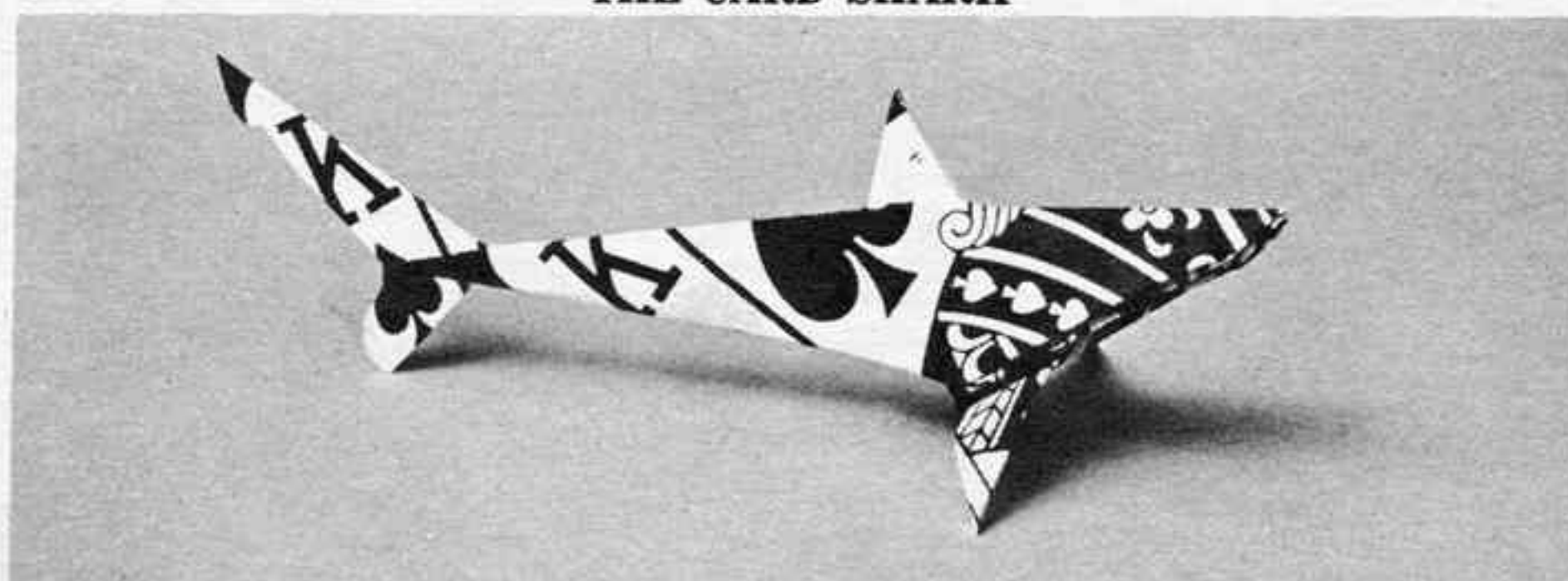
THE COOL CAT



THE ROAD HOG

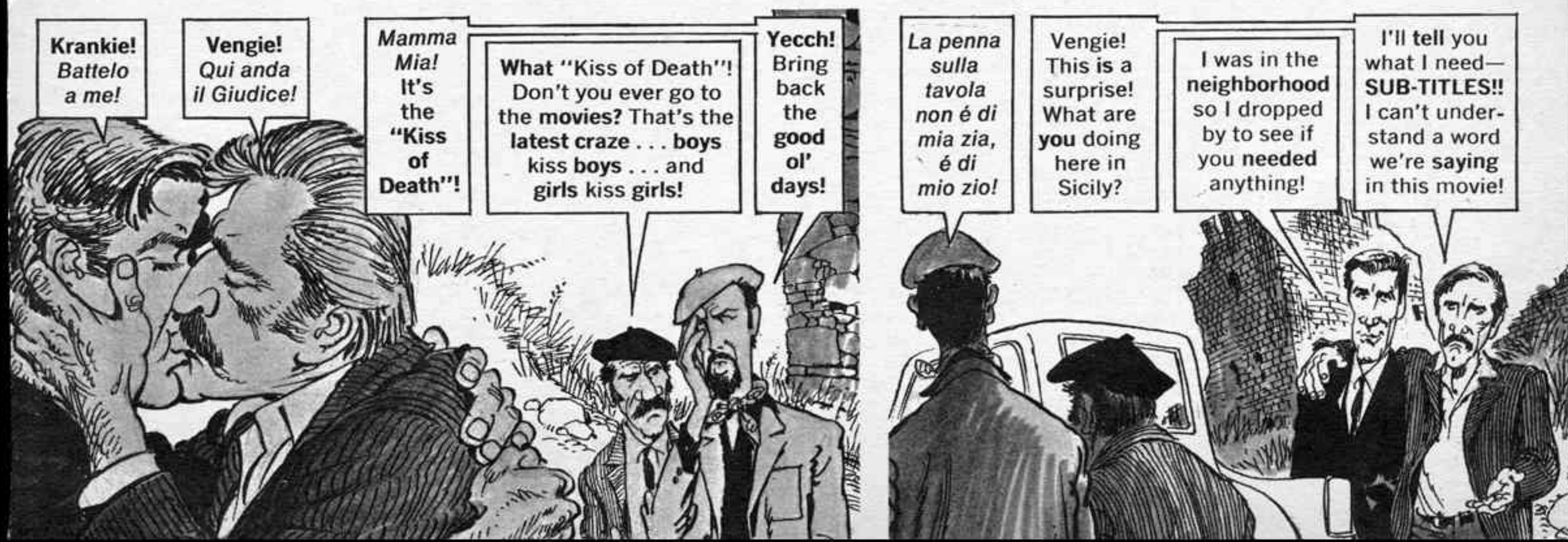


THE CARD SHARK



THE BROTHER HOODS

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE





Aida! Look who's here! It's Vengie!

Hey, is that all the luggage you brought?

Actually, I just stopped in for a bit to eat, Krank! I hate to hit and run ... I mean **EAT** and run, but ...

Did you hear that, woman? Vengie just dropped by to join us for supper!

Something tells me it's gonna be your **LAST SUPPER**, Krank ... unless that's his toothbrush he just dropped!



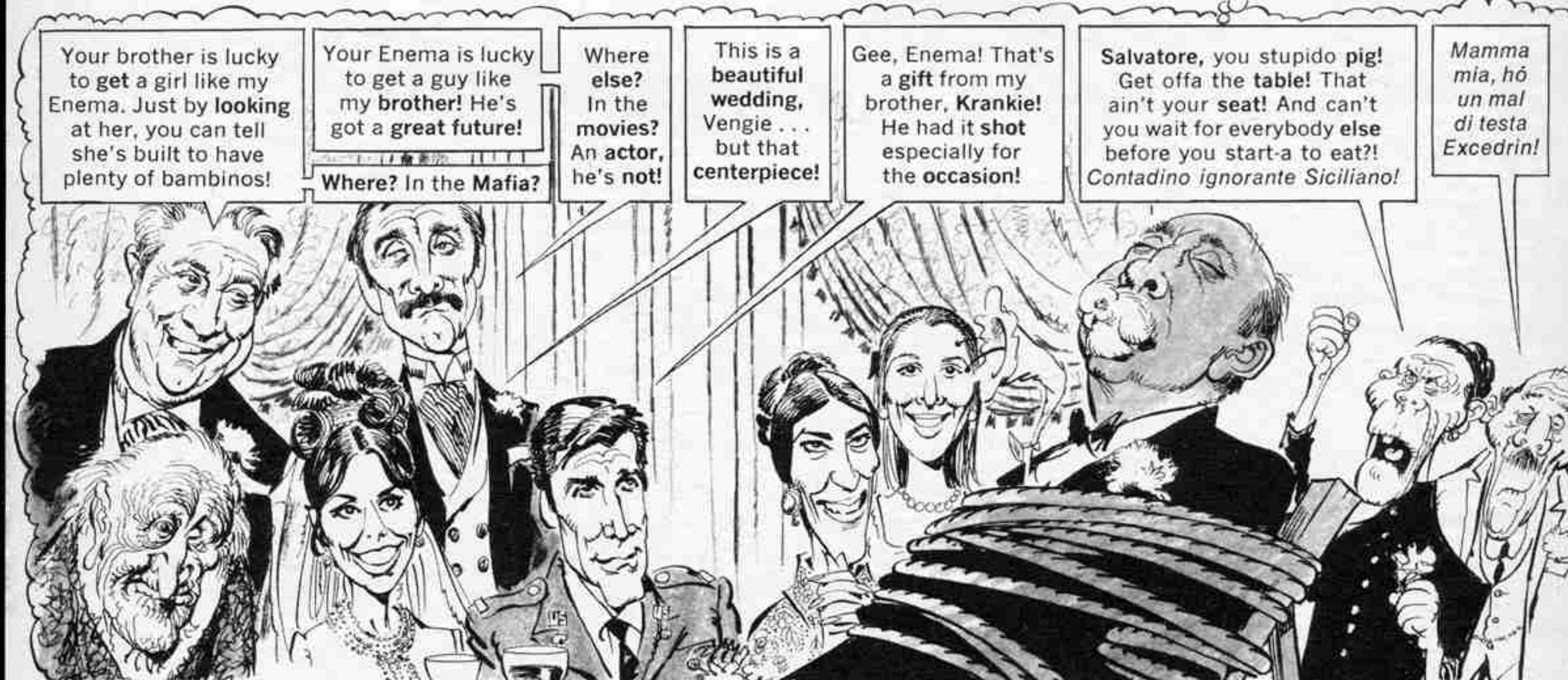
Wait, I'll ask him! Er, Vengie! Vengie ...? Hey, what's the matter?

Don't disturb him, Krankie! He's trying to remember the past!

Oh, I thought he was trying to remember his line!



CLUNK!



Your brother is lucky to get a girl like my Enema. Just by looking at her, you can tell she's built to have plenty of bambinos!

Your Enema is lucky to get a guy like my brother! He's got a great future!

Where? In the Mafia?

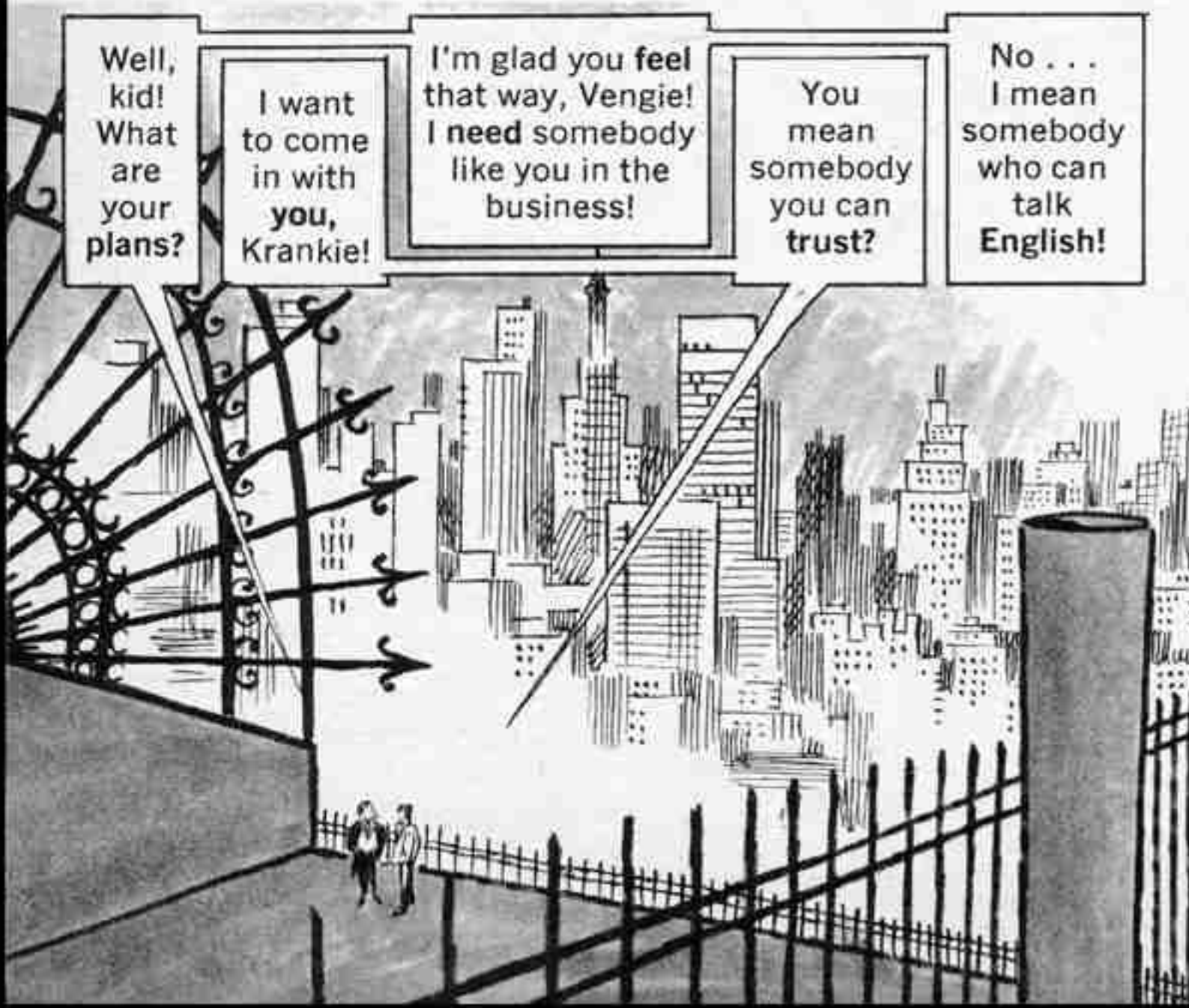
Where else? In the movies? An actor, he's not!

This is a beautiful wedding, Vengie ... but that centerpiece!

Gee, Enema! That's a gift from my brother, Krankie! He had it shot especially for the occasion!

Salvatore, you stupido pig! Get offa the table! That ain't your seat! And can't you wait for everybody else before you start-a to eat?! *Contadino ignorante Siciliano!*

Mamma mia, hó un mal di testa Excedrin!



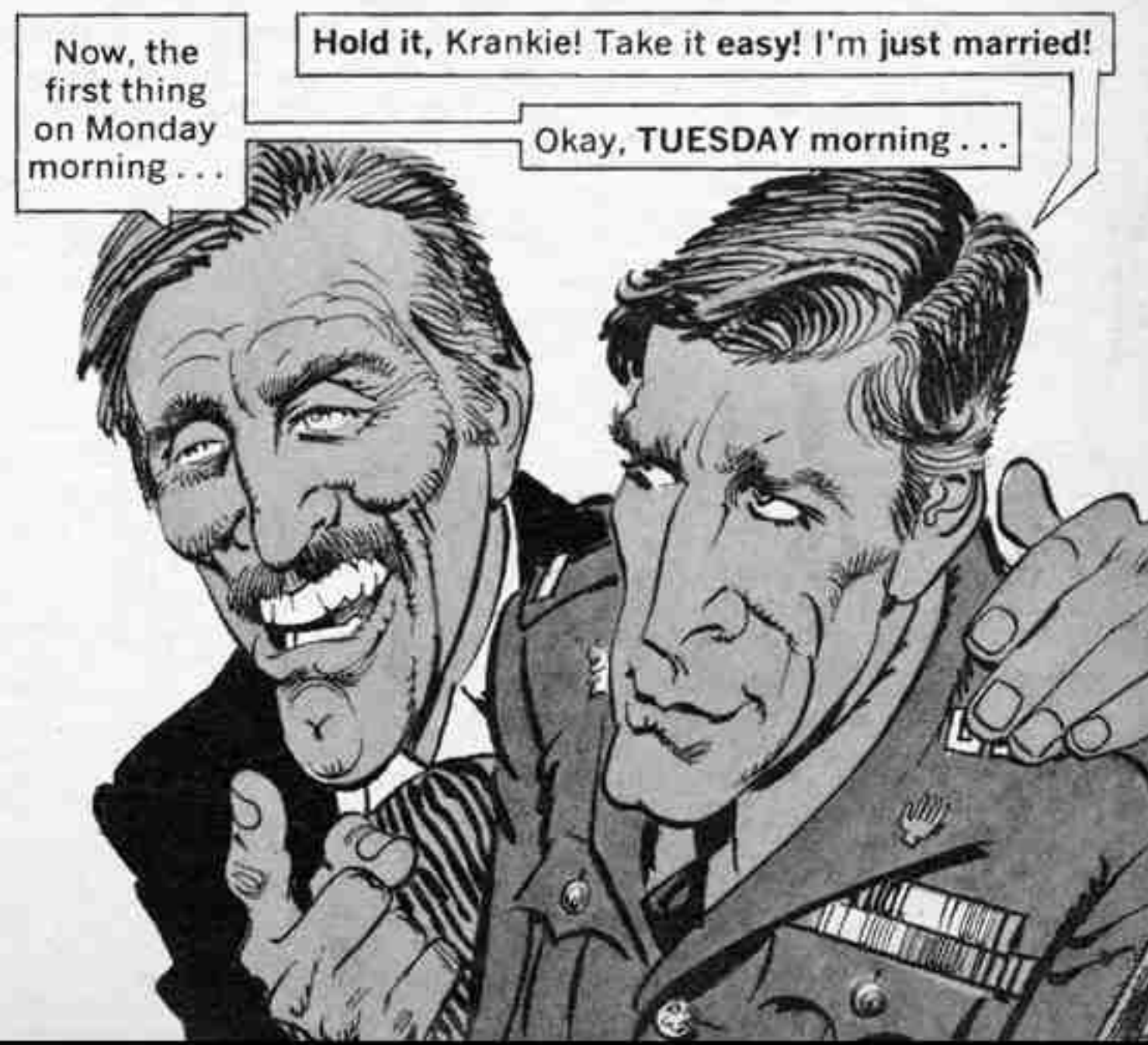
Well, kid! What are your plans?

I want to come in with you, Krankie!

I'm glad you feel that way, Vengie! I need somebody like you in the business!

You mean somebody you can trust?

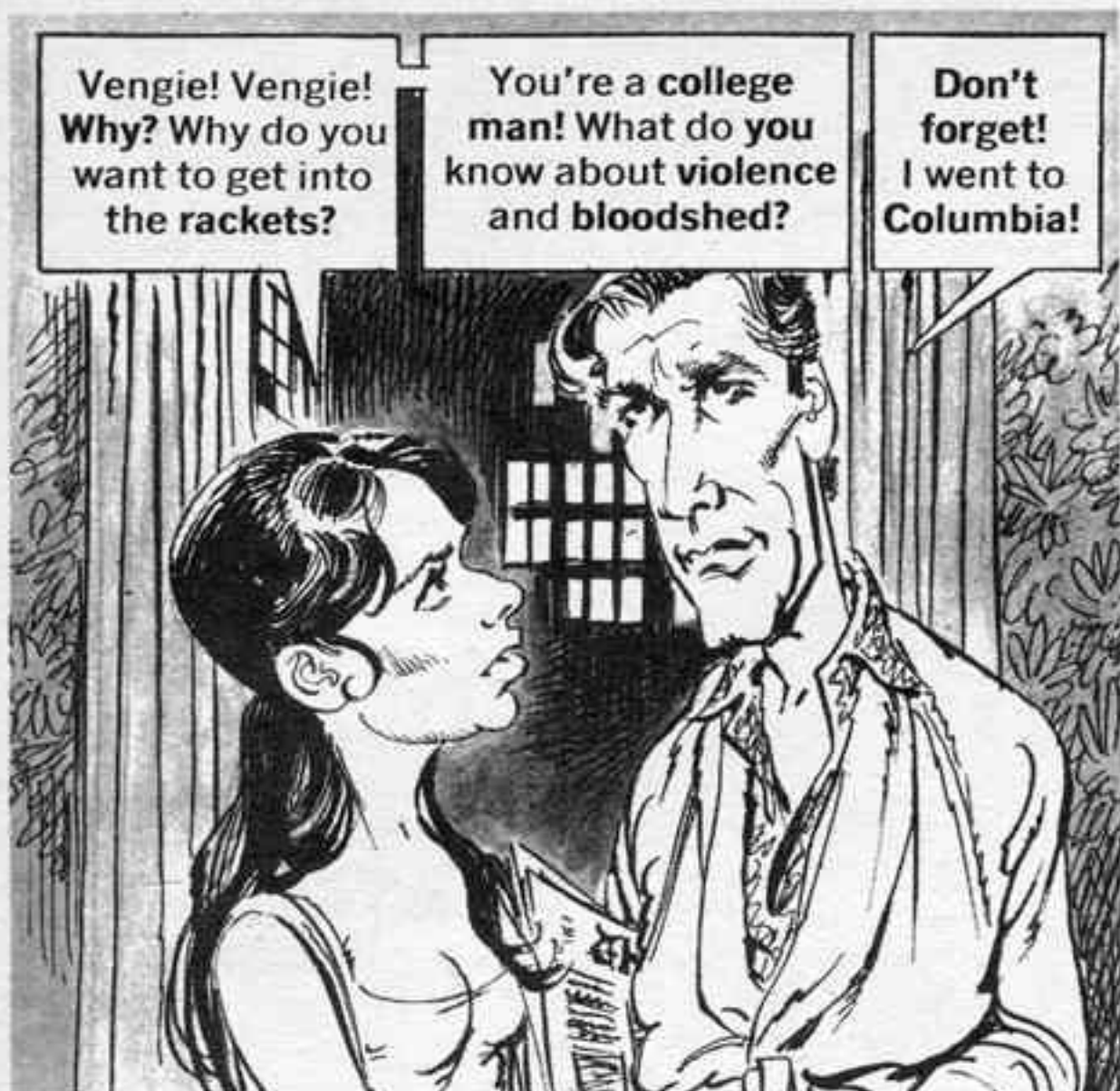
No ... I mean somebody who can talk English!



Now, the first thing on Monday morning ...

Hold it, Krankie! Take it easy! I'm just married!

Okay, **TUESDAY** morning ...



Vengie! Vengie!
Why? Why do you
want to get into
the rackets?

You're a college
man! What do you
know about violence
and bloodshed?

Don't
forget!
I went to
Columbia!

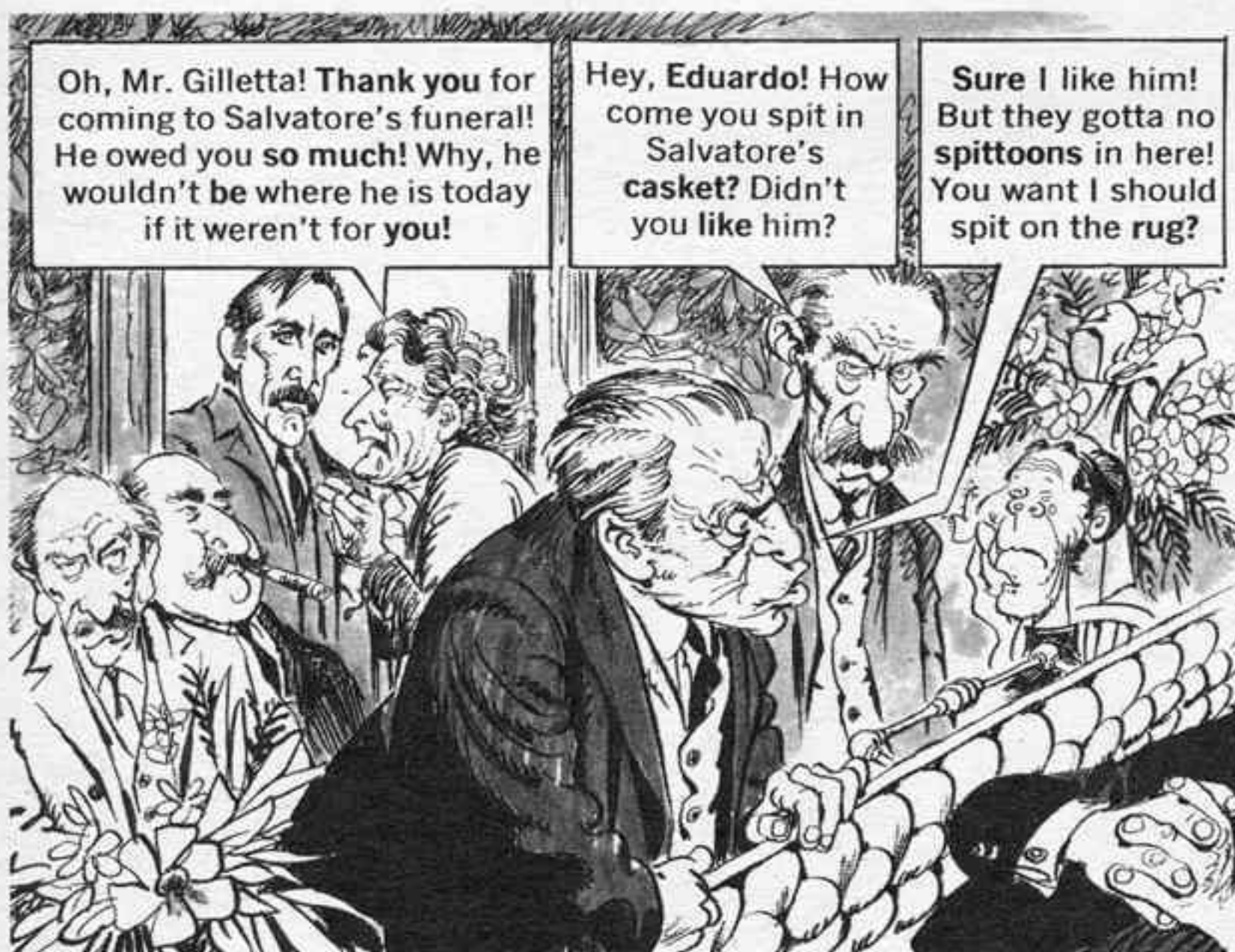


All right! Have it
your own way! Only
never tell me what
you do! I don't want
to hear how you get
your blood money!

Gee . . . I
didn't know
you felt
so strongly
about it!

Well, I do! Now
pass me the Real
Estate Section so
I can find us a
\$250,000 brownstone
in Brooklyn Heights!

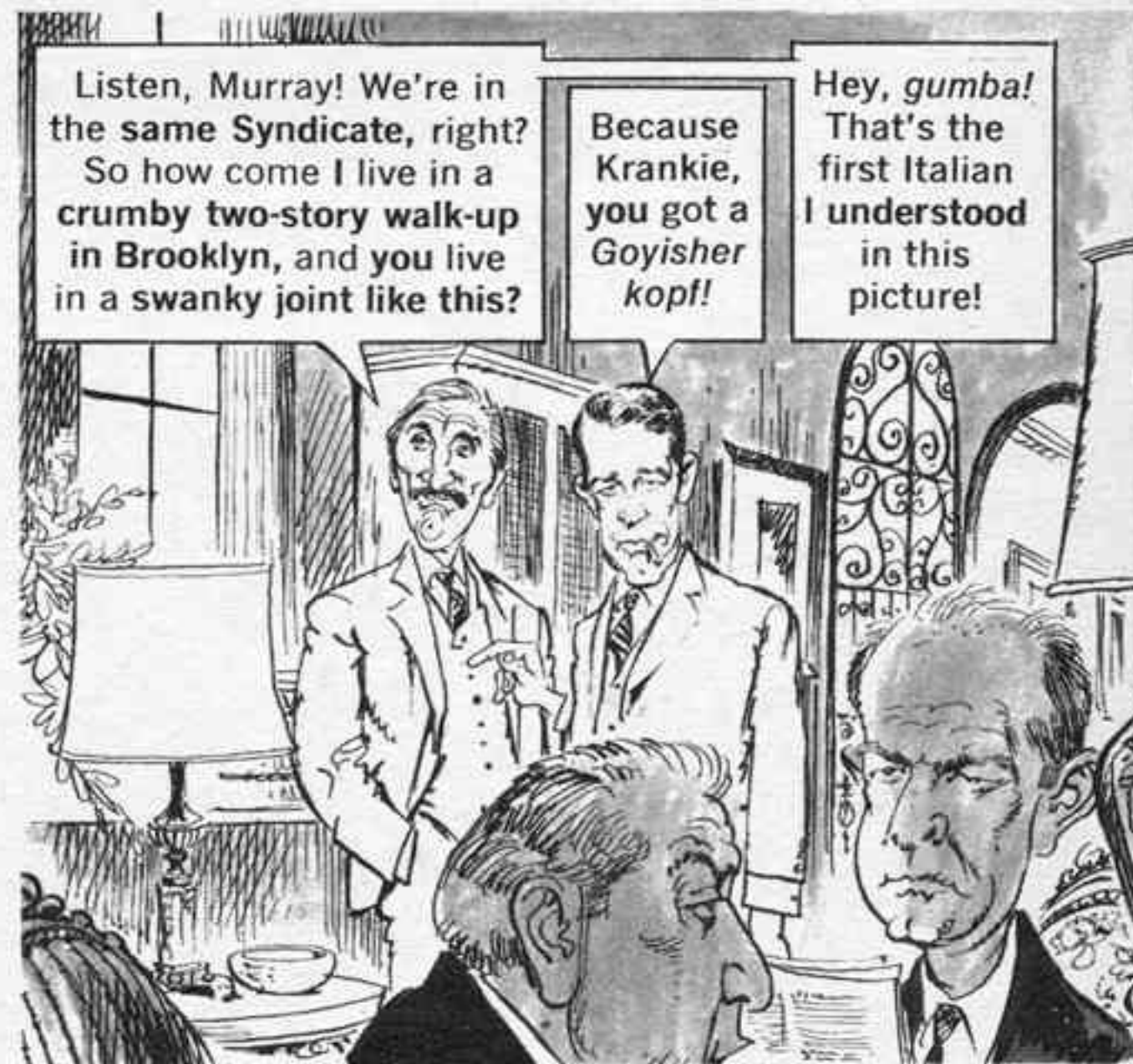
Then we'll
have to go
to Paris to
pick out the
furniture
for it!



Oh, Mr. Gilletta! Thank you
for coming to Salvatore's funeral!
He owed you so much! Why, he
wouldn't be where he is today
if it weren't for you!

Hey, Eduardo! How
come you spit in
Salvatore's
casket? Didn't
you like him?

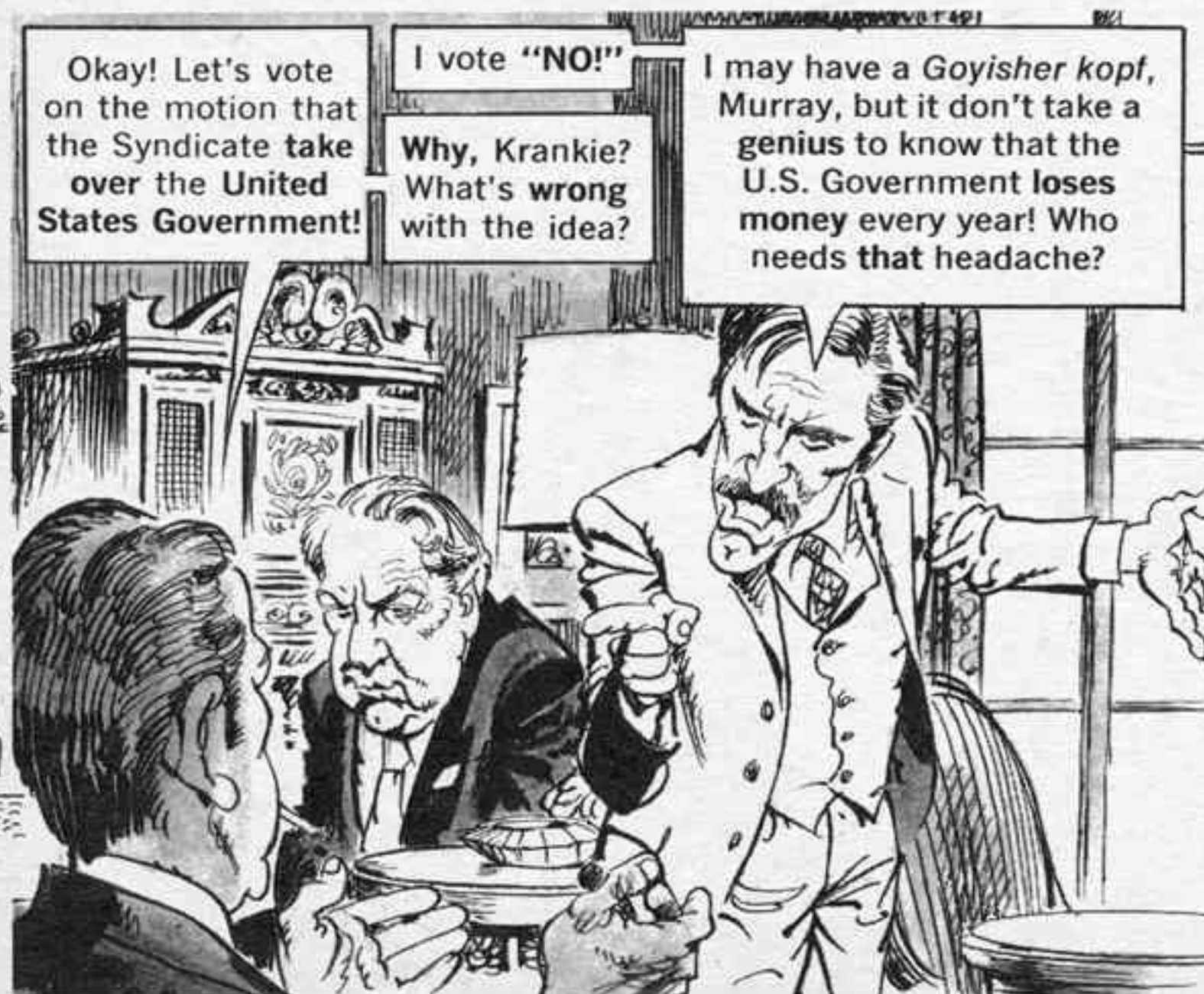
Sure I like him!
But they gotta no
spittoons in here!
You want I should
spit on the rug?



Listen, Murray! We're in
the same Syndicate, right?
So how come I live in a
crumby two-story walk-up
in Brooklyn, and you live
in a swanky joint like this?

Because
Krankie,
you got a
Goyisher
kopf!

Hey, gumba!
That's the
first Italian
I understood
in this
picture!



Okay! Let's vote
on the motion that
the Syndicate take
over the United
States Government!

I vote "NO!"
Why, Krankie?
What's wrong
with the idea?

I may have a Goyisher Kopf,
Murray, but it don't take a
genius to know that the
U.S. Government loses
money every year! Who
needs that headache?



The-hic-the
shtoopid
zipper is-
hic-shtuck!
Hol' shtill-
hic-an' I'll
shoot it open!

Tell me something, Krankie!
If this whole flashback is
taking place in your
brother's mind, how come
he knows what happened
here in our bedroom?

Now you
know why
the Mafia
is called
a
"SECRET
Society"!



Antonio Mozzarella!
Luigi Lasagna!
Mario Marinara!
Guiseppe Linguini!
Alphonso Ziti!
Carmine Calamari!

Do
you
know
these
names,
Krankie?

Sure! Those
are the names
of the men
the Syndicate
knocked off!

No, those
are the
names of
our all-
time great
Bocci team!



But we **do** know
who squealed
on your Papa,
Krankie! It
was Duminick
Bertololo!

You gotta
make him
pay! You
gotta
kill him,
Krankie!

But Bertololo is
family! He's my
brother's Father-
in-Law! How come
you waited 30
years to tell me?

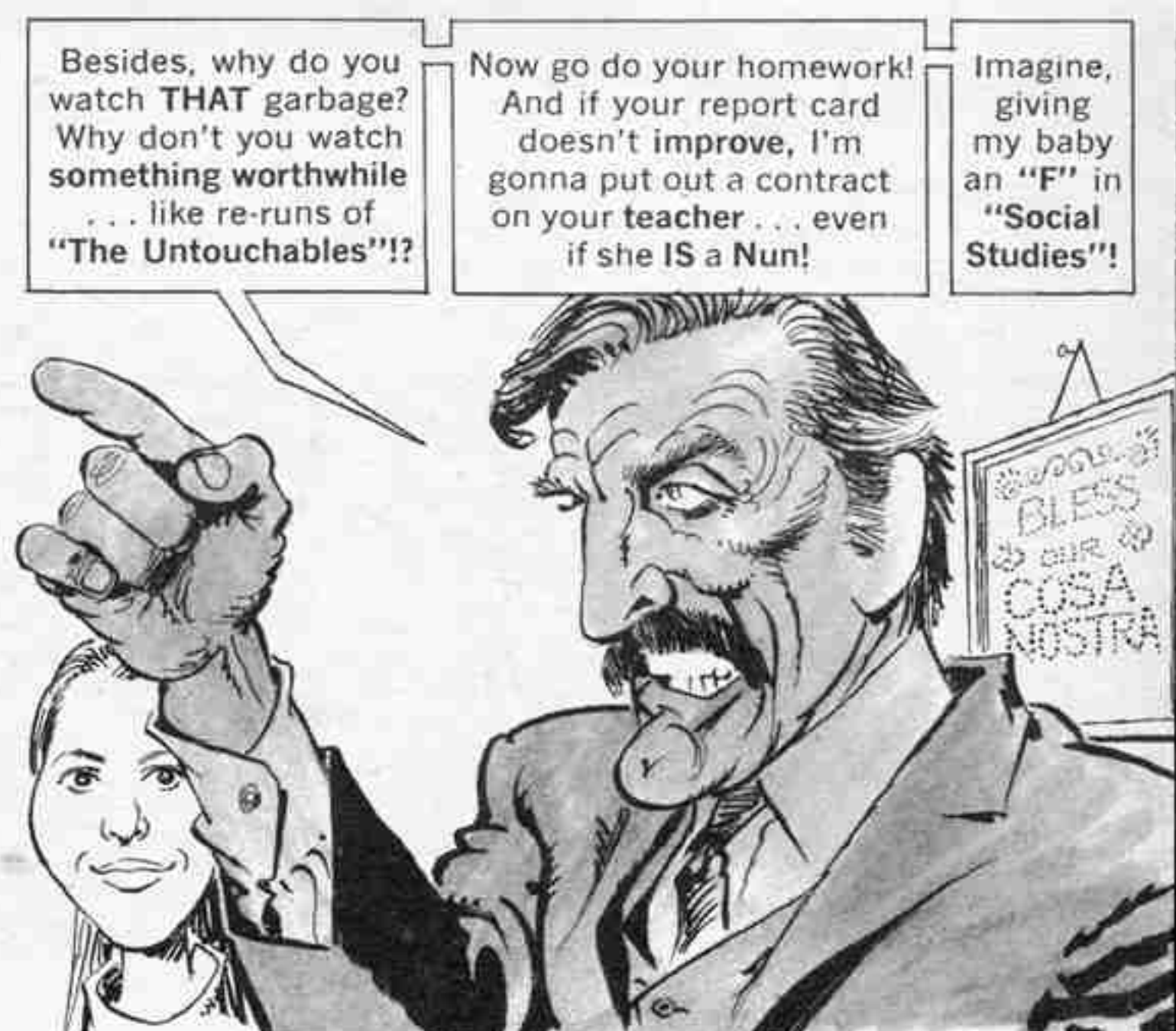
We just found
out today! Our
informant
forgot to put
the zip code
on the envelope!



... and this Gilletta
is a known Syndicate man
and labor racketeer! He
is guilty of murder ...
extortion ... smuggling
... loan sharking ...

Oh, Papa!
Is it true
what that
Senator
is saying
about you?

Who you gonna believe
... your own Papa ...
or some U.S. Senator?!!
You know those bums
in Washington are
all crooks!



Besides, why do you
watch **THAT** garbage?
Why don't you watch
something worthwhile
... like re-runs of
"The Untouchables"!!

Now go do your homework!
And if your report card
doesn't improve, I'm
gonna put out a contract
on your teacher ... even
if she **IS** a Nun!

Imagine,
giving
my baby
an "F" in
"Social
Studies"!



Hey, Bertololo!
I changed my
mind about that
U.S. Government
take-over! Get
in! Let me buy
you a lunch!

Now you're talking
sense, Krankie! But
why are you parked
near a fire hydrant?
You want the cops
to pick you up?

WHAT cops? You see any
cops in this picture? This
is a true-to-life picture
about the Syndicate ...
and you know that, as
far as the Syndicate is
concerned, cops just
don't exist!

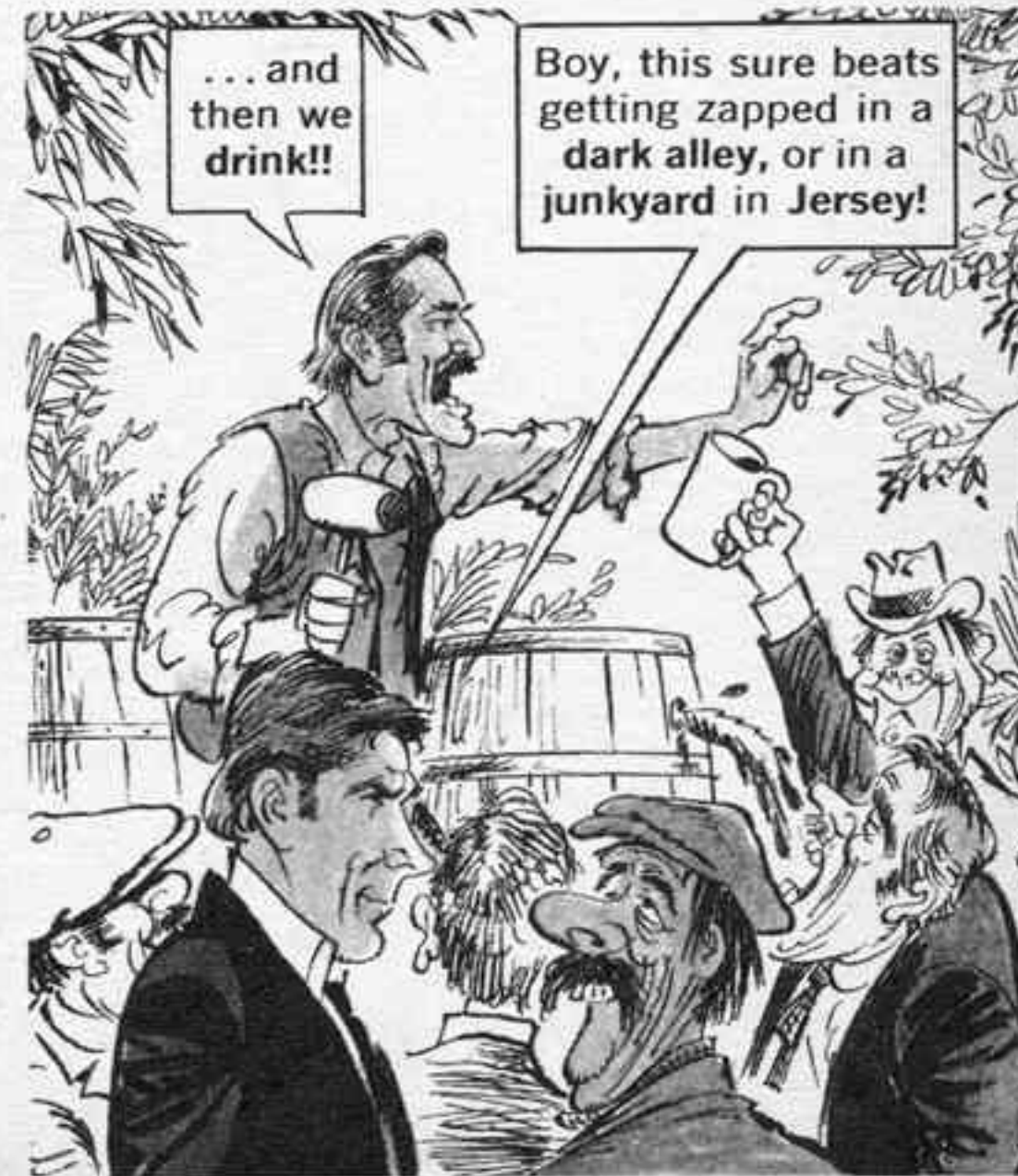
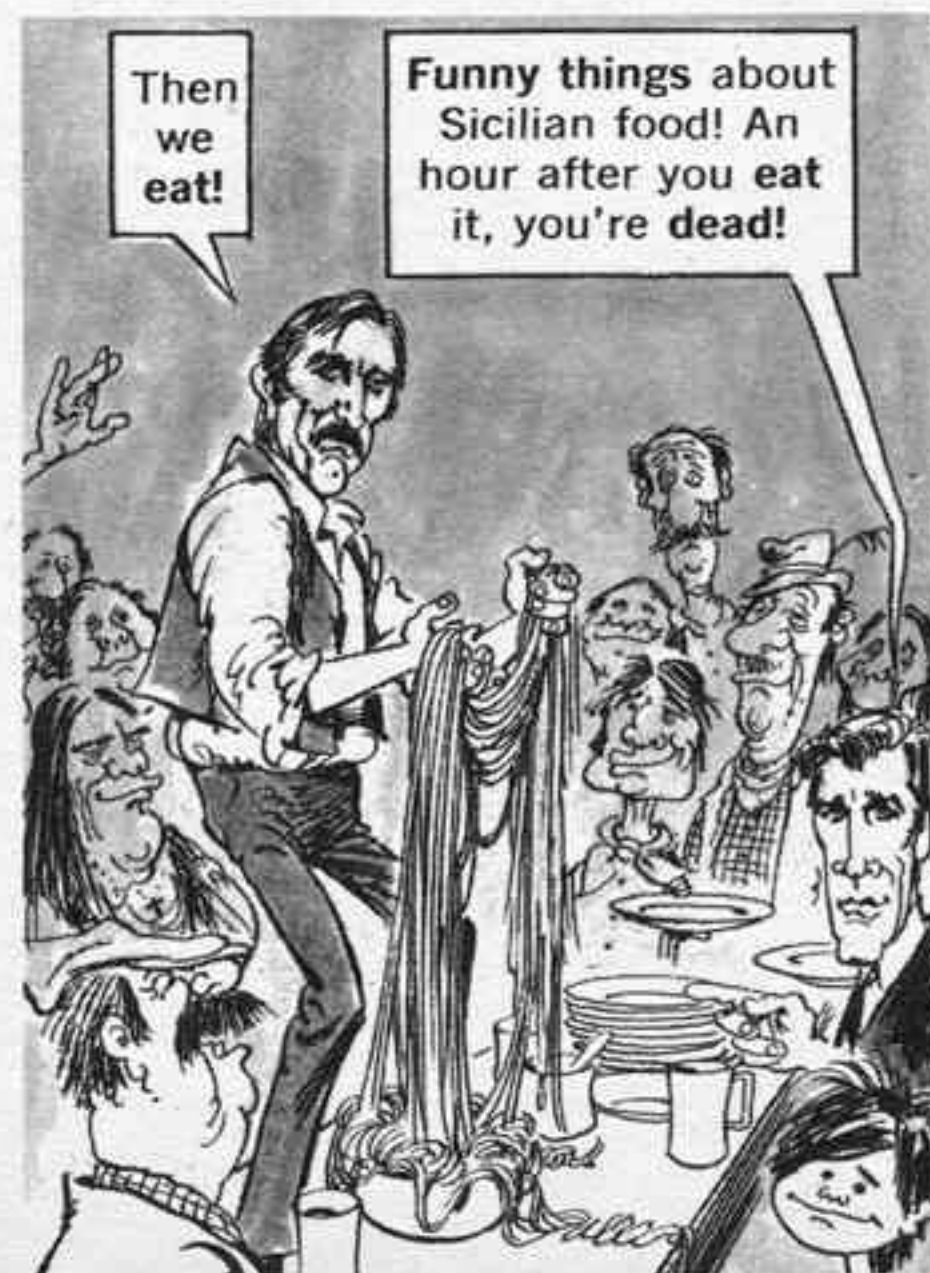
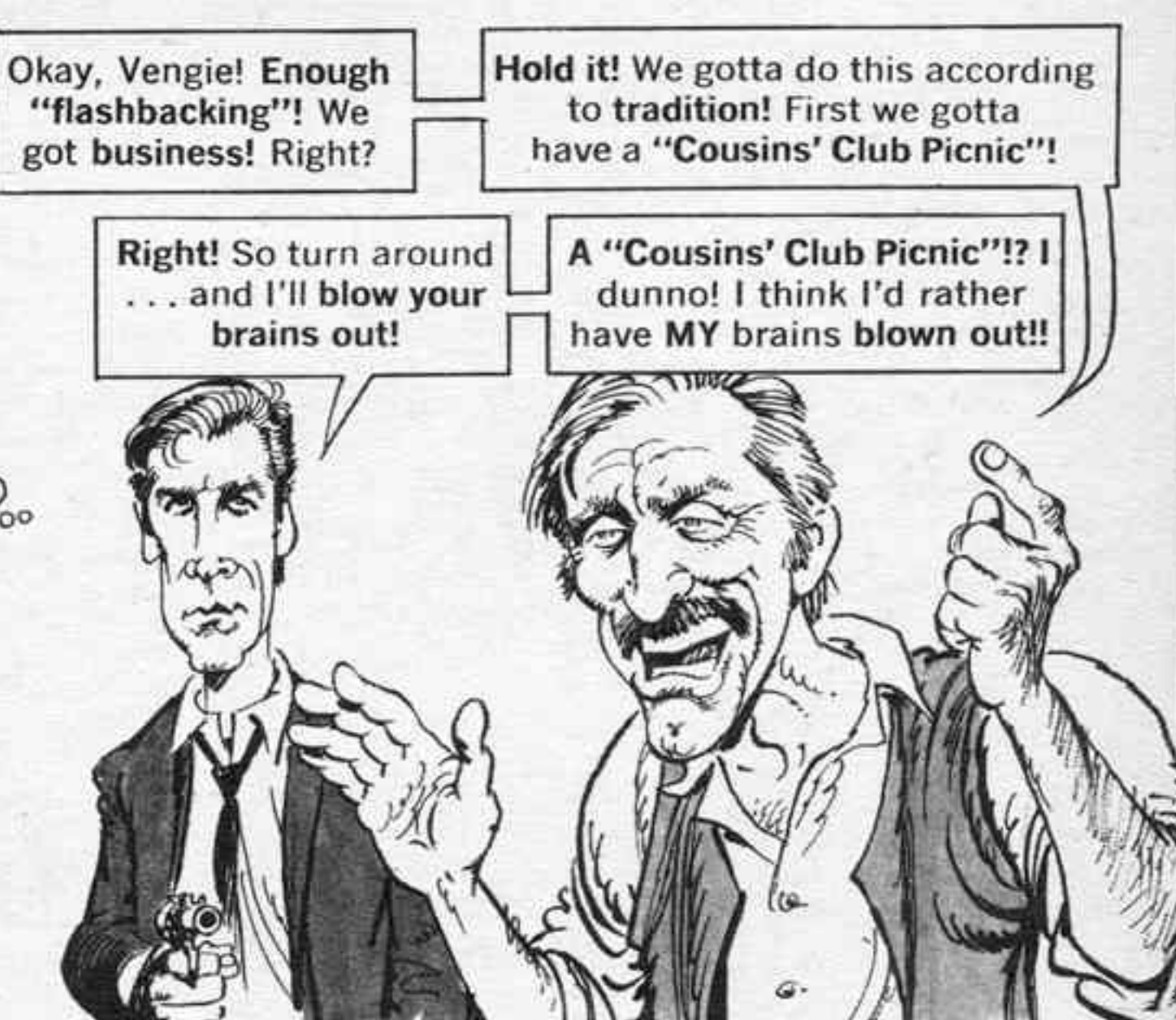
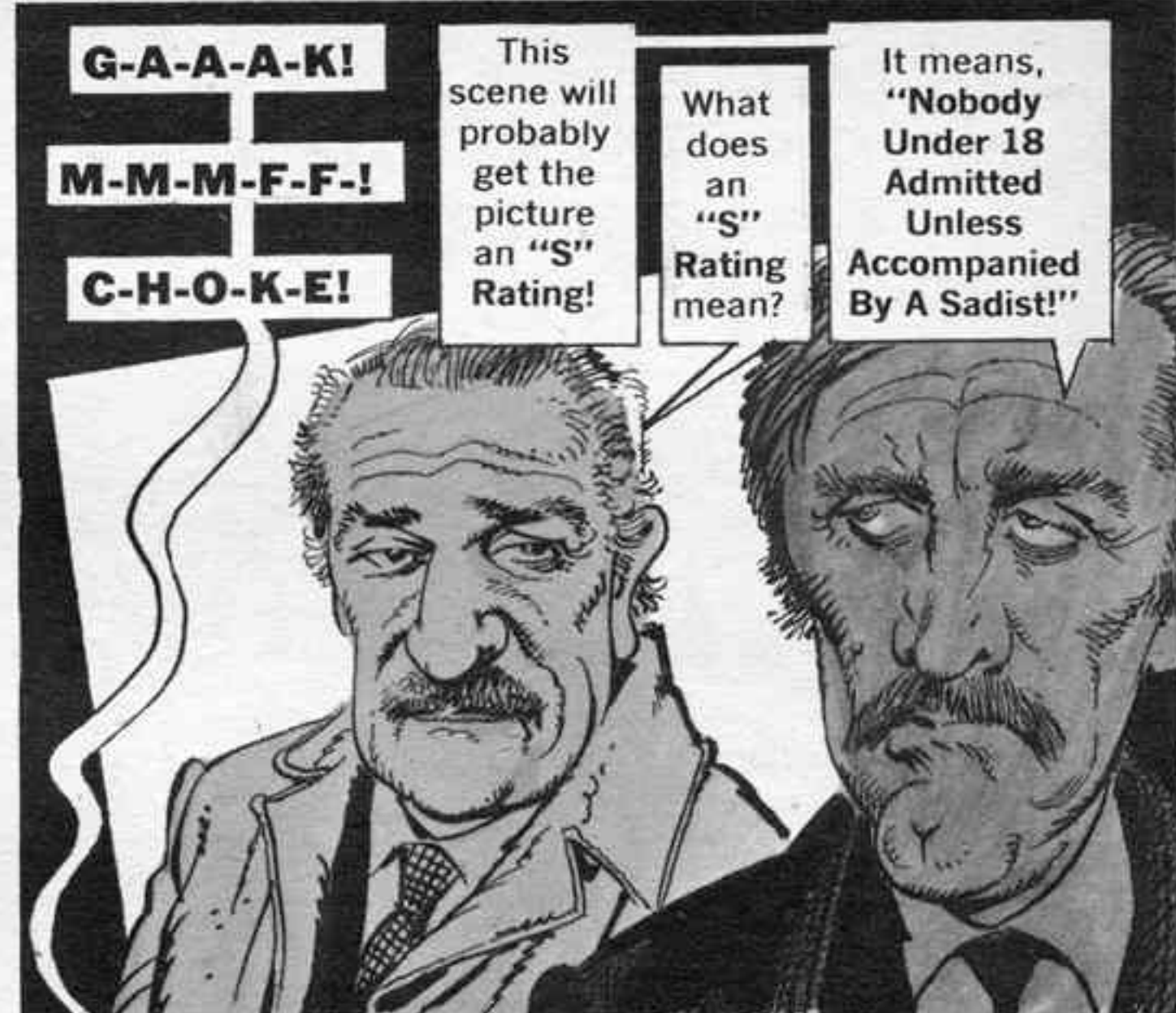


Hey, remember the time
I had a contract on
Angie LaBonza, and I
shot his brother by
mistake? Ha-ha! The
organization got a
bargain that time, eh,
Dum? Two hits for the
price of one!

And remember
the time I shot
Tony Brazzoli
in front of
witnesses—heh-
heh!—and they
picked up some
idiot named
Frank Gorshin?

Heh-heh!
Oh, Krankie—you
—heh-heh—
kill me!

That's right, fink!
As soon as we get
where we're going!





Okay, Vengie! Now it's time! You know what this is?

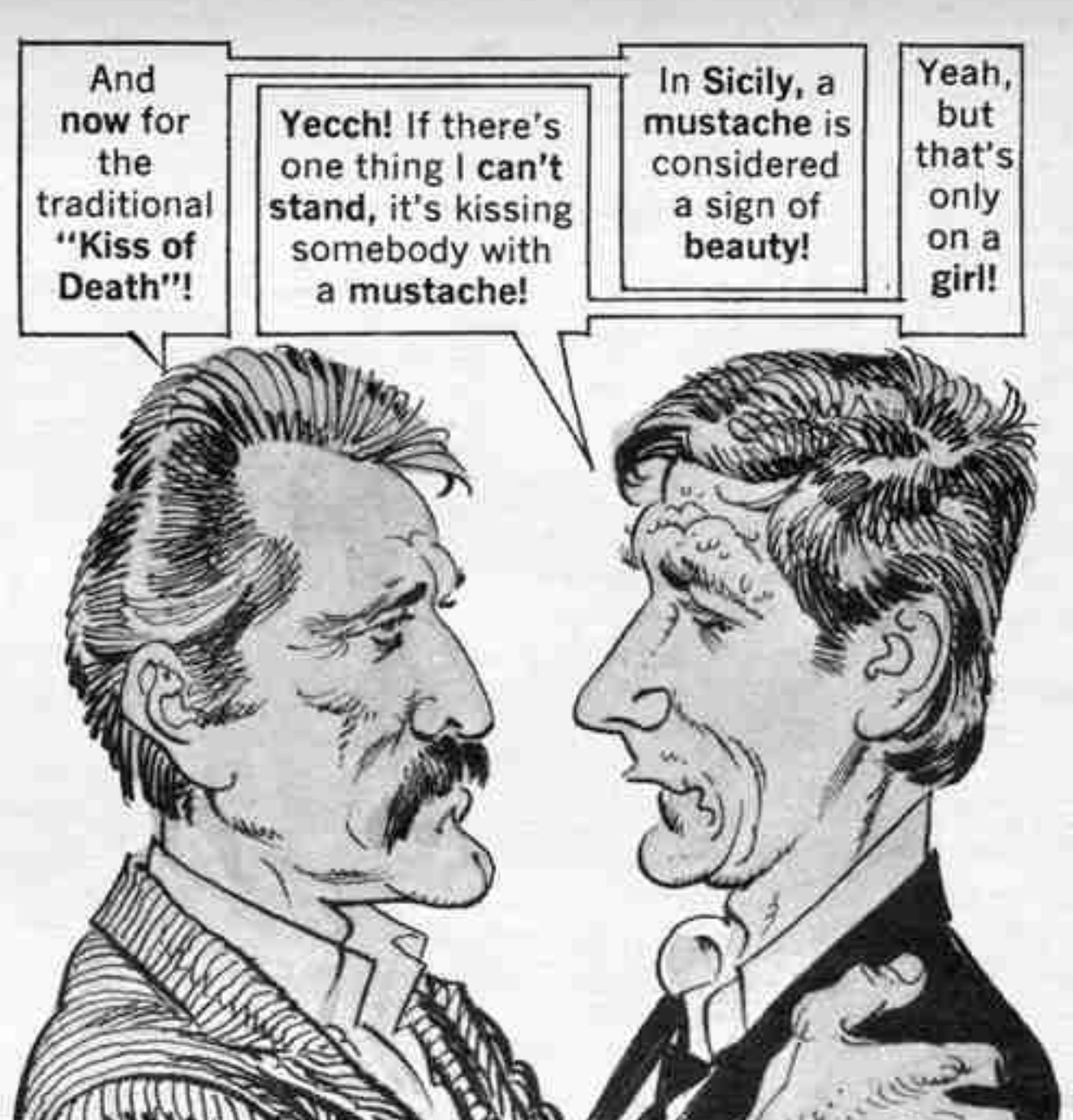
Sure! It's a king-size Italian breadstick!

No, you idiot! This is the traditional shotgun with the traditional two shells!

I can't do it, Krankie! You're my brother! I can't!

If you don't, they'll kill you, too!

Well... since you put it that way... gi'me the gun!

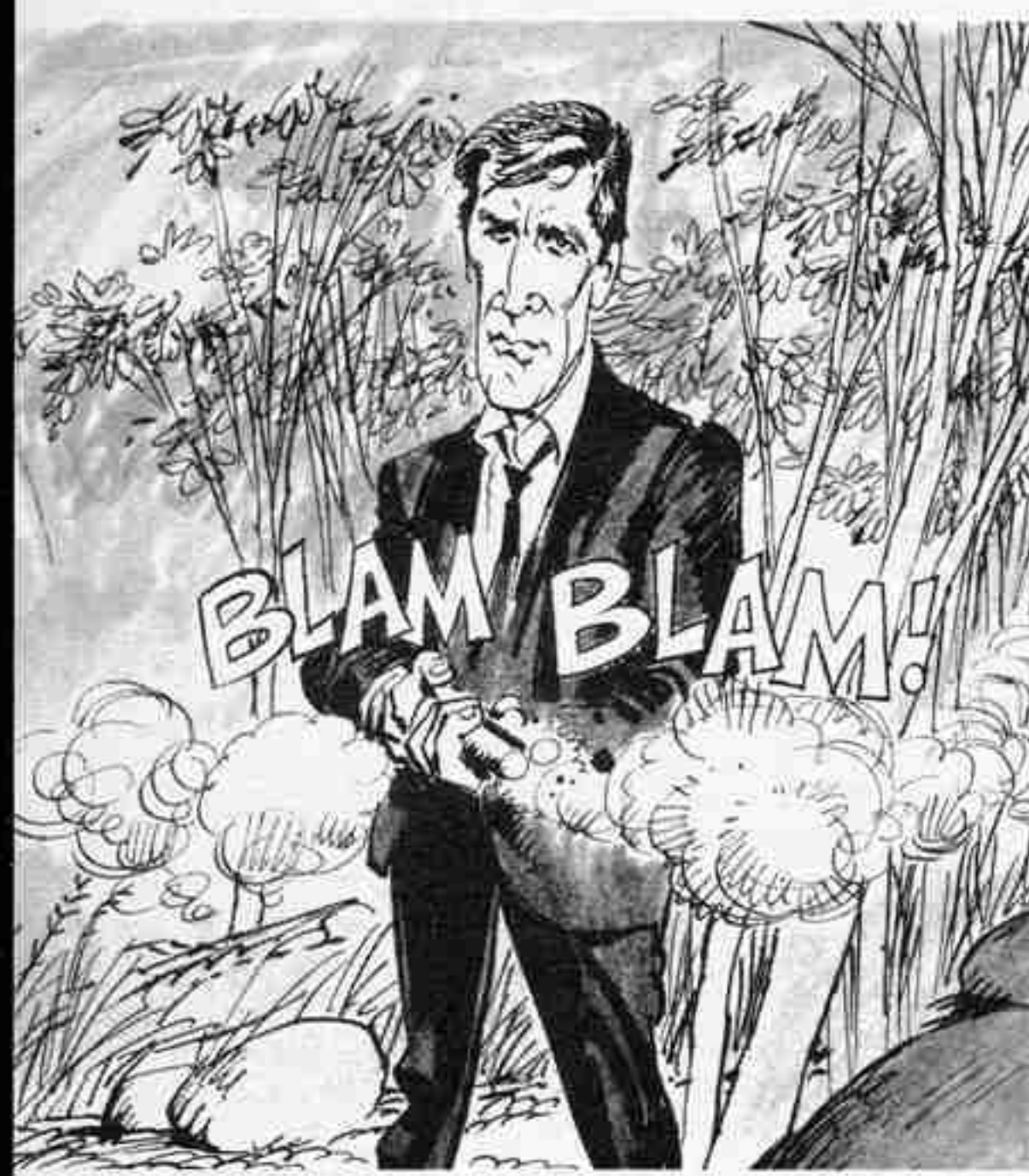


And now for the traditional "Kiss of Death"!

Yecch! If there's one thing I can't stand, it's kissing somebody with a mustache!

In Sicily, a mustache is considered a sign of beauty!

Yeah, but that's only on a girl!



Boy, are we in trouble! Two traditional shots... and he misses them BOTH!!

I'm sorry, Krank... but how'd you expect me to shoot straight with all that eating, dancing and drinking?

There's a plane due any minute! I wonder who they're gonna send to get us?

I don't care WHO it is—so long as he doesn't have a mustache!



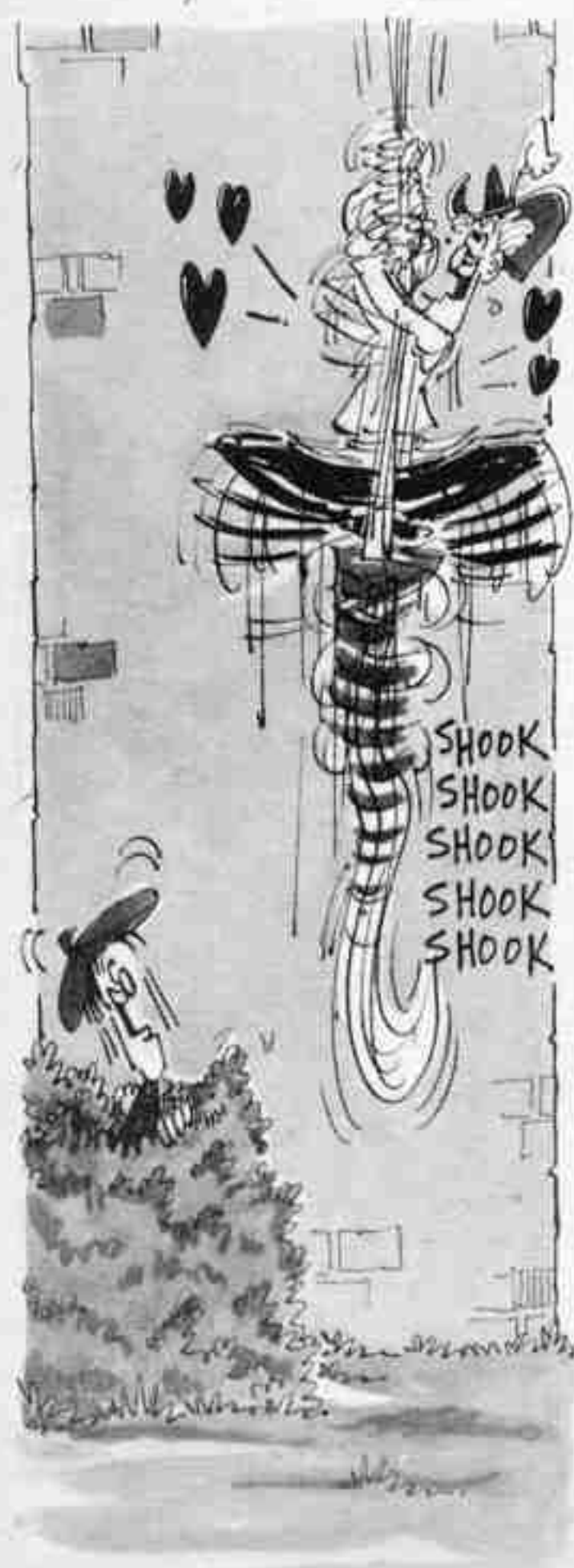
They're here, Krankie! They're here!

Hey, are you guys from the Syndicate?



No...we're from the Italian Anti-Defamation League!!

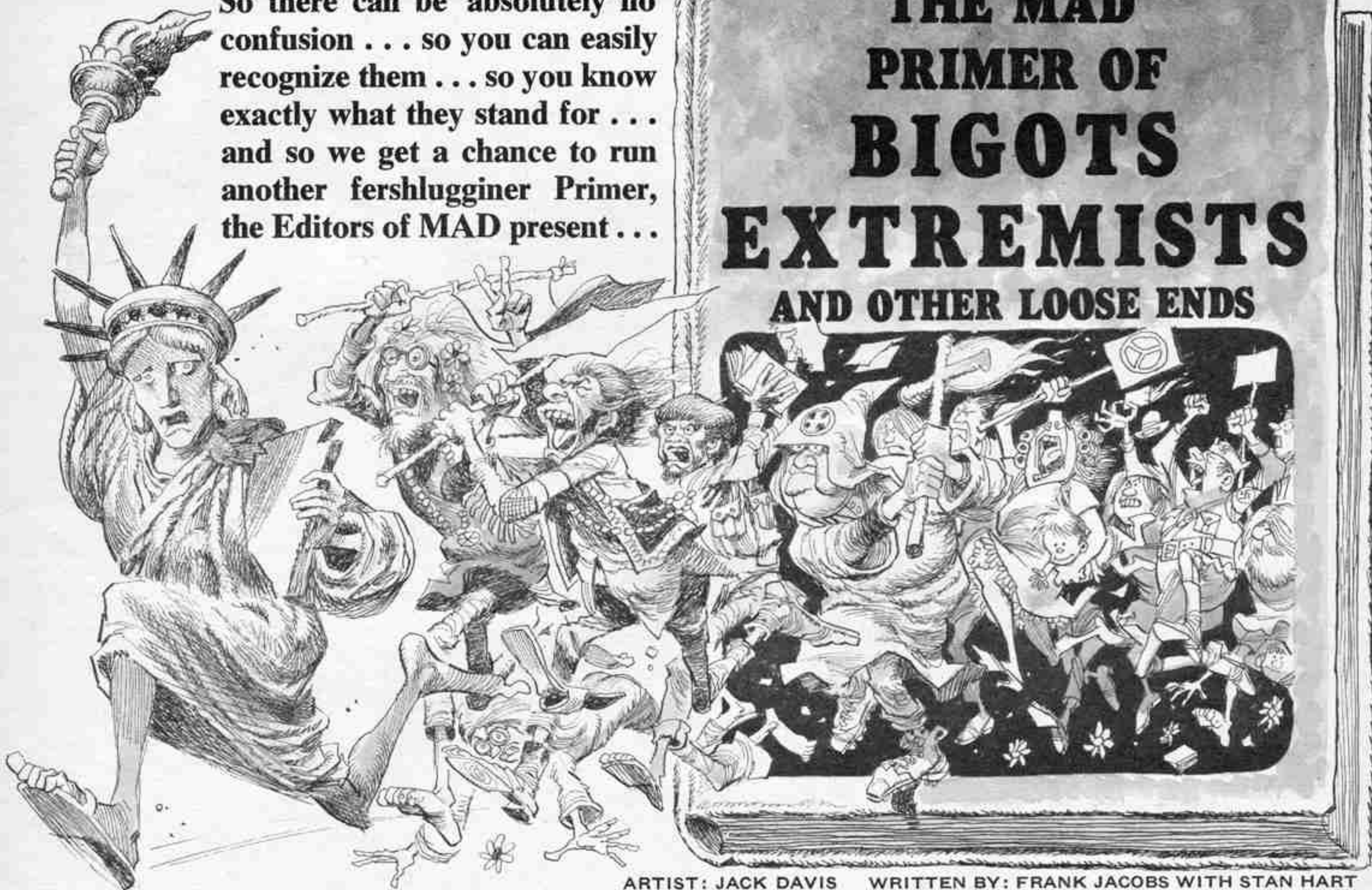
DON MARTIN TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT THE SAME FAIRY TALE





IT MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHING THEY HATE DEPT.

So there can be absolutely no confusion . . . so you can easily recognize them . . . so you know exactly what they stand for . . . and so we get a chance to run another fershlugginer Primer, the Editors of MAD present . . .



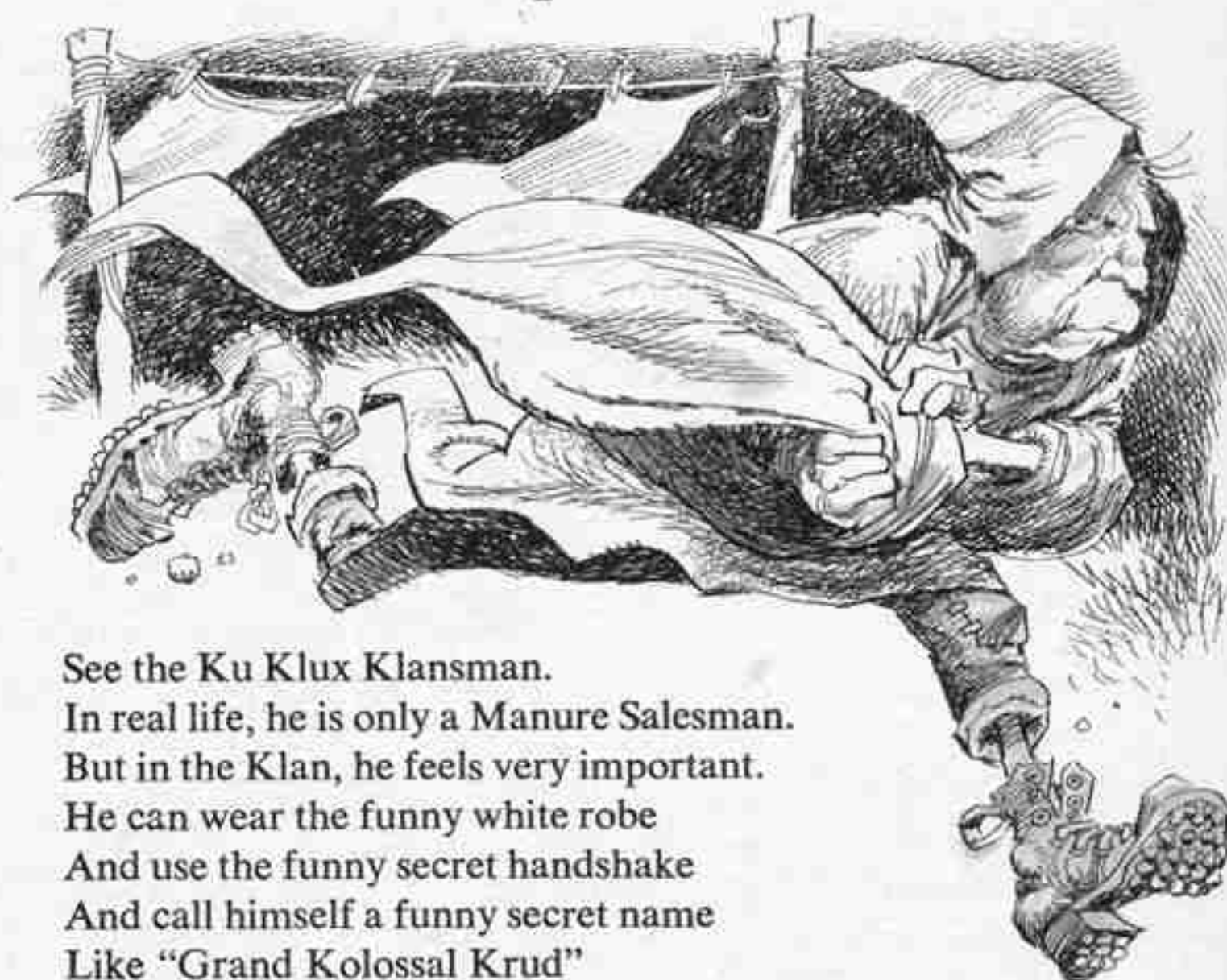
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITTEN BY: FRANK JACOBS WITH STAN HART

Chapter One



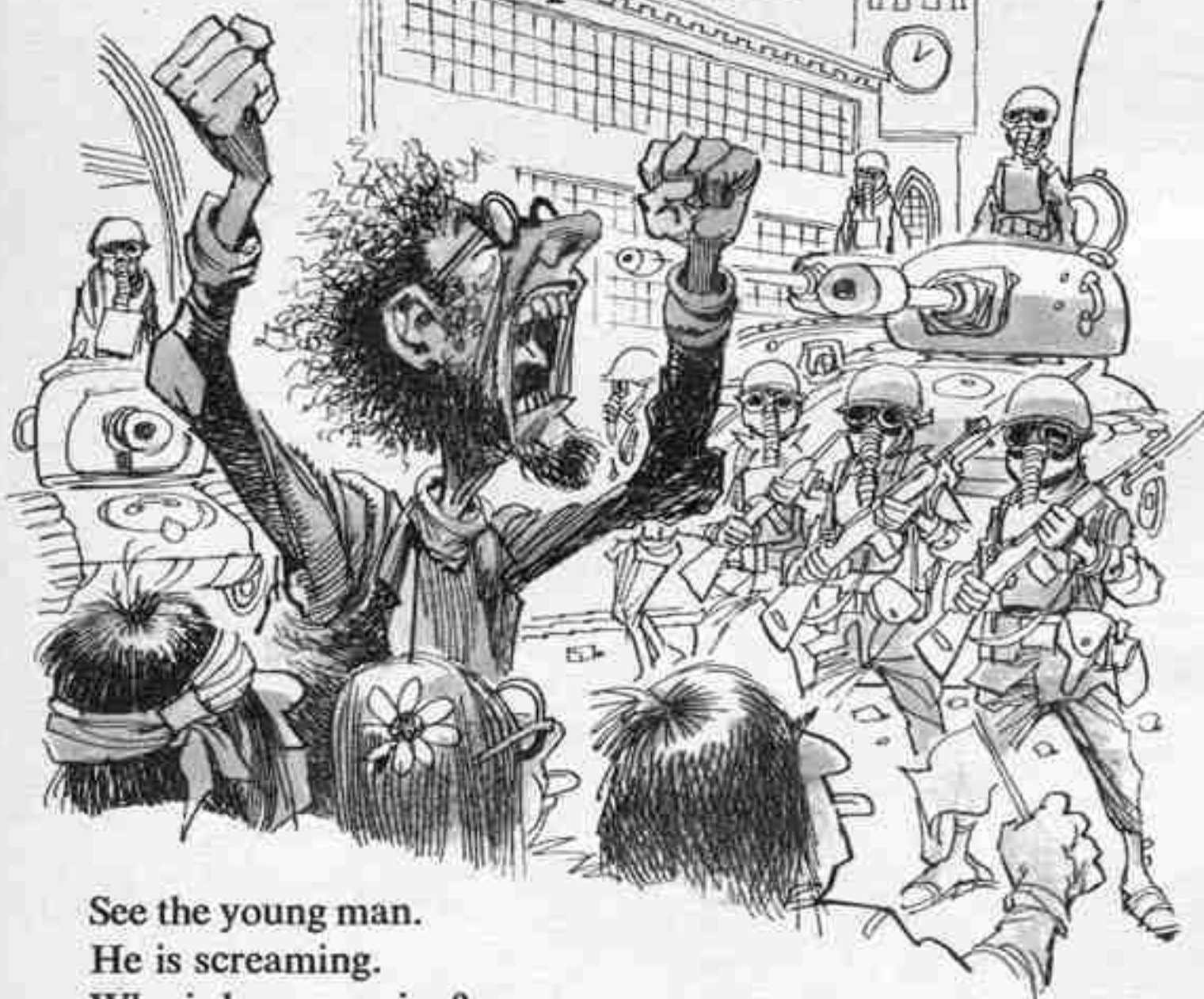
See the Super Patriot.
Hear him preach how he loves his country.
Hear him preach how he hates "Liberals" . . .
And "Moderates" . . . and "Intellectuals" . . .
And "Activists" . . . and "Pacifists" . . .
And "Minority Groups" . . . and "Aliens" . . .
And "Unions" . . . and "Teenagers" . . .
And the "Very Rich" . . . and the "Very Poor" . . .
And "People With Foreign-Sounding Names" . . .
Now you know what a Super Patriot is.
He's someone who loves his country
While hating 93% of the people who live in it.

Chapter Two



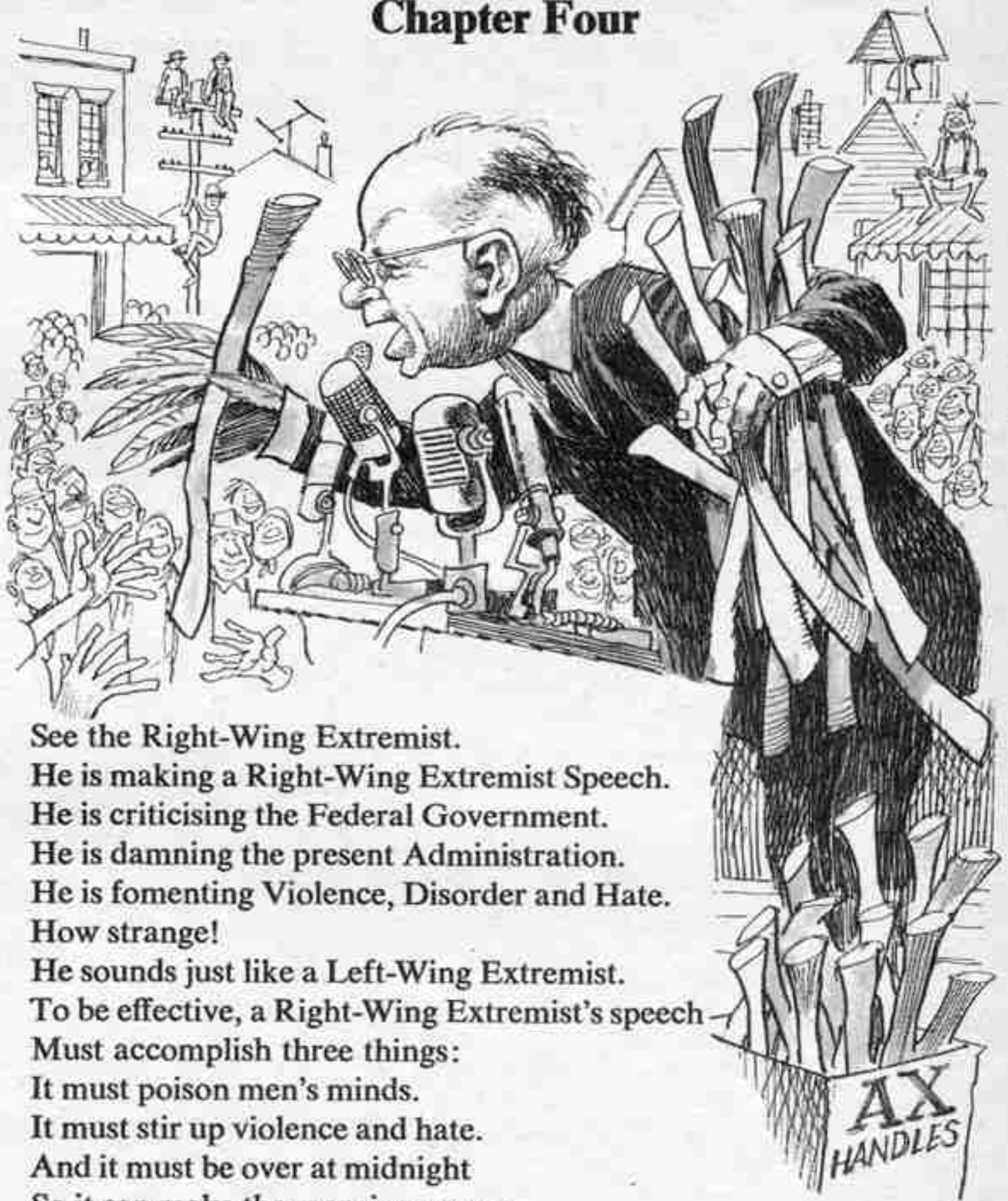
See the Ku Klux Klansman.
In real life, he is only a Manure Salesman.
But in the Klan, he feels very important.
He can wear the funny white robe
And use the funny secret handshake
And call himself a funny secret name
Like "Grand Kolossal Krud"
Which is another way of saying "Manure Salesman".
All Klansmen call themselves funny secret names
Like "Kleagle" and "Dragon" and "Imperial Wizard".
But the funniest thing Klansmen call themselves
Is "Grownups".
The Ku Klux Klan has been fighting "School Desegregation".
Klansmen don't want to change their educational system.
They want their children to have the same opportunities they had
To become ignorant.

Chapter Three



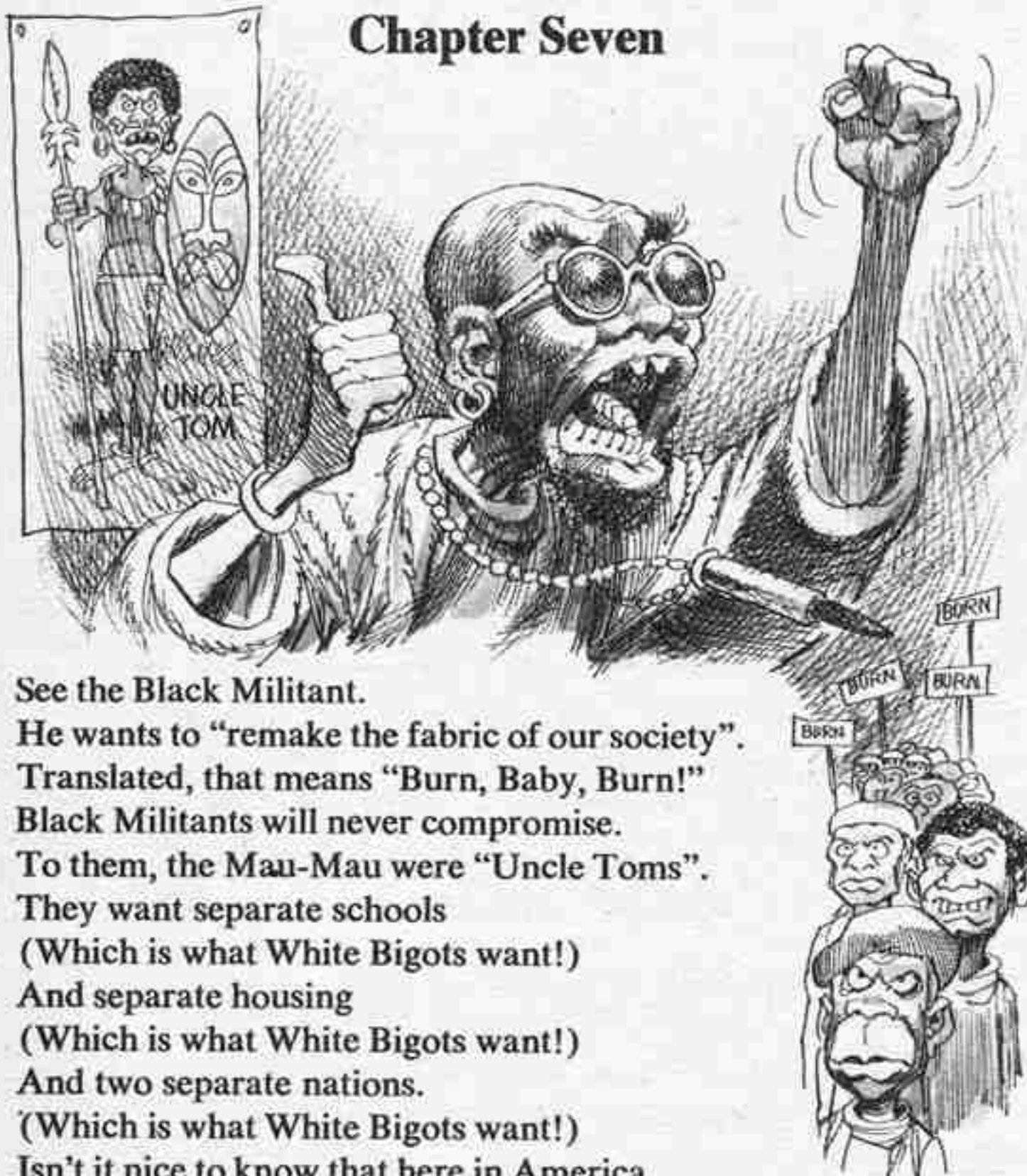
See the young man.
He is screaming.
Why is he screaming?
He feels he is being victimized by a Ruthless Power.
He feels he is being oppressed by a Military Aggressor.
He feels he is being enslaved by a Totalitarian Regime.
Is he a Czech Liberal?
Or a Hungarian Revolutionist?
No! The young man is an American Student.
He is a member of the "New Left".
But not for long.
Next year, he graduates.

Chapter Four



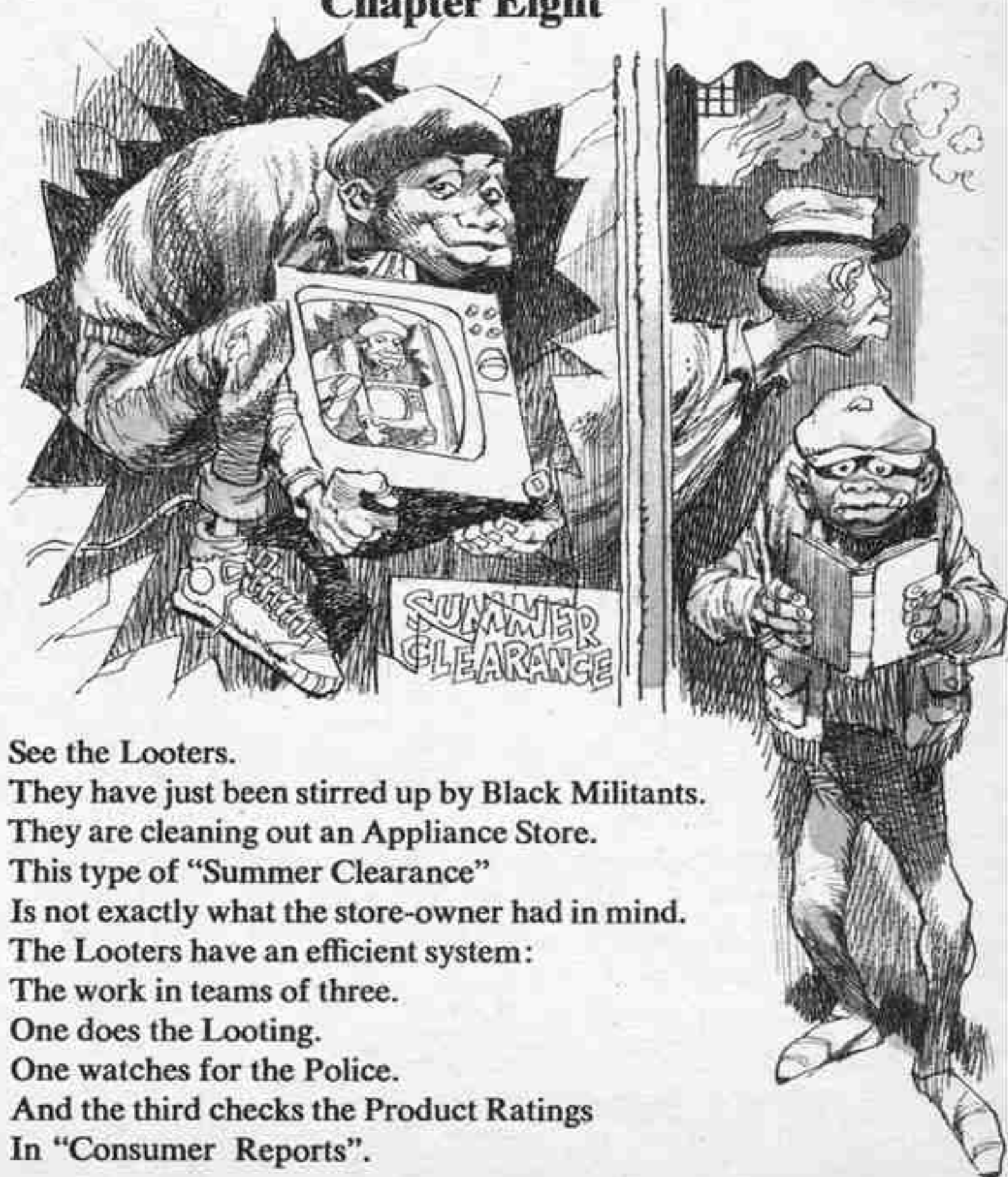
See the Right-Wing Extremist.
He is making a Right-Wing Extremist Speech.
He is criticising the Federal Government.
He is damning the present Administration.
He is fomenting Violence, Disorder and Hate.
How strange!
He sounds just like a Left-Wing Extremist.
To be effective, a Right-Wing Extremist's speech—
Must accomplish three things:
It must poison men's minds.
It must stir up violence and hate.
And it must be over at midnight
So it can make the morning papers.

Chapter Seven



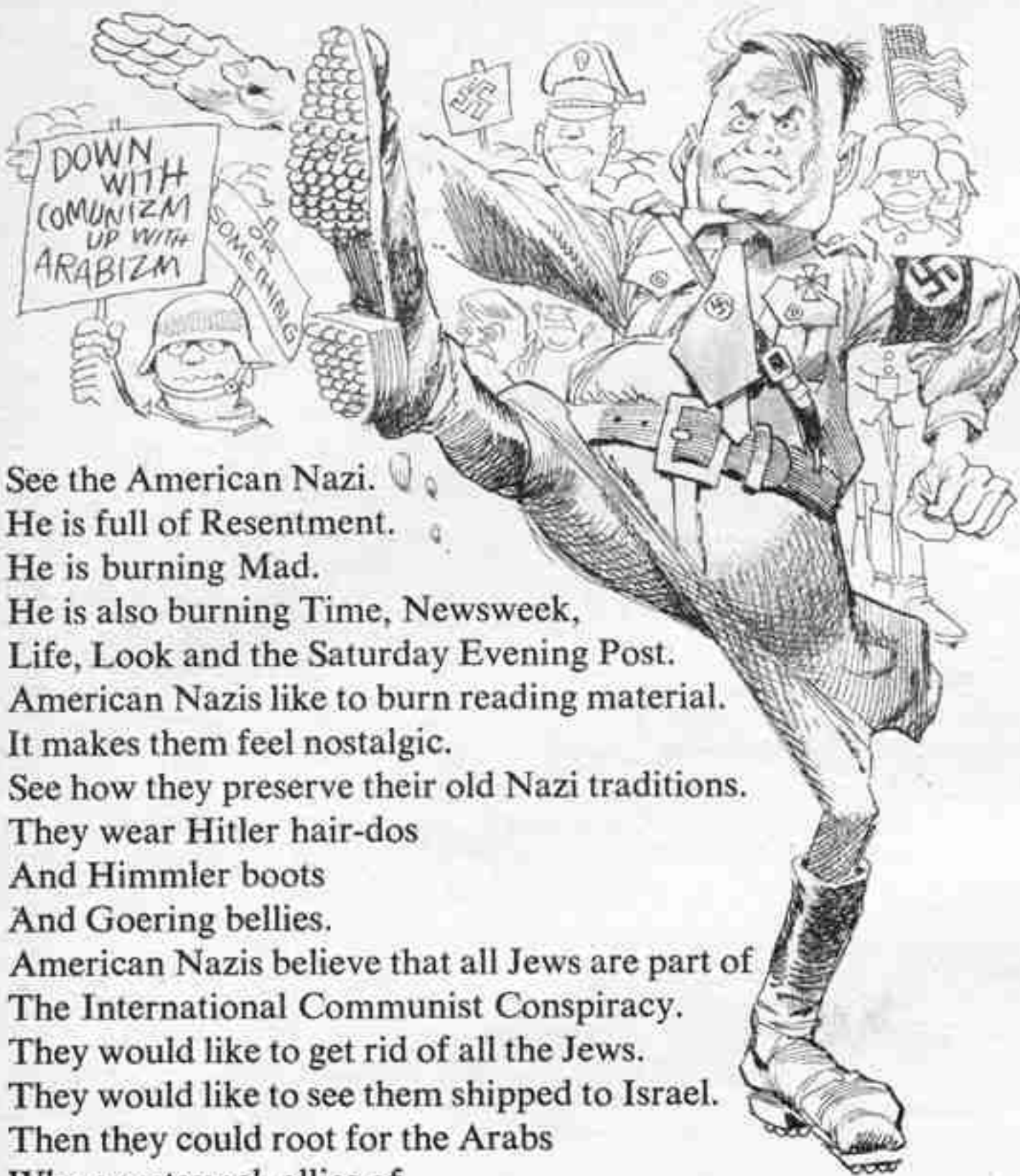
See the Black Militant.
He wants to "remake the fabric of our society".
Translated, that means "Burn, Baby, Burn!"
Black Militants will never compromise.
To them, the Mau-Mau were "Uncle Toms".
They want separate schools
(Which is what White Bigots want!)
And separate housing
(Which is what White Bigots want!)
And two separate nations.
(Which is what White Bigots want!)
Isn't it nice to know that here in America
Black men and White men
Are working side by side
For the same cause.

Chapter Eight



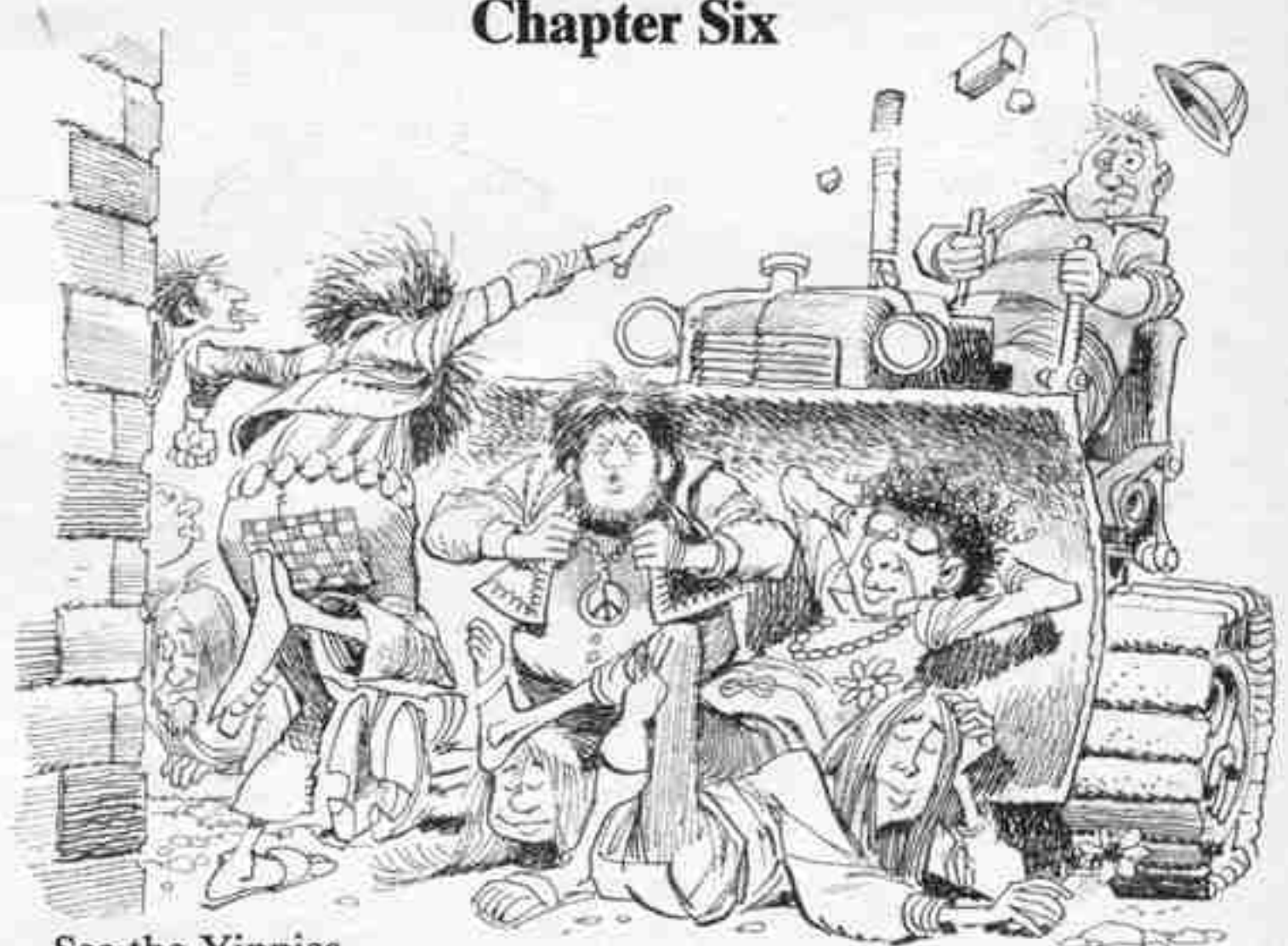
See the Looters.
They have just been stirred up by Black Militants.
They are cleaning out an Appliance Store.
This type of "Summer Clearance"
Is not exactly what the store-owner had in mind.
The Looters have an efficient system:
The work in teams of three.
One does the Looting.
One watches for the Police.
And the third checks the Product Ratings
In "Consumer Reports".

Chapter Five



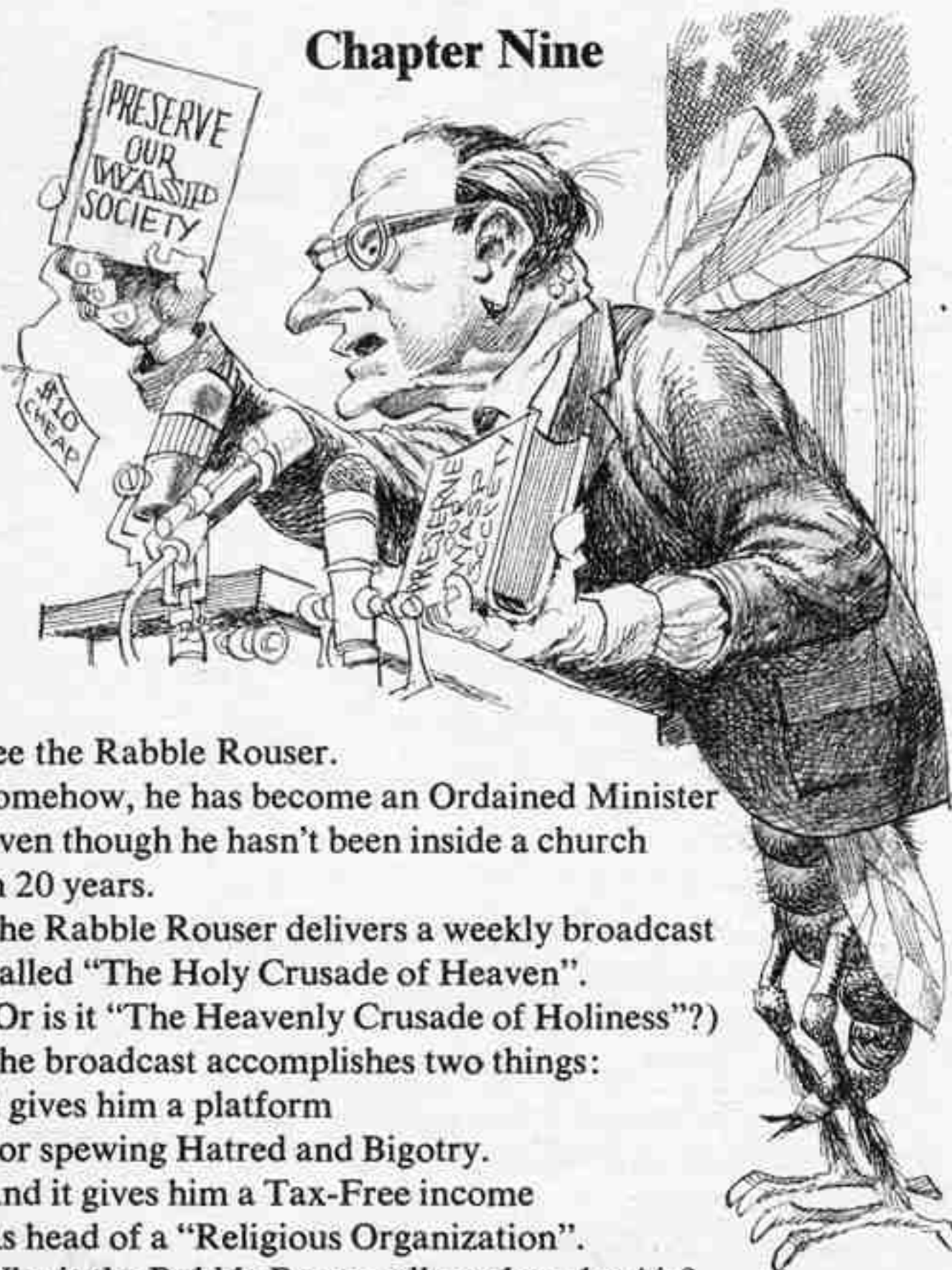
See the American Nazi.
He is full of Resentment.
He is burning Mad.
He is also burning Time, Newsweek,
Life, Look and the Saturday Evening Post.
American Nazis like to burn reading material.
It makes them feel nostalgic.
See how they preserve their old Nazi traditions.
They wear Hitler hair-dos
And Himmler boots
And Goering bellies.
American Nazis believe that all Jews are part of
The International Communist Conspiracy.
They would like to get rid of all the Jews.
They would like to see them shipped to Israel.
Then they could root for the Arabs
Who are staunch allies of ...
The U.S.S.R.????????????????????????????????????

Chapter Six



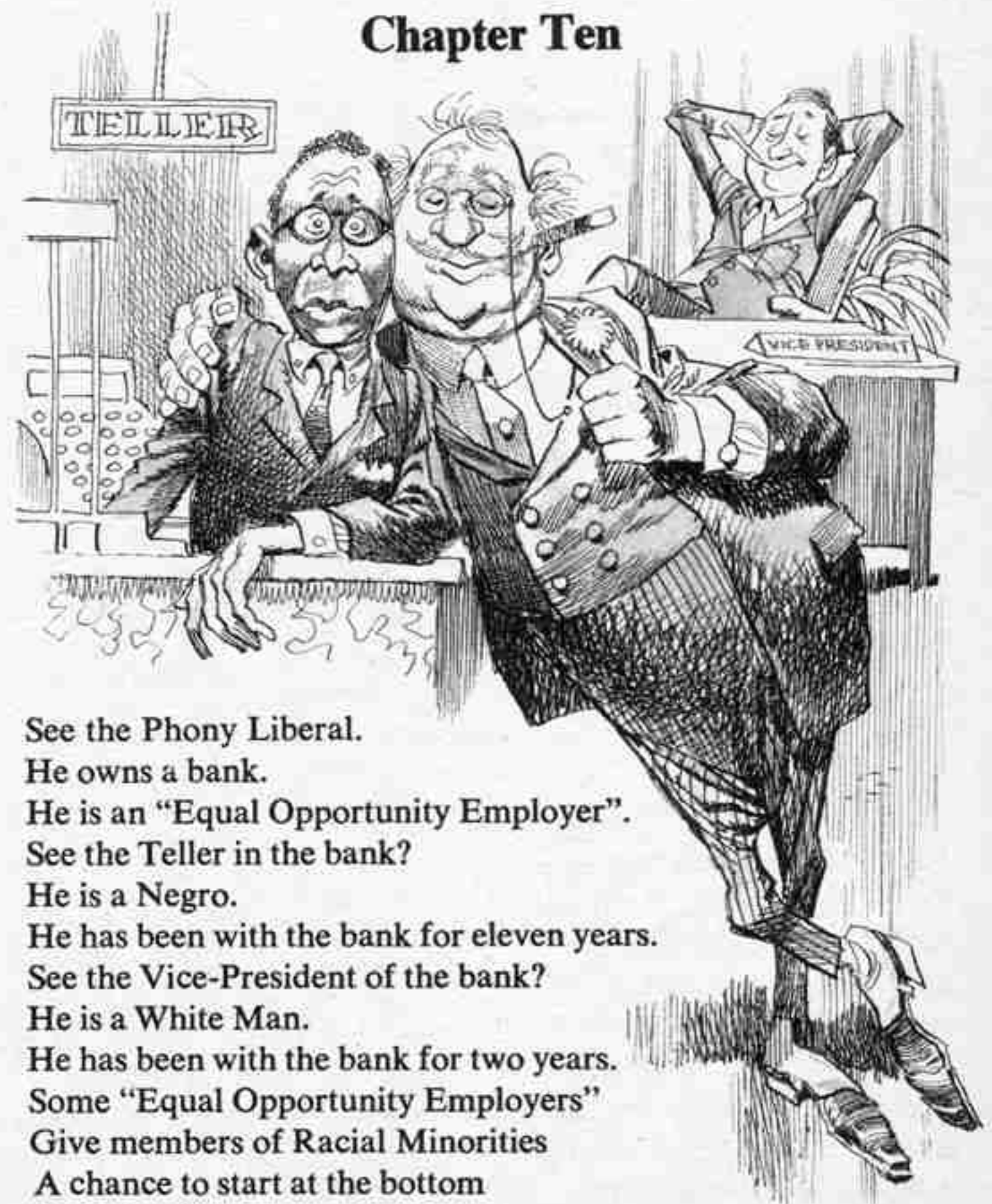
See the Yippies.
They are preventing a building from being torn down.
See them lie in front of the bulldozer.
See them throw stones at the workmen.
See them hold their breath and turn blue.
Who lives in the building?
One poor, oppressed, perverted Junkie.
The Yippies are protecting the Junkie's right.
The Yippies are demonstrating their Compassion.
The Yippies are acting in the name of Humanity.
Which is why they want to save the building.
So it can't be torn down for a Hospital.

Chapter Nine



See the Rabble Rouser.
Somehow, he has become an Ordained Minister
Even though he hasn't been inside a church
In 20 years.
The Rabble Rouser delivers a weekly broadcast
Called "The Holy Crusade of Heaven".
(Or is it "The Heavenly Crusade of Holiness"?)
The broadcast accomplishes two things:
It gives him a platform
For spewing Hatred and Bigotry.
And it gives him a Tax-Free income
As head of a "Religious Organization".
Why is the Rabble Rouser allowed on the Air?
God only knows!

Chapter Ten



See the Phony Liberal.
He owns a bank.
He is an "Equal Opportunity Employer".
See the Teller in the bank?
He is a Negro.
He has been with the bank for eleven years.
See the Vice-President of the bank?
He is a White Man.
He has been with the bank for two years.
Some "Equal Opportunity Employers"
Give members of Racial Minorities
A chance to start at the bottom
And stay there.

ATTENTION—ADULTS! THIS ARTICLE IS DIRECTED SPECIFICALLY AT YOU! ALL YOU KIDS—SKIP THIS ARTICLE!

Like the weather, everybody seems to be talking about the "Generation Gap"—but nobody seems to be doing anything about it! Well, with this article, MAD turns to one source of irritation . . . mainly, how adults react to young people when a problem arises. You'll see exactly what we mean as your Editors proudly present

THE MAD APPROACH TOWARD BRIDGING THE GENERATION GAP

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: EARLE DOUD



THE PROBLEM

Even though he hates it, you force your son to go shopping with you at the Supermarket.

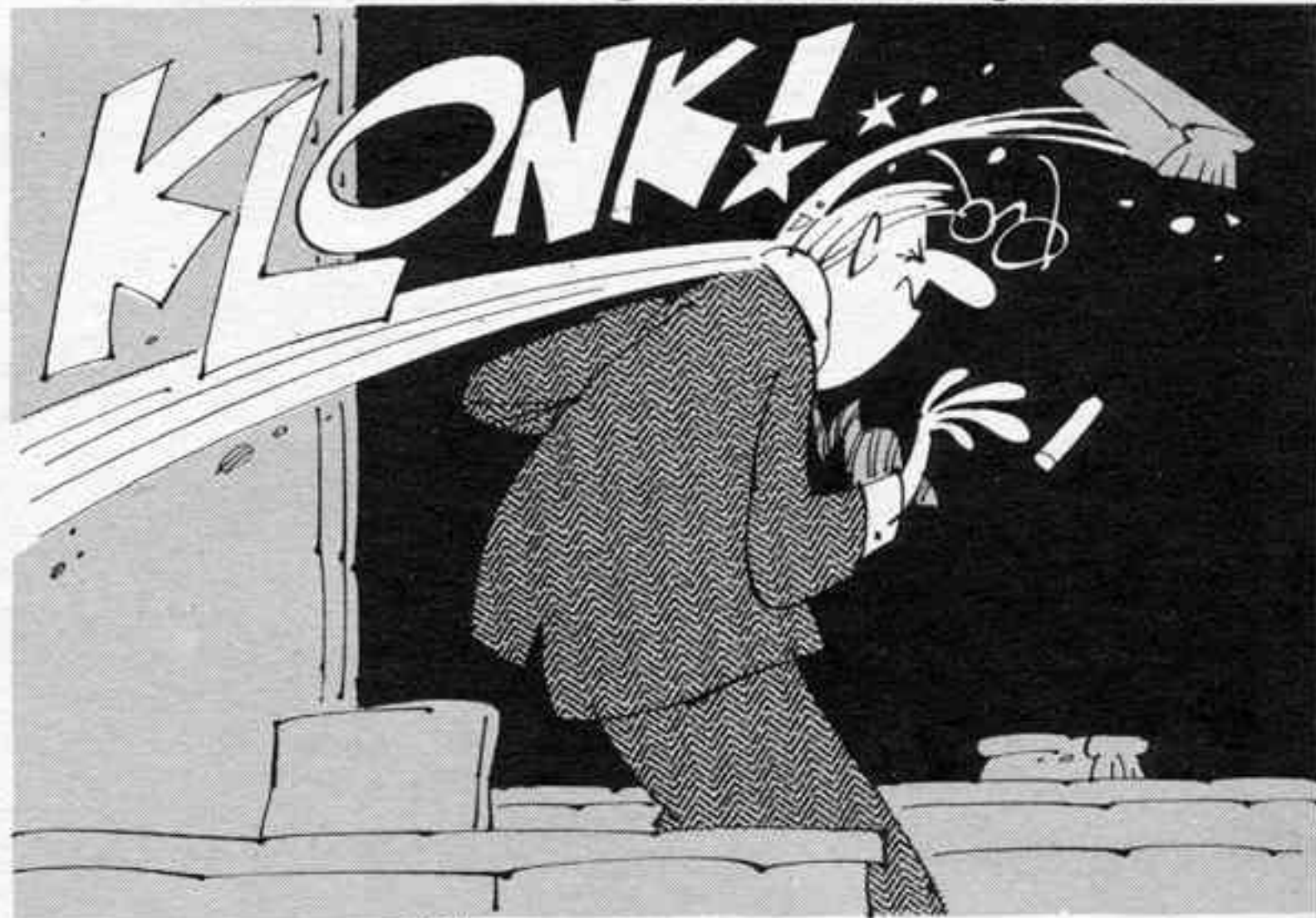


As you exit, arms full of packages, he thoughtlessly lets the swinging doors slam shut right in your face.



THE PROBLEM

The kids in your class are disrespectful and unmanageable . . .



THE PROBLEM

Your son, the "scholar" is being difficult about homework . . .

So long, Mom!
So long, Dad!
I'm going out
for a while!

But what about the homework
you have to have finished
for school in the morning?

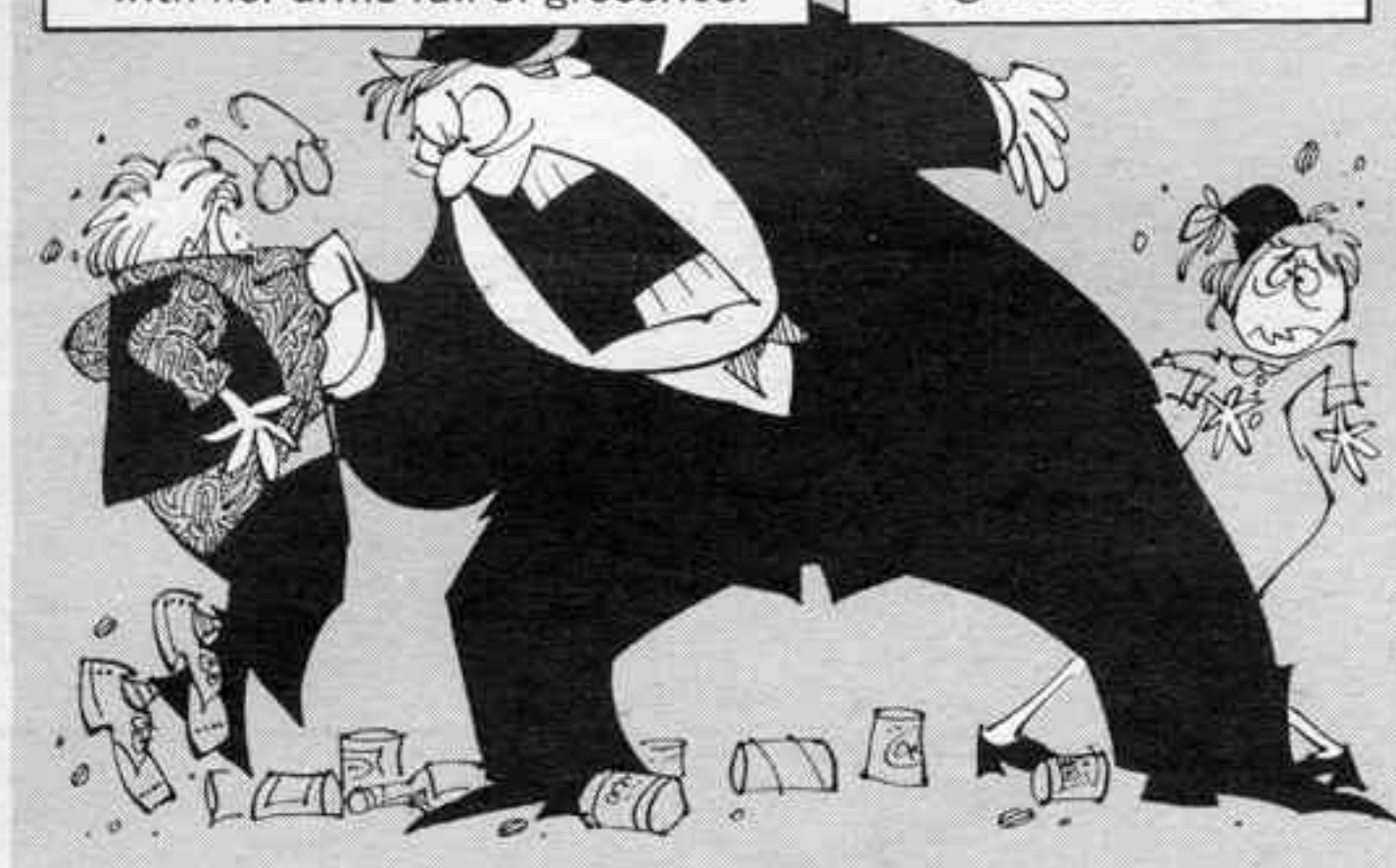
Don't
worry!
It'll get
done!



THE WRONG APPROACH

You stupid idiot! Are you blind?! When are you going to learn some manners and respect? You **KNEW** your mother was right behind you with her arms full of groceries!

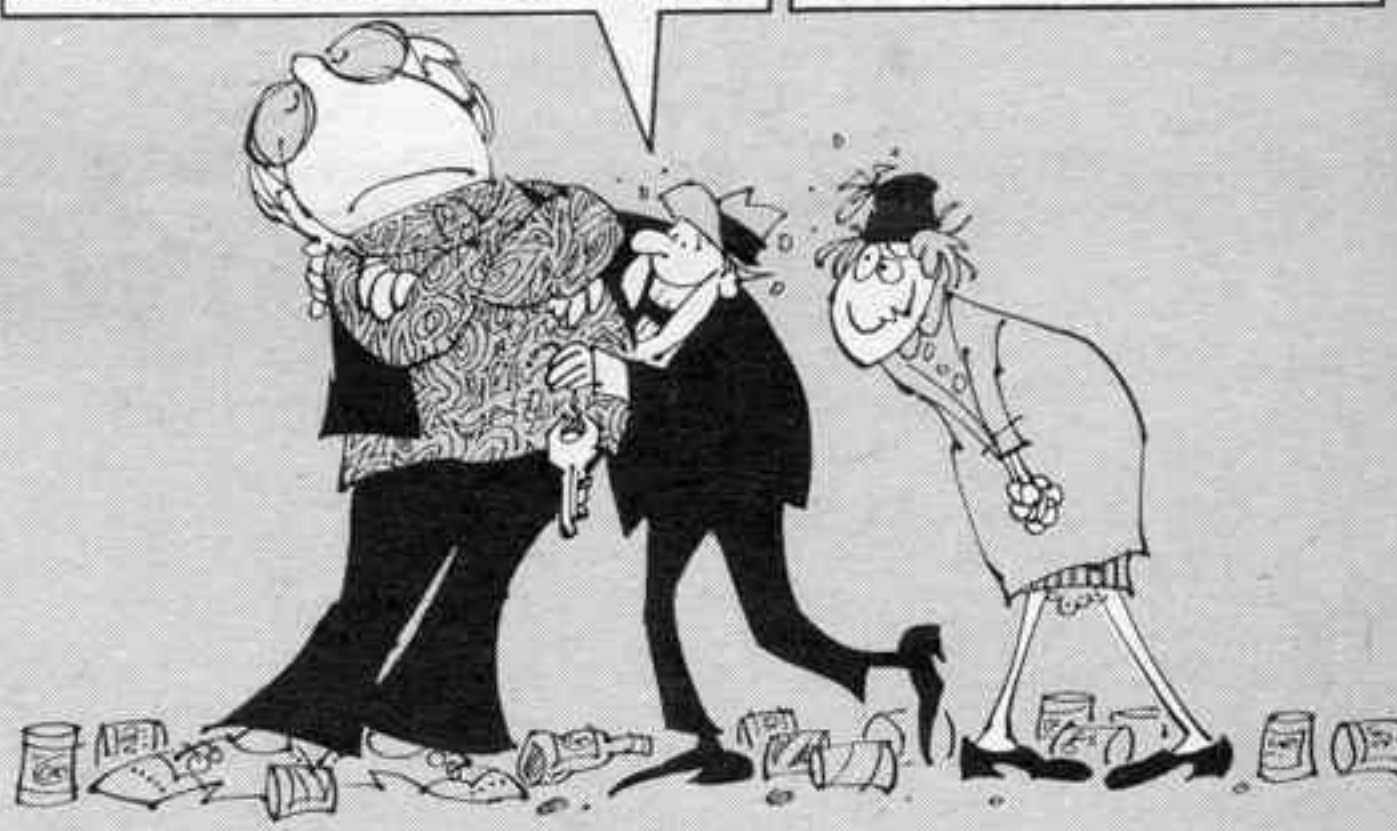
Just for that . . . **no allowance** for a month, and you're confined to your **room** every night after dinner!



THE MAD APPROACH

Golly, son, we're sorry! Can you ever **forgive** us for getting in the way of that **door**? I know we should have been more **careful** instead of standing like **dummies** in the very spot where you were **slamming** it!

Please rest assured that we'll be **more alert** in the future, and thank you for your **understanding**! Now . . . how would you like to **borrow** the car tonight?



THE WRONG APPROACH

All right . . . I've got all **day**, and all **night**! Either the person who threw that eraser **admits** it, or this entire class will sit here till **Midnight**, if necessary! I've **had** it with you kids!

You **don't study**! Most of you are going to **flunk** anyway! And none of you have an appreciation for the **marvelous opportunity** that's being given you here to prepare for later life! You're a bunch of **lazy slobs** and I'm **fed up** with the **whole darn lot** of you!



THE MAD APPROACH

One . . . one of you just hit me on the head with . . . an **eraser**!!

Please don't be short with me! I **know** my faults—that I'm **not qualified** to teach this course, and my methods are **old-fashioned**! Help me to find myself! Just tell me what you **want** to study! **Teach** me how to **teach** you!

I need this job! I've got a **wife** and **kids**! So please don't express your **contempt** for me by throwing erasers! The Principal might see it and **fire** me! Tell me what to **do**! You're the **students**! Naturally, you know best!



THE WRONG APPROACH

You're **darn right** it'll get done! Your grades have been **rotten** lately, and you're not getting out of this house until they **improve**!

So get your rear end **back up** those stairs and get to **work** on that **homework**! When you **earn** the right to go out, we'll consider letting you!



THE MAD APPROACH

You're **darn right** it'll get done, son . . . even if your Mother and I have to stay up **half the night** doing it! Lucky thing I don't have to be in the office until **8 AM** so I've got **plenty** of time!

If we run into any **problems**, we'll be able to reach you at the **usual place** . . . Harry's Pool Hall, right? But don't worry, we won't **bother** you unless it's **absolutely necessary**! And . . . by the way! Sorry about your **grades** last month! Guess we **goofed**!



THE PROBLEM

Some speed freaks in a souped-up dragster plow into you . . .



THE WRONG APPROACH

I'LL KILL you . . . I swear I'LL KILL YOU! You dirty rotten juvenile delinquents! The criminals who allow burns like you on the road should all be shot! I'll see your parents in court and I'll have your licenses . . . if you own one! Right now, I'm going to beat the living daylights out of both of you!



THE PROBLEM

You invite your Boss and his wife to your home for dinner and . . .

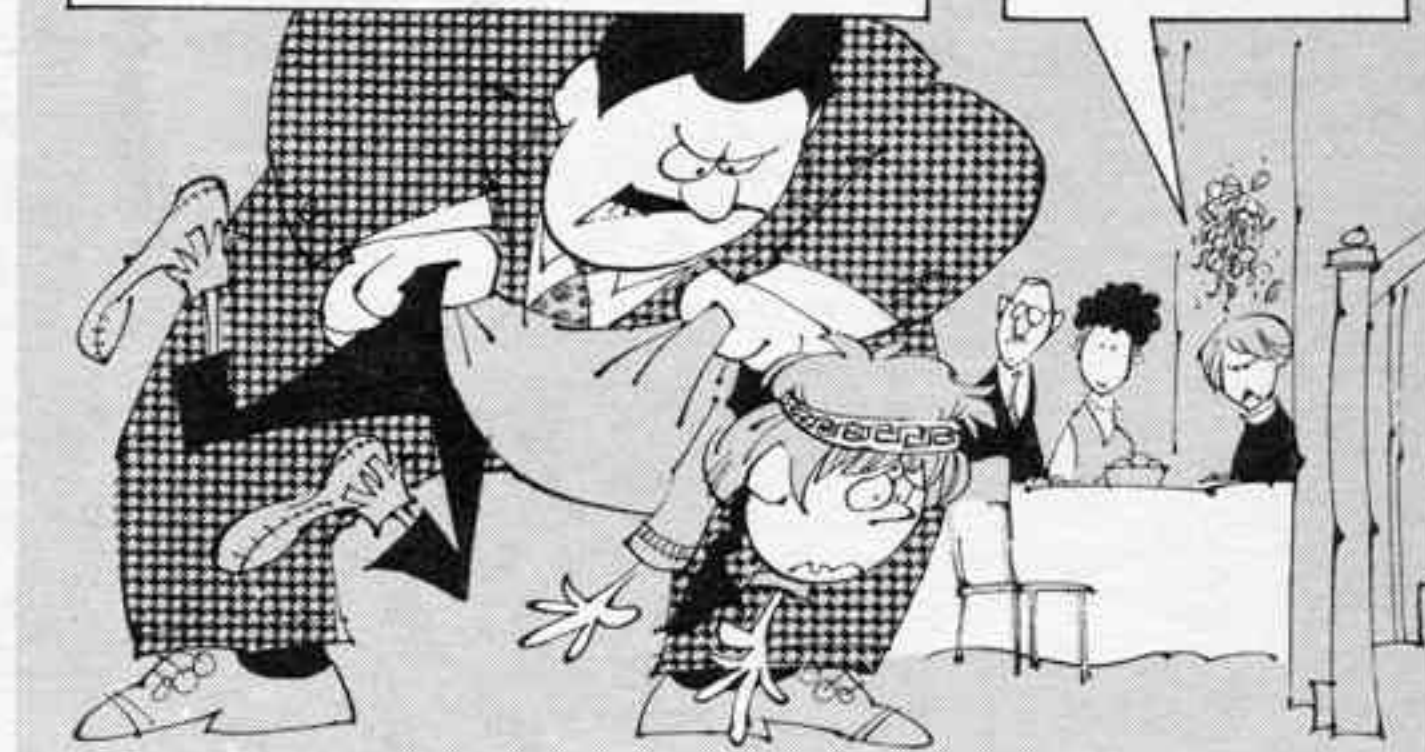
What's THIS?! Spaghetti again?! EVERY NIGHT, SPAGHETTI FOR DINNER!? I hate this garbage!!



THE WRONG APPROACH

Why . . . of all the . . . the very idea! Throwing your food! Especially when my Boss and his wife are guests for dinner! You . . . you get to your room and you stay there, young man . . . and when they leave, I'm going to thrash you within an inch of your life!

He's . . . he's incorrigible! His father's tried to beat some sense into him . . . but he's just no good!



THE PROBLEM

You catch your 13-year-old son smoking behind the house . . .

Oh . . . Hi . . . gulp . . . dad!



THE WRONG APPROACH

You'll rue the day you ever thought you'd get away with this, young man! My belt is going to teach you a lesson you'll NEVER forget! On second thought, maybe I should make you finish up the whole pack! That ought to make you good and sick!



THE MAD APPROACH

Boy, you fellas can really move in these souped-up babies . . . can't you! Mom and I never saw you coming through that red light!

If Mom were conscious, she'd agree with me! I really envy you guys! How many miles do you get to the gallon? I know you're in a hurry, but couldn't I just peek inside at the motor! Boy, what a beauty!



I'd drag with you, but I guess I really ought to get Mom to a Hospital first! Besides, this piece of junk of mine wasn't so hot **BEFORE** you destroyed it, so I wouldn't be much of a match for you young daredevils!

My son has a Pontiac GTO, and he can get it up to 100 miles an hour . . . and that's just backing it out our driveway! You'll probably be running into him one of these nights!



THE MAD APPROACH

Very nice, son! Very nice!

That reminds me, dear . . . we must show Mr. and Mrs. Bailey some of the other marvelous pieces of "Pop Art" our Tommy has done!



He paints with shotguns . . . rocks . . . anything! Once, he took his baby sister, dipped her into paint, and slammed her against a canvas several times! The result was a work of art!

He has all the talent in the family! No matter what he does, it's creative! We're trying to encourage him! Tonight, we're having Jello for dessert! I can't wait to see what he does with that!!



THE MAD APPROACH

Just be glad it was me and not your Mother who caught you! She'd KILL you if she ever found out!



Hi, son! Mind if I join you? I was just in the mood for a smoke! Of course, we have to be discreet and not let your Mother find out about this 'cause she might not approve!



As for me, I really don't care because I'm a pal and a regular-guy-type father! Just promise me one thing . . . Promise you won't ever take up smoking CIGARETTES!



THE ANATOMY OF A

THE NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 25, 1969

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IS COMING!

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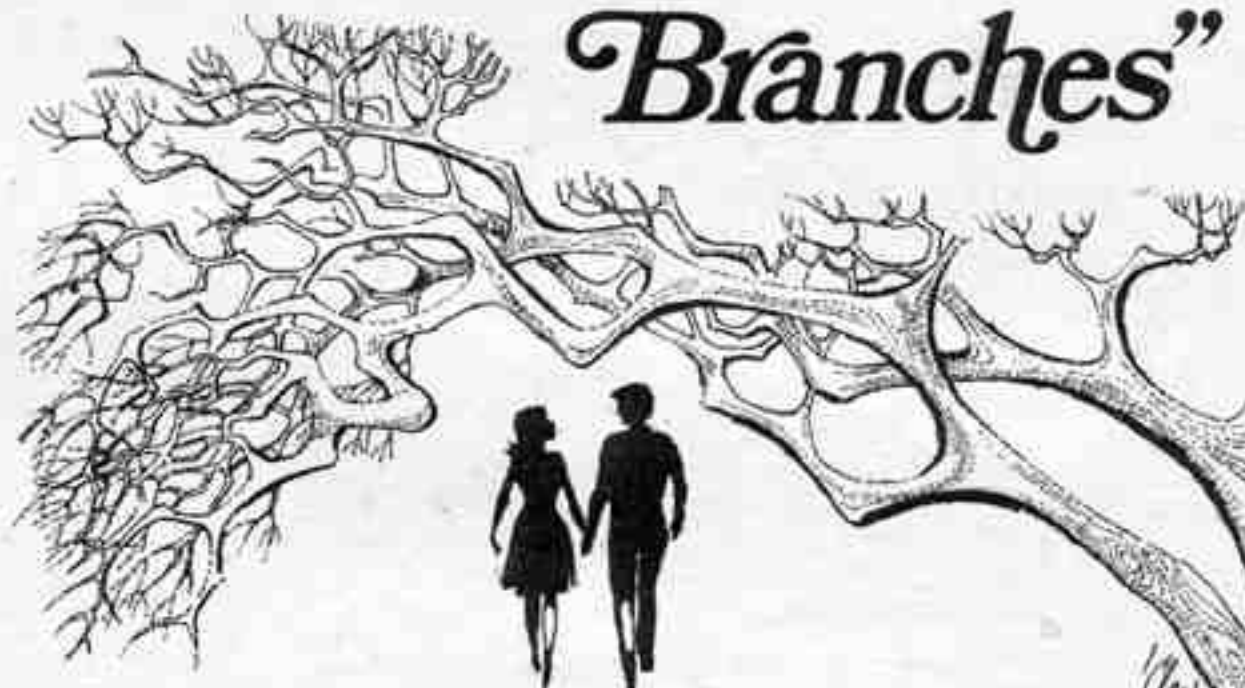
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THE NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 15, 1969

On January First, Nineteen Hundred and Seventy,
Reserved Seat Tickets will go on sale for...

"Whispering Branches"



THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME

OPENS JANUARY 15, 1970
at the CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY

YONKERS DAILY POOP, January 28, 1970

★ **NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!!** ★
FIRST-RUN NEIGHBORHOOD
PLAYHOUSE THEATER
presents

DIRECT FROM ITS GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT ON BROADWAY
AND ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUN AT "HIT SHOWCASE THEATRES!"

"Whispering Branches"

A HARD-HITTING STORY OF ILLICIT YOUNG LOVE
THAT WILL BLAST YOU RIGHT OUT OF YOUR SEAT!

DON'T REVEAL THE SHOCKING CONTENTS
OF THIS PICTURE TO YOUR FRIENDS!

2 HOURS & 6 MINUTES OF SOCK!

RECOMMENDED FOR
ADULTS ONLY

★ **STARTS TODAY FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!** ★

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 5, 1970

NOW PLAYING!!
"I Was A Teenage Motorcycle Gang"
plus

"Whispering Branches"

R.K.O. Styx Theatre

Main Street

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 12, 1970

TRIPLE-THREAT DRIVE-IN

"HOME OF THE HITS"

"ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW"

Route 189 at the Traffic Circle

PRESENTS

AN ALL-COLOR, ALL SPECTACULAR GALA PROGRAM

Cecil B. DeMille's "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"
AND

"BEN HUR" with Charlton Heston

AND

"CLEOPATRA" with Liz and Dick

PLUS

20 Color Cartoons and 6 Travelogues

AND AS AN EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
"Whispering Branches"



MOVIE AD CAMPAIGN

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 15, 1970

OPENS TONIGHT!

A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD



Reserved Seat Tickets Are Now On Sale For All Of 1970
And Early 1971 By Mail, Phone, Or At The Box Office

The CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

SELECTED RESERVED SEATS FOR TONIGHT'S
OPENING PERFORMANCE STILL AVAILABLE

Theatre
Parties
Arranged

THE DAILY NEWS, January 23, 1970

☆☆☆

COMING WEDNESDAY!

DIRECT FROM ITS RECENT GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT!
UNCUT! JUST THE WAY SO MANY PEOPLE SAW IT ON BROADWAY!

"Whispering Branches"

A Hard-Hitting Modern Story Of Young Love
Designed To Shock You Out Of Your Seat!

3 Hours And 21 Minutes Of
Sure-Fire Entertainment!



SEE IT AT ONE OF THESE SELECTED "HIT SHOWCASE" THEATRES

The BEEKMAN ART	The ART EAST	The EAST ART	The ART BEEKMAN
The BEEKMAN EAST	The EAST BEEKMAN	The BELCH ART	The ART BURP

TV GUIDE

Monday March 9, 1970

11:30 **2** THE LATE SHOW—MOVIE

COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
A young man and a young woman find
love. (75 min.)

TV GUIDE

Wednesday May 13, 1970

3:15 AM **7** INSOMNIAC THEATRE

COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
61 minutes of film fare designed to
have you asleep in no time.

Folks, during this brief shower, while
the game's been halted, let's watch
some of today's stand-by film feature
... "Whispering Branches" ...



THE NEW YORK TIMES, JUNE 1, 1970

AND NOW—A MOVIE TORN FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES!

See Youn In Trouble!
See Youth Gone Mad!

THE WILD SHOCKING STORY
OF A GUY WITH NO CLASS...
AND A GAL WITH NO MORALS!

Meet the Father that
taught him to be BAD!

Meet the Mother that
forgot to tell her
how to be GOOD!

Meet the whole
UGLY GANG... as



"The HELL-RAISERS"

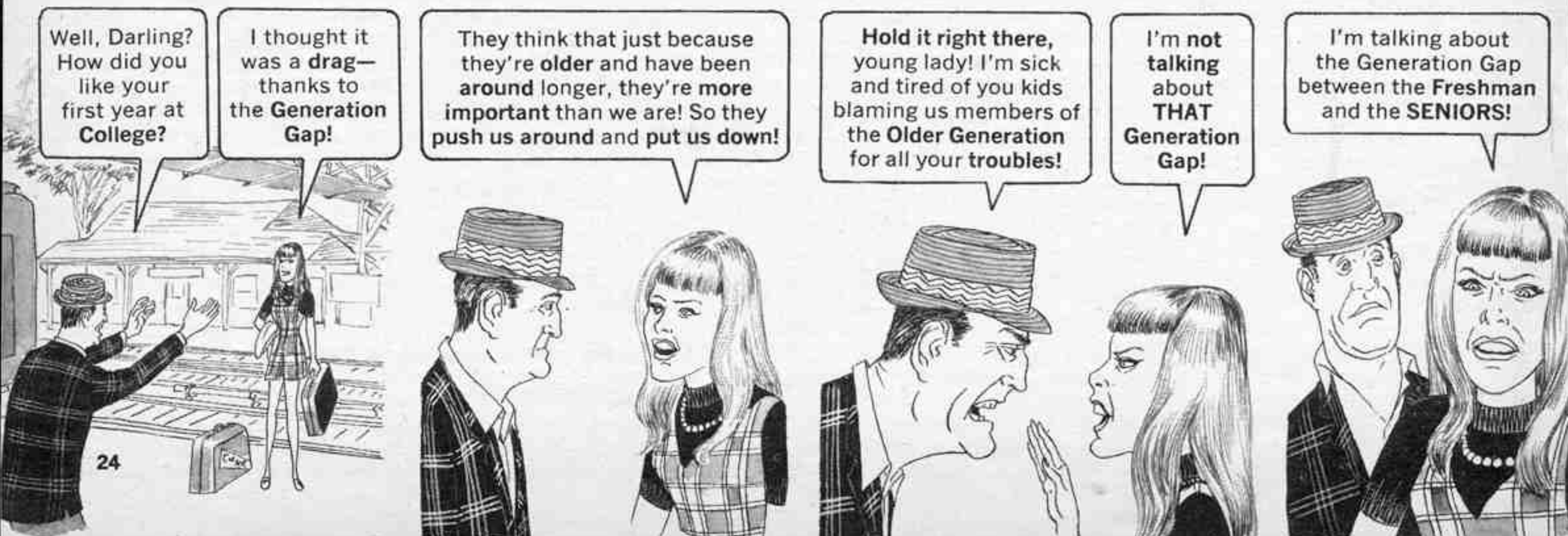
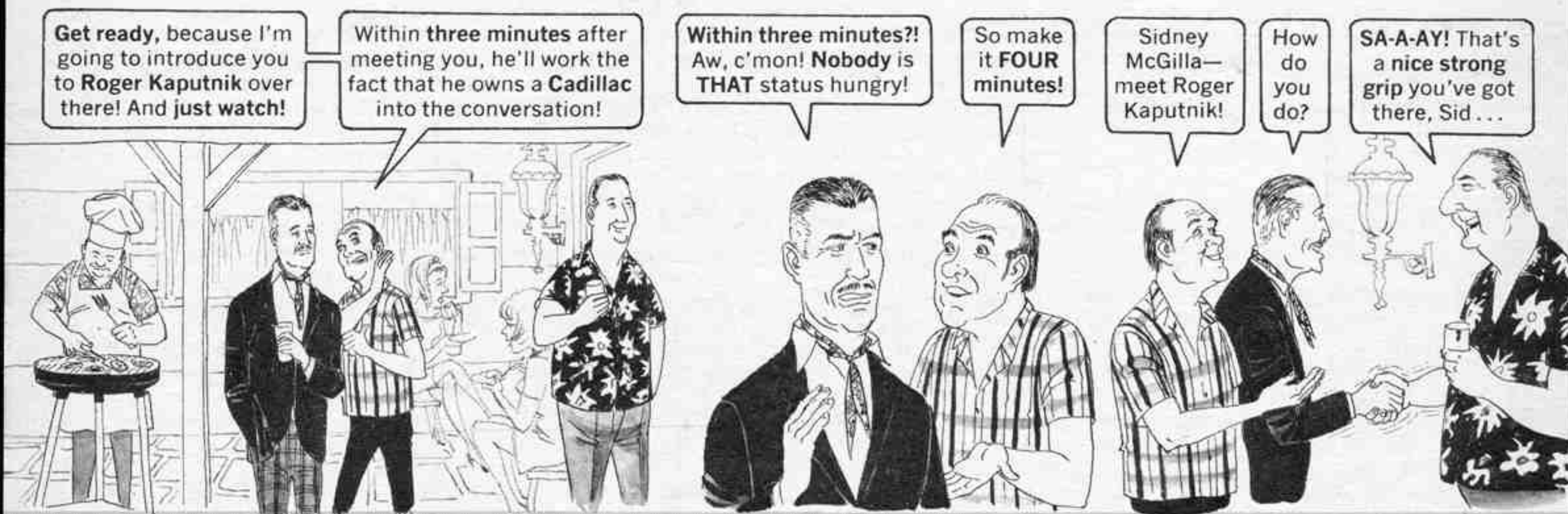
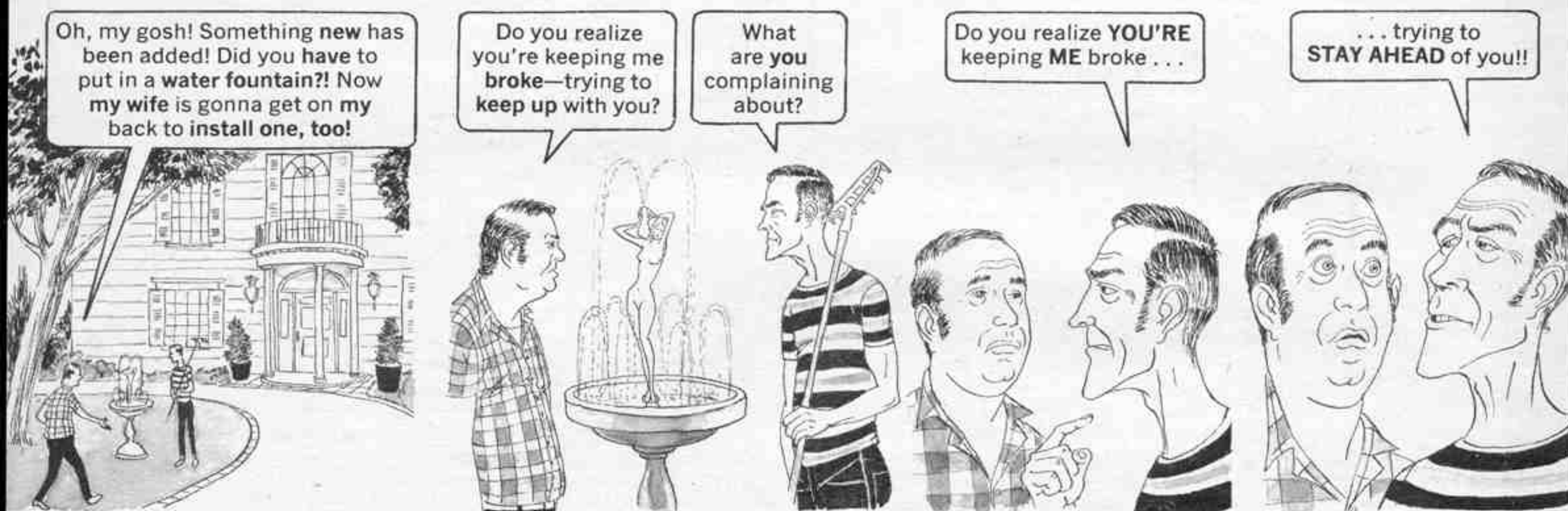
(formerly titled "Whispering Branches")

OPENS THIS FRIDAY AT A SCHLOCK THEATER NEAR YOU!

ILLUMINATING ENGINEERING SOCIETY

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

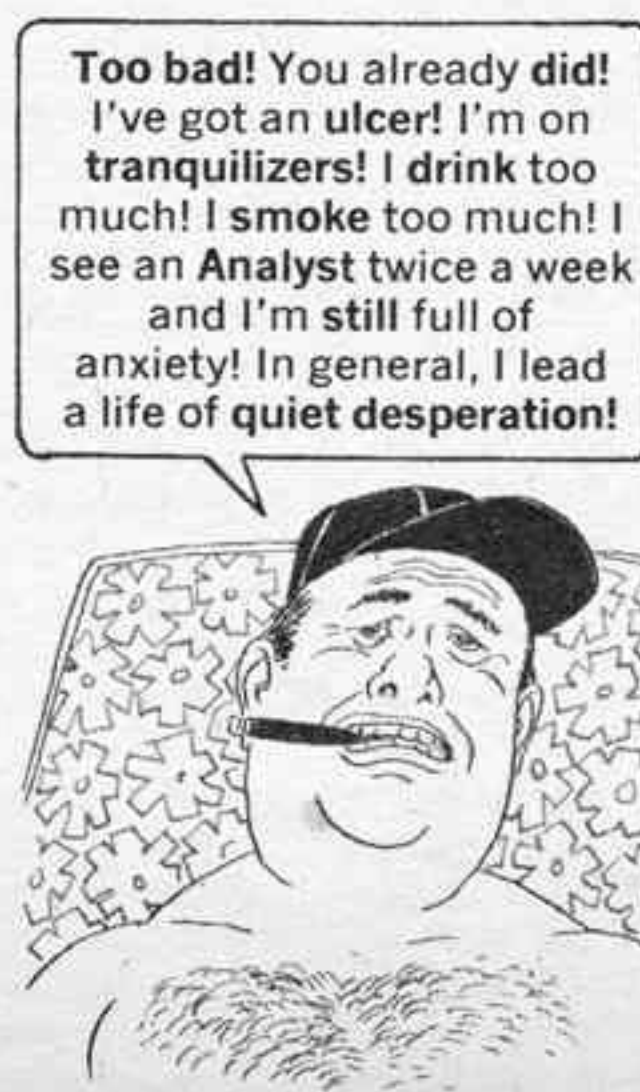
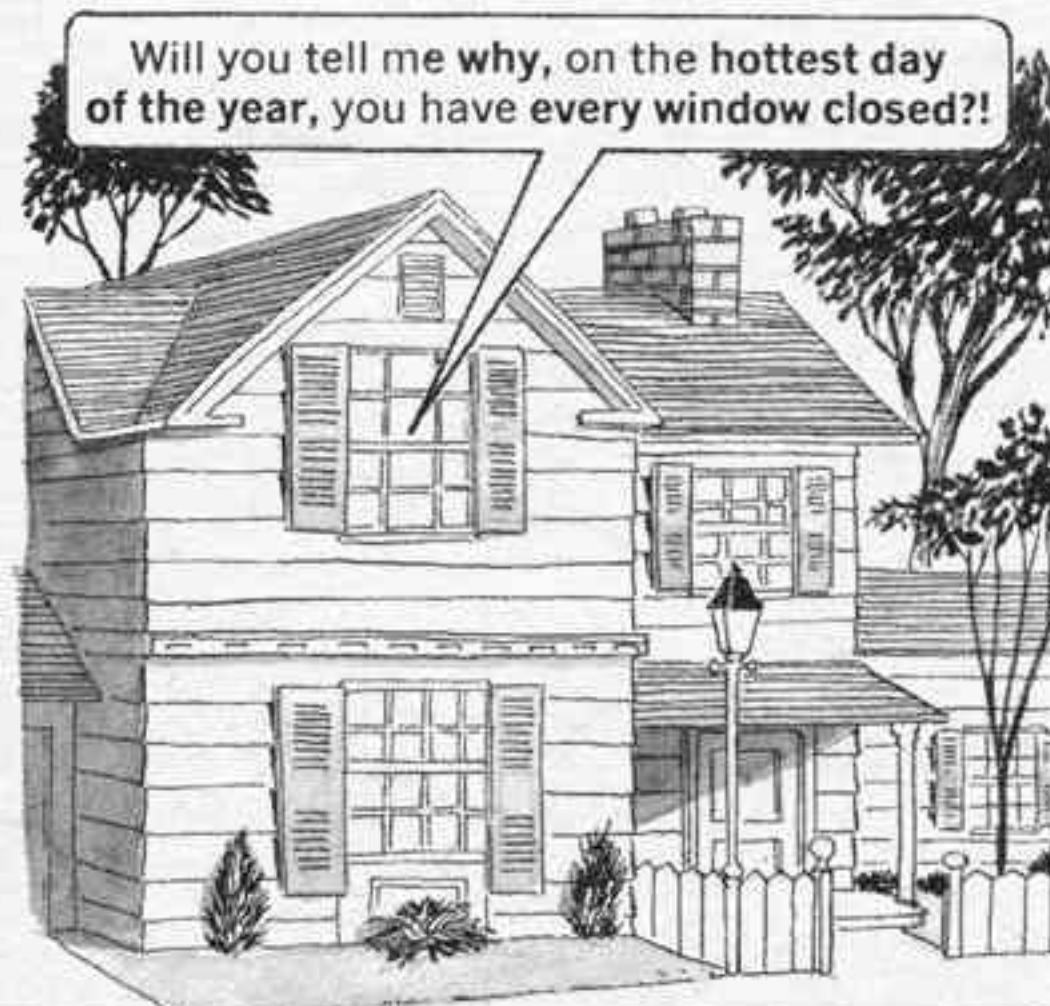
STATUS





SEEKING

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG





...and I'd like it delivered to Penthouse 5... Wingate Towers!

Did Madam say, "Wingate Towers"? Oh, please be seated! Let me send for some tea and crumpets while your order is being made out, Madam!

Perhaps you'd care for some Champagne? It's Bollinger—'61, a vintage year.

Perhaps some hors d'oeuvres?

Wow! What service! They were falling all over themselves like you were royalty!

Living at that address gets 'em every time!

Yeah... but you're the MAID there!!



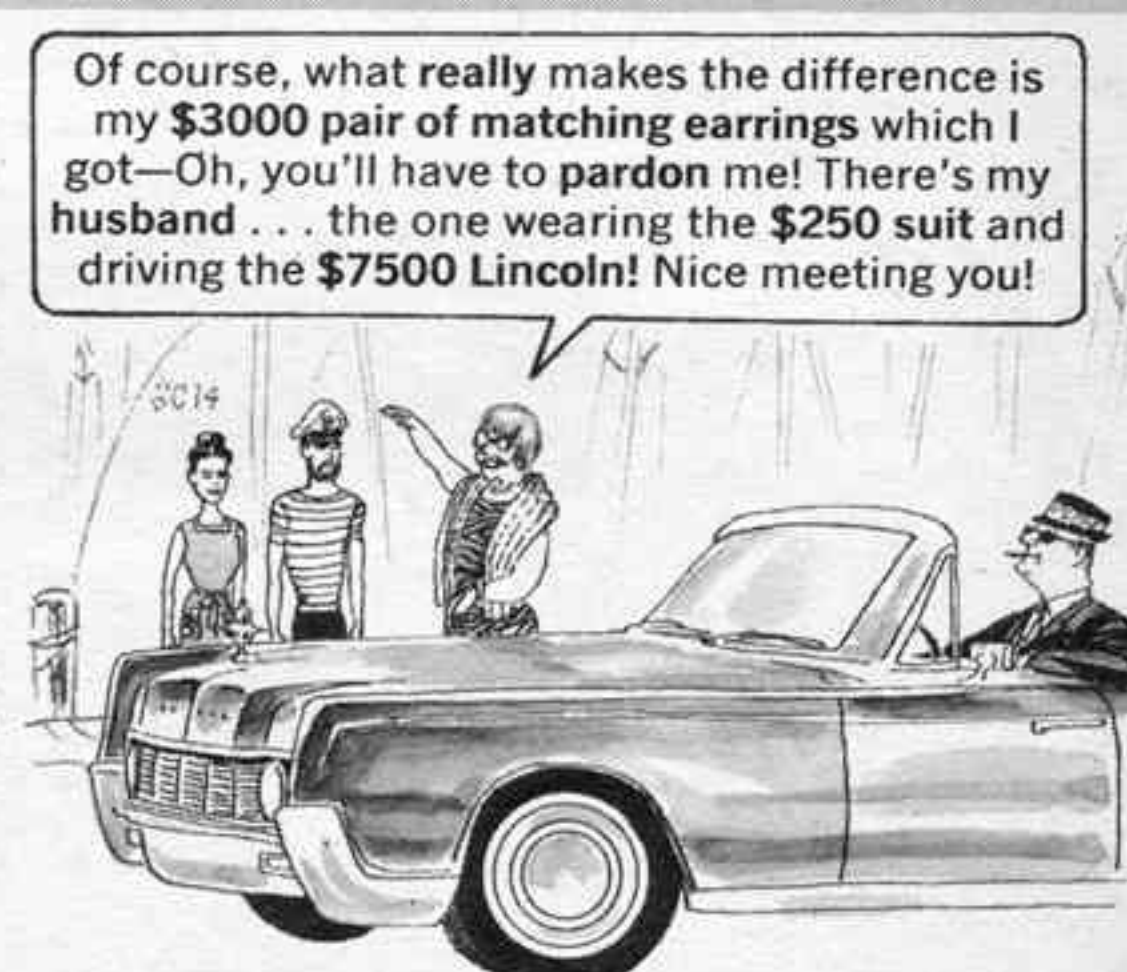
Honey, this is my friend, Doris!

How do you do, Doris?

Hello! Oh... I hope my \$1800 ring didn't scratch you!



I bought it in St. Thomas while I was on a \$5000 cruise to the Caribbean! I remember I was in a chic little \$300 chiffon, and the clerk said it would go just perfectly with my \$2000 necklace!



Of course, what really makes the difference is my \$3000 pair of matching earrings which I got—Oh, you'll have to pardon me! There's my husband... the one wearing the \$250 suit and driving the \$7500 Lincoln! Nice meeting you!



Hello? All I've got to say to you, Donna Doyle is... NYEAH! NYEAH! NYEAHHH!!

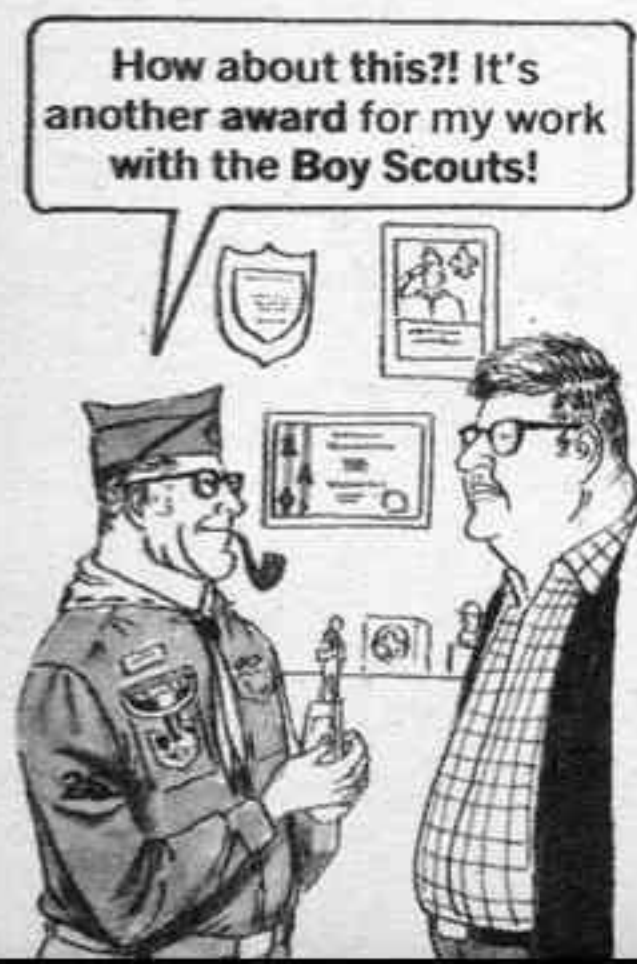
You're not the only twelve-year-old who has a phone of her own! My folks just gave me one, too... and you're getting the first call! So, all I've got to say to you, Donna Doyle, is... NYEAH! NYEAH! NOW WE'RE EVEN!!



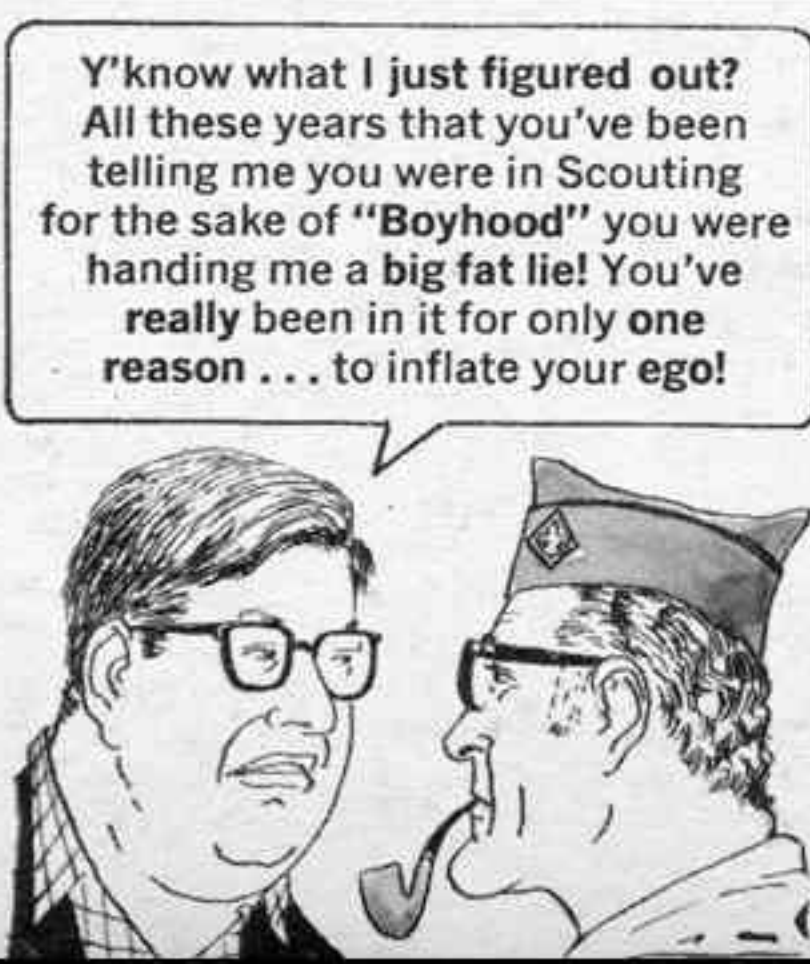
I'm sorry, but Miss Doyle is not at home! Would you care to leave a message?

Hey! You're not Donna! Who IS this?

This is her ANSWERING SERVICE!



How about this?! It's another award for my work with the Boy Scouts!



Y'know what I just figured out? All these years that you've been telling me you were in Scouting for the sake of "Boyhood" you were handing me a big fat lie! You've really been in it for only one reason... to inflate your ego!



You've been doing it for prestige, status and awards! All this talk about doing it for "Boyhood" is baloney!



I am SO doing it for "Boyhood"!

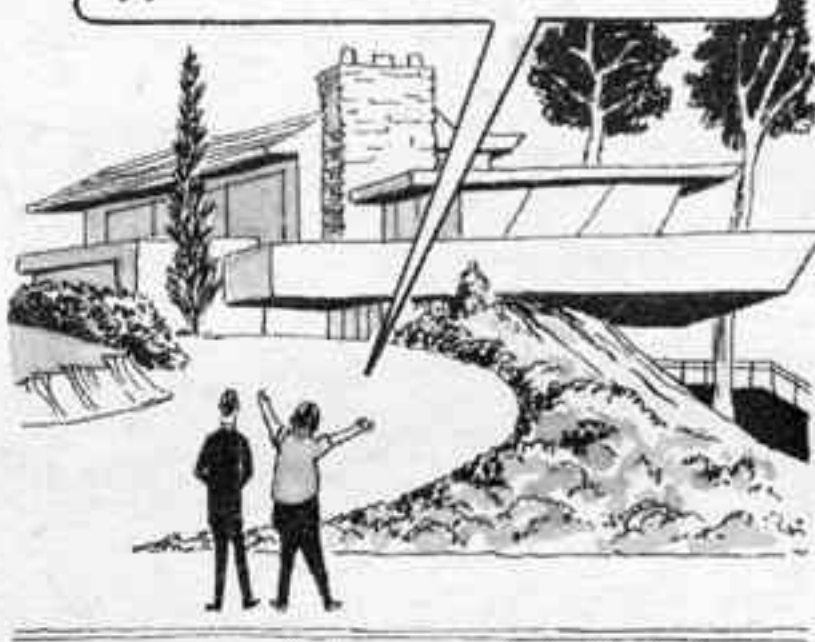


And I'm the "Boy"!!

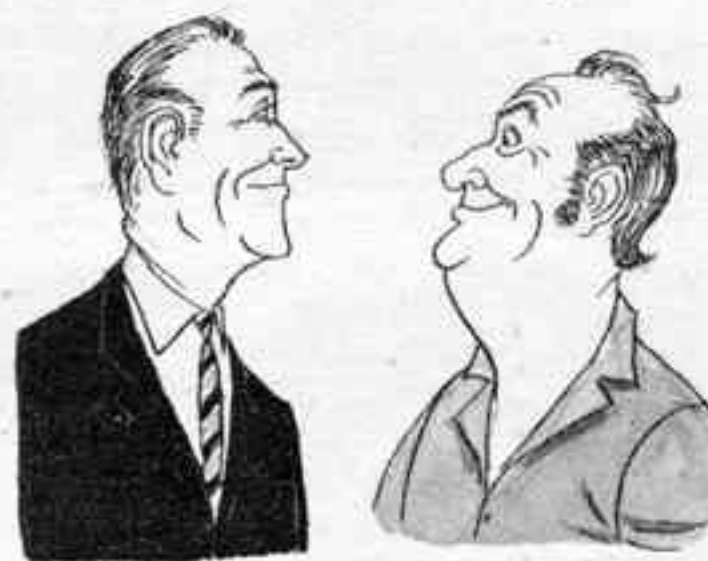
Well, if it isn't **Charlie Burnside**! Hey, Charlie... remember when we were kids and you'd always beat me out on everything? Well, take a look! That's my house there!



It's got **eleven rooms, four baths, a finished basement, a wood burning fireplace and a kitchen loaded with every appliance they make nowadays!**



Pretty nice, huh? Yep, I've really made it, Charlie, as you can see! Er—by the way! Tell me about your house...



WHICH ONE?!

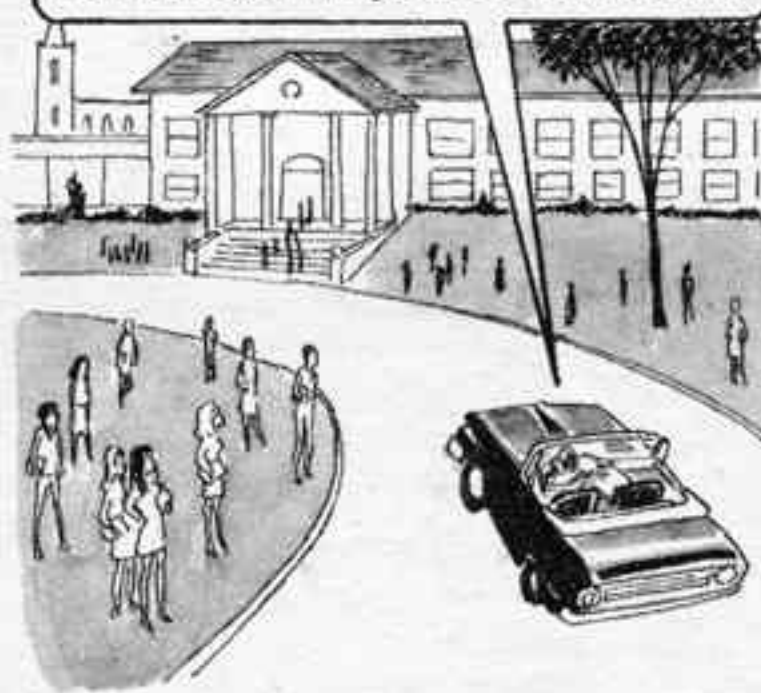


Well, Hon? What did you think of Doris?

I think she needs a **\$50-an-hour Psychiatrist!**



I've noticed that **most of the girls on campus are constantly breaking their necks, trying to make "status dates" just so they can be seen in public with them!**



I mean like dating the **Captain of the Football Team... or the Richest Boy in school... or the Best Looking!** I think that's silly, immature and frivolous—



—don't you, Professor?



Mitchel, I asked you to stay after class because I wanted to discuss this **composition** you wrote about your **father!** Don't you know what he does for a living?



Sure I know! He's a **Brain Surgeon!**

That's what I thought! And I'm **very impressed!** Then... why did you lie in your composition?



Because I don't care if **you're** impressed!



I wanna impress the **rest of the class!**



An' that's why I said he was a **Fireman!**



Another night, and another dirty job of **cleaning up!**

Yep! On the **Social Ladder, we Charwomen occupy the bottom rung!**



I've got the **Secretary's Pool** to clean tonight!



Oh, really? I'll have you know I'm cleaning the **Office of the Chairman of the Board!**



I see you brought a sandwich, too! I'll meet you in the **Employees' Cafeteria at midnight!**

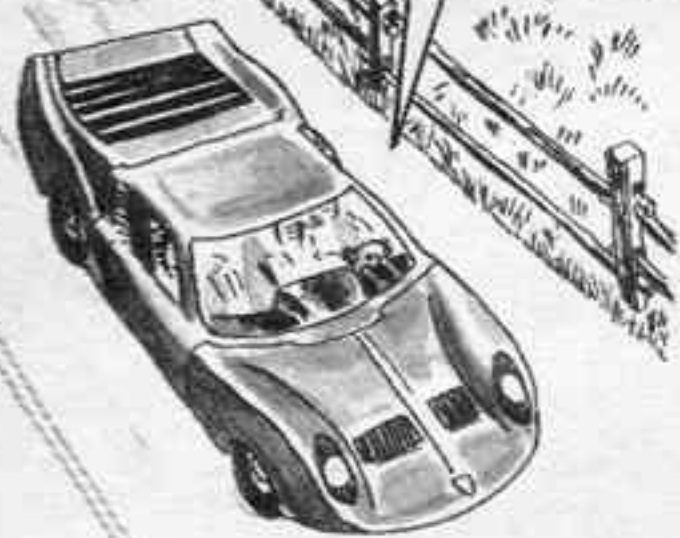


Sorry! I won't be there!

I'll be eating in the **Executives' Dining Room** tonight!



Boy, oh, boy! Wait'll the guys at the Club see me drive up in this brand new, shiny 1969 Lamborghini-Miura! Talk about status, I've sure got it now!



Man, are they ever gonna eat their hearts out!



Milton! What's the matter? You suddenly turned pale!



Don't bother me now! I'm too busy eating MY heart out!

George Winthrop just drove up in a 1928 ESSEX!!



Oh, Clerk, how much is this Fur Jacket?



Perhaps Madam would like to look at our Economy Line! That Fur Jacket is from our More Expensive Line, and costs \$550!



Is that all? I suppose I could wear it to Football Games! I'll take it!



Yes, Madam!

Are you crazy or something? Your husband only earns \$150 a week! Where do you come off buying something that ritzy? Who in heck are you trying to impress?



The clerk!!



Hey! Am I wrong or was that "Three-Fingers" Scungilli you were just talking to?!



Yup!

But he-he's a Gangster! He's in the Mafia! He's a killer! He orders Contracts on people ... and they get rubbed out!



Yup!

He's responsible for half the Narcotics that comes into the country! He's in Vice ... and Highjacking ... and the Numbers Racket! And YOU KNOW HIM???



Yup!

GEEZ! I didn't know you were that IMPORTANT!!



What have you got to brood about! You've made it to the top! You've got everything anyone could wish for! You've got good health, a beautiful wife, and three lovely kids!



You live in one of the most magnificent mansions in the State! And you have your own private chalet in Switzerland, not to mention your luxurious ocean-going yacht, your own private plane and three cars!

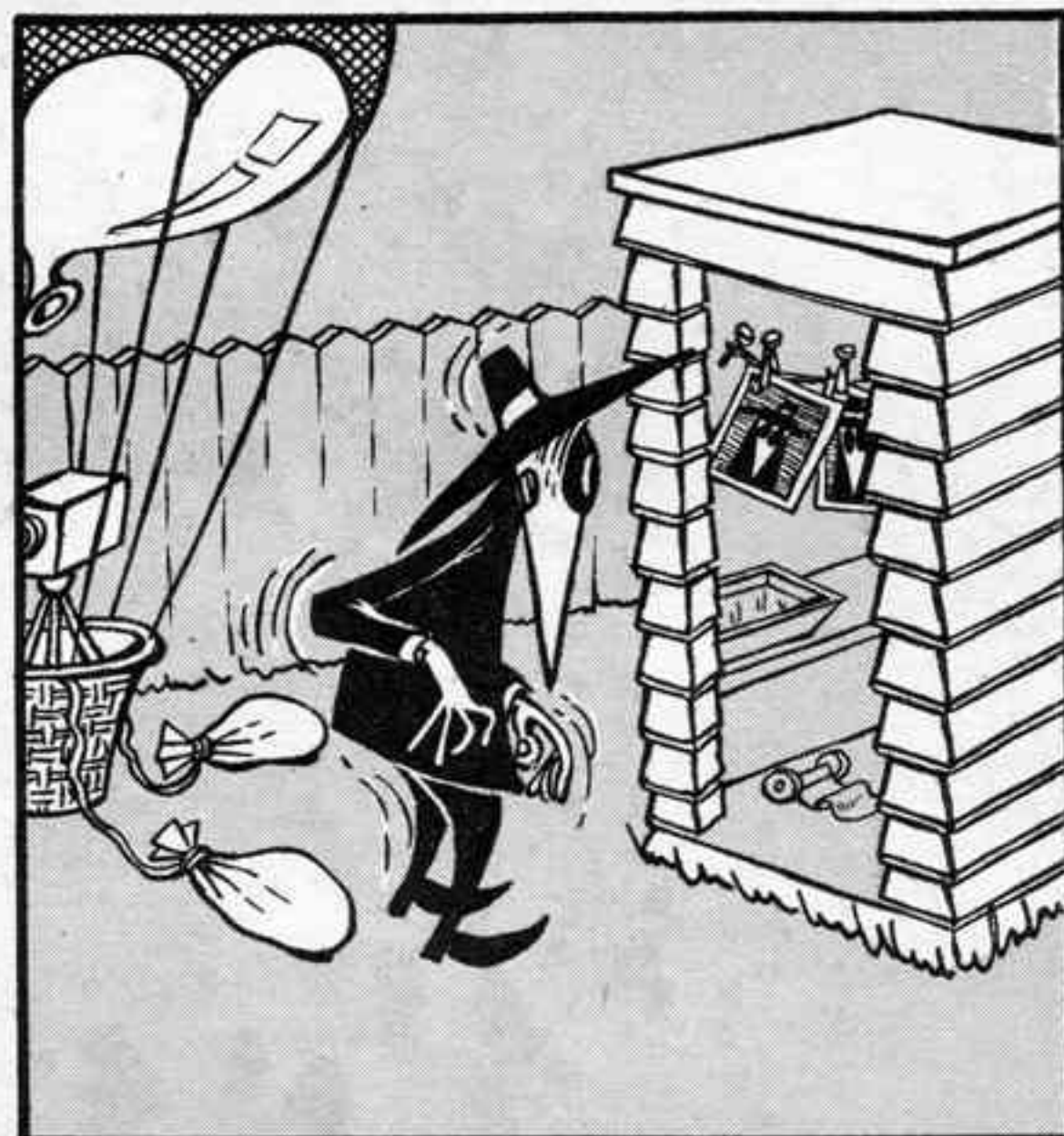
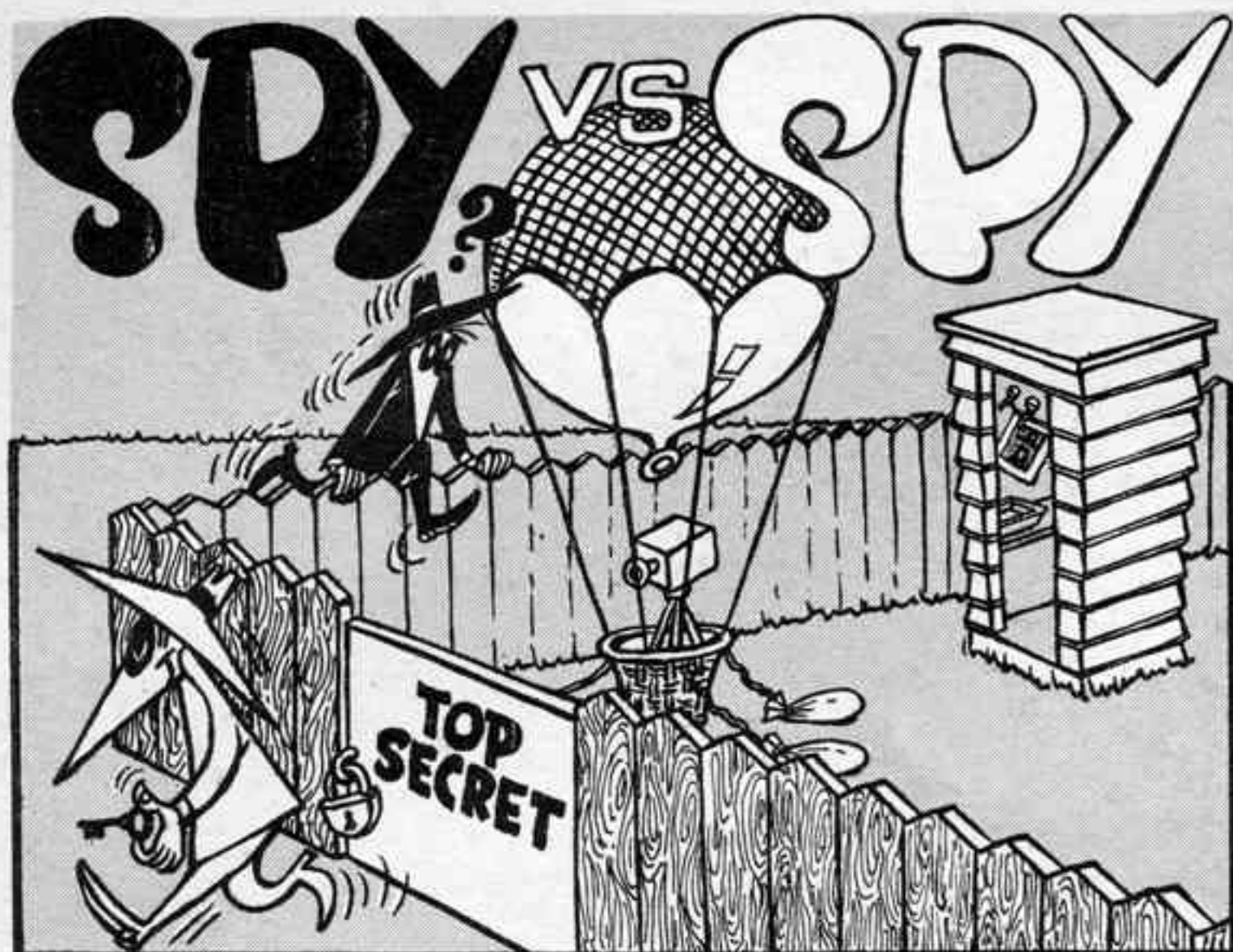


You're one of the richest men in the country ... and yet you sit there and brood! WHY??

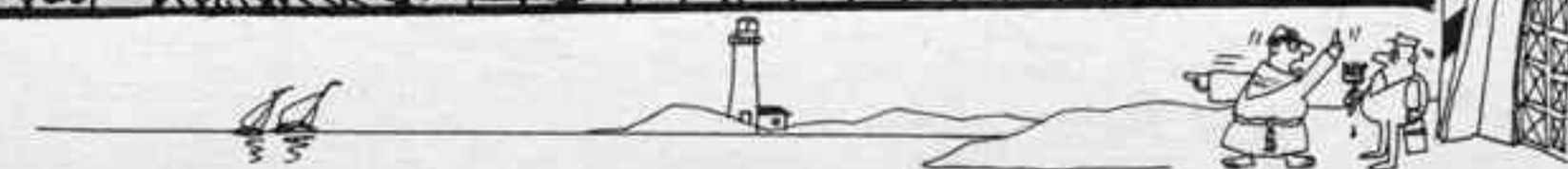
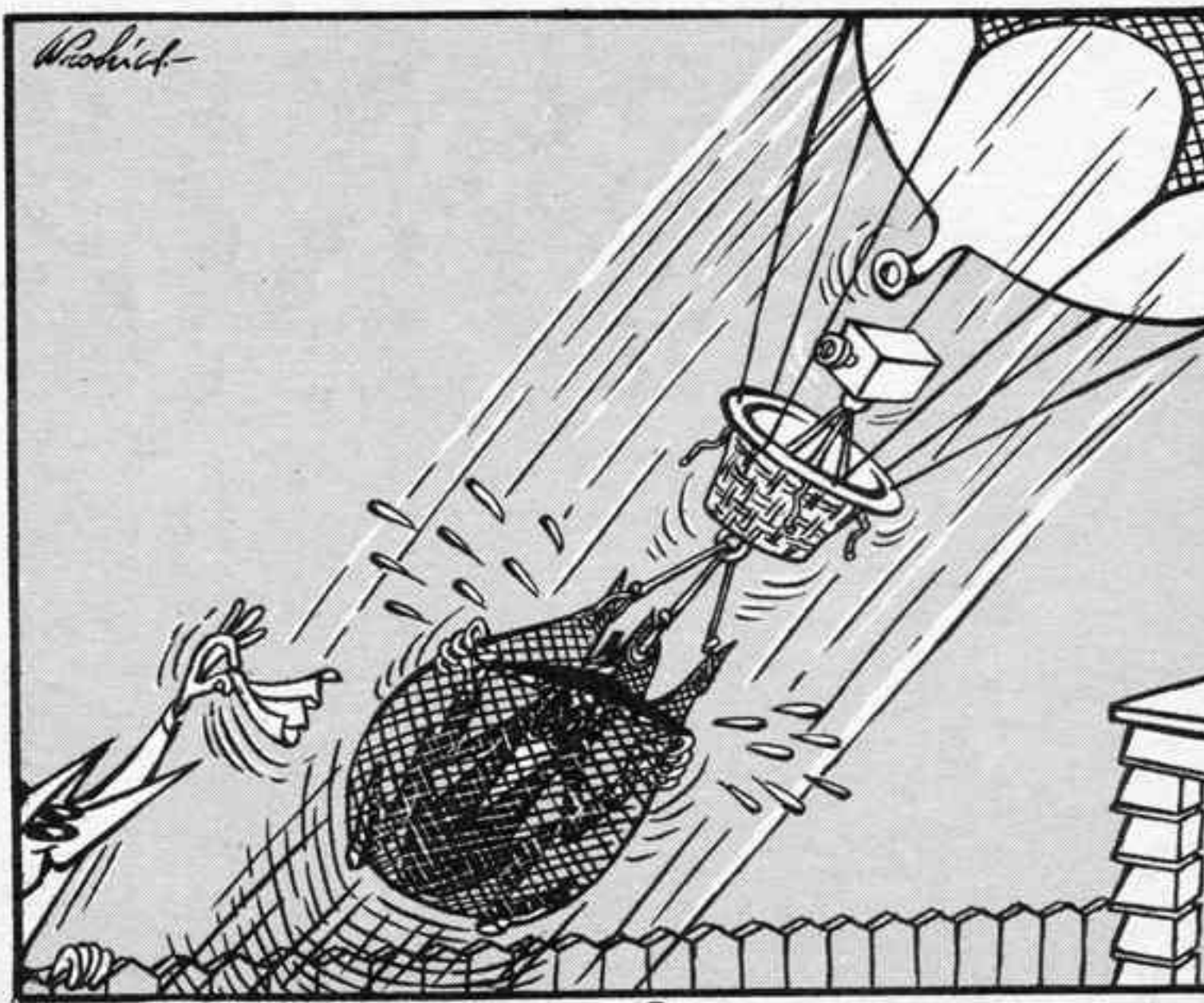
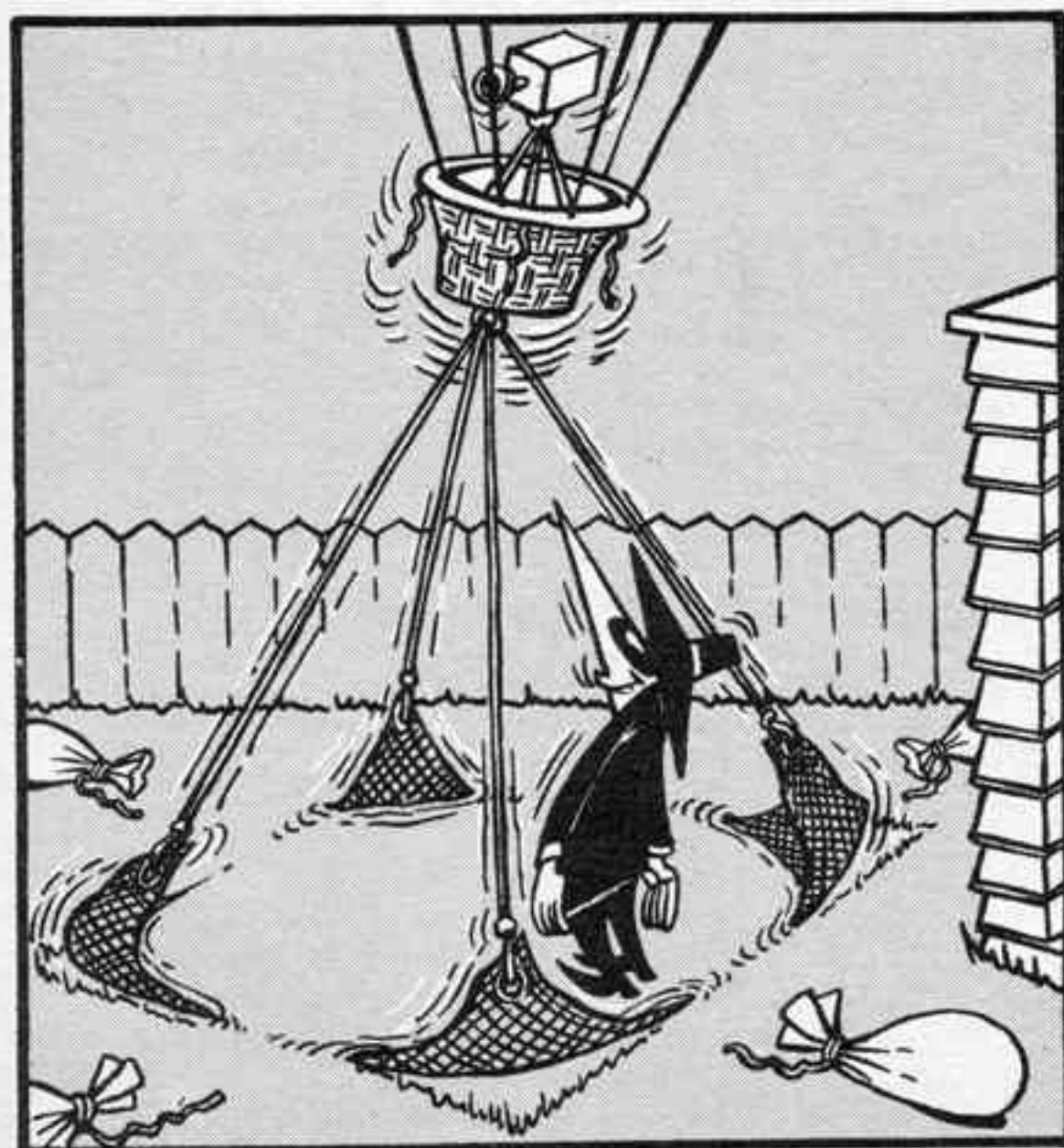
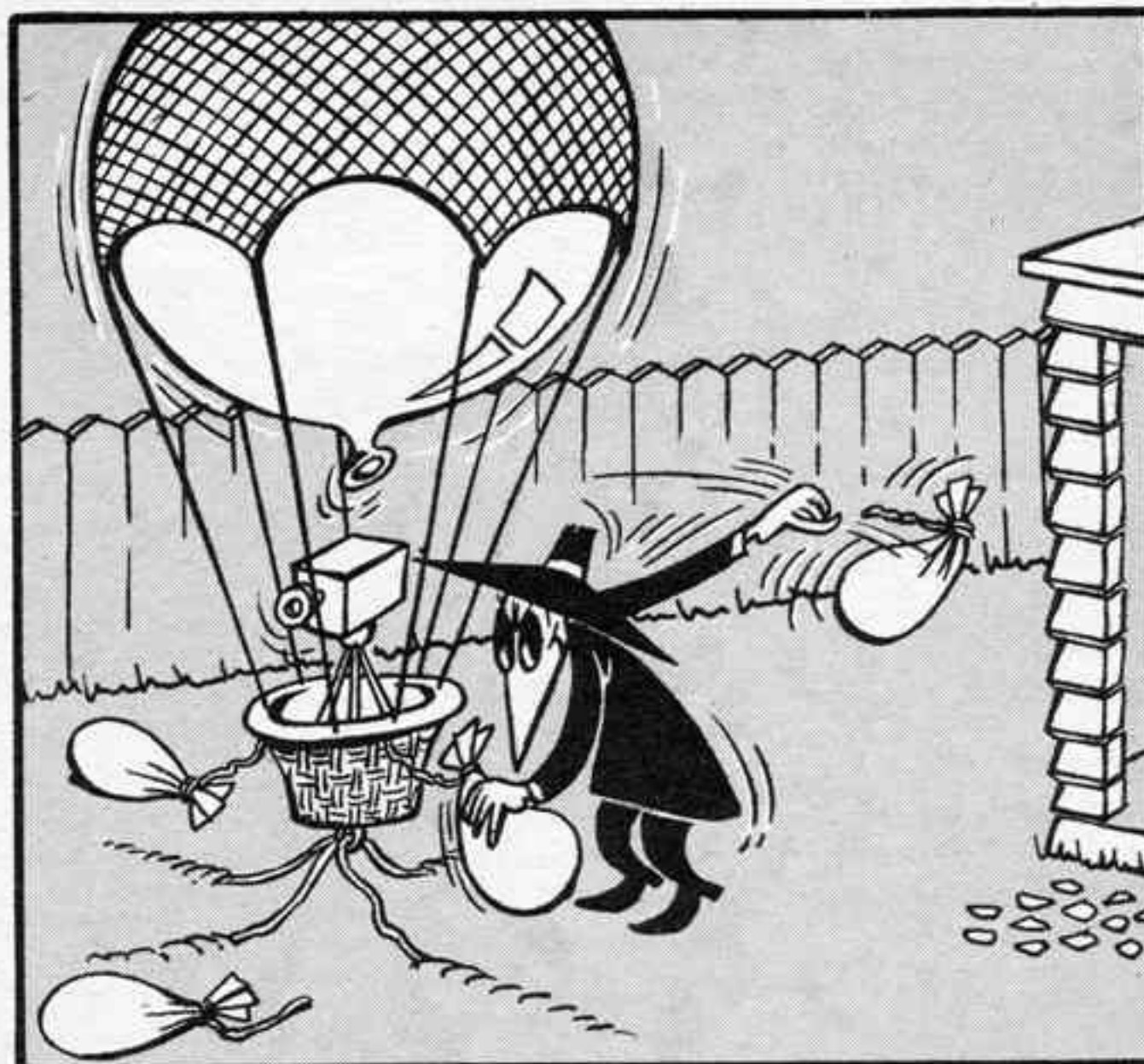
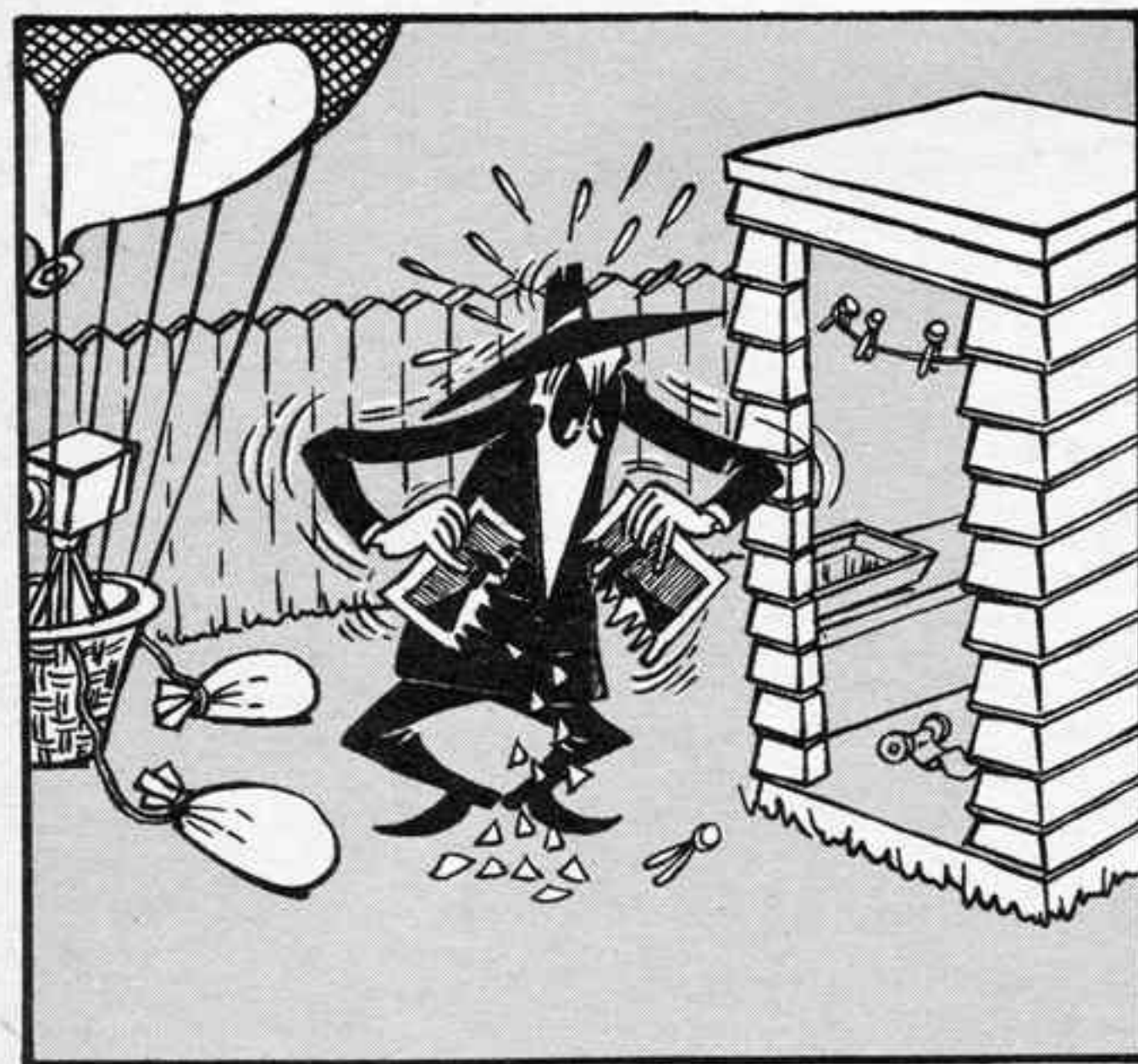


Because I'm not THE richest!!





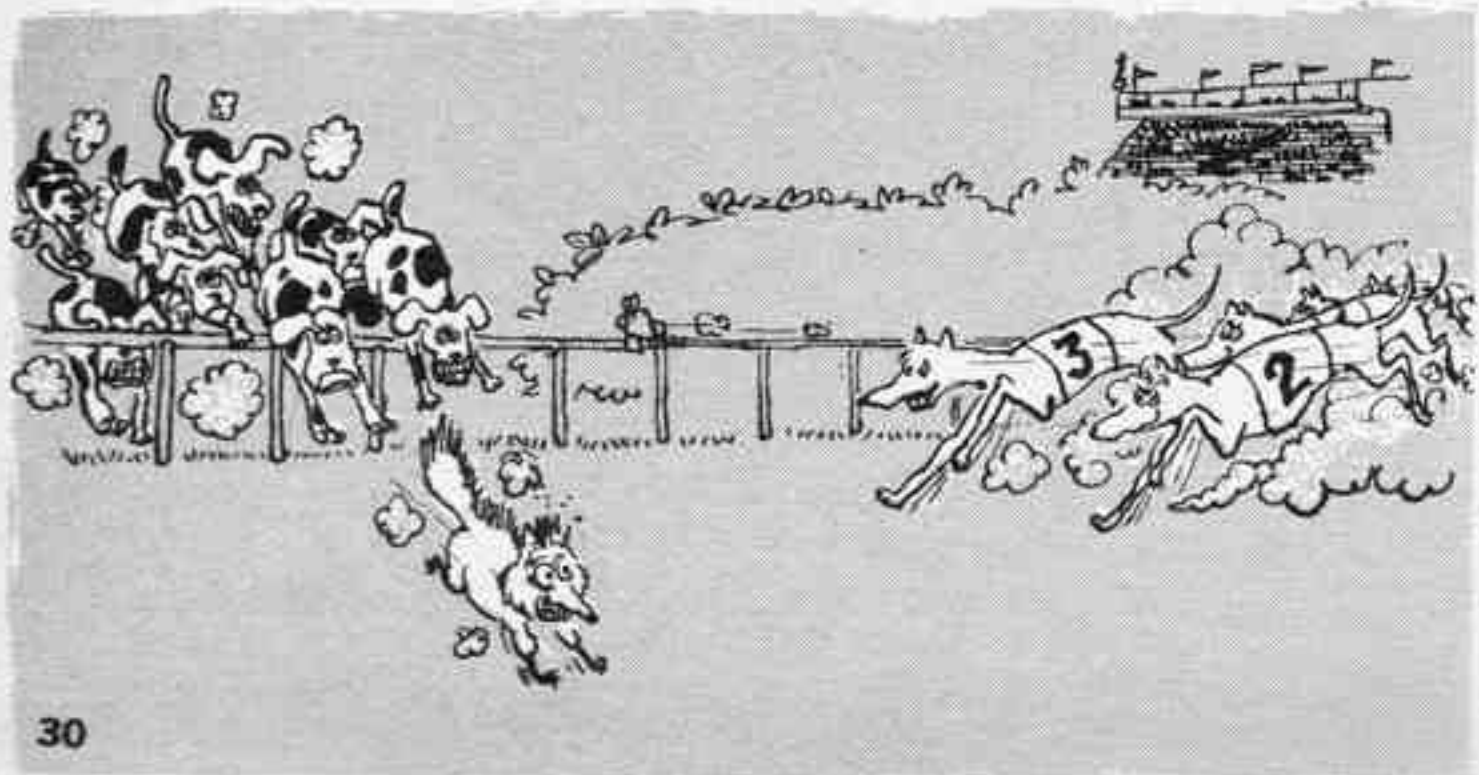
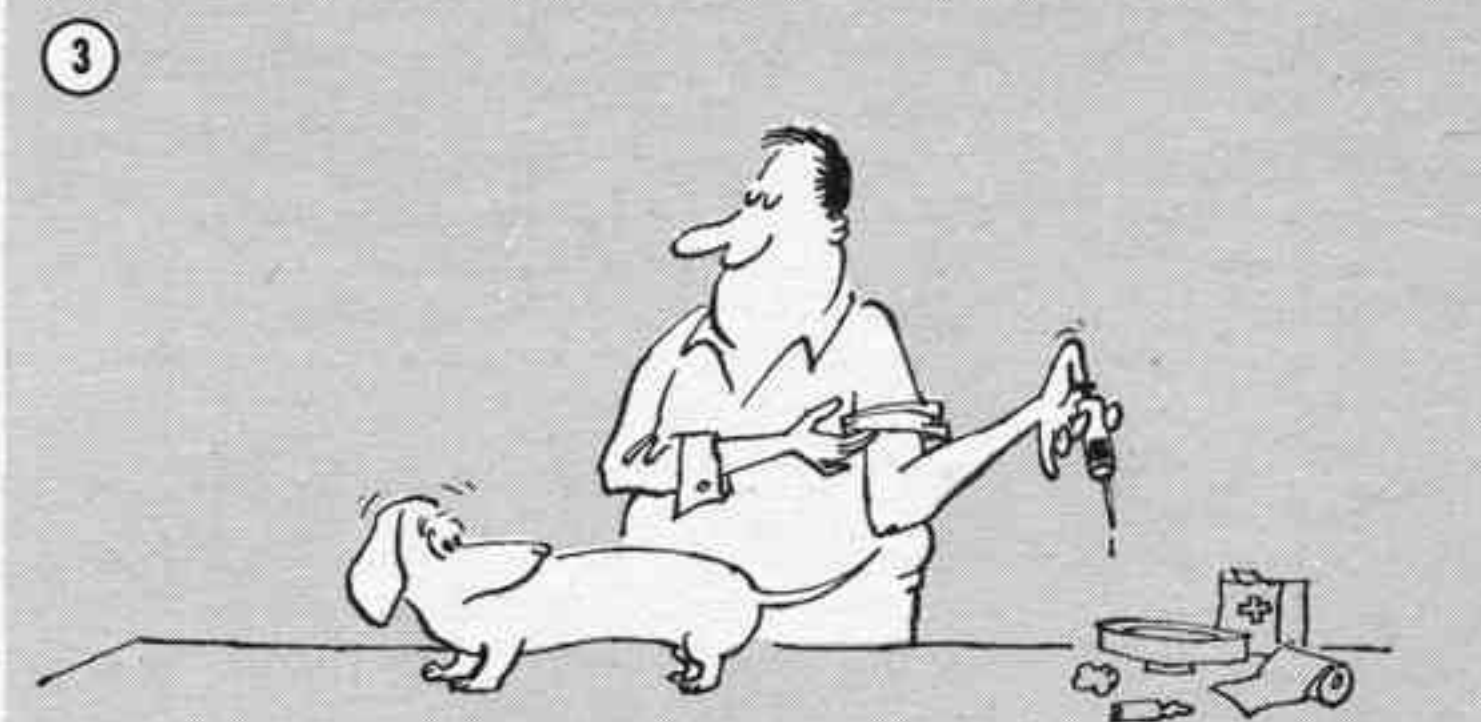
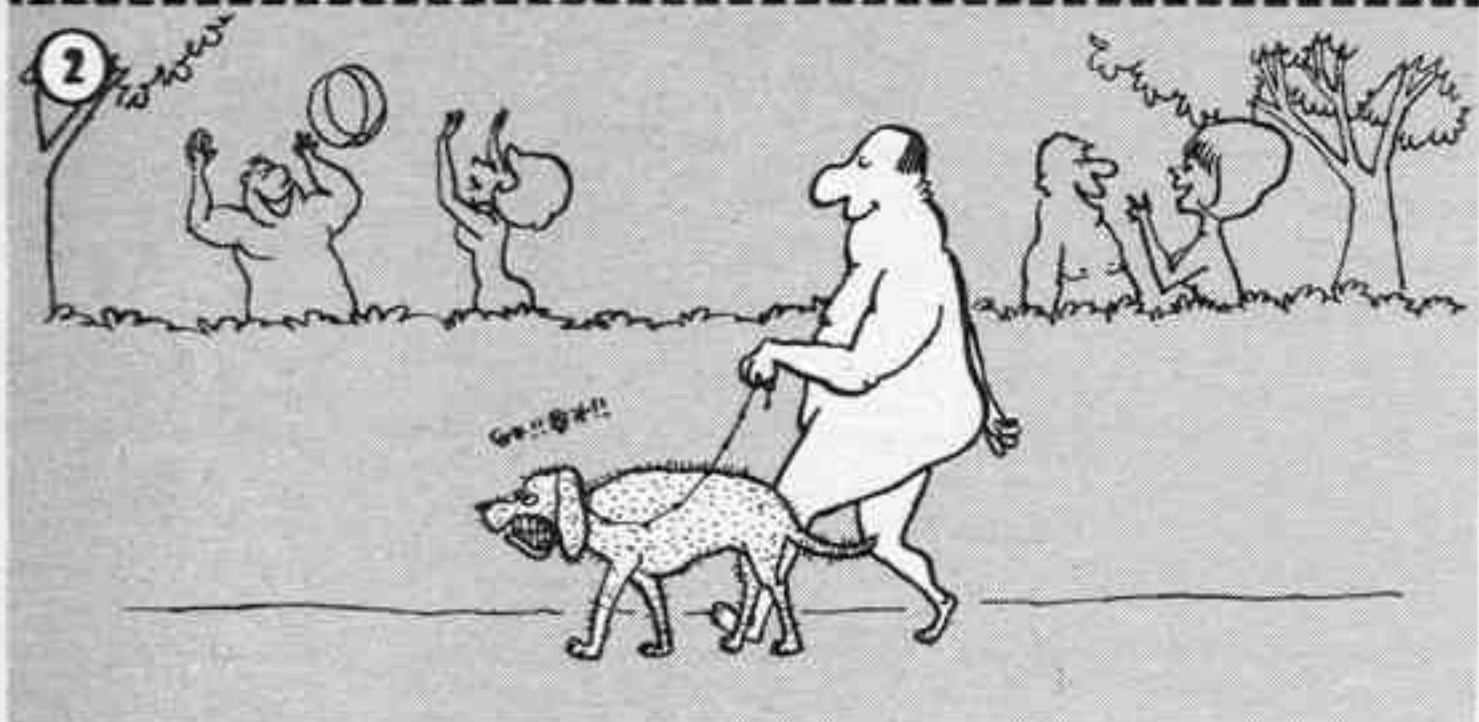
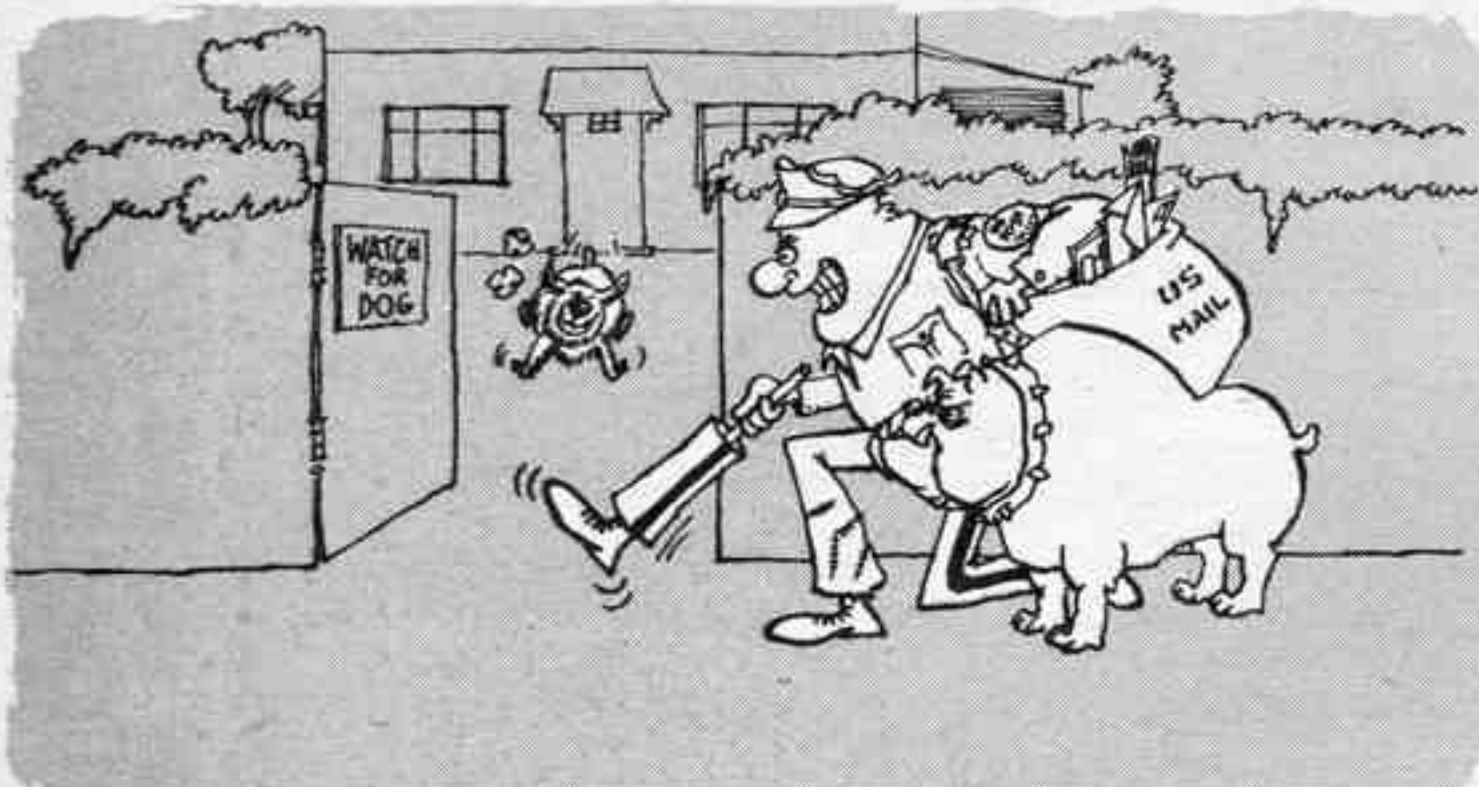
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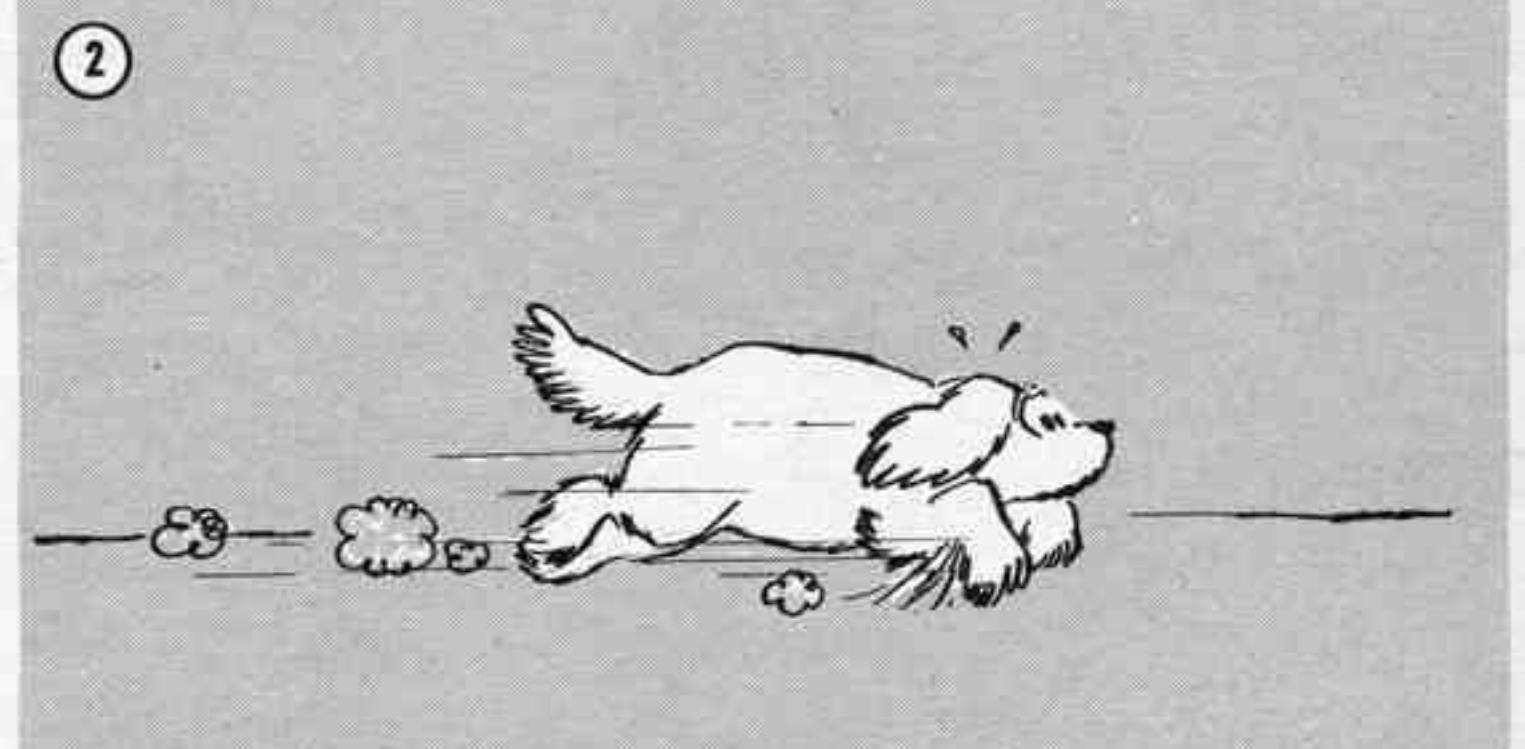
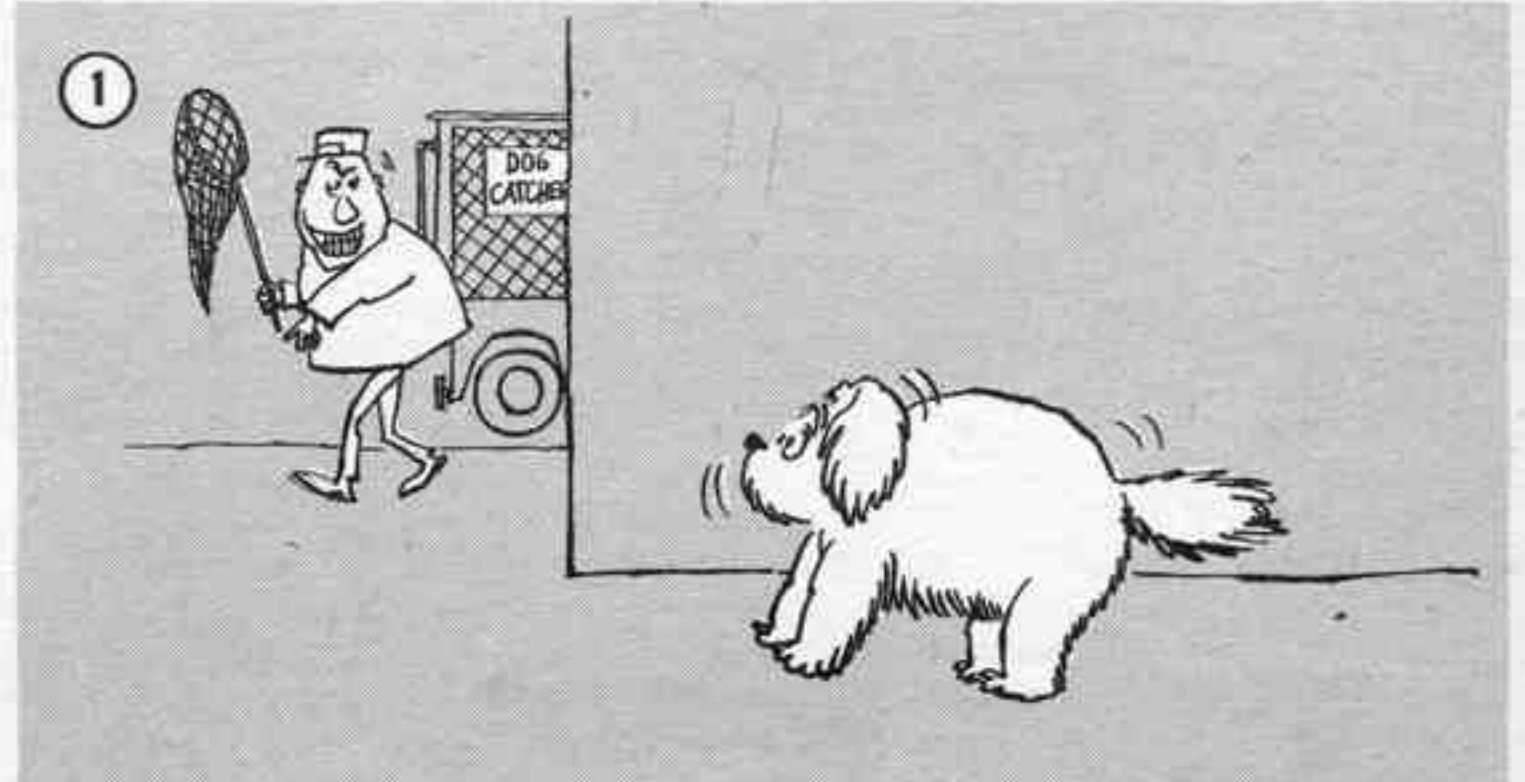
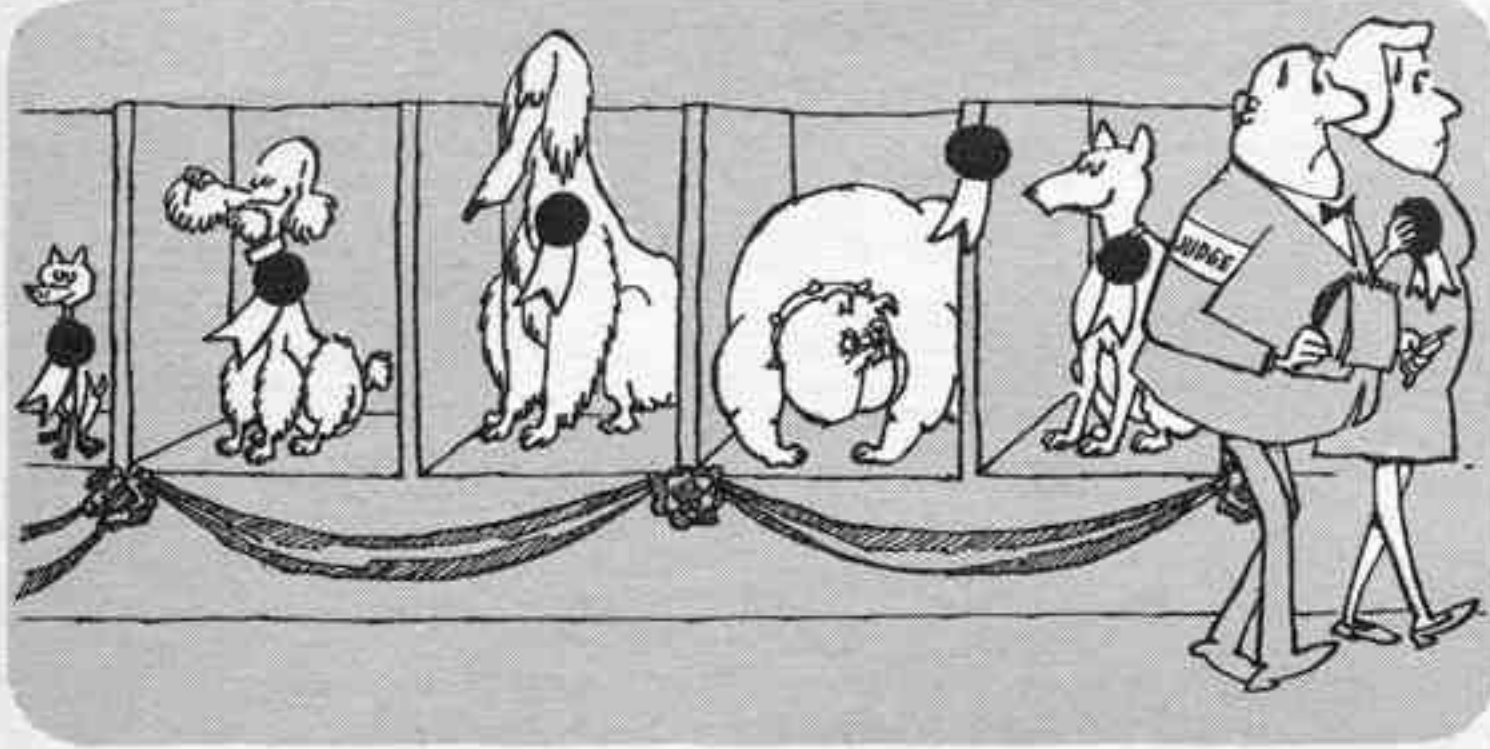
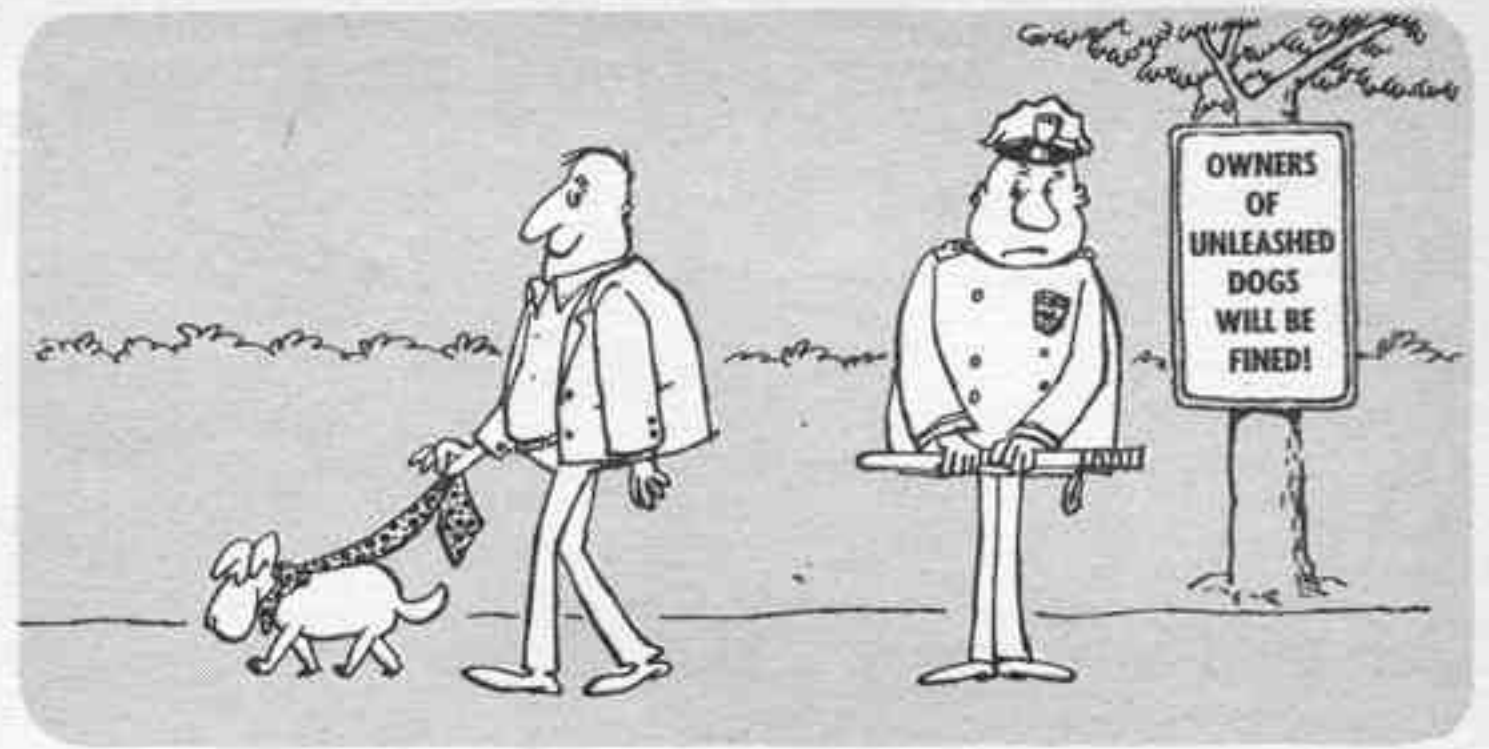
MUTT AND JEST DEPT.

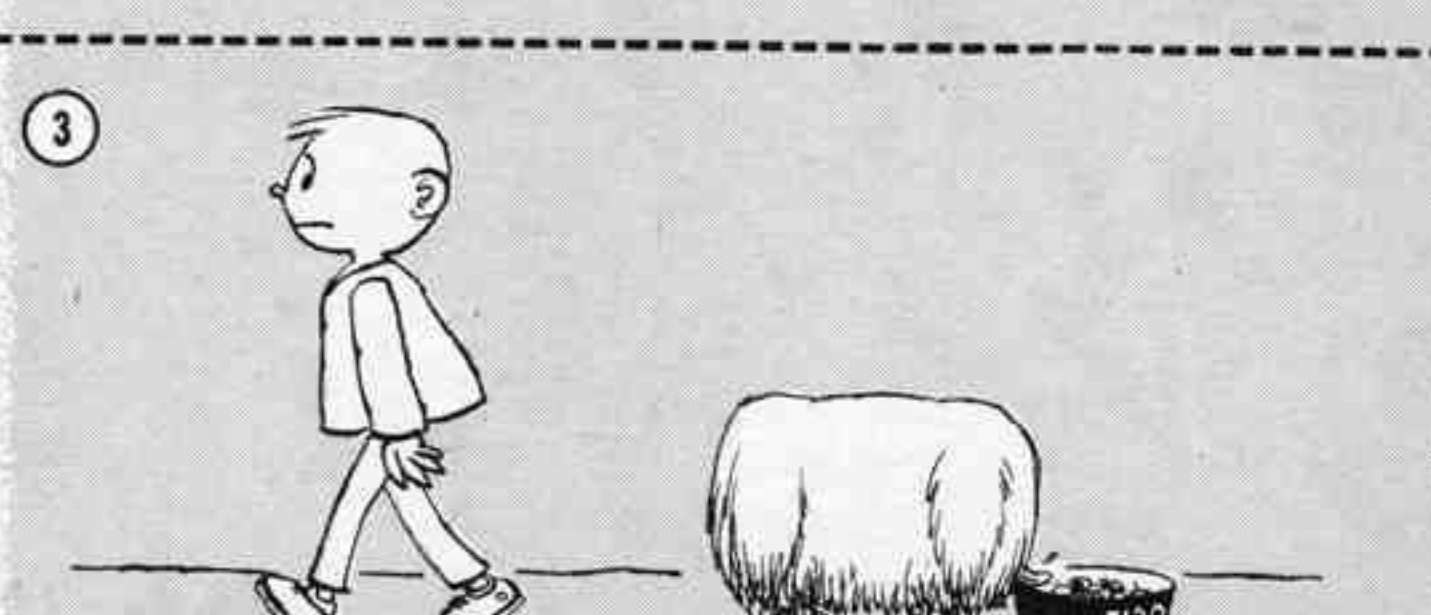
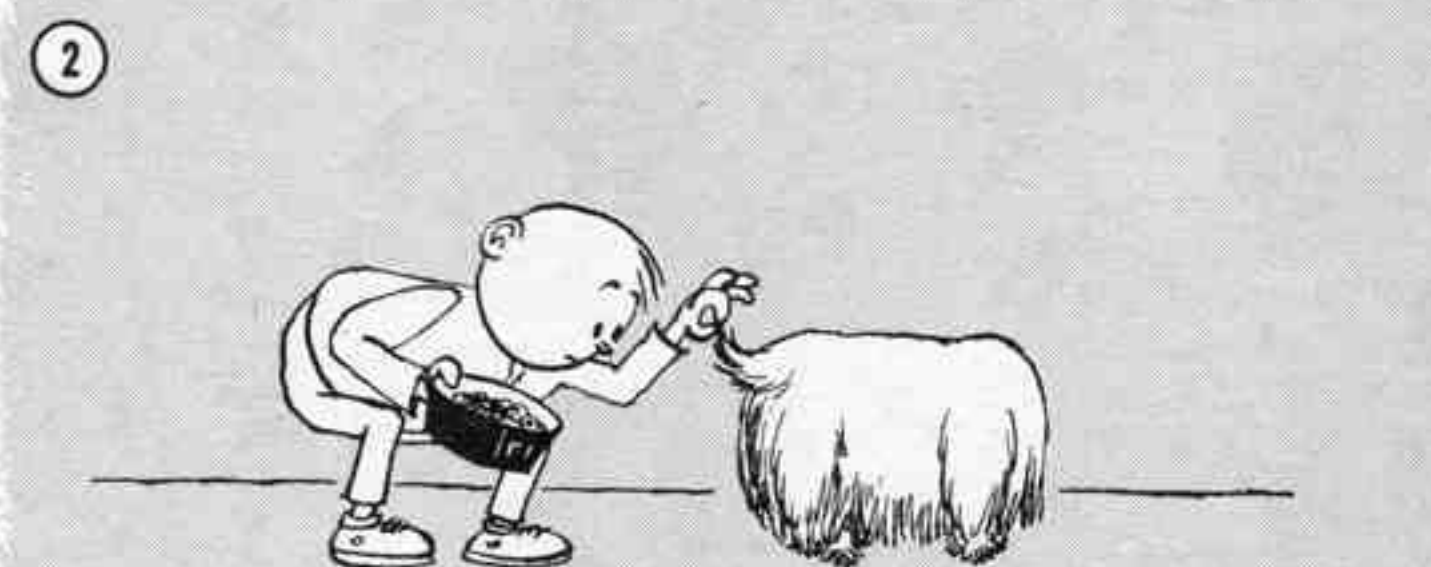
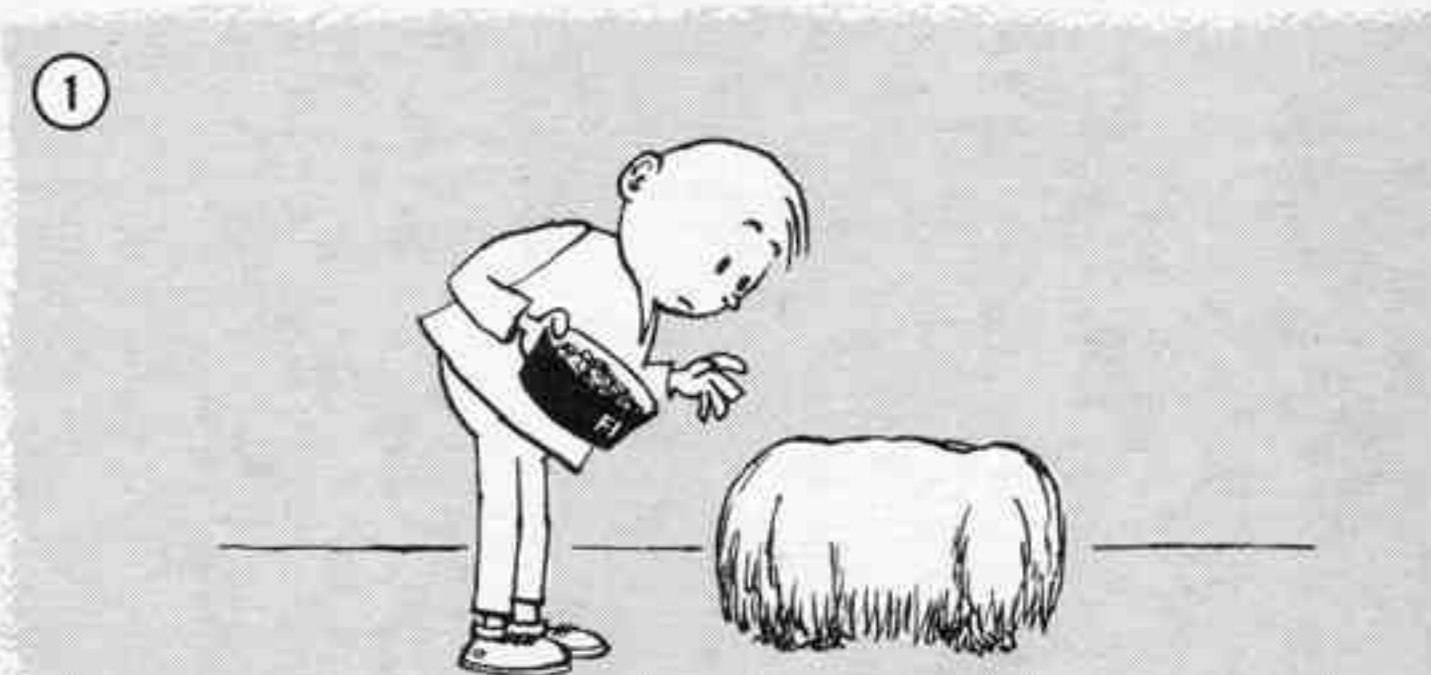
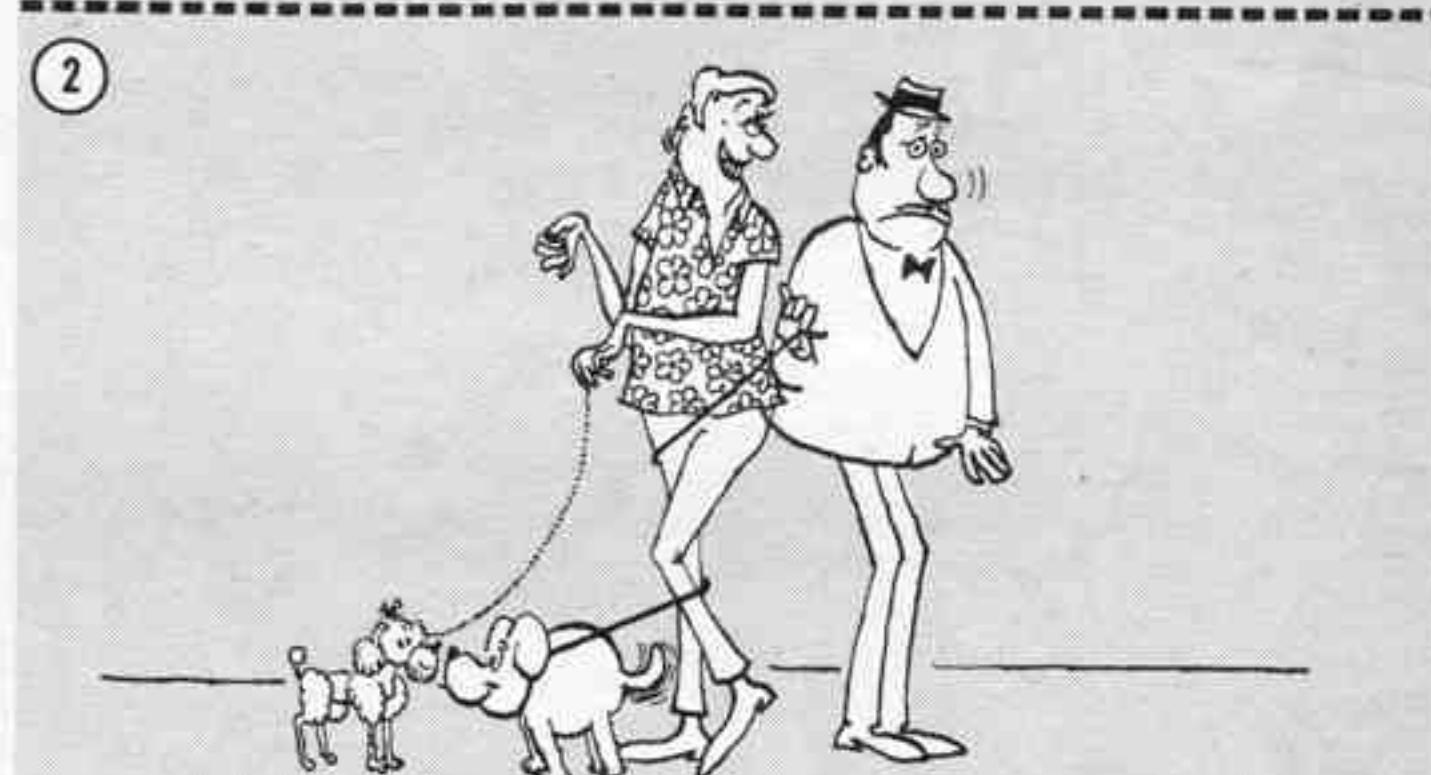
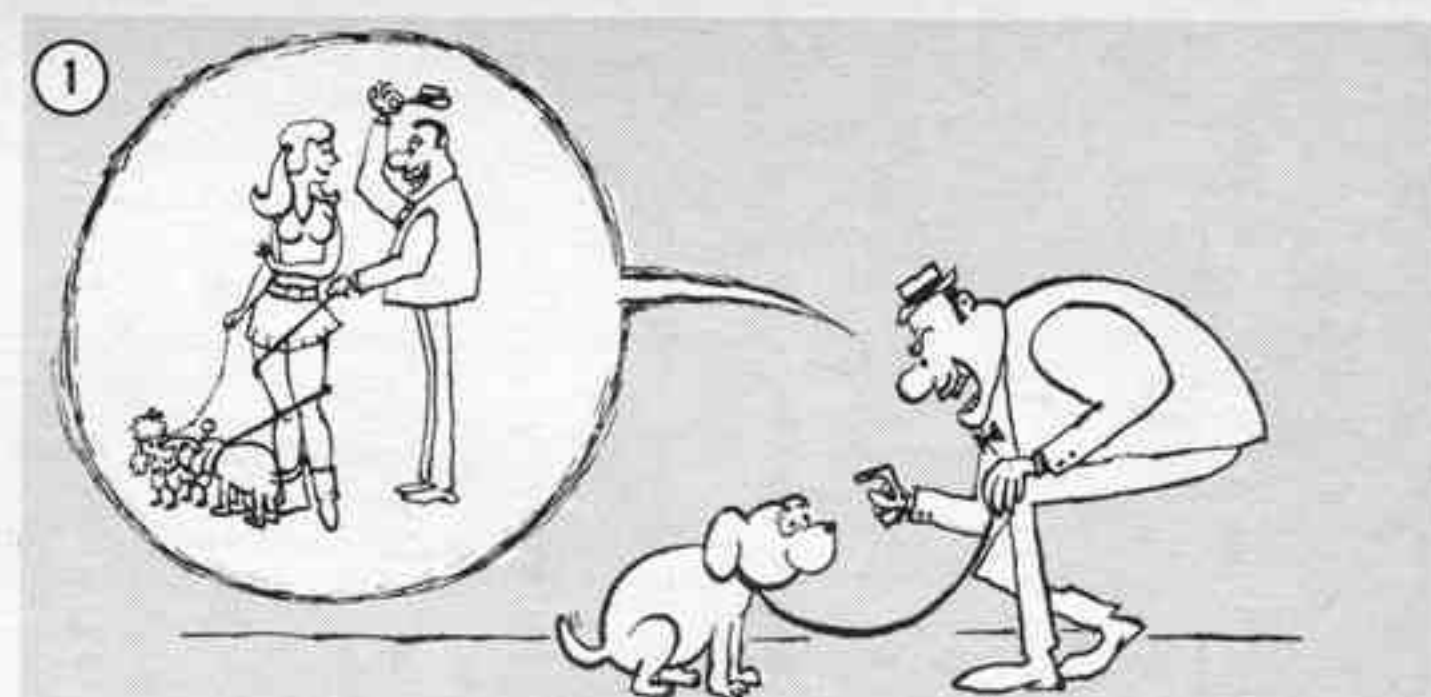
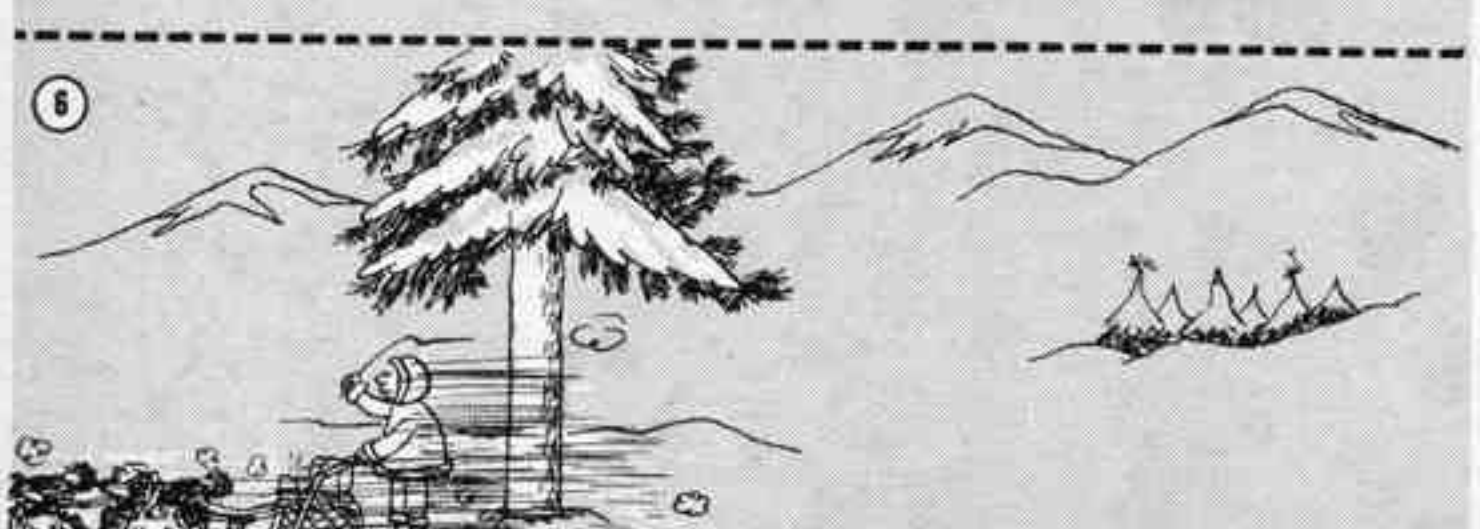
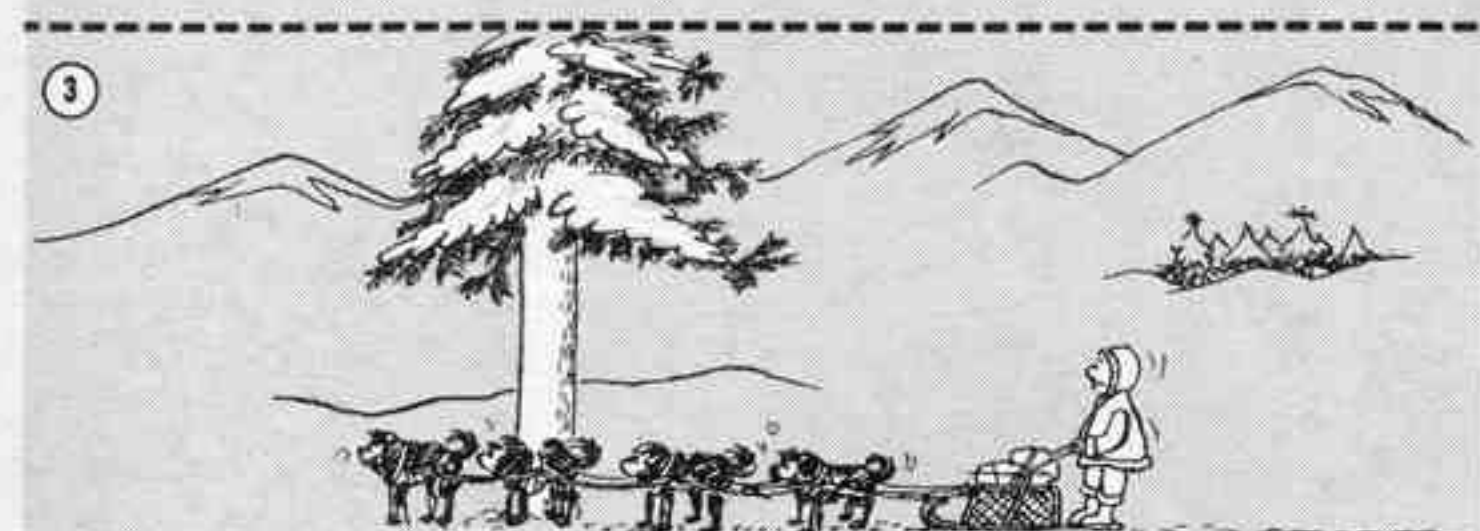
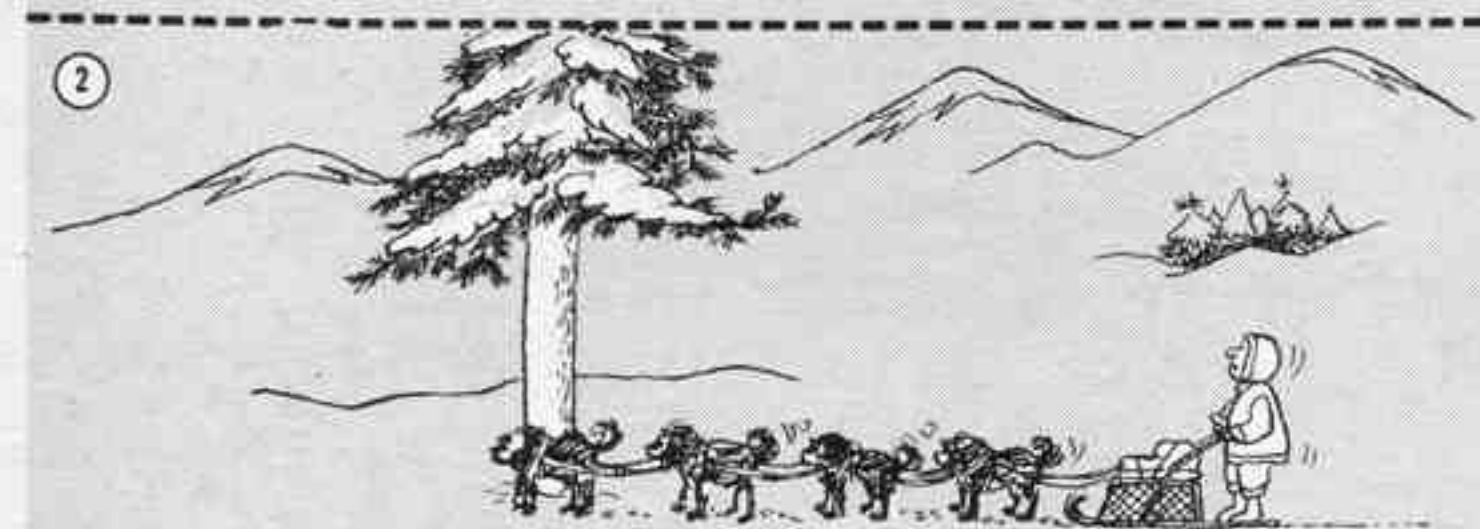
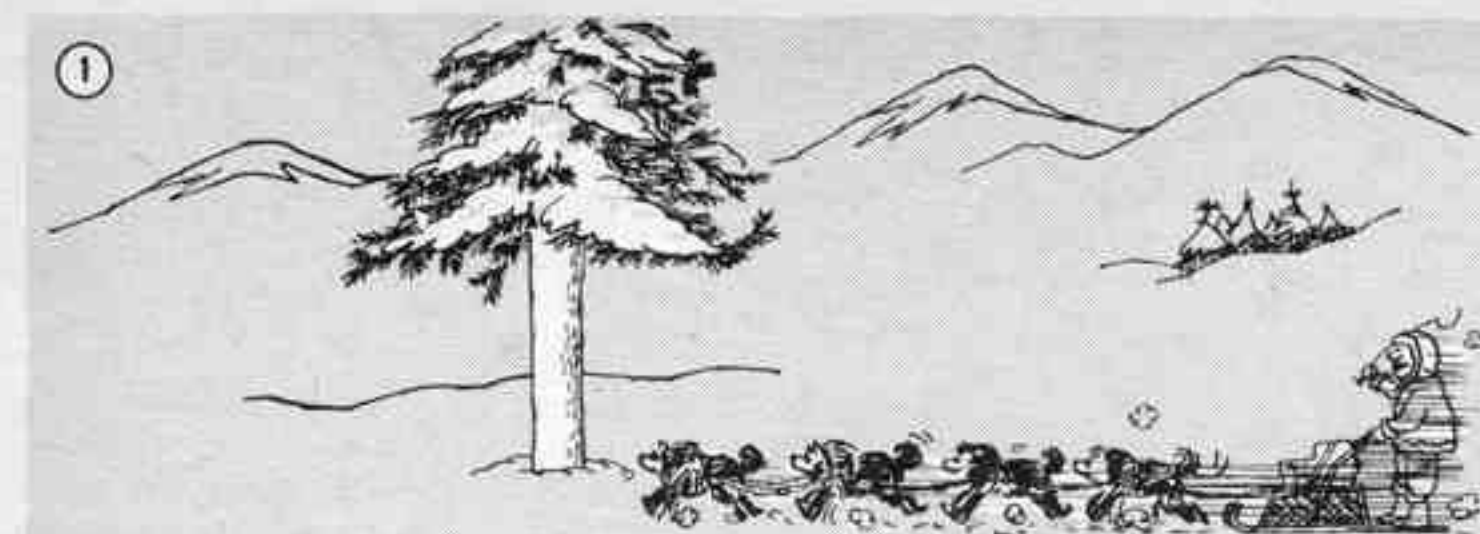
A MAD LOOK



AT DOGS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





PUTTING DOWN TOWN DEPT.

There has been a lot of talk lately about the serious problem of our American cities. Unfortunately, up to now, no one has done an "in-depth" study of the situation. And we're certainly not going to be the first! So, in keeping with the superficial nature of these investigations, we now present a . . .

MAD GRAY PAPER*

"The State of Our Cities"

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: STAN HART

Hello, this is Harry Reasonable with a "MAD Gray Paper" on "The Problems Facing America's Cities Today". Let's start by examining one of the biggest and perhaps the most important problem of all . . . "HOUSING" . . .

Houses like these are a blight on the modern city. As "Construction Foreman," I imagine you're anxious to start knocking them down!

Knock them down?! Why should I be anxious to do THAT?

So you can put up NEW houses!

But these ARE new houses!

Oh.

As a member of the "City Planning Commission," can you tell us what you have planned?

Certainly, we're going to demolish this entire area where 125,000 people live in sub-standard housing!

And what will go up in its place?

One big, modern, luxury apartment building—a real beauty at \$200 a room and limited to 300 tenants!

But what about the 125,000 people you made homeless?!

Listen, Harry—once you start worrying about things like THAT in this business, you could go crazy!

*THIS STARTED OUT AS A "MAD WHITE PAPER" BUT WE LEFT IT ON THE WINDOWSILL OVERNIGHT!

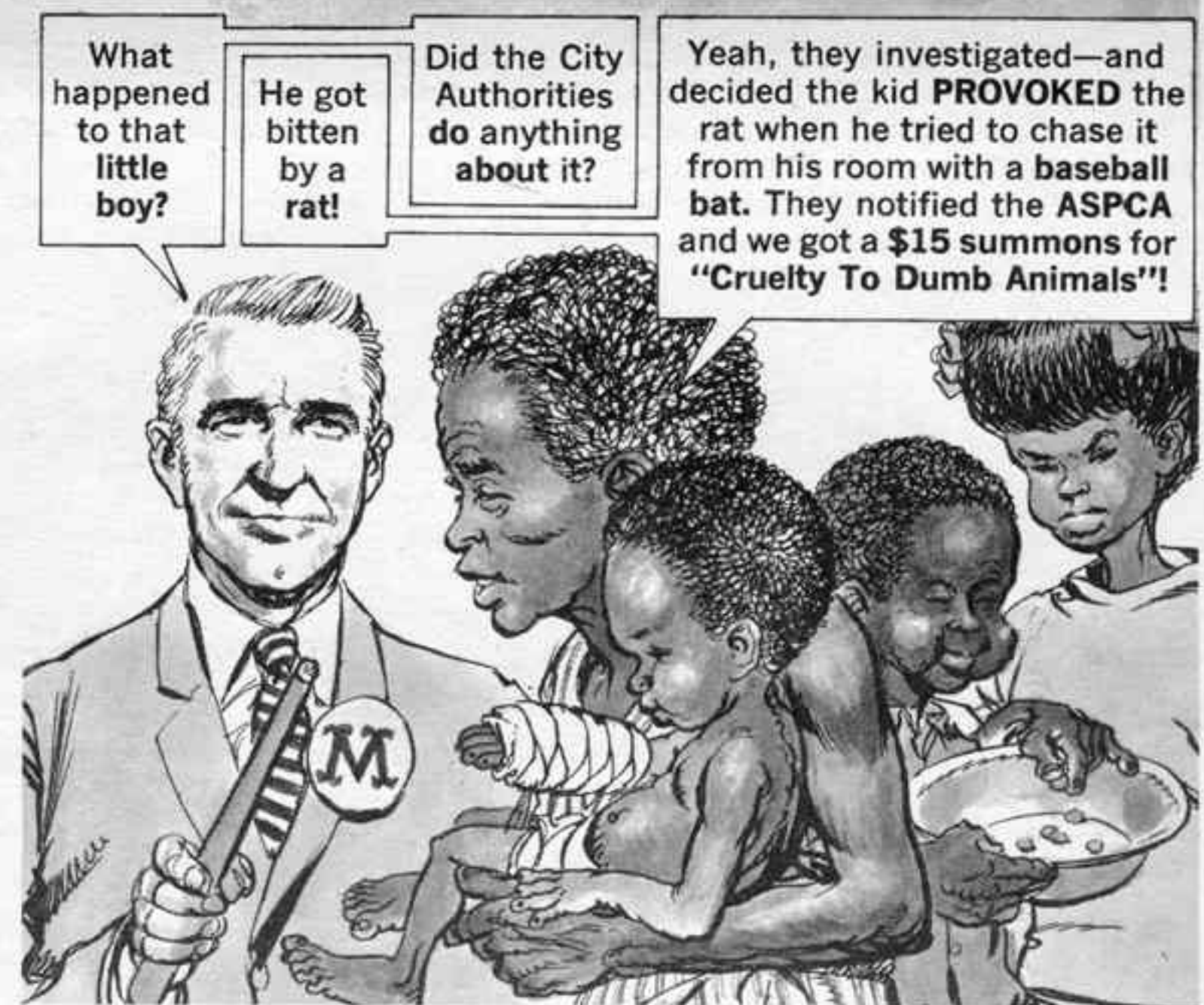


Here is a typical city apartment family. How much rent do you pay a month for this 3-room apartment?

One hundred dollars a month!

Do you think that's too much?

Nah, it's fair! The other two families who live here WITH us pay the same amount we do!

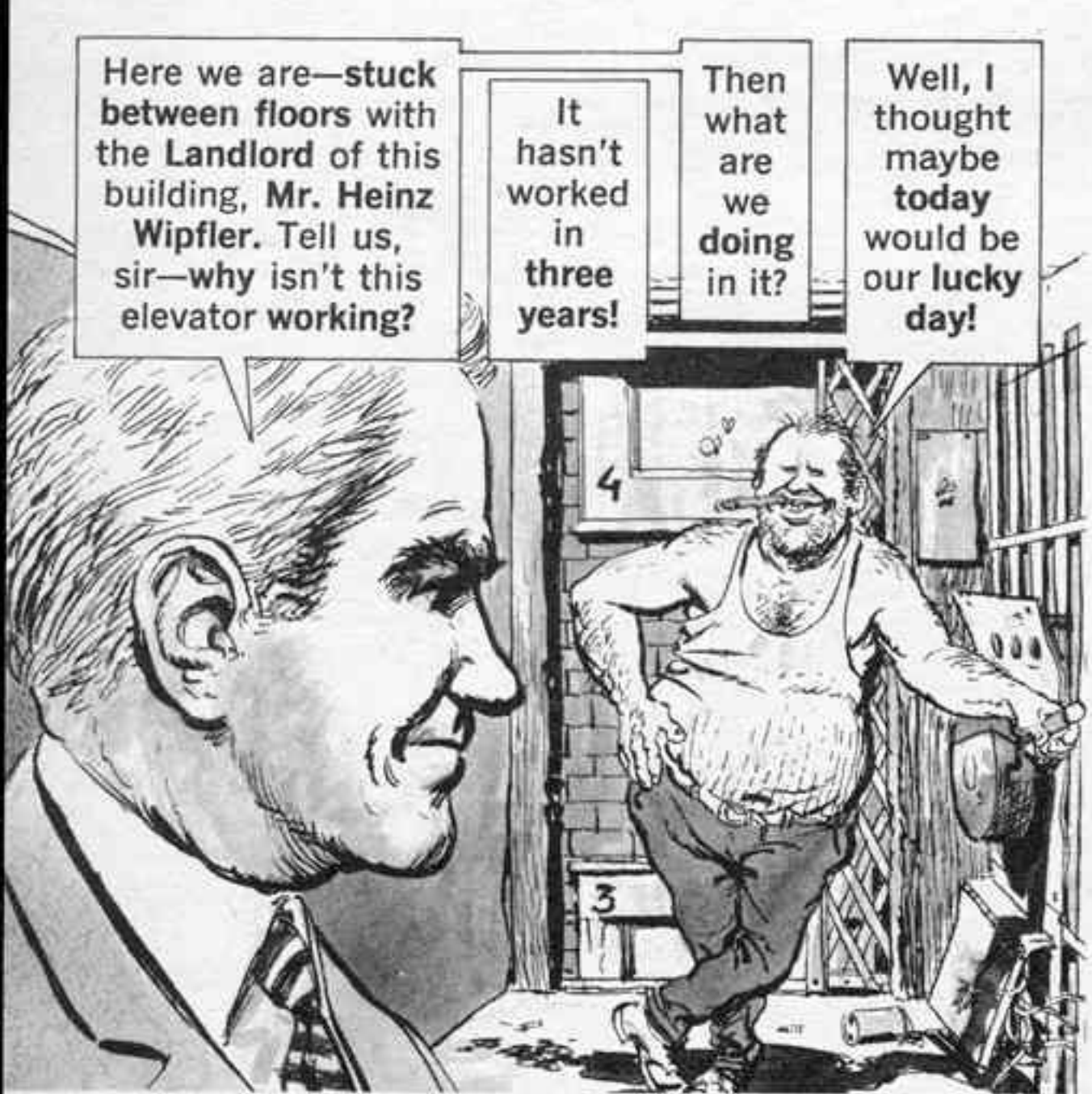


What happened to that little boy?

He got bitten by a rat!

Did the City Authorities do anything about it?

Yeah, they investigated—and decided the kid **PROVOKED** the rat when he tried to chase it from his room with a baseball bat. They notified the ASPCA and we got a \$15 summons for "Cruelty To Dumb Animals"!

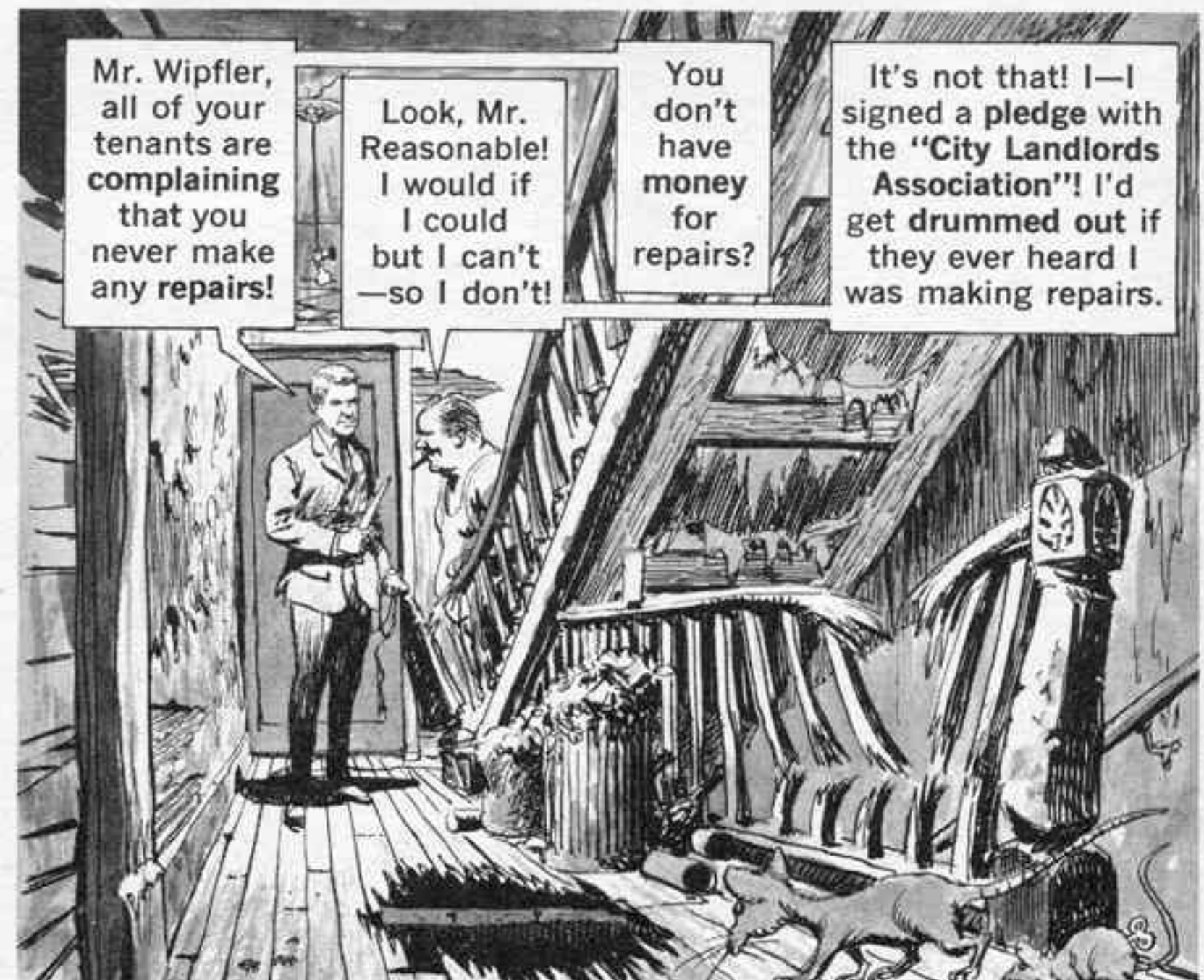


Here we are—stuck between floors with the Landlord of this building, Mr. Heinz Wipfler. Tell us, sir—why isn't this elevator working?

It hasn't worked in three years!

Then what are we doing in it?

Well, I thought maybe today would be our lucky day!

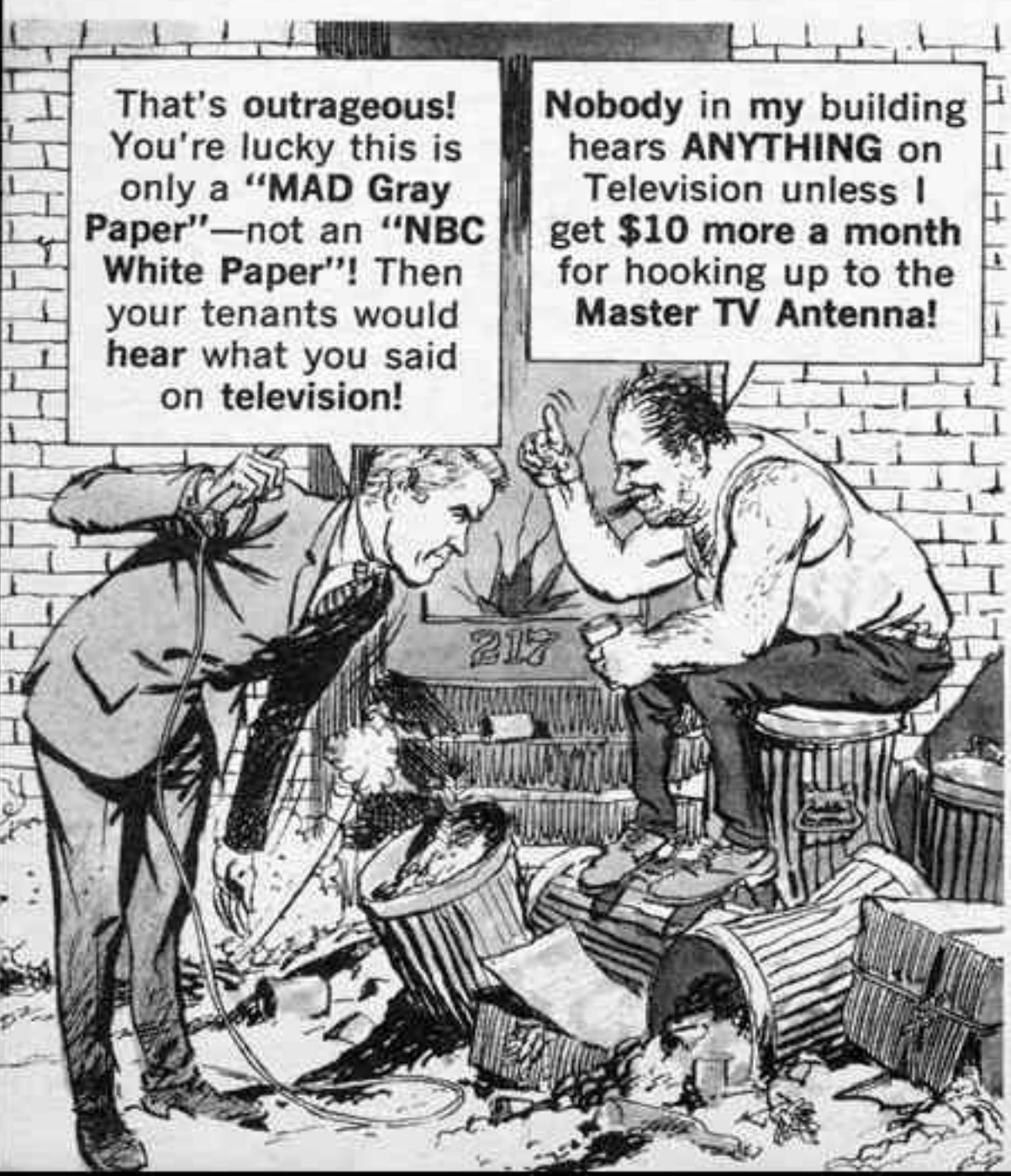


Mr. Wipfler, all of your tenants are complaining that you never make any repairs!

Look, Mr. Reasonable! I would if I could but I can't—so I don't!

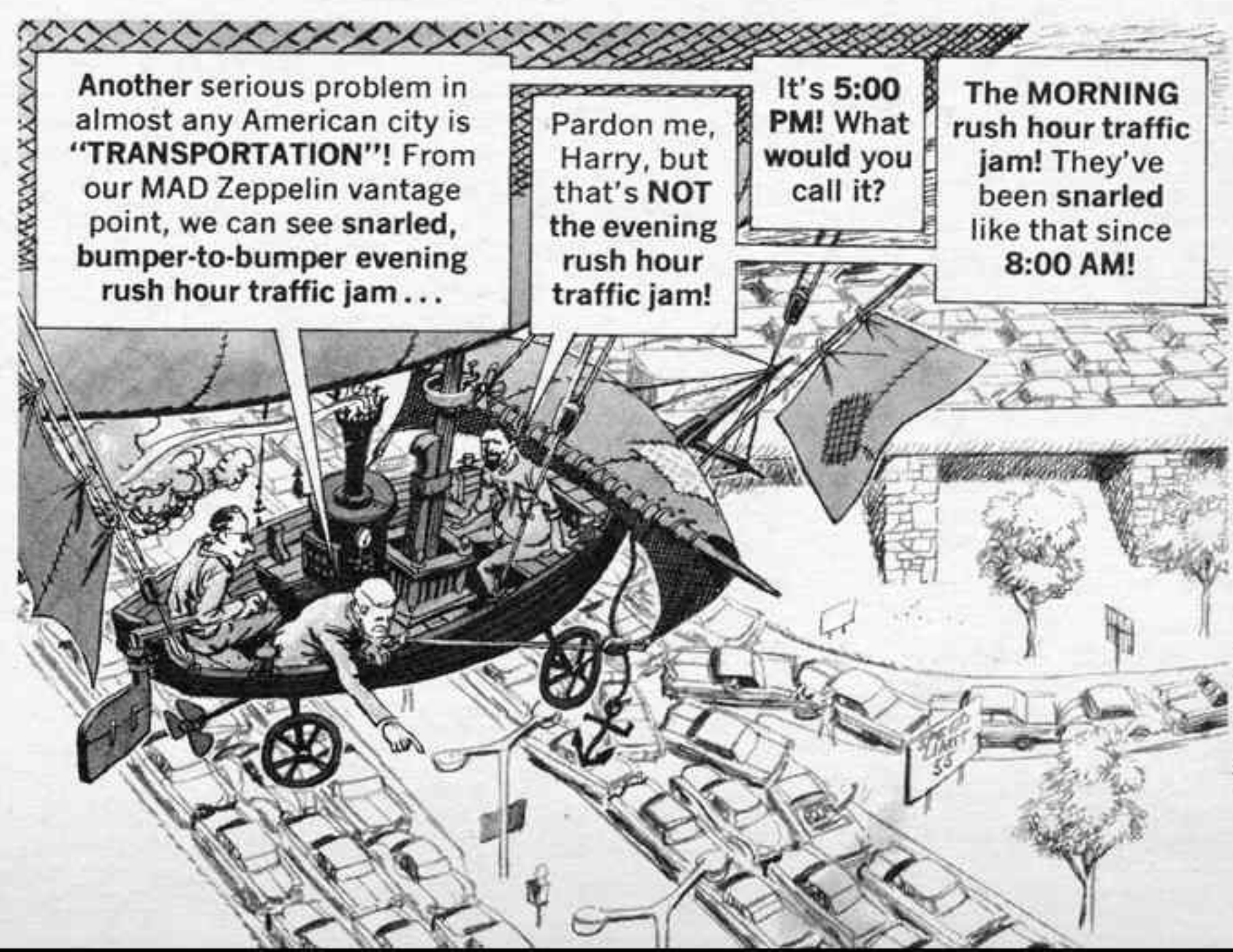
You don't have money for repairs?

It's not that! I—I signed a pledge with the "City Landlords Association"! I'd get drummed out if they ever heard I was making repairs.



That's outrageous! You're lucky this is only a "MAD Gray Paper"—not an "NBC White Paper"! Then your tenants would hear what you said on television!

Nobody in my building hears **ANYTHING** on Television unless I get \$10 more a month for hooking up to the Master TV Antenna!

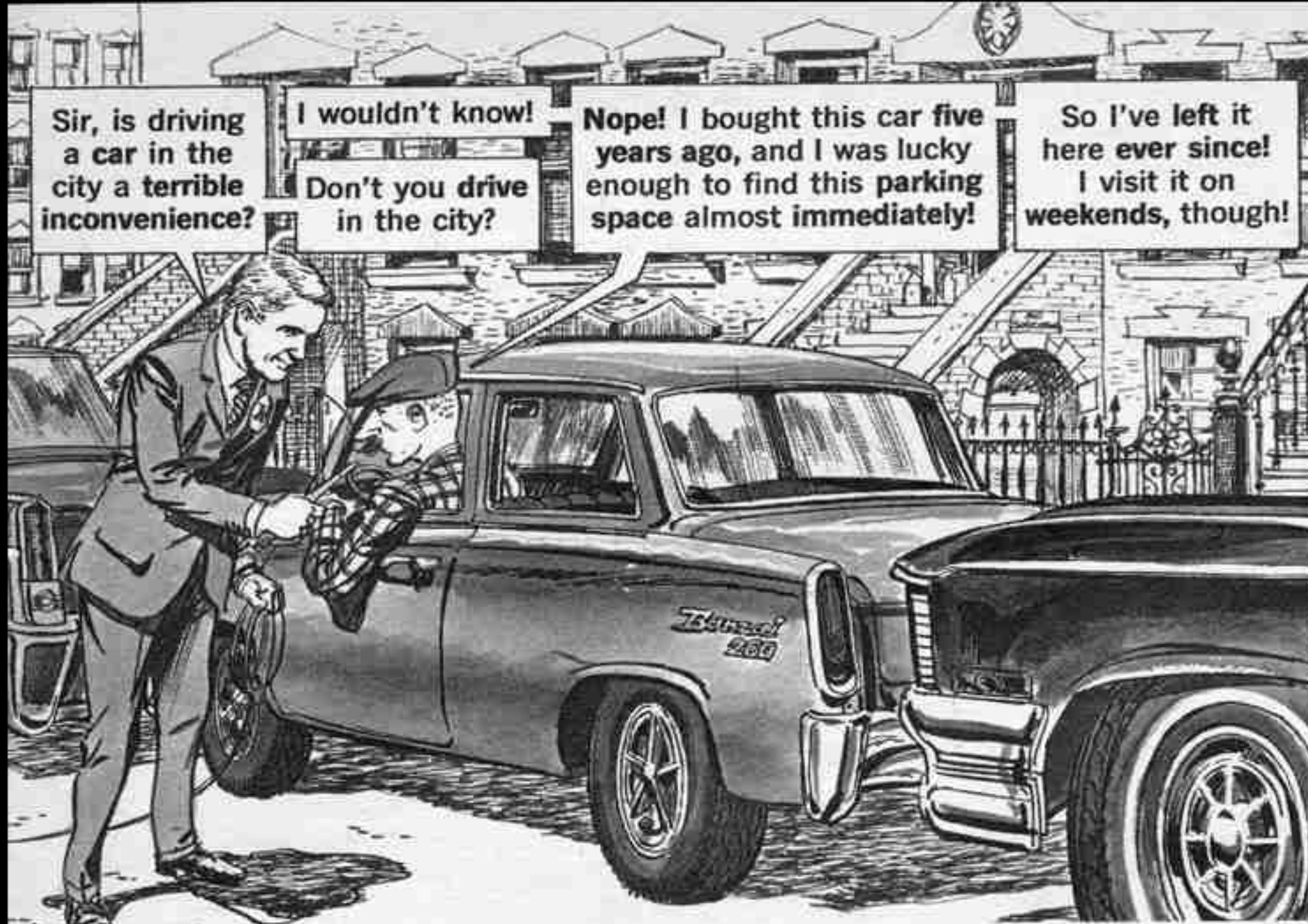


Another serious problem in almost any American city is "TRANSPORTATION"! From our MAD Zeppelin vantage point, we can see snarled, bumper-to-bumper evening rush hour traffic jam...

Pardon me, Harry, but that's **NOT** the evening rush hour traffic jam!

It's 5:00 PM! What would you call it?

The **MORNING** rush hour traffic jam! They've been snarled like that since 8:00 AM!

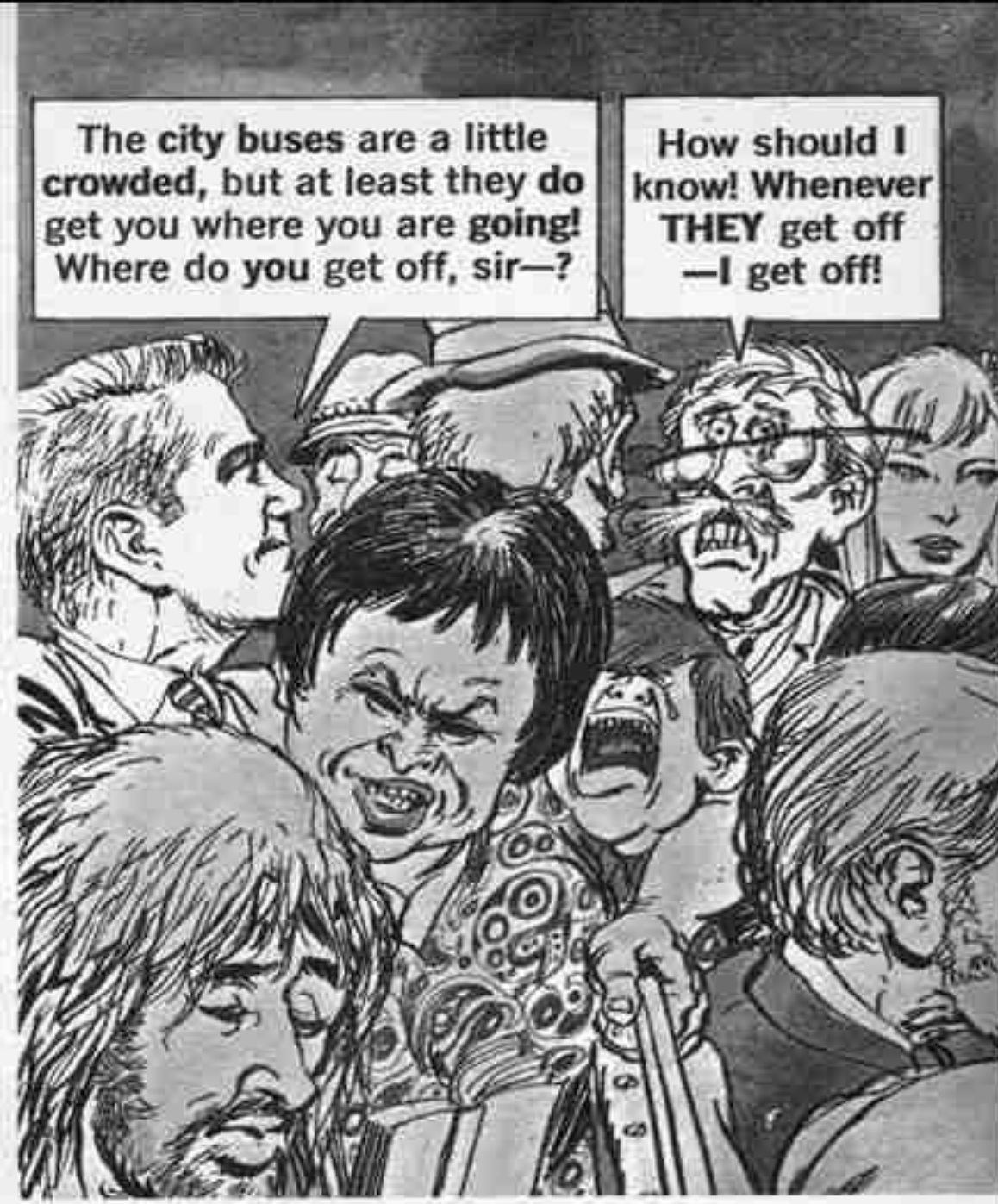


Sir, is driving a car in the city a terrible inconvenience?

I wouldn't know! Don't you drive in the city?

Nope! I bought this car five years ago, and I was lucky enough to find this parking space almost immediately!

So I've left it here ever since! I visit it on weekends, though!



The city buses are a little crowded, but at least they do get you where you are going! Where do you get off, sir—?

How should I know! Whenever **THEY** get off—I get off!



Don't you mind being jammed in like this?

It saves wear and tear on the shoe leather!

You mean because you don't have to walk?

No, I mean because my feet never touch the ground! I'm really 4' 8"!

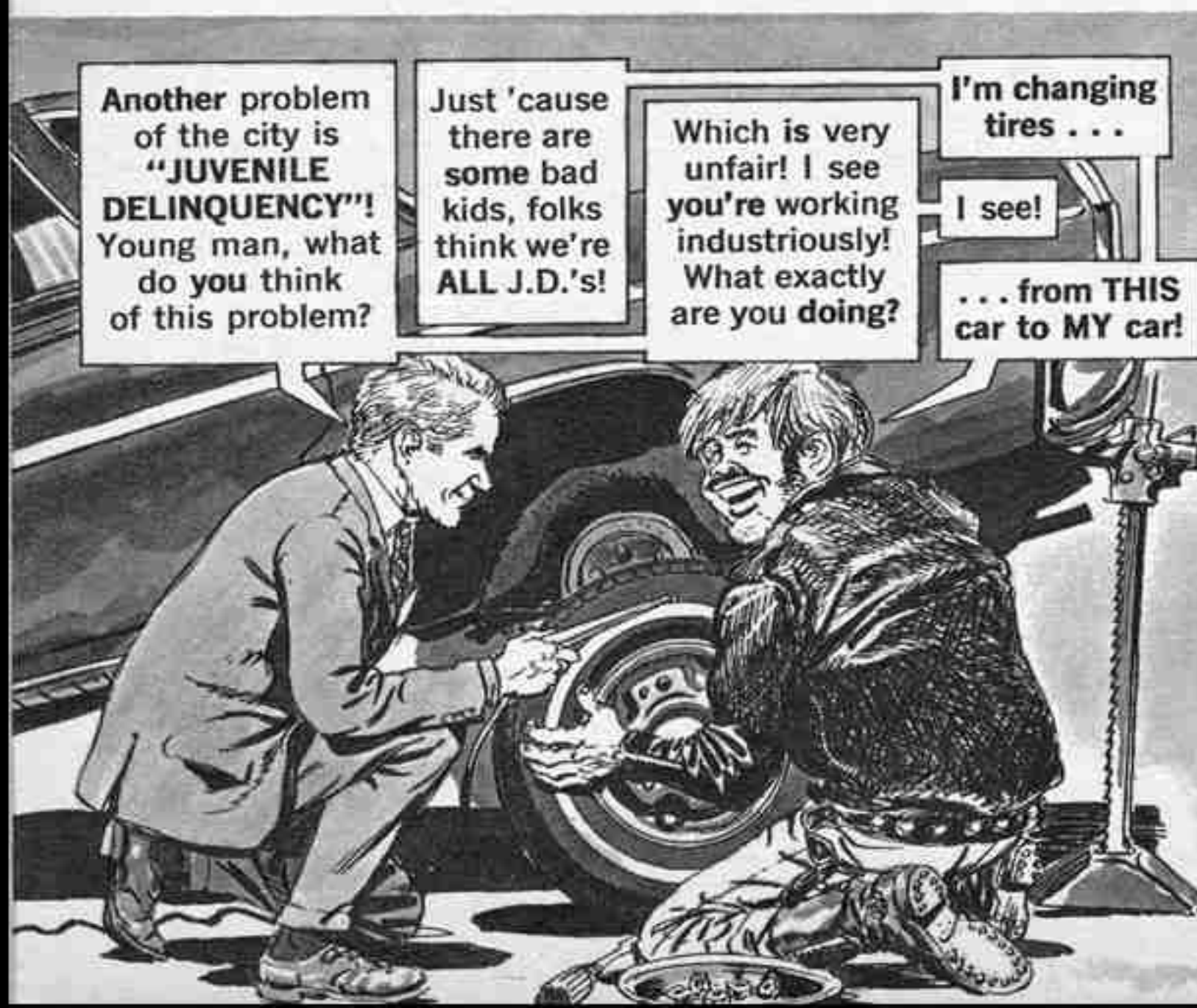


Excuse me—but what's the big fight all about?

To see who gets my cab! The winner of that group meets the winner of this group in the finals!

Oh—and then the finalist gets to ride in your cab?

Yeah, but only if he doesn't ask for change of a five—or doesn't want to go uptown—or crosstown—and only if he's going someplace that's on my way home!



Another problem of the city is "JUVENILE DELINQUENCY"! Young man, what do you think of this problem?

Just 'cause there are some bad kids, folks think we're ALL J.D.'s!

Which is very unfair! I see you're working industriously! What exactly are you doing?

I'm changing tires . . .

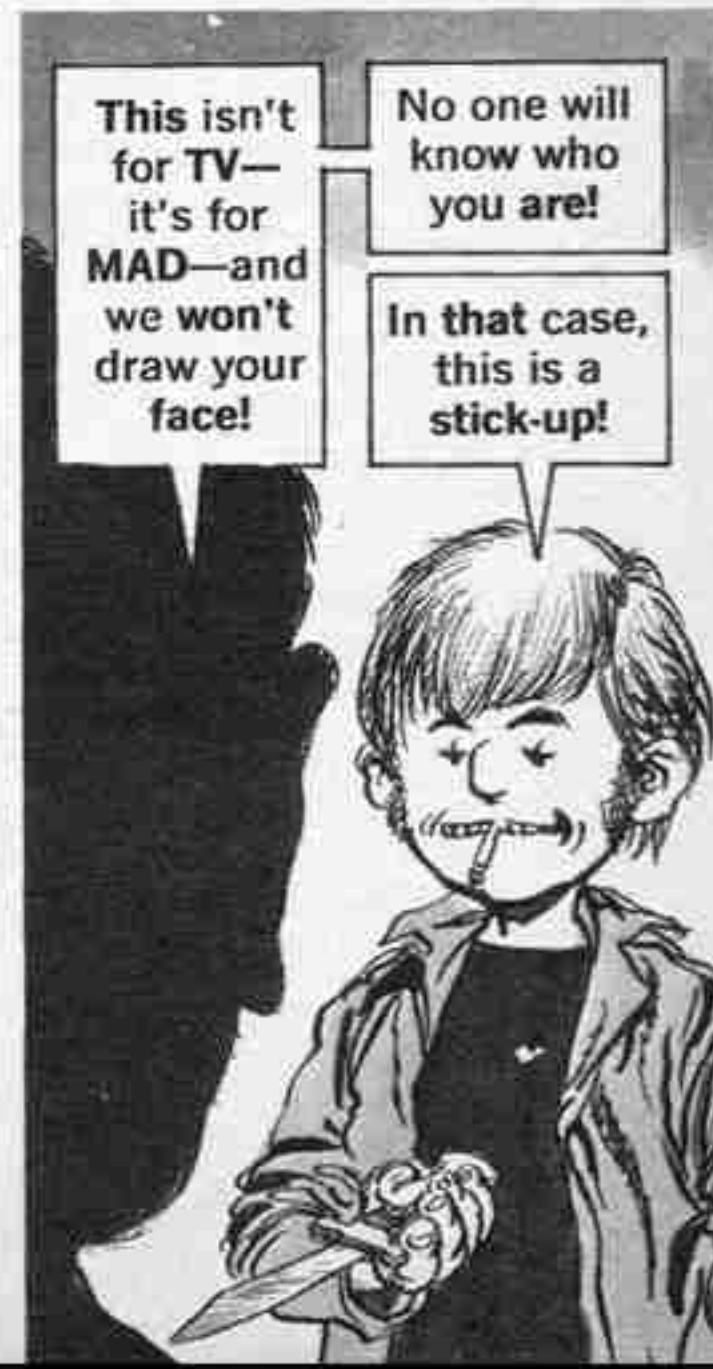
I see!

. . . from THIS car to MY car!



Let's talk to a former J.D. and see what lessons we can learn from his experiences!

I'm not sayin' nuttin'! I don' wanna be on TV!



This isn't for TV—it's for MAD—and we won't draw your face!

No one will know who you are!

In that case, this is a stick-up!

Dr. Stanton Hilch, the noted **Child Psychologist**, has some theories about **Juvenile Delinquency**! Dr. Hilch—you maintain that there are no bad boys . . . only bad parents!

That's correct! I've walked in the worst parts of this city—alone—every night for the past 3 months!

And what happened . . . ?

I was mugged 97 times by **GOOD BOYS** . . . which proves my point!

Chief Klutz, what has the **Police Dept.** done about **Juvenile Delinquency**?

We've formed the kids into **homogeneous neighborhood groups** . . .

So instead of isolated incidents of crime, you have . . .

Right . . . **Gang Wars!** Let 'em beat each other's brains out!



In every big city, there are "**Hippies**" who have dropped out, or run away from home! We're talking to one now—

I don't want my parents to see me on **TV**!

This isn't for **TV**—it's for **MAD**—and we won't draw your face!

In that case . . . this is a stick-up!

Oh . . . no! Not **YOU** again!

You never learn, do you, nitwit!?



The **solution** to many City problems—and sometimes the cause of them—lies with its **Government**. So let's meet the head of that **Government**—**Mayor Morton J. Finster** . . .



Mayor Finster, which of your responsibilities do you consider to be the most important?

Getting jobs for families that otherwise could not support themselves!

Like which family, for instance?

Like **MY** family, for instance!

You mean that you actually **PAD** the payroll?!

Not at all! The members of my family work for their money! Like my Mother, here—

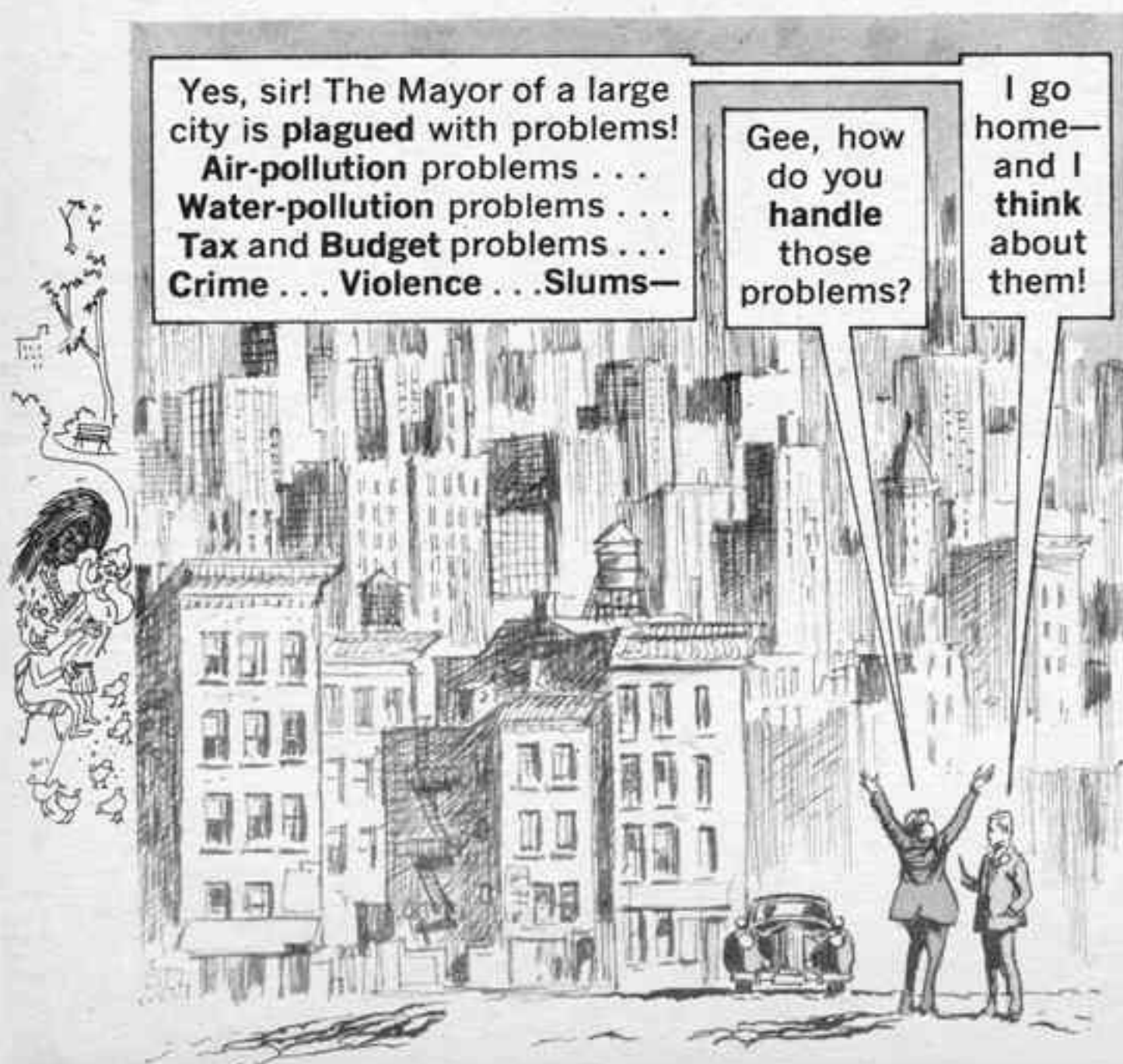
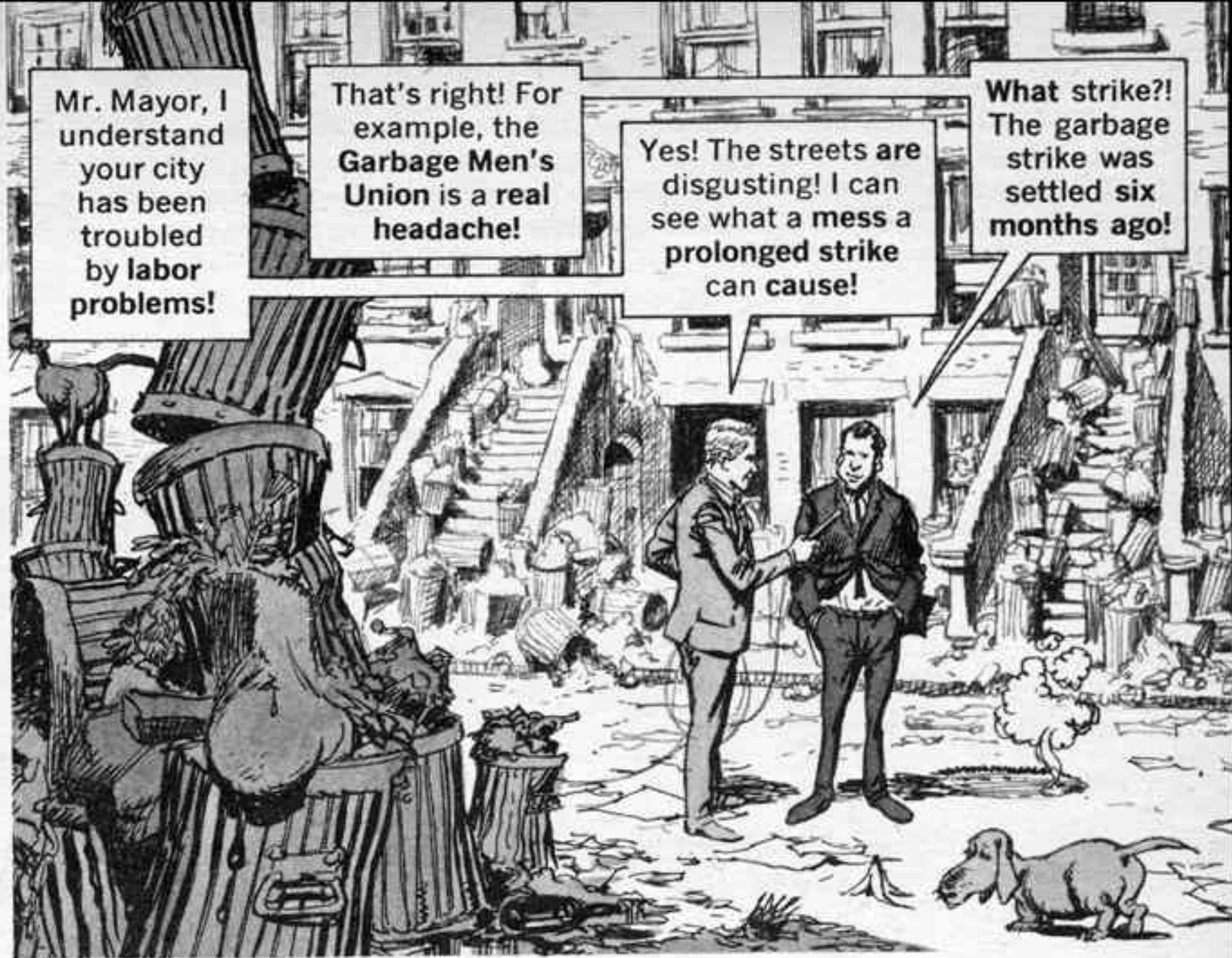
And what does she do?

She watches for **Tidal Waves**!

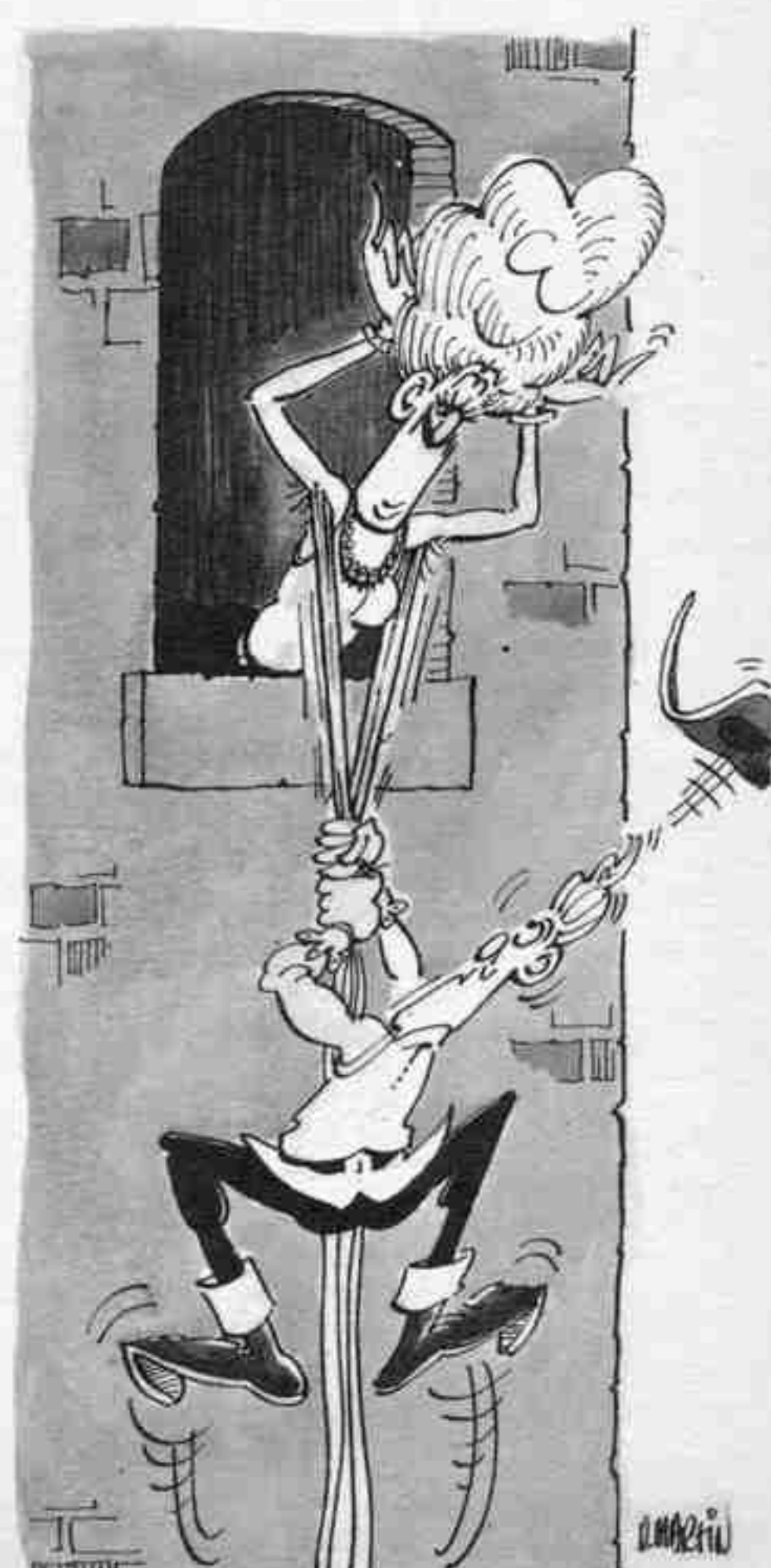
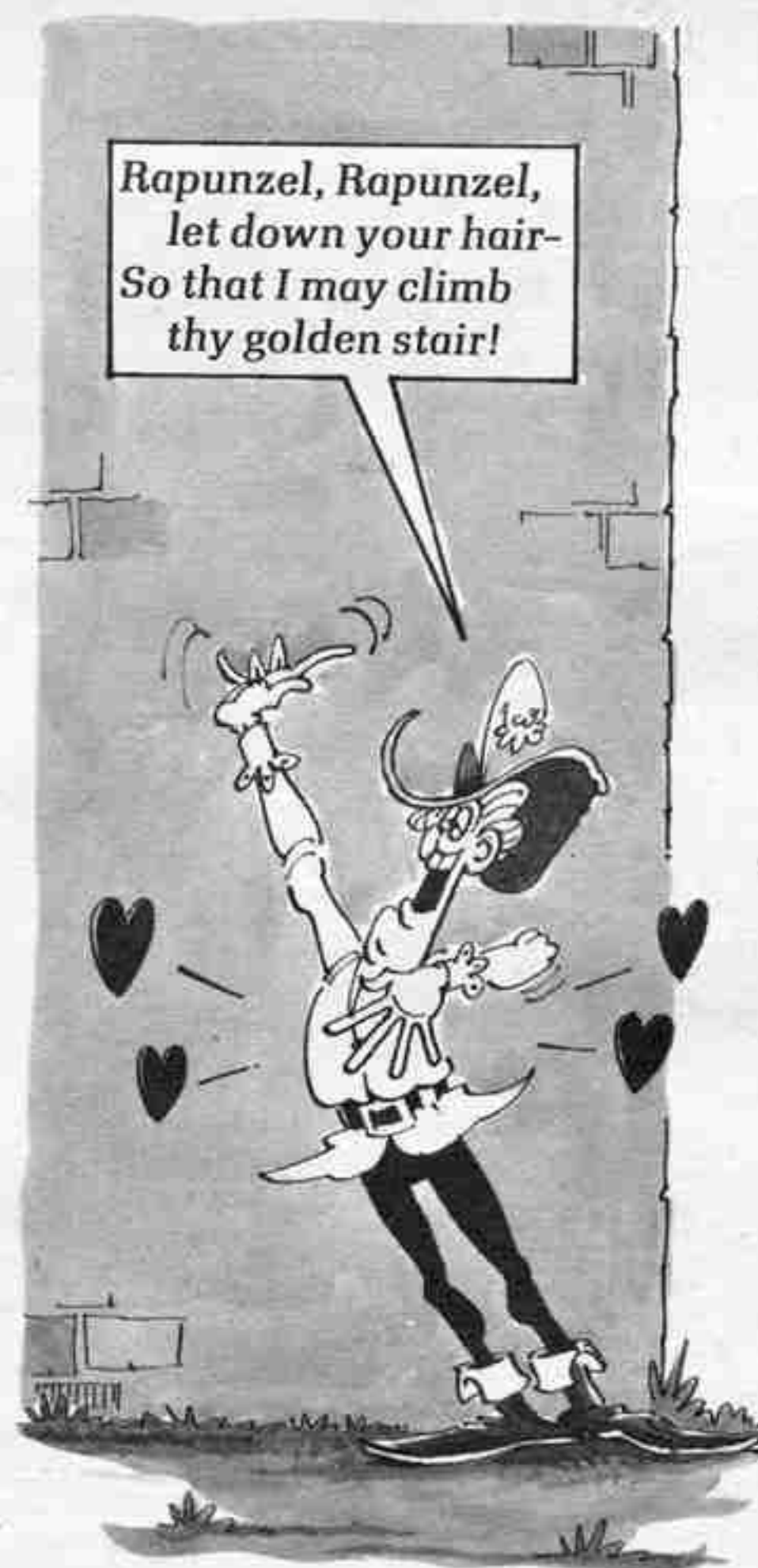
But this city has never had a Tidal Wave!

Don't thank me! Thank Mom!



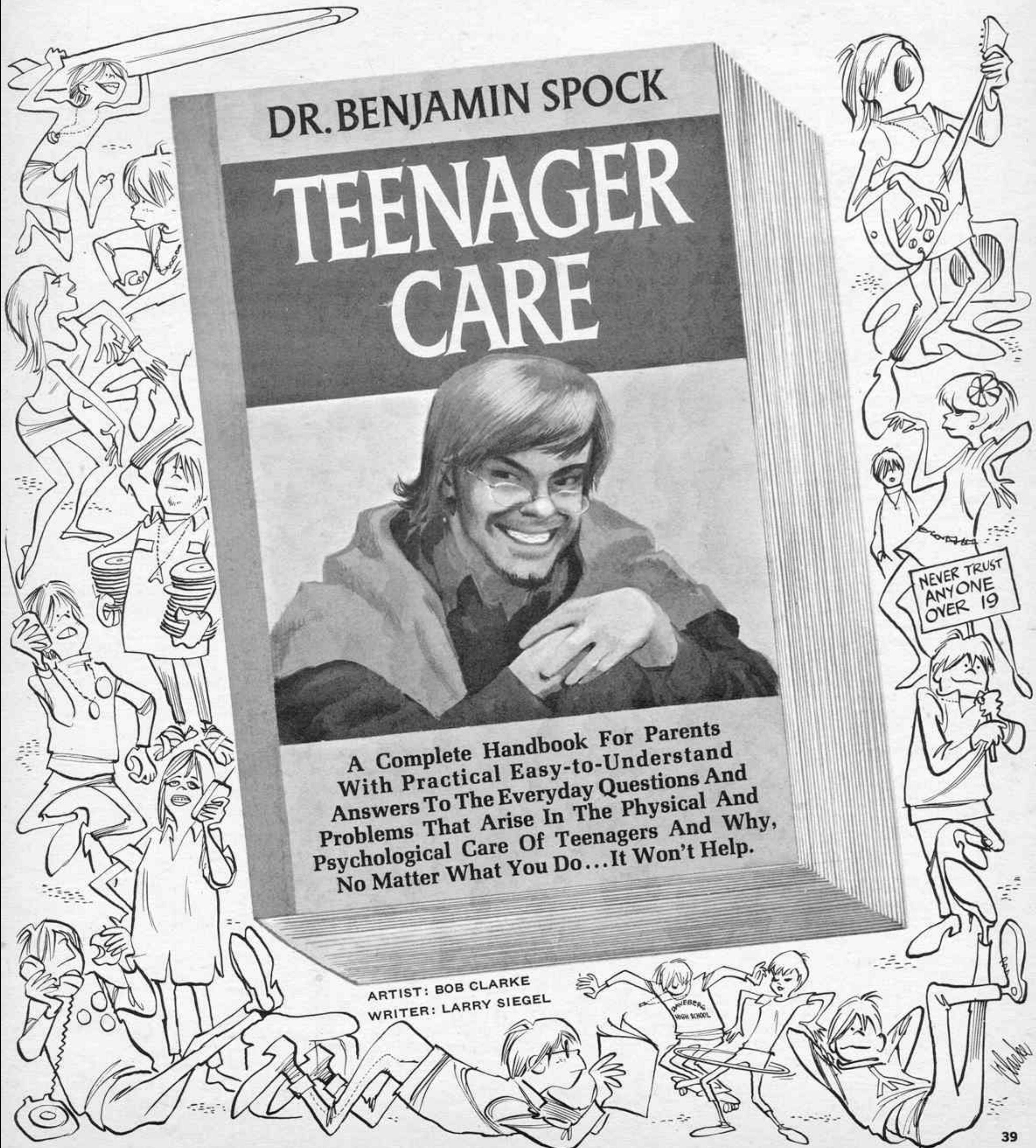


DON MARTIN TAKES A LAST LOOK AT THE SAME FAIRY TALE





For many years now, the name "Dr. Spock" has been a household word, and his book, "Baby And Child Care" has been the most widely read handbook for parents ever published. But the problem is: Babies and Children eventually grow up, and *then* what handbook do parents consult? Since Dr. Spock himself is too involved with war and peace and politics these days to write any more books, we at MAD have decided to write his next book for him. So here, then, is our idea of the sequel to "Dr. Benjamin Spock's Baby And Child Care":



The New Arrival

THE PARENTS' PART

1. Congratulations! You are now the proud parent of a brand new teenager. The child you once weaned, coddled and pampered is no more. He now stands on the threshold of adulthood. And in the next seven years (13-19) he may even *reach* adulthood. Then again, it may take him until he's 30.

2. When you take your first good look at him, you may be shocked. He will probably be very hairy, have skin blemishes, and dress like a Viet Cong guerilla. And he might remain in this condition throughout his teens. Or, he might become *ugly!* In any case, don't worry.



When you take your first look at him, you may be shocked.

You will probably receive all kinds of advice on how to care for your brand new teenager. You may even feel that obeying your first natural impulse is the best. Don't do it!

3. Obey your second natural impulse. Care for him, show him you love him and want him, and try to accept him as best as you can. But above all, ignore that first natural impulse! Strangulation is still punishable by death in some states!



But above all, ignore that first natural impulse!

4. The problem of health. This is an area that always concerns the parents of a new teenager. But with medical science making such great strides of late, this is a needless worry. If you follow the doctor's instructions carefully, you may very well live to be 40.

5. The main concern of the father. While the mother will bear the initial brunt of caring for a teenager, the father must not be forgotten. His primary problem will be that of jealousy. For the first time, his wife will be dividing her affection between two people: a big, self-sufficient figure, and a small, helpless creature. As a small, helpless creature, the father resents this.

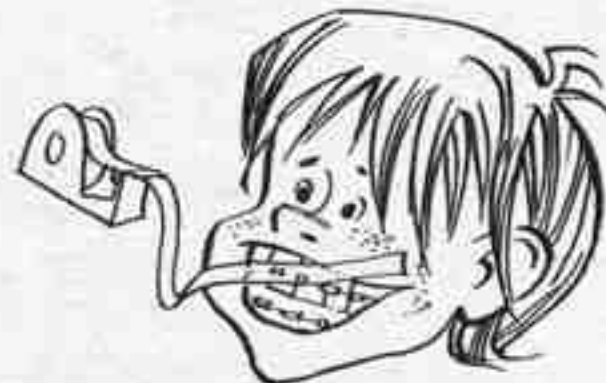
THE TEENAGER AND HIS TEETH

10. Braces will have appeared on your child's teeth a few years before his arrival as a teenager. However, as he gets older, he will get additional and more intricate braces. Braces are an important status symbol for the teenager, and in certain cases can even be worn to straighten crooked teeth.

Remember this: The more paraphernalia a teenager wears around his mouth area, and the more uncomfortable he is, the greater will be his reputation among his fellow teenagers. Here are examples of braces and the prestige they can bring your child in the teenage community:



Braces with rubber bands are quite ordinary. Your teenager is part of the common herd.



Scotch tape is a fascinating addition to braces. Teenager shows leadership qualities.



With an ordinary night brace, your teenager can be greatly admired by other teenagers.



With futuristic night brace, he can be a pacesetter. Also quarterback for N. Y. Giants.

11. Telling him about the Tooth Fairy. A teenager is old enough to know the true story behind the Tooth Fairy legend. Merely say to him: "Son, do you know who the Tooth Fairy really is? It's me! And every year, I leave \$2,000 under the Orthodontist's pillow!"

(Note: In cases where you say to him, "Son, do you know who the Tooth Fairy really is?" and he smirks, "Yeah, it's a strange Dentist!" just ignore him. Teenagers are apt to be smart-alecky at times.)

BATHING AND GROOMING

12. Bathing and grooming of a teenager is always of prime importance to a parent. The following are all the tips, advice and tricks that have proved effective in the past for guiding the teenager in the art of proper bathing and grooming:

PLAY-TIME

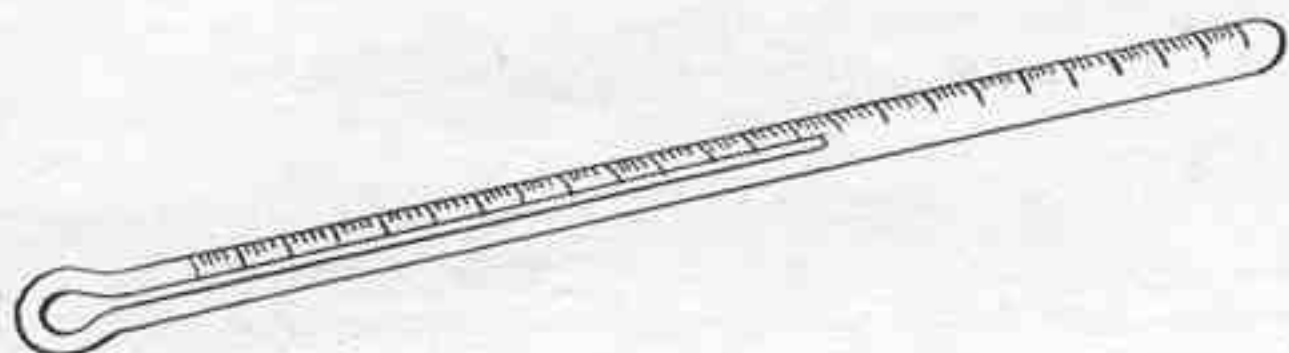
13. Your new teenager is an inquisitive creature. He likes to explore—to find things out for himself. He likes to touch things . . . like your wallet, your car keys, girls. He also likes to put things in his mouth . . . like cigarettes. This may aggravate you, but do not discourage him. It is all part of his growing up process (and in your case, your growing old process).

CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT

6. A teenager's clothing and equipment are very important. Here is a partial list of the things your new teenager will need:

- Eight pairs of dirty sneakers
- Seventeen baggy sweatshirts
- One hundred and seven pairs of blue jeans
- Two leather motorcycle jackets
- One Nazi officer's cap
- One athletic supporter

(Note: Also see Section 38—Clothing and Equipment for the Teenage Boy)



It is also a good idea to get a rectal thermometer. It is doubtful that your teenager will ever be sick, but you never know what new kick he may decide to go on next.

CARING FOR YOUR TEENAGER

7. Feeding him. Eating habits vary according to the size and weight of the teenager. But ordinarily, here is a good daily feeding schedule to follow:

8:00 A.M., 10:00 A.M., Noon, 3:00 P.M., 3:30 P.M., 3:45 P.M., 6:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 7:30 P.M., 8:15 P.M., 9:30 P.M., 10:00 P.M., 11:00 P.M., 11:30 P.M., Midnight, 2:00 A.M.

(Note: This is the regular feeding schedule. Between-meals feeding should be arranged at your discretion.)

8. Mixing the daily formula. This is a relatively simple procedure. Merely mold 52 hamburgers into patties, add seasoning, and serve periodically throughout the day and night with Coke and pizza. If the teenager is not crying too loudly for his food, you might even try to *cook* the hamburgers first from time to time.



Mixing the daily formula is a relatively simple procedure.

9. Cutting out the 2:00 A.M. pizza feeding. When your teenager gets a bit older, he may want to cut out the 2:00 A.M. pizza feeding and substitute something more substantial, like a can of beer. Or a case of beer. Since he has been raised on a demand feeding program, there's no use trying to talk him out of it once he demands it. Besides, he's bigger than you are, and it's no fun getting hit with a can of beer. Or a case of beer.

14. A teenager's span of attention is very limited. One minute, he may be interested in LSD . . . the next minute it may be Methedrine. When this happens, try to distract him with safer things . . . like pot.

15. One of his favorite games is Hanging Around. This consists of sitting around the house (on anything but a chair) in a way that his feet are always higher than his head, with a completely vacant expression on his face, and saying and doing absolutely nothing. A teenager can play this game for days, often years.

Sometimes this game frightens parents, because they don't know if the teenager is alive or not. Remember this: taking his pulse is a waste of time. In this condition, he has a way of making his pulse stop, too. You will know when your teenager is really dead by the intelligent look on his face.



One of his favorite games is Hanging Around.

SLEEPING HABITS

16. See Section 51—Birth Control Tips For The Teenager

BEHAVIOR PROBLEMS

17. Temper tantrums. Teenagers are usually jumpy and high-strung. They become very emotional at strange times and for no apparent reasons. For example, when asked to take out the garbage, a teenager may giggle hysterically, then begin to scream, and wind up crying bitterly. There is a simple explanation for this: The teenager *identifies* with garbage.



Teenagers become very emotional at strange times.

The wisest thing to do is to let most tantrums run their course. However, if a tantrum persists, I recommend a good pacifier. (See your local Sports Car Dealer. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.)

18. Disciplining the teenager. From time to time, you will find it necessary to discipline your teenager. There are three methods of punishment which I suggest you can try:

(a) **Deprive him of something.** This is a very tricky punishment because a teenager usually has everything. And even if you take something away from him, he can usually replace it on his own. So the thing to do is to deprive him of something he doesn't want in the first place. For example, say to him, "Just for that you can't play pinochle next Tuesday!" Chances are he doesn't even know what pinochle is, but the bizarre nature of what you have said will make him do a lot of thinking . . . which for most teenagers is punishment in itself.



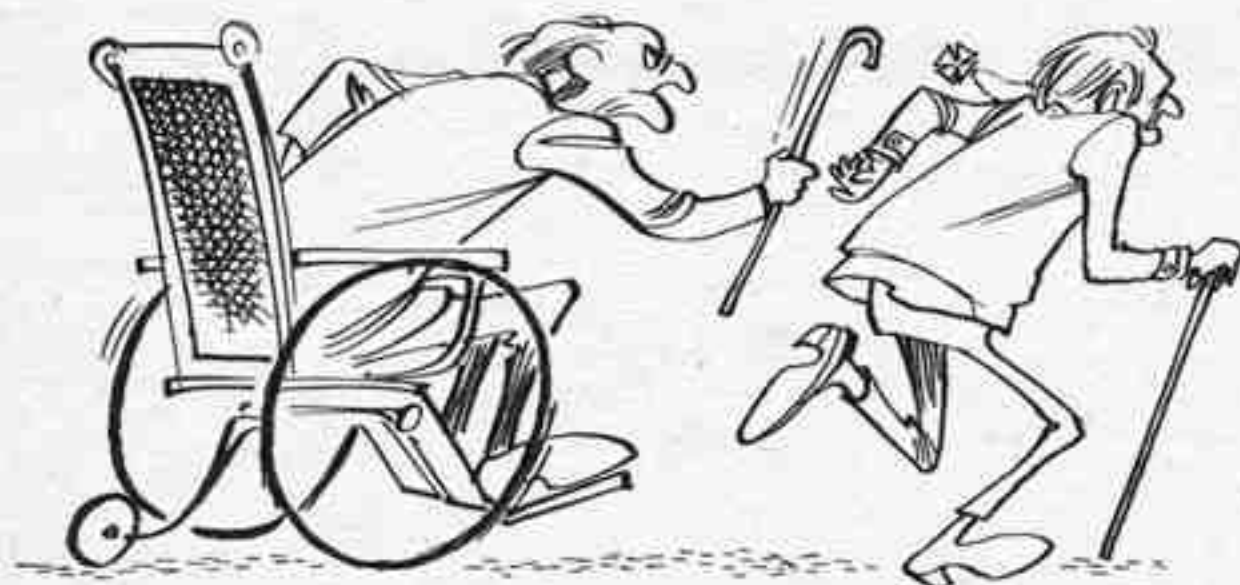
Make him think . . . which is punishment itself!



Look him straight in the eye and tell him sternly what he has done wrong, and why he shouldn't do it again.

(b) **Verbal punishment.** I usually do not advocate yelling and screaming, but at times it does help to clear the air. Here is the proper way to administer verbal punishment to a teenager: Stand on a chair, look him straight in the eye, and tell him sternly what he has done wrong, and why he shouldn't do it again. The more you holler at him and threaten him, the more frightened he will become . . . that he might kill you.

(c) **Physical punishment.** Laying hands on a teenager should only be done as a last resort. It can sometimes be very dangerous for you. (See preceding paragraph). In any case, remember this: Never strike a teenager while you are angry. Wait until your anger at him has cooled off. This may not happen until he is 73, at which time you might consider ramming his wheelchair with yours and letting it go at that.



Wait until your anger at him has cooled!

THE FACTS OF LIFE

19. Obviously, there is nothing an adult can tell a teenager nowadays about sex. So here are some other facts of life which he may find interesting:

Castle Peak in Colorado is 14,265 feet in height.

Peyton Randolph was elected President of the Continental Congress on May 10, 1775.

On September 3, 1916, the Adamson Act limited working hours of railroad employees to eight per day on interstate railroads.

Nauru is an island 2,215 miles northeast of Sydney, Australia.



Do not worry or feel guilty if you cannot actually love him.

CONCLUSION

It takes time to get used to a new teenager. Be patient with him and, above all, show him all the love you can. But, by all means, do not worry or feel guilty if you cannot actually love him. Your lack of love in the beginning is a temporary condition which seldom lasts for more than the seven years he is a teenager. (For what to do *after* those seven years, read my next book, "Oh, My God, He's Twenty!")

FILLY OF SOUL DEPT.

With this next article, MAD salutes NBC-TV, and extends its sincere congratulations for having the courage and boldness to put on a daring new television show involving the problems of Negroes in relations with Whites. We mean, of course, that realistic, slice-of-life weekly situation comedy series about an "average Negro woman"...

... who just happens to look like this when she gets up in the morning ...

... and who just happens to look like this when she's at work on her job ...

... and who just happens to look like this at the end of a long hard day ...

Golly Moses, I'm a mess!

Gee Willikers, I'm a mess!

Glorioski, I'm a mess!

NO S
NO S

BY ORDE
COMMAE

231
234 →

And what kind of realistic problems must she face every week? Prejudice? Bigotry? No—none of these! Her problem is ... Are you ready for this? ... she's having trouble finding a HUSBAND! But we can understand that! After all, Negro OR White, she's only one of the best-looking gals in the entire Free World! So here is MAD's version of

JEWELLIA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

I'm really worried, Slobby! I've been on the job for five whole minutes already, and I haven't received one emergency call from my son, Corney!

Gee, that's terrible, Jewellia! You may have to put in a full day's work for a change!

Now, don't be nasty! I don't see you working so hard around here either!

Oh, yeah! Well, if you hadn't taken your usual time off, you would've seen me slaving away when the Prickly Heat epidemic hit us last Friday afternoon!

And what is this, Nurse Slobby?

That's Mr. Clinger's X-ray, Doctor! You're supposed to read it before he comes in!

Well, how do you expect me to read THIS? It's just the negative! Get a print developed and I'll read it!





Merry, this is Jewelia! Is Corney with you?

No, but I can see him from my window . . .

Good! What's he doing?

He's playing!

Where?

In the middle of the Freeway!



Hey, kid! Don't you have a father?

Nope! A good fairy came and took him away!

Oh . . . ? What was he a Hair-dresser?

No, he was a pilot! He was shot down in Vietnam—on a bombing mission!

Yeah? Against the Viet Cong?

No, against the Americans! He may have been straight, but he wasn't very bright!

MARRY MY MOTHER!!

CALL ANYTIME!
OPERATORS STANDING
BY NITE AND DAY



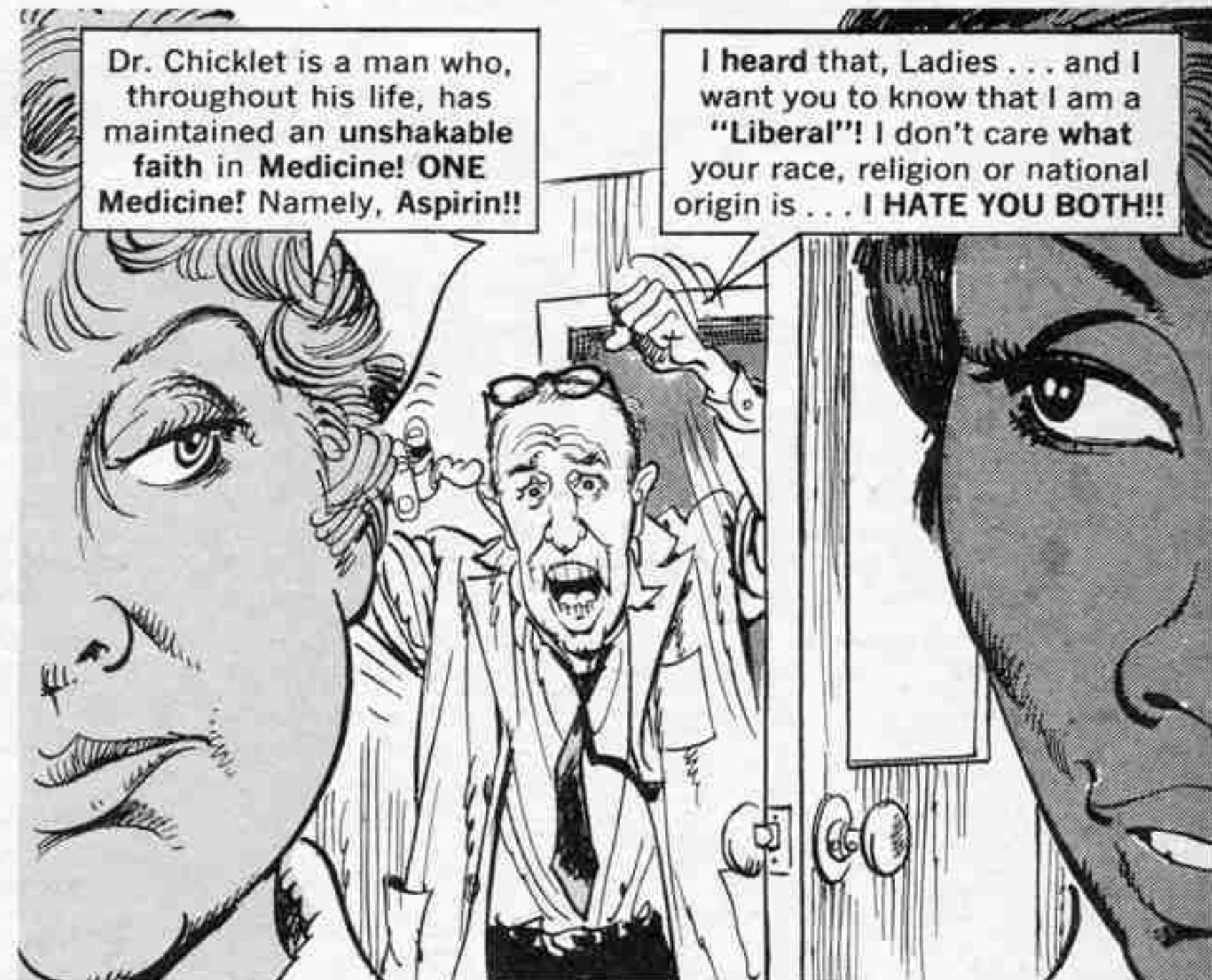
Why is Doctor Chicklet smashing all the furniture!?

Because he's in a good mood for a change!

I wonder why he's always so sarcastic and nasty!

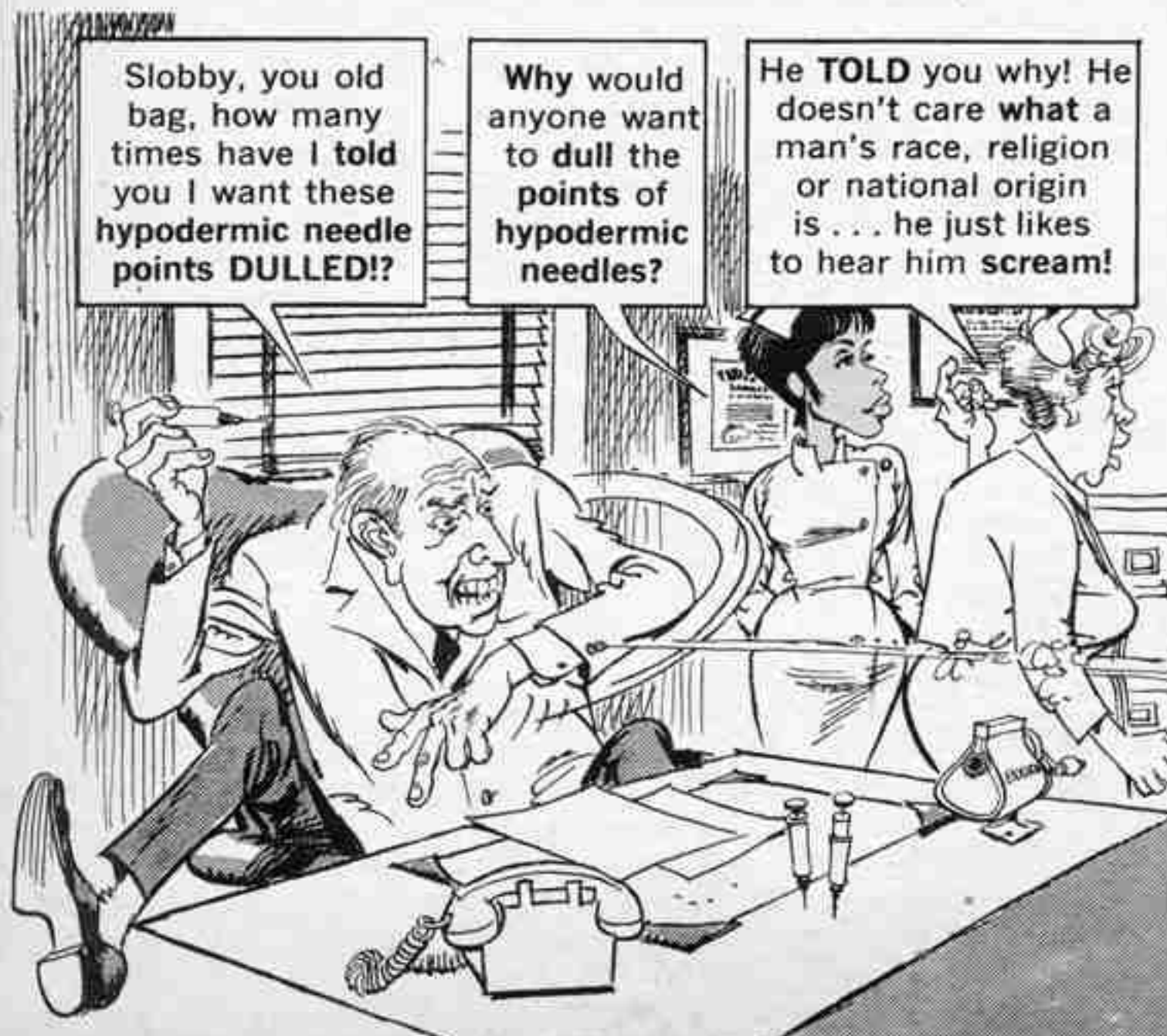
How would **you** feel if you were a doctor his age, and you **STILL** weren't good enough to have your own Private Practice!?

**BAM
CRASH
BANG**



Dr. Chicklet is a man who, throughout his life, has maintained an unshakable faith in Medicine! **ONE** Medicine! Namely, Aspirin!!

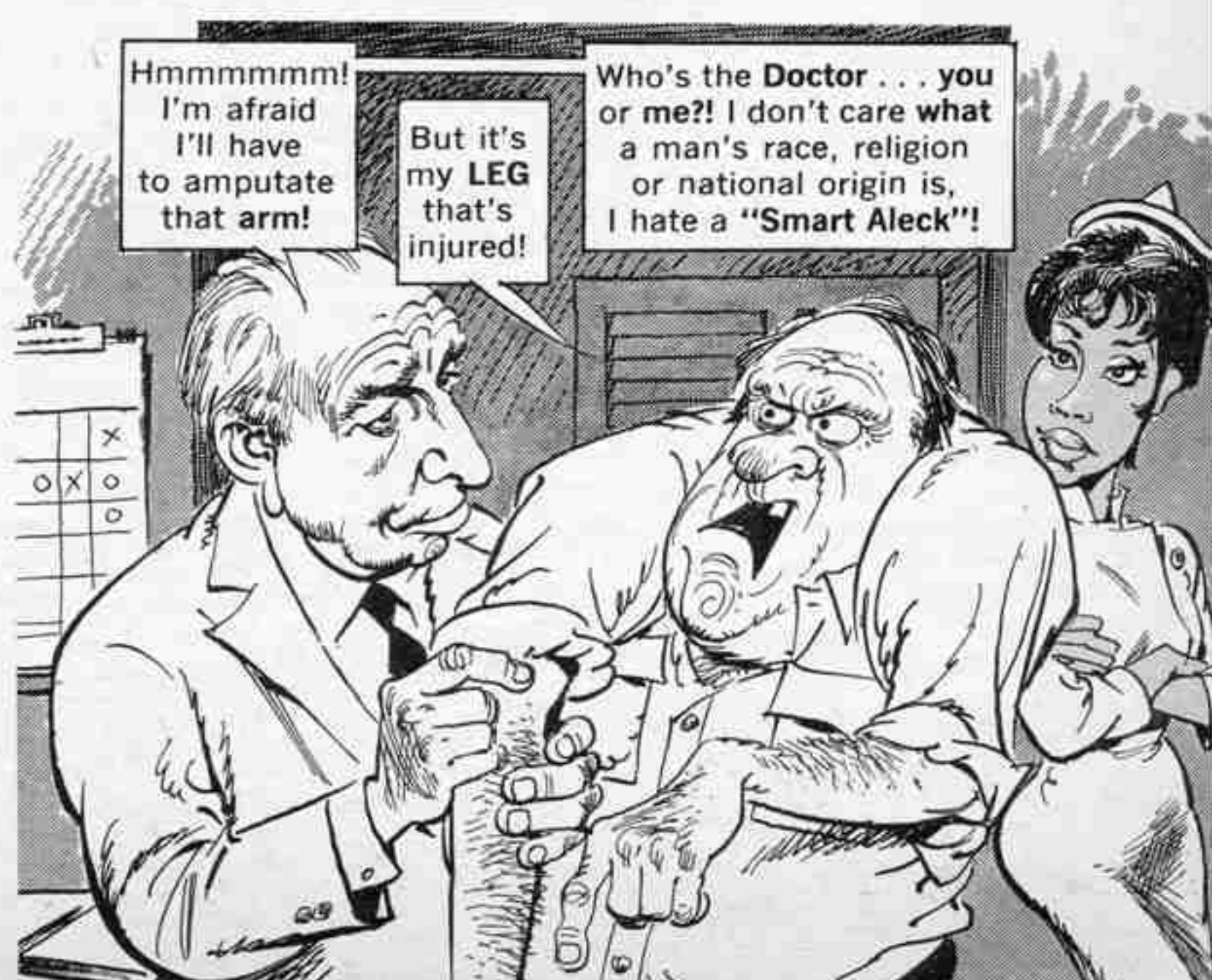
I heard that, Ladies . . . and I want you to know that I am a "Liberal"! I don't care what your race, religion or national origin is . . . I HATE YOU BOTH!!



Sloppy, you old bag, how many times have I told you I want these hypodermic needle points **DULLED!**?

Why would anyone want to dull the points of hypodermic needles?

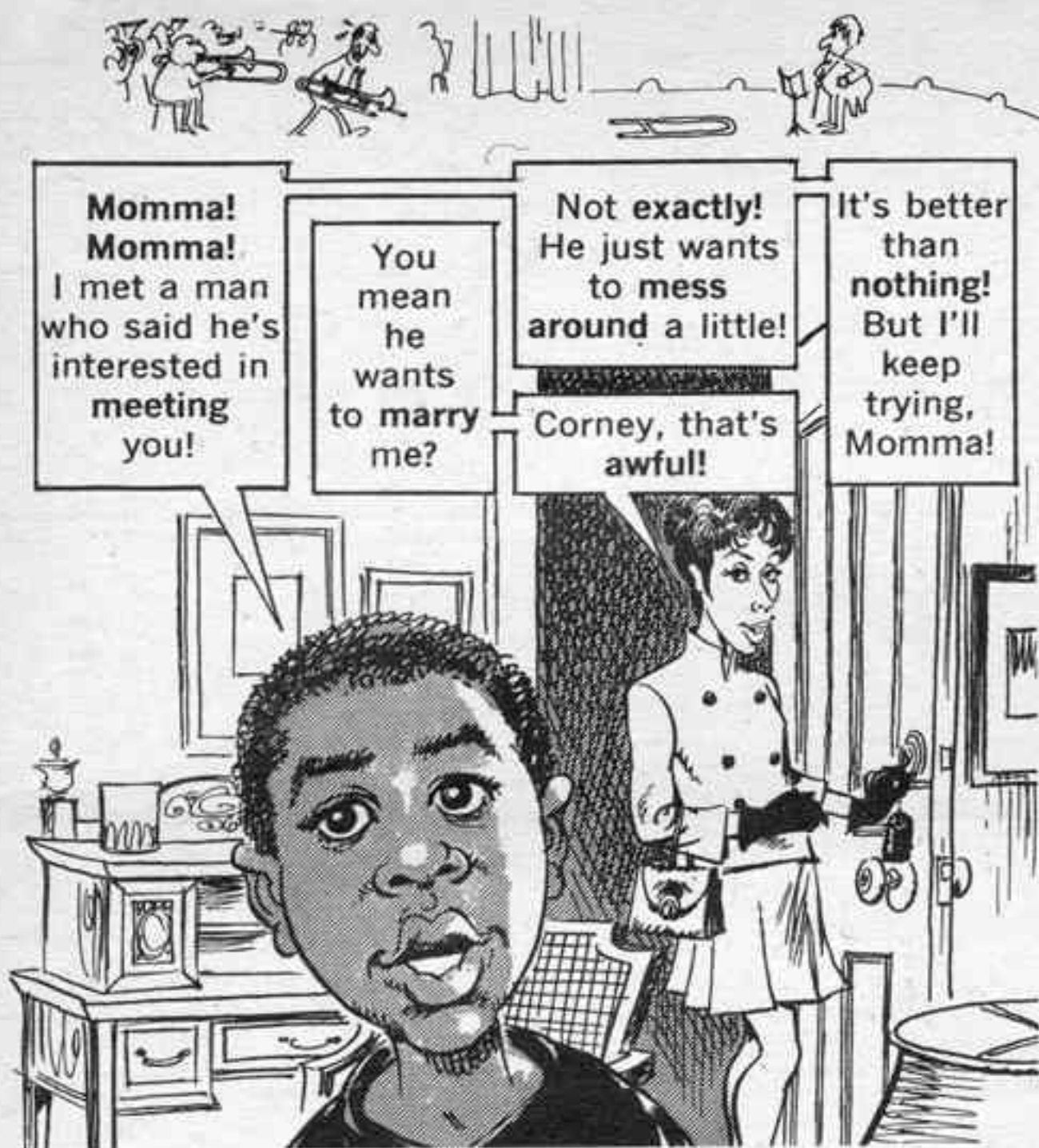
He **TOLD** you why! He doesn't care what a man's race, religion or national origin is . . . he just likes to hear him scream!



Hmmmmmm! I'm afraid I'll have to amputate that arm!

But it's my **LEG** that's injured!

Who's the Doctor . . . you or me?! I don't care what a man's race, religion or national origin is, I hate a "Smart Aleck"!



Momma! Momma! I met a man who said he's interested in meeting you!

You mean he wants to marry me?

Not exactly! He just wants to mess around a little! Corney, that's awful!

It's better than nothing! But I'll keep trying, Momma!



Hi, Jewelia! Hey... what's the matter?

Some nut is making an obscene phone call!

Well, tell him that you'll meet him... then hang up and call the Cops, and they'll arrest him!

I DID tell him that I'd meet him!

Hang up and call the Cops!

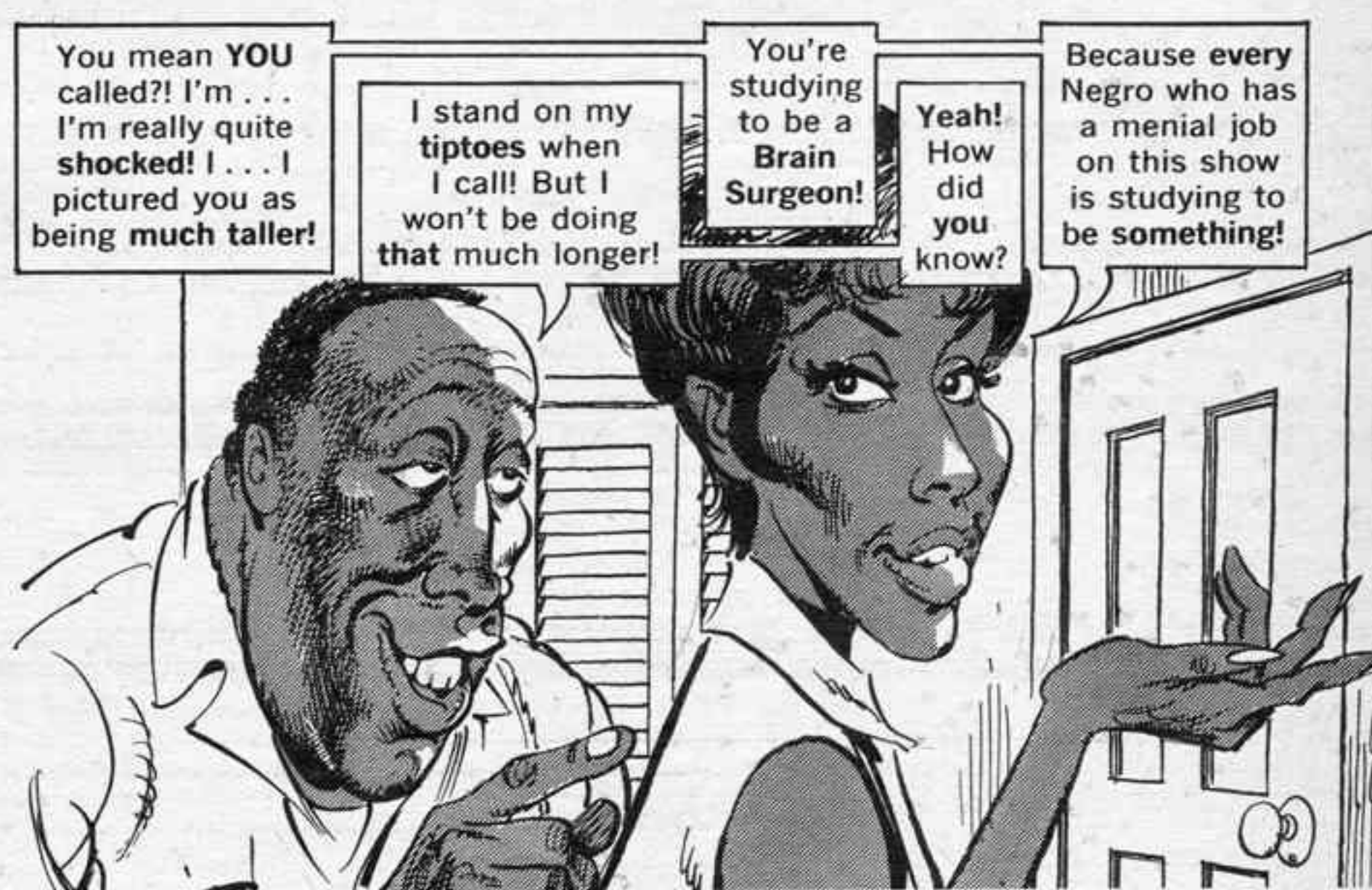
Let's just see how the date works out first!



Hi! Your phone's not working properly! There's a lot of static on the line!

Oh? How did you know?

I couldn't even hear my own obscenities when I called you!



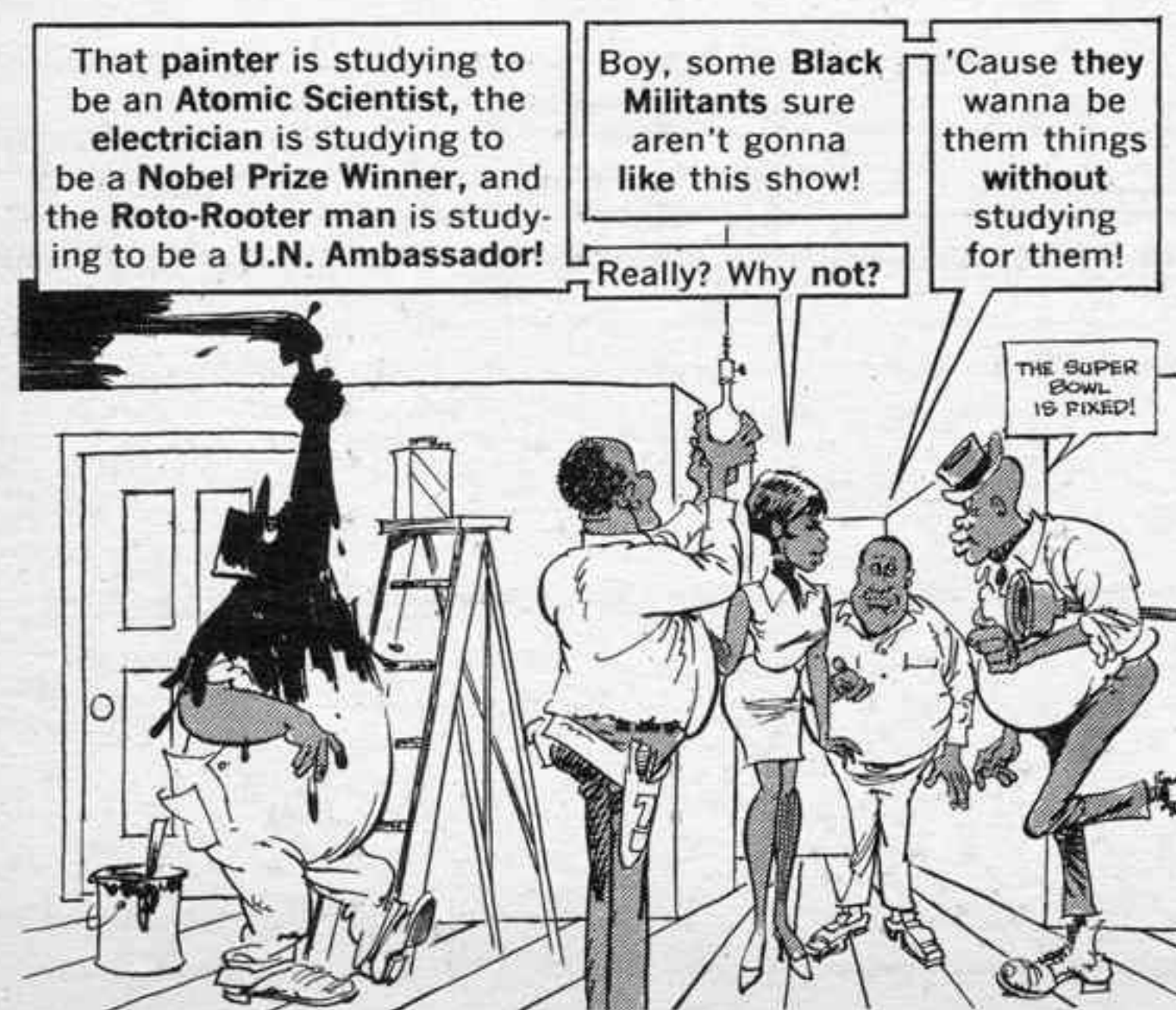
You mean YOU called?! I'm... I'm really quite shocked! I... I pictured you as being much taller!

I stand on my tiptoes when I call! But I won't be doing that much longer!

You're studying to be a Brain Surgeon!

Yeah! How did you know?

Because every Negro who has a menial job on this show is studying to be something!



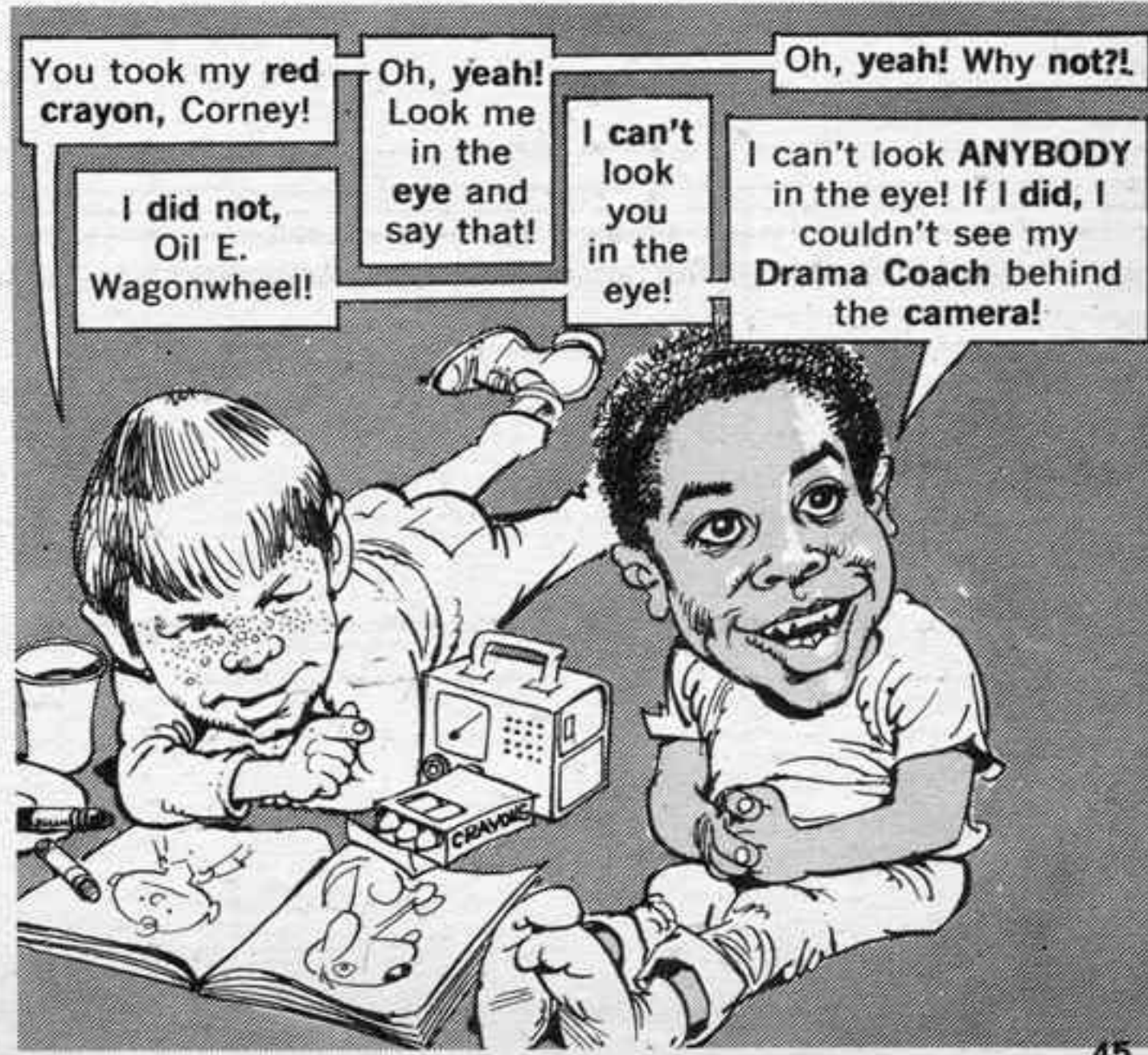
That painter is studying to be an Atomic Scientist, the electrician is studying to be a Nobel Prize Winner, and the Roto-Rooter man is studying to be a U.N. Ambassador!

Boy, some Black Militants sure aren't gonna like this show!

Really? Why not?

'Cause they wanna be them things without studying for them!

THE SUPER BOWL IS FIXED!



You took my red crayon, Corney!

I did not, Oil E. Wagonwheel!

Oh, yeah! Look me in the eye and say that!

I can't look you in the eye!

Oh, yeah! Why not?!

I can't look ANYBODY in the eye! If I did, I couldn't see my Drama Coach behind the camera!



Oh-Oh! Jewelia's coming down! I've got to get ready!

Get ready!? But you look fine to me!



Yecch! Now, you look AWFUL!

I'm supposed to look awful when I'm with Jewelia! It makes HER look better!



And haven't you noticed how stupid and scatter-brained I act when I'm with Jewelia? It makes her appear smarter!

Gee, Hon, I never really noticed!

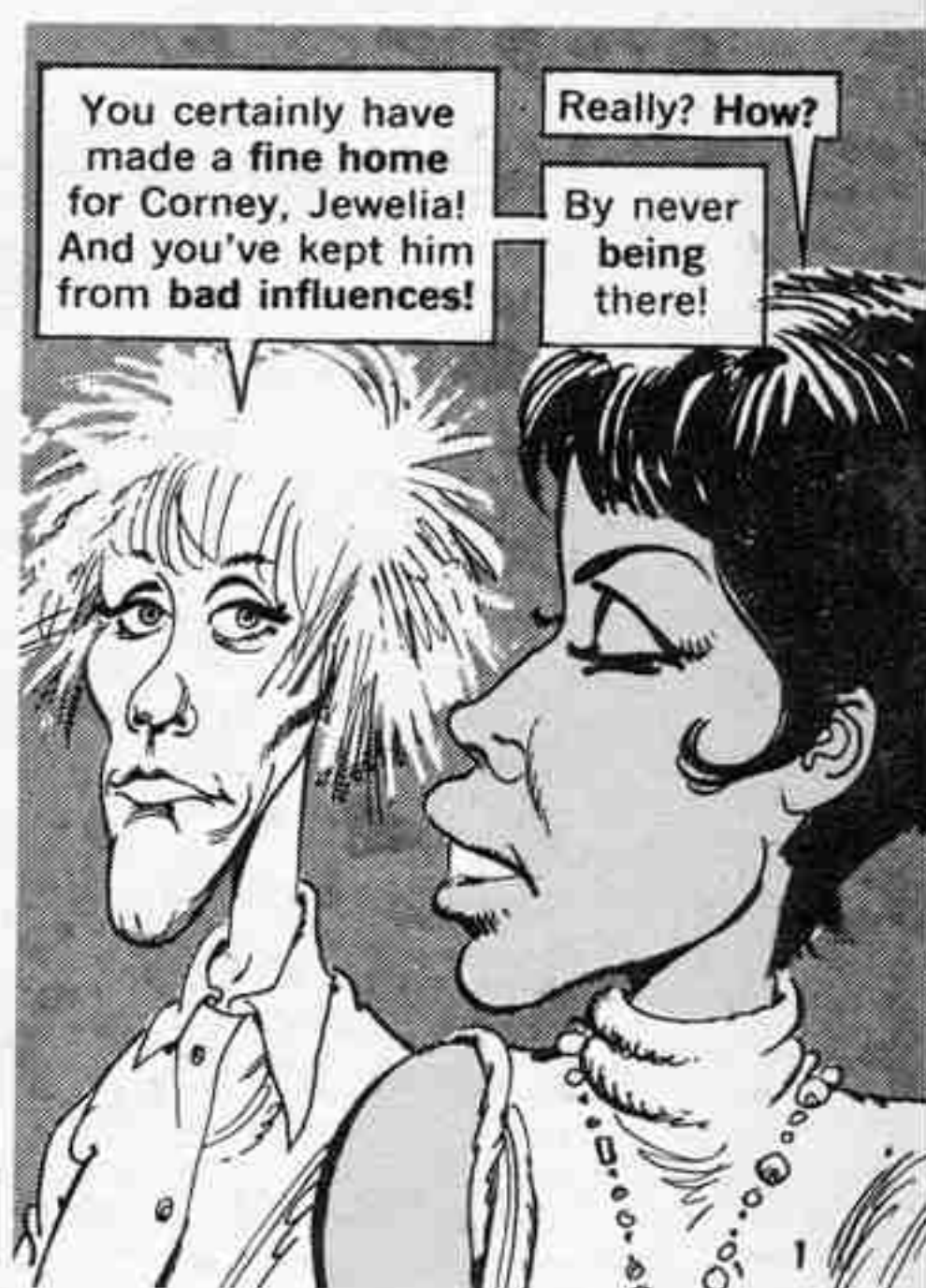
Better watch yourself, smart guy!



Merry, could you look after Corney while I'm gone?

Sure, Jewelia! When will you be back?

In October!



You certainly have made a fine home for Corney, Jewelia! And you've kept him from bad influences!

Really? How?

By never being there!



Where would you like to go tonight, Jewelia?

Someplace I've heard so much about, but where I've never been! The GHETTO!

So you want to see the problems of the Negroes for yourself?

I AM a Negro! I KNOW the problems! Like whether to wear a Dior gown or a Cassini gown to a Beverly Hills Night Club...



I'll have a shrimp salad, filet mignon, baked potato, and Champagne!

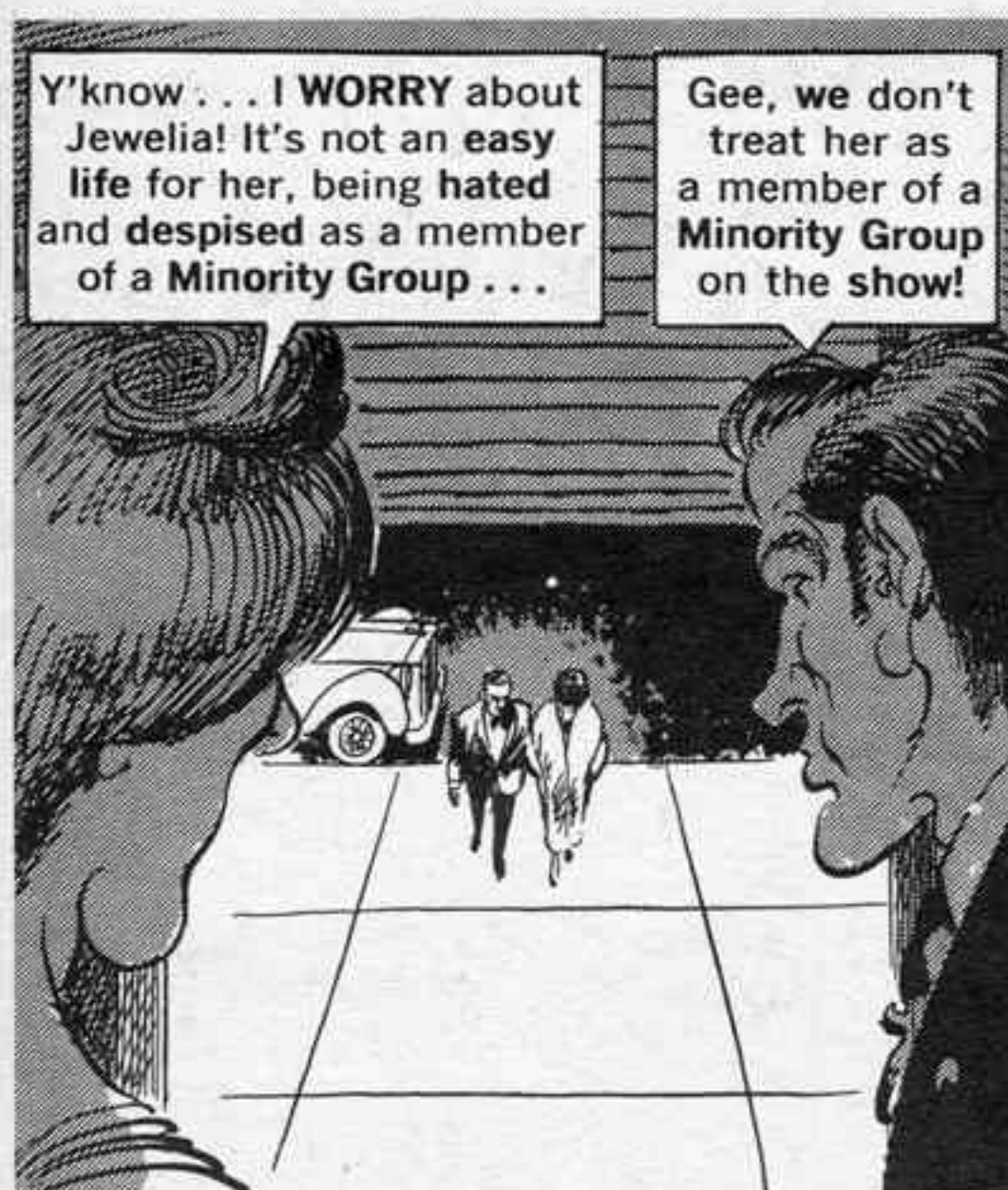
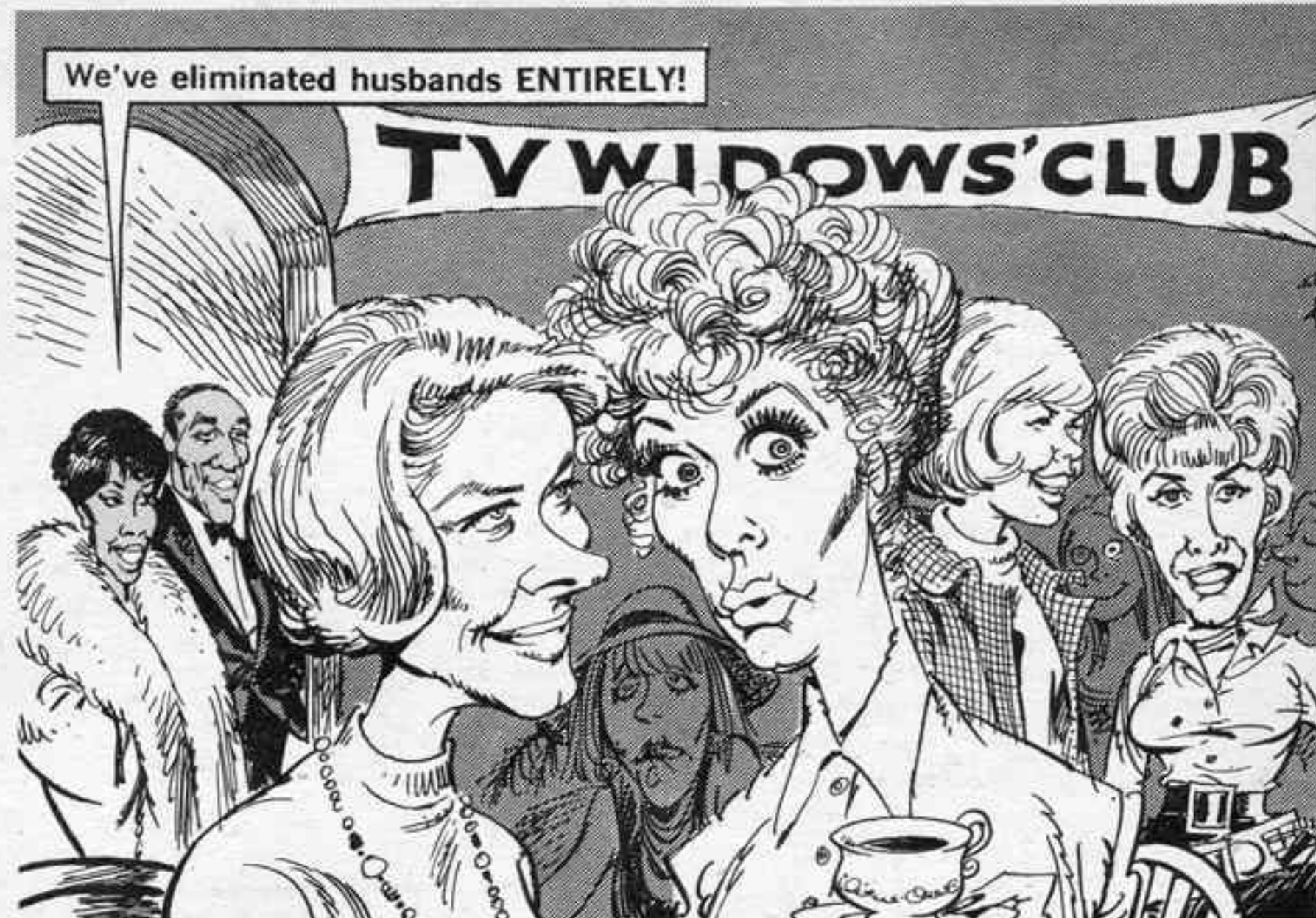
I thought you said you wanted "Soul Food"!

To ME, that IS "Soul Food"!

Would you like to dance?

I'd love to, but I can't! I have no rhythm! Would you believe that?

After tonight, I'll believe ANY-THING!!



A Dove's-Eye View Of The Joint Chiefs Of Staff



IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

PHOTO BY:
WIDE WORLD

WHAT WERE THE
INVESTIGATIONS
INTO THE
"PUEBLO AFFAIR"
REALLY
LOOKING FOR?

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

There will always be controversy over the recent "Pueblo Affair"...even long after the investigations into it are concluded. But what were the Military Fact-Finding Committees really looking for? To get the answer, simply fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A LOYAL, DEDICATED FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE MUST
NATURALLY DIG HARD AND DEEP. IT IS ALWAYS HEAVY
GOING WHEN JUDGING THE ACTIONS OF MEN IN COMBAT!

The Ultra-White Toothpaste Commercial



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO