

**THE
FALL
'70**



SPECIAL

OUR PRICE

60c

CHEAP

STARRING

5

**BRAND NEW
ARTICLES**

17 NEVER-BEFORE-
PUBLISHED PAGES

AND FEATURING

ANOTHER FULL-COLOR, DIE-CUT,
READY-TO-ASSEMBLE-AND-MISUSE

FREE BONUS

JINX SOMEONE YOU HATE WITH

**THE MAD
VOODOO
DOLL**



PLUS

**A PORTFOLIO OF
MAD
MOVIE
SATIRES**

PLUS

**A PORTFOLIO OF
MAD
TV
SATIRES**

PLUS

**A PORTFOLIO OF
DON
MARTIN**

PLUS

**A PORTFOLIO OF
DAVE
BERG**



Memories . . . painted for all De Beers he could drink by Frank Kelly Freas

Memories . . . forever gleaming

In fleeting moments sweetly shared, the world is filled with joy for lovers, their way is bright with dreams. It is a magic time, and they may recall it always in the enchanting lights of her wedding diamond . . . sparkling behind the window pane of the pawn shop where they were forced to hock it when things got bad. That's one thing you can do when it seems like . . .



FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS: When choosing a diamond it is wise to seek the counsel of a trusted jeweler, if you can find one. He will explain how color, clarity and cutting are important, but it's the size that's impressive. In other words, you can get a much bigger diamond for your money if it's got a little flaw or two. After all, who's gonna know? Mainly, who goes around with a jeweler's eyepiece, anyway?

1 carat \$500 to \$3000
2 carats \$3000 to \$5000
3 carats \$5000 to \$9000
4 carats \$200 to \$210

The prices quoted above are based on buying the three smaller stones from a reputable jeweler, and buying the larger "hot" rock from a disreputable fence. If you got half a brain, you can figure which is the better deal!

... PAYING FOR A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

The FALL '70

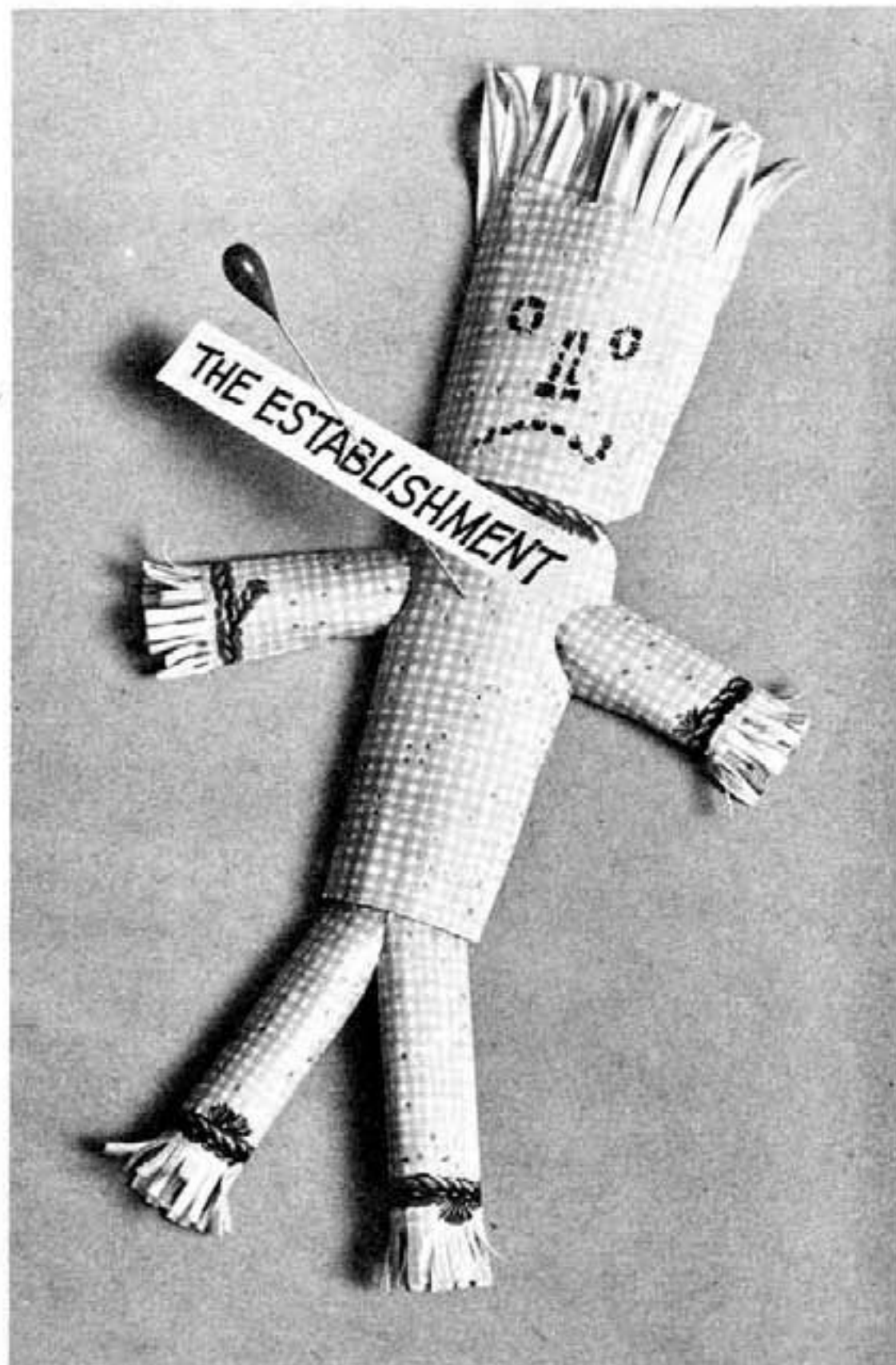
MAD SPECIAL

*"The main thing wrong with the younger generation is:
A lot of us don't belong to it anymore!"*
—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*

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS



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Contents

A PORTFOLIO OF ALL-NEW MATERIAL

RE-BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPARTMENT	
The Sound Of More Music	3
OH, MY ACHIN' PLAQUE DEPARTMENT	
Hospital Signs We'd Like To See	8
POP ART DEPARTMENT	
If Kids Behaved Like Their Fathers	10
EMBASSILITY DEPARTMENT	
The Diplomat	14, 19
CURSE 'EM OUCH DEPARTMENT	
The MAD Voodoo Doll	16
KEY-PUNCH AND JUDY DEPARTMENT	
When Computer Match-Making Takes Over	20

A PORTFOLIO OF DON MARTIN

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT	
The Chiropractor	23
The Caveman	24
The Nearsighted Man And The Telephone	26
In A Greasy Spoon Diner	28
The Brain Operation	29

A PORTFOLIO OF MAD TV SATIRES

DRIBBLE ACROSS THE COURT DEPARTMENT	
The Defenders	31
TELEVISION DEPARTMENT	
TV Ads We'd Like To See	
"The Ill-State Ad"	36
"The Pollydent Ad"	42
THAT'S HOW THE KOOKIE CRUMBLES DEPARTMENT	
The Tenth Hour	37
INTERN FOR THE WORSE DEPARTMENT	
Dr. Kiljoy	43

A PORTFOLIO OF DAVE BERG

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT	
The Lighter Side Of Eating Out	48
The Lighter Side Of Rain	52
The Lighter Side Of Dog Owners	56
The Lighter Side Of Home Owners	60

A PORTFOLIO OF MAD MOVIE SATIRES

TEE-HEE-TI DEPARTMENT	
Mutiny On The Bouncy	64
HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT	
Scenes We'd Like To See	
"The Race Through The Jungle"	70
HITCHCOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO DEPARTMENT	
For The Birds	71
ALL HELLACE BREAKS LOOSE DEPARTMENT	
The Guns Of Minestrone	77

HERE WE GO WITH
5
BRAND NEW
ARTICLES

17 NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED PAGES

PLUS THE
FREE
BONUS

**... A FULL-COLOR, DIE-CUT,
READY-TO-ASSEMBLE-AND-
PUT-TO-IMMEDIATE-MISUSE**

MAD
VOODOO
DOLL

RE-BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPT.

Musicals, unlike real life, usually end happily. The curtain comes down on a promising note—but we never hear the rest of the tune! Well, MAD's going to change all that right now! We're going to raise the curtain for a second look at some musicals! Remember when the noble Captain, the adorable Maria, and the seven cutie-pie children "climbed every mountain" to escape the Nazis? Well, let's see what could be happening here in the U.S. now, several years later.



THE SOUND OF MORE MUSIC



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

* This house is insane with the sound of children;
Our kids and their kids raise up quite a roar;
Each room in this house is alive with children;
They're stacked wall to wall right up to the door.

Each morning I rise and I make a mad dash,
'Cause nature is calling me on;
But when I arrive, there's sixty-two kids
Using the upstairs john!
So I run like a nut to the one downstairs
And suffer the same fate;
I pray that I can
Make the back woods before it's too late!

Most kids leave their homes for Big Sur and Frisco;
So how come our brats never fly the coop?
If they don't take off I may soon be part of
A ther-a-py group!



*Sung to the tune of "The Sound of Music"

Maria, you'll never guess who's in the other room with our daughter, Liesl. Rolf, her old boy friend. He's just arrived from Berlin.

You mean that snotty Nazi who almost turned us in when she was 16 going on 17 and he was 17 going on 18?

Right. But now he's a wealthy German industrialist and I think he wants to marry her! Then we can all move in with him!

How come you never married, Liesl?

I don't know, Rolf. Must you slouch like that?

I mean you're still attractive.

Thank you. Do you have to smoke that smelly pipe in the house?

You're also quite intelligent and ...

Take your feet off the chair, don't mumble, and look at me when I'm talking!

All right, all right, now I know why nobody married you! But, Liesl, I love you anyway, and remember this ...

* You are forty, going on forty-one, Already past your prime! You haven't wed And each man has fled you, Except for Father Time!

You are forty, going on forty-one, Why not forget the past? Try not to think That I once turned fink and Almost had you all gassed!

You ran to distant borders then; Why should it make you cross? I only followed orders then From my old Nazi boss!

That was forty, maybe forty-one, Since then you've gotten fat! Not so with me One look and you'll see a ...

Thin-old Na-zi rat!

*Sung to the tune of "Sixteen Going On Seventeen"

My daughter, the genius! He was the only one who stood between us and starvation—and you kicked him out!

But, mom, he's a Nazi!

So what! A man's got to have a hobby. Other husbands go bowling!

Now I'm stuck forever with this crazy menagerie, without a penny to my name ...

Maria, I just got an idea. Everybody here is going to earn their keep! We're going back into show business! A new Trapp Family act! Round up the whole household. We're going to see Ed Sullivan!

Don't you see, Ed, it's more than a great comeback for the Trapp Family—it's a **new concept** in entertainment! Not just me, my wife, and our seven kids like before, but our in-laws and grandkids too! Just think—a family of 32 singers. It'll be **fabulous!**

The idea sounds great, Captain, but you're too **little and too late!** Come to our rehearsal and I'll show you . . .

* Daughters and sisters and fathers and mothers, Nieces and nephews and uncles and brothers, Grandmas and grandpas who do bucks and wings, These are just some of the talented Kings . . .

Ninety-eight grandsons and sixty first cousins, All kinds of in-laws by grosses and dozens, All are showbiz and they all do their things, These are just some of the talented Kings . . .

Babies that toddle and tots in a carriage, Forty-four aunts from a previous marriage, Twelve mothers pregnant and each foetus sings, These are just some of the family of Kings . . .

When my show drops In the ratings, And I'm on the run, The doctors deliver some sixty more Kings And then I am Number One!

Okay, okay, already! We got the point! No more stanzas, please . . .

I guess that's it. The Trapp Family Singers have had it!

Babies that toddle and . . .

*Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"

Wrong! We're just beginning! You, I, and the seven children are going to make a fantastic comeback! What we need is a **good agent**. No—a **great agent!** In fact, the greatest! Abel Weiss!

Maria, look at the show business greats. They're all his clients. I told you he was the **biggest agent** in the business!

What do you know!? I'll ask this **skinny man** over here what he thinks. Excuse me, skinny man, but is this Weiss character any good as an agent?

Is he? What do you say, gang?

* Abel Weiss, shrewd but nice,
He's our agent in show biz;
Every day, every way,
Drumming biz where there's no biz!

Agents we know can't get you big dough,
That's a "no-no" to Abie;
If he's sent—ten percent—
You'll be his sweetie-baby!

Abel Weiss, cool as ice,
TV, movie, or LP;
He's a whiz, he makes his
Every time he can sell me;

Agents, we're told, must be very bold,
Brass is gold to Abel;
Gets your price, takes his slice—
Glad we're in Abel's stable!

*Sung to the tune of "Edelweiss"

Oh, no!
Not
another
acrobat
act! I'm
up to
here in
acrobats!

Er . . . ah . . .
M . . . Mister . . .
W . . . W . . . Weiss . . .
w . . . we . . . would . . .
I . . . like . . . you . . .
t . . . to . . . er . . .

Wait a minute! Do
you all stutter?
Ted Mack is looking
for nine stutterers
to sing "Yankee
Doodle Dandy" while
hitting each other on
the heads with a . . .

Mr. Weiss, we don't stutter.
We are the Trapp Family and
we've sung all over the world
to great acclaim. We
specialize in classical songs
and religious music. But
we haven't worked for a
while. Can you tell us . . . ?

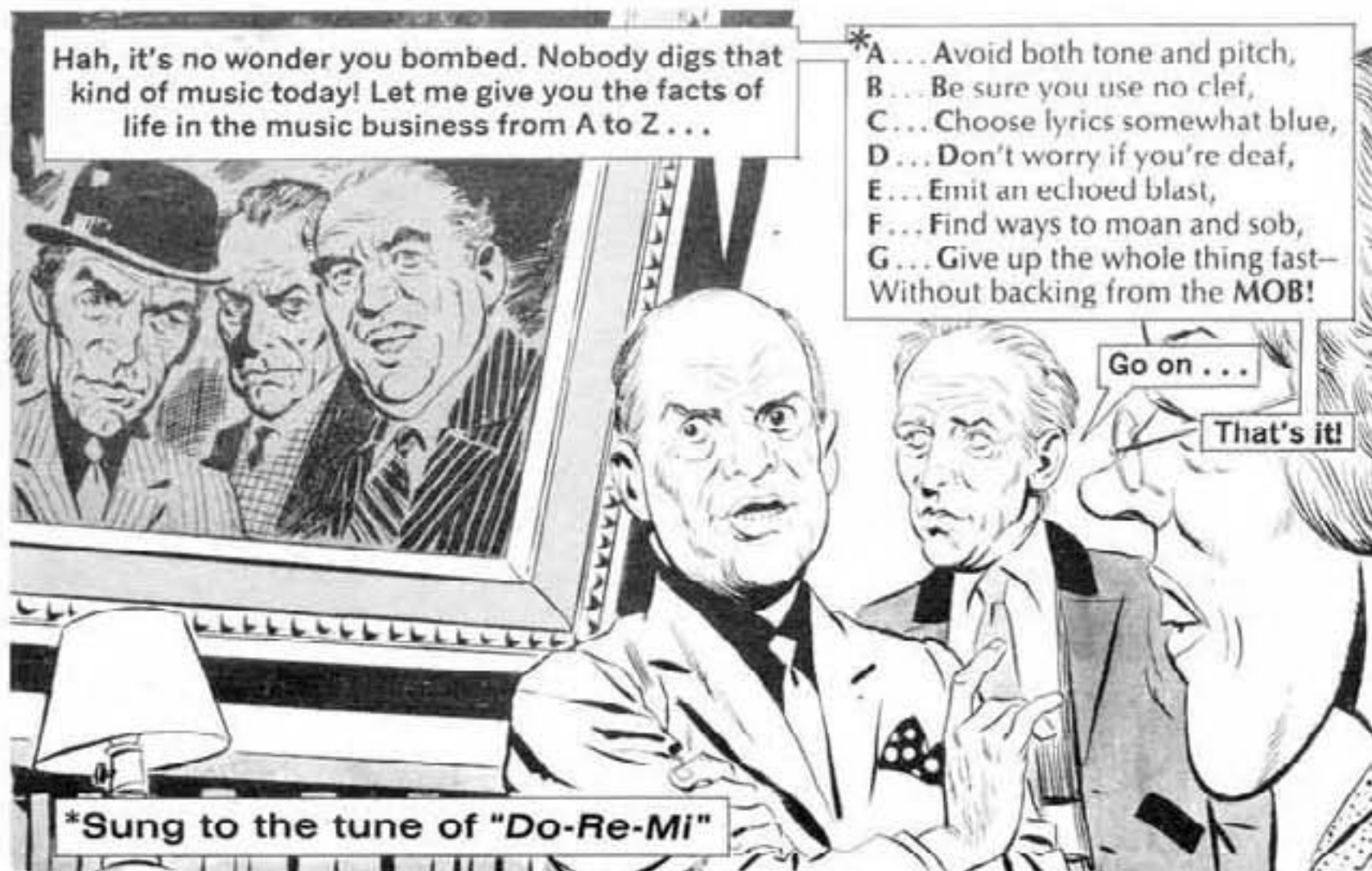
*What are we gonna do with our caree-er?
No one'll pay us dough to sing a psalm;
We've got an act that no one wants to hea-ear;
Though we oil our throats
And hit all the notes . . .
We bomb!

*Sung to the tune of
"How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria"

No one around will buy "Ave Maria";
That is a tune that doesn't have a prayer;
We tried to do songs by Liszt,
And all of them booed and hissed;
Handel's "Messiah's" death in Delaware!
Oh what are we gonna do with our caree-er?
Why do the kids in Berkeley say we're square?

We sang Bach while out in Butte
And they pelted us with fruit;
We did concerts in Chicago and Milan;
When we chanted "Rock of Ages"
We were knocked right off the stages;
We laid an egg in Frisco, so we ran!

Out in Vegas we sang Strauss,
There was no one in the house!
When we gave them stuff from Haydn they would hide!
When we sang some César Franck,
We were told that César stanck!
Out in Moscow "Silent Night" was suicide!
What are we gonna do with our caree-er?
Sat-ur-day night in Car-negie we died!



Hah, it's no wonder you bombed. Nobody digs that kind of music today! Let me give you the facts of life in the music business from A to Z...

*A... Avoid both tone and pitch,
B... Be sure you use no clef,
C... Choose lyrics somewhat blue,
D... Don't worry if you're deaf,
E... Emit an echoed blast,
F... Find ways to moan and sob,
G... Give up the whole thing fast—
Without backing from the MOB!

Go on...

That's it!

*Sung to the tune of "Do-Re-Mi"



But you said you'd give us the music business from A to Z and you stopped at G...

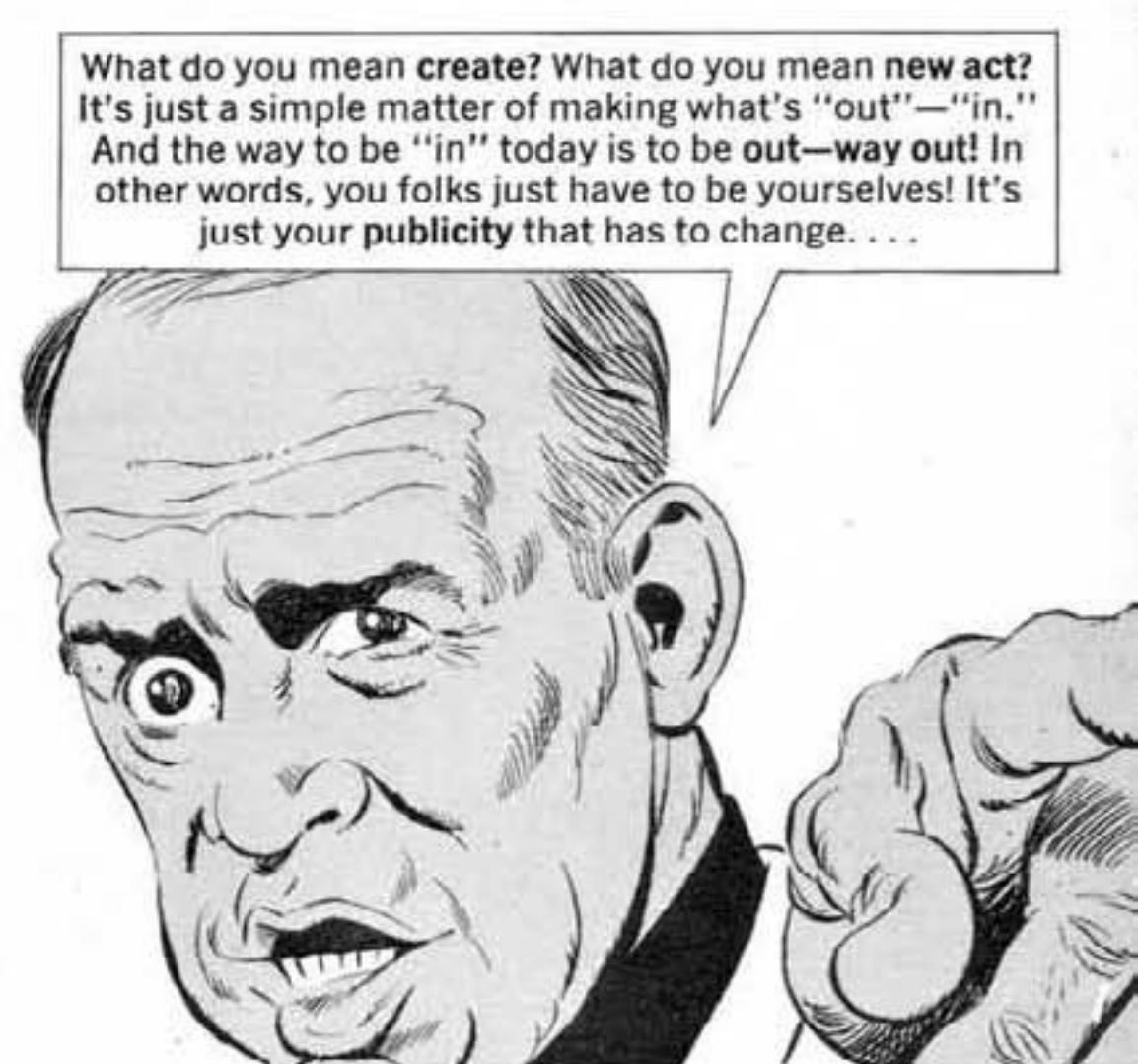
Look, Charlie, without G you can forget H to Z!



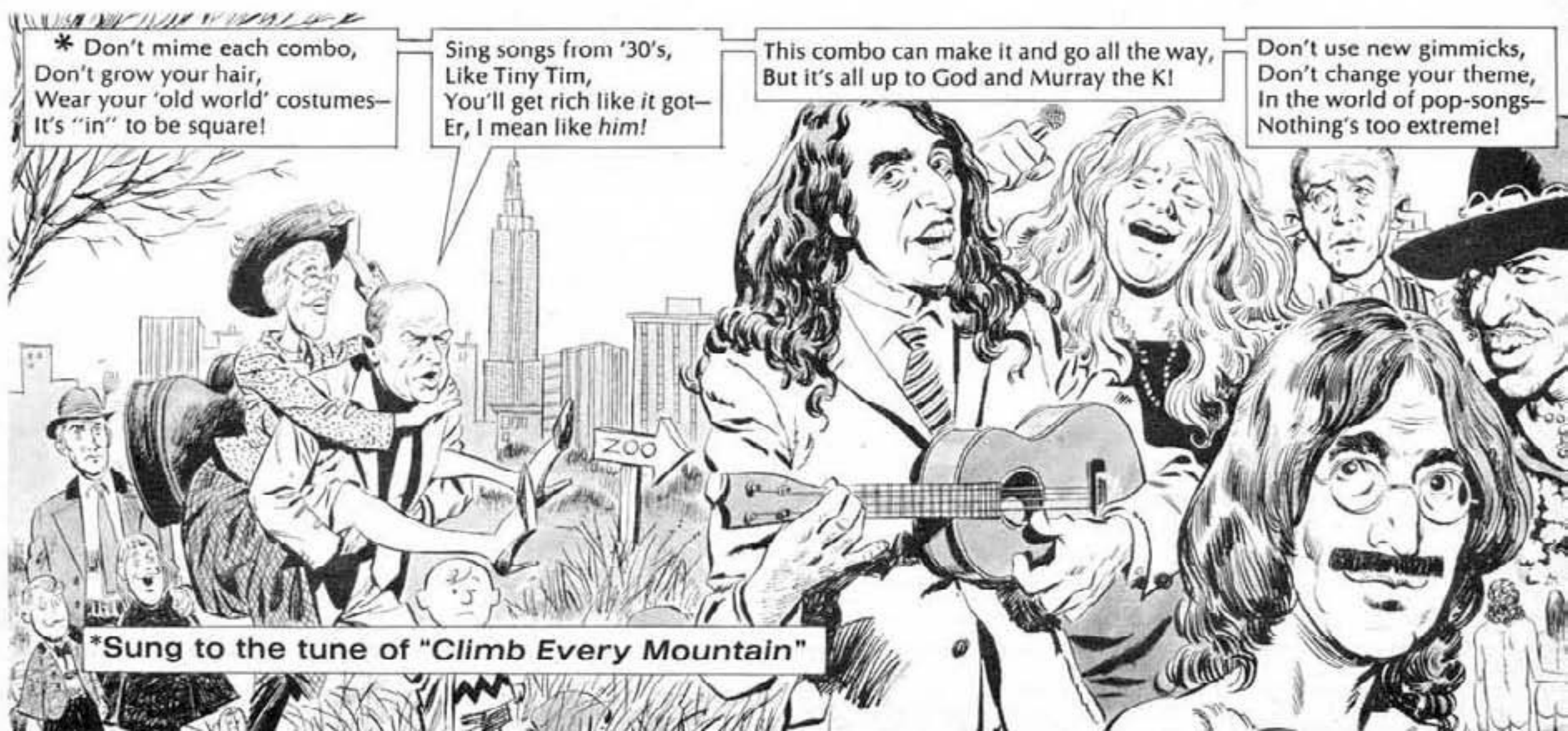
If working with the mob is all it takes, then we'll work with the mob!

Good thinking. I'll represent you. I take 10% after kickbacks. Deal?

Deal! But just one thing. Will you help us create a new act?



What do you mean create? What do you mean new act? It's just a simple matter of making what's "out"—"in." And the way to be "in" today is to be out—way out! In other words, you folks just have to be yourselves! It's just your publicity that has to change. ...



* Don't mime each combo, Don't grow your hair, Wear your 'old world' costumes—It's "in" to be square!

Sing songs from '30's, Like Tiny Tim, You'll get rich like it got—Er, I mean like him!

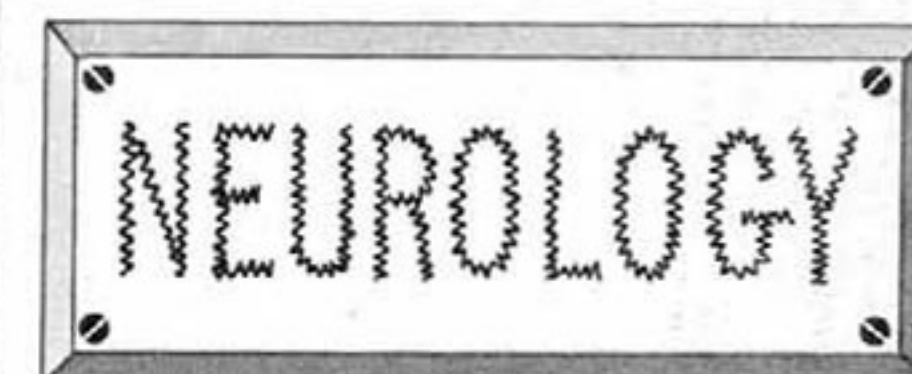
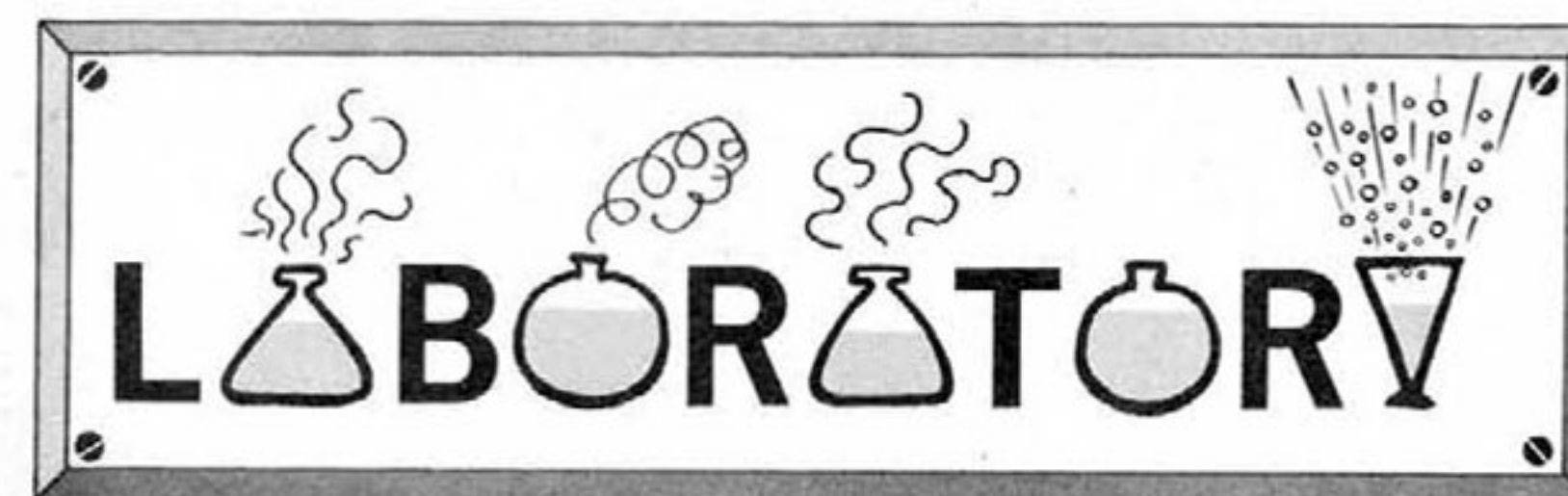
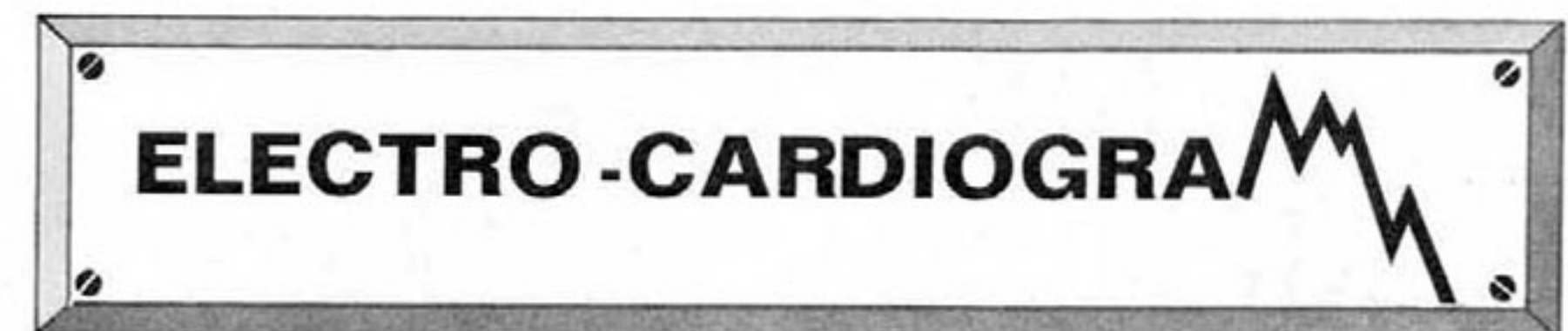
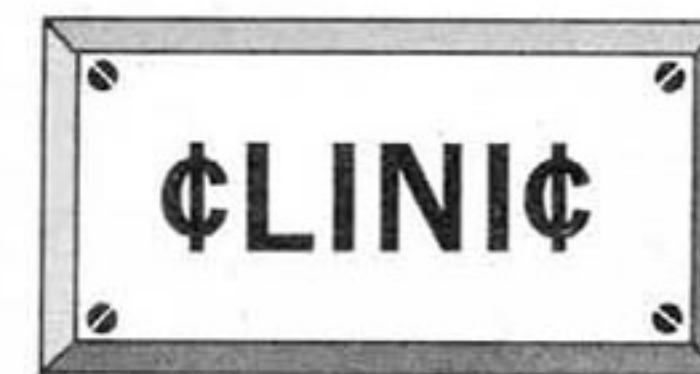
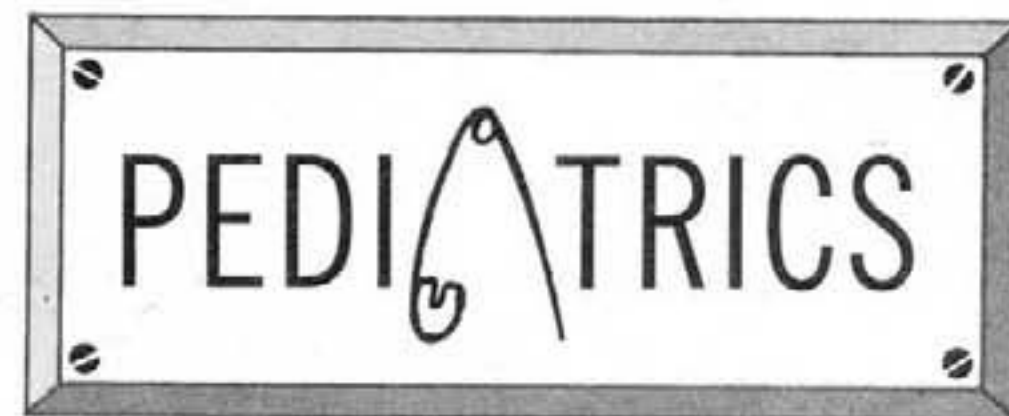
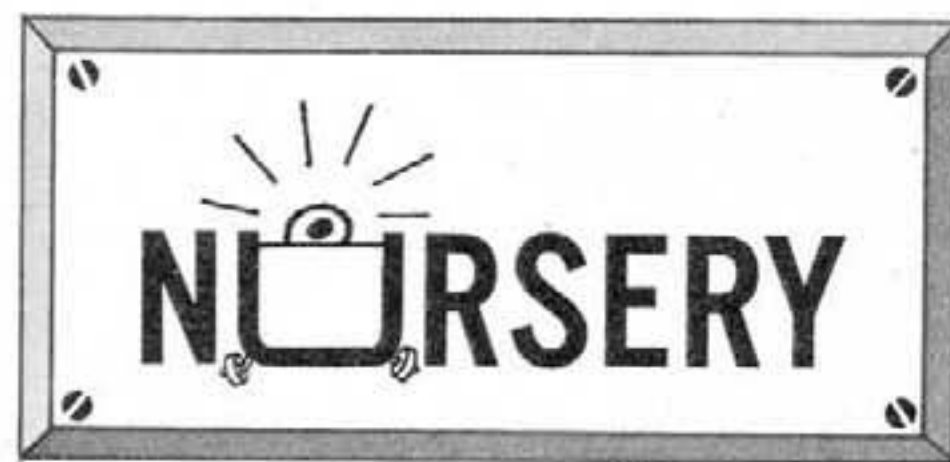
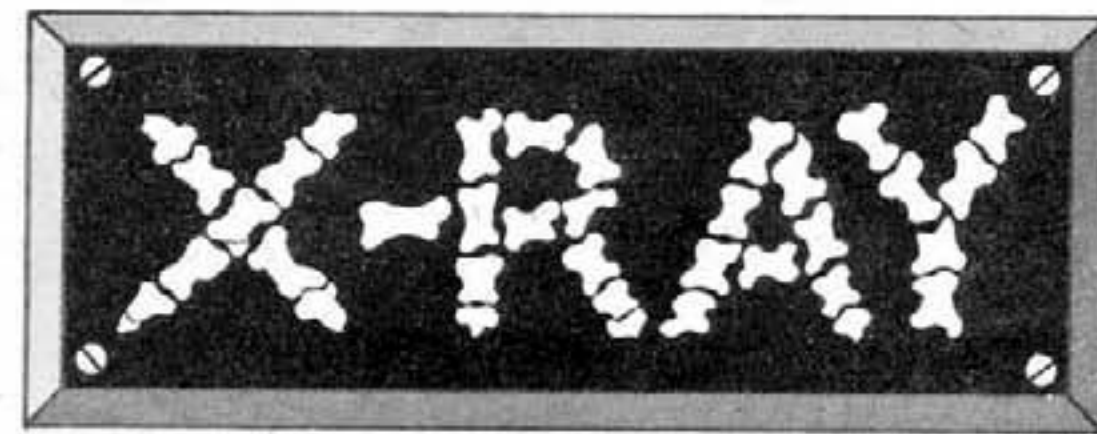
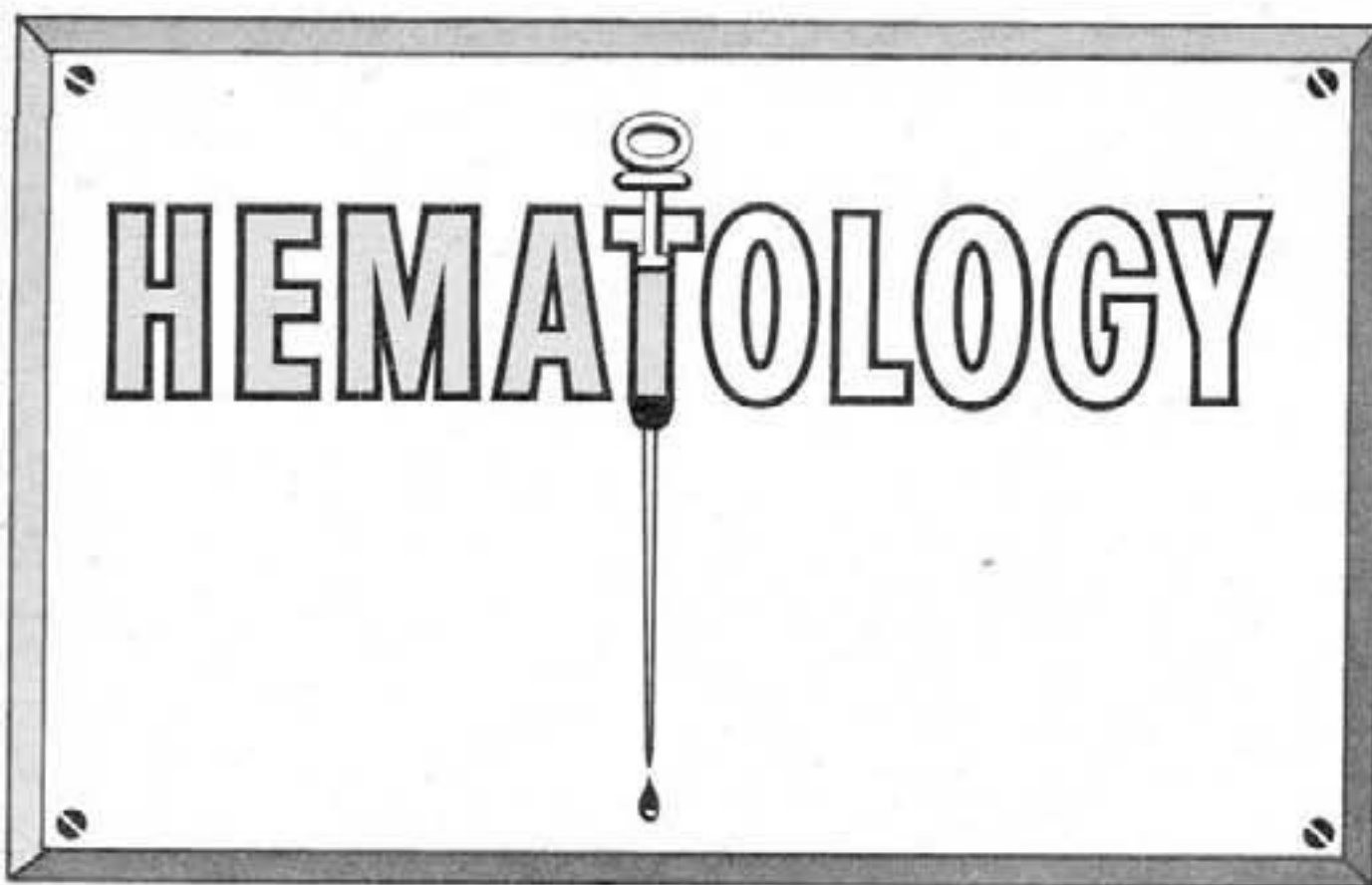
This combo can make it and go all the way, But it's all up to God and Murray the K!

Don't use new gimmicks, Don't change your theme, In the world of pop-songs—Nothing's too extreme!

*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain"

HOSPITAL SIGNS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

CONCEIVED BY:
MAX BRANDEL



We keep hearing a lot about the "Generation Gap" these days . . . that children and adults have nothing in common . . . that young people live in a world of their own and never listen to older folks . . . and that things would be a lot better if kids

would only behave! Behave like who . . . their parents? Well, let's just see how much better things would be if kids became real "chips off the old blocks" and followed the examples of the Older Generation. Let's just see what would happen

IF KIDS BEHAVED LIKE THEIR FATHERS

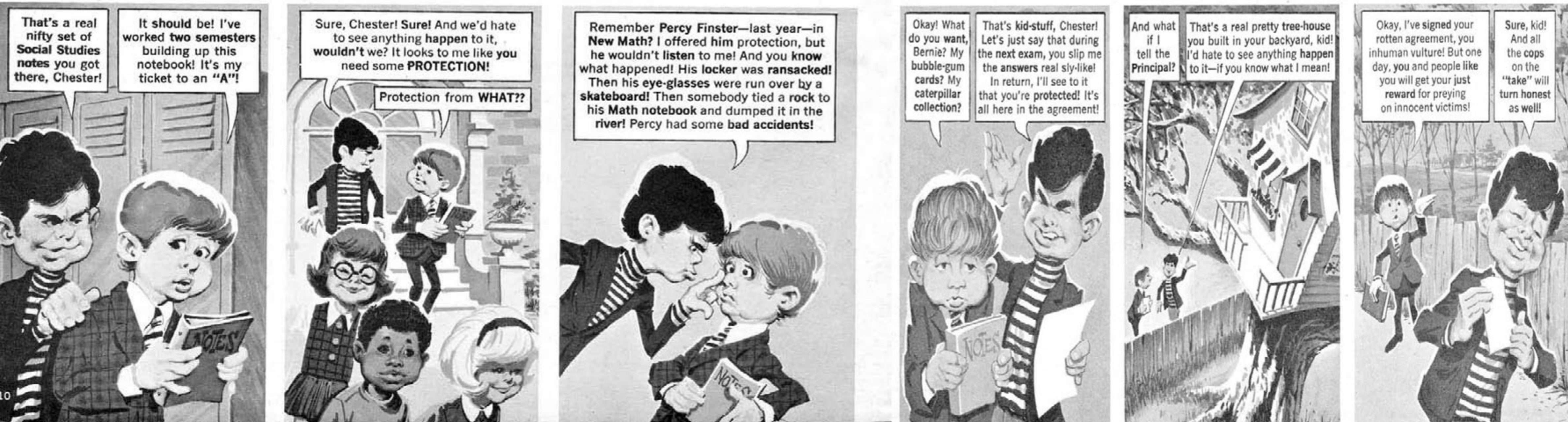
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

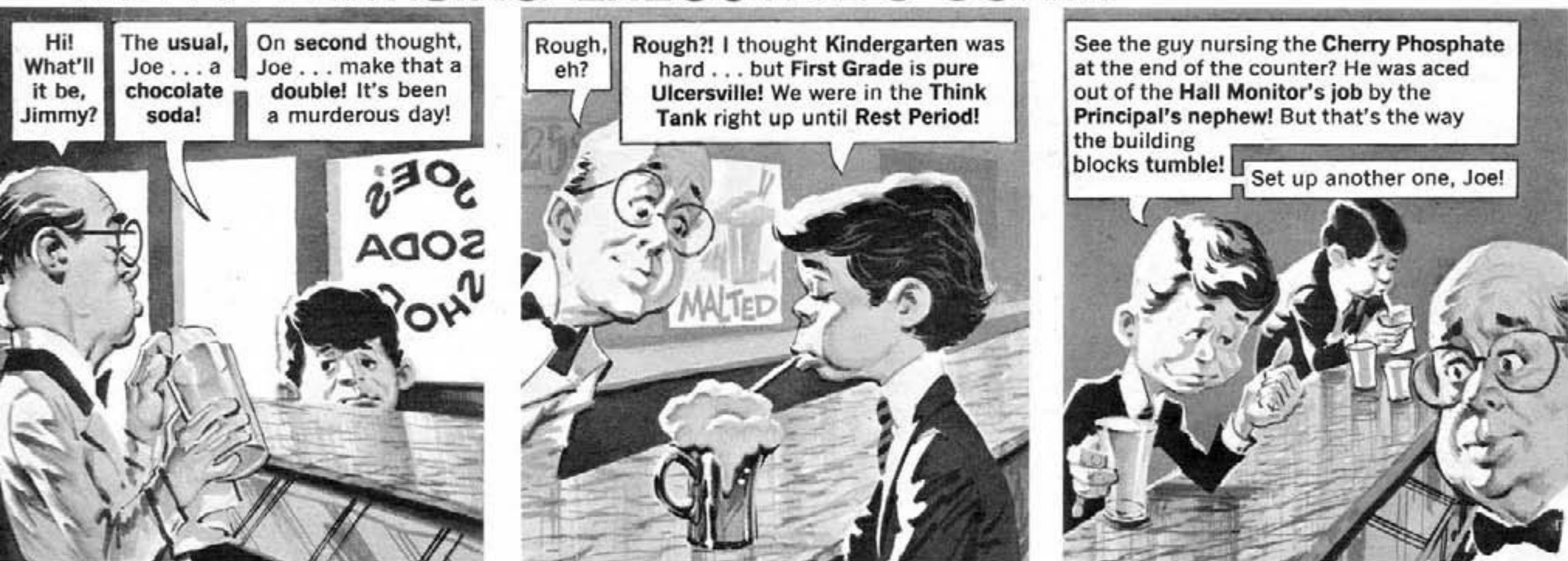
THE PSYCHIATRIST'S SON...



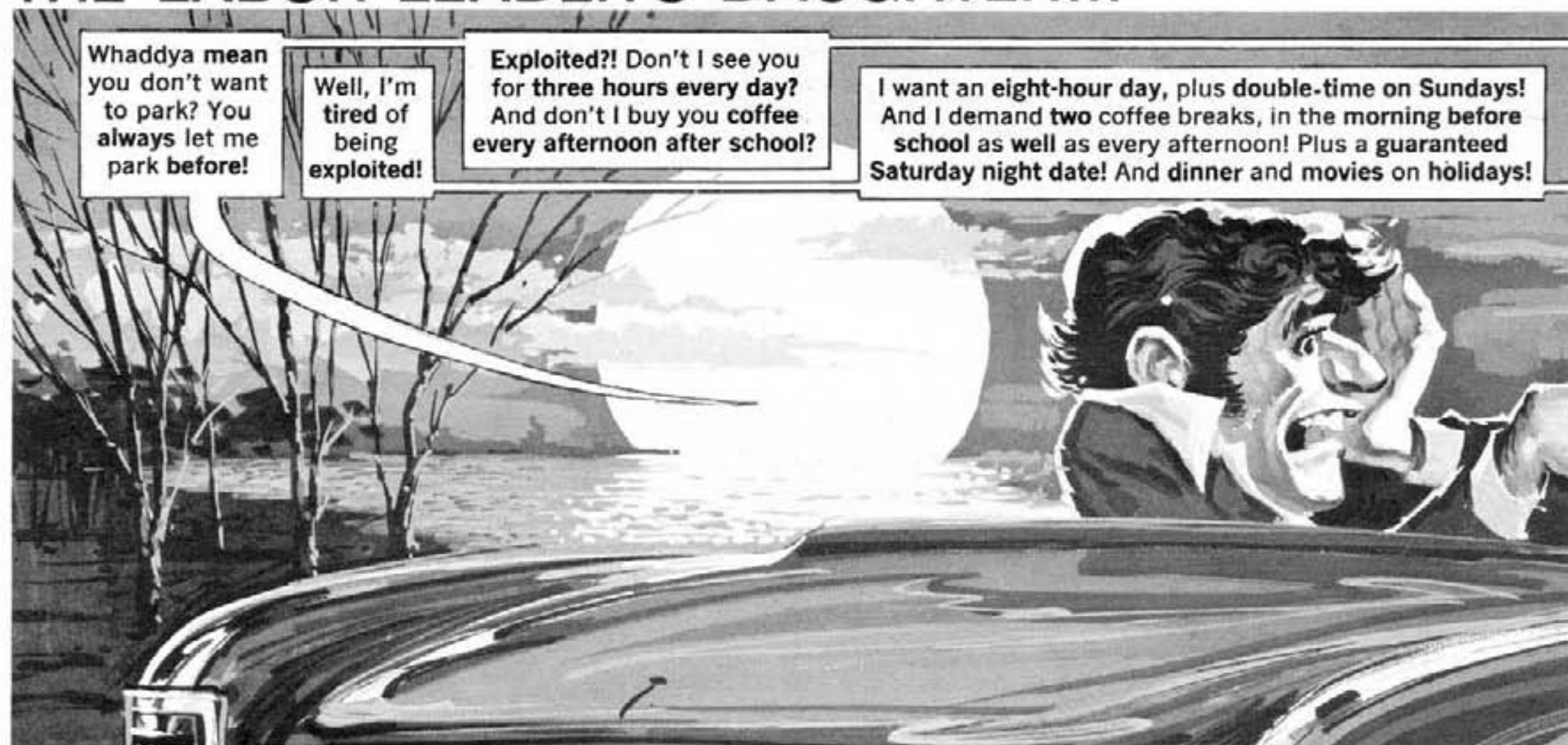
THE GANGSTER'S SON...



THE ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE'S SON...



THE LABOR LEADER'S DAUGHTER...



THE MOVIE-PRODUCER'S SON...



They saddled me with a new account today . . . Arithmetic! It's a hard-sell item! I chalked a few ideas on the ol' blackboard but they wouldn't add up! And now my head's on the line, grade-wise!

Set up another one, Joe . . .

Sometimes I wonder why I stay in this 9-5 rat-race! I hear through the grapevine that the higher you move up the ladder, the dirtier it gets! They tell me that Second Grade is an absolute jungle!

Gi'me one more, Joe!

Don't you think you've had enough, kid? Shouldn't you be going home?

Home!? Thassa joke! Y'know wha's the awfulest, mos' depressing thing about—hic—going home?

No, what?

My turtle doesn't understand me!

But I can't afford that! Can't we talk it over?

I refuse to negotiate! Anyway, it's been settled already through impartial arbitration!

Who was the arbitrator?

My best girl-friend, Alice!

Now, meet my terms or you'll have a walk-out on your hands!

It's gonna break me! I'll barely be able to make out!

Unless you comply with my demands, you'll never make out!!

THE STOCK-BROKER'S SON...

A "D" in Spelling! An "F" in Art!! An "F" in Arithmetic, Music and Attitude!!! This Report Card is DISGRACEFUL!!

No need to panic! It's just temporary fluctuation!

All grades are off a point or two at this time! The downward curve is due to a temporary study shortage brought on by an imbalance of concentration! However, I'm optimistic that the trend will reverse itself during the next Fiscal Semester!

During the NEXT Fiscal Semester?! What about THIS Fiscal Semester???

Most analysts agree that the downward spiral will level off sharply after a breathing spell!

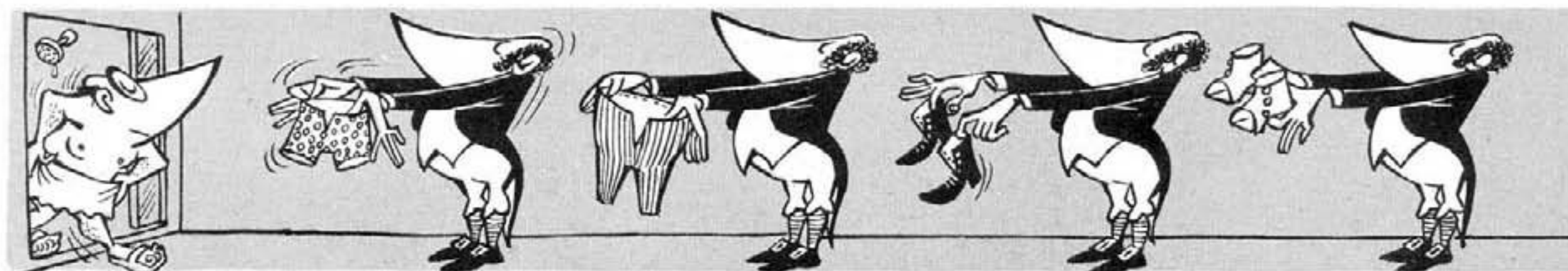
Which means?

I'm flunking out!

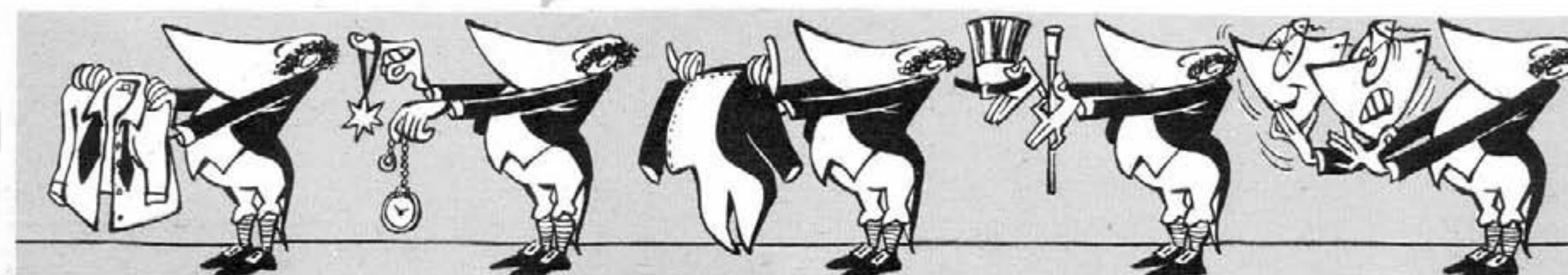
EMBASSITY DEPT. PART I

Antonio Prohias, MAD's "Cuba-Libre" artist-writer, who has tickled our funny bones with those two sneaky, conniving, deceitful "Spy vs Spy" characters in the past has come up with another sneaky, conniving and deceitful character. Here, then, is a two-page spread introducing...

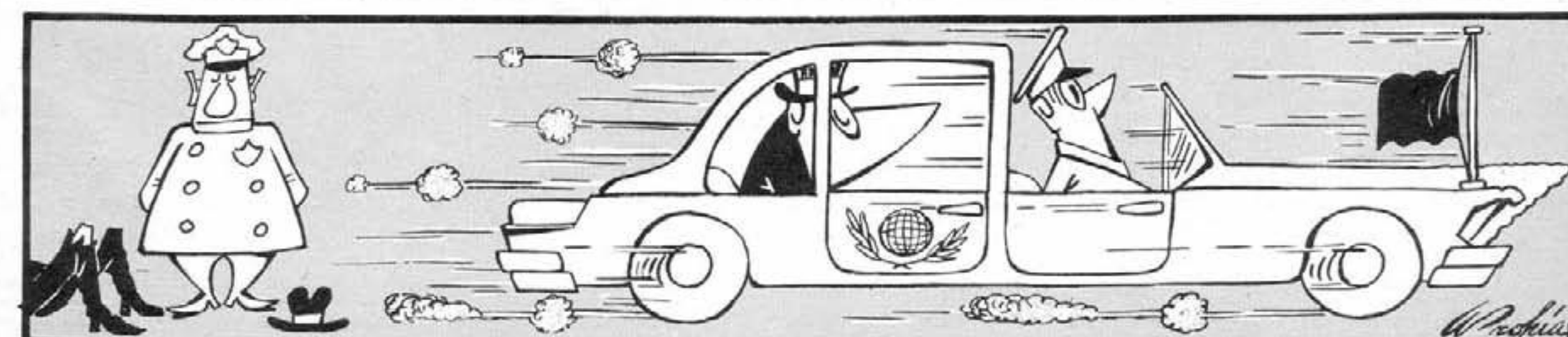
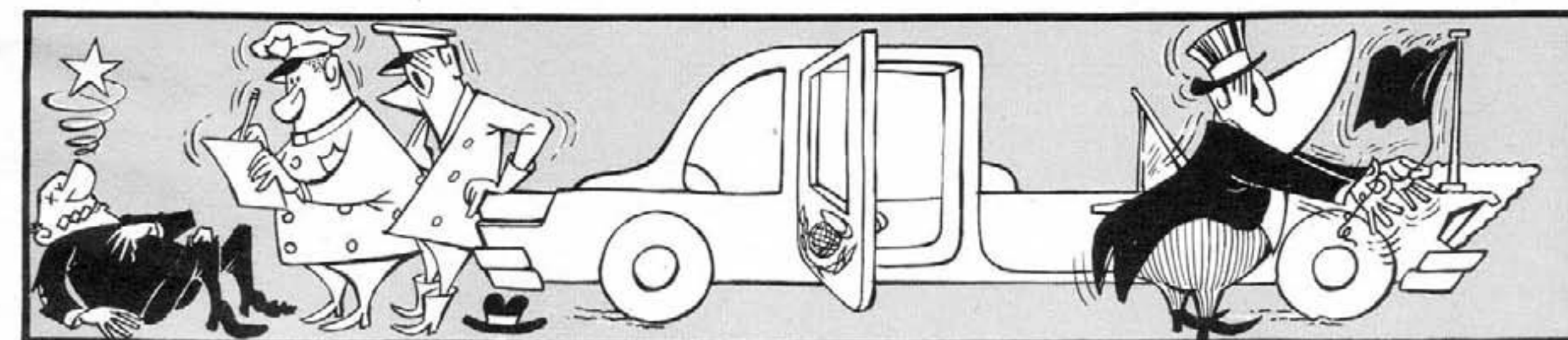
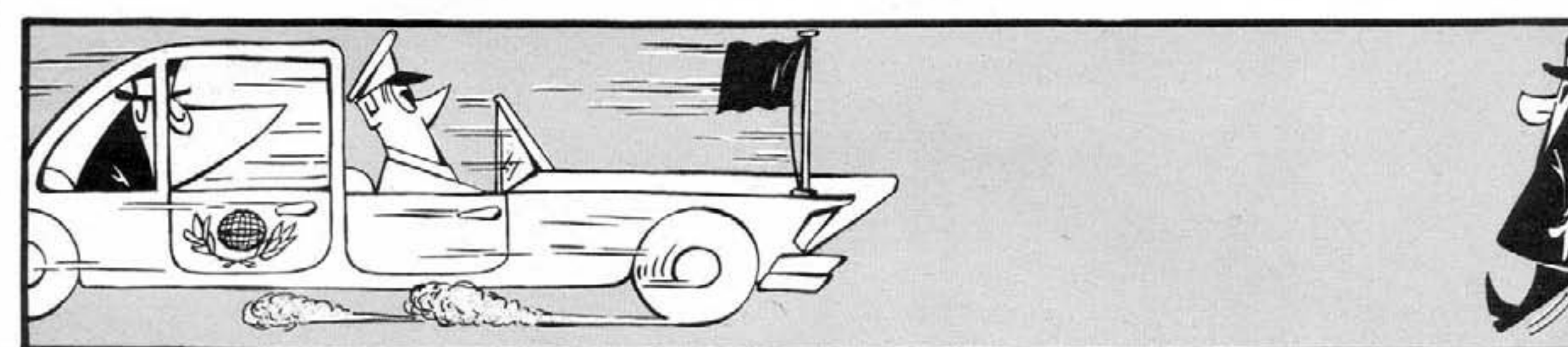
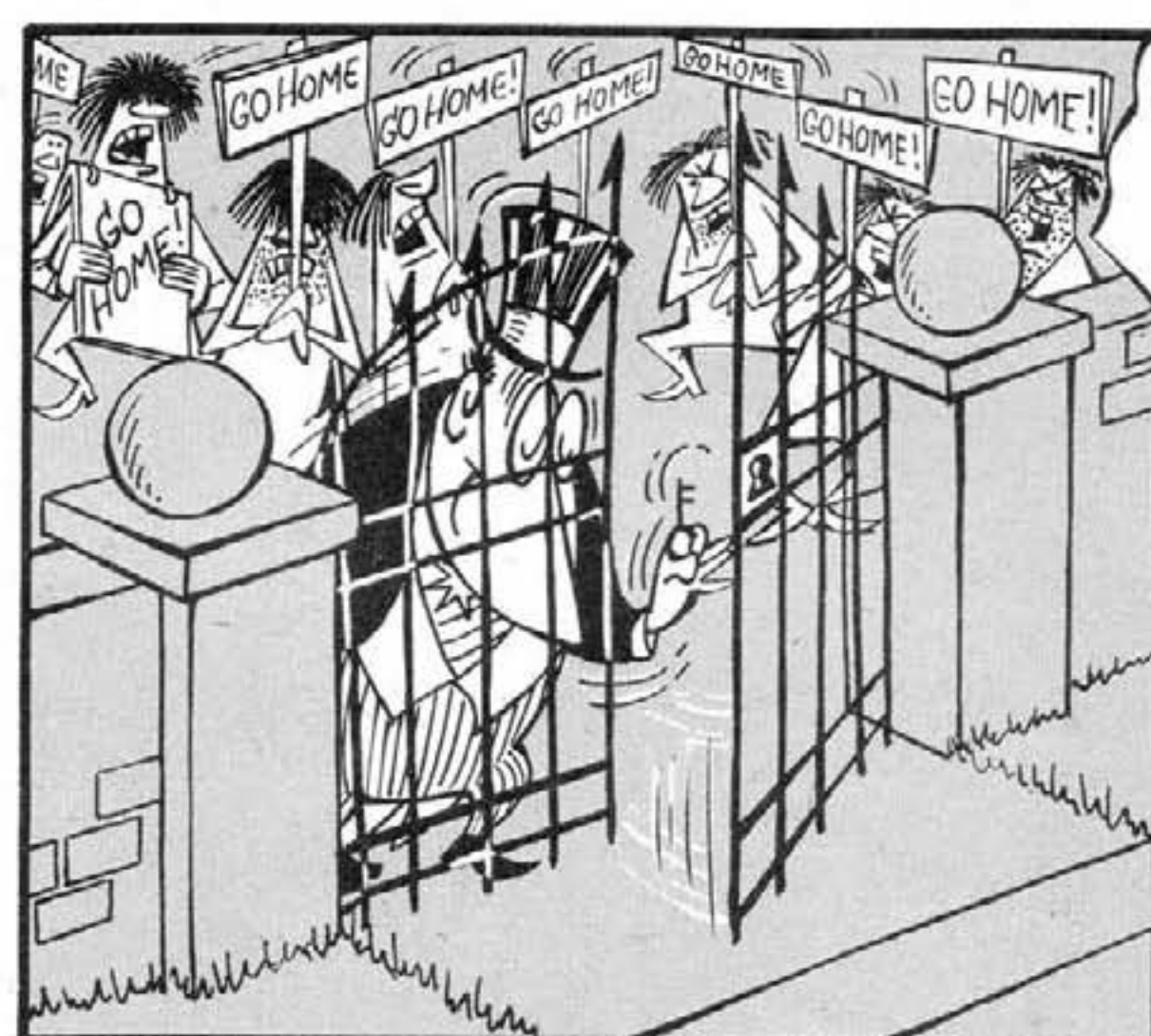
THE DIPLOMAT

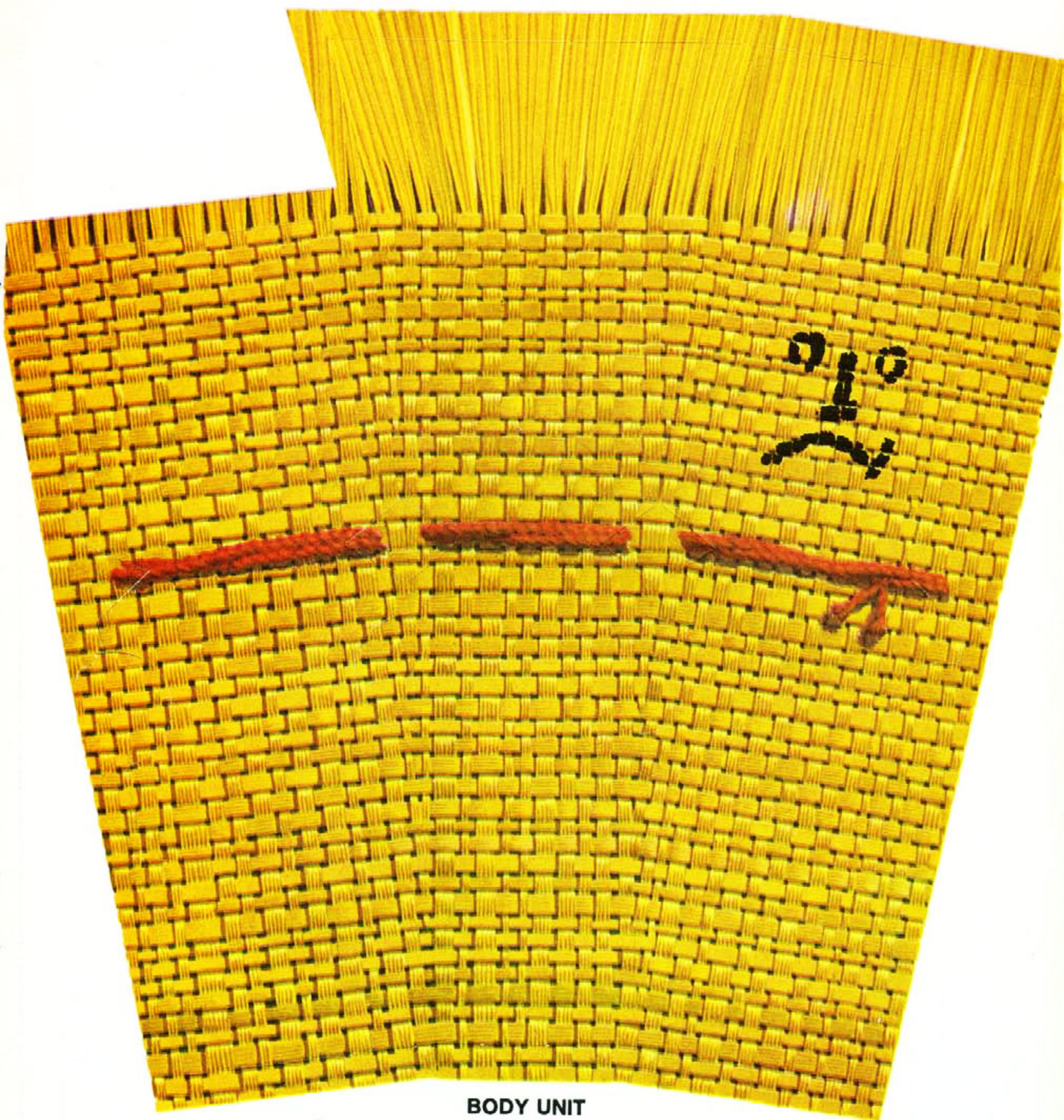


ARTIST & WRITER:



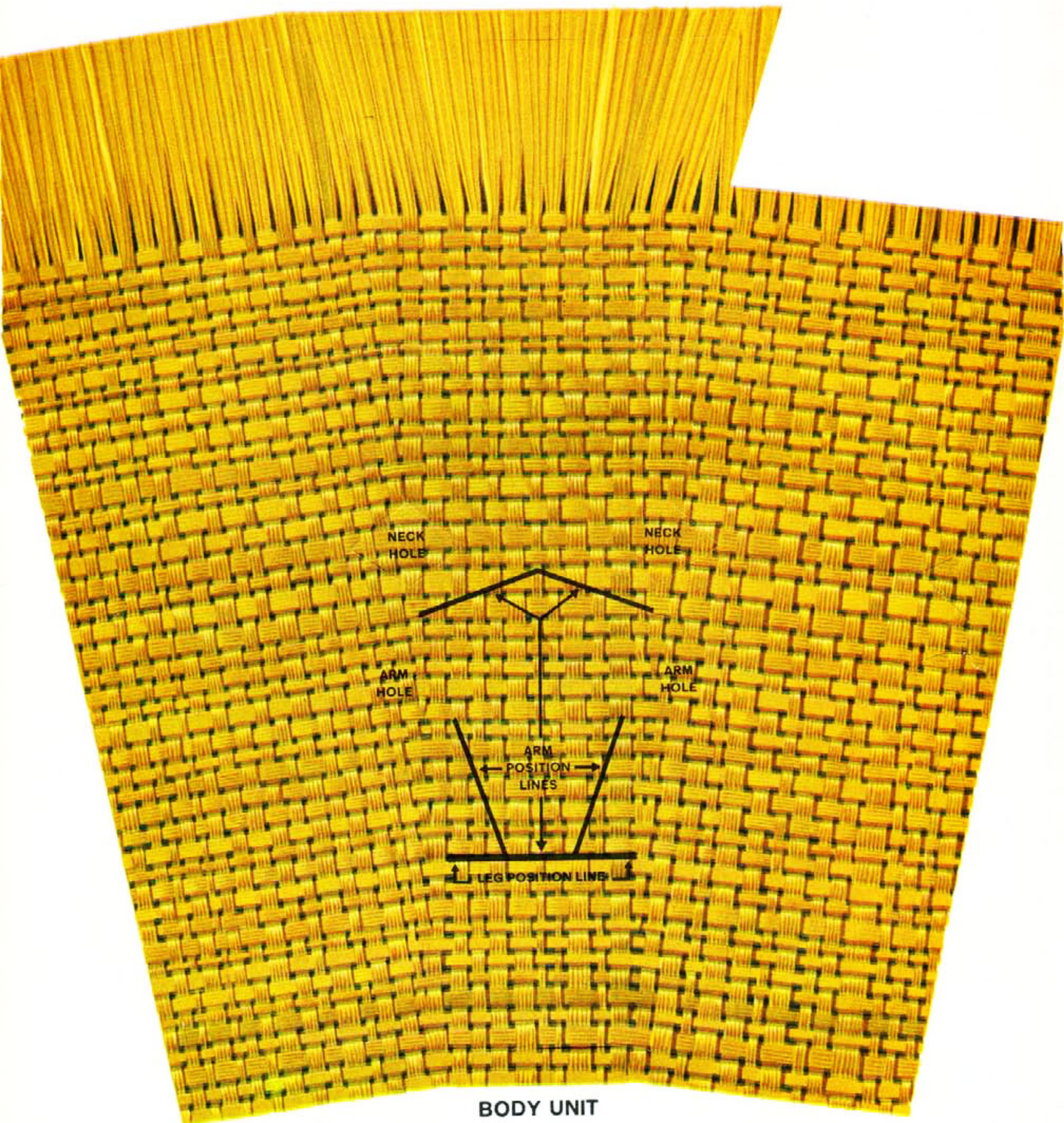
ANTONIO PROHIAS



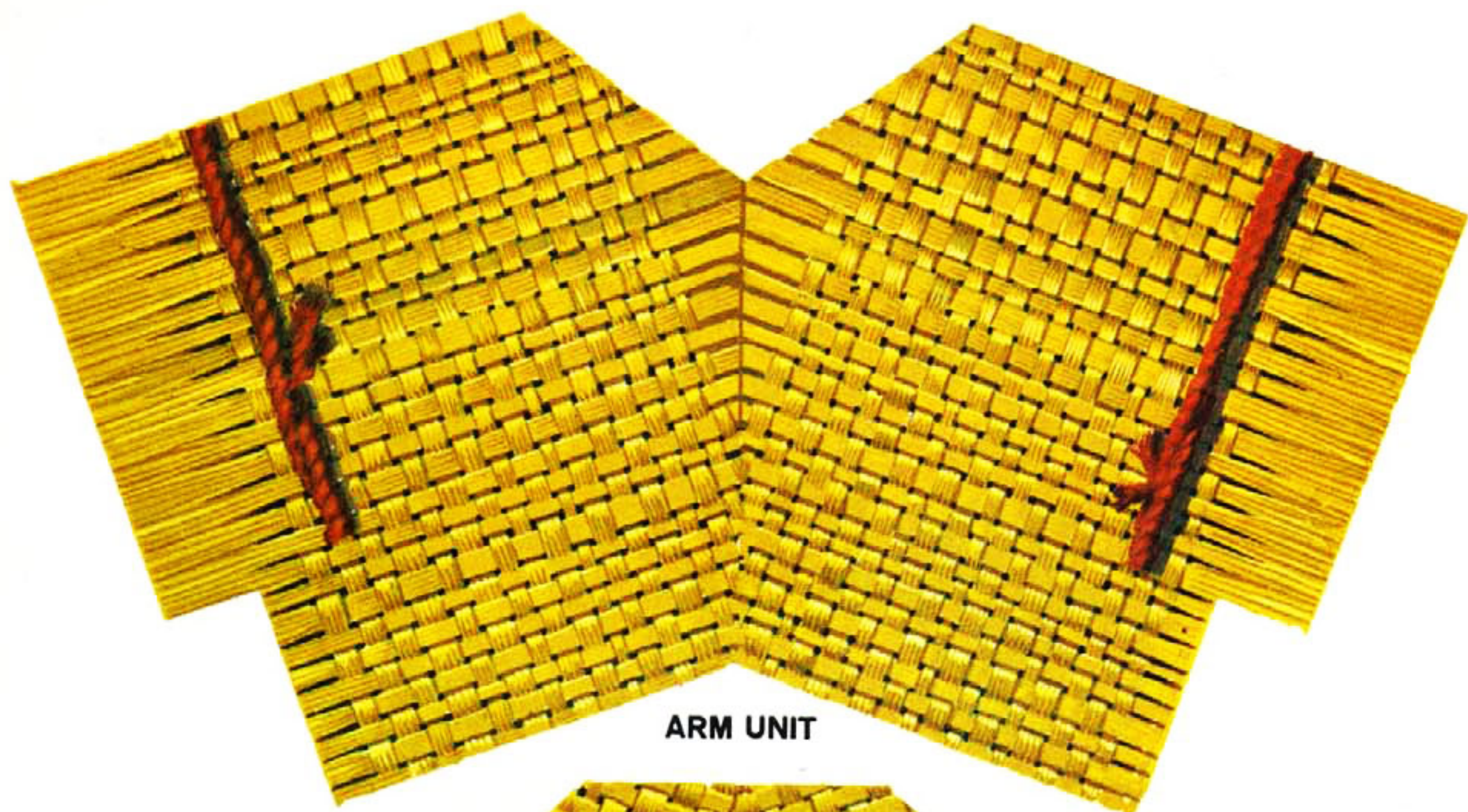


BODY UNIT

DESIGNED & EXECUTED
BY PAUL NONNAST



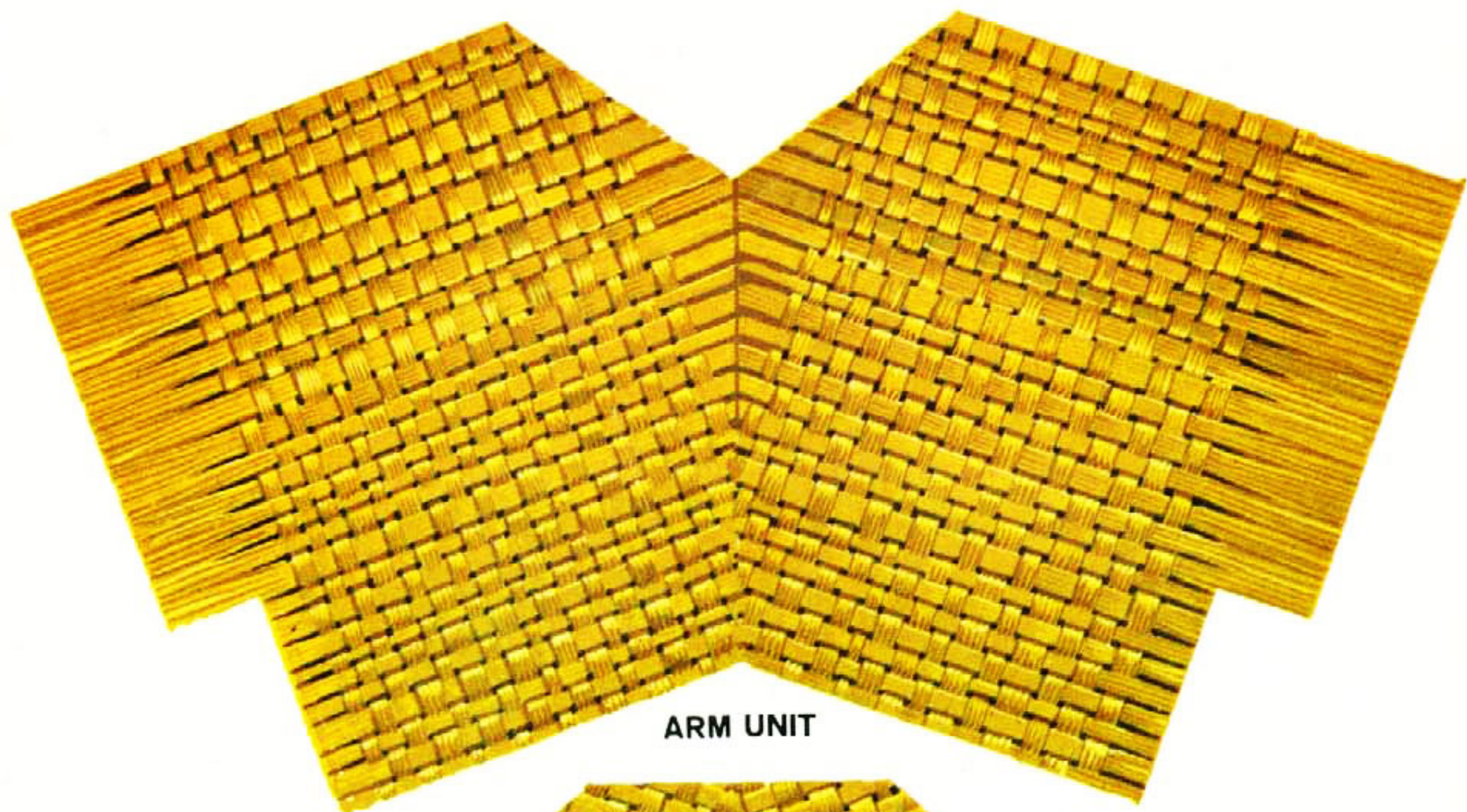
BODY UNIT



ARM UNIT



LEG UNIT



ARM UNIT



LEG UNIT

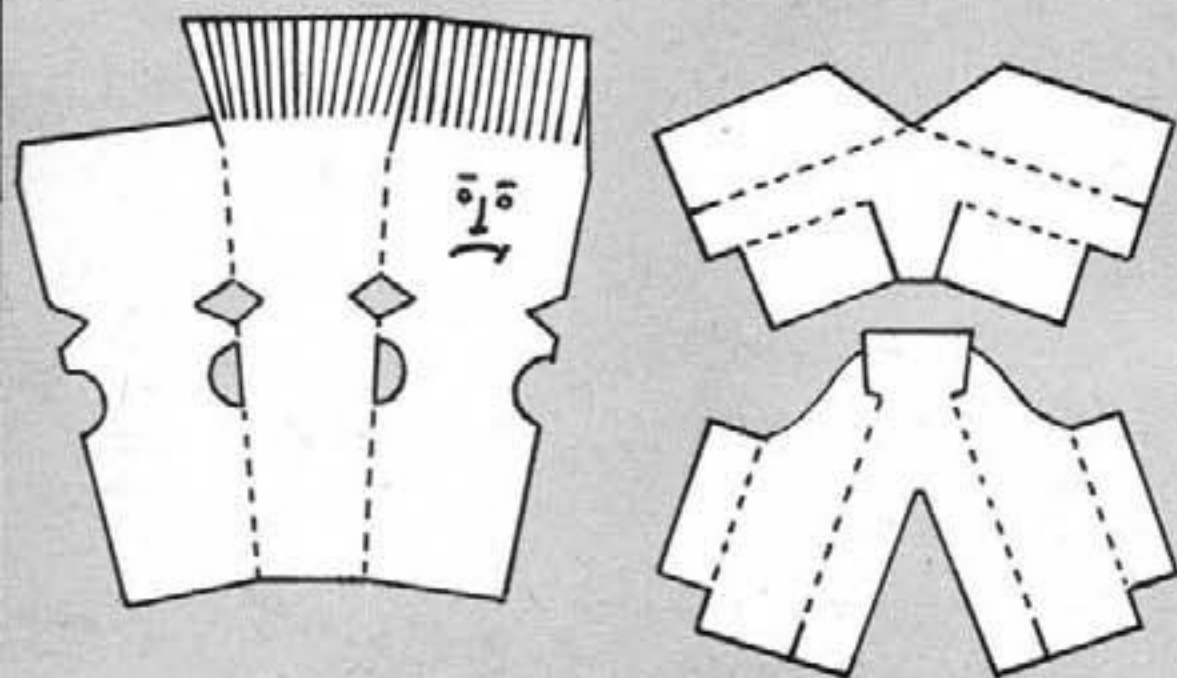
PIN-LABELS for SPELL-CASTING WITH YOUR MAD VOODOO DOLL

(WAIT! MAKE SURE YOU FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING YOUR MAD VOODOO DOLL,
WHICH ARE PRINTED ON REVERSE SIDE OF THIS PAGE, BEFORE YOU CUT IT UP, IDIOT!!)

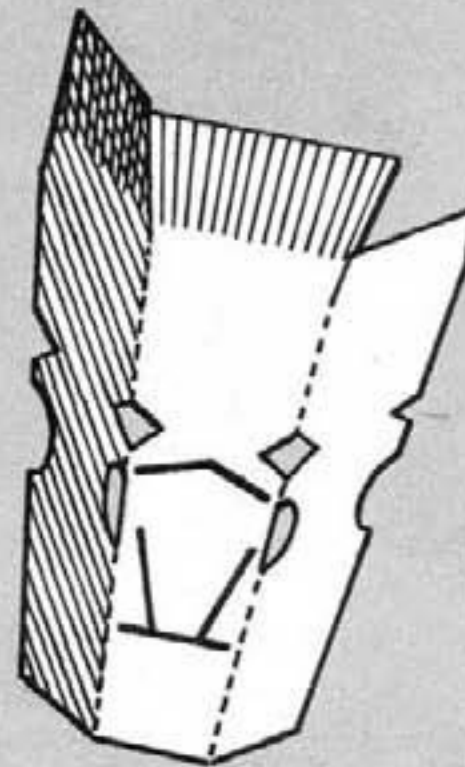
MY WIFE	MY HUSBAND	MY SON	MY DAUGHTER
MOM	DAD	BROTHER	SISTER
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW	MY FATHER-IN-LAW	MY BROTHER-IN-LAW	MY SISTER-IN-LAW
MY WIFE'S LOVER	MY HUSBAND'S MISTRESS	MY SON'S GIRLFRIEND	MY DAUGHTER'S BOYFRIEND
MOM'S BOYFRIEND	DAD'S GIRLFRIEND	BROTHER'S GIRLFRIEND	SISTER'S BOYFRIEND
MY GIRLFRIEND	MY BOYFRIEND	MY BROTHER'S FRIEND	MY SISTER'S FRIEND
MY HAIRDRESSER	MY BOSS	MY LOCAL DRAFTBOARD	THE FUZZ
MY NEIGHBOR	MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG	NARCS	DEMOCRATS
MY MAILMAN	MY GARBAGEMAN	MY MILKMAN	MY TV REPAIRMAN
MY LANDLORD	MY GARAGE MECHANIC	MY PAPER BOY	MY BOOKIE
EVERYBODY OVER 30	EVERYBODY UNDER 30	EVERYBODY OVER 9	EVERYBODY
MY DOCTOR	MY DENTIST	MY ORTHODONTIST	MY PIANO TEACHER
UNCLE..... fill in name	AUNT..... fill in name	COUSIN..... fill in name	YOU KNOW WHO!
PRESIDENT..... fill in name	GOVERNOR..... fill in name	MAYOR..... fill in name	SPIRO..... you know who
HAWKS	DOVES	REPUBLICANS	EFFETE SNOBS
LEFT-WINGERS	RIGHT-WINGERS	BLEEDING-HEART LIBERALS	BIGOTS
MY TEACHER	MY PRINCIPAL	THE DEAN	OUR COACH
MY PSYCHIATRIST	MY GRADE ADVISOR	MY TUTOR	CHICKEN DELIGHT
THE ESTABLISHMENT	SOUTHERNERS	CENSORS	THE STAFF OF MAD

DIRECTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING VOODOO DOLL

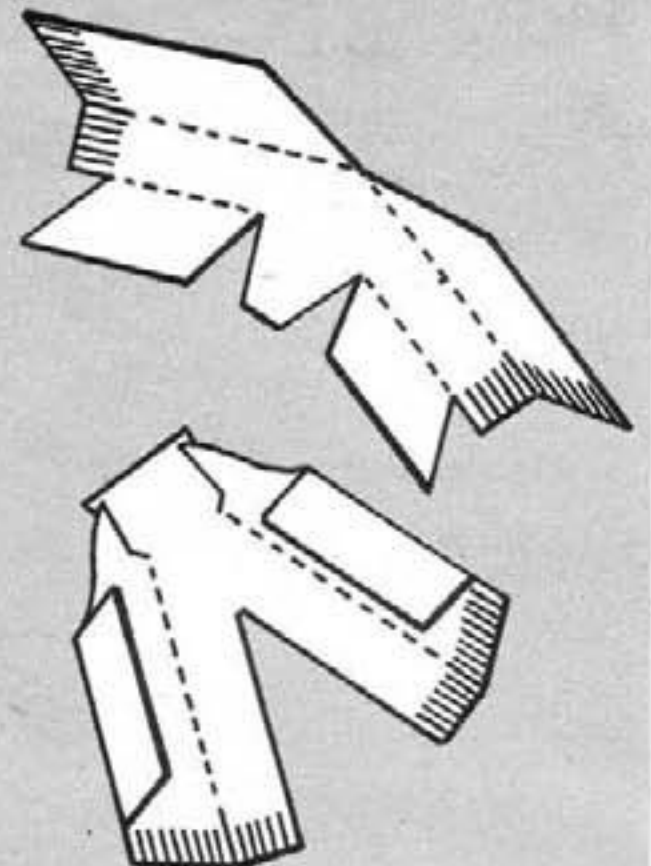
Remove the three main units of your MAD Voodoo Doll from magazine by carefully pressing them free along die-cuts. Punch out arm holes and neck notch holes from "Body Unit".



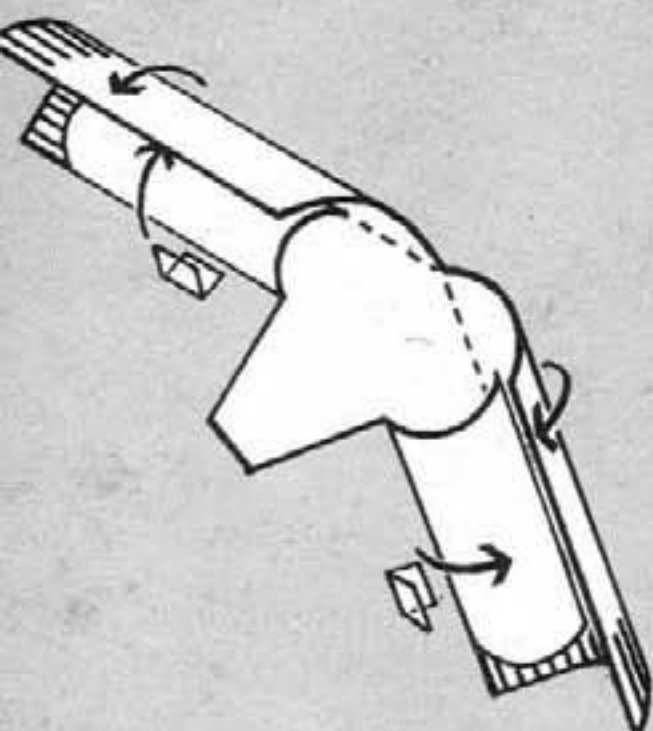
Bend two sides of "Body Unit" up along score lines as shown. Make these folds straight and sharp! Open up again to await insertion of arms and legs.



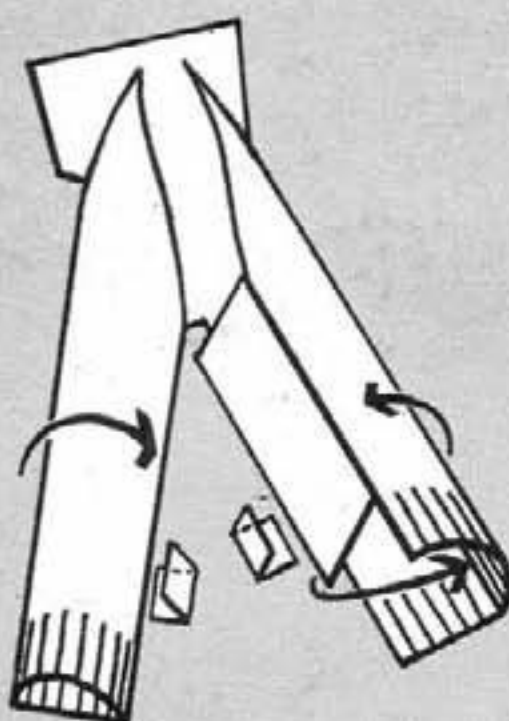
Bend parts of "Arms Unit" and "Legs Unit" along score lines. Fold these sharp and straight.



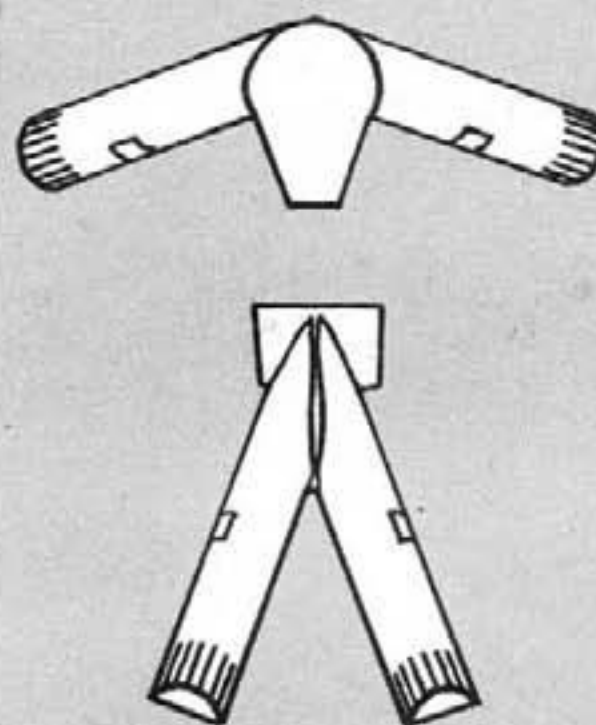
Arch smaller sections of arms into folds of larger opposite sections as shown, then arch larger sections over smaller sections. Align edges and fasten with transparent tape.



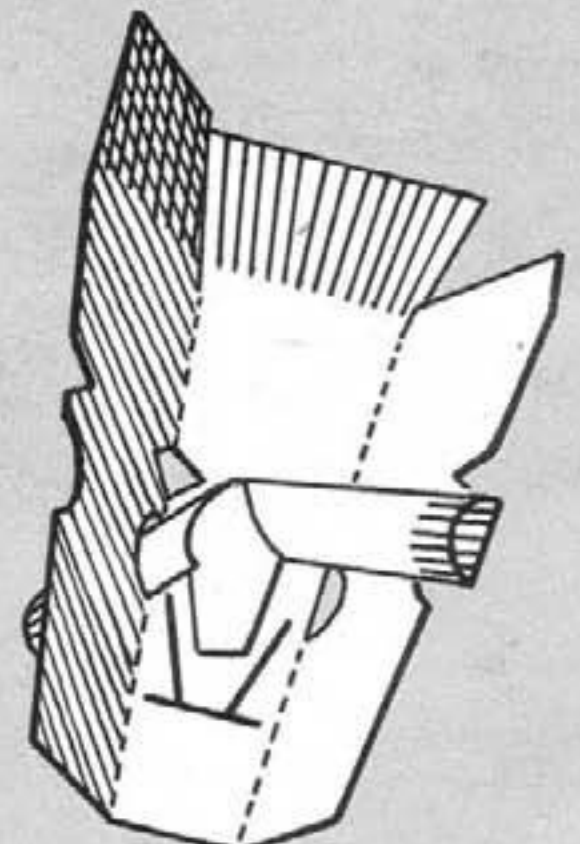
Arch outer surfaces of legs as shown. Bend smaller tabs under to fit against inner flat surfaces of legs. Align edges and fasten with tape.



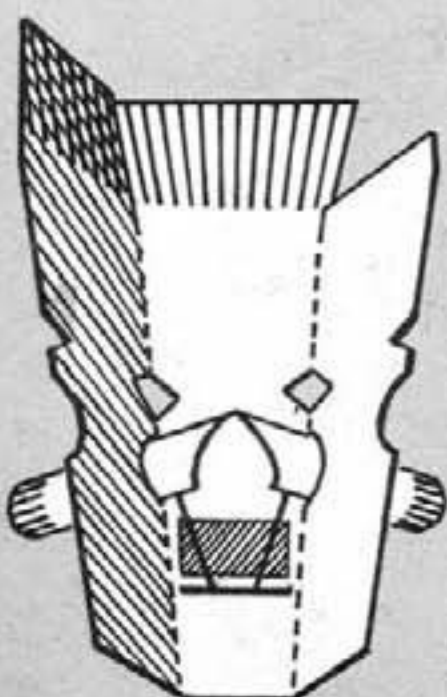
Arm and Leg Units should look like this when they are ready for insertion into Body Unit.



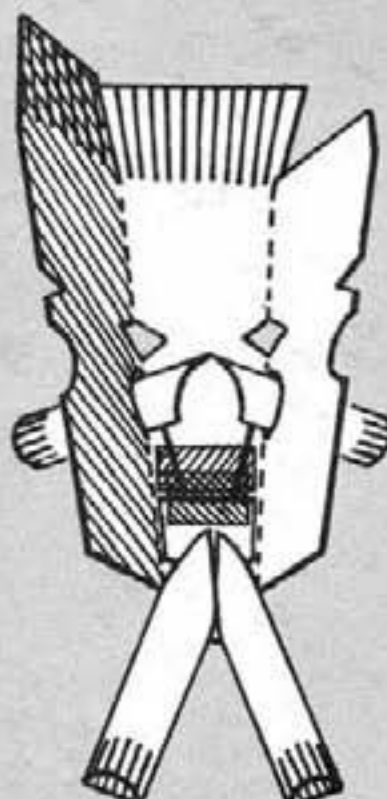
Insert left arm through left arm hole in Body Unit, then right arm through right hole.



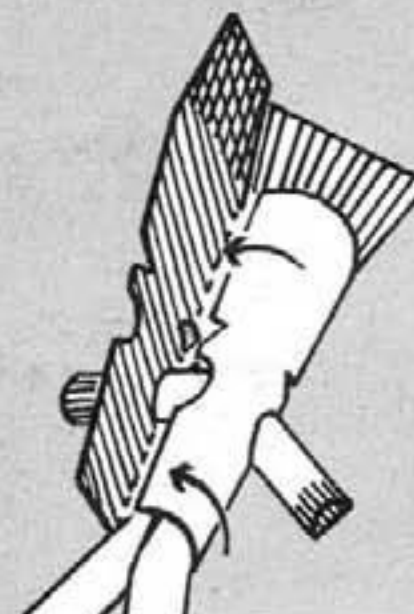
Align inserted arm assembly between "Arm Position Lines" printed on inside of Body Unit. Attach by applying tape firmly to area shown above.



Align leg assembly with "Leg Position Line" printed on inside of Body Unit. Apply tape firmly to area shown.



Arch smaller section of the "Body Unit" to fit snugly into the inside crease of the larger outside section.

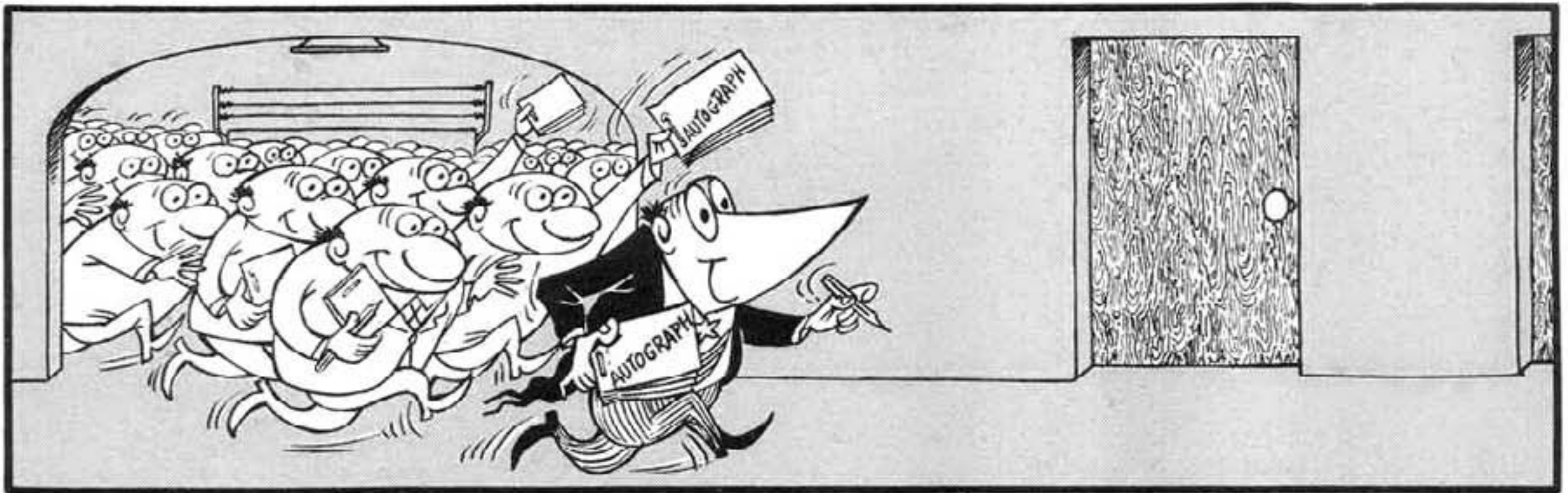
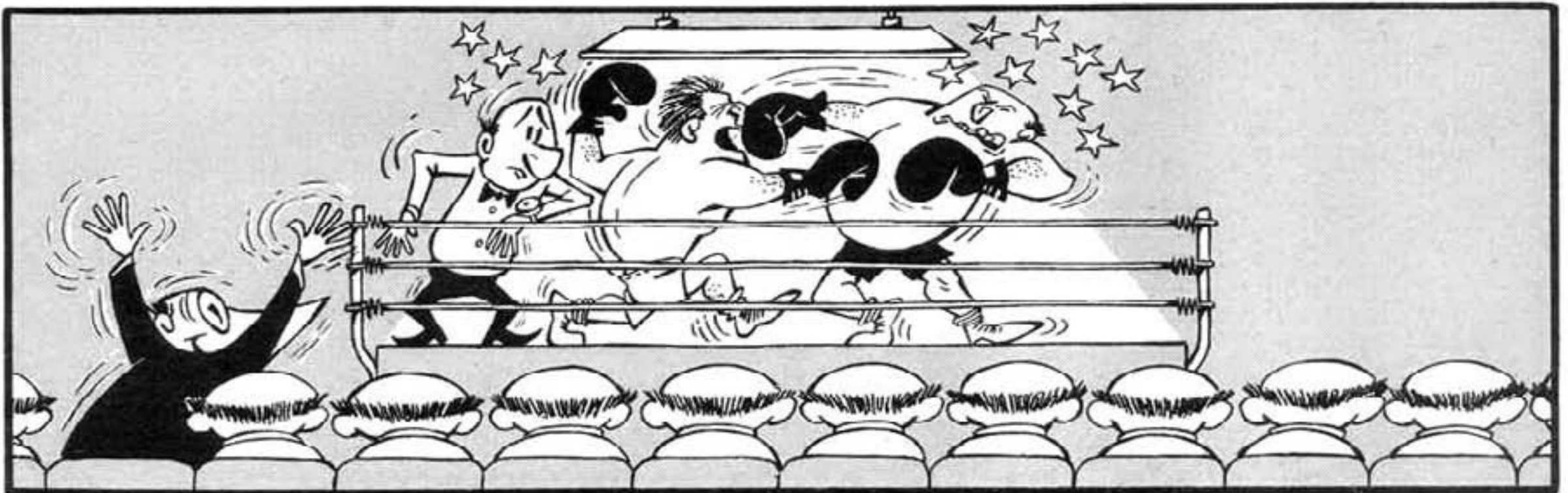


Arch larger outer section of "Body Unit" over inner section to align with the opposite edge and fasten with tape in a few spots.



Complete MAD Voodoo doll by cutting the fringes along the top of the head and the ends of both arms and legs. Fray fringes by bending and curling them in random directions.

THE DIPLOMAT



KEY-PUNCH AND JUDY DEPT.

Nobody really enjoys the long grind of associations that begin with obnoxious playmates and end up with sickening pall-bearers! So, if the modern miracle of "Computer Dating" and "Computer-Match-Making" can instantly find you the perfect partner for love and marriage, why

couldn't it just as easily pair you up with compatible people in other areas of your life? Then we could all look forward to a glorious future of cradle-to-grave questionnairing like these MAD examples, designed to team us up with an endless procession of compatible partners

WHEN COMPUTER MATCH-MAKING TAKES OVER COMPLETELY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

PICK-A-ROOMIE SERVICE

You're not the only weirdo on campus, so let our IBM Computer find the other one for you to move in with!

All information given on this questionnaire will be held in strict confidence. Besides, the University Administration and the Local Police have enough on you in their files so they can put the finger on you whenever they feel like it.

PERSONAL HABITS

- A. Could you stand to live with the type of roommate who piled his clothes on your bed, twanged a guitar until 2 A.M. and only changed his socks once a month? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- B. What other types do you think there are? ☐ YES ☐ NO

RACIAL & RELIGIOUS ATTITUDES

- C. Would you accept a member of a minority group as a roommate? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- D. Since rich sorority girls constitute a minority group, would you care to change your answer to the previous question? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- E. If you were assigned a Black Militant roommate who had vowed to "Get the Honkies", would you be tolerant enough to listen to his grievances before he killed you? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- F. Are you so enlightened that you would welcome a roommate of any faith, assuming that his religion didn't require him to do anything noisy while you were trying to sleep? ☐ YES ☐ NO

EXTRA-CURRICULAR INTERESTS

- G. Do you spend most of your free time making ruffled curtains for your dormitory room to give it a homey look? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- H. Is your bulletin board filled with a collection of old ballet programs? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- I. Do you usually stay at the Dorm Saturday night baking fudge brownies to serve to the other guys when they get in from their dates? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- J. If the answer to any of the above questions is "yes", is it any wonder you've already lost eight roommates this semester? ☐ YES ☐ NO

GENERAL COMPATIBILITY

- K. Would you find it difficult to adjust if you learned that your new roommate had a wife and 3 children who were planning to move in with you? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- L. Do you tend to grow impatient with roommates who take over your half of the closet to store their equipment for printing counterfeit money? ☐ YES ☐ NO
- M. Are you annoyed by a roomie who keeps unplugging your study lamp so he can hook up his hot plate and boil cabbage? ☐ YES ☐ NO

TWO FOR TEE, INC.

"Helping you spend a lifetime on the Golf Course with a perfect partner"

Please answer all of the questions as accurately and as truthfully as you are capable of doing—since our computer has already been programmed to cheat, giving you a better score than you deserve.

1. Are you some kind of religious fanatic whose church activities would prevent you from squeezing in more than 36 holes on Sunday? ☐ YES ☐ NO
2. Don't you agree that a flubbed tee shot, five whacks on the fairway and three putts constitute a par four? ☐ YES ☐ NO
3. Would you willingly concede your partner a six-inch putt? ☐ YES ☐ NO
4. Would you willingly concede your partner a ten-foot putt? ☐ YES ☐ NO
5. So how about conceding a 140-yard chip shot through the trees, over a creek and between two sand traps? ☐ YES ☐ NO
6. Do you ever suggest having a drink at the clubhouse after the 18th hole or are you too stoned by then to think about it? ☐ YES ☐ NO
7. Could you tolerate a golfing partner who spends so much time away from the course that he can still recognize his children? ☐ YES ☐ NO
8. Add the following quickly and write down the first total that comes to mind: $57 + 52 =$ ☐ YES ☐ NO
9. On Question 8, reconsider and see if you don't agree that 84 was the first figure that should have come to mind. ☐ YES ☐ NO
10. Would you consider teaming up with a Doctor if he promised not to accept any emergency calls until next Winter? ☐ YES ☐ NO
11. Could you accept a minister as a partner, assuming his profanity following muffed shots was at least as colorful as your own? ☐ YES ☐ NO
12. How about a gorgeous blonde if she vowed not to make passes at you while you were putting? ☐ YES ☐ NO

FIND A FRIEND SERVICE

"A lonely childhood leads to adult neurosis. Let us help you find a playmate before it's too late!"

We know you're only a dumb little kid who can't even read or write very well. But you'd better shape up fast and learn how to fill out this questionnaire, or you're going to wind up in a big, cold building with bars on the windows where there are nasty men in white coats who hit you a lot.

PEER GROUP ATTITUDES

1. Do you avoid playing hide-and-go-seek for fear the other kids will all move out of town to make sure you never find them? ☐ YES ☐ NO
2. If your best friend ate all your Silly Putty just to show off, would you strangle his kitten to get even? ☐ YES ☐ NO
3. When you try to get your own way by threatening to hold your breath 'til you die, do the other kids encourage you to do it? ☐ YES ☐ NO
4. Do you doubt your masculinity because you have to pay protection money to your little sister to keep her from beating you up? ☐ YES ☐ NO

QUIRKS AND PHOBIAS

5. Would you reject a member of a minority group as a playmate because you're convinced you'd catch what he's got? ☐ YES ☐ NO
6. Do you insist on playing at your house because you're sure that other peoples' plumbing fixtures are all specially designed to flush you away? ☐ YES ☐ NO
7. If a playmate shouts, "Bang! You're dead," do you lie down and stay there until a doctor examines you to find out for sure? ☐ YES ☐ NO

PLAYMATE PREFERENCES

8. Would your first preference be an imaginary friend because you find that type easier to dominate? ☐ YES ☐ NO
9. Could you tolerate a policeman's son even though you're positive his old man will throw you in a dungeon for life if you misbehave? ☐ YES ☐ NO
10. If called upon, would you be willing to go to school naked to prove yourself worthy of the class bully's friendship? ☐ YES ☐ NO
11. Would you be afraid to disobey a Catholic playmate because you don't want to get in bad with God? ☐ YES ☐ NO

GENERAL

12. Considering your answers to the above questions, don't you think it would be better if you just stayed home alone and stopped bugging people? ☐ YES ☐ NO

Nearby Neighbor Placements

"Filling that bungalow next door with more than 16,000 compatible folks since 1968!"

WARNING: THIS SCIENTIFICALLY CONCEIVED QUESTIONNAIRE IS DESIGNED TO HELP YOU FIND NEW NEIGHBORS WITH PERSONALITIES AND INTERESTS SIMILAR TO YOUR OWN. MAKING ROOM FOR THEM BY GETTING RID OF THE CLODS THAT LIVE NEXT DOOR NOW IS YOUR PROBLEM.

1. Please list all equipment such as lawn mowers, mulch spreaders, bulldozers, etc., which you would require a new neighbor to buy in order for you to borrow. ☐ YES ☐ NO
2. Would you welcome a neighbor whose membership in the Minute Men made it necessary for him to take pot shots at your children to keep in practice? ☐ YES ☐ NO
3. How about an elderly gentleman next door with a funny little mustache who only spoke German and had Argentine license plates on his car? ☐ YES ☐ NO
4. Well, then, would you dig a chap who always wore a black opera cape and spent his evenings up on the roof howling at the moon? ☐ YES ☐ NO
5. So what do you want next door? You can't borrow ice cubes from a vacant lot, you know! ☐ YES ☐ NO
6. Would it drive you out of your mind to have a beautiful girl next door who never pulled her shades up quite far enough or down quite far enough? ☐ YES ☐ NO
7. Could you get chummy with a neighbor whose family kept getting smaller and who did a lot of digging in his yard at night? ☐ YES ☐ NO
8. Don't you hate nosy neighbors who insist on knowing why you keep a dead horse in your back yard? ☐ YES ☐ NO
9. Are you irked by ungrateful neighbors who never thank you for moving your dead horse to their back yard? ☐ YES ☐ NO
10. Would you bother a neighbor to complain about his destructive children when it would be simpler just to throw poisoned candy over the fence? ☐ YES ☐ NO
11. Would you appreciate being protected from violence on TV by a neighbor whose ham radio station loused up your picture on all 84 channels? ☐ YES ☐ NO
12. Please list all newspapers and periodicals that you find acceptable and worth stealing off a neighbor's porch. ☐ YES ☐ NO

Compatible Cons

"If you have only one life to serve, why not serve it with a lovable cell mate?"

We realize that you are a pathological liar, but please try to answer all the questions as honestly as your twisted criminal mind will permit. Remember—you are in enough hot water already without adding "perjury" to your record!

PERSONALITY PREFERENCES

1. Do you usually hit it off well with homicidal maniacs? ☐ YES ☐ NO
2. Do you think you could be happy swapping reminiscences with a child molester for the next 15 to 20 years? ☐ YES ☐ NO
3. Would your ego be crushed if you were locked up with Rev. Ralph Abernathy, and TV reporters didn't think your story was as interesting as his? ☐ YES ☐ NO
4. Would you be annoyed if your cellmate became sullen and moody just because the governor refused to save him from the electric chair? ☐ YES ☐ NO

HOBBIES & SPORTS

5. Does gin rummy hold your interest enough to become involved in a game where the object is to score ten million points by 1985? ☐ YES ☐ NO
6. If Jimmy Hoffa were your cellmate, would you enjoy playing an occasional hand of poker in which the stakes were his \$50,000 against your life? ☐ YES ☐ NO
7. Do you still get a charge out of playing hide-and-go-seek, even when you're required to hide in a swamp and the guards are seeking you with machine guns and bloodhounds? ☐ YES ☐ NO
8. Could you relax over a quiet game of checkers with a cellmate who was sent up for crushing the skull of the last guy who beat him at checkers? ☐ YES ☐ NO

LIVING HABITS

9. Could you be happy with a cellmate who was taking bass drum lessons by mail? ☐ YES ☐ NO
10. Would a con taking a correspondence course in tarantula breeding be more your type? ☐ YES ☐ NO
11. Then how about one who's passing the time by carving a statue of General Robert E. Lee's horse out of limburger cheese? ☐ YES ☐ NO
12. What's the matter? Can't you get along with anybody? ☐ YES ☐ NO

GENERAL

13. Do you prefer teaming up with the aggressive type who is forever trying to break out or the institutionalized wretch who has forgotten what "out" is? ☐ YES ☐ NO
14. Could you possibly tolerate a nebbish who thinks he's paying his rightful debt to society and hasn't even made plans for knocking off the D.A. who sent him up? ☐ YES ☐ NO

CRONIES IN COMMERCE, INC.

"Let our computers set you up in business with another born loser!"

This service attempts to bring you together with a business partner whose experience, ambitions and interests are similar to your own. So feel free to be as dishonest and conniving as possible when you fill out this questionnaire. After all, one ethical analysis program like ours completely out of whack!

1. Would you worry if your partner accepted a huge government contract for fighter planes when the business you're operating is a pet shop? ☐ YES ☐ NO
2. Do you agree that an all-night tricycle repair shop would be a natural in a neighborhood where most similar establishments close at 5:30? ☐ YES ☐ NO
3. Would you wonder about a partner who bought a \$500,000 insurance policy from his nephew to protect your store against falling meteorites? ☐ YES ☐ NO
4. Would you admire the initiative of a partner who sought to increase profits by holding a Pre-Fire Sale? ☐ YES ☐ NO
5. Approximately how much do you plan to embezzle from the proposed firm before you leave for Brazil? ☐ YES ☐ NO
6. Would you invest in a firm to manufacture T.N.T. with a partner who was fired from his last job for being accident prone? ☐ YES ☐ NO
7. If we team you up with a loud mouth who claims he can sell ice boxes to Eskimos, would race prejudice prevent you from moving to an Eskimo neighborhood? ☐ YES ☐ NO
8. Do you lack the sense of humor to operate a mortuary with a partner who gets a bang out of wearing a funny false nose on the job? ☐ YES ☐ NO
9. Could you accept this same partner if he came up with a boffo advertising slogan such as, "5,000 stiffs planted since 1966"? ☐ YES ☐ NO
10. Would you lose sleep if your partner tried to save your failing ear muff shop in Florida by adding a line of snowshoes? ☐ YES ☐ NO
11. Don't you agree that business would pick up at a condemned tourist camp if you renamed it the Sheraton-Hilton Plaza? ☐ YES ☐ NO
12. Would you admire a man who had the business foresight to trade his Collier's Magazine agency for an Edsel franchise before it was too late? ☐ YES ☐ NO
13. Don't you think that your inability to understand any of these questions might mean that you should forget about becoming a tycoon and stick with your paper route? ☐ YES ☐ NO



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

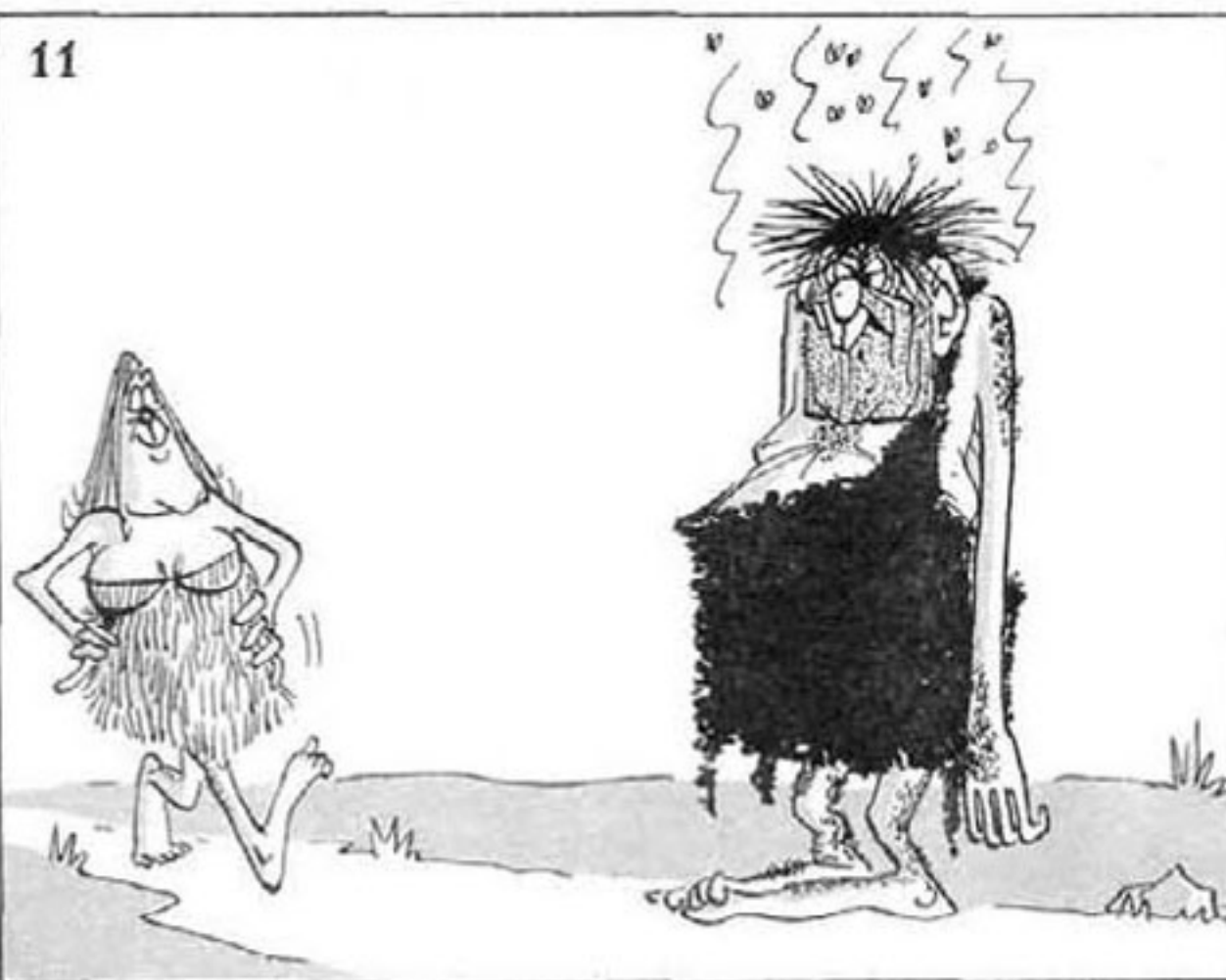
Don Martin starts off his festivities this issue by telling us about the time he pulled a big boner . . . mainly the time he visited

THE CHIROPRACTOR



MAD's maddest artist, Don Martin, who is an expert in the art of love (drawing pictures of it, that is!), now offers his idea of "romance" as practiced by ...

THE CAVEMEN



Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, who phones us regularly from Florida where he lives (demanding we send him the money we owe him for last issue), now tells us about the time he was the innocent participant in a memorable experience he calls

THE NEARSIGHTED MAN AND THE TELEPHONE



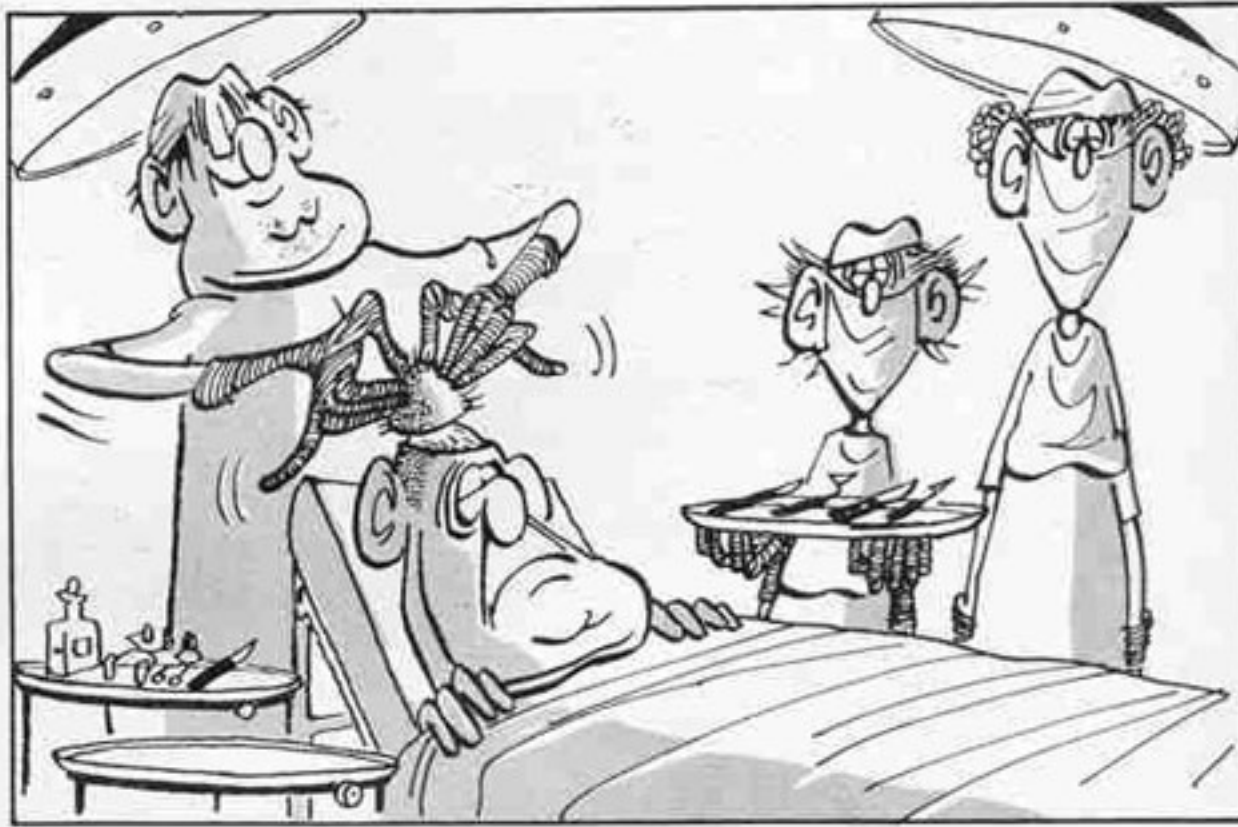
And now, Don Martin tells us a souped-up tale of his experience
In a "GREASY SPOON" Diner

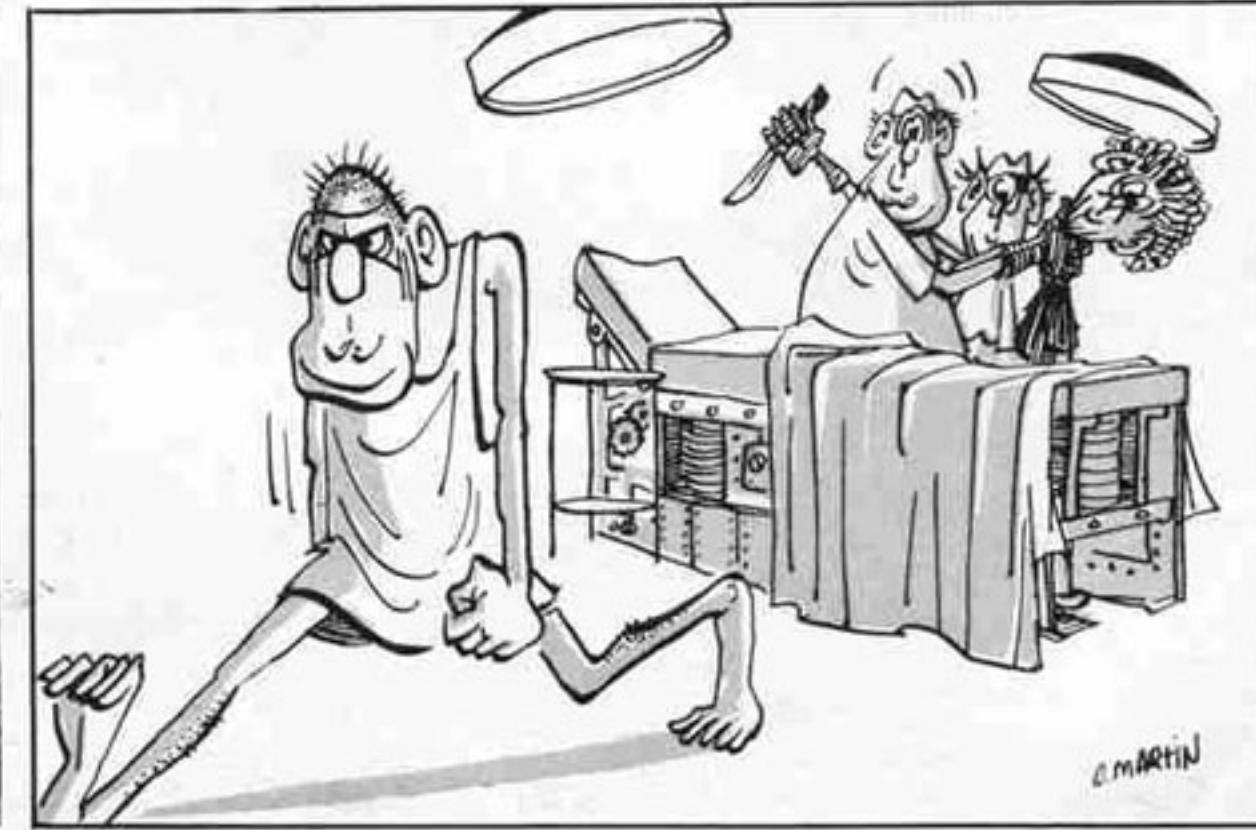




Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, has finally come up with an explanation for his unique artist talent. It all goes back to the time he underwent ...

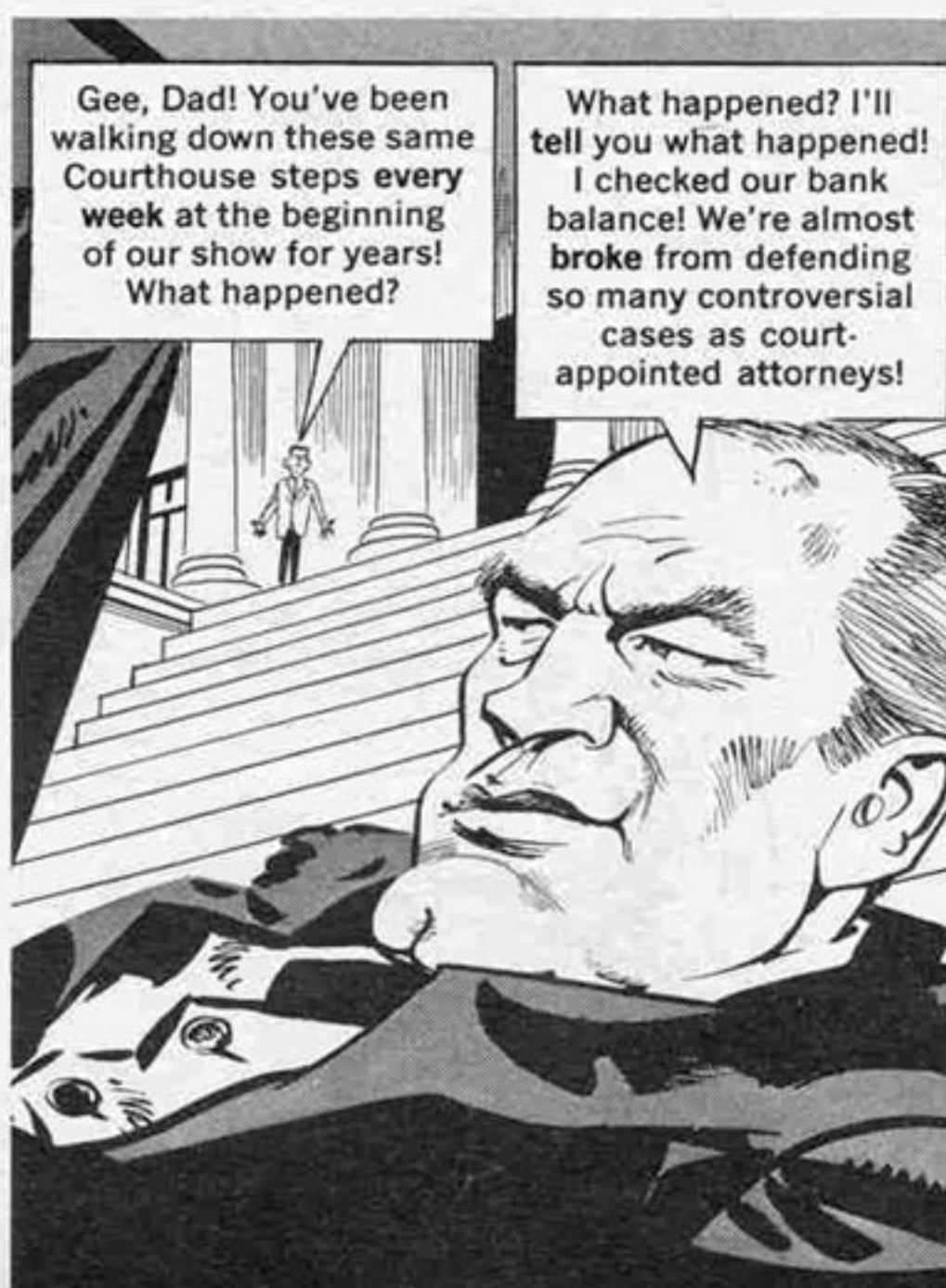
THE BRAIN OPERATION

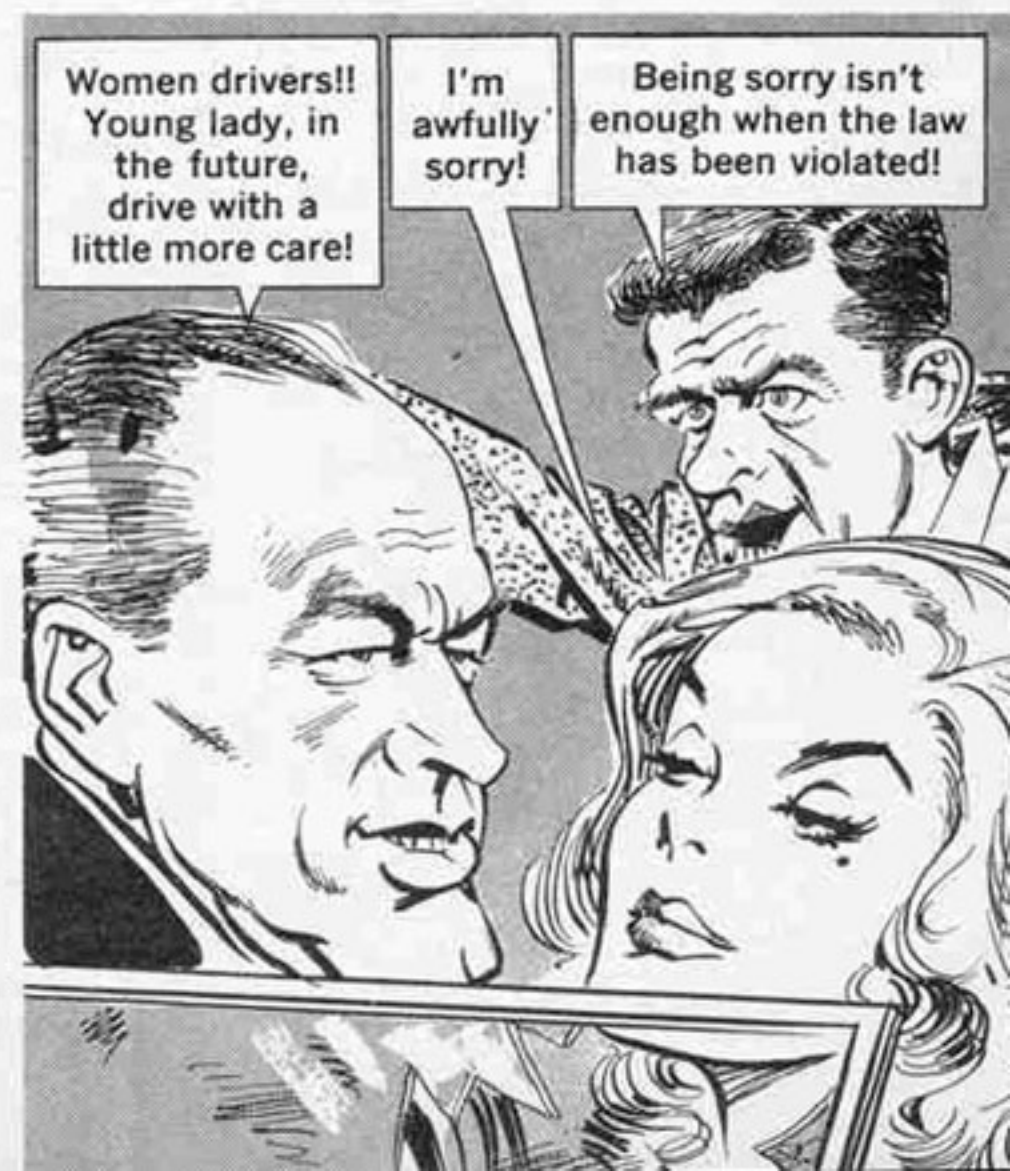
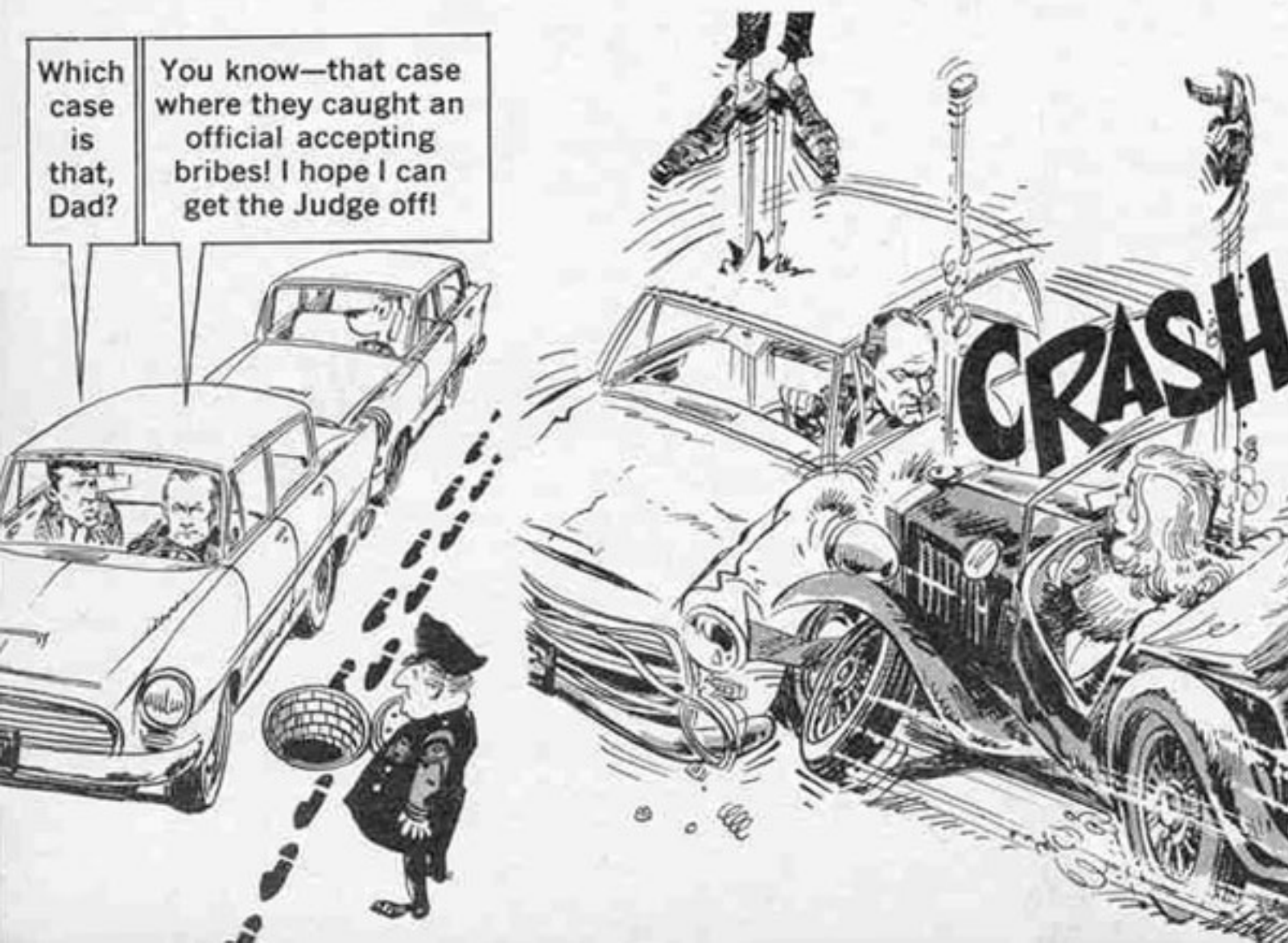
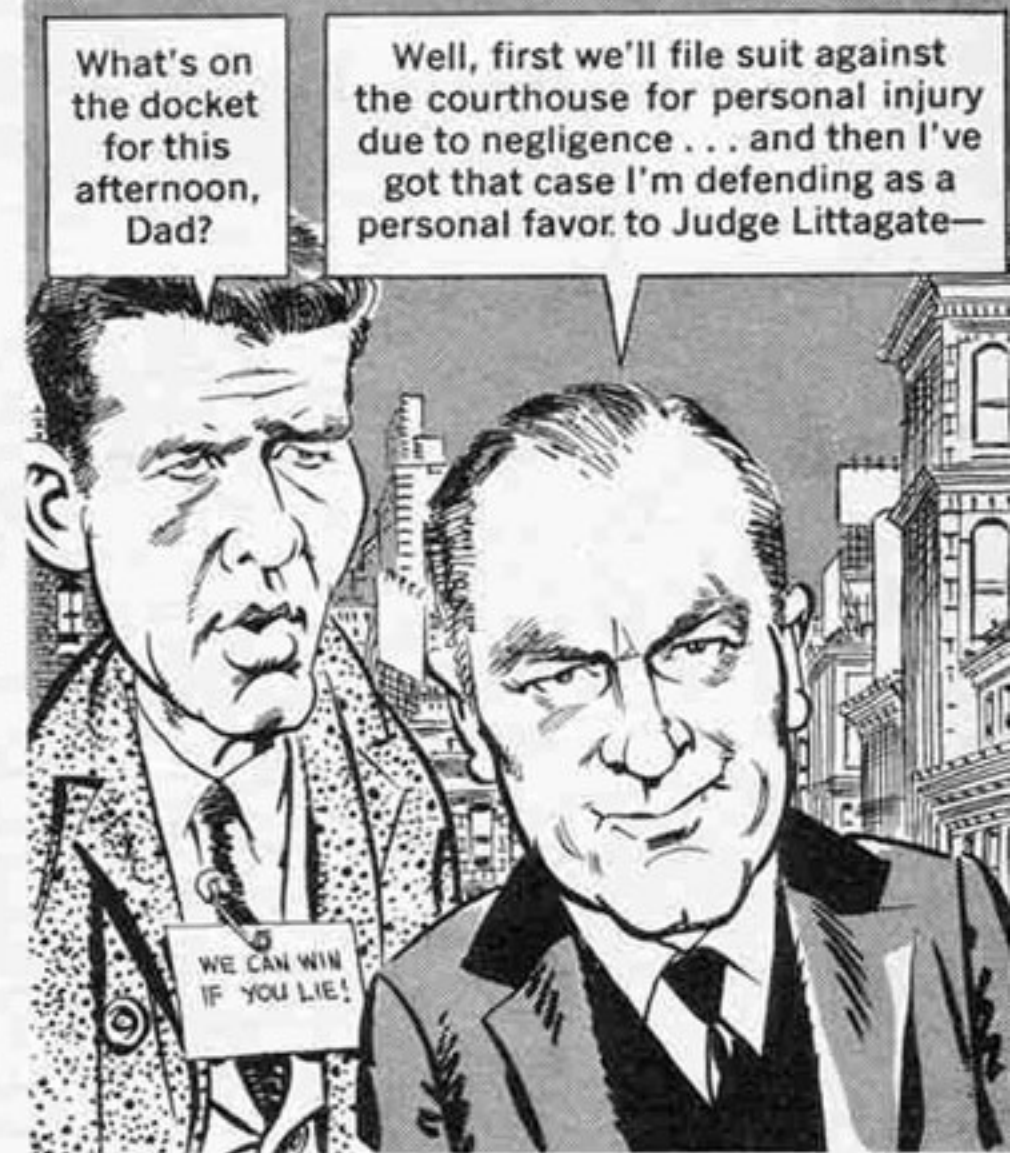
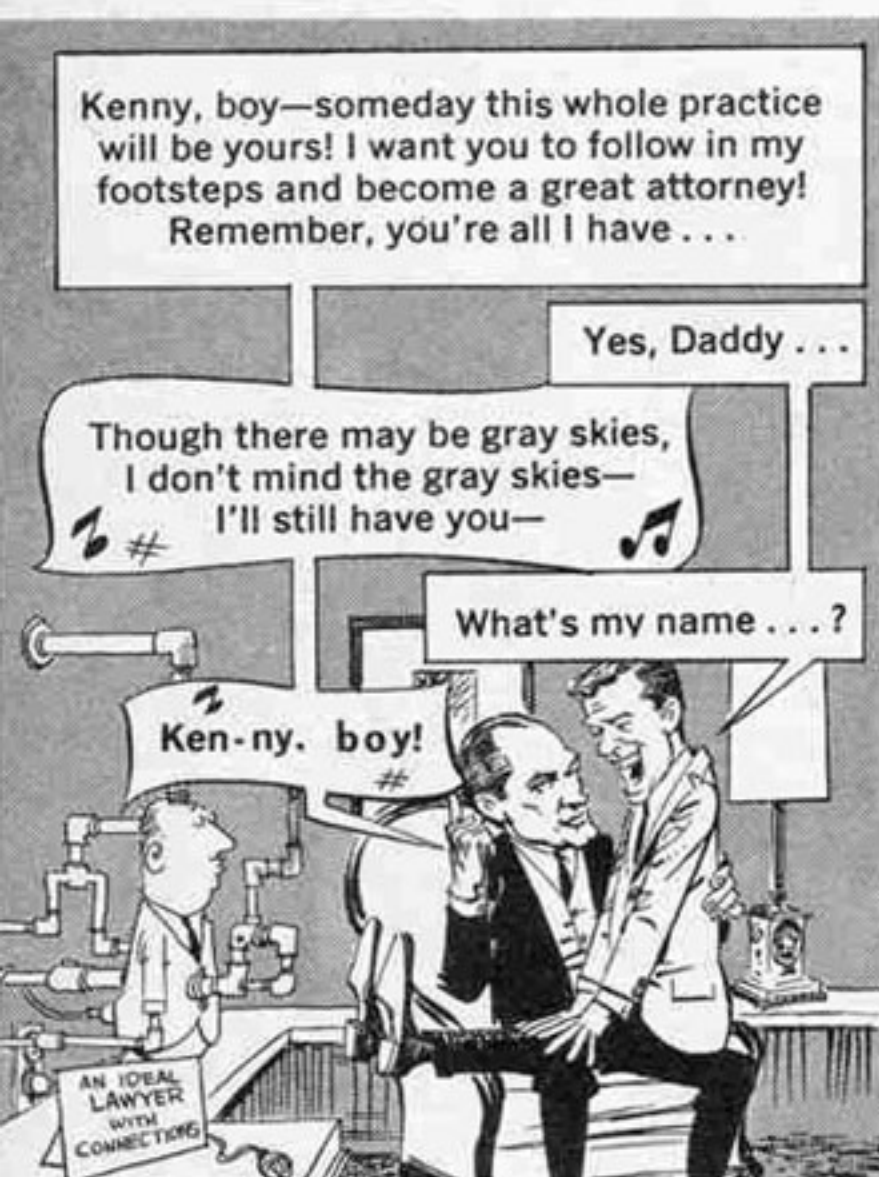


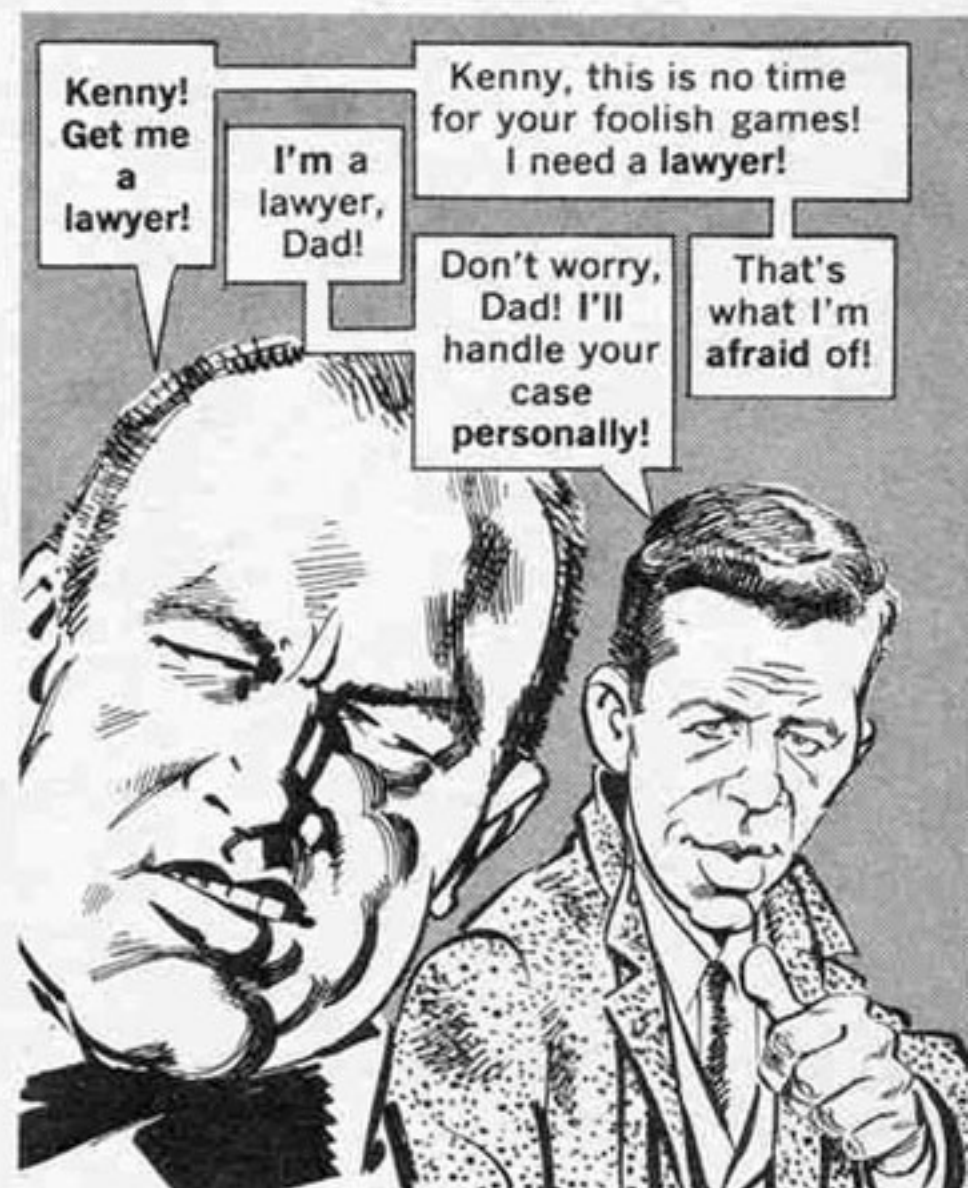
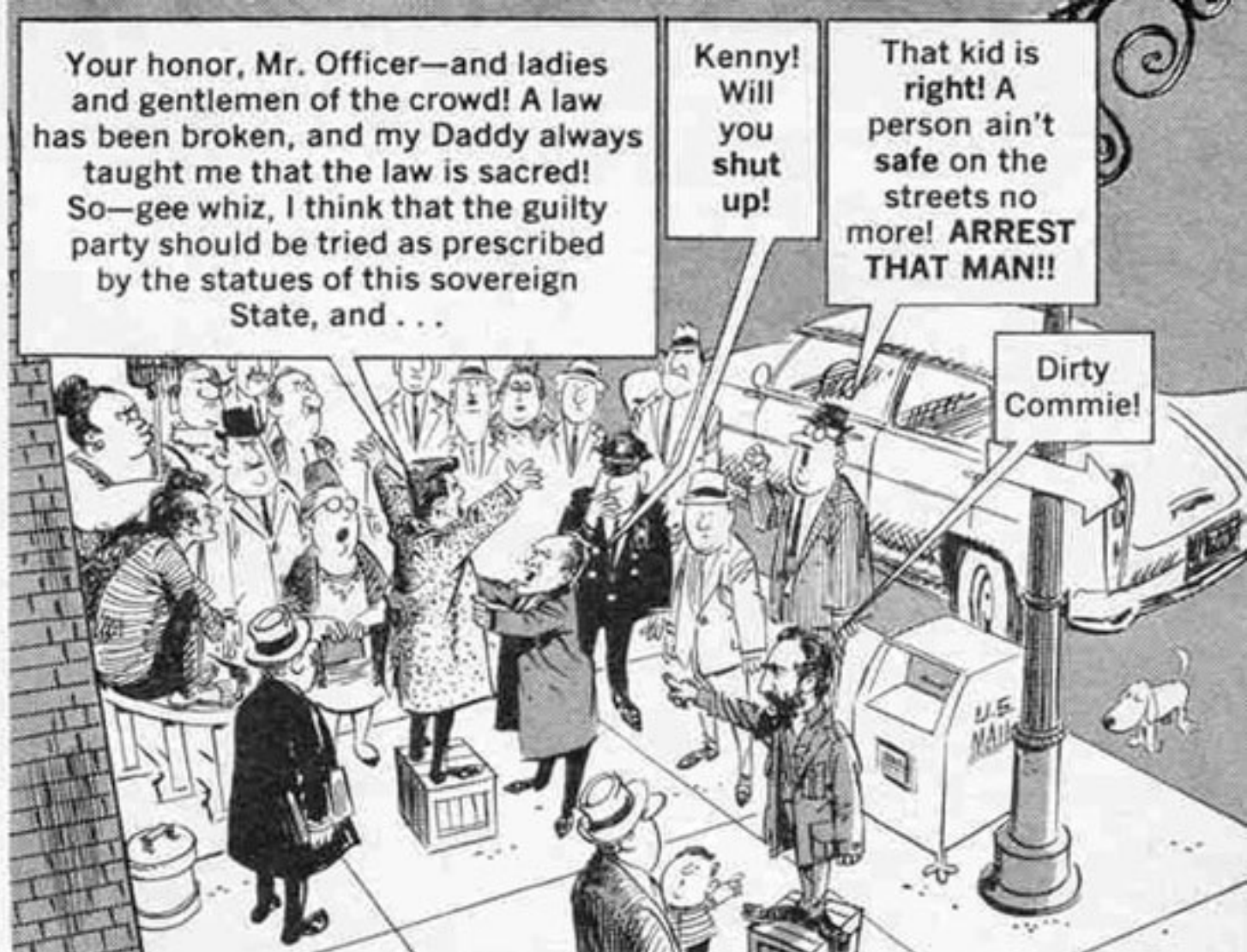


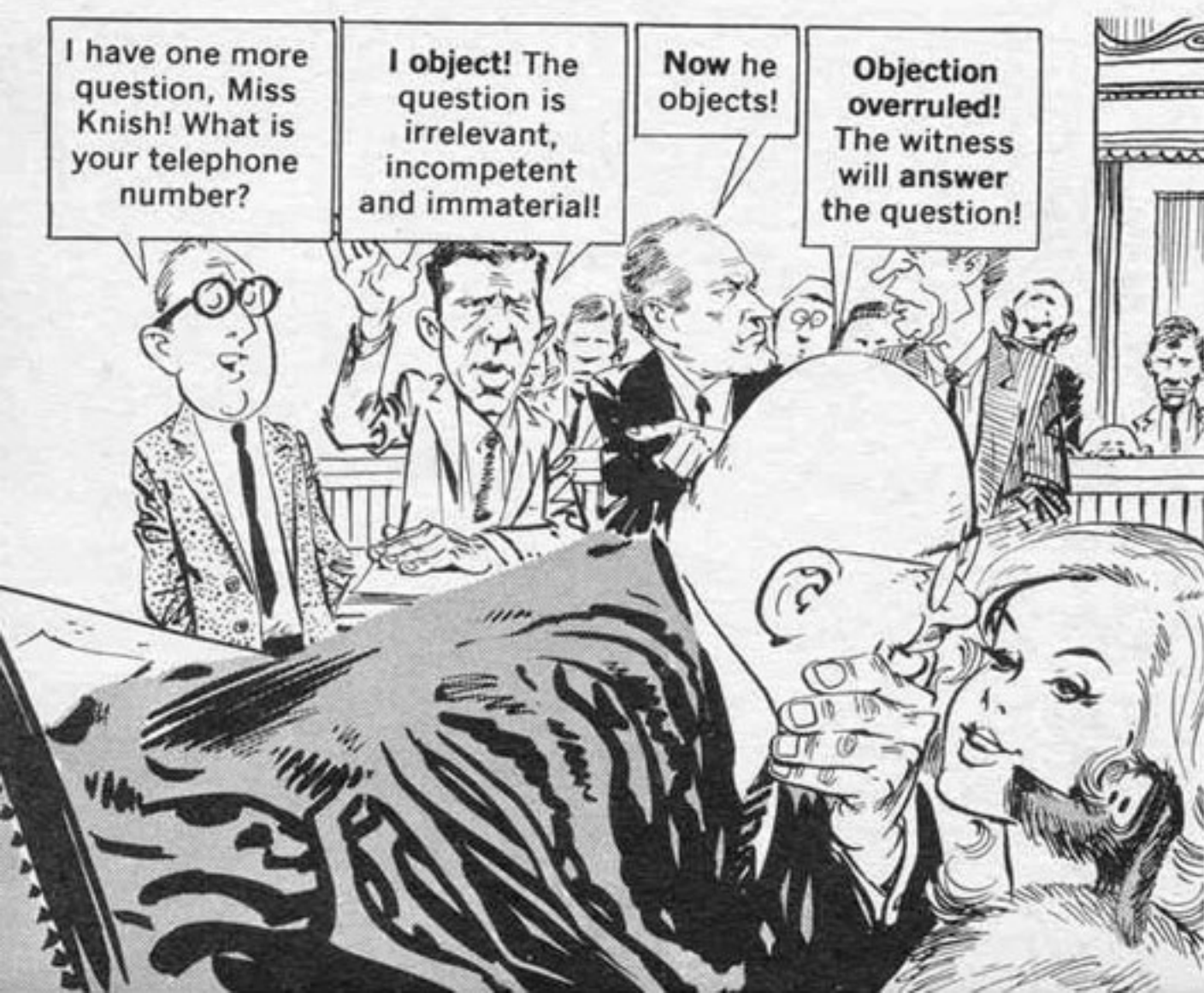
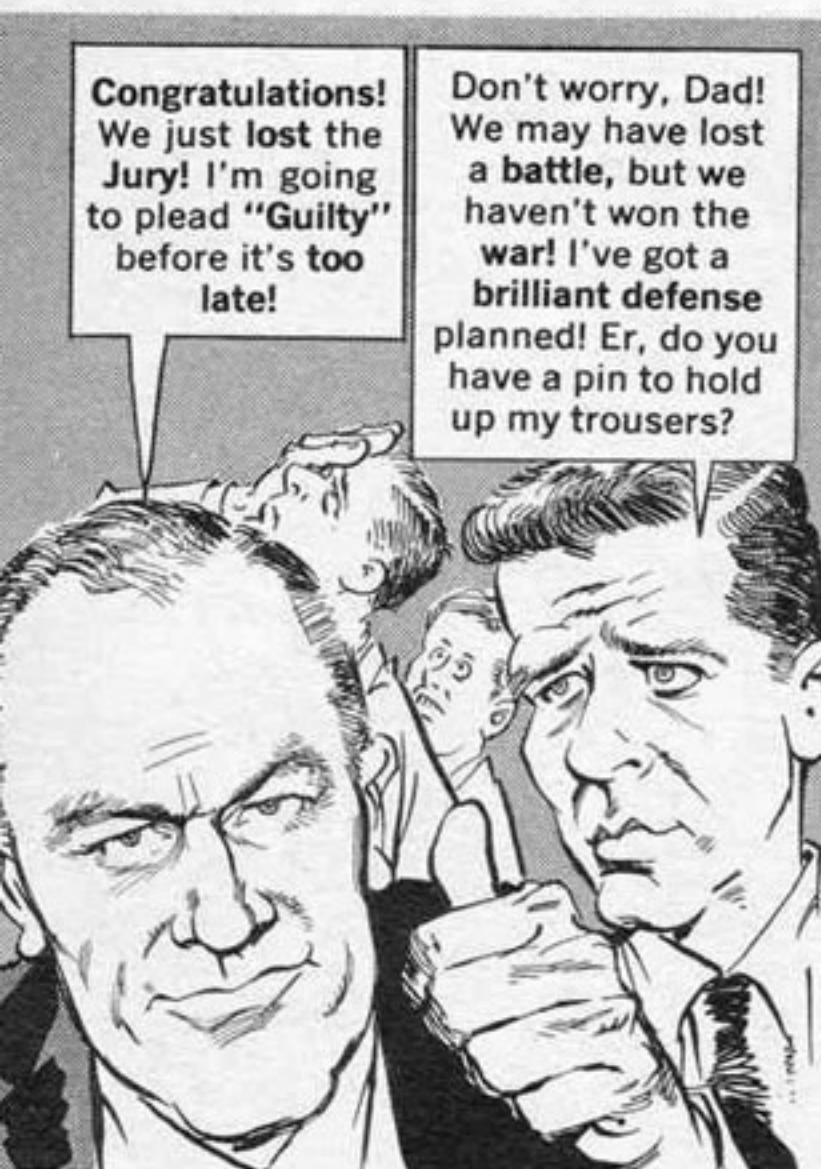
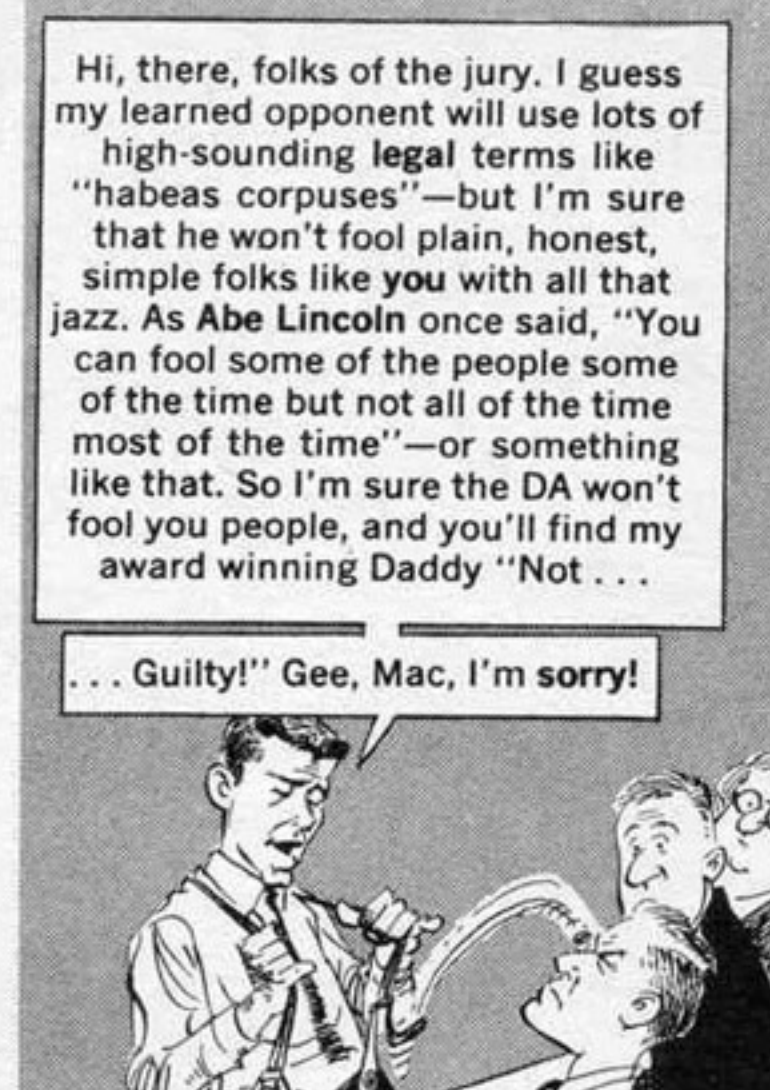
For many years, the "Lawyer Field" on television was dominated by the famous Perry "I-Never-Lose-A-Case" Mason. Then, last season, a new "Legal Eagle" came upon the scene, dragging his son along with him. This novel "TV Lawyer Team" threatened to unseat King Mason with a fantastic new approach . . . mainly that some of their clients were obviously guilty, and they actually lost a case once in a while. Here, then, is MAD's version of what looks like a new trend on TV: "Adult Lawyer Shows" — this one, a sort of legal "Father Knows Best" called . . .

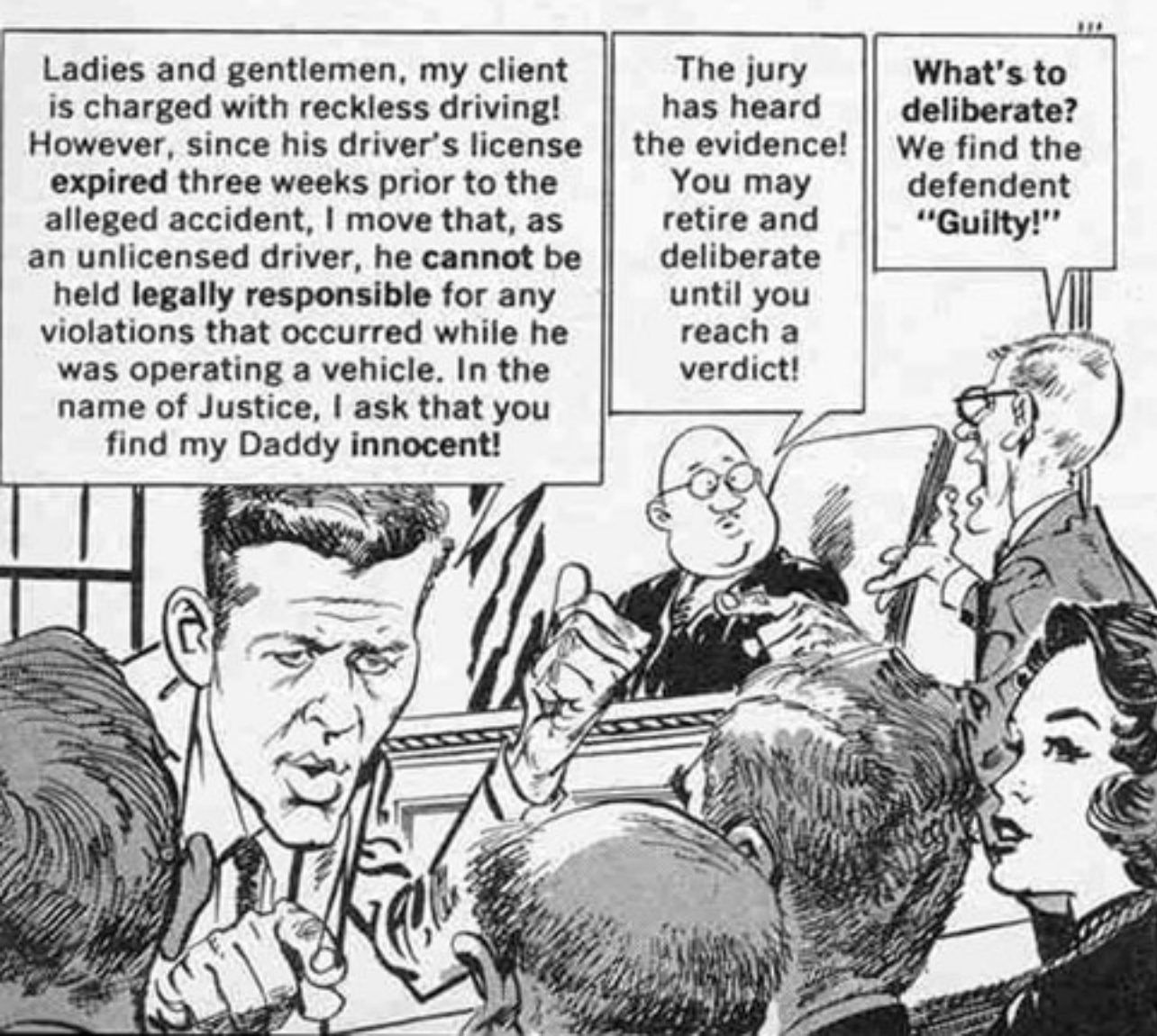
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE











TV**ADS****TELEVISION DEPT.**

Like Colgate Toothpaste has "Gardol," and Dial Soap has "AT-7"...

WE'D LIKE TO SEE**The ILL-STATE Insurance Co. Commercial**

ILL-STATE cuts the high cost of red tape!
Here's Ed Reamer to tell you about it...



Yes, friends... ILL-STATE does cut the high cost of red tape! Trouble is, we don't sell red tape! We sell insurance! Now meet Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Tsaurus, ... two of ILL-STATE's millions of customers...



When our son, Melvin, took our car out one night and drove it off a cliff, ILL-STATE was there in 40 seconds! They replaced our car with no questions asked!



That's right, Ed! And the next day, when our house burned down to the ground, ILL-STATE was there in 2 minutes! They replaced our house with no questions asked!



That's right, Ed! And when my factory blew up the following day, ILL-STATE was there in 5 minutes! And they replaced my factory with no questions asked!



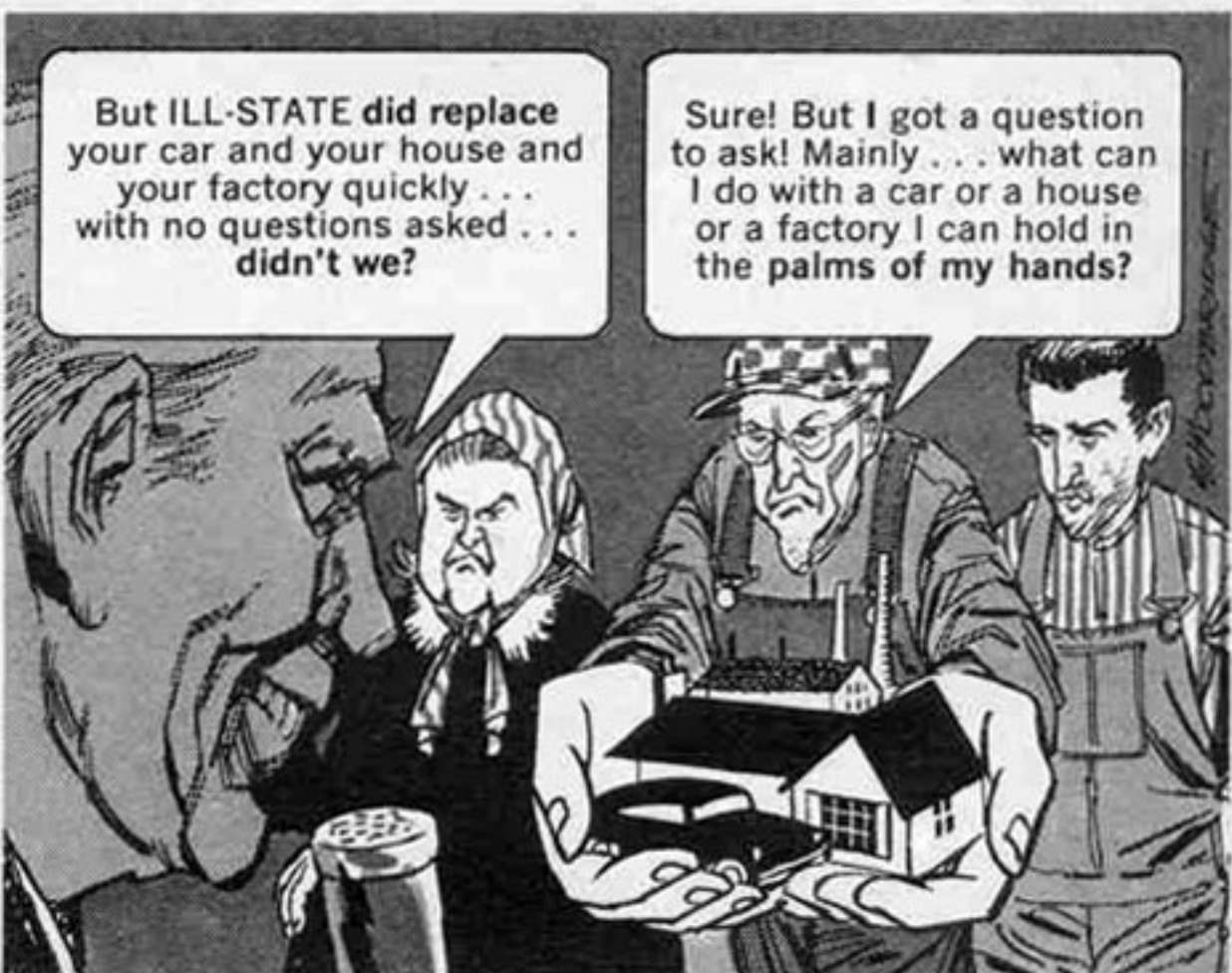
In other words, you like the speed in which ILL-STATE settles its claims! That's why you're with us! Right?

Wrong! We're with you because no other company will insure us! They say we're a jinxed family!



But ILL-STATE did replace your car and your house and your factory quickly... with no questions asked... didn't we?

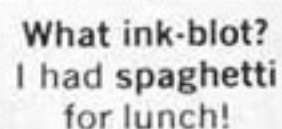
Sure! But I got a question to ask! Mainly... what can I do with a car or a house or a factory I can hold in the palms of my hands?



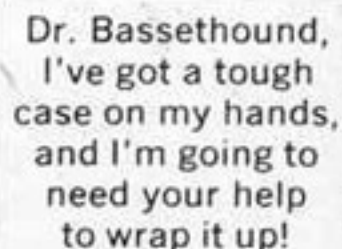
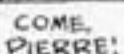
ART-GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

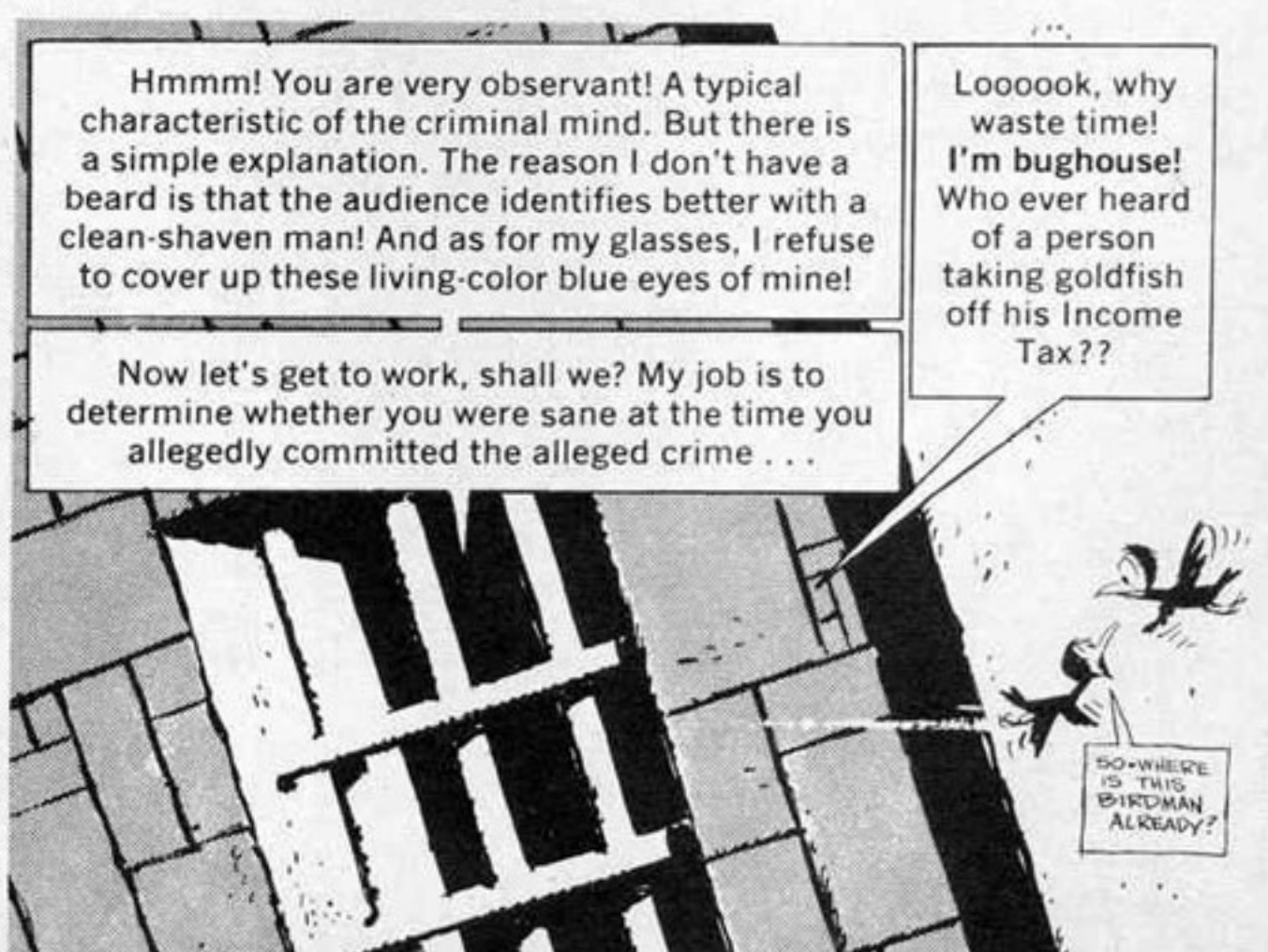
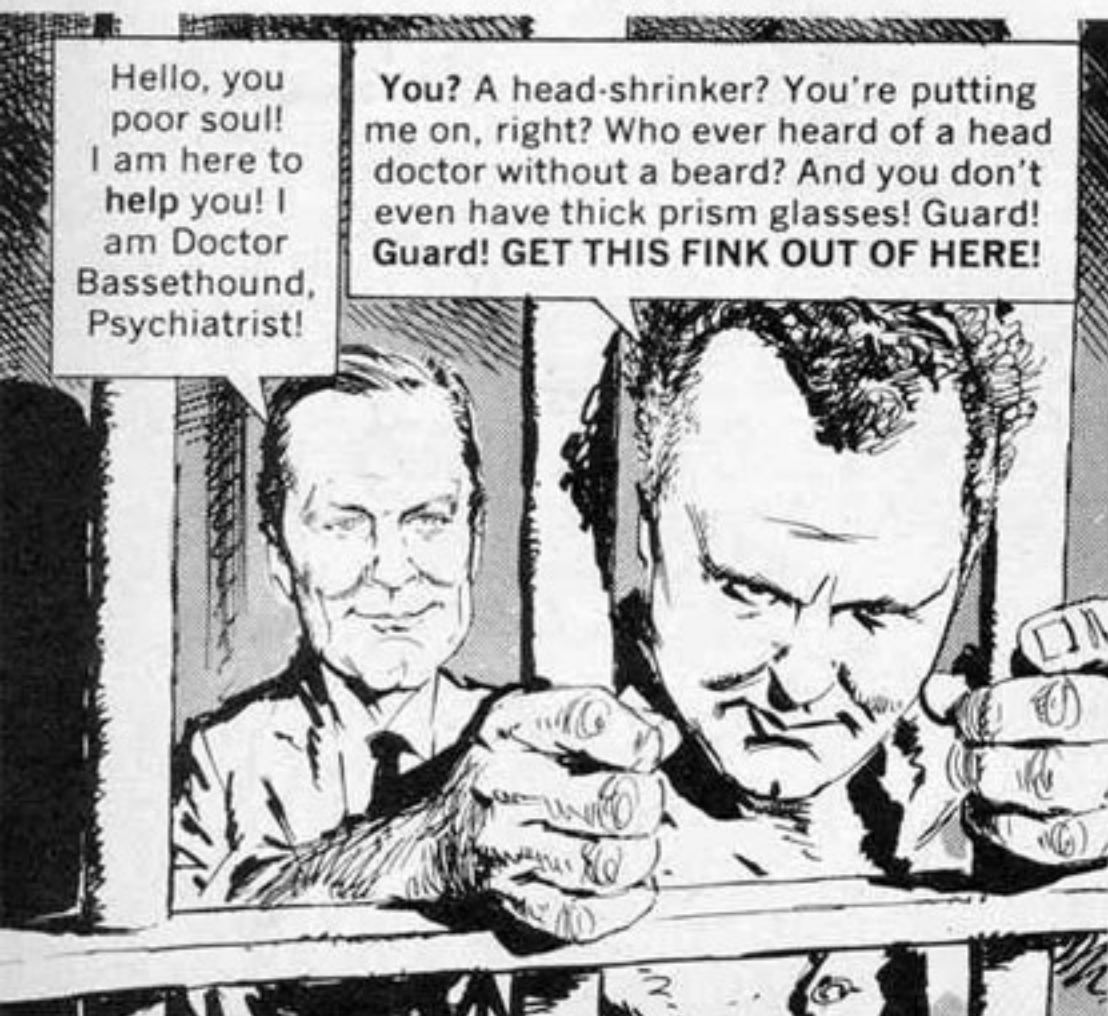
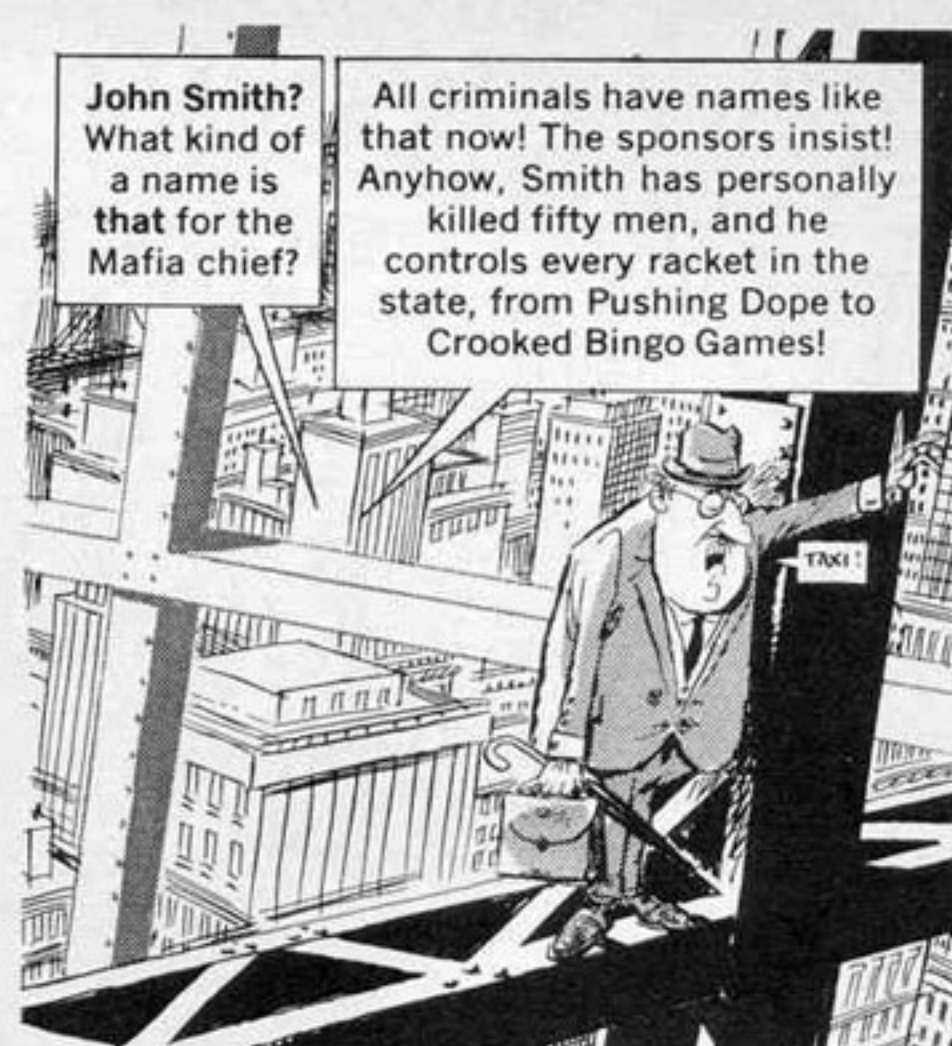
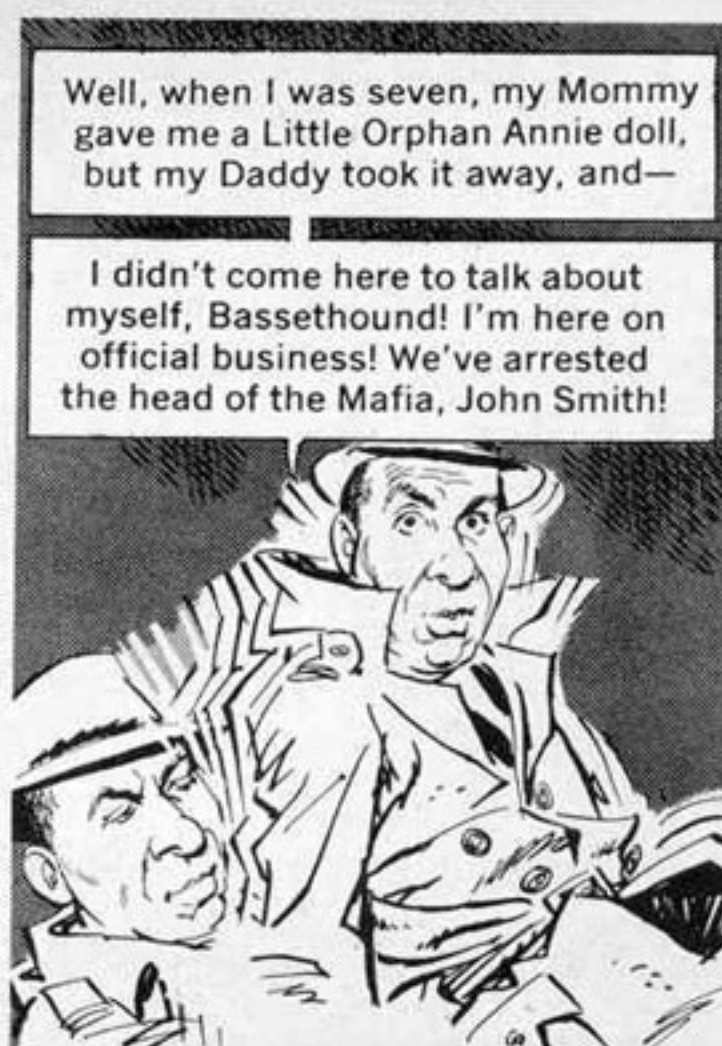
A few issues back, we discussed how those sneaky TV networks developed the “Doctor Show” to replace the “Crime Show” and still give the viewer all the blood and gore he craved. Now, some creative genius has come up with a new gimmick—a TV Psychiatrist who specializes in working with the *criminally insane*! Here, then, is MAD’s version of the show that combines the worst elements of the “Doctor Show” and the “Crime Show”—not to mention the “Lawyer Show” . . . the “Psychiatrist Show” called

(SLIGHTLY LATER IN THE CENTRAL TIME ZONE—OR MAYBE IT'S EARLIER! CHECK YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR THE CORRECT LISTING!)



WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





I don't find that strange! As a matter of fact, I have a **parakeet** to which I am extremely attached! His name is Sigmund...

What are you, some kind of nut? Man, like, don't you know them birds can talk? Like suppose the lousy rotten screws pick you up—that bird is liable to squeal on you!



But Sigmund is not a **Stool Pigeon**—he's a **parakeet**!

Listen Doc, I'm giving you the straight dope! You can't trust nobody!

Ah, a classic example of a paranoid personality. Tell me about yourself, Mr. Smith!

Not me! I ain't no fink!



Everything you say will be held in the strictest confidence!

Okay, maybe you can help me with my problem. Like I'm always a "Guest Star"! I mean, like why can't I have my own show?



You mustn't think of yourself as inferior because you're just a guest star. Why, on this program, we've billed you as a "Special Guest Star"!

BIG DEAL! What do YOU know about it?! All you doctors have your own shows! Did you ever hear of a crook having his own program? Answer me **THAT!!**



Please try to stay calm! There's no need to shout!

Who's shouting!? **THIS IS THE WAY I ACT!!**

No wonder you don't have a show of your own! You're louder than any of the commercials!



Now let me try to help you! Look into my eyes! You're feeling very tired! Your eyes are heavy! You're getting very sleepy... sleepy!

Knock off the hypnotism bit, Doctor Bassethound! You're putting the audience to sleep!

Don't worry! When I'm on—**NOBODY SLEEPS!!**



Well, Dr. Bassethound, is John Egghead insane?

I thought his name was Smith?

The sponsors changed it! They figured having a crook named "Egghead" would keep all the pressure groups that watch television happy!



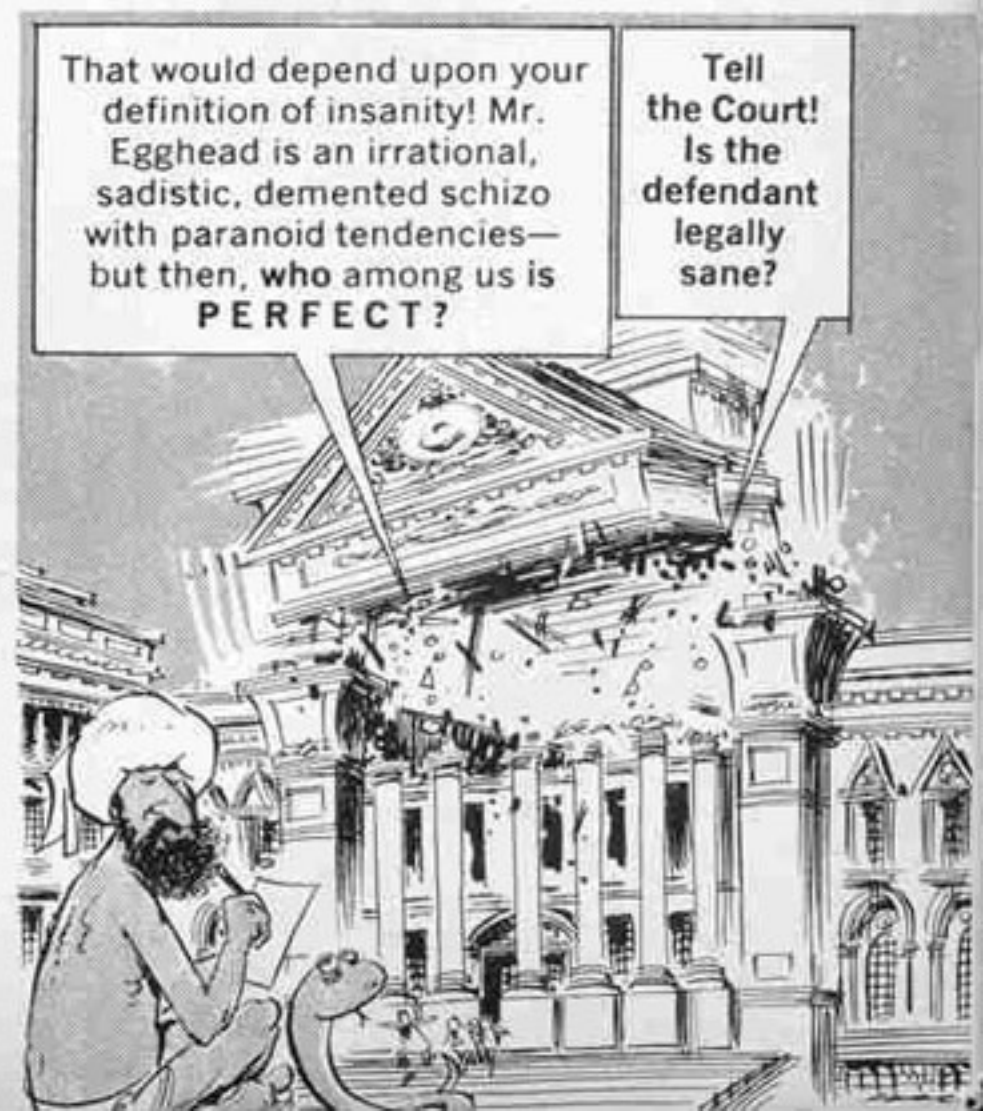
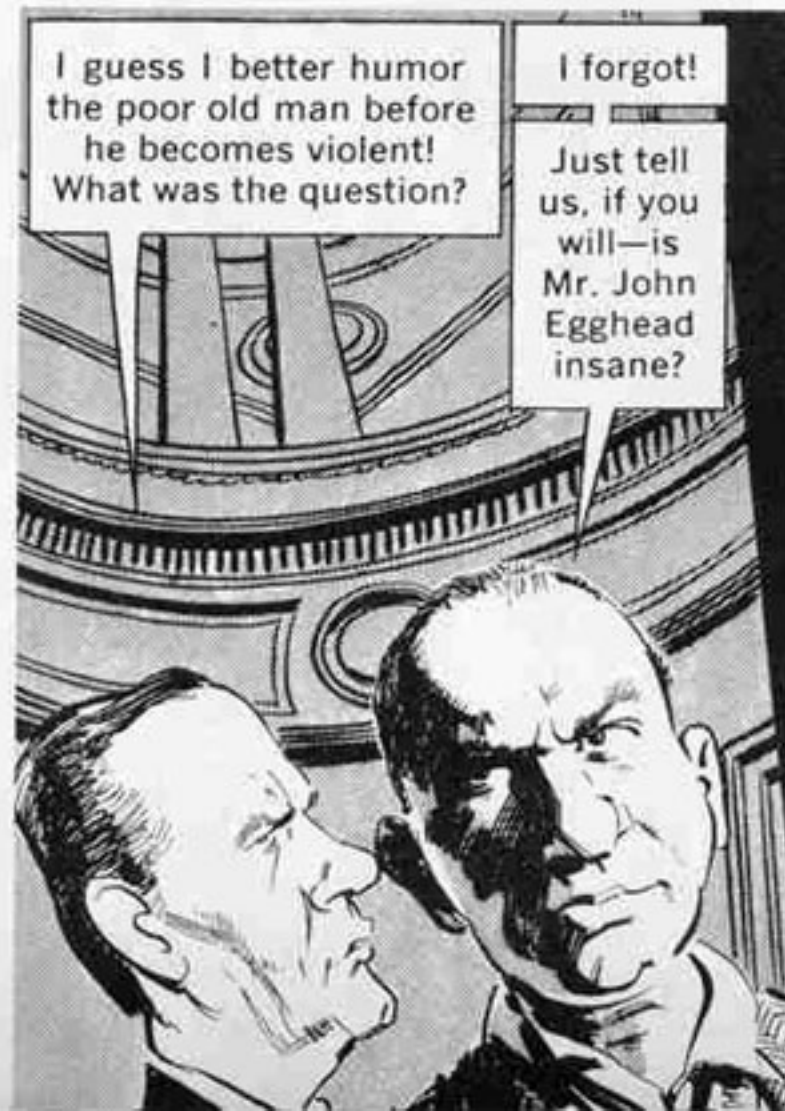
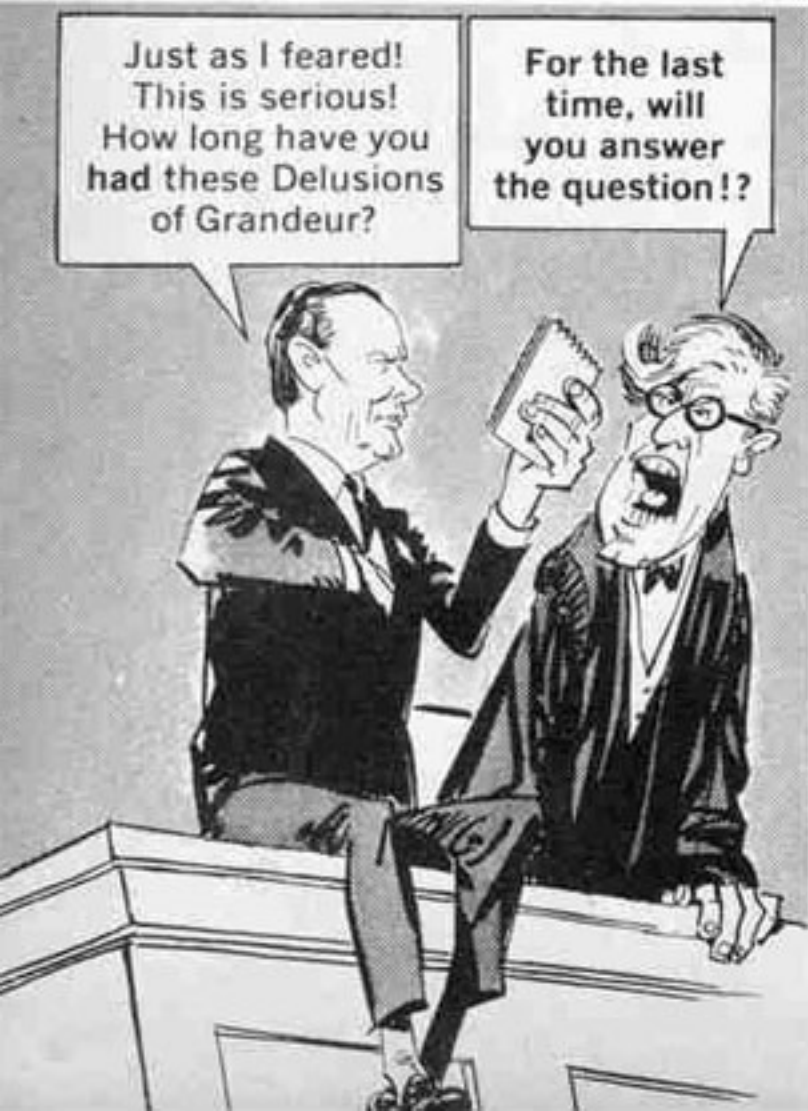
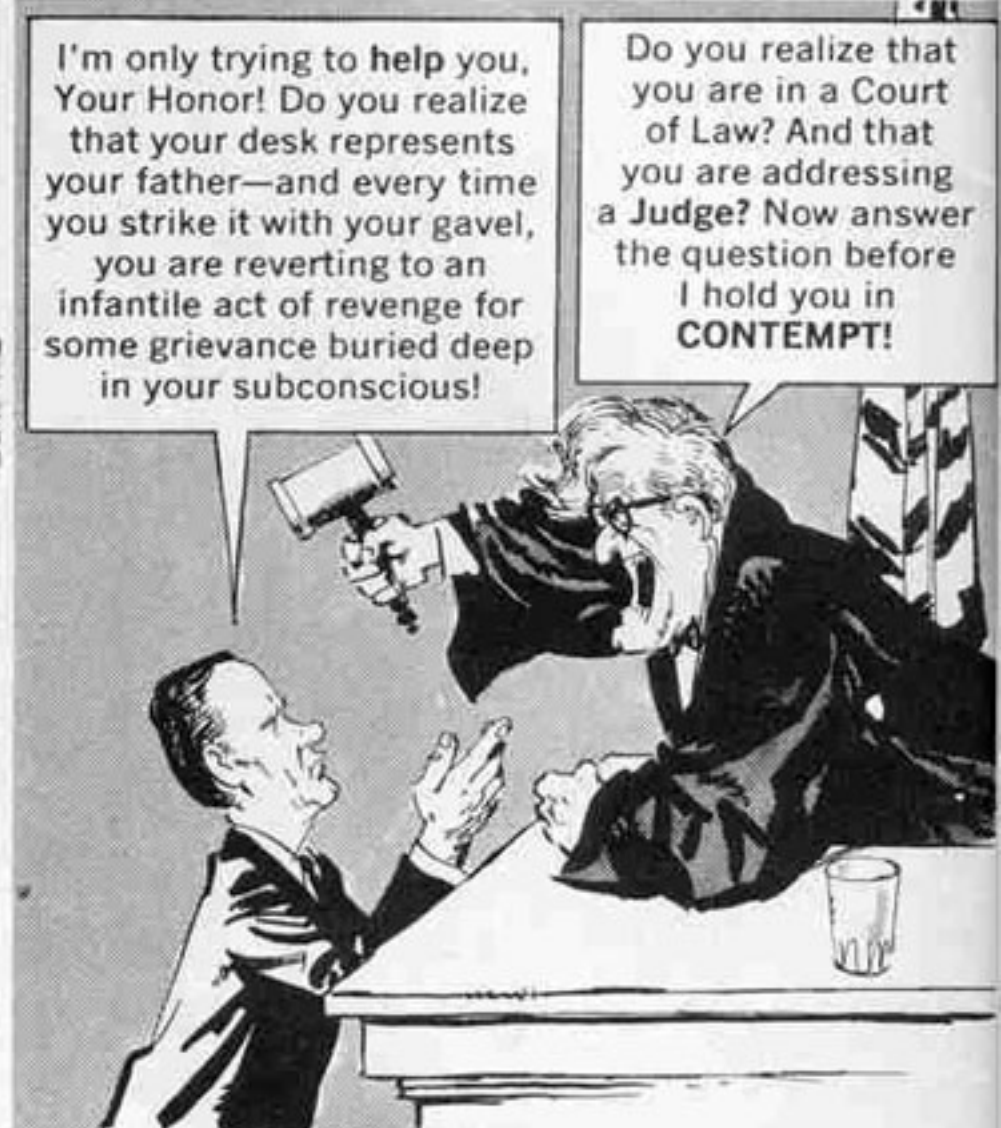
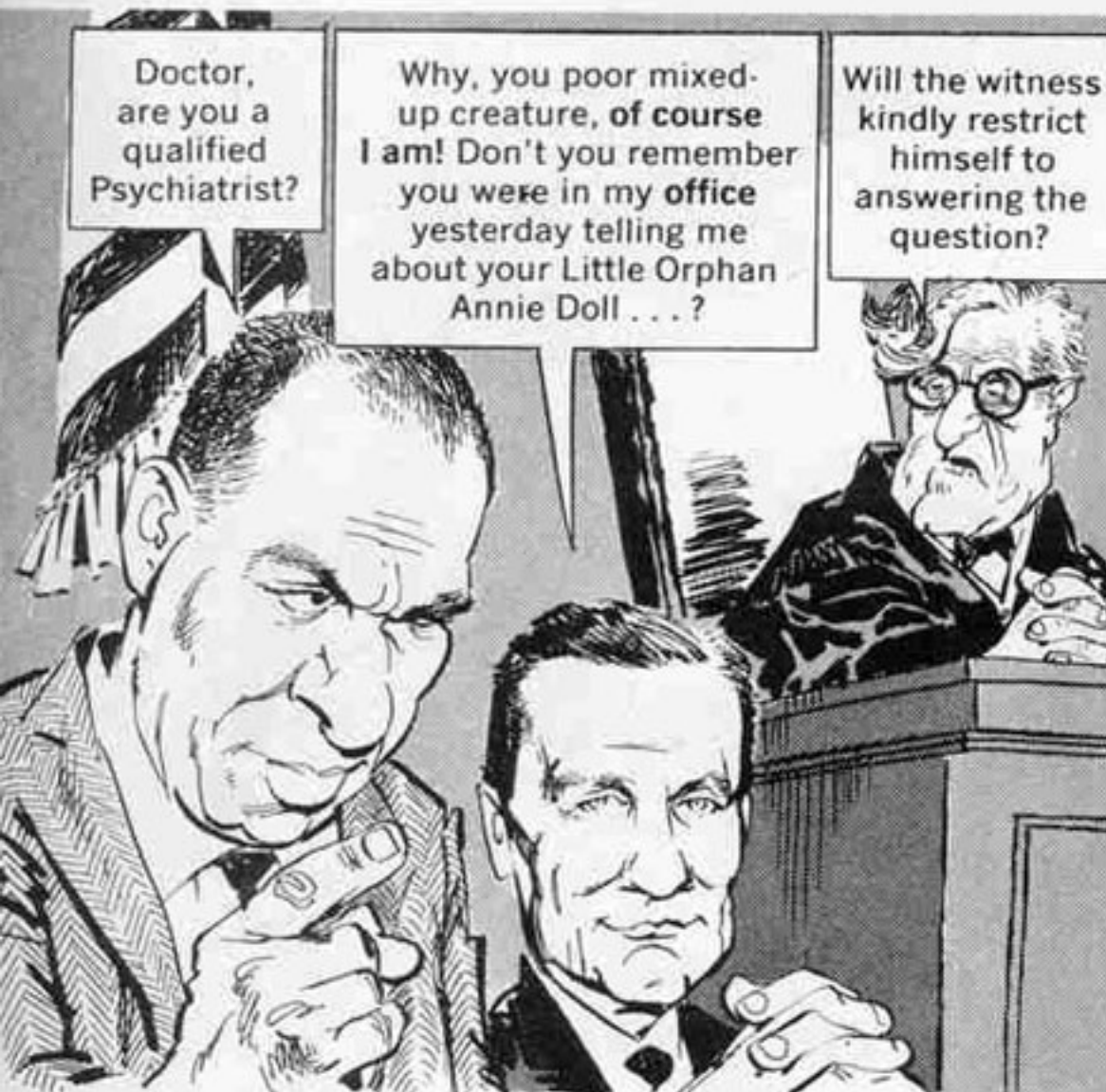
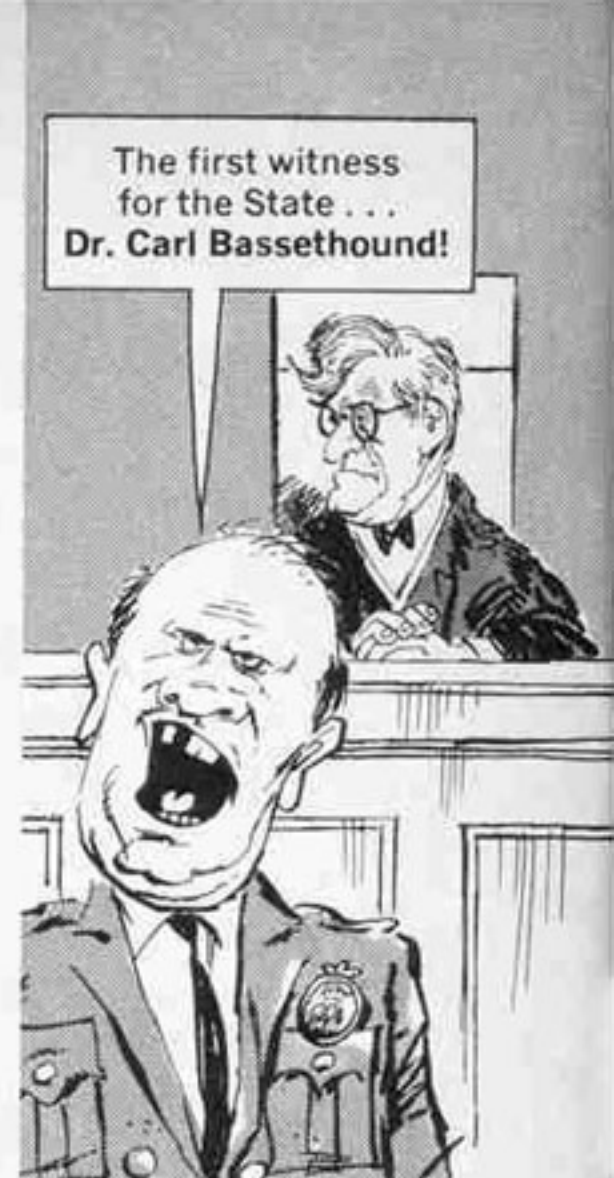
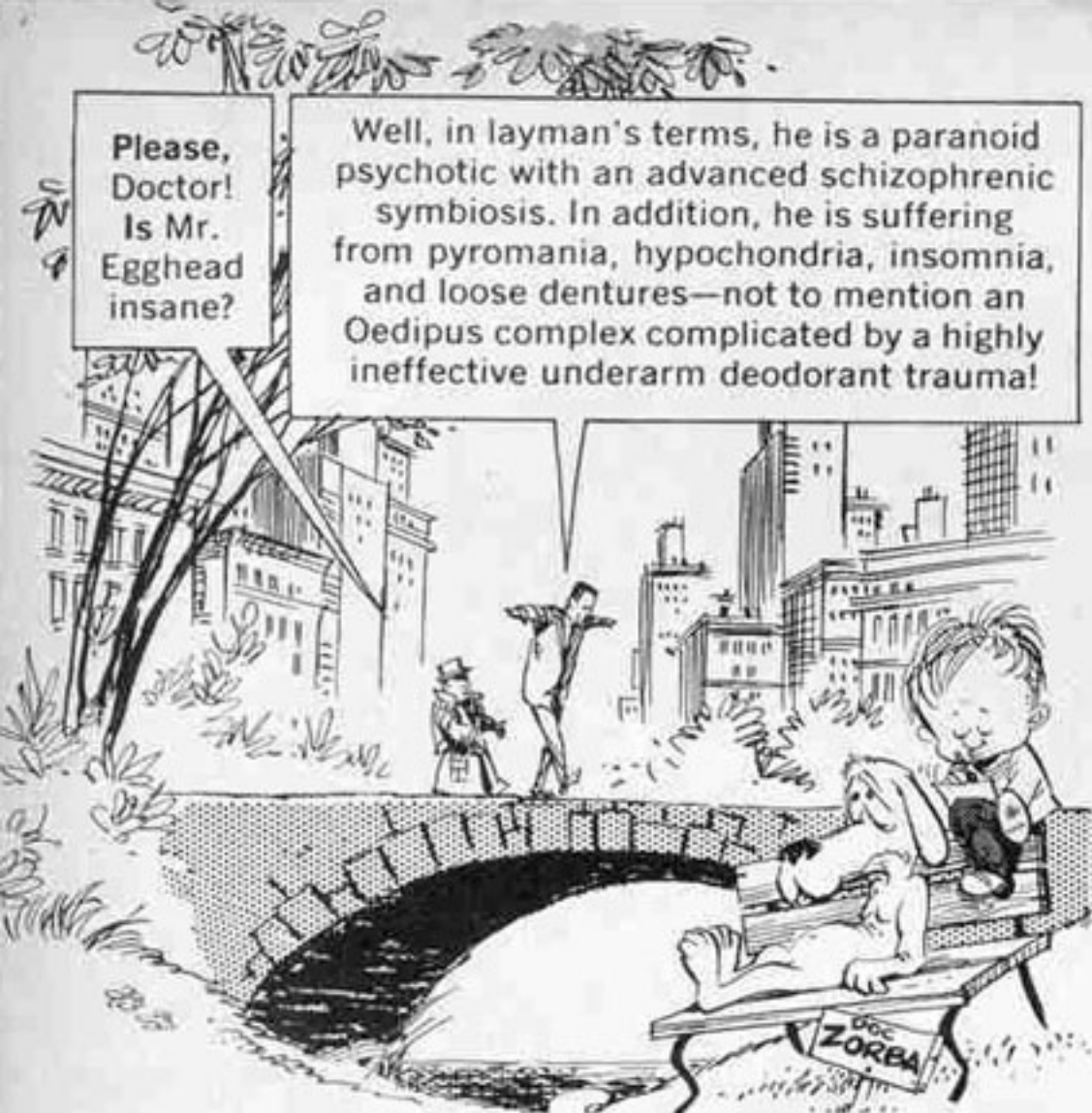
Now tell me, is Egghead crazy?

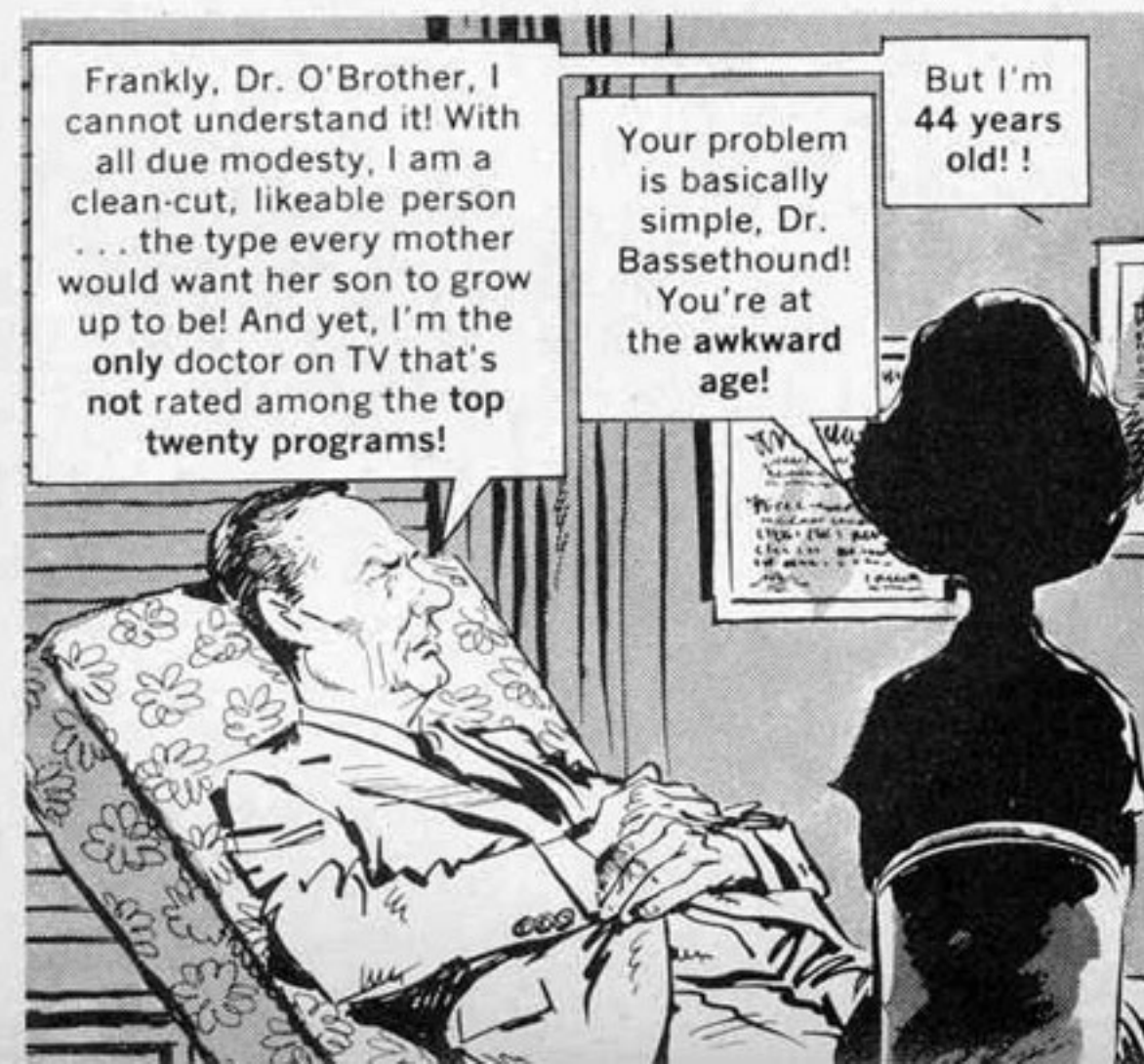
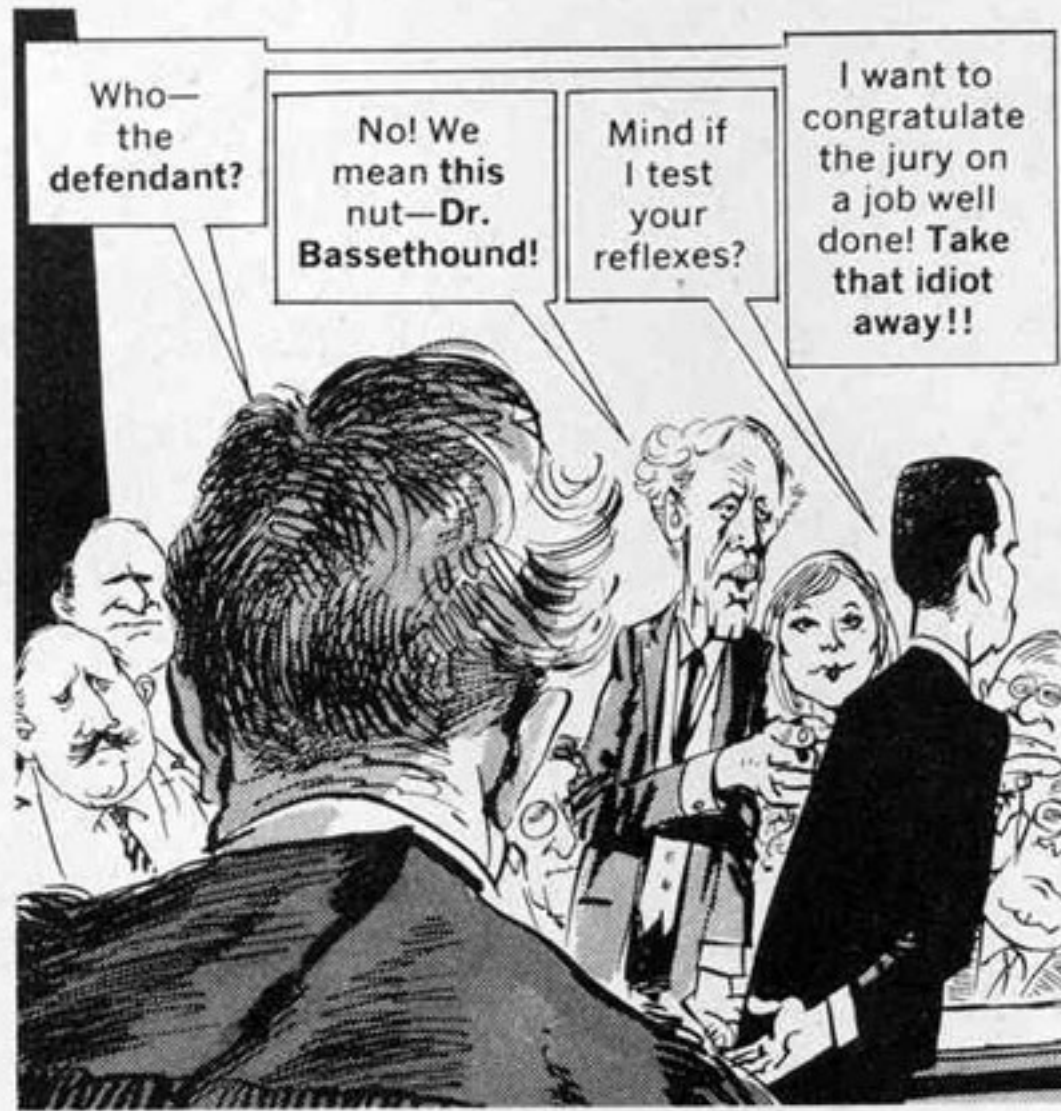
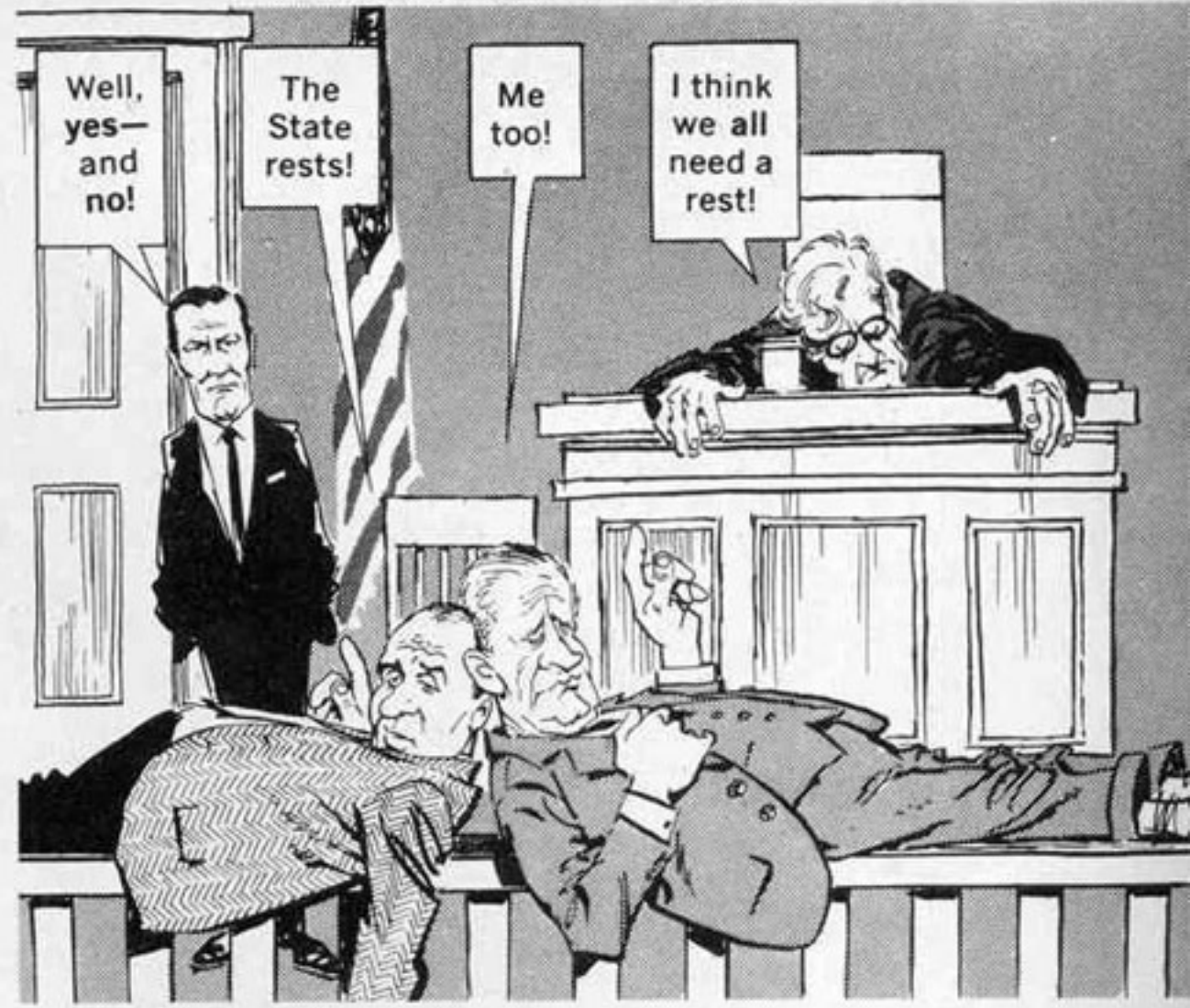
There is no such thing as a crazy person!

How about the kooks who watch television? Especially programs like this?

They are merely sick! Given proper psychiatric care, they could learn to lead normal and sometimes even useful lives!







TV ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

TELEVISION DEPT.

The Polydent Commercial

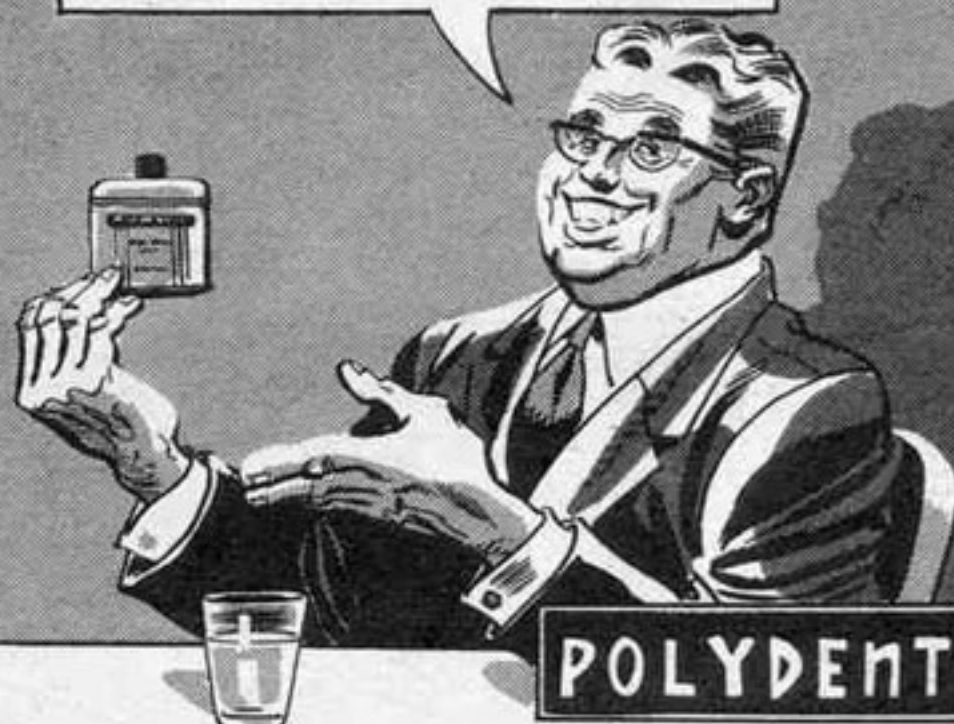
WRITER: AL JAFFEE

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

Denture wearers . . . there's no longer any need to fear offensive denture breath!



New Polydent Denture Cleanser kills odor-causing bacteria on contact!



Just place a heaping teaspoon of new Polydent into a glass of water . . .



. . . then, simply drop in your plates like this . . .



. . . ang rem gnou fnuss gang blingell oggen gennung blide noom pung gloph . . .



Idiot! You're supposed to drop these two plastic discs into the glass—not your own plates!



Due to recent probes of the TV industry, the networks were forced to put a curb on the high-rating shows that featured violence and bloodshed. They were then faced with the problem of how to give the people the carnage they love, and also keep the F.C.C. off their backs. The dilemma was solved by the creation of the "Doctor Show"! Now, viewers can still enjoy the misfortunes of others in gory detail, and even Newton Minow can't say anything bad about doctors! But *we can!*—in our version of the bloodiest show on TV—

DR. KILJOY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

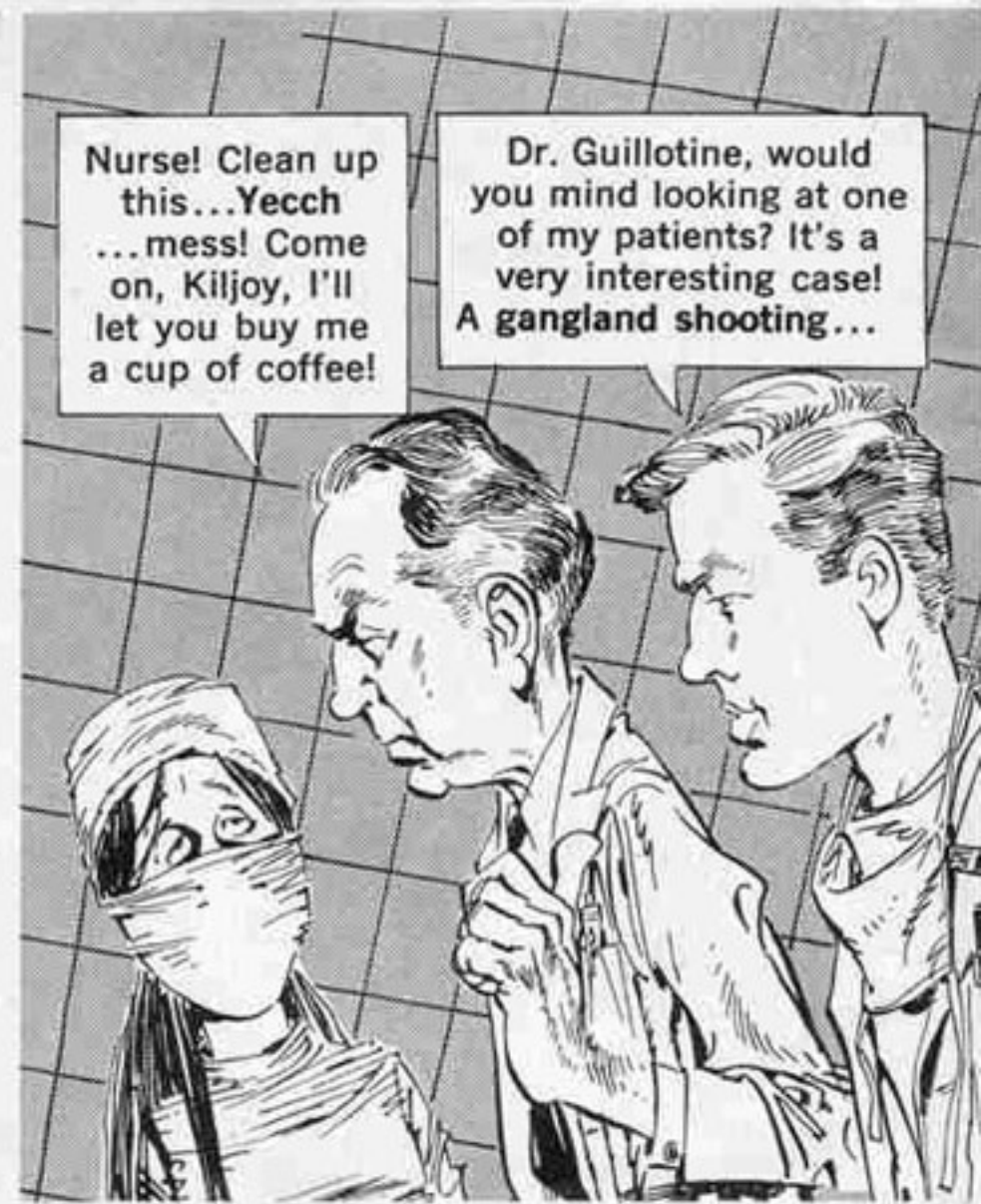




Clamp... Suture...
Frankly, I'm worried,
Kiljoy! He seems to
be gaining...

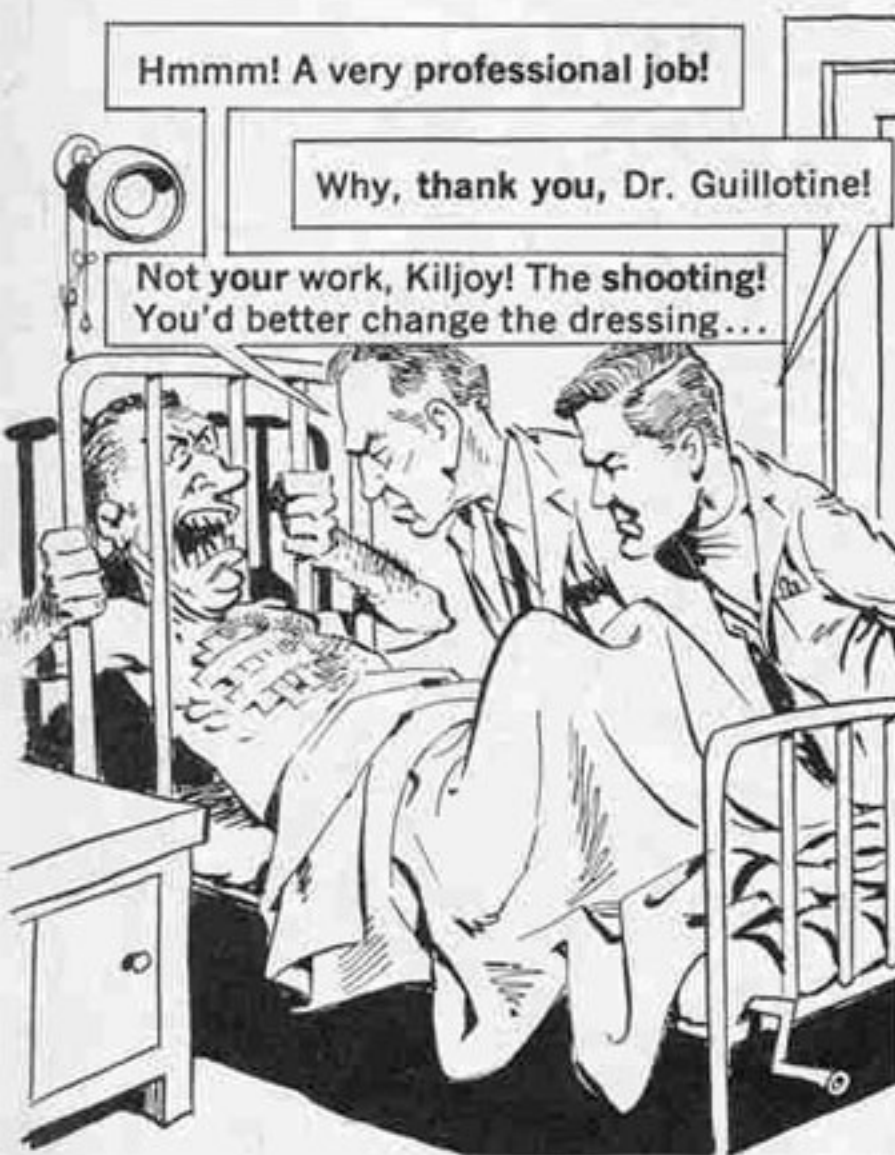
But—if the patient
seems to be gaining
why are you worried?

I'm not worried about
the patient, Kiljoy!
He's dead! It's Ben
Casehistory. I'm worried
about! His rating seems
to be gaining on ours!



Nurse! Clean up
this...Yecch
...mess! Come
on, Kiljoy, I'll
let you buy me
a cup of coffee!

Dr. Guillotine, would
you mind looking at one
of my patients? It's a
very interesting case!
A gangland shooting...



Hmmm! A very professional job!

Why, thank you, Dr. Guillotine!

Not your work, Kiljoy! The shooting!
You'd better change the dressing...



Hairy chap,
isn't he?

That's the
idea, Kiljoy!
Those shrieks
of agony are
music to the
sponsors' ears!

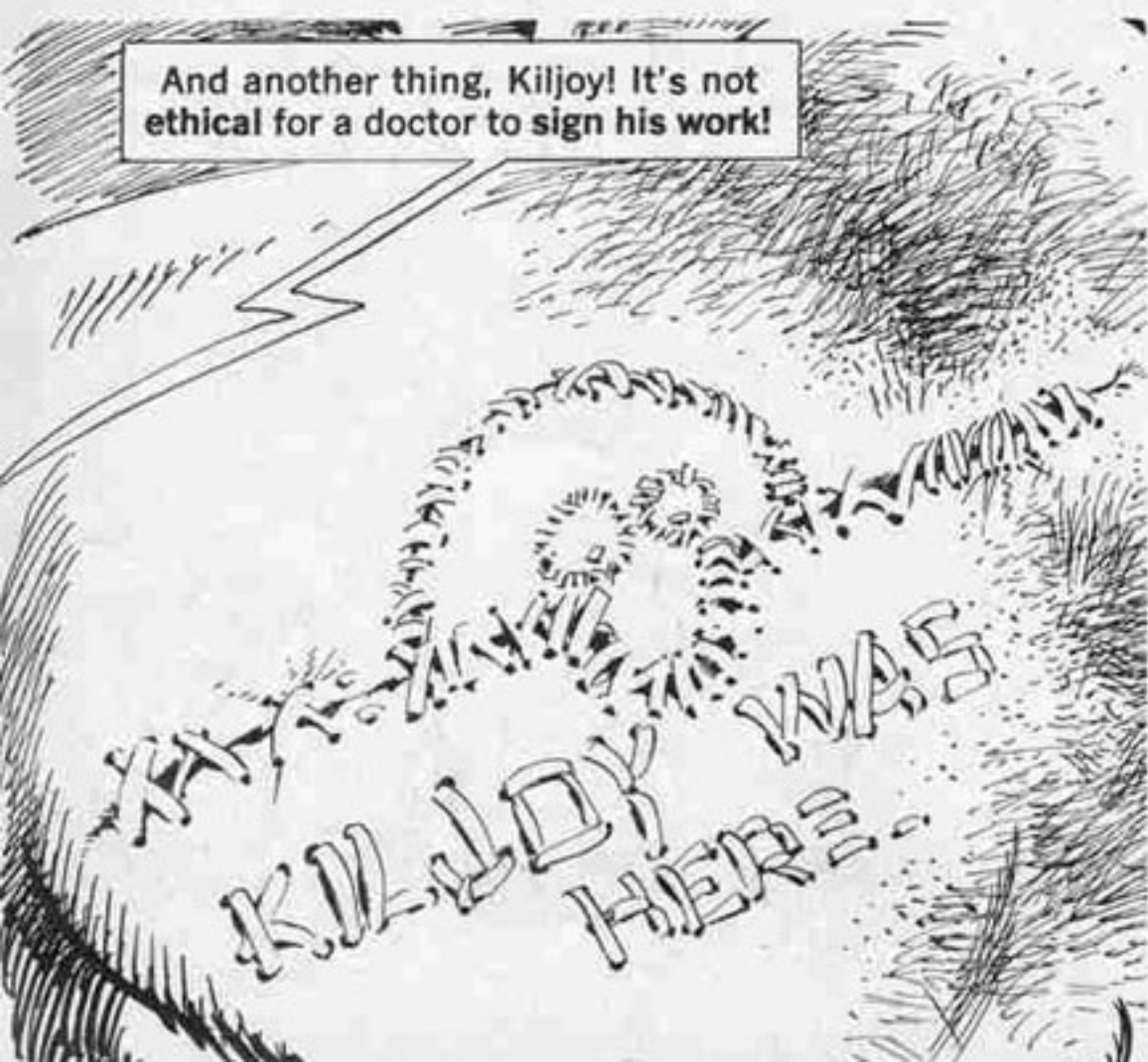


What are you doing now?

I'm probing for the bullet!

Good! Good! The only serious
criticism I have is that you
forgot to use any anesthesia!

No wonder he's making such a fuss!



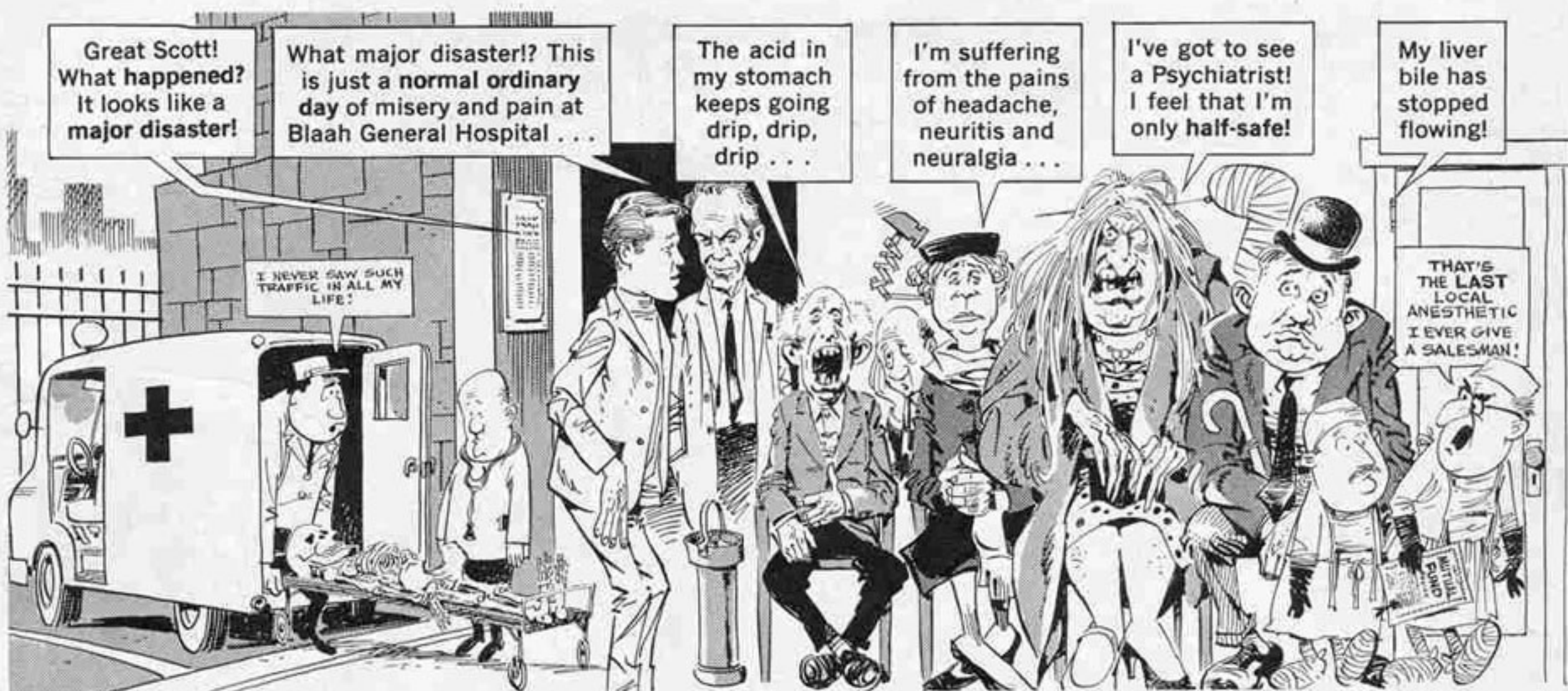
And another thing, Kiljoy! It's not
ethical for a doctor to sign his work!



I figure
it pays to
advertise!

Kiljoy! You have a great future!
Unfortunately, it's not in Medicine!

What do you say to some lunch! All
these operations have stimulated
my gastric juices!



Hmmm! Broken tibia, radius and latissimus dorsi! Dum-dum-da-dum! Hip bone connected to the ankle bone...

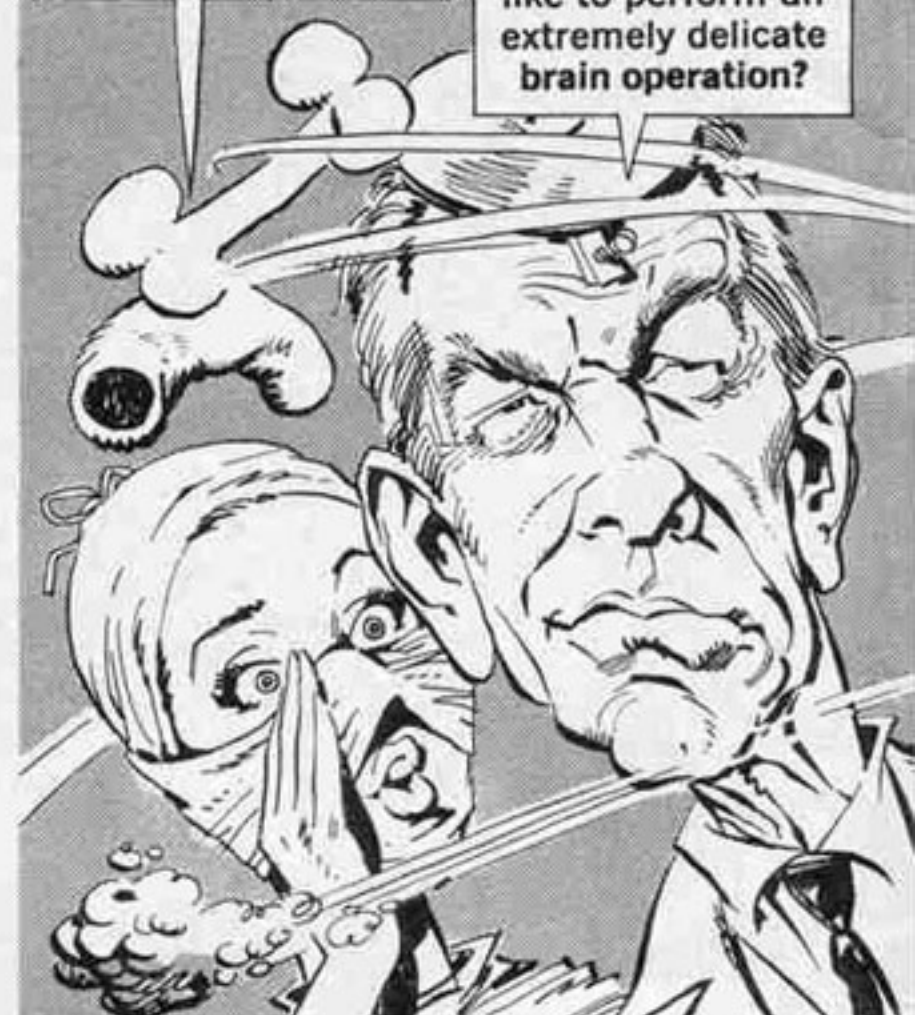
No! NO! That's "Hip bone connected to the thigh bone"! Kiljoy, you are without a doubt, the most bumbling, incompetent, clumsy excuse for an intern I have ever had the misfortune to be associated with!

Doctor Guillotine! May I speak to you? It's very important!

Bzzz-bzzz!

WHO?!

Kiljoy! How'd you like to perform an extremely delicate brain operation?



But you just said I was a bumbling, clumsy and incompetent...

You are! But the only way you'll ever improve is to practice! Go to it! You're strictly on your own in this case! Just try to remember some of the things I've taught you!

Let's see! The camera with the red light is the one that's on me!

He's got it! By George, he's got it! Kiljoy, you may fool me, and become a doctor yet!

Scalpel... clamp... gauze... Nurse, take this sponge away! It's a bloody mess!

Doctor, that's not a sponge! That's the patient's brain!

Splendid work, Kiljoy! Splendid! Camera—zoom in for a close-up!



You can stop operating, Doctor! The patient has expired!

What's that?

She means he's dead, Kiljoy!

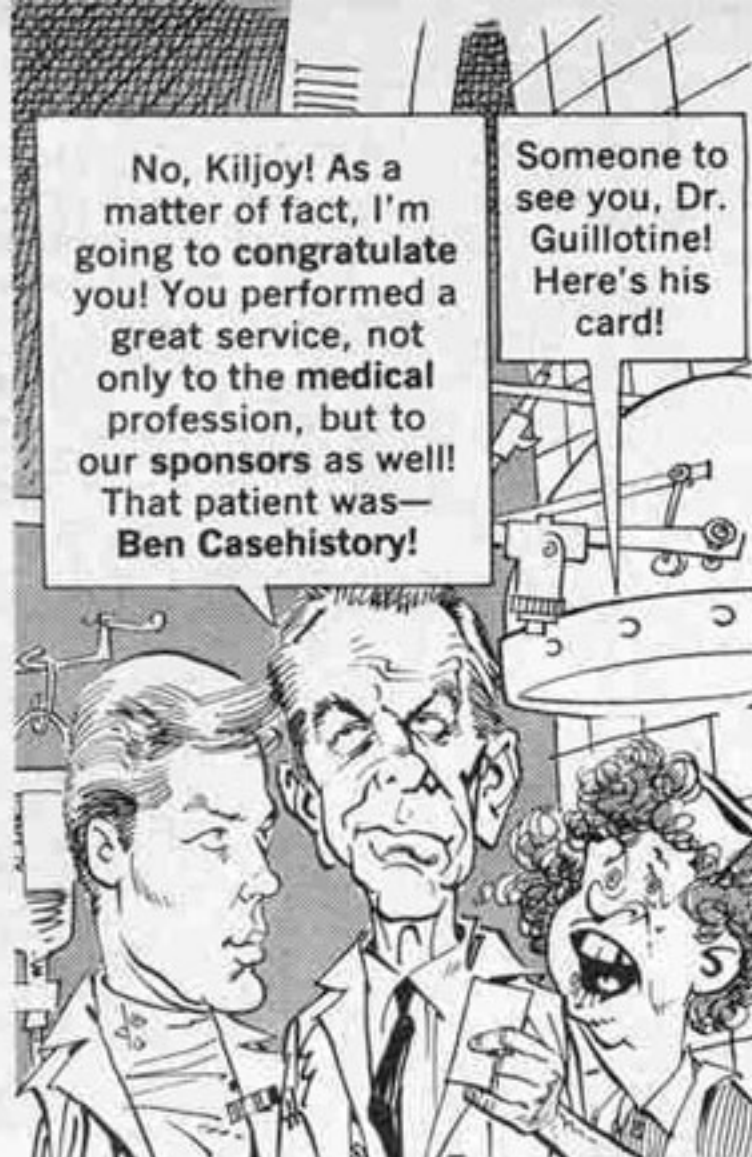
I'm sorry, Doctor Guillotine, I guess I goofed again!

Forget it, Kiljoy! That's the breaks! No doctor can win them all!

SURGERY
You mean you're not going to hollar on me like you always do when I botch things up?

THEN YOU DO THINK PLASTIC SURGERY CAN CORRECT HER FOOT!





No, Kiljoy! As a matter of fact, I'm going to congratulate you! You performed a great service, not only to the medical profession, but to our sponsors as well! That patient was—**Ben Casehistory!**

Someone to see you, Dr. Guillotine! Here's his card!

Good Lord! The mark of Zorra!

Where is he? Where's my Ben, the Doctor?

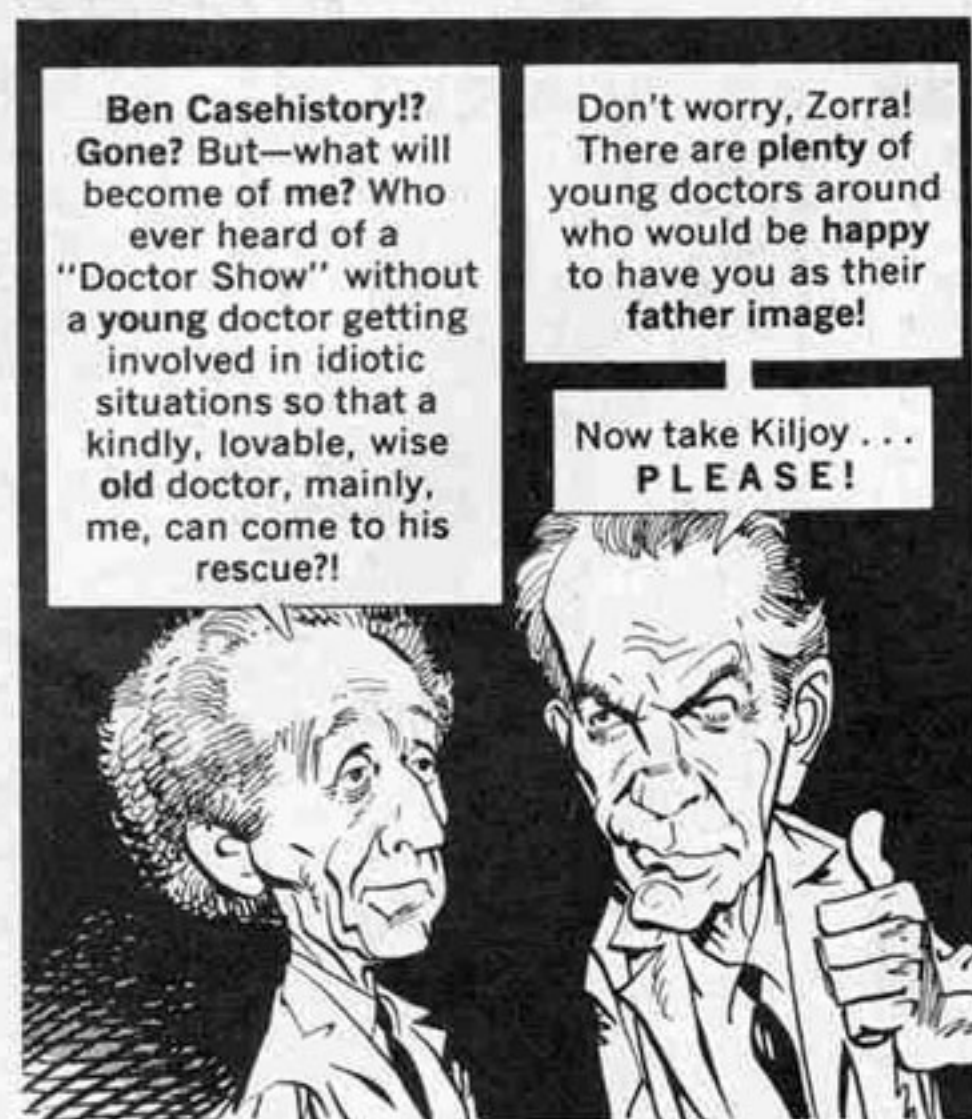


Yecch?! What have you done with him?

He perspired!

That's EX-pired, Kiljoy!

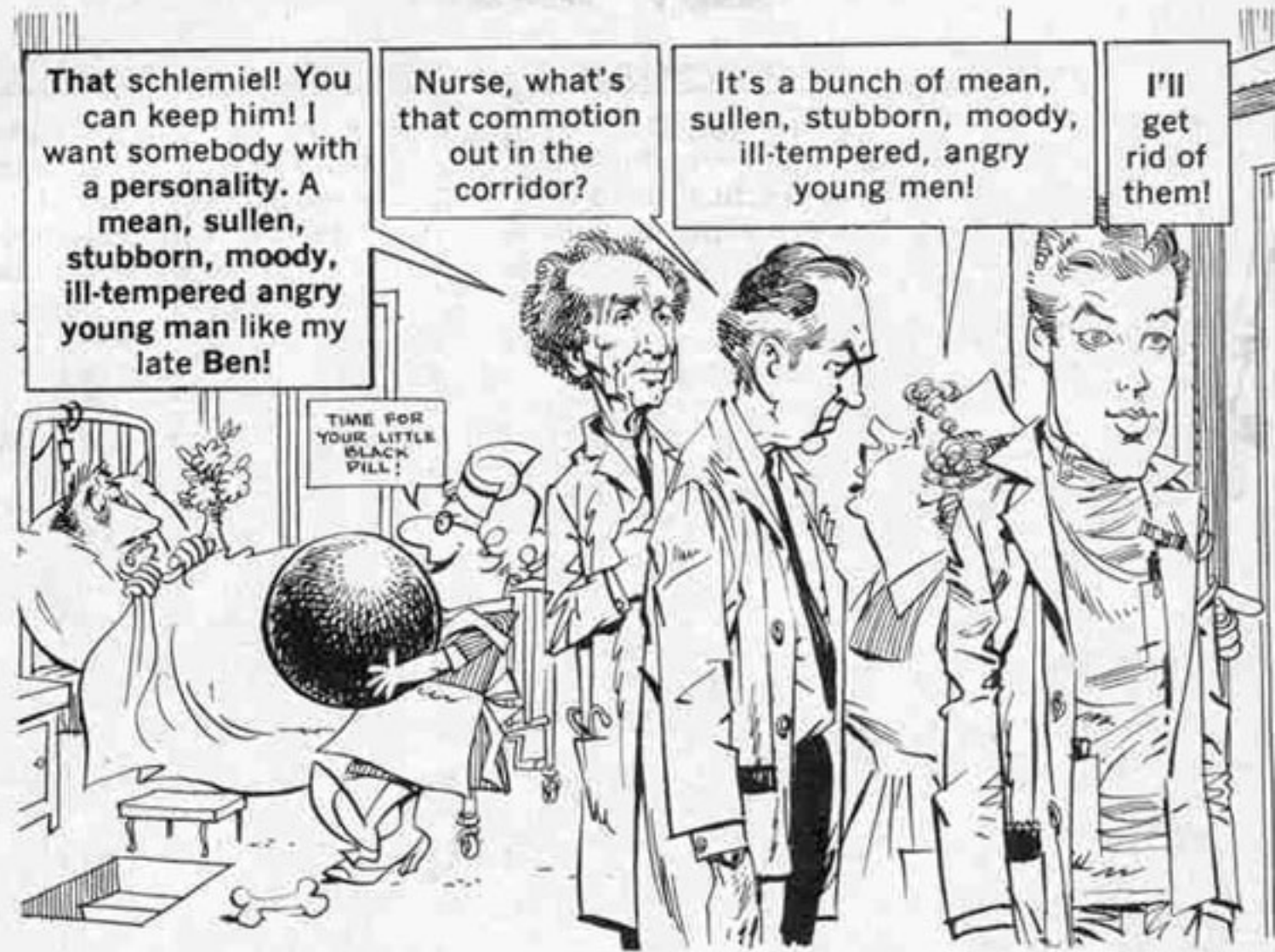
Dr. Zorra, I'm afraid that your Ben has gone to that great Operating Room in the Sky!



Ben Casehistory!? Gone? But—what will become of me? Who ever heard of a "Doctor Show" without a young doctor getting involved in idiotic situations so that a kindly, lovable, wise old doctor, mainly, me, can come to his rescue?!

Don't worry, Zorra! There are plenty of young doctors around who would be happy to have you as their father image!

Now take Kiljoy... **PLEASE!**



That schlemiel! You can keep him! I want somebody with a personality. A mean, sullen, stubborn, moody, ill-tempered angry young man like my late Ben!

Nurse, what's that commotion out in the corridor?

It's a bunch of mean, sullen, stubborn, moody, ill-tempered, angry young men!

I'll get rid of them!



Sorry, fellows! We're not using any switchblade bits on this week's show!

Like, man—we ain't J.D.'s! We're M.D.'s—**METHOD DOCTORS!**

We're from the Medical Branch of Actor's Studio!

We hear that "Big Daddy" Zorra needs, like a new assistant!

All right! Let me hear you say "Clamp!"—"Sponge!"—"Scalpel!"...

Sure—only, like, man, what's my motivation?

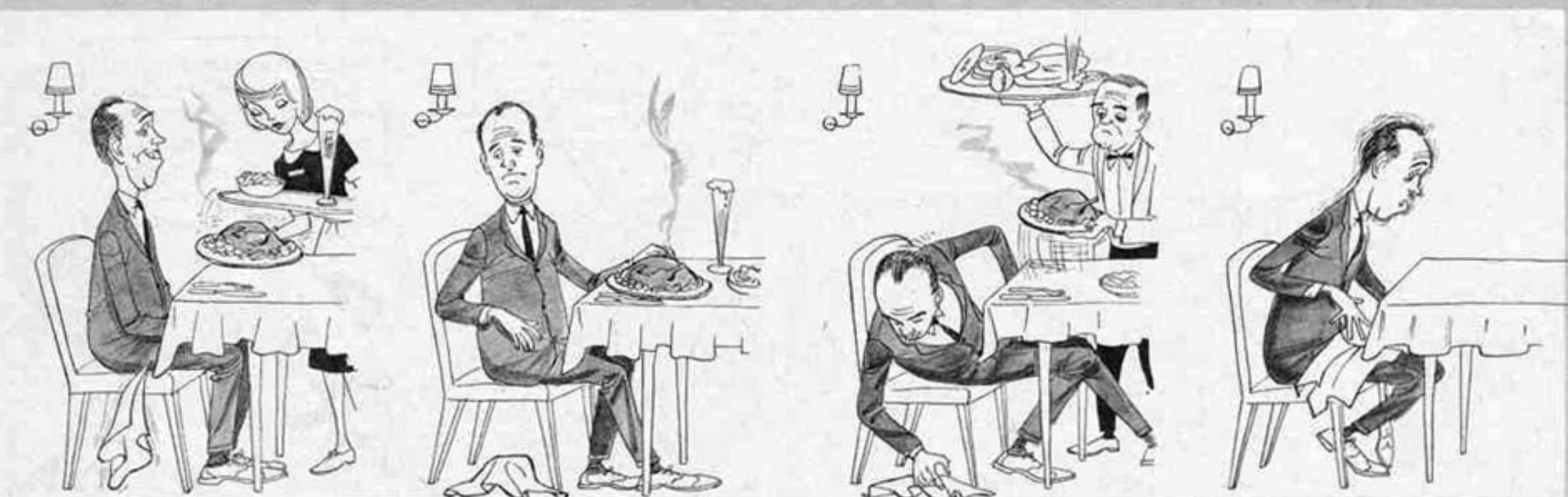
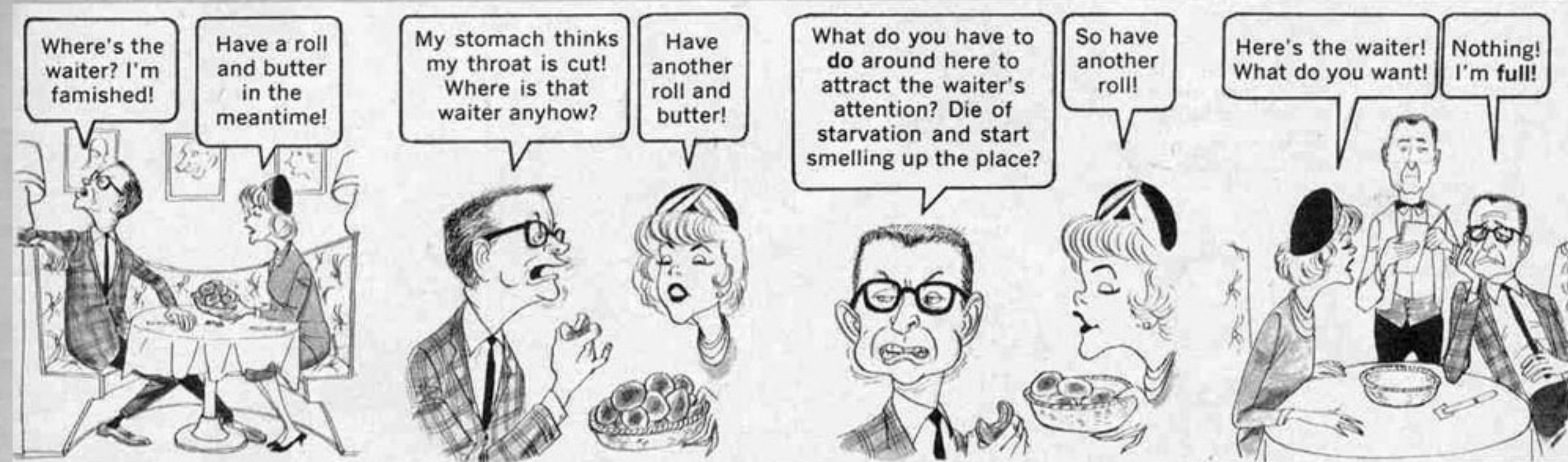
Today, the man of the family knocks his brains out to earn enough money to buy a new dish washer, or a deep freeze, or a mix master, or any of the millions of modern kitchen gadgets that are designed to make "Less Work For Mother!" So what happens?



Yep! Seems that while Dad's been busy earning his coronary, Mom's been busy getting other ideas. That old slogan: "Less Work For Mother!" is now passe! The new slogan is "NO Work For Mother!" And this is made possible because Dad now pays for

EATING OUT

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





MENU	
T.V. Dinner	\$1.25
Cold Chicken	1.00
Canned Beans	.75
Yesterday's Salad ..	.50
Pot Luck	1.10
Left Overs	.89
Burnt Toast	.15
Instant Coffee	.10
Alka Seltzer	.25



Waiter, give me the check!

Oh, no, Sam! This one is on me!

But you paid for it last time, Ed!

Never mind! When a friend of mine eats with me, I pay! Give me the check!

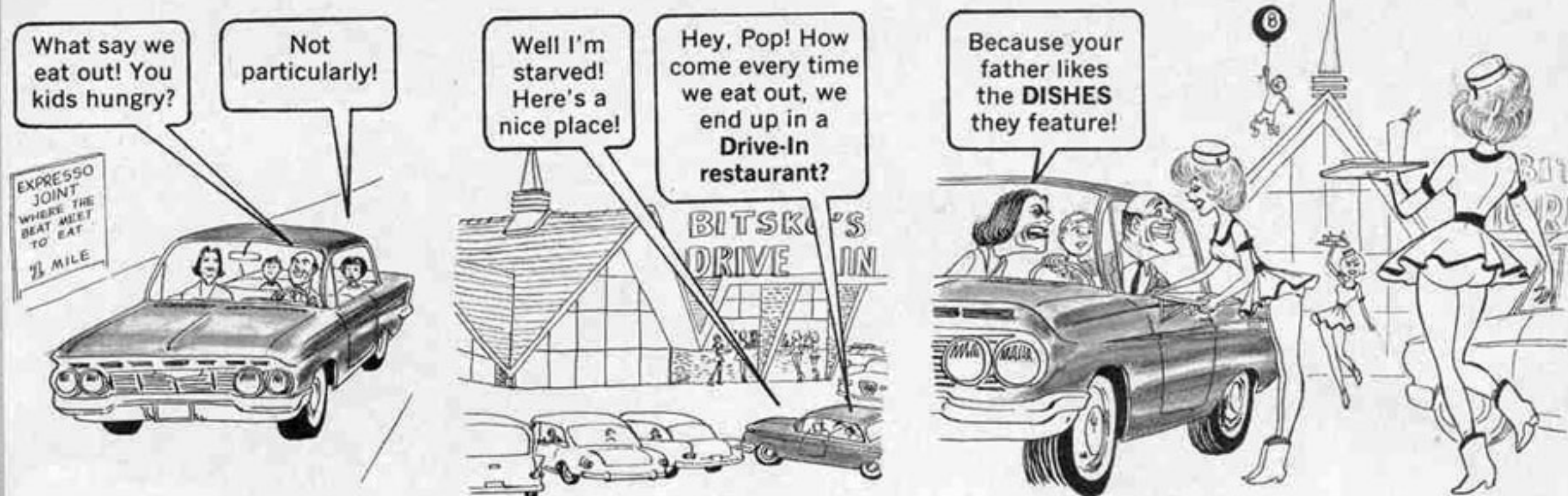
Cut it out, Ed! I'm paying this time! Waiter, give me the check!

Waiter, don't you dare give it to my friend! Let me have it!



I'll have what that gentleman is having!

I didn't like it either!



JOHN GLENN'S favorite Chinese dish: FLI GUY WAI OUT



BITTER-PATTER DEPT.

Mark Twain once said: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it!" Well, Mark Twain was wrong! People are doing things about the weather every day . . . namely, ridiculous things. Witness the following examples—in this next article which explores . . .



RAIN

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



**We knew GLORIA GRAHAM when she was still a cute Cookie.



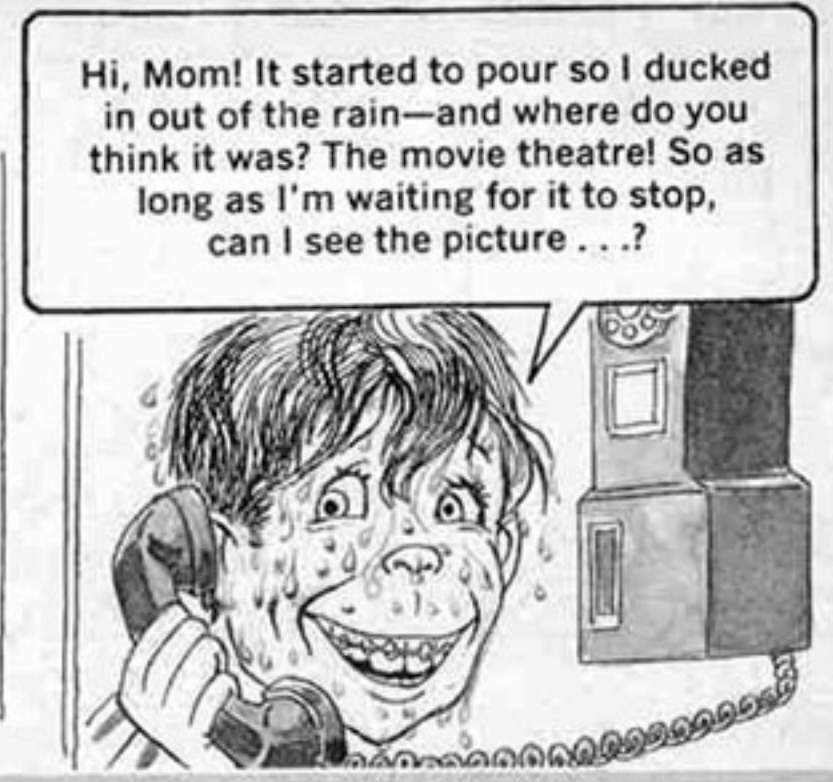
**We knew MARILYN MONROE before she needed Doctorin'.





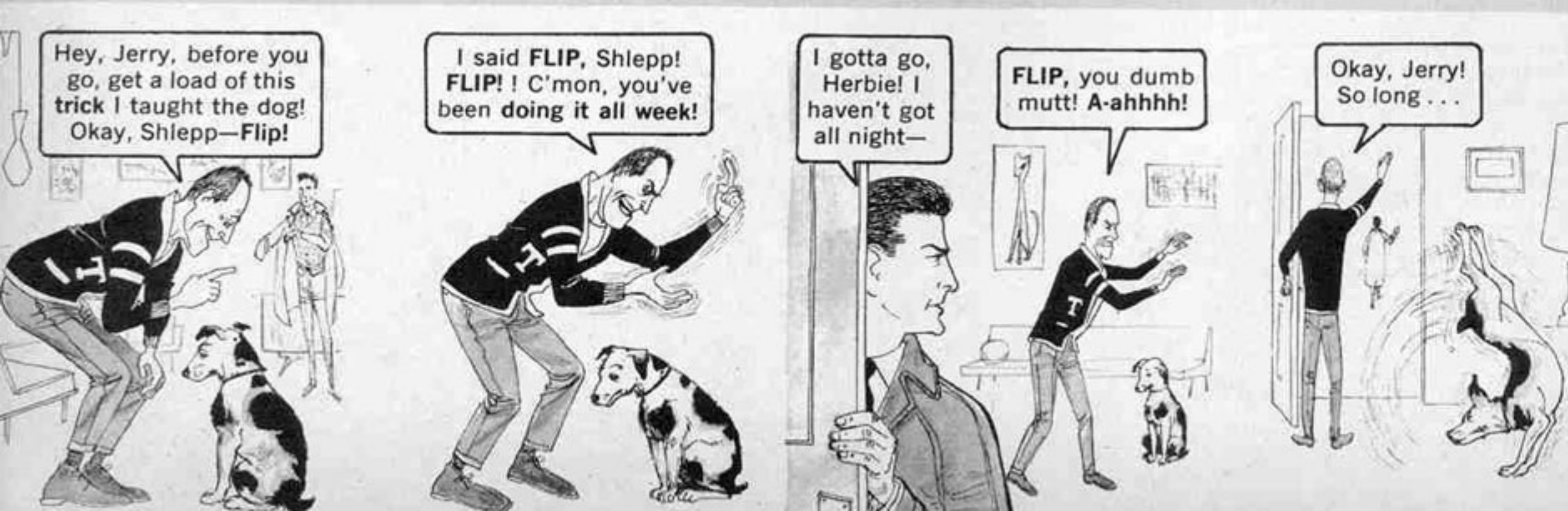
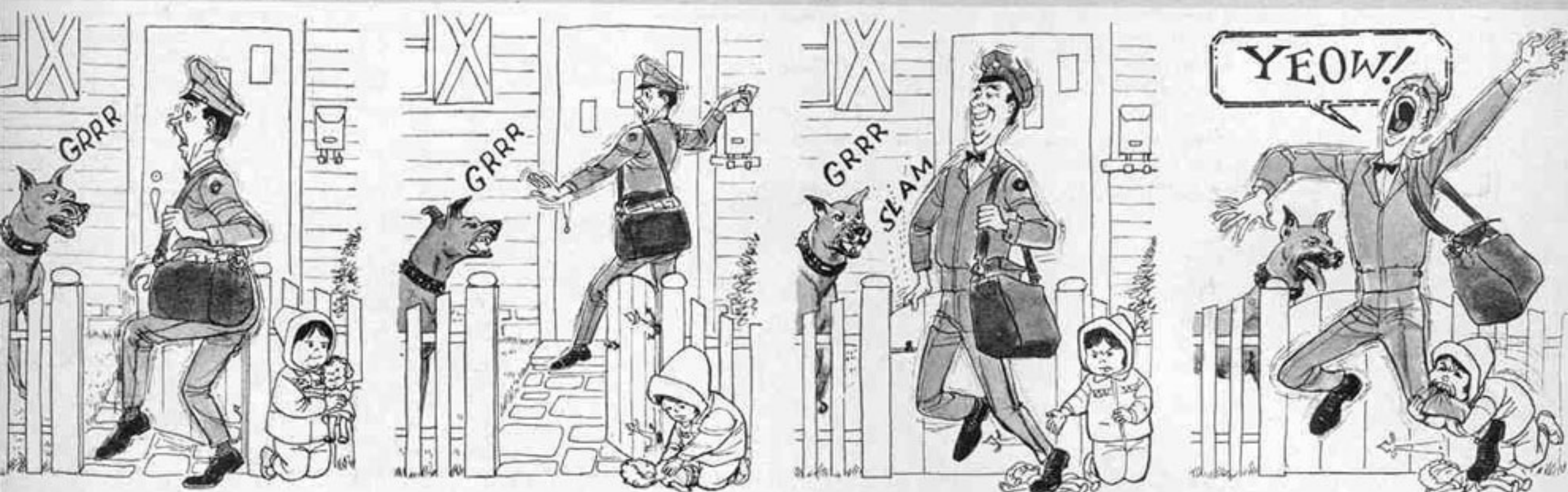
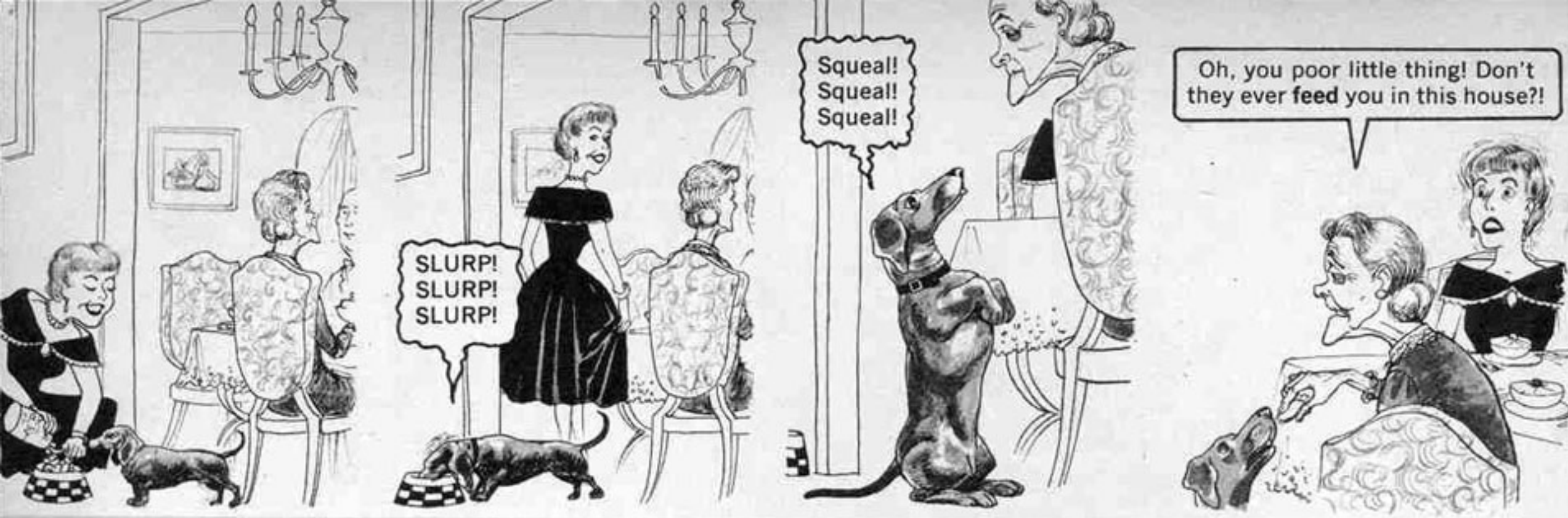
••We knew DORIS DAY when she was working Nights.





**We knew JACK LEMMON when he was a Little Squirt.





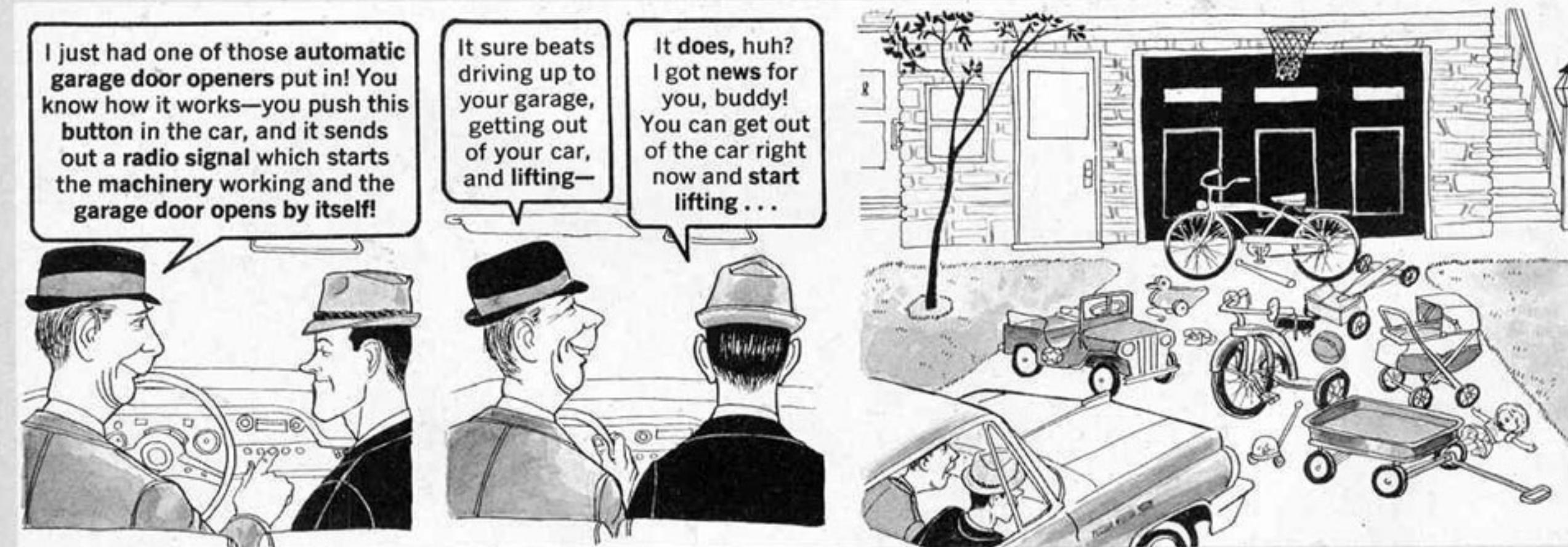


THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

HOME

OWNERS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



I'll be a son of a gun!
The lawn sprinkler just
went on . . . by itself!

Yeah, I know! I had an automatic
sprinkler system installed. It
goes on by itself every day at
4 P.M. Now I don't have to
worry about my lawn drying out!

Gee, that's great! Now all you have to worry about is your
lawn **WASHING** out . . . because it's raining outside!



I swear, the whole house is falling
apart! The faucet is leaking, the
water heater is on the bum, and the
light switch in the bedroom is
busted! I wish to heck the repairman
would come already! When we lived in
an apartment house, all we did was
call the "Super" when something broke!

The
doorbell
is ringing
Mommy . . .

Who
is it,
Mommy?

It's the
REPAIRMAN
at last!!

DADDY!!



What?! You're building
a three-car garage? Say
isn't that carrying the
phony status bit a little
too far? What in heck do
you expect to keep in it?

What
anybody
would
keep in a
three-car
garage!

Ah, come off it! I happen to know
that all you've got is one car!

That's right! The other two car
spaces are for all this junk . . .

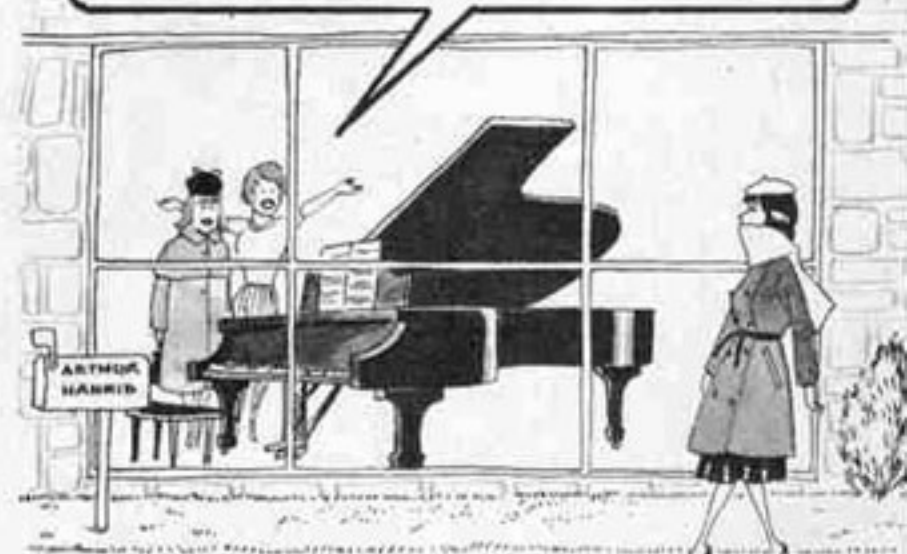


I must apologize for the bareness of our
living room, but we're furnishing a little
at a time and the necessities come first
—like that grand piano!

Music must be
in the very
heartbeat of
this family
to make a
grand piano
a necessity!

Not really! Actually
none of us can even
play the darn thing!
There was a more
important reason for
getting it than that!

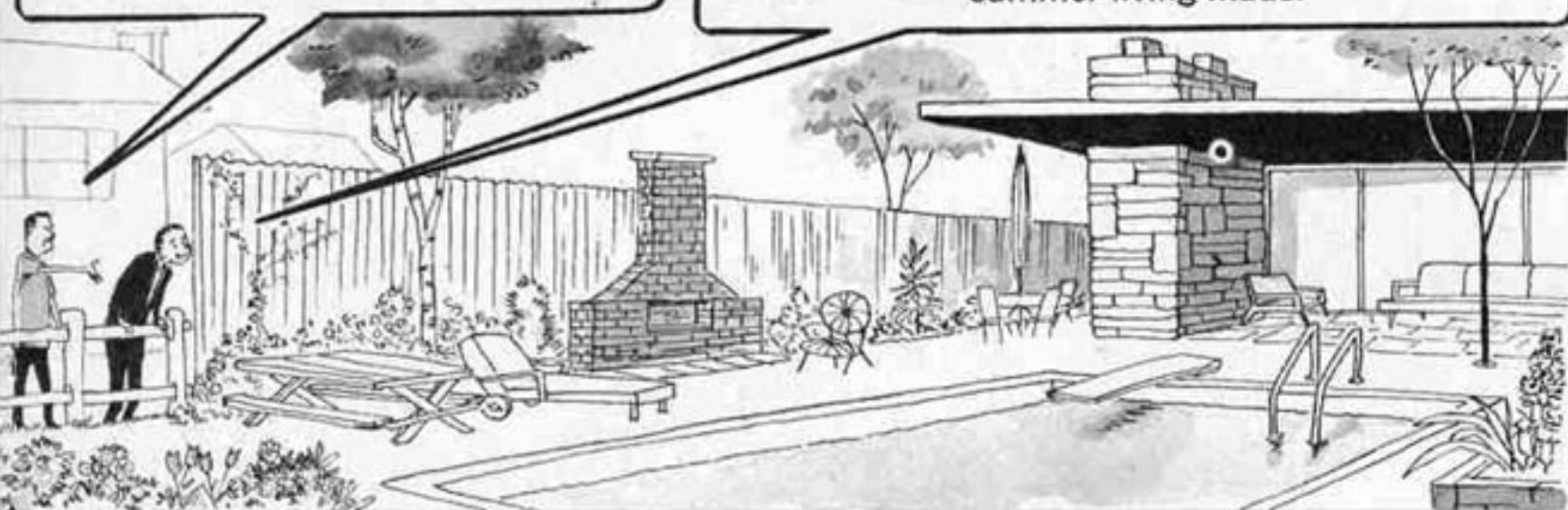
We needed something impressive to put
in front of our picture window! Something
that would give us status in the new
neighborhood! That's a necessity!



You want to see something ridiculous? Take a look at the layout my nextdoor neighbor's got over there . . .

What's so ridiculous? He's got a swimming pool, a flagstone patio, a brick barbecue, a beautiful garden and magnificent lawn furniture! He's got outdoor summer living made!

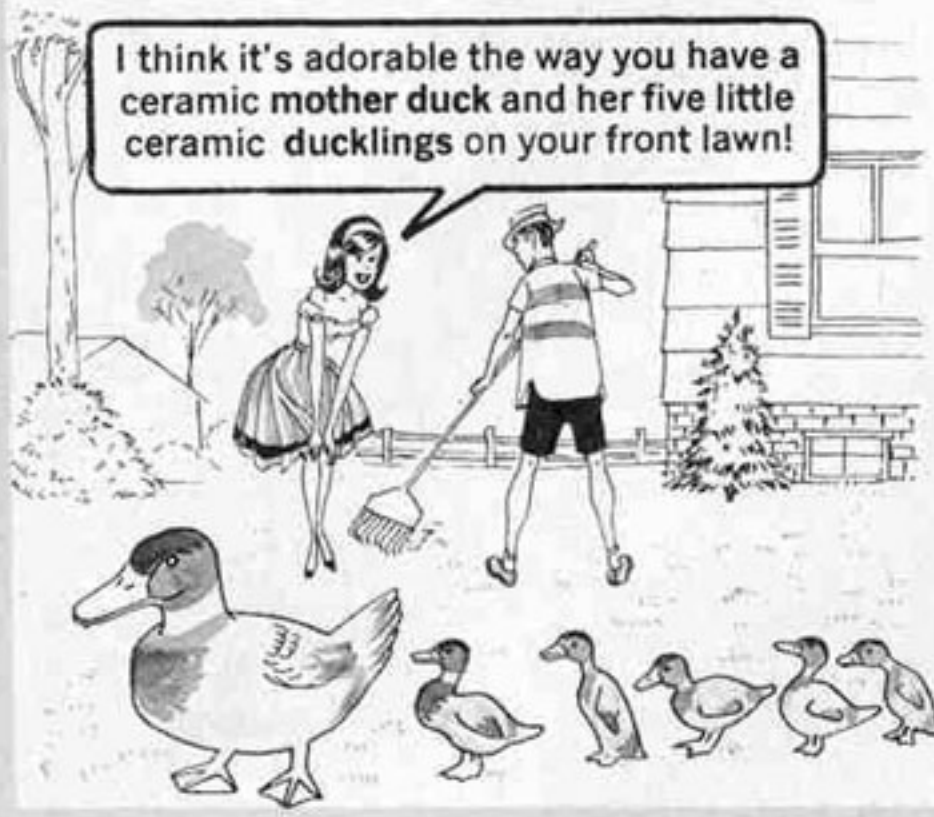
I'll say he does! That's what's so ridiculous! He takes the family away to the mountains every year . . . for the whole summer!



I think it's adorable the way you have a ceramic mother duck and her five little ceramic ducklings on your front lawn!

FIVE little ceramic ducklings!?

GET OFF MY LAWN, YOU PHONY!!



Will you take a look at that darn neighbor of mine, always working on his lawn! He keeps rubbing it in how his lawn is so much nicer than mine! I hate him for it! I just can't stand the sight of him!

If you dislike him that much, why don't you put up a ten-foot high spite fence?

I thought of that

But then I figured I could spite him even worse if I DIDN'T put up a spite fence...

. . . because all my crab grass seeds blow onto his lawn!



There's one thing you have to say about this country! It sure is a land with a great many MODERN CONVENIENCES!

Yeah! It's also a land with a great many MODERN INCONVENIENCES!

Like PAYING for all them modern conveniences!!



TEE-HEE-TI DEPT.

Back in 1936, M-G-M made an excellent version of "Mutiny on the Bounty" starring Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. Since that was such a great movie, you all may be wondering why M-G-M didn't just go ahead and re-release it—instead of making the whole thing all over again. Well, the reason is obvious: The original film cost less than 18 million dollars to make! And as any idiot knows, you can't get people away from their TV sets and into the theaters with films that cost less than 18 million dollars to make! Fortunately, we at MAD don't have them problems. We would've paid our writer the same rate no matter which version he wrote about. So here is our version—which cost a good deal less than 18 million dollars to make . . . 18 dollars and 50 cents, to be exact . . . of the re-make of

MUTINY ON THE BOUNCY



Welcome aboard the "Bouncy", men! I am Captain William Blight! We set sail from London in an hour! Our destination is the island of Tahiti! Our mission is to pick up breadfruit for the King!

14,700 miles to Tahiti? Just to pick up some lousy breadfruit for the King? They sell breadfruit over at the Supermarket near the Palace!

The King knows that, idiot! But in Tahiti, they give trading stamps!

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Hey, who's the broad?

Where did she come from?

A woman on a ship is bad luck!

Get her off before we sail!

Better still, get her below, and then let's sail! T'heck with the bad luck!



At ease, men! This is my First Mate—Mr. Fletcher Wristlimp!

Show him to the powder roo—I mean, to his cabin!

This way, honey—

Thank you! You're so sweet!



Oh, I say, Captain—I think it's just horrid—absolutely horrid the way you've been treating the men on this voyage! Ooooooh, sometimes I get so angry, I could just scream!

Oh, come off it, Marlin! I realize you're sore because I've got a meatier role than you—but stop trying to upstage me with that ridiculous fop talk! Can't you just once play a role straight?

Don't worry, Trevar! He pulled a stupid Southern accent on me in "Sayonara"—and I still won an "Oscar"!

Again with the whipping! This makes the 20th flogging Blight has ordered this week!

I don't mind that so much—but why do all of us crew members have to stand and watch them every time?

The Captain is too cheap to show movies!





Hi, guys! Welcome to Flip City, the capital of Tahiti. We've got a real swinging spot here, and we hope you have a fun time with us! Just show us your keys, and our Bunnies will check you in at the club . . . !

Boy, these savages certainly know how to live!



Man . . . dig that crazy dance!! Did you ever see such action!

Well, keep your eye on it! It's the only action you'll be seeing in this action picture! There's not one fight or duel!

I told you! I can't stand violence!

I hear the hair-dresser for this movie is up for an Academy Award for "BEST CAMOUFLAGING JOB FOR A WIDE-SCREEN TECHNICOLOR PICTURE"!



Tell me, Mamamia—of all the sailors on the "Bouncy", why did you pick me to make love to?

What make love?! I thought you were the Avon representative!!



Timati, I'd like to hang you by the thumbs until you scream for mercy. I'd like to tie you to a tree and whip you till your ribs show. I'd like to put bamboo splints under your nails, and set fire to them. I'd like to—

Gee, what a magical place Tahiti is! Even Capt. Blight is in love!!

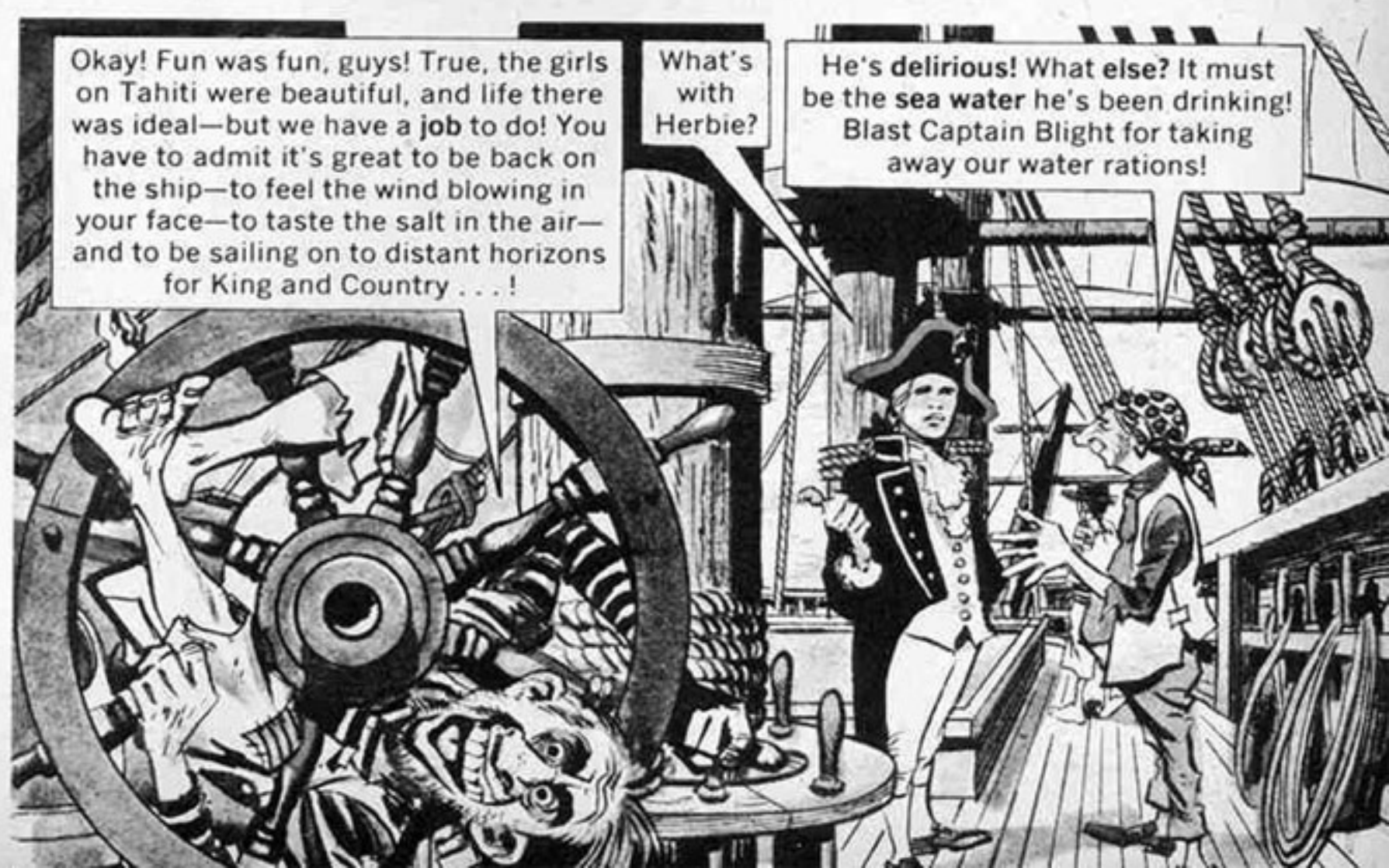
What a simple, happy people! They laugh and sing and have fun all day long! What's that joyous dance that group over there is doing?

I think they're celebrating a death in the family!



Well, Mamamia! It's time to say goodbye! I want to thank you for all you've taught me!

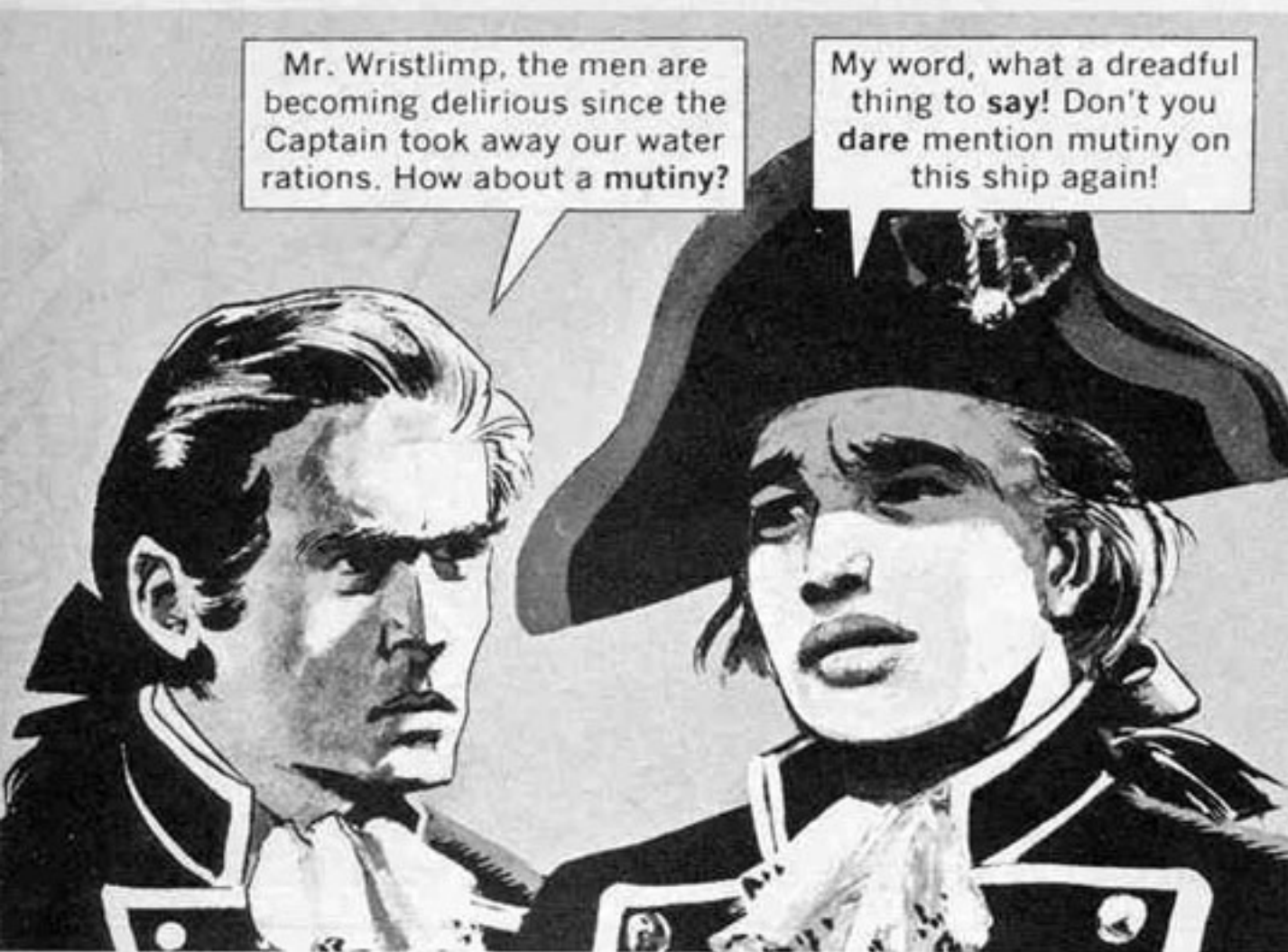
Okay, but I still think it looks ridiculous for a man to wear his hair to hide his chest like we island women do!



Okay! Fun was fun, guys! True, the girls on Tahiti were beautiful, and life there was ideal—but we have a job to do! You have to admit it's great to be back on the ship—to feel the wind blowing in your face—to taste the salt in the air—and to be sailing on to distant horizons for King and Country . . . !

What's with Herbie?

He's delirious! What else? It must be the sea water he's been drinking! Blast Captain Blight for taking away our water rations!



Mr. Wristlimp, the men are becoming delirious since the Captain took away our water rations. How about a mutiny?

My word, what a dreadful thing to say! Don't you dare mention mutiny on this ship again!



Mr. Wristlimp, Captain Blight is now flogging the men two at a time! And he's making all the other men watch! He calls it a "Double Feature"! Don't you think we should mutiny?

Sorry, but ours is not to reason why! We must obey the Captain . . . regardless of how we may feel about him personally!



Mr. Wristlimp, Captain Blight is now keel-hauling the men. Keel-hauling is not legal like whipping, and it's not clean like starving. It's merely against the Articles of War. How about a little mutiny? Just the two of us? Huh? What do you say? I'll be your buckie!

While I sympathize with you, Millz, you must remember that the Captain is the supreme commander of his ship. His word is law, whether we like it or not. And now, if you'll excuse me, it's a bit late—so I shall retire!



Goodnight, Mr. Wristlimp!

Ooooooh! Oooh, you . . . you . . . you nasty thing! Ooooooh, I'm so annoyed with you! **MUTINY! MUTINY! I'M TAKING OVER THIS SHIP!!!**



You terrible man, you! I patiently stood by while you flogged the men. I allowed you to starve them. I let you put them in chains, and keel-haul them. All this I excused. But now . . . you have committed an unpardonable sin! **YOU'RE WEARING THE SAME NIGHTGOWN AS ME! WE CLASH!!** Oooooooh, I'm so angry!

All those in favor of a mutiny against the Captain, stand with me!

Begging your pardon, Mr. Wristlimp. I realize that you lost your temper. But I do think the men would be more impressed if you stabbed him in the arm with a sword—instead of slapping him in the face with your hankie!

Stab him with a sword! I should say not! I want him in perfect health when we bring him back to England to face charges of cruelty, sadism, murder, and conduct unbecoming an officer . . . mainly style-swiping!!

Back to England? Did you hear that, men? Is that what you mutinied for—to go back to England?

I'm for going back to Tahiti and a life of pleasure in the sunshine with those gorgeous Tahitian girls. All those in favor of a mutiny against the mutiny, stand with me!!



Oooh, you fools! He wants you to go back to Tahiti so a British Man-'O-War will find you. Look, he's been leaving a trail of breadfruit trees for them to follow!

If you don't want to go back to England, we'll find some unknown island with sunshine and gorgeous girls. All those in favor of a mutiny against the mutiny against the mutiny, stand with me!

Hold it! Hold it! We're not going back to England! And we're not going back to Tahiti! And we're not going to an unknown island!!

What's this? A mutiny against the mutiny against the mutiny??

That's right!!

Where do you propose to sail to?

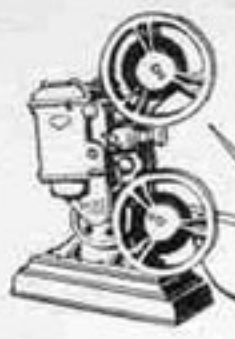
Back to Hollywood!



We represent the stockholders of this company, and the way this movie has been dragging on, it looks like M-G-M is going to be bankrupt! So if you ever want to collect your salaries, you'll end this picture now—and stand with us!

That's better! Hoist the new standard, and let's turn this ship around . . .





HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Race Through The Jungle



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

HITCHCOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO DEPT.

Yes sir, you saw it advertised in magazines and newspapers, on billboards and TV—and you were scared! Then you saw it on the screen, and you were no longer scared—you were hysterical with laughter! Because even a movie with reams and reams of advance publicity can still turn out to be a bomb when it's got bad acting and a weak story! To paraphrase the ads, Alfred Hatchplot should have said, "It could be the most terrible motion picture I have ever made!" Mainly because his latest chiller is not only luke warm, it is strictly . . .

"For The Birds"

STARRING TV-REJECTS **ROD TAYLURE** **JESSICA CANDY** **SUZANN FLUSHETTE**

AND INTRODUCING A HATCHPLOT MISTAKE: **TIPSY HEADRINSE** AS "THE BIRD BATH"

WITH
Peter FINCH, Walter PIGEON,
Tina ROBIN, Jean CRANE,
Dean MARTIN, Howard HAWKS,
Jeanne EAGLES
AND THE EVER-POPULAR
Jim CROW

PLUMAGE BY
Edith HEAD
UNEXPECTED ATTACK
ON CREW BY
Washington
Square
PIGEONS

CHICKEN-FLICKINGS BY
Morris
The BUTCHER
SCREENPLAY BY
Irving HUNTER
ADAPTED FROM HIS
JR. HIGH SCHOOL
COMPOSITION

TETANUS SHOTS BY
Zina
BETHUNE
BASED ON
Daphy
Du MAURIER'S
TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE
IN CENTRAL PARK



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL: LOU SILVERSTONE

That's odd! All the birds in my store are normally very peaceful. But come to think of it, they have been acting strange lately. The finches have been throwing temper-tantrums, the parrots have been cursing the customers, and the canaries—the canaries have been singing World War II marching songs!

Speaking about odd things—look at that fat little man over there with the bald head! Isn't that . . . ?

Yes! That's him! Wait'll the movie audience sees him! They'll laugh and gasp in recognition!

It's terrifying—some of the things he's done!

It scares me to death to think of what frightening new thing he'll come up with next!

The crazy fat fool! Look at that scene he's making over at the Bald Eagle counter!

WE WILL BURY YOU!
WE WILL BURY YOU!



That's a surprise! I was kind of expecting somebody else to show up in that sequence!

He'll probably appear later on! Anyway, looking for him will help to build up the **suspense**—something which happens to be noticeably **lack- ing** in the rest of the picture!

Now, what can I do for you?

I'd like to order two **love birds**! They're a gift for the **kid sister** of that lawyer who was just in here. I'm going to pay him an unexpected and completely contrived—but necessary to further the plot—**surprise visit at Bodego Bay** this weekend!

Bodego Bay? You're going to Bodego Bay? Listen, take my advice and stay away from that place! It's not for you! I've heard some **strange talk** about it around the store recently! That's no place to go chasing a lawyer on a weekend!

Why? Is there some threat of danger?

PLEASE...

NO...

NO... NOT ME!

No—it's just that Bodego Bay doesn't "swing" on weekends! A rich, attractive girl like you has more of a chance of catching a lawyer at the "action" resorts—like Las Vegas, Palm Springs and Metlitz's Bungalow Cottages on Kiamesha Lake in the Catskills!

Well, thanks for the advice, but I think I prefer to take my chances with this guy at Bodego Bay!

Okay, but remember I warned you! **Bodego Bay is FOR THE BIRDS!**

Could either of you gentlemen direct me to the home of Mr. Roger Oedipus? I have a present for his little sister... what's her name??

Oh, you mean Gertrude?

No—her name is Maude!

You're wrong! It's Bernice!

Naah! It's Emma-Lou!

Brunhilda?

No, Zelda!

I've heard of padding movies with small-talk-type dialogue, but this is ridiculous!

They sure didn't dress delivery boys that way in my day!

Well, here I am with my sophisticated upper-class facial expression, dressed in a mink coat, doing a silly Debbie Reynolds-type rowing bit out in the middle of Bodego Bay! I'll bet you're all sitting on the edge of your seats waiting for something to happen—like my falling in the water and drowning!

I mean, that was the first big shock in "Psycho"—wasn't it? When Janet Leigh was killed right in the beginning of the picture? Well, no such luck this time, gang! All that happens to me is this big sea gull comes down and bites the top of my head!

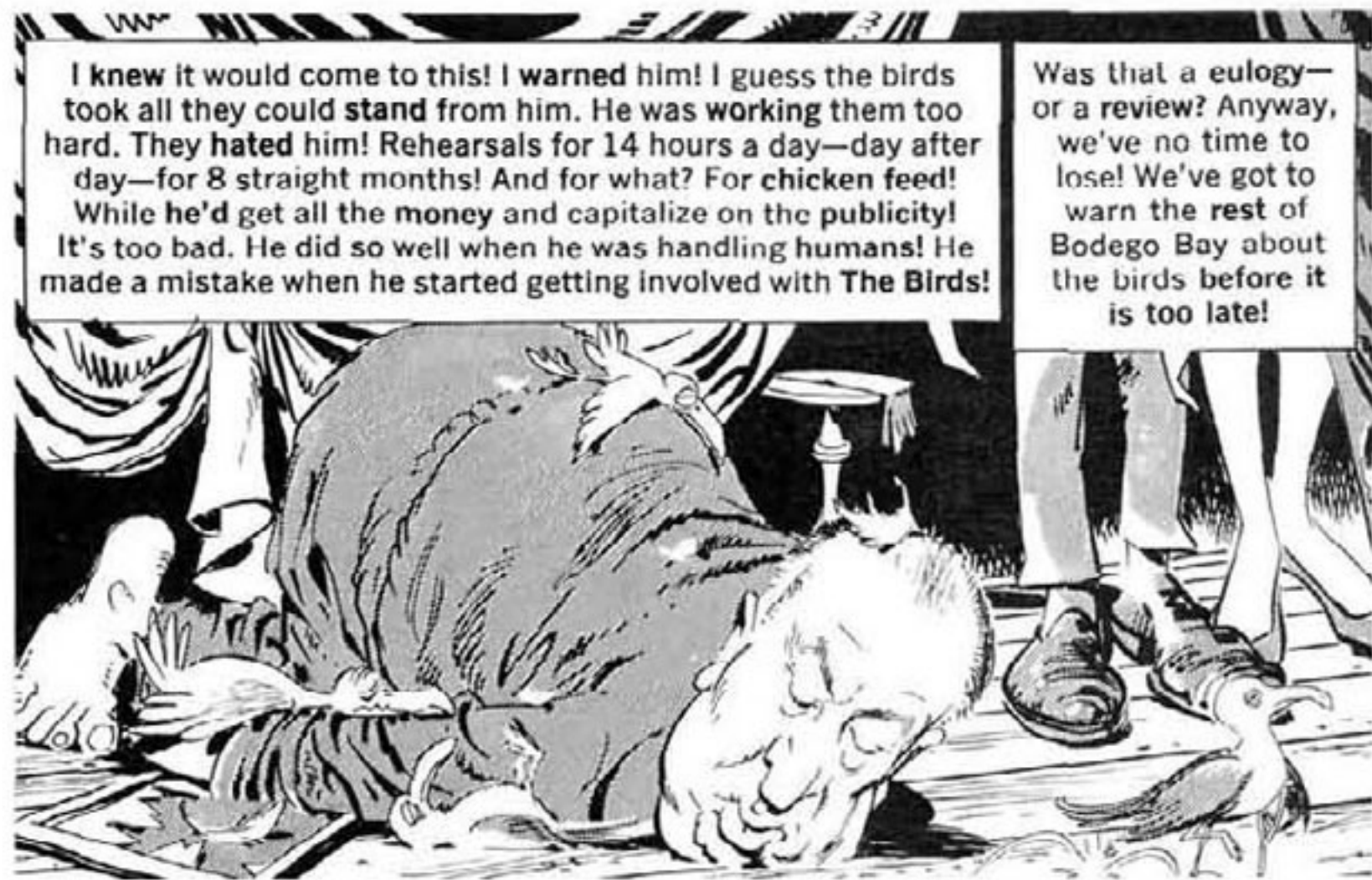
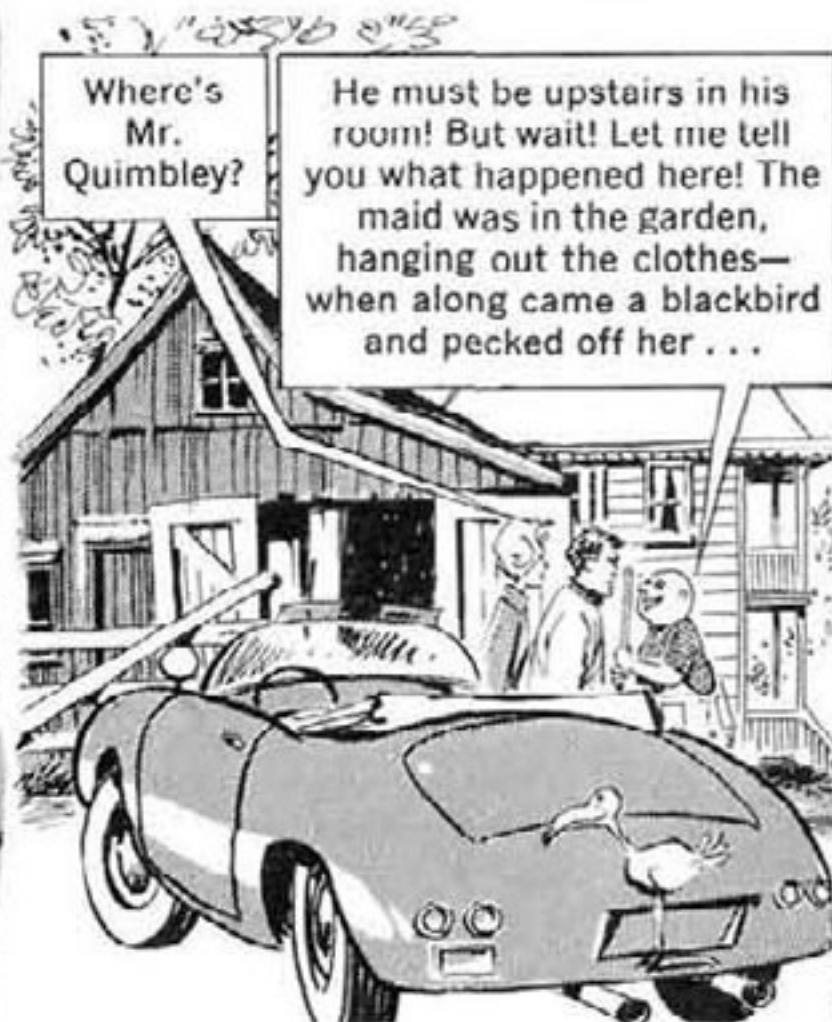
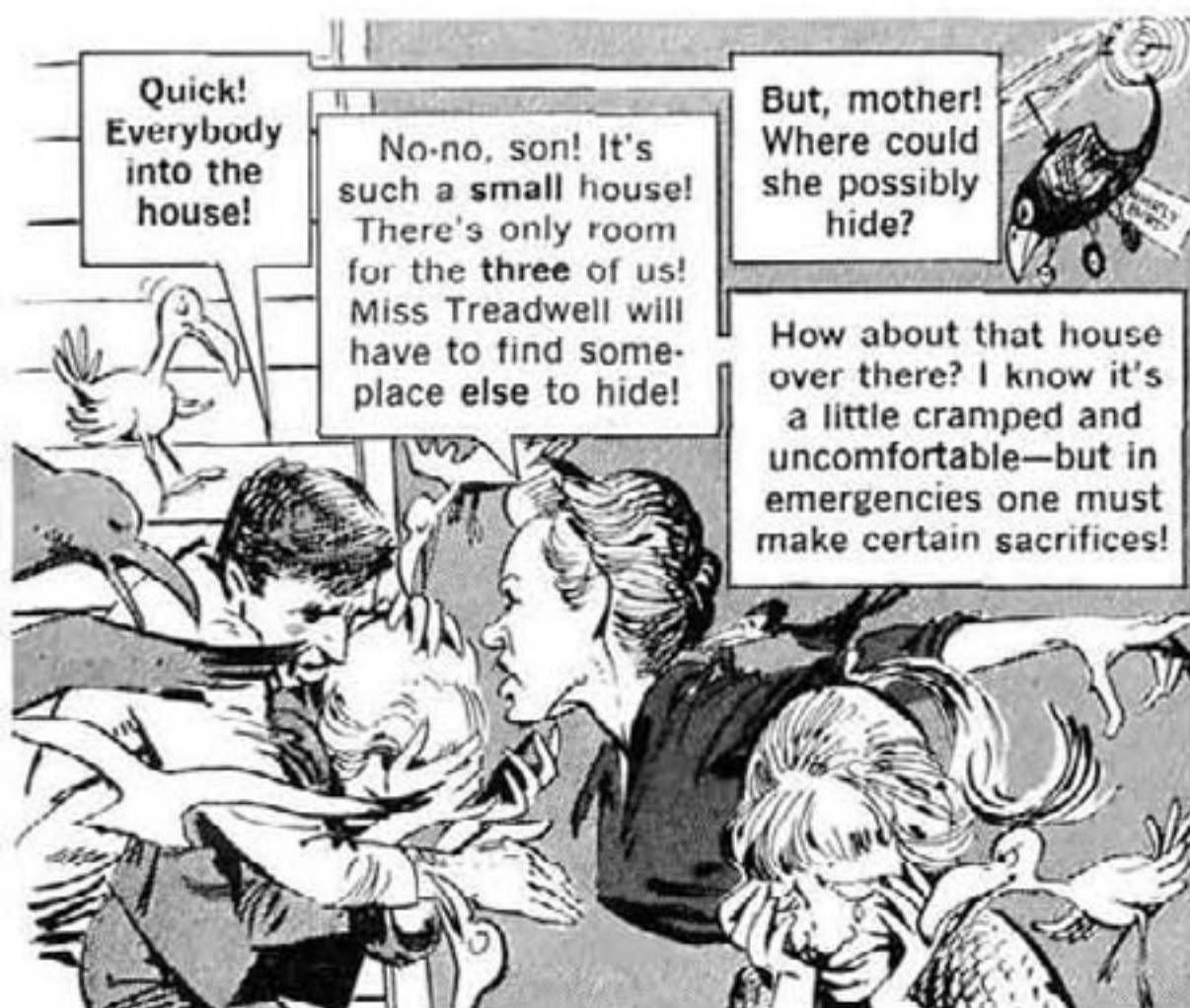
Tipsy, you crazy kid! You mean you came all the way out here just to see me? How did you find out where I lived?

I looked in the "Yellow Pages" under "LOVER"!

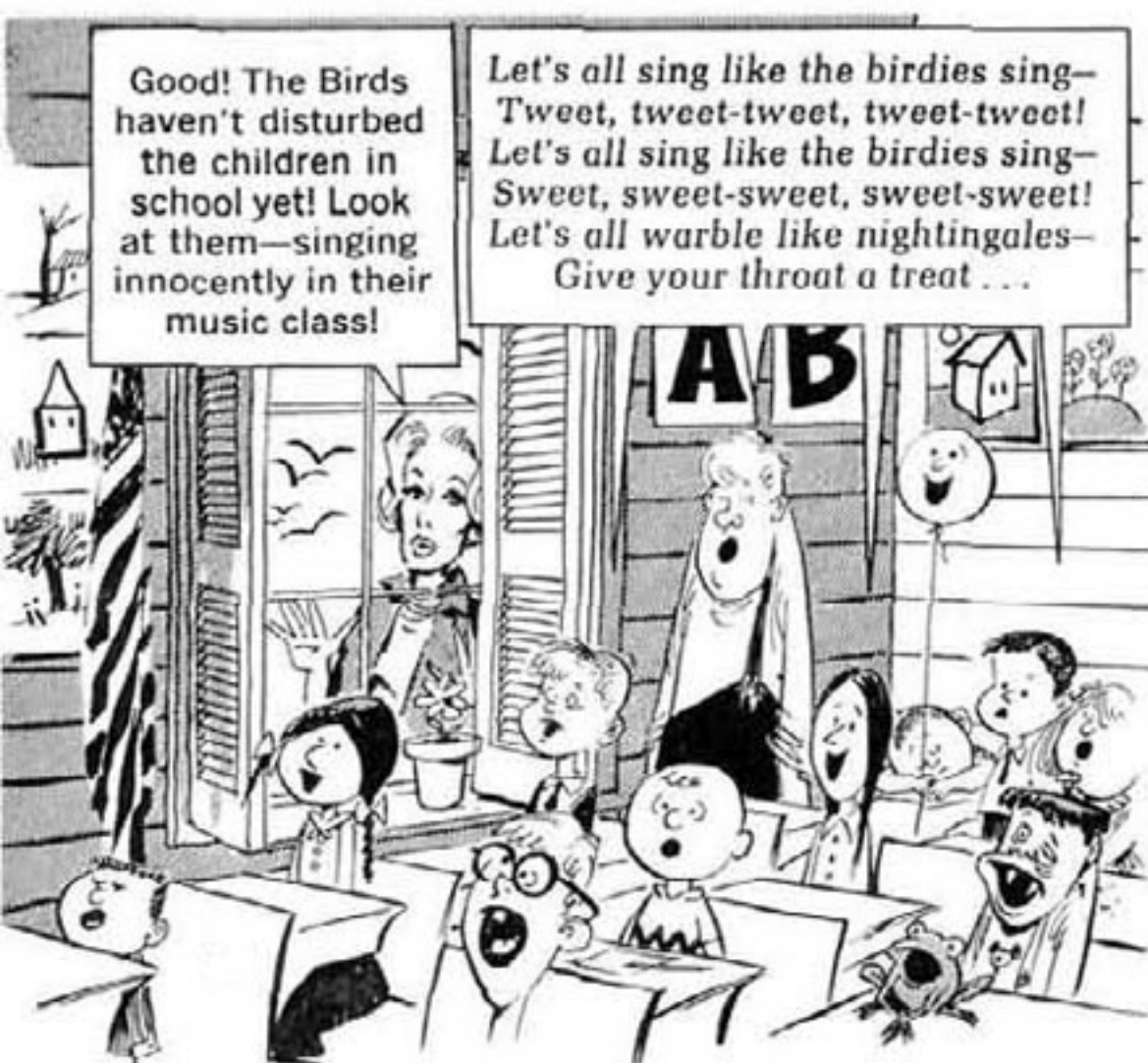
This clever repartee is supposed to relieve the unbearable tension!

What unbearable tension?





Was that a eulogy—or a review? Anyway, we've no time to lose! We've got to warn the rest of Bodego Bay about the birds before it is too late!





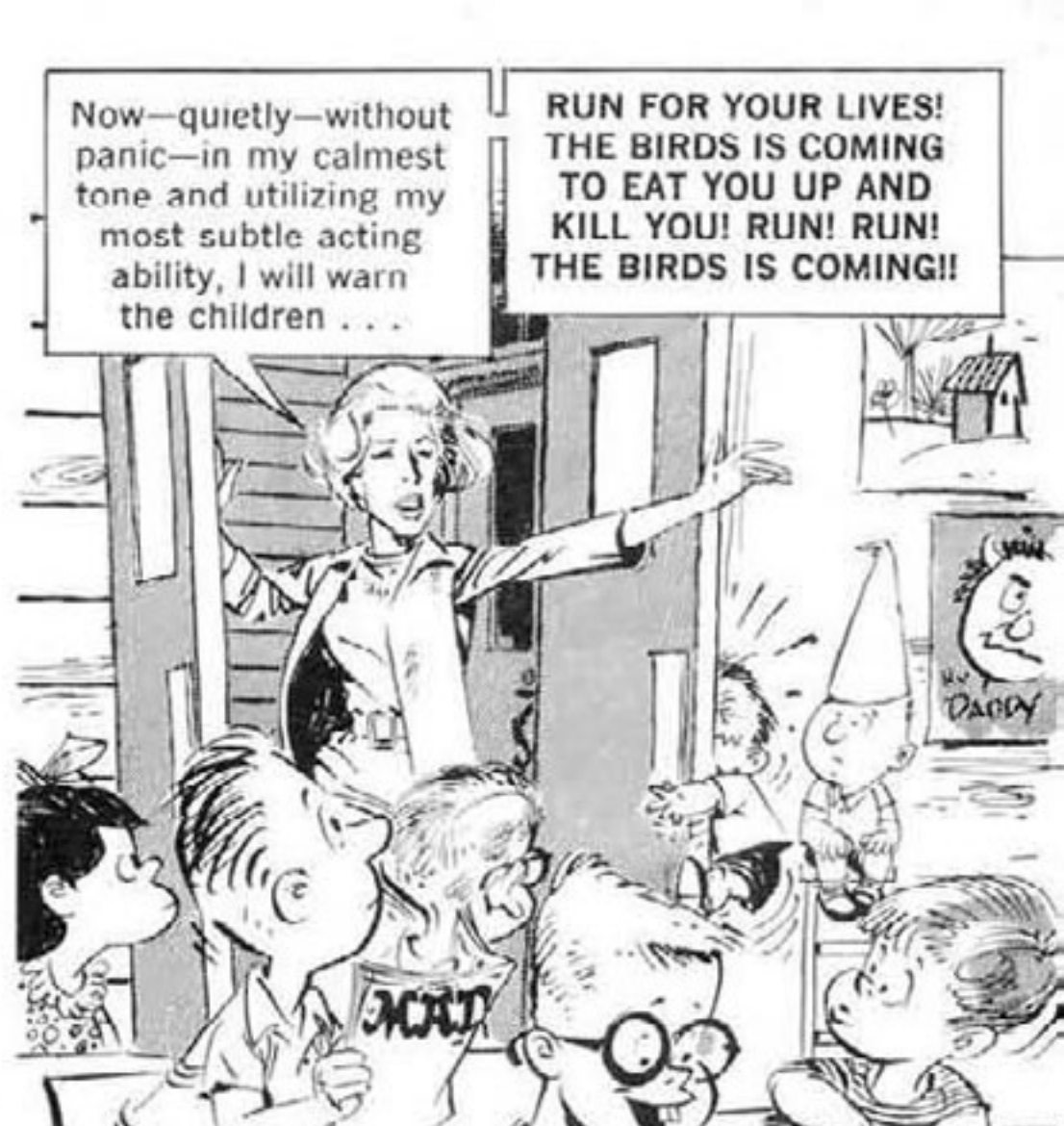
CHIRP!

SMOCK! SMOCK!
HOW'S YOUR BIRD?

TWEET!

BOY, A FLOCK OF 'EM
WENT OVER THAT TIME!

Hmmm! If it continues
like this, I may have
to warn those children
before the period ends!



Now—quietly—without
panic—in my calmest
tone and utilizing my
most subtle acting
ability, I will warn
the children . . .

**RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
THE BIRDS IS COMING
TO EAT YOU UP AND
KILL YOU! RUN! RUN!
THE BIRDS IS COMING!!**



See for
yourself!

Just one minute! Who do
you think you are—barging
in here like this—shouting
orders in the improper tense!
Either the birds **ARE** coming,
or **A** bird **IS** coming!!



You're right!
The birds is coming!!

Run for your lives,
kids! **IN SIZE PLACE!**



What's the matter
with you? Now see
what you've done!
You got yourself
killed! Why didn't
you run to safety
like the others!?

I'm against Civil
Defense drills of
any kind! I refuse
to participate in
such idiocy!



Run for
your lives!
It's the
birds!!

Calm down,
lady! Tell
us what
happened!

There was
an attack
on the school! A
teacher
was killed!

Aw—it's just
those crazy
teenage students
again! No use
getting upset
over 'em! Kids
will be kids!
They'll grow
up someday!

SHUT UP
AND EAT!

MUMMY--
THAT LADY IS
FRIGHTENING
ME!



Why don't you believe me?
These are birds that are
doing the attacking! Wrens,
hens, geese, ganders, gulls,
mockingbirds! They gather
in the sky and wait—as if
for some signal! Then they
swarm down and attack! It's
as if they were following
some sort of plot created
by a human mind!

Well that's
more than
you can say
about this
picture!!

Hey, look! That car is
careening madly down
the street! Now it's
smashing into the gas
station pumps! The
whole town's gonna
blow up!



See! See!
What did
I tell you?

Lady! That's
a car that
did that!

Yes, but did
you see what
kind of car!
A THUNDERBIRD!

Well, I'm safe in here!
Boy, are those birds
anxious to get in here
with me! Maybe if I
open the door a little,
I can make a break for
it...

Yaaaahhh!
No-no! Oh—
they're
getting in!



What are you, crazy?! Pulling a silly
college prank like that?! Seeing how
many you can crowd into a phone
booth?! Boy, you Skidmore-type girls
are all alike—making humor out of any
unpleasant situation! C'mon! Hop in!



There! I've nailed
up every door and
boarded up every
window! That should
do it! Nothing can
get in here now!

Eeeeeek! Roger! The
chimney! **Something**
horrible is coming
down the chimney!



The windows! The
doors, all boarded
up! There was no
other way to get
in!!

Roger! I demand
to know! Why did
you lock me out?

I haven't the time
to explain, Mother!
We have to prepare
for another attack!
I can sense it coming!
Here it is... now!
IT'S ANOTHER ATTACK!!



It's another asthma
attack!! Oh, Mommy,
please don't let
those awful birdies
get me while I'm in
this condition!

Mother will take
care of her little
bubbie! Here...
drink your milk!



Roger! The birds!
They're breaking
through the walls,
the doors—the roof!

There must be some reason!
Some motive! What do they
want? More crumbs? Status?
Bigger bird baths? It's
almost as if some human
being were controlling
the birds... **masterminding**
the attacks... wanting
revenge for something...



That's right! **Revenge!** And who
has a better right to it than
me! All those months in Alcatraz,
learning, studying, rehearsing—
to give a tender, sensitive tear-
jerking performance without once
gritting my teeth! Don't you think
I **deserved the Academy Award?**

Revenge is right! Now me and my
birds are headed south—to Los
Angeles! If you think we terrorized
your house... you should see what
we've got lined up for **Gregory Peck!!**

74541

ALL HELLAS BREAKS LOOSE DEPT.

War pictures were once pretty simple. They had the good guys (us!), and the bad guys (them!). Talk was at a minimum, and action prevailed. Namely, the good guys killed the bad guys! Nowadays, war pictures are filled with philosophical discussions about killing and causes and who's good and who's bad and who's right and who's wrong and who cares! All of which has resulted in MAD's developing a philosophy of its own when it comes to this latest trend... MAD's philosophy being: if you can't join 'em (because they make you nauseous) then beat 'em (by satirizing 'em)! Which is exactly what we do with this latest philosophical war movie:

"THE GUNS OF MINESTRONE"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Men, the Germans have two huge guns in the Greek fortress of Minestrone which are hurting our war operations. Here's what you'll do: find a leaky old fishing boat, ride for 24 hours through tidal waves, climb a sheer cliff rising 600 feet in the air, infiltrate several Greek villages, wipe out a division of Germans inside the fortress, blow up the guns with explosives, jump off the cliff, and swim back to our own lines!

Sir, this sounds like a vital mission—one upon which the fate of the Free World hinges. And since this is going to be a war-adventure movie with a message, I've got a message for you: I'm not going!

You can count me out too, Sir! A man would have to be insane to go on a mission like that! Well, I guess that about winds up the film right here! As is, I think it should make a dandy "short" on "Military Briefing"!

In other words, you'll re-live a typical "fun-day" in the life of Frank Sinatra and his Hollywood Clan!



Boy, am I burning! You tell the Army one thing, and they tell you another! Now, here we are on this leaky old fishing boat, riding through storms and tidal waves! Why, if I weren't such a stiff actor—from the "John Wayne-Gardner McKay School"—I could show some emotion, and give out with a good loud angry scream!!

Talking about emotions, Angrya, how come you're always so sullen? You've done nothing but scowl, look grim, and chomp on your pipe angrily since we started on this mission!

Why? Why—you ask? Because the Nazis murdered my wife and three children! Because I hate this stupid senseless thing called war! And mainly, I'm angry because this picture is a little too much like "The Bridge On The River Kwai"!



Tough luck, men! The sentry spotted us when we reached the top of this cliff, and four thousand Germans are rushing by truck to attack us at this very moment! Which means this is a perfect time to chat calmly and intelligently about the horrors and futility of "War"...

The way I see it, philosophically, "War" is a rough game! Personally, I prefer much easier games—like "Go Fish"—or "Old Maid"—or "Steal The Old Man's Bundle"...



Captain Malingerer, Look! The Major is wounded! Major Frankly, are you all right? Is it a minor injury—or are you hurt badly enough to spout some typical wounded-man war-movie-clichés?

I'm hurt bad (cough, cough)—so here go with the clichés!

Men, I want you to abandon this entire mission, and evacuate me to London immediately! I want you all to give up eating, sleeping, and fighting to guard me night and day and make me comfortable. I want my wound changed every 15 minutes, and don't ever let me be in pain! I hate pain because it makes me cry! Well, I guess that about covers it!

Tell me, Major! Just what war pictures have you been seeing lately? I think you better try your lines again.



** Every time it takes RICHARD LONG, EDD BYRNES!

Sorry! How's this—?

Forget me, fellows! Leave me here to die while you finish the mission! All I need is a little water and a cigarette. Give this letter to my wife. And before you go, cut off my leg with a rusty bayonet!

Actually, there's nothing wrong with my leg, but it should make a marvelously dramatic scene! I'm great at wincing and teeth-gritting!

That's much better, but still not perfect! You forgot to tell us not to get you a doctor because it's too late for a doctor! It's always too late for a doctor in scenes like this!

And here's a pistol, so you can try to shoot yourself because you don't want to be a burden on us, only we'll stop you just in time! That's always an exciting bit!

Well, here we are at the top of this mountain—a bit weary after 24 hours in a raging sea and 19 hours of cliff-climbing—but still strong enough to fight off an entire German division with our water-soaked guns and drenching wet ammunition!



While I'm re-loading my gun, I would like to utter another calm and deliberate bit of anti-war philosophy—

The way I see it, Germans are nasty! But we needn't be as nasty as they, because nastiness is not nice! If we can be nice while they're nasty, then our niceness will be nicer than their nastiness, providing ours isn't nasty niceness, but nice niceness! And that's why war is nasty... or nice—I forget which!



Well, here we are at the ruined temple, after wiping out an entire German division, which is the usual custom for 6-man good-guy patrols in movies like this! Now, if only some typically hard-bitten, grimy, bedraggled, war-weary Greek Resistance Fighters would show up to lead us to the fortress at Minestrone, we'd be set... Well, speak of the Devil!!

Hello, fellows! We're two typical, hard-bitten, grimy, bedraggled, war-weary Greek Resistance Fighters who are here to help you on your mission! Henna, here, however, is much more typical than me—since she's more beautiful, wears more make-up, and is a better kisser in battlefield love scenes!



Achtung! You are all under arrest! Come vit us! The SS has vays of dealink vit saboteurs. Ve haf been studying old Otto Preminger and Erich Von Stroheim movies!

Well, men! They've captured us! Literally, perhaps—but not philosophically! The way I see it, men may be in chains . . . but their hearts remain free, providing there are no chains on their hearts!

I beg to differ with you, Captain! The way I see it, we may be chained men with free hearts who are going to be tortured and shot—but there are far more important things that matter! For example, thank goodness we've got our health!

So! now ve haf you locked up inside this impregnable prison — vich means just vun t'ing-g-gh . . . ghk!

Exactly! It means this is the time for a preposterous escape scene!



Well, now that we've escaped from the Nazis, what war-movie-cliché can we work next? Oh—I have it! Is there a young kid from Brooklyn here who thinks he's too young to die? . . . No, I guess not! Hmmm! Let me see! I'VE GOT IT! One of the members of this group is a **TRAITOR**! Yes, that's a great old stand-by! One of us has been sabotaging this mission by passing our secrets back to the Nazis! Which one of us is the traitor?? Let's have some dramatic close-ups of all the suspects—



.. If we tried to SPRING BRYNGTON, would JIM BACKUS?

It's pretty obvious! There's only one person here who looks suspicious! There's only one person here who could possibly be the traitor! And that person is . . . Henna!

You dog! this is how we treat traitors!

That was a courageous thing to do! Thank you for taking care of a dirty but necessary job! However, you must admit that I just did a far more courageous thing than you! I killed her philosophically—in my mind!

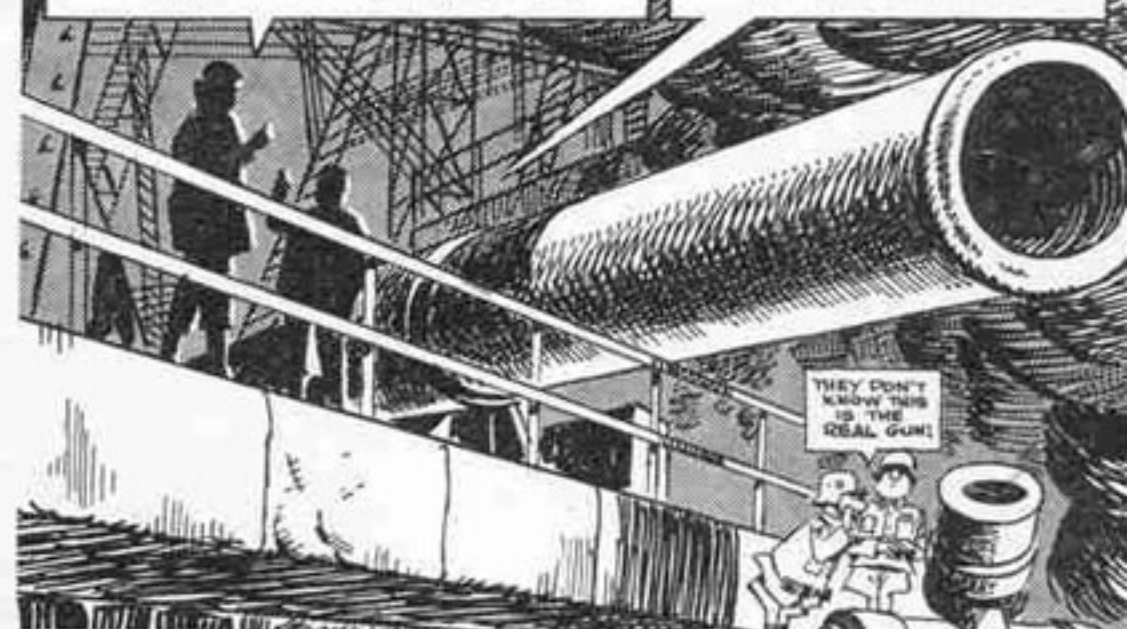
How about we all sit down and discuss the whole philosophical concept of this mission for about four hours! If we blow up the guns right away, the picture is over too soon, anyhow!





Well, Captain. Here we are in the fortress of Minestrone! After days of torturous travel and brushes with death, we have arrived at the climax of our adventure! All I have to do now is light the fuse with this match before the Germans batter down the door—and our mission is accomplished!

Hold on a second, Corporal Milkstop! I'd like to raise an important point! When you say "our mission is accomplished," do you mean our "physical" mission or our "moral" mission!?



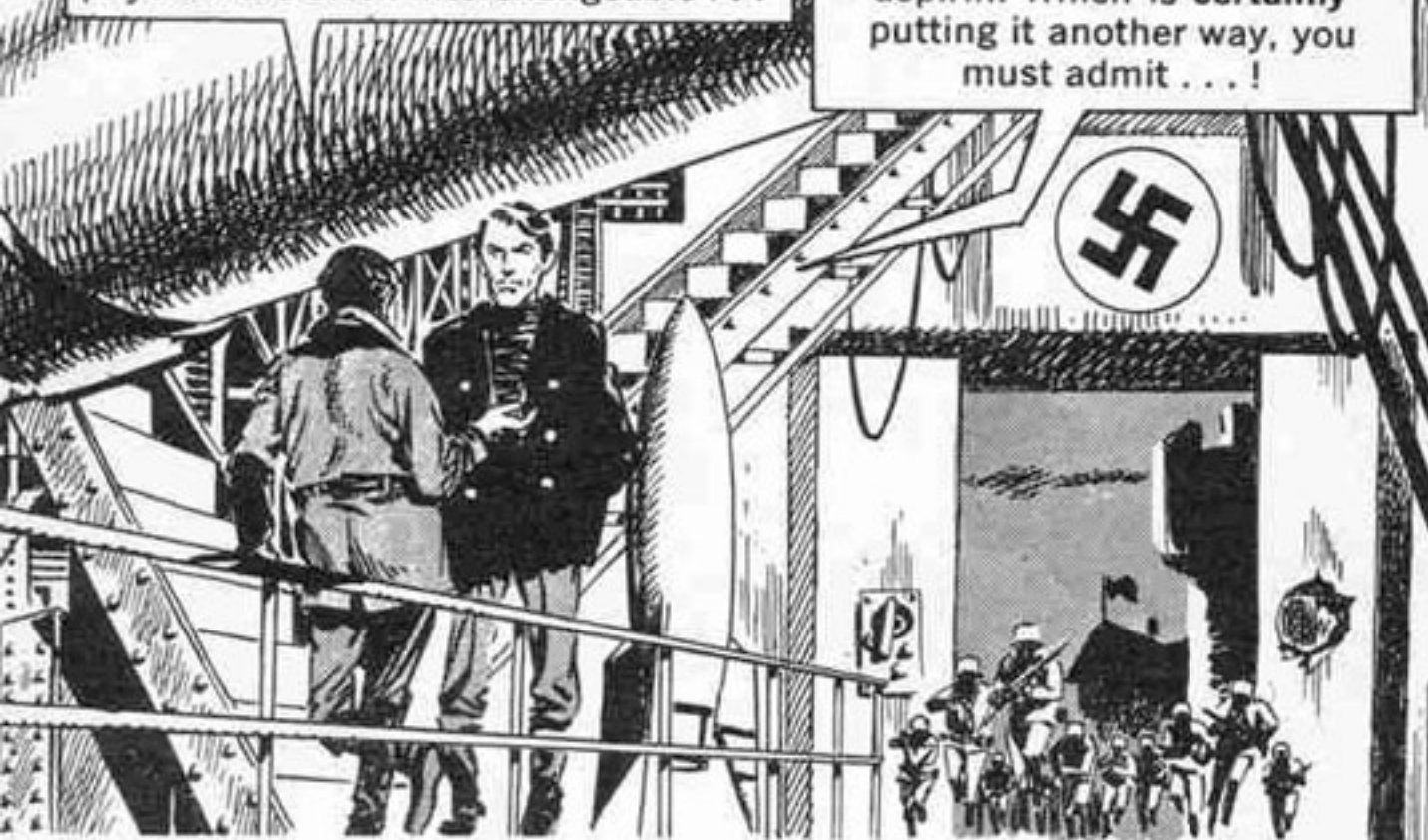
.. Would MARIA SCHELL out if PRESTON FOSTER?

Well, now! That's an interesting point! And this is as good a time as any to discuss it thoroughly without getting excited or raising our voices. Actually, I refer to our "physical" mission, although the moral and the physical are often interchangeable...

No, no! You're wrong! They're not interchangeable! While a man can be physically moral, he cannot be morally physical! Or to put it another way, nine out of ten doctors recommend aspirin! Which is certainly putting it another way, you must admit...!

Philosophically, you may have a valid point there, Captain. However, if we were to examine the subject from all aspects, could we honestly say that the subject has been examined?

Yes and no! Let's take a look at this whole thing from the beginning! Now, then, when God created Adam...

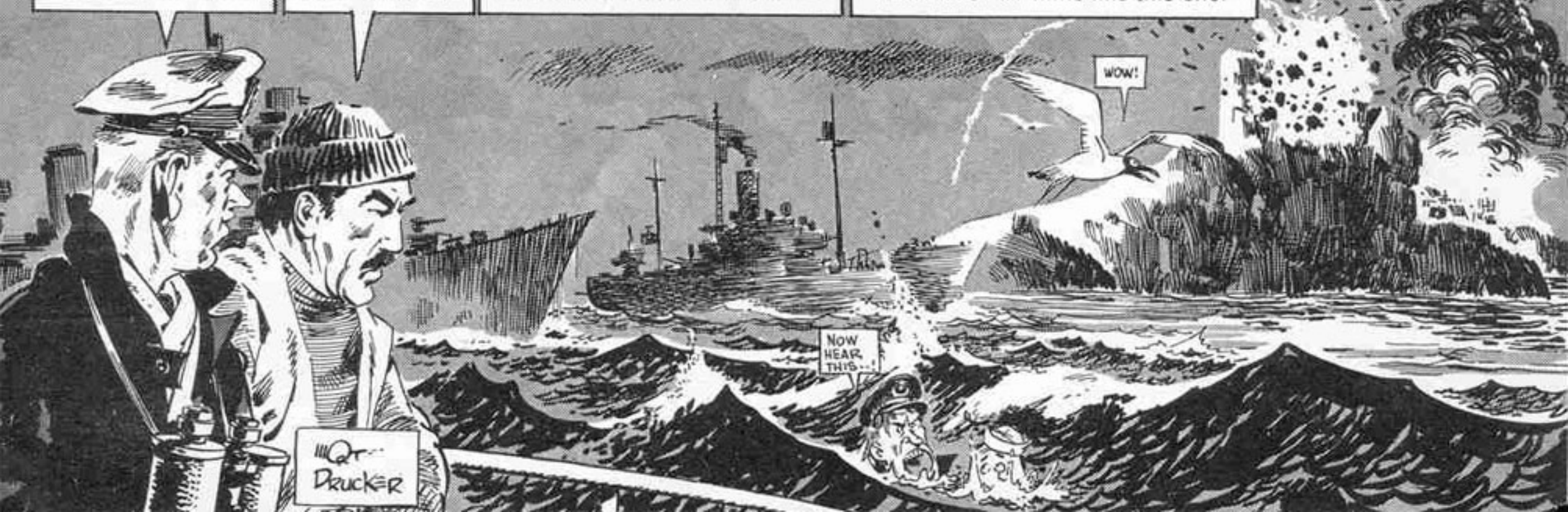


I see your friends blew up the German guns as planned! Bloody good show!

Not exactly as planned, Sir! The explosives never went off!

The fortress of Minestrone was built on top of a volcano which erupts when it is subjected to an unnatural amount of hot air...

And there's no hotter hot air than those philosophical messages sandwiched in between the killings in ridiculous war films like this one!



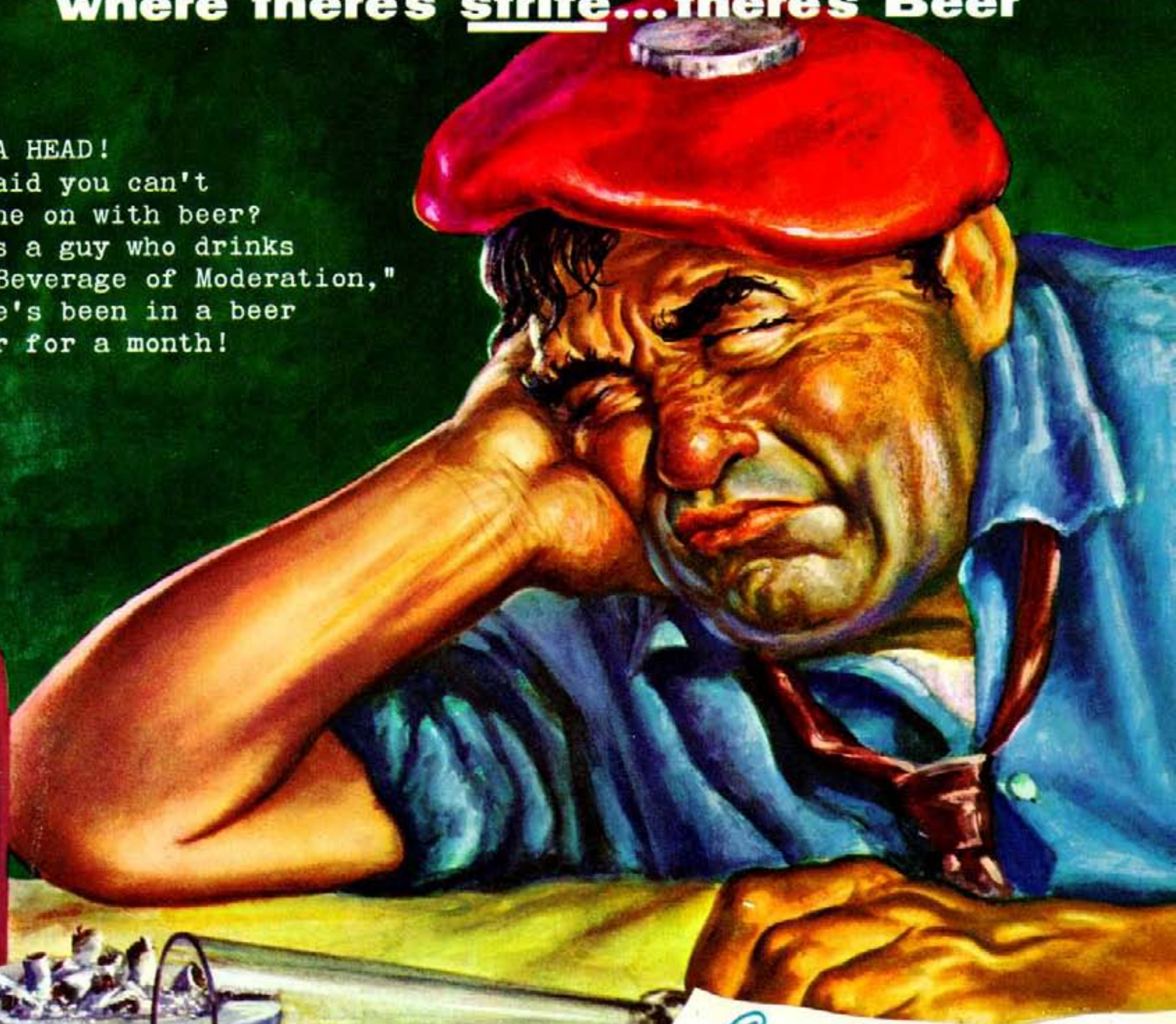
Sadder...

But wiser

where there's strife...there's Beer

WHAT A HEAD!

Who said you can't
tie one on with beer?
Here's a guy who drinks
"The Beverage of Moderation,"
and he's been in a beer
stupor for a month!



Dear John,
I've taken your drinking
just about as long as I can.
I've also taken the children,
the car, and the bank book!
You'll be hearing from my lawyer!
Goodbye!
Selma



PRESENTING THE BILL—reproduced here, is one of a series of original oil paintings, "Practising Medicine For Fun and Profit", commissioned by Park-David.

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A.K.A.
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