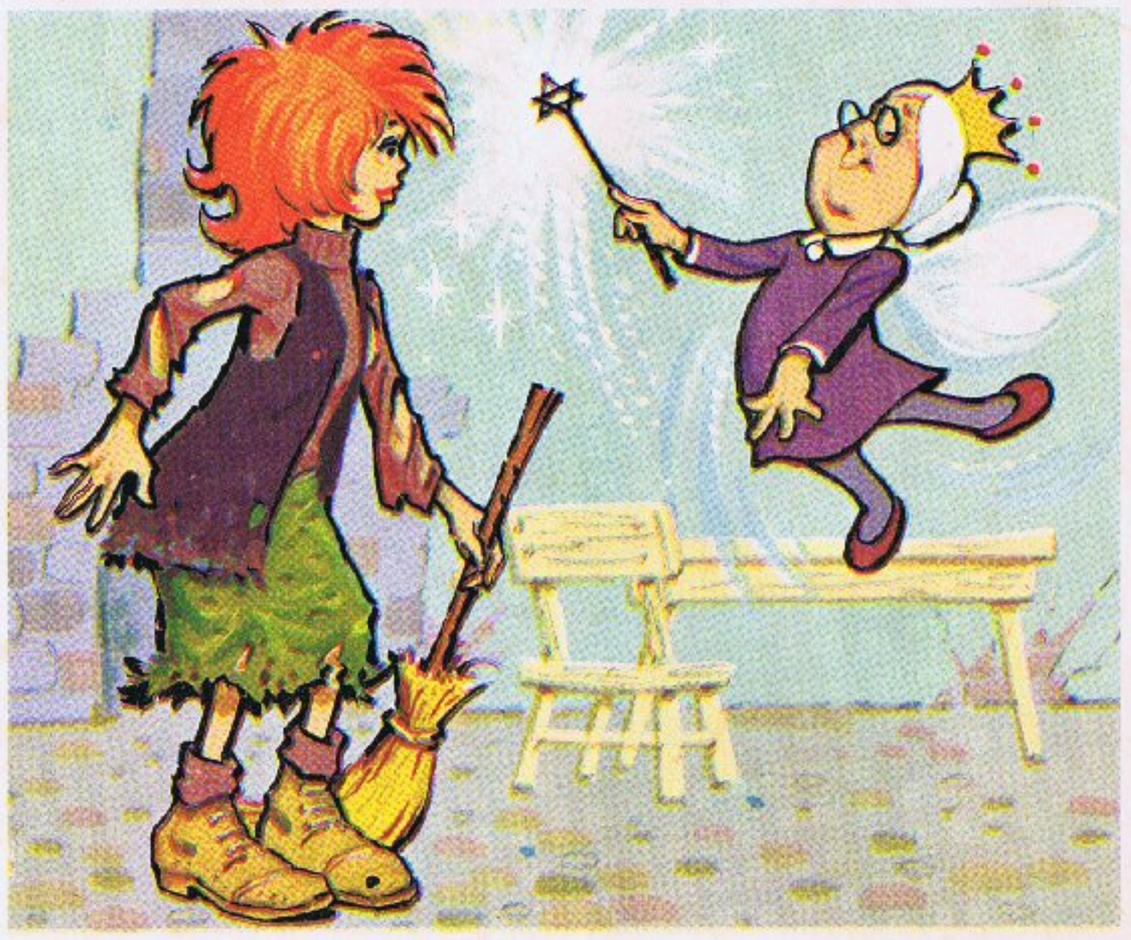
MAD SPECIAL NUMBER FIVE

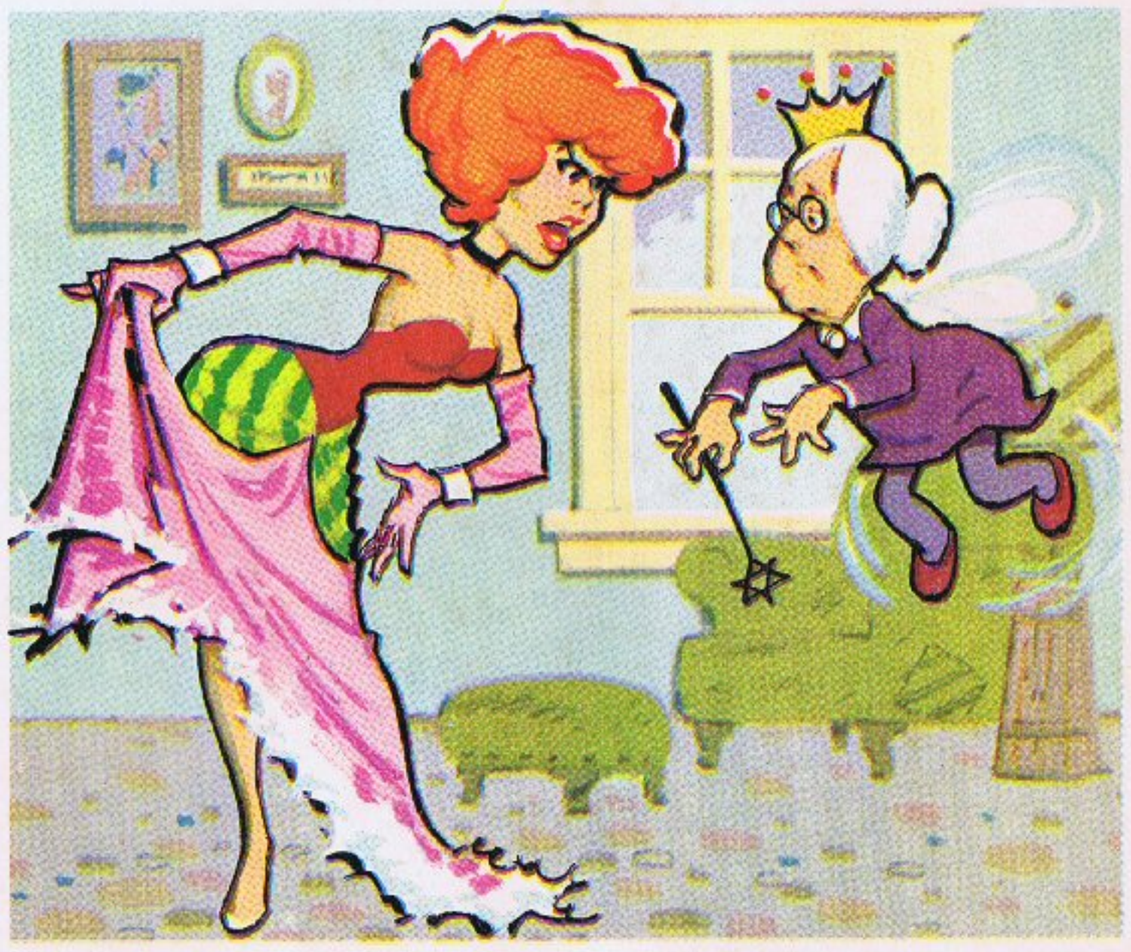
OUR PRICE
60c
CHEAP

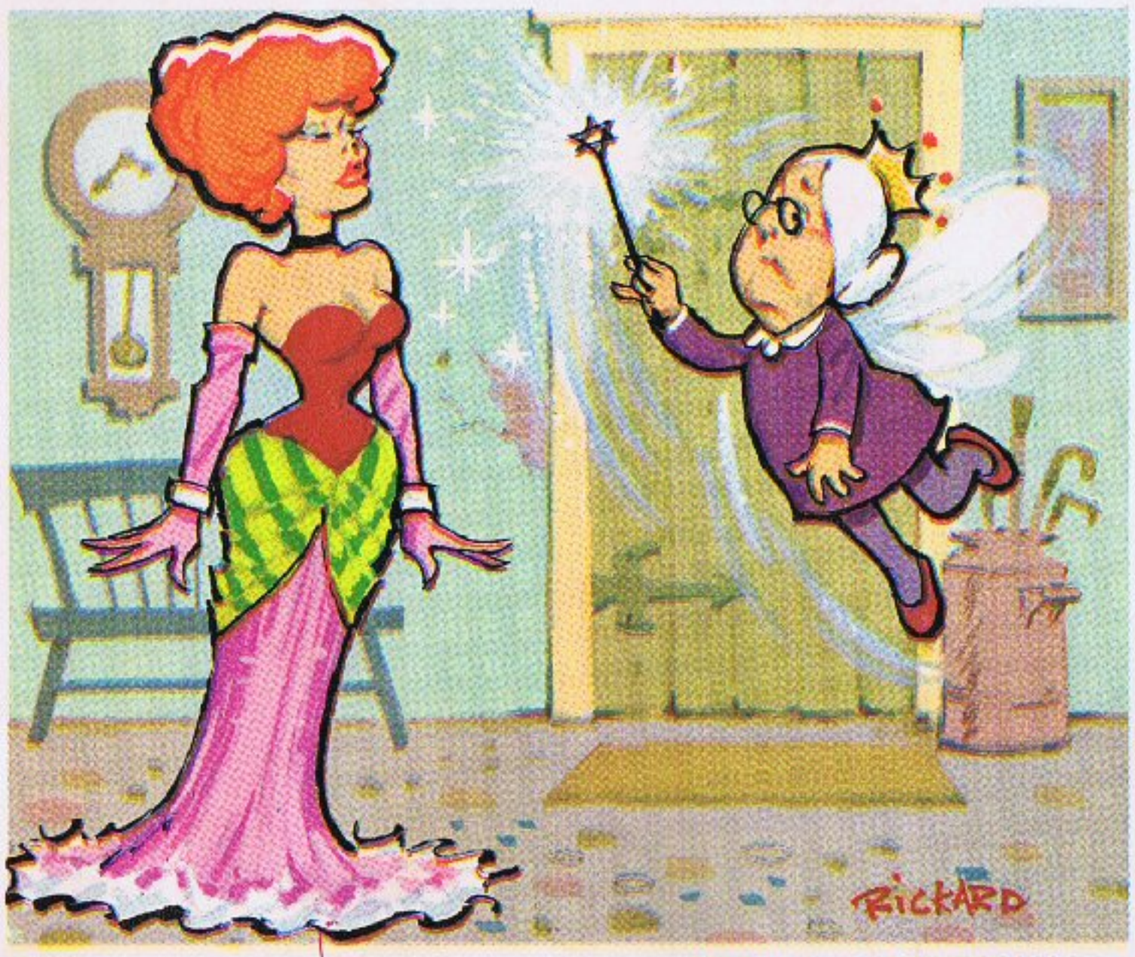
FEATURING THE SHOCKING "MAD FLAG" POSTER

A SATIRICAL SALUTE TO AMERICA

A MODERN CINDERELLA







ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: JACK KENT

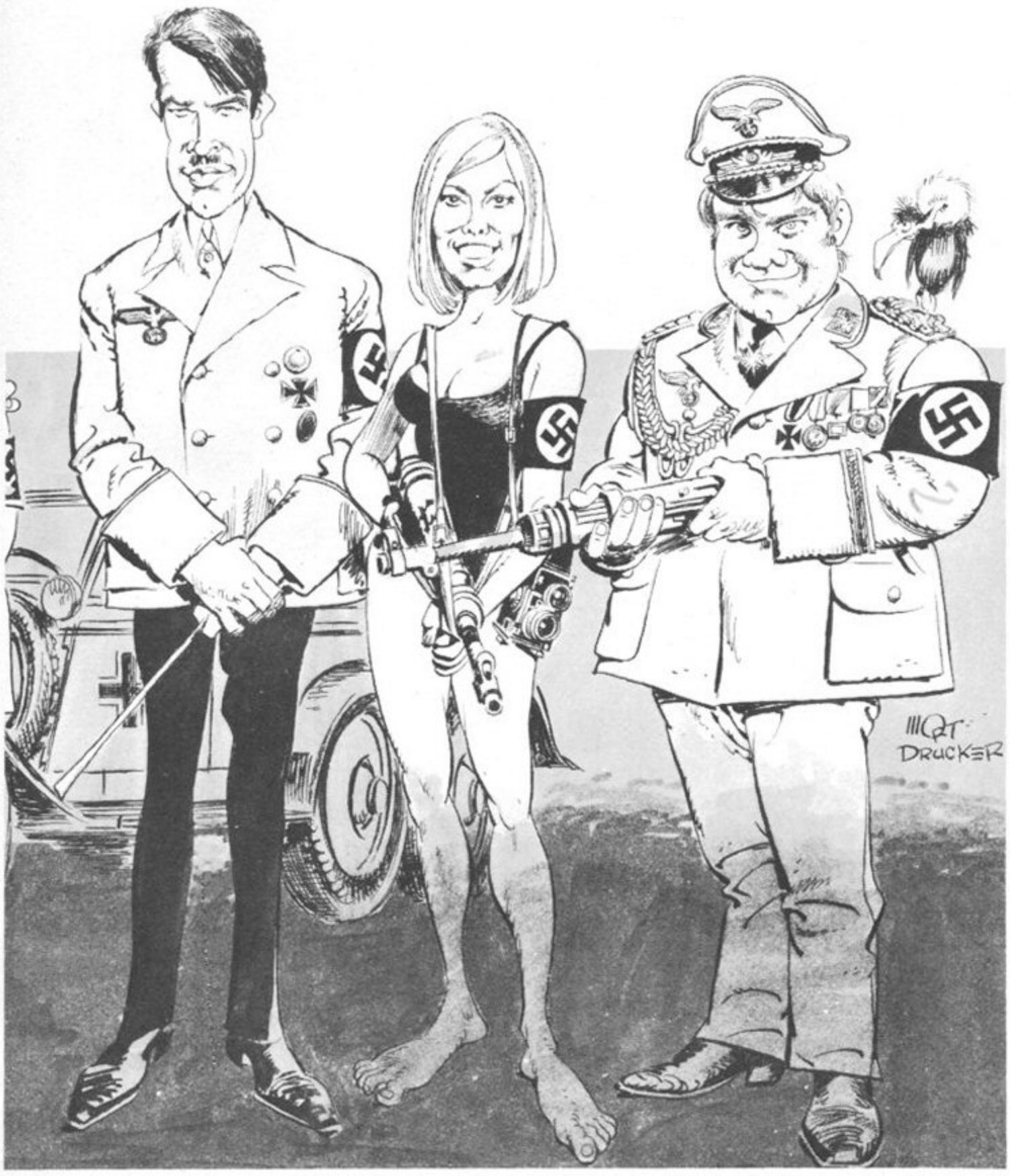
MAD SPECIAL NUMBER FIVE

"The longer you nurse a grudge, the longer it takes to get better!"—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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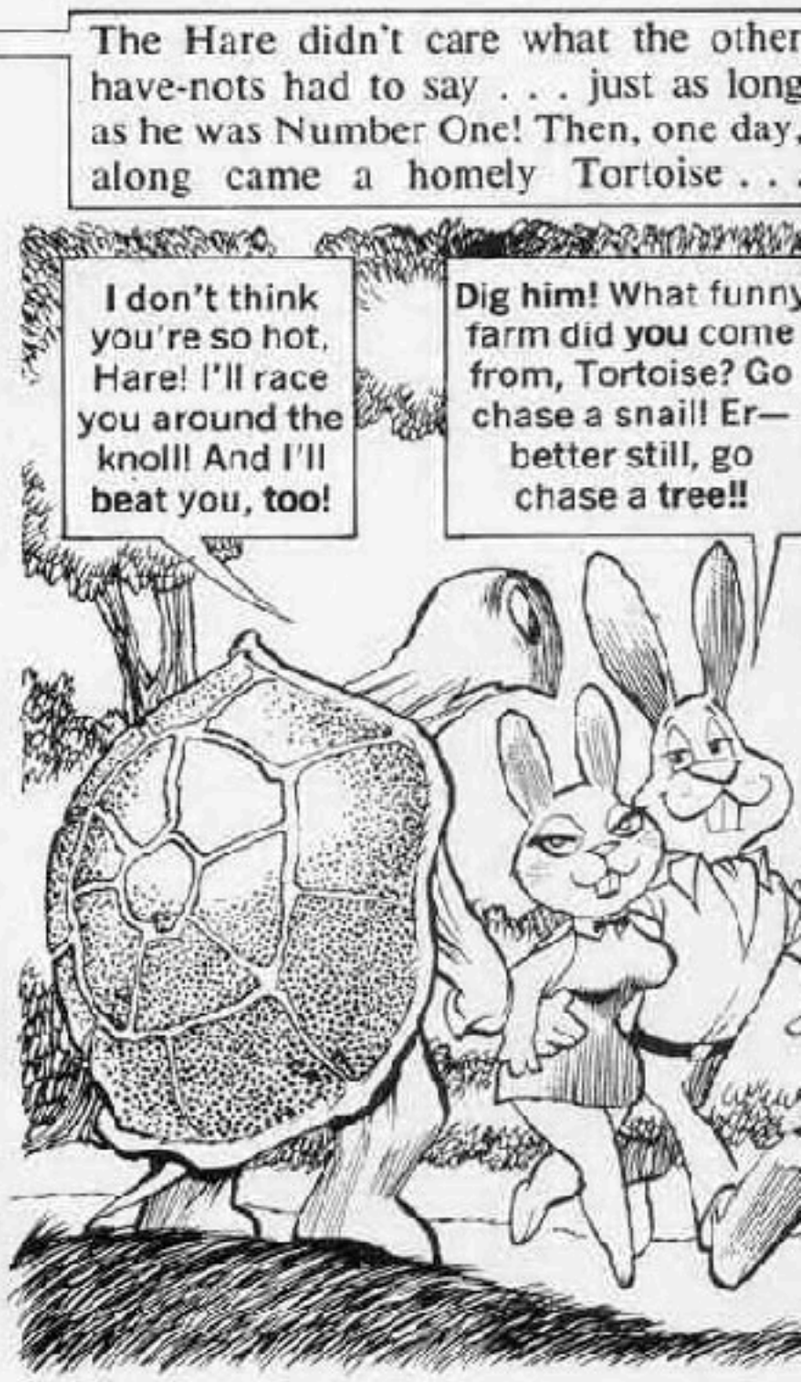
TELLING IT LIKE THEY IS DEPT.

Once upon a time, when parents wanted to help their kids fall asleep, they told them fairy tales. This always worked because – let's face it – what normal kid could stay awake listening to those boring, stale old stories?!

FAIRY TALES AS TOLD BY

"THE HAIR AND THE TORTOISE" as told by JOE NAMATH



"THE THREE LITTLE PIGS" as told by JERRY RUBIN

Nowadays, kids are sharper and wiser. They want story material that relates to the real world around them. So we've asked four well-known authorities on the real world of today to re-tell these ancient stories. Here then, is . . .

TODAY'S CELEBRITIES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

But the homely Tortoise persisted . . . and eventually the Hare was forced to accept his ridiculous challenge . . .

Okay, Tortoise! Around the knoll it is! Stay warm, girls, while I take on Swifty, here! You'll have my gorgeous body back with you in **no time!**

The race began. The Tortoise plodded on slow and patiently, while the Hare zoomed ahead a few yards, then stopped to service a cute teeny-bunny who was looking for some fast action . . .

Aren't you afraid you'll lose the **race,** Hare?

With **MY** speed?! **Hah! Not a chance!** Hey—easy with the buck teeth, Precious!!

The race wasn't even close! The Hare breezed past the Tortoise and won by 800 feet, setting a new forest record of 43.6 seconds, including the fast action with the teeny-bunny! The poor Tortoise plodded home two hours later!

Tough luck, Lightning! Drop by any time you've got a few hundred **years** to spare! But don't sweat it! You can always hire yourself out as a **footstool!** As for the **rest** of you—**bug out of my thicket!!**

And the moral of the story is: "It isn't that you **win** or **lose** . . . but how you **make out** before, during and after the **game!"**

Next, the Wolf spotted the second Pig shaking down a candy store owner! The Wolf grabbed some sticks . . . dynamite sticks . . . and huffed and puffed and tossed them into the candy store . . .

RIGHT ON to the next world, Pig!

CLARKE BAR

BLADAAM

Finally the Wolf spotted the third Pig counting his bribes in the brick station-house. The Wolf huffed and puffed as he ran past and tossed in a bomb which sent the Pig flying . . .

Up against the wall, Pig!!

BAROOM

And so, the three little Pigs were destroyed, and the Wolf became a big celebrity and appeared on the David Susskind Show and wrote a best-selling book that was made into a movie by MGM and a TV series by ABC. Today, the Wolf is a big tycoon with many investments, and whenever he goes out, dozens of other little Pigs protect him from crowds and autograph seekers!

And the moral is: "Do **your thing** until you make it **big**—then do **THEIR thing!"**

"TOM THUMB" as told by SPIRO AGNEW

Once upon a time, there was a little fellow named Tom Thumb who was only 3 inches high. Actually, this Thumb was not **my** kind of American . . . not that I have anything **against** dwarfs, midgets and other weirdo freaks . . .

It's just that Thumb represented everything wrong with today's youth. He was a pampered product of our permissive society. And worst of all, despite his parents' wishes, he refused to grow!

But Thumb preferred being a minority misfit, and he soon developed into a depraved, degenerate dwarf of dissent!

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" as told by DON RICKLES

Once upon a time, there was a kid named Jack . . . and I'm sure that this is the **worst** opening since Sebastian Cabot had his **appendix** out! But then, not everybody gets Melvin Laird to write his material!

One morning, Jack—who suffered from acute stupidity—was sent to town by his Mother to sell their only cow for a good price. This is like sending in Mickey Rooney to block a kick . . .

When his Mother saw the beans, she got mad and tossed them to the ground! She really couldn't blame Jack, considering that he was only 28 and this was the first time he'd ever found his way home alone! With a little luck, he'd even be toilet trained by 30! Anyway, the next morning, there was this huge beanstalk outside their house, and Dum-dum—who had the agility of a ruptured beetle—decided he'd try climbing the thing . . .

Tom went off to one of our corrupt colleges where a frightened faculty pandered to acne-faced anarchistic adolescents wallowing in cesspools of sex, sedition and civil disobedience!

We'll destroy the college unless they set up a Four-Year Curriculum for three-inch students!!

To restore law and order, the Government was forced to step in. Thumb was ordered to "grow immediately" or else be sent to Vietnam as a human bullet. Soon, Tom was being glorified by the ideological eunuchs of the mass media!

Hell, no . . . I won't grow!!

Fortunately, a patriotic bald eagle —the symbol of our great country— swooped down and carried off our pea-sized parasite of paranoic protest!

So, Tom disappeared, never to preach his puerile propaganda again. And the moral of the story is: When you've seen **one** Thumb, you've **seen 'em all!**

The first thing Jack saw when he got to the top was a Giant and a hen that laid golden eggs! The plot to this story was written by Denny McClain's analyst! So Brainchild, who figured the Giant was merely a large dwarf, grabbed the hen and the eggs, hoping to use them as a down-payment on a head transplant . . .

Fee fie fo fum!
I smell the blood of a dumb Dum-dum!

The Giant chased Jack all the way down the beanstalk, which was as exciting as Frank Gifford announcing the alphabet! As a matter of fact, this entire story has as much meaning as Zsa Zsa Gabor reciting the marriage vows! Personally, I'm rooting for the Giant! It'll save having to commit this kid in the end!

Ooooh, **Grandma . . .** what **big eyes** you have!!

The stupid jerk couldn't even remember what fairy tale he was in! Anyway, when Jack reached the bottom—head-first!—he cut down the beanstalk, killing the Giant! Jack's mother was happy about getting the hen and the eggs, but sad that the Giant hadn't landed on Jack!

Hey, for once you did something **right,** Yo-yo! Now, where's the **hen** and the **golden eggs?**

I traded 'em back for the **cow!**

His mother locked Jack in a closet for 40 years . . . and the moral of the story is: "Hans Christian Andersen was a **fag!"**

TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLOY DEPT.

Nothing is changing as fast in these days of fast change as the changes in our moral standards. What was considered bad or immoral just a year or two ago is considered normal today. Which is okay for all you fun-lovers. But as a result of this trend, "Scandal Magazines" are finding less and less

SCANDAL MAGAZIN

shocking material to write about. Well, fear not, Scandal Magazines! How about the other side of the coin? What was considered good and moral a few years ago is now considered the opposite. So why not alter your approach to cover this "new immorality"? Why not consider these MAD Versions of . . .

ES OF THE FUTURE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: STAN HART

SUBURBAN SCANDALS
THE MISBEHAVIORS OF MIDDLE AMERICA
Jan. 1972
50¢

WEALTHY LONG ISLAND MATRON ADMITS: "I Kept Every Commandment— And Lived!"

* * *

A GROSSE POINTE COUPLE LAMENTS: "How Can We Tell Our Kids We're NOT Getting A Divorce?"

* * *

A MADISON AVENUE EXECUTIVE'S SHAME: "Our 12-Year-Old Refuses To Take 'The Pill'!"

* * *

NEW SCIENTIFIC POLL PROVES: "Almost Half Of The People In Southern California Do Not Go To Psychiatrists!"

SPECIAL PHOTO EXCLUSIVE
"THAT STRANGE WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT, PARTY . . . WHERE MEN CAME AND LEFT WITH THEIR OWN WIVES!"

HIPPIE HAPPENINGS
THE "NOW GENERATION" SCANDAL MAGAZINE
50¢
Jan. 1972

YOUNG COMMUNE MOTHER ASKS: *"How Can I Tell My Husband That HE'S The Father Of My Baby?"*

EXPOSE! *Oakland Hippie Confesses While High On Drugs:* "MY AMBITION IS TO BE AN INSURANCE SALESMAN"!

A 22-YEAR OLD'S TEARFUL LAMENT: *"My Parents Still Love Me! Where Have I Failed?"*

HIPPIE BIGGIE SELLS OUT— CLAIMING: *"Doing Nothing Can Be Boring!"*

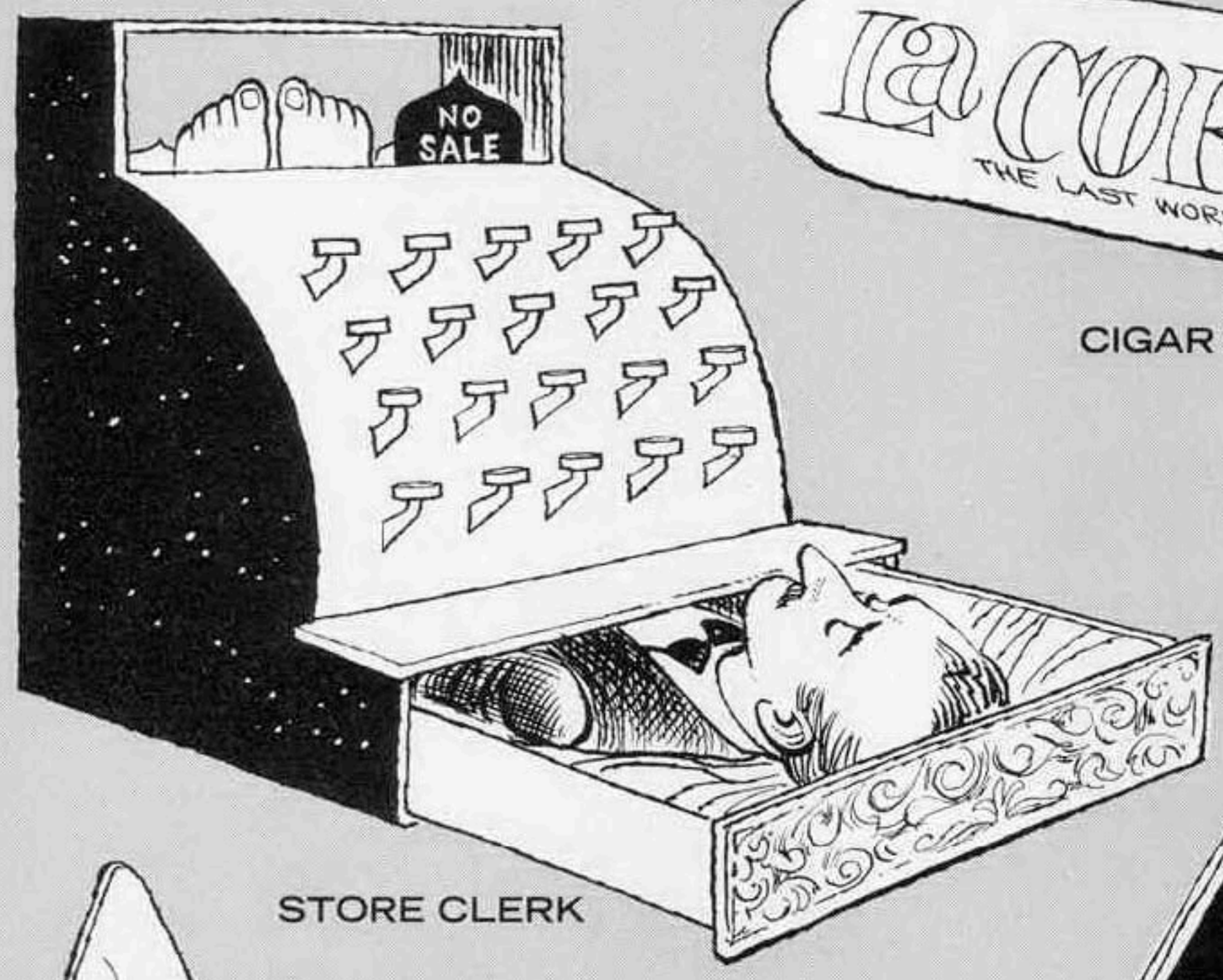
IN THIS ISSUE:
THE STORY OF A WOODSTOCK HIPPIE'S SHAME:
"The Night The Cops Found A Comb In My Pocket!"

DESIGN FOR LEAVING DEPT.

In this age of conformity, we wear the same clothes, drive the same cars, adopt the same hair styles, and rebel the same rebellions. More and more, it is almost impossible for us as individuals to ex-

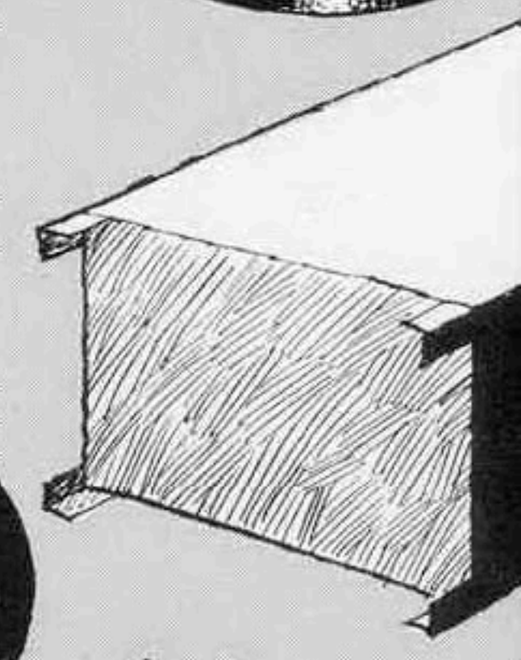
INDIVIDUALI

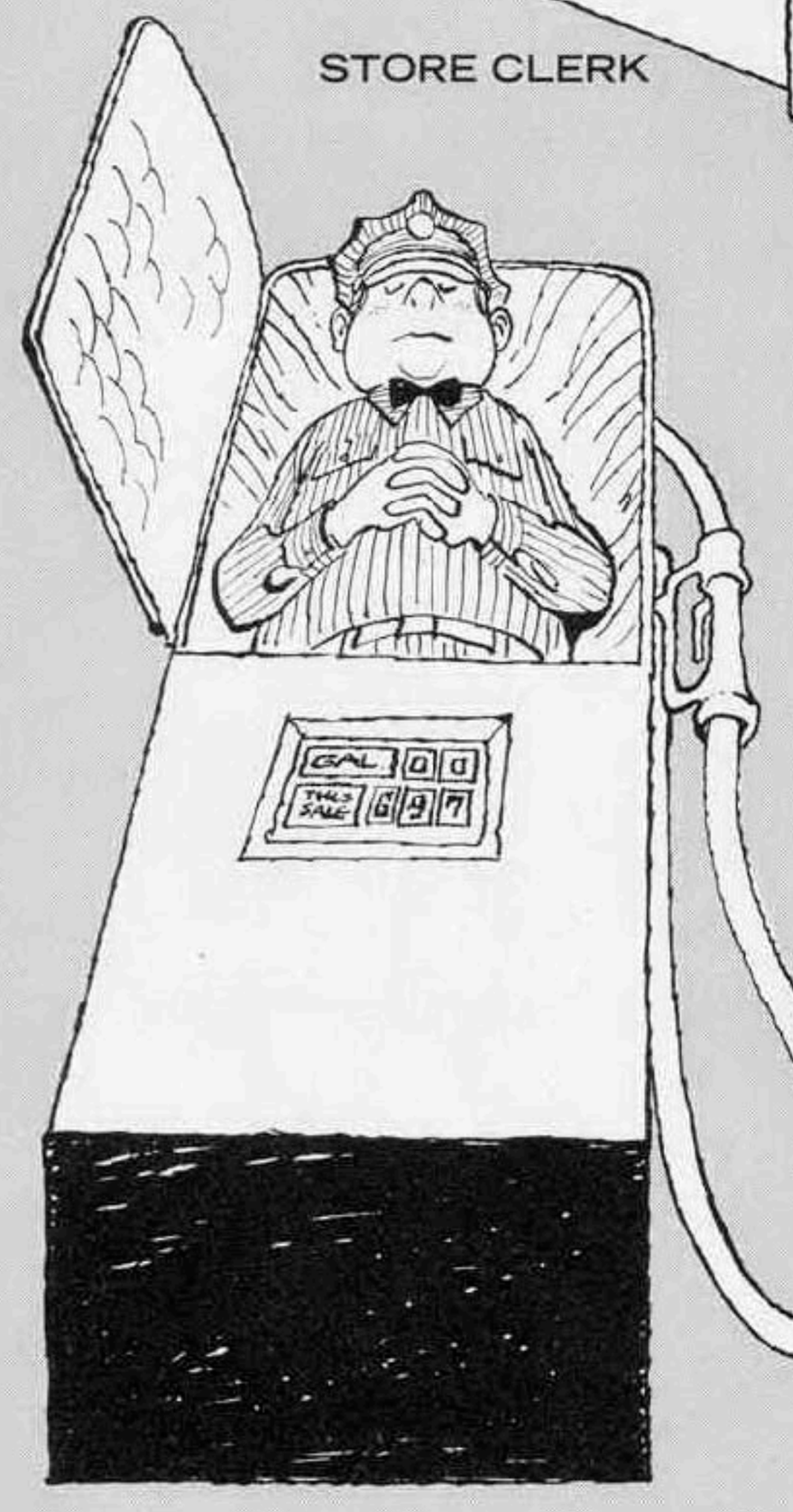
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



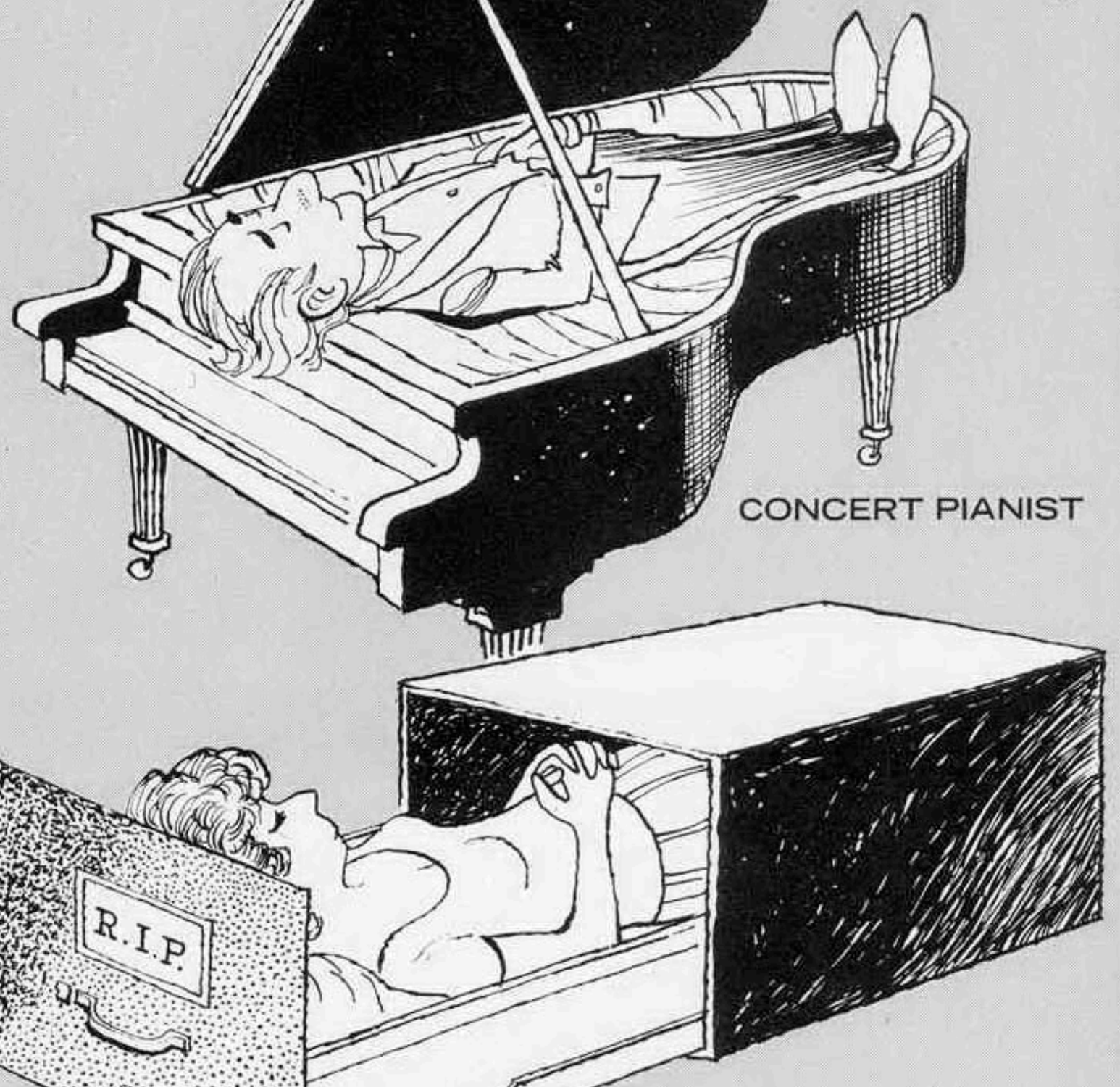
STORE CLERK

CIGAR SMOKER





GAS STATION ATTENDANT



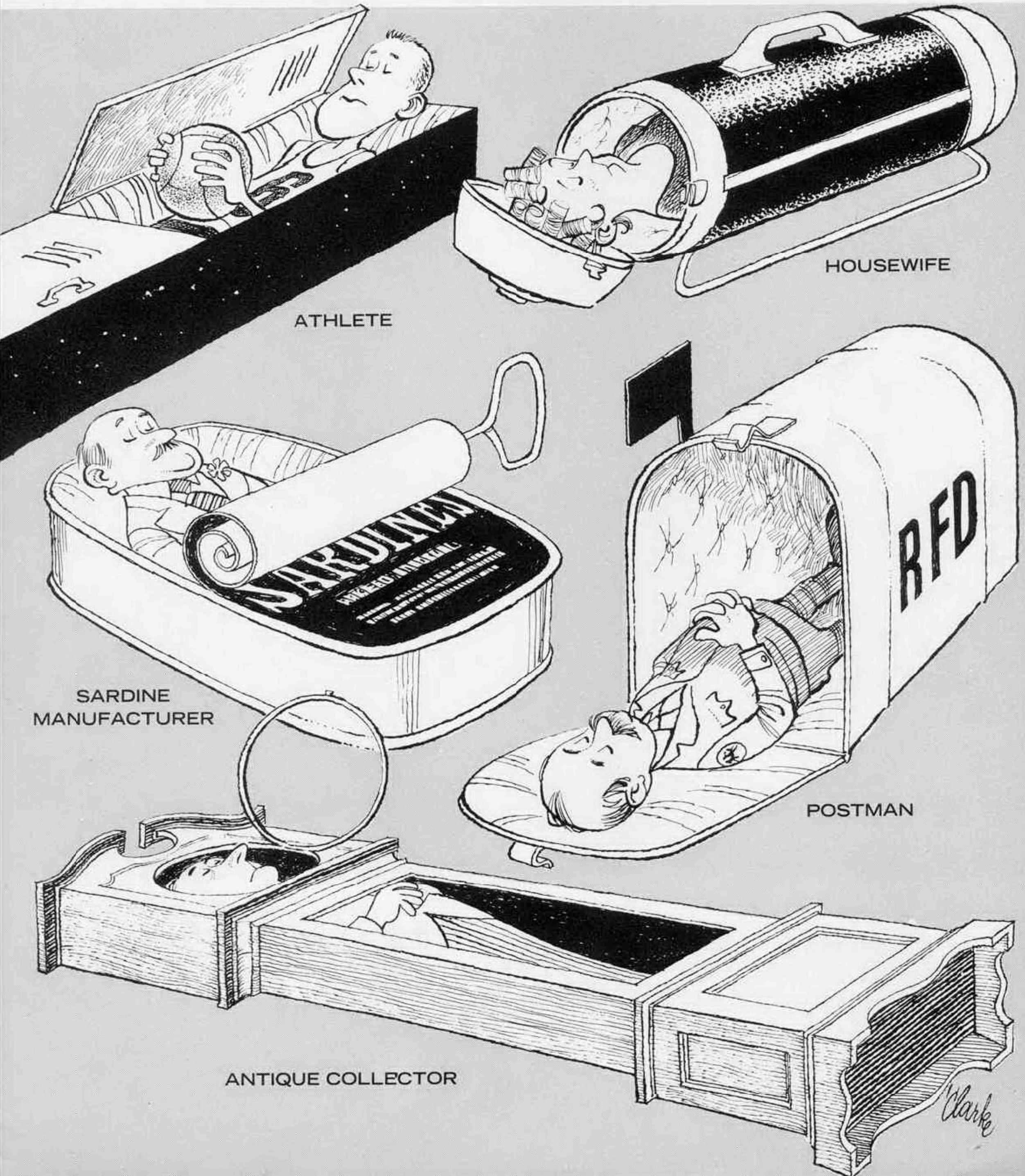
CONCERT PIANIST

SECRETARY

press our individuality as we pass through this life. But something can still be done about the way we leave it. Carpenters and metalsmiths, working in concert, can help us to exit this world via . . .

ZED CASKETS

WRITER: NORM DOHERTY



CONSTRUCTION WORKER

PILOT

YACHTSMAN

FLORIST

GANGSTER

MAGICIAN

THE CLAUSE THAT DEPRESSES DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

GUARANTEES and WARRANTIES

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

HOW IT USED TO BE...

Incredibly, there was a time when a Dealer backed his products in writing.

This guarantee was unconditional, with no "ifs", "ands" or "buts" anywhere!

Dealers could do this because Manufacturers backed up their products, too!

When a Dealer unloads a product today, he's finished. His only concern then is where the next sucker is coming from!

When problem arises, Dealer will refer customer to distant Manufacturer. This proves to be costly and inconvenient.

And if customer tries to stop payments, he is immediately sued by bank. Dealer and Manufacturer couldn't care less!

THE ROYALSHAFT MUFFLER CO.

Guarantees

TO REPLACE ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE (OTHER THAN ACTUAL LABOR COSTS) ANY MUFFLER THAT PROVES DEFECTIVE FOR ANY REASON WHATSOEVER AS LONG AS PURCHASER OWNS THE CAR IN WHICH MUFFLER WAS ORIGINALLY IN-

This means your muffler worries are over, but it does not mean your labor worries are over! You'll find that "actual labor costs" for replacing a defective muffler comes to exactly what a new muffler costs completely installed. Yep, when it comes to this deal, it seems your car wasn't the only thing that got a "Royalshaft"!

The Coldshoulder Air Conditioner Company

Warrantees

your Model-3 Air Conditioner for 5 years and guarantees to repair it free any time (at its option) during that period.

This means don't hold your breath till the repairman comes. You'll turn blue and it won't be from the air conditioning. Since air conditioners always break down when they are most needed, there will be 20,971 calls ahead of you. And since the company can get around to you "at its option" anyway, why hire another repairman?

The Dirtydeal Washer Company

Warrants

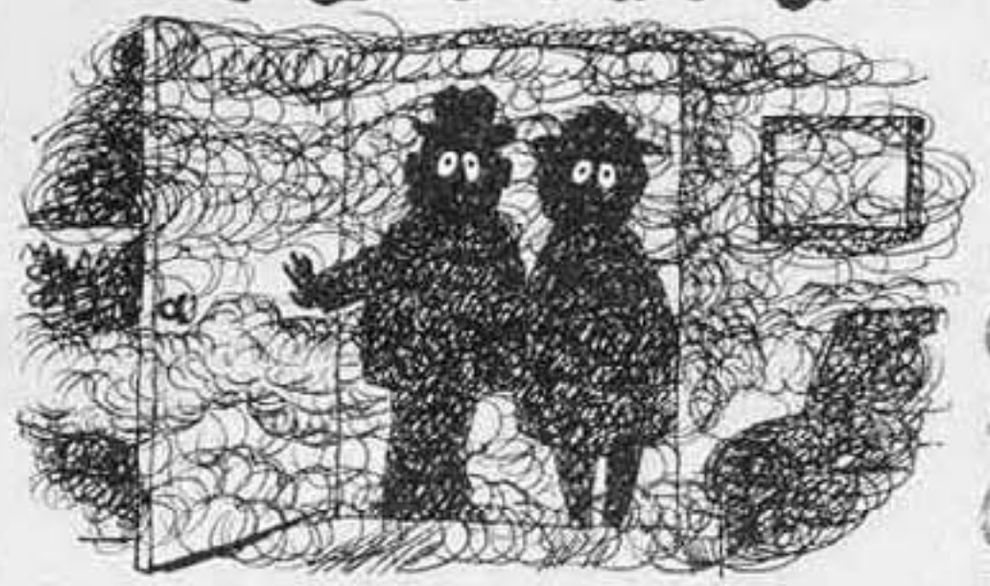
this Washing Machine to be free from operational defects for one year, providing it is properly installed in strict accordance with the Manufacturers exact specifications.

This means that if your Dealer sent an illiterate slob to install the machine, you've had it! When it breaks down, the Dealer blames the Manufacturer . . . and the Manufacturer blames the installation. Either way, you get a dirty deal, and your family gets dirty laundry!

The General Hectic Stove Co.

Unconditionally Guarantees

to replace any and all defective parts in your new
G. H. SUPERSAFE "SET-AND-FORGET" OVEN RANGE
but in no way accepts responsibility for any damage caused either directly or indirectly by any failure of such part.

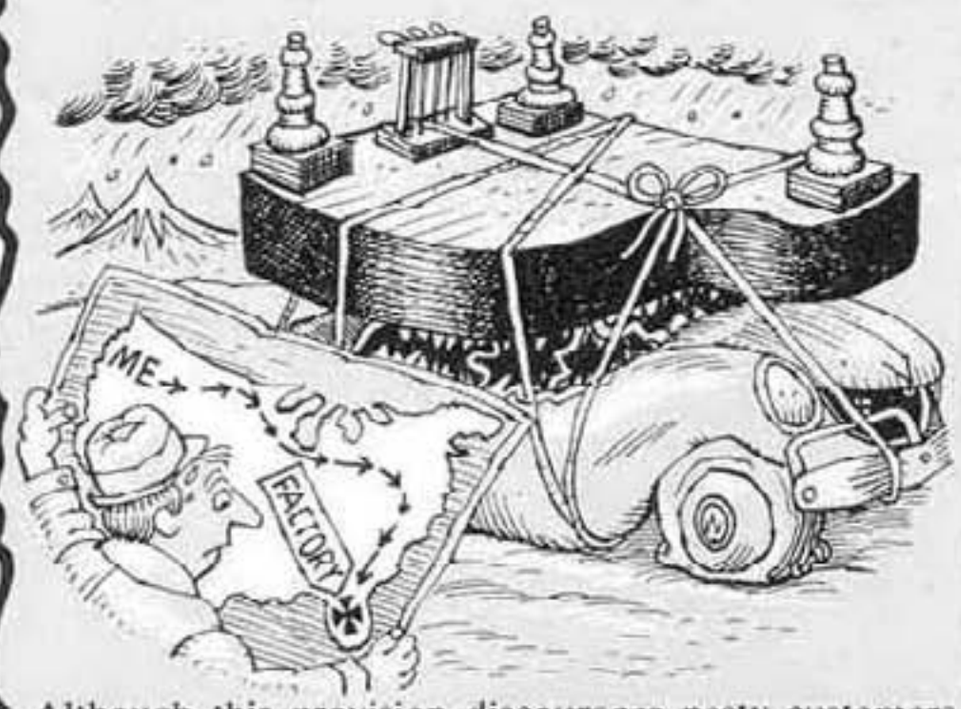


This means that when you return home to find the house filled with thick black greasy smoke caused by an automatic timer that failed to operate correctly, all the company is obligated to do is replace the timer ($4.98). The damage to your home ($14,350.00) is your problem!

★The Tintone Piano Co.★

Unconditionally Guarantees

this Piano for 10 years, and will replace any defective part providing the piano is returned to the factory for repairs.



Although this provision discourages pesty customers with annoying minor complaints like scratches, etc., it also discourages people with major complaints like the piano doesn't play at all. Shipping a piano back to a factory isn't exactly the cheapest thing to do!

The Tendermade Lawnmower Co.

Unconditionally Warrants

this lawnmower against manufacturing defects for 2 years and will repair or replace it **FREE** *at any time during that period, unless in our judgment, it has been abused.*

Since it is up to the company to determine what is and what is not "abuse", you can forget this Warranty! In the case of the customer above, he lost out completely because, in the judgement of the company, the mower was "viciously abused"! It was used to cut crab grass!

The Fragileframe Typewriter Co.

Unconditionally Warrants

its Model 7-J Portable Typewriter for five years. This Warrantee void outside continental limits of the U.S.A.

If you're planning to make a trip abroad, better think twice about taking your new typewriter with you. You might find yourself in trouble—guarantee-wise. (Isn't it curious that this little provision always seems to show up in Warrantees for products like steamer trunks, luggage, portable radios, binoculars, cameras and guns?)

The Schlock Electric Shaver Co.

❖ GUARANTEES ❖

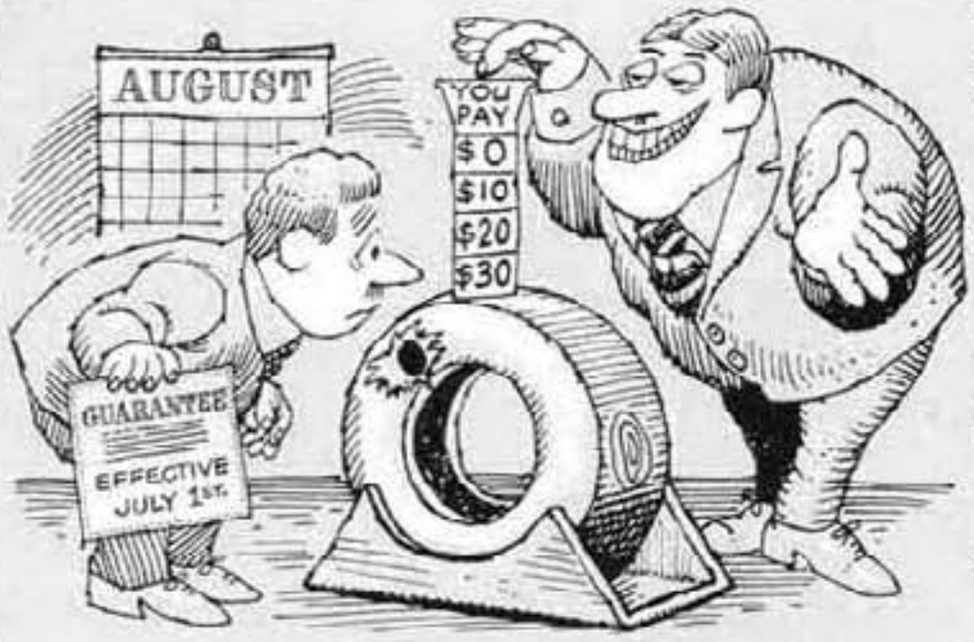
this Model 5 Electric Shaver against manufacturing defects and workmanship. This Guarantee applies only to original purchaser. Proof of purchase is required for all claims and adjustments.

Christmas, Fathers Day, Graduation and Birthdays are when most electric shavers are sold, so the company has a pretty safe deal here. Getting the shaver as a gift means you're not the original purchaser. Since that's how you got yours, the closest shave you're going to have is when the little monster shorts out!

THE FASTWEAR TIRE CO.

GUARANTEES

each and every one of its tires for the life of the original tread. If a tire fails, the company will replace it, charging only for the actual tread used, and pro-rated against the actual purchase price.



This means that when your $30.00 Fastwear Tire blows out after only one month, and you return it for your guaranteed replacement, you're going to find that you only have $1.00 worth of tread left. Because Fastwear Tires also go bald after only one month. Which means your guaranteed replacement tire will cost you $29.00.

THE FUELHOG

Heating Equipment Company

GUARANTEES

To Repair Free Of Charge

any operational failure or defect which may develop at any time in the entire Fuelhog Installation, providing the customer agrees to pay for all original equipment parts used in making the repair, the charge for such replacement parts to be left to the sole discretion of

When you need a repair, you'll discover what the term "original equipment parts" actually means. It means a 3000% mark-up in price, that's what it means! Then, it'll be up to you to decide whether the ten minutes of "free" labor you're entitled to under the guarantee is worth the $47.00 overcharge you're paying for the "original equipment part". According to this, replacing the entire system in parts would cost $2,000,000.

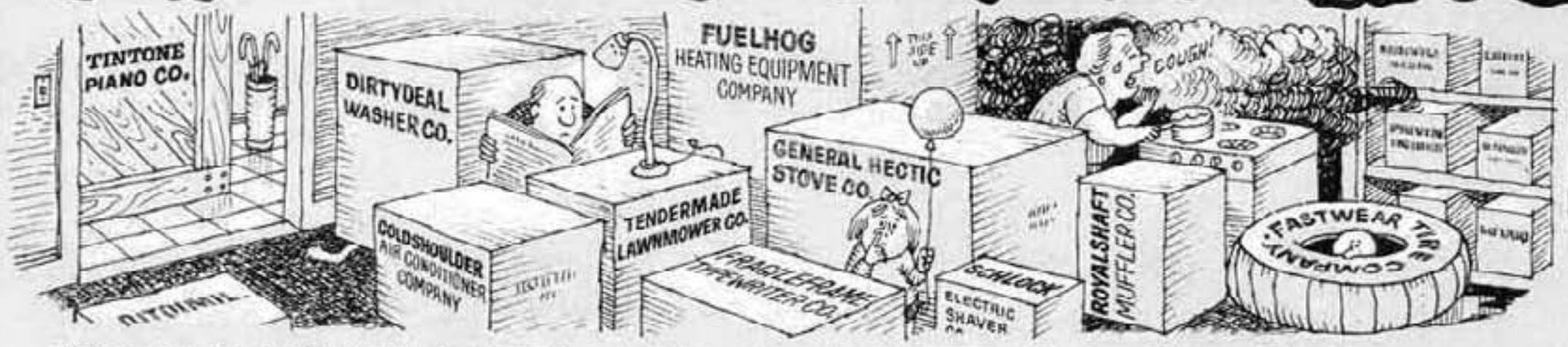
Conglomerate Industries Inc.

GUARANTEES

EACH AND EVERY PRODUCT MANUFACTURED BY ITS COMPANIES, INCLUDING:

The Royalshaft Muffler Co.
The Dirtydeal Washer Co.
The Tintone Piano Co.
The Fragileframe Typewriter Co.
The Fastwear Tire Co.
The General Hectic Stove Co.
The Tendermade Lawnmower Co.
The Schlock Electric Shaver Co.
The Fuelhog Heating Co.
The Coldshoulder Air Conditioner Co.

provided that, when they are returned to their factories for repairs, the products are repacked and shipped in their original factory cartons.



This means that you've got to hold on to each and every carton, case and crate . . . and all the excelsior, straw, shredded paper, plastic padding and styrofoam that came with them . . . for the life of every product's guarantee!

LARGESS LIFE DEPT.

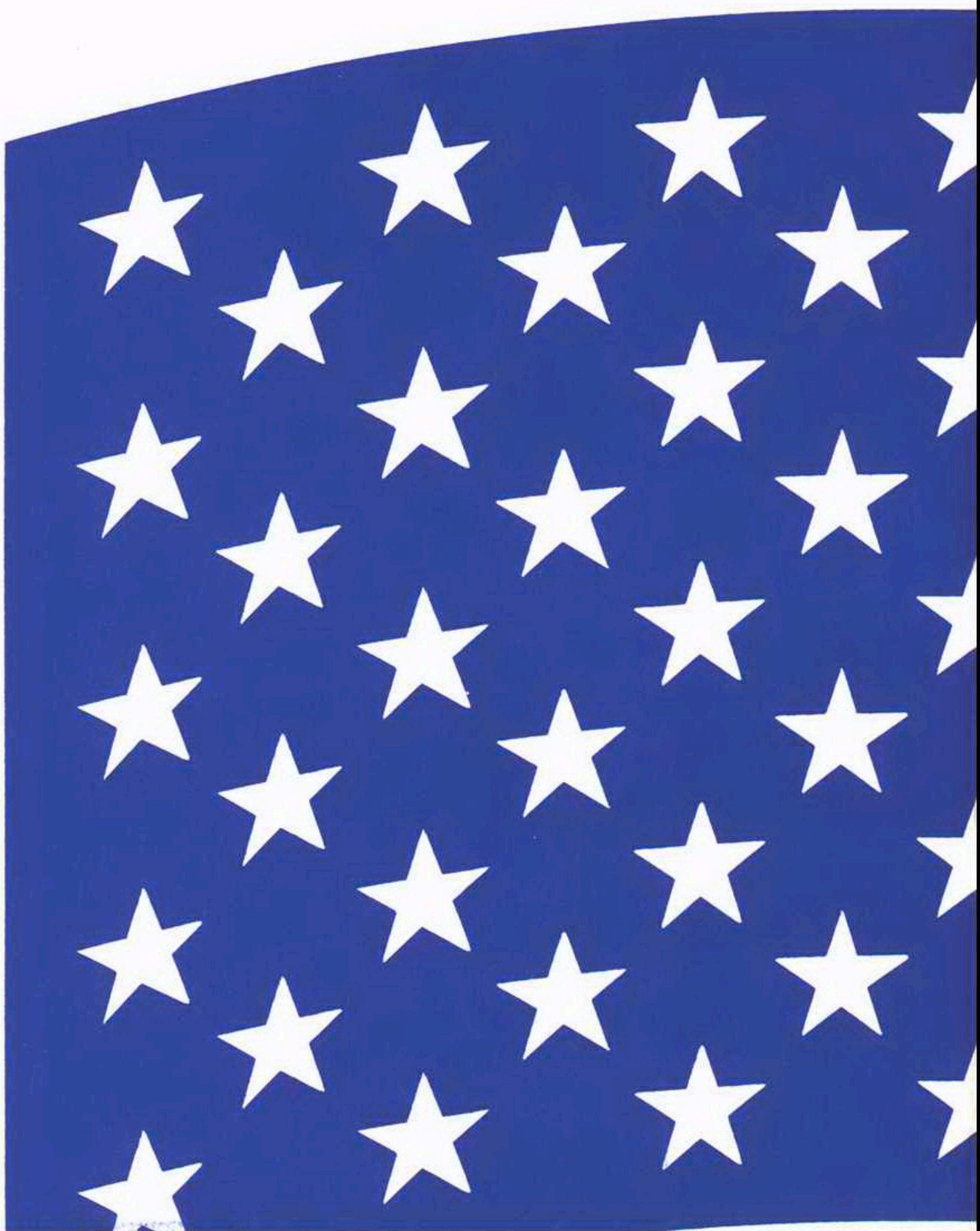
PROSPERITY

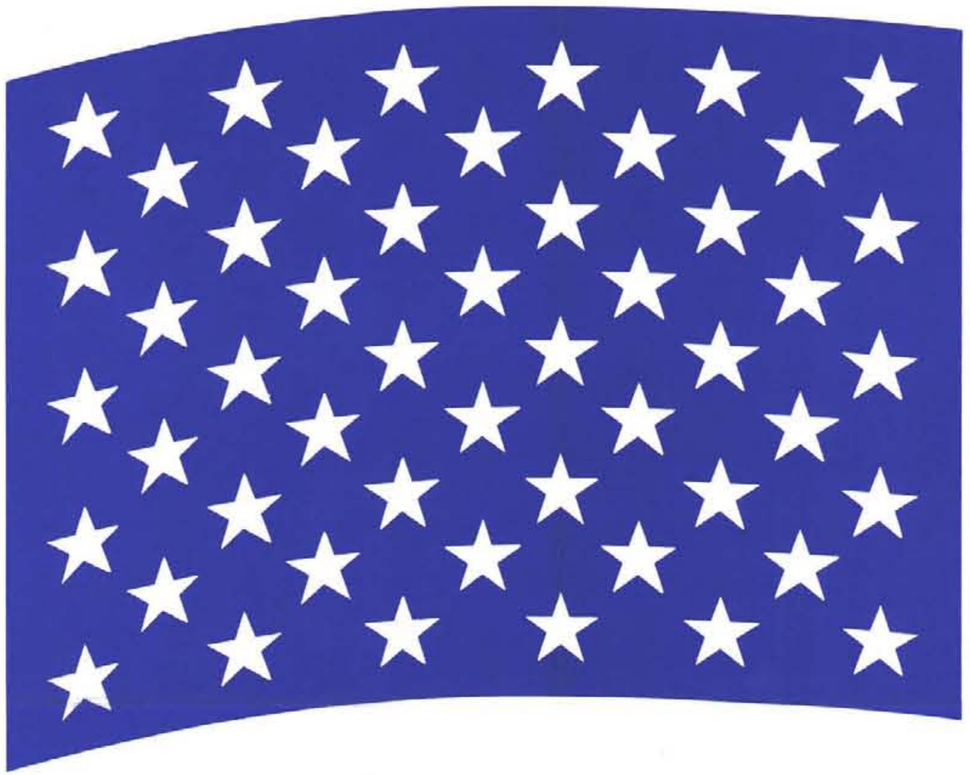
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: MAX BRANDEL

HERE IS YOUR FREE TEAR-OUT, UNFOLD AND HANG UP (IF YOU DARE) BONUS...

THE SHOCKING "MAD FLAG" POSTER





I WILL PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS WHEN IT IS ONE NATION UNDER GOD WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL INCLUDING KIKES WOPS SPICS NIGGERS WASPS ETC

THE MAD FLAG

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I Wi

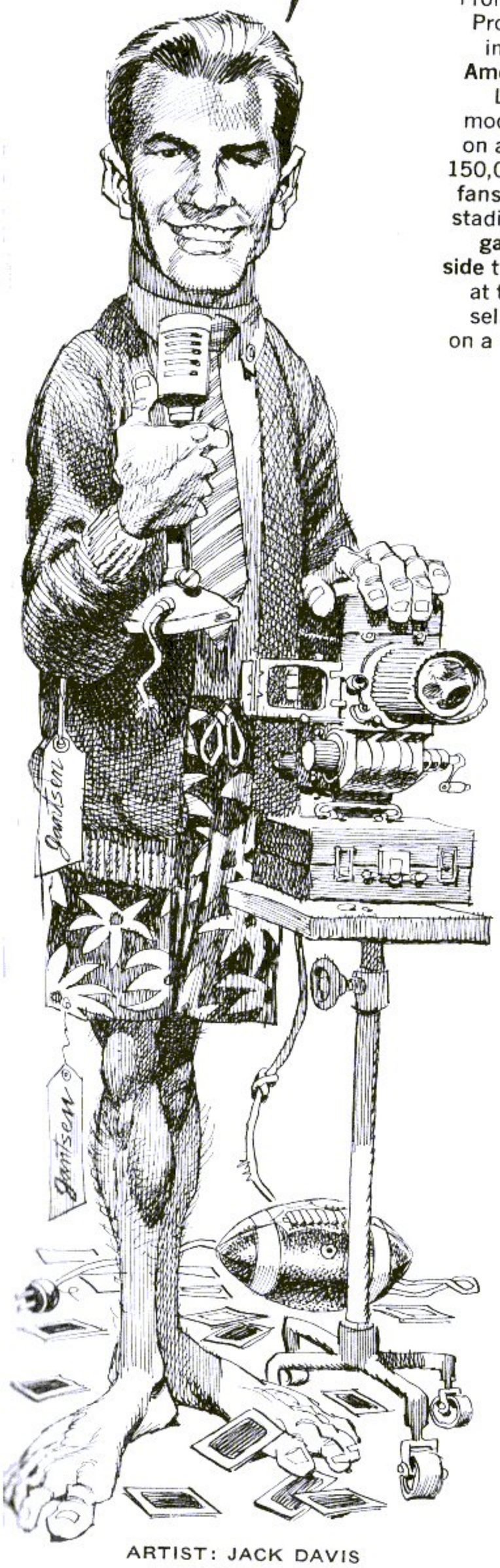
GO

STA

PASSING THE BUCK DEPT.

Hi, there, fans! I'm **Frank Gifted**—former **football star,** and present **announcing star**—with a selection of slides and a brilliant running commentary designed to give you the **whole fantastic story** . . . including the beginning, the in-between years, the present, and the future of . . .

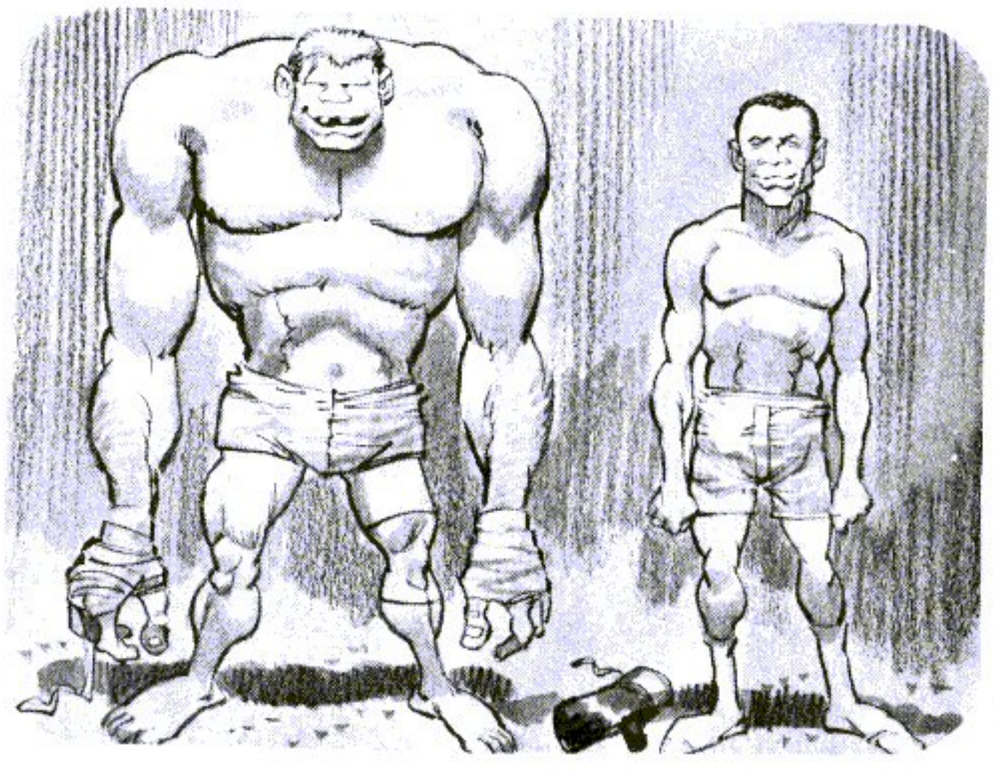
PRO FOOTBALL



From a modest beginning, Pro Football has grown into the **Number One American Sport** of today. Look at this typical modern football stadium on a typical Sunday with 150,000 screaming football fans . . . 75,000 **inside** the stadium, screaming at the **game** . . . 75,000 **outside** the stadium, screaming at the **management** for selling **all 75,000 seats on a "season ticket" basis!**

But it wasn't **always** like this! Pro Football has known some **lean** times! For example, in the early days, the average Pro Football Player was **not** very impressive, physically! Here are two average men of forty years ago. The man on the **left** was a typical Pro Football Player! The man on the **right** was a typical Jockey!

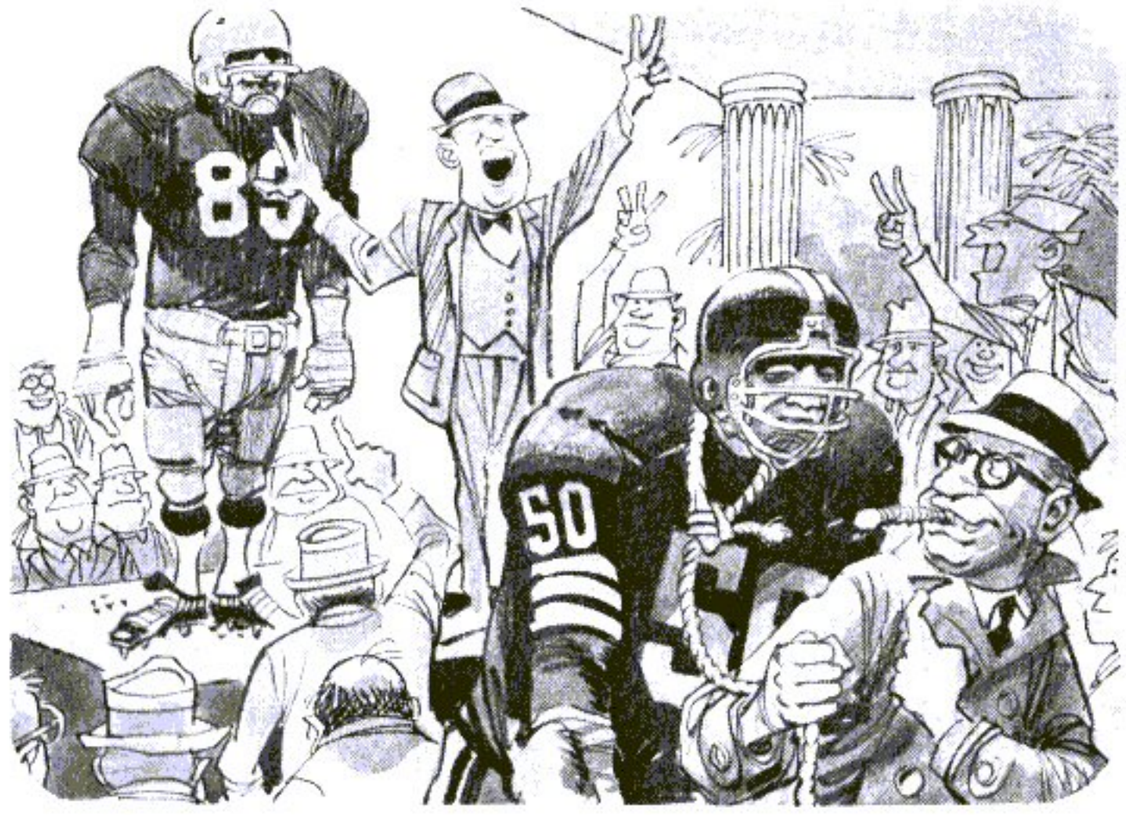
But thanks to improved working conditions, higher pay, and vitamins, the Pro Football Player of today has grown to become an **awesome physical specimen.** Here are two average men of today. The man on the **left** is a **Pro Football Player.** The man on the **right** is only a **Heavyweight Boxing Champion!**



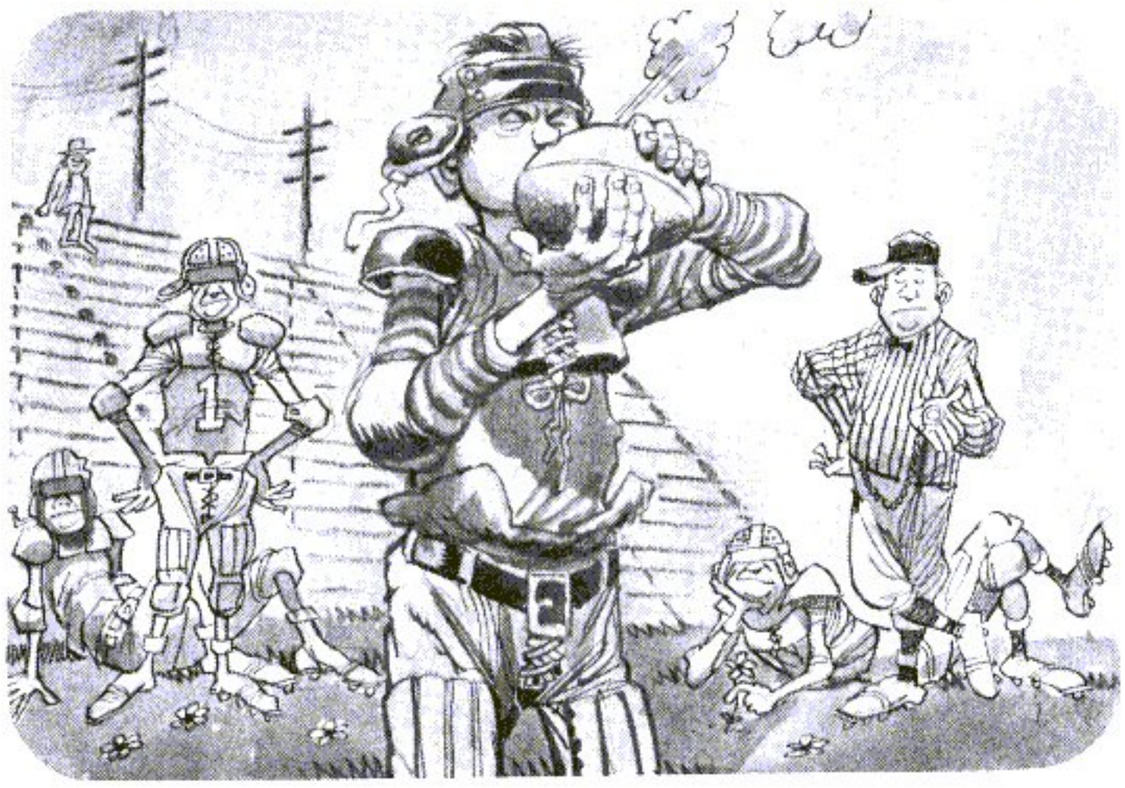
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Once again, we see the typical Pro Football Player of 40 years ago . . . getting paid after a game. Back then, most Pro Players averaged about **$10 a game.** Today, some football stars make over **100 times** as much—and that's just in **college, before** they turn "Professional"!

In the past, most Pro Football players were incoherent, uneducated men recruited from the ranks of ditch diggers, coal miners and disc jockeys. Today, over 90% of Pro Football Players are taken directly from college by means of the **"Draft".** The Draft is the democratic process that offers each college star his choice of either **playing with the Pro team that drafts him**—or **not playing in this country!**

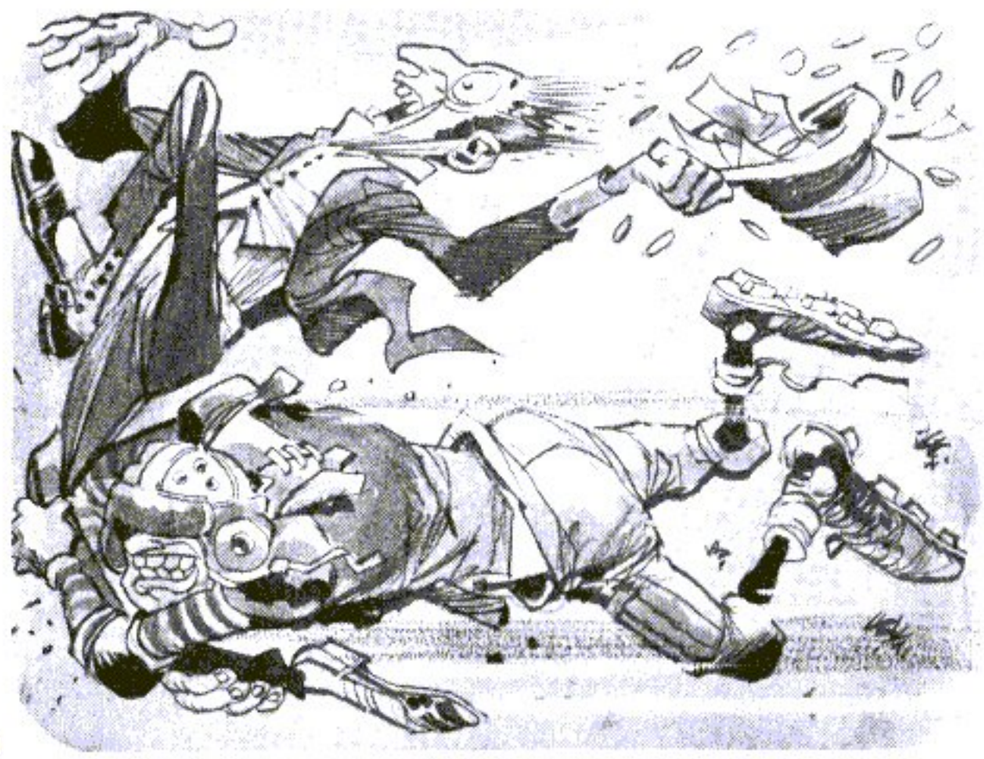


Now, let's compare the job demands made on Players of both eras. In the old days, the Player had to maintain a killing physical pace. He had to play a full 60 minutes of every game. He had to be able to run, kick, tackle, block, pass and receive—and **still** have enough strength in reserve to inflate the football by mouth!



Today, with "Specialization", one man does nothing but kick off, one man does nothing but return kick offs, one man does nothing but wipe wet footballs, and one man does nothing but amuse his teammates with funny stories. Here we see Green Bay's Huddle Wit, Clyde Godzilla, out for the season with a **badly sprained tongue!**

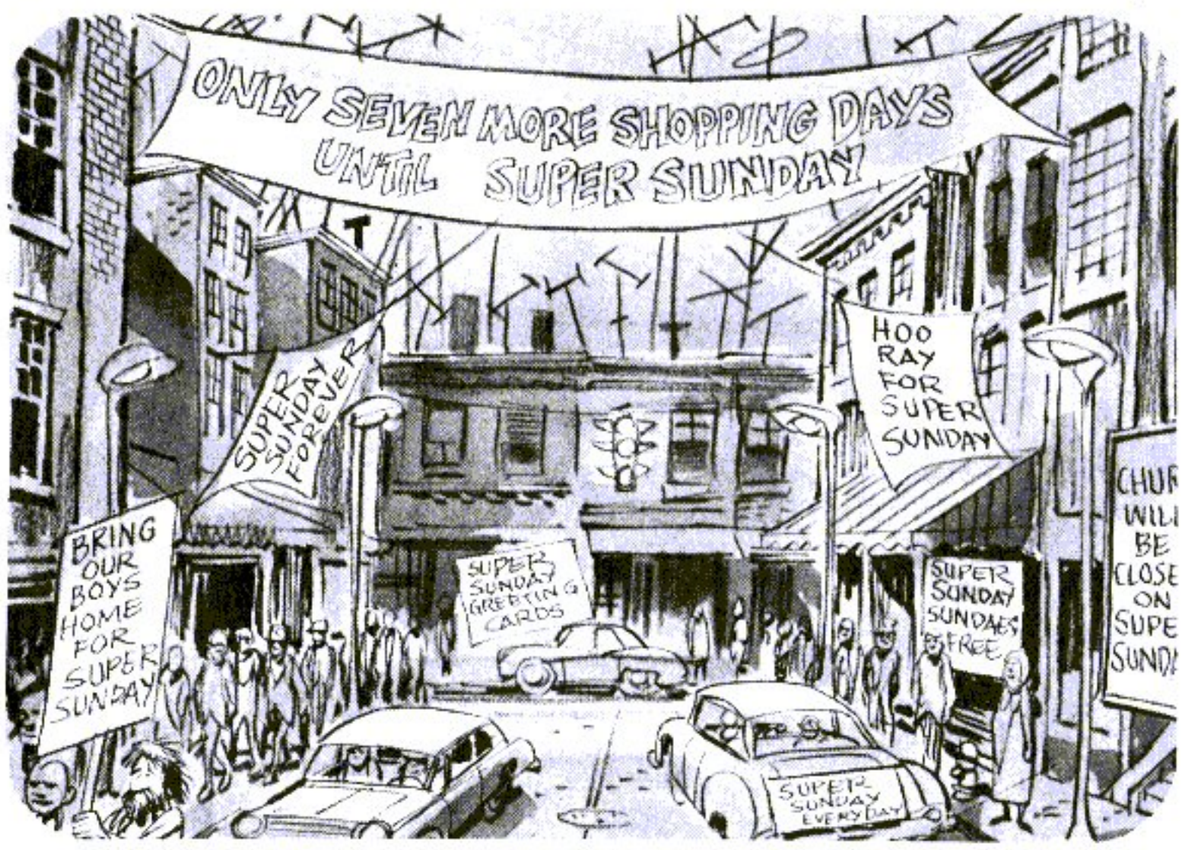
In the early days, football field grandstands were crude and decrepit, fans were scarce, and money to pay players was usually raised by passing the hat. Not only was the intake small, but 9 out of 10 times, the hat was **stolen!**

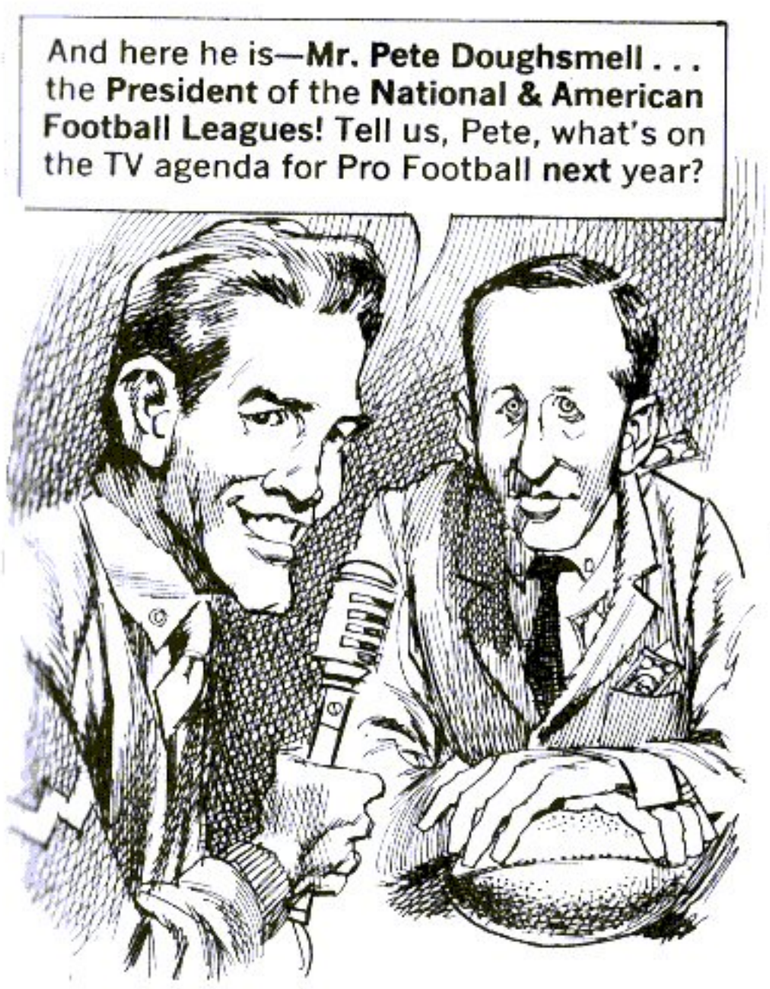


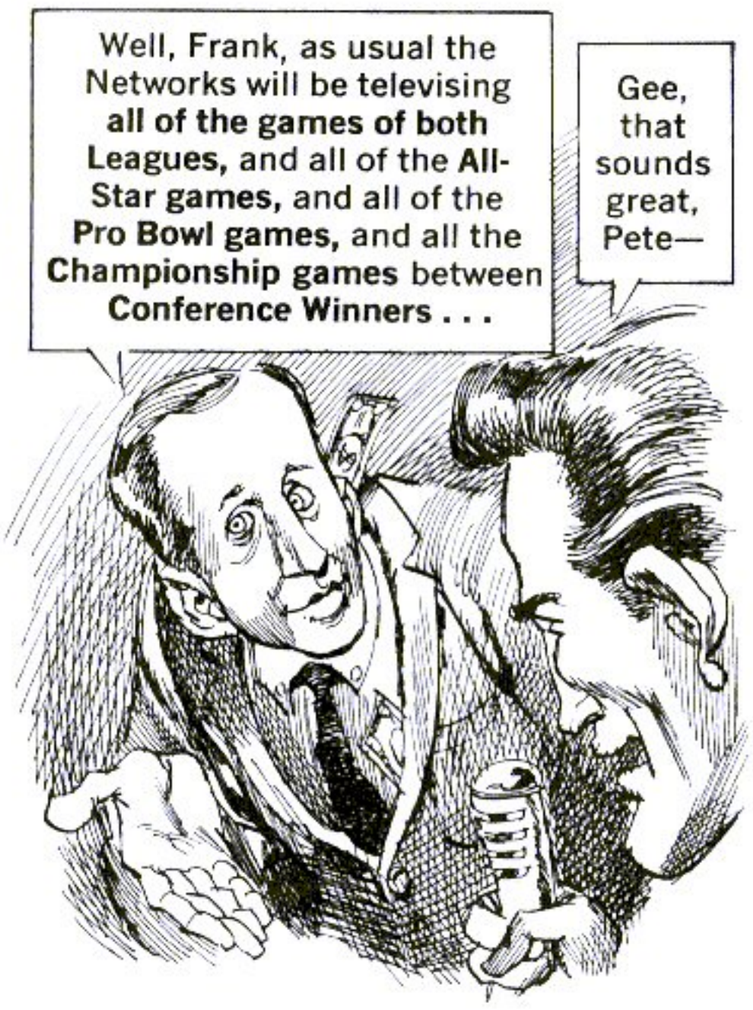
Today, because of the great demand for tickets, it is almost impossible to buy a seat for a regular game, and about the only way you can get a Season Box is by **selling your mother!** Here we see a group of **new orphans** enjoying a game from their **newly-acquired Season Box in Yankee Stadium!**

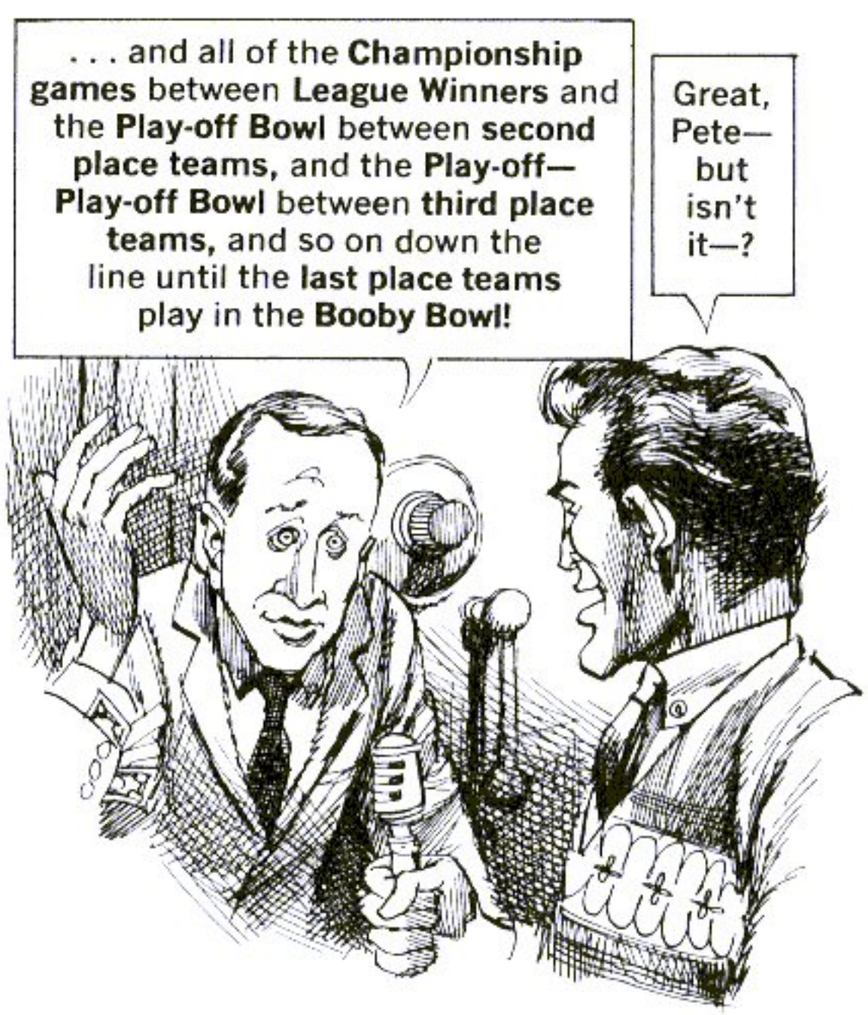
Here is a modern Pro Back, racing toward the goal-line. Notice his graceful, hard-driving legs and his over-all fluidity of motion. There are just **two things** that can possibly stop this play now: A **hard-charging safety-man,** bumping him out of bounds—or a **Gillette TV Commercial!**

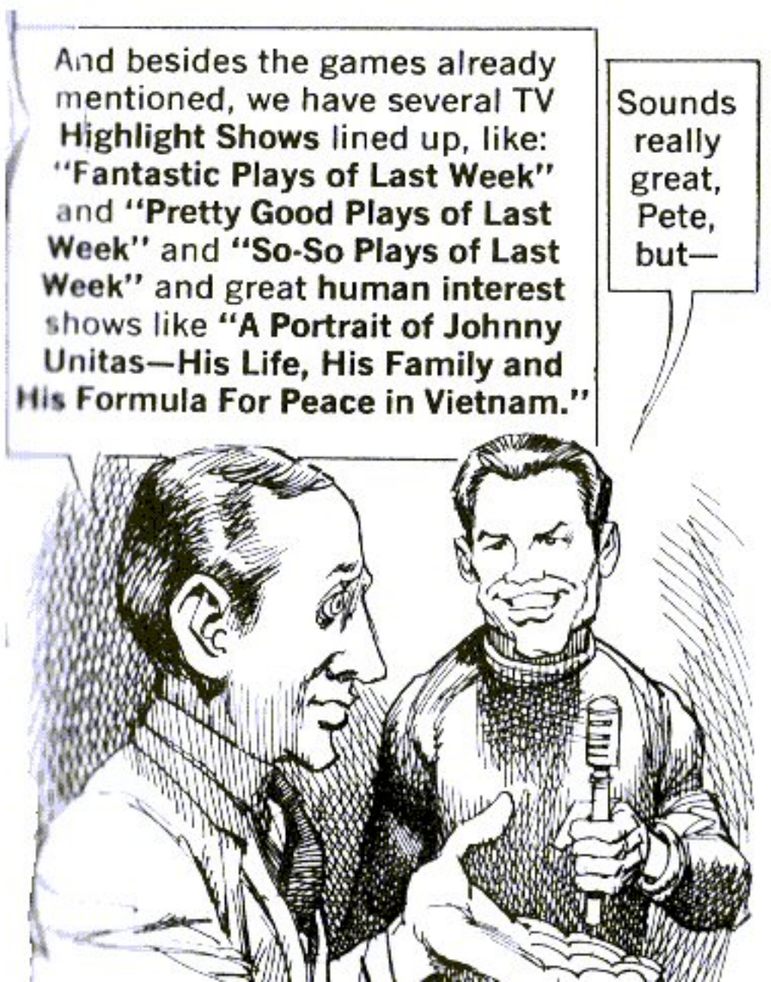
The greatest thing to happen to Pro Football, of course, was the concept of **"The Super Bowl"** on **"Super Sunday"...** and all of the "Super" things that came **with** it. In a moment, we'll meet one of the men responsible for the **effective promotion** of "Super Sunday"... but first, I'd like to show you this last slide depicting a typical American town last January:

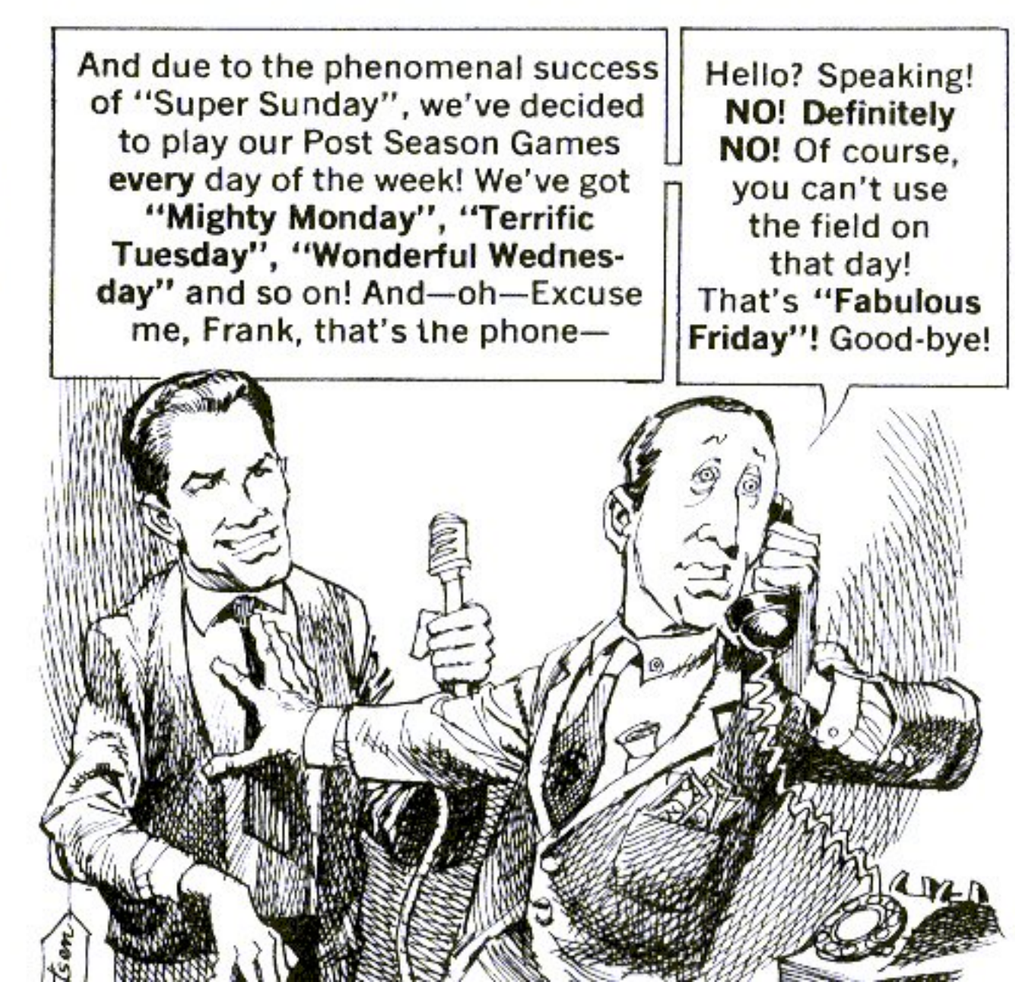












BELLE, BOOK AND VANDALS DEPT.

AND NOW, MAD PRESENTS ITS VERSION OF THE MOTION PICTURE THAT TAKES TS TITLE FROM THE OPENING SCENE, WHICH GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

IN The OUT EXIT

Well, here I am in the John Dillinger School on my **first teaching assignment!** It's my **dream come true!** Now I can **help** the youth of America—**guide them—mold them** into useful, productive citizens!

And here they come now! Eager to satisfy their **curious minds!** Anxious to **learn!** Rushing . . .

OUT OUT

Hey, Shiv, you **like** to go to school?

You bet! It's the **one** place the cops wouldn't **think** of **looking** for me!

Gee, it's nice to see all the old faces!

Yeah! With all the **new scars!**

How **happy** the little dears are to be back in school! **Careful,** children—don't stub your toes on my **teeth!**

Ah, the **very** air is filled with the scent of learning! See the **teachers come** now—my partners in the academic community—all eager to begin anew—to pick up where they left off last June!

It's great getting back to the kids **again, isn't** it, Ed?

Yeah, I haven't **punched** anybody **all summer!**

I understand you took some **course** over the summer, Emma! To develop your **Teaching Skills?**

No, my **Self-Defense Skills!** I studied **Judo** and **Karate!**

MORT DRUCKER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

Here are the **supplies** you'll need, Miss Parrot . . . one **combat helmet,** one **bulletproof vest,** one **nightstick,** and two **tear gas grenades!**

But **I** won't need all that! I'm going to **"relate"** to my students!

Oh! In **that** case, fill out these forms listing your **next of kin,** and indicating your **choice of headstone!**

MR. NUDNIK ROOM 407A

Attention, class! All you should have at your desks are **pencils** and **books!** I want you to give anything **else** to **me!**

ZAPP! ZIP! VIP! FLIP

I really didn't expect anything like **THIS!!**

Neither did **WE,** Teach! We **never ALL miss!**

Ed Gidrool, I want you to give us a **book report!**

What's a **book report,** Teach?

It's a **report** about a **book** you read this Summer!

What's a **book,** Teach?

You're making a **joke,** aren't you?

What's a **joke?**

Oh, sit down!

Now, I know we're going to get along just **fine,** Class! If any of you have a **problem,** I want you to feel free to **discuss it** with me! I will be **right here at my desk every morning . . .**

. . . providing the person who **took my desk THIS morning** is kind enough to **return it** to me!

Miss Parrot! This is **Joe Marone!**

Mr. McHate, why are you **slapping him around?**

I'm trying to get it through his thick head that we're his **friends,** and we want to **help him!**

Miss Parrot, on behalf of the **brown-nosers** of the class, I would just like to say that I think you're a **great teacher!**

Thank you— but how can you **tell?**

You're **still alive!**

Ah—**Miss Parrot,** the new member of the **Foreign Language Dept.!**

STAFF LUNCH ROOM

No, that's **wrong!** I teach **English!**

In **this** school, that's part of the **Foreign Language Dept.!**

The trouble is, you **try** too hard, honey! You just **can't use** textbook theories on **these** children! You've got to make learning a **game!**

Really? Well—how do you do **that?**

As a **Math** teacher, I do problems **this** way: "If you **steal ten hubcaps** and you **sell six to a fence,** how many hubcaps do you have **left?"**

er . . . **THREE?**

Hmmm! I can **see** why you teach English!

Pood kid! Teaching in a place like this is making you **nervous,** eh?

No! **I'm** not nervous!

Then why are you **twitching?**

That's the way **I act!**

Well, **cut it out!** It's making **ME nervous!**

Mr. McHate, I must tell you about my **room!** Every window is **broken,** the blackboard is **cracked,** and there's a **big hole** in the floor!

How did you get a **NEW room?** That room should have been assigned to one of the **senior teachers** here! You should have gotten an **OLD room!**

Incidentally, I just saw some boys **setting fire to the Gym!**

It's the **Gym Teacher's** job to report that! **You're** only supposed to report fires in **English classrooms!**

But they were setting fire to the **Gym Teacher, too!**

In **that** case, I'd better do something **immediately!** I'll schedule a **Fire Drill** for later today!

GOT YOU-- YOU ROTTEN KID!

You're **new** here, **aren't** you?

Yes, this is my **first appointment!** Don't you just **love** teaching?

I don't **know!** I really never **tried** it!

I understand that all the girls are in **love** with you!

That's true! Also **one fellow . . . ME!**

Actually, I'm an **unpublished novelist!** I'm writing a book about two friends during the French Revolution, one of whom gives his life to save the other!

Sounds very much like **"A Tale Of Two Cities"!**

270

It's know-it-alls like **YOU** who **keep** me unpublished!!

Nurse, this girl has a **badly bruised eye!** Will you treat it, please?

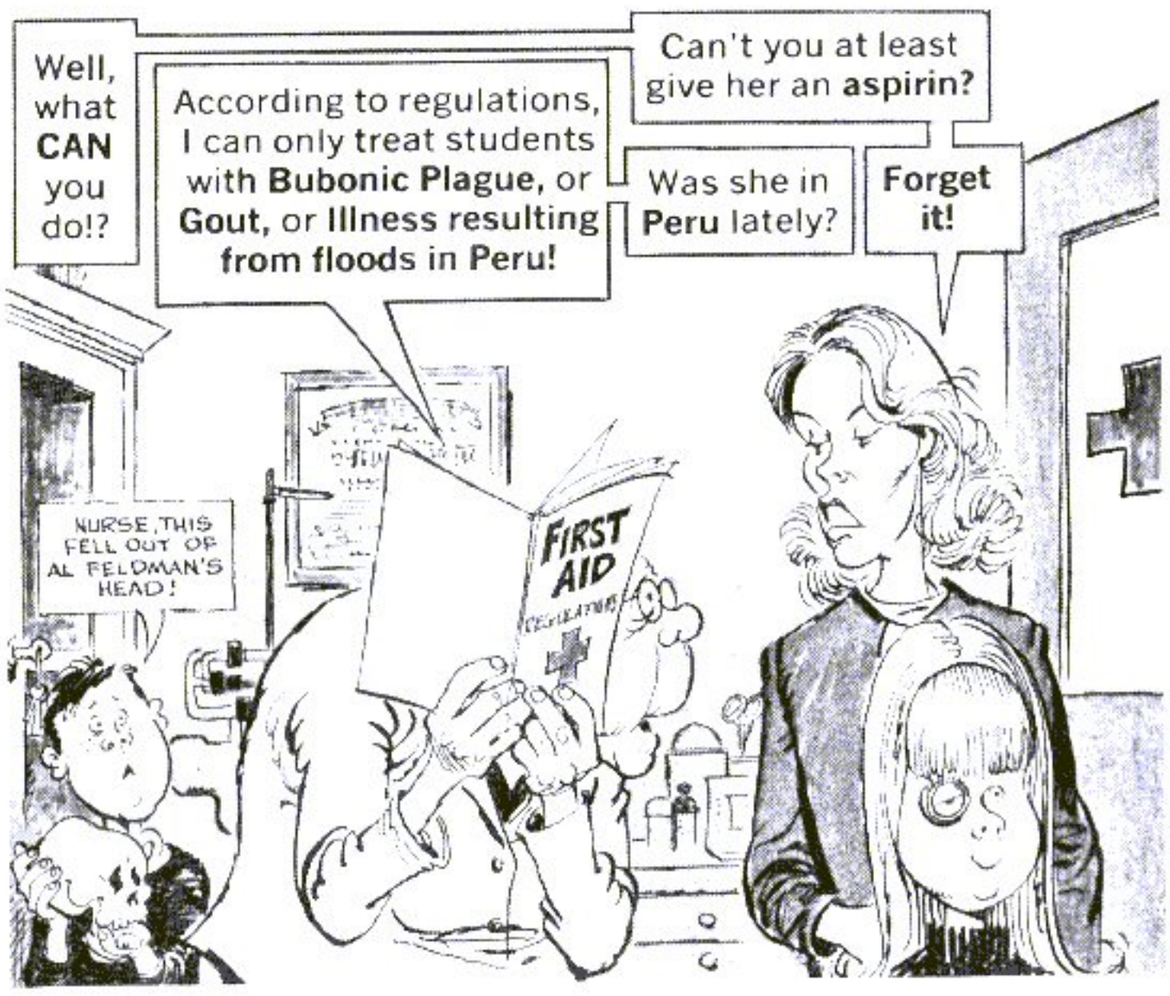
Sorry! I **can't!** According to regulations, I'm **not permitted to touch the pupil!**

What about the **REST** of the eye!

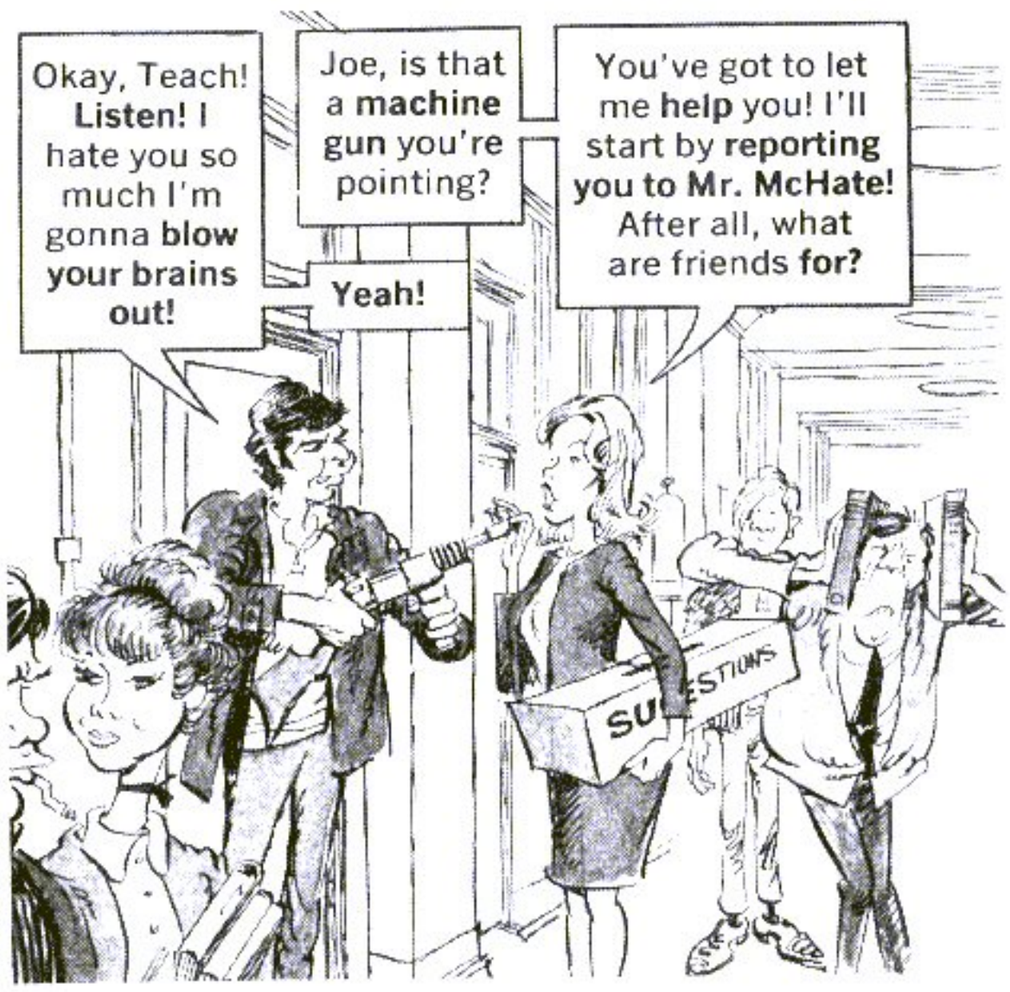
I mean the **WHOLE pupil!** Not just the **eye!** I can't even touch the kid's **toenail!**

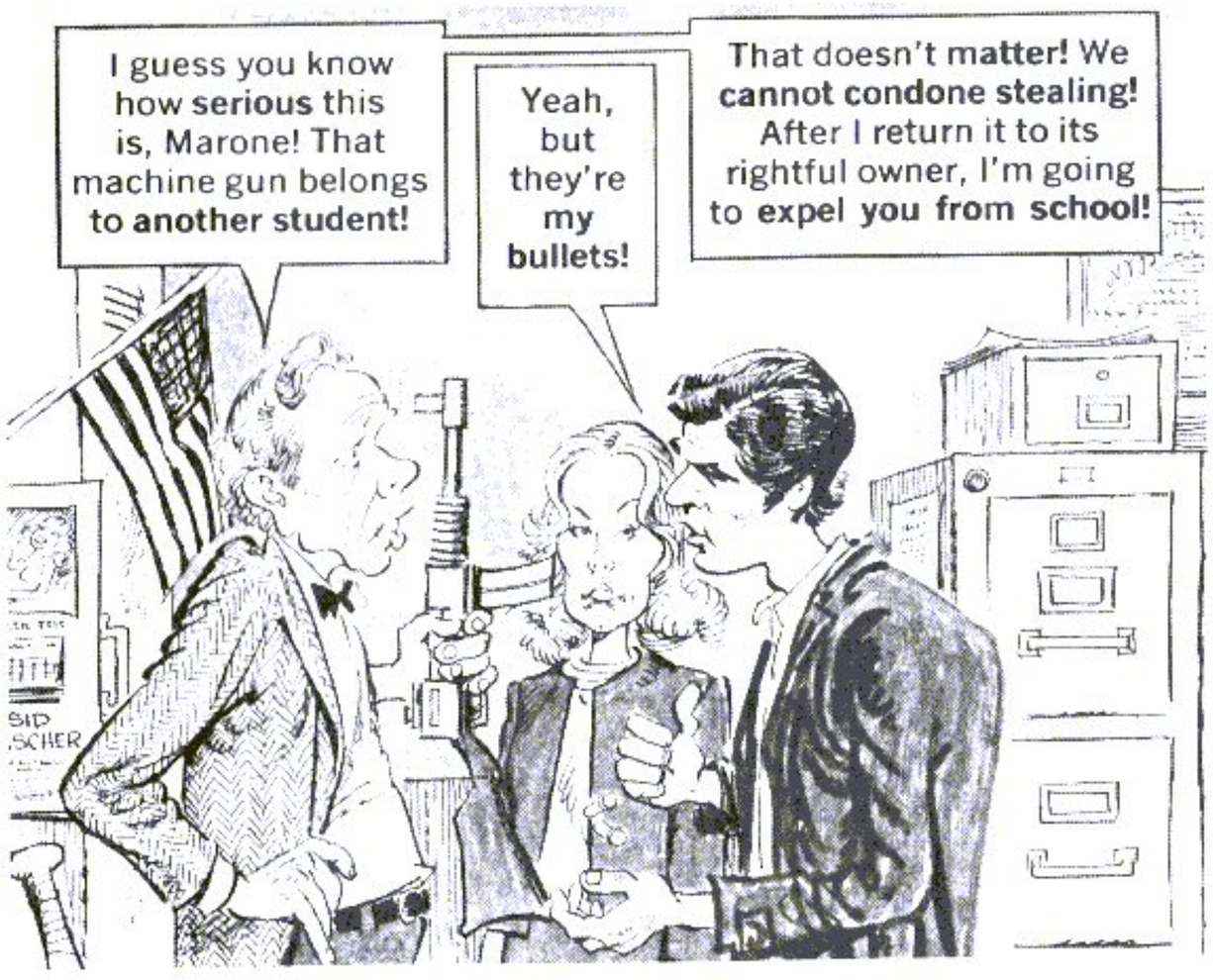
E
IF YOU CAN'T READ THIS

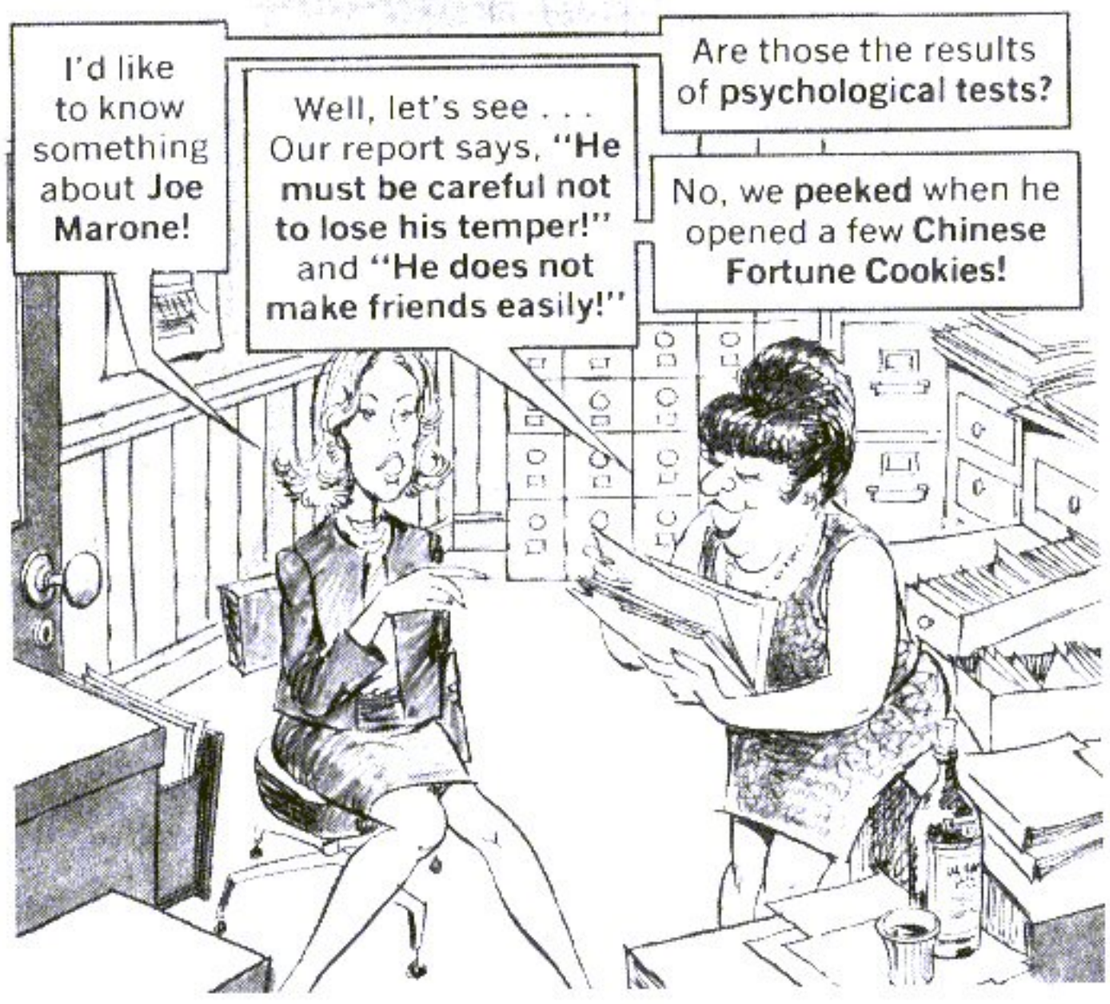
ACID

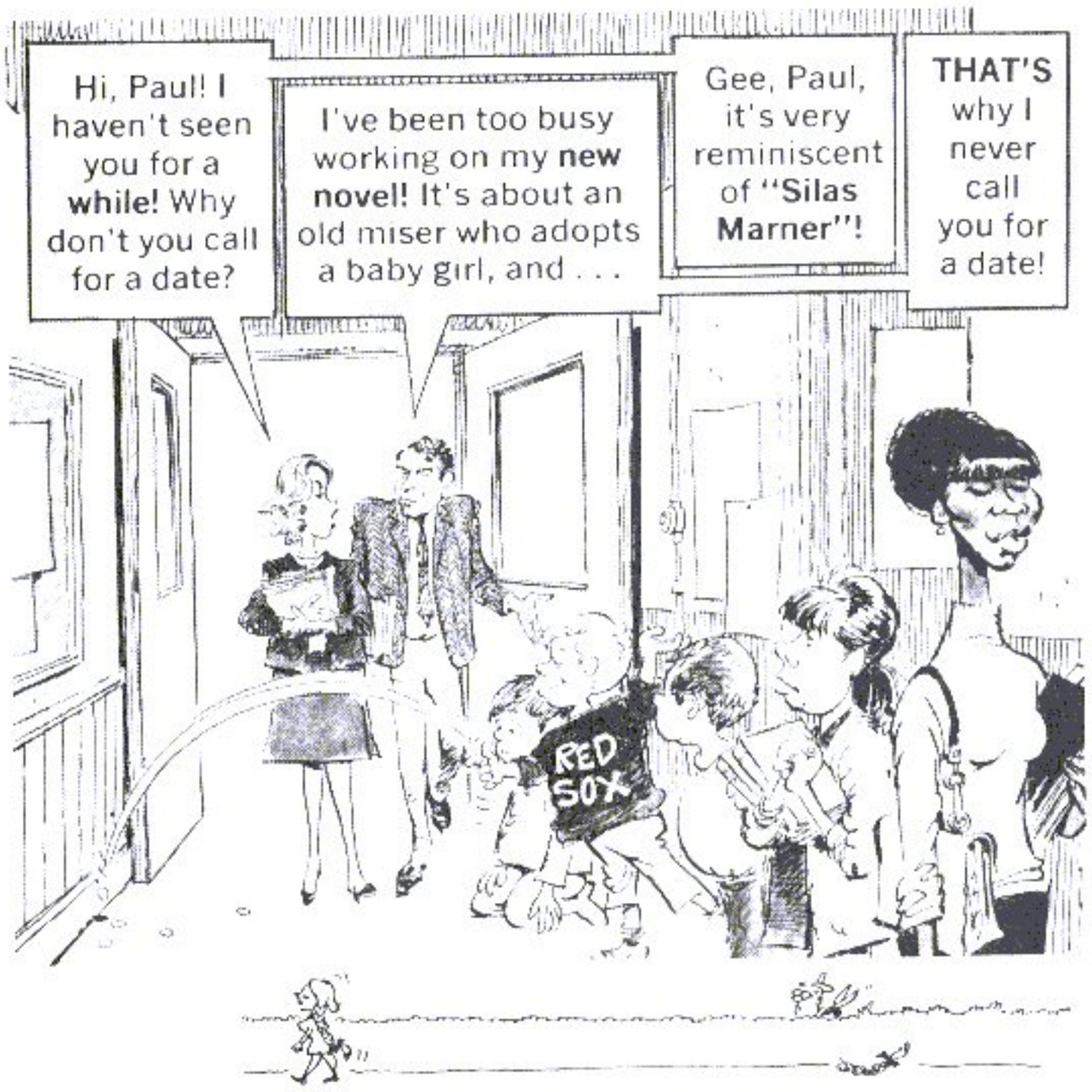

Well, what **CAN** you do!?
According to regulations, I can only treat students with **Bubonic Plague,** or **Gout,** or **Illness resulting from floods in Peru!**
Can't you at least give her an **aspirin?**
Was she in **Peru** lately?
Forget it!
NURSE, THIS FELL OUT OF AL FELDMAN'S HEAD!
FIRST AID

Oh, Joe—Joe! If only I could get **through** to you!
I **hate** you!
That's what I **mean!** If only you could say what's **on your mind,** instead of being so **evasive!**


Okay, Teach! **Listen!** I hate you so much I'm gonna **blow your brains out!**
Joe, is that a **machine gun** you're pointing?
Yeah!
You've got to let me **help** you! I'll start by **reporting you to Mr. McHate!** After all, what are friends **for?**
SUGGESTIONS


I guess you know how **serious** this is, Marone! That machine gun belongs **to another student!**
Yeah, but they're **my bullets!**
That doesn't **matter!** We **cannot condone stealing!** After I return it to its rightful owner, I'm going to **expel you from school!**


I'd like to know something about **Joe Marone!**
Well, let's see . . . Our report says, **"He must be careful not to lose his temper!"** and **"He does not make friends easily!"**
Are those the results of **psychological tests?**
No, we **peeked** when he opened a few **Chinese Fortune Cookies!**


Hi, Paul! I haven't seen you for a **while!** Why don't you call for a date?
I've been too busy working on my **new novel!** It's about an old miser who adopts a baby girl, and . . .
Gee, Paul, it's very reminiscent of **"Silas Marner"!**
THAT'S why I never call you for a date!
RED SOX

Gee, I'm **so in love** with Mr. Deranger—that fiery personality—that devil-may-care attitude—that mis-cast British accent!

Then why don't you write him a note and **tell** him?

Don't be **silly!** I'm only a **Sophomore!** We haven't learned to **write** yet! But if you **help** me, I will . . .

Allus, in this note you sent me, you said that I was "the most handsomest man in the English Department." That sentence is **incorrect!** It should have read **"the most handsomest man in the ENTIRE SCHOOL"!**

That's the last time **I'll** ever learn to write!

Allus—what are you doing!?

I'm **committing suicide!** Mr. Deranger thinks that I'm nothing more than a **stupid child!** Well, **I'll show him I'm not stupid! Good bye, cruel world!**

I guess **I AM** pretty stupid **after all!** Jumping from a first-floor window doesn't **kill** very much! Maybe if I jumped from a **higher floor?**

Don't bother! You'd probably land on your **head** and do even **LESS damage!**

Why not make suicide a **game?** If a gun has **6 chambers** and only **1 bullet**—but you pull the trigger **6 times—?**

Thank you for coming to **Open House!** Here at the John Dillinger School, we are dedicated to giving our students something they'll carry with them the rest of their lives!

You **succeeded** with **my son!** He's got **your twitch!**

Well, you **know** how kids are at that age! **They'll steal ANYTHING!**

Hi, Teach! Remember **me?** Joe Marone?

Oh, Joe, why won't you let me **reach** you! I **KNOW** I can help you if you'll only **let** me!

How do you know **that?**

Because I'm **much prettier** than **Sidney Poitier!**

Er . . . you wanna **bet?!**

Joe, what are you **doing!?** Are you trying to **kiss** me?!

Yeah, but the way your **face** keeps **twitching,** I keep **missing!**

Good-bye, Teach! I'm quitting school and starting a life of **crime!**

I can't let you go unless you make me a **solemn promise!**

What's **that?**

That you'll **DO WELL!** A teacher wants to be **proud** of her ex-pupils!

Dr. Bested, I've come to the conclusion that I'm **not happy** here! I want to leave!

Really? Why?

Sorry to **hear that!** Our school **needs** teachers like you!

You make the **rest** of us **look good!**

What's going **on** here, Sylvie?

I'm using your theory about "**making learning a game,**" Henrienta! I'm having the class enact a "**mock trial!**"

What's **that** got to do with **English?**

If there's one thing I hate, it's a **smart-alec teacher!**

. . . an' I sentence you to **DEATH BY HANGING!**

Miss Parrot, you are the **best** Teacher I **ever had!**

Really, Jose? **Why?**

None of my **other** teachers ever let me **KILL anyone** before!

Dr. Bested, I've decided **not** to quit **after all!**

That's **too bad,** Miss Parrot! What made you decide to stay?

Oh, I got thinking about how very **fortunate** I am to be teaching in this **ultra-exclusive PRIVATE SCHOOL!**

I mean . . . what if I had to take a teaching assignment in one of those **tough NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS!?!**

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

DR. HUGO ZORBAGREEK

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER OF BROOKLYN, N.Y. MADE A ***HOUSE CALL*** ON DEC. 18th, 1966 *AND TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE...* **HE DID NOT USE THEIR PHONE TO CALL HIS OFFICE FOR MESSAGES!**

HE *DID*, HOWEVER, CALL AN OLD ARMY BUDDY IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. *... JUST TO SAY HELLO!*

RED "RABBIT" ELLSBERG

A 5'9" TALL, UNKNOWN, UNSUNG AND GENERALLY LETHARGIC PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL PLAYER...

ACTUALLY OUTJUMPED WILT CHAMBERLAIN

THE 7 FOOT TALL CENTER of the PHILADELPHIA WARRIORS!

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF...

HUBERT HUMPHREY

DOES ***NOT*** TALK FAST!

IT JUST SEEMS THAT WAY BECAUSE THE ADMINISTRATION IS MOVING SO SLOW!

... THEY WERE PLAYING CHECKERS AT THE TIME!

J. Paul Grepsy

THE SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST,

ARRIVED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1922 WITH ONLY $1.37 IN HIS POCKET!

BUT HE HAD $78,000 HIDDEN IN HIS LINING!

HUNTZ GORCY,

A MOTORIST INSURED BY "ILLSTATE"...

WAS INVOLVED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT,

AND YET, ***COLLECTED IMMEDIATELY!***

HUNTZ COLLECTED "PNEUMONIA" WHILE HE WAS LYING ON THE GROUND FOR THREE DAYS WAITING FOR HIS ILLSTATE AGENT TO SHOW UP!

TILL THE CLODS ROLL BY DEPT.

WHAT IS A SQUARE?

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Between the time you watch your first Lawrence Welk TV Show on your Daddy's knee, and the time you finally settle down in a Retirement Village to live on your Social Security, you are guaranteed to run across a creature called a "Square". Squares come in four basic styles: Dull, Very Dull, Boring, and Ed Sullivan.

Squares are found almost everywhere: In the ping-pong room at the YMCA, perusing the menu at a Howard Johnson's, being paged at a Trailways Bus Station, taking a sight-seeing tour and staring up at the tall buildings . . . in Fargo, North Dakota, and tapping their feet and shouting, "One more time!" to the music of Guy Lombardo.

It's easy to spot a Square—simply by the way he dresses. Who else would wear mis-matched argyle socks, thermal underwear, a chartreuse bolero bowling shirt, a plaid woolen hat with earlaps, J. C.Penney slacks with pleats, a graduation ring with a squirter attachment, and a clip-on wide tie that lights up in the dark and says: "Philadelphia is a fun city!"—all to his own wedding?!

A Square is Simplicity waiting in line at the "Don McNeill Breakfast Club," Banality chug-a-lugging Ovaltine at a Rexall counter, Tedium thumbing through a Spiegel's Mail Order Catalogue, and the Height of Idiocy marching in a Shriners' Parade, playing "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" on a kazoo.

A Square's idea of romance is a kiss—on the fifth date . . . from his wife. A Square's idea of high-brow entertainment is a videotape replay of "The Gale Storm Show." A Square's idea of a culinary treat is to send out for some Chicken Delight. A Square's idea of nostalgia is seeing Snooky Lanson stepping into the "Lucky Strike Spotlight." And a Square's idea of the height of adventure is tearing down the goalposts at the end of a football game.

A Square is never a Jazz Musician, or a Peace Corps Worker, or an Abstract Artist, or a Las Vegas Croupier, or a member of the Jet Set. He is always an Accountant, or a Ticket-Tearer at a Roller Derby Tournament, or a Zeppelin Repairman, or a Blotter Salesman, or a President of a Wayne Newton Fan Club.

A Square is a composite of many people: He has the rugged authority of Don Knotts, the sardonic wit of Bud Collyer, the magnetic personality of Lyndon Johnson, the poise of Huntz Hall, the quiet good taste of Allen & Rossi, the sex-appeal of Chet Huntley and the flashiness of Dean Rusk.

A Square is unique in many ways: He's the one wearing a "Harold Stassen for President" button. He's the one who starts a Conga line and "dips" when he dances. He's the one who goes into a fancy French Restaurant and asks the waiter, "What's the hot cereal?" He's the one who throws his friend a Bachelor Party at a McDonald's Hamburger Stand. And he's the one who still reads "National Geographic" for the "hot parts"!

Contemporary terminology often confuses a Square. He thinks "White Backlash" is a Revlon cosmetic, a "Stag Film" is a movie about Bambi, a "Pink Lady" is a Communist sympathizer's wife, "The Mamas and The Papas" is a Planned Parenthood Group, and a "Good Night Kiss" is a small Hershey you eat before retiring.

Might as well face it, Squares are here to stay. They may try to disguise themselves and act like "Hippies," but some of their Squareness will always show through. They can discard their galoshes, hide their Bennett Cerf Humor Anthologies, stop watching "Supermarket Sweep" and discontinue their Hammond Organ lessons, but there will still be one thing that gives them away . . . the tell-tale phrase that always separates the Square from the rest of the world . . . the War-Cry of the Square Make-Out Man:

"HUBBA HUBBA!"

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT FROGS

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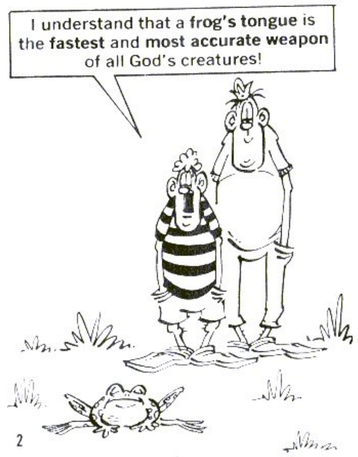

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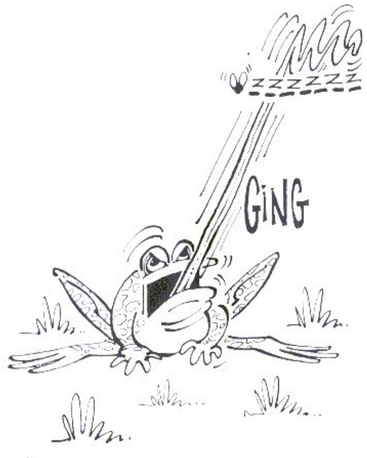

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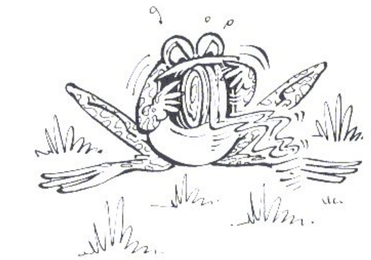
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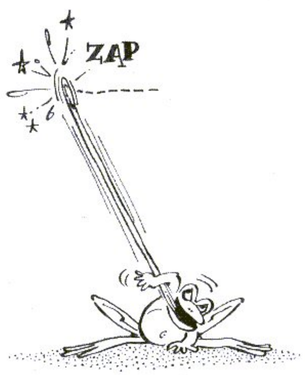

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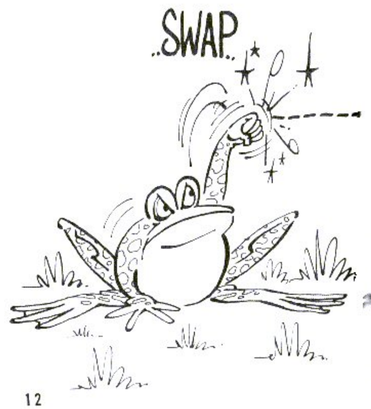

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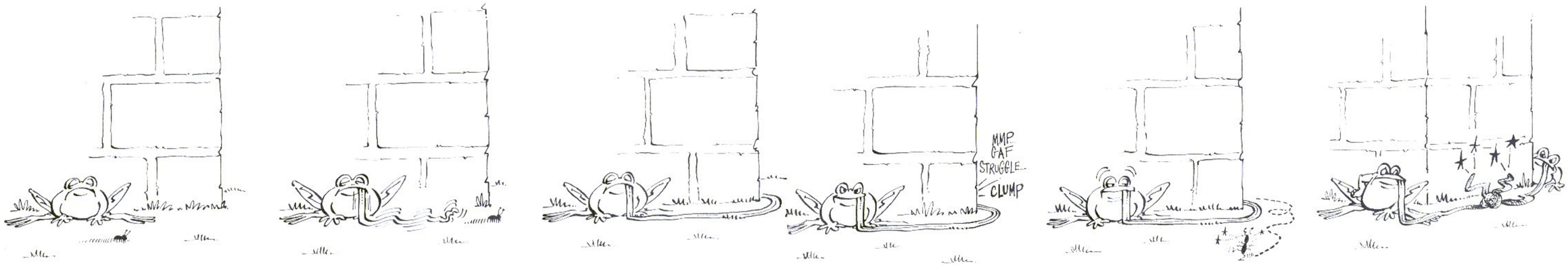
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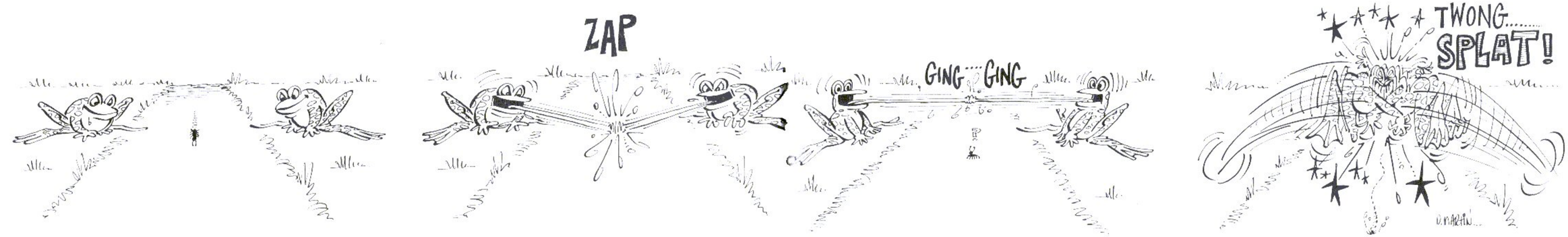
GAF
STRUGGLE...
CLUMP

ZZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZZ

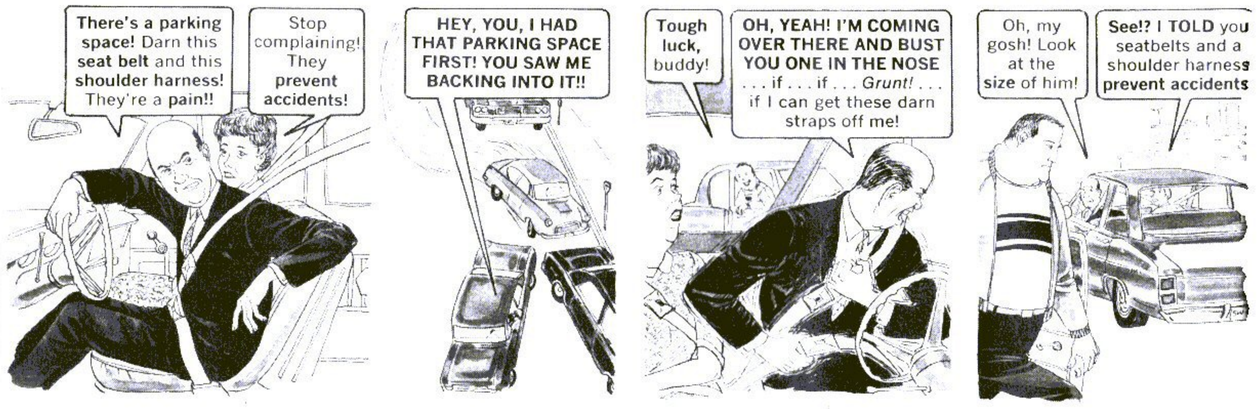
ZAP

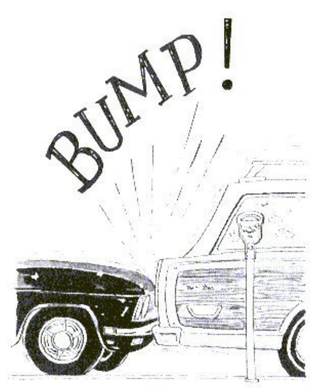

ZAP
GING GING
TWONG.....
SPLAT!

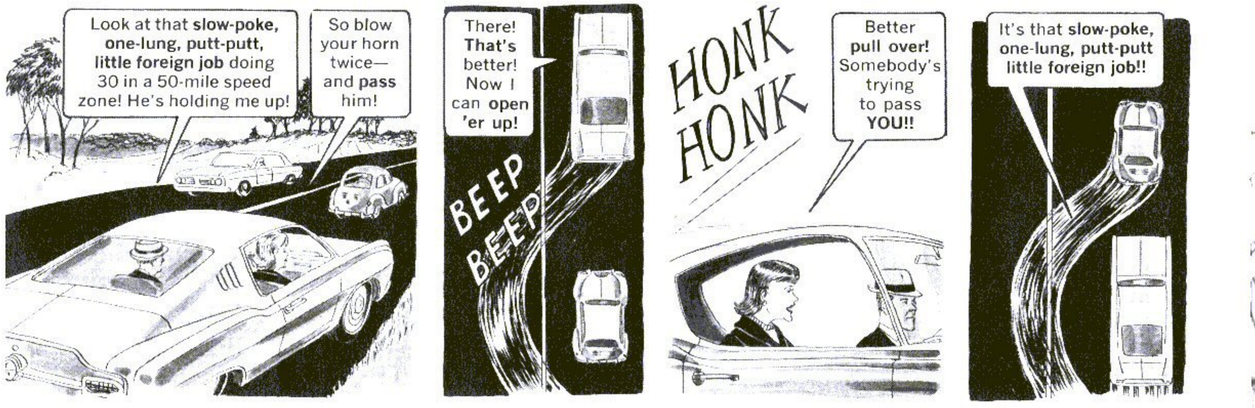
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

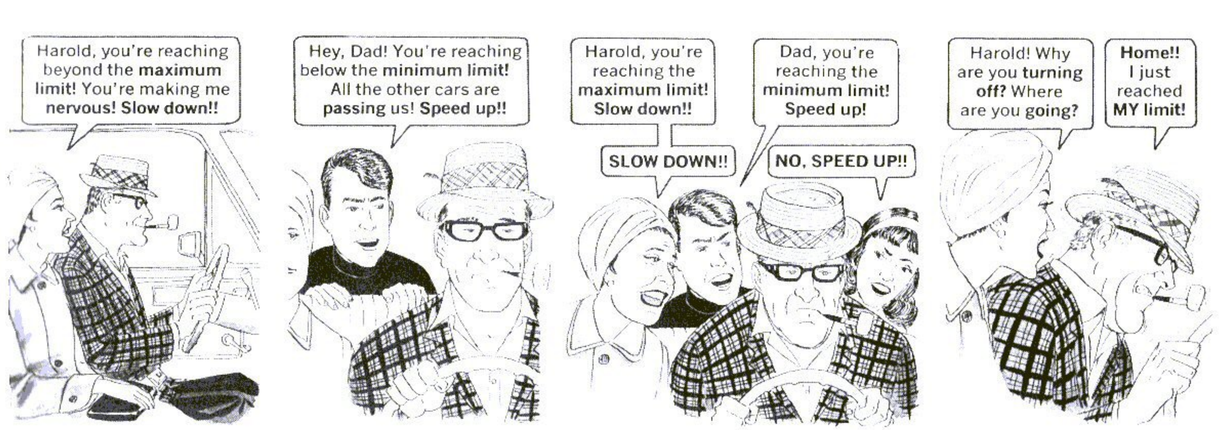
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DRIVING

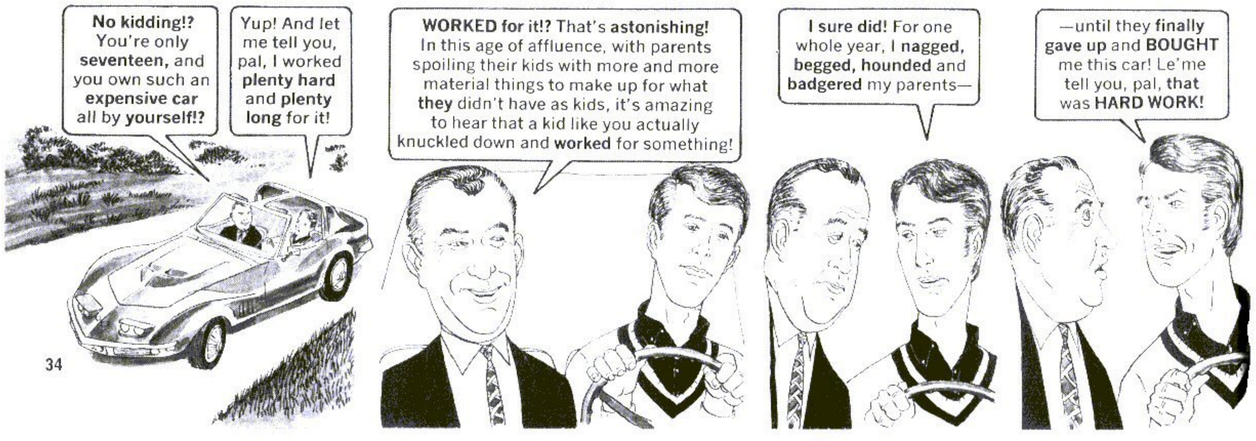
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

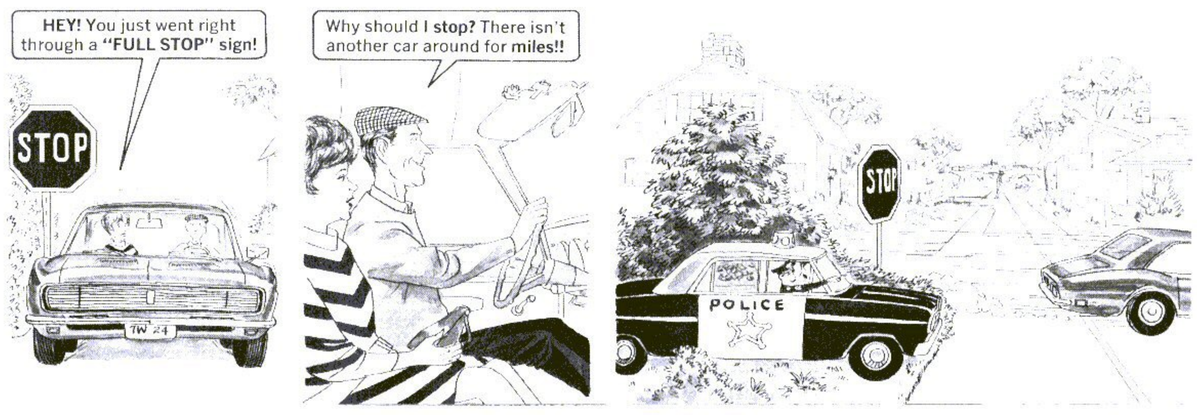












R-R-R-R-R-R-R!!

R-R-R-R-R-R-R!!

R-R-R!

Watch it, Milton! You're weaving all over the road like a drunken driver!!

It's not MY fault!

R-R-RR!!

HE'S STEERING!!

I'm worried! This sudden storm came up, and Susan is out driving with that Sheldon boy from Yale!

What's to worry about? Sheldon is a normal, healthy boy with enough intelligence to pull over to the side of the road and park until the storm blows over!

THAT's what I'm worried about!!

All right, now, today we are going to take up parallel parking . . .

APEX DRIVING SCHOOL

When you come to a parking space, pull up abreast of the car ahead. Then back up until your front wheels line up with the rear wheels of—

There's really no need to teach me about parallel parking . . .

Oh, you already know how to do it?

No! But I'll be doing all of my driving in the CITY, and I'll never find any parking spaces ANYWAY!!

Mommy, I think that policeman is blowing his whistle at us! He wants us to stop!

TWEET TWEET

Hey, lady! How many years have you been driving?

Er . . . fifteen, Officer!

Then you should be able to tell me . . . exactly what does it mean when the light turns yellow?

Of course I can tell you!

It means you should drive like hell . . . because the light is about to turn RED!

BEEP BEEP BEEP

HEY! YOU'RE HOLDING UP TRAFFIC! MOVE, DARN YOU!!

I'LL MOVE WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY!!

Why don't you tell him the truth? That there's a long line of cars ahead of you being held up by the drawbridge, and you couldn't move if you wanted to!!

Why should I!? This way, I have a feeling of POWER!!

Oh, Sonny! I see you had headrests installed! That was very wise of you!

These things are supposed to prevent "whiplash"!

What's "whiplash" Mom?

You don't know what "whiplash" is?! So why did you have these headrests installed?

Because they look so SNAZZY!!

Isn't that festive! Every year, they really out-do themselves during the holiday season, decorating the streets with blinking red, yellow and green lights—and plastic snowflakes—and jolly Santas—and wreaths! I tell you, it's absolutely gorgeous!

All right! I know it's beautiful! But how long are you going to just sit here and look at the lights?

Until I can figure out which one of those gorgeous lights is the TRAFFIC LIGHT!!

Will you look at this!? I've been trying to pull out into this traffic for ten minutes, and not one car will stop for a moment and let me in!

IS THERE NO DECENCY IN THIS ROTTEN WORLD!? IS THERE NO CONSIDERATION . . . OR COMMON COURTESY LEFT?! I TELL YOU, CIVILIZATION IS JUST A THIN VENEER! YOU'RE ALL SNARLING SAVAGE ANIMALS OUT THERE!

Look, darling—that man is stopping and waving you in! Isn't that nice?

WELL, THANKS A HEAP, BUSTER! IT'S ABOUT TIME!!

A MOTION PICTURE SO BRUTALLY FRANK AND SO SHOCKING THAT ONLY A WIGGED-OUT PRODUCER LIKE NIRVANA E. LEVINE WOULD DARE MAKE IT!

Psychedelic Pictures Present:

The Wild Freakout Acid Trip At The Hippie Teeny-Bopper Love-In Orgy On The Strip

Formerly Titled: "I Found My Tender Love In San Francisco"

IN GLORIOUS 70mm SIN-EMASCOPE AND STARTLING LSD-COLOR!

Starring

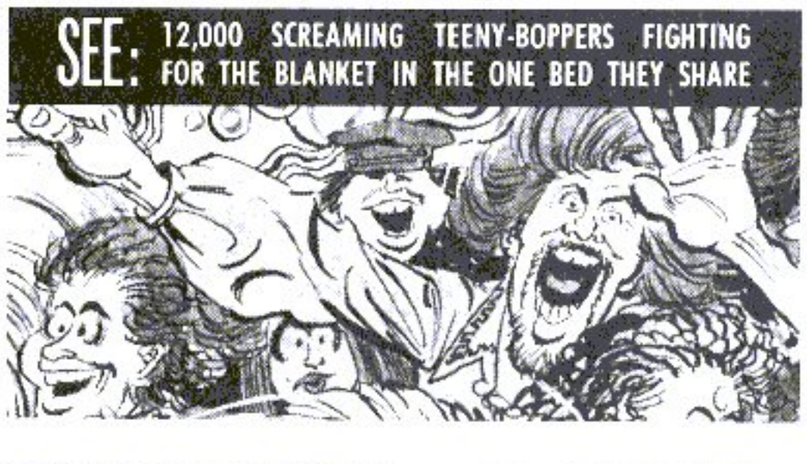
Peter Fonda as "Honda"

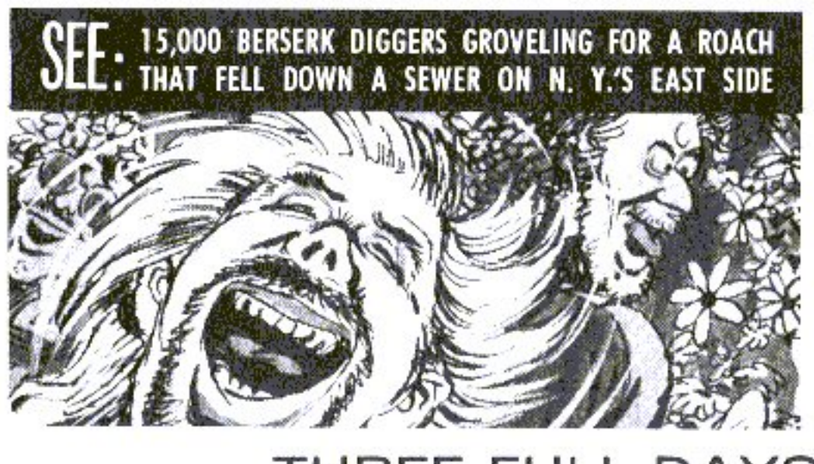
Andy Warhol as "Soupy"

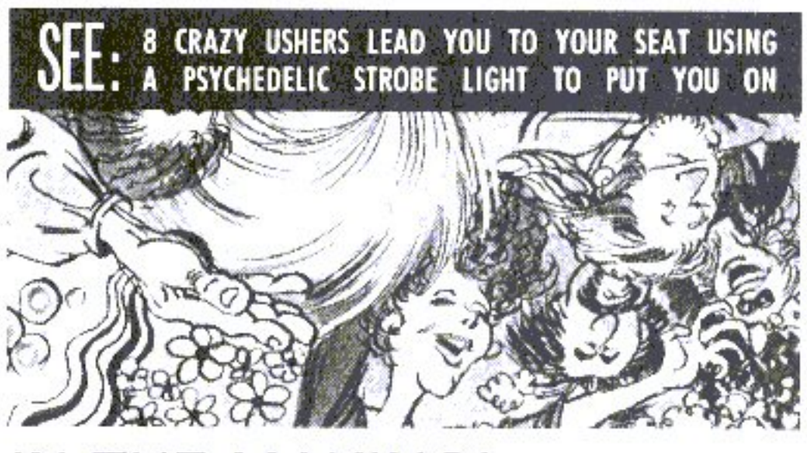
Paul Krassner as "The Dreamer"

Joe Pepitone as "Fungo"

and introducing GOD in His first important role . . . as "President Johnson"







THREE FULL DAYS IN THE MAKING!

FILMED ON LOCATION IN WARREN BEATTY'S RUMPUS ROOM

40 Recommended For Mature Hippies Only No One Will Be Seated During The Last Five Orgies

HIPPIE CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: Extra-Large Banana, almost like new, smoked only once by a Little Old Lady Hippie on the lower East Side. Box H79

39 MALE HIPPIES, 4 FEMALE HIPPIES, seek 5 Female Hippies to share one-room pad on Haight St. All replies confidential. Our Landlord knows about this ad. Box H81

WILL TRADE three locks of Allen Ginsberg's beard for one swatch from Timothy Leary's toga. Box H82

YOUNG MALE HIPPIE, leaving for India to find God, desires Young Female Traveling Companion in case I don't connect. Box H83

GREENWICH VILLAGE HIPPIE seeks trip to West Coast. I'll stay here. You drive my mind to California. Week of July 7th. Box H85

RAGA ROCK GROUP trio seeks fourth member, to explain the melodies to us. Box H87

MALE HIPPIE WITH ONE LEG seeks Female Hippie with One Leg. Object: Real out-of-sight Boogaloo. Box H89

LET US HANDLE YOUR NEXT LSD TRIP. Avoid Freakouts. We make all necessary arrangements. Hallucinations carefully planned. The Turned-On Travel Agency. Box H90

HELP! I AM BEING HELD PRISONER in my Hi-Fi and TV-equipped own room in the suburban home of my materialistic, conformist parents. Box H92

FREE GUIDE TO 101 MOUNTAINS where you can dwell, meditate, turn on, groove and hold orgies—including several active volcanos. Box H93

COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC to 97 Buddhist Chants. Only $2.50. Box H98

THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS! Exciting new cure for hernias resulting from Yoga Lotus Position. Box H111

LET US CATER YOUR NEXT POT PARTY. Why fuss? Estimates cheerfully given. Dietary Laws strictly observed. Write: Leo's Psychedelicatessen. Box H112

LOOKING FOR GOD? I will tell you where to find Him. No kidding, I know where He's at, and who He is. $1.00 gets this information. Your money back in 7 days if you're not completely satisfied with Him. Box H115

MELVIN, YOU'VE GOT TO COME HOME! We understand why you dropped out of our hypocritical conformist existence devoted to the acquisition of material things, to tune in on the peace, brotherhood and psychedelic joys of the turned-on Hippie Movement. It's just that we can no longer afford to send you the money you need to stay there. Mother and Dad.

I Had Tried Every Kick There Was!

I Had Seen It All!

And Then...

I DISCOVERED A WILD NEW VIBRATION

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE-WINNING **HIPPIE** CONFESSION STORY

by Raga Hotchkiss

I had been one of the original "flower-children". I had put my parents down when I was 2, gone into retreat at 2½, and blown my mind on "LSD-Pablum" at 3.

I had meditated on every mountain, including Mt. Vesuvius where I'd grooved a minor eruption while shouting "Sock It To Me, Baby!" I had "switched on" and "found my thing" with the great Hippie Philosophers, like Socrates and Nietzsche and Buddha—not only reading them, but *dating* them as well! (I was on uncut morphine at that time!)

I had grooved on STP tabs, tripped on LSD, flown on hashish, smoked bananas, and inhaled the glue from airplanes! Real airplanes! TWA jets! While they were still in flight!

I had even freaked out on the 29th flavor at the Haight-Ashbury Howard Johnson's!

I had done it all! Seen it all! Now, at 15, I was ready for wilder, more mature kicks. I was seeking a brand new trip, elsewhere. And then, suddenly, one day I found it.

Suddenly, one day, I felt this WILD, NEW, FAR-OUT, MIND-BLOWING VIBRATION.

You see, I was walking barefoot through Tompkins Square Park in the rain at the time. I was wearing strand upon strand of those little metallic beads around my neck, and string upon string of those little metallic bells around my feet. And suddenly, there was this ear-splitting *clap of thunder*, like, right over my head . . . and this *blinding lightning flash!*

Before I knew it, I was (CONT. ON PAGE 57)

The Hippie HALL OF SHAME

The Hippies below have been placed on our Dishonor Roll and blacklisted from the following Hippie Communities: The East Village in N. Y., Haight-Ashbury in S. F., Fire Island on L. I., Sunset Blvd. in L. A. and Munchkin Land in Oz. They have turned on to activities detrimental to our movement and should be avoided at all costs. Do not . . . repeat . . . DO NOT feed them or let them sleep in your pad.

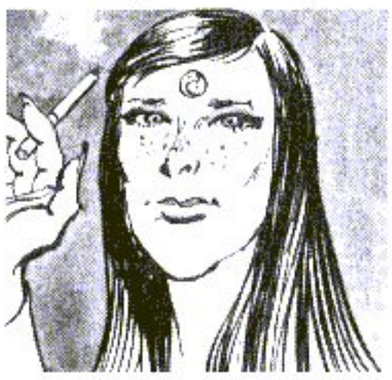
MOHAMMAD TISHMAN
Tompkins Square Park

For burning incense at a suburban barbecue lawn party

GAUGAIN GREENSPAN
Greenwich Village

For coming to a love-in with his own date

MANDALA O'TOOLE
Haight-Ashbury

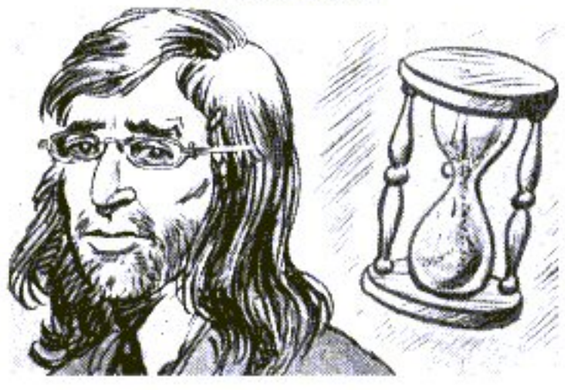


For smoking a cigarette with a brand-name on it

SAROD COWZNOFSKI
Fire Island

For taking an LSD trip and seeing his parents

ZEN RAPPAPORT
Ocean Beach



For being over thirty years of age

ASK ABBA

Advice To The Up Tight

Each issue, Abba Bennadam answers the questions of the uptight, the turned-on, the freaked-out, the hung-up and the far-mished. Abba Bennadam is a Mystic, a Seer, a Prophet, a Poet, a Free-Thinker and an Aluminum Storm Door Salesman. Abba Bennadam is also a very wise man. Because he realizes that you can't make a living as a Mystic, a Seer, a Prophet, a Poet or a Free-Thinker . . . only as an Aluminum Storm Door Salesman.

Dear Abba:

I am planning to take my first mind-expanding "trip". But I have been warned that LSD is habit-forming. Is this true?

Bugged
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Bugged:

I have been taking mind-expanding LSD trips every day for the past 11 years, and I haven't found it habit-forming.

* * *

Dear Abba:

Like, I am hip. Can you help me. I am looking for some wild new vibration. I would prefer something relating to the Far Eastern cults. Do you have any suggestions?

Hopped-Up
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Hopped-Up:

Try sticking your head between two Chinese gongs.

* * *

Dear Abba:

Enclosed is my picture. I am an Acid-Head living on Fire Island, N. Y. Recently, my Doctor informed me that I was pregnant. I have heard that LSD can affect the chromosomes. Since I take LSD trips regularly, do you think that this may endanger my pregnancy?

Worried
Cherry Grove, N. Y.

Dear Worried:

Ordinarily, no. But in your case, Sir, there may be some complications.

* * *

Dear Abba:

I have tuned in on a wild new emotional trip and I think it's wonderful. Instead of the fleeting, impersonal, violent, unfeeling, dispassionate love many hedonist Hippies turn on to just for kicks, when I make love I try to make it into something beautiful and precious and close. What do you think?

At Peace
Greenwich Village, N. Y.

Dear At Peace:

I think that's disgusting!

* * *

Dear Abba:

I am approaching 30, and I still haven't found God! Man, I'm getting uptight over it! How and where can I find Him?

Rattled
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Rattled:

Don't lose your cool. I'll tell Him you're looking for Him the next time I see Him.

Dear Abba:

Last week, I really took a bad "trip". First I saw my body cut into hundreds of pieces. Then I saw my nose under my lip and one eye missing. Then I saw my skin turn blue, then green, then purple. What was I on?

Freaked-Out
New York City

Dear Freaked-Out:

You were on the second floor of the Museum of Modern Art, and that was a Picasso you were looking at.

* * *

Dear Abba:

I've smoked bananas, morning glory seeds, grapefruit rinds, grass (not pot, but "crab"), melons, prune pits . . .just about anything you can name. Now, some cat tells me I can groove with salmon. I think he's putting me on. So, clue me, Man! Ever, like, smoked salmon?

Hassled
Denver, Colo.

Dear Hassled:

No, but I once dug pickled lox!

* * *

Dear Abba:

Baby, like, I'm woke you copped a plea with the fuzz when they strung you out after turning on to boo and grooving with acid in your pad with this out of sight chick who was tripping on STP but couldn't cool it because she was strapped for bread and lacking the universal oom. So I put you down!

Switched-On
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Switched-On:

Stop talking like a child!

* * *

Dear Abba:

Our teenage son has run away from our Bleecker Street pad and is now living in a split-level house in suburban Larchmont, where he is taking trips in a 1968 Ford Mustang, dressing in the latest "Mod" fashions, and, worst of all, working for money to pay for these things. Where did we go wrong?

Strung Out
Greenwich Village, N. Y.

Dear Strung-Out:

You wigged out somewhere along the line. If you'd provided him with a normal, dirty, loft environment, shown an interest in his free-love problems, and supplied him with the things he really needed, like hashish and STP pills, perhaps he wouldn't have split the scene for a rebellious life in suburbia.

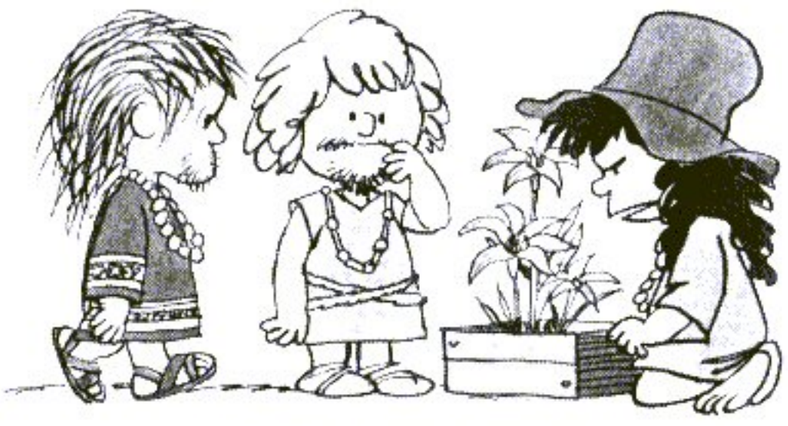
"UPTIGHT" IS A DRY SUGAR CUBE

by Abu Schulz

READER: IN THE WAY OF EXPLANATION FOR THE NON-HIPPIE

"Uptight" means, like, a bad scene. It's when you're hung up, or wigged out, or you can't make it. We all get "uptight" once in a while. Here are some grooving examples of "uptight":

UPTIGHT is . . .

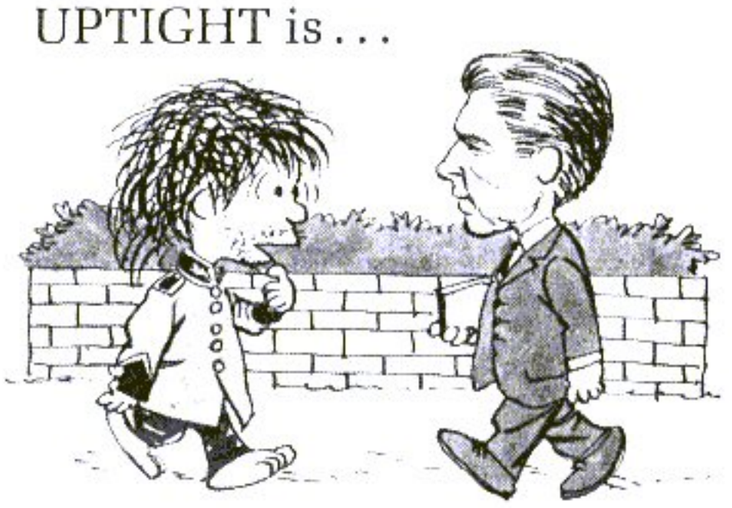


. . . seeing lilies-of-the-valley sprout from the Marijuana seeds you planted.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . having the light go out on the "joint" . . . just as it gets to you.

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . walking along the Berkeley campus and bumping into Gov. Ronald Reagan.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . looking around and seeing Bert Parks at your "pot" party.

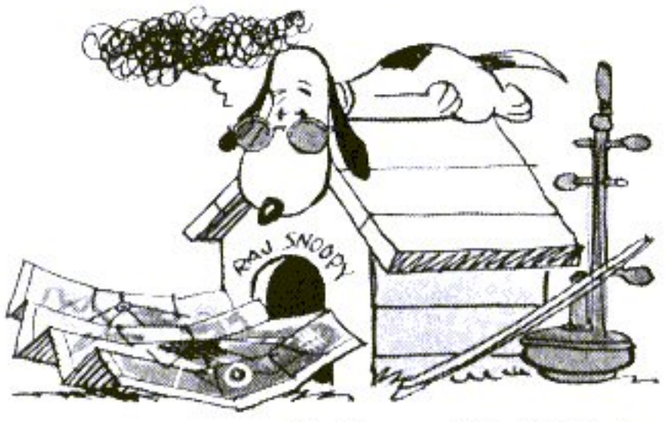
UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . discovering that the flower you've been carrying in your hand for two months is actually poison sumac.

UPTIGHT is . . .

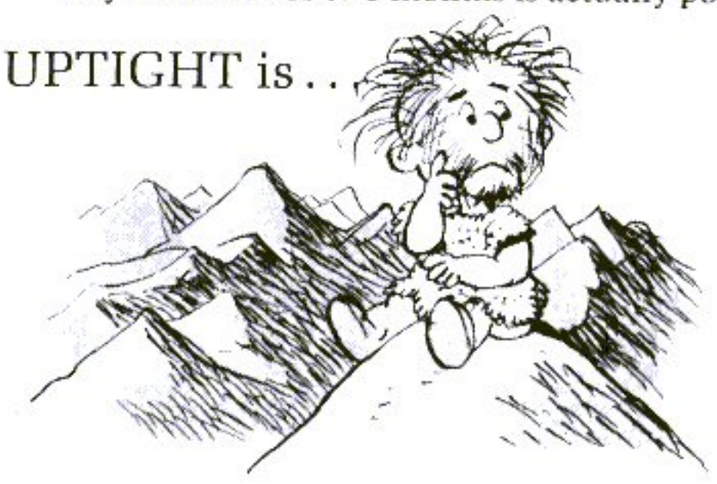
. . . taking an LSD trip and seeing "The Mormon Tabernacle Choir".

UPTIGHT is . . .



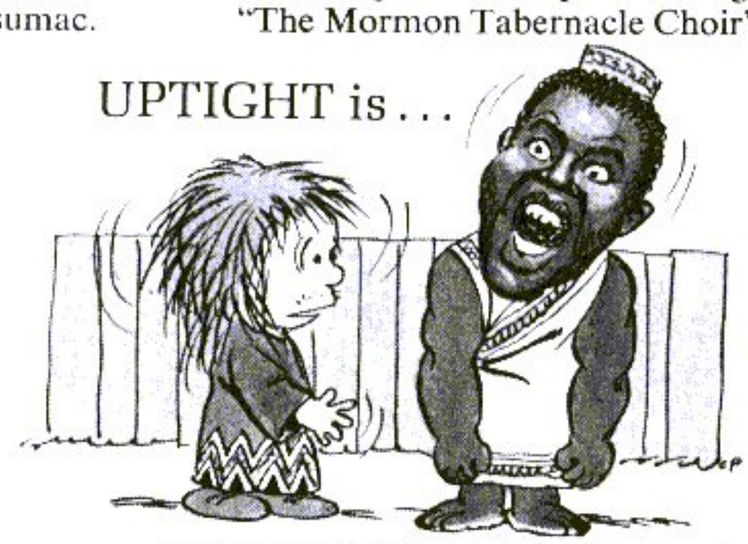
. . . finding out that Toledo Ohio *is* ". . . where it's at!"

UPTIGHT is . . .



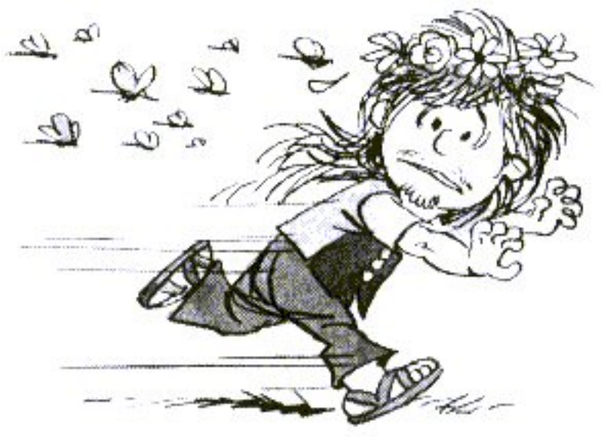
. . . climbing a mountain in Tibet to meditate, and then forgetting what you went up there for.

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . saying "Sock it to me, baby!" and then discovering it's Mohammad Ali.

UPTIGHT is . . .

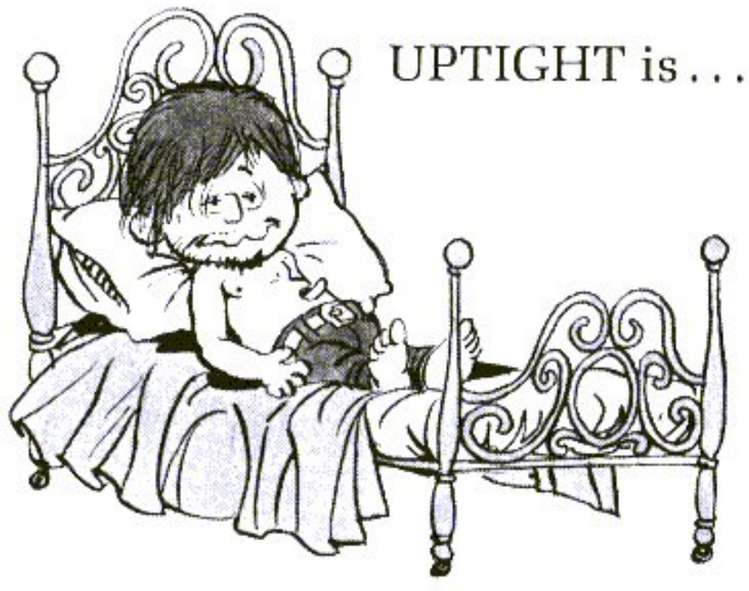


. . . discovering the flowers in your hair attract wasps.

UPTIGHT is . . .

. . . carrying the "papoose" on your back for twenty blocks, and then turning around and discovering there ain't no baby.

UPTIGHT is . . .



. . . contemplating your navel while on LSD, and watching as your appendix starts coming out of it.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

Philosophical Gems Overheard In Hippie Communities

Omar Ferdlip

FREE-LANCE HEDONIST

. . . upon his return to the Haight-Ashbury scene after spending fourteen months meditating by himself on the top of Mount Shasta in California:

"Daisies have become the major force in my life!"

Shah Bernbaum

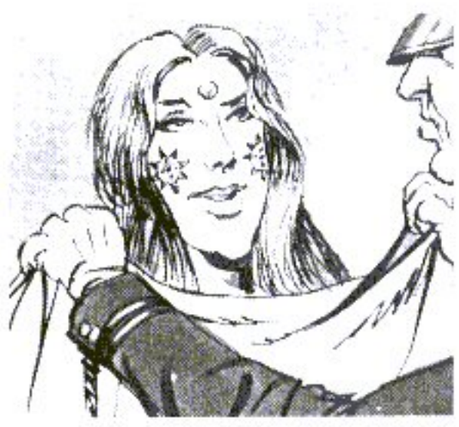
PROFESSIONAL HIPPIE

. . . after being stopped by a tourist who gazed at his shredded Army coat, the garland of petunias in his hair, the filth on his bare feet, the spittle on his lips and the mud in his beard—and then asked him what he was trying to prove, just shrugged and said:

"All I can do is try to be beautiful!"

Samantha Gurney

TOPLESS FREE-VERSE POET



. . . after being discovered living in the third floor bathroom linen closet of the East Village Y.M.C.A., and was asked by cops how come she was there:

"Man, everybody has got to be *someplace!*"

Ecstasy Wainwright

FULL-TIME DROP-OUT FROM LIFE

. . . after being told that his father had just been elected President of a giant corporation with a salary of $175,000-a-year, plus a $100,000 stock-option plan, an unlimited expense account, a luxurious $80,000 home and a new company-owned car:

"Like, that's HIS hang-up!"

Myron The Messiah

PROPHET AND FLUTE REPAIRMAN

. . . asked why he had pelted National Guard Troops with flowers during a riot, and then set fire to himself in protest by leaping barefoot into the steaming hot-fat-vats of a Chicken Delight delivery truck, just smiled:

"Look . . . that just happens to be my *thing!*"

Moses M. Stash

UNEMPLOYED RAGA COMPOSER AND DRIFTER

. . . while passing through a typical square suburban community and seeing a well-groomed teenage boy and a modestly-dressed teenage girl holding hands and gazing at each other while sipping sodas at a corner drug store:

"Lord, what is happening to our youth today?!"

Hippie Happenings

What's Grooving Around Hippie Communities

by Charisma Berkowitz

WHO TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

WILD SIGHTS ABOUT TOWN: SAHIB NESBIT drilling a hole in his cranium. He's looking for a permanent turn-on . . . SINAI BOTCHKINS, at a Hindu "happening", trying to quote the Guru with a mouthful of Hashish . . . SAMANTHA SACKS and DESDEMONA TRESS pelting each other with pussy willows, and breaking out in a rash . . . Hippie cut-up RAMA DOUD, trying for laughs by emptying a sack of Farina on SITAR TWEEDY while shouting "Flour Power!" (He didn't get any!) . . . ANGIE THE OX, SALLY THE SLOB, MURRAY THE UNCLEAN, RIVA THE RAGGED and CHICKIE THE FUZZ among the "Beautiful People" strolling barefoot through the scene.

FURD FLACCID is being consoled by friends after returning from a "bad trip". Not a bad LSD trip. Furd went home to visit his family . . . MADMAN MILLBURN, looking for new kicks, tried injecting alphabet soup in his veins and broke out in four-letter words . . . WILLIE THE WANDERER moved from his loft on Bleecker Street and is now living in a garbage can in Tompkins Square Park. And the best thing is he only has to share it with two other Hippies . . . KORAN CALIBASH finally took a haircut. He had it trimmed right up to his shoulders . . . DRACHMA THE DIGGER has made arrangements for starving N. Y. Hippies to receive food packages from Vietnam War Orphans. Good grooving, Drachma!

DIP YOUR PEN IN ACID, and write to the following shut-ins: JOJO BOTTOMSLEY, recuperating in his pad. JoJo tried to smoke a banana the hard way. While it was still in the Gorilla's mouth! . . . Also to RASHA NASHER, who took a double dose of LSD so he'd be sure to make a "round-trip" . . . Also to BABYJANE FLAUM, who got a hernia carrying the papoose on her back. Seems the baby wasn't in it, but her old man was! . . . Also to the 47 Hippies who were hurt in that terrible crash. Their bed collapsed! . . . Also to MARA, MAJA and SHAH, three local "tripsters" who took LSD together and saw MANNY, MOE and SHEMP—The Three Stooges! Man, what a bad trip!

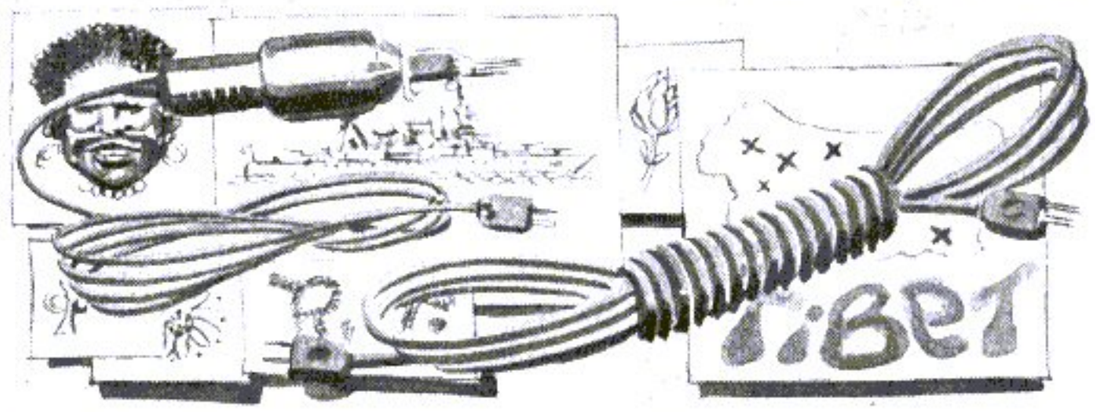
MONK ROSNER, Raga Flute Player is going into retreat to contemplate Robert Goulet . . . NIRVANA NUSSBAUM is planning to run for President on the "Like" ticket. Seems he isn't popular enough yet to run on the "Love" ticket . . . MOGID REILLY is putting the finishing touches on his new book: "How To Live in Haight-Ashbury on $15.00 a Year" . . . Orchids to Raga Rock Composer SCIMITAR BUNNIGER! Not that he's doing such a good job on his music. It's just that he loves to wear them in his hair . . . **ADD TO OUR "LOOK-ALIKES":** NORMA ZILCH, swinging new East Village teeny-bopper runaway from Great Neck, L. I. and ALLEN GINSBERG . . . **RUMOR OF THE MONTH:** Smoking pot will become legal. The hang-up is: getting high will be outlawed!

THE TURNED-ON GIFT GUIDE

For The Hippie Who Has Nothing

You may order any of these items direct from HIPPIE MAGAZINE. There are no prices quoted. Send us as much bread as you can. Not MONEY . . . real bread! Rye, Pumpernickel, anything! From this business, we can starve!

Do-It-Yourself Tattoo Kit

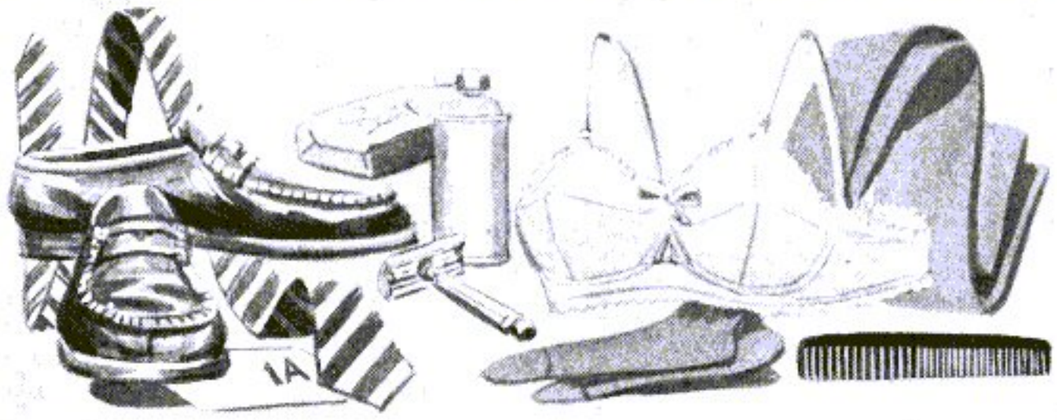


Now you can decorate yourself in the latest Hippie designs —permanently! Comes complete with electric needle, extra-long extension cord (so if you don't have electricity, you can plug it into the lamppost outside your loft), and a huge selection of sample tattoos, including a ¾ view of the Graf Spee, a portrait of a Hottentot Bushman, a full-color map of Tibet showing all of the "meditation mountains", etc.

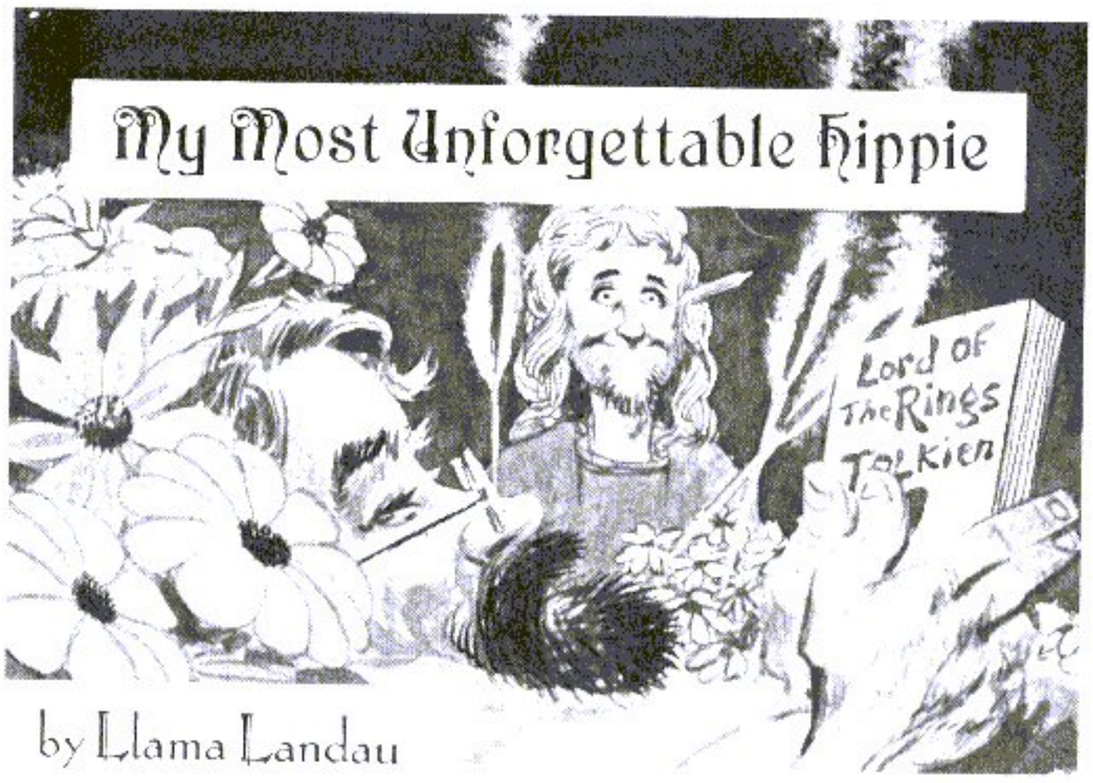
Fashion Accessories

If you want to be one of the "Beautiful People", then this six-piece fashion wardrobe is a "must"! You get a pair of worn sandals, a moth-eaten Army blanket, a string of beads, a garland of artificial flowers, a live bluebird and a box of real dirt. Can be worn everywhere—in your pad, while making the scene, when meditating on a mountain, or while making a police line-up. You'll look absolutely stunning . . . just like the girls shown modeling the stuff above.

Hippie Collectors Items



For the sentimental Hippie who wants to collect relics of the past. Shoes . . . ties . . . soap . . . bras . . . draft cards . . . combs . . . shaving squipment . . . nylon stockings, etc. We have an unlimited supply of these nostalgic items. They make great gag gifts, planters, ash trays or wall plaques.



by Llama Landau

He was out of sight! He was tuned in on the ultimate vibration! He was turned on to the wildest bag possible! He was the hippiest Hippie! He spiritualized everything the true Hippie stands for . . . peace, love, gentleness and a return to nature. No longer would he pursue the fast buck, or strive for the Madison Avenue concept of happiness, or rot in the suburban-conformist swamp, or support the PTA, or attend the local Church, or kowtow to the Local Draft Board, or participate in Little League. No longer would he suffer the hang-up of the never-ending middle-class drive to produce, produce, produce and succeed, succeed, succeed. He had wigged out on all that!

Instead, he had found true beauty, lasting peace, the inner contentment that all Hippies seek. The true beauty that one enjoys while sitting on a secluded mountain and meditating in the clear, cold wind. The lasting peace that comes after your mind has expanded daily on 500 micrograms of LSD. The inner contentment that comes from eating only pure organic natural foods like liver powder and bone meal and millet.

And as I passed his coffin and gazed down upon his pale, serene face, I realized further that he *(Cont. on page 86)*

Coming In The Next Issue

"I Got Turned On By Soy Sauce!"

A HIPPIE'S TOUR OF CHINATOWN AND HIS ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

A Report On Greenwich Village

"BROTHERLY LOVE'S OKAY, BUT THIS PLACE HAS, LIKE, TOO MUCH, BABY!"

"I Was A Flower Girl At My Own Wedding!"

A HIPPIE BRIDE TELLS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO TRIP DOWN THE AISLE

"I Mixed LSD With Chicken Soup And Took A Trip To Israel!"

(WHICH IS A PRETTY NEAT TRICK CONSIDERING I'M NOT EVEN JEWISH!)

"How To Meditate On A High Mountain Without Getting A Nose-Bleed"

The "Do-It-Yourself Project" Of The Issue:

TAKE THE WORRY OUT OF SMOKING BANANAS WITH THE BRAND NEW

Hippie Magazine Banana Filter

18 Startling Photos of "Bad Trips"

INCLUDING ONE TO PATCHOGUE ON THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD!

A Hippie's Embarrassing Moment:

"LIKE, HOW I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO WITH A FLOWER IN MY HAIR . . . AND GOT DANDRUFF ON MY DAFFODIL!"

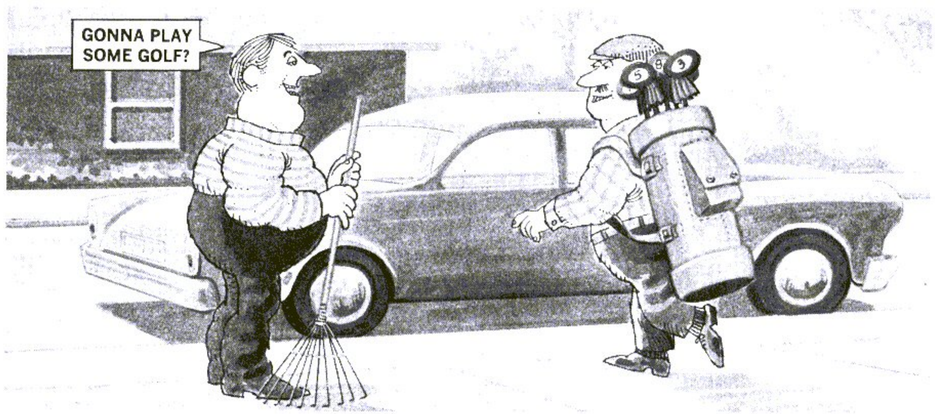
PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

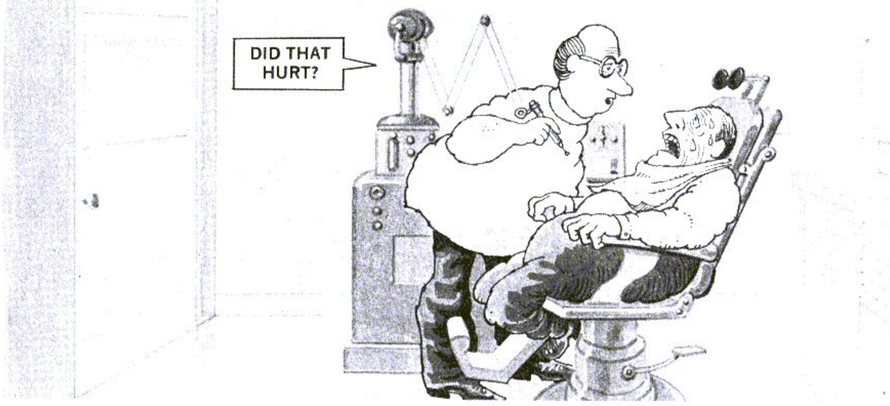
Are you reading a magazine? Are you reading MAD magazine? Are you reading the introduction to this article? Then you know what "stupid questions" are! We just asked three of the stupidest! Are you sick and tired of being asked stupid questions? We mean the kind to which the answers are painfully obvious.

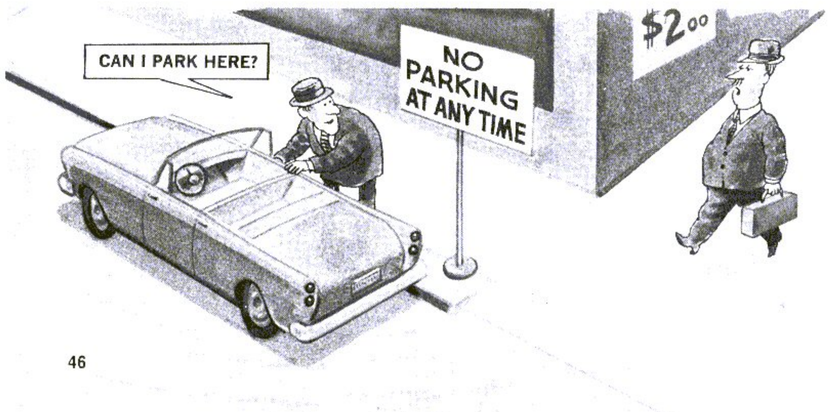
If you are plagued by clods who ask stupid questions and you'd like to put them down, this article (by Al Jaffee) is for you. So was the first article on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that we ran several issues back. So is the up-coming MAD paperback book (by Al Jaffee), containing an all-new collection of

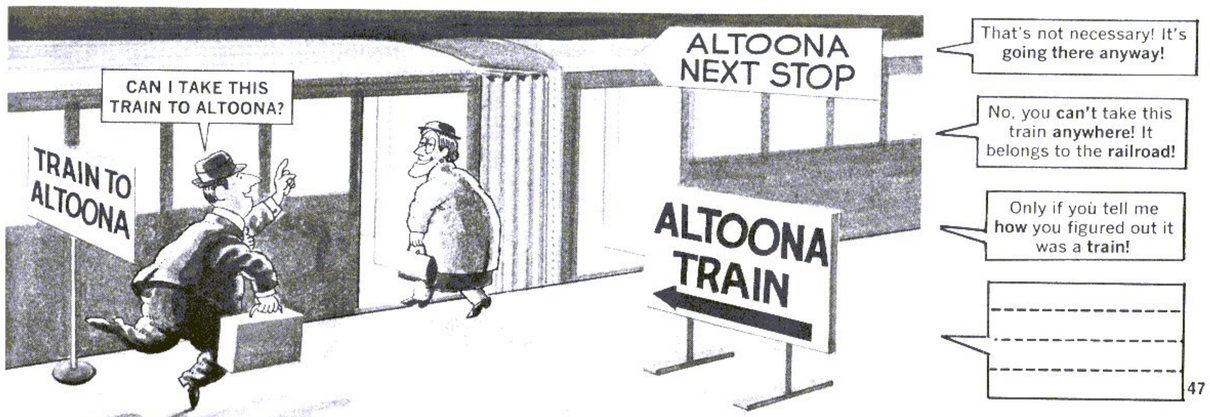
MAD'S SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE









MY, YOU'VE GROWN, HAVEN'T YOU?

Grown **what?**

Yes, and I **do** wish people wouldn't keep **reminding** me! I had my heart set on being **a midget!**

Oh, is **that** what it is!? I thought **you'd shrunk!**

IS THAT A ZEBRA?

ZEBRA

No, it's an **escaped convict horse!**

No, it's a **tiger** doing a very good **impersonation** of a **mule!**

No, it's a black **pony** that leaned against a **freshly painted white picket fence!**

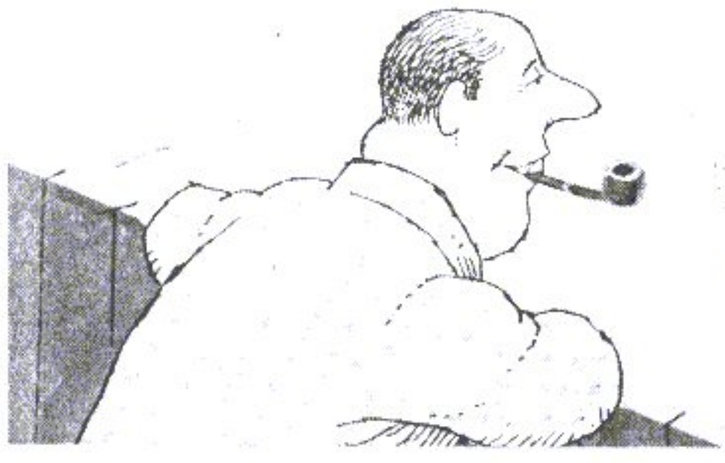
GOING SKIING?

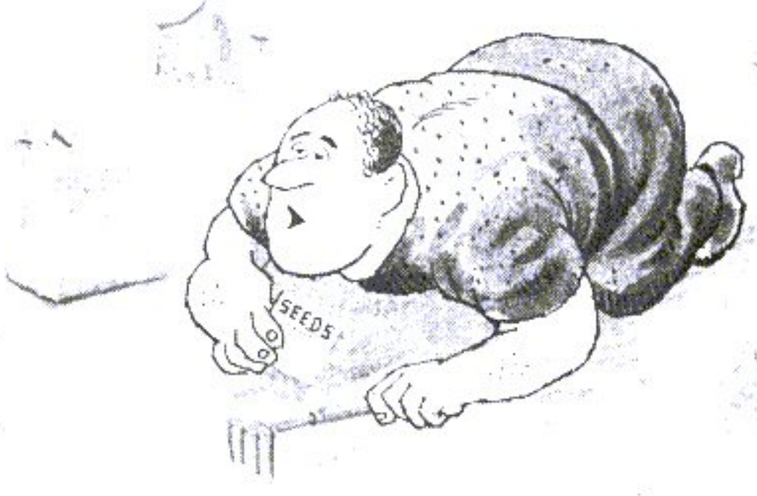
No, I'm going **leg-breaking!**

No, I'm going **surfing,** but I have to get over this **snow mountain** to get to the **beach!**

No, it's just that I have these **unusually large flat feet!**

ARE YOU GARDENING?





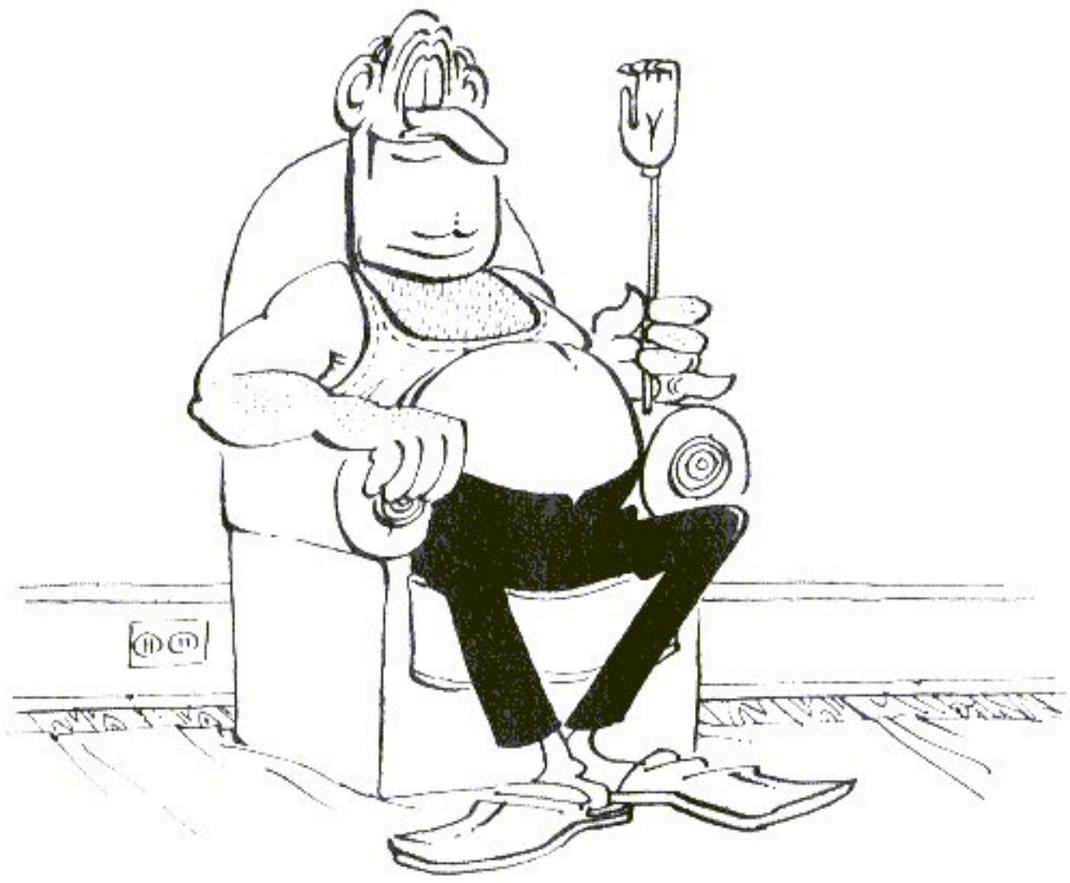
No, I'm having a friendly chat with a **petunia seed!**

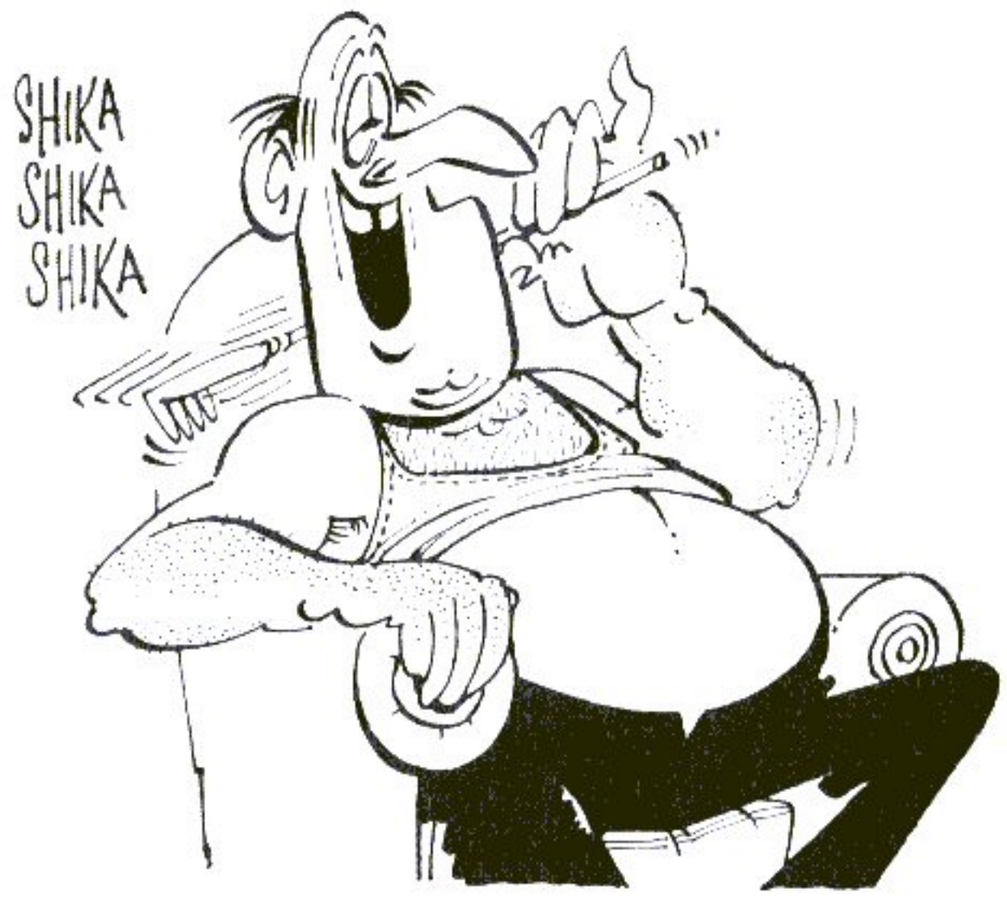
No, I'm playing **leap frog,** but everybody **else** went **home!**

No, I'm waiting for the **Queen** to come by and **knight** me!

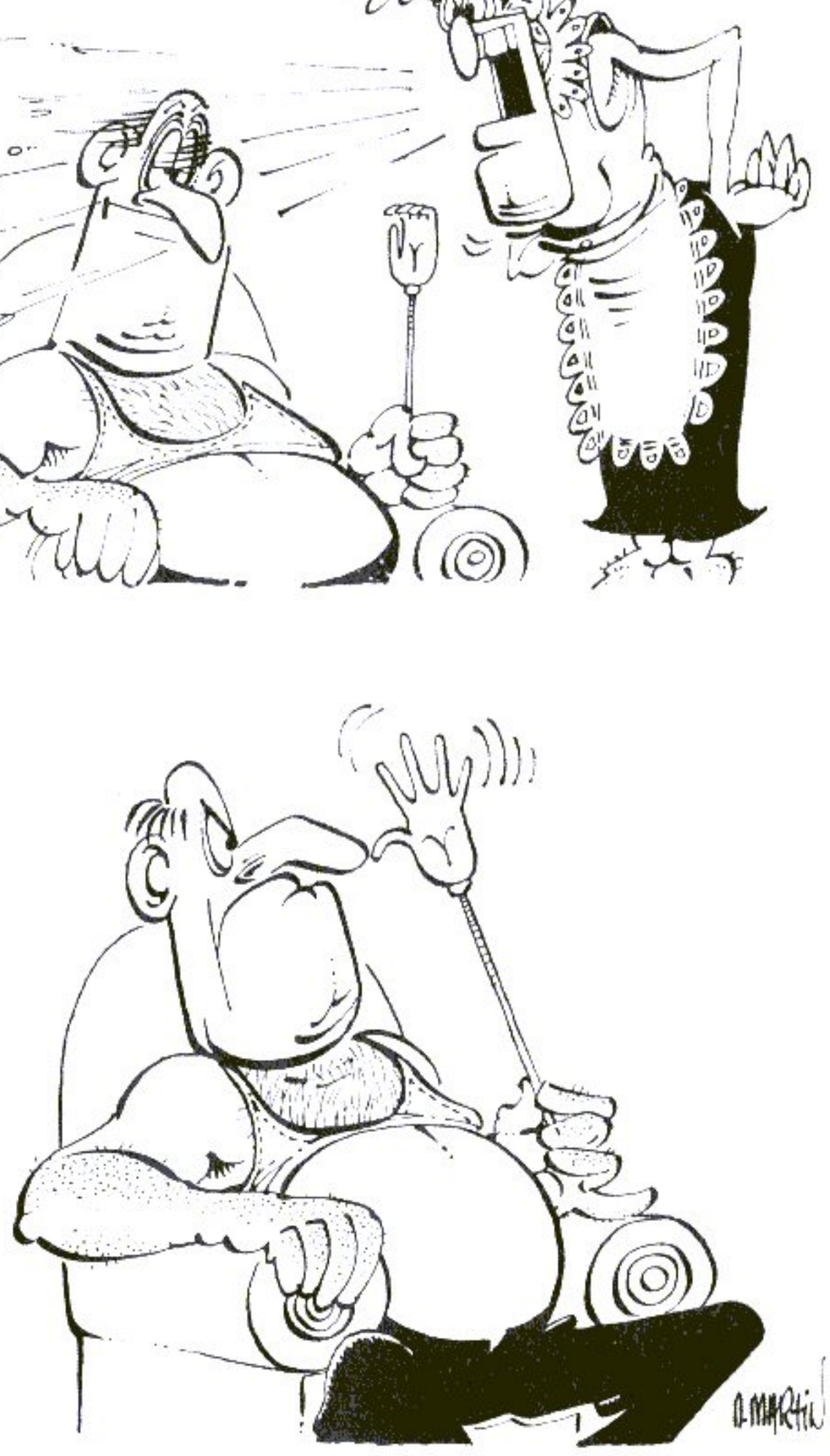
Jaffee

The New Back-Scratcher





Is **that** all you can do, you lazy bum!? Just sit around all day scratching your back with that new **back-scratcher!?**



STATUS WOE DEPT.

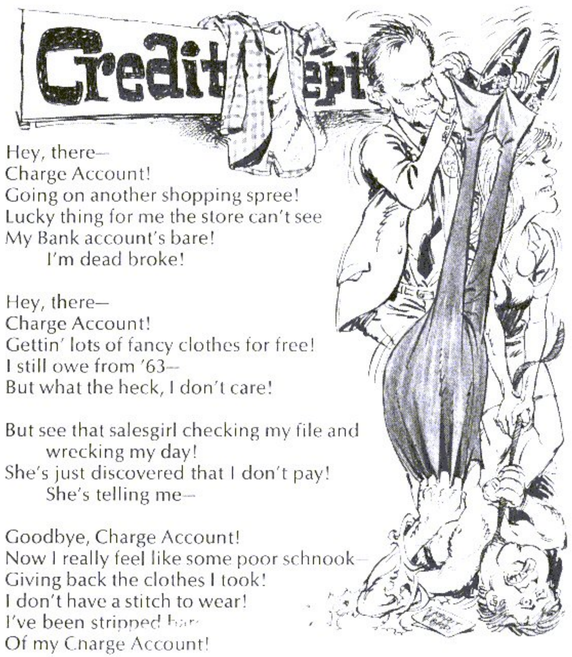
In recent issues, MAD has presented songs praising two highly important areas in our lives—mainly Food and Pets. Since then, however, we have discovered that there is a third area even more powerful, even more time-consuming, even more important. Yessir, we've discovered that the most vital force in our lives today is our never-ending, mouth-watering quest for Wealth and Possessions! Join us now as we pay tribute to big-spenders, money-grubbers, status-seekers and fortune hunters with these . . .

SONGS OF WEALTH, POSSESSIONS, GREED, PROPERTY AND CREEPING MATERIALISM

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE CHARGE ACCOUNT CHANTY

(Sung to the tune of *"Georgy Girl"*)



Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Going on another shopping spree!
Lucky thing for me the store can't see
My Bank account's bare!
I'm dead broke!

Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Gettin' lots of fancy clothes for free!
I still owe from '63—
But what the heck, I don't care!

But see that salesgirl checking my file and
wrecking my day!
She's just discovered that I don't pay!
She's telling me—

Goodbye, Charge Account!
Now I really feel like some poor schnook—
Giving back the clothes I took!
I don't have a stitch to wear!
I've been stripped bare
Of my Charge Account!

BALLAD FOR A BOOK-BUYER

(Sung to the tune of
"I Get A Kick Out Of You")

I'm joining bock-clubs galore!
There is no end
To the books that they send!
And each time I buy two or three—
Then I get a book that is free!

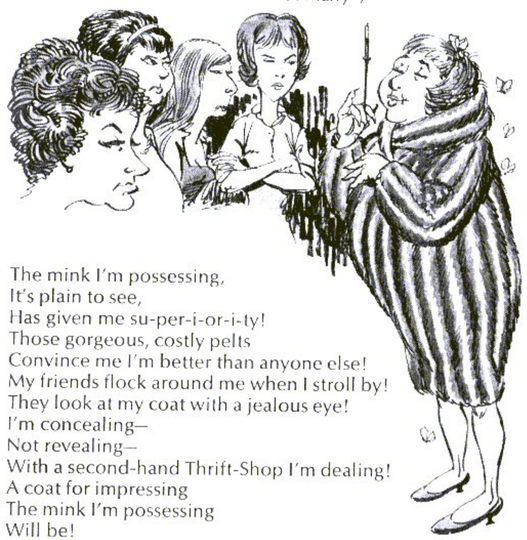
I fill up shelves by the score!
I can't resist!
There's no novel I've missed!
'Cause when I get their list I foresee
That I'll get a book that is free!

I'm getting books, and my friends agree—
They think I really need them!
I'm getting books, though 'tween you and me
I never find time to read them!

Each month they're sending me more!
Soon I must face
That each case
In my place
Has no space left for what they send me!
But I like those books that are free!

BALLAD FOR A MINK COAT

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")



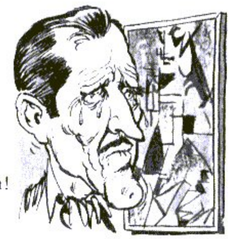
The mink I'm possessing,
It's plain to see,
Has given me su-per-i-or-i-ty!
Those gorgeous, costly pelts
Convince me I'm better than anyone else!
My friends flock around me when I stroll by!
They look at my coat with a jealous eye!
I'm concealing—
Not revealing—
With a second-hand Thrift-Shop I'm dealing!
A coat for impressing
The mink I'm possessing
Will be!

THE ART COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

(Sung to the tune of *"Maria"*)

Picasso!
I just bought an oil by Picasso!
It didn't cost me much!
At 80 grand it's such
A steal!

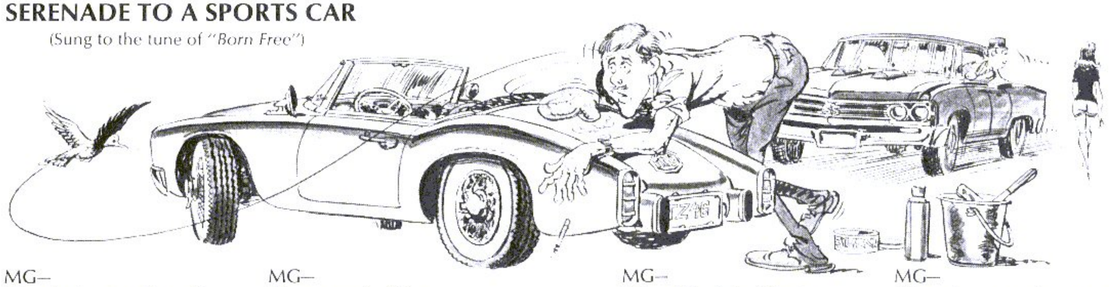
Picasso!
An expert just saw my Picasso!
And suddenly I'm told
This painting I've been sold
Ain't real!



Picasso!
I am trying to serve a subpoena!
But the dealer's fled to Argentina!
Picasso!
I'm stuck with a phony Picasso!

SERENADE TO A SPORTS CAR

(Sung to the tune of *"Born Free"*)



MG—
I live just to touch you!
When I double-clutch you,
MG, it gives me a thrill!

MG—
I love your ignition,
Your four-speed transmission,
Your points, your plugs and your grill!

MG—
When I look inside you,
The sight of each piston rod
Brings me closer to God!

MG—
I'll wash you and wax you!
If some Chevy smacks you,
I'll die, M . . . G . . . !

ANTHEM FOR AN OVEN

(Sung to the tune of
"I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover")

We're really lovin'
Our brand-new oven!
There's nothing that thrills us more!
It's real expensive
With chrome on the door!
It's so extensive
It takes up a floor!
Cakes we're not baking—
No meals it's making—
That's not what we bought it for!
We can't deny it!
We had to buy it
To outdo the folks next door!

HYMN TO A RICH AUNT

(Sung to the tune of
"You're A Grand Old Flag")

She's a mean old bag!
She's a nasty old bag!
And forever she's filled us with hate!
But we treat her sweet
And kiss her feet
And tell her we think that she's great!

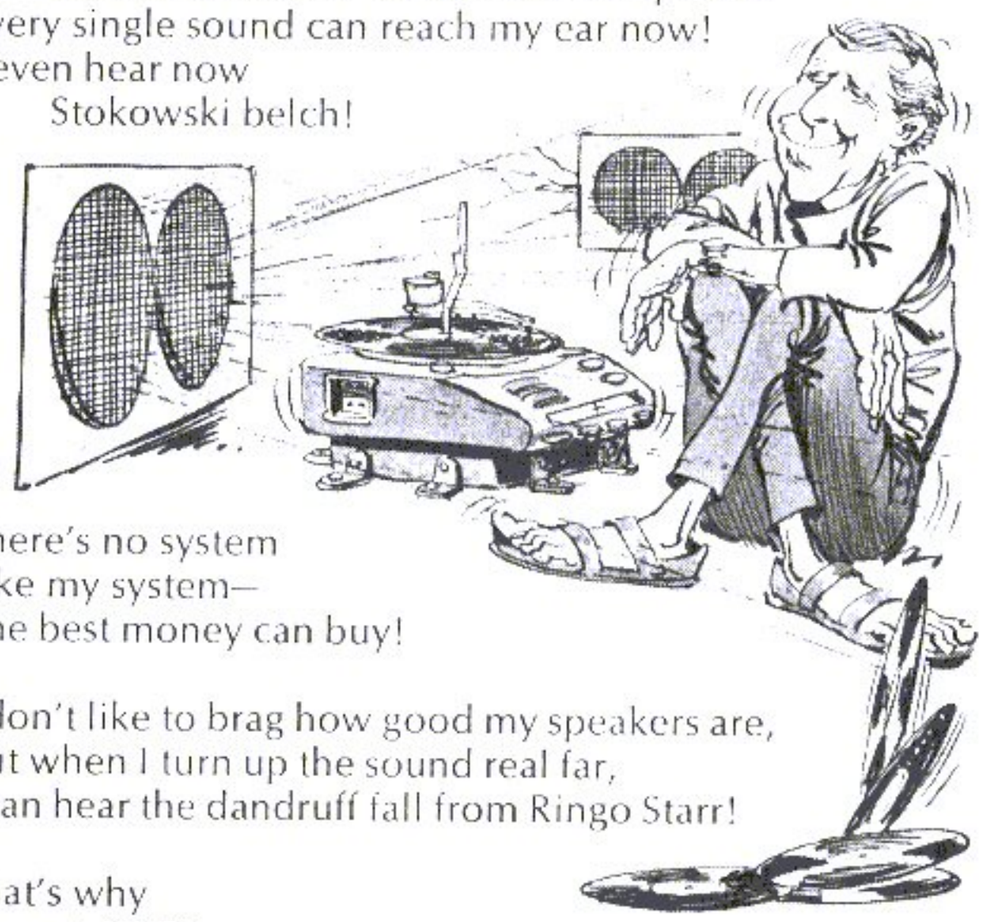
Let her curse at us!
We will not raise a fuss
When she starts in to scream and nag!
For we all are counting what we'll get
From the will of that mean old bag!

HYMN TO A HI-FI SYSTEM

(Sung to the tune of
"There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Hi-Fi
That's more Hi-Fi
Than my Hi-Fi
Is Hi!

Music through my pre-amp sounds real clear now!
There's no hiss or rumble I can't squelch!
Every single sound can reach my ear now!
I even hear now
Stokowski belch!



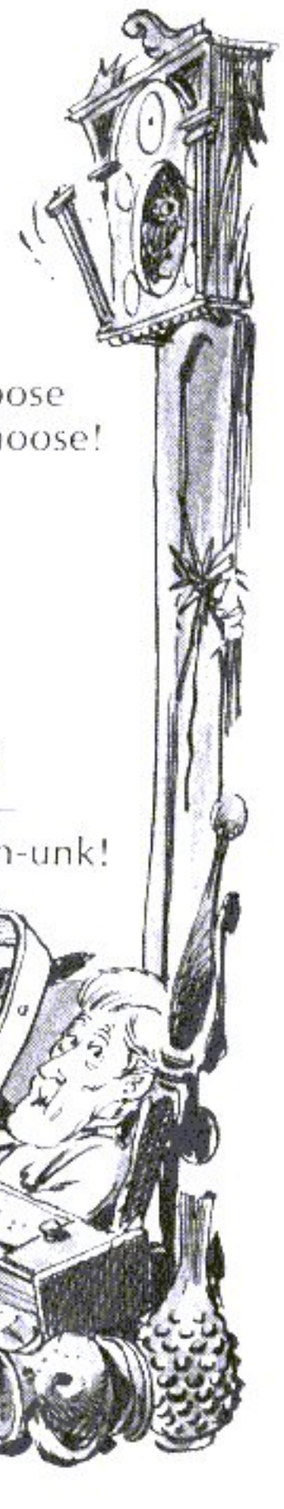
There's no system
Like my system—
The best money can buy!

I don't like to brag how good my speakers are,
But when I turn up the sound real far,
I can hear the dandruff fall from Ringo Starr!

That's why
I've got Hi-Fi!

THE ANTIQUE WALTZ

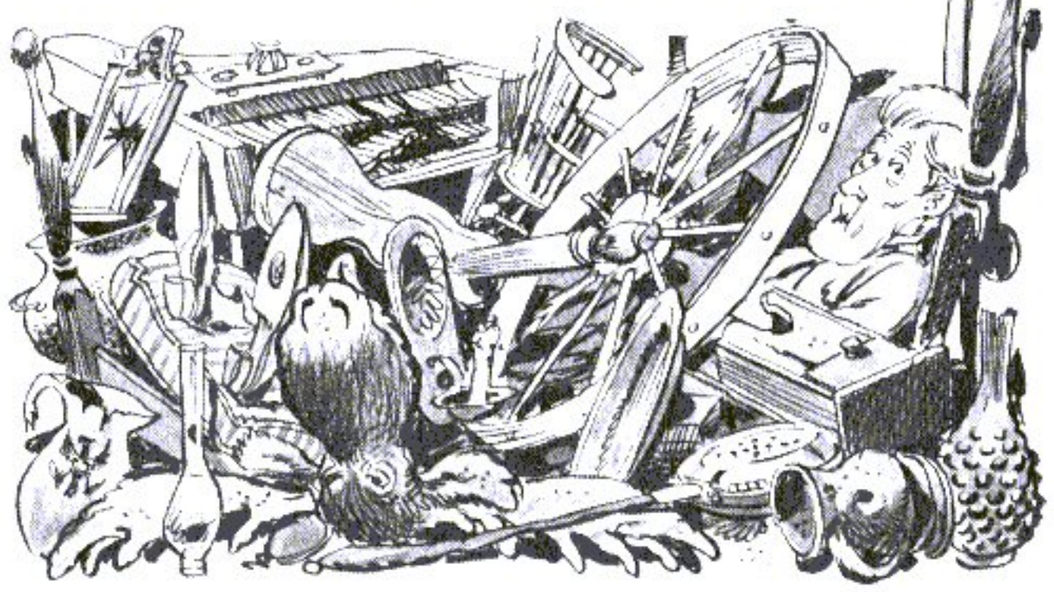
(Sung to the tune of
"My Cup Runneth Over")



At seven this morning I wake with a start—
The bed that's beneath me is falling apart!
My antique piano caves in with a *klunk!*
My house runneth over
With juh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

A few moments later a lamp-shade comes loose
And falls on the head of that giant, stuffed moose!
I fracture my toe on an old, rusty trunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-hu-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

The air is all musty; the furniture reeks—
And yet I keep going on buying antiques!
I wish I could stop, but I guess that I'm sunk!
My house runneth over with juh-uh-uh-unk—
With juh-unk, with juh-unk, with juh-uh-unk!



SONG FOR A SLEEP-IN MAID

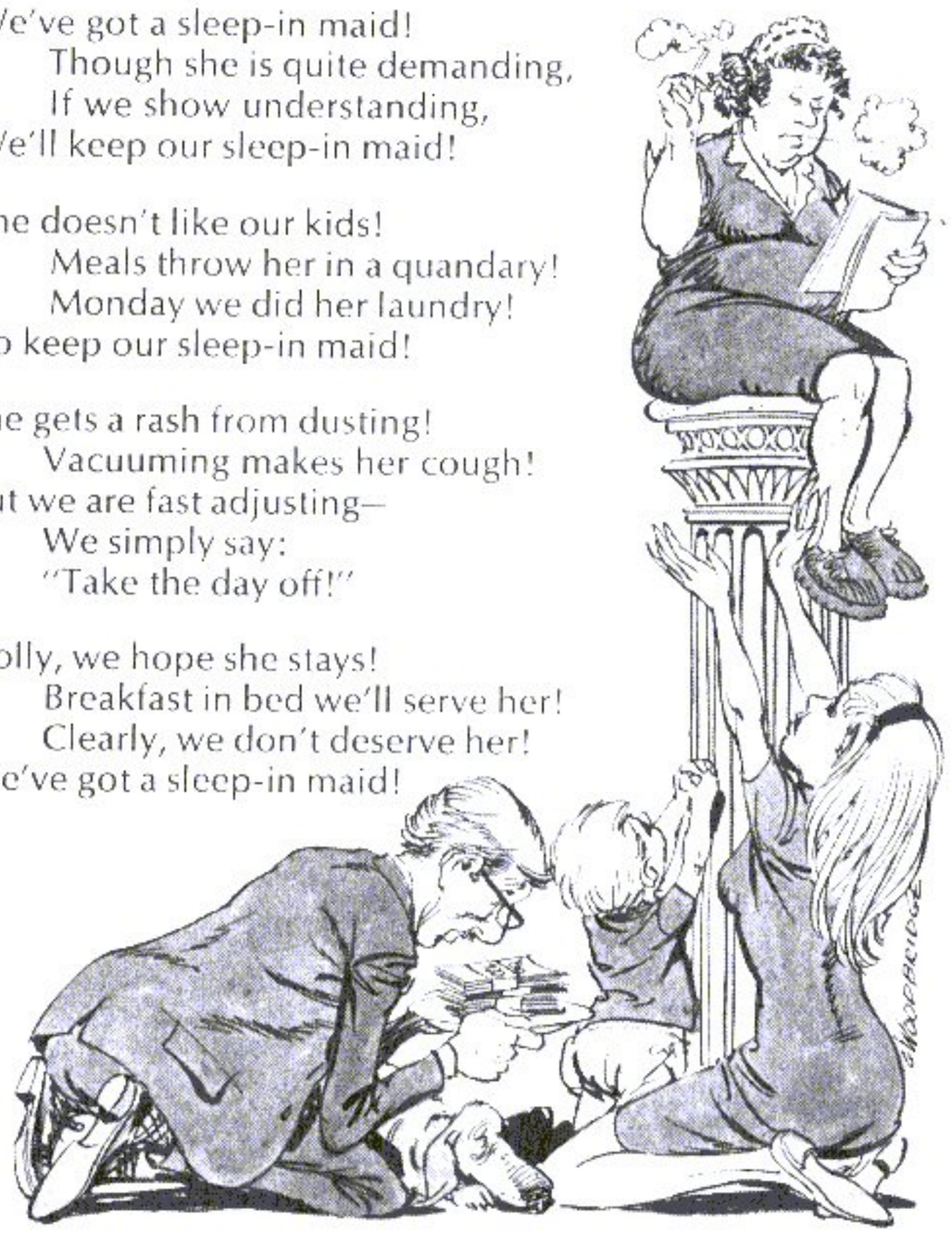
(Sung to the tune of
"I'm In The Mood For Love")

We've got a sleep-in maid!
Though she is quite demanding,
If we show understanding,
We'll keep our sleep-in maid!

She doesn't like our kids!
Meals throw her in a quandary!
Monday we did her laundry!
To keep our sleep-in maid!

She gets a rash from dusting!
Vacuuming makes her cough!
But we are fast adjusting—
We simply say:
"Take the day off!"

Golly, we hope she stays!
Breakfast in bed we'll serve her!
Clearly, we don't deserve her!
We've got a sleep-in maid!



MELODY FOR A MILLIONAIRE

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl From Ipanema")

Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City is loaded,
And when she sees him, my girl she lets out a "Wow!"
Strings of pearls and diamond bracelets
And coats of mink are what he gives her
And now I'm knowing just why my girl she went "Wow!"

True—he looks dumpy and funny!
Still—she does not seem to mind it!
She—likes the smell of his money!
But one day she will come back to me—
Then she'll love me 'cause *I* will be

Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City who's loaded,
And she'll be liking that smell of money on me!
And we'll have a spree!
Though I'm eighty-three!

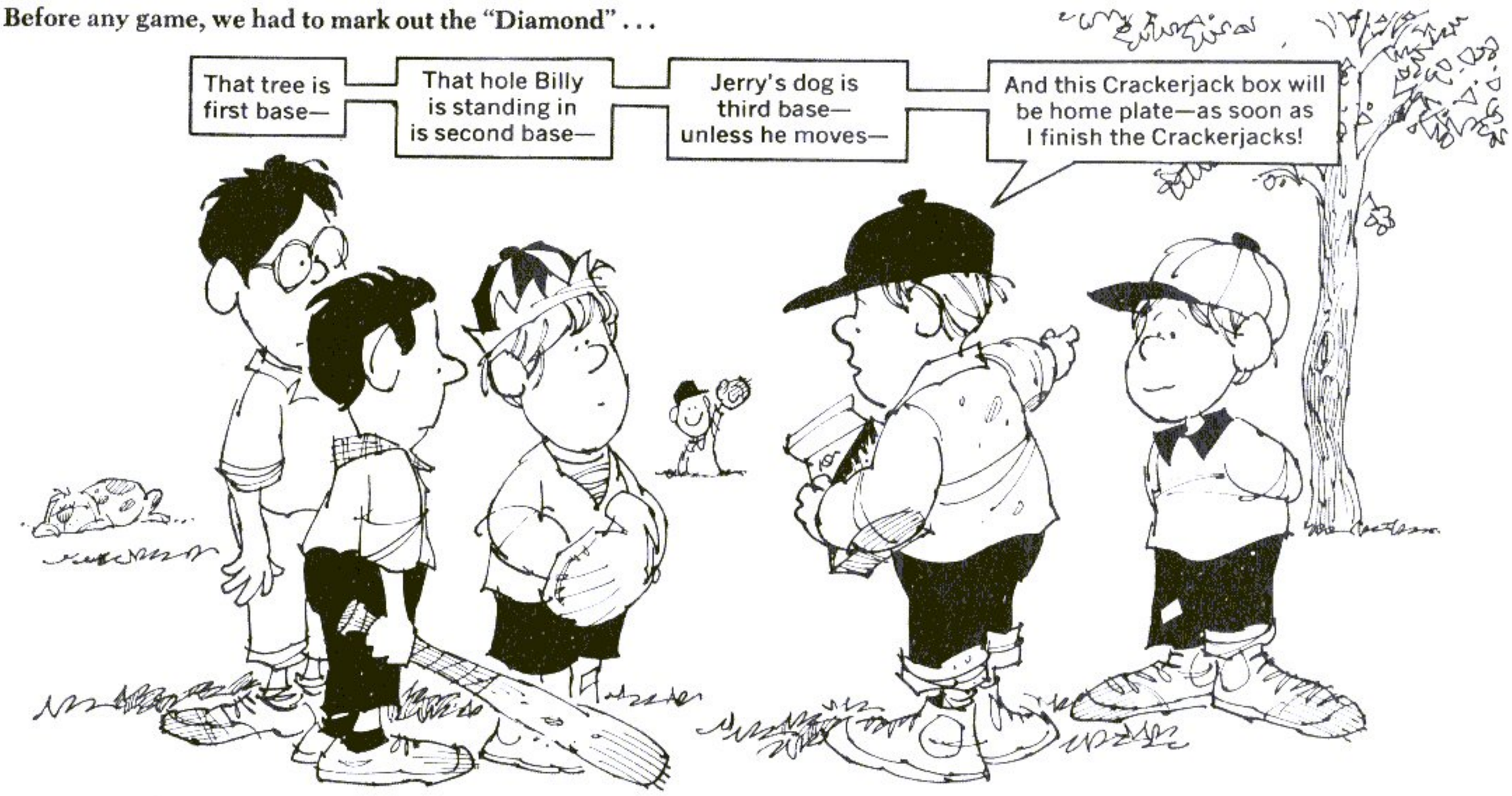
Why in heck is it called "Sandlot Baseball"? *We* usually played it in a weedy field —or a muddy tract—or a paved schoolyard! One thing's for certain, we *never* played on *sand!* In fact, the young people's whole approach to America's national pastime was very different back then. We'll show you what we mean as MAD takes

A Nostalgic Look At

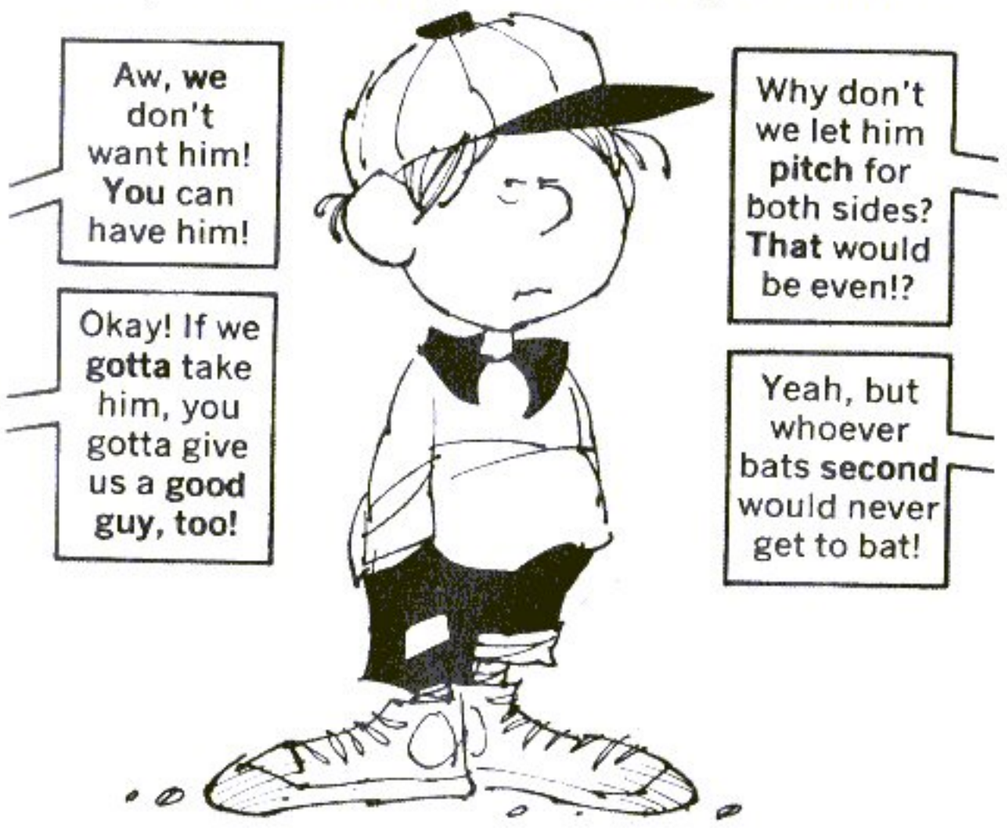
SANDLOT BASEBALL

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

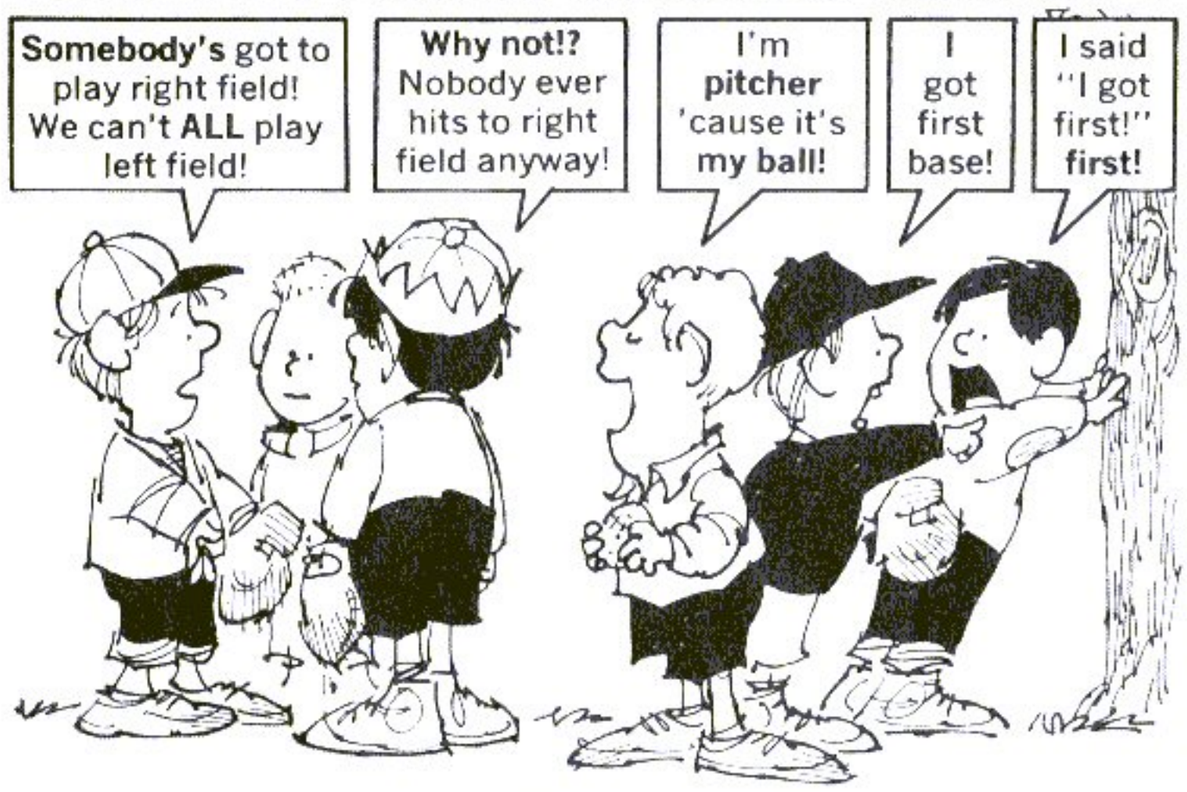
Before any game, we had to mark out the "Diamond" . . .



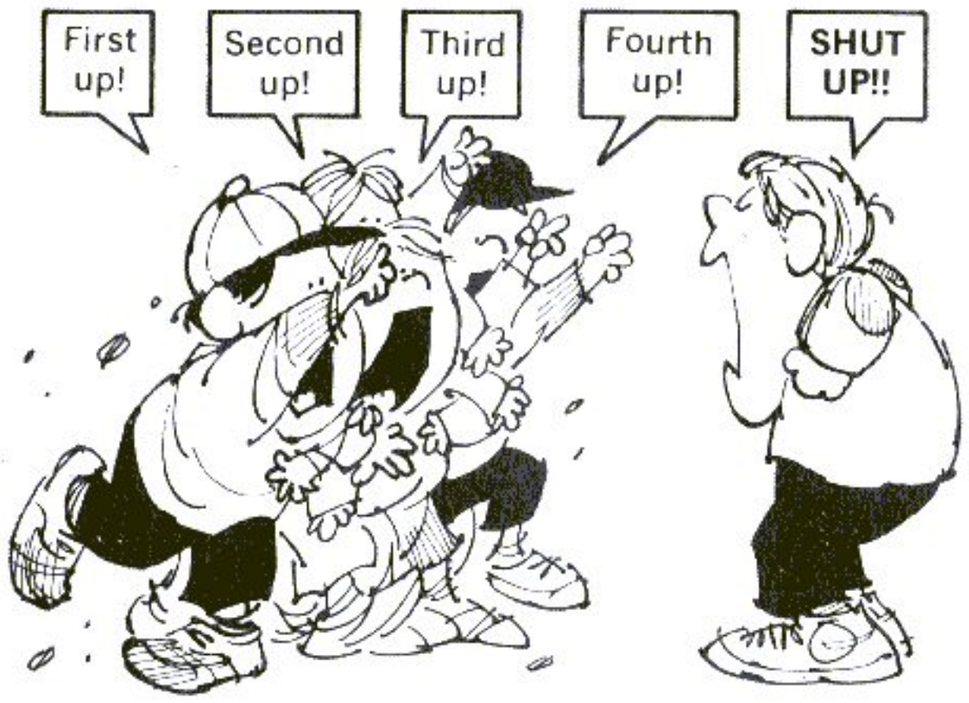
Next, we had to choose up sides—and then you really found out how you rated with your buddies!



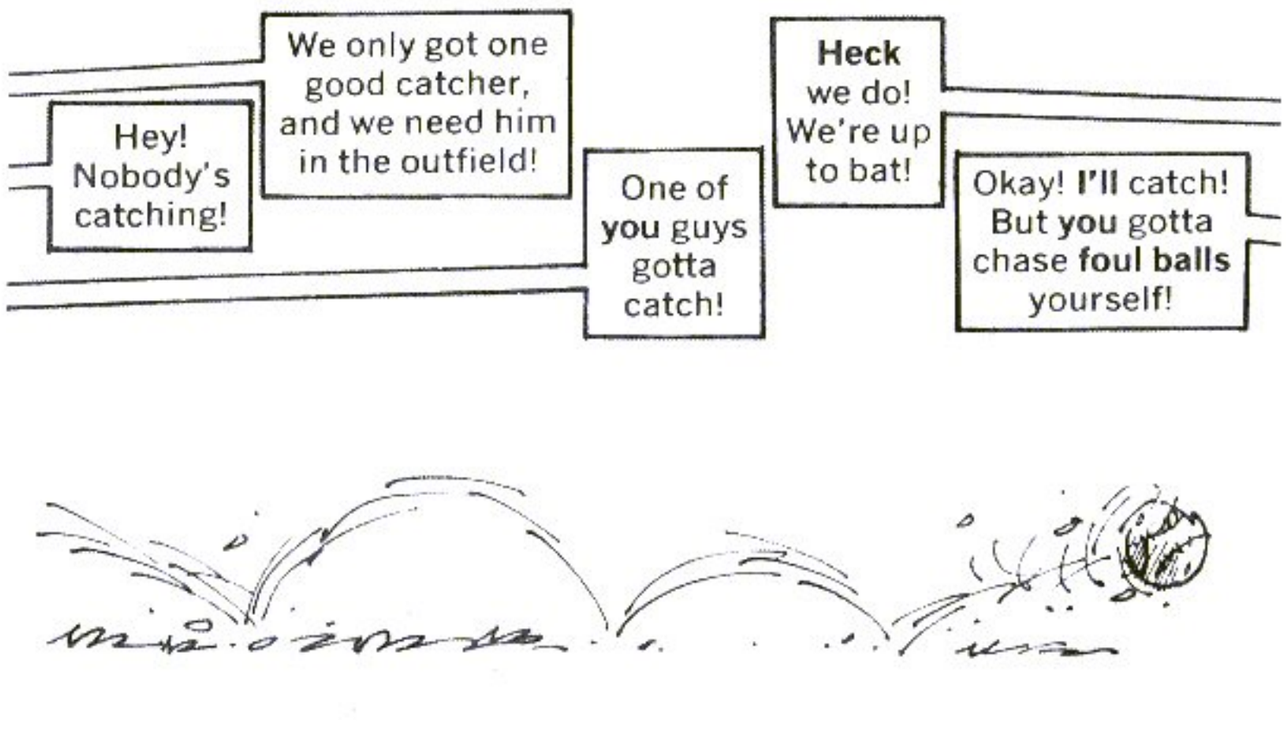
It was settled by letting the team that had to take you be the first side to bat. Then the other team took the field and spent the next half hour arguing over who would play what position . . .



. . . meanwhile, your side was fighting over the batting order!

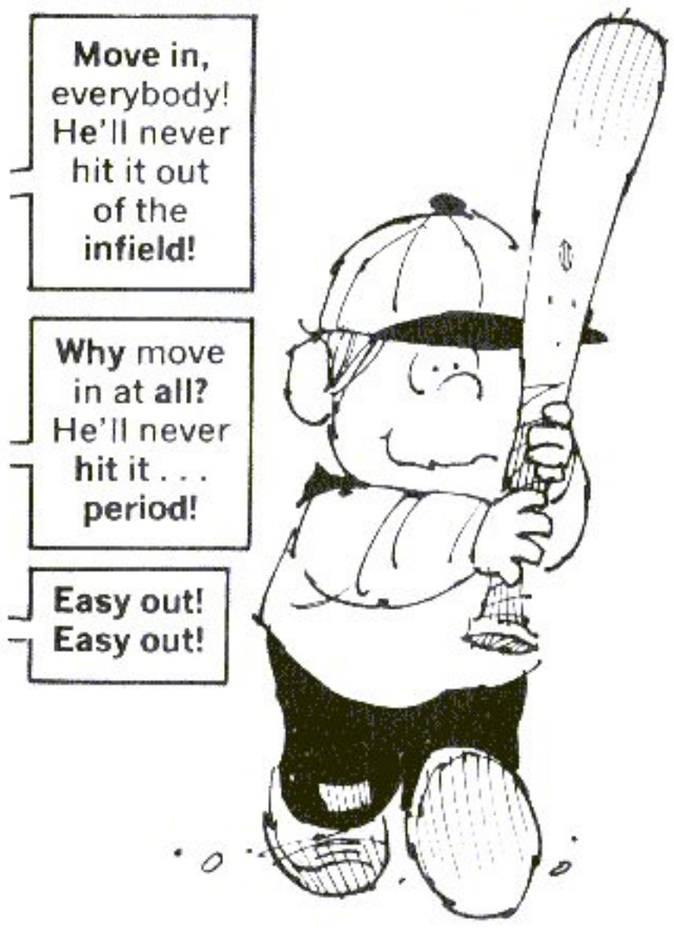


Finally, the lineups were settled and the game began. That's when the team at field discovered they didn't have a catcher!

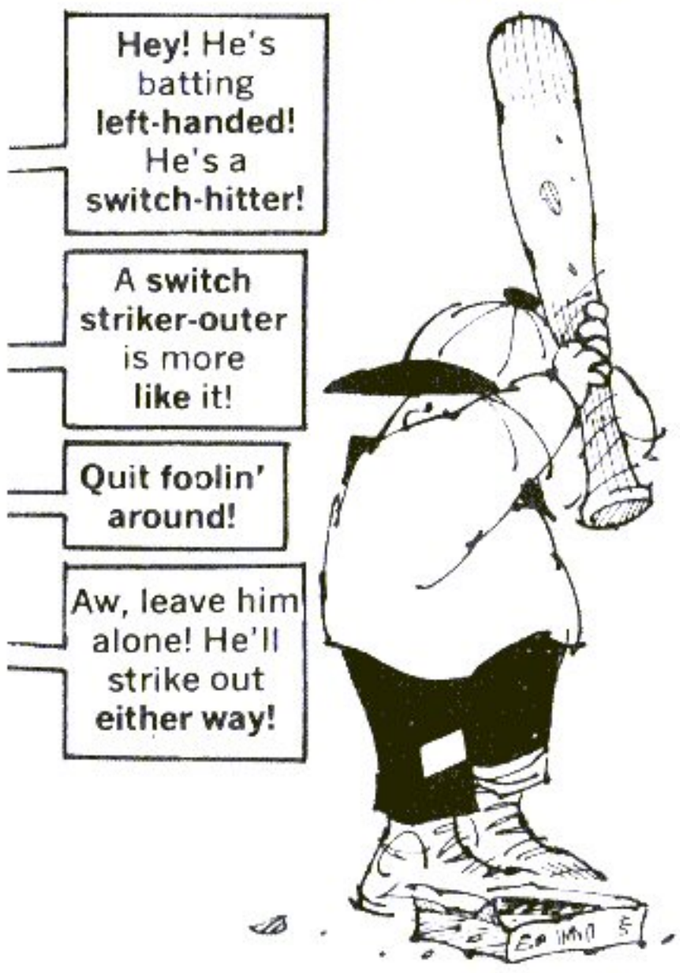


After your team had batted around a couple of times, the other team remembered that you hadn't been up.

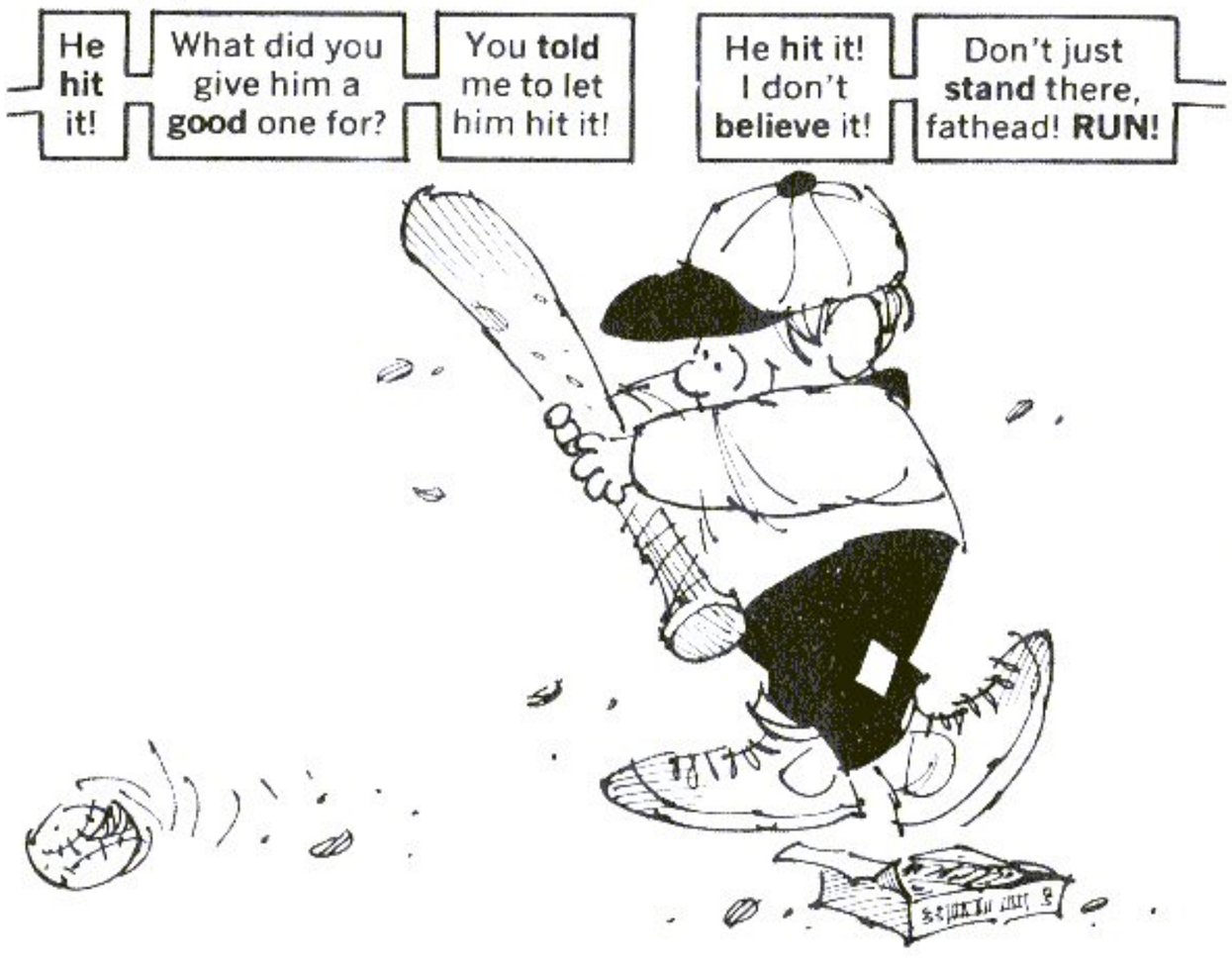
The other team threatened to quit and go home, so your teammates finally gave in and agreed to let you bat . . .



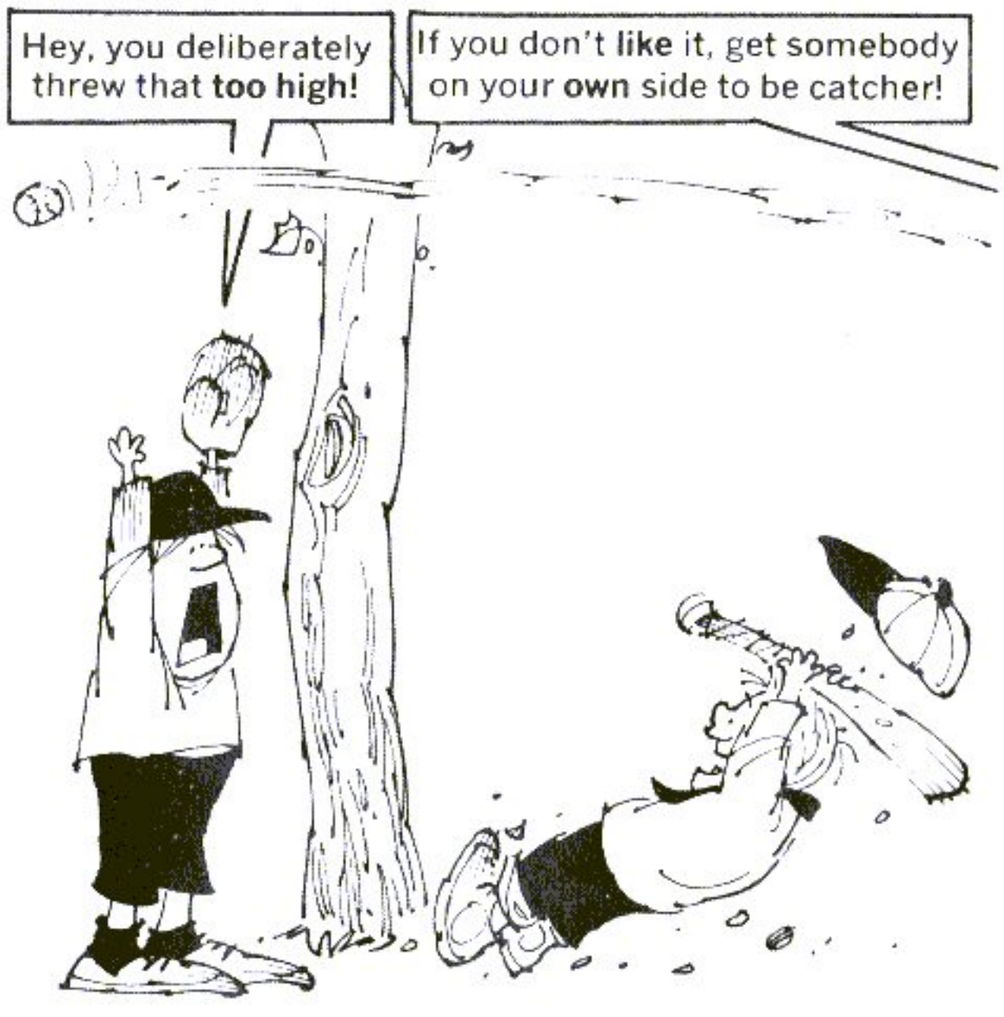
And so, just to shake them up, you decided to bat left-handed:



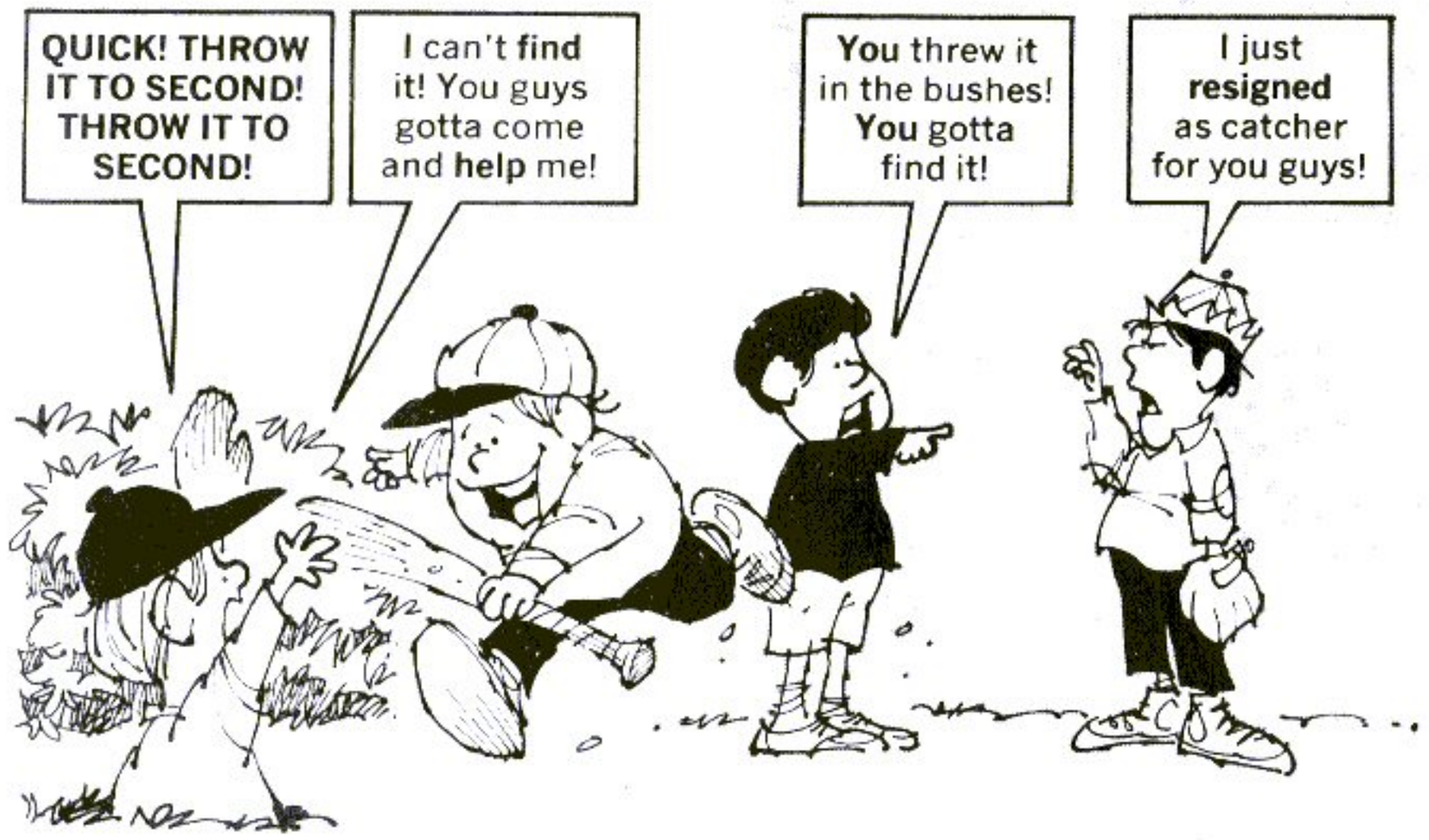
But to the amazement of everyone, this was the day you ACTUALLY HIT THE BALL . . .



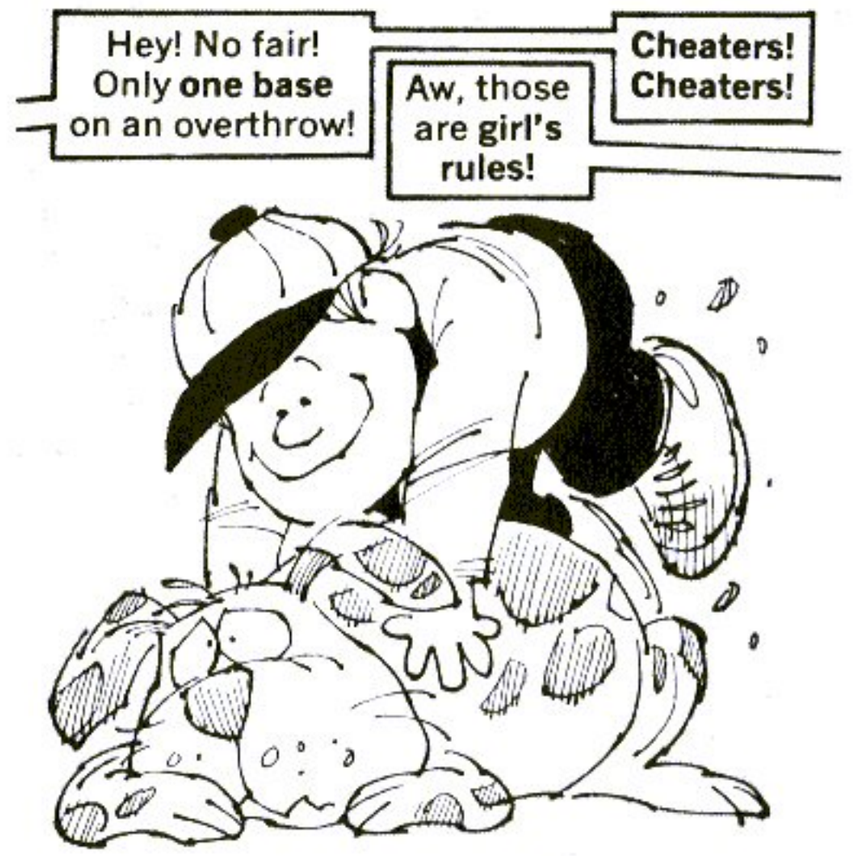
You ran to first base and slid under the throw . . .



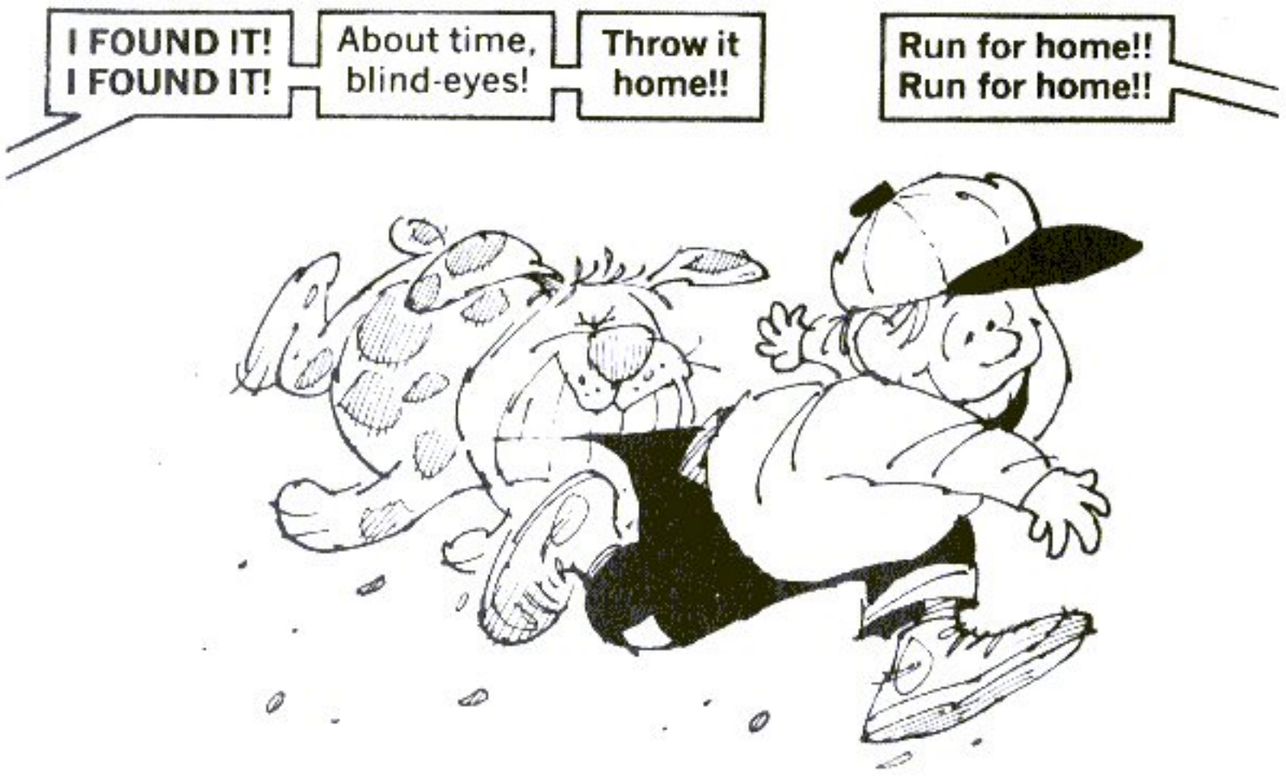
While the other side was trying to find the ball in the bushes, you ran to second base.



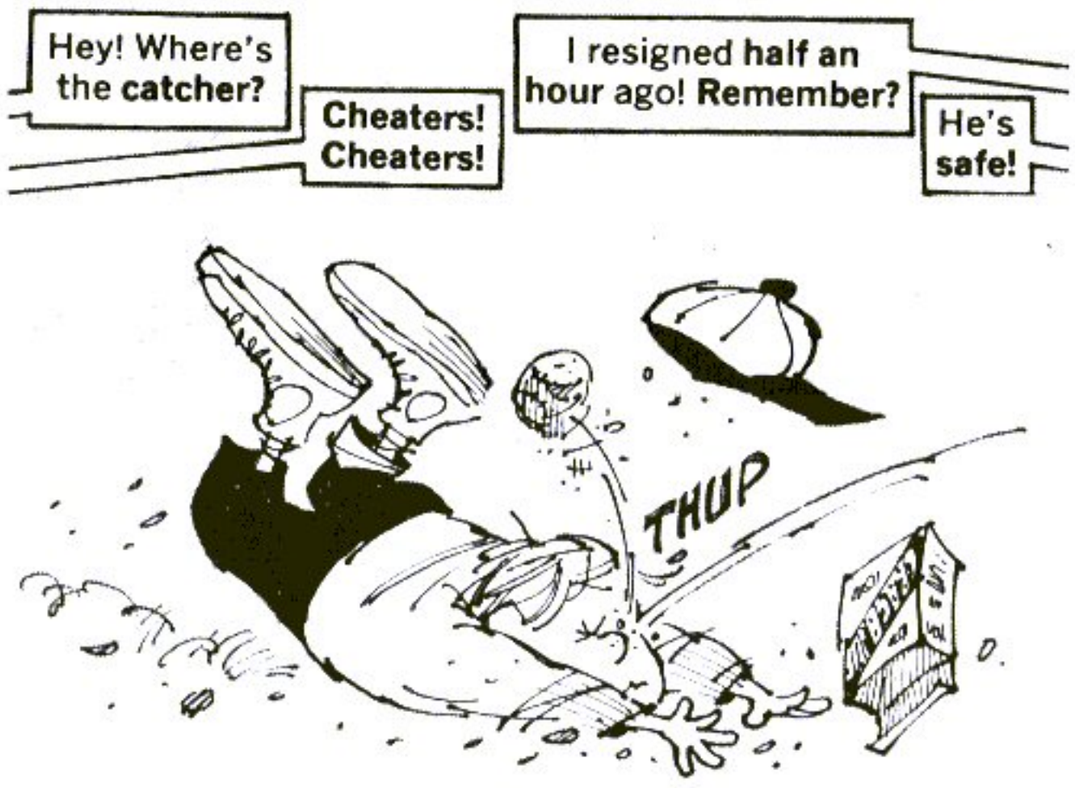
Then you ran to third base and started a rhubarb . . .



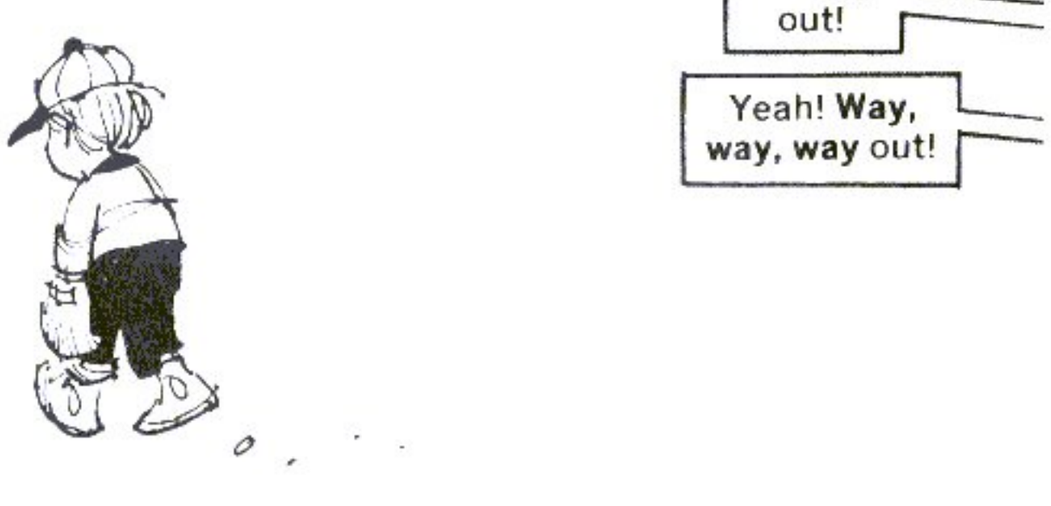
After about ten minutes of arguing, the biggest guy decided you could take as many bases as you wanted on an overthrow. (He also happened to be the captain of your team!) Then, just as the other team found the ball, you were coached to try for home.



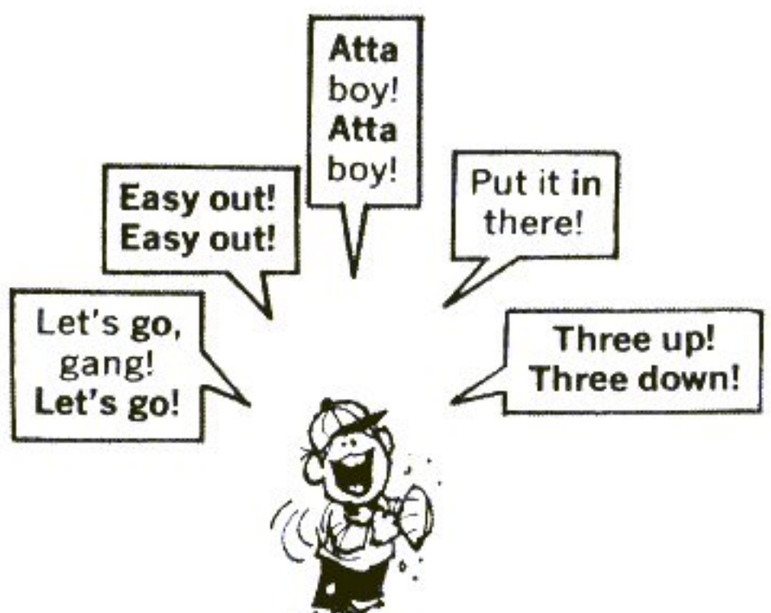
You beat the throw to the plate by a nose, but you would've scored anyway, 'cause there was no catcher.



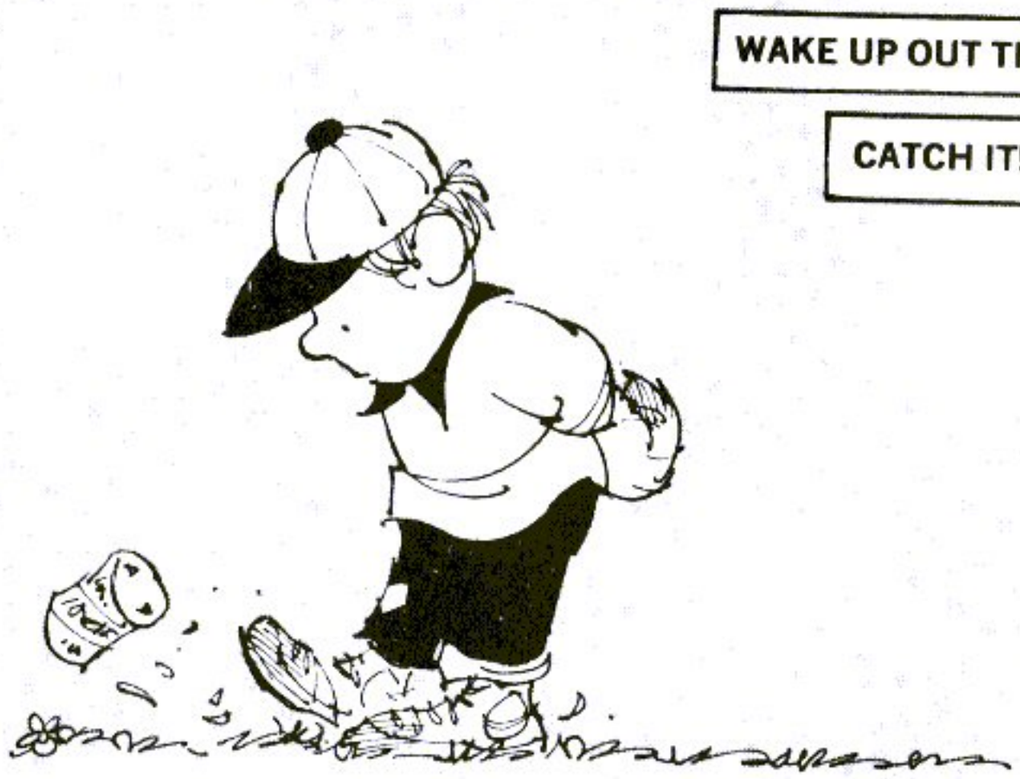
Finally, after your team had batted around three more times (and you struck out each time—twice left-handed and once right-handed), it was your turn to take the field. Your team decided that right field was the safest place to put you . . .



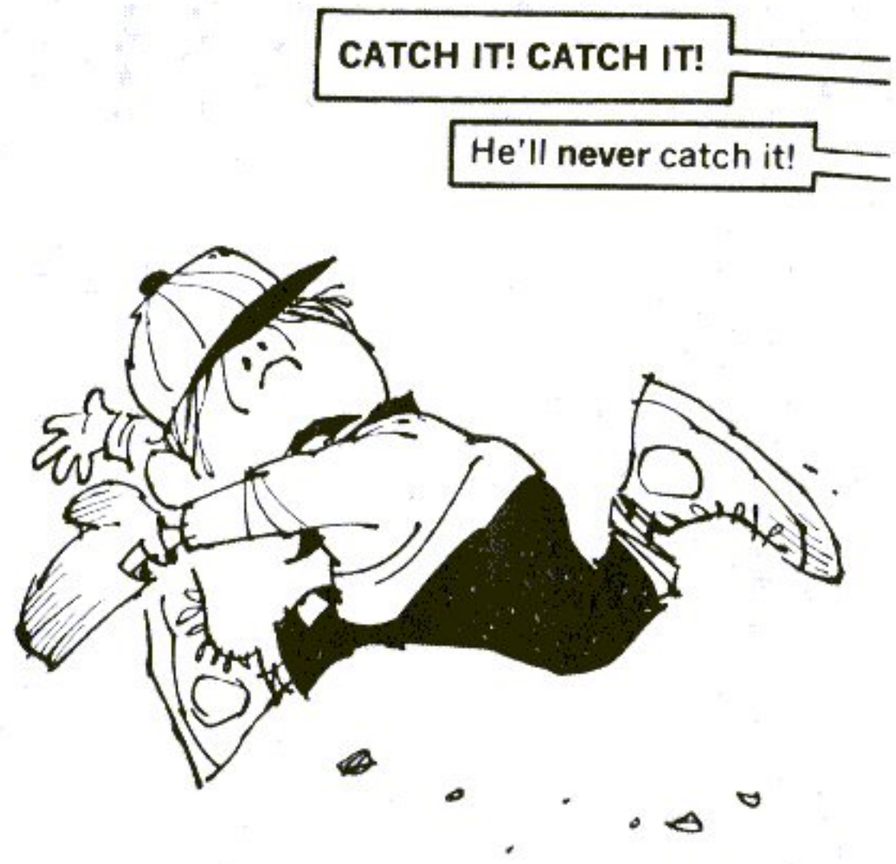
Even though nobody could hear you way out there in right field, you kept up a lively round of chatter.



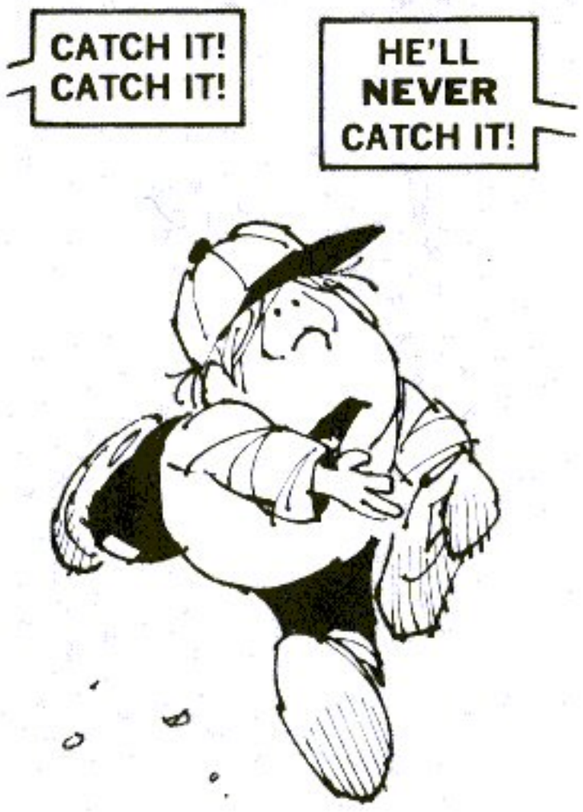
The other team batted around, and after a while your mind sort of wandered. Then, all of a sudden, you heard your teammates shouting at you. The best batter on the other team had crossed them up by batting left-handed, and he'd hit a long fly ball to right field!



At first, you thought the ball was going way back over your head, and so you ran out . . .



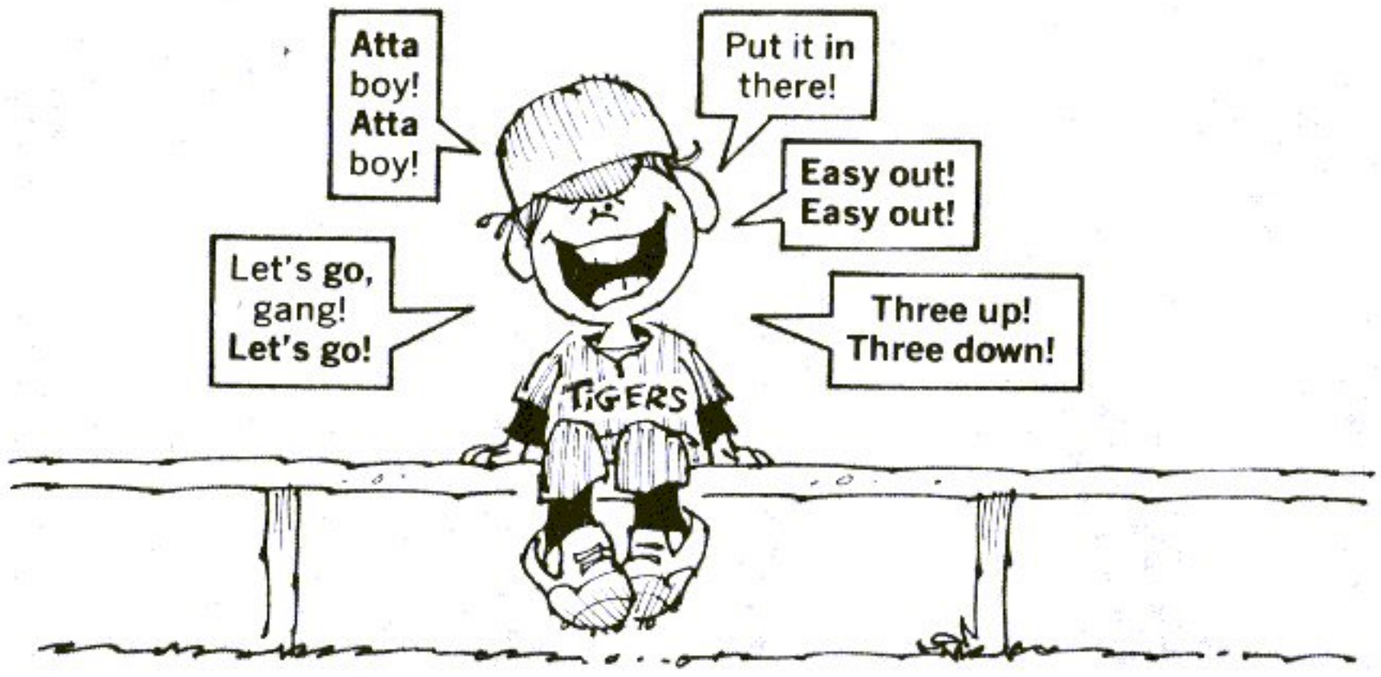
Then you realized that it was dropping in front of you, so you ran back in . . .



Finally, you saw that the ball was going to come down right where you'd been before you started running around like an idiot . . . so you got back there fast—just in time to . . .

And so, even though you were the star of the game, you were modest about it . . . until you got home!

Well, that's how "Sandlot Baseball" was. If you were a kid today, it would be a lot different. You'd play in a "Little League" and wear a real uniform and use real equipment like balls with covers and bases for bases. And you wouldn't waste a lot of time standing around and arguing, because grown-ups would be organizing and supervising your games. But there's one thing you might not like about it, though. You still wouldn't get to play . . . because you'd still be the worst player in the neighborhood!

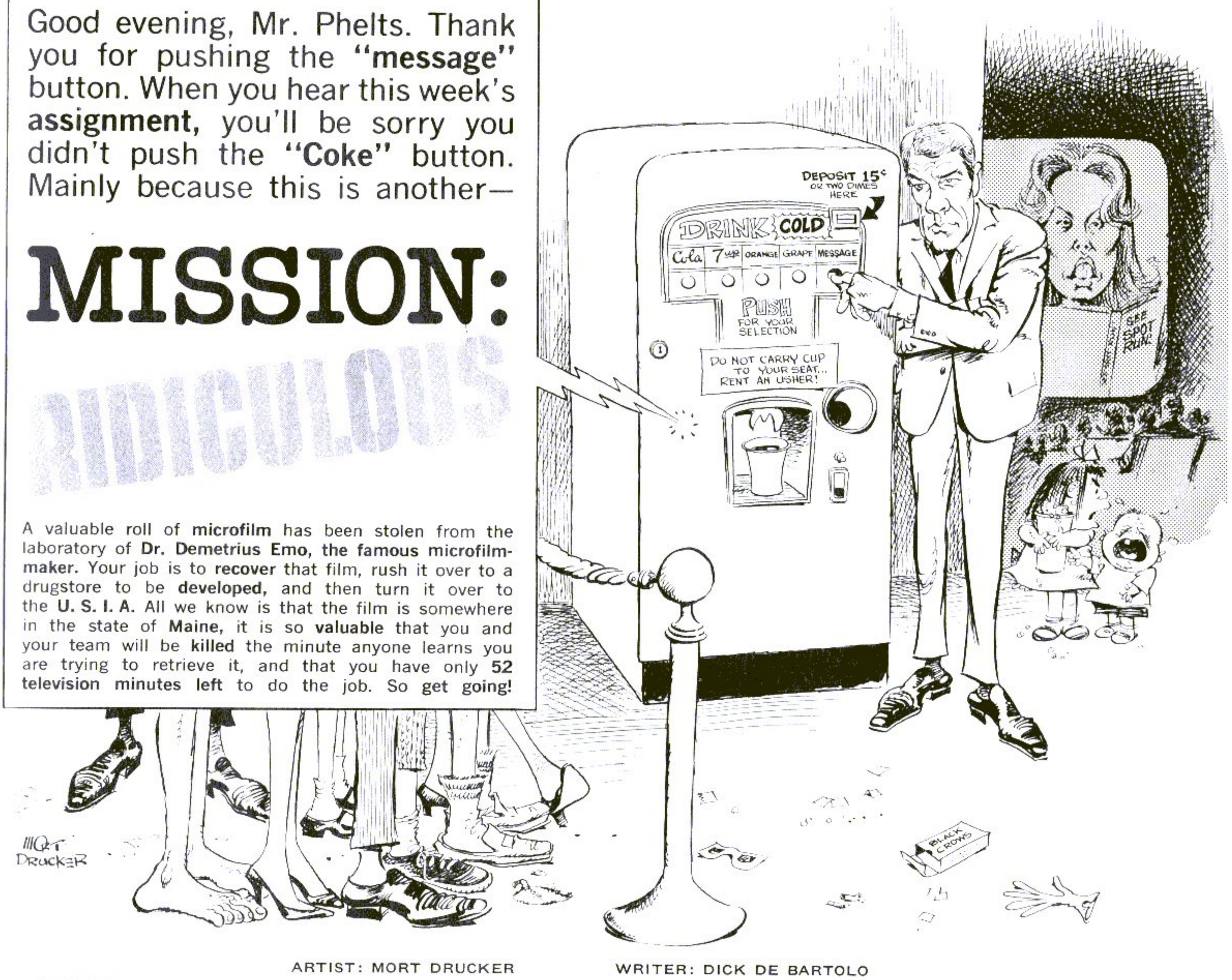


HERE WE GO WITH MAD'S VERSION OF THE TV SERIES THAT STARTS OFF EACH WEEK LIKE THIS:

Good evening, Mr. Phelts. Thank you for pushing the **"message"** button. When you hear this week's **assignment,** you'll be sorry you didn't push the **"Coke"** button. Mainly because this is another—

MISSION: RIDICULOUS

A valuable roll of **microfilm** has been stolen from the laboratory of **Dr. Demetrius Emo, the famous microfilm-maker.** Your job is to **recover** that film, rush it over to a drugstore to be **developed,** and then turn it over to the **U. S. I. A.** All we know is that the film is somewhere in the state of **Maine,** it is so **valuable** that you and your team will be **killed** the minute anyone learns you are trying to retrieve it, and that you have only **52 television minutes left** to do the job. So **get going!**



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

This is the state of Maine—

How come it says "Texas"?

To confuse anyone **watching!**

It **must work!** I'm confused!

TEXAS

Now, we are all going to Maine for this assignment. But to avoid suspicion, we **won't travel together.** Bowling, you'll go by **plane** . . . Blarney by **train** . . . Synonym by **bus** . . . and I'll grab a **cab.** Synonym, did you get the **tickets?**

I **got** them, but the travel agent sure was **suspicious** about four friends going to **one** destination **four different ways.**

I'll have Billy, the fifth member of our team, **take care** of him and meet us here in El Paso . . .

Is that anywhere near **Portland?**

Idiot! That **IS Portland!** Now—in order not to attract attention, we will rendezvous in three days in the phone booth in the lobby of the Portland Hilton. Good luck!

TEXAS

Here we are . . . and the fare is **$3,466.75.** You know, this is the most **suspicious** thing I've ever heard of . . . taking a **cab** from **Los Angeles** to **Maine!** What **are** you, some kind of **secret agent?**

No, I'm some kind of **secret nut!**

THE Portland HILTON HOTEL

SID ASCHER MOTEL

TAXI

25 cents 1/5

5 cents

Cigars . . . cigarettes . . . clues! Cigars . . . cigarettes . . . clues!

Why, **Synonym!** What a **fantastic disguise!**

You have no idea **HOW fantastic . . .** considering I'm **not** Synonym! I'm **Billy,** the strong man of this team! We couldn't find an empty phone booth, so sign the hotel register with a phony name and come up to room 1313 . . .

Welcome to the Portland Hilton, Mr. Smith . . . **MR. SMITH!?** You're the **fourth** person to sign "Mr. Smith" in the last **ten minutes!** That's the most suspicious thing I've ever **seen!**

What's so **suspicious?** It's a **family reunion!**

Yeah, but **two** of the four **Mr.** Smiths were **women!**

Glad you all made it. Now we can get down to business! Did you notice anything **peculiar** in the **hotel register?**

You mean all the **"Mister Smiths"?**

Besides that! A **"Dr. Demetrius Emo"** checked in today and listed his occupation as **"top-secret micro-film-maker"!**

Yes, but how can we be sure it's the **same** Dr. Demetrius Emo, top-secret micro-film-maker, **we're** looking for? There may be **hundreds** of them!

By checking his **room!** Only we've got to think of some clever way to find out **which** room he's **in!**

Leave that to me! Hello, **Room Service?** This is Dr. Demetrius Emo. If I told you to bring a bottle of **wine** to my room, **which** room would you **bring** it to? What do you **mean,** that's the most **suspicious** thing you've ever heard? That's a **perfectly legitimate question!!**

Uh-huh! Yes! I see— That's **1934!** Thank you!

That was **brilliant!** So Dr. Emo is in room **1934!**

No, **1934** is the **year** of the **wine!** An **excellent** year! **Dr. Emo,** on the other hand, is in room **1963,** which may be a respectable enough **room,** but an **awful** year for **wine!**

There's **no answer!** Blarney, can you open this door?

Just watch! First, I take my handerchief, unfold it, and slip it under the door. Then, I take a pencil and push it through the keyhole—

1963

The key inside falls onto the handkerchief and I pull them both from under the door! **Easy, huh?**

Great! Only there's a much **easier** way! First we **try** the door to see if it's **unlocked . . .** which it **is,** you idiot!

1963

Look! It's **Dr. Emo!** And he's **dead!**

Maybe he's just **sleeping!**

If he were just **sleeping,** he'd be on the **bed!**

Listen! Somebody's coming down the **hall!** Quick! Get **inside!**

Who's there?

Room Service, Dr. Emo! I have your bottle of wine!

Good! Slip it under the door!

It won't **fit** under the door, sir!

Then **POUR it** under the door!

Yes, sir!

But if you don't mind my saying so, sir—this is the **most suspicious** thing I've ever done in my life!

Don't worry! I have a **straw!**

1963

Whew! Thank heavens he's **gone!**

Hey! Listen to this **tape recorder!**

. . . undt if "E" eqvals "MC sqvared" zen ze force is multiplied by ze base . . .

That's a recording of Dr. Emo's famous speech on **"Nuclear Fusion of Heavy Titanium with Denatured Plutonium and its Resultant Atomic Implosion"** which he delivered to the **Girl Scouts** last January . . .

The **Doctor's voice!!** Say, I have an **idea.** Why not cut the tape into its **individual words** and put it back together again to make a **normal conversation?**

Got you!! Then we can play the tape at a crucial moment, and it will look like the Doctor is **still alive!**

But only from the **back!** Okay get to work o it while Bowlin and I discreetl spread the wo about Dr. Emo

Hey, when you're **done** up there, go to **Dr. Emo's** room! His **night light** burned out!

I understand that Dr. Emo is feeling just **fine!**

I can't hear you over the **vacuum!** What did you say about Dr. Emo?

I said, **"Dr. Emo is feeling just fine!" He's alive and well again!**

That's the most **suspicious** conversation I've heard in my **whole life!**

Okay, I'm finished splicing the tape! Listen—

Goot evening, girls! It iss a brand nu— clear day . . . perfect for goink—fission!

If you close your eyes, does it sound like Dr. Emo **talking normally?**

Only if I also close my **ears!**

KNOCK KNOCK

Wait! Someone is at the **door** again!

It's **me,** Emo—your friend, **Nogoodnick!** Open up . . .

Quick! Give me that **sheet!** I'll try to fool him into thinking I'm **Dr. Emo!** You hide in the closet with Dr. Emo's **body!**

Listen—this is supposed to be **"Mission: RIDICULOUS" . . . not "Mission: DISGUSTING"!**

Come in! Come in! I vas chust taking a **shower—**

Do you always cover yourself with a **sheet** after a shower?

Of course! who vood be foolish enough to cover zemselves vit a sheet **BEFORE** a shower?

That's the most **suspicious** thing I have ever **seen!**

What!? Me, walking around in a **sheet?**

No—**you, walking around!** Because I **killed you** and **took the microfilm** less than an **hour** ago!

So it was **YOU** with the **knife!**

Yes, and now it's **me** with the **GUN!** Ta-ta!

BLAM!

BLAM!

Speak to me! Are you **okay?**

Certainly! I was wearing my **bullet-proof underwear!** Now that we **know** everything, signal Bowling and Synonym to **intercept** that nogoodnick, Nogoodnick, in the lobby!

Hey, Bowling! Synonym! Try to intercept that nogood—

Don't YELL down! Use the secret **Flower-Phone!**

THE Portland **HILTON** HOTEL

Bowling? Synonym? **Report, please—**

Hey, I don't hear anything but a **buzzing** sound!!

That's a **bee** you hear! The **OTHER vase** is the Flower-Phone, you idiot!

Bowling? This is Blarney! There'll be a **man** coming into the lobby any moment. You'll know him by his **medium height, checkered suit,** and **smoking revolver.** He has the **microfilm** in his **attache case,** so use the **"switch ploy"** on him!

Got you, Blarney! Use the **"switch ploy"** on him . . .

Look, Emma—a man talking to a **flower vase!** Isn't that the most **suspicious** thing you've ever **seen?**

Why? The flower vase is **answering** him, isn't it?

Here he comes! Okay—**go to work . . .**

Er—**pardon me.** sir . . . do you have **change** for a **Series E Savings bond?**

No, I'm **sorry!**

Well, could you be a **real sport** and **put down that attache case?**

I **will not!**

Here—**pick** a **card . . . any** card!

I have **no time** for **nonsense!**

VERY SUSPICIOUS!

You're **growing sleepy!** Your attaché case is getting **heavier** and **heavier . . .**

Out of my my **way,** you idiot!

FIRE! FIRE! Drop your attache case and RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

C'mon, now! That's on **another** Network!

Wait, sir! I'm really the **Bell Hop!** Let me take your bag and get you a **cab . . .**

Well, **okay!** But this whole thing seems **very suspicious!**

VERY SUSPICIOUS!

Taxi! Taxi!

Here's one—

No! Not **that** one! **Taxi . . . Taxi . . .**

VERY SUSPICIOUS

TAXI

Here's **another—**

No, **not him! Taxi! Taxi!**

MET

How about **this** one?

This is the **one!**

Gee, Billy—what **happened** to you?

I got caught in **traffic** and had to pick up a **real fare!**

Take me to the **airport,** and **hurry!**

Have a good trip, and here's your attache case!

That's not **my** attaché case! Mine was **much smaller!**

That's because **I** wasn't **in** it, Mr. Nogoodnick! Now if you will just sit back, we have an **appointment downtown!**

The **Federal Building,** Billy—and **make it snappy!**

I just hope **this** guy **tips me** better than that **last** fare . . .

Mission: Ridiculous . . . ACCOMPLISHED!!

VERY SUSPICIOUS.

Well, we **did it again!**

We **sure did . . .** and I guess the Chief wants to **congratulate** us again as usual!

He sure picks the **craziest places** to deliver his **secret messages!** Now this —a **bowling alley?**

You five have been sitting around for an **hour!** Don't you want to **bowl?**

No, thanks! We just came here to talk to one of the **balls . . .**

Oops! It's **lighting up** now! Go ahead, Chief!

MALVERNE BOWL

Congratulations on a job well done, team! Your **next** assignment will come a **week** from tonight, same time, same channel, from the **parking meter** on **Broadway.** Now, if one of you will pick this ball up and roll it down the alley, it will **discreetly destroy itself . . .**

RUMBLE

KABOOM

Some "discreetly"!

That's the most **suspicious** thing I've ever **seen!**

AmF

19

'39

CITY'S LIMIT DEPT.

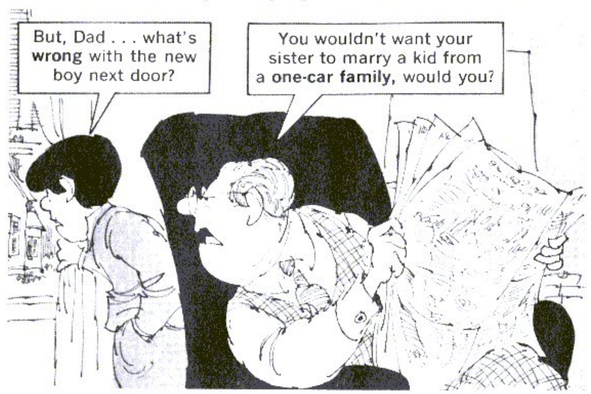
Ask nine out of ten parents the reason they moved to the suburbs, and they'll say, "We did it for the kids!" And so, for you city-dwellers who still haven't made the move, MAD presents an investigation into

The Advantages of the Suburbs for KIDS

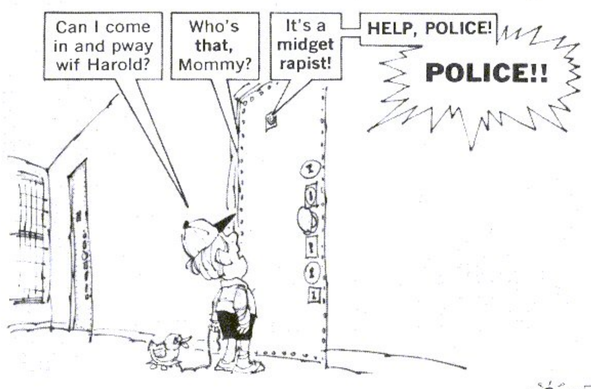
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

There is a great deal of prejudice in the city:

There is practically no prejudice in the suburbs:



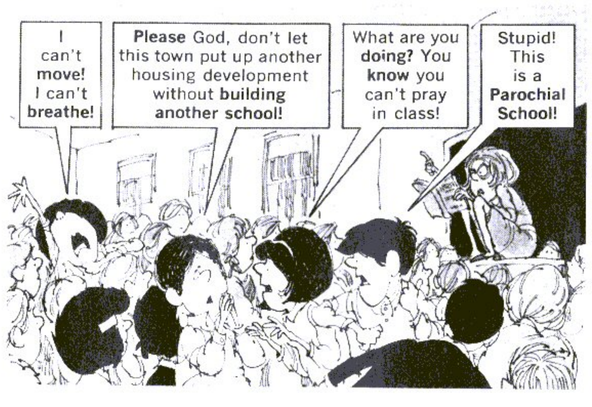
In the city, people are suspicious of strangers:



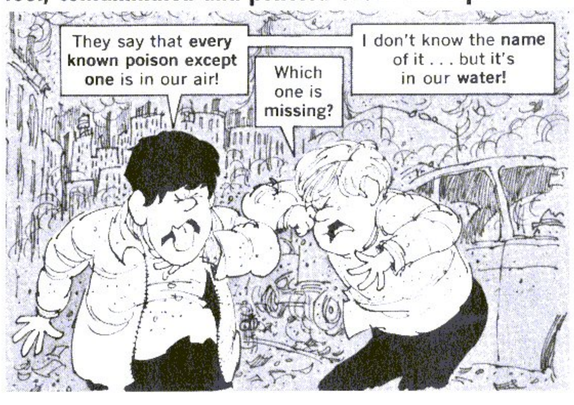
In the suburbs, the doors are open to everybody:

In the city, schoolroom conditions are impossible:

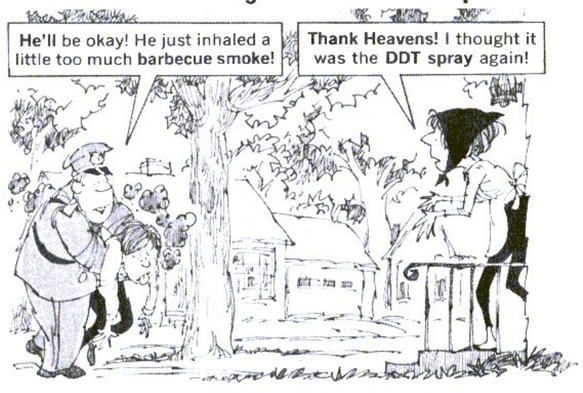
In the suburbs, schoolrooms are clean and modern:



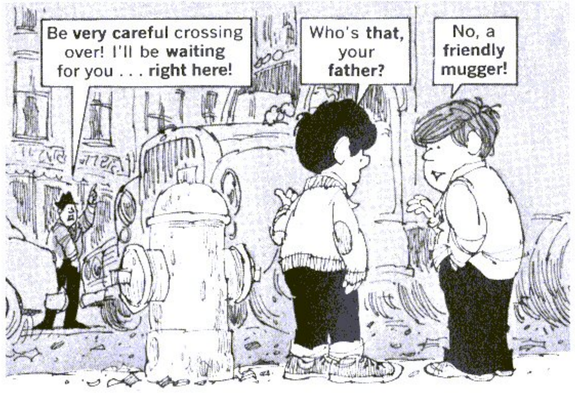
Kids in the city are constantly forced to breathe foul, contaminated and polluted urban atmosphere:



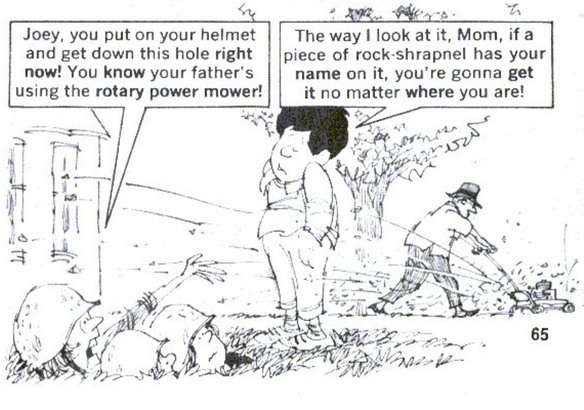
There is very little gasoline exhaust fumes and incinerator smoke fouling the suburban atmosphere:



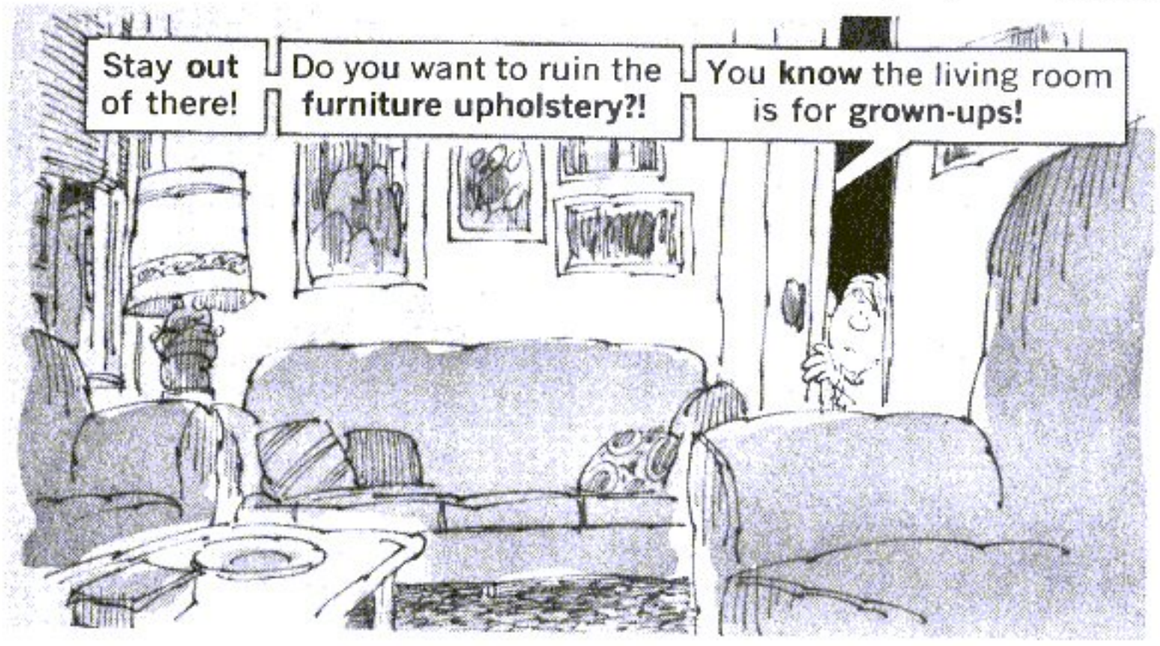
A kid is physically unsafe and actually takes his life in his hands when he goes on any city street:



Since there is very little mugging and traffic on suburban streets, a kid is physically much safer:

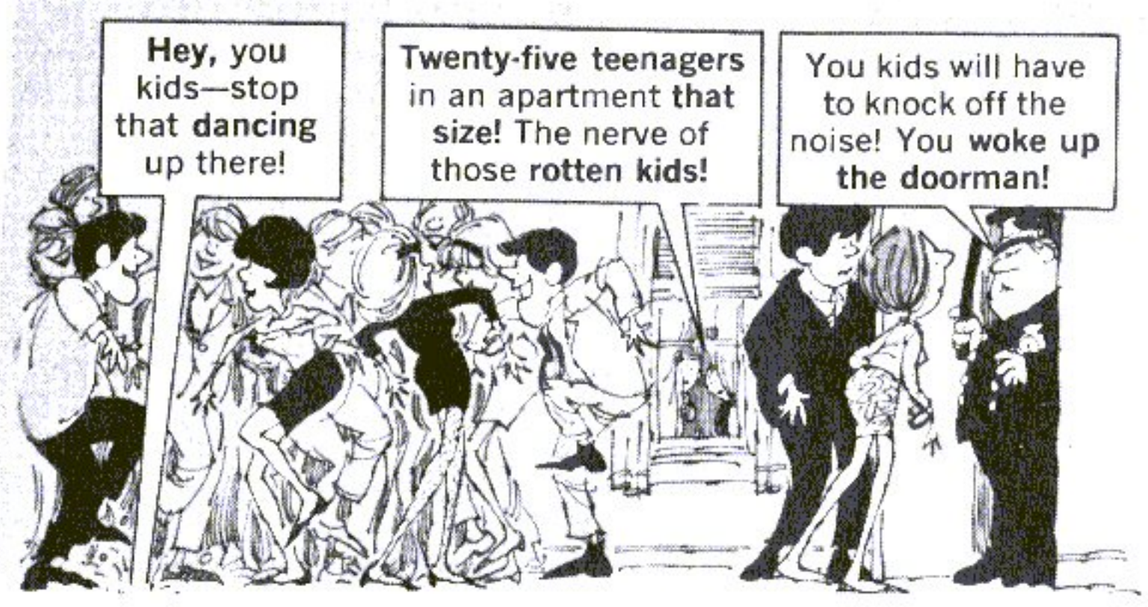


Apartments in the city are usually very small, so there is little room for the kids to play in them:



Fortunately for the kids in the suburbs, homes are usually very large, with spacious and airy rooms:

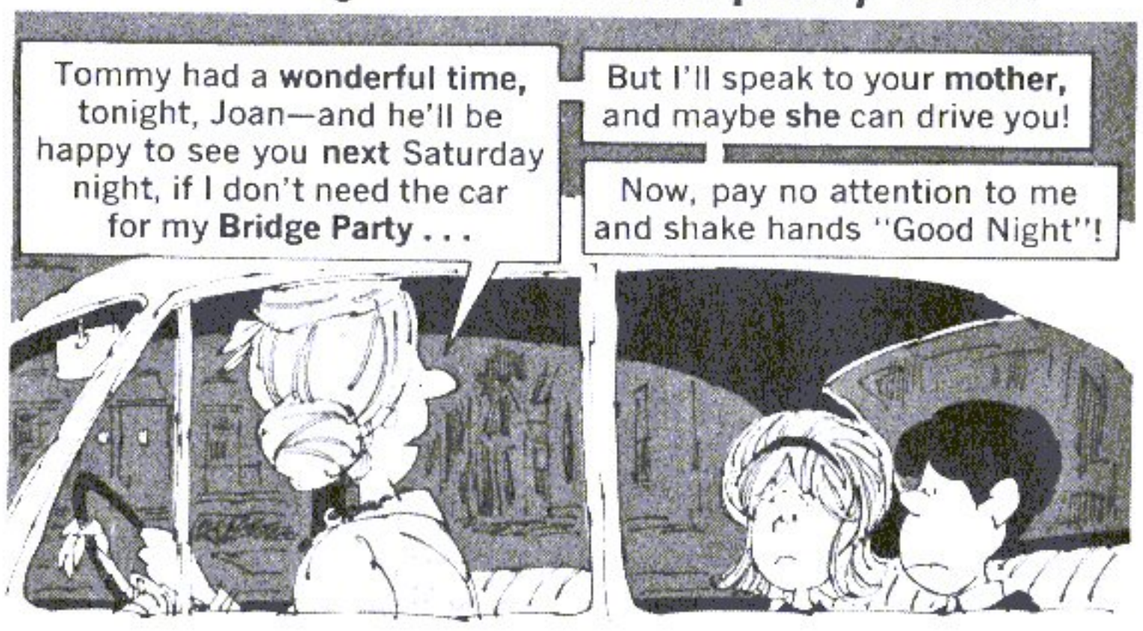
With space at a premium and thin walls, it's hard for teenagers to have decent parties in the city:



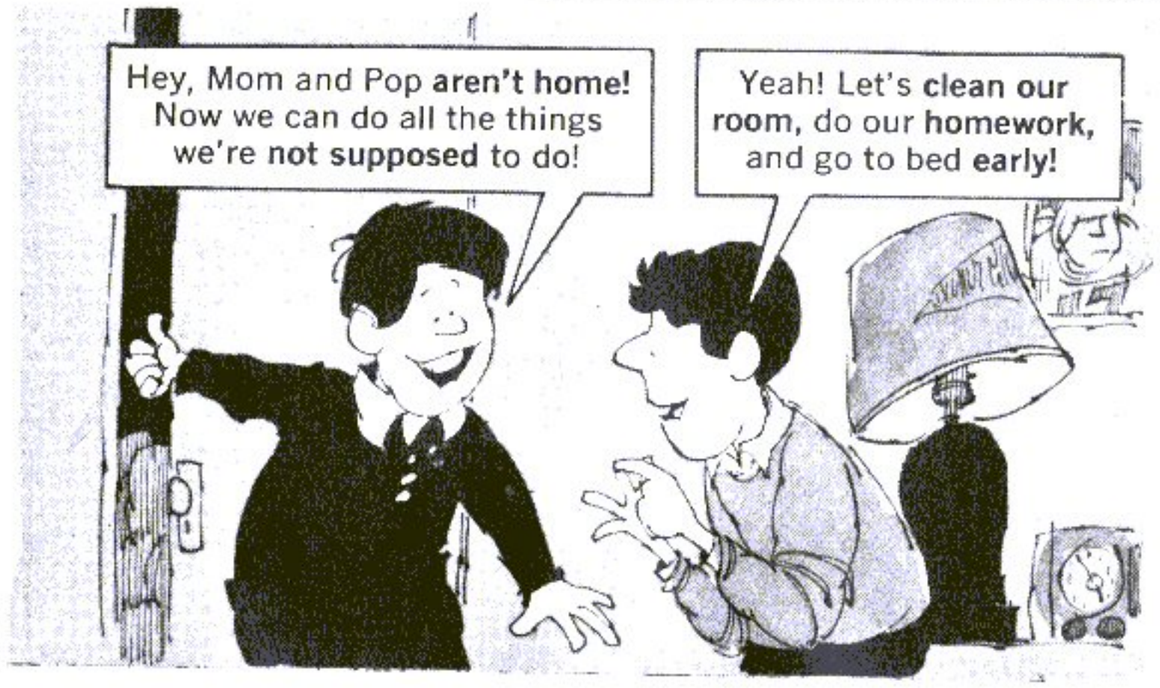
With all that room and seclusion, it's easier for teenagers to have those parties in suburban homes:

City teenagers on dates have very little privacy:

Suburban teenagers on dates have privacy of cars:

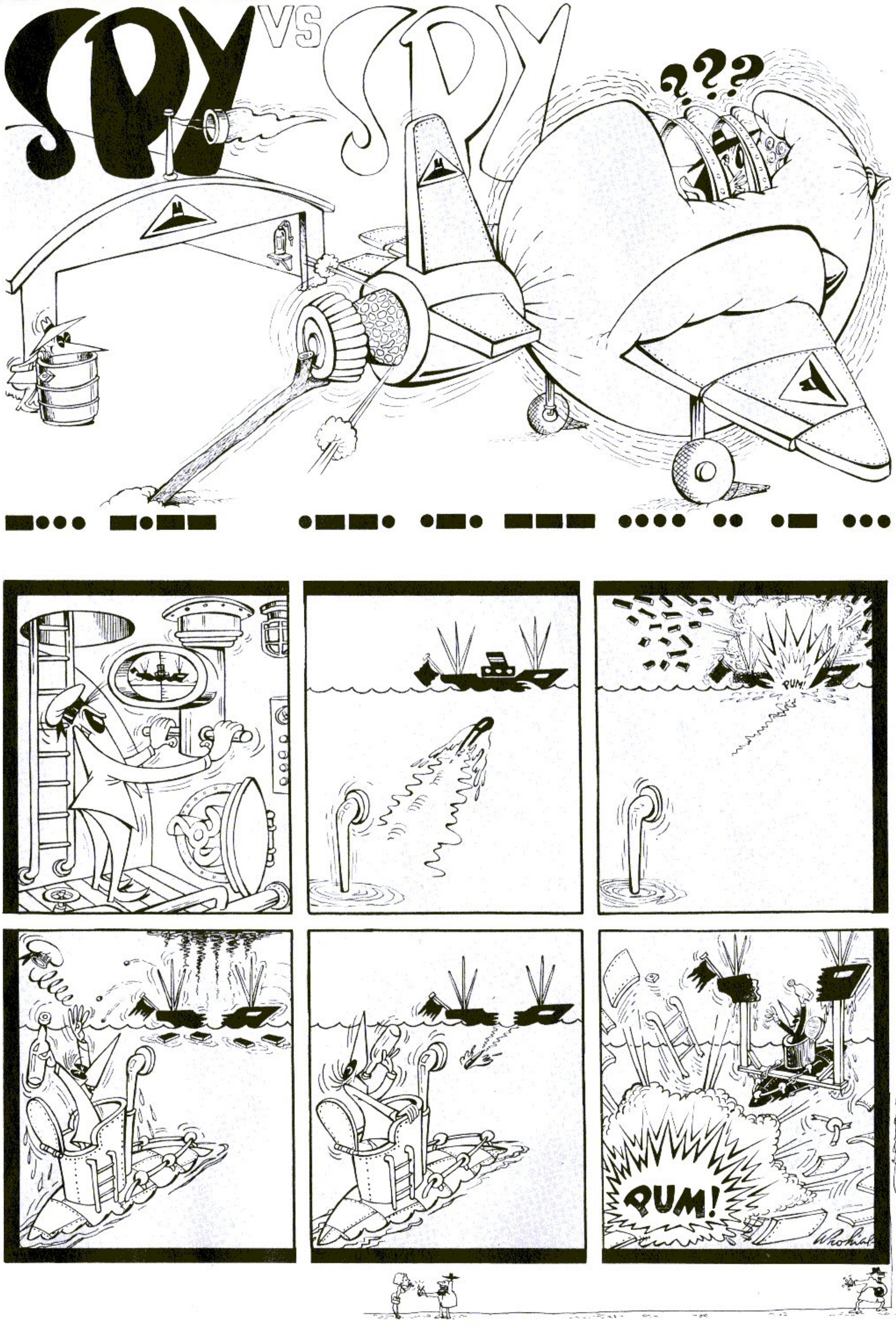


In the city, parents are often out having fun . . . which leads to unsupervised kids . . . and trouble:



In the suburbs, most parental fun is concentrated right in the home . . . which is healthier for kids:

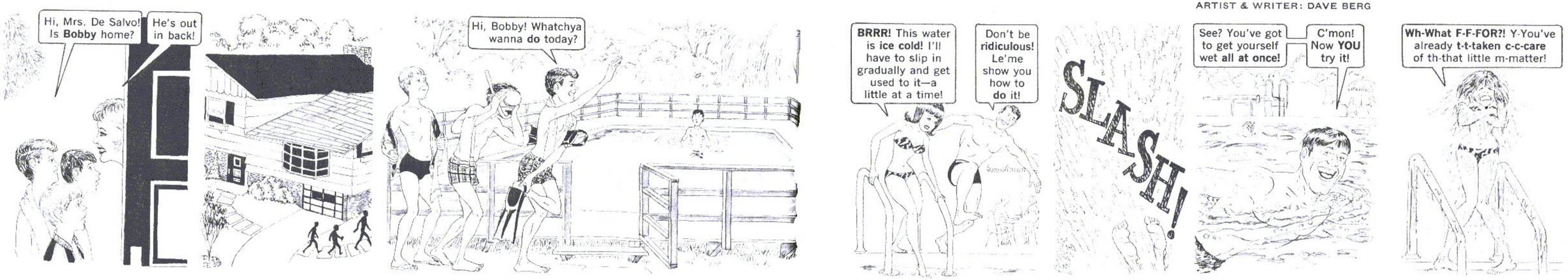
SPY VS SPY

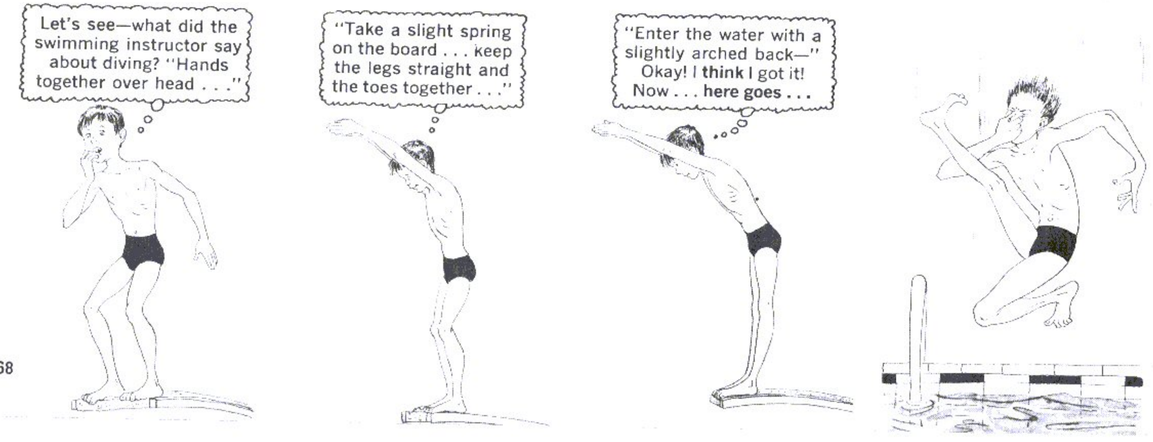


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SWIMMING POOLS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





SUSAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE DEEP END OF THE POOL?! GET OUT THIS INSTANT!

10 FEET

It's about time you noticed! I was beginning to think you didn't care!

THE POOL IS CLOSING! EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL! C'MON! LET'S GO!

Hey, push me in!

Why should I push you in?

Don't ask questions! Just push me in!

Okay! Okay! Consider yourself pushed in!

YAHH!

HEY! I SAID "EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL!" THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, DEBBIE SANDS!!

GREENTREE

NO RUNNING NO SPLASHING NO SWIMMING

HE PUSHED ME IN!

Oh, boy! The pool is practically empty! Now I can swim uninhibited! When it's crowded, you keep bumping into people!

This reminds me of a story about when the automobile was first invented. There were only two cars in the whole state of Kansas, and—

CLUNK!

—they bumped into each other!

HEY, WATCH ME!

MOMMY, WATCH ME!

DADDY, WATCH ME!

All right, already! We're watching you! In fact, you've got everybody around the pool watching you!

OKAY—WATCH ME!

WAP!

I didn't mean NOW! I meant BEFORE—when I did it GOOD!

SWIMMERS—TAKE YOUR MARKS!

2 3 4 5

Oh, boy, am I in great form today! I didn't know I was THIS good! There's nobody near me! I'm a sure winner!

I'll probably break a record! Let's see—I'll put the cup on the fireplace mantle, or in my room, and I'll buy a scrapbook so I can paste in my clippings—

HEY, JERK! C'MON BACK HERE! YOU JUMPED THE GUN!!

Are you going to stand there all day . . . or are you going into the water?!

Where's the water!?

SS DONNIE

Being a Life Guard at a pool is a bore! All I do is tell kids not to swim in the Diving Area, and stop running, and cut out the rough-house stuff!

LIFEGUARD

Hey! There's a guy lying on the bottom of the pool! H-He isn't moving! Here's my chance to be a hero and earn my keep!

YOU LUNKHEAD! WHAT IN HECK DID YOU DO THAT FOR!? IF I WOULD'VE STAYED UNDER FOR ANOTHER FOUR SECONDS, I WOULD'VE WON THE BET!!

Mmmm—this is delicious! There's just nothing like lolling in your own cool pool on a sweltering day!

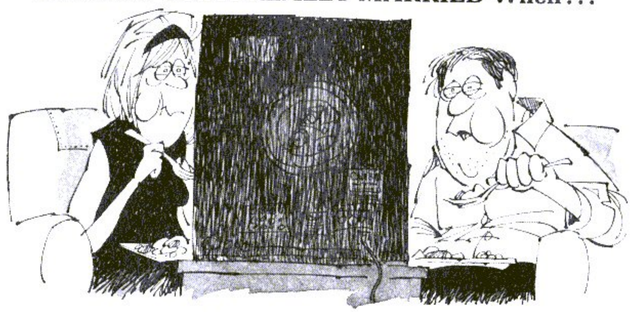
Man, this is the life!

OKAY, BIG SPENDER!! GET OUT OF THERE AND LET YOUR KIDS IN!!

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .



. . . those candlelight suppers with mood music become TV dinners and The Lawrence Welk Show.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . your idea of a great Anniversary Gift for yourselves is a new hose for the vacuum cleaner.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . your wife can sign your signature on your paycheck better than you do.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you go out with another couple, and the wives sit in the back.

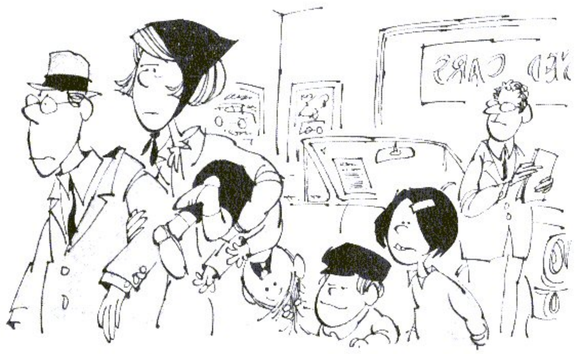
You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you own two sets of China, and still don't have enough cups with handles to serve a dinner for six.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

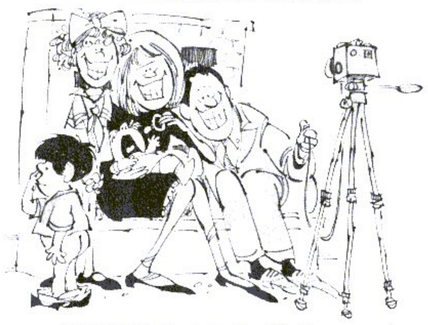
. . . you go through your Wedding Album, and you discover that you can't recall the names of two of your ushers.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .



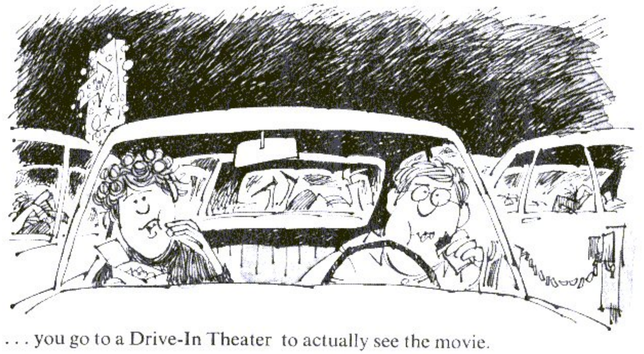
. . . you go to buy a new car, and you walk right past the snappy red Convertible to look at the Station Wagon.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .



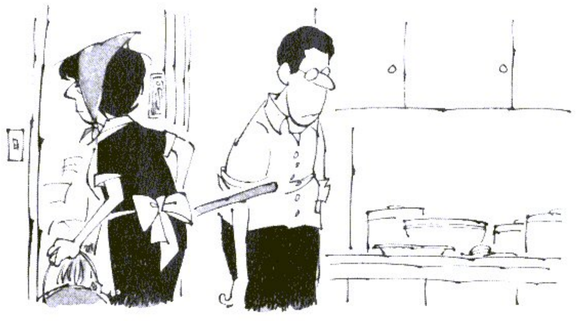
. . . you stop buying regular Christmas cards, and start sending pictures of you and the kids in front of your fireplace.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .



. . . you go to a Drive-In Theater to actually see the movie.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

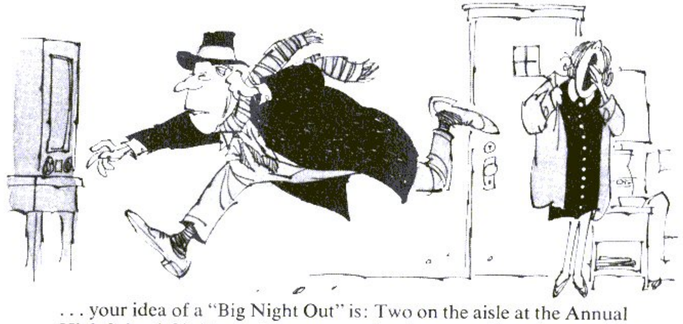


. . . you look for your daily newspaper, and find it spread out over the newly-washed kitchen floor.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you check into a hotel together and the clerk gives you twin beds without even asking.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .



. . . your idea of a "Big Night Out" is: Two on the aisle at the Annual High School Christmas Pageant . . . a hamburger and a coke at Howard Johnson's . . . then back home in time to catch The Eleven O'Clock News.

You Know You're REALLY MARRIED When . . .

. . . you can get into your socks from either end.

Hello! I'm sullen actor, **Warren Booty!** I recently starred in a **great film epic** about the Depression Era of the Thirties. I **got** the part because I'm a **sensitive** actor, I'm a **versatile performer,** and by a fantastic coincidence, I **also** happened to be **the Producer!**

This is my co-star, **Faye Runaway.** The historic couple we're supposed to play in this film were **really ugly, savage killers.** But after watching the movie for five minutes, you'll know at once what famous American couple we're **really** portraying . . . **Steve and Eydie Lawrence!**

This picture deals with one of the most **violent crime waves** in American history.

Oh, by the way, the girl who just walked in is my sister, **Shirley MacKook!** She recently starred in **"Woman Times Eight"!** But that was **another violent crime . . .**

BALMY

Hi, thayah, you purty li'l thang. Ah'm **Clod Barrow.** Ah'm a full-time ex-con an' a part-time degenerate.

Tha's nice. Ah'm **Balmy Parker.** Ah'm a full-time waitress an a part-time moron.

Whaddaya say? Let's do some robbin' an' spittin' an' cussin' an' stabbin' and shootin'.

Sounds okay t' me. But Ah'm warnin' you. Ah never kill on a firs' date.

See this hyar gun? Guess what it **really stan'** for in mah life. Go ahaid an' guess. Ah'll give you a hint—

It got somethin' t' do with **Freud** an' **symbolism.** Heh, heh! Go ahaid, guess what the gun stan' for.

Yor **mother** . . . an' you a **son of a gun!** Hee, hee! Don' you jus' love mah cute sense of humor?

BEECH-NUT CHEWS BEST TASTES BEST

BEECH-NUT TOBACCO

NRA

OUR PART

Hires ICE COLD

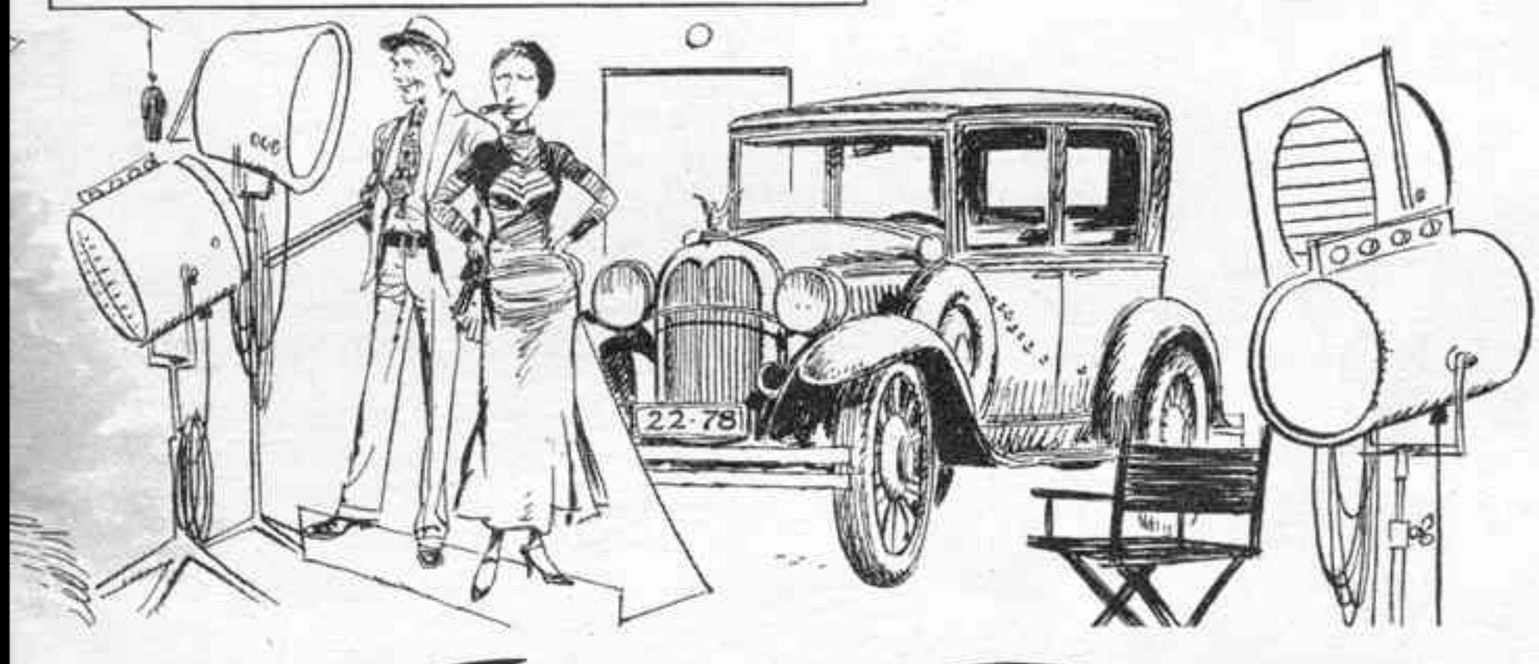
SE HABLA ESPANOL AQUI

WE RIB BANK ROBBERS DEPT.

AND CLOD

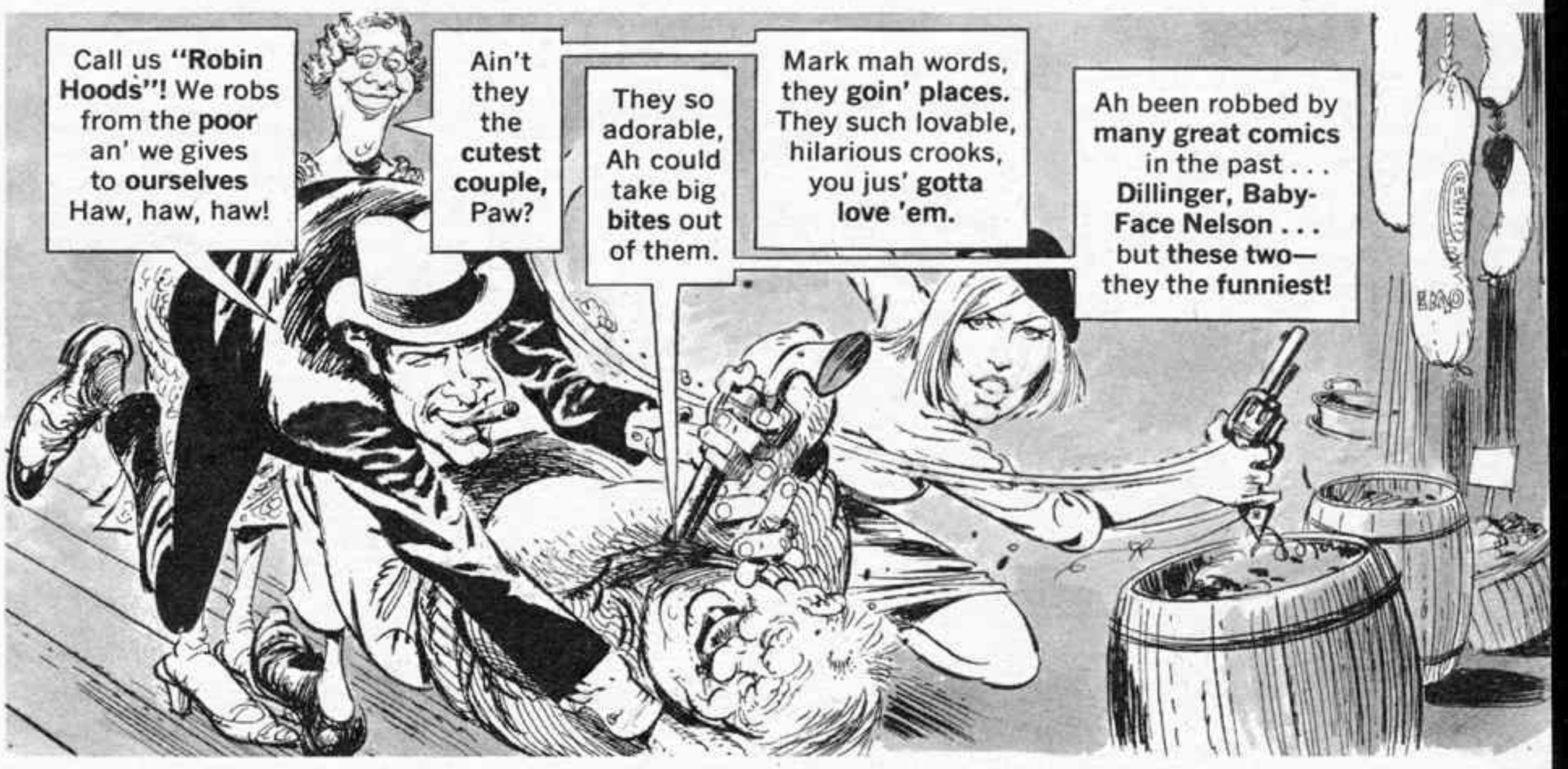
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Some people have asked me how I happen to be **qualified** to **produce** films at my age. Well, actually I am a **great student** of the motion picture. In fact, I've seen **every** movie that **Walt Disney** ever made. I just **love** his adorable little animals. And now, **speaking** of adorable little animals, here is the story of . . .



Hoo—boy, are you stupid!

Well, Ah **tol'** you Ah'm a part-time moron! An' Ah'm **"On Duty"** now!



Sorry, young feller! This bank is **gone bust!** We ain't got no money fo' you to **rob!**

Will you come out an' tell mah **girl** that. She won' **believe me.**

The way you been **actin',** an' the way you **dressed—** I don' believe you **neither!**

Hi, thayah! You wanna join our **mob?** We's **loveable degenerates!** Ah'm **Clod Barrow!** Ah'm the **"Muscle Man"...**

Ah'm **Balmy Parker!** Ah'm the **"Chief Killer"!**

Ah'm **C. W. Mess!** Ah'm a **Nursery School drop-out** with an I.Q. of **twenty-three!**

Good! You c'n be the **"Brains"** of the outfit!

That's fine! Ah **cain't** get by on mah **looks forever!**

GAS

12

Hit's the irresistible **Balmy an' Clod** gang agin!

Did you see how they **tripped over that daid guard** an' almos' **locked** theirself in the **vault?** They so **funny!**

Hee, hee! This is the **funniest** bank robbery they committed yet!

Who's yor **four favorite people of all time?**

Balmy— Clod— mah **Mother,** an' **God!** In that order!

Wait till Ah gets me a **bandage,** Balmy an' Clod, an Ah'll write you those **character references** you wanted.

Clod, if'n you got a minute—mah husban', who is dyin' with one of yor **bullets** in his gut, would like a **word** with you . . .

What you wanna **say** to me, Mr.?

Thanks!

BANK

FULL PRESS BLOCK

Ah **loves** this **life** . . . an' Ah loves **you,** Clod! **Let's make out!**

Not now!

But Ah'm a **normal girl** . . . with **normal desires!**

Yor **desires** are **fine!** It's yor **timing** tha's rotten!

What we doin' in this **crummy run-down Movin' Pitcher Theater?**

What else? We's **livin' it up** . . . enjoyin' our latest **bank haul.**

But this place only charges **fifteen cents admission each!**

Tha's **right** . . . which leaves us enough fo' **two bags of popcorn.**

Who say "Crime do not pay!"?

EXIT

POP CORN

Balmy . . . C. W. . . . This **mah brother, Cluck,** an' his **wife, Blunjid.** They gonna join our mob . . .

Great. When we make our **nex'** haul, we c'n **split** the **sixty cents FIVE ways** instead of **three!**

C'mon, evahbody, le's pose fo' **funny pitchers!**

Ain't it great t' be **young** an' **alive** an' **in love . . .**

. . . an' **wanted fo' murder . . .**

. . . an' **posin' fo' pitchers . . .**

. . . an' **stupid!**

Why you say we **stupid?**

You see anybody workin' the camera?

Hyar they come **agin,** folks!

They **wowed 'em** at the **Firs' National Bank!**

They **panicked 'em** at **Secon' Federal!**

They **killed 'em** at **Farmer's Trust!**

Now hyar they are with a **bigger** n' **funnier** act than **evah!**

Five great performers! FIVE . . . !! Count 'em!

Hey, Clod, you kidnapped mah **pappy** yestiddy! Where you want me to leave the **ransom money?**

With our **agents—** at the **William Morris Office!**

I can't **stand** it! I just **can't stand it!**

What!? Yor **bank** bein' robbed?

No—all this **"hick" talk!** This is a **New York City bank!**

We been **goin'** together fo' **51 bank jobs** an' **112 killing's!** Le's **make out now,** Clod!

You outta yor **mind??** **NOT NOW!**

Now, Clod? **NOW??**

You mus' be **insane! NOT NOW!!**

Now, Clod? How about **NOW???**

Definitely NOT NOW!!! This is the **wors' possible time!** Put on the light . . .

Sorry, Clod! **Ah lost mah haid!**

Hoo-boy! You shor know how to make **impossible demands** on a guy!

Hot dawg! We got Balmy an' Clod **surrounded!** Le's close in on 'em!

Wait! Balmy is **writin'** somethin'!

What she **writin'?**

She don' know! She **cain't read!**

Clod, Ah got **two s'prises** fo' you! Firs', Ah learned how t' **read** yestiddy . . . an' secon', Ah jus' **wrote** somethin' which Ah thinks is **beautiful.** When Ah read it to you, you gonna be so **inspired,** won'erful **thangs** is gonna happen to our . . . you should pardon the expression . . . **LOVE LIFE!**

Balmy an' Clod . . .
Balmy an' Clod . . .
They're both adored
by man an' God . . .

They're livin' legends, they're loved real hard,
An' if'n you think that this is odd,
They'll kick yo'r butt all over yo'r yard
An shoot out yo'r gut with a .45 rod,
Till yo'r blood spills out from hyar to Cape Cod,
An' then you'll love 'em, like man an' God . . .
Balmy an' Clod . . . Balmy an' Clod.

Clod an' Balmy . . .
Clod an' Balmy . . .
They're gentle as rain,
but strong as salami . . .

An' when they . . .

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

Hey, why'd'ja go an' **shoot** 'em like that? We was **supposed** t' **bring 'em in ALIVE!**

The **thought** of it was **too horrible!** Ah couldn't **stan'** it any more!

You mean their life of **crime?**

No . . . that **rotten poem!**

Balmy! Clod! What have you **done** to 'em? **Tell me!** Ah gotta **know** . . . what did you **do** to 'em?

Ah'll give it to you **straight,** C. W. . . . We done **blowed their brains out!**

Oh, **thank God!** That means they c'n **still** lead **normal lives!**

WARREN BOOTY
FAYE RUNAWAY

as those beloved Nazi nuts...

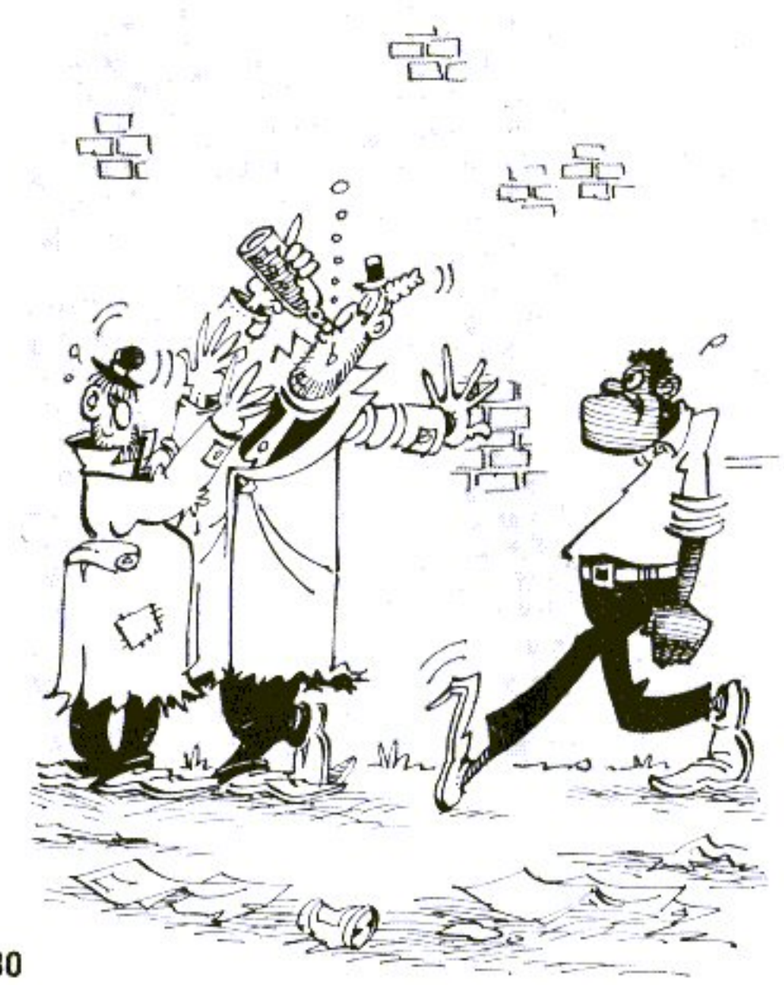
EVA AND DOLF

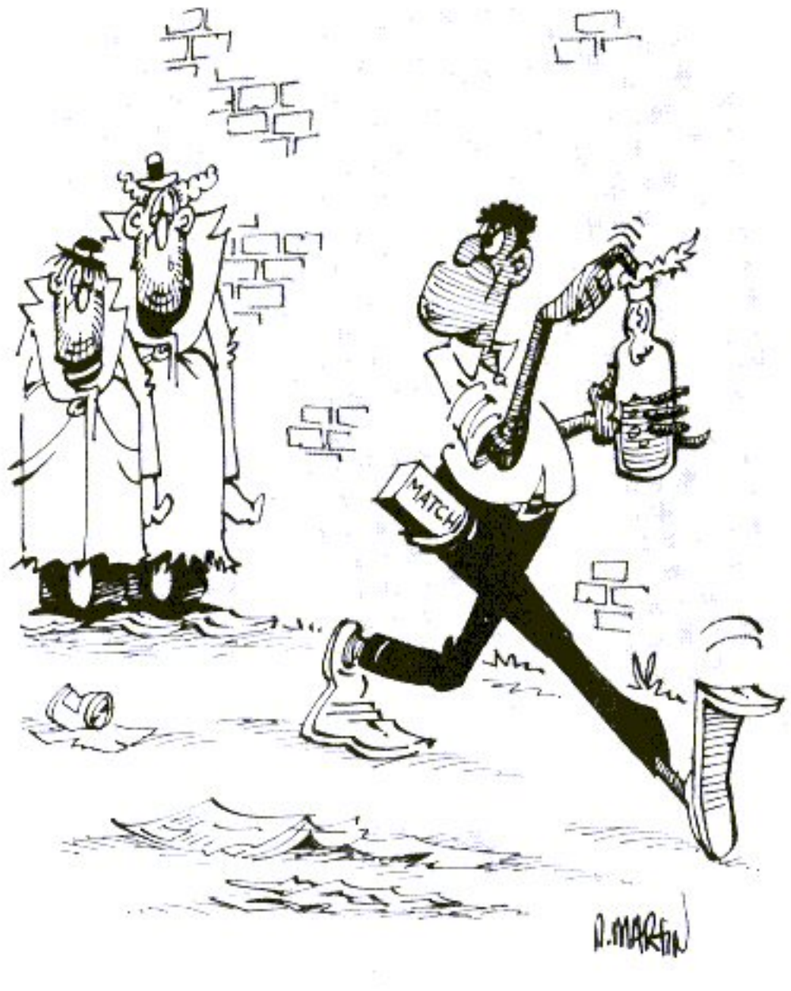
History's most talked-about couple!

CO-STARRING
MICHAEL J. DULLARD as GOERING ● GENE HACKHACK as GOEBBELS.
and featuring ESTELLE PARSNIPS as the irresistible ILSA KOCH

PRODUCED BY WARREN BOOTY ● DIRECTED BY ARTHUR PINHEAD ● WRITTEN BY DAVID NINNY and ROBERT BOOBY ● FROM AN IDEA SUGGESTED BY THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER





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

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◆◆ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

BLACK POWER

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ◆◆ B

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

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

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

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

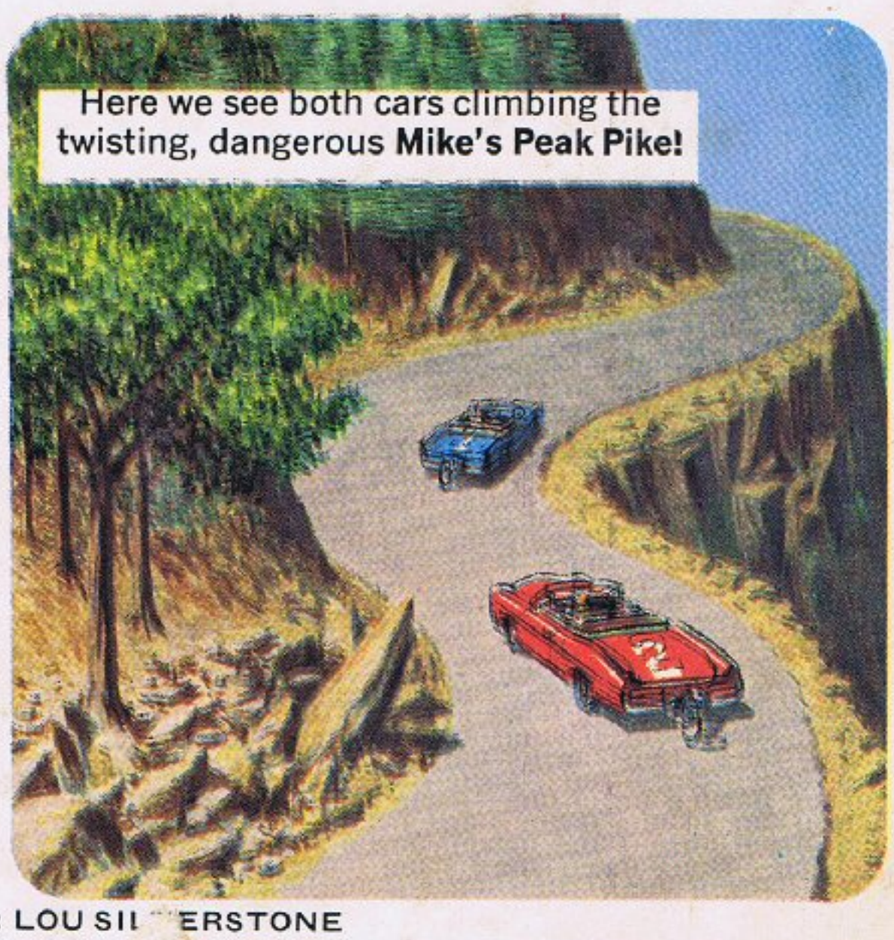
BLASTING CROWDED CITIES OUT OF EXISTENCE IS A SICK APPLICATION OF THIS GREAT NEW POWER. ONLY A POLICY OF PEACEFUL CONSTRUCTIVE USE IS THE ANSWER

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▸ ◂ B

A TV AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Shill Gasoline Commercial



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE