MAD SPECIAL NUMBER SIX

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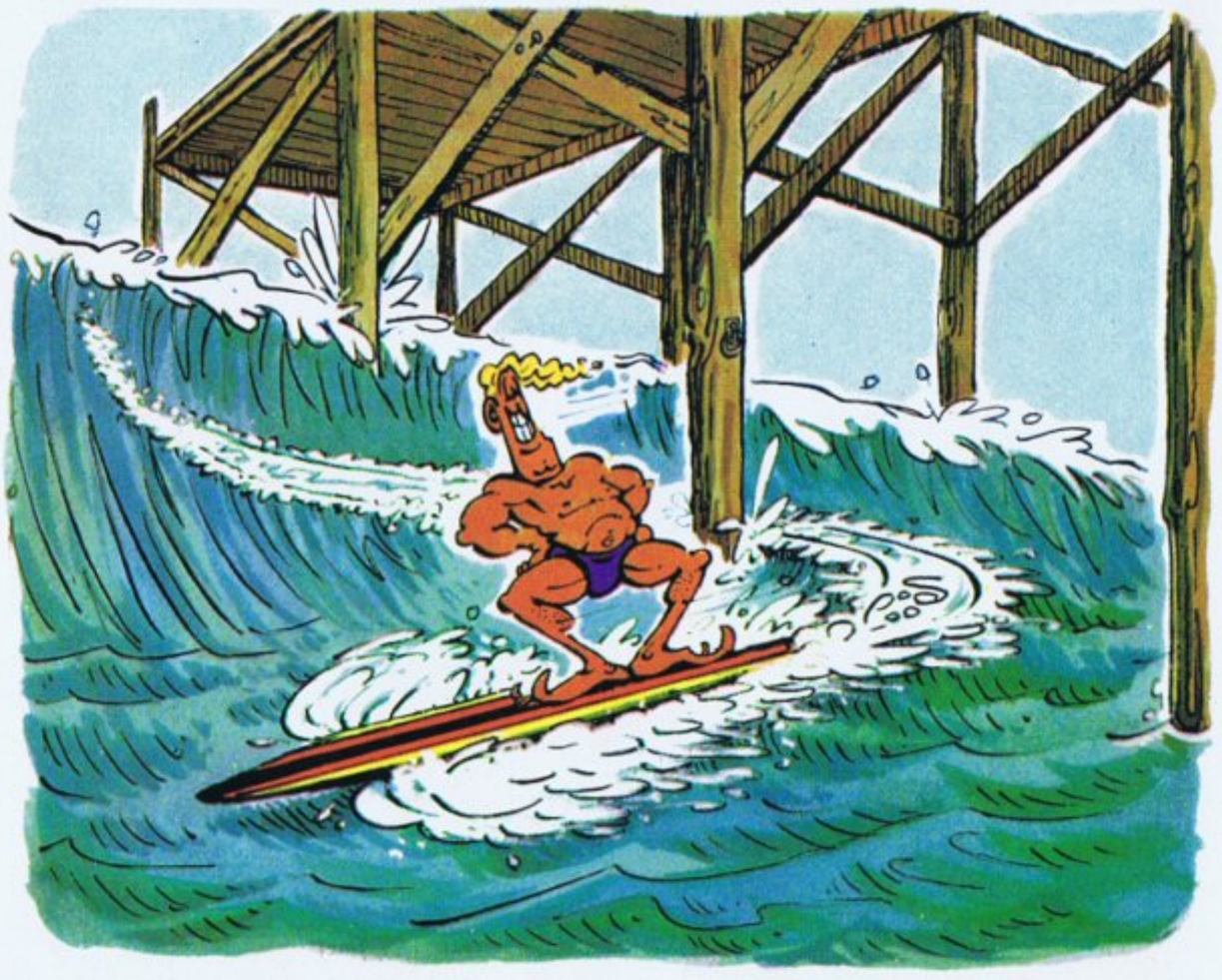
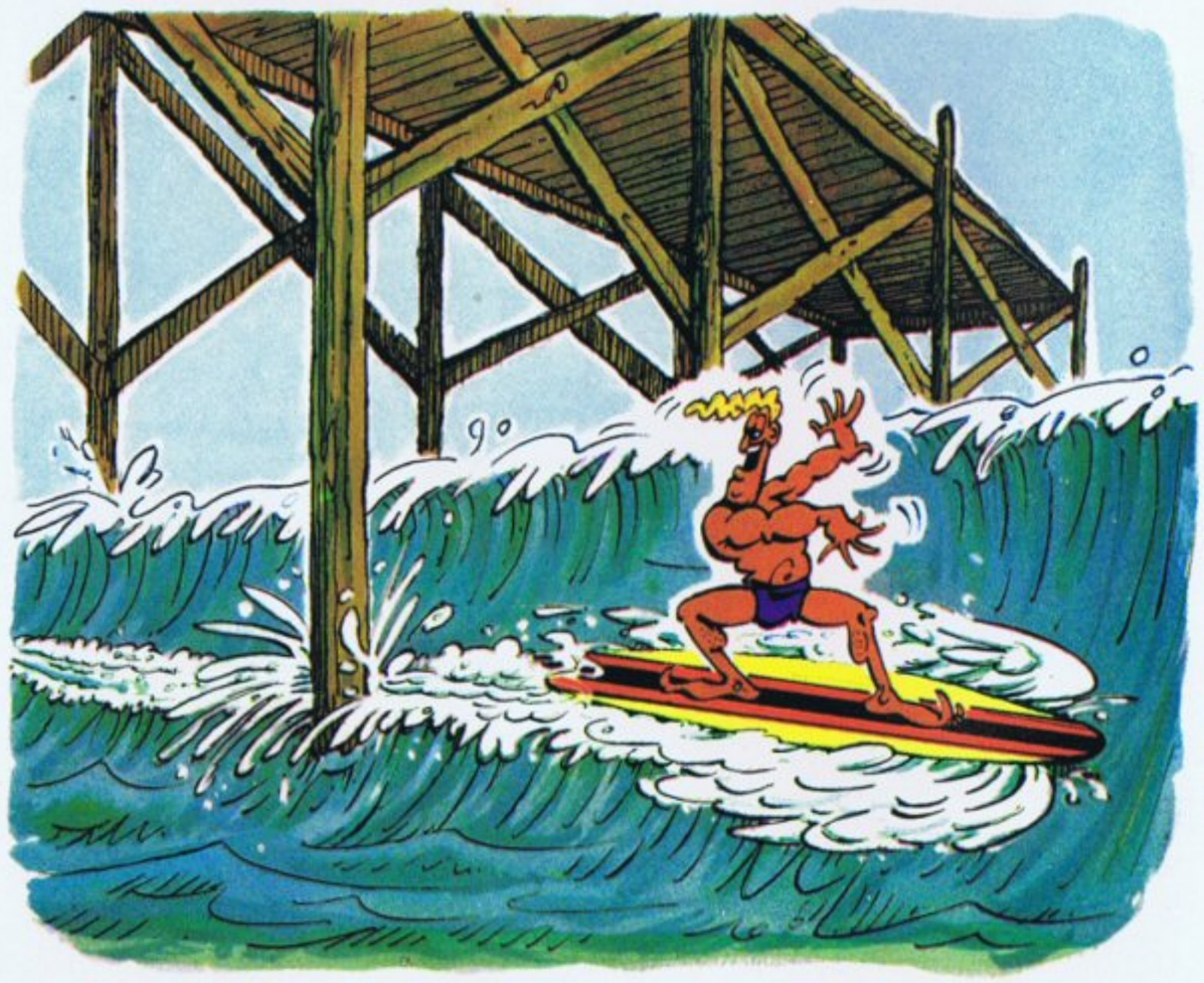
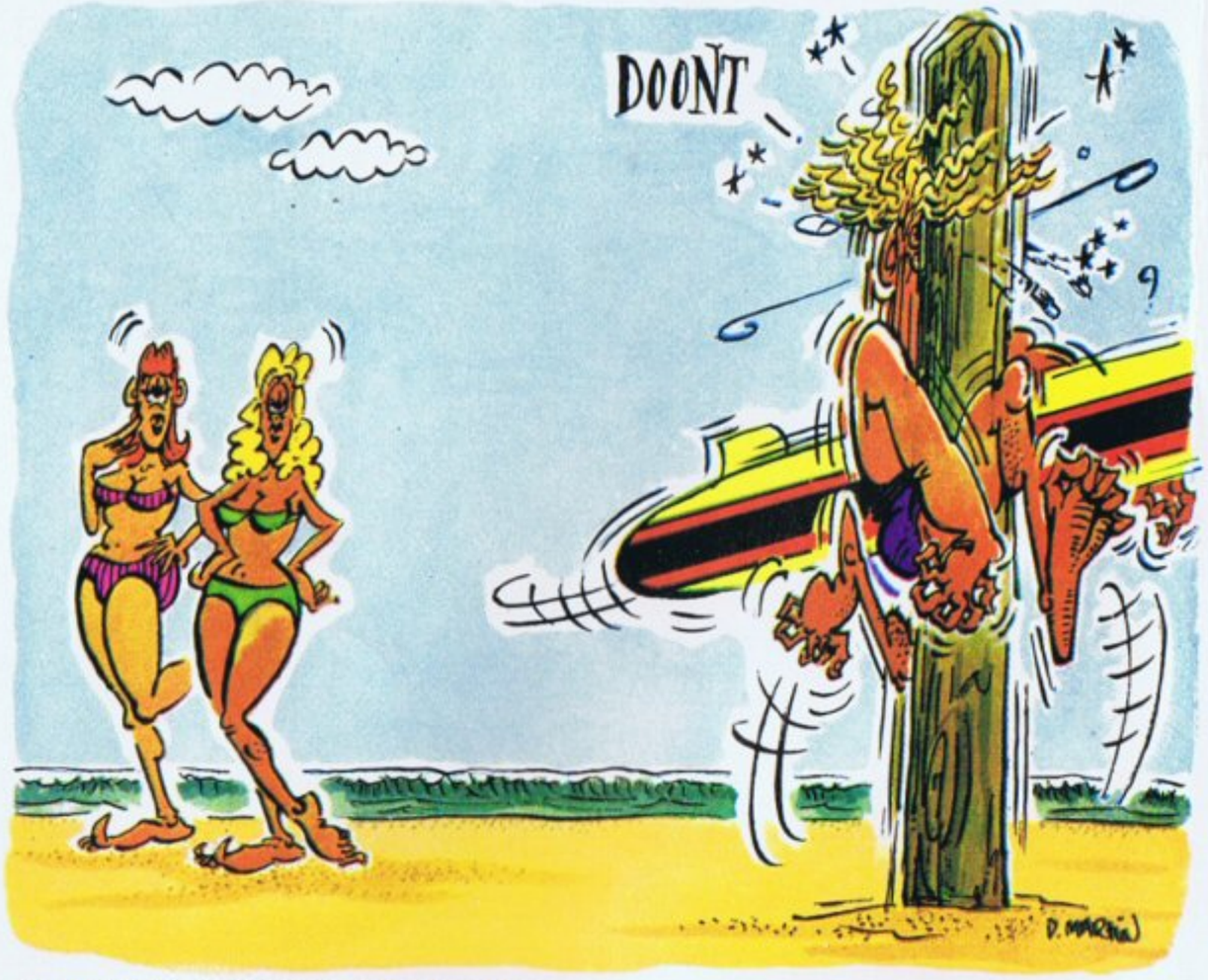
ONE DAY AT THE BEACH





ARTIST: DON MARTIN



WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

MAD

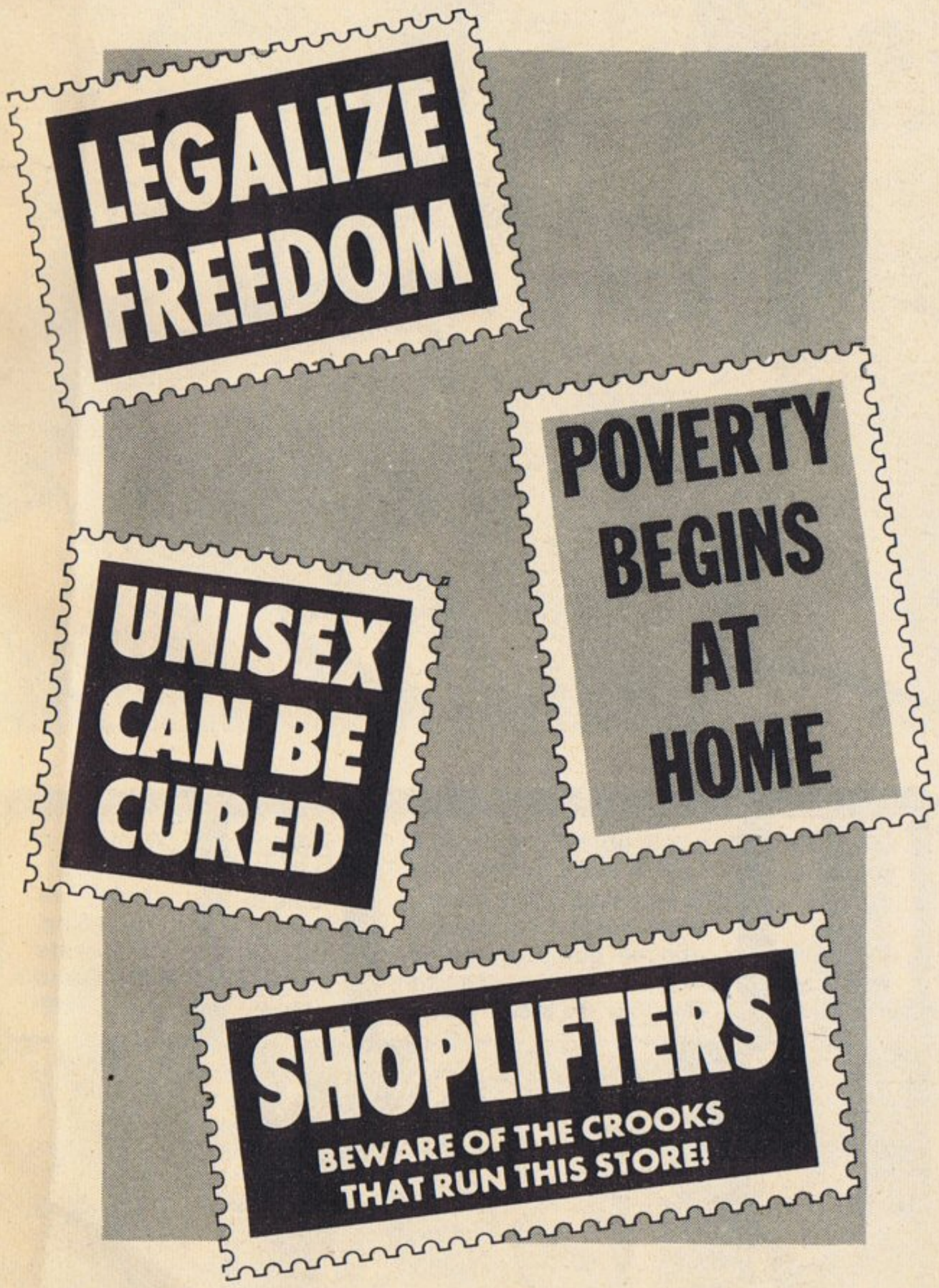
SPECIAL NUMBER SIX

"Live within your income, and you'll live without worry...and other things!"—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



MAD SPECIAL NUMBER 6—Published by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Entire contents © 1967, 1968, and 1971 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similiarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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**Various Places Around The Magazine

VENUS ENVY DEPT.

MAD VISITS THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION FRONT

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

I'm **David Frostbite,** and I'm about to take you on a tour of some of the important groups that make up **The Women's Liberation Movement! First,** and probably the most **widely publicized** of these groups is **"The Beautiful Rich Organizers Against Discrimination"** . . . commonly known as **"The BROADS."** Would you . . . er . . . **BROADS** introduce yourselves?

I'm **Betty Freudian . . .** author of the best-selling book, **"The Sexual Mystique Of The Female Woman"!**

Say, that's a **catchy title!** What's the book **about,** Betty?

It's the story of the **Women's Suffrage Movement!** Originally, **I called** the book, **"The Story Of The Women's Suffrage Movement",** but it **didn't sell!** So I **changed the title,** posed **nude** on the **cover,** and—**WHAM!!**

I'm **Robin Morningafter** . . . nuclear physicist . . . and I won't **rest** until Women's Lib has its **own atomic bomb!**

I'm **Shulamith Firebird . . .** author of the forthcoming book, **"The Herstory Of The Feminist Movement In Our Language"!**

You mean, **HIStory"!**

No, I mean, **"HERstory"!** The book is about **male dominance** of our **English words,** even!

I'm **Beulah Crabsbug . . .** Congresswoman and **lecturer** on Women's Lib for a mere **two thousand dollars an evening!**

I'm **Edna St. Vincent Millstone, Ph.D. . . .** teacher, poet, and author of the best-selling book . . . soon to be made into the **movie** of the same name . . . **"Men—You Should All Drop"!**

And this is the **President** of the group, **Gloria Steinyum—** author, editor, TV panelist, international jet set swinger, and one of the world's most eligible bachelor girls . . .

As you can see, **we BROADS** represent a **true cross-section of American Womanhood,** David!

MEN YOU SHOULD ALL DROP!

THE SEXUAL MYSTIQUE OF FEMALE WOMAN

Come, now, Gloria! What common bond do **you** and these **other** glamorous successful ladies have with the **average housewife in Keokuk, Iowa?**

Why, we're **all women,** David! Take away my **great looks,** my **superior intellect,** my successful **career,** my **mink . . .** and **I'm** your **typical American housewife! We all** want the **same things!** What **I'VE GOT!!**

You mean you want things like **economic equality with men?**

Hell, no! I don't want to take a **cut in income** just to be on the same level as men! We're interested in the real **gut issues** of the Lib Movement . . . like being able to use a **Men's Room!**

Right! Or being able to have a **drink** in a **Men's Bar!!**

Okay, girls! **Let's go!** Today, we are going to liberate **McSorehead's Bar & Grill!**

McSOREHEAD'S

BAR & GRILL

Uh . . . why would you **want** to?

See that, David? That sign is **degrading** to **all women! Why** can't we go in there for a drink if we **want** to?

MEN ONLY No Dames Allowed

Hey! Can't you broads **read English?**

How about that!? They **recognize** us! All that **publicity** is really starting to **pay off!**

We are here to **liberate** this male chauvanist establishment! Your policy is **unconstitutional!**

We demand to be **served . . . now!**

McSOREHEAD

McSOREHEAD'S STOCK ALE

We . . . want . . .service!
WE . . . WANT . . . SERVICE!
WE WANT SERVICE!

F'Pete's sake, Harry! Give 'em somethin' t' **drink!** Maybe they'll go **away!**

Alright, goils! Alright! You win!! What'll you have . . . ?

Do you **really** expect us to drink in **this filthy pigpen?!**

It's an absolute **disgrace!** It definitely needs a **woman's touch!**

Okay, girls! **Let's go!!**

These **polka dot curtains** will look **beautiful!**

How about **lace doilies** on the bar?

What are you **doin'?! You're lousin' up the joint!** You're ruinin' the **atmosphere! HEY!!**

Stop **complaining** and grab a **mop!**

That's better! Now we'll **have** that drink!

I'm a **ruined man!** None of my regular customers would be caught **dead** in a dive like this! And I don't **blame** them!!

Oh, **look,** Bruce! What a **divine place!**

Next, David, we're going to liberate the most **oppressed** women of **all!**

You mean the **sewing machine operators** in the Garment District's **sweat shops?**

No, they're doing **honest** labor! We mean those **poor exploited SEX OBJECTS . . . The Playboy Bunnies!!**

Girls, you've got to join the **revolution against** the "Playboy Philosophy"!

There's **more** to life than wearing **scanty clothes** and being a **plaything** for **men!**

You've got to **stand up for Women's Rights! THROW OFF** your Bunny Costumes!

I'm for THAT!! Hurrah for **Women's Rights!!**

We're here to help you find **more meaningful employment . . .** something that will give you a feeling of **fulfillment!**

Gee, **I dunno!** I mean, I'm for **Women's Lib** and all that! Like **I never** wear a **bra!** But what **OTHER** work could I do?

You can perform the same job that any **man** can do! You have **brains** . . . and you have **muscles!**

I'll say! Hurrah for all those **delightful muscles!!**

This is our **Rehabilitation Center** where unfortunate women like **Playboy Bunnies** and **airline hostesses** and **models** are taught **useful trades** in professions formerly dominated by **men!**

Girls . . . this cute gadget is called **"The Plumber's Friend"!**

A— **PLUMBER?!** Gee, **I dunno!** Like, **I dug** being a **Bunny** . . . even if **I WAS** exploded!

The word is **"EXPLOITED"** . . . and I'm sure you'll really **love** being a **"Sanitation Engineer"!**

You chose a good time to **visit** us, David! We're having a **Women's Lib Rally** here today, and you can meet some of the **other** Feminist groups!

For example, **THIS** group calls itself **"The Debutantes Revolutionary Association of Karate Experts"!**

Sir . . . I mean, Miss . . . what is the **aim** of the **DRAKES?**

We want **job equality!** Do you realize that there isn't **ONE GIRL** in the **National Football League . . .** or the **National Hockey League!?**

Right! How come there are **no women** in the **NBA** —or even a sissy sport like **Baseball?!**

Well, I'm sure you ladies will **change** all that! Tell me, why do you feel it's necessary to be **karate** experts?

Because a girl's not safe on the **street** these days!

I'd like to see some male chauvanist creep get fresh with **ME . . .**

EEEEEEK!!

What's **wrong?**

A **mouse!** There's a **mouse!! YAAIEEE!!**

David, this **next** group calls itself **"The Society of Wives" . . .**

I see from your **signs** that you **SOWS** want **Day Care Centers!** I take it you want to **resume your careers?!**

There's a man for you —expecting a **Mother** to **work!!**

Listen . . . I worked long enough **BEFORE I** got married!

Yeah! What do you think we got married **FOR?!**

SOWS

WE WANT MOR

'ell, if you on't want **work,** why you want **Day Care Centers?**

So we can watch our **TV programs** without having **screaming brats** running around the house!

Yeah! Why should **we** put up with our **kids** all day long while our **husbands** relax in peace and quiet on their **jobs!?**

DAY

DOW WIT

David . . . this **next** Feminist group is called **"Career Ladies Opposed To Discrimination"!**

Since your group consists of **career women,** I suppose you **CLODS** would like to see more **female executives?!**

Not me! I would **never** work for a **woman boss!**

Me neither! They're —they're **too BOSSY!!**

hen hat the ODS ant?

We want **fairer hiring practices!**

You want companies to hire **more women?**

No, stupid! **Men!! MORE MEN!!**

Yeah! Single MEN!!

That's **exactly** the **archaic bourgoise attitude** that the Women's Liberation Movement is trying to **combat,** you fool!

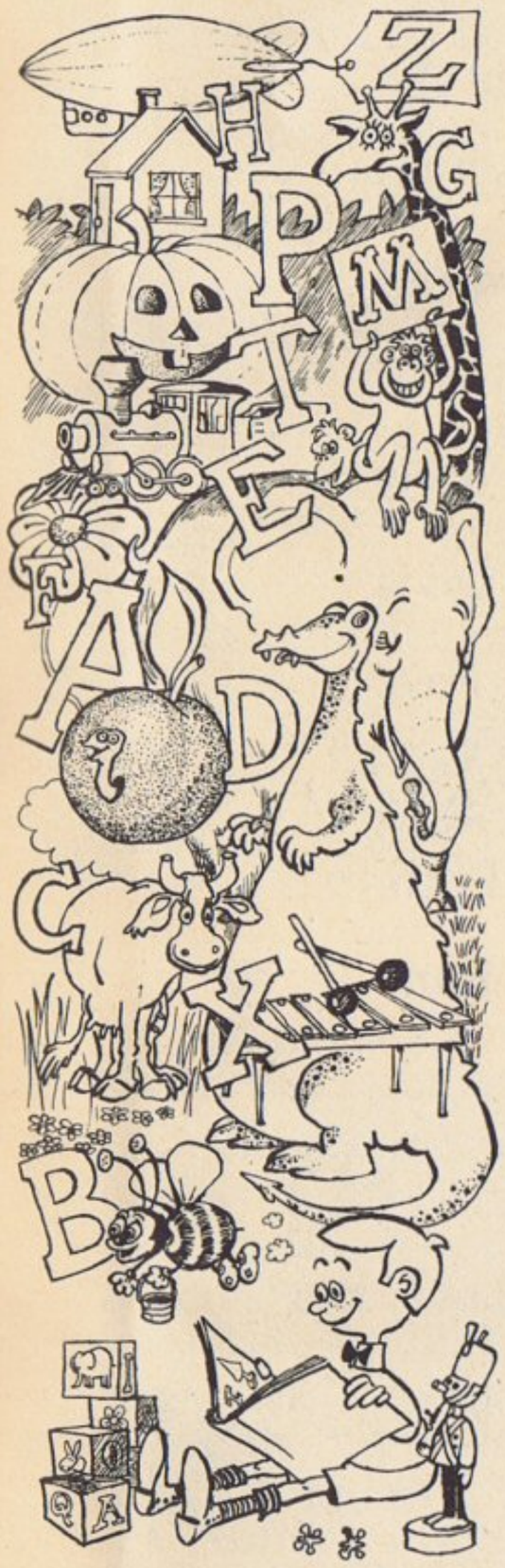
Listen, Miss Fancy-Schmancy! **You** get liberated **YOUR way** . . . and **we'll** get liberated **OUR** way!!

Hold it, now . . . ! There's no need to get **nasty!!**

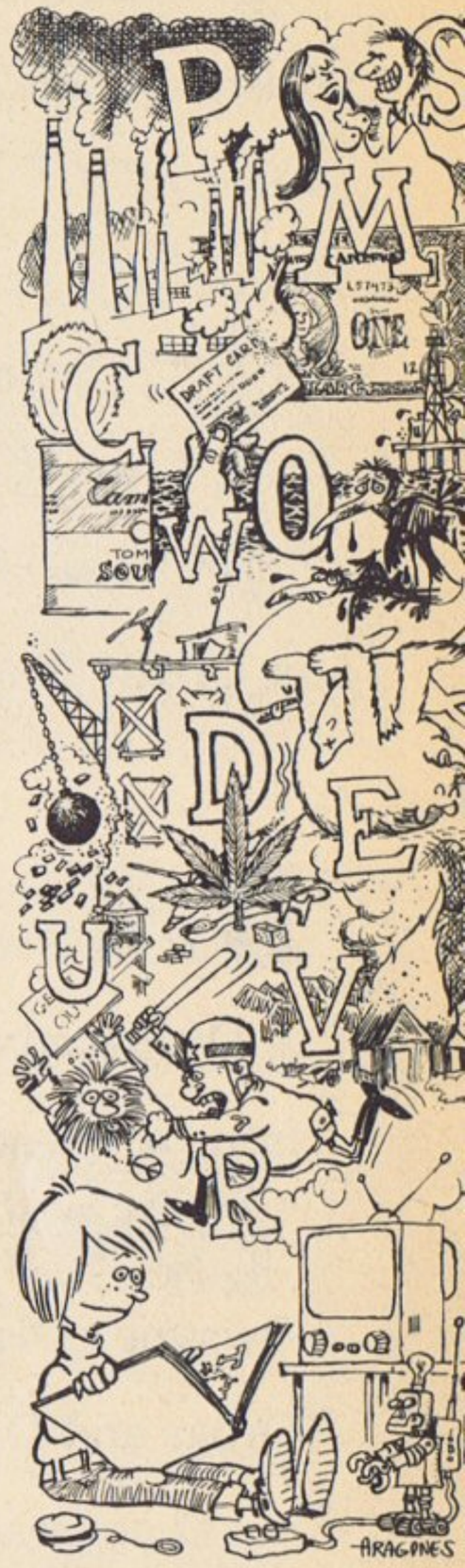
Oh-oh! Another country heard from! **Who asked YOU?!**

DOWN WITH MEN

This is **David Frostbite** at the **Women's Liberation Front . . .** where the **battle** is raging in all its **fury!** Lucky it doesn't involve any **men!** Because if these Feminist groups ever **really** get together, **we men** will be the ones who will have to be liberated!!

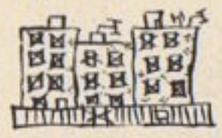


THE MAD A to Z BOOK FOR BRIGHT, YOUNG BEGINNERS



ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

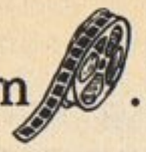
A used to stand for Animals . In this Article, A is for Angry Adult Alcoholics And Armed Adolescent Anarchists And Aggressors with A-bombs Aiming At Annihilating All of us. Hmm. Maybe A *does* stand for Animals After All !

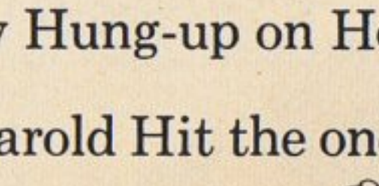
B is for Beautification. Bernie , who has made a Bundle in the Burlap Bag Business , Believes in Beautification. He is now Buying up a Blighted Block  and Blasting away the Broken-down Buildings . Bernie will then put up a Breathtaking Billboard
.

C is for Credit Card . Claude used a Credit Card to Charge a Custom-made Cashmere Coat , a Color TV , a Case of Champagne and a Caribbean Cruise . Claude is Convinced a Credit Card is more Convenient than Cash . This is because Claude Copped his Credit Card from Carl .

D is for Doctor . Dwayne is Dismayed that he will Drop Dead from a Dreadful Digestive Disorder . Dr. Donald Diagnoses Dwayne's Disease and Dispenses Drugs and Drops. Now, Dwayne will not Drop Dead from his Digestive Disorder. Dwayne will Drop Dead when he is delivered Dr. Donald's bill.

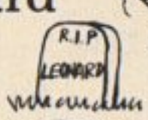
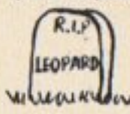
E is for Epicure. An Epicure Enjoys Elaborate Entrees like Escalloped Elk , Electric Eel Eggs , Ethiopian Eland and Eggplant over Elephant Ears with Endives . Every day the Epicure Exclaims he's an Exclusive Expert on Exotic Edibles. Ectually, it's just an Ecchy Excuse for Excessive Eating .

F is for Film  . Fred makes a Far-out Film Featuring Floyd and Francine Frolicking in the Flesh . Fred Feels the Film Faces Facts Faithfully. Floyd and Francine Feel the Film is Frank and Fearless. The Freaked-out Fans in the First row Feel the Film is Forthright and Fabulous. The Fuzz and a Few old Fogeys Feel the Film is Foul, Flagrant Filth. Isn't the new Freedom in Films Fun?

G is for Groupie. Gladys is a Groupie who Gallops all over the Globe Getting her Goodies Grooving Guys in Guitar Groups and Going out of her Gourd on Grass. Gladys will soon be too Grown-up to be a Groupie. Gladys will soon Graduate from Grammar school  .

H is for High. Hip Harold Hit His first High smoking Hash on Haight Street . However, Hip Harold wanted a Higher High so he Heisted a Hypodermic and got Horribly Hung-up on Horse. Last week Hip Harold Hit the one High he never Hoped for—Heaven .

I is for Insecticide . Irving has Invented an Insecticide Intended for Irksome Insects . Instead, It's Inflicting Irritating Itchiness and Infections on Individuals who've Inhaled It In Illinois , Indiana and Iowa . The Individuals are Interminably Ill . The Insects are Interminably Immune .

L is for Leopard . Thanks to Leonard , this the Last Leopard Living. Leonard Liquidates Leopards so that Linda and Lois can Look Luxurious . Let's hope the Leopard Leaps on Leonard . After all, one Less Leonard  is better than one Less Leopard  .

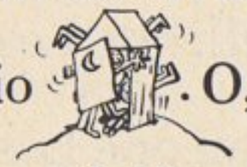
J is for Jet . The Jet is filled with Journeyers making a Joyful Jaunt to a Jamboree in Japan . For five hours the Journeyers have felt nó Jarring on their Jolly Junket. Is this because the Jet is Jolt-proof? No, it is because the Jet is still Jammed behind a Jillion other Jets on the runway at JFK.

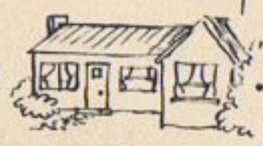
M was Meant to be for Mailman . These days, however, it's also for Milkman , Mechanic , Maintenance Man and Movie usher . Why? Mainly, because when M discovered how Much Money a Mailman Makes , it was forced to Moonlight.

K is for Kissing as well as for Killing . It's for Kindness as well as for Kicks in the Kidneys . It's for Knowledge as well as for Know-nothing Kooks in the Ku Klux Klan . In this Kockamamy world, it's only Knatural that K is Konfused.

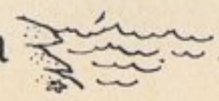
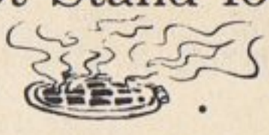
Aren't you, Knuckle-head?!

N is for Nonconformist. Like a Neurotic Nudist Next door making Nonsensical Noises while running Naked through Nasturtiums . Or a Nomad of the Now generation seeking Nirvana on Narcotics while contemplating his Navel in Nebraska . Nonconformist is a Nice Name for Nut.

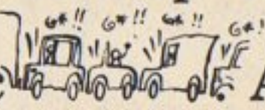
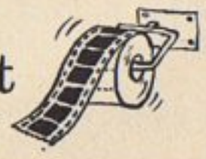
O is for Oscar and Olga and Oliver and Ophelia and Otto and Opal and Og and Oomoo and an Ocelot and an Orangutang and an Opossum ...all Occupying an Out-Of-Order Outhouse in Oberlin, Ohio  . O, in other words, is for Over-population.

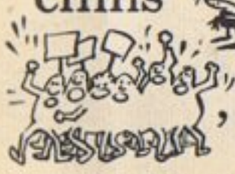
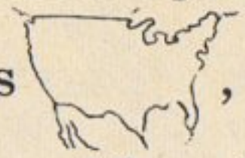
R is for Racism. Roy , who is a Renowned, Respected Radiologist at Rutgers, wants to buy this Ritzy Ranch-house  . So does Rudy who is a Released Rapist with a Record. Riddle: Guess which one will be Rejected by the Realtor ?

P is for Pop Art. Paul Paints Pictures of Pepsis and Pretzel Packages . Paul's Pictures are Putrid , but Paul makes a Pile Peddling them to the Public . Paul likes to Pose as a Prominent Painter. Paul's Pose is Put on . But so is Paul's Public.

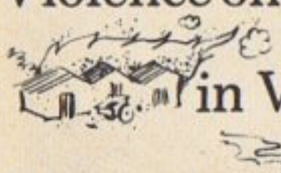
S is for Sea  . The Sea is Saturated with Swill Strewn from Ships and Slung from Shore . Also with Sick Sturgeons , Smeared Smelts , Stinking Shrimps and Swimmers getting Sick in the Slime, Sludge and Slop. On Second thought, S does not Stand for Sea. It Stands for Sewer  .

Q is in a Quandary . It would like to stand for Quality, but Quality has been Quashed . It wouldn't even mind standing for Quiet, but Quiet has been Quelled . This means that Q must stand for Queer things like Quicksand or Quadruped or Quasimodo . Small wonder that Q is thinking of Quitting.

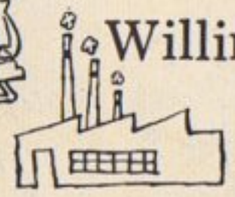
T is for Today. Like Tied-up Telephones and Traffic  And Torturous Taxes and Teachers Taking home less than Teamsters . And Tedious Talkers on TV and Tawdry Tripe in Theaters with the Taste of a Toilet  . To Tell the Truth, T is for Tomorrow, too.

U is for Underdeveloped country. Uruguay is an Underdeveloped country, with Underprivileged Urchins , Ugly Urban Unrest  , Upsetting Upheavals and Universities in an Uproar . The United States  , on the other hand, is Um . . . Uh . . . Ulp . . .

X is for X-ray . Xerxes is anXious to have an X-ray because he smokes siXty cigarettes a day. But the eXecutives for Brand X Cigarettes eXplain eXplicitly to Xerxes that X-rays cause eXaggerated anXiety. What the eXecutives don't eXplain is that *they* niXed smoking siX years ago.

V is for a Variety of Vile things. Like Vermin and Vulgarity . And Violence on Video . And Villages  in Vietnam being Vanquished Viciously in Vengeance. We'd like to go on, but V, unfortunately, is making us Vomit .

Y is for Youth fetish. Yolanda , who is a Yenta from Yonkers, Yearns to be Youthful despite her Years . Yesterday Yolanda Yielded to her Yen and had her hair Yellowed . Yolanda now thinks she looks Yummy . Actually, she looks Yecchy . Wouldn't you say that Yolanda is a Yerk?

W is lost for Words. It was supposed to be for Workers Willingly Working in Warehouses  and on Wharves for a Weekly Wage . Woefully, the Workers all Walked out last Wednesday and Wildcatted . W is now thinking of going on Welfare.

Z is for Zillions . Last year Zoltan worked Zealously at his Zinc mine , his Zeppelin factory and his Zoo filled with Zebra . Zowee! Zoltan made Zillions! Then the Government Zoomed in and Zapped Zoltan with taxes. Zounds! Zoltan's worth Zero !

HOW TV HAS HURT THE MAGAZINE BUSINESS

Before TV, people spent time reading and growing smarter.

After TV, people spent time staring and growing stupider.

EVEN WITHOUT READING THEM, MAGAZINES

FIRST AID

A magazine wrapped around broken limb forms an excellent emergency splint.

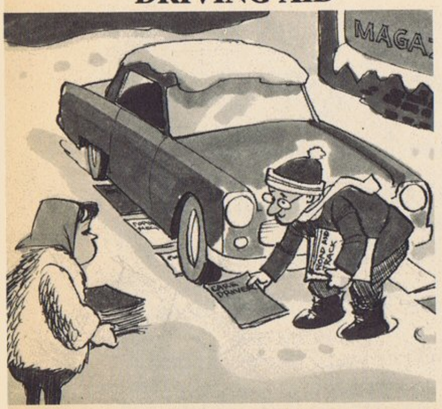
PEST CONTROL

Use a magazine as is to swat insects, or attach a stick for a longer reach.

SELF-DEFENSE

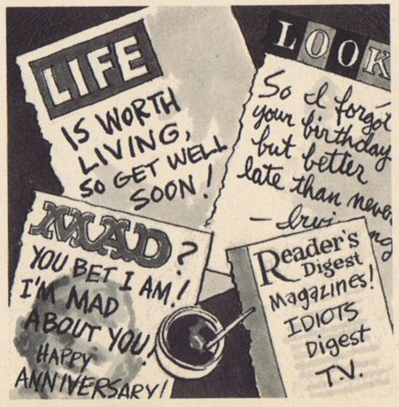
A rolled magazine makes an excellent defense weapon in case of emergency.

DRIVING AID



During the Winter, quick purchase of several magazines can give a driver instant traction in a snow emergency.

NOVELTY CARDS



With a little imagination, inexpensive novelty greeting cards for any occasion can be made from most magazine covers.

RELAY RACE BATON

A quick substitution of a rolled-up magazine can easily be made when a clumsy relay runner loses his baton.

RESURRECTING THE DEAD ISSUES DEPT.

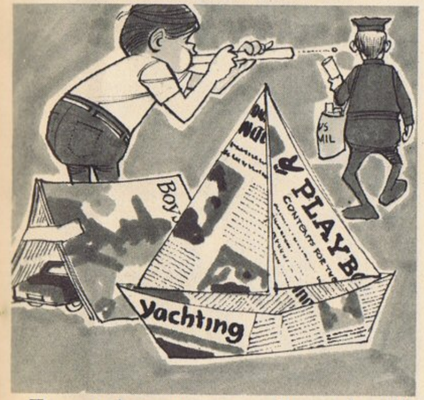
Today, many magazines are in trouble. People who used to read them now watch TV instead. And it does no good to tell them that magazines are more valuable than TV. It does no good to tell them that magazines educate better, inform better and entertain better. It does no good to tell them that magazines pay our salaries. Obviously, the heartless clod-public has to be appealed to on another level. And we at MAD have it! We at MAD are ready to show you that magazines can do what television can never do! Now, we at MAD are ready to show you . . .

THE VALUE OF MAGAZINES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

ARE MORE USEFUL IN MANY AREAS THAN TV!

PLAYTHINGS



Toys and games are easily made with magazines, adhesive tape and scissors.

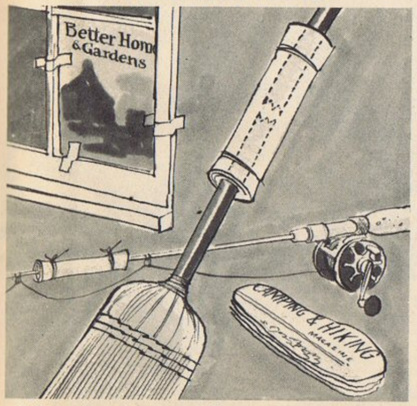
EMERGENCY LIGHT

When lost in the dark without trusty flashlight, magazine is even trustier.

SCRATCHING POST

This can be boon to cat owners, as it prevents costly damage to furniture.

HOME REPAIRS



Magazines are easily cut to fit many jobs such as broken windows, snapped broom handles, split fishing rods, etc.

DOG TRAINER

Rolled magazine makes fine retrieving stick. Spreading out magazine serves another useful dog training purpose.

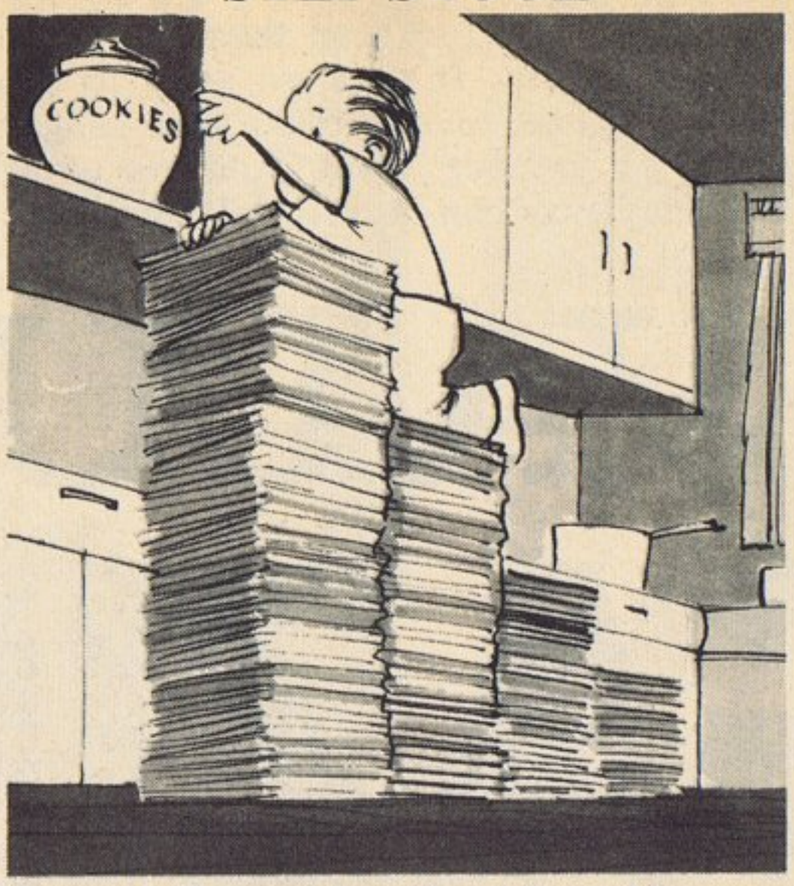
CLEANING AIDS

Make fine dust pans, especially for sweeping up unpleasant things, since they are cheap enough to dispose of.

CUTTING BOARD

Economical and practical for messy jobs, can be thrown away after use.

STEP STOOL



Several thousand make adjustable step-stool simply by adding or subtracting.

FRUIT PICKER

Rolled magazine excellent for knocking down ripe fruit that's out of reach.

LEVELER

Magazine makes quick handy adjustment for uneven furniture or uneven floor.

SPANKER

Makes better spanker than conventional brush. Hurts more and leaves no marks.

ANTI-SPANKER

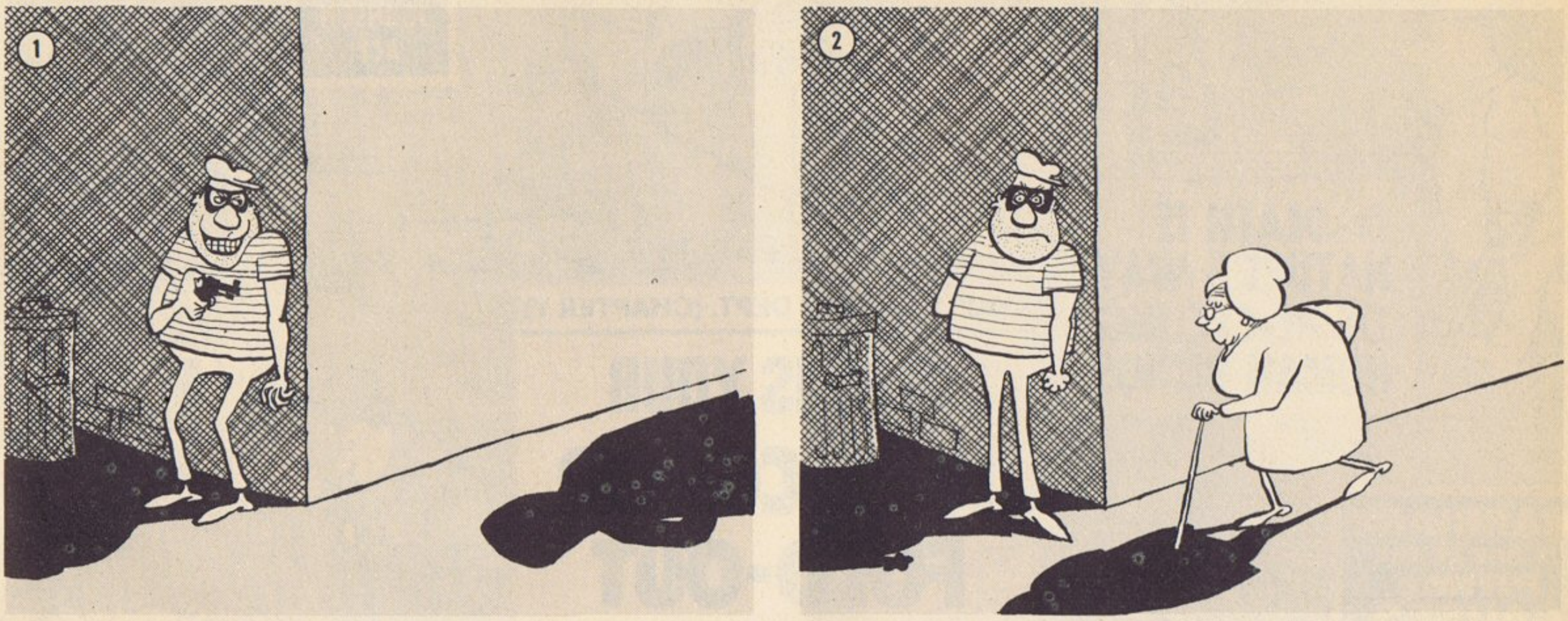
When hidden in seat of pants, a thick magazine affords excellent protection.

FIRE LOGS

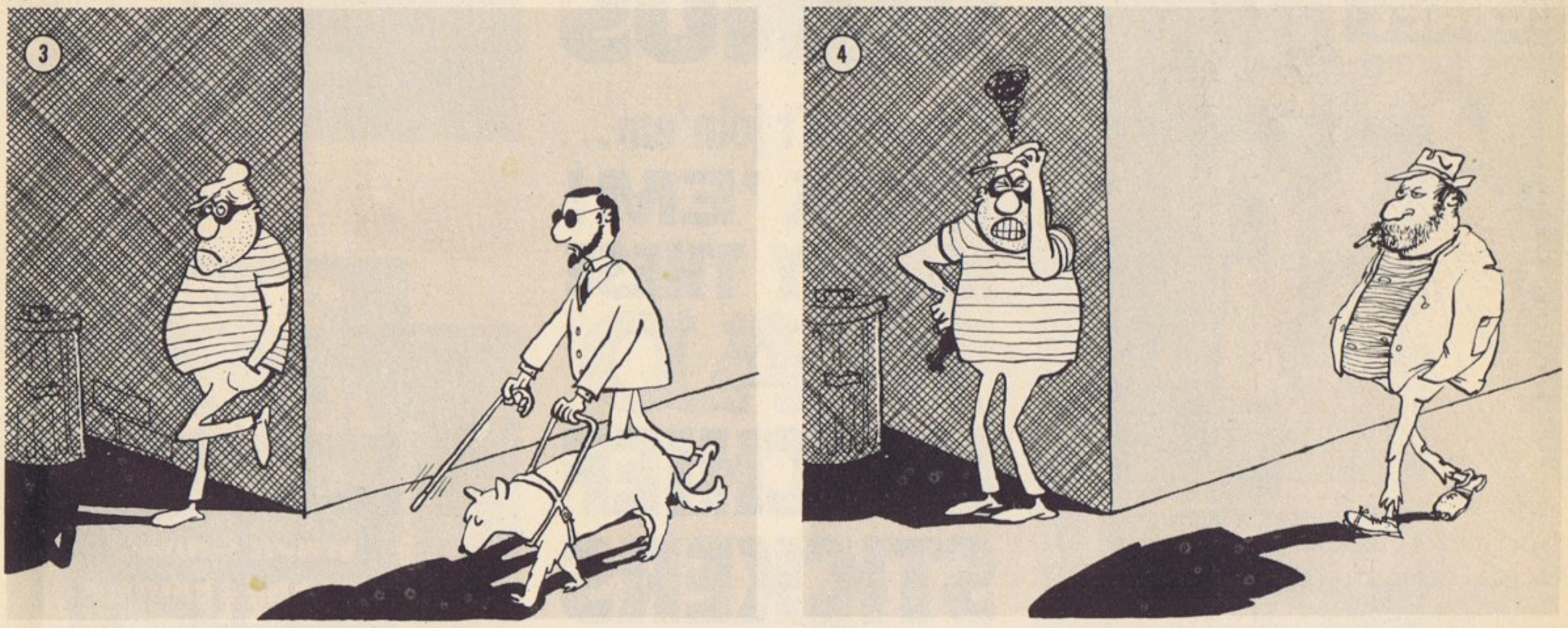
Tightly rolled magazines burn just like real logs, and can be used in fireplaces and barbecues. However, they're best used for starting huge bonfires and burning the junk that has given magazines all their troubles in the first place!

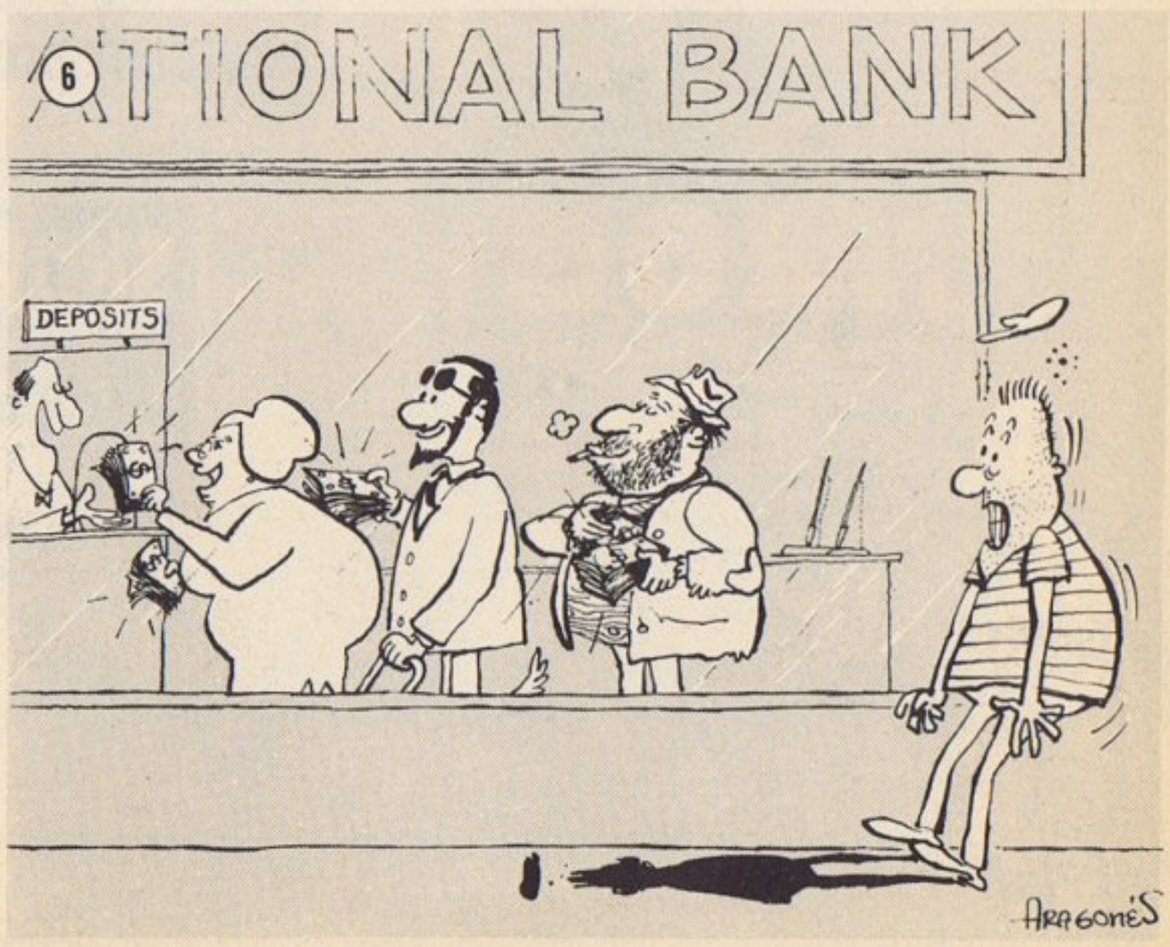
ROBBIN' HOOD-WINKED DEPT.

ALLEY-OOPS!



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





IGLESIAS FUNERAL HOME

ANOTHER MAD STICKER

DEATH IS NATURE'S WAY OF RE-CYCLING HUMAN BEINGS

INCONSIDERATE DOG OWNER LIVES HERE

NOW YOU SCRAPE THIS OFF!

THE SMITH

VOTE "YES" ON THE MASTERS & JOHNSON ACT!

MARRIAGE IS ONE OF THE PRIME CAUSES OF DIVORCE

THIS ESTABLISHMENT PROTECTED BY THE MOB

STICKY-WICKED DEPT. (CHAPTER V)

HERE IS YOUR FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT BONUS

If you can't join 'em... LICK 'EM! MAINLY THESE

MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS

PRE-GLUED AND PERFORATED FOR IMMEDIATE USE, MISUSE & ABUSE

THERE IS NO MAFIA

AND WE'LL KILL ANYONE WHO SAYS THERE IS!

PATRONS MUST WASH HANDS BEFORE LEAVING

OUR WAITERS HAVE TO HANDLE YOUR MONEY!

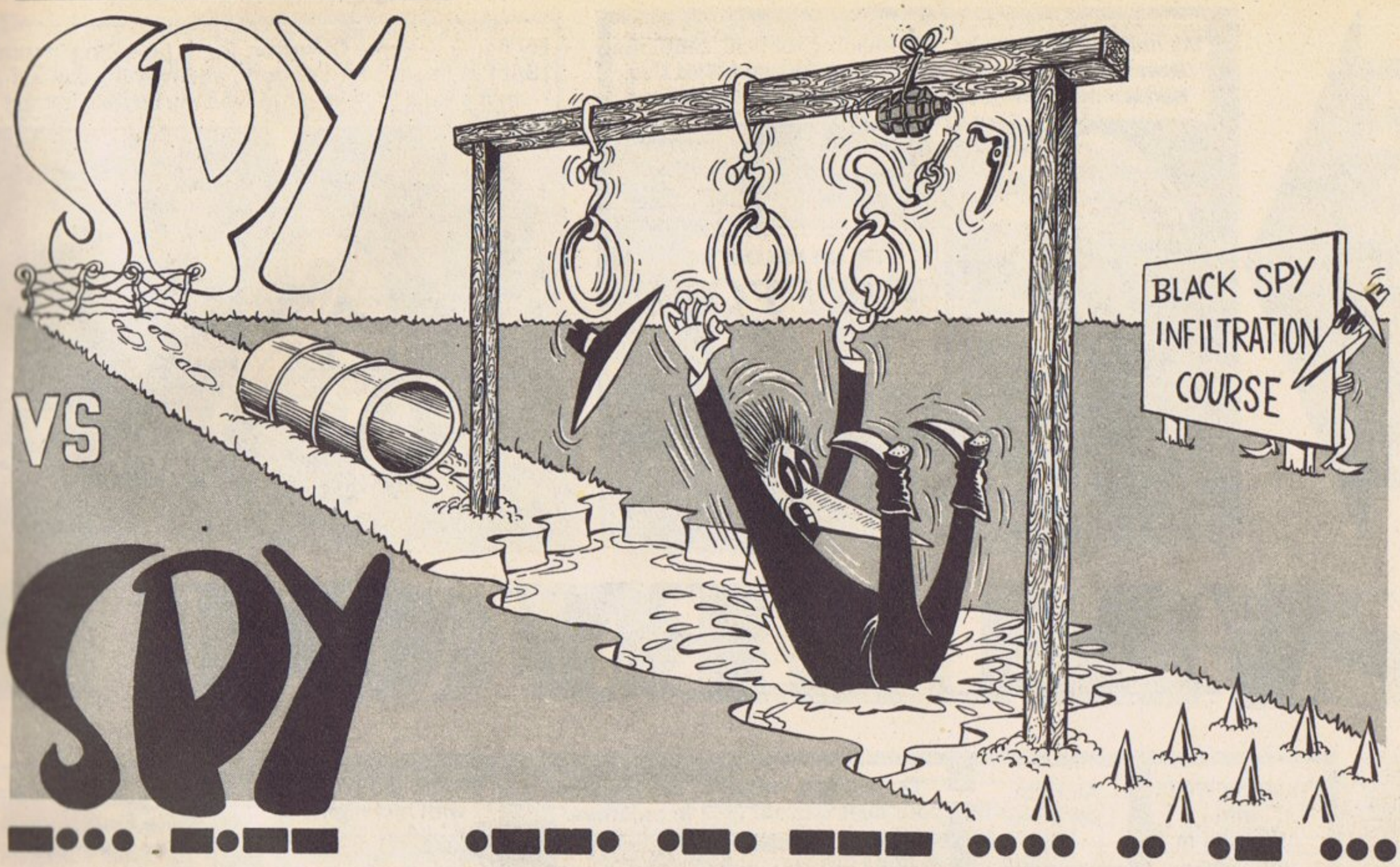
SHOPLIFTERS

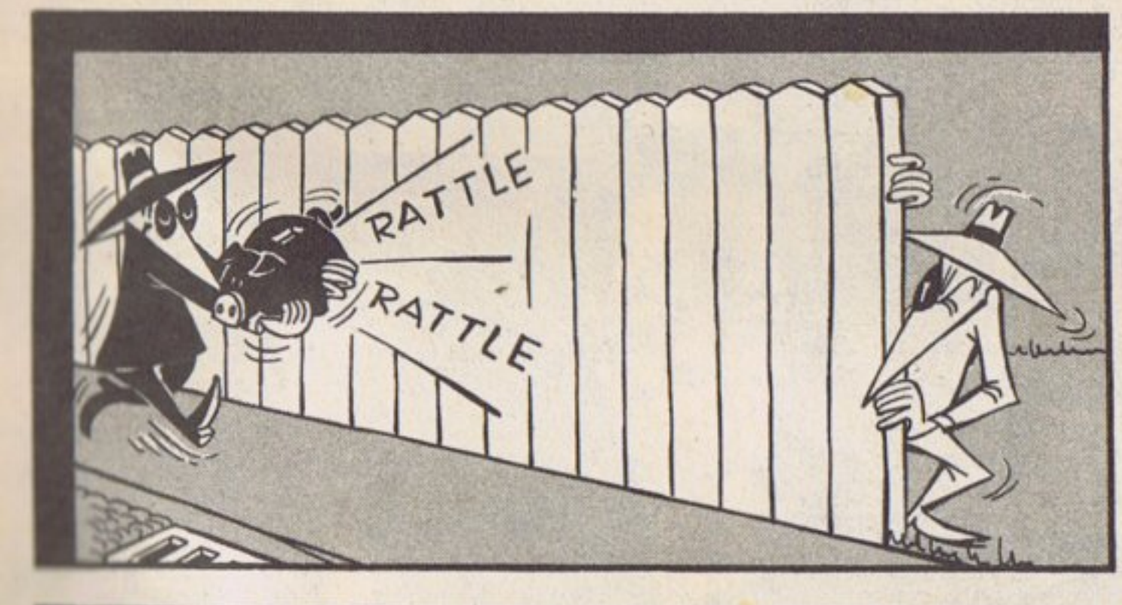
BEWARE OF THE CROOKS THAT RUN THIS STORE!

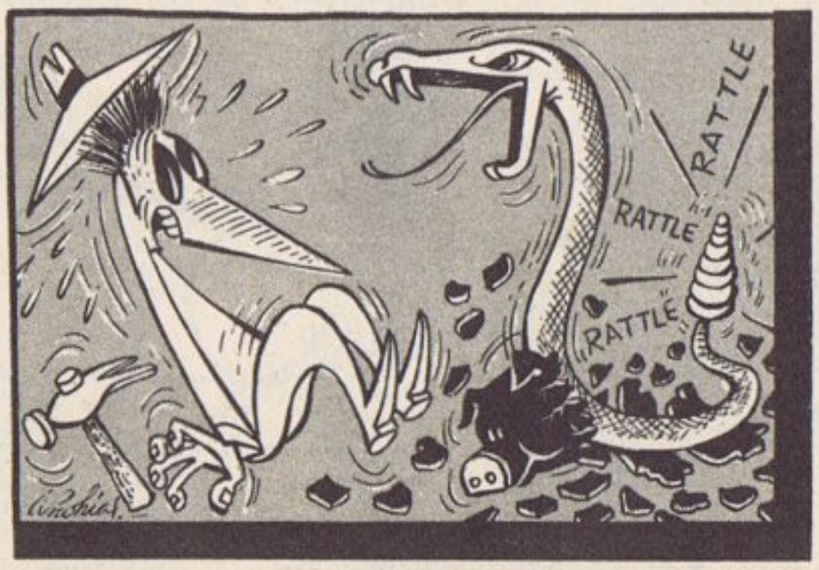
POLICE

Jaffee

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I







METHEDRINE-ACTING DEPT.

YOU READ THE BOOK! YOU SAW THE MOVIE! NOW ENJOY THIS MAD SATIRE . . . IT'S ALMOST AS FUNNY!

My name is **Anna Welts.** I'm heading for wild, fabulous **New York City.** I want **excitement, intrigue, sex!** I've **had it** with **THIS dull, humdrum New England town!**

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING
PEYTON PLACE

My name is **Ninny O'Horror.** Right now I'm a **nobody.** But I'm headed for **stardom,** and **nothing** can stand in my way! . . . Except maybe my **terrible acting!**

My name is **Juniper Nock.** It's not going to be **easy** for me to make it in Show Business. **Look** at me . . . **48—22—39.** Why, I'm **just another pretty face!**

My name is **Jackpot Suzanne.** I play a **reporter** in this picture. It's a **"bit" part,** but I get a **fabulous fee** for it. I also **wrote** the original best-seller this movie is **based on.** I made a **bundle** on the **hard-cover edition, a mint** on the **paperback,** and a **fortune** on the **movie rights.** In fact, I'd say I'm rolling in the—

BLESS LONG JOHN

GOD IS DEAD

VALLEY OF THE DOLLARS

?

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN CHARACTERS IN THIS FILM AND ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, IS RATHER REMOTE— BUT TRY TO GUESS WHO THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ANYWAY! IT'LL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THE RIDICULOUS PLOT!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm Anna Welts . . . and I'd like a job in your Show Biz office!

All right, let's see your **credentials—**

"Do you kiss with your eyes closed?"

"Most of the time!"

"Do you sleep in pajamas?"

"Only tops!"

"Whom did you sleep with last night?"

"My Barbie Doll!"

Well, your **New York State Employment Office Form** seems to be in order!

10¢

MORT DRUCKER

Okay, baby—you want to work for me, you'll have to show me what you've got! **Take 'em off . . . !**

What?! B-but I—I hardly **know** you!

C'mon! C'mon! Take 'em off and **let's see what you can do!**

But I was **saving that** for the **man I love!**

Look . . . if you **don't** take your **gloves** off, how do I know you can **type?**

All right, **forget** the typing! Let me **introduce** myself. I'm **Leon Bunk**—but I'm **supposed** to be **Tony Curtis.** Then again, I **may** be **Rock Hudson.** That's up to the **audience** to decide. **Everyone** in this picture is **supposed** to be somebody famous.

Who are **you** supposed to be? Let me guess . . . **Julie Andrews??**

No, I **can't** act!

Sandy Dennis??

I **told** you . . . I **can't** act!

Oh, **now I've got it! Lee Bouvier!**

Gosh, this is exciting . . . rubbing elbows with all the big people in Show Business!

Anna, this is **Ninny O'Horror,** who is really **Judy Garland—** or maybe **The Lennon Sisters!**

And this is her freckle-faced boy friend, **Mal Nebbish,** who is really supposed to be **Doris Day!**

Shhhhh! The **show** is about to begin!

And here he is— that fantastic new singer . . . **TONY DULLARD!**

I'd like to dedicate my song to an **adorable couple** at ringside!

How sweet! He's going to sing to **two young people in love!**

No, he's going to sing to **Juniper Nock** there!

But he said a **"couple",** and **she's** not a couple! She's— Oh, I **see** what he **means!**

How about it, Anna?

How about what, Leon?

You know!

You mean—?

That's what I mean!

Okay, I'll do it!

You will?!

Yes, I'll take off my gloves!

That's not what I mean!

Why is it getting dark in here?

It's an "Arty" effect! The dirtier the scene, the darker the screen!

But I thought this was a "Family Picture"!

It is! For Frank Sinatra's family! Richard Burton's family! Hugh Hefner's family—

You're weak, and you're going nowhere, Mal! While me—I'm strong and headed for Hollywood and stardom! I really don't know why I married you!

A woman needs a man, Ninny . . . and you married me because you need me! You need me to cook for you and clean for you and iron your dainty things for you!

Tony, we can't go on meeting like this!

Why not . . . ?

I don't know! It's the thing to say in these scenes! Actually, I love these meetings in the park!

HYDRANT

TREES

HELP! I'M BEING ATTACKED!

You'll never marry Tony!

Oh, nuts! It's my sister, Mimi! I was hoping it was a mugger!

I can't marry you, Juniper! It's my sister!

You mean she won't give you a divorce?

Don't be ridiculous! That's NOT what I mean!

Well . . . in THIS picture—who knows!?

I'll explain it all to you later in a scene that's even sicker than this one!

Things are really happening fast. I'm a famous TV model now. Juniper and Tony are married and acting in movies. And Ninny is a famous Hollywood star! What about you, Leon?

Well, I'm semi-literate, I talk in clichés, and I'm sick.

So what are you going to do?

Write a SEX NOVEL! What else am I equipped for?!

Excuse me . . . is **Ninny O'Horror,** the big Hollywood **star,** at home?

Madame will be right down . . .

MAL! What's **happened** to you . . . and Ninny?

The **magic** is gone from our **marriage,** Anna! Also—my **pants!**

Ninny has **changed.** She's **impossible.** She **drinks,** she **smokes pot,** she fools around with **other men** . . .

There goes **another Butler!** She also **KILLS!**

What was that **shot?!**

But **worst** of all, she takes **pills!** Day and night, **pills—pills—pills!** There's nothing but **pills** in this house!

Oh, **excuse** me! May I **offer** you something . . . ? **A phenobarbital sandwich . . . ?**

Some **potato chips** with a **Benzedrine dip?**

No, thank you.

Hi, Anna! How do you like my fabulous house! It's completely decorated in pills. **Some decor,** huh? Sort of . . . **Early Bufferin!**

Very interesting! Who does your **decorating?**

Parke-Davis!

I can't **stand** it anymore, Ninny! Success has **ruined** you! You're **no good!** Look what you've done to me! I'm **leaving** you . . . and **I'M keeping the baby!!**

A **baby?!** Ninny, you didn't **tell** me!

Yes, Mal's in his **third month! HE** doesn't **believe** in **pills!**

Juniper, there's something I **must tell** you! Tony is an **idiot!**

Big deal! **I know** that! Tell me **something NEW!**

No, you don't **understand!** Tony is a **REAL idiot!** His **brain** is deteriorating! **That's** why I didn't want you to marry him! Oh, Juniper, what can Tony do without a **brain?**

I hear **Leon** is writing a **SEX NOVEL!** Maybe he can use a **collaborator?!**

It's **terrible,** doctor. **One** catastrophe after **another.** All my friends in Show Biz are **meeting with disaster** . . . and I don't even know what's **become** of them!

That is why I summoned you to this **sanitarium,** Miss Welts! I have a **surprise** for you in the **next room!**

TREATMENT

DR. NO

Why it's the **WHOLE GANG!** Gee, it's so great to **see** you all again! Now tell me your afflictions—one at a time . . .

Sure thing, Anna! I have cancer, beri-beri, the gout, and a bad case of morning mouth!

I've got pill-poisoning, food-poisoning, drink-poisoning, and a broken baby tooth!

I've got a paranoid-schizophrenic-sado-masochistic-Oedipus-Electra complex . . . compounded by an infected hickey!

I've got woman's problems!

And now, we've got a **special** surprise for you, Anna . . . We'd like to bring on the **sickest** one of us **all** . . .

Here he is—that former star of **stage, screen** and **TV** . . . and now a **swinging vegetable** . . . **Tony Dullard!**

Wheel right in, Tony, baby . . . and we'll do a **duet!** Remember this song . . .

Come swing with me . . . Come swing with me . . .

Come swing with me . . . And be a thing with me . . .

Ga-gucck . . . Gumble-gug-gug— Goop-ga-glurkk . . . Gaacck-shlurrp—

CUT!! THAT'S A TAKE! PRINT IT!

Hold it, everybody! Before we continue shooting the picture, I'd like to present **Mr. Jack Valencia,** head of the **Motion Picture Association,** who wants to say a few **words** to us . . .

Thank you. I merely wanted to say that the **scene** you've **just finished** represents the most **tasteless moment** in the **history of the motion picture.** But that's what **SELLS** movies nowadays . . . **so keep up the great work!!**

Thank you, Mr. Valencia! Okay, everybody—**what do you say?** Are we gonna **top** that last scene? You **bet** we are!! **GET READY FOR THE POWDER ROOM SCENE!!**

I'm **Jackpot Suzanne,** author of the book on which this movie is based. I believe I do a **"bit"** part as a **reporter** in this scene!

That's right! Can you **act,** Miss Suzanne?

I can **act** as well as I can **write!**

That's what I was **afraid** of! Okay—let's go

All right, everybody! This is the big scene where **Ninny** has her **fight** with **fading stage star, Ellen Lowsey.** The fight ends with Ninny grabbing Ellen's **wig** off her head and throwing it into the **John.** It's all very **symbolic!**

Okay, **ready . . .**

Lights!

Cameras!

Action . . .

BIG SCENE TAKE #1

That's it! That's it! Knock her down . . .

That's it! Now grab her wig and throw it in!

Hold it! Hold it!

CUT!!

Wh-what HAPPENED?!

Well, I **grabbed** a **wig**—only it was the **wrong woman's** wig!

You mean you threw **Miss Suzanne's** wig in there? ! ?

Yes—only she **wasn't WEARING** a wig!!

Hurry! Hurry! Maybe we can still **save** her!

I'm afraid it's too late!

You mean—?

Yes! I—I flushed it! She's—she's GONE!

Ladies and gentlemen—what has just happened is a **terrible thing.** But somehow I feel that if she **HAD** to go, this is the way Miss Jackpot Suzanne would have **WANTED** to go!

Amen!

ROGER!

Wait a minute! I see a slip of paper floating around in there!

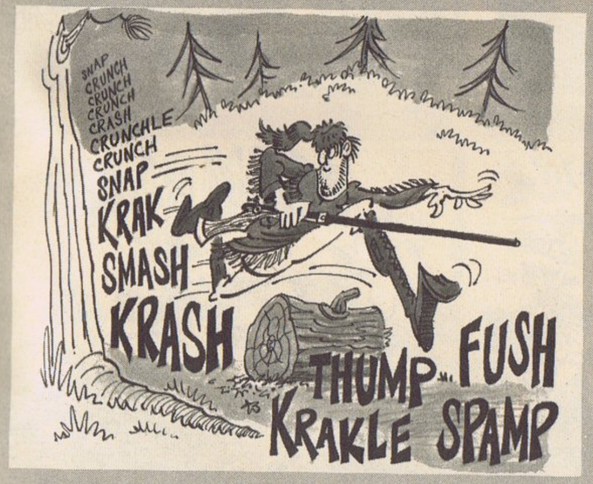
It's a message from Miss Suzanne . . . from **beyond the pipes!**

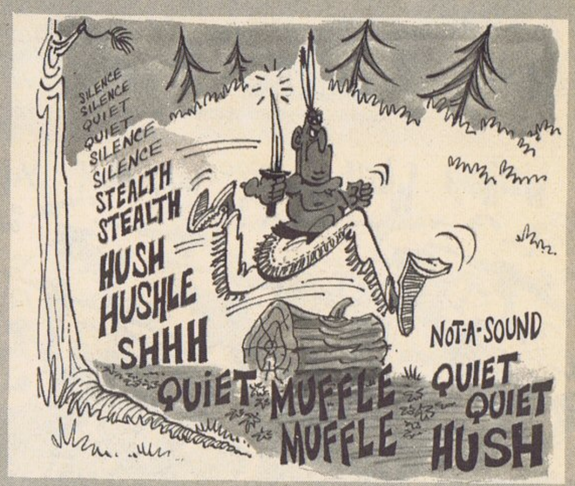
What does it say?

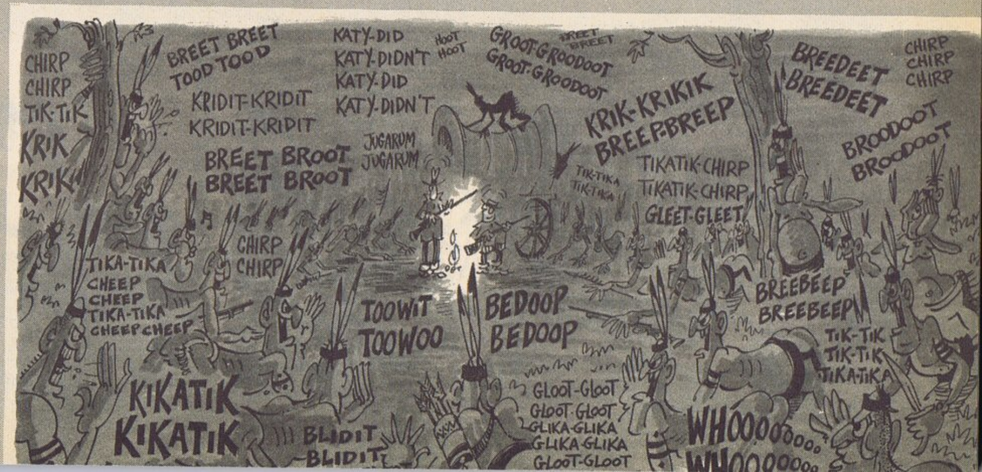
It says, "Tell them if they think **this** movie was sickening, wait till they see the **SEQUEL"!**

FORKED TONGUE-IN-CHEEK DEPT.

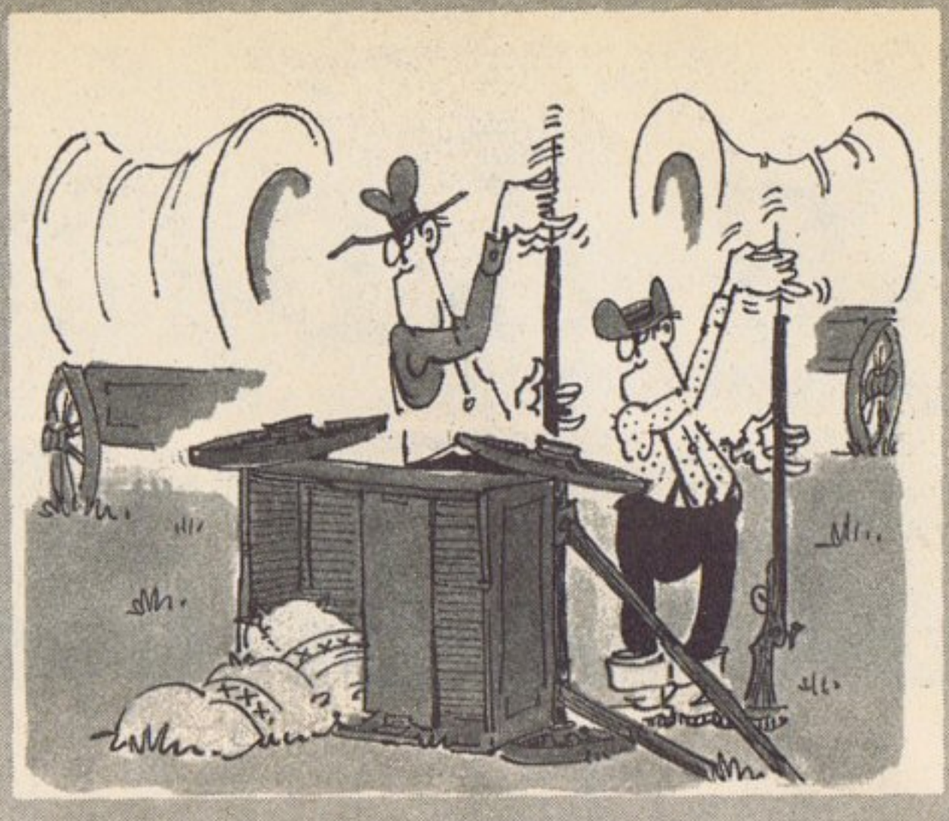
DON MARTIN LOOKS AT ALL THEM INDIANS



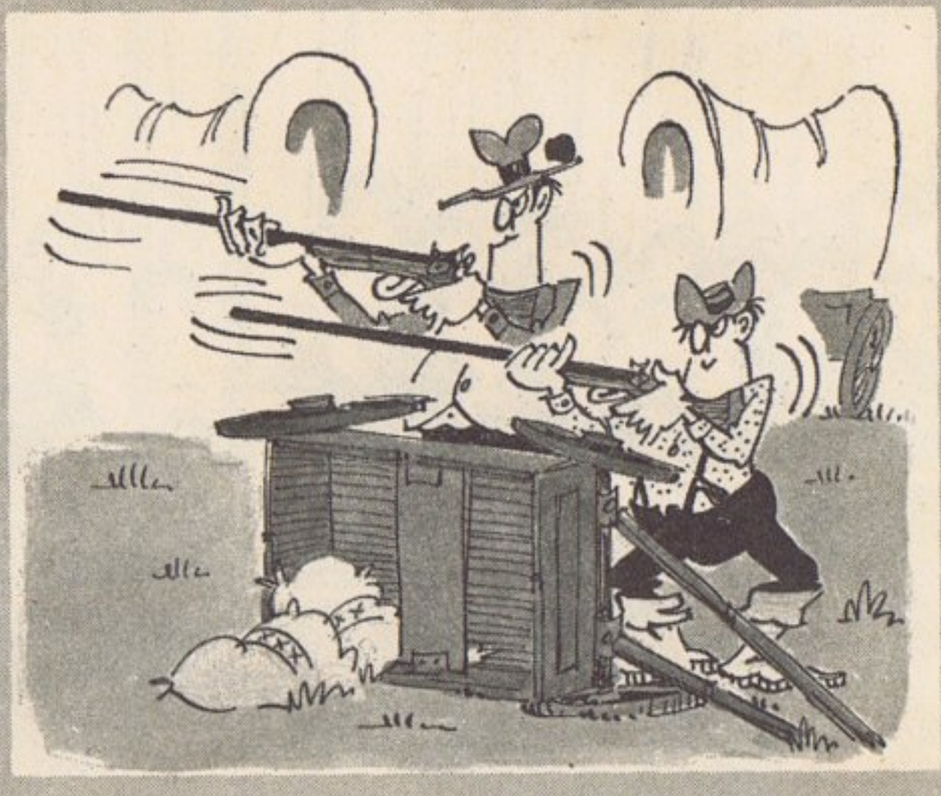




WEE HAAH WEE HAAH YIP-YIP-YIP WEE HAAH



KAHEEEE KAHEEEEE YOWYOWYOW WEE HAAH



WEEHAAH WEEHAAH WOOPWOOPWOOP YIP-YIP

BLAMBLAM

EECH
YAK
OOOH
OGH!
OOF!
ACK
YAAH
AAGH
OGGOCK
GAAH
YARGH
THUD
OOH
GACK

Got 'em!!
Rats ! I missed!

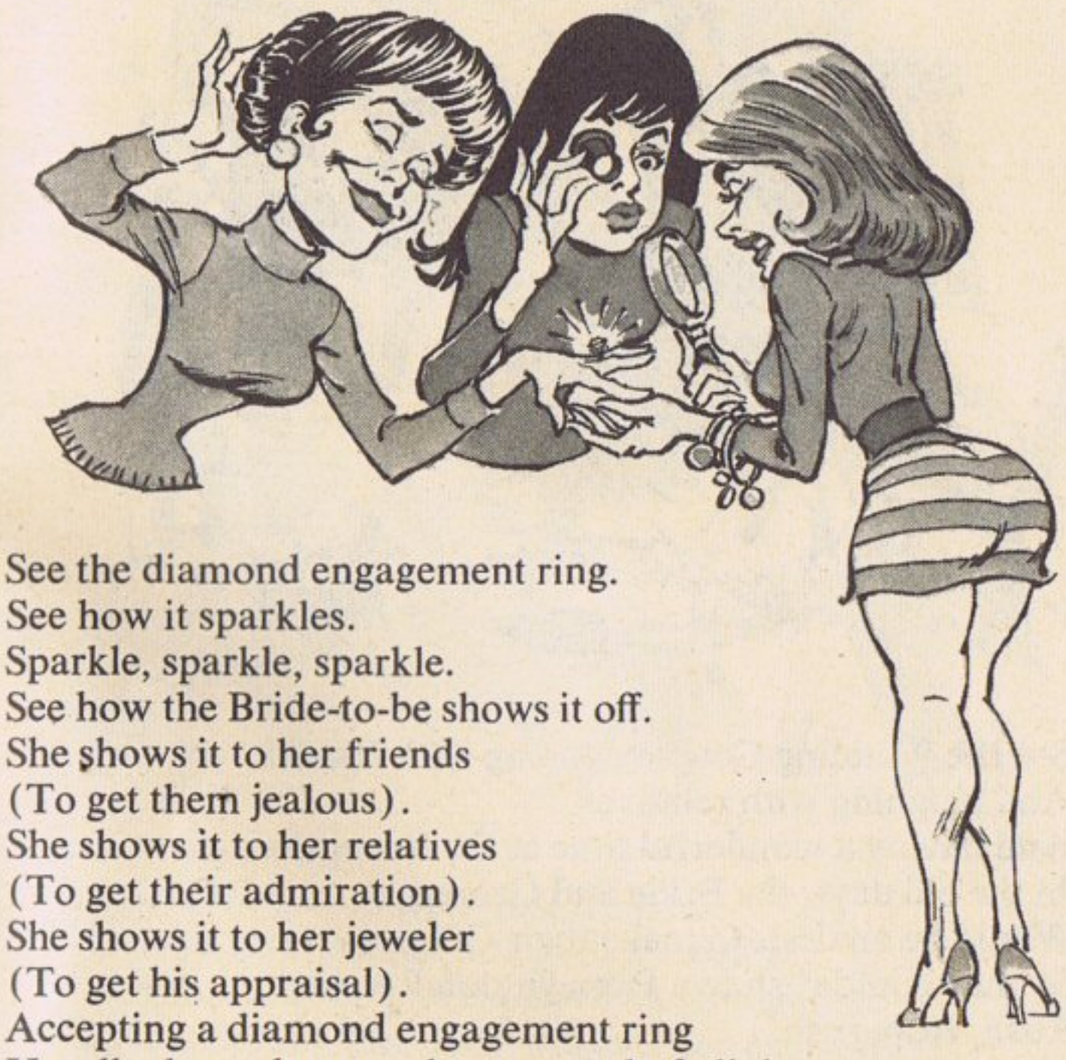
See Dick.
See Jane.
See Dick and Jane.
See Jane run.
See Dick run.
See Dick run after Jane.
Run, Dick, run.
But be careful.
Because if Jane is caught
You might find yourself reading...

THE MAD Getting Married PRIMER

Illustrated by Jack Rickard

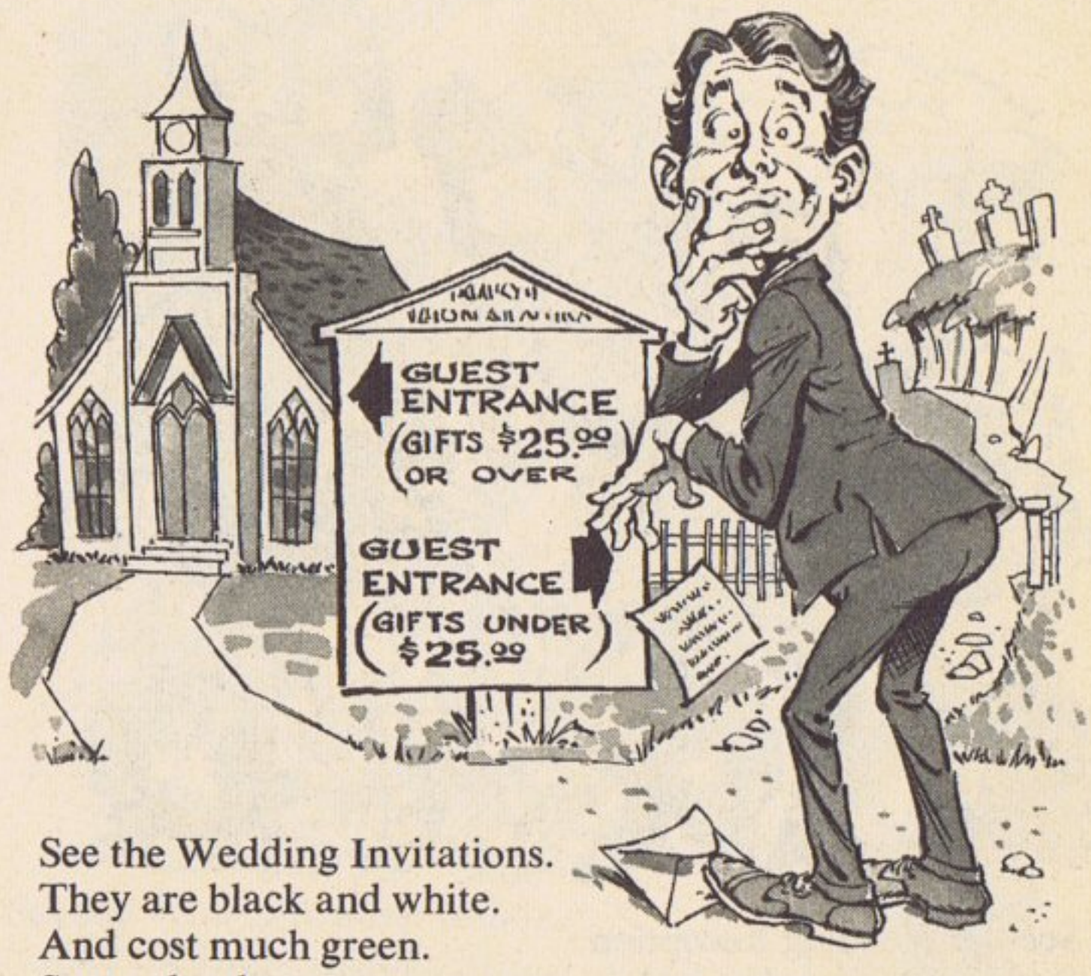
Written by Dick De Bartolo

Lesson 1.
The Engagement Ring



See the diamond engagement ring.
See how it sparkles.
Sparkle, sparkle, sparkle.
See how the Bride-to-be shows it off.
She shows it to her friends
(To get them jealous).
She shows it to her relatives
(To get their admiration).
She shows it to her jeweler
(To get his appraisal).
Accepting a diamond engagement ring
Usually depends upon the approval of all three.
A diamond ring symbolizes a permanent commitment
Between the Groom-to-be and the Bride-to-be.
A diamond ring also symbolizes a permanent commitment
Between the Groom-to-be and the Finance Company.

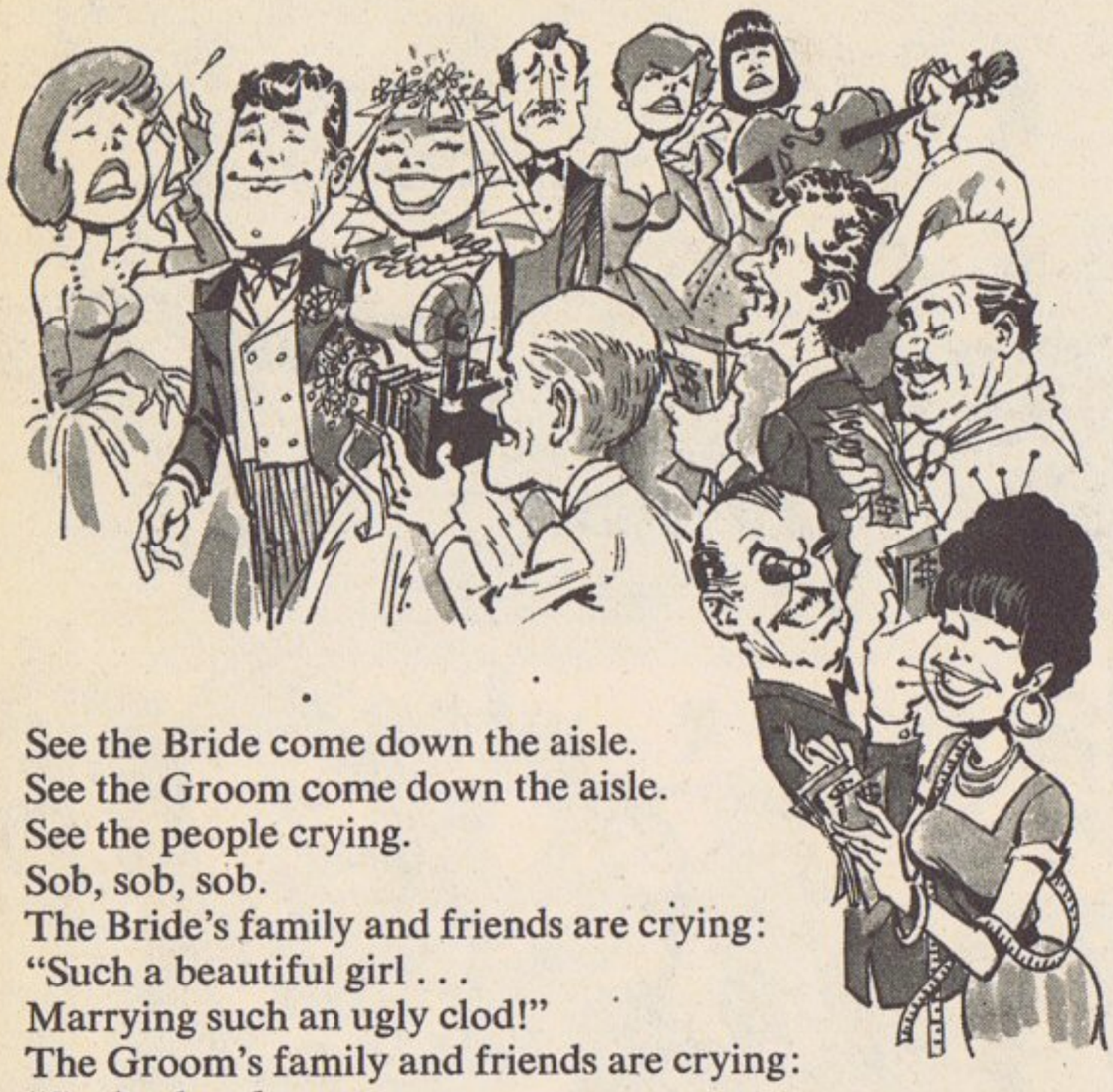
Lesson 2.
The Wedding Invitations



See the Wedding Invitations.
They are black and white.
And cost much green.
Some clearly say:
"We request your presence at the Church . . ."
Others clearly say:
"We request your presence at the Reception . . ."
They all clearly imply:
"We request your presents . . ."
Presents, presents, presents.

Lesson 5.

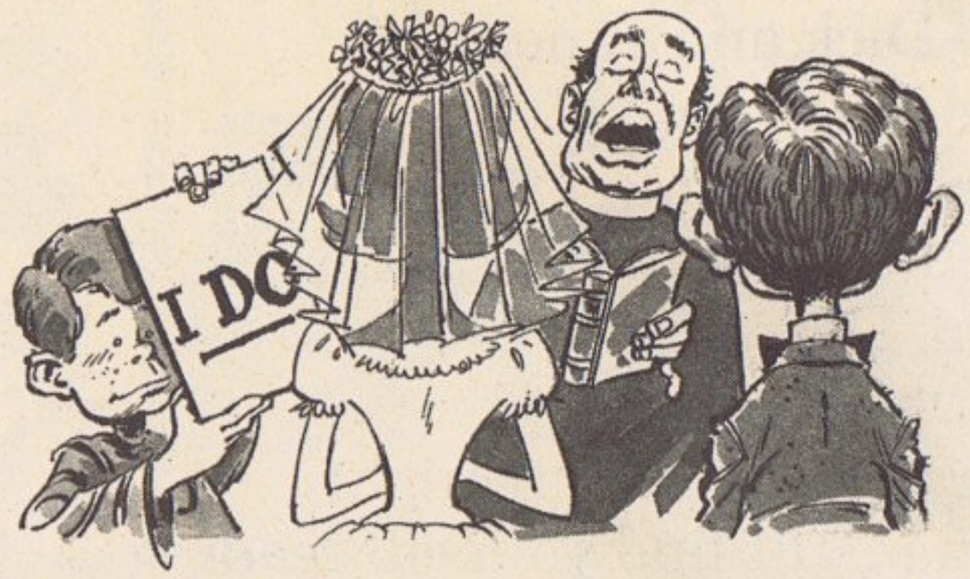
The Well-Wishers



See the Bride come down the aisle.
See the Groom come down the aisle.
See the people crying.
Sob, sob, sob.
The Bride's family and friends are crying:
"Such a beautiful girl . . .
Marrying such an ugly clod!"
The Groom's family and friends are crying:
"Such a handsome man . . .
Marrying such an ugly witch!"
Some people are so unhappy at weddings.
Then there are people who are *extremely* happy at weddings:
The Caterer, the Minister, the Florist, the Printer, the Jeweler,
The Dressmaker, the Orchestra, the Photographer, etc. etc.

Lesson 6.

The Wedding Ceremony



See the Minister conducting the Wedding Ceremony.
He says:
"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"
The Bride answers:
"I do."
He asks:
"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"
The Groom answers:
"I do."
This is the last time the Bride and Groom will
agree on anything.
The Minister asks if there are any reasons
Why these two should not be joined in Holy Matrimony.
Too bad the question isn't asked a *year* from now.
There'll be *plenty* of reasons.

Lesson 9.

The Wedding Reception

See the Wedding Reception.
Everyone is dancing and drinking and eating like crazy.
You have to dance and drink and eat an awful lot
To cover the cost of a $50.00 wedding gift.
See the Bride eating a piece of Wedding Cake.
This is her 17th piece.
She has finally gained a husband.
And lost a diet.

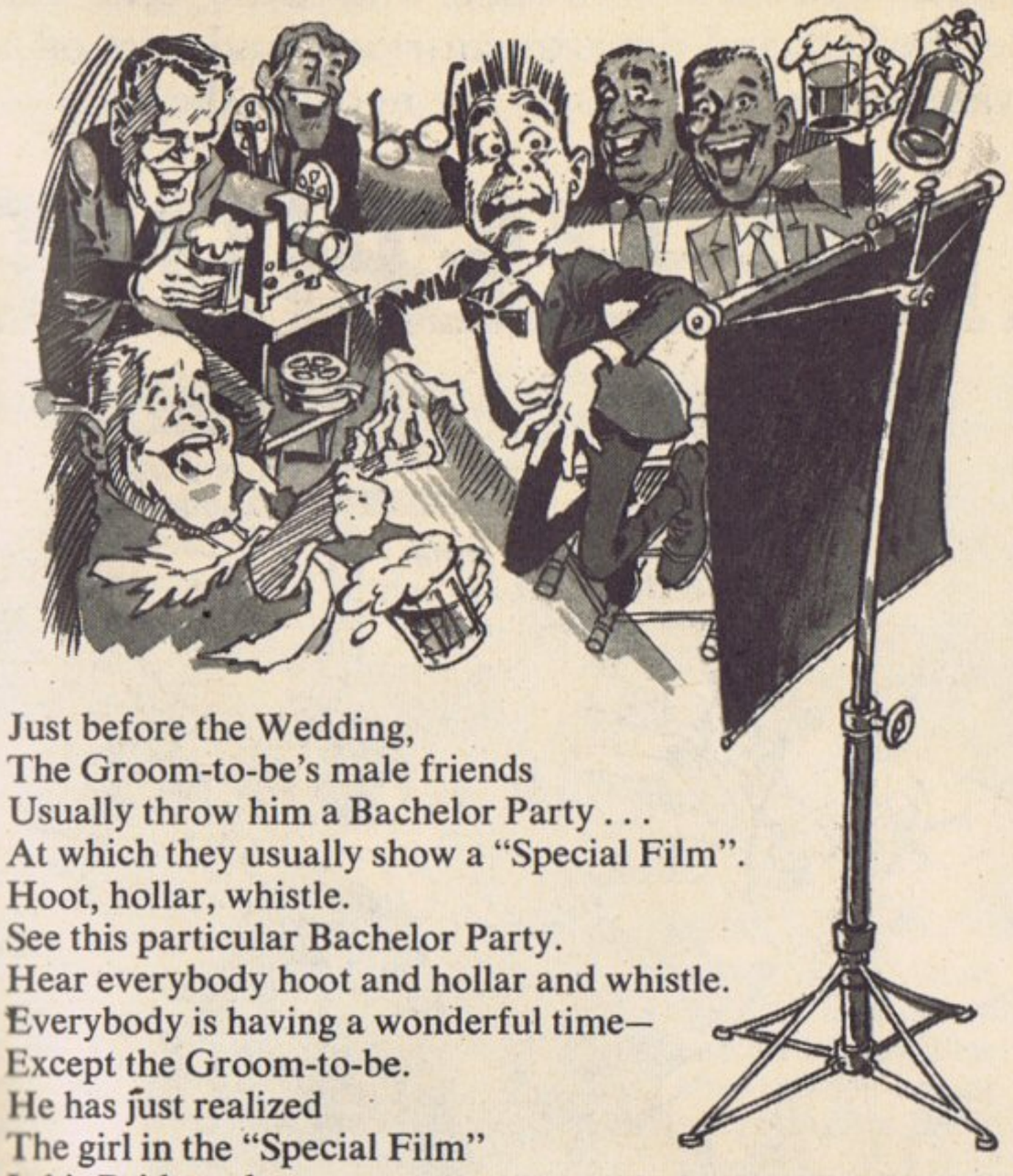
Lesson 10.

The Getaway

See the Wedding Couple dancing with friends
And laughing with relatives,
And having a wonderful time at the Reception.
In the old days, the Bride and Groom
Would be anxious to make their Getaway,
So they could rush to a Honeymoon Retreat.
Rush, rush, rush.
Nowadays, the Bride and Groom
Are usually the last to leave the Reception.
They're not *that* anxious to rush to a Honeymoon Retreat
When they've been living together for the past two years.
Blush, blush, blush.

Lesson 3.

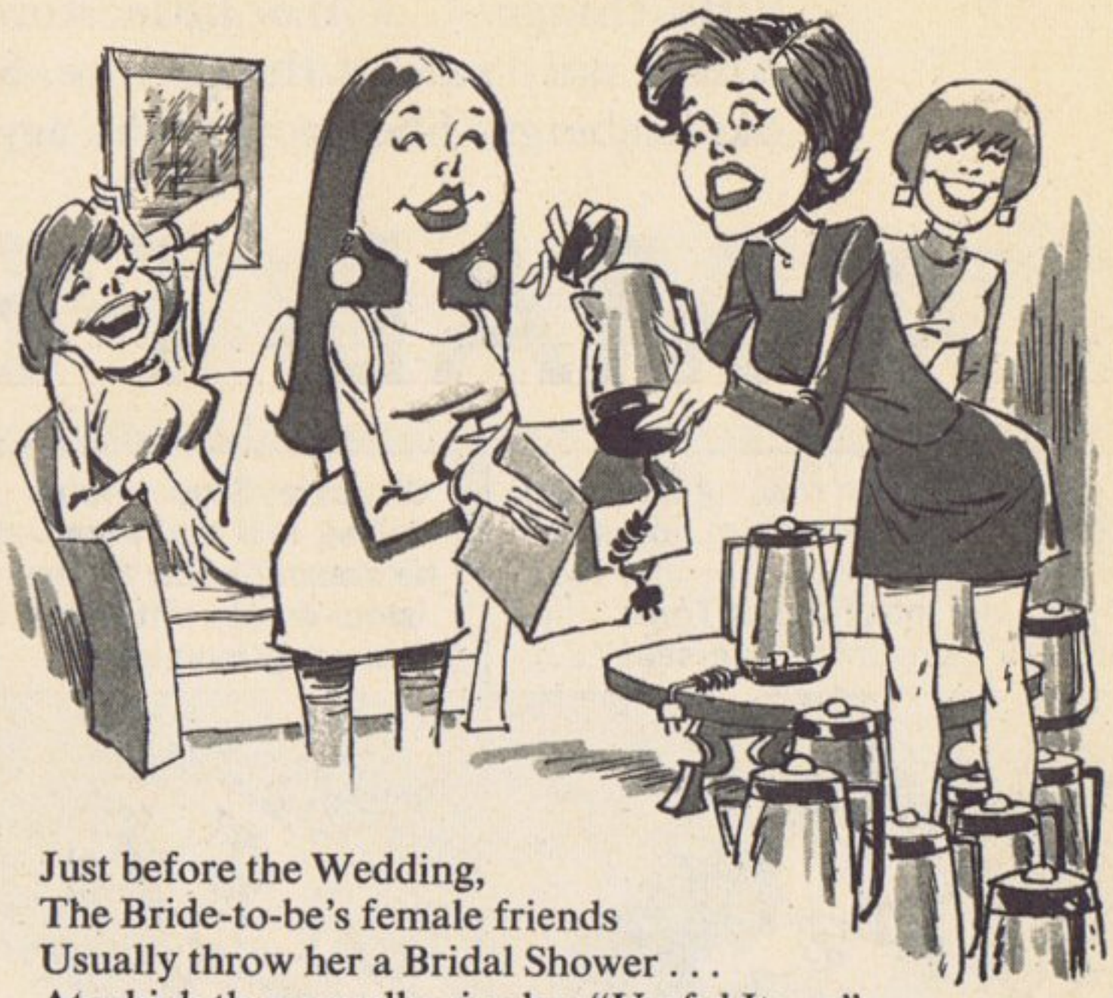
The Bachelor Party



Just before the Wedding,
The Groom-to-be's male friends
Usually throw him a Bachelor Party . . .
At which they usually show a "Special Film".
Hoot, hollar, whistle.
See this particular Bachelor Party.
Hear everybody hoot and hollar and whistle.
Everybody is having a wonderful time—
Except the Groom-to-be.
He has just realized
The girl in the "Special Film"
Is his Bride-to-be.

Lesson 4.

The Bridal Shower



Just before the Wedding,
The Bride-to-be's female friends
Usually throw her a Bridal Shower . . .
At which they usually give her "Useful Items".
Like irons, and hair-dryers, and broilers.
Why are these items "useful". . .
When the new Bride will be sending her laundry out,
And going to a beauty parlor,
And eating in restaurants every night?
These items will be useful as *gifts*
At *future* Bridal Showers.

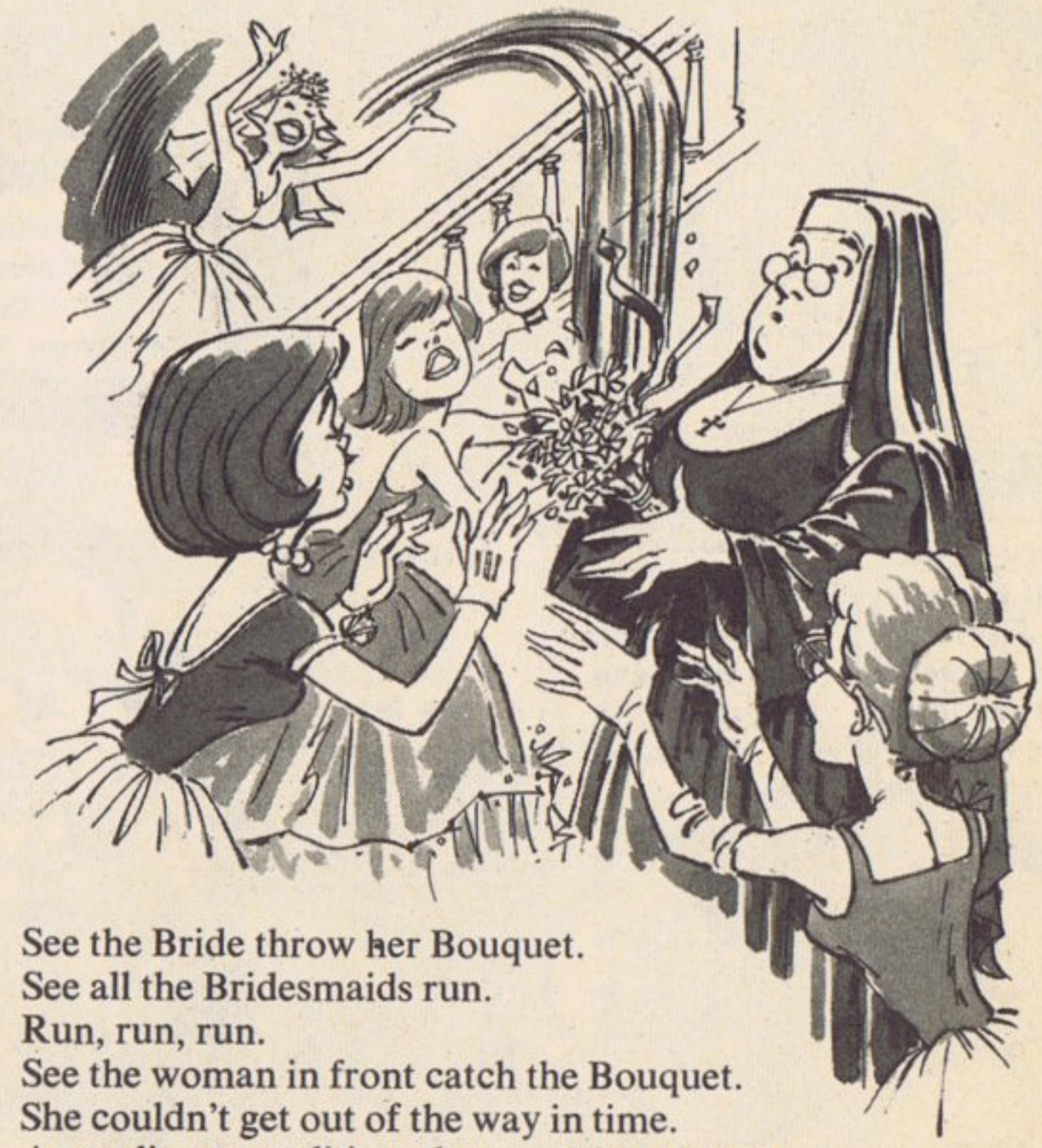
Lesson 7.

The Best Man

See the Best Man.
He and the Groom were best friends.
They bowled together, and golfed together,
And drank together, and played cards together.
Today is the last time they will ever see each other.
But there will still be bowling, and golfing,
And drinking, and playing cards.
Except that the Groom will be working
While the Bride will be doing them.

Lesson 8.

The Bouquet

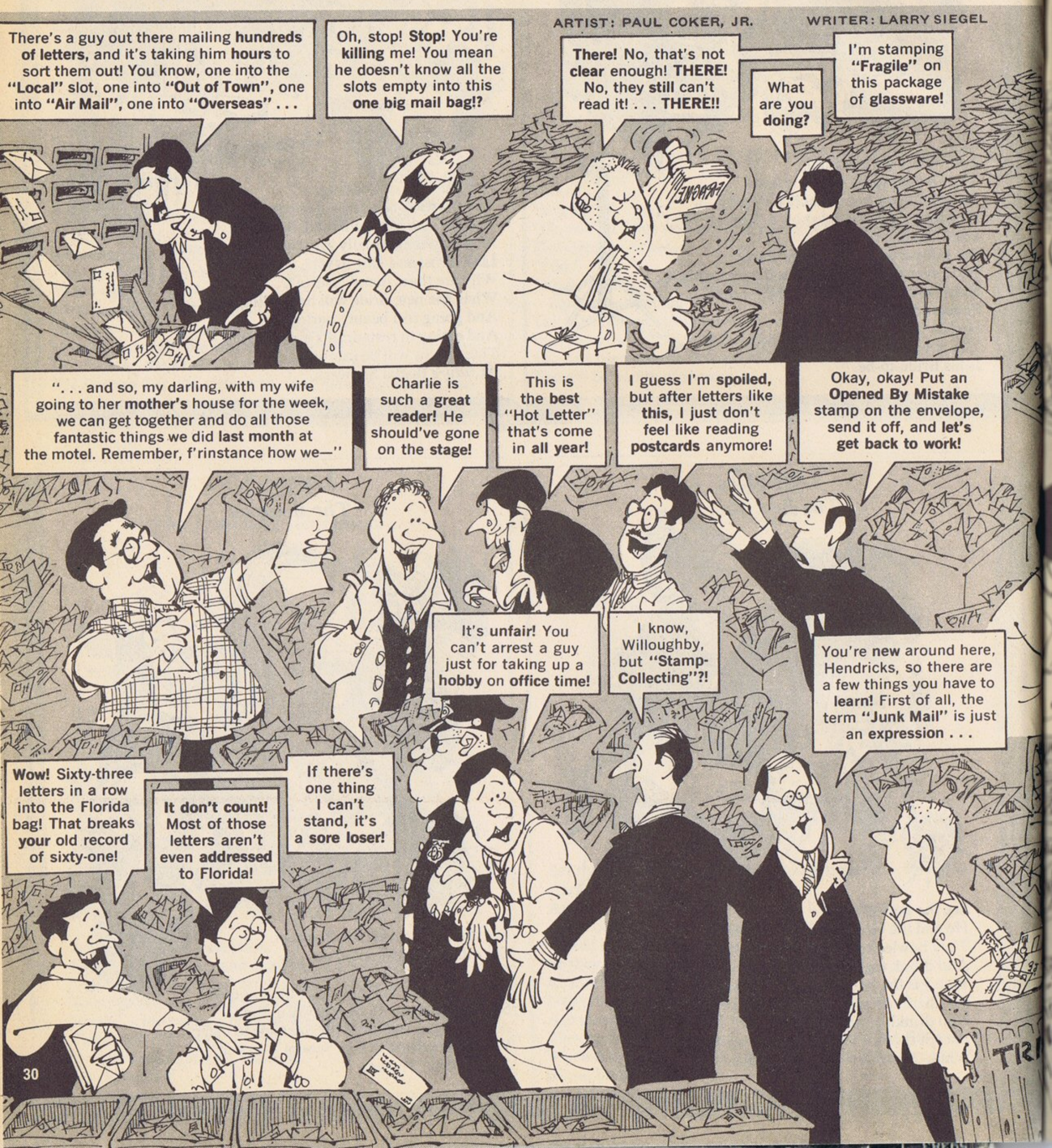


See the Bride throw her Bouquet.
See all the Bridesmaids run.
Run, run, run.
See the woman in front catch the Bouquet.
She couldn't get out of the way in time.
According to tradition, the *next* one to marry
Will be the Bride's High School Teacher:
Sister Maria Theresa.

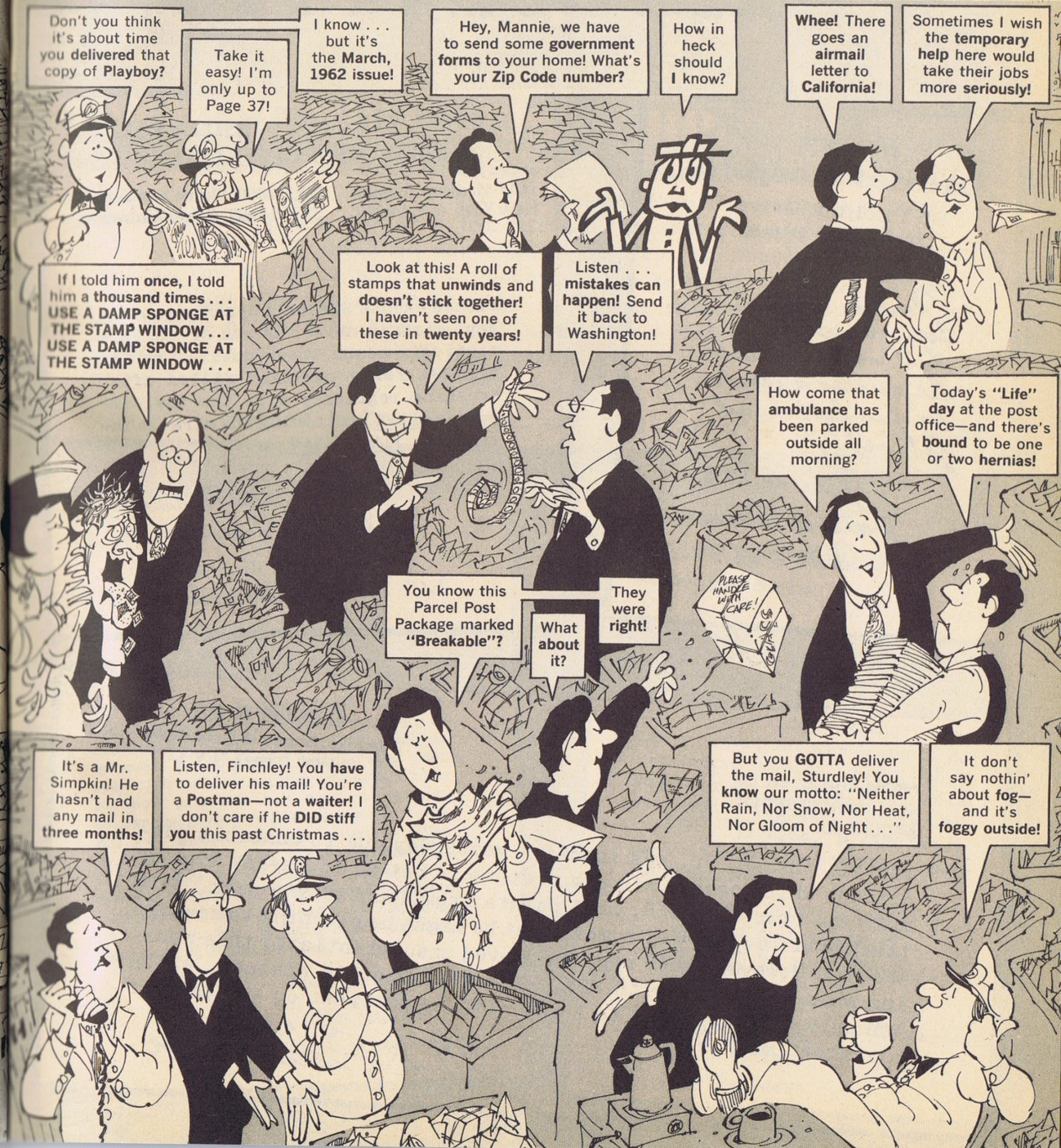
INSIDE-OUCH! DEPT.

You are probably laboring under the misconception that all your aggravation is caused by little things . . . like little store clerks and little salesmen and little civil servants. That's only part of the picture. Supermarkets and department stores and post offices are like icebergs. The people who aggravate you in these places are not just the ones you see.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND



They're only about 15% of the over-all picture. Actually, there are many other people working secretly and tirelessly behind the scenes to make your lives miserable. And so, in tribute to these un-seen and un-sung heroes, MAD introduces a new feature which opens up a hidden world never before seen by the average clod. In this first installment, we present:

THE SCENES AT THE POST OFFICE

PRO'S PROSE DEPT.

The life of a School Teacher is a monotonous one. And parents certainly aren't helping to relieve the dreariness with the hasty, uninformative, look-alike notes they write to explain the absence from class of Walter or Irving or Wendy or Lolita. The kids couldn't possibly have identical excuses any more than they could have identical home lives with identical mothers and fathers. But Teacher never gets a hint of their varied backgrounds from the parental scribblings they bring to school. MAD envisions the day when Mom and Dad may exert a little extra effort to write, in their own distinctive styles, some truly

PERSONALIZED ABSENCE NOTES

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Falvy
Animal Hospital
85 Pilchick Drive,
Kinosha, Wisc.

Newton couldn't come to school last week because he pulled a tendon in his left hind fetlock.

J. J. Falvy, D.V.M.
Doctor of Veterinary Medicine

BATSTEEN, BARSTEEN, DURSTEEN & FLANG
ADVERTISING CONSULTANTS

2613 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018
LQ 3-2000, Phone Numberwise
BATFLANG, Cable Addresswise

Please excuse Sumner's absence yesterday, classroomwise. He was at the Dentist, six-month check-upwise, having his 28% fewer cavities filled after brushing regularly with the new, improved CREST containing the miracle ingredient FLUORISTAN.

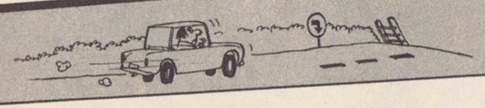
With utmost sincerity,
Rubert C. Widgewood
Rubert C. Widgewood
Account Executive

BIZARRE PICTURES CORP. PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Now! For the first time in any classroom! Hear the grim, uncensored story of how Sonny Graidbee had his tonsils out and lived to tell about it! You'll chill to the saga of raw courage behind hospital walls! You'll drool as Sonny describes the bevy of gorgeous nurses who brought him ice cream. You'll learn the naked truth surrounding two weeks of absence from school never explained before, when Sonny gives his spine-tingling account of...

THE INFECTED TONSILS THAT HAD TO GO!

Sid Graidbee Sid Graidbee (Co-Producer of Sonny)



BOTCH & CO.
Stocks, Bonds & Securities
49 Wall Street, N.Y.C.

FROM THE DESK OF
M. L. PIERCEFENDER
SECURITIES ANALYSIS DEPT.

Merrill Lynch, Jr. was inactive yesterday due to unstable conditions which caused his temperature to hit an intra-day high of 102° and close at 101⅞, up 3 points from Wednesday's norm. This touched off a flurry of rumors that he might be planning to acquire the flu. However, such reports proved unsubstantiated this morning when he opened with 98⅝. Please excuse his absence, which can only be attributed to a speculative interest on the part of his short mother.

M. L. Piercefender

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Time-Life Building, New York City

The small, tow-headed moppet with the sad face entered the dining room of the comfortable frame house in fashionable, suburban White Plains one morning last week clad in the familiar orange and blue striped bathrobe his maternal grandmother had given him for his eighth birthday. It might have been just another school day for young Maynard Bindsturm. But the ghastly red blotches already beginning to erupt on his fevered forehead gave warning that this was destined to be no ordinary day. Maynard Bindsturm had come down with the measles.

Yours truly,
Llewelyn Bindsturm
Llewelyn Bindsturm

MELLOW LEAF TOBACCO CO.
Boondock, North Carolina

To Whom It May Concern:

Arnold was out of school yesterday with a cold, but I am letting him return today against doctor's orders because there is no conclusive medical proof that sneezing ever transmitted a cold to anyone. However, for my own legal protection, please post the following notice on your bulletin board:

CAUTION: LETTING ARNOLD BREATHE ON YOU MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!

Sincerely,
Beauregard Lee Flaunk
Beauregard Lee Flaunk,
President

FENWICK L. FROYD, M.D.

Consulting Psychiatrist,
1460 Libido Drive, Tenafly, New Jersey

Fenwick, Jr., spent the day at home in a closet, yesterday, suffering from a deep emotional disturbance brought on by receiving a "D-minus" in Social Studies. I hope that you are sufficiently mature enough to beg him to excuse you for your display of hostility and rejection.

Now hear this!

1. You are hereby commanded to grant full amnesty to Nimitz Halsey Earnshaw (a civilian minor) re: absence without leave 24 February 1967 between the hours of 0830 and 1500.

2. He had an upset stomach.

Warren V. Earnshaw

Warren V. Earnshaw,
Rear Admiral, U.S.N. (Ret.)

EXCuse My little girl SELma's abSence From SCHOOL OR YoU Will NeveR SEE Her ALive aGAin!

A FRIEnd

HUMNER & OVERDRIFT

Funeral Directors, Maudlin, Mo.

"Sharing Your Grief Since 1906"

Allow me to express my deepest sorrow over the tragic and untimely departure of Sylvia from your midst yesterday. I feel certain that she was sadly missed by the host of friends and classmates she left behind. But she had to run out of the room fast and hurry home to throw up.

Mournfully, L.V. Humner

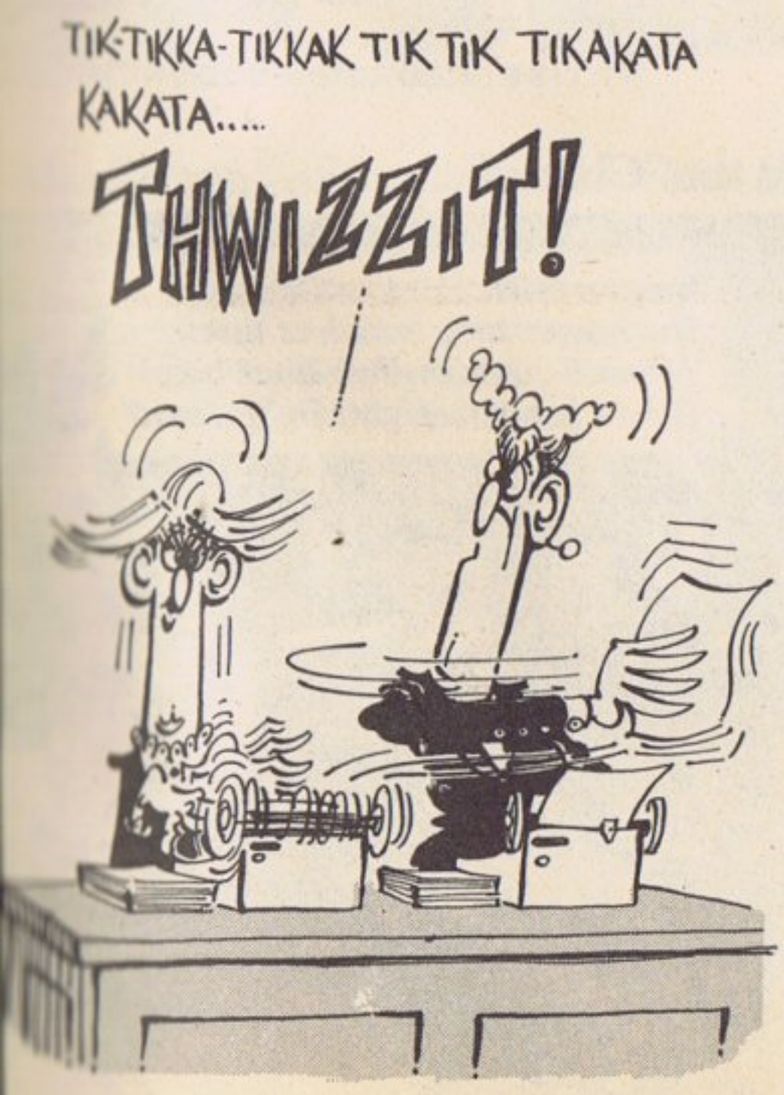
LOUIS G. GROWST

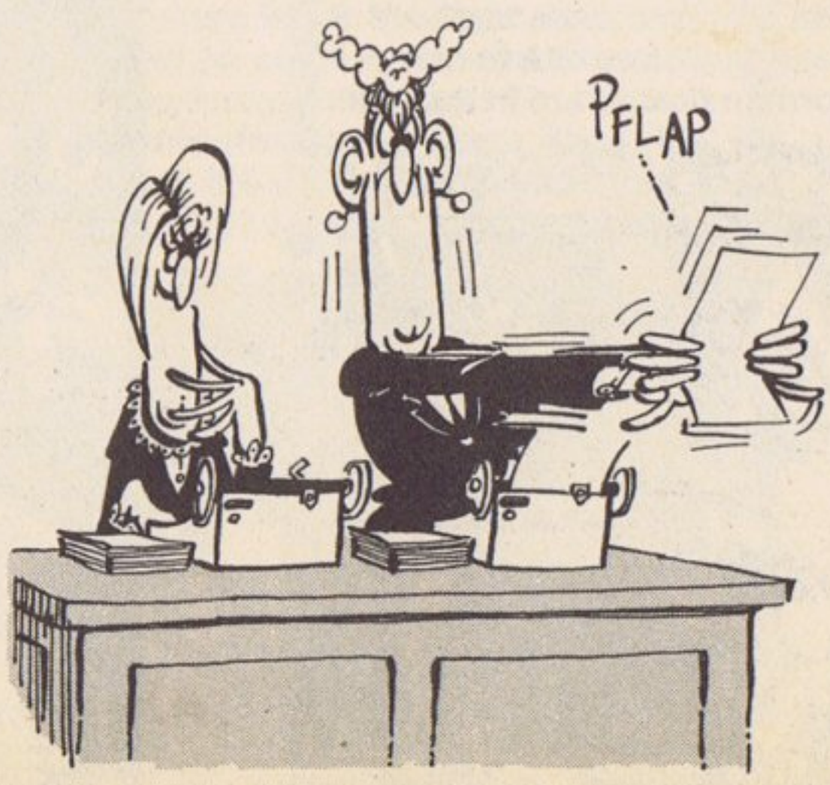
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT
325 BROADWAY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

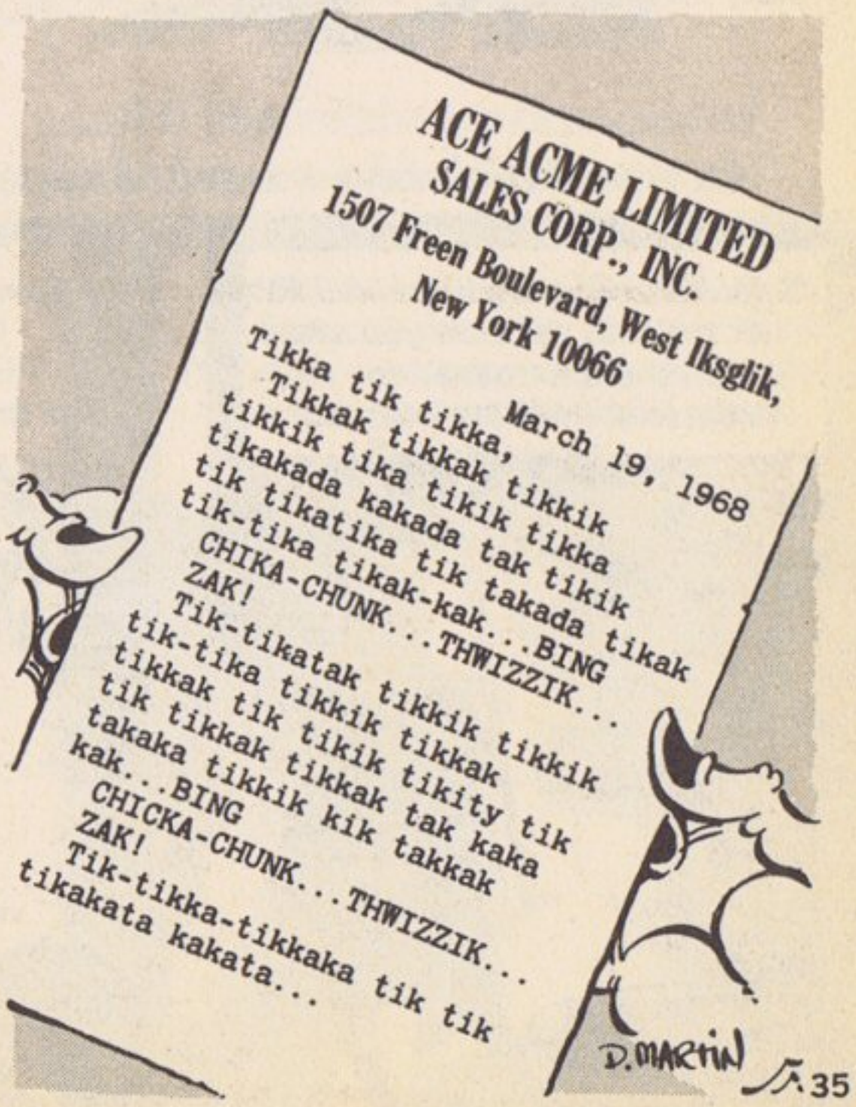
The youngest of my three daughters, Maudie, was not present for the first 0.7% of the current fiscal semester due to congestion in 38% of her bronchial tubes, necessitating deductible expenditures of $17.25 for medical treatment and drugs.

Louis G. Growst, C.P.A.

ONE DAY IN AN OFFICE







ACE ACME LIMITED
SALES CORP., INC.
1507 Freen Boulevard, West Iksglik,
New York 10066

March 19, 1968

Tikka tik tikka, Tikkak tikkak tikkik
tikkik tika tikik tikka
tikakada kakada tak tikik
tik tikatika tik takada tikak
tik-tika tikak-kak...BING
CHIKA-CHUNK...THWIZZIK...
ZAK!
Tik-tikatak tikkik tikkik
tik-tika tikkik tikkak
tikkak tik tikik tikity tik
tik tikkak tikkak tak kaka
takaka tikkik kik takkak
kak...BING
CHICKA-CHUNK...THWIZZIK...
ZAK!
Tik-tikka-tikkaka tik tik
tikakata kakata...

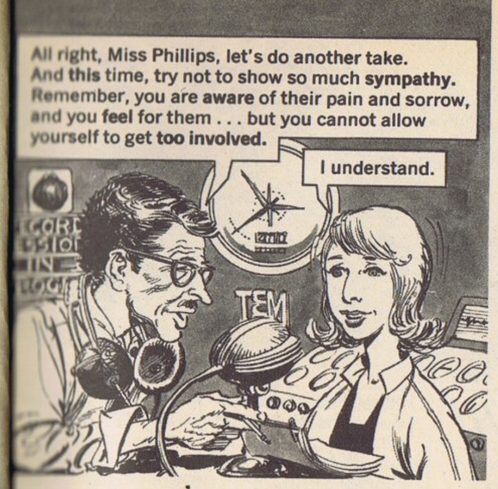
D. MARTIN

WAY OFF-BROADWAY DEPT.

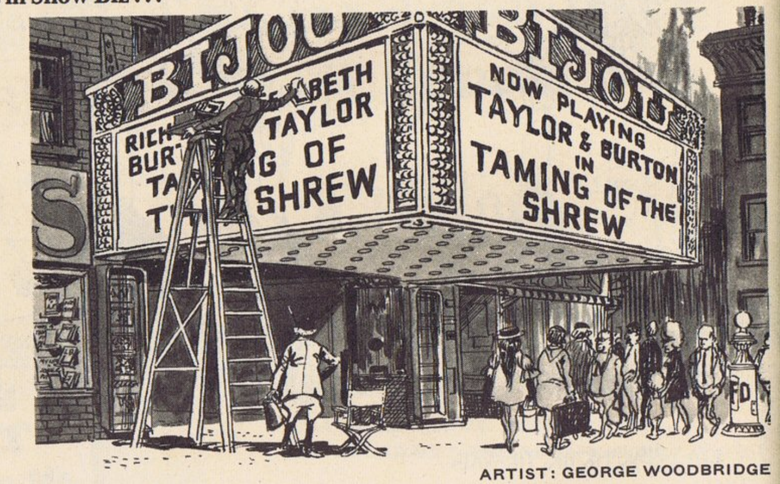
Millions of people would like to make Show Business their career. Unfortunately, most of them don't have enough talent. Then again, many of them have no talent at all. Naturally, the ones with no talent at all go right to the top in Show Business. But what about those people with just a minimum of talent? Well, there's a place for them too . . . not exactly IN Show Business, but performing for the public in . . .

JOBS

ON THE FRINGE OF SHOW BUSINESS

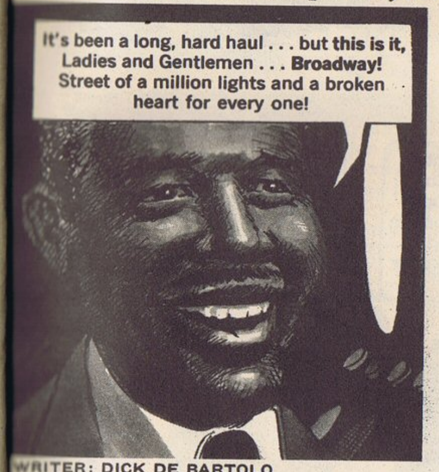


Get the picture? Okay . . . here's a job for someone who wants to work with the big names in Show Biz . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

And if you've always dreamed of finally arriving on "Broadway," here's the perfect job for you . . .

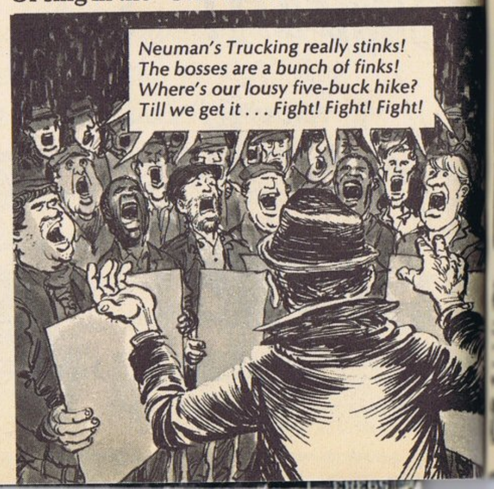


WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

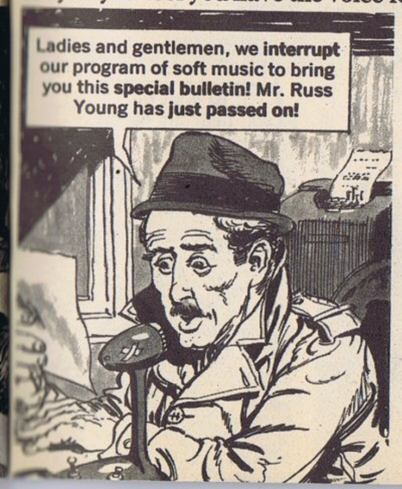
Maybe you've always dreamed of singing for the public. If so, here's the job for you . . .

Or if you've always wanted to appear on TV . . .

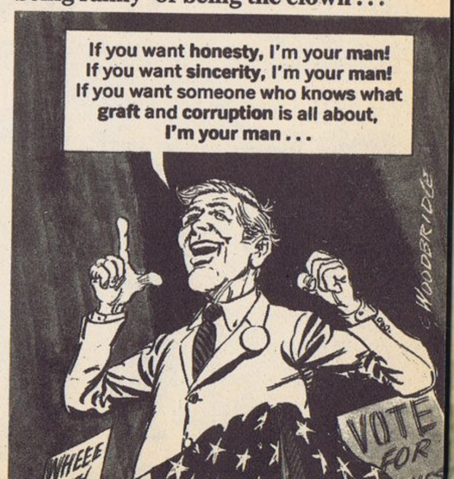
Or sing in the "Chorus" . . .



Maybe you feel you have the voice for broadcasting the latest news . . .

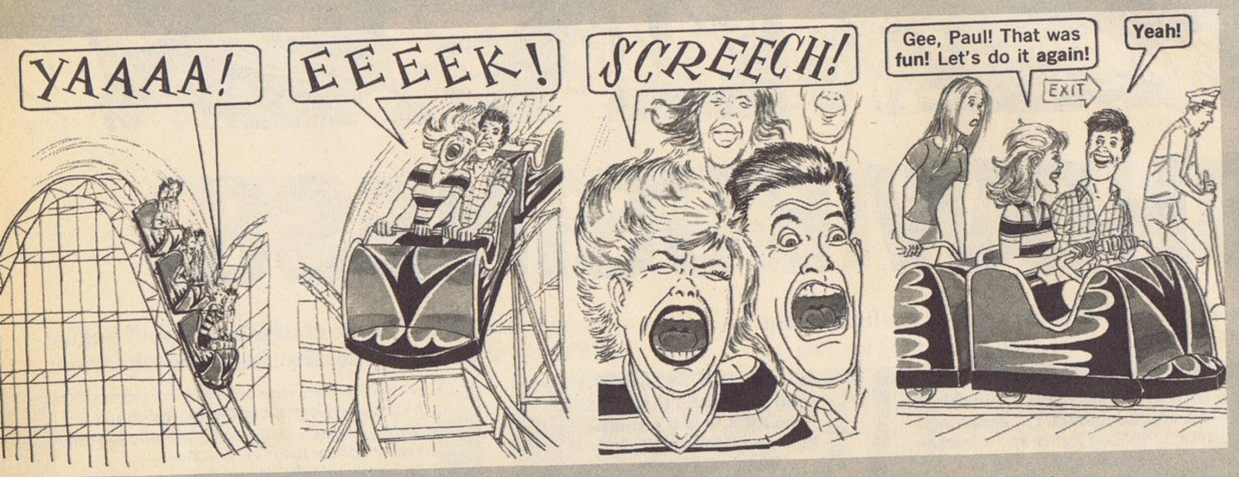


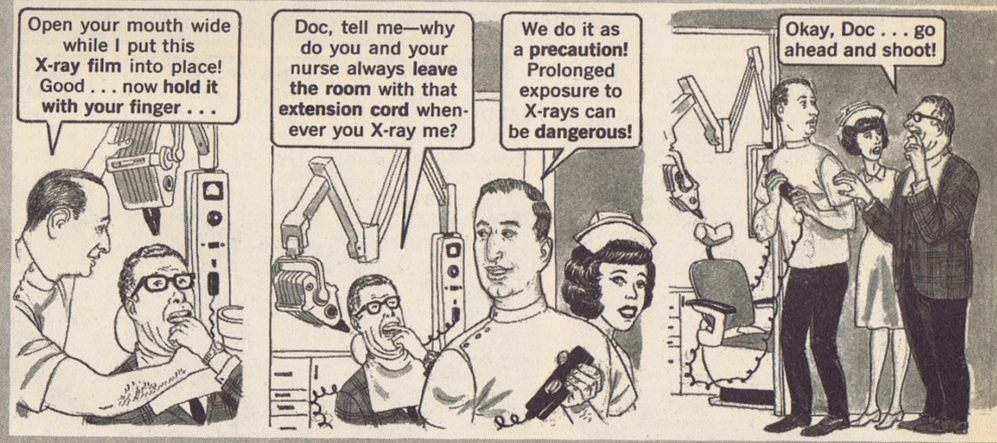
And if you've always dreamed of being funny–of being the clown . . .

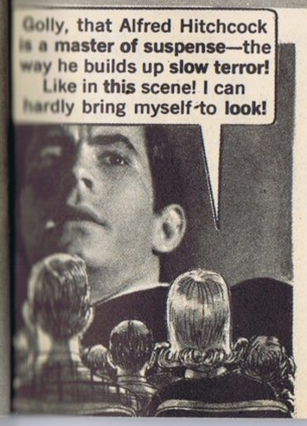


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF FEAR







Huh? That's the phone! Who would be calling this time of night . . . unless . . . unless it was something very serious?!

RING

Hello! Hello!

Arnold? Is that you? This is your Mother! I had a premonition that something is very wrong with you!

I'll say there's something very wrong!

I knew it! I knew it in my bones! What is it?

You just scared the beejeebers out of me with this phone call in the middle of the night!

Talk about "Hero-Worship", this new girl friend of mine thinks I'm the bravest man that ever lived. During a storm, she became frightened, and asked me if I was afraid of thunder and lightning . . . and I told her, "No!"

So then she asked me if I was afraid of other things like snakes, or high places, or sudden noises, or flying in an airplane, or being locked up in an enclosed place, or going to the dentist. Of course, I told her, "No!"

She was amazed. She said that everybody has some weakness . . . some breaking point . . . and here, I have none! But between you and me, there's only ONE thing that really TERRIFIES ME!

What's that?

Did you have to mention "getting a shot"!? You just gave me the willies! The very sight of a hypodermic needle turns me into a bowl of Jello!

My wife has to drag me forcibly to the doctor! Then the nurse, using all of her strength, has to hold me! I usually scream like a baby and faint dead away!

Let's face it, when it comes to getting a shot, I'm just a yellow-bellied coward!

Never mind all that now! There's the signal to go!

That someday, she'll find out what a LIAR I am!

Oh, boy, am I in for it! I'm late for supper! I was supposed to be home by six, and it's six-thirty! Now, Mom is gonna yell and scream, and take television away from me for a month!

Oh, so you're home!

H-here it comes!

I'm sorry, dear, but supper is a little late tonight!

Watch television, meanwhile!

Hey! It's not just in our house that the lights went out! It's the whole block!

I don't want to frighten you any more than you are, dear, but I just heard on the transistor radio that the whole city is blacked out! In fact the whole state . . . and nine other states besides!

Oh, my gosh! It's a catastrophe! SABOTAGE! That's what it is! Those Russians did it so they could ruin our economy, and—

Calm down, dear! I'm sure it's really not that serious! Those Russians are much too busy trying to reach our standard of living to bother!

Then it's those INSANE RED CHINESE! They did it to create confusion and panic and ruin our Democracy!

No, dear! Calm down! It really can't be that serious! Those Red Chinese are too involved in their own internal problems to bother us now!

Good Lord, it's them FLYING SAUCERS! A race from another planet did it as a first step toward an eventual invasion!

Come, now, dear! It's not that serious! You've been watching too many Science Fiction TV shows!

Sure! That's it! Don't you see? By shutting off our electricity, all our refrigerated foods will spoil and we'll starve to death!

REFRIGERATED FOODS!?! OH, MY GOSH!

TH-THE ICE BOX CAKE I MADE FOR MY BRIDGE CLUB TOMORROW WILL BE RUINED! THIS IS SERIOUS!!

Gee, this is such an intellectual, well-informed crowd! I'm so afraid I'll say the wrong thing and make a complete fool of myself!

Just follow one rule: if you have nothing to say, don't say it! Just speak about the things you know about! Like cooking! You're an expert on that!

And what about the problems of Turkey—and Greece?!

Oh, I have a very strong opinion on that subject!

When roasting a turkey, excess grease should be spooned off periodically! While basting, preferably . . .

You know what terrifies me? Those Black-Leather-Jacketed motorcyclists—like that one over there!

They're immature, anti-social creatures who cannot cope with society, so they wage war upon it by attacking innocent people—like us . . .

Oh-oh! He's coming toward us, Martin! I'm—I'm AFRAID!!

I beg your pardon, but could you please direct me to the Maryknoll Seminary?

David Berg

BIRTH OF THE BLUES DEPT.

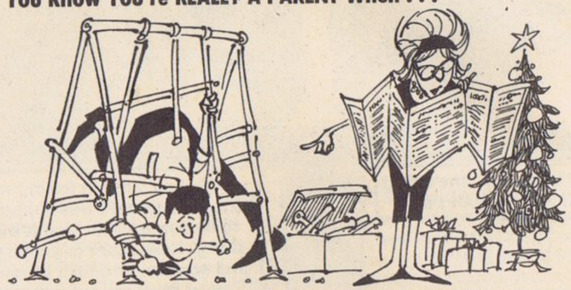
You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When...

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

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you run out of glasses and you have to start serving martinis in "Yogi Bear" mugs!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .



. . . the most dreaded event of the year is no longer "Income Tax" time, but that "Pre-Christmas Toy-Assembly" section!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you sit up all night preparing an off-the-cuff, informal explanation of the human reproductive process!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you suddenly find that your electric bill comes to three dollars less than you paid for batteries for toys that month!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you find yourself carrying snapshots in your wallet where money used to be!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you discover you're brushing your teeth with "Pimple Cream"!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you discover that your alarm clock has been broken for five years, and you hadn't even noticed!

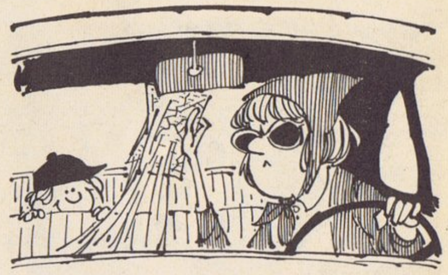
You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you're asked to solve some "New Math" problems, and it suddenly dawns on you that you never really understood the "Old Math"!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you whole-heartedly join an all-out campaign to wipe out those smutty books and magazines you used to read and enjoy!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

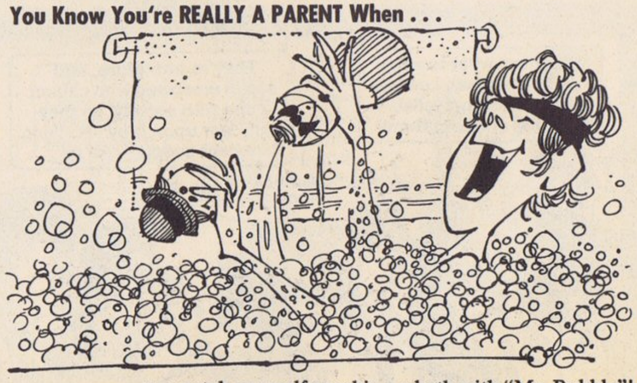


. . . you pull the Road Atlas out of the glove compartment and find that its pages have been permanently fused together with Tootsie Rolls!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you never buy anything for the house that isn't plastic, vinyl, or cast iron!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

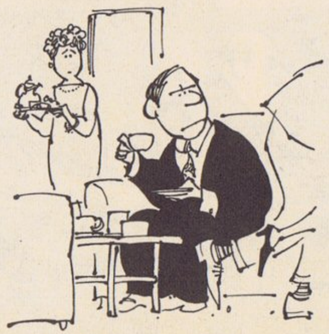


. . . you catch yourself sneaking a bath with "Mr. Bubble"!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . the conversation turns to doctors, and the only two names that come to mind are "Spock" and "Seuss"!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .



. . . you insult the boss and his wife by leaving early rather than risk losing a good baby-sitter!

You Know You're REALLY A PARENT When . . .

. . . you actually look forward to Mondays!

VEX EDUCATION DEPT.

Several issues back, we ran an article entitled "The MAD Hate Book", in which we demonstrated to readers how to feel better by blowing off steam about pet hates. The response was more than gratifying. An avalanche of letters poured in from readers blowing off steam about their pet hates—mainly "MAD" and "The MAD Hate Book" article. And so, not to be out-done in the hostility department, here we go again with another more aggravating and exacerbating chapter of . . .

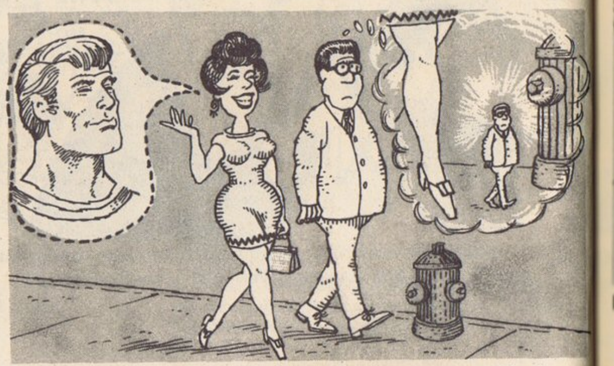
THE MAD HATE BOOK VOL. II

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

Don't you hate . . . when something goes "On Sale" the day after you bought it!

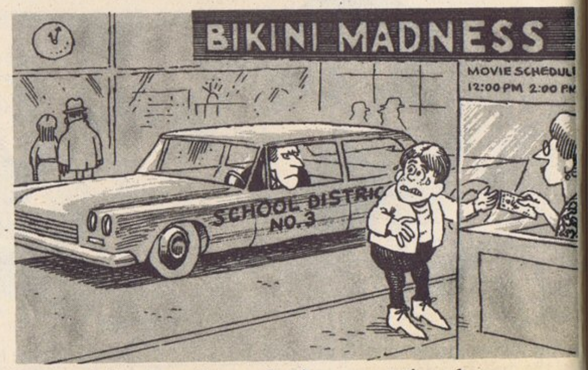
Don't you hate . . . lunch counter-tops with colorful patterns that completely camouflage spilled foods and sauces!

Don't you hate . . . vending machines that tell you to write for your money back if they don't work, and the postage costs more than you lost!

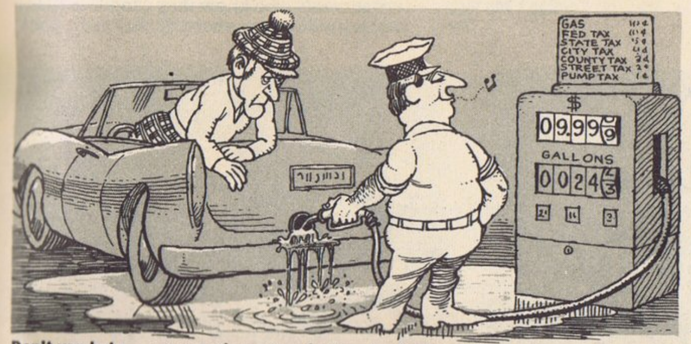


Don't you hate . . . a date who describes the qualities her "ideal man" should have, and none of them fit you!

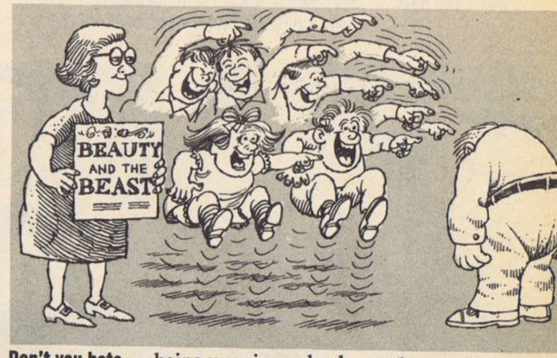
Don't you hate . . . finding out that the person you were tearing apart all through dinner was in the next booth all the time!



Don't you hate . . . meeting a school representative when you're supposed to be home . . . sick!

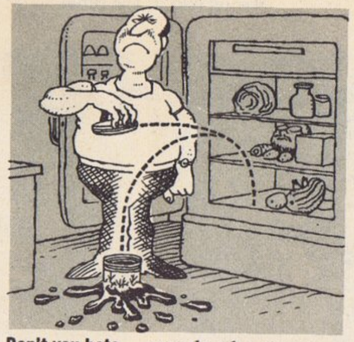


Don't you hate . . . gas station attendants who insist on "rounding out" the amount of your purchase so you end up paying for gas that overflowed onto the ground!



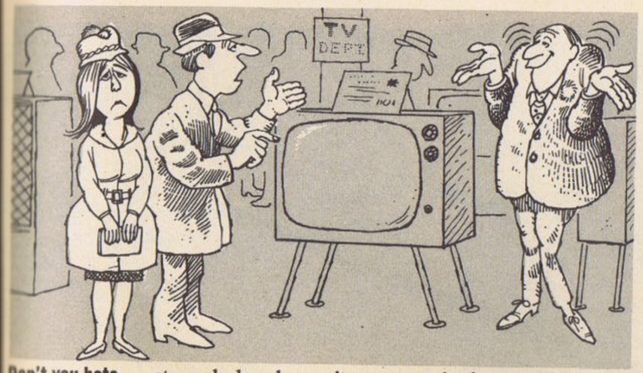
Don't you hate . . . being unanimously chosen for a repulsive role in your school play!

Don't you hate . . . hearing a crunching sound while looking for a lost contact lens!



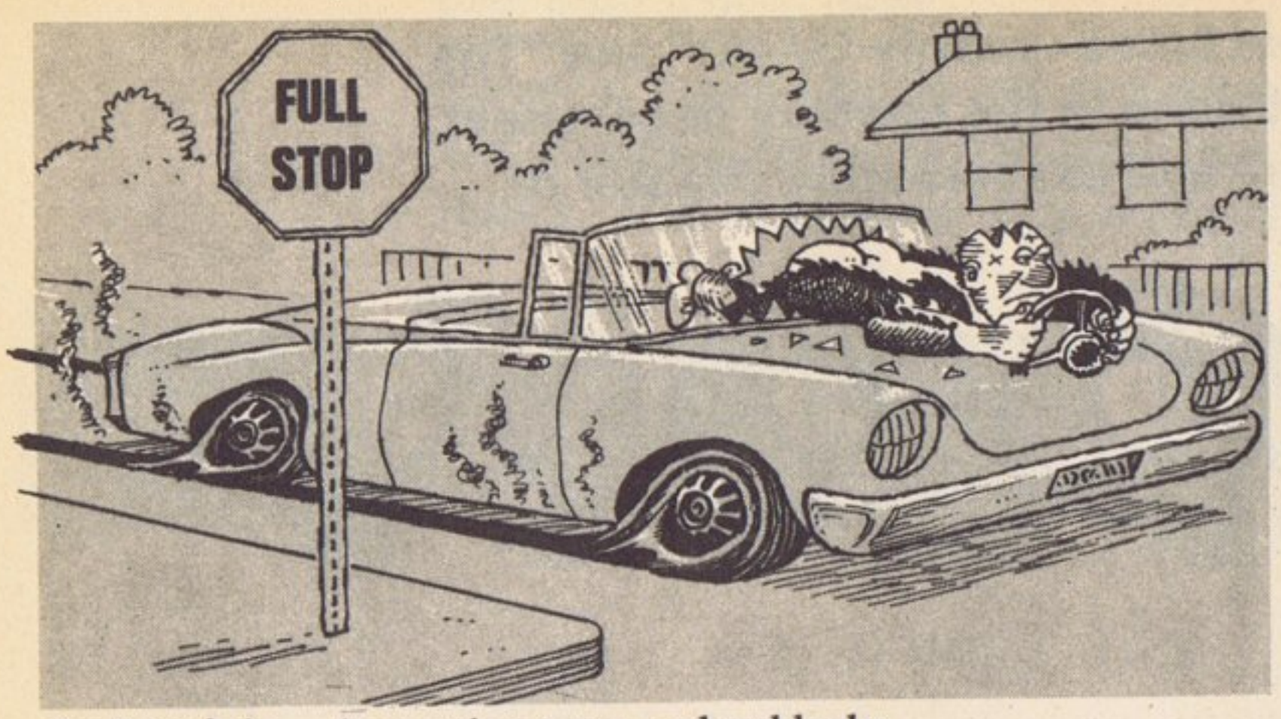
Don't you hate . . . people who never properly replace screw-tops on jars!

Don't you hate . . . big guys who smoke in "No Smoking" areas!

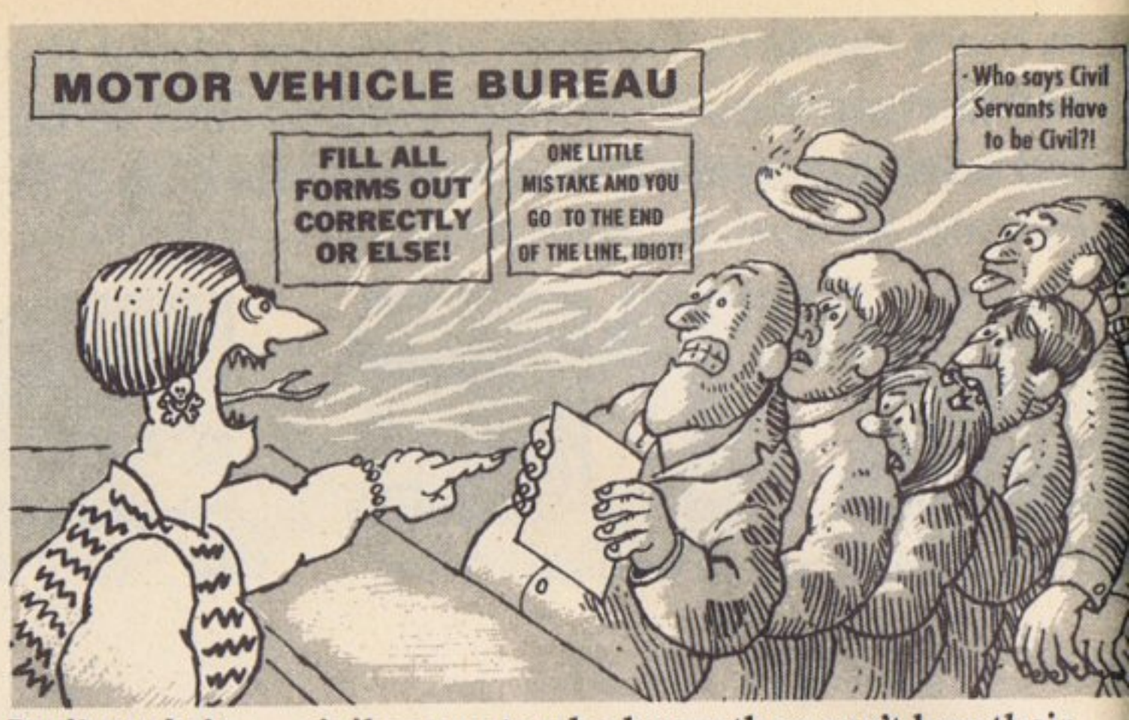


Don't you hate . . . store clerks who can't answer a single question without first checking with the Manager!

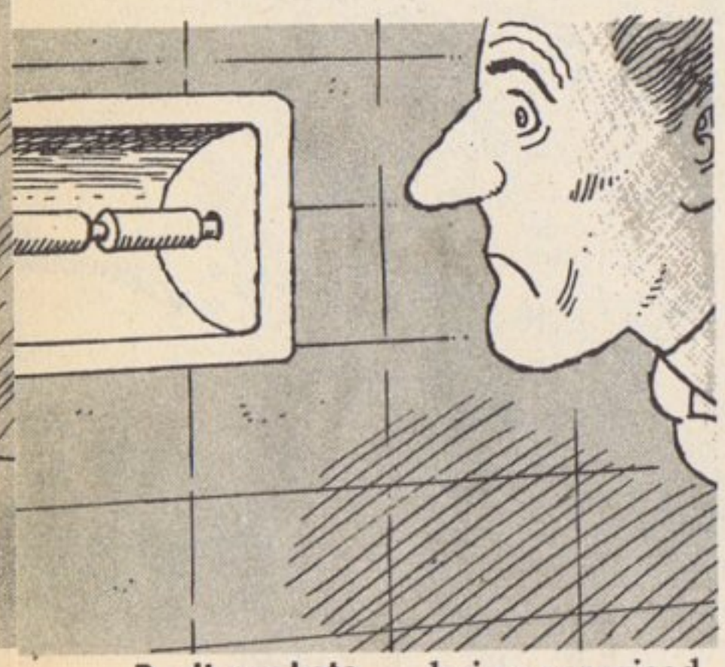
Don't you hate . . . meeting a luscious, sexy doll at a big "Family Affair", and discovering she's a first cousin!



Don't you hate... borrowing a car, and suddenly discovering it has power brakes!



Don't you hate... civil servants who know they can't lose their jobs no matter how uncivilly they treat you!

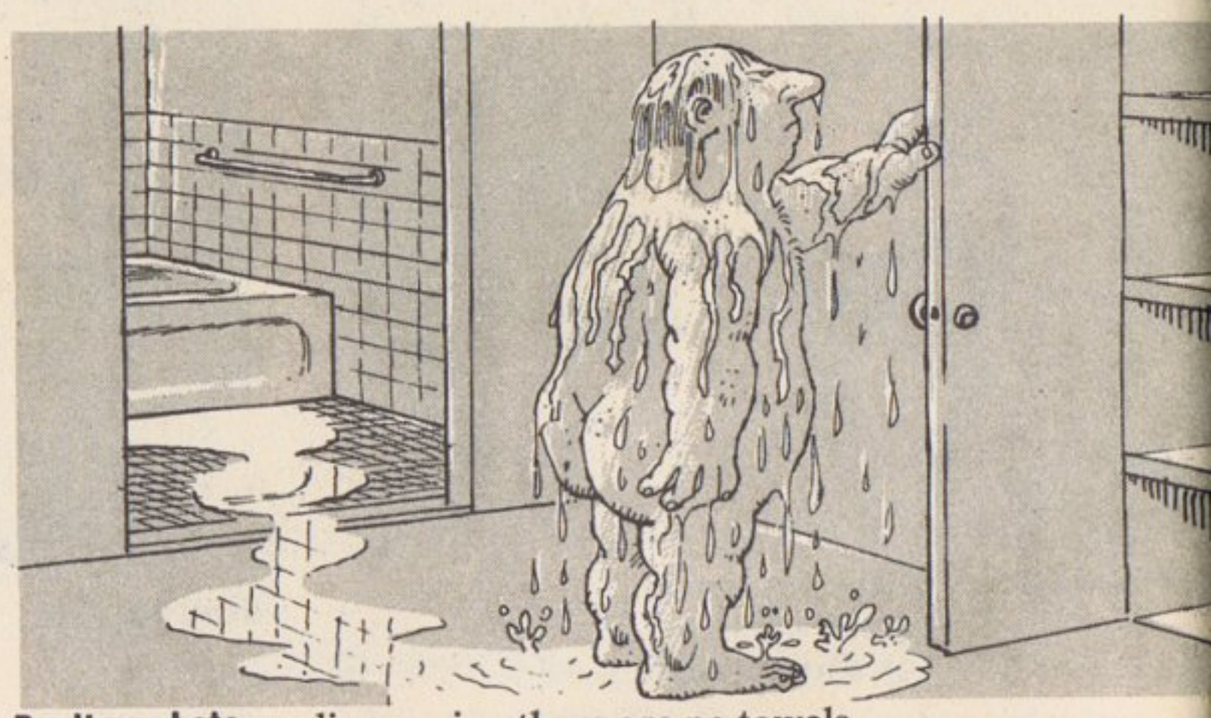


Don't you hate... being surprised by an empty tissue dispenser!

Don't you hate... when something ecch-y suddenly comes out of the wrong end of the tube!

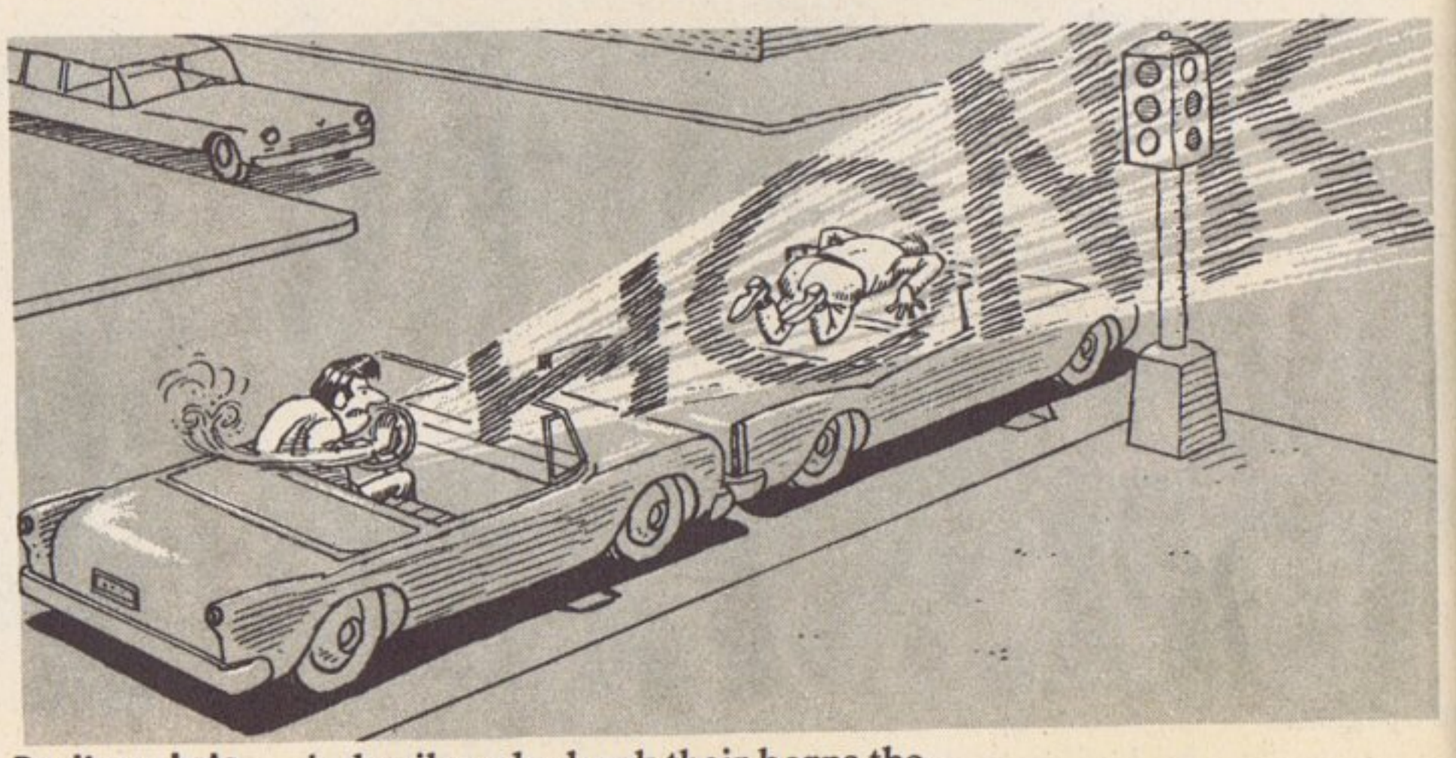
Don't you hate... people who ask questions and pay no attention to the answers!

Don't you hate... when you tell people to "drop in any time!"... and they do!



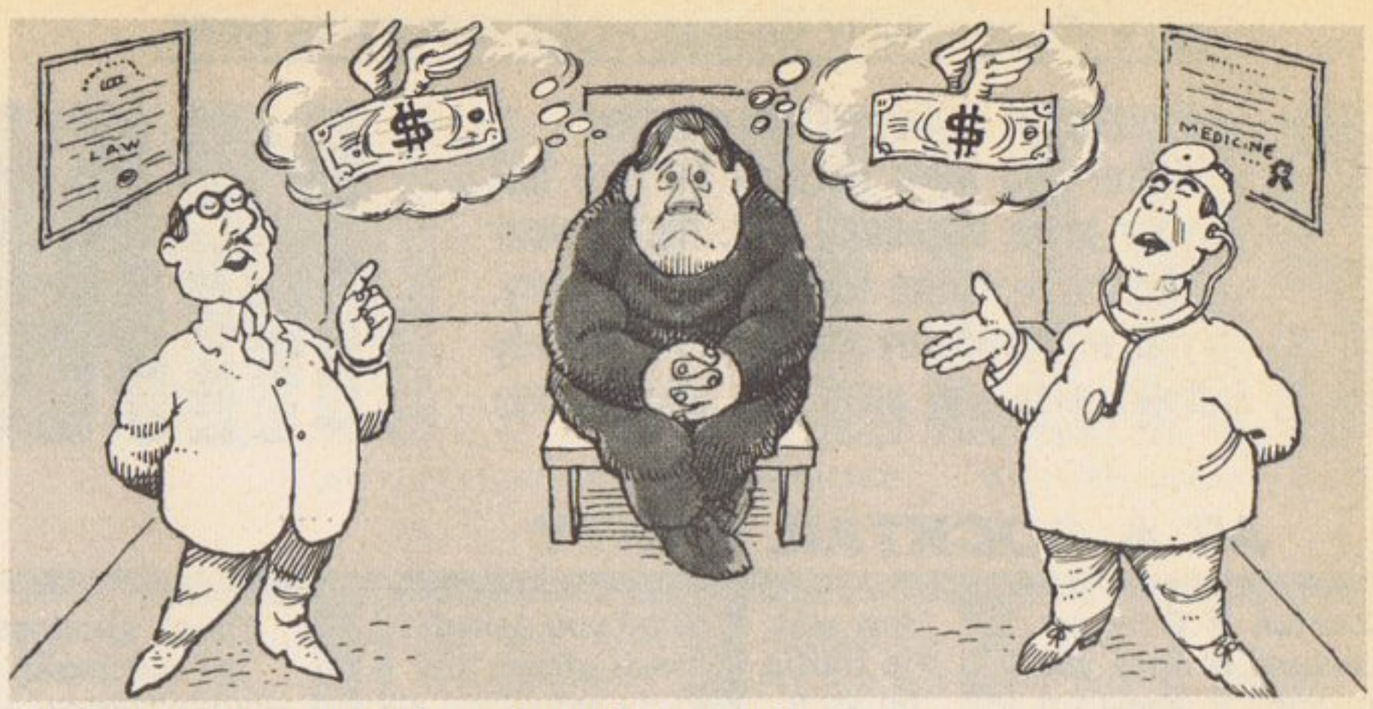
Don't you hate... discovering there are no towels after you've just taken a bath!

Don't you hate... finding that bar of chocolate you stuck into your pocket "for only a moment" eight hours later!

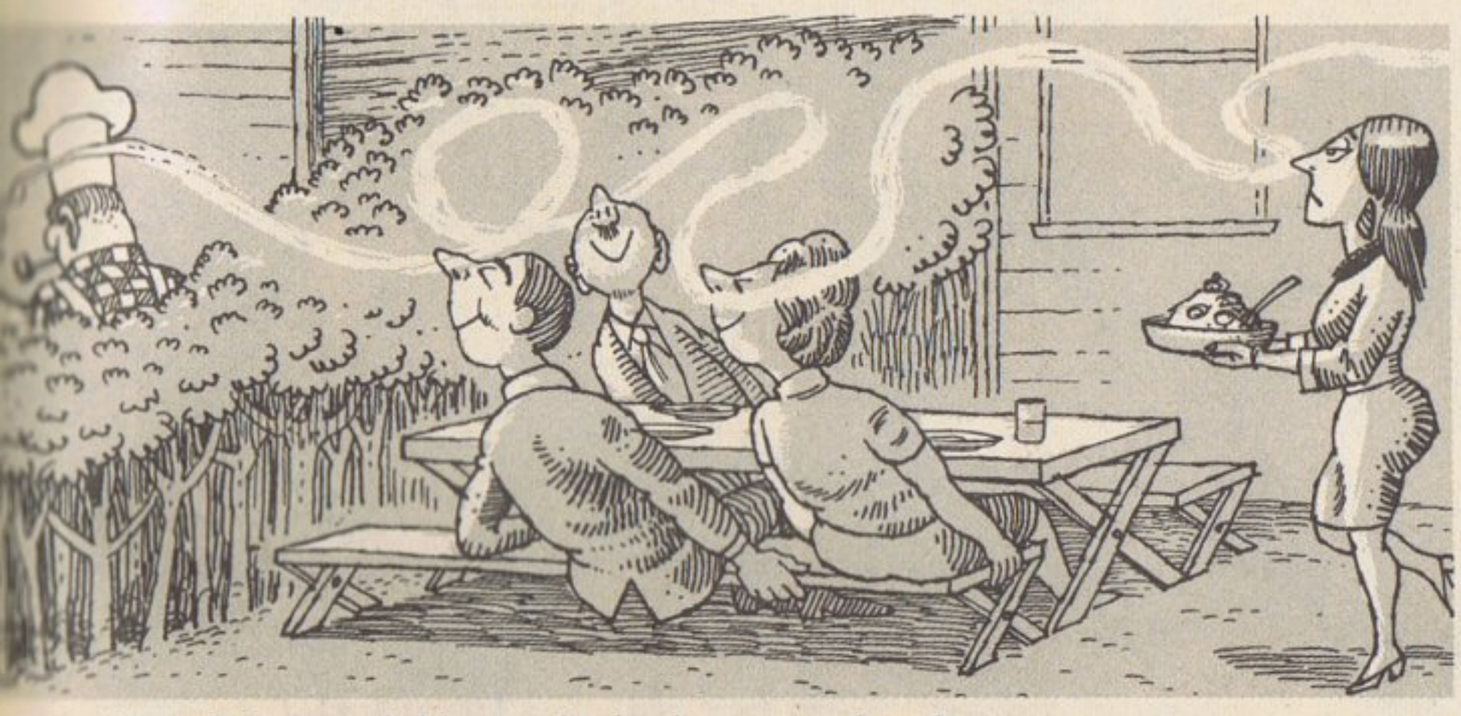


Don't you hate... imbeciles who honk their horns the split second after the light turns green!

Don't you hate... parking lot attendants who zoom off in your new car like it was a 727 jet!



Don't you hate... never knowing what your doctor or your lawyer's fee will eventually be!



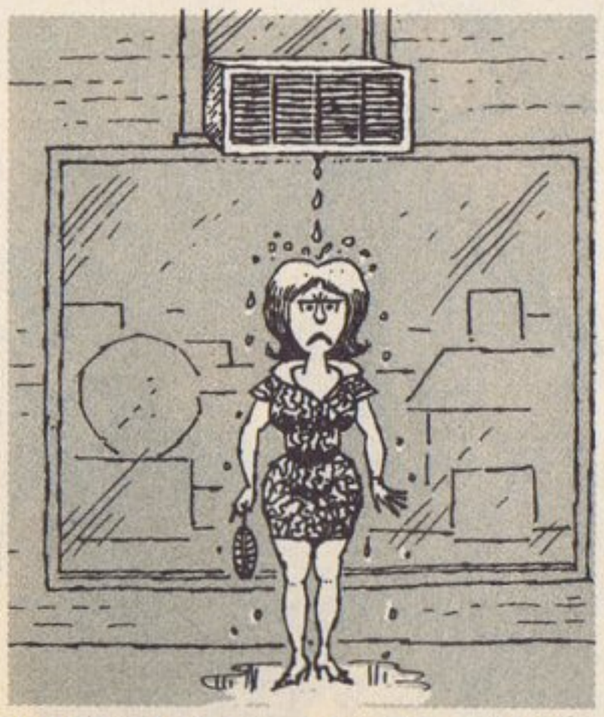
Don't you hate... neighbors who barbecue steaks when you're downwind serving tuna fish!

Don't you hate... proud parents who insist on letting you enjoy the ecstatic pleasure of holding their brand new baby!

Don't you hate... birdbrains who smoke cigars in a car when it's too cold to open a window!

Don't you hate... finding out you have no handkerchief right after a viscous sneeze!

Don't you hate... yourself for tipping when you know darn well the service was terrible!



Don't you hate... dripping window air-conditioners!

Don't you hate... magazines that print sequels to articles that never should have been run in the first place!

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

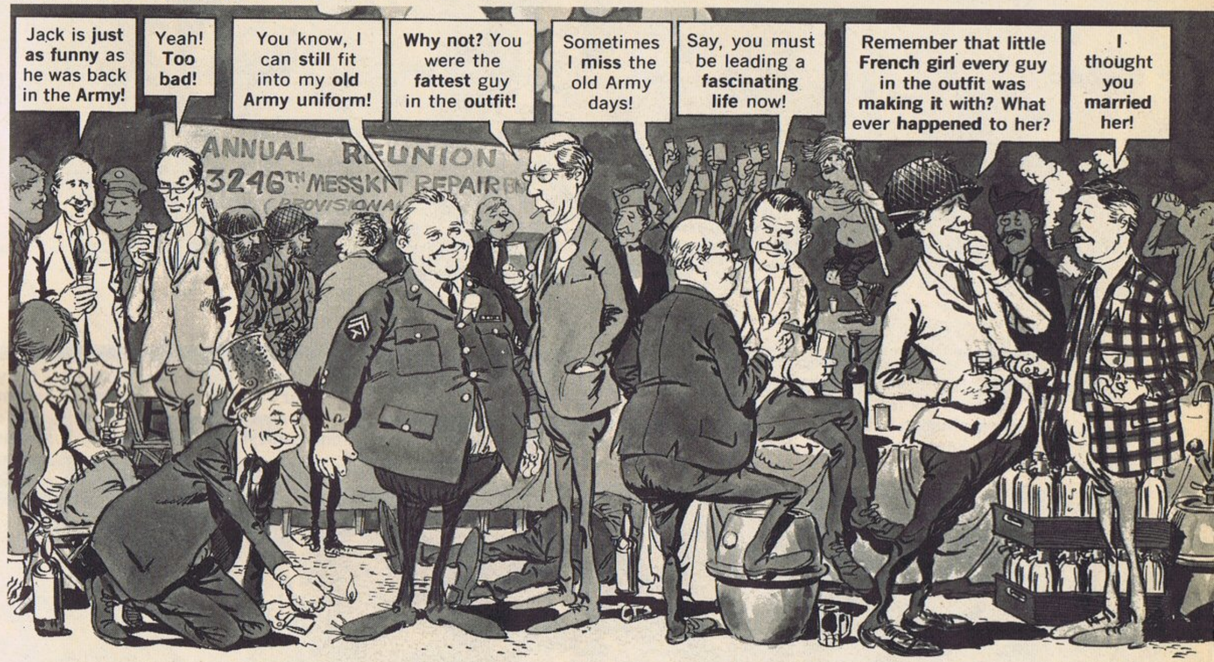
Victims of "Cliche Conversation"... unite! You have nothing to lose but your utter boredom! Yes, here's your chance to strike back! Unfortunately, you will probably end up with nobody talking to you once you start using:

MAD'S "CLICHE CONVERSATION" KILLERS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

AT A COCKTAIL PARTY

AT A REUNION PARTY



AT A SURPRISE PARTY

AT A DINNER PARTY

I must ask her for the recipe for her **soufflé!**

AND . . . the **antidote!**

They sure make you feel right at home!

I think they wish you **were!**

I can't remember when I've eaten so **much!**

That's easy! The **last** time you were **here!**

If there's anything you want, just hollar!

TAXI!

TAXI!

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Will it **hurt??** No, it won't hurt **ME a bit!**

Oh, good! I was going to ask for an **anesthetic**—but you can knock me out with another one of your **jokes,** instead!

Do you know, he's one of the **biggest** doctors in his **field?**

Really? He ought to try **exercising**—like making **night calls!**

He's so busy, you have to wait **weeks** for an appointment!

And that's for an **emergency!**

I remember when the Doc was going to **Med** School!

Do you remember if he ever **graduated?**

IN AN ART MUSEUM

Why, my **kid** could paint something better than **that mess!**

He probably could **say** something better than that **old cliché, too!**

I find that **very interesting!**

That's more than I can say for **you!**

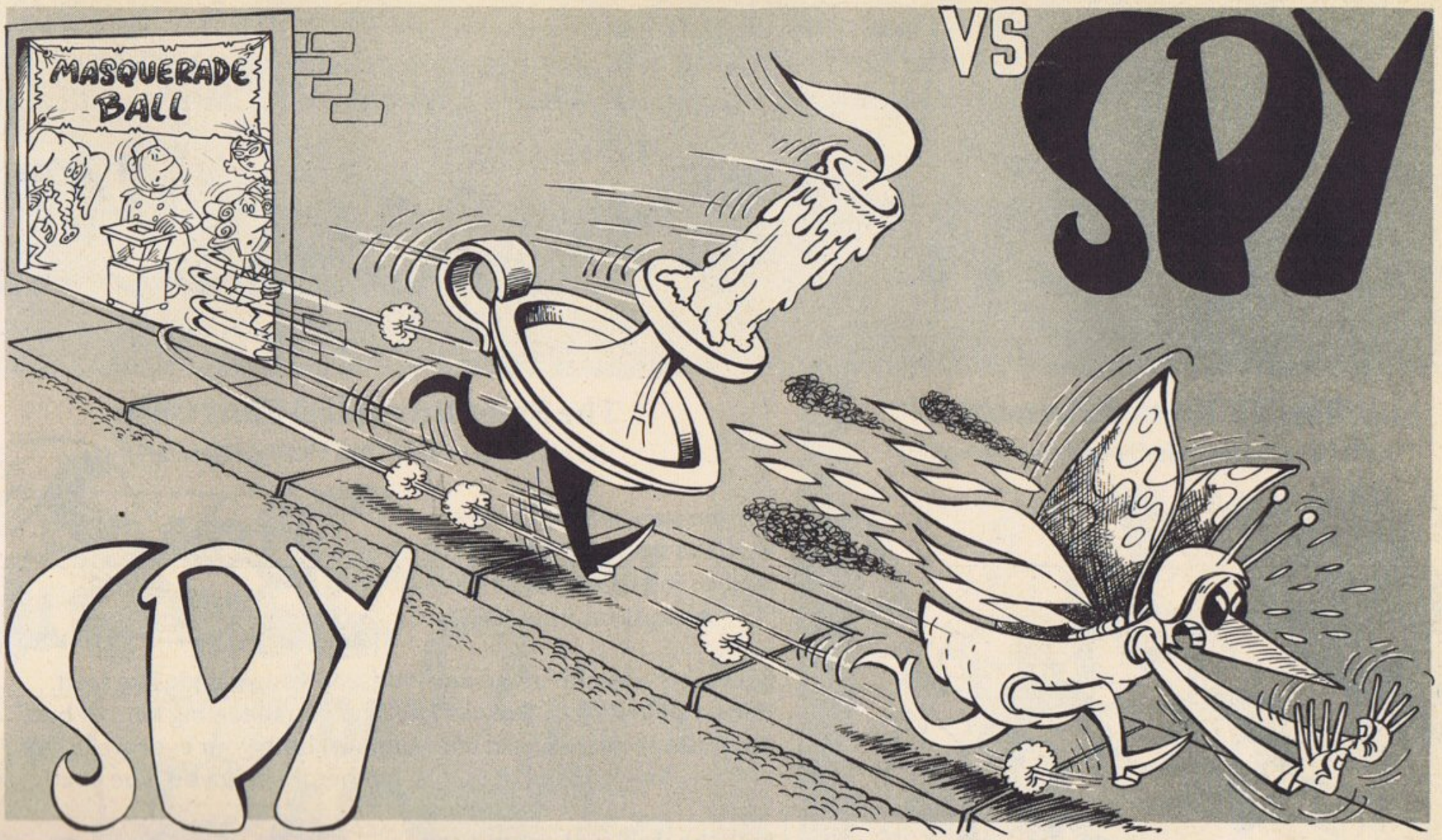
You have to know what the artist was trying to **do!**

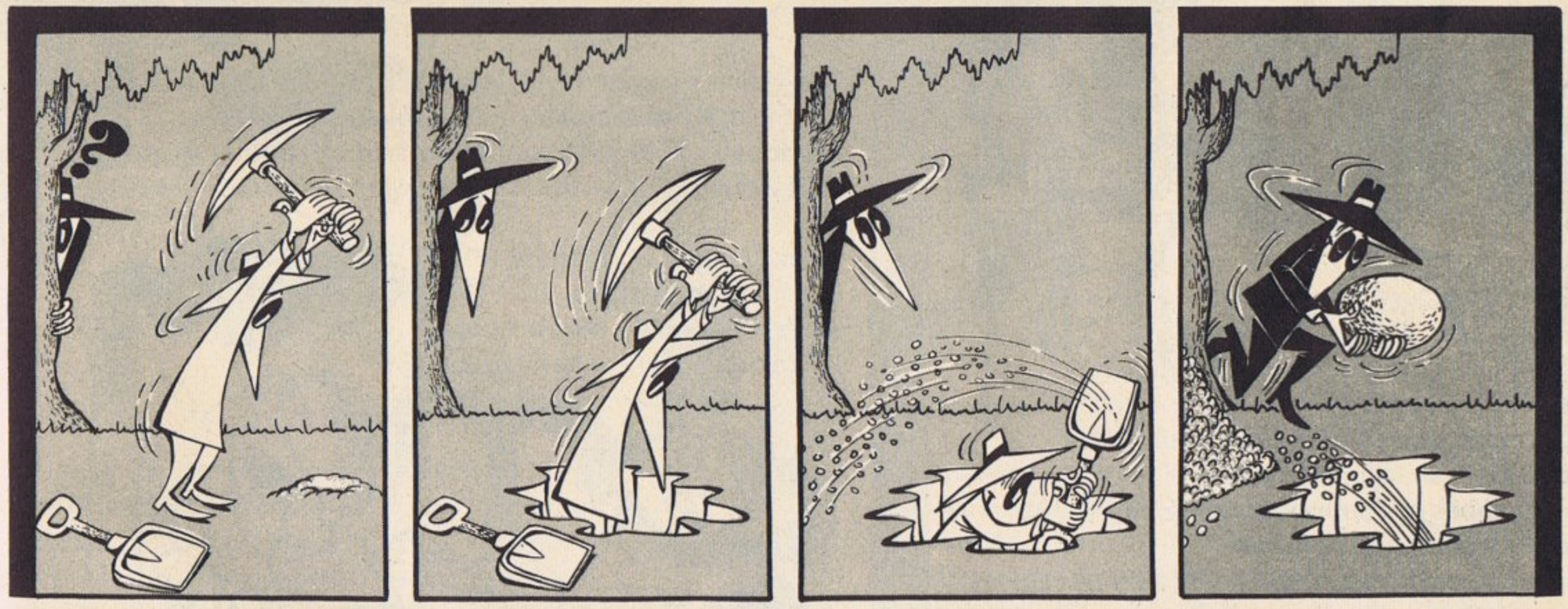
Why should **I** know something **he** doesn't know!

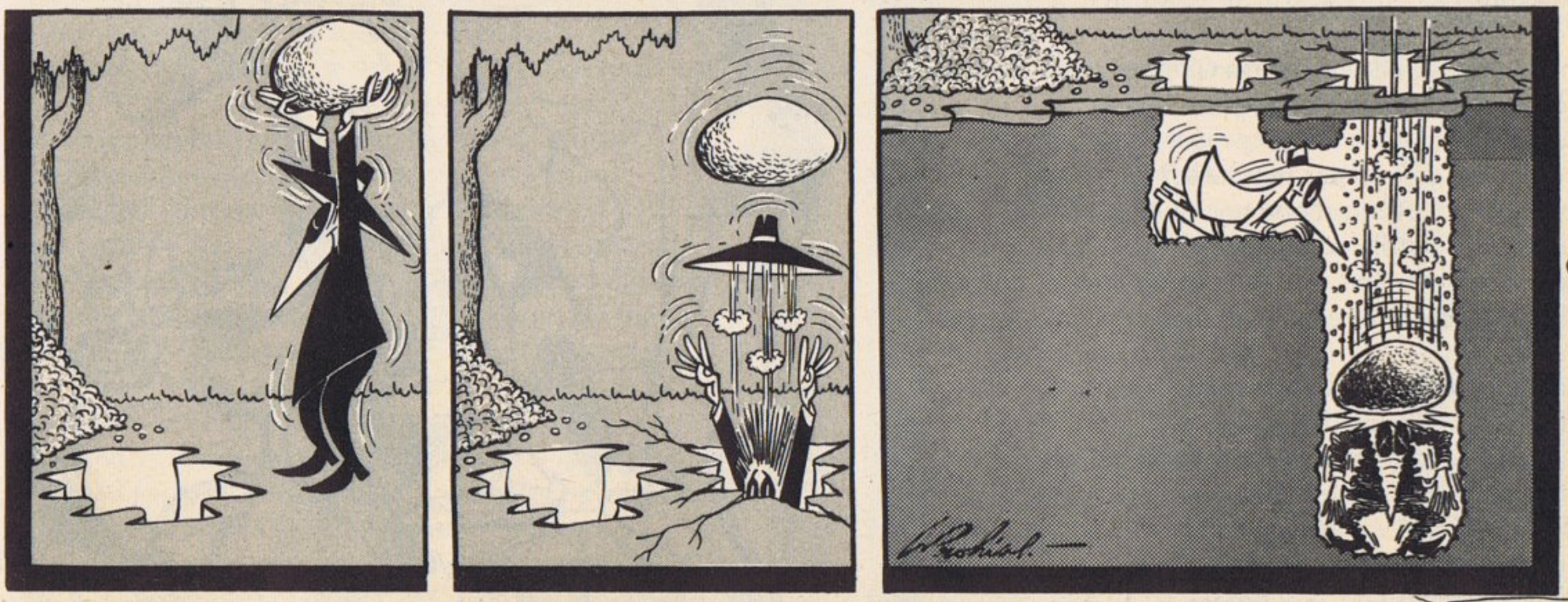
I could look at that picture for **hours!**

Me, too—and I **still** wouldn't get it!

JOKE & DAGGER DEPT. PART II







SOUR NOTES DEPT.

For hundreds of years, folk singers have been composing ditties to voice their criticism of the way the world is being run. But not until recently did protest songs suddenly zoom to the top on music popularity charts. Unfortunately, the phenomenon may not last long. This generation's angry young protest singers are beginning to show a definite need for new material. And so it is that MAD rushes forward to keep a good thing going (or kill it off completely) by presenting this inspired array of . . .

New "Protests" To The Same Old Tunes

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

The TV Victim's Lament

(Sung to the tune of *"Blowin' in the Wind"*)

How many times must a guy spray with Ban
Before he doesn't offend?
And how many times must he gargle each day
Before he can talk to a friend?
How many tubes of shampoo must he buy
Before his dandruff will end?
The sponsors, my friend, will sell you all they can.
The sponsors will sell you all they can.

How many times must a man use Gillette
Before shaving won't make him bleed?
And how many cartons of Kents must he smoke
Before the girls all pay him heed?
How many products must one person buy
Before he has all that he'll need?
The sponsors, my friend, will sell you all they can.
The sponsors will sell you all they can.

How many times must a gal clean her sink
Before Ajax scours that stain,
And how many times must she rub in Ben-Gay
Before she can rub out the pain?
How many ads on TV must we watch
Before we are driven insane?
The sponsors, my friend, will broadcast all they can.
The sponsors will broadcast all they can!

The Smog Breathers' Final Gasp

(Sung to the tune of *"The Midnight Special"*)

See the steel mill furnace
Belch its smoke at me,
While I inhale deeply
'Til I'm ready for lung surgery.

Now, you wake up in the morning, and you strangle like mad.
Poison's blowing in the window, and you're feeling kind of bad.
Tongue's all coated gold with sulphur; both your eyes are bright
You're a lovely blend of colors, but before long you'll be dead.

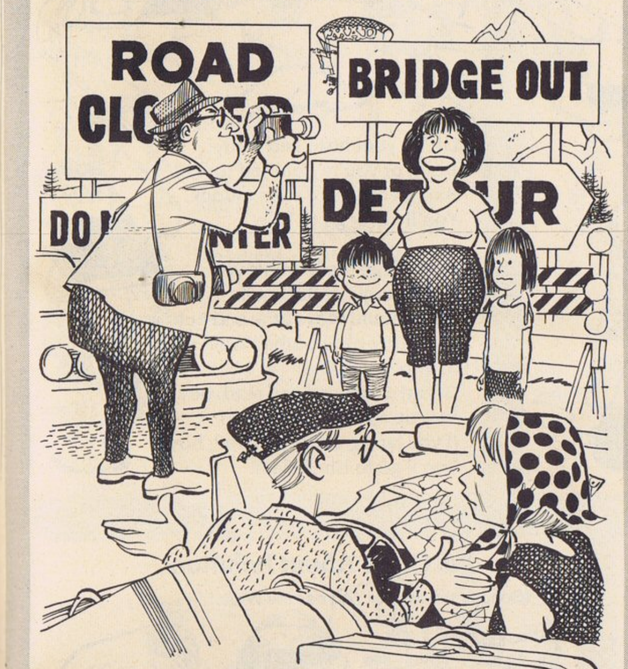
Still, the steel mill smokestack
Blows its crud at me,
Causing awful headaches
Plus assorted other misery.

City Hall is swamped with letters. "Clean the air," they all say.
But the mayor's secretary quickly files them all away.
No dough's left to fight pollution, so don't bother to grouse;
It all went to air condition every politician's house.

So just let that smokestack
Belch its fumes at me.
Since it's good for business,
I'll lie down and conk out quietly.

Peeved At Obstructions

(Sung to the tune of *"Eve of Destruction"*)



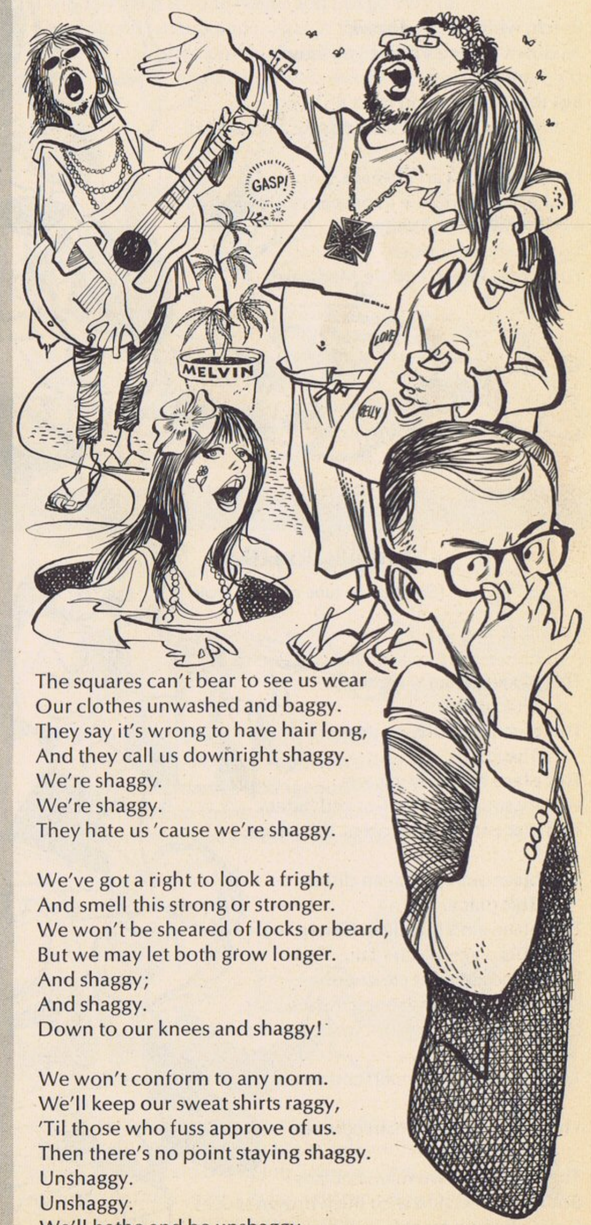
You save up all year long to take a nice vacation.
You make a lot of plans to drive across the nation.
You dream of all you'll see with great anticipation.
You've only got a week to reach your destination,
But that seems like enough; you feel no consternation.
Then they tell you over and over and over again, my friend,
That you can't get through; the road is under construction.

You've never been to Maine or Utah's scenic section.
You call the auto club to help make your selection.
You pay to get your car a thorough trip inspection
So you can drive afar and feel you've got protection.
Then, when you're almost there, you seek a cop's direction.
And he tells you over and over and over again, my friend,
That you must turn back; the road is under construction.

Vacation here at home, our president keeps saying.
Don't spend your dough abroad, he fervently is praying.
So you head for New York to do your summer playing;
Or maybe to the west a travel plan you're laying,
To see those snowy peaks and geysers wildly spraying.
But the signs warn over and over and over again, my friend,
That you can't get there; the road is under construction.

The Flower Children's Fight Song

(Sung to the tune of *"They Call the Wind Maria"*)



The squares can't bear to see us wear
Our clothes unwashed and baggy.
They say it's wrong to have hair long,
And they call us downright shaggy.
We're shaggy.
We're shaggy.
They hate us 'cause we're shaggy.

We've got a right to look a fright,
And smell this strong or stronger.
We won't be sheared of locks or beard,
But we may let both grow longer.
And shaggy;
And shaggy.
Down to our knees and shaggy!

We won't conform to any norm.
We'll keep our sweat shirts raggy,
'Til those who fuss approve of us.
Then there's no point staying shaggy.
Unshaggy.
Unshaggy.
We'll bathe and be unshaggy.

A Rousing Sneer For The Undedicated Physician

(Sung to the tune of *"Home on the Range"*)

Groan, groan with the pain.
Your doctor has vanished again.
Of course, it's his right
To go out Friday night,
So just lie there. Shut up! Don't complain!

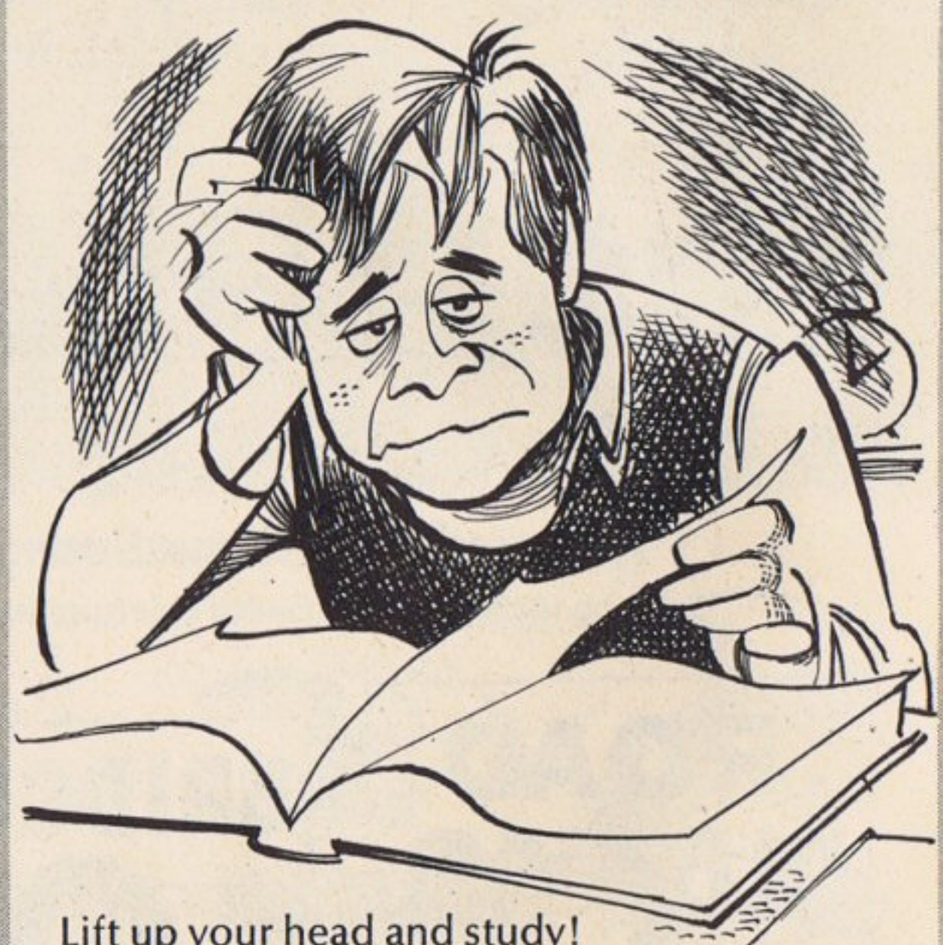
Writhe, twitch and feel strange.
You've left word with Doc's phone exchange.
Some day, he'll check in
And prescribe as-pir-in.
That's the best you can hope to arrange.

Retch, whimper and bawl,
As down to Doc's office you crawl.
It's painfully slow,
But that's where you must go
'Cause you know he won't make a house call.

Pain, pain you can't bear.
So die, but don't die in despair.
As downward you slide,
See the cheerier side:
You won't live to endure Medicare.

Concerto In D-Minus

(Sung to the tune of *"Tom Dooley"*)



Lift up your head and study!
Learn or you're doomed to fail!
And if your mind stays muddy,
You'll never go to Yale.

No college really wants you;
Not Georgia or Bucknell.
Why should they come and hunt you?
You don't play football well.

Lift up your head and read, boy!
Stay up all night and cram!
If you lack grades you need, boy,
You'll go to Uncle Sam.

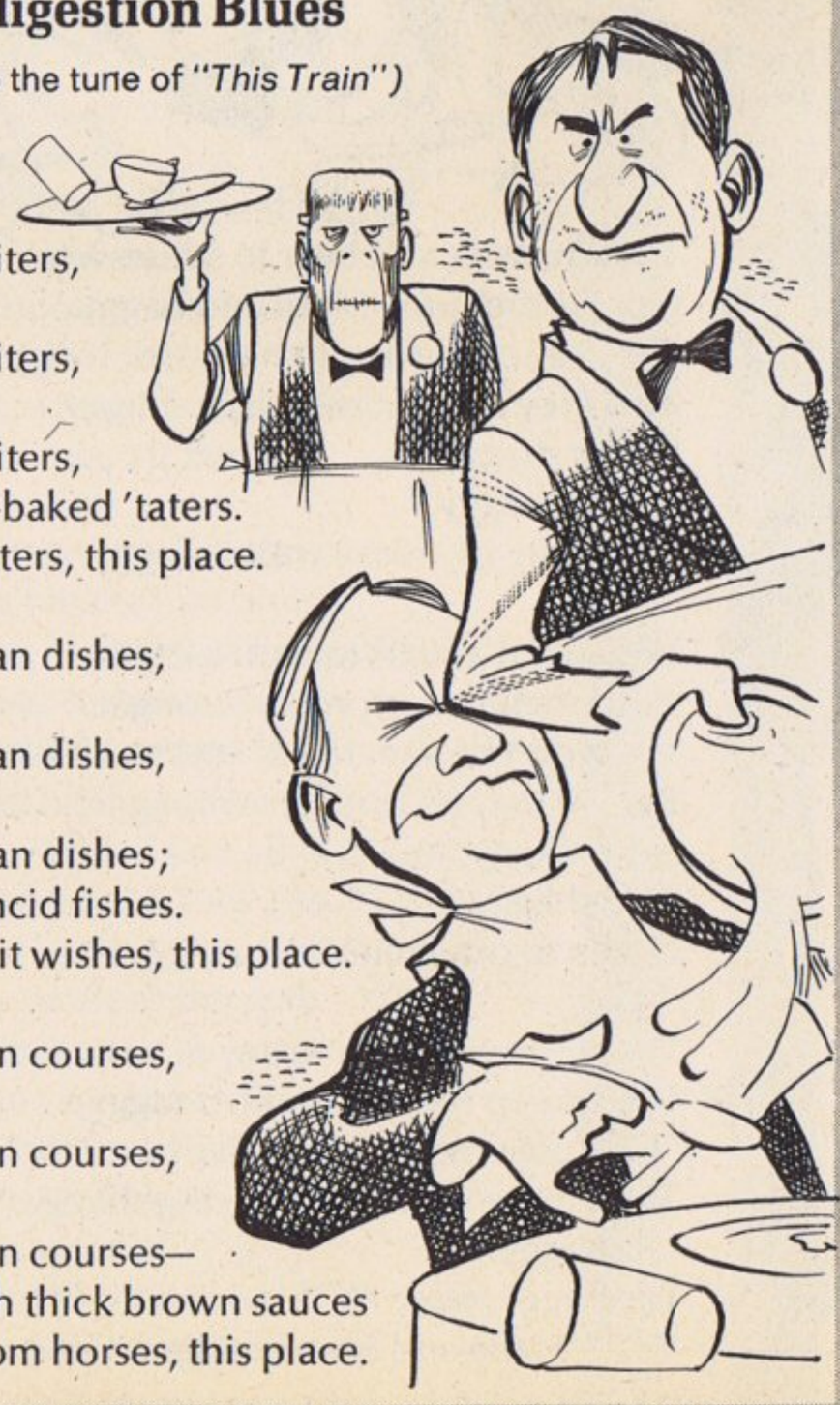
Indigestion Blues

(Sung to the tune of *"This Train"*)

This place has surly waiters,
This place.
This place has surly waiters,
This place.
This place has surly waiters,
Watery soups and half-baked 'taters.
This place to no one caters, this place.

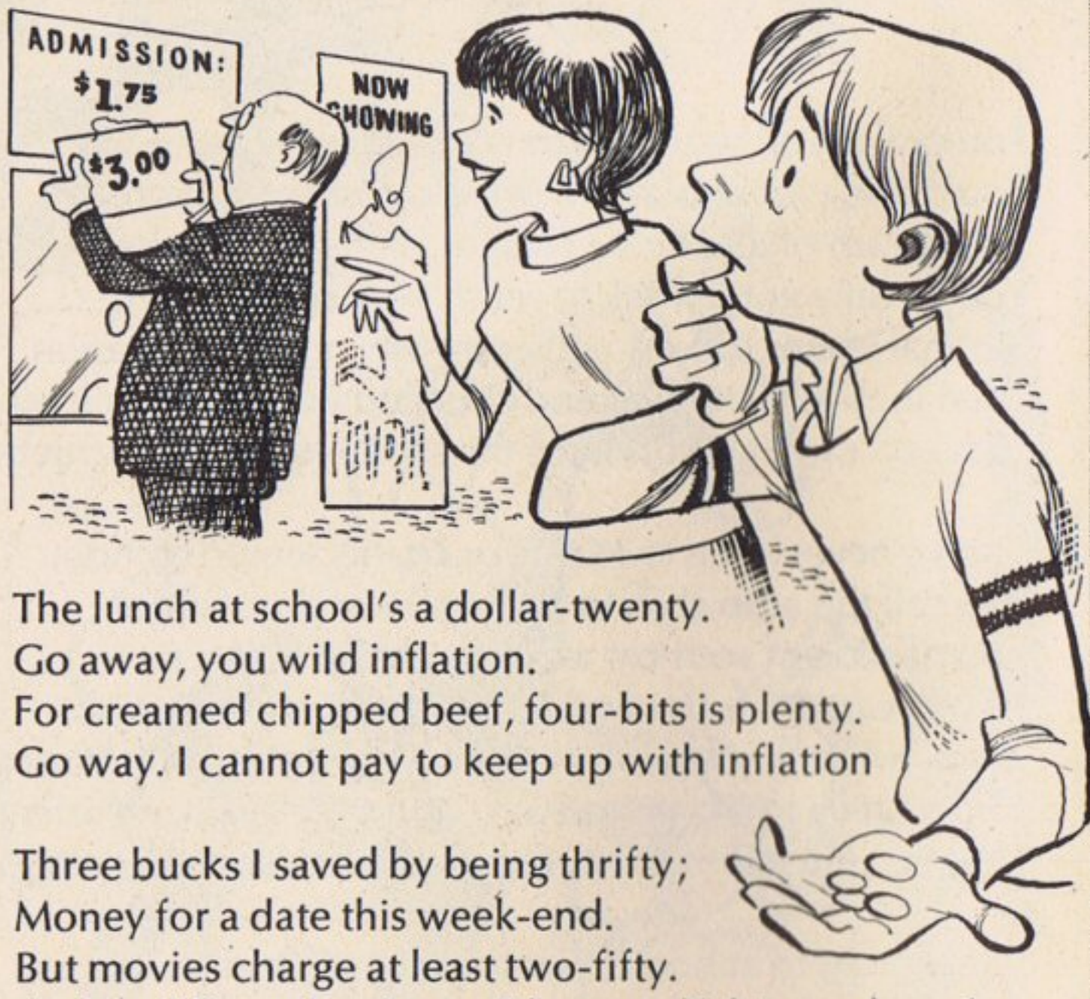
This place ain't got clean dishes,
This place.
This place ain't got clean dishes,
This place.
This place ain't got clean dishes;
Just stale bread and rancid fishes.
This place serves what it wishes, this place.

This place has two main courses,
This place.
This place has two main courses,
This place.
This place has two main courses—
Both are drenched with thick brown sauces
Camouflaging meat from horses, this place.



I'm Cross About Inflation

(Sung to the tune of *"Across the Wide Missouri"*)



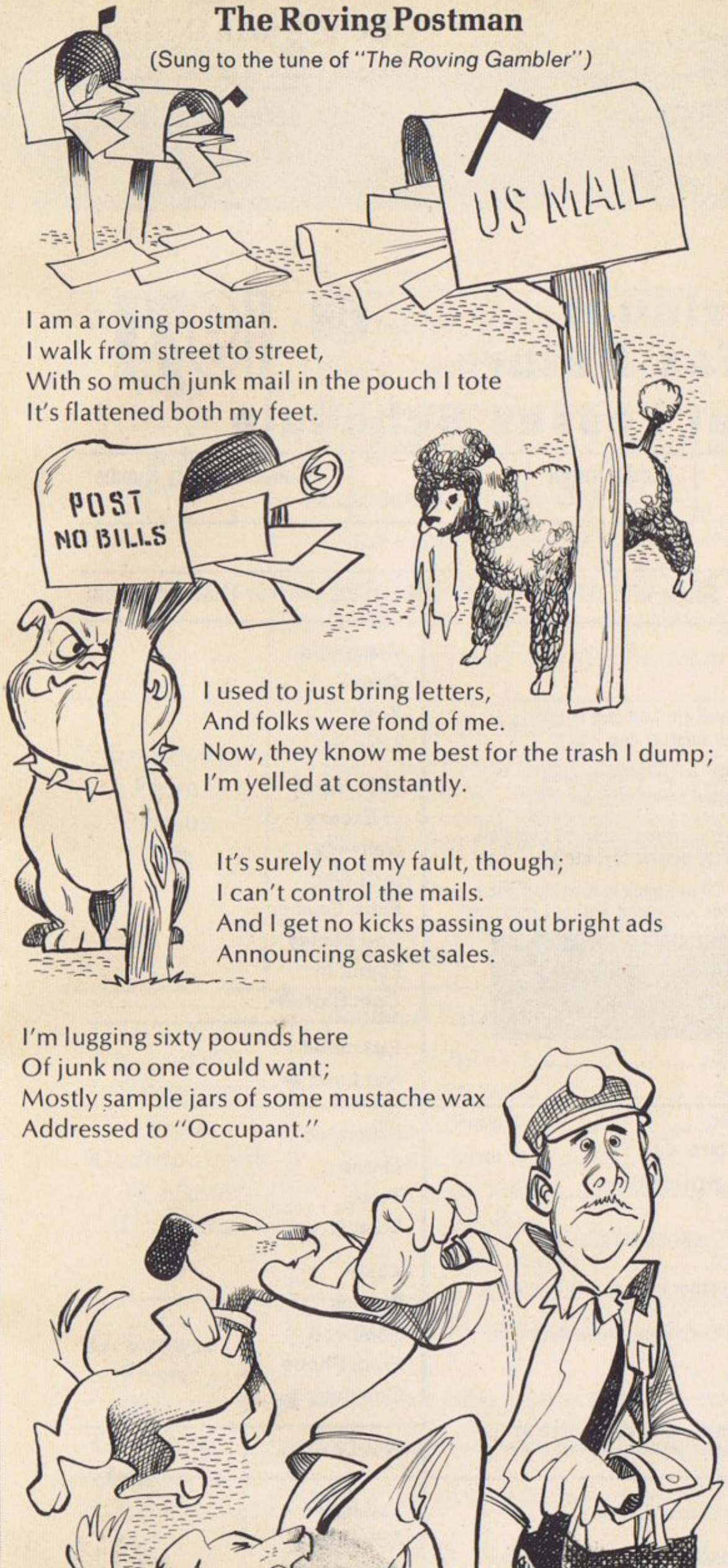
The lunch at school's a dollar-twenty.
Go away, you wild inflation.
For creamed chipped beef, four-bits is plenty.
Go way. I cannot pay to keep up with inflation

Three bucks I saved by being thrifty;
Money for a date this week-end.
But movies charge at least two-fifty.
And so, I'll see the show all by myself this week-end.

I mowed the lawn and earned two-dollars:
Lowest wage scale in the nation.
But ask for more and my dad hollers:
"It's you. It's kids like you who cause the wild inflation."

The Roving Postman

(Sung to the tune of *"The Roving Gambler"*)



I am a roving postman.
I walk from street to street,
With so much junk mail in the pouch I tote
It's flattened both my feet.

I used to just bring letters,
And folks were fond of me.
Now, they know me best for the trash I dump;
I'm yelled at constantly.

It's surely not my fault, though;
I can't control the mails.
And I get no kicks passing out bright ads
Announcing casket sales.

I'm lugging sixty pounds here
Of junk no one could want;
Mostly sample jars of some mustache wax
Addressed to "Occupant."

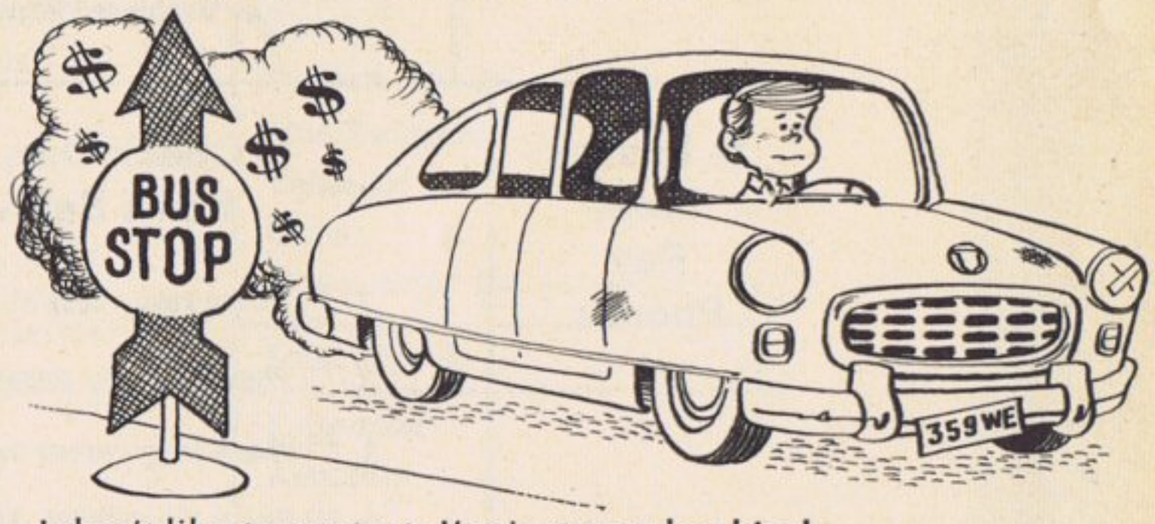
But still I trod my route, boys,
Through snow and sleet and hail.
Then I hurry home when the day is done
And burn my own junk mail.

The Bleat Of The Former Pedestrian

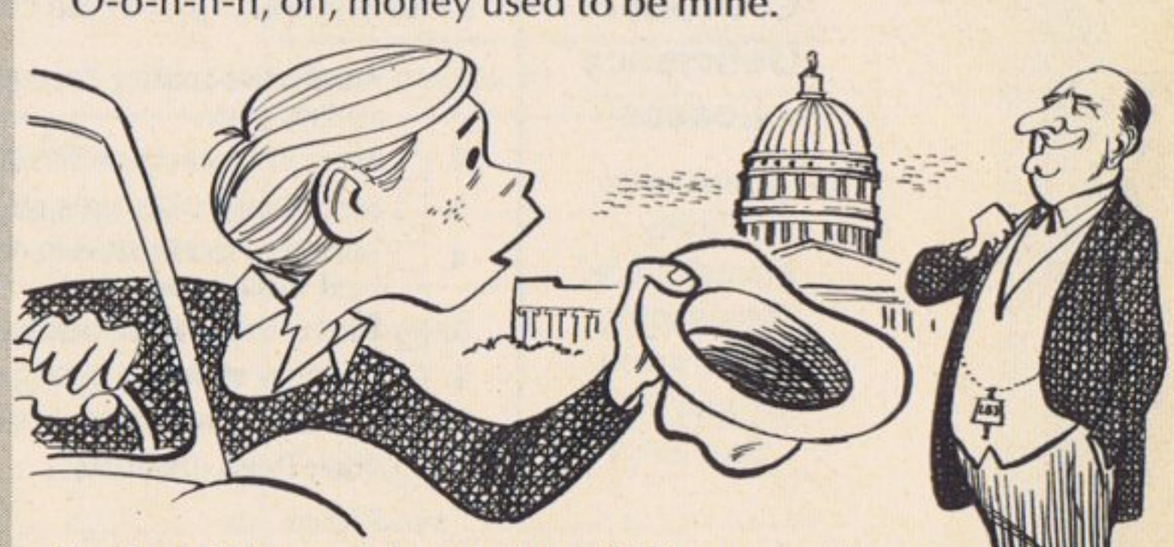
(Sung to the tune of *"Kisses Sweeter than Wine"*)

When I was a young man without any car,
I used to hang around home and not go very far.
I had me no wheels and no gas in the tank.
In fact, I really had nothing but dough in the bank.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money that was all mine.

Then I met a dealer and showed him my cash.
He said, "My boy, what you need is this '52 Nash."
The contract I signed was to drive me to tears;
It called for low, easy terms for the next hundred years.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money no longer mine.



I don't like to protest; I'm just not that kind,
But then my grounds for complaint are so easy to find.
The license and tax are outrageously high,
And when you go to insure, kiss your savings good-bye.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money used to be mine.



I've heard it proclaimed, though I'm not really sure,
That there's a federal program to help out the poor.
I don't ask for food or the Job Training Corps;
Just cash to finance my car for a dozen years more.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money rightfully mine.

TAKE OFF TAKE-OFF DEPT.

If "Big Businessmen" can deduct "big losses" before determining their total incomes for Income Tax Purposes, it seems only fair that us "little guys" should be allowed to deduct our "little losses" before determining our total incomes for Income Tax purposes. And so, here is MAD's suggestion for an additional form to be added to the regular Income Tax form for determining Minor Losses:

Form 1040-A U.S. Individual Income Tax Return 1971

Minor Personal Losses Schedule

First Name | Last Name | Middle Initial | Social Security Number

Present Address

☐ Single ☐ Married ☐ Married with children ☐ Single with children (Attach note and explain how THAT happened)

A. Losses From Vending Machines

(Including Total Losses From Non-Operation)

Check One Or More:

1. ☐ **Soda Machines** (Half credit allowed for half-cup delivery, quarter credit for quarter cup, etc.)
2. ☐ **Candy Machines** (No partial credit allowed for melted chocolate, crushed candy bar, etc.)
3. ☐ **Gum Machines** (No credit allowed for wrong colored gum ball, wrong flavor, flimsy plastic toy, etc.)
4. ☐ **Cigarette Machines** (Additional 1¢ per pack can be deducted for cigarettes delivered without matches)

DO YOU KNOW THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH? Send for Govt. Pamphlet No. G-765, Govt. Printing Office

5. ☐ **Other Machines** (describe fully)

Estimated Gross Total Loss ▶ ----------

Less Value of Excess Delivery, Including Extra Change And Money Found In Coin Slots ▶ ----------

Estimated Net Loss ▶ ----------

B. Losses From Pay Phones

Check One Or More Of The Items Below, If Applicable:

1. ☐ **Phone rang—busy** at the other end—phone kept dime.
2. ☐ **Phone rang—no answer** at the other end—phone kept dime.
3. ☐ **Phone rang—wrong number** at other end—phone kept dime.
4. ☐ **Phone** did **nothing**—kept dime.

NOTE: MONEY SPENT ON DOCTORS FOR MENTAL ANGUISH CAUSED BY USING PAY PHONES NOT DEDUCTIBLE HERE. SEE "MEDICAL DEDUCTIONS".

Estimated Gross Total Loss ▶ ----------

Less Stamps Received From Phone Company ▶ ----------

Net Loss ▶ ----------

C. Product Deficiency Losses

(Caused by Faulty Manufacture, Misleading Advertising, Or Just Plain Stupidity)

I Purchased (Fill in the correct amount, if any):

1. ☐ **Provocative-Looking Paperback Books** that turned out to have no dirty parts.
2. ☐ **Boxes of Crackerjack** that had no prize in them.
3. ☐ **Spray Cans** that became clogged or had insufficient charges.
4. ☐ **Take-Out Pizzas** that were too cold to eat by the time I got them home.
5. ☐ **Sunday Newspapers** that had sections missing.
6. ☐ **Packages of Bubble Gum** that had no jokes or trading cards.
7. ☐ **Glasses of Undrinkable Lemonade** sold by little kids.
8. ☐ **Other Items** (Describe)

Estimated Total Cost Of Items ▶ ----------

Less Value Of Useable Material Or Edible Parts ▶ ----------

Estimated Net Loss ▶ ----------

D. Accidental Losses From Things Being Thrown Out

My (Check one or more):

☐ Mother ☐ Father ☐ Husband ☐ Wife ☐ Sister ☐ Brother ☐ Friend
☐ Aunt ☐ Uncle ☐ Grandmother ☐ Grandfather ☐ Landlady ☐ Super
☐ Boss ☐ Roommate ☐ Secretary ☐ Maid ☐ Other

Accidentally Threw Out

☐ Deposit Bottles ☐ Uncancelled Stamps ☐ Foreign Coins ☐ U.S. Coins
☐ Trading Stamps ☐ Unread Magazines ☐ Good Flashlight Batteries
☐ Useable Refills ☐ Perfectly Good Old Clothes ☐ Theatre Tickets
☐ Free Passes ☐ Pencil Stubs ☐ Lottery Tickets ☐ Other

For A Gross Total Loss Of ▶ ----------

Less Value Of Useable Stuff Found In Garbage While Looking For Thrown Out Stuff ▶ ----------

Net Loss ▶ ----------

E. Losses From Owning Pets

Check One Or More:

☐ Food ☐ Seed ☐ Kitty Litter ☐ Leashes ☐ Brushes ☐ Combs
☐ Whistles ☐ Bowls ☐ Cages ☐ Blankets ☐ Baskets ☐ Toys
☐ Sprays ☐ Yummies ☐ Milkbones ☐ Doghouses ☐ Tanks ☐ Pumps
☐ Filters ☐ Plants ☐ Snails ☐ Colored Stones, etc. ☐ Airwick

Was Left Over When My

☐ Cat ☐ Dog ☐ Parakeet ☐ Tropical Fish ☐ Other
☐ Died ☐ Ran Away ☐ Was Stolen ☐ Was Given Away ☐ Other

Original Cost of Items ▶ ----------

Less % Of Total Expected Useable Life ▶ ----------

Net Loss ▶ ----------

F. Losses Resulting From Contributions To Minor Charities

I Gave A Total Of:

_____ Dollars To _____ Office Collections
_____ Dimes To _____ Panhandlers
_____ Meals To _____ Hobos
_____ Bones To _____ Stray Dogs
_____ Old Things To _____ Junk Men
_____ Old Clothes To _____ Hippies
_____ Other Items To _____ Other Characters

Estimated Amount Of Money Handed Out ▶ ----------

Plus Estimated Value Of Items Given Away ▶ ----------

Total Loss ▶ ----------

G. Losses From Minor Gambling Adventures

I Indulged In (Fill in the estimated amount)

☐ Penny Ante Card Games ☐ Office Pools ☐ Raffles ☐ Bingo Games
☐ Put-Your-Money-Where-Your-Mouth-Is-Bets ☐ Amusement Park Games
☐ Charity Bazaars ☐ Penny On The Crack Games ☐ Election Bets
☐ Others

Estimated Amounts Lost ▶ ----------

Less Estimated Amounts Won ▶ ----------

Total Losses ▶ ----------

H. Miscellaneous Losses

Check Items Below, If Applicable:

☐ Short-Changed by Bus Drivers, Cab Drivers and Check-Out Clerks ▶ ----------
Less money found on Bus floors and in Back Seats of Cabs, plus value of items not charged up by sloppy Check-Out Clerks. ---- ▶ ----------
Short-Changed ▶ Total Loss ----------

☐ Money lost or destroyed by being left in Pockets of Pants or Coats sent out to Dry Cleaners or Laundries. ---------- ▶ Total Loss ----------

☐ Money spent on any Doris Day movie. ---------- ▶ Total Loss ----------

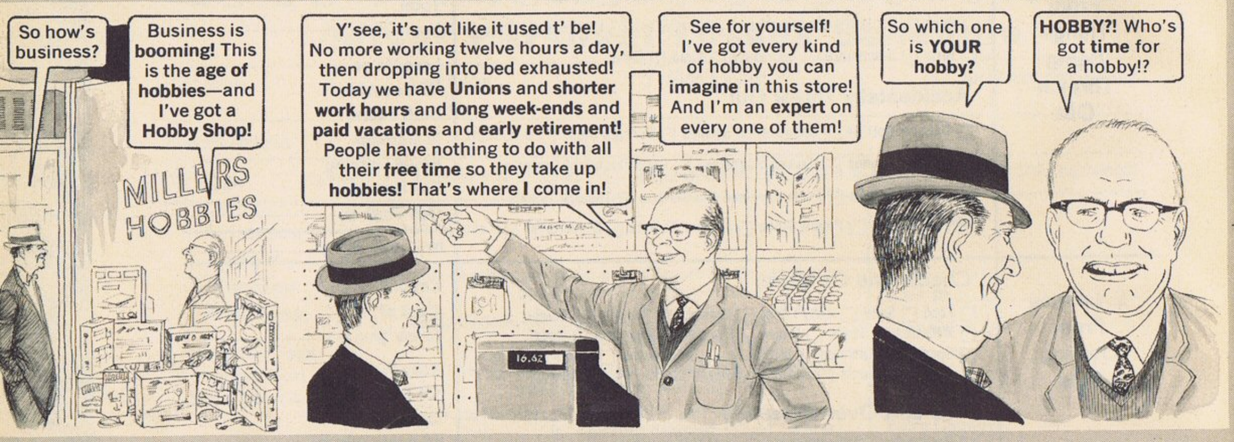
☐ Money spent on MAD Magazine. ---------- ▶ Total Loss ----------

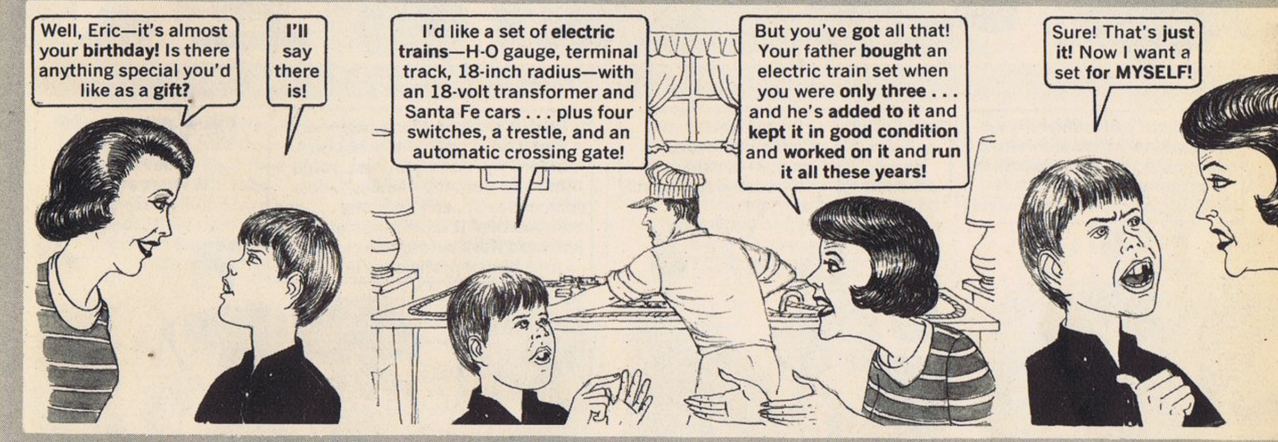
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

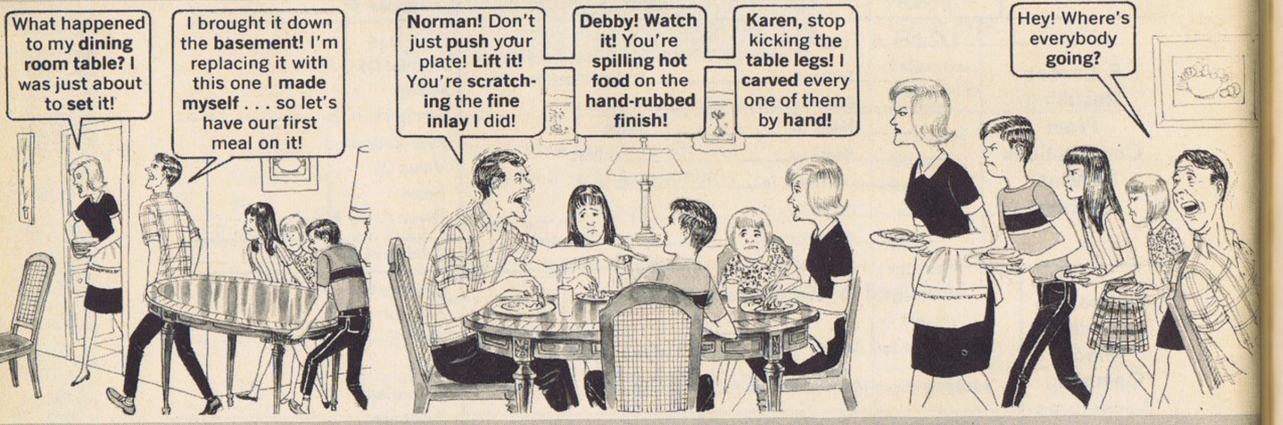
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

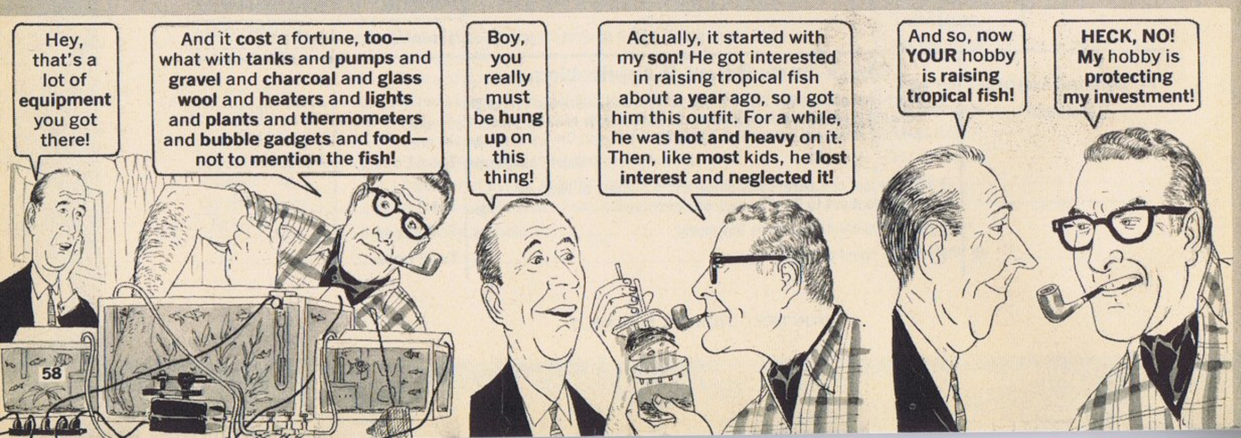
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF HOBBIES

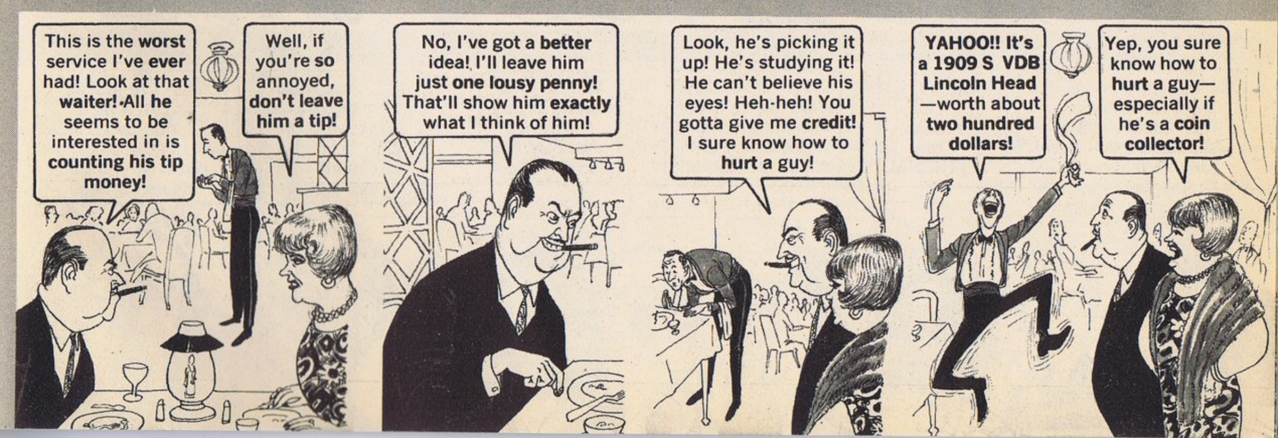
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG











Y'know, we **boys** are always involved in some **hobby** or other, like **collecting gum cards,** or **flying kites,** or **building models,** or foolin' around with **chemistry sets!**

Yeah—we boys play **baseball** and **football** and **basketball!** Those are like hobbies, **too!**

But the **girls!! They're** not **like** us boys! **They don't do nothing!**

Yeah! Take my **big sister,** f'rinstance! All she does is put her **hair** up, and put on **eye make-up,** and buy **clothes,** and talk on the **phone!**

I HEARD THAT!! You boys think you're so **great?** Well, it just so happens we girls **HAVE a hobby!!**

Oh, yeah! What **is** it?

BOYS!!

Hey, there's **Al Jaffee!** He's a **professional artist!** He went to some of the **best art schools** in the country! I'd **love** to ask him what he thinks of my work!

So!? Let's call him in and **ask** him!

I'll bet he tells me I'm an **undiscovered genius**—an amateur with **tremendous talent!**

Well, it's **not bad** for a **beginner!** But you've got to learn to **crawl** before you can **walk!** First, you'll have to learn the **"basics"**—like **perspective** . . . and **anatomy** . . . and **composition!** It takes years of **study** and **hard work** before one can attain a measure of proficiency in Art . . .

Ahhh . . . what does **he** know !

Dis is a stick-up! Gi'me all yer dough!

Sa-a-a-a-y! Isn't that an **1875 Colt "Peacemaker"** you've got there?!

Huh? All I know is, it's a **gun!** So put up yer han's!

Listen, pal, if you stick me up, all you're going to get is maybe the **thirty dollars** in my wallet. On the other hand, if you **sell** me that gun, I'll turn over **three hundred dollars** I've got hidden! You see, I'm a **gun collector,** and I've **got to have that Colt!**

Gee! I **dunno!** It don' seem **right!** What would d'other stick-up guys **say?** But seein' how much it **means** to you, **it's a deal!**

Any time you get hold of an interesting gun, feel free to hold me up!

Sure t'ing, mister! Nice meetin' ya—an' so long!

No kidding! **You** painted **that?** I can't **believe** it! I never realized you had so much **talent!** Why, that should be hanging in the **Metropolitan Museum!**

Actually, it **is!** I mean, **the ORIGINAL is!**

Oh . . . it's a **copy?** Well, what's wrong with **that?** Painting a **good copy** calls for a lot of **talent!**

Well, it's **not exactly** a copy! It's from a **"Paint-By-The-Numbers" set!**

Oh . . . you mean where the canvas comes with the picture broken into **numbered color areas!**

That's it! And all you do is **fill in** each numbered area with the same number **color!** So you see, it's **no big deal!**

Hey, Roger! My Dad said I can use his **movie camera!** What do you say we **make a movie?**

Holy cow, yeah! We can make a **Science Fiction** movie! An' we can start with the **titles** and the **credits!** I'll just print 'em on this **blackboard!**

"THE MONSTER FROM INNER SPACE

STARRING ROGER KAPUTNIK AND HAROLD Mc GUIRE

SCREENPLAY BY ROGER KAPUTNIK * PHOTOGRAPHY BY HAROLD Mc GUIRE

SPECIAL EFFECTS BY ROGER KAPUTNIK * COSTUMES BY HAROLD Mc GUIRE

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROGER KAPUTNIK

SHOT ON LOCATION IN HAROLD Mc GUIRE'S BACKYARD

Okay, now that the **titles** are finished let's start the **movie!**

We can't! We're out of **film!**

My husband is one of those **hobby nuts!** He goes from hobby to hobby—each time with the **same fantastic enthusiasm.** First there was **Stamps,** then **Ham Radio,** then **First Editions!**

Well, you know what his **real** hobby is? **Boring the heck out of me!** All he does is talk, talk, talk about his **stupid hobby!** Why, his **latest** hobby has driven me **so** wild, I've taken up a **little hobby of my own!**

Since I know I can **confide** in you, I'll tell you about **MY hobby!** He's **six feet tall** with **wavy hair,** and he doesn't **bore** me to death with **hobby talk!** So **I'm happy**—and what my **husband** doesn't know won't hurt **me!**

By the way, what **IS** your husband's **latest hobby?**

He's got a tape recorder!

Y'know, for a guy your age, you're in **pretty good shape!**

That's 'cause I keep trim by running the **obstacle course** at least a dozen times a day!

OBSTACLE COURSE!?? You're still living in the **past!** You're talking about those **by-gone Army days!**

No, I'm talking about the **here-and-now days—** and I mean like **RIGHT NOW!**

David Berg

Say, listen! Don't sell yourself **short!** That's a talent, **too ... . BOSS!**

Look at that! Everything is **pre-formed** and **pre-cast** in **plastic!** All you have to do is **glue a few parts together** and you've got a **perfect model of a plane!** Hmmmmmph!

Why, in **my** day, if you wanted to build a model plane, you had to **start from scratch** and **work from complicated plans,** cutting and shaping each rib and strut from **balsa wood!** It would take **weeks** to finish!

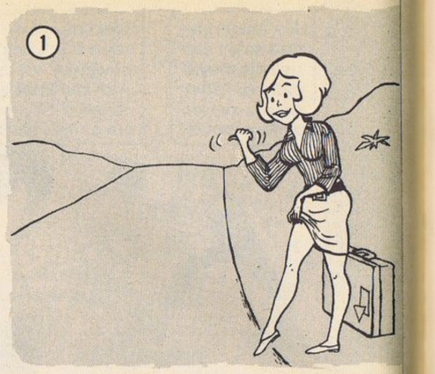
I suppose the **next** thing you're gonna tell me is: **Those were the good old days!**

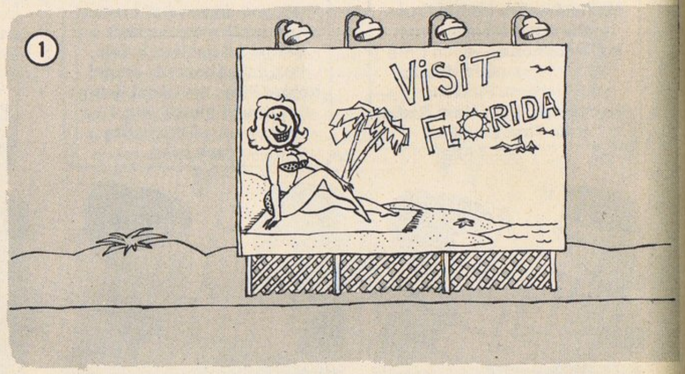
Heck, no! THESE are the good old days—**right NOW**—with things **nice** and **easy,** like **you** kids got it!

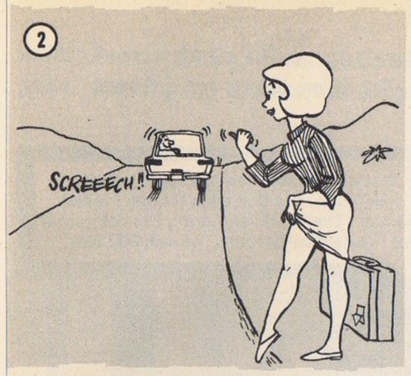
HIGH YOCK-TANE DEPT.

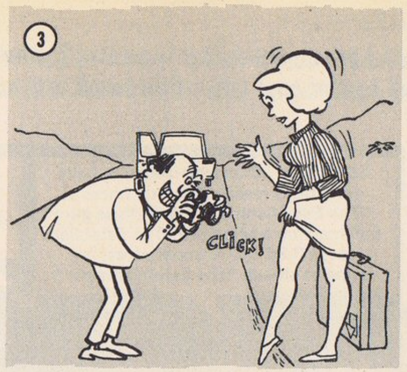
ON THE ROAD

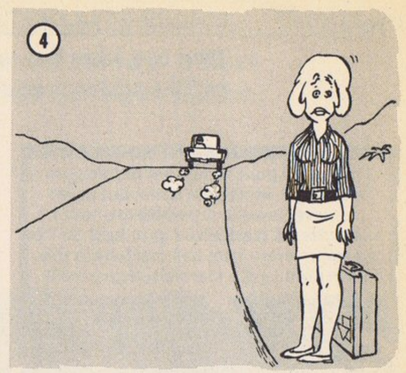
with Sergio Aragones

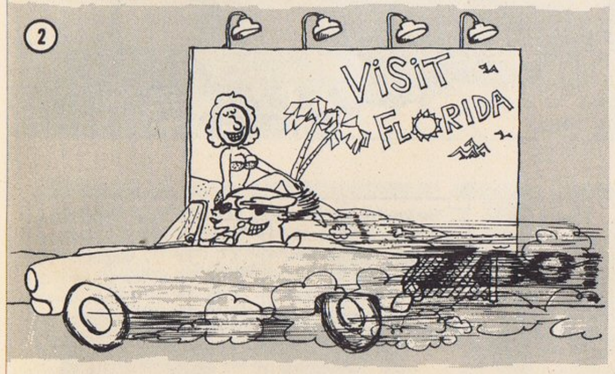


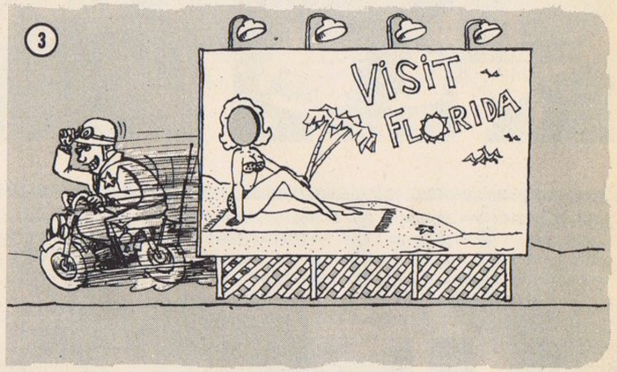


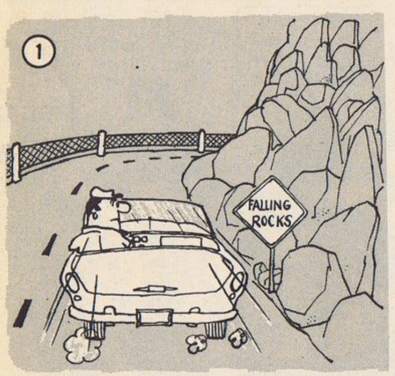


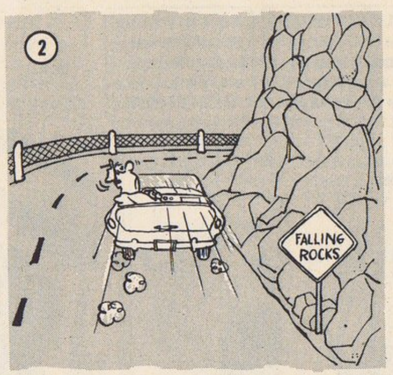


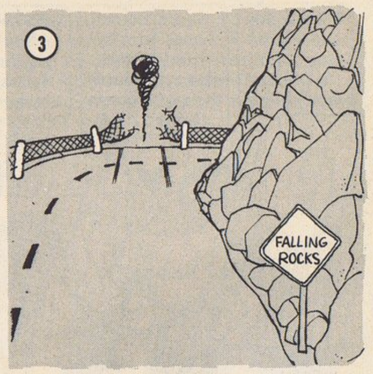


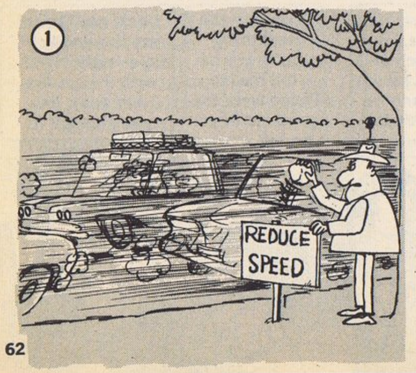


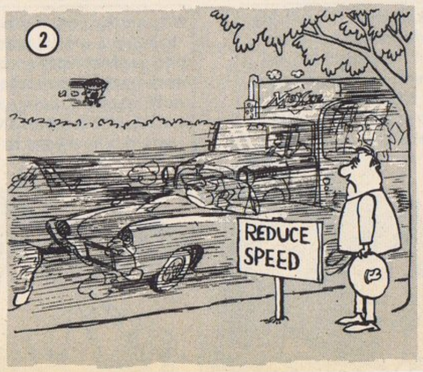


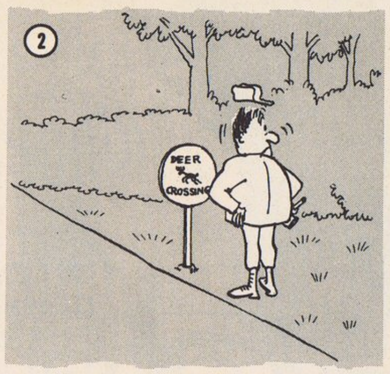


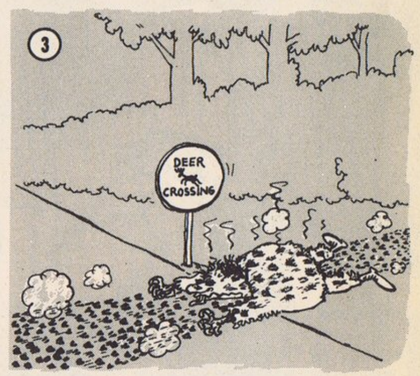


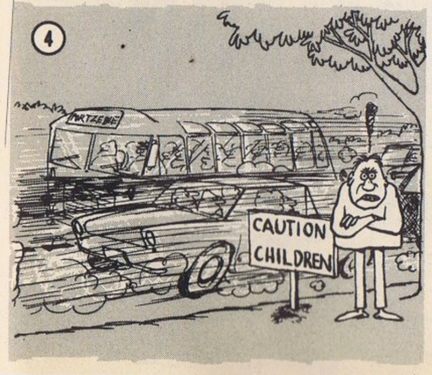


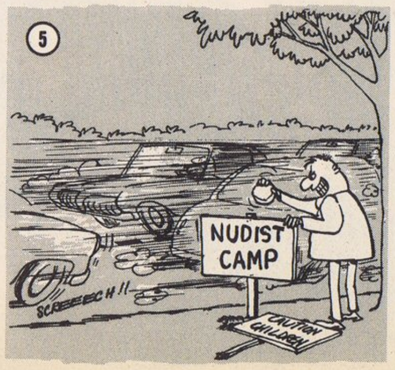


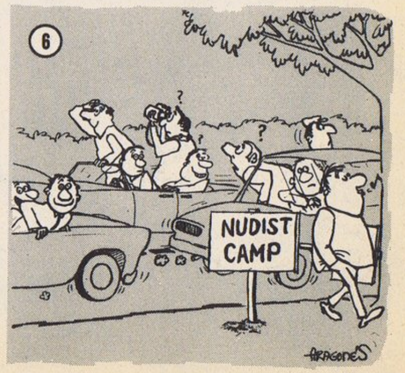












ESCAPE-GOAT DEPT.

Years ago, when they made a prison picture, you knew exactly what was going on. The guards were all sadistic and the prisoners were all regular guys under their tough exteriors. But today, things are different. Today, a prison picture isn't really about prison and prisoners. Today, it's all symbolism, and you have to figure out what's going on. Like f'rinstance in this MAD version of a recent prison picture that begins like this:

BLU-EYED KOOK

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

I get **green** gum balls! I get **purple** gum balls! I get **white** gum balls! But **never** . . . never **once** in my **whole life** have I ever gotten a **marbleized gum ball!** So I'm smashin' every gum ball machine in this town until I **get** a marbleized gum ball!

GUM

Sorry, son, but marbleized gum balls are **strictly reserved** for members of **"The Establishment"!** And those gum ball machines **belong** to "The Establishment"! So you're **under arrest** for **trying to smash "The Establishment"!**

Okay! You can arrest me! But I'm lettin' you know now that even though I **failed** to smash "The Establishment", I'm **not** gonna let "The Establishment" **smash ME!** Not . . .

All right, now we're gonna get along jus' fine if you always do **exactly as I say,** no matter **how unreasonable** . . . an' if you always **treat me with tremendous respect,** no matter **how nasty** I get . . . n' if you always remember that you have **absolutely no rights,** no matter **how miserable I make your life!**

In **other** words, being **here** will be just like **living at home with our parents!**

That's **right,** smart guy! Okay—what's your name?

Kook Jerkson!

So **you're** Jerkson! I hear that some folks consider you to be a **hero!** Just what did you **do?**

I burned my Draft Card!

Well, **THAT** was an idle gesture . . . especially since you were **in Vietnam** at the time!

HE DIDN'T LISTEN

If you **don't make your bed,** you go **in the box!** If you **talk back,** you go **in the box!** If you **forget your number,** you go **in the box!** If you're **late,** you go **in the box!**

Who does he think he **is!?**

Señor Wences!

All right, **everybody outside!** Here's the **schedule** for today! **Stagline,** you get busy on your **raffia! Society Head,** you finish up your **wallet! Kook,** you start on your **ash tray!**

Some prison! This is **ridiculous!**

If you think **this** is bad, just wait until **"Color War"!**

What did **he** do?

He went **swimming** without his **buddy!**

Where are they **taking** him?

They're putting him in **the box!**

What happens in the box?

He has to watch **"Hud", "Harper", "Hombre"** and **"The Hustler"** without a break!

That stuff don't bother **me!** I'm **detatched!** I'm **cut off** from Society! I don't need **anything** . . . or **anybody!**

Oh, yeah!? What kind of a guy **ARE you, anyway!?**

So lonely, I could DIE!!

DRUCKER

Boss, may I take off my **hat?**

Yes, you may!

Boss, may I take off my **jacket?**

Yes, you may!

Boss, may I take off my **shirt?**

Yes, you may!

Okay, it's the **box** for **you!**

WHAT'D I DO!??

You're **sweating,** and you didn't ask **"May I?"**

An' I'm **warnin'** you . . . take **one false "Umbrella Step"** an' I **Shoot!!**

DUNCE

BOSS, MAY I DIE?

Hey, look at that **girl!** Man, is she **built!** Look what she's **doin'!!**

They got a **name** for girls like that! Just **IGNORE her!**

You mean you can **ignore** her!?

Yep!

They got a **name** for guys like **you!**

Kook, you an me's gonna have a **fight!**

Okay, but **why??**

You took one of my **Malomars** at recess!

A **Fig Newton,** I could overlook! A **Zweiback**— no sweat! But **nobody** touches my **Malomars!**

Hey, Kook, you better throw in the towel!

Don't be **ridiculous!** This is my **strategy! First I tire him out!**

How do you do **that?**

By letting him beat me to a **pulp!**

Then I make him think he **killed** me!

How do you do **THAT?**

By **dying!**

Kook is **ALL RIGHT!** Not **once,** during all that beating, did he say, **"I give up!"**

Hey, Kook! **How come** you didn't beg for mercy??

He **hit** me so hard, I **swallowed my tongue!**

Son, I **know** we ain't much for **communicatin'!** I remember when you were **nearly two,** you said **"Mama"**—and the conversation's gone **downhill** ever since!

Thanks for comin' to **visit** me, Ma! I see you're down to a **carton a day!**

Help me t' get **comfy,** son! This mattress is **lumpy!**

The mattress is **smooth,** Ma! It's your **lungs** that's lumpy!

Bye, son! It's been real nice **talking** to yuh!

Yeah, Ma! **Don't** call **me! I'll** call **you!**

Is that dialogue **symbolic** of the **lack of understanding** between the **generations?**

No, that dialogue is **symbolic** of the **lack of talent** between the **screenwriters!**

I say my blue-eyed friend, Kook, can eat **FIFTY EGGS!**

And **I** say your blue-eyed friend, Kook, is a **phony** and a **blowhard!**

What are you . . . **crazy?! YOU'RE Kook!**

I know! I just feel **argumentative** today!

C'mon, Kook! **You** can do it!

Only **ten** more to **go,** Kook!

Just **one more,** and we win a **fortune,** Kook!

He **did** it! My blue-eyed Kook **DID IT!**

"BLUE-EYED KOOK"! Hey, **that's** what we're gonna **call** you from now on!

Better call me a **Doctor instead!** You forgot to peel off the **eggshells!**

Was eating all those eggs **symbolic** of Man's **need** to be **loved?**

No, eating all those eggs was **symbolic** of Man's **need** to be **nauseated!**

Tell the **truth,** Kook! This ain't a **bad** place as camps go, now, is it?

Ahh, **some big deal party!** Where's the **magician!?** Listen, Drag—I **hate** it here! I'm **bustin' out!**

Bustin' out?? But— **WHY??**

I'm up to **here** with **too much candy** and **soda** and **ice cream!**

ue-Eyed
ook jus'
ke out,
aptain!

Get the dogs **an'** get **after** him! An' when you **find** him . . . well, you know what **happens** to him!

No Arts & Crafts . . . no doubles on desserts . . . and **no canteen privileges** for a **whole week!**

Right! I'm **through** playing **"Mr. Nice Guy"** with him!

You **got** 'im, eh? How'd you **catch** 'im?

The **Atlanta police** found him in a **Drive-In Theater!** They thought he looked **suspicious,** just sitting there watching the movie!

What's so suspicious about **that?!**

In a **BRINKS TRUCK!?!**

e're jus' gonna have to **reak your spirit,** Kook! at's why I've assembled he **entire prison** here!

All right, you men! When I **give the signal,** everybody **repeat after me:** —One—two—three—

SHAME, SHAME ON KOO-OOK! SHAME, SHAME ON KOO-OOK!!

No! Please! Don't! I'll be **good! No more! Please!** I'll be **good! I promise!**

Look at that Kook! And we thought he was our **hero!** The **dirty sellout!** They **broke his spirit!**

Oh, let me help you on with your **boots,** sir! I hope they're **comfortable!** Do you do much **walking?**

. . . Only on people!

Kick me a few times, just to see if they **fit right, sir!**

y, Kook!
ovel over
here and
ring up
e truck!

Oh, **thank you** for giving me the opportunity to **serve** you, sir! **Thank you!**

Yecch! Listen to him! It's enough to make you **lose your faith** in **rotten people!**

Hey! Look at **that!**

He's **steppin' on the gas! He's drivin' right through!**

He's **escaping! That's** what he's doing! **My Blue-Eyed Kook is ESCAPING!!**

HEY, KOOK! WAIT FOR ME!

Like **heck** I'm escaping!! **The GAS PEDAL'S STUCK!!**

So long, Stagline! Here's where we **part company!**

Because you pretended to sleep through **two Toll Booths** and you wouldn't chip in for **gas!** Besides, you drive me **crazy** . . . always asking **"When** are we gonna **get** there?" and **"How much longer?"**

Why, Kook? **WHY??**

Lord, I **know** I've **never been religious!**

And I **know** I'm a liar and a cheat . . . and to me, rules are only made to be broken! I **KNOW** all that!

But I'm **in trouble** now, and I'm asking you what to do!

GET LOST!

See . . .?? **THAT'S why I've never been religious!**

Hey, Kook! They sent me in to **make you surrender** because they got the place **surrounded . . .** but I **know** you'll never surrender!

Well, I don't know about **that . . .**

KRAK!

GO ON, YOU GUYS! SHOOT!! SHOOT ALL YOU WANT!! YOU CAN'T KILL BLUE-EYED KOOK!

NOW he tells them!

Warden, would you do me **one last favor?**

Sure, Kook! **Name it—**

Let me die with my **blue eyes open!**

Sure, Kook! But tell, me . . . **why wouldn't** you **ever give in** to **"The Establishment"?**

WHO wouldn't give in?? I just **never knew WHAT in heck** "The Establishment" **was**

He's dead! Blue-Eyed Kook is **dead!**

Hey, what in heck **IS** "The Establishment"?!

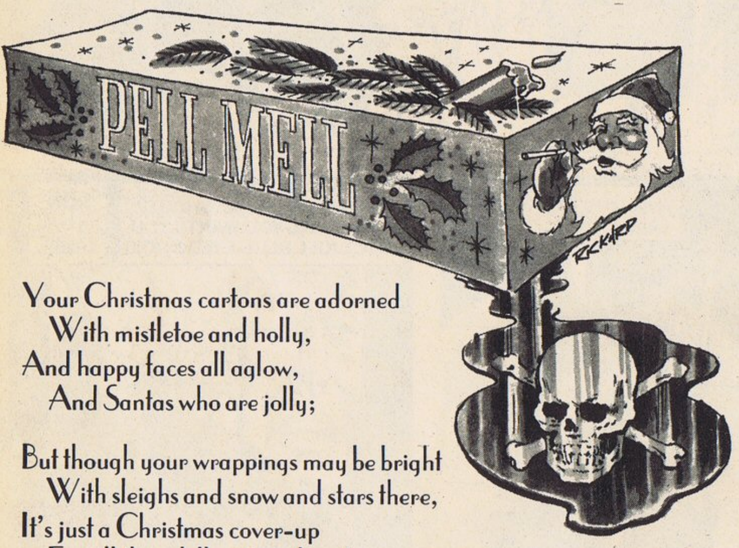
Don't ask **me!** Do I ask **you** why you wear those **stupid mirrored glasses** all the time?

SEASON'S GRATINGS DEPT.

Every year, people send Christmas cards to friends, acquaintances and loved ones. Well, we at MAD say this is wrong! Cards should really be sent to the folks who make Christmas the distinctive holiday it is

MAD'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

To The Cigarette Industry



Your Christmas cartons are adorned
With mistletoe and holly,
And happy faces all aglow,
And Santas who are jolly;

But though your wrappings may be bright
With sleighs and snow and stars there,
It's just a Christmas cover-up
For all those killing tars there!

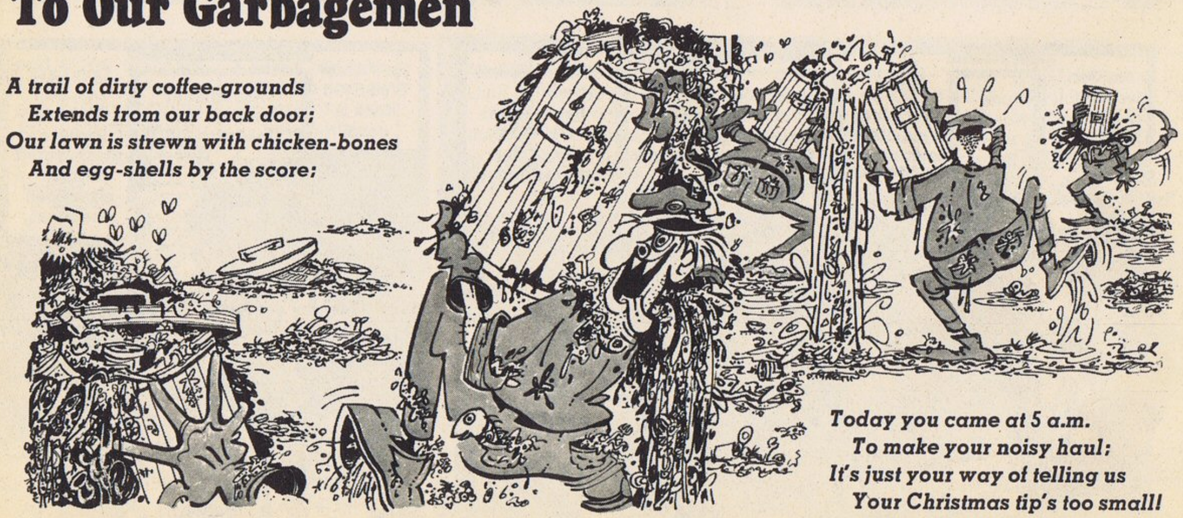
To My Apartment House Superintendent

Today you fixed my bathroom pipes
(They burst last May, you know);
You then replaced the window
That fell out 10 weeks ago;

You help me with my packages;
You greet me on the street;
I'm glad that there's a Christmas time,
Or else we'd never meet!

To Our Garbagemen

A trail of dirty coffee-grounds
Extends from our back door;
Our lawn is strewn with chicken-bones
And egg-shells by the score;



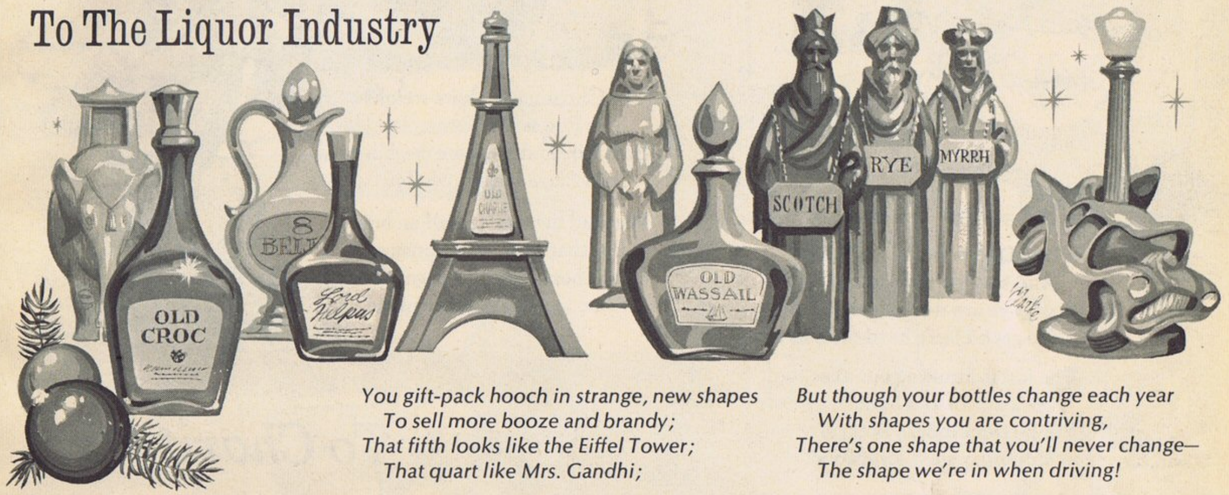
Today you came at 5 a.m.
To make your noisy haul;
It's just your way of telling us
Your Christmas tip's too small!

—namely the workmen, companies and industries that *exploit* us! It is these profit-hungry groups who deserve our most heart-felt sentiments. So why not give them what they deserve . . . from this selection of . . .

TO SEASONAL EXPLOITERS

FRANK JACOBS

To The Liquor Industry



You gift-pack hooch in strange, new shapes
To sell more booze and brandy;
That fifth looks like the Eiffel Tower;
That quart like Mrs. Gandhi;

But though your bottles change each year
With shapes you are contriving,
There's one shape that you'll never change—
The shape we're in when driving!

To Our Savings Bank Christmas Clubs

You make us save our cash each week
Through Summer, Spring and Fall;
But when it comes to in-ter-est,
You pay out none at all.

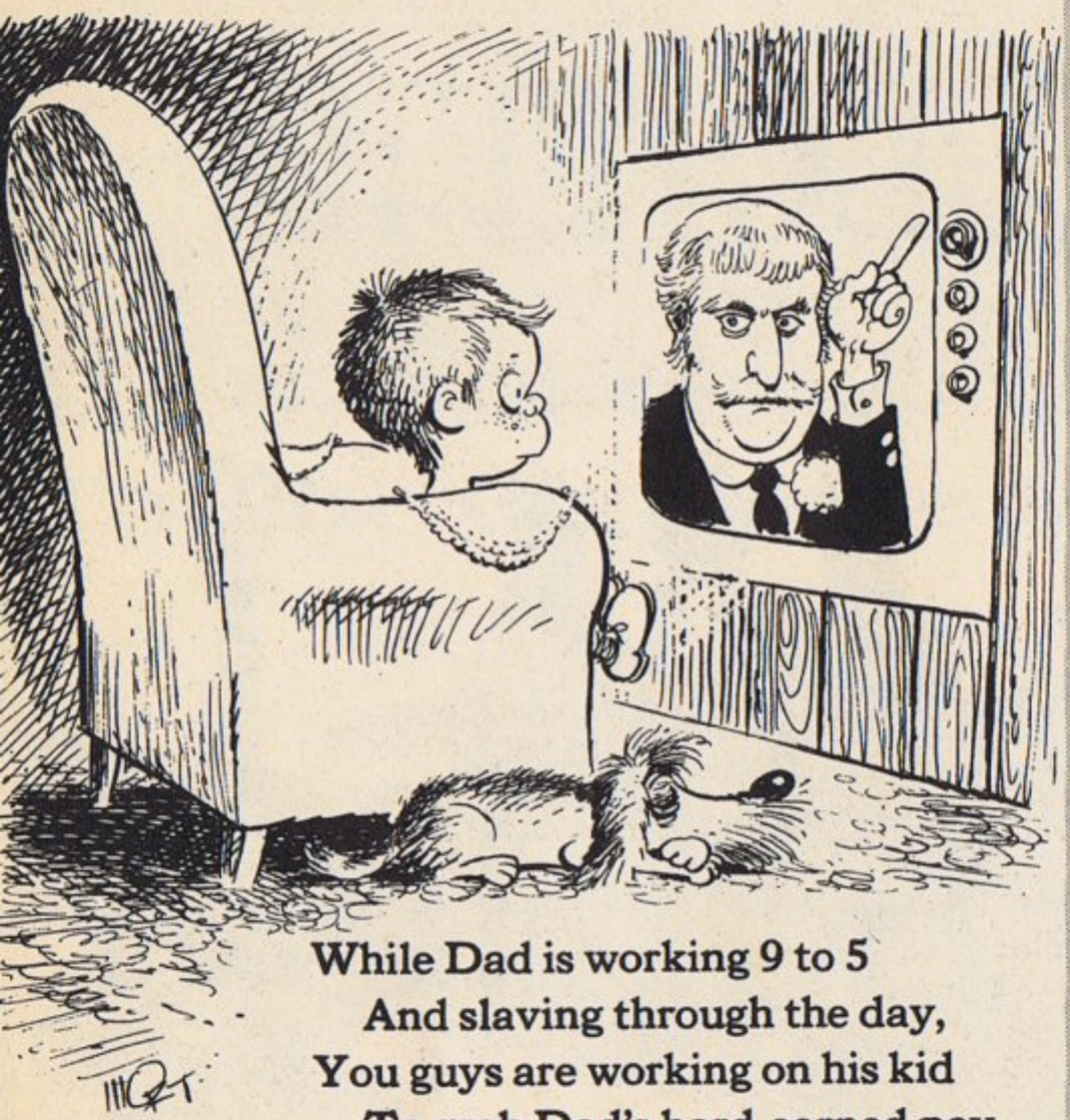
We wonder if your Christmas Clubs
Are what they're said to be—
Or are they just a sneaky plan
To use our dough for free?

To The Publishers Of "Gift Books"

Your "Treasury of Lapland Songs"
Is priced at 20 bucks;
For $16.50 folks can own
"The Golden Age of Trucks".

Though idiots may buy these books,
The smarter ones will wait
Till after Christmas when they're marked
A dollar ninety-eight!

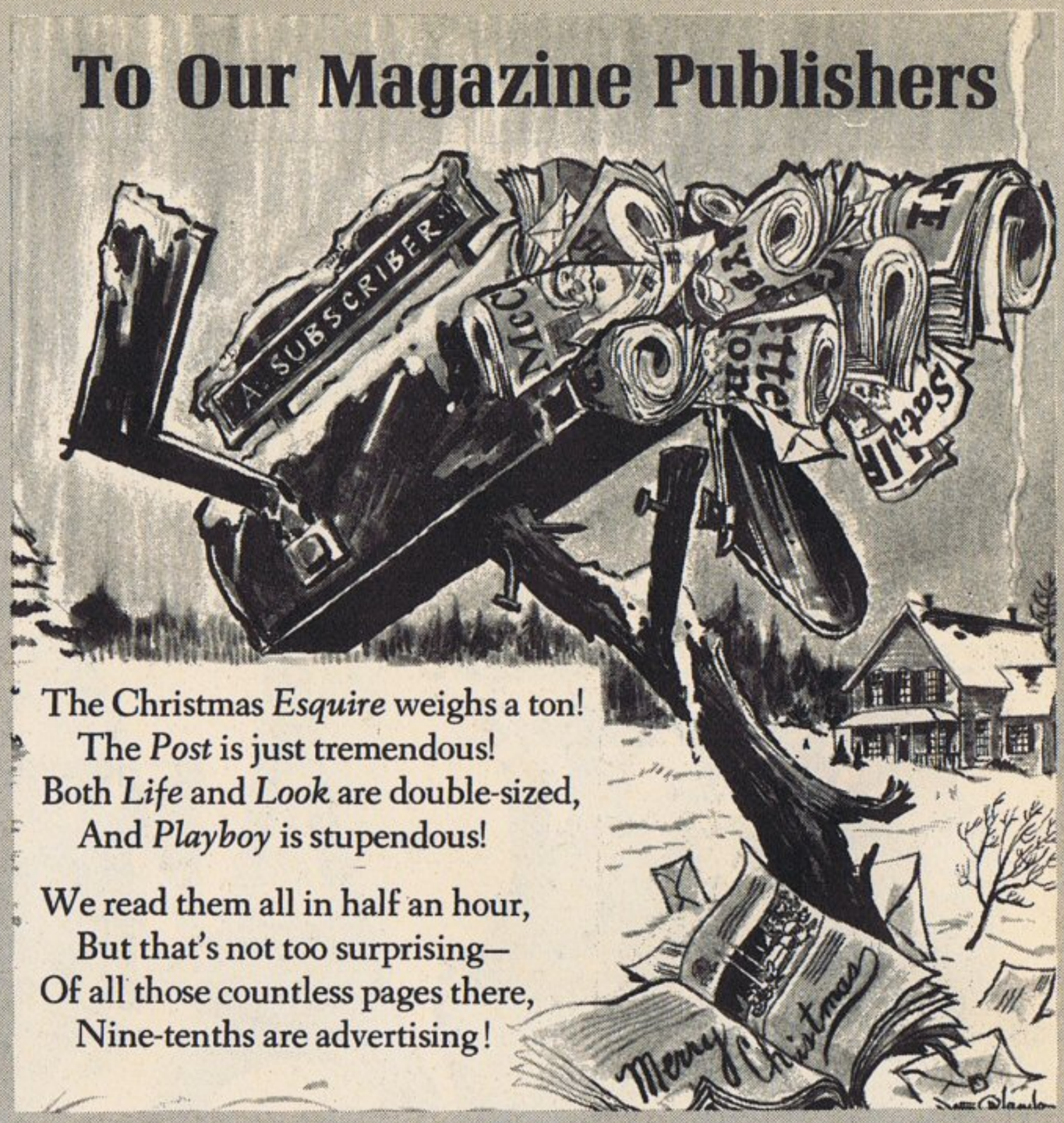
TO THE KIDS' SHOWS ON TV



While Dad is working 9 to 5
And slaving through the day,
You guys are working on his kid
To grab Dad's hard-earned pay.

The kid is flunking out at school;
He's dumb as a baboon;
Yet he remembers every toy
You plug each afternoon!

To Our Magazine Publishers



The Christmas *Esquire* weighs a ton!
The *Post* is just tremendous!
Both *Life* and *Look* are double-sized,
And *Playboy* is stupendous!

We read them all in half an hour,
But that's not too surprising—
Of all those countless pages there,
Nine-tenths are advertising!

To Charity Organizations

We mail you checks at Christmas time
For dogs who've lost their collars,
For teeny-boppers on relief,
For homeless Kansas scholars;

We give to all your charities;
We never raise a fuss;
And now that you have bled us dry,
Please set up one for us!

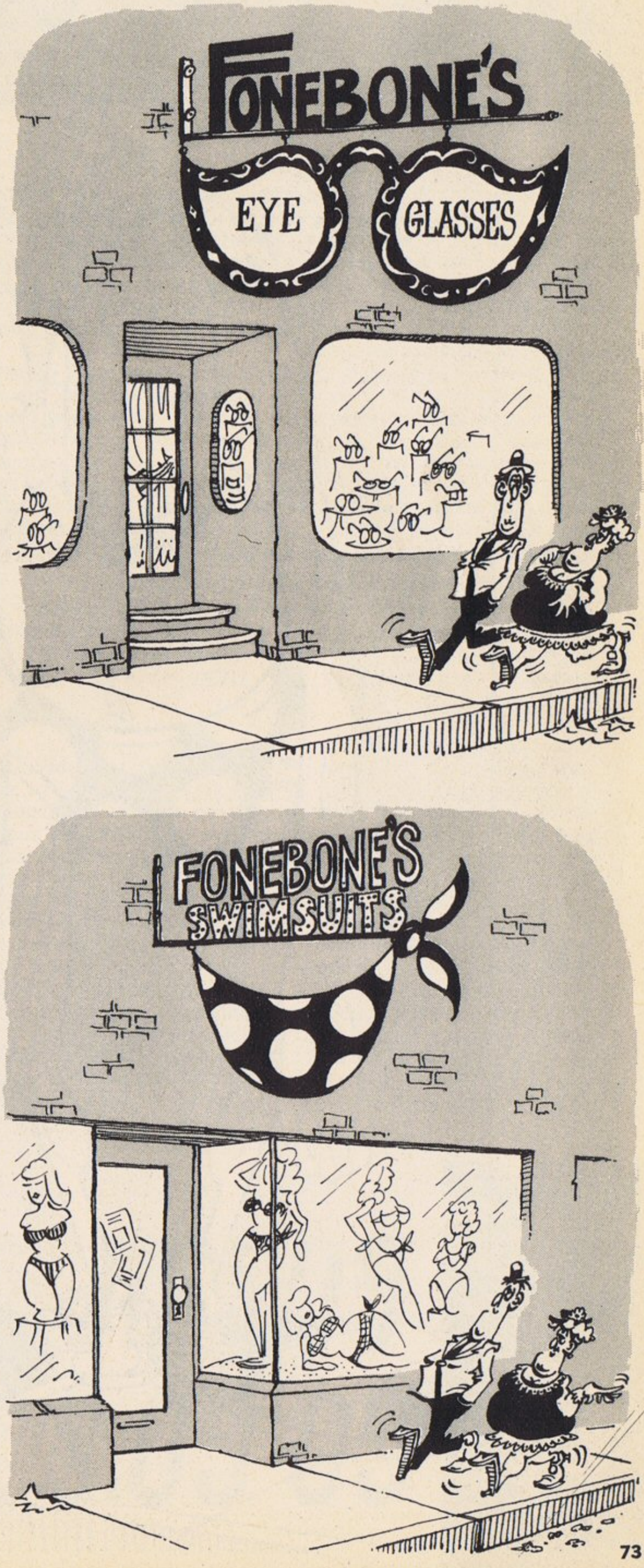
To Our Electric Companies

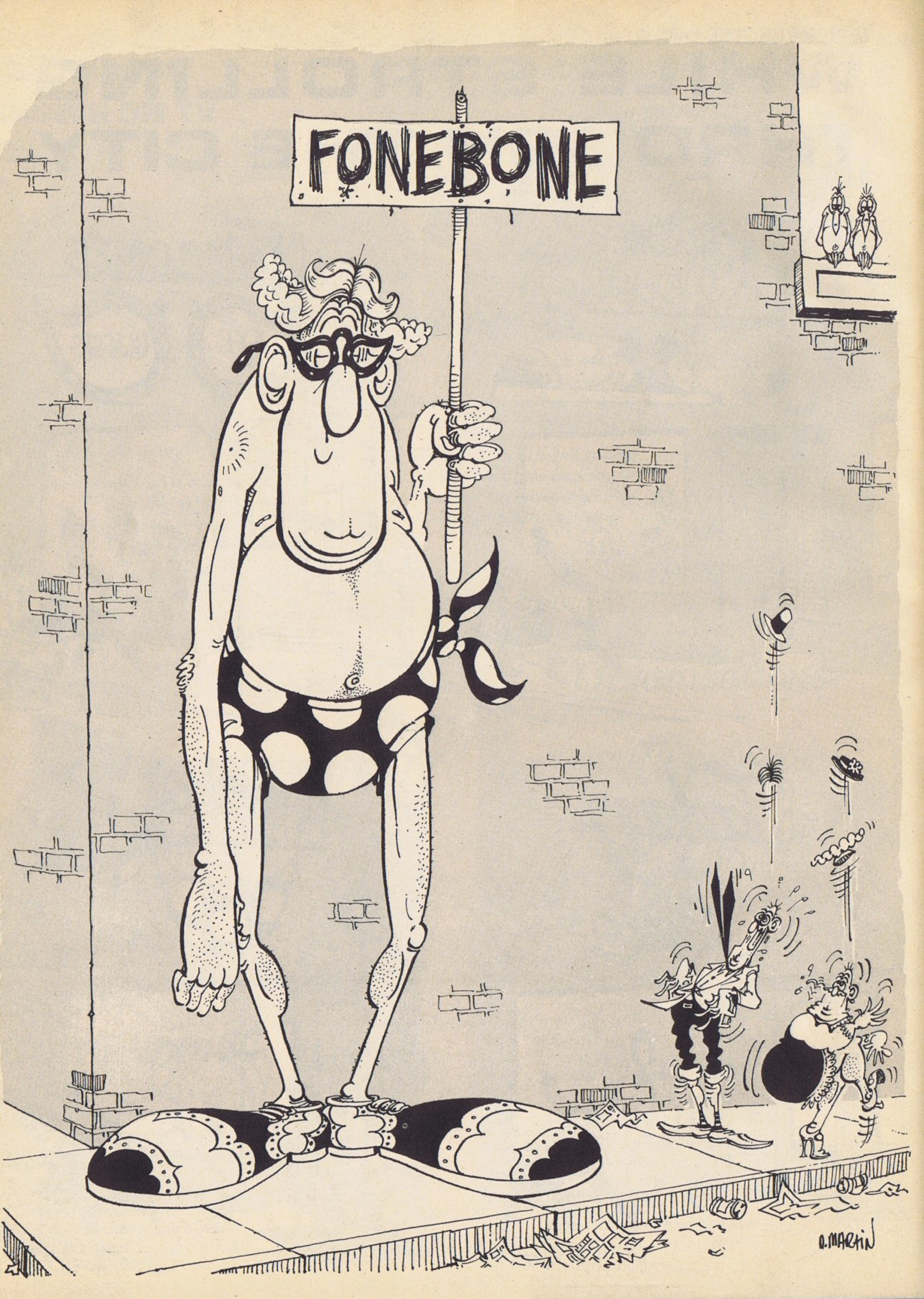
A brand-new range, a Frigidaire,
A washer or a dryer—
Your ads this year are full of things
To tempt the Christmas buyer;

We'd buy these new appliances
Except for one deterrent—
The seven hundred bucks a year
You'd charge us for the current!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

WHILE STROLLING THROUGH THE CITY




FONEBONE
A. MARTIN

THE FANTABULOUS CHIMPS

1,027 FAB PHOTOS

WIN

- FREE LOCKS OF THEIR HAIR
- FREE VIALS OF THEIR SWEAT
- A FEW OF THEIR USED BAND-AIDS

OCT $25.00 25c for the mag, plus $24.75 to cover all our various merchandising come-ons

SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE

THE CHIMPS TELL ALL :

- **MIKE** Tells Of His **Childhood**
- **MICKY** Tells Of His **Family**
- **PETER** Tells Of His **Dreams**
- **DAVY** Confesses To **A Murder**

5000 SUPER-GLAM COLOR PIN-UPS OF:

MARK • MICK • MIKE • DINO • DESI • DOPEY
DOC • GRUMPY • SNEEZY • JON • JAY • MOISHE
THE RAGMEN • THE ROACHES • THE CESSPOOLS

WIN A DATE WITH THE BEAGLES

PINCH THEM! PUNCH THEM! SMELL THEIR CLOTHES! BLOODY THEIR LIPS!

THE CHIMPS TELL EVEN MORE:

- **MIKE** Tells Of His **Old Age**
- **PETER** Tells Of His **Older Age**
- **MICKY** Tells Of His **Death**
- **DAVY** Tells Of His **Resurrection**

A Night At Home With BEN GAZZARA

I know he doesn't belong in a Teenage Mag, but your Editor is crazy about him!

THE CHIMPS *PERFORM* FAB *BODY* FUNCTIONS

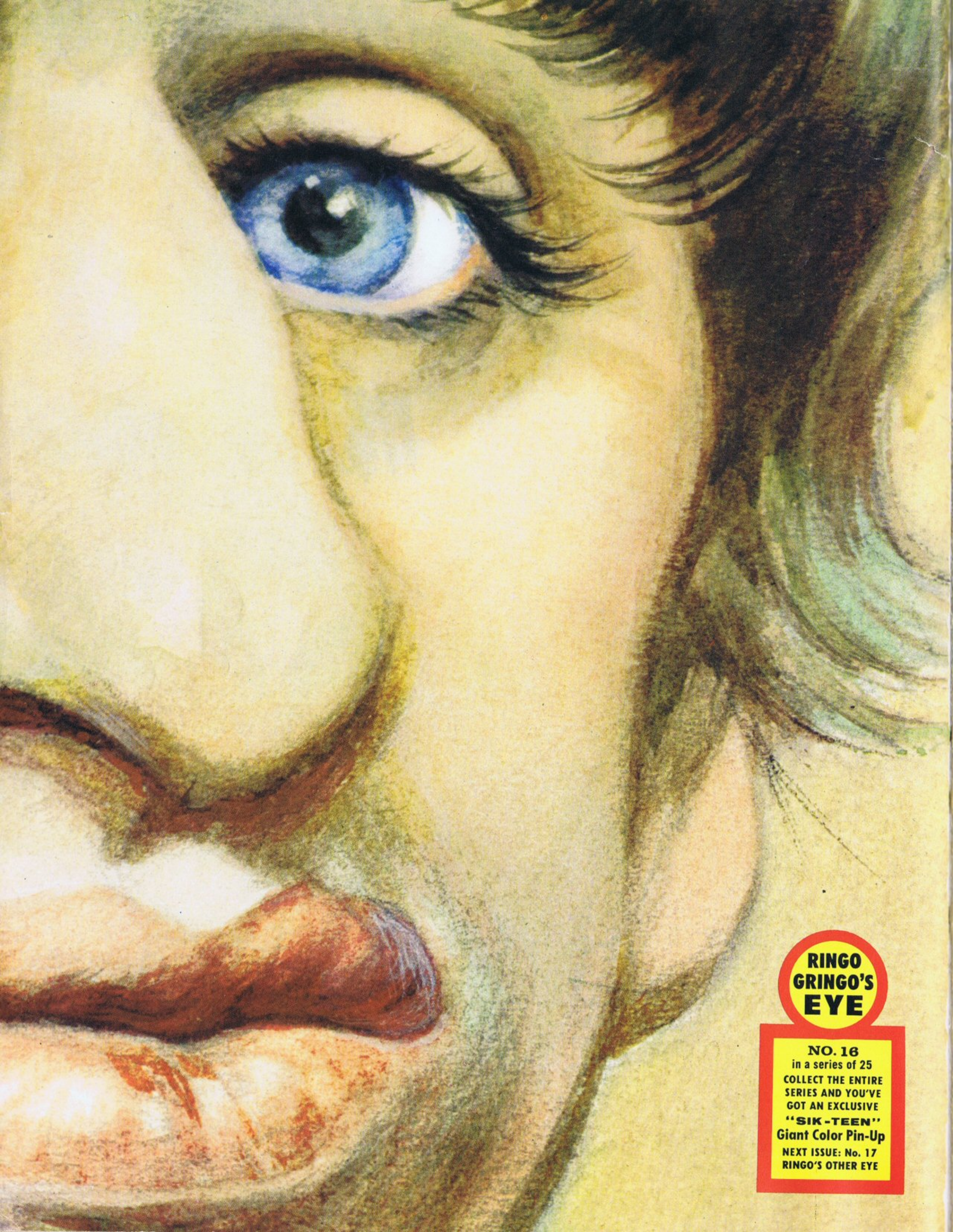
MICKY EATS • PETER DRINKS • DAVY SLEEPS
MIKE BURPS • AND MANY, MANY SURPRISES!

68 ZAP PAGES

- Kiss The Print!
- Lick The Pictures!
- Chew The Staples!

MAD MAGAZINE SATIRE

NOTE: THIS IS REALLY OUR BACK COVER! WE'RE USING IT TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER



RINGO GRINGO'S EYE

NO. 16
in a series of 25
COLLECT THE ENTIRE SERIES AND YOU'VE GOT AN EXCLUSIVE
"SIK-TEEN"
Giant Color Pin-Up
NEXT ISSUE: No. 17
RINGO'S OTHER EYE

HEY, ALL YOU SWINGIN' SIK-TEENS! HERE'S A

FAB NEW CONTEST!

IT'S EXCITING! IT'S GROOVY! IT'S FUN! IT'S PROFITABLE!

CREATE YOUR OWN SINGING GROUP!

Upset because all the boys on your block are leaving forever to become overnight singing sensations? Jealous because of the fantastic financial success of **Dick Clark, Murray The K,** and other star-makers? Do you want **IN,** too? Here's your **CHANCE!**

SIK-TEEN Magazine found the four unknown boys above lying unconscious in a cellar in Newark, N.J. Look at them! Aren't they absolutely hopeless-looking? Believe us when we say they can't do **ANYTHING!** Wouldn't **YOU** like to mold them into a super-smash singing group? Of course you would! And you **CAN!**

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU WIN THIS FANTABULOUS GROUP!

You own them! You name them! You feed them! You clothe them! You cuddle them! You mother them! You kiss them! You control their hair! You watch them grow! You teach them to sing! You teach them to speak English (This is optional)! You create a TV series for them! You turn them loose on humanity! And best of all, you collect fab royalties and percentages from them!

EASY? YOU BET! FUN? AND HOW! THEY'RE ALL YOURS—READY MADE! AND BELIEVE US, THEY'RE MUCH MORE FUN THAN PLAYING WITH DOLLS!

So fill out the coupon! Enter this great contest today!

SIK-TEEN "SVENGALI" CONTEST

Yes, I am interested in details on how I can own these four unknown, unprofessional, untalented boys so that I can turn them into four FAMOUS unprofessional, untalented singers! I enclose a $5.00 bill, which I never expect to see again!

PLEASE PRINT

Name.....**Age**....

Address.....

City.....**Zip-Code**.....**State**....

Mail Coupon to:

"WHITE SLAVERY EDITOR"
SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE NEW YORK, N.Y.

YOU'RE *BUGGING* ME!

Johnny Flush & The Commodes

Hank & The Hernias

Nero & The Arsonists

K-K-Kay & The Klansmen

FROM GLORY OSKY

As the Editor of this magazine, I want to assure every one of you who writes me here at **SIK-TEEN** that your letter is delivered to me *personally*. I want to assure you too that I *personally* open every letter I receive. And I want to assure you that I *personally* tear up every letter that doesn't have money in it. Here are some letters that *did* have money in them:

COLOR BIND

Dear Miss Osky,

I've been a reader of SIK-TEEN for years and I was wondering about something. How come I never see any pix or features on Negroes in your mag?

Yetta Grebbs

Bar Harbor, Maine

• *Dear Yetta,*

I am by nature a very tolerant and liberal person. And I am the first to admit that the Negro has been making enormous strides over the past decade in business, education, and science. I will be delighted to feature Negroes in the mag as soon as they make a name for themselves in the area of music (jazz, rhythm and blues, etc.).

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

Dear Miss Osky,

I understand that you know for a fact that James Dean is definitely alive. Who gave you this information?

Jo-Anne Gurg

Waco, Texas

• *Dear Jo-Anne,*

Brian Epstein just told me.

ANGRY READER

Dear Miss Osky,

I've written you 20 times in the past two months asking you where I can get pix of that fab new sound I've been reading about in the papers. How come you never answer?

Nan Pluttz

New Orleans, Louisiana

• *Dear Nan,*

I haven't forgotten you. It's just that after considerable research I've discovered that HO CHI MINH AND THE VIET-CONG are not a singing group.

DYING TO KNOW

Dear Miss Osky,

How long has SALLY FLIP, who plays "The Swinging Nun" on TV, been smiling without stopping? Please reply quickly as my house is in the process of being washed away in a flood.

Lynne Erttz

Formerly of Moline, Illinois
Now approaching Terre Haute, Indiana

• *Dear Lynne,*

To my knowledge adorable SALLY FLIP has only stopped smiling once in the past 18 years. When she fell off a mountain in 1954. Incidentally, as long as you're still afloat, for two dollars you can have a copy of our fab new book, "TEENAGE LOVE TIPS DURING REGIONAL DISASTERS." (See Ad on page 61)

VAN GOGH-GO

Dear Miss Osky,

I go ape over VINNY VAN GOGH AND THE IMPRESSIONISTS. I mean they wipe me out. What's their phone number so I can call them up.

Kathy Bungg

Miami, Florida

• *Dear Kathy*

Ever since their latest gimmick, VINNY VAN GOGH AND THE IMPRESSIONISTS are not answering the phone anymore. As you probably heard, they recently cut off their ears.

THIS FAN DIGS

Dear Miss Osky,

I'm a great fan of THE CHIMPS and I have 43,000 pix of them. But somehow I still don't feel as if I know the *real* CHIMPS. I mean, what's below the surface? I mean, what's buried down deep inside? Who can I write to for their X-Ray plates?

Karen Klugg

Duluth, Minn.

• *Dear Karen,*

Write to their swinging teenage physicians, DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE I PRESUMES, c/o William Morris Agency, Beverly Hills, California.

BEWILDERED

Dear Miss Osky,

I just heard a terrible rumor that the fantabulously glintzy singer KEVIN HERKER is really bald and wears a toupee. Is this true?

Lucy Yuck

Memphis, Tenn.

• *Dear Lucy,*

It is false. While KEVIN is bald, he does not wear a toupee. He has 27-inch long eyebrows.

BUY-LINES

Dear Miss Osky,

I was thrilled to pieces with the "TEENAGE LOVE BOOK" you sold me for two dollars and the pin-ups of THE CHIMPS you sold me for three dollars and the CHIMP T-SHIRTS you sold me for four dollars, and the used toe-nail clippings of THE CHIMPS, which you sold me for a dollar apiece. It was worth stealing to get all the money to buy those hings. But what do I do now?

Linda Veeble

Girl's Reformatory
Racine, Wisconsin

• *Dear Linda,*

You're in luck. With whatever money you can save from making license plates or whatever you do in that place, you can send away for the new SIK-TEEN book, "BEAUTY TIPS FOR TEENAGE CONS." (See Ad on page 39)

Here we are, four completely unknown gas station employees in Mineola, N. Y., being discovered by show biz agent Monty Mulct.

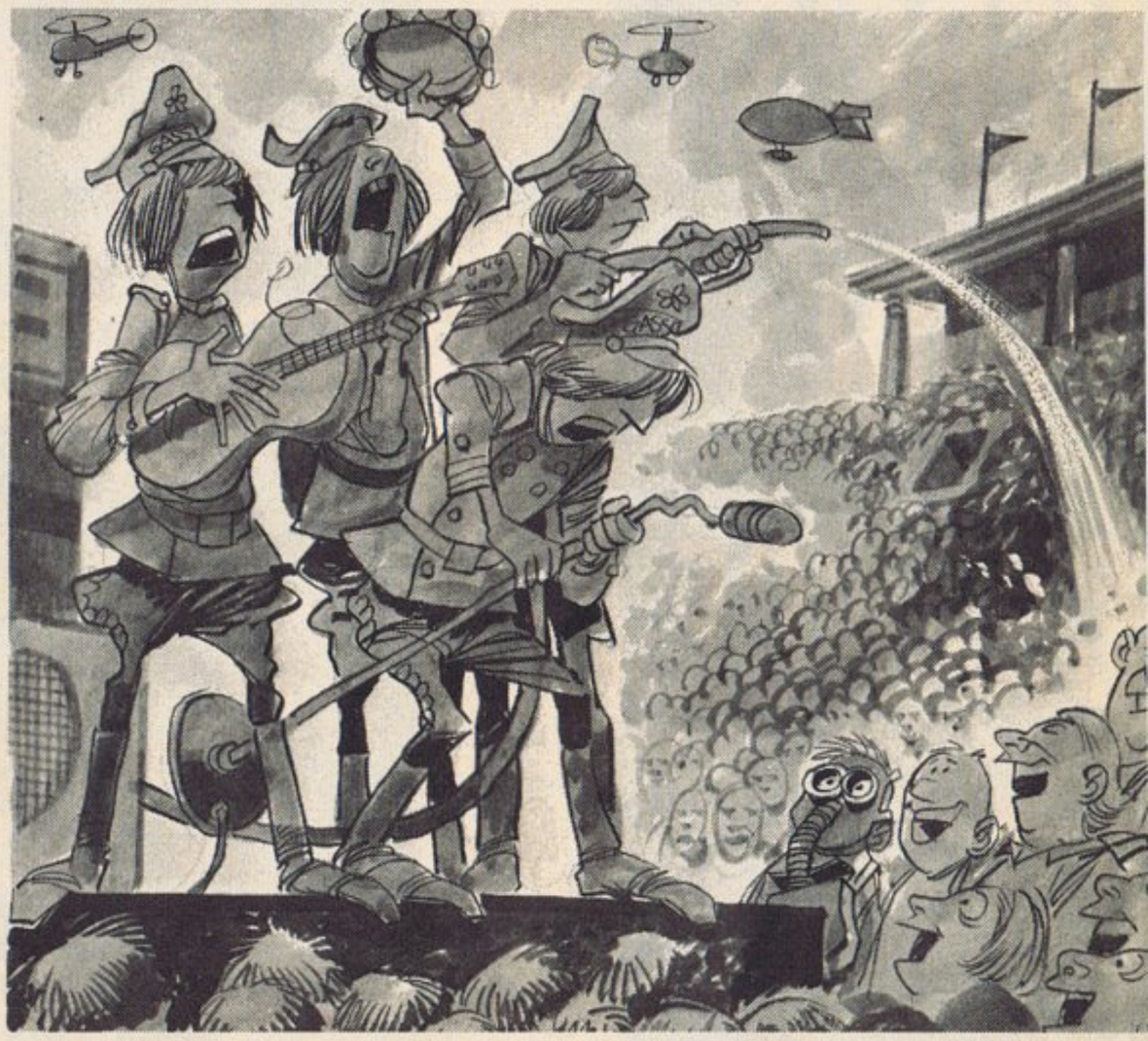
"OUR FAB SINGING CAREER IN PIX"

GINO and The GASSERS

Here we are in Monty's office with a new name **(Gino And The Gassers)**, a new contract, new clothes and the same old hair.

This is us making our first recording. As soon as we finish the disk, we plan to buy song sheets and find out what the lyrics were.

With our first platter selling over 10 million copies an hour, we give a fantastic concert that starts at the Los Angeles Coliseum and overflows into Soldiers Field, Chicago.



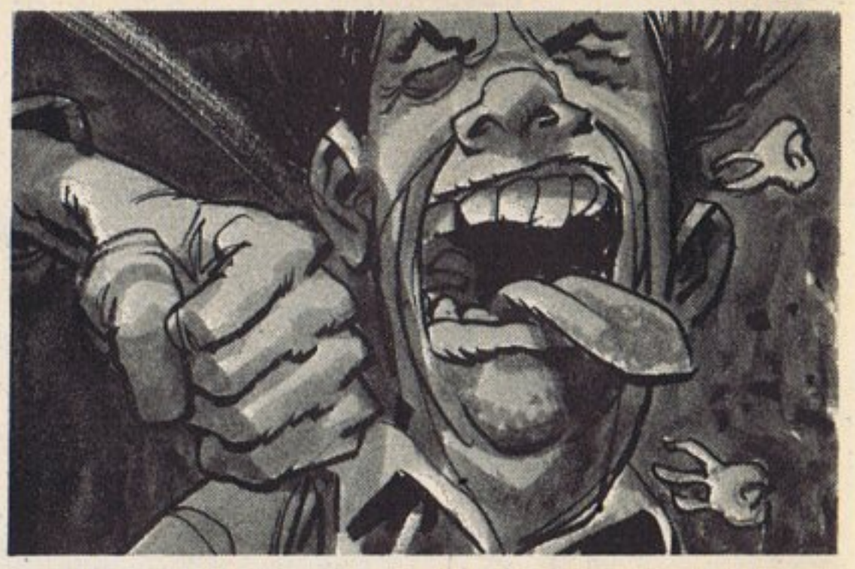
Six million screaming fans saw us off at L. A. But when we arrive in New York, we see nobody at the airport. Monty tells us we've had it. So we hop into our special limousine which whisks us off to . . .

. . . the old gas station in Mineola, N. Y. Oh well, it was great fun while it lasted. What an experience! What a career! **What a day!!**

HEY, SIK-TEENS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN...

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE THINGS YOU CAN WIN THIS MONTH:

A PAIR OF PERSONALLY INITIALED ADENOIDS FROM DAVY JONAH'S THROAT



TWO TWENTY-YEAR MOLARS FROM THE MOUTH OF 18-YEAR-OLD JON PROVALONE

A PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED BAG OF DIZI JR.'S BELLY-BUTTON LINT

A POINTY MOUND OF WAX FROM LEONARD NIMMOY'S RIGHT EAR

A MONOGRAMMED BASKET OF MARK'S DIRTY LAUNDRY

YOUR VERY OWN BABY FROM JOHNNY STUD

A TRIP TO HEAVENSVILLE

What is Heavensville? Chickadee, **Heavensville** is that place way up yonder where dreams come true! Where a glintzy **SIK-TEENer** can press to her heart some token, some souvenir, some tiny little memento belonging to one of her idols. It could be any small thing . . . like the nail of his right pinky, or his left eyelash, or a vial of his blood.

So here's your chance, all you groovy **SIK-TEEN** gals! Here's your chance to win something *personal* that *belongs* to one of your favorite recording stars. All you have to do is: Write down *what* you want, and *who* you want it from, on a piece of paper. Then send that piece of paper to me . . .

GLORY OSKY
c/o "HEAVENSVILLE",
SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

. . . along with a *ten dollar bill* to cover the costs (of my new *Jag*), and your old Editor will see about wheedling what you want out of your idol.

As you know, I never fail. Ask **ANITA FLOMM,** of Bronxville, N. Y., who is now the proud possessor of the right kneecap of pop singing star, Dino Dyno—or, as our fun-loving gang here at **SIK-TEEN** call him—*"Gimpy"!*

GO GO'S GOSSIP

GO—GOINGS—ON WITH YOUR FAVES FROM COAST-TO-COAST!

JEFF BAGG's hot single, *"Blow My Gut!"*, which he recorded during an attack of air sickness aboard an Astrojet, just passed the 19,000,000 sales mark. It's Grrr-Wow! . . . Send a cheer-up note to TOMMY KINK, *"Mr. Teenage America of 1968"*. He's at Mt. Sinai Hospital dying of acid poisoning . . . SALLY FLIP, TV's adorable *"Swinging Nun"*, gets canonized in a hilarious upcoming episode of the series entitled, *"The Silly Saint"* . . . Zapp Records new fave rave TIMMY ZUCCHINI is marrying his childhood sweetheart, TESSIE GORK (Eight-year-old TIMMY met her yesterday!) . . . And speaking of glitzy-glam young singers, rumorsville has it that NINNY AND THE NURSERIES will go into semi-retirement soon in order to find a new A&R man, to work on new arrangements, and to teethe . . . Meanwhile, watch for an even younger and groovier group, BENJY AND THE FOETUSES. They say their new tune, *"Cryin' On The Inside"*, is a supersmash. It's expected to come out when they do.

●

Singers DINO MARTIN, JR., DESI ARNAZ, JR., and FRANK SINATRA, JR., will be among those attending the funeral of LANCE BOYLE, JR. The teenager was killed by his famous showbiz father on Thursday when he announced to his Dad that he was planning to become an Accountant.

SIGHTS AROUND TOWN: HERBIE PLOTTZ AND THE STIFFS (Their fab platter, "Teenage Shtunk", just passed the one billion mark!) shopping for Nova Scotia. Not the salmon—the Province . . . Plans for THE CHIMPS over the next year include three albums, 14 singles, a new TV show, eight films, a speech before the UN General Assembly, and completely reorganizing the Greek Orthodox Church . . . I hear the Teamsters Union just issued an order forbidding all truck drivers from listening to SUNNY CLYDE's new smash 45, "Teenage Pad". The lyrics are too dirty.

Sorry to hear about the cancellation of the football game between HOLLYWOOD HIGH and ANAHEIM TECH. As luck would have it, the players on both teams and the 15,000 students at both schools were all cutting records that Saturday . . . And finally, in answer to all those letters we've been receiving, let me clarify one of last month's items. THE ELECTRIC CHAIR which pop singer cop-killer FELIX GORGOL went to last week is NOT a discotheque.

Eugene & The Eunuchs

Murray De Sade & The Flagellants

Itchy & The Lepers

The Bubbas & The Zaydas

Sam & The Psychos

PD64 SCAN

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